START

OAKLAND REPUBLICAN

JANUARY 3, 1895

TO

DECEMBER 30, 1897

MISSING: JUNE 13, 1895

MdBE

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 18. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDA[Y], JANUARY 3, 1895. NUMBER 43.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings In and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

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At a meeting of Garrett Council, No. 35, Jr., O. U. A. M. held December 28th, 1894, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—C., W. F. King; V. C., W. Kildow; A. R., Geo. Weber; R. S., T. Claggett; F. S., L. Walters, Waden, W. Warr; Conductor, W. McCrohy; I. L., J. C. Peddicord; O. S., E. Townshend; Rep. State Council, S. E. Boyer; Alternate Rep. State Council, W. F. King.

A card received from Mr. L. H. Karn, who is now residing at Port Orange, Florida, dated on December 28th, says: "An unprecedented cold wave struck us yesterday. Last night the mercury went down to 16 degrees. Oranges frozen hard on the trees and groves ruined. Fish are freezing in the salt water. The mercury now, (12 M.), is below the freezing point, with indications of greater cold to-night. Everybody blue."

"I know an old soldier who had chronic diarrhœa of long standing to have been permanently cured by taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy," says Edward Shumpik, a prominent druggist of Minneapolis, Minn. "I have sold the remedy in this city for over seven years and consider it superior to any other medicine now on the market for bowel complaints." 25 and 50 cent bottles of this remedy for sale by Oakland druggists.

Constable Baker Johnson, of Grantsville, brought up to Oakland Tuesday an insane boy named William Piper, who had been living with Mr. Jacob Ringer, near Grantsville for a number of years. Monday morning Piper made his escape from the house in which he was staying through a window and went through the snow for a distance of nearly two miles, freezing one of his feet very badly. He will be tried before a jury of inquiry to-day, and if found insane will be sent to the asylum.

Notice.

All subscriptions to the North Glade M. E. church are due and should be paid on or before January 15, 1895. The demand is urgent. W. G. LOYD, Pastor.

Valuable Advice.

Avoid lawsuits and loss by consulting H. P. Tasker and examining his abstracts of the "conflicting titles" before paying for Military Lots. Charges reasonable. Office in Colardeau Cottage, opposite the bank, Oakland, Md. 41-tf.

Farms for Sale.

We offer for sale two farms lying 2½ miles west of Deer Park and 6 miles north of Oakland, containing 123 acres, about 60 acres being clear. The improvements consist of two barns and three houses, an orchard of 1½ acres. The farms are well watered and there is some good timber land. These farms will be sold in one piece or divided to suit purchaser.

MRS. C. MINER,
JOHN HALTSNIDER,
41-3t. Deer Park, Md.

Tariff or no Tariff.

Competition is the life of all business. Read and be convinced that in the line of furniture, carpets and matting we are headquarters for reliable, new goods. No second-hand stuff to offer. We will offer for the next thirty days, child's folding beds for $1.50; full size hardwood bedsteads for $1.90; $18 oak side boards for $13; parlor suits for $17; $12 hall racks for $6; a large variety of bedroom suits at prices that will astonish you. It will pay you to go a long distance to visit our large establishment. Our floor space is 4400 square feet, which is filled with bargains that cannot be appreciated without a personal visit to our store. All kinds of grain is taken at market price in exchange for furniture at these prices. We pay freight on our goods. Give us a call and be convinced that the place to buy furniture and carpets is at the old reliable furniture and carpet house of

J. H. RODEHEAVER.
Terra Alta, W. Va., Jan. 1, 1895.
43-2t.

The Railroad Deal.

Connelton, Kingwood & [illegible] railroad has been sold [illegible] Geo. C. Sturgiss, Mr. J. [illegible] and several other gentlemen and the deal was consummated [illegible]day. The road is to be [illegible]ndard guage by April 1st, [illegible]nerally believed that it [illegible]nded on to Morgantown.

Flour, Grain and Feed.

H[illegible] & Eckles have just received a car of flour, grain and feed which they will sell at the lowest prices, quality considered for cash or good country trade. They also carry in stock a full line of dry goods, notions, groceries, boots and shoes [illegible] ler[illegible] for many years, and, in fact anything usually kept in a first-class general store. Farmers are especially invited to bring in their produce and examine our goods and prices. 42-4t.

Rogers' Sarsaparilla.

A specific for all. 100 doses for 75 cents. Rogers' Little Liver Pills, best on the market; Cough Cure, Liniment, Appetine and Worm Syrup, sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland; Cuppett Bros., McHenry; J. A. DeBerry, Corinth; C. F. White, Hutton; P. T. Garthright, Hayden & Eckles, Mt. Lake Park; Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park; Wm. Frederick, Friendsville; Yough Store Co., Jonas Frazee, Robert Liston, Selbysport; W. Wass, Mineral Springs; J. E. Gnagey, Accident; Smith & Callis, Hoyes, and by all general dealers.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending Jan. 5th, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Mr. Jeff Keisner, Miss Tillie Doll,
Mr. Geo. Fitzgerald, Miss Alice Wolfe,
Mr. Chas. Andrews,
Mr. D. F. Greenawalt.

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. R. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Apportionment of the State School Tax.

The apportionment of the State school-tax between the white and colored schools has been made at the Comptroller's office and the checks for the amount will be made payable after January 10. The apportionment for Allegany and Garrett counties is as follows: Allegany, white, $4,540.40; colored, $163.04; Garrett, white, $1,540.06; colored, $21.94. The total for the State is $100,000, white, and $24,500 colored, including Baltimore city.

Public Schools of Maryland.

Prof. E. B. Prettyman, superintendent of public instruction for the state of Maryland, has completed the preparation of school statistics for his annual report.

Among the interesting figures given which show the extent of public school instruction in Baltimore and the counties of Maryland are the following:

Number of schools in Baltimore city, 170; in the counties, 2,160. Total, 2,330 schools, an increase of 18 over the figures for last year.

Number of pupils in the city schools, 79,437; in the county schools, 125,372. Total, 204,846, an increase during the year of 5,444 pupils.

Number of teachers in city schools, 1,464; in county schools, 2,854. Total, 4,318, an increase of 109 over the showing in the last report.

Receipts from every source for city schools, $1,054,460.87; for county schools, $1,260,087.54. Total, $2,314,548.41, an increase of $150,231.44 over receipts for 1893.

Expenses of every sort for city schools $1,126,759.91; for county schools, $1,263,454.81. Total, $2,389,214.72, an increase of $100,985.63 over the total expense of conducting Maryland schools in 1893.

The report contains detailed financial and statistical from the various school officers of Maryland.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. 25 cents per box.

JUDGE EDWARD STAKE.

He Gives a Very Interesting Account of Christmas Thirty Years Ago.

When the judge of the court turns away a moment from the stern, matter of fact and precise elucidations of the law to the brighter and more cheerful reflections of human happiness and the best way to secure it, his words fall with a singular weight upon those accustomed to hearing him deal out axioms of jurisprudence from the bench. Judge Edward Stake has made a seasonable departure in this particular, by giving to the Baltimore *American* the following interesting account of Christmas thirty years ago:

"It is difficult to contemplate a more striking example of the change in the habits and tastes of the people than is found in a contrast of the observance of Christmas at the present time and the manner of its celebration thirty years ago. In it is reflected the story of a people whose lives have in a little more than a quarter of a century undergone a complete transition from a state of utter simplicity to one of great luxury. What then served to bring to the hearts of the young, joys and memories the tenderest and most lasting, would now be scoffed at and regarded with disdain by the same classes no further removed from those on the same plane of life.

"My first recollection of the great holiday of holidays was as a boy in a country village, some thirty odd years ago. It was, as it is today, a quiet little place, containing a population of about fifteen hundred people, plain, honest and thrifty. The tastes of these people were simple and modest in the extreme, and in these humble homes were exemplified and reflected the habits and customs of a well-regulated and orderly community, knowing not the meaning of luxury, and yet strangers to want. The village was the resort of a large number of colored people, who found employment on the farms nearby.

"The postoffice was kept by one of the merchants, and here, from the day preceding Christmas until New Years' day, was spread out on a long table a collection of simple toys, candies and small articles. To assemble at this store on Christmas Day, and feast their eyes in wonder and amazement, was the delight of the children of the village. Occasionally a child who was fortunate in having a little money would proudly make a purchase of some toy. When the holiday season was over these toys would be gathered up and stored away for the next season's display.

"It was customary for the families—and but few were too poor to practice it—to bake a few cakes in anticipation of the day, and these principally comprised the gifts and good cheer of this festal occasion. During the day the aged and infirm colored persons of the village would appear, expecting, perchance, a glass of grog and a few cakes from the well to do families. The colored people had a church, and as early as three or four o'clock on Christmas morning they would assemble there and sally out, marching through the streets of the village, singing hymns with a peculiar spirit and melody.

"It is difficult at this day to describe the charm of this quaint old practice of these simple people. Whether it was a mere imitation of the old English practice of singing Christmas carols, which some of the early settlers had handed down by tradition, or whether it was to signify a day of freedom from their slavery, I have never been able to learn. It was local, and confined to the village, and comes back to me with a peculiar charm across the flight of years.

"Following the German custom of their ancestors—for most of the population were descendants from German settlers—the afternoon of the day was usually devoted to a display of skill in shooting at a target, where the contest would be carried on until the setting sun closed on a day of peace and innocent joy and happiness.

"As we advance in years, Christmas becomes a memory, the choicest and most cherished in the storehouse of our minds, to which we turn with rare pleasure and delight, while from it radiates recollections and memories of youthful joys and happiness irredeemably past, but in the remembrance of which we find a solace for the infirmities of age, and a reprieve from the cares and anxieties of later years.

"Then let the children be unrestrained and unfettered in the pursuit of happiness at Christmas, and let the old dispel for the day the cares of the week. Let 'youth and pleasure meet to chase the gloomy hours,' and when time shall heap snow-piles of years head deep, touching the hair with its hand of whiteness, the children of to-day will look back, as we do now, with the fondest and tenderest memories of 'Christmas 30 years ago.'"

Court Proceedings.

Yesterday morning the December term of the circuit court was called with Judge Boyd on the bench. The trial docket contained sixty-six cases, the original docket twenty-seven and the appeal docket five cases. The several dockets were called over and judgments entered in uncontested cases.

No. 40 State vs. Brown, assault; was taken up on the plea of guilty and sentenced to pay a fine of $1 and costs and 30 days in jail.

No. 8, State vs. Hiram Griffith, false pretense; plea guilty; 2 years in the penitentiary.

No. 50, State vs. same; larceny; plea guilty; sentenced to 6 months in the penitentiary.

No. 54, State vs. same; larceny; plea guilty; 1 year in the penitentiary.

No. 55, State vs. same; plea of guilty; 6 months in the penitentiary.

On the 9th of the present month Judge Stake will be here to take up a number of cases in which Judge Boyd is disqualified.

$40.00 PER WEEK FOR WILLING WORKERS

of either sex, any age, in any part of the country, at the employment which we furnish. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. As capital is not required you run no risk. We supply you with all that is needed. It will cost you nothing to try the business. Any one can do the work. Beginners make money from the start. Failure is unknown with our workers. Every hour you labor you can easily make a dollar. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in three days at any ordinary employment. Send for free book containing the fullest information.

H. HALLETT & CO.,
Box 880,
PORTLAND, MAINE.

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.
OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,
C. A. SNOW & CO.
OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

HOW I EARNED AN ISLAND.

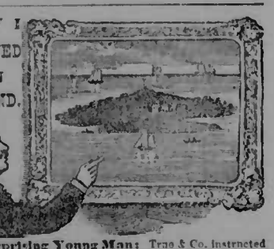

Enterprising Young Man: True & Co. instructed and started me. I worked steadily and made money faster than I expected to. I became able to buy an island and build a small summer hotel. If I don't succeed at that, I will go to work again at the business in which I made my money.
True & Co.: Shall we instruct and start you, reader? If we do, and if you work industriously, you will in due time be able to buy an island and build a hotel, if you wish to. Money can be earned at our new line of work, rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. We furnish everything. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This entirely new lead brings wonderful success to every worker. Beginners are earning from $25 to $50 per week and upwards, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment—we teach you FREE. This is an age of marvelous things, and here is another great, useful, wealth-giving wonder. Great gains will reward every industrious worker. Wherever you are and whatever you are doing, you want to know about this wonderful work at once. Delay means much money lost to you. No space to explain here, but if you will write to us, we will make all plain to you FREE. Address,
TRUE & CO., Box 400, Augusta, Maine.

MENCH & DROMGOLD'S

SAW MILL AND ENGINES

A recent improvement in Friction Feeds and Dog-Shafts. Back motion of Carriage three times as fast as any other in the market. Friction Clutch Feed, causing all the feed gearing to stand still while backing; great saving in power and wear. Write for circulars and prices; furnished free from spring to fall. Also Spring Tooth Harrows, Shovel Cultivators, Corn Planters, [illegible]. Mention this paper.
[illegible] WORKS, YORK, PA.

Ripans Tabules relieve nausea.
Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.
Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

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With rheumatic pains, sciatica, sleepless nights, dropsical accumulations, or nervous headaches when Messrs. Cober & Boyer will cure you if their directions are followed. Can be consulted at the Central Hotel or at their room in the Pritchard building, Oakland, Md.

There is good reason for the popularity of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Davis & Buzard, of West Monterey, Clarion Co., Pa., say: "It has cured people that our physicians could do nothing for. We persuaded them to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and they now recommend it with the rest of us." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland druggists.

At a meeting of Garrett Council, No. 35, Jr., O. U. A. M. held December 28th, 1894, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—C., W. F. King; V. C., W. Kildow; A. R., Geo. Weber; R. S., T. Claggett; F. S., L. Walters, Waden, W. Warr; Conductor, W. McCrohy; I. L., J. C. Peddicord; O. S., E. Townshend; Rep. State Council, S. E. Boyer; Alternate Rep. State Council, W. F. King.

A card received from Mr. L. H. Karn, who is now residing at Port Orange, Florida, dated on December 28th, says: "An unprecedented cold wave struck us yesterday. Last night the mercury went down to 16 degrees. Oranges frozen hard on the trees and groves ruined. Fish are freezing in the salt water. The mercury now, (12 M.), is below the freezing point, with indications of greater cold to-night. Everybody blue."

"I know an old soldier who had chronic diarrhœa of long standing to have been permanently cured by taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy," says Edward Shumpik, a prominent druggist of Minneapolis, Minn. "I have sold the remedy in this city for over seven years and consider it superior to any other medicine now on the market for bowel complaints." 25 and 50 cent bottles of this remedy for sale by Oakland druggists.

Constable Baker Johnson, of Grantsville, brought up to Oakland Tuesday an insane boy named William Piper, who had been living with Mr. Jacob Ringer, near Grantsville for a number of years. Monday morning Piper made his escape from the house in which he was staying through a window and went through the snow for a distance of nearly two miles, freezing one of his feet very badly. He will be tried before a jury of inquiry to-day, and if found insane will be sent to the asylum.

Notice.

All subscriptions to the North Glade M. E. church are due and should be paid on or before January 15, 1895. The demand is urgent. W. G. LOYD, Pastor.

Valuable Advice.

Avoid lawsuits and loss by consulting H. P. Tasker and examining his abstracts of the "conflicting titles" before paying for Military Lots. Charges reasonable. Office in Colardeau Cottage, opposite the bank, Oakland, Md. 41-tf.

Farms for Sale.

We offer for sale two farms lying 2½ miles west of Deer Park and 6 miles north of Oakland, containing 123 acres, about 60 acres being clear. The improvements consist of two barns and three houses, an orchard of 1½ acres. The farms are well watered and there is some good timber land. These farms will be sold in one piece or divided to suit purchaser.

MRS. C. MINER,
JOHN HALTSNIDER,
41-3t. Deer Park, Md.

Tariff or no Tariff.

Competition is the life of all business. Read and be convinced that the line of furniture, carpets and matting we are headquarters for reliable, new goods. No second-hand stuff to offer. We will offer for the next thirty days, child's folding beds for $1.50; full size hardwood bedsteads for $1.90; $18 oak side boards for $13; parlor suits for $17; $12 hall racks for $6; a large variety of bedroom suits at prices that will astonish you. It will pay you to go a long distance to visit our large establishment. Our floor space is 4400 square feet, which is filled with bargains that cannot be appreciated without a personal visit to our store. All kinds of grain is taken at market price in exchange for furniture at these prices. We pay freight on our goods. Give us a call and be convinced that the place to buy furniture and carpets is at the old reliable furniture and carpet house of

J. H. RODEHEAVER.

Terra Alta, W. Va., Jan. 1, 1895. 43-2t.

A Railroad Deal.

[illegible]nnelton, Kingwood & [illegible] railroad has been sold [illegible]o. C. Sturgiss, Mr. J. [illegible]n and several other gen[illegible]. The deal was consummat[illegible]day. The road is to be [illegible]ndard guage by April 1st, [illegible]nerally believed that it [illegible]nded on to Morgantown.

[illegible]r, Grain and Feed.

H[illegible] & Eckles have just re[illegible]ceiv[illegible] car of flour, grain and feed[illegible] which they will sell at the very [illegible] prices, quality considered for cash or good country trade. They also carry in stock a full line of [illegible] goods, notions, groceries, [illegible] boots [illegible] [illegible]ars, and, in fact [illegible]thing usually kept in a first-class general store. Farmers are especially invited to bring in their produce and examine our goods and prices. 42-4t.

Rogers' Sarsaparilla.

A specific for all. 100 doses for 75 cents. Rogers' Little Liver Pills, best on the market; Cough Cure, Liniment, Appetine and Worm Syrup, sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland; Cuppett Bros., McHenry; J. A. DeBerry, Corinth; C. F. White, Hutton; P. T. Garthright, Hayden & Eckles, Mt. Lake Park; Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park; Wm. Frederick, Friendsville; Yough Store Co., Jonas Frazee, Robert Liston, Selbysport; W. Wass, Mineral Springs; J. E. Gnagey, Accident; Smith & Callis, Hoyes, and by all general dealers.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending Jan. 5th, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Mr. Jeff Keisner, Miss Tillie Doll,
Mr. Geo. Fitzgerald, Miss Alice Wolfe,
Mr. Chas. Andrews,
Mr. D. F. Greenawalt.

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. R. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Apportionment of the State School Tax.

The apportionment of the State school-tax between the white and colored schools has been made at the Comptroller's office and the checks for the amount will be made payable after January 10. The apportionment for Allegany and Garrett counties is as follows: Allegany, white, $4,540.40; colored, $163.04; Garrett, white, $1,540.06; colored, $21.94. The total for the State is $100,000, white, and $24,500 colored, including Baltimore city.

Public Schools of Maryland.

Prof. E. B. Prettyman, superintendent of public instruction for the state of Maryland, has completed the preparation of school statistics for his annual report.

Among the interesting figures given which show the extent of public school instruction in Baltimore and the counties of Maryland are the following:

Number of schools in Baltimore city, 170; in the counties, 2,160. Total, 2,330 schools, an increase of 18 over the figures for last year.

Number of pupils in the city schools, 79,437; in the county schools, 125,372. Total, 204,846, an increase during the year of 5,444 pupils.

Number of teachers in city schools, 1,464; in county schools, 2,854. Total, 4,318, an increase of 109 over the showing in the last report.

Receipts from every source for city schools, $1,054,460.87; for county schools, $1,260,087.54. Total, $2,314,548.41, an increase of $150,231.44 over receipts for 1893.

Expenses of every sort for city schools $1,126,759.91; for county schools, $1,263,454.81. Total, $2,389,214.72, an increase of $100,985.63 over the total expense of conducting Maryland schools in 1893.

The report contains detailed financial and statistical from the various school officers of Maryland.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. 25 cents per box.

JUDGE EDWARD STAKE.

He Gives a Very Interesting Account of Christmas Thirty Years Ago.

When the judge of the court turns away a moment from the stern, matter of fact and precise elucidations of the law to the brighter and more cheerful reflections of human happiness and the best way to secure it, his words fall with a singular weight upon those accustomed to hearing him deal out axioms of jurisprudence from the bench. Judge Edward Stake has made a seasonable departure in this particular, by giving to the Baltimore *American* the following interesting account of Christmas thirty years ago:

It is difficult to contemplate a more striking example of the change in the habits and tastes of the people than is found in a contrast of the observance of Christmas at the present time and the manner of its celebration thirty years ago. In it is reflected the story of a people whose lives have in a little more than a quarter of a century undergone a complete transition from a state of utter simplicity to one of great luxury. What then served to bring to the hearts of the young, joys and memories the tenderest and most lasting, would now be scoffed at and regarded with disdain by the same classes no further removed from those on the same plane of life.

"My first recollection of the great holiday of holidays was as a boy in a country village, some thirty odd years ago. It was, as it is today, a quiet little place, containing a population of about fifteen hundred people, plain, honest and thrifty. The tastes of these people were simple and modest in the extreme, and in these humble homes were exemplified and reflected the habits and customs of a well-regulated and orderly community, knowing not the meaning of luxury, and yet strangers to want. The village was the resort of a large number of colored people, who found employment on the farms nearby.

"The postoffice was kept by one of the merchants, and here, from the day preceding Christmas until New Years' day, was spread out on a long table a collection of simple toys, candies and small articles. To assemble at this store on Christmas Day, and feast their eyes in wonder and amazement, was the delight of the children of the village. Occasionally a child who was fortunate in having a little money would proudly make a purchase of some toy. When the holiday season was over these toys would be gathered up and stored away for the next season's display.

"It was customary for the families—and but few were too poor to practice it—to bake a few cakes in anticipation of the day, and these principally comprised the gifts and good cheer of this festal occasion. During the day the aged and infirm colored persons of the village would appear, expecting, perchance, a glass of grog and a few cakes from the well to do families. The colored people had a church, and as early as three or four o'clock on Christmas morning they would assemble there and sally out, marching through the streets of the village, singing hymns with a peculiar spirit and melody.

"It is difficult at this day to describe the charm of this quaint old practice of these simple people. Whether it was a mere imitation of the old English practice of singing Christmas carols, which some of the early settlers had handed down by tradition, or whether it was to signify a day of freedom from their slavery, I have never been able to learn. It was local, and confined to the village, and comes back to me with a peculiar charm across the flight of years.

"Following the German custom of their ancestors—for most of the population were descendants from German settlers—the afternoon of the day was usually devoted to a display of skill in shooting at a target, where the contest would be carried on until the setting sun closed on a day of peace and innocent joy and happiness.

"As we advance in years, Christmas becomes a memory, the choicest and most cherished in the storehouse of our minds, to which we turn with rare pleasure and delight, while from it radiates recollections and memories of youthful joys and happiness irredeemably past, but in the remembrance of which we find a solace for the infirmities of age, and a reprieve from the cares and anxieties of later years.

"Then let the children be unrestrained and unfettered in the pursuit of happiness at Christmas, and let the old dispel for the day the cares of the week. Let 'youth and pleasure meet to chase the gloomy hours,' and when time shall heap snow-piles of years head deep, touching the hair with its hand of whiteness, the children of to-day will look back, as we do now, with the fondest and tenderest memories of 'Christmas 30 years ago.'"

Court Proceedings.

Yesterday morning the December term of the circuit court was called with Judge Boyd on the bench. The trial docket contained sixty-six cases, the original docket twenty-seven and the appeal docket five cases. The several dockets were called over and judgments entered in uncontested cases.

No. 40 State vs. Brown, assault; was taken up on the plea of guilty and sentenced to pay a fine of $1 and costs and 30 days in jail.

No. 8, State vs. Hiram Griffith, false pretense; plea guilty; 2 years in the penitentiary.

No. 50, State vs. same; larceny; plea guilty; sentenced to 6 months in the penitentiary.

No. 54, State vs. same; larceny; plea guilty; 1 year in the penitentiary.

No. 55, State vs. same; plea of guilty; 6 months in the penitentiary.

On the 9th of the present mouth Judge Stake will be here to take up a number of cases in which Judge Boyd is disqualified.

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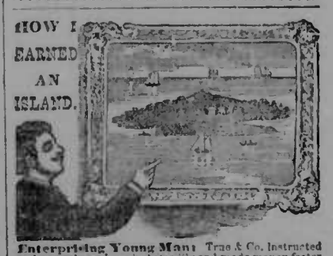

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A wonderful improvement in Friction Feeds and Ridge-Steels. Back motion of carriage **three times** as fast as any other in the market. Friction Clutch Head, causing all the feed gearing to stand still while loading; great saving in power and wear. Write for circulars and prices; furnished free from exhibition. Also Saving Tooth Hinge Dogs, Log Turners, Full Stocks, Corn Plants, Saw Gummers, etc. Mention this paper.
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Ripans Tabules relieve nausea.
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The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

EVENING SONG.

Oh, I am the king of the current of cool water
that is swinging,
The blossoms of the lilies in the rill,
And the mocking birds a-singing, ever singing,
singing, singing,
In the basket on the border of the hill.

I am dreaming of my mother's face, the glory
of my childhood,
And my father dear, so stalwart and so
strong,
And the little cabin home, that he builded in
the wildwood,
In the country of fair weather and sweet
song.

Oh, the sky, I feel its wonder, and the sun I
feel its splendor
And nectar-rich the waft adown the dell.
While the lowing of the cattle sounds so far
away and tender,
And the bleating of the sheep along the fell!

Long, long the way and weary that I've wandered from my mother
And my father in the lowly cabin home;
Now I'm going back to see them, and our lips
to one another
Will be better than the honey in the comb.

Oh, mocking birds! flute louder in the fringes
of the wildwood,
I am coming, fast as dreams can flow along,
Across the lonely desert to the Eden of my
childhood,
In the country of fair weather and sweet
song.

—Maurice Thompson in N. Y. Independent.

A DEVICE OF THE DUCHESS.

MISS MARJORAM burst into a ripple of merry laughter. Freddie was a dear boy and all that, but she couldn't possibly love him—and she refused Lord Barchester for no reason at all, which was a woman's reason—and there was the carriage, and auntie had better hasten, or they would miss Melba's wake song in the first act of "Romeo et Juliette."

For a brief space the duchess' fears concerning Miss Kittie's affections were lulled, but they were aroused again to instant suspicion, when, at the beginning of the balcony scene, Allan Tremayne, all uninvited, entered her box and very coolly slipped into a chair at Miss Kittie's side.

Every sigh of love, every thrill of passion of the two stage lovers found an echo in Kittie Marjoram's heart, and the duchess saw it all, for she was an observant woman, and knew well how to read fleeting blushes, downcast eyes and panting, snowy bosoms.

When the fond Veronese pair sang of a secret marriage, the duchess' sharp eyes saw Tremayne's knees press ever so lightly against Kittie's satin skirts, and his lips—handsome, clean-shaven lips—shape rather than utter a word or two in her ear.

Tremayne put the ladies into their brougham after the opera, and as he did so said an impressive "Good-by."

"Au revoir, I presume you mean, Mr. Tremayne?" said the duchess.

"No, really, good-by. I'm off for six weeks' salmon fishing in Norway. Lord Tregarth has lent me his rivet and the chance is too good to be missed."

"And you won't be at Goodwood or Cowes?" cried the duchess, in accents of most uncomplimentary joy.

"Alas! no. So once more good-by. Back Tippler for the Goodwood stakes, Miss Marjoram, and you'll win a lot of gloves."

"Well, I hope the affair is doue with," sighed the duchess to herself, after Kittie had kissed her good night and gone to her own room. "It's a mercy that man has gone. He might easily have persuaded the silly child to any act of folly—even to marrying him. Perkins, Miss Marjoram has left her gloves and fan here. Take them to her."

The duchess pushed Kittie's belongings aside, and as she did so felt the faint crackle of thin paper beneath the pressure of her hand.

"Never mind," she cried hastily, "Miss Kitty need not be disturbed tonight. You can go, Perkins."

Once alone the duchess drew from the palm of the small scented glove a note written on foreign paper.

"MY OWN DARLING: Thanks for your trusting faith in my love and your sweet promise to become my wife. You must leave the Goodwood course during the luncheon hour on Wednesday. Drive to the station at Chichester. I will meet you there with the license in my pocket. We'll be married at Dover and then for a life-long honeymoon. You shall see how beautifully I shall catch her grace over the Norway lie. Your adoring

"ALLAN TREMAYNE."

"I wonder to how many women Allan Tremayne has signed himself an adorer?" cried the duchess to the silver-topped bottles on her dressing table, "and how many women have been fools enough to believe him? But Kitty, poor little simpleton, shall be the last. Her heart is touched, I know, but she's a proud girl, and won't wear it on her sleeve for the rest of her sex to peck at. Anyway, it will be for her own good, even if the cure hurts. Now, what's my best plan of action?" She twisted the tiny note in her fingers for a moment. "Kittie mustn't know I've seen this, it will put her on her guard and only result in another plan. I can't let her have this back, it's too valuable a weapon to part with. I wonder—I wonder if I've any paper nearly like this?"

With the activity of a young girl she ran to her escritoire, and searching through her blotter found a half sheet of thin foreign paper.

"The very thing," she cried, and, sitting down, the duchess of Dulverton proceeded to trace word for word of Allan Tremayne's note on the fresh scrap of paper. It took an hour to do, and the dawn was peeping round the blinds as she folded the forged letter into Kittie's glove and locked the original document in a private drawer.

On the following Monday the duchess of Dulverton, with Miss Marjoram, Lord Ferdie and a party of friends repaired to Down View, Goodwood. The weather was delightful and the party in high spirits, except the duchess herself, who complained of headache and depression. She went to the races on Tuesday, however, but on Wednesday declared herself unfit to leave the house, and her guests drove to the course without her.

She watched Kittie from her window as she entered the carriage. The girl looked pale, but very lovely; dark rings of sleeplessness enhanced the beauty of her soft eyes, while the plaintive droop at the corners of her sweet mouth lent an added charm to her face.

She wore a white serge frock, just touched with her favorite poppy red at the throat and hem, a neat close hat was fitted above her curls, and a large dark wrap of oak was handed into the carriage after her.

"Umph! quite equipped, I see," muttered the duchess, as she rang her bell for Perkins, demanded to be dressed at once, and ordered her single brougham to be around in an hour.

"It's a quarter to one, and she won't be here yet," said Allan Tremayne, as he sauntered into the Chichester railway station. "By Jove! Allan, you're a lucky dog to land such a prize, a real little beauty, and heavily gilt from top to toe. I love her too, for her big eyes and for that rosebud mouth of hers, which she has never yet let me touch. But I'll—the devil! the duchess!"

"Good morning, Mr. Tremayne," cried the duchess of Dulverton, cheerily, "I expected to find you here. No, I won't shake hands, thanks."

She glanced at the station clock.

"One already. Dear me, how time flies, and we've only ten minutes for a chat."

"Ten minutes! I don't"—

"A quick train from London stops here in ten minutes," interposed the duchess, with an air of imparting agreeable information, "and you are going to catch it."

"I beg your pardon, duchess, but I think not. You are laboring under a mistake." Tremayne tried to keep his temper, but the knowledge that something had gone wrong with his plans made him brusque of speech.

The duchess, too, altered her tone from simple urbanity to a colder key.

"Come into the waiting room with me," she said. "Ah! you need not look so eagerly at the door. I know you are expecting Miss Marjoram every minute. I cannot prevent her from coming here, but I can stop you from speaking to her."

"Wild horses could not do that," blustered Tremayne.

"I daresay not," replied the duchess, "but those three constables over there, who hold a warrant for your arrest, can."

"A warrant!" gasped Allan, turning pale. "What for?"

"For attempting to marry a ward in chancery without the consent of the court. Ah! you needn't deny. Your letter arranging this—little affair—is at this moment in the hands of the magistrate who granted the warrant. It will be forwarded to the proper authorities to-night in the event of your arrest. Now, Mr. Tremayne, your train is just due; hadn't you better get over to the opposite platform? One moment, though—your disappointment concerning my niece is, no doubt, great—and the trip to Norway is—expensive."

She drew from her pocket a roll of notes and thrust them into his hand.

"Your train," she said once more, smiling. "You'll have to run."

And he ran.

The duchess turned to find Kitty behind her, white as her gown and trembling from head to foot.

"The coward! The mean wretch! To be bought off like that with a few

"GOOD MORNING, MR. TREMAYNE."

paltry notes!" said the girl, indignantly.

"There were five hundred pounds' worth, my dear," said the duchess, slipping her hand through Kittie's arm and leading her from the station.

The matter was never referred to again except on the evening of the day on which Kitty Marjoram promised to become the wife of Lord Ferdie Bellairs.

"I owe you a big debt of gratitude, auntie, dear," said Kittie, kneeling at the duchess' feet. "I feel I can never repay you."

"You have done so to-day, my child," cried the duchess, parting her golden curls and kissing her forehead.—London Society.

—Contemplate the rutted road; life is both a lure and goad. Each to hold in measure just, trample appetite to dust. Mark the fool and wanton spin; keep to harness as a skin. Ere you follow Nature's lead, of her powers in you have heed; else a shiverer you will find you have challenged human kind. Mates are chosen market wise coolest bargainer best buys. Leap not, nor let leap the heart; trot your track and drag your cart, so your end may be in wool, honored, and with manger full.—George Meredith.

SEASONABLE FANCY WORK.

Tasty Trifles to Occupy a Woman's Leisure Moments.

To have ever had at hand something pretty in the way of needlework to occupy a spare moment is one of the bits of wisdom that some women are much given to. It is possible, with a little good material, to prepare holiday gifts that are conspicuous for their elegance, and doubly appreciated because they involve care, time, thought and not a little skilled labor. Among the most attractive of these are toilet sets, consisting of scarf for the dressing-table, with mats, cushion-cover and similar accessories.

A good cushion is the first necessity, and to make this is not altogether an easy task. Some persons buy cushions already stuffed, but one need not do this if cost is any object. Strong muslin carefully stitched into a square bag is required, and this is filled as full as possible with fine sawdust, bran, or other suitable material. It is best to pack the corners very tightly, else, after the cushion is used, it becomes soft and the beauty of it is destroyed. The cushion may then be covered with plain silk or satin or, as some prefer, with white linen. Colored covers, however, are much better liked by many, and can be changed at pleasure. The cover should be made with a view to the place where it is to be used. In some instances one square for the middle and smaller sections for either end of the dressing-table is desirable. A piece of satin of the proper length is lined either with moderately thick muslin or with crinoline. Then the lace cover is made. This may have a center of dotted muslin, net lace, or some fanciful bit of embroidery, around which lace edging is set on full. The cushion cover is usually in a square, with lace gathered on and ribbon bows at each corner. Dainty and useful covers that are washable are made by drawing threads and hemstitching the edges. Then ribbons are run through and tied in knots or rosettes at the corners. These may be taken out when the linen is to be washed.

A handsome set is made with a diamond of fine linen wrought with a very elaborate monogram. To make a square, strips of insertion and beading are set on until the proper proportion is reached; then a band of linen is stitched around the edge of the lace and just across the points of the diamond. Around this is wide edging to match the insertion. This is an exquisitely dainty design, and while somewhat difficult to make, well repays the labor bestowed upon it. Linen squares with alternate rows of beading and narrow embroidered insertion with edging of embroidery to match, make beautiful covers and durable ones as well. There are also art squares and fancy silks that work up to good advantage and make useful accessories at not very great cost. If one keeps one's eyes open while going about, it is a very easy matter to provide the work basket with materials that are always available.

In the purchase one should not forget a full assortment of silks of all sorts, those for etching, filling in and ordinary embroidery may be found at almost all fancy stores, but there are only a few of them that are absolutely fast colors. As this is a matter of a good deal of importance, it is worth while to see that one gets only the best. The difference in cost is but trifling, and it is extremely aggravating after spending a long time on a piece of work to find that the materials fade at the first touch of sunlight.—N. Y. Ledger.

LATE FANCY WORK.

Decorative Figures for Ornamental Sofa Pillows.

A sofa cushion that is sufficiently decorative to receive applause from the most fastidious is made of orange-red art sheeting, and curiously covered with a writhing coil of large Japanese dragons. The creatures are worked in long and short stitch, done with coarse silk in shades of gray ranging from pearl white to black. Occasional stitches worked in with metal thread give an indication of glittering scales. The figures are outlined with two rows of gold thread. The edge of the pillow is finished by a frill of black satin ribbon, upon which black and gold spangles are dotted.

Another sofa pillow that would be charmingly suitable for certain styles of rooms is made of thick satin of the color called Egyptian red. The pattern drawn upon the service is an imitation of the decoration upon Egyptian pottery, being mostly human figures drawn in profile and some few symbolical forms. The pattern is not worked in any way, but the satin ground wrought entirely covered with darning in black silk. Large reversed points or half-diamonds are set together and left bare like the figures all around the edge of the cushion, which has no other finish except a silk cord covering the seams. The figures, which are from three to five inches high, are arranged as if crossing the cushion processionally. The darning, although closely done, does not prevent a gleam of the satin coming through.—Harper's Bazar.

Simple Enough.

A man went into the laboratory of an analytical chemist one day, with a bottle containing an unwholesome-looking mixture. "I bought this of a traveling man," he said, "and I feel sure it isn't what it ought to be. I'd give five dollars to know what would make the water and oil in this preparation separate." The chemist looked at it. "Very well," he said, "give me the five dollars and I will tell you." The visitor promptly handed him a five-dollar bill. The chemist took it gravely, and then, removing the cork from the bottle, quietly dropped into the liquid a pinch of common salt. Instantly the water and oil separated. The man's face was a study. He had got what he wanted, and had paid his own price for it. The chemist evidently felt that he was well paid by his visitor's astonishment, however, and returned the five dollars with a laugh.—Youth's Companion.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—To Renovate Kid Gloves.—The little white streaks at the seams, which are a frequent source of annoyance with black kid gloves, may be got rid of by coloring a little salad oil with black ink, and applying it with a feather. It should be dried quickly outside the window.

—Corn Muffins.—One pint of corn meal, one pint of flour, two eggs, one tablespoonful of lard, one tablespoonful of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of baking powder, one pint of sweet milk, one scant teaspoonful salt. Mix the flour, corn meal and lard together like pie crust, and bake in muffin pans.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—Small Sand Cakes.—Wash one pound of butter and stir it to a cream; gradually add a pound of sugar, two eggs, and one and one-half pounds of flour. Roll out thin. Cut out into round cakes, wash over with the yolk of egg beaten with a little sugar, and strew with sugar, cinnamon and almonds.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Small White Cakes.—One pound of sugar, three whole eggs and four yolks. Stir together for half an hour. Then add sufficient flour to make a dough stiff enough to make cakes that may be laid off the baking tin with a spoon. Vanilla or any other flavoring may be used. The cakes should look white when done.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Lemon Ice Cream.—Bring a quart of rich new milk to a boil in a farina kettle, and stir into it a cupful and a half of sugar beaten with the yolks of four eggs. Continue the cooking till the mixture resembles a thin cream, stir in a tablespoonful of extract of lemon, the same quantity of dissolved gelatine, cool and freeze.—Good Housekeeper.

—Egyptian Stew.—Wash and soak one pint of lentils, and place in a saucepan with three carrots, two turnips, two onions, two sticks of celery, all cut very small. Pour over a quart of water or stock, add pepper and salt, and stew slowly for two and a half hours. Then add some slices of cooked meat, and simmer for a few minutes so that the meat will warm through. Just before serving add a teaspoonful of ketchup.—Leed's Mercury.

—Fish and Potato Rolls.—Shred up some cooked fish, and to each half teacupful add one teacupful of mashed potato, a small piece of butter, pepper, salt, and just a flavoring of mace. Work all into a stiff paste with one beaten egg. Form into little rolls of three inches long with square ends, flour well, and fry in deep fat to a golden color. Serve on a doyley with a pretty parsley and lemon garnish.—Leed's Mercury.

—An Edging for Hashes.—Boil two teacups of rice for half an hour, and season it with a little butter and salt. Form the rice around the dish about three or four inches high, rub it over with the yolk of an egg, and set it into the oven to brown. When it is done, turn the hash into the middle of the dish. This makes a very pretty finish to a dish. Rice prepared in this way, spread over a pie of cold meat for the crust, an inch thick and browned, is nice.—Boston Budget.

—Orange Marmalade Pudding.—This is a boiled pudding. Shred six ounces of beef suet very finely and then mix with eight ounces of bread crumbs, finely grated, eight ounces of orange marmalade, four ounces of granulated sugar and one candied orange peel, chopped fine. Add three eggs, well beaten, and a half cup of milk. Put all together into a floured cloth, have the water boiling, put the pudding in and let it boil four hours; then turn it out and serve with wine sauce.—Orange Judd Farmer.

THE FIRST STAGE COACH.

It Ran Once a Month Between London and Edinburgh.

The first stage coach between the two capitals, London and Edinburgh, appears to have been started in 1658. It ran once a fortnight, and the fare was £4. The time taken to the journey is not accurately known; but between York and London it was four days. This lavish system of communication was not, however, kept up, as, in 1763, the coach ran between London and Edinburgh once a month only, taking a fortnight, if the weather was favorable, to the journey.

In the days of stage coaches, people sometimes clubbed together and hired a post chaise for their journey, as being quicker and less expensive, and Scottish newspapers occasionally contained advertisements to the effect that a person about to proceed to London would be glad to hear of a fellow "adventurer" or two bent on the same journey, to share the expense.

In 1754 a heroic effort was made to improve the London and Edinburgh coach. The Edinburgh Courant for that year contained the following advertisement: "The Edinburgh Stage-coach, for the better accommodation of passengers, will be altered to a New Genteel Two-end Glass Coach Machine, being on steel springs, exceeding light and easy, to go in ten days in summer and twelve in winter; to set out the first Tuesday in March, and continue it from Hosea Eastgate's, the Coach and Horses, in Dean street, Soho, London; and from John Somerville's, in the Canongate, Edinburgh, etc. Passengers to pay as usual. Performed, if God permits, by your dutiful servant, Hosea Eastgate."—Chamber's Journal.

A Fine Opportunity.

Modest Youth—I have only five thousand dollars a year, sir, but I think I can support your daughter on that.

Father (enthusiastically)—Support her, my dear boy? Why, you can support her entire family on it.—Detroit Free Press.

An Awful Contradiction.

"What was that horrible noise last night?" asked the new boarder.

"O, that," responded the seasoned boarder. "That was only the stuttering boarder trying to learn the clarionet."—Washington Star.

RUSSIAN PICKPOCKETS.

An Instance of Their Marvelous Expertness.

One day, at the dinner table of a grand duke, the French embassador extolled the dexterity of his fellow countrymen, as exemplified, among other things, in the cleverness of the Paris pickpockets.

"I should not wonder if the St. Petersburg pickpockets could give them a start," replied the grand duke. And seeing an incredulous smile play round the features of the embassador, he added: "Will you bet that, before we rise from the table, your watch or some other valuable will not be taken from your person?"

The embassador accepted the wager for the fun of the thing, and the grand duke telephoned to the chief constable, asking him to send at once the cleverest pickpocket he could lay his hands on. The latter was to receive the full value of every article he managed to "annex" and be allowed to go unpunished.

The man came and was put into livery, and told to wait at table with the other servants. The grand duke told him to give him a sign as soon as he had accomplished the trick. But he had to wait a long time, for the embassador, whose watch was the article to be experimented upon, always kept on the alert, and even held his hand on the foe when conversing with the most distinguished guests at the table. At last the grand duke received the preconcerted signal. He at once requested the embassador to tell him the time. The latter triumphantly put his hand to his pocket and drew forth a potato, instead of his watch. There was a general burst of laughter, in which the embassador himself joined, though with a wry face, for he was unmistakably annoyed. To conceal his feelings he would take a pinch of snuff—his snuff-box was gone. Then he missed the seal ring from his finger, and lastly the gold toothpick which he always carried about with him in a little case. Amid the hilarity of the guests the sham lackey was requested to restore the articles, but the grand duke's merriment was changed into alarm and surprise when the thief produced two watches, two rings, two snuff-boxes, etc. His imperial highness made the discovery that he himself had been robbed at the same time.—Das Neu Blatt.

Facts About the Presidents.

Among our presidents there were four Jameses, three Johns, two Andrews and one each called George, Thomas, Martin, William, Zachary, Millard, Franklin, Abraham, Ulysses, Rutherford, Chester, Grover and Benjamin. Fourteen had no middle names, if we allow Mr. Cleveland that privilege. No president was named in honor of any president, unless Andrew Johnson was named for Andrew Jackson. Of the months of their birth, January, July, August and September claim one each; February, October and November have three each; December has two; March and April have four; May and June are not president months. Two have died in January and April each; one each in February, March, September, October and December; four in June and seven in July; none died in May, August and November; indeed, May does not appear to be in it at all, having neither births nor deaths. Of the years, Grant and Hayes were the only two born in the same year, and Adams and Jefferson the only two who have died in the same year. Garfield was born the same year that saw the end of Mr. Monroe. Before the death of Washington those who had been presidents or were waiting to be were Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Adams, jr., Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor and Buchanan. —Boston Budget.

SUFFICIENT REASON.—"What is the trouble, Wadleigh, between you and Miss Hopson?" "I called her 'Sweet Alice' and she ordered me to Bolt."—Detroit Free Press.

Mothers, When Your Children

Take cold and are sick with a Cough or Croup, give them Allen's Lung Balsam; you will be pleased with the result. It contains no opium and its action is expectorant, causing the phlegm to rise and the inflamed membrane to heal rapidly.

HOTEL GUEST—"Now, are you sure that this bed is quite clean?" Maid—"Yes, sir. The sheets were only washed this morning. Just feel 'em; they ain't dry yet!"—Tit-Bits.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Grip—Rheumatism

William Munson, a member of the firm of Munson Bros., the well-known breeders at Clinton, Mo., makes this statement:

"In 1891 I had the grip, which settled in my limbs. My right side was paralyzed. I was obliged to walk with a cane. I was in constant pain, and when I moved in bed I had to be assisted. My hands and feet swelled with rheumatism and my fingers would cramp. My druggist sent me six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I took it three times a day and have improved ever since, and now I am well and never felt better in my life of 70 years. I took no other medicine but Hood's Sarsaparilla." WILLIAM MUNSON, Clinton, Mo.

MR. WM. MUNSON

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache. 25c.

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TEMPERANCE NOTES.

RUM'S AWFUL WORK.

Graphic Description of the Mighty Procession of the Victims of the Demon Drink.

There are in the United States 140,000 licensed liquor saloons. If formed into a street, with saloons on each side, allowing twenty feet to each saloon, they would make a street 265 miles long. Let us imagine them brought together into such a street, and let us suppose that the moderate drinkers and their families are marching into it at the upper end, and let us see what that street turns out in one year.

What army is that which comes marching down the street in solid columns, five abreast, extending 570 miles? It is the army of 5,000,000 men and women who daily and constantly go to saloons for intoxicating drinks as a beverage. Marching twenty miles a day, it will take them more than twenty-eight days to go by.

Now they are gone, and close in their rear comes another army, marching five abreast, and sixty miles in length. In it there are 530,000 confirmed drunkards. They are men and women who have lost control of their appetites, who are in the regular habit of getting drunk and making beasts of themselves. Marching two abreast, the army is 150 miles in length. Seen them closely. There are gray-haired men and fair-haired boys. There are, alas! many women in that army, sunk to deeper depths than the men, because of the greater heights from which they fell. It will take them some days to go by. It is a sad and sickening sight; but do not turn away yet, for here comes another army—100,000 criminals. From jails and prisons and penitentiaries they come. At the head of the army comes a long line of persons whose hands are besmeared with human blood. With ropes around their necks, they are on their way to the gallows. Others are going to prison for life. Every crime known to our laws has been committed by these persons while under the influence of drink.

But hark! whence came those yells, and who are those bound with strong chains, and guarded by strong men, that go raging by? They are raving maniacs, made such by drink. Their eyes are tormented with awful sights, and their ears ring with awful sounds. Slimy reptiles climb over their bodies, and fiends from hell torment them before their time. They are gone now, and we breathe more freely.

But what gloom is this that pervades the air, and what is that long line of black coming slowly down the street? it is the line of funeral processions. One hundred thousand who have died the drunkard's death are being carried to their graves. Drunkards do not have many friends to mourn their loss, and we can put thirty of their funeral processions into a mile. We have thus a procession 3,333 miles in length. It will take a good share of the year for them to go by, for funeral processions move slowly. Look into the coffins as they go by; see the dead drunkards. Some died of dilirium tremens, and the lines of terror are still plainly marked on their faces; some froze to death by the roadside, too drunk to reach their homes; some stumbled from the wharf and were drowned; some wandered into the woods and died; some blew their own

RUM'S AWFUL WORK.

brains out; some were fearfully stabbed in drunken brawls; some were roasted in burning buildings; some were crushed to shapeless masses under the cars. They died in various ways, but strong drink killed them all; and on their tombstones—if they have any—may be fitly inscribed: "He died a drunkard's death."

Close behind them comes another long line of funeral processions; we know not how many; but they are more numerously attended by mourning friends. They contain the remains of those who have met death through carelessness and cruelty of drunken men. Some died of broken hearts; some were foully murdered; some were burnt to death in buildings set on fire by drunken men; some were horribly mangled on the railroad, because of drunken engineers or flagmen; some were blown up on a steamboat, because a drunken captain ran a race with a rival boat.

But here comes another army—the children—innocent ones, upon whom have been visited the iniquities of their fathers. How many are there? Two hundred thousand. Marching two abreast, they extend up the street thirty miles. Each one must bear through life the stigma of being a drunkard's child. They are reduced to poverty, want and beggary. They live in ignorance and vice. Some of the children are moaning with hunger, and some are shivering with the cold, for they have not enough rags to keep them warm. A large number of them are idiots, made so before they were born by brutal drunken fathers, and worse than all the rest, many of them have inherited a love for liquor, and are growing up to take the places and do the deeds of their fathers. They will fill the ranks of the awful army of drunkards that moves in unbroken columns down to death. It has taken nearly a year for the street to empty itself of its year's work, and close in the rear comes the vanguard of the next year's supply. And if this is what liquor does in our land in one year, what must be its results in the world through the long century?

Thus far we have listened to the story that the figures tell; but they can not tell all. They can not picture to us the wretched squalor of a drunkard's home. They can not tell us how many unkind and cruel words strong drink has caused otherwise kind and tender-hearted husbands and fathers to utter to their dear ones. They can not tell how many fond expectations and bright hopes which the fair young bride had of the future have been blasted and turned to bitterest gall. They can not number the long, weary hours of night, during which she has anxiously waited, and yet fearfully dreaded the heavy footfall at the door. Figures can not tell how many scalding tears the wives have shed, nor how many prayers of bitter anguish and cries of agony God has heard them utter. They can not tell how many mothers have worn out soul and body in providing the necessities of life for children whom a drunken father has left destitute. They can not tell us how many mothers' hearts have broken with grief as they saw a darling son becoming a drunkard. They can not tell us how many white hairs have gone down in sorrow to the grave, mourning over drunken children. They can not tell us how many hard-fought battles the drunkard, in his sober moments, has fought with the terrible appetite; how many times he has walked his room in despair, tempted to commit suicide, because he could not conquer the demon; and finally, we can not search the records of the other world and tell how many souls have been shut out from that holy place, where no drunkards enter, and banished to the region of eternal despair by the demon of drink.—Address by Peter M. Hawkins.

THE EVIL OF DRINK.

Increase of Consumption of All Kinds of Liquors and Corresponding Increase in the Criminal Record.

In 1850 the consumption of all kinds of liquor in the United States averaged 4.08 gallons per inhabitant; in 1892 it was 17.04, considerably more than a fourfold increase. The consumption of spirits diminished from 2.25 gallons to 1.50 per capita, but beer drinking advanced from 1.58 to 15.10 gallons ahead of population. Wine drinking has increased very slightly, about one-sixth of a gallon a person. Thus we see the effect of the immigration from beer-drinking countries. But the habit does not continue to be a foreign one, for the foreign population becomes incorporated, retaining its evil habits, and beer drinking is becoming Americanized. Also, it may be said that beer-drinking, although not so immediately destructive, by becoming more general, and by a deterioration of life which it induces, is in the end more ruinous.

These facts should be remembered: The consumption of liquor has increased enormously in the last forty years, and the drinking of beer continues to increase. At the same time the prison population is increasing. The ratio of licenses to the inhabitants, in large cities, has attained frightful and disgraceful proportions. Where high license prevails, the ratio of licensed houses is not so large, but the consumption of liquors is not reduced proportionately, if at all. The alliance between liquor and politics is being drawn closer and closer. The present drift will continue until the moral sentiment of the people is thoroughly aroused.—United Presbyterian.

Hereditary Evils of Beer Drinking.

The Pacific Medical Journal expresses the opinion that the hereditary evils of beer-drinking exceed those which result from the use of distilled spirits. It gives the following as its reasons for this opinion: "First, because the habit is constant and without paroxysmal interruptions which admit of some recuperation; second, because beer-drinking is practiced by both sexes more generally than spirit-drinking; and third, because the animalizing tendency of the habit is more uniformly developed, thus authorizing the presumption that the vicious results are more generally transmitted."

GENERAL GLEANINGS

THE distilleries of the United States used the last fiscal year, 26,489,671 bushels of grain in liquor making.

IN appearance the beer drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease.

MRS. M. E. A. GLEASON, national lecturer on narcotics, estimates that there are 1,500,000 opium victims in this country.

SCIENTIFIC temperance instruction is about to be introduced into India by Mrs. Mary R. Phillips, president of the India W. C. T. U.

THE liquor dealers of Ohio in their recent annual meeting in Cincinnati passed a resolution, saying: "Our only enemy is the W. C. T. U."

A PROMINENT English physician of long experience with drunkards says that he can recall hundreds of recoveries among men, but only five among women.

THE recent killing of one brother by another in Massachusetts is an instance of the danger inhereat in the use of cider, on which the combatants had got drunk.

THE stock of wines, spirits, etc., laid in for a trip to England and back on one of the largest Atlantic liners is twenty-five hundred bottles of wines and spirits, two thousand bottles of ale and porter and six thousand bottles of mineral waters.

THE youthful khedive of Egypt does not smoke and is strictly obedient to the Koran's injunction not to use strong drink. Under his rule woman's position is fast improving Egypt, and harem life is disappearing.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The regions of the world which have the greatest rainfall seem to be the regions where the largest number of thunderstorms occur. Thus along the equator fifty to one hundred, or over, thunderstorms occur annually.

—The Dutch are the largest consumers of tobacco. In 1883 the consumption in Holland and Belgium was 84 ounces to each inhabitant. Next comes Switzerland with 82. Brazil and Turkey follow with 70 each.

—The first aerial voyage was made September 18, 1783, by a sheep, a cock and a duck to a height of 1,500 feet. The first human traveler through the air was M. Francois Pilatre de Rozier, who mounted the following month in a balloon.

—The winter days in Sweden are only six hours long. In the northern part of the peninsula the sun does not rise once for two months. This is made up for, however, by the sunny summer. In the north the sun does not set for weeks and weeks, an endless day. The most glorious sight of all the northland is the midnight sun.

—The observations of twenty-five years, made in the Bay of Bengal by the Indian government meteorologists, have shown that the average temperature rises during years that sun spots are numerous and sink when they are few. When the number of sun spots exceeded the average the barometer pressure was less than its average.

—As far as is known swallows' migratory flights are always carried on by day. The fact that, though warblers and other migrants are constantly found dead around lighthouses, having dashed themselves against the windows of the lanterns, swallows have never been known to meet their fate in this way, furnishes strong evidence of this peculiarity of the swallow tribe.

—Several hundred acres of unimproved land in the suburbs of Detroit were planted with potatoes for the benefit of the city's unemployed. The profit, it is reported, will exceed $5,000. So successful has been the plan that there is now serious talk of making it permanent and putting the work in charge of a regular city department to be created especially for that purpose.

—Observations and calculations have led Mr. A. Mallock to conclude that insects do not see well, especially at a distance. Their composite eye, however, has an advantage over the simple eye, in the fact that there is hardly any practical limit in the nearness of objects it can examine. The best insect eye examined would give a picture about as good as if executed in rather coarse wool work, and viewed at a distance of a foot.

—Referring to the warmer climate which is evidenced as having existed at one time all over the earth, Sir William Thomson says: "The earth might be a globe of white-hot iron, covered with a crust of rock two thousand feet thick, or there might be an ice-cold temperature within fifty of the surface, yet the climate could not on that account be sensibly different from what it is, or the soil be sensibly or less genial than it is for the roots of trees or smaller plants." Manifestly, therefore, the duration of life upon the surface can in no way be dependent upon the length or intensity of heat supply from the interior. This, it is claimed, could not at the present time melt a millimeter thickness of ice per annum.

HE THOUGHT OF THE WIDOW.

The Prudent Man and the Barkeep Who Called Him a Liar.

The cowboy was sitting in a chair tilted back against the shady side of the saloon taking it easy when one of his friends came by.

"Hello, Dick!" he said; "what's this story about the barkeep over the way callin' you a liar yesterday and bully-raggin' you around fer an hour or more?"

"That's what he done," admitted Dick, boldly.

"What did you let him do it fer?"

"I had my reasons."

"Fraid of him?"

Dick jumped up.

"Hold on, there, pard," he said. "You didn't in the same fix that the barkeep was and it ain't safe."

"Don't you worry about me. What about the barkeep?"

"Well, it was this way," explained Dick. "The barkeep was negotiatin' fer a policy on his life fer ten thousand dollars in favor of his widder. The business wasn't settled till this morning. Now it's in workin' order and I'm goin' over after awhile and give him a chance to bullyrag me some more. Then I'll go 'round and have a little talk with the widder. You must think I'm a chump that can't see past the end of my nose."—Detroit Free Press.

For the Lips.

Unlovely lips come from an unhealthy stomach. Bad digestion will often assert itself in broken or chapped lips, sores in the corners of the mouth, fever blisters and a coated tongue. Chronic sore mouths should be rubbed with sweet oil or pure glycerine at night; in the morning wash with a solution of alum or borax—a teaspoonful in a tumbler of water. Camphor ice is both healing and cleansing. Good cold ice is not a bad salve. The receipt is simple enough, but it doesn't pay to prepare it, all the druggists have supplies and cheerfully dispense five-cent quantities. Citron ointment is one of the old reliable lip salves kept by all chemists. It is applied to the sore with a soft linen cloth. When the mouth is sore the diet should be changed to vegetable foods.—N. Y. World.

A Cruel Insinuation.

Mose Schaumburg—You vant a veek's salary in advance, put suppose, Mishter Silverstone, I let you have dot week's salary, and maybe you drops tead ternight. How den vill I git mine money pack.

Mr. Silverstone—I hope, Mishter Schnumburg, dot I am too much of a schentleman to play you any such dricks ash dot, replied the clerk with dignity.—Texas Siftings.

THE JEW'S LEAP.

How a Russian Mountain Pass Received Its Name.

There is a pass in the Caucasian mountains along which runs a trail that no animal can turn on and no two animals can pass each other on. Below the trail there is a chasm seven hundred feet deep, and this place within the last few years has come to be known as "The Jew's Leap." This is the reason.

In the spring of 1878 a party of Jews, ten in number, were on their way with a pack of heavily-laden mules to the Don country, where they were to attend a fair. It was ever the custom for parties coming over from the north to send a man ahead on foot to see if the road was clear, parties from Circassia having the right of way.

If the road was all right the man sent in front fired off a bomb, the explosion of which told as it echoed along the pass that all was well.

Capt. Blatsky, who was going south with a small escort of mounted Cossacks, wholly ignoring this precaution, said to his guide:

"There are no soldiers coming this way. The only party we can meet is some Jewish peddlers, and if they get in my way I will hurl them over the cliffs."

There was nothing left for the soldiers but to obey, so they rode on, and the Jewish entourage was laid on the bottom of the rear.

The setting sun was pouring his level rays through the defile, when the Russians reached the highest and narrowest point, and here they were brought face to face with the Jewish traders, who, by the custom of the place, had the right of way.

When Capt. Blatsky saw the party that opposed him, he drew his sword and shouted out:

"Curse the dogs! Hurl them over the cliffs and ride on."

The Jews heard the savage order and held a short consultation. To go back was impossible, for all were loading their mules, as the Russians were their horses.

"We have the right of way," replied the foremost Jew, whose only weapon was a stout staff.

"You have no rights!" roared the Russian.

"No rights in the valleys and towns," replied the Jew, resolutely, "but up here, nearer to God, and man to man, we are equal."

"Pitch him over and stop his talking," yelled the officers.

"Try it and take the consequences!" was the spirited response.

The guide leaped forward with drawn sword, and the merchant, a stalwart, young man, raised his staff and stood on the defensive.

After fencing for a few seconds the Jew's staff was cut in two, but before his assailant could strike him with the sword he leaped forward, caught him in his arms, and the two fell over the cliff and dashed in a bleeding mass on the rocks below.

The second Russian sent the Jew's burdened mule after his master, and then stood face to face with another resolute man armed only with a stout stick.

The Russian lost a precious second of time in trying to draw his pistol, for the staff whistled above his head, and unconscious and never to be conscious again, he tumbled into the depths. Then the Jew sent the Russian's horse after him and came face to face with a second man.

Seeing the fate of his companion, the third Russian leaped forward, like an enraged animal, and caught his opponent in his arms. The struggle was brief and fierce. The issue would have been doubtful had not the Cossack's horse plunged forward in its fright and dashed against the men hurling them and itself into the awful abyss.

Both parties were now wrought up to a frenzy that blinded them of all consideration of life.

The Russians were like bloodthirsty savages who find their slaves rising against them in revolt.

The Jews lost their habitual prudence and were stung to a desperate resistance by the memory of generations of outrage and rapine.

In the dense settlements the Russians might be masters; here they were man to man, with all the advantage of arms on the side of the transgressors.

The fourth Jew picked up a sword that a Russian had dropped before he went over and down to death. He was a young man, unskilled in the use of such a weapon, but even if he had been the wall of rock to the left would have balked all sword play.

With the fury of a tiger he hurled over his opponent and sent his horse after him. The Jew had lost a brother and his gray-haired father was behind him.

With such a war cry as never burst from Jewish lips since the Maccabees led Israel to victory, the young man swept every living thing from his path until he came face to face with the last man, Capt. Blatzky.

The Russian fired his pistol straight into the young man's face, making a serious but not fatal wound. Certain it is it did not stay the irresistible onset.

The officer's sword leaped up, but it was too late. He felt the wet blade at his throat, and the next instant he had joined the men he had so ignominiously led to death.

The surviving merchants hastily made their way into Turkish territory, where they were safe, leaving behind them a name and a memory that will last as long as the mountains—"The Jew's Leap."—N. Y. Mercury.

An Obstruction.

"Gentlemen," said the conductor, "before leaving this station there is likely to be a delay of several hours."

"What's the matter?" cried the passengers in chorus.

"Nothing that the company can help," replied the conductor, "but a piece of steak from the restaurant is lodged in the track just ahead of the engine."—Detroit Free Press.

—Fabre, in 1855, ended a series of experiments by which he concluded that by careful cultivation for twelve years he had produced a species of perfect wheat from a common grass growing in southern Europe.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Schoodic, the name of a Maine lake, signifies "Place Where the Water Rushes."

—"That lady over there? O, yes, she is very clever. She has mastered three languages and her husband."—Fliegende Blatter.

—She—"Col. Firstnite considers himself such a critic that he never smiles during a performance." He—"But you should see him between the acts."—Brooklyn Life.

—Baron—"I am going to get married. What do you say to that, John?" John—"Delighted; I always believed I would get back the money I lent you."—Fliegende Blatter.

—"He doesn't behave as if he belonged to the best society," said one young woman. "No," replied the other, "he behaves as if the best society belonged to him."—Washington Star.

—A Leading Question.—Young Tutter—"What we want in our society, Miss Maude, are brains, brains." Miss Summit—"But how are you going to supply them?"—Vogue.

—Tom—"You look awful blue. I suppose it's because of Miss Maybelle's having rejected you." Cholly—"Yes. I can't help feeling sorry for the poor girl."—Chicago Record.

—"Did I understand you to say that Thompson was a farmer?" "Good gracious, no! I said he made his money in wheat. You never heard of a farmer doing that, did you?"—Indianapolis Journal.

—New Yorker (sneeringly)—"I thought you were going to have an elevated road in Boston?" Hubb True Blue—"We have lots of them; in fact, everything about Boston is elevated."—Boston Courier.

—Criticus—"Poor Quiller was never very successful as a playwright." Cynicus—"Ah, well, he left one great burlesque behind him when he died." Criticus—"What was that?" Cynicus—"The World."

—Mrs. Watts—"Isn't it in Turkey that a woman is not allowed to see her husband until the day of the wedding?" Mrs. Potts—"I don't remember, but anyway it is not much worse than the American way of seeing so little of him after marriage."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Clergyman—"And what would you like to give me for a present?" Tommy Yorick—"A phonograph, sir." Clergyman—"A phonograph? Why that, Tommy?" Tommy Yorick—"Because pa says you love the sound of your own voice."—Topical Times.

—Gus De Smith—"Jones' wife died only two weeks ago, and the heartless wretch is off to Germany on a pleasure trip." Gus Saoberly—"Don't be too hasty in condemning him. Perhaps he feels so bad and is in such deep mourning that he will spend most of his time in the Black Forest."—Texas Siftings.

—Little Roger had gone to the country for the first time, and his grandfather had taken him out to see the colt. "There, Roger," said the old gentleman, "did you ever see such a little horse as that?" Roger never had and his eyes shone; but there was one drawback. "What's the matter with him, grandpa?" he said. "He hasn't any rockers."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

RURAL NEW ENGLAND.

Transformation of the Farms Into Sanitariums and Health Resorts.

A quarter of a century ago the residents of the north shore of Massachusetts bay—to which no self-respecting Bostonian nowadays ever dreams of alluding otherwise than as the "North Shore"—differed little from those on the remainder of the much-broken New England coastline. If you seek the pioneer in the modern movement you must go to Mr. Grant for information. I shall tell you only how by degrees the busy American began to appreciate that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and gradually to stop for a breathing-spell. And thus, one at a time, slowly at first, the value of wholesome air and a bit of relaxation made converts. Slowly the underestimated farms passed from rustic to urban ownership, and became at once the most economical and best sanitariums in America, while the erstwhile proprietors withdrew farther into the New England fastnesses. Gradually, too, the entire scene changed from the up-at-sunrise-to-bed-at-sunset monotony of the simple-minded country folk to the brisk atmosphere of refined people; nature herself seemed to welcome the more congenial surroundings, and the country assumed a brightened aspect. Where the leg-weary family hack, silhouetted against the autumn sky, had toiled over the hills to the solitary cross-roads store, the village cart now dashed along, drawn by a good-blooded horse, and driven by a fashionably gowned woman. Man and womankind improved in health, horseflesh in quality, and we began to learn how to use to advantage our opportunities for recreation and health.—Caspar W. Whitney, in Harper's Magazine.

The Last Straw.

Once upon a time a Camel, belated far from home, applied for lodging at a wayside inn.

"O, certainly!" the landlord declared; "here is a bed that will cost you but ten cents, all to yourself."

Much pleased, the Camel retired to rest.

With the break of dawn he called his host; and, having remunerated him, pointed to the couch, saying:

"If any one should ask you, tell him that is the straw which broke the Camel's back."

Thereat he moved away, evincing much bodily distress.—Puck.

Sure Thing.

"Ha!" gasped the murderer, in sudden fear, "the blood-stained garments. Where shall I put them that they may be lost forever?"

He paced the floor in agony.

"I have it," he cried at last.

Triumphantly marking his initials on the clothing in large indelible type and wrapping it in a paper, upon which he wrote his name and address in a bold hand, he sent it to a steam laundry. Exulting then in his security, he went forth.—Detroit Tribune.

ALLIGATORS AT HOME.

Clumsy on Land, but Able Adversaries in the Water.

If an alligator meets you on land he is at your mercy. If you meet him on the water the conditions are reversed. On land he is an awkward fellow. His flippers are not made for walking, and he goes along through perseverance and endurance. In moving on land he lifts his body up, but drags his tail on the ground, making a trail as though with a stick. An alligator's tail is his weapon of defence, and it is a good one. If the 'gator is an old one, from ten to sixteen feet, his tail will be from five to eight feet. It is nearly as large as the body back of the hind legs and gradually tapering to a point. This he can bring around with such force as to break a man's legs. He will lie by the side of a lake, apparently asleep, but if a calf ventures too near the 'gator will switch around his tail and break the animal's legs and dine on veal at his pleasure.

One singular thing about an alligator's trailing on land is that no matter at what point of the compass the next lake is located, when he starts he takes the shortest cut; a surveyor could not make a more direct air line. One night my dog barked for two hours, and at times he was very ferocious. The next morning, on an investigation, I found the trail of a large alligator through my orange grove. He had stopped half a dozen times and had some sort of discussion with the dog. When he got to the front fence the boards were close together he could not get through, so he climbed over, using his big tail as a sort of boost.

In April and May the males make a great noise, bellowing like a bull. In the latter part of May they make a nest, selecting a quiet place on the banks of a lake or river. It will be two or three feet long, built of sticks, grass and sand. The female lays from twenty-six to thirty-two eggs. They are as big around as a hen's egg and nearly twice as long. Boys hunt the eggs and sell them to the curio stores, where they are either hatched or blown out.

While the alligator is clumsy and awkward on land, he is very graceful and swift in the water. He is monarch of the inland waters. My house is about two hundred feet from the lake and twenty feet above it. From my gallery with a field glass I can watch their every movement, and it is very interesting to see how gracefully they rise, sink, turn, or swim at full speed after a trout.

I had a colored boy about twelve years old, we call "yard boy." He did all kinds of chores. He would at times go down to the boat house when there was not a sign of an alligator on the lake, and with a hoe splash the water and bark like a dog. Presently two or three pairs of eyes would be seen just above the water. Their eyes are very prominent, sitting, or perhaps I should say jutting, out from their heads. As the boy barked and splashed the water they would come nearer and nearer, and show more of their bodies. When they got within fifteen or twenty feet, the boy would drop the hoe and run up hill as though a tribe of Indians were after him. The negroes have an idea that an alligator prefers a black man to a white one, and they say a 'gator will swim all around white men if there is a negro in the crowd. The negroes took upon the 'gator as a natural enemy.

The alligator is not only a graceful swimmer, but he is a powerful and wicked assailant in water. The greatest danger is from their capsizing the boat, when they will grasp a person by the leg and sink immediately, leaving no escape from drowning. Within a radius of four miles from Kenka, Fla., there are forty-one lakes, and this vicinity has afforded rare sport for those who delight to get a crack at such game. They are pretty well thinned out now and there are not so many making a business of hunting them for their hides. There was a time when a good-sized hide would fetch ten dollars to fourteen dollars, but now they do not bring more than one dollar and two dollars. But some hunters make good wages.—Denver Republican.

STRIKE IN THE KITCHEN.

The Lady of the House Taught a Lesson in Labor Troubles.

An odd thing happened the other day in a Brookline family—a something which the lady of the house isn't particularly anxious to talk about, especially when her husband is around. Not long ago the help in his factory went on a strike, and though they did not remain out long, the affair being mainly "sympathetic," yet it bothered him quite a bit, to the dislike of his wife. She remonstrated frequently over his silliness in allowing such a small thing to bother him, and guyed him still more when the affair ended amicably. A few mornings later the lady went into her morning room and rang the bell to give the cook a day's orders, when to her astonishment the ring was answered by all the help in the establishment, including the scrub girl and the boy who walked errands. The cook was spokeswoman.

"If you please," she began firmly, but respectfully, "we've come to say that we're on a strike. We don't like what you did in taking away Charlotte's Saturday night out and giving her Mary's Friday. By Mary's having Charlotte's Saturday, she gets a chance to meet Mrs. Smith's Henry, and as Mary's her rival, we don't think it's giving either of 'em a fair chance."

The mistress looked at the company, and saw that Charlotte and Mary were the only two absent; she reflected that she had by no means been aware of what affairs of state she was upsetting in changing the "evenings out" without any particular reason, and she decided that it was better to arbitrate than delay lunch and possibly dinner, so she gracefully acceeded to the demands of the assemblage and restore Charlotte her Saturdays.

Still, when anyone says strike to her now, she shivers. For—"What is home without a dinner?"—Sara Sylvester, in the Boston Home Journal.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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THURSDAY, JAN. 3, 1895.

THERE is no use in reminding you to write it 1895. You will have to become accustomed to the new before you lay aside the old.

About Coxey.

The Brooklyn *Standard-Union* says: "Coxey has retired to Washington, not as a pilgrim or a crusader, a conquering hero of a congressman, or anything of that sort, but merely a man of financial ideas. He is willing to put his talent at the service of the President or Mr. Carlisle. He has a bigger rag baby than they have—that is all the difference. He is for issuing government bonds, after the manner of the Administration, but there is to be no income on his bonds. They are to be put forth merely for the convenience of the populace. Good roads are also part of the Coxey policy, but last winter the evidence was that good roads were channels for the transmigration of tramps, and they fell some points in disfavor.

They are Incompetent.

Our Democratic friends are in the habit of getting very angry when the charge is made that their party is incapable of administering the government properly. They repel all such insinuations with the assertion that they are as intelligent and as patriotic as the Republicans, and have quite as much constructive statesmanship within their ranks, but at present, they are confronted by extraordinary conditions growing ont of Republican wickedness.

There is no getting away from the historic fact that the Republicans were able to meet all the emergencies growing out of the war: to provide money, to feed, clothe and pay the largest army marshaled in any age; to put in process of extinction the most collossal debt ever incurred in the same space of time; to provide a system of pensions that reaches immediately or remotely to almost every family in the land, and to construct the best banking system the world ever saw.

A political accident having given the government into the control of the Democratic party, it has, in the first two years demonstrated its inability to construct a tariff bill that will yield enough of revenue to pay current expenses; nor has it been able to maintain the parity of gold and silver; or to keep up the gold reserve; or to provide a safe and stable currency for the transaction of business. The old Republican system of National Banks is still standing; but Congress is engaged in knocking the props from under it, and we do not know what we are to have in its place.

Who will say that the Democratic party, as now organized and led, is capable of administering the government?

Soldiers' Pensions a Monument of Honor.

Gen. Daniel E. Sickles is a Democratic Congressman, but never lets an opportunity pass to say a good word for the Union soldier. In the House last Friday the pension appropriation bill was discussed four hours and then passed without amendment.

During discussion Mr. Grosvenor Republican, Ohio, said he complained particularly of the management of the bureau because it suspended and dropped enough pensioners to create a fund sufficient to pay the claims due on account of new certificates issued. Most, if not all, these were dropped without notice and in defiance of every rule of justice.

Gen. Sickels, Democrat, of New York, evoked a round of applause from the Republicans by saying:

I want to say right here for it may be the last opportunity I shall have to say it here, in vindication of my comrades, that that roll of million names, with so few instances of fraud, is a monument of honor to American soldiers only less worthy, only less admirable than the preservation of this union, for which services their pensions are awarded.

Mr. Pickler, Republican, of South Dakota, referred to the figures in the report of the Commissioner of Pensions that only 39 convictions and claimants had been secured in the past year, as the result of investigations by the bureau, and said this ought to influence gentlemen on the other side to stop referring to the pension roll as a roll of dishonor and take the other

Interests In England.

A dispatch from Youngstown, Ohio, says that Harry Bonnell, the iron manufacturer, who had returned from a ten weeks' visit to his mother in England, spoke of England and how the English are interested in American politics, as follows:

"McKinley is the best hated man in England, and Cleveland is the best loved man in England. I saw pictures of President Cleveland, his wife and babies in a number of houses over there. Of course the passage of the Wilson bill was hailed with great joy throughout the British Isles and everybody is deeply chagrined over the marvelous reversal secured by the Republicans at the late election. In the woolen business great preparations are being made for the American market and some concerns are working night and day. I heard in Bradford that the firm of Sir Titus Salt, Sons & Co., of Saltair have orders booked sufficient to run them night and day for six months and that they refuse to take further orders at this time in anticipation of higher prices.

"Matters are very dull, indeed in the iron and steel trades. In Staffordshire mills are closed entirely. In Middlesboro and Barrow-in-Furness and in the Scotch Mills they are running one-half time and less, being undersold by Belgian and German competitors. The Belgians are making prices of 20 shillings a ton less than the English manufacturer asks, and among iron manufacturers throughout England there is a strong feeling now in favor of an amount of protection to their industry in particular which would enable them to compete with the longer hours and less wages of the Belgians and Germans. This feeling is very strong, not only among the manufacturers but other classes as well."

The Terrible Year.

Many people will be glad 1894 is over. I some respects it has been the most disastrous year within their experience. There is less actual suffering this winter than there was last, and we do not hear so much of the thousands of unemployed who must be fed by charity in the large cities. But it is not that work is plentiful yet. It is that everything has come down to the hardest kind of hardpan, and people are grimly economizing to the last cent.

In our own country epidemics of typhoid fever, smallpox and diphtheria have raged with fury in many places. It is safe to say there have been more murders and suicides than were ever known in any one year before in the United States. The holding up and robbing of railway trains by armed desperadoes have prevailed to an unheard of extent. Even in the safest, quietest parts of the east the train robbing epidemic broke loose.

The country was kept in a state of turmoil many months—first by the coal miners' strike, then by the Pullman strike and the consequent riots, bloodshed and wrecking of property. Fires during 1894 have been unusually destructive to human and animal life. At a fire in Baltimore, on April 10th, 130 horses were burned to death. In the destruction of the American Glucose works at Buffalo 30 days later 12 workmen lost their lives, and $1,200,000 worth of property went up in flame. How many people were burned to death in the awful forest fires in the northwest will never be known for certain. Whole towns were wiped from the face of the earth. It is certain that not less than 500 persons perished in these fires, which themselves resulted from the most terrible drought this country has known in many years. Except a portion of the southern states, drought prevailed over nearly the whole United States.

The black plague in China early in the year swept off not less than 50,000 lives, according to the best information that can be obtained. Memorable, too, has 1894 been for terrible earthquakes. In February two stout widely [illegible] countries as Greece and Venezuela were visited by seismic disturbances, with heavy loss of life and the destruction of millions of property. In Venezuela two towns were annihilated. The shocks in Constantinople in July, while not so severe, were yet fatal to a number of lives. Early in November Sakata, a town on the northwest coast of Japan, experienced an earthquake shock from which it may take years to recover. Many houses and families were swallowed bodily. No less than 300 people were killed outright and 200 more severely wounded. The record closes with a violent and destructive earthquake in Hungary December 19.

It is remarkable that when one of these convulsions of the earth's crust takes place in a given locality the tidal waves from it extend underground to countries far remote from the scene of the original disturbance. November 16 not long after the cataclysm of Sakata, came the earthquake horrors in Southern Italy, whereby in Sicily 100 persons were killed. Nature seems, indeed to have wreaked her vengeance on man in 1894. Besides the eastern war which he brought about himself, she has visited upon him earthquake, plague, drouth, fire and flood. The storms in the United States at least have been seldom excelled in fury and destructiveness. A tornado in Texas in March killed 16 persons and injured 70 more. A storm in May annihilated a million dollars' worth of property in Ohio, Michigan and some of the states westward. The months of May and June were signalized in various parts of the country by some of the most destructive storms ever known. Wherever they occurred they were peculiarly fatal to human life.

On the whole, if we have come through 1894 with enough to eat and wear and a shelter over our heads, if no awful griefs have bowed us down and we have fairly good health, then, really and truly, we have much to be thankful for at the beginning of 1895.

Mid-Winter Excursions to Washington, D. C.

The B. & O. Railroad Company will inaugurate a series of monthly excursions to the National Capital from Pittsburgh, Wheeling, Parkersburg, Lexington, Hagerstown and intermediate points along its line, as far east as Washington Junction, affording an excellent opportunity for a mid-winter jaunt to the National Capital. The first excursion of the series is announced for Thursday, January 10th. The rates are remarkably low and the time limit ample enough to allow visitors an opportunity to visit all the public buildings and institutions in Washington and take side trips to points of interest in near vicinity.

We give below a list of stations showing the time of trains and the rates of fare.

LEAVE.	TIME.	TIME.	RATE.
Terra Alta	9 01 a m	7 15 a m	$ 6 40
Oakland	9 25 "	5 51 a m 7 31 a m	6 25
Piedmont	10 35 "	6 45 " 8 29 "	5 45

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

Tickets will be good ten days, and will be valid for passage from Washington to Baltimore at any time within the ticket.

For Pullman car accommodations and guide to points of interest in Washington, address nearest B. & O. agent. 12-2t

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FINANCIAL REVIEW.

Henry Clews' Weekly Letter on the Business Situation.

NEW YORK, Dec. 19.—On Wall street the close of the year is rather an occasion for retrospect than for active business. Last year's prospect was far from being a cheerful one; this year is not much more so. 1893 was a year of unwelcome causes; 1894 has been one of very unsatisfactory effects; 1895, it may be reasonably hoped, will be one of recovery from both.

It is not often that such a series of untoward events come together within such a comparatively brief period. Through both years we have suffered from the effects of a great and universal industrial reaction. From causes dating back to the general introduction of steam and mechanical improvements, the world has been working toward an enormous increase of all the forms of plant, and it was only a question of time when that growth of productive power would develop into a supply of products exceeding the world's ability to consume. That position of affairs reached Europe in 1890 and first expressed itself in the Baring failure. Three years later the crisis reached the United States, and the scare is now created by our silver inflation was the match to start a great explosion. Because the match happened to be a currency incident and therefore affected first, and especially the banks, we regarded the who trouble as traceable to bad silver legislation; during the past year, however, we have discovered that the most stubborn element of the depression has been a radical want of proportion between the ability to produce and the ability to consume. It is through the many and deep-seated derangements which a disturbance of this complex nature brings that we have been suffering the past year. Consequently with that condition we have undertaken legislation breaking up the old relations between our domestic manufacturers and our foreign commerce, which has surrounded our industries with new and perplexing difficulties. Added to this has arisen a disturbing gold question, involving the ability of the treasury to maintain the convertibility of its 500 millions of demand notes. The banks and the government have become antagonistic competitors for the metal, and in the conflict the position of the treasury has become more and more involved, and at the end of the year its way out of its difficulties is less clear than at the beginning. Affairs across the Atlantic have done nothing to afford relief on this side of the ocean. The death of the Czar, the war between China and Japan and the Armenian atrocities have combined to create a political situation full of dangerous possibilities to the peace of the old world. With the spirit of distrust thus excited on the European financial market our interests abroad have sympathized. The position of the treasury and the pending adjustments of the affairs of great bankrupt railroad corporations have afforded nutriment for this spirit of distrust among our European creditors, and considerable amounts of securities have been returned home, with consequent large exports of gold, which have aggravated our domestic derangements.

It is rarely that such a complication of persistent troubles has befallen Wall street interest. None of them are of a kind to yield much to the ordinary methods of artificial relief; most of them must wait for the readjustments of time and natural reaction. We have, therefore, but little recourse but to sit still and wait until the troubles worked out their own cure. Such a situation could not fail to create stagnacy of capital, postponement of enterprise, decline of values, and general caution in every branch of business. Such has actually been the experience in every interest, from the beginning of the year to its close. The marvel is that such a situation has been reasonably sound; failures have been comparatively few; and there is nowhere the apprehension that might be expected under such circumstances, there have been this year the usual new creations of wealth; and consequently the market for investments has been extraordinarily inactive. But, while inactive, it has been singularly steady in respect to values, and the year closes, if not with any expectations of any large change from the present low range of values, yet with no apprehension of a further decline.

The setting of 1894, however, throws out some rays of hope for 1895. Among the various trades there are indications of a more hopeful feeling for the spring business. The fact of a comparative lightness of failures at the close of the year is construed as indicating a sounder condition of business than had been supposed to exist. The earnings of the railroads show a tendency towards improvement; and the progress towards settlement of affairs of roads in the hands of receivers, is suggestive of an early removal of that source of depression from the investment market. The feeling is thus steadily gaining ground that Wall Street has passed its lowest stage of prostration and that the new year will introduce a tendency towards steady recovery.

For the moment, the stock market shows no features of special interest. The new currency bill would form an important element of revival, could there be any confidence in its being so far amended as to afford any hopes of it's passing; but on that there is at present much doubt. Current symptoms indicate that the gold exports are not likely to grow into very large volume, which, as an element favorable to the treasury, has an assuring tendency.

HENRY CLEWS.

Mountain Lake Park.

The ice house is enclosed and ready for the sawdust filling. The exterior of the building is to be weatherboarded and painted.

Many of our cottages are rented for the next season. The demand will far exceed the supply.

A flourishing branch of the National Loan and Building Association of Washington has been organized here. C. D. Kimmel secured the first loan.

The Spitzer cottage has been rented by a couple of Zanesville ladies who will run it as a boarding house.

W. H. H. Sheets, a prominent Pittsburgh business man, has rented P. T. Cartright's F street cottage.

No better investment is offered to capitalists than the erection of cottages at this charming resort. From 10 to 20 per cent. can be realized a year.

Charles Dawson has just finished painting Mrs. Nesbit's new cottage, on the corner of D street and Hazel Glade drive. This is a large eight room building with bay windows and porches. Mrs. Nesbit, her daughters, Mrs. Richardson, of Keyser, and Mrs. Kline, of Virginia, will summer here.

Carpenters are busy at work enlarging Mrs. Henry Felty's cottage, on the corner of Spruce and E streets. The place will not be recognized by the public.

Dr. LaFetra, the proprietor of the Hotel Fredonia, one of the best hotels in Washington City, has purchased two lots on the corner of K street and Pittsburgh avenue.

Wm. Caspari, jr., a prominent druggist of Baltimore, has purchased two lots on the corner of Wheeling Avenue and P street.

H. M. Etchison, of the engineering department of the B. & O. railroad, has purchased three lots on the corner of Pittsburgh and P streets.

S. E. McKee, a prominent citizen of Philadelphia, has purchased lots on Arbutus Glade Drive; price $1,000. A fine residence will be erected on this handsome lot.

Henry Felty has rented the store in the postoffice building for next summer.

Rev. Arbuthnot organized a Junior Epworth League a few evenings ago. It started off very encouragingly.

Mrs. P. T. Garthright is visiting in Zanesville, Ohio.

Miss Norris is sick at Grandma Smith's. She has the sympathy of a host of friends.

Among the prominent citizens of Garrett county who have made investments at the Park, I might mention Dr. Lee McComas, the leading physician of this mountain region, who has a nice six-room cottage on H street; Mrs. Henry Felty, of Oakland, a very pleasant cottage on the corner of Spruce and E street; Joseph Harned, manager of McComas & Hinebaugh's drugstore. Davis & Townshend, a two story business building. Among the lot owners living in Oakland, and who will build shortly, are Arthur Townshend, J. M. Jarboe, J. M. Davis and A. Wotring. Levi Hewitt, numbered among our solid men, has two beautiful lots on the corner of Pittsburgh avenue and L street. W. M. Thayer and H. Thayer, of Thayersville, each have lots; H. Hoye, of Deer Park, has a choice lot on N street; Mrs. Flora Porter has two lots on L street; John Close has several lots; J. L. Echard, of Mellenry, has a very comfortable residence on D street. Last week I mentioned that Conrad Micheal, a former Oakland merchant, had about finished his house. He has moved into his new home and will be a permanent resident of the Park. Captain Hayden, former editor of THE OAKLAND REPUBLICAN, has a delightful home at the Park. He has also invested in several other lots. Howard Echels, who formerly clerked for G. O. Miller & Co., of Oakland has invested at the Park. I might mention other names of citizens of this county who have purchase property in this summer resort.

Among the West Virginians who own property at the Park I might mention, D. C. List, C. W. Conner, Dr. A. T. Young, Mrs. Stone, Hon. G. C. Sturgiss, M. L. Fleming, Lee Vance, Hon. T. E. Allen, Supt. Sheats and S. L. Allen, of Grafton; Mrs. Byrne, of Kingwood; Rev. G. Blakesley, of Parkersburg; Rev. Clark, of Buckhannon; J. C. Bardall, of Moundsville; J. G. McLain, L. Carr, of Fairmont; Mrs. Bellee C. Harmison, of Romney; W. H. Gilbert and R. G. Richardson, of Piedmont; John Thompson, editor *Mountain Echo*, and Mrs. M. E. Richardson, of Keyser; Hon. Mr. Tarr, of Wellsville; T. E. Mong, esq., Mrs. Hornbrook and Mrs. S. A. Sawyer, of Wheeling; Mrs. J. C. Alderson has two well located cottages, one of which is used as a family residence, to purchase which would require a good, round sum. Mrs. Alderson also owns several lots on L street.

Residents of Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Texas, Virginia, New Jersey, District of Columbia, and of Maryland by the score, have houses and lots in this gem of summer resorts.

Several well kept hotels, a dozen or more good boarding houses accommodate the thousands who summer at the Park. Each year the number of visitors who come to the Park has increased and each year the hotels have been crowded to their fullest capacity. Each year has new boarding houses been built to supply the demand. All of which proves that the Park is growing upon a solid foundation.

One beauty about the lots at the Park are that they are fifty feet wide. Well shaded lots can be had for $50. There are restrictions which prevent speculators from buying up lots, building pigpens and stables on the street fronts; no fences are required because of a pound law. The Park is incorporated under the laws of the State of Maryland. The Mountain Lake Park Association was incorporated under the laws of the State of Maryland, as are also the Mountain Lake Hotel Co., the Jennie Smith Hotel Company and the Faith Training Home.

C. D. Kimmel took unto himself a wife during the holidays.

F. S. Cline has bought a fifty-acre lot of John Barnes and will move to it in a few days.

W. S. Johnson and wife are home again. They spent about a month in Kansas.

Order of Publication.

William C. Deveemon vs. Francis C. Pulliam. No. 676 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

THE object of this suit is to procure a decree of court directing that certain mortgages filed with the bill as exhibits be recorded among the mortgage records of Garrett County.

The bill states that on or about the 3d day of April, 1893, Francis C. Pulliam executed and delivered unto William C. Deveemon two mortgages upon land lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, to secure the payment of certain sums of money mentioned therein, which sums of money have not been paid.

That said Deveemon without any fraudulent intention on his part, failed to have said mortgages recorded according to law.

The bill further states that said Pulliam is a non-resident of the State of Maryland, and then prays that the court pass an order directing that said mortgages be recorded, and for general relief.

It is thereupon this 10th day of December, 1894, ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting in Equity, that the publishing by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 7th day of January, 1895, give notice to the said absent defendant of the objects and substance of this bill and warning him to be and appear in this court in person or by solicitor on or before the 23d day of January, 1895, and show cause if any he has why a decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

A. HUNTER BOYD.

True Copy Test:
40—4t E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Estate of Henry Kamp, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

HENRY KAMP,

late of Garrett County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 4th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 27th day of December, 1894.

FRED KAMP, Adm'r.
41 Accident, Md.

DR. THEEL
1317 Arch St. Phila. Pa.
BLOOD POISON Kidney, Bladder and Special Diseases cured in 30 to 90 days. Blotches, Ulcers, Skin Diseases, Nervous Debility and Errors of Youth, Loss of Power and Stricture (No Cutting) Cured for a lifetime.
Lost Manhood and Small Shrunken Organs Fully Restored.

Scientific method never fails unless case is beyond human aid. Relief at once, and you feel like a man among men in mind and body. All losses checked immediately and continued improvement. Every obstacle to happy married life removed. Nerve force, will, energy, brain power, when failing or lost, are restored by the combined NEW treatment. Victims of abuses and excesses, reclaim your manhood. Sufferers from folly, overwork, early errors, ill-health and excesses in married life regain your strength. Don't despair, even if in the last stages. Don't be discouraged, if quacks have robbed you, I will prove to you that medical science and honor still exist. Send five 2-cent stamps for book "THETH," the only Medical book exposing quacks (no matter what they advertise to save themselves from exposure) their tricks and devices, calling themselves celebrated and famous, giving free advice and guarantee, charging enormous prices for cheap, poisonous drugs, and thereby ruining thousands. Hours: 9 to 3. Evenings, 6-8.30. Wed. and Sat. Evenings, 6-9.30. Sun., 9-12. Notice—All afflicted with dangerous and complex cases should call for examination. Positive cures in all. Wed. and Sat. eve'gs, 6-8, and [illegible] Wed. and Sat. Consultation by mail, [illegible]

To those living

in malarial districts Tutt's Pills are indispensible, they keep the system in perfect order and are

an absolute cure

for sick headache, indigestion, malaria, torpid liver, constipation and all bilious diseases.

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FOR THE PEOPLE AND WITH THE PEOPLE.

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The WEEKLY SUN PUBLISHES ALL THE NEWS of each week, giving complete accounts of all events of interest throughout the world. As an AGRICULTURAL paper THE WEEKLY SUN is unsurpassed. It is edited by writers of practical experience, who know what farming means and what farmers want in an agricultural journal. It contains regular reports of the work of the AGRICULTURAL experiment stations throughout the country, of the proceedings of farmer's clubs and institutes, and the discussion of new methods and ideas in agriculture. ITS MARKET REPORTS, POULTRY DEPARTMENT and Veterinary column are particularly valuable to country readers. Every issue contains STORIES, POEMS, HOUSEHOLD AND PUZZLE COLUMNS, a variety of interesting and instructive selected matter and other features, which make it a welcome visitor in city and country homes alike.

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ONE CENT A COPY.

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SIX CENTS A WEEK.

Mailed for 25c. a month.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Dec. 11, 1894.

The County Commissioners for Garrett county will meet at their office in Oakland on

Monday, January 7, 1894,

at 1.30 p. m., for the purpose of appointing road supervisors. Persons having business before the Board will take notice of the following days and dates and attend accordingly:

Tuesday,	Jan. 8,	Districts	3, 9 and 11.
Wednesday,	" 9,	"	12, 4 and 1.
Thursday,	" 10,	"	8, 10 and 7.
Friday	" 11,	"	2, 6 and 5.

Each and every tax-payer should take an interest in having good roads and this can only be brought about by having good men appointed as supervisors. It is the desire of the board to have the co-operation of the tax-payers in bringing this about, and see that none but good men are appointed who will judiciously expend the money and that the roads are put in better condition for travel.

By order of the board.
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

SWITZERLAND'S GRAND ROADS.

What Connection Is There Between Goood Roads and Good Government?

In Switzerland a thousand lovely scenes are made visible by as many splendid roads. Swiss enterprise and governmental foresight have made accessible almost every mountainous nook and cranny of this staunch little Republic.

No pains or expense is spared to get the very best. The roadways are beautifully macadamized and finely graded. The embankments are protected by solid masonry. Every dangerous precipice by the roadside is guarded by a wall of hewn stone, and the mountain torrents which abound, have their waterways cabined, cribbed, confined and hemmed in in all sorts of ways, so they shall not overflow their banks and threaten the highways.

Probably in no other land has the difficulties of the roadmaker been so great as it has in Switzerland. Oftentimes he has to hew his way through the mountains' solid granite. More frequently still he must scoop a road out of the side of the precipitous cliff, but nothing daunts him, and success always crowns his efforts.

One of these splendid roads is the Axenstrasse, which winds along the banks of the lake of the Four Forest Cantons from Vitznau to Fluellen. Over this road we walked the other day for nine miles, sometimes on a level with the waters of the lake, and sometimes far above them, and yet so gradual was the grade that we could scarcely tell that we were going up hill or down hill.

It does not provoke many patriotic feelings to compare these roadways with the soggy hog wallows, called roads that I have sometimes seen in the west, where the wheels sink to their hubs in the soft soil, or with steep, ungraded tracts over the New England hills covered with loose stones and gravel, over which the farmers must struggle to market.

But our roads are improving, and soon, I believe, even they will promote patriotic impulses.

By the way, is there any necessary connection between good roads and good government? The Swiss have the best roads, and perhaps, the best government in the world. Certainly we get more new ideas and good ideas in political economy of late years from little Switzerland than from any other land.

The Turks have the worst roads and perhaps the worst government in the world.

Is this a mere coincidence? Do good roads foster good governments, are they merely fostered by them?—Rev. Francis E. Clark in Golden Rule.

The School Question.

To the Editor of the Republican.

There has been a great deal said about the schools, the manner of running them, what ought to be done, and so on, but there has been no practicable way suggested by which our schools are to be kept open. Now as I understand it, the reason that we had to close our schools was because we had not the money to keep them open, the school board having wisely or unwisely used the money to pay for the school house in Oakland, the law especially providing that the board shall not go in debt. That was the only course left for them to pursue after having contracted for the building in anticipation of the bond bill passing at the late election. Now it is a question whether or not the board complied with the law, or whether not they did not rob Peter to pay Paul, or in other words, is it worth the money to have a school house at the cost of keeping our children away from school, or whether it is not another case of the small boy spending all of his money for a purse and then not have anything to put into it. We needed a school house, there is no doubt about that part, but was that the way to get it? I have no doubt but that the board did the best they knew how, and as Josh Billings says, "It is no use to cry over spilt milk, but gather up the pail and go for the next cow." Now for the next cow, viz: The remedy, I would suggest Mr. Editor that people see that men are nominated and elected next fall who will go to Annapolis and make and remodel the laws for the good of the people and not for the few, as has always been the case in this state. Give us a law taxing every male citizen over 21 years of age not less than $1 per head, or poll tax, and let this tax be turned over to the school board for school purposes. Next give us a law by which all men who hold offices of profit or trust in the state shall be elected by the people, so that all public servants shall be responsible to the people only, and let us have some of United States in Maryland as well as other states. Then we can put men in office who are deserving and competent, and not simply because he belongs to the "family," and must be cared for. This, I think, is a very reasonable and safe way out of the mud, and one that would be right and just, because there are a good many of our people who pay no tax and who have children to educate, yet have the same benefits and protection under the law as the people who do pay tax, and these very people are the ones that voted against the bonds, and it is nothing more than right that they should be made to pay something toward keeping up the schools. And with the fund which this tax would create we could run our schools much longer without any trouble. We would like to hear from others on this subject, and as one of the "bosses" has said the people are in the saddle, I say let us stay in until we resurrect "My Maryland from the antediluvian bossism in which she has been wrapped for the last century.

AMERICA.

Dec. 30, 1894.

Deer Park.

Write it now 1895.

Mr. Frank Laughlin has returned to Morgantown, where he is attending school.

Born, unto Mr. and Mrs. Lensy Hoge, Dec. 23, 1894, a daughter.

There was a family reunion at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. George on Christmas, all of the family being present, and it made our postmaster walk as though he was one of the boys.

Mr. W. C. Jones and family are visiting Mrs. Jones' mother at Bruceton, W. Va., who is seriously ill.

Our Sunday school entertainments were well gotten up and the officers of the schools deserve much credit for the earnestness taken in them.

The Union church needs repairing and while there are so many men idle in town it would be a good idea to join together and do the necessary work.

The thermometer registered 15 degrees below zero Saturday morning.

William Thrasher is home again after an extended trip to Baltimore.

While Mr. Joseph Bowser was attending the horses of Mrs. Fundenburg, he was kicked in the stomach, but not seriously injured.

Born, unto Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Grim, Tuesday, Jan. 2, 1895, a daughter.

HURRICANE.

Loch Lynn Heights.

Rev. D. L. Wagner will preach in the school house Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

A lodge of the Mystic Chain was organized here Thursday night and the following officers were installed: Past Commanders, G. P. White, C. M. Rathbun, C. T. Sweet, B. F. Crane, O. W. Sanner and Rev. D. L. Wagner. Select Chaplain, Jere Moon; Sir Knight Commander, C. J. Rathbun; Vice. G. P. White; Chief of Staff, Warren Rathbun; First Lieutenant, J. W. Payton; R. and C. S., O. W. Sanner; Treasurer, C. M. Rathbun; F. S., C. B. Lee; Inside and Outside Guards, B. F. Friend and John Moore.

On the last evening of the year Mr. J. L. Burley's house caught fire and created a great deal of excitement for awhile. The loss will not exceed fifty dollars.

'Squire Crane's brother, of Nebraska, is visiting in and around Loch Lynn.

Prof. R. R. Sanner, who has been spending the holidays with his family, left for Confluence, Pa., Tuesday.

The foundation is completed for the residence of Henry Beckman.

The foundations have been started for the residences of Edward and Abe Speicher's houses.

Our blacksmith, C. J. Bunce, is giving his house a long needed coat of paint.

Mr. Thomas Callis, of McHenry, has moved into the house lately occupied by Mr. G. P. White.

Mr. C. B. Lee's house, corner Paull street and Second avenue, is nearing completion.

General Manager Alderson returned home Wednesday morning from Wheeling and intervening points, and reports having sold several lots.

Prof. Cabell, of the Norwood University, Washington, D. C., is the guest of Major Alderson.

How to Store Ice.

As ice is one-tenth less in weight than water, and as, when packed in an ice-house as close as possible, there is some space lost between the blocks, it is safe to estimate the measure of it as 50 cubic feet to the ton. Thus for 50 tons the house should have 2,500 cubic feet of space for the ice, not counting the spaces around it for the sawdust or other protective covering needed.

Lining of wood underground, will be quickly rotted by the continued moisture and the oxidizing effect of the porous earth. Brick or stone should be used if at all possible.

The bottom must be dry. If the soil is sandy or gravely, no special drainage will be necessary, and unless surface water is apt to flow into the cellar the subsoil water will drain away through the soil with sufficient rapidity to avoid damage to the ice. Otherwise there should be a drain laid under the wall all around the building to cut off the water. This should be of 3-inch tiles, and as well as cutting off the soil water it will carry off that which collects from the melting of the ice.

If the walls of an icehouse are of brick or stone, there should be a wooden lining inside, leaving an air space of six inches, or this may be filled in with sawdust, in which case no sawdust will be needed about the ice except on the top of it and under it, as the walls will be sufficiently non-conductive of heat to preserve the ice during the summer Otherwise at least six inches of dry sawdust will be needed, or tan bark or other porous matter, as dry leaves well packed down or the chaff from the clover threshing, which is excellent, or, as a last resort, cut straw or wheat, or other chaff. A foot of either of these should be laid on the bottom under the ice. The air space is more efficient in proportion to its tightness. Hence, if lined inside with tarred paper and the wall tarred over or plastered and then tarred, the intervening dead air space will be about as good as the ordinary filled in space that will be sure to gather moisture in time.

Decline of Natural Gas.

The use of natural gas has, according to the report of Special Agent Weeks, been gradually declining since its grand spurt in 1892. The only state in which its use for manufacturing purposes increased in 1893 was Indiana. While the supply is far below the demand in other large gas fields, it is declared to be well sustained in Indiana. The reported number of feet of pipe laid increased during the year to 11,969,657 in Pennsylvania, 5,720,373 in Indiana and 1,404,098 in Ohio. The largest production of the gas in Pennsylvania $19,282,375 in 1888, since which time it has fallen to $5,488,000. Ohio showed the largest falling off in production in 1892, the amount was $2,126,000, while in 1893 it went down to $1,510,000. The total value of the natural gas consumed in the country in 1893 was $14,346,250, against $14,800,814 in 1888. The greatest value of the gas consumed in any one year was $22,619,875 in 1888. From that time there has been a general decline with aggregate of about $8,300,000 less for the last year than for 1888. Natural gas is now found in commercial quantities outside of the three states named in New York, Illinois, Kansas, Missouri, West Virginia, Texas, Arkansas, New Mexico, Utah, Tennessee and Wisconsin.—Age of Steel.

The School of Morals.

Every father and mother who reads THE REPUBLICAN should peruse these lines from the New York *Advertiser:*

"The home is the one and the only school of morals. If fathers and mothers instead of associating with their children and their children's visitors, surrender the parlors to them no good can follow. If the father loves his club more than his home, evil must result. If the young are permitted to read what they please and to go unquestioned places of amusement, moral disease must ensue. The woman is the mistress of the home, the home is the school of morality, and in this crusade for morality we should begin at the cause, the home, and leave nude pictures and other immoral effects to perish from public sight with the greater purity and care of the family circle."

Real Estate Transfers.

The following transfers of real estate have been made and recorded since our last issue:

J. Frank Burley, trustee, to Addie Pysell, part of lot No. 11 on the plat of Lake View; $60.

Gilmor S. Hamill, trustee, to Willie S. Friend, part of military lot No. 1541; $1, etc.

The Mountain Home Co. to Annie R. Fazenbaker, lot No. 7 in block 25 of Loch Lynn Heights; $75.

Same to B. F. Crane, lots Nos. 10 and 11 in block 24 of Loch Lynn Heights; $110.

Geo. W. Merrill, adm'r, to Bridget E. West and husband, lot No. 9 on the plat of Totten's addition to Oakland; $1, etc.

The Mountain Home Co. to J. C. Alderson, lots 34 and 35 in block 24 of Loch Lynn Heights; $260.

Same to same, lots 6 and 7 in block 24 of Lynn Heights; $120.

Same to Mary P. Alderson, a parcel of land in Loch Lynn Heights; $1, etc.

Same to same, villas N, O, P and Q in block 33 of Loch Lynn Heights; $240.

Robert Gist, adm'r, to Geo. W. Gist, military lots Nos. 2225, 2226, 2227 and 2228; $100.

JOHN A. WOLF,
CARPENTER AND BUILDER,
Oak street, East End, Oakland

CASTORIA

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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

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a twenty-page journal, is the leading Republican family paper of the United States. It is a National Family Paper and gives all the general news of the United States. It gives the events of foreign lands in a nutshell. Its Agricultural department has no superior in the country. Its Market Reports are recognized authority. Separate departments for "The Family Circle," "Our Young Folks," and "Science and Mechanics." Its "Home and Society" columns command the admiration of wives and daughters. Its general political news, editorials and discussions are comprehensive, brilliant and exhaustive.

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MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.41 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	7.18 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.33 A. M
No. 47	—Daily except Mon	11.28 A. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	6.22 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	9.58 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 2	—Daily	5.51 A. M
No. 8	—Daily	7.31 A. M
No. 11	—Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 16	—Daily except Monday	3.58 P. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	1.31 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	9.29 P. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
E. P. ANDERSON, Agent.

DR. H. W. MCCOMAS. DR. M. C. HINEBAUGH

M'COMAS & HINEBAUGH,

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M'COMAS & HINEBAUGH

JOS. E. HARNED, Manager.

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D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

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Warmly commended by every State Superintendent of Schools, and other Educators almost without number.

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The One Great Standard Authority, So writes Hon. D. J. Brewer, Justice U. S. Supreme Court.

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Send to the publishers for free pamphlet.
Do not buy cheap reprints of ancient editions.

Estate of Jonas Mosser, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

JONAS MOSSER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 20th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 11th day of Dec. 1894.

SAMUEL A. MILLER, Executor.
40- Cove, Garrett County, Md.

Estate of George W. Wilson, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

GEORGE W. WILSON,

late of Garrett County, Maryland, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 20th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 14th day of December, 1894.

MERRITT WILSON, Adm'r,
40—3t Wilson, W. Va.

A STORY OF TEACUPS.

There is almost always in every family some one thing that is its special pride. In yours it may be a choice bit of painting; in mine, let me whisper, it is a rare old book with illuminated covers, and in the Jennings family it is, and has been ever since I have known them, a delicate set of blue India china.

The Jennings live in a roomy, old-fashioned farmhouse, with a broad porch and high pillars, fronting on the lake. It was this that suggested their taking summer boarders. Mr. and Mrs. Briarley discovered them first and knocked at the door and begged to be taken in, and Mr. and Mrs. Jennings hadn't the heart to send them away. Next year they told their friends, and I was one of them, and all their friends told their friends, until now every summer the Jennings house is so crowded that the gentlemen talk about hanging themselves up in trees for the night, and some of them have gone so far as to hang themselves up in hammocks out on the broad veranda.

Although Mrs. Jennings is proud of her blue china she does not flaunt it before the eyes of her less fortunate boarders, whether for fear of exciting their envy or that absent-minded Mr. Van Duyne, the artist, should tip over his tea and knock off the handle of his cup, or that Mary In the kitchen should crack a plate with too hot water, I do not know. Certain it is that it is only on fittingly rare occasions that the rare china is placed at our service.

The first time I saw it was on Mrs. Briarley's birthday. When the bell rang for tea, and we all came rushing in from the orchard, the rocks down by the lake and the hammocks on the veranda, every bourder stopped short and gazed with delight upon the white cloth, and the dainty, aristocratic blue and white china with its flaring cups, deep saucers and flat little plates. Mrs. Briarley looked pleased as a girl, and Dolly, who is her seven-year-old daughter, seized Mr. Van Duyne by both hands and they proceeded to execute some sort of wild fantastic dance across the whole length of the dining-room.

I really don't know what would have become of Mr. Van Duyne if it hadn't been for Dolly. It is my honest opinion that he would have starved to death. He never, under any circumstances, heard the bell—he was always too deeply engrossed in "A Study of the Rocks," or "The Coming Twilight." Dolly had constituted him her special charge, and at the first sound of the teabell she started forth to hunt him up. Dolly was a general favorite with all of us, and the only child about. I used to wonder sometimes if she didn't get lonesome, but she seemed very well content with us grown-up folks, and at times would take her dolls and go off by herself to her "playhouse," she called it, in a field somewhere adjoining the orchard. Mrs. Jennings frequently gave her cake and cookies for tea parties to be held with her dolls in her "playhouse." Mr. Van Duyne was, I think, the only "real live" person who had ever been invited to attend. He told me when he came back that he meant to "make a picture of it." But, dear me! If Mr. Van Duyne had painted all the pictures he meant to paint, or, for that matter, finished all those he began, there would have been sufficient to furnish an art gallery.

But, pictures or no pictures, he and Dolly were the best of friends, and the night of Mrs. Briarley's birthday vied with each other in their lavish admiration of the blue china tea set.

Either there were no birthdays after that or no one of so much importance as Mrs. Briarley, for ordinary china sufficed each meal. Then Mr. Briarley was suddenly called home on business, and Mrs. Briarley and Dolly went with him.

It was rather lonesome after this, and everything moved along in a very calm, uneventful sort of way until the day of my birthday. I don't know how in the world they found out that it was my birthday, unless Mr. Van Duyne saw it in Dolly's "birthday book." But, as I found out afterwards, Mrs. Jennings had been planning a surprise for me. There was a birthday cake baked for me, and the blue china was to appear in my honor—until—but see here, I'm going to tell it to you just as it came to me.

I was sitting on the veranda in the hammock, feeling pretty hungry, for it was just half an hour before tea time, when Mrs. Jennings came bustling out the front door, looking very hot and worried, and sank down in the chair at my side.

"Miss Wright," she exclaimed, "what do you suppose has become of four of my blue china cups?"

"Four of your blue china cups!" I echoed, staring at her. "Can't you find them?"

"No I can't," she answered, in a voice that sounded as if she was just ready to cry.

"Oh, well, never mind," I said soothingly, "the girl must have misplaced them."

"Do you think so?" she asked, brightening up a little, and then in a tone of despair: "But I've looked just about everywhere. I've been hunting for a straight hour."

"Let me go and help you," I said, extricating myself from the hammock. And we went together and searched through the china closet and every corner of the pantry, and in short every spot in the house where there was a possibility or impossibility of finding four blue china teacups. But our efforts were of no avail. Poor Mrs. Jennings rang the bell for tea with tears in her eyes, and the blue china was not brought forth in my honor, for the dear lady said she "wasn't going to risk losing the rest of it."

Mr. Van Duyne returned to the city the next morning, carrying with him his easel, his palettes, his numerous paints and brushes and the many, many unfinished sketches, and Mrs. Jennings and I turned our attention to searching the pantry and china closet for the seventh or eighth time, but nothing came of it.

"You don't suppose that Miss Lee Ainsworth would have carried them off for her collection?" Mrs. Jennings asked me.

"Oh, my, no!" I answered, horrified at the idea. "She's from one of the best families in Philadelphia, and, anyway, why would she take four teacups and not anything else?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," Mrs. Jennings said, meekly; "but folks do get so crazy over china they'll do most anything sometimes."

When the day came for me to leave Mrs. Jennings, I bade her good-by and expressed the hope that her blue china cups might be found.

"But they never will be, Miss Wright," she said, gloomily. "I ha en't any hope of them left," and Farmer Jennings, who was waiting in the buggy to take me to the station, looked down upon us encouragingly and said:

"Well, well, wife, I wouldn't give up a hoping, for things sometimes does happen in the most unexpected way."

And they do, as Mrs. Jennings will testify now. I didn't hear about it until the next summer. Mrs. Jennings said: "They meant to write me, but they never got at it."

I had hardly alighted at their door, and Mrs. Jennings still was holding my hand in cordial welcome, when she exclaimed, triumphantly:

"Well, I found them."

"The china teacups? You did—where?" I asked breathlessly.

"I'll show you," she said, and she led me into the parlor up to a large, handsomely framed picture on the wall. I looked at it in wonder. Dolly Briarley was looking on at me from the canvas with her dark, mischief-loving eyes. It was a beautiful spot, with overhanging trees, and festoons of clematis and wild grapevine, and underneath the trees in striking contrast to the deep green of the grass, a white cloth was laid, and on the cloth—did not my eyes deceive me?—no, there were unmistakably Mrs. Jennings' flaring little blue china teacups! There were also cookies and tarts and a little pie in the way of viands, and to partake of the feasts were Dolly's four dolls, propped bolt upright on each side of the cloth.

Mrs. Jennings and I stared at each other for a moment, and then burst out laughing. At last Mrs. Jennings wiped her eyes and endeavored to stifle her peals of merriment.

"It was that Mr. Van Duyne," she said. "You remember how wild he was over that china set the night of Mrs. Briarley's birthday?"

"Yes," I answered, "and he told me once he meant to make a picture of Dolly's playhouse, but I never thought that he would."

"Just let me tell you all about it," continued Mrs. Jennings. "After you went away it went along, I guess, two months—anyhow it was getting quite coldish weather. One night after the milking and the chores were done, Mr. Jennings drove up to the Center to get the mail, and to have the oilcan filled, and at the post office they told him that the man over to the express office left word for him to call for a package. Well, he went over and got it, and it was such a big, queer package, and he not having sent for anything anywhere, he drove home fast to see what it was, and where it was from. He tied the horse out to the hitching-post and came right in with it.

"I hurried up and got the shears, and Josiah out with his jackknife and we got it open and the papers off from around it, and it was a picture. And we set it upon the dining-room table and Josiah held the lamp up over my shoulder and we just looked at it. There was Mr. Van Duyne's card stuck in one side of the frame, but I didn't see that at all at first. I was looking at the picture, and Josiah didn't say a word, for he was looking at the picture too. Then I gasped out:

"'Josiah! Josiah! Aren't those my teacups?'

"And Josiah looked closer and said: 'I believe on my soul they are, Emily!'

"'Well, what are they doing there? and where are they, anyway? I don't understand anything about it—Dolly Briarley, nor the teacups, nor anything else.'

"And Josiah kept on looking with a kind of puzzled look on his face as if he was a-studying out something. Then all of a sudden it all cleared up and he exclaimed:

"'Why, yes, mother, it's that south lot adjoining the orchard. You know we always called it the woodlot until a few years ago when I tried to clear it off. I used to see Dolly going off down in that direction sometimes.'

"And then it all flashed over me and I said: 'Yes, that's probably where she had her playhouse. She was always teasing me to make her little pies and for cookies to take down there. And Mr. Van Duyne he probably took the teacups down there to paint this picture and then went and forgot all about them.'

"'Yes, it would certainly be just like him,' Josiah said.

"By and by I said: 'Josiah, do you suppose you could find that place in the dark?'

"He looked at me kind of surprised, and half grinned.

"'Well, I don't care!' I said. 'It would be such a weight off my mind to find those teacups.'

"Josiah laughed a good deal, but he got out the lantern and lighted it and we started down across the orchard to the south lot. Josiah didn't have a bit of trouble in finding the exact spot.

"And there, sure enough, were the teacups, coated with dirt and partly filled with dead leaves, but just as good as they were the last time I saw them after I got them home and washed them up and put them up in the china closet with the rest of the set."—Detroit Free Press.

A Sequence.

"How intelligent Melissa is!"

"Yes; she is homely, isn't she?"

LIFE AMONG THE PUEBLOS.

An Interesting People Whose Civilization Began Long Years Ago.

Of fascinating interest is a study of the ethnological evolution of the Pueblo Indians, who occupy the picturesque region between the upper Rio Grande and the Rio Colorado. When Vasquez de Coronado and Cabeza de Vaca marched into New Mexico in 1540 they found these people already in semi-culture, living in villages of solid edifices, three stories high and fort-like in construction. That they were able to hold their own during almost four centuries is the more surprising, since they had constantly as neighbors nomadic tribes of warriors and robbers, against whose attacks they were obliged to defend themselves with their primitive weapons.

For two years they were able to withstand the Spanish invaders in their "casas grandes." It had been reported to the Spanish commanders that several hundred miles to the north lay a great empire named Cibola, which had seven large cities. In these there were long streets on which only gold and silversmiths resided. Imposing palaces towered in the suburbs with doors and columns of pure turquoise. The windows were made of precious stones, brilliantly polished. At the sumptuous feasts of the prince of [illegible] land enchanting slaves served the most delicate dainties on golden [illegible]. There were mountains of opal rising above valleys revelling in jewels, with crystal streams whose bottom consisted of pure silver sand.

The disappointment of the Spaniards was great. A number of large Indian villages were found whose inhabitants subsisted upon the fruits of a primitive agriculture. The frugality and thrift of the Pueblos excited the interest of the voluptuous Spaniards. The peculiar architecture of the villages and houses also drew their admiration. Taken as a whole, the circle of houses resembled the cells of a wasp's nest, of which the upper stories were reached on a crude ladder. Entrance could be gained only through a small opening in the roof, not even the sides facing the streets containing doors. A few heavily grated windows served as portholes for their arrows. These peculiar constructions of baked clay are still fashionable in such old towns as Zuni, Taos and others.

Situated, as the Moqui villages and Acoma were, on top of an inaccessible rock, the Spaniards despaired of conquering them. The supposed Cibola not panning out according to expectation, they did not seek reinforcement and left the Pueblos in peace. Only toward the end of the sixteenth century the Pueblos had to submit to Spanish rule, under which they remained until 1848, when the territory embracing New Mexico and Arizona was ceded to the United States.

In some respects the Spanish supremacy proved beneficial to the Indians. They virtually maintained their independence. Many innovations in their life and customs can be traced from this period. The only domestic creatures in their villages were large turkeys, whose feathers served as [illegible] ornaments for the warriors; but horses, cows, sheep, goats, dogs and last, but not least, the indispensable burros were added to their domestic stock.

The most important change in their communistic mode of living dates from the annexation of New Mexico to the United States and the introduction of railroads. Their unfriendly neighbors, the Apaches, Comanches, Kiowas and Navajos, were restricted to their own reservations.

Feeling safe under the powerful protection of the government, these peaceable people have begun to relinquish their old mode of communistic existence in the strange dwellings. Until recently there was a promiscuous living together of large families in the numerous apartments of a single house to which access could only be obtained through the small aperture in the roof. More modern cottages are being built for single families, farming is carried on on a large scale, and in some parts grape and fruit culture is attempted with good results.

All the villages are characterized by a certain industrial monopoly. In one of them, for instance, the pottery for all the Pueblos is manufactured; in others, like the Moqui villages, all the people are employed in the making of finely woven goats' hair blankets, in which occupation many are great experts. Although a large number are engaged in the sale of blankets and Indian goods in the southwestern part of the Union, in the gold diggings of California, in Mormon settlements, in the small railroad stations of Arizona, the average Pueblo Indian prefers a settled life. He is domestic in his habits and loves his family, his cattle, his farm and his neighbors as dearly as does his pale-faced brother. And has he not good cause to rejoice and be contented with his lot? Has he not a faithful and charming wife? There are some pretty girls of perfect contour among the Pueblo Indians, especially in the Tigua villages. Are not his gleeful children, who are enjoying a jolly romp on yonder sand hill, obedient and reverential in his presence? The impudent spirit of Young America has not yet exerted its baleful influence here.

How scrupulously clean are the households! The good housewives of the Netherlands do not excel the Pueblo squaws in cleanliness. Floors, carefully swept; all along the wall of the spacious room, seats and couches covered with fine variegated rugs; the walls tastefully decorated with pictures and mirrors, and large cupboards filled with luxurious fruits, meats, pastry and jellies. Thousands of white bread winners in the large cities would envy these Indians if they could behold their affluence and contented state. Nor do they obtain all this without fatiguing toil. The land is barren and dry, which compels them to induce irrigation through long canals from far-away streams.

The Pueblo pottery of to-day differs but little from that of the sixteenth century. In the pottery villages the work is done mostly by men, who sit on the broad, shaded platform and shape their immense vessels in imitation of human beings and every imaginable animal shape. The grotesquely shaped mouth is generally intended for the opening through which the water, soup, or milk is poured.

The squaws are assuming more and more the occupations of the modern housewife, though they still grind their corn in the stone troughs used hundreds of years ago, and they still bake their bread in thin layers on hot glowing stones.

Dressmakers and tailors still go a-begging among the Pueblos, and no attention whatever is paid to Parisian dictators of fashion. The good Pueblo squaw cuts, fits and sews all the clothing for the family, which used to be composed mostly of leather. Her husband's wardrobe consists now of a few multi-colored shirts, a pair or two of leather pantaloons with silver buttons, moccasins and a shoulder blanket.

The headgear, if any be worn, is simply a large, colored handkerchief. Girls are usually dressed like the daughters of southern farmers, but they refuse to discard the bloomers, over which the petticoats are worn a little below the knees. These leathern pantaloons are a necessity in a country where poisonous snakes and insects abound in gardens and fields. To see a Pueblo girl at her best, she must be surprised in animated gossip in a bevy of girl friends, or when engaged in mirthful laughter while at work. Then the expressive, deep black eyes sparkle, and the white teeth offer a glittering contrast to her fine black tresses, eyes and eyebrows.

The Pueblo Indians are to be congratulated on one fact, especially, that they permitted their moral improvement through the agency of the black-frocked missionaries and school teachers who came from the east, but also that they are one of the few tribes that resisted the conscienceless rascals who would wreck their homes through "fire water" and gambling devices.—Chicago Tribune.

THE COOK AND THE RANGE.

Uncertainty of the Relations Existing Between the Two.

Although it would seem that a thorough understanding of the range is one of the first requisites of housekeeping, very few mistresses, and consequently very few cooks, really comprehend either its scientific principles or its practical workings. Of course, the doors and slides in front are quite evident in their uses, and need no explanation beyond the obvious fact that anything opened beneath the flame increases heat, or above decreases it. The principal regulations to understand are those of the smokestack and the ovens, and a cook might be told a dozen times over under what conditions these different handles should be pushed backward or forward, or left shut or open, and she would yet be uncertain. The only practical way is to show her with all the covers removed from the top, so that you can see the little doors that are opened and shut by means of these exterior handles. In this way their workings may be thoroughly understood, so that a cook may never be at a loss when and how to use them with the best results. The economy of coal and heat should also be carefully studied. It is a most common mistake for ignorant cooks to fancy that the door to the smokestack must be open in order to gain greater heat, whereas, though it should be opened to increase the fire when fresh coal is added, it should be closed as soon as a bright, clear fire is obtained, otherwise the caloric is carried up the chimney and the coal is wasted. The little doors into each oven are also frequently neglected, and the cook is uncertain as to which are intended to be open into the particular oven where the heat is most required, leaving it shut off from the other.

All this detail is, of course, as simple as A, B, C, and yet there are cooks without number who cannot manage a range properly, because they never examine it intelligently. Cleanliness is also a sine qua non of success. Many cooks again will think when they have taken out their ashes, brushed up their hearth and stove, polished their iron work, that their range is clean, never considering the layers of dust and ashes which are being constantly deposited between the outer shell and the ovens, and which arrest the heat. A common blunder is to fill the grate with coal above the fire brick; this spreads and clogs up the air spaces with ashes and cinders, and the careless cook wonders why her oven will not heat, never troubling herself to look for some practical reason. As it is with the range, so it is with the furnace. To run either the oven or the other intelligently and with practical success they should be thoroughly explained and understood.—N. Y. Tribune.

HE WAS A REAL MAN.

Why a Bright Summer Girl Mistrusted Her Powers of Conversation.

The Saturday night train had just arrived at Narragansett Pier and the young women of the hotels were sitting on the piazzas in postures the most graceful, each to her own style.

At one of the hotels a man, tall, sturdy and with a character seamed face, bearing the burden of perhaps thirty-three years of worldly conflict, alighted. An eager turning of eyes toward him did not disturb his equanimity as he passed in review toward the office.

He was observed two hours later talking energetically to one of the brightest of the girls. Suddenly she left him and approached a group of elderly ladies.

"What's the matter, my dear," said one of them. "Do you not find Mr. Mason agreeable?"

"Yes, indeed," was the ready response, "but you see he's a man and I don't want to make a fool of myself."

"How so?"

"Well, it's this way. All the beaux we girls have for six days out of the seven are these young college boys and I feel as though I had been rocking the cradle for some mother's darlings so long that I've forgotten how to talk to a real live man."—N. Y. Herald.

LITTLE MAUDE—Mamma, do you suppose Santa Claus will come this Christmas?
MAMMA—Certainly he will.
LITTLE MAUDE—Will you see him before he comes?
MAMMA (cautiously)—Perhaps.
LITTLE MAUDE—Well, if you do, please tell him not to bring us anything useful.—Golden Days.

The Modern Folding Bed.

Mrs. de Flat—Have you anything new in folding beds?

Dealer—Only this, madam, and it really is quite a success. On rising in the morning you touch a spring and it turns into a wash stand and bathtub. After your bath you touch another spring and it becomes a dressing-case with a French-plate mirror. If you breakfast in your room a slight pressure will transform it into an extension table. After breakfast you press these three buttons at once and you have an upright piano. That is all that it will do, except that when you die it can be changed into a rosewood coffin.—Spare Moments.

AT THE COUNTY FAIR.

Farmer Pumper (in the milk business)—What kind of an animal is that?—St. Louis Republic.

A Lovely Disposition.

Mr. Mildeyes (seeking a reconciliation)—You're prettier now, Emma, than you used to be.

Mrs. Mildeyes (still angry)—That's right—tell me to my face that I used to be homely.—Chicago Record.

A Popular Disease.

Doctor—He has some sort of a slow fever. Have you any idea where he contracted it?

Mrs. Dugan—Slow fever, is it? Yis—he's bin wor-r-rukin' in Philadelphia for th' last wake.—Puck.

An Up-to-Date Burglar.

First Burglar—Well, are yer ready ter start?

Second Burglar—I guess so. I've got the sandbag, the chloroform and jemmy—but, Holy Handcuffs! I come pretty near fergettin' me bullet-proof coat.—N. Y. World.

Consolidating Them.

"Papa," said Benny Bloobumper as he munched his turkey drumstick, "do chickens and turkeys go to Heaven?"

"No, Benny," replied Bloobumper. "They get their necks twirled in this."—Judge.

Financially Interested.

"I hear that Jigson holds quite a responsible position, and that he is financially interested in the concern he is with."

"Yes; they owe him six months' salary."—Tit-Bits.

WILLIE PLAYS A MEAN TRICK.

Dashaway—You say your sister will be down in a minute, Willie. That's good news. I thought, perhaps, that she wanted to be excused, as she did the other day.

Willie—Not this time. I played a trick on her.

Dashaway—What did you do?

Willie (triumphantly)—I said you were another fellow.—Wonder.

The Effect of Getting a Lover.

Sweet Anna was, as many know,
A woman suffragist;
But when sweet Anna got a beau
She was an Anna kissed.
—N. Y. Press.

The Reason.

Foggyduff—I have no money to spend in advertisements.

Pacer—Of course you haven't, and that's just the reason.—Boston Transcript.

Reason Enough.

"You don't mean to say that you object to Herbert's playing poker occasionally," she said in an aggrieved tone.

"I do, assuredly," replied her father.

"I don't see why."

"Because he plays better than I do."—Washington Star.

A Mystery Explained.

Col Yerger—Why is it that the ladies of a congregation always present the pastor with embroidered slippers and suspenders?

Mrs. Yerger—The suspenders are to keep up his trousers so that the embroidered slippers can be seen.—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

Plenty of Company.

Bingo—Now that you are living in the country, I should think you would find it lonesome riding back and forth on the train.

Witherby—Not at all, old man. I always have a servant girl with me.—Life.

Duration of Life.

Young Dr. Freshly—Did you know, Miss de Muir, that the duration of a nerve's life is only sixty days?

Miss de Muir—Not yours, doctor, I am sure.—Detroit Free Press.

The Royal Wardrobe.

Returned Missionary—The cannibal queen was clothed in a little brief authority, and—

Mrs. Underdun (eagerly)—How was it trimmed?—Puck.

Could Afford It.

First Physician—Is this a case that demands a consultation?

Second Physician—I think it is. The patient is extremely rich.—N. Y. World.

What's In a Name?

Some men called Gay quite seldom smile,
Some Singers cannot speak;
Some Walkers won't walk half a mile,
Some men called Strong are weak!
—N. Y. Sun.

ANOTHER GENTLE VICTIM.

"What is it, Lizzie, a boy or a girl?"

"A gal!"

"Dear, dear me! there's some one else who's got to worry about gittin' a husband!"—Life.

The Quick and the Dead.

Bob's Widow—Do you dare to sit there and tell me you consider yourself a better man than poor, dear Bob?

Her Brother—Of course I do, for he's dead.—Judge.

Growing Worse.

Judge—How old are you, miss?

Elderly Female—I am—I am—I am—

Judge—Better hurry up; every moment makes it worse.—Fliegende Blatter.

A Necessity.

Higbee—Ministers always have a great many children.

Robbins—Well, they have to provide some way to use the slippers they receive for Christmas.—Brooklyn Life.

Wanted to Stay So.

She—If you are a professional woman hater, what are you going to marry for?

He—So that I can live up to my profession.—Brooklyn Life

A Promise of Success.

"Is everything prepared for the sewing-circle?"

"Yes; the tea is all ready to be made and Sophy has just gone down for the gum."—Judge.

Got the Idea.

Visitor—Have you any new studies this term?

Boy—Yes'm; I'm studyin' yellocution.—Good News.

Cut Short.

Staylate—I don't feel called upon—

Ethel Knox (at twelve midnight)—Well—(yawning) I do.—N. Y. World.

A MIRACLE IN TEXAS.

Investigated by the Texas Christian Advocate and Vouched for by Dr. C. H. Stansbury.

(From the Texas Christian Advocate.)

Our representative has made a careful investigation of the H. E. Spaulding case at Longview, which is here published for the first time, and which will be read with great interest by medical men everywhere. In reply to the Christian Advocate's questions Mr. Spaulding said: About eight years ago while running a locomotive I contracted sciatic rheumatism in my left side from my hip down. It came on slow but sure and in a few months I lost control entirely of that member, it was just the same as if it was paralyzed, I was totally unable to move out of my room for a year and a half, six months of which time I was bedridden. I tried every remedy suggested, and had regular physicians in constant attendance on me. I was bundled up and sent to Hot Springs where I spent three months under the treatment of the most eminent specialists, all of which did me no good, and I came back from the springs in a worse condition than when I went. I came home and laid flat on my back and suffered the most excruciating agonies, screaming in pain every time anybody walked across the room, the only ease I obtained being from the constant use of opiates. After three months of this kind of agony, during which time my entire left leg perished away to the very bone, my attention was called to a new remedy called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, by Mr. Allison who is now train dispatcher at Texarkana, and who was relieved of locomotor ataxia of twenty years duration. At his urgent and repeated solicitation I consented to give them a trial, after taking a few doses I began to improve. I continued taking the pills and kept right on improving until I was finally cured. My leg is just the same size now as the other one, and I am sure that Pink Pills not only cured me but saved life.

The reporter next visited Dr. C. H. Stansbury, a graduate of one of the medical schools of Kentucky, and a man who enjoys the confidence of everybody in Longview. He said: "I know that Mr. Spaulding had a terribly severe attack of sciatic rheumatism of which I tried to cure him; used everything known to my profession in vain and finally recommended him to go to Hot Springs. He came back from the springs worse than when he went and I thought it was only a matter of time until his heart would be affected and he would die. I also know that his cure is the direct result of the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"That is rather an unusual statement for a regular physician to make, doctor."

"I know it is, but a fact is a fact, and there are hundreds of people right here in Longview who know what I say is the truth. I also know Mr. Allison and know that he was relieved of a genuine and severe case of locomotor ataxia of twenty years standing."

PEANUTS IN GERMANY.

Used in Paper Making and as Food for Cattle.

Many years ago the author of "The Chemistry of Common Life" indicated the groundnut as a probable or actual substitute for cocoa—or roasted, ground, and prepared in the same way as chocolate. He mentioned that in Spain the earth chesnut was even then being consumed as a substitute for coffee. The quality of peanuts, however, varies much more than might be supposed. The poorest are found on the Madras coast, and the best in the region of the Senegal, in West Africa, and it is, apparently, only since they began to develop an interest in Africa that the Germans have discovered the food value of this humble product.

In 1893 upward of 20,000 tons of peanuts were imported into Germany, of which 8,500 tons came from West Africa, 5,500 tons from East Africa, and the rest from the East Indies. For the manipulation of the peanut there are now twenty-seven factories constantly employed at Hamburg, Mannheim, Heilbronn and elsewhere.

The imports from West Africa are in the shell, which, while making them more bulky and adding to the freight, has compensating advantages. For instance, the nut is apt to be crushed or injured when shipped without the husk, and also to become strong, if not rancid, in flavor by exposure.

The husks make up about 25 per cent. of the weight of a shipment, but are not all loss, even when their protective functions are over, for in Germany they are used in rough papermaking, and also, when ground up, as food for cattle. From West Africa and India the nuts are usually imported without the shells—the reason doubtless being to secure cheaper freight.—All the Year Round.

FASHIONABLE FANCIES.

Little Odds and Ends of Feminine Toilets.

White undressed kid gloves are worn with full-dress evening toilette, no matter what color the gown may be, and are of any length fancied, some meeting the short sleeves, while others leave the round elbow exposed. These white gloves are also worn with calling costumes in the orchestra seats.

Small Empire fans are the newest fancy, but many of larger size are carried. White kid fans painted by an artist in such matters and mounted on sticks of mother-of-pearl are charming. Gauze fans with bluet spangles or those of glowing red forming the decoration are carried by young women. The graceful ostrich-feather fans are still used, both in colors and black, many having glittering spangles as an ornament.

White satin slippers with pointed toes trimmed with rosettes of mousseline de soie, very large and full, are worn with dresses of any color. But white gloves and white slippers give the effect of large hands and feet, and while there is nothing to vie with the white gloves, the slippers may give place to those made of the material of the gown, or else to the black satin slipper which makes the foot look very small.—Harper's Bazar.

His Calling.

Two strangers in a first-class railway carriage have got into a somewhat friendly conversation. The windows have just been let down on account of the closeness of the day, and the desultory clatter is consequently turned to the subject of ventilation. "I make it," says one of the two, "I make it an invariable practice to advise people to sleep with their bedroom window open all the year round." "Ha, ha!" laughed the other; "I perceive that you are a doctor!" "Not at all," was the confidential reply. "To tell you the truth, strictly between ourselves, I am a burglar!"—London Tid-Bits.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THEIR SAIL.

Said Charlie to Sam on a bright summer day:
"Come, let us go sailing in Chesapeake bay;
We'll fish and we'll sail, and a big storm will come,
And rock the boat so that we'll hurry back home."

Said Sam unto Charlie: "O yes! let's jump in.
I'm ready, right now, for the storm to begin."
And just as soon as these boys got afloat
A big storm arose and kept rocking the boat.

Said Charlie to Sam: "There hasn't been time
For even one fish to nibble my line.
Such a terrible storm I didn't expect:
If it keeps on like this, our boat will get wrecked."

Said Sam unto Charlie: "This boat keeps on rocking,
And soon will upset, the storm is so shocking.
We'll surely get drownded, and there'll be a great fuss,
And we won't catch the fish, but the fish will catch us."

Said Charlie to Sam: "It is really too bad,
But Biddy is coming, and looks very mad:
So I guess that we'd better get out of her way,
And finish our sailing on some other day."

And so Sam and Charlie both hastened in fear
To get out of the way before Biddy came near;
For when that big storm rocked their sailboat so hard,
They were in Biddy's washtub out in the back yard!

—K. A. Peters, in Outlook.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S DOGS.

She Has Some of the Finest in the World in Her Kennels.

Some of the finest dogs in the world are owned by Victoria, queen of England. Her majesty is particularly fond of animals, and she loves every species of dog, from the largest St. Bernard to the tiny King Charles spaniel, which can be put into a coat pocket. There is a man at Windsor castle who does nothing else but take care of the dogs, and the royal kennels there are of stone, and the yards are paved with red and blue tiles, and the compartments in which the little dogs sleep are warmed with hot water, and they have the freshest and cleanest of straw in which to lie. There are fifty-five dogs in these kennels, and almost all of them are acquainted with the queen. She visits them often while she is at the castle, and she looks carefully after their health and comfort. The dogs of Windsor castle keep regular hours. They are turned out at a certain time each day for their exercise

GINA, THE LITTLE POMERANIAN.

and sports, and they have a number of courts connected with the kennels upon which they scamper to and fro over green lawns. There are umbrella-like affairs on these lawns, where they can lie in the shade if they wish to, and in some of them there are pools of water where the dogs can take a bath, and in which they swim and come out and shake themselves just as though they were ordinary yellow dogs rather than royal puppies.

The queen has her favorites among the dogs, and some of them become jealous of the attentions she pays to others. Among those she likes best is one named "Marco." This is said to be the finest Spitz dog in England. It has taken a number of prizes. Marco is an auburn dog. His hair is of tawny red. He weighs just about twelve pounds, and he has brighter eyes, quicker motion and sharper bark than any other dog in the kennel. He is just three years old, and he carries his tail over his back as though he owned the whole establishment.

The queen's collies are very fine, and a number of them are white. One of these is called "Snowball" and another goes by the name of "Lily."

Another little dog, an especial favorite with the queen, weighs just seven and one-half pounds, or no more than the smallest baby. This is the queen's toy Pomeranian "Gina," who is one of the most famous dogs of the world. Gina came from Italy, and has won a number of prizes at the dog-shows of England. Gina is a very good dog, and sat as quiet as a mouse while her photograph was taken not long ago.

Among the other dogs of the kennel are a number of pugs, and one knock-kneed little Japanese pug which the late Lady Brassey, the distinguished traveler, presented to the queen. There are big German dachshunds and little Skye terriers, and, in short, every kind of beautiful dog you can imagine in these famous kennels. The queen names the dogs herself; and near the kennels is a little graveyard where these pets are buried when they die.—Frank J. Carpenter, in St. Nicholas.

A Ring with a History.

A ring, studded with diamonds and pearls, hangs suspended by a silken cord around the neck of a statue in one of the most frequented parks in Madrid, Spain, and it is just as safe there as in the United States treasury. The greatest thief in Spain would hesitate to even touch it, for it is believed to deal out death to anyone to whom it belongs. The ring was made especially for the late Alfonso XII., who gave it to his cousin Mercedes. She died and bequeathed the ring to her grandmother, Queen Christina, who also died within three months. The king then gave the ring to his sister, who died within a month of receiving it. The king then took the ring, placed it in his own collection, and lived less than a year after doing so. His executors then gave the ring to the statue, which it certainly can't kill.

WAYS OF SPIDERS.

A Giant Insect That Weaves a Wonderful Golden Web.

Among the great web-spinning spiders is the Halaba, of Madagascar, which spins shining golden-yellow threads strong enough to bear the weight of one of those cork helmets such as travelers wear in warm countries. They have woman's suffrage in the Halaba family, where the female considerably outweighs the male and is correspondingly "bossy." She grows to the quite remarkable length of five and one-half inches, while he, poor fellow, never gets beyond the quite insignificant dimensions of an inch and a half. In consequence when she, in all the glory of her shining gold cuirass, with a silvery down on it, spreads her five red, black-tipped legs in the midst of her shining golden web, he has to keep at a respectful distance and seek the seclusion of his club, for he has no rights in that web which his more mighty sponse is bound to respect. She is a very industrious spinner, and I have no doubt that the airs of superiority she takes over her husband are largely due to the fact that she realizes she is the breadwinner for the family. She has been known to spin in a little less than a week 3,291 yards. For over a hundred and fifty years men have tried to utilize the spider's silk for weaving fabrics with but discouraging success. Le Bou, about the beginning of the last century, succeeded in making gloves of it, and Louis XIV. had a pair of hose made of the thread. The web of the Halaba and one or two American spiders have led Dr. Wilder, of Cornell university, to hope that he might still make spiders' webs commercially valuable. The thread is quite as long as that of the silkworm, one species in Jamaica spinning a thread sometimes three miles long, but the chief difficulty lies in obtaining a long thread unbroken.—Isabel D. McKee, in St. Louis Republic.

WAYS OF THE OSTRICH.

Something of the Family Life of a Good-Sized Bird.

If any of your children should see a bird nine feet high hopping about on the pavement, picking up his dinner, you would be astonished and frightened, no doubt. It would be a wonderful sight in a city, but in the forests of Africa or South America, where ostriches are found, there are many of these great birds hunting their dinner.

An ostrich will weigh sometimes as much as three hundred pounds. His legs are very powerful as well as agile for such a clumsy-looking creature. He can run much faster than a horse and gets over the ground in great leaps, twelve or fourteen feet at a time. Using his legs as weapons, he can kill a panther with one blow. He is not a stupid bird, as some old historians would have us believe when they tell that he sticks his head in the sand and considers himself entirely concealed. He is, on the contrary, very cunning and employs strategy as well as swiftness to escape the hunters who are always after him.

For, unfortunately for him, nature has provided him with exquisitely beautiful feathers, and so hundreds of men are engaged in the business of trying to get them away from him. At ordinary times the papa ostrich finds it easy to escape from a hunter by means of his long legs. But when

THE OSTRICH.

he has a flock of children to take care of he sends the mother and brood off in one direction, while he draws the hunters along, by some strategy, in another. The ostrich rolls over the ground as if he were hurt, and the hunters, thinking to get so easy a prey, dart after him. Then cunning Mr. Ostrich keeps up this game awhile until he gets his pursuers at a safe distance from his family, when he suddenly takes to his long legs for flight, leaving his baffled would-be captors far behind.

The ostrich feeds upon grain, roots and grass, with few stones, pieces of brick, nails and such trifles, by way of occasional delicacies. The bird constructs a hollow nest in the sand, and the eggs are taken care of there by both parents. When the baby ostriches are hatched out they are said to be fed on ostrich eggs, these supplementary eggs being furnished by kindly friends of the ostrich for the use of the young family. Ostrich eggs are said to be very good to eat. An egg weighs about three pounds, each being equal to about three dozen of the hen's. These eggs are a great treasure to the hunter finding them in the desert, the eggs furnishing not only food, but a dish to cook it in. The egg can be set on the fire, cooked in the shell and then eaten out of it. The shells are also used for cups and pails to hold water and other articles by the natives.—N. Y. World.

Two Brave Girls.

Here is the record of two brave girls: A fourteen-year-old girl at Becher Bay, B. C., killed with a Winchester the other day a big panther which her dog had treed; and another girl, seventeen years old, of Benton, Ore., killed a cougar which was making off with a young pig.

FARM AND GARDEN.

THE ROAD PROBLEM.

Extract from a Paper Read at a Wisconsin Farmers' Institute.

The present system of paying highway taxes, figuratively designated as "working them out," is admittedly bad and can be easily remedied, but an attempt to make a change in this direction would undoubtedly meet with opposition, hence I have avoided discussing that subject, preferring to let the several propositions stand alone and be discussed and considered on their respective merits. The subject of good roads has received so much discussion in the public press lately, and there seems to be such a uniform consensus of opinion that something must be done in this direction, little more remains to be done than to devise some general plan which shall not only be feasible but generally acceptable. Good roads mean a great deal more than mere convenience. They mean more than saving money, which, however, is a matter of no small importance. They mean a more intimate relationship between the city and country people, to the mutual advantage of both. They mean that living in the country for six months in the year shall not be a life of isolation.

Poor roads keep the farmer and his family at home at that season of the year when they have the most leisure, when time hangs heavily, when it could and would add to their enjoyment socially, and advantage educationally, if a frequent drive to the town or city, or a visit among the neighbors and friends living at a distance of a few miles, could be taken.

The longing of many young men and women to escape from the farm is largely traceable to the isolation caused by the mud embargoes. Good roads mean better prices for the farmers located a few miles away from the market town, because the present condition of the highways compels the marketing of the products of such farms at the times when the roads are good and the market prices usually lowest. Good roads would permit the average purchaser of farm produce living in towns and cities to buy his stock of such articles at a lower price than at present.

Indeed it seems to me that no more important topic in a financial and social way has of late engaged the attention of the public. If, then, this subject is of such prime importance, the necessity of moving with great care will be apparent. As indicated above, it seems to me wisest to commence with a system of country roads branching out from the county towns, ultimately to extend from county seat to county seat. The enterprise being of such general public interest to the people of the whole state, uniformity in plan and entire freedom from local influence in the selection of a route or the acceptance of work done being so important to general success of the undertaking, the making of the plans and surveys, and in a measure the general superintendence, should be under the direction of a state engineer, whose expenses should be borne by the state at large. Subject to the general supervision of the state engineer, the management of the improvement should be under the control of the county board or other county official within their respective counties.—C. E. Estabrook.

THE FARM ICEHOUSE.

To Build One Does Not Call for Very Much Expenditure.

No particular architectural ability is needed in putting up an icehouse, suggests the American Cultivator. All that is needed is to put up a frame, inclosing it both inside and out, in a locality where there is good drainage, so that water from melting ice can be carried away without letting a current of air come up through the ice. The filling in of the air spaces between the double wall is commonly done with sawdust. This is cheap, and in localities where there are lumber mills, it is often so plentiful that it is given away to anyone who will take it. It is necessary, however, even then, to get the sawdust early, for as the time for filling icehouses approaches, there is always a demand for it. A new material known as mineral wool has lately been introduced. It is mineral, and, of course, is not wool at all, though it looks and feels like wool. It is the glass fibers made in refining iron ore by the action of heat on the particles of sand that it contains. Once this slag remained in immense piles around iron ore refineries, but its value for making mineral wool has caused a demand for all that can be got of it. The cost of mineral wool if near to a factory will probably be near $17 per ton, but its bulk in proportion to weight is so great that it cannot be transported far. It is the cleanest and best non-conductor of heat. It contains a great amount of air, and when laid in the walls is a non-conductor of heat and of sound also. No kind of insect or other vermin will live in walls where the filling is with this glass material. For this reason, as well as a non-conductor of heat, it is considerably used for sheathing dwelling houses. It also greatly retards destruction when houses are attacked by fire.

Summed Up in a Few Words.

Good roads in a rural country mean better schools, better churches, better markets, higher prices for land, and better times every way. When the good roads are secured, the long-distance travel on bicycles will become something very considerable, as it already is in Great Britain.—Review of Reviews.

Brainy Men in Demand.

A successful government for the people and by the people, implies that there are brainy men who can build good roads economically. Extravagance should be sat down upon; for if it is not, it will kill the good road's goose that would otherwise lay the golden egg.

No Substitutes

For Royal Baking Powder. The "Royal" is shown by all tests, official, scientific, and practical, stronger, purer, and better in every way than all other Baking Powders. Its superiority is privately acknowledged by other manufacturers, and well known by all dealers.

If some grocers try to sell another baking powder in place of the "Royal," it is because of the greater profit. This of itself is good evidence of the superiority of the "Royal." To give greater profit the other must be a lower cost powder, and to cost less it must be made with cheaper and inferior materials, and thus, though selling for the same, give less value to the consumer.

LOOK with suspicion upon every attempt to palm off upon you any baking powder in place of the "Royal." There is no substitute for the "Royal."

A Devotee of Browning.

"Some of Browning's works?" repeated the gentlemanly book-store clerk. "Certainly, ma'am. Which volumes did you want?"

"O," said Mrs. Nurich, languidly, "wrap me up a quarter of a dozen."—Chicago Record.

CALENDAR FOR 1895.

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No man is good who has come to the conclusion that he is good enough.—Ram's Horn.

How My Throat Hurts!—Why don't you use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar? Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

By the time a rumor flies around one block it becomes a lie.—Galveston News.

"I always like to see pa and ma dressed up in their best clothes," said Jacky. "They let me do as I please then, 'cause they can't spank me 'thout mussin' themselves up."—Harper's Bazar.

Stranger (reading the local paper of a Highland town)—"I suppose the birth of twins is a rather common occurrence in this neighborhood?" Intelligent Native—"Certainly; for that reason we have had to adopt the system of bookkeeping by double entry at our registry office."—Kasseler Tagespost.

"Football, sir, is brutal. It is based largely upon the exercise of brute force, and the opportunities of unfair tactics are such—" "Oh, say—hold on. Have you ever seen a game of football?" "No: but I hold clinics in three hospitals in a college town."—Chicago Record.

He Was After a Bargain.—She—"Why do you ask me to marry you? You know I am rich, while you are very poor." He—"Well, it takes two to make a bargain."

Witts—"Talk about word painting! I know a man who is the equal of any in that line." Watts—"Done something wonderful in books, has he?" Witts—"Er—no! in signs."—Buffalo Courier.

Richard—"I don't understand what has come over Harry; he doesn't come to see me at all now." Robert—"Surely, you can not have paid him that ten dollars you borrowed of him last summer."—Boston Transcript.

Customer—"See here, I want to change this coat I bought yesterday. My wife doesn't like it." Cooney Heidleberg—"Change dot coat! You must be crazy! Dot's de finest piece uff goots you ever vore! I tell you vhat, mein friend, id's better you keep dot coat nat go home and change your wife!"—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

"And about the salary?" said the actor. "Well," said the manager, after a moment's thought, "suppose we call it $250 a week." "All right." "Of course, you understand that $250 is merely what we call it. You will get $35."—Indianapolis Journal.

$100 Reward, $100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. Cheney & Co, Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills, 25 cents.

He—"You are the one girl among a thousand." She—"I didn't suppose there had been more than a dozen or so."—Indianapolis Journal.

If Santa Claus

Were bilious he wouldn't be the jovial friend of little boys and girls that he is. Bilious people are cross. They ought to take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and banish the bile from their blood and their tempers at once and the same time. The Bitters is an unfailing preventive of malarial, kidney and rheumatic ailments, and triumphs over dyspepsia and nervousness. It regulates the bowels without griping them.

Teacher—"Now, Charley, tell us what you know about Croesus?" Charley—"Dudes wear 'em in their pants."—Harlem Life.

$6.00 to California

Is price of double berth in Tourist Sleeping Car from Chicago on the famous "Phillips-Rock Island Tourist Excursions." Through cars on fast trains leave Chicago Tuesdays via Ft. Worth and El Paso, and Thursdays via Scenic Route. Write for particulars to A. P. Phillips & Co., 104 Clark St., Chicago.

John Sebastian, G. P. A., Chicago.

The difference between an epicure and an anarchist is that one's a mighty diner and the other's a dynamiter.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a Cough medicine.—F. M. Abbott, 383 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

He—"If I should propose to you what would be the outcome?" She—"It would depend entirely on the income."

In Our Great Grandfather's Time,

big bulky pills were in general use. Like the "blunderbuss" of that decade they were big and clumsy, but ineffective. In this century of enlightenment, we have Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which cure all liver, stomach and bowel derangements in the most effective way.

Assist Nature a little now and then, with a gentle, cleansing laxative, thereby removing offending matter from the stomach and bowels, toning up and invigorating the liver and quickening its tardy action, and you thereby remove the cause of a multitude of distressing diseases, such as headaches, indigestion, or dyspepsia, biliousness, pimples, blotches, eruptions, boils, constipation, piles, fistulas and maladies too numerous to mention.

If people would pay more attention to properly regulating the action of their bowels, they would have less frequent occasion to call for their doctor's services to subdue attacks of dangerous diseases.

That, of all known agents to accomplish this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are unequaled, is proven by the fact that once used, they are always in favor. Their secondary effect is to keep the bowels open and regular, not to further constipate, as is the case with other pills. Hence, their great popularity, with sufferers from habitual constipation, piles and indigestion.

A free sample of the "Pellets," (4 to 7 doses) *on trial*, is mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of name and address on postal card.

Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Ely's Cream Balm
WILL CURE
CATARRH
Price 50 Cents.

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

A. N. K.—C. 1532.

When writing to advertisers please state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Cures **ST. JACOBS OIL** Cures

Rheumatism,	Sprains,	Swellings,	All Aches,
Neuralgia,	Bruises,	Soreness,	Stiffness,
Sciatica,	Burns,	Headache,	Cuts, Hurts,
Lumbago,	Wounds,	Backache,	Frost-bites.

....WHAT MORE IS NEEDED THAN A PERFECT CURE....

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31, 1894.

The extra session bugaboo was raised by the administration Democrats to frighten hesitating democrats into supporting the Carlisle currency bill and to deter Republicans from placing obstacles in the way of any legislation approved by the administration; but now, like the genii released from the bottle, the bugaboo has grown so great that it threatens to overshadow everything else. The question of calling an extra session of Congress, which was first considered in a might-have-to-be light, has now nearly reached the must-be stage. If something is not done by this Congress to stop the drain of gold from the Treasury, and there isn't one chance in a thousand that anything will be done, it will not be a matter of choice with Mr. Cleveland. He will have to call the Republican Congress together in order to get something done.

Very little hope is now entertained by any Democrat that the Carlisle currency bill will be passed by the House in its present shape, and none whatever, that it will be passed by the Senate. But the ablest financiers in Congress agree in saying that if the currency bill were to become a law tomorrow it would do the Treasury more harm than good. Even Secretary Carlise, who is willing to pose as the author of the bill, admits that it would not help the Treasury for sometime to come and that he is not altogether certain that it ever would. Meanwhile the drain on the gold in the Treasury continues and the receipts of the government continue to be much less than its expenditures. These facts have aroused the Republicans to the necessity of formulating a plan for legislation at the extra session, if one be called. They don't want an extra session; would much prefer having until next December to think about legislation, but true to the traditions of the party they will be found ready to do their duty when called upon.

It can be stated on high authority that the Republicans in the Senate have no idea of shielding the Democrats from any of the popular disapproval they have earned since they controlled all branches of the government. Several Republican senators may when the urgency appropriation bill gets before the Senate, seek to have the appropriation for the collection of the income tax struck out of that bill, but they will not be supported by any considerable number of Republicans. Nothing would please the Democrats who have realized what a mistake the income tax was, chief of whom is Mr. Cleveland, more than to have the Republican Senators defeat the appropriation for the collection of that tax. That would enable the Democratic party to play its favorite and usual double-faced role in another campaign—in states where the income tax is popular it would claim to have imposed the tax and would have charged the Republicans with having prevented its being collected, and in states where the tax was unpopular it would point out the failure to appropriate money to enforce the law as its own act. Those are some of the reasons why Republicans will aid in getting that appropriation through, rather than join in putting obstructions in its way.

The troubles growing out of the repeal of the reciprocity clause of the McKinley tariff law have only just begun, as the administration is now finding out. France and Austria have unofficially intimated their intention to follow the example of Spain and retaliate upon the United States if some modification of the sugar schedule of the tariff law cannot be secured. As there isn't the slightest probability that any modification can be gotten through Congress at this session the outlook for more retaliation is promising.

Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, is being harshly criticized for having said that no site should be purchased for a new government printing office, unless congress would agree to buy the Mahone site. Senator Cameron is understood to be financially interested in the Mahone lot.

January 8th has been set for the hearing of arguments on the demurrer filed by the department of justice in the suit brought to test the constitutionality of the income tax. If the demurrer be sustained and the suit be thrown out on the technicalities raised, steps for the beginning of a new suit against which those technicalities will not count, will at once be taken.

Representative Tom Johnson, of Ohio, although himself a Democrat, says that so far as the financial system of the country is concerned, the Democrats in Congress are all elegible for membership in a club of cranks, to which he belongs, which makes the only requisite for joining a failure to agree with any other member.

It is being whispered around in inside circles that Mr. Cleveland has lost faith in the Carlisle currency bill and that he believes, and has so expressed himself to a personal friend, that the Republicans would get up a bill that would be more satisfactory to him and to the country. He may or may not have done either, but there can be no doubt of the ability of the Republicans to get up a better bill.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

are good for sick headache, constipation, piles, bilious colic, fever and ague, dyspepsia, rheumatism, female complaints, dizziness, flatulence, sour stomach, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general debility. They will positively cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys, stomach and bowels. 25 cents a box.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

holds babies over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, corrects the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no opium, drugging or stupefying ingredients—but gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

[illegible] Laughlin's Worm Syrup is a speedy vermifuge, perfectly effective and harmless. 25 cents a bottle.

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

JOHN C. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles,
Neuralgia, Constipation, Bad Blood
Malaria, Nervous ailments
Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

Scratching and Swearing

only increase the irritation and heat the blood. What the skin needs is a cooling, healing application that brings comfort to body and mind, and which at the same time has strength enough to penetrate a clogged skin and to dissolve the scales of Eczema and Dandruff.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cures

is the only perfect preparation of this kind. It will cure Eczema, Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Dandruff, Itching Piles, Ring Worm, Pimples, Blotches and other diseases of the skin. Sometimes it will cure in a few days—sometimes it takes longer—but the cure is certain and permanent. There is no question about it. It has been proven times without number.

50 cents—all drug stores.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head and all inflammation of the nasal passages—50c.

A New Year Offering

TO THE

People of Garrett County

BY THE WELL KNOWN FIRM OF

SINCELL BROS.

They Will Sell You More Goods for the Money Than Any Other Firm in the State.

We will Mention a Few of Our Goods Which will Make the Hearts of Young and Old Leap With Joy.

We Have For Boys' Xmas Presents

A pair of Fine Kid Gloves or a pair of Fine Kid Mittens.

A very nice Necktie from 25 to 50 cents. Wool Hose for 23 cents.

Overcoats that will please them for $1.25; one a little better for $2.25. Still better ones for $3.50 to $5.

A Suit of Clothes for $1.29. A Fine suit for $3, for which you will have to pay anywhere else from $4.50 to $5.

Handkerchiefs, Underwear, Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, in fact everything that will make a boy happy on Christmas morning.

We Have For Girls' Xmas Presents

A pair of Fine Kid Gloves for 50 cents; a pair of Fine Kid Gloves for $1, which we guarantee. If they rip we replace them with a new pair. We have them in both button and lace.

Neckties for 25 cents. Lace Handkerchiefs, Linen Handkerchiefs from 5 cents to 25 cents.

In fact we have so many things for the girls that we cannot mention half of them. Come and see for yourself. We will please you.

We Have *Mens' Clothing*

In All Styles, Sizes and Colors.

Prices Range from $5 to $12 *PER SUIT.*

Men's Shoes, Men's Neckwear, Men's Underwear, Men's Gloves, Men's Hosiery, Overshirts.

Just received to-day the Largest Line of

Men's Shirts, Collars and Cuffs *IN THE COUNTRY.*

The Man who wants to make his Wife happy should come and see what we have for them:

CHAMBER SETS, CHINA DINNER AND TEA SETS,

In fact everything that will brighten a Home.

FOR THE LADIES

We have Dress Goods of all kinds, Kid Gloves, Fine Shoes, Fascinators, Hoods, Hosiery, Underwear of every description, Purses, Fancy Hair Pins, Back Combs of the latest Fashion, Trunks, Satchels, Telescopes, Lamps, Toilet Soap, Blankets, Dry Goods, Towels, Table Oil Cloths, Etc.

Our Grocery Department

Is full and complete with the finest that can be had. Below we give you prices of some goods. These prices are not effective after JANUARY 1st, 1895.

21 pounds Granulated Sugar	$1 00	1 lb. Old Government Coffee	29
3 cans Tomatoes	25	2½ lbs. Keystone Mince Meat	25
3 cans Corn	25	6 lbs. Rolled Oats	25
3 cans Table Peaches	50	5 lbs. unbroken Rice	20
3 cans Bartlett Pears	50	1 lb. Arbuckles' Coffee	22
2 lbs. best Citron	27	2 lbs. Cap Honey	25
2½ lbs. California Ev. Apricots	25	6 lbs. Navy Beans	25
2½ lbs. California Ev. Peaches	25	3 lbs. Leaf Lard	25
3 lbs. Gem Currants, cleaned	25	3 lbs. Evaporated Apples	25
3 lbs. Layer Raisins	25	5 lbs. Lima Beans	25
4 lbs. Baking Raisins	15	12 Cakes Washing Soap	25
3 lbs. French Prunes	25	25 cents worth of Soap for	15
2½ lbs. California Prunes	25		

We ask you to call, see and price our goods before you buy and we are sure that we can please you and save you money.

SINCELL BROS.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23–1yr.

FOR SALE.

Three acres of land, being a part of the old Kennedy farm, lying in the eastern suburbs of Oakland on either side of the road leading to Mt. Lake Park. Will be sold in lots of ¼ acre each, or as a whole.

For full particulars call on or address MRS. LIZZIE BUZZARD, Elkins, W. Va.

22-6m

MOUNT POMONA.

NURSERY AND FRUIT FARM.

Address Swanton, Md., for Fruit and Mushrooms.
Address Mt. Lake Park concerning Nursery, Greenhouse or Vegetable Products.
Agents wanted on salary.
SWEET & SHACKLEFORD.

--WANTED--

WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER

Also White Oak Timber Land.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO., Cumberland, Md.

Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 99

SLATE ROOFING.

I am now prepared to furnish and put on plain and fancy roofing, slate, galvanized Ridge, roll and water proof paper at reasonable prices. All work and material guaranteed. C. M. Beachy.

27-1yr. Keyser, Garrett county, Md.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, low old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
221f 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

11 1y

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments, Headstones, AND **Chimney Pipe** WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS.

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

4193.yr

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

3. Farm of Mrs. Ida C. Cruntzberg, containing 61 acres, under fence; orchard of 150 trees; stable, frame house Price, $1,200. Cash payment of $200, balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

COOK BROS.,

169 Baltimore Street,

CUMBERLAND, - MD.

Sole agents for the World's Fair Best Spring Wheat Flour.

The Boss

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.
ONCE YOU USE IT YOU WILL ALWAYS USE IT!

For sale in Oakland by George O. Miller & Co.; in Mountain Lake Park by Hayden & Eckles. 30—13

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

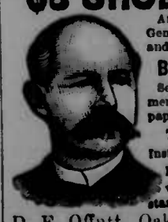

And other specialties for Gentlemen, Ladies, Boys and Misses are the

Best in the World.

See descriptive advertisement which appears in this paper.

Take no Substitute.

Insist on having W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES, with name and price stamped on bottom. Sold by D. E. Offutt, Oakland, and Wm. Ryland, Friendsville.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate. CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING. Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. fe14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. S. BERKELEY.

Drs. McLane & Berkeley, PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, FROSTBURG, MD.

Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.

See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

H. W. M'COMAS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.

Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.

Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.*

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 5 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Residence and P. O. Address,

2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate.

Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE. AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by turning or pasturing land that is enclosed on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,

Carriage, Sign and House Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.

Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention. 50-1tf.

SUBSCRIBE

FOR THE

WHEELING INTELLIGENCER

West Virginia's Brightest and Best Newspaper.

The splendid popular triumph for the cause of protection opens up a new chapter, and one of the most interesting in the history of the country. It has carried West Virginia into the column of protection and produced a revolution in the politics of the State. There will be new and important developments by reason of the great victory of 1894—developments that will have a decided influence on the presidential campaign of 1896—and the WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER will follow them closely in all their details. In West Virginia the Wheeling Intelligencer is the recognized leader of the cause of protection and State development.

All the foreign and home news of the year will be faithfully chronicled in the Intelligencer's telegraphic columns.

THE WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER

TERMS AND PREMIUMS.

The Weekly, one year, in advance	$ 1.00
The Weekly, six months, in advance	.60
5 copies one year and an extra copy to the person getting up club	5.00
10 copies one year and two extra copies to person getting up club	10.00
20 copies one year and four extra copies to person getting up club	20.00
30 copies one year and copy of Daily one year free to person getting up club	30.00

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Terms by Mail, Postage Prepaid.

One month, in advance	$ .65
Three months, in advance	2.00
Six months, in advance	4.00
One year, in advance	8.00
Three days in the week, one year	4.00
Two days in the week, one year	2.75

Specimen copies of either edition of the Intelligencer sent free to any address.

We want an agent in every Postoffice in West Virginia, Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania. Address:

INTELLIGENCER PUBLISHING CO
WHEELING, WEST VA.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 18. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1895. NUMBER 44.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Send us your orders for printed stationery.

Mrs. L. Leary is in Terra Alta with friends.

Mr. Geo. Lear, of Grafton, is at home on a visit.

Mr. G. A. Bolden, of the *Oracle*, was here yesterday.

Mr. L. H. Friend, of Swauton, called at our office yesterday.

Miss Anna Spedden, of Georgia, is home on a visit to relatives.

Mr. Norman Jacobs, of near Lonaconing, was an Oakland visitor Tuesday.

Mr. John Murphy, of Floyd, was here yesterday on business and called to see us.

Attorney R. T. Scnnes, of Cumberland, was in the city yesterday attending court.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

LOST.—Black and tan setter dog; $5 reward if returned to W. R. Mason, Oakland, Md.

Mr. Wm. J. Wilson, of Blaine, was in Oakland Saturday and paid this office a pleasant visit.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

Dr. W. H. Ravenscraft was confined to his room two or three days last week with a severe cold.

Miss Minnie West, of Keyser, W. Va., was here yesterday on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. E. I. West.

A Hagerstown editor got a collar button as a Christmas gift, and yet he is not satisfied. He wants a shirt.

Send your check books to this office to be numbered. We have a special machine for just this class of work.

Mr. Daniel Wilson, of Blaine, W. Va., was here Tuesday, on business before the county commissioners.

Mr. Merritt Wilson, of the Wilson Lumber Company, Wilson, W. Va., was in the city Tuesday, on business.

Miss Lula Weedon, of Washington, D. C., is here as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. I. West and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sincell entertained a number of their friends at their residence on Liberty street last night.

Mr. Geo. Gilpin, of Cumberland, was here yesterday on a business trip for his firm, C. C. Isaacs & Son, of Baltimore.

Mr. C. A. Bolden is engaged in installing a steam heating plant in the residence of Mr. Geo. W. Legge, on Second street.

Miss Kate Spedden who is teaching at Hutton, and who spent the holidays in Oakland, returned to school Monday morning.

Sheriff Wegman was at Charleston this week with two requisitions on the governor of West Virginia for fugitives from justice.

Mr. Daniel J. Brenneman, of Bittinger, was here Tuesday. He was accompanied by Mr. Michael Custer, of near Grantsville.

Mr. Perry Kimmel goes to Washington to-night. He has good prospects of securing a position in the government printing office.

But one marriage license was issued this week, it being to Thos. J. Glison, of Fayette county, Pa., and Gatha Deal, of Preston county, West Va.

Judge Stake was here yesterday and held court until noon, when having finished the docket the court adjourned. No cases of importance were heard.

Joshua Tichenell, of Bloomington, has been appointed the executor of the will of John C. Tichenell deceased, by the Orphans' Court of Garrett county.

Miss Della Savage, of Sang Run, one of Garrett county's most charming young ladies, was in Oakland Monday, on her way home from Cumberland, where she had been attending teachers' institute.

Messrs. S. D. Brenneman and Joel Orendorf, accompanied by a Mr. Bittinger, of Bittinger, were here yesterday and made this office a business call.

Don't forget to send your order for a thousand of those XXX white envelopes; only $1.75 per thousand. This offer holds good only until the first of February.

Mrs. John H. Riley, of Elkins, who was on a visit to her father, the venerable John L. Browning, down near Deep Creek, returned to her home on Tuesday morning.

Mr. Wade Hinebaugh, who returned to the Maryland Agricultural College on Monday, was sent home Tuesday by the physician at the school on account of illness.

We congratulate Brother Holden on the improved appearance of his paper, the Terra Alta *Oracle*, it being now all home print. Don't let quantity displace quality, Brother.

Judge Patrick Hamill, who has recently become very feeble fell from his bed on last Sunday morning and dislocated his hip. He is in a very helpless state and may survive but a short time.

Messrs. Drs. Henry W. McComas and M. C. Hinebaugh, who have been associated as partners in the Oakland Pharmacy, have dissolved, Dr. Hinebaugh retiring, leaving Dr. McComas as the sole proprietor.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office with Dr. M. C. Hinebaugh. 35-1y.

STRAYED OR STOLEN.—On Dec. 25th, a dark brindle shepherd dog, about eight months old. Any information leading to the recovery of the dog will be liberally paid for by the undersigned.

C. E. HILLARY,
44-3t Gorman, Md.

A compulsory education law went into effect in the State of New York on the 1st day of January. In New York city there is a lamentable lack of room in school houses for children of school age, and the combination furnishes something of a problem.

In the Orphans' Court Tuesday, the will of the late Miss Addie Sherman was admitted to probate. The estate amounts to about ten thousand dollars, nearly all of which goes to the Women's Foreign Missionary Society. John T. Mitchell was appointed administrator.

Elijah Messenger, living about ten miles from Oakland, was kicked a few days ago by a vicious horse and had a narrow escape from instant death. The wound inflicted by the brute was in the region of the heart, and was followed by hemorrhages from the lungs which could not be checked for several days. The physician in charge reports the patient improving with fair prospects of recovery.

Tuesday was the 89th anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, in which Gen. Jackson won a most signal victory over the English under Gen. Packenham. The victory made Jackson famous, and he afterwards became twice President of the United States, a fact which two intelligent gentlemen of this city did not seem to know yesterday, although it is positively true. —Cumberland News.

There is good reason for the popularity of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Davis & Buzard, of West Monterey, Clarion Co., Pa., say: "It has cured people that our physicians could do nothing for. We persuaded them to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and they now recommend it with the rest of us." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland druggists.

Newton Miller, residing near Terra Alta, was struck by the eastbound Cincinnati express on Thursday morning last, about six o'clock while walking on the B. & O. tracks between Terra Alta and Oakland. He was found several hours after the accident occurred in an unconscious condition and taken to his home, when everything which medical skill could suggest was done for the dying man. He lingered about twenty-four hours and died without regaining consciousness. The funeral took place Sunday morning and was largely attended. The deceased was very highly respected by all who knew him.

Many stubborn and aggravating cases of rheumatism that were believed to be incurable and accepted as life legacies, have yielded to Chamberlain's Pain Balm, much to the surprise and gratification of the sufferers. One application will relieve the pain and suffering and its continued use insures an effectual cure. For sale by Oakland druggists.

For thirty days we will furnish and print for the trade one thousand XXX No. 6 white envelopes for $1.75 *cash*. These envelopes cannot be duplicated in any office in Western Maryland for less than $2.50 but as we buy our stock direct from the factory and in large lots, we are enabled to furnish them at the price named above. Send in your orders accompanied by the cash.

Carlton Cornwell, foreman of the *Gazette*, Middletown, N. J., believes that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy should be in every home. He used it for a cold and it effected a speedy cure. He says: "It is indeed a grand remedy I can recommend to all. I have also seen it used for whooping cough, with the best results." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland druggists.

A cablegram was recently sent from Manchester, England, to Victoria, B. C., and an answer received in ninety seconds after the questioner first touched the key. The distance between the two places is thirteen thousand miles. "Old Mother Shipton," a seer who flourished in England 250 years ago among other prophecies said: "Around the earth man's thoughts shall fly in the twinkling of an eye."

"I know an old soldier who had chronic diarrhœa of long standing to have been permanently cured by taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy," says Edward Shumpik, a prominent druggist of Minneapolis, Minn. "I have sold the remedy in this city for over seven years and consider it superior to any other medicine now on the market for bowel complaints." 25 and 50 cent bottles of this remedy for sale by Oakland druggists.

The new summer resort, Loch Lynn Heights, is directly opposite Mountain Lake Park, and fronts on the B. & O. railroad. This new town is now being built and will be formally opened about June 30th, 1895. The company owns about 300 acres of beautiful land. The hotel will contain 200 rooms. An artificial lake has been constructed. A large ice house, steam flouring mill, an electric light plant, water works, stores, greenhouse, a canning establishment, brick and tile works, and over a hundred dwellings will be erected at once. This is building a town in a hurry. The resort will be a very popular one.—Kingwood Journal.

Mr. Thomas B. Thomas, representing the well known medicine manufacturing firm of Chamberlain & Co., DesMoines, Iowa, was here yesterday and renewed the yearly advertising contract with this paper. Mr. Thomas exhibited to us the following clipping taken from a Des Moines paper:

"Chamberlain & Co., the most extensively known manufacturers of patent medicines in the West, Saturday received a cablegram from Mr. W. T. Pearis, the company's agent who is now making a tour of the world, ordering for one shipment $6,277.50 worth of Chamberlain's well known cough and diarrhoea remedies to be shipped to Johannesburg, South Africa. This is the largest order Chamberlain & Co. have ever received and the shipment will be the largest made from Iowa by any medicine house. The portion of Africa where these goods are shipped is settled by an English colony, who had previously bought of Chamberlain & Co. $2,000 worth of the same remedies as last ordered. Mr. Pearis will soon visit New Zealand and the Sandwich Islands where the Chamberlain remedies are known. This is a significant order and is the result of the persistent advertising of popular remedies which have made the name of Chamberlain & Co. and their remedies known in every land."

Valuable Advice.

Avoid lawsuits and loss by consulting H. P. Tasker and examining his abstracts of the "conflicting titles" before paying for Military Lots. Charges reasonable. Office in Colardeau Cottage, opposite the bank, Oakland, Md. 41-tf.

There is no end of singular accidents in and around our mills, incredible to the outside world. Explosions of snow forms the latest phase of fatal phenomena. One man was almost killed and another seriously injured at Rankin, by snow sliding off a [illegible] into a car filled with red hot [illegible]. An explosion followed with sad and singular results not[illegible]

Will You Suffer

With rheumatic pains, sciatica, sleepless nights, dropsical accumulations or nervous headaches when Messrs. Cober & Boyer will cure you if their directions are followed. Can be consulted at the Central Hotel or at their room in the Printz building, Oakland, Md.

A Prophet Without Honor.

"Henry!"

"Yes, your excellency?"

"There is deep truth in the statement that a prophet has no honor among his own people."

"Has your excellency any particular prophet in mind?"

"I am thinking of a certain seer. I believe, Henry that the word 'seer' is a synonym for prophet?"

"Yes, your excellency?"

"I was thinking of Carlisle, the finance seer."

Flour, Grain and Feed.

Hayden & Eckles have just received a car of flour, grain and feed, which they will sell at the very lowest prices, quality considered, for cash or good country trade. They also carry in stock a full line of dry goods, notions, groceries, boots and shoes, rubber goods, hardware, queensware, drugs, tobacco and cigars, and, in fact everything usually kept in a first-class general store. Farmers are especially invited to bring in their produce and examine our goods and prices. 42-4t.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending Jan. 12th, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Mr. J. H. Shaffer, Miss Lillie Pritz, Mr. R. P. Ludwig, Miss Nellie Cunningham, Mr. Henry Heckman, Mr. Thomas Stanton.

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Rogers' Sarsaparilla.

A specific for all. 100 doses for 75 cents. Rogers' Little Liver Pills, best on the market; Cough Cure, Liniment, Appetine and Worm Syrup, sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland; Cuppett Bros., McHenry; J. A. DeBerry, Corinth; C. F. White, Hutton; P. T. Garthright, Hayden & Eckles, Mt. Lake Park; Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park, Wm. Frederick, Friendsville; Yough Store Co., Jonas Frazee, Robert Liston, Selbysport; W. Wass, Mineral Springs; J. E. Gnagey, Accident; Smith & Callis, Hoyes, and by all general dealers.

A Suspected Thief Caught.

On Sunday night last Officer Joseph Martin arrested a man named Fred Borne on a warrant charging him with breaking into the store of W. H. Malette, in Oakland, on Monday of last week and stealing a watch, chain and a finger ring.

Borne was taken before 'Squire Delawder Sunday night and examined. The stolen articles were found in his possession, but he claimed that he got them from a man in Cumberland.

He was sent to jail and on Monday morning a preliminary hearing was given him. He was again remanded to jail to await the action of the grand jury.

It is stated on reliable information that Borne has served one term in the penitentiary.

The Newspaper Man.

A newspaper man, says a contemporary, will set up nights to write something kind about a fellow citizen to help him along, even when he may not have any personal friendship for or interest in him, and will pay out good money to put his words into print after they have been written, yet the persons who are benefitted seldom think of making a return, attributing the notice to their personal greatness. Ten chances to one they will send out of town for their next job of work, or will take it to an exclusive job shop under the impression of making a saving, or they will take it somewhere to offset a bad debt. The newspaper man goes right along looking pleasant and saying good things about everybody and spending more time to ascertain the particulars of what Mr. John Jones has done than would be required to write an article on the source of the Nile.

Tariff or no Tariff

Competition is the life of all business. Read and be convinced in the line of furniture, carpets and matting we are headquarters for reliable, new goods. No second-hand stuff to offer. We will offer for the next thirty days, child's folding beds for $1.50; full size hardwood bedsteads for $1.90; $18 oak side boards for $13; parlor suits for $17; $12 hall racks for $6; a large variety of bedroom suits at prices that will astonish you. It will pay you to go a long distance to visit our large establishment. Our floor space is 4400 square feet, which is filled with bargains that cannot be appreciated without a personal visit to our store. All kinds of grain is taken at market price in exchange for furniture at these prices. We pay freight on our goods. Give us a call and be convinced that the place to buy furniture and carpets is at the old reliable furniture and carpet house of

J. H. RODEHEAVER.
Terra Alta, W. Va., Jan. 1, 1895.
43-2t.

North Glade.

We have had winter in earnest.

Christmas services were largely attended and very interesting.

The health of the community is good with the exception of bad colds.

The protracted meeting closed on the 23rd ult. with 13 conversions. Rev. Lloyd was ably assisted several days by Rev. Howard, of Bloomington.

Sunday school has been reorganized by the election of the following officers: Albert Fitzwater, superintendent; Edward Beckman, assistant; Miss Mollie Beckman, secretary and Theo. Beckman, treasurer.

A literary and business meeting of the Epworth League was held on New Year's evening. An excellent program was rendered, after which the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Geo. W. Moon, president; Grant Michaels, C. T. Rhodes, Miss Lillian Garlitz, Mrs. Hattie Pritts, vice presidents: Miss Ettie Howell and Miss May Fitzwater, secretaries. Miss Mary Howell and Mr. J. L. Fitzwater were chosen teachers for catechetical classes.

No Sugar Bounty.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—Judge Shepherd, of the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia, declared to-day in a decision that not only the sugar bounty, but all bounties are unconstitutional. This opinion was expressed when he delivered a decision affirming the judgment of the lower court (Judge McComas) in the case of the Miles Manufacturing and Planting Company, of Louisiana, which had applied to the courts to compel Secretary Carlisle, of the treasury, to pay a bounty upon the sugar crop of 1894, thereby ignoring the provision of the Wilson tariff bill cutting off this bounty.

"If congress be conceded," said Judge Shepherd, "the power to grant subsidies from the public revenues to all objects it may deem for the general welfare, then it follows that this discretion, like all powers of taxation is absolute. Such a doctrine would destroy the idea that this a government of 'delegated, limited and enumerated powers,' render superfluous all the special delegations of power contained in the constitution, and open the way for a flood of socialist legislation, the specious plea for all of which is 'the general welfare.' It is a doctrine I cannot subscribe to. Still less can we be able to subscribe to a doctrine that legislation may enacted by Congress 'in pursuance of a national policy analogous to that adopted by Germany and France,' or any other government on the face of the earth."

Chief Justice Alvey gave a brief separate opinion as follows: "I fully concur with my brothers in the affirmance of the judgment appealed from in this case, but do so upon the distinct ground that the statute authorizing the sugar bounty was expressly repealed by the recent tariff act of 1894 and the right to bounty has been canceled. And even were that not so, the case as here presented shows no sufficient foundations for the issuing of a mandamus against the Secretary of the Treasury and the commissioner of internal revenue. I do not, however, deem it necessary to discuss the constitutional question of the power of congress to provide for the payment of the bounties in such case as that provided for by the late tariff act of 1890. I prefer to express no opinion upon that subject."

HOKE SMITH'S DREAM.

The sun behind the Capitol was sinking in the West
When Hoke Smith, of Georgia, said: "I'll take my daily rest;
The day has been a busy one; to Grover I've been true,
I've taken thirty pensions from as many Boys in Blue,
So now unto my virtuous couch a patriot I'll retire.
And dream of cutting pensions off; my every heart's desire."
And as he slept he dreamed a dream in which he though he died,
And was wafted by an angel to the rivers farthest side,
Thence far away thro' space he soared, until with heart elate
He came to where St. Peter kept the bright, eternal gate.

The guardian old of Paradise at Hoke a moment gazed,
He looked him over from head to foot, then started back amazed;
"Who are you?" said St. Peter, "and say from whence you came;
It seems to me you missed the road, tho' I've forgot your name.
Just stand aside a moment till I let these people in:
They've all been crippled soldiers in the nether world of sin;
They fought to save their country, they grew old and stood in need,
As oft do men who in the cause of holy freedom bleed;
A lot of them had pensions, but a fellow, Smith by name,
Took all their pensions from them, leaving them to want and shame."

Hoke stepped aside and watched the line that passed the Golden Gate.
And, when the last one had passed in, he turned to Smith and spoke:
"Now, who are you? Ah, here's your card, Hoke Smith? The Georgia Hoke!"
Hoke thought he saw St. Peter frown as he returned the card.
"You can't get into Paradise as long as I stand guard.
Here, porter, take this fellow down; you know the road to—Well,
They've got his quarters ready in Beelzebub's Hotel;
And see that everything's O. K. in that well peopled land,
And mention that his name's Hoke Smith; Old Nick will understand."

Another fight for Hoke, it was through dangers that environ,
Until they reached a lofty wall with door of heated iron;
And over it in firey words a name Hoke quickly read;
"Hotel de Brimstone," and unto his silent guide he said;
"Is this the place where I'm to stop?" The angel gently bowed,
"It is; you'll find yourself among the anti-pension crowd;"
Just then the door flew open, and Old Nick, amid a blast
Of heat, appeared, and gaily cried: "What, Hoke, old boy, at last?
Come in, I've long been waiting. You're from Georgia, U. S. A.,
But late of Washington, D. C., where Grover, dear, held sway.

"We've got your room in order, with the furnace just below,
The walls, they are the brightest red; the floor is too, you know;
Your next door neighbor is a guest not quite unknown to fame,
He's waiting to embrace you, Hoke; B. Arnold is his name.
Come in and warm yourself, old pard; I always tho't you'd call,
The pensions that you took away I've marked upon your wall;
I'll call an imp to show you up—a friend of yours and mine—
Here Moloch! show this gentleman to fire pit ninety-nine!"
Just then a White House messenger into the office broke,
And with a cry that startled him, Hoke Smith of Georgia awoke.

Casstown, O. T. C. HARBAUGH.

Married.

FALKENSTINE—LEIGHTON.—On December 24th, at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. J. M. Falkenstine, at Oakland, by the Rev. J. M. Davis, Mr. Geo. H. Falkenstine and Miss Minnie M. Leighton were joined in the bonds of matrimony, after which supper was served. The next morning the happy couple started for the home of the bride, where a party of friends were awaiting them and after the shower of congratulations was over they were shown into the parlor where a table laden with numerous presents were presented them. They were next summoned to the dining room where a bounteous Xmas dinner had been prepared for them.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. 25 cents per box.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

WHAT PUZZLES THE BABY.

I don't see why my folks should think
I oughtn't to play with a bottle of ink!
For it is so black, and it is so wet,
And so nice on my face and my fingers to get!
And it gurgles and trickles so merrily down
On mamma's new carpet, and on my white gown—
O there's nothing so pretty to play with, I think,
As a nice little, black little bottle of ink.

I don't see why they think I care
For a doll with no eyes nor a wisp of hair!
This old rag doll any blows will stand,
From a kick of my foot to a slap of my hand;
But I tell you what, I just adore
To bang Miss Ada upon the floor,
To punch her eyes out, to pull her curls,
To swing her around till her poor head whirls!
Bah! they must be bright to think I care
For an old rag doll with no eyes nor hair!

I don't see how they think I know
How a dog should bark, and a cock should crow;
How to mew like a cat, how to moo like a cow,
How to dance a jig, how to make a bow;
How papa sneezes, how grandpa walks,
How Bobby whistles, how Aunt Sue talks.
O, I am so tired with the changes they call,
That I don't think I know anything at all.

I don't see why a baby should be
So petted and coddled and bothered, like me.
If I want to laugh they make me cry;
If I want to play I must "go by-by;"
And they think I'm horrid if I don't do
Exactly as everyone wants me to.
They kiss me and toss me and roll me about
Till I don't see why I am not worn out!
And if my life always must be so forlorn,
I don't see why I ever was born!

—Annie Brakenridge, in Orange Judd Farmer.

THE SULTAN MYSTERY.

By W. Clark Russell.

IN the year 1860 I sailed in the ship Sultan, a vessel of seven hundred and eighty tons burden, from the port of Liverpool, bound round the Horn to Valparaiso with a valuable general cargo. The captain was a man named Jonas Jortin. I, who went in her as chief mate, am named William Fletcher.

We carried no second officer. Often it happened in those days that even big ships sailed with what is termed an "only mate" who was supposed to comprise in himself all that was to be expected in the shape of duty and knowledge from a first and second officer.

As I, however, had no certificate as "only mate," I signed as chief, and the boatswain, a man named Benjamin Matthews, took the working part of the second mate under me; that is, he relieved me when my watch was up, walked the decks and trimmed sail at his discretion. But he took no part in the navigation of the ship; indeed, I doubt if he knew what a sextant was, and I am not sure that he could read or write.

Capt. Jortin was a tall, long-faced man, with so remarkable a fall of chin that his mouth seemed to be placed almost exactly in the middle of his face. His skin was yellow; he had followed the sea for many years, but the flesh of his cheeks reflected nothing of the glow and bronze of sun and weather. His eyes were of a dead black, like an East Indian's, without animation in their glance and slow in their motions.

All went well with us till we had gone clear of the northeast trade wind and struck the "humbugging" parallels, as they are called, where you get sheet calms with a wide ocean white as a level ice field, then faint draughts crawling up in the direct line of the ship's course, painting the burnished

"SCUTTLE! NONSENSE, SIR!"

surface with darkling shadows like huge marine spiders creeping down from the edge of the horizon.

It was the second dog watch; the hour was about 6:30; the ship's yards were braced well forward, and she was rippling along to the pressure of a three-knot breathing of air, coming hot as steam from out of the glowing pavilions of the west.

It was sickeningly close, with the menace of an electric storm in a delicate winking of violet dumb lightning away down in the southeast. A fiddle was going upon the forecastle head. A sailor was chanting a ditty to the tune. Most of the ship's company were listening, lounging about the cathead and against the rail, pipes in mouth. The captain was walking aft, alone, measuring a space of the deck from abreast of the wheel and something forward of the mizzen rigging. His gait was that of a man in a funeral procession—stiff, solemn, self-conscious. He had not been on deck above half an hour, and in that time not once addressed me. Not, indeed, that there was anything strange in this; mates and captains seldom converse at sea.

I had charge of the ship this dog-watch, and was standing at the head of the starboard poop ladder, listening to the music forward. Suddenly the steward came out of the cabin under the cuddy front and looked for a moment eagerly up at me with a white face.

I called down: "What is it?" interpreting his expression of fear into something wrong. He came halfway up the ladder and said:

"Some one has been trying to scuttle the ship, I think. I can hear water running in 'twixt the wall and the linin' in the after cabin in the steerage."

I instantly ran aft and repeated the man's statement to the captain. He looked at me steadfastly with his grave, funeral black eyes, and exclaimed in a dull, slow way:

"Scuttle! Nonsense, sir! Who would commit such a crime aboard this ship? Go below with the steward, and report what you hear and see."

I straightway descended the companion steps, and the steward followed me by way of the cuddy front. We entered the steerage, a part of the hold under the saloon or cabin deck. Four cabins were bulkheaded off on either hand. They were now used mainly as storerooms; in their day they had been stocked with passengers, for the Sultan was an old ship, and fifteen years earlier than the date of this story had not been without renown as a brisk, comfortable, roomy "liner," with regular sailings from Blackwall for Australian ports.

In a minute or two I distinctly heard a fountain-like running of water. It was nearly dark. I bade the steward jump for a light; he returned with a lantern, and, on throwing the light against that part of the lining or inner wall, whence the trickling noise proceeded, I instantly discovered two auger holes neatly plugged.

"Good mercy!" I shouted, in a sudden fright; "the ship has been holed and will be sinking under our feet as we stand here."

I told the steward to remain in the cabin with the lantern and rushed on deck, shouting for the carpenter to lay aft. While Shirley was coming I reported what I had seen to the captain, who stiffened himself with a dramatic start of surprise.

Muttering in a low, solemn, preaching voice: "Is it possible? Who has done such a thing?" he went below with more alacrity than I had ever before witnessed in him.

The holes were promptly plugged and the well sounded. Two feet of water were made. The pumps were manned and presently sucked, proving all tight and well with the auger holes. There was an ominous growl of wonder and temper among the men as they plied the brakes or stood near, waiting to relieve the pumping gang. The captain called me and asked if I had any suspicion.

"None, sir," I answered, "I can't imagine any man aboard capable of so diabolical a crime."

I went below at eight bells—that is at four o'clock in the morning—first taking care to go the rounds of the after part of the ship, very carefully looking into each cabin, and peering and listening. Somehow I had a fancy that there might be a stowaway on board, intent on a criminal purpose, in league, for all I knew, with some one interested in the vessel to defraud the underwriters. Seeing and hearing nothing, I withdrew to my berth and turned in.

I slept soundly, and at eight o'clock turned out and went on deck. The first person I met was the boatswain, Matthews. He said to me: "The captain seems to have made up his mind, sir."

"On what?"

"As to the man who's holed the ship."

"Have they discovered him?"

"Jackson's in irons. That's all I can say, sir," he answered, with a singular expression of incredulity and temper in his face.

Just then the captain came out of the cuddy, and Matthews went forward.

"Mr. Fletcher," said Capt. Jortin, beckoning me to him, and speaking in a low, level, preaching voice, "we shall be able to prove that Jackson's the man who attempted to scuttle the ship."

"Indeed!" said I, vastly astonished. Jackson was an able seaman in my watch. I had always found him a respectable, willing, alert sailor. "What in that man has excited your suspicion, sir?"

"I heard him muttering the other day," said he, "when he was at work on a sail stretched along this poop. Every time I passed he glanced askance at me and muttered. I don't like the man's looks. He has a hanging face. Then, again, yesterday afternoon he was observed to go forward as though he was just come out of the cuddy."

"Who saw this, sir?"

"It's so," he answered, abruptly, with a short, spiritless stare at me, and then stepped to the binnacle.

In the course of that morning I asked the steward if it was true the man Jackson had been seen to walk out of the cuddy. He answered that, happening to come up through the steerage hatch, he had seen Jackson going forward close from the cuddy front, as though the man had just stepped from the cuddy itself.

"Well, but," said I, "you were in the steerage, and had he been there with an auger, you'd have seen him, wouldn't you?"

"I don't think it was him that did it," said the man.

I looked hard at him; for to be sure, if the thing was not the work of a stowaway—of some one hidden in the steerage—it must at least be the act of a person living aft with access, without suspicion, to the cabin. From ten o'clock till four bells in the afternoon watch we were employed in overhauling the vessel. We probed every nook and cranny of her from the forepeak to the lazaret, diligently seeking likewise for any signs of a hidden man in the steerage—all to no purpose. The villain, whoever he was, must certainly be one of the ship's company.

For my part, I suspected the steward, and so did Shirley, the carpenter; Matthews did not know what to think. The captain stalked apart, gloomy and silent.

That evening in the first dog-watch I was in my cabin smoking a pipe, turning over in my mind some scheme for protecting our lives by stationing a watch day and night aft, and wondering if Capt. Jortin would see his way to some arrangement of this sort, when the steward knocked on my cabin door and walked in. The fellow addressed me civilly and with an air of reluctance and astonishment.

He said Capt. Jortin had just given him instructions to lock me up in my cabin, where I was to consider myself under arrest, on suspicion of attempting to scuttle the ship. My meals would be served regularly. "I'm sorry, sir," added the fellow, "to have to do this duty."

So saying, he closed and locked the door, and I heard him withdraw the key. I think it was about 8:30 when the steward unlocked the door and entered with a tray of food, some cold water and a few gills of rum in a pannikin. He seemed very shy in his manner, and was for making haste. I bade

"COME OUT, SIR," SAID THE BOATSWAIN.

him tell the captain I was an innocent man, and begged for an interview. He promised to deliver my message.

"And I will ask you," said I, "to remember should they sound the well and find the ship taking in water, that I am locked up here and helpless."

He said, "Ay, ay, sir," and left the cabin, turning and withdrawing the key as before.

On the evening of the third day of my imprisonment I was startled out of a nap by a disturbance in the cuddy outside. I heard a tramp of feet and the growling sound of seamen's voices. I thought a mutiny had happened, and listened with my heart beating hard in my ears. Presently my door was struck upon and the handle violently tried. Then the voice of Matthews bawled for the steward to bring the key. In a few minutes the door was flung open.

Matthews stood in the doorway; at least two-thirds of the ship's company were massed round about him.

"Come out, sir," said the boatswain; "we've discovered who's been trying to sink the ship."

"Who?"

"As I live to tell yer, it's the captain himself!" cried Matthews, bringing his right fist into the palm of his left hand with a mighty report.

Half an hour before this time the steward had observed the captain come out of his berth and enter the steerage. There was something strange in his walk and aspect. The flash of the sunset was upon the skylight; the steward saw very plainly.

The captain concealed something that resembled a large parcel under the breast of his coat. The steward resolved to follow him, saw him go into the cabin where the auger holes had been bored, and by the very faint light in that interior observed him produce an auger from under his coat and apply the tool to the plugged orifices. The extraordinary part was that the motions of the captain were those of an automatum.

To end this singular experience: The crew insisted upon my taking command, and practically forced me to navigate the vessel to Buenos Ayres. They would not suffer me to free the captain, who they feared would serve them some diabolical trick if I gave him his liberty. As for him, he solemnly declared over and over again to me that he knew not what he had done, and that he had a trick of walking in his sleep.

On the arrival of the ship I went to the British consul with my report, and he thought proper to take charge of Capt. Jortin with a view of sending him to England in a British man-of-war that was then lying at Buenos Ayres. The consul shook his head when I talked of sleep-walking. He said:

"He must have brought the auger aboard with him; it formed no part of the carpenter's tool chest. Next, the ship was scuttled in daylight. I cannot, somehow, reconcile somnambulism with sunshine."

It was to remain a mystery, however, to the end. I was detained at Buenos Ayres by a number of our men running away, and before the ship sailed the news came aboard that Capt. Jortin had been found dead in his bed. The doctors found that he had died from apoplexy.

Possibly madness was the true solution, though it does not quite explain, to my satisfaction, why it was that he went to sea with an auger in his cabin. —Youth's Companion.

—The wheat grown in southern countries contains a larger proportion of albuminoids than northern wheat, and is more suitable for macaroni.

THE HOUSEHOLD DRUDGE.

She Who Refuses to Avail Herself of Modern Methods.

It is strange how much the average good housekeeper is the creature of routine, and adopts without thought the customs of those who have gone before. It is indeed a gift to be able to assimilate to one's self the best of new ideas and reject the worthless and impracticable. The woman who buys every patent, who experiments with every washing powder and decoction of food that is recommended, is the modern Mrs. Toodles, who buys all sorts of preposterous things because they are so handy to have in the house or things that she does not need because they are "so cheap." That there is still a large body of these housekeepers may be proved by the absurd makeshifts of every kind that find remunerative sale as well as the success of those bargain counters that are palpable frauds. None of these counters are more popular than the "burnt goods sale," an alluring bait which never fails to bring hundreds of shoppers and persuade them to buy household linens, bedding or what not tinged with the smell of smoke. The same goods may frequently be purchased clean and fresh at the same price at a counter further on, but the shopper who is bent on a bargain seldom looks into the matter further than to join the crowd and take for granted she has her goods at an astonishing discount. The bargain counter is seldom prepared so it will attract the customer who has an intelligent knowledge of goods. There is hardly a day when the country house is not invaded by agents selling the most absurd, impracticable things, which are in no way equal to the simple, old-fashioned contrivance which they propose to succeed.

But an abject object is the housekeeper who rejects all modern methods and drudges on in the laborious old way. This woman is not capable of instruction: she is a law unto herself; she absurdly sets the judgment aside of scientific experts in commonest matters of natural physics, so far as they relate to the household. She has evolved from her own experience, or received in the course of her domestic training, a different method of arranging her fire drafts, mixing her bread or what not, and a fair result is obtained. One might as well teach a Digger Indian the correct method as this housekeeper who is intrenched in her belief. Show her that the principal draught of her stove is sealed up, ten chances to one she will ignore the matter and go on toiling to kindle the fire in the old way, complaining because the stove always smokes. It is useless to tell such a person that the consensus of experts declare that from 70 to 68 degrees is considered to be healthy temperature for living and sleeping rooms occupied by persons in health; she will settle the matter by saying: "I do not think so." It is useless to tell her that "boiled beef" is a coarse, unwholesome dish in the way it is generally prepared: she settles the matter by saying: "I have always cooked it so."

Until women are intelligently trained in their youth in domestic matters and come to regard the problems of housework as matters of exact, not of experimental, science, the drudge will exist. She will refuse to learn after she has once acquired a method of her own, but will go blundering through the world the victim of no end of foolish catastrophes. It is one of those inexplicable things that educated housekeepers who have not been educated in domestic matters are often prejudiced housekeepers, who persist in warring against the common-sense laws of physics. Some people, regardless of their education, seem to be incapable of learning new ways. It is not strange that ignorant servant-maids are obstinate and unreasoning, when women of superior general intelligence, who ought to know better, are narrow and incapable of adopting the wisest and best method in their housework.—N. Y. Tribune.

HOW TO EAT.

Some Good Advice in a Matter of Great Importance.

The vast majority of people are absolutely wrong on the subject of feeding; they think that rich and luxurious people, feeding on the richest and most luxurious foods, are the most fortunate and healthy people. I assure you it is just the reverse. I am the director of an insurance company, and am obliged often to form an estimate of the commercial value of life; if, then, two persons of the same age and constitutional build come for calculation as to the monetary value of their future lives, and if one be rich and luxurious, and the other be competent and frugal, frugal even to abstemiousness, I would value the life of the frugal person as 20 per cent. at least better than that of the rich and luxurious person.

Dives dies in plenty, Lazarus in poverty. Do not die like Lazarus if you can help it, and do not die like Dives if you have the opportunity, but find the happy condition, easy enough to find if you determine to learn how on least food you can do the most and best work. Never eat until you are satisfied; never eat in the day one heavy meal, but divide your food into three light meals, equally distributed as to time and quantity; eat slowly, take small mouthfuls; masticate, or chew, your food well; touch your food with your fingers as little as possible; do not cry out for animal food more than twice a day at most; have all animal food well cooked, and do not forget fruit as food.

In Queen Elizabeth's time the orange, the golden fruit of the Hesperides, might find its way to the queen's table; but such fruit was indeed scarce. Joints of meat were put up with the frill of paper round the end of the joint to hold by, forks being unknown, and her loyal subjects, a short-lived race, knowing little how to make the most of life in the matter of feeding and drinking, suffered from diseases which were of the most avoidable as well as objectionable character. We, fortunately, live in a different reign; we have fruit galore, and have clean forks instead of dirty fingers to raise our food with, two advantages equally sweet and wholesome, though so different in kind.—Sir B. W. Richardson, in Longman's Magazine.

GHOSTS IN ENGLAND.

They Are as Numerous Now as They Were in Scott's Day.

Ghosts enjoy a curious popularity in England to-day. Years ago they fell into unmerited disfavor, and for a century and a half they battled with scant success against that arrogant wave of reason and common sense which chilled the fair field of poetry, swept romance from the land, and left the somber glades of superstition tenantless and bare of every horror. From time to time, indeed, the exiled ghosts, like the exiled gods of Olympus, strove to regain their lost ascendancy; but there was something pitifully vulgar about their trivial triumphs. Apparitions whose modest mission was to sell a volume of dull sermons upon death, or to stir up a clamorous mob in Cock lane, could scarcely inspire to a dignified position in the spirit world. Even their local coloring, though it lent them a transient estimation with the public, told against them in the end; for the city streets and that highly vaunted bulwark of the nation, the great respectable middle class, are not harmonious accessories of the supernatural. As for the educated people, who now reverently await each new development of the impossible, theirs was a different attitude 100 years ago. Men who read Pope and Swift and Addison, whose heads were clear, whose hearts were bold, whose faith was limited, and whose digestions defied high living, could ill attune their minds to the "dark sweet horror" of medieval ghost lore. "The deevil never appears to a man that's so frightened aforehaun out o' his seven senses," says the Ettrick Shepherd; and he lived in Scotland, where skepticism failed to attain the easy supercilious composure of her English sister; in Scotland, where the exiled fairies and witches shared with the exiled Stuarts the just affection of a loyal race.

There is little doubt that Sir Walter was secretly enamored of the superstition which he affected to disregard, and which the stupid prejudices of his day would not permit him to enjoy in peace. What can be more pathetic than the contrast between his robust denials and his quick, half-smothered sympathy for all eerie things? How well he tells the tale of the apparition seen by Lord Loadonderry—the naked child who emerged from the dying embers of the grate, and who, like Faust's terrible hound, increased in size as he approached the curtained and recessed bed. Lord Londonderry, Scott explains somewhat peevishly was the only man he knew to whom a veritable ghost had ever appeared, and he is burdened with the conviction that it may be his duty to offer some explanation of the mystery. As for the supernatural element in his novels, it is almost a failure; not from lack of imagination of vivid power, for the mingled horror and humor and pathos of Wandering Willie's Tale have never been surpassed, but because the atmosphere in which he lived was unfavorable to the full development of such lawless fancies. The White Lady of Avenel is one of the tamest spirits in all fiction. Good Protestants may have rejoiced in the soundness of her religious principles; but it is not the place of apparitions to be progressive and enlightened. If they know what is best for them, they will cling to the old order, for when it passes away it takes their strongest constituency along with it. I sometimes fear that modern ghosts are being lured to their destruction by the new semi-scientific methods of research, which beguile them with a show of respect and a little worthless notoriety, but which in the end will rob them of their heritage—that shadowy power which has come down from the dim past to be bartered away at last, like Esau's birthright, for a mess of pottage.—Atlantic.

She Told Him.

De Bore—Is Miss Lilliwhite in?
Truthful Domestic—She's out.
DeBore—Hmm! Whom is she out with?
Truthful Domestic—Out with you.—N. Y. Weekly.

A COUPLE of deputies belonging to different shades of politics meet in the lobby of the French Chamber. "The prime minister is about to give Mr. Untel an appointment in the diplomatic service." "What! that fellow?" "Why, certainly, he is a very capable man." "Yes, capable of anything."—LaCroix.

PHYSICAL STRENGTH,

cheerful spirits and the ability to fully enjoy life, come only with a healthy body and mind. The young man who suffers from nervous debility, impaired memory, low spirits, irritable temper, and the thousand and one derangements of mind and body that result from unnatural, pernicious habits usually contracted in youth, through ignorance, is thereby incapacitated to thoroughly enjoy life. He feels tired, spiritless, and drowsy; his sleep is disturbed and does not refresh him as it should; the will power is weakened, morbid fears haunt him and may result in confirmed hypochondria, or melancholia and, finally, in softing of the brain, epilepsy, ("fits"), paralysis, locomotor ataxia and even in dread insanity.

To reach, re-claim and restore such unfortunates to health and happiness, is the aim of the publishers of a book of 136 pages, written in plain but chaste language, on the nature, symptoms and curability, by home-treatment, of such diseases. This book will be sent sealed, in plain envelope, on receipt of this notice with ten cents in stamps, for postage. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

For more than a quarter of a century physicians connected with this widely celebrated institution have made the treatment of the diseases above hinted at their specialty. Thousands have consulted them by letter and received advice and medicines which have resulted in permanent cures.

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"I had been afflicted for several years with what the doctors called Diabetes, and suffered terribly. The pain in my back was agonizing in the extreme. Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills cured me. Now I can go to church and attend other meetings with pleasure. I always keep Hood's Pills by me. In my whole life I never met anything that did me so much good as Hood's Sarsaparilla. 'Experience teaches a dear school, but fools will learn by no other.' I was once foolish enough to listen to a druggist who claimed to have something superior to Hood's, and took another medicine. If I had thrown my dollar in the street I would have been a gainer." JOHN BRANSTON, care of John Greetham, Wellington, Ohio.

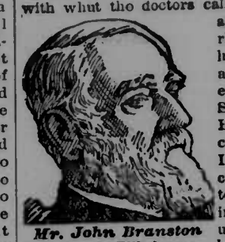

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When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

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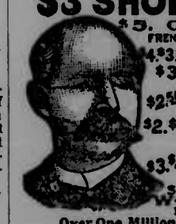

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TEMPERANCE NOTES.

NATURE'S LAMENT.

OW BOWED the maize its tasseled head.
And sighed: "Ah, would that I were dead.
Sunshine and shower have been in vain,
For whisky claims my golden grain."

"Oh, my! oh, my!" cried out the rye,
"To serve the drunkard shall I die?
I hoped to bless the world with bread;
But poison must I yield instead."

The graceful hop-vines quake with fear,
Lest they must help make ale and beer,
And all their heart was filled with pain,
That they should swell the brewer's gain.

The grape-vine and the apple tree
Grieved over what their fate might be;
Must rosy fruit and clusters fine
Fill cider casks and vats of wine?
—Temperance Teacher.

HISTORY OF A HANDKERCHIEF.

How Mr. Gough Helped to Wipe Away the Tears from One Woman's Eyes.

On the occasion of Mr. John B. ough's funeral, at Hillside, a little handkerchief was placed over the back of his chair, the latter being placed at the head of the coffin. The story of that handkerchief was told by Mr. Gough in an address in Cooper institute, on the occasion of the fifth anniversary of the National Temperance society, in May, 1870. We find it in the Gough Memorial pamphlet, just issued by the society.

Mr. Gough said: "I have in my house a small handkerchief, not worth three cents to you, but you could not buy it from me. A woman brought it and said to my wife: 'I am very poor; I would give him a thousand pounds if I had it, but I brought this. I married with the fairest and brightest prospects before me; but my husband

THE VERY HANDKERCHIEF.

took to drinking, and everything went. The piano-forte my mother gave me, and everything, was sold, until, at last, I found myself in a miserable room. My husband lay drunk in the corner, and my child that was lying on my knee was restless. I sang: 'The light of other days had faded,' and wet my handkerchief through with tears. 'My husband,' said she to my wife, 'met yours. He spoke a few words, gave a grasp of the hand, and now, for six years, my husband has been to me all a husband can be to a wife, and we are getting our household goods together again.

"'I have brought your husband the very handkerchief wet through that night with my tears, and I want him when he is speaking to remember that he has wiped away those tears from me. I trust in God, forever.' These are the trophies that make men glad."
—N. Y. Observer.

RUM POWER'S GREED.

Increased Industrial Activity Leads It to Hope for Greater "Consumption."

In the general hopefulness which characterizes the business outlook at the present time liquor men are not slow to express their satisfaction, and to rejoice that in the strengthening of commercial interests throughout the country better times are promised for the whisky trade.

Those watch towers of the rum forces, the liquor journals, note with fiendish glee the indications of "increased earnings of labor," and the consequent "substantial improvement" of the liquor business. One of them, giving editorial encouragement to "the trade," and cautioning merchants not to "fritter away" unbonded ninety-cent. stocks "as though they could replace them at the same rate of taxation," commends patience as the "cardinal virtue of the hour." "Business in every line is steadily gaining," it says, "factories are resuming operations, and with *increased earnings of labor*, consumption, the basis of demand, as a matter of course, is bound proportionately to increase."

How forcibly does this emphasize the hawk-like character of the rum power! How like a monster bird of prey watching its opportunity to pounce upon its victim! The liquor fraternity deplores the existence of a great army of unemployed, and rejoices at the approach of better times for the wage-earner. Why? Because it is inclined to humanitarianism and brotherly love? Nay verily, but because its own life depends upon the earnings of the laboring man; because, vampir-like, it fattens upon the blood of those, who, as Gen. Booth declares, are "the glory of any country—its honest, hard-working peasantry!"

For the falling off in sales complained of by the liquor dealers demonstrates that this business flourishes by the patronage of that class which is popularly termed the "labor" class. It is the wage-earner who has suffered most from the commercial depression of the past two years. The stagnant condition, while affecting in more or less degree the capitalist and the employer, has not deprived him of the comforts and necessaries of life as it has his humbler brother. The cases are rare where the "hard times" have deprived the rich of a single luxury; it certainly has not in any case deprived him of his grog.

The liquor seller knows full well that were it not for the nickels and dimes of the "sons of toil"—which aggregate in a year many more dollars than the spenders are apt to think—many a saloon-keeper might shut up shop, many a groggery be turned into a grocery. It is the hard-earned money of the day laborer, the mechanic and the clerk, which, pouring steadily in the till of the liquor seller makes whisky trusts and beer syndicates possible.

And what does the liquor dealer give in exchange for the workingman's earnings of which with other merchants he greedily claims a share? Food, clothing, shelter? Happiness? Improvement? No. He gives instead that which robs him of all these. He gives him that which makes him poor indeed, in that it reduces the capacity of hand and brain (as employers are finding out to their cost) and produces a mental and moral degeneracy which renders "labor" less competent to protect itself against the autocracy of "capital."

We claim that no industry has a right to exist which does not contribute in some measure to the general welfare and prosperity of the nation at large. As in a perfect physical organism every organ and every atom contribute to the health and happiness of the body as a whole, so true economic science would declare that every human being should be not only a consumer, but in some degree, at least, a producer of wealth, material or moral—a contributor to the well being of society as a whole.

Now the liquor "industry" is not only non-productive of good, but it is an actual and an active producer of an enormous and dangerous class of non-producers. The saloon, the gambling den, the brothel, the jail, the poor-house, the insane asylum, all furnish their quota to the social discord, all add to the sum of human misery, and all are to more or less extent the products of the liquor traffic. And still "the trade" bids unblushingly for its share of the earnings of labor!

The hard times have doubtless taught the wage-worker many a salutary lesson. If among other things he has learned that one fruitful cause of the impoverished condition of the masses is the unfairness of the labor and drink exchange (of which money is the medium); if he has awakened to the fact that his earnings are worse than wasted when they are transferred to the pockets of the drink-seller, and that if he can do without his glass of whisky or beer when he has not the wherewith to buy it he can do without it always, then the hard times will not have come upon this land in vain.—Signal.

The Loss Germany Sustains.

An abstract from the German Imperial statistics shows that one-fifteenth of all the cultivated land in the country is devoted to the production of materials for the making of alcoholic drink. The liquor traffic employs directly 1,500,000 men out of the 20,500,000 engaged in German industries of every kind. The loss to the country in money through this diversion of land, capital and labor into the service of an industry which leaves the country no richer than before is estimated at 458,000,000 marks—an average loss to every family of eight persons of a sum large enough to keep a laborer's family of that size for eight weeks.

Wouldn't Use False Keys.

The notion that alcohol may do good because for a moment it seems to do good was well answered by a physician's response to a man who was somewhat too much given to the pleasure of the table. This man had said to the doctor:

"What do you think of the influence of alcohol on the digestion, doctor?"

"I think that its influence is bad," said the physician.

"But a little whisky taken just before a meal is the only key that will open my appetite, doctor."

"I don't believe in opening things with false keys, sir," answered the other.

This response was particularly applicable, for a falsely stimulated appetite is a sure prelude to indigestion.
—Youth's Companion.

California's Curse.

It is stated that there are more saloons, more criminals and more insane in California than in any other state in proportion to population. There are fourteen thousand saloons, one to every eighty-six of the population; also twenty-seven hundred criminals in the two state prisons, and forty-seven hundred insane in the five state asylums.

Work of Drinkers vs. Abstainers.

A large manufacturing firm in Cincinnati recently made the following statement: "A drinking man will turn out from twenty to thirty per cent. less work than a non-drinker; and, in addition, his work is apt to be defective and require overhauling."

NOTES BY THE WAY.

PUTTING a screen in the saloon door is the devil's confession that he is ashamed of the business.—Ram's Horn.

A BILL will be introduced into the next legislature of New Hampshire prohibiting the manufacture of spirituous and malt liquors.

LORD ROSEBERRY stated at a recent public meeting that it is the purpose to reintroduce a liquor veto bill in the next parliament.

NEW JERSEY W. C. T. U. won the prize banner given by Mrs. Hunt for the largest number of scientific temperance instruction superintendents appointed during last year.

THE annual parliamentary returns show the revenue from the liquor traffic in England for the year ending March 31 last, to have been £34,010,000, an increase over previous year.

THE supreme court of Indiana has rendered a decision that it is unlawful for a woman in that state to hold a saloon license, and no debt contracted by a woman in that business is valid

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Some valuable use has been found for every part of the maize plant.

—The wooden rollers on which the Egyptians moved their blocks of stone are to be seen in the Cairo museums.

—Narragansett is a corruption of the Indian name Naiaganset, "at the point."

—"There goes a man that really and truly loves the game of football." "Is he the captain of the——" "Great Scott, no! he's a druggist."—Inter Ocean.

—"Topping" a tobacco plant means breaking off the upper end of the stem in order that the strength of the plant may all be concentrated in the leaves rather than in flowers and seeds.

—Snuff-taking is still largely practiced in Great Britain, France and Germany, though by no means to the extent that it was in the last century, when, whether he used snuff or not, every gentleman carried a box.

—A new thing in women's clubs has been organized at Princeton, Me. They call it the Snow Plow club, and its members are to hold teas, socials and fancy fairs during the winter with the object of raising funds to keep the streets and sidewalks clear of snow.

—There is a breed of cats little known outside of Maine, and designated in that state as "coon" cats. Animals of this species are tortoise shell in color, and the fur is remarkably thick and long, the tail being so bushy as to suggest that of a young fox.

—Twenty-four carat gold is all gold; 22-carat gold has 22 parts of gold, 1 of copper; 18-carat gold has 18 parts of pure gold and 3 parts each of silver and copper in its composition; 12-carat gold is half gold, the remainder being made up of 3¼ parts of silver and 8¼ parts of copper.

—One of the queer customs of Russia is shown in the recent death of the czar. When the disease of Alexander at Livadia was announced the people made merry over the accession of the new ruler, and after the festivities were concluded they began mourning for the dead monarch.

—A Mexican paper states that a new project for the sanitation of the sewers in the city of Mexico, at a cost of about $25,000, calls for the building of some twenty-five windmills in different parts of the city to rotate paddle wheels in the sewers and quicken the current to one meter per second.

—The late Mrs. Josephine M. Bacchus, of Brooklyn, left to each of her two daughters a diamond to be worn in a ring on the third finger of the right hand, that by this the daughters might be reminded of the three virtues she most wished them to possess—truth, purity and patience.

—Have you ever felt your heart beat fast, and the tears rush to your eyes, and a sense of victory flood your soul as the sunlight floods the skies? And you cannot tell why your heart exults, and whence those sweet tears rise; but you know, though you age with a thousand worlds, that youth beyond them lies.—W. R. Thayer.

—The members of the chorus of the Imperial Opera at Vienna are in a sudden danger of becoming millionaires. During the first two years they are regarded as students, and receive no compensation. The next three years they get twenty-five florins (about $10) a month, to which $2 a month is annually added, till, in eight years, the maximum of $28 a month is reached.

—The greater part of what we see when we look at Jupiter is probably a mass of more or less heated clouds, suspended around the hot core of the planet within—a cloud ball, 86,500 miles in diameter. Above Jupiter's equator the surface of those clouds is whirling along at the rate of more than 27,000 miles an hour, in consequence of the planet's rapid rotation on its axis.

—In making treaties with China, each foreign country has chosen its own name. England is Ying kwo, the flourishing country; France is Fa kwo, the law-abiding country; the United States, Mei kwo, the beautiful country; Germany, De kwo, the virtuous country; Italy, I kwo, the country of justice; Japan is Ji kwo, the land of the sun, but she prefers to be called Ji pen, the land of the rising sun.

—People are apt to confound mere alertness of mind with attention. The one is but the flying abroad of all the faculties to the open doors and windows of every passing rumor; the other is the concentration of every one of them in a single focus, as in the alchemist over his alembic at the moment of expected projection. Attention is the stuff that memory is made of, and memory is accumulated genius.—Lowell.

—During the reigns of William Rufus, Henry I. and Stephen all sorts of extravagant shoes were worn. The toes were sometimes long and pointed and sometimes made to curl like a ram's horn. Occasionally they were twisted in different directions, as though the feet were deformed. The clergy protested and threatened, but the fashion continued in spite of the maledictions. Several persons were excommunicated for wearing pointed shoes, but they took the risk.

—The jaw bones of a whale are sometimes twenty feet in length, and the mouth when wide open is twelve by eighteen feet. The throat, however, is so small as scarcely to admit a hen's egg. The whale gets his living by straining the animalculæ and small fish out of the water he takes into his capacious mouth. It must be slow work, but, then, he has plenty of time and nothing else to do, so he attends to his eating so regularly that he often accumulates a ton of oil in his bulky system.

His One Failing.

"O, I was so glad to hear of your marriage!" said the friend who had not seen her for years. "I do hope you got a nice man with no bad habits."

"He has only one," said the youngish woman. "The mother habit."

"The mother habit?"

"Yes. Mother's coffee, mother's pies and all that sort of thing. I don't believe I can ever break him of it, either."
—Cincinnati Tribune.

A STAG'S ANTLERS.

The Finest Trophy That a Deer Slayer Can Possess.

A stag and his antlers are almost as inseparable in the mind of the sportsman as in the mind of one to whom deer-stalking is nothing but a name. Yet there are not only hornless varieties of the family cervidae, but not a few members of the great red-deer group are found to have been denuded by nature as well as by accident of the crowning glories of their race and sex. Stags without horns are called Hummle stags, and they are far from being the helpless creatures one might reasonably have imagined them. They have been known to fight and conquer heavily antlered stags of their own weight. The appendages known as antlers are so far from being universal among the cervine tribes that naturalists prefer to rely upon other characteristics in their definitions of the several families and groups. But a hornless stag is so far an exception that the system of judging the merit of the stalkers' spoil by the character of the head and the number of the tines or points is certainly the best that could be devised.

Many years ago an antler with fifteen points was dug up from the Irish bog. Assuming an equal number on the antler that was missing, the mighty beast to which the horns belonged would have been a stag not of twelve or thirteen, but of thirty points. Such prizes are not, however, nowadays, likely to fall into the lap of the Scottish deer-stalker, still less will they be able to send to the stuffers such magnificent examples as those which may be found in many an old German schloss. The continental deer have always been more heavily antlered than the British, a fact which may partly be accounted for by their having access to much better feeding than they are able to procure in Scotland. But, remembering that heads of eighteen and twenty points have been killed in this country, it seems quite reasonable that any head with tines in excess of the "royal" should be distinguished by a special designation. There is some difference of opinion as to what constitutes a royal hart. Strictly speaking, the head should not only possess "brow," "bay" and "tay," and three on the top, but these last three—the "surroyals," as they are called—should form caps in order to qualify the head as "royal." The more generally accepted proposition, that a royal hart is a head of twelve tines, is, however, also the most convenient in the awarding of honors where honors are due.

There are two sides of the question of how to procure the largest possible number of the finest heads. The science of the stalk and the skill of the shooter represent one side and the work of the forester the other. The question of food is of paramount importance. Good feeding in the spring means good heads in the autumn. The most points are generally found in forests where there is the most wood, and the best feeding and shelter.—Country Gentleman.

KOREANS AT TABLE.

They Are Not Noted for Their Strict Observance of Etiquette.

One striking fault of the Koreans at table is their voracity. In this respect there is no difference between the rich and the poor, nobles and plebeians. To eat much is an honor in Korea, and the merit of a feast consists not in the quality but in the quantity of the food served. Conversation is not encouraged at table, for one cannot eat and talk. Dr. William Elliot Griffis writes of this peculiarity of the Koreans:

Since a capacious stomach is a high accomplishment, it is the aim from infancy to develop one having all possible elasticity. Often the mothers take their babies upon their knees, and after stuffing them with rice, tap them from time to time with the paddle of a ladle on the stomach, to see that it is fully spread out and filled, and only cease their efforts when it is physically impossible for the child to swallow more.

A Korean is always ready to eat; he attacks whatever he meets with, and rarely says "Enough." Even between meals, he will help himself to any edible that is offered.

The ordinary portion of a laborer is about a quart of rice, which, when cooked makes a good bulk. This, however, is no serious hindrance to his devouring double or treble that quantity when he can get it. Dog meat is a common article of food, and the canine sirloins served up in great trenchers are laid before the guests, each of whom has his own small table to himself.

The Koreans equal the Japanese in devouring raw fish, and uncooked food of all kinds is swallowed without a wry face. Even the intestines pass among them for delicate viands. Among the poorer classes a cooked fish is rarely seen on the table; for no sooner is it caught than it is immediately opened and devoured. The raw viands are usually eaten with a strong seasoning of pepper or mustard, but are often swallowed without condiment of any sort.

Often in passing along the banks of a river, one may see men fishing with rod and line. Instead of a bag or basket to contain the game, or a needle to string it upon, each fisher has at his side a jar of diluted pepper, or a kind of sauce. No sooner is a fish hooked than it is drawn out, seized between the two fingers, dipped into the sauce and eaten without ceremony. Bones do not scare the Koreans. They eat them as they do the small bones of fowls.—Youth's Companion.

A Clever Dog.

Mr. Stacy Mark's anecdote of the money-finding dog, which he attributes to Landseer, is a very prince among all stories of the kind. The dog's master, in the presence of a skeptical friend, hid a five-pound note in the hole of a tree when the dog was paying him no attention. "Go, fetch!" he said, some time afterward, while returning by another road, without further explanation. The dog trotted off, and it was a few hours before he joined the two at home. As there were no signs of a note, the skeptical friend grew satirical. But the host opened the dog's mouth, and five sovereigns were concealed under his tongue. He had found the note, been to the banker's, and exchanged it for gold.—Spectator.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—In 1889, according to the agricultural reports, there were raised in this country 565,705,000 pounds of tobacco. The acreage was 747,326, and the value of the product was $43,660,[illegible].

—In 1889, Kentucky raised nearly one-half of the tobacco grown in this this country, the amount raised by that state being 283,306,000 pounds on 328,109 acres, the product being valued at $21,247,000.

—"Cancer is contagious," declared Dr. Gaelliot, of Rheims, to the congress of French surgeons held recently at [illegible]ons. "The transmission may be d[illegible] from the body, but it is effected more frequently through wearing apparel or table utensils; in two cases it was through a tobacco pipe."

—The greatest astronomers, in speculating upon what there is in space and the distance of external galaxies, calculate that the nearest external universe is so far distant that light from it, traveling at the speed of 186,000 miles a second, would take nearly ninety million years to reach us.

—In soft coal we often find vegetable tissue, masses of woody fibres and sometimes impressions like fern fronds. In coal mines we discover stems of moderate-sized trees imbedded in the shales above the coal, and sometimes in the coal. Is not coal of vegetable origin, and from tree-like vegetation which is flowerless?

—Baking soda wet and applied externally to the bite of a spider or any venomous creature will neutralize the poisonous effect almost instantly. It acts like a charm in the case of a snake bite. Soda will also give instant relief to a burn or scald; applied either dry or wet to the burned part immediately the sense of relief is magical. It seems to withdraw the heat and with it the pain.

—The employment of whisky as an antidote in cases of snake bite seems to be nearing its end. Experiments have been tried with strychnine in cases of this sort, and the results are highly satisfactory. It is said to remove all unpleasant symptoms, not only of snake bite, but of mushroom poison. On the principle of fighting fire with fire, the use of this poison should be a pronounced success.

—Herbivorous animals do not eat all of nature's menu. The horse refuses the water hemlock that the goat eats with avidity, and, on the other hand, the goat refuses some plants that are eaten by the sheep. The tobacco plant is avoided by all save the goat, man and the tobacco worm. Some botanists think that no plant is absolutely poisonous, but only relatively so, being harmful to only certain animals.

—Impoverished land is now "vaccinated" on the continent of Europe. It is generally known that land is enriched by planting it occasionally with a leguminous crop like clover or lucerne, the roots of which absorb more nitrogen than they take from the ground. Where the nitrogen came from was the problem. Messrs. Hellriegel and Willfarth have discovered that the absorption is due to minute organism, a sort of disease in the roots, which, when the supply of nitrogen in the soil begins to fail, appear as an excrescence, draw nitrogen from the air and so enrich the soil again.

FRIENDLY BRIGANDS.

Some of the Mildest Mannered Villians That Ever Cut a Throat.

A German lady told me that about four years ago a family of compatriots of hers rented a villa for the season near Palermo. All the elders were imperatively, and quite unexpectedly, summoned home, but a convalescent daughter could only leave the south at the risk of her life. What were these poor people to do? Everyone said that the country "was so unsafe;" life and property were "not respected at all." My friend's friends consulted a neighbor who knew Sicily long and well, and they received this strange advice: "Call upon the brigands; say that you confide in their honor; that you leave your villa and the young lady in their keeping—all will then be well." And all was well!

Nightly one of other of the dreaded band would call to inquire after the health of the convalescent. Fresh flowers were presented on each occasion. After a while the brigands sang a serenade. Judging it to have been appreciated, from time to time they repeated their musical attention. The girl felt that these indeed must be "the mildest mannered (men) that ever cut a throat." Needless to say, the gentle brigands never troubled any person and never appropriated any property belonging to that villa. When, two years later, the signorina tedesca was about to be married, her friendly outlaws sent her a pretty and valuable present.—Gentleman's Magazine.

The Gentry of Colonial Maryland.

The gentry of colonial Maryland, under the rule of the earlier Calverts, lived on the great plantations in dwellings that were accessible by water. The bay and rivers were almost their only highways, and the obliterated little thorp of St. Mary's, founded on the site of an Indian village whereof the memory is dear to every son of the soil, was their only city. At home they sat on stools and forms, and dined without forks, cutting their meat with their rapiers. But their walls were wainscoted, and their chambers comfortably bedded. Tea and coffee they rarely tasted, and sugar was a luxury, but sack and cider and punch flowed free. Witness the facetious instructions of Gov. Calvert to Col. Price, to bring certain articles to Fort St. Inigoe's for the use of the soldiers: "And upon motion of sack, the said governor bade him bring sack, if he found any." In the early records of the province there is more sack than Falstaff's drawer ever scored. The colonial gentry dispensed ardent spirits at funerals, and clinked the sack-cup at christenings; and they affected signet-rings with their leather breeches and boothose. Cattle-stealing was not in fashion; only a sheriff of Kent was once charged with that offense, while a governor of Virginia was convicted; neither was there ever an execution for witchcraft in the province of Maryland.—Century.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Cholly Chumpleigh—"Yes; gloves are worn in bed at night to make the hand soft." Miss Coldeal—"Indeed! Do you wear nightcaps, Mr. Chumpleigh?"—N. Y. World.

—"De gret difficulty in mos' cases 'bout bein' er statesman out ob a job," said Uncle Eben, "um de trouble yoh's li'ble ter 'sperience in gittin' er recommend f'um yoh last sitivation."—Washington Star.

—Bacon—"What are you doing with a picture of a football player pinned to your coat?" Egbert—"O, yes! My wife pinned that there so as to remind me to have my hair cut."—Yonkers Statesman.

—Post-mortem Thrusts.—Mrs. Glumleigh—"Do you believe in punishment after death, Mr. Bluntleigh?" Mr. Bluntleigh—"Well, madam, I must say I have heard some pretty tough funeral sermons."—Truth.

—"How does Tankins manage to keep up his extravagant mode of living?" "He has credit." "How did he get it?" "By pretending to be worried almost to death over the income tax."—Washington Star.

—Stranger—"How is this, officer, only twenty-five cents fine for bathing here where bathing is prohibited?" Policeman—"O, you see, we want to allow the poorer classes a chance to enjoy the luxury of a bath occasionally.—Fliegende Blatter.

—"I always like the third act of grand opera better than any of the others," said Hicks. "It always strikes me as an act of retribution. In most operas all the singers with second-rate voices get killed, and leave the fourth and fifth acts for the principals to sing without irritating interruptions."—Harper's Bazar.

—After the Honeymoon—Time, June. —The Earl (proudly)—"I am carrying on some interesting researches into the early history of my family." The American Countess (late of the Metropolitan nouveauriche, snappishly)—"Are you afraid that the facts have not been effectually suppressed?"—Vogue.

—"We women," said the severe lady with the large spectacles, "we women should unite for the abolition of shams. Do you not agree with me?" "La, me!" said the fancy work woman, "didn't you know that shams went out of fashion ever so long ago?"—Cincinnati Tribune.

—"Why, Jimmie, my darling boy, you've got the medal for good behavior this week!" said the fond mother, noting the little silver medal on her son's vest. "Yessum," said Jimmie. "Tommy Roberts won it, but I told him I'd knock the head off him if he didn't give it to me."—Harper's Bazar.

—He was a pretty little youngster, with little fat legs that stuck out beneath clean, stiff-starched clothes. "What are you going to do when you grow to be a man?" asked a visitor. The little fellow's face assumed an expression of earnest gravity as he responded, with a voice which was evidently shaken by sad memories of the past, "Whip papa."—Tit-Bits.

—"I say, Jen," called little Tommy. "What?" returned his sister. "Why, I was just thinkin'—you've always had to wear ma's old dresses made over, an' I've always been stuck with pa's old clo'es—which of us d'you suppose'll have things made out o' ma's bicycle bloomers when they get old?"—Chicago Record.

NECESSITY OF CAVALRY.

It Is an Indispensable Factor in Modern Warfare.

Since the days when Ziethen and Seidlitz contributed so brilliantly to the the victories of Frederick the Great, the cavalry arm has undergone considerable vicissitude. A quarter of a century ago the conviction was all but universal that there was no longer any metier for cavalry on the battlefield.

At every field day, in every newspaper, the cavalry was told that its sun had set forever, and it was little wonder that under pressure so powerful the mounted arm came to distrust its own potentialities. But under the test of actual battle the theories of the pessimists went to water, and at Mars-la-Tour the charges of Bredow's brigade and of the First Guard dragoons proved triumphantly what results well-led and well-disciplined cavalry could accomplish, even in the most unfavorable condition and against infantry still unshaken.

The great fact came then to be realized that the very intensity of the infantry struggle creates moments of crisis, when the influence of control no longer has sway, and when, in spite of the fire of breech-loading rifles, the bravest infantry, if assailed at the right moment, may be ridden over like a flock of sheep. Mars-la-Tour created a revolution in the estimate of the cavalry arm held by the great powers of Continental Europe. Since that memorable day they have been unanimous in the conviction that an adequate force of highly-trained cavalry is absolutely indispensable to the safety and success of a modern army in the field, and they are exerting earnest and continuous effort to perfect the efficiency of their mounted arm in every detail.—Blackwood's Magazine.

The Subjugated Master.

As you walk in company with a man of varied information and general intelligence, except in believing that he keeps a dog, when it is patent to all unprejudiced minds that the dog keeps him and makes him his slave—as you walk, I say, with such a companion, the flow of talk will be arrested, the point of a story lost, by the vagaries of the dog. He is nowhere to be seen, and has to be whistled for. Again and again is the whistling repeated. But not until even the slavish master's patience is nearly exhausted does the obedient creature come bounding round the corner, his tongue lolling out, and a laughing expression in his eyes. His triumph is complete—he has made master and friend await his pleasure, and afforded another instance of the subjugating power of dog over man.—Pen and Pencil Sketches—Henry Stacy Marks.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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THURSDAY, JAN. 10, 1895.

IN OUR advertising columns this week will be found the annual statement of Cashier Jones, of the Garret County Bank. The statement shows a healthy growth in the business of the institution, which should be a matter of interest to the people of the county, and something the officers of the Bank should be congratulated upon.

The Democratic party needs reorganization all along the line. First, in place of "Bosses," a few leaders who can command the confidence of the people; second, the casting out of traitors and the smashing of machines; third, definite party policy, strong and vigorous. The present defeat seems to have been aimed at machines and "Bosses."—Maryland Republican (Dem.)

An Interesting Comparison.

The Philadelphia *Press* has made a careful compilation of the aggregate vote of all the states, at the recent congressional election, except that of Florida and Nevada, which could not be obtained. A comparison of this vote with that of the Presidential election in 1892, exhibits some interesting changes. The aggregate vote at the recent election with the omissions named, was 11,263,377. The Republican vote was 5,588,327, only a little short of the combined vote of the Democrats, Populists and Prohibitionists. The Democratic vote was 4,448,456, the Populist 1,246,752, and the Prohibitionist 219,843. As compared with 1892, there was an increase of 413,124 in the Republican vote, a decrease of 1,408,462 in the Democratic, an increase of 205,724 in the Populist, and a decrease of 44,290 in the Prohibitionist. The aggregate vote fell only 847,259 short of that for President in 1892.

THE Wilson tariff was enacted on August 28. The wool schedule took effect on January 1st. At a time Mr. Cleveland was scurrying about to find money to meet the ordinary expenses of the government, the wool schedule came as a reminder of the fatuous and fatal policy of Mr. Cleveland in throwing away revenue and then being forced to borrow money. Free coal and free iron would accompany free wool if Mr. Clevrland could have his way. Thus he industriously knocks holes in the Constitution, the Democratic platform and the treasury. The Democratic party is broken, the treasury is on the road to bankruptcy, the constitution, as expounded at Chicago, is a rag to tread on, but we have got a woods colt protection and the income tax. The tariff and the money it would have produced we have not got; but Mr. Cleveland likes to borrow.

Besides the wool schedule another part of the mongrel tariff went into effect on January 1st. It was the paragraph fixing the duty on dolls and doll heads at 25 per cent. ad valorem. This appears to be 10 per cent. more than the rate under the calumniating atrocity. It is a useless piece of protection. Washington is full of dolls stuffed with sawdust. At least they were so stuffed before the Tuesday after the first Monday in last December.

St. Jackson's Day.

The anniversary to-day of the Battle of New Orleans comes at a time to emphasize sharply the difference between the hero of that historic field and his present successor in the White House.

Andrew Jackson was an American, from the bristling shock of hair that crowned his head to the slippers in which he lounged around the White House kitchen. His patriotism was part of his being. He never flinched or hired a substitute when summoned to bear arms in defense of his country. As a boy and man he fought for the Republic. He faced Indian or redcoat, and plunged into Florida swamps or hastened to the lower Mississippi with equal alacrity in upholding the honor of "Old Glory." He loved his country, because he knew from personal experience at what a tremendous cost its independence had been bought.

As Chief Magistrate of the nation Andrew Jackson never indulged in cant about "consecration" to duty, but he did his duty fearlessly and honestly according to his lights. He was a persistent champion of protection to American industry and gloried in the fact. He was the outspoken foe of monoply and corruption. He was the uncompromising enemy of dishonest and unsound money. He did not solemnly announce that "public office is a public trust" and then turn over the public service to a horde of spoilsmen. He did not sell ambassadorships in return for Democratic campaign contributions. He did not pose as the friend of popular rule and then use his great office to reinstate a savage despot. He detested sham and took the people into his confidence. During his career as President the public debt was practically wiped out, not increased at the rate of $100,000,000 a year.

To-day's anniversary serves chiefly to remind Democracy how far downhill it has traveled from Andrew Jackson to Grover Cleveland. It also serves to recall the vast difference between a policy of Americanism and a policy of egotism, infamy and disaster.—New York Advertiser.

The Republican Opportunity.

The Baltimore *Sun* is permitting itself to worry over the "strong probability" that the policy of the Republican party toward the south when it comes into power again will be "conciliatory." We agree with our contemporary that this probability is based upon "a strong foundation of intrinsic reasonableness," and that "it is precisely the policy which the Republican managers would be most likely to adopt." Indeed we think we may go further and say that it is the policy which they will certainly adopt. The Republican party has never been unfriendly to the south, and under its policy that section has grown and prospered to such a degree that the menace of the Wilson-Gorman tariff caused it to rise in revolt and break with a mighty effort the chains which bound it to the industrial juggernaut.

Further the *Sun* thinks, and truly, that the "sagacious and astute" Republican leaders know their business and will adopt such legislative reforms as the progressive spirit of the age demands. "If, (it says) the Senate itself is to be reformed, and its business conducted upon business principles, they propose to get all the credit for it. Closure will be introduced and enforced by a Republican senate in spite of the 'traditions' which the Democratic steerers so much cherish and set above the constitution. If the currency is to be reformed and placed upon a safe and stable basis in accordance with the popular demand, it seems probable that the credit of this achievement also, will be reserved for the next Congress." This prospect appears to be greatly displeasing to the *Sun*, and it again reads the riot act to "the Democratic politicians who have been posing before the country as the 'steering committee of the Senate,' but who have only succeeded in steering the Senate and the party into the mud."

We are compelled to believe from the tenor of this doleful plaint that the *Sun* would almost rather that these reforms should fail than that they should be accomplished by the patriotic and progressive Republican party.

A MURDER IN GARRETT.

George W. Bittinger Strikes Down his Brother-in-Law, Geo. Burkholder.

On Monday morning news reached Oakland that a murder had been committed near Bittinger, this county, on Saturday afternoon about 4 o'clock, but at the time the report reached Oakland nothing definite could be learned, except that a man named Geo. W. Bittinger had struck his brother-in-law, George Burkholder, on the head killing him instantly.

It appears that Burkholder was charged with stealing some corn from a neighbor and that a few days ago a warrant had been sworn out for his arrest and placed in the hands of Constable Charles Beachy for service, who went to arrest Burdholder. Beachy went to the house of Geo. Bittinger, father of the man who committed the murder, where Burkholder was on Saturday afternoon. Burkholder saw the officer coming and dashed into the house and up to the attic where Bittinger had gone to get a piece of leather with which to repair his boot. The attic was very gloomy and Bittinger had no way of knowing who the man was that came upon him in the dark. He commanded him to halt which command was unheeded and the homicide resulted.

Bittinger was brought to Oakland Tuesday night and placed in jail. Yesterday morning a REPUBLICAN reporter went to the jail and was accorded an interview with him. He is a small man, of light, florid complexion and seemed to be rather intelligent. When asked for the particulars of the affair he was ready to talk and said, very much affected: "It was all an accident. I did not intend to kill anyone. Burkholder was my friend and relative, but not knowing who the man was I did what almost everyone else would do under the circumstances.

"I am thirty-two years old, married, and have three children. My father's name is George Bittinger, and I live in the same house with him. On Saturday afternoon about dusk, I went up into the attic of the house to get a piece of leather to sole my boot and while there I heard something strike the door and it burst open. My wife and some others were down stairs and they all commenced screaming. In the confusion I did not know what was the matter, but in a few seconds a man appeared at the head of the stairs leading to the attic with a club about two feet long in his hand. It was too dark up there to distinguish who the man was, and I told him not to come any further, but he kept on advancing. Then I said: 'Why don't you speak?' to which he made no reply. By this time he was quite near me. I did not know but what he had killed some one down stairs and was coming to kill me. I picked up a piece of wood that was lying in the attic and which my father had put up there a number of years ago, and struck the man on the side of the head. He fell down the stairway. I went down and saw that it was Burkholder. He was unconscious and was lying where he fell. I carried him to a bed and went for a doctor. Before I got back he was dead."

The above statement was made in a straighforward manner and during its recital Bittinger's eyes often filled with tears.

His trial will come up at the April term of court.

Loch Lynn Heights.

I am sure your many readers would feel disappointed if they did not hear something semi-occasionally from this place or her elder sister across the way.

The first big snow has come and gone, and the second is upon us. The merry jingling sleigh bells are heard on every side night and day, and since the completion of the iron bridge across the Little Yough it is only a short and pleasant slide to the county seat.

The planing mill is kept running from daylight to dark to keep up with the many pressing orders.

Contractors Williams and Boody are making rapid progress on the grand hotel. The large force of workmen has been steadily increased as fast as material could be obtained, until now there are twenty-five or more men employed. If the weather permits the metal shingle roof and weather boarding will be completed and the large structure enclosed within the next week. It will certainly be the most attractive and substantially constructed hotel building along the entire line of the B. & O. railroad. From the rotunda on the north-west corner of the hotel can be seen commingling in one view, as grand mountain scenery and beautiful panorama as any in America. The blue mountains towering one above the other, and kissing the sky in the dim distance with the gently sloping hills and deep valleys marked by the meandering streams, are presented to you on every side. But back to Loch Lynn. I was about to forget that we neither had wings nor the pen of the poet.

Mr. Lincoln Callis has completed his large wagon and blacksmith shop and equipped it with modern machinery and tools is now prepared to do any kind of work in his line on short notice in first-class style. He is a number one workman and a clever man and can always be found at his shops on 2d avenue near the planing mill, ready to please and accommodate his customers.

Dr. Wm. D. Cabell, the founder and head of the far-famed Norwood Institute, of Washington, D. C., paid Loch Lynn Heights a pleasant visit last week and selected four beautiful lots donated by the Mt. Home Co., for the summer school of the Norwood Institute. It is intended to erect ample buildings ready for occupancy by the 1st of July. Dr. and Mrs. Cabell stand among the most noted and successful female educators in the country.

The Park has still another young and pretty sister, Interwalden, the property of Mrs. Elizabeth Phillips, which has just been platted, adjoining Oak Hall, the beautiful summer boarding cottage of Mrs. Minnie P. Hinebaugh, which is situated adjoining the Park on the high hill immediately on the main drive to Oakland. There is no prettier or more attractive place in all these mountain tops than Oak Hall and Interwalden.

Hon. A. G. Dayton, of Phillipi, W. Va., the young Republican who defeated Hon. W. L. Wilson for Congress in the noted 2nd West Virginia district, has purchased some most attractive lots on Shenandoah avenue, and has also taken an interest in the Loch Lynn Heights Hotel Co. He will begin immediately the erection of a handsome cottage for himself and family. We have not only millionaires but senators, congressmen, presidents and professors of universities and colleges, L. L. D.'s, D. D.'s, M. D.'s, C. E.'s, P. C.'s, P. B.'s, U. B.'s, B.'s, C.'s, E.'s and P.'s *ad infinitum*, till you can't rest, and still they come. A detailed account of all the great men who have purchased lots and villas and will erect cottages and palaces, churches and temples, institutes and colleges what is and is (not) to be at this noted place, would fill a volume as large as Webster's Unabridged. We have no time to write a book, and scarcely time to pen these few lines to you and yours.

Please permit me to call your attention to the salutary effect our bright, young and dashing Miss Loch Lynn is having upon her sleepy old maiden sister across the way. Mr. Editor, it is an actual fact that the old girl has at last gotten ashamed of herself and is being aroused from her long slumbers by the noise and clatter of the saw and hammer on the Heights, and is putting on a brand new frock in which to make her second *debut*. We always loved old Miss Park and ever had a strong abiding faith in her, and knew all she needed was some one to touch her pride and wake her up. There is nothing on earth so stirring and invigorating, so stimulating and awakening as good honest, earnest competition. Competition even between sisters is commendable and works wonders. We are told that lots 50 feet front are now being sold in the Park from $300 to $1,000 each, which before the sale here at Loch Lynn Heights, only last August, could scarcely find purchasers at any price. We are glad to note this fact. Certainly there is no reason why every lot in the Park or on the Heights should not readily bring as much as lots in Oakland, which command from $800 to $1,000. We predict that it will be only a very short time till they will command a higher price here than any lot in your town. There is another thing, Mr. Editor, we disire to call your attention to, viz.: We don't allow speculators to purchase lots anywhere about here, like you do; they will kill any town deader than Hector. We don't permit them even to stop here. All our purchasers are erecting cottages on their lots (or in their minds). Another thing, all lots in the Park are 50 feet wide, don't forget that, and on the Heights they are from 60 feet to 60 yards wide—or less if you prefer them. We can accommodate any one but speculators. While we glory in the Park and feel just as proud of her as she does of herself, we are sorry to differ from her in some things. She is terribly "sot in her ways." I don't believe she can help it. We are by nature opposed to restrictions. On our side the bars are down and the limit off and everything goes. We obtained our charter under the laws of West Virginia, which came down from Moses through the English channel, as Blackstone would say. Her motto is, "*Montani Semper Liberi*," which being translated liberally in plain English, means pig-pens and stables, billiard rooms and ball rooms where and when you want them. The laws of our fathers and our country are good enough for us. Worship God under your own vine and fig tree, where there are none to molest or make afraid, and don't burn a brother at the stake because he don't believe in witches just as you do. Don't carry your religion out on your coat sleeve and stand on the street corners and tell everybody you are better than any other body. Don't lie and envy your prosperous neighbor. Be a "man or a monkey." "By their fruits ye shall know them." Tell the truth though the heavens fall; "fear God and keep his commandments" and do unto others as you would have them do to you, and you may yet be saved.

"SO MOTE IT BE."

Mr. Corman's Bill.

In the Senate Friday afternoon, Senator Gorman introduced a bill providing for a public building at Cumberland, to cost not more than $75,000, and one to pay the estate of John Walton, of Annapolis, $20,379 on account of property seized and destroyed by the government during the late war.

Senator Gorman also introduced in the Senate Friday a bill providing that terms of the United States Circuit and District courts shall be held annually at Cumberland beginning upon the Second Monday in May and the last Monday in September. These terms are to be in addition to the sessions of these courts in Baltimore.

It is provided in the bill that the session of the courts at Cumberland shall be for the purpose of hearing cases concerning residents of Garrett, Allegany and Washington counties, and for the necessary transfer of papers pertaining to such cases from the courts in Baltimore. It also provides that the marshal and clerk shall appoint at least one deputy each.

Kearney.

The usual mid-winter series of revival meetings is being held in the M. E. church at this place.

The cold weather has caused an unusual demand for coal in this section of the county. To supply the people with coal many of the farmers have turned their attention to coal mining.

Mr. Grant Shrout narrowly escaped getting killed by falling slate while working in Capt. White's coal mine.

Mr. J. D. Harvey has opened a coal mine on his farm He says the coal is first-class in every respect.

Messrs. Ben Harvey and Henry Smith are working N. B. Harvey's coal mine. They contemplate the building of a coke oven in the near future. Ben and Henry are hustlers and deserve success.

Mr. Chas. V. Harvey is teaching a private school in the Shook Shop school house.

Mr. A. B. King and wife started for Florida last week where they will spend the winter,

Mr. Thos. K. Harvey is building an ice house.

Mr. Z. C. Gibson and family will soon move to Mt. Lake Park, where he is engaged in stone masonary.

Mr. E. W. Kelso started for Houston, Texas, last Thursday. He will be gone about a month.

Mt. Zion.

Plenty of snow and sleighing good.

There was quite a number attended the quarterly meeting at Grantsville Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Sheridan Layman and Miss Sarah Garlitz were married December 30th. Mr. Layman intends going up the W. Va. line to keep a boarding house. We all wish them success in life.

Mr. Charles Chaney and Miss Linnie V. Layman were married on the 6th of January.

Geo. L. Pope has gone back to his work at Frostburg.

E. E. Friend has a curl in his mustache—it's a girl.

The Christmas sermon, if we did have it on New Years, was attended by a full house and old Santa Claus brought the little boys and girls a small treat.

We are sorry to announce the death of Mrs. Andrew Blocher. After an illness of about 14 weeks she departed for a better world.

We notice C. C. Layman is blessed with some more boils.

Our Sunday school closed for the winter, the Sunday before New Year. We had the best attendance this summer that we have had for a long time, and it will be closed for about three months, and then we will open up again. We would like to see some of the older people take part in it.

Miss Annie Hartig, of Frostburg, is visiting Mr. Peter Pope.

Miss Susannah and Mr. Merry Layman, of Frostuurg, are visiting Mr. Orman Fazenbaker.

I will leave some space for "Daisy" of Popesville. We would like to read some of her interesting letters, so come now and don't be snowed up in the backwoods.

Send in the News.

The newspapers are sometimes blamed with showing impartiality in their notices of different events occurring here and there, when the fact is, it is the ones most interested who are to blame. The same may be said of personals. Some people when they have friends visiting them send the personals to the paper, whilst others neglect to do this and wonder why their friends' names don't appear among the personals, as well as those of their neighbors.

A reporter isn't expected to know the names, or address of all your distant friends—hence it very often occurs that their visits are never noted. News makes the paper, and when you know anything that will be of interest to the public—any personal mention or local happening, if you will kindly send the same to THE REPUBLICAN, such kindness will not only make the paper more newsy, but will be appreciated. If you haven't time to write the story let the reporter know about it, and he will gladly call and write the matter up.

Real Estate Transfers.

Mt. Home Company to Lila B. Sinsel, lot No. 1 in block 22 of Loch Lynn Heights; $75.

Same to Ada Sinsel Robinson, lot No. 2 in block 22 of Loch Lynn Heights; $75.

H. C. Stemple to Joseph W. King, 1 acre of ground; $100.

J. C. Alderson and wife to E. W. Williams, 5¼ acres of ground in Loch Lynn Heights; $550.

J. C. Alderson and wife to M. Sue Beckman, lots Nos. 1 and 2 in block 41 of Loch Lynn Heights; $150.

John A. Barnhouse to John G. Paugh, part of "Clifton;" $370.

Deer Park.

Mr. Henry Jankey has left his farm and become a citizen of our little village.

Mr. Ed. C. Miller, our genial blacksmith, is on a business trip to Parsons, W. Va.

Since the school question seems to be the issue of the day, I think Deer Park ought to have a cause to complain. Our school building is in a wretched condition. The paint is off and the steps are about gone, making it dangerous for the children. The outbuildings are too bad to say anything about, and the fence—well, it used to be one, but it is about gone.

Mr. Frank Nethken is starting his building on the lot he lately bought.

Mr. Henry Shaffer has erected an ice house on the rear of his lot.

The people have taken advantage of the cold weather and have about all of their ice houses filled.

Born, unto Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Garrett, Sunday, the 6th, a son.

Mr. John Haines has gone to Harmon, W. Va., to work for the winter. He will return in the spring and continue his livery business.

Miss Bessie Wolf returned home Saturday after quite a prolonged visit to her sister in Keyser.

Master Willie Stallings has returned home from a two weeks' visit to friends in Cumberland.

HURRICANE.

Order of Publication.

Estate of Henry Kamp, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

HENRY KAMP,

late of Garrett County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 4th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 27th day of December, 1894.

FRED KAMP, Adm'r,
41 Accident, Md.

STATEMENT

Of the condition of the Garrett County Bank, of Oakland, Md., at the close of business, January 7th, 1895:

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	$ 89,650 07
Stocks and Bonds	31,850 25
Due from Banks	20,496 16
Legal tender Notes	11,618 00
Gold Coin	3,855 00
Silver Coin, nickel and cents	1,029 79
Banking House	5,882 92
Furniture and Fixtures	2,203 25
Total	$172,635 44

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock, paid in	$ 25,000 00
Surplus Fund	5,000 00
Undivided Profits	2,339 99
Deposits	136,904 07
Due Banks	3,411 68
Total	$172,635 44

STATE OF MARYLAND, GARRETT COUNTY, } ss.

I, S. T. Jones, Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

S. T. JONES, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of January, 1895.

{SEAL.} G. A. FRALEY,
Notary Public.

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Fortify the body against disease by Tutt's Liver Pills, an absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, malaria, constipation, jaundice, biliousness and all kindred troubles.

"The Fly-Wheel of Life"

Dr. Tutt; Your Liver Pills are the fly-wheel of life. I shall ever be grateful for the accident that brought them to my notice. I feel as if I had a new lease of life.
J. Fairleigh, Platte Cannon, Col.

Tutt's Liver Pills

1895. The Sun! 1895.

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ROAD PETITION.

This is to give notice that thirty days after the first publication of this petition that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett County, to appoint viewers to view and locate a public County road, beginning at the corner of C. T. West's fence on the road leading from Swanton to Bloomington, and running thence by the most direct route through the lands of Armstrong & Co., Bradley T. Bray and others to intersect the road leading from the top of the mountain to Blaine, W. Va., a distance of about one and one-half miles.

H. T. BRAY,
A. F. GEORGE,
J. F. FRIEND,
L. H. FRIEND,
And 90 others.

CURRENCY LEGISLATION.

Henry Clews Regards It as the Key to Business Improvement.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—We have said adieu to the old year and have done it without regret. No tears have been shed in Wall street over its departure, and all are anxious to forget it quickly as possible from a business standpoint. The new year has stolen in quietly and in a manner befitting one which, to a certain extent, is an unknown quantity. Glimmerings of light are beginning to appear here and there bidding us hope, but the clouds are still rather low down, and the principal basis for hopes of a brightening in the outlook is the feeling that we have, undoubtedly seen the worst, and what is to come must essentially be better. The atmosphere will clarify gradually, and what is most needed now is a strong breeze from the vicinity of Washington to blow away the mist and let in the sunlight once more. Favorable legislation is, undoubtedly, the great panacea at present; for when the questions of the currency and "railroad pooling" are favorably disposed of all business interests will be ready to take a fresh hold for a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether.

The immediate outlook in commercial and manufacturing circles is as promising as could be expected at this season of the year and under existing circumstances; for, with the exception of some sections of the west and northwest, the prospect for 1895 is decidedly more favorable, and indicates a business of larger proportions than existed in the year just passed. No better barometer of the trade conditions can be produced than the iron industry and this is in far more satisfactory shape as regards the future than was the case a year ago. The stock of manufactured goods of all classes throughout the country is at a very low ebb. Consumption is going on all the while, and the time must soon come when fresh stocks will have to be taken on, and it is not very far away either, as is proven by the increased desire on the part of spinners to buy raw material. Every small depreciation of value is being taken advantage of by them to replenish supplies, and this is certainly a gratifying feature after the hand-to-mouth policy which has existed for so long a period.

Wall street and the security market are like a great flexible mirror. Under ordinary circumstances it reflects as near as possible the exact condition of affairs throughout the country. Under the genial atmosphere of prosperity the "bulls" sometimes get underneath and bulge it, whereupon it becomes convex and exaggerates the reflection, *i. e.*, over inflation in values. The reverse is the case at present and the mirror has assumed a concave form under "bear" pressure so that the reflection is narrowed down to a size somewhat smaller than is warranted. During the last few days the "bears" have been forcing liquidation on the part of weak holders, giving to the market a declining tendency which would naturally indicate a situation which is growing worse all the time. This, however, is not the case. On the contrary there is everything to hope for and to expect.

We have already written at length in a previous letter regarding the true inwardness of the pooling bill now pending before Congress, and have shown why it should become a law and why it probably will. It is now quite likely that the Senate will take it up soon and that it will pass that body as it has the House. This measure, together with the currency question, should be settled without loss of time. Delays are dangerous, as was proven last year in the case of the tariff. The revolution at the polls last November was unmistakably largely due to the prolonged tariff agitation in Congress. It should, therefore, be a warning against currency tinkering for the present expiring session of the same Congress. All that is really desirable in the present short session to do is to pass the railroad pooling bill and to pass a bill to amend the law which authorizes the issue of 5 per cent. United States bonds by reducing the rate of interest to 3 per cent., and in consideration for making that low rate, the bonds to be payable, both principal and interest, in gold coin. If this is done it would meet the present emergency, and would, beyond doubt stop the export of gold and the present drain upon the treasury in consequence. Europe would take an unlimited number of such bonds and pay a handsome premium for them, and would prefer them to our gold. This I do not hesitate to assert, as I know whereof I speak. With this legislation, together with the appointment of a commission by President Cleveland, to be comprised of the newly elected members of Congress, half Republicans and half Democrats, to formulate a currency plan to present to the next Congress, the business situation would materially change for the better, and confidence and courage would revive and thereby immensely stimulate business enterprise, now so much needed in all sections of the country.

The Governor of New York state in his message just issued to the Assembly, says: "I congratulate you and the people whom you represent that we commence the New year under favoring auspices. The business outlook is much improved as compared with its condition a year ago. The worst of the hard times has apparently passed away, and we may reasonably hope that during the ensuing year we may be blessed with a fair degree of prosperity." These are encouraging words, and without question voice the sentiment of the masses. The cry should now be onward and upward; slow but sure.

HENRY CLEWS.

Mountain Lake Park.

F. S. Cline moved Friday last to the farm about two miles distant from the park.

Herb Ferguson moved into one of Mrs. Talson's cottages in Cozy row, last Saturday.

P. T. Garthright filled his ice-house last week from the lake. He got right good ice.

'Squire Crane has put up 200 tons of ice in the Association ice-house. He is now ready to serve his customers with pure lake ice.

Wheat Clary and bride arrived at the Park the latter part of last week. Wheat is as happy as a man can be.

August 7 has been fixed as the date for the opening of the Mountain chatauqua and summer schools. Superintendent Davidson says he is arranging one of the best programs ever presented to an audience on this mountain summit.

The international and interdenominational campmeeting will commence July 6th, and continue until July 15th. Bishop Thompson writes that the outlook for a large attendance is very encouraging. Bishop Joyce, of Chattanooga, expects to be in attendance.

August 31st and September 3rd are the dates for the meeting of the National Association of Local Preachers of the United States. A move is on foot to include the class leaders. This would insure a large gathering.

The W. C. T. U. Inter-State Convention has been fixed for July 23-28. There is prospect of Mrs. Willard being present.

There are also arrangements being made to hold a W. F. M. S. Convention about August 3-5. This will be an interesting gathering. Thus it will be seen that the summer is going to be full of good things.

It is expected that the coming season will be the most successful in the history of the Park. The enlarged lake, the new streets, a hall of philosophy, at least a quarter of a hundred new cottages, all point to success.

Sleighing has been the rage of the past week. How the bells did make melody! One-horse sleighs, two-horse sleighs and sleds, and four-horse sleds made things lively. How we did enjoy the snow! And, oh my! how the young folks did enjoy themselves.

W. R. Johnson went to Pittsburgh to operate the latern for Dr. Davidson, last Friday.

Rev. C. W. Baldwin, President of the Mountain Lake Park Association, visited the Park Tuesday on a business trip.

Saturday there was a decided change in the weather. Warm weather and rain set in; it continued to rain until Monday. The snow disappeared and high water made its appearance. How the "Little Yough" spread itself! It was a lake rather than a river; Jamison's and Anderson's meadows were covered with water. The glade by the depot was a miniature lake. Monday forenoon the thermometer registered 50 degrees above zero.

Monday night another snowstorm set in and throughout Tuesday it snowed quite lively.

D. C. Feathers returned home Monday night from a visit to a special friend. Madam Rumor says that a house will be wanted shortly.

Mrs. E. T. Talson has given the contract for the putting of an additional room to each of her cottages, and otherwise improving them.

Where Charity Should Begin.

Bishop Paret, of the Episcopal diocese of Maryland, has issued an appeal to the friends of charitable work within his jurisdiction to the effect "that they should not exercise themselves unduly concerning the wants of the west or of foreign countries in this respect so long as the field in their immediate reach remains uncovered."

Now, that is excellent good sense and should be made the governing principle in the distribution of all charities from the churches of all denominations and associations. Charity should always begin at home, and when that field is supplied then spread out into as broad an area as possible.

JUST FORTY-TWO YEARS AGO

New Years the Last Stage Coach from Baltimore Arrived in Wheeling.

It may be interesting to the younger generation, who do not remember anything about it, and doubly interesting to the old who do know, to have recalled the fact that just forty-two years ago New Year's day the last through United States mail arrived in Wheeling by stage coach from Baltimore.

John E. Reeside, says the Baltimore *Sun*, now a resident of Baltimore, was in charge of the stage which made the last trip, arriving in Wheeling on New Year's day, 1853.

Mr. Reeside's father, the late James Reeside, was a pioneer in this travel. The son entered the same business when about 15 years old, and continued extending coach lines westward until they reach the Pacific coast. Railroads followed in the wake of the coach lines, and took away their busines of carrying passengers and mails.

Probably the most interesting of Mr. Reeside's experiences were in connection with the national road or "old pike," projected by the national government in 1806. The road extended from Cumberland, Md., westward over the Alleganics to the Ohio river. It was the main artery of travel for passenger, mail and freight traffic until the Baltimore & Ohio took its place.

"The stage coach headquarters in Baltimore," said Mr. Reeside, "were at old Barnum's hotel. The coaches used were open at the front and sides, with seats for 11 passengers besides the driver. All the seats faced the front of the vehicle. Saddlebags, which were carried at that time for baggage, were hung on the posts supporting the top of the stage. A small rack behind for trunks, was seldom used. A tin lantern with a tallow dip, placed over the driver, was used at night.

"Four strong horses drew these coaches, with relays every ten or twelve miles at stages or stations, from which probably came the name of the vehicle. The average rate of fare was six cents a mile. At first travel was only in the day time, with stops over at night at the numerous excellent inns or taverns which lined the road.

"One of the great obstructions to travel along the road were the large droves of sheep, cattle and hogs being driven to market from the western plains to the eastern markets. The cattle, especially, with their long horns pointed toward the oncoming coach, made a formidable obstruction.

"The 272 miles from Baltimore to Wheeling, was first made in four days, with nightly stops. The best stage coach time was afterwards reduced to fifty hours by the old Eclipse line, established by James Reeside."

Mr. Reeside is probably the only surviving stage coach contractor of national prominence. He is a native of Cumberland. Samuel Lurman, said to be the oldest living stage coach driver, now lives in Cumberland.

Highway Improvement.

While there is room for honest difference of opinion as to the methods of roadbuilding, the greatest obstacle to improvement in this direction is the stubborn and discouraging fact that good roads cost money. Farmers shy at increased taxes for road purposes and usually manage to defeat any effective legislation looking to a better road system. A small road tax is levied every year, which may be paid in money or work, at the option of the tax-payer, and this is expended in repairing mere clay roadways, which are always just as bad after the fall and spring wet weather as they were before the repairs were made. The aggregate amount of money expended on the older highways of the country would have provided permanent roads long ago if wisely expended under competent direction at any one time, but having been expended in annual driblets, with no intelligent foresight, the money has been as good as thrown away.

It is evident that the only two practical forms of road agitation must be in the direction of specimen sections of road in as many localities as possible and the education of the taxpayers to economy of better roads. A specimen mile of good road in every township would result eventually in universally good roads, for the specimen mile would prove a convincing educator.

If the good road reformers will construct specimen good roads in the sections in which they reside, the good roads revolution will be given immediate and irresistible impetus. It is not more good roads agitation needed but more good roads—Philadelphia Times.

Married.

GETTY—MARTIN.—In Grantsville, on the evening of December 23, 1894, by Rev. E. S. Hassler, Mr. Charles B. Getty and Miss Bertha Martin.

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RTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

38 ly

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	Daily	2.41 A. M
No. 3	Daily	7.18 A. M
No. 71	Accom daily except Sun	9.33 A. M
No. 47	Daily except Mon	11.28 A. M
No. 15	Accommodation daily	6.22 P. M
No. 1	Daily	9.58 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 2	Daily	5.51 A. M
No. 8	Daily	7.31 A. M
No. 14	Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 46	Daily except Monday	3.58 P. M
No. 72	Accom daily except Sun	4.31 P. M
No. 4	Daily	9.29 P. M

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Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
E. P. ANDERSON, Agent.

DR. H. W. MCCOMAS. DR. M. C. HINEBAUGH

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S. T. [illegible], Cashier.
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Estate of Jonas Mosser, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

JONAS MOSSER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 30th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 11th day of Dec. 1894.

SAMUEL A. MILLER, Executor,
40- Cove, Garrett County, Md.

Estate of George W. Wilson, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

GEORGE W. WILSON,

late of Garrett County, Maryland, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 30th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 11th day of December, 1894.

MERRITT WILSON, Adm'r,
40—3t Wilson, W. Va.

THE TELEGRAPH.

The darkness and the silence lie
Between your soul and mine,
Like some great river rolling by
Beneath a night of stormy sky,
Where not a star may shine.

But, as beneath the sullen brine
'Twixt lands of kindred speech,
There runs a slender, living line
O'er which there flash, by lightning sign,
The thoughts of each to each.

So, 'neath that parting flood of death
There runs a living line
Of steadfast memory and faith,
Of love not born for mortal breath,
Between your soul and mine!

Samantha W. Shoup, in N. Y. Independent.

ROSINE'S ROMANCE.

Was It She or Her Aunt That Conquered the Dragon.

When Miss Magnolia carefully withdrew the dress from the great cedar trunk, unpinned the old damask tablecloth which enveloped it, and spread out its shining folds for the admiration of her niece, Rosine, that young lady clasped her pretty hands and quoted Keats:

"'A thing of beauty is a joy forever!'" she said.

Miss Magnolia nodded and smiled. She was small and round and brown as a maiden lady of a decidedly certain age could be. But her heart, which had been full of sentiment once, was a warm and sensitive organ still. And she took a deal of interest in Rosine's romance.

"Yes, my dear, it is a thing of beauty. And to think I never wore it but twice! Dear, dear!"

"You had a lover then, auntie?" asked Rosine.

"Yes, pet. This was one of the dresses I got for my marriage. But he went away—on business, he said. And he never came back. It is just the gown for your fancy dress ball," hurried on Miss Magnolia. "A trifle short, of course, but there is quite a piece turned in at the top that you could let down. You shall go as a lady of long ago."

"Not so very long ago," protested Rosine, with a laugh. "But really, auntie, I don't like to take it. It is too lovely!"

"Not for a raiment of war. Remember, you are going to conquer the dragon!"

"That is so. And the master should have written: 'Thrice is she armed who wears a pretty dress!'"

The foe against whom Miss Rosine Wilde purposed arraying herself was the obdurate uncle of her handsome lover. He had promptly and perversely opposed the marriage of his nephew. The young fellow would have ignored the refusal of his relative were it not that the old gentleman had always been very kind to him; had indeed taken the place of his dead father. So he had decided that Rosine should meet his uncle, and put his prejudice to rout.

"He is coming to visit an old friend of his," Cyril had said—"Judge Chartreau. You know the Chartreau family. Of course you have heard they are going to give a fancy dress ball next month in honor of the coming out of their daughter, Lisette. You will receive a card. You will attend. You will meet Uncle Albert. And you will take his heart by storm!"

Hopefully had he planned his scheme; enthusiastically had he explained it. But Rosine protested. It was to be a grand ball, and she had nothing to wear. Besides, she did not like the idea of plotting to make a person like her. And—

"Bless you!" cried Cyril, "he doesn't dislike you. I don't believe he even knows your name. His resentment is general, not particular. As soon as I told him I was in love with a southern girl, he—he (I have to drop into slang, Rosine)—he sat square down on me. It seems a southern girl jilted him when he was young, and he is bound to save me from a like awful fate. But when he once sees you, he is bound to capitulate. He is a regular old brick—Uncle Albert!"

"But I have nothing to wear. And, what is more, I cannot buy a dress for the Chartreau ball. We—Aunt Magnolia and I—are poor as the proverbial church mice."

But just then Miss Magnolia came to Rosine's relief, like a regular little fairy godmother.

"The very thing!" she cried—"my primrose satin!"

Rosine regarded her dubiously, delightedly. She knew her aunt had always guarded jealously her trunkful of treasures, her jewels, her laces, her rich, stiff, glistening old brocades.

"Do you mean it, auntie?"

Miss Magnolia's bright old eyes winked very rapidly, indeed.

"I do, my dear! I was young once myself."

And that was how Rosine Wilde came to be the belle of Mme. Chartreau's fancy dress ball. The proposed festivity had been the talk of New Orleans for several weeks. The night long anticipated was cool, crisp, sweet and pearly. The broad balconied old residence on St. Charles street was brilliantly lighted up. Many a carriage rolled up, rolled off. When Rosine descended from the barouche of her chaperon, she felt a little nervous, a little elated, and conscious that she was looking remarkably well—as, indeed, she was. Quite a picture was the pretty young figure, in the clinging gown of pale yellowish satin, picturesquely puffed and quaintly fashioned. The corsage, cut roundly, revealed the firm, full throat. Dainty mouse-skin swathed the arms, which, if slender, were also exquisitely rounded; and the small, olive-tinted face was lit to loveliness by pansy black eyes. A flash of adoration succeeded the serene nonchalance of Cyril Rodney's countenance as he caught sight of her. He made his way to her side.

"Queen Rosine!" he murmured. "You're by far the prettiest girl here to-night. Poor Uncle Albert! How complete will be his surrender!"

She swept him a mocking courtesy.

"Ah," she said smilingly, "if that conviction were but mine—"

The sentence ended in a long, soft sigh.

"*Si te pas gagne*," he began. "Confound it, I never can get my tongue around your creolisms! The saying is, however, that if there were no sighing in the world the world would stifle. Now, prepare to face the music!"

And off he went. He soon returned. By his side was a sturdy old gentleman.

Rosine's heart beat more rapidly.

"The dragon!" she said.

Silvery hair had the dragon. A dark mustache had the dragon. A florid complexion had the dragon. And a manner that was grave, dignified, courteous.

"Uncle Albert," explained Cyril, with boyish eagerness, "this is Miss Rosine Wilde."

"Wilde!" The old gentleman started perceptibly. He looked at the blushing girl—at the yellowish gown. He bowed.

"And," avowed young Rodney, sending his sweetheart a swift smile of encouragement, "and—the young lady of whom I spoke to you."

"Oh!" exclaimed Albert Ellsworth. Then, interrogatively: "Wilde? Was your father's name Clayton Wilde?"

Rosine assented.

"And your mother's maiden name was Magnolia Kingsley?"

"Oh! dear, no. Aunt Magnolia was never married. My mother's name was Madeline Kingsley."

"Eh?" cried the dragon.

The florid color had faded from his cheeks. He was tugging nervously at his dark mustache. He looked agitated and perplexed.

"My mother died ten years ago," said Rosine, "and since then I have lived with Aunt Magnolia."

Mr. Ellsworth regarded her grimly.

"Is that," he asked, abruptly, "your aunt's gown you have on?"

The soft rose fire in the girl's cheek deepened.

"How in the world did you know?" she counter-questioned.

A queer, wavering smile was his only reply.

A constrained silence ensued. Cyril gave his uncle an astonished glance.

"So Magnolia is an old maid?" said Mr. Ellsworth, abruptly.

"If she is," cried Rosine, stung to defense by a remark she considered rude, "it is because she was true to a lover who proved unworthy of her!"

"Eh!" ejaculated Mr. Ellsworth, more sharply than before. And suddenly he turned and walked away.

The following day he insisted on accompanying his nephew to the gaunt, ramshackle, once aristocratic old house in the French quarter, where Rosine lived. As they were passing the vaulted entrance to the little flagged courtyard, Albert Ellsworth caught sight of a familiar figure moving among the potted palms and boxes of blooms.

"Go on, lad!" he said to Cyril. He had paused, and was looking through the brief avenue of gloom to the brightness beyond.

Cyril was about to question this new vagary, when the thought of a peculiar possibility made him catch his breath and do as bidden. He knocked at the barred black door, and was admitted to Rosine's radiant presence. And meanwhile his uncle went into the courtyard. The little old lady standing by the banana tree looked at the sound of the step on the stones.

"Magnolia!" he cried.

Miss Magnolia gazed at him in a dazed, half-frightened way. Did ghosts ever appear in the daytime? Stouter than he whom she had known, and with hair grown gray; but the same. Around her, in a fantastic dance, the broken fountain, the long-leaved banana tree and the giant oleanders went whirling. She didn't faint, but she came nearer to it than she ever had come in her life.

"Did you think I had deserted you, Magnolia? When I left you to go north on business, I believed in you as I've never believed in anyone since. And while away I heard and read that you had married that young Wilde I used to be so jealous of. So I went to Europe. And I stayed there."

"But Clayton Wilde married Madeline. I always told you he came to see her."

"Yes, I know that—now. I was a fool to have been so easily convinced of your falsity. You haven't changed a bit. I knew you the moment I saw you."

Miss Magnolia smiled delightedly. She did not know he had expected to see her.

"I never forgot the dress you wore the last time I saw you," declared Mr. Ellsworth, waxing fervent. "I recognized it on your niece last night."

"Last night! Are you—surely you are not the dragon?"

"Wha-at?"

"The—the dragon!" faltered Miss Magnolia.

Mr. Ellsworth still looked blank.

"That," murmured the little lady, feeling she was in for it, and might as well make a clean breast, "was what Rosine and I called Cyril's uncle. And Rosine was going to conquer him."

He burst out laughing.

"Well, she did. The boy shall marry Madeline's pretty daughter. And you, Magnolia—you'll marry me!"

"Oh, dear, no! I'm too old."

"Not a day."

"And ugly—now."

"Loveliest woman in the world to me," insisted the dragon, loyally.

"Bless you, my children," cried a voice from above.

The pair in the courtyard glanced up. On one of the inner balconies stood Rosina and Cyril.

"Vanish, you scamps!" roared the dragon.

"I shan't allow you to marry a southern girl, sir!" shouted back Cyril, as he and Rosine beat a brisk retreat.

Laughing and breathless they faced each other in the old drawing-room. "Everything is lovely, sweetheart!" cried Cyril, in an ecstasy.—Peninsular Home Journal.

—The confidant of my vices is my master, though he were my valet.—Goethe.

A WONDERFUL GOBBLER.

The Poultryman Expected Him to Keep Growing After Death.

"Talkin' about turkeys," observed the farmer to the produce man the other day, "we raised one a year ago that probably never had his equal in size and weight in the history of the world."

The produce man looked incredulous, but the farmer went on without noticing it:

"When that turkey was hatched he was no bigger than the rest of the brood, but two days later he weighed five pounds and was sprouting tall feathers. The end of the first week out of the shell saw him a full-fledged bird of a trifle more than ten pounds, and still he grew."

The produce man smiled indulgently, echoing the farmers' words:

"And still he grew."

"Yes, sirree; I never saw anything like it. He was two weeks old to the day when he tipped the beam at thirty-five pounds, and he only seemed to have fairly started, for——"

"Yes, I know," slowly observed the produce man, "for still he grew."

"Grew? well, I should say so! A week later he had put up another fifteen pounds without impairin' his activity or seemin' to mind it in the least. He picked up his corn as lively as ever, and still he grew."

There was a sickly smile on the produce man's face, but he made no remark.

"We began to wonder where it was goin' to stop," went on the farmer, "for about this time his appetite, which had always been extraordinary, began to pick up at an alarmin' rate, and we knew he'd just about got his second wind, which meant puttin' on weight more rapidly than ever. It took him just ten days to put up another twenty-five pounds."

"That makes seventy-five," gasped the produce man.

"Kerreet, and still he grew,"

"And still he grew," sighed the produce man.

"I suppose he was something like eight weeks old when he reached the one hundred pound mark, and quit walking about," continued the farmer.

"But he still grew," anxiously put in the produce man.

"Never let up for a minute," was the assuring reply. "We became a little anxious about him at this time, on account of the henhouse, which we could see would soon be too small for him to stand up in. Finally, we decided to transfer him to the barn, but we had been a little slow in comin' to the decision, for when we went to remove him he had grown too big to go through the henhouse door, and we had to take out the whole front of the building to accommodate his size."

"And still he grew," ventured the produce man, in a weak voice, and with a very painful attempt at a smile.

"Yes, he had more room to spread out in the barn, and went on growin' faster than ever. Very soon it became a question as to how long the barn would last him, and then we decided to kill him. That, as you easily guess, was no small task, but we did it—jest felled him with a poleax as you would an ox, and we managed to give him his death blow at the third stroke."

"And still he grew," absent-mindedly murmured the produce man.

"Grew nothin'," retorted the farmer, indignantly. "Did you expect him to go on growin' forever?"

"O, I don't know," answered the other, somewhat recovering his spirits; "stranger things than that happened to the turkey, if I have not been dreaming."—N. Y. Herald.

REMARKABLE TREMORS.

Effects of Earthquakes Felt at Great Distances.

Two very remarkable occurrences are connected with the earthquake that destroyed a large part of Thebes, in Greece, in April last. At Birmingham, England, a delicate pendulum, suspended for the purpose of recording earth tremors, exhibited marked disturbance about fourteen minutes after the principal shock occurred at Thebes. The observers at Birmingham attributed the disturbance of their pendulum to the transference of the shock across Europe from Greece to England, the rate at which it traveled being about one hundred and ten miles a minute.

On the same night Dr. Gill, the English astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope, observed extraordinary undulations of the surface of the mercury which he was using to detect errors of level, and which continued during half an hour.

Dr. Gill thinks that these, like the tremors noticed at Birmingham, may have originated in the same disturbance of the earth's crust that produced the disaster at Thebes. Apparently, however, if the undulations were conveyed all the way from Greece to the southern end of Africa, they came from a different shock from that which manifested its effects at Birmingham, for the undulations were noticed by Dr. Gill before that particular shock had been felt at Thebes.

These are by no means the first instances in which perceptible effects from earthquakes have been noticed hundreds and even thousands of miles from the focus of the shocks.—Youth's Companion.

No Trimmings.

One of the less important witnesses in a small trial was a finicky sort of a man with a mincing little step that made the judge frown as he came to the stand. The attorney asked him his name, age and occupation.

"I can't tell you my age," he twittered.

"Why not? Don't you know it?" inquired the attorney.

"Yes, sir; but I should prefer not to tell it."

"But the court wants to know what it is."

"And I must decline to tell it."

By this time the judge was out of patience.

"Mr. Officer," he said, addressing the bailiff, "remove that lady from the witness stand and escort her out of the court room. Call the next witness."—Detroit Free Press.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Hard-Shell Squash.—Cut into suitable sized pieces to fit a steamer, place shell side up. When tender, take the pieces in a cloth, with a spoon carefully remove the soft part, season with salt and cream, and reheat before serving.—Ohio Farmer.

—Bops.—One pint of milk, three eggs, one spoonful of butter, four spoonfuls of flour, mix together. Bake in plates in a quick oven. Butter while hot, place one above the other and serve. These are very nice for luncheon or tea.—Boston Budget.

—Cleaning Gold Jewelry.—Any gold jewelry that an immersion in water will not injure can be beautifully cleaned by shaking it well in a bottle nearly half full of warm soapsuds, to which a little prepared chalk has been added, and afterwards rinsing in clear cold water and wiping it dry.

—Broiled Potatoes.—Cut the slices lengthwise and rather thick. Lay them on a gridiron over a rather slow fire. Spread some melted butter over the slices with a brush. As soon as the under side is broiled, turn each slice over and spread with butter. When done, dish, salt and serve hot. A little butter may be added when dished, according to taste.—Boston Budget.

—Chocolate Rice.—Make a rice pudding with one pint of milk, and bake it in the ordinary way. When half cooked stir in one ounce of grated chocolate, which has been heated in the oven, and a few drops of vanilla essence. Beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth. Pile it on the top of the pudding when cooked, and just place it in the oven to brown slightly, and serve.—Leed's Mercury.

—Ducks in Orange Juice.—Half roast a couple of ducks; take them from the fire and carve them so that the meat will still be attached to the bone. Dust over a little fine pepper and salt, and squeeze over the birds the juice of two large oranges. Then turn the ducks over on to a plate and press till nearly flat. Set them on a hot stove till they hiss, then turn the birds over and let the breasts cook till of a golden brown. Send to table on a warm dish straight from the stove, with a tureen of well-made apple sauce.—Lee's Mercury.

—Escalloped Potatoes.—Pare and slice as thinly as possible some medium sized potatoes. Butter the sides and bottom of an earthen baking dish, sprinkle fine bread crumbs on the bottom, put in a layer of sliced potatoes, season with salt, pepper, and bits of butter. Fill the dish to within half an inch of the top with alternate layers of crumbs and potatoes, seasoned as above. Over the top layer of crumbs, seasoned liberally with butter, pour half milk and half cream till it rises at the top. Bake until the potatoes are soft and creamy.—Ohio Farmer.

—Lemon Cake.—With two-thirds of a cupful of butter cream two cupfuls of sugar, adding, in this order, the beaten yolks of three eggs, the beaten whites of the same, two-thirds of a cupful of milk, three and a half cupfuls of flour, and the juice of one lemon. Two-thirds of a teaspoonful of soda should be sifted into the flour before that is added to the mixture, or it may be beaten in just before the lemon juice is added. Bake in the usual manner. Any plain cake may be flavored with lemon, thus making it in fact a "lemon cake."—Good Housekeeping.

BRITISH CHARIOTEERS.

Methods Employed in Ancient Warfare With the Romans.

The pluck and dash of British charioteers greatly impressed the Roman general. They began by driving at full speed along the enemy's line, hurling their weapons, and frequently throwing the ranks into disorder by the fear which their horses and the rattle of their wheels inspired; and when they had edged their way in among the troops of cavalry, they leaped down from the chariots and fought on foot. The drivers meanwhile fell back a little to the rear, and so posted their chariots that, if the warriors were hard pressed by superior numbers of the enemy, they might have a ready retreat to their own lines.

So in battle they combined the mobility of cavalry with the stability of infantry, and became so expert by daily practice and exercise that when on a declivity or steep incline it was their habit to pull up their horses at full gallop, bring them to a standstill, turn them in an instant, run out along the pole, stand on the yoke, and then get back with all speed into the chariot. Some of the British cars have scythes attached to the axletrees, and were called by the natives covini—that is the Celtic word cowain, which means a cart or wagon. The Romans may have previously seen similar chariots used in the Gallic armies, but the wild antics of the painted Britons must have disconcerted them not a little.

Even Roman troops were sometimes demoralized by the uncanny-looking beings who opposed them. Thus we read, a century later, of an attack made upon the Island of Anglesea by the Romans. They found drawn up along the shore a dense array of armed men, through whose ranks ran women, resembling furies, clad in funeral garb, with disheveled hair, and torches in their hands, while Druids stood around and poured forth dreadful imprecations, with hands upraised to heaven; and it was only with difficulty that the general could induce his men to charge. (Tacitus, Annals, 4, 29.)—Gentleman's Magazine.

Napoleon's Life as Lieutenant.

Auxonne, as had been expected, was most uneasy, and on July 19, 1789, there was an actual outbreak of violence, directed there, as elsewhere, against the tax-receivers. The riot was easily suppressed, and for some weeks yet the regular round of studious monotony in the young lieutenant's life was not disturbed except as his poverty made his asceticism more rigorous. "I have no other resource but work," he wrote his mother; "I dress but once in eight days (Sunday parade?); I sleep but little since my illness; it is incredible. I retire at ten and rise at four in the morning. I take but one meal a day, at three; that is good for my health."—Century.

EN FAMILLE.

WILLIE—Say, pa, I'm smarter'n you!

PAPA—Think so, my boy? Why?

WILLIE—You said yesterday when Dr. Brown began to talk you couldn't keep awake five minutes. I've kept awake ten.—Harper's Bazar.

A Seasonable Note.

The aged saw the ax
Uplifted for the blow;
"Well, this is pretty tough," he said,
In accents full of woe.
To chew that fowl the boarders tried,
But had not strength enough,
And, like him, they in sadness cried:
"Well, this is pretty tough!"

—Chicago Mail.

A REGULAR OLD POKE.

One of the last pictures drawn by the late Frank Bellew ("Chip").

Still Keeping It Up.

Meekly the Kansas politicians awaited the word of the female Demosthenes.

"Will you support your husband?" they asked; "can we count upon you?"

"Yes," she snapped, as the color came to her sallow cheeks; "haven't I always done it?"

And then the oldest among them remembered that she had taken in washing before she became political lecturer.—Puck.

Observations.

Generally speaking, the less a man knows about a subject the more he wants to talk about it.

Poets are born, not made—the present state of the market wouldn't warrant their manufacture.

Every cloud has a silver lining, but the knowledge makes it only the more gloomy to the fellow who is on the wrong side of it.—Kate Field's Washington.

Wanted to Participate.

He—I've a good mind to steal a kiss from you by surprise.

She—I don't want you to do anything of the sort.

He—Why not? No guilt would attach to you. You would only be an accessory after the act.

She—Thank you. But if I'd got to be an accessory at all, I'd rather be one during the act.—Brooklyn Life.

Very Old Complaint.

"How is your wife?"

"Um, her head has been troubling her a good deal this year."

"Sick headache?"

"Not exactly. She keeps wanting a new hat every four weeks."—Il Couriere del Bagni.

ANOTHER WAR WITH CHINA.

—Harper's Bazar.

In the Year 1904.

Mrs. Nuwoman—Have you heard that funny story about the Oldstile family?

Mrs. Uptodate—No; what is it?

Mrs. Nuwoman—They say that Mrs. Oldstile stays home and attends to the housework and her husband goes regularly to an office down town.—Chicago Record.

The Reason of It.

Fond Husband — Somehow, I don't seem to be able to enjoy your pies as I did those my mother made for me when I was a boy.

Loving Wife—Perhaps you would, if you hadn't ruined your stomach by eating so many of those same pies, when you were a boy.—Puck.

A Positive Indication.

"There goes a messenger boy on his way home."

"How do you know he's going home?"

"By the way he hurries."—Washington Star.

At the Theater.

She—Would you not like to go out and "see a man?"

He—Why, no; I would not think of it.

She—But, really, I shan't object in the least.

He—How absurd! How can you say such a thing?

She—Well, to tell the truth, I want to see a man myself, and I know he won't come over while you are here.—Life.

On the Score of Economy.

"I don't often buy things Sunday," he said, as he came out of the drug store and carefully stowed away in an upper pocket of his vest a fifteen-cent cigar, "but I hadn't anything smaller than a quarter in my pocketbook this morning, and I can't afford to throw a quarter into the contribution basket."—Chicago Tribune.

Boarding-School Fare.

Charlie was home from boarding school. "Do they feed you well?" said his fond mother.

"Naw, they don't," responded the youth.

"What kind of meals do you get, dear?"

"Oatmeals."—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

Disadvantage of Being in Trade.

"Weginald, we must blackball him. We cawn't have him in the club, you know."

"Twue, twue. He's a good fellow, but he's a shop keepah. And we've got to have some place wheah we won't meet ouah creditors, don't you know."—Washington Star.

Next Century.

Years hence the maiden loud will laugh
When she perceives
The picture of her grandma's dress
With its big sleeves.

—Kansas City Journal.

NO TRIMMINGS FOR JOHN.

Undertaker—What kind of trimmings will you have on the coffin?

Widow—None whatever. It was trimmins that killed him.

Undertaker—What?

Widow—Yes. Delirium trimmins.—Once a Week.

Marvelous Efforts.

Lordleigh—You ought to have gone to the circus with me. Saw some wonderful feats performed.

Howden—Well, you ought to have stayed home with me. I've been listening to a girl trying to tell a funny story.—Chicago Record.

A Heavy Missile.

The Groom (whispering)—I fear that they'll half kill us, dearest.

The Bride—Why, darling? The rice cannot hurt us.

The Groom—No, but the shoes they propose throwing after us belong to Miss Bacon, of Chicago.—Truth.

Giving the Doctor the Credit.

Doctor—You have only a few moments left to live. Have you anything to say?

Patient—On'y dis, doctah—dat yo've made an a'mighty quick job of it.—Judge.

It Would Wake Him Up.

Mrs. Topflat—I see in the paper that a man out in Indiana has been sleeping for five weeks and the doctors cannot rouse him.

Mr. Topflat—Why don't they put him in a folding bed?—Puck.

Of Course Not.

Foggs—I hate to contemplate what will happen when women have the franchise.

Boggs—Don't let that worry you any, no true woman would ever vote for a woman.—N. Y. World.

A Streak of Luck.

Mrs. Portly Pompus—O, Bridget, you have broken that magnificent Japanese vase!

Bridget—Sure, mum, isn't it lucky that there was nothing in it.—Tammany Times.

Couldn't Deceive It.

"You needn't try to deceive me," said the curtain to the window. "I can see through you."—Rogerville (Tenn.) Review.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BOYS WANTED.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain and power;
Fit to cope with anything—
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones,
Who all troubles magnify;
Not the watchword of "I can't,"
But the nobler one, "I'll try!"

Do whate'er you have to do,
With a true and earnest zeal;
Bend your sinews to the task—
"Put your shoulders to the wheel."

Though your duty may be hard,
Look not on it as an ill;
If it be an honest task,
Do it with an honest will.

In the workshop, on the farm,
At the desk—where'er you be—
From your future efforts, boys,
Comes a nation's destiny!

—Golden Days.

ELMER'S PRESENT.

The Queer Mistake Made by a Southern Boy's Northern Cousin.

Elmer lives in the north. His cousin George lives in Florida. George's father had been on a visit to his old home, and was about to return home. Elmer thought he would like to send a present to his cousin George. He asked his mother what to select for that purpose.

"I would sooner leave that to you," said his mother. "You have quite a stock of toys, books, tools and other useful articles from which to choose. I would be glad to have you generous enough to send something that will please him. He is a boy of about your own age. You can judge of his tastes by your own."

It was in the autumn, and Elmer was looking forward to his favorite winter sports with feelings of delight. He was well equipped for all the pleasures which have such charms for boys where they have winters.

The day came for his uncle to depart. Elmer had placed a small package in one corner of his trunk. It was the present for his cousin. What it contained, no one knew save himself.

When George's father got home to Florida he opened the trunk and distributed the various presents that had been sent to the members of his family.

George opened the package sent by his cousin Elmer. What do you suppose he found? Something that made him laugh outright. It was a pair of skates.

Soon after Elmer received a book by mail. It was a small work describing the climate of Florida. He saw his mistake at once.

"I never did like geography very well," said he, "but I should have known better than to send skates to Florida if I had stopped to think."—H. L. Charles, in Our Little Ones.

LION AND BICYCLES.

Queer Race Witnessed Not Long Ago in an Eastern Town.

The business of exhibiting wild animals occasionally leads to an adventure with some "monarch of the jungle" in the midst of civilized scenes. Escaped elephants, bears and lions have caused great turmoil in American cities before now; but it is doubtful if the curious spectacle of bicyclers fleeing for their lives before a pursuing lion was ever witnessed by American citizens at home until recently near Bridgeport, Conn.

Near that city there is a place of resort called Pleasure Beach, and at this place, on a day in August, a performance by tamed wild animals was to be given. Among those animals was a "royal lion" named Prince—a very large and beautiful creature.

While preparations were being made for the performance, Prince escaped, and rapidly made his way to a race-track where several wheelmen were riding bicycles. Seeing him coming, the wheelmen pedaled with all their might; and seeing them thus taking to flight, the lion pursued them with all *his* might.

Around and around they went. They dared not dismount and leave the track, for fear the lion would pounce upon them as soon as they were on their feet. Each one had reason to believe that his life depended on keeping out of the beast's clutches.

But the lion gained upon them, and finally caught up with them one by one; but in each case, as the wheelman

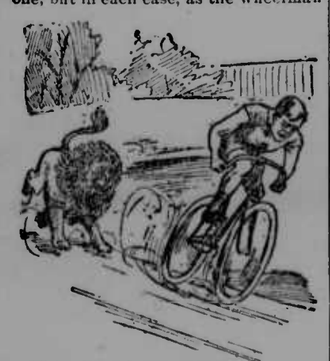

AROUND AND AROUND THEY WENT.

gave up with terror, the lion passed him without doing him harm.

Presently the keeper called for volunteers to help him capture the lion. Three or four hundred people were present; but volunteers came forward very slowly. However, an acrobat in a bright red suit offered himself, and then another, and presently four men were engaged in an attempt to wheedle Prince back into his cage.

They succeeded in getting him near the open door; and then the four brave men seized him bodily and pushed him, struggling, roaring and biting, through the door, and closed it upon him. One of the four men, the acrobat in the red suit, was badly bitten in the hand by the furious animal.

When Tabby Rings the Bell.

A cat belonging to Mrs. Mary Brownwell of Wilmington, Del., has a habit of ringing the bell whenever it wants to be let out of the cellar.

FIGHTING A FIRE.

How the New York City Fire Department Does Its Work.

It is a cellar fire—a bad one—and in a factory. Clouds of dense black smoke pour up from the basement and out of every crevice around the big folding doors that form the entrance. Bits of falling glass tell us that the pressure of smoke and of the gas generated by the combustion going on within the building is beginning to break the windows in the upper part, and if we are not active the flames will get the better of us. Our foreman is everywhere at once, directing the captains of the arriving companies to their different positions.

The watchman of the factory cannot be found. Our foreman shouts:

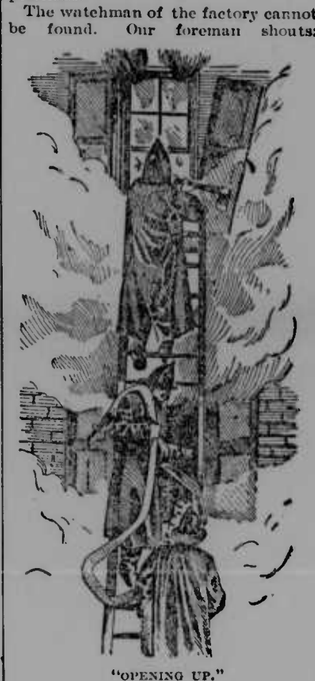

"OPENING UP."

"Quick! the battering ram. Break open the big doors!"

One is quickly unshipped from its place underneath the truck, and, with a man on each side, at the command of the captain, the ram is lunged forward at the big doors. Crash—the doors quiver under the impact of the combined weight of the solid mass of iron and the two heavy men. A few more blows and the locks give way, the doors fly open, and into the black, stifling smoke we force our way, dragging the heavy hose with us.

We can see no fire—nothing but thick, dense smoke, choking our throats, and making the water run from our eyes in streams. Meanwhile the men from the truck company have been at work with the butt ends of their axes, and have broken open the deadlights and grating in the front over the basement and the basement doors. The fire having shown up there, we are ordered to "back out" and "work in" the basement—an order easily given, but not so easily obeyed; for the smoke is now thick and so stifling that people in the crowd on the other side of the street are obliged to beat a quick retreat before it. But we firemen are there to obey commands, not to question them, and down we go.

A shower of glass greets us as we back out, for it is now raining glass and bits of the window-frames from above. Ladders having been raised to the upper floors, the truckmen are making an opening for the pipemen of other companies, that they may be on hand should the fire get above the first floor. Another shower, this time of red-hot plaster, greets us as we work our way into the basement; and the fire, now spreading all over the ceiling, brings more down around us. The heat is frightful there, and we turn our fire-hats back for-most to protect our faces as best we can. We slash the water around, knocking over burning beams and piles of packing-boxes, the hose squirming and quivering under the pressure of the tons of water being forced through it every minute; the united strength of three or four men is required to control it. All at once one of our number gives a gasp and tumbles down at our feet, face forward, in a pool of dirty water and plaster, overcome by the smoke and heat. Another drops his hold upon the hose and stoops to assist his fallen comrade. It is now red-hot in the basement, and we cannot breathe much longer.

If we do not back out soon, it will be all over with us, but firemen, in the enthusiasm and excitement of the moment, hate to retreat until actually driven out, so we still hold our position. At last we cannot stand it, and we retreat to the doorway.

The fireman who was overcome, assisted by one or more companions, reaches the foot of the stairs. A battalion-chief, in command on the pavement above, seeing our position, shouts: "Here! A man hurt! Down in the basement!" In a second a dozen brave fellows dash down the steps, and, lifting up our injured comrade, carry him tenderly up to the street, and then over to one of the patrol wagons, where, with plenty of fresh air and brisk rubbing, he is soon brought to his senses.—St. Nicholas.

Just Like the Old Man.

One morning a merchant, noted for his penuriousness, came into his office and effusively greeted his bookkeeper, who had entered his service just twenty-five years before, at the same time handing him a closed envelope with the remark: "This is to serve you as a memento of the present occasion." The grateful recipient did not venture to open the envelope until encouraged to do so by a nod and smile from his employer. When he found inside only the merchant's photograph he was dumfounded. "Well, have you nothing to say?" asked the merchant. "Sir," replied the bookkeeper, with a bow, "it is just like you."

FARM AND GARDEN.

HOG CHOLERA REMEDY.

Official Report on the Treatment and Prevention of the Disease.

With estimated losses of between $10,000,000 and $25,000,000 from hog cholera and swine plague in the United States, the discussion of the treatment and means of prevention of these diseases in a bulletin issued by the agricultural department is of great value to the farmers of this country.

The bureau of animal industry has been conducting an exhaustive investigation of this subject and finds that the agents which destroy the germs of one of these fatal diseases are also effective in destruction of the germs of the other. Both are spread by infection and their course varies from one day to three weeks. Both are caused by bacteria. The germs of hog cholera, says the report, are very hardy and vigorous, while those of the swine plague are very delicate and easily destroyed. The latter are found to be present in practically all herds of swine, but the former must be introduced from infected herds.

The most efficient virus remedy tried by the government's agents is the following: Wood, charcoal, sulphur, sodium sulphate and antimony sulphide, one pound each; sodium chloride, sodium, bi-carbonate and sodium hyposulphite, two pounds each. These are to be completely pulverized and mixed, and a daily dose of a large tablespoonful for each 200 pounds weight of hogs given. The medicine may be used also as a preventative of these diseases. It should be put in the feed of the whole herd. To insure successful treatment the animals should be kept in dry and comfortable quarters away from drafts of air. Five or six months should be allowed to elapse after an outbreak before new hogs are purchased or any of the old herd sold.

The report recommends a rigid quarantining of newly-bought hogs and the prevention of their joining those already on the farm for at least six weeks. During the warm months of the year the swine should have plenty of young grass or clover; crushed or rolled wheat should be fed to the growing animals.

HANGING FEED RACK.

A Convenient Thing for Farmers Where Sheep Are Kept.

The usual method of feeding sheep has a number of disadvantages. When fed from the floor adjacent to their pen, the lambs are quite sure to be found walking all over the hay and grain, and making themselves generally at home in the uttermost parts of the barn. The sheep, moreover, wear off the wool from their necks and disfigure themselves when feeding through openings in the side of their pen. Where the fodder is thrown down from the floor above the pen an arrangement such as is shown in the illustration may be found serviceable. It is a hanging rack with slats all around it, and made narrow at the bottom, so that the flock can reach even the last spear of hay. There will be

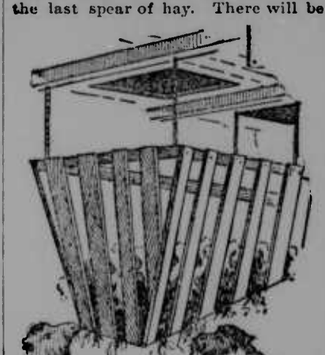

HANGING FEED RACK.

no crowding with such an arrangement. The feed will not be soiled, and the pen can be kept closed so that the lambs cannot escape from it. Even when the fodder is not thrown down from the floor above such a rack may be hung near the side of the pen, and the hay thrown over into it from the feeding floor, giving much more feeding space to the flock than would a rack nailed against the side of the pen.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Judgment in Cattle Feeding.

Cattle feeding and handling is a large subject and only general principles are to be laid down. No hard and fast rules for feeding are now known, and doubtless none ever will be known, is the conclusion of the Wisconsin and Connecticut experiment stations. It is nevertheless true that the man who exercises the largest amount of good judgment, based upon all the most advanced science can bring him, and who tries to put into practice the knowledge thus acquired, will be much surer of success than one who works blindly. There may be no "best" breed, no "best" ration and no "best" way of handling dairy stock, but there are poor cows, uneconomical rations and bad ways of handling, and the man who learns to avoid the bad and choose the better is well on the road toward the best.

Charcoal for Corn-Fed Hogs.

A diet wholly of corn is very hard to digest. If food does not digest in the stomach it must sour, for its temperature is always at 98 degrees, which is extreme heat for a summer's day. When souring of the stomach occurs, it is remedied by feeding charcoal. This is not, however, a permanent remedy. The charcoal is carbonaceous, and therefore the larger part of it is like the corn. It is the potash mixed with it that corrects the acidity. But the better way is not to let the stomach get sour. Feed even the fattening hogs some fine wheat, milling with milk and a few sliced beets daily. This will keep their digestion good, and when food digests it does not sour on the stomach.—Rural World.

You can make better food with

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Lighter, sweeter, more wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

DICKERING FOR A RATE.

He Was a Brawny Scotchman and Wanted to Save His "Siller."

A gentleman connected with the Perth and Inverness railway states that when that line was first opened some of the natives, wholly unaccustomed to fixed prices, endeavored to deal with the ticket clerk as they would with a shopkeeper.

Countryman—"What is the price to Kingussie?"

Ticket Clerk—"Two-and-eightpence."

"Two-and-eightpence? Hech! Never! I'll give you two shillings."

"There is no reduction. The fare is two-and-eight-pence."

"Make it two-and-twopence, and it's a bargain."

"I tell you the fare is two-and-eightpence."

"It's only a matter of thirty mile."

"It doesn't matter what it is. That is the fare."

"I'll give you two-and-threepence."

"It won't do."

"Two-and-fourpence, then."

"No, nor two-and-fivepence."

At two-and sixpence he made a dead stand, and finding the clerk inexorable, he went away and waited till the next train, when he came back with his offer of the two-and-sixpence, in hopes of finding the clerk more accommodating.—Pearson's Weekly

Promotion.

"How's that boy o' yourn gettin' along in the city, Josiah?" asked one farmer of another. "First-rate," answered Josiah. He's workin' his way up right along."

"What's he doin'?"

"He's workin' fer the city."

"You don't tell me! What's he doin' fer it?"

"He's drivin' one o' them things they call a street-sweeper—kind o' wipes up the road nights, you know. But my! he's bein' promoted. First off, he was workin' in the twenty-fuss ward. By 'n' by he writ me that he was workin' in the eighteenth ward. Last week he writ that he was in the twelfth ward now; an' I swan! you see if that feller don't fetch up in the fust ward with his sweep-cart yit."—Youth's Companion.

Simple Enough.

"My good woman," said the learned judge, "you must give an answer in the fewest possible words of which you are capable, to the plain and simple question whether, when you were crossing the street with the baby on your arm and the omnibus was coming down on the right side and the cab on the left and the brougham was trying to pass the omnibus, you saw the plaintiff between the brougham and the cab, or whether and when you saw him at all, and whether or not near the brougham, cab, and omnibus, or either, or any two, and which of them respectively or how it was."—Philadelphia Times.

LOW-RATE EXCURSION

January 15, 1895.

On the above date the MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY and IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE will sell tickets at half rates (plus $2) from St. Louis, Cairo and Missouri River gateways to all points on their lines in Arkansas, Louisiana, including points on the K. C., W. & G.; to all points in Texas, Deming, N. M., and Pecos Valley points in New Mexico. Will also sell from and through St. Louis to points in Missouri south and west of Harrisonville; from and through St. Louis, Kansas City, Leavenworth, Atchison, St. Joseph and Omaha to points in Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado. For particulars regarding limit, stop-over privileges and further information see nearest ticket agent.

H. C. TOWNSEND,
General Passenger Agent, ST. LOUIS.

"You are familiar with Homer, of course?" said Tuddles to Whiffett. "Homer!" repeated Whiffett. "What is his first name?"—Harper's Bazar.

"She is killingly sweet." "Cain sugar, evidently."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

"That lady over there! Oh yes, she is very clever. She has mastered three languages and her husband."—Fliegende Blatter.

Finkle—"There goes a woman with a history." Fangle—"That female who just left your office! How do you know?" Fingle—"She worked for an hour trying to sell it to me."—Buffalo Courier.

Fond Parent—"Bobby, why will you always persist in pushing in the eyes of your little sister's dolls?" Bobby (conclusively)—"Because I can't pick 'em out."—Truth.

Fond Husband—"Somehow I don't seem to be able to enjoy your pies as I did those my mother made for me when I was a boy." Loving Wife—"Perhaps you would if you hadn't ruined your stomach by eating so many of those pies when you were a boy."—Puck.

Her Father—"What are your habits?" Her Adorer—"You ought to know, sir. I have been calling on your daughter every night for three months."—Life.

A Subtle Scheme.—Willy—"Aunty, may I have a lump of sugar?" Aunty—"No, Willy; it will only make your tooth ache more." Willy—"No, it won't; I'll just go and eat it in front of the dentist's."—Puck.

"Say," said the office-boy, "I think the boss ought to give me a bit extra this week, but I guess he won't." "What for?" asked the bookkeeper. "For overtime. I wuz dreamin' about me work all las' night."—Tit-Bits.

Chesney—"Women would never be able to vote seriously." Radbourn—"Why not?" Chesney—"Because they would want to go round and get samples of the candidates before making up their minds."—Brooklyn Life.

A Reflection on Him.

Mr. Hudson River—I hear, Tom, your father is getting more absent-minded every year?

Tom—Well, I should say he was absent-minded. Yesterday he wanted to shave himself, and he started out by lathering the reflection of his face in the looking-glass.—Texas Siftings.

Cottolene as a Trade-Mark.

An important and interesting trade-mark suit, which has been before the courts for some time, has recently reached a decision in the United States Circuit Court for the Southern District of New York. The suit was for an injunction against the infringement of complainant's (The N. K. Fairbank Company, Chicago) trade-mark "Cottolene" by the use of the word "Cottoleo." The validity of Cottolene as a trade-mark was made permanent by an injunction, the case being summarized by the court as follows:

"It seems to be the law that when manufacturers have educated the public to ask for a certain article by its trade-mark name, they have acquired the right to insist that products manufactured by others shall not be given to the public under that name. It is just that it should be so for the benefit derived from such name can only be obtained by faithful service in furnishing articles of recognized value. Moreover, if the trade-mark name might be adopted by others, inferior articles might then be produced and sold under it; and thereby the value to manufacturers of the reputation of the name used by them as a trade-mark would be destroyed."

The man who always does his best can always do better next time.—Presbyterian.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo County and State aforesaid and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. Frank J. Cheney.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. Gleason, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. Cheney & Co, Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

It is the nudity of the live wire that makes it shocking.—Pittsburgh Post.

$6.00 to California

Is price of double berth in Tourist Sleeping Car from Chicago on the famous "Phillips-Rock Island Tourist Excursions." Through cars on fast trains leave Chicago Tuesdays via Ft. Worth and El Paso, and Thursdays via Scenic Route. Write for particulars to A. P. Phillips & Co., 104 Clark St., Chicago.

John Sebastian, G. P. A., Chicago.

The schoolboy thinks that a switch in the hand would be twice as good in the bush.

The True Laxative Principle

Of the plants used in manufacturing the pleasant remedy, Syrup of Figs, has a permanently beneficial effect on the human system, while the cheap vegetable extracts and mineral solutions, usually sold as medicines, are permanently injurious. Being well informed, you will use the true remedy only. Manufactured by California Fig Syrup Co.

The sole end of life—Under foot.—Rural New Yorker.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. Williams, Antioch, Ills., April 11, 1894.

Obstructions in a Great Harbor

Are less easily removed than obstructions of the bowels are by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, infinitely more effectual than violent purgatives, and which never gripes, convulses and weakens as they do. The Bitters also removes malarial and rheumatic complaints, biliousness, sick headache, nervousness and dyspepsia. Give this deserving remedy a fair trial and expect the best and most complete results.

Man may dismiss compassion from his heart, but God will never.—Cowper.

Don't Neglect a Cough. Take Some Halo's Honey of Horehound and Tar *instanter.*

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

S S S HEALS RUNNING SORES

CURES THE SERPENT'S STING

CONTAGIOUS BLOOD POISON In all its stages completely eradicated by S.S.S. Obstinate sores and ulcers yield to its healing powers. It removes the poison and builds up the system.

Valuable treatise on the disease and its treatment mailed free SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

My son was afflicted with catarrh, I induced him to try Ely's Cream Balm and the disagreeable catarrhal smell all left him. He appears as well as any one.—J. C. Olmstead, Arcola, Ill.

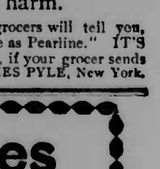

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Protects the Membrane from colds, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

FOR DURABILITY, ECONOMY AND FOR GENERAL BLACKING IS UNEQUALLED. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

WE ALSO MANUFACTURE THE

SUN PASTE STOVE POLISH

FOR AN AFTER DINNER SHINE, OR TO TOUCH UP SPOTS WITH A CLOTH. MAKES NO DUST. IN 5&10 CENT TIN BOXES. THE ONLY PERFECT PASTE.

Morse Bros., Prop'rs. Canton, Mass.

For twenty years folks all over the world have cured rheumatism, neuralgia, and all other pains and aches by using St. Jacobs Oil. There must be something in it, for you couldn't fool all the people for so many years.

Take Measures

to make life easier by taking Pearline to do your washing and cleaning. It does away with half the labor, and with all the dirt. It does away with the Rub, Rub, Rub. Nothing in the way of housework is too hard for it; nothing washable is too delicate. All things washable are safe with Pearline. It saves from wear, and it keeps from harm.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—*send it back.* 205 JAMES PYLE, New York.

Blood Diseases

such as Scrofula and Anæmia, Skin Eruptions and Pale or Sallow Complexions, are speedily cured by

Scott's Emulsion

TRADE MARK.

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil. No other remedy so quickly and effectively enriches and purifies the blood and gives nourishment to the whole system. It is pleasant to take and easy on the stomach.

Thin, Emaciated Persons and all suffering from Wasting Diseases are restored to health by Scott's Emulsion.

Be sure you get the bottle with our trade-mark on it. Refuse cheap substitutes!

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists. 50 cents and $1.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From the Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 7, 1895

Anything, so it is a currency bill, is now the cry of the administration to the House. Just why Mr. Cleveland should be so anxious to have the House pass a currency bill of some sort, when he must know as everybody else does, that no currency bill that can be put through the House will stand even a ghost of a show to get through the Senate, is not apparent; but the fact remains that he is. It was this anxiety that caused him to make friends with Senator Hill, who is now using his influence with the Democrats of the House to get a bill passed, going so far as to tell the silver members that the Senate will pass the bill and return it to the House with an amendment providing for the coinage of the seniorage on the silver bullion now in the treasury. The Democratic House caucus this afternoon settled nothing, because it was agreed before hand that it should take no action that would be binding upon any body, but it begins to look as though the House would pass a bill. No man is in a position, however, to say exactly what its nature will be, whether it will be the Carlisle bill or one of the several substitutes that will be offered in the House.

The administration is beginning to realize what a serious mistake Secretary Gresham made when he wrote that official letter saying that the differential duty imposed on sugar from countries paying an export bounty on sugar, was a treaty violation. The representatives of all the continental nations are using that letter as a basis for their protests and threats of retaliation, and there is no hope from Congress.

Complaints against the postage stamps turned out by the bureau of engraving and printing still continue to pour into the Postoffice Department. These complaints are now mostly against the stamps of higher denomination than two cents and include imperfect perforation, poor finish and inferior designs. Millions of the two cent stamps had to be destroyed because of the inferior gumming before that denomination became even fairly satisfactory. Whether any of the stamps of higher denomination, against which the present complaints are directed will have to be destroyed, is a question not yet decided by the Department.

The promotion of Hon. J. C. Burrows to the Senate by the Republican legislature of Michigan, gave his friends in Congress much personal pleasure, but when viewed from a strictly party point of view, the gap his departure from the House will leave in the front rank of the heaviest fighters, is not especially pleasing to Republicans, although there are plenty of men more than anxious to take his place.

The retirement of Representative Burrows from the House will leave the contest for the Chairmanship of the Ways and Means committee between the great states of New York and Pennsylvania. It is customary, but not obligatory, for the Speaker of the House to name as the chairman of that important committee, the senior member of his party on that committee. The custom was ignored by the present Speaker who jumped Mr. Wilson over the head of Mr. Springer and made him chairman. If Speaker Reed follows the custom, Representative Payne, of New York, will be chairman of the committee, if he desires to be; but some how the impression is strong among the Republicans in the House that Representative Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, who is next to Mr. Payne on the committee, stands as good, if not a better chance to become its chairman. It would be highly improper for either of these gentlemen to attempt to influence the choice of the Speaker, but their colleagues are free to do what they can in that direction, and the good-natured rivalry between the states to secure the chairmanship promises to be interesting to everybody except Mr. Reed, who will have to decide.

Overtures have been made by the friends of the administration to Republican Senators, to ascertain how much support can be obtained on the Republican side of the Senate for the attempt to kill the income tax by withholding the appropriation to put it into effect. Nearly all the Republican Senators would vote to repeal the income tax, but unless there is a great change, very few of them will vote to withhold the appropriation. It is believed that their mutual opposition to the income tax was one of the factors which brought about the recent reconciliation between Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Hill.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon, of Illinois, has a way of stating things in a nut shell that has always made his opinion valuable to his colleagues in the House. He said of the present financial situation: "All this talk about gold disappearance is merely a cover for the fact that the revenues of the government are not sufficient to meet the expeaditures. If Congress will provide sufficient revenue there will be no trouble about the currency."

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

are good for sick headache, constipation, piles, bilious colic, fever and ague, dyspepsia, rheumatism, female complaints, dizziness, flatulence, sour stomach, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general debility. They will positively cure all disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. 25 cents a box.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

helps babes over the critical teething period, soothes and relieves the gums, cools the head and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no strong drugs and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good—25 cents a bottle

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

JOHN C. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

Catarrh Is Common.

Few realize just how common it is. Very many people have Catarrh, or at least Catarrhal symptoms, who would laugh at the idea. It is an unpleasant disease—one of those which make others uncomfortable as well as the one who has it. The first symptoms are: A heavy feeling between the eyes, profuse and offensive nasal discharge from the nostrils, headache and foul breath.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cures

is recommended for both slight and aggravated cases. It will cure the worst case of CATARRH, and is good for a mere Cold—an inflamed condition of the nasal passages is the cause of both. It is also good for HAY FEVER. It is a sure cure. There is nothing marvelous about it. It is not an accidental, magical discovery, but a perfectly sensible, scientific preparation, intended to do just exactly the thing it does, and nothing else.

It costs 50 cents—druggists.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY LINIMENT is the best thing for ECZEMA, TETTER, RING WORM, SALT RHEUM, ITCH, DANDRUFF, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES and ITCHING PILES. Designed to cure permanently, and does it. It's 50 cents, too.

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Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES. OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured. A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.

OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

$40.00 PER WEEK FOR WILLING WORKERS

of either sex, any age, in any part of the country, at the employment which we furnish. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. As capital is not required you run no risk. We supply you with all that is needed. It will cost you nothing to try the business. Any one can do the work. Beginners make money from the start. Failure is unknown with our workers. Every hour you labor you can surely make a dollar. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in three days at any ordinary employment. Send for free book containing the fullest information.

H. HALLETT & CO., Box 880, PORTLAND, MAINE.

HOW I EARNED AN ISLAND.

Enterprising Young Man! True & Co. instructed and started me. I worked steadily and made money faster than I expected to. I became able to buy an island and build a small summer hotel. If I don't succeed at that, I will go to work again at the business in which I made my money. True & Co., I shall we instruct and start you, reader? If we do, and if you work industriously, you will in due time be able to buy an island and build a hotel, if you wish to. Money can be earned at our new line of work, rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. We furnish everything. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This entirely new lead brings wonderful success to every worker. Beginners are earning from $25 to $50 per week and upwards, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you employment—we teach you FREE. This is an age of marvelous things, and here is another great, useful, wealth-giving wonder. Great gains will reward every industrious worker. Wherever you are and whatever you are doing, you want to know about this wonderful work at once. Delay means much money lost to you. No space to explain here, but if you will write to us, we will make all plain to you FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Box 400, Augusta, Maine.

A New Year Offering

TO THE

People of Garrett County

BY THE WELL KNOWN FIRM OF

SINCELL BROS.

They Will Sell You More Goods for the Money Than Any Other Firm in the State.

We will Mention a Few of Our Goods Which will Make the Hearts of Young and Old Leap With Joy.

We Have For Boys' Xmas Presents

A pair of Fine Kid Gloves or a pair of Fine Kid Mittens.

A very nice Necktie from 25 to 50 cents. Wool Hose for 23 cents.

Overcoats that will please them for $1.25; one a little better for $2.25. Still better ones for $3.50 to $5.

A Suit of Clothes for $1.29. A Fine suit for $3, for which you will have to pay anywhere else from $4.50 to $5.

Handkerchiefs, Underwear, Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, in fact everything that will make a boy happy on Christmas morning.

We Have For Girls' Xmas Presents

A pair of Fine Kid Gloves for 50 cents; a pair of Fine Kid Gloves for $1, which we guarantee. If they rip we replace them with a new pair. We have them in both button and lace.

Neckties for 25 cents. Lace Handkerchiefs, Linen Handkerchiefs from 5 cents to 25 cents.

In fact we have so many things for the girls that we cannot mention half of them. Come and see for yourself. We will please you.

We Have Mens' Clothing

In All Styles, Sizes and Colors.

Prices Range from $5 to $12 PER SUIT.

Men's Shoes, Men's Neckwear, Men's Underwear, Men's Gloves, Men's Hosiery, Overshirts.

Just received to-day the Largest Line of

Men's Shirts, Collars and Cuffs IN THE COUNTRY.

The Man who wants to make his Wife happy should come and see what we have for them:

CHAMBER SETS, CHINA DINNER AND TEA SETS,

In fact everything that will brighten a Home.

FOR THE LADIES

We have Dress Goods of all kinds, Kid Gloves, Fine Shoes, Fascinators, Hoods, Hosiery, Underwear of every description, Purses, Fancy Hair Pins, Back Combs of the latest Fashion, Trunks, Satchels, Telescopes, Lamps, Toilet Soap, Blankets, Dry Goods, Towels, Table Oil Cloths, Etc.

Our Grocery Department

Is full and complete with the finest that can be had. Below we give you prices of some goods. These prices are not effective after JANUARY 1st, 1895.

21 pounds Granulated Sugar	$1 00	1 lb. Old Government Coffee	29
3 cans Tomatoes	25	2½ lbs. Keystone Mince Meat	25
3 cans Corn	25	6 lbs. Rolled Oats	25
3 cans Table Peaches	50	5 lbs. unbroken Rice	20
3 cans Bartlett Pears	50	1 lb. Arbuckles' Coffee	22
2 lbs. best Citron	27	2 lbs. Cap Honey	25
2½ lbs. California Ev. Apricots	25	6 lbs. Navy Beans	25
2½ lbs. California Ev. Peaches	25	3 lbs. Leaf Lard	25
3 lbs. Gem Currants, cleaned	25	3 lbs. Evaporated Apples	25
3 lbs. Layer Raisins	25	5 lbs. Lima Beans	25
4 lbs. Baking Raisins	15	12 Cakes Washing Soap	25
3 lbs. French Prunes	25	25 cents worth of Soap for	15
2½ lbs. California Prunes	25		

We ask you to call, see and price our goods before you buy and we are sure that we can please you and save you money.

SINCELL BROS.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23-1yr.

FOR SALE.

Three acres of land, being a part of the old Kennedy farm, lying in the eastern suburbs of Oakland on either side of the road leading to Mt. Lake Park. Will be sold in lots of ¼ acre each, or as a whole.

For full particulars call on or address MRS. LIZZIE BUZZARD, Elkins, W. Va.

22-6m

MOUNT POMONA.

NURSERY AND FRUIT FARM.

Address Swanton, Md., for Fruit and Mushrooms.

Address Mt. Lake Park concerning Nursery, Greenhouse or Vegetable Products.

Agents wanted on salary.

SWEET & SHACKLEFORD.

--WANTED--

WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER

Also White Oak Timber Land.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO., Cumberland, Md.

Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

SLATE ROOFING.

I am now prepared to furnish and put on plain and fancy roofing, slate, galvanized ridge, roll and water proof paper at reasonable prices. All work and material guaranteed. C. M. Beachy,

27-1yr. Keyser, Garrett county, Md.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ¼ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES. SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. B. CARSKADON,

29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE, 21tf 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

11 1y

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments, Headstones, AND **Chimney Pipe** WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS.

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

4193.yr

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

3. Farm of Mrs. Ida C. Crumbacher, containing 61 acres, under fence; orchard of 150 trees; stable, frame house. Price, $1,200. Cash payment of $200, balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty., Oakland, Md.

COOK BROS.,

169 Baltimore Street,

CUMBERLAND, - MD.

Sole agents for the World's Fair Best Spring Wheat Flour,

The Boss

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT. ONCE YOU USE IT YOU WILL ALWAYS USE IT!

For sale in Oakland by George O. Miller & Co.; in Mountain Lake Park by Hayden & Eckles. 36—13

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

And other specialties for Gentlemen, Ladies, Boys and Misses are the

Best in the World.

See descriptive advertisement which appears in this paper.

Take no Substitute.

Insist on having W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES, with name and price stamped on bottom. Sold by

D. E. Offutt, Oakland, and Wm. Ryland, Friendsville.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Petty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate. CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING. Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. (e14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building. Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. S. BERKELEY.

Drs. M'Lane & Berkeley, PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, FROSTBURG, MD.

Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES. See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building. Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street. Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.*

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Residence and P. O. Address, 2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER. Will sell Real or Personal Estate. Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE. AUCTIONEER! *Will sell Real or Personal Property* Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is fenced on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent. 9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING, Carriage, Sign and House Painter, OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street. Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention. 50-13t.

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West Virginia's Brightest and Best Newspaper.

The splendid popular triumph for the cause of protection opens up a new chapter, and one of the most interesting in the history of the country. It has carried West Virginia into the column of protection and produced a revolution in the politics of the State. There will be new and important developments by reason of the great victory of 1894—developments that will have a decided influence on the presidential campaign of 1896—and the WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER will follow them closely in all their details. In West Virginia the Wheeling Intelligencer is the recognized leader of the cause of protection and State development.

All the foreign and home news of the year will be faithfully chronicled in the Intelligencer's telegraphic columns.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 18. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1895. NUMBER 45.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Send us your orders for printed stationery.

Mr. Orval Feather and wife are in Oakland visiting relatives.

Mr. Wm. A. Beavers, of Terra Alta, spent Tuesday in the city.

Mr. J. L. McRobie, of Swanton, was here Tuesday for a few hours.

Mr. Henry J. Mayers was in Cumberland yesterday on business.

[illegible] Kamp of Accident, [illegible] on business.

Mr. Henry F. Kahl, of Accident, spent last Friday and part of Saturday in Oakland.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Mr. John Friend of Deer Park, was here yesterday and made this office apaying call.

Mr. Robert L. Green, of Lonaconing, was in the city several hours on business yesterday.

Mr. Benjamin A. Richmond, of Cumberland, was here last night on professional business.

Messrs. Bob Fundenberg and W. B. Miller, of Deer Park, were Oakland visitors yesterday.

LOST.—Black and tan setter dog; $5 reward if returned to W. R. Mason, Oakland, Md.

Sargeant J. W. Landers, of Deer Park, called to see us yesterday and left some of the "needful."

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

W. S. Dunlap, of Wilmington N. C., was in the city yesterday.—Cumberland News, Saturday.

Rev. Henry Hamill arrived in Oakland on Saturday, called here by the extreme illness of his father.

Mr. Charles E. Hilleary, of Gorman, was here Monday representing the firm of Hirsh Bros., Cumberland.

Send your check books to this office to be numbered. We have a special machine for just this class of work.

Thos. J. Peddicord, of Oakland, attended Allegheny county court yesterday. — Cumberland News, Saturday.

Senator R. A. Ravenscroft, of Accident, came up to Oakland on Tuesday and returned home yesterday morning.

Hamill Casteel, who has been in Pittsburg attending school, returned home Monday night sick. He has improved somewhat since his return.

A long sermon entirely in blank verse was the Christmas suprise the Rev. W. O. Lowe, of Sacramento, sprang on his unsuspecting and helpless flock.

Miss Alice Kepner, who has been on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Alvin Getty in Cumberland for two weeks or more, returned to Oakland on Tuesday night.

The thermometer touched 20 degrees below zero at Oakland. This isn't the Pittsburgh Oakland; it is Oakland in Maryland.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Drs. Charles and Louis Bartlett, of Baltimore, who were here for several weeks as the guests of their uncle, Dr. E. H. Bartlett, and family, returned east last Friday morning.

There is good reason for the popularity of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Davis & Buzard, of West Monterey, Clarion Co., Pa., say: "It has cured people that our physicians could do nothing for. We persuaded them to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and they now recommend it with the rest of us." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland druggists.

Don't forget to send your order for a thousand of those XXX white envelopes; only $1.75 per thousand. This offer holds good only until the first of February.

Mr. I. N. Kemphfer, of Indianapolis, Ind., is here. He has been a resident of Indiana for ten years, and came back to Oakland to renew old acquaintanceship and visit relatives.

The opening of the public school in Oakland has been postponed on account of the non-arrival of the desks for the different departments. We are not advised when the school will be opened.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office with Dr. M. C. Hinehaugh. 35-1y.

STRAYED OR STOLEN.—On Dec. 25th, a dark brindle shepherd dog, about eight months old. Any information leading to the recovery of the dog will be liberally paid for by the undersigned.

C. E. HILLARY,
44-3t Gorman, Md.

A western editor has invented an infernal machine which he places in an envelope and sends it to those who "refuse" the paper after taking it without paying for it. The machine explodes and kills the whole family, and the fragments that fall in the yard kill the dog. We are going to invest in the new patent.

Many stubborn and aggravating cases of rheumatism that were believed to be incurable and accepted as life legacies, have yielded to Chamberlain's Pain Balm, much to the surprise and gratification of the sufferers. One application will relieve the pain and suffering and its continued use insures an effectual cure. For sale by Oakland druggists.

Every newspaper man will appreciate the following from an eastern journal, if no one else does: "Get your printing done where you please it's your right—but please do not, after spending your money elsewhere, come to our office begging for free locals. It isn't business—it isn't decent, it's cheeky beyond comparison.

Carlton Cornwell, foreman of the *Gazette*, Middletown, N. J., believes that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy should be in every home. He used it for a cold and it effected a speedy cure. He says: "It is indeed a grand remedy I can recommend to all. I have also seen it used for whooping cough, with the best results." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland druggists.

"I know an old soldier who had chronic diarrhœa of long standing to have been permanently cured by taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy," says Edward Shumpik, a prominent druggist of Minneapolis, Minn. "I have sold the remedy in this city for over seven years and consider it superior to any other medicine now on the market for bowel complaints." 25 and 50 cent bottles of this remedy for sale by Oakland druggists.

For thirty days we will furnish and print for the trade one thousand XXX No. 6 white envelopes for $1.75 *cash*. These envelopes cannot be duplicated in any office in Western Maryland for less than $2.50 but as we buy our stock direct from the factory and in large lots, we are enabled to furnish them at the price named above. Send in your orders accompanied by the cash.

Flour, Grain and Feed.

Hayden & Eckles have just received a car of flour, grain and feed, which they will sell at the very lowest prices, quality considered, for cash or good country trade. They also carry in stock a full line of dry goods, notions, groceries, boots and shoes, rubber goods, hardware, queensware, drugs, tobacco and cigars, and, in fact everything usually kept in a first-class general store. Farmers are especially invited to bring in their produce and examine our goods and prices. 42-4t.

Below are the nine longest words in the English language at the present writing:

Subconstitutionalist.
Incomprehensibility.
Philoprogenitiveness.
Honorificibilitudinity.
Disproportionableness.
Velocipedestrianistical.
Anthropophagenenarian.
Transubstantiationableness.
Proantitransubstantiationist.

The Bohemian Society, of Baltimore, has just paid its second annual visit to the tomb of Augustine Herman, the seventeenth century New Yorker, who received from Lord Baltimore in return for a highly inclusive map of Maryland, the gift of 20,000 acres on the eastern shore, the tract still known as Bohemia Manor. The pilgrims this time photographed the tomb and an ancient bridge, said to have been built by Herman. The first lord of Bohemia Manor was the earliest Bohemain to settle in Maryland. The fifth lord died an imbecile early in this century.

The people of Bethlehem, Pa., were astohished the other evening to hear the whistle at the iron mills blowing at an unusual hour. Inquiry as to the cause resulted in learning that a representative of the iron company had just returned from Russia with a contract in his pocket for fifteen hundred tons of armor plate for Russia's two new battle ships. The representative says that foreign armor plate manufacturers are greatly chagrined at the contract coming to the United States. The contract will keep the works in full operation for nearly a year.

The Davis Coal and Coke Company have authorized the proposed improvements to the Franklin property of that corporation. The work will be under the immediate supervision of Mr. Fairfax S. Longstreet, the general manager of that company. Among the proposed improvements will be a bridge across the north branch of the Potomac river near the mouth of Savage river, and about opposite the West Virginia junction. This will enable the Davis Coal and Coke Company to deliver the output of coal from the Franklin mines on the line of the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg railway. The work will be commenced about the first of March, 1895, and will be rapidly pushed to completion. The latest improved "tipple" will be built, and a number of houses, etc., for the use of the company.—Cor. Daily News.

Valuable Advice.

Avoid lawsuits and loss by consulting H. P. Tasker and examining his abstracts of the "conflicting titles" before paying for Military Lots. Charges reasonable. Office in Colardeau Cottage, opposite the bank, Oakland, Md. 41-tf.

Maryland Postoffice Changes.

The postoffice department caused several changes in the service in Maryland during the past year, which are made apparent in the new postal guide. The number of presidential offices in Maryland is one less than it was a year ago, two offices, Catonsville and Towson, having been made sub-stations of Baltimore, and Laurel, Prince George's county, being put on the list at a salary of $1,000. Nine officers receive more salary this year than last, while three receive less. The increases are: Annapolis, from $2,100 to $2,400; Cambridge, $1,600 to $1,700; Crisfield $1,300 to $1,400; Ellicott City, $1,400 to $1,500; Lonaconing, $1,200 to $1,300; Princess Anne, $1,100 to $1,200; Snow Hill, $1,100 to $1,200. The offices reduced are: Rockville, from $1,300 to $1,200; Sparrows' Point, $1,600 to $1,400 and Westminister, $1,800 to $1,700. Sixty fourth-class offices were made third-class presidential offices on the 1st of this month.

Death of Hon. Patrick Hamill.

Hon. Patrick Hamill expired at his residence in Oakland on Tuesday night at 10.30 o'clock.

He was born at the Green Glades, Garrett county, April 28th, 1817. His father, Patrick Hamill, was born at Balymede, Ireland, April 15, 1781. He was a revolutionist under Emmet in 1798, and was forced to leave Ireland to save his life, and sought a home in America. He married, May 12, 1805, at Westernport, Mary Morrison. They had five children, of whom Judge Hamill was the youngest. The elder Hamill was a successful farmer and died at Green Glades on March 23, 1818.

Judge Patrick Hamill was educated at the common schools of his neighborhood until he was of age, after which he prosecuted his studies under a private teacher at his own expense. He learned the carpenter's trade, at which he worked for one year, at the expiration of which he engaged in farming and stock-raising. In 1841 he was appointed tax collector for Allegany county, which position he held for two years. In 1843 he was elected to the Legislature and was re-elected in 1844. In 1855 he engaged in the mercantile business and continued this business for a term of ten years. He was nominated to the Constitutional Convention which met in 1851, but declined, and held no public office until appointed Judge of the Orphans' Court by Governor Ligon. He was elected to the same office for a second term. In 1866 he was elected to the Legislature but declined to take his seat because of the test-oath and other reasons. In 1868 he was elected Judge of the Orphans' Court for Allegany county, of which he was chief judge. He was also president of the Allegany county convention for the nomination of delegates to the convention which framed the present constitution of Maryland and was tendered the nomination of delegate, but declined. In 1868 he was nominated and elected to the Forty-first Congress to succeed ex-Governor Francis Thomas, and served on the Committees of Public Expenditures and the Navy Department. After his retirement from Congress he held no public office except that of director of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. He was influential in the formation of Garrett county.

He married, in the year 1842, Isabelle, daughter of Enoch and Anna Kight, at Westernport. By this union eight children were born, four sons and four daughters.

Judge Hamill was a thoroughly honest and conscientious gentleman and was closely and prominently identified with the important interests of his native county.

His record in Congress and in other public positions was uniformly creditable.

The funeral of the deceased gentleman will occur this afternoon at 2.30 o'clock from his late residence on Second street.

Rogers' Sarsaparilla.

A specific for all. 100 doses for 75 cents. Rogers' Little Liver Pills, best on the market; Cough Cure, Liniment, Appetine and Worm Syrup, sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland; Cuppett Bros., McHenry; J. A. DeBerry, Corinth; C. F. White, Hutton; P. T. Garthright, Hayden & Eckles, Mt. Lake Park; Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park; Wm. Frederick, Friendsville; Yough Store Co., Jonas Frazee, Robert Liston, Selbysport; W. Wass, Mineral Springs; J. E. Gnagey, Accident; Smith & Callis, Hoyes, and by all general dealers.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending Jan. 19th, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

J. J. Ashby,	Sing Deffinbaugh,
P. H. Echard,	S. C. Roge,
John Harold,	W. R. Johnson,
J. L. Haugh,	Geo. Rodeheaver—2,
Chas. L. Shaffer, jr.,-2,	Jonas Yutzy,
Bud Wolf,	O. J. Schooley,
Jos. Friend,	Rev. W. G. Lloyd,
Mrs. Maria Pleasant,	Mrs. Virginia Bosley,
" Lyda Robinson.	" Jennie Bosley,
Miss Ella Griffith,	" Elizabeth McCloble
" Mary Cleaver,	Miss Margaret Davis,
" Della King,	" Estella McCloble,
" Sollie McBride,	" Nellie S. Walker,
" Mamie Bosley,	" Katie Burke.

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

B. & O.'s Small Debt.

President Charles F. Mayer, in answer to an query from a capitalist interested in the road, states that the fixed charges, car trusts, sinking funds, etc., due January 1st, amounting to nearly $1,000,000, were paid without borrowing a dollar. "I name this fact especially," Mr. Mayer says, "because it is not unusually heavy payments January 1st. I doubt if the Baltimore & Ohio has owed so small a floating debt for twelve or fifteen years, perhaps longer, and it never had the large volume of stocks and bonds it now has, something over $16,000,000—not put down at their face value but rather at their intrinsic value. I can safely say the road has not been in so strong a position as now for at least fifteen years."

Married.

The following four marriage notices are taken from the Frostburg *Journal* of last week:

At the parsonage of the M. E. church, by Rev. T. Marshall West, Saturday, Dec. 29, 1894, Miss Louisa Garlitz to Mr. John Thomas Bloeher, both of Garrett county.

At the parsonage of the M. E. church, Sunday Dec. 30, 1894, by Rev. T. Marshall West, Miss Sarah Evaline Garlitz to Mr. William Sheridan Seymour, both of Garrett county.

Monday evening, December 31, 1894, at the parsonage of the English Lutheran church, by Rev. C. A. Britt, Miss Lillie Rosenberger to George Minnick, both of Garrett county.

Sunday, January 6, 1895, at the parsonage of the M. E. church, by Rev. T. Marshall West, Miss Linnie V. Layman to Charles D. Chaney, both of Garrett county.

LADIES
Needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints.

The Baltimore and Cumberland R. R.

A dispatch from Hagerstown to the Baltimore *Sun* of to-day says: Monday night in Baltimore the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg Railway company declared a dividend of 1½ per cent. At the same time the stockholders of the Piedmont and Cumberland railroad declared a dividend of 6 per cent. At the same time the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg and the Piedmont and Cumberland railway companies passed an order to endorse the bonds of the Baltimore and Cumberland Railway company to the amount of $3,600,000, which insures the early construction of that road. Major E. W. S. Moore was re-elected secretary and treasurer of the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg Railway. The Baltimore and Cumberland railroad is to run from Cumberland to Hagerstown. It is stated here that the Pennsylvania railroad has not endorsed the bonds, but that the Pennsylvania and West Virginia Central railroads are very close together.

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Funerals in Colonial Maryland.

Funerals were expensive. The hearsing and inearthing of a person of quality in the middle of the eighteenth century was a proceeding commonly characterized by features eminently social if not convivial. For the obsequies of a gentleman of Baltimore in 1758 the "outfit" called for a coffin at £6 16s.; 4 yards of crape at £7 3s. 6d., 23 yards of black tiffany, £4 16s.; 5½ yards of broadcloth, £6 11s. 3d.; 7½ yards of black shalloon, 19s. 3d.; 6½ yards linen, £1 12s.; 3 dozen pairs of men's black silk gloves, £5 8s.; a dozen pairs of womens black silk gloves, £3 12s.; black silk handkerchiefs, calamanco, mohair and buckram ribbon, besides 47½ pounds of loaf sugar, 14 dozen eggs, 10 dozen nutmegs, 1½ pounds of allspice, 10 gallons of white wine, 12 bottles of red wine and 10 gallons of rum.

There must be no slacking of good cheer because a gentleman happened to be a little dead. He had known what society expected of him when he was in the quick, and his household knew what he would expect of them on occasions such as this, when the credit of a fine old family was at stake. When persons of quality did him the honor to escort his "rambling remains to the family mausoleum, it was proper to provide against possible pangs of thirst that might attend the polite exertion and to lighten the tedium and to cheer the gloom with customary beverage, for would not his tombstone proclaim him a person of quality? — "Old Maryland Homes and Ways" in Century.

A Fine Horse.

[illegible] Maroney & Sons, of Oakland, have bought of the Rumbarger Live Stock Co., of Indianapolis, Ind., for one thousand dollars, the stallion Emperor Wilkes, record 2.34; by Ethan Wilkes, dam Mary E., by Mambrino Rattler; second dam by Brignoli, she by Mambrino Chief. We here find the fashionable combination blood of the Wilkes, Morgan, Mambrino Chief cross, which we find in Joe Patchen, 2.04: Reubenstine, 2.07¼; Ralph Wilkes, 2.06¾; John R. Gentry, 2.03¾, and many other superior race horses of this blood. Ethan Wilkes (sire of Emperor Wilkes, record 2.34, trial, 2.28; Will Kerr, 2.07½; Viunette, 2.09¼, and thirteen others on the 2.30 list) by George Wilkes. Dam Lady Ethan, (dam of Queen Wilkes, full sister of Ethan Wilkes, 2.23½; Soldier, 2.28; Lord Fergeson, 2.19¼. Second dam, Topsy, dam of Hambletonian Mambrino, 2.21½; by Abdallan, 15, sire of Goldsmith Maid, 2.14). Emperor Wilkes is a horse of great substance and will fill the eye of the most critical. Messrs. Maroney, in securing this horse is to be complimented and the people of Garrett county to be benefitted.

Real Estate Transfers.

John W. Barnhouse and wife to John G. Pangh, part of "Clifton," 50 acres; $370.

C. M. Miller and wife to Mrs. Jamima Mowery, 100 acres of land; $700.

Mt. Home Company to Dr. A. S. Marder, lots 12, 13, 27 and 28 in block 8, of Loch Lynn Heights; $350.

Isaac King to Resley M. Garrett, his interest in two parcels of land; $40.

Orval A. Welsh to Lottie A. Welsh, the Guard lot in Friendsville and part of "Friend's Fortune; $1000.

Eliza Fundenburg to Patrick J. and Thomas J. Garrett, 9 acres and 54 perches of land; $92.

C. M. Miller to Mrs. Lizzie L. Miller, lot No. 35 in Swanton; $1.

Mt. Home Co. to Henry E. Felty, lots Nos. 7 and 8 in block 31 of Loch Lynn Heights; $150.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A VILLAGE ROMANCE

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON.

IN a tiny white cottage, under a huge, wide-spreading elm tree, close up to the broad, grassy village street, lived year after year the busy little seamstress, Diana Lee.

Mouth after month she stitched and prayed and sang sweet old ballads and hymns, and never shirked a known duty, whether it came to her in the way of watching with a sick neighbor, in speuking a word to the uneonverted, in encouraging the lambs of the fold, lu tuking the lead of a meeting or in giving a tenth of her time to sew for the old and poor—or a tenth of her earnings for the support of the gospel at home and abroad.

Next door to the neat little woodbine and honeysuckle wreathed cottage stood the handsome and somewhat pretentious residence of the richest man in the township, Roswell Poindexter, un eccentric bachelor. While continually occupied with his own affairs, he took very little note of his near neighbor, only to wish that her small garden did not eut into the corner of his broad lawn, or to send her sometimes by his housekeeper a bit of fine darning or a frayed buttonhole. They had lived in this way from early youth, and now they were middle-aged.

Sometimes he was tempted to endeavor, through an agent, to purchase the small house, but then he remembered that many years before the whole estate had been owned by the Lees, and, respecting the sentiment that made this last member of an old family cling to this last remnant of former grandeur, he did nothing to make her distrust that she or her house were in any way superfluous.

That it was possible for him to become iu uny wuy interested in her did not eater his heart until one spring day au accident that only just escuped being fatal laid him by for a time aud gave him opportunity to think.

Through the long, sweet days of coming summer he was confined to a [illegible] that was often rolled to his library window, where he soon wearied of the infrequent and familiar pa[illegible] or of looking across the bea[illegible]eep of meadow to the noble Connecticut flowing in grandeur to the Sound.

At such times he would push the chair into such an angle that by pulling the heavy drapery curtains aside he could look across the grassy lawn and into the open window of his little neighbor's sewing room. Hour after hour he watched her without weariness as she sat and sewed or scattered crumbs for the singing birds rearing their young in her honeysuckle vine.

Whenever the bell of the old gray stone church a little distance down the street rang on a week day he noted that she dropped her work, put on her wraps and walked rapidly down the street, and on Sunday that she went punctually to all the services and never failed to spend un hour with the blind woman out on the meadow lane or to look after any of her Sunday-school class who were absent.

He enjoyed seeing her pass, yet he was glad when Sunday was over and she sat ugaiu quietly at her work, although he felt like a thief every time he pulled the curtuin aside and allowed his eyes to rest on the trim little figure in the bright little room.

"It does her no hnrm," he argued, "and it is a comfort to me, and I have o little comfort. How graceful she is in all her movements! She has a grace of spirit, too, that is rnre, it seems to me, among the younger women of my aequaintance. I suspect she always had it. I have given her very little thought, to be sure, but as I look baek, I knaow she has gone to the church in response to every eall of the bell season after senson, just as regularly as the elm trees have budded, put forth and cast their leaves, and she seems, somehow, to belong to the place as much as they do. It is Wednesday; the bell will ring for the woman's meeting in fifteen minutes. It must be she hears God's voice in its resonant peal and cannot but obey.

"I believe in these things, although I have not arrived at the place where I can understand them. I hardly know why, for I thought I was converted long ago at the same time Diana Lee was, and I have been pretty constant at meeting ever since on Sundays, once a day at least."

The memory of that far away revival set him off in a train of thought that ended in a long nap. He missed the ringing of the church bell and the going out of his gentle neighbor, but awoke in time to see the familiar figure trip lightly up the street.

His window was open to admit the balmy air, and as he leaned forward to look at her she bowed and smiled, and something in her neighbor's pale face made her pause and say, half hesitatingly, in her sympathetic voice:

"You must be thankful to enjoy once more the fresh air and sunshine. I am glad to see you so much better."

He beckoned for her to come nearer, and as she approached he said:

"Thank you, it is wearisome enough lying by so long. I have watched you from my window as you were stepping about, and have noted your going to meeting every time the bell rang, and, somehow, I feel better aequainted with you than I have before in all these years. I want to ask you now why you go to meeting so persistently in all sorts of weather, even when you must be very tired?"

"I love to go," she said, "and it rests me, body and soul." She spake now with enthusiasm. "As a believer it is my business to go. It is one way in which I eun show my allegiance to my Maker. It reminds me of and prepares me for the life to come, and that is the only thing in all our journeying through this world of which we are absolutely sure. We know nothing of to-morrow or this evening, but we know there is a life beyond the grave toward which we are all hastening."

"I am a believer," he said, "but I am following afar off. I was thinking this afternoon of that revival when dear old Pastor Ives was here, and I went to sleep nnd dreamed it all over again and saw you as you were then, a young girl in a white gown and straw gipsy."

"That was a long time ago," she said; "and yet it does not seem so very long, for I never have passed one moment in darkness or doubt since that time, but have gone on, in faith, doing always the duty that came nearest. You repeuted and believed, but never sought for faith to help you to take the next step. So there you have been and there you will remain with no broader vision until you obey the next step in His command. Oh, I wish you would go on now."

As the golden light oi the afternoon sun flickered through the tender leaves of the old elms and fell upon her face the sick man thought it shone like the face of an angel.

She had spoken with unwonted earnestness, and as he watched her crossing the lawn he saw that she was wiping the tears from her still plump cheeks with her pocket handkerchief.

"What a dainty little creature she is!" he thought, "and what a brave soul! Although in her girlhood she was as shy as a wild wood bird. Of course she is half frightened now at her temerity and is wondering if her words will be of any avail."

He could see her again now; she was within the little sewing room and had knelt a moment by the stand that held the Bible before removing her hat and gloves.

"She is praying for me!" said the invalid, and the thought brought a hope into his heart so strong that it created anew the faith wrecked long years agone.

The next time the little seamstress passed he, well wrapped, was sitting upon the poreh and called to her, inviting her to come and look at his pansy beds and to gather a nosegay.

As she stood by his side at last with her hands full of the bright, fragrant early blossoms, he said:

"We have been neighbors a good while. I wonder if that will warrant my asking a very great favor of you now?"

"I will do anythiag iu my power," and she regarded him questioniugly.

"Will you let me go to meeting with you every time the bell clangs forth its summons from this time on while we both shall live? I think I shall be able to hobble to church by Sunday."

She looked surprised and puzzled. Several times she essayed to speak, and paused as if she feared the right words had not been given her.

The man was not quizzing, she was sure of that; he was too much of a gentleman; and besides, there was a

HOUR AFTER HOUR HE WATCHED.

qniver of tenderness in his voice that she had never heard before.

"I shall want to sit with you and look out of the same hymn book in church," he said. "Do you remember, one summer before I went to college, we both sang in the choir? But now I should prefer that you sit in my family pew. I saw you kneeling after you went home yesterday. I think you were praying, and for me. I want to hear you pray, and to kneel beside you. In order that I may have that privilege I want you to come over here and live in my house, that I may enjoy your society continually. In fact, Diana, my dear, to come to a point, will you marry me? I need you to assist me into the right way and to help me to be faithful."

"Will you be helped?"

"I will be, if I may walk side by side with you."

"So be it, then."

The wedding was not delayed, and there was never a sweeter bride than Diana, and so everyone said, with the exception, perhaps, of a few envious young girls, a few scheming mothers and a widow or two, but they did not count in the general verdict that it was a most excellent match.

Mrs. Roswell Poindexter has leisure and means to perform many beneficent acts that were out of the question for plain little Diana Lee.

Her husband—he is Deacon Poindexter now—is earnest in every good work, and says he has only one thing to regret, and that is that he did not sooner recognize that the romance as well as the real purpose of his life was bound up in the little white cottage next door.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

THE KINDLY PANTHER.

Becomes a Household Pet in Patagonia and Is Fond of People.

On the desert of Patagonia there are more panthers in proportion to the area and the number of other kinds of animals than in any other region in the world. The lonely wayfarer is not often found there afoot, but men have been on the desert unmounted, and the panthers have come to play around them, too. But it is not as a predatory eat that they come. It is as a playful kitten. Individual panthers play by themselves—old ones as well as young—by the hour. They will chase and paw and roll an upturned bush or a round rock or any moving thing, and lacking that will pretend to sneak up on unwary game, crouching the while behind a bush or rock for concealment, to spring out at last and land on a hump of sand or a shadow. Then they turn around and do the same thing over again. When it is in this frame of mind if a lone human being comes along the panther is as glad to see him as a petted cat is to see its mistress. It purrs and rolls over before him, and gallops from side to side, and makes no end of kitten-like motions, and all because of the exuberance of its youthful spirits. I know that the average reader, accustomed to the Fenimore Cooper sort of novels, will think this an exaggeration, but the plainsmen of all Argentina call the panther by a name that means "the friend of man," and that, too, in spite of the havoc it makes among their sheep. The combined panthers of the world do not kill one-tenth as many people as barnyard cattle do.

This name of the beast, elsewhere counted ferocious, arose from an incident well authenticated in the history of Buenos Ayres, though I have no doubt that other instances of the kindly disposition of the panther toward the human race have served to perpetnate the title. In 1536 the people of Buenos Ayres, then a town of two thousand inhabitants, were reduced to the point of starvation because of a war with the Indians. One writer, Del Barco Centenera, asserts that eighteen hundred of the two thousand died of hunger. The dead were buried only just beyond the pallisades, because of the danger from Indians, and in consequence many beasts of prey come to feed on the thinly covered bodies, a circumstance that added greatly to the terror and distress of the people. Nevertheless hunger increased so much that many ventured out into woods along the river seeking edible roots, and with some success. Among these was a young woman named Maldonada, who, getting lost, was found and carried away by the Indians. Some months later, peace having been restored, Don Rui Diaz, the captain of the soldiers, learned that Senorita Maldonada was alive, and thereupon he persuaded the Indians to restore her. He did this, not to relieve her from her slavery, but that he might punish her for what he believed to be her treachery. He thought she had deserted to the Indians, and so he condemned her to be tied to a tree three miles from town and left there to be eaten by wild beasts. This was done. After two nights and a day soldiers were sent to bring in her bones for burial, but to their great astonishment she was found unhurt. She said a panther had remained with her and had driven off the jagnars and other beasts of prey that came to destroy her.—N. Y. Sun.

GRIPMEN WHO ARE ARTISTS.

Cable Cars Piloted, as a Role, With Skill Safety and Comfort Nowadays.

The great majority of the cable gripmen have now so perfected themselves in their work that usually they start and stop the cars smoothly. Many of them are artists, who handle a car beautifully, calculating with the utmost nicety, not only the power at command, the weight carried, and the operation of the brake and grip of the particular car, but also the movements of neighboring teams and their effect upon the truck immediately in front, and the characteristics of the driver of the truck ahead. With all these elements they compute the measure of speed needed. There is in the town, perhaps, no set of men more alert, physically and mentally, than the high-grade gripmen. They pilot their cars fearlessly, dashingly, and safely, often with but a hair's breadth to spare.

It would be hard to say which are the better gripmen, those of Third avenue or Broadway; but it is certain that to see the Broadway gripman at his best he should be watched as he shoots the Fourteenth street curve. The men are all watchful and ready for any emergency, but, while some are apparently under a strain, others stand erect and trim and square to the front, and there are some nowndays whose first motion to set the brake before the crossing is not a right-hand pull upon the brake wheel, but a left-hand thrust, and that takes muscle.

To be sure, people occasionally ride with a gripman not yet accustomed to his work, who starts a car as if it were a shell out of a gun, and who stops it as if there were a precipice two feet ahead. Then people fall over one another and smile vacantly, just as they did at the start when cable cars were new.—N. Y. Sun.

Potting and Watering House Plants.

Plants cultivated in the house often suffer from being put into pots very much too large for them. The mass of soil, which is quite out of proportion to their needs, by frequent watering soon gets into such a sour and sodden condition that the roots will in some cases rot away completely and the plant dies; even in the more sturdy varieties the sour soil will produce only sickly growth. Even when the amount of soil is not greater than the plant needs, it is quite an easy matter to give too much water to succulents, such as the cactus family, the agaves, crassulas, and others of like habit. In fact these plants, when at rest, as most of them are during the winter, need scarcely a drop of water, as long as the branches remain plump and firm.—Philadelphia Press.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—Chestnuts were sold on the streets of ancient Rome at twenty for one cent.

—The value of leaf tobacco exported by this country in 1890 was $20,640,000.

—A reputation for good judgment, fair dealing, truth and rectitude, is itself a fortune.—H. W. Beecher.

—Enthusiasm flourishes in adversity, kindles in the hour of danger, and awakens to deeds of renown.—Chalmers.

—It is as easy to deceive one's self without perceiving it as it is hard to deceive others without their finding it out.—Rochefoucald.

—In the sugar corn the conversion of sugar into starch is arrested at a particular point in the growth, the grain does not fill out, and is consequently shriveled.

—The blood flows almost as freely through the bones as through the flesh of very young children, but as age comes on, the blood vessels in the boaes are almost filled with matter.

—Popcorn pops because the essential oil in the corn is converted into gas by heat, and thus an explosion occurs which tears the kernel open and causes a singular inversion of its contents.

—Hobbes was luxurious in his eating tastes. When told on one occasion that a philosopher should be abstemious, he said he was not philosopher enough to deny his stomach anything it wanted.

—Cicero ate very little, and of the plainest food. He had a theory that any disease could be overcome by fasting, and often abstained from food for days at a time, drinking only water.

—Through the vain webs which puzzle sophists' skill, plain sense and honest meaning work their way; so sink the varying clouds upon the hill, when the clear dawning brightens into day.—Dr. Watts.

—In Siam, when a funeral is passing, the women take down their hair and unfasten their beads, and the men fumble around in their pockets for a little piece of metal to hold between their teeth.

—In France a very good gas is made from the fatty materials contained in the soapsuds, after washing wools and yarns. The wash-water of a woolen mill with 20,000 spindles will annually yield enough of this substance to produce 1,[illegible],000 feet of gas.

—Lottie—"Before Ethel married that young literary man she told me one day that her union with him was going to raise her to a higher life." Tottie—"And did it?" Lottie—"Yes; they are living in an attic now."—Somerville Journal.

—Superintendent Byrnes reports that his estimate of the number of men who regularly sleep in cheap lodging houses of New York City varies from 40,000 to 45,000 throughout the year. At least 1,200 more sleep every night in the police station houses. These are of a more degraded class than the others.

—Petroleum is found in Sicily, the north of Italy, in many volcanic isles in the Mediterranean, at Baku on the Caspian, on the slopes of the Caucasus, at Rangoon in Burmah, in the island of Trinidad. In Ontario, Pennsylvania, Ohio, New York, West Virginia, California, in Siberia, Tartary, China and in several places in Africa.

—Club life among women holds a much more important place in London than in New York. One of the most typical, the Pioneer club, has luxurious quarters, including a comfortable smoking room, to which only women are admitted. Although tobacco is allowed, liquors of all kinds are tabooed. Mrs. Massingberd, of temperance fame, is the president, and there are 470 members, who are more or less noted.—Harper's Bazar.

—A new carpet for the Waterloo chamber at Windsor castle, said to be the largest ever manufactured, has been woven in the jail of Agra, in India, by prisoners undergoing penal servitude. They hope to obtain a remission of sentence for their diligence in completing the task, which has taken them fourteen months. Twenty-eight convicts were engaged on the work, the carpet measuring 77 feet by 40 and containing 58,840,000 stitches.

—In the London Guildhall Liner Memorandorum is a paragraph, in Latin, which Mr. Arthur W. Hogg has translated as follows, "And because of the great noise in the city by some players of large footballs, thrown in the meadows of the people, from which evils might arise, which God forbid: We command and forbid on behalf of the king, under pain of imprisonment, such game to be used in the city for the future." This was dated April 13, 1314, in the reign of Edward II.

—A private letter from St. Petersburg mentions the mysterious disappearance of a valuable diamond from the crown of jewels. It is well known that the imperial crown of the Russian czar is set with a great number of very fine and large diamonds. During the late czar's funeral procession this crown was carried by a high dignitary from the Nicolajevski railroad station to the Castle of Peter and Paul, and during this time it is thought the jewel was lost. Great secrecy is observed by the officials, but still the rumor has spread. An inquiry is known to have been ordered. A prominent jeweler expresses the opinion that the stone may have been crushed into the interior by carelessness and might be found between the metal rim and the purple velvet lining.

—A farmer named Sam Jones set a trap for a fox the other day in a clearing in Sealury Settlement, New York, and when he went to see if he had caught anything he found that the trap was gone, notwithstanding it had been secured by a chain and a heavy staple driven into a log. The chain had been broken off and fox tracks led away, leaving a tolerably plain trail in the dead leaves. This trail Jones followed until he reached a small opening some dozens of rods away, where, on the moss, lay his fox dead and holding fast by the throat with its jaws a dead eagle. The eagle in sailing over the woods had spied the fox in the trap and had swooped down upon it, but the fox, though crippled by the trap, had made a game fight and killed his assailant while yielding up his own life.

THE TEMPLE OF RAMESES.

A Traveler's Description of the Ancient Egyptian Ruin.

A man who reigns sixty-seven years, lives to be just one hundred, and begets one hundred and seventy children, is likely to leave a pretty big footprint in the sands of time. His characteristic way of proclaiming his achievements, as it were with a foghorn, all up and down Egypt, makes him very precious to the historian. It is your modest Cincinnatus kind of hero who does a great thing, and then, diving back into obscurity, wants so much researching that he becomes a trial even to a German savant. But directly Rameses had achieved a conquest, he could not rest till he had carved the record of it on every spare wall space from Memphis up to Abu-Simbel. Moreover, he kept a poet-laureate, one Pentaur, who wrote a glorious poem in praise of Rameses; and this is cut in the walls of Luxor, on the Ramasseum at Thebes, at Abydos, and, of course, at Abu-Simbel.

It was about the year 1330 B. C. that Rameses began his temple at Abu-Simbel. It was a superb idea, worthy of his great mind; he simply took a vast hillside, and hewed his temple out of the heart of it. Nothing less than a facade one hundred and twenty feet long and one hundred and five feet high would satisfy the imperial architect, and there he set the four immortal warders, his own royal likeness four times repeated. What must they have been in their unspeakable dignity on the great day when all Egypt journeyed to the consecration of the temple! Even now, after three thousand years, wrecked and ruined as they are, eternal peace sits upon their lips, and, defying the centuries, they still keep watch across the desert sand, gazing with untroubled eyes into the very heart of the dawn. The figure to the left of the entrance has been shattered, the head and trunk having been probably dashed to fragments by an avalanche of rocks from the cliff above. The two northernmost figures are also more or less damaged; but the one nearest to the river is, for all practical purposes, quite perfect. Seen by the first flush of sunrise he is very mystical and wonderful; even in the blaze of full moon he remains "most majestical," but he is most awful and overwhelming when one sees him beneath the Egyptian moon. It is then that you realize his triumph over all those "hungry generations," and feel how small, cramped and mean modern life is.

And the interior is no less wonderful. One enters a vast hall filled with soft twilight and mysterious hush, and gradually, as one's eyes get accustomed to the gloom, from ceiling, wall and pillar, loom and lean whole armies of wonderful figures—gods, heroes and kings, clad in gold and crimson and blue; and of galloping horses, and all the hurried rush of battle and conquest. In a whirl and tempest of kingly glorification Rameses bursts upon his enemies, overthrows their cities and destroys whole legions with his own hands. The magnificent poem of Pentaur is written on the walls, and these splendid pictures are the illustrations to it. Eight enormous Osiride pillars support the roof. Farther on, in the heart of the mountain, is another hall, and beyond that the holy of holies, containing the shrine or altar; behind this sit in semi-darkness four great figures, Ptah, Amen, Hamarchis and Rameses himself. Here he has lifted himself into the rank of the immortals, and is enthroned with the three great gods. One day in the year (probably the day of the dedication) a strange thing happens. The orientation of the temple is so arranged that at sunrise one level shaft of light pierces the darkness of the outer and inner halls and falls like living fire on the shrine itself. I was fortunate enough to be there on the very day, and the effect was overwhelming in its mystery and awe.—Cornhill Magazine.

GENT—"What is the reason you charge twice as much for my cuffs as you did formerly?" Washerwoman—"Because you have begun making pencil notes on them." Gent—"What difference does that make?" Washerwoman—"The girls waste so much time in trying to make them out."—De Amsterdammer.

"Was there a party here to look at the house?" Snapp—"Well, I don't know what you might think, but he seemed to me to be regular picnic."

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Stealing His Own Property.

A reckless man left an apple in a bag on his desk where several people sit. An office boy "peeped" into the bag, hovering longingly around it, finally brought another boy around to share the temptation, asked if anybody owned the apple, and then assured that the apple belonged to nobody in the world, promptly fell. There seems to be something in the theory that crime, like misery, loves company, for the youngster divided the apple with the other boy, making him party to the theft. Not content with this, he placed a piece of coal in the paper, closed the top and replaced the bag on the desk. The rightful owner of the apple came in a minute later, and seeing the office boy and the bag containing the apple, as he supposed, he picked up the latter and held it out.

"Here's an apple I saved for you," he said, and he handed over the bag to the boy.

Honesty is the—but everybody knows what it is, and that office boy looked truly conscience-stricken that he had divided the apple when he might have had it all!—N. Y. Tribune.

For Dessert.

Cranberries may be used instead of currant jelly as the flavoring for excellent dessert. Wash a pint of berries, and [illegible] water to keep them from scorching. If a particle more is added it will spoil the result. As soon as the berries pop, put them through a colander, add a cupful of granulated sugar. Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of gelatine in four tablespoonfuls of cold water, add the berries as soon as sweetened, stand on ice, and stir until the pudding begins to thicken, then mix well with it a pint of thick cream. Put in a mold until it hardens.—N. Y. Post.

Scrofulous Taints

Lurk in the blood of almost every one In many cases they are inherited. Scrofula appears in running sores, bunches, pimples and cancerous growths. Scrofula can be cured by purifying the blood with

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Sarsaparilla. This great remedy has had wonderful success in curing this disease. It thoroughly eradicates the humor from the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures the sores and eruptions by removing their cause—impurities in the blood. Get Hood's.

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Ely's Cream Balm

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation Restores the Sense of Taste and Smell. Heals the Sores.

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N.Y.

Wife—What in the world are you doing up there?

Husband—I am trying to find the big thing in the column you spoke of.

Wife—You great goose, it was in a newspaper column.

Of course you are not a goose, reader, but you will be if you do not look up the big offer of $48.00 for $2.00 in another column of this paper, and take advantage of it.

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NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

A GENUINE REFORM.

True Account of a Saloon-Keeper's Conversion Many Years Ago.

"What on earth are you doing Gates?" exclaimed young Watson, as he came across his friend standing in front of his store, watching the mingling of spirits in the gutter, where he had poured them. Beside him were broken casks, demijohns and wine bottles, where the red wine was still trickling down to the plebeian liquors in the gutter.

Black spirits and white, blue spirits and gray,
Mingle, mingle, mingle, while you may,

quoted Mr. Gates, with a tragic air. "But seriously, Watson, shall I tell you why I do this?"

"If you can give any sane reason for this abominable waste, do so. Why, that is real French brandy which you have poured into the gutter. Haven't I sampled it? If it were the vile decoctions of fusel-oil, sugar and logwood, everywhere so common, one couldn't blame you, but that brandy and old port, to say nothing of the genuine bourbon whisky!"

"Have you got through?" said Mr. Gates, with a pleasant smile. "Well, then, gurgling along in that foul gutter, *just where they belong*, are the incitives to murder, impurity, theft, all crime in fact. And they are false traitors. They promise good, and give only evil. Did you know that I have *changed leaders*, Watson? I have chosen Christ for my King. Love for Him and humanity make me remember God's command: 'Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in cup, when it moveth itself aright.' 'At the last, it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.'"

JUST WHERE THEY BELONG.

"Whew! you make me shiver," said Watson. "Is not wine the symbol of good fellowship? And the very first miracle which Christ performed, when He came to earth, was to turn water into wine at the wedding in Cana."

"Wine made from water, 'good wine,' is certainly harmless," said Mr. Gates. "It is only when 'the invisible spirit,' which Shakespeare calls 'devil,' gets into it—the alcohol—that it does so much harm.

"Now you know Watson, that this evil thing, in wine, beer, cider, whisky, or rum, wherever it is found, does more harm, produces more crime, destroys more lives, than ever pestilence or famine. As one of Christ's followers, I am committed to its overthrow. It is the worst enemy that Christ has upon earth. It hinders the coming of His kingdom more than all other enemies."

"Well, well, I don't profess to be a Christian, you know."

"You ought to be one, just the same, and so had every other sane man. If he knows of any agency which fills prisons, almshouses and lunatic asylums, and burdens the people with taxes grievous to be borne, as an honest man he is bound to do all in his power to destroy it."

This wholesale destruction of spirits took place many years ago, when the temperance reform was in its infancy. Mr. Gates—that is not his real name—is still living, honored and beloved by all lovers of truth and humanity. And his life, instead of proving a failure, financially, has been grandly successful.

A certain college enjoys princely gifts from him, and he is building for himself an imperishable monument.—Mrs. E. J. Richmond, in National Temperance Advocate.

MEDICINE AND ALCOHOL.

Physicians Are More and More Generally Coming to See the Mistake of Prescribing Alcoholic Beverages.

One of the signs of the times in the temperance movement is the steady growth among physicians of a sentiment against the administration of liquor of any kind as a medicine. The accepted scientific view of alcohol is that it is a poison, and its administration should be as guarded as that of any other poison used as a medicine. Perhaps the hardest thing a physician finds in his effort to restore his patients to health without the use of liquors is the common but erroneous belief that they are "strengthening," and that the convalescent, by their use, reaches recovery more quickly. The error is in supposing that any alcoholic liquor is nourishing or strengthening. They are neither. Alcohol does not nourish, but it pulls down; it does not strengthen, but excites and exhausts; for every stimulation is necessarily followed by a period of depression, and this is inevitably unfavorable to the patient.

There is a grave responsibility resting on the physician who prescribes alcoholic liquor. It may arouse in a susceptible patient a dormant, inherited tendency to drink. He may, by authorizing its use during the period of convalescence, fix a habit upon a patient of feeble will which the latter will never be able to shake off. No physician who realizes this great moral responsibility will be willing to accept it habitually. He certainly knows that the best medical authorities agree that alcoholic intoxicants are rarely useful as a medicine; that at best they are dangerous remedies; and that the less they are resorted to, the better for both brain and body, the better for his well-being, physical and moral.

In point of fact the physician who does his best duty to his patient teaches him the error of the prevalent belief in the virtues of liquor in restoring the sick to health. He becomes an active temperance worker, in effect. And he can do a noble and useful work in the rescue of those who are under the control of the drink habit. He can teach such a one that he is the subject of a physical and moral disorder; that he is a diseased man, but that he can be cured by following a proper course, the first and essential step of which is entire abstinence from all alcoholic drinks; that it can not be accomplished suddenly, but that there must be time for a renewal of healthy brain tissue.

Furthermore, every physician owes it to his profession to teach his patients the utter fallacy of the common belief that alcohol is an article of food value. It has none whatever. The use of intoxicants in any quantity whatever, or at any time, is entirely useless and unnecessary. Furthermore, the continued use of them gradually induces structural degradations and functional derangements of the great bodily organs, thus leading to the gravest physical disorders. Alcohol is a poison, and nothing more; a poison which exercises its paralyzing, narcotizing influence in exact proportion to the quantity consumed and the power of the consumer's physical system to resist its poisonous action. If every intelligent physician would thus correct old errors and disseminate a knowledge of the truth, there would be a great impetus given to the effort to pulverize the rum power!—Toledo Blade.

RESULT OF DRINK.

Sad Record of a Former Fellow-Apprentice of Geo. M. Pullman.

Before the war, and back in New York state, Charles Gardiner and Geo. M. Pullman were fellow apprentices at the cabinet-maker's bench. When Pullman came to Chicago and engaged in the house-raising business Gardiner came with him, and when Pullman started to build his first sleeping-car Gardner was his assistant and confidant. Subsequently Gardiner was the foreman of Pullman's first shop, and many of the early patents and improvements, it is said, were the result of his suggestion and creation. Drink was Gardiner's only enemy. Through it he lost his place with his old companion and fellow-apprentice. Time and again he would be taken back to the shops only to be discharged for drunkenness. There has ever been a kindly feeling for Gardiner in the Pullman works. He has lived at Kensington and Pullman ever since the towns were built, and daily went into the shops and looked at the men working, begged a few dimes and went to the nearest saloon, where he spent the remainder of the day. He talked but little and preferred to sip his glass by himself. The other morning, when arraigned for drunkeness, he stood before Justice Robbins, his hands trembled so from the effect of drink he could not support himself, and an officer had to hold him up. He pleaded guilty to habitual inebriety and was sent to the Washingtonian home.—Inter-Ocean.

OPPOSITION TO THE SALOON.

A Growing and Practical Method of Combating the Influence of Rum Shops.

We are pleased to observe an awakened interest in various quarters in the matter of providing some proper offset to the saloons as places of resort for the masses. Such a movement is on foot in Brooklyn. Our views and convictions in this matter have often been expressed in these columns. We feel confident that any movement which proposes to offset the saloons in any large and really effective way must seek to provide places of resort and recreation which shall be established on purely business principles, and conducted in a way that shall permit the largest possible freedom consistent with order and decency. The ordinary coffee-house, as it is known in this country, does not fill the need in any appreciable degree. A few such places might find a paying patronage in any large city, but what are three or four coffee-houses against seven or eight thousand saloons! The institution which the situation calls for will be modeled after the saloons in every way consistent with the objects it has in view. The only great and essential difference between the two will be the absence of intoxicating liquors.—Christian Work.

Must Have a Majority Vote.

The laws for the sale of liquor in Norway on the Gothenburg system have been amended with the hope of lessening the sale. One feature is that a license can not be given in a town except by a majority vote of all men and women over twenty-five years of age.

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

IT is not the last drink that makes the drunkard, but the first.—Ram's Horn.

SIXTEEN towns in the state of California have secured a prohibitory ordinance.

IF the churches were kept open as much as the saloons, the devil would soon be on the run.—Ram's Horn.

SIXTY-ONE branches have been added to the Army Temperance association of England since May.

THE lower house of the Austrian diet is considering a bill for the prevention of drunkenness.

THE Gainsborough Y. of England, has organized a choir of twenty-five young ladies and gentlemen to sing the gospel of temperance.

THE Daily News of Portland, Me., says: "Sales of liquor by the state liquor agent the past year are $60,000 less than the previous year."

MISS FRANCIS E. WILLARD says that good cooking is essential to human happiness, while bad cooking has driven thousands of men to drink.

THE liquor traffic is to-day the heaviest clog upon the progress, and the deepest disgrace of the nineteenth century.—N. Y. Tribune.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Did Jones find the horse he bought of Brown all that he had expected?" "Great Scott! no; he was perfectly sound."—Newton (N. J.) Herald.

—He—"She has very handsome teeth." She—"Why shouldn't she, when her brother's a dentist."—Rogerville (Tenn.) Review.

—Only One Gets It.—She—"It takes two to make a bargain, you know." He—"Yes, but only one gets it."—Burlington (Iowa) Gazette.

—The First Requisite — Mr. Delawanna—"Are you a regular plumber?" McCarthy—"Well, I guess I can fill the bill, boss." Mr. Delawanna—"Humph! You're not not much a one if you can't."—Brooklyn Life.

—Big Gum Contract.—"Say, mister," said a little Fresh Air child, as she watched the cattle enjoying their cud, "do you have to buy gum for all them cows to chew?"—Mt. Holly (N. J.) Mirror.

—Henry, Jr.—"Father, ain't a rug always level and even?" Henry, Sr.—"Yes. Why do you ask?" Henry, Jr.—"Nothing much, 'cept I was just wondering why they called a jagged old mountain rugged."—Atlanta Journal.

—That Confident Air.—"He doesn't behave as if he belonged to the best society," said one young woman. "No," replied the other, "he behaves as if the best society belonged to him."—Washington (D. C.) Star.

—Mrs. Beuedict—"Now, what would you do, Mr. De Batch, if you had a baby that cried for the moon?" De Batch (grimly)—"I'd do the next best thing for him, madam, I'd make him see stars."—Newton (N. J.) Herald.

—"O, yes, you are a success now, but in winter you'll cut no ice at all." "Won't I?" retorted the summer girl. "Just you wait till you see me with my skates on."—Woonsocket (R. I.) Reporter.

—Bob—"What did the lecturer say when you threw those cabbages at him?" Dick—"Oh, he said he had hoped the audience would be pleased, but he really hadn't expected they would entirely lose their heads—Dallas (Texas) Herald.

—The following story about Oscar Wilde and plagiarism dates from a Whistler breakfast in Site street, Chelsea. Whistler said some witty thing in which Oscar delighted, and said he: "O, Jimmy, I wish I had said that." To which Whistler rejoined: "Never mind, Oscar, you will."

—Didn't Want Two Pairs.—Sammy—"Let's take this basket back to grandma's now." Danny—"No, sir. It's raining terribly out. I just came in and I've got one pair of wet feet, and I'm not going out and get another pair of 'em."—Wheeling (W. Va.) Register.

—Big Bug, Small Potato.—A young man, fresh from college, wore as a scarfpin a jeweled gold potato bug. One day he called the attention of an old German bookseller to it, asking: "Isn't that pretty, Dutchy?" "Ja, ja," was the reply. "Dot ish der biggest pug on der schmallest botato I haf efer seen."—Muncie (Ind.) News.

AN ANCIENT SPORT.

The History of Falconry Antedates the Mummies of Egypt.

In these days of various amusements and pastimes one rarely thinks of that most ancient sport of all, falconry. The date and place of its introduction is shrouded in obscurity, but it antedates the mummies in Egypt, was known to have flourished in China earlier than 600, B. C., and was introduced into Europe before the Christian era. Its introduction into England occurred before the ninth century, and it was for eight hundred years the leading sport of Great Britain, France, and many other countries. It is difficult to realize what an important feature of life this sport was, unless one searches the ancient laws and finds records of the heavy fines and imprisonment imposed for destroying the eggs of the falcon, hawks, or the more ordinary birds of prey. The use of these birds by people of different caste was also regulated by law. The king alone was allowed the use of the gyr falcon, the earl the peregrine, the yeoman the goshawk, and the priest the sparrowhawk.

Kings had hundreds of birds in training, and the master of the hawks in England as well as the corresponding office of grand falconer in France had but three superiors in precedence at court, and were men of almost unlimited political power. Hundreds of varieties of birds were used, but to the falcon belonged the place of honor. Of the fifty species of true falcons the gyrfalcon is the leading bird. Its home is in Scandinavia, but the young often emigrate to Holland and Germany. Its color is a dark bluish ash, almost black on the head, shading lighter toward the tail. It nests in January and builds its home on bare edges of rocks and exposed tree tops, and is a hardy bird. It gained a name for laziness, for it is such a sure hunter that only when desirous of food will it search for game. The legs are short and strong and it uses its feet in killing prey, rarely using its beak until its victim is dead. It is a swift flyer, its speed being almost two hundred miles an hour. In pursuit of food it rises spirally to an enormous height and hurls itself, arrow-like, upon its prey.

The description of falconry would be so long and the terms so technical that a glossary would be needed for the comprehension. The training was done by handling with much use of the voice, and the birds were kept constantly hooded until set free to pursue the quarry. Jesses—small straps of leather—were kept around the falcon's legs and the bird was held upon the wrist of its master. When fully trained it was left entirely at liberty during the day and given enough food to satisfy the hunger. The falcons of the royal household were each taught the pursuit of different kinds of game; one for hares and rabbits, one for grouse and partridges and one for heron and water fowl. The most difficult prey was the kite, and it was called "royal game," as only the swiftest and surest gyrfalcon was successful in its defeat. —Chicago Herald.

THE SOLDIER'S KNAPSACK.

What It Must Carry and How It Should be Packed.

In the matter of the knapsack, its average weight and in the obligation to carry it, the American soldier of to-day has decidedly the advantage over his European brother in arms. The latter never thinks of throwing away his pack, no matter what its weight or the length of the march. To do so means punishment, sudden and severe. The former tires it bodily away the moment he feels that he has carried it far enough, preferring any punishment to making a pack mule out of himself. Nevertheless the knapsack is a very necessary article of the soldier's equipment, and a great deal of time, experiment and thought have been given to the perfection of a pack that will carry everything necessary and yet be, when packed, of the minimum weight and size. The knapsack, as at present in use in the service is simply a waterproof canvas bag, supposed to contain when packed one blanket, one complete change of underclothing, two pairs of stockings, one pair of shoes, towel, soap, blacking kit and comb. To pack these articles properly the blanket is folded lengthwise so as to be eleven inches wide. Roll tightly, leaving eighteen inches unrolled, and place in the bag until the roll is tight against the bottom. Then fold the unrolled part until the fold is even with the opening of the bag. The drawers, folded the same width as the blanket, is placed next, after which comes the undershirt. The shoes are then placed, heels up and soles out, between the folded blanket and the side of the bag, one on each side. Between the drawers and the undershirt two pairs of stockings are then placed so as to show the double fold. The blacking kit is then placed above the undershirt and out of sight, the toilet articles neatly disposed in the pocket, the flap of the knapsack turned down and buttoned and the pack is complete. There now remains the overcoat, which when rolled is fastened by straps on the top of the pack.

To secure uniformity the following method of rolling the coat has been adopted by the war department: Turn the left sleeve inside out; fold the coat down the middle seam of the back, right side out, front edges to the left, and lay it flatly and smoothly on the ground, tail away from the feet; pull the cape out from under the coat and spread it double; turn both tails of coat up about eight inches, the upper one over and the lower one under; fold the skirts in from both sides until they just meet in the center, which will make the roll just the width of the knapsack. Then fold the cape same width as the coat and beginning with the cape roll up very tightly and as even as possible—the tighter the better—being careful to keep the folded edges well caught. When rolled clear up turn the exposed tail back over the roll, taking care not to loosen the ends, and the roll will be securely bound.

The shelter tent half, neatly folded so as to show the company, regiment and number, will then be rolled around the overcoat roll so as just to show the edges, and the four shelter tent pins placed between its folds so as to show one inch of the points projecting.

Now place the roll on the knapsack with the tail of the coat, as rolled, to the rear and the raw edge or hem just above the edge of the knapsack—this arrangement giving the best water and dust shed. The buckle of the overcoat strap to be on top of the roll, the end of the strap, if of any length, to be rolled up. The shelter tent poles, of which each man carries two halves, are carried under the flap of the knapsack so as to throw the roll away from the back of the head and thus permit freer use of the arms.

The weight of the knapsack thus packed and arranged should not exceed twenty-four pounds, a good load in itself for a man to carry throughout a day's march averaging fifteen miles. —Detroit Free Press.

ADAM'S FIRST WIFE.

She Was Considered Matrimonially a Complete Failure.

Whether Lilith was one of the female creations of Chapter I., or a demon, or something between the two, she was, considered matrimonially, a complete failure. She was expelled after living with Adam for one hundred and thirty years, and subsequently became the wife of Satan, by whom she was the mother of the Jinns, so familiar in Persian fairy lore.

The emphatic remark of Adam when he first saw Eve: "This is now bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh," makes, it is suggested, a comparison between Eve and the beautiful but fiend-like Lilith not complimentary to the latter, while the reference, on the birth of Seth, to him as Adam's son "in his own likeness, after his image," conveys a painful hint of the uncanny offspring born to Adam and Lilith.

Perhaps in revenge for this, Lilith—the name occurs translated "night monster" in Isaiah xxxiv.—became the sworn foe of little children, whom she was wont to strangle with one of her glorious golden hairs, unless the watchfulness of their mothers drove her away. It has, indeed, been gravely suggested by an etymologist greatly daring that our word lullaby is simply a corruption of "Lilin abi," Lilith, avaunt! which mothers and nurses would croon over the cradles or write on the doorpost.—All the Year Round.

Evidently a Brutal Game.

Hobbes (reading paper)—Here's a report of three football players killed.

Knobbes (the footbal hater)—There, that just shows! I knew it would come some time. That game has at last terminated in the bloody tragedy that I have been expecting for years.

"Yes, of course. The players, by the way, were killed in a railroad accident."—Chicago Record.

A Wise Man.

He (disagreeably)—What the mischief is the matter with this dinner?

She (mildly)—I cooked it, dear.

"Well, I was wondering what made it so much better than usual."—Detroit Free Press.

HAMLIN, THE BAKER.

An American Missionary's Queer Enterprise in Turkey.

Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, the first president of Robert College, Constantinople, was the first man to establish a steam flour mill and bakery in Turkey. In spite of the opposition of the whole guild of bakers the enterprise was highly successful, for the reason that Mr. Hamlin sold good bread always above weight.

During the Crimean war Lord Raglan established his military hospital in the Sellmich barracks at Scutari, which had been built by the great Moltke. One day Mr. Hamlin was asked by an orderly to call upon Dr. Mapleton at the hospital. After some demur, he did so. As he entered, the doctor asked brusquely, without salutation:

"Are you Hamlin, the baker?"

"No, sir; I am the Rev. Mr. Hamlin, an American missionary."

"That is just about as correct as anything I get in this country. I send for a baker, and I get a missionary."

There happened to be two loaves of bread on the table and Mr. Hamlin said, "I presume it is bread you want, and you don't care whether it comes from a heathen or a missionary."

"Exactly so," answered the doctor.

After some sparring between the American missionary and the English officer, Mr. Hamlin agreed to furnish bread for hospital use, and taking up the printed contract to do this, in order to sign it, noticed that it said: "To deliver bread every morning between the hours of eight and ten, or at such other hours as might be agreed upon." Dr. Hamlin paused a moment and then said: "It will be necessary to insert in this contract the words 'except Sunday' after the word 'morning.' The bread can be delivered Saturday evening, say at sunset."

"The laws of war do not regard Sunday," replied the agent of the English government, curtly. "I cannot change a syllable in that form of contract."

"Very well, sir; then I will not furnish the bread. I have not sought the business."

To the hospital this refusal meant the loss of fresh food, to the missionary a loss of hundreds of dollars for the cause to which the good missionary had given his life. Nevertheless, he did not flinch, so the other had to give way.

"The chief purveyor," said the doctor, after a pause, "is a good Scotch Christian, and he will arrange with you for that." So Mr. Hamlin furnished bread on his own conditions.

Later, a large camp of the English army was formed at Hyder Pasha, and again Mr. Hamlin was engaged to supply bread at the rate of twelve thousand pounds a day.

The first delivery at the camp was dramatic. The soldiers were waiting impatiently to receive it. They seized the loaves ravenously and tasted them. Then the bread was hurled high in the air, and the joyful cry rang through the ranks:

"Hoorny for good English bread!"

The provost of the camp was overbearing and rude, and some trouble was anticipated over the double Saturday delivery. On the first Saturday at sunset, Mr. Hamlin, preceding the long line of carts, saluted the provost and said:

"As it is Saturday I deliver the supply of bread for Sunday; as at the hospital, so at the camp."

This was met with a volley of oaths, and the order to take the bread back, and deliver it in the morning. Mr. Hamlin, unheeding the order, left the bread and departed quietly. To the missionary's astonishment the next Saturday morning the provost wrote on his receipt, "Remember the double Saturday delivery."

This illustrates a fact that is noteworthy, that it is rarely the case where a man stands conscientiously firm to right principles, that he will meet obstacles to prevent his carrying them out in any enterprise in which he may be engaged.—Youth's Companion.

TOO MUCH DAYLIGHT.

At Hammerfest the Days Are Almost Endless.

When the traveler gets above the seventieth parallel he must not expect to find things as they were at home. Certainly Madame D'Aunet did not find them so at Hammerfest. In the one public house she had the best suite of rooms—two rooms, each about eight feet square, and so low that she could touch the ceiling. She was obliged to stoop in entering the door, and if she wished to look out of the window she had to take off her hat.

The windows had no curtains. When the sun shines, in that country, the people make the most of it. But as at the time of the French lady's visit, the sun was shining throughout the twenty-four hours, she found the incessant glare a trouble, and hung the windows with shawls and cloaks to shut it out.

Even with that expedient she found it hard to get on with those endless days. The strange experience brought on a sort of illness. Everything was topsy turvy. All her habits of life were thrown into inextricable confusion.

"I got up at noon," she says. "I dined at 12 o'clock at night. I went to walk at 2 o'clock in the morning. I knew neither when to go to bed nor when to rise, and sleep became almost out of the question. But for a watch and a calendar, at Hammerfest, one might easily get to be a fortnight ahead or behind all the rest of the world, and never suspect the fact."—Youth's Companion.

Playing Possum.

She held herself so still to catch what he was muttering in his dreams that she hardly breathed.

"Mary——"

"That's me," she thought to herself, as there was no occasion for her to think of any one else.

"Mary must have that new wrap, even though I do have to take it out of the bookkeeper's salary. It is too bad, too. He is the only support of a widowed mother."

All was still again. She lay there and thought some more.

"He's just as mean as he can be," she murmured. "I don't believe he was asleep at all."—Indianapolis Journal.

AN AMAZON ADVENTURE.

The Principal Characters Are a Drummer and a Snake.

The drummer had finished a newspaper snake story from Missouri which he knew to be true, for he was one of the parties who had been here and told it to the correspondent when a man with a bronzed face and two fingers gone from his left hand threw a cigar stub at the cuspidor and issued a talking attitude.

"Speaking of snakes," he said quietly, "reminds me of an experience I had down in the valley of the Amazon about three years ago, when I was there for the firm I represent (the rond to see about some enormous timber tracts they own in that section. Naturally my visit was to the wilder parts of the valley, and with a retinue of natives I penetrated those deepest depths for hundreds of miles. In one of my explorations I became detached from my forces, and after a day's wandering I lay down to sleep, expecting to find my men in the morning without any trouble, for by this time I had become quite an expert in Amazonian woodcraft. When the next morning arrived, however, the sky was overcast with heavy clouds and the woods were so dark that I could do little more than stumble along and trust to luck. I did this all day and when night came again I was about as far from camp as ever; perhaps further for all I knew, because by this time I really did not know anything except that I was lost. Lost, too, in a forest that was practically endless. I did not suffer though, that is, physically, for the weather was not cold and there were wild fruits and berries in abundance. The following day the sun shone and I made better progress, but progress was of no especial value, for I did not know where I was going. The third day I began to think I was gone for good, but late that evening I broke through the woods and reached the river bank. That, at least, was of some comfort, for the river knew where it was going, or at least it was going somewhere, whether it knew it or not, and that where was in the direction of the Atlantic ocean and civilization. You might think at this point I was saved, and that I had no story to tell, but you would be mistaken, for what good was the river to me if I had no means of transportation; and how could I furnish it when the only tools I had were a spoon and a knife with a four-inch blade?

Timber was plenty, and I might have made a canoe, but how was I do it with a pocket knife? Besides, I was afraid to go into the forest unarmed, for along the river banks the snakes were numerous and big as all outdoors. I saw any quantity of them from fifteen to twenty feet long, and I did my very best to keep out of their way. I waited on the river in a little open place for three days, hoping some sort of a craft might be coming by, but in that part of the Amazon no boats of any kind ply. I don't know how long I would have stayed there, but the last night there was a terrific rumpus raised around me between some sort of animals, and I was scared so bad that I made up my mind to move as soon as day broke. When it became light enough to see I slipped out of the hollowy stump I had been barricaded in and took a look around. At first I saw nothing unusual, but as it grew lighter I saw a big log at least four feet through and forty feet long lying across the upper side of my open space. I thought a tree had fallen, and went over to investigate and see if it had fallen on some animal and crushed it, thus accounting for the disturbances of the night. When I got close to it I was paralyzed, for as sure as you are born it was a snake. An anaconda, you know, one of these fellows who never knows when he is big enough. I hustled out of his way in a hurry, but he never moved, and after watching him half an hour I concluded he had swallowed his prey and was dead asleep, as those snakes do. As I sat there looking at the helpless monster a great idea came to me, and I proceeded at once to put it into execution. It necessitated the death of the snake, but that was not a serious job when he was in such a stupor, and before he knew what had hurt him I had driven my four-inch blade into his brain and settled him forever. He lashed around some, but none to hurt, and after a time he was dead. Then I went to work to skin him, which I did very carefully, leaving his head on. Inside of him I found a panther he had swallowed during the night, and which no doubt would have had me if the snake hadn't got him. It made me feel rather mean to think I had returned the snake's kindness In the way I was doing, but it was no time to consider fine points, and I didn't worry, but went ahead with my snake skinning. When I got the hide all off I hustled into the thicket and cut me a lot of sticks an inch or so in diameter and from a foot to four feet long, and these I stuck along the edges of the skin where I had cut it open, and fastened a long sappling down the inside on the bottom. Then I dragged my skin out into the sunshine and left it to dry, but when it had dried I had just about as fine a canoe as you ever saw. It was a hard job to get it to the river, but I managed it somehow, and with a paddle made out of twigs twisted together to steer with, and the panther hide for cargo I set out on my voyage down the Amazon. But it was not for long, as on the fifth day I came to a village on the bank, and putting in there I found my whole force of natives just returned from an unsuccessful search after me and getting ready to make a final effort before returning to our starting point. Glad to see me? Well I should say they were, and I was not very sorry to see them."

The bronze-faced man gazed around the group of listeners. "If any of you would like to see that panther skin," he said, "I'd be glad to show it to you at my house in New Jersey," and the drummer said that a panther skin never told a lie, and he would stop some time and take a look at it.—N. Y. Sun.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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THURSDAY, JAN. 17, 1895.

MR. CLEVELAND will go down to history as the creator of opportunities. As president he has made opportunities almost without number for reversing policies undertaken in ignorance, obstinacy, conceit or error.

UNDER the Gorman Tariff manufacturers are given free wool, but the poor laborer is given starvation wages. These are the New Years gifts of the dishonest old Democracy. Benefits to the rich corporations, but conditions of want and misery to the wage earner.

THERE are millions of poor unemployed workingmen suffering in this country to-day from cold, who are unable to buy the cheap woolens of the cheap blooded Democracy. Their loss of work is the result of the theft of Cleveland, Gorman and Wilson.

MR. GORMAN, in his speech in the Senate Monday, frankly confessed Democratic incompetency to legislate, and admitted that the Republicans have the best of it on the revenue question. "Open confession is good for the soul," and it is a pity that more Democratic leaders are not as frank as Mr. Gorman. If they were they might save their party from much further embarrassment.

WHAT a pitiable spectacle the Democratic party presents to-day, as, after two years of manifest incompetency, trickery and petty bickerings among themselves, utterly unable to agree upon party principles, its control of the government is drawing to a close. The sight is pitiable and the party has degenerated into a party of demagogues and political shysters. The representitives of the party have plunged their knives into the vital parts and betrayed the party that gave them life, by being false to its pledges. It has seen the country staggering under financial depression, suffering and want, and in its endeavor to correct the wrong that existed, has floundered about like a blind horse in a bog. In its extremity, it has put forth would-be panaceas for our financial ills that have been so much on the "quack" order that even its own representatives could not stand by and see them put into force, and now, in its state of mental and physical prostration it is compelled to turn to John Sherman, whose financial plans the party's members have never hesitated to denounce, to aid it and to nurse it back to convalescence.

Cleveland and Pensions.

President Cleveland in his late message to Congress used the following quotation in relation to pension frauds:

"The barefaced and extensive pension frauds exposed under the direction of the courageous and generous veteran soldier now at the head of the bureau leave no room for the claim that no purgation of our pension rolls was needed or that continued vigilance and prompt action are not necessary to the same end. The accusation that an effort to detect pension frauds is evidence of unfriendliness toward our worthy veterans and a denial of their claims to the generosity of the government suggests an unfortunate indifference to the commission of any offense which has for its motive the securing of a pension, and indicates a willingness to be blind to the existence of mean and treacherous crimes which play upon demagogic fears and make sport of the patriotic impulse of a grateful people."

One would necessarily suppose from the reading of this paragraph in the annual message of the president of the United States, that the Democratic administration had undertaken and accomplished a great work of reform in the purging of the pension rolls, such as had been long neglected. A comparison of the work performed by the present commissioner in the year 1894 shows that the president's declaration is all twaddle and intended simply to deceive the public as to the existing state of facts.

Commissioner Raum in 1891, or the year closing June 30, 1892, reported 236 indictments, 176 convictions of fraud in pension cases. Commissioner Lochren, in his report for the year closing June 30, 1894, reports only 194 convictions, being only 18 more than that of Commissioner Raum in 1891. It might have been well for the president to have stated this fact in order that the people might not be misled.

In this connection it might not be amiss to say that of the 194 convictions reported by Commissioner Lochren the percentage of those on the pension roll at this time would only be about one in 5,000, so that, after all that has been said of the great frauds in pension cases, it makes a pretty fair showing for honesty and integrity when a proportion of only one in 5,000 is found to have perjured himself or secured a pension through false testimony.

There Will be More Bonds Called For.

Every day that passes further demonstrates the incapacity of the Democratic party to rule the country. The people realized this fact last November when West Virginia gave 13,000 Republican majority and there was an increase of a million and a half votes in the North and South for the cause of Republicanism. Reports from Washington indicate that "there is no likelihood of any early cessation of the demands on the Treasury for gold. Besides ordinary interest payments on the public debt the Treasury will be called on to pay this month the first of the defaulted series of Pacific Railroad bonds, guaranteed principal and interest by the United States. The amount due on these bonds is $8,100,000 and the ordinary interest payments for the month amount to $6,800,000. The pension payments have been distributed over a year, but they are quite as heavy in January as in other months. Added to this the requirements of Europe, according to the expectations of the foreign bankers in New York and the predictions of foreign newspapers, will be quite heavy. There is a prospect that the customs revenues will increase this month, but owing to the difference between Secretary Carlisle and the banks they will not add to the gold holdings of the Treasury.

He Thinks a Good Deal.

An exchange says that when a man takes a cigar ont of his mouth to tell the editor to stop his paper, that he can't afford it, the editor may say nothing, but thinks a good deal. And when he stops his paper because he "hasn't time to read it" and goes down town and whittles a dry-goods box for hours, the editor may say nothing, but he thinks a good deal. And when he stops his paper because a two-line item does not suit him, and then pesters his neighbor by borrowing the paper, the editor may say nothing but he thinks a good deal. And when some business man says he does not advertise because it does not pay, and then uses the entire sidewalk displaying his goods, plasters them over with such attractive cards as "I am cheap, buy me," etc., the editor may say nothing, but he thinks —a great deal.

Eclipses for 1895.

In the course of the year 1895 five eclipses will take place of which three will be of the sun and two of the moon. The solar eclipse will all be partial and not visible in the United States; the lunar eclpse will both be total and both visible in this country. The solar eclipse will take place on March 26, August 20 and September 19, and the lunar in the night from 10 to 11 of March and in that of the 3d to the 4th of September.

WORK OF THE COMMISSIONERS.

Road Supervisors Appointed for This Year.

The Board of County Commissioners met in their office in the court house on Monday, January 7, 1895, with Messrs. Friend, Abernathy and Layman present.

The following road supervisors were appointed:

DISTRICT NO. ONE.

Patrick Laffey, road from Frankville to Custer's corner; $40.

Peter J. Lohr, road from Meadow mountain road to Beckman's tram road gate; $37.50.

Buckner Mason, road from Mason's to narrows of Deep Creek to district line No. 1; $25.

Geo. S. Lee, road from Beckman's tram road gate to Swanton; $37.50.

Lewis Blocher, road from Swanton to Folly run; $24.

A. M. T. Warnick, old state road from river road near J. Paugh's; $23.

Samson Harvey, road from Tully run to Kitzmiller's and Altamont road and Kitzmiller's road to Swanton; $33.

John L. Fitzwater, road from Beckman's gate to Meadow mountain road near Geo. O'Brien's; $35.

Rudolph Beckman, road from Glendale church to Altamont road; $33.

Francis M. McRobie, road from Swanton to Edmund's road; $32.

John B. Friend, road from Swanton road to Wilson's store; $30.

L. H. Friend, road from railroad at Swanton to Altamont road; $30.

Ben Davis, road from top of mountain to mountain ridge road at Kitzmiller's; $50.

J. Z. Browning, road from Sell's to Wilson's fields; $67.

DISTRICT NO. TWO.

Otho Speelman, road from Speelman's mill to line of District No. 5; Newton Guard's road and all others north; road from Neil's mill to district line No. 5; $70.

John Riley of George, road from Selbysport church to Pa. line and to Guard's bridge; $25. Road from M. E. church to Mill run; $20. Morgantown road from Selbysport (it the center) to 10th line of new location; $30. Morgantown road from 10th line of new location to district line No. 5; $30. All roads between Morgantown road and Mill run road except from M. E. church to Mill run; $30.

Austin Brown, road from Selbysport bridge to Bear creek bridge at E. Friend's; $50.

Silas Teats, road from Bear creek bridge at E. Friend's to district line No. 5, via. Henry Brown's; $70.

Silas F. Cuppett, road from Bear creek bridge at E. Friend's to district line No. 5, via John Coddington's; $70.

W. W. Frazee, road from Kim Frazee's to Pa. by Ridge school house, and road via Samuel Lowdermilk's to glade road; $60.

E. J. Frantz, road from Kim Frazee's to Geo. W. Frazee's; $15. Road from Selbysport bridge (in the middle) to Hiram Humberson's; $35.

Jefferson Frazee, road from Guard's bridge by S. K. Frazee's to Pa. line at David Umble's house; $70.

Geo. D. Frantz, road from east end of Friendsville bridge to Reckner lane via James H. Rush's; $35.

Amos Umble, road from Rickner lane to W. Va. line at or near A. Thomas', and from A. Thomas' to to W. Va. line, and from Morgantown road via Blooming Rose to Ira E. Friend road; $45.

Lientellis Frazee, road from watering trough to Buffalo run; $15.

S. K. Frazee, road from covered bridge to Dr. Frey's farm; $10.

Taylor Friend, road from Ira E. Friend's to Sand Spring; $30. Road from Blooming Rose to Sand Spring road; $20.

John W. Frantz, road from near Jeff Frazee's to H. Humberson's farm; glade road to W. Va. line; $30. Road from Sand Spring to I. M. Umble's; $25. Road from the Reckner place to Sand Spring road via W. F. Meyers'; $25.

Yankee John Friend, road from Ira Friend's to Whiterock run; $40.

Elijah Sines, road from Whiterock road to John H. Friend's; $15.

Thomas Fike, road from Friendsville bridge to gate at Hook farm; $40.

Alfred Kelly, road from gate at Hook farm to cross roads at Ira E. Friend's; $70.

John H. Friend, road from cross roads at Ira E. Friend's to W. Va. via Faulkner's, and to W. Va. line via John Friend's saw mill; $40.

DISTRICT NO. THREE.

William T. Stanton, road from iron bridge to Grantsville and from national road to widow Miller's; $75.

Daniel Baker, road from Engle school house to covered bridge; $15.

Christian Orendorf, road from shook shop to district line No. 5, near Becket place; $35.

Abraham Maust, stone house road; $125.

Israel Glotfelty, road from national road via Glotfelty's mill to Pa. line; $30.

Ross Compton, road from Compton school house to national road; $35.

Moses D. Yoder, road from Swan shook shop to Pa. line; road from J. and A. Beachy's to Pa. line; $45.

C. J. Otto, road from Otto's postoffice via Dorsey's to national road; $55.

Frederick Otto, road from Mary Otto's land to cross roads at the church; road from Swanger's mill to Otto's mill; $25.

Jacob Gnagey, road from national road to C. J. Otto's postoffice; $45. Roads from Blocher's school house to forks at Garlitz's farm, and from same point to Little Glade; $15.

Samuel Brenneman, road from Bittinger via Sam Brenneman's to intersect Meadow mountain road; $15.

Daniel J. Brenneman, road from Meadow mountain via Dan'l Brenneman's to intersect John Bender's road; $15.

Michael Custer, road from John Bender's to top of monntain; $10.

Ralph Engle, road from Whoover's bridge to David Layengood's via Engle's school house; $30.

Joel Orendorf, road from shook shop to Bittinger; $20.

Charles Warnick, road from old Custer place to Mary Otto's lane; $25.

Joel J. Brenneman, road from Lutheran church via. Brenneman's to Meadow mountain, and from Meadow mountain to Swanton road; $30 for road and $20 for bridges.

Jacob L. Durst, road from iron bridge to shook shop; $60.

James C. Beachy, road from river bridge to district line No. 6, and from Mary Beachy's to Meadow mountain; $45. Road from Mary C. Beachy's to Christian Selder's; $10.

Wesley Durst, road from national road via Philip Pope's to Miller road at end of Israel Glotfelty's lane; $30.

George W. Blocher, road from Piney Grove to line of district No. 11; $25.

Jacob Fresh, New Germany raad from church to Patrick Dorsey's via Bancord's; $20. Road from German settlement to district No. 11; $30.

John E. McKenzie, road from McKenzie's saw mill to George Hetx's; $15.

Jonas Bittinger, road from Bittinger to Mary Beachy's; $25.

A. J. Lancaster, road from Lonaconing road to New Germany, thence to Brown farm; $25.

Joel D. Brenneman, Negro mountain to State line; $25.

Donald Simpson, Meadow monntain road from Mary Otto's to Sam Swanger's farm, also road from John Warnie's to Engle's farm; $30.

James Wiley, Amish road; $30.

Samuel C. Lochel, road from Stanton's barn to State line, (river road); $35.

Elias Orendorf, road from Bittinger to mill road via widow Hetrick's; $25.

Christian Gingerick, road from national road to State line; $25.

Jonas Folk, road from Bender's to Ridgely school house and from Whoover's bridge to intersect the Grantsville road near Benedict Beachy's; $15.

DISTRICT NO. FOUR.

Henry Barnard, road from Frankville to Folly run; $55.

Dennis Groves, road from ford of Savage to Jesse Michael's; $20. road from Westernport via Firm Rock church to district line No. 11; mill run road and road from Phil. Michael's to Firm Rock church, also road from Michael's to John H. Wilt's; $75.

John Murphy, road from Frankville to month of Crabtree run, thence to line of district No. 12; $60; road from district line to Meadow mountain at Riley's; $20. For bridges; $10.

Nathaniel Rowns, road from mouth of Dry run to fork of Savage; $20.

William Groves, road from Garrett county line to Philip Michael's and from race bridge to Allegany county line; $60.

Otho Barnard, road from Bloomington to Folly run; $55.

Gilbert B. Warnick, Bloomington road from Allegany county line over mountain to Folly run; $65.

DISTRICT NO. FIVE.

Christian Keatz, road from widow Stark's to widow Hetrick's; $30.

John J. Weber, road from Wm. Fisher's to Morgantown road via Sam Hileman's, and from Caroline Frazee's to Fike road, and from Morgantown road to Bear creek bridge; from George Schlossnagle's to Kease's mill; $80.

Stephen Spiker, road from Cove church via A. Fisher's to Morgantown road, and from church via Wm. Fisher's to Wesley Hileman's; Morgantown road from line district No. 2 to Cove road; from Cove road to national; Lewis Herman road; $88.

A. C. DeWitt, road from Matthias Frazee's via Solomon Boyer's to Accident road at Rock Lick; road from Charley Dewitt's to near John Dewitt's, and from Sol Boyer's to Weller's mill; $33.

Jerry Strawn, Cove road via Jerry Strawn's to national road; spruce hollow road; mill road to to district line No. 2; $30.

Chauncy Bittinger, road from Engle's mill to mud pike, and from Engle's mill to line of district at Charley Hetrick's; $30.

Joseph A. Beeghly, road from Accident to Bear creek, and from Boyer's to Georg's, and from Accident via Georg's to Bear creek; $75.

John Brenneman, road from Grantsville road to Amish church; from Grantsville to Bear creek; 32. Road from district line No. 12 to Joel Bender's, and thence the Bender road through to line of district No. 7; $55.

Leonard Shartzer, road from Accident to line of district No. 2; Zehner's gate to Bear creek bridge; $82.

John W. Beeghley, road from Accident to district line at Boyer's, and Truman Pysell's via Jerry Beeghley's to district line No. 6; from Melchoir J. Miller's to Truman Pysell's and Hinebaugh's, and Jacob Shartzer's to William Hartman's; $75.

J. M. Lowdermilk, legislative road from Charley Dewitt's to line of district No. 2; road from legislative road at flat rock to Bishoff's school house, and from school house to legislative road via Welch farm; $50.

Jacob Becket, road from Bear creek bridge (south side) to Cove church, and from Brethren church to district line; $55.

DISTRICT NO. SIX.

John Elsey, road from Crane's lane to Hinebaugh's mill road, and from same road to W. Va. line via Elsey's; $60.

Elijah Friend of E., road from Crane's lane to Whiterock run; $20.

James Dewitt, road from William Lowdermilk's to Elijah Friend's; $25.

D. Harrison Friend, road from Crane's lane to Joseph Frantz's via Sang Run; $55.

Sherman G. Savage, road from Deep creek bridge (in the middle) to Sand run; $70.

Chas. Dewitt, road from Charley Dewitt's to McHenry; $40.

Noah Pysell, road from McHenry to line of district No. 5; $40.

Stephen W. Friend, road from Joseph Frantz's to Glotfelty's field at McHenry road; $20.

Amos W. Friend, road from Seabold's to Ed Bishoff's via Casteel farm; $30. Road from Joseph Frantz's to Johnstown; $25.

Horace R. Dewitt, road from Johnstown to district line; $15. Road from McHenry road to line of district No. 5; $20.

Jonas Hoschstedler, Grantsville road from sand hole to Bear creek bridge; road from mud pike via Jonas Hoschstedler's to intersect county road; $25.

Jesse Glotfelty, road from McHenry to Bender's; $25.

Douglas McLean, road from Deep creek to McHenry; $40. Road from finger board to Glendale church; $20.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Committed Suicide.

J. A. Williamson, late ex-sheriff and prominent citizen of Barbour county, West Va., cut his throat Saturday night last at about 9 o'clock, in a room in the Hotel Luzerne at Belington, and died a few minutes afterward from the wound inflicted by his own hand. The deed was done with a small pen knife that severed the jugular vein, and when discovered the man was on his hands and knees leaning over a wash bowl into which the life-blood was flowing from the ghastly wound he had gashed on himself. Williamson made two cuts in his throat before he reached the fatal point. Death soon followed.

The cause of his self-destruction is attributed to financial troubles incurred during his incumbency of the office of sheriff from 1888 to 1894 at the expiration of which time he had become involved to the extent of $25,000. His property was to have been sold on Monday on an execution, and on Friday and Saturday he had been heard to say he intended to end his own life. It is said his life was insured for about $20,000. The deceased leaves a wife and six children and was about forty-five years of age.

Died.

MCROBIE.—At the residence of his son, J. L. McRobie, near Swanton, on Tuesday morning, Col. William McRobie, aged about 83 years. The funeral occurred yesterday and the interment was made in the family burying ground.

BEST ROAD FOR FARMERS.

A Narrow Stone Road Alongside a Dirt Tract Gives Good Results

There is little difficulty in determining from experince what kind of roads should be built between large towns, in village streets or in city suburbs, and there is no great difficulty in getting the right kind of a road built in such localities, but in this country so few good roads have been made in purely agricultural districts that experince avails but little in determining what will best serve the needs and suit the means of the farmer, says Roy Stone in *New Roads and Road Laws*. In the first place, the road must not be too costly, or it will not get built. In the second place it must be as good as the best for its purposes when it is built, for the farmer should be able to do his heavy hauling over it when his fields are too wet to be worked and his teams are free.

The road that seems to fill the farmer's eye, having in view all these considerations, is a solid, well bedded stone road, but so narrow as to be only a single tract and having an earth tract on each side. A visitor at the Road league headquarters at the World's Fair left this memorandum: "Forty Years' experience on roads has given me this idea—that there should be a dirt road next to the graveled road, as in the summer months the dirt road would be used in preference. Where a dirt road has been made alongside the life of a graveled road has been found to be five years longer. Dirt roads will keep the snow in winter, while no snow will stay on the pike."

This recommendation was discussed by many subsequent visitors and very generally agreed to, and the specimen of very narrow stone road (8 feet wide), with the earth track alongside, was usually pronounced much the best for country roads. In fact, some farmers declared they would oppose the building of stone roads unless a dirt track was provided.

The questions raised regarding the method of construction are whether the function of the earth and stone sections of the road can be kept even, so as not to have a jog in passing from one to the other and how the meeting and passing of loaded teams is provided for. But practical experience has already been sufficient to settle both these points. The Canandaigue (N. Y.) roads, some of which have been in use two or three years, show no sign of the division between the earth and the stone, and those who use them say that no difficulty is found in passing teams. It is only necessary for one of the wagons to run one wheel off the macadam, and since the earth portion of the road is never used when it is wet it is always firm and smooth enough to permit doing this with ease.

The Mystery Deepens.

Mention was made in the *Times* a few days ago of the mysterious and prolonged absence from his home of W. Grant Zufall, son of ex-Postmaster Zufall, of Meyersdale, Pa. Speaking of his mysterious case the Meyersdale *Commercial* says: "W. Grant Znfall, son of ex-Postmaster W. H. Zufall, has been missing since December 24th. On that day he left for Cumberland, Md., and it is known that in the evening of that day he visited a lady friend there, but has since as mysteriously disappeared as if the earth had opened and engulfed him. His father is making every effort, aided by the mayor and police force of Cumberland, to learn of his present whereabouts. Grant is a most exemplary young man, devotedly attached to his home, so much so that those who know him scout at the idea that he would permit his friends, especially his mother, to be so distressed without grave reasons for so doing. As no one of those most interested can frame such a reason the mystery continues to deepen. We hope the efforts now being made may soon restore him to his family and friends."—Cumberland Times.

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ROAD PETITION.

This is to give notice that thirty days after the first publication of this petition that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett County, to appoint viewers to view and locate a public County road, beginning at the corner of C. T. West's fence on the road leading from Swanton to Bloomington, and running thence by the most direct route through the lands of Armstrong & Co., Bradley T. Bray and others to intersect the road leading from the top of the mountain to Loalne, W. Va., a distance of about one and one-half miles.

B. T. BRAY,
A. F. GEORGE,
J. F. FRIEND,
L. H. FRIEND,
And 80 others.

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LIEUT. COM. R. M. G. BROWN

Retires from the Navy Because of Injuries Received.

Lieut. Commander R. M. G. Brown, U. S. N., has been placed upon the retired list, on account of physical disabilities incident to the services. When a young officer a boat fell upon him and he sustained severe injuries. In the great gale at Samoa, when the Trenton was wrecked, he received many injuries, from which he has since suffered. The chagres fever, contracted at Panama, also made such inroads upon his health that he was forced to petition to be relieved from active service.

Lieut. Commander Brown has a most remarkable and interesting record.

He was born in West Virginia, and was appointed from this state to the naval academy, then at Newport, entering in July, 1864. He graduated in June, 1868, number three in a class of eighty. He sailed from New York upon the Alaska in April 1870, for China, and made a three years' cruise in that vessel. He took part in the Corean expedition. He commanded the sailors landed as infantry from that ship, and was in the final charge at fort McKee. In the official reports on the action he was mentioned as among those first in the fort.

On June 11, 1878, he assumed command of the torpedo ram Alarm, $20,000 having been appropriated to fit the Mallory propeller to this vessel, and carried on an extensive series of experiments to test its value.

He was ordered to the Lackawana in the south Pacific station, in May, 1884. Shortly after he made an adverse report upon the Panama canal scheme, which attracted wide attention at the time. While on the isthmus he contracted chagres fever and had to return home in 1885.

In October, 1889, he was ordered as navigation officer of the flagship Trenton, bound for the Pacific. He was especially commended to the navy department for the manner in which he navigated the Trenton through the straits of Magellan and Smyth's sound.

In the memorable gale at Samoa he maintained his reputation for coolness and daring in a remarkable degree. Capt. Farquhar of the Trenton, in his report of the hurricane, which was approved and forwarded by Rear Admiral Kimberly, says: "Lieut. R. M. G. Brown, the navigator, was by my side the whole time, and by his excellent judgment, one time at least, the ship was cleared of a reef. Had we struck it, I fear few of the 450 people on board of the Trenton would be alive to-day."

In a letter from Rear Admiral Kimberly, in reference to the loss of the Trenton, to the secretary of the Navy, he says: "The flagship, now without steam or rudder, her anchors dragging, drifted almost at the mercy of the gale along the edge of the eastern reef, at times not more than twenty feet from total destruction.

"Every endeavor was made to control her movements, and her commanding officer states in his report that upon at least one occasion it was thought the excellent judgment of Lieut. R. M. G. Brown, the navigating officer, that the ship cleared the reef and the 450 lives on board were saved."

It was while handling the ship on this occasion that navigating officer Brown put the ship's company in the rigging, thus making a living sail, which was as effective as it was unprecedented.

Lieut. Commander Brown has for the past few years been on special duty in connection with courts martial, inspection boards and the like. A very popular officer, he will be greatly missed from the ranks of active service in the navy.

For the last four years Lieut. Commander Brown has been executive officer of the Incontinental Railway Commission. A survey has been completed for this railroad extending over a route 4500 miles in length and the reports and maps are now in the hands of the printer. By a joint resolution adopted March 12, 1891, the Legislature of West Virginia authorized the governor to purchase and p[resent] Lieut. R. M. G. Brow[n], a s[uit]able inscribed sword, in recognit[ion of] his gallant conduct at San [Juan] March 15, 16 and 17, 18[96], urging upon the President [the] motion in the line of servi[ce] our senators and repres[entatives] Congress. Afterward a [sword] was given to Lieut. Brown [by] Excellency Governor A[rmstrong], ing in the City of Ch[arleston] the presence of both [Houses of] Legislature and in the [presence of] many other men and [women] all over the State. Lieut. Brown is now at Hot Springs, Arkansas, and when restored to health will return to West Virginia, who will reside.

Mt. Lake Park.

In the letter to THE DAY last week from our [correspondent] across the way, if you will permit, and to use her own language, [the edi]tor for her geographical position [has been] us her old maiden sister, [and] indeed proud to own our [acquaintance] sorry to note the fact that [she] childish innocence she [possesses] wisdom for sleep or [food]. Yes, we are twins, and [I am] ther of us have as yet arrived at maidenhood. My sister [is] a delicate, weakly child, [and] family physician, being [a good] but an expert in his profession, indeed what some people [call] a quack, could bring [about a new] fort in the way of relief. [In its] twin sister seems to have [the unity. It] a portion of her vitality, [and the] quently was as much [troubled] average healthy babe [of] below, and thus in [the] many unfavorable surroundings [had] strong by nature, have [solved] waxed as it were, into [the bicycle.] while our dear sister [has] and weaker, causing [great] relatives to look grave [and] great fear being felt [for] time our dear sister [will] away.

But glory, glory! The [cobble]ever kind and careful [sandy and] the old quack is dead, [and coun]has been employed [before] wise and careful treat[ment] sister is beginning to [show] show signs of com[plete] health, and with it these [perfect] of what might have [been] not been dwarfed [but also] giant mental capacity, [what is] long been indulged in her own notions and ideas as most delicate children generally are, she is beginning to develop a strong disposition of the visionary, and already in her seemingly immense range of these powers, she has been able to discern great things. Yes, castles in in the air from a pig-pen to billiard rooms, and temples of vast dimensions, and other possibly not unreal objects.

Nevertheless, we rejoice in the hope that our dear sister may yet enjoy strong physical health, even if her by long disease and weakness is left a little clouded. And we look forward with hope that at the burning of the next martyr at the stake our sister may have so far advanced in health as to be able to be present to witness the scene, with at least enough religion of the kind she enjoys to enable her to display a section of it on her coat sleeve.

VET.

Elder.

Our farmers are making good use of the snow by hauling coal and limestone.

Mr. Charles Enlow, of Oakland, was shaking hands with his many friends here the 11th inst.

Miss Lelia Christ, of Friendsville, was visiting in our vicinity a few days last week.

Mr. George Sterling, who has been teaching in District No. 3, returned home the 5th, accompanied by a Mr. Chancy, of Grantsville.

Miss Minnie Enlow, one of our most charming young ladies, and who has been absent for some months, has returned home.

Mr. Charles Frazee spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in Friendsville.

Mr. Thad Meese, of McHenry, was a caller at the residence of Mr. George Shartzer recently.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sterling were visiting friends near Terra Alta last week.

Mr. Wm. Sterling, who was en-

THE U. S. Government reported, after an ex different brands, that t ing Powder is absolute in strength, and superi

ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY, 1

The Rule Bound to Fall.

Wife—Cousin Clara needs a new penknife and I would like to give her mine; but people say that the gift of a knife will cut friendship.

Husband—Have no fear. No knife that one woman gives another will cut anything.—Puck.

Love's Young Dream.

Old Gentleman—What? Marry that young pauper? Why, he can't even afford to buy coal.

Daughter—But he won't have to buy coal, pa. We're going to board.—N. Y. Weekly.

Smitten by Cold or Damp,

The kidneys become sore and cease to act properly. Relieve their distress and set them in vigorous motion with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and all will be well. Otherwise, apprehend Bright's disease, diabetes or albuminuria, all dangerous maladies. Malaria, dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness and nervousness all yield to this benignant and agreeable medicinal agent, which promotes appetite and a gain in vigor and flesh.

WIFE—"There, now! This paper says that married men can live on less than single men." Husband—"But, my dear, all of us haven't wives who take in washing."—Dubuque Times.

$6.00 to California

Is price of double berth in Tourist Sleeping Car from Chicago on the famous "Phillips-Rock Island Tourist Excursions." Through cars on fast trains leave Chicago Tuesdays via Ft. Worth and El Paso, and Thursdays via Scenic Route. Write for particulars to A. P. PHILLIPS & Co., 104 Clark St., Chicago.
JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago.

THE friendship between two girls usually ceases as soon as they have told everything they know.—Atchison Globe.

I HAVE found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine.—F. R. LOTZ, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

"I WOULD die for you!" insisted the rich old suitor. "O! it's very easy to promise," rejoined the maiden skeptically.—Judge.

IF you want to be cured of a cough use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.
Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

WHO shall be true to us, when we are so unsecret to ourselves!—Shakespeare.

VEXED sailors cursed the rain for which poor shepherds prayed in vain.—Waller.

IT is the business of the newspaper editor to "make a long story short."—Texas Siftings.

A RICH ADORNMENT.—"What a singular brooch Mrs. Newrich has on. Is it enamel?" "No. It's a thousand-dollar bill glazed."—Harper's Bazar.

"SO THE doctor has ordered your wife to go south for her health!" "Yes." "Will the climate agree with her?" "Well, if it does it will be a good one."—Inter Ocean.

THE whale lives about four hundred years. A whale would be a good thing for a person to buy who hated to part with a pet after he became attached to it.—Tit-Bits.

AN amateur editor has just made a fortune by his pen. His father died after reading one of his articles, and left him fifty [thousand dollars.] The people, I think, voted down an amendment to Article 15, Declaration of Rights, a few years ago by a large majority. They said by that act that they did not want a poll tax in this State, and no matter how great a benefit it would be we cannot have such a tax until Article 15 is changed. Something must be done. It is a burning shame to allow the children of Garrett county only thirty-five days school. Yea, it is a sin and a crime. There is a remedy. Let the question be discussed until the remedy is not only found but applied. Let the question be agitated through the county papers and by public meetings as suggested by the New Germany correspondent and let there be a general meeting of the friends of the school and of the children. Let something be done. A public sentiment aroused, a plan formulated so that by next fall matters will be in such a shape that the children of our county will not be robbed of that which is better than rubies. There is a great wrong to be righted. Let us do our part to make it right so that the children of Garrett will not grow up and curse the day that their lot fell to them in this county. Let us hear from others. Keep the agitation alive and see to it that this crime against the children is made right. Let us write of the question, talk of it, and then act. Throw party prejudice aside and do what we can for the children of our county. Let us hear from others.

HOOSIER.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. 25 cents per box.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES,
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. *TRY BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.*
It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

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MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7—	Daily	2.41 A. M
No. 3—	Daily	7.18 A. M
No. 5—	Accom daily except Sun	9.33 A. M
No. 47—	Daily except Mon	11.28 A. M
No. 55—	Accommodation daily	6.22 P. M
No. 1—	Daily	9.58 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 2—	Daily	5.54 A. M
No. 8—	Daily	7.31 A. M
No. 44—	Accommodation daily	10 00 A. M
No. 46—	Daily except Monday	3.58 P. M
No. 72—	Accom daily except Sun	4.31 P. M
No. 4—	Daily	9.29 P. M

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Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
E. P. ANDERSON, Agent.

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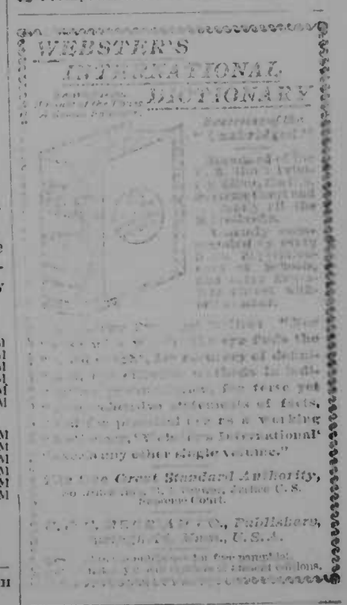

Estate of Henry Kamp, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

HENRY KAMP,

late of Garrett County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 4th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 25th day of December, 1894.

FRED KAMP, Adm'r,
41 Accident, Md.

Estate of George W. Wilson, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

GEORGE W. WILSON,

late of Garrett County, Maryland, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 30th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 14th day of December, 1894.

MERRITT WILSON, Adm'r,
40—3t Wilson, W. Va.

AN OUTLAW'S HEROINE.

Together They Perished on the Great Western Desert.

Manalillo was only a collection of adobe huts, huddled under the eye of the burning sun, in the midst of the burning Arizona desert.

Maybe it had been there an hundred years—maybe twice that time—for its annals were writ only in the saods of the wide, brown plain, and that which is written there to-day the wind covereth to-m 'row.

But presently the railroad came, and with it signs of development. A ranchman gathered up the nucleus of a flock of sheep; some miners outfitted and went prospecting in the mountains; a fellow who had some smattering of science went off by himself into the heart of the Apache country, and came back with opals, rich with strange fire.

These, and others like them, came to look upon Manalillo as their base for supplies; the place grew in importance; people from a farther district began to come hither, and many riders, in fantastic dress, were seen upon the streets.

Some of these riders it would have been difficult to classify. They were certainly neither ranchmen nor miners. It might not have been a serious matter to call them gamblers. Some of them were more than suspected of having helped to "hold up" the Fort Staunton stage on occasion; more than one rode a horse for which he had never exchanged an equivalent.

In the terse vernacular of the southwest, they were simply "bad men."

It was because this portion had become too numerous that the leading citizens decided society must be reorganized, and they went about the task methodically.

Among these "bad men," the name of Domingo Juarez led all the rest, and it was decided by those having authority in the matter that Juarez must "go," preparatory to the establishment of an orderly community.

When Ameda Torreon rode into Manalillo that afternoon to exchange a goat's fleece for a measure of meal she learned that matters of grave importance were afoot.

A good three leagues from Manalillo was the ranch where Vicentio Torreon, her father, herded a few goats and basked in the sun all day, asking little in life except to be left alone.

The night was still as it was white, except for the far-yelping of a coyote or the hoot of an owl.

After a time the sound of distant hoofbeats was added to these. A horseman drew in sight, silhouetted against the clear sky, rode up to them at an easy lope and halted in front of the hut.

"You are glad to see me," said the rider, sarcastically, as neither the man nor the girl stirred; "it is worth riding far for such welcome."

"We are tired," answered Armeda, indifferently.

"Yes, Domingo, we do something besides play, we," grunted Torreon.

The horseman flung himself down beside the girl. "Tell me," he said.

"We have lost the new goats."

"The ones you had from the Englishman?"

Torreon chuckled a silent assent, remembering how they had gotten them.

"Did he come for them?" asked Domingo.

"Bah, no! He has not that courage. They have strayed away, up the arroyo."

"They will come back."

"Yes, when the wolves have eaten them."

They were silent for a little. Then the man said, tentatively:

"You followed them?"

"Yes, until I could go no further."

Domingo rose and stood looking across the plain.

"The arroyo is a cursed place," he said.

Then he put his hand upon his horse. "Juan is sure of foot. Yes, I could bring them back. But I must not be in Manalillo to-night."

His manner was irresolute, and he kept his face from the girl as he spoke. Armeda turned her eyes upon him with languid interest.

"Don't let your poor goats interfere with your pleasures," she said, "doubtless some one will miss you if you are not there."

"The devil, no! You know it is not that, Armeda. But there will be some good play to-night."

"Oh! very well. I shall go for the goats again, when I have rested."

"What? Up the arroyo? To-night? That is nonsense. See here—I will go if you will promise me—"

"I will not promise. If you cannot do this for me—"

"I but jested," he said quickly. "I shall go and find your goats."

He turned and rode away. And Armeda stood and watched until he was well out of sight and hearing. Then she went into the bit of chapparal and returned, driving before her a dozen fine Angora goats, whose long silken coats showed, even in the moonlight, the purity of their breeding.

"If he rides till he finds them he will not be in Manalillo this night," she said, contentedly, to herself, as she fastened the flock securely in the inclosure.

It wanted yet two hours of dawn when Armeda, lying awake with some unformed fear upon her heart, heard again the sound of approaching hoofs. She arose, drew a blanket hastily about her and went outside the hut. In an instant Domingo was by her side and leaned from his saddle and whispered:

"Get my pistols, quick! The regulators are behind, and I have but one."

Not pausing to question, she went inside, put on some clothing swiftly, came out and ran to the corral, where she saddled and mounted her father's horse. Then she wheeled to the side of Domingo, handed him a pistol and placed two in her own belt. Domingo laid his hand on her arm.

"Have you thought?" he asked.

"Yes," was the firm reply.

"If you go with me now you cannot return."

"I know."

"It will be a race for life."

"Yes, yes," she said, impatiently, urging "let us be gone."

Just then the goats, aroused by some unusual stir at so early an hour, began to move restlessly. This seemed to remind Domingo of something. He spoke hesitatingly.

"Armeda, I did not go after the goats."

"I know. It does not matter. They were not lost. You have been to Manalillo. I tried to keep you away."

"They were not lost? Good! We are quits, then."

With this the outlaw bent toward her, and his companion and drew her toward him and kissed her on the lips. Then they settled themselves well in the saddles, laid the reins loosely on the necks of their horses and rode toward the coming dawn.

For a long time they rode silently side by side, neck and neck. When the red streaks of the approaching day began to appear across the bare, brown plain they looked about her and shuddered. It was Domingo saw and spoke:

"It is the only chance. They will not follow here."

"It's the Malpais; the Evil Place," she said.

Then they rode forward steadily calmly into the black horror.

"He is a long way off," said the leader of the regulators, half to himself, watching the moving specks before him; "one cannot tell here. Distance cheats the eye—but one."

He shaded his eyes with his hand and looked a long time toward the east, and again to the west, where they had come.

"We will go back," he said, after a little; "I am ashamed to go on, but it is just as well—he is safe, there is no doubt of that."

He nodded meaningly in the direction of the riders. "Just see," he added, "as though we had them around his neck."

"But the girl?" asked his companion.

The leader only shrugged his shoulders in answer and set his face toward the west.

When the fugitives, looking back, could see their pursuers no more they rested a little. Domingo slung the leathern water-bottle over his shoulder, which had not been touched until now, and gave his companion a drink.

Then he made a motion toward following some himself, and after a little of the water into the hand and moistened the mouths of the horses with it.

The midday sun rose high in the heavens and as they rode on through the afternoon, on through the edge of the desert, on through the Malpais, it beat down upon them mercilessly.

The wind that came to them from the dreary waste was blown as from the mouth of a fiery furnace. The air was filled with heat, and the brilliant sunlight glitter upon the polished rocks seemed to burn upon their eyeballs and make them reel, sick with a dizzy faintness.

Once Armeda swerved in the saddle and would have fallen had she not been stayed by her companion's hand. He gave her more water to drink.

And when the moon came out again they yet rode—riding for life. They rode now from something more terrible than the regulators. But they rode slowly, uncertainly, and as the miles stretched longer and longer; the water was all gone now, and their mouths became dry and parched and cracked, so that they could not talk.

But the outlaw touched the girl gently now and then, and she answered him with a look of supreme content. She was willing to accept that which the saints should will.

Finally her horse stumbled and fell, and could not rise again. Domingo caught her in his arms.

"Leave me, and ride," she whispered.

But he only raised her to his own saddle, and the good Juan bore them both forward.

At last he, too, fell. Then Domingo laid the girl on the ground, and, kneeling beside his horse, called him by every endearing name, conjured him by all the dear saints to rise and carry them out of the black horror—out from that cursed place that had been named for the father of all evil—the Evil place.

But the Malpais only clutched their lives the more.

He rose and lifted the girl in his arms and made forward as best he could. Weakly, blindly, staggering and sometimes falling, but always forward, with a strength born of despair.

"Leave me," the girl whispered again, "and save yourself."

But Domingo knew the awful journey was almost done. Before him, in the white moonlight, a mountain peak loomed dimly. How far it was he could not tell, but somewhere between him and it was water.

If he could only keep on a little longer they would be saved.

But even in the moonlight there does distance cheat the eye—does it still lie to one. Whenever he raised his head and looked across the plain to the mountain it seemed so far off, so unattainable, that his heart sank.

Still he struggled on through the long night. But just before day broke he fell and lay outstretched beside his burden on the black lava.

And then the sun came up and beat upon them, and they died.

And old Torreon herded the goats that he had stolen from the Englishman, and looked ever away curiously towards the east. And the adobe huts of Manalillo knew again the quiet of a hundred years—and the Malpais lay and glistened in the sun—e ver the Evil Place.—Boston Globe.

—Knowledge is a comfortable and necessary retreat and shelter for us in advanced age; and if we do not plant it when a young it will give us no shade when we grow old.—Chesterfield.

WORK OF THE COMMISSIONERS.

Road Supervisors Appointed for This Year.

The Board of County Commissioners met in their office in the court house on Monday, January 7, 1895, with Messrs. Friend, Abernathy and Layman present.

The following road supervisors were appointed:

DISTRICT NO. ONE.

Patrick Laffey, road from Frankville to Custer's corner; $40.

Peter J. Lohr, road from Meadow mountain road to Beckman's tram road gate; $37.50.

Buckner Mason, road from Mason's to narrows of Deep Creek to district line No. 1; $25.

Geo. S. Lee, road from Beckman's tram road gate to Swanton; $37.50.

Lewis Blocher, road from Swanton to Folly run; $24.

A. M. T. Warnick, old state road from river road near J. Paugh's; $23.

Samson Harvey, road from Tally run to Kitzmiller's and Altamont road and Kitzmiller's road to Swanton; $33.

John L. Fitzwater, road from Beckman's gate to Meadow mountain road near Geo. O'Brien's; $35.

Rudolph Beckman, road from Glendale church to Altamont road; $33.

Francis M. McRobie, road from Swanton to Edmund's road; $32.

John B. Friend, road from Swanton road to Wilson's store; $30.

L. H. Friend, road from railroad at Swanton to Altamont road; $30.

Ben Davis, road from top of mountain to mountain ridge road at Kitzmiller's; $50.

J. Z. Browning, road from Sell's to Wilson's fields; $67.

DISTRICT NO. TWO.

Otho Speelman, road from Speelman's mill to line of District No. 5; Newton Guard's road and all others north; road from Neil's mill to district line No. 5; $70.

John Riley of George, road from Selbysport church to Pa. line and to Guard's bridge; $25. Road from M. E. church to Mill run; $20. Morgantown road from Selbysport (it the center) to 10th line of new location; $30. Morgantown road from 10th line of new location to district line No. 5; $30. All roads between Morgantown road and Mill run road except from M. E. church to Mill run; $30.

Austin Brown, road from Selbysport bridge to Bear creek bridge at E. Friend's; $50.

Silas Teats, road from Bear creek bridge at E. Friend's to district line No. 5, via. Henry Brown's; $70.

Silas F. Cuppett, road from Bear creek bridge at E. Friend's to district line No. 5, via John Coddington's; $70.

W. W. Frazee, road from Kim Frazee's to Pa. by Ridge school

It is the Open Air and Plenty of Exercise.

As far as complexions go there is no reason in the world why women whose lives are spent in the fresh, pure air of the country, untainted by smoke and dust, should not have the finest skins. By exercise in the open air violent enough to produce perspiration, and by regular bathing, the proper ventilation of the home, combined with good nutritious food, they can obtain this crowning glory of womanhood. There is no cosmetic equal to a flower garden. The woman who cultivates roses is apt to have them reflected in her glowing cheeks, and there is nothing so good for a nervous, low-spirited nature as a genuine love for growing things. No woman's life can be monotonous when she is anxiously waiting to see the coloring of her new pansies and is not quite sure whether those lilies will be pink or white. She will dream of her flowers, and her first impulse in the morning will be to run out and see what marvels of opening buds the night has brought forth. The labor of the entire day will seem easier because of these few moments among the flowers, and the desire to get back to her treasures will prove a wholesome incentive to a rapid and vigorous doing of her household tasks. Some women complain, however, and say that it always gives them a headache to work in the garden. This is generally the case because they rush into the hot sun in the very hottest part of the day, often either without anything on their heads or with some hat the weight of which is enough to cause pain in itself. If every woman living on a farm would wear nothing upon her head during the time spent by her in working around her domain but the old-time sun-bonnet of her grandmother's day she would be able to enjoy outdoor exercise without pain. There is no better shield for the eyes and complexion, and the back of the neck, where a delicate woman feels the heat particularly, is shaded by the cape. This bonnet should be made of dark green gingham or some other easily-laundered material; white or lighter colors are dazzling for the eyes, and so induce headaches. For the children these little sun-bonnets are excellent. As a rule, women in the country wear the heaviest headgear, especially for their best attire, and by that practice lay the foundation of at least some of their nervous troubles.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Soda for the Hair.

Soda dissolved in water is sometimes recommended for use on the hair. It certainly does keep fair hair fairer and gives a pretty lustre to it. But it as certainly must be most cautiously employed, or it will inevitably rot the hair and make it fall out.—Philadelphia Press.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

tist. Dewar recently congealed a bubble by lowering it into the ly vapor rising from a few spoonof frozen air. Then he broke the ble in two, and the halves lay like ils for several minutes before

sh uding stocks and bonds the J. of the United States are cap- $45. $80,000 per mile, while those C. Britain are capitalized at er mile, or nearly 400 per cent. post n in this country.

roa scintillation of stars, accord- A new theory suggested by S. Ottoun, is largely due to the con- churge between the earth and to O of small meteoric bodies, Je now believed to be drifting ra the immense numbers neces- road oduce this effect.

Roa s are plentiful and cheap on to fo ic coast. In Oregon, as in sam e crop is so large the farmers Sa thering the fruit, but allow- Bitt crop and rot. It is worth too inte make picking and packing $15. photographers of the Paris Da y have just finished for the Mea of Sciences the clearest view nem ed of the moon. They have road hed her surface in sections, Mi making a great image five Bene meter. The work is so per- towns, forests and rivers R perceptible if they existed.

ver United States have now about via els engaged in whaling—the Jo of a fleet which once numbered shop ed ships. The demand for C has so greatly decreased that Cus try has dwindled away. It is $22 orted chiefly by the demand bone, which is always greatly J of the supply.

Lu distance of Mercury from the to es owing to the eccentricity of it When he is nearest to the Mer ceives ten and a half times $30 ht and heat than we do, but J removes to his greatest dis- bri e light and heat are reduced Ja than one-half. Even then, brid the sun blazes in the skies of from with a disk four and a half mou er than that which he shows C. B arth.

man chemist is reported to $10. vered a new substance which W markable and unique prop- road difying when heated and road liquid at temperatures below lane; has been named "cryostase," Gee ained by mixing together Piney s of phenol, camphor and and adding a somewhat 11; portion of essence of tur- Jac certain substances, like the from harden on heating, but this via product that again liquefies Gern ng at a measured distance in 11; photographic camera an ink Joy dropper liberating drops in McK cession to one another, C. B. Hetz of Wormley, near Brobourne, Jor sly illustrated an exceedingly ting method of estimating the tinge of lightning flashes. Mr. War- A. ade a negative showing the nacous images of which are dis- thence fraction due to rain drops Joel to the photographic lens, mount e of which was, presumably, meter.

Don tain re- PFUL THOUGHTS.

Swaug s that Women Would Do Well John to Observe.

A rethought will enable any woman to have visitors or not to have them just as she pleases. When she pines for society and would fain see her rooms thronged with callers, she has only to wash her hair or perform some such rite to bring them. On the other hand, when she wants solitude, she has but to prepare her rooms and herself as if for a great fete and no one will darken her doors.

Have you longed for beauty and read the recipes for obtaining it with eager interest, sorrowing much that you could not put them into practice? Sorrow no more. Comfort yourself with the thought that if you tried those rules it would require all your time, and that no one would ever have a chance to observe the result.

Don't be one of those superior persons who never grumble at the weather. You will make enemies if you are, for the world does not care for those beings who flaunt their philosophic spirit and who by their very cheerfulness and good temper call attention to their superiority.

If there is one man who regards you as a mixture of goddess and angel and wishes to marry you on that account, refuse him. No one ever worships his possessions, and the only way to retain adoration is to remain unattainable. Sometimes that fails, too.

You have heard that the truest aid to the weak is to make them cultivate and increase what strength they have. Resolve to carry out this principle of helping people by making them develop all the self-reliance they have. You will enjoy the glow of their philanthropy and the ease of indolence at the same time.—Philadelphia Press.

Japan Not So Very Little.

Possibly it is because Japan is a pet of the American public that she is so frequently spoken of as "little Japan." Among the nations of the earth Japan is not specially little either in area or population. The area of Japan, 147,655 square miles, is larger by 27,000 square miles than that of the United Kingdom. Furthermore, there are 41,000,000 people who are subject to the mikado, against 38,000,000 in the United Kingdom, taking latest census results in both cases. Japan's population is larger than Italy's by fully 10,000,000, while her area is 37,000,000 miles greater. No one speaks of Italy as "little Italy," although she is not as populous as Japan. Japan has nearly ten times the area and almost twenty times the population of Denmark. Japan is not a "little" country save as compared with such unwieldy masses as the Chinese empire or such a giant as the United States. That she is big enough to hold her own and more she has evinced in battle to the amazement of her great antagonist.—Boston Transcript.

"RATS? RATS AGAIN FOR DINNER? IT'S ALWAYS RATS. I'M SICK OF THEM!"

Old Song Reaang.

They used to sing some time ago
A rather plaintive song:
"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
But nowadays the song is set
With music to the rhyme:
"Man wants as much as he can get,
And wants it all the time."
—Philadelphia Record.

SOME PROSPECT.

"So you're engaged?"

"Yes."

"Well, there's hope for all of us, then."—Truth.

Removing the Cause.

Mrs. Strongmind—Something must be done. All over the country the men are rebelling against what they call "petticoat government."

Mrs. Rightem—Then we must remove the cause.

Mrs. Sweetie—But how?

Mrs. Rightem—Wear bloomers.—N. Y. Weekly.

Thinking of Them.

Boy—Grandpa, I wish you'd buy me a pony.

Grandpa (a philanthropist)—My son, think of the poor boys who can't even get bread to eat.

Boy—I was thinkin' of them—the poor little boys whose papas have ponies to sell and nobody will buy.—Good News.

Poetical Item.

Visitor—I have brought you a poem on New Year's. It is rather long, but I suppose that will make no difference.

Editor—Oh! no. Just as easy to reject long ones as short ones. That's why I've got a five-story wastebasket.—Texas Siftings.

Nothing Original There.

"Is your boy fond of sugar on his bread?"

"Not so very."

"He is an original boy."

"Oh no; not so very. He wants his sugar straight."—Life.

No Danger.

The Heiress—The fellow has proposed to me several times already.

Her Friend—Aren't you afraid he will get tired if you put him off?

The Heiress—Never! He is out of a job.—Life.

Heads.

There's heads and heads, and heads and heads,
Long heads, round heads and flats;
Some heads are made to carry brains,
And some just carry hats.
—Spare Moments.

LOVE IS A PAIN.

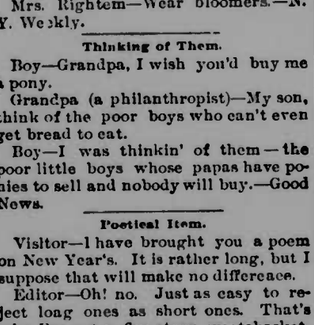

"Do you think your sister will be down soon, Willie?"

"Yes. She said she was coming down as soon as she could, so as to have it over with."—Life.

Worst of All.

She—How fearful it must be for a great singer to know that she has lost her voice.

He—It's much more torturing when she doesn't know it.—Tid-Bits.

Near at Hand.

Staylate Kawler (arguing woman's rights)—I tell you, Miss Bluntley, the day is surely coming—

Miss Bluntley (glancing significantly at the clock)—You are right, Mr. Kawler. It can't be more than an hour or two away, I'm positive.—Buffalo Courier.

A Mysterious Visitor.

Johnnie Fewscads—Has anybody been here since I left?

Valet—Mr. Mackintosh called shortly after you left, sir.

Johnnie Fewscads—Mackintosh? To save my life I can't remember owing money to anybody by that name.—Texas Siftings.

A Long Drawn Out Game.

New York Boy (visiting in Rhode Island)—What shall we play?

Rhode Island Boy—Let's play something new. Let's play golf.

New York Boy (hesitatingly)—I'm afraid the state isn't long enough.—Dubuque Times.

Pointing a Distinction.

"Are you fond of hunting?"

"It all depends," replied the man who is superciliously precise, "on whether you mean deer or a collar button."—Washington Star.

The Question of the Hour.

Penelope—So you're going to get married?

Chappie—Yes.

Penelope—Who's going to make your trousseau?—Life.

The Real Test.

Napoleon Bonaparte was great
Beyond the wildest dream.
But what of that? He never met
A college football team.
—Detroit Free Press.

THAT DIAMOND ROBBERY.

Charlie Boy—Any news regarding the robbery?

O'Brien—Naw; but they found the tray of diamonds.

Charlie-Boy—Where did they find it?

O'Brien—They found it in a pack of cards, sonny.—Judge.

Good for Her.

Young Tutter—Do you mind, Miss Clara, if I don't wear a dress suit after this when I call?

Miss Pinkerly—Certainly not, Mr. Tutter, if you are coming on business.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Couldn't Stand That.

"What made you get away from that house in such a hurry?" asked one tramp of a fellow-traveler. "Dog?"

"Worse'n that. The woman wore a waterfall."—Judge.

Fin De Siecle.

Miss Prim—Young Mr. Cubley has been casting admiring glances at me recently.

Miss Perte—Look out—he may want to borrow money.—Truth.

What Counts Nowadays.

"I was surprised to hear Brown's book sold so well; it was a miserably poor story."

"Yes, but it was beautifully bound, you know."—Truth.

Caution.

To tell her fortune did the youth
With care her soft palm view;
But, to make assurance doubly sure,
He looked in Bradstreet's, too.
—Puck.

In Doubt.

Miss Sears—Do you think George would marry me for my money?

Ethel Knox—It might be worth trying; how much have you got?—Puck.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

NOW, listen, my dears, pray what do you think?
You will scarcely believe what I say,
When I tell you this wonderful thing—that I lunched
With a king and a queen to-day.

The palace was—well, it was rather plain,
And only a few feet square,
And some bread and ginger cake, milk and jam
Were all of the royal fare.

The butler was grand in a necktie white,
And grave as a judge could be;
But he had four feet, and looked very much
Like our own old Jock to me.

THE BUTLER.

The king was dressed in a gorgeous robe,
And the queen's was exquisite,
And they both had beautiful golden crowns
That didn't exactly fit.

Their manners were dignified, grave and grand,
Their appetites royally nice,
Though the queen got her pinafore stained with jam,
And his majesty choked himself twice.

And after the luncheon (the cares of state
Had tired her out, mayhap)
The queen unexpectedly fell asleep
With her curly brown head in my lap.

THE QUEEN IS SLEEPY.

"For she is so little, you see," the king
Explained in a grave aside,
"She doesn't remember her part very well!"
And he looked much mortified.

Till quite forgetting his rank, he, too,
Sat down on the nursery floor,
And played with a top and a train of cars
For fifteen minutes or more.

Then fearing my visit might last too long—
For he seemed to be bored, I thought,
And the queen woke up in a fractious mood—
My call to unend I brought.

I courtesied low to the king, and kissed
Her majesty's hand so white,
But they sprang on me with a laughing shout
And hugged me close and tight.

The queen's gold crown slipped over her neck,
And the king's from his head was lost,
And the royal chocks were red as a rose,
And the royal locks were tossed.

The royal robes from their shoulders fell,
And their royal dignity fled,
And "Wasn't it fun, mamma?" they cried,
My own little Trix and Ted!
—Margaret Johnson, in Youth's Companion.

GLASS SWALLOWERS.

All of Them Are Fakirs or Conjurers in a Small Way.

There are a number of men who go around the country affecting to be able to swallow bits of glass, pebbles, small shells and so on. It is singular, but most of those who see these tricks performed really believe that the articles are actually swallowed.

In reality, in this case, as in many others, it is the "quickness of the hand that deceives the eye." A man who at a dime museum actually swallowed, during fifteen to twenty performances a day, bits of glass and tacks would be soon in his grave.

These men are conjurers in a small way, and their bill of fare is disposed of in another way than swallowing. The trick is for the most part deftly executed—the performer imitates the act of swallowing to something like perfection, the apparent movement of the throat being well done.

Many of these men pretend, in order to increase the mystery, that immediately after they have done the trick they swallow some mysterious mixture, only known to themselves, which acts as a dissolvent and digester. But this exists in imagination only.

A friend of the writer, who is a physician at one of the hospitals in a large city, was not long ago consulted by one of these alleged champion swallowers. This same man, who pretended to eat dozens of things daily, was in a terrible state of fright, because he had in reality, by a slip, swallowed two tacks.

Of course, this is conclusive evidence that he did not actually swallow the articles which he pretended to find delight in eating. But people who can take pleasure in seeing a fellow being swallow tin tacks deserve to be fooled. —Golden Days.

Involuntary Trip to Europe.

Two Delaware boys have just returned from an involuntary voyage to Europe. They went out fishing in the Delaware river, and, a fog coming up suddenly, could not find their way to shore. After drifting for two hours a storm came up and the boat was driven before it all night. When morning came and the storm ended the boys were out of sight of land and with no idea where they were. So they prudently made no effort to go anywhere, and finally were rewarded by the sight of a steamer. As it came closer they hoisted signals of distress, and were picked up by a vessel bound from Philadelphia to Hamburg. And the boys were carried to Hamburg, because the steamship only sighted other vessels at a distance. Of course the boys worked their passage, and did so well that when they returned to Philadelphia on the same steamer the captain paid them a small sum for their services.

MIRTH may prove a better digestive than a doctor's pill.

WALKING WITHOUT LEGS.

A Chapter for Boys and Girls on Snakes and Their Habits.

Lots of boys and girls kill snakes in the country who never stop to think what a very curious way a snake has of getting about. They see him so often sliding through the grass that it never occurs to them to wonder how he can do it, just as many other wonderful things in this world are so common that we never stop to think how wonderful they really are.

You would tell me that Mr. Snake got along by crawling. His body holds one long backbone, the ribs coming from it numbering as many as three hundred in some snakes. Besides these ribs in his long slender body he has very powerful muscles which bring his ribs forward as he walks along upon them, just as if they were feet. So that he may be said to walk upon his ribs. His muscles draw his ribs forward, so that he rests upon them, and then his muscles give another step. So on he runs as quick as lightning, particularly when he sees a small boy coming after him with a sharp stick.

The snake, large or small, swallows his food whole and often has to open his mouth very wide to do it. But mother nature has made special arrangements about a snake's mouth, by which he can separate the bones of it, so that he can swallow animals by gradually drawing them in until the bones are at some distance apart. When once the dinner is down, the muscles of the mouth contract, and the bones draw back into place, and the snake's head looks as small as it did before he took in his huge mouthful. Poisonous snakes kill or crush their prey to death before they swallow it. The smaller snakes have teeth turning backward, so that the prey, getting inside once, cannot escape.

You know something, perhaps, of how the snake sheds his skin. Perhaps you have found such a treasure as an old snake skin for yourself. When the snake is about to shed his coat it grows dull in color, and some day it splits open all the way down the back. Then Mr. Snake wriggles out of his old clothes and finds himself in a bran new suit, handsomer and better-fitting than the last.

Snakes, of course, can climb trees, or swim, as well as they can get over the ground. In fact, they do all these things so well, and so expeditiously, that it would seem as if it were rather easier to get along without feet than with them. And Mr. Snake must wonder what upon earth a boy's legs are good for, since snakes can run faster than boys.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

NEGRO HEAD-DRESSES.

Eccentric Coiffures Seen by Travelers in the Dark Continent.

The African puts ornaments in his hair as we more civilized mortals do, but his taste is different. For where we decorate with gold and silver pins and combs, he proudly uses little balls and disks of clay hanging to the end of his braided locks or long braided beard. Sometimes he plasters a great crescent shaped lump of clay on the back of his head, and one old prince, particularly vain and loving of ornament, rolled his entire beard into a ball and so plastered it with mud that it hung, a great clay ball, from his chin. Just fancy how pleasant it must have been to wear a five-pound weight on one's chin! It would be a great discourager of conversation, for one certainly would not

TWO ECCENTRIC COIFFURES.

wish to lift that weight any oftener than was absolutely necessary.

Some of the women with long hair weave it over and around little reeds stuck in at right angles to the head, so that it finally looks like a great straw hat or basket all around their faces, much like the old poke bonnets that our grandmothers used to wear. The ladies of the lower Congo whose hair is more woolly than that of some of the other tribes, part their hair in three great thick locks, one on each side of the face and one in front. These they grease and twist until they look like wire, then they curve them until they look like short cow's horns sticking out on both sides and in front.

The natives of Rua braid their hair in two or three long plaits right on top of the head. They stiffen with clay until they stand upright exactly like the funny little horns the unsociable snail sticks out as he saunters along with his house on his back. If the man of Rua happens to have short hair he braids in false hair until he gets what he considers a fashionable length, that is about twelve or fourteen inches. They likewise share the fondness of so-called civilized nations for changing the color of the hair, and are particularly addicted to the use of a red clay, which makes their hair a brilliant red. They also use a preparation of henna for the same purpose, and when they want to hide the gray hairs they mix henna and indigo, which makes a fine black, and, unlike some European dyes, does not affect the brain.—Isabel McKee, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

Size of the Average Man.

In the man of average stature the height of the body is ten times the length of the face; the face from the chin to the hair is as long as the hand; the arm is four times the length of the face; the sole of the foot is one-sixth the length of the body, and six times the thickness of the hand in the thickest place equals the thickness of the body.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MOTOR CARRIAGES.

Their Introduction Depends Upon the Improvement of Our Roads.

The United States in some of its aspects, despite its great population, its large cities, wealth and inventive powers, appears susceptible of further advances. Of late agitation in directions affecting what may be termed its internal economies has been manifest, and good roads for the country districts, electric traction lines for country and city alike, and improved pavements for cities have been discussed on all sides by private citizens and by legislators. Ten years ago the steam railroad, the growth of little more than a generation, was pointed to with interest as a cause which had revolutionized the world. So, in modern times the transportation of freight and of passengers is the most important business of humanity. The idea of the steam railroad was the creation of large units of transportation. Great trains of cars bearing several hundred passengers became the railway manager's ideal.

The steam railroad seems to have reached pretty nearly its limit, and now a most formidable competitor for local traffic has come upon the scene in the electric road. The five and six car steam train is supplanted by a number of single trolley cars run at frequent intervals.

These matters the capitalists have in charge. But the improvement of roads and streets affects the municipalities, the county and state authorities, and very directly the individual. For on roads and streets the horse-drawn vehicle and the bicycle travel, and the latter, once a toy and now an everyday vehicle, is a principal cause of the new agitation. With good roads all over the face of the country and with proper city pavements a new field of work for the inventor at once is open. The horse is being more and more relegated to the background. The bicycle surpasses him in its powers of transporting humanity. It illustrates the immense reduction of friction on journals by the use of ball bearings. After ball bearings had settled this part of the problem the rolling friction difficulty was solved by the pneumatic tire, and the bicycle, in great measure a perfected type of machine, is going into universal use.

In France recently there has occurred a competition between road vehicles driven by power. From the early days of this century repeated efforts have been made to produce a road engine. To the existence of this machine a good road surface is essential. France is peculiarly adapted to its introduction on account of her good roads. There the bicycle is in universal use, and the power-driven road wagon may become a part of the machinery of transportation.

In the United States, with cobble-stone pavements, and with sandy and muddy roads disgracing city and country alike, much has to be done before the work of producing a successful traction engine or carriage can be accomplished. But the production of the bicycle has done much to facilitate progress, and has solved so many of the mechanical problems of the perfect road vehicle, that it seems a pity that the power problem cannot also be solved. The motor is now what is wanted. It must be light. The bicycle of twenty-five pounds weight carries a two hundred pound rider. The motor carriage of the future must be light.

With good roads all through the country traversed on bicycles by every one, and with power-driven vehicles for freight, in place of horse and wagon, the life in the country districts would be revolutionized. Daily delivery of the mail and of light express matter would become practicable, and the progress of the individual would be favored. But until good roads come this cannot be. The trolley road as an approach to the desired cheap traction has proved welcome to the country and suburban dwellers. The advent of a practical power-driven vehicle coupled with good roads would prove just as welcome and more in consonance with the vested rights of the community in such roads as they possess; rights in which are now surrendered to the electric road companies with far too great readiness.—Scientific American.

DAIRY SUGGESTIONS.

NEVER use wooden packages a second time for packing butter.

NEVER handle butter with the hands. Use a wooden scoop and ladle.

IT is rare that butter can be sold to the best advantage at the country store.

NOTHING but good butter makes a profit to anybody. Poor butter is a loss to everybody.

IF there is a contagious disease in the home be careful that the milk is not exposed to it and then consumed by the well members of the family.

GOOD butter cannot be made on the farm unless there are facilities for making good butter. We might as well recognize that fact first as last.

IS THE cream exposed to odors? Is there any attempt to regulate the temperature? Is the cream kept until it is rotten? If yes, then good butter is out of the question. — Farmers' Voice.

Sunflowers in the Silo.

Some experiments have been made by one of the Canadian experiment stations with sunflowers mixed in the silo with corn and other fodder plants. The hands only were used. The experiment was successful and quite satisfactory, showing that there is a place for this plant as a feeding crop in our agriculture. It is a substitute for the oil meals and other fatty foods, having twenty-five per cent. of an excellent oil, sweet, digestible, and devoid of any objectionable quality. The product of an acre is from thirty to eighty, or even more, bushels of thirty-three pounds. The leaves may be gathered as those of corn are for fodder, and are acceptable and nutritious.

THE U. S. Government Chemists have reported, after an examination of the different brands, that the ROYAL Baking Powder is absolutely pure, greatest in strength, and superior to all others.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY, 106 WALL ST. NEW-YORK.

The Rule Bound to Fail.

Wife—Cousin Clara needs a new penknife and I would like to give her mine; but people say that the gift of a knife will cut friendship.

Husband—Have no fear. No knife that one woman gives another will cut anything.—Puck.

Love's Young Dream.

Old Gentleman—What? Marry that young pauper? Why, he can't even afford to buy coal.

Daughter—But he won't have to buy coal, pa. We're going to board.—N. Y. Weekly.

Smitten by Cold or Damp,

The kidneys become sore and cease to act properly. Relieve their distress and set them in vigorous motion with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and all will be well. Otherwise, apprehend Bright's disease, diabetes or albuminuria, all dangerous maladies. Malaria, dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness and nervousness all yield to this benignant and agreeable medicinal agent, which promotes appetite and a gain in vigor and flesh.

WIFE—"There, now! This paper says that married men can live on less than single men." Husband—"But, my dear, all of us haven't wives who take in washing."—Dubuque Times.

$6.00 to California

Is price of double berth in Tourist Sleeping Car from Chicago on the famous "Phillips-Rock Island Tourist Excursions." Through cars on fast trains leave Chicago Tuesdays via Ft. Worth and El Paso, and Thursdays via Scenic Route. Write for particulars to A. P. PHILLIPS & Co., 104 Clark St., Chicago.
JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago.

THE friendship between two girls usually ceases as soon as they have told everything they know.—Atchison Globe.

I HAVE found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine.—F. R. LOTZ, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

"I WOULD die for you!" insisted the rich old suitor. "O! it's very easy to promise," rejoined the maiden skeptically.—Judge.

IF you want to be cured of a cough use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

WHO shall be true to us, when we are so unsecret to ourselves?—Shakespeare.

VEXED sailors cursed the rain for which poor shepherds prayed in vain.—Waller.

IT is the business of the newspaper editor to "make a long story short."—Texas Siftings.

A RICH ADORNMENT.—"What a singular brooch Mrs. Newrich has on. Is it enamel?" "No. It's a thousand-dollar bill glazed."—Harper's Bazar.

"SO THE doctor has ordered your wife to go south for her health!" "Yes." "Will the climate agree with her?" "Well, if it does it will be a good one."—Inter Ocean.

THE whale lives about four hundred years. A whale would be a good thing for a person to buy who hated to part with a pet after he became attached to it.—Tit-Bits.

AN amateur editor has just made a fortune by his pen. His father died after reading one of his articles, and left him fifty thousand pounds.—Tit-Bits.

CALLERS—"Is your mamma quite well today?" Freddy—"I guess not." Callers—"Is she lying down?" Freddy—"No, but she acted real pleasant when I told her who was here."—Inter Ocean.

HALLIE—"How delightfully entertaining Miss Closemouth is!" Percy—"Is she well informed?" Hallie—"Oh, yes, I told her everything I knew about everybody."—Inter Ocean.

"BOOKS that have helped me?" said an eminent citizen. "Books that have helped me! I guess that Webster's Dictionary contributed as much to my elevation as any. I used to sit on it regularly at meals when I was a small boy."—Indianapolis Journal.

DEALER—"Here, madam, is a banquet lamp which will delight you if properly attended. We call it the 'After-Dinner-Speaker Lamp.'" Lady—"Why do you give it that queer name?" Dealer—"It's so brilliant when it's full."—N. Y. Weekly.

"CAN you sing the old songs, Miss Smith?" "Oh, no! I wasn't born then!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Dr. PIERCE'S
Golden Medical
DISCOVERY

Cures Ninety-eight per cent. of all cases of Consumption, in all its Earlier Stages.

Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but *a large percentage of cases*, and we believe, *fully 98 per cent.* are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in misrepresenting them, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery," but who have been forced to confess that it surpasses, in curative power over this fatal malady, all other medicines with which they are acquainted. Nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy "emulsions" and mixtures, had been tried in nearly all these cases and had either utterly failed to benefit, or had only seemed to benefit a little for a short time. Extract of malt, whiskey, and various preparations of the hypophosphites had also been faithfully tried in vain.

The photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, asthma, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies, have been skillfully reproduced in a book of 160 pages which will be mailed to you, on receipt of address and six cents in stamps.

Address for Book, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

LOW-RATE EXCURSION

January 15, 1895.

On the above date the MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY and IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE will sell tickets at half rates (plus $2) from St. Louis, Cairo and Missouri River gateways to all points on their lines in Arkansas, Louisiana, including points on the K. C., W. & G.; to all points in Texas, Deming, N. M., and Pecos Valley points in New Mexico. Will also sell from and through St. Louis to points in Missouri south and west of Harrisonville; from and through St. Louis, Kansas City, Leavenworth, Atchison, St. Joseph and Omaha to points in Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado. For particulars regarding limit, stop-over privileges and further information see nearest ticket agent.

H. C. TOWNSEND,
General Passenger Agent, ST. LOUIS.

MRS. HOUSER—"How dare you kiss the servant girl before me?" Houser—"Excuse me. I have been kissing you off and on for several years. I have just begun with her. I didn't kiss her before you."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

☞Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills, 25 cents.

THE FAITHFUL SISTERS. — She — "I — I think I like you, Mr. Trotter. But I cannot marry and leave my twin sister alone. Wait until she is engaged." He—"Yes—but—er—that's just what she said when I proposed to her."—Harlem Life.

A Cheap Trip South.

Tickets will be sold at one fare round trip to points in Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Florida, on the line of the Louisville & Nashville, and Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railroads, on January 8, February 5, March 5, April 2 and 30, 1895. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O., or Geo. L. Cross, N. W. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

JINKS—(At the door impatiently)—"Are you all ready, dear." Mrs. Jinks—"All but putting on my bonnet." Jinks—"H'm! Well, I've time for two more cigars, any way."—Harper's Bazar.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

FOR DURABILITY, ECONOMY AND FOR GENERAL BLACKING IS UNEQUALLED. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.
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Daily at 9.00 p. m. from Chicago. New and elegant equipment, built expressly for this service. Trains lighted throughout by gas. Tickets and further information of your local ticket agent, or by addressing A. H. HANSON, G. P. A., Ill. Cent. R. R. Chicago, Ill.

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We wish to show the great value that will be given for the money expended. In the first place, the Magazine itself cannot be matched anywhere in the world for two dollars. If you wish to prove this, compare it with any other as to matter, illustrations, quality of paper, printing, etc. Then, too, it is so designed as to interest every member of the family, which makes it really a dozen magazines in one. Here, then, is the first $2.00 of the $48.00 mentioned above. The next $5.00 is represented by the exquisite premium for the coming year, De Longpre's "Roses," which is the most exquisite oil-picture that has ever been published, and worth nearer $10.00 than $5.00. Then comes a value of $3.00, represented by giving every lady reader all the patterns she wishes to use during the year, and in sizes to suit. A novel and important feature, introduced into DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE last April, is a Portrait Album giving eight cabinet-size portraits each month of the world's celebrities, with a biographical sketch of each person. Each year's collection of ninety-six portraits of distinguished men and women, when inserted in the Portrait Album which we can furnish, forms a handsome ornament for the home, as well as a valuable source of information and reference, interesting all members of the family and their friends. The collection would cost over a hundred dollars if made in any other way, as many of these photographs are very expensive, neither time nor money being spared in making the collection. If we count each portrait at the low valuation of only 25 cents it would make $24.00 worth with your coming year's magazines; and if you are a new subscriber and wish to commence your collection from the first we published, we will send you the fifty-six already issued, and these fifty-six at 25 cents each would make another $14.00. Summing up all the above, you have a value of $48.00 for only $2.00. The following fifty-six Portraits were published in the last volume, which new subscribers will be entitled to free. The ninety-six for the coming year will include names as well known as those already given.

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Mlle. Emma Calve,
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Prince Bismarck,
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Oliver W. Holmes,
William Lyne Wilson,
Rev. Thos. De Witt Talmage,
John Ruskin,
Adelina Patti,
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Louis Kossuth,
President Carnot,
Mme. Emma Eames-Story,
Elizabeth Barrett Browning,
Robert Browning,
Nathaniel Hawthorne,
General Sherman,
Rev. Phillips Brooks,
Haydn,
Ralph Waldo Emerson
Alexandre Dumas, pere,
Alexandre Dumas, fils,
Alexander III., late Czar of Russia
President Cleveland,
Mrs. Grover Cleveland,
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William E. Gladstone,
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Henry Irving,
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Herbert Spencer,
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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14, 1895.

The Democrats have since the defeat of Secretary Carlisle's crazy-quilt currency bill in the House, about given up hope of securing any financial legislation at this session without the aid of the Republicans. Although they are running hither and thither and holding hourly conferences, they are accomplishing nothing, and they privately admit it. A definite appeal has been made by Democrats friendly to the administration to Senators Sherman and Allison, asking them to come to the rescue of the treasury and to prepare a compromise non-partisan financial bill. It is not at all probable that these Senators will prepare a bill, but they, and other Republicans, have told the Democrats that, in their opinion, what the treasury most needs is more revenue, and that a bill to increase the revenue of the government, either by an increase in the tariff on all dutiable articles, or by increasing the internal revenue tax upon special articles — beer for instance—would receive the votes of the Republicans in both House and Senate.

For the Democrats to accept this hint would be to confess to the country—what is already plain to all except those who refuse to see—that the Democratic tariff policy is a failure and is at bottom responsible for all the troubles of the treasury and of the country, but there are Democrats who do not hesitate to advocate that the confession be made, and while such action can hardly be said to be probable, it is quite as much so as that any financial bill will become a law at this session.

Representative Hitt, who was chairman of the House committee on Foreign Affairs in the last Republican House and who will almost certainly occupy the same position in the next House, is strongly opposed to the recommendation of Mr. Cleveland, that the United States should agree to give up the advantage it now holds under the reciprocity treaty with Hawaii, and agree to a modification of that treaty which would allow Great Britain to lease one of the smallest of the Hawaiian islands to be used as a station for a proposed submarine cable between Canada and Australia. While Mr. Hitt admits that cable communication with Hawaii would be very desirable, both for that country and the United States, he insists that this country should control such cable, not only as a matter of business sagacity, but as a precaution in case of war. This is no new position for Mr. Hitt. As long ago as the Fifty-first Congress he tried to have the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill amended so as to provide for the survey of a cable route between San Francisco and Honolulu.

Mr. James J. Hill, the northwestern railroad man and financier who is at present in Washington, says of the financial situation: "It's hard to say what should be done by Congress in the way of financial legislation. It seems to me it would be a good idea to leave it to a commission to frame a bill. Take two of the ablest Republicans in Congress, two Democrats, and then appoint John Sherman chairman of the commission. It would be safe to wager ten thousand dollars against a cent that such a body of men would originate a plan of currency relief that would settle this vexatious question for the next twenty years."

Senator Teller, in replying to Senator Hill's attack on the income tax, did some plain talking, as he usually does when he speaks upon any subject. He said that any proposition for the repeal of the income tax must be accompanied by one to raise as much money, owing to the very pronounced need of the treasury for money. He called attention to the fact that if the present monthly deficit was kept up the deficit for the year would reach $100,000,000; also, that the proceeds in bonds had already been swallowed up by the deficit under the Cleveland administration and that the gold reserve fund was down to $77,000,000 and was still rapidly falling. "What the country is suffering from particularly," he continued, "is a lack of revenue, not a lack of gold in the treasury. If the revenue was ample there would be no difficulty in acquiring gold, and no question of maintaining the parity between different kinds of money." He paid his respects to the administration thusly: "Whenever a member of the executive department appeals to the legislative department to do something, and has not a plan to present, it is good evidence that the executive branch of the government is in the wrong hands."

Deer Park.

Mr. Victor McCauley the principal of our school, has closed his subscription school and has gone to Oakland to accept a position.

Miss Bessie Hoye is teaching a subscription school with a fair number of pupils.

There was quite an excitement in our town last Saturday. Our bailiff and one of our leading business men got into a difficulty over one of the town ordinances, which resulted in a fine and costs. The case was appealed to court.

Miller Bros. have Speicher & Nethken's new delivery wagon nearly completed.

Mr. Jos. Lashorn and Mr. Rensy Thrasher, who have been at Bayard plastering, have returned home.

I wonder if our cemetery will always be in this condition. It is a shame to our community. Let the people look into this and repair it. I think almost everyone in the place will give a helping hand.

Where has our band got to? Echo answer.

Short Run.

A very heavy sleet is on the timber.

A regular blizzard struck here on Saturday evening. The thermometer registered 32 degrees above zero at 3.30 p. m., and at 6 a. m. it registered 12 degrees below.

Mr. Andrew Sollars is visiting Mr. Daniel Wilson and wife.

The youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Wilson is very sick. The doctor says the disease is an abscess on the lung, and thinks his recovery is doubtful.

Mrs. Hannah Harvey was stricken with paralysis Friday evening last at seven o'clock. Her right side is entirely helpless, and she is in a critical condition.

Miss Carrie Wilson is teaching private school at this place.

Thomas McRobie and Sidney Wilson are hauling lumber from Blaine for Jas. H. Wilson, who has concluded to build an addition to his dwelling.

Mr. A. E. Harvey is hauling saw logs for Mr. Jacob Stullenbarger, of West Virginia.

Mr. Solomon Tasker fell off a wagon recently and broke one of his ribs.

The newly married couple, Mr. Walter Wood and wife, are settled down and living very hapily together.

BEE BIRD.

Selbysport.

Since your correspondent has not showed up for quite a while, we are all getting somewhat anxious about him and feel it our duty to inquire after him. We have been disappointed week after week and can endure his silence no longer. Now, Mr. Editor, if you will give us a hint of his whereabouts, we will go after him with a sand bag and try to remind him of his duty. See if we don't.

We are having plenty of snow just now and a little cold weather to season it with.

There is more lumber, ties, etc., in the yard and county road here than has ever been at any one time since the railroad was completed.

The farmers are busy hauling lime from the different quarries in this district. This is a new venture and we know it will prove a profitable one for them.

The Southern Methodists are holding a protracted meeting in our new school house.

Mrs. Domer, of Meyersdale, Pa., was visiting her son-in-law, Chas. H. Stuck, last week.

Jonas Frazee, jr., dealer in bicycles, donkeys and yaller dogs, is thinking of going to Pittsburg to complete his education.

Frank Savage is spending a few days near Thayerville.

Mrs. Pearl Stuck fell on the ice last week and was unable to be out for a few days on account of injuries received.

John W. Savage, of Fearer, Md., has bought a new saw mill complete from Hench & Drumgold, of York, Pa.

It has been said that when the combined forces of a mother-in-law and the devil enter a man's house he is compelled to either surrender or retreat. We believe it.

What has become of the railroad extension scheme? The next evidence we trust will be the sound of the pick, shovel and hammer, tempered with roar of powder and dynamite.

We have been somewhat interested in the discussion of the school question, but fail to agree altogether with any of the writers. In my humble opinion our schools will never be any better than they have been until we elect Hon. Lloyd Lowndes governor. Then will follow the election of our school officers by the people, a re-assessment bill passed, a special tax levied for the schools and a poll tax to be paid by every voter who does not pay State, county nor school tax, to go to the school fund.

Let us hear from Pea Ridge oftener. Wake up, Walter.

NEWCOMER.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

are good for sick headache, constipation, piles, bilious colic, fever and ague, dyspepsia, rheumatism, female complaints, dizziness, flatulence, sour stomach, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general debility. They will positively cure all disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. 25 cents a box.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

helps babes over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, controls the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no strong drugs and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good—25 cents a bottle.

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

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Your Appearance MAY BE MARRED,
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Your Comfort MAY BE DISTURBED

by humiliating, annoying and disfiguring eruptions or humors of the skin, known in their various forms as

ECZEMA, SALT RHEUM, TETTER, PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, RING WORM AND ITCHING PILES.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

IS THE CERTAIN AND PERMANENT REMEDY FOR THESE AND ALL SKIN DISEASES.

Hundreds of cases CURED attest its wonderful efficacy. SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.

Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents.

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For CATARRH, HAY FEVER, COLD IN THE HEAD and all inflammatory conditions of the Nasal Passages, use FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE. It is a positive remedy.

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FOR SALE.

Three acres of land, being a part of the old Kennedy farm, lying in the eastern suburbs of Oakland on either side of the road leading to Mt. Lake Park. Will be sold in lots of ¼ acre each, or as a whole.
For full particulars call on or address
MRS. LIZZIE BUZZARD,
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NURSERY AND FRUIT FARM.
Address Swanton, Md., for Fruit and Mushrooms.
Address Mt. Lake Park concerning Nursery, Greenhouse or Vegetable Products.
Agets wanted on salary.
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I am now prepared to furnish and put on plain and fancy roofing, slate, galvanized ridge, roll and water proof paper at reasonable prices. All work and material guaranteed.
C. M. Beachy,
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SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ½ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
T. R. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.
CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
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WALL PAPER
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REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.
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I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:
1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 40 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.
2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.
3. Farm of Mrs. Ida C. Cruntzberg, containing 61 acres, under fence; orchard of 150 trees; stable, frame house. Price, $1,200. Cash payment of $200, balance at 20 years with interest.
These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.
4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.
E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

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Sole agents for the World's Fair Best Spring Wheat Flour,
The Boss
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.
ONCE YOU USE IT YOU WILL ALWAYS USE IT!
For sale in Oakland by George O. Miller & Co.; in Mountain Lake Park by Hayden & Eekles. 36—13

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And other specialties for Gentlemen, Ladies, Boys and Misses are the
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See descriptive advertisement which appears in this paper.
Take no Substitute.
Insist on having W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES, with name and price stamped on bottom. Sold by
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Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

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All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.
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Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 18. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1895. NUMBER 46.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

Send us your orders for printed stationery.

The backbone of the winter is still rigid—frozen stiff.

Mr. Perry E. Kimmell returned from Washington Saturday night.

Oh yes! Oh yes!—Cheap John, Auctioneer. Charges reasonable. 46tf.

Mr. L. L. Brown was in Frostburg one day last week on a visit to friends.

Cheap John has the largest stock of comic and fancy valentines in Oakland. 46-2t.

Prof. S. C. Smith is on the road selling organs and musical merchandise.

Mr. Leonard Townshend, who has been quite ill for several weeks, is improving.

Commissioners' meeting on Feb. 5, 1895, to hear appeals on assessments, etc.

Mr. A. L. Lee, of Altamont, was here Thursday of last week and called to see us.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

LOST.—Black and tan setter dog; $5 reward if returned to W. R. Mason, Oakland, Md.

Miss Belle Jarboe spent Sunday at Hutton as the guest of her sister, Mrs. Charles F. White.

Prof. Richardson, of Piedmont, was in the city Saturday on a visit to friends and relatives.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

The Oakland public school will be opened on Monday with Prof. Charles Smith as principal.

Mr. John Shartzer and Mr. E. H. Sincell went to Baltimore Monday night on a business trip.

Rev. L. A. Rudisill, superintendent of Mountain Lake Park, was in Cumberland Monday.—News.

Mr. D. M. Mason is preparing to erect a house on the lot he recently purchased in Mrs. Crook's addition.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Harmon and Mr. and Mrs. James Spiker, of Bittinger, were in the city Monday.

Mr. F. G. Hyde returned to Oakland Sunday night from a visit to his mother at Brandonville, West Va.

Send your check books to this office to be numbered. We have a special machine for just this class of work.

Miss Mattie Adair, of Terra Alta, was here several days last week as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. King Delawder.

LOST.—Wednesday night between the M. E. church and postoffice a silver match safe. Please return to this office.

Mrs. J. O. Cleveland, of Oakland, Md., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Parker.—Frostburg Journal.

Major J. C. Alderson was in the city Sunday on his way to Grafton and other points west. He returned Tuesday night.

Mr. Lloyd Bell has moved from the Matthews property on Alder street to the property he recently purchased on Second street.

Mr. John Davis, who was at Buckhannon at school returned home on last Saturday night and will remain the balance of the winter.

Miss Eva Button, of Annapolis, who was here on an extended visit to her sister Mrs. E. H. Sincell, departed for her home Tuesday morning.

Don't forget to send your order for a thousand of those XXX white envelopes; only $1.75 per thousand. This offer holds good only until the first of February.

Mr. Ed. Sh[illegible] ned from Washington [illegible] re on Friday last where [illegible] been on a visit of a few [illegible] Mr. Thomas R. White.

Mr, Oscar W. Stull, who was on a visit to friends and relatives in New York and other eastern cities for a number of weeks, returned to Oakland on Tuesday night of last week.

Hon. B. F. Martin, who represented the second West Virginia district in congress for three terms, died at his home in Grafton at an early hour Sunday morning, aged 66 [illegible]

Mr. Jacob Brown, of Cumberland, who has been a contributor to these columns for nearly twenty years, has sent us a short sketch of the life of the late Patrick Hamill which appears in this issue.

Mrs. W. G. Davis and little daughter Margaret, who have been visiting Mrs. D's parents here (Dr. Cooms and wife,) returned to their home at Brownsville, Pa., Monday. —Morgantown Post.

Sunday morning a thaw set in which was much "encouraged" Monday by rain. Tuesday morning however the ground was again white and thus it is why we have the "beautiful" with us again.

Mr. John O. Michael has purchased of Mr. John Shartzer twenty-one feet of ground fronting on Second street at the junction of Green street and will begin in a short time the erection of a store building.

The Washington *Star* gave what it called a pound party to the poor the other evening. Over 100,000 pounds of provisions, including ten tons of potatoes and an equal amount of flour were given to the poor.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office with Dr. M. C. Hinehaugh. 35-1y.

James Bell, while coasting one day last week, lost control of his sled which ran into a stoop on the pavement. The lad was injured somewhat about the face, the most serious of which being a very bad cut above the eye.

STRAYED OR STOLEN.—On Dec. 25th, a dark brindle shepherd dog, about eight months old. Any information leading to the recovery of the dog will be liberally paid for by the undersigned.

C. E. HILLARY,
44-3t Gorman, Md.

Rev. Ernest R. McCauley returned from Cedar Rapids, Iowa, last Wednesday night and remained here a few hours with friends. He went to Gettysburg, Pa., Thursday morning. Rev. McCauley has been extended a call by the Lutheran congregation in Cedar Rapids which he may accept.

On Friday last Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sincell accompained by Miss Eva Button, of Annapolis, and Mr. Benj. H. Sincell, drove over to Kingwood, returning Saturday evening. Miss Lillian Morris, of Kingwood, returned with them and remained here over Sunday as their guest.

Many stubborn and aggravating cases of rheumatism that were believed to be incurable and accepted as life legacies, have yielded to Chamberlain's Pain Balm, much to the surprise and gratification of the sufferers. One application will relieve the pain and suffering and its continued use insures an effectual cure. For sale by Oakland druggists.

There is good reason for the popularity of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Davis & Buzard, of West Monterey, Clarion Co., Pa., say: "It has cured people that our physicians could do nothing for. We persuaded them to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and they now recommend it with the rest of us." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland druggists.

PATRICK HAMILL.

An Interesting Sketch of His Career By an Old Friend.

The death of Judge P. Hamill on the 16th day of January, 1895, at his home in Oakland, Md., is an important occurrence, not only to the people of this county, but to many beyond its bounds.

The scope of his acquaintance and usefulness was quite extensive in all the departments of practical and commendable life. These were the products of a long, industrious and strictly methodical life, in which there was no waste or intentional wrong. He caused every day to make its return of some useful thing to himself, family or the public. But his blameless career came to its final period to the regret of all, after he had finally filled the Psalmists allowance of three score and ten.

The papers in this county, and even outside of it, in announcing his death, have given a long list of the public offices, high and low, filled by him, beginning with tax collector for old Allegany county so far back as 1841, followed by two elections to the legislature—in 1743 and 1844, respectfully, followed by a number of terms as judge of the orphans' court for Allegany county first by executive prerogative, and then by the voice of the people—crowned by a term in Congress, elected in 1868 as the successor of the far famed Gov. Francis Thomas, whom he in former years, under other political circumstances, loved to follow and admire. Finally postmaster at Oakland for four years in President Cleveland's first administration. After then, to his ripened death, his life was retired and inactive. Many times an officeholder, but never an officeseeker. Always faithful, efficient and fit in whatever trust came to him—unsought.

But all these honorable features of his life, leave untold many estimable traits of a private nature, that are not inferior to his public record. He was self-made and mostly self-taught, by close and careful application, but free from egotism which often mar the character of men thus formed for life's purposes.

His elementary equipments were all directly practical—including a respectable trade—carpenter, but higher mental and moral qualities, led him early to other pursuits, but not in forgetfulness of the trade he always honored.

The judge—he was usually so addressed—was always of and in the Democratic party. No change in its fortunes made any impressions on his adhesion. He believed in Democracy, and it is to be said, more in the old creed than mere party. There are of us who do not and cannot believe his creed is good or right, but he was strictly honest and conscientious, and that is enough to challenge the respect of any fair minded man. Though a strict party man, he was clean in his party dealings, just as he fully was in all business and social affairs. The ill practices of party were not of his invention or choice.

In early life he became a member of the M. E. church—so he lived and died. Not satisfied with mere membership (which was untarnished throughout) but he made it advansive for higher purposes. Many years ago he was ordained a local minister, and was not only active, but useful in that sphere. He never subordinated his church duties to political employments. One of his favorite places for his ministry was Firm Rock.

In his domestic relations he was fortunate and felicitous. His stricken wife was the daughter of Mr. Enoch Kight, one of our most respectable citizens of bygone years. The surviving children are three sons and two daughters, Gilmore Semmes Hamill, one of the foremost lawyers of these two bars, and Henry, a minister in the M. E. church, and James D., a rising merchant in Oakland and a member of the school board. One daughter, the wife of Mr. John T. Mitchell, and the other the wife of Arthur Townshend. Sidney, a favorite of all who knew her, was the wife of Mr. Truman Casteel. She died two years ago. A son, familiarly called "Buck," died quite recently. As a parent he was strict, but not harsh nor austere, just sufficiently authoritative to leave the evidences of excellent family discipline. Honest, direct and upright in all things. Of a positive nature, but never obstinate, with a readiness to accept right from others when he was wrong. He had a high degree of moral and physical courage. To the one he gave full play, and for the other from training he had no implement.

Judge Hamill was the leader and most active man in the movement for the formation of Garrett county nearly a quarter of a century ago. This was accomplished in the face of strong opposition. He always esteemed this his most important public service. We all now see and even feel its wisdom.

These suggestions however imperfectly formed carry sincerity and reality prompted by kindly feelings and recollections of long existence. More than fifty years ago, when we were in the "midteens," a young man of splendid physique, with energetic and strong features, called with his tax book at mother's quiet mansion. That faithful and civil officer was Patrick Hamill.

J. B.

Cumberland, Md., Jan. 19, '95.

Mr. James Bowser, of Bittinger, was here on Monday and called to see THE REPUBLICAN. Mr. Bowser stated that the man Berkholder who was killed by his brother-in-law at Bittinger a few weeks ago, was not charged with stealing corn but the charge upon which a warrant for his arrest was issued was for removing a line mark.

Carlton Cornwell, foreman of the *Gazette*, Middletown, N. J., believes that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy should be in every home. He used it for a cold and it effected a speedy cure. He says: "It is indeed a grand remedy I can recommend to all. I have also seen it used for whooping cough, with the best results." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland druggists.

A number of ladies and gentlemen drove in sleighs from Aurora to Oakland on last Friday, and remained here a short time, supper being served them at the Commercial. Among the party were Misses Mittie, Nora and Lulu Lantz and Miss Eva Lawton, of Aurora, Miss Kitty Creary, of Washington; Messrs. William Startzman, Chas. Painter and Oscar Wilt, of Aurora.

Rev. L. A. Rudisill, of Mountain Lake Park, preached in St. Paul's M. E. church Sunday night to a large congregation. The meetings are still being held and a large number have professed conversion. On Sunday night a number united with the church on probation. By request all the stores close at 7 o'clock so that the employes may be enabled to attend the meetings.

For thirty days we will furnish and print for the trade one thousand XXX No. 6 white envelopes for $1.75 *cash*. These envelopes cannot be duplicated in any office in Western Maryland for less than $2.50 but as we buy our stock direct from the factory and in large lots, we are enabled to furnish them at the price named above. Send in your orders accompanied by the cash.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

"I know an old soldier who had chronic diarrhœa of long standing to have been permanently cured by taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy," says Edward Shumpik, a prominent druggist of Minneapolis, Minn. "I have sold the remedy in this city for over seven years and consider it superior to any other medicine now on the market for bowel complaints." 25 and 50 cent bottles of this remedy for sale by Oakland druggists.

Terra Alta is in possession of a curiosity. On Monday morning of this week Mr. Martin L. Crane received, as a present from his brother in the far west, a cayote, or prairie wolf. The animal is about twice the size of and resembles our gray fox, is rather cross and snappish and has a will of his own. The Western visitor is receiving a great deal of attention and admiration from his eastern spectators.—Oracle.

A bill will be presented to the Pennsylvania legislature making it unlawful to kill, entrap or pursue with intent to kill or entrap any ruffled grouse, commonly known as pheasants, in any part of Pennsylvania until January 1, 1905. No one shall sell or purchase in the State or ship from it any pheasants killed or entrapped there. The penalty for violation of this act is to be a fine not exceeding $300 and not more than a year's imprisonment, either or both.

The following from an exchange is very pertinent just at present: "It blows and it snows and it stings your nose, makes all creation shiver; it bites your toes, increases your woes, and freezes up the river. The frost nips all, both great and small, this dreary and dismal winter; it freezes type, it bursts the pipe, and vexes sore the printer. So let it roll, we mean the coal, it takes the cash in winter; so please be kind and make up your mind to settle with the printer."

The letter appearing in to-day's REPUBLICAN from Miss Lillie A. Brown, dated at Honolulu, is a very readable article just at this time and persons perusing it can form an accurate opinion of the status of affairs in the young Republic of the Pacific. The letter was written the day before the steamer Alameda sailed for San Francisco, which brought the latest news from Honolulu and which appeared in the daily papers yesterday.

The Mountain Horticultural Company, of Garrett county, with its main office at Mountain Lake Park, will be formed this week. The capital stock of the new concern will be $10,000. Messrs. Sweet & Shackleford are the main spirits in the enterprise. The object of the company is to grow and sell fruit trees, shrubbery, vegetables, etc. A meeting of the stockholders will be held next week at which time the board of directors and officers will be elected. The shares of stock are $50 each and a large number have been sold.

The Piedmont correspondent of the Cumberland *News*, in a letter to that paper, dated yesterday, says: "A big deal in coal land has been consummated near Blaine, or rather Kitzmillersville, in Garrett county, by a syndicate from Philadelphia. The particulars just at present are not to be had, but two large tracts of land have been purchased by the syndicate, and the deeds for same executed. One tract is said to embrace about two hundred acres of land. The land is underlaid with the six-foot vein of semi-bituminous coal. Kitzmillersville is on the North Branch of the Potomac river in Garrett county, and just opposite to Blaine station, on the West Virginia Central railway, and eighteen miles south of Piedmont. It is said this coal will be shortly developed and placed in the market for sale."

The trial of Daisy Mason, charged with manslaughter, was concluded in the Circuit Court for Allegany county at noon Tuesday. In the case of Mrs. Kate Dunlap, charged with aiding and abetting in the crime, the State confessed a plea of not guilty. State's Attorney Sloan argued the case on the part of the State and R. W. McMichael conducted the defense. During the speeches the mother of the accused sat near the defendant's counsel, weeping bitterly. The jury was out about one hour when a verdict of guilty with a recommendation of mercy to the court was brought in. When the verdict was read the prisoner followed the sheriff out of court wearing a careless smile.

Valuable Advice.

Avoid lawsuits and loss by consulting H. P. Tasker and examining his abstracts of the "conflicting titles" before paying for Military Lots. Charges reasonable. Office in Colardeau Cottage, opposite the bank, Oakland, Md. 41-tf.

Flour, Grain and Feed.

Hayden & Eckles have just received a car of flour, grain and feed, which they will sell at the very lowest prices, quality considered, for cash or good country trade. They also carry in stock a full line of dry goods, notions, groceries, boots and shoes, rubber goods, hardware, queensware, drugs, tobacco and cigars, and, in fact everything usually kept in a first-class general store. Farmers are especially invited to bring in their produce and examine our goods and prices. 42-4t.

Rogers' Sarsaparilla.

A specific for all. 100 doses for 75 cents. Rogers' Little Liver Pills, best on the market; Cough Cure, Liniment, Appetine and Worm Syrup, sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland; Cuppett Bros., McHenry; J. A. DeBerry, Corinth; C. F. White, Hutton; P. T. Garthright, Hayden & Eckles, Mt. Lake Park; Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park; Wm. Frederick, Friendsville; Yough Store Co., Jonas Frazee, Robert Liston, Selbysport; W. Wass, Mineral Springs; J. E. Gnagey, Accident; Smith & Callis, Hoyes, and by all general dealers.

Warns The Governor.

Governor Brown has lately been receiving letters from a man named Benjamin F. Hunter who styles himself the "Chief Ruler of this generation of people forever." One of the letters received by his Excellency warns the people of Baltimore to prepare for death, and states that the city will in a short time be destroyed. The envelope in which a letter received Tuesday was enclosed had stamped on it in large red letters the words "Message from the living God; delay not." In another place in the same flaming letters were the words "the axe is now lying at the root of the tree." The letter-head on which the communication was written contained also in red letters, the words "The judgement of the living God without doubt;" also "Depart from me for I know you not, Amen," besides several other texts of Scripture denouncing wrath and damnation and other pleasant warnings.

The letter follows:

To the Governor of Maryland and the people of his state, be it and it is hereby known to you and all nations, languages and tongues now living in all States and Territories in the United States, that I am chief Ruler of this generation of people forever, thus says the Lord God your time is out; come down and lie in the dust, for I chastised the Jews with the rod, but I chastise you with everlasting damnation, Amen.

"BENJAMIN F. HUNTER."

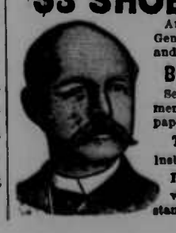

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

And other specialties for Gentlemen, Ladies, Boys and Misses are the

Best in the World.

See descriptive advertisement which appears in this paper.

Take no Substitute.

Insist on having W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES, with name and price stamped on bottom. Sold by

TICK-TOCK LULLABY.

There's a little tired shoe and a little mussed frock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
And there on the floor lies a little limp sock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock;
They are glad, I am sure, after going all day,
To rest from the labor and pleasure of play,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.

How quietly sleep comes—count the clock!
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
Comes in at the door with never a knock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
With no one to greet him, welcomest guest!
He enters and giveth his dear ones rest,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.

Perhaps he is near us while we rock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock,
And soon will disclose his wonderful stock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock;
In exchange for thy store of weariness,
His bag of dreams he will leave, I guess,
Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.

—William S. Lord.

MYSTERY OF POST No. 3.

By Chas. B. Lewis.

THE moon was shining brightly, illuminating the sandy plain around the fort as only the moon in Arizona can illuminate. The officers, soldiers and their families were peacefully sleeping. Not a sound was heard except the occasional cry of a coyote.

Three o'clock struck and the sentinel on post No. 1 started the call:

"No. 1, three o'clock, and all's well."

A slight pause and No. 2 responded: "No. 2, three o'clock, and all's well."

Then came a long pause.

The sergeant of the guard stepped out of the guardroom and listened.

"The sentinel on No. 3 must be asleep," he remarked. "Bad business for a sentinel guarding the corral."

Turning to No. 1 he commanded:

"Start the call again."

No. 1 obeyed. No. 2 took it up. But there again it ended. The sergeant turned out a patrol and marched to the corral.

As he approached the sentinel's post in the moonlight he saw the figure of No. 3 stretched out on the ground. The position did not look like that of a sleeping man.

"Double time!" commanded the sergeant.

And the patrol came down the post at a run. As the men came closer to the figure a sight met their eyes that froze the blood in their veins. Lying face down on the sand, his hand still grasping his rifle, was their comrade, stiff and cold in death, an Apache arrow buried deep in his body.

Three sharp cracks of the rifle, the rattle of the long roll of the drum soon brought the startled garrison.

Scouts were instantly sent out and the plain thoroughly scoured, but no Indian signs could be found.

The next day, with muffled drums, the members of the garrison followed the body of their comrade to its last resting place. With uncovered heads, sorrowfully and reverently, they listened while the post chaplain read the burial service. The military escort fired three rounds over the grave, and the bugler played the sweetest of all calls, "Taps—lights out—sleep." Naturally a gloom was thrown over the whole post.

The soldiers gathered in small groups and discussed the perplexed question: "How could it have been done?" The moon had been shining brightly, and there was no cover behind which an Indian could hide.

The searching parties came in after fruitless hunts. Night came. There would be no lack of vigilance on the part of the sentinel on post No. 3. The moon was even brighter than on the preceding night, and the objects on the plain could be seen almost as distinctly as in the daytime.

Each half hour the call of No. 1 was promptly answered by the other sentinels.

Few expected a repetition of the preceding night's attack. Gradually the garrison became silent and one by one the lights went out. Morning came and nothing had happened to disturb the peace of the fort.

Several days passed and the post settled down into its old ways, and the memory of the dreadful event was beginning to fade.

The officer of the day was making the inspection of sentinels after midnight, and was approaching post No. 3, when the moon, which had been hidden behind a cloud, suddenly burst forth, revealing at the very feet of the officer the body of the sentinel as before, completely pierced by an Indian arrow.

The alarm was quickly given, but in spite of the most careful search no trace of the assassin could be found. A horror settled over the post. No one dreaded an enemy they knew and could fight openly, but against such ghostly attacks no one could defend himself.

At officers' call the next morning the affair was earnestly discussed. It was evidently wrong to require a sentinel to walk post in such an exposed and dangerous place, and yet, with the corral where it was, no one could see how it could be avoided.

While discussing the problem an orderly appeared and reported:

"Private Rogers would like to speak to the commanding officer."

The commanding officer went into his private office, and after the interview returned to the room where the officers were assembled.

"Young Rogers has asked permission to take charge of post No. 3 at night until he solves the mystery, and I have granted his request."

The faces of the officers showed plainly the anxiety they felt. Young Rogers was the son of a brother captain in their regiment, who at that time was stationed in an eastern city on recruiting service.

The young man had enlisted six months previously with the object of obtaining an officer's commission, which may be won by a worthy and capable man.

The young fellow had gained the esteem and respect of everyone by his manly qualities and strict obedience to orders. Many of the officers had known him from his childhood. He had been the playmate of their children and a great favorite with all. Later on many tried to persuade him to withdraw his request.

"Take the post if it suits to your lot, but don't volunteer," they pleaded.

It was no use. The young man had a theory, and if he proved it and discovered the assassin he knew that he would get his coveted commission.

He was excused from all duties during the day, and after nightfall assumed charge of the dreaded post No. 3. Three nights passed without any event. The moon, though on the wane, was still bright enough to allow Rogers to see any moving object on the plain.

Seated on the ground, his back against the corral, his rifle on his knees, he was apparently asleep. Apparently only, for his sharp eyes keenly watched every point of the plain. He knew that he had a tricky, shrewd, but at the same time bold, enemy in that wily Apache. He felt sure that the Indian, especially in the second case, had not crept upon his victim unobserved. He must have employed some disguise which had completely deceived the sentinel. What was this disguise?

"That Apache would be more apt to betray himself if he thought me asleep than he would if he saw I was watching him," was his sound argument.

Through the long hours of the night he sat motionless. It was two o'clock when suddenly he caught sight of a moving object on the plain some distance away. Noiselessly he cocked his rifle. He was a dead shot, and woe be to that object when he fired. Nearer and nearer it came while he sat as if asleep.

"Why, it is Corporal!" he suddenly exclaimed.

Corporal was a fine, large Newfoundland dog, a pet of the garrison, which had mysteriously disappeared from the post two weeks before and which everyone supposed to have been stolen.

Rogers' first impulse was to call the dog, when he remembered his resolution—"shoot any moving object that comes within range." He therefore restrained his impulse, and no one would have guessed that the apparently sleeping sentinel was closely watching every movement as the dog approached.

It was a lucky idea of Rogers' to feign sleep, for as the dog came nearer he thought he noticed something

PIERCED BY AN INDIAN ARROW.

peculiar in its appearance, and its actions did not seem quite natural.

"Possibly Corporal may be exhausted from hunger, or it may be the deceptive light of the moon," thought Rogers. The dog was now within range, and he could hesitate no longer.

"It's a matter of life and death," he reflected, "and if I make a mistake everyone, even Corporal himself, will forgive me."

Slowly and imperceptibly he brought his rifle to his shoulder, a short but true aim, a crack and a yell—such as only an Apache who has received his death wound can give—startled the whole garrison.

As if by magic everyone collected on the spot, each as he approached evidently expecting to see a repetition of the tragedies.

The story was soon told. The skin of poor Corporal had been used as a disguise by the Apache, who, with a bow in hand, had been creeping up on his third intended victim. Deceived by the apparently sleeping sentinel he had been led to betray himself and had met a most merited death. Undoubtedly he had by the same device deceived the other sentinels and had very nearly succeeded in adding another scalp.

Young Rogers was overwhelmed with congratulations, a special report was at once made to the war department, and before long he received as a reward his much-coveted commission. —Chicago Times.

Postage Stamp Perforation.

In perforating postage stamps a die plate is placed below the needles of a machine carrying three hundred needles. As about one hundred and eighty million holes are punched per day the wear on the die plate is excessive; brass plates wear out in a day, and even steel plates are rapidly destroyed. The use of aluminum bronze has caused the die plates to last for months without renewal.

Spurious Woods.

"Treated birch," says a Philadelphia builder, "becomes mahogany of rare beauty, and 'soaked' maple goes into all 'ebony' pianos now. So cleverly is the 'fake' wood 'weighted' that nothing short of borings will prove the deception. Maple mahogany is soaked through a depth of four inches and will polish even better than the genuine wood."

CARE OF FURS.

How to Add to Their Beauty and Durability.

Fine fur is often much injured in appearance by careless management. Furs worn by animals that live in water are very easily put in order if one exercises due precaution. Sealskin especially may be made to look like new by stretching the garment on a board or table, a large ironing board being best. Begin with the greater portion of the garment pulled over on the side next to the operator, the bottom at the left hand. Then, with a clean sponge, wet in cold water and squeezed as dry as possible, carefully rub the article from the bottom to the top. If there are spots or places where the fur is matted or packed, see that there is sufficient moisture to loosen whatever gumminess there may be. It may be rubbed again and again with the sponge, and then, if it does not loosen it, a comb with wide-apart teeth should be gently passed through it, taking care not to tear out the matted places. If the defacing has been done by any sort of adhesive mixture that does not come away by the use of water, rub the places until partly dry, then pass the comb underneath and wet the tips of the hairs with a little alcohol. Varnish and paint may be removed in this way; the latter, however, is better taken out with chloroform; but this must be applied with the utmost care, or it may discolor the fur. London dyed seal, however, is of such fast color that judicious handling does not affect it. When all of the spots are removed, continue the process of wiping the fur with a wet sponge, carefully pushing the garment over on the board, taking pains not to wrinkle it. When it is all gone over, examine it with the greatest care to see that the fur is as smooth and flat as possible. Any irregular spots must be gone over again, then put the garment on a coat-hanger, suspend in some cool place, the cooler the better, if it does not freeze.

When thoroughly day, which will probably not be until the next day, take it into the out-of-door air and shake it thoroughly. The fur will come out as bright and lively as one could desire. If the job has not been well done it may be necessary to repeat it—indeed, it is well to do so if the garment has been very much soiled and does not look glossy and clean.

For other furs, it is recommended to clean them by heating coarse corn meal as hot as possible without scorching. Spread the fur on a large cloth on the floor or a wide table and cover it with this hot corn meal, rub it gently into places that seem defaced, but do not rub the wrong way of the fur. Shake it a little, then add more meal, and leave it until cold. Then shake again and brush with care.

Many persons do not brush fur at all, but take it into an extremely cold place and shake or beat it gently on the wrong side with a light rattan. Ermine may be cleaned with bran sifted and dusted, so that it is free from flour. This may be made moderately hot, then thrown on to the fur and allowed to remain until cold.

When furs begin to get very tender and tear easily, it is said that rubbing them on the skin side with the yolks of eggs and a little lanoline is beneficial. The brittleness comes from the oil in the skin all having been extracted.

Judicious care of furs adds very much to their beauty and more to their durability.—N. Y. Ledger.

PAWNSHOPS IN BAVARIA.

How They Were Conducted Seven Hundred Years Ago.

There are records of a pawnshop regulated in the interest of the borrowers in Bavaria in 1198, and one in the Franche Comte in 1350, before the first Italian mont de piete was established by a priest of Perugia in 1440, says the Contemporary Review. The movement for state regulated pawnshops received its great impetus from the action of that statesman-like and social democrat, Savonarola, who liberated the Florentines from oppression and gave them popular institutions. In no other direction were his services to the people more successful than in founding mont de piete. The law for creating his mont de piete was passed in 1495, and before many years they were established in all the principal towns in Italy and had spread throughout Europe. The first mont de piete in France was started at Avignon in 1577 and still exists. Their establishment in the Netherlands dates from the sixteenth century. A Spanish priest, Don Francisco Piquer, founded the mont de piete of Madrid in 1705, starting with the modest capital of five pence, which he found in the offertory box he had placed in the church to receive contributions for the institution. By the end of the seventeenth century there were monts de piete, formed more or less after the Italian model, in most countries of Europe. The characteristics of the original institutions remain with those of to-day, although they have long since ceased to be managed by the priests or to be under the influence of the churches. The main object, which Savonarola and other early founders had in view—the protection of the poor from usurers and their relief in periods of distress—is still maintained, and the monts de piete in all Latin countries are associated with charitable institutions and hospitals.—Contemporary Review.

The First Lighthouse.

The famous tower on the Isle of Pharos, at Alexandria, built about 285 B. C., is the first lighthouse of undoubted record. This tower, constructed by Sostratus, the architect, was square in plan, of great height and built in offsets. An open brazier at the top of the tower contained the fuel for the light. At Dover and Boulogne, on either side of the English channel, were ancient lighthouses, built by the Romans. But the lighthouse at Coruna, Spain, built in the reign of Trajan, and reconstructed in 1634, is believed to be the oldest existing lighthouse.—N. Y. World.

—Roman lamps were of gold, silver, bronze, iron, copper, lead and earthenware.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Europe produces every year about 500,000,000 pounds of tobacco, of which Austria grows about one-third.

—France imports from the United States nearly one-half of the tobacco manufactured in the government factories.

—According to Dr. Chalmer's researches, the mean duration of life at birth—based upon the mortality experience of Glasgow during the ten years—1881-1890—is 36.4 years, 35.2 for males and 37.7 for females.

—It has long been known that carbon exists plentifully in comets. Sodium has also been found in some of them. Prof. W. W. Campbell, of the Lick observatory, reports that he has examined Gale's comet with a spectroscope, and is satisfied that nitrogen is also one of the elements thereof.

—It has already been demonstrated in the case of the Harrow aluminum torpedo boat that that metal, even in alloy, is unable to resist the corroding action of salt water. The experiments recently made by the American naval authorities in this respect are fully borne out. It remains to be seen whether the claim made in behalf of the aluminum boat recently tested in the Thames is justified.

—The habits of the penguin are exceedingly interesting. To see them swimming under the surface at the zoological gardens of London or at Amsterdam is a rare sight. In nature they swim like a porpoise, in a prolonged dive, broken at intervals of about thirty yards, as they rise to take breath, when they leap entirely out of water, immediately disappearing with scarcely a ripple, after clearing a space of from two to two and a half feet. One was found to survive being held under water six minutes. Their food consists of a large shrimp (Euphansia), and their stomachs generally contain a number of angular pebbles.

—Recent discoveries in Africa have all tended to prove that Herodotus, the father of history, was not also the father of lies. The four lakes from which the Nile rises have been shown to exist. Stanley's Ruwenzori mountains take the place of the Mountains of the Moon; the pigmies live in the equatorial forests, and now Signor Robbecchi Bricchetti, the Italian explorer of Somali land, tells of a degraded race which he has found on the shores of the Indian ocean, without weapons or proper dwellings, living exclusively on fish and bivalves, whom he considers the descendants of the fabulous Ichthyophagi, or fish eaters, described by the old Greek historian.

—Referring to the warmer climate which is evidenced as having existed at one time all over the earth, Sir William Thompson says: "The earth might be a globe of white hot iron, covered with a crust of rock 2,000 feet thick, or there might be an ice-cold temperature within fifty feet of the surface, yet the climate could not on that account be sensibly different from what it is, or the soil be sensibly more or less genial than it is for the roots of trees or smaller plants." Manifestly, therefore, the duration of life upon the surface can in no way be dependent upon the length or intensity of heat supply from the interior. This, it is claimed, could not at the present time melt a millimeter thickness of ice.

ITALIAN STATE LOTTERIES.

Peasants Tempted by Odds of 60,000 Times the Amount They Stake.

In Italy there are many highly moral laws against gambling, but the government is responsible for a system of state lotteries which encourages widespread gambling among the people. The published statistics show average receipts of over ten million dollars a year. Every Saturday afternoon the lottery is drawn in the eight principal towns of Italy, and there are government lottery offices in every town and village, where tickets may be taken for any of the eight lotteries in the kingdom. A village may be too small to have a post office, but it will be pretty sure to have a lottery office.

The method of stuking in the lottery is to select from one to four numbers and to stake what you please upon them at the nearest lottery office. You may bet on one number, and if it is one of the five drawn in the lottery you receive twelve and one-half times your stake. Or, you may bet that it will be drawn either first, second, fourth or fifth in the order of drawing. In this case you get sixty-six times your stake if you win. Another plan is to take two numbers and back what is called the ambo. If both your numbers come out among the five you get 300 times your stake. If you choose three numbers, which is called a terno, and they all come out, you win five thousand times your stake. If you back four numbers, called a quaderno, you win sixty thousand your stake. The method most in vogue among the peasants is to take three numbers and invest a small sum on the terno and on each of the ambos contained in it. A peasant's average weekly investment ranges between two cents and ten cents. As little as four-fifths of a cent may be staked.

All kinds of omens are consulted to arrive at the lucky numbers. Dreams are great favorites, and inspirations are drawn from any great national event. For instance, when Victor Emmanuel died, the tip was to play the number of his age, the number of the year of his birth and the number of the day of the month on which he died. Thousands of people backed this terno, and, oddly enough, it actually came out. A few weeks later Pope Pius IX. died. The same game was played on the numbers relating to his death, and again the terno came out. Of course the government lost a great deal of money on these occasions, but it would soon get it back by the additional impulse given to the gambling by the news of these winnings.—Pearson's Weekly.

Unchanged.

Intimate Friend—Has you husband's love grown cool?

Sarcastic Wife—O, no. He loves himself just as much now as he did when we were married twenty years ago.—Somerville Journal.

N.Y. HERALD

WAS TOO CORDIAL.

CHOLLY—Did she invite you to call?
CHAPPY—Yes; but I'll not do it.
CHOLLY—Why?
CHAPPY—She told me to bring my fancy work and stay all day.

The Lady Medico.

She's learned in sphygmometry, alert in anthropometry, is deft at ophthalmometry and wields a skillful knife.
She gloats in joys dissectional, in cuts and jabs correctional; the scalpel's introspectional's her keenest joy in life.
Her hobby is spectroscopy, stethoscopy, microscopy, and laryngoscopy, zygomoscopy and all that.
Knows all hydroidenculæ, tentaculi, animalculæ and zoanthocelacuae—but, gosh!—just—see—that—hat!!

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A DECISION WITHOUT WORDS.

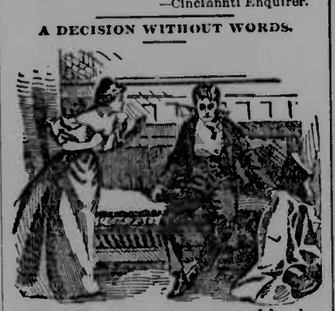

She—You have seen papa and he has said no?

He—My dear, he said *nothing;* but I am led to believe you can never be mine.—Judge.

The New Rector.

A few days ago, on the eve of the induction of a new rector into an East Anglian parish, the verger went to one of the church wardens and said: "If you please, sir, the new rector is to be inundated next Tuesday week, and I have come to ask you whether you will be able to be present."

"Certainly," said the church warden, "and I hope there will be an overflowing congregation."—Tid-Bits.

The Farmer's Little Joke.

"All our whole neighborhood hez been stirred up," said the old subscriber.

The editor of the Bugle grabbed his pencil.

"Tell us all about it," said the editor. "What we want is the news. What stirred it up?"

"Plowin'."—Indianapolis Journal.

Strong Man.

Bacon—That man Black, who plays the heavy villain in the new drama, must have a wonderful constitution.

Egbert—Why?

Bacon—He smokes an entire box of cigarettes in the first act and doesn't die until the last act.—Yonkers Statesman.

Praise for His Wife.

Mr Benedict—I met Mrs. Evertorken this morning. What a brilliant talker she is!

Mr. Evertorken—Yes. I often think she ought not to have married and settled down to domestic life.

"Why not?"

"What a female barber she would have made!"—N. Y. Press.

WELL POSTED.

O'Hoolihan—I came to get some medicine for me sick wife.

Dr. Endee—I can't prescribe without seeing her.

O'Hoolihan—Well, ye can't do that. The last doctor said not to let any man see her.—Brooklyn Life.

Not Taken as a Compliment.

Cobbler—Van Gilder, the painter, had a narrow escape from being drowned recently, hadn't he?

Stone—Yes; and now he won't speak to me

Cobble—Why not?

Stone—I referred to him as a struggling artist.—Answers.

A Necessary Formality.

"When does Miss Ansoforth make her debut in society?"

"Just as soon as society will give its consent."—Chicago Record.

A Conflicting Interest.

City Boarder—Don't you see that you could make this place a great deal healthier by draining that swamp across the road?

Farmer—So the boarders all says; an I'd dew it in er minit ef 'twerent fer my son John.

City Boarder—Why does he object?

Farmer—Wal, yer see, he runs ther drug store down tew ther village.—Life.

The First Whiff—Tiff.

"By the way, Edwin, I should, perhaps, have told you before that I really cannot endure tobacco."

"All the better, darling. My views are not advanced, and though I smoke a good deal myself, I never would desire that you should. You need, therefore, give yourself no anxiety about the fact that tobacco does not agree with you."—Judge.

Discouraging Road Agents.

Traveler (angrily)—Why don't you railroad men do something to put a stop to train robbing?

Railroad Magnate—That is just what we are working at now.

"Glad to hear it."

"Yes; we are thinking of raising fares, so that the passengers won't have enough left to tempt train-robbers."—N. Y. Weekly.

Wants the Other Half.

Man wants but little here below
Of wealth's bright golden calf;
But when he gets the horns and heels
He wants the other half.

—Gorham Journal.

A PRACTICAL REVERIE.

Is she dreaming of orange flowers?
Is she writing a poem on love?
Is she building Spanish towers,
In the midst of silken bowers,
The sweet little innocent dear?
Oh, no—she's only trying to invent a costume
Which will fill all her friends with wild envy and gloom.

—Truth.

Handicapped for a Reason.

"Must I," he whispered, "ask your mamma first?" She shook her head.

"No," she answered, "you did right to ask me first. I am entitled to that handicap on account of ma being a widow."—Detroit Tribune.

Logical Reasoning.

"You certainly told me to embrace my privilege."

"Well, but I didn't tell you to embrace my daughter."

"No; but to embrace your daughter is a privilege."—Tammany Times.

A Change.

Old Boarder—What's for breakfast? Hope not ham and eggs again.

Waiter Girl—No, sir, not ham and eggs this morning.

"Thank the stars! What is it?"

"Only ham."—N. Y. Weekly.

He Located Him.

"They say old Smith never subscribed for a newspaper?"

"Never."

"Where is he now?"

"Blowin' out the gas in some hotel!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Safe Stopping-Place.

"Why do so many novels end just at the marriage of the hero and heroine?"

"The author stops there because he wants to leave them while they're happy."—N. Y. World.

Want the Earth.

Prof. Longhair—What do you consider equal rights?

Miss Shorthair—The possession of what we now have, together with all that man enjoys.—Puck.

Good Prospects.

"What's the outlook for a newspaper in this town?"

"First-class. We've got a map of a railroad, six candidates for postmaster an' it ain't ten miles to where the circus shows!"—Atlanta Constitution.

FARM AND GARDEN.

FEEDING EXPERIMENT.

Peas Mixed with Bran Is the Most Profitable Feed for Hogs.

Bulletin No. 34 of the Utah Experiment station renders the relative value of wheat, peas, corn and barley in the production of pork. It is a record of a feeding experiment with Berkshire hogs during the winter of 1893-4. There were four sets of hogs fed; one was fed wheat and bran in equal proportions by weight; one peas and bran; another corn and bran, and a fourth barley and bran. In other respects the conditions were equal. The experiment extended from December 5, 1893, to May 15, 1994.

Peas mixed with bran, half and half by weight, proved to be far superior to either wheat, corn or barley mixed and fed in the same manner, both as to rapid gain and to the amount required for one pound of gain.

The wheat mixture comes second, with corn and barley following in the order named.

The pea mixture gave a gain of nearly 200 pounds more than the wheat mixture; 225 pounds more than the corn mixture, and 259 pounds more than the barley mixture.

While the pigs averaged the same weight, it required .89 of a pound more of the wheat mixture, 1.41 pounds more of the corn mixture, and 1.53 pounds more of the barley mixture to produce one pound of gain than of the pea mixture.

Peas and wheat proved to be excellent feed, fed mixed with bran in the manner described.

Reckoning pork at four cents per pound, live weight, after deducting the cost of the bran at $10 per ton, wheat fed in this experiment brought 89.4 cents per bushel, or $1.49 per hundredweight; peas, $1.70 per hundredweight; corn, $1.26 per hundredweight, and barley, $1.28 per hundredweight.

On the above basis peas should be worth 13 per cent. more than wheat, while corn should be 15 per cent. less, and barley 17 per cent. less.

The pigs were pure bred Berkshires; the gains were only moderately good and not excessive.

WATERING THE STOCK.

Device for Keeping Water from Chilling in Cold Weather.

On many farms the stock is watered with water brought from a spring by a pipe, at a comparatively moderate temperature, which is soon lowered by standing in an open trough on a winter's day, even though the water gradually passes through the trough by an outlet and is renewed with the warmer water of the spring. This trouble is avoided by making such a trough as is figured in the cut—a trough that is entirely inclosed by a still-air space when the cover is shut.

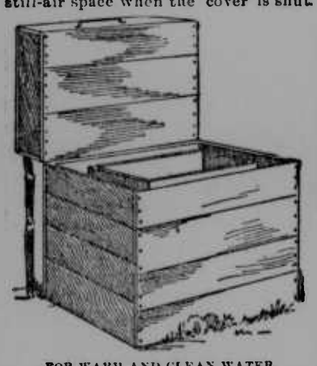

FOR WARM AND CLEAN WATER.

Cleats, not shown in the illustration, should be nailed to the cover to shut down over the trough proper, so that no air can enter where the cover joins the trough. This will retain the temperature of the spring in the water trough. While the trough cannot prevent water from freezing in severely cold weather, yet in fall and spring it will materially assist in keeping the water clean, warm and free from surface ice.—Webb Donnell, in Farm and Home.

What to Do with Chaff.

Chaff is a refuse, and on large wheat farms it is used in horse-stalls, or disposed of in any possible manner. There is nothing that will equal it on the floor of the poultry-house, as it absorbs moisture from the droppings, keeps the floor clean, and facilitates the work of sweeping out the house. It should be used liberally, however, two or three inches deep being preferable to a light supply. It is better than sawdust, as the hens do not injure themselves with it, as is often the case with sawdust when they fill their crops with it. Cut straw or leaves may also be used with the chaff, the combination of the several materials being better than any one of them alone; but the chaff is better than any other material, if it can be had, should it be necessary to use only one substance. A handful of millet seed, scattered in the chaff, will induce the hens to begin work, and they will not care to go outside if the floor is kept constantly littered.—Farm and Fireside

Future of Horse Breeding.

This is the way the veteran John H. Wallace puts things in the Horse Review: "There now seems to be but one course open to the breeders of this country, and that is to form district organizations or combine with organizations already in existence and take an open, unmistakable and unequivocal stand against all forms of gambling at their meetings, open stakes for young things and offer purses for classified horses. At the annual meetings employ a capable and experienced judge who knows the rules and will enforce them, and, above all, keep clear of the man who may have 'an ax to grind.' Incompetent or dishonest judging is generally the initial of disaster to the association, and the one is just as fatal as the other."

EMPTYING water vessels at night saves labor in the morning.

WINTER CONVENIENCES.

Homemade Heater and Cabbage Holder for the Poultry House.

The cut shown herewith we copy from the Farm and Fireside. It represents a homemade heater for use in a poultry house in extremely cold weather. Such a heater will keep the temperature of a well made house of moderate size above the frost line, and this is all that is required of it. It may be made of two joints of stove pipe

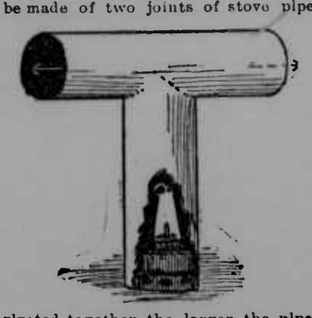

riveted together, the larger the pipe the better. The best plan is to have a tinsmith make the whole heater of sheet iron, each piece about eight inches in diameter and twenty inches long. The lamp must have a tin chimney with a mica window in it. Suspend the heater by wire from the roof and put a wire netting screen around the whole to prevent interference on the part of the fowls. Be sure to give the lamp ventilation by raising the heater a few inches above the floor or cutting holes in the lower end of the upright pipe.

The next device illustrated here, a

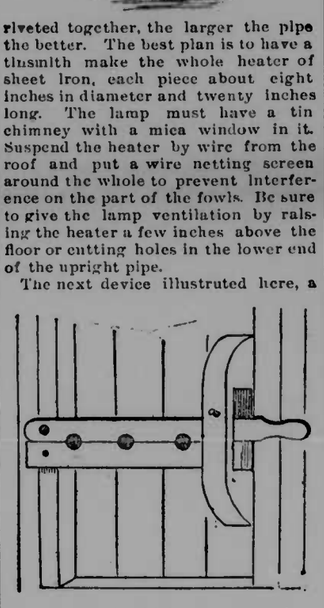

neat model of which was sent us by a Chester county (Pa.) subscriber, is intended for a cabbage holder, but may be used for holding any vegetable or article that the poultry keeper wishes to keep off of the floor and give the birds a good opportunity to peck at. In houses where the studs are not boarded or plastered the two jaws of the holder may be fastened to them, but where the walls are smooth, blocks must first be nailed to the walls in order to give a few inches of space back of the jaws or clamp.

RULED BY TWO QUEENS.

A Recent Discovery Which Upsets Former Ideas About Bees.

It has hitherto been regarded as an established fact which could not be called in question by the most skeptical that each community of bees was distinguished by its loyalty to one queen, and that the latter would brook no rival, the appearance of another queen being the signal for a battle royal which only ended in the death of one or both. These beliefs are now overthrown by an Austrian scientist, Prof. Gatter, of Simmering, who has just exhibited a thriving hive the members of which are governed conjointly by two queens, and the bees apparently approve of the innovation. Nay, what is still more remarkable the two monarchs get along most satisfactorily and without the slightest friction.

One of the greatest authorities on apiculture sat for hours at a stretch observing the conduct of the two queens. They approached each other from time to time without the slightest antipathy, and on two or three occasions actually caressed each other most tenderly, and then separated quietly and peacefully, followed by their devoted suites. Prof. Gatter has just received the first prize for his sensational exhibit, which is attracting crowds to the bee show, and the members of the apicultural and horticultural societies of Vienna are proud to think that no such extraordinary spectacle as this was ever witnessed or recorded in the history of bees. The document drawn up, signed and duly attested will be preserved in one of the museums of Vienna, and copies of it will be sent to apicultural societies throughout the world.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

ON an acre of rich, well-cultivated land, there may be grown five hundred dollars' worth of berries.

UNLESS we have ensilage or roots to be fed to the ewe and lamb early lambs cannot be made profitable.

PRESERVE only strong, vigorous plants; give each room to develop and perfect its fruit. Prune severely.

WHEN women make a business of the dairy they make a success of it. The very best of dairy achievements have been made by women.

DAMAGE by ordinary droughts may be prevented by summer mulch and frequent cultivation. Severe drought requires almost constant cultivation and heavy mulching.

THE point is made by a writer that feeding stock in the dark night and morning is not a good plan, for the feeder cannot see whether or not the stock is at its feed or off its feed.

PETER TUMBLEDOWN had better let the fowls into his garden to eat up the weed seed there. Come to think of it, the garden fence is down and the chickens ate everything but the weeds early in the season.

THE waste of the dairy although employed profitably when fed to almost all stock is especially satisfactory as a part diet for fowls. Nothing will take the place of meat more surely. The use of sour milk must be begun gradually to prevent diarrhœa.

WASHINGTON IN 1800.

What the Capital City Was Like in the Early Days.

If Philadelphia was sad, what can be said of Washington in these early days? When the government moved there in 1800 the journey was made over roads that did not deserve the name of highways, that were mere wagon tracks blazed through the woods. The wagons were rough and springless makeshifts. The company was promiscuous and democratic. The inns were generally neat, but the food was chiefly of salted pork. There were everywhere inadequate accommodation. Europeans complained that they were compelled to sleep in rooms which contained from two to a dozen beds, and sometimes to occupy a bed with a stranger. The journey from Baltimore to Washington that is now made in an hour required a long day a century ago, while the best part of three days was consumed by the journey from Philadelphia to the new capital. As Mrs. John Adams recalled it, the way was somber, the woods were thick, the swamps were noisome, the evidences of life were few. Now and then a hut was seen in a small clearing, and there were inns at the end of the stages between Philadelphia and Georgetown.

Washington itself was the most uncomfortable capital in the world. Nothing was finished. The president moved into an uncompleted white house, and congress into an uncompleted capitol. Pennsylvania avenue was described by John Colton Smith as a "deep morass covered with alder-bushes." The trees had been cut from it, sidewalks had been made with chips from the stone of the capitol, the black Tiber creek which crossed it had been spanned by a timber bridge. Here and there were groups of wooden buildings for the accommodation of congressmen. Six brick dwelling houses that are still standing on Pennsylvania avenue, between Twenty-first and Twenty-second streets, had been built with money derived from the sale of lottery tickets. There was one good tavern about forty rods from the president's house, but there was enormous difficulty in securing lodgings. The members of congress, the cabinet officers, and all but a few persons who were compelled to keep house lodged in the tavern and boarding houses. What discomforts they endured is best illustrated by an entry in the diary of a member of congress. "Speaker Sedgwick," he wrote, "was allowed a room to himself: the rest of us in pairs." The northern members who had never favored the removal of the capitol to the banks of the Potomac began to talk about expatriation, and to grumble at the loss of luxuries they had enjoyed in New York, and especially in Philadelphia. Attempts to repair the mistake and to move back to Philadelphia were at once begun. These failing, an effort was made in 1804 to remove the capital to Baltimore. The two wings of the capitol were not completed until 1811, and so slow had been the progress of Washington that after the public buildings had been burned by the British in 1814 there was a strong party in congress opposed to an appropriation for their repair.—Harper's Magazine.

A PECULIAR CASE.

Physicians Puzzled by the Experience of Mrs. Bowen.

The Episcopal Hospital Said She Had Consumption.

(From the Record, Philadelphia, Pa.)

Last July the Episcopal hospital admitted a woman whose pale and emaciated face and racking cough proclaimed her the victim of consumption. She gave her name as Mrs. Sallie G. Bowen, wife of Wm. G. Bowen, residence, 1849 Meighan St., Philadelphia. The case was diagnosed and she was told plainly that she was in an advanced stage of consumption. The examining physician even showed her the sunken place in her breast where the cavity in her lung was supposed to exist. She went home to her family a broken, disheartened woman with death staring her in the face. That was the beginning of the story, the end was told by Mrs. Bowen, who no longer expects to die, to a reporter who visited her home.

"The first symptoms of consumption came in the form of terrible sweats, both night and day. From April until September I was constantly cold and kept wrapped up in blankets through the hottest weather. A terrible cough took possession of me, my breast was sore to the slightest touch, and my limbs were like cold clay. The hardest rubbing with the coarsest towel would not create the slightest flush, and the least exertion would so exhaust me that I could barely gasp for water.

"I went to the hospital in July and they diagnosed my case as above stated. It was when the clouds were the darkest that the first glint of sunshine came. Mr. Shelmerdine a friend, who lives around at 1844 Clementine St., said to me one day: Mrs. Bowen, did you ever try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People? I had never heard of the medicine, but in my condition could not turn a deaf ear to anything that offered relief. It was after considerable thought and investigation that I concluded to discontinue all the medicine I was taking, including cod liver oil, and depend entirely upon Pink Pills. I began to take the Pills, at first with but little encouragement. The first sign of improvement was a warmth and a tingling sensation in my limbs. Finally the cough disappeared, my chest lost its soreness and I began to gain flesh until I was fifteen pounds heavier. All this I owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I cannot praise them too highly."

Mrs. Bowen is a kindly faced lady of middle age, a church member well-known and highly esteemed. She looks to-day well and strong, and it seems almost impossible that she was ever given up by eminent physicians as an incurable consumptive. Yet such is the case beyond all dispute.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

JILLSON says he doesn't see why there should be any objection to women entering the legal profession. Don't you see that nine out of every ten married men know very well that her word is law.—Buffalo Courier.

"SKINNER says he has scarcely slept a wink since the day he sold his vote." "Thoroughly ashamed of himself, eh?" "Yep; he's learned somehow that another man got $2 more than he did."

The Rise of the Buckwheat Cake

The leaven of yesterday ruins the cake of to-day. Don't spoil good buckwheat with dying raising-batter—fresh cakes want Royal Baking Powder.

Grandma used to raise to-day's buckwheats with the souring left over of yesterday! Dear old lady, she was up to the good old times. But these are days of Royal Baking Powder—freshness into freshness raises freshness.

And this is the way the buckwheat cake of to-day is made: Two cups of Buckwheat, one cup of wheat flour, two tablespoons of Royal Baking Powder, one half teaspoonful of salt, all sifted well together. Mix with milk into a thin batter and bake at once on a hot griddle.

Do not forget that no baking powder can be substituted for the "Royal" in making pure, sweet, delicious, wholesome food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Circumstantial Evidence.

Husband—I believe our cook is hopelessly in love.

Wife—What makes you think so?

Husband—There is too much salt in everything. I believe she sheds briny tears over the victuals while she is cooking them.—Texas Siftings.

"I SUPPOSE Newriche's new house is sumptuously fitted up?" "Yes, indeed. He has everything you can think of that is costly. Why, his fire-extinguisher is kept full of champagne all the time."—Harper's Bazar.

"I DO not think Binks was entirely to blame, but there are some features of the case which look dark for him." "What are they?" "Mrs. Binks'."—Life.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

Split the Century in Three Parts.

And about one and a third of the last of these represents the term of popularity of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the most highly sanctioned and widely known remedy in existence for dyspepsia, lack of stamina, liver complaint, constipation, nervousness, incipient rheumatism and inactivity of the kidneys. Neither spurious imitation nor underhand competition has affected the sale of this genuine remedy.

NO ENJOYMENT, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure.—Sydney Smith.

$60.00 to California

Is price of double berth in Tourist Sleeping Car from Chicago on the famous "Phillips-Rock Island Tourist Excursions." Through cars on fast trains leave Chicago Tuesdays via Ft. Worth and El Paso, and Thursdays via Scenic Route. Write for particulars to A. P. PHILLIPS & Co., 104 Clark St., Chicago.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago.

HE (at 11 p. m.)—"I must be going." She (in pain)—"Would it were over." He (rapturously)—"And are you so sorry to see me go?" She—"Oh, no. Would that you were gone."—Exchange.

The True Laxative Principle

Of the plants used in manufacturing the pleasant remedy, Syrup of Figs, has a permanently beneficial effect on the human system, while the cheap vegetable extracts and mineral solutions, usually sold as medicines are permanently injurious. Being well informed, you will use the true remedy only. Manufactured by California Fig Syrup Co.

"YOU'LL please look over this small bill," exclaimed the dun. The debtor took it; and then said he, with weary smile: "I'd rather overlook it."—Philadelphia Record.

TAKE the Queen & Crescent Route to Knoxville and Asheville. Only through car line Cincinnati to Asheville.

"DOES he know anything about art?" "Not a thing. Why, he doesn't even know enough about it to lecture on it."—Washington Star.

CHECK Colds and Bronchitis with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.

Piko's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

ECZEMA From early childhood until I was grown my family spent a fortune trying to cure me of this disease. I visited Hot Springs and was treated by the best medical men, but was not benefited. When all things had failed I determined to try S.S.S. and in four months was entirely cured. The terrible eczema was gone, not a sign of it left. My general health built up, and I have never had any return of the disease. I have often recommended S.S.S. and have never yet known a failure to cure.

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GEO. W. IRWIN, Irwin, Pa.

SSS Never fails to cure, even when all other remedies have. Our treatise on blood and skin diseases mailed free to any address.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Horrors of Solitude.

Mr. Minks (reading)—"The captain's wife was the only one who escaped, and she was thrown by the waves upon the beach of an uninhabited island."

Mrs. Minks—Poor thing! How did she ever button her dress in the back the next morning?—N. Y. Weekly.

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—every one of the painful irregularities and weaknesses that prey upon women. They fade the face, waste the figure, ruin the temper, wither you up, make you old before your time.

Get well: That's the way to look well. Cure the disorders and ailments that beset you, with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It regulates and promotes all the proper functions, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength. It's a powerful general, as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, imparting vigor and strength to the entire system.

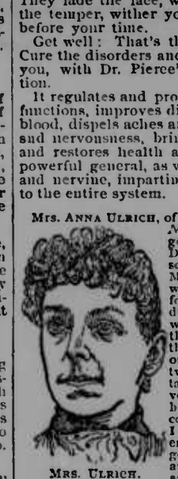

MRS. ANNA ULRICH, of *Elm Creek, Buffalo Co., Neb.*, writes: "I enjoy good health thanks to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I was under doctors' care for two years with womb disease, and gradually wasting in strength all the time. I was so weak that I could sit up in bed only a few moments, for two years. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and his 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and by the time I had taken one-half dozen bottles I was up and going wherever I pleased, and have had good health and been very strong ever since—that was two years and a half ago."

MRS. ULRICH.

A book of 168 pages on "Woman and Her Diseases" mailed *sealed*, on receipt of 10 cents in stamps for postage. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

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Be Independent! Don't stay poor all your life! Get a farm of your own and in a few years you will wonder why you remained in the cities and paid rent. You can secure good **Homestead Land** of the United States government, FREE OF COST, along the line of the Lake Superior division of the **CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY**, in Northern Wisconsin and Upper Michigan, or you can buy at low prices on easy terms. Address C. E. ROLLINS, 161 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

WE think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs.—JENNIE PINCKARD, Springfield, Ills., Oct. 1, 1894.

WISDOM OF THE AZTECS.—An Aztec maxim reads: "Woe to the man who finds himself the giddy people's idol."—Yonkers Gazette.

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"SUPERIOR NUTRITION—THE LIFE!"

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THE **GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD**

Has justly acquired the reputation of being The Salvator for

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AN INCOMPARABLE ALIMENT for the GROWTH and PROTECTION of INFANTS and

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A superior nutritive in continued Fevers, **And a reliable remedial agent In all gastric and enteric diseases;** often in instances of consultation over patients whose digestive organs were reduced to such a low and sensitive condition **that the IMPERIAL GRANUM was the only nourishment the stomach would tolerate when LIFE seemed depending on its retention;—** And as a FOOD it would be difficult to conceive of anything more palatable.

Sold by DRUGGISTS. Shipping Depot, JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

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The Largest Manufacturers of **PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES** On this Continent, have received **HIGHEST AWARDS** from the great **Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS In Europe and America.**

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs *less than one cent a cup.*

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WE ALSO MANUFACTURE THE

SUN PASTE STOVE POLISH

FOR AN AFTER DINNER SHINE, OR TO TOUCH UP SPOTS WITH A CLOTH. MAKES NO DUST, IN 5&10 CENT TIN BOXES. THE ONLY PERFECT PASTE.

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POTATOES $2.50 a Bbl.

Largest growers of POTATOES for Seed in America. The "Rural New Yorker" gives one of our early sorts a yield of 748 bushels per acre. Prices dirt cheap. Our great Seed Book, 144 pages, and sample 14-Day Radish for 6c postage. JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

The Republican.

BENJ. R. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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One copy three months	.40
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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, JAN. 24, 1895.

THE way to get better roads is to do more work and less talking.

DOCTORS CARLISLE and Springer have been in consultation on the currency scheme. The patient is very low, and the coroner may be called in any minute.

OCCASIONALLY an English newspaper finds out what is going on in America. The *London Chronicle* says the sugar trust has friends in President Cleveland's cabinet.

GEN. MCKAIG'S gubernatorial boom is said to be floundering somewhere in the snows of Garrett county.—Baltimore World.

No one outside of the *Democrat* office and "Farmer" Litzinger have any knowledge of Mr. McKaig's boom.

THE battle of November 6th was but the beginning. It is no time to lay down arms now. Great victories are proverbially dangerous. Eternal vigilance is the price of success. The evil effects of Free Trade should be laid at its own door, not accepted as due in any degree to any other fact or condition.

Confusing Rulings About Lotteries

Some positive and practical ruling as to what constitutes a violation of the lottery law by newspapers is urgently demanded. If this cannot be done because of the uncertainty of the law then it would be well for Congress to re-enact the law so that it will be more definite and readily understood. As it is, conflicting rulings have been announced and it is possible that some subordinate official may throw an edition of a newspaper out of the mails for the most trivial thing growing out of a most natural misunderstanding. No properly conducted newspaper desires to promote lotteries, but to have a whole edition of a great newspaper declared unmailable because it contains an advertisement of a prize for one who guesses the number of seeds in a pumpkin is a serious matter. And the line is drawn very fine in the rulings. If the statement is made that a prize is offered to one who makes the nearest guess of the weight of the pumpkin it excludes the paper from the mails unless accompained by the furthur statement that the guessers had an opportunity to lift the pumpkin, and so exercise their skill and eliminate the feature of chance. One ruling declares that the announcement of a prize for the nearest guess of the number of beans or cents in a jar excludes a paper from the mails, and another ruling has declared such an advertisement permissible. Newspapers are entitled to some protection from these conflicting rules, and the matter should receive the attention of Congress.

Floyd.

Plenty of snow and sledding is the order of the day.

Mr. J. W. Lyons, wife and three children, who have been at his mother-in-law's for some time, has moved to Piedmont.

Mr. A. C. Rawlings was at home visiting his mother last week. He is a good boy and a good worker and we shall be glad to have him with us again.

News is scarce and as this is my first attempt to write for any paper so if the editor will correct all mistakes and it is not too hard a job I will write again.

Success to THE REPUBLICAN.

FREE WOOL A FAILURE.

The Rock on Which the American Free Trade Ship Is Going to Pieces.

The following instructive clipping on wool affairs appeared in the Boston *Commercial Bulletin* of the last issue:

In 1884, at a political meeting held at the Meionaon, in Boston, to establish party lines on a new basis, Col. Charles R. Codman made free wool a party issue. It was accepted by President Cleveland in his message to congress on December, 1887, and since that time there has been a battle for free wool and woolens that has resulted at length in free wool and reduced duties on woolens.

The substantial victors in this contest, the New York Evening Post, the Louisville Courier Journal the Wool and Cotton Reporter, the Boston Hearld, the Springfield Republican and other organs of the free trade movement promised the American people certain gains as a result of the removal of protection especially the removal of protection from wool.

Now, the scoured cost of American wool went down practically to the free trade level in 1893, in anticipation of the change. Wool has fallen in the United States since 1893 but it has also fallen abroad. Wool has been actually free since last August, but as far as cost of production is concerned American wool has been on a free wool basis for a year. It is instructive, therefore, to place the actual result of this agitation beside the pledges of the agitators.

1.

The Prophecy.—Foreign wool would rise in price to the American level.

The Fact.—American wool dropped to the foreign level, and for three months after the enactment of free wool both foreign and American wool have declined.

2

The Prophecy—More American wool would be required for "mixing" and the American clip and flock would increase.

The Fact—The American flock dropped 2,225,536 in one year. The amount of wool shorn from American sheep declined in one year 11,800,000 pounds.

3

The Prophecy.—American wool raisers would prosper.

The Fact.—In many districts the sheep have not even paid expenses. The loss to American wool growers in the shrinkage of value of sheep and wool in one year amounts to $57,000,000.

4.

The Prophecy.—Foreign manufacturers would rush into the "markets of the world" for American wool, stimulating the price.

The Fact.—In the ten months ending October 30, 1892, we exported 201,485 pounds of American wool. In the ten months ending October 30, 1894, we exported 894,510 pounds Neither amount is appreciable in a country that produced in 1893 365,000,000 pounds of wool. The export is still mainly, as it has been, small lots sold at a sacrifice to get rid of them.

5

The Prophecy.—A better demand for fine all wool goods would spring up owing to the decrease in price of cloth (which has taken place.) smaller proportion of wool substitutes would be used and a smaller proportion of low grade goods manufactured.

The Fact.—High grade, all wool goods have suffered more than any other variety. Low grade goods are relatively much better sellers. In the ten months ending October 30, 1894 (the latest statistics available,) we imported 1,251,315 pounds of waste, rags and shoddy; in the ten months ending October 30, 1892, but 31,539 pounds.

6.

The Prophecy.—American mills would sell more goods than ever and the increased business would increase wages.

The Fact.—American mills have been running on part time and have only secured orders by sharp reductions in wages, with the usual accompaniment of strikes.

7.

The Prophecy. — America with wool reduced to a foreign level would rival England and export woolen goods all over the world.

The Fact.—Wool has been practically on a foreign level for a year. In the ten months ending October 31, 1894, we exported woolen goods to the value of $618,687, in the same period in 1893 to the value of $404,463. The increase, however, was mostly in carpets, and that sudden demand is now dying away, the export of American carpets in October, 1894, being but 17,845 yards against 36,186 yards in October, 1893, though *carpet* wool was not on a foreign level in 1893, but higher in cost in America than abroad at the time of the larger exportation of carpets.

8.

The Prophecy.—A general cheapening to the consumer, resulting in greater comfort at less expense.

The Fact.—The purchasing power of the consumer being reduced, together with the price of [illegible] articles consumed, the people are, at least, no better off than they were before. In many cases they are much worse off. There has been a reduction in the price of dress goods, but the retail price of clothing is little, if at all, lower than it was two years ago. Manufacturers and jobbers of clothing are doing a smaller business, and cannot afford to do it on so small a margin.

The blessing of free wool is ours at last. We have a harder battle than before with foreign manufactured goods. We have gained no foreign markets. Our mills are neither as well nor as profitably employed as in 1892. They have not even found it desirable to substitute any but Australian for domestic wool at the same price. The net result has been the lowering of the price of American wool to an unprofitable basis without a perceptible benefit to any person concerned.

The American wool grower has as much right to protection as the American manufacturer. A moderate ad valorem duty on wool would hamper no industry, and justice demands that in the days to come the American raiser of wool shall at least be treated as well as the American raiser of eggs and peanuts.

Bethlehem.

There is a very high and cold wind blowing here this morning and we expect a heavy fall of snow.

Quite a number of persons from this place attended the funeral of Mrs. Hannah Harvey at Short Run on Monday.

Miss Dora Lipscomb has returned home after teaching both a public and priyate school at Red Oak.

Mr. J. B. Lipscomb's new barn, which was completed last fall by his son and two other carpenters, is a great improvement to his farm.

Miss Fannie Thomas, one of our Bethlehem young ladies, is attending a private school at Lynndale.

Mr. Ephraim Peck, of McHenry, is visiting his sister Mrs. Harvey, near Schell.

Mr. Charles Styer and family were visiting Mr. and Mrs. James L. Harvey on last Sunday.

Mr. A. J. Lee is hauling cross ties for Mr. P. T. Lipscomb.

Miss Huldah A. Lipscomb has gone to Chicago to remain a short time with friends.

There will be preaching at Bethlehem next Sunday at 10.30 a. m. by Rev. Wagner, pastor of this circuit.

Mr. Titus Delawder is teaching school at Brookside.

JAY BIRD.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending Jan. 26th, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

S. A. Smith, McClellan Rodeheaver,
W. W. Rullison, Robert Markwead,
Miss Mary Chisholm,
Miss Nellie Cunningham.

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

The public school of Oakland will open next Monday, January 28th. On Saturday next, the 26th inst., the new school building will be open to the public from 2 to 4 o'clock p. m.

"A POUND OF BERRIES."

But Tons of Them to the Acre. Mountain Streams and Showers Monetized.

It has been frequently asked how Sweet got his start. We have run across a series of articles in the *Rural New Yorker*, the leading agricultural paper of the country, which indicate there was no particular magic about it—nothing but hard work, close application and careful management. As he says, the "wherewithall" was secured by selling nursery stock, a chance to raise the "wind" that they are now offering to others.

The new company mentioned elsewhere, as being organized to carry on the nursery, greenhouse and gardening business, having the same management under careful directors cannot help being a grand success if our citizens give the substantial support they should such a valuable enterprise to our county.

PART I.

In 1886 a physical wreck left the city of Cleveland for Western Maryland, without much idea of farming, but an intense longing to get into the cool and quiet country and indulge his boyish taste for horticulture. Only pocket money, but energy enough for two such bodies, was his capital, so land was first leased and afterward bought. For on ex-professional man at middle age to strike into an Allegany forest to carve out a fruit farm, was looked upon as a wild scheme at first, but not so as it took shape, and he was joined by a young and cool-headed graduate, Mr. G. C. Shackleford, who had spent some six years in business elsewhere. The land secured and a log cabin erected, the next thing in order was clearing.

To remove that part of woodland which is above ground is vigorous work, but the most difficult part is to kill and get rid of the roots and stumps. There are several ways of clearing. When the land is needed at once and the timber is nearly all large and of little commercial value, the small stuff is grubbed and the trees girdled about two inches deep as soon as in full leaf. The latter kills the roots by starvation, for the leaves make and send down their yearly supply of food in summer. Buckwheat, where it succeeds, is the best first crop, but any fall crop will do. The following winter the trees should be removed, though one often sees them standing till they fall or dry firewood is needed. If land is needed at once for hoed crops, to cut, pile, burn and grub is the general course, but is very expensive, especially if fitted as carefully as our standard requires for strawberries. Several times it has exceeded $100 per acre, setting plants included.

When there is time and stock is kept, an excellent way is to overstock a piece with as many kinds of stock as possible—goats, sheep, cattle and hogs—keeping them up with grain, but compelling them to browse for bulk. Another good plan is to cut everything in July, burn perfectly clean in August, pulverize the surface thoroughly with a spring-tooth harrow, and sow to wheat in September. The following spring sow clover seed, and whenever harvesting grain or grass carefully cut all sprouts. After two crops of clover it may be plowed easily.

As a practical illustration of the labor involved, I copy the following from the farm book, where plans are recorded for spring work: April—Plot No. 2—five-eighths acre—strawberries. Varieties, three rows Parker Earle, three rows Crystal city, six rows Haverland, repeated throughout. Preparation (previously cut and burned): 1, pick off rubbish and any stones; 2 shovel plow; 3, cross plow with Planet Jr. cultivator; 4, pick roots and rubbish; 5, spike harrow; 6, pick sods and cart to green house for potting earth; 7, plow with big plow and oxen; 8, grub; 9, pick roots, rubbish and stones; 10, spike harrow; 11, pick again; 12, Thomas harrow; 13, roll. Fertilizers, special high grade, $35 per ton, west side 1000 pounds per acre; four rows in center, nothing; east side, 3,000 pounds per acre. Mulch, 50 loads of old horse manure per acre. This programme was faithfully carried out, and at many other places has been the additional labor of gathering stone with a coke fork and hauling them off in bushel boxes. A pioneer has hard work to get started, but he has a virgin soil in which plants grow vigorously, and is not much troubled with insects or plant diseases.

During the first two seasons, about 1,300 orchard trees were set, largely of winter pears and apples, and a small nursery started, there being a local demand for hardy, acclimated stock. Canvassing for nursery stock on commission, secured the "wherewithall." Then came a casting about for the best cultivated crop to grow. The altitude—2,500 feet, with its cool, moist climate, owing to thousands of acres of glade land adjacent—suggested cabbage, cauliflower, celery and strawberries. The "glades" around Oakland have since become famous for the first two, and as celery from here took the first prize at Chicago in 1893, that, too, was not a bad guess. However, as Mount Pomona has no glade land, the plants only are raised for sale, utilizing the greenhouse for the early ones at a time when it would not be otherwise occupied.

Strawberries were chosen to be the crop, and the next article will give a full description of a system of growing by which weeds are no bother whatever. In fact, we laugh at the idea of weeds being a hindrance to strawberry culture, and consider a man who makes much of them as not knowing his business.

C. T. SWEET.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21, 1895.

Congressional indignation over the news of the bloodshed in Hawaii has for the time overshadowed the floundering of the Democrats in their futile attempts to get up some sort of financial bill, and will probably continue to do so for a few days. The tardy action of the administration in ordering the Philadelphia to proceed to Honolulu, which was virtually forced by the angry protests of Democratic Senators and Representatives, is accepted as a tacit acknowledgement of the blunder made in not keeping a warship there for months past, but it is an acknowledgement not creditable to the administration from any point of view. Among the Democrats who have not hesitated to criticise the course of the administration are Representatives Livingston, of Georgia, who says that he thinks it is the duty of this government to take charge of Hawaii, either by annexation or by the establishment of a protectorate, and Sickles, of New York, who said: "It is mortifying that American interests in Hawaii were left unprotected. We should not have been without a vessel there. The news must have interrupted sleep at the White House. I imagine it may have caused more uneasiness there than in Hawaii."

Senator Lodge said: "The deplorable news from Hawaii emphasizes the wisdom of Rear Admiral Walker's recommendations for keeping a man-of-war at Honolulu. Had a vessel been there, as he advised, the revolt would not have occurred, or at least there would have been no bloodshed. The responsibility for the loss of life, therefore, rests with the administration. It had ample warning of what has taken place." Other Senators and Representatives, not all of them Republicans either, privately expressed similar sentiments. Although it is not certain, it would surprise no one if the House and Senate should adopt one of the resolutions, introdnced in both House and Senate, expressing the sense of Congress that one or more vessels should be constantly kept in the harbor of Honolulu, or one of a similar nature.

Another dearly cherished Democratic scheme to break down an American industry is practically dead. This is the free ship bill, which started out with such a rush. Representative Fithian, of Illinois, author of the measure, recognizing the impossibility of passing the bill in its original shape, is now trying to get pledges for a bill granting free entry to foreign built ships only on condition that those who bring them in shall construct vessels of the same tonnage in the United States. In other words a copy of the bill under which the American steamship line was granted American registers for the foreign built vessels New York and Paris.

In addition to the large number of American lawyers and financiers in Washington for the purpose of trying to have a say in the proposed legislation dealing with the Pacific railroads, Sir Charles Wilson, an English financier, has arrived to look out for the English money invested in these roads. The impression is growing that this is another important question that will be left unacted upon.

Senator Burrows, of Michigan, to-day began his Senatorial career and no man ever started in with more good wishes than he. Although one of the strongest partisans on all political questions who ever sat in the House, Mr. Burrows has always been highly esteemed personally by his political opponents. That his career in the Senate will be quite as marked as the one he made in the House is your correspondent's prediction.

Representative-elect Huff, of Pa., who is a successful business man, is in Washington looking over the ground of his future labors. He says: "The country is sick and tired of agitation and ought to be given a rest. The president may choose to call an extra session, but I should think it very undesirable from a Democratic standpoint, as it is inimical to the business interests of the country. Senator Sherman has advanced a good plan of relief and I do not see why the Democratic majority should not act along the lines of his measure if they really want to enact some currency legislation."

It will be a long time before Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, hears the last of his ridiculous and silly statement, that the city of Walla Walla, Washington, was not on a railroad. It was one of the most glaring displays of ignorance ever made on the floor of the Senate, and it will be strange indeed if those who oppose Blackburn's reelection to the Senate do not make good use of it in the legislative campaign in Kentucky this year.

Some of the members of the House committee of the Judiciary having become ashamed of the undue haste with which that committee ordered the preparation and presentation of an impeachment resolution against Judge Ricks, of Ohio. The committee has reconsidered its action, in order to give Judge Ricks a hearing, and no one will be surprised if the committee finally votes against impeachment.

Low Rates to Washington. Tickets Good Ten Days.

Washington is at all times a place of interest, but it is particularly so and is seen at its best during the winter months when Congress is in session. What Rome was to every soldier of the empire, what Athens was to the Greek, Washington is and should be to every citizen of the United States—his glory, his pride, his inheritance, his estate—it belongs to him. All its magnificence, all its glory, all its fame, its public buildings, its paintings, its statuary, its monuments, its gardens, its libraries, its museums, its streets and its parks. You have no doubt often promised yourself a trip to the National Capital. Why not avail yourself of the opportunity to do so, now; the next excursion is announced via the B. & O., for Thursday, February 14th, the rates are remarkably low and train service the best the B. & O. has to offer. Its vestibuled and limited express trains can be used on either on the going or returning journey as best suits your convenience.

We give below a list of stations showing the time of trains and rates of fare:

	TIME. p. m.	TIME. a. m.	TIME. a. m.	RATE.
Terra Alta	9 01	.....	7 15	$ 6 45
Oakland	9 25	5 51	7 34	6 25
Piedmont	10 25	6 45	8 20	5 40

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

Tickets will be good ten days, and will be valid for passage from Washington to Baltimore at any time within the life of the ticket.

For Pullman car accommodations and guide to points of interest in Washington, address nearest B. & O. agent.

Secret of Beauty

is health. The secret of health is the power to digest and assimilate a proper quanity of food. This can never be done when the liver does not act it's part.

Do you know this?

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ROAD PETITION.

This is to give notice that thirty days after the first publication of this petition that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett County, to appoint viewers to view and locate a public County road, beginning at the corner of C. T. West's fence on the road leading from Swanton to Bloomington, and running thence by the most direct route through the lands of Armstrong & Co., Bradley T. Bray and others to intersect the road leading from the top of the mountain to Blaine, W. Va., a distance of about one and one-half miles.

B. T. BRAY,
A. F. GEORGE,
J. F. FRIEND,
L. H. FRIEND,
And 80 others.

FROM HONOLULU.

Miss Brown Writes Entertaingly from the Hawaiian Islands.

HONOLULU, H. I., Jan. 10, '95.

To the Editor of the Republican.

By the out-going steamer I send you a paper relative to the *pilikia* down here.

Martial law, no business, no public assemblies, no school, no street cars running, much anxiety, fear, the entire city in arms, and a kind of Indian warfare in the valleys lying between the long spurs of the Koolau range is all the result of a deep laid and long planned plot on the part of the worst element of the Royalist party to overthrow the present Government. The latter, however, being ever on the alert, unearthed matters sufficiently to check the enemy just in time to save hundreds of lives and much property. Had the plot been carried out I doubt whether one person in favor of the present Republic would have been left alive. For to thoroughly appreciate our position one must understand that not only are the Royalists everywhere amongst us, their homes side by side with ours, but that we also have in our midst thousands of the lowest classes of Portuguese, Japanese and Chinese, now non-combatants, who in the event of the Royalists getting the upper hand in the city would in all probability join them. But this we neither anticipate nor fear, for hundreds of armed volunteer citizens are on duty patrolling the streets night and day. It is but a matter of time, we hope, that will culminate in the capture of the desperate leaders Wilcox and Nolein. By the way, Nolein has a beautiful home directly opposite here. His wife and friends seemed to be having quite a jubilee on Monday on their verandah, but they have quieted down since then.

The saddest event that has occurred so far is the death of a Mr. Charles Carter. He was mortally wounded Sunday night and died early the following morning. Though but a man of thirty he was very prominent here both as a lawyer and as a Republican leader, having served in the cabinet of the new Government. His father, the late H. A. P. Carter, was Hawaiian minister to Washington, residing there many years, so that this son may be said to have been reared on American soil and there have imbibed Republican sentiments.

On Tuesday we climbed to the summit of an extinct crater—partly encircled by the city—to view the scene of action in Manona and Palolo valleys. But not a great deal could be seen as the contending parties were covered by ridges. The day before, however, the fighting near Diamond Head crater was visible so far as smoke was concerned. Any number of friends were in the bowl of the crater, besides about two hundred Portuguese and Kanakas, all on the same mission. Yesterday the crater was fortified so now no visitors are allowed to go up there.

Already the representative people here who have always been distinguished for their leniency toward offenders, even at the continued risk of their own lives and property are expressing the deepest regret that the leaders must be severely dealt with if peace is ever to be permanently established on these islands. Great sympathy is expressed for the native element who have been led to join the Royalist army through the influence of the desperate half-whites who in their turn are perhaps but the tools of unscrupulous office seeking whites.

The wealthy Royalists must have contributed largely toward funds to purchase the quantities of arms and ammunition, that despite the vigilance of the Government, have been secretly smuggled into the country and distributed amougst the enemy.

Our street is so quiet this morning that sitting here on the verandah in the midst of a paradise of beauty, singing birds and softest breezes, it is hard to realize that a few miles outside of the city men are fighting to the death, and that the fate of the youngest of Republics is at stake.

Sincerely yours,
LILLIE A. BROWN.

Gorman.

Plenty of winter and good sleighing.

J. F. Nydegger has gone to Bayard to take charge of the Bayard drug store.

A Presbyterian evangelist held a series of meetings here a couple of weeks ago with fair results.

The parties working the lime quarry near Chisholm's mill are doing a good business.

We agree with the Swanton correspondent that the election of a Republican governor and a Republican legislature would solve the school question.

CAP.

Elder.

The snow is fast disappearing.

Rev. C. W. Cox preached a very able sermon to a large audience Saturday night.

W. H. Savage and family, of Krug, are visiting relatives here.

Bradford Blocher, who has been visiting friends here for a few weeks, returned to his home near Frostburg the 19th. His many friends were sorry to see him go as he was very popular.

The Baptist brethren closed their series of meetings the 17th with two additions to their church.

H. K. Friend was visiting friends at Hoyes Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. James Lockry and family, of Thayerville, were the guests of Mr. Thomas Thayer a few days last week.

Thos. Frazee and wife, of Friendsville, were calling on Mr. Frazee's mother Sunday.

Lyman Raybeck, of Krug, was calling on Mr. S. F. Cuppett Sunday.

Rev. McEndoe, of Ursina, Pa., preached two very interesting sermons to large congregations Sunday.

F. M. Conway made a trip to Frazee's Ridge Saturday and returned Sunday.

There was a very large crowd of people attended the baptism of the two converts here Sunday, after which the members of the elder branch of the Deep Creek Baptist church held communion services.

The correspondent known as Oriole seems to think that we were frozen as soon as the early frosts came, but we are yet alive, and as we belong to the family known as house flowers, we do not expect to be frozen this winter. We will give Oriole the space next week.

WHITE ROSE.

Swanton.

Mrs. Joseph F. Friend and L. H. Friend are on a visit to relatives in Elk Garden.

Rev. D. R. Wagner will preach here at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon.

The second quarterly meeting, Deer Park circuit M. E. church, will be held here on the 9th and 10th of February, by Rev. N. L. Baumgardner, presiding elder.

Painter Sunday school elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: Supt., A. F. George; assistant supt., John B. Friend; secretary, John W. McRobie; treasurer, Walter Friend; librarian, Walter Wright; assistant librarian, Chas. F. Smith. This school has just entered upon the fifth year of its existence and has never failed to have school a single Sunday on account of the weather. No need of freezing up during the winter.

Mrs. Henry Kight, of near Maysville, W. Va., is on a visit to relatives in this section.

West's steam grist mill is kept running to its full capacity under the able management of Mr. J. S. Silcox.

There is a good opening here for a starch factory and a creamery. We believe that both could be made to pay well.

Homer B. Weimer has gone to Johnstown to take charge of W. A. Smith's farm. We wish him success.

HOOSIER.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. 25 cents per box.

Read THE REPUBLICAN.

ELKINS FORMALLY ELECTED.

Now United States Senator From West Virginia.

CHARLESTON W. VA., Jan. 22—Ex-Secretary of War Stephen B. Elkins was elected United States Senator by the West Virginia legislature to-day to succeed Senator

SENATOR STEPHEN B. ELKINS.

Johnson N. Camden. The vote was taken early this afternoon, and resulted:

Senate—Elkins 12, Camden 11, Neale (Populist), 1. House—Elkins 48, Camden 17, ex-Governor E. Willis Wilson (Dem.) 1, Neale 1.

Altamont.

Not seeing anything in your valuable paper about Altamont for some time, I shall write a few items to let the people in old Garrett know that we are neither dead nor snowed under.

As Altamont is not enjoying as much of a boom as her neighboring cities, I shall touch lightly on that point and say nothing about it for fear some of the readers should pass through and see wherein I erred.

A. M. Jeffers, day operator of this place, has secured a three week's furlough and gone on an extended trip to western cities. He was accompanied by his best girl. They will take in the sights and scenes, and we shall not be surprised to see them come back as one.

Mr. Wm. Bishop has taken his old position as day operator. We are glad to welcome him back.

Hon. Mike Felka has secured a position as jockey with A. M. Jeffreys. Mike is a hustler.

We are glad to note that Mrs. Wilson is convalescing from a severe attack of pneumonia.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. J. L. Wheeler has lost his position as postmaster, but we congratulate Mr. C. M. Wilson as our future postmaster.

Our Sabbath school is progressing nicely under J. T. Bonnett as superintendent.

Flatwoods.

Your valuable paper reaches us every week and is read with much interest.

Not seeing any items from our quiet little valley for some time, allow us a brief space to record the happenings for your many readers.

Sledding has been the go since Christmas, and our busy farmers appreciate it very much.

Scarlet fever has made its appearance in our community, and the family of Samuel Mosser is having a serious time with it.

Mr. Jacob Keller and wife were at home the past week visiting their many friends.

Miss Maggie E. Beeghly, who had gone to Oakland, is at home on a visit.

Miss Barbara Kahl, of Oakland, is at home for a short while visiting friends.

It seems strange when we pass by houses where our children spent their winter days prior to this winter and find them, as it were, forsaken. We used to talk about public schools, but now we must talk about the houses, for we are robbed of the schools. I do hope that the leading men of our land and county will soon see the errors and mistakes by letting our public schools be governed by people appointed by the governor who probably is not personally acquainted with one of the members of the board. We elect all other county officers by ballot, and why not our school officers. I think a change is needed badly, and it would be better for our people and schools.

Ripans Tabules relieve nausea.

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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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a twenty-page journal, is the leading Republican family paper of the United States. It is a **National Family Paper** and gives all the general news of the United States. It gives the events of foreign lands in a nutshell. Its Agricultural department has no superior in the country. Its Market Reports are recognized authority. Separate departments for "The Family Circle," "Our Young Folks," and "Science and Mechanics." Its "Home and Society" columns command the admiration of wives and daughters. Its general political news, editorials and discussions are comprehensive, brilliant and exhaustive.

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MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

38 13

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	Daily	2.41 A. M
No. 3	Daily	7.18 A. M
No. 71	Accom daily except Sun	9.33 A. M
No. 47	Daily except Mon	11.28 A. M
No. 15	Accommodation daily	6.22 P. M
No. 1	Daily	9.38 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 2	Daily	5.51 A. M
No. 8	Daily	7.04 A. M
No. 11	Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 46	Daily except Monday	2.58 P. M
No. 72	Accom daily except Sun	4.51 P. M
No. 4	Daily	9.29 P. M

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

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G. S. HAMILL, V. President.
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.

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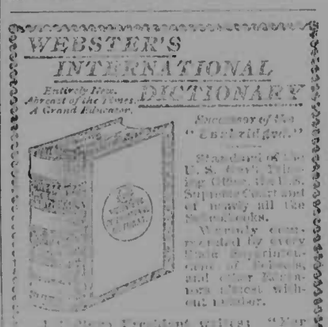

Estate of Henry Kamp, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of HENRY KAMP, late of Garrett County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 4th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 27th day of December, 1894.

FRED KAMP, Adm'r,
41 Accident, Md.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 17, 1895.

There will be a meeting of the County Commissioners of Garrett county held at their office in Oakland on

Tuesday, February 5, 1895,

for the purpose of hearing appeals.

Appeals from the respective districts will be heard as follows:

Tuesday, Feb. 5—7, 8, 9 and 10,
Wednesday, Feb. 6—1, 4, 11 and 12,
Thursday, Feb. 7—2, 5, 6 and 3.

N. B.—All persons wishing to take appeals on assessments shall observe the above days and dates by districts and attend accordingly By order of the board,

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINGELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

DEAR OLD MOTHER.

Day after day I see her climb the stair,
My dear old mother, to the attic room.
As tho' a tryst to keep with some one there,
She sits within the anise-scented gloom.

You are so young that you would smile to see
The queer old things her wrinkled hands unfold;
Moth-eaten, worn, and yet endeared to me,
Because she loves them so who now is old.

With dust upon her gown, her cap awry,
Silent she sits in her rush-bottomed chair,
Her dim eyes searching for the days gone by
Midst those odd things that she has garnered there.

To-day I went to her. A summer rain
Fell softly on the shingles overhead.
I spoke to her; she called me by the name
Of one she loved, a daughter long since dead.

With tears upon my cheeks I turned away.
A bit of silken hair was in her hand,
And as she smoothed it out, I heard her say:
"I have forgot, but God will understand.

"She was my child, and this her shining hair.
Sometimes I seem almost to see her face.
We laid her in the earth, I think, somewhere,
I have forgot, but God doth know the place."

As motionless I stood there by the door,
I heard, and yet I heard not, what she said;
A patch of sunlight lay upon the floor,
And soft the summer rain sung overhead.

The thought went through my heart, how I would miss
My mother's faltering footfall on the stair;
What if to-day I could not stoop and kiss
That blessed face and sorrow-whitened hair.

Could it be near that empty, riseless day?
(For when it comes, God help the child she bore.)
And then I put the chilling thought away,
Let down the latch and shut the creaking door.

—N. Y. Independent.

A RACE FOR A CLAIM.

How a Bright Wheelman Beat Old Man Turpit.

A trunk full of books and a bicycle made rather a queer outfit to start a farm with, but they were all I had when I settled in the Jim River valley. Of course I did not buy them for that purpose, but I happened to have them, and not much else, when I left school and went west for my health.

That country was just beginning to attract settlers then, and liking the looks of the level prairies clad in a mat of "blue-joint" as tall as a man's head, I lost no time in filing a preemption on the best quarter section I could find. I had my pick for miles up and down the river when I filed in August, but before winter settlers came in with a rush and sod shanties and dugouts dotted the prairie in all directions. Still there was plenty of land, and nearly every settler filed his preemption on one quarter while he reserved another one hundred and sixty acres adjoining to be taken as a homestead after he had lived on his preemption the six months required by law before he could "prove up," which was necessary before filing a homestead.

It was too late in the season for "breaking" when I reached Dakota, and as I should have little use for a team before the next spring, I thought it wise not to have any live stock to feed during the long winter. The idea of a man running a farm with a bicycle was very amusing to some of my neighbors. My bookish notions, too, were not considered good form among a pioneer people, and I soon became known far and wide as "that college dude with a wheel." This amused rather than annoyed me, for I got along very nicely and derived no end of practical use and enjoyment from both books and wheel. I built a sod shanty like the rest, hired a neighbor to haul a stove and a quantity of provisions from the nearest town, and began keeping house. Once or twice a week I wheeled twenty miles to this same town for my mail. An old stage road running up and down the river passed within one hundred yards of my door, and nowhere in the world, I think, was there ever a finer road for wheeling. There were no ruts, no mud or stones, or sand—nothing but two broad paths, as smooth almost as an asphalt pavement, and as springy and noiseless as only a track made of tall grass pounded down into a tough, firm sod can be. Wagon wheels did not cut through and make a narrow rut, but played here and there over a breath of two feet or more on each side of a slim strip of standing "blue-joint."

Coming back from town one day a gruff old fellow who held a claim a mile north of mine—"old man Turpit" everyone called him—came up behind me with a lively team of four-year-olds. I never liked the old chap any too well, and it was plain that he had nothing but contempt for me and my mount.

"Why don't ye give that thing away and git ye a hoss o' some account?" he called out as he rattled up.

"Oh, this suits me very well," I replied, banteringly. "I like a horse that doesn't eat hay and oats, you know."

The old man gave a sniff of contempt, and popping the whip over his colts, cut out into the tall grass to pass me. But somehow he didn't get past, though he whipped and shouted till the air was fairly blue; and when I whirled in at my place and raised my cap to him as he raced past, he was so mad that he wouldn't even look that way.

There were two fine quarter-sections lying along the bank of the river between my claim and that of my neighbor, Hans Larson, a big-hearted, big-fisted Norwegian with whom I often changed work. Turpit never tired of chaffing him for changing work with "that soft-handed dude;" but Hans only laughed good naturedly at the suggestion that I was getting the long end of the bargain. He could easily do as much work as two like me.

"Dot's all right!" he would say. "He'll make dat opp some odder vay sometimes."

Hans and I meant to take these two quarters as homesteads, but we could not prove up on our preemption before the breaking season the following spring, and as settlers came flocking in we began to fear that some one might get ahead of us. There was no law, save an unwritten one that had been quite generally respected, entitling a settler to hold a claim like this, to which he had no shadow of title. While claims were plenty, no land-seeker cared to incur the enmity of his new neighbors by jumping one of this sort; but when the good land was mostly taken, settlers became less scrupulous. Turpit's eldest son, a beardless youth whom no one believed to be more than eighteen, filed on the prospective claim of one of my neighbors, making oath before the register that he was over twenty-one years of age in order to do so. A few weeks later Hans and I saw old man Turpit tramping over our homesteads. We went out to see what he was doing, but he hurried off when he saw us coming in a way that aroused our suspicions.

I went hunting prairie chickens next day, and came across the Turpit boys hauling hay. In the course of our conversation one of them said they were going out for a big hunt in a week or so, when two of their cousins came out from Missouri. That made it pretty plain to Hans and I what the old man had been viewing our intended claims for, and we watched the stage as it passed our places each afternoon with much anxiety. A week later the stage stopped near Turpit's place to leave two passengers. That very evening, just at dusk, we saw Turpit with two young fellows walking along the river, evidently taking a look at our homesteads.

That settled it with us. We could file tree claims at any time and hold the land in spite of them, and we meant to start for the land office, sixty miles away, the next day for that purpose. I was to stay at Hans' cabin that night, for his team was heavy and slow and we would need to start very early if we reached the land office in time to file our claims. The rumble of a passing vehicle startled us as we were eating supper, and, hurrying to the door, to our consternation, we saw Turpit's spring wagon with three men in it going at a lively pace toward the land office.

"Shiminy cracky!" gasped Hans, "dey is after dat laut, sure as you're born't! Dey'll beat us dere, too!"

"Beat us! I guess they will!" I echoed in dismay. "Your old nags could not begin to keep up with Turpit's, let alone overtaking them," and we went back to finish our supper in anything but a contented frame of mind. There was no use in hitching up and starting then, as Hans suggested. Turpit's team was as fast again as ours, and we berated the old rascal soundly while we finished our meal in gloomy discussion of the subject. Then an idea popped so suddenly into my head that I sent half the dishes rolling on the floor as I sprang up, slapped the astonished Hans on his broad back and danced about his bachelor cabin.

"I've got it, Hans!" I shouted.

"Got it? I guess you haf, and got it bad, too. Vy, you yump round like crazy. What ails you?" said Hans.

Without waiting to explain I clapped on my hat and rushed over to my cabin. Quickly donning my wheeling costume I stuffed a lunch of bread and beef in my jacket pocket and, mounting my wheel, whirled off down the stage road. Hans was out to meet me in front of his place, as I knew he would be. He fairly screamed with delight when he saw me coming.

"Dat bicycles! Shiminy cracky! I neffer tought off dat! You haf beat Turpit vonce, you can do it again and safe your claim yoost like a mice!" exclaimed the generous-hearted fellow.

"Yes, and yours, too!" I called out as I slowed up. "Hitch up quick and come on, Hans. I'll have it all fixed when you get there." Hans stared at me as though sure I was crazy now, but I saw him hurrying toward his stable as I rolled away.

Though no racing man, I had taken more than one hundred-mile spin, and with that sixty miles of level, springy track ahead of me I made up my mind that Turpit's four-year-olds would have to let out an extra link or two of speed if I did not reach the land office as soon as the old man. The night was moonless but as light as stars could make it. The path showed up plain and smooth, and with no danger of headers I bent low over the handles of my tall Columbia, for that was before the days of safeties.

"Now's the time to show your metal, old boy!" I said aloud, as I patted the neck of my silent steed. "You've never failed me yet, but we've never tackled this kind of a job before." My own spirits seemed to animate the lifeless steel and rubber that sent me bounding forward with fresh speed in response to each pressure of the pedals. There were no hills to speak of, but just enough swell here and there to relieve the strain of steady pedaling. Turpit had a good hour's start. I struck into a steady, even pace but spurted for all that was in me whenever I came to the least down-grade. Silently and swiftly I sped on and into the night. Unless the old man was driving like the furies I knew I must be gaining on him—but that was the way he usually drove. Five, ten, twenty miles of that prairie road I left behind before my ears caught the rumble of his wagon. I did not run up too close lest they should see me, but came near enough to catch much of their conversation, which was well interspersed with references to "that dude," followed invariably by peals of laughter.

"Then their claim'll be worth all of a thousand apiece in less'n a year," I heard the old man say.

"I hope they will," I chuckled to myself, as I rolled along in their wake. Turpit, thinking himself past all danger of pursuit, allowed the four-year-olds to settled down to a slow trot, which slackened to a walk at every little grade. I found it easy enough to keep pace with them; so easy in fact that I had to use my brake more than once to avoid coming too plainly into view as the old man wheeled suddenly around some sharp turn. I began to grow hungry as well as sleepy, and dropped behind to strike a match and consult my watch. It was past midnight, and I spurted ahead to catch up again. If I had been a teamster myself I should have been more cautious, for I knew that a little creek crossed the road at the bottom of a "draw" not far ahead. But my horse never had to stop to drink, and wondering why it took me so long to come within hearing of them again, I rolled up to the very brink of this draw to see Turpit watering his team at the bottom—not a hundred yards away. Like a flash I flopped down into the tall grass, wheel and all.

"What's that?" I heard one of the young fellows say.

"Oh, nothin' but an owl or a coyote," answered Turpit, who did not dream that a silent shadow was trailing him so closely.

"Don't give 'em too much now, Tom," I heard him tell the young man who handled the bucket. "There's another creek about ten miles ahead; we'll stop there to water again and feed a bit."

I was glad enough to hear that. It might give me the chance to pass them that I had been looking for for the last three hours. I might as well have tried to run through a hedge fence as to cut out on the open prairie through that tall grass and flank them, as I should have done had the ground been clear.

If I remembered rightly, the next creek was dry where the road crossed it, with a water hole a dozen rods up stream. I allowed them to get a good start before picking myself and wheel up out of the grass, and was careful to keep well in the rear for several miles. As we neared the creek, however, I closed up and crept along as close to the old man's heels as I dared. Yes, my memory had not failed me, and I felt the blood leap through my veins as the team went down into the draw and I saw Turpit pull out of the road toward the water hole.

I knew it would be by the merest scratch if I got past without being seen, but it was a chance that I dared not miss, and, putting on my best speed, I shot down through the little hollow and up the other side before the wagon came to a standstill. They would have been sure to hear me had I waited until they stopped, and as it was I saw both the young fellows turn their heads when I rattled through the gravelly bed of the creek. I expected nothing less than shouts and a lively pursuit, but none came, and, knowing that I had the game in my own hands then, I nibbled my lunch as I wheeled leisurely on.

Sleepy, tired and sore enough, but with the papers made out all ready to file my tree claim on the four forties bordering the river—I knew Turpit's friends would not want the remaining forties without the water—I was the first man to enter the door when the land office opened the next morning. I was none too soon either, for I had barely pocketed the receipt for my entry fee, when Turpit and his friends came in. Wishing to see the fun, I stood behind a door in the receiver's window. The young fellows quickly handed in two pre-emption filings. The register looked at the number and shook his head.

"You're just about five minutes too late," said he. "Four of these forties have just been taken."

"Which forties and who filed on 'em?" bellowed Turpit, his big face purple with rage and astonishment.

The register gave him the numbers and my name. The old man nearly fell over when he heard it, and the three went outside to heap maledictions on the head of "that darned dude."

"That was him we heard on the road, I'll bet a hoss, uncle," said one of the young fellows; "and he passed us at that there dry creek!"

Hans arrived about noon, and at my suggestion immediately filed upon the back forties.

"Now, Hans," said I, "when we prove up we will divide the land between us as we intended at first."

"Shiminy cracky! Dat bicycle!" exclaimed the big fellow, his fat sides shaking with uncontrollable laughter. "She's de boy vot done de business. I guess Turpit don't laugh some more about my changing vorks vid you, hey?"—Myron B. Gibson, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

Cumberland's Great Trick.

On the journey from Vienna to St. Petersburg, Cumberland, the well-known anti-spiritualist and thought reader, entertained his fellow-passengers by guessing their thoughts. One of the travelers, a Polish Jew, who took the whole thing for a hoax, offered to pay Cumberland the sum of fifty rubles if he could divine his thoughts. Visibly amused, Cumberland acceded to his request, and said: "You are going to the fair at Nizhni-Novgorod, where you intend to purchase goods to the extent of twenty-thousand rubles, after which you will declare yourself a bankrupt and compound with your creditors for three per cent." On hearing these words the Jew gazed at the speaker with reverential awe. He then, without uttering a syllable, drew out of the leg of his boot a shabby purse, and handed him the fifty rubles. Whereupon the great magician triumphantly inquired: "Then I have guessed your thoughts, eh?" "No," replied the Jew, "but you have given me a brilliant idea."—Podmokcer Wochenblatt.

—Of satires I think as Epictetus did: "If evil be said of thee, and if it be true, correct thyself; if it be a lie, laugh at it." By dint of time and experience I have learned to be a good post-horse; I go through my appointed daily stage, and care not for the curs who bark at me along the road.—Frederick the Great.

COURT MOURNING.

How Different Nations Observe the Death of a Sovereign.

When the Emperor Alexander III. of Russia died lately the courts of Europe went into mourning for periods varying slightly, according to their formal custom. The "mourning" of the British court, which represents the general usage, lasted for a period of four weeks; for that is the time in which the court expresses in various outward ways its purely formal grief in the case of a foreign potentate who holds the rank of an emperor or empress, a king or a queen.

The usage of the British court is this: Upon the death of a reigning or princely person, within the range of the court's mourning, the Court Circular—a sort of daily official bulletin of the proceedings of the royal court—forthwith contains a notice commanding a certain period of mourning. The notification, which is prepared under the immediate direction of the queen, prescribes the period of the mourning and what shall be worn on formal occasions.

Gentlemen are to wear crape on the arm or other prescribed mourning; ladies are to wear black or purple to a certain prescribed extent. The notification informs the court that it is to wear "full mourning" until a certain date, and after that "half mourning;" and, finally, that on a certain date these signs are to cease altogether.

For a reigning foreign potentate, or one who has reigned, the term of mourning is four weeks. During that time festivities are suspended, and only the most ordinary and necessary "functions" and formalities observed, at all of which the persons connected with or invited to the court appear in the prescribed mourning.

For the heir to a throne, and to certain other princes, two weeks of mourning are deemed sufficient, and in the case of an ordinary prince, belonging to a reigning house, a week's mourning is commonly prescribed.

All this mourning is, of course, on the surface only; but it has this characteristic in common with all other mere public mourning, such as we see in our own country in the half-masting of flags and the draping of buildings. All this, though formal and prescribed, is fitting and proper.

It is worthy of note that the British court went into mourning for the death of President Garfield, classing him as a "reigning sovereign," out of compliment to our republic. It is not likely that any of the court ladies who wore black plumes on their bonnets felt any personal grief for the death of our chief magistrate, but their garb contributed, in a small degree at least, to a welcome national observance.

It seems a peculiar fact that the mourning of the other European courts for the late emperor of Russia, lasted longer than that of the Russian court itself. But this was due, not, certainly, to the fact that the mourning of the Russian court at the death of its late master was less lasting than that of other courts, but to the circumstance that the new czar's marriage was necessary at this time for reasons of state and church, and that the gorgeous ceremonial of an imperial Russian marriage could not properly be marked with the trappings of grief.

To a considerable extent the court mourning of Europe is a family affair. The royal houses of Great Britain, Prussia, Russia, Denmark, Greece and several German states are closely related, and so are those of Austria, Belgium, Italy, Bavaria, Spain and Portugal, according to the religious belief their members profess.

These martial alliances follow the lines of religious faith, except in the particular that intermarriages between princes and princesses of the Greek and Protestant faiths are common; but the political alliances, which really bind the countries much more closely at this age of the world than royal marriages do, are quite regardless of religious faith.

Much court mourning, so far as it is distinctively the mourning of the court, has the sincerity of personal attachment behind it.—Youth's Companion.

Some New Things.

Cut-glass handles for umbrellas are new; those, too, of the Rockwood pottery are seen. Corsage watches are shown in the new black gun metal, and are unobtrusively fastened on the left breast to hook catches of the same metal. Chinchilla has suddenly been discovered to be a very expensive, and, consequently, much-to-be-desired fur. It is used with sumptuous effect on sealskin. A triple cape seen the other day had each circle of seal edged with the soft gray of chinchilla. A new weave of velvet for furniture covering has a crushed and creased look, like crepon. Skeleton brocade is a new material intended for portieres that is a design from the Associated Artists. Oval miniatures on porcelain, or with that effect, are late French novelties. They come large as belt buckles for house gowns, or smaller in sets for buttons to ornament a bodice. New small boxes and baskets in odd shapes are made of palm leaf lined over a foundation.—Chicago Tribune.

To Serve With Turkey.

After boiling half a dozen onions in three quarts of water for one hour pour off the liquor and cut the onions into small pieces. Season with salt and pepper and pour a pint of cream sauce over them. Serve very hot. To make the sauce, first put a pint of milk into a saucepan to boil. Rub to a cream two tablespoonfuls of butter and one generous spoonful of flour, and when the milk begins to boil stir the cream into it. Continue the stirring until the sauce is smooth. Season with salt and pepper and boil up at once.—N. Y. World.

Covered Both Cases.

Theatrical Manager—I regret, gentlemen, that I cannot put your productions on the stage.

First Author—Why not, pray?

"Your play, you see, is so awfully simple."

"And mine?"

"Is simply awful!"—Fliegende Blatter.

The People Victoria Likes.

Although it has frequently been stated that newspapers are carefully kept from her majesty, it is well known among those acquainted with the queen's private life that no current events or topics escape her attention. Indeed, so curious is she about the principal personages of the day that she never rests until she has obtained their photographs. Among her majesty's most curious photographs is one of Louis Michel. The queen likes two classes of people, those of rank who keep strictly within the limits of court etiquette—for which the queen is as great a stickler as the emperor of Germany—and those who are no "respecter of persons," who can neither flatter nor cringe, who will reprove, or gossip, or repeat an amusing anecdote, such as the Scotch peasants or the most confidential servants of the royal household. The queen has a great personal influence over children, and is very much interested in getting the opinions of nurses and governesses connected with the royal household as to their training.—The Woman at Home.

MARKET GARDENERS GROW RICH.

There is lots of money made in early vegetables. Everybody admits that the very earliest vegetables are produced from Salzer's Northern Grown seeds. Think of having radishes in fourteen days; lettuce in twenty days; potatoes in forty days; peas in forty-six days, and splendid cabbage in fifty-five days from day of sowing seed!

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT with $1 money order to the John A. Salzer Seed company, LaCrosse, Wis., you will get free thirty-five packages earliest vegetable seeds and their great seed catalogue, or for six cents postage a package of FOURTEEN DAY PARIS RADISH seed and their seed catalogue. [K]

PROOF—"Was ye hearin' that Jeanie Anderson's gettin' mairried?" Kirsty—"Stapit creatur! Hoo is she able tae keep a man?"—Punch.

"WHAT do you think of bloomers?" asked the flirtatious woman. "Er—I believe I prefer the kinds," said the young man in answer, and it was not long before he found himself alone.—Indianapolis Journal.

CARKER—"I don't see the sense of spending in one day what it takes you a whole week to earn." Giddiboy—"Well, I think it's a good deal more unreasonable that I should have to work a whole week for a day's pleasure!"—Fort Worth Gazette.

UPTON—"Don't you think that Mrs. Wabash was in rather an unseemly hurry to marry after getting her divorce?" Lakeside—"Goodness, no! She waited until the decree was brought to her by a messenger boy."—Buffalo Courier.

PROMINENT ACTRESS—"It's no use talking, I don't want to play out of New York, and I won't." Manager—"I cannot advertise you as a star unless you travel." Prominent Actress—"Can't you advertise me as a fixed star?"—Detroit Journal.

"YOU brought all that beautiful china back with you!" exclaimed the caller. "Didn't you break anything?" "Nothing but the customs laws," responded the smiling young lady, who had just returned from Europe.—Chicago Tribune.

WE went into a popular German beer garden, and my friend, who grows melodramatic when he is mellow, beckoned to a sleepy-looking German waiter, and, with Shakespearian voice and gesture, exclaimed: "Landlord, come hither! Bring us two flagons of that amber juice whose effervescent foam overflows the crystal rim. Away!" The sleepy waiter stared an instant, then, turning to me, he said: "You haf de same?"—St. Paul Globe.

BOOK canvassers should take courage from a story told by an English lecturer on "The Art of Bookbinding." A man of their profession had called at a house whose occupant met him with a growl. "It's no use to me. I never read." "But there's your family," said the canvasser. "Haven't any family—nothing but a cat." "Well, you may want something to throw at the cat." The book was purchased.—Woonsocket (R. I.) Journal.

Rheumatic Pains

Return when the colder weather comes. They are caused by lactic acid in the blood, which frequently settles in the joints. This poisonous talnt must be removed. Hood's Sarsaparilla conquers rheumatism because it drives out of the blood every form of impurity. It makes pure, rich blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

"I suffered with rheumatism in my left foot. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and the pain is all gone." MISS R. R. BLAKE, Mills House, Charleston, S. C.

Hood's Pills prevent constipation.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT

THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.

Dissolves Gravel

Gall stone, brick dust in urine, pain in urethra, straining after urination, pain in the back and hips, sudden stoppage of water with pressure.

Bright's Disease

Tube casts in urine, scanty urine. *Swamp-Root* cures urinary troubles and kidney difficulties.

Liver Complaint

Torpid or enlarged liver, foul breath, biliousness, bilious headache, poor digestion, gout.

Catarrh of the Bladder

Inflammation, irritation, ulceration, dribbling, frequent calls, pass blood, mucus or pus.

At Druggists 50 cents and $1.00 Size. "Invalids' Guide to Health" free—Consultation free. DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

One of my children had a very bad discharge from the nose. Physicians prescribed without benefit. After using Ely's Cream Balm a short time the disease was cured.—O. A. Cary, Corning, N. Y.

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Pain and Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Protects the Membrane from colds. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST.

FIT FOR A KING.

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$2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.

LADIES.

$3. $2.50 $2. $1.75

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SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

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when you try to wash without Pearline. Your hands show the hard work; your clothes show the wear.

Pearline is harmless to the hands or fabric. It saves the Rub, Rub, Rub that wears; it saves the work that tires. It is cheap, safe and convenient. Get the best, when you get something to wash with. Soap has been but Pearline is.

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of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, is a constructive food that nourishes, enriches the blood, creates solid flesh, stops wasting and gives strength. It is for all

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Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and $1.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

POWER OF EXAMPLE.

A Noted Doctor's Temperance Pledge and the Double Blessing It Brought.

Norman Kerr, M. D., F. L. S., the consulting physician to the Dalrymple House for the Treatment of Inebriety and president of Society for the Study of Inebriety, writes interestingly in the Western Temperance Herald, the account of how he came to sign the pledge.

Nearly twenty years ago I had a patient in London, a man of about fifty years of age, who regularly every month had an outbreak of intoxication. He used to be be an abstainer for the three weeks following the outbreak. On one of these periodical outbursts of drunkeness he, as usual, sent for me betweeu two and three o'clock in the morning. It was a wild night, with rain and wind, and I was very weary, owing to an extra pressure of work. I am afraid I was shorter-tempered than usual at being disturbed at so uncongeuinl an hour, and I remember saying to him:

"Whnt a fool you must be to be killing yourself nnd making your wife miserable by your drinking, and benefiting nobody but your doctor and your wine merchant. Why don't you take the teetotal pledge and stick to it?"

Drunk as he was, he clearly appreciated the force of what I said to him, for, later in the day, he remarked:

"Doctor, you asked me early this morning why I did not take the pledge. I will take it if you will."

What could I say or do? I dared not staud in the way of this reckless inebriate's cure; so, though I had no desire to become an abstainer, we both subscribed our names to a pledge of abstinence which I drew up there and then. He has kept it faithfully ever since, and during all these abstainlug years he has had occasion to consult me professionally only twice instead of, as in his drinking days, several times at the beginning of every month. Still further, this enthusiastic recruit became an ardent apostle of abstineuce, and has been the means of rescuing a large number of apparently hopeless cases of inteuperauce.

This is how I became an abstainer; this is the chain of circumstances by which, practically against my desire, I was, as it were, entrapped iuto becoming an abstainer.

Though, moral considerations apart, so far as the mere physical, pleasurable sensation of the moment is coucerued, no one could enjoy

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THE PLEDGE.

a restricted qnnntity of an alcoholic intoxicant better than I could, I have never for one moment regretted my involuntary embarkation on a nephalian voyage lasting during life itself.

Abstinence is "twice blessed. It blesseth him that gives and him that takes." 'Tis well, and very well, if it prove the means of the abandonment of an ignoble, useless, and shameful life by the weak brother or sister for whose sake one may have taken the pledge. But, whatever the effect on the erring, to him who has so pledged himself for the comfort of a fellow-sinner, the practice of abstinence brings a wealth of blessings. In the train of abstinence follow health, viger, elasticity of spirit, increased capacity to enjoy the good things of life, peace and happiness unspeakable.

Why did I take the pledge? To encourage a faint heart that, but for my so doing, would not have had pluck enough to take the cold-water plunge, or firmness enough to remain constant to his vow. This in itself is no mean office. To cheer one timid spirit, to help a single helpless one, to give confidence to a fearing soul, is a privilege of the highest and sweetest order. How much more gratifying and noble to be of real use in the emnucipation of a human being "framed in a heavenly mold," from an unwholesome possession which has gone far toward effacing the divine in man. How praiseworthy and acceptable to be honored in being the means whereby an unhappy and despairing captive is delivered from the most galling and degrading bondage to which human kind is subject.

If taking the teetotal pledge, a step which can injure no one, is so richly rewarded by the reformation of one inebrite, how intense and how pleasurable must be the delight at the rescue of a number of woe-begone, pitiful drunkards! Yet this has often followed the pledge-taking of a quiet, unostentatious, earnest man or woman.

Though endowed with no worldly goods, dependent for sheer living on a precarious daily wage, and apparently possessed of no influence, I have known not a few unskilled, as well as skilled, workmen who could count their abstaining converts by the hundreds.

The more commanding anyone's social position is, the more eminent his place in the ranks of literature, science, politics or religion, the wider is the influence and the graver is his responsibility. To all persons who have influence—and there is not one among us who has not some—I would earnestly appeal to take the pledge as a perfectly safe example for even the most despairing drunkard to follow, and as a means of usefulness which can scarcely be overestimated.

THE DRINK HABIT.

What It Was in the Latter Part of the Eighteenth Century as Contrasted With the Present.

Before the accession of George III. it was by no means uncommon for ladies of quality to stop at taverns, and even to invite the gentlemen to be of the company. Walpole says that in 1755 a Frenchman, who was ignorant of the custom, took some liberties with Lady Harrington, through which mistake her house was afterwnrd closed against him. This practice, which to us seems so startling, was a relic of the maners of a century earlier. The decorum of the court of George III. banished the custom from the upper ranks; but it lingered among the middle classes, and Dr. Johnson thought it not in the slightest degree indecorous to say to two young ladies who called upon him, "Come, you pretty, fools, dine with Maxwell nnd me at the Metre," to which the ladies, who wished to consult the philosopher upon the subject of Methodism, very readily assented. In the reigu of the second George, and perhnps a little later, the great ladies, whether at taverns or in private houses, carried their vivacity somewhat further than we should now think consistent with perfect propriety. Lady Coventry, at a great supper at Lord Hartford's, said in a very vulgar accent, "if she drank any more she would be mucklbus." How the Americans of our own day, says Charles Knight, must be shocked at the vulgarity of our aristocratic predecessors; for they will not tolerate even the word drunk, and describe the condition which that word conveys by the pretty epithet excited! We are adopting the term, he continues, and it may be expected that the refinement in our nomenclature may lead to a revival of a little of the old liberty in our practice. Walpole explnins that muckibus was "Irish for sentimental." He did not foresee the change in our English. He called things by their right names. He tells us that "Lord Cornwallis and Lord Allen came drunk to the opera," and what is harder to believe, that the chancellor, Lord Henley, being chosen a governor of St. Bnrtholomew's hospital, "a smart geutleman who was sent with a staff, carried it in the evening when the chancellor happened to be drunk." These exhibitions were in 1763.—N. Y. Advertiser.

USE OF ABSINTHE.

Evil Effects Arising From the Indulgence in This Strong Drink.

The physiological effects of absinthe drinking have been very closely studied in France, where the habit is regarded with very grave apprehensions by scientists. The effects upon the uervous system are much more marked than those of the brandy habit and resemble those of a narcotic poison. Dr. Lancreau, of Paris, has found chronic absinthism to be characterized by grave troubles of the sensibilities, pricking of the skin, burning sensations upon the soles of the feet, shooting pains in the muscles, constriction of the epigastrum and "hyperalgesie" at various points, especially in the neighborhood of the vertebral columu; by enfeeblement of the muscular force and sight, loss of memory, hallucinations, melancholy, restlessness and quarrelsomeness. Absinthism has this in common with alcoholism, in that it affects the digestive functions.

In acute absinthism the patient loses power of recognition of most familiar objects and persons. Convulsions are present, separated by unequal periods of repose. In extreme cases Dr. Lancreau has noted two phases, one of which he calls tetanique, characterized by contraction of the muscles of the chest and neck; the second, clonique, in which the patient throws his arms about and writhes upon his couch, foams at the month, cries nnd seeks to bite, the crisis of the case being followed by a comatose condition.—Boston Herald.

A Simple Temperance Platform.

Miss Ella C'ementine Rogers is a temperauce lecturer who is meeting considerable success. This is attributed to her simple platform, which is expressed by the following couplet:

There is a public-house that every man can close,
I mean the public-house just underneatb his nose.

VARIOUS NOTES.

THE W. C. T. U. proposes to investigate the capitols of the several states to ascertain in how many of them a bar is maintained for the use of legislators.

THE Board of Education at Mount Vernon, Ill., has decided that cigarette-smoking boys mny not attend public schools. They must give up smoking or be expeled.

PROMINENT ladies of several Chicngo churches have organized, it is said, for the purpose of placing free lunch counters in churches to offset the influence of the saloon free lunch.

A SHORT dialogue, but to the point: Pastor—"You ought to be ashnmed of yourself. Even animals know when to stop drinking." Toper—"So do I when I driuk what they do."—Standard.

JOHN BURNS, M. P., who is now in this country in the interests of labor unions, is an outspoken enemy of the gin-mill, which he believes "the chief cause of the present time poverty, debasement and weakness of the poor."

A LOUISVILLE lawyer, one of the ablest men at the bar, who served on the bench and is a brother of one of the United States supreme court justices, went to the city nlmshouse a few days ago as a last hope of curing himself of the liquor habit.

THE American steamship line has it as an invariable rule that no captain or other officer, sailor or other employe, shall use intoxicating liquors as a drink. A famous captain on one of its great lines recently said to one of our leaders, "Many a time has a glass of whisky wrecked a ship."

MISCELLANEOUS.

—In 1879 the capital of the London gns companies amounted to £12,000,000

—The cardinal, a ladies' cloak, became popular in 1760. It took its name from the fact that it resembled a cape worn by the princes of the church.

—It was a singular fact that many men of nation incline to the theory of fatalism, while the greater part of men of thought believe in a Divine Providence. —Balzac.

—Raillery is sometimes more insupportable than wrong; because we have a right to resent injuries, but it is ridiculous to be angry at a jest.—Rochefoncauld.

—Cambric was first introduced into England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The first piece imported was presented to the Virgin Queen to make a ruff for her neek.

—If you tell a good jest, and please all the rest, comes Dingly, and usks you, "What was it?" And before she can know, away she will go to seek an old rag in the closet.—Swift.

—The first use of gas in a place of public amusement was in the Lyceum theater in London in 1803. It was begun as an experiment, and for a time was discontinued, because the audience complained of the odor.

—The first London street to be lighted with gas was Golden Lane, in 1807. Two years later gas lamps were put up on Pall Mall, and between 1814 and 1820 the entire central district of the metropolis was thus illuminated.

—The starfish kills the oyster by enveloping it closely in his arms, then, placing his mouth to the crevice of the shell, he injects a very acrid and venomous juice within. The poor oyster, disgusted by the polson, opens his shell to admit water and so rid himself of it, and thus falls a prey to the destroyer.

—The sea-galley in tropical seas is very dangerous to bathers. One of these creatures fastened to the body causes a pain so inteuse that swimmers have been known to faint ere they could reach the shore. The pain has been compared to that of a very acute attack os inflammatory rheumatism.

—In the county of London there are 198 open spaces of less than ten acres in extent. Thirty-eight are maintained by the county council, eighty-four by vestries, forty-one hy ecclesiastical authorities, the rest by vnrious civic bodies; it is now proposed by the park committee of the council that they be all united under one management.

—Mrs. Louise Seymour Houghton, whose translation of Paul Sabatier's "Life of St. Francis d'Assisi" has been so widely read, has been connected with the New York Evangelist, of which Dr. Henry M. Field is editor, for many years, and yet all these years of hard editorial work failed to bring her the fame she has won by the translation of this popular book.

—A Central Pacific railway land agent says there are more than two hundred thousand head of wild horses in Nevada. They are a source of much trouble and loss to stockmen, because they eat off the best grass on the ranges and leave little for cattle and sheep. The last legislature passed a law permitting any one to shoot stallions found running wild.

—It is to the manner in which different colors are absorbed or reflected by a body that its color is due. If white light falls upon a red rose bush, the red alone is reflected from the flower, the other colors being absorbed. The green leaves, on the other hand, absorb the red entirely, and reflect nearly all the green light. A rose in green light or a leaf in red light would appear absolutely black, for in each case the light which the object can reflect is absent.—Inventive Age.

—Jean Francois Gigoux, the well-known French painter, is dead. He was born at Besancon, in 1808, was educated in the School of Fine Arts, and began exhibiting in the Salon about 1831, his earlier works being chiefly in crayon. Later he devoted himself to historical genre and portrait painting. Among his works many are to be found in public galleries and institutions. He achieved great distinction by his life-like portraits of persons eminent in public life.

—Glucose, it appears, is the greatest of all adulterants. It is used for making cheap candy, sugars, jellies and sirups. Apple sauce is pumpkin boiled in cider. It is said that the cheap confectionery and liquors are the articles most injuriously adulterated. Candy commonly contains much fusel oil and other poisons. Strawberry ice cream—a plate of it—often contains almost more fusel oil than five glasses of poor whisky. It is colored with red aniline dye. Licorice drops are usually made out of candy factory sweepings. Wine is frequently nothing but water with a percentage of crude alcohol from grain or the refuse of beet refineries, colored with burnt sugar, flavored with oil of cognac and given an agreeable woody taste with a little catechu.—Philadelphia Star.

—Some idea of how much money a successful doctor in England may accumulate in the course of a long life is shown by the sworn statements made to the probate office of the personal property they have. In the last five years sixty-five doctors have left £3,500,000, an average of £50,000, or $250,000 each. This is in part due to careful investments by Sir William Gull, who was physician in ordinary to the queen and the Prince of Wales, and when he died, at the age of 74, left a fortune of $1,750,000. He once spoke of making over $65,000 in a single year. Seventy-five thousand dollars is probably as much as any doctor or lawyer can possibly make in England, and not more than half a dozen men probably in each profession average more than $50,000 a year. Of thirty-two doctors in the list whose ages were given, one was 93, eight more were 80 or over, and eleven were between 75 and 80. Sir Andrew Clark, president of the College of Physicians, left over a million, Sir Oscar Clayton $750,000, Dr. Armitage, a blind man, over a million. Dr. Morell Mackenzie, who was 55 when he died, left only $110,000. Seven estates only out of the sixty-five exceeded half a million dollars.

NETTLE-RASH.

Causes and Treatment of a Very Troublesome Malady.

Nettle-rash, hives, or urticaria, is an affection of the skin, generally known to be harmless, and hence often considered or very little importance, both by the family and the physician.

As it is rarely mistaken for any contagious disorder, this indifference is perhaps partially justified; but if it is remembered that nettle-rash is usually the manifestation of some cause remote from the skin and hidden from the eye, it will be seen that it may be a danger signal of some disorder likely to follow unless the nettle-rash itself receives attention.

The occurrence of nettle-rash has in some instances led to the discovery that the patient was suffering from intestinal worms. At other times it may be the precursor of an asthmatic attack.

In individual cases the eating of such simple and, to most persons, nourishing foods as fish, eggs, strawberries and pineapples invariable causes nettle-rash in an aggravated form. The question of the freshness or want of freshness of the articles eaten does not enter into these cases, and the cause of the disagreement is wholly unknown. The warning is not to be disregarded, however, since persistence in eating the prohibited article results in profound disturbance of the system.

In all cases of nettle-rash attention should be given to the diet, though in some instances the strictest regimen will not be followed by any improvement. In certain of the latter cases some local irritant, such as chafing of clothing, or bites or stings of insects, will account for the trouble.

The separate wheals, or raised spots, which constitute the rash are caused by a local congestion, followed by an escape into the tissues of the serum—the watery element of the blood. It is the pressure of the watery fluid upon the minute nerves supplying the skin with sensation which occasions the tingling, burning or itching symptoms which are so familiar to the many sufferers from this complaint.

Nervous influences cause hives in some instances. Emotions, such as anger, fear or excitement of any kind, are known to produce it.

Those who are subject to hives, besides guarding against extremes of any kind, should particularly avoid exposure to cold nnd dampness of the extremities, since such exposure is prone to affect unfavorably the normal functions of the stomach nnd liver. It must be remembered that derangements of these organs cause the majority of attacks of nettle-rash. Overloading the stomach, especially with unripe or overripe fruits, should also be avoided.—Youth's Companion.

TREATMENT OF A SON.

Sympathy as Necessary for Him as for a Daughter.

Many a life has been ruined by the unrighteous domination of parents. Train your son for the exercise of his own judgment and the assertion of his own well-developed will. Give him your sympathy and treat his opinions with respect. Are they not the outgrowth of your education? It is probably seldom that a parent is entirely satisfied, in the secret of his heart, with the choice his son or daughter makes. He would have perfection, and values his child's deserts too highly. Remembering this you should be most careful not to wound a sensitive spirit by lack of the cordial and affectionate welcome, for which she has a right to look, who has given her heart and life into the keeping of the son, well-prepared or ill-prepared by you for the sacred task.

But suppose all your preventive measures have failed, and the choice has been made which seems mistaken and disastrous, will you shut your heart to your son and turn his heart from you in the time of his peril? A thousand times no! Your love must not fail him then, but with desperate eagerness strive to win the confidence of his wife and save him and his home. I know a home, which, though it promised little good, is growing better and better because the parents of a wayward son have been gentle, and patient, and loving toward him and his wife, although she was far from their ideal. "He made his bed, let him lie in it," is an un-Christian proverb. If his bed is ill-made help him to rise and make it better. Love—patient, pure, self-denying, pervading, enfolding love—may redeem a child even from his own mistakes.

A true son comes closer to a parent's heart when he is a true lover and a true husband. The love which, when it has other outlets, fails in filial devotion is very shallow. The heart by loving gains power to love, and a man's devotion to his father and mother will increase in proportion to his devotion to his wife. It is a poor proverb, at least in its first statement, which says:

"A son is a son till he get him a wife.
A daughter's a daughter to the end of her life."

Many a wife will testify that she has found her husband's love for her deepening year by year as his heart turned with increasing tenderness and solicitous affection to his parents, and many a mother has realized that she and her son have been growing nearer and dearer to each other since he became a husband.—Mrs. Lyman Abbott, in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Fault in Piano Playing.

A well-known piano teacher says that one of the most common faults in piano playing is the practice of playing the two hands out of time with each other. Nine players out of ten permit the left hand to lead the right, when the two should strike the keys simultaneously. It is a sort of swagger that produces a very inartistic effect. Of course there are rare cases where this dilatoriness of the right hand may be legitimate, but it should be remembered that in general it is reprehensible and should be carefully avoided. If the composer indicates the simultaneous performance of the notes belonging to the two hands, let not the slightest discrepancy be manifest. To play the two hands out of time with each other is to be not only inaccurate, but to appear affected. Shallow players resort to such devices to cover up the lack of ability to play with expression. It takes the place of shading and phrasing with the superficial.—N. Y. Advertiser.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Say, is there a feller with a wooden leg by the name of Smith livin' here?" "What's the name of his other leg?"—Life.

—Young Sculptor—"Well, Bronson, what do you think of that bust?" Bronson—"Well—it may be a good bust—but, really, Chizzle, it strikes me as a bad break."—Harper's Bazar.

—There is an old saying about having an ambition early in life, and sticking to it. If we all did that we would all be bareback riders in a circus.—Atchison Globe.

—"Are you going to vote the straight ticket, dear?" "The straight ticket? Do you mean to say that any of them are cut on the bias?"—Indianapolis Journal.

—Palette—"This picture places the milkmaid on the wrong side, and besides it isn't a cow at all, but a bull." Jess—"What of it; all I wanted of you was to guess whether it was a sunrise or a sunset."—N. Y. World.

—All He Needed.—"How do you like the way I wear my hair now?" asked the football player. "It's lovely," replied the girl. "If your head only had some silk sewed around it, it would be a lovely sofa pillow."—Detroit Free Press.

—How She Moved Him.—Miss Fitz—"I fear I shall have to complain of you for cruelty to animals." Stalate—"Pray, what do I do?" Miss Fitz—"Keep poor little Fido up so late."—Puck.

—A country storekeeper in this state received lately this encouraging reply from an old lady whose bill had long remained unpaid: "Don't worry about my bill, Mr. ——. I'll owe you forever before I'll cheat you out of it."—Bostou Journal.

—"The passage," said the publisher to the great author, "seems ambiguous to me. What do you mean by it?" "I don't know," replied the great author. "I left it there for the commentators to work over when I'm dead."—Washington Star.

—Once Upon a Time a Bicycle Accosted a Horse.—"Get off the earth!" said the Bicycle; "I am going to supplant you entirely." The Horse smiled—"Nay, nay," it rejoined, gently; "they can't make canned corned-beef out of you."—Puck.

—A kind of crinoid inhabiting the Mediterranean is deposited as an egg, goes about to find a place to live, selects a home, takes root there, and after further developmeut finally cuts loose from its moorings and remains a wanderer the rest of its life.

—The Obtuse Outlander. — "You Americans," said the superior foreign gentlemun, "will never know the full value of existence till you learn to appreciate the blessings of rest." "We do already," replied the native. "If you don't believe it just watch the scramble that occurs for the place when a vacancy occurs on the police force."—Indianapolis Journal.

ALL IN ONE.

A Married Man's Sage Advice to a Bachelor.

The married man was talking to the bachelor.

"Why don't you marry?" inquired the benedict.

"I don't want to be a married man, I suppose," replied the bachelor.

"What kind of a man do you want to be?"

"Not any kind for any length of time. For instance, I'd like to be a boy part of the time; then a lover sighing out his heart; then a husband and father for a month or so; then an old man for another month, and so on, changing about as the mood might take me. That sort of a thing beats these everlasting youth snaps all to pieces."

"Then marry," said the benedict with supreme confidence.

"That would knock my plan all to pieces."

"On the contrary, my dear fellow," said the married man, settling down to his work, "it would make you all of these. When you wanted to be a boy you could join your children in their pleasures and plans, in their sports and sorrows; when you wanted to be a lover, you would always find your wife ready to listen to the same sweet words you told her in the June nights of long ago; when you wanted to be a married man you could take off your coat and put up stoves, and get out and do the marketing, and study up new ways of how not to forget what your wife told you to get down town; when you wanted to be an old man you could sit down in your office and wonder where you were going to get money enough to keep things going and think over the grave cares and responsibilities of a man in your position. There it all is, old fellow," concluded the married man, "and you have selected it yourself. Now marry."

And the bachelor didn't.—Detroit Free Press.

A Great Bargain.

A German applied for a marriage license in a western town recently. The paper was made out, and the German produced his pocketbook.

"Two dollars and a half," said the clerk.

"Zwei tollar und a holf! Mein gracious, but dot vas sheap!"

The clerk looked a little surprised. He had known men to grumble even at the cost of a marriage certificate.

"Yah, mynherr," said the happy customer, "dot vas sheap. For zwei tollar and a holf I gets me ein frau——"

"Yes."

"Und four shildrens——"

"Yes."

"Ein goot home——"

"Yes."

"All dese tings for zwei tollar und a holf? Mine gracious, but dot vas sheap!"

The clerk wished him joy and a long life, and he went away rejoicing.—Youth's Companion.

Not Improbable.

Paddington—Do you know what I am going to do with the first one hundred dollars I earn?

Elaine—Pay your entrance fee to a home for aged and infirm men.—Puck.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Orange Ice Cream.—Use a quart of cream, or of cream and milk mixed in equal quantities. To this allow the juice of four or five oranges, according to size, and a cupful und a half of sugar, on which has been grated the peel of one lemon. Scald the cream, when cool add the orange juice and sugar; then freeze.—Good Housekeeping.

—Roast Venison.—Roast a haunch like a leg of veal and about as long. It should be well dredged with flour and basted very often; half an hour before serving add a tablespoonful of butter to the gravy to make it richer. It should roast about two hours. Venison steaks are cooked like beefsteaks.—St. Louis Republic.

—Hollandaise Sauce for Salads.—Cream in a bowl with a silver fork half a cupful of butter; add the yolks of four raw eggs, one by one, a little pepper, a saltspoonful of salt and the juice of half a lemon. Set the bowl in a saucepan of boiling water, and beat with an egg whisk until it grows a little thick; then add half a cupful of hot stock or of boiling water.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Indian Griddle Cakes.—Sift together one quart of yellow Indian meal, two heaping teaspoonfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of salt and two of any good baking powder; melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in one pint and a half of milk, and let it stand while four eggs are beaten to a froth; then beat all these ingredients together; if the batter is too thick to run easily upon the pan, add a little more milk; it should hold a drop let fall upon the surface from the mixing spoon for an instant; fry the cakes at once, on a hot griddle, with fat salt pork rubbed on it, or with a little butter.—Pittsburg Telegraph.

—Stewed Lamb or Mutton.—Remove all the fat from a nice leg of lamb or mutton. Cut off the shnnk and make incisions in various parts of the inside quite deep; fill them with a dressing made of fine bread crumbs, salt pork and sweet marjorum and pepper, stuff it very full. Fry three slices of pork crisp in the skillet, take them out and lay the lamb or mutton in and brown on every side, then put into a pot with water enough to cover it. Throw in a dozen or two of cloves, half an onion sliced and a little salt. Half an hour before serving add a teacup of tomato catsup or a few tomatoes scalded and peeled. Let it simmer gently for three hours. When you take up the meat thicken the gravy, if it requires it, with a little flour.—St. Louis Republic.

—Cooking Small Birds.—Have as many sweet potatoes of medium size as there are small birds. Boil them for one hour. Have the birds plucked, drawn and washed. Season them with salt and a little pepper, and rub soft butter over them. Pare the sweet potatoes, and cut a thin slice from each end. Now scoop out the center of the potatoe, making a cavity large enough to hold a bird. Season the potato with salt and spread soft butter over the surface. Place the birds in the potatoes, which should be set on end in a shallow pan and in a hot oven for fifteen minutes. Arrange the potatoes on a hot dise, and garnish with parsley. Serve very hot. To have this dish in perfection, butter must be used generously.

THE BIG GAME.

Antelopes From Colorado, Deer From Michigan and Bear From the Northwest.

"Where do you get your big game?" was asked a North State street marketman the other day.

"The antelope," he said, "come from Colorado and the deer from Michigan. The bears come from northern Wisconsin, where they are hunted for market by the Indians and white trappers. The traps used are principally 'figure-fours,' 'twitch-ups" and big steel bear traps. The figure-four is arranged so that when the bear grabs the bait, which is usually a rabbit or a chicken, a log falls across his neck. Or else the bait is placed so that in order to reach it he puts his head through a noose which is suddenly twitched up by a stout sapling. He cannot break away for the sapling will give. He cannot loose the noose for as soon as he rises on his hindlegs up goes the sapling. So there he stands until either he chokes to death or else the trappers come and kill him. Bruin is afflicted with almost human curiosity, especially in regard to fires. The hunters build big fires in clearings and then lie off a number of rods, sometimes half a mile. When they see a dark form pass in front of the fire they try a shot from their long-range rifle. Sometimes they kill him and sometimes they only wing him. Then they can track him by daylight. Perhaps it is a she bear, and then they find the lair and get the whole outfit, cubs and all. The cubs are very marketable. That little fellow there, pointing to a cub lying beside its dam, is three days old. It cost me five dollars. That one is six or seven years old. We determine that by the length of their claws. It doesn't pay to get them too old. The meat is strong, and only the steaks are marketable. We pay eighteen cents a pound for the the whole animal, and sell steaks from the hind quarters at twenty-five cents. The rest of the carcass has to be used for cheap grades of sausage-meat or sold to feed to animals. They live to the age of fifty or sixty years, so you see it doesn't pay to get the old settlers. The deer and antelope are shot also with long range guns. The antelope are the most difficult to get a shot at. A favorite way is for one party to stampede a herd and another party lie in wait for them and shoot them with express rifles as they run. All the game that has to be shipped a long distance is killed only in cold weather. The carcasses would never keep till they were put in the refrigerator cars unless they were frozen solid."—Chicago Tribune.

In for a Break.

She—I had the greatest time last summer I ever had had in my life.

He—Did you break the record?"

"I don't know; but papa says I came very near breaking him."—Detroit Free Press.

WORK OF THE COMMISSIONERS.

Road Supervisors Appointed for This Year.

(Continued from last week.)

DISTRICT NO. SEVEN.

William White, road from Oakland to Gortner's mill; $100. Road from West Union at Gortner's mill to Mason lane; $20. Road from West Union road at Totten farm via White's to Yough river bridge, to Glotfelty's lane on location; $50.

John A. Connell, Ashby and Hutton Switch road and new road from Yough bridge at Glotfelty's lane to W. Va.; $45.

John J. Garrett, road from Oakland to Deep creek bridge (in the middle); $100.

Henry Myers, Loraw road from Oakland via Browning's to White's road near Cherry creek bridge.

E. W. Kelso, road from near Alexander Lower's to near Lendale school house; $20. Baker road from railroad at Mt. Lake Park to district line No. 8; $40. Wonderly road from railroad to line of district No. 8, and from Lewis Thompson's to Wonderly's; $20. Road from Ryan's glade road to Foglepole's; $10.

G. B. N. Friend and Charles Eggers, White and Barnard road; $50.

P. H. Rodeheaver, road from Schooly's fence to Deep creek bridge and to Delawder's; $80. Road from narrows of Deep creek to legislative road; $15. Altamont road to J. Sell's; $10. Road from Hoopole road to Pysell's to cross roads; $25.

David Enlow, road from Oakland to Schooly's fence; $100. Road from Oakland to red bridge; $15.

Henry Fredlock, road from Oakland to Broadford; from Broadford to Maddigan's; from Broadford to Deer Park by Riley's; from Ryan's Glade road, near Mountain Lake Park, to Boiling spring; all county roads north of railroad by Mt. Lake Park to Oakland between Deer Park road and railroad; Lake Mail road; road from Mt. Lake Park to Shaffer's; $210.

John W. Beckman, Beckman road; $20.

W. Y. Waltz, road from finger board to W. Va. line; from same road to Hutton Switch; $35.

Lincoln Sines, road from red bridge (in the middle) to Hinebaugh's mill road; and from river bridge to Cranesville road; $70.

Albert Welch, road from Terra Alta road by Davis's to Cranesville road; $30. Road from Hutton Switch to W. Va. line; $20.

DISTRICT NO. EIGHT.

John H. Sanders, Mansfield road; $20.

Wm. P. Lee, Wilson road to Wilson; $70.

W. McCulloh Brown, Bayard county road; $20.

J. M. Conneway, Abernathy road from top of mountain to Wilson road; $55.

Dennis Rinker, road from Wood place to Dobbin; $55.

David Gnagey, Shaffer road; $50.

Jeremiah Harvey, Mason road from Clements; $50.

Elisha Harvey, Ryan's Glade road from Gorman to district line; $100.

J. M. Miller, Miller and Gauer road; $25.

Thos. J. Moreland, northwestern pike from top of mountain to Gorman; $75. Also road from pike to White's lane via B. F. Harvey's; $20.

Peter F. Nine, Sunnyside road; $20.

Marcellus Wolfe, road from end of Mason's lane to top of mountain; road from Mason's school house to Bowman's; pike from top of mountain to West Va. line at Chisholm's mill; $100.

James E. Moreland, King and Wilderson road; $50.

Jonas Yutzy, road from Gortner's mill to Chisholm's mill; road from Marion Hauser's by Red House to W. Va. line; $115.

Parker Ashby, the Parker Ashby and Thomas Dewitt road; $25.

DISTRICT NO. NINE.

Henry Finzell, Johnson road to Pa. line; $35.

Norman Wilhelm, road from Johnson's by Wilhelm's to Pa. line; $50.

Thomas Lohr, road from top of Savage to line of district No. 11; $45.

William Werner, road from top of Savage to Pa. line; $50.

Richard Durst, Lowery road to Pa. line; $15.

DISTRICT NO. TEN.

James L. Harvey, road from Deer Park to line of district No. 8, and from Jerry Tasker's to river; $100.

Arch Tasker, road from Jerry Tasker's by Pangh's school house to Eagle Rock; $45.

Daniel Wilson, road from Kitzmiller's to Pangh's school house; from Bush farm to Ryan's glade road; $70.

George Walter, Paradise road; $25.

W. H. Chadderton, road from Wilson's fields to Riley farm; Kimmell road from Delawder's school house to Deer Park; $60.

Francis R. McRobie, road from Wilson's field to top of mountain by Wilson's store; from Wilson's store to Deer Park road on mountain; postoffice road; $70.

DISTRICT NO. ELEVEN.

Augnst Durst, road from Swauger's mill to Burned camp; $10.

Wm. P. Hansel, Laurel run road to Allegany county line; $15.

John Stark, road from burned camp to Bancord's lane; $5. Road from burned camp to Savage river bridge; $25.

J. A. Strickland, new road from P. Leighton's to Lonaconing road at Spiker's; $45.

Joseph Warnick, road from Savage to huckleberry patch; $40.

Peter Colmer, road from huckleberry patch to Allegany county line; $25.

James Weir, road from Allegany county line to J. A. Strickland's; $35.

John Wilhelm, road from Strickland's to Frostburg road; $45.

Hiram S. Coleman, road from widow Brown's lane to Frostburg road, thence to line of district No. 9; $30.

Jesse Warnick, Bear pen road; mountain ridge road; new road from Wesley Broadwater's to the Gregg mill; $55.

John Robison, road from Noah Garlitz's mill by Robison's to Lancaster's lane; $10.

W. E. D. Broadwater, huckleberry road to Jesse Michael's; $5.

NATIONAL ROAD.

Henry Baker, the National road from Allegany county line to the first mile post in Garrett county; $50.

D. B. Layman, second mile west of Allegany county line; $50.

Henry Blocher, third and fourth miles west of Allegany county line; $75.

Peter Pope, fifth mile west of Allegany county line; $35.

David Pope, sixth and seventh miles west of Allegany county line; $55.

Joshua Turner, eighth mile west of Allegany line; $28.

Thomas Chaney, ninth mile west of Allegany county line; $25.

Samuel J. Beachy, tenth, eleventh and twelfth miles west of Allegany county line; $75.

Josiah W. Durst, thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth miles west of Allegany county line; $60.

Henry Reichelt, sixteenth and seventeenth miles west of Allegany county line; $25. And from National road to district line No. 5; $10.

Stephen Spiker, from end of seventh mile to Pennaylvania line; $36.

N. B.—All roads must be worked between May 15 and July 1, 1895. All work done after the above date, supervisors will only be allowed $1.10 in their accounts for labor.

By order of the board,
IRA E. FRIEND, President.
Attest: J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

Selbysport.

Since I have escaped the white caps and lynchers for last week's intrusion, I will venture a little further and try it again.

Emma Umble, daughter of ex-Commissioner Isaac M. Umble, died last week of a cold contrated but a short time before her death.

Bruce King and Vernon Frazier, employes of A. Knabb & Co., both well known in Garrett county, especially Mr. King, who came near killing Geo. Savage, of Fearer, Md., by striking him in the back of the head with a stone, and made his escape into West Virginia, thus avoiding the punishment so justly due him, were both lodged in the Uniontown jail on new year's day for stealing a guitar from H. Umble's hotel at Markleysburg, Pa. Report says they stopped at the hotel for dinner and instead of Mr. King putting his overcoat on when leaving, he slipped the guitar in the overcoat and laid it in his sled where it was found by Mr. Umble, who had both parties arrested, and after giving them a prelimmary hearing, had them sent to jail. Mr. Umble says they must suffer the full penalty of the law and we say amen.

Mr. Davy Tenemeyer and wife, of Pittsburg, were here a few hours last week on business. Davy attracted a great deal of attention by making a grand display of his young baby. It was something new to him for he would not give it up a minute, but walked up and down the street during the whole of his stay with us, humming a lively song to the youngster.

Mrs. Katie Higginbotham, of Cumberland, was here last week looking after the Frazee hotel property. She may locate here in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Frazee left town for Pittsburg on last Friday to attend the funeral of Mrs. Barbara Herning, sister of Mrs. Frazee's.

Jesse Friend, of Friendsville, dropped dead on the street in that town a few days ago. He had not been sick and was as lively as could be but a few minutes before his death.

Mrs. Anna Frazee, of Frazee's Ridge, is visiting at Jonas Frazee's this week. She seems to be in bad health—she only weighs 250 pounds now, but is likely to weigh more as she improves in health.

J. M. Lowdermilk & Bro. bought the store at Buffalo from L. Frazee & Son. An advertisement in THE REPUBLICAN would add greatly to your profits, boys. Try it.

We were led to believe that we would have a yard here to pile lumber, ties, etc., in by January 1st, but that date has come and gone and no move made yet in that direction. The question is, will there ever be.

Orval Selby and John Frazee found a skunk's nest last Saturday and captured the old one, and when they came in you couldn't tell which one was the skunk. John showed his ivory and said it wasn't him.

The 80-horse power saw mill intended for Friendsville has not arrived yet. The company have their foreman at Friendsville and will put the mill in operation as soon as it arrives.

NEWCOMER.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

are good for sick headache, constipation, piles, bilious colic, fever and ague, dyspepsia, rheumatism, female complaints, dizziness, dark eyes, sour stomach, loss of appetite, drowsiness and general debility. They will positively cure all disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. 25 cents a box.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

helps babes over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, corrects the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no strong drugs and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good. 25 cents a bottle.

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours is out, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

JOHN G. McKIM & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

Foster's German Kidney and Bladder Cure

FOR ECZEMA, TETTER, ITCH, SALT RHEUM, DANDRUFF, ITCHING PILES, RING WORM, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES AND ALL SKIN DISEASES.

It soothes the inflamed tissues immediately and [illegible] the healing process begins at once. [illegible] is assured with the first application. It does not effect a complete cure, [illegible] only, but it does [illegible] about that. There are other [illegible] relief, but nothing [illegible] so thorough and so certain [illegible]. It isn't an experiment, it has been tested and proven.

50 Cents. All Druggists.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

Foster's German Army and Navy Catarrh Cure cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head and all Inflammations of the Nasal Passages. 50 Cents.

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Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23-1yr.

FOR SALE.

Three acres of land, being a part of the old Kennedy farm, lying in the eastern suburbs of Oakland on either side of the road leading to Mt. Lake Park. Will be sold in lots of ¼ acre each, or as a whole.

For full particulars call on or address MRS. LIZZIE BUZZARD, Elkins, W. Va.

22-6m

MOUNT POMONA.

NURSERY AND FRUIT FARM.

Address Swantou, Md., for Fruit and Mushrooms.
Address Mt. Lake Park concerning Nursery, Greenhouse or Vegetable Products.
Agents wanted on salary.
SWEET & SHACKLEFORD.

--WANTED--

WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER

Also White Oak Timber Land.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO., Cumberland, Md.

Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

SLATE ROOFING.

I am now prepared to furnish and put on plain and fancy roofing, slate, galvanized ridge, roll and water proof paper at reasonable prices. All work and material guaranteed.

C. M. Beachy, Keyser, Garrett county, Md.

27-1yr.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ½ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. B. CARSKADON, Keyser, W. Va.

29—1yr.

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE, 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

22tf

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

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PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments, Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS.

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

4193.yr—3

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $100; balance at 20 years with interest.

3. Farm of Mrs. Ida C. Crumtzberg, containing 61 acres, under fence; orchard of 150 trees; stable, frame house. Price, $1,200. Cash payment of $200, balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.

E. H. SINCELL, Atty., Oakland, Md.

COOK BROS.,

169 Baltimore Street,

CUMBERLAND, - MD.

Sole agents for the World's Fair Best Spring Wheat Flour,

The Boss

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT. ONCE YOU USE IT YOU WILL ALWAYS USE IT!

For sale in Oakland by George O. Miller & Co.; in Mountain Lake Park by Hayden & Eckles. 36—13

W. L. DOUCLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

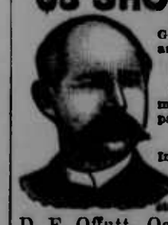

And other specialties for Gentlemen, Ladies, Boys and Misses are the

Best in the World.

See descriptive advertisement which appears in this paper.

Take no Substitute.

Insist on having W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES, with name and price stamped on bottom. Sold by

D. E. Offutt, Oakland, and Wm. Ryland, Friendsville.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate.
CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING.
Office in Boyce Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD R. SINCELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.

Drs. McLane & Berkeley, PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, FROSTBURG, MD.

Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.
See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.*

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate. P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Residence and P. O. Address,

2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE. AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties, Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent, 9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING, Carriage, Sign and House Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention. 50-13t.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE WHEELING INTELLIGENCER

West Virgidia's Brightest and Best Newspaper.

The splendid popular triumph for the cause of protection opens up a new chapter, and one of the most interesting in the history of the country. It has carried West Virginia into the column of protection and produced a revolution in the politics of the State. There will be new and important developments by reason of the great victory of 1894—developments that will have a decided influence on the presidential campaign of 1896—and the WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER will follow them closely in all their details. In West Virginia the Wheeling Intelligencer is the recognized leader of the cause of protection and State development.

All the foreign and home news of the year will be faithfully chronicled in the Intelligencer's telegraphic columns.

THE WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER

TERMS AND PREMIUMS.

The Weekly, one year, in advance	$ 1.00
The Weekly, six months, in advance	.60
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10 copies one year and two extra copies to person getting up club	10.00
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30 copies one year and copy of Daily one year free to person getting up club	30.00

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Terms by Mail, Postage Prepaid.

One month, in advance	$ .65
Three months, in advance	2.00
Six months, in advance	4.00
One year, in advance	8.00
Three days in the week, one year	4.00
Two days in the week, one year	2.75

Specimen copies of either edition of the Intelligencer sent free to any address.

We want an agent in every Postoffice in West Virginia, Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania. Address:

INTELLIGENCER PUBLISHING CO
WHEELING, WEST VA.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 18. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1895. NUMBER 47.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Send us your orders for printed stationery.

Mr. James Arouhait, of Wilson, was in the city yesterday.

The Frostburg electric light plant is advertised at trustee's sale.

Oh yes! Oh yes!—Cheap John, Auctioneer. Charges reasonable. 46tf.

Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Specht, of Deer Park, were Oakland visitors Monday.

Cheap John has the largest stock of comic and fancy valentines in Oakland. 46-2t.

Mr. J. F. Creutzberg, of Barton, was in the city a few hours Tuesday on business.

Mr. Walter D. Collier, of Friendsville, was here Friday last on a business trip.

Peach growers in Washington county say the frosts have nipped the peach buds.

Mr. C. S. Davis went to Baltimore last Saturday to buy goods for the spring trade.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Mrs. Fred A. Thayer and children are on a visit to friends at Buckhannon, W. Va.

LOST.—Black and tan setter dog; $5 reward if returned to W. R. Mason, Oakland, Md.

Miss Hannah Meyers, of Friendsville, is in Oakland on a visit to her brother, Mr. J. S. Meyers.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Shaffer and Mr. and Mrs. Julius Scherr, of Eglon, were here yesterday.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

Store stand on Main street in Oakland, and 3 rooms up-stairs, for rent. Apply to J. O. Michael. 47–2t.

Mr. C. E. Hambright, of the Cumberland *News*, was here Tuesday on business connected with his paper.

Rev. and Mrs. S. L. Keller, of Aurora, W. Va., were in Oakland Monday shopping and calling on friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. M. Spedden of Oakland, were in town a few hours on Sunday evening.—Terra Alta Oracle.

Mrs. Jno. Connell, of Huttons spent Sunday with her daughter Mrs. Parley DeBerry.—Terra Alta Oracle.

Send your check books to this office to be numbered. We have a special machine for just this class of work.

LOST.—Wednesday night between the M. E. church and postoffice a silver match safe. Please return to this office.

Mrs. S. E. Shurer, son and daughter, of Oakland, were in town Monday, as the guest of relatives.—Terra Alta Oracle.

The series of meetings in St. Paul's church, which were to close on Monday night, will be continued during this week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Hyde drove over to Kingwood yesterday in a sleigh and will spend a few days there with friends.

Don't forget to send your order for a thousand of those XXX white envelopes; only $1.75 per thousand. This offer holds good only until the first of February.

The Tucker *Democrat* says that Marshall Scott, sr., killed a wild hog that "had tusks nine inches long and weighed five hundred pounds".

The Oakland Candy Co. will move in a few days their stock of goods from the Legge building on Railroad street to the Central Hotel building.

Mr. Victor McCauley has opened a school in the Pritchard building for advanced pupils. He has quite a number of scholars and is giving satisfaction.

C. L. Bretz's $36,000 residence at Cumberland was nearly destroyed by fire Saturday night. Judge Edward Stake, of the fourth judicial circuit, led the volunteer firemen.

We have been requested to announce that Rev. R. A. Hitt, presiding elder of the U. B. church, will preach in the Loch Lynn School house Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office with Dr. M. C. Hinchaugh. 35-1y.

STRAYED OR STOLEN.—On Dec. 25th, a dark brindle shepherd dog, about eight months old. Any information leading to the recovery of the dog will be liberally paid for by the undersigned.

C. E. HILLARY,
44-3t Gorman, Md.

Mr. C. F. Schroeder, of Frederick City, Md., has been placed in charge of the B. & O. depot here as agent, with a Mr. Scott as telegraph operator and ticket seller. Mr. D. M. Mason is retained as checkman and assistant agent.

There is good reason for the popularity of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Davis & Buzard, of West Monterey, Clarion Co., Pa., say: "It has cured people that our physicians could do nothing for. We persuaded them to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and they now recommend it with the rest of us." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland druggists.

Many stubborn and aggravating cases of rheumatism that were believed to be incurable and accepted as life legacies, have yielded to Chamberlain's Pain Balm, much to the surprise and gratification of the sufferers. One application will relieve the pain and suffering and its continued use insures an effectual cure. For sale by Oakland druggists.

Messrs. Bradford Bros., of Clarksburg, W. Va., who erected the public school building in Oakland, will shortly commence the erection of a large planing mill in the East end of Oakland. These gentlemen say that when the mill is in operation they will employ a large number of skilled mechanics and that the capacity of their mill will be as great as any in the State.

Mr. C. M. Beachy, of Grantsville, was in the city last Friday and made an advertising contract with THE REPUBLICAN for one year. Mr. Beachy, who is a practical slater, believes in the use of printers ink to place his business before the public and his card may be found in our advertising columns to-day. He guarantees all work to be first class in every respect and the workmanship the best, as he employs only skilled labor.

There are now confined in the Oakland jail eleven persons, all awaiting their trials at the March term of court. The last three prisoners were brought in on Monday night from near Swanton. One a woman, was indicted at the last sitting of the grand jury for robbing the residence of Mr. C. M. Miller at Swanton. Her husband is charged with carrying concealed weapons.

"I know an old soldier who had chronic diarrhœa of long standing to have been permanently cured by taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy," says Edward Shumpik, a prominent druggist of Minneapolis, Minn. "I have sold the remedy in this city for over seven years and consider it superior to any other medicine now on the market for bowel complaints." 25 and 50 cent bottles of this remedy for sale by Oakland druggists.

Read THE REPUBLICAN.

Carlton Cornwell, foreman of the *Gazette*, Middletown, N. J., believes that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy should be in every home. He used it for a cold and it effected a speedy cure. He says: "It is indeed a grand remedy I can recommend to all. I have also seen it used for whooping cough, with the best results." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland druggists.

Mr. Thomas J. Peddicord, attorney, filed exceptions Friday last to the ratification of the sale of the Oakland Electric Light and Power Co's plant, which was sold at mortgagee's sale a few weeks ago to Mr. D. E. Offutt, and by an order and petition filed the same day Dr. J. Lee McComas was appointed receiver by the court to take charge of the plant, books, money, ect., and to operation the plant until further orders from the court.

For thirty days we will furnish and print for the trade one thousand XXX No. 6 white envelopes for $1.75 *cash*. These envelopes cannot be duplicated in any office in Western Maryland for less than $2.50 but as we buy our stock direct from the factory and in large lots, we are enabled to furnish them at the price named above. Send in your orders accompanied by the cash.

The Oakland public school opened on Monday with an enrollment of nearly two hundred scholars, which was considerably augmented Tuesday morning. Prof. Charles D. Smith is principal with the following assistants: Misses Mamie Weber, Lou A. Thayer, Jennie Porter, Bessie Browning and Grace Loar. At the opening of the school quite a number of prominent gentlemen of Oakland were present and made addresses to the scholars.

A great many preachers and would-be reformers condemn the Sunday newspapers. These men have no fight against the Monday morning daily which they all welcome and read eagerly. Yet the Monday morning dailies contain the news gathered on Sunday, and a great deal of the work on them is done between 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon and midnight. People who read and enjoy Sunday newspapers have no other day for reading. Monday morning daily papers contain as a rule accounts of religious gatherings, sermons etc., all of which are written up and set in type on Sunday evenings.

Valuable Advice.

Avoid lawsuits and loss by consulting H. P. Tasker and examining his abstracts of the "conflicting titles" before paying for Military Lots. Charges reasonable. Office in Colardeau Cottage, opposite the bank, Oakland, Md. 41–tf.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending Feb. 2nd, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Henry Jordan, Hanson Friend,
Martin Felsinger, Emery Lewis,
Dr. W. F. Mitchell Mrs. Chas. Glotfelty,
Miss Laura Welmer.

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Rogers' Sarsaparilla.

A specific for all. 100 doses for 75 cents. Rogers' Little Liver Pills, best on the market; Cough Cure, Liniment, Appetine and Worm Syrup, sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland; Cuppett Bros., McHenry; J. A. DeBerry, Corinth; C. F. White, Hutton; P. T. Garthright, Hayden & Eckles, Mt. Lake Park; Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park; Wm. Frederick, Friendsville; Yough Store Co., Jonas Frazee, Robert Liston, Selbysport; W. Wass, Mineral Springs; J. E. Gnagey, Accident; Smith & Callis, Hoyes, and by all general dealers.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

END OF A ROMANCE.

A Cumberland Couple Divorced After Four Months of Wedded Life.

It will be remembered by readers of the *News* that several months ago there appeared in these columns a notice of the marriage of William Pearre and Mrs. Zelma L. Robinson in New York city on the 5th of September, 1894. Both parties are well known residents of this city.

Shortly after their return to this city Mr. Pearre disappeared, and some time afterwards Mrs. Pearre made application for a divorce, notice of which appeared in the advertising columns of the *News*. It was then afterwards that negotiations were pending for a dissolution of the marriage during the absence of the husband, and it was a matter of public rumor that offers of money had been made to Mrs. Pearre to withdraw her petition, and allow Mr. Pearre to have the divorce granted him.

Some three or four weeks ago Mr. Pearre returned, and shortly afterwards filed an application for a divorce, alleging that fraud and force had been resorted to in order to compel him to consent to the marriage. As a part of the petition it was alleged that Mrs. Pearre had voluntarily signed an agreement to consent to a divorce in one month after the marriage had been consummated; that she had threatened to enact a tragedy that would either terminate in his death or hers in the event of his persistence in refusing to make her his wife; that she plied him with liquor until he became in a degree irresponsible for his acts, and it was under these circumstances that the marriage ceremony was performed in New York. It was also alleged in the petition that an unlawful intimacy had existed between the parties for some time previous to the marriage.

Mrs. Pearre filed answer generally denying the allegations of the petition of her husband for divorce, but it was subsequently withdrawn, and its contents are not positively known.

In effect the application of Mr. Pearre for a divorce was not contested, and on the 16th of January the court passed a decree granting the petitioner an absolute divorce upon the ground of fraud and force. On the 19th the decree was filed, and thus a social sensation in the annals of Cumberland reached its last chapter.—Cumberland News.

Death of John Swann.

Yesterday's Baltimore American.

Mr. John Swann, who, a half century ago, was one of the social leaders of this city, and was the head of the well-known Baltimore Swann family, died yesterday morning at his late home, No. 36 West Biddle street. He had passed his seventy-fifth year and death was due to old age. Mr. Swann was born in this city and was the son of Mr. James Swann, who was for years the president of the Merchants' Bank. The deceased spent the better portion of his life in this city, and was one of the first members of the Maryland Club, in which organization he was very prominent. He resigned as a member several years ago. He was a great factor in social affairs in his younger life and was well known in Washington, Philadelphia and New York. He never was engaged in any business. He leaves a widow and four children, Messrs. Donnell and Davis Swann, and Misses Belle and Nellie Swann.

Mr. Swann, during early life, was an ardent sportsman, and was passionately fond of duck and quail shooting. He was also quite a horse devotee, and a warm personal friend of Wm. McDonald, who owned the great trotting mare, Flora Temple. The funeral will take place from from the home of the deceased tomorrow afternoon, and the interment, which will be private, will be made in St. Paul's cemetery.

Mr. Swann was well known to the people of Oakland and Garrett county, he having spent every summer here for more than forty years.

Marriage Licenses.

Gilbert Warnick and Emma Rose Sullivan.

Thomas Williams and Mary Bundell.

Arthur A. Beavers and Cora M. Bishop.

Elmer M. Tice and Phoebe Wilt.

John W. Barger and Nell G. Higgins.

Eugene H. Cunningham and Nora O'Neil Vanmeter.

William Georg and Barbara M. Weber.

An Aged Bridegroom

On Thursday evening Mr. Amos Broadwater, of Garrett county, was married in Frostburg to Mrs. Eliza Warnick. The wedding was a quiet one, and was attended only by the friends and relatives of the contracting parties.

The groom was attired in a full suit of black, and the bride wore a very becoming gown of some dark material. Mr. Broadwater, the groom, is a widower in his ninety-third year, and the bride is a widow in her fifty-first year.

The groom seemed to be in perfect health and received the congratulations of his friends with the old time Maryland courtesy.

His bride was equally as pleasant, and from all appearances a more congenial couple could not be found any where in the country. Mr. Broadwater is beyond a doubt the oldest man that has ever applied for a marriage license in this State; and perhaps in the United States there could not be found one as old or older, who desired to, and did ever wed at his time of life.

A representative of the New York *Herald* caught the story of the wedding and came on to report it. He said that in New York for the past one hundred years no man has taken out a license over the age of eighty-six years. Mr. Broadwater has twelve children living and ninety grand and great-grand children. They all live within a day's horseback ride from one another, and all of them were born and have lived in the Glades ever since their birth.

Good Words for the Newspapers.

At a recent business convention Governor Francis, of Missouri, who is in a position to know whereof he speaks, paid tribute to the local newspapers as follows:

"Each year the local paper gives from $500 to $5000 in free lines to the community in which it is located. No other agency can or will do this. The editor, in proportion to his means, does more for his town than any other ten men, and in all fairness with men he ought to be supported—not because you like him or admire his writings, but because the local paper is the best investment a community can make. It may not be brilliantly edited or crowded with thoughts, but financially it is of more benefit to the community than the teacher or the preacher. Understand me. I do not mean mentally or morally, but financially, and yet on the moral question you will find most of the local papers on the right side. Today the editor of the home newspaper do the most for the least money of any people on the face of the earth."

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. 25 cents per box.

LADIES
Needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It is pleasant; cures Malaria, Indigestion Biliousness, Liver Complaints and Neuralgi

Blocherville.

Sledding is fine, and the farmers are busy hauling props, lumber and lime.

Mr. M. N. McKenzie is meeting with success as teacher of the Beall school. He reports an enrollment of forty pupils,

Mr. Bradford Blocher, who had been visiting friends in Friendsville, returned home last week and reports having had a very pleasant time.

Miss Irene Wade, of Frostburg, spent last week with her friend Miss Emma Blocher.

Miss Laura McKenzie, of Pittsburg, Pa., spent a few days with friends of this place.

One of our young men started out to take his lady sleighing but he got in the drifts, froze his ears and returned home to his mother, minus the sleigh ride.

Mr. Moses McKenzie was a caller at Mr. T. Ravenscraft's on last Sunday evening, where teachers always find a royal welcome.

Mr. Scott Blocher spent Sunday in Frostburg among friends.

Two of Mr. George Gailitz's sons met with bad luck. One of them cut himself very badly with a drawknife. Doctor Jacobs, of Frostburg, dressed the wound. The other son was struck by a barn door. They were both improving at last reports.

One of our young men called on his lady on Saturday evening and got so deeply engaged in conversation that the time passed so rapidly that it was Thursday noon "ere he was aware." His mother began to trouble herself about his prolonged absence. Thinking that a tree had fallen on him while passing through the forest, she sent a younger son to ascertain what had become of him. Imagine the joy of the brother when he found him safe in the house of his lady friend enjoying good health. The older son returned home and there was joy once more in the house of his father.

Mr. J. S. Blocher, of South Dakota, is still among friends, but expects to return to his home in the near future.

ZERO.

A Snap.

If you want your buggy, wagon or carriage painted this spring don't wait until the rush is on but see King the Painter. Special inducements for February and March. He will make the prices and terms to suit. 47—4

A Romance Ends Disastrously.

Sometime during the month of August Henry A. Floto, of Bellaire, Ohio, accompanied by a young man named Ray Young and a young lady named Pearl Wilson, aged respectively eighteen and sixteen years, who reside in Wheeling, W. Va., and who seemed to be very much in love with one another, came to Oakland to be married. Finding that the young people could not get a license to wed, Floto impersonated Ray Young and procured a marriage license from Clerk Tower. He swore that his name was Young and that he was forty years of age. After procuring the license he handed it over to the young people, who were soon made happy by being joined together as man and wife by a minister from the adjoining county of Preston in West Virginia. When the young couple went home the mother of the groom became very indignant and immediately communicated with the officers here, who, when she had acquainted herself with the facts, swore out a warrant against Floto charging him with perjury. He was brought to Oakland a few days ago and examined before a justice of the peace. He admitted the charge and his excuse was that he wanted to see the girl protected. Floto is now confined in jail and will be tried at the March term of the Circuit Court.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES,
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. Try
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE HELPLESS MAN.

Go round the world, from pole to pole,
And tell me, if you can,
What fate so hard as hers, alas!
Who weds a helpless man.
He cannot thread a single needle
That he may want to use;
He cannot button up his gloves
He cannot lace his shoes.

If there is mud upon his coat,
Or dust upon his hat,
He stands in helpless misery,
And mutters: "Look at that!"
And wife will hurry off to bring
The brush, whose place he knows,
And work with all her energy
To renovate his clothes.

His necktie he can ne'er adjust,
And as for using pins,
You'd think, to see his awkwardness,
His hands were surely fins;
And if upon the floor he drops
A button or a stud,
They're lost to him as if they were
Two fathoms deep in mud.

If there is lack of anything,
And wife is not by,
He'll go without, nor make a move
To add to the supply;
And in a great emergency,
When other backs are piled
With burdens, he will sit around
As helpless as a child.

He cannot do an errand straight,
He cannot drive a nail;
In any task he undertakes
He's pretty sure to fail,
And 'tis a mystery to me—
Expain it ye who can—
That any girl is brave enough
To wed a helpless man.
—Josephine Pollard, in N. Y. Ledger.

MR. MAYNARD'S SECRETARY.

HARRY LYNN'S intimacy with the Maynard family dated from the old gentleman's retirement to live wholly at Hampstead, in accordance with his doctor's prescription.

"Give up business and you will live for years, but city air, my dear sir, if you call it air, where gas consumes what little ozone fogs contain—"

"Is it the air or the work, or both, you think bad for me?" Mr. Maynard bluntly asked.

"Both, my dear sir, both."

"Then you're wrong. If I gave up work I should drop, like the old horse in 'Pickwick' that was kept up only by the shafts."

"Well, perhaps—" began the doctor, hesitatively, only to be again sharply interrupted by his patient:

"But if you're wrong about work, you may be right about London, and I'll compromise with you by doing business from Hampstead."

To this peremptorily made confession the doctor gave in his hasty adhesion, for, like most people, not excluding the old gentleman's family, he stood in nervous awe of his saturnine patient.

Henceforth Mr. Maynard did business from his villa, Elmount, Hampstead, with the help of a telephone and of a confidential secretary, Harry Lynn. He chose Harry for the post, not wholly or chiefly because he was the son of an old and dead friend, but because he had what the old gentleman called "faculty," a favorite word comprising his favorite business qualities. Harry in business showed himself fertile in suggesting, quick in seizing and terse in expressing ideas, pertinent in his questions and laconic in his answers, but when at Hampstead the suspicious and austere old gentleman found Harry socially the reverse of what he appeared to be in business he began to distrust him. Harry lunched daily and dined weekly at Elmount, and on these occasions, instead of an old head, he showed a young heart, and showed it moreover on his sleeve, being as frank, fluent and bright and breezy in the drawing-room as he was dry, terse, self-contained and laconic in the office. This contrast set the suspicious old gentleman wondering whether his secretary's business "faculty" was not a mere office assumption, put on to secure the good will of his employer. Or had intimacy with his worthless son Fred demoralized young Lynn?

Fred certainly was a black sheep, and as certainly Lynn seemed to be an intimate of his; but Mr. Maynard should have gone another step backward to find in his daughter, Bell, the origin of the evil. Harry Lynn was intoxicated with the beauty and brightness of this young lady, and talked always to her ears whether he was addressing her or not. Of her, too, alone, was he thinking when he cultivated her worthless brother, Fred, and when he submitted to be her helpless, thriftless mother's commissionaire.

Such were Harry Lynn's relations to the Elmount household when Mr. Maynard one morning, in spite of Hampstead air, was obliged by his old enemy to keep his bed. He roughly interrupted his wife's anxious inquiries and suggestions by bidding her peremptorily: "Take my keys to Lynn. Tell him to look through and sort the letters; answer the unimportant ones and send me up after lunch those of urgent importance."

"My dear, you're not fit—"

"The keys are there," he cried, impatiently, pointing to the table.

Mrs. Maynard took the keys, went downstairs and into the office sanctum, where she expected to find Harry, but where she found only the housemaid dusting the room.

"Show Mr. Lynn, when he comes, into the breakfast-room."

"Yes, ma'am."

At this moment Fred entered. "Halloa! Lynn not come yet?"

"Good morning, Fred. No; your father sent me down to him with the keys. He's got a bad attack of gout this morning and must stay in bed all day."

"Thank God!" muttered Fred. "Oh, I say, mother, I've got into—"

Here a significant glance of his mother's at the maid silenced him. She knew too well what was coming, and did not wish that Fred's last scrape should be the talk of the kitchen. Accordingly, they retired to what Fred called his "sulky," a little smoking den off the dining-room, to have their troubled conference.

Nearly half an hour later Harry arrived and was shown, according to orders, into the breakfast-room, where, however, he found only Bell.

"Did you want me?" he asked, with breathless eagerness.

"I!" she exclaimed, raising her arched eyebrows in coquettish surprise. "I—I thought perhaps—she said she was to show me in here."

"I suppose mother wants you—she always does. You're probably to choose a new bonnet for her, or bring her home a leg of mutton. Did you ever hear the Italian proverb, Mr. Lynn: 'Futti di miecle e ti mangieran le mosche.' 'Make yourself all honey and the flies will eat you up?'"

"I am one of the flies. What persistent bores they are! They come back again and again to the honey, no matter how often you brush them away," he said, pointing his parable with appealing eyes.

"How can you be so ungrateful! I am sure no one is so glad to see you as mother — especially when she wants something in the city. I must tell her you're here."

And through sheer nervousness, rather than coquetry, she hurried away. He, with a true lover's diffidence, set down her escape neither to nervousness nor coquetry, but to horror of his suit. He was very young.

He was left many minutes to his blank despair before Mrs. Maynard appeared. She hurried in so embarrassed and confused as to forget to greet him with the usual "Good morning."

"O, Mr. Lynn, I—I feel so ashamed to have let myself get into your debt. I know I must owe you more than this, but if you will kindly let me know how much more you can have it at once."

Here she thrust an envelope into his hand, which he put mechanically into his pocket.

Mechanically also he answered: "I assure you I was only too glad to be of the least service to you," for his mind at the moment was full to overflowing with the bitterness of Bell's snub.

"Mr. Maynard," his wife hastened to say, glad of an escape from the other embarrassing subject, "has had one of his bad gout attacks this morning and is confined to his bed. He wishes you to look through the letters, to answer the unimportant ones and send the others up to him. I have left the keys in the office."

When Mr. Maynard summoned him to his bedside to give some instructions about answers to urgent letters, Harry was more despondent and distrait than ever. This the old gentleman was not long in perceiving.

"What on earth is the matter with you?" he asked, irritably. "If I've to repeat everything three or four times over I'd better get a phonograph or a new secretary," he added, savagely.

After this rough rebuke and threat Harry pulled himself together as well as he could, but was, on the whole, so singularly dull and preoccupied that the old gentleman began to suspect a screw loose somewhere. But then he was given to such suspicions.

Next morning Mr. Maynard was so much better as to be in his study before his secretary appeared. The moment Harry entered the room the old gentleman said, curtly:

"Kindly take these to Thacker, and you needn't trouble to return here today, as I have nothing for you to do."

Of course Harry interpreted the curt dismissal according to the preoccupation of his thoughts with Bell. She has complained to her mother of presumptuous attentions, and her mother had taken counsel on the matter with Mr. Maynard, who decided to exclude him from his house if not to dismiss him from his employment. Of this Harry had no doubt at all on receiving a curt command next morning to return to the city counting-house for the present. For three days he plodded on at the counting-house, hearing noth-

"YOU LIE, SIR!" HE SAID.

ing, saying nothing and doing nothing intelligently. On the morning of the fourth day an odd question came by telephone from Elmount:

"Is Lynn still there?"

Where else should he be or have been? Had the old gentleman expected him to return to the house?

When the reply "Yes" was sent there came the command: "Send him here."

Harry accordingly started at once for Hampstead with his mind in a whirl of wonder and speculation, but nothing of all his imaginings prepared him for his reception at Elmount. Immediately upon his entering the study the old gentleman said with some unwonted emotion:

"Lynn, your father was one of my dearest friends, and for his sake I gave you time and opportunity to escape justice. You haven't done it, I suppose, because anyone who could commit so stupid a theft as you have committed—"

"Theft!" exclaimed Harry, staggering back as from a blow.

"Tut!" retorted the old gentleman, with seathing scorn. "Don't make a further fool of yourself and me. Is this your writing, sir?" pointing to the indorsement of a ten-pound note which lay before him on the desk.

"Yes," Harry stammered, for the note was the one he had received in an envelope from Mrs. Maynard.

"Then where did you get that note?"

"I cannot tell you, sir."

"Then I can tell you. You got it in that desk," striking the desk with his closed fist.

"I did not, sir."

"You lie, sir; you lie, you lie!" reiterated the old gentleman, really beside himself with fury. "I had written down the numbers of that note and of the three other five-pound notes which have disappeared with it. There it is; there it is!" thrusting out the sheet of note paper with the numbers noted on it toward Harry.

"You'll be sorry for this, sir," Harry cried, white and trembling.

"Sorry! This is too much!" cried the old gentleman, starting furiously from his chair and making for the bell. Just, however, as he reached it he paused for a moment and said then, more calmly, turning to face Harry: "Go! Go! And thank God you are your father's son!"

Harry, having stared blankly at him, muttered: "You thank God that you are her father."

Then, without another word, he quitted the room and the house.

Suppose Bell was persuaded into believing him to be a common thief of

"I CAME HERE TO APOLOGIZE TO YOU."

the lowest kind! This horror swallowed up all the rest. It so dwelt with him and maddened him that at last he rushed to his desk and wrote the following brief and hasty letter to Bell:

"No. 2 Gore terrace, Denmark Hill.

"DEAR MISS MAYNARD: Your mother knows me to be innocent of the infamous charge for which Mr. Maynard has dismissed me. I ask her only to assure you of my innocence.

"Faithfully yours, HARRY LYNN."

Within five feverish minutes he had written, addressed and posted this note in the pillar across the way. Many hours must yet pass before he could even hope for a reply, and these he spent mostly pacing the little room backward and forward, wondering how his letter would be received and how answered. When at last the answer did come it was as different as possible from any that he had imagined. It was from Mrs. Maynard and ran thus:

"DEAR MR. LYNN: It was only after Bell had shown me your letter that I learned from my husband that you were dismissed. He did not wish to speak of it, he said, for your father's sake. Of course, I know you to be innocent and so does Bell, but we both wish your pride had allowed you to explain to Mr. Maynard how you came by that ten-pound note. Bell and I mean to call to see you the first thing in the morning, when I am sure you will give us the explanation your pride prevented you giving my husband. Bell joins me in kindest regards. Ever yours, most sincerely,

"MARGARET MAYNARD."

He was up and breakfasted early, and then paced the room for days, as it seemed to him, before the expected cab drew up at last at the door. He hurried down to let them in and to usher them upstairs himself. On opening the door he stood confronted with Mr. Maynard!

"Harry," he said, and it was the first time he had ever called him by his Christian name, "I—I came to apologize to you."

Harry took and shook the offered hand as in a dream.

"After Mrs. Maynard had written to you it occurred to her that the ten-pound note was the one she had given you. She had sent the maid out to get a note instead of ten sovereigns to put in the envelope, and the maid, when she returned, handed her the note she had just stolen from my desk. Upon being taxed with the theft and threatened with a search of her boxes, she confessed and gave up the three other notes. It was noble of you not to inform on my poor wife," he added, putting his hand on Harry's shoulder. "She and Bell insisted that I should bring you back with me, they were so sure you would forgive me."

What a speech from the saturnine Mr. Maynard! But Harry found when he had become one of the family that his curt and cutting tongue belied a kind and generous heart. — London Truth.

The Silver Mouse.

A Prussian officer quartered in Alsace one day visited a chapel in the outskirts of the town. Greatly surprised at seeing a silver mouse among the votive offerings, he demanded an explanation from an "intelligent native" who was showing him round.

"An entire quarter of the town," the Alsatian proceeded to relate, "was once infested by an army of mice, which constituted a veritable plague. Then a kind-hearted lady took it into her head to get a silver mouse made and to present it to the Virgin. A week afterward all the mice had disappeared." The officer burst out laughing, and exclaimed: "What! Are the people of this country so stupid as to believe such things?" "Oh, no!" promptly replied the Alsatian; "for if we did, we should long since have offered the Virgin a silver Prussian."—Le Petit Parisien.

—Franklin taught that the ocean currents were due to the influence of permanent winds, in which opinion he was sustained by Sir John Herschel.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—When a man is full you would expect him to look unoccupied.—Yonkers Statesman.

—The young woman who is looking for a man of perfect disposition should choose one who can tend to some one else's baby.—Puck.

—Hicks—"How foolish it is to be always aping the rich." Wicks—"Yes; but then it is safer than monkeying with the common people."—Boston Transcript.

—"Er man," said Uncle Eben, "am intitled ter his own opinions. Hit am only when he tries ter mek somebody er present ob 'em dat he gits disagreeable."—Washington Star.

—Thoroughly Accounted For—"What kind of a time did you have at Miss Beacon's soiree?" "O, stupid! None but clever people there."—Kate Field's Washington.

—"Then you are quite satisfied with this picture of your husband?" Wife—"Well—yes, that is, if it's impossible to make it look any less like him than it does now."—Inter-Ocean.

—A number of prominent women are to contribute to a magazine a series of articles on "The man who most influenced me." The discussion is understood not to refer to the husbands of the writers.—Albany Argus.

—Kicksy—"Wife, can you tell me why I am like a hen?" Mrs. Kicksy—"No, dear. Why is it?" Kicksy—"Because I can seldom find anything where I laid it yesterday."—Philadelphia Record.

—An advertising chandler of Liverpool modestly says that, "without any disparagement to the sun, I may confidently assert that my octagonal spermaceti are the best lights ever invented."—Tit-Bits.

—A Necessary Restriction.—"I see that they are again agitating the adoption of new rules for football." "Yes, I hear that one proposed is, that no accident is to be allowed to stop the game more than five minutes unless it be fatal."—Brooklyn Life.

—An Objectionable Part.—A delegation of players from the company visited the manager. "We have come, sir," said the spokesman, "to ask you on behalf of ourselves, that a portion of the part played by Mr. Jackson be cut out." "What portion is that?" "Where he wants to borrow $5 from the disguised duke." "What's the objection to it?" "A very serious one, sir. He rehearses the part on us, sir, every time he thinks any of us has any money."—Detroit Free Press.

HER HAT WAS SEVEN STORIES.

But Then He Was Something of a Nuisance Himself.

It was a beautiful hat, there was no doubt about it. The man who sat just back of her was in a towering rage; he said there were twelve yards of lace on it, a dozen sand-hill cranes, two jet buckles, a bushel of roses and three pins. His wife demurred to this.

"O, no, Henry," she said, "you are prejudiced. I don't think the birds are quite so large as sand-hill cranes, and I very much doubt if there are more than ten yards of lace on it."

"Well, a Thomas concert isn't a millinery show room anyhow," snarled her lord. "Look at her now. She makes Mr. Thomas look like the headless horseman afoot."

"O, don't; she might hear you."

"I don't care if she does;" but he lowered his voice. "I hope her husband made a jolly row when the bill came in. I'm sure he did if the price corresponded with it."

"The size of a bonnet has nothing to do with its cost, dear," said his wife, wearily.

"Humph! it ought. I believe I'll speak to her; the music is too good to——"

"O, Henry, don't; she looks so cross."

"I'm not afraid." He leaned forward and made a motion to address the lady, but when he met her eye he fell back in his chair and became absorbed in the orchestra.

The lady was evidently nervous. She kept moving about in her chair and the hat moved with her; sometimes she merely dismembered Mr. Thomas to his gaze; sometimes the whole orchestra was blotted out.

The man back of her enjoyed the music intermittently. Finally, when the last musician went into eclipse he leaned forward.

"Madam," he said, in tones of courteous ferocity, "one ought not to interfere with the enjoyment of others. Will you kindly remove your hat? It obscures my view entirely."

The lady's face cleared. "With pleasure, sir," she said; "I quite agree with your remark. I did not like to speak sooner, but one good turn deserves another. Will you kindly desist from beating time on the back of my chair?"

And the music went on just as if nothing had happened.—Chicago Tribune.

Unmarried American Women.

It appears that in 1890 the number of women of all ages in the United States were 30,554,370, of whom 17,183,988, or 56.24 per cent. were single. The important fact for our present purpose is the number or percentage of marriageable women who are in fact not married. It is found that about 10 per cent. marry before the age of 20, and a very few before 15. The unmarried are made up of maids, widows and divorced persons, the last of which classes is so small that it need scarcely be considered for the present purpose. Omitting the actual numbers and using percentages only, the returns show that between the ages of 20 and 25 about 53 per cent. were without husbands; between 25 and 30, about 28 per cent; between 30 and 45, about 20 per cent. After this the number of widows increases so rapidly that from 45 to 55 the unmarried amount to 26 per cent., and of women over 65 years of age only a little over 35 per cent. have husbands. Nearly 6 per cent. of all women never marry; about 10 per cent. of those between the ages of 35 and 45 had not yet married, and more than one-fourth of those between the ages of 25 and 30 were still unmarried.—Brooklyn Eagle.

HELPED THACKERAY OUT.

How John P. Kennedy Wrote a Chapter of "The Virginians."

Many American readers of Thackeray have wondered how he was able to write so graphic and correct an account of George Warrington's escape from Fort Duquesne and his journey through the wilderness to the banks of the Potomac, as Thackeray had never seen the magnificent valley through which this gallant hero fled after his daring escape. It will be a surprise to many people to hear that Thackeray didn't write the chapter at all, but that the well-known author, John P. Kennedy did. This is the story as Col. John H. B. Latrobe used to tell it:

"Kennedy was at dinner in London with Thackeray, Anthony Trollope, Wilkie Collins and other celebrities.

The dinner was over and the guests were setting down to the wine and cigars, when Thackeray, always at his best upon a jovial occasion like the present, who was entertaining the company with his wit and satire, suddenly stopped and, looking at his watch, exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I must leave you; I have promised the printer a chapter of 'The Virginians' to-morrow morning and I haven't written a line of it yet. I hate to go, but I must. The printer is inexorable; so, wishing you all another meeting when I can be longer with you, I bid you a good evening."

Thackeray had almost reached the door, when Kennedy called him back and said:

"Perhaps I can write the chapter for you. What are you going to describe?"

The great novelist seemed a little astonished at this bold proposition, but as he was a perfect man of the world, he was too polite to say what he thought.

"Kennedy, you are extremely kind, and gladly would I let you write the chapter for me, for I hate to leave a jolly party in the midst of the fun."

"Then don't," all the company cried.

"Stay with us and let Mr. Kennedy write the proposed chapter."

"I am half a mind to let you do it just for the fun of the thing. It is a chapter chiefly of description, giving an account of George Warrington's escape from Fort Duquesne and his journey to the Potomac."

"If that's what you are writing about, I can do it, for I know every foot of the ground."

"All right, then," said Thackeray, resuming his seat at the board. "Let me have it early to-morrow morning."

Mr. Kennedy withdrew, and going to his hotel, wrote the fourth chapter of the second volume of "The Virginians;" and thus it happened that George Warrington's narrative of his flight was so accurate as to the topography of the country through which he passed.—Baltimore News.

Rats Kill a Hog.

This story comes from President, a village located up the Allegheny: Savage rats attacked a pig belonging to Henry Karns recently. Mr. Karns heard his porker squealing and went to the pen to investigate. He found the pig down on the floor of the pen and literally covered with rats that were squealing, fighting, and tearing skin and flesh from the head and under portions of the animal's body. The pig had made a gallant struggle and several rats lay dead around the pen, while a number had been crushed by his weight. Mr. Karns, with the handle of a flail, attempted to beat the rats away, but they were savage from hunger and the taste of blood, and attacked him so savagely that he was forced to leave the pig to his fate. After returning and loading his gun he returned to the pen, but the rats had disappeared and the pig was dying. They had eaten the flesh from the soft portions of the porker's body.—Philadelphia Press.

COLLEGE TRUSTEE—"Say, we are in bad luck. Only twenty-five new students coming in at the next term." Head of the College Faculty—"Never mind! I'll send the football team and two glee clubs out on the road ahead of the other colleges this year."—Chicago Record.

"TELL us," cried the group of maidens, "how to remain always young and attractive." "That is easy," replied the sage, without even raising his eyes from his book. "Get a fortune and stay single."—Indianapolis Journal.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

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Boys' Fun in the Arctics.

The oldest boys of an Eskimo village have all sorts of hunting games—musk ox hunts, polar bear hunts and many other of like character, which, I fear, would take up too much time to describe here. In this way they fit themselves to become expert hunters by the time they become young men. In athletic sports these boys really excel, and a roll down hill is for them the greatest fun. They generally find a very steep hill, well covered with snow and seat themselves on the ridge, thrust their heads between their legs, pass their clinched hands over their ankles pressing their legs as closely against their bodies as possible. Thus they really become great balls covered with reindeer hair. And then away they go on the down hill race, suddenly spreading themselves out at full length at the bottom of the hill. An amusement that requires a great deal of muscular strength is a peculiar kind of short race on the hands and feet, the legs and arms held perfectly rigid. It is quite exhausting, and they generally cover but two or three yards at a time. They have many similar ways of racing to toughen the muscles of both legs and feet.—Lieut. Swatka, in Sunday-School Times.

She Objected.

Theophilus Webb—Ah—you know—women are weally incomprehensible cweatures. Twenty years ago, when I wanted to mawwy the mothah, she had objections and said I was too young, and now that I want to mawwy the daughtah, she objects and says I'm too old.—Truth.

Often Grieved.

Mrs. Norris—I must say, I don't like to see a woman make a fool of herself.

Mr. Norris—What an unpleasant place this world must be for you, my dear.—Puck.

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DESPERADO (from Colorado)—"Your money or your life." Traveler—"Here, take this purse of gold!" Desperado (with feeling)—"Keep it, stranger. I'm a thief, but I ain't no goldbug."—Harlem Life.

That Old Reaper.

Father Time, who "reaps the bearded grain at a breath, and the flowers that grow between," spares for a green and hale old age those who counteract the infirmities incident to increasing years with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. For rheumatism, lumbago, poverty of the blood, dyspepsia, neuralgia and torpidity of the liver, use the great tonic and health preserver methodically.

MOTHER—"You are at the foot of the spelling class again, are you?" Boy—"Yes'm." "How did that happen?" "I got too many z's in scissors."—Good News.

HE who is careful to speak a word in season should be just as careful to speak a seasoned word.—Young Men's Era.

At Every Twinge

Of Rheumatism you should remember that relief is at hand in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Rheumatism is caused by lactic acid in the blood, which settles in the joints. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and removes this taint. Therefore Hood's Sarsaparilla cures rheumatism when all other remedies have failed. Give it a fair trial.

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TEMPERANCE NOTES.

STORY OF A LIFE.

I SAW her when a child at play,
A sweet young child so wondrous fair—
How could my heart be else than gay
When I beheld her golden hair?
Child-like she toyed the young rose-tree,
Unblown, that in the garden stood;
And for the day I sighed when she
Would bloom to perfect womanhood.

Time turned the child a maiden soon;
I saw her then—her golden hair
Wreathed with the merry flowers of June;
Ah, never June seemed half so fair,
And never flower as sweet as she,
Just budding into womanhood.
I looked and saw the young rose-tree
Had ventured forth a perfect bud.

I saw her on her wedding day,
And never was a bride more fair!
I prayed that time would make their way
As golden as the young bride's hair.
Care fled before her smile's warm glow—
Does not the sunshine melt the snow?
I saw the young rose tree, and lo!
Its bud had burst a perfect rose!

IN SORROW'S HOUR.

I saw her soon in sorrow's hour;
'Twas ere a twelve-month passed, and ere
I ween the tropic bridal flower
Had withered in her golden hair.
O child, who stole thy smiles from thee—
The gladness of thy wedding hour?
I looked upon the young rose-tree
And saw a drooping, wasted flower.

I saw her next in death's array,
I knew her by her golden hair;
All else had sorrow swept away,
But left that mark of beauty there.
Was this the child I saw at play,
The child with radiant smiles aglow?
The maiden of that bright June day,
The bride of but a year ago?

I looked upon that pallid brow;
Nay, nay, it is not she, I swear;
Then looked again and wept, for how
Could I mistake that golden hair?
I saw them bear the corpse away—
Sad relic of a ruined life;
And ah, I could have cursed the day
When she became a drunkard's wife!

Once more I saw the young rose-tree,
'Twas stripped of leaf and stripped of bloom;
The withered petals swept by me,
And wind tossed drifted o'or her tomb.
—George Harrison Conrard, in Chicago Tribune.

A POWERFUL DECEIVER.

One of the Prominent Characteristics of "the Devil in Solution."

This seems a fanciful name to be given by so staid and practical a body of men as the notable English physicians to a substance in common use, but it has repeatedly been applied by several of them to alcohol. We can find reasons enough for doing this in the disease and death, the poverty, crime, squalor and general wretchedness which meet practicing physicians at every step as the consequence of its use. But while these would be ample, and we could easily fill volumes with illustrations, there is another reason equally widespread, but not so readily taken into account, and that is its deceitfulness. To this characteristic we have not given so much attention as it deserves. We have, indeed, often read the ancient assurance of Solomon that "Wine is a mocker, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise;" but we may never have taken in the full force of the expression nor the width of its sweep, how it deceives all who take it and literally makes them fools.

The cause of all this dreadful deceitfulness lies in the nature of the drink itself, and its action on the nervous system. It is notably a brain and nerve poison. We feel with our nerves and are peculiarly prone to believe everything we feel. Tell anyone that the particular alcoholic drink he is taking does him no good, and he will most likely laugh you to scorn. "Why, I know it does me good," he exclaims: "I can tell by my feelings!" That is to rest minds the end of the controversy. They recognize no appeal from the decision of the feelings.

But what if the nerves with which we feel have been tampered with so much that they do not report correctly? Let us see what happens in this case. The nerves and brain form a sort of telegraphic system in the human body, receiving all sensations and governing all movements, both voluntary and involuntary. The brain answers to the instrument and the nerves to the wires. The latter, however, are not solid. They consist of strings of cells filled with nervous fluid. The correctness with which messages are transmitted depends largely on the proper consistency of this fluid. Now alcohol is a chemical substance very greedy of water. It unites with it in all proportions, and can be separated from it only with great difficulty. So when brought in contact with any moist substance, alcohol sucks up the moisture promptly. This explains its preserving qualities.

A large proportion of water and its free circulation are necessary to all the processes of life. The human body is much more than half water, physiologists differing as to the exact proportion. The tough skin gives it a firm appearance; but if you doubt its presence, puncture the surface anywhere and the fluid will spring out. Some parts are more moist than others. The blood is quite fluid, so are some of the fluids of the eye; while the brain substance and the nervous fluid have about the consistency of the white of an egg. When these latter have their proper proportion of fluidity they report correctly; but let this balance be disturbed by alcohol and we lose our bearings, though we get some sorts of reports, at least until we are quite stupefied. The brain, which takes the reports of the nerves and gives out orders, is unbalanced and can form no correct judgment and exercise no self-control; and, what is worse, it does not usually recognize the cause nor the extent of the mischief, and in many cases not even its existence. Common observation will furnish abundant illustrations, the confusion of ideas, the lack of coordination in muscular movements evidenced in the staggering gait, and in mental movements by the silliness, the vacant stare and other symptoms. More or less of these result even from small doses, because of the exceeding delicacy of the nervous apparatus.

A due appreciation of these facts would not only make us more careful how we tampered with such a poison, but it would demonstrate the necessity of careful and continued teaching and illustration to expose the deceitful effects of this common poison. The more carefully we investigate the more we shall be convinced that as a rule people do not understand the first principles of this science. Men well versed in other sciences not having learned this, have been known to say that every man must judge by his own feelings whether alcoholic drinks are good for him or not; which is precisely what men have been doing for centuries, and we see what comes of that. Alcohol has kept its place in public esteem for many centuries, mainly by its false pretenses, and nothing will so surely pull it down as the exposure of its innate deceitfulness.—Julia Colman, in N. Y. Independent.

MADE THE SALOONMEN PAY.

A Widow Secures Damages for the Loss of Her Husband Through Drink.

In 1890, Mrs. Mary E. Sawyer, of Saline county Neb., by her attorneys, A. G. Wolfenbarger and W. Henry Smith, of Lincoln, brought suit for damages against several saloon keepers for constantly supplying liquor to her inebriate husband, causing his death, and thus depriving her and her minor children of needful support. The evidence produced at the trial showed that Andrew J. Sawyer, the husband, was an honest, hard-working farmer when he began patronizing the saloons of the defendants in Crete; that he continued drinking until he became incapable of performing the necessary work on his farm; that he would go on periodical sprees of many days' duration; that one period of drunkenness would be speedily followed by another, until at last, in 1888 and 1889, by his reckless squandering of his property through drink, he and his family were reduced to abject poverty, and friends and neighbors assisted the mother and children with food and clothing to keep them from starving. The case was bitterly fought by a prominent ex-district judge and his associates on behalf of the liquor men, but the widow's lawyer won a judgment of $1,500 for her and the children. The liquor men carried the case to the supreme court, where it has been pending since 1892. Judge Morris appeared for the saloon-keepers and A. G. Wolfenbarger for the mother and her children. A few days ago the case was decided in favor of the woman and her children, her lawyers winning the case on every point. This was the second judgment Mrs. Sawyer had obtained against the saloon-keepers in Crete, the former one being for $700, and against other parties. The $700 judgment was paid.—Union Worker.

PROTEST FROM JAPAN.

Object to Our Exportation of Rum and Seek a Temperance Reform.

The Japan annual conference of the Methodist Protestant church, which held its session at Nagoya in August, passed the following resolution:

While the Japanese sake contains a very low per cent of alcohol and is much less harmful than foreign liquors, yet nevertheless, since nine-tenths of all crime is directly or indirectly the result of sake drinking; therefore,

Resolved, (1) That we hold temperance lecture meetings on suitable occasions, and that at least once a year we present the subject from our pulpits. (2) That we interest ourselves in the circulation of sound temperance literature; (3) since children are so susceptible to good impressions as well as bad, that all teachers in Sunday-schools be diligent to instill into the minds of the children the principle and practice of temperance; (4) that this conference earnestly entreats congressmen and all influential men of the Methodist Protestant church of America to use their influence in persuading the United States government to prohibit the exportation of liquor to this country.

G. MARUYAMA, J. HATA, } Committee.

BITS AND BREVITIES.

EVERY man who drinks a little drinks a great deal too much.—Ram's Horn.

IT is not poverty, but beer that robs our children of knowledge.—Mary Dwinell Chellis.

ONE difference between eating and drinking is given thus: "The price of a bushel of corn is only fifty cents, but when sold over the bar as whisky it costs twenty-four dollars."

THE temperance committee of the Georgia senate have reported favorably on a bill to establish state liquor dispensaries. The measure will be strongly opposed.

I HAVE treated nearly seven thousand cases of inebriety, and eight-tenths of that number originated from wine and malt liquors.—Albert May, M. D., Superintendent of Washingtonian Home at Boston.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE CONTRARY BOY.

I am the queerest sort of boy the world has ever seen—
In fact, I don't suppose before my like has ever been,
Because, from early dawning to the setting of the sun,
I always want to do the things that really can't be done.

For instance, when the summer comes, I sit down by the gate
And almost tear my hair with rage because I cannot skate.
And through the heated August nights I often lie in bed
And moan and groan because I can't go coasting on my sled.

Then when the frigid winter's here, and things begin to freeze,
I feel as though I'd like to climb up in the apple trees
And pluck the blossoms from the twigs; but blossoms none are there
When winter winds are blowing and the apple boughs are bare.

At breakfast-time I sit me down, and often deeply sigh
Because there's toast and buckwheat cakes instead of pumpkin pie:
Yet, when at dinner-time we've pie, my tears come down like lakes
Because by that time I've a taste for toast and buckwheat cakes.

And I would say to other boys who think it's fun to be
Contrariwise that they would best take warning now from me,
Because I find the habit leaves me always dull and sad,
And makes of me a very drear, ill-natured sort of lad.
—Gaston V. Drake, in Harper's Young People.

DOGS AS POLICEMEN

An Idea Which is Being Developed in Germany at Present.

How's that for a new idea? But that is an idea they are developing in Germany, and believe it is going to do great things. The object is not to have the dog jump on a man and tear him to pieces; any uneducated dog can do that. But he is trained to knock the criminal down and keep him motionless until the dog's assistant can come up with the handcuffs.

The breed they use are bulldogs almost exclusively, both on account of their tremendous jaws, and because a bulldog loves a fight as naturally as an Irishman does. They are very intelligent, and when they have once seized the idea, they hold on to it as they do

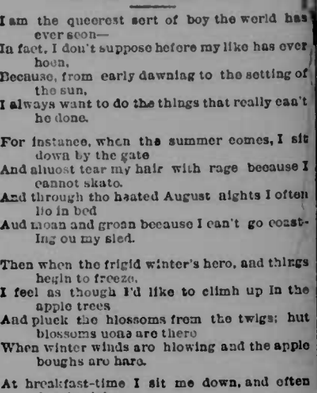

TRAINING DOGS FOR THE USE OF A MANNIKIN IN GERMANY.

to everything else. A bulldog never forgets anything; whether it be a kindness, or an insult, or a college education, and is in this respect quite unlike the celebrated Thomas B. Macaulay, who boasted he had forgotten more things than most people knew.

The training of the dogs requires a certain knack, with great kindness, patience and firmness. For, although they are sparing of the whip, when a dog deserves a whipping he gets it, after being made to understand why he is punished.

The first step in his training is the placing of a mannikin behind the door and making the dog understand that this is a criminal he is to seize. This lesson is not hard for him to learn, for a bulldog would much rather jump on a man than not. Then the trainer catches the mannikin by the shoulders and lowers it slowly to the ground, with the dog still hanging to the rags around the neck. When the dog begins to tear the figure the trainer strikes him with the whip to intimate that that is not what he is expected to do. Finally he learns that he is not to let go but to hang on without tearing the victim. If anyone moves the mannikin he has gripped a ferocious growl warns all bystanders that all such nonsense had better stop at once. When he carries out his role well he is petted and caressed, for kindness plays quite as important a part as the whip in the school.

As soon as it is certain that Master Doggie has learned his lesson they let him loose on a living model. This experiment is never quite free from danger, so the man who feeds him is usually chosen for the first experiment, as the dog will not be so likely to tear him, although in all cases the model puts on a leather collar around his neck to guard against accident. Then these experiments are renewed on strangers, who naturally demand pretty good pay for their services, and who constitute a sort of a board of regents. If the dog passes this examination, he takes his degree and is ready for work. The German government hopes to make use of these dogs in the service of the customs to catch smugglers on the frontier.

Apropos of these dogs, I am reminded of a story of a policeman in this country in a country town, who was always accompanied on his beat by his devoted bulldog. One day the policeman discovered two men in a case of assault and robbery. When they saw him coming they took to their heels. Of course he could not go two ways at once, so he called Nick's attention to one man, while he made off after the other. He secured his man, and, coming back, found the second man prostrate with Nick standing guard.—St. Louis Republic.

A Discovery.

I don't think rolling off a log
Is easy as 'tis said.
I tried it yesterday, and got
A big bump on my head.

TRUE HEN STORIES.

How Biddy Got Away with a Snake That Wanted to Eat Her.

Did you ever know that snakes and hens are sworn enemies? Indeed, chickens have been known to attack good-sized black snakes. This, however, is only a moderately-sized snake story I am going to tell; that is, the story of a medium-sized snake.

One morning a lady who was visiting in the country looked out of her window and saw an old hen behaving in a most eccentric fashion. Knowing what "total abstainers" hens are, she knew that the old Biddy was not indulging in a spree, so concluded that she must be suffering from sunstroke.

On looking more closely, however, she discovered that the hen had a veritable case of "snakes," in spite of all her temperance principles. For there, coiled ready for a spring, was a snake some twelve or fifteen inches long. As the snake sprang, the hen backed off. Then, while her enemy was recovering itself and preparing for another dart, the hen rushed in and pecked at its head most vigorously, backing off again as she saw the snake ready to jump. This manœuver continued until the snake lay stretched to coil no more, when the hen began in a leisurely, business-like way to make a breakfast of that snake, beginning with the head and swallowing it inch by inch, until not a wiggle of its slender tail remained in view.

Apropos of the total abstinence habits of hens, I am reminded of a trick played by a small boy on some stately old hens, who stepped haughtily around his father's yard, as if they merely allowed the family to live there for their convenience. He soaked some bread crumbs in whisky and scattered them liberally in the chicken yard. Now, I never knew a hen who would refuse to eat anything that was thrown to her, from a cold roast to a diamond ring. So very soon the bread crumbs had vanished, and in a short time the jolliest party of old hens who ever got a jag on were clucking and cawking around, tanglefooted beyond the wildest experience of unfeathered bipeds. For, being by nature a little cross-eyed in their toes, they stepped on their own feet, and got in their own way, and all the while cackled and jeered at each other for being drunk. One old rooster in particular was a sight for gods and men. He leaned with limp tail and uncertain head, in suggestively familiar attitude, against the gatepost, blinking his stupid little eyes and trying in a maudlin way to crow, but with indifferent success.

I'll wager the whole lot got up with a headache next morning and went right off to sign a pledge.—Fannie Tailer, in St. Louis Republic.

LOVED HER PARROT.

Mrs. Leary Tried to Save Her Pet at the Risk of Her Life.

The affection of men and women for animals has led to many strange adventures—and to none more thrilling, perhaps, than one which occurred lately in New York city. In a five-story apartment house, the first floor and basement were occupied by an apothecary. In this basement a sudden and fierce fire was caused by the explosion of some chemical preparations; and the flames spread so rapidly that the occupants of the upper tenements were unable to reach the street. However, they

AT THE RISK OF HIS LIFE.

escaped to the roof, whence they could pass to the roofs of the adjoining buildings.

Among the people who escaped to the roof was an elderly lady, Mrs. Leary by name. She suddenly flew into a state of distress upon remembering that she had left her parrot, a tenderly cherished pet, in the rooms below. At the risk of her life, she went down to get it.

She secured the bird, but when she attempted to regain the roof she found her way completely barred by the fire. She could pass neither up nor down. All she could do was to go to a window and mingle her screams with those of the parrot, which she held in her arms.

An attempt was made to reach her with a ladder, but this proved impossible. She was about to jump out of the window, when the people below shouted that a fireman was coming down to her from above.

This was the case. Several firemen were on the roof. One of them, Dennis Ryer by name, tied a strong rope around his body, and his comrades lowered him to the window at which stood Mrs. Leary and her parrot. It was at the risk of his life, for the flames were already enveloping the front of the building.

Ryer reached the window and seized Mrs. Leary firmly in his arms. Then the fireman on the roof carried or dragged them both along until they were opposite a window of the adjoining building. Through this window Ryer thrust his human burden, and then climbed in himself. As soon as he had seen the woman to a place of safety, Ryer returned to his regular duties in extinguishing the fire. Mrs. Leary clung to the parrot through it all; but, to her great grief, the bird was suffocated during the rescue.

A Possible Reason.

"I know why flowers grow," said Wilbur. "They want to get out of the dirt."—Harper's Young People.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—In 1616 Virginia colonists made a law that no one should neglect food crops in order to plant tobacco.

—According to Linnaeus, millet grows wild in many parts of India, in Central Asia and northern Siberia.

—There is no month in the year in which a wheat harvest is not going on in some quarter of the globe.

—The first European mention of barley is on the medals of Metapontis, an Italian town, B. C., 600.

—Wheat was cultivated in China B. C. 2700, and at that date was deemed the direct gift of the gods.

—The tobacco cultivated by the Indians west of the Mississippi was a low spreading plant with white flowers.

—The Chinese prepare a spirit from the stalks of the sweet sorghum such as is used in this country for sirup.

—The coat is in the fifteenth century first mentioned as an upper garment for men. All the seams were then covered with gold braid or lace.

—Shoestrings were first worn in 1797, and the English buckle-makers presented a petition to the throne asking that these articles be prohibited.

—Near the Caspian Sea there are several "eternal fires," so-called by the natives, where natural gas issues from the ground and has been on fire for ages.

—Ballads are the gypsy children of song, born under the green hedgerows, in the leafy lanes and bypaths of literature, in the general summer time.—Longfellow.

—A curious fact in the history of pins is that when they were first sold there was such a demand for them that a code was passed permitting their sale only on two days in the year.

—Capt. Younghusband, the oriental traveler, says that the severe cold in Manchuria is so dry that the Japanese should not find much difficulty in continuing their operations, especially as winter is the best time to travel on Chinese roads, which have to be frozen hard to be good.

—When it was first proposed to light the streets of London with gas great objection was made by the public and newspapers on the ground that the people would be poisoned, that the trees and vegetation would all be killed, and that domestic animals could not possibly survive the deadly fumes.

—Cincinnati has opened a police library in its city hall. During the last few months many valuable contributions of books and periodicals have been received, and though not yet fully equipped the library promises to be a great success. One of the best educated men in the department has been detailed to duty as librarian.

—Everyone heard with wonder of the paint brush which colored the world's fair buildings, but no one now thinks it worth while to speak of the similar work which is being done in the congressional library building. Calking machines and stone-cutting machines, run with compressed air, are almost too common to mention. Asphalt when it comes from Trinidad is too soft for street paving. It is boiled in large kettles for three or four days and compressed air is forced into it to keep the thick black stuff in motion.

—"Might as well try to stop the wind" is a vigorous phrase which must go to the wall. Nowadays we do stop the wind, harness it up and make it go where we choose. Not many persons know the uses to which compressed air is put. Of course we have grown accustomed to inflated bicycle tires, air cushions, air brakes, pneumatic tubes, and may even have heard that it is used in rock drilling. In the west compressed air is run into cars in a hose, and women handle it just like a garden hose for dusting and cleaning cushions and cracks and corners of the woodwork.

—An extraordinary game of cricket was played recently at Sydney between Mr. Stoddard's English team and an eleven representing all Australia. In the first inning Australia made 586 runs to their opponent's 325. The Englishmen then went to the bat, making 437 runs, and succeeded in keeping the Australians down to 166, thus winning the match by 10 runs. The match lasted six days, and the total number of runs made—1,514—is the largest ever made in a first class match. The record before this was 1,411, made in 1882 in a match between Victoria and New South Wales. The English record is 1,402, made in 1891 in the Cambridge University against Sussex match. The highest individual score in this last game was 201, made by Gregory, of the Australians.

—Recently the people of Logan county, West Virginia, held a grand barbecue to celebrate the division of the county. Tables were spread in the street and all traffic was suspended. Hundreds of stalwart mountaineers came in with their wives and children from the region roundabout. Eight big black bears had been shot within a mile or two of the town, and their carcasses, served in barbecue style, were the piece de resistance of the feast. The bears were flanked and surrounded with roasted possums, wild turkeys, pheasants, quail, rabbits and all sorts of domestic fowls. Potatoes by the barrel were roasted, and pumpkin pies by the hundred lined the tables. Hard cider was the beverage. "Devil Anse" Hatfield, the noted leader of the Hatfield McCoy vendetta, was master of ceremonies.

Some Wonderful Figures.

Figures on the light and heat of the sun are the most startling that can possibly be presented. The astronomers measure the amount of heat and light emitted by the sun by estimating that the earth intercepts about the two billion three hundred millionth part of it. Thus it is found that in every second of time the sun emits as much heat as would result from the sudden combustion of 11,000,000,000,000 tons of pure coal! In closing this short "note" it may be interesting to the reader to know that each portion of the sun's surface as large as this earth emits as much heat per second as would result from the combustion of 1,000,000,000 tons of the best anthracite fuel.—St. Louis Republic.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Stewed Lobster.—Cut up the lobster as for salad. Put it in one-half pint of milk, and let it boil up once. Add a tablespoonful of butter, pepper and a small pinch of salt and let it simmer gently. Serve on crackers.—Good Housekeeping.

—To clean hair brushes quickly and easily, take a dessertspoonful of hartshorn to a quart of cold water in a wash hand basin. Dip in the hair of the brushes, and rub them together until clean. Then rinse well with cold water; rub dry with a towel and stand upright at an open window.

—Mayonnaise Dressing.—Beat the yolks of two eggs with half a teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of mustard. Beat in, a little at a time, sixteen tablespoonfuls of melted butter. When a smooth paste results, dilute with vinegar until it is the consistency of thick cream. This dressing keeps well if closely corked.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Maryland Oyster Roast.—Put into the chafing dish one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half saltspoonful of pepper and a little celery salt. Add one pint of oysters and cook two minutes, or until the edges begin to curl. Have ready hot slices of toast, buttered, upon which serve the oysters, adding a little hot water if necessary.—Good Housekeeping.

—Cold Meat au Gratin—Have a pint of cold meat cut into cubes and seasoned with salt and pepper. Mix a generous half pint of white or brown sauce with it. Turn into an escalop dish holding about a pint and a half and cover with half a pint of grated bread crumbs. Dot this covering with a scant tablespoonful of butter. Bake in a rather hot oven for twenty minutes. Serve at once.—N. Y. World.

—Beefsteak Pie.—Cut a two-pound round steak, one kidney and one pound of fresh pork into large dice, and fry them quickly over a very brisk fire, so as to brown them before they are half done. When they have been fried enough, pour off nearly all the grease and shake a tablespoonful of flour into the gravy, stir this over the fire for one minute and then add two tablespoonsfuls of catsup and a pint of water; stir the whole over the fire and keep it boiling for 10 minutes. Meanwhile fill the pie with the pieces of beefsteak, kidney and pork; pour the sauce over it, cover with good paste in the usual way and bake for an hour and a half.—Farm and Home.

—A Plain Boiled Custard.—Boil a quart of milk (reserving a gill) in a double boiler—or if you have no double boiler put the milk into a tin pail or pitcher that will hold two quarts and set it into a kettle of hot water. Beat two or three eggs with three spoonfuls fine sugar; wet three teaspoonfuls of corn starch in the reserved gill of milk, then mix the beaten egg and corn starch together and add a little salt. When the milk boils stir them in and continue to stir until the custard thickens. Remove the custard from the fire and pour into china cups (as glass will crack), or else into a cold pitcher. Use what seasoning you please. The old fashion of using cinnamon is economical and very good. Boil some pieces of cinnamon a few minutes only, in two or three spoonfuls of water. Put some of this into the custard and bottle the rest for future use.—Boston Budget.

SELL SECOND-HAND PAPERS.

How Trainmen on City and Suburban Lines Help Out Their Monthly Salaries.

Owing, no doubt, to the large and open-handed style of living which characterizes the American there is very little regular traffic in second-hand magazines in this country and practically none in second-hand newspapers so far as the general public is concerned. In England a great many people are regular subscribers to second-hand papers, and the business is so important that one concern finds it sufficiently profitable to quote its prices for "read" copies of the leading London dailies at considerable length in the Times.

In Chicago, although nobody is willing to wait a few hours for his news in order to save a few cents, the business of selling second-hand newspapers is carried on pretty extensively, owing to the exchange privileges allowed by the papers to railroad news agents and to the newsboys. The brakemen on the suburban trains, the guards on the elevated roads, and the conductors on the street cars gather up the cast-off papers on their trains at the end of every run. The street railway conductor, as a rule, has no market for his papers, and, after giving the grippmen and the men in the barn all they want to while away idle moments, he destroys the rest, but the men on the suburban trains and the elevated roads dispose of their surplus to the news agents on the trains. In the case of the suburban roads and at the station in case of the elevated. For a two-cent paper the agent pays one cent, and for the one-cent papers fifteen cents for fifty. If the news agent gets them early in the day he can resell many of them. If there is some big piece of news in the market he has no trouble in disposing of all he can get up till noon. Those he doesn't sell he can exchange within twenty-four hours for new ones of the next issue, so that he cannot lose by the transaction, no matter what the condition of the market may be.

This extra money, if the paper collector is lucky, amounts to several dollars in the course of the month. One of the curiosities of the business is the fact that the conditions which make business lively for the news agent make it dull for the paper collector and vice versa. If the weather is stormy more papers are sold by the agent, because people expect to be kept indoors more and to have fewer interruptions from visitors, but for the same reason they are less apt to leave their papers in the car seat. During the cold snaps the trainmen have rather slim picking comparatively, and the same thing is true on rainy and stormy days in the summer time.—Chicago Tribune.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, JAN. 31, 1895.

MRS. CLEVELAND has the grip. Grover had one, but that was a long time ago.

THE treasury reserve still dwindles and there may be another bond issue so that the bankers can get the interest and have the gold again in a few weeks.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, who has lately died, was married to an American girl. At his death the Queen of England sent letters of condolence to his mother, the Duchess of Marborough and his sister, Lady Wimborne, but wilfully ignored the statesman's wife, Lady Churchill. This little incident is in line with Victoria's policy. That she is an upstart and a vainglorious fat woman is beyond dispute.

The Pope's Encyclical.

A summary of the pope's encyclical to the American bishops shows that the pope exhorts all Catholics to do all in their power to encourage the progress of the university in Washington, as well as the North American College in Rome. As regards the apostolic delegation to the church in the United States the pope says that it was instituted with a view to drawing more closely together the bonds between the Catholics of America and the Holy See, without in any way curtailing the powers of the bishops. He urges the American episcopate to put an end to strife and to instill the idea of the unity and perpetuity of marriage among the faithful and to inculcate among the people the civil and religious virtues. The pope calls upon the bishop to turn aside the workingmen's associations from law-breaking and violence and urges them to teach newspaper men to respect religion and truth, and to reprove those journals which pass judgement upon episcopal acts; finally to turn the Protestants to Catholicism by charity, by instruction in the doctrine of the Catholic church and by leading exemplary lives.

The Republican View.

The Republican view of the vanishing gold reserve is that the revenues of the goverment should be increased. That an overplus over expenditure, however small, should stop the drain. The present treasury management has largely lived on borrowed money, and this evidence of mismanagement is about as alarming a thing in the eyes of good financiers as the scandalous freedom with which railroad investors have been fleeced.

The representative of the Rothschilds has been in Washington and presumably his argument consists in the offer of taking all the balance of new bonds that may be issued and not desired or required by our own people. This will stop the drain of gold, to be sure, but the policy of borrowing should never be resorted to, Republican leaders say, except in the case of absolute necessity, such as war or rebellion. The practical way is to increase all duties 10 per cent, and place the same rate on all articles contained in the free list. A drawback of 5 per cent might be allowed on imports brought in in American vessels. The measure need only be a temporary one until such time as will show a surplus beyond reserve limits.

The Republican programme will probably be determined along the line of tariff, and there are many Democrats who would prefer such policy to that of increasing the internal revenue system, stamp taxes, etc.

A New School Policy Needed

In the various counties of the state the nominees for the legislature are being discussed. Some of them have been determined upon, and as the year grows older the plans and purposes will be fully developed. It is plain that the contest between the candidates and the people will be largely upon reassessment and a change in important laws. It is hoped that in the contention of interests the public schools will not be neglected. We have reached a period when we must have a new school policy. The state is fully able to pay more for education and to maintain the school ten months in the year, but it will not do it under the present method of management.

This cause is vital to the welfare of the state. During the past several years the children have been deprived of years of valuable time, simply because the schools were closed down on account of the lack of money. When each child is deprived of from one to four months of education each year, the total for the state means a great many years, and it operates disastrously upon the general progress. The reform cannot come through local bills and amendments, but must be general and thorough. We trust the people will think over this problem seriously. If the intelligent citizens of every section of the state will carefully study the conditions around them and suggest practical changes the result will be valuable. What is first needed is the full awakening of public sentiment.—Balto. American.

Markets Of The World.

For twenty years Democratic writers and Democratic orators have been profuse in giving descriptions of the markets of the world, magnifying the great opportunity that would come to the United States when these markets were open to our trade. It was the one promise of the Democratic tariff reform cry that as soon as placed in power their first change would be to secure these markets of the world. The Wilson bill was drafted upon that proposition, and it was proclaimed in the halls of Congress that this bill would give us the markets of the world with a greatly increased trade. Nearly a half year has passed since this bill became a law and we are beginning to realize what is meant by the markets of the world being open to the United States as under Democratic system of trade and commerce. If the future is to be assured by the past, we fear there will be more crying and proclaiming for the repeal of the law which professes to have done so much for us rather than we should continue to live under a law which robs us annually of many millions in the balance of trade.

The Republican party has always been able, since 1874, to control foreign trade in our own interest, so that we were constantly selling more than we purchased abroad, by which we had a large margin to apply to the national debt and all other indebtedness in the country. The Republicans continue to-day to proclaim, as they have always done that when intrusted with power again they will be able to restore this former prosperity by tariff legislation and reciprocity treaties.

Fraudulent Pensioners.

Thousands of neighborhoods have there well known fraudulent pensioners.-Grover Cleveland's Message, Dec. 3, 1894.

The policy of the present administration, following the words President Cleveland, during the last year appropriated and expended over $400,000 in running down what were termed to be fraudulent pensions issued by former Republican administrations. Having a clear field and a fair opportunity, the commissioner of pensions, with a corps of picked men of long experience of his own political faith having the postmasters, 100,000 men of them nearly, to help him has submitted his report and tells us what has been done in ferreting out these frauduent pensioners who infest a thousand neighborhoods, as declared by President Cleveland. The report of the commissioner of pensions shows that during the year there were 194 persons convicted of fraud in connection with pension cases in the bureau of the United States.

A careful analysis of the these 194 convictions shows that but 39 of them were really pensioners. The others were claimants, attorneys, sub-agents, impostors, etc. We have therefore 39 pensions at a cost of $400,000, being $10,256 for each conviction, to which must be added the courts' fees of commissioners marshals and witnesses, which will swell the amount to perhaps double that contained in the appropriation of $400,000.

A question we wish to propound as a political one is, Is this a creditable showing to the Democratic administration when no less a person than the president of the United States declares that "thousands of neighborhoods have their well known fraudulent pensioners;" that with the machinery of the governments in his hands, his subordinates fully and thoroughly equipped at an expenditure of nearly $1,000,000, he is only able to find 39 frauds, not being even one to each state of the Union as a result of a whole year's work, with a great government of 75,000,000 of people behind him, inviting and assisting him in the enforcement of crime. What we suggest under the circumstances is that President Cleveland had better either cease charging that the neighborhoods of the United States "have their well known fraudulent pensioners," or else he had better make a satisfactory showing, through the work of his departments, in discovering who these frauds are. The Republican record is better than this, where no charge of fraud was ever publicly made.

We have only to add, as a further criticism, that there are now 969,454 pensioners on the roll. The 39 frauds discovered by Grover Cleveland and his commissioner of pensions last year show that there is but one fraud discoverable in every 24,000 pensioners upon the roll. If any such record can ever be questioned or made the subject or basis of fraud, we would ask, then, for a basis of percentage allowable in any great system, when testimony and law govern the action of men.

Your Blank Ready.

Collector of Internal Revenue Murray Vandiver, of Baltimore, has received the regulations and instructions from the Treasury Department at Washington for the collection of the income tax as provided for under the tariff act of 1894, Collector Vandiver says the blanks will be ready for distribution on Monday morning and personal applications will be supplied at his office in the postoffice building, Baltimore. Requests by mail for the blanks will be honored by the Internal Revenue Department.

Two forms of the blank have been received—one for taxpayers and the other for coporations. Provisions for the collection of the income tax provides that all persons or corporations doing business in the United States from January 1, 1895, to January 1,1900, shall be assessed at the rate of 2 per cent. a year on all incomes and profits exceeding $4,000. All persons and corporations having incomes amounting to $3,500 are required to report to the Collector of Internal Revenue, but are not assessed for the tax.

Died

BOLDEN.—Saturday night about 8 o'clock Mrs. Bolden, aged about 74 years, wife of Mr. Charles Bolden, at her residence on Second street. The deceased lady, after eating a hearty supper Saturday evening was stricken with paralysis and lived only a short time. She leaves a husband and nine children. The funeral occured Tuesday morning at 10.30 o'clock from St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church where a large congregation gathered to pay a last tribute of respect to the deceased lady. Rev. J. W. Butler, pastor of St. Mark's, conducted the service and the interment was made in the Odd Fellows cemetery.

"A POUND OF BERRIES."

But Tons of Them to the Acre. Mountain Streams and Showers Monetized.

As many of our readers have eaten berries from Mount Pomona, as Sweet & Shackleford call their Swanton place, we continue the article from the *Rural New Yorker* this week. Many others would like to raise their own berries. To such we would say save these articles and they will make all plain and you can have all the fine berries you want. If not plain enough, question Sweet & Shackleford, Mt. Lake Park, and they will answer through THE REPUBLICAN.

PART II.

The picturesque site chosen for this farm was certainly not an ideal one for the lovers of an easily tilled berry field; but, though selected more from necessity than choice, many circumstances were found to be in its favor. It is surrounded by an immense mining and lumbering population. It is also near Deer Park, Oakland and Mountain Lake Park—centers of summering on the Alleghenies. But best of all, while Cumberland and Piedmont are actually but a few miles, and Washington but six hours distant, climatically considered, they are some 200 miles southward, thus making a good market for a late berry.

Though most of the new sorts are carefully tested and many grown to supply the plant trade, it can be seen from the above that we are most interested in a late berry. Parker Earle was secured from the introducer in 1888, and at first it was thought would supplant Haverland and Warfield. It is of good quality, a fine shipper and of fair size. On the other hand, it was the most injured of any by the freeze of May 29th, and sets more fruit than it can perfect, though it matures a large crop. To remedy this defect it is being tried on irrigated ground and with stable manure. Sharpless, Gandy and Bubach are not very productive here, and Timbrell may have the same fault. Jessie, Cumberland and Parker Earle, mixed, in every fourth row make good fertilizers.

Setting is done just as early in spring as possible, generally in April. The plants are taken up with a big ball of earth to each, carted to the field in bushel boxes, and hardly know that they have changed quarters, for the bloom has to be picked three and four times. From beginning to end, little attempt is made to cheapen the product, size being the alpha and quantity the omega. Pedigree has much to do with these results, for years of carefully selecting the best plants and never using runners from those which have borne a crop, give both in a remarkable degree when they once get a chance to bear.

Most growers precede strawberries with some hoed crop to clean the ground. In the system originated here, no crop is better for this purpose than strawberries themselves as a bushel of weeds could not be found on an acre. In the diagram, *a a a* indicates the original plants. The center rows are set 15 inches apart, the others 18, and all 32 apart in the row, making about 12,000 plants to the acre. Frequent hoeings have conquered all weeds by July, when the placing of runners at *b b b* commences. After each plant has made three sets, all others are pulled off, and the ground carefully stirred till fall. If manure be lacking, swale hay is used for mulch. Nothing is done with them the following spring but to go over the field and cut out any sorrel that may have appeared.

After the crop is gathered, they receive a very careful hoeing, and, as soon as possible, the runners, *c c c*, are rooted opposite each other in the 15-inch spaces, the 18 being left for a walk. The surface is kept clean and mellow as before, and after the next crop they are plowed under. This system is based on these two ideas: Every superfluous plant is worse than a weed, because it costs berries to create as well as berries to sustain it; and as the first runners to root bear the most berries, the first to start should be rooted where they belong. Careful estimates indicate that it will pay to set out every plant in the spring; the next best thing is to root every runner where it belongs as early as possible. The first season there are 48,000 bearing plants, the second 80,000, and yet a hoe can be passed between any two, and there is no excuse for weeds except sheer laziness. The yield is usually 8,000 to 10,000 pounds.

a b b b a b b b a b b b a
c c c c c c c c c c c c c
a b b b a b b b a b b b a
c c c c c c c c c c c c c
a b b b a b b b a b b b a

a b b b a b b b a b b b a
c c c c c c c c c c c c c
a b b b a b b b a b b b a
c c c c c c c c c c c c c
a b b b a b b b a b b b a

Of all the points in strawberry culture, none has received more attention and downright hard thinking than the matter of fertilizing the crop, and none has been less satisfactorily answered. Hundreds and hundreds of dollars have been spent for commercial fertilizers, nitrate of soda, dissolved rock, hardwood ashes and complete special strawberry of the best makers, but never in a single instance has there been enough difference so that one unacquainted with the facts could distinguish the fertilized from the unfertilized places. To determine these matters once for all, was the reason for making so great a difference between the applications on the east and west sides of plat No. 2 mentioned in the previous article. (Readers will remember one side had one-half ton, other side one and a half tons and center nothing of $35 fertilizer. If any of THE REPUBLICAN readers, who think they have done their duty by their land when they have given it a sack of $15 fertilizer, wish it we will ask Sweet & Shackford to tell us about their $80 experiment.) At the present writing there seems to be little difference. If so, it will appear later. Two substances in this line have always given very decided answers: Stable manure uniformly gives increased tops, earlier runners, larger and softer berries, which hold their size to the end better, and one can distinguish across the field where it has been applied. The other is sawdust. One winter the entire crop was covered except a few rods with 50 loads per acre of fresh sawdust, oak and hemlock. The first of the season, its ill effects were not so apparent, and the crop was about as good as where it had not been mulched, whereas it should have been better; after picking it was thought best to plow up the patch and put in drilled corn for fodder. The corn showed to the foot where the sawdust had been applied, not averaging over 18 inches, while where not applied it was the most profitable crop of the season proportionately.

Some two years since considerable pains were taken to hunt up the analysis of the plants and berries and supply an abundant ration in April for the plants set at that time for runners in July and for the first crop, but nothing definite has been ascertained. The only theory the proprietors have is that the soil is about as full of strawberries as is can be. They have regarded the place as a bank in the past reasoning that it was a good thing to have all the fertility possible on deposit.

SWEET & SHACKLEFORD.

February Forecast, 1895.

The disturbed wave starting near the close of January will about be exhausted at the opening of February, with fair cold weather in the west and central part later in the east. In the west, touching the 4th, the temperature will grow mild, reaching central and eastern parts later, and then will be flanked by a wave of disturbance about the 6th, or dates touching it, of much local energy. Southward cyclones and northward blizzards are likely to show up, which will be attended in some parts of the wave's passage by rain, sleet and snow, followed by a cold wave, holding central till the 9th, when its icy grip will relax, to renew another later hold. The mild wave then will terminate in rain or snow on or touching the 11th, which will be vigorous at many places in some phase or other of disturbance. Look for very cold intense weather to follow up to the 15th, when a wave of milder weather will start, which will be broken by waves of disturbed conditions and cold following to about the 19th. From the 20th we are most likely to enter a period of fluctuating weather, embracing the remaining portion of the month, which may merge to extremes of heat and cold, attended also by other disturbances of an intense character, tornadoes and cyclones on southern territory; blizzards in the north and in central parts high winds and thunder storms followed by extreme cold. On or touching the 20th a wave of summer heat will likely spread over all sections, which about the 22d, or dates touching it, will be flanked by a wave of disturbance, much intensified, that may embrace several days attended by storm paroxysms before the disturbance is flanked by the northwest winds. The last disturbance of the month will be about its close, which will pass over to March. A portion of March is quite likely to impress the most of us that summer has come to stay. The indications are that the 2d and 3d weeks of March will be quite favorable.

P. R. SMITH.

Kingwood, W. Va., Jan. 29.

Real Estate Transfers.

Elijah Friend and wife to J. B. Friend, 61 acres and 91 perches of land; $700.

Mary D. Crook and Fanny D. Read to Lucretia Hagans, lot No. 5 in Pennington's addition to Oakland; $300.

Davis S. Arnold and wife to B. C. Arnold, military lot No. 2535; $5, etc.

H. G. Davis and wife to John W. Landis, 16 acres of land; $240.

Sallie F. Morris and husband to John T. Mitchell, the McKimmey farm; $400.

John T. Mitchell and wife to H. G. Davis, the above land; $400.

John T. Mitchell, attorney, to Mary I. Manown, military lot No. 316 and 79½ acres of "Eel Shine;" also 132 acres of another tract; $1.

The Mountain Home Company to John Blackshere, lots Nos. 22, 23 and 24 in block 14 of Loch Lynn Heights; $200.

G. H. Pritchard and wife to Mary Murphy, the Jonathan Pritchard property in Oakland; $700.

The Mountain Home Company to Agnes Spiker, lots Nos. 19, 20, 21 and 22 in block 7 of Loch Lynn Heights; $240.

H. M. Frazee and wife to Chas. M. Camp, 1 acre of ground; $25.

Jos. Eggers to Charlotte Saunders, 50 acres of land; $575.

Wm. White, mortgagee, to Andrew Mullen, 104½ acres of ground; $1, etc.

Low Rates to Washington. Tickets Good Ten Days.

Washington is at all times a place of interest, but it is particularly so and is seen at its best during the winter months when Congress is in session. What Rome was to every soldier of the empire, what Athens was to the Greek, Washington is and should be to every citizen of the United States—his glory, his pride, his inheritance, his estate—it belongs to him. All its magnificence, all its glory, all its fame, its public buildings, its paintings, its statuary, its monuments, its gardens, its libraries, its museums, its streets and its parks. You have no doubt often promised yourself a trip to the National Capital. Why not avail yourself of the opportunity to do so, now; the next excursion is announced via the B. & O., for Thursday, February 14th, the rates are remarkably low and train service the best the B. & O. has to offer. Its vestibuled and limited express trains can be used on either on the going or returning journey as best suits your convenience.

We give below a list of stations showing the time of trains and rates of fare:

	TIME. p. m.	TIME. a. m.	TIME. a. m.	RATE.
Terra Alta	9 01	.....	7 15	$ 6 45
Oakland	9 25	5 51	7 31	6 25
Piedmont	10 25	6 45	8 29	5 40

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

Tickets will be good ten days, and will be valid for passage from Washington to Baltimore at any time within the life of the ticket.

For Pullman car accommodations and guide to points of interest in Washington, address nearest B. & O. agent.

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ROAD PETITION.

This is to give notice that thirty days after the first publication of this petition that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett County, to appoint viewers to view and locate a public County road, beginning at the corner of C. T. West's fence on the road leading from Swanton to Bloomington, and running thence by the most direct route through the lands of Armstrong & Co., Bradley T. Bray and others to intersect the road leading from the top of the mountain to Blaine, W. Va., a distance of about one and one-half miles.

B. T. BRAY,
A. F. GEORGE,
J. F. FRIEND,
L. H. FRIEND,
And 80 others.

Mountain Lake Park.

Miss Norris died Monday afternoon at the residence of Miss Jennie Smith. Miss Norris was a true Christian woman, kind and a friend to the friendless. She came here last summer from Hancock.

Mr. Herb Furguson is hauling lumber for his house, he having purchased lots on D street near Oakland avenue. The house will be full two stories.

Supt. Rudisill made a business trip to Washington and Baltimore last week. He came home in excellent spirits.

Our merchants feel the below cost cut made by two Oakland merchants last week. Cumberland seems to be engaged in the same business. The cut was a good thing for those who had the dollars, but tantalizing to those who had not.

The other morning Mr. Herb Furguson rode through the Park horseback, nodding to those whom he met and saying, "Good morning, it is a girl baby." No wonder he felt so happy. Mother and daughter are doing well.

Mr. Jacob Echard drove over to Elk Garden on Monday to visit relatives. When he returned home he brought his sister with him.

The Board of Directors meet in Washington city next Tuesday. Messrs. Davis, Offutt and Rudisill will attend.

W. R. Johnson made a trip through Illinois and Ohio last week. He was assisting Dr. Davidson.

Quite a number of our people attended the meetings at Oakland the past two weeks. The sleighing was good and through the kindness of Merchant Garthright, Henry Sellers and others several sled loads were taken to Oakland almost every night.

Charles Dawson, the Park painter, is assisting in finishing the new hotel at Oakland.

'Squire Crane is taking off from the lake as nice ice as anyone could wish for—clear and about nine inches thick. There is abundance of it.

J. L. McRobie spent a few hours at the Park last Saturday and booked several orders for lumber.

Mrs. Virginia Pierce has purchased two lots on the corner of Oakland avenue and L street. She will have a house built by spring or early summer.

Already the program for 1895 is taking definite shape. More money will be expended on the program than during any former year, and every effort made to strengthen it in every department. The most notable engagement so far, is Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, who delivers two lectures, Aug. 9th and 10th. Mr. Leon H. Vincent will again return to give us some of his unique and charming biographical studies. That perennial favorite, John DeWitt Miller, will again come to the delight of all, with one of his masterful lectures, a sermon, and will conduct a question drawer, a feature new to our platform. H. H. Emmit, the polished, graceful and cultured Indian, who has achieved wonderful success on the lecture platform, will discuss the Indian problem from the standpoint of one of the oppressed. Levin I. Handy, a nephew of Patrick Henry, who has inherited to a marked degree the fearlessness of his illustrious ancestor, will grace our platform as few men have done. Ex-Congressman Roswell G. Horr, who was the sensation of last season, will again return, and on one of our excursion days will discuss in his inimitable way the "Labor Problem." Chas. H. Fraser, quickly forging to the front as the peer of any man on the platform, will discuss "The World's To-morrow," and the "Avoirdupois of Uncle Sam."

Frank R. Roberson, easily the most interesting stereopticon lecturer who ever visited the Park, will again return to show us pictures, and tell us stories of "China" and "India." Judge Sibley will tell us "How Law is Made." Mr. H. West, a famous newspaper man, will let us into the secrets of the making of a great newspaper. It is expected that Dr. Chas. H. Parkhurst, that sturdy reformer who throttled the Tammany Tiger, will be among the speakers, also Geo. W. Bain, "the golden mouthed Kentuckian," who has more engagements than there are nights in the year, and Bishop John H. Vincent, the builder of Chautauqua.

Rev. J. D. Kahnoe, of California, will deliver his famous Nazarene series of lectures—seven in number. In lighter vein, we have several famous readers, and among whom are Frederick D. Losey, the renowned impersonator, who will give complete the story of "Oliver Twist," and the queen of readers, Miss Marion Short, may be expected unless she goes to Europe.

Already a superb band of twenty pieces has been engaged. They have been long organized and are used to concert work. The Schumann Male Quartette, the best in America for Assembly purposes, will delight us for ten days. Several superb soloists of national reputation are also under contract, a harpist, a flutist and a phenomenal cornetist. No money or effort will be spared to make our musical features surpass anything we have ever had. Everybody's favorite, Miss Wuertz, with her violin, may also be expected. Prof. Pontius, that sterling chorus director, who is now having such large success in the West, whom Theodore Thomas characterizes as one of the best chorus directors, and who gave us such delightful concerts last year, will again return to the delight of all aspiring musicians. Mrs. Pontius, the accomplished and accommodating accompanist, will preside at the piano.

Swanton.

Rev. Mr. Hitt, the U. B. Presiding Elder, will preach in West's chapel on Tuesday evening, the 5th of February. Mr. Hitt is said to be one of the best preachers in the Parkersburg conference, U. B. church, and from reports of his ability we can expect a rich treat.

Rev. W. G. Lloyd began his protracted meeting at Swanton on Wednesday night. Brother Lloyd is an earnest worker and is succeeding in his good work.

Our postmaster takes an occasional trip to the vicinity of Gorman. Must be an attraction up there.

The following are the officers of Swanton Union Sunday school for the ensuing year: Supt., A. F. George; assistant supt., Ben. F. Sweitzer; secretary, Joseph Glass; treasurer, Emma Murphy; organist, Cora Ashenfelter; librarian, Milton Friend; assistant librarian, John Ashenfelter.

Salem Lee, of Accident district, has bought a tract of land near Swanton and is getting his lumber ready to build a house. We are glad to have him come and settle in our district.

John McRobie has bought a tract of land from C. T. West and will shortly erect a residence thereon.

Richard Tasker has moved into his new house.

John W. Painter has commenced the erection of a large dwelling on his farm.

J. Lloyd McRobie has commenced to saw lumber on his new mill.

Shank Bros. have moved their saw mill on the Shank land and are now ready for operations.

A son of Mr. J. T. Silcox, from near Connellsville, Pa., is on a visit to his father.

L. H. Friend and C. T. West have succeeded in filling their ice houses with ice from Friend's lake.

HOOSIER.

Cranesville, W. Va.

Not having seen any items in your valuable paper from this place for some time, we beg leave of space in which to inform the many readers of THE REPUBLICAN that Cranesville and her people are still in the land and among the living, yet this truth has been difficult to perceive at all times, especially during some of the heavy snow storms of this winter; but our town, though almost, is not quite "out of sight," for at all times the house tops and church steeples were visible.

Our sleighing has been fine for the past four weeks, and this evening as the snow continues to descend the smiles are seen to play upon many of our maidens' bright countenances as they think of future enjoyments and wonder how soon Johnny and Jimmy shall drive to the gate and whisper, "Come out for a drive."

Mr. J. D. Browning, proprietor of Browning's Hotel, returned on Friday from a business trip to Aurora.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Feather have returned from an extended visit among relatives and friends in Oakland.

Misses Zudia Browning and Emma Coddington, of Oakland, are gracing our little town with their presence at this writing.

Dr. F. H. Ravenscroft paid Oakland a flying visit on Saturday.

Mr. Frank Jenkins, manager of the new firm of Bishop & Jenkins, is doing an extensive business in the mercantile trade of this place.

Mr. Jeff Frazee is so often seen coming to our little city smiling that the boys interrogate him as to why he smiles. His reply is, "By gosh, it's a boy." Dr. F. H. Ravenscroft was the attending physician. The Doctor is kept very busy attending the wants of the people.

Misses Jennie and Ilda Browning, whose bright countenances we have had the pleasure of noticing in our community for the past few days, have returned to their home near Oakland. Some of our boys seem somewhat downcast since their departure.

Mr. J. W. Feather, who has been confined to his home with la grip for the past two weeks, is improving.

Mr. John Bishoff, who has been lying ill for the past two weeks, is now convalescing. An operation was successfully performed by Drs. F. H. Ravenscroft and Henry Albright.

Rev. Idleman is conducting a series of meetings in the M. E. church at this place. Mr. Idleman is a very able and earnest worker for the good cause, and his labors are being blest by abundant success. There has already been quite a number of conversions and others seeking. May the good work continue.

We are very sorry to note the death of Mrs. Jacob Sanders, who died of consumption at her home about three miles from this place, on Friday, January 15th. She suffered much but bore it all patiently. She leaves a sorrowing husband, two sons, two daughters and a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn her departure, which is her eternal gain. May God comfort and console the bereft family. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Idleman in the Lutheran church.

TWIN SISTERS.

McHenry.

The farmers of this neighborhood are very busy hauling limestone and coal. Sledding is fine; sleighbells can be heard at any time.

The young people of this place are enjoying the meeting that is being held at Deep Creek. They are also enjoying the sleigh rides to and from that place.

Mr. J. A. Delawder, of this place, is putting away a large amount of ice this cold weather. He is also making preparations to build a large boarding house near his lake in the spring.

Mr. E. A. Weimer has retired from business at Allianee, Ohio, and he and wife are visiting friends at this place at present.

Mrs. Tillie Hart, of this place, is visiting relatives at her old home.

REPUBLICAN.

Deer Park.

The grip has found us.

Will B. Miller and wife have been down with the grip but are able to be out again.

Rev. Butler preached in the Lutheran church Tuesday and Wednesday nights.

Preparations are being made to repair the Union church, which has been needed for some time. This will make the best church building in town.

Miller Bros. lost a fine horse last Saturday night.

Since our last writing Mr. Chas. Striger has moved into our village, also Mr. William Bishop.

Another improvement is badly needed here. That is the removal of all of the old ties which lay in our Main street in front of the railroad.

HURRICANE.

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38 ly

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	Daily	2.44 A. M
No. 3	Daily	7.09 A. M
No. 71	Accom daily except Sun	9.33 A. M
No. 47	Daily except Mon	11.28 A. M
No. 15	Accommodation daily	6.27 P. M
No. 1	Daily	9.58 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 2	Daily	5.51 A. M
No. 8	Daily	7.31 A. M
No. 14	Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 46	Daily except Monday	4.38 P. M
No. 72	Accom daily except Sun	5.17 P. M
No. 4	Daily	9.25 P. M

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G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.
A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 11:2

Estate of Henry Kamp, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

HENRY KAMP,

late of Garrett County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 4th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 27th day of December, 1894.

FRED KAMP, Adm'r,
11 Accident, Md.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 17, 1895.

There will be a meeting of the County Commissioners of Garrett county held at their office in Oakland on

Tuesday, February 5, 1895,

for the purpose of hearing appeals.

Appeals from the respective districts will be heard as follows:

Tuesday, Feb. 5—7, 8, 9 and 10,
Wednesday, Feb. 6—1, 4, 11 and 12,
Thursday, Feb. 7—2, 5, 6 and 3.

N. B.—All persons wishing to take appeals on assessments shall observe the above day and dates by districts and attend accordingly.

By order of the board.

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

BOOMERANG VENGEANCE.

BY LUKE SHARP.

Revenge, says an eastern proverb, is a two-edged blade which cuts the hand that grasps it.

London is a city so vast that many curious things happen therein, and not a day passes but vengeance is had by some one inhabitant upon another. Revenge in London is different in form from revenge in Corsica, but it is generally quite as effective, even though it keeps within the law.

This is the story of two men, each of whom revenged himself upon the other: the first stealthily while pretending to be his friend's friend, the second openly as an avowed enemy of the first, returning revenge for revenge. Yet in both cases the revenge had an effect exactly contrary to what the aggressor intended.

Every man living is what we call a genius if he but knew it. As the mathematical chances are against the right man ever meeting the right woman and marrying her, so, in a lesser degree, the chances are against a man finding exactly the occupation that is fitted for him. The round pegs are eternally getting into the square holes. When a square peg gets into a square hole and fits, we say in our blindness that the peg is a genius.

Human perversity helps the mathematical chance to prevent the pegs getting into the right places. The successful tragedian invariably thinks that his forte is low comedy, and the renowned comedian imagines that if he but had the chance he could play Hamlet.

Frederick Trigg wanted to be a successful novelist, a vocation for which he was utterly unsuited. Writing was his forte, but not the writing of novels. He had the critical faculty strongly developed, and had a style of his own which ultimately led him, as every one knows, into the very front rank of English critics. But the circumstances, seemingly adverse at the time, and the result of the meanest treachery, which guided the square Trigg's footsteps toward the squared hole, are not so well known.

Alfred Denton, on the other hand, was a born novelist, yet all his hopes were centered into becoming a great editor—a position for which he was conspicuously unfitted.

When young Trigg met young Denton by chance at a semi-literary club to which both belonged, Trigg congratulated himself. Denton at that time was the inefficient sub-editor of a well-known magazine, and Trigg, whose MSS. were invariably rejected, was convinced that the magazine editors of London formed a sort of close corporation, whose chief object in life was to keep the outsider eternally outside. Trigg felt certain that if one of his stories but got a chance, it would be sure to succeed, and he felt that his ripening friendship with Denton would, when the proper time came, give him his chance.

There is no doubt but Denton intuitively disliked Trigg from the beginning. This, of course, he had a perfect right to do, but it is questionable if he was justified in pretending a friendship he did not feel, and in leading the other on to confide his woes and his MSS. to him. Perhaps the dislike arose from the unfortunate habit Trigg had of reading selections from his stories to anyone who would listen, and there is no doubt that in those days Denton got more than his share.

Any man has a right to resent this sort of thing, but he should resist it openly and boldly, and not revenge himself in a sneaky manner.

Denton praised the MSS. highly, took them to the magazine office readily, and kept them for a long time. Then they were returned to the unfortunate Trigg with a note saying that the editor, in spite of the warmest commendations on the part of Denton, had rejected them.

This was very disappointing as far as Trigg was concerned, and he conceived a violent hatred of the unknown editor who barred his way to publicity.

No man can live on rejected MSS. alone, and Trigg, embittered by lack of success, secured a subordinate position upon the Acadaneum, a great weekly critical journal. His own trying experience had added just the requisite touch of virulence to his pen which the Acadaneum delighted in, and Trigg speedily rose in the estimation of his superiors on the paper.

Trigg naturally hated successful men.

One night at a large literary dinner he found himself next an old man who was introduced to him as the editor of the magazine of which his friend Denton was the sub. Trigg had by this time become known as a rising man in what may be termed the cruel school of criticism, and the aged editor was very gracious to him.

"I wish," he said at last, "that you could find time to write us an article on any subject that pleased you."

Trigg turned upon the benevolent old man.

"And I wish," he replied, "as did the Scriptural character, that you would write a book."

The old man beamed upon him with surprise.

"The Scriptural character," he said, "hoped that his enemy would write a book. I am certainly not an enemy of yours."

"Not now, perhaps," said Trigg brutally. "You are like all the rest. You give a man encouragement when he doesn't need it. Now that I am getting along you ask me to write for your magazine, ignoring the fact that you have rejected more MMS. of mine than any other man in London, which is saying a good deal."

The editor looked at him now with genuine surprise in his eyes.

"My dear sir," he said, "you are laboring under some strange mistake. I never in my life saw a MMS. of yours."

"I am sorry to contradict you," replied Trigg, "but I have too many letters in my possession which tend to prove the contrary. I have, I believe, some in your own handwriting, not intended for my eyes, of course, in which you speak with great frankness, of what you were pleased to term the 'utter drivel' I have written."

"I would like very much," said the surprised editor, "to see one of those letters. To tell the truth I am getting on in years, and my position on the magazine is largely nominal. I occasionally contribute something, but the MSS. sent in are entirely dealt with by our reader and finally by Mr. Denton. He is the real editor of the magazine, as I thought everybody knew, and has been for the past ten years."

"You surprise me," said Trigg. "Of course until quite recently I have known nothing of the inner life of literary London, and since joining the staff of the Acadaneum I have been too busy to pay attention to it. Have you, then, no power on the magazine with which your name is connected?"

"Oh, I have the power if I choose to exercise it; but I have very little taste for the drudgery of editing, and I leave it entirely in the hands of my subordinates."

"What you say," said Trigg, "interests me more than you can be aware of. I would like, if you do not mind, to show you some days a number of letters I have had from the office of your magazine."

"I should be pleased to see them," answered the other, and they made an appointment to meet at the club of the editor.

The old man was very much astonished when he saw the letters.

"These alleged extracts from notes of mine are not in my writing. They were never written by me. If Denton wished to reject your MSS. he should at least have had the honesty to take the responsibility upon himself."

The next week Trigg received a note from the editor of the magazine in question. It was to the following effect:

"If you think it worth an item in your usual column of literary notes you have my authority for making the announcement that Alfred Denton, for many years subeditor of the —— magazine, is no longer connected with that periodical."

Trigg chuckled as he read this letter.

"Denton," he said to himself, "the treacherous scoundrel, will find out now that it is easier to lose a situation like that than to get another." And he added a cutting line to the item he wrote about his former friend, which, without being libelous, indicated that Denton's leaving of the magazine was practically a dismissal in disgrace.

Denton soon realized that rumors were abroad about him, and his endeavors to get a fresh footing in the line that led to ultimate editorship were discouraging failures. It was under these circumstances that he wrote his first book and had it published under a nom de plume.

It galled Trigg for many a day after to know that what he wrote about this book was upon the whole favorable, indeed exceedingly favorable for Trigg, who at once recognized the merit of the work without in the least guessing who its author was.

By this time Trigg had reached a commanding position upon his paper, and what he wrote for its columns was printed as he wrote it, with no blue pencil supervision.

Denton, pleased with the success of his first book, allowed it to be announced that he was the anonymous author.

Trigg gnashed his teeth when he realized that he had helped his enemy, but he held his peace and waited.

A three-volume novel was announced. When those three volumes came to the Acadaneum office, Trigg felt that his time for vengeance had come. He devoted a page to it. Nothing so bitter and so crushing even before or since appeared in the cynical columns of that paper. It was merciless, and everyone recognized that Denton had received his death-blow as a novelist. None realized this more than Denton himself, who was driven to the verge of dispair. His publisher was appalled, and he and the author had a consultation, but both admitted that nothing could be done.

By all laws of logic the sale of the book should have stopped at that moment, but the very contrary was the case. The fierceness and the magnitude of the attack at once gave Denton a place in the world of literature that it might in the ordinary course of events have taken years to attain. There instantly arose a discussion about the book in various papers throughout the country. The demand for it increased. People wanted to read a work that had been so mercilessly slated. The libraries sent in order after order, and a second edition was announced. Still the demand kept up, and as the book had genuine merit and as the attack was in reality villainously unfair, although demoniacally clever, public sympathy began to veer towards the author.

The first edition of the novel in cheap form was sold the day of publication, and was speedily followed by a second and a third and a fourth.

It is quite possible for a critic to overestimate his power, and it was some time before Trigg realized that his revenge was a boomerang. His article had been the making of his enemy, and Denton's position in the literary world was now assured. No one could destroy it but himself, and, as everyone knows, he was too clever a man to do that. His succeeding books have more than borne out the promise of the first and second.

Thus it happened that each man's vengeance upon the other succeeded in placing in both cases the square peg in the square hole, and although these two men were the making of each other, although each, in reality, was the other's best friend with the worst intentions, yet such is the contrariness of human nature, that no two people in London hate each other so bitterly as Frederick Trigg and Alfred Denton. —Detroit Free Press.

—One history of costumes gives 1,847 different styles of head-dresses for women.

THE LAWS OF CREATION.

From the Multitude of Units Is the Magnitude—The Action of Invisible Forces.

In regard to the foregoing the whole material universe is involved. Of large bodies we have some conception, but no conception of the atom is attained except by the imagination of bodies so minute as to be incomprehensible. Yet we have to entertain the atom theory to avoid the theory that all that is termed matter is but a force. By the constant forward movement of the earth with the sun nebula in space comes in contact with the atmosphere so near the earth as to reach hydrogen gas; and then, by the laws of creation, a small burning body is formed and sent to the earth, because it is within its force of gravity. And thus we have one mode of creation by electric force.

In far-distant regions vast bodies of nebula are found slowly changing their positions, and in time, by two bodies coming in contact, a planet possibly may be formed as a portion of some new world in stellar space. These portions of nebula are maintained in a very expanded condition, and in this regard the action of invisible force is first between the atoms and then between the molecules; and not unlike the action of force in steam. When a body of consolidated nebula is brought to an examination it is found to contain all the same elements as those of earth, but differently compounded, showing quite clearly the general unity of matter, and that the body, being united with the earth's force, becomes subject to the laws of the oblate spheroid.

That any substance from any planet ever came to the earth or ever left the earth is visionary and not true. The statements that a piece of gold fell from a star and was found on the Pacific coast, meant only the cost of publication. When bodies of nebula consolidate in space it becomes a planet large or small as the case may be, and the blazing portion not at first uniting with the central portion, becomes in the end a crust air or gas which never leaves the planet, as examples abundantly prove in this system. Then instead of the slow moving nebula there is an increased motion in proportion largely to its increased density. Its center of motion now becomes eccentric, and it has become an opaque body around some central body, as an instance, the asteroids, etc. So surely as nebula becomes a planet, so certainly in this system, all of its nebular forces which were acting and reacting within themselves, now are acted on by the sun to exert themselves to keep up with the sun and go round him.

The serious error of all time and by all scholars heretofore consists in treating the planet as an entire sole, acting independently of its atoms and molecules. The earth has the three nerve centers—the eccentric center of motion, the negative and positive magnetic centers of motion, and an electric force applied transversely to the magnetic forces. Especially how invisible forces operate the molecules of the earth to perform the function of deflection round the sun is not known, but it is known beyond any question that the center of motion of all planets in the system is eccentric, and it is demonstrated that the earth cannot turn on its axis and produce only one more sidereal day than solar days. Nature never formed a true circle nor a straight line; neither does the sun pull on any planet any computable amount. Neither does the planet pull on the sun to any extent whatever.

In the "System of Astronomy" by the writer it is shown beyond any doubt that there is no acceleration, as per Kepler, of any planet. And therefore those conditions which are attributed to gravity are the result of lever force. We only know by the motion of the planet where and how the invisible forces are applied. The center of motion in the moon is about two miles from the center of the planet; but if gravity was a potent force the center of motion must be in the center of the planet. But such is not the fact; the planet is like all other planets at equilibrium; not guided around by any force, except as the result of its own molecular particles put in motion by the sun's vibrations. Sir John Herschel, page 217, in his "Outlines of Astronomy," 1856, states that "the moon's orbit has a continual tilting motion of the plane itself." This fact is true and the cause is the screw path and the "tilt" or twist amounts to about 164 degrees in one sidereal year. Herschel, however, did not venture to state the cause. The entire solar system is one of perfect equilibrium in all its members. Neither planet has affected the forward advance of the center of motion in any other planet, any distance, in all the life of the system; and this is the stability by which it is maintained. And by these uniform motions the action on the opaque planet is one of constant culmination and recession; and of this is the evolution we have before us.

The sun is said by eminent scholars to be hot, but it is not shown that we could see any of the sun's nebula if it were twenty thousand miles distant, nor is it shown how any heat can be sent through a perfect vacuum, nor why the sun does not heat the moon as well as the earth. It is evident that we have many things to learn of the sun before the many are satisfied. If we consider the sun to heat the earth as fire heats a room, it must be found that the sun in space, if as hot as stated, would not heat the earth the least perceptibly, for the want of some tangible radiating surface. We, of course, would not be heated without the sun, but the correct theory in no text book is pointed out. The sun appears to heat the earth as a fire heats but the sun appears to go round the earth: neither is true.—G. L. Chapin, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

Society Shocked.

Mrs. Highstyle (at a fashionable party)—O, oh, oh! That horridly vulgar Miss Psyche is here.

Mrs. Finestyle—I do not know her.

Mrs. Highstyle—You need not want to. The coarse creature shamelessly says that she is going to marry for love.—N. Y. Weekly.

HUNTING A ROGUE ELEPHANT.

The Ungovernable Beast Had Terrorized an Entire Community.

Some years ago a famous hunter, traveling through India in search of amusement and information, was met by a deputation of natives from a small village, who asked his protection from an elephant that had taken up its residence near their town. Not only had the great animal again and again destroyed their crops, but it had killed several men. Altogether, the elephant was the terror of the large and formerly prosperous community.

The hunter assured the natives that he would try to destroy their enemy, and he at once made his preparations.

The stranger was an experienced elephant hunter, having followed the great beasts wherever found, in Africa, Ceylon and India. He knew at once that this troublesome fellow was what is known as a "rogue"—a term given to elephants that are vicious, not simply roguish—brutes that try to destroy everything, especially the property and lives of men.

First he must learn, if possible, the ways and habits of this especial rogue, and, with that object in view, he consulted the head men and hunters of several villages. One man stated that the rogue was possessed of an evil spirit; that on one day it would visit one locality, and on the next day be heard of many miles away. As to its actions, the man said, it suddenly came from a dense jungle near his native town and dashed through the streets at midday, tearing houses to pieces, throwing them into the air, and utterly wrecking the neighborhood. It also killed many people, after which it was seen quietly feeding in the gardens near the town.

Another native told a similar story. This time the rogue appeared at night, broke down fences and destroyed the crops. When fired upon, it rushed into a small village, doing much damage and driving the inhabitants to the woods.

Still another man reported that for weeks a public road between two villages had been deserted by every one, because the rogue had taken possession. The man added that at the time of the hunter's coming the elephant was destroying the rice fields about the town, the people being powerless to prevent him.

This evidence was sufficient to show that the elephant was a sly and vicious rogue and must be approached with caution.

Ten or fifteen elephants that could be relied upon were engaged, and also a force of experienced beaters and drivers. Early one morning the party set out for the capture of the rogue—then supposed to be about thirty miles away.

Finally they reached the neighborhood in which the rogue was supposed to be hiding. The hunter found that the villagers had told no more than the truth. The people were in a state of terror, not knowing at what moment the huge animal might rush out upon them. The night before it had been seen feeding in the rice fields, and probably it was then not far away. After seeing his men and elephants established in camp, the hunter went with the head man of the village to look over the ground.

The head man was greatly excited, and told some marvelous stories about the elephant and its doings. He showed the newcomers a field where the fences had been razed to the ground and trampled to pieces, and the crops eaten or destroyed. The rogue had been there the previous night, and as it would return again to continue its feast upon what was left, the sportsman decided to await it there. In the centre of a patch of grain was a framework platform or scaffolding, built by the natives, to serve the purpose of an American scarecrow. It was large enough for a few natives to stand upon. They frightened away birds or beasts by beating tomtoms and making other loud noises.

The hunter informed the native that he would station himself on the scaffolding that evening, and shoot the rogue when it came to finish its meal. The head man shook his head, and replied that it was a place of great danger; but the sportsman insisted, and night found him lying upon the scaffolding with several gun-bearers, while others were hidden about the field.

The rogue usually appeared at about nine o'clock; but that hour passed, and midnight came without signs of it. As the hours passed on, the watchers began to think that possibly the animal had made one of its sudden marches and was now far away.

Suddenly a snort was heard, and the next moment a big form could be made out standing among the vegetation. It was the elephant. It had approached so quietly that no one had heard it. The sportsman leveled his heavy rifle, and, when he saw a good opportunity, fired. The answer was a snort, seemingly of defiance, while the animal charged in the direction from which the flash appeared. Finding only the scaffolding, the rogue seized it, and with a single wrench hurled it to the ground. Fortunately, the men were thrown several yards away, and, falling among the vegetation, were not injured. While they made their way to cover, the rogue rushed off to the woods. That it was wounded they discovered the following day, and on a second occasion the animal was killed by the intrepid hunter, who might easily have lost his life at the time the scaffolding was pulled down.—C. F. Holder, in St. Nicholas.

An Elaborate Hint.

"Have you heard of the latest invention in clocks?" she asked sweetly.

"No," replied Mr. Slogo.

"It is very ingenious. It has a phonograph attached which calls off the hours."

"Wonderfully clever!"

"Yes; and at a quarter of eleven it says 'good night.'"

He glanced at his watch, which told of half-past ten, and in a few minutes had fled into the darkness.—Washington Star.

—The Duke of Marlborough ate beef He said on one occasion: "No soldier can fight unless he is properly fed on beef and beer."

WHAT HE DID.

Miss Gush—So your regiment was at the first battle of Bull Run, colonel?

Colonel Feerse—It was, miss.

Miss Gush—How thrilling! You must tell me all about it. What did you do, colonel, when you saw with dismay that the day was lost?

Colonel Feerse—What did I do, miss? Why, I—er—er—why, I did what the bull did.—Frank Leslie's Weekly.

Just the One.

"If this church fair is to be a success," said the deacon to the Sunday school superintendent, "we must have a woman who can pull the money out of people without their expecting any return—a woman who never loses sight of a dollar."

"I think I have just the one," said the superintendent, with a quiet, confident smile.

"Who is she?" said the deacon, eagerly.

"She attends our church," replied the superintendent, "and for the past two years she has been running a servant girls' agency."—Brooklyn Life.

THE FAIR ONE'S WEAPON.

The lady whipped the tiger,
Of course. The reason why?
She lashed him with her gifted tongue,
And cowed him with her eye.
—N. Y. World.

Then He Was Better Pleased.

What authors have to put up with:

Minor Poet—Well, have you read my new book?

Candid Friend—Read it? My dear fellow, I've read it twice.

Minor Poet (gushing)—How good of you!

Candid Friend—Not at all. I was only trying to make out what you were driving at.—London Globe.

A Frozen Fact.

Amsterdam—You told me an awful lie yesterday.

Mr. Henpeck—What was that?

"You told me you were going to sleep, and I afterwards saw you going into the theater."

"I know it, but, holy smoke! where else can a poor married man get a little sleep?"—Texas Siftings.

A Welcome Relief.

Plumson—I'll be mighty glad when we get through with the nineteenth century.

Rayson—Why?

Plumson—By that time writers will be obliged to give "fin de siecle" a much-needed and well-earned rest.—South Boston News.

More Atmosphere.

"What your story needs," said the critic, "is more atmosphere."

"Well, that goes to show that there's no pleasing everybody," said the disconsolate author. "The editor who read it last says that it's too breezy."—Washington Star.

A SIN OF OMISSION.

"What did you do to get here?" inquired the visitor at the workhouse.

"Nothing," replied the sad-eyed inmate. "I am doing time for vagrancy."—St. Louis Republic.

After the Sermon.

"I tell you, that was a meaty discourse."

"It was. It gave me much food for thought."—Chicago Tribune.

One of Two Things.

'Is young Jimkins improving in his violin playing?"

"I dunno. Either he's improvin' or we're gettin' used to it."—Answers.

Very Sharp.

"The ladies are all going to work and earn all they can to help pay off the church debt."

Mrs. Flaunt—How are you going to get yours?

"I'll get Rob to pay me a quarter every time his meals don't please him."

"Well, for my part, I don't see any use of the others doing anything."—Dallas (Tex.) Times-Herald.

How to Kill a Fad.

Fogee—This bloomer business among female bicycle riders makes me tired. I wish I could hit upon some scheme to kill it in this town.

Hardhed—Humph, that's easy! Just get one of your newspaper friends to slip in an item saying that the costume makes the wearer's feet look three sizes larger than they really are.—Buffalo Courier.

A Recommendation.

She—I am afraid you won't like my father.

He—Why, pray?

She—Well, because of his unsocial disposition. Most people consider him very distant.

He—That's a recommendation. It has been my experience to find most men in his class altogether too contiguous.—Richmond Dispatch.

Equal to the Occasion.

Old Beau—How you have grown since I saw you a year ago, Miss Winifred!

Bright-Eyed Damsel—I'm not the smallest fraction of an inch taller, Mr. Gayman. I got my growth three years ago.

Old Beau—O, but you've grown ever so much in my estimation!—Chicago Tribune.

TWO OF A KIND.

Rector—Ah me! Drunk again!

Village Inebriate (consolingly)—So'm I, sir—so'm I!—Pall Mall Budget.

Dangerous in Any Way.

"Illifkens is in a critical condition; pie wagon ran over him yesterday and broke both his legs above the knees."

"You don't say?—and there's Snifkins suffering terribly from the same cause."

"What, was he run down, too?"

"No; he ate one of the pies."—Chicago Record.

An Authority.

"Football, sir, is brutal. It is based largely upon the exercise of brute force, and the opportunities of unfair tactics are such—"

"Oh, say—hold on. Have you ever seen a game of football?"

"No; but I hold clinics in three hospitals in a college town!"—Chicago Record.

The Money Went.

Uncle Wayback—I jus' tell you, th' city is an awful place. Skin yeh alive there.

Farmer Meadow (gloomily)—That's so.

"Eh? Did yeh meet some green-goods men while you was in th' city?"

"No, but my wife met some dry-goods men.'—N. Y. Weekly.

Equal to the Occasion.

Domestic—Oh, please, mum, what shall I do? Half the soup is spilt, and the boarders is at the table.

Mrs. Slimdiet (firmly)—Empty the box of red pepper into what's left. There will be enough then.—N. Y. Weekly.

And Buried.

"What do you think of these living pictures, any way?"

"I think I should prefer that most of them were dea "—Brooklyn Life.

FARM AND GARDEN.

FOR ROAD AGITATORS.

Suggestions Which May Prove of Value to Many "Cranks."

The worse the condition of the highway, the easier it will be to awaken interest, and probably the greater will be the material support.

The natural steps to be taken at any time and in any place are probably four in getting at it.

First, to awaken interest.
Second, to enlist support.
Third, to organize effort, and
Fourth, to direct procedure.

In awakening interest it is first necessary that the agitator be more or less familiar with the history of road building, of improved roads, and the advantages accruing by reason of good roads both in a social and a pecuniary way.

The acquirement of a sufficient knowledge of these matters to be interesting will not require any very extended study or preparation, and even though the information may be exceedingly perfunctory, yet the prospect of advantages of any kind will excite sufficient curiosity to lead to an intelligent investigation of the matter.

Literature can be secured that will materially aid in the investigation. Engineers' estimates of cost of construction, of the different classes of improvement, of the advantages of one kind of road over another in the cost of moving loads over them, marketing produce, periodicals devoted to such enterprise, consular reports, statistics, etc., etc.

Beside the personal work to be done, the local papers should be used. Every issue should mention the subject in some way or other that will not fail to arrest the attention of its readers and, if possible, to provoke discussion.

When interest has been awakened, even though the citizens do not rise up in a mass and demand the improvements, as they probably will not do, for the masses have to be handled as well as educated on any new departure; the next thing is to enlist support.

Care must be exercised to enlist, if possible, the most influential, and a sufficient number, and have them so much interested as to be pledged to the improvements sought.

Men are much like sheep when a new opening or departure presents itself; all hesitate until two or three make a start, then all are likely to follow speedily.

Over the names of a few such leaders thus enlisted, if practicable, call a meeting of the citizens for the purpose of considering the matter of improvements.

At the meeting the disadvantages, inconveniences and discomforts of the present condition ought to be fully rehearsed and, if possible, every one attending should be induced to add his complaint to the general protest.

Men are always ready to complain and in this matter, contrary to all rule, they should be given every opportunity and encouragement, for they thus predicate themselves to the right side of the question.

The next step may now be taken and an organized effort made. The very first meeting may and should be permanently organized; a chairman and secretary and committees chosen, resolutions of disapprobation and, if necessary, reprobation of the present condition of things passed, petitions or communications to the necessary authorities prepared and forwarded, or delegations sent.

If the first meeting be too soon to do all this successfully, the meeting should be adjourned from time to time until the sentiment will support the desired action.

Now comes the last and most important step, and, withal, the most difficult of exact description, in the promotion of the enterprise. The direction of procedure is that rounding up of sentiment, support and effort which will crystallize into a favorable decision of the proper authorities, and the balance will be the detail of legislation and the preparation of plans to consummate the work, and is beyond the question, or is rather the fruition of the effort of "how to get at it."

It will require wisdom to consummate this last step, for, while it may be easy to excite interest and expectation, to enlist support or even to organize effort, yet all this will fail short of reaching the desired end unless due care is had to the proper understanding of the feasibility of the project. The natural advantages must be taken into account and made the most of. The raising of funds must be so shaped as to be least burdensome to the people by whom paid, and the proper distribution of the improvements pointed out, and all this must be in aid of the proper authorities.

It cannot be successfully foretold just what course should be pursued in all cases, for the situations both as to enactment and the extent and nature of the improvement projected differ in county or town, and in different sections of country and different sized towns.

These are in general the steps to be taken in "getting at it," but the most important thing is to begin. *Begin at once*, and keep at it; earn the name of a "crank on roads," if necessary, but never let up; follow it tirelessly, constantly.

The theme is so rational that it must win in the end, and then comes the reward.—C. D. Chamberlain, in Good Roads.

A Western Legislator's Opinion.

J. J. Baston, member from the Thirty-fourth district, Hennepin county, thinks that the legislature this winter should do something to stop the cry which organized labor in the state is making against convict labor. Mr. Baston is the only country member of the Hennepin delegation, and naturally is interested in good roads. It is his idea that the convicts should be called in from the work which they are now doing for shoemakers and others and put to work pounding rock for the roads of the state. Such a course would interfere with no class of labor and would soon make a great improvement in the roads of the state.—Minneapolis Journal.

CHEAP GREENHOUSE.

Just the Thing for Raising a Small Quantity of Plants.

A correspondent asks: "I want to build a small greenhouse or hothouse for the purpose of raising tomato plants, say from 10,000 to 15,000. Can you give information how to build one to be heated by flue?"

In order to grow from 10,000 to 15,000 tomato plants for spring planting it will require, where they are 3 inches apart, a house 10x150 feet. If grown in 3-inch pots, allowing room for the plants to spread, the house will have to be 10x300 feet, or two houses 10x150 feet. The former house would have two beds 3 feet 6 inches wide, running the entire length, allowing 2 feet for the walk. The 10-foot houses can be divided as follows: The two outside beds, each 2 feet 6 inches wide, and the center beds, each 4 feet wide. This leaves

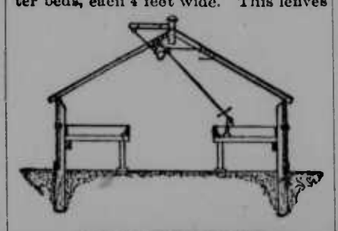

SECTION OF GREENHOUSE.

6 feet for the three walks, which can be divided to suit the grower.

Herewith is shown a section of a greenhouse 10 feet wide, 4 feet high on the sides, 2 feet 6 inches of which is of wood, and the balance is glass up to the plate, which is of wood. It is better to have the upper part of the sides of glass, because the plants will do better than where they are of wood. The height to the ridge is 7 feet.

There is no need for heavy rafters, but the roof can be made of strong sash bars and joined together at the ridge, by pieces of wood, made to fit the angle of the roof, and to be securely screwed to the rafters or sash-bars to prevent any sag to the roof or cast-iron angle brackets made for the purpose can be purchased. It is not necessary to put them on every sash-bar if there are no rafters, but put the pieces about 6 feet apart.

The ventilating sash are fastened to the ridge, and are best operated by means of the ordinary ventilating machinery, which can be bought for a small figure. If preferred ventilation can be supplied to both sides of the ridge.

Regarding the flues. It is customary to build a furnace at each end of the house, one under each bed, and to make the flues of cement tile, carrying them to the further ends of the house, where they are connected to chimneys rising above the top of the greenhouse. Care must be taken to have all the joints tight, as the gas from them is bad for the plants.

It is better to pay a little more and put in either a hot water or steam heating apparatus, which can be relied upon.

The temperature required for coldest nights is from 45 to 50 degrees.—Fred T. Oakes, in American Gardening.

FARM SNOW PLOW.

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A snow plow saves labor and makes far better paths. They are easily and cheaply made and with proper care in keeping will last many years. For one

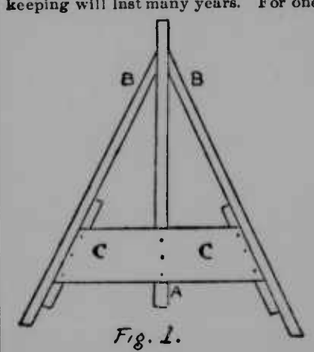

Fig. 1.

as shown in the cut, make a runner 5 feet long from 2-inch hard wood plank. Let the nose turn up 14 inches and bore a hole for hitching a whiffletree. Make the runner the shape of the dotted lines in Fig. 2, the runner being 6 inches deep. Next make two flanges (B B, Fig. 1) out of 1-inch board, 1 foot wide, 1½ feet long on top and 4 feet 7 inches long on the bottom as in Fig. 2 at B. Fasten the flanges on the runners with screws, bevel the front end

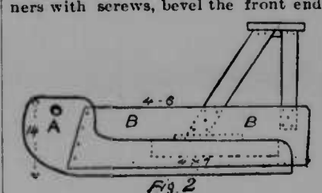

Fig. 2

and spread the back end 3½ feet. Nail a couple of cleats to the flanges and put in a cross bar C C. When putting on the flanges allow the runner to be an inch below the bottom of the open flange wings. It will then run steady. Next nail two standards to the flanges for the seat and screw the seat securely.—W. G. Mar, in Farm and Home.

What Good Roads Mean.

Bicycling undoubtedly is doing more toward the construction of good roads in this country than all other influences combined. Good roads mean comfort and delight to bicyclers. Increased value to rural property through the readier and more enjoyable means of communication, and increased value to the assessed property of a state, because farmers can haul farther to market at a minimum cost.—J. M. Batchelor, New York City.

The place for the buttermilk and skim milk is in the pig's stomach. If there are not enough pigs to consume these products of the dairy there is a decided loss.

An Incident of a Bridal Tour.

He was a bridegroom, and she was his new wife. They had come to the city to see the sights. After walking about in the morning, the two sought out a hackdriver. "Take us to some of the interesting places in your city," the bridegroom said. "What have you got here, anyway?"

"Well," said the hackman, "there's the capitol."

"We went there this morning."

"The cemetery?"

"O, we're not dead."

The hackdriver looked worried, and then said: "Well, the penitentiary?"

"All right," said the bridegroom; "drive us there."—Albany Journal.

$300 FOR A NAME.

This is the sum we have the Salzer Seed Co. offer for a suitable name for their wonderful new oats. The United States department of agriculture says Salzer's oats is the best of 300 varieties tested. A great many farmers report a test yield of 200 bushels per acre last year, and are sure this can be grown and even more during 1895. Another farmer writes us he cropped 112 bushels of Salzer's Marvel Spring wheat on two and one-half acres. At such yield wheat pays at 30c per bu. One thing we know and that is that Salzer is the largest Farm Seed grower in the world and sells potatoes at $2.50 per barrel. IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT with 10c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., LaCrosse, Wis., you get free his mammoth catalogue and a package of above $300 PRIZE OATS. [K]

"You say you made money in business?" "Certainly," replied the New York policeman. "What was your stock in trade?" "It wasn't a stock in trade. It was a trade in stock."—Washington Star.

The Nicaragua Canal.

The project of the Nicaragua Canal has been debated in the U. S. Senate very vigorously. One thing should be remembered about that climate, it is death to almost every foreigner who goes there, and laborers especially succumb. It is said that the Panama Railroad cost a life for every tie. What an idea of pains and aches is in this sentence. It is mostly due to carelessness. Every laborer provided with St. Jacobs Oil would be armed against these troubles. Men's muscles there are cramped with rheumatic pain and they ache all over. That's just the condition where this sovereign remedy can do its best work. The fearful malady is very much like the break-bone fever in certain parts of America.

As the train drew up at a country station on the South Eastern railway, a pleasant-looking gentleman stepped out on the platform, and inhaling the fresh air enthusiastically observed to the guard: "Isn't this invigorating?" "No, sir; it's 'Caterham,'" replied the guard.—Wonder.

Take the Queen & Crescent Route to Knoxville and Asheville. Only through car line Cincinnati to Asheville.

Equal to Either Fortune.—"Do you want a model, sir, for Poredicear, or—No? Well, then—let's clean out yer studio for tuppence."—Pall Mall Budget.

Willie—"I am ambitious to go before the footlights." She—"Then you had better run along before papa comes downstairs."—Syracuse Post.

"I feel really sorry for my husband during the holidays," remarked the very complacent woman. "Indeed!" "Yes. He is so correct in his habits that when New Year comes he can't swear off."—Washington Star.

Beating About the Bush.—A—"What! You call me a swindler?" B—"No; but I am prepared to give ten marks to anyone who proves to me the contrary."—Deutsche Wespen.

An Irishman, comparing his watch with the clock of St. Paul's, burst into a fit of laughter. Being asked what tickled him, he answered: "An' how can I help it? Here is my little watch that was made by Paddy O'Flaherty, that cost me but five guineas, has beat your big London clock there a full hour an' a quarter since yisterday mornin'."—Tit-Bits.

Sympathetic Plain Friend (to inconsolable young widow)—"The last time I met your dear husband he stopped and spoke to me with such a sunny greeting that I was the happier for it all day long." Young Widow (still oblivious to everything except her loss)—"Yes, that was just like dear David. There was no woman so humble, or homely, or unattractive, or dull, but that he could find something pleasant to say to her, and would take pains to say it."—Life.

Two passengers on a western train became involved in a controversy, which waxed so hot that one of them called the other a liar. "What's that, a liar?" and he was on his feet in an instant. "Yes, a liar," was the emphatic response, "or my name ain't John Smith, of Smithville." "What, the hardware merchant?" "The same." "Mr. Smith, I am delighted to see you. I represent Mr. Sharpedge & Co., of New York, and can show you a line of samples that will make your fortune."—Texas Siftings.

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is what you need when your liver becomes inactive. It's what you get when you take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets; they're free from the violence and the griping that come with the ordinary pill. The best medical authorities agree that in regulating the bowels mild methods are preferable. For every derangement of the liver, stomach and bowels, these tiny, sugar coated pills are most *effective*. They go about their work in an easy and *natural* way, and their good *lasts*. **Once used, they are always in favor.** Being composed of the choicest, concentrated vegetable extracts, they cost much more than other pills found in the market, yet from forty to forty-four are put up in each sealed glass vial, as sold through druggists, at the price of the cheaper made pills.

"Pleasant Pellets" cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heart-burn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. Put up in sealed glass vials, therefore always fresh and reliable. Whether as a laxative, or in larger doses, as a gently acting but searching cathartic, these little "Pellets" are unequaled.

As a "dinner pill," to promote digestion, take one each day after dinner. To relieve the distress arising from over-eating, nothing equals one of these little "Pellets." They are tiny, sugar-coated, anti-bilious granules. Any child readily takes them.

Accept no substitute that may be recommended to be "just as good." It may be *better for the dealer*, because of paying him a better profit, but *he* is not the one who *needs* help.

A free sample (4 to 7 doses) *on trial*, is mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of name and address on postal card.

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A PHILOSOPHICAL DEBTOR.

He Gives a Bill Collector a Few Points Over Which to Ponder.

A collector of unpaid bills has a hard time of it, but one met a philosophical debtor recently who convinced him of some astounding facts. The collector said that he had been chasing the said philosophical debtor for about six months and was getting tired. It was always "Come around to-morrow," or "Haven't got it now."

"Say," he said, when he made his last trip, "are you ever going to pay this bill?"

"Why, yes, some day," the philosopher replied. "But look here, young man, I want to show you a thing or two. How many bills have you in that pack?"

"About forty," said the collector.

"How long does it take you to visit all these people?" the philospher inquired.

"About a day."

"What if all paid up promptly."

"Why, that would be great."

"Would it? What would you do for a living if all these debtors paid up in one day?"

The collector looked blank for a moment.

"Great Jerusalem, I'd be out of a job."

"Well, then, don't be so anxious to collect every penny due your people. One bill a day is enough. As for me, come around some time next week and I may do something for you," and the philospher faded away.—Amusement Journal.

Pertly—"There is one thing I have to say in favor of the wind when it whistles." Dullhead—"What's that?" Pertly—"It never whistles popular airs."—Harper's Bazar.

One of Boston's Amusements.—"After a long spell of wearing rubbers, leaving them off is as enjoyable as a joke whispered to you in prayer time at church."—Transcript.

What the farmer's hoy sighs for is the last rows of summer.—Plain Dealer.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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Merchant—"Clerk, why do you leave that yardstick lying in the sun? Didn't you learn in school that heat expands bodies?"—Fliegende Blatter.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. Allie Douglass, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 20, '94.

Irascible Old Gent—"Waiter, this plate is quite cold!" Waiter—"Yes, sir, but the chop is hot, sir, which I think you'll find it'll warm up the plate nicely, sir."—Tit-Bits.

The Queen & Crescent Route is the best equipped and shortest line to Florida. Solid vestibuled trains and through sleepers.

"How's your infant son?" "First rate—just like a student." "How so?" "Sleeps in the daytime, kicks up a row at night."—Fliegende Blatter.

Like Oil Upon Troubled Waters is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar upon a cold. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

"Er dar warn't some charity for human defects," said Uncle Eben, "dah couldn' be much self-esteem."—Washington Star.

To New Orleans the Queen & Crescent Route is the direct line; 90 miles shortest from Cincinnati. Solid vestibuled trains.

He—"I think you love me. Am I right?" She—"No; you are left."—P. & S. S. Co.'s Bulletin.

"You say you and your wife never quarrel?" "Never, you see, whenever she fires up I always get out."—Atlanta Journal.

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Hitch A Horse To A Hoe.

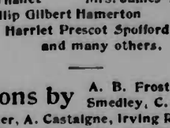

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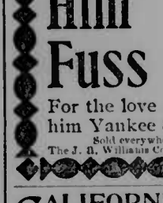

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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28, 1895.

More water is to be poured into the sieve. In other words, the administration has decided to scold Congress and issue more bonds to replenish the gold in the treasury and to meet the expenditures of the government. Knowing the sensitiveness of business, the Republicans in Congress have purposely refrained from saying much that might have been said about the position the administration has taken upon financial matters, preferring to lose opportunities to make party capital to arousing public sentiment which might prove detrimental to the great business interests of the country. It was the same feeling which prompted the Republican leaders when approached by the Democrats to say that they would offer no factious opposition to any measure that promised to be of the slightest assistance to the treasury, and to advise the Democrats that the best thing this Congress could do for the treasury was to amend the tariff so as to increase the revenue. This advice might have borne good fruit, but Mr. Cleveland, with his usual obstinacy, prevented it by announcing pompously that legislation to increase the revenue would not be satisfactory to him. So Congress has done nothing, and another issue of bonds, the third within a year, is to be made.

Senator Teller correctly characterized the Vest amendment to the Hawaiian resolution, which was adopted by a vote of 24 to 22 in the Senate, as putting on the records of the Senate an absolute falsehood. The amendment declares the sympathy of our people with all efforts to establish republican institutions, reaffirms the policy of absolute non-interference with the affairs of other nations, and closes by declaring that the administration deserves approval for maintaining that policy. Mr. Teller showed conclusively that the administration had not maintained that policy towards Hawaii, and it would have been easy for him to have shown that it had acted directly contrary to that policy in several other instances, notably at the beginning of the war between China and Japan. Republicans were somewhat surprised to find one Republican—Pettigrew—voting with 23 Democrats for the Vest amendment, and the hope is expressed that he only did so to be in a position to move a reconsideration later. Senator Frye's speech refuting the silly slander about Hawaiian bonds being sold in New England was a scorcher.

Republicans in the House will do nothing to prevent the passage of the bill for the repeal of the differential duty on sugar from countries paying an export duty on sugar, which will probably be passed by the House this week. They will, however, call special attention to the declaration of the German government that this sugar duty has nothing to do with the embargo placed on American cattle and meats, notwithstanding Representative Wilson's having in his opening speech in favor of this repeal bill insisted that it did. As ex-Speaker Reed tersely puts it, the bill is so insignificant that "Nobody cares anything about it."

The new Republican Senator from North Carolina—Mr. Pritchard—although not yet a week in his seat, has cast two important votes, one for the Nicaragua canal bill, which passed by a vote of 31 to 21, and one against the Vest amendment to the Hawaiian resolution. Mr. Pritchard has made an excellent impression upon his colleagues.

Much regret is expressed among Republicans in Congress because of the disputes which are delaying the election of Republican Senators by several legislatures. Such disputes are always stumbling blocks to the future success of the party.

An object lesson in Democratic statesmanship was given when a number of Democratic members of the House unblushingly and openly opposed an appropriation for the detection of persons violating the internal revenue laws, specifically illicit distillers. The reason for the opposition may be found in the reply of Chairman Sayers, of the appropriation committee, who is a Democrat, but not one of the moonshiner kind, to a question asked by Representative Swanson, of Virginia, as to whether the abolition of the fee system had not been recommended—"I do not know, and I am not willing to take the gentleman's word for it as long as his election to this House depends upon the moonshine vote."

Secretary Carlisle is directly responsible for the action of the House in putting two financial bills as riders on the sundry civil appropriation bill, but he went to the capitol and personally appealed to Democrats not to vote against them. One of the amendments gives Mr. Carlisle discretion as to the denomination of notes issued in place of those redeemed, and the other makes gold certificates non-receivable for customs dues after July 1st next, and forbids their use as part of the reserve of national banks. The Secretary's action will not be lost upon the Senate. And he may wish before the session closes that he had not taken the initiative in attaching financial riders to appropriation bills.

Piles.

Piles is so common that every other person you meet is troubled with it more or less. It seems to be a little thing and usually gets little attention. It may not be serious at first, but it makes a man sick—makes him nervous, cross, irritable—unfit for business. It robs him of sleep, takes his appetite—cuts down his flesh—and yet he is careless about it.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

will cure Piles. It will cure other things, too, but it is particularly good for Piles. It stops the itch and the ache at once. It may take several days to wholly allay the inflammation and reduce the swelling, but it will do it—sure. Has done it in innumerable cases. Never has failed.

Good for Eczema, Ring Worm, Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Dandruff, Pimples, and all Skin Diseases.

50 Cents--Drug Stores.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head and all Inflammation of the Nasal Passages. 50 Cents.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

are good for sick headache, constipation, piles, bilious colic, fever and ague, dyspepsia, rheumatism, female complaints, dizziness, flatulence, sour stomach, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general debility. They will positively cure all disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. 25 cents a box.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

helps babes over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, controls the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no strong drugs and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is a tasty vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good—25 cents a bottle.

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

JOHN C. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

Slate Roofing.

Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.

I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.

All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.

I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.

Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.

For prices apply to or address,

C. M. BEACHY, Grantsville, Md.

47—1yr.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

A GREAT MIDWINTER SALE AT SINCELLS'.

For One Week we will give you the advantage of a

RARE BARGAIN SALE

BEGINNING

Feb. 2 and Ending Feb. 9.

Calicos for 4½ to 5 cents per yard, worth 7, 8 and 9 cents per yard.
Ginghams, 5 cents per yard; worth 7, 9 and 10 cents.
Shirtings, 7 cents per yard; worth 9, 10 and 12½ cents.
Canton Flannels, 5 to 7 cents per yard; worth 10 and 12½ cents.
10-4 Sheeting, 21 cents per yard; worth 30 cents.
21 yards Muslin for $1. 18 yards Bleached Muslin for $1.
Satteens, 12½ cents per yard; worth 20 cents.
" 15 " " " " 25 "
" 20 " " " " 30 "
Outing Flannels, 7 cents per yard; worth 10 cents.
All Colored Factory Flannels at 21 cents per yard.
36 inch Cashmeres, 15 cents per yard; worth 25 cents.

36	"	"	23	"	"	35	"
36	"	"	25	"	"	40	"
38	"	Henrietta,	40	"	"	65	"
40 in. all wool Serge			34	"	"	50	"
38 inch Hopsacking			55	"	"	80	"
54	"	Broadcloth	50	"	"	75	"
54	"	"	65	"	"	81.	

Any other of our Dress Goods at prices to suit the closest buyer.

SHOES.

Ladies' Shoes for 99 cts. per pair; worth						$1.25.
"	"	"	$1.15	"	"	1.50.
"	"	"	1.25	"	"	1.75.
"	"	"	1.35	"	"	2.00.
"	"	"	1.50	"	"	2.25.
"	"	"	1.75	"	"	2.50.
"	"	"	2.00	"	"	2.75.
"	"	"	2.25	"	"	3.00.
"	"	"	2.65	"	"	3.50.
"	"	"	2.75	"	"	4.00.

Gentlemen's and Children's Shoes at the same low prices.

UNDERCLOTHING.

Gentlemen's Camels Hair Underclothing for only $1.25 per suit.
" Red Flannel " " " 1.75 " "
" White Merino " " " .85 " "

GROCERIES.

Baking Powder, per pound	.10
3 pound can Table Peaches	.15
3 " " " Apricots	.15
3 " " Bartlett Pears	.15
12 cans Standard Tomatoes	.85
12 " " Corn	.85
Best Vanilla Drip Syrup, per gallon	.25
3 pounds Ringed Evaporated Apples	.25
3 " California Prunes	.25
3 " Evaporated Apricots	.25
3 " " Peaches	.25
6 " Rice	.25
7 " Navy Beans	.25
7 " Clear Starch	.25
Good Tea, 15 cents per pound and up.	
Lily White Flour, per barrel	$3.25
Rohrer's Best Flour, per barrel	3.90

MEN'S CLOTHING.

Men's Suits for $5.75; worth $10. Men's Suits for $10; worth $16.
" " " 7.25; " 12. " " " 5.50 " 9.50
Men's Suits for $6; worth $11.50.

Boys' Suits for $6; worth $10. Boys' Suits for $4.50; worth $7.
" " " 5; " 8. " " " 3.75; " 6.50.
Childrens' Suits for 99 cents and up.

OVERCOATS.

Overcoats for 59 cents; worth $1.25. Overcoats for $1.50; worth $3.00
" " 75 cents; " 1.50. " " 2.50; " 5.00
" " $1.25; " 2.50. " " 4.00; " 8.00

To the person purchasing the largest amount of goods during this great sale we will give one of our

$55 Davis Sewing Machines.

We have a good system for keeping a correct record of each purchase.

THE ABOVE PRICES ARE FOR

CASH ONLY AT THE TIME OF PURCHASE.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23-1yr.

FOR SALE.

Three acres of land, being a part of the old Kennedy farm, lying in the eastern suburbs of Oakland on either side of the road leading to Mt. Lake Park. Will be sold in lots of ¼ acre each, or as a whole.

For full particulars call on or address MRS. LIZZIE BUZZARD, Elkins, W. Va.

22-6m

MOUNT POMONA.

NURSERY AND FRUIT FARM.

Address Swanton, Md., for Fruit and Mushrooms.

Address Mt. Lake Park concerning Nursery, Greenhouse or Vegetable Products.

Agents wanted on salary.

SWEET & SHACKLEFORD.

--WANTED--

WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER

Also White Oak Timber Land.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO., Cumberland, Md.

Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

SLATE ROOFING.

I am now prepared to furnish and put on plain and fancy roofing, slate, galvanized ridge, roll and water proof paper at reasonable prices. All work and material guaranteed.

C. M. Beachy, Keyser, Garrett county, Md.

27-1yr.

SHEEP

Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ¼ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON, Keyser, W. Va.

29—1yr.

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE, 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

22tf

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

11 1y

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments, Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe WITH J. B. WILLIAMS.

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

4195.yr—s

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 40 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

3. Farm of Mrs. Ida C. Crunkleberg, containing 61 acres, under fence; orchard of 150 trees; stable, frame house. Price, $1,200. Cash payment of $200, balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.

E. H. SINCELL, Atty., Oakland, Md.

COOK BROS.,

169 Baltimore Street,

CUMBERLAND, - MD.

Sole agents for the World's Fair Best Spring Wheat Flour,

The Boss

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT. ONCE YOU USE IT YOU WILL ALWAYS USE IT!

For sale in Oakland by George O. Miller & Co.; in Mountain Lake Park by Hayden & Eckles. 36—13

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

And other specialties for Gentlemen, Ladies, Boys and Misses are the

Best in the World.

See descriptive advertisement which appears in this paper.

Take no Substitute.

Insist on having W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES, with name and price stamped on bottom. Sold by

D. E. Offutt, Oakland, and Wm. Ryland, Friendsville.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate. CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING. Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1c11-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building. Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.

Drs. McLane & Berkeley, PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, FROSTBURG, MD.

Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.

See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.

Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.

Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.*

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate. P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Residence and P. O. Address,

2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate.

Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE. AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent, 9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,

Carriage, Sign and House Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.

Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention. 50-13t.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE WHEELING INTELLIGENCER

West Virginia's Brightest and Best Newspaper.

The splendid popular triumph for the cause of protection opens up a new chapter, and one of the most interesting in the history of the country. It has carried West Virginia into the column of protection and produced a revolution in the politics of the State. There will be new and important developments by reason of the great victory of 1894—developments that will have a decided influence on the presidential campaign of 1896—and the WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER will follow them closely in all their details. In West Virginia the Wheeling Intelligencer is the recognized leader of the cause of protection and State development.

All the foreign and home news of the year will be faithfully chronicled in the Intelligencer's telegraphic columns.

THE WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER

TERMS AND PREMIUMS.

The Weekly, one year, in advance	$ 1.00
The Weekly, six months, in advance	.60
5 copies one year and an extra copy to the person getting up club	5.00
10 copies one year and two extra copies to person getting up club	10.00
20 copies one year and four extra copies to person getting up club	20.00
30 copies one year and copy of Daily one year free to person getting up club	30.00

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Terms by Mail, Postage Prepaid.

One month, in advance	$ .65
Three months, in advance	2.00
Six months, in advance	4.00
One year, in advance	8.00
Three days in the week, one year	4.00
Two days in the week, one year	2.75

Specimen copies of either edition of the Intelligencer sent free to any address.

We want an agent in every Postoffice in West Virginia, Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania. Address:

INTELLIGENCER PUBLISHING CO WHEELING, WEST VA.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 18. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1895. NUMBER 48.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Some winter for a change.

The groundhog has been vindicated.

Read Malette's new advertisement.

Send us your orders for printed stationery.

Malette will buy poultry, paying the highest market price.

Mr. I. O. Thompson, of near Kearney, was in the city Tuesday.

Mr. W. S. Durst, of near Grantsville, is here this week on business.

Mrs. F. G. Hyde is on a visit to relations at Brandonville, West Va.

Mr. J. Alvin Friend, of Sang Run, was here on Tuesday on a business trip.

Mrs. Zelma Robinson-Pearre, of Wilmington, N. C., was here on last Thurshay.

Oh yes! Oh yes!—Cheap John, Auctioneer. Charges reasonable. 46tf.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Miss Lizzie Weber spent several days of last and this week with relatives in Cumberland.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

I am prepared to do sewing for private families. Mrs. P. L. Merrifield, over Felty's store, Oakland.

Hon. and Mrs. R. T. Browning spent Sunday at Deer Park as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Garrett.

Send your check books to this office to be numbered. We have a special machine for just this class of work.

Store stand on Main street in Oakland, and 3 rooms up-stairs, for rent. Apply to J. O. Michael. 47-2t.

Mr. Joseph Adair and daughter Miss Gussie and Mrs. W. O. Posten were three Terra Altans in Oakland yesterday.

Rev. L. A. Rudisill went to Washington and Baltimore Monday night in the interest of Mt. Lake Park Association.

Major J. C. Alderson, manager of the Loch Lynn Heights Company, made a business trip to eastern cities this week.

Messrs. Geo. Steyer and two sons, of near Gormania, were in the city on last Friday and smiled in on THE REPUBLICAN.

Miss Jennie Smith returned to the Park Monday night from the funeral of Miss Norris which occured at Hagerstown.

Misses Daisy and Sybil Stemple, of near Aurora, were in Oakland on last Friday as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James W. White.

Miss Mollie Peddicord went to Zanesville, Ohio, last Thursday morning where she will make a protracted visit to friends.

Mr. C. J. Miller, from our neighbor county of Preston, in West Virginia, accompanied by his son, was here on Tuesday with a load of produce, etc.

Arnhalt & Baker, of Gormania, W. Va., have bought the L. L. McCrum property in Gormania, and will move their large store into that building.

The drummer with a swelled head who imagines that the world is infatuated with him is the most disgusting animal that travels without a brass collar and chain.

A good road is the main artery of traffic. A village whose approaches are accessible and well kept is bound to thrive. A poor road at once brands the country wherein in it exists as retrogressive or bankrupt and not worth traversing.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Peddicord departed for Cincinnati, Ohio, and Covington, Kentucky, last Thursday morning where Mr. Peddicord went on professional business.

Messrs. B. P. Bittinger and A. L. Spiker will offer for sale at public auction at the farm of Joseph Spiker near Mellenry on Febuary the 20th a large lot of live stock, wagons, grain, etc.

Railroads will carry a man from New York to San Francisco for $80. They will carry a hog weighing the same as a man does, the same distance, for only $6. Advantage in favor of being a hog, $74.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office with Dr. M. C. Hinehaugh. 35-1y.

The attention of our readers is called to the card of Mr. McCulloh Brown, civil engineer and surveyor, which will be found in our advertising columns to-day. Mr. Brown is a practical surveyor and will give satisfaction.

If the bill now pending in the West Virginia legislature providing for a home for incurables becomes a law the probabilities are that the institution will be located at Elkins in compliment to the new United States Senator.

We acknowledge the receipt of a handsomely engraved invitation from Mr. J. Lee McComas to attend the commencement exercises of the North Western University School of Pharmacy, Chicago, of which institution Mr. McComas is a student.

Mr. George W. Engle, one of Garrett county's most promising young men, has purchased some ground at Bittinger and is having a store building erected on it. As soon as the building is finished Mr. Englo will lay in a stock of general merchandise.

WANTED — Quick, pupils for piano, organ, violin, vocal culture, elegant penmanship, elocution and dramatic reading. Private lessons or in class to suit the applicant. Can begin lessons any day at any hour. Pupils from a distance can secure boarding at an extremely reasonable figure. For terms and particulars, please address Mrs. H. A. Rasche, Oakland, Md. 48-13t.

The many friends of Mr. Patrick Grant, residing at Franklin Mines, Garrett county, whose hands were severely frozen in the blizzard of Jannary 12th, while on his way home from Westernport, will be pleased to learn that he is rapidly recovering from his injuries and that no serious results are anticipated.

A company has been organized at Keyser for the purpose of manufacturing mineral paint from a deposit of red clay, or ore, which exists in great quantities in that vicinity. The machinery has been ordered and the erection of the necessary buildings will be commenced at once.

The experince of Geo. A. Apgar, of German Valley, N. J., is well worth remembering. He was troubled with chronic diarrhœa and doctored for five months and was treated by four different doctors without benefit. He then began using Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarahoea Remedy, of which one small bottle effected a complete cure. It is for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

John E. Freeland, of Marion county, the alleged shover of queer money, confidence man, saw-dust artist, and dealer in green goods, who skipped his bonds at Mannington more than a year ago, after being indicted by the Federal Court for passing counterfeit silver, was very neatly captured on Monday evening, on the B. and O. accommodation enroute to this city, by Deputy Marshal McMahon, of this city, and is now in the Wheeling jail.—Wheeling Register.

Mrs. Emily Thorne, who resides in Toledo, Washington, says she has never been able to procure any medicine for rheumatism that relieved the pain so quickly and effectually as Chamberlain's Pain Balm and that she has also used it for lame back with great success. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

O. W. O. Hardman, Sheriff of Tyler Co., W. Va., appreciates a good thing and does not hesitate to say so. He was almost prostrated with a cold when he procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He says: "It gave me prompt relief. I find it to be an invaluable remedy for coughs and colds." For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

We have a communication from the prisoners confined in the Oakland jail expressing their thanks to the Christian people who visited and prayed with them on last Sabbath. They state in their letter that they only have themselves to censure for being in jail and extend an invitation to the ladies and gentlemen to visit them whenever they can.

The citizens of Oakland residing near THE REPUBLICAN building had a momentary fright last Friday morning by the cry of fire when Mr. Durst's shoe shop was discovered to be in a blaze. A bucket of water extinguished the fire before the arrival of the department which responded and was on the ground ready for work in less than three minutes from the time of the alarm.

A porter on one of the Pullman cars attached to train No. 8, last Friday morning had a narrow escape from death. He had alighted from his train and when it pulled out of the station he attempted to board it but was thrown to the track. The wheels and truck of the following cars struck him and knocked him to the opposite track thereby preventing the car from passing over him. He received several rather serious bruises.

Sherman A. Roys, of Mt. Lake Park, who was recently discharged from the insane asylum at Cumberland, was brought to Oakland on Tuesday night and lodged in jail on the charge of beating his wife. He was given a hearing before Justice Gonder yesterday morning and gave bond for his appearance at court. His sister, who resides in Pittsburg, was present at the hearing and took young Roys to her home in the above city.

A large retail store in Chicago has placed on the inside of all its doors, in such positions as to be seen only by persons going out, signs inscribed: "Have you Forgotten Anything?" Many a customer sees this, thinks a moment and goes back to make another purchase. A well-put advertisement asks the same question while answering others, thus rendering a double service which as often spares the purse as it helps the tired memory.

A Des Monies woman who has been troubled with frequent colds, concluded to try an old remedy in a new way, and accordingly took a tablespoonful (four times the usual dose) of Chamberlains' Cough Remedy just before going to bed. The next morning she found that her cold was almost entirely disappeared. During the day she took a few doses of the remedy (one teaspoonful at a time) and at night took a tablespoonful before going to bed, and on the following morning awoke free from all symptons of the cold. Since then she has, on several occasions, used this remedy in like manner, with the same good results, and is much elated over her discovery of so quick a way of curing a cold. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

An Iowa exchange tells of a man who mortgaged his farm to buy his wife a pair of diamond earrings. The wife took in washing to pay the interest on the mortgage, but on the first job lost one of the "sparks" in the suds, whereupon she tried to hang herself in the barn, but the rope broke and she fell on a Jersey cow worth $150 and broke its back. Her husband then undertook to shoot the cow to put it out of its misery, but the gun burst and destroyed both his eyes, and the wife ran away with a lightning-rod peddler. The mortgage is still on deck and bids fair to live to a ripe old age.

A Snap.

If you want your buggy, wagon or carriage painted this spring don't wait until the rush is on but see King the Painter. Special inducements for February and March. He will make the prices and terms to suit. 47—4

Valuable Advice.

Avoid lawsuits and loss by consulting H. P. Tasker and examining his abstracts of the "conflicting titles" before paying for Military Lots. Charges reasonable. Office in Colardeau Cottage, opposite the bank, Oakland, Md. 41-tf.

Marriage Licenses.

Clerk Tower has granted three marriage licenses since our last report, two of which were marked "don't publish." The third license was granted to Franklin Cumings and Bertha Wolfe, both of Bayard, W. Va.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following transfers of real estate have been made and recorded in the office of Clerk Tower since last Wednesday:

Hiram O. Broadwater to Sarah O. Broadwater, 218½ acres of land; $2,000.

Anna E. Neil to Joseph and Matilda Jefferys, two pieces of land in Garrett county; $900.

Lewis Neil and Elizabeth Neil to Joseph and Matilda Jefferys. ½ acre of a tract of land called "Ex-post Facto;" $150.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending Feb. 9th, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

George R. Root, J. K. Bradshaw,
Harry Nethkin, Geo. Nevil.
Miss Etta O'Donnell.

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

First Freight Train.

An extra turn was given to the wheels of commerce in Baltimore Friday, when a freight train passed through the Belt Line tunnel for the first time. It was the regular Philadelphia and New York fast freight. It consisted of 15 loaded cars, a caboose and a passenger coach. It was pulled by "Old 1399," one of the largest engines on the Baltimore and Ohio road, an 8-wheel connected. Conductor Ruppalt gave the signal that started the train and engineer Snyder presided at the throttle.

A large crowd gathered along the embankment of the tunnel approach at Camden Station to see the train start. The bridge toward the lower end of the approach was full of people. The railroad employes at Camden Station left their desks and went to the windows to catch a glimpse of the tunnel's first train.

The train was made up in the Mount Clare yards. It was 10.36 o'clock when it left Camden Station. A cheer went up from the crowd as it pulled out and the people realized that the Belt Line tunnel was at last doing something practical in the way of transportation.

The train, rushing along, filled the tunnel with a roar and the smoke poured down and back on each side of the cars. The occasional incandescent lights looked misty through the smoke. It took a good deal of puffing to get up to the north end of town. The grade is 42 feet to the mile, which is considered pretty steep.

The tunnel will cost $7,000,000. It is expected to have the electric apparatus in position in a couple of months and the electric motors at work pulling trains through. Work has been in progress on the tunnel for more than four years. The first dirt was thrown September 9, 1890. The main tunnel is 6366 feet, running north from Camden station under Howard street. There are several shorter tunnels at various places between the Bolton lot and York road.

Stone Roads Of Bygone Days.

Perhaps the earliest road on record is that mentioned Herodotus as having been constructed by Cheops the Egyptian King, in order that stones might be dragged along it for his pyramid. In the opinion of the Greek traveler, the work of making the road was as great as that of building the pyramid, for it took ten years to construct, and it was composed of polished stones, with figures carved on them. But this does not compare in magnitude with the highways constructed by the Peruvians while medieval Europe was still in the state of semibarbarous disorganization. The two principal roads in Peru ran from Quito, in the north to Cuzco, the capital the one along the sandy and level strip of coast, the other along the platan of the Andes, a region of unparalleled engineering difficulty. The length of the second has been estimated at from 1,500 to 2,000 miles. It crossed Sierras buried in snow, bridged ravines with walls of solid masonry, mounted and decended precipices by staircases hewn in the solid rock and ran in interminglleries along the sides of intractable mountains.

Where rivers had to be crossed bridges were made with ropes of stout, plaint osier twisted to the thickness of a man's body and stretched over the stream sometimes for a distance of 200 feet. These cables swung side by side, and fastened with planks so as to form a footway were drawn through holes in enormous buttresses of stone specially construced on each bank and were secured firmly at each end to heavy beams of timber. A railing of similar osier material gave the passenger confidence as he crossed the oscillating bridge that sank dangerously in the middle and mounted rapidly at the sides.

The great highway was 20 feet wide and was built with flags of freestone covered with bituminous cement. It was measured out by posts set up at every league. Caravanseries and magazines were stationed at convenient distances for the Peruvian soldiers on their military expeditions, and a regular postal service had been organized by by which highly trained runners, relieved every five miles, could convey messages a distance of 200 miles in 24 hours. The roads were kept in beautiful order, the inhabitants of a district being responsible for that portion of the highway which traversed their land. At the same time it should be remembered that there was no wheel traffic to cut up the level surface of the hard pavement. There is considerable irony in the fact that it was not till the Spaniards forcibly introduced their so called civilization into Peru that the famous roads began to fall into disrepair.—London Standard.

Oak Hill.

Sleighing good.

Hauling lime and coal is the order of the day. There have been seen as high as forty-five sleds at a time going for lime and coal.

No doubt there are a great many readers of your paper who are not acquainted with this part of Garrett county. It is situated on the road leading from Friendsville to Accident, on the summit of the hill. A few years ago this part of the county was a vast wilderness, but a few energetic farmers seeking farms of their own purchased this land and now as you pass along the road instead of seeing a wilderness you see grand farms lying on both sides of the road. The soil, when the land is first cleared, is not as good as in other parts of the county, but lime being handy and of the very best quality, and these farmers knowing the value of lime as a fertilizer, you will see as you pass along one or more large kilns on each farm. It is now one of the best grain producing sections in the county. It is also noted for its variety of fruits.

Mr. Salem Lee purchased a farm near Swanton, where he expects to move in the near future. He will be greatly missed in this community.

Mr. Josiah Smearman is moving to his father-in-law's farm.

Mr. James Lee is unfit for manual labor on account of a sore foot.

Mrs. Clark Rush has been on the sick list for a few days, but at this writing she is improving.

Mr. Silas Teats has his lime kiln smoking.

Mr. Clark Rush is building two large lime kilns.

Mr. David Evans is going to move his saw mill to the lands of Mr. S. K. Schlossnagle.

On last Friday night Mr. Joseph Groer made the boys happy by giving them a nice dance.

We are glad to state that a stranger came to the house of Mr. Adam Schlossnagle one day last week—it's a boy. I guess Adam will allow it to stay.

Mr. Silas Teats has been appointed our road supervisor again. Silas knows how to work the roads.

On last Thursday as Mr. Silas Teats was coming from Friendsville he was met on the lonely road up the mountain by three desperadoes (or he took them to be) with Winchesters. Mr. Teats was very badly frightened and begged piteously to be allowed to go on his way but they would not let him pass until he promised to take them home with him and give them a warm cup of coffee. Mr. Teats almost shouted for joy to get off so easily and at once set out for his home, where he ordered his wife to get dinner. It was only a few minutes until she announced that dinner was ready and invited their guests out to the table. By this time Mr. Teats' courage came back to him, and wishing to know their business through this part of the country, began asking questions, which he found them very willing to answer. After keeping the conversation up for some time he found that they were only fox hunters from Selbysport.

LADIES

Needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

It is pleasant; cures Malaria, Indigestion Biliousness, Liver Complaints and Neuralgi

LOOK AT THESE PRICES.

A Special Sale at cut prices—for the next ten days, beginning Friday, Feb. 8, 1895. Here are some of them:

3 cans Beans	25 cts.
2 cans Peaches	25 cts.
3 cans Corn	25 cts.
3 cans Pumpkins	25 cts.
7 pounds Navy Beans	25 cts.
6 " Lima Beans	25 cts.
7 " Dried Peas	25 cts.
3-pound can Cottolene	32 cts.
1- " " Baking Powder	09 cts.
3 boxes Essence Coffee	05 cts.
3 bars Laundry Soap	10 cts.
1 pound Evaporated Apples	11 cts.
1 " " Apricots	11 cts.
1 " " Peaches	11 cts.
5 pounds Seedless Raisins	25 cts.
3 " Muscatell Raisins	25 cts.
3 " Turkey Figs	25 cts.
1 pound Baker's Chocolate	29 cts.
1 " Electric Starch	09 cts.
5 pounds Candy	25 cts.
5 " Rice	25 cts.

Remember we are still giving away silverware. Call and get particulars. We are selling everything else at prices to suit the people and the hard times. Call and see us and get our prices, as we are selling everything else in proportion.

JEWELRY.

We still have a large line of jewelry and silver novelties that we will sell at a great reduction—all of the latest designs, such as Stick Pins, Belt Pins, Hair Pins, Shirt Studs, Ladies' and Gent's Gold Watches, Rings, Breastpins and a thousand other articles too numerous to mention. We also have quite a lot of Xmas goods, such as Photograph Albums, Toilet Cases, Portfolios, China Cups and Saucers and a lot of other small articles.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

We still have some musical instruments that we will sell at a great reduction.

SHOES.

We have one lot of shoes that we will sell regardless of cost.

Best Water White Oil 9 cts. per gal.

Respectfully yours,

W. H. MALETTE,

The Cheap Cash Grocer and Jeweler

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE ODD TRICK.

How Wilfred Endicott Got His Letters Back.

"Lucile!"

"Eh, I beg your pardon, Gilbert, did you speak to me?"

"Speak to you? I asked you three times to give me another cup of coffee."

"Did you, dear? I'm so sorry!" and Mrs. Corin extended a slim white hand for the coffee-pot.

"May I ask what so engrossed your thoughts?" inquired her husband, a little irritably.

Lucile smiled. "Oh, you'll only laugh at me if I tell you."

"Never mind; what was it?" reiterated her husband, a little mollified.

"I—I was thinking of some lovely Turkish embroidery they showed me at Liberty's yesterday, and—"

"My dear girl, what can you possibly do with Turkish embroidery?" interrupted Mr. Corin, impatiently.

"Well, do you know that's what I've been wondering ever since, and I've just discovered—"

"But—"

"Yes," continued Lucile, regardless of the impertinent monosyllable, "I think it would look perfectly lovely to trim a tea gown; it could outline a sort of crepe de Chine you know, and underneath—"

"Tut! tut! I don't want you decked out like a houri in a harem."

"Gilbert!"

"I don't like these new-fangled things women get up in to look like figures on a Japanese fan—"

"But, my dear husband, there's nothing Japanese about Turkish embroidery!" exclaimed Lucile, as she pushed back her chair from the breakfast table.

"Never mind, I don't like this; besides, you are really too extravagant, Lucille. I can't see the necessity for all these wonderful toilettes."

"My dear Gilbert, don't talk about things you don't understand."

And, gathering up the small pile of letters that were beside her plate, Mrs. Corin made her way to the door.

"Oh, by the way," said her husband, a little hesitatingly, "do you very much mind giving up the Claytons' ball to-night?"

"Giving up their ball! Why, in the name of all that's reasonable, should I do that?"

"Because I ask you."

Mrs. Corin shrugged her shoulders in silence.

"You will write to excuse yourself?"

"Certainly not. Why, I've got a perfect dream of a gown to wear, and I mean to thoroughly enjoy myself."

"That is to say, you intend to make yourself conspicuous by your flirtations, as usual."

Lucile laughed.

"I will not allow it. You shall not go on in this ridiculous fashion."

"My dear Gilbert, don't you think that it is you who are ridiculous just now? You silly fellow," she continued, drawing near him, "what does it matter to you if half the men in the room are in love with me, when you know that I'm not in love with them? There, don't talk nonsense, and be off to your ride."

"Why don't you come, too?" asked her husband, half mollified again.

"I—oh, no! I couldn't possibly spare the time, dear; heaps of things to do, and letters to write! Good-by for the present."

And with a laughing farewell she tripped out of the room.

The smiles, however, vanished as she sank into a low chair in her boudoir, and picked one note out of the heap that lay in her lap. Mrs. Corin's pretty dimples disappeared, and her brows contracted into a frown as she read:

"DEAR MRS. CORIN: You know, of course, that I am engaged to Miss Kathleen Mayse. Don't you think that, under the circumstances, it would be better for you to return me some very foolish effusions of mine which you still have? I am sure you will see the advisability of this, and will be good enough to give the packet to my friend Applegarth, who will call upon you at 12 this morning.

"Yours sincerely, W. E."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," exclaimed Lucile, when she had re-read the letter for the third time. "Engaged to Kathleen Mayse, indeed! Engaged to her thousands, he ought to have said—a horrid, plain little red-haired thing, without an idea in her head. It is perfectly disgusting, the things men will do for money; but I did think Wilfrid was different. I did believe in him at least." And she rose from her chair indignantly. "Why, not a year ago he was ready to blow his brains out because I would not marry him, and now—" She finished her sentence with a dramatic gesture worthy of Duse herself.

A dangerous little person she looked as she paced up and down the pretty boudoir. The fact was that Mrs. Corin was suffering acutely from the complaint which in our nursery days we called "dog-in-the-manger-ness."

Married before the close of her first season to one whose hold on life and fortune were alike more unstable than anyone had supposed, at twenty-one she was left a widow with an income which allowed small margin for opera boxes or Parisian toilettes, both of which, with *tout ce que s'en* suit, were exceedingly dear to the little woman's heart. Launched among a certain set, however, she was swimming with the stream to no very safe port when Gilbert Corin—an elderly banker—came, saw and was conquered.

Some one says somewhere that there are no wedding bells which do not ring the knell of somebody's happiness; and certainly on Lucile's second marriage morning Wilfrid Endicott might well have been dubbed the "Knight of the Rueful Countenance." He and the pretty little widow had, for some time before Corin's appearance upon the scene, been engaged in a very serious flirtation—so serious, indeed, that when her elderly suitor declared himself, and Lucile murmured the fateful "yes," she had a nearer approach to a qualm of conscience than she had ever experienced.

Without doubt had Wilfrid been suitably endowed with this world's goods there would have been small chance for Gilbert, but as things were, "marriage was a luxury they could not afford," as Lucile told the angry young man when he came to upbraid her for her faithlessness. The little woman was not without a taste for dramatic situations, and on the whole she rather enjoyed her farewell interview with Wilfrid; she wept a little in a becoming fashion, and gave utterance to a few sentiments of the "Blanche Amory" type, and ended by saying that she would like to keep his letters as a souvenir of their "dream."

Though she had laid express commands on Wilfrid as to their conduct to each other after her marriage, Lucile had no intention of their being obeyed; unfortunately, however, and as every silver lining has its dark cloud, Gilbert Corin was as jealous as a Moor, and some whispers concerning his wife and Endicott having reached his ears, it was speedily made clear to Wilfrid that Mr. Corin was by no means likely to find a place among the maris complaisants.

Acting on the principle that when a man's heart is broken he gathers up the pieces and melts them together again at the nearest candle, Wilfrid had gone to Kathleen Mayse for consolation, which consolation was possibly all the more effective that, as a set-off to her red hair and hazel eyes, the young lady was sole heiress to one of the richest iron founders in England.

The engagement had been formally announced a few days ago, and somehow Lucile's maid had not found that her lot lay among the lilies and roses of life ever since; and this letter capped everything—the calmly impersonal tone of it—it might have been from anyone to anyone—and her hands clenched as she thought of the contents of the packet that she was so summarily called on to deliver up to this Mr. Applegarth.

Mrs. Corin unlocked a drawer in her writing table and took out a small parcel neatly tied up and docketed:

"Letters from W., June—August, 1893."

She untied it and glanced over one or two of the most passionate.

"To think that he could write like that, and then be so utterly faithless," she exclaimed. "I've a good mind to send the whole lot to that Mayse girl!" She paused. It would be a delightfully dramatic thing to do; it savored of French novels and Dumas' plays. "No, no; it wouldn't be safe. There's no knowing, she might make a scandal, and if it got to Gilbert's ears it might be awkward. No, I suppose, there's nothing to do, after all, but meekly deliver them up. How wretchedly tame; what a stupid, commonplace ending! 'You've come for a parcel for Mr. Endicott? So sorry to have given so much trouble. Thank you. Good morning.' No, I won't! I can't let it end like that. Wilfrid shall come for them himself, of course. I'll tell this man so; he shall come to-morrow morning. I'll receive him here, and we will say our last good-by."

And Mrs. Corin's busy brain immediately went to work with the mise-en-scene—the gown she would wear, the attitude she would assume, the words she would use—ah, Wilfrid should remember that interview, she was telling herself, when the maid brought her a card.

"Show Mr. Applegarth in here."

He bowed a little stiffly as he advanced; and certainly, if he was not suffering from nervousness, Lucile's manner was not calculated to reassure him!

"Mr. Applegarth, will you be good enough to sit down?"

The young man took the seat she indicated, and began:

"Endicott told me you would be kind enough to receive me, and—"

"May I ask what else Mr. Endicott has thought fit to tell you?"

Applegarth looked up in surprise. It was rather the tone one might use to a presuming footman.

"No doubt you are acquainted with the whole story," she continued loftily.

"I am aware that there are certain letters of Endicott's in your possession, which he thinks you would be glad to get rid of; and as such things occasionally miscarry in the post, he fancied that the simplest way would be for you to give them into my charge; that is all I know of, or care for, in the matter."

"Why did not Mr. Endicott come for them himself?"

Applegarth suppressed a smile.

"It would not have been quite wise—would it? He is not, I believe, a regular visitor at your house."

"Neither are you."

"True; but I am also a total stranger, whereas he was—I mean that every one knows that you—that is," he concluded hurriedly, "as you were formerly acquaintances, comments might be made if he were seen doing so unusual a thing as calling upon you."

"Oh! is Miss Mayse so jealous, then?"

The ambassador became interested in a minute speck upon his coat sleeve, and made no reply.

"Here are the letters," continued Lucile, after a pause, holding up the little packet; "but you can tell Mr. Endicott from me that unless he comes for them himself they shall not leave my hands—"

"But, Mrs. Corin—"

"I am quite determined. Your friend can call upon me to-morrow morning at half-past eleven. I shall be quite free then, and—"

"He cannot possibly do that—"

"Why not?"

"He has to travel up to the north this evening, with Mr. Mayse on business, and he is particularly anxious that—"

"What can it possibly matter to him whether the letters remain with me a few days longer? Is he afraid that I may address them to Miss Mayse by mistake?"

"Let me entreat you, Mrs. Corin, to reconsider the matter. It would make things so much easier for everyone if you would trust me! Won't you seal up the letters and let me take them away?"

"I have already told you that I will give them to no one but Mr. Endicott—"

"But—"

"My mind is made up; thank you very much for the trouble you have taken, and excuse me, if I must wish you good morning. I have some shopping to do."

Applegarth rose.

"If you would—" he began, when suddenly a man's voice sounded without.

"Mrs. Corin is in the boudoir, you said?"

"My husband!" exclaimed Lucile in consternation; "what shall I do?"

Applegarth looked in surprise at her changed countenance. Was the worthy banker a veritable Othello, that she appeared so alarmed as she stood there, the letters still in her hand. As the handle of the door turned she looked round wildly for some hiding place for them, and then suddenly catching sight of a pale green card-box, with a big gold "Liberty" painted upon it, she flung them hastily into it, jammed down the lid, and sank into a chair, just as Mr. Corin appeared on the threshold.

"Lucile—oh! I beg pardon," he added, stopping as he noticed Applegarth, and glaring at him with an air of suspicion. "I did not know that you were engaged," he continued, addressing his wife, who was nervously fidgeting with her rings, in a way that was anything but reassuring. "Have I disturbed you?"

Applegarth stepped forward quickly: "I was endeavoring to persuade Mrs. Corin to purchase some of our newly imported goods."

"Then—"

"I am a traveler for Messrs. Liberty & Co.," he continued boldly, seizing the box, while Lucile gazed at him with wide-open eyes.

"I see," said Corin, without relaxing his frown; "you've come about the Turkish embroidery, I suppose?"

"Exactly," replied Applegarth, promptly.

"It seems to me that shopkeepers do quite enough in their showrooms to induce people to spend money useлessly without pestering them at home."

"We only venture to call on our old customers," explained the young man, apologetically, "and really this embroidery is so very beautiful."

"Yes, I dare say," interrupted the banker, "but I particularly dislike that sort of thing; so gaudy and—"

"Oh, excuse me!" exclaimed Mr. Corin, checking what looked like a tendency to display his wares, "it's quite useless. Mrs. Corin does not wish any of your embroidery."

"There is a lovely strip here for twenty pounds sterling," interposed Applegarth, at random.

"Twenty pounds sterling!" cried the banker; "twenty pounds sterling! Perfectly preposterous. Certainly not. We don't want your embroidery; we won't have it, do you understand? Good morning."

"Good morning," replied the other, quietly, taking up the box.

"Oh, but won't you leave the box?" cried Lucile, hurriedly, "perhaps—"

"No, no, take it away; I hate those sort of things lumbering up the place."

Applegarth bowed and the door closed on him—and the box. The next moment Lucile's sobs caused her husband to turn towards her with astonishment.

"What on earth is the matter?"

A fresh burst of weeping was his only answer.

"What's wrong, Lucile?"

"You—are—so—unkind—to—me," came brokenly from behind the flimsy bit of embroidered muslin that did duty for a handkerchief.

"Unkind? What nonsense!—because I won't let you throw away money by handfuls on mere nonsense?"

"It isn't nonsense! Besides, you always say that—you never do anything to please me now!"

"My dear child," he said, soothingly, as the little frame shook with hysterical emotion.

"Oh, I know, you don't care about me now; you think I'm silly and frivolous, and—"

"I think you are the sweetest little goose in the world," he ejaculated, as he drew her hands away from her face, and looked into a pair of blue eyes that possessed the rare and enviable quality of looking all the prettier through a few tears.

"No, you don't," and a big drop that had trembled on the eyelashes fell with a splash upon his hand, and Lucille knew by experience that the battle was won—"you never let me have my own way."

"Is it about the ball to-night?" he asked coaxingly. "I didn't mean it, of course."

"It isn't that," she said, with a shake of the head and only half yielding to his encircling arm.

"Surely you wouldn't cry about the embroidery, darling?"

"I did want it so much, and—"

"You silly child! Well, dry the tears, you shall have it; we'll send after the man at once; he can't have got very far; or I'll go round to Liberty's myself. Will that do?"

Before Lucile could answer, however, the maid appeared at the door, holding the fateful green box.

"Please, madam, the gentleman said that perhaps the box had better be left till the firm's cart called for it."

"There, isn't that lucky?" said Mr. Corin, as he smilingly placed the box on his wife's lap. "Now, you've got all you want."

But having taken out every separate piece of embroidery several times, Mrs. Corin did not think it so lucky. She found that she had by no means got all she wanted, and, while she cried with rage, Wilfrid Endicott and his friend shouted with laughter. Of such contrasts is our little life composed.—London Truth.

GOT HIS JUST DESERTS.

He Was Too Lazy to Live and Too Worthless to Kill.

Phil Blackthorn was one of those members of the social body whose place on earth could never be found, for the reason that there was not enough of him to fill anything. He was so utterly worthless that he was unable to get up a respectable drunk, for though he took a gallon of whisky he was never in fighting or boisterous mood, but merely sat still and cried softly.

Phil was one of those fellows who are too mean to be kicked; any decent fellow who performed this office for him always felt afterwards as if he had himself been kicked.

The man had no spirit whatsoever. His wife used to thrash him and the darkies, even, would wallop him on any sort of hatched up excuse. Small boys and dogs tired of teasing him because he would not resent any sort of affront.

Hunting had no attraction for him; he despised the sight of a fishing pole, while mention of any kind of work caused him to grow pale. Neighbors knew that he visited their henroosts and invaded their pigsties, but were unable to detect him in these transgressions. Once Deacon Halstead set a steel trap for him; the trap was found sprung the following morning, and Phil went around for a month afterward with his left hand bound in rags, but that might have been only a coincidence.

Phil's chest curved inward from lack of proper respiration, while his thin legs were bent outward. He could "chaw" an incredible amount of "backer" and "contuss," as he himself proudly boasted, "any other feller in Paspertank."

In short, Phil was one of the most worthless types of that worthless class known as "po' whites." Vagabondage was never punished in that portion of North Carolina in which he lived except by universal reprobation, and to this he was as indifferent as is a duck to a splash of water.

One day Deacon Halstead, who is a well-to-do farmer and a highly respected member of the middle class in the social scale, took his rifle and went out to look for a deer. He was somewhat neurslghted, but he declared he was positive that he heard a deer moving in a clump of alder bushes in a big pine grove over by Phil Blackthorn's. Then, as he alleged, he saw what he was morally certain was the head of a fine doe peer through the cluster of leaves, whereupon he fired.

Rushing forward he declared he was utterly dumbfounded at seeing Phil stretched upon the ground roaring and bellowing and not a sign of the deer anywhere.

The doctor, who was promptly sent for, soon dug the bullet out of Phil's calf, which speedily healed. Then Phil, to the surprise of everybody, had the good deacon arrested on a charge of malicious mischief, alleging the act was done with malice prepense and in discharge of an ancient grudge.

Trial of the case came off before old Squire Ben Twinkum, who had often lamented that he had Phil for a neighbor.

Phil swore that he was in full view of the deacon, who regarded him with baleful and diabolical eye from head to foot before shooting; that he piteously besought him not to fire, but that the old man declared he had long been waiting for such a desirable opportunity.

The good deacon admitted the shooting, but insisted, as already stated, that it was an accident pure and simple.

Then Phil introduced a couple of witnesses to prove that the deacon had once set a steel trap for him and expressed regret that the teeth had not caught him in the neck.

'Squire Twinkum deliberated for some moments after the evidence was all in before he rendered his decision, which was as follows:

"Ther' hain't one single laig fer the prosecution ter stand on, fer it tain't possible fer any malice ter be shewed twards sich a ornery cuss es Phil. Blackthorn. The deacon, howsomever, do merit the severest punishment the lor allows me ter administer fer havin' sich a good chance 'n' not tukin' it. I theyerfore fine Deacon Hulstead one hundred dollars for not killin' ol' Phil, 'n,' what's more, he mus' pay it afore he leaves this henh eoaht."

The deacon did pay, and the people immediately declared the sentence righteous.—Chicago Tribune.

Proper Food in Diabetes.

Ment dishes of all kinds can be used; green vegetables growing above the ground. You know the only thing to be avoided is sugar and starch. Milk, with the white of an egg mixed with it thoroughly, either shaken or beaten together, can be used as food; also gelatin sweetened with saccharin, flavored with acid phosphate or lemon. Baked apples, apple snow without sugar, are quite palatable dishes. Simply stew the apples, have them perfectly dry, press through a colander, add to them a sufficient amount of well-beaten white of an egg to make light, and float this on the top of cream. Turnips cut into blocks, thrown into boiling water, and allowed to stand where they cannot possibly boil until they are transparent and clear, are exceedingly pretty and palatable. After they are drained, cover over with a little thick cream; add seasoning of salt and pepper, and they are ready to serve.—Household News.

Chance for Inventors.

New Arrival—Me leg's most broke. I've heard th' Amerykins was a nation av inventors, but, bedad, it don't look loike it.

Friend—Phwy not?

New Arrival—Sure, phwy hov'n't they inventid a coal-hole thot will shtay shut phwin it's open?—N. Y. Weekly.

His Conclusion.

Brown—That cabman I had last night must have been drunk.

Jones—Didn't he get you home all right?

Brown—Yes; but I found, on examining my pocketbook this morning, that his charges must have been quite reasonable.—Puck.

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills, 25 cents.

MRS. MCBRIDE—"John, dear, why are some grocers called green grocers?" Mr. McBride—"To distinguish them from cash grocers, darling."—Vogue.

How the Wind Roars!

How the vessel tosses at sea! Reader, did you ever cross the "briny?" If so, we will bet a good cigar you were seu sick. Don't deny the soft impeachment. If you had Hostetter's Stomach Bitters with you, you were all right, otherwise not. This medicinal cordial relieves every disturbance of the stomach, liver and bowels, malaria, rheumatism and kidney trouble, and is highly recommended by tourists and commercial travelers.

"OH, I am awfully worried. I walk in my sleep." "I only wish I could do it. If I could I'd still have my job on the police force."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Cheap Trip South.

Tickets will be sold at one fare round trip to points in Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Florida, on the line of the Louisville & Nashville, and Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railroads, on January 8, February 5, March 5, April 2 and 30, 1895. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O., or Geo. L. Cross, N. W. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

MISS GOTHAM—"Have you any papa and mamma, little boy?" Newsboy—"No, mum; mo fam'ly's abroad."—Truth.

TAKE the Queen & Crescent Route to Knoxville and Asheville. Only through car line Cincinnati to Asheville.

"TO ME, her face lacks something." "Well, when I saw her last it had about all it could stand."—Brooklyn Life.

PLEASANT, Wholesome, Speedy, for coughs is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

MERCURIAL POISON

Is the result of the usual treatment of blood disorders. The system is filled with Mercury and Potash remedies—more to be dreaded than the disease—and in a short while is in a far worse condition than before. The common result is

RHEUMATISM

for which S.S.S. is the most reliable cure. A few bottles will afford relief where all else has failed.

I suffered from a severe attack of Mercurial Rheumatism, my arms and legs being swollen to twice their natural size, causing the most excruciating pains. I spent hundreds of dollars without relief, but after taking a few bottles of SSS I improved rapidly and am now a well man, completely cured. I can heartily recommend it to any one suffering from this painful disease. W. F. DALEY, Brooklyn Elevated R. R.

Our Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free to any address. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT

THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.

Biliousness

Headache, foul breath, sour stomach, heartburn, pain in chest, dyspepsia, constipation.

Poor Digestion

Distress after eating, pain and bloating in the stomach, shortness of breath, pain in the heart.

Loss of Appetite

A splendid feeling to-day and a depressed one to-morrow, nothing seems to taste good, tired, sleepless and all unstrung, weakness, debility. Swamp-Root builds up quickly a run down constitution and makes the weak strong.

At Druggists 50 cents and $1.00 size.
"Invalids' Guide to Health" free—Consultation free.
DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Marvelous Resurrection Plant.

The Greatest Curiosity. Though to all appearances dead and dry it will come to life and show a beautiful rosette of elegant fern-like foliage as often as it is put in water. Very beautiful and interesting. Price, by mail postpaid, only 10 cents each, 3 for 25 cents. With it we will send free our condensed Catalogue (32 pages) of Specialties and Novelties, and Special Offers in Seeds, Bulbs, Plants and New Fruits. Will also send by mail:

15 CHOICE MIXED GLADIOLUS, all colors, for.....10c.
5 CHOICE NAMED GLADIOLUS, extra Size, for.....10c.
10 OXALIS MIXED for 5c.—5 TUBEROSES for.....10c.
Or the whole 30 Bulbs and Resurrection Plant for 40c.
JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, FLORAL PARK, N. Y.

$3.40 WATCH CASE

FREE A Sun 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper.

Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant, richly jeweled, gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it equal in appearance to any $25.00 gold watch pay our sample price, $3.40, and it is yours. We send with the watch our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or cause the sale of six we will give you One FREE. Write at once as we shall send our samples for 60 days only. Address

THE NATIONAL M'F'G & IMPORTING CO., 324 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

POTATOES $2.50 a Bbl.

Largest growers of POTATOES for Seed in America. The "Rural New Yorker" gives one of our early sorts a yield of 742 bushels per acre. Prices dirt cheap. Our great Seed Book, 144 pages, and sample 14-day Radish for 6c postage. JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis.

A. N. K.—G 1587.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

Purify Your Blood

Strengthen and invigorate your nerves and muscles, tone your stomach and digestive organs, and build up your whole system by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla if you would avoid the grip, pneumonia, diphtheria and typhoid fever. These diseases seek for their most ready victims, persons who are weak, tired, debilitated and all run down, owing to impure and impoverished blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies and vitalizes the blood and thus wards off disease.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache.

I suffered from catarrh of the worst kind ever since a boy, and I never hoped for cure, but Ely's Cream Balm seems to do even that. Many acquaintances have used it with excellent results. —Oscar Ostrum, 45 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Pain and Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Protects the Membrane from colds. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

FLORIDA and the SUNNY SOUTH VIA BIG FOUR ROUTE.

BEST LINE FROM Chicago, St. Louis, Peoria, Indianapolis, Cleveland, Columbus, Sandusky, Benton Harbor,

AND INTERMEDIATE POINTS.

Solid Vestibuled Trains. Elegant Coaches, Buffet Parlor Cars, Wagner Sleeping Cars, Dining Cars

TO CINCINNATI,

Where DIRECT CONNECTIONS are made with Solid Trains with Through Sleeping Cars of the Chesapeake & Ohio Ry., Queen & Crescent Route, and Louisville & Nashville Ry.

TO RICHMOND, OLD POINT COMFORT, And all points in the Virginias and Carolinas.

Jacksonville, St. Augustine, and all points in Florida, NEW ORLEANS, and all principal Southern Cities.

Through Palace Sleeping Cars between ST. LOUIS and WASHINGTON, Via Big Four and C. & O. Routes.

TOURIST RATES IN EFFECT.

E. O. McCORMICK, Passenger Traffic Manager. O. B. MARTIN, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agt. CINCINNATI.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4.$3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMEN'S. EXTRA FINE.
$2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES.
$3. $2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the W. L. Douglas $3 & $4 Shoes

All our shoes are equally satisfactory

They give the best value for the money.
They equal custom shoes in style and fit.
Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed.
The prices are uniform,—stamped on sole.
From $1 to $3 saved over other makes.
If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the great Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS In Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

A TEMPERANCE PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY Father! Thou who sittest
Ruler supreme o'er land and sea,
And who the wide deep oceaa bolds
Within the hollow of Thy hand,
We dobeseech Thee, lend Thine ear
Unto the prayers Thy children raise
From hearts that beat with love sincere,
And to Thy namo be all the praise.

We pray for those whose burdened hearts
Ne'er know surcease from sore distress;
Oh, Futher, with sustaining grace
The parents of the drunkard bless.
The father who in anguish sees
The ruin of the child Thou gave;
The mother, whose gray head is brought
In sorrow down unto her grave.

We pray for those whose early love
Around the wretebed victim twine;
The drunkurd's brothers, sister pure,
Shield with Thy tendorness Divine.
Show them the awful deep abyss;
Be this their warning from its brink,
That this may be the fate of each
Who takes the first accursed drink.

We pray for her, the drunkard's wife;
Father, to Thee, and Thee alone,
Can all the anguish, all the sbame,
Of that poor, bleeding heart to be known.
Be Thou tbo staff on which she leans.
Thy strengtb tbe staff that will not bend;
Oh! may she find them all in Tbee.
Her father, husband, brother, friend.

We pray for those, the helpless ones,
Our eyes bedimmed by falling tears:
Oh! Heavenly Father, bless, we pray,
The little ones of tender years,
Who dwell within a drunkard's home
Of ebildhood's enreless hours bereft,
Unto a cold world's bitter scorn
By an unnatural parent left.

And now, oh Father, now we raise
Up to tbo throne an earnest cry;
Thou know'st how our bearts are torn
To see the bupless drunkard die;
The drunkard's self, oh Father, bless,
And give bim strength to break his chain;
To dash tbe poison cup aside,
And his lost manhood to regain.

Our brother's keeper, dare we stand
And see his struggles, all in vain;
Stand careless by and yet not feel
Upon our brow tbe murk of Cain;
Or do we dare a scornful glance
Upon the wretched victim cast,
Or judge how fierce temptutions are
The fetter soul and body fast?

Oh, teach us, Father, bow to raise,
To snatch our brothers from this fate;
Teach us to fight this monster down,
This merciless monster that we hate.
The curse of drink show us to meet
And drive 't from our Christian land;
Against this slayer of our land
Help us to make a fearless stand.

We pray for that glad hour's dawn
When drunkenness no more is known;
When joy shall be from shore to shore,
And crime be less in every zone;
And many a heart now bowed by grief
Retilled with joyful feelings then,
And to Thy name be all the praise,
Glory and honor all. Amen.

—Ida Shafer, in Banner of Gold.

WOMEN AND STIMULANTS.

An Awful Power Gained by Drugs Taken to Ease Pain.

A review of the statistics of a noted scientific medical cure for inebriety and the opium habit discloses the appalling fact that a large percentage of the patients applying for treatment are women. Further inquiry shows that housekeepers and those employed in various branches of labor constitute a large number of these unfortunate beings whose lives are wrecked by continuous indulgence in narcotics. Those who have spent years in studying the subject agree that the victims in nearly every case have begun with drugs merely to ease a temporary pain and have realized when it was too late that the habit had become established. A farmer's wife finds herself a sufferer from periodical sick headaches, a society woman on the verge of nervous collapse, a brain worker unequal to the task she has undertaken. A small dose of morphine, a third of a grain of quinine, a drink of alcohol in one of the many forms, even to Florida water and perfumery, is a quick but dangerous stimulant. The next day at the same hour the same remedy is at hand, and before many weeks the victim is chained to the habit. This is particularly true of the drugs, which have none of the social temptations of liquor drinking. There is no pleasure in taking drugs, and those who continue to do so confess, when cured, the horrible, indescribable agony, both mental and physical, of attempts to do without it. Three grains of morphine are generally considered a fatal dose, yet many women who apply for treatment are taking enough every day to kill fifty persons.

BROKEN GLASS AND POWDER.

One of the most distressing phases of the drug habit is its effect on the moral sense of its victim. Investigators are authority for the statement that women —and of course men as well—are absolutely untruthful, even regarding the most trivial affairs, when they have acquired the habit. In this particular opium is much more to be dreaded than liquor. The intensity of the craving is most horrible to witness, as was shown by a recent instance. A woman was arrested on some minor charge and locked up. She sent to a friend to bring her her accustomed dose of opium. Instead of removing the cork, which would have taken but an instant, she clutched the bottle tightly between her hands and tossed broken glass and powder into her mouth. Then her calmness returned. Those who know confirmed opium eaters believe they would walk barefooted over live coals or face any horror for the sake of appeasing their craving. So saturated does the body become after years of opium eating that its crystals exude through the skin and about the joints. Those who use the hypodermic needle are enabled to take much larger quantities than by swallowing the powder.—Boston Transcript.

A NOVEL WARFARE.

How the Grogshops of the North Sea Were Driven Out of Business.

Mr. F. M. Holmes contributes to the Gentleman's Magazine a picture sketch of what he saw among the deep sea fishermea. He tells of a victory gained by religious common sense, which is worth emphasizing: "Once upon a time floating grogshops, called copers, used to cruise among the fleets and cause incalculable mischief. They bailed from foreign ports—Dutch, German or Belgian—and sold an utterly vile and abominable liquor called aniseed brandy, which used to inflame even the strong North sea fishermen to madness.

"But in 1882, the practicnl mission to the deep sea fishermea was started, having as one of its chief objects opposition to the coper. It sold tobacco as the copers did, but much cheaper; it has supplied good and readable literature instead of the vile stuff offered by the floating grogshops; it has attended to the injuries and sores of the fishermea. The mission vessels, nearly a dozen in number, are floating churches, libraries and dispensaries, and three of them are well equipped hospitals for the treatment of serious injuries, such as the breakages of limbs. In a few years the copers were nearly all driven off the sea by the spirited opposition." Were the church ashore to fight the tavern on its own ground as resolutely as the church afloat has here done, there might be fewer grogshops ashore.—Review of Reviews.

SUGGESTIVE FIGURES.

Life Insurance Statistics Conclusively Prove the Longer Life of the Total Abstainer.

Hon. J. N. Skinner, of Englaad, in the Alliance News, after giving medical testimony against the use of alcohol, says:

The medical testimony is confirmed by the experience of life assurance societies. Only carefully-selected moderate drinkers and abstainers can assure their lives. Nearly a dozen offices now recognize the increased vitality of abstainers. One office (the Scottish Temperance) admits abstainers at ten per cent. lower premiums than non-abstainers. In the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident institution, where the two classes are kept separate, during the past twenty-eight years 8,440 non-abstainers were "expected" to die, and 8,266 actually died, being only 2 per cent. short of the "expected." In the abstainers' section during the same period 5,841 were "expected" to die, but only 4,131 of the stubborn teetotalers died, leaving 30 per cent. alive. At the last division of profits (covering five years) the non-abstainers received a bonus of £8 15s. per £100 assured, as against £11 10s. paid to the abstainers. Robert Burns tells us "Facts are stubborn chiels that winna ding," and I feel bound to place the inexorable logic of hard facts before mere theories about so-called "harmless drinking."

SEARCHING FOR EXCUSE.

Out of Bible Incidents Trying to Condone the Liquor Traffic.

No man ever started out to be a drunkard. They generally start out like gentlemen and end like hogs. God made enough four-legged hogs, and when men begin to manufacture an abundant supply of two-legged hogs He has a right to object. People said that because Christ made wine at a wedding it gave encouragement to the accursed business of liquor selling. Just as well say because Christ sent Peter to the seashore and caught a fish in order to find a coin with which to pay his tax, that we will establish a mud cat sub-treasury and go down to the river and catch fish and collect money out of their mouths. Again, it was argued that Paul advised Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake. But your name is not Timothy, and Paul did not advise you to have the stomach ache sixteen times a day. If one would watch a fellow who made such an argument he would come to the conclusion that the fellow was nothing but one big stomach ache.—Rev. Sam Small.

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

GEN. LEW WALLAE says while in Constantiaople he saw many drunken men, but none of them were natives. The patrol wagon there is patronized exclusively by aliens from more ealightened lands.

DR. ANDERSON BROWN, an English woman physician, has established an industrial farm for inebriate women, under the auspices of the Women's Tempernace association. One of its chief features will be outdoor occupations.

IT is true I can not prevent the introduction of the glowing poison. Gain-seeking and corrupt men will, for profit and sensuality, defeat my wishes, but nothing will induce me to derive a revenue from the vice and misery of my people.—Emperor of China.

A CENSUS recently taken in New York shows that in the district bounded by Fifth, Canal, Essex and Mercer streets having nearly ninety-five thousand residents, there are seven churches and five hundred and sixty-three saloons, or one church to eighty saloons.—National Temperance Advocate.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Apple Cream.—One cup of rich cream, one cup of white sugar, beat until smooth, then add the well-beaten whites of two eggs; peel and core some nice cooking apples, steam them until soft, and when cold pour the cream over them.—Housekeeper.

—Potato Salad.—Pare or boil six or eight potatoes the size of an egg; slice thin while hot, and mix with the slices a tablespoonful of chopped onion, and four tablespoonfuls of chopped boiled beets. Let stand two hours, then mix in lightly a French dressing. —Orange Judd Farmer.

—Mashed Carrots.—Wash and scrape twelve good-sized carrots; drop in salted boiling water; cook till tender, then mash fine and season with a good large lump of butter, and a dash of pepper. A tablespoonful of sweet cream may be added, if liked—very nice.—W. C.—American Gardening.

—Chickens a la Creole.—Take one can of tomatoes, strain, adding salt, pepper, small piece of butter, curry powder, and onion juice if desired. Put into the chafing dish and boil with one cupful of rice about five minutes. Add the contents of a can of chicken, or about a pint of cold chicken cut into square inch pieces. Heat thoroughly and serve at once.—Good Housekeeping.

—Old-Fashioned Loaf Cake.—One pound of butter, two and one-half pounds of flour, seven eggs, slightly beaten, half a pint of yeast, half a pint of wine. Beat these altogether and knead stiff like dough. Let it rise over night. In the morning add one and one-quarter pounds of raisins, which have been soaked in half a gill of brandy, half a gill of rose water and one and one-quarter pounds of sugar, one ounce of cinnamon; work well. Put into pans, let it rise and bake.—Boston Budget.

—Carrots and Beets.—Scrape carrots, wash and cut into dice together with an onion, put into a saucepan in boiling water and cook until tender; drain and set back. Have a pint of boiling milk in a small saucepan, season with salt and pepper; rub together one tablespoonful of flour and one of butter, and stir into the boiling milk. When it boils up, pour over the carrots. Wash beets carefully so as not to break the skin, cook till tender, pour and cut into dice. Season with salt and pepper and a generous bit of butter, stir together until very hot, then serve.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—Broiled Salt Cod.—Soak nice white strips of the fish for several hours in cold water; dry them with a cloth, and lay them over clear hot coals on a broiler that has been rubbed with suet. Brown the fish nicely on both sides, remove to a hot platter and lay upon each piece a little fresh butter. A fringe of fried potatoes is a good accompaniment. Codfish is good boiled, but it should be well soaked out and be allowed to simmer for two or three hours. It may be served with drawn butter; hard-boiled eggs sliced on it make a fine addition.—Farm and Home.

THE USE OF VEILS.

Dangers Incurred by Wearing Fanciful Designs.

Fashion is queen, but if her subjects could always remember to be sensible in their devotions the burdens imposed by her would often be much lighter, and yet the spirit of the law would be obeyed. This is especially true just now in the matter of veils.

It cannot be doubted that the necessity, if such it was, that invented veils brought forth what under some circumstances may be beneficial; but it is exceedingly doubtful if such praise can be bestowed upon the articles worn at the present time.

On a windy and dusty day veils of a proper sort may be worn with no little comfort. They not only serve to keep the wearer from an appearance of untidiness, but are of benefit in protecting the eyes from particles of dust.

On a blustering winter day, when one is riding, a heavy veil, in the form of a scarf, bound around the forehead and over the ears, with the ends well tied about the neck and chin, is nearly as useful, without being so cumbersome, as the old-fashioned muffler.

But all this does not excuse the risk of injury to the eyes incurred by the continual obscurity of the sight caused by wearing the fanciful fabrics now in vogue.

Of the different styles of such fabrics it is probable that the watered designs are the most harmful, though it is hard to conceive how they can be much worse than the heavily-figured designs.

We are all aware of the intimate relation between the general nervous system and special senses. Indeed, the relation of this most important sense of sight to certain organic changes in the body has been the subject of much recent investigation. It is probable that the feeling of being "sight tired," which we are all liable to experience, very nearly approaches at times to a special disease.

But whether we understand such matters or not, it behooves all of us to appreciate the gift of sight sufficiently not to abuse it by needlessly straining our eyes.

Let us be sensible first and fashionable afterward.—Boston Budget.

Declined With Thanks.

An applicant for life insurance appeared before the manager of the Detroit branch of a big eastern company.

"I want a policy for ten thousand dollars on my life," he said with confidence.

The manager smiled all over.

"Certainly, sir, certainly," he replied, bouncing around for the necessary blanks.

"Get it ready," said the applicant, starting out, "and I'll be back in a few minutes."

"What is the name, please?"

"John Smith."

"And, ah, Mr. Smith, before you go, what is your business?"

"I'm a solicitor for life insurance."

Over the face of the manager came a look of sadness, a gleam of chagrin. "I beg your pardon," he said crawfishing with promptness and dispatch, "but we cannot take any risk as great as that."—Detroit Free Press.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A new kind of thermometer is advocated by a Mr. Grosse, of Ilmenau, Germany, who has taken out a patent, or rather a trade mark, for the new instrument, in which toluol is to be employed, instead of mercury or alcohol, as at present.

—Columbus, O., is one of the best paved cities in the country. It has 100 miles of paved street, and no other city has so varied the paving material to suit the varying local conditions of different streets. The city has paved 87 1-5 miles of street with asphalt, stone blocks, paving brick and other materials at a cost of about $4,500,000.

—This country imports from Greece annually many thousand pounds of so-called dried currants which are really small raisins. The currant crop of Greece was so large in 1893 that the imported article competed here in price with the native California currant. The currant is used in Greece and here for the production of alcohol, and is the basis of certain cheap wines.

—Tricresol, or trikesol, is said by Dr. J. M. Charteris, of Glasgow, to be three times as strong as carbolic acid as a germicide and only a third as poisonous, and he thinks it is not only safer than carbolic acid used externally, but suggests the possibility of giving it internally combined with an alkaline base in specific infectious diseases.—Maryland Medical Journal.

—There is a call for American clocks at Singapore, and a business house in that far eastern city has offered to become the sole agent of an American clock factory, or to sell on commission by special arraagement. With the proposition came an order for clocks. This country began very early to be famous for good cheap clocks, and doubtless Sam Slick was welcome to the Blue Noses because he brought them what they really needed. There are no better clocks for the money than those produced now in this country by the hundred thousand.

—The Baluban tribe of Central Africa are famous for their skill in casting and forging iron. They construct tall cylindro-conical furnaces of clay with tuyeres of clay and an ingeniously devised woodea bellows. They make arms for hunting and for war, and collars and bracelets of iron. The neighboring natives resort to them in great numbers to exchange their own products for the manufactures of the Balubans.—Popular Science Monthly.

—It will hardly be supposed that such frail organisms as mosses and liverworts could be well preserved in a fossil condition, but these are occasionally found in a perfect state. One of the most interesting of recent discoveries in this line is the Marchantia polymorpha, so well known to even superficial observers as the green membrane-like plant that grows over flowerpots in damp greenhouses, or alongside of springs or damp, shady places in the open air. This one is not regarded as exactly the same as our common one and has, therefore, been described and beautifully figured under the name of Pressites Wardii, in a recent number of the Torrey Bulletin. Prof. Knowlton, who describes it, states that it was found by Prof. Lester F. Ward in the Lower Yellowstone.

IN MY LADY'S DESK.

Pen Trays and Paper Holders Come in Charming Combination.

The very latest addition to my lady's desk is a pen tray and wiper holder in one. The handsome specimens are of silver, embossed or plain, and are designed to accompany other paraphernalia of the same material. However, others are shown, and a generous variety in all the finer sorts of china can be found, so that every taste can be gratified.

In all the general characteristics are the same, and economy of space is considered as well as beauty. The tray proper is simple. At one end is a small candlestick which is supported on a graceful standard, and in the socket is a wax taper. The tray is quite big enough to hold the wax seal, as well as the pens, and the one object so keeps the entire equipment intact. The price is too varied to quote. Silver has always its own value, and Dresden china as well as Sevres has a recognized worth, but there are few to be seen in less expensive wares, and even in heavy plate. Silver has become so cheap a commodity that plate has taken a certain sort of disrepute, but nevertheless there are times and places when it is desired.

Such an object as a pen tray is better solid, to be sure, but as it gets very little usage good plate will last a life time. Fads and fancies are so completely the things of the hour, and fickle seekers after novelty are so perpetually making changes, that it seems hardly worth while to invest much money upon what is likely to be superseded in a few months at farthest.—N. Y. World.

AS CYCLISTS SEE IT.

Rules Recommended by Them in Furtherance of Public Comfort.

Every pedestrian is to be supplied with a bell and a signal horn, which he shall sound on crossing a street whenever he espies a cycle on the horizon.

At night the foot passenger shall carry on his breast a lantern containing a lighted taper.

Any foot passenger who, by his awkwardness and want of attention, shall occasion the fall of a cyclist by stupidly allowing himself to be run over, shall be liable to a fine of fifty francs to one hundred francs; after a repetition of the offense he shall be transported to a mountainous region.

France shall be entirely leveled, in order to save cyclists the annoyance of hill-climbing.

The horse races at Longchamps to be abolished, and the site transformed into a summer cycling course.

All carriage traffic to be prohibited in the Bois de Boulogne after 6 a. m. and up to 11 p. m.

The tax on cycles to be abolished and in its place a tax on pedestrians to be substituted.—Le Figaro.

EMERSON'S YOUTH.

He Served as a Waiter and a Tutor During His College Course.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was born May 25, 1803, in Boston, not far from the birth place of Franklin. His father was a clergyman, who had recently founded what is now the library of the Boston Athenæum. Looks rather than the ordinary boyish sports were the delight of the son. He rarely played, and never owned a sled. In the austere New England life of the time there was little leisure for mere amusement.

Emerson's father died before the boy was eight years old, and thereafter the child had to help his mother, who took boarders and tried hard to give her sons an education such as their father's. Emerson entered the Latin school in 1813, and one day the next year, when there was a rumor that the British were going to send a fleet to Boston harbor, he went with the rest of the boys to help build earthworks on one of the islands. About this time, also, he began to rhyme, celebrating in juvenile verse the victories of the young American navy.

In August, 1817, Emerson entered Harvard college, receiving help from the various funds intended to aid poor students, and obtaining the appointment of "President's Freshman," a student who received his lodgings free in return for carrying official messages. He served also as waiter at the college commons, and so saved three-fourths the cost of his board. Later in his college course, he acted as tutor to younger pupils. He seems to have impressed his instructors as a youth of remarkable ability; but he was not a diligent student. In those days Harvard was not a university; it was not even a college; it was little more than a high school where boys recited their lessons. Emerson was only eighteen when he was graduated, feeling that the regular course of studies had done little for him, and having therefore strayed out of the beaten path to browse for himself among the books in the library. He was popular with the best of his classmates, and at graduation he was class poet.

Whatever the value of a college education in those days, Emerson was the earliest of the little group of the founders of American literature to go through college. Franklin, having to work for his living from early boyhood, had no time; Irving, after preparing for Columbia, threw his chance away; while Cooper was expelled from Yale, and Bryant was so dissatisfied with Williams that he left it after a single year. But the authors who came after Emerson made sure of the best education that this country could afford them. Hawthorne and Longfellow were graduated from Bowdoin, while from Emerson's college, Harvard, were to come Holmes, Thoreau and Lowell.

When he graduated, Emerson's ambition was to be a professor of rhetoric; but such a position was never offered to him. He taught school for a while in Boston, earning money to pay his debts and to help his mother. Then he entered the Divinity school at Harvard, and, in October, 1826, he was "approbated to preach," delivering his first sermon a few days later. For the sake of his health he spent that winter in Florida, at St. Augustine. On his return he lived in Cambridge chiefly, preaching here and there, and in the spring of 1829 he became the minister of the old North church in Boston. Being thus established, in September he married Miss Ellen Tucker, but he lost his wife soon after the marriage. Moreover, Emerson was not satisfied to remain in the ministry, and in 1832 he resigned his charge.—Prof. Brander Matthews, in St. Nicholas.

VIGOROUS WHISKERS.

They Were Green, But the Cattle Wouldn't Browse on Them.

"Heard a little joke the other night," said the tavern keeper. "One nigger minstrel asked the other minstrel if hair growed after death, and the other said he didn't know, but he saw a bald-headed man in a barber shop."

"That is purty good," said the man from the prairies, "but I've heard it before. Howsomever, to come down to facts, hair do grow that way sometimes—leastways in Kansas. While I was livin' out there there was a little Irishman died and they buried him. Of course, they wasn't nothing strange in that, 'cause they observe the Christian ceremonies even out in Kansas. Well, as I says, they buried him, an' as he didn't have no kin in that part of the country, I'pose he would of been forgotten by this time if it hadn't of been for them whiskers.

"You see, the parson of the church has the privilege of pasturin' his horse in the graveyard as part of his pay. Also, he kep' a cow. Between the two of 'em the beasts kep' everything purty well cropped, but bimeby it was noticed that they didn't eat none of the grass that growed on the grave of the little Irishman. It was sich funny lookin' grass, too, that some of the fellers sent a specimen of it to the state secretary of agriculture to tell what it was. After a while here come back a note sayin' that no doubt they thought it funny to send a bunch of hair dyed green for analysis, but that wasn't what the great state of Kansas wuz bein' run for.

"Well, that letter created sich an excitement of the county that the coroner he went and dug down till he got to the bottom, an' what should this here queer grass be but the whiskers of the Irishman that had growed clean up through the sod. But why they should turn green in the air—you see, they was still red down in the ground—was a good deal of a puzzle some time, till finally some feller remembered that Danny—that was his name—wuz always singin', 'The Green Above the Red', an' they figgered out that he'd been true to his principles even in the cold, cold grave."—Cincinnati Tribune.

In Doubt.

Lady—O, Mr. Riter, your book is the talk of the town. Indeed, it is in everybody's mouth.

Mr. Riter—Ah, getting chewed up, is it?—Detroit Free Press.

BEARS AT CLOSE QUARTERS.

The Only Grizzly Known to Have Been Killed by a Single Shot.

Of the numberless grizzly bears that have been killed in California, there is but a single case on record of one of them being killed instantly—by a single shot. It was the common belief among the old hunters in that section that, even if shot through the heart, a grizzly would live long enough to kill half a dozen men, and it has never been disproved. That a wounded grizzly has rarely killed more than one man is due to the propensity of the beast, when wounded, to hold on to the first living object he can seize. In this respect he is most foolish of all wild animals. When struck by a bullet, if another bear is close by, he will attack the bear sooner than go after a man who is further away.

When a grizzly's nose is pointed toward a rifle, the bullet will glance from his forehead as from a plow with two mold boards; and if shot fairly in one eye the bullet will pass out of the back of his head without touching the brain. This may be verified by any one who will examine a grizzly's skull. A bullet sent fairly into a grizzly's nostril would penetrate the brain, but no hunter would attempt such a shot.

In 1850 James M. Hudspeth (the pioneer who saved the Bryant party from perishing in the Great Desert) and Lancaster Clyman were hunting together in the Sonoma mountains, California. In ascending a deep canyon Hudspeth, who was in advance, clambered up a steep place that opened upon a little plateau which was free from brush. As he rose to his feet, rifle in hand, a twelve hundred-pound grizzly rose upon her haunches directly facing him and less than ten yards off. It is the nature of the animal, when thus surprised, to spring upon the intruder, as Hudspeth well knew. Referring to the incident, some months afterward, the writer asked Hudspeth: "Uncle Jim, how did you feel and what did you think when you and the bear stood up face to face?"

"Well," he replied, "considering it was all over in three seconds, most of the thinking and feeling were done afterwards; but I felt I would be a dead man unless I killed the bear instantly, and I knew the only chance of doing it was to break her spinal cord by a shot in the neck. So I aimed directly under her chin, a little low, made a line shot, and the bear was dead before she recovered from her surprise sufficiently to spring for me. Then I felt thankful."

In contrast with this remarkable case of self-possession and nerve, I will relate an incident of a man who missed a grizzly at three feet range. The hero of this incident was Dr. Elisha Ely, who had a truck ranch near the town of Sonoma, in the fall of 1850, when he sent onions worth seventy-five cents a pound to the San Francisco market, with other root vegetables which brought fabulous prices. The doctor was a good rifle shot, deer were plentiful, and he frequently went out into the neighboring mountains to bring in "meat" for his workmen.

On the occasion in view he was hunting with a neighbor named Savage. Neither of them had ever encountered a grizzly. As they were riding along opposite sides of a broad wooded gulch a good-sized grizzly appeared on the margin in front of the doctor, about sixty yards distant. The doctor lost no time in securing his horse and giving the bear a shot in the loin. Before he could shoot, however, the bear had turned back into the gulch and was loping across the open space, making for cover. Just as he fired another bear ran out of the bushes towards bear No. 1. The wounded bear, with a tumble and a bound, was upon the other in an instant, and, as the doctor described it, a roaring, terrific battle ensued which excited the doctor so that he could hardly reload his rifle. Savage left his horse and climbed into a tree. "The battle lasted," said the doctor, "for several minutes, as it seemed to me. Finally the second bear broke way from the other, bounded out of the gulch, and was running along its margin before I got the rammer from my rifle. I confess I was a long time reloading, and that my shot at the second bear was a wild one.

"After again reloading I examined the trail of the first bear (which meantime disappeared in the brush), and found blood enough to indicate that the animal was badly wounded. It was late in the day; we were out of meat, and I resolved to get that bear if possible. By threatening to shoot Savage I induced him to come out of the tree and station himself on the bank behind me while I cautiously followed the bloody trail into the brush. About twenty-six yards from the opening I had to pass under a limb, and I found myself almost on top of the bear, crouching face toward me close to the ground, his eyes hidden from me by a small branch. There never was a worse scared man. Nevertheless, I said to myself: 'Confound you, I can blow your brains out at this distance,' and, raising my rifle, with the muzzle hardly three feet from the bear's head, I fired—missed him. But, thank God, the bear was dead. My first bullet had ruptured the femoral artery, and, as he was bleeding to death, he had turned face to the enemy."

The writer, with a fourth man, started out with the doctor and Savage on this same hunt. Although we became separated and did not witness the sport, I dissected the bear's head the next morning and can bear witness that it bore not the slightest mark of a bullet. But it is due to the memory of the doctor to say that he afterwards killed several grizzly bears without a recurrence of the "bear fever."—N. Y. Post.

A Real Saving.

The Lady Shopper—What? Pay five dollars for a lamp like that? It's outrageous and I won't pay it!

The Astute Salesman—You forget, madam, that the price has been reduced to four dollars and ninety-nine cents.

The Lady Shopper (reaching for her purse)—O, very well, then; I'll take it.—Chicago Record.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, FEB. 7, 1895.

MONEY talks in the House of Representatives.

IT IS gratifying to know that our suggestion of the Hon. Lloyd Lowndes as a candidate for Governor next fall has met with such hearty approval by the Republican party and press throughout the State.

Mr. Lowndes is too well known to our own people to need any introduction at our hands. His personal qualifications for the office of Governor are excellent, while his Republicanism is of that true conservative type which commend him to all of his own political faith and at the same time does not arouse the bitter antagonism of the opposition.

Mr. Lowndes, if elected, will bring to the discharge of the duties of the Governorship ripe experience, sound judgment and a proper regard for the rights of all the people of this great commonwealth.

No other candidate can poll the vote in Western Maryland which would be given to Mr. Lowndes, and we feel justified in saying that he is as strong in other parts of the State including Baltimore City, as any one else who could be named for the office.

The nomination of Mr. Lowndes means victory for the Republican party in Maryland this year, and it is the duty of all party men to impress this upon their fellows.

Get to work—earnest work, persistent work and the battle will be won. Talk for Lowndes now—and vote for him in November.

An Epoch-Making Test.

The Baltimore and Ohio railroad is completing a work at Baltimore which will exert a far reaching influence if the plans shall be altogether successful. In order to avoid ferriage across Baltimore harbor the company has had constructed a tunnel a mile and half long under the city. The Pennsylvania railroad gets through the city the same way by means of a still more elaborate system of tunnels. The novel feature of the Baltimore and Ohio project is an attempt obviate the smoke gas fumes and gloom which makes tunnels so nauseous, by using electrical locomotives. The Thompson-Houston Company is making the test at its own expense.

If the experiment is successful, instead of a dark, nasty plunge into the infernal regions, the trip through the tunnel will be a ride through a brilliantly lighted corridor with nothing to interfere with the comfort of the passengers. So great an improvement will have to be adopted promptly by the Pennsylvania road which could not afford to allow a competitor to possess so great an advantage exclusively. Like considerations would cause the rapid extension of the system to all underground roads. It would most assurdely be adopted in the operation of the great underground railroad which is to be built in New York City, and by thus removing would set their other advantages in such relief that the day of elevated roads will probably have ended. However great the utilitarian worth of the elevated railroad system of New York City it is unquestionably an eyesore and a nuisance in many ways. Telegraph poles and their festoons of wires are ugly and dangerous, but are not near so much a blemish on the face of a great city as the elevated roads. The experiment in the Baltimore and Ohio tunnel will settle the question whether municipal growth can be provided for without such defacement of great cities.

The Debt Maker.

Under the pretence of "maintaining the gold reserve" Mr. Cleveland's administration has illegally borrowed about $116,000,000 up to the present time. A large part of it has gone, or is going, to pay the current expenses of the government.

Another illegal issue of bonds is imminent, the pretext being that the gold reserve has gone down again about to the point to which it had sunk just before the first illegal loan in February, 1894, and likewise just before the second illegal loan in November last. The practice of the administration has been to issue bonds for $50,000,000 at a time; and according to the yield of the previous bond sales, the third illegal issue of $50,000,000 would bring the total up to about $174,000,000, borrowed mainly to pay the current expenses of the government of the United States.

Bills are pending in Congress to enable the Secretary of the Treasury legally to borrow more money with which to pay the current expenses, up to $500,000,000, at the discretion of Mr. Cleveland and his financial advisers.

The entire interest-bearing debt of the United States in 1892, when Mr. Cleveland's administration came in, was $585,000,000. Since 1879, when the total debt amounted to $1,797,000,000, it had been steadily decreased year after year, without a single break in the way of temporary increase. Between 1879 and 1892 two-thirds of the interest-bearing obligations of the United States had been redeemed and cancelled.

In one year Mr. Cleveland's administration has already increased the interest-bearing public debt by $100,000,000, or more than 17 per cent., and it wants authority from Congress to increase the debt by $500,000,000 more, which would more than double the public debt as the Cleveland administration found it.

In time of peace with no extraordinary demands pressing upon the treasury, this self-proclaimed reformer of the national finances, elected to office to give the country a tariff for revenue, a revenue from a tariff, has given to the country instead of that an additional burden of debt and promise of debt amounting in the aggregate to the figures of a great war's cost.

Bond sales for revenue! that is the policy of Grover Cleveland and his sole achievement.

Such is the record of the monther of promises and the shifty borrower of cash wherewith to cover the failure of performance; the shameless breaker of pledges and the audacious maker of debt.—New Yord Sun.

Cotton and Sugar Men Complain.

Eli Perkins, writing from St. Augustine, Florida, under date of January 17, 1895, to the *American Economist*, says:

I have visited several old sugar plantations in Florida during the last week. The great freeze which dropped the mercury 20° below freezing point from Palatka to St. Augustine has frozen a third of the orange crop and killed all the old trees. The calamity brings sadness to all Florida. When I asked Judge Hunt of Palatka how he felt about it he said:

"This frost has been a calamity to our State, but it stops with the orange groves. Overproduction was killing the orange industry and Providence has come to our rescue. But there is another overproduction in the South in a worse condition than the orange crop."

"What is that?" I asked.

"It is cotton, sir. Our farmers are now getting 3½ and 4 cents a pound for what they used to get 10 cents for, and it is getting lower every day. When I think how foolish we Southerners have acted it make me sick. We had the chance to save ourselves offered us and we threw it away. We are now convinced of our own foolishness."

"Well, what have you done?" I asked.

"We could not have done worse," said the judge. "We know now that cheap wool is a substitute for cotton. That is, cheap cotton was substituted for wool, but now cheap wool is a substitute all over the North for cotton. Cheap Thibet, Asiatic and Australian wool used to cost from 16 to 25 cents. We Southerners thought it was smart to stab the wool farmers and take the 10 cent tariff off of wool. We did it and now that same wool is being sold to Northern knit shirt and cloth factories for from 6 to 15 cents. With 6-cent wool the mills are throwing back our cotton. Who would not give two cents a pound more for woolen shirts or cloth than for the same things made of cotton?"

"How much cotton will this throw out of the market?" I asked.

"A million bales, sir. A friend of mine who has been in the New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts mills writes me that 'cheap foreign wool is hurting the South more than the North. It will reduce the demand for cotton a million bales,' he says, 'and send the price of cotton down to 3½ cents to our cotton farmers.' Then see what idiots we have been on the sugar question!"

"What have you done?" I asked.

"Why, we Southern men voted solidly against the bounty on sugar. Sugar was growing prodigiously in Florida, Southern Alabama, Louisiana and Texas. It was spreading all along the Gulf of Mexico from Lake Charles to Corpus Christi. It was going up the Brazos. In five years, with the bounty which Germany kept on till she now makes sixty million dollars' worth of sugar annually—I say in five years this sugar would have taken 2,000,000 bales of cotton out of our way and put $50,000,000 worth of sugar in its place. Think of it, we Southerners have cut off the demand for cotton a million bales in the North and increased our product 2,000,000 bales in the South."

"What made you do it?" I asked.

"Oh, politics. Dog-on silly, idiotic politics. We thought we must back the Democratic party, and now they've swamped themselves in the North and made paupers of us in the South."

"And what do you propose to do?"

"Why, let us put that wool tariff back and let our cheap cotton take the place of Asiatic wool, and then put that sugar bounty on again and send sugar into the cotton fields. Editorials in the papers and prayers in the churches won't save us now. We must quit politics and use our brains!"

Collecting The Income Tax.

Collector Vandiver commenced Feb. 1st, to distribute forms for making returns of the gains, profits and incomes, to all persons in his internal revenue district, composed of Maryland, Delaware, District of Columbia, Accomac and Northampton counties of Virginia, who have annual incomes of $3,500 or more.

Whilst the law only imposes a tax of 2 per cent on the gains, profits and incomes on the excess derived over and above $4,000, yet it requires all persons of lawful age, having an annual income of $3,500 or more in this collection district to make a return to collector of internal revenue.

These returns must also be made by all guardians, trustees, executors, administrators, agents, receivers and all persons or corporations acting in any fiduciary capacity, who reside or do business in this collection district, of the amount of the income of any minor or person for whom they act.

Corporations are required to pay two per cent. on all their net profits and special forms will be furnished them on application. They have not the $4,000 exemption.

All the forms must be correctly filled up and returned to Collector Vandiver on or before the first Monday in March next.

The first taxable year, is the year 1894, and the taxes are computed on the taxable income received last year from the 1st day of January to the 31st day of December, both days included.

The taxes are due and payable on or before the first day of July, 1896.

Failure of persons or corporations to receive the proper forms or the failure to receive any notice that the proper forms should be filled up and returned to the collector's office, or that any act enjoined by law should be complied with, is not deemed a valid excuse for not making such return, or not complying with the provisions of law in the time and manner prescribed, and will not prevent or reduce the penalties imposed by law for such failure or neglect.

Your Home Paper.

Your home paper is your friend; always ready to do a favor for you; rejoicing with you when you rejoice and sympathizing with you when trouble comes to you or adversity o'er takes you; noting everything that will be of interest to you in your neighborhood and county, and the country at large. Truthfully mentioning the fact, when some admiring subscriber, where subscription is fully paid, presents it with a prize pumpkin, or a litter of kittens, or a cord of wood, or a yellow dog as a token of appreciation. Your home paper helps to build up your town; it is an evidence of prosperity; of education, of refinement and of culture. Among the first questions asked by the home seeker is: "Do you support a paper?" The prosperity of your paper is the prosperity of your town, mirrored on its columns. You cannot afford to do without your paper any better than the paper can do without your countenance and support; not a spasmodic support, but long-abiding and continuous.

The Groundhog Prediction Being Verified

The groundhog is now nestled in his hole, dreaming with the greatest content. The old adage that if the groundhog sees his shadow on the 2nd of Febuary there will be six weeks more of colder weather is being vertified with a vengeance, and people are saying nasty things about the groundhog. It appears to be the general opinion among the employs of the weather bureau that inasmuch as the people of "ye olden times" were longing for an old-fashioned winter, they are being given it with all the force possible.

Rogers' Sarsaparilla.

A specific for all. 100 doses for 75 cents. Rogers' Little Liver Pills, best on the market; Cough Cure, Liniment, Appetine and Worm Syrup, sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland; Cuppett Bros., McHenry; J. A. DeBerry, Corinth; C. F. White, Hutton; P. T. Garthright, Hayden & Eckles, Mt. Lake Park; Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park; Wm. Frederick, Friendsville; Yough Store Co., Jonas Frazee, Robert Liston, Selbysport; W. Wass, Mineral Springs; J. E. Gnagey, Accident; Smith & Callis, Hoyes, and by all general dealers.

Low Rates to Washington. Tickets Good Ten Days.

Washington is at all times a place of interest, but it is particularly so and is seen at its best during the winter months when Congress is in session. What Rome was to every soldier of the empire, what Athens was to the Greek, Washington is and should be to every citizen of the United States—his glory, his pride, his inheritance, his estate—it belongs to him. All its magnificence, all its glory, all its fame, its public buildings, its paintings, its statuary, its monuments, its gardens, its libraries, its museums, its streets and its parks. You have no doubt often promised yourself a trip to the National Capital. Why not avail yourself of the opportunity to do so, now; the next excursion is announced via the B. & O., for Thursday, February 14th, the rates are remarkably low and train service the best the B. & O. has to offer. Its vestibuled and limited express trains can be used on either on the going or returning journey as best suits your convenience.

We give below a list of stations showing the time of trains and rates of fare:

	TIME. P. m.	TIME. a. m.	TIME. a. m.	RATE.
Terra Alta	9 01	.....	7 15	$ 6 45
Oakland	9 25	5 51	7 31	6 25
Piedmont	10 25	6 45	8 29	5 40

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

Tickets will be good ten days, and will be valid for passage from Washington to Baltimore at any time within the life of the ticket.

For Pullman car accommodations and guide to points of interest in Washington, address nearest B. & O. agent.

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

"A POUND OF BERRIES."

But Tons of Them to the Acre. Mountain Streams and Showers Monetized.

PART III.

Probably no crop is more exacting in its demands throughout the entire year than the strawberry; but when the harvest comes it is wellnigh tyrannical. It behooves one to have everything in readiness, for it is a poor time to complete preparations after the crop has actually commenced, and there are plenty of unavoidable worries without fostering those which by forethought and timely action may be avoided.

Shipments usually commence here about June 10th, and as a gift crate is used, long before that time a stack of flats as large as a small house, has accumulated by additions made each rainy day. These flats are the heighth of a heaping box of berries, and of the proper length and breadth to just hold eight. Three to six are usually crated together by simply covering the top one, and fastening all together by tacking a cleat on their ends; but as may be seen any sized order may be closely filled, and no train or shipment need be missed because a big crate is not quite full. Made of one-fourth inch undressed lumber (ends one-half inch hard wood) they cost about 15 cents for a 32-pound crate. The basket used is made especially for us and has a neat trimmed edge after the style of the California apricot basket; well rounded, it holds a pound net.

The berries are picked in stands holding about eight pounds, each picker's being marked with a label, the latter is some trouble, but it insures nice picking. Pickers are paid twice a week in tickets, which pass current at the stores and are redeemable at the end of the season. The price varies, being greater for those picked before 9 a. m., and considerably more during the latter part of the season when the pickers get tired. It amounts to an average of about 1¼ cents per quart. It has been found that coming early in the morning, staying to the end of the season, and all such matters can be controlled best by varying the prices; but each year more pickers are hired by the day. As to help in general, men are little needed on a berry farm where intelligent and industrious women, who are in the habit of making and tending their own gardens, can be had.

One of the greatest helps yet found was introduced this season, consisting of a sorter. It is simply a table about ten inches wide and ten feet long, with sides an inch high and a roller at each end. Over these rollers a canvas belt carries the berries under the eyes of the assistants, who remove the small ones to baskets on a shelf at one side. A crank supplies means for motion, and a short chute of netting removes an astonishing amount of foreign matter. A revolving stand with guides so that a flat filled with baskets may be turned and slid lengthwise at pleasure close under the chute, completes the outfit. Formerly the sorters often worked till after dark and still many crates would sometimes stand unsorted over night. With the help of the above device the sorting has been finished nearly as soon as the picking this season, and the berries all shipped on the evening trains. Each flat of berries is weighed and then crated with as many others as required to fill each order.

Regarding the yield of plot No. 2, trial pickings showed that where nothing was applied, it was precisely the same as where 3,000 pounds of special strawberry fertilizer had been used. Where to 1,000 pounds of fertilizer had been added in midwinter 50 loads of old horse manure, there was a gain of 2,268 pounds of berries, worth in the field about $90. Their increased size should probably be valued at $25 more, thus making something of a gain over the cost and application of the manure. One-half the fertilizer was applied in April when the plants were set, the other half in July. No account has been taken of the fact that while in bloom, both the rows having nothing and those with the 3,000 pounds of fertilizer had a mulching of the manure also, as being applied so late it was not supposed to have any plant food value. Both from our own observations and those of the Maryland Experiment Station, where with something like 80 varieties tested, all except three bore larger berries in matted rows than in hills, it seems conclusive that with firm varieties, one of the best ways to mulch is to shade the ground with the vines themselves by forcing a good top growth wherever lateness is not a consideration and the soil is not inclined to heave.

SWEET & SHACKLEFORD.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26*

Gilmor S. Hamill, Attorney.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

Demetrius A. G. Edwards, William H. Edwards and Thomas Hayden Edwards, plaintiffs,

vs.

Mary Edwards, Lawrence J. Edwards, Francis F. Smith, Mary E. Smith, Catharine F. Smith, Mary E. Jones and George A. Jones, her husband, and C. Joseph Smith, defendants.

No. 685 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

The object of this suit is to procure a decree for the sale of certain real estate in Garrett county, Maryland, which is described in a deed from Anne P. Edwards to Julia A. Edwards dated the 29th day of November in the year 1881, which deed is duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 7, folio 605, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

The Bill states:—

1. That on or about the 29th day of November in the year 1881, a certain Anne P. Edwards, of Garrett county, Maryland, conveyed to her daughter, Julia A. Edwards, amongst others, all that tract or part of a tract of land lying in Garrett county known by the name as parts of lots numbers Three and Four of the Resurvey of the "Blooming Rose," containing one hundred and two and five-eighths acres of land; also Military Lots numbers Thirty-one Hundred and Forty-two (3142) and Thirty-one Hundred and Forty-three (3143); also all of the undivided half-interest of the said Anne P. Edwards in a tract of land situated in the same county called "Western Route" or sometimes called by the name of "Rich Hill", and said to contain two hundred and eleven and seven eighths acres; it being the same land which was conveyed to James Edwards and Leonard Smith by deed from James Reynolds dated the 4th day of October, 1845, and recorded in Liber H. H. No. 12, folio 649, etc., one of the Land Records of Allegany county, all of which will more fully appear by reference to a copy of the deed from the said Anne P. Edwards to the said Julia A. Edwards herein filed and marked Plaintiffs' Exhibit No. 1, and prayed to be taken and considered as a part of this bill, together with all other exhibits which may hereafter be filed with the same.

2. That on the 1st day of June, 1895, the said Julia A. Edwards sold and conveyed to a certain William H. Riley, of the same county, ten acres and forty perches of the aforesaid tract called "Blooming Rose," which will more fully appear by a certified copy of said conveyance herewith filed and marked Plaintiffs' Exhibit Number 2.

3. That on the 11th day of October in the year 1894, the said Julia A. Edwards made and executed her last will and testament, and on or about the 12th day of October in the same year, the said Julia A. Edwards departed this life in the town of Oakland, and that said will was duly admitted to probate in the Orphans' Court for Garrett county on the 17th day of October, 1894, all of which will more fully appear by a certified copy of said last will and testament herein filed and marked Plaintiffs' Exhibit Number 3.

4. That by virtue of said will the said Julia A. Edwards devised unto the said Lawrence J. Edwards, William H. Edwards, Thomas Hayden Edwards, Demetrius A. G. Edwards and Mary A. Edwards, the children of her deceased brother, William Edwards, as tenants in common, and to the survivors of them, per stirpes, all of the aforesaid tracts of land known as the "Blooming Rose" tract of the Resurvey on "Blooming Rose," and Military lots numbers Thirty-one Hundred and Forty-two and Thirty-one Hundred and Forty-three; also all of her undivided half interest in the above named tract of land called "Western Route" or "Rich Hill."

5. That the said Leonard Smith, to whom was deeded the other half of the aforesaid tract of land called "Western Route" or "Rich Hill," departed this life many years ago intestate, and left surviving him the following named children as his surviving heirs-at-law, to-wit: Francis F. Smith, Mary E. Smith, Catherine F. Smith and a son, Joseph Smith, who is also dead, dying intestate and leaving surviving him as his heirs-at-law Mary F. Smith, widow, Mary E. Jones and George A. Jones, her husband, and C. Joseph Smith, to whom descended the aforesaid half interest in the tract of land called "Western Route."

6. That the said real estate above described is not susceptible of partition without material loss and injury to the parties entitled to interest therein as above stated, and that in order to make division of said interests it will be necessary that said real estate be sold and the proceeds thereof divided amongst the parties according to their several interests.

That under a commission *de lunatico inquirendo* the said Lawrence J. Edwards has been duly declared *non compos mentis* and is now confined in a hospital for the insane, or under the care of Dr. Isaac N. Keuling at Media, Pennsylvania.

The bill then prays for a decree for the sale of said real estate and for distribution between the parties entitled thereto, and for all such other and general relief as the plaintiffs may be entitled thereto.

It is thereupon, this first day of February, in the year 1895, ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting in Equity, that the plaintiffs, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in said Garrett county once in each of four successive weeks before the 8th day of March, 1895, give notice to the said absent defendants of the object and substance of this bill warning them to appear in this Court in person or by solicitor on or before the 25th day of March next to show cause, if any they have, why a decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy, test:
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 18—4

Edward H. Sincell, Attorney.

ORDER NISI.

John E. Gnagey vs. Fannie Hershberger et al.

No. 617 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

Ordered, by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting in Equity, this 5th day of February A. D. 1895, that the sale made and reported in the above entitled cause by John E. Gnagey, trustee, to Emanuel Hershberger be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 1st day of March next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week in each of three successive weeks before the said 1st day of March, 1895.

The report states the amount of sale to be $5,500.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy, Test:
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 18—3

Doctors' Say;

Bilious and Intermittent Fevers which prevail in miasmatic districts are invariably accompanied by derangements of the Stomach Liver and Bowels.

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ROAD PETITION.

This is to give notice that thirty days after the first publication of this petition that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett County, to appoint viewers to view and locate a public County road, beginning at the corner of C. T. West's fence on the road leading from Swanton to Bloomington, and running thence by the most direct route through the lands of Armstrong & Co., Bradley T. Bray and others to intersect the road leading from the top of the mountain to Blaine, W. Va., a distance of about one and one-half miles.

B. T. BRAY,
A. F. GEORGE,
J. F. FRIEND,
L. H. FRIEND,
And 8 others.

FIELDS OF FIFTY THOUSAND ACRES.

And Straight Strings of Fences Over Eighty Miles Long In Texas.

Very few people at a distance, in thinking of western Texas, understand that nearly the whole of it is at present fenced up in mammoth pastures, yet such is the case. Many of them are larger than ordinary counties, and some of them embrace large parts of three or four counties.

Just west of Belcherville, Tex., come the Silverstine, the Ikeard and the Worsham pastures. This latter contains 50,000 acres and has one line of fence 23 miles long. Pastures of about this size continue in almost unbroken succession until we reach Armstrong county. There we find what is known as the Goodnight ranch, the southern boundary of which is a little string of fence 83 miles long. Charley Goodnight, as the owner is familiarly known, is considered one of the richest men in the panhandle, but I really feel sorry for his boys if he ever sends them out on a hot afternoon to stop hog holes in that line of fence. It is hardly likely that this is the case, however, as all fences in that country are built to turn cattle and without reference to hogs. There is a little railway station called Goodnight, which consists of the Goodnight residence and the depot. Mr. Goodnight lives in almost baronial style. His park contains deer, a drove of elks and one of the few herds of buffalo in the United States.

Another fair sized holding of land is that of the Espinella Cattle company. This contains over 1,500,000 acres and takes in parts of Dickens, Crosby and Emma counties. If the land were in the form of a square, it would be about 50 miles each way. The Matterdere is smaller, but still includes rather more than 1,000,000 acres.

These are owned by syndicates, with headquarters in London, and they are only two selected at random out of a large number. They have had their bearing on state politics. If it were not for the railroad commissioners, the uniform text-book bill and the alien landholder question, Texas politics would not be worth shucks.

The largest of these alien land holdings belongs to what is called the capitol syndicate. A few years ago the old capitol at Austin burned down, and it was decided to build another on a magnificent scale. An English syndicate agreed to put it up, and in payment therefor they received 3,000,000 acres of public lands. Does the reader realize how big 3,000,000 acres of land is? Imagine a slice of land 24 miles wide and extending across the state of Missouri at its northern border. Such a strip would include the whole northern tier of counties and would be larger than several states of the Union.

This would be about the extent of the capitol syndicate's pasture. Few people have any idea that there is such a thing as a single pasture, in one body and within one fence, larger than some states of the Union, yet such is the fact. More than that, it is owned by a foreign syndicate. It takes in half of Dean Smith county and parts of several others.

Another large pasture is that of the X. I. T. Cattle company. It begins with the Colorado line and extends several counties back this way. The Fort Worth and Denver railroad runs through it. Some idea of its size may be gathered from the fact that the regular night express train enters on the south side of the pasture at 11:05, and after continuous running leaves it at 3:20 next morning. A pasture which it takes an express train four hours and a quarter to cross would be considered large in some countries.—Chicago Times.

Proper Food In Diabetes.

Meat dishes of all kinds can be used—green vegetables growing above the ground. You know the only thing to be avoided is sugar and starch. Milk, with the white of an egg mixed with it thoroughly, either shaken or beaten together, can be used as food; also gelatin sweetened with saccharine, flavored with acid phosphate or lemon. Baked apples, apple snow, without sugar, are quite palatable dishes. Simply stew the apples, have them perfectly dry, press through a colander, add to them a sufficient amount of well beaten white of an egg to make light and float this on the top of cream. Turnips cut into blocks, thrown into boiling water and allowed to stand where they cannot possibly boil until they are transparent and clear are exceedingly pretty and palatable. After they are drained cover over with a little thick cream, add seasoning of salt and pepper, and they are ready to serve.—Household News.

Lemons.

Wash lemons before using, for if not thoroughly cleaned the tiny black specks on the rinds are very likely to become an ingredient of the dish for which the lemons are used. Cleanse them with a small brush kept for the purpose; then drop them into cold water and let them remain there for five or ten minutes.

Selbysport.

A car load of coal was distributed among our neighbors last week and still they complain of being cold.

The thermometer indicated twelve degrees below zero last Sunday morning. The coldest ever known here.

Little Ida Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Stuck, has been very sick but is better at this writing.

Frank Spear met with what might have proved to be a serious accident. He jumped from the platform of a moving train and bruised himself badly by lighting wrong end first and rolling like a foot ball several rods in the snow.

Miss Hattie Lowdermilk, accompanied by Jasper Fike, A. Lint and Nellie Frazee, was visiting her parents near Sang Run last Sunday.

It is reported that Mrs. Zalmer and Squire Shipley are to be married in the near future. Wonder what Minnie will do with her other man.

Since the repeal of the "dog law" fox hunting has been renewed and you can hear the yelp of the hounds from Monday morning till Saturday night. Better rest your dogs a few days boys, and let the neighbors have a short rest too.

Dad won't speak to us since he got a few new goods again. All right, Dad, we will remember you the next time you get poor and won't speak to you then.

Mr. Hiram Frazee's new heater has proved a success, so much so in fact that E. J. Frantz and Dad Frazee have determined to put one in their houses before another winter.

The protracted meeting that was held in the M. E. church has closed without adding a single one to the membership of the church.

A. J. Frazee has purchased a saw mill and will do his own sawing as long as he can get Ab. to turn the crank.

U. S. Frazee will move into his new residence at Markleysburg, Pa., April 1st, and leave his farm on Frazee's Ridge in charge of Shed Casteel.

Jonas Frazee, of Pittsburg, was in town a few hours last week.

Grover and his gang are in a financial hole again. He ought to take something for his thinker. Wonder if it won't be a duck hunt as usual.

There is talk of an extra session of Congress being called to settle the financial question. Both houses will have a Republican majority then and they would settle it in a jiffy by repealing Wilson's little bill and enacting in its stead one very much resembling the unconstitutional McKinley bill. Then we would all be happy once more.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Frazee were visiting Mr. Wm. Brown at Confluence last week.

Wm. Brown, of Friendsville, says he expects to extend the C. & O. railroad to Oakland next summer. We don't doubt Billy's veracity but we very much doubt this statement.

NEWCOMER.

Bittinger.

The young people of this place enjoyed the meeting held at Meadow Mountain last week. They also enjoyed the sleighing to and from that place but the upsets and runaways that occurred on Saturday evening was not quite so plensant.

Calvin Reckner, of Pennsylvania, was in our vicinity Friday and Saturday.

Miss Mary Brenneman, who had been at Confluence, Pa., for some time, returned home last week.

Miss Laura Wiley, of this place, left here last Thursday for Accident where she expects to stay a few weeks.

Mr. Charles Wegman, sheriff, passed through here last week.

Jacob Brenneman, who had been away attending school for some time, returned home a short time ago.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Weimer, of McHenry, were the guests of Mr. P. P. Lohr last week.

Mr. W. A. Maffett closed his school here last Friday and left for Johnstown Saturday morning. We were very sorry to see Mr. Maffett leave our community but feel quite sure the people of Johnstown were as glad to see him come as we were sorry to see him leave. We wish him success in whatever he may undertake.

Young Peoples' Society of Christian Endeavor every Sunday evening. We ask both old and young to come and take part in this good work.

POPPIES.

The sun's golden comet has swung
Half way out 'tween the glow and the gloom.
In the air is an anthem massing
And the breath of a languored perfume.
The shadows have drifted away
Somewhere out of the path of the world,
Not a sigh bends the grasses astray,
And the sails of the cloudboats are furled—
It is noon!
It is noon in the heart of the world!

My hands with red poppies are filled,
On a bed of white poppies I lie,
And the sweet of life's joy twice distilled
They exhale as they wither and die.
Red poppies and white, white and red!
Love or sleep, sleep or love—which is best?
To burn with a joy sorrow fed
Or in sleep with their sleeping to rest?
White or red!
White or red, love or sleep—which is best?

Oh, poppies, with dreams in your heart,
To my heart a soft lullaby croon,
At whose music unrest shall depart
As the shadows steal skyward at noon?
Say, poppies, all drooping in sleep
In the silence, the glow and the gleam,
Can you sink me in slumber so deep
As shall make all the years but a dream?
Soft and lo!
Soft and lo—I am drowsy with sleep!
—Kate A. Bradley in Detroit Free Press.

Beautiful Sight.

In "Transsiberian Savages" the author gives a description of a beautiful and unique phenomenon which he witnessed off the shore of Sakhalin island. The bright blue water was so clear that for a long distance from the shore he could see the bottom, and even the fishes, shoals of which were moving gently hither and thither.

Above the swimming fish was a strange phenomenon. The surface of the water was like dazzling snow. This brilliant white surface, which extended over an area of nearly a square mile, was not sea foam, for, with the exception of the ocean swell, the water was placid as a lake.

My friend, seeing my delight, motioned me to hand him one of the rifles. He took no aim, but simply fired.

Instantly the air was full of skimming snowflakes, scintillating in the bright sunshine against the deep blue sky right across the horizon, while the surface of the water ceased to be white and became uniform in its blueness.

This is the most beautiful sight that this latitude has to offer, and most fortunate was I in getting it. Just at that season millions upon millions of exquisitely white birds migrate to that spot. They are whiter than the whitest of gulls, and their plumage is much more brilliant, so as to be quite dazzling in the sunshine. What these birds are I had no opportunity of determining.

Madras—The Eurasians.

Only 4,000 Europeans are to be found in the immense population of 400,000 souls, if we exclude the 12,000 Eurasians who occupy the No Man's Land, on the borders of black and white. This hybrid race presents insoluble difficulties to the political economist. Craving for the social recognition denied to a community which originated in the vices of the early European colonists, and scorned alike by the pure blooded nations of east and west, the sins of the fathers seem visited upon the yellow children of this degenerate stock unto the third and fourth generation.

By a curious freak of nature the Eurasian or Portuguese descent sinks step by step in the scale of color until he becomes of darker hue than the Hindoo of unblemished race, and the hybrid Goanese of the present day combine distinctively European features with a skin of total blackness. The unbalanced Eurasian character, full of conflicting elements, lacks the sterling and enduring qualities which command respect and insure success, and this feeble type of humanity has hitherto appeared incapable of elevation to vigor of thought and action.—All the Year Round.

A Dowry on Approval.

A curious custom prevails among Roumanian peasants. When a Roumanian girl is of a marriageable age, all her trousseau, which has been carefully woven, spun and embroidered by her mother and herself, is placed in a painted wooden box. When a young man thinks of asking to be allowed to pay his attentions to the girl, he is at liberty first to open the box, which is always placed conveniently at hand, and examine the trousseau. If the suitor is satisfied with the quantity and quality of the dowry, he makes a formal application for the girl's hand, but if, on the contrary, the trousseau does not please him, he is quite at liberty to retire.—London Woman.

At Tissington, an English town, the wells and springs are decorated on Ascension day in memory of a rain that fell on that date nearly 400 years ago after a drought that threatened a famine.

Many Parisian drinking cups have been found in the ruins of Persepolis. They are shaped almost exactly like our saucers.

The hennins, or huge headdresses, worn by the ladies of Paris during the fourteenth century, often cost as much as $20.

Camden, N. J., was named for the Earl of Camden. It was formerly spelled Campden.

Chickahominy is an Indian word meaning "turkey lick."

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38 13

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	Daily	2.44 A. M
No. 3	Daily	7.09 A. M
No. 71	Accom daily except Sun	9.35 A. M
No. 47	Daily except Mon	11.58 A. M
No. 13	Accommodation daily	6.57 P. M
No. 1	Daily	9.58 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 2	Daily	5.51 A. M
No. 8	Daily	7.31 A. M
No. 14	Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 46	Daily except Monday	1.58 P. M
No. 72	Accom daily except Sun	5.17 P. M
No. 4	Daily	9.55 P. M

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Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
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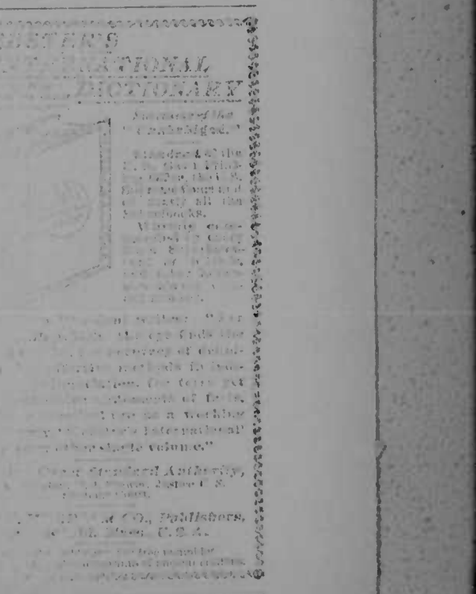

Estate of Henry Kamp, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of HENRY KAMP, late of Garrett County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 4th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 27th day of December, 1894.

FRED KAMP, Adm'r.
41 Accident, Md.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 17, 1895.

There will be a meeting of the County Commissioners of Garrett county held at their office in Oakland on

Tuesday, February 5, 1895,

for the purpose of hearing appeals.

Appeals from the respective districts will be heard as follows:

Tuesday, Feb. 5—7, 8, 9 and 10,
Wednesday, Feb. 6—1, 4, 11 and 12,
Thursday, Feb. 7—2, 5, 6 and 3.

N. B.—All persons wishing to take appeals on assessments shall observe the above day and dates by districts and attend accordingly By order of the board,

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

HOLDING UP A TOWN.

By A. S. Cody.

THERE are a great many ideas afloat as to the sort of people that inhabit the prairies of the far west. Some think they are all cowboys and wild Indians, that they live in tents, and think nothing of killing a newcomer by shooting him dead. Others have an idea a trifle more advanced, that the inhabitants are a sort of officious, pushing, breezy, unmannered, enterprising lot of fortune seekers, good-natured, but rough, easy-going, but always on the rush. Others, still, fancy the west is filled with the queer people described by the story-tellers and novelists, curious types, half-witted and half-witting picturesque old codgers, groaning, hard-working, homely women, few and far between, such people as Octave Thanet and Hamlin Garland have given us.

All these suppositions are wrong. The ruling population on the plains of Nebraska is the most intelligent, cultured and enterprising emigration from New England, New York and Ohio—the cream, which naturally rises to the top and floats off. They have built churches, schools, universities, theaters and elegant hotels. There are hard-working but enterprising farmers, and some not so enterprising, just as is the case in the east. Now and then the towns are invaded by the cowboys and Indians. The cowboys are oftentimes fast young men from the east who have gone west to work off their spirits.

In the early seventies my father had a hardware store in the young city of Lincoln; and a frequent visitor at the stove that stood in the little back room was Buffalo Bill, then neither very famous nor very rich, a cowboy of the plains, stopping to call on his kinsman whenever he came to the city and exchange yarns in true cowboy fashion. My mother was afraid of him, but my father found him a very good-natured fellow. The following tale may have been one of his stories—I do not know. He may have been an on-looker, but my impression is that he had not even seen the events and sights he described.

The place may have been Beatrice or Red Cloud or Kearney Junction—begging the pardon of any or all of those now populous cities which happen not to have been the one. The time was quite twenty years ago, but it might have been yesterday, I fancy. Red Cloud—we will call it Red Cloud—was the center of a farming district, and was somewhat of a sleepy little town. There were various stores, three churches, three saloons and a post office. There had been no booms there, for there was no railroad; but the inhabitants were in hourly expectation of both! The people were hard-working, intelligent and patient—New England farmers transplanted to the west. The saloons were for the cowboys, mostly, who ranged not far away and often came trooping in with plenty of noise and clatter to "liquor up." Every Saturday evening they made night hideous for the little village, drinking, yelling, swearing, reeling about, but the villagers were patient, as I have said.

Perhaps the worst of the visitors was "Black Jack," a great big, dark-skinned fellow, of half-foreign parentage, but crossed with the shrewd New England stock. He could drink more whisky, tell more thrilling stories, and do more dare-devil tricks than all the rest of the gang put together. The Indians liked him, and followed him devotedly. He had a certain gentle way with them which completely controlled them, and made them ready at any moment to do as he said or as he did. Often he brought them to the village to drink with him, and they were great drinkers. When the liquor ran freely enough they would sing their wild, unearthly songs, and dance in their comic, grotesque way, flourishing their knives delightedly about their heads, as if they were about to scalp the whole population; but this was mere grim humor on their part. The Indians are grimly humorous on nearly all occasions, when they are not angry or poetically serious.

I have called Red Cloud a village, but the Red Cloud of twenty years ago would scorn that title. Red Cloud was a city and it had a mayor. One day when it got a new mayor trouble came of the new mayor, for he determined to break up these Saturday night orgies and this grimly humorous Indian knife-duucing. He didn't see the humor of it. He was a New Englander, a Baptist of the close variety, and altogether a very moral man. He thought it a disgrace that peaceful, steady-going Red Cloud, with no railroad and no boom, should be thus disturbed weekly or oftener by a gang of vicious cowboys and doubtful Indians. He therefore issued an order for the arrest of the first Indian found dancing the knife-dance in the street, for the dancing took place in the broad street in front of the saloon. This arrest took place the very next Saturday night, when the half-drunk Indian was suddenly seized by three doughty constables and spirited away out of sight before anyone quite understood what had happened. There was no jail within a number of miles, for Red Cloud was not the county seat; it was quite uncertain where the unruly Indian had been concealed, but doubtless in some private house.

"Where's the Hawk?" asked Black Jack, after a little, when he missed his Indian companion. But nobody answered at first.

They took a lantern and made a search in the street, but without finding a trace of the Hawk. At last light dawned on one of Black Jack's companions.

"The mayor's yanked him!" he cried suddenly, stopping still. "You hearn about the order, didn't you?"

The Indians heard in blank, drunken stupidity. But Black Jack's eyes grew darker, his face twitched angrily, and everybody trembled to see him.

"Yanked him?" he cried, after a moment's pause—"yanked him? Well, boys, just step inside and liquor up on me, and then we'll do the town up if they don't turn the Hawk out in short order."

The whole company of ten or a dozen, half Indians, trooped into the saloon and took whisky straight, in no small doses, all around. Then they grimly followed Black Jack as he went out on to the street. He stopped in the middle of the little square where the post office was; and called out, mostly in oaths, unnecessary to repeat:

"You mayor, you, you bring that Indian out here in less time than it takes me to say it, you, or I'll blow your head off."

He had a big voice, and nearly everybody in the village heard him say it. Heads were stuck out of the windows, forms appeared at the doors, and every eye was agog. Gradually the windows were closed in fear, the doors barred, and every head had disappeared. That made Black Jack all the madder. He fired his revolver about at random at every streak of light that came through an unlucky shutter; his Indians began to yell and flourish their knives in a worse drunken orgy than they had ever held before, and Black Jack breathed forth the direst threats he could conjure up.

The whole town was thoroughly frightened. Black Jack and his cowboys soon began to see the humor of the situation, and with many a laugh and much to drink held high carnival throughout the town until the wee small hours of the morning—Sunday morning—when they succumbed to sleep on the curbstones, on front door-steps, in the vestibules of the churches which they had broken open—one here, one there, from one end of the town to the other.

Sunday morning was clear, warm, beautiful, and the whole population, including the cowboys, slept peacefully until quite late. Here and there a man ventured out; but the sight of one of the gang lying not too sound asleep right under his feet sent him back into the house again. About nine or ten o'clock the gang began to wake up and wander into the saloon for something to quench their burning thirst. The church bells had not been rung until the gang noticed the omission and did the ringing in a wild, bacchanalian fashion. Black Jack laughed at the power he suddenly discovered to be his, and lounged and smoked and called out now and then in derision to the mayor to turn over the Hawk.

When he had had breakfast, and had recovered from his dissipation of the night before somewhat, that is, about two o'clock in the afternoon, he went

"YOU, MAYOR, YOU, YOU BRING OUT THAT INDIAN!"

out to walk. The Indians followed him quietly enough. There was no pistol practice, no flourishing of knives. What had happened the night before was quite enough.

Black Jack was in no hurry. He said he could wait as long as the mayor could, and he was much obliged for the freedom of the town. He and all his gang thought the whole affair most amusing. They drank and sang and told stories and rioted gloriously. In the afternoon, as I have said, they paraded the town, and again in the evening, if any head or foot was seen without, a bullet went flying after it and it quickly disappeared. Nobody was hurt, I believe; but that was not the deliberate fault of Black Jack, by any means.

How long this might have lasted I do not know. Black Jack said he had come there to live, if need be, and he would keep the whole town shut up as long as the mayor kept the Hawk shut up. Monday morning came and the thrifty farmers and shopkeepers were exceedingly anxious to begin business. Dozens started out, but, being greeted by a bullet or the flash of an Indian knife or a grimly humorous Indian smile, they retired precipitately. Monday was a fierce day. The inhabitants were getting very wrathful at their long restraint, and Black Jack was grimly obstinate and decided. By Monday night feeling ran high. Everybody was ready for fight, the town most of all. But there could be no meetings, no consultation, no gathering together; for Black Jack's bullets were ready for anyone who attempted to go to his neighbor. People had been escaping from the town, however, one at a time, unobserved; and a little company with rifles at last bore heavily down upon the besiegers. There was a hot, heavy fight. One or two were killed on either side. Then the Hawk suddenly appeared, having escaped from his prison. Thereupon Black Jack declared himself ready to accept a humble apology from the mayor and withdraw. The mayor gave it, and Black Jack and his companions rode away. I may add that they did not return again. But there was a great joke over the plains about Black Jack having the freedom of Red Cloud for three days.—N. Y. Independent.

A GRACEFUL BEARING.

Requirements of a Correct Figure and How to Gain It.

The first secret of successful dressing is a graceful carriage and a well-shaped form which must not be too plump or too slim.

Of course beauty of form varies in different women, while we can not all admire the same type of beauty. Indeed, if every one admired the same type of beauty, it would fancy hard with some of us. Undoubtedly a handsome form is much to be admired indeed, it may be questioned if a perfect form does not possess a power of captivating beyond any charms that the most beautiful face possesses.

The natural figure does not take the curves of the hourglass, and a small, pinched-in waist does not mean beauty of form. Far from it, for it is most detrimental to beauty, for it destroys health.

A perfectly formed woman will stand from 5 feet 5 inches to 5 feet 7 inches, and weigh from 125 to 140 pounds. Her shoulders and hips will strike a straight line, drawn up and down, and her waist will taper in gradually and measure 24 to 26 inches, and her bust 12 inches larger—that is 36 to 38 inches.

The bust can be enlarged easily and safely, and those whose forms are too slight should certainly give attention to this most important point. Nondevelopment can be overcome with patience and proper treatment, but nature will not be hurried. Such exercise as throwing the shoulders well back, then drawing in a long, deep breath, holding it by effort for a few seconds, then gradually letting go, is splendid exercise. This should be repeated 20 or 30 times, morning and night, for it expands and strengthens the chest more than any other exercise.

Keep the shoulders well back and head erect, while if there is any tendency to stooping, wear shoulder braces as much as possible to strengthen the back. The bust is easier of development than any other part of the body, and will yield to gentle and regular treatment. For giving firmness to the bust, cold bathing is most effectual. Bathe in cold water for ten minutes night and morning, and then dry the skin and friction it gently with a soft towel to induce a healthy circulation.

Milk is fattening, and those who are attenuated should take three or four glasses of milk daily. Again, black grapes are excellent for the figure, so eat as many as you can, and next to grapes come raisins.

A nicely rounded form is necessary with day or evening dress, for the day dress will look far nicer on a natural and well-developed form; while evening dress simply should not be worn unless the neck and bust are plump, for it is anything but pleasing to look upon "scragginess," and those whose forms are flat and thin should decidedly wear high-neck gowns.

A woman never looks better than in evening dress.

Foods of starchy nature, such as rice, potatoes and farinaceous foods, are beneficial to the bust. Rest after meals, avoid violent exercise and throw off all worry and anxiety. Never use padding, for it overheats and reduces the size of the bust. The bust requires room and light clothing, not only for health sake, but for beauty, for this most delightful part of woman requires that the bodice should be flexible to the motion of the body and the undulations of the shape.

Wear thoroughly good, well-shaped corsets, wear dresses to suit your form, choose pretty fabrics, which cost no more than ugly, conspicuous ones; wear soft folds over the bosom, and spend a certain amount of time over your toilet, for it is woman's mission to be as graceful and beautiful and attractive as she can.—Cincinnati Commercial.

Something of Dreams.

Ariel could put a girdle round about the world in forty minutes, but he was slow compared with the most ordinary dream. Many stories are told showing the different count of time. Lord Brougham relates that he dreamed a dream of long-continued action during a short doze while a droning counsel was pleading before him. Lord Holland fell asleep while listening to some one reading, dreamed a long dream and awoke in time to hear the conclusion of a sentence the first words of which were in his ears when he became unconscious. Dr. Abercombie relates that a gentleman dreamed that he had enlisted for a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, had been apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot and at last led out for execution. After all the usual preparations he awoke with the report and found that a noise in an adjoining room had both produced the dream and awakened him. Another dreamed that he had crossed the Atlantic and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking, on his return, he fell into the sea and, having woke with the fright, he found that he had not been asleep ten minutes.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Tea Tables and Tea Trays.

The most approved tea table this season is square—two wooden trays mounted on four spindle legs; the upper tray has an oval aperture at either end, so that it can be carried across the room with ease. Such tables are to be found span new at the furniture warehouses, but those that are to be picked up at the bric-a-brac shops are valued much more highly. They are not designed for their present use, of course, and are, in point of fact, queridons of the latter part of the last century. Some pretty trays for single or tete-a-tete tea sets are made in the form of a three-leafed shamrock. They are mostly in copper, the teapot and sugar basin being of the same metal, and the cups and cream jug white egg-shell china.—N. Y. World.

—An Appropriate Name.—Jack—"Those Chicago fellows have named their club the 'Alpine.'" Sam—"What's that for? They have no mountains in Chicago." Jack—"Perhaps not. But their club rooms are on the top floor of one of those sky-scraper buildings, and the elevator doesn't run after midnight."—Detroit Free Press.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Ah, half de wurl' lives by pullin' de othah half's laigs," sighed Uncle Kiah, as he softly reached for the midnight hen.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—Tough—"I want a dozen eggs, an I wants 'em bad, see?" Go to that grocer across the street. Everything he keeps is bad."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

—Better Unsaid.—Young Lady (after sitting for her portrait)—"Don't you think I am flattered in the picture?" Gent (gushingly)—"Fraulein, who would not flatter you?"—Humoristische Blatter.

—Breaking In.—"There's more'n one way to get into good society," muttered the midnight marauder, softly raising the pantry window of a Prairie avenue mansion and crawling inside.—Chicago Tribune.

—"I'm going to call my baby Charles," said the author, "after Lamb, because he is such a dear little lamb." "O, I'd call him William Dean," said the friend; "he Howells so much."—Advance.

—Mrs. Enpee—"I can't understand how a man can love a woman who has a physical deformity; can you?" Enpee—"O, I don't know; I shouldn't think less of a woman who was tongue-tied."—P. & S. S. Co.'s Bulletin.

—"The thing that Biggles lacks is sincerity," remarked the self-appointed critic of mankind. "What makes you say that?" "He made a resolution to quit swearing and bought a fountain pen on the same day."—Washington Star.

—Preacher—"Every man must some day settle his account with his Maker." Tailor—"I wish you could impress Mr. Palmer with that idea. He hasn't settled with me in about two years."—Harlem Life.

—"It is wonderful what progress has been made in the way of machinery," remarked Mr. Figg. "I see that there has been a machine invented that can make a complete pair of shoes in sixteen minutes. Why, that is even faster than Tommy can wear them out."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Mistress (finding visitor in kitchen)—"Who is this, Mary?" Mary (confused)—"My brother, m'm." Mistress (suspiciously)—"You're not much alike." Mary (stammering apologetically)—"We were, m'm, but he's just had his beard shaved off, and that makes him look quite different, m'm."—Tit-Bits.

—Lady (to her husband)—"I am growing so fat that I am beginning to feel quite alarmed about it. I have just discovered that I weigh 240 pounds." "Two hundred and forty pounds! And where did you get weighed?" "On the butcher's scales." "O, then, calm yourself! You weigh exactly half."—Le Figaro.

—Sir George—"Look here, John! My lady complains that when you see her in the street you never salute her. What do you mean by it?" John—"Beggin' your pardon, Sir George, but in a book on ettyketty, which I possess, it is set down that the lady ought to bow first."—Household Words.

—Notes from the Diary of a Lady.—First day—On the high seas; stormy weather; disagreeable company. Second day—Captain very amiable; made a declaration of love and offered me his heart and hand; rejected. Third day—Captain returns to the charge, threatens to kill me, commit suicide, and blow up the whole vessel with three hundred persons; rejected. Fourth day—Saved the lives of three hundred persons.—Tit-Bits.

SELLS SLAVE GIRLS.

How the Corean Queen Sustains Her Royal Purse.

There are slave girls innumerable around the royal palaces of the hermit kingdom of Corea. It is difficult to find out how many there are. One official would say hundreds, another thousands. A consul, who has had opportunity to learn the facts in the case, says there are about fifteen hundred.

It is equally difficult to learn where they come from. Their appearance shows that they are not from any one stock. Some are Coreans and some are Tonghaks, from Ging-Shang-Do, in the south of the kingdom; some show Japanese blood, others Chinese, and still others Manchurian. They are of all sorts and types. All speak Corean, and nearly all have a smattering of Chinese. They are all well brought up and quiet, polite and industrious. They begin their career as domestic servants when mere children, and are seldom found in the royal establishment after they are twenty-five years old. A few, who are unusually good-looking, become royal concubines, and a large number are taken for the same purpose by the princes and lords of the realm, and, it is said, for a very large price. The rest are sold as commodities to the highest bidder and the proceeds paid into the royal treasury.

The latest available blue book of Corea—in summarizing the royal income, includes these entries:

"Ninety-one thousand nine hundred and seventeen stone of best rice.

"Forty-one thousand four hundred and eighty-four stone of beans.

"One hundred and seventy-two thousand seven hundred and thirteen nyang in money.

"Twenty-four thousand nyang from sale of slave girls."

A nyang is a string of one hundred copper coins, whose value in American money ranges from five hundred to one thousand to the dollar. The market value of a girl in Corea varies from ten dollars to forty dollars. Upon these figures the monarch must raise and sell in the public market every year from thirty to four hundred young women. The general average would be about two hundred per year. The custom is not so bad as it seems at first sight. The majority are purchased by men for their wives, and a small minority for immoral purposes.

This trade in human beings is considered perfectly legitimate, and has come down from time immemorial. It is not confined to the royal palace, but it is practiced to a certain extent all over Corea. The custom is followed likewise in China, and seems to characterize nearly every Mongolian race.—Philadelphia Press.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

DOLLY'S LESSON.

Come here, you nigoramus!
I'm 'shamed to have to 'fess
You don't know any letter
'Cept just your cookie S.

Now listen, and I'll tell you—
This round hole's name is O,
And when you put a tail in
It makes it Q, you know.

And I: it has a front door
To walk in at, it's C.
Then make a seat right here
To sit on, and it's G.

And this tall letter, dolly,
Is I, and stands for me;
And when it puts a hat on,
It makes a cup o' T.

And curly I is J, dear,
And half of H is P.
And E without his slippers on
Is only F, you see!

You turn A upside downwards,
And people call it V;
And if it's twins, like this one,
W 'twill be.

Now, dolly, when you learn 'em,
You'll know a great big heap—
Most much's I—O dolly!
I h'llove you've gone asleep!

—Youth's Companion.

RINGING AN ALARM.

The Apparatus in Use in the New York Fire Department.

Let us look at the various instruments for receiving the alarm. They are not many, and are very interesting. I shall describe them without using any technicalities, for the very good reason that I don't know anything about them technically, but can explain them only as they were explained to me by a fireman.

First, at the lower right-hand side, on a black walnut base-board, is placed the instrument officially called the "combination," and by the fireman termed the "joker." Why "joker" I do not know; but it is probably called the "combination" because it combines

GONGS AND HOUSE WATCHMAN.

both the bell for receiving the alarm, and the "trip" or device for mechanically releasing the horses, which I shall describe further on.

This is the first bell to ring the alarm, or number of the station whence the alarm is sent; but before it rings there is a slight "click" heard in the Morse instrument placed above it. This might be called a "warning bell," and by the ordinary listener would not be noticed at all; but to the quick ear of the man on watch and the equally well-trained ear of the horses, there needs no second stroke to tell them that an alarm will follow. This "click" is caused by the opening of the electric circuit in which the station is situated.

Beside the combination-bell, or "joker," there is a small weight that slides up and down a brass rod. It is held in place at the top by a catch connected with the hammer of the bell; and, as this hammer draws back to make the first stroke of the alarm, it releases this weight, and the weight slides down the rod. Being attached by a little chain to a lever projecting from the side of a clock hanging beside it, the weight, as it falls, pulls this lever down and stops the clock, thus showing at what instant the alarm was received.

At the bottom of the rod there is a very large lever set with a trigger-like catch, and connected by certain mechanism underneath the floor with the stalls of the horses. The same falling weight strikes the trigger also, and releases the lever, and the lever in turn releases the horses.

Above the combination is placed a Morse instrument, sounder and key, and beside it a telephone to communicate with headquarters or with other companies, and also a few frames containing a list of stations that particular company goes to on receiving the first, second or third alarm.

At the other side, nearly over the desk, is placed the big gong, twelve or fifteen inches in diameter, and very loud-sounding. This begins to strike about when the smaller one gets through, and should the man on watch have failed to count the number of the station on the "joker" he will have no difficulty in getting the number from the big gong, for it strikes slowly, that is, slowly in comparison with the "joker," which rings the number out very fast. The large gong is very loud, and can be heard a block away. The company receives four rounds on the small bell and two on the big bell; or, more correctly speaking, the number of the station is rung four times on the "joker" and twice on the big gong. But it is rarely that the firemen have to wait to get the signal from the latter, for before the small bell has rattled off its four rounds the engine has rolled out of the house and they are on the way to the fire.—From "Fighting a Fire," by C. T. Hill, in St. Nicholas.

School Shoes.

Parent (angrily)—Those "school shoes" I bought for my boy didn't last two weeks.

Dealer (surprised)—He must have been wearing them out of school.—Good News.

Bright Times.

This old world's bright enough for all
Through all the days and nights;
For when the sun goes down the west,
Shine the electric lights.

—Atlanta Constitution.

FUN FOR THE CHILDREN.

Making a Pig and His Pen from a Lemon and Some Toothpicks.

Yes, you can make your own pigs very easily, children, and they will be so nice and sweet and funny that nobody can object to your taking them right in the parlor with you.

The first requisite is a lemon. This will cost about three cents and you can get it at any grocery store. You must ask the man who sells it to you to permit you to select one from his basket. Take one with a long stem or peak at one end like this:

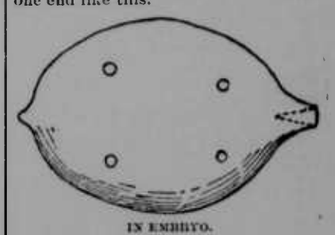

IN EMBRYO.

When you get home cut a small notch down in the stem, as shown by the dotted lines in the sketch above. This will be the pig's mouth and should be colored red. (Red ink will do). After his mouth has been properly cut Mr. Pig should be laid square on his back and four matches or small sticks of wood should be sharply thrust through the skin and well into the lemon at or near the places indicated by the rings and points in the sketch. The matches or sticks should stand out at an angle so Mr. Pig won't fall over, and if he is to be allowed to sit down put the hind legs deep in, something like this:

PIGGY WHEN FINISHED.

Pigs like to sit down, and they usually do after eating; so it is just as well to make the pig repose in this comfortable manner at the start. Now ask mamma for a couple of black pins to be put in above his nose for piggy's sharp little eyes and whittle out two car-shaped pieces of thin wood, dye them with pink on the inside with paint or red ink, and press them in over the eyes so they will "lop" or hang a little. Now tie a small piece of grayish brown string about the head of a pin and drive it, head and all, in through poor piggy's skin where his tail belongs. You can then cut the string off to leave his pig-skip with a tail of an inch or so in length.

It is really of little importance where you keep this kind of a pig, and pigs themselves don't seem to be very particular where they are kept if they only have enough to eat. You can make a small pen of one of papa's cigar boxes, and I will show you how to hang the door and fasten it so Mr. Pig can't get out unless you open the gate for him.

The inside measurements of the box should be 3 by 3 by 4 inches, though some pigs like a large pen, and a great deal depends upon how often you let your pigs out. When you have made your pen take three pins and cut the heads off in such a way as to leave a point, with an old pair of shears or a file, and then bend them carefully into a long, slender "U" for staples. Now cut a piece from the cigar box cover quite as long as the pen is wide and about an inch wide itself, the grain of the wood running with the length.

This is for the gate. Make a notch in the center of one end for the latch. Now for hanging the gate, which is the nicest part of the whole job and must be done very carefully. The first thing to do is to hammer down the heads of two pins so they will pass through the staples. When they are just right drive one into the lower edge of the gate, close to the opposite end from the latch. If you don't put it very near the edge the gate will "bind"—it won't openly freely. Now put the other pin in the upper edge, directly opposite the lower pin. Then lay the house on its back, the open side up, and place the gate in the position you want

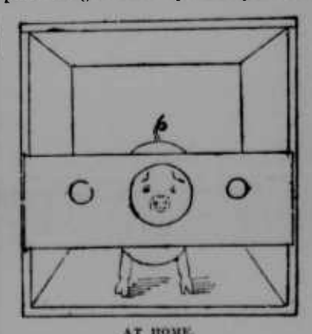

AT HOME.

it. The gate should be about half an inch from the bottom of the pen so piggy can't get under it. Now very carefully drive two of your staples into the edge of the box just above and below the edges of the gate and over the pins. Don't drive them too far at first. Try your gate to see if it swings. A curved pin makes a good hasp. Cut the point off, so you will not prick your fingers when you go to let piggy out for a stroll in the garden. Your pig and his pen are done.—N. Y. Herald.

HURRY AND SPEED.

While Speed is filling the bottle, Hurry is spilling the ink;
While Speed is solving the problem, Hurry's beginning to think.
While Speed is hitting the bull's-eye, Hurry is stringing his bow.
While Hurry is marching his army, Speed is worsting his foe.
Hurry is quick at beginning, Speed is quick at the end.
Hurry wins many a slave, but Speed wins many a friend.

—Amos R. Wells, in St. Nicholas

FARM AND GARDEN.

ABOUT SUBIRRIGATION.

How Farmers on the Plains Can Practice It to Advantage.

Wherever the irrigation is necessary to the production of a crop, it will be found of great advantage, at the time of seeding, to make ditches and furrows at short intervals, and then to so check the water in these ditches that it may stand in small bodies at a level above the general surface of the ground to be irrigated. If the water is held constantly in these small reservoirs during the growing season, it will not be necessary to flood the ground so often, and if the soil is sufficiently porous, it may be possible to give the crop all the moisture it needs without surface application. Wherever this plan is practicable it has been found to be of the greatest advantage, as the ground is kept mellow and friable while flooded land becomes so hardened that plants make but little growth in it.

If a field has a steep sidehill slope, it

DIAGRAM OF SUBIRRIGATED FIELD.

is best to bring the water into it by a supply ditch on the highest part, as shown at a in the sketch, and conduct it by a series of dams or drops b, b b b b, to the lowest part of the field. Then run ditches c c from above each drop nearly along a contour or equal level line of the field, dyking these ditches up to keep the water above accidental high places. These ditches should be permanent. They should be near together at the top of the field, the intervals widening as they near the lower edge, as the seepage from the upper ditches will necessarily make the ground more and more moist toward the lower edge of the field. The field should be made as long as possible along the course of these ditches, and the ditches should be made as near parallel as the ground will permit, so as to obtain as large and regular an area between ditches as possible.

Whenever it is necessary to flood growing crops an opening can be made in these permanent ditches at points where the grade line of the ditch intersects a slight knoll. This will prevent washing of dykes and the consequent digging up of crops to repair these breaks. From these openings the water should be conducted in zigzag courses, in furrows prepared at the time of seeding, thus preventing washing, and keeping the water as much as possible away from the crowns of plants until it soaks into the soil. A headgate should be placed at the source of each of these field laterals, and then it is possible for the farmer to so regulate the supply in each part of the field that a sufficient supply may be at the roots of every plant, and very little or no water going to waste at the ends of the field laterals. By this method a comparatively small quantity of water can be made to supply a large area. The system is simple, and can be applied in many sections not equipped with regular irrigating works. A modification of it can even be adopted on the plains of the central west under windmill irrigation.—J. R. Patterson, in Orange Judd Farmer.

PROFITABLE FISH FARMS.

A New Industry Now Being Developed by Progressive Farmers.

The practice of raising food fish for market has become of late a very profitable industry, and in some parts of the country is being carried out on an extensive scale.

The equipment of a fish farm, as it is called, is a very simple and inexpensive operation. Land which would be valueless for ordinary farming may be used for the purpose, the only requirement being a plentiful supply of good running water. The best site for a farm is a hilly or mountainous district where the water runs swiftly and is interrupted by waterfalls, since this serves to aerate and refresh the water.

The fish farms are usually provided with three ponds, each of which is reserved for fish of about the same size. As the fish grow, they are changed from one pond to another. The fry is usually bought at the state or other hatchery and placed in the first pond. The food for the fish is the principal expense. There are a variety of prepared fish foods on the market, but it has been found that the fish fed with prepared food have a decidedly beefy flavor. A plan very generally adopted is that of planting the ponds with an abundance of fresh water shrimp. These grow very quickly and soon provide a plentiful supply of wholesome food.

It will be seen that the fish require little attention, and the consequent income from such a crop is almost clear profit. In the season the product of fish farms sells in the market at one dollar a pound, and out of season, if the sale be permitted by law, a much higher price may be realized.—Scientific American.

The Weight of Hay.

The Country Gentleman says in reply to a correspondent who asks how to measure a haymow to find the number of tons of hay: Compact timothy hay requires about 500 cubic feet to weigh a ton (considerably more, perhaps 700, as it is brought from the field), but the quantity will vary with the pressure caused by the height of the mow, and with the age of the grass when cut, ripe and stiff grass yielding less under pressure, and requiring more in bulk to weigh a ton. Stiff, coarse hay will be found to weigh less than fine and flexible hay, which will pack solid. The quantity we have stated is a fair average for well-settled hay.

SHIPPING POULTRY.

Directions for Making Express Coops for Chickens and Ducks.

Poultry shipped alive to market should be well fattened, healthy and free from blemish. It is mostly used by city people who dislike fowls or animals in any way deformed; but for unblemished and well-fattened fowls are willing to pay the highest price. Before putting them in the coops, give plenty of feed and drink. Feed grain only; meal sours. Do not overcrowd the coop, as it causes excessive heat and makes the fowls feverish and sickly. If sent by express the coop should be as small and light as is compatible with sufficient strength to bear rough handling. Freight is charged on weight of coop as well as of poultry. Old roosters usually sell at half the price of fowls and young roosters are rated the same as chickens. Small and nearby lots are best sent by express and the coops will be returned free of charge. These can be made smaller and lighter than those which are sent by freight.

Following is a convenient size for express coops for fowls, chickens and ducks: Boards for ends and middle, each 2 feet long, 1 foot wide and ⅝ inch thick, free from shakes or splits and of light, dry wood. For the bottom use boards 4 feet long and ⅝ inch thick. For sides and top, clear, straight-grained plasterer's lath is the best and cheapest. Make the bottom of boards the same length as the laths, and of full width of the end and middle pieces. Nail the lower laths close against the bottom boards on both sides, to prevent the fowls from getting their feet or legs out. Leave interstices of about 2 inches between the laths on the sides, but only 1½ inches on top. This prevents the fowls from sticking their heads through and being injured or killed, as one coop is placed on another. Screw the two middle laths on top that they may be easily removed. Nail a piece of thin, light hoop iron all around the ends and middle.

For small spring chickens and pigeons make coops of the same dimensions but only 8 inches high, as only strong healthy pigeons are used for trap shooting. Do not put squeakers or young ones on, or any with clipped wings, as they will be thrown out when sold. For geese the coops

POULTRY SHIPPING BOX.

should be 14, and for turkeys 16 inches high. For shipping by freight or long distances, make 5½ feet long 3 feet wide and 1 foot high for chickens, fowls and ducks; for geese 14 inches high and for turkeys 16. The coop is divided by a partition across the middle. Use posts 2 inches square for the corners and middle. The slats on each side next to the bottom should be 3 feet 5 inches long, the others at each end 3 feet long. The 5 inches extension beyond the end of the coop is to hold a feed trough. The long slats and bottom boards are 5½ feet long, all three-eighths of an inch thick. The slats are from 2½ to 3 inches wide, free from knots and straight grained. A V-shaped notch is cut in the projecting ends of the lower slats to hold the feed trough outside of the coop. Put the slats on the sides and ends about 2 inches apart but closer on top to prevent the fowls from getting their heads through. Make a feed trough of two pieces of board 4 or 5 inches wide and the end of the coop with end blocks in and nail well in the notches of the bottom end pieces and to the side slat. The best feed to use is cracked corn thoroughly soaked, as it holds the moisture and will not sour. The illustration shows the heavy style of coop in perspective.—S. B. Conover, in Farm and Home.

NOTES FOR SHEPHERDS.

SHEEP must have pure air and plenty of it; see that the sheds are well ventilated.

DO NOT feed corn to pregnant ewes if it can be avoided; it develops too much heat and fat.

KEEP an eye on the sheep at this season; if insect or scab is found treatment should follow at once.

WHEN feeding sulphur to sheep they should be protected from rain or melting snows; in fact, they should be so protected under all circumstances.

IT is not safe to feed millet seed, or millet hay the seed of which was fully matured to stock, though sheep will take better care of it than any other animal, since they masticate their food more finely.—Prairie Farmer.

Keep Only One Breed.

It is best to undertake only one breed of fowls or, at most, two if both eggs and broilers are desired. This will give you an opportunity to note closely the good points of the fowls and try to improve them. It will pay to start with a good breed, provided proper attention is given to the raising and feeding. Under such conditions the thoroughbreds will always distance the barnyard fowls in the amount and quality of their products, but they will not stand neglect any better. Time and trouble are required in grading up your stock, but they will run down hill rapidly and without effort if once you relax your care.

The Delicacy of Sheep.

Sheep breeders will do well to recollect that the improved breeds of sheep owe their present high position chiefly to the care and feed given them. These must be continued if the present excellence of the flock is to be maintained. English sheep accustomed to shelter from storms and to succulent food are unable to hustle for a living as the common sheep of this country are made to do. The improvement has been made at the expense of hardiness. All the mutton breeds are more prone to colds or catarrhal troubles and housing from storms is imperative.

TOUGH BUT TRUE.

The Captain's Story Was as Good as the Biggest Kind of a Lie.

It is extremely difficult to tell a lie. Falsifying is as easy as to roll down a greased plane. But a sublime lie, in which one hand touches the stars and the other dives down through the earth and comes out the other side, that requires genius. I remember in my youthful days having an immense respect for George because he could not tell a lie. As I advanced I found that to do so he would have required the brilliancy of Hamilton, the astuteness of Robert Morris and the cleverness of Franklin—which he did not have—but was simply the well-shaped marble Washington we know to-day.

The difficulty consists in the fact that truth no longer confines herself to her proper realm of probability. She takes to herself such unlimitable bounds that the most brazen-cymbaled lie possible to be conceived, dreamed or manufactured has, metaphorically, physically and spiritually, taken a back seat.

I am led to these reflections by some remarks of my friend, Capt. Ebenezer Lullhard. It seems truly sad that the world has changed so much that a man can no longer tell a lie without its being detected as the truth.

We were speaking of the launching of ships.

"Do you know," said the captain, "that down in the Caribbee islands people build ships up on top of an old volcano? Yes, sir; a thousan' feet 'bove sea level. Yes, sir, Dutchmen. An' blowed if they don't launch 'em, too."

A smile went around the circle which made the glasses jump on the table. It was an incredulous smile.

"But by the tarnel eels! I've seen 'em. A lot of Dutchmen. Live in a crater. Thousan' feet up. An' so steep you have to go up steps cut in the rock to get to it. An' they built ships there in the crater o' a volcano. An' what's more, not a stick of timber grows on the blasted place."

"Now, cap," ventured one of his hearers. "Fur be it from me to say a gentl'man an' old skipper, like meself, ain't confinin' hisself to the truth. An I've often he'rd tell of folk, 'long the Bay o' Fundy, buildin' ships way off in the woods, noways nigh the water. But thar the tide rises sixty feet an' launches them ships as slick as though they was built in a ship yard. But, dash my skin, if I ever he'rd of a tide risin' a thousan' feet! How do they launch them ere boats?"

"Lower 'em down the rocks, clear into deep water. I'm a son of a sea cook, if I havn't seen them Dutchmen lower 'em down—thousan' feet!"

I chuckled over one of the captain's best. What was my disgust to subsequently find in "Down the Islands," by William Agnew Paton, page 29, the name of this remarkable spot in Saba, a small Dutch island, rising out of the sea in sheer walls of rock. That the inhabitants really live one thousand feet up in the air, in the crater of an extinct volcano, Mr. Paton says in his very interesting book:

"The people of Saba are celebrated throughout the Caribbean islands for the fishing boats they build in a crater—the oddest places imaginable for a shipyard. When the boats are ready to be launched they are lowered down the overhanging precipices into the sea. There is no timber growing on the island, no beach from which to launch a boat when it is built, no harbor to shelter one when launched, and yet these Dutch West Indians profit by their trade of ship-building and cruise all about the Caribbean archipelago in the staunch, seaworthy craft they construct in the hollow of a crater on the top of their mountain colony."

Alas! the captain had but told us the truth. Let us charitably conclude that he thought the story so improbable that it would answer as well as a lie.—Philadelphia Times.

A Good Boy's Experience.

Little Regie—I don't b'lieve the Lord cares a cent for good boys.

Fond Mother—Horrors! What put that idea into your head?

Little Regie—He hardly ever makes good boys strong enough to lick bad boys.—Good News.

LADY (to her husband)—"I am growing so fat that I am beginning to feel quite alarmed about it. I have just discovered that I weigh two hundred and forty pounds." "Two hundred and forty pounds! And where did you get weighed?" "On the butcher's scales." "Oh, then, calm yourself. You weigh exactly half."—Le Figaro.

HE—"Fraulein Dora, your lips are like ripe cherries." She—"Are you fond of cherries?"—Humoristische Blaetter.

NOBODY can help noticing the shortcomings of the man who is always behind time.—Dallas News.

NO RESOLUTION is considered good by some people unless it will stretch.—Galveston News.

LANDLORD—"I'm afraid I'll have to raise your rent." Tenant—"I wish you would; I'm sure I can't raise it."—Truth.

If a fool and his money are easily parted, will somebody tell us how it is there are so many rich fools?—Philadelphia Record.

INQUISITIVE TOMMY—"Say, pa, what is sic transit?" Intelligent Parent—"Sic transit! Why, an ambulance wagon, of course."—Texas Siftings.

AT first success makes a name, afterward the name makes the success.—Fliegende Blatter.

WHEN a man becomes firmly convinced that he is a genius, it is then that the fringe slowly begins to form on the bottom of his trousers.—Harlem Life.

MRS. MCBRIDE—"John, dear, why are some grocers called green grocers?" Mr. McBride—"To distinguish them from cash grocers, dear."—Vogue.

THE HUSBAND (bitterly)—"I wish I had known as much before I was married as I do now." The Wife—"So do I. You might really have amounted to something by this time."—Life.

WEARY WAGGLES—"Dere er sev'ral courses I'd like ter perpose." Tiredy—"Wot er doy like?" Weary Wuggles—"Dinner courses."—Syracuse Post.

WHAT He Thought About It.—She—"I'm sorry I married you." He—"You ought to be. You cut some nice girls out of a mighty good husband."—Life.

PENELOPE—"Mr. Goldrocks has never paid me any attention before, but he danced with me five times last night." Priscilla (jealous)—"O, well, it was a charity ball, you know."—Brooklyn Life.

A WINTER PLAYROOM.

It Is Something Which Every Child Will Appreciate.

If there is an empty or unused room in your house, give it over to the children for a winter playroom. Have no pictures on the wall nor any furniture that is of the slightest value. The windows should be screened by wire netting, and if near the floor, protected by iron bars without, so that there is no danger of falling out. If the floor shows wide cracks, have the children putty them up. The stove, if one is needed, must also be screened, to prevent the slightest possibility of fire. Any decorations the children want to make should be allowed, provided they furnish them with their own money, or ingenuity. It gives them a sense of ownership they can attain in no other way.

Here all the rough-and-tumble games not permissible in the nursery can be played. The floor, if even, can be used for roller skating and croquet, while base and football, circus and tag can be played with impunity. A tool chest and scroll saw will while away many rainy days, and a heap of sawdust will keep even the baby in Elysium. Make the children themselves keep the room tidy, and while not insisting on the order that reigns in the nursery, yet see that utter chaos is avoided.—Milwaukee Journal.

ACUTE DYSPEPSIA.

Sympathetic Heart Disease Often Attends It.

The Modern Treatment Consists in Removing the Cause.

(From the Republican, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.)

Mrs. V. Curley, who has resided in Clarence, Iowa, for the past twenty-two years, tells an interesting story of what she considers rescue from premature death. Her narrative is as follows:

"For ten years prior to 1894 I was a constant sufferer from acute stomach trouble. I had all the manifold symptoms of acute dyspepsia, and at times other troubles were present in complication—I did not know what it was to enjoy a meal. No matter how careful I might be as to the quality, quantity and preparation of my food, distress always followed eating. I was despondent and blue. Almost to the point of insanity at times, and would have been glad to die. Often and often I could not sleep. Sympathetic heart trouble set in, and time and again I was obliged to call a doctor in the night to relieve sudden attacks of suffocation which would come on without a moment's warning.

My troubles increased as time wore on, and I spent large sums in doctor bills, being compelled to have medical attendants almost constantly. During 1892 and 1893 it was impossible for me to retain food, and water brashes plagued me. I was reduced to a skeleton. A consultation of physicians was unable to determine just what did all me. The doctors gave us as their opinion that the probable trouble was ulceration of the coats of the stomach, and held out no hope of recovery. One doctor said: "All I can do to relieve your suffering is by the use of opium.

About this time a friend of mine, Mrs. Symantha Smith, of Glidden, Iowa, told me about the case of Mrs. Thurston, of Oxford Junction, Iowa. This lady said she had been afflicted much the same as I had. She had consulted local physicians without relief, and had gone to Davonport for treatment. Giving up all hope of recovery, she was persuaded by a friend to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The result was almost magical.

I was led to try them from her experience, and before many months I felt better than I had for a dozen years. I am now almost free from trouble, and if through some error of diet I feel badly, this splendid remedy sets me right again. I have regained my strength and am once more in my usual flesh. I sleep well and can eat without distress. I have no doubt that I owe my recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I only wish that I had heard of them years ago, thereby saving myself ten years of suffering and much money."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

PARVENU HOSTESS (to stable boy, attired as waiter for the occasion of a dinner party)—"James, why do you not fill Mr. De Gluttonne's glass?" James—"Lor', mu'um, what's the use! He empties it as fast as I fill it."—Truth.

JUST TEN YEARS

Since a Remarkable Happening.

An Interesting Interview With a Prominent Commercial Traveller.

The newsgatherer on his daily search for items of interest often comes across happenings of more than passing note. It was during a recent conversation with Mr. A. H. Cransby, the well-known commercial traveller, with the Cochran Lumber Company, that a reporter of the *Commercial* learned of a wonderful case. Mr. Cransby is well known in Memphis and surrounding country, and now resides at 158 Kerr street.

"Just ten years ago," said he, "my wife noticed a small lump in her breast. She thought nothing of it, but it increased in size rapidly, and soon broke through the skin, and commenced to discharge. She was put under treatment of the best physicians, but they very soon found that they could do her no good, and simply prescribed antiseptics to keep the place clean. Both her grandmother and aunt, by the way, had died with cancer, and when apprised of this fact, the doctors told me that they would not attempt to save her; that she was incurable. Although the cancer had by this time become deep seated, and her health very low, I had one of the most noted specialists of New York to treat her. After treating her awhile, this doctor admitted that the case was hopeless and further treatment useless. It is difficult to imagine how despondent we all became, knowing that she must die, and unable to give her any relief. I had spent over five hundred dollars with the best medical skill to be had, and felt that there was no further hope.

"One day I happened to read an advertisement of S. S. S., recommending that remedy for cancer, and in view of the failure of the most eminent physicians in the country, I confess I had little faith left in any human agency. However, I purchased a bottle of S. S. S., and to my delight, it seemed to benefit her; after she had taken a couple of bottles, the cancer began to heal, and astonishing as it may seem, a few bottles more cured her entirely. You can probably better understand how remarkable this cure was, when I explain that the cancer had eaten two holes in the breast two inches deep. These healed up entirely, and although ten years have elapsed, not a sign of the disease has ever returned, and we are assured of the permanence of the cure, which we at first doubted.

"I certainly regard S. S. S. as the most wonderful remedy in the world, and it is truly a God-send to those afflicted with this terrible disease. Yes sir," he concluded, "you may be sure that I shall always be grateful to that remedy, for without it my home would now be desolate and my children motherless."—*Memphis, Tenn., Commercial.*

To the Younger Cooks,

the beginners in the art of bread and cake making, there is no aid so great, no assistant so helpful, as the

Royal Baking Powder.

It is the perfect leavening agent and makes perfect food. Do not make a mistake by experimenting with any other.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

An Answering Invitation.

There seems to be a good deal of uncertainty prevailing in regard to the proper way of answering an invitation. The rule is simple: Be guided entirely by the form in which that invitation was given. If it was informal, then your reply is in bad taste if it be not informal, too. If it were in the third person, you should not presume to word your answer in the first. A declination was once sent which ran thus: "Mr. So-and-so regrets that he will be unable to accept Mrs. Such-and-such-a-person's kind invitation for Monday night. I shall be out of town." And this was written by a youth who should have known better, too.—Philadelphia Times.

A Sure Test.

A new-comer in Jacksonville, Florida, asked an old resident how malarial fever could be distinguished from yellow fever. "As a general thing," was the reply, "you can't tell until you have it. If you ain't alive it is most likely yellow fever."—Texas Siftings.

HOW I MADE $1,200

By not sowing Salzer's seeds! That is what a jolly farmer said as he entered our sanctum. How is that? Why, says he, Salzer's seeds not only grow but they produce enormously. Had I planted a few acres more of his oats, wheat, corn, potatoes, grass and clover seeds, I would have had to double the capacity of my barns; that would have cost me $1,200. It is a fact that if you want big, rousing farm, grass and vegetable crops, you must sow Salzer's seeds. IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT with 7c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed company, La Crosse, Wis., you will get free a sample of GRASS AND CLOVER MIXTURE and their plant and seed catalogue. [K]

HIS LITTLE JOKE.—First Cannibal—"These missionaries give me a pain." Second Cannibal—"I think you eat too fast."—Puck.

The Most Pleasant Way

Of preventing the grippe, colds, headaches, and fevers is to use the liquid laxative remedy Syrup of Figs, whenever the system needs a gentle, yet effective cleansing. To be benefited one must get the true remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all druggists in 50c. and $1 bottles.

THE older a man is when he gets married the sooner he commences taking his lunch at noon down town.—Atchison Globe.

TO NEW ORLEANS the Queen & Crescent Route is the direct line; 90 miles shortest from Cincinnati. Solid vestibuled trains.

A LIFE without a trouble would be as unendurable as a summer without a cloud.

I CAN'T get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—Mrs. E. C. MOULTON, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, '94.

PARVENU HOSTESS (to stable boy, attired as waiter for the occasion of a dinner party)—"James, why do you not fill Mr. De Gluttonne's glass?" James—"Lor', mu'um, what's the use! He empties it as fast as I fill it."—Truth.

$6.00 to California

Is price of double berth in Tourist Sleeping Car from Chicago on the famous "Phillips-Rock Island Tourist Excursions." Through cars on fast trains leave Chicago Tuesdays via Ft. Worth and El Paso, and Thursdays via Scenic Route. Write for particulars to A. P. PHILLIPS & Co., 104 Clark St., Chicago. JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago.

MISTRESS—"You broke my Sevres plate. You are discharged. How did you break it?" Servant—"I carelessly dropped one of the biscuits you made yesterday on it."—Woonsocket Reporter.

THE Queen & Crescent Route is the best equipped and shortest line to Florida. Solid vestibuled trains and through sleepers.

UP IN ARMS—the babies—Philadelphia Record.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

Many years ago Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., compounded this medicine of vegetable ingredients which had an especial effect upon the stomach and liver, rousing the organs to healthful activity as well as purifying and enriching the blood. By such means the stomach and the nerves are supplied with *pure blood;* they will not do duty without it any more than a locomotive can run without coal. You can not get a lasting cure of Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, by taking artificially digested foods or pepsin—the stomach must do its own work in its own way. Do not put your nerves to sleep with so-called celery mixtures, it is better to go to the seat of the difficulty and feed the nerve cells on the food they require. Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness and Nervous Affections, such as sleeplessness and weak, nervous feelings are completely *cured* by the "Discovery." It puts on healthy flesh, brings refreshing sleep and invigorates the whole system.

MRS. K. HENKE, of *No. 896 North Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.,* writes: "I regard my improvement as simply wonderful. Since taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in connection with his 'Pleasant Pellets' I have gained in every respect, particularly in flesh and strength. My liver was dreadfully enlarged and I suffered greatly from dyspepsia. No physician could give relief.

MRS. HENKE.

Now, after two months I am entirely relieved of my disease. My appetite is excellent; food well digested; bowels regular and sleep much improved."

ST. JACOBS OIL is the Perfect CURE for

NEURALGIA

WITHOUT RELAPSE, COLLAPSE, MISHAPS or PERHAPS.

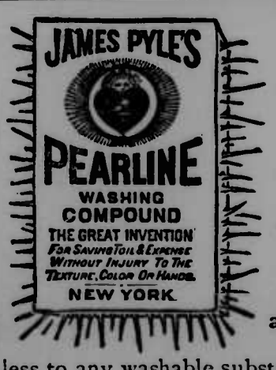

It bristles with good points.

And the minute they spy dirt they rise up and go for it. No matter what it's on—linen, laces, silk, woolens, flannel, marble, china, glass, wood, metal, or your own person, Pearline will get the dirt off with the least trouble and labor.

It saves that ruinous wear and tear that comes from rubbing. But there's another point to think about, more important still:

Pearline is absolutely harmless to any washable substance or fabric.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled; if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—*send it back.* 147 JAMES PYLE, New York.

For Twenty Years

Scott's Emulsion has been endorsed by physicians of the whole world. There is no secret about its ingredients. Physicians prescribe

Scott's Emulsion

because they know what great nourishing and curative properties it contains. They know it is what it is represented to be; namely, a perfect emulsion of the best Norway Cod-liver Oil with the hypophosphites of lime and soda.

For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption, Scrofula, Anæmia, Weak Babies, Thin Children, Rickets, Marasmus, Loss of Flesh, General Debility, and all conditions of Wasting.

The only genuine Scott's Emulsion is put in *salmon-colored wrapper.* Refuse inferior substitutes!

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and $1.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 4, 1895.

When Senator Lee Mantle, of Montana, took the oath of office the Democratic majority of the Senate disappeared—let us hope never to come back again. The Senate now consists of 86 members, 53 Democrats, 38 Republicans and 5 Populists. When the Republican Senators from Wyoming and Washington take their seats the Senate will be full for the first time for several years, and 45 will be a majority.

The only change made by the accessions to the Senate, from a financial point of view, is to strengthen the silver men, who already had a majority. As an answer to appeals which have been made to them to join hands with the administration and pass a financial bill, several Republican Senators have made a careful canvass of the Senate and the result is that 47 Senators are for the free coinage of silver and 39 against it. The free coinage men will have 49 votes when the Washington and Wyoming Senators arrive.

There is a hitch in the administration's programme for the new issue of bonds. While it is given out that the administration is waiting to see if Congress will act upon Mr. Cleveland's gold bond recommendation, it is well known that the delay has been caused by the demands of the capitalists who are expected to subscribe for the new bonds. Orders have been issued to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing to print $100,000,000 of 4 per cent. thirty year bonds authorized by the specie resumption act of 1875, but what amount will be issued is not yet known. Mr. Cleveland is said to favor advertising for bids without stating any specified amount and accepting all satisfactory bids, but the cabinet is understood to be divided on that idea. The question may be settled at the cabinet meeting to be held to-morrow.

Through the instrumentality of Senator Frye, of Maine, and Dubois, of Idaho, Senators Chandler and Galliger, of New Hampshire, have resumed amicable relations with each other, much to the gratification of their Republican colleagues. Previous to their reconciliation the two Senators had not spoken to each other for some years.

If the generally accepted version of the cause of the resignation of Solicitor General Maxwell, that he resented being censured by Attorney General Olney for having consented to getting the case involving the constitutionality of the income tax advanced by the Supreme Court, be true, the Attorney General's resignation ought to quickly follow. The people do not understand that it is the duty of the Department of Justice to throw obstacles in the way of getting speedy decisions upon any question involving constitutionality of law, whenever the Attorney General shall be afraid that the decision will injure his political party. On the contrary, they expect, as they have a right to, that this department shall, as the late Solicitor General did, use all due diligence to expedite such decisions, regardless of effect or feared effect. To carry out the Attorney General's ideas would be an attempt by the executive branch of the government to encroach upon the prerogatives of the judicial branch. The failure of its numerous recent attempts to control the legislative branch should be warning enough.

The most disgraceful personal encounter of the present session—the only one, in fact—was that in which two Democrats — Breckenridge of Kentucky and Head of Missouri — were the principals. There would have been a regular rough and tumble fight on the floor of the House had nobody interfered. The epithets "liar" and "contemptible scoundrel" were exchanged, and then, as usual, apologies were offered and the House gave its consent to striking the whole business from the record.

The House will decide this week what shall be done with the Cleveland gold bond bill, the committee on rules having decided to report an order setting aside Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday for its consideration. If this order is adopted by the House the final vote will be taken next Thursday, but there seems a probability, notwithstanding the extraordinary efforts of the administration to prevent it, that the order may meet the same fate as the order for the consideration of the Carlisle currency bill—be rejected by the House. So far as the final result is concerned it does not make the slightest difference what disposition the House makes of either the order or the bill, as the latter cannot possibly get reported to the Senate even should it pass the House.

The House sent the Reilly Pacific railroad bill back to the committee by a vote of 177 to 106. Opponents of the bill say that, instead of making votes against it, the circulars sent to Washington by Mayor Sutro, of San Francisco, charging the Huntington lobby of buying votes for $20,000 each, made votes for the bill.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Scratching and Swearing

only increase the irritation and heat the blood. What the skin needs is a cooling, healing application that brings comfort to body and mind, and which at the same time has strength enough to penetrate a clogged skin and to dissolve the scales of Eczema and Dandruff.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

is the only perfect preparation of this kind. It will cure Eczema, Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Dandruff, Itching Piles, Ring Worm, Pimples, Blotches and other diseases of the skin. Sometimes it will cure in a few days—sometimes it takes longer—but the cure is certain and permanent. There is no question about it. It has been proven times without number.

50 cents—all drug stores.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head and all inflammation of the nasal passages—50c.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

are good for sick headache, constipation, piles, bilious colic, fever and ague, dyspepsia, rheumatism, female complaints, dizziness, flatulence, sour stomach, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general debility. They will positively cure all disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. 25 cents a box.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

helps babes over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, controls the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no strong drugs and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good—25 cents a bottle.

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

Slate Roofing.

Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.

I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.

All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.

I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.

Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.

For prices apply to or address,

C. M. BEACHY,
47—1yr. Grantsville, Md.

A GREAT MIDWINTER SALE AT SINCELLS'.

For One Week we will give you the advantage of a

RARE BARGAIN SALE

BEGINNING

Feb. 2 and Ending Feb. 9.

Calicos for 4½ to 5 cents per yard, worth 7, 8 and 9 cents per yard.
Ginghams, 5 cents per yard; worth 7, 9 and 10 cents.
Skirtings, 7 cents per yard; worth 9, 10 and 12½ cents.
Canton Flannels, 5 to 7 cents per yard; worth 10 and 12½ cents.
10-4 Sheeting, 21 cents per yard; worth 30 cents.
21 yards Muslin for $1. 18 yards Bleached Muslin for $1.
Satteens, 12½ cents per yard; worth 20 cents.
" 15 " " " " 25 "
" 20 " " " " 30 "
Outing Flannels, 7 cents per yard; worth 10 cents.
All Colored Factory Flannels at 21 cents per yard.
36 inch Cashmeres, 15 cents per yard; worth 25 cents.
36 " " 23 " " " 35 "
36 " " 25 " " " 40 "
38 " Henrietta, 40 " " " 65 "
40 in. all wool Serge 34 " " " 50 "
38 inch Hopsacking 55 " " " 80 "
54 " Broadcloth 50 " " " 75 "
54 " " 65 " " " 81.

Any other of our Dress Goods at prices to suit the closest buyer.

SHOES.

Ladies' Shoes for 99 cts. per pair; worth $1.25.
" " " $1.15 " " " 1.50.
" " " 1.25 " " " 1.75.
" " " 1.35 " " " 2.00.
" " " 1.50 " " " 2.25.
" " " 1.75 " " " 2.50.
" " " 2.00 " " " 2.75.
" " " 2.25 " " " 3.00.
" " " 2.65 " " " 3.50.
" " " 2.75 " " " 4.00.

Gentlemen's and Children's Shoes at the same low prices.

UNDERCLOTHING.

Gentlemen's Camels Hair Underclothing for only $1.25 per suit.
" Red Flannel " " " 1.75 " "
" White Merino " " " .85 " "

GROCERIES.

Baking Powder, per pound ..... .10
3 pound can Table Peaches ..... .15
3 " " " Apricots ..... .15
3 " " " Bartlett Pears ..... .15
12 cans Standard Tomatoes ..... .85
12 " " Corn ..... .85
Best Vanilla Drip Syrup, per gallon ..... .25
3 pounds Ringed Evaporated Apples ..... .25
3 " California Prunes ..... .25
3 " Evaporated Apricots ..... .25
3 " " Peaches ..... .25
6 " Rice ..... .25
7 " Navy Beans ..... .25
7 " Clear Starch ..... .25
Good Tea, 15 cents per pound and up.
Lily White Flour, per barrel $3.25
Rohrer's Best Flour, per barrel 3.90

MEN'S CLOTHING.

Men's Suits for $5.75; worth $10. Men's Suits for $10; worth $16.
" " " 7.25; " 12. " " " 5.50 " 9.50
Men's Suits for $6; worth $11.50.

Boys' Suits for $6; worth $10. Boys' Suits for $4.50; worth $7.
" " " 5; " 8. " " " 3.75; " 6.50.
Childrens' Suits for 99 cents and up.

OVERCOATS.

Overcoats for 59 cents; worth $1.25. Overcoats for $1.50; worth $3.00
" " 75 cents; " 1.50. " " 2.50; " 5.00
" " $1.25; " 2.50. " " 4.00; " 8.00

To the person purchasing the largest amount of goods during this great sale we will give one of our

$55 Davis Sewing Machines.

We have a good system for keeping a correct record of each purchase.

THE ABOVE PRICES ARE FOR

CASH ONLY AT THE TIME OF PURCHASE.

SAMUEL LAWTON,
—DEALER IN—
Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.
Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.
23—1yr.

FOR SALE.

Three acres of land, being a part of the old Kennedy farm, lying in the eastern suburbs of Oakland on either side of the road leading to Mt. Lake Park. Will be sold in lots of ¼ acre each, or as a whole.
For full particulars call on or address
MRS. LIZZIE BUZZARD,
22-6m Elkins, W. Va.

MOUNT POMONA.
NURSERY AND FRUIT FARM.
Address Swanton, Md., for Fruit and Mushrooms.
Address Mt. Lake Park concerning Nursery, Greenhouse or Vegetable Products.
Agets wanted on salary.
SWEET & SHACKLEFORD.

--WANTED--
WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER
Also White Oak Timber Land.
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.
Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

SLATE ROOFING.

I am now prepared to furnish and put on plain and fancy roofing, slate, galvanized ridge, nail and water proof paper at reasonable prices. All work and material guaranteed.
C. M. Beachy,
27-1yr. Keyser, Garrett county, Md.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, low old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
T. R. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.
CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
221f 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

Shartzer & Bolden,
OAKLAND, MD.
DEALERS IN
FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES
WALL PAPER
—AND—
GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.
REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.
11 1y

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR
Monuments, Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe WITH
J. B. WILLIAMS.
FROSTBURG, MD.
AGENTS WANTED.
4105.yr—

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:
1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.
2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.
3. Farm of Mrs. Ida C. Crumtzberg, containing 61 acres, under fence; orchard of 150 trees; stable, frame house. Price, $1,200. Cash payment of $260, balance at 20 years with interest.
These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.
4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.
E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

COOK BROS.,
169 Baltimore Street,
CUMBERLAND, - MD.
Sole agents for the World's Fair Best Spring Wheat Flour,
The Boss
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.
ONCE YOU USE IT YOU WILL ALWAYS USE IT!
For sale in Oakland by George O. Miller & Co.; in Mountain Lake Park by Hayden & Eckles. 36—13

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

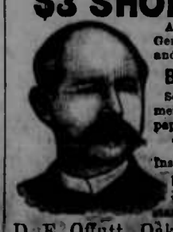

And other specialties for Gentlemen, Ladies, Boys and Misses are the
Best in the World.
See descriptive advertisement which appears in this paper.
Take no Substitute.
Insist on having W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES, with name and price stamped on bottom. Sold by
D. E. Offutt, Oakland, and Wm. Ryland, Friendsville.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.
Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING. Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e11-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.
Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.
Drs. McLane & Berkeley,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
FROSTBURG, MD.
Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.
See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,
Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8:30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.
Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties, Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.
M. M. ARMSTRONG.
CHAS. A. WILT, Agent.
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.
Fine carriage work a specialty.
Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13t.

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The splendid popular triumph for the cause of protection opens up a new chapter, and one of the most interesting in the history of the country. It has carried West Virginia into the column of protection and produced a revolution in the politics of the State. There will be new and important developments by reason of the great victory of 1894—developments that will have a decided influence on the presidential campaign of 1896—and the WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER will follow them closely in all their details. In West Virginia the Wheeling Intelligencer is the recognized leader of the cause of protection and State development.
All the foreign and home news of the year will be faithfully chronicled in the Intelligencer's telegraphic columns.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 18. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1895 NUMBER 49.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings In and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

Send us your orders for printed stationery.

A coal famine is feared at Martinsburg, West Va.

When it begins to thaw, snow banks will go into liquidation.

Oh yes! Oh yes!—Cheap John, Auctioneer. Charges reasonable. 46tf.

Miss Nettie Kepner has returned from an extended visit to Baltimore.

Don't forget to call on the printer when you are in town attending court.

Mr. Henry J. Shaffer, of Deer Park, was here Tuesday a few hours on business.

Mr. S. P. Baker, of near the Park, was in to see THE REPUBLICAN Monday.

Editor Litzinger, of the *Democrat*, was in Cumberland a few days this week on business.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Mr. Chas. W. Bolden was in Meyersdale last week on a visit to his son and daughter.

Mr. Samuel Lawton went to Baltimore Monday to attennd the Grand Lodge, K. of P.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Peddicord returned from Cincinnati, Ohio, last Friday night.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

Mr. Hezekiah Low, of Corinth, was in the city on Monday and paid his respects to this office.

Chas. J. Newman, Railroad street keeps constantly on hand fresh pies, cakes, buns, etc. 49–3t.

Mrs. John M. Davis, who has been extremely ill for several weeks past, is improving at this time.

Mr. Godfrey Felty has been quite sick for a number of days but is somewhat improved at this time.

Miss Martha Hinebaugh has returned from a protracted visit to friends and relatives in Accident.

On account of the severe cold weather last Friday the public school was dismissed for that day.

I am prepared to do sewing for private families. Mrs. P. L. Merrifield, over Felty's store, Oakland.

Messrs. Abraham Lawton and Ernest Townshend spent last week with friends at Keyser and Cumberland.

Mr. Ed. P. Anderson and his brother, of Newburg, W. Va., were in Oakland Monday for a short time.

The prospects for building in Oakland this spring are good and a busy summer is expected by our mechanics.

Send your check books to this office to be numbered. We have a special machine for just this class of work.

Judge Boyd came up to Oakland on Tuesday and drew the jury for the March term. See the list in another column.

Mr. A. T. Cline, of Grafton, was in Oakland yesterday to see his son who is stationed here as operator and ticket agent.

Store stand on Main street in Oakland, and 3 rooms up-stairs, for rent. Apply to J. O. Michael. 47–2t.

To-day is St. Valentine's Day and many a "cuss word" will be heard by those receiving the obnoxious and vulgar "comics".

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office with Dr. M. C. Hinebaugh. 35-1y

Prof. S. C. Smith, the music man, returned from a business trip through parts of Garrett and Preston counties Friday evening.

A series of meetings will be commenced in the Garrett Memorial church on next Monday night by the pastor, Rev. S. M. Engle.

Mr. R. G. Richardson, of Keyser, representing Richardson Bros. & Co., furniture manufacturers, was here Tuesday looking up trade.

Mr. D. E. Offutt was in Washington a few days last week attending a meeting of the board of directors of the Mountain Lake Park Association.

The February session of the County Commissioners adjourned on Monday. The commissioners transacted considerable business at this session.

For two or three days past teams have been hauling furniture to the new Commercial hotel, which will be occupied by Mrs. S. M. Miller in a short time.

Mr. R. P. Crellin, president of the Preston Lumber and Coal Company, was here a day or two this week on business connected with his interests here.

Dr. Benj. Ison and Mrs. Ison went to Washington, D. C., this morning, where they will spend the remainder of the winter as the guests of their sons.

Mrs. M. E. Davis, who was in Baltimore at a hospital receiving treatment for a cancer of the stomach, returned to Oakland Tuesday night somewhat improved in health.

Mr. W. W. Sweet, of Piedmont, was in Oakland Monday. Mr. Sweet will associate himself with the Horticultural Supply Company as secretary and assistant manager.

Mr. Chas. W. Bolden, of Oakland, accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Wm. Ward, of McKeesport, Pa., spent Saturday last in Terra Alta, the guests of relatives.—Oracle.

Mr. S. T. Jones is agent for the Columbia bicycle. He has a wheel on hand (1895 pattern) that weighs only 21½ pounds, the heaviest wheel made this year by the Columbia company.

Rev. J. W. Butler has been engaged for several days holding a series of meetings in Deer Park. Quite a number have connected themselves with the church as a result of the effort.

Judge Hoffman rendered a decision in favor of the Cumberland *Daily News* in a case wherein it was the defendant in a libel suit brought by David J. Lewis, Esq., an attorney of Cumberland.

The members of Smith's Military band met on Tuesday night for the first time in a number of weeks. The organization is still intact and the boys are determined to make better music this year than they have heretofore.

The Ladies' Guild of St. Matthew's P. E. church will give one of their attractive entertainments on Thursday, Feb. 21st at 8 o'clock p. m. in Offutt's Hall. The programme will consist of tableaux, vocal and instrumental music, character songs, etc.

A dispatch to the Baltimore *Sun* says: The snow has drifted on the National pike at Eckhart Hill, a mile below Frostburg, until there is a bank of snow thirty-five or forty feet deep. A tunnel has been cut through the drift large enough for the passage of a single vehicle.

O. W. O. Hardman, Sheriff of Tyler Co., W. Va., appreciates a good thing and does not hesitate to say so. He was almost prostrated with a cold when he procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He says: "It gave me prompt relief. I find it to be an invaluable remedy for coughs and colds." For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

The circuit court for Garrett county has adopted a set of new rules for the government of the court in conducting its business. Under the new rules the criminal docket will be taken up on the second Wednesday of the term. This will enable the State's Attorney to get through with the grand jury before he goes into the trial of cases in the criminal docket and will greatly facilitate the transaction of the business of the court.

Mrs. Emily Thorne, who resides in Toledo, Washington, says she has never been able to procure any medicine for rheumatism that relieved the pain so quickly and effectually as Chamberlain's Pain Balm and that she has also used it for lame back with great success. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

A peculiar accident happened in the public school at Thomas last Thursday. Helen Albright, a pupil ten years old, had a dynamite cap in her possession which she used as an ornament on her lead pencil. In some unaccountable manner the cap exploded, injuring two fingers and the thumb on her left hand so badly they had to be amputated.—Tucker County Republican.

WANTED — Quick, pupils for piano, organ, violin, vocal culture, elegant penmanship, elocution and dramatic reading. Private lessons or in class to suit the applicant. Can begin lessons any day at any hour. Pupils from a distance can secure boarding at an extremely reasonable figure. For terms and particulars, please address Mrs. H. A. Rasche, Oakland, Md. 48–13t.

The meetings which have been held in St. Paul's church in Oakland since January 1st, closed on Monday night last. Nearly one hundred persons confessed conversion and connected themselves with the church. Mr. Hudson, the Ohio evangelist, was here for a week assisting in the services. A jubilee meeting was held last night at which a large crowd was present and a happy hour spent by those who had been converted during the meetings.

The experince of Geo. A. Apgar, of German Valley, N. J., is well worth remembering. He was troubled with chronic diarrhœa and doctored for five months and was treated by four different doctors without benefit. He then began using Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarahoea Remedy, of which one small bottle effected a complete cure. It is for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

That charity should begin at home was exemplified to a great degree on last Saturday when a number of Oakland's young men went around to the different merchants and solicited contributions of flour, meat, etc., for the needy poor. The merchants, as a rule, contributed very liberally and the result was that all the poor of the town and vicinity fared well. We are happy to state, however, that there has been no destitution among our people this winter.

A Des Monies woman who has been troubled with frequent colds, concluded to try an old remedy in a new way, and accordingly took a tablespoonful (four times the usual dose) of Chamberlains' Cough Remedy just before going to bed. The next morning she found that her cold was almost entirely disappeared. During the day she took a few doses of the remedy (one teaspoonful at a time) and at night took a tablespoonful before going to bed, and on the following morning awoke free from all symptons of the cold. Since then she has, on several occasions, used this remedy in like manner, with the same good results, and is much elated over her discovery of so quick a way of cureing a cold. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Valuable Advice.

Avoid lawsuits and loss by consulting H. P. Tasker and examining his abstracts of the "conflicting titles" before paying for Military Lots. Charges reasonable. Office in Colardeau Cottage, opposite the bank, Oakland, Md. 41–tf.

The New Nursery.

As announced elsewhere, Garrett county is to have a new industry. We say new advisedly, for while there has been a small nursery connected with the Mount Pomona fruit farm at Swanton for several years, averaging 6,000 to 7,000 trees, shrubs, etc., there were many practical difficulties in the way of any considerable increase, among which was the difficulty of tilling new and stony hill land.

There is a great demand for hardy, home grown stock suited to our peculiar climate. To supply this want more fully about twenty acres of the rich and easily tilled [illegible] at Loch Lynn Heights have been secured, a greenhouse erected and company formed with ample capital to operate the same. The new enterprise will be, to use a horticultural *simile*, "grafted upon the old stock," under the same general management, but, having means, a favorable location and a good directorship, we are justifiable in the belief that the grafted fruit will be much larger and finer than the original seedling.

While the scope of the charter is such that any business of a horticultural nature could be carried on the company expect to make the production and sale of nursery stock their leading industry with garden specialties second, the greenhouse supporting both.

From this it will be seen that there will be no need of such extensive glass structures as with our friends, the Messrs. Weber, but every facility for packing and shipping in the best of order large quantities of nursery stock will be secured as fast as needed. Not less than $25,000 to $30,000 worth is expected to be handled the coming year.

An important feature of this work and one we anticipate which will soon affect the rural beauty of our section for the better, is the prominence that will be given to landscape gardening and the correct arrangement of the plants, trees, shrubbery, etc., sold by them.

To supply this amount of stock, not only will the stock which is on hand at Swanton be used but that which has been partially grown elsewhere will be set as soon as spring opens, which, completing its growth here, will be ready for delivery by next fall and the following spring. Fifteen to twenty thousand will be set each season till ample stock is secured.

To dispose of the above will afford lucrative employment to a score or so of our young men and none could engage in a more honorable calling than supplying those in need with fruit bearing trees, plants and vines and beautfying trees and shrubbery.

We are aware that the public sometimes takes what is best for it in this line very much as a horse does medicine — under protest — however thankful it may be afterward. In this connection we can not do better than relate the very emphatic assertion made by Uncle Jake Parsons, of Horse Shoe Bend on Cheat, of Charley Mayer, who by much persuasion and argument induced the Cheat river settlers to set themselves out good orchards and incidentally to them got a start in life himself. He said. "Charley Mayer ought to have a lasting monument erected to his memory for the good fruit he forced us to take."

Marriage Licenses.

Clerk Tower has granted licenses to wed to the following persons since our last report.

Charles F. Glisan of Markleysburg, Pa., and Laura Bell Riley, of Friendsville, Md.

Squire Shipley and Minnie Schroyer, both of Garrett county.

George Washington Grim and Flora B. Wolf, both of Fellowsville, West Va.

The Storm.

Thursday morning of last week was the beginning of one of the greatest blizzards ever known in this section of the country. The fury of the storm continued unabated until Sunday morning when the wind died away and the sun came creeping out. The mercury hovered between zero and thirteen below during the three days' storm and when the break-up came many of our people heaved a sigh of relief and the coal dealer was correspondingly gloomy.

From Thursday until Monday no mail was sent out by the star routes from Oakland, the county roads being barricaded with drifted snow from four to twenty feet deep. Many of the drifts extend for several hundred yards without a break. Fences are completely buried from view and in many instances houses are almost covered.

The train service was completely demoralized from Thursday night until Monday. The mail trains and express trains both from the east and west were from four to ten hours late and the freight trains hardly moved at all. On Friday morning a freight train which was made up of a mixed cargo, contained several cars of hogs and was delayed here for about two hours. The sufferings of the stock were terrible and five of the hogs in one car froze to death before the train was allowed to proceed. When Deer Park was reached it was found that a large number had succumbed to the cold.

During the three days but one track of the main line of the B. & O. from Oakland to Altamont could be kept open. From Altamont to Mt. Lake Park one of the tracks was covered with six feet of snow. At Altamont a freight train became stalled in a snow drift and it required a half dozen engines to extricate it. There was considerable suffering among the railroad men, but their sufferings were alleviated to a great extent through the kindness and charity of Dr. J. Lee McComas and other gentlemen of Oakland, who furnished hot coffee and other substantials to them while they waited for orders at the station here. No doubt several lives were saved by the forethought of these gentlemen, as some of the men were exposed to the bitter cold and wind for as high as eighteen hours without a morsel to eat. One man, an engineer, Frazier by name, hardly had enough strength left to make his way to the station, and after he had worked off the chill declared that he could not have stood the cold another hour.

The Accident mail was sent out on Monday for the first time since Thursday, and the carrier reported every road in the county drifted shut. He made his way through the fields and woods.

We have heard of no stock suffering except some sheep being frozen belonging to farmers near Swanton.

The Horticultural Supply Company of Garrett county was incorporated on last Saturday by Chas. T. Sweet, G. C. Shackleford, Maj. J. C. Alderson, J. Howard Sanner and Benj. H. Sincell. The capital stock of the company is $10,000 with the principal office at Loch Lynn Heights. The officers of the concern are as follows: President and general manager, Chas. T. Sweet; vice president, Maj. J. C. Alderson; secretary, Benj. H. Sincell; treasurer, Geo. P. White. Under the articles of incorporation granted the company they will carry on the business of canning fruits, vegetables, growing fruit trees, shrubbery, etc., and conducting a general horticultural business.

LADIES

Needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

It is pleasant; cures Malaria, Indigestion Biliousness, Liver Complaints and Neuralgia

The Jurors.

On Tuesday morning Judge A. Hunter Boyd came up to Oakland and drew the following jury to serve at the March term of the Circuit Court:

District No. 1.—Albert Fitzwater, Alexander Fairall, W. S. Paugh, Wm. H. Wright.

No. 2.—Chas. M. Camp, Austin Brown, Thos. Fike, James W. Conneway and David S. Custer.

No. 3.—John Bancord, Phineas C. Boucher, Philip P. McAndrews, Jacob Fresh, Emanuel Hershberger, Harvey H. Miller, Henry Leatham, Samuel J. Beachy, Geo. C. Keller and Richard Garlitz.

No. 4.—Wm. Schell, John L. Michaels and Wm. Moody.

No. 5.—Eli McMillan, Emanuel Custer, Martin L. Fresh, William Hartman, Clinton DeWitt and Edward Margroff.

No. 6.—Thos. J. Lowdermilk and Eugene Teats.

No. 7.—Howard Eckles, Henry Myers, P. T. Garthright, John W. Beckman, John A. Grant, John A. Delawder, Fremont G. Hyde and Jos. M. Crim.

No. 8.—Levi Hewitt and Chas. E. Hilleary.

No. 9.—George W. Blocher.

No. 10.—L. D. Thrasher, Wm. Jankey and N. B. Bray.

No. 11.—John O. Wilhelm and Jacob A. Strickland.

No. 12—Elias Orendorf and Ashford Warnick.

Death In Scandal-Mongering.

A young lady at Frostburg, Maryland, shot herself under peculiarly distressing circumstances. A certain commercial traveler had aspersed her good name. She hunted him up and made him recant at the point of a pistol. Afterwards in her excitement the pistol exploded and entered her own person, inflicting a fatal wound.

A local minister asserts that the man who started the scandal was guilty of the murder of the girl, and he is right. There is murder in the heart of the scandal monger every time, and it is cowardly murder. There is in fact, no greater poltroon on earth than the man who strikes a blow in the dark at the reputation of a young woman. Often the incentive is a most contemptible species of vain glory, often it is pure jealousy, but whatever it be, the crime is among the most reprehensible of all crimes, and it is a great pity that it is not more often detected and punished.

A Snap.

If you want your buggy, wagon or carriage painted this spring don't wait until the rush is on but see King the Painter. Special inducements for February and March. He will make the prices and terms to suit. 47—4

LOOK AT THESE PRICES.

A Special Sale at cut prices—for the next ten days, beginning Friday, Feb. 8, 1895. Here are some of them:

3 cans Beans	25 cts.
2 cans Peaches	25 cts.
3 cans Corn	25 cts.
3 cans Pumpkins	25 cts.
7 pounds Navy Beans	25 cts.
6 " Lima Beans	25 cts.
7 " Dried Peas	25 cts.
3-pound can Cottolene	32 cts.
1c " " Baking Powder	60 cts.
3 boxes Essence Coffee	65 cts.
3 bars Laundry Soap	10 cts.
1 pound Evaporated Apples	11 cts.
1 " " Apricots	11 cts.
1 " " Peaches	11 cts.
5 pounds Seedless Raisins	25 cts.
5 " Muscatell Raisins	25 cts.
3 " Turkey Figs	25 cts.
1 pound Baker's Chocolate	29 cts.
1 " Electric Starch	06 cts.
5 pounds Candy	25 cts.
5 " Rice	25 cts.

Remember we are still giving away silverware. Call and get particulars. We are selling everything else at prices to suit the people and the hard times. Call and see us and get our prices, as we are selling everything else in proportion.

JEWELRY.

We still have a large line of jewelry and silver novelties that we will sell at a great reduction—all of the latest designs, such as Stick Pins, Belt Pins, Hair Pins, Shirt Studs, Ladies' and Gent's Gold Watches, Rings, Breastpins and a thousand other articles too numerous to mention. We also have quite a lot of Xmas goods, such as Photograph Albums, Toilet Cases, Portfolios, China Cups and Saucers and a lot of other small articles.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

We still have some musical instruments that we will sell at a great reduction.

SHOES.

We have one lot of shoes that we will sell regardless of cost.

Best Water White Oil 9 cts. per gal.

Respectfully yours,

W. H. MALETTE,

The Cheap Cash Grocer and Jeweler

The Republican.

BENJ H SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THOMSON'S ROMANCE.

Why He Gave a Rose Dinner Every Year.

Thomson was one of those men, neither old nor young, who have had the same two or three rooms, the same two or three friends, the same two or three fads, for some indefinite period like "years and years." Nobody seemed to remember the time when he had not chambers in Jermyn street, when he did not give his well-composed little dinners, or when he failed to ride hard his hobby of amateur photography.

We rather prided ourselves on knowing our Thomson by heart. He was one of those rare and comfortable beings who have early ceased to dabble in the unexpected. To us who bobbed up and down on the see-saw of ambition the very thought of Thomson brought repose. No stretch of imagination compassed the idea of his being promoted, or becoming distinguished, or getting married, or doing anything rash and disturbing. Nevertheless, there came a time when Thomson began to cause us uneasiness. Two years in succession, on June 4—and yet Thomson was not an Etonian—he invited us to dinner, and we found his room transformed into a bower of roses. There were flowers everywhere, in amazing profusion—not rare or costly blooms, but evidently the very cream of an English garden. In response to our cries of wonder, he merely remarked that he had received a hamper from the country—Thomson, who had no near relatives, no friends but ourselves!—and offered no further explanation. The third year, and the fourth, history repeated itself, and we tacitly concluded that this date marked some romantic milestone in Thomson's unromantic life.

We chaffed Thomson the following June about the flowers, and we thought he looked grave. We let the subject drop. It was I who, a couple of years later, inadvertently revealed the fact that we had interpreted the recurrent episode romantically.

"I don't know why I haven't told you about it," he said. "I suppose because it was such a trifle. But, no—it wasn't a trifle to that woman."

"It never is," I remarked, profoundly.

"It was just six years ago that I took my first walking tour with my kodak—dare say you remember. I had passed through Pinley one glorious June morning, and on the outskirts I came across one of the prettiest cottages I ever saw in my life. Gables, you know, and a porch framed in honeysuckle; and, running up the hill behind the house, an old-fashioned garden—such a garden!"

Yes, yes, I thought, it has always begun in a garden.

"A little boy was swinging on the gate," Thomson went on, "pretty little chap about six, I should think. He was lashing the gate with a great bunch of whitethorn, and chirruping to his steed as he swung back and forth. He looked across the road at me and laughed. 'If you'll keep quite still while I count six, I'll give you a bright new shilling,' I said. He eyed me critically. I set the focus, and sighted the child in the finder of my kodak. I saw that the hillside garden and the honeysuckle porch would come into the scope of the picture; but I wished the child hadn't grown so preternaturally grave. 'What you got in the box?' he said. 'I'll show you in a minute if you keep quiet,' I answered. 'Now, quite still!' Just as I put my finger to the button, a cuckoo in the copse began to call. The child lifted his curly head and listened rapturously. 'It's my bird,' he said; but just before he spoke I had pressed the kodak button. Some one shouted 'Billy!' from the cottage, and the child scrambled down from the gate. 'Here's your shilling,' I said. He turned back, thrust his small hand through the white fence for his prize, and scampered off with it.

"I had only a short holiday that year; and on my way home, going from Thorpe to Frenton, I took a wrong turning, and found myself near Pinley again. I didn't really care, for I had made my forty-eight exposures, and wasn't looking for anything new. It was furiously hot the morning I saw the picture cottage for the second time. I came on it from behind the hill at the back, and saw that the place was in reality a small farm. 'I dare say they'd give me a glass of milk,' I thought; and by way of making a short cut, I climbed a wall and dropped on the other side. But I came down on a wobbly stone lying in a ditch, lost my balance, turned my ankle, and lay cursing dismally for some minutes. Then I limped up to the house. There was no one about, and yet it wore an inhabited air. I knocked at a side door, and leaned heavily against the lintel. No one came. I limped round to the front. My little friend wasn't hanging over the gate this time. I went into the porch and knocked again. The door was opened—a woman of about five-and-thirty, looking very ill, I thought, stood there waiting to know my errand.

"'Can you let me have a glass of milk?' I said. I wanted nothing in the world so much as an excuse to sit down.

"'Yes, I suppose so,' she said, indifferently. 'Come this way.'

"I followed her into the kitchen. She gave me a chair and went out. I sat nursing the injured ankle till she came back with the milk.

"'I passed here about ten days ago,' I said, 'on my way to Frenton.'

"'Did you?' said the woman, in a stupid way. She turned to the window and sat down on a low stool by a market basket. I saw she had been shelling peas when I knocked.

"'How far shall I have to walk before I can get a trap?' I said.

"'Nothing this side o' Tarver's, I should think.'

"'How far is that?'

"'Bout half a mile.' I almost groaned aloud. I couldn't walk it. Somebody must be found who would go and treat with Tarver for me.

"'I saw a little boy swinging on the gate when I passed some days ago—'

"The woman turned her head so sharply in my direction that I stopped short. It was only an instant's interruption. The face was averted again, and the peas began to hail against the tin.

"'Isn't he here now?' I asked.

"The woman shook her head. It was very warm. The perspiration stood in beads on her forehead. She lifted her arm, and passed the sleeve of her print gown over her face.

"'I'll be glad to pay anybody half a crown who'll get me a fly,' I said, aloud. 'Do you know of—?'

"She had lifted her head and looked at me.

"'Was it you gave him the shillin'?'

"'Gave who?'

"'Billy, my boy. You said you saw him swingin' on the gate. Was it you gave him a new shillin'?'

"'Oh, I believe I did,' I said.

"The sunburnt face worked, and dropped on her folded arms.

"'I wasn't to let him go outside the gate, or talk to people passin',' she said. 'I called him in when I heard voices that day. He showed me the shillin'—' She broke off, and wiped her eyes on the back of her hand.

"'I didn't like him takin' money from strangers. I scolded him, an' he—he cried.' Her own eyes were full of tears. 'I tried to make him say what the shillin' was for,' she went on. 'He said "Nothin'." "Then you begged it," I says, "an' you're a disgrace," and he cried more an' said he hadn't—'

"'But that was quite true,' I interrupted.

"'Oh, I didn't know, I didn't know!' the woman moaned. 'I said I'd give him a beatin' if he didn't tell me why the strange gentleman gave him the shillin'. I might 'a done it, too, but he stopped cryin' all of a sudden, an' said: "Why, of course, mammy, I know why he did it—it was because my cuckoo sang for him, an' I kep' quiet so he could hear." I knew that was just Billy's nonsense, but I didn't beat him—oh, I'm glad I didn't beat him—'

"I waited till she found her voice again," Thomson said, after a pause as an excuse for the sudden failure of his own.

"The woman explained," he went on, "that Billy had climbed up the laburnum tree that same afternoon. 'He lost his hold,' she said, 'an' the doctor says he must 'a' fell on his head; he died that night.'

"I muttered something stupid about sympathy. She went on shelling the peas. Looking vaguely around, I caught sight of a child's photograph in a frame on the opposite wall.

"'Is that a picture of your boy?' I asked.

"'No, no,' said the woman, 'that's my sister's child, and he ain't dead, neither! We never had a picture of Billy. That seems to make it worse, somehow. I tell my husband I believe I could bear it better if I had a picture of him.'

"'Why, I took a picture of him!' In my excitement I started up and wrenched my unhappy ankle. I sank back faint with pain.

"'You took a picture of my Billy!' She was standing beside me when I opened my eyes.

"'Yes—er—of the house. He was at the gate, you know.'

"'Thank God!' the woman said, shaking her clenched hands pitifully. 'Thank God! Thank God!'

"'But it may not come out right,' I said, cursing myself for having raised hopes that my kodak might not justify. 'You see, it isn't developed. I can't tell how—'

"'Oh, you must make it come out right, sir! Where is it?' The hard, sunburnt face was quivering.

"'It's here, in this'—I motioned towards the kodak at my side. She kneeled down before it with clasped hands, like a penitent before a shrine.

"'You'll show it to me, sir—just for a minute!'

"'I can't just now—it isn't developed.'

"'But just let me see if it's my Billy. Oh, please, sir! If you knew, if you knew—'

"'I'll let you have it as soon as it's ready,' I said. 'It would be spoiled if I took it out now.'

"'I'd be very careful,' said the woman. She got up eagerly and instinctively wiped her rough hands on her apron.

"Some one passed the window. She looked up. 'They've got back!' she cried, breathlessly, and ran to the door in the scullery. She was talking excitedly about Billy's picture when she came back with two men. It was her husband and her young brother, home from market. We had soon arranged that after dinner, when the horse was rested, I should be driven to Frenton by my host, Mr. Peter Shail, and that meanwhile I should go upstairs and lie down, and let Mrs. Shail put cold water bandages on my foot. The pain had become excruciating.

"A very comfortable room it was that they put me in, and when Mrs. Shail said my foot was badly inflamed, and that I had better stay where I was for a few days, I wasn't at all unwilling.

"'Will you show me the picture tonight?' she said, the moment the plan was decided on.

"A light broke in upon me. 'Unfortunately, I haven't any developer with me. I should have to send for some.'

"'You can buy anything at Frenton,' she said. 'Shail will go for you.'

"'Oh, I should have to send to London.'

"'Shail will go for you,' she repeated.

"'As to that, the Eastman company would send it. But I have everything at home, and when I get back—'

"'Oh, if you please, sir, don't wait. Shail will take a telegraph if you'll write it. I—I—you'll think me very strange, sir, but—' she leaned over the foot of the bed and lowered her voice—'the truth is, I think I'll go clean out of my mind if I go on like this. It's all about Billy, sir. You won't speak about it to Shail, but I seem to be forgetting how Billy looks. I can't go to sleep o' nights for tryin' to make a picture of him in my mind, an' it's gettin' harder an' harder. He's only been gone twelve days, an' last night I couldn't seem to remember anything but his hair. You see, I must be goin' out of my mind. But if I had a picture! Oh, sir! let Shail take a telegraph, an' get the—the—whatever it is.'

"She left the foot of the bed and came to the side. I looked at the poor face, and didn't hesitate long. 'Get me some paper and a pencil,' I said.

"Shail was dispatched with the 'telegraph,' and the next afternoon a packet came from the Eastman company.

"My foot was very painful. Mrs. Shail begged me not to stand on it.

"'I'll get you everything you want,' she said.

"'Well, where is the kodak?' I looked about as I undid Eastman's package.

"'Oh, it's in my room,' she said, looking a little guilty; and she hurried out.

"I asked her if she had a lamp with a red shade? 'Yes, sir,' she said, and started for the door.

"'And bring in a couple of shallow dishes, pudding or vegetable dishes,' I said, 'and a pair of scissors.'

"I examined the kodak, but couldn't detect anything amiss. Still, I was full of foreboding. The presentiment that something had happened to the particular picture I wanted became almost a conviction.

"At my direction the wooden shutters were closed, and a pair of blankets and an eider-down quilt were put over the window. The small, red-shaded lamp gave out a dim glow. On the table at my side were the dishes and the bath of a developer.

"'Now you can go, Mrs. Shail,' I said. 'I'll call you when I'm ready.'

"'Go, sir!'

"'Yes, I won't be very long.'

"'Oh, you mustn't send me away, sir,' she said. 'Let me stay, an' I'll help you. I can't go away an' wait!' She began to sob.

"I wished to the Lord I was out of it. But I thought 'if the picture turns out right, after all—!' Well, I began to feel more hopeful.

"The light was put behind the bed, and I opened the kodak, and took out the roll of film.

"'Where is it?' said the woman in a whisper, peering forward in the dark.

"'I think it's the third on this reel,' I said. 'Give me the scissors.'

"She fumbled about on the table. 'Here!' she said. The word was hoarse, and spoken with difficulty. The sound of her voice made me nervous. What an idiot I had been not to send her out!

"I unrolled the film and cut through the punctured lines. 'Where is the picture?' said the voice across the table. I was conscious that she was peering into the empty kodak case.

"'I hope it's here,' I said, miserably, my presentiment coming back.

"'Where?'

"'On this piece of paper.' I mechanically laid down the third exposure and returned the reel to the case.

"The woman came nearer.

"'Please, sir, turn it over!' she said.

"'What?' I asked.

"'The paper.'

"'This, do you mean?' I picked up the scrap of film.

"'It isn't there! It isn't there!' The woman staggered back into the darkness.

"'Wait!' I said. 'We can't be certain for a few minutes. Don't go out. The door mustn't be opened.' But I was almost glad that she was prepared now for the worst. I was as certain as if I had seen it that Billy's picture would be a failure.

"Mrs. Shail was crying hoarsely in the corner. What a fool I'd been to say anything about that 'snap-shot.' I poured the developer into a dish, and submerged the film. I washed the liquid back and forth.

"'Please bring the light nearer,' I said, presently. Mrs. Shail got up and set the lamp on the edge of the table. I held up the film.

"'That one's turned dark,' said the woman, hopelessly. I knocked down the scissors with my elbow. She came round, fumbled on the floor, and picked them up. I had returned the film to the bath, with a sense of infinite thankfulness and relief. Billy's picture was coming up all right! As I washed the stuff back and forth I could see his whitethorn whip coming out black and distinct, and above it—!

"Mrs. Shail had laid down the scissors, and was looking over my shoulder.

"'That one's something like this house,' she said, drearily.

"'Look here!' I cried out, holding the dish nearer the lamp. 'What do you see there in front?'

"She leaned over the table and stared into the dish.

"'Yes, I see a fence, an' a shrubbery, an' a gate, an' a wide collar, an' a face, an'—oh, Lord! it's my Billy swingin' on the gate!'"

Thompson broke off at this point in his story, and began to walk up and down the room.

"They send me a hamper full of flowers every year, on the anniversary of the day I saw Billy swinging on the gate. I haven't seen them since one day in that same year, when I went to take Mrs. Shail an enlarged photograph of my snap shot. It came out splendidly!" Thompson said, with professional pride. "Best child's photo I ever saw: the pretty background, the branch of whitethorn hanging over the gate, the uplifted face, intent, smiling—'Just as if he'd heard his mother callin' to him,' said Mr. Shail.

"'No, it was the angels,' said the woman, very low.

"They had both forgotten the cuckoo."

And this, after all, was Thomson's romance.—C. E. Raimond, in Pall Mall Budget.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—It is calculated that the sugar produced in Fiji, Queensland and New South Wales, at the present rate of increase, will supply the whole demand of the Australian colonies by 1896.

—The balloon recently sent up by French scientists with automatically registered thermometers and barometers, reached a height of ten miles, where the thermometer registered 110 degrees below zero.

—Sugar beet growing is about to receive an impetus in the vicinity of San Bernardino, Cal. Experiments have been made there which show as high as 16.6 per cent. of saccharine matter in the beet which is cultivated by the local farmers.

—Frank Mason, a Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad engineer, was suddenly stricken blind the other night while standing by his engine in Jersey City. His sudden affliction was found to have been caused by a tumor which had formed behind his right ear. Next day an operation was performed, and when the bandages were removed the next day it was found his sight had been restored almost as quickly as it had gone.

—Dr. Swen Hedin, a German traveler, recently ascended the Mustaghata, the "Father of Icy Mountains," the highest peak in the Karakorim range, between Cashmere and eastern Turkestan. In April he made a first attempt, but after reaching a height of 17,000 feet was driven back by snow storms. In July he ascended the mountain four times, and almost reached the top, which is 23,000 feet high. He brought back a great many scientific observations and photographs. On his journey Dr. Swen Hedin passed the monument to Schlagintweit, the explorer, in Kashgar, and found it badly damaged by floods.

—The beneficial effects of filtration of the water supply, says the Medical News, October 9, seem to be strikingly shown by the experience of Girard college, Philadelphia. This is located in the district which has been for some years supplied by direct pumpage—that is, the Schuylkill water is thrown directly into the pipes. The typhoid death rate for 1893 was quite high in that district, although apart from the bad water the sanitary conditions are very favorable. At Girard college, however, there is but little of the fever in a population of over fifteen hundred. All the water supplied to the institution is thoroughly filtered.

—Shipbuilding in the United Kingdom during 1894 showed an increase of nearly 200,000 tons over 1893, although it does not attain the average of the years preceding. Steamers were built aggregating 966,219 tons, and sailing vessels 109,884 tons; this represents 793 vessels in all. The proportion of steamers to sailing vessels, which is steadily increasing every year is now 90.18 per cent. During the year marine engines were built with a total of 971,616 horse power. The marked feature of construction was the effort to obtain enormous capacity for a limited gross tonnage, with a nine-knot speed on a minimum coal consumption. This economy, lingering thinks, has been carried beyond the danger point, as such engines are unable to hold a fully laden ship up to a gale.

—War is being waged in England against the use of the word scientist. The Duke of Argyll, Sir John Lubbock, Lord Rayleigh, Lord Kelvin and Prof. Huxley unreservedly condemn the word; Sir John Lubbock proposes philosopher instead; Lords Rayleigh and Kelvin prefer naturalist. Prof. Huxley thinks that scientist must be about as pleasing as electrocution to any one who respects the English language. Grant Allen, while disapproving of the word, thinks it is pedantry to object to a new word when it is used by a majority of persons; after the camels of altruism and sociology, scientist is comparatively a gnat. Alfred Wallace is not disturbed by the word; he describes it as useful, and argues that, since we have biologist, geologist, chemist, physicist, and specialist, we might as well use scientist, and he further asks, "What is there to use instead?" Science Gossip says the word was first invented and used by Whewell in his "Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences" in 1840.

BONAPARTE AND THE MOB.

No Proof that He Took Part in the Terrible Excesses of August 10.

It has been asserted that on the dreadful day of August 10 Bonaparte's assumed philosophy was laid aside, and that he was a mob leader at the barricades. His own account of the matter does not bear this out. "I felt," said he," as if I should have defended the king if called to do so. I was opposed to those who would found the republic by means of the populace. Besides, I saw civilians attacking men in uniform, that gave me a shock." Neither the fact of the incident nor the truth of the statement can be established.

It is not likely that an ardent radical leader like Bonaparte, well known and influential in the Rhone valley, remained a stranger to the Marseilles deputation. Joseph, in his memoirs, declares that his brother was present at the conflict of August 10, and that Napoleon wrote him at the time: "If Louis XVI. had appeared on horseback, he would have conquered. After the victory of the Marseillais," continues the passage quoted from the letter, "I saw a man about to kill a soldier of the guard. I said to him: 'Southron, let us spare the unfortunate!' 'Art thou from the south?' 'Yes.' 'Well, then, we will spare him.'"

Moreover, it is a fact that Santerre, the notorious leader of the mob on that day, was three years later, on 13 Vendemiare, most useful to Bonaparte; that though degraded from the office of general to which he was appointed in the revolutionary army, he was in 1800 restored to his rank by the first consul. All this is consistent with Napoleon's assertion, and proves nothing conclusively; but there is certainly ground for suspicion when we reflect that these events were ultimately decisive of Bonaparte's fortunes.—Prof. Sloane, in Century.

HE DOWNED THE OLD GUARD.

Timely Arrival in a Street Car of a Young Man From the Feather Factory.

He was a middle-aged man with a white mustache, a silk hat, a diamond stud in his shirt front, and a fine air of dignity about him. He was sitting near the front end of the State street car with a friend equally well dressed and dignified beside him.

A tall young fellow came into the car and sat down in the narrow space between the two. The old man with the white mustache shook his gloved hand in the face of the intruder.

"You're a hog," he said. Only as he said it it was somewhat more forceful and infinitely more profane.

The young man was apparently deaf, dumb and unconscious. A couple of pretty women across the car blushed and tried to look unconscious.

The old guard returned to the assault. The glove barely grazed the immovable nose. Such a flood of loud profanity was poured out as sent all the women in the car scurrying out to the back platform. The conductor came in. He was a faded young man with the general appearance of invalidism. He tried to make up for it by using the voice of a mountain lion.

"Yons'll have to stop cussin or I'll thrun ye off'd the car," he roared.

The old man with the white mustache got up and shook both fists, one under the nose of the conductor and the other under the still immovable nose of the cause of all the trouble. Meanwhile he was swearing at both men at the same time, if such a thing is possible. And his assortment of profanity was exceedingly large and well selected.

The conductor laid one hand on his shoulder. One of the kid-gloved hands went round towards his pistol pocket. The conductor suddenly remembered that one of the rules of the company required him to remain on the back platform while not collecting fares. The young man who started the row went with him, and the old fellow sat down to glare about him with a profane and alcoholic air of victory.

Just as the disturbance began a slender, stunted, poorly-dressed man of perhaps twenty-five had come into the car. Gradually he had worked his way, hanging on to the straps, to the seat of active hostilities. When the conductor and the tall young man beat their masterly retreat he sat down, deliberately and with great force, in the exact spot which the volcanic old man had been to so much pains to get vacated. For a moment the aged warrior was speechless with wrath and amazement. Before he could recover himself the little fellow turned and coolly, in a shrill, metallic little voice delivered himself thus:

"You're an old bluff. You haven't got a gun and if you had you'd be afraid to use it. If you swear just once at me I'll fill you full of holes. Besides that you are drunk. Now lay quiet."

The old fellow's face blazed fiery red. He fairly gasped for breath.

"You cub!" he spluttered. "Who are you, anyway?"

"Here's me card, see? And there's what I done last night. Now shut up."

The old fellow took the proffered newspaper and read the headlines which were pointed out by a disdainful and dirty finger.

"Horrible Murder," they read. "The Market Street Gang Shoots Two Saloonkeepers in Cold Blood."

"Dat's me; understand?" continued the dwarf. "Now git off de car."

They got off at the next crossing, the conductor took the names and addresses of all the passengers, and the self-confessed desperado smiled in a sad sort of way.

"I work over there in the feather factory," he said, "so I guess I've got a right to call a man down."—Chicago Tribune.

An Expensive Remedy.

Dr. Soakem—Your wife must take more exercise, Mr. Skinflint.

Mr. Skinflint—But what can I do, she positively refuses to move out of the house.

Dr. Soakem—Well, you must give her some money to go shopping with.—Truth.

ON THE ROAD to recovery, the young woman who is taking Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. In maidenhood, womanhood, wifehood and motherhood the "Prescription" is a supporting tonic and nervine that's peculiarly adapted to her needs, regulating, strengthening and curing the derangements of the sex. Why is it so many women owe their beauty to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription? Because beauty of form and face radiate from the common center—health. The best bodily condition results from good food, fresh air and exercise coupled with the judicious use of the "Prescription."

If there be headache, pain in the back, bearing down sensations, or general debility, or if there be nervous disturbance, nervous prostration, and sleeplessness, the "Prescription" reaches the origin of the trouble and corrects it. It dispels aches and pains, corrects displacements and cures catarrhal inflammation of the lining membranes, falling of the womb, ulceration, irregularities and kindred maladies.

"FALLING OF WOMB."

MRS. FRANK CAMFIELD, of *East Dickinson, Franklin Co., N. Y.*, writes: "I deem it my duty to express my deep, heart-felt gratitude to you for having been the means, under Providence, of restoring me to health, for I have been by spells unable to walk. My troubles were of the womb—inflammatory and bearing-down sensations and the doctors all said, they could not cure me.

MRS. CAMFIELD.

Twelve bottles of Dr. Pierce's wonderful Favorite Prescription has cured me."

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Headaches and Pains Cured.

"I can recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as the best medicine I have taken. I was terribly run down in health and hardly ever enjoyed a well day. I suffered with terrible pains in my stomach, breast and head. I read in the papers regarding the wonderful cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla and I thought I would give it a trial. I have taken almost six bottles and am happy to say that I am cured of those terrible pains. I give Hood's Sarsaparilla all the praise for giving me good health and making me feel strong again." MRS. MARY M. STEPHENS, Crane Nest, Ohio. Get only Hood's.

Mrs. Mary M. Stephens
Crane Nest, Ohio.

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Cures

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, prevent constipation.

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TO CINCINNATI,
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TEMPERANCE NOTES.

PLEA OF THE DRINKER.

WHAT! rob a poor man of his beer
And give him good victuals instead?
Your heart's very hard, sir, I fear.
Do you think we can live upon bread?

What! rob a poor man of his mug
And give him a house of his own
With kitchen an parlor so snug!
'Tis enough to draw tears from a stone.

What! rob a poor man of his ale
And prevent him from beating his wife?
From being locked up in a jail
With penal employment for life?

What! rob a poor man of his stout
And save up his cash in the banks?
In the end he would turn quite about
And reward you, kind sir, with his thanks.
—John Barleycorn, Jr., in National Temperance Advocate.

INTOXICATED BRIDEGROOM.

Sad Experience of a Newly-Made Bride on Her Wedding Trip.

We were riding smoothly and swiftly over the prairies of Illinois. They were in their most attractive dress. Our train contained the usual assortment of people, rough and gentle, old and young, intelligent and—not so very intelligent. But for one fact these commonplace statements would not have been made. Two seats forward of us were two young people, and a glance showed that they were "the inevitable newly-married couple," which, as is often said, never fails to adorn every train. The young wife seemed too young for such a position, seventeen years old, or at most eighteen. She was dressed very neatly, and her bearing was becoming. You felt at once that such an one must have been an important member of her home, the very one for her father to fondle and a brother to be proud of. To such a place the young girl can find only one superior, her own home, where shall preside a husband worthy of her. For such a home she had—so I thought as we rode along—given up that in which she had dwelt since she was born. What a venture she runs who makes such an exchange!

The young husband was asleep in the seat before her, and I noticed that she had to exhibit the tickets. He had them in his pocket, but she had to get them. This was a suspicious circumstance. His face was red, and when he awoke, his eyes heavy—so I hoped—with sleep. And yet I feared the hope was not well founded. The poor girl's face wore an expression of anxiety and mortification. It is true that her husband was well dressed, and that he had on his left little finger a plain gold ring which matched with a similar one on her left forefinger.

But it seemed to me very plain that the fact of marriage, the good clothes and the plain gold rings did not make the young husband appear to any greater advantage, nor his young wife to appear any less anxious. Meanwhile our magnificent train sped swiftly through those goodly acres.

After awhile the young man got up and took from the lunch basket something, and, in spite of her gentle appeal, went into the forward car. I suppose it was a flask that

HE WAS VERY DRUNK.

he took, but whatever it was it did nothing to make the wife more cheerful, or his face less red. In a little while he was back and seated with his wife. It was distressing to see the two, he "drunk as a fool," she thinking—I guess—of what she had left and what a fate must be in store for her. He was maudlin, silly, and uncontrollable. Could she only have put him to sleep again, and so cover up the disgrace, she had felt less mortified, but—in his own opinion—he was smart, and grand, a husband to be proud of! and his wife ought to be proud of him! His own wide-mouthed laughter seemed to himself amiable, and his foolish incoherences also. Now he ate, and now laughed, now reposed on her shoulder, and thence staggered to the water tank for a drink. The fact was, he was very drunk, and there was no concealing it. The young girl, his wife, just on her way to his home, on the first day met this fact, that her husband loved drink so well that even the fascinations of the young bride whom that morning he had taken to the altar could not restrain his appetite.

And that was what we saw that morning as we rode over the prairies of Illinois, then in their most gorgeous apparel. And I wondered what would be the feelings of the father and brother of the bride could they see what we did.

I do not flatter myself that these words will warn any trusting girl not to trust a lover who tipples, but I feel better for describing this new phase of the meanness of a habit that has blighted so much that is lovely and of good report. Approach it from which way you will, by a scaffold or a bridal chamber, by a bier or a marriage altar, and the habit is in all cases mean, with no compensation. A little fellow not far from me blackened boots for people in the street to get money to pay his mother's rent, and the father stole that money and with it made himself beastly drunk. In the same place a woman supported her family by daily work at the wash tub and the ironing table. In this way she obtained bread even for her lazy husband. One day their little girl died, and the mother, who thought she could, in such a case and for such a purpose, trust her husband, gave him twelve dollars to go and purchase a decent coffin for the sweet child they had lost. That man, entrusted with such an errand, spent that money in a drunkard's debauch at a low saloon with other drunkards. And now I see this young man drunk, not six hours since he took this fair young girl from her father's house to the marriage altar.

What a habit it is!

MEDICAL USE OF ALCOHOL.

The Old Theory That It Was an Indispensable Remedy Exploded by Careful Study and Experiment.

Sir B. W. Richardson, M. D., in the Medical Pioneer, gives a review of medical practice in the wards of the London temperance hospital for the last two years, covering five hundred cases. These have been treated without alcohol, and will compare favorably with the treatment in other hospitals. We make the following extract from his review:

"Having no prejudice against alcohol as a medicine, and having no desire to breathe a word that leans improperly on one side or the other—having no object in view but to collect facts derived from natural observation, I have questioned myself seriously whether there was a single case ending fatally that could have been benefited—shall I say, saved—by the administration of alcohol? Unhesitatingly and conscientiously, I believe there was not. When I was accustomed to prescribe alcohol, I should have prescribed it in every one of the fatal cases—not, in all probability, with the expectation that they would have recovered under its use as a necessity, but from habit, and from so ingrained an idea that its employment was such a necessity, that if they had died in larger numbers, I should still have believed that its administration was right. In like manner, and for the same reasons, I should have administered alcohol largely in the sixty per cent. of cases that recovered, and in the twenty-four per cent. of cases that were relieved; and if any of these had died, I should not for a moment have assumed that alcohol had anything to do with the death. I should also have been sure to have believed that in every instance where alcohol was given, it had assisted the recovery—a belief which we now see had no actual foundation, since recovery without alcohol was certainly as good and in many instances better.

It has been admitted to me by some who have seen the practice that they are astonished at the results, while at the same time they think that alcohol, having certain physiological properties, it is an extreme practice to omit it altogether in the treatment of disease as I have done. "Why not," say they, "why not use it exceptionally and in its proper place?" My answer may be condensed as follows: This grand experiment is crucial, and must not be interfered with by fear or empty faith. Now that my eyes are open, I do not see the proper place for alcohol. It is true I do not object to alcohol as a medicine, if its value as a medicine can be precisely defined; but to one who seeking knowledge as apart from mere faith, it holds a peculiar position. If it be admitted as a necessity once, why not admit it twice, three times, any number of times? And if it be admitted in that way, what else could be inferred, except that we are unable to do without it?—a false inability that would have destroyed the whole value of the inquiry and left alcohol triumphant. It was necessary, therefore, to withhold it altogether, until it was shown that the sick were injured by the act, a danger that did not transpire.

Can Not Walk on Alcohol.

M. de Bernoff, the famous Russian pedestrian, in reply to a question addressed to him by an interviewer as to whether he used alcohol in his long walks, said: "I neither smoke nor drink. When in Bavaria I was occasionally tempted to take a glass of good German beer, but it knocked me up utterly, and I soon had to give it up. I always walk on pure water or milk."—Christian.

GENERAL GLEANINGS.

ONLY eight of seventy-five counties in Mississippi license saloons.

IN Sweden a man seen drunk four times is deprived of his electoral vote.

THE Norwegian law prohibits a person from expending more than 2½d at one visit to a public house.

MR. F. N. BARNETT, of the American Grocer, estimates that the nation's annual drink bill is $1,014,759,057.

AN Arabian maxim says: "Temperance is a tree which has contentment for its root and peace for its fruit."

IT is estimated that eighty million dollars were taken from the people over the counters of New York's ten thousand saloons last year.

THE State Teachers' association of Indiana by unanimous vote adopted a resolution petitioning the legislature to pass a scientific temperance instruction law.

I HAVE these four reasons for being a total abstainer: First, my health is stronger. Second, my head is clearer Third, my heart is lighter. Fourth, my purse is heavier.—Rev. Dr. John Guthrie.

I HAVE found myself very much better to work, to write, to read, to speak and to do whatever I have to do, ever since I abstained totally and entirely from all intoxicating liquors. — Dr Temple, now bishop of England.

MISCELLANEOUS

—Hypocrisy is the necessary burden of villainy; affectation, a part of the chosen trappings of folly.—Johnson.

—An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions. He is neither hot nor timid.—Chesterfield.

—Circassia took its name from the Scherkes, a tribe of Tartar warriors who established themselves between the Black and Caspian seas.

—"How did Scrawlins get his reputation for originality?" "Very simply. He makes it a rule to know nothing whatever about the topic on which he writes."—Washington Star.

—The difficulty of registering the temperature at the bottom of the ocean is due to the fact that at great depths the thermometers are crushed by the pressure.

—The greatest sum of coin that was ever collected in one spot was in the national treasury of the United States in the silver crisis, when no less than $500,000,000 was contained there.

—"When I lived somewhat quietly in Boston," said a New Yorker, "I discovered a novel use for the conventional hat box. My chum and myself found that our pitcher would sit up beautifully in the hat box, and we used the combination to work the growler. Nobody in Boston could suspect the presence of a pitcher full of beer beneath the innocent exterior of a hat box."

—The longest distance a letter can be carried within the limits of the United States is from Key West, Fla., to Ounalaska, 6,271 miles, and all for 2 cents. People who would save money will at once start for Key West or Ounalaska and so address their correspondence that they shall get their full money's worth.

—China took its name from Tsin, an emperor who founded a dynasty 300 years before the Christian era. He was the monarch who built the great wall and accomplished many other works of utility to the empire. It is also called the "Celestial Empire," because most of its early rulers were, in the popular belief, deities, or mythological personages.

—At Brighton, England, a Christmas dole of half a sovereign has been distributed for years to the oldest poor inhabitants. It was given this year to 150 persons, 95 women and 55 men, who averaged over 83 years of age, and, as the day was fine, 96 of them appeared in person, headed by an old lady of 95. She was followed by eight more old ladies who were over 90. The oldest man present was 89, but an old gentleman of 100, who could not come, headed the list.

—Rock candy, which is only sugar in large, hard crystals, is now produced wholesale in tin buckets inclosed in wooden firkins. Strings are stretched across the buckets and upon these the crystals form. It happens often that the rock candy of to-day is not the white, semi-transparent product of twenty-five years ago, but a cloudy, reddish-brown crystal, as if made from cheap sugar. It is not easily adulterated, and crystalization is an essentially honest process.

—Portsmouth, N. H., claims the biscuit in the toll bridge contest, there being half a dozen toll bridges within a radius of ten miles thereof. Northerly and easterly from Portsmouth are the bridges from South Newmarket to Stratham, from Newington to Dover Point, from Dover to Eliot, Me., and from Kittery, Me., to Portsmouth. Further east is one from Kittery to Kittery Point, and the one from Portsmouth to Newcastle furnishes the last link in the chain. The only escape from the city by land free gratis is via Greenland and Rye.

—Lovers of flowers not rich enough to buy often have various ways of prolonging the life and freshness of the few they get. Violets may be kept fresh if kept in fresh water and covered over night with a tumbler. Most flowers will retain their freshness for several days if kept overnight in the open air. Any one possessed of one of those delicate French clocks that have to be covered with a glass dome cannot do better than sell or pawn the clock, usually an object of neither use nor ornament, buy flowers from time to time with the proceeds, and use the glass dome as a protector for the flowers at night. It will keep them fresh for days.

—Well—were it not a pleasant thing to fall asleep with one's friends; to pass with all our social ties to silence from the paths of men; and every hundred years to rise and learn the world, and sleep again; to sleep through terms of mighty wars, and wake on science grown to more, on secrets of the brain, the stars, as wild as aught of fairy lore; and all that else the years will show, the poet-forms of stronger hours, the vast republics that may grow, the federations and the powers; titanic forces taking birth in divers seasons, divers climes; for we are ancients of the earth, and in the morning of the times.—Tennyson.

—One sometimes sees in showcases filled with cigars a wet sponge placed there to keep the cigars from getting dry. It wouldn't be just the thing to put a wet sponge in a box of smoking tobacco, but a slice of carrot or a small piece of potato will serve the purpose there. The carrot is preferable, simply because it looks better; its pretty color and its circular form make it more agreeable to the eye as you open the box, but if there are no carrots in the house a slice of potato will do. Either will dry up quickly and needs to be renewed; it is better to do that than to put in too big a piece to start with, for that would make the tobacco too damp.

Hint to Those Who Carry Umbrellas.

An electrical expert says: "I have a word of advice to give people who carry steel-rod umbrellas on wet days. They must keep a sharp lookout for arc lights while pushing their steel rods through the air. Of course this only applies when the current is on, and when it is, if the umbrella rod comes in contact with the lamp, there is a strong probability that the holder will be very badly shocked if not seriously injured."—N. Y. Tribune.

POWER TRANSMISSION.

The Day Near When Electric Energy Will Be Sent Hundreds of Miles.

There is no subject which at present more strongly excites the interest of practical men than the problems connected with the generation and transmission of mechanical power. Some months ago it was suggested that we were near the end of the age of steam, and at the beginning of the age of electricity. That statement was accompanied by some remarks bearing on the crude and wasteful methods of power conversion exemplified in the steam engine. The attentive reader of scientific contributions to the periodical literature of both hemispheres will find no thought so frequently repeated as this—that the most vital of economic problems is how to develop and transmit mechanical energy with the minimum of loss. A writer in the current number of the Nineteenth Century makes the broad statement that great as have been the influences of the use of steam power on modern life and civilization, compared with the possibilities of electric energy as the method of applying and transmitting power, the influences of steam will become almost trivial. Or converted into language more closely scientific, it may be said that while "the developments that have followed the invention of that imperfect instrument for converting heat into work by the agency of steam—the steam engine—have been of untold advantage to the human race, the application of modern thermodynamics and electrotechnics is destined to produce a still greater change and amelioration in the conditions of the commercial, industrial and home life."

In the popular discussion of this subject, some confusion of thought is apt to arise from the failure to discriminate between what may be called the production of power and its subsequent conversion and transmission. In a fall of water, in the force of the wind, in the combustion of coal, we recognize certain natural agencies which are used in the application of power to industrial uses. Up to date comparatively recent, the utility of all of them has been bounded by the very narrow limits of locality. That is to say, the waterfall turned only the mill which was connected by a shaft with the wheel to which it communicated a part of its energy. So with the windmill, and the steam engine, which transformed by the aid of steam the heat energy stored up in the coal into rotary motion. The electrician came, and finally succeeded in demonstrating that power generated in one locality could be transmitted by suitable conductors to considerable distances without any serious loss, and the possibility of a new scheme of productive organization at once became apparent. Given, in short, the economical and effective transformation of any kind of motive power into electricity and its reconversion into any form of motion, and the extent of the revolution of existing methods became entirely dependent on the distance which can be traversed by what we shall call the electric current, without any serious diminution of the force of the original impulse.

The writer in the Nineteenth Century claims that at the distance of one hundred miles there is a loss of not more than 25 per cent. of this electrically transmitted power. On that statement he bases an argument on the expediency of generating electrical energy at the mouth of the pit from which the coal is mined, and transferring it thence to whatever point at which its power may be required. It is claimed that the transformation of fuel into power could be effected in a manner so nearly perfect that there would be a ratio of three-quarters of a pound of coal to one actual or available horse-power of energy for the period of one hour. The average consumption by existing steam plants is said to be not less than five pounds of fuel for the same actual power during the same time. On the basis of English distances there would be a loss on the transmission of this electric energy from the Derbyshire or Staffordshire coal fields to the midlands and the metropolis of about 33 per cent., so that the given three-quarters of a pound would be increased to one pound of combustible per actual horse-power per hour. Thus, the equivalent of one ton of transmitted electrical power delivered in London would be equal to three tons of rail-transmitted steam coal power.—Boston Herald.

The Stylish Velvet Waists.

The new and fashionable velvet waists are very difficult to make properly, and should not be attempted by the amateur dressmaker. Velvet is the most difficult of all materials to work on. It seems to fairly crawl away from one's hold, and it takes a tailor who understands his trade to stitch velvet seams without unsightly puckering. The only way to make a satisfactory velvet waist at home is to have it of the blouse variety and profusely decorated with jet and ribbons to conceal unskilled workmanship.—Philadelphia Press.

Johnny's School Rules.

Teacher—Have you finished your composition on what little boys should not do in school?

Little Johnny—Yes'm.

Teacher—Read it.

Little Johany (reading) — "Little boys, when at school, should not make faces at the teacher; and should not study too hard, 'cause it makes them near-sighted; and should not sit too long in one position, 'cause it makes their backs crooked; and should not do long examples in 'rithmetic, 'cause it uses up their pencils too fast."—Good News.

How to Express It.

"I'm so sorry supper isn't ready," said Mrs. Dinsmore to her husband when he came in. "I attended the meeting of the sewing circle this afternoon, and I couldn't get away."

"Hemmed in, were you?" asked her husband.—Detroit Free Press.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"To me her face lacks something." "Well, when I saw her last it had about all it could stand."—Brooklyn Life.

—He who wrote "All the world loves a lover,"
Failed to note an exception sad;
'Tis that the lover is but seldom loved
By his dear loved one's dad.
—Buffalo Courier.

—"I don't understand you. A few minutes ago you said that Meddlesome was a great business man, and now you say he doesn't know his own business." "Exactly; other people's business is his specialty."—Tit-Bits.

—There is a good story told of a Hertfordshire farmer. A few nights ago he went home late and drank a pint of yeast in mistake for buttermilk. He rose three hours earlier the next morning.—Tit-Bits.

—First Law Partner—"Have you read old Deepfellow's will?" Second Law Partner—"Yes; but I can't seem to make anything out of it." F. L. P.—"Better throw it up then, hadn't we?"—Boston Courier.

—"One of the hardest things I know of," said the young author, "is to get exactly the right word in the right place." "Yes," replied his impecunious friend; "take the signature to a check, for instance."—Washington Star.

—Henry—"What a pleasure it is to hear Jabwock talk French." Charles—"A pleasure? He never comes within a mile of the proper pronunciation." Henry—"T-ut's just it. It's so English, you know."—Boston Transcript.

—"Rastus, I see you are here again. I believe you have been tried and convicted seven times for stealing." Rastus—"Yes, jedge, it seems to be nuttin' but temptations and trials wid me in dis life."—Atlanta Journal.

—"Here I have to talk three hours before you will even let me have a dollar." "Well, isn't that pretty good pay for doing what you take a delight in? You would talk anyhow, even if you didn't get a cent."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Mrs. Quizby—"Why didn't you sell your house after you advertised it?" Mrs. Homester—"When we saw the description that the real estate agent gave of it we thought it would be a paradise lost if we did."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

—Science—"Father," said little Danny Grogan, "why dooze they have the electric light wires covered wit' rubber?" "Oi am soorprised at your ignorance," said Mr. Grogan in answer. "They do be covered so thot the light cannot lake out av um."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Haven't you got anything solid to eat?" said a traveler, discontentedly eyeing the profusion of pies and small cakes on the counter of a restaurant at one of the way stations. "Shall I give you some beans?" said the proprietor, with his most persuasive smile. The traveler assented, and making short work of them, asked: "How much?" "Twenty-five cents," was the bland response. "What!" cried the traveler; "twenty-five cents for a spoonful of cold beans?" The proprietor continuing firm in his price, the man paid it and departed. But late that afternoon a telegram was handed in to the restaurant keeper, for which he paid twenty-five cents. It ran thus: "Don't you think your price a little high on beans?"—Silver Cross.

HAYES' CHEAP WATCHES.

Why the President Didn't Wear a Good Timepiece.

President Hayes was always noted for his thrifty habits, but some things which impressed the multitude as signs of meanness were really nothing but ordinary prudence. For example, we all used to wonder why he would persist, while drawing a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year, in wearing a silver-plated Waterbury watch, worth possibly three dollars. He was aware that his practice was known, and any astonishment manifested amused him instead of making him angry. In answer to a look of surprise he would say: "I think that is a pretty plain watch for a president of the United States to carry; but it is good American make"—as if assuming that this fact would counteract the effect of the cheapness of the article. The truth was, that almost weekly a deputation of western Indians called upon him, always bringing presents of some kind to the Great Father. Of course, he was expected to give something in return, and the object was to find something cheap and at the same time acceptable. Watches were a novelty to the Indians, and to present a chief with a watch which the Great Father himself had been carrying always impressed him greatly. Having discovered this, and not caring to distribute gold watches or even silver ones, Mr. Hayes hit upon the expedient of buying nickel watches at thirty-six dollars a dozen, and always made it convenient to have one with him against an emergency.—Kate Field's Washington.

Tea Gowns.

Empire tea gowns for afternoons among familiar friends are now made of taffeta silks in stripes and brocades that are sold at small cost. Chine stripes of roses on a white ground with narrow lines of satin between are for handsome gowns that fall nearly straight in front and with a Watteau pleat in the back. Elbow sleeves, and those three-quarters long with full frills below, complete this gown. The top is a collarette of velvet or lace, under which is the yoke to which the fullness is attached. Princesse gowns of the inexpensive brocades that come in light French coloring are preferred by large women. They have a yoke overlaid with black lace, while the front opens on breadths of chiffon gathered very full, and of a shade prevailing in the silk. A gray tea gown is of taffeta pointille with black, and striped with rose-colored satin. It is trimmed with black lace gathered over white lace, forming epaulettes and extending down the back.—Harper's Bazar.

It All Depends.

Herdso—Do you think it hurts a church member to go to the theater?

Saldso—That depends on the individual; some wouldn't be hurt even by amateur theatricals.—Brooklyn Life.

WARRIORS OF OLDEN TIMES.

Small Pabaloes Alongside the Stalwart Men of These Later Days.

According to the popular opinion we men of the present time are singularly degenerated and are nothing more than diminutives and reductions of the men of medieval times. It is said that the warriors of that period were giants, clad in iron, and that their muscles were of steel. That is what the legend says, and what nearly everybody repeats. We might confine ourselves to an invocation to logic in this case. In medieval times hygiene was deplorable. The barons ate too much and the peasants did not eat enough. Gymnasties were neglected and bathing was little known. The populations were crowded in towns and villages. The castles were practically barracks and the cottages huts. There was a need of pure air everywhere. From this manner of living there resulted, necessarily, deplorable generations.

Our learned physiologists, after having measured hundreds of skeletons, testify that the men of our times are from one to two centimeters taller than the men of the middle ages. But the bones of our ancestors are not the only testimony left by them in regard to their stature. We also possess their war garments. We have measured several of them, and it turns out that we appear not only to have grown taller since the time when they were manufactured, but our shoulders could never fit into the steel corsets of our so-called athletic forefathers. Moreover, this proof has been made on more than one occasion. The Comte de Nieuwerkerke, superintendent of the museums under the second empire, wishing to put on the armor of Francis I., the largest of all in the Museum of Artillery, was obliged to give it up. It was too little for him. And, nevertheless, the comte, although a fine man, was in no sense a giant. And here is another example: At Soleure, in Switzerland, recently, on the occasion of a gymnastic tournament, the young men, wishing to close the festivities by a procession with historical costumes, asked the authorities for permission to borrow the arms and armor of the arsenal, which possessed a remarkable collection of them, and the permission was granted. But it is evident that their ancestors, people of little foresight, never thought of their grandchildren, and these grandchildren were unable to put on the armor. It was too small for them.

And now let us see what Machiavelli says of the Swiss, for the latter, also according to the legend, passed for giants among the giants, and, if we were to take the testimony of the pictures, their stature was herculean. After having celebrated the valor of the Swiss troops who fought in Italy in his time, the Italian adds: "They were all little men, dirty and ugly." History may perhaps be right in declaring that the battle of Marignan was a combat of giants, but the combatants were not gigantic. So much for the stature of our ancestors. Now, as to their strength, we have no other proof beyond the weight of the equipment of the men-of-arms. "What enormous strength they must have possessed to be able to move about loaded with metal!" So say the innocent bourgeois, who, on Sundays, walk through the halls of the Hotel des Invalides. "Our soldiers of the present time would faint under such fearful burdens."

Now in the first place the harness of the knights was very much lighter than it was supposed to have been. According to one of the catalogues of the Museum of Artillery the weight of the complete armor did not, as a rule, exceed fifty pounds, and, inasmuch as those who wore it were horsemen, it was the horse that had to bear the greatest part of the fatigue.

But why has this legend become so thoroughly rooted in the mind of the public? We might content ourselves with the simple reply, because it is a legend. The brain of the public is marvelously prepared for the reception of error, and the crowd advances toward an absurdity just as a duck goes to a pond. But it must be said that humanity, contrary to the laws of optics, has a tendency to enlarge everything that is far off and to belittle that which is close by. Instinctively we are disposed to lift our ancestors upon the backs of our contemporaries. Even Homer, speaking of the athletic games which took place after the death of Patroclus, refers to the strength of the ancients, and Adam is probably the only man who has not boasted of his ancestors.

But let us conclude by saying that if our grandfathers were to come back to this world again, and, by reason of the military laws, were obliged to pass before the council of revision, many among them would be rejected on account of their small stature. And then if, on leaving the council, they should enter any gymnasium, they would in all probability be unable to handle the dumbbells that we put up with ease.—Paris Figaro.

He Was Not a Glutton.

A certain senator who has a reputation for making long-winded speeches was holding the floor when a certain other senator got up in his seat and slowly wended his way out of the senate chamber, evidently to escape the speech.

"Why don't you stay and listen to your confrere?" a friend asked jokingly, of the senator, as he came into the lobby.

"My constituents did not send me here to do penal servitude," was the reply, as the senator shuffled his way along the corridor toward the restaurant. And he said it without a smile.—Washington Star.

One Way to Get Revenge.

"If I were only a judge!" exclaimed the young man, as he picked himself up at the foot of the front steps, and looked up at the closing door, clenching his fists and gritting his teeth ferociously. "And what would you do if you were one?" asked a sympathetic passer-by, stopping to help brush off the dust. "Fine that confounded old fellow $50 for contempt of court," the young man answered, vicious[illegible]. And then he straightened the chrysanthemum in his buttonhole and sadly walked away.—Somerville Journal.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, FEB. 14, 1895.

THE Baltimore Sunday *American* mentions Hon. Lloyd Lowndes as the most prominent person whose name is now mentioned in connection with the Republican nomination for governor.

THE Catholic priests and Protestant ministers of Bay City, Michigan, after several meetings have formed a "Christian Union," the object of which is to bring about greater respect for each other's belief and do away with the intolernnce engendered and fostered by the A. P. A. and kindred organizations. Bay City does not occupy a large place on the map, but the example set by the priests and ministers in this little corner of creation might with profit to humanity spread to the uttermost confines of the earth.

THE latest advices from the Australian wool markets, December 11, 1894, show that during the previous four weeks "a very large business has been transacted." We are told that "the competition, with one or two trivial exceptions" was keen, especially for the good wools. There was an improved feeling "in the best merino growths," which are now receiving more attention, and "a stronger and more consistent demand" has been experieneed for them. These are the growths of wool of which it is reported that "the American buyers have purchased largely."

THE city fathers, at their last monthly meeting, enacted an ordinance placing a tax of $1.50 on each car of coal brought to Oakland for sale. A car load of coal contains from twelve to sixteen tons. There is an ordinance now in force compelling the weighing of coal on the town scales for which ten cents per load is charged. These two ordinances as they stand do not conflict and the natural outcome is that the price of coal will be advanced ten cents per ton.

This advance in the price of coal will fall the heaviest on those who make their living by the day's labor and the very poorest classes, while those in better circumstances can afford to purchase their fuel at the mines by the car load and thus escape this unjust taxation altogether. But then the ways of these wise men are past finding out.

WE HAVE reached a new period in national finances. The last democratic President, Mr. Buchanan, was not able to place a 6 per cent. bond of the United States. After all the losses of the great civil war, the nation under Republican laws paid off its debt so steadily that obligations of the United States could have been placed two years ago at 2½ per cent. General prosperity was the basis. A nation adding $1,200,000,000 every year to its wealth may very well borrow money at 2½ per cent., while the same nation, if it is adding nothing yearly to its wealth, may borrow with difficulty at 3¾ per cent. It is altogether too much the fashion at Washington to ignore the condition of the people and to think only of the precise phraseology of the bond. Exactly the same bond which Secretary Foster could have placed two years ago at 2½ per cent., Secretary Carlisle is now glad to place at a rate just 50 per cent. higher. The other differences are superficial. The main difference is that the people are in trouble. When some big dry goods house is taking in a million a year more than its expenses, if it wants to borrow at all, it can get money, as a large Chicago firm did within the past half-year, at 2 per cent. But if the same house were taking in a million a year less that its expenses, it would borrow with difficulty, and at a higher rate, if at all. Now the U. S. has taken extraordinary pains to bankrupt itself. It has crippled its industries for the benefit of foreigners by a change in tariff which cuts off at least a fifth of the earnings of its laboring millions."

Throwing Up the Sponge.

The tin plate liar's day has passed. Not that he will ever lie again, but now he can get no money for it and will turn his attentions to other sources of income, even if the *Evening Post* lately asserted that there was activity in some tin plate works. The explanation of this cessation in active mendacity is found in the tone of British iron trade journals. Taking for instance the *Iron and Coal Trades Review*, which, as the organ of the British Iron Trade Association, is possibly as good an index of the trade feeling as any paper, it says in a retrospective editorial on the year 1894:

Tin plates, so far as can be ascertained, have not fallen much behind the output of 1893, but there is a further drop in prices, and the profits now being earned are very meager. The Welsh manufacturers are not so confident as they were in 1890 that they can compete with the American works, although the latter are handicaped with considerably higher labor charges.... The condition of the tin plate trade of South Wales has for some time past been so unsatisfactory, and especially so in view of the increasing competition on the part of the United States, that a general reduction of wages all around has been called for.

This may be one of "the terrible results of a vile system of Protection in the United States," referred to in the *Birmingham Daily Post*; but we think it is a result of not continuing Protection; that it is the result of a vile system of Free Trade in the United States. The value of tin plates exported from the United Kingdom, that averaged from 1885–89, both years inclusive, £14. 2-5, averaged £15. 8-9 for 1890-91 but for 1894 the value is down to £12. 3-0.

These figures, taken from the *Iron and Coal Trades Review*, say, very distinctly, that under the prosperity of this country, following the enactment of the McKinley bill, there was a world wide prosperity resulting in over consumption, that in spite of the Baring failure drove prices up. But under the poverty of this country following the threat and enactment of the Gorman bill there has been a world wide penury and want resulting in over production, that in spite of the favorable settlement of the Barings' affairs has driven prices down.

It is possible some American citizen can say that his income has not fallen faster than the prices, so that the dollars he obtained in 1894 brought him more of the good things of this life than the dollars he obtained in 1890 did. If there is any such citizen, some of our hard swearing importers must have taken out their second papers.

Receipt for Booming Your Town.

Lie down on the merchant's counters so that their customers will do without goods rather than buy them over your carcass.

Do not take your county paper but call in every day and tell the editor what he don't know.

Subscribe to the New York Rag Picker; it will give you all the home news.

Tell every stranger who comes to your town that your merchants are dishonorable; that the lawyers are shysters; that the doctors are quacks, and that you intend to move away next spring. This item will prove efficacious in inducing worthy people to locate among you.

If any of the above items do not induce immigration give it out that the measles, chicken pox, diphtheria, typhoid fever and malaria are very prevalent in your neighborhood, and you will "fetch 'em then."

IF YOUR BACK ACHES,
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. Try
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite.

Died.

PENDERGAST.—On Sunday night at Hutton, the two-months' old child of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Pendergast. The interment occurred Tuesday and was made in the Catholic cemetery in Oakland.

THOMPSON.—At his residence about two miles south of Oakland on the Aurora road, Mr. John Thompson, Sunday evening, Feb. 10, 1895. He was aged about fifty years. The funeral occurred Tuesday.

Married.

WRIGHT—MAYHORN.—On Feb. 3, 1895, at the residence of the officiating minister, Rev. Dr. Ison, in Oakland, Mr. Charles William Wright and Miss Catharine Matilda Mayhorn, both of Brownsville, Pa.

Getting Back to Schedule.

The B. & O. is getting into shape after the storm. Telegrams from nearly all points on the line say that the road is clear.

Freight is moving all along the line. Rapid progress is not made owing to the slippery condition of the rails and other minor conditions. Passenger trains are running closer to schedule time, although the schedule is not in perfect working order. The New York and Philadelphia trains are not more than half an hour late, while the Western trains are within one and a half hours of the schedule. Local trains are running on schedule time.

Orphans' Court.

The semi-monthly session of the Orphans' Court convened on Tuesday with a full bench present. The following business was transacted:

Report of the sale of real estate of Maria L. Deakins, deceased, by D. E. Offutt, executor, ratified.

Sarah A. Combs was appointed guardian to W. C., L. G. and W. A. Combs.

Fifth account of Wm. White, guardian to J. G. and Katie B. Smith, ratified.

First and final account of J. F. Robeson, administrator of J. W. Newman, ratified.

First and final account of W. S. Durst, administrator of Barbara E. Durst, ratified.

Will Illuminate With Electric Lights.

The George's Creek Coal and Iron company will shortly, so it is stated, illumine its mines and railroad yards with electricity. A plant will be established in connection with the company's engine house, so that it can be operated without any increase in machinery other than the necessary dynamos. Arc lights will be used in the yards, while incandescent lamps will be run into the mines. The George's Creek company will be the first in this State to use electric lights in coal mines.

Rogers' Sarsaparilla.

A specific for all. 100 doses for 75 cents. Rogers' Little Liver Pills, best on the market; Cough Cure, Liniment, Appetine and Worm Syrup, sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland; Cuppett Bros., McHenry; J. A. DeBerry, Corinth; C. F. White, Hutton; P. T. Garthright, Hayden & Eckles, Mt. Lake Park; Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park; Wm. Frederick, Friendsville; Yough Store Co., Jonas Frazee, Robert Liston, Selbysport; W. Wass, Mineral Springs; J. E. Gnagey, Accident; Smith & Callis, Hoyes, and by all general dealers.

A Corker It will Be.

Hyde's special prices for court. Wait for particulars. Nothing to give away, but prices will be very low. Patronize men that do a legitimate business, and those who know at least how many days there are in a week. Look out for the corker; 'tis coming. With these few lines, I remain,

Yours respectfully,
F. G. HYDE,
The Oakland Fancy Jeweler, Music Dealer, Grocer and Confectioner.

N. B.—This makes a lovely business. 49-tf.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending Feb. 16th, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Truman Upole,	A. P. Dalh,
J. W. Hall,	George W. Sisk,
John Kisner—2.	Jas. Kisner,
Jerome Kisner,	A. Glotfelty,
Mrs. Jinnie Spiker,	Miss Daisy Rally,
Miss Bina Jordan,	Miss Ella Heeket.

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Loch Lynn Heights.

Possibly some of your readers think that we have frozen up or are snowed up, but such is not the case. We have been too busy to write for the last few weeks, and again some people have been heard to remark that in our last letter we spoke too plainly about the principles of our new town, but we know that what we said was only part of the truth (we do not mean the other part false, but that it was not all we could say) and when we have more time will endenvor to tell your many readers just what kind of a place Loch Lynn Heights is and what we are doing. For instance that our grand hotel is enclosed and with a few weeks of good weather it will be completed, and we will then have one of the finest and most complete hotels on the main line of the B. & O. railroad.

Major Alderson returned home Monday night after a week's business trip to eastern cities and reports having done some good as usual in behalf of Loch Lynn Heights. The Major is a hustler, and the right man in the right place. He has done more good for this section of the country than any other man we know of, and is keeping it up, and in the last few months has enhanced the value of property from two to three hundred per cent., in some instances five hundred per cent., and yet some people seem to think it was just a natural boom and came itself and without any work or coaxing whatever.

C. M. Rathbun & Co., our planing mill men, are on the go and making improvements to supply their large spring trade, which they expect to more than double any previous year, and are getting a large stock ready for it.

Mr. S. P. Hanson, who has been acting as agent and postmaster since Mr. Sperry's sickness, left on Monday for some point near Wheeling to work. We were all sorry to see him leave, as all with whom he dealt found him to be accommodating and a perfect gentleman. Mr. C. J. Bunce will act as agent and postmaster until Mr. Sperry is able to resume his work.

Mr. Hocking, from Washington, has moved with his family and will locate permanently with us. He is to take charge of the the large cooperative store which will be built shortly.

The castle of the Ancient Order Knights of the Mystic Chain, which was organized at this place about a month ago, is doing well and every meeting night has some more new members. The people are also organizing a lodge of the Knights of Pythias.

We now have Sunday school in the school room every Sabbath and have an attendance of fifty, but the people do not attend our Wednesday night prayer meeting as they ought. Let every one come out and see if we cannot have a good meeting.

Mrs. Jere Moon has been quite sick for the last couple of weeks, but at this writing we are glad to learn that she is getting better and trust she will soon be entirely well.

Mr. C. J. Rathbun took a flying trip to Keyser a few days ago—he says on business but some people seem to doubt his statement.

Mr. John Moon has purchased a house and lot of the Mt. Home Company and will make some improvements on same.

Mr. Jere Moon will commence building his house as soon as the weather will permit.

Captain S. M. Taylor's foundation has been completed and the contractors are waiting on the lumber to go ahead with the building.

The Horticultural Supply Company has been organized and will commence work at once. Parties desiring to beautify their properties can have a good job done by leaving their order with Mr. Sweet, the president.

All we now need is to be incorporated and then we will be a full fledged city. Citizens get together and see if we can't become incorporated as well as some of our sisters.

ZIP.

For Governor.

To the Editor of the Republican.

The time has arrived for a full and free discussion of this most important subject. I notice the press generally throughout the State has been devoting much space to this matter, particularly the Democratic papers.

For the Republicans I propose to speak. A number of worthy and able gentlemen from various parts of the State have been suggested, any of whom would make a very satisfactory Executive. For the first time since 1867 we have a fair fighting chance to elect a Republican Governor. The man to win must poll every Republican vote in the State and at least five thousand Democratic votes. Therefore it is plain that great care and wisdom must be exercised in making our selection. Our candidate should be a man well known, of wide experience, sterling character and capacity, of large interests and acquaintance, conservative, generous and progressive with political experience outside of faction or personal prejudices and enmities. He should be a representative of the agricultural, commercial, manufacturing and mining interests of our State. We have such a man in this Congressional District in the person of Hon. Lloyd Lowndes, President of the Second National Bank of Cumberland, and the first Republican Representative in Congress from this District. Mr. Lowndes is a thorough business man, a financier of great experience, a practical and progressive farmer; having large mining interests he has aided much in developing our resources and being extensively engaged in manufacturing he has done much to promote and protect our industries. For many years the president of the largest, strongest and most successful financial institutions in Western Maryland, his training and experience in that line would be of vast benefit to our old Commonwealth in these days of depression and uncertainty. Able, generous and popular, he is the first choice of Western Maryland and has a large personal following throughout the State. With the confidence and respect of all classes he will poll the full Republican vote and many independent Democrats will support him. With Mr. Lowndes as our standard bearer we will secure a majority in the Legislature and place old Maryland where she belongs—in the Republican column.

A GRANTSVILLE REPUBLICAN.

Low Rates to Washington. Tickets Good Ten Days.

Washington is at all times a place of interest, but it is particularly so and is seen at its best during the winter months when Congress is in session. What Rome was to every soldier of the empire, what Athens was to the Greek, Washington is and should be to every citizen of the United States—his glory, his pride, his inheritance, his estate—it belongs to him. All its magnificence, all its glory, all its fame, its public buildings, its paintings, its statuary, its monuments, its gardens, its libraries, its museums, its streets and its parks. You have no doubt often promised yourself a trip to the National Capital. Why not avail yourself of the opportunity to do so, now; the next excursion is announced via the B. & O., for Thursday, February 14th, the rates are remarkably low and train service the best the B. & O. has to offer. Its vestibuled and limited express trains can be used on either on the going or returning journey as best suits your convenience.

We give below a list of stations showing the time of trains and rates of fare:

	TIME. p. m.	TIME. a. m.	TIME. a. m.	RATE.
Terra Alta	9 01	.....	7 15	$ 6 45
Oakland	9 25	5 51	7 30	6 25
Piedmont	10 25	6 45	8 20	5 40

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

Tickets will be good ten days, and will be valid for passage from Washington to Baltimore at any time within the life of the ticket.

For Pullman car accommodations and guide to points of interest in Washington, address nearest B. & O. agent.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

This is to give notice that the copartnership heretofore existing between J. H. Fearer & Bro., at Fearer, Md., doing a mercantile business, has been dissolved and that the business of the late firm will be carried on by the undersigned. J. H. FEARER & SON.

Fearer, Md., Feb. 6, 1895.
49–3t.

Iron Hall Funds.

BALTIMORE, MD., Feb., 13—It is announced here to-day that the funds in Maryland of the Order of the Iron Hall, amounting to $90,000 will be sent to Indianapolis for distribution by General Receiver Failey. It is thought that the claimants in this state will fare much better under the general distribution than would have been otherwise or had the Maryland funds been divided among them.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.
LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.
Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including train ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 20*

Gilmor S. Hamill, Attorney.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

Demetrius A. G. Edwards, William H. Edwards and Thomas Hayden Edwards, plaintiffs,
vs.
Mary Edwards, Lawrence J. Edwards, Francis F. Smith, Mary E. Smith, Catharine F. Smith, Mary E. Jones and George A. Jones, her husband, and C. Joseph Smith, defendants.

No. 625 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

The object of this suit is to procure a decree for the sale of certain real estate in Garrett county, Maryland, which is described in a deed from Anne P. Edwards to Julia A. Edwards dated the 29th day of November in the year 1881, which deed is duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 7, folio 625, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

The Bill states:—

1. That on or about the 29th day of November in the year 1881, a certain Anne P. Edwards, of Garrett county, Maryland, conveyed to her daughter, Julia A. Edwards, amongst others, all that tract or part of a tract of land lying in Garrett county known by the name as parts of lots numbers Three and Four of the Resurvey of the "Blooming Rose," containing one hundred and two and five-eighths acres of land; also Military Lots numbers Thirty-one Hundred and Forty-two (3142) and Thirty-one Hundred and Forty-three (3143); also all of the undivided half-interest of the said Anne P. Edwards in a tract of land situated in the same county called "Western Route" or sometimes called by the name of "Rich Hill", and said to contain two hundred and eleven and seven eighths acres; it being the same land which was conveyed to James Edwards and Leonard Smith by deed from James Reynolds dated the 4th day of October, 1845, and recorded in Liber H. T. No. 12, folio 649, etc., one of the Land Records of Allegany county, all of which will more fully appear by reference to a copy of the deed from the said Anne P. Edwards to the said Julia A. Edwards herein filed and marked Plaintiffs' Exhibit No. 1, and prayed to be taken and considered as a part of this bill, together with all other exhibits which may hereafter be filed with the same.

2. That on the 1st day of June, 1893, the said Julia A. Edwards sold and conveyed to a certain William H. Riley, of the same county, ten acres and forty perches of the aforesaid tract called "Blooming Rose," which will more fully appear by a certified copy of said conveyance herewith filed and marked Plaintiffs' Exhibit Number 2.

3. That on the 11th day of October in the year 1894, the said Julia A. Edwards made and executed her last will and testament, and on or about the 12th day of October in the same year, the said Julia A. Edwards departed this life in the town of Oakland, and that said will was duly admitted to probate in the Orphans' Court for Garrett county on the 17th day of October, 1894, all of which will more fully appear by a certified copy of said last will and testament herein filed and marked Plaintiffs' Exhibit Number 3.

4. That by virtue of said will the said Julia A. Edwards devised unto the said Lawrence J. Edwards, William H. Edwards, Thomas Hayden Edwards, Demetrius A. G. Edwards and Mary A. Edwards, the children of her deceased brother, William Edwards, as tenants in common, and to the survivors of them, per stirpes, all of the aforesaid tracts of land known as the "Blooming Rose" tract or the Resurvey on "Blooming Rose," and Military lots numbers Thirty-one Hundred and Forty-two and Thirty-one Hundred and Forty-three; also all of her undivided half interest in the above named tract of land called "Western Route" or "Rich Hill."

5. That the said Leonard Smith, to whom was deeded the other half of the aforesaid tract of land called "Western Route" or "Rich Hill," departed this life many years ago intestate, and left surviving him the following named children as his surviving heirs-at-law, to-wit: Francis F. Smith, Mary E. Smith, Catherine F. Smith and a son, Joseph Smith, who is also dead, dying intestate and leaving surviving him as his heirs-at-law Mary F. Smith, widow, Mary E. Jones and George A. Jones, her husband, and C. Joseph Smith, to whom descended the aforesaid half interest in the tract of land called "Western Route."

6. That the said real estate above described is not susceptible of partition without material loss and injury to the parties entitled to interest therein as above stated, and that in order to make division of said interests it will be necessary that said real estate be sold and the proceeds thereof divided amongst the parties according to their several interests.

That under a commission *de lunatico inquirendo* the said Lawrence J. Edwards has been duly declared *non compos mentis* and is now confined in a hospital for the insane, or under the care of Dr. Isaac M. Keuling at Media, Pennsylvania.

The bill then prays for a decree for the sale of said real estate and for distribution between the parties entitled thereto, and for all such other and general relief as the plaintiffs may be entitled thereto.

It is thereupon, this first day of February, in the year 1895, ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting in Equity, that the plaintiffs, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in said Garrett county once in each of four successive weeks before the 8th day of March, 1895, give notice to the said absent defendants of the object and substance of this bill warning them to appear in this court in person or by solicitor on or before the 25th day of March next to show cause, if any they have, why a decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy, test:
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 48—4

Edward H. Sincell, Attorney.

ORDER NISI.

John E. Gnagey vs. Fannie Hershberger et. al.

No. 617 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

Ordered, by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting in Equity, this 5th day of February A. D. 1895, that the sale made and reported in the above entitled cause by John E. Gnagey, trustee, to Emanuel Hershberger be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 1st day of March next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week in each of three successive weeks before the said 1st day of March, 1895.

The report states the amount of sale to be $5,500.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy, Test:
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 48—3

Tried Friends Best.
For thirty years Tutt's Pills have proven a blessing to the invalid. Are truly the sick man's friend.

A Known Fact
For bilious headache, dyspepsia sour stomach, malaria, constipation and all kindred diseases.
TUTT'S Liver PILLS
AN ABSOLUTE CURE.

1895. **The Sun** 1895.
BALTIMORE, MD.

THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE,
FOR THE PEOPLE AND WITH THE PEOPLE.

HONEST IN MOTIVE.
FEARLESS IN EXPRESSION.
SOUND IN PRINCIPLE.
UNSWERVING IN ITS ALLEGIANCE TO
RIGHT THEORIES AND
RIGHT PRACTICES.

THE SUN PUBLISHES ALL THE NEWS ALL THE TIME, but it does not allow its columns to be degraded by unclean, immoral or purely sensational matter.

EDITORIALLY, THE SUN IS THE CONSISTENT AND ENCHANGING CHAMPION AND DEFENDER OF POPULAR RIGHTS AND INTERESTS against political machines and monopolies of every character. Independent in all things, extreme in none. It is for good laws, good government and good order.

By mail Fifty Cents a month, Six Dollars a year.

The Baltimore Weekly Sun.

The WEEKLY SUN PUBLISHES ALL THE NEWS of each week, giving complete accounts of all events of interest throughout the world. As an AGRICULTURAL paper THE WEEKLY SUN is unsurpassed. It is edited by writers of practical experience, who know what farming means and what farmers want in an agricultural journal. It contains regular reports of the work of the AGRICULTURAL experiment stations throughout the country, of the proceedings of farmer's clubs and institutes, and the discussion of new methods and ideas in agriculture. ITS MARKET REPORTS, POULTRY DEPARTMENT and Veterinary column are particularly valuable to country readers. Every issue contains STORIES, POEMS, HOUSEHOLD AND PUZZLE COLUMNS, a variety of interesting and instructive selected matter and other features, which make it a welcome visitor in city and country homes alike.

One dollar a year. Inducements to getters-up of clubs for the Weekly Sun. Both the Daily and Weekly Sun mailed free of postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico. Payments invariably in advance. Address

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FILLS THE WANT.

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MARKET REPORTS.

Its market reports are recognized authority, always being complete and correct. Its general political news, editorials and discussions are comprehensive and interesting.

8-10-12 and 16 PAGES
ONE CENT A COPY.

Delivered in all towns
daily for
SIX CENTS A WEEK.
Mailed for 25c. a month.

ROAD PETITION.

This is to give notice that thirty days after the first publication of this petition that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett County, to appoint viewers to view and locate a public County road, beginning at the corner of C. T. West's fence on the road leading from Swanton to Bloomington, and running thence by the most direct route through the lands of Armstrong & Co., Bradley T. Bray and others to intersect the road leading from the top of the mountain to Blaine, W. Va., a distance of about one and one-half miles.

B. T. BRAY,
A. F. GEORGE,
J. F. FRIEND,
L. H. FRIEND,
And 50 others.

A MEMORY OF THE THEATER.

The Haunting Song Heard During the Civil War by an Old Soldier.

"Once, in a captured city," said an old soldier, "I went to the theater. It was a small city, but a big theater, not just a hall, but a regular theater, with circular balcony and boxes and scenery and footlights. It was dimly lighted, but it had all the fascination of the theater about it, the fascination that every theater has, bright or dim, filled or empty, and this theater was doubly fascinating to us because it was the first one we had been in for years. There wasn't a turn in the gallery nor a supporting pillar, not a curve in the front of the boxes nor a touch in the drapery of them that did not fix our attention, and not a gas jet flickering above the line of footlights that did not fill us with the delight of the theater.

"The house was slim, very slim. We had seats in the balcony because they were cheaper. From where we were we could count, including our own party, 17. No doubt there were some in the orchestra under the balcony that we didn't see, but a count of 50 would doubtless have covered all in the house. The town had been occupied about a week. It was pretty near the close of the war, and the people must have been very poor. That would account for the absence of the townspeople, and, as for the troops, they hadn't been there long enough to be settled, and the war was still on, and perhaps the men couldn't get out of camp, and there may have been no recent pay day, and very likely they didn't have any money, but whatever the reason there was scarcely anybody there. Our little bunch of half a dozen people made the only solid patch in the house.

"The show was variety, and most of it was poor, but it was all deeply interesting to us, and some of it, too, was very good. There was one song in particular that struck us all. An old man with a long white beard and carrying a spade tottered slowly tottered out from the wings and came down the stage carrying the spade ahead of him, as an old man might carry a cane, and using it as such. Coming down to the footlights, he sang in a bass voice a song about a gravedigger. For all I know the song is a famous one, but I never heard it before, and I have never heard it since. The singer had a sterling voice, and he sang the song well indeed. I can give you a verse of it. Perhaps this verse may be right, or it may be that as I give it to you it is made up of lines from various verses, but this is it as I remembered it:

"Near to the grave that was newly made
Leaned the sexton old on his earthworn spade.
A relic of bygone days was he,
And his locks were white as the foaming sea.
And these words came from his lips so thin,
'I gather them in, I gather them in.'

"How well he did sing it! And we all sat silently to the end. And then when he began to totter off we all called for more. He came back, and he sang it over again, three or four times, till we could reasonably call for no more.

"Then the show went on, and we enjoyed it all and staid to the end, but the one thing that we remembered and that has stuck to one of the party at least ever since was this, heard among strange surroundings and at a time when death was very active:

"I gather them in, I gather them in."
—New York Sun.

A Trifle Too Tough.

The cannibal king sat upon his bamboo throne, clothed in the awful dignity of his position and a faded silk scarf. His eye was fastened upon the entrance to the throneroom as if in expectancy. Presently it opened, and the secretary of state entered and bowed to the earth.

"A deputation awaits without, your majesty," said the secretary.

"What kind, slave?" inquired his nibs.

"Of white persons, your majesty."

"Would they minister to my spiritual or physical wants, dog?"

"Your physical wants, your majesty."

"Ah, then they must be missionaries?"

"No, your majesty."

"What, hound? Not missionaries?"

"No, your majesty; they are here on business of state from the white country. They are politicians."

A look of disappointment clouded the face of the king.

"Go, slave," he said, waving his hand with an imperious gesture, "and command the secretary of the culinary department to put out the fire in the kitchen stove."—Detroit Free Press.

A Man of Letters.

Examiner—Spell "cue."
Policeman—Q.
"That's what I said—'cue.'"
"Well, that's what I said—'Q.'"
"Well, spell it."
"Q."
"Yes. Cue."
"I said Q."
"I know it. I want you to spell it."
"Thunder! Ain't I spellin it? Ye'll be askin me to spell 'I' next."—Chicago Tribune.

MR. LOWNDES IS WILLING.

He Would Not Decline a Gubernatorial Nomination.

From the Baltimore News of Feb. 7.

Hon. Lloyd Lowndes, of Cumberland, was registered at the Hotel Rennert to-day, having arrived in the city this morning to attend to some business in connection with his coal interests. He will remain here possibly until to-morrow, when he will return to Cumberland.

Mr. Lowndes has been mentioned very frequently as a Republican candidate for Governor, but up to the present time only his most intimate friends have known whether he was a candidate or whether he would accept a nomination if it were tendered him.

The *News* can state to-day that Mr. Lowndes is willing; that he is a candidate in the sense that he will not decline a nomination. A great many Republicans believe that he will be given the opportunity to become the party's standard-bearer.

When Mr. Lowndes was asked the point blank question if he was a candidate for the Governorship he said:

"I am not a candidate in the sense of a man who is seeking the nomination; I am not seeking it at all and will not make any effort to secure it.

"I have been approached by several of my friends and urged to announce myself as a candidate for the nomination. If it is proffered I will certainly accept the honor, and do all I can to aid in the success of the Republican ticket, but as far as making any fight for the nomination is concerned that I will not do.

"If the campaign is made upon lines I can consistently indorse I will, as I said, accept the nomination.

"There are several issues that are before the people now that require careful and thoughtful consideration by a candidate for public office especially at the hands of him who is to be the Chief Executive of the State, and I must be sure of the bearing these questions will have on the campaign before I assume the responsibility of permitting my name to be placed at the head of the ticket.

"I think there is an excellent chance for a Republican to be elected Governor, and if I am to believe all that I have heard of the situation a strong and united effort on the side of the Republican party, with the assistance of its Democratic friends, would accomplish it."

A prominent business man of Western Maryland and one who has taken a deep interest in the politics of the State for over thirty years, when told of Mr. Lowndes' remarks, said:

"If the Republican party succeed in getting Mr. Lowndes to go on the ticket it will have the only available man in the State for that office. What I mean by that is, Mr. Lowndes possesses the qualifications of the man for this opportunity.

"The Republican party has a good many men who come under the category of available timber, but none that will fit the present emergency like Mr. Lowndes. His business experience and the work he has done heretofore for the party in the State in a quiet way, has given him an experience that will be of great value to him.

"Then his Maryland interests are so large that he will countenance only conservative measures in dealing with financial and business questions.

"I believe with Mr. Lowndes at the head of the ticket the Republican party will win."

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. 25 cents per box.

LINCOLN RELENTED.

A Pardon That Was Procured Because of a Woman's Sufferings.

The Rev. Dr. P. D. Gurley was the minister in charge of the New York Avenue Presbyterian church, Washington, during Lincoln's administration. Dr. Gurley was Lincoln's pastor, and in many matters his confidential advisor, a post he was admirably fitted to fill, being a strong, robust, honest personality and a man of sweet disposition, great ability and excellent judgment.

During the meeting of the first general assembly of the Presbyterian church after the war, which convened in St. Louis, Dr. Gurley, who was a delegate, was one day the guest of Rev. Dr. Nicolls, in whose church the assembly met, and the following anecdote of Lincoln was related by Dr. Gurley at dinner in the presence of a number of friends, among whom was the present writer:

Soon after the outbreak of hostilities a hot blooded, fire eating young man, a son of members of Dr. Gurley's church, made his way through our lines and enlisted in the Confederate army. The fortunes of war threw him into our hands as a prisoner. It was deemed best to make an example of him, and he was consequently court martialed and sentenced to be shot. Dr. Gurley interested himself in the young man's behalf and secured a commutation of the sentence. A short time after the father of the boy came to Dr. Gurley and solicited his aid to obtain a pardon. Dr. Gurley strongly advised against the effort. He pointed out that the young man's life had been saved by the president, and that it would be extremely unwise and imprudent to apply for a pardon so soon. The father replied that he felt so himself, but that his wife took on so about her son that he feared she would lose her mind if something were not done. "I must," said he, "make the attempt on his mother's account. It is better to fail than not to try." Consequently Dr. Gurley signed the petition for a pardon, and the father took it to President Lincoln.

When the father made known his errand, the president became very much excited and fiercely said: "I saved the life of your son after he had been condemned to be shot, and now you come here so soon when you know I am overwhelmed with care and anxiety, asking for his pardon. You should have been content with what I have done. Go, and if you annoy me any more I shall feel it to be my duty to consider whether I ought not to recall what I have already done."

A few days after the president sent for the father, apologized for the way he had spoken to him, and to his utter astonishment handed him a pardon.

Not long after, and before knowing what had transpired, Dr. Gurley met the president. Having transacted his business, he was about to go when the president said:

"By the way, doctor, you signed the petition for Mr. ——'s son's pardon, didn't you?"

The doctor replied that he had done so, but explained that he had advised against making the application at that time, and that he was induced to sign it only by the statement of the father that he feared his wife would lose her mind if something were not done to relieve her.

The president then remarked: "Well, Mr. —— came to me with the petition. It made me very angry, and I dismissed him very roughly. Afterward I felt so ashamed of myself for having lost my temper that I made out a pardon for the man and gave it to him."

And then, after a pause and with a broad smile, added: "Ah, doctor, these wives of ours have the inside track on us. Don't they?"—D. H. Mitchell in Independent.

Olive Oil.

Nothing is better for the delicate than olive oil as an article of diet. Encourage the semi-invalid who finds cod liver oil distasteful to use freely mayonnaise dressing, for which a taste is easily acquired in the very exceptional cases where it is not natural. Here in a palatable form are obtained all the properties of the offensive cod liver, except phosphate, which may also be agreeably supplied—this by port wine. For fragile children, mothers will find a free use of the nutritions olive oil invaluable. Not only should it be taken as a tonic in the form of attractive dressings, but if there is any tendency to weakness of lungs it should frequently be rubbed into the chest. The pores of the skin will absorb it greedily by the handfuls, and it is found to contain both healing and strengthening properties.—New York Dispatch.

A Sufferer.

"Hero's a feller," said Plodding Pete, who had been indulging in literature, "wot says dere's too much labor agitation in dis country."

"Dat's wot dere is," replied Meandering Mike. "I suffers from it mesolf. Every time I think of labor it agitates me."—Washington Star.

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a twenty-page journal, is the leading Republican family paper of the United States. It is a **National Family Paper** and gives all the general news of the United States. It gives the events of foreign lands in a nutshell. Its Agricultural department has no superior in the country. Its Market Reports are recognized authority. Separate departments for "The Family Circle," "Our Young Folks," and "Science and Mechanics." Its "Home and Society" columns command the admiration of wives and daughters. Its general political news, editorials and discussions are comprehensive, brilliant and exhaustive.

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38 13

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	Daily	2.41 A. M
No. 3	Daily	7.00 A. M
No. 71	Accom daily except Sun	9.33 A. M
No. 47	Daily except Mon	11.28 A. M
No. 15	Accommodation daily	6.27 P. M
No. 1	Daily	9.58 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 2	Daily	5.51 A. M
No. 8	Daily	7.31 A. M
No. 14	Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 48	Daily except Monday	4.38 P. M
No. 72	Accom daily except Sun	5.17 P. M
No. 4	Daily	9.25 P. M

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Estate of Henry Kamp, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

HENRY KAMP,

late of Garrett County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 4th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 27th day of December, 1894.

FRED KAMP, Adm'r,
41 Accident, Md.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 17, 1895.

There will be a meeting of the County Commissioners of Garrett county held at their office in Oakland on

Tuesday, February 5, 1895,

for the purpose of hearing appeals.

Appeals from the respective districts will be heard as follows:

Tuesday, Feb. 5—7, 8, 9 and 10,
Wednesday, Feb. 6—1, 4, 11 and 12,
Thursday, Feb. 7—2, 5, 6 and 3.

N. B.—All persons wishing to take appeals on assessments shall observe the above day and dates by districts and attend accordingly

By order of the board,
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

YOU who capture hearts in plenty,
Golden-haired and gay,
You will get some ten or twenty
Valentines to-day.
Each one with its message tender
Owning absolute surrender
Of the true heart of the sender:
Such is Cupid's way.

You will find my own confession
In among the rest.
It is every man's impression
That you love him best.
So, like nine or nineteen others
Of my sentimental brothers,
I am one who vainly smothers
Love within his breast.

But I know you, little flirt you
Hope? Indeed, I've none!
That's the very vine of virtue
Frozen by your fun.
Every line of love you'll parry,
Of these twenty men who tarry,
Then, at last, go off and marry
Number twenty-one!

—Felix Carmen, in Life.

Podd's Two Valentines.

JULIUS CÆSAR PODD was a clerk in a retail dry goods store.

It is difficult to imagine that an individual bearing so historic a baptismal name should be decreed by fate to wear it in the commonplace atmosphere of a mercantile life, but thus it was.

To behold Mr. Podd on a Sunday afternoon, or on some evening, after the multitudinous affairs of business had ceased until the morrow, one would almost have been led to believe that the baptismal name was scarcely adequate to the man, for when Mr. Podd had cast aside the enthralling shackles of dependent circumstances and stood forth in the full freedom of a small-salaried clerk off duty, he might readily have been mistaken for a railroad magnate, or a bank official with an evident inclination toward some country where extradition law is not.

At such periods it required an exceedingly imaginative brain to grasp the thought that the individual who whirled past in the newest, and most stylish of rigs—to the utter annihilation of his week's salary—or who occupied one of a reserved pair of orchestral chairs, front, was but the same person who smilingly tore down one side of a dry goods establishment to enable some undecided female to select a spool of thread, or who rewound yards upon yards of flamburgs and other decorative goods which similar consistent creatures had examined with a thoroughness known only to the feminine mind.

Mr. Podd cherished intentions, which, if rightly matured, as they certainly would be in the course of human events, would give to his existence that couleur de rose which the poets affirm constitutes earthly felicity.

Mr. Podd's intentions were of a matrimonial nature.

He loved.

In this case the sentiment was a species of mild insanity that often attacks young men of a marriagable age and an unmarriageable salary, and Mr. Podd exhibited many of the symptoms in an aggravated form.

He took in two or three extra squares each day in walking to and from his place of business that he might pass the abode which sheltered the idol of his soul, and, perchance, be rewarded by a smile, or bow of recognition from the fair occupant.

The fair being who thus agitated the placidity of Mr. Podd's existence was a Miss Melinda Smythe—her father spelled it Smith in bygone days.

This maiden dwelt with her mother, whose small income was obtained by working early and late at dressmaking.

Miss Melinda led a lily-of-the-field existence, and while her mother drudged, and cooked, and sewed in the little back room, her daughter received in the front apartment, or went out to concerts and theaters, from which she brought back lyrical souvenirs to be distributed, with the aid of a cheap rented piano, to the neighborhood at frequent intervals.

From the deportment of Miss Melinda in public, one was led to regret that a life of fashionable dissipation had brought ennui to so young a creature, and when she referred to "our residence," it was in a tone that at once suggested a brown-stone front, plate glass, and an extensive retinue.

In Mr. Podd's eyes, her bearing was simply regal, and he rejoiced in the distingue atmosphere of her presence, unmindful of any doubts of its genuineness.

Miss Melinda had gained her knowledge of aristocratic deportment from theatrical boards and the pages of that romantic school of literature she delighted in devouring in prodigious quantities, but as Mr. Podd's ideas had been generated by the same equivocal source, he detected none of the flaws patent to a more acute or less interested person.

Mr. Podd's lodgings comprised the most economical part of his existence, being in an obscure street, in a building that wore the look of abject-genteel poverty. Considering the dispiriting surrounding, it is little marvel that Mr. Podd frequently sought the charming companionship of Miss Melinda Smythe, or entertained, in secret, visions of a vine-embowered cottage, with this divinity as its presiding deity, for if there be any excuse for a rash plunge into the tumultuous sea of matrimony it is that the unfortunate victim leaps from the positive infelicity of the typical obscure boarding house into the blissful unknown.

Mr. Podd's sojourn at these lodgings, however, was a matter of policy, both on account of the cheapness of bed and board, and also on the score that, owing to the undisguised partiality of the landlady's daughter for this particular boarder the mother was more lenient in collecting his arrears and more indulgent in many of the minor workings of the establishment, including choice morsels at the table and a thoughtful supervision of his wardrobe and room.

Owing to these several advantages he lingered on, yet refused to allow his perverted heart to be softened by the blandishments of the daughter more than was essential to his own comfort and convenience as a privileged boarder.

When he wished an extension of credit or to secure some especial favor Mr. Podd was wont to escort his landlady's daughter, in whose fashioning nature had neglected to include any comeliness, to some place of worship or to an entertainment where the price of admission was most moderate, suffering untold anxiety the while lest the odious Tom Jones should be basking in the sunlight of Miss Melinda's presence during this voluntary exile on his part.

Mr. Podd's finances were slowly recovering from the severe drain to which they had been subjected during the Christmas. February he was walking leisurely from business towards his lodgings, calculating a method by which he might be able to pay some bills, long since due, yet retain a sufficient surplus to treat the fair Melinda to a sleigh ride, recklessly promised at a time when the weather gave strong and almost certain indications of verging into balmy spring, while, with a perversity known in no other thing save women, it now gave as positive evidence of a speedy fall of snow.

"BEGONE, YOU VILLAIN!"

As he passed down the street his attention was drawn to a crowd gathered before a stationer's window, and prominent among them was the ever obnoxious Tom Jones, who, with the others, was absorbed in the contemplation of a display of valentines.

At once the green-eyed monster suggested the idea that this exasperating rival was even then engaged in selecting one of those dainty missives by means of which he might convey to the object of their common admiration an accurate state of his feelings, and Mr. Podd at once decided on adopting similar measures in an avowal of the passion that alike consumed his soul and salary.

Now, it would seem that from a well-stocked assortment of valentines, one might readily make a selection, but Mr. Podd found a difficult task.

Many of these dainty messengers appeared too cold and indifferent to suit the critical taste of this customer; others were of too obscure a nature to portray the proper intensity of emotion that stirred the profound depths of Mr. Podd's soul.

Finally he chose one, in which arrow-pierced hearts and very fat cupids—who were evidently in the same plight as Flora McFlimsey—together with congenial doves, clasped hands, mottoes of truth, fidelity, constancy and devotion, with other symbols representing a harmonious state of affairs generally, were scattered prodigally over gilded paper in filigree design.

As Mr. Podd turned to go his eyes fell on a pile of comic valentines which lay near.

Some one has said the destiny of a nation turns frequently upon a small pivot. That of an individual is often as delicately poised.

This careless glance proved the turning point which overthrew fortune, and enthroned her unwelcome kinswoman in the near future of Mr. Podd's existence.

The topmost valentine portrayed a spinsterly-looking female, seated at an antiquated piano which she was belaboring in a blood-curdling way in accompaniment to some operatic gem, supposed to be issuing from her very extensive mouth. An unhappy feline, with arched back, distended eyes and enlarged caudle appendage sifted up her agonized wail from an adjacent fence. Below this sketch was a verse, in which comparison between the two singers was much in favor of the cat.

An evil thought, perhaps, born of a recent request for arrears for board, entered the mind of Mr. Podd to bestow this souvenir of St. Valentine on the landlady's daughter, who also thrummed the piano, and acting on the sudden impulse he bought the missive.

When at his lodgings he directed both valentines, feeling secure on the one hand that his landlady's daughter was not familiar with his penmanship, and writing on the sentimental one the initials, J. C. P., that Miss Melinda might not mistake the sender.

On St. Valentine's day, Mr. Podd arose somewhat later than usual, and hurriedly went down to breakfast, forgetting the two missives lying upon the table in his room.

While he was eating the maid-of-all-work started on her cleaning tour, and with the proverbial acuteness that enables members of her ilk to detect anything save dirt or disorder, the two forgotten valentines, in their white wrappers, were the first things to attract her attention.

As they had not been sealed, it was but a few seconds until she was mirthfully regarding the rival musicians of the one, and feasting her eyes upon the prodigal collection of love tokens contained in the other.

She had scarcely time, on hearing approaching footsteps, to return the valentines to the wrappers, unconsciously changing them in her haste, and take up her broom with as innocent an expression as the occasion demanded, when Mr. Podd hurriedly entered, picked up the envelopes, sealed them, and thrust them into his pocket, totally ignorant of the exchange which had been made.

That evening after business Mr. Podd sought the nearest tonsorial artist, under whose especial care he placed himself for the next half hour, then he wended his happy way to the abode of his soul's ideal.

Imagine the consternation of the hapless Mr. Podd, who, on presenting himself to the fair Miss Melinda, secure in the expectation of a cordial greeting—nay, perhaps a tender one—found himself met with chilling scorn, while that young lady dramatically waved him hence.

"Begone! you villain," she wrathfully exclaimed, in true stage parlance, and with another tragic wave of her hand.

"Why, Miss Melinda," began the astounded Mr. Podd.

"Don't 'Miss Melinda' me, you base hypocrite, you!" screamed the young lady, allowing her temper to overcome her predilection for heroics.

"Great Jupiter! My dear Miss Melinda," stammered the unfortunate Mr. Podd.

"Go!" cried Miss Melinda, in still shriller tones. "Must I have you ejected from this apartment? Mur!" she added, opening the door leading into the back room, "here is this contemptible puppy, Podd."

"Has he come back here ag'in?" and the irate mother appeared upon the scene. "Maybe he come to see if your cat still out-squalled you," she said in harsh and sarcastic tones, as she confronted the bewildered victim of their joint accusations.

"Or to have my voice remind him of a file on a cross-cut saw," rejoined the daughter with a little hysterical sob. "O, mar! drive him away. I can't bear the sight o' him."

"My child! don't let such a miserable creature disturb you," said the mother, soothingly; then, pointing to the outer door, said:

"Get right out o' here, an' don't put your foot nigh this house ag'in. If I was a man I'd learn you how to insult unprotected ladies," she added, as a parting injunction when Mr. Podd, with his hand pressed to his head in a dazed sort of way, turned and fled into the darkness.

An hour or two afterward, as he stole dejectedly into his lodgings he met at the door his landlady's daughter, who had his sentimental valentine in her hand, and beamed upon him a happy smile.

"Oh, Mr. Podd!" she tenderly exclaimed, "how can I ever thank you for this too awfully lovely valentine? I've been watchin' for you ever since supper. Do come into the parlor, where there is a nice warm fire an' things look cozy."

Poor Mr. Podd! He muttered something about being consumed by a raging headache, and declining all proffered remedies he went hastily to his room, where, locking himself securely within, he gave up fully to the anguish of the hour.

It is a cause for little wonder, therefore, that any allusion to St. Valentine's day now causes a deep depression to settle on his once susceptible heart and a chill to pervade his sensitive being.—Detroit Free Press.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Foaming Sauce.—Rub together till very light one spoonful of flour, two of butter and four of sugar. Stir in one-half pint of boiling water. Let it first boil up, add half a glass of wine or brandy and a little nutmeg.—Boston Budget.

—Cabbage Fried with Cream.—Chop a quart of cold boiled cabbage, fry it five minutes with sufficient butter or drippings to prevent burning. Season it lightly with pepper and salt and stir into it half a cupful of cream or of milk, with a teaspoonful of flour mixed with it, then let the cabbage cook five minutes longer, and serve hot.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Beef Sausage.—Chop one pound of raw beef and one-quarter of a pound of suet separately. Mix them and add half a teaspoonful of sage, pepper and salt to taste and a few drops of onion juice. Mix thoroughly, make into small cakes and dredge with flour. Put two tablespoonfuls of drippings in a frying pan; when hot put in the cakes, fry quickly on both sides and serve very hot.—Boston Budget.

—Cream Puffs.—One half cup of butter melted in one cup of hot water, put in a small tin pan on the stove to boil; while boiling, stir in one cup of flour; take off and let cool; when cold stir in three eggs, without beating. Drop on buttered tins and bake in a hot oven twenty to thirty minutes. Filling: One cup of milk, one egg, one-half cup of sugar; thicken with cornstarch and flavor with vanilla. — Christian Inquirer.

—Leek Soup.—Take six large leeks, wash them well, and slice very thinly the white part of them. Place them in a saucepan with two quarts of white stock, half a head of celery and half a carrot. Boil together and skim carefully, and then stand the pot at the side of the fire to simmer gently for two or three hours. Pass all the vegetables through a sieve (the carrot included), season with pepper and salt, and serve. The grated carrot looks very pretty in the white soup.—Leeds Liverpool (Eng.) Mercury.

—Beauregard Eggs.—Hard boil five eggs. Separate the yolks from the white and put each one through a sieve, keeping them separate. Put a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour in a saucepan. Mix and add half pint of milk. Stir constantly until it boils, add half teaspoonful of salt, quarter teaspoonful of pepper, then the whites of the eggs. Pour this over nicely buttered toast, sprinkle the yolks over the top, dust with salt and pepper, and serve.—Ohio Farmer.

—Taffy.—Molasses taffy may be made by boiling one pound of sugar, one pound of glucose, one-third quart New Orleans molasses; stir all the time and cook to soft crack; set off the fire and stir in one-third teaspoonful saleratus; pour into a buttered pan, and when nearly cold pull on the hook and flavor with peppermint. Another good receipt for molasses taffy is the following: One quart of New Orleans molasses, one and one-fourth pounds of sugar; set on fire and stir and cook until, when dropped in water, it will form rather a hard ball if gathered up between the fingers; this is called hard ball; then add one-quarter pound of butter and cook to soft crack; pour into a greased pan, let it remain until nearly cold, and then pull on hook.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

EMERALD MINING.

How the Gems Are Obtained in Colombia.

Few persons who are familiar with emeralds in their cut and mounted state have any idea of the difficulties experienced by those who would traverse that part of the Andes where lie the celebrated mines of Muzo. The scenery is of extraordinary beauty, but in two days' riding the traveler is obliged to follow some of the most dangerous mountain passes, and to make his way over precipices where a single false step would dash him to destruction. The emerald mines lie in a basin surrounded by high mountains in the form of a circle. These mines are now the property of the government of Colombia, which rents them to a company employing five or six overseers and about four hundred native workmen. The means used for working them is very primitive, but they yield every year a large amount of precious stones, which are immediately shipped to Europe. The band of rock containing the precious metals is more than one thousand feet high, formed of iron. Very few emeralds are found in the black stone, but by cutting down the face of the immense precipice veins of white stone are uncovered. This is known as calcite, a crystalized form of carbonate of lime. The emeralds are sometimes imbedded, and sometimes found in hollow cavities, and the work of cutting down the side of the rock is done by natives, mostly with a crowbar. A piece of rock a yard wide is selected, running the whole length of the mine on the top. This is cut down a few yards, and then another level of the same is begun again at the top, until the whole breast of the rocks appears to be a monster staircase, the broken rubbish having been thrown down to the bottom of the precipice. On the bank opposite to the spot where the emeralds are taken out a stream of water is kept running by means of sluices in a reservoir, and as the sluices are opened every fifteen minutes the water is allowed to rush down the rocks with great force, the torrent clearing away all the broken stone thrown down by the miners since the last discharge.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Business Thrift.

"See yon common-looking old codger with the basket?"

"Yes."

"Well, he commenced going round picking up sticks and bones ten years ago, and had to go on tick for the basket——"

"And now he's worth fifty thousand, I suppose?"

"Nothing of the kind. He still owes for the basket."—Judge.

A Harvest of Peace.

Foggs—While you were engaged in farming, what did you plant with the happiest results?

Boggs—My mother-in-law.—N. Y. World.

PALL MALL BUDGET

AUNT MINERVA—Wait, Horace, I insist, until it has passed out of sight.

Toughest Man in Deadgulch.

Cholly Tenderfoot—Have you any desperate characters around here now?

Driver (of Deadgulch coach)—Ya-as; Alkali Ike's purty tough.

Cholly—What's his record?

Driver—Why, fore Ike's wife 'd been dead a week he got full an' rode down ter Bloody Canyon an' married his mother-in-law.—Judge.

Beats Sentiment.

You may talk about the sentiment
The lovely flowers teach,
But if you want a package sent
That's got a longer reach,
Just step into the first rice shop
That happens to be handy,
And tell the clerk to send her up
A great big box of candy.
—Philadelphia Record.

IT'S COMING, SURE AS FATE.

Mabel—I wish you would look, Maud, and see if my trousers hang all right behind.—Judge.

Drew the Line.

Mrs. Hicks—Here I am, keeping two girls and have to work like a slave myself.

Hicks—Why don't you get another girl?

Mrs. Hicks—Not much; come what may I simply won't work nights.—N. Y. World.

Not a Fair Test.

Little Girl—Our baby is smarter than yours.

Little Boy—Tisn't.

"Yes 'tis. Your baby can't say the first word yet. Our baby is beginning to talk."

"Y-e-s, but your baby is a girl."—Good News.

A Certain Remedy.

"I wish," said Mrs. Corntossel, "that they was some way ter keep people from talkin' about ye behind yer back."

"They is," replied her husband.

"What?"

"Run for office. Then they'll talk about ye ter yer face."—Washington Star.

At Home and Abroad.

He could tell without a stagger
When out upon the stump,
How to settle monetary national strife,
But at home he lost his swagger,
And, no matter how he'd hump,
He couldn't settle finance with his wife.
—Boston Traveller.

An Unnecessary Direction.

Gosling—Barber, my skin is tender. I wish you'd shave me down, not up.

Irish Barber—Down, is it? Sure, sor, there's nothing else but down to shave! —Harper's Bazar.

SHE KNEW BETTER.

He—Your father seems to think I can't support you, dearest.

She—That's not his fault. Every time he has passed the parlor, the gas has been too low for him to see anything.—Life.

A Man of Few Words.

Ada—Is Jack Rogers a talkative man?

Helen—I've been trying for two years to make him speak.—Life.

She Was Deceived.

There was a steely glitter in her eyes that betokened a castiron nerve. Sternly she gazed at the cowering wretch, who in vain strove to meet her gaze.

"False," she said.

He said not a word.

"We have been married four years now."

Still he kept silent.

"You won me by telling me that you belonged to a suicide club that was bound to lose a member every year and that there were only three of you left. And that was four years ago."

He said nothing, nor spoke. It was evident that she was on to him.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Uncle Sam's Salaries.

"Did you say that her father had been appointed to a prominent place under the government?"

"Yes."

"And to think I was about to propose to her!"

"Has the appointment changed your mind?"

"Decidedly. I could support her very nicely, but I don't know whether I feel like taking chances on being expected to chip in and support the entire family."—Truth.

Knew What He Was About.

Enthusiastic Colored Spectator (at fashionable wedding)—Go it, gents—keep de rice a-flying—chuck it out lively!

Policeman—An' fwhot are yer eggin' av thim an fur—sure, *you* are not related?

E. C. S.—No, boss; but rice is good for chickins, an' I am de sweeper hyahl —Life.

From Her Bachelor Uncle.

I've a secret to disclose,
Sweet Marie,
It concerns your ruddy nose,
Sweet Marie,
It would soon come round all right,
And once more be pearly white,
If you wouldn't lace so tight,
Sweet Marie.
—Chicago Tribune.

SUBSTITUTE FOR A BICYCLE.

"It is less dangerous than the bicycle, and I am certain it will do me just as much good."—Demorest's Magazine.

Needed More Room.

Miss Buyem—I never saw furniture and carpets so cheap. The papers are just crammed with bargains.

Mrs. Buyem—I know it, and there isn't room in this house for another thing.

Miss Buyem—How horrid! I will have to let all those lovely bargains go, or else get married.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Brainy Youth.

Mr. Richmann—I don't demand that my daughter shall marry wealth, but I do insist that the man she marries shall have brains enough to get along in the world.

Young Slimpurse—Well, I think I've shown very good judgment in selecting a father-in-law, don't you?—N. Y. Weekly.

Where the Cost Comes.

Philosopher—The only thing that can make any man, rich or poor, perfectly happy, is love, and love costs not a penny.

Practical Man—True, but keeping the loved one in clothes costs like the Old Nick.—N. Y. Weekly.

Relegated to the Kitchens.

"The question as to what is the best yeast," wrote the answers-to-correspondents man, in response to a query that had just come in, "must be left to the cooks and should be determined by a rising vote."—Chicago Tribune.

A Novelty in Dry Goods.

"Have you got messenger boy calico?"

"Messenger-boy calico, madam?"

"Why, yes; the kind guaranteed not to run, you know."—Truth.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE DIFFERENCE.

When the winds of winter beat
Little Bunny's hollow tree,
For a blanket round his feet
Close his bushy tail tucks he.
Never mind how loud the storm,
Sound he sleeps and snug and warm.

When the little honey-bees
See the snow come powdering down
On their roof beneath the trees
In their pleasant Beehive Town,
Then away to bed they creep,
All the winter long they sleep

But when little busy Ned
Hears the noisy north wind blow,
Out he rushes with his sled,
For he loves the whirling snow.
Bees and bunnies, sleepy things!
Lose the fun that winter brings.

—Youth's Companion.

GALLANT BOY HERO.

How Edward, Prince of Wales, Won the Sobriquet of Black Prince.

In the summer of the year 1346 Edward III. crossed the English channel with 30,000 men to invade France. At Crecy, not far from the Seine, he was met on the 26th of August by King Phillip with 130,000 men. The English army was formed in three lines and occupied a small eminence. After the soldiers had been confessed, Edward rode up and down the ranks, bidding each man to fight for St. George and the dragon, and "so sweetly and with so good countenance and merry cheer did he speak, that all took courage on hearing him."

While the French were coming on in great disorder, there was a total eclipse of the sun, accompanied by a terrible storm, after which the sun came out brightly, shining directly in the faces of the French, but on the backs of the English. The first charge was made by 15,000 Genoese bowmen, who came forward with a shout as though to scare the English. The latter, who had been ordered to lie flat on the ground, now arose, stepped forward a pace, and let go their arrows so fast that they seemed like blinding snow. The Genoese fled and the French king ordered them to be cut down so that they would not hinder the rest of the army. In the meantime Edward, the prince of Wales, who was in command of one division, was surrounded by French knights, who, recognizing his rank, determined to capture or kill

AT ONE TIME HE WAS UNHORSED AND STRUCK TO THE GROUND.

him. A message was sent to the king telling him that the prince was hard pressed. "Is my son dead or hurt or on the earth felled?" he asked. "No, sire," was the reply. "Well, then," said the king, "return to them that sent you and tell them to send no more to me as long as my son is alive. I command them to suffer the child to win his spurs, for this day should be his." The young prince was indeed in great danger. At one time he was unhorsed and struck to the ground, but one of his loving Welsh knights, who carried the great dragon standard, threw it over him as he lay and stood upon it till the enemy was forced back.

Soon as the tide of battle had turned for the English, Edward came down from a high hill overlooking the field and took his son in his arms and kissed him. "You are my true son. Right loyally have you acquitted yourself and shown yourself to be a sovereign." Young Edward on this occasion wore a suit of black armor, which so contrasted with his crimson and gold surcoat and the brilliantly fair complexion of his round, boyish face that he was called from that time the Black Prince.—St. Louis Republic.

THE AFRICAN GECKO.

He's a Queer Little Animal Whom the Ignorant Natives Fear.

The gecko is an odd little creature. His name is seldom heard and his form is seldom seen, for he lives in warmer countries than this. His home is in Africa and the southern countries of Europe.

This little gecko has so many strange little ways and there is something so uncanny in his appearance that the people of the countries where he lives are rather afraid of him, believing his bite to be poisonous, although this is denied by naturalists.

He is a little creature with a broad, flat head like a snake, and a long body, with a narrow tail, with odd-shaped bits of skin arranged like scallops along the sides of it. He has short legs and queer cat-like claws, which enable him to easily climb the old walls and rocks upon which he lives, catching the insects of various sorts which make his dinner.

He is a nocturnal animal, walking abroad at night and sleeping in the daytime. He moves with sudden rushes and without any noise whatever. His odd name was given him from the queer noise he makes, which is something like the noise you would make to start a horse with. The male gecko is of a gray color, so near the shade of the old walls and rocks among which he makes his home that he can barely be seen.—N. Y. World.

She Was Full of Glory.

"O, mamma," cried five-year-old Dorothy, "I'm just as full of glory as I can be!"

"What do you mean?" inquired her mother, with natural surprise.

"Why-ee," said Dorothy, "there was a sunbeam right on my spoon, and I swallowed it with my oatmeal, mamma."

ACCIDENTS TO BIRDS.

Misadventures Are Frequently Due to a Lack of Discretion.

A strange accident is recorded in the story of a fish-hawk, which sunk its talons so deep into a huge fish that it could not withdraw them, and, despite its struggle, was drawn beneath the water and drowned. Indeed the misadventures that befall birds are not infrequently due to lack of discretion in the choice of food. On several occasions starved pelicans have been found with dead catfish in their pouches. On being caught, the fish had erected their sharp, spiny fins and pierced the pouches of their captors, which then could neither swallow nor eject the unwelcome prey.

A singular instance is recorded of a chipping sparrow, which, in swallowing a grasshopper, swallowed also the blade of grass on which the insect was resting, and the bird was found thus tied to the ground.

Birds that use long hairs or strings in the construction of their nests not infrequently become entangled in them, and are sometimes found hanging dead at their own thresholds. An unusual case of accidental hanging was once observed by the writer at Englewood, N. J. Passing beneath a chestnut tree one September morning he saw a small bird swinging to and fro overhead without any visible means of support. It proved to be a ruby-crowned kinglet suspended in midair by a single strand of a spider's silk which was entwined about the longer feathers of one wing. The strand, with others, supported the spider's cocoon, which evidently accounted for its surprising strength. The young spiders were just appearing from their silken cradle, and a wasp was capturing them as they appeared, doubtless to convey them as food to his own young.—Our Animal Friends.

THE ARAB'S HORSE.

An Equine Friend Whose Praises Are Still Sung by Eastern Ports.

It is a horse's nature to make friends among his kind, and not, like the dog, to attach himself to persons. There are exceptions to this rule, however, where horses have shown devotion to their masters quite as great as that of any dog.

Among others is this one, which is often told in the tents in the desert, for the Arabs tell their stories and so hand them down to their children, instead of reading them out of books and newspapers.

There was war between two tribes, and, after a bloody battle, the chief of one of them was taken captive. His men had been killed. His horse, the thing he valued above everything else in the world, had been taken away from him, and he lay bound hand and foot on the bare ground. He suffered dreadfully from thirst and loss of blood, and the pain from his wounds was very great; but what hurt him more than all was the thought of his dear horse.

Suddenly he heard a familiar neigh. Turning his head, with great difficulty, he looked around and saw his horse tethered quite near. How glad he was to see him! And he said: "Poor friend, what will you do among the Turks? You will be shut up within four walls, under a roof—you who have been used to the free air of the desert. No child will feed you from its hand any more. They will not care for you or understand you. I am afraid they will even beat you sometimes. If I am to be a slave you at least may be free. Go back to our tent and tell my wife that your master will die. Put your head again under the folds of our tent and lick the hands of my dear children."

The chief dragged himself with pain and difficulty to where his horse was tied. He could only wriggle himself over the ground like a worm, and he

AN ARABIAN HORSE.

was so weak that it took him a long time to go a little way, but he managed it finally, and when he reached the place he contrived to untie the rope with his teeth, for his hands were bound so tight that he could not use them at all.

The rope dropped to the ground and the horse was free, but he did not think so. He never thought of leaving his master and going off by himself. He stood perfectly still for a little while, his head bent over the wounded, helpless man before him, considering what he should do. It was plain that his master could not get on his back, and equally plain that he could not leave him. He must contrive some way to get him home. So he just picked him up by taking his clothes between his teeth and started off at full gallop.

What a load that was! A heavy man to carry in such a novel way. And the road was long, and the good horse's heart sometimes failed him, but he kept on, and somehow he got there. He laid his master down at his wife's feet, and then he dropped dead with fatigue.

The whole tribe mourned for him, and Arab poets still sing his praise.—N. Y. World.

Little Dot Had Great Luck.

Little Dot—I'm just the luckiest girl that ever was.

Aunt—Why so?

Little Dot—When I was out walkin' my foot began to hurt so I had to sit right down and take off my shoe; and what do you think it was that hurt? It was a button-hook that had got in my shoe.

Aunt—But where was the luck?

Little Dot—Why, don't you see? I had the button-hook to put on my shoe again.—Good News.

FARM AND GARDEN.

HARD ROAD IN SAND.

New Jersey's Road Commissioner Tells How to Build One.

How can a hard road be made from one that is all sand, when there is but very little loam to be had?

No mention is made of any kind of material whatever, as being available. It is, therefore, inferred that a permanent roadbed is desired, for which purpose I would recommend a macadam roadbed, ten or twelve feet wide and six, eight or ten inches thick, according to the probable traffic over the road. A sandy bottom makes the best foundation for a telford or macadam road. Wet sand becomes hard, an illustration of which is to be seen upon the seashore. Wet clay becomes a sticky mass, and will ooze up between stone or brick. Hence, for a sandy road, grade and prepare the roadbed. After the proper excavation is made for the stone construction, should the bed be a mass of loose sand for several inches, a plank should be set on edge on each side of the space excavated. If water be handy, sprinkle the bottom and, if possible, roll it, then apply the stone for the bottom course all the way across the roadbed from plank to plank. Thoroughly roll, then put on the finishing courses and continue the rolling until the road is compact and solid. A little clay or loam or a slight coating of stone dust as a binder on the bottom course, might be used to advantage before applying the second course. Having thoroughly rolled the completed stone work, remove the plank and fill in the space with three or four-inch stone and ram or roll them solid. Bank up the sides with earth, using loam or clay. If this is not available, after sloping the sides to conform to the arch of the stone work, clean out the ditches on each side, spread the turf, grass and mud on top of the sand banking the stone, and roll it firm. If there is not sufficient of this material to make the basis for a sward, sow rye or crimson clover, and such grass seed as may be best suited to the locality and encourage a growth that will prevent washing, and also make a foundation for the support of vehicles when passing each other, as well as make a firm shoulder to hold the stone roadbed in position. A road of this character, if not over ninety miles from the quarries, should be built six inches deep (which will answer on many cross-county roads) for about forty-five cents per square yard. Of course, this depends to some extent on the distance from the railroad depot or boat landings.—Edward Burrough, New Jersey Commissioner of Public Roads.

GOOD ROADS MOVEMENT.

Gen. Stone Talks of the Interest Shown in the Various States.

Official reports to the bureau of roads inquiry at Washington show that increased interest is taken in the good-roads movement, and that a large proportion of the railroad companies have agreed to further the idea by offering very low rates whenever any general movement is started. Gen. Roy Stone, in charge of the bureau, who has been spending some weeks attending road conventions in the west as the representative of the agricultural department, has returned to Washington. In reviewing the progress of the movement Gen. Stone said:

"In Indiana and Missouri great interest is being taken in the movement. In Nebraska there is not much need for general road improvements, except in the river counties. Owing to the naturally good roads, helped lately by the very dry weather, Kansas is interested in the question and anxious to make the improvements, and the legislature will undoubtedly take up the matter and make decided changes in legislation.

"Michigan will take some important steps this winter to make its country-roads law more successful. A very energetic movement is in progress in Wisconsin. In New Jersey state aid will probably be doubled in amount this year. The Massachusetts state commission has asked for $1,000,000 to expend in the construction of state roads. There is some opposition to this, but the appropriation will be granted. General opinion favors convict and tramp labor for road improvement. The main idea is to use state prison convicts in preparing road materials, working in quarries where they can be guarded, and to use tramps, county prisoners and short-term convicts in macadamizing the roads."

A COMMERCIAL QUOTATION.

"Is there anything in this for me?"—Good Roads.

This is a question which most men are apt to *think*, even if they do not *ask* it.

In working for improved roads we need use no argument other than that it is directly *profitable* to have them. Sentiment is all right in its place, but the building of roads is strictly business and need be considered in no other light.

Speaking from her Experience,

After years of practical use and a trial of many brands of baking powder (some of which she recommended before becoming acquainted with the great qualities of the Royal), **Marion Harland** finds the **Royal Baking Powder** to be greatly superior to all similar preparations, and states that she uses it exclusively, and deems it an **act of Justice and a pleasure to recommend it unqualifiedly to American Housewives.**

The testimony of this gifted authority upon **Household Economy** coincides with that of millions of housekeepers, many of whom speak from knowledge obtained from a continuous use of **Royal Baking Powder** for a third of a century.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Emerson's Home Life.

One of Emerson's poems most richly laden with emotion and experience is the "Threnody," which he wrote after the death of his first-born. He was a fond father; and his home life was beautiful, like that of nearly all the foremost American authors. He liked children, and they liked him. He understood them, entering into their feelings as easily as he entered into their sports. In his own family, discipline—never neglected—was enforced by the gentlest methods; and he had unbounded interest in the details of the school life of his own children, getting them to talk to him as freely as they did to their own comrades. This was but an example of his willingness always to put himself in the place of others, and try to see things from their point of view. An instance of this sympathetic faculty, and of his abiding simplicity, was his comment on the minister who went up to the pulpit after Emerson had lectured, and who prayed that they might be delivered from ever again hearing such "transcendental nonsense." Emerson listened to this, and remarked quietly: "He seems a very conscientious, plain-spoken man."—Prof. Brander Matthews, in St. Nicholas.

THE PISO COMPANY.

The above is the style of the firm which manufactures Piso's Cure for Consumption and Piso's Remedy for Catarrh, at Warren, Pa. The company was recently incorporated, succeeding E. T. Hazeltine, under whose name the business has been conducted for many years. In fact the business was established in 1864, when $65 was paid for the first barrel of sugar bought, that was 33 cents a pound; other things were proportionately high, as much of the Piso Cure is now sold for 25 cents as was then for $1.60.

While the firm has been a very *persistent* advertiser in newspapers, its aggregate outlay annually has been comparatively small, so that the steady and rapid increase in sales to-day at present large proportions certainly indicates that Piso's Cure for Consumption possesses high merit as a remedy for coughs, colds and throat and lung troubles generally. The pleasant taste of the cure has doubtless contributed materially to its popularity.

Growth in business has necessitated the invention of numerous labor-saving machines. Notable among these are apparatus for washing, filling, corking and sealing bottles with which three men easily turn out 2,000 bottles an hour. In the advertising department improved machines in the bindery finish 100,000 Pocket Book Almanacs in a day with only twenty operators. Another labor saver is the box machine on which one man puts together a thousand cartons daily which are filled with a dozen Piso's Cure for Consumption by another man in the same space of time.

The Piso Company gives steady employment to a small army of workers, of both sexes, and its uniform liberal treatment of employes is a topic of much favorable comment among the citizens of Warren. Altogether the prosperity of the company appears to be peculiarly deserved.

BUNCHING Their Remarks—The suburbanite who had been waiting at the station for the gates to open was preparing to grasp a big and cumbrous bundle of luggage in such a way as to lift it when the sarcastic traveler near the radiator remarked: "That isn't exactly what you would call an easy-pick-up, is it?" "I think, sir," replied the suburbanite, eying him sharply, "you will find I'm able to budget."—Chicago Tribune.

CHILD—"Why don't you have your dinner table mended?" Hostess—"Mended?" Child—"Yes'm. It's very weak and rickety, isn't it?" Hostess—"Why, no, dear. It's solid mahogany." Child—"That's queer. Mamma said I must remember not to lean my elbows on it while eatin'. Our table is real strong."

BARON—"My former coachman was drunk every other day. Are you sober?" Coachman—"Oh, very often."—Fliegende Blatter.

ONE ought to have dates at one's fingerends, seeing they grow upon the palm.

AUNT—"Is your sister improving in her music?" Small Nephew—"I think so. The people next door have decided not to move."

A FRANKFORT man has written a farce comedy called "Vaccine." It ought to take.—Philadelphia Record.

"How did Smith happen to get such a big literary reputation?" "Criticised 'Trilby.'"—Atlanta Constitution.

A MUSTARD plaster is not a very poetic subject; but, ah, how warmly it appeals to a man's feelings!

"You have been living abroad?" asked Mrs. A. "Yes, indeed," said Mrs. B.; "in Paris, too. We're regular Parisites."

"ARE you superstitious, Mr. Spiffkins?" "Well—I think it bad luck to be run over by a cable car."—Harper's Drawer.

FIGG—"They say that Badwun is quite ill. Do his friends have grave fears about him?" Fogg—"I think their fears extend beyond the grave."—Boston Transcript.

A DAKOTA court is struggling with a prisoner named Szczyz. We don't know what he is charged with, but from his name we suspect it is soda water.—Chicago Dispatch.

"No, thank you, I've got some of my own," said little Tommy, politely, as the contribution-box passed in front of him on the occasion of his first visit to church.—Chicago Tribune.

DISTRACTED Mother—"O John! John! Come quick! Jamie's fallen in the well!" Farmer Tightpfist—"Great Scott! I'll get him out. It's the only good well on the place."—Chicago Tribune.

TEACHER—"Why did you hit Willie Winkum with a stone?" Little Johnny—"Ho—he got mad and looked as if he'd like to hit me with something, so I jus' chucked the stone over to him, so he could throw it at me."

Conversational Item.

Judge Pennybunker was walking on Austin avenue, conversing with himself, as is his habit, he being a little absent-minded. A friend came up behind him, slapped him on the back, and said:

"What are you talking to yourself about, old gentleman?"

"Go away and leave us alone."

"Leave us alone!"

"Yes, leave us alone. Whenever I am walking on the street conversing with an intelligent gentleman of culture and refinement, you have to stick yourself in between us and interrupt us."—Texas Siftings.

"WOMAN," said the sentimental boarder, who is unmarried, of course, "woman is the sweetest fruit of civilization." "Yes," assented the cheerful idiot, "she does make a great jam at the bargain counter."—Cincinnati Tribune.

WHO WINS THE $300?

A novel way to obtain a suitable name for their great, yes, wonderful new oats, has been adopted by the John A. Salzer Seed Co. They offer $300 for a name for their new oats: their catalogue tells all about it. Farmers are enthusiastic over the oat, claiming 200 bushels can be grown per acre right along. You will want it.

Farmers report six tons of hay from Salzer's Meadow Mixtures; 112 bushels corn per acre in a dry season, and 1,161 bushels potatoes from two acres.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT with 10c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you get free their mammoth catalogue and a package of above $300 PRIZE OATS. [K]

A FRIEND—"If you love her, old fellow, why don't you marry her?" Bachelor Doctor—"Marry her? Why, she is one of my best patients."—Life.

$100 Reward, $100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co, Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills, 25 cents.

WE don't know what we can do till we try, and then we frequently find that we can't.—Puck.

$6.00 to California

Is price of double berth in Tourist Sleeping Car from Chicago on the famous "Phillips-Rock Island Tourist Excursions." Through cars on fast trains leave Chicago Tuesdays via Ft. Worth and El Paso, and Thursdays via Scenic Route. Write for particulars to A. P. PHILLIPS & Co., 104 Clark St., Chicago.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago.

HIGBEE—"There goes a man who takes things as he finds them." Robbins—"A philosopher?" Higbee—"No; a rag picker."—Brooklyn Life.

TO NEW ORLEANS the Queen & Crescent Route is the direct line; 90 miles shortest from Cincinnati. Solid vestibuled trains.

ANTIQUARIAN (examining a Schiller autograph)—"Is this grease spot genuine?"—Fliegende Blatter.

ACTORS, Vocalists, Public Speakers praise Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

A FACT—It doesn't make a room any cooler to put a frieze around the walls.

THE Queen & Crescent Route is the best equipped and shortest line to Florida. Solid vestibuled trains and through sleepers.

Out in the Cold.

Political candidates may be unexpectedly left out in the cold when the returns come in, but people who elect to use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters for dyspepsia, liver, kidney or bladder inactivity, constipation, malarial complaints or nervousness, are never left in the cold or elsewhere. Well may physicians lend their unqualified sanction to this time-honored and unfailing medicine.

A MAN'S curiosity never reaches the feminine standpoint until some one tells him his name was in yesterday's paper.

TAKE the Queen & Crescent Route to Knoxville and Asheville. Only through car line Cincinnati to Asheville.

WANTED for Chemical Purposes—A lady dissolved in tears.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Save in Shaves

Save your money—save your temper—save your face—shave with Yankee Soap.

Sold everywhere. The J. B. Williams Co., Makers, Glastonbury, Conn.

Ely's Cream Balm

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation Restores the Sense of Taste and Smell. Heals the Sores.

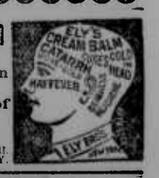

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N.Y.

If you have Rheumatism

Or any other pain, you don't take chances with St. Jacobs Oil, for twenty years ago it began to kill pain, and it's been pain-killing ever since.

"PLANET JR." ALL STEEL HORSE HOE and CULTIVATOR

are sure to make things grow.

Light, strong and easily controlled by convenient levers. Has attachments for all kinds of hoeing, cultivating and furrowing. Guaranteed superior to any. Our free catalogue tells all about it and 28 other tools. S. L. ALLEN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

"We think Piso's CURE for CONSUMPTION is the only medicine for coughs."—JENNIE PINCKARD, Springfield, Ill., October 1, 1894.

....CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. BEST COUGH SYRUP....

TASTES GOOD. USE IN TIME. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. 25 CENTS.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11, 1895

If Mr. Cleveland expects to get a gold bond valentine from Congress in return for his ultimatum he is going to get disappointed. Republicans will not vote for a thirty year bond of any sort, because they believe it will be giving away unnecessarily a large sum of money in interest. Besides, as ex-Speaker Reed aptly said, both President Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle have officially declared that the revenues of the government will soon exceed the expenditures, which is an argument against long time bonds. Representative Springer having failed twice in his attempts to get an administration financial bill through the House, the hopeless task has now been turned over to Representative Wilson, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, of trying to get a gold bond bill through.

The foreign syndicate which bought the $62,400,000 4 per cent. thirty year bonds from Mr. Cleveland did a very shrewd thing when they employed Mr. Cleveland's former law partner to help them make the deal, but they did not do a shrewd thing when they got Mr. Cleveland to put on record in his special message their willingness to pay the same price for a 3 per cent. gold bond that they had agreed to pay for a 3¾ per cent. coin bond. In making this distinction themselves they have furnished an excellent reason, should any future administration desire to take advantage of it, for paying the interest and principle of those bonds in silver.

The Senate adopted the amendment to the consular and diplomatic appropriation bill, authorizing the President to contract for the laying of a cable to Hawaii, and appropriating $500,000 to begin the work, Senator Pettigrew voting with the Democrats against it.

All Washington is snickering at Mr. James H. Eckles, who gained some notoriety by being called the "boy Comptroller" when Mr. Cleveland, without consulting Secretary Carlisle, gave him the position of Comptroller of the Currency. He has since added to that notoriety by a series of after-dinner financial speeches, not always in harmony with either Mr. Cleveland or Mr. Carlisle's ideas. A dinner is indirectly responsible for the above mentioned snickering. The dinner was given over in Baltimore, and Mr. Eckles was a guest. He returned to Washington on a late train, in the midst of a heavy snow storm, and entered a public carriage to be carried home. While in the carriage he took a notion that he was about to be kidnapped, and silently opening the door of the moving carriage he bolted for home through the snow, not forgetting, however, his dress suit case. Nothing more ridiculous has happened for quite a while, and the idea of Eckles getting his head sufficiently swelled to imagine that he was of sufficient importance to be kidnapped was funny enough to make a street car horse laugh. He should hereafter be accompanied by a chaperone when he attends a dinner.

Representative Boutelle, of Maine, was right in calling the attention of the House and of the country to a remarkable change of policy on the part of the administration within less than twenty days. Said Mr. Boutelle: "The instructions to Admiral Beardslee (now on board the Charleston in the harbor at Honolulu) on Jan. 19, declared with great particularity the doctrine that "an American citizen who during a revolution in a foreign country, participates in an attempt by force of arms or violence to maintain or overthrow the existing government, cannot claim that the government of the United States shall protect him against the consequences of such act,' but that such citizens 'forfeit their rights in that regard to the protection of the American flag,' whereas I understand by the official documents that the Secretary of State has telegraphed instructions to the U. S. Minister in Hawaii to peremptorily 'demand' of that government 'the delay of execution' of the sentences of its own tribunals against persons convicted of complicity in an attempt to overthrow it by force of arms and violence."

The unanimity with which the Republicans of the House voted for ex-Speaker Reed's substitute for the administration financial bill was very gratifying to Republicans but not to the Democrats who have been predicting that there would be as many financial factions among the Republicans in the next Congress as there are among the Democrats in this. The administration was strong enough to prevent the adoption of Mr. Reed's substitute but not strong enough to prevent the defeat of its own bill.

The Washington correspondent of a Texas Democratic paper has received a "roast" from his editor, for having said a good word for Mr. Cleveland's intentions. Following are two extracts from this editor's letter: "We do not believe a word of the stated desire of Cleveland to serve the best interest of the country; do not believe that the ablest financiers are in accord with him; do not believe he has a right to draft bills for Congress to enact, and do not believe he is patriotic." * * * "We think the administration just about as rotten as anything in the last half century." It's gold eagles to brass buttons that this editor isn't postmaster of his town.

Catarrh Is Common.

Few realize just how common it is. Very many people have Catarrh, or at least Catarrhal symptoms, who would laugh at the idea. It is an unpleasant disease—one of those which make others uncomfortable as well as the one who has it. The first symptoms are: A heavy feeling between the eyes, profuse and offensive mucous discharge from the nostrils, headache and foul breath.

Foster's German Army and Navy Catarrh Cure

is recommended for both slight and aggravated cases. It will cure the worst case of CATARRH, and is good for a mere Cold—an inflamed condition of the nasal passages is the cause of both. It is also good for HAY FEVER. It is a sure cure. There is nothing marvelous about it. It is not an accidental, magical discovery, but a perfectly sensible, scientific preparation, intended to do just exactly the thing it does, and nothing else.

Price 50 cents—druggists.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY SKIN CURE is the best thing for ECZEMA, TETTER, RING WORM, SALT RHEUM, ITCH, DANDRUFF, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES and ITCHING PILES. Designed to cure permanently and does it. It's 50 cents, too.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

are good for sick headache, constipation, piles, bilious colic, fever and ague, dyspepsia, the grippe, female complaints, dizziness, flatulency, sour stomach, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general debility. They will positively cure all disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. 25 cents a box.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

helps babes over the critical teething period, soothes and refreshes the gums, controls the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and worst colic. It is also family salve—cures most any sores or gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle, or if your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good. 25 cents a bottle.

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

JOHN C. McCANN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

Slate Roofing.

Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.

I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.

All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.

I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.

Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.

For prices apply to or address,

C. M. BEACHY,
Grantsville, Md.
47—1yr.

By the request of our Patrons we will continue OUR CHEAP SALE TWO WEEKS,

Ending Feb. 23d.

MIDWINTER SALE

AT SINCELLS'.

FOUR CENTS PER POUND.

Water Crackers,
Soda Crackers,
Oyster Crackers,
Milk Lunch Crackers,
GINGER SNAPS.

Calicos for 4½ to 5 cents per yard, worth 7, 8 and 9 cents per yard.
Ginghams, 5 cents per yard; worth 7, 9 and 10 cents.
Shirtings, 7 cents per yard; worth 9, 10 and 12½ cents.
Canton Flannels, 5 to 7 cents per yard; worth 10 and 12½ cents.
10-4 Sheeting, 21 cents per yard; worth 30 cents.
21 yards Muslin for $1. 18 yards Bleached Muslin for $1.
Satteens, 12½ cents per yard; worth 20 cents.
" 15 " " " " 25 "
" 20 " " " " 30 "
Outing Flannels, 7 cents per yard; worth 10 cents.
All Colored Factory Flannels at 21 cents per yard.
36 inch Cashmeres, 15 cents per yard; worth 25 cents.
36 " " 23 " " " " 35 "
36 " " 25 " " " " 40 "
38 " Henrietta, 40 " " " " 65 "
40 in. all wool Serge 34 " " " " 50 "
38 inch Hopsacking 55 " " " " 80 "
54 " Broadcloth 50 " " " " 75 "
54 " " 65 " " " " $1.

Any other of our Dress Goods at prices to suit the closest buyer.

SHOES.

Ladies' Shoes for 99 cts. per pair; worth $1.25.
" " " $1.15 " " " 1.50.
" " " 1.25 " " " 1.75.
" " " 1.35 " " " 2.00.
" " " 1.50 " " " 2.25.
" " " 1.75 " " " 2.50.
" " " 2.00 " " " 2.75.
" " " 2.25 " " " 3.00.
" " " 2.65 " " " 3.50.
" " " 2.75 " " " 4.00.

Gentlemen's and Children's Shoes at the same low prices.

UNDERCLOTHING.

Gentlemen's Camels Hair Underclothing for only $1.25 per suit.
" Red Flannel " " " 1.75 " "
" White Merino " " " .85 " "

GROCERIES.

Baking Powder, per pound ..... .10
3 pound can Table Peaches ..... .15
3 " " " Apricots ..... .15
3 " " " Bartlett Pears ..... .15
12 cans Standard Tomatoes ..... .85
12 " " Corn ..... .85
Best Vanilla Drip Syrup, per gallon ..... .25
3 pounds Ringed Evaporated Apples ..... .25
3 " California Prunes ..... .25
3 " Evaporated Apricots ..... .25
3 " " Peaches ..... .25
6 " Rice ..... .25
7 " Navy Beans ..... .25
7 " Clear Starch ..... .25
Good Tea, 15 cents per pound and up.
Lily White Flour, per barrel $3.25
Rohrer's Best Flour, per barrel 3.90

MEN'S CLOTHING.

Men's Suits for $5.75; worth $10. Men's Suits for $10; worth $16.
" " " 7.25; " 12. " " " 5.50 " 9.50
Men's Suits for $6; worth $11.50.

Boys' Suits for $6; worth $10. Boys' Suits for $4.50; worth $7.
" " " 5; " 8. " " " 3.75; " 6.50.
Childrens' Suits for 99 cents and up.

OVERCOATS.

Overcoats for 59 cents; worth $1.25. Overcoats for $1.50; worth $3.00
" " 75 cents; " 1.50. " " 2.50; " 5.00
" " $1.25; " 2.50. " " 4.00; " 8.00

To the person purchasing the largest amount of goods during this great sale we will give one of our

$55 Davis Sewing Machines.

We have a good system for keeping a correct record of each purchase.

THE ABOVE PRICES ARE FOR

CASH ONLY AT THE TIME OF PURCHASE.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23-1yr.

FOR SALE.

Three acres of land, being a part of the old Kennedy farm, lying in the eastern suburbs of Oakland on either side of the road leading to Mt. Lake Park. Will be sold in lots of ¼ acre each, or as a whole.

For full particulars call on or address
MRS. LIZZIE BUZZARD,
22-6m Elkins, W. Va.

MOUNT POMONA.

NURSERY AND FRUIT FARM.

Address Swanton, Md., for Fruit and Mushrooms.
Address Mt. Lake Park concerning Nursery, Greenhouse or Vegetable Products.
Agents wanted on salary.
SWEET & SHACKLEFORD.

--WANTED--

WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER
Also White Oak Timber Land.
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.
Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

SLATE ROOFING.

I am now prepared to furnish and put on plain and fancy roofing, slate, galvanized ridge, roll and water proof paper at reasonable prices. All work and material guaranteed.
C. M. Beachy,
27-1yr. Keyser, Garrett county, Md.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ½ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
T. R. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.
CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
221f 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.
11 1y

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments, Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe WITH J. B. WILLIAMS.

FROSTBURG, MD.
AGENTS WANTED.
4193.yr—s

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

3. Farm of Mrs. Ida C. Crautzberg, containing 61 acres, under fence; orchard of 150 trees; stable, frame house. Price, $1,200. Cash payment of $200, balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.
E. H. SINCELL, Adm'r.,
Oakland, Md.

COOK BROS.,

169 Baltimore Street,
CUMBERLAND, - MD.
Sole agents for the World's Fair Best Spring Wheat Flour.

The Boss

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.
ONCE YOU USE IT YOU WILL ALWAYS USE IT!

For sale in Oakland by George O. Miller & Co.; in Mountain Lake Park by Hayden & Eckles. 30—19

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

And other specialties for Gentlemen, Ladies, Boys and Misses are the

Best in the World.

See descriptive advertisement which appears in this paper.

Take no Substitute.

Insist on having W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES, with name and price stamped on bottom. Sold by

D. E. Offutt, Oakland, and Wm. Ryland, Friendsville.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Petty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate.
CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING.
Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. RAMILL
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1c14-1y

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
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Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.
Drs. McLane & Berkeley,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
FROSTBURG, MD.

Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.
See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Myers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8:30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 3 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
49-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the full extent of the law.
M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent.
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,

Carriage, Sign and House Painter.

OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13t.

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West Virginia's Brightest and Best Newspaper.

The splendid popular triumph for the cause of protection opens up a new chapter, and one of the most interesting in the history of the country. It has carried West Virginia into the column of protection and produced a revolution in the politics of the State. There will be new and important developments by reason of the great victory of 1894—developments that will have a decided influence on the presidential campaign of 1896—and the WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER will follow them closely in all their details. In West Virginia the Wheeling Intelligencer is the recognized leader of the cause of protection and State development.

All the foreign and home news of the year will be faithfully chronicled in the Intelligencer's telegraphic columns.

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Specimen copies of either edition of the Intelligencer sent free in any address.
We want an agent in every Postoffice in West Virginia, Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania. Address:

INTELLIGENCER PUBLISHING CO
WHEELING, WEST VA.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 18. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1895 NUMBER 50.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Send us your orders for printed stationery.

Mr. John T. Sincell is in Baltimore this week.

Mr. H. J. Mayers went to Baltimore Sunday night on a business trip.

Oh yes! Oh yes!—Cheap John, Auctioneer. Charges reasonable. 46tf.

Mr. G. A. Kober, of Keyser, is in Oakland this week on a visit to friends.

Mr John T. Mitchell was ill several days last week but is now recovered.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

The Frostburg electric light plant was sold at public auction on last Saturday for $7,100.

Attorney J. C. Lowery, of Somerset, Pa., was here Monday on professional business.

Dr. Ravenscraft has removed his office from THE REPUBLICAN building to the Mayers building.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

Chas. J. Newman, Railroad street keeps constantly on hand fresh pies, cakes, buns, etc. 49-3t.

Mrs. John Schlossnagle will accommodate a number of boarders during court. 50-2t

Miners near Frostburg are in destitute circumstances, but measures have been taken for their relief.

I am prepared to do sewing for private families. Mrs. P. L. Merrifield, over Felty's store, Oakland.

Send your check books to this office to be numbered. We have a special machine for just this class of work.

Martin, the optician, will give special prices on glasses during court week. Call and see him. 50-2t.

Messrs. O. Hart & Son have something of interest to say to the ladies in to day's REPUBLICAN. Look their card up and call on them.

Miss Agnes Hart and Mr. John Hart, of Oakland, Md., are visiting their sister Mrs. C. A. Bolden, of Main street.—Meyersdale Commercial.

Persons desiring board during court can obtain same at 50 cents per day by applying to Mrs. E. P. Russell, corner First and Water sts. 50-2t *

The entertainment to be given by the Ladies' Guild to-night in Offutt's Hall promises to be an interesting affair. A pleasant evening can be profitably spent by attending.

The saloon at the corner of Third and Alder streets, belonging to Mr. John Noon, was closed by the sheriff on last Saturday night on an attachment in favor of some Cumberland parties.

Mr. Michael Grant, of Westernport, has taken charge of the coal mine of the Manor Big Vein Coal company, at Manor, Md. opposite Shaw, W. Va. He is an excellent man for the place.

Mr. Lee McComas returned from Chicago on Sunday morning in which city he graduated in pharmacy in the Northwestern University. This fact we are pleased to chronicle as it is a source of gratification to both his parents and friends.

Rev. Geo. A. Royer, Mr. Eli McMillan and Mr. Wm. Englehart, of Accident, were in the city on Monday as a committee from the Lutheran congregation at Accident to select a plan for a new church to be erected there. These gentlemen were all very much pleased with the appearance of St. Mark's church and may decide to erect a building on the same general plan.

It costs the people of the United States $25,000,000 a year to be born, $300,000,000 to be married, $15,000,000 a year to be buried, and $900,000,000 to get drunk. What it costs to get sober has not yet been figured out.

Mr. Chris. Yutzy, who resides at Arthur, Ill., writes THE REPUBLICAN that corn is selling at 35 cents per bushel; oats 26 to 28 cents; wheat, 48 cents; butter 10 cents per pound; eggs, 18 cents per dozen and hogs at 3½ cents per pound.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office with Dr. M. C. Hinehaugh. 35-1y.

Mrs. Clara B. Stuck and little daughter, Ida Grace, who were visiting the former's mother, Mrs. John Domer, of Meyersdale, Pa., for several months, have returned to their home at Selbysport, Md.—Meyersdale corr.

W. Grant Martin, optician, has located permanently in Oakland, and is prepared to examine eyes scientifically and adjust glasses with unerring accuracy. All work guaranteed. Office days: Monday and Saturday, in Pritchard building. 50-tf.

The series of meetings in the Garrett Memorial church were begun on Monday night and have been continued every night since. Large congregations attend and some success has been the result. The meetings will continue for some time yet.

Mr. Samuel Lawton returned from Baltimore on Saturday night in which city he had been attending the session of the Grand Lodge K. of P. Of the grand officers elected this year Mr. James Line-up Whitehouse was one—as K. of R. & S. for the twenty-sixth consecutive year.

Dr. McComas' old Charley, a horse better known perhaps than any other animal in Garrett county, hurt himself in the stable one night recently and on Tuesday he was killed, as his injuries would have resulted fatally. Charley was twenty-four years old and was raised from a colt by Dr. McComas.

The arbitrators in the case of J. E. Barnard vs. William Sharpless, both of Swanton, wherein the cost of improvements put on a farm belonging to Mr. Sharpless but occupied by Mr. Barnard, was in dispute, rendered their decision yesterday afternoon. They awarded Mr. Barnard $1,000.

Mrs. Emily Thorne, who resides in Toledo, Washington, says she has never been able to procure any medicine for rheumatism that relieved the pain so quickly and effectually as Chamberlain's Pain Balm and that she has also used it for lame back with great success. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

O. W. O. Hardman, Sheriff of Tyler Co., W. Va., appreciates a good thing and does not hesitate to say so. He was almost prostrated with a cold when he procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He says: "It gave me prompt relief. I find it to be an invaluable remedy for coughs and colds." For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Gen. Cassius M. Clay has been outdone. A Kentucky Colonel aged 79 years has just married a girl of 17. Even the vigorous and energetic Broadwater of Garrett county is thrown in the shade. It recalls the old conundrum as to where wit ends and folly begins.—Meyersdale Commercial.

At the regular meeting of the Oakland Epworth League held on last Monday night the following officers were elected for six months: President, Jacob S. Meyers; 1st vice president, Mrs. S. K. Arbuthnot: 2nd vice president, Miss Dixie Farley; 3rd vice president, Mrs. A. D. Naylor; 4th vice president, Miss Lottie Loar; secretary, D. G. Smith; treasurer, John W. Davis

Wanted at Garthright's store, five tons of buckwheat flour in trade for all kinds of goods. Have on hand the Oliver Chilled Plow, the best in the world at reduced price. Large stock clover and timothy seed. Also the best spring tooth harrow made. Will have a car seed oats in time for spring.
50-2t. P. T. GARTHRIGHT.

Newspaper men always know more than they write, they always shield more than they expose; they are always more merciful than cruel, truly remarks the Des Moines *Register*. The man who trusts a newspaper man may rely on the fact that he will be treated fairly. It is the mean, contemptible, suspicious hypocrite that the newspapers are always after. No manly man was ever hurt by a newspaper. And no one is quicker to see the manner of men than the newspaper man who studies men and their actions day unto day.

WANTED — Quick, pupils for piano, organ, violin, vocal culture, elegant penmanship, elocution and dramatic reading. Private lessons or in class to suit the applicant. Can begin lessons any day at any hour. Pupils from a distance can secure boarding at an extremely reasonable figure. For terms and particulars, please address Mrs. H. A. Rasche, Oakland, Md. 48-13t.

A Maine editor delivers himself thus in an obituary notice: "While it is almost a crime to speak ill for the dead, we feel it our duty to tell the truth about Miss Mary Boser, who died last night. She was a human hornet. She never spoke a decent word about any being, living or dead, and slander sprang from her mouth like toads from the girl in the fairy tale. If she goes to heaven we don't want to go there, and we believe we voice the sentiment of every man, woman and young lady in this burg. We gladly contribute a quarter for ice for Mary. She will need it."

The experince of Geo. A. Apgar, of German Valley, N. J., is well worth remembering. He was troubled with chronic diarrhœa and doctored for five months and was treated by four different doctors without benefit. He then began using Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarahoea Remedy, of which one small bottle effected a complete cure. It is for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

A Des Monies woman who has been troubled with frequent colds, concluded to try an old remedy in a new way, and accordingly took a tablespoonful (four times the usual dose) of Chamberlains' Cough Remedy just before going to bed. The next morning she found that her cold was almost entirely disappeared. During the day she took a few doses of the remedy (one teaspoonful at a time) and at night took a tablespoonful before going to bed, and on the following morning awoke free from all symptons of the cold. Since then she has, on several occasions used this remedy in like manner, with the same good results, and is much elated over her discovery of so quick a way of cureing a cold. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Died in Scotland.

The following verses on the death of James Allan, jr., who died in Scotland several months ago, have been sent us for publication. The verses were written by the sorrowing mother of the little boy. "Jimmy," as he was known in Oakland, was a favorite with his schoolmates and was a very bright child.

Our James has gone; let us not mourn
Like those that sorrow quite forlorn
Since Christ hath willed him in His love
To mingle with the blest above.

Our son, he sleeps; has gone to rest,
Safe leaning on his Savior's breast;
His pain was great his suffering sore,
But Jesus led him safely o'er.

Our Loved one's gone; the hearth seems bare
Where he was nursed and trained with care;
But now removed from grief and pain
We know he lives with Christ to reign.

His journey's past; and soon will we
Meet with our boy beyond life's sea,
With Christ s redeemed around the throne
Where tears and partings are unknown.

LADIES
Needing a tonic, or children who want Building up, should take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It is pleasant; cures Malaria, Indigestion Biliousness, Liver Complaints and Neuralgia

A Card to the Ladies.

We wish to remind the ladies that this is the most convenient time to make up spring dresses before they are forced to remain indoors on account of the inclemency of the weather.

We have just received our spring stock in Henriettas, Fine Zephyrs, Ginghams, White Goods, Laces, Etc. The very newest and latest designs and at prices that were never dreamed of heretofore. Do not buy old goods carried over from last year, even though they are offered at reduced prices, until you have first ascertained the prices of our goods.

We have attained somewhat of a reputation in this line, having given it our particular attention for a number of years, and consequently pride ourselves in knowing the refined tastes of the ladies.

Our motto has always been "*Fair Dealing.*" We do not sell you coffee and sugar for less than we can buy it, thereby being forced to make up the loss so sustained on other goods.

Thanking the *ladies* who have always been our most generous patrons, and asking an inspection of our spring goods, we are

Respectfully,
O. HART & SON,
50-3 Oakland, Md.

The Wool Market.

As an example of the blighting influence Democratic tariff legislation has had upon the sheep industry of Texas the following letter from the firm of Efron & Co., engaged in the wool business at San Antonio, Texas, to the New York *Herald*, may be of interest to our Garrett county farmers who have suffered in like manner. The letter says:

"Since the passage of the tariff law we find it difficult to sell a pound of wool at a price that would get a legitimate profit, although the stock we have on hand was purchased at figures below cost of production.

"The wool industry, which is one of the principal resources of Southwest Texas, is ruined, and the serious blow is felt in all branches of commerce. Many men who were considered wealthy before 1892 cannot pay ten per cent. to-day, hence a lack of confidence such as was never known before."

Marriage Licenses.

James A. Dixon and Lettie Conard, both of Friendsville.

George Washington Weicht and Mary Ashby, both of Newburg, W. Va.

George W. Cook and Mary Ann Wells, both of Glover's Gap, West Va.

James Franklin Childs and Virgie Minerva Leech, both of Garrett county.

Daniel Webster Wilson and Nellie Lavinia McFarland, both of Wilson.

John Frederick Ault and Emma Uphold, both of Garrett county.

William Clarence Hockingberry and Rella Ray Billingsley, both of Marion county, W. Va.

Charles Henry Sweitzer and Clara Feik, both of Garrett county.

Gustavus King and Ida Maud Tasker, both of Gorman, Md.

One marked "don't publish."

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending Feb. 16th, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

George Goal,	W. H. Johnson,
P. Moose,	T. H. Speer,
Albert Willis,	Mrs Sarah Ashby,
Mrs. Chas. Glotfelty,	Miss Agnes M. Rone,
Miss Eliza Bowman,	" Lizzie Heidler.

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Estray Notice.

Estrayed, from Floyd Station, on the evening of Feb. 5, a dark brown mare, ten years old, ringbone scar on hind foot, hipped in left hip, scar on left ham from a kick. When the mare estrayed she was saddled and bridled and started toward home. Anyone returning the mare to my farm in the Backwoods will be rewarded with $15.

50-3t* ASHFORD WARNICK.

Kindness to Trainmen.

During the recent cold weather, as everybody knows, the trains on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad (as well as other roads) owing to the immense snow-drifts and other causes, were tied up for several days at different points along the line, and many of the men suffered great inconvenience.

At Oakland, Garrett county, several trains were tied up for three days, and during that time the good people of Oakland showed their generosity by keeping the train men well supplied with hot coffee, sandwiches and other substantial edibles.

This generosity was so appreciated by the railroad people that they desire, through the *Times* to return their thanks for this hospitality, and say that such good treatment is almost without a parallel in the history of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

They also desire to retrun their thanks especially to Mr. John Michaels, a merchant of Oakland, who through the cutting snow and terrible cold carried pails of hot coffee to the trainmen. —Cumberland Times.

The New Century

The immediate prospect of a brilliant opening for the new century is therefore luminous with encouragement; the sky brightens momentarily, and the glorious dawn foretells a yet more glorious day. We may confidently look for many and startling surprises, the growth of new forces that will lift the people to loftier heights of ethical and intellectual activity, into a region bright and glowing with perennial beauty, where the air is moteless and the skies ever serene,—a world of infinite progress, of virtuous brotherhood, and the love of man for his fellow of charity and unselfishness. Already a stupendous advance has been made; and we have a right to believe that the hour is only waiting to usher in a grand and glorious era of human progress. This prospect of success for a new century even now is blossoming into a vital activity and golden fruition of material beauty and moral excellence, under the guidance of public opinion and current events, now so rapidly unfolding to culminate in a symmetrical future.—Demorest's Magazine for March.

Maryland Game Laws.

A meeting of the sportsmen of Baltimore and Maryland who are interested in hunting and fishing will be held in about two weeks, at which time steps will be taken towards forming some sort of organization, the aim of which shall be the preservation of fish and game in winter and a more rigid enforcement of the game laws in this State. It is believed that by a little judicious management and consideration Maryland will be able to furnish as good sport during the legal season as could be desired.

A Little Story.

There was a knock at the gate. The wicket was opened and Saint Peter peering forth demanded the name and business of the applicant for admission. "I'm Mr. Billowe, and I want to come in," was the answer. "Hum, Mr. Billowe eh! let me-see" said Saint Peter reaching for a volume labelled, "Sins of Omission and Commission" and ran his finger slowly down the column. "I notice here, Mr. Billowe" said Saint Peter, "that you are charged with failing to pay for your newspaper; how did this happen?" "Well, er-er-er, I must have forgotten it," was Mr. Billowe's feeble response, "I'm very sorry Mr. Billowe, very sorry indeed," said Saint Peter, "but we have to draw the line somewhere, and we draw it at the man who don't pay for his newspaper. for we have a friendly interest in the newspaper men who are our best patrons." And Saint Peter with a look of sadness, directed Mr. Billowe, "to the left and to be careful of the sharp turn at the bottom." And the wicket closed with a sorrowful bang.

Found Under the Ice.

The body of Grant Zufall was found in the Chesapeake and Ohio canal about a half mile below Cumberland, on Saturday. Zufall was about twenty-five years old and belonged to Meyersdale, Pennsylvania. He was last seen in Cumberland, December 22, 1894, having come there to visit some friends and make some Christmas purchases. His failure to return to his home aroused the anxiety of his family, and his father made all possible endeavors to find him. Several boys discovered the body under the ice in the canal. A friend of Zufall identified the remains, and the coroner rendered a verdict of accidental death. A gold watch and a valuable ring were on the young man's person. The theory is that he wandered to South Cumberland and fell into the canal from a high bank above it. The father of the deceased is a prominent citizen of Meyersdale and an ex-postmaster of that place. The body was taken to Meyersdale for burial.

Fertilizers.

Parties wishing to buy Fertilizers for spring crops, can have the advantage of car load lots by placing their orders with us to be delivered April 1st. By so doing we can give you twelve different brands suitable for all kinds of crops, and in this way get just what you want at the lowest cash price. Send or call for catalogue.
50-5t J. M. DAVIS & SON.

Rogers' Sarsaparilla.

A specific for all. 100 doses for 75 cents. Rogers' Little Liver Pills, best on the market; Cough Cure, Liniment, Appetine and Worm Syrup sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland; Cuppett Bros., McHenry; J. A. DeBerry, Corinth; C. F. White, Hutton; P. T. Garthright, Hayden & Eckles, Mt. Lake Park; Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park; Wm. Frederick, Friendsville; Yough Store Co., Jonas Frazee, Robert Liston, Selbysport; W. Wass, Mineral Springs; J. E. Gnagey, Accident; Smith & Callis, Hoyes, and by all general dealers.

Valuable Advice.

Avoid lawsuits and loss by consulting H. P. Tasker and examining his abstracts of the "conflicting titles" before paying for Military Lots. Charges reasonable. Office in Colardeau Cottage, opposite the bank, Oakland, Md. 41-tf.

A Snap.

If you want your buggy, wagon or carriage painted this spring don't wait until the rush is on but see King the Painter. Special inducements for February and March. He will make the prices and terms to suit. 47—1

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

LOOK AT THESE PRICES.

A Special Sale at cut prices—for the next ten days, beginning Friday, Feb. 8, 1895. Here are some of them:

3 cans Beans	25 cts.
2 cans Peaches	25 cts.
3 cans Corn	25 cts.
3 cans Pumpkins	25 cts.
7 pounds Navy Beans	25 cts.
6 " Lima Beans	25 cts.
7 " Dried Peas	25 cts.
2-pound can Coffolene	32 cts.
1- " " Baking Powder	09 cts.
3 boxes Essence Coffee	05 cts.
3 bars Laundry Soap	10 cts.
1 pound Evaporated Apples	11 cts.
1 " " Apricots	11 cts.
1 " " Peaches	11 cts.
5 pounds Seedless Raisins	25 cts.
5 " Muscatell Raisins	25 cts.
3 " Turkey Figs	25 cts.
1 pound Baker's Chocolate	29 cts.
1 " Electric Starch	09 cts.
5 pounds Candy	25 cts.
5 " Rice	25 cts.

Remember we are still giving away silverware. Call and get particulars. We are selling everything cheap prices to suit the people and the hard times. Call and see us and get our prices, as we are selling everything else in proportion.

JEWELRY.

We still have a large line of jewelry and silver novelties that we will sell at a great reduction—all of the latest designs, such as Stick Pins, Belt Pins, Hair Pins, Shirt Studs Ladies' and Gent's Gold Watches, Rings, Breastpins and a thousand other articles too numerous to mention. We also have quite a lot of Xmas goods, such as Photograph Albums, Toilet Cases, Portfolios, China Cups and Saucers and a lot of other small articles.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

We still have some musical instruments that we will sell at a great reduction.

SHOES.

We have one lot of shoes that we will sell regardless of cost.

Best Water White Oil 9 cts. per gal.

Respectfully yours,
W. H. MALETTE,
The Cheap Cash Grocer and Jeweler

OLD MIZRAIM'S CHARGE.

[Original.]

The willows and elms had put forth little gray-green leaves, and mocking birds and cardinal grosbeaks had mated for the season. The air was warm and soft, and all Woodville was excited over the coming Washington birthday celebration. There was to be a procession of the military and civic organizations, and the eloquent young lawyer, Howell Marton, of Richmond, would deliver a eulogy upon the great patriot and soldier.

There had been no commemoration of the day since the war, and the Woodvilleites felt that it reflected upon the patriotism of good Virginians to suffer so important an event to go by unnoticed. All the neighboring towns manifested a lively interest in the coming ceremonies, which promised to be of exceptional importance.

This is why old Mizraim Temple was moving about so restlessly over the plantation of his former master, Col. Elton Temple. The orator of the day was to be the guest of the Temples, who lived but two miles from the village, and Mizraim, who had loyally remained upon the old place after emancipation, felt that all the responsibilities and duties of the coming event rested upon his shoulders.

Old Mizraim, his wife Dinah, who later passed to her reward, and his daughter Piney were the only ones of the old servants who lived on with their master, the hundreds of others scattering in every direction after they were set free.

"Marser needs me, 'n' I ain' gwine; nuther's you, Dinah."

"Who done said I wuz?" demanded Dinah, indignantly.

Piney grew up under her mother's care, was taught all the mysteries of her skillful cookery and succeeded the old woman when she died. Piney despised the "Lincoln-freed niggers," as she termed them, and as there were no others thereabouts she had remained single.

As Mizraim and Piney stood under a big magnolia that grew near the kitchen door, the old man scratched his gray locks and said: "Piney, haceeva dey meek sich er furse erbout Ginrul Washin'ton's bufday?"

The daughter endeavored to explain the part taken by the immortal hero in the struggle for independence, concluding with:

"He was the Father of His Country, paw."

"De farder of all dis yere country, po' white trash an' all? Den, lawsamussy, ef I wuz him I'd be p'inted ershamed er mysel'. I don' see no use er bufdays nohow. Dey just naterly keep on er 'mindin' yer dat yer's ergittin' older all de time, 'n' my achin' bones done tells me dat. Whuh Ginrul Washin'ton lib?"

"Why, paw, he's been daid jamby er hunnerd years."

"G'long, gal! Den white folks is bigger fools den I 'ought. Watter good gwine do ter him 'n' he daid?"

"It's to larn the livin' how good he wuz an' how he fou't an' saved this country 'n'—"

"Look er here, gal, does yer teck me fer er fool? Did he do all er dis yere on his bufday? Den whatter dey wanter hab it on datter day? But I jisser don meckin' mysel' sick worryin' ober de foolishness er white folks. Shet up, Piney, shet up. Dar come Miss Gracey now."

The old negro pulled off his somewhat battered hat and began to bow and scrape in acknowledgment of the presence of a most beautiful and charming young woman, who smiled pleasantly upon him and his curtseying daughter.

"Now, Uncle Mizraim, you know we do have to depend upon you. Can't you get us some nice fish and game? You know we shall have company on the Twenty-second."

"Yaas'm, Miss Gracey, yaas'm, I know, but yer see hit's pooty soon fer de shad 'n' hurria' 'n' ruther late fer a fat wil' turkey. I mought git—"

"I knew you would, Uncle Mizraim. I am especially anxious that everything shall be pleasant and nice and am sure you will make an extra effort to please me."

"Datter de way," grumbled Mizraim, when the young lady had passed on. "Hit's Mizurm dis 'n' Mizurm dat, 'n' Mizurm tother," and he went off muttering.

"La, paw 'ould be mis'able ef he couldn' complain. 'S ef I didn' know he druther be in a muss nur cat," laughed Piney, as she entered her realm.

Elton Temple was an old-school Virginia gentleman, whose blood was blue as indigo and ran unsullied back to noble lords in old England. He was disposed to regard with great favor the marked preference shown his daughter by the gifted young lawyer who would be his guest in a day or two. Marton's family was as ancient as his own and more than once the blood of that line had blended in marriage with that of the Temples.

Col. Temple was a very proud, yet a very worthy and upright man. He had served the south faithfully during its secession struggle, and at the close of hostilities surrendered in good faith, becoming obedient unto the laws. Without repining he accepted the results of battle, bearing up bravely under the loss of negroes, stocks, bonds, notes, depreciation in land values, etc., and resumed his planter life under the changed conditions, dealing justly by the freedmen as he formerly had acted humanely to his slaves.

Washington was his apotheosis. One of his male ancestors had married a Washington and he gloried in the connection. It was largely through his influence that the celebration of the hero's natal day was determined upon, and it was upon his advice that young Marton was chosen orator.

The colonel's creed was simple. He accepted the orthodox faith, worshiped the memory of his dead wife, adored his only child, and held that the word of a gentleman could not be broken. He abhorred deceit and never forgave it in anybody. Somewhat old-fashioned, he believed in dueling, and maintained strenuously that the law was made only for the weak. He had no patience with those who appealed to the arbitrament of the courts. Still he was a most gentle, quiet man who never disputed, declined to take any active part in politics, and entertained with an easy grace that is the charm of true Virginia hospitality.

It was the evening of the day before the 22d of February and the colonel drove home from Woodville in excellent spirits. Every arrangement had been thoroughly completed and the weather promised to be auspicious on the morrow. Before he entered the house old Mizraim encountered him.

"Deed, marser, it do seem lalek eberyt'ing tote fa'r fer us. De ice'ouse er plum full er game 'n' fish 'n' Piney's frowin' herse'f away on de cookin' an' hit looks somefin' laick de good ol' times afo' de wah, marser."

This intelligence added to the good humor of the all-hospitable master of the house, whose handsome face was covered over with a smile as he entered the great hall of the noble old colonial manor that his great-grandfather had built. He was surprised that Grace did not greet him according to her custom, for he was sure she must have heard his voice. Searching anxiously about he found her in a corner bathed in tears and sobbing as though her heart would break.

"Why, pet, what in the world is the matter?"

Without uttering a word she placed in his hands a Richmond paper and pointed to a brief paragraph. His eyes opened wide in astonishment as he read:

"Cards are out for the wedding of Howell Marton, Esq., the brilliant young lawyer, and Miss Hattie, daughter of John W. Powell, the well-known capitalist of the city."

The father was silent for some moments as he stood over his idol, whose hair he stroked gently. Finally he asked, in unsteady tones:

"Did you care for him so much, pet?"

"O father," cried the girl, passionately, as she threw her arms upward and clasped them about his neck.

"Was there—did he ask you to be his wife?"

It was some time before the agitation of the girl permitted her to speak. Then she told him, as a weary child making complaint to its mother, that while no formal betrothal had taken place she had every assurance of his love and, indeed, it was his expressed purpose to ask her hand in marriage during the coming visit. She could not understand his perfidy; she must not, she could not doubt, yet there were the words in cold, cruel type.

"He is an unmitigated scoundrel, and you must forget him, my child."

Then he sought to soothe her by comforting words, but, alas! there is no balm for a heart thus wounded. Man's perfidy is more cruel than the knife of the assassin or the poison of the asp.

After a long time he persuaded her to go to her room and seek sleep; but, as for him, he walked his apartment all night. His face grew very stern in this long vigil and there was infinite menace in it as he came out to his breakfast. Grace had sent word that she was unable to leave her room, but she insisted that he take part in the day's celebration. Learning from his daughter's maid that her mistress was in no alarming condition, the colonel left the house in search of Mizraim.

"There will be no company here today and you may tell Piney that she need not go to your young mistress for any orders."

"Look er yere, marser," began Mizraim, with the easy freedom of a life-long favorite, "dar's de—"

"Shut up, sir. Do as I bid you," and the colonel turned sharply away upon his heel.

"Well, I clar' to goodness-gracious, I know'd marser wuz ergittin' ol', but I nebber t'ought he were gwine crazy. Dat de fus' time in his life he was impereut to ol' Miz, 'n' dat a sho' sign he losin' his min'. I mus' p'int'dly look arter him, sho'ly."

The day was glorious. A gentle southwest wind blew fragrance from the great swamp, rustling the mistletoe clumps in the boughs of the big gum trees and waving to and fro the pendant graymoss that hung down from the spreading branches of the great beech trees on the ridges, which seemed like so many giants with long, straggling locks. It touched the slender fingers of the pines until they played a mournful melody and caused the bright green leaves of the bay tree to send forth ripples of laughter. The gloomy colonel, however, as he passed in turn the swamp, the beech and the pine groves, had no eye for the weird scenery and no ear for the voices of the stirred trees.

Equally he did not regard the immense crowds that had already gathered in the streets of Woodville. The imposing pageant was lost upon him. He spoke now and then to those who addressed him, but he moved about as one in a dream. Still less did he observe that old Mizraim had followed him to town and was dodging about closely in his rear.

The train which brought Marton was delayed more than two hours, so that the parade was over and the crowd had been gathered for some time about the speaker's stand before he reached the grounds. The stalwart, handsome young fellow, with his long, wavy chestnut hair, his piercing brown eyes and deep-toned, magnetic voice fairly captivated his audience before he had uttered a dozen sentences. It seemed as though he were a being who had lived and moved with Washington and gained his confidence, so that he knew his inner soul. In most graphic manner he told of the simple life of the planter of Mount Vernon, the heroic endurance of the commander of the tattered forces at Valley Forge, the master spirit of the constitutional convention, the supreme first president of the republic. Then he closed with an impassioned outburst, in which he recited the exalted virtues of the immortal Washington and urged the emulation of them upon his hearers.

The orator utterly eclipsed his previous fame and the audience was carried away with enthusiasm, all save a stern-visaged white man and a skulking old negro. Col. Temple had not heard a single word. His heart was with his idolized girl. While the excited people rent the air with huzzas, he made his way through the crowd, that respectfully divided at his approach.

WRESTED THE WEAPON FROM THE OLD MAN'S HAND.

With bowed head he was slowly making his way towards the Woodville tavern, when a bright, cheery voice said:

"Why, colonel, I've looked for you everywhere. Where is Miss Grace?"

"You infamous scoundrel! A friend of mine will see you without delay," cried the old man, passionately.

"What can be the matter? Are you ill?"

"Away, sir, or there will be murder. Do you hear? I would take no mean advantage."

The young man regarded the retreating form of the old soldier with grave concern, when a voice at his side said:

"Marser How'l, ol' marser lose his haid; he's gettin' ol'. You jis' see Miss Gracie," and Mizraim hastened after the colonel.

Three hours later, and it was near the setting of the sun, Col. Temple and his most intimate friend, Judge Lofton, rode slowly up the broad lane that led to the Temple mansion. They were conversing earnestly as they dismounted.

"I insist, judge, that you follow him to Richmond and demand satisfaction. I cannot understand how he could have disappeared so quickly."

Mizraim, after his master fell into the company of the judge, had hastened home and now stood by the side of the colonel, who suddenly started forward, as he cried:

"There is the villain," and, carried away with infinite passion, hastily drew a revolver, leveling it at Marton, who was advancing and scarcely ten paces distant. The excited man did not perceive that his daughter was fast approaching from the house.

"Papa," she cried in glad accents, not observing his tragic movement.

The eyes of Marton had been fixed upon the girl too, and he had seen nothing. Mizraim, who had not lost a gesture of his master, rushed forward and wrested the weapon from the old man's grasp, concealing it about his own person and then quickly returned to the horses.

The amazed colonel saw his lovely daughter enfolded in the embrace of the man he had been so near to killing, and then, turning to the judge, cried in dismay:

"I have indeed been mad. I should have known that no Marton could do a dishonorable thing."

"Colonel," said Marton, approaching with the happy girl at his side, "Grace and I desire your consent to our marriage. That newspaper paragraph was an infamous—"

"Gentlemen have no need to make explanations one to another, my dear Marton. You may have Grace, and may God bless the union. Excuse me for a moment," he cried, as though suddenly reminded of an important duty. Then he hastened in the direction of Mizraim, who was leading away the horses.

"Mizraim, I have changed my mind. Tell Piney to cook such a dinner as she never—"

"Look er yere, marser, wuz yer 'sposin' I minded watter you done said dis mornin'? Disser's Ginrul Washin'ton's bufday, so I jis' done tell Piney nuffin', 'ceptin' dat ef she didn' git er meal better 'n' her mammy eber done cook I'd gin' her a good lammin'. Git up dar, yer lazy critters."

WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.

They Bow to Him.

The great men of all nations have joined in panegyric to the name and character of George Washington, the "Father of His Country," and often the bits of sentiment to which they have given expression have been exquisitely wrought out, making some of the world's masterpieces of wording.

"In my idea," says La Fayette, "Gen. Washington is the greatest man, for I look upon him as the most virtuous."

"He hath faith," said Guizot, the historian, "in God and himself."

"The test of the progress of mankind," said Lord Brougham, "will be in the appreciation of the character of Washington."

"America," said Webster, "has furnished to the world the character of Washington. And if our American institutions had done nothing else that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind."

"All I can say," Gladstone has said, "is that I look upon Washington, among great and good men, as one peculiarly good and great; and that he has been to me for more than forty years a light upon the path of life."

"Gen. Washington is a typical American, and will always stand in American history without peer or rival," was Sherman's tribute.

Washington's Ancestry.

One genealogist, reckless of consequences, has traced the ancestry of President Washington to Odin. Another attempt was made to connect him with the Washingtons of Durham, England. But the authentic source of his parentage is a Washington clan, of County Northampton, England, where the old manor house is still to be seen, though in ruins. Upon consulting Virginian records one can get back no farther than his great-grandfather, John Washington, who settled in Virginia in 1657. His eldest son Lawrence had three children, John, Augustine and Mildred, and our president was the child of Augustine, and his second wife, Mary Ball, whom Augustine married in 1730. George Washington had five brothers and sisters. His father died when he was seven years old, and the future hero was trained by his half-brother, Lawrence Washington.—N. Y. Ledger.

The First Tribute to Verse.

Oddly enough, the first poem ever written in honor of Gen. Washington comes from the pen of a woman of negro birth. In the Pennsylvania Magazine for April, 1776, these verses are printed, and they are signed "Phillis Wheatley, the African poetess, Providence, October 26, 1775:"

Celestial choir! enthron'd in realms of light,
Columbia's scenes of glorious toils I'll write.
While freedom's cause her anxious breast alarms,
She flashes dreadful in refulgent arms;
See mother earth her offspring's fate bemoan,
And nations gaze at scenes before unknown.

Fam'd for thy valor, for thy virtues more,
Hear every tongue thy guardian aid implore.

Proceed, great chief, with virtue on thy side,
Thy every action let the goddess guide.
A crown, a mansion, and a throne that shine,
With gold unfading, Washington, be thine!

Washington's Personal Appearance.

His portraits do justice to the unanimous verdict of all who saw him as to his imposing appearance. When prepared for burial he measured just six feet, but in full vigor he was three inches taller. La Fayette declared his hands were the largest he ever saw on a man. He was of a fair and somewhat florid complexion and weighed about two hundred and twenty pounds. He moved and rode with commanding dignity. Every aspect of external view proclaimed Washington a born leader of men, and his contemporaries are often found relating the awe-inspiring effects his behavior and bearing produced on those with whom he came into contact.—N. Y. Ledger.

Away Off.

A Boston lecturer recently told the Pine Tree State club an amusing incident in connection with "the Aroostook war," when Webster was secretary of state. "Two Maine countrymen," said the lecturer, "were discussing one of Webster's papers in regard to the controversy, when one of them asked what Webster meant by the three words: 'Sine qua non.' The other replied that he wasn't quite sure, but thought they were islands in Passamaquoddy Bay."

Could Trip the Light Fantastic.

Although Gen. Washington was a military commander and a leader of successful armies, he was also a flower of chivalry in times of peace, and at his own inauguration ball he is described as dancing two cotillions and a minuet. Historians also speak of a visit he made to Annapolis, where he opened a ball given by the citizens in his honor, with Mrs. James Macubbin, one of the most beautiful women of that age.—Detroit Free Press.

A CHANGE OF TUNE.

PROF. TERRORFIELD (new principal at Pine Corner's School)—John Henry Keyser, you were talking with one of the other scholars. Now, tell me what the conversation was about, and don't you dare to lie to me.

J. H. KEYSER—Bill Slumper bet me five cents that I couldn't lick you, and I bet him ten cents that I could.

PROF. TERRORFIELD—Well, ah—you may be seated.

The Reporter Was Rattled.

"I wonder where Miss Consuelo Astor, the new debutante, keeps her nose," said Mr. Murray Hill, who was reading a daily paper.

"What an absurd remark for a sensible man to make," said Mrs. Murray Hill, tossing her head.

"Nothing absurd about it. This society reporter writes: 'The fair young debutante has an exquisitely molded face, of which two dark hazel eyes are the central feature.' Now I want to know where her nose is situated?"—Texas Siftings.

RIGHT IN THE SWIM.

Pat—Dennis is quite a clubman now.

Mike—When did he jine the fouree?—N. Y. Herald.

In Some Doubt.

Passer—What's going on in that hall?

Policeman—Well, there's a lot of long-haired men and short-haired women there, but I don't know whether it's a suffrage association or an athletic club.—N. Y. Weekly.

Of Course She Would.

"I offer thee," exclaimed the prince in the story, "my crown. Wilt share it with me?"

The beauteous maiden smiled.

"Sure thing!" she answered. "Why shouldn't I? They are wearing men's styles in everything."—Town Topics.

A Sign of Conquest.

Madge—Young Mr. Purstrings is confident that he's won that girl.

Margaret—How do you know that?

Madge—When he takes her to the theater now he makes her ride in a street car, and he used to get a carriage.—Chicago Record.

Carrying Out the Figure.

"A human life," said the sentimental young man, "is a poem—tragic, comic, sentimental, as the case may be."

"Yes," sighed Miss Passeigh, "and so many of us are rejected manuscripts."—Washington Star.

The Cause of the Evil.

Visiting Englishman—What was it that first started the free lunch institution in this country?

Mr. Manhattan—I guess it must have been the constant influx of so many hungry foreigners.—Truth.

Human Nature.

We modern men are giants strong
At framing resolutions,
But when it comes to keeping them
We are but Lilliputians.
—Kansas City Journal.

WOULD THAT HE COULD REACH THEM

The Dog—Say, you Venus and Psyche, if I only could get up there, I'd knock the stuffin' out of that living picture.—Life.

Answered.

Lord Bullbeefe—Aw, Miss Giddeigh, do you go in much for cycling, may I awsk?

Miss Giddeigh—No, I always ride outdoors, Lord Bullbeefe.—Town Topics.

Willing to Risk It.

Microbes may be in kisses,
As scientists declare;
But what do youths and misses,
Who know just what the bliss is,
For blooming microbes care?
—Kansas Journal.

As to Appearances.

"You are eying me, sir, as if you thought I had designs on your umbrella," said the lean passenger, as the train drew into the depot. "Do I look like a man who could be capable of stealing an umbrella?"

"Since you ask me the question, sir," answered the fat passenger, "I am compelled to say that I think you do."

"And you look as if you might possibly be a gentleman and a man of decent horse-sense," retorted the other. "How deceptive appearances sometimes are!"—Chicago Tribune.

Ardent Love.

"My young friend," said the millionaire, frowning, "you admit that you are poor and you know that my daughter is very wealthy. Would you, a pauper, marry her, knowing her to be worth a million?"

"Sir," said the young man, who was a person of intense resolution, "my affection is proof against such tests. I would marry your daughter if she were worth two million."—Chicago Record.

A Hint to Police Captains.

Judge Duffy—You are sentenced to the island for thirty days for being drunk and disorderly. Have you anything to say?

Prisoner—Well, yes, I'd like to ask your honor a question.

"What is it?"

"I have got a wife and nine children. Couldn't we all go to the island together and serve out the time in a few days?"—Texas Siftings.

A Real Saving.

The Lady Shopper—What? Pay $3 for a lamp like that? It's outrageous and I won't pay it!

The Astute Salesman—You forget, madam, that the price has been reduced to $2.99.

The Lady Shopper (reaching for her purse)—Oh, very well, then; I'll take it.—Chicago Record.

The Small Boy's Festivity.

He cares not for the ballroom
That grown folks patronize,
The small but solid snowball
Is just about his size.
—Detroit Free Press.

POSITIVE EVIDENCE.

Irate Merchant—I thought you said this safe was burglar proof.

Agent—What more proof do you want of burglars than that?—Judge.

Account Balanced.

Mr. Much—Who gave you the nickel, Dickie?

Dickie—Sister.

Mr. Much—For what?

Dickie—Not telling you how old she is.—N. Y. World.

An Ideal Profession.

"She is studying for a profession, you say?"

"Yes; that of a lecturer."

"An ideal profession, I should say; at least for a woman. Nothing to do but talk."—N. Y. Press.

Triumph.

"Hear you settled that ten thousand dollar damage suit. Did you get as much as you expected?"

"I should say I did. They paid me a hundred dollars and all expenses."—Brooklyn Life.

Persevering Man.

Cumso—There is a good deal of perseverance about Looney.

Cawker (incredulous)—What's that?

Cumso—It's true. He persists in making a fool of himself.—Town Topics.

A Manifest Lie.

Managing Editor—What did you discharge Blaffer for?

City Editor—Lying. I sent him to interview Slug, the pugilist, and he reported that Slug wouldn't talk.—Puck.

In Baby Time.

Benedick (3 a. m.)—My dear, can't you do something to quiet that child?

Mrs. Benedick (wearily walking)—Well, I might hand him over to you!—Harper's Bazar.

Those Dear Girls.

Miss Elderly—I fainted last night.

Maude—Who proposed?—Life.

FARM AND GARDEN.

BEES AND THEIR WAYS.

How to Put Knowledge Obtained from Books Into Practice.

We advise everyone who intends to learn apiculture to begin in the spring with a colony or two of bees, and then he can put his knowledge obtained from books into practice. This is the only way to become an expert.

To everyone contemplating a purchase of a colony or two of bees we would suggest the following: Do not be carried away with the notion that the heavier a colony of bees is the better it is. We have known many sadly disappointed in following out this idea. The colony selected may have very few bees in it. It may be full of honey, to be sure, but the bees that made it may have long since disappeared, the queen may have died and no bees have been reared and, consequently, no consumption of honey was demanded for raising young brood. Hence the great quantity of honey left. If the box in which the colony is be large, as many of them are in the old style, there may be a great deal of honey and a good colony of bees at the same time.

To ascertain whether a colony has a live, active and laying queen is another important matter which can be easily found. In movable comb hives it is very easy to discover the presence of the queen, even if you do not see her.

SOUND IN PRINCIPLE.

UNSWERVING IN ITS ALLEGIANCE TO

RIGHT THEORIES AND

RIGHT PRACTICES.

THE SUN PUBLISHES ALL THE NEWS ALL THE TIME, but it does not allow its columns to be degraded by unclean, immoral or purely sensational matter.

EDITORIALLY, THE SUN IS THE CONSISTENT AND UNCHANGING CHAMPION AND DEFENDER OF POPULAR RIGHTS AND INTERESTS against political machines and monopolies of every character. Independent in all things, extreme in none. It is for good laws, good government and good order.

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THE WEEKLY SUN PUBLISHES ALL THE NEWS of each week, giving complete accounts of all events of interest throughout the world. As an AGRICULTURAL paper THE WEEKLY SUN is unsurpassed. It is edited by writers of practical experience, who know what farming means and what farmers want in an agricultural journal. It contains regular reports of the work of the AGRICULTURAL experiment stations throughout the country, of the proceedings of farmer's clubs and institutes, and the discussion of new methods and ideas in agriculture. Its MARKET REPORTS, POULTRY DEPARTMENT and Veterinary column are particularly valuable to country readers. Every issue contains STORIES, POEMS, HOUSEHOLD AND PUZZLE COLUMNS, a variety of interesting and instructive selected matter and other features, which make it a welcome visitor in city and country homes alike.

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FILLS THE WANT.

It is the leading family paper of Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio and West Virginia. It gives all the news of the world. Its news from foreign lands is full and accurate. The only paper in Western Pennsylvania receiving the day reports of the Associated Press.

MARKET REPORTS.

Its market reports are recognized authority, always being complete and correct. Its general political news, editorials and discussions are comprehensive and interesting.

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shows it cut in half. Water surrounds the lamp, and, while kept warm, is not hot. No water is over the top of the lamp. The scale of the illustration is one-eighth of an inch for one inch. The galvanized hoop is to let air into the lamp near the bottom. There is no patent on the lamp. It was sent to Farm and Fireside by Mr. Robert Mairet, Ohio.

FEEDING potatoes with long sprouts to cattle is a very dangerous practice, as the sprouts contain a poison which acts injuriously on the nervous system.

AS A rule, aged brood sows are the most prolific, the best mothers, and produce the most vigorous offspring.

SHEEP FROM PERSIA.

Some That Were Imported in 1802 Are Doing Well in California.

In the summer of 1892 a flock of thirteen sheep which arrived in New York attracted much attention. They were brought from Persia by Hon. Truxton Beale, on his return from service as United States minister plenipotentiary near the court of the shah. The sheep were not shaped in accordance with American ideas of symmetry, nor were they uniform in color. But the striking peculiarity was the tail—so broad and massive as to appear almost like a continuation of the haunches. In color they were of various shades of brown and gray, but the prevailing tone was a dark, reddish brown. After undergoing the necessary legal quarantine, they were forwarded to California, where they and their progeny are now in the hands of Mr. C. P. Bailey, the noted breeder of Angora goats. The climate of California has proved highly favorable to them, and the original flock has more than doubled. The mutton of these sheep is said to be very fine in quality and flavor. The tail is composed almost wholly of fat, and is esteemed a great delicacy, and is used in cookery as butter is employed among western people. It often weighs from 20 to 30 pounds when the animal is in good condition. The entire live weight of these sheep is from 150 to 180 pounds for rams, and 125 to 140 pounds for ewes. The fleeces are light and of little value. The staple is known in the markets as Smyrna wool, and is employed chiefly for making carpets. The rams cross very successfully on the ewes of Merino and other American breeds, the lambs being heavier and of earlier maturity than pure-bred Merino. The counter cross is not as practicable for structural reasons.

The Persian sheep, widely as they differ from the European and American breeds, are fairly typical of the ovine race which has grazed the hills and valleys of western Asia from the earliest historic ages. That the sheep so frequently referred to in the Bible were of this type is evident, not only from the testimony of history, but also from the sacred writ itself. In Leviticus, third chapter ninth verse, it is commanded that when a lamb was sac-

TYPICAL PERSIAN SHEEP.

rificed as a peace offering, the priest should take "the fat thereof, the whole rump off hard by the backbone." The seven thousand sheep of Job, the flocks which David watched on the plains of Bethlehem, and the sheep which are found to-day in western Asia in numbers from the single lamb reared in the peasant's hut to the great flocks which constitute the woolly wealth of some great sheik or bey, all are typified by these Persian sheep. They are admirably adapted to the situation in which they are found. The peculiar appendage which marks them from other ovine races is really a provision against vicissitudes of their climate. Like the hump of the bison, camel and zebra, it is a reservoir of fat, which sustains the life of the animal when food resources partially fail. In periods of drought or scarcity of food, the tail, like the humps referred to, becomes absorbed and shrinks away, to fill out again to full proportions when the rains have started the pasturage into abundant growth.—George A. Martin, in American Agriculturist.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

SHELTER and care are cheaper than food for animals.

CLOVER hay and corn fodder are the best feeds for milch cows.

TURKEYS of about ten pounds in weight find the readiest sale.

IN feeding cut green bones allow one pound to every sixteen hens.

FATTENING sheep do best confined in small pens without the use of yards.

MILK is a great egg food, as it is chemically similar to the white of an egg, being rich in albumen.

THE shortage of feed has been a great educator, and it is probable that hereafter farmers will cure for and save their fodder as they now do their hay.

IF butter is long in coming, stir in three tablespoonfuls of good dairy salt to every two gallons of cream and churn at a temperature of about sixty degrees.

THE annual value of eggs and poultry imported by Great Britain amounts to $27,467,000. The supplies come from countries as remote as Russia, Turkey, Egypt and Morocco, as well as from Canada.

AMERICANS consume only about four and a half pounds of cheese per capita, while the English people consume more than three times that amount. Cheesemakers should exert themselves to stimulate consumption.

Collecting Eggs in Cold Weather.

When an egg is exposed to severe cold it is quickly injured. The contents expand and the egg cracks open, which renders it useless except to be quickly used upon the table, as such eggs can not be sold. Even if the egg does not crack, the extreme cold destroys the germ, and if it is used for incubating purposes it will not hatch. Then, again, when an egg has been frozen and then exposed to a higher temperature until it thaws, it will be no longer fresh, as decomposition quickly begins. In winter always collect the eggs often, so as to avoid freezing them.

A WOMAN'S NERVES.

The Story of a Woman to Whom Noise Was Torture.

Prostrated by the Least Excitement—Physicians Baffled by Her Case.

(From the Gate City, Keokuk, Iowa.)

Mrs. Helen Meyers, whose home is at 3515 Vernon Avenue, Chicago, and whose visit to Keokuk, Ia., will long be remembered, was at one time afflicted with a nervous malady which at times drove her nearly to distraction. "Those terrible headaches are a thing of the past," she said the other day to a *Gate City* representative, "and there is quite a story in connection with it, too."

My nervous system sustained a great shock some fifteen years ago, brought on, I believe, through too much worrying over family matters, and then allowing my love for my books to get the better of my discretion where my health was concerned. Why, whenever my affairs at home did not go along just as I expected, I would invariably become prostrated from the excitement, and I would consider myself fortunate indeed if the effects of the attack would not remain for a week. I was obliged to give up our pleasant home not far from the Lake Shore drive, because I could not stand the noise in that locality. I could find no place in the city which I deemed suitable to one whose nervous system was always on the point of explosion. To add to my misfortunes my complexion underwent a change, and I looked so yellow and sallow that I was ashamed to venture from the house at all.

"Madam," said my doctor to me soon after an unusually severe attack of the malady, "unless you leave the city and seek some place of quiet you will never recover." So I concluded I would visit my uncle, who lives in Dallas County, Iowa, and whose farm would surely be a good place for one in my pitiable condition. I picked up the *Gate City* one day and happened to come across an interesting recital of the recovery of some woman in New York State who was afflicted as I had been. This woman had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I thought that if Pink Pills cured that woman they might do the same for me. I began to take the pills according to directions, and I began to feel better from the start. After I had taken several boxes of them I was ready to go back to Chicago. My nervousness was gone and my complexion was as fresh as that of any sixteen-year-old girl in Iowa, and Pink Pills is what put the color in my cheeks. No wonder I am in such high spirits and feel like a prize fighter. And no wonder I like to come to Keokuk, for if it had not been for Pink Pills bought from a Keokuk firm I would not have been alive now," laughingly concluded the lady.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

DASHAWAY—"You believe in the efficacy of prayer, uncle. But suppose a chicken from your neighbor's yard should hop by your kitchen door and you should get down on your knees and pray for that chicken to enter, do you think your prayer would be answered?" Uncle Ebony—"I mos' sartinly do, sah. But in dat case, sah, I should sprinkle a few grains of co'n on the step."—Life.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

"WHAT'S the trouble between Maud and Lily?" "Why, you see, Maud asked Lily to tell her just what she thought of her." "Yes." "And Lily told her."—Pick-Me-Up.

The Wastes of Siberia

Are not more barren of comfort than the waists of those who suffer from dyspepsia, from liver complaint or from kidney trouble. But in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters they can find relief. So can the malarious, the rheumatic, the neuralgic, the feeble and the old. Use with persistence this remedy with a career of over a third of a century. A wineglassful three times a day.

MISTRA—"Does Jobson show any aptitude as a Washington correspondent?" Miss—"Oh, my, yes! When he heard that baby Esther had the colic, he tried to interview the secretary of interior about it."—Life.

"I SHALL expect you," said the justice to the colored culprit, "to tell the whole truth." "De whole truth, suh?" "Yes." "Jedge, jes' gimme six months!"—Atlanta Constitution.

TWO pairs of lips once chanced to meet
Behind a friendly door,
And both exclaimed: "It seems to me
That we have met before."
—N. Y. Herald.

SLOTH makes all things difficult, but industry makes all things easy.—Franklin.

THE wise man means something even by the remarks he does not make.—Galveston News.

"WHAT does the new woman want?" "She doesn't know, but she is going to get it."—Judge.

IT is surprising how long it takes a restaurant cook to boil an egg four minutes.—Rockland Tribune.

THE reason the pen is mightier than the sword is because it writes the wrongs of so many people.—Rockland Tribune.

THE individual who lives in a glass house is the very person who persists in throwing stones.—Galveston News.

AN ELABORATE HINT.—"Have you heard of the latest invention in clocks?" she asked, sweetly. "No," replied Mr. Slogo. "It is very ingenious. It has a phonograph attachment which calls off the hours." "Wonderfully clever!" "Yes; and at a quarter of eleven it says: 'Good night.'" He glanced at his watch, which told off half-past ten, and in a few moments had fled into the darkness.—Washington Star.

FROM A BUSINESS STANDPOINT.—Dr. Probe—"My wife gave a Welsh rarebit party last night." Dr. Reaper—"Was it a success?" Dr. Probe—"Immense. I've had twelve extra calls to-day."—N. Y. Herald.

THE AMENITIES OF TRADE.—Tough—"I want a dozen eggs, an' I wants 'em bad, see?" Grocer—"Go to that grocer across the street. Everything he keeps is bad."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

JEWELER—"The inscription you wish engraved on the inside of this ring I understand is 'Marcellus to Irene.'" Young Man (with embarrassment)—"Yes, that's right. But er—don't cut the 'Irene' deep."—Baltimore Telegram.

HEAD-RESTS—Vacations.

W—"Does your wife talk in her sleep?" D—"Well, I never notice any cessation."

Pistol Practice in Texas.

"We have fifteen thousand and ten mutilated and worn silver dollars in our vault," said a sub-treasury official. "We also have over five hundred thousand half dollars, quarter and dime pieces which have become too thin for use. It is a curious thing that the mutilated dollars which we receive from Texas are deeply indented. This is a result of the target practice in Texas. The crack shots down there think that a silver dollar is the best kind of a mark. Do we give a good dollar for a mutilated one? That depends upon the extent of the mutilation. We have a discretionary power in this respect."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

GRASS IS KING!

Grass rules. It is the most valuable crop of America, worth more than either corn or wheat. Luxurious meadows are the farmers' delight. A positive way to get them, and the only one we know, is to sow Salzer's Extra Grass Mixtures. Many of our farmer readers prise them and say they get 4 to 6 tons of magnificent hay per acre from Salzer's seeds. Over one hundred different kinds of Grass, Clover and Fodder Plant seeds are sold by Salzer.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT with 7c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get a sample of GRASS & CLOVER MIXTURE and their mammoth seed catalogue free. [K]

MA. BROWN—"I've got a cold or something in my head." Mrs. Brown—"It must be a cold, dear, I'm sure."—Judge.

HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS.

"The Carlsbad of America."

The season at this famous Health and Pleasure Resort is now at its height, and in addition to the many attractions offered at Hot Springs and the Resorts in the near vicinity, arrangements have been made for a daily running meet at the Race Track, Foot Ball Games and Base Ball Games between Professional Clubs at the Park. All lines from the East, North and West connect at St. Louis in the new Magnificent Union Station with the Iron Mountain Route which runs elegant through Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars daily, direct to the Springs.

Call on or write Ticket Agents of connecting lines for beautifully illustrated and descriptive pamphlets relative to the Springs, Hotels, and other information, (Mailed Free), or address H. C. TOWNSEND, General Pass. Agent, Iron Mountain Route, St. Louis.

IT is hard to convince the man who will steal chickens that there is any sense in theology.—Ram's Horn.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

How He Got It.

De Bore—How did you catch your cold?

De Bristle—You know colds are contagious?

"Yes."

"Well, I caught it asking other people how they caught their colds."—N. Y. Weekly.

BACK WITH RICH TROPHIES.

Last spring notice was made in these columns that Mr. Henry A. Salzer, of the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., America's leading Seed Growers and Merchants, was in Europe in search of rare seeds and novelties for the American farmer and citizen.

Judging from their new catalogue, his trip was an eminently successful one. It is brim full of rare things. Of especial merit we name the Bismarck Apple, bearing the second year; the Giant Flowering Star Phlox, the German Coffee Berry; and for the farmer the Victoria Rape, Germanica Vetch, the Lathyrus silvestris, the Giant Spurry and Giant Incarnate Clover; Sacaline, and dozens of other rare things.

This wide-awake firm is in the van, and their catalogue, which is sent you for 5 cents postage, would be cheap at $1 per copy.

"LET me tell you, Mrs. Thomas," said a happy parent to a neighbor, "my son Ernest has got a first prize." "O, I quite understand your feelings, marm," said Mrs. Thomas. "I felt just the same when our young pig carried off a medal at the agricultural show."

HALE'S Honey of Horehound and Tar relieves whooping cough.

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

WHAT a great scheme it would be for the stage dancer of the day if she could, like Mercury, have wings on her heels to make 'em fly higher.—N. Y. Recorder.

St. Jacobs Oil THE GREAT REMEDY CURES PAINS OF MAN & BEAST

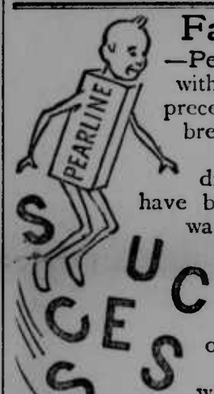

Fairly jumped into success—Pearline. Right from the very start. Notwithstanding all these hundreds of years of precedence behind that old-fashioned, back-breaking way of washing with soap, too.

Now, why was it? Why is it that hundreds of millions of packages of Pearline have been used in the few years since this washing-compound was invented? Just do your washing and cleaning with Pearline for a month, and you'll see.

It takes away the rubbing, but without any risk of harm. That puts it at the head of every known aid for washing.

SUCCESS

Millions NOW USE Pearline 461

THE BEST ROOFING

SAMPLES AND FULL PARTICULARS FREE. WRITE ....

F. W. BIRD & SON, SOLE MAKERS East Walpole, MASS.

For Roofs, Sides and Walls, for Houses, Barns, Henhouses, Greenhouses, Hotbeds, Haystacks, Wagon Covers, etc. They cost very much less than shingles and wear for years. They are absolutely Water-proof, Frost-proof, Snow-proof and Vermin-proof. Nails and Tin Caps with each roll of Red Rope Roofing.

LOOK FOR THE LITTLE GIRL On All Genuine "NEPONSET."

NEPONSET WATERPROOF FABRICS.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

"We think Piso's CURE for CONSUMPTION is the only medicine for coughs."—JENNIE PINCKARD, Springfield, Ill., October 1, 1894.

....CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. BEST COUGH SYRUP.... TASTES GOOD. USE IN TIME. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. 25 CENTS.

Consumption

was formerly pronounced incurable. Now it is not. In all of the early stages of the disease

Scott's Emulsion

will effect a cure quicker than any other known specific. Scott's Emulsion promotes the making of healthy lung-tissue, relieves inflammation, overcomes the excessive waste of the disease and gives vital strength.

For Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Consumption, Scrofula, Anæmia, Loss of Flesh and Wasting Diseases of Children.

Buy only the genuine with our trademark on *salmon-colored wrapper*.

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and $1.

$6.00 to California

Is price of double berth in Tourist Sleeping Car from Chicago on the famous "Phillips-Rock Island Tourist Excursions." Through cars on fast trains leave Chicago Tuesdays via Ft. Worth and El Paso, and Thursdays via Scenic Route. Write for particulars to A. P. PHILLIPS & Co., 104 Clark St., Chicago. JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago.

ONE great trouble about extravagance is that it always costs too much.—Galveston News.

An Important Difference.

To make it apparent to thousands, who think themselves ill, that they are not affected with any disease, but that the system simply needs cleansing, is to bring comfort home to their hearts, as nacostive condition is easily cured by using Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co

IF one would make good time he must not go too fast.—Galveston News.

SCROFULA

Miss Della Stevens, of Boston, Mass., writes: I have always suffered from hereditary Scrofula, for which I tried various remedies, and many reliable physicians, but none relieved me. After taking 6 bottles of S.S.S. I am now well. I am very grateful to you, as I feel that it saved me from a life of untold agony, and shall take pleasure in speaking only words of praise for the wonderful medicine, and in recommending it to all.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free to any address.

SSS CURED

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

FLORIDA and the SUNNY SOUTH VIA BIG FOUR ROUTE.

BEST LINE FROM Chicago, St. Louis, Peoria, Indianapolis, Cleveland, Columbus, Sandusky, Benton Harbor, AND INTERMEDIATE POINTS.

Solid Vestibuled Trains. Elegant Coaches. Buffet Parlor Cars. Wagner Sleeping Cars. Dining Cars

TO CINCINNATI,

Where DIRECT CONNECTIONS are made with Solid Trains with Through Sleeping Cars of the Chesapeake & Ohio Ry., Queen & Crescent Route, and Louisville & Nashville Ry.

TO RICHMOND, OLD POINT COMFORT, And all points in the Virginias and Carolinas, Jacksonville, St. Augustine, and all points in Florida, NEW ORLEANS, and all principal Southern Cities.

Through Palace Sleeping Cars between ST. LOUIS and WASHINGTON, Via Big Four and C. & O. Routes.

TOURIST RATES IN EFFECT.

E. O. McCORMICK, Passenger Traffic Manager. D. B. MARTIN, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agt. CINCINNATI.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING.

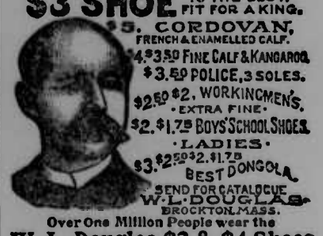

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF. $4 $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. $3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES. $2.50 $2. WORKINGMEN'S. EXTRA FINE. $2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES. $3. $2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the W. L. Douglas $3 & $4 Shoes

All our shoes are equally satisfactory They give the best value for the money. They equal custom shoes in style and fit. Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed. The prices are uniform,—stamped on sole. From $1 to $3 saved over other makes. If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

A. N. K.—G. 1539.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, FEB. 21, 1895.

IN THE death of Hon. Frederick Douglas, which occured at his residence near Washington yesterday afternoon the world at large and the United States in particular looses one its brightest men.

Mr. Wellington As An Orator.

The Washington correspondent of the New York *Sun* says: "At the annual banquet of the District of Columbia Commandery of the Loyal Legion Tuesday night, in honor of Lincoln's birthday, a new orator was discovered and a new story of Lincoln told. The orator who spoke to the toast 'Abraham Lincoln' was George L. Wellington, a young Republican, who has been elected to Congress from the Maryland district adjoining the city of Washington. He has a voice much like that of Joe Blackburn, and his rhetoric and manner of speaking remind one of Senator Wolcott. His eulogy of Lincoln was literally a burst of eloquence, and aroused the commandery, composed of some famous soldiers, to the highes pitch of enthusiasm."

The Main Fact.

The fact of most importance with regard to the existing financial troubles of the Government is that they are primarily and principally attributable to Democratic incapacity in the management of public affairs. It is easy to give technical reasons why this or that comes to pass in the current operations of the treasury, but such explanations should not be allowed to obscure the original cause of the misfortune or to modify the responsibility of the party in power. The simple truth is that Democratic rule is not conducive to the prosperity of the country. It creates distrust and embarrasses business, and depresses all kinds of industries. This is not a matter of conjecture or speculation, but of practical experience. The difficulty began soon after the present administration came in, and it has continued ever since. That is to say, at no time during that period has there been a feeling of perfect security. On the contrary, there has been a constant apprehension of evil, because of the demonstrated unfitness of the Democratic party for the great task carelessly imposed upon it by the election of 1892. The theorists and experts may present as many definitions as they please, but this is the main fact after all.

There is no scarcity of money in the country, but an abundance of it lies idle for want of safe and profitable chances of investment. All of the various forms of currency circulate at par, and people are glad to get any of them in return for labor and in payment for products. If every dollar of silver and paper money should be miraculously turned into gold to-morrow, it would not make the situation better so far as the principal source of bad times is concerned. We do not need any more currency or any new kind of currency so much as we need conditions under which the present supply can be actively and beneficially employed. When the Government was in control of the Republican party there was plenty of revenue and no trouble about the currency. General prosperity prevailed, and all classes of citizens were contented and happy. It will not do to say the sorrowful change which has ensued is due to other than political causes. The thing can not be accounted for by any kind of mathematical juggling. Such events do not come to pass by reason of technicalities in the science of finance, or accidental circumstances in the transaction of the public business. They are produced by general and fundamental causes, and in this instance it is want of confidence in Democratic statesmanship. Minor influences contribute in some degree to the misfortune, of course, but they would amount to nothing in the absence of the fact that the affairs of Government are being conducted by an incompetent and distrusted party.

Report of the Chief of Maryland's Bureau of Industrial Statistics.

Mr. A. B. Howard, jr., chief of the Maryland Bureau of Industrial Statistics, gives in his annual report, which has just been submitted to Governor Brown, much attention to a discussion of the condition of the unemployed. After discussing the question of the unemployed in the State of Maryland, in which he states the conditions are about the same now as they were this time last year, the report says, among other things:

"The strike of the coal miners was the only one in Maryland during the past year that requires more than a casual reference or which had an important bearing upon the general labor situation.

"The fact that strikes and labor disturbances have been less frequent in Maryland of late years than formerly is chiefly due to the undoubted tendency toward a disintegration of labor bodies rather than toward a better organization, while it is also true that conditions here, though far worse than they should be, are better than in other large communities.

"Although the coal strike of 1894 was brought about primarily by the same cause which led to that of 1886—a reduction of wages from 50 to 40 cents a ton—it is without doubt true that it was very largely the result of the visits of outside missionaries who hoped by precipitating a strike in the Maryland coal region to advance the interests of miners throughout the country."

Under the topics manufactures, agriculture and mortgages are published statistics of the United States census of 1890 which have not hitherto been published by the census bureau with as much detail as is presented in Chief Howard's report.

The manufacturing establishments in Maryland producing over $500 worth of commodities numbered 7,485, with a total capital of $119,668,316; average number of employes, 107,054; total wages, $41,526,832; cost of materials used; $92,059,390; value of product, $171,842,503.

The number of farms was 40,789, with a total acreage of 4,952,390, which was 167,441 less than in 1880. There were valuations of $175,058,550 for land, fences and buildings; $6,540,080 for implements and machinery, and $19,194,320 for live stock on hand. The estimated value of farm products was $26,443,364 and the cost of fertilizers $2,419,826.

Similar valuations in 1880 were: Land, fences and buildings, $165,503,341; implements and machinery $5,788,197; live stock on hand, $15,875,728; estimated value of farm products, $28,839,281; cost of fertilizers, $2,838,465.

The report also gives statistics of live stock, dairy and bee products, poultry and eggs, cereal production, grass lands, tobacco, potatoes, broom corn, pulse, peanuts, market-garden products, sugar, molasses and orchard products in Maryland.

The data on mortgages shows that in 1890 of the 202,179 families of the State there were 124,962 which hired their farms or homes, and 77,217 who owned them. Of the families which owned homes 20,927 had incumbrances on them and 57,290 were free from incumbrance. In 100 families on the average 61.81 hired their farms and homes; 10.35 owned homes with incumbrances and 27.84 owned homes without incumbrance. An apparent increase in farm tenancy is shown from 30.95 per cent. in 1880 to 37.23 per cent. in 1890.

THE REIGN OF THE BICYCLE.

The Present Passion for the Wheel is Not Likely to Die Out Ever.

What may be called not improperly the bicycle passion has full possession of several leading countries of the world. England and France, notably those parts of them in and about London and Paris, have been so given over to it for some time that a large proportion of their population come and go on their errands of business or pleasure on a wheel. Americans who have recently traveled abroad have been astonished at the general use of the bicycle there and have been still more astonished on returning to their own country during the past year to discover what headway the passion has made here. It is said to be a conservative estimate by competent authorities that during the year now closing 250,000 bicycles have been sold in this country, and that the number of riders approaches 1,000,000. There are said to be over 50,000 in New York and its neighborhood and fully half that number in and about Boston. The latter city caught the passion from Europe some time before New York did and has a larger proportion of its population, male and female, regularly devoted to it.

Observers of the phenomenon are wondering whether it is merely a passing whim or whether it has come to stay, whether those who have taken it up will continue it after the novelty has worn off or whether they will drop it for the next new fad that shall come along. There are many reasons for thinking that its stay will be permanent. Undoubtedly many of those who take it up because of its vogue will tire of it after awhile, but these will not constitute a large proportion of the whole number. The great body of riders find in the bicycle a new pleasure in life, a means for seeing more of the world, a source of better health through open air exercises, a bond of comradeship, a method of rapid locomotion either for business or pleasure and many other enjoyments and advantages which they will not relinquish. The bicycle has, in fact become a necessary part of modern life and could not be abandoned without turning the social progress of the world backward. Few who have used it for a tour through the country could think for a moment of giving it up and returning to pedestrianism instead. Aside from the exhilarating joy of riding, which every bicycle devotee will assure you is the nearest approach to flying at present possible to man, there is the opportunity of seeing a constantly changing landscape.

The bicycle is indeed the great leveler. It puts the poor man on a level with the rich, enabling him to "sing the song of the open road" as freely as the millionaire and to widen his knowledge by visiting the regions near to or far from his home, observing how other men live. He could not afford a railway journey and sojourn in these places and he could not walk through them without tiring sufficiently to destroy in a measure the pleasure which he sought. But he can ride through 20, 30, 50, even 70 miles of country in a day without serious fatigue and no expense save his board and lodging. To thousands of men and women the longing of years to travel a little as soon as they could afford it is thus gratified, virtually without a limit, for a "little journey in the world" can be made on every recurring holiday or vacation.—Century.

A Letter From Florida.

To the Editor of the Republican.

It has been on my mind for some time to call attention to a few interesting facts concerning Florida not generally alluded to in articles descriptive of its natural features, and if space is allowed me in your columns, I will devote an evening to this purpose.

From the general statement that the peninsula is a low, sandy strip running out between the waters of the Atlantic and the Mexican Gulf, not one in a thousand would suspect that there were to be found all through the "back-bone" section, north of the Everglades, such topographical and geological features—real curiosities often—as so much interest observant visitors. Who among your readers, that ever has enjoyed a trip to and over our state, would expect to find extensive caves and subterranean creeks and rivers in Florida? Yet these are common in our section. Within three miles of our home one can see a river, the Santafee, large enough to float a steamer of respectable size, run into a circular basin some 300 feet across and disappear. Between this point and where the stream reappears, there is what we call a natural bridge, full three miles wide. During our rainy season the water rises and runs over this bridge. From the fact that there is no violent commotion of the water either at the sinking or the rising point, I conclude there must be a vast underground reservoir underlying this natural bridge at such a depth as to admit of an overarching structure sufficiently strong to support the hundreds of acres spread above. Persons who have made the attempt, tell me no plummet has ever reached to the bottom of the sinking pool.

This natural bridge is one of Florida's wonders. Everyone passing this way for the first time is on the lookout for the bridge. Not long since a moving family stopped at our door to make inquiry concerning roads, and the lady wondered whether they could not get to that bridge they had been told about. In fact they had left it already two and one-half miles behind them. Some time in the future, I doubt not, borings will be made under state or government patronage, to determine the hidden features of this strange freak of nature. Numbers of smaller streams have this same characteristic. In the adjoining county, as elsewhere, I understand very extensive caves are met with. Some of them have dry floors sunk below the level of tide water. So far as my information goes no thorough explorations have been made of these caves, and they may present a tempting field to some adventurous reader of THE REPUBLICAN.

Sink-holes form another peculiar feature of our topography. These are quite common and greatly vary in extent and depth. A single acre of ground may sometimes show a dozen; sometimes a single one covers several acres. The usual shape is circular. In depth they vary from a few feet to often 50 or 100. Many have fine fresh water of varying depths, and sometimes considerable streams of water flow along the bottom. Many new openings of this character occur from time to time, more especially in connection with earthquake shocks. Less than a year ago a man plowing in his field, some fifteen miles south of us, suddenly saw his mule sink into the earth, as it seemed. They actually went down with a cave-in of this sort, and the mule was found, after the sand had run down, wedged between two boulders, 18 feet below the surface, where the poor thing perished before help could be summoned to release him.

At another time something singular about springs SNOUP.

P. S.—Some of your fierce Allegheny winter has been shipped down on us; no snow, but the cold was intense. No more of that, if you please.

A Corker it will Be.

Hyde's special prices for court. Wait for particulars. Nothing to give away, but prices will be very low. Patronize men that do a legitimate business, and those who know at least how many days there are in a week. Look out for the corker; 'tis coming. With these few lines, I remain,

Yours respectfully,
F. G. HYDE,
The Oakland Fancy Jeweler, Music Dealer, Grocer and Confectioner.
N. B.—This makes a lovely business. 49-tf.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

This is to give notice that the co-partnership heretofore existing between J. H. Fearer & Bro., at Fearer, Md., doing a mercantile business, has been dissolved and that the business of the late firm will be carried on by the undersigned. J. H. FEARER & SON.
Fearer, Md., Feb. 6, 1895.
49-3t.

Ripans Tabules cure Jaundice.

Mount Zion

Deep snow still covers our beautiful landscape, and the sharp wind prompts us to sigh for summer's balmy breezes.

Mr. Wm. Tusing and wife, of Oakland, have been visiting friends here the past week.

Mr. John Harmon has contracted with Nesbitt Bros. to cut logs to supply their mill at Barnum.

Sheridan Stottlemeyer and Wm. Turner have contracted to cut the logs for Mr. McGill's mill at Chaffee.

F. R. Sharpless, miner at this place, is running full time now and he is selling coal as fast as he can get it out.

Last Sunday night a little boy baby came to make its home with Mr. and Mrs. Gus Harvey.

Mr. Joseph Harvey, who cut his leg so severely that he was laid up for several weeks, is now able to be about.

Mr. Wm. Nesbit, who has been ill for some time, is again out.

Real Estate Transfers.

Samuel Beachy, of J., to Eli Stanton, 197¾ acres of land; $3,000.

Christian S. Beachy and wife to William S. Yoder, 108 acres and 135 perches of land; $3,200.

Lott W. Frazee et al to Milton Glover, a parcel of land; $5.

William C. Pennington and wife to John H. Beckman, military lot No. 1172; $400.

John A. Connell et al to Robert Lathrum, a lot of ground in the town of Crellin; $75.

A. J. Wilson and wife to George Treusdell, a part of the tract of land called "Deer Park;" $150.60.

Solomon Fike and wife to Samuel Snyder, a part of a tract of land called "Royal Charlotte," 36¾ acres; $650.

George P. White and wife to Nancy C. Biggs, 3 acres of land; $60.

The Mountain Home Co. to J. B. Sommerville, lots Nos. 1 and 2 in block No. 16 of Loch Lynn Heights; $120.

Mary D. Crook and Fanny D. Read to Wm. H. Scott, lot No. 15 in Dailey's sub-division to the town of Oakland; $300.

John Gill and wife to the Real Estate and Improvement Company of Baltimore City, 7 acres and 89 perches of land near Deer Park; $10,000.

The Mountain Home Company to Minnie Britt, lots Nos. 23 and 24 in block 7 of Loch Lynn Heights; $120.

George R. Beckman et al to Wm. R. Mason, 227½ acres of a tract of land called "Bank Lot;" $341.25.

Mahlon Glotfelty and wife to Ellen Glotfelty, military lot No. 3225; $100.

Working on the Canal.

The Washington *Star* says: "The canal bed in and about Williamsport is being cleaned and made ready for the spring trade. There is a big force at work, with Superintedent Hughes in charge. At the upper end of the four locks there is another gang of workmen operating, the repair of the tunnel being their principal object. Aloysins Flynn, an employe of the company met with an accident there on Saturday last of a painful nature. He fell from the lock, a distance of thirty feet. The operation on the canal this coming session are expected to be extensive. More coal will be transported than ever before. In confident anticipation of this, boat building is going on with a rush. There are many improvised boat building houses all along the waterway."

Iron Hall Funds.

A decree directing Joseph C. France and Chas. J. Wiener, Maryland receivers of the Iron Hall, to transmit to Indianapolis the fund in their hands contributed by Maryland members of the order was signed by Judge Dennis, of Baltimore, yesterday. The decree was signed upon the petition of the receivers and the filing of a certified copy of the decree passed by the Indianapolis court in accordance with the conditions imposed by the Baltimore circuit court.

The net sum in the hands of the Maryland receivers is $73,119.02, in addition to $2,500 in stock of the Mutual bank of Philadelphia. By the terms of the decree all members of the Maryland branches will share equally and ratably in the general distribution of the order's funds except the members of branch No. 76, who will be admitted to the same participation upon payment of any amount found to be due by that branch.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

The Horticultural Supply Co.,

Growers of and dealers in fruit and ornamental stock especially adapted to the Allegheny Mountains.
All the worthy old and promising new varieties.
Landscape gardening a specialty
Address, MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.
Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including train ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26tf

"You are eying me, sir, as if you ught I had designs on your umbrel-said the lean passenger, as the n drew into the depot. "Do I look a man who could be capable of ling an umbrella?"
Since you ask me the question, sir," wered the fat passenger, "I am com-ed to say that I think you do."
And you look as if you might possi-be a gentleman and a man of de-t horse-sense," retorted the other. w deceptive appearances sometimes "—Chicago Tribune.

Ardent Love.

My young friend," said the million-, frowning, "you admit that you are r and you know that my daughter ery wealthy. Would you, a pauper, ry her, knowing her to be worth a ion?"
Sir," said the young man, who was erson of intense resolution, "my af-ion is proof against such tests. I uld marry your daughter if she were th two million."—Chicago Record.

A Hint to Police Captains.

udge Duffy—You are sentenced to island for thirty days for being nk and disorderly. Have you any-ng to say?
risoner—Well, yes, I'd like to ask r honor a question.
What is it?"
I have got a wife and nine children. didn't we all go to the island togeth-and serve out the time in a few s?"—Texas Siftings.

A Real Saving.

he Lady Shopper—What? Pay $3 a lamp like that? It's outrageous I won't pay it!
he Astute Salesman—You forget, dam, that the price has been reduced 4.99.
he Lady Shopper (reaching for her se)—Oh, very well, then; I'll take it. icago Record.

The Small Boy's Festivity.

He cares not for the ballroom
That grown folks patronize,
The small but solid snowball
Is just about his size.
—Detroit Free Press.

POSITIVE EVIDENCE.

ate Merchant—I thought you said safe was burglar proof.
gent—What more proof do you want urglars than that?—Judge.

Account Balanced.

r. Much—Who gave you the nickel, ie?
ckie—Sister.
r. Much—For what?
ckie—Not telling you how old she N. Y. World.

An Ideal Profession.

She is studying for a profession, you "
Yes; that of a lecturer."
n ideal profession, I should say; at t for a woman. Nothing to do but ."—N. Y. Press.

Triumph.

Hear you settled that ten thousand ur damage suit. Did you get as h as you expected?"
I should say I did. They paid me a dred dollars and all expenses."—oklyn Life.

Persevering Man.

mso—There is a good deal of perse-ance about Looney.
wker (incredulous)—What's that?

Edward H. Sincell, Attorney.

ORDER NISI.

John E. Gnagey vs. Fannie Hershberger et. al.
No. 617 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

Ordered, by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting in Equity, this 5th day of February A. D. 1895, that the sale made and reported in the above entitled cause by John E. Gnagey, trustee, to Emanuel Hershberger be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 1st day of March next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week in each of three successive weeks before the said 1st day of March, 1895.

The report states the amount of sale to be $5,500.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy, Test:
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 48—3

Twenty Years Proof.

Tutt's Liver Pills keep the bowels in natural motion and cleans the system of all impurities An absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, constipation and kindred diseases.

"Can't do without them"

R. P. Smith, Chilesburg, Va. writes I don't know how I could do without them. I have had Liver disease for over twenty years. Am now entirely cured.

Tutt's Liver Pills

1895. The Sun! 1895.

BALTIMORE, MD.

THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE,

FOR THE PEOPLE AND WITH THE PEOPLE.

HONEST IN MOTIVE.

FEARLESS IN EXPRESSION.

SOUND IN PRINCIPLE.

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THE SUN PUBLISHES ALL THE NEWS ALL THE TIME, but it does not allow its columns to be degraded by unclean, immoral or purely sensational matter.

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ROAD PETITION.

This is to give notice that thirty days after the first publication of this petition that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett County, to appoint viewers to view and locate a public County road, beginning at the corner of C. T. West's fence on the road leading from Swanton to Bloomington, and running thence by the most direct route through the lands of Armstrong & Co., Bradley T. Bray and others to intersect the road leading from the top of the mountain to Blaine, W. Va., a distance of about one and one-half miles.

H. T. BRAY
A. F. GEORGE,
J. F. FRIEND,
L. H. FRIEND,
And 89 others.

AMERICAN ASTRONOMERS.

Great Work Done In Recent Years Which Places This Country In the Front Rank.

In no branch of science has this country made greater progress during the last quarter of a century than in astronomy. Whether compared with the work accomplished here in previous years or with that of England, France, Germany or Italy since 1870, our own record for this period stands out prominently in astronomical discovery.

More comets, asteroids and binary stars have been discovered by American astronomers than by those of all other countries put together. The two satellites of Mars were first seen by an American astronomer, as was Jupiter's fifth moon. Nor was this work due entirely to the advantage of superior telescopes. Most of the new comets and asteroids were discovered with instruments inferior to the best ones in service across the Atlantic.

It is not denied, however, that the great refracting telescope on Mount Hamilton has been of great service. From a little pamphlet just issued by the director of Lick observatory—Professor Holden, formerly of this city—we learn that, besides Jupiter's fifth satellite, "ten comets and a great number of double stars" have been discovered with that telescope.

Nor is this all. The photographs taken there of solar eclipses have "put a new face on the question of the constitution of solar corona." The photographic and visual observations made there of comets, the moon and planets have added greatly to the world's knowledge of those bodies. Much has been learned, too, of the Milky Way. "Our spectroscopic observations of nebulæ, stars and comets are of hitherto unattained accuracy and have led to quite new views," says the professor, and for the first time the angular diameter of a fixed star has been measured there. Several foreign astronomers are devoting their time largely to measuring, enlarging and studying the astronomical photographs taken on Mount Hamilton. Among them are Director Weinek at the Prague observatory in Bohemia, Baron Rothschild in Austria, Professor Franz in Germany, Dr. Nielsen in Denmark and Professor Stanley Williams and Dr. Boeddicker in England.

Notwithstanding the fine results accomplished at other American observatories, many of the discoveries credited to the one on Mount Hamilton could not have been made with their telescopes. All honor, then, to Lick observatory, an American product in every detail.

It is a great thing for America to have the most powerful telescope in the world, and a still greater to have the largest too. The new instrument for the University of Chicago is more powerful than even the one with which Jupiter's fifth moon was discovered.

Another great telescope recently completed and put in service in this country is the one at the new observatory in Arizona. In clearness of atmosphere it has an advantage of any in Europe and over any other in this country, except perhaps Lick observatory.

Judging from discoveries made by American astronomers in the last few years, we cannot doubt that many more will be made by them before the close of the century. America is abreast, if not in the lead, of Europe in the discovery of new facts about the heavens.—St. Louis Republic.

Odd Preferences In Plows.

Manager Frank M. Whitney of the Newcastle plow works, talking to your correspondent, made a curious assertion. He said:

"Plows are made differently for certain counties and states. The tendency of a son is to use the same kind of a plow used by his father. In Lawrence county the use of the left handed plow is almost the rule, but in Mercer county the right hand plow is used, and this unaccountable difference in the kind of plow used extends to other states in the Union. In central and eastern Pennsylvania the left handed plow is used, and wherever the Amish German farmers have emigrated from this country the sons are almost sure to use the left handed plow. We would never dream of sending a left handed plow to Michigan; neither would we to Ohio. Among German people only left handed plows are used, while the reverse is the case with the people from Mexico and Italy. I cannot tell why it is so, but it is."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Humbert's Mustaches.

At present the finest pair of royal mustaches in Europe in point of size and of volume are those of King Humbert of Italy, which are snow white, as is his hair. Although they are quite respectable in size, yet they are immeasurably inferior in that respect to those of his father, the late King Victor Emmanuel, whose mustaches were so long that he used frequently to amuse himself by tying the extremities together in a knot at the back of his neck.—Philadelphia Times.

Loch Lynn Heights.

The snow is affording the farmers a good opportunity to do their hauling, and during the past two weeks a large amount of ties have been hauled to this place.

Mr. Harry B. Steinman, traveling passenger agent for the B. & O. railroad, of Connellsville, Pa., and Mr. Wilson, of the same place, were here a few days this week looking at lots and our hotel. They became interested to quite an extent before leaving.

Major J. G. Alderson left on Monday morning for Connellsville, Pa., on business for the Mountain Home Company and the Loch Lynn Heights Hotel Company.

Mr. B. F. Crane received word from his brothers, who are in the mercantile business at Hot Springs, South Dakota, saying that on last Tuesday their large stone store building and all their stock were destroyed by fire, the loss amounting to $15,000; insurance $9,000. We feel sorry to hear of this, as one of the brothers was here on a visit during the holidays.

Messrs. Crane and Callis are down at Hoyes this week attending the sale of Mr. Abram Spiker.

Mr. and Mrs. George P. White, Miss White and Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Rathbun went to Washington last Thursday on the excursion.

After two weeks vacation on account of the bad weather, work was resumed on the hotel last Friday. The iron roof is about on, and they will now work on the inside and hope to be able to go ahead with the work.

Mrs. Britt is having the lumber placed on her lots on Hoye street, and will commence at once the erection of a nice cottage.

Mr. Norman Sanner, who has for some time been working in the company store at this place, left on last Friday for Confluence, Pa., where he expects to enter school until spring when he will return to work.

Miss Kate Thompson has commenced school in the school room in the Burley building again, and has a fair school.

Messrs. W. S. Boody and Will Williams, of the firm of Williams, Boody & Williams, were in Wheeling a few days last week.

Mr. G. L. Lininger, the "Professor," left for his home in Pennsylvania last week.

It is talked about that we are soon to have a newspaper in Loch Lynn Heights and Mt. Lake Park.

We would like to know what good a man is to the community who won't advertise in any of the papers, subscribe for any or even help his fellow man who may be in want, but wants all citizens to patronize them in their business, and help them along as much as possible. Such people ought to all live in the same place where there is no papers or postoffices, and in fact where there is nothing but cannibals. "Even the heathen wants to display his wares." ZIP.

Grantsville.

In our initial contribution, since again becoming local reporter of this periodical, we announce and affirm our intention of reporting occurrences, etc., in an impartial manner. Our comments shall be brought forth in justice and equity; our matter reliable and honest. Our motto is: "Honor to whom honor is due; praise to whom praise is due; reproof to whom reproof is due, with malice toward none and charity toward everyone."

The recent blizzard week, temperature and velocity of wind considered, surpasses any previous week in the memories, I think I am safe in stating, of our oldest citizens.

J. S. Miller has a large American eagle in captivity, which was caught in a steel trap in November. It is quite tame.

Hon. Wm. R Getty is suffering from partial paralysis of the limbs on his left side. He was convalescing at latest accounts.

A Mr. Gnegy, wife and children, from Illinois, are visiting relatives in this vicinity. Writer did not learn full name or address.

The return of Valentine day doubtless increased many a heart's throb, at the time. Those who were the recipients of those pretty effusions of tender regard, with heightening emotion of affection, and those who received those horrid vulgar caricatures, termed "comic" with increasing density and fervency of emotion, but generally the opposite of the former.

Blochersville.

Carey & Bro. are busy hauling logs to their saw mill.

Hon. Geo. W. Blocher made a business trip to Frostburg last Saturday.

Miss Alice Galvan, of Mt. Savage, is visiting relatives in this vicinity.

Rev. J. H. Enlow preached an able sermon to a large congregation at Mt. Zion church on last Sunday.

Mr. Bradford Blocher made a business trip to Salisbury and Meyersdale, Pa., last Saturday.

The young people of this place are enjoying the meeting that is being held at Salisbury, Pa. They are also enjoying the sleigh rides to and from that place.

Mr. Winfield S. Blocher is visiting friends in Salisbury and Meyersdale. ZERO.

Cold Weather In Past Years.

The *Irish World* recalls two weeks ago the record of the coldest day of this century in London, on the 20th of January, 1838. The thermometer on that day showed the mercury at four degrees below zero. Hayden's "Dictionary of Dates" mentions that the coldest day ever known in London was Christmas Day, 1796, when the mercury stood at 16 below zero. On the continent of Europe the temperature has often fallen below this, even on lines of latitude considerably below that in London. It is recorded in history that in 763 the Black Sea and Strait of Dardanelles were completely frozen over, and in 860 the Adriatic was frozen over. The Sea of Venice was frozen in 1594, and it is said that in 1691 the cold was so intense in Austria that the starved wolves entered the city of Vienna. Dr. Kane, the Artic explorer, tells in his account of the Grinnell expedition in search of Franklin, of the thermometer going as low as 53 degrees below zero, or 85 degrees below the freezing point. But this, of course, was in the Artic regions. In the Northwestern States the cold is often very intense, and in the cold wave which passed over the State of Wisconsin in the winter of 1868 the thermometer stood on the 9th of February at 51 degrees below zero, or eighty-three degrees below the freezing point. A number of lives were lost of persons exposed to the piercing cold and not in reach of shelter. How the cold effects persons exposed to such temperature is described by Sir Francis Head, in refering to a man whom he had met in Canada whose toes had been amputated. The man, being asked how it occurred, said that he had lost his way in the forest and after walking for some hours, feeling pain in his feet he took off his boots, and, from the flesh immediately swelling, he was unable to put them on again. Holes were soon worn in his stockings, and, as rising on his insteps he was hurrying along, he saw, without suffering the slightest pain, one toe after another breaking off as if they had been bits of brittle sticks: and in this mitilated state he went on till he reached a path which led him to a log house, where he was attended to, and remained, suffering fearful pain, until able to get around again.

What One Woman Did.

A man who was consumed with anxiety to learn how women managed to employ themselves received the following statistical reply from a certain methodical woman: "Meals ordered during the year, 963; desserts artistically arranged on table, 172; lamps filled, 328; rooms dusted 2,259; children dressed, 786 times; visits received, 897; visits paid, 167; books read, 88; stories read aloud, 234; games played 329; church services attended, 125; articles mended, 1,236; articles of clothing made, 120; letters written 426; hours in music, 20½; hours in Sunday-school, 50.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES,
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. Try
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MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.
38 13

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	Daily	2.41 A. M
No. 3	Daily	7.09 A. M
No. 71	Accom daily except Sun	9.33 A. M
No. 47	Daily except Mon	11.28 A. M
No. 15	Accommodation daily	6.27 P. M
No. 1	Daily	9.58 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 2	Daily	5.54 A. M
No. 8	Daily	7.31 A. M
No. 14	Accommodation daily	10.09 A. M
No. 46	Daily except Monday	4.38 P. M
No. 72	Accom daily except Sun	5.17 P. M
No. 4	Daily	9.25 P. M

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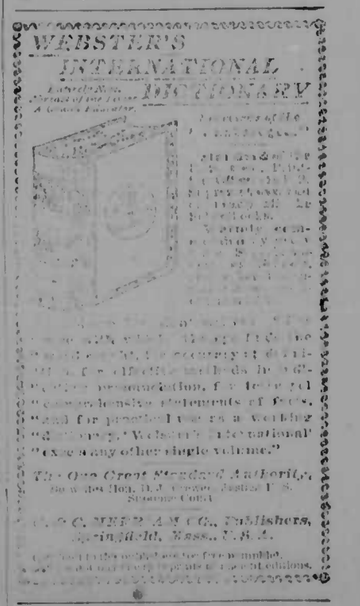

Estate of Henry Kamp, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

HENRY KAMP,

late of Garrett County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, duly authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 4th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 27th day of December, 1894.

FRED KAMP, Adm'r,
41 Accident, Md.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 17, 1895.

There will be a meeting of the County Commissioners of Garrett county held at their office in Oakland on

Tuesday, February 5, 1895,

for the purpose of hearing appeals.

Appeals from the respective districts will be heard as follows:

Tuesday, Feb. 5—7, 8, 9 and 10,
Wednesday, Feb. 6—1, 4, 11 and 12,
Thursday, Feb. 7—2, 5, 6 and 3.

N. B.—All persons wishing to take appeals on assessments shall observe the above day and dates by districts and attend accordingly

By order of the board,

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A MIDNIGHT RAID.

Startling Consequences of a Thievish Attempt at Smuggling.

While residing in the Canadian village of Chippewa, I happened one night in July, 1864, to be detained very late at my office, on the south side of Chippewa creek, which discharges into Niagara river about two miles above the falls. The creek has two mouths, separated by Hog island, which is some three hundred yards below the bridge which I must cross to reach my house.

Thirty feet from the south end of this bridge stood a large storehouse for bonded whisky. The building rested upon piles driven into the bed of the stream, and its plank floor was about four and one-half feet above the water.

Walking quietly, I had barely come upon the bridge when I heard above the drowsy murmur of the falls a peculiar, grating sound, coming apparently from beneath the warehouse. What could it be? Leaning over the railing, I listened intently.

The grinding noise seemed like that produced by a hand-turned auger boring through soft wood.

I surmised at once that someone was about to tap the lower tier of whisky, consisting of casks containing one hundred and twenty gallons each. Who could it be? Probably smugglers from the American side of the Niagara were at work, not buying their stuff, as usual, but stealing it.

At this time the United States import duty on spirits was two dollars a gallon. Common whisky could be bought at the Chippewa distillery for seventy cents per gallon in gold, and readily sold across the line for five dollars in greenbacks; so there was large profit in the contraband trade, even when the smugglers paid for the liquor.

Men engaged in this nefarious traffic used to row down from the distillery to the mouth of the creek at night; then tow their boat up the Canadian side of the Ningara to a point opposite the head of Navy island, push across to Buckhorn island and thence drop down to some previously selected spot on the New York state shore anywhere between Schlosser and Port Day. The smugglers always knew, by a prearranged shore signal, that no officers were in the way and that a cash customer was waiting for the cargo.

I had listened scarce a minute to the mysterious noise, when a chug was heard; then a renewed and sharper grating. So I knew that the auger had gone through the three-inch pine plank floor and was now biting into the hard oak of a cask.

The matter greatly concerned me, because I was the collector of inland revenue for that county, and in charge of the bonded warehouse, the key of which was then in my pocket. The raiders intended, of course, not only to wrong Uncle Sam, but doubly to defraud the Canadian owners of the whisky, who would lose the liquor itself and also have to pay full excise duty on all stolen from the warehouse.

The slightest alarm would have driven the robbers off, but in that case they would escape in the darkness. I wished to capture them in the act, but how would this be possible?

If I called for help at that midnight hour, the men would vanish at the first cry. If I went back to my office for a revolver, and attempted to arrest them single-handed, they would simply defy me, or, perhaps, plant me at the bottom of the creek.

Just then a thread of light from a burglar's lantern shot out in my direction; the boring ceased, and I heard a gurgling of liquid. I caught also a glimpse of three men kneeling on the flush deck of a small scow.

One deftly pushed a tin tube into the auger hole, placed under it a ten-gallon keg, and withdrew the plug from its lower end. Eleven other kegs awaited their turn. The men had brought precisely enough to hold the contents of one cask. If successfully run the cargo would bring six hundred dollars in United States currency—all clear profit.

From the efficient way in which they worked, I concluded that the operators were "Ike," "Mose" and "Pete" Schram, notorious smugglers, living on Grand island, whom I had often heard of, but, never, to my knowledge, seen.

All that I have described occupied only a few minutes in the doing, but I knew that it would take at least forty or fifty minutes to fill the twelve kegs, the tube being small.

While considering my next step I recollected a pair of stout, determined fellows named Bullamore Johnson and Vert Van Wyck, famous duck hunters, of whose services I had often availed myself. If I could get these allies in time we should have no difficulty in stopping the desperadoes as they passed through the cut, an artificially-made channel, leading from Chippewa creek to the Niagara.

This cut, one of the two mouths or exits from the creek, was always used by boatmen going to or from the big river. The old natural outlet, on the north or down river side of Hog island, was too near the rapids for anything except very light craft to try.

Softly regaining the shore, I got a loaded revolver from my office, and then hurried away to the shanty of the duck hunters, and soon woke both. They readily agreed to help me, and brought their guns.

"It's sure to be the Schram boys," said Bullamore. "No one else round here has grit enough for such a job. Them fellers has got rich since the beginning of the war; but I'll be hanged if I thought they'd *steal* whisky! Square, *honest* smugglin' isn't no great sin, I s'pose; but out an' out robbin'—I didn't think the boys would demean theirselves to that."

Ignoring Bullamore's fashionable distinction between robbing a government and a private individual, I led to the cut, which is about one hundred yards long and fifty feet wide, separating Hog island from the main land. We sat down under the clay bank midway of its length. The night was not so very dark, but at a distance of ten feet the sharpest eye could hardly have distinguished our gray-clad forms from the background against which they rested.

We knew what the thieves must intend to do. Their scow was so heavily laden that they would, of course, not attempt to row it out on the Niagara here. They would tow it up the Canadian shore a couple of miles, conceal part of their cargo, and use their long sweep to row the scow diagonally across to Navy island, whence they would probably send small boats for the hidden whisky. So somewhere in the cut they must put a rope and two men ashore. The third would stay on the scow to steer it while the others towed.

We patiently waited for more than half an hour. Then we dimly saw a shadowy, black object floating slowly toward us.

Presently, on striking the current of the cut, it began to move faster, and we then saw a single row of kegs ranged on its deck. Two men were sitting on kegs; the third, nearest the stern, noiselessly worked a steering oar.

In a minute or so, as the craft was abreast of us and the steersman trying to put it in touch with our shore, we rose to our feet, and I said:

"Land right here with that whisky, men! I'm an excise officer."

"Go to thunder!" yelled one of the fellows in reply. "Keep quiet, if you're wise!"

"It's the Schrams, sure enough! That's Ike's voice," whispered Johnson. Then he called out: "The game's up, boys! Run right in, or we'll fire on you!"

"Hullo, Bullamore! That's nice work for you, isn't it?" retorted Ike. "Fire away and be hanged!"

Meantime the steersman threw the scow's head toward Hog island.

As our design was to capture the men without bloodshed, I now fired a pistol-shot over their heads.

"Guess both sides can play that game!" exclaimed one of the thieves, and three revolvers cracked, while their owners instantly crouched behind the kegs.

By mere chance, I presume, one of the blindly aimed bullets grazed one of Bullamore's ears, which so incensed him that he threw up his huge smooth-bore and pulled the trigger. Most of the shot rattled against the kegs, but a smothered and somewhat forcible ejaculation showed that a stray pellet had hit one of the thieves.

Yet the boat did not sheer in to surrender. She was fast nearing the mighty Niagara. We became frightened.

"Men, don't throw your lives away!" I implored, as we kept pace with the scow. "Come in, and surrender. If you run out into the river, nothing can save you from going over the falls."

"You 'tend to your own business and we'll mind ours!" was the defiant answer. I suppose they did not know they were so near the river. But in another moment the clumsy hulk had cleared the cut and entered upon the current of Niagara, which strikes against Hog island and takes a strong outward trend.

Doubtless they thought they could, by lightening their boat, work their way diagonally up and across the stream to a safe position; for now, as the island hid them from view, we could hear them pitching the whisky overboard and shipping their sweeps. In only one way, however, could they possibly save themselves.

Putting his hands, funnel-shape, to his mouth, Van Wyck hailed: "Turn your bow down stream, you fools, and scoot ashore just above the old channel! That's your last chance!"

No reply was made to this friendly advice, and we heard the men begin to pull desperately. But not for one minute could they hold their own against that tremendous rush of water. A light skiff needs strong arms to get ashore there. Every instant they were swept further down and out, while the sound of their rapid oar strokes grew fainter and fainter.

It was impossible for us to aid them. They would be at the head of the cataracts before we could bring a boat from the village and start to rescue them, which at best would be a desperate venturing of our own lives. The plashing of their heavy sweeps was still audible—but not long. Suddenly a sharp snap was heard, and we knew that one of the over-strained sweeps had broken short off! At this, breaking their silence, they shouted again and again for help. Too late! No human power could save them.

We could not even follow them along the shore, because the broad creek intervened. Shuddering, we listened to their ever receding shrieks. Presently these ceased, and all was still, save for the steady roar of the falls.

"Poor critters! They're gone," said Johnson, as we turned sadly away. "There was lots of good in them fellers, and two of them was married men. They must have swallered too much of their whisky, or they'd 'a' known better than to go out in that tub. Drat the whisky trade, anyhow! I'm blamed if I'll ever touch another drop of the stuff; not duck-huntin', nor fishin', nor no time."

"Bullamore, I'm there, too," exclaimed Vert Van Wyck, and they shook hands on it.

On the afternoon of next day, two men came over from Grand island, inquiring for the hapless smugglers.

On learning the melancholy facts, the men went at once to the whirlpool below the falls, whose circling eddies sometimes carry to shore the remains of objects that have taken the great plunge. Here they found part of the broken oar, a fragment of the scow, one keg of whisky intact, but no trace of human bodies. Indeed, the fearful rock-strewn depths above the whirlpool do not always give up their dead.

Having their worst fears thus confirmed, the messengers returned home with the mournful tidings, leaving me to feel almost like a murderer, though I had acted from a strict sense of duty. For months I brooded over the events of that terrible night. Whether waking or sleeping, the dying shrieks of the unfortunate men seemed ever ringing in my ears, and I now thought of a dozen ways in which I might have averted their fate. Vain regrets! The mischief was already done.

Late in November of that year, I heard that the wives of Isaac and Moses Schram, whose mourning for their departed husbands had been, my informant said, extremely violent, but brief, had sold off their household effects and mysteriously disappeared. For unknown reasons the widows had so artfully covered their tracks that no one was able or cared to trace them beyond Buffalo. I could not have told why this news comforted me, but it did, and I gradually recovered from my depression.

One October afternoon, six and a quarter years afterward, I was sitting in the office of a Minneapolis hotel, when I noticed a respectably-dressed, farmer-like man glancing alternately at the register and at me.

After a few words with the clerk, he seated himself by my side, making some commonplace remark about the weather. He seemed a well-informed, agreeable fellow, and we were soon engaged in conversation,

By and by, apropos of field sports, he said: "Stranger, the clerk tells me you're out on a shooting trip. Now, I live about twelve miles out of town, and we're just overrun with prairie chickens. If you like to come out and put up with us it won't cost you a cent and you'll have loads of fun."

"Thank you—glad of the chance," said I. "And what is your own name, my friend?" for he had repeatedly used mine.

"Well," he laughingly replied, "if you call me Peters you won't be far out of the way."

Soon I jumped into Mr. Peters' spring wagon and away we went, behind a pair of lively trotters. After an hour and a quarter's delightful spin, my driver stopped beside a handsome farm-house, and ushered me into the great, cheery kitchen, where a bright-faced woman was busied in preparing supper; while two sturdy-looking men, each dandling a child on his knee, sat waiting.

"Do you know who this is, boys?" asked my conductor, as both rose.

The men had no more than glanced at me than they placed their babies on the floor, rushed across the room and warmly grasped my hands, while one of them fairly shouted:

"Guess we do, Pete! It's the man that did us the best turn of our whole lives!"

Then the woman who had been cooking, and another one, who had meantime come in, heartily joined in the hospitable greeting.

"Friends," I said, "you must mistake me for some one else. I never before saw one of you. What good could I have ever done you?"

The women laughed merrily. "Tell him, Pete," said one.

Then Mr. Peters, straightening his face, said: "We three men are Ike, Mose and Pete Schram!"

At this astounding announcement, such a feeling of joy thrilled me that for a time I could not speak. At last I managed to exclaim:

"Why, men, what miracle is this? It is more than six years since the Schram brothers went over Niagara falls."

"No, they didn't," said he. "Pete got a couple of duck shot in his shoulder from Bullamore's gun, that's all. We managed more by good luck than anything to land on the middle edge of Street's island, which is actually in the rapids.

"Then," he went on, "we shoved the boat off and let her go over the falls, on purpose to make you folks think we'd gone, too; for we knew our profitable trade was knocked in the head, as we could never go back to Chippewa to buy whisky after being such fools as to steal a cargo.

"So we made up our minds to clear out secretly to Minnesota. We wrote to our wives by a roundabout way and bought this six-hundred-and-forty-acre section of land, and finished paying for it as soon as the women came with the bulk of our money. By that time we had the house ready for them.

"But, Mr. Schram," I asked, "how did you know it was I who tried to arrest you? You couldn't see me."

"Why, man alive, don't you remember saying: 'I'm an excise officer?' We'd seen you round the distillery scores of times, too. Do you live in the old village yet?"

"No. I removed to the county town some time ago. But Bullamore Johnson and Vert Van Wyck are there yet. I haven't seen them for a couple of years, though. They're prospering since they turned teetotalers."

"Teetotalers! Well, that is news," exclaimed Ike. "We sent old Bullamore and Vert each a good breech-loading duck-gun last year. More than that: we've paid the Chippewa distillers full price and the Canadian excise duty on all the whisky we stole that night."

"Good for you!" said I.

"Better still; we're sending 'conscience money' to Uncle Sam's treasury every month now, and we'll keep it up till all our smuggling's paid for. We know to a cent what the debt was to begin with. When we're square with all the world, then we'll come to life again. Now, mother, let's have supper."

Nowhere could be found a happier party than that now gathered about the table. The two handsome matrons—sisters, it seems—had consigned Ike and Mose junior to their respective cribs and did the honors with charming heartiness.

I stayed two weeks with my hospitable friends, and had a "good time" indeed, as well as the best of chicken-shooting. So the whisky-stealing midnight raid had not turned out very badly after all.—W. Thomson, in Youth's Companion.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Robby—"How did the Sphinx get the credit of being so wise, papa?" Papa—"By keeping his mouth shut for 3,000 years."—Demorest's.

—Avenue Amenities.—Mrs. De Style—"I like this dress, but it doesn't match my complexion." Mrs. Van Snappy—"O, that's but a trifle; you can alter your complexion to suit."—Harper's Drawer.

—Winter Time in Georgia—"Lovely weather, this; warm sunshine and blue violets!" "Yes; if you're not going to use your snow shovel to-morrow, I'd like to borrow it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

—"What is the matter with Freddy Bowls?" Teddy—"He says he's got the toothache, but I don't believe him." "Why don't you?" Teddy—"'Cause he's standin' right in front of a dentist's office."

—"I really heard," said the major, "of a man who sold his vote for a gallon of whisky." "Shocking!" "Yes. If the suffrage of a free-born American citizen is not worth a barrel, smash my beaver!"—Atlanta Constitution.

—Maude—"Marriage they say is a lottery." Ethel—"That's what Carrie thought, I guess, when she came to look over her wedding presents. Positively the entire collection wasn't worth $50!"—Poston Transcript.

—"What did Senator Sorghum say when you asked him for an interview?" asked the managing editor. "Nothing," replied the reporter. "Well, make a column of it. It's just about what the public expects from him."—Washington Star.

—Customer (timidly)—"I—er—suppose you have some—er—suitable books for a man about to—er—be married?" Head Clerk (promptly)—"Yes, sir; here, Skiggles, show this gentleman our line of goods of largest-sized pocketbooks."—Buffalo Courier.

—A small boy surprised his teacher at one of the grammar schools by asking her how far a procession of the presidents of the United States would reach if they were placed in a row. On her expressing her ignorance, he calmly announced, "From Washington to Cleveland."

—"Young man," said the elderly philanthropist, "I am afraid you are falling into bad habits. You should realize that there is no money to be made by sitting still and smoking your pipe?" "No money to be made by sittin' still and smokin' my pipe?" "Those were my words." "Excuse me, mister, but you're wrong. I'm a plumber."—Washington Star.

—Tom Raikes, dieur and dandy, but whose face no amount of dandyism could beautify, once sent D'Orsay a copy of offensive verses anonymously, which, being shown about, caused great laughter at the beau's expense. To maintain its assumed character, the letter had been sealed with a wafer and thimble. D'Orsay knew who was the writer. The next time he saw Raikes at the club, he called out: "The next time, mon cher, you write an anonymous letter, don't seal it with your nose."

—"Pa," asked Johnnie Wilkin, "what is a pathologist?" "He's a man who lays out paths in the parks and elsewhere, my boy. Now don't bother papa any more. He's busy." "Well, I only want to know one more thing, papa," said Johnnie. "Well, what is it?" "What's a 'mancipated woman?" "Why don't you reason it out yourself?" asked the father. "What does m-a-n spell?" "Man," said Johnnie. "Well, then, a man-cipated woman is a woman that thinks she's a man. Now run away."—Harper's Bazar.

HOW TO KILL A GRIZZLY.

The Only Safe Way Is to First Catch Your Bear, Then Cut His Throat.

The only safe way to kill a grizzly bear is to cut his throat, said an old forty-niner, who has come back to Louisville to end his days. I learned this when I took that trip from Sacramento to Lower California with a herd of cattle, and only a greaser and myself to drive 'em.

We had been out for three days. On the morning of the third day, just about dawn, we were awakened by the bellowing of frightened cattle. We expected a stampede, and both of us jumped to our feet and on our horses. Then we began to ride around the cattle to keep them from breaking and running. It didn't take us long to discover the cause of the cattle's fright. About three hundred yards distant was a big grizzly with his head down making for our camp. The Mexican saw him the same time I did.

I unslung my gun and held it in readiness to shoot as soon as brain was in range. The Mexican held up his hand warningly and yelled: "Wait!" He took his lasso off the horn of his saddle, and digging his spurs into the sides of his pony rode down upon the bear as fast as he could go. He passed the bear, and, when fifteen feet behind him, wheeled his horse. Then whirling his lasso about his head he let fly at the running bear. The lasso settled nicely over one of his lifted feet. The trained pony lifted himself on his haunches, and the lasso tightened his grip on the bear's leg. This angered the bear, and he turned with a growl and started directly toward the Mexican, who rode toward a little clump of trees just north of the camp. He kept drawing in the lasso, and expected to tighten it and drag the bear. But bruin was fast upon his feet and kept in easy distance of the greaser.

The horseman rode behind one of the trees and jumped from his horse. Bruin started after him and reached around the tree to get him. The wily greaser began to jump about from side to side of the tree, with the bear always following, but never getting any closer than just opposite. The result was that bruin was finally wrapped tightly about with the lasso and was tied to the tree. When the greaser got the bear in this position he held on to the end of the lasso in his hand, and showing his teeth in a broad grin, looked at me. Reaching down into his greasy sash he pulled out a long, sharp knife, and made one slash across the bear's throat. That did him.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THEY FEARED NO BURGLARS,

Though Perhaps Their Diamonds Were Not Quite as Safe as They Imagined.

"Burglars got into Emmeline's house last night while she and her husband were at a reception," said the woman with the lace and jet on her cape.

"Good gracious! Did they get all her diamonds?" cried the woman with the red bonnet.

"No; she was wearing them. They got all the rest of her jewelry, though, as well as her silverware. She said her first thought was that if she hadn't happened to have them on she'd have lost them, too. And such a time as she had had in persuading her husband to take her!"

"Well, this may prove a lesson to him to take her oftener."

"You don't know him. He said if he had been at home getting his natural sleep and protecting the house they would have lost nothing at all."

"Well, well; some people would die sooner than confess that they are wrong. But I do think that Clara is really a little careless; she keeps all her valuables in a safe."

"The very place in which a burglar would look for them first," put in the woman with the huge muff. "No burglar would ever find my jewels, that I know. I keep a box marked 'Jewels' on my dressing table with a few stick pins and things in it, just for show, but——"

"Why, so do I!" cried the woman with the red bonnet, "only I keep my watch in it. My husband gave it to me, and it is so hideous that I only wish somebody would steal it; then I could select a new one myself. I keep my diamonds in a large envelope in the bottom of the waste basket. Now, what burglar would ever think of ransacking a waste basket?"

"But do you never forget them?"

"Once I did. It was before we came to Chicago. Henry's mother was coming to spend the day, and in tidying up for her I emptied the contents of the waste basket on the ash heap. We were at the lunch table when I happened to think of my diamonds. I threw up my arms, screamed, and ran out of the room. Henry's mother thought I was crazy and took refuge in the next house. But by some miracle of good luck I found my diamonds where I had thrown them."

"I should think it was good luck! Now, I keep my diamonds in the rag-bag; who would ever——"

"I used to keep mine in a little bag under the corner of the rug in my bedroom, you see, the rug ran under my bed, and they were perfectly safe. But one day I had my bed moved, and, as I had forgotten my diamonds, somebody stepped on them and they all had to be reset. Still, that was not as bad as if they had been stolen. I keep them in an old shoe now; the shoe, with its mate, is in the corner of a cupboard and I am perfectly easy about them."

"Of course. Before I thought of the waste basket I used to keep my jewels rolled up in a bundle of soiled linen. But once by some mistake it was sent to the laundress; I finally got almost everything back, but I had three new gray hairs as well. But, O dear, here were are talking about my diamonds—just look out of the window at that poor beggar; her feet are almost bare!

The woman with the huge muff gave a little scream. "O, my goodness!" she cried, "a beggar came asking for shoes while we were at breakfast this morning; I told the waitress to hunt a pair out of my cupboard. What if she got the one with the diamonds? I must go this minute and see!"

"And I told Bessie that she could sell all the rags for her little benevolent association!" cried the woman with lace and jet on her cape. "Perhaps she has done it to-day! O, how shall I ever bear the suspense until I get home and find out?"

And the party broke up in great confusion.—Chicago Tribune.

A Sure Test.

"Professor Guffer has written much that is of everlasting value to science."

"How do you know?"

"Because I read his last book and can't understand a word of it."—Brooklyn Life.

SUCCESSFUL PERVERSITY.—O'Kief—"How do you manage to win so steadily on the races?" McKell—"I read all the tips given by the sporting editors, and then bet on some other horse."

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UNITED THEY STAND.—Mrs. Jones—"How does your husband get along with your mother?" Mrs. Smith—"Whenever there is the slightest sign of trouble I get them to talk about the baby."—Brooklyn Life.

TOMMY—"Paw, what is an intellectual soiree?" Mr. Figg—"It is generally one where the refreshments do not cost much more than a dime a head."—Indianapolis Journal.

MRS. UPTON FLATTE—"My nursemaid left me without a moment's notice. I'm going to advertise for a girl to-morrow." Flossie—"Aad p'ease advertise for a boy, too mamma. Me want a 'ittle bruzzer orful."

THE trousers of your fashionable church minister never bag at the knees.—Rockland Tribune.

SOME people never learn to keep out of debt until after they lose their credit.—Galveston News.

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Is the beloved pastor of the Universalist church at Fargo, N. D., and has also been a pastor in Providence, R. I., New York City and Troy, N. Y. He says:

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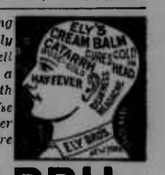

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TEMPERANCE NOTES.

PSALM OF TEMPERANCE.

A MODERN alphabet psalm on the virtues of total abstinence is furnished by Dr. Cyrus Edson to a recent North American Review:

A stands for Alcohol, deathlike its grip;
B for Beginner, who takes just one sip;
C for Companion, who urges him on.
D for Demon of drink that is born;
E for Endeavor he makes to resist,
F stands for Friends, who so loudly insist;
G for the Guilt he afterwards feels,
H for the Horrors that hang at his heels;
I his Intention not to drink at all,
J stands for Jeering that follows his fall;
K for his Knowledge that he is a slave,
L stands for Liquors his appetite craves;
M for convivial Meetings so gay,
N stands for No that he tries hard to say;
O for the Orgies that then come to pass,
P stands for Pride that he drowns in his glass;
Q for the Quarrels that nightly abound,
R stands for Ruin that hovers around;
S stands for Sights that his vision bedims,
T stands for Trembling that sieges his limbs;
U for his Usefulness sunk in the slums,
V for the Vagrant he quickly becomes,
W for Waning of life that's soon done,
X for eXit regretted by none;
Youths of this nation, such weakness is crime;
Zealously turn from the tempter in time!

CHRIST IN THE HOUSE.

With the Spirit of God Dwelling There It Is Complete Though Ever So Humble.

A Christian home can not be built alone of brick or wood or stone. Tapestried walls and costly works of art can not make it. And yet a wind-rocked tent may inclose its atmosphere. A prairie cabin may contain its sacred household treasures. Strange it is, the effect of roofing in a few feet of ground to make it in time a focus of love for generation!

Even a migratory dwelling may have a home life which is wanting in a local habitation. Abraham's moving tent, with its altar near, was far more sacred than Lot's house in Sodom, which the angels hesitated to enter.

An isolated, separate house is more hospitable to Christian home elements than the gathering of many families under one roof. Take the twelve families who live in a single tenement block in New York, and place them in twenty small separate cottages, and you have by that single fact greatly enhanced the opportunities for comfort and morality. The tendency to hotel life, and the necessary aggregation of children in a social commune, is to be discouraged by those who would afford he family the highest protection.

We have profound social wants, but we have just as deep hunger for healthy isolation. Dryden says "home is the sacred refuge of our lives." But it is not possible to have just such associations given to any house in crowded Jerusalem as belong to that breezy cottage over the hill at Bethany, where Jesus went to lodge.

Macaulay says that before Horatius plunged into the Tiber, he saw on Palatinus "the white porch of his home." I do not think the vision of a certain number of square feet of brick wall, not isolated, could have so sustained his heart in its last earthly moments.

And a Christian home must be furnished within. Its defenses are not in the plan of your architect. He will not tell you that prayer and counsel and love should have abiding-place here. And yet these are its chief adornments, its unwasting glory.

The recognition of God in the paternal home will be a spiritual legacy in the memory of every child who goes out from it. The pause of a moment before the household meal, the more deliberate thanksgiving and petition at morning and evening, seem very simple acts. But they involve the fundamental ideas upon which the family is organized. They are like the blood on the lintels of Israel's houses, which separated them from the houses of Egypt. Family prayer should be brief, and so conducted that children should have an interest in it. Their wants and trials should not be overlooked.

The remembrance of household prayer, the restraint which it exercises over us in hours of temptation, are reasons why we should make our children sharers in its efficacy. The strain of life's battle will be severe enough with this succor. It will be greatly harder to bear without it.

For how much hinges upon the right beginning of the young people starting out to make a new household! Ah, think of the interior, spiritual furnishing of the house! Will you be able to say when sickness and trial cast their shadows upon it, that the God who has been honored there in the bright days of sunshine, will not fail you in the shadows?—G. M. Stone, D. D.

THE DRINK QUESTION.

Growing Sentiment in Business Circles Against the Use of Liquor.

Recently a chairman of a hospital board refused to confirm the appointment of a noted physician on the staff of the hospital because it was found that he was a moderate and continuous drinker. He gave as a reason that his pecuniary interests had always suffered when placed in the care of drinkers, and he could not consistently vote to give larger and more sacred responsibilities to the care of similar persons.

This sentiment distinctly outlines the growing conviction in all business circles, outside of moral considerations or theories. Railroad companies have become most prominent in refusing to employ moderate drinkers. Life insurance companies are becoming more and more exacting in insuring such persons, or refusing to take risks on their lives. Thus capital everywhere is regarding moderate drinking in positions of trust as perilous. A wealthy man, who was a wine-drinker and invalid from excesses, refused to employ an excellent physician who was urged as a medical attendant for a round-the-world trip, because he was a moderate or occasional drinker. He said that he could never depend on anyone who had the same weakness. The old-time legend of a drinking physician being superior to his temperate brother is not accepted as a fact in business circles, for the simple reason that all experience points out the uncertainty and weakness of a drinking man, and general incompetency in places of responsibility and trust.

Within a few years a great change has taken place in all the eastern cities concerning the competency of men who use spirits. The manufacturer, the jobber and retailer, and even the distiller, brewer and retail liquor-dealer, demand total abstainers to do their work. This is seen in the business men's moderation society, where pledges are taken not to use spirits or any strong drinks until after business hours. On the great ocean steamers total abstinence was the rule when at sea, but recently several large companies have enforced rigid laws making it part of the officer's qualifications that he be a total abstainer. Should he be seen drinking anywhere on duty, or off duty, he is to be discharged at once. The mayor of an eastern city announced to the common council in his first message that he would oppose every nomination of officials who were not total abstainers. He also said that for years he had refused to employ drinking men in his business, and the public was entitled to the same careful service. These examples are increasing yearly in all parts of the country, and are above all sentiment, and are simply the dictates of bitter experiences and facts that have only one meaning. Saloon men recognize this and apply it to their business, giving preference and boasting of the temperance habits of their barkeepers.—Cincinnati Lancet-Clinic.

THEIR WORST ENEMY.

Story of Three Noble-Spirited Young Men and Their Awful Danger.

In an article published the day after Christmas in a Canadian paper was the following incident. As the events it presents are said to be true, we omit the names of the persons concerned.

On Christmas eve three young men belonging to prominent families of the city set out to buy gifts for their friends and each other. They decided to attend to the last part of the business first, and it brought out so much fun and joking that they thought it necessary to have a bottle of champagne.

After finding this at one cafe, they soon after called at another for a cocktail, and at a third for brandy, and of course in a short time were all reeling, shouting and squabbling as they went along the streets.

They soon found it necessary to support each other walking abreast, and going down a dark alley came to a miserable little cabin against the door of which the outside lad with a laugh pushed his comrade.

The door opened and they all fell on the floor with a wild howl. A woman, who was leaning over a bed on which lay two children, shrieked with terror and fell senseless to the ground. The boys struggled to their feet. Something in the aspect of the room almost sobered them. They brought in snow and revived the mother, and then turned to the children.

"What ails them? They are dying!" they said.

THEY ALL FELL ON THE FLOOR.

"They have had no food or fire for two days," the woman replied.

The room was bare, the cold intense. The young men set earnestly to work, ran out and brought back coal, meat, bread and coffee. The judge's son kindled a fire; the young lawyer fell to chafing the children's half-frozen limbs; the third lad, known as a fop and leader of the fashion, broiled some meat, and brewed tea.

When the starving children and their mother were revived, the young men, going out, bought a turkey, fuel, blankets, candy, everything which their fancy could suggest as necessary for happiness on Christmas day, and brought them back.

Just as they bade the happy children good-night, they were arrested for disorderly conduct and drunkenness on the street.

"Their punishment would have been severe," said the journal in which these circumstances were given, "had not Mme. Duval appeared and told how they had saved her and her children from death. Her appeal was so urgent that they were dismissed with both a reprimand and praises."

Would they have received praise so earnest if they had gone to the relief of the starving family sober? Perhaps not. The sympathy of the public is usually with the prodigal son rather than the elder brother.

But in a later issue of this paper we find that these three young men were again arrested for drunkenness.

The man who drinks puts a chain on his neck which grows stronger every day, and there is but a feeble chance that his own noble, generous impulses or the efforts of friends will ever loosen it.—Youth's Companion.

THE first drink can not be taken without giving the devil a mortgage on the soul.—Ram's Horn.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

HURRY-UP AND BY-AND-BY.

Hurry-up met By-and-by
Twining flowers one day;
Hurry-up was very grave,
By-and-by was gay.
"Wait a little, friend," he said,
"Come and share my play."

But the other did not pause,
"I must work," said he;
"Work until my task is done,
And my mind is free."
"Work will wait," quoth By-and-by,
"Sit down here with me.

"I shall labor pretty soon
When this wreath is laced.
There is time enough for toil,
Why this foolish haste?"
Hurry-up said, walking on:
"Time's too dear to waste."

By-and-by saw Hurry-up
Once again, they say;
Saw him sitting at his ease
In the bright noon day:
Blossoms grew about his feet,
And his air was gay.

By-and-by, with brooding eyes,
Looked out to the west,
Hurrying down the dusty road
Anxious and depressed,
While beneath his nervous feet
Faded flowers he pressed.

"Queer," he grumbled, as he went
Scowling on his way.
"How luck favors Hurry-up!
Fate is queer, I say."
And he does not understand
"Such is luck," always.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Youth's Companion.

A JOLLY JACKDAW.

Amusing Story of a Decidedly Intellectual Feathered Pet.

Our little jackdaw is dead, but little as he was he has left a big gap behind him in the house. Sometimes we fancy we hear his cheery "squawk," and we find ourselves listening for the pattering of his little black toes in the passages or in the house.

His life was short, but as merry as mischief could make it. Mischief was his one guiding motive from morning to night every day that he lived, until death, which might have let such a little jokester alone, gave him fits and stopped his pranks. He came to us when he was quite young, and when we had to raai food down into his interior to the accompaniment of choking, gurgling and squawking. He was given as a present to the children, and for the first few days he belonged to them. After that we all belonged to him. We bought a cage when we knew that he was coming. It was in the perpendicular cane style of architecture. Jack lived inside for a day or two, until he knew better, and then when he found that the world outside the wicker walls was so much bigger than the one inside, he refused to use it except as a dormitory. When he had once passed up the garden steps into the wonderland of the house, where the big and little men and women lived, he sternly and stubbornly declined to enter the cattle door again until the last thing

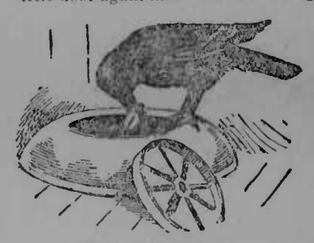

JACK'S BREAKFAST.

at night, when he was tired and sleepy, and all the big suns and moons were extinguished. He did not mind sitting on the roof of the cage, and occasionally he would open the door and look round to see that his sleeping perch was in order; but he would keep his wary little eyes upon the entrance, and if anyone tried to close it, out he would scramble in a fury of beak and claws, and fight for freedom.

If all jackdaws possessed the same mechanical genius as Jack, no church tower would be safe. A glance of his keen little eyes, black beads set in gray-blue circles, and he would understand all the details of make and mechanism. He found out how everything was made, so that he could unmake it. If one thing fitted into another, he would set to work to unfit it. He discovered, with disastrous results to table covers and carpets, that corks could be extracted from ink bottles. He studied the sewing machine, until he knew exactly how to stop its beneficent career. He would remove some portions of the machinery from one place where it was needed, and locate it somewhere else where it could do nothing, and sometimes he would snap the thread or rush the spindles off. But perhaps his greatest pleasure in life was to get hold of things that people wanted most particularly, and to hide them. A dog hides the bone because he thinks he may want it again, but Jack secreted things simply because he thought other people might want them.

But perhaps the most wonderful thing about our little black pet was his strength of mind, his power of will and the determined way in which he ordered his daily walk of life. He slept in his cage on a landing, and at seven o'clock he would be awake, waiting for the servants to come and take him downstairs. If they were late he would grow impatient, stamp about, and try to open the door. Directly he was released he would rush to the beetle trap, lift off the cover and have a look round the inside to see what sort of sport there had been during the night. Then he would start his breakfast; beetle after beetle was picked up and swallowed, sometimes as many as forty or fifty.

After breakfast came the bath. A large round metal basin was kept on the grass plot in the garden, and filled with water. When the weather was cold, the children raised the temperature with hot water.

Jack would get up on the rim and walk round and round half-a-dozen times before plunging in. Then he would paddle about a little, and at last he would sit down, duck his head and splash the water all over him by splashing his wings vigorously. When he came out he looked like a little drowned creature, or like the Jackdaw of Rheims after the curse had worked. From the first he made up his mind where his drying ground should be. This was on the landing at the top of the stairs in front of a mirror. Here he would preen and arrange his plumage.

Then during the morning he visited the different rooms and helped with the painting and drawing. The sewing machine, too, had to be looked after, flies and wasps had to be hunted. He killed and swallowed wasps by the score, but he drew the line at daddy-long-legs. If one came in his way he would nip it and then carefully insert the squirming bunch of legs between the leaves of a book, put it down with one foot, and leave it there. Dinner was an institution for him, and he knew the dinner bell as well as anyone in the house. There was always a chance of making a sudden swoop upon some choice dish. A stewed or a fried tomato, or a beakful of red currant jelly, or a slice of hot juicy mutton, trailed across a clean tablecloth, was always exciting, and aroused the enthusiasm of the big and little men and women, who always cried "Oh, Jack!" but who never beat him.

Then in the evening, when he was getting tired, and the lamps were lighted, he would get on the back of my mistress's chair, tuck his head into some place in his back, and go to sleep.—Westminster Budget.

ROGUE ELEPHANTS.

One of Them Had a Terrible Grudge Against Watch Towers.

The complete history of rogue elephants would make an interesting chapter. They seem to have decided to avenge man's wrongs against their kind. Some years ago one rogue actually took possession of a stretch of country in India forty miles wide by one hundred long, and in a business-like way proceeded to demolish everything in or about it. The animal rushed into the villages, took huts upon his tusks and tore them apart, or tossed them until they fell in splinters. It chased the people away, or killed them whenever it could, or, standing by the wrecked houses, it ate the grains and stores.

This elephant seemed remarkably intelligent. It entertained in particular a grudge against the watch towers or scaffolds. Whenever this rogue saw one, he would creep slyly, spring at it, push it to the ground and kill its occupant.

A famous rogue elephant named "Mandla" was owned by a rich man near Jubbulpore in central India. Suddenly it began to develop the characteristics of a "rogue," and attacked human beings wherever seen. It killed them so cruelly that it became widely known as "the man-eater." He was finally destroyed by an organized effort of English army officers.

Another famous rogue took possession of a public road and attacked every passer-by. Suddenly darting from the jungle, it would rush up to an ox-cart, seize the driver with its trunk, and disappear. Repeated raids of this kind so terrified the people that a large tract of land was to all intents and purposes deserted; but finally an English hunter determined to rid the country of the rogue. By careful inquiry he found that the elephant always seized the driver, and if there were two carts in company, it chose the driver of the last. So he arranged two ox-carts, putting a dummy driver upon the second, while upon the first was a stout bamboo cage in which the hunter was to sit rifle in hand. When all was ready the two ox-carts started, one day, followed by the hopes and best wishes of the community. The fatal district was soon reached, and, about half-way down the road, there came a crash, and the monstrous elephant, dark and ugly, dashed upon the party. Making directly for the last cart, with a vicious swing of its trunk, it seized on the dummy man and made off, receiving as it went a shot from the cage. But the oxen, alarmed by the uproar, ran away, leaving the road and taking to

DESTROYING A WATCH STATION.

the open country. They tipped the cart over, nearly killing the caged driver and the English sportsman. What the elephant thought when it tore the dummy into shreds must be imagined. Some months later, however, this rogue was driven away and caught.—C. F. Holder, in St. Nicholas.

Mementoes from Mount Vernon.

Occasionally it is possible to satisfy the souvenir-seeker without doing any damage in particular. This is the case at the tomb of George Washington, in Mount Vernon. A lady had just picked up a pebble from the walk in front of the venerated spot to carry home with her, when a workman came up with a wheelbarrow full of gravel, which he dumped on the spot. "Have—you fixed up the place that way recently?" the lady asked, in a slightly apprehensive tone. "Bless you, miss!" was the reply, "we have to do this about every two weeks, so as the tourists can have something to carry away for mementums."

Every Rule Has Its Exceptions.

Gilgul—Should a man always wait until the lady with him is seated before sitting down himself?

Gargoyle—Unless she wishes to sit in his lap.—Town Topics.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Chestnut Pie—Grate or chop one pint of fresh chestnuts, add one pint of milk, three eggs, one cup of sugar and a little salt. This will make two pies. This recipe is reprinted from an issue of several years ago, for the benefit of J. H. F. and others.—Farm and Home.

—Cold Tongue on Toast—Take cold smoked tongue, mince it fine, mix it with the beaten yolks of eggs, and cream or milk, and a dash of cayenne pepper; prepare thin, small squares of buttered toast, place them on a hot platter, putting a spoon of the meat on each piece. Serve very hot.—Housekeeper.

—Fruit Cake (Plain.)—Half a pound of butter and a pound of sugar beaten to a cream, add the yolks of four well-beaten eggs, stir till light, then add the whites beaten to a stiff froth, then add one-half pound of English currants, flavor with mace, add a light pound of flour in which has been stirred a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in a moderate oven. This is very good if eaten fresh.—Boston Budget.

—Fish Rolls.—Take half a pound of any raw white fish, free of skin and bone, and pound it in a mortar with a tablespoontul of butter and two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs. When reduced to a paste, add two well-beaten eggs, half a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, salt and cayenne to taste. Blend thoroughly, and make into rolls about the size of an egg. Brush over with egg and dip twice in vermicelli, broken fine, and fry a golden brown. Serve garnished with slices of lemon and sprigs of parsley.—Leeds Mercury.

—Rice Bannocks.—One teacupful of rice set over the fire in a little water until it has swelled thoroughly. Add one teacupful of milk and a piece of butter about the size of a walnut. This must be done at night. Let the mixture stand until morning and then add half a pint of Indian meal, two well-beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of flour, a liberal pint of milk and a little salt. Bake an hour in shallow pans.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Cold Souffle Pudding.—Dissolve half an ounce of gelatine in a cupful of milk; add the yolks of three eggs and sugar and stir over the fire in double boiler till it thickens. Mix with this custard an equal quantity of rich peach or apricot preserve which is first put through a sieve or strained, and the flavor brightened, if necessary, by a judicious addition of lemon or orange juice, or maraschino. A little cochineal to brighten the color is also desirable. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth and stir lemon in, lightly, with an upward motion, so as to mix without losing lightness. Mold as usual.—Country Gentleman.

USES OF MIRRORS.

Invaluable as Guards Against Bad Habits in Standing or Sitting.

Mirrors reflecting the person at full length are most desirable articles with which to have a house abundantly supplied. To see one's self often, and in all kinds of postures, is a guard against bad habits both in sitting and standing.

Hardly any girl would persist in standing with arms akimbo if she could see her distorted figure as it appears to others. Children would become more graceful, their gestures would be more easy, while their attitudes would be in every way more charming if they could frequently see themselves reflected from mirrors on all sides in their homes.

It is a mistake to think that this custom would foster vanity of an obnoxious kind in young people. It should, indeed, make them vain to the degree that they would wish to appear at the most pleasing advantage; but this is a form of vanity which parents would do well to cultivate. A young lady known to the writer was cured of a facial expression exceedingly annoying to her family by happening to see herself in a mirror one day when she was indulging in it.

There would be fewer round shoulders, less leaning on elbows, less sitting in inelegant positions, and, I trust, far less gum-chewing if houses were built with large mirrors here and there let into the walls. But let us leave plenty of small ones in the nursery, in the corners of the dining-rooms and chambers, and, above all, in those rooms where the family congregates.

A mother I know used to find a mirror of much service in amusing her baby while she went about other duties. Knowing that babies love the company of other children, she arranged a looking-glass so that he could see himself and all his toys and surroundings reflected in it, and he immediately accepted the substitute for a playmate.

This believer in the mirror as a means of entertainment for children used to allow a little niece who came sometimes to stay with her to find her pleasure in the same way on days when the weather was bad and she could not go out. The child would frequently stand before a large mirror by the hour together playing "lady," than which there is no more delightful make-believe in the world for little girls.

She was allowed to have ribbons and fans and gloves, a parasol and veil, and, of course, a long skirt, and if the things were not the freshest or most modern of their kind she never knew it, or at least her pleasure was not at all affected by the fact.

The balls she attended, the carriage rides she took, and the entertainments she gave were countless, and, what was so charming in it all, she was thoroughly unconscious. The reflected personage was another individual altogether, and the sweeping courtesies she made to the fine lady in the glass were but the precursors of the graceful manners which charmed everyone in her mother's drawing-room at a later day.—Harper's Bazar.

Many Changes.

Jess—In these times a girl can't be too careful who she marries.

Bess—True enough; one ought at least to see a revised edition of Bradstreet's.—Brooklyn Life.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Lord Kelvin contends that the earth might be white hot two thousand feet below the surface, or as cold as ice fifty feet below, without changing our present climate. He attributes the intensely hot climate of an earlier age to greater heat of the sun.

—A. M. Stimson, purchasing agent of the Big Four, is in the market for 750,000 cross-ties. As far as possible the company will purchase these ties from points on their lines to help such sections. On the Martinsville division it has purchased 35,000 and on the Cairo division 300,000.

—Twenty-five years ago the value of the bananas exported from Jamaica was practically nothing; last year it was over two millions of dollars, exceeding that of the exports of sugar, rum, coffee, or dye-woods. The cultivation of the banana trees has made it possible to grow other plants under their shade and to increase the production of coffee, cocoa, oranges and spices.

—The psychological factors in disease are getting more attention, the more the methods of propagation of infectious disorders are studied. Grief and fear are believed to have a potency in lowering the physical "condition" similar to that produced by chill, fatigue, inanition, loss of blood or section of a nerve; and this opens the door for the entrance of those ubiquitous agencies of evil, the bacilli.

—Aluminum has the property, when used as a pencil, of leaving an indelible mark on glass or any other substance having a siliceous base. A deposition of the metal takes place, and while this may be removed by a suitable acid wash, the mark itself cannot be removed by rubbing or washing. This property is susceptible of a variety of practical applications in decorating glass.

—M. Tissander, the French physicist, has succeeded in constructing an apparatus for measuring minute intervals of time, which consists of a spring, tuned to vibrate five hundred times a second, and carrying at its free end a needle point that bears against a revolving disk. On this disk is carried a sensitized photographic plate, upon which, by means of a magnesium light, the path of the vibrating spring is traced.

—The rapidity with which certain species of insects move is something truly astonishing. The common house fly is known to make 600 strokes per second with his wings and the dragon fly 1,500. In the case of the fly the 600 strokes cause an advance movement of twenty-seven feet. These are figures on ordinary flight, and it is believed that the fly is capable of increasing both the strokes and advance movement sevenfold.

—It is calculated that the nearest external universe is so far distant from our system that light from it, traveling at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, would take nearly ninety million years to reach us. This calculation would seem to interfere somewhat with the old-time theory of a creative week of six days of twenty-four hours each—unless we assume that the light from these stars was set in space along with the stars themselves.

—It has been know that in many early-blooming trees the stamens can be excited to growth by a much lower temperature than will excite the pistil. A few warm winter days will so often advance the stamens in plum flowers that the pollen disappears before the pistil is receptive. Plum crops often partially fail for lack of the necessary fertilization. Practical men have long since discovered that a south aspect is not as good for fruit trees as any of the others, without knowing the real reason.

How She Does It.

She stands on a street corner in the rain and sleet. One hand upholds an umbrella and the other grasps her skirts. She glances down to see that they escape the slush and at the same time cover her shoe tops. Simultaneously her umbrella tilts over, knocks her hat to one side and lets the sleet drive down her neck. She straightens herself quickly, also her hat. In the meantime one side of her skirt hangs at half-mast, while the other drags under her heel. Now she nods her head haughtily, as if bowing to a distant acquaintance down the avenue. Evidently the salute is not recognized, for she looks surprised and nods again. Now she stares hard and bobs her head vigorously. Her hat slides down over her head, and she looks mad. Now she joggles her umbrella up and down in the air and glares wildly. If expression counts for anything, she would evidently like to swear. She drops her skirts and waves the other hand vigorously. Finally she lowers her umbrella and breaks into a scurrying gallop across the street. It is a woman trying to catch a cable car.—Washington Post.

Not the Answer He Expected.

Mr. Lushforth was in a mellow and kindly mood.

"What," he asked of his patient wife "is the difference between me and a fish?"

He was going to say he never cared to wander from his own fireside and the fish had no fireside to wander from, but she answered the question by saying: "I don't know, unless it is that a fish breathes water," and that closed the discussion.—Cincinnati Tribune.

A Chaperon Photograph.

Niece—Auntie, dear, Mr. Maler, the artist, has asked me for my photo; he wants to make use of it for his last picture. Ought I to send it to him?

Aunt—Yes, you can do so, but be sure to enclose with it a photo of your mother or some elderly lady. It would be highly improper to send your photo by itself.—Deutche Warte.

Not Fit to Join.

First Fox-Hunter (at the American Meet club)—Why did you blackball Winthrop?

Second Fox-Hunter—He says "hunt" instead of "'unt."—N. Y. Weekly.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From the Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 18, 1895.

Mr. Cleveland is getting more open abuse from Senators on account of that extraordinary bond contract, than he did from members of the House, and it is also more outspoken. Senator Wolcott characterized it as the most disastrous assault upon the country's finances ever made, adding "and the worst feature of the whole wretched business is that the attack is made by the man who, because of his position should have stood the foremost in our defense. Our nest has been be fouled by the men who should have stood for our credit. If there were ever any men who were not entitled to consideration it is the Rothschilds and the President, because they have sought to blacken our credit." Senator Lodge said the act was the blackest ever perpetrated by an administration in dealing with American securities, and Senator Teller went even further than these in his criticism of Mr. Cleveland. Up to this time, no Senator has even attempted to defend that bond contract, although Senator Hill said it was Congress and not Mr. Cleveland that was to blame.

It is thought that the crushing defeat of the administration gold bond bill in the House last week ends all financial talk in that branch of Congress for the present session, but the Senate has taken up the subject and will do some speech-making even if it does no voting. The bill for the unlimited coinage of silver, which was reported from the Finance committee, and the gold bond substitute therefor, as well as Senator Hill's resolution declaring the intention of this goverment to pay its bonds with the best money when there is any difference in the money in circulation, and all open for debate. No vote can be reached upon any of them without what would really be unanimous consent owing to the nearness of the end of the session and of the necessity for disposing of the regular appropriation bills.

Senator Pratt, of Ct., never goes off at half-cock. When he makes a speech his colleagues know that he has carefully considered the subject upon which he speaks, and he never tries to straddle any question, great or small, hence the significance of his remarks upon the bill for the repeal of the differential duty on sugar and the amendments concerning meat inspection, which have been added to it by the Senate Finance committee, which closed with these words: "I do not propose to engage in the repeal of any legislation, or in the amendment of law existing, at the dictation of a foreign goverment. If Germany wants to retaliate it is a game that two can play at. And the way to convince her that her proposed retaliation is properly understood in this country is to make use of the power which we now have for retaliation on Germany." The bill is regarded as dead. Senator Aldrich has a motion pending to recommit the bill and instructing the committee to report a bill placing all sugar on the free list, restoring the McKinley sugar bounty for domestic producers, restoring all reciprocity agreements, restoring the duty on raw wool, and increasing the duty on luxuries, that must be voted upon before the bill can be voted upon. It is improbable that either will be.

Few people realize the enormous amount of money that has been everlastingly lost by strikes in the United States—they have been almost as expensive as a Democratic administration. The Senate committee on Education and Labor, which has favorably reported Senator Perkins' bill for the creation of a commission of twenty-one persons to arbitrate all disputes between employes and large employers of labor, made an investigation covering a period of six years ending with the recent Brooklyn strike, the result of which is embodied in its report to the Senate on this bill. According to the figures of the committee, and its members say they are very conservatively made up the known losses through strikes during the period mentioned have aggregated $98,356,859.

The Democrats are testifying to their fear of ex-Speaker Reed as a Presidential candidate by the silly talk they are indulging in about his vote on the gold bond bill having removed him from the field of possible Republican candidates. Tom Reed is too big a man to be a trimmer on any subject, even to obtain a Presidential nomination. His great popularity rests as much upon his always having voted his convictions as it does upon his ability.

The conference committee has not yet reached an agreement upon the Senate Hawaiian cable amendment to the diplomatic and consular appropriation bill, but the sentiment of the Senate is too strong to be misunderstood on this subject. The amendment will stand, or the bill will fail.

The Nicaragua canal bill will probably get a day in the House, but as the House will vote on a substitute for the bill which has passed the Senate, the prospect of the bill can hardly be considered good, even if it passes the House.

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MAY BE MARRED,
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are good for sick headache, constipation, piles, biliousness, fever and ague, dyspepsia, rheumatism, female complaints, dizziness, flatulence, sour stomach, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general debility. They will positively cure all disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. Price 25 cents per box.

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is a balm to the critical teething period, soothes and strengthens gums, controls the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will save more suffering, danger and sickness than any other remedy. Be safe—get a bottle. It is the greatest known specific for all disorders of the stomach and bowels. It will please you and your money will be refunded if it does not. Price 25 cents a bottle.

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Water Crackers,
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GINGER SNAPS.

Calicos for 4½ to 5 cents per yard, worth 7, 8 and 9 cents per yard.
Ginghams, 5 cents per yard; worth 7, 9 and 10 cents.
Shirtings, 7 cents per yard; worth 9, 10 and 12½ cents.
Canton Flannels, 5 to 7 cents per yard; worth 10 and 12½ cents.
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21 yards Muslin for $1. 18 yards Bleached Muslin for $1.
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" 15 " " " " 25 "
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Outing Flannels, 7 cents per yard; worth 10 cents.
All Colored Factory Flannels at 21 cents per yard.
36 inch Cashmeres, 15 cents per yard; worth 25 cents.
36 " " 23 " " " " 35 "
36 " " 25 " " " " 40 "
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40 in. all wool Serge 34 " " " " 50 "
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54 " Broadcloth 50 " " " " 75 "
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Any other of our Dress Goods at prices to suit the closest buyer.

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Ladies' Shoes for 99 cts. per pair; worth $1.25.
" " " $1.15 " " " 1.50.
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" " " 2.00 " " " 2.75.
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Gentlemen's and Children's Shoes at the same low prices.

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" Red Flannel " " " 1.75 " "
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3 pound can Table Peaches	.15
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12 cans Standard Tomatoes	.85
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3 pounds Ringed Evaporated Apples	.25
3 " California Prunes	.25
3 " Evaporated Apricots	.25
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Lily White Flour, per barrel	$3.25
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23-1yr. Repairing.

FOR SALE.

Three acres of land, being a part of the old Kennedy farm, lying in the eastern suburbs of Oakland on either side of the road leading to Mt. Lake Park. Will be sold in lots of ¼ acre each, or as a whole.
For full particulars call on or address
MRS. LIZZIE BUZZARD,
22-6m Elkins, W. Va.

MOUNT POMONA.
NURSERY AND FRUIT FARM.
Address Swanton, Md., for Fruit and Mushrooms.
Address Mt. Lake Park concerning Nursery, Greenhouse or Vegetable Products.
Agents wanted on salary.
SWEET & SHACKLEFORD.

--WANTED--
WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER
Also White Oak Timber Land.
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.
Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 99

SLATE ROOFING.

I am now prepared to furnish and put on plain and fancy roofing, slate, galvanized ridge, roll and water proof paper at reasonable prices. All work and material guaranteed.
C. M. Beachy,
27-1yr. Keyser, Garrett county, Md.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ½ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
T. R. CARSKADON,
20—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50 00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.
CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
221f 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

Shartzer & Bolden,
OAKLAND, MD.
DEALERS IN
FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES
WALL PAPER
—AND—
GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.
11 1y

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR
Monuments, Headstones,
AND
Chimney Pipe
WITH
J. B. WILLIAMS.
FROSTBURG, MD.
AGENTS WANTED.
4193.yr—

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:
1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, 8 to all frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.
2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Cotes' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.
3. Farm of Mrs. Ida C. Crutzberg, containing 61 acres, under fence; orchard of 150 trees; stable, frame house. Price, $1,200. Cash payment of $200, balance at 20 years with interest.
These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.
4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.
E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

COOK BROS.,
169 Baltimore Street,
CUMBERLAND, - MD.
Sole agents for the World's Fair Best Spring Wheat Flour.

The Boss
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.
ONCE YOU USE IT YOU WILL ALWAYS USE IT!
For sale in Oakland by George O. Miller & Co.; in Mountain Lake Park by Hayden & Eckles. 36—13

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.
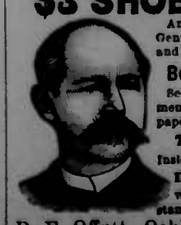
And other specialties for Gentlemen, Ladies, Boys and Misses are the
Best in the World.
See descriptive advertisement which appears in this paper.
Take no Substitute.
Insist on having W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES, with name and price stamped on bottom. Sold by
D. E. Offutt, Oakland, and Wm. Ryland, Friendsville.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.
Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Special attention given to real estate.
CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING.
Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. feb1-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.
Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.
Drs. McLane & Berkeley,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
FROSTBURG, MD.
Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.
See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,
Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.
Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.
M. M. ARMSTRONG.
CHAS. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.
Fine carriage work a specialty.
Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13t.

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FOR THE
WHEELING INTELLIGENCER
West Virginia's Brightest and Best Newspaper.

The splendid popular triumph for the cause of protection opens up a new chapter, and one of the most interesting in the history of the country. It has carried West Virginia into the column of protection and produced a revolution in the politics of the State. There will be new and important developments by reason of the great victory of 1894—developments that will have a decided influence on the presidential campaign of 1896—and the WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER will follow them closely in all their details in West Virginia the Wheeling Intelligencer is the recognized leader of the cause of protection and State development.
All the foreign and home news of the year will be faithfully chronicled in the Intelligencer's telegraphic columns.

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INTELLIGENCER PUBLISHING CO
WHEELING, WEST VA.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 18. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1895 NUMBER 51.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Send us your orders for printed stationery.

Mrs. George W. Moose is on a visit to relatives at Belington.

Mr. Lee McComas has entered the Oakland Pharmacy as a clerk.

Mr. J. Ried Smouse was in Terra Alta last Friday on business.

Mr. S. T. Jones went to Terra Alta Tuesday evening to visit relatives.

Oh yes! Oh yes!—Cheap John, Auctioneer. Charges reasonable. 46tf.

Mr. John W. Hill and little son, of Terra Alta, were Oakland visitors last Monday.

Chas. J. Newman, Railroad street keeps constantly on hand fresh pies, cakes, buns, etc. 49–3t.

Miss Verna Smith, of Cranesville, is visiting relatives and friends in town this week.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Mr. L. Shafenberg, the music dealer of Cumberland, was in Oakland Tuesday on business.

Rev. J. W Butler will preach in St. Mark's church, Oakland on Sunday morning and evening.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

Mr. John T. Sincell returned from Baltimore Monday night considerably improved in health.

Miss Annie Spedden departed for Georgia on last Thursday, where she will remain several months.

Col. A. G. Sturgiss is in Ohio to see his aged mother, who has been quite ill for a number of weeks.

Write to Prof. S. C. Smith, Oakland, Md., for prices of pianos and organs. It will pay you. 51–2t.

I am prepared to do sewing for private families. Mrs. P. L. Merrifield, over Felty's store, Oakland.

Mr. John O. Michael will begin the excavation for his new store building on Second street in a short time.

Miss Mollie Peddicord, who made an extended visit to friends in Ohio, returned to Oakland last Thursday night.

Be sure you take in F. G. Hyde's show window Monday morning. There will be something very attractive. 51–1t.

Send your check books to this office to be numbered. We have a special machine for just this class of work.

Rev. and Mrs. S. K. Arbuthnot went to Wheeling yesterday in which city they will visit relatives for a few days.

Martin, the optician, will give special prices on glasses during court week. Call and see him. 50–2t.

Attorney John T. Mitchell is in Cincinnati, O., on professional business. He will return to Oakland on Friday.

Mr. Merritt Wilson, of Wilson, W. Va., was here Tuesday afternoon on business for the Wilson Lumber Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick J. Garrett and little son were in Oakland last Thursday as the guests of Hon. R. T. Browning and family.

Prof. Smith sells fine pianos on $10.00 monthly payments; organs $5. Unsurpassed for durability and quality of tone. 51–2t.

A marriage license was granted in Allegheny county last week to William A. Hetz and Maggie E. Willhelm, both of Garrett county.

Rev. L. A. Rudisill, of the Park, will preach in St. Paul's church in Oakland next Sunday morning. Rev. John M. Davis will preach in the same church at night.

Persons desiring board during court can obtain same at 50 cents per day by applying to Mrs. E. P. Russell, corner First and Water sts. 50–2t *

The town council of Terra Alta has passed an ordinance prohibiting boys and girls under the age of fourteen years from being on the streets after 8 o'clock at night.

The simplest remedy for a nervous headache is a pinch of salt taken on the tongue and permitted to dissolve slowly, followed in about ten minutes with a drink of water.

A good girl to do general housework wanted by Mrs. Wm. W. Sweet. Call on or address her at Piedmont, W. Va., or Mr. Sweet at Mt. Lake Park, Md., at once. 51—tf.

Mr. Gilmor S. Hamill and Mr. James R. Bishop went over to Kingwood, W. Va., last Sunday morning to attend the funeral of Mrs. Frank Manown, which occurred there on Sunday afternoon.

W. Grant Martin, optician, has located permanently in Oakland, and is prepared to examine eyes scientifically and adjust glasses with unerring accuracy. All work guaranteed. Office days: Monday and Saturday, in Pritchard building. 50–tf.

Misses Nellie and Belle Jarboe started for Baltimore yesterday morning in which city they will remain several weeks as the guests of Miss Edith Wardwell and other friends.

Mr. Thomas Martin, jr., has a number of finely educated dogs which he raised from puppies and taught quite a number of tricks. They are of the Spaniel breed and are handsome canines.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office with Dr. M. C. Hinebaugh. 35-1y.

The ladies of the Guild of St. Matthew's P. E. Church desire to express their appreciation to the people of Oakland for kind patronage of the entertainment given by them on the night of the 25th inst., and especially to those who so kindly assisted them in their efforts.

Mrs. Emily Thorne, who resides in Toledo, Washington, says she has never been able to procure any medicine for rheumatism that relieved the pain so quickly and effectually as Chamberlain's Pain Balm and that she has also used it for lame back with great success. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. John Shartzer and Attorney Thomas J. Peddicord were in Parkersburg, West Va., last Monday attending court at which a case wherein Mr. Shartzer is interested was expected to be called but which was postponed.

Mr. Thomas S. Ryan, of Deer Park, a recent convert to the principles of Republicanism from that of Democracy, was in the city yesterday and paid his respects to this office and ordered the paper sent to his address for one year.

O. W. O. Hardman, Sheriff of Tyler Co., W. Va., appreciates a good thing and does not hesitate to say so. He was almost prostrated with a cold when he procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He says: "It gave me prompt relief. I find it to be an invaluable remedy for coughs and colds." For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. John Yellowy, one of Oakland's best iron workers, recently made for THE REPUBLICAN a pair of newspaper chases which are models of workmanship and strength. To construct this class of work it requires not only good material but a good mechanic as well.

Valuable Advice.

Avoid lawsuits and loss by consulting H. P. Tasker and examining his abstracts of the "conflicting titles" before paying for Military Lots. Charges reasonable. Office in Colardeau Cottage, opposite the bank, Oakland, Md. 41–tf.

Mr. Ephraim Kelso, of near the Park, was in the city Tuesday and called to see THE REPUBLICAN. Mr. Kelso recently returned from an extended journey through Texas and other Southern states where wool and sugar is grown. He states that the farmers throughout the South are utterly disgusted with the Democratic party and that they are looking to the Republicans to afford them relief.

The experince of Geo. A. Apgar, of Germau Valley, N. J., is well worth remembering. He was troubled with chronic diarrhoea, doctored for five months [illegible] without benefit. He then began using Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarahoea Remedy, of which one small bottle effected a complete cure. It is for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. John Shartzer informed THE REPUBLICAN Tuesday that the new office building and opera house will be erected in Oakland this summer, and that work will be commenced as soon as possible. Of all the improvements Oakland needs it is a building where the public can congregate and enjoy a play, musicale, or other entertainment and not be discommoded or discomforted, as is now the case.

Wanted at Garthright's store, five tons of buckwheat flour in trade for all kinds of goods. Have on hand the Oliver Chilled Plow, the best in the world at reduced price. Large stock clover and timothy seed. Also the best spring tooth harrow made. Will have a car seed oats in time for spring. 50–2t. P. T. GARTHRIGHT.

Meyersville, Frederick county, ought to be a good place. It has eleven postoffices, and also twenty-three churches within a radius of six miles, the churches ranging as follows: Seven Lutheran, 5 United Brethern, 2 Methodist, 3 Reformed, 1 German Baptist, 1 Union, 2 Catholic, 1 Winebrenarian and 1 colored Methodist. There are also ten school houses within a radius of three miles.

We have received a letter from Mr. W. H. Chadderton at Deer Park in which he denies any knowledge of an escaped prisoner from Oakland jail sleeping in his barn. Mr. Chadderton is a gentleman whose word can be taken for any assertion he may make and this denial from him should be satisfactory to those who have heard the report and taken in preference to that of a person who has been indicted by the grand jury and who will be tried for burglary.

WANTED — Quick, pupils for piano, organ, violin, vocal culture, elegant penmanship, elocution and dramatic reading. Private lessons or in class to suit the applicant. Can begin lessons any day at any hour. Pupils from a distance can secure boarding at an extremely reasonable figure. For terms and particulars, please address Mrs. H. A. Rasche, Oakland, Md. 48–13t.

The Davis Coal and Coke Company of West Virginia, headquarters at Baltimore, has been awarded by the Government a contract for supplying 10,000 tons of coal to the United States squadron of evolution, now in West India waters. By having it direct from the source of supply to the points where it is needed by the naval squadrons the Government effects a great saving, the difference being about $1.50 a ton. Hitherto the vessels have secured coal at the nearest fuel station.

A local branch of the Order of Aegis, of Baltimore city, has been instituted in Oakland by S. P., C. B. Cropp, with the following officers: P. P., C. B. Cropp; P., J. W. Arnold; V. P., C. A. Dawson; T., Clyde C. Liller; S., Sewell Spedden; trustees, F. P. Arnold, Herbert Ferguson, J. K. Shipley. The branch starts out with twenty-one charter members. It issues a plain death insurance in sums of from $500 to $3,000, incontestable after two years.

Capt. John M. Jarboe has completed plans and specifications for Messrs. John M. Davis & Son's new building on Second street. The building now occupied by this firm will be remodeled both inside and outside and enlarged to a considerable extent. The store room will be forty by forty-seven feet, [illegible] running to the upper floors there will be an elevator. On the first floor the Messrs. Davis will have an office room twelve by twelve feet, enclosed by glass. Between this proposed new building and the Central Hotel a brick fire wall is to be erected. Work on this will begin as soon as the weather will permit.

A Des Monies woman who has been troubled with frequent colds, concluded to try an old remedy in a new way, and accordingly took a tablespoonful (four times the usual dose) of Chamberlains' Cough Remedy just before going to bed. The next morning she found that her cold was almost entirely disappeared. During the day she took a few doses of the remedy (one teaspoonful at a time) and at night took a tablespoonful before going to bed, and on the following morning woke free from all symptons of the cold. Since then she has, on several occasions, used this remedy in like manner, with the same good results, and is much elated over her discovery of so quick a way of curing a cold. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Estray Notice.

Estrayed, from Floyd Station, on the evening of Feb. 5, a dark brown mare ten years old, ringbone scar on hind foot, hipped in left hip, scar on left ham from a kick. When the mare estrayed she was saddled and bridled and started toward home. Anyone returning the mare to my farm in the Backwoods will be rewarded with $15.

50–3t* ASHFORD WARNICK.

Another Jail Delivery.

Last Thursday afternoon about three o'clock three prisoners escaped from the jail in Oakland through the negligence of a colored man who was engaged in cleaning the premises. The man, who desired some instructions, went to the court house to see the deputy sheriff. While he was gone they made their escape via the old route (the closet) and took to the woods. The alarm was soon spread and Jailor Meyers started in pursuit. He overhauled one of the escaped men near Altamont and the other two were arrested at Deer Park and brought back to Oakland and lodged in jail.

Dead Lotter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending March 2d, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Yantz Lee, James Allen,
J. W. Mosser (2), Mrs. Della Convers.

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Notice.

The farmers of Garrett county, are respectfully requested to meet at Loch Lynn Heights next Wednesday, March 7th, at 7 o'clock p. m., to organize a farmer's grange and discuss such matters of mutual interest that may come before said meeting. All farmers are requested to be present.

HENRY BECKMAN,
GEO. P. WHITE,
THOS. CALLIS,
J. C. ALDERSON,
B. F. CRANE,
Committee.

A Corker It will Be.

Hyde's special prices for court. Wait for particulars. Nothing to give away, but prices will be very low. Patronize men that do a legitimate business, and those who know at least how many days there are in a week. Look out for the corker; 'tis coming. With these few lines, I remain,

Yours respectfully,
F. G. HYDE.

The Oakland Fancy Jeweler, Music Dealer, Grocer and Confectioner.

N. B.—This makes a lovely business. 49–tf.

The Entertainment Monday Night.

The entertainment for the benefit of St. Matthew's, which was to have been given last Thursday night, was postponed and given on Monday night instead. The program was quite lengthy and in every respect was well executed.

Prof. Rabold, a recent graduate of the Leipsic Institute, Leipsic, Germany, opened the entertainment by the rendition of a piano solo. His masterly touch and the thorough manner in which he executed the music created for him many admiring friends in the audience.

The tableau, "A fruit we have both winter and summer," was strikingly represented by the twins, Misses Helen and Gracia Bartlett—a Bartlett pear.

Miss Bessie Hinebaugh, only six years old, sung a solo entitled "Market Day."

Miss Stoddard, who is an accomplished musician, rendered a charming piano solo entitled "Dance of the Demon."

Mr. Stull, in his character songs, was applauded time and again and always responded with good grace to the repeated encores. His make up was good and his singing and acting would have done credit to a professional comedian.

Miss Turley, in the recitation "How Edith Helps Things Along," and Dr. Robinson, in the vocal solo "The Palms," did themselves credit and were loudly applauded.

Miss Stoddard and Mr. Stull, costumed in garbs that were stylish fifty years ago, rendered the vocal duet "Reuben and Cynthia" in a charming manner and responded to repeated encores.

We have not the space to review the program as much as we wish, but taking into consideration the short time consumed in getting the affair up it reflects credit upon the management and the participants alike.

Among those not mentioned above as taking part in the entertainment were Mrs. Thomas Little, Misses Turley, Loar, Johnson, Walker, Nethkin, Michael, Nelson and Messrs. Fowler, Spedden, Hart, Bosley, Townshend, Johnson and Bartlett.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

This is to give notice that the co-partnership heretofore existing between J. H. Fearer & Bro., at Fearer, Md., doing a mercantile business, has been dissolved and that the business of the late firm will be carried on by the undersigned. J. H. FEARER & SON.

Fearer, Md., Feb. 6, 1895.
49–3t.

A Card to the Ladies.

We wish to remind the ladies that this is the most convenient time to make up spring dresses while they are forced to remain indoors on account of the inclemency of the weather.

We have just received our spring stock in Henriettas, Fine Zephyrs, Ginghams, White Goods, Laces, etc. The very newest and latest designs and at prices that were never dreamed of heretofore. Do not buy old goods carried over from last year, even though they are offered at reduced prices, until you have first ascertained the prices of new goods.

We have attained somewhat of a reputation in this line, having given it our particular attention for a number of years, and consequently pride ourselves in knowing the refined tastes of the ladies.

Our motto has always been "*Fair Dealing.*" We do not sell you coffee and sugar for less than we can buy it, thereby being forced to make up the loss so sustained on other goods.

Thanking the *ladies* who have always been our most generous patrons, and asking an inspection of our spring goods, we are

Respectfully,
O. HART & SON,
50–3 Oakland, Md.

LADIES
Needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It is pleasant; cures Malaria, Indigestion Biliousness, Liver Complaints and Neuralgi

A Musical Treat Coming.

Mr. Z. D. Merriken, business manager of Hall's Schumann Lady Quartette, of Chicago, was in town yesterday and made arrangements for the quartette to give an entertainment in Oakland on Friday night of next week at Offutt's Hall. Of this company of artists the Pittsburg *Commercial Gazette* says:

The third entertainment in the popular course arranged for the winter by the young men's organization of the Ninth United Presbyterian church, Allegheny, was given last evening in the Carnegie Music Hall. The Schumann Lady Quartette of Chicago was the attraction. The ladies have been heard before in this city, and the artistic character of their renditions delighted and satisfied. Last evening the singers but deepened the good impression, the precision of movement and rich blending of harmony, together with technical perfection and sweetness of expression, deservedly won for them repeated recalls.

Notice.

All property on which the taxes for 1892 or 1893 remain unpaid will be advertised and sold as speedily as the same can be accomplished.

For information in regard to same, write to or call on F. A. Thayer, attorney at law.

SAMUEL LAWTON,
Late Treasurer.

"John Brown's Fort" Marked.

A monument has been placed by the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company to mark the spot where John Brown's Fort stood at Harpers Ferry. It is on the new bed of the railroad not less than twenty feet above the ground on which the Government building stood. It is about 12 feet in height, of a dark, native marble, (blue limestone) rough hewn so that it has somewhat the appearance of granite. The pedestal consists of four blocks, the lower one about six feet square, so graduated as to make steps to the shaft. This has a height of eight and a quarter feet and bears the inscription "John Brown's Fort."

Fertilizers.

Parties wishing to buy Fertilizers for spring crops, can have the advantage of car load lots by placing their orders with us to be delivered April 1st. By so doing we can give you twelve different brands suitable for all kinds of crops, and in this way get just what you want at the lowest cash price. Send or call for catalogue.

50–5t J. M. DAVIS & SON.

A Snap.

If you want your buggy, wagon or carriage painted this spring don't wait until the rush is on but see King the Painter. Special inducements for February and March. He will make the prices and terms to suit. 47—4

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified that the undersigned has leased the limestone quarry on the farm of Mrs. Mary E. Chisholm and that no persons will be allowed to quary rock at the said quarry.

51—3t* H. B. HARVEY.

Married.

WILSON — MCFARLAND. — On Feb. 19, 1895, at the Riverside House at Wilson's Mills, Md., by Rev. I. W. Abernathy, Mr. Daniel Webster Wilson and Miss Nellie L. McFarland.

CHILDS—LEECH.—On Feb. 19, 1895, at the Riverside House, at Wilson's Mills, Md., by Rev. I. W. Abernathy, Mr. James F. Childs and Miss Virgie M. Leech.

Good Roads the Key to Prosperity.

It is the opinion of well informed Frenchmen who have made a study of economic problems that the superb roads of France have been one of the most steady and potent contribution to the material development and marvelous financial elasticity of the country. The farreaching and splendidly maintained road system has distinctly favored the success of the small landed proprietors, and in their prosperity and the ensuing distribution of wealth lies the key to the secret of the wonderful vitality and solid prosperity of the French nation.—Selected.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 18. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1895 NUMBER 51.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

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Mr. J. Ried Smouse was in Terra Alta last Friday on business.

Mr. S. T. Jones went to Terra Alta Tuesday evening to visit relatives.

Oh yes! Oh yes!—Cheap John, Auctioneer. Charges reasonable. 46tf.

Mr. John W. Hill and little son, of Terra Alta, were Oakland visitors last Monday.

Chas. J. Newman, Railroad street keeps constantly on hand fresh pies, cakes, buns, etc. 49–3t.

Miss Verna Smith, of Cranesville, is visiting relatives and friends in town this week.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Mr. L. Shafenberg, the music dealer of Cumberland, was in Oakland Tuesday on business.

Rev. J. W Butler will preach in St. Mark's church, Oakland on Sunday morning and evening.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

Mr. John T. Sincell returned from Baltimore Monday night considerably improved in health.

Miss Annie Spedden departed for Georgia on last Thursday, where she will remain several months.

Col. A. G. Sturgiss is in Ohio to see his aged mother, who has been quite ill for a number of weeks.

Write to Prof. S. C. Smith, Oakland, Md., for prices of pianos and organs. It will pay you. 51–2t.

I am prepared to do sewing for private families. Mrs. P. L. Merrifield, over Felty's store, Oakland.

Mr. John O. Michael will begin the excavation for his new store building on Second street in a short time.

Miss Mollie Peddicord, who made an extended visit to friends in Ohio, returned to Oakland last Thursday night.

Be sure you take in F. G. Hyde's show window Monday morning. There will be something very attractive. 51–1t.

Send your check books to this office to be numbered. We have a special machine for just this class of work.

Rev. and Mrs. S. K. Arbuthnot went to Wheeling yesterday in which city they will visit relatives for a few days.

Martin, the optician, will give special prices on glasses during court week. Call and see him. 50–2t.

Attorney John T. Mitchell is in Cincinnati, O., on professional business. He will return to Oakland on Friday.

Mr. Merritt Wilson, of Wilson, W. Va., was here Tuesday afternoon on business for the Wilson Lumber Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick J. Garrett and little son were in Oakland last Thursday as the guests of Hon. R. T. Browning and family.

Prof. Smith sells fine pianos on $10.00 monthly payments; organs $5. Unsurpassed for durability and quality of tone. 51–2t.

A marriage license was granted in Allegheny county last week to William A. Hetz and Maggie E. Willhelm, both of Garrett county.

Rev. L. A. Rudisill, of the Park, will preach in St. Paul's church in Oakland next Sunday morning. Rev. John M. Davis will preach in the same church at night.

Persons desiring board during court can obtain same at 50 cents per day by applying to Mrs. E. P. Russell, corner First and Water sts. 50–2t *

The town council of Terra Alta has passed an ordinance prohibiting boys and girls under the age of fourteen years from being on the streets after 8 o'clock at night.

The simplest remedy for a nervous headache is a pinch of salt taken on the tongue and permitted to dissolve slowly, followed in about ten minutes with a drink of water.

A good girl to do general housework wanted by Mrs. Wm. W. Sweet. Call on or address her at Piedmont, W. Va., or Mr. Sweet at Mt. Lake Park, Md., at once. 51—tf.

Mr. Gilmor S. Hamill and Mr. James R. Bishop went over to Kingwood, W. Va., last Sunday morning to attend the funeral of Mrs. Frank Manown, which occurred there on Sunday afternoon.

W. Grant Martin, optician, has located permanently in Oakland, and is prepared to examine eyes scientifically and adjust glasses with unerring accuracy. All work guaranteed. Office days: Monday and Saturday, in Pritchard building. 50–tf.

Misses Nellie and Belle Jarboe started for Baltimore yesterday morning in which city they will remain several weeks as the guests of Miss Edith Wardwell and other friends.

Mr. Thomas Martin, jr., has a number of finely educated dogs which he raised from puppies and taught quite a number of tricks. They are of the Spaniel breed and are handsome canines.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office with Dr. M. C. Hinehaugh. 35-1y.

The ladies of the Guild of St. Matthew's P. E. Church desire to express their appreciation to the people of Oakland for kind patronage of the entertainment given by them on the night of the 25th inst., and especially to those who so kindly assisted them in their efforts.

Mrs. Emily Thorne, who resides in Toledo, Washington, says she has never been able to procure any medicine for rheumatism that relieved the pain so quickly and effectually as Chamberlain's Pain Balm and that she has also used it for lame back with great success. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. John Shartzer and Attorney Thomas J. Peddicord were in Parkersburg, West Va., last Monday attending court at which a case wherein Mr. Shartzer is interested was expected to be called but which was postponed.

Mr. Thomas S. Ryan, of Deer Park, a recent convert to the principles of Republicanism from that of Democracy, was in the city yesterday and paid his respects to this office and ordered the paper sent to his address for one year.

O. W. O. Hardman, Sheriff of Tyler Co., W. Va., appreciates a good thing and does not hesitate to say so. He was almost prostrated with a cold when he procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He says: "It gave me prompt relief. I find it to be an invaluable remedy for coughs and colds." For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. John Yellowy, one of Oakland's best iron workers, recently made for THE REPUBLICAN a pair of newspaper chases which are models of workmanship and strength. To construct this class of work it requires not only good material but a good mechanic as well.

Valuable Advice.

Avoid lawsuits and loss by consulting H. P. Tasker and examining his abstracts of the "conflicting titles" before paying for Military Lots. Charges reasonable. Office in Colardeau Cottage, opposite the bank, Oakland, Md. 41–tf.

Mr. Ephraim Kelso, of near the Park, was in the city Tuesday and called to see THE REPUBLICAN. Mr. Kelso recently returned from an extended journey through Texas and other Southern states where wool and sugar is grown. He states that the farmers throughout the South are utterly disgusted with the Democratic party and that they are looking to the Republicans to afford them relief.

The experince of Geo. A. Apgar, of German Valley, N. J., is well worth remembering. He was troubled with chronic diarrhoea, doctored for five months and [illegible] without benefit. He then began using Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarahoea Remedy, of which one small bottle effected a complete cure. It is for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. John Shartzer informed THE REPUBLICAN Tuesday that the new office building and opera house will be erected in Oakland this summer, and that work will be commenced as soon as possible. Of all the improvements Oakland needs it is a building where the public can congregate and enjoy a play, musicale, or other entertainment and not be discommoded or discomforted, as is now the case.

Wanted at Garthright's store, five tons of buckwheat flour in trade for all kinds of goods. Have on hand the Oliver Chilled Plow, the best in the world at reduced price. Large stock clover and timothy seed. Also the best spring tooth harrow made. Will have a car seed oats in time for spring. 50–2t. P. T. GARTHRIGHT.

Meyersville, Frederick county, ought to be a good place. It has eleven postoffices, and also twenty-three churches within a radius of six miles, the churches ranging as follows: Seven Lutheran, 5 United Brethern, 2 Methodist, 3 Reformed, German Baptist, 1 Union, 2 Catholic, 1 Winebrenarian and 1 colored Methodist. There are also ten school houses within a radius of three miles.

We have received a letter from Mr. W. H. Chadderton at Deer Park in which he denies any knowledge of an escaped prisoner from Oakland jail sleeping in his barn. Mr. Chadderton is a gentleman whose word can be taken for any assertion he may make and this denial from him should be satisfactory to those who have heard the report and taken in preference to that of a person who has been indicted by the grand jury and who will be tried for burglary.

WANTED — Quick, pupils for piano, organ, violin, vocal culture, elegant penmanship, elocution and dramatic reading. Private lessons or in class to suit the applicant. Can begin lessons any day at any hour. Pupils from a distance can secure boarding at an extremely reasonable figure. For terms and particulars, please address Mrs. H. A. Rasche, Oakland, Md. 48–13t.

The Davis Coal and Coke Company of West Virginia, headquarters at Baltimore, has been awarded by the Government a contract for supplying 10,000 tons of coal to the United States squadron of evolution, now in West India waters. By having it direct from the source of supply to the points where it is needed by the naval squadrons the Government effects a great saving, the difference being about $1.50 a ton. Hitherto the vessels have secured coal at the nearest fuel station.

A local branch of the Order of Aegis, of Baltimore city, has been instituted in Oakland by S. P., C. B. Cropp, with the following officers: P. P., C. B. Cropp; P., J. W. Arnold; V. P., C. A. Dawson; T., Clyde C. Liller; S., Sewell Spedden; trustees, F. P. Arnold, Herbert Ferguson, J. K. Shipley. The branch starts out with twenty-one charter members. It issues a plain death insurance in sums of from $500 to $3,000, incontestable after two years.

Capt. John M. Jarboe has completed plans and specifications for Messrs. John M. Davis & Son's new building on Second street. The building now occupied by this firm will be remodeled both inside and outside and enlarged to a considerable extent. The store room will be forty by forty-seven feet, and running to the upper floors there will be an elevator. On the first floor the Messrs. Davis will have an office room twelve by twelve feet, enclosed by glass. Between this proposed new building and the Central Hotel a brick fire [illegible] erected. Work on this will begin as soon as the weather will permit.

A Des Monies woman who has been troubled with frequent colds, concluded to try an old remedy in a new way, and accordingly took a tablespoonful (four times the usual dose) of Chamberlains' Cough Remedy just before going to bed. The next morning she found that her cold was almost entirely disappeared. During the day she took a few doses of the remedy (one teaspoonful at a time) and at night took a tablespoonful before going to bed, and on the following morning woke free from all symptons of the cold. Since then she has, on several occasions, used this remedy in like manner, with the same good results, and is much elated over her discovery of so quick a way of curing a cold. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Estray Notice.

Estrayed, from Floyd Station, on the evening of Feb. 5, a dark brown mare ten years old, ringbone scar on hind foot, hipped in left hip, scar on left ham from a kick. When the mare estrayed she was saddled and bridled and started toward home. Anyone returning the mare to my farm in the Backwoods will be rewarded with $15.

50–3t* ASHFORD WARNICK.

Another Jail Delivery.

Last Thursday afternoon about three o'clock three prisoners escaped from the jail in Oakland through the negligence of a colored man who was engaged in cleaning the premises. The man, who desired some instructions, went to the court house to see the deputy sheriff. While he was gone they made their escape via the old route (the closet) and took to the woods. The alarm was soon spread and Jailer Meyers started in pursuit. He overhauled one of the escaped men near Altamont and the other two were arrested at Deer Park and brought back to Oakland and lodged in jail.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending March 2d, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Yantz Lee, James Allen,
J. W. Mosser (3), Mrs. Della Convers.

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Notice.

The farmers of Garrett county, Md., are respectfully requested to meet at Loch Lynn Heights next Wednesday, March 7th, at 7 o'clock p. m., to organize a farmer's grange and discuss such matters of mutual interest that may come before said meeting. All farmers are requested to be present.

HENRY BECKMAN,
GEO. P. WHITE,
THOS. CALLIS,
J. C. ALDERSON,
B. F. CRANE,
Committee.

A Corker It will Be.

Hyde's special prices for court. Wait for particulars. Nothing to give away, but prices will be very low. Patronize men that do a legitimate business, and those who know at least how many days there are in a week. Look out for the corker; 'tis coming. With these few lines, I remain,

Yours respectfully,
F. G. HYDE.

The Oakland Fancy Jeweler, Music Dealer, Grocer and Confectioner.

N. B.—This makes a lovely business. 49–tf.

The Entertainment Monday Night.

The entertainment for the benefit of St. Matthew's, which was to have been given last Thursday night, was postponed and given on Monday night instead. The program was quite lengthy and in every respect was well executed.

Prof. Rabold, a recent graduate of the Leipsic Institute, Leipsic, Germany, opened the entertainment by the rendition of a piano solo. His masterly touch and the thorough manner in which he executed the music created for him many admiring friends in the audience.

The tableau, "A fruit we have both winter and summer," was strikingly represented by the twins, Misses Helen and Gracia Bartlett—a Bartlett pear.

Miss Bessie Hinebaugh, only six years old, sung a solo entitled "Market Day."

Miss Stoddard, who is an accomplished musician, rendered a charming piano solo entitled "Dance of the Demon."

Mr. Stull, in his character songs, was applauded time and again and always responded with good grace to the repeated encores. His make up was good and his singing and acting would have done credit to a professional comedian.

Miss Turley, in the recitation "How Edith Helps Things Along," and Dr. Robinson, in the vocal solo "The Palms," did themselves credit and were loudly applauded.

Miss Stoddard and Mr. Stull, costumed in garbs that were stylish fifty years ago, rendered the vocal duet "Reuben and Cynthia" in a charming manner and responded to repeated encores.

We have not the space to review the program as much as we wish, but taking into consideration the short time consumed in getting the affair up it reflects credit upon the management and the participants alike.

Among those not mentioned above as taking part in the entertainment were Mrs. Thomas Little, Misses Turley, Loar, Johnson, Walker, Nethkin, Michael, Nelson and Messrs. Fowler, Spedden, Hart, Bosley, Townshend, Johnson and Bartlett.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

This is to give notice that the co-partnership heretofore existing between J. H. Fearer & Bro., at Fearer, Md., doing a mercantile business, has been dissolved and that the business of the late firm will be carried on by the undersigned. J. H. FEARER & SON.

Fearer, Md., Feb. 6, 1895.
49–3t.

A Card to the Ladies.

We wish to remind the ladies that this is the most convenient time to make up spring dresses while they are forced to remain indoors on account of the inclemency of the weather.

We have just received our spring stock in Henriettas, Fine Zephyrs, Ginghams, White Goods, Laces, etc. The very newest and latest designs and at prices that were never dreamed of heretofore. Do not buy old goods carried over from last year, even though they are offered at reduced prices, until you have first ascertained the prices of new goods.

We have attained somewhat of a reputation in this line, having given it our particular attention for a number of years, and consequently pride ourselves in knowing the refined tastes of the ladies.

Our motto has always been "*Fair Dealing.*" We do not sell you coffee and sugar for less than we can buy it, thereby being forced to make up the loss so sustained on other goods.

Thanking the *ladies* who have always been our most generous patrons, and asking an inspection of our spring goods, we are

Respectfully,
O. HART & SON,
50–3 Oakland, Md.

LADIES
Needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It is pleasant; cures Malaria, Indigestion Biliousness, Liver Complaints and Neuralgi

A Musical Treat Coming.

Mr. Z. D. Merriken, business manager of Hall's Schumann Lady Quartette, of Chicago, was in town yesterday and made arrangements for the quartette to give an entertainment in Oakland on Friday night of next week at Offutt's Hall. Of this company of artists the Pittsburg *Commercial Gazette* says:

The third entertainment in the popular course arranged for the winter by the young men's organization of the Ninth United Presbyterian church, Allegheny, was given last evening in the Carnegie Music Hall. The Schumann Lady Quartette of Chicago was the attraction. The ladies have been heard before in this city, and the artistic character of their renditions delighted and satisfied. Last evening the singers but deepened the good impression, the precision of movement and rich blending of harmony, together with technical perfection and sweetness of expression, deservedly won for them repeated recalls.

Notice.

All property on which the taxes for 1892 or 1893 remain unpaid will be advertised and sold as speedily as the same can be accomplished.

For information in regard to same, write to or call on F. A. Thayer, attorney at law.

SAMUEL LAWTON,
Late Treasurer.

"John Brown's Fort" Marked.

A monument has been placed by the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company to mark the spot where John Brown's Fort stood at Harpers Ferry. It is on the new bed of the railroad not less than twenty feet above the ground on which the Government building stood. It is about 12 feet in height, of a dark, native marble, (blue limestone) rough hewn so that it has somewhat the appearance of granite. The pedestal consists of four blocks, the lower one about six feet square, so graduated as to make steps to the shaft. This has a height of eight and a quarter feet and bears the inscription "John Brown's Fort."

Fertilizers.

Parties wishing to buy Fertilizers for spring crops, can have the advantage of car load lots by placing their orders with us to be delivered April 1st. By so doing we can give you twelve different brands suitable for all kinds of crops, and in this way get just what you want at the lowest cash price. Send or call for catalogue.

50–5t J. M. DAVIS & SON.

A Snap.

If you want your buggy, wagon or carriage painted this spring don't wait until the rush is on but see King the Painter. Special inducements for February and March. He will make the prices and terms to suit. 47—4

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified that the undersigned has leased the limestone quarry on the farm of Mrs. Mary E. Chisholm and that no persons will be allowed to quary rock at the said quarry.

51—3t* H. B. HARVEY.

Married.

WILSON — MCFARLAND. — On Feb. 19, 1895, at the Riverside House at Wilson's Mills, Md., by Rev. I. W. Abernathy, Mr. Daniel Webster Wilson and Miss Nellie L. McFarland.

CHILDS—LEECH.—On Feb. 19, 1895, at the Riverside House, at Wilson's Mills, Md., by Rev. I. W. Abernathy, Mr. James F. Childs and Miss Virgie M. Leech.

Good Roads the Key to Prosperity.

It is the opinion of well informed Frenchmen who have made a study of economic problems that the superb roads of France have been one of the most steady and potent contribution to the material development and marvelous financial elasticity of the country. The farreaching and splendidly maintained road system has distinctly favored the success of the small landed proprietors, and in their prosperity and the ensuing distribution of wealth lies the key to the secret of the wonderful vitality and solid prosperity of the French nation.—Selected.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

FORGET-ME-NOTS.

The Story of the Stub End of a Tragedy.

Mr. Bilbo, proprietor of the Bilbo hotel, of Belcherville, Tex., has in his possession some well-worn, well-marked books which tell a story very different from anything that might be read on their printed pages. They tell that the stub end of a tragedy burned itself out a few months ago on these Texas premises — the stub end of a life which in its beginning must surely have been full of more than usual hope and promise. Robert Henderson is the name written in these books; or, at any rate, it will do just as well as if it were. If I should give the correct name, there is at least one person in the world who, if she should see these lines, would find life darker for having read them. That person is his mother. Doubtless it is dark enough for her as it is, and for her sake I find it convenient to forget the real name on the fly-leaves of the books at the Bilbo house.

One of these books is a cheaply bound copy of Tennyson's poems. It has been well thumbed, but the only passage that has been marked is this one from "Locksley Hall:"

I remember one who perished, sweetly did she
look and move,
Such an one do I remember, whom to look at
was to love.

Another one is an Oxford Bible, which shows by its inscription that it was presented to Robert Henderson by his mother on his twenty-fifth birthday, in '87. The others are all of a musical nature, containing oratorios, Italian operas and other compositions of the highest and most classical order. All of these were formerly the property of Henderson, but when he got badly behind with his board bill, and Mr. Bilbo had to sell his trunks and books to satisfy the account, these were left over from the sale. The Tennyson and the Bible were kept by Grandpa Bilbo, because he supposed they would likely be especially prized by his former boarder. Accordingly, he laid them away to keep until Henderson should call for them. He is still waiting, and will likely continue waiting for a long, long time yet—in fact, till that most tenacious of custodians, the grave, shall give up the prisoners which it holds. It was a good, generous impulse that prompted Grandpa Bilbo to save these two books for Henderson, but with the music books it was otherwise. He kept these simply because no one would buy them. He could probably have sold a few copies of Gospel Hymns or Harvest Bells if he had tried a little, but the market for operas oratorios in northwest Texas is far from active.

Robert Henderson first came to Belcherville in 1891, and at once began boarding at the Bilbo house. He never thought it necessary to explain where he came from or what his purpose had been in leaving there. His occupation seemed to consist principally in trying to find out how much whisky a man can drink without ever becoming actually and beastly drunk. He was a tall, magnificently-made young fellow, with a short, black beard covering the whole of his rather intellectual face. His clothes were rich and stylish in appearance, but well worn and withal rather scant in quantity. He seemed too much wrapped up in his books and his own reflections to care much for the confidence or even the society of his fellows.

The first thing about him to attract the unfavorable notice of the Belcherville people was his conduct at the graveyard on one occasion when a little child was being buried there. For some reason he had gone with the little procession to the burial place, but instead of standing near the grave to hear the burial services he wandered off into one corner by himself. No one paid any attention to him for awhile, but finally one of the bystanders happened to glance in his direction.

"Say! Look at that fellow there!" he called out, hurriedly, but in an undertone, so as not to interrupt the service. "What's he kicking them graves for?"

Henderson was stamping on a low, poorly-kept mound with all his might, kicking it and digging his boot heels into it as if bent on obliterating what slight elevation there was to it. By this time three or four men had noticed him, and hurriedly leaving the little group of mourners they strode quietly over to where he was. Henderson saw them coming and faced round at them defiantly.

"Say, partner," said one, in an earnest undertone, "that won't do."

"What won't?"

"Ruinin' that baby's grave."

"It isn't your baby, is it?"

"No, you bet it ain't. You'd have been in —— before this if it had been."

"It wasn't the grave I was kicking. It was those devilish things on it."

"What things?"

"Those!" said Henderson, as he pointed the toe of his boot toward some little blue flowers that lay half buried in the mud and dirt into which they had been crushed.

"What's the matter with them?"

"With them? They're forget-me-nots," exclaimed Henderson through his clenched teeth. Then in a perfect paroxysm of fury he stamped upon the little blue flowers again and again to complete the work of destruction he had begun. The three bystanders looked on in amazed silence.

"What right has anyone got to hound me down like a wolf with these infernal flowers?" he gasped, almost choking with emotion. "I came all the way to this God-forsaken country to get rid of them and the rest, but here they are following me up. What harm did I ever do to any of you, and what right have any of you to treat me this way?"

The three bystanders had forgotten all about their threats of violence by this time.

"We didn't have anything to do with them flowers, mister," said the spokesman, apologetically. "We didn't put them there. The dead baby's little sister did. There she is now."

A little girl about ten years old was running up to the little group. She had just noticed what was taking place. With a shriek of anguish she threw herself upon the desecrated grave.

"Oh! oh! oh! My poor dear forget-me-nots! What is there to make my little angel sister think about me now?"

She was digging in the ground with her childish fingers, vainly endeavoring to rescue her beloved flowers from the defilement into which they had been crushed. Henderson stooped over and tried to caress her, but she flew at him, scratching and biting like a wildcat.

"You killed my baby sister's forget-me-nots! I'll kill you!"

The powerful man picked up the raging child and by main force lifted her to his bosom. Little by little the child's struggles subsided, and they were sobbing convulsively together.

"Little girl," he spoke in broken accents, "I had forget-me-nots — on a grave—once myself—and I came all the way to Texas to forget about the grave and the flowers—but if you love the flowers—I'll get you some more, and I'll never tear 'em up again for you as long as I live."

The bystanders were strong men, but they were weak enough to have respect for the agony of a genuine grief. Without a word they turned away from Henderson and the girl, and left the two sobbing together.

"I remember one who perished."

Doubtless, reader, you recall the marked passage in "Locksley Hall." I know nothing more about the matter than you do, but somehow I cannot but believe that the marked passage and the scene in the little graveyard on the open prairie have their connection.

The town people were rather divided in their opinions in regard to the scene just described, but there were more unfavorable opinions formed than favorable ones. Most people agreed that a man who would kick a dead baby's grave is a very mean kind of man, and the idea of bitter memories in regard to the blue forget-me-nots was received with a very large grain of caution. Perhaps the disfavor with which Henderson now began to be regarded was not made any less by the fact that financial affairs seemed to be going very badly with him. He had never seemed to have a great deal of money, but for awhile he seemed able to keep up with his board bill without any trouble. About this time, though, he began to get behind with it, and as the months went by he got further and still further behind. He never had a cent for most purposes, but somehow he always seemed able to get as much whisky as he needed. It was hinted around that he sold off small pieces of jewelry and such wearing apparel as he could spare in order to get it. This was only a surmise on the part of most people, but as Henderson's wearing apparel grew steadily less and less in quantity it was probably a correct one. His landlord was a lenient, good-hearted old gentleman, and would probably have waited indefinitely for his board money had it not been for an event which occurred when several months' board was due. It was in connection with little Annie, the girl whose forget-me-nots he had so ruthlessly destroyed. He had formed a great friendship for the child, and she for him. They were much together, but one week during the hottest part of August, she failed to come around to the hotel to see him. He missed her for several days, but probably thought little of it until one Friday evening her widowed mother sent for him to come to her house. When he reached the wretched hovel he found that the child was dead.

"Oh, Mr. Henderson!" exclaimed the anguished mother, wringing her hands, "Annie thought that much of you she said I must send for you when she was gone. She said to tell you you needn't plant no forgit-me-nots on her grave, but roses, or anything else you wanted."

"I'll put out forget-me-nots, madam," said Henderson, compressing his lips as he spoke. "When is the little one to be buried?"

"Sure an' I don't know. That's the hard part of it, to see the little angel there so still and white, and not to be able to put her under the ground. There is not a dollar in the house to pay for the funeral."

"Have the funeral to-morrow evening, madam. I'll settle the expenses. How much will it take?"

"Tin dollars at laste, and there isn't but thirty cents in the house."

Henderson walked sadly away from the house of death. That night about ten o'clock he entered the gambling-room back of the principal saloon in the little town.

"Sorry, Mr. Henderson," said the the barkeeper, "but your credit's run out. Cash or no licker."

"I don't want credit. I want permission to sing here."

"Sing?" queried the barkeeper, in amazement.

"Yes, sing."

"Where?"

"Here. Right on that barrel there."

"Well, blaze away."

Henderson climbed up on top of the barrel indicated, gazed around for just a moment and then began to sing. Nobody recognized the song, but from all accounts I have heard of it I think it must have been that wonderful bass solo from the Messiah: "Behold, I show you a mystery. We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed." At the first note of the powerful bass voice every eye in the house was turned toward him. The clinking of glasses ceased, the players held their cards in hand and suspended their half-finished games to listen. Perfect silence reigned until he had finished.

"Now, pass around the hat," said Henderson.

A loud laugh greeted this proposition.

"You sing bully, partner," said one of the players, "but somehow it don't seem to go to the right spot. Now, if you'd just sing something that has some chune to it, that 'nd be different."

The noise of the drinking and paying began again, and Henderson saw that he was losing the advantage he had gained. In a moment he raised his ponderous voice once more and began:

I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The faraway home of the soul.
Where no storms ever beat on that glittering
strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

Again at the first note all eyes were turned toward him and all games were suspended. By the time he had reached "That unchangeable home is for you and for me," many of the cards had been laid face downward on the table. The attention was breathless. By the time he had reached "Oh, how sweet it will be, in that beautiful land, to meet one another again," many of the players were in tears. As the song concluded with the repetition: "To meet one another again," one old wooden-legged fellow in the corner broke into a perfect storm of sobbing. He had heard Henderson as he sang, but probably he had also heard in fancy the voice of a mother, as she had sung the same song for him in his infancy.

"Here, pardner," shouted some one, "you sung something that's a fine for you."

In a moment the hat went around and over fifty dollars was taken into it.

"Thanks, gentlemen," said Henderson. "There's to be a funeral and burying out at the graveyard at 4 o'clock to-morrow evening. I wish you'd all come."

"Will you sing that same song for us again?" shouted some one.

"Certainly, if you wish it."

"Then, you bet there'll be a crowd out."

The next morning Henderson, looking rather pale, walked into the barroom and asked credit for a pint of whisky.

"Credit! Great guns! What went with all that cash you took in last night?"

"You didn't think I was begging for myself, did you? That went to pay for the little girl's coffin and funeral things."

"Well, I will!" The barkeeper stared at him a moment in amazement.

"No, I kaint credit you no more but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you five dollars and all the whisky you can drink to-day if you'll promise never to sing that darned song nor nothin' else like it within earshot of my place here no more."

"Why don't you want me to sing here?"

"Why don't I? That's a fine question for you to ask. You nearly busted up the whole outfit last night. A man can't sell whisky to do no good when such singin' as that is goin' on. The fellers played out the game they was on last night, and then they mostly pulled for home. One darned fool got so tore up that he laid his cards down face up. What do you think about that, now? I b'leeve if you was to sing once a day for a month the whole goned town would vote prohibition."

That evening an immense crowd attended the burying, but it did not have the pleasure of hearing Henderson sing. He was not there at the time; he was in the back room of the saloon, dead drunk.

Henderson must have had high ideas as to the dignity of his art, for he could never be prevailed on to use it for his own pecuniary advantages. He could easily have made in this way the money to settle his board bill, but he resolutely refused to do so. Accordingly, no one blamed Mr. Bilbo when his patience gave out, and he finally attached Henderson's trunk and books, and had them sold to satisfy his board bill. One might be lenient with a good man in distress, but with a drunken scamp, who could pay if he would, the case is different. Accordingly, the goods were sold, as has been described.

He left Belcherville before the day of the sale. Nobody ever heard of him again until one day when it was learned that he was living at Pinhook, a little hamlet off the railroad, some forty miles west of here. How he managed to live there I do not know; nobody seems to know, except that he hung around the saloon at that place a great deal. Nobody in Pinhook ever heard him sing until the night of the 17th of last February. It was the worst blizzard of the winter. That evening he had got a little drunker than usual, and had been ejected from the saloon with the command never to return. That night, as the players sat in the well-warmed barroom and listened to the storm rage outside, they heard a powerful bass voice borne down on the night wind in song. Again, from the few words that the hearers could distinguish, I think it must have been: "I show you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed."

"Confound!" ejaculated one of the players, emphatically. "That fellow's got a fine voice. It's a pity he ain't got sense enough to select a better chune, and a better place to sing it. He'll freeze to death out there."

The sand and sleet rattled in sheets against the little shanty used as a saloon, but through it all the magnificent roar of the deep voice of the singer could be heard. Then a pause, and crack! A pistol shot.

Next morning they found him on a little elevation in the open prairie—dead by his own hand.

It is not a tragedy I have written of only the stub end of one. The real tragedy, for the most part, must have occurred before he came to Texas. What it was God knows. I know only a broken fragment of his life. I know nothing of the life he led before, but I am sure it must have been a much grander one than the one I know. I hope the life that came after was grander still. I am sure that the voice which sang in the night and the storm on the open prairie must have sung in grand and noble songs long years before. Let us hope it will sing far grander, nobler songs hereafter.—P. W. Horn, in Globe-Democrat.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The total production of anthracite coal for 1894 was 41,391,199 tons against 43,089,536 tons in 1893, a decrease of 1,698,337 tons, equal to nearly 4 per cent.

—The total production of pig iron in the United States during 1894 was 6,657,388 tons, against 7,124,502 tons in 1893, a decrease of 6½ per cent. This is the smallest output of any year since 1888.

—The total production of copper in the United States in 1894 was 159,628 tons, against 142,480 tons in 1893, a gain of 12 per cent. The total exports from this country in 1894 were 76,297 tons, against 80,392 tons in 1893.

—The railways in Iowa represent, on their mileage in that state alone, an investment of $317,619,000. Of this amount $149,494,000 is in capital stock, which is held by 31,521 stockholders, of whom only 613 reside in Iowa, and whose holdings aggregate only $7,836,000.

—It seems likely that one of the most important benefits to civilization of Stanley's African expedition will be the introduction of African mahogany to western commerce. There is even now a flourishing trade in this wood, which is sold more cheaply in the United States than it formerly was in Liverpool.

—As a result of the examination of [illegible] Bridgeport, Conn., found that sixty-five per cent. required glasses. The women and girls far exceed the men and boys. The period during which the people have the most trouble with their eyes is between twenty and thirty.

—It is to the manner in which different colors are absorbed or reflected by a body that its color is due. If white light falls upon a red rose bush the red alone is reflected from the flower, the other colors being absorbed. The green leaves, on the other hand, absorb the red entirely, and reflect nearly all the green light. A rose in green light or a leaf in red light would appear absolutely black, for in each case the light which the object can reflect is absent.

—The question to what extent the pneumatic tire, so familiar on bicycles, will be adopted on the wheels of other vehicles is one of considerable interest. According to a London scientific journal, for cabs and broughams in English cities the rubber tire, with an iron hoop outside, is steadily growing in favor, and thousands of them are seen. Since, even on the smooth wood and asphalt pavements of London, the rider knows at once whether his hansom has elastic or rigid tires, the contrast must be still more marked on macadamized roads or streets paved with granite or cobble-stones.

—An English physician calls attention to a means of keeping pneumonia, colds, chills and all the ailments that cold weather brings on, at a distance. Deep and forced respirations, he says, will keep the entire body in a glow in the coldest weather, no matter how thinly one may be clad. He was himself half frozen to death one night, and began taking deep breaths and keeping the air in his lungs as long as possible. The result was that he was thoroughly comfortable in a few minutes. The deep respirations, he says, stimulate the blood current by direct muscular exertion, and cause the entire system to become pervaded with the rapidly generated heat.

—The financial status of the imperial railways of Austria is for the first time set forth in the budget of 1895. According to this official document the cost of establishing 4,235 miles of railway is represented by a capital of 1,100,000,000 florins, say $440,000,000, an average of about $103,000 per mile. The operation of this system will give, at budget valuations, for 1895 an estimated net profit of $11,364,000, or about 2 3-5 per cent. on the capital. The purchase of the railways from the old companies, however, imposes upon the state an annual charge of $15,652,000 for interest and extinguishment of title.

SHOWMAN WAS STUMPED.

Dumbfounded When He Saw the Cannibal Don Glasses and Read German.

"I was never stumped but once, and that was a half dozen years ago. First-class freaks were in demand, and I suggested getting a half dozen cannibals for a drawing card. We got them, and also a long pedigree with each showing the number of missionaries he had devoured. Invitations were sent to prominent citizens and to the newspapers to come and see the anthropophagists, and we had quite a reception. Everybody appeared greatly impressed except a reporter from a morning newspaper. He remained after all the others had gone and then began to question me.

"'You are sure those are real cannibals?' he said.

"'Of course they are,' I replied. 'You ought to see that for yourself if you're any judge of cannibals.'

"'I'm not,' said he, 'and that's why I ask. I always had an idea that cannibals were black men. These are white.'

"'Well,' said I, 'that makes it all the more wonderful. These are the famous Snow-Faced Man Eaters of Zerucca, very rare specimens, and very difficult to get. The tribe does not number more than twenty-seven, and we have, as you see, six of them. They think nothing of eating two good-sized boys for breakfast.'

"'Have they ever had any education?' asked the newspaper man.

"'Education?' I repeated. 'Now, look here, old fellow, what are you asking all these questions for? I'm getting tired of it. What's the matter with you? Don't you think they are genuine?'

"'From what I see, no,' he replied. 'Look for yourself.'

"I turned around and looked. Well, sir, I felt the blood come up in my face. There was one of the cannibals with eye-glasses on reading a German newspaper of this city."—N. Y. Showman.

A Title with a Meaning.

Charley Cumso—Why are girls called misses?

Freddy Fangle—Did you ever see 'em try to hit anything?—Judge.

A WISE WOMAN.

She Knew Jim and Had Known Jim's Daddy Before Him.

I had been living in the neighborhood of the mountains one summer, until I had become so well acquainted with the people of that immediate section as to be taken into their councils and looked to for advice on all sorts of questions, even in domestic matters. The one most important involved the fate of two lovers. Jim Sallers was courting Marthy Little, and everybody thought it was just the right thing except Marthy's mother, and she had opposed it from the beginning. The girl's father was perfectly satisfied and did what he could to win his wife over, but she was obdurate and would listen to no persuasion. I had talked to her once or twice, but it did no good and I gave it up. Jim and I had been on terms all along and I advised him to run off with Marthy and trust to luck for the balance. He was a thrifty young fellow, sober and industrious, and could get along very well without the maternal blessing, seeing that everybody else was pleased, but he did not care to do so if there was any chance of winning the mother. At last he agreed that if Mrs. Little didn't come around within a week, he would pick Marthy up and run away with her, I agreeing to lend him what extra money he might need, as he had a good creek farm and would have plenty when his crops came in. With this assurance from Jim I went back to Mrs. Little.

"I know what you've come fer, colonel, and it ain't no use talkin'," she said as soon as I got into the house.

"My dear madam," I replied, "I must talk to you. I've seen Jim and as sure as you are alive, he will run off with Marthy and marry her, whether you want him to or not, and it would be so much better if you would give your consent and have it all done regular and as it should be."

"Well, I tell you I won't give my consent, and that ends it," she said hotly. "I don't keer what anybody and everybody says, I ain't a goin' to say he kin marry her."

"But that is childish," said I. "You won't give your consent just because you don't want to and for no other reason."

"I've got my reasons," she answered doggedly.

"Well, tell me what they are."

She got up and went to the door and around the house and then back again. "I wuz lookin' to see if there wuz anybody about," she said as she resumed her place, "and ez they ain't, I'll tell you my reasons ef you'll promise you won't tell."

I gave the promise readily and she went on after a bit:

"I've knowed Jim sence he wuz a baby and I knowed his daddy afore him," she said, "and they won't do to fool with. Jim's all right and I'd like to see Marthy married to him, but Jim's that pesky, that ef he kuowed me and Marthy's pap and Marthy wanted him to marry her, he'd be eraw-fishin' in no time and that wouldn't be no weddin'. But ez long ez he thinks somebody is ag'in him, he's goin' to take t'other track and pull his way. Now you know my reasons and I ain't a-goin' to move a peg outen the road fer nobody till I've got Jim lanied safe with Marthy down thar on that farm uv his'n. Let him run off with her ef he wunster and when they come back hitched fer good, I'll have an infair right here in my house that will be the biggest one you ever hearn tell uv in these parts, colonel, and ef you ever tell on me it won't be good fer you. Now mind."

I minded, and now Jim and Marthy have been married some time, and Jim is so well satisfied that even if I have betrayed the confidence of his respected mother-in-law, it will not make any great difference.—Detroit Free Press.

Unkind.

Nicodemus—The way to do wid a possum am fo' to bile 'im, an' parbile 'im, an' po' the grrvey over the potaters, an'——

Uncle Mose—Look 'ere, yo' nigger, git away from 'ere; yo want to starve yo' po' uncle to def?—N. Y. World.

Miss Quip (at euchre table)—"Will you take my hand?" Mr. Flip—"This isn't leap year."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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SINGLEMAN—"Do you let your wife have the last word?" Benedict—"Do I let her! H'm! it's easy to tell that you know nothing of married life."—N. Y. Press.

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TEMPERANCE NOTES.

DANGER IN DRINK.

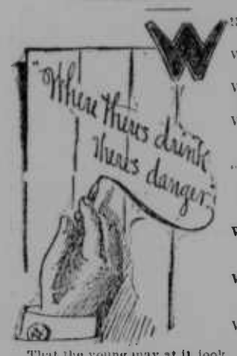

WRITE it on the liquor store,
Write it on the prison door,
Write it on the gin-shop line,
Write, aye, write this truthful line,
"Where there is drink there is danger."

Write it on the work-house gate,
Write it on the school-boy's slate,
Write it on the copy-book,
That the young may at it look,
"Where there's drink there's danger."

Write it on the churchyard mound,
Where the drink-slain dead are found,
Write it on the gallows high,
Write it for all passers-by,
"Where there's drink there's danger."

Write it on our ships that sail,
Borne along by steam and gale,
Write it in large letters—plain,
O'er our land and past the main,
"Where there's drink there's danger."

Write it on the Christian dome,
Sixty thousand drunkards roam,
Year by year from God and right,
Proving with resistless might,
"Where there's drink there's danger."
—John C. Newson, in Catholic Standard.

THE DRINK CURSE.

The Present Evil Is the Natural Heritage of Generations of Indolgence.

Drunkenness is still so common that occasionally temperance workers feel inclined to despair. Possibly some of our methods have not been wise in trying to uproot the evil, and it may be worth while to glance at the history of our drinking customs, for without some knowledge of causes we can not hope to remove effects.

It would be a poor explanation of a tree that said nothing of its roots. Drunkenness is a deadly tree with many roots, deep and old.

Starting with the early British inhabitants of this country [England], we find they knew how to make three forms of strong drink—(1) metheglin, or mead, which is made from honey; (2) ale, which is made from grain; (3) cider, which is made of apples. An old historian, Diodorus, says of these Britons, "Their ordinary drink was water. Upon extraordinary occasions they drank a kind of fermented liquor made of barley, honey, or apples, and when intoxicated never failed to quarrel."

The British had houses, in which travelers might find shelter for themselves and their horses. These were really inns.

The Romans entered Britain in 43 and remained about three hundred and fifty years. They introduced wine to the natives, and the use of the sign-board, which was a bush.

After the Romans withdrew, the Saxons conquered a great part of the island. They were great drinkers, and often got drunk upon mead, which an old poet describes as "a friend to the lips and a foe to the life." We can scarcely understand now the savage, coarse brutality of those Saxons.

On one occasion they proposed to make a treaty of peace with Vortigern by a feast. The Saxons made their British guests drunk, and each drew his knife and killed his man. Three hundred British nobles are said to have been slain in a state of intoxication on that occasion.

DRUNKENNESS STILL VERY COMMON.

The Danes made inroads next upon the Saxons. The Danes were, if possible, more terrible drunkards than the Saxons themselves.

We know from various sources to what a dreadful state the country was reduced by drunkenness. In 569 a synod was held by the bishop, St. David, to enact new canons, so as to repress drunkenness.

These canons more than thirteen hundred years ago spoke in no uncertain way. They decreed: "He who forces another to get drunk out of hospitality must do penance; as if he had got drunk himself; but he who, out of hatred or wickedness, in order to disgrace or mock at others, forces them to get drunk, must do penance as a murderer of souls."

About four hundred years later the great Dunstan found time to devise the peg-tankard, in order to stop drunkenness and quarrelling. But it failed.

This brings us practically to the time of William the Conqueror, and here we may pause.

Clearly drunkenness is no new thing. It is not only as old as England, but it is a part of English custom and character. It got possession of our forefathers, when their choice of beverages was very small, and when scientific knowledge of food and drink had not come to them.

This scourage of drunkenness arose from man's need of something to drink, and it spread by his carelessness and ignorance, till it became the giant custom which carried destruction everywhere.

Our great lesson from this very brief outline is that drunkenness must be fought by those homely means which provide for man's wants and change our social customs, no less than by moral enthusiasm and religious faith. —Rev. Dennis Bird, in Woman's Signal Budget.

STRICT enforcement of the law against selling cigarettes to children under sixteen years of age has been ordered by the superintendent of police of Brooklyn.

DECEPTIONS OF ALCOHOL.

Varied Forms in Which This Great Destroyer Appears to Do His Deadly Work.

Alcohol is the thing which does the great mischief of which we are trying to rid ourselves. "Easy enough!" you say, "just let it alone." Suppose then you try it. Remember, in the first place, that it has names and aliases innumerable, and it is never at a loss to invent a new one; and that for thousands of years it hid itself so successfully by its chemical affinity for water that men used it continually without even knowing that there was such a thing. It likes secrecy, and perpetrates most of its mischief under some attractive alias. We must know something correctly about it to be able to fight it at all, and we must know much to fight it successfully.

Armed with some knowledge, you attack it in the wine on the table, and you are told that it is the very essence of grapes, when it is only the dead remains of those fruits. Then you learn that alcohol is made by fermentation or decay.

Tell the poor workingman that his beer is more poison than food, and he replies that he could not possibly do his work without it, though it is well known that total abstainers work better than drinkers.

Ask the sick to dispense with it as medicine, and they will tell you that the doctor ordered it, and they must take it or die; when science asserts that "every disease is better cured without alcohol than with it."

Tell the traveler that "alcohol acts like cold," and he declares that it keeps him warm; though every winter's observations show that drinking men freeze more quickly than the sober.

Remonstrate with parents for giving it to their children, and they still sweeten and feed it with a smile saying: "We have always done so in our family, and it has not hurt us;" without a thought of the brother, cousin, or uncle that has been made an outcast through such early training.

When temperance has pledged millions of total abstainers, this deceiving devil makes up a draught specially for them, under the name of "root beer" (which, indeed, ought to be suspected for its patronymic), and this runs down their thoughtless throats and plays its alcoholic pranks all through their deceived organisms, and they only cry out for "more."

Verily, alcohol is a lie, and it deceives and makes liars of all the people that come under its influence, whether in politics, religion, or in everyday life.—Julia Colman, in National Temperance Advocate.

RUM SLAYS THOUSANDS.

An African Prince Deplores the Awful Traffic Which Destroys His Countrymen.

The following is an extract from a speech by Prince Momoln Massaquoi, of Vei, Africa, on "The Rum Traffic in the Dark Continent," delivered in Boston some time ago: "I can prove to you that about one-half of the liquor sold in the portion of Africa which I represent is made in New England. And I can assure you also that in my tribe in the last two years more than eight thousand men and women have been slain as a result of this liquor traffic. Just two years ago two men, one from Begola and another from Vei, bought a bottle of American liquor. They got drunk. The Vei man killed the Begola man. That was the cause of a war, and in that war hundreds and hundreds of men were slain, besides other hundreds taken into captivity. My own mother was dethroned, and she fled into the forest, and was there ten days without anything to eat, and when found she was at the month of death, and died a few days afterward. That is the result of the traffic carried on by the very people I am speaking to this morning."—Christian Work.

A Unique Temperance Work.

The new Madris Native Christian Temperance association is doing a unique work. The members have formed a "temperance police," who do detective work among drunkards, or those in danger of becoming such, by meeting them at liquor-selling resorts and converting them to total abstinence. A great many native Christians and Hindoos will undoubtedly thus be saved. Only Christians can become members, and "to keep the Sabbath day holy" is part of their creed.

Stand Up for a Principle.

It is stated that Hon. John M. Thurston, the new United States senator from Nebraska, sent a dispatch to the committee preparing a banquet in his honor at Lincoln, that he would attend, provided wines and liquors were banished from the table, which was done.

Special Temperance Prayer Days.

The department of evangelistic work of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance union, Miss E. W. Greenwood superintendent, calls upon the white-ribboners of the world to observe Saturday and Sunday, May 18 and 19, as days of praise and prayer.

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

THE money made on whisky and vice is the devil's working capital.—Ram's Horn.

MRS A. J. GORDON has retired from the presidency of the Boston W. C. T. U. after fifteen years of faithful service.

THIRTY-FOUR poor families were given dinners on Thanksgiving day by the Y. W. C. T. U. of Owensboro, Ky.

THE legislature of South Carolina has passed a scientific temperance instruction law. This reduces the number of states without such a law to four.

THE Brewers' Journal says the amount of capital engaged in breweries is now nearly, if not quite, as much as that of the shareholders in joint stock banks.

IT has been estimated that in Chicago last year $40,000,000 were spent for liquors. It has also been pertinently added: What would this do toward settling the wage question? It would give 20,000 families homes worth $3,000 each.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The word Ceylon is of Sanskrit origin, signifying the "Island of Lions."

—The syllable "ia," as a termination to the name of a country, is of Celtic origin.

—Corsica has 3,000 square miles, about the area of Delaware and Rhode Island, and has made more noise in the world than both combined.

—Norway has 123,000 square miles, almost exactly the size of New Mexico, or about the combined area of Minnesota and Missouri.

—Wisest schemes by statesmen spun, time has seen them one by one like the leaves of autumn fall—a little song outlives them all.—W. E. H. Lecky.

—Algeria has 260,000 square miles, or about the combined area of the states of Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Tennessee.

—It is suggested that sounds too high for our ears would be recorded by the phonograph, and might be made audible by reproducing at a lower speed of the instrument.

—A gold-weighing machine in the Bank of England is so sensitive that a postage stamp dropped on the scale will turn the index on the dial a distance of six inches.

—Humorist—"Where's that joke left on your desk yesterday?" Editor—"I don't know; unless it's probably gone home: it was certainly old enough to know the way!"—Syracuse Post.

—Ballads and popular songs are both the cause and effect of general morals; they are first formed and then react. In both points of view they are an index of public morals.—H. Martineau.

—"What made him propose so suddenly?" "Jealousy," replied the demure girl. "I took off my hat at the theater and he overheard the young man just behind call me an angel."—Washington Star.

—Rocking cradles for babies were used by the Egyptians many centuries before Christ. Among the pictures copied by Belzoni is one of an Egyptian mother at work with her foot on the cradle.

—It so happens that the leap years coincide with the years that are divisible by four, and thus they may be known. Of the years concluding centuries, only every fourth is a leap year, beginning two thousand, which is divisible by four hundred, as is also two thousand four hundred.

—The Erie canal is 363 miles in length. It was begun in 1817 and completed in 1825, at a cost of $7,602,000. The enterprise was undertaken and carried through by the state of New York. It was subsequently enlarged, and is now seventy feet broad at the surface and fifty-six feet at the bottom, with a depth of seven feet.

—Rocking chairs of the styles prevailing nowadays are believed to have been invented in the present century. They are mentioned by Venerable Bede. "The women now are so luxurious that they do have chairs with wooden circles on the legs and which sway back and forth in such sort that it maketh one sick to behold them."

—Among the Arabs a practice from time immemorial has prevailed of churning by placing the milk in leather skins which were shaken or beaten until the butter came. The Huns did their churning by tying a bag of milk to a short lariat, the other end of which was fastened to the saddle. The horse was put at a brisk gallop, and after a round of some miles the churning was considered to be accomplished.

—Investigation into the cause of the frequency of railroad accidents in the state of North Carolina has brought out the fact that there are a larger number of boys under 18 years of age handling train orders, employed by the railroads of that state than by those of any other state having the same railroad mileage. The legislature will be asked to pass a law regulating the age of railroad employes.

—The cups of the Assyrians closely resemble our saucers. Every nobleman and gentleman had his own cup and cup bearer, the latter of whom always accompanied him to a feast, carrying before him the cup of gold, silver, crystal or marble, which his master only used on state occasions. Saucers for cups were introduced in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and at first were greatly ridiculed, the persons who employed them being said not to be able to drink without having two cups.

—Here is an interesting idea for the housewife who is troubled with the aggravating flies flourishing in their furnace-heated rooms long after cold weather is supposed to have destroyed them. The suggestion comes from abroad that the fragrant geranium—the old-fashioned rose geranium beloved by our grandmothers—keeps flies away. A moderate-sized geranium of this variety is said to be so disagreeable to flies that they avoid its neighborhood, and two or three of those plants in a room will drive them out altogether.

—The movement to unite Newfoundland with the Dominion of Canada gains strength in the province, but it is not regarded with so much favor in Canada. The question is raised whether Canada would not pay too dearly for the new acquisition, and a good many Canadians seem to be answering that question in the affirmative. In taking Newfoundland, Canada must take the debt of that colony, which is about $18,000,000, and would more than offset the income which Canada would receive from the colony for many years to come.

—February, 1896, is referred to by astronomers as "the month without a full moon." January and March of that year had each two full moons, while the intermediate month did not have one. Says a writer in an astronomical journal referring to this fact: "Do you realize what a rare thing in nature it was? It has not happened before since the beginning of the Christian era, or probably since the creation of the world! It will not occur again, according to the computations of the astronomer royal of England, for—how long do you think? Not until after 2,599,000 years from 1866!"

PEPPER AND THE HAMSTER.

A Lively Fight Between a Thoroughbred Terrier and a Russian Rodent.

During my sojourn in the czar's dominions, said an American lately returned after long residence in northern Europe, I encountered on its native heath a queer, indomitable little animal, new to me, whose fighting qualities gave my terrier, Pepper, a great surprise, and the battle of his life. While waiting at a post station for the change of our coach, which had sprung a tire, we strolled beyond a little cluster of stables and houses about the posting house, out among great level grain fields then in stubble after the reaping. There were in view near and far upon the plain a considerable number of small animals, running about or sitting up much as our American prairie dogs do. I afterward learned the name of the creatures I saw, which is the hamster. It is an animal of the marmot species, valued commercially for its fur, and which in some years is so numerous as to be very destructive to the crops. It is about the size of a woodchuck, but shorter and stouter of build. Its markings in color are striking, being grayish brown upon the back and sides, deepening into black on the under portions. Its head and face are yellow, and it has large cheek pouches in which it stows away the grain under it secures in its marauding.

Pepper made dashes at several of these animals, which took to their holes before we could get near them, but at last the walls of an old house and yard screening our approach, we came upon a large old fellow whom the dog intercepted in his way to his hole. The hamster when he found his retreat cutoff put up his back and stood on the defensive, after the fashion of the woodchuck under similar circumstances. Pepper, whose successes in rat killing warranted his confidence, made for him to seize him by the back, but found himself nipped on the shoulder in a way that made him miss his hold, and though he hung on bravely he had at last to break away for a new attack. Approaching the bristling rodent he warily watched for an opening and again darted at him, and again, after a sharp tussle, had to retire, leaving the hamster with the honors of the second round.

By this time Pepper, whose shoulders and neck were bleeding, realized that he had tackled an enemy that couldn't be handled like a rat, and he advanced upon him the third time more warily than before, making feints of dashing upon him, but keeping away from the hamster's teeth. These tactics irritated the Russian, who in turn took the offensive and repeatedly rushed at Pepper, his teeth gnashing as he snapped at the dog in his fury. Pepper, who was about one-half the heavier, was the taller and more active, and easily dodged his opponent's rushes, not trying to seize him, but keeping up his feints of attack. His opening came at last, and as the hamster made for him, instead of springing away he suddenly whirled half round, evading the vicious snap of the sharp jaelsors, and the next instant had seized him at the nape of the neck. The rodent tried to turn his head to bite, and then endeavored to roll over on his back, but the dog's grip held like iron and his weight forced the hamster to the ground. This gave Pepper a chance to strengthen his hold, which was not easy to keep, so thick was the fur on his opponent's neck, but he tightened his grip until there came a sudden crunch, then a quick shake, and the hamster's neck was broken.

The victor's neck and shoulder was bleeding freely from two wounds, one of which barely missed the main artery of his neck. Any dog of his size other than a thoroughbred, and a shrewd fighter as well, would have been whipped, and perhaps killed. It was his maneuvering, as well as his strong, sustained grip at the end that won the dog the fight.

I was afterward told that the hamsters come and go in large numbers, appearing in different parts of Russia, somewhat as gray and black squirrels are known to do in America. They are great breeders, having several litters of young in a year, and ten or twelve at a birth. The causes of their appearance and disappearance appear to be as little understood as that of the lemmings, that periodically lay waste the farming lands in parts of Norway and Sweden in their march to the sea. But I did not hear that the hamster ever follows the example of the lemming in taking to the water and swimming seaward to his destruction.—N. Y. Sun.

LOVERS OF SPORT.

Who Enjoy Good Health and Prolong Their Lives.

Men who love sport will reap therefrom no small advantage, for they will gain bodily health, better sight, better hearing and a later old age. Above all, it is an excellent training for war. In the first place, such men, if required to make a trying march on bad roads under arms, will not break down; they will stand the strain because they are accustomed to go a-hunting wild animals with arms in their hands. Secondly, they will be able to sleep on a hard bed and keep good watch over the post intrusted to them.

In an advance against an enemy they will be competent both to attack and to obey their orders; for it is thus that wild animals are taken. If they are in the van they will stick to their posts, for they will have learned steadfastness; and in a rout of the enemy they will be able, being used to such things, to press him over every kind of ground. If their own side be beaten, they will be able to save themselves and others without dishonor in marshy, precipitous, or otherwise dangerous ground, for from experience they will be quite at home in it.

Men like these, even when the greater part of their army has been routed, have rallied and fought against the victorious enemy when astray in difficult ground, and have beaten them by their courage and their endurance.—Translation from Xenophon.—Macmillan's Magazine.

SCALLOP FISHING.

A Toothsome Shellfish that Some People Prefer to Oysters.

When summer joys have departed, the city folks have returned to their homes, and the villages along the Buzzard's Bay shore have lapsed into their usual state of quietude, the fishermen begin what they call the "scallop season." The scallop season has heretofore begun on the first day of October, but owing to an agreement between the fishermen who follow the occupation, the season this year did not open until November 1, and it is more than likely that this precedent will be followed in the future. Beginning November 1, the season of dredging continues until April 1. The reporter had the fortune to find at work opening a special order of one quart of scallops A. J. Hathaway, the oldest fisherman actively engaged in the business in Buzzard's Bay.

"I've been a fisherman all the days of my life, and that is nearly fifty years," he said, "but I ain't been in the scallop business only 'bout twenty years. Before that time scallops were not caught for the market in these waters, although they were very plentiful, so much so that a person could go down on the neck here at low tide and get a wagon load of them at any time. It's during the last twenty years that scallop fishing has grown to be so profitable, until to-day it is a better money-making business, while it lasts, than the oyster business.

"The scallops that you see in the markets in New York and Boston are not like the scallops you see me opening now. They are all soaked before we send them to market. You see, by soaking twenty-four gallons of scallops we can measure out about thirty-two gallons when we get ready to ship them. They increase in quantity, but in flavor it's another thing. This is where we put our own eyes out. If we did not soak them the demand would increase, for just as quick as people began to eat scallops that were not soaked they would find them so sweet and delicious that they would use twice as many as they do now. In their natural state, as they come out of the shell, they far surpass the oyster in deliciousness.

"In Boston and New York the marketmen all know that we soak them, and they tell us if we did not put them through this process we would get better prices; but it is no use for a few to stand out, and so they are likely to continue to soak every scallop that goes into the market this season at least. Scallops when soaked swell, but as soon as they are cooked they decrease, so that they are but one-quarter size when ready to be served; if they were not soaked they would be large, juicy and tender.

"The scallop is a short-lived fish, living only about two years in its natural element and only two days when taken away from it. They are very plentiful now, but not so much so as when I was a boy. The scallop market is very unsteady at nearly all times during the season. The prices go down easily enough, but it is hard work to push them up. The prices we receive for our fish vary from twenty-five cents per gallon to two dollars. To-day I got returns for one dollar and twenty cents per gallon, which is a fair price for this time of the year.

"We do all our dredging on this side of the bay from yachts. A dredge holds about one bushel. They are made of iron, with a bag-like attachment of netting. The dredge is drawn over the bottom of the fishing grounds until it is filled, when it is taken aboard the boat and the contents dumped on what we call a culling board. The scallops are then separated from the refuse, which is thrown overboard. Some of the yachts put out seven dredges, and a few boats carry as high as ten. Two men are required in a boat, and a good day's catch is about thirty bushels; from thirty bushels in the shell about ninety quarts can be obtained."—Boston Globe.

He Got There at Last.

The foxy boy applied for a job.

"Do you want a boy?" he asked of the magnate of the office, standing before him cap in hand.

"Nobody wants a boy," replied the magnate, eyeing him sharply.

"Do you need a boy?" asked the applicant, nowise abashed.

"Nobody needs a boy," came the discouraging reply.

The boy stuck his cap on the back of his head.

"Well, say, mister," he inquired, "do you have to have a boy?"

The magnate collapsed.

"I'm sorry to say we do," he said, "and I guess you're about what we want."—Detroit Free Press.

Dr. Holmes and Women and Children.

"I've several things bothering me," he confessed one day. "First, I am anxious to find a suitable inscription for a child's porringer. I never wrote a poem to a child, I believe. I love children dearly; I always want to stop them on the street; but I have never written about them; nor have I ever written much about women. I don't know why, but I care too much to do the Tom Moore style of thing."—Mrs. Fields, in Century.

True Enough.

The Lady—I should think a healthy looking man like you would be ashamed to beg.

The Tramp—It's becoz I'm healthy that I have ter beg, mum. If I had the dispepsy, for instance, I wouldn't trouble myself so much about vittles.—N. Y. Press.

—Joseph Jefferson was playing Sheridan's comedy of "The Rivals" in Boston some time ago. His version of the play has been arranged in such a way as to give Bob Acres considerable more prominence, perhaps, than the author originally intended, occasionally at the expense of the other characters. William Warren, the old comedian, sat the play out, and at its conclusion was asked: "How do you like Jefferson's Bob Acres?" "Capital, capital," replied Warren; "and Sheridan twenty miles away."

STORIES OF THE HAWKS.

Sharp Work of the Birds Among Annoying Rats and Squirrels.

One morning Farmer Resolved R. Hallstead, of Elkland township, Pa., saw a large white-breasted hawk dart into a sashless window near the peak of a wagon barn that he had finished building a few days before. It flew out in a moment with a squealing rat in each claw, and the interested farmer watched it till it met another hawk in midair. The two circulated and undulated side by side for a spell, when the one with the rats resumed its flight toward the forest. The other hawk immediately pointed for the barn, shot through the window, flitted out a few seconds later with a struggling rat in each talon, and sailed off in the same direction. Mr. Hallstead started to tell his wife about what he had seen, when the hawks, or a pair exactly like them, flew into the barn window, and came out shortly with their claws full of squealing rats. There was no grain or hay in the new barn, and the farmer wondered where all the rats came from. He was also in a quandary as to how the fierce forest birds knew where to find rats under a roof.

On going into the upper part of the barn Mr. Hallstead saw scores of rats scampering around on the floor, and the mystery of their presence was solved. Two nights before, a day or so after the barn had been completed, the young people of the township had a ball on the upper floor. The jocund rusties brought pecks of popcorn to the party, and between the dances they sat on rough wooden boxes and munched it with their partners. When the ball broke up lots of the popcorn was left, and the rural merrymakers threw it at one another till the floor was covered. The rats in the other barns soon got scent of the fragrant popcorn, and swarmed into the new building after it; but how the hawks ascertained that the rats were there in large numbers none of the smart local naturalists were able to tell.

Mr. Hallstead's dog pitched into the four-footed corneaters, and the fierce rats pounced upon him, bit his nose and ears till the blood ran, and sent him yelping down the stairs. The farmer went at the rats with a shovel, and they ran up his clothing and forced him to clear out. They bit him on the ears and neck before he could shake them off, and he decided to let them alone. At dusk that night he saw two owls flit through the window and sail out with four rats. The hawks continued to dart into the barn several times a day, and they always steered for the woods with their claws full. When the useful birds of prey ceased to come not a rat was to be seen in the barn, although a lot of the popcorn still remained on the floor.

A barn belonging to Edgar Putnam, of Sugar Loaf Hill, burned in the fall, and the next day an army of rats flocked into Mr. Putnam's house and attacked the baby in the cradle. Mrs. Putnam was working in the buttery, and the cries of the infant were so different from what they generally were that she rushed to it in great haste. She found rats climbing and pushing one another all over the cradle. A tame hen hawk named Dick was doing his best to protect the baby by catching the rats right and left, giving each a squeeze and then dropping it. Mrs. Putnam seized her little one and started for the next room. The ravenous rodents clung to her skirts, and the hawk pulled them off and pinched them fatally, working as though he knew that the infant was in danger. Dick flapped and hopped and flung the rats around until Mrs. Putnam got out of the room without any of them clinging to her clothing. The helpless little child was badly bitten on the face and hands, and Mrs. Putnam said afterward that the bloodthirsty rats would surely have killed the baby if the watchful hawk had not sailed into them almost as soon as they swarmed into the house. When Mrs. Putnam returned to the room Dick was still killing rats, and he didn't let up until more than thirty lay dead on the floor.

When cold weather set in a pair of red squirrels took up their abode in Erastus Felker's residence on Pleasant stream. At times they made a great racket over the ceilings and between the partitions, but the nimble little fellows were nice to look at when they skipped and chattered in the trees, so the folks in the house decided to put up with the annoyance through the winter. Early this month one of the family fell sick, and the noise of the playful squirrels made her very nervous and wakeful every night. A pair of black walnut trees in the front yard had been the means of causing the squirrels to settle in the house for the winter. Mr. Felker found more than a bushel of the nuts under the second-story floor, and beneath a plank walk between the house and street the provident little animals had stored up a peck or more. The neighborly squirrels were not contented in any one part of the dwelling. They scampered all over the house between the rooms, their nightly capering and barking finally becoming unbearable to the invalid, and Mr. Felker decided to sacrifice them for her sake.

He set three traps in the garret, but the squirrels had so much natural food laid away that they wouldn't touch any kind of bait. The cats couldn't get at the noisy little nut gatherers, the use of poison was out of the question, and the sportive squirrels continued to vex the sick person nights by rolling nuts around overhead for hours at a stretch. The noise was like that made by a kitten with a spool on a bare floor, and there was no way of stopping it, they all concluded.

Finally one of the neighbors brought a pet blue hawk to Mr. Felker's and placed it on a beam in the garret. The bird hadn't been fed in two days, and it wasn't a bit good-natured. It sat still, though, and when Mr. Felker went up at sundown to feed it, it was in the same position. But it hadn't stayed on its perch all the time, for the skins of the squirrels lay on the floor, the hawk's craw was chockful, its eyes were bright, and it was in the very best of humor. The annoying noises ceased at once, and the patient began to recover right away.—N. Y. Sun.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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THURSDAY, FEB. 28, 1895.

FOR ABOUT twenty three months the country has suffered from a variety of experiments made by a party that for the first time in thirty years had complete control of our national legislation. Their success is doing the right thing at the wrong time and the wrong thing at the right time is now historical. They have seemingly preferred any wild method to cover a tariff reform deficit rather than foster home industries or reciprocity with foreign nations. The tax collected on foreign importations has not prevented buying gold on borrowed money at a 25 per cent. increased rate of interest.

IN ITS weekly political review the Baltimore *News* of Saturday has the following: "One burst of eloquence in eulogy of a historic figure whose life and virtues have been the theme of the greatest and most gifted of latter day rhetoricians and panegyrists, and that, too, upon a day when scores of tributes were being paid from public platforms all over the country to Abraham Lincoln, has given Mr. Wellington a national name. It is consoling to the State—proud to think that the oratorical fame of Maryland will suffer to decline in the Fifty-fourth Congress. Mr. Wellington's Republican efforts and Mr. John K. Cowen's Democratic rhetoric will from the forensic standpoint undoubtedly form a harmonious whole of Maryland oratory, and reconcile speech-admirers to the retirement of the Hon. Isidor Rayner.

Cheap Woolen Goods.

Prices for woolen goods are known to be extremely low. The consumption of wool has certainly increased since the wool schedule of the new Tariff came into effect January 1, but this consumption is not of American wool. It is of foreign grown wool and is being imported free of duty. Foreign diagonal worsteds are competing with similar American goods, as also are foreign dress goods, and of the latter it is interesting to note from a trade paper that "American importers are sold out and are reimporting from abroad."

These original imports and the reimports coming, and to come must of course curtail, the output of American woolen mills. The reimports are all coming from France and at slightly lower prices than were paid for the original imports.

That French lobby which worked so hard at Washington in order to secure the passage of the Wilson tariff will appreciate that its work was not thrown away. It would appear, in fact, that the French manufacturers are just beginning to warm up to their work, because we are told that "the full strain of foreign competition has not yet been met." If this "full strain" is to be met it must be by still lower prices for American woolen goods. And these still lower prices must mean lower wages for the people who are working in the American woolen factories, unless, perhaps, our woolen manufacturers may be able to sell some of the goods made in the country in the market of France, or in some of those other markets of the world that are now wide open to us.—American Economist.

The United States Loan.

The United States shipped more gold in January last than in the same month for 19 years added together. Nor was this singular phenomenon the sole alarming symptom. Our own people had begun hoarding. The treasury statement is that something like sixty millions of gold were withdrawn from its vaults and those of the bank within less than two months, and not shipped abroad.

The people of the United States had, say the treasury officials, begun to lose faith in the ability of the government to continue to pay gold for its notes, and in this light the statement of Senator Gray that we were within 24 hours of this scandalous condition must be read. This gentleman made the first statement claiming any sort of authority, on behalf of the administration, as regards its action relative to the loan.

The bargain, in the judgment of Senator Sherman, was a bad one, and the people may readily believe that the experienced financier might have avoided some of the objectionable features now discovered. The treasury officials claim that it was extremely difficult to make any bond dealings at all, and that, after trying for four days to get a reduction of interest, even by one-eigth per cent. it was found absolutely impossible to obtain it will be learned with surprise by the country.

The story is still incomplete, and since "washing dirty linen in public" is never wise nor profitable, the closeness of the government to the critical situation can now be looked back upon with some degree of feeling of gladness that it has not been worse.

Defender Documents.

Numbers 5 and 72 have just been issued by the American Protective Tariff League. No. 5, nineteen pages entitled "Business conditions" or "The First Effects of Free Trade," comprises a careful review and compilation of statistics showing disastrous result of a free trade administration. No. 72, eight pages entitled "Wages in the United States," is the translation of a paper by Mons. E. Levasseur, read at the annual public meeting of the five academics of the institute of France. Both documents are interesting and valuable additions to Protection literature. Will be sent to any address for two cents each. Address W. F. Wakeman, Gen. Sec., 135 West 23rd St., New York.

THE CURRENT

Settling Toward Hon. Lloyd Lowndes of Allegany.

From the Baltimore News of Saturday.

The visit to the city of a considerable number of leading county politicians, both Democrats and Republicans, during the past week revived the discussion in regard to the nomination of candidates for State offices, and, taking their cue from their brethren of the rural districts, some of the city "statesmen" have also begun to talk about the "good men" who are available as candidates.

Among the Republicans of influence the current seems to be settling toward ex-Congressman Lloyd Lowndes, of Allegany county, as the man most likely to receive their party nomination to succeed Governor Brown. This is especially the case with the country people. The city people also take kindly to him. Mr. Lowndes' announcement that he would accept the nomination, which was first published in the *News*, has had the apparent effect of retiring the other candidates into the background at least, and most observers seemed to think that it has retired them permanently from the contest. Occasionally some mention may be heard of either Mr. William T. Malster or Major Alexander Shaw, but it is only a mention, for all the talk indicates that at the present time Mr. Lowndes is far in the lead. Gen. Felix Agnus also has friends who are bent on pushing him forward, but the general himself says that it is against his wishes, as he does not wish to be considered in connection with the nomination. He is firm in his belief that this is going to be a Republican year, not only in the Northern States, but also in Maryland. He expects to see Baltimore and the rest of the State break away from their allegiance to the Democratic party.

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

THE C. & O. RAILROAD.

The Extension Assured and Work to Begin at Once.

The Pittsburg *Post* of Sunday says: "The announcement was made yesterday by a well known Baltimore and Ohio railroad official that within the next few weeks work will be begun on the extension of the Confluence and Oakland branch of the road, from a point near its present terminus, which is Manor Lands, to Mt. Lake Park, Maryland, 18 miles distant. When this unfinished portion of the road is completed it will bring Pittsburg within 121 miles of Mountain Lake Park, Deer Park and Oakland, three of the most famous resorts within the same distance of the city, or, for that matter, within a much longer distance.

"It was the original intention of the Baltimore and Ohio to build the branch from Confluence to Oakland, but, when the track was laid as far as Manor Lands, the construction, for some reason, was dropped, and since then the company has not seen fit to take it up, and even in this instance the work is to be carried forward by private parties. A number of Maryland and West Virginia capitalists under the leadership of Major Alderson, an influential West Virginian, have formed a stock company, and have had the route surveyed preparatory to beginning construction work.

"These gentlemen are also interested in a new resort, within a stone's throw from Mountain Lake Park, and have already built a large hotel, which will accommodate 500 guests, and in addition contracts have been let for the building of 100 cottages. This resort is to be known as Loch Lynn Heights and is perched on an eminence overlooking Mountain Lake Park. From the top of the hotel it is said that a survey of twenty miles can be had of the surrounding country. This project accounts for the degree of interest manifested by Major Alderson and his company, who foresee that as soon as the extension is finished the new resort will be brought within easy reach of the Pittsburg people and that section of country lying north, which is the object desired.

"After the new road is built it is proposed to turn it over to the Baltimore and Ohio company for operation. Heretofore Mountain Lake Park and the accompanying resorts have not been popular with Pittsburg people, owing to the fact that they have been able to reach it only by a roundabout route, but now that a direct line is to be established between the two places, it promises to be well patronized by local excursionists. In order for Pittsburgers to reach the Park at present it is necessary to either go via Connellsville and Fairmont or via Connellsville and Cumberland, both of which routes are roundabout and cover a distance of over 200 miles.

"Major Alderson was in the city last week in conference with officials of the Baltimore and Ohio relative to the building of the road, and has received the assurance of the co-operation of the company in operating the line when it is completed. The Baltimore and Ohio officials, who gave the facts as they appear here, yesterday stated that when the new extension is built the road will put on regular trains between this city and Mountain Lake Park. In speaking of the project he said:

"'With the new link between Friendsville, where the new extension will leave the present Baltimore and Ohio branch, and Mountain Lake Park, it will be possible for Pittsburg people to reach the Park in three hours and a half. That portion of the Baltimore and Ohio between Pittsburg and the Park abounds in beautiful scenery, not to say anything about the Park after it is reached. It will be possible to run one-day excursions, leaving this city in the morning, and after spending a greater part of the day at Mountain Lake Park, to return, getting home in seasonable time the same night. In addition to the passenger facilities afforded, the extension will open up a territory rich in oil, lumber and agricultural interests, which are undeveloped, and which are bound to yield the road handsome revenues as freight traffic in time.

"'I cannot state definitely when the construction work will be begun, but all the preliminaries have been arranged, and it will probably be within the next few weeks. It would not be at all surprising if the company would be running trains from Pittsburg to Mountain Lake Park before the close of the coming season.'"

[Major Alderson desires us to say that he was not only surprised but mortified at seeing the above article. That while he feels deeply interested in the building of this road, he does not desire credit for what he is not entitled to, and that Mr. L. T. Yoder, of Pittsburg, is entitled to all the credit connected with this enterprise.—ED. REPUBLICAN.]

Meeting Of the Maryland S. S. Union.

The annual meeting of the Maryland S. S. Union was held in Baltimore on Tuesday, Febuary 19. The reports showed considerable progress in the work of the union. The following statistics for Garrett county were reported: No. Sunday-schools 119; officers and teachers, 1,062; scholars enrolled, 3,886; total membership, 4,948; average attendance, 3,116; population between 5 and 21 based on 11th census, 5,472; No. 21 years old and under not enrolled in any Sunday-school, 524.

Officers were elected for the present year as follows: President, G. S. Griffith; Secretary, Francis P. Stevens; Treasurer, Charles W. Slagle; State Supt., W. A. Baker; State Organizer, Rev. Geo. H. Noch.

The Union's Anniversary will be held at the Academy of Music, Baltimore, on the evening of April 16. Addresses will be delivered by Rev. George Edward Reed, D. D., LL.D., President of Dickinson College, and Rev. Hugh K. Walker, pastor of Central Presbyterian Church, Baltimore.

How Australian Roads are Maintained.

The maintenance of the Australian state roads is carried on after the system of the so called recovering. After numerous experiments with other systems of keeping the roads, which have always failed, the method stated has ever proved the best. According to this method, the smaller defects of the road are continually repaired by the regular roadkeepers by removing the dust and mud from the ruts and hollows and filling them with gravel. It is then, as a rule, left for the passing wagons to pack these stones and roll them in. After certain longer periods of time, when the ballast of the roadbed has been thoroughly worn out, certain lengths of the road are again completely covered with ballast up to their nominal height. This work is carried out in wet weather, as a rule, or during the fall and spring of the year. The rolling of the new layers of ballast as formerly practiced is now omitted.—St. Louis Republic.

Carpenter organs are used and recommended by good musicians all over the civilized world—100,000 now in use. Prof. S. C. Smith, general agent for Western Maryland and West Va. 51-2t.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

Saturday, the 23d Day of March, 1895,

at the hour of 2.30 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. Four of said Garrett county, containing 0,522 feet—bounded by the right of way of railroad, Chestnut street, Morris avenue and an alley, and being the same land that was conveyed to Roderick M. Greeley by G. M. Steele et al. by deed dated Oct. 3d, 1892, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 20, folio 150 etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Md.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to R. M. Greeley on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,

SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

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TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

Saturday, the 23d Day of March, 1895,

at the hour of 2.15 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer at public sale and sell to the highest bidder for cash, all those pieces of land situate in Election District No. Seven of said Garrett county, known and described as Lot (No. 122) One Hundred and Twenty-three in the town of Lake View, as laid out by the Lake View Land and Banking Association, near Mountain Lake Park, Md.; also Two Acres and Twenty Perches of another tract situate near the above described piece of land, both of said pieces or lots of land are fully described and are the same pieces or parcels of land that were conveyed to J. Frank Burley, trustee, by James C. Peddicord, trustee, by deed dated May 1st, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 14, folio 668, one of the Land Records for said Garrett county.

Said lands will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893, as is charged to J. Frank Burley, trustee, on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.
51—4t.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

Saturday, the 23d Day of March, 1895,

at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situated in Election District No. Four of said Garrett county, known and described as lot No. twelve (12) of the sub-division of a tract of land called "Lochiel," containing 201 acres and 99 perches, and being the same land that was conveyed to Jefferson S. Green by the Lochiel Lumber, Mining, Manufacturing and Improvement Company by deed dated Nov. 27th, 1888, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, folio 339, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to the said Jefferson S. Green on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 23D DAY OF MARCH, 1895,

at the hour of 3.15 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. Four of said Garrett county, containing 25 acres and being a part of a tract of land called "Music," and being the same land that was sold to Max Livingston by A. Hunter Boyd as attorney named in two mortgages from Daniel O'Connell to Julius J. Livingston and which sale is reported in No. 754 Equity in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Md.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to Max Livingston on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 23RD DAY OF MARCH, 1895.

at the hour of three o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all the coal and other mineral underlying all those certain tracts or parcels of land constituting the residue of the tract of land called "Addition to Paradise," containing 88 acres, and also all the coal and other mineral underlying that other tract of land called "Beechwood," containing 41 11-16 acres, together with the right to enter upon said tracts of land to dig, mine and take away the coal and other minerals underlying same and the right to construct ways and railways or to excavate openings upon said land, or to dig or sink shafts, or to do and perform all such other acts as may be necessary or proper for the purpose of digging, mining or removing the coal or other minerals from under and off of said land.

The lands above referred to are situate in Election District No. Eight of said Garrett county, and the minerals underlying same, with all the rights appertaining thereto were sold and conveyed to the Bayard Coal & Coke Company by William Whitmer and wife, by deed dated Jan. 24th, 1893, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 20, folio 385, etc., one of Land Records of Garrett county, to which deed reference is made.

Said minerals, with all rights appertaining thereto will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to the Bayard Coal & Coke Co. on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and the costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 23D DAY OF MARCH, 1895,

at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in the town of Friendsville in Election District No. Two of said Garrett county, containing 0,522 feet—bounded by the right of way of railroad, Chestnut street, Morris avenue and an alley, and being the same land that was conveyed to Roderick M. Greeley by G. M. Steele et al. by deed dated Oct. 3d, 1892, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 20, folio 150 etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Md.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to R. M. Greeley on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 23D DAY OF MARCH, 1895,

at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situated in Election District No. Four of said Garrett county, and being 29 acres of a tract of land called "Walnut Bottom," conveyed to Rebecca Warnick by P. Hamill and wife by deed dated Aug. 1st, 1882, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 20, folio 13 etc., one of the land records of Garrett County, Md.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893, as is charged to Rebecca E. Warnick on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 23D DAY OF MARCH, 1895.

at the hour of 2.30 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Md., offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. Two of said Garrett county, and being part of the tract of land called "Poa Patch," and being the same land that was conveyed to Charles A. Wilt by Michael Gleeson et al. by deed dated Dec. 29th, 1892, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 20, folio 295, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Md.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to Charles A. Wilt on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

Gilmor S. Hamill, Attorney.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

Demetrius A. G. Edwards, William H. Edwards and Thomas Hayden Edwards, plaintiffs,

vs.

Mary Edwards, Lawrence J. Edwards, Francis F. Smith, Mary E. Smith, Catharine F. Smith, Mary E. Jones and George A. Jones, her husband, and C. Joseph Smith, defendants.

No. 695 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

The object of this bill is to procure a decree for the sale of certain real estate in Garrett county, Maryland, which is described in a deed from Anne P. Edwards to Julia A. Edwards dated the 29th day of November in the year 1881, which deed is duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 7, folio 60, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

The Bill states:—

1. That on or about the 29th day of November in the year 1881, a certain Anne P. Edwards, of Garrett county, Maryland, conveyed to her daughter, Julia A. Edwards, amongst others, all that tract or part of a tract of land lying in Garrett county known by the name as parts of lots numbers Three and Four of the Resurvey of the "Blooming Rose," containing one hundred and two and five-eighths acres of land; also Military Lots numbers Thirty-one Hundred and Forty-two (3142) and Thirty-one Hundred and Forty-three (3143); also all of the undivided half-interest of the said Anne P. Edwards in a tract of land situated in the same county called "Western Route" or sometimes called by the name of "Rich Hill", and said to contain two hundred and eleven and seven eighths acres; it being the same land which was conveyed to James Edwards and Leonard Smith by deed from James Reynolds dated the 4th day of October, 1845, and recorded in Liber H. R. No. 1 folio 619, etc., one of the Land Records of Allegany county, all of which will more fully appear by reference to a copy of the deed from the said Anne P. Edwards to the said Julia A. Edwards herein filed and marked Plaintiffs' Exhibit No. 1, and prayed to be taken and considered as a part of this bill, together with all other exhibits which may hereafter be filed with the same.

2. That on the 1st day of June, 1893, the said Julia A. Edwards sold and conveyed to certain William H. Riley, of the same county, ten acres and forty perches of the aforesaid tract called "Blooming Rose," which will more fully appear by a certified copy of said conveyance herewith filed and marked Plaintiffs' Exhibit Number 2.

3. That on the 11th day of October in the year 1893, the said Julia A. Edwards made and executed her last will and testament, and on or about the 12th day of October in the same year, the said Julia A. Edwards departed this life in the town of Oakland, and that said will was duly admitted to probate in the Orphans' Court for Garrett county on the 17th day of October, 1894, all of which will more fully appear by a certified copy of said last will and testament herein filed and marked Plaintiffs' Exhibit Number 3.

4. That by virtue of said will the said Julia A. Edwards devised unto the said Lawrence J. Edwards, William H. Edwards, Thomas Hayden Edwards, Demetrius A. G. Edwards and Mary A. Edwards, the children of her deceased brother, William Edwards, as tenants in common, and to the survivors of them, per stirpes, all of the aforesaid tracts of land known as the "Blooming Rose" tract of the Resurvey on "Blooming Rose," and Military lots numbers Thirty-one Hundred and Forty-two and Thirty-one Hundred and Forty-three; also all of her undivided half interest in the above named tract of land called "Western Route" or "Rich Hill."

5. That the said Leonard Smith, to whom was deeded the other half of the aforesaid tract of land called "Western Route" or "Rich Hill," departed this life many years ago intestate, and left surviving him the following named children as his surviving heirs-at-law, to-wit: Francis F. Smith, Mary E. Smith, Catherine F. Smith and a son, Joseph Smith, who is also dead, dying but state and leaving surviving him as his heirs-at-law Mary F. Smith, widow, Mary E. Jones and George A. Jones, her husband, and C. Joseph Smith, to whom descended the aforesaid half interest in the tract of land called "Western Route."

6. That the said real estate above described is not susceptible of partition without material loss and injury to the parties entitled to interest therein as above stated, and that in order to make division of said interests it will be necessary that said real estate be sold and the proceeds thereof divided amongst the parties according to their several interests.

That under a commission *de lunatico inquirendo* the said Lawrence J. Edwards has been duly declared *non compos mentis* and is now confined in a hospital for the insane, or under the care of Dr. Isaac M. Keuling at Media, Pennsylvania.

The bill then prays for a decree for the sale of said real estate and for distribution between the parties entitled thereto, and for all such other and general relief as the plaintiffs may be entitled thereto.

It is thereupon, this first day of February, in the year 1895, ordered by this Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting in Equity, that the plaintiffs, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in said Garrett county once in each of four successive weeks before the 8th day of March, 1895, give notice to the said absent defendants of the object and substance of this bill warning them to appear in this court in person or by solicitor on or before the 25th day of March next to show cause, if any they have, why a decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk Circuit Court.

True copy, test:
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 48—4

The Horticultural Supply Co.,

Growers of and dealers in fruit and ornamental stock especially adapted to the Alleghany Mountains.

All the worthy old and promising new varieties.

Landscape gardening a specialty.

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Arrest disease by the timely use of Tutt's Liver Pills, an old and favorite remedy of increasing popularity. Always cures

SICK HEADACHE,

sour stomach, malaria, indigestion, torpid liver, constipation and all bilious diseases.

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1895. **The Sun!** 1895.

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FOR THE PEOPLE AND WITH THE PEOPLE.

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Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.

I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.

All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.

I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.

Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.
For prices apply to or address,
C. M. BEACHY,
47—1yr. Grantsville, Md.

Mountain Lake Park.

Samuel Sawyer and wife returned from Wheeling Monday. They will put the Assembly House in first class order for the approaching season.

Wm. Hocking and family, of Washington city, have moved into L. T. Yoder's I street house.

Friend Williams, the brick manufacturer, has rented the Yoder cottage on G street for one year.

M. M. Schrock, of Bittinger, has purchased a lot on K street, and is putting the lumber on the ground for a cottage.

Henry May is framing Mr. H. B. Ferguson's cottage on E street. It is to be completed by May 1st.

Carpenters are at work putting the roof on Epworth Cottage. It will be occupied by Mrs. Watson, of Ohio, as a boarding house.

The lumber has been placed on the lot for Mrs. Virginia Pierce's cottage, located on L street. The foundation is being arranged for.

Messrs. Beckman Bros. have piled up the lumber on the corner of F and Cedar streets for the double house being erected by Miss Ida Ingram and Mrs. Haymond, of Fairmont, W. Va.

Mr. Hammond is hauling lumber on his lots, corner of N street and Pittsburg avenue. He purchased lots last Saturday.

The bill of lumber for three cottages on E street was given to the saw mill men last Tuesday. Work will commence as soon as the weather opens up.

Within the past ten days Supt. Rudisill has had thirteen applications for cottages for the coming summer.

Dr. Jones, of Parkersburg, has rented the cottage he occupied last summer.

The Mountain Lake Hotel has had the plans drawn for a laundry. The building will be two stories and arranged for servant's quarters. Contractors are figuring on the work, which will commence as soon as the season will justify. It will cost about $2500.

The lumber is on the ground for an addition to Miss Pollock's cottage on H street.

"Unter Walden" is the name given by Supt. Rudisill to his cottage and grounds. The meaning is "among the oaks."

J. O. Thompson, of Keyser, was a visitor at the Park last week. He is delighted with his lot purchase.

The Park people called on Pastor Arbuthnot of your city, Saturday evening — a donation party. A delightful time was had. The "Parson" is very popular at the Park. Full houses greet him when he preaches here.

Last week the Park Association put up ice as clear as crystal and eighteen inches thick. About 500 tons of ice are in the ice house.

Beckman Bros. have the contract for furnishing the lumber for the enlargement and improvement of Mrs. Talsom's two cottages.

Loch Lynn Heights.

Mr. Jacob Caton, of Maysville, W. Va., will be here in a few days to go into partnership with Lincoln Callis as carriage and wagon maker. They will put an addition to the latter's blacksmith shop for that purpose.

Messrs. John Delawder and E. A. Weimer, of McHenry, were here Monday selecting lots for the erection of a store building.

Mr. Z. C. Gibson has leased the stone quarry of Major Alderson. He will open it in a few days.

The roof was completed on the hotel Tuesday. Messrs. Rulifson & Culkin, who have the contract for lathing and plastering the hotel, began work Monday.

Mr. John Dunhill, of the Park, will move into P. T. Garthright's building on First avenue in a few days.

Lumber is being placed on the ground for the erection of Mr. Jere Moon's house on Second avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. George P. White, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Rathbun and Miss Ingaba White returned home Thursday and report having enjoyed themselves.

Mr. W. H. Edgar and Miss Adaline Pysell, of McHenry, were here the early part of the week on business.

The Sunday school, which has been progressing so well, will hereafter meet in Lincoln Callis's hall.

We are glad to note that Mr. A. R. Sperry is able to be among us again, as he made his first trip to the depot Monday.

Mr. J. D. Slabach is busy on his building in Alderson's addition.

Messrs. Smith & Callis, of Hoyes, purchased two lots on Shenandoah avenue for the erection of a house.

Mr. John Mooro will move into the house lately purchased by him on Shenandoah Avenue.

Mr. Michael Flynn, of Bloomington, was here on business last Wednesday.

There was a meeting held Monday for the formation of the Loch Lynn Storo Company and the Loch Lynn Milling Company. The following officers were elected for the former: President, George P. White; vice president, J. C. Alderson; treasurer, B. F. Crane; secretary and general manager, Wm. Hocking. The capital stock of each will be $20,000. The officers of the latter are: President, Henry Beckman; vice president, Thomas Callis; treasurer, George White.

North Clade.

John F. Wilt, who resided near here, was paralyzed on last Thursday and died on Saturday. The deceased was about sixty-five years old.

Harry Garlitz, one of our brightest young men, met with a serious accident two or three weeks ago. He was near Blaine, hauling logs, and had his foot and ankle badly crushed. He is some better and hopes of his recovery are entertained.

J. W. Hardesty was visiting his brother at Terra Alta, who, as a B. & O. conductor, was hurt very badly in a wreck near Grafton.

Mrs. J. L. McRobie, who has been seriously ill for some time, is convalescing.

Edward Beckman is cutting logs preparatory to building a new house.

Louis Littman expects to move his family from Oakland to his farm soon.

We are informed that Mr. Thos. McRobie has sold his farm to Jno. E. Barnard. Mr. McRobie is one of our best citizens and we shall be sorry for him to leave us.

Everyone is glad to see the deep snow gradually disappearing. Yes, a hard winter it has been.

The E. L. will hold a business and literary meeting on March 5th. An excellent program is being prepared and of course a good time expected.

Walnut Bottom.

Seeing no items from this place, I take pleasure in writing a few.

Joseph Paugh and Trout Warnick, of this place, paid Oakland a business trip one day last week.

M. Harvey and A. M. T. Warnick are making quite a success at logging.

The family of Simon Paugh has been very ill with scarlet fever.

Watson & Co.'s mill at Barnum has been shut down for some time owing to deep snow, which blockaded the tram road.

Carrie, daughter of Mrs. Jack Harvey, is very ill at this writing.

Mr. Sam Allison, of Indiana Co., Pa., is sliding logs for Nesbit Bros. in Allan Abernathy's place.

Rev. C. E. Holt will preach in the Walnut Bottom school house on Saturday, March 3d, at 3 o'clock p. m.

Mr. G. L. Harvey contemplates moving to Frostburg in the near future.

Mr. Joseph Harvey, who has been nursing a cut foot for some time, is able to be about.

It is reported that Mr. Charles Liller, of Cross, W. Va., and Miss Louisa Paugh, of this place, have obtained license to wed.

Mr. Meshach Harvey will move to White Rock, Ohio, in the spring.

The family of B. Warnick is very ill with scarlet fever, and also Mrs. George Tichenell and daughter.

Mr. Wm. Nesbit was visiting friends at Cross Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Henry Berry paid Piedmont a visit one day last week.

Maud, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Paugh, is very ill.

Mr. Chas. Kent felled a tree on himself one day last week, and was so seriously injured that he will probably die.

Joseph Harvey has moved into Sol Harvey's house near this place.

Mr. Bradley Bray, of Swanton, has been visiting friends at this place.

Mr. George Bray had a calf frozen to death during the recent storm.

Mount Zion.

Several of our citizens were at Oakland last week attending the case of J. E. Barnard and William Sharpless.

Mr. Harry Hohenshilt, of Perry county, Pa., who is working for Nesbit Bros., met with a serious accident one day last week in which he had his feet badly mashed by a log rolling over them.

Mr. Reason Harvey, who is cutting props for the Manor mine, cut himself badly one day last week.

Several of the young folks of this vicinity attended church at Swanton Wednesday night and report a good meeting.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. Ben Sharpless paid Bloomington a visit on Saturday.

Mr. Ira Duckworth cut his foot one day last week.

Rev. Wm. Stevens will preach in the M. E. church at Mt Zion on Sunday, March 3d, at 7 p. m.

Mr. John Sharpless, sr., lost several cattle during the recent storms.

Sheridan Stottlemeyer and Mr. Turner will move to Chaffee in the near future.

Mr. Frank Shaffer, of Perry Co., Pa., is one of our latest citizens.

Mr. F. A. Sharpless is making quite a success with the picture business.

Mr. Frank Turner, of this place, has purchased seven hundred and fifty acres of land of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company in Yellowstone Co., Montana.

Mr. Randolph Harvey, who has been ill for some time, will go to Baltimore to undergo a surgical operation.

Selbysport.

The snow and ice that we have made such good use of for the last nine weeks is slowly leaving us.

Matthias is getting his work in all-right to-day, Monday. This knocks the groundhog doctrine silly.

Chas. H. Stuck moved in one of Diamond's houses in West Selbysport on Monday.

The villains who treated Silas Teats to a look into the barrels of three Winchesters, have been run down, and will no doubt beg more piteously than Mr. Teats did for mercy. Warrants are out for their arrest and will in all probability be given a hearing before 'Squire Sheckles ere the week closes. Mr. Sheckles has no mercy on such characters, and it is thought he will give them a long term, unless the outlaws succeed in intimidating Mr. Teats by their bullying threats and prevent him from appearing against them. In such a case Mr. T. ought to be made look down the same barrels again and no doubt will.

The old landmarks of our town are fast disappearing. The old houses owned by Mrs. Ann Stuck and E. J. Frantz are being torn down. Those houses were occupied by the above named families up to a couple of years ago, when they were exchanged for large and handsome frame structures. The old houses are said to have been built more than a hundred years ago, and the logs are still sound, as is almost all the lumber used in the buildings. But one more log house remains in our town, that owned by J. A. Dunham. We learn Richard Fairall owned this house at one time and built an addition to it which is not in near as good condition as the log part which was built many years before the frame addition.

S. P. Lowdermilk, of Frazee's Ridge, who has been sick all winter has been given up to die by his friends.

Jonas Frazee, of Pittsburg, visited his family again last week, who are still living in our town.

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38 13

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	Daily	2.41 A. M
No. 3	Daily	7.09 A. M
No. 71	Accom daily except Sun	9.33 A. M
No. 47	Daily except Mon	11.28 A. M
No. 15	Accommodation daily	6.27 P. M
No. 1	Daily	9.58 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 2	Daily	5.51 A. M
No. 8	Daily	7.34 A. M
No. 14	Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 46	Daily except Monday	1.38 P. M
No. 72	Accom daily except Sun	5.17 P. M
No. 4	Daily	9.25 P. M

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D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President.
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 112

Estate of Henry Kamp, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

HENRY KAMP,

late of Garrett County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 4th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 27th day of December, 1894.

FRED KAMP, Adm'r,
41 Accident, Md.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 17, 1895.

There will be a meeting of the County Commissioners of Garrett county held at their office in Oakland on

Tuesday, February 5, 1895,

for the purpose of hearing appeals.

Appeals from the respective districts will be heard as follows:

Tuesday, Feb. 5—7, 8, 9 and 10,
Wednesday, Feb. 6—1, 4, 11 and 12,
Thursday, Feb. 7—2, 5, 6 and 3.

N. B.—All persons wishing to take appeals on assessments shall observe the above days and dates by districts and attend accordingly by order of the board.

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

TWO DOGS AND A JURY.

MARGUERITO VELASQUEZ was a person of some notoriety on the American side of the Texan frontier. There were patriots, indeed, when members of his acquaintance, notably sheriff's officers, sought his society with an ardor that was difficult to withstand. The present was one of those occasions, and although Marguerito had shown some coyness about accepting the urgent invitation extended to him and had, moreover, given the state officials some healthy exercise before allowing them to deliver it personally, yet he had eventually given way to force of circumstances.

Fortunately for themselves, the representatives of law and order in Jacubaya knew within one hundred miles or so the localities where Marguerito was likely to be found. His natural modesty would, they were aware, prevent his crossing the American border, where his return had long been awaited with anxiety by certain of his compatriots. Therefore the chase had been short.

Still, while it lasted, like most of the proceedings in which Marguerito was actively concerned, it had proved full of interest to the persons sharing in it. But now the object of all these attentions had recognized the uselessness of further resistance, and feeling that he had done his best, was prepared to rest upon his laurels. Wherein his friend, Don Carlos, agreed with him.

The pair, accompanied by a large proportion of the population, made their way toward the courthouse, a building which but unflatteringly illustrated the quality of the law dispensed therein. As a matter of fact, before it became a hall of justice, it had been a loft, and access to it was still gained by means of a ladder. Marguerito, followed by the judge, the jury and the crowd, mounted with impassive slowness, and he was shortly occupying a prominent position in the court.

Don Carlos, who suffered from a constitutional objection to climbing, had elected to remain in the yard below. Knowing from past experience that the trial was likely to be a lengthy process, he gravely seated himself upon the ground and prepared to await events. It should be explained that Don Carlos was not handsome. Neither was he good. Still, he possessed merits which might have been patent to the casual observer. In complexion he was black and tan, being rather like a dachshund in the face, while he strongly resembled a greyhound in the figure. His tail, however, it was impossible to classify, for it belonged to no species or epoch. Owing to his having been dropped by his nurse when a baby, it had a break near the tip, which caused it to curl over his back in coquettish manner far from exemplifying the real solidity of his character, while its length would have done credit to a cat.

Don Carlos himself seemed to be aware that it was not the latest fashion in tails, and he habitually underwent many things in a vain endeavor to sit upon the whole of it at once. He was thus engaged upon the present occasion when, glancing up, he chanced to catch sight of a bull mastiff which was strolling into the yard apparently in search of stray refreshments.

Don Carlos pricked up his ears and blinked his eyes, into which the light of battle gradually crept, until the intruder, unconscious of danger, drew nearer every moment.

In the meanwhile the sonorous tones of the judge, mingled with the drawl of the witnesses, sounded clearly from the open window of the loft above. It appeared that Marguerito was accused of horse stealing this time, and as he listened to the details of his error, as described by the sufferers from it, he felt by no means certain but that this might be the last of his many adventures.

"Judge Hopper's got a hanging look about him this morning," he meditated, with an unemotional face. "If I get off this time I will go home to Conchita, and they shall find me no more."

The last witness for the prosecution finished his tale of woe, and a feeble effort was made at defense, while Marguerito wondered idly if he really were as great a ruffian as the evidence seemed to imply.

Silence broken only by the buzzing of flies fell upon the close room, as the judge seated himself in his wooden chair and prepared to sum up. The culprit, who was looking through the window at his side, appeared to be the only uninterested person present. A deputy standing near was about to call his attention to the proceedings when, following for an instant the direction of the prisoner's gaze, he, too, became absorbed.

The sheriff himself then glanced at the window, through which short barks were beginning to make themselves heard, and after one look he rushed to the door and commenced hurriedly descending the ladder. The audience gazed at each other in amazement for an instant, and with a simultaneous movement they took a hurried survey of the yard. Having looked, they wasted no more time, but, with an expression of rapture stealing over their faces, they made for the ladder, accompanied by the prisoner and his guard.

The judge, being left alone in the loft, frowned severely at the empty benches, as he said with impressive dignity: "I guess this court will now adjourn." Then he tucked up his sleeves and made good time for the yard. A vigorous struggle for the best view took place between Marguerito and himself, without either man being in the least aware of the identity of the person by whom he was jostled. Nor would it have made any difference if he had known, because not even for a free pardon would the accused have consented to forego the enthralling sight on which he was feasting his eyes.

Affairs were just at their most exciting stage. The bull mastiff, it appeared, had drawn quite close to Don Carlos before perceiving his presence. He had, then, instead of apologizing for the intrusion, critically examined Don Carlos' tail, afterward giving vent to an insulting bark. This brought matters to a climax, and in less time than it takes to tell the two dogs were so inextricably mixed up that but for the appendage in question waving over the scene like a flag of battle, it would have been impossible to distinguish one combatant from the other.

There was no necessity for the haste displayed by the spectators in reaching the seat of war, for the fray promised to be as long as it was sanguinary. No quarter was asked or desired. The stranger possessed a vast amount of staying power, inasmuch as when he once took hold little short of extracting his teeth made him let go again. But the military tactics of his opponent were new to him, and prevented his getting an opportunity to show what he really could do.

Don Carlos dashed underneath him and sent him sprawling in the mud; he jumped over his back and gave him a perfunctory bite in passing, and he harried his front and rear guards both at the same time, until the bull mastiff felt that, for all the good he was able to effect, he might as well be a toy terrier. The ironical cheers of the crowd incited him to fresh endeavor, and he spent himself in frantic efforts to gain the mastery.

At length, however, he saw a chance. Making a sudden dash while Don Carlos was in the act of executing one of his wonderful leaps, the bulldog met him in midair, and at last obtained a grip on the enemy's throat. Both dogs fell to the ground, the stranger savagely worrying his apparently vanquished antagonist.

The crowd showed signs of a desire to interfere, but Marguerito waved them back. "Let 'em alone," he said, placidly, "and bet your boots upon old Carlos."

The intelligent animal, as he lay beneath his conqueror, appeared to understand and to be encouraged by the faith reposed in him by his master. He gathered his long legs together, planting them firmly against the enemy's body, and the next development of the case was that the bull mastiff was seen to be taking an entirely involuntary flight through space.

Don Carlos, meanwhile, slowly arose, shook out his tail, and—yawned.

The discomfited interloper, after a short period of meditation in a dust heap, picked himself out of the dirt. He looked back at the field of battle, glanced at the open gate which he had entered, and then in a depressed manner he evidently made up his mind that it was time to leave. He accordingly did so, and not until he had

AN ENTIRELY INVOLUNTARY FLIGHT.

slowly lurched out of sight around a sandy corner did Don Carlos creep up to his master for congratulations. That gentleman muttered something in their native Mexican that was clearly intelligible to his companion, for Don Carlos' eyes said plainly that he found life a very satisfactory thing. With unlooked for docility Marguerito turned to ascend the ladder leading to the loft.

Brought back to everyday life by his movement, judge, jury and audience followed suit in a silence too blissful for breaking.

The prisoner, impassive as ever, resumed his careless survey of the room, letting his gaze rest longest on the benches occupied by the jury.

The judge took his seat, scrutinized the faces of the crowd, and, apparently satisfied by what he read there, cleared his throat and began.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "when we were interrupted by unforeseen circumstances a short time ago I opine that you were just a-goin' to declare that accordin' to the best of your belief the prisoner was innocent of the charge agin him."

"You've struck it, jedge," unblushingly responded the jury.

The judge frowned down an attempt at speech on the part of the sheriff and turned to Marguerito.

"Prisoner," he said, "you heerd the remarks of them gentlemen opposite, so you may take it that the proceedin's is concluded. But don't get up to any more of your tricks in this country, for it 'pears likely that next time you won't get off so easy. And now, what'll you take for the dog?"—Pall Mall Gazette.

She Was Grateful.

The plain tailor-made costumes so much in vogue with young ladies are occasionally the cause of amusing mistakes. A young lady in a street car gave up her seat to an elderly woman. The old lady, near-sighted but grateful, was prompt in her acknowledgments. "Thank you, sir," she said; "thank you very much. You are the only gentleman in the car."—Youth's Companion.

GETTING RID OF PESTS.

Recipes That Will be Welcomed by Every Anxious Housekeeper.

There are few housekeepers who have not wakened some morning to find the house alive with ants.

Corrosive sublimate is one of the quickest poisons known, and for that reason is efficacious. The proportion should be about one part corrosive sublimate to 100 parts of water, which makes it very strong. This, used as a wash, is nearly always effective for the time being, but other measures are necessary for a complete riddance.

Ants usually appear in the pantry or cellar-way, and invade everything they find. Sugar, flour, etc., so affected should be scalded with plenty of hot water, to kill those already there.

Then everything should be removed from the shelves and scalding water poured over.

Corrosive sublimate solution may then be poured around, and when the shelves are dry, blow with a powder bellows red pepper in every crack and crevice. It is unlikely they will ever return.

Rats and mice are more difficult to deal with. Poison is out of the question in the summer, for they always choose a place in the house to die.

Traps fail to ensnare them. The only plan to drive them away positively, is to get a quantity of potash, put it in the sun till it becomes soft, and then, with a stick, smear every hole that can be found.

Sooner than walk through this a rat will change his abode. From a druggist who sells glass get all the pieces they throw away, pound fine and throw in the holes. Being sharp it will cut their feet. This combination, potash and glass, is a never-failing cure.

Roaches are among the most persistent pests that invade a house. Get equal parts of paris green and borax, and, at night, set around their haunts in old dishes.

They will die away like magic. Sometimes they are found in desks, especially in offices. This preparation scattered freely under the bottom paper will rid the drawers of them. It is almost impossible to get rid of bugs in a soft wood bed.

Better burn the bed up in the beginning. It is generally true that the baby's crib is the offending member, being made of softer wood. Then all the beds in the house should be given a turpentine bath, pouring it into all the cracks and crevices.

The spring should have an extra good dose, and the edges of the matress, bolster and pillows soaked. A pint to a bed is the average allowance. This will kill all bugs it reaches.

Blow insect powder all over the bed spring and mattress; examine the bed every day, repeating this treatment twice a week for a month.

Next varnish the wood work. This will close up all little cracks where they could have hidden, and not only keep them out, but prevent others from getting in.

The base boards and other paint should also be looked to, turpentined, and, if thought necessary, varnished. Such treatment will destroy them in short order.

Willow cribs and rockers need attention, particularly during warm weather. The remedy for these is scalding water, an application of corrosive sublimate solution and a coat of varnish, which had better be left to a furniture dealer to administer.—Boston Globe.

KINGS AND HAWKS.

Monarchs of Old Who Hunted With the Birds.

Richard I., when in the Holy Land, amused himself with hawking on the Plain of Sharon, and is said to have presented some of these birds to the sultan. Later on, while passing through Dalmatia, he carried off a falcon which he saw in one of the villages, and refused to give it up. He was attacked so furiously by the justly incensed villagers that it was with the utmost difficulty that he managed to make his escape.

King John used to send both to Ireland and to Norway for his hawks. We are told by Froissart that when Edward III. invaded France he had thirty falcons, and every day either hunted or went to the river for the purpose of hawking. Henry VII. imported gos-hawks from France, giving four pounds for a single bird—a much greater sum in those days than at present. Henry VIII. whilst hawking at Hitchin was leaping a dyke, when the pole broke, and the king was immersed head first into the mud, and would have perished, in all probability, had not his falconer dragged him out.

Elizabeth and James I. were much interested in the sport; the latter sovereign, indeed, expended considerable sums on its maintenance. Aubrey, in his Miscellanies, says: "When I was a freshman at Oxford, I was wont to go to Christ church to see Charles I. at supper, where I once heard him say that as he was hawking in Scotland he rode into the quarry, and there found the covey of partridges falling upon the hawk, and I remember his expression further, 'And I will swear upon the Book 'tis true.'"—Chambers' Journal.

Maple Wax.

A delicious confection for children, and not amiss to their elders, is maple wax. Boil maple sugar with a little water to a thick sirup. When a little will harden readily on snow or ice it is ready. Then pour it over a great pan, either of closely packed snow or of ice. It will make sheets of brittle, melting candy that is most luscious and very easily prepared.—Philadelphia Press.

—Tongs were said to have been invented in China, B. C. 1122, but representations of them have been found on the Egyptian monuments, B. C. 2200. In India they are claimed as in use since B. C. 900, and their principal employment in that country, where fires during the most of the year are superfluous, was to facilitate the handling of dead bodies in the funeral pyres. Seventy pairs of tongs, some bronze, some iron, have been taken from the ruins of Pompeii.

TROUT AND SALMON.

A Peculiarity of Growth in These Noble Fishes.

In rapid mountain torrents or in upland pools, where food is scanty, common English river trout will weigh, when adult, only six or seven ounces, while a fish which turns the scale at half a pound may be regarded (in the chaste language of angling) as "a whopper." But in a large lake or a placid river, where insects abound and living is easy, individuals of the very same species will grow to a weight of fourteen or fifteen pounds, without making allowance for the imagination of the fisherman. It is almost as though adult men varied from five feet high on the Welsh hills to twenty feet and fifty stone on the plains of England.

The reason is, that fish have really no fixed limit of growth. A pike continues to grow as long as he lives, provided only he can find more food to [illegible] and he is even said to increase by fits and starts whenever the circumstances enable him to dine for some weeks together rather better than usual. This is pretty much the same as if one could make a London crossing sweeper shoot up incontinently to be eight feet high by inviting him for a month to a course of lord mayorally banquets at the Mansion house.

Now, in salmon and trout this peculiarity of growth is much more marked than in most other fishes. For the bones of the skeleton are loose and fibrous; there is much more cartilage and much less lime than in the majority of their relations. A skeleton of this sort will obviously allow of ready modification, and is most convenient for its possessor if at any moment he desires to enlarge himself symmetrically. Such fish as that may always be trusted to rise to the situation. As a natural result, where trout find little to eat they become adult at a length of a very few inches, but where they find food in great abundance they rapidly grow to quite astonishing dimensions. They are the owners of a patent expansible skeleton.—Cornhill Magazine.

Dot's Penknife.

Little Dick—That knife of yours is no good. I tried to sharpen a pencil with it.

Little Dot—Well, of course. It isn't a pencil knife; it's a penknife. I use it to scrape the rust off my pens.—Good News.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Fritters.—Beat two eggs, add one cupful of sweet milk, one pint of flour, a little salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted together. Drop from the side of a spoon into hot lard. Serve warm with maple sirup.—Good Housekeeping.

—Cheese and Celery Sandwiches.—Whip a gill of thick, sweet cream, and add enough grated cheese to make a stiff paste. Spread thin slices of bread with this, and sprinkle thickly with very finely minced white stalks of celery. These must be made just before serving, and the cheese, which should be sharp and well flavored, must be freshly grated.—Country Gentleman.

—Batter for Fritters.—Beat the yolks of two eggs until pale, then add a teacupful of cold water, and by degrees beat in gradually a half pound of flour. The batter should be of the consisteney of thin cream, so that it should pour easily from the spoon; therefore, if too thick, add more water. Let the batter stand for at least an hour before using.—Leeds Mercury.

—Cod a la Flamande.—Have the steaks cut two inches thick; grease the baking pan and sprinkle the bottom with chopped onion, parsley, bits of [illegible] and a bay leaf. Lay the steaks [illegible] Baste, brush over the top with the yolk of an egg, sprinkle with chopped onion and parsley and pour one tablespoonful of lemon juice to each steak. Bake thirty minutes and serve with bechamel sauce.—Ohio Farmer.

—Mutton Pudding.—We are often puzzled to know what to do with the "long bones" of the neck of mutton. Line a basin with a nice suet crust, take the meat off the long bones, cut it into two-inch lengths, flour and season each piece well. Fill the basin with the meat, pour some good stock over, cover with crust and boil slowly for three hours at least. The long boiling is necessary, so as to cook the skinny parts thoroughly and make them tender.—Home.

—Cake Without Eggs.—One heaping tablespoonful lard, one cup sugar, stirred together; add one cup of milk or water, two even tablespoonfuls corn meal (which takes the place of eggs), flour to make the right consisteney. Season with any flavor. After all is well stirred, add two heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder. Butter may take the place of lard, and when lard is used a pinch of salt should be added.—Farm and Fireside.

—Rye Pancakes.—One cup of rye flour, one of wheat flour, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of water, one-half teaspoonful of soda and one egg. Pinch of salt. Beat the egg, add the flour, put the soda into the warm water, let it dissolve, add it to the molasses, pour the whole into the egg and flour, mix well together; fry in a kettle of boiling lard until thoroughly cooked. Drop from a tablespoon which will hold enough to make a pancake of the right size. See that the lard is boiling before putting the pancakes in.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Doughnuts (never have failed).—One pint of warm milk, one cupful of sugar, one beaten egg, one-third cupful of lard, a little salt, one-third of a teaspoonful of soda; yeast (one cake of common yeast or one-half cake of compressed). Mix at night, using sufficient flour to make a sponge. Make the sponge thicker if compressed yeast is used. In the morning add flour enough to mold; knead thoroughly and let it rise again. Roll and cut into round cakes three-fourths of an inch thick, raise, then turn over on the molding board and let them rise on the other side. Begin frying before quite light enough or the last fried will be too light. Fry in hot lard, but not so hot as for fried cakes.—Good Housekeeping.

ONE OF THE PERILS OF RAILROADING IN NORTHERN INDIA.

The incident shown in the accompanying picture, amusing enough as thus depicted, though far from pleasant at the time to the principal actor, occurred recently in the vicinity of a station in northern India. Being confronted by a tiger when about to light the signal lamps, the man promptly took refuge up the signal post, and was only released from this unpleasant and dangerous position when an approaching train drove the animal away

Out of the Question.

Husband—I see plainly you want to get up a quarrel. And in the street, too. Wait, at least, till we are inside our own house.

Wife—Impossible. I shall have cooled down before we get there.—La Fanville.

In 1995.

Miss Hystrung—I can't bear that young Mr. Smithers.

The New Girl—Why not?

Miss Hystrung—Why he's positively masculine in his ways.—Chicago Record.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

"Well, well, I really and truly believe that our young lady has had an appointment with her beau."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Advice.

"When your wife has a temper, and home's rather blue,"
Asked Smith, "what on earth is a fellow to do?"
"My dear boy!" said Jones, "if that is the rub,
Just make an immoderate use of your club."
—Truth.

The Emancipated Woman.

"Jaggles' wife hez charged him with failure to support her."

"Thet so? Whut was she runnin' fur?"—Detroit Free Press.

A Consolation.

Patient—Doctor, my memory has recently become shockingly bad.

Doctor—Indeed? In these cases, sir, it is my invariable rule to ask for my fee in advance.—London Punch.

Looking Backward.

She carries all before her.
But it wasn't always so;
We all recall the bustle
And the days of long ago.
—Detroit Tribune.

A GREAT DEAL WORSE.

Chollie—Why have you stopped calling on Miss Patterson? Did her father object?

Algie—No; she did.—Brooklyn Life.

Valuable Recipe.

Jess—Eating onions quite often causes me to get a good night's sleep.

Bess—How so?

Jess—They drive young Staylate away early.—Town Topics.

In a Cafe.

Gus Snoberly—This isn't the genuine French cognac?

New Waiter—How do you know it isn't? You can't talk French.—Texas Siftings.

The Test to Boston.

"I adore you," said he.

"How much do you adore me?" asked Miss Bekonstreet, calmly. "Enough to join our Browning society this winter?"

He struggled within himself and he whispered: "Even that!"

Miss Bekonstreet smiled tenderly upon him and murmured: "One thing more; will you take me to the symphony to-morrow in my new bloomers?"

But he had fled and they are no longer platonic friends.—Life.

Beginning Early.

"Thank you, my dear," said the pretty young woman to the bright-eyed boy who had risen in the crowded car to give her his seat.

He stood a few moments with his feet very wide apart, and then he said:

"If I was a man and a little girl had got up to give me a seat I'd take her on my lap."—Chicago Tribune.

Just What Did He Mean?

Miss Keedik (proudly)—Mr. Tillinghast told me last night that I was a perfect poem.

Miss Fosdick—I think that was real cruel of him.

"Why?"

"He told me only two days ago that he thoroughly detested poetry."—Town Topics.

Why He Was Not Rewarded.

Sam—Sally Finch said in ther spellin' bee thet ef I told her how ter spell a word sho would give me a kiss arter school.

Jake—An' didn't yer tell her?

Sam—Of course I told her; but, golldern it! I told her wrong.—Judge.

A PICTURE OF THE FUTURE.

Fliegende Blaetter's idea of a school boy a hundred years hence.

A Mean Man.

Winkers—Talking about mean men, do you know Binkers?

Minkers—Is he mean?

Winkers—Mean! Mean is no name for it. Why, that fellow is mean enough to put his name on an umbrella.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Stab from Behind.

Blueblood Britisher—I came from a fine old English aristocratic family, I assure you.

Miss Keenune—Ah, really? Did they give you a good character when you left them?—N. Y. World.

A Narrow Escape.

Mrs. Kaddy (scornfully)—I wouldn't be an old maid for any thing in the world.

Miss Elderly (calmly)—Yes, we all saw that when you got your chance to get married.—Chicago Record.

How He Knew.

He—I observe my company is not agreeable to you.

She—How did you observe it?

He—By the clock. You've turned it forward instead of back.—N. Y. Herald.

A Play on Words.

"Those rabbits remind me of Sullivan, the prize fighter."

"Because they are knocked out?"

"No, because they are dead game."—Truth.

Better Than Kerosene.

Half a teaspoonful of sugar scattered over a dying fire is better than kerosene and has no element of danger.

FARM AND GARDEN.

ROADS IN VIRGINIA.

Mr. D. O. Nourse Tells How They Might Be Improved.

Mr. D. O. Nourse, the agriculturist and farm superintendent of Virginia experiment station, has just published a bulletin relating to the roads of that state—"if," as he says, "the tracks over which we are obliged to travel may be dignified by the name of roads"—in which he makes a strong plea for placing the building and repair of earth roads in the hands of persons who understand how to do such work in accordance with correct principles. What is wanted is an engineer or overseer for each county, to be paid a regular salary, who would, if a man of honor, be jealous of his reputation, and good roads would be the result. Such an officer could, in a few years, by keeping a sufficient number of teams and employing men used to the work who would be becoming better workmen year by year, build up a department that would be a credit to the community. It is no wonder that roads are poor when contracts are let to persons who hardly know a good road from a bad one—for it is just as necessary to know how to build a highway as it is to build a railroad. A few fundamental principles in the building and maintenance of earth roads are given.

1. A common error is that of attempting to repair without first removing the cause of the trouble. Drainage must be first attended to, as it is simply impossible to make a road bed to stand if the drainage is bad. "We have seen on one of the most traveled roads the water run for half a mile in the wheel and horse tracks, when perhaps the taking out of a stump or one blast of rock would remove all obstructions and allow good gutters." Water must be kept out of the road at all hazards and this must first, last and always be by the conduits at each side.

2. Water never runs up hill. Often the gutters are sufficiently good in every respect except that the slope is in the wrong direction. The eye is not always a true evidence of slope of ground, as the topography of the land may be such that the fall is more apparent than real. Apply the test of the simple level.

3. A safe rule is to place bridges or culverts wherever there is a depression in the road; and unless the water may be conveyed to fields on each side, a culvert must be made in the lowest spot, carrying the water across the road.

4. Whenever a mud hole is formed in an earth road, it should never be filled with a lot of stones, as this is almost certain to make two mud holes instead of one. First remove the mud and water from the puddle, and then take earth as nearly of the same nature as the roadbed as possible and pound this into the hole firmly, so that wheels may pass over it at once without sinking into it. It should be filled somewhat higher than surrounding portions to allow for settling.

5. Give the road bed the proper slope. Never allow it to be too flat, or lower in the middle than at the sides. A section of road should, if cut transversely, present an arc in shape, sloping from the center to each side. This, of course, is to prevent water from standing on the surface.

6. Do not make roads too wide or too narrow. If too wide they become very expensive to keep in repair, and if too narrow the gutters become obstructed from wagons running into them. In general these rules apply with equal force to earth or rock roads, as, if a rock road is to be made, these principles must first be carried out. The idea may appear absurdly simple, but there are thousands of instances in which they are utterly disregarded in road-building and repairs, and hence are the more necessary.—American Agriculturist.

NOTES FOR GARDENERS.

MAKING a hot bed is not a very great task and it advances the season weeks sometimes, when the spring happens to be late.

WITH a good gardea there is health and variety of food, both very desirable, not to speak of the saving in household expenses.

PUT an extra coat of soil, or what is better, a coat of coarse manure, over the potato and turnip pits before more severe weather comes.

IT does not hurt cabbages that are buried to freeze once, but if allowed to freeze and thaw and freeze again, it is spoiled. After the ridge is frozen through, cover it with straw and it will not thaw out until spring.

A WELL KEPT garden is an ornament to any farm and tells the passing stranger that the owner is proud of his profession and who believes in having the comforts of life when they can be gotten as easily as a supply of garden stuff can.

IF sods are cut into squares a foot each way and placed upside down on a hot bed or cold frame and seeds planted in them the plants, when large enough to transplant, may be lifted with the sods and set in the garden without stopping growth. In this way we have transplanted beans, cucumbers and many other things that are not usually transplanted.—Springfield (O.) Farm News.

Tuberculin Test in Canada.

The Canadian minister of agriculture has ordered that all cattle entering any of the quarantine stations shall be subjected to the tuberculin test. One valuable bull was found to be affected with tuberculosis, and the owner was given the alternative of having him slaughtered without compensation or returning him to the United States, whence he came.

When Objection Should Cease.

Whenever a township has plenty of gravel, or can get it cheaply, it should improve its roads. The objection to road improvement on account of great expense should not be carried to an extent that will prevent road improvement when it can be done at little expense.

SPLENDID WELL SIPHON.

Now in Use on a Well-Conducted Dairy Farm in Ohio.

During a recent visit to the home and farm of Mr. A. W. Evans, some very interesting facts came up, well worthy of mention. He is a common, practical farmer, but an air of thrift seems to pervade all the surroundings and efforts of this worthy Quaker and his wife.

A splendid herd of Jerseys that average in test 5.4 at the neighboring creamery, headed by a first-class, pure-bred St. Lambert bull, were ruminating lazily over the fields. A brand new silo, filled just recently, stood like a tall sentinel against the cow barn, as a manifesto that dairying had come to stay at that home. He was in the ice-house, still containing plenty of ice for use in preserving the milk over two days, thus saving a trip to the creamery except every other day, the distance being considerable. A well-balanced ration of the best grains is fed to these cows the year round, and to a very good profit, too.

My eye was attracted by a low-wheeled truck, constructed from four wheels of two old mowing machines,

FIG. 1.

one pair higher than the other, similar to a common wagon. This truck was more used upon the farm for most of the hauling than the ordinary wagon, because of its broad tire and low platform.

The most attractive feature we have to speak of we found in his cow stable, directly in front of his cows. This was a watering device that is novel and useful. It is not possible for all to arrange such a convenient contrivance, yet very many can, and hence I shall illustrate the plan and describe it.

The whole arrangement is nothing short of a siphon from his house well to the barn, and it works like a charm, the bottom of the well being some two feet higher than the point of delivery in the stable. A pipe one inch in di-

FIG. 2.

ameter was inserted in the well within one foot of the bottom, elbowed at A, Fig. 1, and connected with a horizontal pipe passing through wall into a trench two feet deep. About four feet from well wall a T union was put on, as indicated in Fig. 1, with an upright pipe extending one foot above ground. This pipe is used to fill up the pipe from bottom of well to the stable, then plugged up with a tap screw, B, put in perfectly air tight.

The point C, Fig. 2, is an ordinary half-turn stopcock with a rod extending eighteen inches above ground or floor, passing through a six-inch box which lets on the flow of water or cuts it off. At D is another half-turn stopcock which acts as a drain pipe to keep frost from freezing water in pipe at E. This stopcock is closed when water is to be drawn for use.

I omitted to state that a valve (V) is necessary at the bottom of pipe in well, while filling. This valve should be loosely put in with a wire (W) from

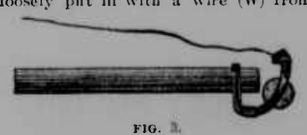

FIG. 3.

top attached, to draw it up. Fig. 3 shows this valve more clearly. After the pipe is full the opening of the cock starts the water to flow as a siphon, and it will continue to flow indefinitely, as long as the air is excluded from the pipe, until the well is drained, but subject to the will of the operator in opening the stopcock at C, or closing it.

A device of this character, where possible to operate it, is equal to a running spring and better than a windmill. Persons once in possession of such watering conveniences in their stables are loath to even think of doing without them. They become a practical part of their profitable operations and add hours of real pleasure to their daily labors.—Ohio Farmer.

How to Grow Cabbages.

In my experience, cabbages are most economically grown by giving only a moderate manuring of farm-yard manure, and then applying repeated dressings of nitrate of soda. This can be most cheaply and effectively done by dropping a small quantity near the root of each plant, where 1 cwt. per acre will do as much good as 3 cwt. sown broadcast or along the drill. This should be done as soon as the plants have thoroughly begun to grow, and should be repeated at intervals of three or four weeks, until the crop thoroughly covers the ground. In this way you may economically expend from 3 cwt. to 4 cwt. of nitrate of soda per acre, and I think you will find it more profitable than depending on the dew.—Rural World.

Portland's Water Supply.

Portland, Ore., has just completed a system of water works at a cost of $2,000,000. The supply comes from Bull Run river, which rises in the Cascade mountains, and is brought a distance of forty miles.

RATES FOR CLERGYMEN.

A number of the eastern railroads having on January 1, 1895, changed their rules regarding the issue of reduced rates to clergymen, and unauthorized statements as to the reasons for making the change having been published, considerable correspondence between the clergy and the railroads has resulted. The recent letter from Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, President of the New York Central, corrects certain erroneous impressions and states that company's position in the matter very clearly. The letter is as follows:

New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Co., Grand Central Depot.

NEW YORK, January 19, 1895.—*Rev. Newton J. Conklin and H. H. Stebbins, D. D., Committee:*

GENTLEMEN.—I am in receipt of your letter of January 15th, enclosing the resolutions of the Presbyterian Ministers' Association of Rochester.

The resolutions are based upon a misapprehension of the facts. The press dispatch announcing that the New York Central had withdrawn the ministerial half-rate tickets "because some of the ministers had abused the privilege, loaning their permits to unauthorized persons, and sometimes even selling them," was wholly unauthorized. No such information or notice was given to the press or to anyone else by any officer of this company. There was also an interview reported with [illegible] on this subject, making similar [illegible] more serious charges, but no such interview ever took place.

I deeply regret the publicity which was given to this matter and the discussion which has grown out of it before we had really arrived at what was the best policy for this company and its associates in the Trunk Line Association to pursue. It had been developed that very great abuses existed in the issuance and use of the so-called ministerial ticket. It was not, however, the fault of the ministers. So far as I can ascertain, no clergyman of any church has been guilty of any impropriety in the use of this privilege. Like most departures from regular rules, this one led after awhile to serious demoralization of passenger rates. The privilege of the ministerial order became extended to all persons who had ever been ordained as clergymen, whether they still had any charge or performed any ministerial services or not. Many who had gone into business claimed and received the order. Then it was extended to missionaries and officers of the Salvation Army, of the Y. M. C. A., and of other religious or semi-religious organizations. This enabled railway officials who desired to do so to issue the half-rate ticket to almost anybody.

I am sorry to say that some railways do not treat their agreements with each other with the same sense of honorable obligation which the officers would observe in their individual transactions. We were amazed to discover that in order to increase their business without apparently cutting the rates a few of the roads placed the ministerial tickets in scalpers' offices for sale. In this way they came into the hands of the general public. It frequently occurred that the conductor, when calling upon some passenger whom he did not [illegible] a minister to produce the ministerial order which every clergyman carried, was met by a flat refusal, simply because the passenger was not a minister, had no order and had received or purchased the ticket in some one of the ways which I have described. Or, the conductor would find that under the guise of a missionary or an officer of one of these organizations he had received the order and ticket or else had bought a ticket which some one who could not be vouched for as a clergyman with a charge had secured, and then placed in a scalper's office for sale.

Of course the essential principle at the bottom of the relations between the railways and the public is that everybody shall be treated alike; that the railway fare shall be like the postage of the government, the same to everyone who boards the train and becomes a passenger between the same points. The wisdom of the prohibition of discriminations in favor of one person as against another, or of one shipper as against another, or of one locality as against another, is now universally admitted, and is incorporated in the railway laws.

The ministerial ticket was issued at a reduced rate, not as an act of charity, as some have alleged, but because it was believed that the clergy and the church performed an essential service which was felt throughout the vast employment of these corporations.

Personally, I would be very glad if the privilege could be continued under restrictions which would confine it within legitimate bounds. You will see, however, from the explanations which I have given, how difficult a problem this is.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW,
President.

Albany Argus.—Jan. 29, 1895.

All That Saved Him to Society.

"Proud, heartless beauty, you reject me, do you!" howled the young man, drawing a perfumed handkerchief from his breast pocket and wiping his trembling lips. "If it were not for one thing I should rush down to the lake and drown myself!"

"And what is that?" she scornfully inquired.

"It's raining, and I always catch cold when I get wet!"

And a large, damp tear rolled down his cheek and fell with a dull splash on the polished floor.—Chicago Tribune.

TEACHER—"Johnnie, did you look in the dictionary for the spelling of cyclone?" Johnnie—"Yes'm; I read the first ten pages an' I couldn't find it no place."—Inter Ocean.

FIRST TRAMP—"Wot's the matter with sleeping in the coal-yard to-night?" Second Tramp—"You'se a fine one ter talk. They ain't bin no soft coal dere fer a week."

BIGGS—"There are very few poor men in the senate nowadays." Diggs—"Yes, but there are plenty of mighty poor senators."—Life.

THE giraffe has a tongue seventeen inches long—that is the male giraffe. What must be the length of the tongue of the lady giraffe!

SHE WAS GENEROUS.

Pussy Gave What She Knew Was Very Good.

A fastidious young bachelor called upon an old chum who had been married several years, but whom he hadn't happened to see for some time. The latter had a little girl about four years old, who took a great fancy to the bachelor. The friends were very busy going over old times, etc., and the little girl, in order to do her share of the entertaining, brought out her dollies and toys one after the other, all of which were duly admired. Finally, as the greatest treasure she possessed, she showed a white sugar almond in a little box, and offered it to the bachelor, who said: "O, no, thank you, Pussy, eat it yourself."

"But I want you to have it," she said. "Take it and eat it *all* up."

So to please her he let her put it in his mouth, and she stood and watched him devour it with evident pleasure. When it was finished she asked eagerly: "Wasn't that very good?"

"Yes, indeed," he replied.

"*I* thought it was good, too," she said, "*but it was pink once.*"—Brooklyn Life.

THE congregation of a country church were horrified during a morning service to hear their new (and athletic) curate cry out at the end of the lesson: "He-ah endeth the first innings."—Tid-Bits.

LETTER carriers may be seen collecting at midnight, but this doesn't explain why some late males don't arrive till near morning.—Philadelphia Times.

THE farmer who makes his load of wood eight feet long, four feet high, and four feet broad, strikes the popular chord.—Lyan Item.

LITTLE BOY—"Perkins, our new coachman says England is his mother country. Is it yours, too?" Gardener—"No, be jabers, it's moy shtep-mother country."—N. Y. Weekly.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal conditinn, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills, 25 cents.

BIGGINS—"Does Goldstein take much interest in business?" Muggins—"I should say he did. He's a pawnbroker."—Philadelphia Record.

LOW RATE EXCURSIONS.

March 5th and April 2nd.

On the above dates, the Missouri Pacific Railway and Iron Mountain Route have arranged to sell Excursion tickets to points in Arkansas, Texas and Louisiana at the very low rate of one fare (plus $2.00) for the round trip. Tickets good to return inside of twenty days, with privilege of stopping off en route. For further information in regard to rates, descriptive and illustrated pamphlets, land and map folders, (Mailed Free), enquire of Ticket Agents connecting lines, this Company's Agents, or H. C. TOWNSEND, Gen'l Pass. Agent, St. Louis.

ONE WAS ENOUGH.—Policeman (grabbing offender by the collar)—"Hold on, there. Hold on." Offender—"What for? Ain't you attending to that?"—Detroit Free Press.

A DOSE in Time Saves Nine of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for Coughs. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

IT is a mistaken idea that loud talk gives tone to society.—Texas Siftings.

THERE are too many good people engaged whitewashing the world.—Galveston News.

"IS TUCKER making anything these days?" "Yes; a splendid collection of large debts."—Inter Ocean.

THE world never expects much from the young man who carries his backbone in his pistol pocket.—Young Men's Era.

NOT one man in ten can tell when he is loafing.

SOME people take misfortunes as they come and others go out after them.—Galveston News.

A PREFERRED creditor is usually one that doesn't fight for prompt payment.—Puck.

THESE balloon sleeves evidently come of a desire to widen woman's sphere.—Boston Transcript.

WHAT Japan says to China: "Taels I win, hands you lose."

MANY people weigh their words on the scales of others.—Galveston News.

MANY a record-breaking athlete couldn't beat an egg to save his neck.—Philadelphia Record.

ALL the world's a stage—and everybody seems to want the seat with the driver.—Texas Siftings.

A MAN may run into debt, but he seldom comes out at anything faster than a walk.—Texas Siftings.

"DO YOU let Mr. Clinker kiss you last night?" "Yes. How did you know?" "He asked me to-day if I would forgive him."—Life.

EDITOR—"Somehow or other I don't see the sense of this thing." Poet—"My dear sir, that's poetry."—Atlanta Constitution.

Do You Wish the Finest Bread and Cake?

It is conceded that the Royal Baking Powder is the purest and strongest of all the baking powders.

The purest baking powder makes the finest, sweetest, most delicious food. The strongest baking powder makes the lightest food.

That baking powder which is both purest and strongest makes the most digestible and wholesome food.

Why should not every housekeeper avail herself of the baking powder which will give her the best food with the least trouble?

Avoid all baking powders sold with a gift or prize, or at a lower price than the Royal, as they invariably contain alum, lime or sulphuric acid, and render the food unwholesome.

Certain protection from alum baking powders can be had by declining to accept any substitute for the Royal, which is absolutely pure.

Scientific Progress.

"I notice," said the tall, pale girl with the high forehead, "that there is much progress being made now in photographing the stars."

"O, yes," answered the fluffy girl. "They use them for cigarette pictures." Indianapolis Tribune.

THE GREAT GERMAN COFFEE BERRY.

Coffee at one cent a pound, that is what it costs to grow it, good coffee, too. Some say that it is better than Rio. This we know, while in Europe last summer in search of seed novelties we often drank this in hotels in France, Holland and Germany.

Thirty-five packages earliest vegetable seeds, $1.00, not 3 cents per package.

Largest growers of farm seeds as oats, grass and clover, corn and potatoes, etc., in the world. Early heavy yielding vegetables our specialty.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT with 15c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed company, LaCrosse, Wis., you will get free a package of their GERMAN COFFEE BERRY seed and their catalogue. [k]

MILLIONAIRE—"Honesty, my son, is always the best policy." His Son—"Well, maybe it is, father; but still you've done pretty well."—Tit-Bits.

OUR OWN CARLSBAD.

The Title So Aptly Given, Hot Springs, Arkansas.

The season at this famous Health and Pleasure Resort is now at its height, and in addition to the many attractions offered at Hot Springs and the Resorts in the near vicinity, arrangements have been made for a daily running meet at the Race Track. Foot Ball Games and Base Ball Games between Professional Clubs at the Park. All lines from the East, North and West connect at St. Louis in the new Magnificent Union Station with the Iron Mountain Route (Special Service) with elegant through Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars daily, direct to the Springs.

Call on or write Ticket Agents of connecting lines for beautifully illustrated and descriptive pamphlets relative to the Springs, Hotels, and other information, (Mailed Free), or address H. C. TOWNSEND, General Pass. Agent, Iron Mountain Route, St. Louis.

A KENSINGTON youth who had been told that a certain young lady's father had plenty of dough proposed to her before he discovered that the old man was a baker.—Philadelphia Record.

FREE!

To Christian Endeavorers—Pocket Guide and Map of Boston, the Convention City.

The Passenger Department of the Big Four Route have issued a very convenient and attractive Pocket Guide to the City of Boston which will be sent free of charge to all members of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor who will send three two-cent stamps to cover mailing charges to the undersigned. This Pocket Guide should be in the hands of every member of the Society who contemplates attending the 14th Annual Convention, as it shows the location of all Depots, Hotels, Churches, Institutions, Places of Amusement, Prominent Buildings, Street Car Lines, Etc., Etc. Write soon as the edition is limited.

E. O. MCCORMICK,
Passenger Traffic Manager, Big Four Route,
Cincinnati, O.

"IN the last church fair did the young ladies take part?" Mr. Slimpurse—"Great Scott, no; they took all."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Icicles

Glistening in the rays of the noonday sun are beautiful exceedingly, but if one of them were thrust down your back how you would shudder. This is precisely what you do when the premonitory chill of fever and ague comes on. Then is the time to take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a "knocker out" of every form of malaria; also of dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, rheumatism and kidney trouble.

THE man who is always impugning the motives of others simply advertises what he would do if he had their opportunities.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Backache.

ST. JACOBS OIL

SAFE, SURE, PROMPT.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

"We think Piso's CURE for CONSUMPTION is the only medicine for coughs."—JENNIE PINCKARD, Springfield, Ill., October 1, 1894.

....CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. BEST COUGH SYRUP....
TASTES GOOD. USE IN TIME. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. 25 CENTS.

THE sales of the Hamilton-Brown Shoe Co., of St. Louis, Mo., show the following gratifying gain over the same period one year ago:

From Dec. 13, 1894, to Feb. 1, 1895	$668 307 24
From Dec. 16, 1893, to Feb. 1, 1894	564 588 18
Gain	$103 719 06

The "new year" with this firm commenced Dec. 14, 1894.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT

The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.

At Druggists, 50c & $1. Advice & Pamphlet free.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Ely's Cream Balm QUICKLY CURES COLD IN HEAD

Price 50 Cents.

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED

with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

TRADE MARK LINENE REVERSIBLE

Raphael, Angelo, Romeo, Tasso

The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and, being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind.

They fit well, wear well and look well. A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for 50 Cents. Name style and size. Address

REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY,
77 Franklin St., New York. 27 Kilby St., Boston.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED From 15 to 35 lbs a month. Harmless treatment. By prescribing physician. No starving. Thousands cured. Send 4c in stamps.

O. W. F. SNYDER, M. D.,
23 McVicker's Theater, Chicago, Ill.

MAKE THIS PAPER every time you write.

ANK—G. 1540.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25, 1895.

Mr. Cleveland is like the boy who played ghost to frighten his village companions and got a ducking from them, only he hasn't got his ducking yet. But fear of it keeps cold chills playing hide and seek up and down his back bone. The aforesaid boy thought his companions would be scared out of their wits when they saw him wrapped in a sheet, carrying an illuminatrd pumpkin head, strolling around the darkest part of the village. Just so Mr. Cleveland thought the Republicans in Congress would be frightened out of their wits when he trotted out his extra session ghost. Well, the extra session ghost was duly trotted out, Mr. Cleveland having caused his friends to give it out as coming from him, that if the Hawaiian cable amendment was not struck from the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation bill he would veto the bill; that if the Mills amendment to the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill, repealing all laws for the issue of bonds, or any other financial amendment objectionable to him was put upon that or any other bill he would veto it, and that he had almost made up his mind to call an extra session anyway. Instead of being frightened at the prospect, Senator Chandler, speaking for his Republican colleagues, said that an extra session ought to be called anyway, so that Congress might have an opportunity to investigate that remarkable bond contract, negotiated by Mr. Cleveland's former law partner, which gave a European syndicate an immediate profit of $9,000,000 on an investment of about $65,000,000, not to mention interest $16,000,000 in excess of what is paid by bonds issued by even such insignificant countries as Egypt, and that nothing would please the Republicans more than to have it called early.

It is more than doubtful whether Mr. Cleveland ever really wished that Congress would do or leave something undone to make an extra session necessary, and it is certain that his wishes have been directly contrary since Senator Chandler's plain speech. He realizes that with the present state of feeling against him an extra early session, with the House overwhelmingly Republican and the Senate anti-Cleveland, might result in his impeachment, and if an extra session will have to be called he would like to put it off as long as possible, to give the people a chance to forget that disgraceful bond contract.

With only one week of life left there is little probability of any legislation by Congress except that which may be put through as amendments to appropriation bills. Although the House has, under orders from the White House, by a party vote, refused to accept the Senate Hawaiian cable amendment it may have to do so, as Senators stand firmly by that amendment and insist that if it isn't accepted the bill will fail.

There will be some very interesting debate in the Senate this week upon the numerous financial amendments to the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill, among which are the Gorman amendment authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue 3 per cent. loan certificates to meet the deficit, which Secretary Carlisle insists will not exist; the Mills amendment repealing all laws for the issue of bonds; the Wolcott amendment authoring the President upon the request of one or more European nations to appoint three commissioners to an international monetary conference, the House and Senate each to designate a like number, and the amendment providing for the payment of the unpaid sugar bounty on the crop of 1893 and for the payment of eight tenths of one cent a pound on the crop of 1894. If the Mills amendment isn't adopted it will be because the Republicans will not allow it to be, notwithstanding the betrayal of the trust which inspired the offering of the amendment.

The one Democratic Congressman who can look back upon his record in the present House with pride is Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, of New York. He has by his voice and his vote proven that a man may call himself a Democrat and still be a patriotic American in every sense of the word. He has been too good a patriot to follow his party leaders in their ill treatment of American industries and of his old comrades in arms, or in the endorsement of the shameful Hawaiian policy of the administration. After the fourth of March he will retire to private life, and he will carry with him the good wishes of all true patriots.

Hon. Chester I. Long, the man who defeated Jerry Simpson for Congress, is spending his honeymoon in Washington and is regular in his attendance upon the sittings of the House. He says he wishes to familiarize himself with the routine of his future duties.

When Mr. Cleveland nominated Senator Ransom to be minister to Mexico he disappointed many members of the soon to be "ex" family. As usual when Senators are nominated for other offices Mr. Ransom's nomination was confirmed without the formality of a committee reference.

Rural Improvements.

"The practical utility as well as financial value of rural improvements is now fully understood: and all careful observers of the values of real estate concede that one per cent of value employed in decorating a rural home, with appropriate walks and roads, with shade trees, shrubs and flowering plants, judiciously arranged in the planting, will add forty per cent. more than if neglected".—Elliott.

"Each and every fruit and ornamented tree judiciously selected and carefully set and cared for upon one's grounds, enhances their value fully one dollar per year."—Late decision in N. Y. courts.

Garrett county is making rapid strides in many things; none more so than in settling up the waste places and home building. We have not the figures at hand to verify it but it strikes us that her population must have nearly doubled in the last ten or twelve years. In a section naturally abounding in beautiful scenery there may be less danger of neglecting the embellishment of our homes with appropriate trees, shrubbery, etc., than in a country more level and prosaic by nature, but in so much as our chief attraction as delightful summer resort lies in natures charms, so much the more should we of all others be alive to their enhancement by every possible art.

Why is not the city with its long lines of brick buildings as attractive as the country, why not a coal town with rows of houses all of the same pattern, why not a new town where not a tree nor shrub nor flower nor grass plot has yet been planted or sown? Are not the houses as comfortable? Have not the people as much to eat or wear or money to use? The difference is all in the eye and yet so great as to make them all unattractive, dull and monotonous compared with the charm variety and nature can lend. Let no man think a place to eat and sleep is in any enlightened sense a home.

The skeleton of the human body is hardly less ghastly than the four walls of a building without the clinging vines and blooming roses at the porch, the over shading trees, the shrubbery nooks, the grassy front the scent of flowers, and above all a certain respectable appearance which indicates that some one of taste and refinement may be found within. Without these it is a building, with them it is a home.

Of course it makes a great difference how the plantings are arranged. They may be dotted here and there in a meaningless manner, set in straight lines or they may be so grouped and arranged in harmony with the residance and grounds as to double the value of the property. It should not be entrusted to anyone who happens along any more than a fine house should be planned that way, nor should "many men of many minds" each have a hand at it for like reasons. This work can be well done without cost to the owner if the stock is secured of the landscape gardener making the plan.

C. T. SWEET.

March Forecast, 1895.

At the opening of the month a wave of disturbance will then be in attendance having started at the close of February, which will run its course in the east and dissipate about the second. Fair weather will prevail accompanied by some freezing up to the 5th, when east to south winds will be circulating, which will culminate in a weather disturbance about the 6th or dates touching it holding to about the 8th or 9th. The wave then in progress will then most likely bring on rain, sleet and some snow terminating in a wave of cold, frosty weather. The disturbed periods following the 10th will likely be of much shorter duration than generally occurs in March, and also be followed by waves of milder weather. On or touching the 12th a wave of disturbance will most likely be in progress, which will be apt to bring showers or rain, and then soft and pleasant mild-like weather, which will be interspersed by rain and snow touching the 17th. The temperature will then likely decline somewhat within the equinoctial period when storms peculiar to the season will play their part. However, they are not likely to be as intense, nor as widely diffused as of several recent March disturbed periods of past years. On or touching the 23d storms of rain will be in progress. All periods of disturbance both winter and spring are likely to be followed by 10 or 20 degrees of colder weather. The closing period of storm disturbance of March will be about the 29th. The outlook for an early spring will be much strengthened which upon the surrender and dispersion of the winter forces will be replaced by waves of mild, spring-like weather. Much of April will be seasonable. The present indications are for a quite seasonable spring and summer. Indeed, perhaps it is vain in me so to say, but all ends and sections of the country will rejoice in the genial prolific season for good spring crops.

P. R. SMITH.

Kingwood, W. Va., Feb.

Real Estate Transfers.

John Wass to Alcinda Hileman et al., parts of military lots 2760, 2862, 2856 and 2759, 180 acres; $1.

Samuel Johnson et al., to Mayor and Councilmen of Frostburg, a piece of land near Frostburg; $246.20.

Wm. C. Pennington, trustee, to John B. Harmon, 50 acres of "Emancipation;" $100.

T. W. Casteel and wife to Jos. M. Crim, 5 acres of land near Oakland: $500.

J. C. Alderson and wife to G. Conway Shackleford, 2 acres of land in Loch Lynn Heights; $400.

John A. Connell et al., to Thos. J. Pendergast, 10,890 square feet of land near Crellin; $50.

Chas. W. Frost, et al., to Thos. W. Frost, a piece of land in Garrett county; $4000.

Mt. Home Company to E. B. Hook and wife, lots 5 and 6 in block 25 of Loch Lynn Heights: $175.

Emanuel Hershberger and wife to Noah E. Hershberger, 110 acres of land known as "Cornucopia;" $6,300.

John Connell and wife to J. Pendergast, a lot of ground in Hutton; $150.

Good Roads Promote Development.

Good roads often tend to circumvent death and disaster, but they are a million times more valuable in promoting life—not simple existance, but the kind of civilized life which makes human development possible, and not only possible but practical.—Good Roads.

Marriage Licenses.

Hiram Ayers and Lottie Williams, both of Mt. Lake.

Wm. E. Wilson and Stella Stoner, both of Cambridge, Ohio.

Jonas A. Speicher, of Accident, and Bertha Miller, of Keyser.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

Deer Park.

Mr. John Haines is at home again after spending a couple of months in Tucker county, W. Va.

Mr. Ed. C. Miller was visiting at Elk Garden Sunday.

Mr. John Wolf is working at Atlantic, W. Va.

It is with regret that we chronicle the death of Miss Gertrude Gilpin, which occurred last Wednesday morning. Miss Gilpin was just budding into womanhood and was liked by all who knew her. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved family.

Mr. Robert Fundenberg was visiting his parents here Sunday.

Mr. Henry Bobett has purchased the Tillson property. Mrs. Tillson contemplates moving to Davis.

Rogers' Sarsaparilla.

A specific for all. 100 doses for cents. Rogers' Little Liver Pills best on the market; Cough and Liniment, Appetine and Worm Syrup, sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland; Cuppett Bros., McHenry; J. A. DeBerry, Corinth; C. F. White, Hutton; P. T. Garthright, Hayden & Eckles, Mt. Lake Park; Dr. Langhlin, Deer Park; Wm. Frederick, Friendsville; Yough Store Co., Jonas Frazee, Robert Liston, Selbysport; W. Wass, Mineral Springs; J. E. Gnagey, Accident; Smith & Callis, Hoyes, and by all general dealers.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. 25 cents per box.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

FOR ECZEMA, TETTER, ITCH, SALT RHEUM, DANDRUFF, ITCHING PILES, RING WORM, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES AND ALL SKIN DISEASES.

It soothes the inflamed tissues immediately and infallibly. The healing process begins at once and is assured with the first application. One bottle may not effect a complete cure, but it does so intelligently, but it does cure. There's no doubt about that. There are other remedies which give some relief, but nothing equals it for a thorough and so certain cure. It is not an experiment, it has been tried and proven.

50 Cents. All Druggists.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

Foster's German Army and Navy Catarrh Cure cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head and Inflammation of the Nasal Passages. 50 Cents.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

are good for sick headache, constipation, piles, bilious colic, fever and ague, dyspepsia, consumption, female complaints, dizziness, sour stomach, loss of appetite, shortness and general debility. They will positively cure all disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. 25 cents a box.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

has been in use for the critical teething period of infancy and relieves the gums, cures cholera infantum and cures that terrible disease, dysentery, diarrhea and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no opium and gives immediate relief. If it does not do as we claim we will refund your money for it at once.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

kills worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and costs only 25 cents a bottle.

All druggists have these three medicines. If yours doesn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

LAUGHLIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.
OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,

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OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23-1yr.

FOR SALE.

Three acres of land, being a part of the old Kennedy Farm, lying in the eastern suburbs of Oakland on either side of the road leading to Mt. Lake Park. Will be sold in lots of ¼ acre each, or as a whole.

For full particulars call on or address MRS. LIZZIE BUZZARD, Elkins, W. Va.

22-6m

MOUNT POMONA.

NURSERY AND FRUIT FARM.

Address Swanton, Md., for Fruit and Mushrooms.
Address Mt. Lake Park concerning Nursery, Greenhouse or Vegetable Products.
Agents wanted on salary.

SWEEN & SHACKLEFORD.

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WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER

Also White Oak Timber Land.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO., Cumberland, Md.

Office 39 Baltimore Street. 2 15 99

SLATE ROOFING.

I am now prepared to furnish and put on plain and fancy roofing, slate, galvanized ridge, roll and water proof paper at reasonable prices. All work and material guaranteed.

C. M. Beachy, Keyser, Garrett county, Md.

27-1yr.

SHEEP

Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, 14 old pieces; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON, Keyser, W. Va.

29—1yr.

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE, 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

221f

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

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FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

11 1y

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments, Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe WITH J. B. WILLIAMS

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

4193.yr—

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $3,000. Cash payment of $500; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

3. Farm of Mrs. Ida C. Crautzberg, containing 61 acres, under fence; orchard of 150 trees; stable, frame house. Price, $1,200. Cash payment of $200, balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.

E. H. SINCELL, Atty., Oakland, Md.

COOK BROS.,

169 Baltimore Street.

CUMBERLAND, - MD.

Sole agents for the World's Fair Best Spring Wheat Flour.

The Boss

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT ONCE YOU USE IT YOU WILL ALWAYS USE IT!

For sale in Oakland by George D. Miller & Co.; in Mount Lake Park by Hayden & Eckles. 20—13

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

And other specialties for Gentlemen, Ladies, Boys and Misses are the

Best in the World.

See descriptive advertisement which appears in this paper.

Take no Substitute.

Insist on having W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES, with name and price stamped on bottom. Sold by

D. E. Offutt, Oakland, and Wm. Ryland, Friendsville.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED, SURVEYING.

Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.

Drs. McLane & Berkeley,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
FROSTBURG, MD.

Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.
See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
SELBYSPORT, MD.

2-26

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by turning on pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent.
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. B. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-1tr.

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WHEELING, WEST VA.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 18. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1895 NUMBER 52.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings In and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

Found, a pocketbook. Call at this office.

Mr. John Shartzer is out in West Virginia on a business trip.

Mr. F. A. Sharpless, of Swanton was here yesterday on business.

Mr. Reed Smouse is clerking for Hayden & Eckles at Mountain Lake Park.

Rev. W. E. George and son A. F. George, were in the city Monday a few hours.

Miss Bertie Cleveland is in Terra Alta on a visit to Mrs. L. L. Adams.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Browning went down to Lake Brown Tuesday to see their son Dick, who is ill.

Attorneys W. C. Deveemon and R. J. Semmes, of Cumberland, were here on Monday attending court.

The ice on the river here broke up on last Friday evening and went off gradually, causing no damage.

Write to Prof. S. C. Smith, Oakland, Md., for prices of pianos and organs. It will pay you. 51–2t.

Send your check books to this office to be numbered. We have a special machine for just this class of work.

Mr. R. W. McWilliams, a former resident of Oakland, was in the city yesterday shaking hands with a host of friends.

Miss Lucinda Hinebaugh, of Oakland, is spending this week in town, the guest of Mrs. G. A. Bolden.—Terra Alta Oracle.

Drs. Leichty and Beavens, of Grantsville, who were witnesses before the grand jury, returned home Tuesday morning.

Mrs. Luther L. Adams, of Terra Alta, spent several days in Oakland this week as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Ferguson.

Mr. John B. Fay, U. S. land agent, who has been here for several weeks with his family departed for South Dakota last Sunday night.

Mr. Chas. Brown, formely of Grantsville, but now residing at Cumberland, was in Oakland yesterday shaking hands with his friends.

Mr. S. T. Jones received Monday two sample wheels of the Hartford make. They are good machines and made by the Columbia people.

All persons holding tickets for our cut sale ending Febuary 23 must return them March 9th.
SINCELL BROS.

There will be no preaching in the Garrett Memorial church on Sunday next. Rev. J. M. Engle goes to Elk Garden to fill a Presbyterial appointment.

Carpenter organs are used and recommended by good musicians all over the civilized world—100,000 now in use. Prof. S. C. Smith, general agent for Western Maryland and West Va. 51–2t.

Jno. Connell, Sr., of Huttons, spent Wednesday in town. Mr. Connell is getting well up in years, but is yet energetic and elastic as many people two score years younger than he.—Terra Alta Oracle.

A good girl to do general housework wanted by Mrs. Wm. W. Sweet. Call on or address her at Piedmont, W. Va., or Mr. Sweet at Mt. Lake Park, Md., at once.
51—tf.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy gives the best satisfaction of any cough medicine I handle, and as a seller leads all other preparations in this market. I recommend it because it is the best medicine I ever handled for coughs colds and croup. A. W. Baldridge, Millersville, Ill. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Col. A. G. Sturgiss returned from Ohio on last Saturday night where he had been on a visit to his mother, who died on Tuesday. She was nearly eighty years of age and was buried Friday.

For seven years or more Mrs. W. D. Louder, of Quincy, Ky., was subject to severe attacks of cramp colic. Mr. S. R. Morse, a druggist of that place, recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which has effected a permanent cure, saving her much suffering besides the trouble and expense for a doctor which is often necessary. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

On last Sunday afternoon a number of the christian ladies and gentlemen of Oakland went up to the jail and held services with the prisoners. Whilst engaged in song the mother of Bittinger, who kill Holtsnyder, fell in a faint against one of the iron cells cutting her head very seriously. The wound was dressed by Dr. Henry McComas.

A pretty schoolmistress not a 100 miles from here, tells the following story which is rather amusing: "I asked one of my classes to put the nouns 'boys' 'bees' and 'bears' into a sentence. The scholars thought intently for a few moments when one ragged youngster with a look of victory on his face, raised his hand. "Well Johnny," said the teacher, "what is your sentence?" "Boys bees bare when they go in swimmin." The teacher did not call on any more of her class.—Exchange.

A severe rheumatic pain in the left shoulder had troubled Mr. J. H. Loper, a well known druggist of Des Moines, Iowa, for over six months. At times the pain was so sever that he could not lift anything. With all he could do he could not get rid of it untill he applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm. "I only made three applications of it," he says. "And have since been free from all pain." He now recommends it to persons similarly afflicted. It is for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Congress has with great liberality extended the time for making income tax returns till April 15th. That gives six weeks' time for the business man to figure out whether he made an income of $4000, or if he is justified in concluding that he did not make it. Also the man who cannot in six weeks find out how to escape discovering that he had a taxable income might as well own up and surrender the percentage to the national coffers.

The publisher of a newspaper has one thing to sell and one thing to rent. He has the newspaper to sell and the space in his columns to rent. Can anyone inform us why he should be expected to give away either one or the other? He can do so if he chooses, and he does, as a matter of practical fact, furnish a great deal of space rent free. But it does not follow that he ought to be expected to do so. It ought to be recognized as a contribution exactly as would the giving away sugar or coffee by the groceryman. But strange to say, it is not looked upon in that light; the existence of a newspaper depends as much on the rent of the space and the sale of the paper as the merchant's success depends on selling his goods instead of giving them away.

"Perhaps you would not think so, but a very large proportion of diseases in New York comes from carelessness about catching cold," says Dr. Syrus Edson. It is such a simple thing and so common that very few people, unless it is a case of pneumonia, pay any attention to a cold. New York is one of the healthiest places on the Atlantic Coast and yet there are a great many cases of catarrh and consumption which have their origin in this neglect of the simplest precaution of every day life. The most sensible advice is, when you have one get rid of it as soon as possible. By all means do not neglect it." Dr. Edson does not tell you how to cure a cold but we will. Take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It will relieve the lungs, aid expectoration, open the secretions and soon effect a permanent cure. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT

In Crop Feeding In Progress at the Horticultural Supply Co.'s Greenhouses.

Probably no subject with which the farmer has to deal is so little understood by him as crop feeding, and yet none is so important, none where he can lose more money by giving in excess those elements of plant food with which his land is already well supplied, or in failing to supply the one element which is lacking and thus prevent the crop from using those elements of which there is a great abundance. For example, a certain field is lacking in potash, having only enough of that element in the soil to make a ten bushel crop of corn. Having failed to get satisfactory crops by the use of stable manure (which is deficient in potash) a neighbor, whose land probably has plenty of potash but is lacking in phosphorous, tells him of what a fine crop he produced by the use of "phosphates," and forthwith he applies from $5 to $25 worth of phosphate per acre. Whatever the amount, he might as well have burned the money so far as immediate results were concerned, for only a ten bushel crop of corn can be raised with equally favorable seasons and uniform tillage until more potash is available or applied, and a true phosphate has none whatever. Neither has a true phosphate any nitrogen, and the term should never be used to indicate a fertilizer containing either potash or nitrogen. In the case mentioned, if the farmer had known what his soil lacked and what his proposed crop required of each element a like investment would have made him a 60 to 80 bushel crop with the same tillage and season, provided of course, there was present nitrogen and phosphate acid enough for such a crop.

The question at once presents itself, "How may the cultivator know what each crop requires or what each of his fields is most lacking in?" The answer to the first is comparatively simple, because plants are always about the same in composition and consequently chemists have analyzed them and made tables showing just what the finished crop contains. For example, a crop of corn (30 bushels of shelled) contains in the grain about 22 pounds of nitrogen, 9 of phosphoric acid and 6 of potash, while the stalks contain only nine of nitrogen but 17½ of phosphoric acid and 73 of potash. To show the great difference in the requirements of different crops, let us take another example. Clover requires for a two and a half ton crop 96 pounds nitrogen, 28 phosphoric acid and 96 potash, and this difference is more real than apparent from these figures for all of the clover family through the action of minute organisms (which any farmer can see for himself like little eggs adhering to the roots) secure their whole supply of nitrogen from some other source, supposed to be the air and leave the soil richer in that element than they found it, besides supplying in the case of a heavy crop of clover, about $40 worth of fertility in addition. It will also be seen from the above that as nitrogen costs four times as much as potash and twice as much as phosphoric acid it makes a very great difference what is sold off a place and what is fed—four-fifths being retained in the latter case if all voidings are carefully absorbed and housed till returned to the land. Of course this point can be carried still further and the plants be fed according to their requirements at different stages of their growth which vary as much or more than the requirements of animals when growing, at work or idle.

The second question, what does the soil lack to feed a certain crop or rotation of crops, was formerly thought to be completely answered by its analysis, but it has been since learned that the chemists' manipulations of soils in the labratory by the aid of strong acids, alkalis and heat are so dissimilar to the process of nature in the field that it is not safe guide as to the amount of present food available to plants. For instance in most soils there is plant food enough, except perhaps nitrogen, to last for several generations of continuous cropping, but while the chemist could soon tell the total amount present, he cannot tell how much will become available each year by the slow action of moisture, air and sun heat, nor just the extent of root action on the locked up stores of plant food.

This latter question is, like many others in agriculture, best answered by trial, farmers generally say by experience, but we want to say right here that experience as understood by most farmers has so little system or method and exactness of comparison that it has no practical value, as is evidenced by the slow advancement of agriculture compared with the arts and sciences. What we are doing at the Horticultural Supply Co.'s is this: We are taking forty pots of soil from one of our fields and setting ten with clover, ten with strawberries, ten with cabbage and ten with celery. We are feeding a set of each four plants with different food as follows: 1 potash, 2 phosphoric acid, 3 nitrogen, 4 potash and phosphoric acid, 5 potash and nitrogen, 6 phosphoric acid and nitrogen, 7 nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash, 8 yard manure, 9 lime, 10 nothing. All will have exactly the same treatment except food as above and we shall report results from time to time. Meantime we should be glad to have any and all call and compare the growth of these plants, for what we find lacking in the soil here is quite probable to be found lacking in the glades generally. We have also sent samples of nursery, strawberry and celery land to the Maryland Experiment Station for analysis. C. T. SWEET.

W. Grant Martin, optician, has located permanently in Oakland, and is prepared to examine eyes scientifically and adjust glasses with unerring accuracy. All work guaranteed. Office days: Monday and Saturday, in Pritchard building. 50–tf.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office with Dr. M. C. Hinebaugh. 35-1y.

WANTED — Quick, pupils for piano, organ, violin, vocal culture, elegant penmanship, elocution and dramatic reading. Private lessons or in class to suit the applicant. Can begin lessons any day at any hour. Pupils from a distance can secure boarding at an extremely reasonable figure. For terms and particulars, please address Mrs. H. A. Rasche, Oakland, Md. 48–13t.

Notice.

All property on which the taxes for 1892 or 1893 remain unpaid will be advertised and sold as speedily as the same can be accomplished.

For information in regard to same, write to or call on F. A. Thayer, attorney at law.
SAMUEL LAWTON,
Late Treasurer.

Fertilizers.

Parties wishing to buy Fertilizers for spring crops, can have the advantage of car load lots by placing their orders with us to be delivered April 1st. By so doing we can give you twelve different brands suitable for all kinds of crops, and in this way get just what you want at the lowest cash price. Send or call for catalogue.
50–5t J. M. DAVIS & SON.

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified that the undersigned has leased the limestone quarry on the farm of Mrs. Mary E. Chisholm and that no persons will be allowed to quary rock at the said quarry.
51—3t* H. B. HARVEY.

FARMER BOWMAN BUNCOED.

Comes down from Mt. Lake Park and Falls into the Hands of the Philistines.

Mr. A. H. Bowman, with whom most of our readers have an acquaintance, was in Baltimore recently, and while in that city of wickedness he was beset by a couple of sharpers and robbed. The Baltimore *Herald* of yesterday went into details and contained the following:

Adam H. Bowman, a well-to-do dairyman of that quiet little hamlet, Mountain Lake Park, had occaison to visit Baltimore last week on business.

Up in Mountain Lake Park Mr. Bowman is reputed to be a very sharp and shrewd citizen, able to hold up his end with the keenest, and naturally his relatives did not feel any great amount of anxiety when he signified his intention of going "deown to Baltimore."

The sequel, however, shows that a man may be keen as a briar up in Mountain Lake Park, and yet prove a babe and a suckling in Baltimore.

When Mr. Bowman arrived in Camden-Street Station, as far as he could see, he differed in no respect from the rest of the great crowd that poured out of the train with him, but a few fugitive milk stains on his boots, or perhaps a little scattering hayseed sifting out of his turned up pants — something of that sort gave him away, and he was marked down as easy fruit by one of those slick gentlemen who hang around railway stations on the lookout for country Reubens.

The noise and bustle in the station disconcerted Mr. Bowman a little and he sat down for a moment to collect himself. Immediately a plainly dressed man sat down beside him, and soon the two were chatting together.

"Are you a builder?" said the stranger.

Now, the fact is Mr. Bowman had formerly done considerable building in his section, and was not a little flattered to think that he had been sized up as a man of affairs.

"Yes," he said, "I have done a lot of building in my time, and I expect to do some more."

His friend seemed much pleased at this and said he was in the business himself and had a lot of flooring to sell. He offered Mr. Bowman a bargain, and named figures away down.

After some talk, Mr. Bowman said he must go uptown. His friend said he was going that way and would walk along with him. On their way uptown the stranger entertained his companion with an account of his extensive operations, until, with the noise and bustle of the street, as Mr. Bowman expresses it, "I was so gosh-darned mixed up that I couldn't hear myself think."

Opposite Katzler's store on Howard street they were met by a third party who shook hands with Mr. Bowman's friend and said to him:

"Have you shipped that machinery yet?"

"No," said he, "I have it all ready, but I have not the money with me to pay the freight."

"Oh! never mind about that," said the new arrival, "I will let you have it." He then drew out what Mr. Bowman thought was a $1,000 bond.

"Can you use that?" he said.

"No," replied Mr. Bowman's companion.

"Well," said the other, "here is a $600 check. Can you make any use of that?"

"I don't believe I can," was the answer.

At this stage the men turned to Mr. Bowman and said: "Haven't you got some money with you?"

Up in Mountain Lake Park Mr. Bowman has a reputation of holding on to his dollars to the bitter end, but on this particular morning he lost his cunning.

Without stopping to think, as he said, he felt in his pockets and took out $6.

"Is that all you have?" said the man with a disappointed air.

Once more Farmer Bowman went through his pockets and produced $1.50 more, the last cent he had. His friend promptly took the money out of his hand, and saying, "I will meet you on the corner of Carey and Franklin streets at 10 o'clock," walked briskly off, leaving Mr. Bowman in a dazed condition, wondering "where he was at."

Mr. Bowman was at the appointed spot at the appointed hour, and waited for his money, but his friend has never turned up.

"I was gosh danged lucky," said Mr. Bowman, "that I didn't have more money with me; I would have lost it all."

Bargains! Bargains!

S. L. Townshend & Son will sell for the next thirty days their line of Dress Goods, such as cashmeres, henriettas, jacquar suitings, ladies' cloths, etc., at cost for cash. Also factory flannels and overcoats, in order to make room for spring goods. 52–3t.

A Card to the Ladies.

We wish to remind the ladies that this is the most convenient time to make up spring dresses while they are forced to remain indoors on account of the inclemency of the weather.

We have just received our spring stock in Henriettas, Fine Zephyrs, Ginghams, White Goods, Laces, etc. The very newest and latest designs and at prices that were never dreamed of heretofore. Do not buy old goods carried over from last year, even though they are offered at reduced prices, until you have first ascertained the prices of new goods.

We have attained somewhat of a reputation in this line, having given it our particular attention for a number of years, and consequently pride ourselves in knowing the refined tastes of the ladies.

Our motto has always been "*Fair Dealing.*" We do not sell you coffee and sugar for less than we can buy it, thereby being forced to make up the loss so sustained on other goods.

Thanking the *ladies* who have always been our most generous patrons, and asking an inspection of our spring goods, we are
Respectfully,
O. HART & SON,
50–3 Oakland, Md.

MALETTE
Is Selling
Everything
In the
Eating Line
At way below
Rock Bottom.
JEWELRY
At your
Own Price.
Give us a Call.

THE SUN IS ALWAYS SHINING.

If storm clouds gather on life's way,
No use to fret about it;
In other climes the sun still shines,
'Twere foolishness to doubt it;
And though it be so dark that we
Can see no silver lining,
This truth we know, for it is so,
The sun is always shining.

And if the night falls dark and drear,
Take courage in believing
That morning light will soon appear;
There is no use in grieving.
And though sometimes we cannot see
"The cloud with silver lining,"
We know 'tis true, in ether blue,
Somewhere the sun is shining.

The orb of day sails on its way,
The storms are all below it,
It needs no sage to turn the page,
And read this truth—we know it!
Then let us bear of life our share,
And try to cease repining;
This truth we know, through joy or woe;
God's sun is always shining.

—Rural World.

SATIRA ANN

By Mrs. Harriet A. Chute.

"BABE, you're plum' simple about S'tiry Ann. As ef good worsted, made up to home, wasn't good enough for her Sunday's best, that you must go and get her a silk mixed and a mantel maker to cut and baste it. In mine and your mother's days we didn't have such fine fixin's."

"But society makes more requirements now than it did then, Aunt Jemimy."

"It don't require paupers to be dressed in silk mixed no more now than it did then, and it's not accordin' to fitness."

"You must not call Satiry a pauper to me, Aunt 'Mime. You know she had respectable bornin', and it's not her fault that she's poor and an orphan. When mother and me took her to raise—a little, slim, big-eyed thing of ten—I promised I'd be a—a parent to her, and I ain't no cause to regret all I've done for her, for she's been more than a daughter to—to mother. She's so kind and good that even the cats love her more than common."

"That's 'cause she gives them their eatin'. It's a sinful waste, the plates of good broken vittels she sets down to them cats."

"Aunt 'Mime, I think we can feed two cats off our table scraps without its bein' imputed any great extravagance, 'specially as the mice would pretty nigh take us if we didn't keep 'em. As for Satiry, every brute critter on the place loves her."

"An' some that ain't brute critters too, I'm guessin'."

Gabriel colored and gave his aunt a sidelong glance. She saw, but, pretending not to, went on:

"How's Luke an' Luke Snell gettin' on? You've trigged her out so fine now I reckon he'll be poppin' the question pretty soon, for fear some of the other fellows gets ahead of him; for it can't be gainsaid that S'tiry Ann has plenty of admirers, but for my part I never could see any beauty in a complexion of chalk and cheese. Shouldn't wonder if she'd make a heap of doctor's expense for the man that marries her."

"Satiry has perfect health, aunt."

"No sign she'll always have; but if Luke wants to risk it I reckon he's able, an' it's none of our concern."

Gabriel flushed again, and then turned pale to the tips of his fingers, all the blood in his being seeming to surge in one great wave about his heart.

"I must be going," said he, rising. "Must I tell mother you'll be over tomorrow? She wanted special for you to come."

"Yes; I reckon."

"It's wonderful how Gabe sticks up for S'tiry Ann," said the aunt, as she looked after the retreating form of her nephew, "an' tain't for nothin' neither or I miss my reckonin'. I wish Luke would marry her offhand an' get her out of the way, for I don't want my children knocked out of the prospect of inheritin' the best farm in the county by that little white-faced thing. Men's never too old to make fools of themselves, an' Gabe's only thirty."

Yes, only thirty; that was all, but he had been called "Old Gabe" so long that the idea of seniority had long since attached to him. He had not resented the appellation when, in his teens, it was first applied to him, but now, as he pursued his way along the meadow path, it impressed him with a keen sense of injustice.

"I wonder if Satiry cares anything out of the common for Luke Snell," he went on thinking. "I never thought of them as anything but friends till Aunt 'Mime set me on it to-day. It's plain she doesn't think of there being anything in me for a young girl to fancy. I wonder if she really has a suspicion of the state of my feelin's, and what she'd think if she had. Think me a fool, I reckon; which I s'pose I am. Well, if it's to be Luke, I'll not stand in the way, and most of all, I'll never let Satiry guess. She's more than life to me, and it'll be more than death to give her up and make no sign, but old Gabe can do it."

Wise Aunt 'Mime! She had counted not amiss on the effect her words would have on Gabe. Once make him think that Satira's happiness depended on his silence, and he could die and make no sign. "For, if she loves Luke, it would pain her kind little heart to know that I care," thought he; but a great surge of pain swept his being as he thought how in the plenitude of his affection he had lavished on his heart's idol the personal adornments he so rejoiced to bestow, only the sooner to lose her because of the added attractions they gave her in the eyes of a younger and handsomer rival; but, having made his renunciation, it was the nature of the man that it be wholesouled, and thenceforth he did what he could to make, as he supposed, the waters of true love run smooth.

It soon became evident to him that Luke had a "more than common fancy" for Satira, and he did not stop to question for a moment that she returned the sentiment, so if he often hurt her by his own coldness and change of demeanor, he was unconscious of it, and Aunt Jemima failed not to help along the illusion that it was, as she expressed it, "a sure case between the young folks."

"Why do you never get me to help you with your figgers any more?" Satira ventured timidly, one evening, when Gabriel was struggling with several pages of accounts.

"I s'posed you wouldn't care to—now."

"Why *now*?" with an accent and a searching glance, but he avoided meeting her eyes. Dared he let her sit beside him, as in the olden time—some three months in reality, but years as reckoned by what he had felt and suffered—and risk the accidental touch of her little fingers, or her fluffy hair, perchance, against his cheek, as they bent over the ledger together.

"This once," love pleaded, ere he answered: "If you're sure you don't mind, I'd be proud to have you."

"If he's sure I don't mind. Why will he treat all my little kindnesses so cool, and as if he thought I didn't mean them? And he's done so much for me. Seems as if all at once he's got set against me," Satira was thinking, as she went on adding, subtracting, multiplying and dividing, the pain in her tender little heart growing heavier and heavier as the slow minutes ticked away, for it was in vain that Gabriel tried to seem his own natural self, and in order to avoid "making a fool of himself," he assumed a coldness of demeanor that was chilling to her, so that it was with the utmost effort that she kept a steady voice as she went on.

At last the effort became too much for her. "Nine and nine are eighteen and seven are twenty-five, with two to carry," she faltered, and just then a big tear splashed down on the page and she could not see what came next.

Gabriel turned and took her face between his two hands, and for the first time in weeks looked squarely in her eyes, but the long lashes drooped, the blood mounted to her face and two more tears rolled slowly down her cheeks.

"What is it, Satira? Is it anything about Luke? Maybe old Gabe can make it right for you, if it's only a lover's quarrel."

"Lover's nonsense! Bother Luke! I wish I never had seen him."

"Why, aren't you engaged to him, Satiry?"

"No; I'm not."

"But you love him, don't you?"

"No; I never!"

"Do you love anyone, Satiry?"

The flushed face dropped lower, but no answer came. He raised her face again.

"Satiry, look at me."

For an instant only, the gray eyes unveiled themselves, but Gabriel saw

GABRIEL TOOK HER FACE BETWEEN HIS HANDS.

that in their depths which set his nerves thrilling.

"Satiry, can it be possible that you love me?"

"Would it be so very wonderful if I did?"

"It would be a glimpse of the Delectable mountain, after wallowin' for ages in the Slough of Despond."

"There's some that deserve to stand plump on top of the Delectable mountain, for very goodness," answered Satira.

"Satiry," there was a ring of pain in his voice, "do you love me for what I've done for you?"

"I love you because—just because I love you."

"And you do not think me old and ugly?"

"Old and ugly!"

That was all she said, but there was a look in her eyes, a ring in her voice that satisfied him.

"Oh, Satiry!" as his arms encircled her, "an hour ago I thought I was the most miserable of men; now I know I'm the happiest."

So Aunt 'Mime's heirs lost their prospect of "inheriting the finest farm in the county" after all.—Good Housekeeping.

Lodging Not Boarding.

In one of the few letters that have been preserved, written by Luttrell, there are some amusing lines which may thus be explained. The letter was written from Dropmore to Rogers; there had been some joke between them about a stingy friend, one of their coterie, and a Greek epigram appeared to illustrate his miserly characteristic. Luttrell had translated the Greek, and, as he says: "The following is as close a fit as I can make it in English:"

"Cries ——, in his closet once spying a mouse:
'Pray what business have you, little friend, in my house?'
Says the mouse, with a smile, to the lover of hoarding:
'Don't be frightened; 'tis lodging I look for, not boarding.'"

To which might be added in the way of retort courteous:

"'Since that's all,' replies ——, 'twould be hard to deny you;
You may lodge how you can, but to board I defy you.'"—Temple Bar.

TO HAVE LITTLE FEET.

It Is Not Impossible With Care and Proper Boots.

It is safe to aver that there is nor important part of the toilet than which concerns the feet, although it seems usually to receive the least consideration. Why so little care should be deemed necessary in the treatment of those useful appendages, whose duty it is to labor so arduously, is difficult to determine; but the fact remains that the average woman takes little or no thought of their delicate construction until they begin to rebel—as they must sooner or later—against their long continued abuse.

Poets have sung and novelists have raved about the dainty feet of their respective heroines until we have come to regard small feet as irrefutable evidence of refinement and aristocratic birth. Fallacious reasoning, indeed, is this, and responsible for an incalculable amount of self-inflicted torture, silently endured for the sake of that most potent of human vices—personal vanity.

The desire to possess small and pretty feet is as natural to the usual run of women as the air they breathe, but to seek to obtain by artificial means what nature has denied seems unworthy a reasoning being. And yet it is the rule and not the exception to so squeeze and compress these unfortunate pedal extremities that they become a source of constant pain and annoyance, instead of serving the purpose for which they were originally intended. So extensively is the custom practiced that a woman whose feet are innocent of corns, bunions, or other unsightly excrescences is a rarity in the world of fashion, while even among the lower classes the tight shoe is becoming far more general than it once was.

Speaking generally, the foot of a little child is absolutely perfect in shape and proportions. It seems a pity that the approach of womanhood should be the signal for the commencement of the torturing process, during which the pretty dimpled member is gradually transformed into the monstrosity which the fashionable foot too often is. Although we realize that the classic model is no recognized standard of beauty, it is possible to preserve the natural contour of the foot and still render it lovely to modern eyes. We marvel at the cruelty of the Chinese mother, who arrests the growth of her baby's feet by encasing them in splints and bandages, but we ignore the fact that the western mother is but a shade less cruel who thoughtfully permits her growing daughter to wear a shoe that is too small, or that is in no sense adapted to the shape of her foot.

Too much attention cannot well be given to the footwear of young girls, since much of the comfort of their after life depends upon the care which they receive during their early years. Ready-made shoes should be studiously avoided, for in the majority of cases they are constructed upon lines diametrically opposed to nature's plan, while individual peculiarities can, of course, receive no consideration whatever. The sole of the ancient sandal may be taken as a model of the required shape, since it follows all the graceful curves of the foot and allows free play of all the muscles.

The danger attending the use of ill-fitting shoes, as well for grown persons as for children, cannot be overestimated. If the foot is naturally large it is the most arrant folly to attempt to reduce its size, since compression is inevitably followed by more or less serious deformity, while not infrequently it is attended by disease. Shoes that are sharply pointed at the toe should be avoided by wide-footed women, for not only is the result—viewed from whatever standpoint—undeniably ugly, but the shoe will always spread or split after it has been worn a few times. High heels, too, tend to permanently widen the ball of the foot, owing to the full weight of the body being thrown forward, while they are a fruitful source of enlarged toe joints and ingrowing nails, to say nothing of greater and lesser evils.

It is scarcely necessary to say that no large or irremediably ill-shaped foot should be encased in a colored or otherwise showy boot. In this case black should be adopted upon all occasions, and always in the softest and most pliable of fabrics. Aggressive decoration in any form will invariably attract attention to the size or deformity of the foot and should therefore be avoided. Long skirts, though a disadvantage in many instances, are decidedly advantageous in this, inasmuch as they can always be relied upon—particularly if they are well weighted and bedounced—to "cover a multitude of sins."—N. Y. Advertiser.

Doctor Galaplus.

Set up on the corner of a house, at the juncture of two streets at the old North End of Boston, is a bust of Æsculapius. For many, many years it had been the visible sign that there is a drug store below. Some time ago two visitors to the city went prowling about this ancient and historic ground once so aristocratic and now so squalid, and they came upon the time-worn bust, for the presence of which they were not prepared. Still it seemed to them noteworthy, and they went into a shop to ask about it. The clerk was most obliging and courteous. "O, that?" he said. "That's old Doctor Galaplus. I don't rightly know who he was, but I've an idea he used to practice down here!"—Youth's Companion.

Aprons.

Aprons for nurses are made of two widths of the material used and are cut from thirty-eight to forty inches long. When finished they usually reach to the bottom of the dress. They have long wide strings and are trimmed at the bottom with lace, a wide hemstitched hem or embroidery. Aprons for waitresses are not more than thirty-four to thirty-six inches long, and require only a breadth and a half of the material. They are finished with a wide hem, or hem and tucks.—N. Y. Post.

ENERGY IN THE TROPICS.

It Is Not Indigenous to the Climate and the Exotic Article Soon Withers.

"Energy doesn't grow down there; I've been in the country long enough to discover that fact," he exclaimed as he cut off a generous piece of rare roast beef.

The vigor with which he spoke and the evident relish with which he masticated the beef left the impression that the speaker had never spent any considerable time in any place where energy was scarce. He had just landed from a Panama steamer, having come from San Francisco by that route, and had made short visits to various Mexican and Central American ports.

"Not only is it not indigenous to the country, but the exotic article always withers and almost always dies," he said, after the keen edge of his appetite had been worn off. Then he ordered a pot of coffee, lighted a cigar and continued:

"After we sailed from San Diego it was several days before we arrived at another port. We crossed the Gulf of California and touched at Mazatlan, in Mexico. I had promised myself that I should go ashore and see every town at which we stopped in Mexico and Central America, so when the fleet of native boats surrounded the ship a party of passengers hired one, and we were soon on our way to the shore. The distance from the place where the ship was moored to the shore was about three miles, and before the distance had been half covered I was impatient and thoroughly disgusted with the lazy movements of the native oarsmen. Our time was limited, too, and that increased my irritation, because I was anxious to see all I possibly could of the place within the short time.

"I jumped ashore at last and hurried up to the town, first to the post office and then to other points of interest. It was in the middle of the day and the sun beat down and reflected again from the white houses and the streets, which were paved with small cobblestones. Scarcely a person was on the street, except the people from the ship. The natives lounged about in their shops or the secluded courts with which each house is supplied. The shop keepers were invariably smoking cigarettes, and it was with difficulty that I induced one of them to rise from his indolent position to supply me with some small purchase which I wished to make.

"Walking rapidly from the post office through the principal street to the cathedral, and then to the markets, and again to the public square, I was in a perspiration before I realized it. But my soul was filled with contempt for the lounging, lazy natives, who, it seemed to me, could do nothing except smoke cigarettes, rest their heads on their hands, and feebly say: 'Manana' (to-morrow). I saw everything there was to be seen and found the party at the landing impatiently awaiting my arrival, so they could return to the ship. While I had done the town throughly I had to admit to myself that I had never been so tired in my life as I was when I reached the deck of the City of Sidney, and stretched myself in a steamer chair to smoke and think over what I had seen.

"My spirits revived when we got under way again and had the benefit of an ocean breeze. I renewed my determination to see all the towns at which we touched—and see them thoroughly. We dropped anchor again a day or so later and I promptly made a bargain with one of the natives to take me ashore. For some inexplicable reason I did not feel half the irritation at the slow movements of the oarsmen that I had felt at the first port. I lounged back in the boat and smoked, and was almost lulled to sleep by the movement of the boat as it rose and fell on the long ocean swells.

"When I reached the shore, however, I shook off the lethargy and started briskly out on my sight-seeing trip. When I reached the public square my enthusiasm began to show signs of 'petering out.' With difficulty I tore myself away from a tempting shady seat and visited the few places of interest. Then I went back to the boat, and although I reached the ship an hour ahead of the time set for departure, I found that all the passengers had returned ahead of me.

"I was determined to see as much of the country as possible, however, so at the next place I again hired a native to row me ashore. I took an umbrella this time, and was weak enough to use it as a shield from the rays of the tropical sun. Arriving on shore, I walked leisurely as far as the post office and back to the boat. Then I sat down on the small pier, smoked cigarettes and watched the lazy motions of the natives rowing barges piled with bags of coffee out of the ship and the empty boats back to the shore again. Very few of the other passengers had come ashore at this place.

"My determination to see the country had not quite all vanished when the anchor was dropped at the next port, and once more I hired a native to take me ashore. When we arrived there I simply sat down in a shady spot and smoked cigarettes. My resentment at the laziness of the natives had all vanished. I said to myself: 'This talk about energetic people coming down here and making money rapidly is all right—for talk. But the man who is able to withstand the enervating influence of this hot and murky air must be made of energy, so that when his vigor was gone he would disappear.'"—N. Y. Tribune.

—A good novel should be, and generally is, a magnifying or diminishing glass of life. It may lessen or enlarge what it reflects, but the general features of society are faithfully reproduced by it.—Bulwer.

—Beyond His Knowledge.—Philanthropist—"Why do you solicit charity? Can't you earn a living?" Tramp—"Er—er—er—I don't know. I never tried, sir."—Detroit Free Press.

—Austria is a western rendering of Oesterrhich, "the eastern kingdom." It was thus called to distinguish it from the western empire, founded by Charlemagne.

A CAREFUL HUSBAND.

"What on earth makes you take out your wife when it is so terribly cold?"

"I always pick out the coldest days for our walks, because then the windows of all the dry goods stores are frozen over."—Fliegende Blaetter.

More Distinction Than Difference.

"Then you mean to say that the man is a constitutional liar."

"Oh, dear, no sah! My dear sah, no sah! His family is one of the best in the state, a family, sah, full of the bluest of blue blood. He could not possibly be a common, vulgar liar, sah. It's not possible, sah. He has a weakness for misstatement, and his word is not to be relied upon, and my private advice to you is to believe nothing he says; but to call him a liar—considering his family—would be preposterous, not to say dangerous, sah!"—Life.

The Exception.

Though in this rapid transit age
To shorten all things is the rage;
Though novel, sermon, poem and play
Grow briefer with each hurrying day,
One bulwark still defies endeavor—
A kiss is just as long as ever.

—Life.

LITERARY NOTE.

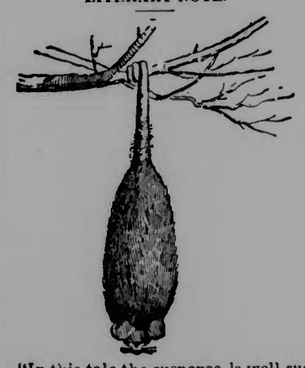

"In this tale the suspense is well sustained."—Book Review, in Life.

Spiteful Thing.

Clare—I wish I were like one of those sleeping princesses told of in fairy tales. Then all I should have to do would be to sleep till Prince Beautiful should come and rouse me and ask me to be his wife.

May—Do you feel quite sure that when he saw you he would waken you?—Town Topics.

A Mutual Service.

He—I am very unfortunate; it seems I can please nobody.

She—Come, cheer up; I have no one to admire me, either.

He—Tell you what—let's found a society for mutual admiration. I, for instance, admire your beautiful eyes; and what do you admire in me?

She—Your good taste.—Dorfbarbier.

An Outsider.

Jack Ford—I would like to marry, but girls are so frightfully extravagant. Now, how much does it take to pay for your daughter's gowns, Mrs. Norris?

Mrs. Norris (coldly)—That, I think, is a subject that need never interest you, Mr. Ford.—Brooklyn Life.

The Real Trouble.

Mrs. Witherby—I wish you would be more particular, Henry, when you are in company.

Witherby (savagely)—Don't you consider that I have good manners?

Mrs. Witherby—Yes, dear; but a poor memory.—N. Y. World.

A Saving of Wood.

Subscriber—What! no fire in the stove this cold weather?

Editor—None! but there's a creditor coming round this morning who said he would make it hot for me.—Atlanta Constitution.

VERY CONSIDERATE.

Finance and the Fine Arts.

First Musician—I am still holding that note.

Second Musician—Yes. I had hoped you would give me a rest by this time.—Detroit Free Press.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

Father—Your mother complains that you are impudent. Why don't you do what she tells you?

Son—Because I'm not married to her.—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

Perhaps.

She—What made Love go blind?

He—Cataracts in his eyes, I guess.

She—And that's why Niagara has such a fascination for bridal couples, perhaps.—Truth.

Not Properly Equipped.

Broncho Bill—What yer talkin' about makin' this yar territory a state fer? Yer can't make no state of it yet—'tain't ready.

Alkali Al—Why ain't it, ye galoot?

Broncho Bill—Why ain't it, ye long-eared jack rabbit? Where yer goin' ter get yer United States senators? Ther ain't a man in the hull territory rich enough ter buy a ten-acre lot covered with pebbles!—Puck.

Accustomed to Carriages.

Old Lady—Why do you call your carriage when you are going such a short distance?

Miss Upperten—It is unnecessary, perhaps, but I never think of walking. We have always had a carriage, you know.

Old Lady—Yes, I remember. Your grandfather kept his carriage, too. He peddled milk from it.—N. Y. Weekly.

One Fool Enough.

Gus De Smith went to a masquerade ball as a harlequin. A few days afterward an intimate friend asked him for the loan of his harlequin costume, as he, too, wished to attend a masquerade ball.

"No," replied Gus, "I allow nobody to make a fool of himself in my costume except myself."—Texas Siftings.

How He Won Her Regard.

Mrs. De Neat—It seems to me that for a man who claims to deserve charity, you have a very red nose.

Moldy Mike—Yes, mum; the cheap soaps that the poor people has to use is very hard on the complexion, mum.—N. Y. Weekly.

Where the Blame Lies.

Mrs. Zuggleton — The Portuguese have a proverb that no man can be a good husband who does not eat a good breakfast.

Mr. Zuggleton—Well, just see what a good husband I might be if you were only a good cook.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Very Latest.

"What's the latest thing out?"
Asked a gossipy she.
"I think," was the answer,
"My husband must be."

—Detroit Free Press.

NOT VERY ENCOURAGING.

"Did you take that valentine to Miss Swansdown?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what did she say?"

"She said it seemed such a waste of money."—Life.

The Safe Time.

Mrs. Unsophist—Do you suppose that the married men at the club talk about their wives together?

Mrs. Uptodate—Yes, I suppose they do, when the single men are not around.—Brooklyn Life.

The Length of Sunday.

"Mother, I know why God made Sunday so long."

"Why, my son?"

"'Cause He just kept one day for His own, and stretched it out as long as all the rest put together."—Chicago Times.

The Marriage Fee.

Old Offender (whom the justice has just married)—What's de charge, jedge?

Judge—Five dollars.

Old Offender—Would yer jest as soon make it five days, jedge?—Judge.

Contagious.

Weggy—Yas; he's my dearest fwend, y' know, and now he's thweatened with softening of the bwain—

Hobson—Is that so? Well, well! I never knew it was catchiug.—Brooklyn Life.

The Place to Find It.

Mr. Cawker (after his wife has read several pages)—Is there any news in your mother's letter, dear?

Mrs. Cawker—I haven't come to the postscript yet.—Truth.

An Auspicious Sign.

Charles—What makes you so sure Miss Jimpson will accept you?

Ricketts—Both her parents are violently opposed to the match.—Chicago Record.

FARM AND GARDEN.

EARLY LAMB RAISING.

Some Valuable Hints from an Old Hand at the Business.

There is money in early lambs if you live within easy access of some good market and have a natural grass farm. Lambs do not bear long transportation, and twelve to twenty hours is as long as they should be en route to market. Begin by purchasing a flock of two-year-old sheep, say August 1, after their lambs are weaned, about half Southdown and half Merino, or natives. Give your flock good pasture, and avoid all excitement of dogs and noise, and get your sheep as familiar with you by quiet and kindness as possible, giving them salt twice a week, and when winter first sets in take them from pasture and have a nice large, dry yard connected with your sheep barn fenced with a four-foot board fence, and then a three-foot wire netting on the top, so that dogs can't get in to bite or scare them.

Have the barn dry and warm, but not too tight, and with windows opening to the south for sun, as sheep like that in winter, and a small room in one end made quite tight and warm by ceiling inside, filling in with sawdust so as to avoid frost, in which to keep your grain, salt, etc., and also as a place to put your ewes a few days before they drop their lambs, and also a few days after, till they and their lambs are strong enough to be placed with the flock; and movable partitions in this room are very useful, so that it may be divided into two or three or more parts as necessary, in case a sheep does not do well or fails to own her lamb (and here let me say sometimes a dog tied in one corner will effect a cure of that fault in a few hours). If you can have a spring or very small stream in the yard do so, and if not you must water from a well, once a day will do, till near lambing time and then always twice.

Now as to feed: Sheep farmers always raise corn and they wish to feed some stalks in early winter, but they should be cut and cured early and fed once a day only, and at night feed hay; and supposing you to have fifty good ewes (and that is all ever should be kept in one party, and twenty-five is better), feed at night one-fourth bushel of sound whole corn, and you may gradually increase this feed so that by January 15 you are feeding one-half a bushel; after this time add good sound oats gradually, so that by February 15 you are feeding half a bushel of each per day and if you have good early cut fine hay, natural meadow or clover hay, together with one bushel of carrots or roots of some sort, this is grain enough, and your sheep will not require a great amount of hay, and only feed just what they readily will take, as many farmers make their sheep dainty by feeding too much hay; better keep them a little hungry for hay.

And now about the care of your lambs: Have a frame or pen of hemlock boards, thirteen feet square in the yard, three boards high and the bottom one raised

so the lambs can pass under (not the sheep) and in here have small troughs and sprinkle ground oats and corn, equal parts, and a little salt, and the lambs will soon learn to eat it, and continue this course till grass has a nice start and then turn out your sheep and lambs in the daytime and fair weather, but yard and grain at night till feed is flush and weather warm. About April 15 you will have some lambs fit for market, and by June 16 you should have them all sold. If your sheep have been well handled they will be fat and you can sell them for mutton and have your flock all disposed of at a sharp advance on the cost by July 20, and the mutton sheep usually sell well at that time, and then buy a new flock for the coming winter in September. In this way you have a heavy fleece on wool, a valuable lamb and an advance of cost of sheep of from one to two dollars per head, a fine lot of manure and only a few or no sheep. In August and September the month's feed is shortest and they do the land most harm and with good care they always pay well.—Farm Journal.

FACTS ABOUT HORSES.

EVEN in winter the horse is better for outdoor exercise.

TEACH a horse what you wish him to do and he will always do it.

WATER the horse in the morning before giving him his breakfast.

IT is said that men working in livery stables are exempt from cholera.

BECAUSE prices are low is no reason for starving or neglecting horses.

THE horse shows have done much to develop enthusiasm for fine horses.

ABROAD only geldings are used for city work and the brood mares are kept on the farm.

ATTEMPTING to drive a smooth-shod horse over slippery, icy roads is the cause of many accidents.

IF the young stock are not thrifty when they go in to winter, we doubt if they will come out thrifty in the spring.

THE shrinkage of value of horses last year is estimated to be over $25,000,000, and the total loss in falling off of prices will no doubt aggregate $60,000,000 since the commencement of the present depression of values.

THE manner in which a horse stands still is one of the best indications of soundness. If he stands with his legs straight and well under the body there is not much the matter with them. If he favors a limb or straddles before or behind, examine him carefully.—N. Y. World.

CLEAN WELL WATER.

How It May Be Had at All Seasons of the Year.

The well upon the farm may be a source of very great danger to the household. It certainly is so if the conditions of soil and location are such that drainage from the farm buildings can in any way enter them. The soil is not everywhere of a homogeneous character. It is often in layers, one being perhaps loose and open to the passage of liquids down through it, while directly underneath may be a stratum of nearly impervious clay. Such layers of soil, moreover, are rarely to be found existing in a perfectly level condition, but inclined sometimes

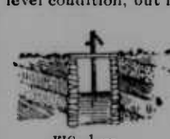

FIG. 1.—INCLINED STRATA.

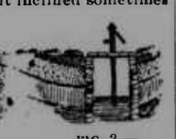

FIG. 2.—DIPPING STRATA.

very sharply and again with but a gradual dip. Fig. 1 shows such a structure of the soil, and a well dug down through it. It can be seen at a glance that liquids soaking down upon the left-hand side and striking a layer of clay or other more or less impervious soil, will be conveyed directly into the well.

When it happens that nothing filthy exists upon the surface on the side where the strata slope toward the well, the water remains pure, but when the reverse is true, there is nothing to hinder the filthy liquids soaking down and running finally into the well, made somewhat less harmful, but not wholly so, in their passage through the soil. Fig. 1 shows another structure of soil that is often found. Here the strata dip on two sides toward the well, which has perhaps been dug purposely in a depression, with the idea of a greater likelihood of there finding water. Any filth on two sides of a well may thus be conveyed into it. Moreover, in the case of soil that is homogeneous in character there is a natural drainage toward a well, as is indicated in Fig. 3.

Land drainage is toward both wells and drains. Tile drains laid three rods apart and sunk four feet underground, drain all the land between unless it be

FIG. 3.—NATURAL DRAINAGE.

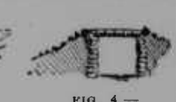

FIG. 4.—PROPERLY PROTECTED WELL.

a retentive clay soil. The land midway between two drains has its surface water conveyed away mostly by seepage. But all through the land adjacent to a tile drain the water also makes a few little channels for itself toward the tile. It is known that such little channels are made from points as far away as twenty-five feet from a four-foot drain. It may be taken for granted, then, that a well drains naturally a very large area about it, and the importance of allowing nothing of an filthy nature to exist within that area ought to be apparent. It sometimes happens that a well is contaminated by matter brought from a considerable distance by surface water in time of a spring freshet or a heavy rain at other seasons. To obviate this the ground about a well should have a height of some two feet, a mound like arrangement around the well curb, as shown in Fig. 4. A well may also be contaminated by earth worms, rats, mice or toads. It is wise, therefore, to lay the upper portion of the wall in cement and bring the wall up tight under the platform. Ventilate by an opening covered by wire.—Orange Judd Farmer.

SELECTING LAYERS.

The Experience of a Poultryman Who Has Kept His Eyes Open.

It is true that there is no infallible rule for selecting the best layers in a flock of hens, but there are a few indications that show which hens are probably the best layers. I say probably, for the rule does not always work, and exceptions to it are not rare.

It will be understood by this that I only give these rules from observation among my own flocks, and from my own experience.

The most active hens in a flock are usually the best layers. The hen who stands ready to run out of the house in the morning as soon as the door opens and flies at the feed as if she were starving, is the one that will produce the most eggs, commonly. Such a hen will not stand around in the sun after eating her morning feed, but will be seen far away from the house foraging for food. She is the hen that sings as she goes about, and is the one who will find her way into the garden if she can possibly get there.

A large comb is a sign of a good layer. By this I mean a large comb for the breed she belongs to. Almost invariably the Leghorn hen that has a large thin comb that drops down over one eye will be found to be a good layer. The comb of a good layer is of bright red all the time she is laying, and as soon as it becomes pale, or dark colored, you may be sure she has ceased to lay.

The good layer is rather narrow across the shoulder and wide in the rump, with the rear of her body deep and low. Her feathers are glossy and her eye bright, and she is full of life and action. If a hen possesses all these indications, there is not much danger in picking her for a breeder, as she will almost always be prolific and eggs produced by her will be fertile and the chicks strong and vigorous. —C. C. Gale, in Farm News.

ALL animals enjoy a clean, dry bed at night. Do you know of anything better than good straw and plenty of it to furnish such a bed?

IF you think you can starve a calf for a week, then feed well for a week and have it catch up in thrift you are mistaken.

AN ALPENA MIRACLE.

Mrs. Jas. M. Todd, of Long Rapids, Discards Her Crutches.

In an Interview with a Reporter She Reviews Her Experience and Tells the Real Cause of the Miracle.

(From the Argus, Alpena, Mich.)

We have long known Mrs. Jas. M. Todd, of Long Rapids, Alpena Co., Mich. She has been a sad cripple. Many of her friends know the story of her recovery; for the benefit of those who do not we publish it today.

Eight years ago she was taken with nervous prostration, and in a few months with muscular and inflammatory rheumatism. It affected her heart, then her head. Her feet became so swollen she could wear nothing on them; her hands were drawn all out of shape. Her eyes were swollen shut more than half the time, her knee joints terribly swollen and for eighteen months she had to be held up to be dressed. One limb became entirely helpless, and the skin was so dry and cracked that it would bleed. During these eight years she had been treated by a score of physicians, and has also spent much time at Ann Arbor under best medical advice. All said her trouble was brought on by hard work and that medicine would not cure, and that rest was the only thing which would ease her. After going to live with her daughter she became entirely helpless and could not even raise her arms to cover her head at night. The interesting part of the story follows in her own words:

"I was urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and at last did so. In three days after I commenced taking Pink Pills I could sit up and dress myself, and after using them six weeks I went home and commenced working. I continued taking the pills, until now I begin to forget my crutches, and can go up and down steps without aid. I am truly a living wonder, walking out of doors without assistance."

"Now, if I can say anything to induce those who have suffered as I have, to try Pink Pills, I shall gladly do so. If other like sufferers will try Pink Pills according to directions, they will have reason to thank God for creating men who are able to conquer that terrible disease, rheumatism. I have in my own neighborhood recommended Pink Pills for the after effects of la grippe, and weak women with impure blood, and with good results."

Mrs. Todd is very strong in her faith in the curative powers of Pink Pills, and says they have brought a poor helpless cripple back to do her own milking, churning, washing, sewing, knitting, and in fact about all of her household duties, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c. per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

DRESSES FOR GIRLS.

Some New Ideas in the Making of Tasty Costumes.

One might be forgiven for the stereotyped remark that children's dresses were never as pretty as now. The styles are simple and quaint, with just enough character to them to relieve them from plainness; and fussiness, of all things, is discouraged in such costumes.

Velvet is as popular for children as for grown people, and is such a serviceable and becoming material that one may be pardoned the trifling additional cost for the excellent effect produced by this most useful and excellent of all fabrics.

A little girl of five years has a dress of velvet made in almost perfect Mother Hubbard fashion. The yoke is edged with deep Vandykes of Irish point; the sleeves are very full at the shoulders and gathered into narrow cuffs at the wrists. There is a plain collar, and fancy buttons close the dress at the back.

A dress for a little girl of nine is made of lady's cloth. The skirt is cut in a somewhat similar fashion to those worn by ladies, the fullness in the back being similarly arranged. The waist is a little Eton jacket over a full blouse, that is gathered into a belt and buttoned on to the skirt belt inside, the skirt belt being wide and forming a sort of corselet, so that the blouse does not show below the jacket. The sleeves are in leg-o'-mutton fashion, the fullness caught up to the lining near the shoulders, making a loose puff; the lapels of the jacket are turned back over the sleeves.

A girl of twelve years has a dress of Henrietta cloth. The skirt is plain, with the exception of three rows of narrow braid just above the hem. The waist is fitted with one dart, and has very wide revers, forming a deep collar at the back. This has the front made of embroidery, with a collar of silk.

A combination suit of spotted delaine over plain wool of the same sort is made with the skirt of the figured material in front and at the sides. In the back it is draped to the waist-line and falls apart over the back breadth, which is of plain goods. The tops of the sleeves and the vest, and a deep V in the back are of the plain goods; the sides of the waist are of the figured material.

A stylish and becoming costume for a small girl has a plain skirt of velveteen, gathered into a belt. The blouse is of silk, with a velvet collar, very deep in the back, growing narrower over the shoulders, and with one end finished in a surplice effect, extending across the front and under the arm, where it ends with a small rosette. There is a vest-shaped trimming of embroidery, and the collar has a deep edging to match. The sleeves are very full, in puffs from shoulders to elbows, with plain cuffs below.

A pretty dress of surah has a feather-stitched hem, a square yoke with a deep full of lace, ruffles over the shoulders and bishop sleeves. Another is of India silk, with a yoke and sleeve caps of embroidery. This is worn over a silk petticoat with side-plaited ruffles. —N. Y. Ledger.

Penalties of Fame.

Scribbler (gloomily)—Literary fame is a continual torment.

Spacer—How so?

Scribbler—A fellow's creditors keep dunning him just to get his autograph. —N. Y. Weekly.

FEMALE PUGNACITY.

It Is a Necessary Accompaniment of the Mother Instinct.

Boys' earlier inheritance is all in the way of offensive weapons, of bows, bats, balls, and noise, with a tendency to teasing and bullying, a feature for which the male has been famous, the sufferer who was put upon being the female—the weaker vessel; weaker because the males fought with one another for her; had she fought with her sisters for the males she could have been the stronger and the bigger trained.

The female, however, does inherit a pugnacious instinct, chiefly defensive. She has had to fight on behalf of her young ones, and in such cases the maternal instinct becomes very strong, indeed. Children show this character; and I witnessed in one of mine a very curious exhibition of what might be called perverted instinct arising from a conflict of inherited associations. She was quite a little girl and was nursing her doll with all possible expression of affection, loving it, kissing it, and calling it all the endearing names she knew. Up came her brother and began to tease her. In an instant the pugnacious idea was aroused in defense of the doll, but, having no available weapon in hand, she seized the doll by the legs and, wheeling it aloft, brought its china head down with resounding force on the cranium of her brother. He retired, howling and discomfited. She, excited with her triumph, returned to the caressing of her doll with redoubled ardor, quite unconscious of the incongruity of her actions, an unconsciousness which heightened the comicality of the incident.—S. S. Buckman, in Popular Science Monthly.

FREE!

To Christian Endeavorers—Pocket Guide and Map of Boston, the Convention City.

The Passenger Department of the Big Four Route have issued a very convenient and attractive Pocket Guide to the City of Boston which will be sent free of charge to all members of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor who will send three two-cent stamps to cover mailing charges to the undersigned. This Pocket Guide should be in the hands of every member of the Society who contemplates attending the 14th Annual Convention, as it shows the location of all Depots, Hotels, Churches, Institutions, Places of Amusement, Prominent Buildings, Street Car Lines, Etc., Etc. Write soon as the edition is limited.

E. O. McCORMICK,
Passenger Traffic Manager, Big Four Route, Cincinnati, O.

"WHEN er man is ter'ble anxious ter git something away," said Uncle Eben, "hit am er sho sign dat it ain' much 'count. Dis 'plies ter advice same as anything else."—Washington Star.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo County and State aforesaid and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL.} A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co, Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

"DO YOU go to church to hear the sermon or the music, Maude?" "I go for the hims," said Maude.—Harper's Bazar.

Unspeakably Miserable

Is the man or woman troubled with dyspepsia. Heart palpitations, sour stomach, hearthurn, uneasiness of the nerves, oppression or a sense of emptiness at the pit of the stomach, are among its symptoms. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters eradicates it, and entirely overcomes constipation, biliousness, rheumatic, kidney and malarial complaints. Use this thorough remedy systematically and it will achieve permanent results.

I LIKE breakfast parties, because no one is conceited before one o'clock in the day.—Sydney Smith.

The Lowest Rates Ever Made to the South

Will be in effect via the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, on March 5, April 2 and 30, 1895. Round trip tickets will be sold to points in Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia and West Florida, and one way tickets to Florida at about half the regular rates. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. ATMORE, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or JACKSON SMITH, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

FLOOR WALKER—"How many women do you suppose there have been to-day to look at our bargains?" Superintendent—"How should I know? I am not a bargain counter."—Boston Transcript.

TAKE the Queen & Crescent Route to Knoxville and Asheville. Only through car line Cincinnati to Asheville.

NO MAN ever traveled to fame on a pass.

HAPPINESS is never found by those who seek it on the run.—Ram's Horn.

AMUSEMENTS we have outgrown are called follies.—Fliegende Blaetter.

THE parlor with a beautiful belle in it is a great drawing-room.—Galveston News.

EVERY coward is somebody's hero.—Ram's Horn.

MAN prefers to laugh at somebody else's expense.—Galveston News.

MANY people delude themselves into thinking that laziness is poor health.—Ram's Horn.

THE unselfish mortal always keeps some good resolutions for others.—Galveston News.

THINKERS have their hands on the wheels of the world.—Ram's Horn.

GRATITUDE can sing songs of praise with an empty pocket.—Ram's Horn.

DISTANCE seldom lends enchantment to a job of work that is coming.—Milwaukee Journal.

THE more you puff a cigar the smaller it becomes; and that is the case with some men.—Household Words.

RAILLERY is a mode of speaking in favor of one's wit against one's good nature.—Montesquieu.

MAKE thy recreation servant to thy business, lest thou become a slave to thy recreation.—Quarles.

THE devil will have to go out of business on the day that he can't make a lie look like the truth.—Ram's Horn.

MOST men who are kind to a fault are kinder to their own faults than to those of anyone else.—Household Words.

Accept None of the Pretended Substitutes for

Royal Baking Powder

BECAUSE inferior and cheaper made baking preparations are bought at wholesale at a price so much lower than ROYAL, some grocers are urging consumers to use them in place of the ROYAL *at the same retail price.*

If you desire to try any of the pretended substitutes for ROYAL BAKING POWDER bear in mind that they are all made from cheaper and inferior ingredients, and are not so great in leavening strength nor of equal money value. Pay the price of the ROYAL BAKING POWDER for the ROYAL only.

It is still more important, however, that ROYAL BAKING POWDER is purer and more wholesome, and makes better, finer, and more healthful food than any other baking powder or preparation.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Spoiled the Victory.

Mrs. Brown—Mrs. Smith is so disappointed about the outcome of her divorce suit.

Mrs. Jones—She obtained her decree, did she not?

Mrs. Brown—Yes; but her husband made no defense. She had looked forward so to his cross-examination.—Puck.

DROUGHT PROOF FIELD CORN.

Here is something new. Despite 110 days without a drop of rain, Salzer's new Yellow Dent corn yielded on a large acreage over sixty-eight bushels per acre, while the department of agriculture reports the average yield on corn but a trifle over twenty bushels per acre in the United States. Now think of the possibilities of this corn in a good corn season! It will double this yield then or 136 bus.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT with 14c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed company, LaCrosse, Wis., you will get free a pack of this DROUTH PROOF CORN and their mammoth catalogue. [K]

"DE trouble 'bout de spirit ob perseverance," said Uncle Eben, "am dat it's too li'ble ter strike a man hah'dest when he's jutiahly in de wrong."—Washington Star.

FORTIFY Feeble Lungs Against Winter with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

An Important Difference.

To make it apparent to thousands, who think themselves ill, that they are not affected with any disease, but that the system simply needs cleansing, is to bring comfort home to their hearts, as a costive condition is easily cured by using Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co

PERFECTION is made up of trifles, but it is no trifling matter to attain perfection.

BEFORE I could get relief from a most horrible blood disease I had spent hundreds of dollars trying various remedies and physicians, none of which did me any good. My finger nails came off and my hair came out, leaving me perfectly bald. I then went to

HOT SPRINGS

Hoping to be cured by this celebrated treatment, but very soon became disgusted and decided to try S.S.S. The effect was truly wonderful. I commenced to recover at once, and after I had taken twelve bottles I was entirely cured—cured by S.S.S. when the world-renowned Hot Springs had failed.

WM. S. LOOMIS, Shreveport, La.

S.S.S.

Our Book on the Disease and its Treatment mailed free to any Address. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

If It's a Sprain, Strain, or Bruise

St. Jacobs Oil

Will Cure It

All over the house

you need Pearline. And more than ever in house-cleaning. Just look over the list of things that you might use—soaps and powders and fluids and what not. Some of them don't pretend to help you as much as Pearline; some will injure paint, or surfaces, or fabrics; some are only meant to wash or clean certain things.

But with Pearline, you will save time and labor in cleaning anything that pure water won't hurt. Not only can it do no harm, but it saves useless and harmful rubbing. 402

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

"We think Piso's CURE for CONSUMPTION is the only medicine for coughs."—JENNIE PINCKARD, Springfield, Ill., October 1, 1894.

....CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. BEST COUGH SYRUP....
TASTES GOOD. USE IN TIME. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. 25 CENTS.

Coughs and Colds,

Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, General Debility and all forms of Emaciation are speedily cured by

Scott's Emulsion

Consumptives always find great relief by taking it, and consumption is often cured. No other nourishment restores strength so quickly and effectively.

Weak Babies and Thin Children

are made strong and robust by Scott's Emulsion when other forms of food seem to do them no good whatever.

The only genuine Scott's Emulsion is put up in *salmon-colored wrapper.* Refuse cheap substitutes!

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and $1.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSORIPTION:

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Remittances made by money order, postal note, registered letter or bank draft will be at our risk, if made otherwise, at the risk of the sender. Address,

THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, MARCH 7, 1895.

Defender Documents.

Numbers 5 and 72 have just been issued by the American Protective Tariff League. No. 5, nineteen pages entitled "Business conditions" or "The First Effects of Free Trade," comprises a careful review and compilation of statistics showing disastrous result of a free trade administration. No. 72, eight pages entitled "Wages in the United States," is the translation of a paper by Mons. E. Levasseur, read at the annual public meeting of the five academies of the institute of France. Both documents are interesting and valuable additions to Protection literature. Will be sent to any address for two cents each. Address W. F. Wakeman, Gen. Sec., 135 West 23rd St., New York.

IN THE constitution of human affairs we are obliged to travel knee-deep and sometimes neck-deep along the moral roads of life, and since it seems impossible to get macadam for these roads it does seem that the organization of society and government might at least give us macadamized roads for our physical pilgrimage.

THERE are two things needed in this country: one for the relief of the Government itself and the other for the relief of the people themselves. These two things are a Tariff for revenue and a Tariff for Protection. The Tariff of 1890 met both demands, and that most admirably. The new Tariff makes no attempt at Protection, and from a strictly revenue point of view is a conspicuous and lamentable failure. This much is not debatable ground. No Democrat, however optimistic, will pretend that the present Tariff meets the revenue needs of the Government.

AMONG the curiosities of this winter's legislation may be quoted a law that has passed the California Legislature. It reads:

Every person who manufactures or deals in or sells or offers for sale or gives away or otherwise disposes of cigarettes is guilty of a misdemeanor.

There's terseness for you. A whole chapter couldn't have been more effective if the law is enforced. There's no way getting around it and the Californian who happens to have a quantity of cigarettes on hand can't even throw them away without becoming guilty of a misdemeanor. He isn't allowed to "otherwise dispose them," either by fire, by shipping them out of the country, by throwing them on a compost heap, or by sending them up in a balloon. For a law isn't it a dandy.

POSTMASTER GENERAL BISSELL is very emphatic in asserting that his resignation was prompted only by personal reasons, and President Cleveland has endorsed this statement. If the world outside the cabinet is skeptical of the veracity of the announcement it cannot be blamed. For over a year reports have been current that Mr. Bissell and his chief were not harmonious in their views, and frequent rumors of his resignation have floated about. These have been denied just as positively as the statement is now made of harmony in the cabinet. That Mr. Bissell has felt the humiliation of being a mere figure-head in official life is too well known. Cleveland has tried to run the show all by himself. He hugs the belief to his bosom that he is the incarnation of Democracy, and doubtless some of the members are not sharing his view. Despite the denial of official disagreement the public may be satisfied that Postmastor Bissell goes into retirement because his views and the President's don't jibe. Cleveland knows also that the new postmaster-general will be very docile if the future can be judged by the past.

Caring for a Cuckoo.

The people of the Second Congressional district of West Virginia decided that William L. Wilson was not a safe man to look after their interests in the House of Representatives, but President Cleveland thinks him a good man to be at the head af the vast postal business of the United States. Mr. Wilson does not possess conspicuous ability for this post. He is a teacher by training and by practice. As an instructor in college and as president of the State University of West Virginia, he was eminently successful. His vocation lies strictly within pedagogic lines. He has no ability as a statesman, and his business qualifications may be measured by the havoc his theories have made with the industries of the country.

The postoffice department is essentially a business institution. Politics and theories have no place therein. The position of postmaster general is one calling for clear business perceptions and a readiness to apply them to the rapid forwarding and distribution of mail matter. Mr. Wilson would never have been elevated to that place by reason of his fitness for it. He is put there merely because Mr. Cleveland feels that he ought to provide a berth for a man who carried out presidential wishes regardless of his own previously expressed views and in opposition to those of his constituents.

Does This Hit Your Town?

Did it ever occur to you, gentle reader, that one of the most potent factors in retarding the growth and well being of a town could be found in a careful analysis of the petty jealousies that exist among its citizens and the habit of dividing its citizens into cliques and clans?

The town that succeeds and makes a name for itself is invariably the one where all of the inhabitants work together in harmony, and where "an injury to one is the concern of all." In like manner it will be found that the town that is wholly, or almost free from factions of any kind or character whatsoever—either social, religious or political—is the one that is progressing and becoming favorably known to the outside world. "A house divided against itself cannot stand," is a truism recorded in Holy Writ, and the quotation can be truthfully paraphrased "a town divided against itself cannot prosper." If your brother prospers you will prosper, and an injury done him will prove a boomerang nine times out of ten. Because a man (or woman) does not belong to your set, your church or your political party is no reason why you should not give him encouragement in every way possible, and throw roses instead of thorns in his pathway.

Nothing is more injurious to the best interests of a community than the small bickerings and asinine jealousies that too often are found there especially if the place is a small one. Any town has enough to contend with from outside influences, without neighbors, who should lend a helping hand whenever possible, striving to discredit the act, aims and ambitions of each other. Of course, these remarks do not in any way reflect on any town in this county, or they would not have been penned.

A Wicked Fellow.

A writer in a recent number of a high class magazine, who has the prudence to conceal his name, thus slanders the ladies: "Women cannot leave the men alone. That war-cry of theirs, 'Whatever a man can do a woman can,' is pregnant with meaning of which they themselves appear to be unconscious. Whatever a man does they do—chiefly because a man is doing it. If a man did not do it, they would not do it either. They crowd the risky entertainments because the men are there. They read and write the suggestive books because their first and foremost theme is invariably the relations of the sexes. They play masculine games merely because they are masculine. * * Where the men lead the women follow. The 'dear creatures,' as the old-time 'bucks' used to have it, always did run after the men. It seems that just now they are running after them a little harder than ever they did. That, from the social point of view, is the Alpha and Omega of the cry of the 'independent' woman. That is not seldom the meaning of 'woman's rights.' It is the right of a woman not to be far away from a man."

If Miss Susan B. Anthony, Miss Willard, the author of the "Heavenly Twins" and other champions of feminine equality could only get hold of the dastardly wretch who wrote this outrageous attack upon their sex, they would make him long for another and a better world. Women run after men, indeed! Oh, this is too atrocious. If the ladies were not such angels of patience and forgiveness, this insult would be enough to make them go off and live by themselves in No Man's Land and leave the presumptuous and impertinent men to their fate. The only thing that prevents their doing so is their reluctance to give the men the trouble of following them so far—so kindhearted and considerate are they even to the least deserving of creation.

Postmaster Kean Not Confirmed.

WASHINGTON, March 4.—Among the list of unconfirmed postmasters as furnished officially this afternoon appears the name of Daniel E. Kean, of Cumberland, Md. It seems that the day after the confirmation of Mr. Kean Representative McKaig was informed by Senator Gorman that a motion would be made to reconsider. This, it is understood, was done by Mr. Gorman. The effect was to "hang up" the case of Mr. Kean. It is understood that no charges made against Mr. Kean and so far as is known the Democrats generally of Cumberland were favorably inclined to him. The President can give Mr. Kean a recess appointment, and Mr. McKaig will see the President at once and ask him to do it. Mr. McKaig saw the Postmaster-General this afternoon.

How to Boom a Town.

THE REPUBLICAN thinks the following cannot be published too often:

Kick.

Kick hard.

Kick at everything.

Don't pay a cent under any circumstances—advertising or otherwise—and kick continually.

Refuse to enter any combination that will be a benefit to any one but yourself.

Always speak ill of your competitor in business; kick at the merchants, school teachers, doctors, newspapers, town board and everything else.

Always buy of peddlers, if possible, and give your home merchants a go-by.

Speak of your town as the most immoral place on earth, and say a bad word for it every chance you get.

If a stranger comes to town, tell him that everything is overdone, and that the town is no good on general principles. This will be a good drawing card to new business industries.

Stop your home paper, ask your friends to do the same, and insist that they take the Bungtown Blister. This will give your home paper a great boom and assist the editor materially, which you must avoid above everything else.

If you are in business don't advertise. Buy a rubber stamp and use that. It may save you a few dimes and will look so much nicer than if printed by an artist.

Kick because you and your friends are not permitted to run the town, and if you do run it, kick anyhow. —Exchange.

Valuable Advice.

Avoid lawsuits and loss by consulting H. P. Tasker and examining his abstracts of the "conflicting titles" before paying for Military Lots. Charges reasonable. Office in Colardeau Cottage, opposite the bank, Oakland, Md. 41-tf.

THE NEXT GOVERNOR.

Indications Point to a Tidal Wave in Favor of Mr. Lowndes.

From the Baltimore Sunday American.

Last week a prominent Republican and a well known Democrat called on Major Alexander Shaw and urged him to consent to the use of his name in connection with the next gubernatorial nomination. Major Shaw stated that he felt deeply grateful for the compliment paid him in the general and unsolicited approval that has followed the mention of his name in this connection, but that he could not accept the nomination if tendered him, and he begged that no more be said by his friends upon the subject. This determination of Major Shaw is thought to be final. Just now indications point to a tidal wave setting toward Mr. Lloyd Lowndes, of Cumberland. Mr. Lowndes is well and favorably known in business circles throughout Maryland and adjoining states, his Republicanism, while always loyal and pronounced, has never been offensive to his political opponents. His friends, indeed, in the ranks of the Democratic party, are legion, and he is regarded everywhere as one of those clear-headed, conservative business men who hold that public office is a public trust, and that governmental business should be conducted upon business, rather than partisan lines.

There has been some fear expressed that Mr. Lowndes might be cut by the colored people because of his vote in Congress, over twenty years ago, against the Civil Rights bill. The colored leaders of the city have been carefully canvassed upon this subject during the past three weeks, and none of them manifested any opposition to Mr. Lowndes on this account. They say an attempt to combat him along this line will not prove successful. Many prominent Republican leaders in Congress, they say, at that time deemed the Civil Rights bill inexpedient, and also voted against it upon grounds that then seemed good and sufficient, and through no antagonism to the colored race. They also say that Mr. Lowndes has of late years repeatedly shown his friendship for the race and they will gladly and cordially support him should he be chosen to head the Republican State ticket.

Grantsville

King Winter is dethroned.

Roads are almost and in some places entirely impassable on account of drifted snow.

Many maple sugar establishments "camps" they are generally termed, have been opened for the season.

Gns. Stanton of Bittinger, has bought some cattle, for grazers, in this vicinity the past week.

D. P. Miller moved from the residence on the farm recently purchased by N. E. Hershberger into one of the residences on the Gnagey farm near town.

S. J. Beachy and son are repairing the old M. E. church building with the intention of occupying it as a residence.

Nathan Bros. stored away ice on Thursday which is said to have been sixteen inches thick.

Michael Nathan was blessed with an infant son recently.

Solomon Bittinger, of Meadow Mountain who has been ill for some time is convalescing.

N. E. Hershberger moved the greater part of his household goods into the residence on the farm recently purchased from his father. He intends to begin his residence there the coming week.

Quite a number of citizens will attend court this week.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending March 9th, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Mr. E. W. Syeter, Miss Mary Kerns.

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

LADIES
Needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It is pleasant; cures Malaria, Indigestion Biliousness, Liver Complaints and Neuralgi

SOUTH CAROLINA'S ROAD LAWS.

Salaried Supervisors in Each County —Convicts Will Be Employed.

Heretofore the management of county affairs in South Carolina has been vested in a board of three county commissioners elected by the people. These gentlemen looked after roads, bridges, etc., the county poorhouses and all such matters. They employed overseers in each neighborhood to have the roads worked the labor of course being furnished by the citizens under the law requiring each to give so many days to keeping the roads in repair or else pay a commutation tax. Under this system road working has been a travesty. At certain seasons enough dirt would be shoveled into the holes and ruts to fill them up and make travel possible, if uncomfortable, but absolutely no permanent improvement resulted. The roads are no better to-day then they were when Sherman marched over them in 1865 or Tarleton's troops 90 years before.

The now law abolishes the boards of county commissioners and provides one supervisor elected biennially in each county at a salary averaging $600. In addition to him, the governor appoints to serve during his administration three commissioners for each township. These commissioners have jurisdiction in the assessment and equalization of property. Their chairman, acting together with the county supervisor, form a county board of commissioners, who are to meet quarterly. It is their province to divide the counties into road districts and to let to bonded contractors, who shall bind themselves to work the roads in their territory and keep the bridges in repair—in other words, to have the road work done by responsible parties instead of public overseers. Residents who prefer to work the six days required by law rather than pay the commutation tax of $2 will be reported by the supervisor to the contractor of their respective districts and will be required to work under his superintendence. The contractor for each day's work done by a citizen is to allow the county 50 cents—that is to say, 50 cents will be deducted from the sum due by the county to the contractor. The commutation fees paid in lieu of work done by citizens are to be set aside as a special road fund.

This contract system, however, is optional, and the supervisor and board of commissioners for each county may continue the old method of appointing road overseers if they prefer. In addition to this the new law provides a chain gang for work on the public roads under the supervisor's orders. All convicts sentenced to terms of imprisonment at hard labor for less than two years are to be employed on the roads instead of being sent to the penitentiary. — Atlanta Constitution.

A Delightful Jaunt to the National Capital. Low Rates via B. & O.

Have you ever treated yourself to a visit to the capitol of the nation? If not havn't you often wanted for an opportunity to do so, to see its public buildings, visit its museums, art galleries, arsenals, parks and public and private institutions? Possibly when you had the time, the expense was a serious drawback. By taking advantage of the low rate excursions offered by the B. & O., this item is reduced to a minimun and really places the trip within the reach of all. The next excursion via B. & O. R. R. is announced for Thursday, March 14th. Write to the nearest B. & O. agent for an illustrated guide to the capitol, giving descriptions and cuts of the principal public buildings and a map, also detailed information in regard to the itinerary.

The following table will show the rate and train schedule from stations in this vicinity:

LEAVE.	TIME. p. m.	TIME. a. m.	TIME. a. m.	RATE.
Oakland	9 25	5 51	7 31	$6 25
Piedmont	10 25	6 45	8 24	5 40

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

Tickets will be good ten days, and will be valid for passage from Washington to Baltimore at any time within the life of the ticket.

For Pullman Car accommodations and guide to points of interest in Washington, address nearest B. & O. Agent.

Prof. Smith sells fine pianos on $10.00 monthly payments; organs $5. Unsurpassed for durability and quality of tone. 51-2t.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," subtitle "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 23D DAY OF MARCH, 1895,

at the hour of 2.30 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Md., offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. Two of said county—bounded on the east and north by land of Levi C. Fike and on the south by land of John W. Savage and on the west by land of Henry Thomas, and being the same land that was conveyed to Christian F. Fike by G. S. Hamill and wife by deed dated Oct. 8, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 15, folio 382, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1892 and 1893, as is charged to Christian F. Fike on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforegoing statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," subtitle "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 23D DAY OF MARCH, 1895,

at the hour of 2.45 p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. Four of said Garrett county, containing 111 acres and being part of the tract of land called "Pea Patch," and being the same land that was conveyed to Charles A. Wilt by Michael Gleeson et al. by deed dated Dec. 29th, 1892, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 20, folio 255, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Md.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to Charles A. Wilt on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566, of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 23RD DAY OF MARCH, 1895,

at the hour of three o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all the coal and other mineral underlying all those certain tracts or parcels of land constituting the residue of the tract of land called "Addition to Paradise," containing 898 acres, and also all the coal and other mineral underlying that other tract of land called "Beechwood," containing 41 11-16 acres, together with the right to enter upon said tracts of land to dig, mine and take away the coal and other minerals underlying same and the right to construct ways and railways or to excavate openings upon said land, or to dig or sink shafts, or to do and perform all such other acts as may be necessary or proper for the purpose of digging, mining or removing the coal or other minerals from under and off of said land.

The lands above referred to are situate in Election District No. Eight of said Garrett county, and the minerals underlying same, with all the rights appertaining thereto were sold and conveyed to the Bayard Coal & Coke Company by William Whitmer and wife, by deed dated Jan. 21th, 1893, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 20, folio 384, etc., one of Land Records of Garrett county, to which deed reference is made.

Said minerals, with all rights appertaining thereto will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to the Bayard Coal & Coke Co. on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and the costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

Saturday, the 23rd Day of March, 1895,

at the hour of 2.15 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer at public sale and sell to the highest bidder for cash, all those pieces of land situate in Election District No. Seven of said Garrett county, known and described as Lot (No. 123) One Hundred and Twenty-three in the town of Lake View, as laid out by the Lake View Land and Banking Association, near Mountain Lake Park, Md.; also Two Acres and Twenty Perches of another tract situate near the above described piece of land, both of said pieces or lots of land are fully described and are the same pieces or parcels of land that were conveyed to J. Frank Burley, trustee, by James C. Peddicord, trustee, by deed dated May 1st, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 14, folio 668, one of the Land Records for said Garrett county.

Said lands will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893, as is charged to J. Frank Burley, trustee, on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

51—4t.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

Saturday, the 23d Day of March, 1895,

at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situated in Election District No. Four of said Garrett county, known and described as lot No. twelve (12) of the sub-division of a tract of land called "Lochiel," containing 209 acres and 99 perches, and being the same land that was conveyed to Jefferson S. Green by the Lochiel Lumber, Mining, Manufacturing and Improvement Company by deed dated Nov. 27th, 1888, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, folio 339, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to the said Jefferson S. Green on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 23D DAY OF MARCH, 1895,

at the hour of 3.15 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. Four of said Garrett county, containing 26 acres and being a part of a tract of land called "Music," and being the same land that was sold to Max Livingston by A. Hunter Boyd as attorney named in two mortgages from Daniel O'Connell to Julius J. Livingston and which sale is reported in No. 374 Equity in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Md.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to Max Livingston on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

A CLEAR HEAD;

good digestion; sound sleep; a fine appetite and a ripe old age, are some of the results of the use of Tutt's Liver Pills. A single dose will convince you of their wonderful effects and virtue.

A Known Fact.

An absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, malaria, sour stomach, dizziness, constipation bilious fever, piles, torpid liver and all kindred diseases.

Tutt's Liver Pills

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

Entirely New. Abreast of the Times. A Grand Educator.

Successor of the "Unabridged."

Standard of the U. S. Gov't Printing Office, the U. S. Supreme Court and of nearly all the schoolbooks.

Warmly commended by every State Superintendent of Schools, and other Educators almost without number.

A Single Test will suffice: "For ... with which the eye finds the ... word sought, for accuracy of definition, for effective methods in indicating pronunciation, for terse yet comprehensive statements of facts, and for practical use as a working dictionary," Webster's International excels any other single volume.

The One Great Standard Authority,
So writes Hon. D. J. Brewer, Justice U. S. Supreme Court.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U. S. A.

Send to the publishers for free pamphlet.
Do not buy cheap reprints of ancient editions.

Piles.

Piles is so common that every other person you meet is troubled with it more or less. It seems to be a little thing and usually gets little attention. It may not be serious at first, but it makes a man sick—makes him nervous, cross, irritable—unfit for business. It robs him of sleep, takes his appetite—cuts down his flesh—and yet he is careless about it.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

will cure Piles. It will cure other things, too, but it is particularly good for Piles. It stops the itch and the ache at once. It may take several days to wholly allay the inflammation and reduce the swelling, but it will do it—sure. Has done it in innumerable cases. Never has failed.

Good for Eczema, Ring Worm, Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Dandruff, Pimples, and all Skin Diseases.

50 Cents--Drug Stores.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, MD.

FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE cures Catarrh, hay fever, cold in the Head and all inflammation of the Nasal Passages. 50 Cents.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

Saturday, the 23d Day of March, 1895,

at the hour of 2.30 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. Seven of said Garrett county, containing the quantity of twelve hundred acres, being composed of lots Nos. 1 and 2 of the sub-division of a tract of land called "William & Mary" as laid down on the plat of said tract of land filed in the High Court of Chancery of Maryland, and being the same tract of land that was conveyed to Mary J. C. Wood by Michael Bannon and wife by deed dated March 30th, 1882, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 6, folio 288, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land is located about 3½ miles north-west of Oakland, Md.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to Mrs. Mary J. C. Wood on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., March 5, 1895.

There will be a meeting of the County Commissioners of Garrett county held at their office in Oakland on

Monday, March 18th, 1895,

For the purpose of transacting any business that may come before them.

Thursday, March 21st, is the day set to hear objections to Examiners' return in road case No. 125 on road docket.

By order of the board,
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

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COURT PROCEEDINGS.

The March Term of the Circuit Court Begun on Monday.

The March term of the circuit court for Garrett county began Monday morning with Chief Judge A. Hunter Boyd on the bench.

John A. Grant, Esq., was appointed foreman of the grand jury.

The following named persons were then drawn from the jury box to serve as grand jurors, to-wit:

Henry Latham, F. G. Hyde, Howard Eckles, N. B. Bray, Jacob A. Strickland, L. D. Thrasher, J. A. Delawder, J. L. Michaels, Ashford Warnick, George C. Keller, Clinton DeWitt, Samuel J. Beachy, John W. Beckman, G. W. Blocher, Albert Fitzwater, Charles E. Hilleary, E. Margroff, Jacob Fresh, Thomas J. Lowdermilk, P. C. Boucher, E. McMillen, W. H. Wright.

His Honor then delivered the usual charge to the grand jury and called special attention to the law against abortion, and also to other acts of assembly which are required to be given in charge to the grand inquest by the court.

The several dockets were then called over and entries made as follows:

ORIGINALS.

No. 1. J. S. Green vs. W. E. Murray; attached as per schedule; settled; Mitchell—Hamill.

No. 2. J. S. Green vs. W. E. Murray; settled; Mitchell—Hamill.

No. 3. School Commissioners vs. H. Muhlenburg & Son; judgment of condemnation as per schedule; Hamill.

No. 4. Same vs. same; summoned; Hamill.

No. 5. J. S. Jamesson vs. W. A. Loraw; non est; Hamill.

No. 6. Judson Frazee vs. L. R. Dawson; non est; Sincell.

No. 7. P. P. Lohr vs. R. E. Ferguson; non est; Sincell.

No. 8. Gordan and Hinchman vs. Muhlenburg & Son; dismissed.

No. 9. Benj. Miller vs. H. Clair et al.; summoned; Peddicord.

No. 10. Clark Rush vs. J. G. Kolb; settled; Peddicord & Peddicord—Sincell.

No. 11. J. H. Wilson & Bro. vs. Theo. Beckman; summoned; Hamill.

No. 12. W. H. Michaels vs. J. S. Green; settled; Mitchell—Hamill.

No. 13. James Reynolds vs. John Noon; summoned; Hamill—Peddicord.

No. 14. Roche & Co. vs. John Noon; attached as per schedule; motion to quash; Peddicord—Hamill.

No. 15. Roche & Co. vs. John Noon; short note; summoned; Peddicord—Hamill.

No. 16. James Reynolds vs. John Noon; summoned; countermanded; Hamill—Peddicord.

No. 17. J. F. Hinkle vs. W. Thomas et al.; summoned; Peddicord—Sincell.

No. 18. A. C. Duckworth vs. R. M. McMillan; summoned; Peddicord—Hamill.

No. 19. James Clark & Co. vs. John Noon; summoned; Hamill.

No. 20. J. P. Kohr vs. J. W. Calhoun; summoned; Peddicord.

No. 21. E. B. Fuller vs. Boody & Williams; summoned; Hamill—Peddicord.

No. 22. J. S. Broadwater vs. Marshal Beachy; summoned; Hamill.

No. 23. John C. Fike vs. Theodore Beckman et al.; summoned; Peddicord.

No. 24. John C. Fike vs. Peter Echard; summoned; Peddicord.

No. 25. John C. Fike vs. Levi Echard; summoned; Peddicord.

APPEALS.

No. 1. M. G. Williams vs. M. C. Pendleton; Hamill—Peddicord.

No. 2. Shaw Bros. vs. F. and C. Felty; settled; Crogan & Hamill—Peddicord.

No. 3. Shaw Bros. vs. F. and C. Felty; settled; Hamill & Crogan—Peddicord.

No. 4. E. G. Rathbone vs. McFarlane & Shaffer; appeal dismissed by order of appellant's attorney; Peddicord—Hamill.

No. 5. John Barnes vs. Smith Browning; Hamill & Sincell; trial.

No. 6. John Barnes vs. Speicher & Nethkin; Hamill & Sincell—Peddicord; trial.

No. 7. Davis & Vanseckle vs. W. H. Frazee; Mitchell; dismissed.

No. 8. John Barnes vs. Speicher & Nethken; Hamill & Sincell—Petticord; trial.

No. 9. Ida C. Crutzburg vs. John Shaffer; trial; Sincell—Hamill.

No. 10. R. I. Anderson vs. C. B. Cropp; Peddicord — Hamill; trial.

No. 11. C. B. Cropp, garnishee, vs. R. I. Anderson; trial; Mitchell—Peddicord.

No. 12. John Noon vs. James Reynolds; trial; Hamill — Peddicord.

No. 13. W. W. Barnes vs. H. H. Warnick; trial; Sincell.

TRIALS.

No. 1. C. E. Stevens vs. A. W. Savage, et al.; continued; Mitchell & Gordon—Peddicord.

No. 2. B. N. Lusson vs. J. D. Brenneman; continued; Peddicord—Hamill.

No. 3. B. N. Lusson vs. N. Liehty; continued; Peddicord—Hamill.

No. 4. J. W. Broadwater vs. C. Miller et al.; dismissed by order of plaintiff's attorney; Sincell—Peddicord.

No. 5. Edward Callis vs. Alexander Frush; continued; Peddicord—Hamill.

No. 6. State use Broadwaters vs. J. E. Gnagey, administrator; dismissed by order of plaintiff's council; Sincell.

No. 7. Elijah Hoye vs. A. Knabb & Co.; continued; Peddicord—Hamill.

No. 8. Manor Mining and Manufacturing Co. vs. W. Myers; continued; Mitchell and Semmes—Hamill.

No. 9. Manor Mining and Manufacturing Co. vs. John R. Kerfoot; continued; Mitchell & Semmes—Peddicord.

No. 10. J. E. Gnagey vs. County Commissioners; continued; Sincell—Peddicord.

No. 11. J. T. Ganuon vs. W. A. Brydon; continued; Semmes and Hamill.

No. 12. E. J. Stuck vs. S. Schlossnagle; continued; Sincell—Peddicord.

No. 13. B. S. Randolph et al. vs. M. Conneway; continued.

No. 14. J. C. Beckman vs. John Mankis; continued; Peddicord—Hamill.

No. 15. E. H. Sincell vs. J. G. Knaner; continued; Peddicord—Hamill.

No. 16. E. H. Sincell vs. D. Durst; continued; Peddicord—Hamill.

No. 17. Manor Mining and Manufacturing Co. vs. W. Mayer; continued; Semmes—Peddicord.

No. 18. H. Stockbridge vs. Perry Pangh; continued; Mitchell — Hamill & Semmes.

No. 19. John Barnes vs. Mayor and council of Deer Park; dismissed; Sincell—Hamill.

No. 20. John Barnes vs. George Marley; continued; Sincell—Hamill.

No. 21. Alice Davis vs. B. Hughes & Co.; trial; Hamill—Peddicord.

No. 22. D. E. Offutt vs. John T. Davis; trial; Hamill—Peddicord & Pearre.

No. 23. Anson Clements vs. Eliza Wilson et al.; continued; Peddicord—Sincell & Richmond.

No. 24. B. Hughes & Co. vs. John T. Davis; trial; Peddicord—Thayer & Richmond.

No. 25. D. E. Offutt vs. B. Hughes & Co.; trial; Hamill—Peddicord.

No. 26. Judson Frazee vs. G. T. Wilt et al.; continued; Sincell.

No. 27. Edward Courts vs. M. Friend; continued; Sincell—Mitchell & Semmes.

No. 28. Jefferson Frazee vs. Isaac Turney; continued; Sincell & Hamill.

No. 29. A. J. Wilson vs. Wm. Wright; settled on terms to be filed; Peddicord—Hamill.

No. 30. Alice Davis vs. D. E. Offutt; trial; Peddicord — Hamill.

No. 31. J. Lee McComas vs. A. C. Brooke; settled on terms to be filed; Peddicord.

No. 32. R. Custer vs. John Edmonds; trial; Peddicord—Sincell.

No. 34. Herman Beckman vs. B. Steiding; continued; Hamill—Peddicord.

No. 35. J. S. Silcox vs. Joseph Martin jr.; trial; Peddicord—Hamill.

No. 36. R. H. Gordon vs. A. S. Sell; continued; Gordon—Sincell.

No. 37. J. H. Silcox vs. H. A. Rasche; leave to make proper parties; continued; Peddicord—Hamill.

No. 38. D. N. Murphy et al. vs. John Hayes; continued; Hamill.

No. 39. Feliced Frazee vs. W. A. Selby et al.; Gordon & Peddicord—Hamill; settled.

No. 40, Thomas Gray vs. Wm. McGill; Sloan; continued.

No. 41. Wm. Welsh et al. vs. W. H. Frazee; Hamill — Gordon & Peddicord.

No. 42. J. S. Jamesson & Bro. vs. John McFadden; judgment for the plaintiffs for $136.96 and costs; Peddicord—Hamill.

No. 43. Manor Mining and Manufacturing Co. vs. C. Harvey; Mitchell—Sincell; trial.

No. 44. State use F. Frazee vs. Thomas Frazee; Gordon — Hamill; dismissed.

No. 45. Edward Callis vs. Geo. O'Brien; continued; Peddicord—Hamill.

No. 46. John Hoye, trustee, vs. Mt. Lake Park Association; enjoined and continued; Devecmon & Sincell—Hamill & Peddicord.

No. 47. C. R. Savage vs. John Barnes; trial; Gordon & Peddicord—Sincell.

No. 48. J. S. Jamesson vs. G. T. White; judgment for $336.63.

No. 49. Second National Bank vs. G. T. White; dismissed; Hamill.

No. 50. J. B. Holderbaum vs. J. H. Conneway; Mitchell — Peddicord; trial.

No. 51. R. D. Johnson Milling Company vs. Theodore Beckman; judgment by confession for plaintiff; Hamill—Peddicord.

No. 52. H. Callis vs. M. E. Wilburn; trial; Peddicord—Hamill.

No. 53. H. Callis vs. M. E. Wilburn; Peddicord—Hamill; trial.

No. 54. J. B. Holdenbaum vs. S. Faulkner, garnishee; trial; Mitchell—Peddicord.

No. 55. W. H. Paugh vs. Wm. Sharpless; trial; Peddicord—Hamill.

No. 56. William Paugh vs. J. L. Sharpless; Peddicord—Hamill.

No. 57. Wm. H. Paugh vs. W. S. Sharpless; trial; Peddicord—Hamill.

No. 58. J. E. Barnard vs. Wm. Sharpless; settled; Peddicord—Hamill.

No. 59. D. Durst vs. D. Crowe et al.; settled; Hamill.

No. 60. Kraft & Rosenburg vs. L. H. Friend; judgment on rule; Hamill.

No. 61. J. H. C. Getty vs. E. Z. Tower, executor; Devecmon—Peddicord; trial.

No. 62. Wolfe, Lane & Co. vs. W. Taylor; continued; Hamill—Peddicord.

No. 63. M. E. Taylor vs. Wolfe, Lane & Co.; continued; Peddicord—Hamill.

No. 64. John Shartzer, trustee, vs. John Close; continued; Gordon and Sincell—Peddicord.

No. 65. J. S. Silcox vs. Arthur Townshend, administrator; Peddicord—Hamill.

No. 66. Grace McCullou vs. John Friend of N, and others; continued; Peddicord—Sincell.

No. 67. F. P. Arnold vs. A. W. Dennett; trial; Hamill—Peddicord.

No. 68. F. P. Arnold vs. A. W. Dennett; trial; Hamill—Peddicord.

Snow in Midsummer.

In the mountain passes of West Virginia, and in the deep ravines, along the line of the West Virginia Central railroad, there are immense snow drifts which the warm rays of the sun never touch and which will linger until spring is far advanced. It is said that on Texas mountain, which is a rugged and towering knob, not many miles from Elkins, that snow is packed so tightly in some of the small caverns in the cliffs that it will take many a sultry summer day to melt it. These cliffs are not exposed to the sun, and during the entire summer, deep back in the recesses, there are said to be cold pools of water which trickle down the crevices of the rocks, and the flow is attributed to the melting of the snow of the winter before or many previous winters.

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.41 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	7.09 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.33 A. M
No. 47	—Daily except Mon	11.28 A. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	6.27 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	9.58 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 2	—Daily	5.51 A. M
No. 8	—Daily	7.34 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 46	—Daily except Monday	3.38 P. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	5.17 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	9.25 P. M

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THINGS YET TO BE.

Some say this world is an old, old world,
  But it's always been new to me:
With its boundless range of ceaseless change,
  And hope of things to be.
A new friend takes my hand
  When the old ones pass away:
The old days die, but the light in the sky
  Is the dawn of another day.

Some say this world is a cold, cold world,
  But it's always been bright to me:
With its hearthstone fires and warm desires
  For the things that are yet to be.
And if I must labor, I wait,
  And trust to the fields I have sown:
For I know there is truth in the promise of youth
  Will some time come to my own.

Some say this world is a sad, sad world,
  But it's always been glad to me:
For the brook never laughs like my soul when it quaffs
  And feasts on the things to be.
The night comes on with its rest;
  The morning comes on with its song;
The hours of grief are few and brief,
  But joy is a whole life long.

Some say this world is a bad, bad world,
  But it's always been good to me;
With its errors there live dear hearts that forgive
  And hope for the things to be.
This world is not old or cold;
  This world is not sad or bad;
If you look to the right, forgetting the night,
  And say to your soul: "Be glad."

—Alfred Ellison, in Kansas City Star.

TURNING OF START.

How He Made Nitrate Citizens Pay for Their Insults.

He floated into Nitrate one day, just like any other wanderer, and put up at the Binford house for supper. After supper he strolled out in front and talked to Pop Binford, the landlord, for half an hour or so. Next day he mixed drinks behind the hotel bar—was in possession of a job that half the men in Nitrate would have jumped at. It was Shorty Longman's job, but the stranger did not know that, nor did he know Shorty either. Pop Binford did, though. He had been getting onto Shorty for some time, and when it dawned upon him as an established fact that that young man's ability as a drink mixer was becoming secondary to his mastery of the intricacies of the cash register he suggested to him the advisability of getting along for a time without work. This suggestion Shorty took as a hint that his resignation was wanted; he therefore went off and got drunk, and the next day the cadaverous-looking, mild-voiced stranger, with his soft southern drawl, was filling the place of Mr. Longman and his cockney accent.

His name he gave out as Van Sittart, which, for convenience' sake, speedily became abbreviated to "Start." That was all we knew of him, and we weren't sure of even that much. Binford knew no more about him than anyone else did. The man had asked him if he knew of a vacant job, and, liking his looks, he had given him one. That was all. For the rest "Start" was twenty-five or so, but looked younger, and was one of the pleasantest, most gentlemanly and obliging "bar boys" that ever threw together the insidious cocktail, and he became duly popular accordingly, on the shortest kind of notice. He did not have overmuch to say to anyone, but that was nothing against him; so, inside of three or four days, the customers of the Binford house bar voted him "white."

He was in a way to become one of the best liked men in Nitrate, when something happened that caused a shock of surprise, not to say grief, to those whose hearts had warmed toward him—and his peculiar style of mixing drinks—at the outset. Shorty Longman, the loud mouthed, Shorty the bluffer, had "called down" his successor before a large audience, and that without display of arms!

Shorty, it seemed, had gone down to Denver to look for another job, which failed to appear, and after an unsuccessful search of two weeks he filled upon Seventeenth street whisky and took the train for Nitrate, where he sat himself down to brood over his wrongs, the result being that when he arrived in camp he burned with a desire to make it disagreeable for the man who took his job. This he proceeded to do by going in and ordering a drink, for which he declined to pay, and adding insult to injury by a fulsome application of his extensive vocabulary of vile epithets, couched in Bow Bells English—to all of which, according to all citizens there present at the time, the new bar boy replied in honeyed accents and in words devised to turn away wrath. He did not, it is conceded, appear to be badly terrorized, but there could be no doubt that he had "taken water," and Start stock dropped several points.

"It pizens my cup o' joy—hit sho' does," murmured Calhoun Keery, late of Arkansas, who was sitting on a soap box in front of the livery stable, whittling a stick. "It do grieve me a hull lot," he went on, looking sadly at his handiwork.

"What's troublin', Cal?" asked another lounger. "Whatall's breaking y'r gentle heart t'day?"

"I'h grlev'l, I nin, at what we all jest c'nferin about—the fallin' from grace of this yere new barkeeper at Binford's. My, my! An' a southehn gentlem'n, too! An' fr'm clost nigh ol' Alkansaw!

"Seen 'im this mawnin'. 'S I: 'Staht, I'm a man of eornih, I am.' 'S he: 'What's th' matter?' 'S I, real solemn like: 'Staht, I'm griev'd copious. I am, t'year of a southehn gentlem'n a-strikin' o' his colahs to a bloomin' British bloke as can't even talk United States, an' is knowed as a bluffah on any propasition fr'm beltin' two duces in a jack pot t' sellin' a salted mine.'

"'S Staht: 'R'ferrin', I pehsoom, t' that little epysode o' last evenin'?'

"'Yes,' 's I. An' he grins, kind o' p'eullah, an' leans ovah th' bah, an' says:

"'Mistah Keery, did yo' evah year tell o' th' wohm th't tuhned or th' wownded doe bein' brought t' bay? There's a limit t' ever'thing,' 's he. An' that's all I got out o' him."

In about two hours the camp was apprised of the fact that Start had given it out that he was likely to "turn" and that he had set a limit to the amount of dignity he would put up with, whereupon a large number of public-spirited citizens set forth to find said limit.

They would refuse payment for drinks, throw cards and poker chips all over the floor, poke holes in the cloth of the billiard-table, break glasses, and insist on staying in the barroom long after hours and singing ribald songs—and never did he any more than mildly protest. How he squared things with Binford was a mystery until it leaked out that he paid all damages out of his not overlarge salary. Then some of the boys let up on him, but there were still a few smaller souls who went in more energetically than ever to make his life miserable.

Pete Gallagher came in late one Saturday night and asked Start, as a special favor, to cash a twelve-dollar check for him, and, being very busy and much hurried, the bartender gave him two ten-dollar bills, instead of fives, as he intended to. Next day he called Pete's attention to the fact, and that gentleman, while acknowledging that he had certainly been benefited ten dollars' worth, declined to make restitution and asked poor Start what proposed to do about it.

Ambrose Newton and Count von Hoffman took Start's dog—an unfortunate tramp cur that he had taken in out of kindness of heart and made a pet of—one evening, fastened wads of paper to his feet with shoemaker's wax, tied a bunch of firecrackers to his tail, and started him down the street. On this occasion the gentle bar-boy showed some heat, remarking feelingly that nobody but a coward would torment a poor, dumb animal, at which outburst of feeling Newton and the count laughed themselves nearly into hysterics.

Not only at the hands of the regular clientele of the Binford house bar did the new bar-boy suffer. There were plenty of others who, without malice aforethought, succeeded in injuring his feelings in a variety of ways. There is a large portion of society that cannot resist treating roughly a man who looks as though he would not resent it.

For instance, there was the time when that pompous old pirate, Welch, snapped his fingers at Start, and thrt when the bar-boy was off duty. There was a meeting of the directors of the Mountain Girl Mining company, and old Welch, the president, was entertaining them at dinner at the Binford house. They had just sat down to the table, and Start had just entered the dining-room and taken his seat, when Welch bethought himself that something to drink might not be amiss. He turned around in his chair, looked at Start, who was sitting about two tables to the rear, snapped his fingers and called:

"Here, you!"

Start looked up, colored, hesitated, then went meekly over and took the old villain's orders. And this a camp where the bartender was generally a small autocrat and supposed to resent anything that seemed to presume him a menial! Oh, it was sad to see the old traditions of Nitrate thus scattered!

It was that summer that Prof. Jenkyns, the hypnotist, came to the camp. Nitrate had just completed a new opera house (fully paid for) and was anxious to dedicate it, and Jenkyns struck the camp at a most propitious period. He came and saw, drank much whisky and conferred with leading citizens and citizenesses, and a few days after his arrival the following announcement appeared on long posters of otherwise liberal dimensions scattered about and stuck up in every available spot in Nitrate and the smaller camps in the vicinity:

"Great entertainment! A musical and literary treat at the Nitrate opera house, July 4. The new opera house will be formally opened by a benefit. The proceeds of the affair to be donated to the building fund of the First church of Nitrate! The ladies of the church will be assisted by Prof. J. Ross Jenkyns, the world-renowned hypnotist, and Prof. Castiglioni, the celebrated violinist, and his grand orchestra. Come one! Come all! Let the eagle scream! Let the good work go on! Come and bring your friends! Admission, one dollar. Children, four bits."—Nitrate Nugget Job Print.

Within half an hour after the doors of the opera house opened every man, woman and child in Nitrate and vicinity who was not overcome by excess of celebrating was either inside the hall or outside clamoring against the announcement of "standing room only," and the dedicatory entertainment of Nitrate's new opera house started off most auspiciously.

Prof. Jenkyns led off with some excellent manifestations in his line. Then the orchestra took a hand, after which a hollow-chested, sandy-complected girl in a very pink dress recited "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-Night." This was followed by a piano duet, forcibly performed by two fat and and freckled damsels known as the Taylor twins. The pastor of the church, a skinny, soulful-looking young man with a hungry appearance, sang "The Sword of Bunker Hill," and the school children shrilled forth "The Star-Spangled Banner."

After the orchestra had played "Columbia," Bud Coulter, the mayor, made a few disconnected remarks about "The Day We Celebrate," and gave way to the violin virtuoso, who was really an acrobat in his line. Then again came the turn of Prof. Jenkyns, who was down on the programme for a "performance extraordinary," and that gentleman, stepping briskly to the footlights, announced:

"Ladies and gentlemen—As I said before, there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy. The demonstration I am about to give is such a difficult one, and its actual performance so readily disbelieved, that I have, in order to preclude any possibility of doubt as to its genuineness, decided to ask to assist me several gentlemen of prominence who are known to you all and whose probity and veracity cannot be questioned. I will ask your mayor, Mr. Coulter, Col. Welch, Maj. Freeman, Capt. Doxey, Judge Cole, Mr. Longman, Count von Hoffman, Peter Gallagher, Ambrose Newton, Mr. Darby and—" (here he mentioned two or three others) "to come forward."

All were forthcoming, more or less embarrassed, and when they were seated on the stage the professor continued:

"Before commencing, I must beg the audience not to be alarmed, whatever happens, and to please keep their seats. Now, first, I will give you a bit of history, the application of which you will not be long in discovering.

"About a year ago down in Louisiana a number of young men were about one evening making merry, and so exceedingly hilarious that they incurred the displeasure of the officers of the law, who attempted to arrest them. In the struggle the town marshal was shot and killed, very unfortunately. One of the young men, Mr. De Russy, was suspected of having fired the fatal shot, and, while he was innocent, it was thought best for him to disappear for a time, until the mystery was cleared up. It is cleared up, the man who killed the marshal having recently confessed."

Here it was noticed that the leading citizens on the stage were looking anxiously out toward one of the wings and seemed extremely uneasy, but none left his seat. The professor continued speaking very rapidly:

"De Russy came to your glorious state and sought temporary asylum. He found employment and settled himself to remain until the trouble should be cleared up. In his new position he was pleasant and obliging, but, through fear of discovering himself to the authorities, was so mild in his manners that nearly everybody in town took advantage of him; although I know him to be one of the bravest men, of a fighting family, quick to avenge an insult, and always ready, under ordinary circumstances, to meet any man in fair combat.

"For what he has had to undergo he does not ask much, but he is bound to have that, and"—here he produced a brace of six shooters and covered the audience, just as the new bar boy from the Binford house, who had been covering from a wing the semi-circle of prominent citizens on the stage, armed as was the professor, and with eyes sparkling with the lust of longed-for vengeance about to be satisfied—"lest any gentleman in the audience gets excited while the gentlemen on the stage are satisfying M. de Russy of their desire to expiate past wrongs done him, I would call attention to the fact that it would be very dangerous to draw a return fire from the stage into this crowd. Pray be calm, ladies and gentlemen. The violinist will please play 'Old Grimes,' while the gentlemen on the stage rise and dance."

Here a confused murmur interrupted any further remarks he may have intended to make, and one or two of the "gentlemen of probity and veracity," who had hitherto seemed half stupefied, reached for their weapons.

"Easy, easy!" commanded the bar boy of the Binford, with a menacing gesture. "Get their guns, John."

Jenkyns did so, securing eight weapons, from which he removed the cylinders, and threw them into a pile of rubbish back of the wings.

"Now!" ordered the bar boy, with a motion to the violinist. "Dance! Dance! Quick!"

Bang! Bang! A couple of rifle shots hit the floor in close proximity to the feet of two or three dilatory ones, and they rose with some alacrity, for the gleam in the bar boy's eye meant business.

Funny spectacles nowaday sin Nitrate are compared, especially in conversation with eminent citizens, to the acrobatic dancing of the flower of the camp on that memorable Fourth of July. For it was funny, very funny; the funniest thing Nitrate had ever seen, and presently the audience began to realize it. Somebody laughed. Then it became contagious, and the whole audience laughed, roared, almost cried, in an excess of merriment.

But it wasn't funny for the performers, not a bit, although one or two of them tried to look as though it was a huge joke, being duly reminded, however, of the seriousness of the situation by an occasional shot from De Russy's revolver. For fifteen or twenty minutes the violin droned on mournfully and the dancers leaped and cavorted frantically. Then, when two or three of them—notably old Welch and fat Judge Cole—gave signs of impending apoplexy, De Russy waved his hand and the music stopped.

"You may rest for a moment, gentlemen," said the master of ceremonies. "A swift jig dance is a bit difficult to accomplish to slow music, isn't it? Now, gentlemen, you will kindly play leap frog for awhile. Quick, now! Lively!"

And leap frog it was until old Capt. Doxey's weight crushed little Billy Darby to the floor, and the captain alighted there on his ear and lay there motionless. Then Jenkyns stepped forth, handed De Russy his hat, blew a kiss to the audience, then stepped back from the stage and disappeared.

For a moment the murmur of apprehension that had arisen when Capt. Doxey fell was stilled. Then, following the slam of the door of the stage entrance and the sound of rapidly departing wheels came a roar and a rush. But the two fleeing ones in the buckboard and their driver, the owner of the livery stable at Lone Mountain, who had driven over for them by agreement, were perfectly serene. They knew that not a bridle or a harness in Nitrate was in its proper place, and they would reach Lone Mountain just in time for the night train for Denver.—San Francisco Argonaut.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—It is estimated that the agricultural earnings of the United States are $8,490,000,000; from manufactures, $4,330,000,000; from mines, $480,000,000, from transportation, $1,155,000,000; from commerce, $160,000,000; from shipping, $150,000,000; from banking, $200,000,000.

—It is just about fifty years since West Indian potatoes began to be known in the markets of the world, and they are now a luxury on both continents. About a ton was sent to Great Britain in 1845. The consumption of those potatoes in this country has since developed an important trade, especially with the Bermudas.

—Dr. Bollinger, director of the Anatomico-Pathological institute in Munich, asserts that it is very rare to find a normal heart and normal kidneys in an adult resident of that city. The reason for the kidney disease is the tax put upon these organs by the drinking of excessive amounts of beer, and the cardiac hypertrophy and degeneration are secondary lessons for the most part.

—The after-dinner nap has been under scientific, or at least, professional, consideration lately, and it is finding friends and foes pretty evenly. It seems to be the concensus of opinion that the long lethargic sleep is not necessary or advisable to the person in health, but forty winks are both grateful and beneficial, and should be encouraged.

—The most remarkable instance of rapid growth is said to be recorded by the French academy in 1729. It was a boy 6 years of age, 5 feet 6 inches in height. At the age of 5 his voice changed, at 6 his beard had grown, and he appeared a man of 30. He possessed great physical strength, and could easily lift to his shoulders and carry bags of grain weighing 200 pounds. His decline was as rapid as his growth. At 8 his hair and beard were gray; at 10 he tottered in his walk, his teeth fell out, and his hands became palsied; at 12 he died with every outward sign of extreme old age.—Times and Register.

—A new process for extracting gold from ore by means of bromide has been devised by Herr Lorsen. The difficulty hitherto has been the cost. A solution of bromide of potassium is electrolysed, giving an alkaline solution, containing hypobromide and bromate which is capable of dissolving gold. The ore is treated with excess of this solution by rotating cylinders, the solution is then filtered, the gold precipitated by passing it over a mixture of iron and coal, and the solution, which now consists once more mainly of potassium bromide, is used again.

—France still heads the list of the European wine-producing countries with an average of 700,000,000 gallons a year for the last ten years. Next come Italy and Spain with 615,000,000 and 564,000,000 gallons respectively; then come Turkey, with the states once included in it, with 202,000,000, Austria-Hungary with 143,000,000, Germany with 84,000,000, Portugal 79,000,000, Russia 71,000,000, Greece 30,000,000, and Switzerland 27,000,000 gallons. England, Holland, Belgium and the Scandinavian states do not produce enough wine to be considered in the account. Europe produces yearly 2,512,000,000 gallons of wine.

—A new thermometer has just been produced in France, designed for measuring very low temperatures. The new instrument is similar to an ordinary alcohol thermometer, but the liquid employed to fill it is perfectly pure toluen. The dilatation coefficient of this is very high, which slightly increases the relative dimensions of the divisions of the tube, which is an advantage, since the readings are made much more easily. But the principal advantage accruing from the liquid used is its fluidity, which it retains up to 72 degrees without sensibly adhering to the glass. The indications supplied by the apparatus are on this account very clear and rapid.

—Everybody has noticed the "sow bugs," "wood lice," or "pill bugs," and that when exposed to the light by overturning the board or stone under which they live in damp places, they roll up, like an armadillo. The value of this protective movement is referred to by Lloyd-Morgan in Nature. He fed his young pheasants on wood lice. They were frequently caught when moving and eaten. But if one had time to roll up, and was thus seized, it was shot out to a distance by the pressure of the bird's bill, "just as a fresh cherrystone is shot from between the thumb and finger of a schoolboy." The protective value to the crustacean of its round and slippery form was thus a matter of direct observation.

He Wanted to Know.

Sometimes school board officers are very officious and arrogant in manner. An elderly but fresh-looking woman opened her door to one lately and answered the following questions:

"Have you any children?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

"Three."

"Are they all at school?"

"No."

"Are any of them?"

"No."

"We must see to that," said the man, pompously, taking out a note book. "Now, your name and address."

Given.

"Your children's names?"

Also given.

"Now their ages."

"Well, let me think," answered the woman, with a gleam of fun in her eyes. "Willie, the youngest, is thirty, and was married last week."

"Thunder and lightning!" roared the man. "Why didn't you tell me that at first?"

"Because you didn't ask me," she answered, quietly.—N. Y. Advertiser.

Happy Thought.

An elderly woman, being jealous of her husband, determined to commit suicide, and was about to throw herself into the river, when she suddenly exclaimed: "Good gracious! I have left the pantry door open and the cat will get in." So saying, she hurried off home, and since then she has made no further attempt to do away with herself.—Berliner Morgenzeltung.

PEAT AS FUEL.

The Extent to Which It Is Used in European Countries.

In Friesland and other parts of Holland the "black turf" is made into fuel for brick kilns, litter for stables, and mould for mixing with sewage. Some of it is exported to Bremen, Brunswick and Belgium, and it is stated that 280,000 tons of the fuel, worth £133,000, are annually consumed throughout the Netherlands. The Dutch canals facilitate the transport of the peat, and, as the subsoil of the moor is always cultivated after the peat is lifted, the barges that take away the peat bring back manure for the ground. At Groningen, for instance, all the sewage of the city is applied to the reclamation of the surrounding turf moors.

In Denmark, where there is no great supply of peat, it is chiefly used by the peasants as fuel, or as bedding in the dairy farms. In Sweden, on the contrary, there are bogs extending for hundreds of square miles, and of late years over 600 000 acres of the moorland have been brought under the plow. The peat is prepared as fuel, and largely consumed in making iron, glass, or brick, either alone or mixed with coal and fir cones. In southern Sweden there are factories solely engaged in manufacturing peat fuel for sale, as its use is steadily increasing, and some 30,000 tons a year are employed in metallurgical operations.

In southern and central Sweden there are some twenty factories for preparing peat-litter and mould, each factory turning out from 15,000 to 30,000 bales a year, fetching about 2s. a piece. The mould is used for gardening in Sweden, while stuffing for mattresses or furniture, and surgical bandages are made from the white moss of the moors. In France the peat is moulded into "briquettes" with tar and resin, teased into litter, or woven into fabrics, which are used in the army, its barracks and hospitals, as blankets, matresses and saddle cloths, or for stuffing cofferdams and certain parts of machinery.—Nineteenth Century.

THE Queen & Crescent Route is the best equipped and shortest line to Florida. Solid vestibuled trains and through sleepers.

TEACHER—"What is a heroine?" Scholar—"I guess it must be a married woman."—Detroit Free Press.

GIVE some people the power to move mountains, and how quick they would spoil the country for everybody else.—Ram's Horn.

TO NEW ORLEANS the Queen & Crescent Route is the direct line; 90 miles shortest from Cincinnati. Solid vestibuled trains.

PUT a smile on your face when you go out for a walk, and somebody will be helped.—Ram's Horn.

A SURGEON'S KNIFE

gives you a feeling of horror and dread. There is no longer necessity for its use in many diseases formerly regarded as incurable without cutting. The

Triumph of Conservative Surgery

is well illustrated by the fact that

RUPTURE or Breach is now *radically* cured without the knife and without pain. Clumsy, chafing trusses can be thrown away. They never cure but often induce inflammation, strangulation and death.

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PILE TUMORS, however large, Fistula and other diseases of the lower bowel, are permanently cured without pain or resort to the knife.

STONE in the Bladder, no matter how large, is crushed, pulverized, washed out and perfectly removed without cutting.

STRICTURE of Urinary Passage is also removed without cutting in hundreds of cases. For pamphlet, references and all particulars, send 10 cents (in stamps) to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

MOTHERS

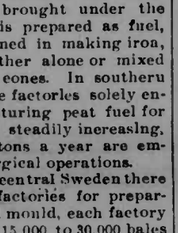

and those soon to become mothers, should know that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription robs childbirth of its tortures, terrors and dangers to both mother and child, by aiding nature in preparing the system for parturition. Thereby "labor" and the period of confinement are greatly shortened. It also promotes the secretion of an abundance of nourishment for the child.

MRS. DORA A. GUTERIE, of *Oakley, Overton Co., Tenn.*, writes: "When I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, I was not able to stand on my feet without suffering almost death. Now I do all my housework, washing, cooking, sewing and everything for my family of eight. I am stouter now than I have been in six years. Your 'Favorite Prescription' is the best to take before confinement or at least it proved so with me. I never suffered so little with any of my children as I did with my last."

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4.$3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
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Our turkey red dye on cotton won't fresco, boil or wash out—all others will. Tonk's French Dyes are different from others. Just the thing for hard times. Make the carpets, dresses, capes and clothing as bright and attractive as new. Anyone can do it. No mistake if you have Tonk's. Try them and see. Send 40c. for 6 pkgs., or 10c. for one, any color. Big pay for agents. Write quick. Mention this paper. FRENCH DYE CO., Main St., Vassar, Mich.

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Makes Pure Blood
And thus
Hood's Sarsaparilla
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"I had been bothered with pimples on my face and body for five years. I had tried many different remedies to get rid of them but the medicine did not do me any good. I read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and bought a bottle. Since then I have taken five bottles and am glad to say that the pimples are all gone. Hood's Sarsaparilla has purified my blood and built up my system. I gladly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. I feel very thankful for the benefit I received from Hood's Sarsaparilla. In conclusion I would say that

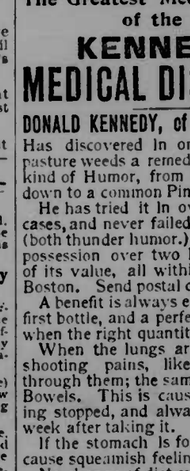

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Hood's Pills should be in every household. Once used they will always be preferred." A. E. CHAST, Box 1206, Fresno, California.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients. 25c.

Catarrh caused hoarseness and difficulty in speaking. I also to a great extent lost hearing. By the use of Ely's Cream Balm dropping of mucus has ceased, voice and hearing have greatly improved.—J. W. Davidson, Att'y at Law, Monmouth, Ill.

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ELY'S CREAM BALM
Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Protects the Membrane from colds. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.
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KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.
DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS.,
Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

NEXT TIME BUY OUR $2.50 SHOE FOR MEN AND WOMEN HAMILTON, BROWN SHOE CO.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.
RISING SUN STOVE POLISH
DO NOT BE DECEIVED
with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.
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HIGHEST AWARDS
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ANK—G '541.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

TOMMY DEAN'S DREAM.

"I HAD the oddest dream last night," Said little Tommy Dean. "I dreamed that I was running A temperance mowing machine.

"And brother Ed came just behind," Said this queer Tommy Dean. "Running with six big horses A temperance threshing machine.

"And this is how they worked, mamma, The funniest thing, you'll say— The mower mowed down each saloon, That came within its way.

"And then the thresher threshed them out, Oh, what a dreadful crash! When bottles, beer-mugs, whisky-jugs Together went to smash!"

And now, dear temperance girls and boys, Say—everyone of you— Who read of this peculiar dream Oh, don't you wish 'twere true?

—Ella H. Gittings, in Union Signal.

HER TONIC.

Insidious Enemy That Lurked in Its Health-Giving Draughts.

"Ida must have a tonic; not medicine, but something to build her up and give her strength." As Dr. Morton spoke the troubled expression on Mrs. Snow's face gave place to one of hope.

"I am thankful to hear you say that. I have been so anxious all these weeks; it seems almost too good to be true that the disease is really conquered at last. What tonic do you recommend?"

"I have a preparation of my own. It is composed of the very best extract of beef, with a little good wine added. I am a strict temperance man," he continued in an apologetic tone, "and in doubtful cases, where there might be danger of an acquired or inherited appetite, I should never recommend this. I am always very particular about the matter. In this case, however, there is not the slightest danger, and I know of nothing that would do her as much good."

This apology from the doctor may have been due to the fact that being a "strict temperance man," his conscience was somewhat troubled. Or, he may have detected on Mrs. Snow's face a shadow of the resistance she felt at the thought of surrendering in the least to that against which she had so long fought as a W. C. T. U. worker. Whatever her doubts may have been, they were quickly silenced by the thought that her old and trusted physician knew better than she.

But although she uttered no word, grave questions arose in the mother's heart as day after day went by and she noted the effect of the tonic. Ida evidently liked the mixture, and gradually increased the amount, always draining the last drop from the cup. Had not Dr. Morton said there was not the slightest danger, and that it was the best thing she could use? Surely he had been right, for she was gaining strength rapidly, and would "soon be herself again;" then there would be no need of the tonic.

Ida, however, a gay, light-hearted girl of twenty, was haunted by no such scruples. If she gave the matter a moment's thought, it was because the tonic was pleasanter to take than her medicine had been. She never stopped to consider why she liked it so well. As she grew stronger, by the advice of her mother, the amount was gradually diminished until it was a mere taste; but to this she fondly clung, because she "liked it so well." Not once did she suspect the thrill of apprehension her careless words sent through her mother's heart, who now longed for the summer days when they might leave the city.

They choose a quiet resort among the mountains, and the pure and bright sunshine proved to be all the tonic the girl needed.

As the summer days slipped by the memory of old anxieties grew dim, and Mrs. Snow laughed at her foolish fears. They returned to their home with happy plans for the future.

After they returned to the city and had settled into the old ways of living Ida found herself turning to the accustomed place for a bottle which was not there, and was conscious of disappointment.

One autumn day, soon after their return, Ida and her mother went out to do some shopping. Thoroughly alive to the influences of the beautiful season, the girl chatted with her mother of the many changes they saw, never

A QUIET MOUNTAIN RESORT.

dreaming that amid so much beauty could be lurking an evil ready to strike at her very heart. As they reached the crowded part of the city Ida was pushed by the throng quite away from her mother, and close to the wall of a large building. She hurried forward and a door swung open near by. What was it that seemed to strike her in the face so that she reeled? Looking up she recognized the screened windows of a saloon and the odor of liquor so overcame her that it seemed as if she must push forward to that open door. But the hurrying crowd carried her forward until she found herself again at her mother's side. She felt thankful for the crowded street which prevented her worried and distracted appearance from being noticed by her mother.

They visited one counter after another, examining goods and discussing prices and quality. Her mother at length noticed that Ida did not act naturally.

"The crowd has completely tired you out, Ida; you are actually pale! You certainly are not able to do more shopping and I think we had better take a car home."

Ida feebly objected, but felt greatly relieved that her mother insisted. In the quiet of her own room she recalled the event of the afternoon that had so disturbed her. What did it mean? She shrank from harboring the thought which all that long afternoon had confronted her. It could not be possible that she, like some "common" people she had heard of, had become a slave to an evil appetite. It was not possible that the demon of strong drink could gain a hold on her.

For several days she fought her battle over and over. Then she resolved to face the subject squarely and put it to a test. She shrank from it with an unnamed dread, but her strong will enabled her to do what she knew would settle the question once for all.

Again with her mother she took her way over the same route, through the busy streets of the city.

She passed the saloon, breathed the heavy air as it rushed from the swinging door and recognized the delirious longing that swept over her. With steady step she kept her place by her mother's side, but it was to her as if she were walking from day into the blackest midnight. Little did her mother think as she walked by her side that day that her child had traveled the long and difficult road from girlhood to womanhood—from the innocent trustfulness of youth to a maturity of purpose, that sent her face as a flint against this evil influence whose power she was now compeled to acknowledge. It was to be a battle fierce and long.

This is no sketch from fancy, but a chapter from real life. The sequel has never been written. Years have passed, but their record who could keep? Some of their awfulness is briefly hinted at in Ida's own words: "Never do I smell the fumes of liquor without being strongly tempted."

She has not yielded. She has battled bravely and well. To-day from a high position of trust and honor her Christian character speaks to all of the nobility of her life.—Union Signal.

DRINK CRAZED.

An Incident Showing the Risk Attending the Use of Liquor by Railroad Men.

This incident is sent to us by a railroad surgeon and vouched for as correct. An engineer who had been on the road twenty years was laid up with influenza two years ago, and since then has drank spirits to excess at intervals, especially at night. The superintendent paid no attention to this and permitted him to go on his usual daily runs. One day he came in to the end of his route very much intoxicated, ran up to the yard, and left his engine in the proper place, then staggered back towards the depot muttering. The train he brought in went on, when suddenly he sprang on a waiting engine and started down the road after the train. The yardmaster conceived this to be a drunken freak, and wired to turn the switch off from the main line at a distant station. This was done just in time to avert dashing into the rear of the passenger train. The engine was ditched, and the engineer escaped unhurt and was taken to an asylum with acute mania, where he is still confined. A very serious accident was narrowly averted, and the stupidity of permitting an inebriate engineer to run a train was literally criminality of the most flagrant type.—Journal of Inebriety.

How the Drunkard Began.

A man was once sitting in a saloon. He had an old battered hat on his head, short black pipe in his mouth, a dirty shirt and ragged clothes and downtrodden shoes on. But he had not always been like that; he had seen better days once. As he looked out of the saloon door he saw two tidy, clean little children come for their father's beer. As soon as they were outside the door the little girl took a drink from the jug, while her little brother waited patiently for his turn. The poor drunkard looked at them very sadly, and then he said, with a sigh: "Ah, that's how I began, and I can't leave it off now."—Irish World.

New Licensing Bill in New Zealand.

It is claimed that the new licensing bill for New Zealand is the most remarkable step yet recorded in the temperance crusade. Under the new bill clubs are to be treated in the same way as public houses; grocers' licenses are to be abolished; one-fourth, instead of one-half, of the electors constitutes an operative poll; a majority of the votes recorded at an operative poll will carry reductions of licenses.

WARNINGS FROM RAM'S HORN.

THE saloonkeeper ruins other men, but he damns himself.

WHOEVER, takes his first drink, does it standing on the edge of the pit.

God and the saloonkeeper are never on the same side of any question.

EVERY blow aimed at the saloon strikes the devil square in the face.

IF you have formed a taste for rum, the devil has you by the throat.

PRAYING "Thy kingdom come," and taking no stand against the saloon is mockery.

THE devil don't care how much we pray against the saloon, if that is all we do.

THE devil has a strong grip on the soul of the moderate drinker.

THE devil is not being driven back an inch by the prayers of the man who never does or says anything against the liquor traffic.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—While thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.—Shakespeare.

—Portugal is a corruption of Porte Cale, the Roman name of the town of Oporto.

—We never have any difficulty in seeing our own faults—in other people.—Young Men's Era.

—A gentleman that loves to hear himself talk, will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.—Shakspeare.

—Since Time is not a person we can overtake when he is gone, let us honor him with mirth and cheerfulness of heart while he is passing.—Goethe.

—Guatemala, or Quahtemali, means a "decayed log of wood." It is said that a wooden statue was honored by the aborigines as their principal deity.

—Two classes of men benefit the world by leaving it: Those who are in the way, and those who practice post-mortem beneficence.—Young Men's Era.

—Wales was thus named by the Anglo-Saxons, the word meaning "the land of the foreigners." The native name is Cambria, or "the country of the Kimri."

—The government has instituted proceeding to test the titles of over 1,000 settlers to land in Kansas, purchased by them many years ago of the Union Pacific railway, the ground taken being that through a technical error the grant of the lands to the railroad company was invalid, and that it should revert to the government and be open to settlement under the homestead law.—Bradstreet's.

—"Does any one really buy these things?" asked a customer of a dealer in plated ware, pointing to a shelf filled with silver of florid decoration. "The worst designs sell best," was the answer. "We sell thousands of those things to dozens like that small piece that you admired. These articles sell the country over for wedding presents, and the thing demanded is elaborate chasing and ocn designs rather than simplicity and beauty of outline."

—Shoes made in whole or in part from the skin of the Canadian hair seal are now sold at about the price of other good ready-made shoes. The leather is very heavy, though pliant, and is reputed in Newfoundland to be almost waterproof. It is notable for a somewhat coarse pebbled surface. Porpoise leather, now somewhat scarce, is also reputed to turn water. It is one of the most expensive materials known to the shoe trade.

—Western men going to New York like to stay at the large new hotels. One of the new Broadway hotels has recently picked up much of the western clientele that formerly belonged to the Hoffman house, and another comparatively new hotel in Fifth avenue, which is reported to be the most expensive in the city, started off with a large western trade and still keeps it. Meanwhile the Victoria holds on to its Spanish-Americans, the St. James to its sporting men, the Fifth Avenue to the politicians, and the Windsor to the speculators.

—"It always seemed sort of strange," said a citizen of New York City, "to see coal and ice vended from the same wagon, and in the cellars about town, where they sell coal in any quantity, large or small, they sell ice, too. A coal dealer told me once that this had come about naturally enough: that venders of coal, when the demand for it fell off in the summer, had taken to supplying their customers with ice then, so as to keep busy through the year, and that so customers had come to look to the same vender or dealer for coal and ice the year through."

—An engineer has pointed out that 1 inch of rain, falling upon an area of one square mile, is equivalent to nearly 17,500,000 gallons, weighing 145,200,000 pounds, or 72,600 tons. Assuming this water to have fallen from clouds about half a mile, or say 3,000 feet above the earth, we have for the energy represented by it about 22,000 H. P. With pumping machinery working at the low rate of consumption of 2 pounds of coal per horse per hour, it would take 200 gross tons of coal to raise the water represented by 1 inch of rain on a square mile to the assumed height of 3,000 feet. As a matter of fact, rain often falls from clouds which are at much greater height than 3,000 feet above the ground, so that the figures just given are quite conservative ones.

—Several Chinese shops in New York sell the native canned goods. Some of them come in tins labelled in Chinese and English. These tinned delicacies include liehee, a kind of sweet fruit with a great stone. The stone is removed before the fruit is packed. There are also bamboo shoots and what looks like a sort of banana. Ginger in half a dozen forms is also canned. Among other delicacies are Chinese candies, sold at 75 cents a pound. The merchants seem to believe that Americans are fond of sweets, and the stranger is assured that all the canned delicacies are sweet. There are also curious salted fruits, offensive to Caucasian taste, and a great variety of nuts.

—What place, if any, does history hold among the sciences? Is there anything in the phenomena which she investigated, or in the means of investigation at her disposal, which should exclude her from such a place altogether? Let us begin by making some concessions. The historical student labors under several serious difficulties and is exposed to some peculiar dangers. His first and most obvious difficulty arises from a lack of information. The student of modern history feels this comparatively little; the mediævalist feels it more; the student of antiquity, except for a few short periods in the history of Greece and Rome, feels it most of all. How little do we know of ancient Assyria and ancient Egypt! How little can we hope to know! How dark are the dark ages! How shadowy the personalities of Pericles and Justinian, of Attila and Theodoric! How many empires have perished, like the Mexican, and left scarce a wrack behind! How small a portion of the world is illuminated at any one epoch by the light of recorded facts!

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

Ice Poultice.—Enclose chopped ice, between layers of bran, in a muslin bag. The rubber ice bag is preferable, as there is no danger of wetting the clothes.—Good Housekeeping.

—Cream Biscuits.—One pint of sour cream, two eggs not beaten, one teaspoon of soda, flour enough to make a stiff batter. Drop in a tablespoon of the mixture on a greased pan. Bake in a quick oven.—Housekeeper.

—Lemon or Vanilla Cookies.—Two cups sugar, one cup cottolene, three-fourths cup sweet milk, two eggs, five cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a little salt, which must be sifted into the flour. Mix all together and add lemon or vanilla flavoring to taste. Roll very thin and bake quickly.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—Roast Partridge.—Lard them well with fat pork; tie the legs down to the rump, leaving the feet on; while cooking, baste them well with butter. They require twenty-five or thirty minutes to cook. To make a gravy, put the giblets into a saucepan with a piece of butter about the size of an egg, and a little flour and hot water. Let it boil up once.—Farmer's Voice.

—Tripe and Onions.—Simmer one pound of dressed tripe, cut into square pieces, in one pint of milk and half a pint of water for about two hours, or until tender. Thicken the milk, boil it for a few moments, add half a pound of onions boiled tender and chopped finely. Let all cook together for about a quarter of an hour, add good seasoning of pepper and salt, and serve very hot. Plain boiled potatoes and boiled greens go best with this dish. Those who do not like onions may simmer tripe in a nice brown gravy, and serve with grated cheese handed separately.—Leeds Mercury.

—Ramaquin—Which you may call cheese toast if you don't like a fine name. Cut a slice lengthwise of the loaf from Vienna or good baker's bread. It should be fully half an inch thick. Butter a pudding dish in which it will fit, if possible. Beat two eggs with a cup of rich milk and a good pinch of salt. Pour this over the bread and let it stand until absorbed. If any remains, drain it off. Dissolve in a little sweet cream enough good cheese to cover the bread to its own thickness. Dust both bread and cheese with cayenne pepper. Brown in a hot oven, both at top and bottom.—Country Gentleman.

—Sweet Potatoes.—Cut cold boiled sweet potatoes into sixths, lengthwise. Season then with salt and putting them into the frying-basket cook in fat for five minutes. This is one of the most delicious ways for cooking sweet potatoes. For eight croquettes use enough boiled sweet potatoes to make a pint when mashed, half a cup of hot milk, two generous tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, two eggs, and some crumbs for breading. When the potatoes have been mashed smooth and light beat into them the hot milk and then the salt and butter. Next beat one egg until light and beat this into mixture, which should now be shaped into croquettes. Beat the second egg in a soup plate. Cover the croquettes with this egg and roll them in the bread crumbs. Fry in fat till they turn a rich brown. Serve at once.—Prairie Farmer.

AN INDIAN FOREST.

Some of the Dangers of Its Tangled Depths.

Still nights bring out the brilliant fireflies in swarms, but the radiance is such as that of sparkling gems, and gives no guidance to the wayfarer. So that, unless there is a bright moon, no march can be made in the forest. Even then it is dangerous, for snakes are numerous; and the tribesmen, when suspecting the approach of an enemy, protect such paths as there are with sharp bamboo stakes, concealed in the grass, and capable of penetrating the foot. Then briars and roots often lie across the way and cause the traveler frequently to trip. So that the best thing to do when overtaken by nightfall is to make a rude shelter of branches, roofed with plantain leaves, with a floor of dry elephant grass or rushes, put out the fire as soon as cooking is done, take off your damp clothes, roll yourself in your blanket, tuck your revolver beneath such pillow as you have, and go to sleep.

The merry little Ghoorka orderly will boil a tin of soup and stew a piece of the mahseer for his master, clean and load the rifles, oil the boots, dry the clothes over the fire, then cook his own "chupatti," or girdle cake of brown flour, and, having duly disposed of it, make himself snug in his own improvised shelter. For a time everything is still; but wild animals are on the move; a hyena circles round the camp, attracted by the smell of cooked victuals and the refuse of the fish. He makes a hurried snatch at what he can and retrents into the thicket. The flap of the large wings of the vampire bats is frequently heard as they cluster on the branches in search of wild fruits.

There is the bark of the sambur as he calls together the herd, cropping the leaves in the young tree jungle, and shrouded in the grass in waiting for his coming is his feline enemy, visible only by two bright emerald eyes. The hum of a thousand small flies blends with the murmur of the river and the rustle of the leaves as they are gently stirred by the night breeze, and combine to lull the traveler to sleep.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Very Simple.

"I don't see what birds build nests for," said Willie.

"To sleep in," said his mother.

"Hoh!" retorted Willie. "Why don't they just lie down on their own feathers?"—Harper's Bazar.

Living Evidence.

Wife—The cook says she never was with a family that lived any better than we do.

Husband—Yes. The policeman on the corner has gained twenty pounds since she came.—Life.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

MOLLIE REJOICES.

I thank my stars I'm not a cow,
I really truly do.
With naught but grass to eat all day,
And naught to say but "Moo!"

For instance, if the donkey came
And asked me how I did,
I'd have to answer him with "Moo!"
Just like a little kid.

Or if the dog barked at my heels,
As he would do, past doubt,
The same old word would have to do
For "come, bow-wow, get out!"

No matter what I wished to say,
The same 'twould be all through,
My conversation would be limited to "Moo-oo-ooh!"

—Harper's Young People.

CATS ARE NOT SELFISH.

Incidents Which Controvert the Popular Idea of Them.

The domestic cat has never ranked highly in the scale of intelligence, because it is said to have affection for places and not for persons. I am strongly inclined to think that this is a misapprehension. It has been said that persons who are fond of cats exhibit weakness of intellect. I must plead guilty to the fondness; my friends must decide about the weakness. As a schoolboy I had a pet cat which would follow me to school just like a dog, and, remaining in the shrubberies around, would wait to return with me. My father at one period always returned home from his duties at a certain hour in the evening. This cat would wait for him at a certain point in the road, and as soon as he approached would spring out, gambol a little round him and then trot a yard or two in front of him for the quarter of a mile between the meeting point and home.

Later in life I had a cat which accompanied my family during three removals. On each occasion he was carried in the arms through the open road from the old house to the new one. Not once did he desert us or return to the former dwelling. This same cat surprised me one morning as I was dressing by mewing outside my door, and on opening it he deposited before me a half-grown rabbit quite uninjured. The servant told me afterward that the cat was waiting patiently outside the door when she opened it, and proceeded at once upstairs with its burden, carrying it as mothers do their kittens. The cat's pleasure seemed unbounded when I took up the frightened creature and stroked it, and on my putting it down again he made no attempt to kill it.

My idea is that the cat knew that I was fond of pets, for I was surrounded in those days by all kinds of animals, and he wanted to make me a present, and so brought me a new pet. My own experience is that although the cat is undoubtedly inferior to the dog in intelligence, it is far from being the stupid and selfish creature many suppose it to be.—Chicago Times.

THE CRAFTY ANT-LION.

The Curious Way in Which He Prepares to Make a Living.

In the south of Europe there lives a curious little insect called the ant-lion. He is about an inch long, and has six legs, yet he cannot get over the ground very fast, for he generally moves backwards.

The ant-lion's habits are most remarkable, but I may as well tell you at the start that he is rather cruel, for you will be sure to find it out before I am through talking about him.

The first thing the ant-lion does after he has made up his mind to have a home is to find a nice spot of sandy ground. Then he marks out a circle about thirty inches in diameter, and begins plowing up the ground with his body. He goes round and round, making the opening narrower and deeper, until he has hollowed out a funnel-shaped hole which is very deep. Each time he goes about he turns quite round. Why? To rest his fore leg. He has one on each side. So you see he rests one while he is using the other. And all the time he keeps throwing away the sand. How do you suppose he does this?

He takes it in one of his fore legs, places it on the top of his head, and then gives his head a jerk. This sends it a considerable distance.

When his house is finished, he goes to the bottom of it, and buries himself—all but his jaws—in the sand.

The ant-lion is getting ready to make his living now. For he lives on the

READY TO MAKE HIS LIVING.

juices of insects. Of these he likes the ants best.

He makes the grounds about his house very pleasant, for he wants the busy little ants to come his way. As they come, the loose sand gives way, and down they fall. Then they become his prey. If they happen to fall only part way to the bottom, and begin to scramble up again, he throws sand upon them, the same way he threw it out on to the ground when he was plowing up his house.

After he has made a meal off of the ants, he throws their bodies away in the same manner.

The only good thing about the ant-lion that I can see is his perseverance. If he comes across a stone which he cannot remove, after he begins making his house, he leaves that place and goes to another. In that respect we might do well to pattern after the ant-lion.—Greta Bryar, in Our Little Ones.

Would He?

I'm proud of Washington's career,
His deeds of bravery.
The question is, were he now here
Would he be proud of *me*?

THE STORY OF PONTO.

How a Humane Frontiersman Saved a Baby Wolf's Life.

In the early days of our country there were a great many wolves throughout the woods of Kentucky, and the first white settlers were frequently annoyed by their barking and thieving, and oftentimes by their savageness. One night four men on horseback were returning to their homes, when all at once their horses stopped and a low growl was heard just ahead. They had followed a narrow path through a dense forest for quite a distance and were not far from their homes, and the thought of encountering a pack of wolves was not at all pleasant. In those days the thoughtful traveler usually carried a flint, a steel, some knots of pine and a few bundles of hickory bark, so that if the darkness should overtake him and he needed a torch he would have the necessary materials at hand with which to make one. Each one knew that a wolf was near, and they thought that possibly there might be a number of them. Robert Dano soon had a brilliant torch, and he went about twenty feet in the direction from which the noise had come, when he saw a large gray wolf in the agonies of death. She had evidently been wounded

THE TAME WOLF.

by some hunter and had been lying near the road several hours. Her shoulder had been badly torn, and there were other injuries on her body. She looked appealingly at her discoverer and then with painful effort stretched out her paws and dragged herself forward to a heap of leaves, where lay a young and almost famished cub. The exertion produced a fresh flow of blood, and with her paws resting tenderly on her little one, and an imploring look at her intruder, the mother wolf breathed her last. Robert Dane was not the man to refuse the last request of even a dying wolf, and he read her wishes as plainly as though she had told him in the simplest English. He laid down his torch, went back to his saddle and from a roll of goods took out a small blanket. When he had carefully wrapped the baby wolf he remounted, and in a short time they reached the open country, when they separated for their respective homes. Robert fed the wolf warm milk and put it in a covered basket. After breakfast the next morning he told his two sons, Albert and Willie, that he had an orphan which he wished them to adopt, and when he opened the basket and told them it was a young wolf they were greatly astonished. They fed it with milk two or three times a day, until it became strong and could walk about in its little house. They named it Ponto, and trained it from the first as though it had been a dog, to draw their little wagon, and bring them objects, such as a hoop or ball, or stick which they would throw away, and to run with them in their races. They treated it kindly, but I think they were always on their guard lest it show the cunning of its kind. Mrs. Dane said that its food should be cooked, and that it should have meat only occasionally, but never until it had eaten heartily of vegetables and bread.—Humane Journal.

Johnny Made a Good Guess.

The New Orleans Picayune says that a teacher, in explaining to her pupils the difference between civilized and uncivilized races, insisted upon three things as requisite for civilization—food, clothing and shelter. The next day she brought the subject up again, by way of review.

"What are the three things necessary to a civilized man?" she asked.

Several of the children remembered food and clothing, but the third requisite seemed to have escaped their recollection entirely. Finally, after the question had been repeated two or three times, one little fellow lifted his hand, and said:

"A wife."

Whether the teacher sent him to the head of the class, we are not informed.

The Dog Had a Good Memory.

The owner of an Irish water spaniel was out walking with him, when he crossed a frozen mill dam, and accidentally dropped his snuff box through a small crevice in the ice. The dog was dreadfully distressed at not being able to get the box, but was obliged to go home with its owner, who thought no more of the matter. Two months afterward, when the frost had gone, he and the dog passed the same place. The dog paused opposite the spot where the box had disappeared, seemed to think intently for a minute, then plunged in, and returned to the bank with the snuff box in his mouth.

Taking No Chances.

First Boy (skating)—It's most dinner time.

Second Boy—It won't do for us to eat anything.

"Why not?"

"This thin ice is crackin' all the time, and if we weighed any heavier we'd go through. I promised mamma I wouldn't take any chances, and I won't."—Good News.

How Tom Explained Himself.

"What on earth are you doing with that little watering can, Tom?"

"Spwinkling the baby's head so's his hair'll sprout."—Harper's Young People.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Mar. 4, 1895.

There's a death at hand,
But 'stead of the funeral bell,
There's a joyful shout all over the land:
"'Tis well, 'tis well.

If the adage "only speak well of the dead" were literally followed it would be impossible to speak at all of the Fifty-third Congress, which drew its last gasp at noon to-day. About the best that can be said of the defunct Congress is that it did not do all the harm it might have done, and the Democratic majority should receive no credit for that, as their intentions were to do all the harm possible and it was only by the alertness of the Republicans that they were prevented from carrying them all out.

About the only mourners in the Congressional house of death are ex-members who know that their public careers are ended for good and all, and the Capitol employes who only receive pay while Congress is in session.

Ex-Speaker Reed uttered a few words while the House was discussing under a suspension of the rules a bill appropriating $17,500 to reimburse Washington and Lee University, of Virginia, for injuries sustained during the war, which were as sound in principle as the foundation of common law. After protesting against the bill being considered on sentimental grounds instead of the grounds of reason and wisdom, Mr. Reed said: "Whosoever provokes war must take the consequences, even of lawlessness, which destroys institutions of learning. No nation can afford to adopt the doctrine that all injuries to such institutions shall be paid after the war is over."

Ex-Senator Manderson—the "ex" was attached at noon to-day—tried to accomplish what would have been a real reform just before completing his Senatorial career. He failed, but that should not prevent his receiving due credit for having made the attempt. Senator Manderson offered an amendment to the general deficiency appropriation bill, providing that the wives and daughters of Senators and Representatives should not be borne on the rolls as clerks, but the Senate promptly laid it on the table, and the wives and daughters of certain Senators and Representatives will continue to draw $100 a month for work which, with rare exceptions, they do not perform, and people elsewhere will wonder why it is so difficult to get a Washington jury to convict those who rob the government. Senator Manderson's amendment should have become a law, and its provisions should have extended to cover the sons as well as the wives and daughters; also newspaper correspondents, and to embrace all government employment.

Senator Morgan wasn't mealy-mouthed about the reported intention of the British government to pay the damages allowed by Secretary Gresham to Canadian sealers in Behring sea. He said in a speech in the Senate: "Sir George Baden-Powell says that they want to pay the Canadians and the recalcitrant and rascally Americans who hired themselves out under the British flag to rob the government of the United States, violate its law, and dishonor the country—and to pay them in advance, so as to have a moral claim against the United States for this $450,000, not one shilling of which is due—not a shilling. I propose that the committee on Foreign Relation shall investigate that matter. There has been enough of falsehood and misrepresentation about this inofficial document and in the newspapers to require, for the vindication of the country, that this investigation shall be made." Mr. Morgan was one of the Behring sea arbitrators, and knows this subject thoroughly.

The silver programme, which was to commit the Democratic party to free coinage at a ratio of 16 to 1, sizzled out without making as much blaze as a parlor match would have done. The scheme had its origin in the fertile brain of Mr. Bland, of Missouri, who to-day retired to private life, involuntarily, after a long career as a member of the House. Mr. Bland very shrewdly allowed Mr. Bryan, of Nebraska, another gentleman who was dropped from Uncle Sam's pay-roll to-day, to take the management of the affair and to circulate the manifesto which was intended to force Mr. Cleveland and the other "gold bugs" out of the Democratic party as soon as it had been signed by nine-tenths of the Democrats in Congress. The manifesto might have had that effect had all the expected signers materialized, but they didn't. In fact so few Democrats signed the manifesto that none of the signers' names were made public with the manifesto. The other scheme, fathered by those members of the bi-Metallic League with Democratic proclivities, to start a silver party and put up at once a Presidential ticket, is still in the incubator with the chances against its being hatched out in a healthy condition.

Glade Valley.

More snow.

Our winter weather is rather protracted this year.

Mr. Newcomer in last week's REPUBLICAN said the ground hog doctrine was knocked silly by the appearance of a few warm days, but the outlook is now that the ground hog is getting there just the same.

Mosser Bros. were busy sawing lumber the past week.

Mr. J. S. Gnegy and Elijah Bachtle have rented Mr. Daniel Gnegy's sugar camp for the coming season.

The warm weather last week was productive of bad colds, and the expression, "I've a bad cold," is the order of the day.

Miss Mollie Gamer is on the sick list. She is very poorly.

Mr. Daniel Gnegy has a curiosity in the shape of a cabbage head. A few days ago he got what appeared to be a large, well formed head of cabbage. Removing the outer leaves it was found to contain a number of small heads closely packed together and very firm. On counting them it was found to contain twenty-five small heads.

Mr. Joel Gnegy, of Dobbin, made a business trip to Oakland last Saturday. He expects to move on his farm about the 1st of April.

Having frequently heard that J. Bird froze to death during the recent cold weather has roused him to action, and you will probably hear from him again soon.

J. BIRD.

Blochersville.

Weather fine.

Mr. John S. Blocher, of South Dakota, and Mr. Bradford Blocher were visiting friends in New Germany during the past week.

The Epworth League, of Mount Zion, held a prayer service at the residence of Hon. Geo. W. Blocher. They met with a cordial welcome.

Mr. Charles Layman is working for Mr. Ralph Engle, of near Grantsville.

Mr. Charles Frazee, of Elder, is visiting friends in this vicinity.

Miss Susie Layman, of Frostburg, is visiting her friend, Miss Rosa Facenbaker.

Mr. Georgo L. Garlits is on the sick list at present.

Mr. George W. Sterling, of Friendsville, is shaking hands with friends here and seems to be very friendly.

The Beall school closed Saturday night by giving an entertainment. We all can heartily vote it a grand success, and can congratulate the people for their good attention. Mr. Moses H. McKenzie has won the respect of all as a thorough and successful teacher. We regret that the term of school could not be seven months instead of seven weeks. His many friends were sorry to see him leave, and hope he will always have success in any and all his enterprises in life.

ZERO.

Estray Notice.

Estrayed, from Floyd Station, on the evening of Feb. 5, a dark brown mare, ten years old, ringbone scar on hind foot, hipped in left hip, scar on left ham from a kick. When the mare estrayed she was saddled and bridled and started toward home. Anyone returning the mare to my farm in the Backwoods will be rewarded with $40.

50-3t* ASHFORD WARNICK.

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

HE WAS RATH[illegible]

He Did Everything Two Stron[illegible] Girls Asked Him to Do, Even Paying Their Cab Hire.

I boarded a Sixth avenue L train at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street yesterday afternoon. At One Hundred and Sixteenth street two very pretty girls, ingenuously smiling, entered the car I occupied. After looking around in a sort of [illegible] where we at way for a moment they came to the section where I was sitting, riding backward. My vis-a-vis was an old lady. One ingenue sat beside me, the other beside the old lady.

Before I had time to offer my seat the one beside the old lady asked:

"Won't you please change seats with me, sir?"

"Certainly. I was about to offer it to you," I said.

"Oh, thank you!"

After riding as far as One Hundred and Fourth street she jumped up and exclaimed, with a peach[illegible] pout:

"Oh, I can't ride backward! Won't you change again, sir?"

"With pleasure," said I, although I had just commenced reading my paper.

"Sorry to trouble you, sir."

"Don't mention it. I could keep this up all day."

And I resumed my reading.

"Have you the time?" she asked in a few moments, leaning toward me, not half far enough.

"My watch has stopped, but I'll just step off at Ninety-third street station, tell the conductor to hold the train a moment and look at the station clock," I said.

And I did as I had promised.

"Seven minutes past 3," I said on my return.

And I was about to resume my reading when she asked:

"Are you sure that clock is right?"

"I presume so, but to make sure I'll open the window and ask the ticket chopper," I said. This I did also.

"Yes; he says it's right."

She nodded her pretty head and smiled bewitchingly.

I wanted to finish a long story before reaching the office, so I again resumed my reading.

"How long does it take to go down to Forty-second street?" sweetly asked the ingenue in a moment.

"About 25 minutes."

And again I began to read.

"We want to catch a train at the Grand Central at 3:40. Do you think we can do it?"

"I should think so, if you take a cab at the station."

"Those horrid cabs! I don't like 'em. Do you, Mollie?"

No, Mollie didn't either. Glad of a little respite, I looked in my paper to see where I had left off. Before I could find the place Mollie asked in her ain't-he-a-nice-young-man cattenish voice:

"How much do they charge, do you know?"

"About 50 cents apiece. Perhaps they'll take you both for 75."

"How far do you go, sir?"

"I go to Thirty-third street."

I didn't dare resume reading now. The questions were coming too fast.

"You couldn't get off at Forty-second, I suppose, and help us with our traps into a cab?"

"Oh, certainly! I have all day to myself. I only work at night."

"Well, how's that? Are you an actor?"

"No; I'm a nowspaper man."

"A reporter?"

"Copy reader."

"What's that?" came from both pretty mouths simultaneously.

I explained.

"Forty-second!" cried the conductor.

"Oh, here's where we get off, sir! Will you kindly"—

I "kindly." I carried their traps down stairs, hailed a cab, asked what the faro was. Seventy-five cents. Both opened their pocketbooks. Neither had change. I had none either. I was about to say I had. I gave up the last three quarters I had, saluted and started to walk to the office. Just then I heard one sweet ingenue say to the other indignantly:

"Strikes me he's rather frosh on first acquaintance."—New York Herald.

A Peculiarity of Eggs.

"I like my eggs boiled just four minutes," said Mr. Goslington, "and I used to wonder why with that simple direction to be followed I couldn't get them always the same. Sometimes they were too hard, sometimes too soft, though it was always said that they had been boiled 'exactly four minutes.' But the mystery has been cleared up. A neighbor tells us that it is quite possible that the eggs should vary, even though they were all cooked for exactly the same time. She says that while an egg one day old would require four minutes' boiling to attain a certain degree of hardness an older egg might attain the same degree in two minutes, or else it's just the other way—the new egg cooks quickest—I don't remember which. But that is a matter of detail. The main fact is that some eggs take longer to cook than others, and it is a satisfaction to know this."—New York Sun.

A Musical Treat Coming.

Mr. Z. D. Merriken, business manager of Hall's Schumann Lady Quartette, of Chicago, was in town yesterday and made arrangements for the quartette to give an entertainment in Oakland on Friday night of next week at Offutt's Hall. Of this company of artists the Pittsburg *Commercial Gazette* says:

The third entertainment in the popular course arranged for the winter by the young men's organization of the Ninth United Presbyterian church, Allegheny, was given last evening in the Carnegie Music Hall. The Schumann Lady Quartette of Chicago was the attraction. The ladies have been heard before in this city, and the artistic character of their renditions delighted and satisfied. Last evening the singers but deepened the good impression, the precision of movement and rich blending of harmony, together with technical perfection and sweetness of expression, deservedly won for [illegible] repeated recalls.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Rogers' Sarsaparilla.

A specific for all. 100 doses for 75 cents. Rogers' Little Liver Pills, best on the market; Cough Cure, Liniment, Appetine and Worm Syrup, sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland; Cuppett Bros., McHenry; J. A. DeBerry, Corinth; C. F. White, Hutton; P. T. Garthright, Hayden & Eckles, Mt. Lake Park; Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park; Wm. Frederick, Friendsville; Yough Store Co., Jonas Frazee, Robert Liston, Selbysport; W. Wass, Mineral Springs; J. E. Gnagey, Accident; Smith & Callis, Hoyes, and by all general dealers.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

are good for sick headache, constipation, jaundice, bilious colic, fever and ague, dyspepsia, rheumatism, female complaints, dizziness, flatulence, sour stomach, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general debility. They will positively cure all disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. 25 cents a box.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

helps babes over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, controls the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no narcotic drugs and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good. 25 cents a bottle.

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

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Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.

OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Horticultural Supply Co.,

Growers of and dealers in fruit and ornamental stock especially adapted to the Alleghany Mountains.

All the worthy old and promising new varieties.

Landscape gardening a specialty.

Address, MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

$40.00 PER WEEK FOR WILLING WORKERS

of either sex, any age, in any part of the country, at the employment which we furnish. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. As capital is not required you run no risk. We supply you with all that is needed. It will cost you nothing to try the business. Any one can do the work. Beginners make money from the start. Failure is unknown with our workers. Every hour you labor you can easily make a dollar. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in three days at any ordinary employment. Send for free book containing the fullest information.

H. HALLETT & CO.,
Box 880,
PORTLAND, MAINE.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23-1yr.

FOR SALE.

Three acres of land, being a part of the old Kennedy farm, lying in the eastern suburbs of Oakland on either side of the road leading to Mt. Lake Park. Will be sold in lots of ¼ acre each, or as a whole.

For full particulars call on or address
MRS. LIZZIE BUZZARD,
22-6m Elkins, W. Va.

MOUNT POMONA.

NURSERY AND FRUIT FARM.

Address Swanton, Md., for Fruit and Mushrooms.

Address Mt. Lake Park concerning Nursery, Greenhouse or Vegetable Products.

Agents wanted on salary.

SWEET & SHACKLEFORD.

--WANTED--

WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER

Also White Oak Timber Land.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.
Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

SLATE ROOFING.

I am now prepared to furnish and put on plain and fancy roofing, slate, galvanized ridge, roll and water proof paper at reasonable prices. All work and material guaranteed. C. M. Beachy.
27-1yr. Keyser, Garrett county, Md.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, low prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, EDGERS, etc.
T. R. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
22tf 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.
11 1y

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR Monuments, Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe WITH J. B. WILLIAMS.

FROSTBURG, MD.
AGENTS WANTED.
4193.yr—

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $100; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $100; balance at 20 years with interest.

3. Farm of Mrs. Ida C. Cruntzberg, containing 61 acres, under fence; orchard of 150 trees; stable, frame house. Price, $1,200. Cash payment of $200, balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.

E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

COOK BROS.,

169 Baltimore Street,
CUMBERLAND, - MD.

Sole agents for the World's Fair Best Spring Wheat Flour,

The Boss

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT. ONCE YOU USE IT YOU WILL ALWAYS USE IT!

For sale in Oakland by George O. Miller & Co.; in Mountain Lake Park by Hayden & Eckles. 36—13

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

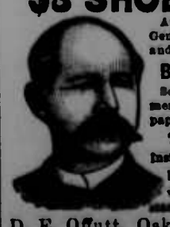

And other specialties for Gentlemen, Ladies, Boys and Misses are the

Best in the World.

See descriptive advertisement which appears in this paper.

Take no Substitute.

Insist on having W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES, with name and price stamped on bottom. Sold by

D. E. Offutt, Oakland, and Wm. Ryland, Friendsville.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING. Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. le14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.

Drs. McLane & Berkeley,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
FROSTBURG, MD.

Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.

See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.

Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.

Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate

Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.

Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention. 50-13t.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE WHEELING INTELLIGENCER

West Virginia's Brightest and Best Newspaper.

The splendid popular triumph for the cause of protection opens up a new chapter, and one of the most interesting in the history of the country. It has carried West Virginia into the column of protection and produced a revolution in the politics of the State. There will be new and important developments by reason of the great victory of 1894—developments that will have a decided influence on the presidential campaign of 1896—and the WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER will follow them closely in all their details. In West Virginia the Wheeling Intelligencer is like recognized leader of the cause of protection and State development.

All the foreign and home news of the year will be faithfully chronicled in the Intelligencer's telegraphic columns.

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We want an agent in every Postoffice in West Virginia, Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania. Address:

INTELLIGENCER PUBLISHING CO
WHEELING, WEST VA.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., TUESDAY, MARCH 14, 1895. NUMBER 1.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Mr. Charles Selden, of Baltimore, was in the city Tuesday.

Mr. John W. Harvey, of Wilson, was in the city yesterday.

Miss Nettie Kepler, of Dayis, is the guest of Miss Edith Townshend on Water street.

Mrs. Matthews, of Corinth, was in Oakland Monday visiting relatives and friends.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Messrs. L. D. Walker, L. Stoddard, D. E. Offutt jr. went to Baltimore this morning.

Mr. S. J. Beachy, of Grantsville, was in the city last Monday and paid his respects to this office.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

New spring millinery, hats, trimmings, fancy goods, etc., at M. L. Scott's Baltimore Store. 1-2t.

Miss May Loughridge returned to her home in Oakland Monday from a visit to friends at Corinth.

Mr. J. S. Keller, of Romney, W. Va., was here a day or two this week on a visit to his sister, Mrs. E. E. Sollars.

Mr. Chas. E. Brown, of Cincinnati, O., was here over Sunday on a visit to his sister, Mrs. D. I. Totten.

Send your check books to this office to be numbered. We have a special machine for just this class of work.

The public school will close on Friday. The school will be carried on as a graded school by private subscription.

Mrs. Thomas Little and little son started for Baltimore this morning where they will visit relatives and friends for a week or two.

Miss Lizzie Weber started on Monday morning for Philadelphia, in which city she will remain several weeks as the guest of friends.

FOR SALE.—One new Century Columbia bicycle: used about one month. A bargain.
1-3t. S. LAWTON.

The reports of the five national banks of Frederick show an aggregate of undivided deposits, subject to check, of $1,943,615.92.

A good girl to do general housework wanted by Mrs. Wm. W. Sweet. Call on or address her at Piedmont, W. Va., or Mr. Sweet at Mt. Lake Park, Md., at once.
51—tf.

Samuel Butler, of Oakland, returned home Saturday evening last, after a visit of several weeks to friends in this place.—Terra Alta Oracle.

Miss Ella Cornelius, of Oakland, was the charming guest, several days of last and this week, of the Misses Rinard, at Terra Alta Hotel.—Terra Alta Oracle.

Nearly fifty of the young people of Oakland gathered at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Bosley in the east end of Oakland Tuesday night and was entertained by the Misses Bosley

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office with Dr. M. C. Hinehaugh. 35-1y.

A severe rheumatic pain in the left shoulder had troubled Mr. J. H. Loper, a well known druggist of Des Moines, Iowa, for over six months. At times the pain was so sever that he could not lift anything. With all he could do he could not get rid of it until he applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm. "I only made three applications of it," he says, "And have since been free from all pain." He now recommends it to persons similarly afflicted. It is for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

W. Grant Martin, optician, has located permanently in Oakland, and is prepared to examine eyes scientifically and adjust glasses with unerring accuracy. All work guaranteed. Office days: Monday and Saturday, in Pritchard building. 50-tf.

The firm of Shaw Bros., of Terra Alta, unloaded at Oakland on last Monday morning, a new traction artesian well drilling machine and took it to Mountain Lake Park, where they have several contracts, to begin operations.

There will be preaching in the Garrett Memorial church on Friday night next proparatory to the communion of the Lord's Supper on Sabbath morning. Westminster League meets next Wednesday, March 20th, at 7:30 p. m.

The grounds of Briarbend Seminary have been placed in charge of the Horticultural Supply Co., C. T. Sweet landscape gardener, for care and improvement. Miss Swan has the taste to appreciate a well kept place, but is fully occupied by her pupils and guests.

I. D. Junkins' hotel at Mackeysville, near Parsons, W. Va., was burned to the ground at midnight last night. About fifteen guests were asleep in the building at the time, all of whom escaped but Squire Corley, Jacob Confer and William Wilson, who were burned to death.

Mr. Fred. A. Thayer received a telegram Tuesday afternoon from a relative in Florida announcing the death of Mr. Abraham King, whose home is near Gorman. Mr. King went to Florida several weeks ago with the hope of regaining his health. The remains will be sent home for interment.

WANTED — Quick, pupils for piano, organ, violin, vocal culture, elegant penmanship, elocution and dramatic reading. Private lessons or in class to suit the applicant. Can begin lessons any day at any hour. Pupils from a distance can secure boarding at an extremely reasonable figure. For terms and particulars, please address Mrs. H. A. Rasche, Oakland, Md. 48-13t.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy gives the best satisfaction of any cough medicine I handle, and as a seller leads all other preparations in this market. I recommend it because it is the best medicine I ever handled for coughs colds and croup. A. W. Baldridge, Millersville, Ill. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

It is a violation of law to kill any bird that lives upon insects. It ought to be a violation of law to kill birds of any kind, but as it is not, it is well enough to bear in mind the fact that you may be fined from ten to twenty dollars for killing those that are insectivorous.

For seven years or more Mrs. W. D. Louder, of Quincy, Ky., was subject to severe attacks of cramp colic. Mr. S. R. Morse, a druggist of that place, recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which has effected a permanent cure, saving her much suffering besides the trouble and expense for a doctor which is often necessary. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

The merchants who advertise in foreign newspapers and who have their job printing done by foreign printers should not expect, nor do they deserve, any but foreign patronage. The man who advertises in his home paper and who patronizes home enterprises is the man who will treat you right and deserves your custom. Go to the worker for home interests every time and you will find that you can save money by doing so.

The following is taken from a western paper: "A couple of Montana turkeys recently killed has taken into their aristocratic craws to assist in deglutition 13 valuable sapphires, several ounces of gold and just enough silver for change. It is now fashionable among Montana poultry to have jeweled interiors, and it is estimated that the emulo[illegible] fowls of the new State have with[illegible] 11 months of 1894 scratched up a[illegible] swallowed $11,637,514.65 worth of gems and precious metals.

The eclipse of the moon was no[illegible] visible Sunday night owing to th[illegible] fact that the moon was almost e[illegible] tirely hidden by a cloud. Shortly after 9 o'clock the moon was visible enough to show a black eye, but as if ashamed of the fact, she once more took refuge behind a dark storm cloud and was lost to view. Numbers of people were star-gazing all the evening, but they had their labor for nothing, as the great show took place behind closed doors.

It is stated that Cardinal Gibbons who for some time past has been contemplating a visit to Rome, will go there early in May. He was invited to go last November, and had arranged to make the trip at that time, but circumstances compelled him to postpone it. It is said that the trip as at present arranged will certainly be made if something unforseen does not occur to prevent. The Cardinal will sail from New York early in the first week in May, and will be accompained by Rev. C. F. Thomas rector of the Cathedral.

A hat is an interesting thing to experiment with, you can wear it so many different ways. The writer knows a woman who wears a small, round sailor hat of uncertain color and material. It is trimmed with cock's feathers, black ribbon and jet, and when she tips it back on her head she looks the worst coquette in Allegany county. When she brings it well down upon her forehead she seemed the demurest person in the city. If it gets tipped to one side she looks gay. And it is the same hat and she is the same woman all the time.—Cu[illegible] News.

One day last week Judge Boyd ordered Col. A. G. Sturgiss, receiver of the Oakland branch of the Iron Hall to distribute the funds in his hands to the members of the order. The amount Col. Sturgiss had on hand was about $1,700, which has been paid out by him, the members receiving about 44 per cent. of the amount paid in by them. Had the money been sent to the receiver at Indianapolis it is said that no one connected with the order would have received more than 5 per cent. of the amount paid in. The Oakland branch is the only one in the State refusing to turn over the funds to the general receiver.

Something should be done to abate the tramp nuisance that is not annoying this and other towns. It is growing daily worse. The residents in the outer portions of town are particularly pestered with these vagrants, many of them being great, strong men capable of doing a big day's work. They usually manage to call at a house after the men have left for their places of business, thinking the women will be afraid to refuse their request for bread, and in case of refusal their language and conduct towards women are often insolent and offensive. It is unfortunate these able-bodied idlers could not be made to work on the streets or roads, or some other way to earn the bread they beg from those who do work. There are of course some real objects to charity among these tramps, but the most of them are lazy bums trying to beat their way through the world without work.

Fertilizers.

Parties wishing to buy Fertilizers for spring crops, can have the advantage of car load lots by placing their orders with us to be delivered April 1st. By so doing we can give you twelve different brands suitable for all kinds of crops, and in this way get just what you want at the lowest cash price. Send or call for catalogue.
50-5t J. M. DAVIS & SON.

"Perhaps you would not think so, but a very large proportion of diseases in New York comes from carelessness about catching cold," says Dr. Syrus Edson. It is such a simple thing and so common that very few people, unless it [illegible] of pneumonia, pay any [illegible] a cold. New York is one [illegible] healthiest places on the [illegible] coast and yet there are a great many cases of catarrh and consumption which have their origin in the neglect of the simplest precaution of every day life. That common advice is, when you find yet get rid of it as soon [illegible] so as to [illegible] does not [illegible] cemeteries [illegible] re a cold but we [illegible] Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It will relieve the lungs, aid expectoration, open the secretions and soon effect a permanent cure. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

A preacher came at a newspaper man in this way: "You editors dare not tell the truth. If you did, you could not live; your newspaper would be a failure." The editor replied: "You are right; and the minister who will at all times and under all circumstances tell the whole truth about his members, alive or dead, will not occupy his pulpit more than one Sunday, and then he will find it necessary to leave town in a hurry. The press and pulpit go hand in hand with whitewash brushes and pleasant words, magnifying little virtues into big ones. The pulpit, the pen and the gravestone are the great saint-making triumvirate." And the great minister went away looking very thoughtful, while the editor turned to his work and told about the surpassing beauty of the bride, while in fact, she was as homely as a hedge fence.

Died.

WHETZELL. — At her home at Cranesville, W. Va., on Tuesday, Katie E. A. Whetzell, aged about 15 years, daughter of the late Charles H. Whetzell. The interment was made at Cranesville.

Bargains! Bargains!

S. L. Townshend & Son will sell for the next thirty days their line of Dress Goods such as cashmeres, henriettas, jacquar suitings, ladies' cloths, etc., at cost for cash. Also factory flannels and overcoats, in order to make room for spring goods. 52-3t.

Married.

NUGENT—THRASHER—On Monday at the Central Hotel, Oakland, by the Rev. John M. Davis, Mr. William Lacy Nugent and Miss Alice Rebecca Thrasher, both of Garrett county.

The Bittinger Murder Trial.

Yesterday morning Judge Stake appeared on the bench to assist Chief Judge Boyd in the trial of G. W. Bittinger, charged with the murder of his brother-in-law.

The witnesses were all examined yesterday and this morning the counsel will begin their argument.

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified that the undersigned has leased the limestone quarry on the farm of Mrs. Mary E. Chisholm and that no persons will be allowed to quary rock at the said quarry.
51—3t* H. B. HARVEY.

The New Planing Mill.

Messrs. Bradford Bros. arrived in Oakland on Monday from Clarksburg, W. Va., and will at once begin the construction of their planing mill in the east end of Oakland. They are now engaged in tearing down and removing the old public school building to the site of their mill and will use it in constructing their buildings. The mill will be two stories high, 77x56 feet, with a boiler room in the rear. In the building will be placed a forty horse power engine and the latest improved planers, moulders, saws, etc., and it is expected that the mill will be in operation by May 1st. One of the firm informed this journal yesterday that they have orders ahead that will keep them busy for some time. The new firm will give steady employment to a number of skilled mechanics.

"Bikes."

The bicycle craze has been lying dormant in Oakland since snow began to fly last fall, but it was roused into activity one day last week when Messrs. J. M. Davis & Son opened a line of the Stormer machines. The enthusiastic bicyclists, amongst them being young men with smooth faces, middle aged men with bald pates, and old gray bearded and gray headed men, gathered in force at the store of the above named firm and discussed the merits of the machines. The consequence was that fifteen wheels were sold and [illegible] to be delivered within a short time. These wheels are fitted with the latest improved devices which warrant both light running and speed. When the weather opens up and the boys come out to learn to master their steeds of iron we may look for some bruised and battered faces and limbs. But we have all gone through with the same inconvenience and survived.

Prisoners Sentenced.

Yesterday morning His Honor Judge Boyd sentenced four prisoners who were convicted at this term of the court.

Albert Willis, colored, convicted of stealing, was given three years.

Winfield Chidister and William Baily, who were convicted of breaking into the house of Mr. John W. Williams at Deer Park and stealing goods valued at $80, were given three years each.

Fred Born, convicted of stealing a watch and some other jewelry from the store of W. H. Malette in Oakland, was given two years.

Teachers Aroused.

The school teachers of Washington county are much exercised over the recent order of the school board requiring all teachers, except those exempted by law, to take an examination for either first or second grade certificates at a time to be appointed after the present scholastic year closes. The teachers whom the law excuses are Normal School graduates and those holding life certificates.

Many of the teachers who are college graduates think the law is unequal which exempts normal graduates from the test and not themselves. Unless the board otherwise rules the college graduates will have to compete with the rest. All certificates except those given for life expires every five years, but the previous boards have been in the habit of renewing them in most cases without requiring re-examination.

The board, it is stated, say they have no disposition to make a change in the personnel of the teachers, and that if, as is charged, they are causing the examination to be made to remove what are termed "salary drawers," results will be discovered valuable in that connection and the county will be rid of incapable instructors. It is claimed on the other hand, that the inefficient teacher can best be discovered by the proper persons observing their methods in the school room.

The teachers further say that, while many have become proficient in the grades they have been teaching, they would be unable to go back and pass a rigid examination, as they once did, in the higher branches, and which their later life has had no connection. The board has ordered that persons failing to pass a first grade examination will be given a second grade certificate. There are at present 216 persons teaching in this county while 255 persons hold teachers' certificates. The teachers salaries for last year aggregated over $52,700 for that county.

Grand Jury Report.

The grand jury for Garrett county adjourned Saturday morning after five days' session. During the time 140 witnesses were examined and thirty-three indictments found, which are as follows: Bastardy, one; adultery, one; sale of liquor without license, two; assault and battery, two; rape, one; carrying concealed weapons, two; defrauding hotelkeepers, one; larceny, four; sale of liquor to minors, three; murder, one; perjury, one; burglary, six; assault with intent to kill, two; false pretenses, two; assault with intent to assault, one; receiving stolen goods, one, and arson, two.

The grand jury presented the following report to the court and was discharged:

To the Honorable, the Judges of the Circuit Court for Garrett County:

The grand jury for the March term of eighteen hundred and ninety-five respectfully report that they have carefully examined the witnesses in the investigations of various cases and complaints brought before them and they have, wherever the evidence, together with a due regard to the circumstances in the premises seemed to justify, found presentments, and all such cases as they deemed either of a trivial nature or inadequately sustained by facts have been dismissed and the witnesses discharged.

Our work has been greatly lightened by the counsel and willing assistance of the State's Attorney.

We have visited the county jail, which we find in good condition, warm and clean, and find some improvements not quite completed which will add much to the comfort and health of the prisoners.

The prisoners seem satisfied with the provision made for them and express themselves as comfortable and kindly treated by the sheriff and attendants.

We would most respectfully call to the attention of your Honors the need of an enclosure or fence of some kind around the jail to prevent outside persons from approaching the windows of said jail and to prevent prisoners from escaping with ease if once outside the jail, and would respectfully advise that such enclosure or fence should be not less than fifteen feet high.

We have visited all the other public buildings, offices and apartments, which we find in good condition, and were very much impressed with the thoroughness of the arrangement of the public documents; and we were shown these different rooms and offices and the jail by the officers in charge of them with every attention and politeness on their part.

Having now discharged all duties known to us as jurors, we pray that your Honors dismiss us from further attendance.

JOHN A. GRANT, Foreman.

MALETTE

Is Selling Everything In the Eating Line At way below Rock Bottom.

JEWELRY

At your Own Price.

Give us a Call.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

BIRD WISDOM.

How does the last year's bird, that never saw
An egg, fledgling, nor a half-built nest,
Know to obey her species' annual law,
And when the snows melt and the rivulets thaw,
To start upon her busy April quest—

And gather straws, and threads, and bits of moss,
Tangles of wool from cruel pasture burrs,
Plumes dropped from wings which never knew their loss—
And shape of them, with limber twigs across,
A shelter for the brood that may be hers?

Who bids her bind it close with grassy strings?
To hollow it, and round it with her breast,
And line it with all soft and kindly things,
Even the down from underneath her wings—
Until it is a smooth and perfect nest?

And when its tiny treasures greet her sight,
Those silent spheres of future joy and song,
Soft blue, or sprinkled brown, or pearly white,
Who tells her to protect them day and night,
And keep them hidden close and warm so long?

Who teaches her to cherish them so well,
To brood and watch the fragile things above?
How does she know the germ within will swell
And gather force to break the brittle shell,
And be a living thing for her to love?

Who knows? though nature teems with mysteries,
She never grants us one enlightening word;
The hoariest sage among us, and most wise,
Can only wonder, with admiring eyes,
At the fine wisdom of a little bird.

Surely, these feathered folk, who live so near
To nature, understand her deepest lore,
And, breathing in a purer atmosphere,
Know what the wind says to the leaves, and hear
What the soft ripples whisper to the shore.

Roaming the realms of ether, they may know
Truths never touched by our imaginings;
And when they look on us, so far below,
Poor dusty creatures, creeping to and fro,
Pity our want of wisdom and of wings.

—Elizabeth Akers, in Youth's Companion.

MATE IN THREE MOVES.

Why Mrs. Dickson Should Have Learned to Play Chess.

I.

Two ladies were sitting together over the fire in the twilight of a winter afternoon. The younger of the two, with her face resting on her hands, leaned forward and stared moodily at the glowing coals. The other was reposing in the luxurious depths of an armchair, with that ill-disguised expression of elation on her hard features which the best of us assume on learning of our neighbors' misfortunes.

"You will do me the justice, Camilla," she remarked, in hard and metallic tones, "to remember that I foretold this."

"Very likely you did," said the other, plaintively. "You have prophesied every kind of disaster for me at one time or another. That's your nature, and can't help it, I suppose. But Fred seemed so good and so true, and we have only been married six months, and—"

Her voice faltered, and the firelight showed that there were tears in her eyes.

"When I first heard of your mad engagement," continued Miss Singleton, rising from her chair, and thereby revealing the fact that she wore a divided skirt, "I did my very best to save you. I sent you the most striking pamphlets of the Man's Suppression league, and a copy of my own lecture entitled, 'Matrimony or Slavery?' proving conclusively, as you will remember, that seventy-nine per cent. of the marriages made each year turn out unhappily; so that, if you read these papers, you rushed into misfortune with your eyes open. And now, when you have been married for about half a year, you tell me that you are nearly sure that your husband is ill-using you. This much you admit, though you refuse to give me the particulars, and it is not much use your asking me to help you unless I know everything. Tell me," with a gleam of inspiration, "does he throw plates at you?"

A smile flickered over Camilla Dickson's face at this suggestion. "Thanks for your kind inquiry, but the crockery is still whole, I believe."

"Ah," responded Miss Singleton, slightly disappointed. "Then he doesn't belong to class two, sub-section B. We have all kinds of faults, you know, classified in the 'Handbook of Bad Husbands.' If he only threw plates—but never mind. Does he dine at the club every day?"

"Really, Miss Singleton," remarked Camilla, becoming justly irritated, "you have no right whatever to ask these questions, which are not only rude, but wholly wide of the mark. Fred is—outwardly at least—just as affectionate as ever; that's the bitterest part of it. It was foolish of me to say anything at all about my troubles to you. Let's talk about something else, please."

"Camilla Dickson," said the other, solemnly, standing over the girl, and eying her sternly through her pince-nez, "you know very well that I am not going to be put off like that. Not so much for your own sake as for the sake of the cause—for the sake of Our Emancipation from Male Tyranny"—Miss Singleton spoke in large capitals—"I feel bound to learn in what way your husband has ill-treated you? Is it cruelty? Is it neglect? Is it a clandestine correspondence with—"

"Yes," flushed out Camilla, "if you must know, it is. And I do think you might try to be a little more sympathetic and feeling, when I am so miserable," and her words ended with something very like a sob.

"Ho!" said Miss Singleton, quite unmoved, "a clandestine correspondence, is it? And do you know who the other is? And how did you find it out?"

"Why, Fred has lately seemed so anxious and absent-minded at breakfast, and directly it is over he shuts himself up in the study for hours. Also, I could not help noticing that he got a letter, or more often a post card, in a writing which I did not know, almost every day. Sometimes he has stared at one of these post cards for about ten minutes, frowning all the time and never saying a word. When I asked him what it was about he refused to tell me. That happened only this morning. After lunch he went out, saying that he wouldn't be back till dinner time. I wrote some letters, and, finding no stamps in my writing table, I went to the study to get some. And there, standing on the mantelpiece, was one of those hateful post cards. I—I couldn't help looking at it, and found it was written in cipher! Here it is," and, with woeful countenance, Camilla drew a crumpled piece of cardboard from her pocket.

Miss Singleton held it at arm's length and surveyed it in silence through her glasses for some moments. At last a smile of triumph spread over her face.

"Yes, my dear, it is written in cipher, but it hasn't baffled my intelligence for long. Did your husband tell you where he was going this afternoon?"

"Somewhere in the direction of Bayswater, I fancy."

"Then I've got it—it's as plain as daylight. Look here—" and she ran her fingers swiftly along the mysterious letters. "'Be—at—Queen's road—at six o'clock.' It's a secret meeting, Camilla, at the Queen's road underground station!"

Camilla grew pale and clasped her hands.

"Do—you really think so?" she said.

"Think? Why, what could be plainer? The only question is, what had we better do?"

"I will ask him about it when he comes home," suggested Camilla, weakly.

"Stuff and nonsense, girl!" answered Miss Singleton, sharply, "if that were the way to punish him! Why, he may never come home at all, and—"

"He cannot mean—" broke in the other.

"Be quiet and listen to me. What time is it? Only five? That gives us plenty of time. I will collect ten or twelve leading members of our league, and all of us will go down to the station and wait there till six o'clock. Then, when your husband appears we will all shout 'Traitor!' at the top of our voices, and thus he will be properly punished for his crime. The story will be sure to get into the papers, and it will be a great and noble victory in the progress of the cause. Run, Camilla, put on your hat, and we will start at once."

But Camilla Dickson had regained her composure by this time. "Thank you, Miss Singleton," she said, calmly, "but I am afraid that your plan will not do at all. However Fred has treated me, I am not going to make a scene in a public place. As for those vulgar frights—"

"Camilla!"

"Of your league, or whatever you call it, I hate them. I shall compel Fred to confess everything when he comes home."

Miss Singleton sighed. "Ah! it is weak-minded women like you that make our work so difficult. Stay at home, then, if you will, and I wish you joy of your interview with your husband—if you ever see him again. But your folly won't prevent my doing my plain duty, and I shall collect ten or twelve people, break in upon Mr. Dickson's assignation and denounce him before all the world, as he richly deserves."

"Stop! Stop!" cried Camilla. "You surely never will—"

"I have a duty to perform," repeated Miss Singleton, sternly, "and I mean to fulfill it."

And before Camilla could say another word she was gone.

II.

About five o'clock on the same afternoon Mr. Frederick Dickson turned into his club. In a secluded corner he came across elderly Gen. Lalmor, who, with an air of grim determination, was concentrating his attention upon the Fortnightly, while other magazines and reviews lay scattered broadcast on the table and the floor. The sight filled Dickson with astonishment; never before had the general been suspected of literary taste.

"What in the world are you about?" he exclaimed.

The Fortnightly was hurled impatiently to the ground.

"Hullo, Fred, my boy, is that you? Sit down here. I've had my fill of this dashed nonsense," and the general indicated with comprehensive gesture the debris of his study.

"So it appears. But what on earth induced you to begin on it?"

"Improving my mind, sir. Wherever one goes now the ladies expect one to talk about this kind of rubbish and prattle about the new woman, and so on, and the wonderful arguments in Mme. Somebody's last article. When I tell them I don't believe in stuff of that kind they say that this is because I am prejudiced; so I determined to give the thing a trial. Besides, my sister dragged me off to a meeting last night, at which a Miss Singleton spoke. Ever heard her?"

"No," answered Fred; "but my wife knows her, I think."

"Does she, by Jove? Then you had better look out for squalls, my boy. Gad, sir, that creature talked about the independence of woman and the tyranny of man in a way for which she deserves to be drummed out of the country. Well, I thought I'd see the business through, and so, having heard that old dragon last night, I've spent a couple of hours this afternoon in reading articles written by others nearly as bad. And now I shall be able to fight the ladies on their own ground next time they attack me. But I wouldn't let that Singleton creature into my house if I were you."

Dickson laughed.

"Oh, I'm not afraid of Camilla's joining the feminine revolt. And Miss Singleton's appearance always seems to me as powerful an argument as you could wish for against her own side."

"Well, it's none of my business," rejoined the general. "but Heaven only knows what ideas that woman spreads abroad. Well, I've had enough of this stuff for one afternoon. Are you going home? If so I'll walk part of the way with you. And mark my words, sir," he added, shaking an impressive forefinger, "a politician is a fool, a radical politician is generally a knave as well, but a radical political woman is the very deuce itself."

And with this ungallant remark the general took his companion's arm and departed.

III.

Mrs. Dickson, having dressed for dinner, was sitting nervously in the drawing-room, while her face kept wandering between the clock and one of Miss Singleton's most fiery pamphlets, with which she was endeavoring to fan her failing courage. Presently she started as she heard the front door open. Fred had come back then, she thought, with an involuntary sigh of relief; at least her worst forebodings had proved false. With a hasty gesture she laid aside the pamphlet, and was apparently immersed in the "Queen," when Fred entered the room, whistling cheerfully. What had happened at Queen's Road station, she wondered; surely there must have been a terrible scene. Yet Fred, although she dared not look at his face, seemed as cheerful as usual. He sat [illegible] lolly in a chair nearly [illegible]

"Well, [illegible] have you been doing this afternoon?"

There was no answer.

"Here, I say, what are you about? Working out some beastly acrostic? You might chuck it up now and tell me your news. What have you been about?"

She answered in a hard, constrained voice, without raising her eyes from the page: "That is a question I might more reasonably put to you."

"What? I? Oh, I went to a few shops, and looked in at the club for a bit. That's my 'brief, unvarnished tale.' And now yours?"

Her heart sank within her. Fred was capable of lying to her, then. "Was—is—Queen's Road station a—a pretty place?" she said.

"Queen's Road station? Singularly beautiful. I should think—famous for its woodland scenery. But why do you ask?"

"Fred"—she raised her eyes at last, and spoke very slowly—"what—were—you—doing—at that place?"

"What in the name of goodness are you talking about? Queen's Road station? Why, I haven't been near it for two months."

"Sir, you were there two hours ago. You see that I know all."

"A precious sight more than I do myself, at all events," rejoined her husband. "Camilla, what do you mean? Is it a riddle, or theatricals, or are you dreaming?"

"You cannot deceive me longer. I have for some time suspected you, and to-day, with Miss Singleton's help—"

"What in—"

"Silence, please—I have found you out. Yes, sir," she cried rising from her seat, and suddenly producing once more the fatal postal card, "I know what this means."

Fred glared at it in open-mouthed astonishment for some second[s]. And then, gradually realizing the [illegible] affairs, he fell back in his chair—and roared with uncontrollable laughter.

Camilla burst into tears. "It is too cruel!" she sobbed.

At the sight of her distress Fred endeavored to compose himself. "And what—what," he gasped, "did you take this to mean?"

They looked at the card together. It bore a single line, "B—Q. R.'s 6." "Why," her voice was choked with tears, "it means 'be at Queen's Road's station at 6.'"

Fred relapsed once more into sonorous guffaws.

"Ho, ho! 'Be at ——' Oh! ho! ho! Camilla, Camilla, what a goose you are! Why didn't you learn to play chess? 'Bishop to Queen's Rook's Sixth,' and it is my brother's last move in a correspondence game that I am playing with him. And you and Miss Singleton thought—ha, ha, ha!"

Camilla looked up quickly, a light breaking through her tears. A moment's suspense—and she had thrown herself into her husband's arms, laughing and crying at the same time.

"Oh, Fred," she cried, "how can you forgive me!"

It was at this precise moment that the door suddenly opened, and Miss Singleton appeared, flushed, dishevelled and breathless. "Oh, Camilla," she exclaimed, impetuously, "there is some terrible mistake. We went in five hansoms, and waited an hour—and there was a rude crowd which jeered and—why—what—does this mean?"

For she had now realized that here was Camilla in her traitorous husband's arms.

"It means," remarked that gentleman, coolly, "that for once in your life, Miss Singleton, you have made a slight mistake. It means that the preternatural sagacity of the Feminine league is, for once, in fault. And it means, I fear, that the New Woman, despite her wisdom, is even more liable to blunder than the Old."—Pall Mall Budget.

An Apt Rejoinder.

A building in course of erection was to be used for the storage of salt meats. It was being built by a pompous little German, who never misses any opportunity of giving orders. This interference on the part of the little German has had the effect of making him a "marker" for the workmen's wit. One day he was in a pretty good humor, and as there was nothing to find fault with, the German thought that he would indulge in a little good-natured advice to one of the masons, who is noted for his ready wit. "I say, Mike," said the German, with a broad smile, "I want you to be very careful not to leafe any holes in dat founda-tion, because I'm going to haf dot cellar filled mit meat und I don't vant de rats to git in, do you see?" "That's all right, sir," said Mike, good-naturedly, "if I do happen to leave a hole or two bechune the stones I'll lave them big enough for the cats to get in after the rats, so yez'll have no rayson for worriment phativer."—N. Y. Herald.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Several large canal projects are at present under consideration by the ministry of roads and communications in Russia. One of the most important plans is not new, having been brought up at intervals for a number of years; it is that for connecting the White sea with the Baltic. The estimated cost by the latest survey is 10,000,000 rubles.

—A writer in La Medicine Modern asserts that sedentary occupations predispose to tuberculosis more than any others. Italian and English statistics show, he says, that there are 451 deaths per 1,000 from this disease among students, seminarians and young clergymen, while farmers, boatmen and mountaineers enjoy almost complete immunity from it.

—If parents are tall, says an authority, the children tend to be tall, but the offspring of parents of unequal height most frequently follow the shorter. Excessive tallness is very rarely perpetuated: even if both the parents are above the average, the height of the offspring is usually only a third of the excess reached by the parents.

—The construction of an object glass of extraordinary size is to be undertaken at the Jena factory for a telescope for the Berlin exhibition of 1896, to be 210 centimeters (about 44 inches) in diameter. This will be the largest object glass in the world, being many inches larger than the great Lick instrument. It is said that this is the first object glass of abnormal dimensions which has been undertaken by the Jena factory.

—An apparatus for burning coal dust has been invented and brought out in Germany. It is stated that the consumption of even the most inferior class of coal dust is attended with no smoke, while the heat produced is so intense that the apparatus has been adapted in Berlin to smelting works, and with excellent results. The gases as analyzed contain 9.8 per cent. carbonic acid, 1 per cent. air, 79.2 per cent. nitrogen.—London Public Opinion.

—A collection of 220 human brains, carefully prepared and classified by Dr. Luys during his twenty years' service at the Saltpetriere and Charite hospitals, has been recently presented by him to the Paris Faculty of Medicine for the Dupuytren museum. The collection is unique; it contains all forms of mental disease, madness and idiocy, and includes the only preserved brain of a hypnotized subject in existence.

—In the case of 128 North German women, Prof. Rathe reports that gray hairs appeared at the following ages: In one, at twenty-eight years; in five, at thirty-four; in sixteen, at thirty-five to thirty-nine; in thirty-seven, at forty to forty-nine; in forty-three, at fifty to fifty-nine; in nineteen, at sixty to sixty-nine; in five, at seventy to seventy-nine, and in two at eighty to eighty-five.

—For coloring iron and steel a dead black of superior appearance and permanency the right article has long been sought, and, to meet this want, M. Meure now proposes a fluid, of which the following is the formula: Oxychloride of bismuth chloride, two parts [illegible] bichloride, one part copper chloride, six parts hydrochloric acid, five parts alcohol and fifty parts water, these being, of course, well mixed.

—Prof. Bartoli, during the great eruption of Etna in 1892, measured the heating power of the sun with the pyrheliometer at different attitudes to find out whether atmospheric dust exercises any perceptible influence on the intensity of the sun's rays passing through it. The air was then filled with an impalpable dust, which fell very gently and gave the sun a slight reddish tinge; there were no clouds, and there was a dead calm. He finds that 28 per cent. of the heat transmitted by pure air was absorbed by the volcanic dust.

—A notion of the enormous sums of money that Russia is pouring into the Siberian railroad may be got from the recently published figures of the financial budget for 1895. In that document the estimate for the Siberian railroad proper for 1895 is $24,261,000 and for works auxiliary to that railroad $1,273,000—say, a total of twenty-five and a half million dollars. The estimate for 1894 for these items was $17,964,000—about forty-three and a half millions in two years. Beyond this it is proposed to raise $15,733,000 for the construction of other railroads, besides $5,272,000 for cheap local railroads. How long Russia will be able to keep up such expenditures probably no man can more than conjecture.—Railroad Gazette.

WINDY-DAY VEILS.

To Be Fashionable and Protective as Well They Must Be of Chiffon.

It isn't the least bit fashionable to wear gauzy, fancy veiling on days when winter winds are whisking about the street corners, ready to kiss away every particle of beauty from fair skins. The roses planted in pale cheeks from wind tussles may look very alluring for a time, but the poor damsel who owns them soon finds out that their beauty is short-lived. Cheeks roughened and reddened by exposure to the elements bear a very different bloom from that which comes with health and hygienic exercise.

She who has been foolish enough to don her thinnest or daintiest veil for a wintry walk has plenty of leisure for repentance. Soon the cry goes up for remedies for chapped face and lips, and the silly young thing adds each day a new jar of cream or vaseline to her toilet stand. Her suffering may be relieved, but it takes a long, long time to coax back the dainty texture of her skin.

So remember this, girls, and before you have quite destroyed your good looks with wind massage adopt something substantial in veils for your cold weather outing.

Fashionable women would as soon think of appearing without their furry trappings on a windy winter day as to neglect to screen their features in a blue or black length of chiffon or sewing silk.—Philadelphia Times.

MARCH APRIL MAY

Are the Months in Which to

PURIFY YOUR BLOOD

The Best Blood Purifier is

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Which Purifies, Vitalizes and Enriches the Blood.

At this season everyone should take a good spring medicine. Your blood must be purified or you will be neglecting your health. There is a cry from Nature for help, and unless there is prompt and satisfactory response you will be liable to serious illness.

This demand can only be met by the purifying, enriching and

Blood-Vitalizing

elements to be found in Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"My mother-in-law, Mrs. Elizabeth Wolfe, at the age of 72 years, was attacked with a violent form of salt rheum; it spread all over her body, and her hands and limbs were dreadful to look at. At the same time, my little daughter Clara, who was just one year old, was attacked by a similar disease, like scrofula. It appeared in

Large Sores

under each side of her neck; had the attendance of the family physician and other doctors for a long time, but seemed to grow worse. I read of many people cured of scrofula by Hood's Sarsaparilla. As soon as we gave Hood's Sarsaparilla to Clara, she began to get better, and before the first bottle was gone, the sores entirely healed up and there has never been any sign of the disease since. She is a

Healthy Robust Child.

Her grandmother took Hood's Sarsaparilla at the same time, and the salt rheum decreased in its violence and a perfect cure was soon effected. It took about three months for her cure, and she ascribes her good health and strength at her advanced age to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has certainly been a Godsend to my family." Mrs. SOPHIA WOLFE, Zaleski, Ohio.

HOOD'S and only HOOD'S

Diamonds in Favor.

Diamonds are more fashionable than ever. In the evening women are fairly covered with diamonds, and they are worn in the daytime to a great extent. It is by no means uncommon to see ladies out walking with diamonds in their ears, diamond brooches in the strings of their bonnets, and diamond bracelets over their gloves, and even diamond buckles on their shoes. Formerly, moreover, diamonds were only worn by married women. Now, however, young girls wear as many jewels as married women, if they possess them, and at a recent wedding the bride created quite a sensation by exhibiting a glittering array of diamonds in her hair and dress as she walked up to the altar. Rich people give diamonds or plate as wedding presents. Those who are not so rich or less intimate give silver; and, in consequence, the array of silver knickknacks, silver-topped bottles and glasses, and silver utilities and ornaments of all kinds at big weddings is usually quite elaborate enough to make a very fine show for a silversmith's window—whither, no doubt, most of them return as soon as the honeymoon is over.—Philadelphia Times.

POLICEMAN—"Move on, now." Street Boy (after reaching safe distance)—"Yer needn't a-been scared. I wasn't watchin' yeh."—Good News.

OUTWARD bound—Barrels.

SOME shepherds try the hardest to feed the fattest sheep.—Ram's Horn.

THE widow is not always as mournful as she is dressed.—Texas Siftings.

TO SET some people to thinking is to make them miserable.—Galveston News.

WHY did the fly fly? Because the spider spied her.

THE man who lives a solitary life will die a stranger to himself.—Ram's Horn.

IT takes a man of a great deal of push to get a pull these days.—Galveston News.

QUIZZER—"Why is a soldier like a round hole in a rock?" Bizzer—"Because he's drilled."

SOME men write poetry, but a good many more wrong it.—Rockland Tribune.

BOBBY—"Why doesn't the clock strike thirteen, pa?" Papa—"Because, Bobby, it hasn't the face to do it."

YOU often hear a woman say: "It's no use talking," but she don't think so, all the same.—Texas Siftings.

"THEY say that Sullivan is going on the lecture stage." "Well, he ought to make a good expounder."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

IT is not at all strange that parrots should use long words. It is quite natural for a parrot to use polysyllables.

THE woman who is proud of her back hair does not require much urging to play something on the piano.—Boston Transcript.

"MRS. OLIPHANT never touches a pen in the daytime professionally?" Well, neither does the editor of the Jayville Banner.—Rockland Tribune.

An Argument.

Mr. Crusty—No, sir; I think you're a fraud. I don't believe you're blind at all.

The Mendicant—If I wasn't blind, do you think I'd ever ask such a miserly-lookin' cuss as you for anything?—Puck.

Tom—"You look awful blue. I suppose it is because of Miss Maybelle's having rejected you." Cholly—"Yes, I can't help feeling sorry for the poor girl."

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills, 25 cents.

"How do you get along with your new chief of department?" "Oh, only so so. He causes us many sleepless office hours."—La Tribune.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

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TEMPERANCE NOTES.

A DRUNKARD'S INVENTORY.

A hut of logs without a door,
Minus a roof and ditto floor;
A clapboard cupboard without cracks,
Nine children without shoes or tracks,
A wife that has not any bonnet
With ribbon bows and strings upon it,
Scolding and wishing to be dead,
Because she has not any bread.

A tea-kettle without a spout,
A meat-cask with the bottom out,
A "comfort" with the cotton gone,
And not a bed to put it on;
A handle without any ax,
A hackle without wool or flax;
A pot-lid and a wagon hub,
And two ears of a washing tub.

Three broken plates of different kinds,
Some mackerel tails and bacon rinds,
A table without leaves or legs—
One chair and a half dozen pegs;
One oaken keg with hoops of brass,
One tumbler of dark green glass,
A fiddle without any strings,
A gunstock and two turkey wings.

O readers of this inventory,
Take warning by its graphic story:
For little any man expects,
Who wears good shirts with buttons on 'em,
Ever to put on cotton checks,
And only have brass pins to pin 'em!
'Tis, remember, little stitches
Keep the rent from growing great,
When you can't tell beds from ditches,
Warning words will be too late.

—Alice Cary.

WORK OF ALCOHOL.

Vivid Picture of the Terrible Ravages It Makes on the Human System.

"In the dead house of the Philadelphia hospital two hundred and fifty bodies were recently dissected and their contents analyzed. Not quite 1 per cent. had normal kidneys. In 60 per cent. the stomach was inflamed or degenerated. In 60 per cent. the brain was congested or diseased with dropsy, and in 99 per cent. the liver had undergone fatty degeneration. What influences had been at work producing such disorders? What had been done to these bodies during life? They had been used as bottles for the storage of alcohol. Liquors had been poured into them day after day for months and years. Now it was whisky, now it was brandy, now it was gin; now wine, now beer. Few suspected it, but all the time the brain, liver, stomach and kidneys were becoming vitiated and death was induced.

"No one needs to be told that the use of ardent spirits has a peculiar effect upon the circulation. Few, however, who take it, are aware of the extent of the derangement. I shall let Joseph Cook, the famous Boston lecturer, tell of the results of his investigations. Alcohol, he reminds us, has such affinity for water that it absorbs the fluid elements in the albumen, and leaves it leathery and hard. Pour alcohol on the white of an egg—what happens? It gradually thickens, and at length you can take it out with your fingers or on the end of a rod. The alcohol has drained it of its water, leaving only a tough coagulated mass. The same process is carried on inside of the body, upon the introduction of alcohol in any large quantity. The albuminous or glue-like substances are hardened. And then what? That paralyzes the small nerves, producing arterial relaxation and deranging the circulation. Then the heart begins to beat with unusual rapidity, then the face is flushed with that reddening which is not, as some think, a sign of health, but an indication of disease. The permanent flush on the face of a drunkard indicates a permanent injury of the blood vessels.

"The liver, the stomach, the kidneys, the circulation and the heart, are all injuriously affected by the use of alcohol.

"Joseph Cook has also something to say of its disastrous effects upon the blood. It injures it by changing the color of the chemical composition of its corpuscles. The red disks are distorted in shape by its action and under the microscope one can see a sprout protruding itself from the side of the corpuscle. Dr. Harriman, an expert, has been repeatedly called before juries, and says that a certain peculiar sprout is plainly visible hanging from the corpuscle, and he never saw it save in the veins of a confirmed drunkard. It has also been discovered that the physical effects of alcoholism in the blood closely resemble those of leprosy.

"The action of alcoholism on the brain should also be accentuated. Every physician knows that when the brain substance is placed in alcohol it loses its water and becomes more firm and solid. What does this mean? The nerve matter is robbed of its mobility, it must lose its power to throw off the waste matter which comes its way. As it hardens it absorbs what it should reject, and the result is disease and death.

"Alcohol, too, has a local affinity for the brain. Lead fastens first upon the muscles of the wrist, producing what is known among painters as a 'wrist-drop.' Iodine seizes upon the lymphatic glands, mercury upon the salivary glands and mouth; oil of tobacco paralyzes the heart. The local affinity of alcohol, like that of opium, prussic acid, belladonna, is for the brain. That is the place it first affects, to which it rushes at once. There is a case on record in which the brain liquid of a man who died in intoxication, on being put into a spoon over a lighted candle, took fire and burned with a lambent blue flame. Do you think this is a fact to be pooh-poohed? The organ of the mind saturated in alcohol and extending it. The temple of the spirit running rivers of vitiating and ill-smelling liquor! Is there nothing horrible in that? And to think that the watery substance in your brain would ignite and burn if brought in contact with fire. It is the brain, too, that enables a man to think. Deteriorate the brain and you deteriorate the thought and you deteriorate the man. Deteriorate the man and you deteriorate society.

"From the brain the transition is easy and natural to the nervous system of which it is the upper extremity. The latter part of this century has witnessed an alarming increase in the number of the insane. From 1870 to 1885 the population increased 3% per cent. During the same period the insane increased 94 per cent., or almost three times as much. I am not intending to hold alcoholism alone responsible for this state of affairs. Far from it; but some of the most noted physicians in the world do not hesitate to say that intemperance is one of the principal causes of insanity.

"The tippler's habits, however, do not stop with himself. The laws of heredity transmit the tendency and the consequences of his offspring. Statistics tell a fearful tale. Following Dr. Spitzka, we learn that of seventeen children of drunken fathers observed by Voisen, three were idiots, two confirmed epileptics, one suffered from a congenital spinal disease and the remainder died in early life with convulsions. A few years ago an infant was born in Westfield, N. J., that, when old enough to talk and walk, appeared and acted like an intoxicated person. It could not walk without staggering, or lisp without a strange hiccough. The physicians could do nothing for it. It had been born drunk. And drunk it is to this day, as far as the action of its nerves and muscles is concerned. He is six years old now, but he has all of the phenomena of exhilaration and excitement characteristic of the early stages of intoxication. It is a hopeless case, impossible to cure. He is drunk, naturally drunk, and though he may become a great scholar he will never outgrow this malady.

"The only good thing one can say of alcohol is, that there are times when a small quantity of it will revive the nerves and aid in the process of digestion. Taken habitually, it is the foundation of insanity, derangement of the nervous system and death. These are the products of alcohol, and he who refuses to give it up plays the suicide and murderer. He kills himself, and meanwhile sears with the mark of death the offspring of his loins.—Rev. J. Sanders Reed.

FORTUNES OF LIQUOR DEALERS

Rum Traffic Highly Profitable to All But the Consumer and Those Dependent Upon Him.

There is a world of suggestion in the fact, recently published, that five out of the seventeen large fortunes offered for probate in England last year were left by brewers, and one by a wine merchant. The total sworn value of the seventeen was over sixty-six million dollars. We presume that the proportion of those who have made their wealth out of liquor and beer would be nearly as great in this country as in England. The brewers of this city and its vicinity are notorious, both for the size of their fortunes and for the display which they make of their riches. The profits on beer are enormous. The retailer has a large margin of profit on every glass he sells, and the profits of the brewer or wholesaler are even greater. It is said that a glass of beer which sells for five cents costs the retailer only about one cent. Adulterations and fraudulent measurement adds much to the profits. The only party who is not a gainer in any way by the beer business is the consumer. It is gold in the pocket of the beer maker and poison in the stomach of the beer drinker. It is riches and luxury for the few, and poverty, rags and disease for the many. There is a wide and unfathomable social gulf between the palatial home of the brewery owner up on Fifth avenue and the stale beer dive down in Mulberry street, but in the measure of their moral responsibility the brewer and the dive keeper stand together.—Christian at Work.

The Hereditary Taint.

Of the 4,000 criminals who have passed through the reformatory, 38.7 per cent. were the children of drunken parents, with the probability of 11.1 per cent. to be added, making 49.8 per cent. of the criminals who had been prisoners there the victims of hereditary alcoholism.

VARIOUS NOTES.

THERE are 4,594 liquor saloons in Brooklyn to January 1, 1895.

THE devil may feel proud of his work when he looks at a drunkard's home.—Ram's Horn.

THE Wesleyans of Colone, England, have placed their premises at the disposal of the coroner, to obviate the necessity of holding inquests in saloons.

CANON WILBERFORCE, the eloquent canon of Westminster, wears a piece of blue ribbon in his buttonhole—he is a staunch and enthusiastic temperance advocate.

A GIRL, five years old was arraigned in the Toombs police court last month as a common drunkard. She was found stupidly drunk in Chambers street, and the justice committed her to the Gerry society.

THE vital statistics of Germany show that wine merchants, inn-keepers and retail venders of spirits have a high death rate, especially after thirty years of age, when disease of the kidneys are very common.

STATISTICS have been compiled at Vienna of the quantity of beer drank in 1893, in the entire world. The total for the world, not including Asia and Africa, is 4,50,000,000 gallons, requiring 7,270,000 tons of malt and 82,000 tons of hops.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—The territory of Alaska equals in size the combined area of Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, New Mexico and Montana.

—He—"How well Miss Elderberry carries her age!" She—"But then she has become so accustomed to it, you know.'—Boston Transcript.

—Cleopatra is said to have spoken all the languages used by her subjects, together with Latin and Greek. Altogether she understood eleven or twelve.

—"The smallest book in the world," it seems, has just been produced in Paris. Lots of men who have been trying to square off new year bills have all along thought that they possessed it.—Rockland Tribune.

—Lord Macaulay remembered everything he read, and could not only repeat long extracts from memory, but could give the page on which they were to be found. He knew over a thousand leading historical dates.

—Her Theater Hat.—
She talked through her hat at the show last night,
And a man, who was sitting near by,
Looked up toward the roof with a start, for he thought
'Twas a voice coming out of the sky.
—Detroit Free Press.

—Penny-in-the-slot gas machines have been in use for some time in England, the requisite coin turning on the illumination for a certain period. A new enlargement of their service is now reported from Liverpool, where, in some of the city's hotels, gas fires for guests are on tap through these machines. There is no bell boy to be called and no time lost waiting for his arrival and the subsequent firing up. A gas stove or grate is at hand, and the coin and the match do the rest.

—Rogers and Luttrell were saunterling through the Louvre together, when some ladies accosted the former gentleman. A few words were exchanged, followed by formal bows, and they parted. Luttrell rejoined his friend, saying: "It is a curious thing, one of those ladies came up to me and said, 'Is your name Luttrell?'" "And was it?" said Rogers. This peculiar rejoinder conveyed a sneer—Luttrell was a natural son of Lord Carhampton—that perhaps no other than the mordant tongue of Rogers could have uttered; the only wonder is that it was forgiven.

—Vidocq, the great French detective, had so excellent a memory for names and faces that after having seen a criminal once and learned his name he never forgot him, but would often identify him under the most subtle disguises. A French forger once escaped from custody, went abroad and remained for eleven years. In the meantime he became quite bald and lost an eye and part of his nose in a drunken brawl. Fancying that no one could detect him, he returned to Paris and went boldly about the streets, but, being arrested on suspicion, he was brought before Vidocq, who at once recognized him and sent him back to work out his term.

—This story is told of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, as illustrating very clearly the characteristics of the vigorous English boy who was afterwards to achieve such widespread fame with his pen. When a boy of twelve he went on a voyage with his father, who, becoming desperately seasick, retired to his berth, leaving young Rudyard to his own devices. Presently the poor father heard a tremendous commotion over his head, and down the companionway dashed the boatswain three steps at a time, shouting excitedly: "Mr. Kipling, your boy has crawled out on the yard-arm; if he ever lets go, he'll drown, sure." "Yes," said Mr. Kipling, falling back on his pillow with a sigh of relief, "but he won't let go."—Household Words.

—"The Old Oaken Bucket" was written by Woodworth, a printer, of New York and of almost every other American city. Not far from the printing office where he was employed there was a dram shop which he frequented, and one hot summer afternoon he strolled in there and called for brandy. It was poured out, and as held up the glass he remarked to a brother printer: "There's nothing like that." "Yes, there is," responded the other. "A drink of cool well water from the old oaken bucket that hangs in my father's well." Woodworth went back to the printing office, sat down at a desk and began to write, and in the course of the afternoon finished the song. The music is by Kiallmark and the melody is that written for "Araby's Daughter."

THE PRESS IN TURKEY.

It Is a Mere Name Without Soul or Substance.

In the Ottoman empire the press is not only controlled, but, it would be no exaggeration to say, edited, by the censor. It is only a short time ago that the idea of newspapers was introduced into Turkey. At the present time, however, there are a large number published both in Turkish and Arabic, the most important of which are published in Constantinople and Beyrout. In the latter place there are about fifteen journals, all in Arabic; but they contain little more than eulogistic articles on his imperial majesty, the sultan, and the high officials of the government. No free expression of opinion is allowed. The main reason of this is that the Turkish government is more afraid of the voice of the people—more especially the Arabic-speaking population—than she is of the reproaches, complaints and protests of the nations of the west. Owing to this, the sultan's advisers endeavor, by fair means or otherwise, to stifle the cries of his subjects against oppression and wrong.

The press in Turkey is a mere name without a substance. There is no lack of able writers; but moral courage and self-sacrifice are entirely wanting, and this fact always destroys any chance of progress and success. One or two daring spirits among the editors of the local papers strove to be patriotic at any risk, regardless of possible evil consequences; but, alas! the autocratic power which has for the last six hundred years crushed the soul of enterprise, of ambition, of honor and of glory, crushed them likewise.—Nineteenth Century.

RESPECTED THE DEAD.

How Obed Treesplit Disconcerted a Charivari Party.

Obed Treesplit was a hard shell preacher of Chowan county, N. C., whose skintlint tendencies were so expressed that when his second wife, Nancy, died people did not scruple to declare she was starved to death.

More out of sympathy for the deceased than respect for the husband a large number of neighbors gathered at the funeral, which was held in the quaint old Dutch-roofed home that had been handed down to him by his father. After a long sermon by a Perquimans county divine of the same faith as Obed, Nancy was laid away in a spot in the garden that had been used for a century and more as a family burial ground.

Obed was sixty, but rugged. He owned a thousand acres of land and fifty likely slaves, to say nothing of horses, cattle and sheep. Yet, such was his meanness that the neighbors universally decided he would never be able to find another woman who would consent to take Nancy's place.

Now it is possible for a community to be united in opinion and yet be altogether wrong. It proved so at least in this case. Nancy was deposited Sunday and on the following morning Obed, who remained in his shirt sleeves, for it was June weather, with but a single "homespun gallus" for his "tow-cloth" breeches, mounted a saddleless blind mule, the other "critters" being in the field, and rode over to the Widow Stilton's, who lived on the river bottom about a mile away. Her daughter, Mary Ann, a likely looking girl of twenty-one, was hoeing a patch of corn that grew in front of the house.

Pulling up his mule and pushing back his ragged rye-straw hat he spoke to her across the intervening rail fence:

"Mawnin', Ma'Ann; I wuz kinder lonesome an' I've rid over ter ax yer ter mahry me."

"La, elder," simpered the girl, drawing her sunbonnet down over her eyes, "Ain' Nancy's ——"

"Look er yere, Nancy's es dead es she'll ever be. We mought wait a ye'r an' she'd be no deader. You jis' let her alone an' min' me. The Widder Stokely's got niggers 'n' land 'n' you hain' nawthin'. She's higherbout es pooty as you, ef she bain' quite es young, 'n' she'll hev me without axin'. Ef you mean yes git on this yere mule ahint me an' we'll ride over to Squar' Besum's an' git splieed. Never min' axin' yer ma; you's of age."

"But the license, Elder," demanded the prudent Mary Ann, as she dropped her hoe and proceeded to mount the fence, while Obed drew the animal near so that she might climb on.

"O, I reckoned you moughtn't make no 'bjection, so I jis' drove over ter Edenton 'n' got that yisterday."

"La, Elder," simpered Mary Ann as she took her seat behind him and put her arms around his fat waist, her bare feet beating a rub-a-dub against the flank of the mule.

When the good people of the neighborhood learned of the wedding many were the indignant protests that were made and that night along about 10 o'clock a very large number of men gathered about the house to express their sentiments in a befitting manner.

None of the usual accompaniments of a country charivari were wanting; in fact, a number of additional noise-makers were added in order to emphasize the proceedings. There were old flint-and-steel muskets and horse pistols galore, a big anvil which the boys charged and fired at intervals, tin and conch horns, and every available sound-producing appliance. Nor were there lacking vocal expressions of contempt; in fact, each neighbor vied with the other in declaring in the intervals of clamor and clangor the various meannesses of Obed, especially dilating upon the treatment accorded his late wife.

Matters went on this way for an hour or more when, finally, an upper window was raised and Obed's gray head appeared. Immediately the gathering became hushed as the voice of Obed sounded out:

"Say, boys, I haint 'xpectin' you'll be quiet on my account, but jis' have some respec' fer Nancy. Jis' think of it, boys, she's bur'ed under thet clump er red cedars yander, right in hearin' distance."—Chicago Tribune.

Ahead of Time.

If ever the North Pole shall be reached, the adventurous spirits who get there will find that they have actually outstripped Father Time; in fact, he will have given up the race entirely, for at the northern and southern extremities of the earth's axis there is no fixed time of day at all. The only point of the compass is north or south. The sun rises and sets only once a year. At any moment it can be noon or midnight, breakfast time or supper time, work time or play time, whatever one likes. Clocks will be a fraud and a delusion, for at the pole all degrees of longitude converge into one, and therefore all times. The possibilities of such a position are endless. Not only the clocks, but the calendars as well, will be out of gear. It can be, at will, yesterday or to-day. There, at any rate, instead of being like the poor inhabitants of lower latitudes, the slaves of time, the tables will be turned, and we shall be its masters.—Youth's Companion.

Taken by Surprise.

Belle—And so you have accepted Harry. And you always laughed at the idea of marrying him.

Nellie—I know it. But when he proposed I was all taken aback and I exclaimed: "Do you take me for a fool?" And he said: "No, I want you for myself." It so astonished me that he should say anything so bright that I said "Yes" before I knew what I was doing.—Boston Transcript.

Unrped Fashions.

"If there's anything I dislike," said one citizen, "it's to see a man effeminate in his attire."

"It is unpleasant," was the reply; "and yet about the only way for him to keep from being so these days is to put on petticoats."—Life.

CHRISTIANIZED INDIANS.

Religious Ceremonies of the Pueblos in Honor of Their Patron Saint.

The Pueblo Indians are prudent and self-sustaining. They are Christianized and have a patron saint, St. Geronimo (St. Jerome). The Pueblo village is on both sides of a creek that flows down from the Sangre De Christo range and joins the Rio Grande several miles below Taos village. This creek supplies water to irrigate their lands, and as it is a never failing source, their crops are always abundant. There is a pueblo on either side of the creek, and a friendly spirit of rivalry exists between the occupants of the two. These pueblos each contain a population of four hundred or five hundred Indians. They are built of adobe, several stories high and divided into houses for families. They have an image of their patron saint, and the custody of this image is supposed to bring with it a train of special blessings to that pueblo where it is housed. The choice of the council and the custody of the image are determined by a foot race on St. Jerome day, September 30, and the victorious pueblo has undisputed possession of the offices and the image until the next 30th of September. About thirty contestants from each pueblo are chosen for the race, which is run over a course of one-eighth of a mile over the public road. Four judges, two from either faction, are stationed at each end of the course, and fifteen runners from each pueblo are placed at either end, so that sixty men are stripped for the race at once. At a signal one runner from each side starts for the opposite end of the course, where two others are anxiously awaiting their arrival, each hoping his ally may gain a few yards over his antagonist. The instant the foremost runner crosses the line a runner belonging to his faction starts away for the opposite goal, while his competitor is compelled to await the arrival of his coadjutor. It requires considerable time for thirty pairs of runners to cover the one-eighth mile course and excitement runs high, and with any people of less stoicism than an Indian these races would be liable to end in fights. After the race is over, upon which such vital interests hinge, the balance of the day is passed in friendly games that always include the greased pig and greased pole and many such games as afford amusement at our eastern fairs. St. Geronimo day always attracts a crowd and the thrifty Pueblos gather wealth by sale of Indian trinkets. The ceremonies of the celebration of St. Geronimo day really begin at sundown on the 29th of September, when a procession of men and women march through the town, each person carrying a green branch, all chanting or intoning some unintelligible words and dancing in front of the church, where they deposit the boughs about the image of the saint. On the morning of saint's day the image is deposited in the church to abide the event of the day's race, after which the successful contestants take it into their keeping and expect the special blessings attendant upon its possession. The fleetest runners are chosen from each pueblo, and the speed would astonish many professional pedestrians.—Troy Times.

BONAPARTE'S POVERTY.

The Noble Bankrupt's Sad Experience in Paris.

When Bonaparte reached Paris on May 21, 1792, there was a poor outlook for a suppliant bankrupt in funds and nearly so in reputation; but he was undaunted, and his application was made without the loss of a moment. A new minister of war had been appointed but a few days before—there were six changes in that office during as many months, and the assistant now in charge of the artillery seemed favorable to the request. For a moment he thought of restoring the suppliant to his position, but events were marching too swiftly, and demands more urgent jostled aside the claims of an obscure lieutenant with a shady character. Bonaparte at once grasped the fact that he could win his cause only by patience or by importunity, and began to consider how he could arrange for a prolonged stay in the capital. His scanty resources were already exhausted, but he found Bourrienne, a former school-fellow at Brienne, in equal straits, waiting like himself for something to turn up. Over their meals in a cheap restaurant on the Rue St. Honore they discussed various means of gaining a livelihood and seriously contemplated a partnership in subletting apartments. But Bourrienne very quickly obtained the post of secretary in the embassy of Stuttgart, so that his comrade was left to make his struggle alone by pawning what few articles of value he possessed.—Prof. Sloane, in Century.

Looking for a Medium Job.

An elderly, lank negro, with a small tuft whisker on his chin, entered the mayor's office recently with a petition bearing several hundred names, in which the mayor was asked to give the person mentioned a suitable job in the department of public works. Dan'l, the mayor's messenger, presented the man to the mayor, and the petition was unrolled on the mayor's desk. "Well," said the mayor, "what kind of a job do you want?" "Well, sah, I'll jess leave dat to you," said the negro, cheerfully. "I ain't natchally namin' it, sah; but any kin' er mejum job 'll do, sah; jess mejum. I ain't fon' er liftin', sah, 'cause my back ain't no good. So jess a mejum job, sah; jess mejum." The mayor said he thought Mr. Brookfield might have some medium places, and told the man to go see him. The petition was then borne proudly out and across Chambers street.—N. Y. Sun.

So Good of Him.

"There, my love," said the young husband, as he placed a large bundle on the table, "I've bought you a pair of sleeves."

"Oh, you darling!" exclaimed the delighted wife. "I'm so happy! Anything will do for a dress."—N. Y. Press.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Amusements we have outgrown are called follies.—Fliegende Blatter.

—The more you puff a cigar the smaller it becomes; and that is the case with some men.—Household Words.

—The Rabbi Libettus Commiactus was the master of twelve languages, all of which he spoke with the utmost fluency.

—Robbins—"Higbee is drinking as much as ever. I thought he turned over a new leaf?" Kellogg—"He did; but I guess he lost his place."—Life.

—Judge—"What made you turn burglar?" Tramp—"I am so fat that people refused to give me food."—Fliegende Blatter.

—More or Less.—Cardley—"Young Flushkins is a chip off the old block." Pokerton—"Yes. A red or a blue one?"—Detroit Free Press.

—A Chilly Subject.—Reporter—"I have got a poem about 'The Beautiful Snow.'" Editor—"Well, put it on the steam radiator to thaw out."—Texas Siftings.

—Used to Worse.—Stranger—"This smell, I suppose, comes from your stock yards?" Postoffice Employe (out for a holiday)—"Smell? What smell?"—Chicago Tribune.

—Helen—"Didn't you have a picture at the exhibition last week?" Brushes—"Yes; how did you know it?" Helen—"I saw there was one that every person passed without noticing."—Inter Ocean.

—Mr. Fuller Maitland, in his book on German composers, tells of a lady who, on hearing from Goldmark that he was the composer of "The Queen of Sheba," remarked, "Dear me—that must be a most lucrative post!"

—"But you love me," persisted the India Rubber Man. "Yes," faltered the Circassian Girl. "Then let us proclaim ourselves one." "No, Horatio; it is better thus. There is no money in the Siamese any more."—Puck.

—At the Breakfast Table.—Landlady—"Well, I must do something to keep the wolf from the door." Boarder—"I don't know that it is altogether necessary. Let him come in and tackle one of your breakfasts, and I don't think he'll ever trouble you again."—Detroit Free Press.

—Doctor—"What! drinking beer again, contrary to my strict orders? Didn't I tell you that every glass was a nail in your coffin?" "I can't give it up, doctor; that's a fact, and so I have been saying to myself: 'What does it matter when you are dead and gone if your coffin looks like a hedgehog?'"—Household Words.

—In the Operating Room.—"Great guns, how that razor hurts!" cried the patient. The barber paused and ran a thumb nail critically along the instrument's edge. "Aw, no," he cheerfully answered, "it is not ze razzer zat hurts, it is ze face." And he passed on to the next operating table, leaving the head nurse to complete the dressings.—Rockland Tribune.

—Strained and Unnatural.—The wife of a New York bank cashier remarked at the supper table: "Have you read the late novel by Willkins Jones?" "Haven't read it." "Well, there is a cashier of a bank in it just like you. He is honest and faithful and does not run off with his employer's money." "That's the way it is with those novelists. They are so unnatural and improbable in their descriptions of men." N. B.—Since the above was written the cashier has disappeared and an examination of his books shows a large shortage.—Texas Siftings.

ENGLISH PECULIARITIES.

Strange Mementos of the Past Preserved in London.

Nothing impresses an American in London more oddly than the number of mementos of past ages, picturesque and grotesque, which meet him at every turn, and which have been preserved not for any great or noble association, but simply because they recall "old times."

In a narrow passageway in the most busy part of the old city, where at noon solid masses of human beings struggle to pass each other, the stranger, glancing down to the level of his knees, sees the grotesque figure of a boy, erected after the Gordon riots, to show how far the great fire extended.

In an obscure little lane near Smithfield, another figure points out Cock Lane, famous only for a supposed ghost which scared all London a hundred years ago.

In the foundation of a church is the ancient stone, which in the days of the Romans stood in the exact center of London, and from which all measurements throughout the kingdom were made. It was to the Romans, the Saxons and the Normans the sacred vital point of the island, cor coelium, and is still regarded by many modern Londoners with a mysterious awe.

A ludicrous illustration of the respect paid by the English to the past is a venerable he-goat that still wanders uncontrolled up and down Piccadilly, even penetrating, it is said, the sacred precincts of St. James' palace when her majesty is in residence.

It belonged to a certain eccentric nobleman, whose vices and good humor made him an object of popular interest. He has been dead many years, but his protege, the goat, is still a public pet, luxuriously fed and quartered and given the right of way everywhere.

Between the palaces of the Duke of Devonshire and the Earl of Lonsdale runs a narrow walled passage used as a thoroughfare from one street to another.

Half way down this walk the pedestrian runs against a stake driven firmly into the ground which he passes with difficulty. He is told that two centuries ago a highwayman, on a fleet horse, infested this passage, robbing foot passengers. He was caught and hanged, and the stake was driven into the ground to prevent the horse of any other "gentleman of the road" from escaping that way. It never seems to have occurred to any Londoner apparently that it is no longer needed.

The Englishman in his regard for precedent seems ridiculous in our eyes, and we in our contempt for old usages appear irreverent in his.

Both are right—and both wrong.—Youth's Companion

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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REMITTANCES:

Remittances made by money order, postal note, registered letter or bank draft will be at our risk, if made otherwise, at the risk of the sender. Address,

THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1895.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first insertion* of the same:

Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $3; County Commissioner, $2.50; Register of Wills, $2.50; County Surveyor, $1.50.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention. Let the old soldiers have a chance.

W. M. LOHR.

Cove, Md., March 11, 1895.

WE HAVE just got rid of a billion dollar Congress but still have a President who hunts ducks at government expense.

HONEST Uncle Sam is able to hold his head up again since Congress has enabled him to pay his just dues and honest liabilities to our sugar producers.

Disappointment of Jerry Simpson.

The sockless Jerry Simpson, who received notice from his constituents last November that his services would be dispensed with on the following March 4, is not only an imitation statesman out of a job, but he has failed to secure an engagement with any of the established bureaus for a lecturing tour. This must be a bitter pill for Jerry to swallow. He thought that his record as a Congressional freak would provide him at least with one lecturing tour at a comfortable number of dollars per night. The lecture managers, who can gauge the public taste pretty accurately, know that there is no demand for Mr. Simpson's oratory. The people are not disposed to pay money to hear Jerry Simpson lecture any more than they were to see W. C. P. Breckinridge attempt to brazen it out on the platform. He can not "go back to law practice," which is the usual way of describing an ex-congressman's return to private life. He has no law practice. He can go back to his home at Medicine Lodge, Kan., and look after his farming and stock raising. If he finds this sort of life too tame, after his four years with the wild horses at Washington, he can go back to the Great Lakes and be a sailor again, where his 23 years of experience would be useful. Anything but the lecture platform for sockless Jerry

The Cash System.

A change is taking place in the business method of the country, which, while slow and gradual, is at the same time sure, and its consummation will mark a new era in business procedure.

The careful observer has not failed to note the decline of the credit system, and how the business world is slowly but surely veering around to a cash basis. This gradual metamorphosis, while not so startling or fast as to cause much comment, is nevertheless a reality, and will be hailed with delight by a large class of tradesmen who are obliged to give credit for no other reason than it is the universal custom. It ought to be greeted with pleasure by the people themselves who think they are the beneficiaries of the present system. But are they? On the same principle that the big wholesale house gives a certain per cent. off for cash, the retail dealer likewise will always sell a little closer to the man or woman who always pays cash down.

The extent to which the credit system has heretofore been conducted has done more harm to the country at large, the merchants, and even the customers themselves, than anything we know of, and its disintegration will herald the dawn of a brighter day for all concerned. More failures have been caused by "bad debts" than for anything else, and more "dead beats" and dishonest men have been evolved by the credit system than in any other way. The most distressing feature of the whole matter is that the honest, upright citizen has to pay for the dishonesty and bad debts of his unscrupulous neighbors. The merchant who loses $200 or $300 a year by trusting is bound to get part of it back in some way, and the poor fellow who pays cash has to plank down a few cents more on every article he buys to help make up for the long line of figures charged to profit and loss on the merchant's ledger. So it is a losing game all around,

Of course, there are occasions when in business transactions it becomes necessary to do a credit business on both sides, when both the dealer and customer are creditor and debtor alternately, but this is the exception. The average man whom the dealer never owes will find it much more to his advantage never to buy a thing that is not paid for at the time of its purchase. He won't buy as much, and will have more cash in his jeans at the end of the month. The merchant likewise will be benefited by the cash system, in more ways than one. He will have no lawyers to fee for collecting old debts, no bookkeeper to pay and the cares and perplexities of his business will be reduced to a minimum.

Speed then the day when everybody will pay cash, and when there will be plenty of cash to pay with. It can't come any too soon. Do your part to hurry it along.

Have We a National Anthem?

A correspondent of the New York *World* draws the conclusion that if we have a national air it is not "The Star Spangled Banner" because "a national air is one which all the nation knows." This correspondent then discusses the question in this wise:

But if "The Star Spangled Banner" is not our national air it is a question whether we have one. "Hail Columbia" is not musically beautiful, and as a poem it will not do. "Yankee Doodle" is musical but trivial. Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" was displaced by "John Brown's Body," but this and "Marching Through Georgia" and the popular "Dixie" are not national but sectional. They are reminders of civil war and so not acceptable.

Other countries are better off. England has her "God Save the Queen." Germany has "Die Wacht am Rhein." When France is a republic she has "La Marseillaise." Italy has her national hymn. Russia and Mexico have beautiful national hymns.

It will be noticed that nothing is said here about Dr. Samuel Francis Smith's majestic lines beginning—

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing!"

It cannot be charged that as a poem the words will not pass muster; that it is sectional, or that it is a reminder of civil war. But it is true that the tune is not distinctive. The English use it for their "God Save the Queen," and we have simply borrowed it. The measure is the same as Henry Carey's patriotic song, written early in the eighteenth century, and beginning—

"God save our gracious king!
Long live our noble king!
God save the king!"

And which only needs the change from "king" to "queen" to adapt it to the sex of any English monarch.

However, Dr. Smith's poem is thoroughly American. Let some American composer give us a distinctively American air to which it can be sung.

Communicated.

To the Editor of the Republican.

The *Democrat* last week in an editorial says of its party, "We do not believe the party is dead as do some others who have lost faith in the old ship," Friend *Democrat*, if your party is not as dead as Julius Cæsar, it has entered upon a very long sleep, from which the American people will not be anxious to awaken it for a generation at least. Dead, very dead; killed by the ballots of the sovereign people of the United States Nov. 6, 1894. Dead and buried as the old Welsh woman proposed to bury the devil—face downward so that the more he dug the deeper he would get. Dead, and the American people will lose precious little if it is buried beyond resurrection.

Again, "Our party is too deeply rooted in the hearts of the honest people of this land to be lightly laid aside for another Republican experiment." That there are honest people in the dishonest Democratic party, we frankly admit. That a majority of the honest people of the country are in that party we do not think. That the editor of the *Democrat* believes himself that the principles of the Democratic party are for the best interests of the honest people we positively deny. Read the history of that party. While it is true that more people voted the Democratic ticket than ever in the history of the country, they were deceived into doing so by the promises of Democratic papers and stump speakers. It was an experiment—one that the people will not try again, for some time at least. In 1892 a great many honest people were deceived. They have had Cleveland's object lesson. It was a costly one, but having found out how voting the Democratic ticket brought such dire distress to the best interests of the country last fall, they were honest enough to hasten to undo as much as possible the mischief that had been done. They were deceived into voting for that party whose leaders have proved themselves so incompetent that many Democrats thanked God and took courage when their Congress, which will go down into history as the most incompetent, the most blundering and contemptible that has ever disgraced any civilized country, adjourned *sine die*. What a record! Even the *Democrat* does not point to it with pride. Pledges violated! The Fifty-second and Fifty-third Congresses were the most extravagant in our country's history, although pledged to economy. Look at its treatment of the old soldier. What a grand thing for the great party of reform, or rather deform, if its record could be obliterated from the history of the country and from the hearts and minds of the "honest people." The people have had their object lesson and do not want it repeated. Is it any wonder that Mr. Hennessey, a Democratic member of the New York legislature, should introduce the following in the New York assembly: "Resolved, That the legislature of the State of New York congratulates the people of the United States upon their release from the menace to popular progress and general prosperity which existed while the Fifty-third Congress had the power to make the laws for the nation." We are told that when the speaker's gavel fell and the destructible work of the Fifth-third Congress was at an end the members of the press stood up in the press gallery and sang "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." No wonder the American people rejoiced when this party of great promise and so little performance of what was beneficial to the American people, went out of existence. Even the Democratic New York *Times*, of last Monday, speaks of the great deform Congress as "Ignoble and impotent" and declares its infamous record to be a disgrace to America, and ends the article by saying "The people of the United States should unite in devout thanksgiving to the God of nations when this scourge is lifted from them at noon to-day." The Democratic New York *Sun* characterizes it as the Congress of dishonor, which has adopted populism and brought wide-spread disaster upon the nation.

No, friend *Democrat*, you might just as well undertake the herculean task of making the people of Garrett believe free wool is beneficial as to try to make them believe that the Republican party relies more on craftiness than general principle. The cause of liberty is in no danger unless it comes from that party which has so often robbed the people at the polls by a dishonest election and which even now is trying to rob the sovereign people of Tennessee of the victory they justly and rigtly won last fall. With fair elections there would be no solid south, and the Democratic party would be in power "never more." Liberty is not in danger by the success of the Republican party — that party which was rocked in the cradle of liberty, which struck the shackles from the limbs of the colored race and made the word liberty have a true meaning; but as we look at the record of the Democratic party we are led to exclaim with Madame Roland, "O Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!" Give the people a free ballot and a fair count and they will take care of their liberty, and until they have that the work of the grand old Republican party, the party of progress, the party of equal rights to all and special privileges to none, is not done. HOOSIER.

Swanton, March 11. 1895.

Grantsville.

In season—maple taffy.

The initial flow of maple sap has been a light one. Not much sugar has been made yet; enough, however, to supply the palate's present desire for the delectable sweet.

Rev. Enlow's and Baker Johnson's families are afflicted by whooping-cough.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Stanton's child died of a somewhat mysterious ailment, supposed to have resulted from a fall from a chair, which occurred several weeks previous to its death. Three physicians had been in attendance. Funeral services and interment took place on Saturday last, Rev. Enlow officiating.

Preparatory services Saturday afternoon and evening and communion services on Sunday at 10 a. m. were held by the Ev. Lutheran congregation at this place.

We are informed that a society of Christian Endeavor is to be organized—or has been organized since being informed—under the auspices of the Ev. Lutheran congregation, with the aid and co-operation of their German Reform brethren. The M. E. congregation organized an Epworth League some time ago. Those organizations organized and conducted from a motive and spirit having their source in the Fountain of Living Water, will do much good but I will take this opportunity and liberty to utter a warning. If they are the products of desires to increase a visible church and to appear respectable, as did the Pharisees, who delighted to stand praying on the corners of the streets, to be seen and praised of men, instead of humble, sincere and earnest desire to increase the number of worshipers, in spirit and in truth, of the true and living God, then I say the labors will be for the arch enemy of humanity—satan. Him we worship by whose spirit we are led to it. We either gather or scatter for the Master, so if we merely try to appear as and profess to be Christians we are as wolves in sheep's clothing or as spirits of evil in the guise of angels of light. I believe that many an infidel got his unbelief through the influence of the hypocrisy and faithlessness of professors of religion. Mark, friend whosoever you may be, responsibility for the lives of others rests upon us to the extent of our influence. We write this with the intention of urging our friends to earnest endeavors and sincerity in this matter, and to endeavor to impress upon all the great danger of hypocrisy and profession of religion for fashion or respectability's sake. The finis to this and our motto is, "Charity toward all; malice to none."

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending March 16th, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Silas Smith, L. H. Halterman,
Mrs. Chas. A. Combs, Mrs. Elizabeth Hason.

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

COURT PROCEEDINGS.

Second Week's Grind of Justice in the Circuit Court.

The second week of the March term of the Circuit Court began on Monday. Since our last issue the following cases have been disposed of:

APPEALS.

No. 5. John Barnes vs. Smith Browning; assumpsit; appeal from Justice Hoye; trial before the court; judgment in favor of the appellee affirmed; Sincell & Hamill for appellant; Peddicord for appellee.

No. 6. John Barnes vs. Speicher & Nethkin; assumpsit; appeal from Justice Hoye; trial before the court; judgment in favor of appellee affirmed; Sincell & Hamill for appellant; Peddicord for appellee.

No. 8. John Barnes vs. Speicher & Nethken; assumpsit; trial before the court; judgment in favor of the appellee affirmed; Sincell & Hamill for appellant; Peddicord for appellee.

No. 9. Ida C. Creutzburg et al. vs. John Shaffer; claimant of property; jury trial; verdict for the appellant; Sincell & Hamill—Peddicord.

No. 10. R. I. Anderson vs. C. B. Cropp; settled; each party to pay his own costs; Peddicord—Hamill.

No. 11. C. B. Cropp, garnishee, vs. R. I. Anderson; tried before the court; judgment in favor of the appellee affirmed; Mitchell for appellant—Peddicord for appellee.

No. 12. John Noon vs. James Reynolds; tried before the court and held sub curia; Peddicord—Hamill.

TRIALS.

No. 21. Alice Davis vs. B. Hughes & Co.; assumpsit; trial before the court; verdict for plaintiff for $263.04.

No. 22. D. E. Offutt vs. John T. Davis; attachment; trial before the court and held sub curia; Hamill—Peddicord.

No. 24. B. Hughes & Co. vs. John T. Davis; damages for breach of contract; trial before the court; verdict for the plaintiff for $121.46; Peddicord—Hamill.

No. 25. D. E. Offutt vs. B. Hughes & Co, garnishees of Davis; plea nulla bona; held sub curia; Hamill—Peddicord.

No. 32. Richard Custer vs. John Edmonds; malicious prosecution; jury trial; verdict for the plaintiff; Peddicord—Sincell & Semmes.

No. 35. J. S. Silcox vs. Joseph Martin; false imprisonment; jury trial; verdict for the defendant; Peddicord—Hamill & Semmes.

No. 47. C. R. Savage et al, vs. John Barnes; slander; jury trial; verdict for plaintiff $450; Gordon & Peddicord—Hamill & Sincell.

No. 52. H. Callis vs. M. E. Wilburn; assumpsit; trial before the court; judgment for the plaintiff $113.84; Peddicord—Hamill.

No. 53. H. Callis vs. M. E. Wilburn; debt; trial before the court; judgment for the plaintiff for $180.30; Peddicord—Hamill.

No. 54. J. B. Holderbaum vs. Samuel Falkner, garnishee of J. H. Conneway; judgment of condemnation for $75; Mitchell—Peddicord.

No. 55. W. H. Paugh vs. Wm. Sharpless; malicious prosecution; jury trial; verdict for the defendant under instruction of the court. Peddicord—Semmes & Hamill.

No. 56. William Paugh vs. John Sharpless; non pros by order of plaintiff's attorney; Peddicord — Hamill & Semmes.

No. 57. William H. Paugh vs. W. S. Sharpless; non pros by order of plaintiff's attorney; Peddicord—Hamill & Semmes.

No. 61. J. H. C. Getty vs. E. Z. Tower, executor; removed to Allegany county on motion of the plaintiff; Deyeemon—Peddicord.

No. 67. F. P. Arnold vs. A. W. Dennett; judgment in favor of plaintiff for $104.19; Hamill—Peddicord.

CRIMINAL APPEARANCES.

No. 24. State vs. William Clice; liquor without license; submitted to the court on plea of guilty and fined twenty dollars and costs.

No. 25. State vs. William Clice; liquor without license; plea of guilty and fined twenty dollars and costs.

No. 46. State vs. Robert Male; larceny; jury trial; verdict not guilty; Hamill—Peddicord.

No. 56. State vs. John Noon; ignored; Hamill.

State vs. James Reynolds; ignored; Hamill.

Attention, Farmers.

The farmers of Garrett county are respectfully requested to meet in Callis's Hall at Mt. Lake Park depot on next Saturday, the 16th inst., at 1 o'clock p. m., to organize The Garrett County Agricultural Society, and transact such other business of interest as may be presented to them. All farmers are earnestly requested to be present. COMMITTEE.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 506 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 13TH DAY OF APRIL, 1895,

at the hour of 2.30 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Md., offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. Two of said county—bounded on the east and north by land of Levi C. Fike and on the south by land of John W. Savage and on the west by land of Henry Thomas, and being the same land that was conveyed to Christian F. Fike by G. S. Hamill and wife by deed dated Oct. 8, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 15, folio 312, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1892 and 1893, as is charged to Christian F. Fike on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforegoing statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Section 51 and 52 of Chapter 506 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 13TH DAY OF APRIL, 1895,

at the hour of 2.45 p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. Four of said Garrett county, containing 111 acres and being part of the tract of land called "Pea Patch," and being the same land that was conveyed to Charles A. Wilt by Michael Gleeson et al, by deed dated Dec. 29th, 1892, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 20, folio 25, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Md.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to Charles A. Wilt on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 506, of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 13TH DAY OF APRIL, 1895,

at the hour of three o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all the coal and other mineral underlying all those certain tracts or parcels of land constituting the residue of the tract of land called "Addition to Paradise," containing 808 acres, and also all the coal and other mineral underlying that other tract of land called "Beechwood," containing 41 11-16 acres, together with the right to enter upon said tracts of land to dig, mine and take away the coal and other minerals underlying same and the right to construct ways and railways or to excavate openings upon said land, or to dig or sink shafts, or to do and perform all such other acts as may be necessary or proper for the purpose of digging, mining or removing the coal or other minerals from under and off of said land.

The lands above referred to are situate in Election District No. Eight of said Garrett county, and the minerals underlying same, with all the rights appertaining thereto were sold and conveyed to the Bayard Coal & Coke Company by William Whitmer and wife, by deed dated Jan. 21th, 1886, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 20, folio 381, etc., one of Land Records of Garrett county, to which deed reference is made.

Said minerals, with all rights appertaining thereto will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to the Bayard Coal & Coke Co. on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and the costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 506 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

Saturday, the 13th Day of April, 1895,

at the hour of 2.15 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer at public sale and sell to the highest bidder for cash, all those pieces of land situate in Election District No. Seven of said Garrett county, known and described as Lot (No. 123) One Hundred and Twenty-three in the town of Lake View, as laid out by the Lake View Land and Banking Association, near Mountain Lake Park, Md.; also Two Acres and Twenty Perches of another tract situate near the above described piece of land, both of said pieces or lots of land are fully described and are the same pieces or parcels of land that were conveyed to J. Frank Burley, trustee, by James C. Peddicord, trustee, by deed dated May 1st, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 14, folio 668, one of the Land Records for said Garrett county.

Said lands will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893, as is charged to J. Frank Burley, trustee, on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

51—6.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 506 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 13TH DAY OF APRIL, 1895,

at the hour of 3.15 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. Four of said Garrett county, containing 26 acres and being a part of a tract of land called "Music," and being the same land that was sold to Max Livingston by A. Hunter Boyd as attorney named in two mortgages from Daniel O'Connell to Julius J. Livingston and which sale is reported in No. 374 Equity in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Md.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to Max Livingston on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

Save Your Money.

One box of Tutt's Pills will save many dollars in doctors' bills They will surely cure all diseases of the stomach, liver or bowels.

No Reckless Assertion

For sick headache, dyspepsia, malaria, constipation and biliousness, a million people endorse

TUTT'S Liver PILLS

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Neuralgia, Troubles, Constipation, Bad Blood Malaria, Nervous ailments Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and Book—free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

Scratching and Swearing

only increase the irritation and heat the blood. What the skin needs is a cooling, healing application that brings comfort to body and mind, and which at the same time has strength enough to penetrate a clogged skin and to dissolve the scales of Eczema and Dandruff.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

is the only perfect preparation of this kind. It will cure Eczema, Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Dandruff, Itching Piles, Ring Worm, Pimples, Blotches and other diseases of the skin. Sometimes it will cure in a few days—sometimes it takes longer—but the cure is certain and permanent. There is no question about it. It has been proven times without number.

50 cents—all drug stores.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head and all inflammation of the nasal passages—50c.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., March 5, 1895.

There will be a meeting of the County Commissioners of Garrett county held at their office in Oakland on

Monday, March 18th, 1895,

For the purpose of transacting any business that may come before them.

Thursday, March 21st, is the day set to hear objections to Examiners' return in road case No. 125 on road docket.

By order of the board,

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN, SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26*

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett County, to view the lands through which a public county road, leading from the North Glade school house and church through the lands of John L. Fitzwater, R. Beekman, Emma McKoble and others, to intersect the Wilson road at the old Engman place, and examine whether the said public road should be located, will meet on the 18th day of April, 1895, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said public road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
I. Z. BROWNING,
Examiners.

1—3t.

To the Farmers of Garrett County.

We are informed that several prominent and successful farmers of this county are taking an active part in organizing an Agricultural Society, and that a meeting of all the farmers has been called to meet in the Callis Hall at Mt. Lake Park depot on next Saturday, the 16th inst., at 2 o'clock p. m. This is certainly a move in the right direction, and every farmer who desires to better his condition or loves his county should certainly be present. Don't let anything but sickness keep you away. We have been in a majority of the states of this Union and we have never yet visited any county in any state where the stock, the farms and the roads were not better, the farmers more prosperous and intelligent than where there were no agricultural societies. You can note the difference even in flying through the different states and counties on the cars, in the farms, stock, roads, churches, school houses, towns and the appearance of the people. The wealthiest counties here in our own state "My Maryland," have for years had agricultural societies and made rich mostly through these societies. They introduce improved and most profitable horses, cattle, sheep, hogs and fowls. They introduce the most convenient and improved farming machinery and implements; the best and most profitable seeds and crops: the best methods of improving and enriching their lands. They establish dairies, woolen and flouring mills and co-operative stores. They purchase everything for their families and farms at first cost, and sell the products of their farms and forests at highest cash prices, and are thus enabled to educate their children, who become intelligent and useful men and women. They make well graded and substantial county roads—roads unaffected by wet or dry, heat or cold. There is no subject of more vital importance to farmers and none from which he derives more benefit than good roads. He can haul double the amount of produce to market in less time and less labor to man and beast: less wear and tear, less breakage, and consequently far less expense. Ten times enough made and saved to repay the expense in making good roads, and which cost but little to keep up when once properly constructed. Don't you know that aside from all these advantages, a good road at least doubles the value of our farms? Who would purchase yours or my farm if it cost as much to haul our produce to market as it does to raise it? Brother farmer, think calmly and seriously over these facts, and let us get together at once and organize our society. One-half of the population of the United States are farmers. They furnish seventy-five per cent. of the total value of exports from this country and pay more than half of all the taxes, and yet our national and state legislatures meet year after year and never pass an act in the interest of the farmer, but spend their time in the interest of politicians and protecting railroads, standard oil, whiskey, sugar, banks and all other trusts and combines. These are all organized for self protection and get protected. Let us organize and get a little protection while it is being passed around. Why should we not protect ourselves? The farmer feeds all, he clothes all. Nearly all the wealth of the world comes out of the ground. "The earth is the farmers' treasury and the plough is the key that unlocks it." 'Tis said that the "hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." 'Tis equally true that the "hand that holds the plough rules the world."

Farmers, get together and act together, for "in union there is strength." Exchange views—if we have a good thing, let our neighbor have it also. Secure best farming machinery; buy it together and save money; adopt best methods of farming and improving our lands, our stock and our roads. Teach our children profitable trades. If we were worth millions and had a hundred boys we would teach every-one of them a useful trade. It is good capital to fall back on and it makes him a man instead of a dude or monkey. Take a good farmers' paper. Keep up with the markets and the times. Use good common horse sense, and work your brains as well as your hands. Usually the small farmer don't know whether he is getting full value or not for his products and ends a long laborious life as poor as when he began, while others who do not work half as hard nor half as long accumulate immense fortunes.

We hope every farmer in Garrett county will be at the meeting next Saturday. It is your duty to yourself and those depending on you for support, to be present and speak out in meeting, and take an active part in organizing this society. Don't say you can't take time to attend the meetings. You never spent your time as profitably during your entire life. If detained by sickness get your neighbor to represent you. Come prepared to say something and do something.

An allwise Providence "helps those who help themselves."

GARRETT COUNTY FARMER.

Elder.

Mud and snow appear to be the order of the day.

Mr. Reuben Enlow and family were the guests of J. H. Sterling Sunday.

Mr. Arch Casteel has removed to the farm of U. S. Frazee on Frazee Ridge. We were all sorry to see him leave and hope he will have success in his new home.

Mr. Hamilton Friend has been working for A. Knabb & Co. for the past week.

Miss Tillie Enlow was calling on Mrs. F. M. Conway Sunday.

Mr. Morton Cuppett and wife, accompanied by Miss May White, of Hoyes, were the guests of Robert Sterling Sunday.

Messrs. Chas. Frazee and George W. Sterling, who were visiting friends at Blocherville for the past week, returned home Friday.

Miss Minnie Enlow, who has been visiting relatives near Markleysburg, Pa., for several weeks, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. D. O. DeWitt, of Hoyes, were at Isaiah Friend's Sunday.

Mrs. Jonathan Coddington, who has been very sick for some time, is convalescing and we hope will soon be well again.

Mrs. Thomas Thayer, while engaged in some work in the barn, missed her footing and fell, badly mashing and spraining her foot and is unable to walk at present.

Mr. Chas. Frazee was the guest of Mr. H. K. and Miss Lou D. Friend Sunday.

We are glad to hear that the C. & O. railroad is to be extended to Oakland and hope it will be something more substantial this time than mere talk, for there is nothing that will add to the value of our real estate as much as good railroad facilities.

WHITE ROSE.

A Delightful Jaunt to the National Capital. Low Rates via B. & O.

Have you ever treated yourself to a visit to the capitol of the nation? If not havn't you often wanted for an opportunity to do so, to see its public buildings, visit its museums, art galleries, arsenals, parks and public and private institutions? Possibly when you had the time, the expense was a serious drawback. By taking advantage of the low rate excursions offered by the B. & O., this item is reduced to a minimun and really places the trip within the reach of all. The next excursion via B. & O. R. R. is announced for Thursday, March 14th. Write to the nearest B. & O. agent for an illustrated guide to the capitol, giving descriptions and cuts of the principal public buildings and a map, also detailed information in regard to the itinerary.

The following table will show the rate and train schedule from stations in this vicinity:

LEAVE.	TIME. p. m.	TIME. a. m.	TIME. a. m.	RATE.
Oakland.....	11 25	5 51	7 31	$6 25
Piedmont.....	10 25	6 45	8 24	5 40

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

Tickets will be good ten days, and will be valid for passage from Washington to Baltimore at any time within the life of the ticket.

For Pullman Car accommodations and guide to points of interest in Washington, address nearest B. & O. Agent.

LADIES

Needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

It is pleasant; cures Malaria, Indigestion Biliousness, Liver Complaints and Neuralgia

FOUR GREAT EVENTS.

I.

"You can't guess what's happened," says grandma, looking wise,
"Something so unexpected
It took me by surprise."
And while we fall at guessing
What we're sure of, forsooth,
She makes the proud announcement,
"The baby's got a tooth!"

II.

"I've got some news to tell you,"
Says grandma by and by.
"Of course it's of the baby,"
We say, with twinkling eye.
"Of course it is," says grandma,
And the news, too good to keep,
Is told us in a sentence,
"The baby's tried to creep!"

III.

"Guess what I heard today, dears,"
Says granduamma, a-grin,
As to the baby's presence
We all come tumbling in.
"Something so ente, so cunning!
I know you will be glad!
I wish you could have heard it.
The baby said 'Dad, dad!'"

IV.

"I've something new to tell you,"
Says grandma in delight,
And then she hugs the baby
And takes a great big bite
Of kiss from lips like cherries
In a hungry kind of way.
"Just think, dears, grandma's darling
Took two big steps today!"

—E. E. Rexford in Independent.

Gold Mines In Cemeteries.

A Frenchman who recently made a tour of the United States has been writing some of his impressions in Le Temps. In one of his articles he says that what struck him particularly in this country was the American habit of filling the teeth with gold. He consulted statisticians, he says, and by figuring on information given by them has discovered that the gold annually pounded into cavities in the teeth of Americans amounts to the value of $500,000. All of this precious metal, he says, is buried with the Yankees when they die, and he figures that at the end of three centuries the cemeteries of America will contain gold to the value of £30,000,000. "I am afraid," the writer goes on to say, "that this will prove too tempting to the practical mind of the future American, and we shall see the day when companies will be organized to mine the cemeteries and recover the gold secreted in the jaws of dead ancestors."

The writer then goes on and figures on the average amount of gold in the teeth of each dead person. He has evidently been consulting the record of vital statistics, for he says 875,000 people died in the United States in 1889. This would bring the value of the gold in each dead person's teeth to an average of about 65¾ cents, and he thinks that in well crowded cemeteries the mining of this gold could be carried on profitably, despite the small average value.

Gladstone's Simplicity.

"Some time ago," says the Rev. Newman Hall, D. D., "I was preaching in the north of England and happened to stay at the house of a solicitor who had paid a recent visit to Hawarden merely as a tourist. On his return he entered a carriage in which there was seated a woman with a beautiful bouquet of flowers, which my friend admired. 'Mr. Gladstone gave them to me,' said the woman. 'Oh,' replied my friend, 'how was that?' He was then told that every servant who left the castle with a good character was invited to return to spend a week during the summer. 'I used to be a servant there,' continued the woman, 'but left because I was going to be married. I have, however, just been staying there a week, and as I was leaving I met Mr. Gladstone in the garden. He asked me if I liked flowers, and when I said I did he gave me this bunch, which he had in his hand, saying, 'Pray accept them.'"

A Simple Way of Cutting Glass.

To cut a glass tube, the neck of a bottle or other round body of glass take a piece of flint and scratch a line around the place where it is desired to cut the glass. Then wind a thread dipped in sulphur two or three times around that part. Set fire to the thread and allow it to burn. When the glass is heated, pour cold water over it, and the pieces will separate as if they had been cut with a pair of shears.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Sir Isaac Newton, in his "Commentaries on Daniel," says that the ecclesiastical festivals were originally fixed at cardinal points in the year without reference to the dates of the incidents, dates which it was impossible to ascertain.

Perhaps the best definition of money ever given is that which calls it "the instrument of free co-operation." This is better than calling it "the medium of exchange," because it goes deeper.

"Priam's bottle," found at Troy, is of pure gold, shaped almost exactly like the show bottles seen in druggists' windows, and weighs one pound.

During the reign of Richard II wood for burning cost in London 30 cents a load. A load was what could be carried by a horse.

Graham flour should consist of the whole wheat, ground to a uniform degree of fineness.

Milwaukee is a variation of Minnewaukee, meaning "rich and beautiful country."

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

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A WINTER'S ENTERTAINMENT.

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The New York Weekly Tribune,

a twenty-page journal, is the leading Republican family paper of the United States. It is a **National Family Paper** and gives all the general news of the United States. It gives the events of foreign lands in a nutshell. Its Agricultural department has no superior in the country. Its Market Reports are recognized authority. Separate departments for "The Family Circle," "Our Young Folks," and "Science and Mechanics." Its "Home and Society" columns command the admiration of wives and daughters. Its general political news, editorials and discussions are comprehensive, brilliant and exhaustive.

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.44 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	7.09 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.35 A. M
No. 47	—Daily except Mon	11.28 A. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	6.57 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	9.58 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 2	—Daily	5.51 A. M
No. 8	—Daily	7.31 A. M
No. 11	—Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 46	—Daily except Monday	4.38 P. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	5.17 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	9.25 P. M

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I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.

All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.

I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.

Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.

For prices apply to or address,

C. M. BEACHY, Grantsville, Md.

47—1yr.

STOLEN EVIDENCE.

NO ONE ever knew how it was first discovered that Miss Dinker was a kleptomaniac; but it was a fact, and people made the best of it. Old Miss Dinker was tolerably well off, or her habit of appropriating other people's property would have got her into trouble. But Cumminseed was used to Miss Dinker. When she visited the village store, and put a piece of tape up her sleeve, the watchful shopman added its price to her bill. When she took a neighbor's forks the neighbor sent a polite message to Miss Jane Dinker to have them restored; and Miss Jane, who was old Miss Dinker's niece, would find them up chimney or down cellar, and restore them.

Old Miss Dinker knew that she was deserving of blame in thus indulging her desire for stolen fruit, but as she often remarked when reasoned with, "she couldn't help it."

She was a generous old lady, too, and kindly, and if she taught Jane that man was a deceiver and that spinsterhood was blessed, she meant well.

Capt. Richard Murphy told another story when his ship lay in port, and he himself rested at a little hotel in Cumminseed. And Jane, won over by his merry voice and jolly ways, forgot her aunt's precepts, and one day ran away with him, leaving a penitent little note for her aunt and begging her forgiveness.

The old lady was naturally indignant, but when, three days after, the captain brought Jane back under his arm, established her in a beautiful little house, which he had purchased, and sent for "the old lady to make up," Miss Dinker relented, took tea with her niece and deigned to approve of her choice, and so the village scandal was silenced for awhile, and people called on Mrs. Capt. Murphy.

They lived together for five years in great contentment and a little boy was born to them, and all went prosperously; but at the end of that time the sword that always hangs by a hair over the head of a seafaring man's life fell at last. The captain's vessel was a wreck, and the captain and crew perished in mid-ocean, and Jane, after hoping against hope, and refusing to believe when no one else doubted, and listening night and day for a step that came not and could never come, accepted the truth at last and put on her widow's cap and took the awful truth in place of suspense, and tried to live and bear it for her boy's sake.

Then there came from some far-off place a man who proved himself the captain's brother and who claimed his property, alleging that Jane Dinker had never been married to John at all. Jane was furious, but she could only vow that a clergyman of the Episcopal church had married her. She could not remember the name of the church nor of its pastor, nor had she what the brother called "er lines." The marriage certificate, as she declared, the captain always kept among his private papers and had taken to sea with him. She advertised in a New York paper for the clergyman who had performed the service, but no answer came and finally the law and popular opinion declared that the widow had never been a wife and she was left poverty-stricken and helpless, and not a friend in the world but old Miss Dinker. She came out nobly.

Alas! all the rest of Cumminseed held a contrary opinion. They shuddered at the thought of having associated with such a creature, and wondered how she had dared to impose upon them so. They sent her to Coventry

"AUNTY, ARE YOU COLD?"

and tabooed her. I think some of the dearest creatures would have tarred and feathered her if they could. Jane Dinker had the comfortable Yankee pride of "respectability" in its Yankee sense strong within her soul, and this scorn quite crushed her. She hid herself from human eyes as much as possible, and went thankfully home with old Miss Dinker, whose income had grown smaller in these years, and who really showed great generosity in taking her disgraced niece to her bosom.

And now that she had countenanced poor Jane and opened her house to her, she also had lost her friends, and people grew hard upon her.

"You'll tell your aunt, Miss Jane, that I shall proceed to law if I lose another spoon," said one angry matron, to whom Jane had been forced to speak.

When her boy grew older there were children near by who, if he ventured into their company, were dragged away as though he had the plague. And when Jane would have placed him at the one good school, Aunt Dinker having allowed the money, the lady who presided thereover gently hinted that it would not do.

And little Richard, clinging to her hand, asked, as they went home: "What is it, maumm?" Then poor Jane wished that she were dead.

Old Miss Dinker called in high dudgeon upon the schoolmistress, and remonstrated in vain. The fact that she stole a spelling book during her brief stay did not further her object. When a little boy was sent for it at dusk Jane wished herself dead again. If only she could have had pride in anything or anyone, she thought; but life was all shame to her.

"Habits are hard to break," she said, "but I'll try. Only you oughtn't to be so hard on me when I've stuck to you so." And then she revealed a plan which she had concocted for giving the boy an education. "I'll put him to the best school in New York," she said. "I'll keep the story that they tell—lie, as it is—to myself, and I'll pay his bills regular. 'Tain't likely I'm agoing to see him grow up without eddication. We'll make him a clergyman or a doctor. We'll snap our fingers in the faces of these critters. I'll take him up myself to-morrow and he shall come down every Saturday night."

"I shall miss him so," said Jane. "But it's for his good, and thank you, aunt."

So Jane spent the night in tears, and in the morning Aunt Dinker went to the city, taking with her little Richard.

Jane suffered a great deal that day, and when at night she saw Aunt Dinker return alone she could not find voice to speak to her. But the old lady was in good spirits. She sat down before the fire with her shawl on, and told Jane how pleased Richard was with the journey and how Miss Speers had admired him. And Jane brought her the tea, and she took it sitting by the fire, but still kept her shawl on; and, moreover, the shawl looked curiously thick and bunchy.

Once before had Jane seen the same thing, and it had resulted in the appearance of somebody's workbox. Her heart misgave her.

"Aunty," she said, in trembling tones, "are you cold?"

"Not particularly," said Miss Dinker.

"Then shan't I take your shawl?"

"When I ask you to do so."

Jane was silent. Old Miss Dinker fidgeted. Finally Jane burst into reproaches.

"Oh, aunty! couldn't you help disgracing my poor boy, to steal in New York, where they have no mercy on

"IT'S HOME HERE"

you, and at the school, where I hoped he could hold his head as high as anyone? Oh, aunt, aunt!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Jane. I've been a good aunt to you; and, as for the school, I never touched a thing. I put my hands in my muff, and sat just so, and made a pint of it. And it's nothing much to make a fuss over. I took it almost without thinking. It came in so handy."

"What is it?" asked Jane, desperately.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Aunt Dinker, "and if they want it they can have it. From the school to the depot there came up a rain. I had on my best bonnet, so I looked about me and there was a church open and in I popped.

"Well, as I stood there, out came a gentleman that I knowed was the clergyman, and says he: 'Walk in, ma'am, and wait for the rain to be over. There's a fire in the vestry.' And he left me before the grate in the nicest little room. And I waited until the streets were dry. The sexton came and talked to me, and told how they'd been a workin' there, and they'd just gone. And somehow, when I got into the street, this was under my shawl."

"She's committed sacrilege at last," cried Jane. "Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"'Tain't neither," cried Aunt Dinker. "It's only a shabby old book." And as she spoke she unfolded her shawl and tossed upon the table a dingy leathern tome, on the covers of which was marked in black letters:

"Marriage Register of St. Grace's Church, 1860–1873."

Jane seized upon it with a low cry.

"St. Grace's church!" she said. "Aunt, aunt, that was the name. That was where I was married." And her trembling fingers turned over the pages, and her eyes sought out the date, and suddenly glittered with joy. "It is here!" she cried. "here! here! here!"

"On the 20th of June, by me, Oliver Sparkle, Capt. Richard Murphy to Jane Dinker, spinster, of the town of Cumminseed, N. J.

"Witness—B. Britters, Clerk."

When Jane Murphy arose from the floor she was an altered woman. Proof of her matron dignity and of her boy's birthright was in her hands, and before the next sunset all Cumminseed knew the truth. The pastor of St. Grace's came from New York at her summons to swear to his book and his deceased predecessor's signature, and legal proceedings were instituted to restore the widow to her rights. Of course they were successful.

To-day no one is more respected in all Cumminseed than Mrs. Capt. Murphy, although she has never quite forgiven her neighbor's cruelty. And Aunt Dinker, growing quite old and unable to go abroad, indulges her singular propensity by stealing napkins from the linen press. There is good in all things, Jane Murphy often says. She never will deny that since such great good came to her of old Aunt Dinker's kleptomania.—Toledo Blade.

A MODERN SHIP'S COMPANY.

The Romance of Old-Time Seafaring Life No Longer Exists.

My earliest and strongest impressions of seafaring life were gained by watching the evolutions of her majesty's ship Pinafore while she lay in the dry dock in Philadelphia, and, although my ideals have been somewhat shaken by seeing the deck hands of the transatlantic steamers, I retained the notion that the counterparts of my old friends would be found aboard sailing vessels. But that dream is over. The first shock came soon after leaving port, when I told the captain that he was to teach me how to dance the hornpipe. He said that he didn't know how, and, moreover, had never seen anyone who did. I replied that I was not from the country, but he solemnly assured me that he was telling the truth, and called upon the second mate to bear him witness. The latter, after much reflection, recollected that he had once known a sailor who could dance a hornpipe, but couldn't remember whether it was on a voyage to the East Indies or while he was "in steam" on the Mississippi. Further inquiry proved that no one else had ever witnessed such a performance.

This was not the most bitter disappointment, however. I am not a great lover of music, but it seemed to me to be a necessary part of a sailor's existence that he should scamper merrily about and pour forth the gladness of his heart in song. To be sure, they do make a noise when they pull on the ropes, and occasionally burst into a dirge while at pumps, but to both of these performances the cry of the penguin is cheerful by comparison.

Indeed, I have come to the melancholy conclusion that the flavor of romance evaporated with the last generation of seamen. There is none of that picturesque idleness which I was led to believe was as essential as the song and dance. Were one of them to write his daily life, it would be expressive of more energy than Mark Twain's famous diary, but would partake of the same simplicity. It would read: "Worked, ate and slept." Work begins when they are driven aboard by their respective keepers and ceases when the vessel arrives at her destination, so that the time occupied in eating and sleeping is their only respite. In heavy and squally weather there are the constant pulling of ropes and the furling and unfurling of sails. It is then that their abilities in that monkey-like accomplishment of climbing the rigging are tested. As you stand on deck in a heavy gale and watch all hands upon one of the yard-arms furling a sail, you begin to put some faith in Darwin's theory concerning the origin of mankind. In fine weather their duties are of a different sort—they then turn painters, carpenters and jacks-of-all-trades. "Holy-stoning," scraping, painting and varnishing go on until the ship looks as if she were just off the dry dock.

Sometimes in an idle moment, or in a fit of temporary insanity, a sailor decides to wash a shirt or a red bandana. One day during a heavy rain this madness became epidemic, and after closing the "scuppers" all hands got upon the deck and proceeded to wash their clothes with a small piece of soap with a large question mark. Occasionally I would hear that a man had taken a bath, but of the truth of these reports I have no actual knowledge.

Were they as well treated on all vessels as they were on the Standard they might possibly learn to take care of themselves when ashore. It is, indeed, a case of out of the frying pan into the fire, for when they escape from the rule of more or less severe shipmasters they have not the sense to keep out of the way of boarding house runners and the like. If they would only keep their wits about them and make up their minds to defend themselves in an honest way, they could not fail to better their condition. They sometimes entertain themselves by shirking work at the latter part of the passage and by damaging the rigging just before saying farewell.

Their only other amusement is derived from weighty arguments about nothing. It was a very frequent occurrence to hear a heated discussion concerning the exact latitude and longitude of Smithville, and to find that each of the disputants had a different Smithville in mind. Sometimes these arguments ended with a black eye or two.

They never lose the sheep-like appearance with which they come aboard, going about in a flock at the beck and call of the officers. The watch may be forward pulling at some ropes when they hear "Come aft, two o' yer," and immediately replying "Come aft, two o' yer," they shuffle in a body in that direction. In nothing are sailors more obliging than in regard to their names. It matters not what they are called—Tom, Dick, Harry are all the same to them as long as each has a separate one. When two happen to claim the same name on their arrival, each tries to outdo the other in nobly sacrificing it to his companion. Truly, they are believers in the poetical theory concerning the rose, and can see nothing in a name.

While the crew are by no means to be envied, their lives are happy compared with that of the cook. He has always to contend, of course, with the absence of fresh provisions, and in rough weather his existence is made miserable by his efforts to keep his pots and kettles on the galley range.

The captain, however, is the one most to be pitied. Even more than sailors must he be a jack-of-all-trades, and besides that a master one. To his other duties are added the no less perilous ones of a dispenser of patent medicines and of a justice of the peace. It is the responsibility of his position that makes his life uncomfortable. The first and second mates stand "watch and watch," and of course relieve him from the actual work, so that in fine weather, if it so pleases him, he need do nothing but eat and sleep. But in rough or squally weather he must sleep with his shoes on—and if he be of a nervous temperament, with his heart in his mouth—ready for a sudden call.

Bringing up the rear in the ship's company came the animals. Besides a pig, we left port with an army of chickens, cats and rats—of which the latter were by far the most numerous. The chickens went all too soon, the cats departed save two, but the rats remained faithful to us. The surviving cats were natives of Boston, and showed a great fondness for baked beans and brown bread. It was just as well that their comrades did not live, for they were all possessed with hearty appetites, and doubtless would have proved a very severe tax upon our supply of provisions. When the bell sounded, these creatures appeared from their various nooks and corners to demand a meal in as many different keys.—Philadelphia Times.

COULDN'T AGREE ON A NAME.

But That Was a Small Matter Since They Decided Not to Keep the Dog.

"Some people," remarked Mr. Bittersweet, as he entered his flat, "do not deserve to have pets, indeed they should not be allowed to possess them. They fondle and indulge them until they become regular nuisances and then probably forget all about them and let them shift for themselves."

Mrs. Bittersweet, as she acquiesced to this tirade, wondered what her husband meant by it, but she did not ask, for she knew she would find out sooner by holding her peace.

Then he lighted the gas and she saw that he had a pretty little dog under his arm.

"Just see this poor little creature," he said. "I found him at the street door whining and evidently half dead with cold and hunger."

"O, the dear little fellow! May I keep him, Jason?"

"By all means. The owner who was so careless of him deserves to lose him."

"O, isn't he sweet? I shall take excellent care of him and he will be so much company for me. What shall I call him?"

"I don't know—Fido is a pretty name."

"The idea! Why not call him Tray at once? No, he shall have a pretty name. Let me see. How would Pauch do—or Bijou?"

"For my part I shall call him Fido. It is a good, sensible name. I had a dog named Fido when I was a boy."

"Humph! You had an uncle named Elkaniah, but that was no reason why you should be called that. I shall name the dear little fellow Rags, I think."

"You will do nothing of the kind; he is my dog and I will not allow——"

"He is not your dog; you gave him to me and——"

Then the hired girl rushed upon the scene: "O, ma'am, such a time as they are having in the flat below!" she cried. "The lady as has just moved in has lost her dog. She was startin' out with him for a walk a bit ago and just stepped back for her key. While her back was turned somebody stole him, an' she says these flats is a den of thieves. She's in hysteries now, with her husband telephonin' to th' police 'n' the newspapers."

"That will do, Julia," said Mr. Bittersweet with great dignity. "You may return to the kitchen. Mrs. Bittersweet and myself take no interest in gossip concerning the neighborhood."

There was a long pause. Then his wife said:

"After all, Jason, a dog in a flat is a great nuisance. Perhaps you had better just put the little fellow out in the hall; he may be able to find his way home."

And Mr. Bittersweet replied gravely: "I believe you are quite right, my dear," and he did as his wife suggested, remarking as he closed the door: "I don't care much for that breed of a dog, anyhow."

And presently the hysterical screams in the flat below subsided and a sound of joyous barking was heard.—Chicago Tribune.

Why Some Women Do Not Marry.

One such woman was used to attack a new science or language every year, and, failing, from her lack of teacher or companion, would pile the text books in heaps until walls of dusty volumes shut in every room of the house. She fell at last into a state of semi-idiocy, and wandered like a ghost around the village, jabbering scraps of foreign tongues which she did not understand. It is a hereditary habit in certain families for the women who have a grief to shut themselves into a single room, and remain there for ten, twenty, thirty years. Nor are the morbid fancies of these women always gloomy and sad. They live sometimes in an enchanted land of their own. One whom I know, a woman of sensuous temperament and motherly instincts, refused to marry a man whom she loved because he had gone to live in another town, and she would be forced to leave the old house and half acre which were the center of the world to her. The courtship went on for forty years, but she was true to the house! Another drove her lover away on the day of the wedding because she could not bring herself to change the name of Wonson for any other. He was rich and she was poor; he remained faithful and ready as long as she lived. She died at seventy, a maiden Wonson still. Could pride of blood go further?—Rebecca Harding Davis, in Century.

How Big Was Adam?

There are hardly any truthful records of the giants of the past, though literature is full of wondrous tales about them. A French academician, M. Heurion, once estimated the height of Adam to be 123 feet, and that of Eve 118, proportions that must have appeared most formidable to the serpent, and made the proposition for apples seem a somewhat trivial thing. The same authority brings Abraham down to twenty-eight feet, and makes Moses only thirteen. Goliath's recorded height is, however, only nine feet nine inches, which is within the bounds of possibility. Pliny speaks of seeing a giantess ten feet two inches in height, and a skeleton seventy feet long. There are weird stories of the Emperor Maximilian, who was reputed to be nine feet high, and to have eaten forty pounds of meat a day.—Scribner's Magazine.

DIPLOMATIC.

BOY—Shovel off yer snow?
LADY—No. I've got a husband who can do it.
BOY—My goodness, you look too young to be married.
LADY—Ahem! Well, you can do it.

Working Jones for It.

"Smith is a good-natured man."

"Why do you say so?"

"Jones is telling him all the cute things the baby says, and Smith is laughing heartily and seems interested."

"Smith wanted to borrow $5 from me just now, and I couldn't let him have it."—N. Y. Press.

Its Beauties.

She carried her new dress away,
But, ah, me, heart it grieves
To tell she had to hire a dray
To carry home the sleeves.
—Albany Herald.

JUSTIFIABLE REMONSTRANCE.

Father—I want you to understand that five thousand dollars is all my daughter will ever get.

Suitor—But, my dear sir, before you make this decision final please scrutinize your daughter's face more closely.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Subtle But Costly Vengeance.

Mrs. Naybor—What on earth are you going to invite that odious Mrs. Smithlins to your swell dinner for? I thought you hated her.

Mrs. Sweething—Do you suppose I'm going to give a $20 a plate dinner and not make her see me act as hostess at it?—Chicago Record.

A Sensible Boy.

School Inspector—On a nice day what do you see above your head when you are out in the country?

Pupil—The sky.

School Inspector—And when the sky is hidden and it is raining?

Pupil—My umbrella.—N. Y. Recorder.

Husk and Kernel.

Gent.—I have called on the recommendation of a friend to have my portrait painted. But I should like to know if you can take me in my fur coat.

Artist—Oh! Certainly. Fact is, you know, I am an animal painter!—Humoristische Blatter.

Worse Than a Bomb.

Tupenny—I found a burglar in the kitchen last night.

Bildad—Did you shoot him?

Tupenny—No; I didn't have my revolver, but I grabbed up my wife's fruit cake and threatened to mash him, and he surrendered on his knees.—Town Topics.

Scanty Attire.

"The bride's dress was unique and most becoming," says a country paper in its account of a local wedding. "An audible thrill passed over the spectator as she passed down the aisle leaning on the arm of her husband, simply covered with blushes."—Demorest's Magazine.

A SENSITIVE SPIRIT.

Junkman—Rags! Rags! Rags!

Tatterdon Torue—Don't yer git so all-fired personal in your remarks!—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

An Obituary.

One of the very best of men;
No duty did he shirk;
Spent fifteen years in congress, then
Came home and went to work.
—Atlanta Constitution.

An Implied Insult.

She—Sing to me only with thine eyes.
He (insulted)—What is the matter with my voice?—Truth.

Domestic Reign of Terror.

Mr. Henpeckt—What do you take me for, anyway, an umbrella?

Mrs. Henpeckt—Why, you don't imagine for a moment anybody would steal you?

Mr. Henpeckt—No, but you have such a way of slutting me up whenever we get home from anywhere.—Town Topics.

Another Matter.

Clara—I hear your father has forbidden Mr. Higgins calling on you.

Cora—No, you are mistaken.

"Did he not tell him last night never to darken his parlor again?"

"He did, but that referred to his turning down the lamp."—Yonkers Statesman.

No Autograph Fiend.

"Can I write my name under the received payment on this bill?" asked the collector, who likes to put things as delicately as possible.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Brokely. "I'm no autograph fiend."—Washington Star.

Satiated.

First Boy—Did yeh have plenty of nice things to eat at that party?

Second Boy—Did we? We had such loads of everything that w'en Mrs. Goodsoul gave me some iced cake to take to my mother, I didn't even lick it going home.—Good News.

On the Honeymoon.

Husband—Find it dull here? Why, I thought you'd like the quiet of it, darling, at such a time!

Wife—Oh, Jack dear, what's the use of being a bride without a crowd of other girls to envy one?—Demorest's Magazine.

Necessity.

While self-made men are rare, we meet
With self-made women every day,
Since few of these a maid to make
Them up can well afford to pay.
—Washington Star.

BETTER THAN SENDING.

Chappie—I'm going to get square with Clara. I'm going to send her one of those comic valentines—a hideous grinning monkey, don't you know.

Prunella—Why not call on her in person?—Truth.

Had Him There.

Old Man Gradley (testily)—Confound your impudence, sir, I've forgotten more than you'll ever learn!

Tom Larkey (cheekily)—That may be, old man, but I know more than you can remember.—N. Y. World.

His Best Recollection.

"What is the name of the town," asked the caller, "where they have an asylum for decayed actors?"

"I think," replied the answers-to-queries editor, after a moment's reflection, "it's Dedham."—Chicago Tribune.

Evident.

"I'd be a musician," said the bore, calmly, "only I have no sense of time."

"That's just what I thought," said the girl, languidly, as the clock struck eleven, "about an hour ago."—Chicago Record.

A Sincere Wish.

Preacher—Every man must some day settle his account with his master.

Tailor—I wish you could impress Mr. Palmer with that idea. He hasn't settled with me in about two years.—Harlem Life.

An Old Verse Modernized.

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to cooking-school, sir," she said.
"What do you learn there, my pretty maid?"
"I learn to make brick-bats from flour," she said.
—Truth.

Doomed to Suffer.

Higbee—Newed suffers terribly from dyspepsia.

Robbins—Well, you know, his wife is a graduate of a cooking school.—Truth.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A TROUBLESOME CHILD.

My Maud Louise is a Paris doll
With the cunningest turned-up nose,
And four white teeth, and a parasol,
And lace all over her clothes.

And, goodness, isn't she just the worst!
She's never a moment still.
She sucked my red balloon till it burst—
Of course she was deathly ill.

She's always running away to hide
On purpose to make me search;
She jumps on wagons to steal a ride,
And giggles aloud in church!

She broke the blade of my pocketknife;
I haven't a dish uncracked.
Why, every day of her naughty life
She has to be simply whacked!

I'm just discouraged. Won't some of you
Whose dollies are good and mild
Please write me, telling me what to do
To manage this dreadful child?
—Juliet W. Tompkins, in Harper's Young People.

CLEVER PICKPOCKET.

The Grand Duke Won His Bet, But He, Too, Lost His Valuables.

It was a curious thing to brag about, but it is said to be a fact, narrated by a foreign journal, that upon the occasion of a certain dinner given by a Russian grand duke to the French ambassador the Frenchman ventured to say that in picking pockets no people could surpass the thieves of Paris.

"I should not wonder if the St. Petersburg pickpockets could give them a start," replied the grand duke. And seeing a smile of unbelief playing around the features of the ambassador, he added: "Will you wager that before we rise from the table your watch or some other valuable will not be taken from your person?"

The ambassador accepted the wager for the fun of the thing, and the grand duke telephoned to the chief constable, asking him to send at once the cleverest pickpocket he could lay his hands on. The thief was to receive the full value of every article he managed to steal, and be allowed to go unpunished.

The man came and was put into livery, and told to wait at table along with the other servants. The grand-duke told him to give him a sign as soon as he had picked the pocket of the ambassador. But he had to wait a long time, for the ambassador, whose watch was the article to be experimented upon, always kept on the alert, and even held his hand to his fob when conversing with the most distinguished guests at the table. At last the grand-duke received the signal. He at once requested the ambassador to tell him the time. The latter triumphantly put his hand to his pocket and drew forth a potato instead of his watch. There was a general burst of laughter, in which the ambassador himself joined, though with a wry face, for he was unmistakably annoyed. To conceal his feelings he would take a pinch of snuff. His snuff-box was gone! Then he missed the seal-ring from his finger, and, lastly, the gold toothpick which he always carried with him in a little case. Amid the laughter of the guests the sham lackey was requested to restore the articles; but the grand-duke's merriment was changed into alarm and surprise when the thief produced two watches, two rings, two snuff-boxes, etc. His imperial highness made the discovery that he himself had been robbed at the same time.

NOVEL MOUSE TRAP.

It Is so Simple That Each of Our Boy Readers Can Make One.

Mice are very knowing little animals, and are often too shrewd to be caught by even the best steel traps. To make a very effective mouse trap take a large jar—the kind used for jam and preserves—and tie over the top a piece of stiff brown paper. In the center of this cut a cross. Set the jar in a closet, and suspend by a string a piece of toasted cheese or bacon rind over the center. If the mice cannot easily reach the top of the jar a runway may be constructed by placing one end of a board on the edge of the jar, and allowing the other end to rest on the floor. If there are any mice about the bait will attract them. Just as soon as the first mouse reaches the center of the paper he will drop through into the jar, and the paper will fly back ready for the next comer.

The same kind of trap may be used for catching rats, only a barrel must be substituted for the jar. A rat will soon gnaw out of such a trap if not prevented. The best way to avoid this is to fill the barrel partly with water. This trap is a great favorite with country people. They lay a good-sized stone or brick in the bottom of the barrel, and pour in just enough

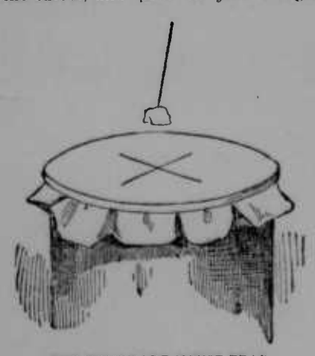

THE HOMEMADE MOUSE TRAP.

water to come level with the top of this. The first rat which tumbles in, of course, climbs on the brick to get out of the water. As soon as another victim arrives there is a fight for possession of the only dry spot. The noise attracts other rodents, so by morning a dozen or more may be swimming and squealing and fighting for dear life.—N. Y. Recorder.

Didn't Like to Be Called Names.

"How do you like that little French girl next door, Polly?"

"Don't like her at at all," said Polly. "She calls me names. She called me a ma'amselle yesterday, and I ain't."—Harper's Bazar.

BRUIN'S BOXING MATCH.

Evidently the Bear Did Not Understand the Laws of Gravitation.

"A couple of us were splitting slabs in the Maduwaska woods along in the fall, when, all of a sudden, the head of the maul flew off. The maul struck a tree, glanced, and took Bill on the side of the knee. It keeled him over so he couldn't do any more work that day, and I had to help him back to the camp. Before we left, I took a bit of cod-line out of my pocket, ran it through the eye of the maul, and strung the maul up to a branch so it would be easier to find when I wanted it.

"It was maybe a week before I went for that maul—a little more than a week, I should say; and then, it being of a Saturday afternoon, when there was no work to do, and Bill's leg being so much better that he could hobble alone, he and I thought we'd stroll over to where we'd been splitting, and bring the maul in to camp.

"When we got pretty near the place, and could see through the trees the maul hanging there where we had left it, Bill all of a sudden grabbed me sharp by the arm, and whispered: 'Keep still!'

"'What is it?' said I, under my breath, looking all around.

"'Use your eyes if you've got any,' said he; and I stared through the branches in the direction he was looking. But there was a trunk in the way. As soon as I moved my head a bit, I saw what he was watching. There was a fine young bear sitting back on his haunches, and looking at the maul as if he didn't know what to make of it. Probably that bear had once been hurt in a trap, and so had grown suspicious. That there maul hanging from the limb of a tree was something different from anything he'd ever seen before. Wondering what he was going to do, we crept a little nearer, without makin' any noise, and crouched down behind a spruce-bush.

"The bear was maybe a couple of yards from the maul, and watching it as if he thought it might get down any moment and come at him. A little gust of wind came through the trees and set

A WHACK THAT MUST HAVE MADE HIM SEE STARS.

the maul swinging a bit. He didn't like this, and backed off a few feet. The maul swung some more, and he drew off still further; and, as soon as it was quite still again, he sidled around it at a prudent distance and investigated it from the other side of the tree.

"'The blame fool is scared of it,' whispered Bill, scornfully; 'let's fling a rock at him!'

"'No,' said I, knowing bears pretty well; 'let's wait and see what he's going to do.'

"Well, when the maul had been pretty still for a minute or two, the bear appeared to make up his mind it didn't amount to much after all; he came right close up to it, as bold as you like, and pawed it kind of inquiringly. The maul swung away, and, being hung short, it came back quick and took the bear a smart rap on the nose.

"Bill and I both snickered, but the bear didn't hear us. He was mad right off, and, with a snort, he hit the maul a pretty good cuff; back it came like greased lightning, and took him again square on the snout with a whack that must have made him just see stars.

"Bill and I could hardly hold ourselves; but even if we had laughed right out I don't believe that bear would have noticed us, he was so mad. You know a bear's snout is mighty tender. Well, he grunted and snorted and rooted around in the leaves a bit, and then went back at the maul as if he was just going to knock it into the other side of to-morrow. He stood up to it, and he did hit it so hard that it seemed to disappear for half a second. It swung right over the limb, and, while he was looking for it, it came down on the top of his head. Great Scott! how he roared! And then, scratching his head with one paw, he went at it again with the other, and hit it just the same way he'd hit it before. I tell you, Bill and I pretty near burst as we saw that maul fly over the limb again and come down on the top of his head just like the first time. You'd have thought it would have cracked his skull; but a bear's head is as hard as they make them.

"This time the bear, after rubbing his head and his snout, and rooting some more in the leaves, sat back and seemed to consider. In a second or two he went up to the maul and tried to take hold of it with one paw; of course it slipped right away, and you'd have thought it was alive to see the sharp way it dodged back and caught him again on the nose. It wasn't much of a whack this time, but that nose was tender enough, then! And the bear got desperate. He grabbed for the maul with both paws; and that way, of course, he got it. With one pull he snapped the codline and the victory was his."—Charles G. D. Roberts, in St. Nicholas.

A Business Proposition.

"Mamma," said Willie, "do you pay Jennie fifteen dollars a month for looking after me?"

"No, sixteen," said mamma. "She is a good nurse and deserves it."

"Well, I say, ma, I'll look after myself for ten. You'll save six by it."—Harper's Young People.

FARM AND GARDEN.

WIDE-TIRED WAGONS.

Conditions Under Which They Can Be Used to Advantage.

A prominent manufacturing concern has instituted a series of experiments lately, to find out the conditions under which the broad and narrow tired wheels could be used to advantage. In the experiment to ascertain the difference in draft between wide and narrow tire upon grass sod, the figures arrived at were:

Weight of wagon and load	4,590 pounds
Draft to start load with 1½-inch tire, cutting into sod 1½ in. deep	1,250 pounds
Draft to move at dead pull	650 pounds
Draft to start same load on good, hard roads	850 pounds
Draft to draw load on good, hard roads	350 pounds
Draft with tire 3 inches wide on same sod	1,200 pounds
Draft to move load at dead pull—same sod	550 pounds
Draft to start load with 3-inch tire on hard roads	700 pounds
Draft to move at a dead-pull on hard roads	350 pounds
Draft at a dead pull on hard pavement	125 pounds

Another experiment was with four-inch and one and one-half inch tires respectively on block pavement, good, hard, sandy road, good, level, gravel road, and in each soft and deep mud.

The conclusions arrived at by the committee were:

1. On hard roads, block pavements and other permanent and substantial roads there is no argument, so far as actual draft is concerned, in favor of the wide tire, the effect being rather against the wide tire.

2. In their effect upon hard roads the wide tires have the advantage, and that this benefit is not sufficiently appreciated by turnpike and macadam road companies.

3. In soft mud, slush, and under similar circumstances, under which even the wide tire cuts in, the advantage is against the wide tire and in favor of the narrow.

4. On soft sod and soft ground, where the wide tire does not cut in and the narrow does, the advantage is on the side of the wide tire.

5. In loading a team a draft of 650 pounds steadily applied is as much as should be expected for a day's work, and that on soft sod this may mean, when a dead-pull has to be taken, an increase in the draft of 1,200 pounds.

6. The difference in the latter case between the regular draft of 650 pounds and the increase of 1,200 pounds is equivalent to an addition of two tons 580 pounds to the load.

7. Or, in other words, the draft of the load being 650 pounds may be considered as equivalent to a load of two tons 580 pounds, and the difference from the steady draft of the load in fair motion, and that of the same load started at a dead-pull, is equivalent to doubling the load.

The committee closed their report with: "We advocate wide tire for farms, and narrow tire for good roads and pavements."

Experiments at the Utah experiment station demonstrated that a given load on 1¾ inch tire drew 41.6 per cent. heavier than when on a 3-inch tire, the draft being on a fairly stiff grass sod; on a moist but hard road the 1¾ inch tire drew 12.7 per cent. heavier than the 3-inch.

An authority upon the subject of the effect of wide tire says: "In New York state the experiment was made of using wide tires on a road about 5 miles long leading to a stone quarry. The heavy wagons used thereon were equipped with rear wheels having tires 6 inches wide, and forward wheels having tires 4 inches wide, the forward wheels tracking just inside the rear wheels. Each wagon was thus transformed into a roller covering 20 inches in width every time it passed along. Smaller wagons were equipped with wheels similar in principle. The road, which formerly rutted incessantly and deeply, was covered with stone chips, which these wagons soon rolled into a hard mass. The road now supports loads of from 8,000 to 10,000 pounds, and consequently has a hard, compact, and regular surface. The cost of hauling loads over this road in reduced about 20 per cent."

Apples for the Complexion.

Helen Campbell says: "A modern scoffer has lately written that the reason Eve yielded to the serpent was because apples were good for the complexion, and he told her so. Whether the argument was needed or not, it is a true one. Nothing in all our varied and fascinating range of fruits holds quite the quality of an apple. A ripe, raw apple, at its best, is digested in eighty-five minutes, and the malic acid which gives its distinctive character, stimulates the liver, assists digestion and neutralizes much noxious matter, which, if not eliminated, produces eruptions of the skin. They do not satisfy like potatoes, complain people to whom they have been recommended as food, but the starch of the potato, added to the surplus starch we are always eating, makes the vegetable a thoroughly undesirable standby. The more fruit we add to our dietary the clearer brains and the clearer skin we are likely to have."

How to Plant Apple Trees.

There is a deplorable tendency among apple orchard planters to set the trees too close together. Numerous orchards, just coming into benring, have their trees only twenty-two and twenty-four feet apart, with limbs almost interlocking, while thus young. The smallest limit should be two rods, or thirty-three feet, thirty-five feet would be better, and thirty-eight or forty still better. When the trees get large and their limbs meet passage through the orchard with horses is obstructed, as well as cultivation. Further, the ground so densely shaded becomes sour and unproductive, so far as fine fruit is concerned.

Cows Must Have Salt.

No man eats all the salt he thinks he will need for a week at one time, but a good many feed their cows salt as if this were the proper way. Salt is an every day necessity to dairy cows, as has been proven by experiment.

An Ancient Custom Preserved.

The sounding of the mayor's horn at Ripon, England, is one of the most ancient customs in the kingdom. It formerly announced the setting of the watch, whence the chief officer of the town, up to the year 1604, derived his Saxon style of "Wakeman," but it has now lapsed into the formality of three blasts given at 9 o'clock every evening at the mayor's residence by his official hornblower, and three more at the market cross. The ringing of the cathedral bell at the same time is also a custom of high antiquity, and is supposed to represent the ancient curfew. The ancient horn of the wakeman of Ripon is still preserved among the corporation insignia. It is the natural horn of an ox, thirty inches in length, and gracefully curved; it is covered with dark blue velvet, and encircled with five ornamental silver bands of different dates.—Tit-Bits.

Not What Was Expected.

Girl—I told Jack we must be strangers henceforth.

Another Girl—Did he fall on his knees and implore forgiveness?

Girl—Not he. He said "Very well," and then tried to flirt with me.—Detroit Tribune.

It is safe for the devil to sleep when he goes to church and sees that the preaching is not keeping anybody awake.

WE GIVE AWAY

A Sample Package (4 to 7 doses) of

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets

To any one sending name and address to us on a postal card,

ONCE USED THEY ARE ALWAYS IN FAVOR.

Hence, our object in sending them out broadcast

ON TRIAL.

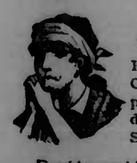

They absolutely *cure*

SICK HEADACHE,

Biliousness, Constipation, Coated Tongue, Poor Appetite, Dyspepsia and kindred derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Don't accept some substitute said to be "just as good."

The substitute costs the dealer less.

It costs you ABOUT the same.

HIS profit is in the "just as good."

WHERE IS YOURS?

Address for FREE SAMPLE,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,

No. 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Labor Everywhere.

"I've been told to move on more'n seven times to-day," said Plodding Pete disconsolately.

"Tat's so," said Meandering Mike. "Dey're pushin' things along so these times dat dey've managed to make hard work of doin' nothin.'—Washington Star.

Profanity and Pain

Too often go together. Refrain from swearing if you are suffering the tortures of rheumatism, and seek the aid of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which will expel the rheumatic virus from your blood. Kidney and malarial complaints, dyspepsia, constipation, neuralgia and biliousness are all relieved by this sterling and comprehensive family medicine, which should be kept always on hand for emergencies.

It is curious how a woman who screams at a mouse is not startled at a millinery bill that makes a man tremble.—Texas Siftings.

TAKE the Queen & Crescent Route to Knoxville and Asheville. Only through car line Cincinnati to Asheville.

Sorrow is a kind of rust of soul which every new idea contributes in its passage to scour away.—Johnson.

TO NEW ORLEANS the Queen & Crescent Route is the direct line; 90 miles shortest from Cincinnati. Solid vestibuled trains.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4 $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
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$2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES'
$3. $2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the
W. L. Douglas $3 & $4 Shoes
All our shoes are equally satisfactory
They give the best value for the money.
They equal custom shoes in style and fit.
Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed.
The prices are uniform,—stamped on sole.
From $1 to $3 saved over other makes.
If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

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Raphael, Angelo, Roberts, Tasso

The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and, being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind. *They fit well, wear well and look well.* A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address

REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY,
77 Franklin St., New York. 7 Kilby St., Boston.

FREE!

To Christian Endeavorers—Pocket Guide and Map of Boston, the Convention City.

The Passenger Department of the Big Four Route have issued a very convenient and attractive Pocket Guide to the City of Boston which will be sent free of charge to all members of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor who will send three two-cent stamps to cover mailing charges to the undersigned. This Pocket Guide should be in the hands of every member of the Society who contemplates attending the 14th Annual Convention, as it shows the location of all Depots, Hotels, Churches, Institutions, Places of Amusement, Prominent Buildings, Street Car Lines, Etc., Etc. Write soon as the edition is limited.

E. O. McCORMICK,
Passenger Traffic Manager, Big Four Route, Cincinnati, O.

"Your brother? I did not know that you had a brother." "Oh, yes; or, what is the same thing, I have two half brothers."—Life.

THE Queen & Crescent Route is the best equipped and shortest line to Florida. Solid vestibuled trains and through sleepers.

"NO MAN," says a loquacious wife, "ever complains that a woman talks too much when she's a girl and he's engaged to her."

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RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the Iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

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For all Shavers—the soap to swear by, not to swear at. Buy him Yankee Shaving Soap—9 out of 10 stores sell it—or send 15 cents to J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED From 15 to 35 lbs a month. Harmless treatment (by prescribing physician). No starving. Thousands cured. Send 6c in stamps.
O. W. F. SNYDER, M. D.,
23 McVicker's Theater, Chicago, Ill.
NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

"We think Piso's CURE for CONSUMPTION is the only medicine for coughs."—JENNIE PINCKARD, Springfield, Ill., October 1, 1894.

....CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. BEST COUGH SYRUP....
TASTES GOOD. USE IN TIME. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. 25 CENTS.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Mar. 11, 1895.

A decidedly sensational proposition was made and discussed at a Washington dinner party which was attended by ten gentlemen, among whom were several who rank as leaders in the Republican and Democratic parties in Congress. The proposition came from a Democrat, and was in substance that the Republican House should as soon as it assembles, either in regular or extra session, adopt a resolution for the impeachment of Mr. Cleveland, because of the written and verbal contract he made contrary to law with that foreign syndicate for the sale of bonds. The source from which the information comes makes it impossible to use names. The proposer of the scheme stated very candidly that his party would stand a much better chance in the campaign next year with Stephenson as President than it will with Cleveland, and said that if all the Republican and Populist Senators would pledge themselves to vote for impeachment he would guarantee a sufficient number of Democratic votes to make the necessary two-thirds to impeach. No promises were made by the Republicans.

The fellow with "steen" reasons why Mr. Reed ought not to be Speaker of the House has again turned up in Washington. But his reasons are quickly "turned down." It is settled to the entire satisfaction of the Republican members of the House of the Fifty-fourth Congress and also to that of the individual most directly concerned, that Thos. B. Reed will receive the nomination of the Republican caucus and be elected Speaker of the House, and it is altogether probable that at this very moment Mr. Reed is thinking about the membership of the House committee.

Representative Henderson, of Iowa, the ranking Republican member of the House committee on Appropriations, completed and made public a day or two ago a digest of the appropriations made by the last Congress and comparing them with those made by the four previous Congresses. The totals were as follows:

Forty-ninth Congress	$	746,312,495.51
Fiftieth "		817,901,857.80
Fifty-first "		988,117,183.31
Fifty second "		1,027,101,517.92
Fifty-third "		990,388,691.01

It will be seen that the two last Congresses, both Democratic, made the largest appropriations, and there should really be $21,686,764 added to the appropriations made by the last Congress, as that is the amount that must be appropriated to pay contracts authorized, and Mr. Henderson estimates that insufficient appropriations for public printing, pensions, etc., will necessitate a deficiency appropriation of at least $4,500,000 by the Fifty-fourth Congress. The two last Democratic Congresses were both billion dollar Congresses, the first in the history of the country, although the Democrats made a national campaign by falsely calling the Fifty-first, or Reed Congress, the "billion dollar Congress."

Senator Platt, before leaving Washington, had a few words to say which should interest everybody and especially Republicans. "The public is apt to expect," said Mr. Platt, "too much from the Republicans in the next Congress. The next House will be Republican, but we shall not have a Republican majority in the Senate and there will be a Democratic president. We shall be almost as powerless for the promotion of action in the next Congress as we have been in the last one. The opportunity for Democratic mischief has passed, but that is all. Little can be accomplished until after 1896, when we hope the Republicans of the country will be in power in all branches of the government."

Is Secretary Gresham a coward, or a ———? This question is being asked by many who believe that Mr. Gresham is guilty of neglect of his sworn duty in not notifying the Treasury department that Germany, France and other continental European countries are discriminating against American products in order that the law which directs that 10 per cent. shall be added to the duties on all goods coming to the United States in vessels flying the flag of any nation which shall discriminate against our products. The law is clear, and to most people the discrimination against us is equally clear, notwithstanding the contrary claims set up by European diplomats. The Treasury department cannot impose the retaliatory duty until officially informed by the Department of State that the discrimination exists, and it seems that Secretary Gresham will not do that. It is said that he has intimated his fear of retaliating and that he favors accepting the thin excuses of the several European governments for shutting out American products. It is not surprising that "Oh, for one day of Blaine at the head of the State department!" should be so frequently heard these days.

A Democratic Opinion.

N. Y. Sun, Dem.

The fifty-third congress, inspired and abetted by the Democratic executive, has preserved McKinleyism, adopted Populism and brought wide spread disaster upon the nation.

Exit the congress of dishonor.

ROADBUILDING MATERIAL.

Common Sandstone, Furnace Slag and the Various Kinds of Gravel.

Furnace slag has been used on common roads in Trumbull county, O., as long ago as 1854. This material may be used to some advantage if the supply is not remote, but it lacks in wearing quality, though doing fairly well while it lasts. Probably any furnace man can explain the great difference in this cinder product, some being hard and durable, while much that is produced in recent years crumble merely from weather action, so pulverizing as to form a soil that invites the humbler forms of vegetation. It is only a stone that does not readily yield to wheel grinding or frost action that is at all worthy to enter into road construction. The tonnage to be handled is too immense to make short lived material practicable.

Common sandstone has no qualities that render it fit for highway purposes. Common river or drift gravel is good when hauling is not too far, and sand on clay roads cuts the adhesiveness of the strickly material and prevents the forming of ruts. Roads on gravel are never in a channeled condition, but wheeling is nevertheless heavy in dry sand. A sand road is the best when wet.

In the vicinity of Fort Wayne considerable has been done in making roads with the gravel from the beds of the St. Mary and St. Joseph river, but the annual wear is about 20 per cent. of the material, so that a road is practically rebuilt about every five years. The wheels soon grind up a dust on the surface which both wind and heavy rains carry away. This action is repeated many times through the summer season, when the loss is much greater than during the winter. It is a fact, however, that the gravels of those rivers are of a poor quality, as the soil formations there are not of a character for good road material from its pebbles.

It is not necessary to mention wood as a road material, as neither plank roads not the nicholson or any other wooden road is a real success as a road. These counties in western Ohio where limestone roads are common, and they are fine roads, but they occur in very extensive limestone formations, much of the stone forming road surface in a state of nature.—Exchange.

Rogers' Sarsaparilla.

A specific for all. 100 doses for 75 cents. Rogers' Little Liver Pills, best on the market; Cough Cure, Liniment, Appetine and Worm Syrup, sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland; Cuppett Bros., McHenry; J. A. DeBerry, Corinth; C. F. White, Hutton; P. T. Garthright, Hayden & Eckles, Mt. Lake Park; Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park; Wm. Frederick, Friendsville; Yough Store Co., Jonas Frazee, Robert Liston, Selbysport; W. Wass, Mineral Springs; J. E. Gnagey, Accident; Smith & Callis, Hoyes, and by all general dealers.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES,
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. Try
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite.

PERILS OF PLAYING WITH FIRE.

What a St. Louis Doctor Thinks of Cocaine as an Anæsthetic.

Dr. J. M. F. Wells of St. Louis is in all probability the most uncompromising opponent of cocaine as an anæsthetic in the United States. He is as bitterly opposed to it as the antivaccinists are to Jenner, and he loses no opportunity to express his opinion, whether his hearer be a layman or a professional brother. "I would probably be regarded as a crank on the subject if I gave all my reasons for the stand I have so long maintained," said Dr. Wells. "Do not take my word for it. You have right here in Brooklyn a man as qualified to speak as I am. He can cite instances enough to convince any intelligent physician that he is playing with fire when he is handling cocaine. I refer to Dr. J. Mattison, who is an accepted authority on the subject. It was Dr. Mattison who challenged the statement made by Dr. William A. Hammond in 1886 that he 'did not believe any ... of cocaine that could be taken was dangerous.' This was said in an address to the members of the New York Neurological society and attracted wide attention and considerable criticism. It took Dr. Hammond five years to find that he had made an error, and he frankly acknowledged it, and I am glad to say that his words have done much toward diminishing the use of this poison, for it cannot be classed as anything else. I hope to see the day when it will be eliminated from our pharmacopœia and not recognized any more than dried dragon's blood or mouse's heart. That is a little extravagant perhaps, but I am an enthusiast on the subject and get a little warmed up when it is under discussion.

"There is a case on record. It is one of the first of the lethal cocaine poisoning cases, which was most deplorable. A young physician, thoroughly skillful, not at all presumptuous and generally regarded as careful, depended upon the assertion that cocaine in large doses was not fatal. He administered it to a patient, a young mother. She died under its effects. The doctor was so frenzied at what he falsely believed to be his own carelessness that he committed suicide, and his father, a venerable man, died of a broken heart. There is a case on record in Wheeling where a strong, healthy man walked into the Bellevue hospital for treatment. He was given one dram of a 4 per cent solution. In four minutes he was dead. A Jersey City physician gave 20 minims—a little more than 20 drops of a 4 per cent solution—to a patient who was about to undergo an operation. Unconsciousness ensued within three minutes and death within five.

"I expect to have professional discussions on the subject of cocaine and the danger of its use even in careful hands. I expect to receive cool treatment in some quarters, but it doesn't matter. I believe I am right, and I believe I can convince others."—New York Mail and Express.

Essay on Man.

Man is an omniverous animal.

Some smart people call him a biped, but this is a zoological error.

He's just a plain, everyday two legged animal.

Man is found in most parts of the world.

He roams at will, feeds in the daytime and sleeps at night.

Some nights.

He is very tame.

You can go up and put your hand on him anywhere so long as you don't put it on his pocketbook. He has, under such conditions, been known to kick.

He is like the dog—howls a good deal and runs around at night.

Like the elephant, he has a trunk, but he doesn't always take it with him.

The elephant does.

As to what man is really good for anthropology is still in the dark.

Being strong, he is used to draw pictures, carry news and pull revolvers.

He is also fast and often goes in the human race.

Properly trained, man can jump higher than any other known animal. He has even been known to jump mountain resort board bills!

Although in many ways man is like other animals, in this respect he is different from them all—he lies standing up.—Boston Courier.

Cruel.

A group of matrons were discussing the pearly teeth of a well known actress and branched off to discussing the molars and bicuspids of their friends.

"Will you believe it," remarked one well preserved personage, with a hyphenated name, displaying an admirable development of some width and whiteness, "that my wisdom teeth have not yet grown?"

A second of dead silence onsued. It was broken by a male voice from the outer edge of the circle:

"Some century plants never bloom."

The identity of the commentator remains undisclosed.—Boston Post.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Dr. A. S. Todd's
Anti-Bilious Pills
are good for sick headache, constipation, piles, bilious colic, fever and ague, dyspepsia, rheumatism, female complaints, dizziness, dizziness, sour stomach, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general debility. They will positively cure all disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. Only 25 cents a box.

Laughlin's
Infant Cordial
helps babies over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, controls the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no strong drugs and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's
Worm Syrup
destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good. 25 cents a bottle.

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.
JOHN C. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

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Growers of and dealers in fruit and ornamental stock especially adapted to the Allegheny Mountains.
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of either sex, any age, in any part of the country, at the employment which we furnish. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. As capital is not required you run no risk. We supply you with all that is needed. It will cost you nothing to try the business. Any one can do the work. Beginners make money from the start. Failure is unknown with our workers. Every hour you labor you can easily make a dollar. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in three days at any ordinary employment. Send for free book containing the fullest information.
H. HALLETT & CO.,
Box 880,
PORTLAND. MAINE.

A CLEAR HEAD;
good digestion; sound sleep; a fine appetite and a ripe old age, are some of the results of the use of Tutt's Liver Pills. A single dose will convince you of their wonderful effects and virtue.
A Known Fact.
An absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, malaria, sour stomach, dizziness, constipation bilious fever, piles, torpid liver and all kindred diseases.
Tutt's Liver Pills

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Entirely New. Abreast of the Times. A Grand Educator.

Successor of the "Unabridged."
Standard of the U. S. Gov't Printing Office, the U. S. Supreme Court and of nearly all the School books.
Warmly commended by every State Superintendent of Schools, and other Educators almost without number.
A College President writes: "For "ease with which the eye finds the "word sought, for accuracy of definition, for effective methods in indicating pronunciation, for terse yet "comprehensive statements of facts, "and for practical use as a working "dictionary, 'Webster's International' "excels any other single volume."
The One Great Standard Authority,
So writes Hon. D. J. Brewer, Justice U. S. Supreme Court.
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FOR SALE.
Three acres of land, being a part of the old Kennedy farm, lying in the eastern suburbs of Oakland on either side of the road leading to Mt. Lake Park. Will be sold in lots of ¼ acre each, or as a whole.
For full particulars call on or address
MRS. LIZZIE BUZZARD,
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MOUNT POMONA.
NURSERY AND FRUIT FARM.
Address Swanton, Md., for Fruit and Mushrooms.
Address Mt. Lake Park concerning Nursery, Greenhouse or Vegetable Products.
Agents wanted on salary.
SWEET & SHACKLEFORD.

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SLATE ROOFING.
I am now prepared to furnish and put on plain and fancy roofing, slate, galvanized ridge, roll and water proof paper at reasonable prices. All work and material guaranteed.
C. M. Beachy,
27-1yr. Keyser, Garrett county, Md.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ¼ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
T. B. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

$50 REWARD.
I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.
CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
22tf 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

Shartzer & Bolden,
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GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.
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Monuments, Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe WITH
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AGENTS WANTED.
4193,yr—8

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I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:
1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.
2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.
3. Farm of Mrs. Ida C. Crumtzberg, containing 61 acres, under fence; orchard of 150 trees; stable, frame house. Price, $1,200. Cash payment of $200, balance at 20 years with interest.
These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.
4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.
E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

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169 Baltimore Street,
CUMBERLAND, - MD.
Sole agents for the World's Fair Best Spring Wheat Flour,
The Boss
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.
ONCE YOU USE IT YOU WILL ALWAYS USE IT!
For sale in Oakland by George O. Miller & Co.; in Mountain Lake Park by Hayden & Eckles. 36—13

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And other specialties for Gentlemen, Ladies, Boys and Misses are the
Best in the World.
See descriptive advertisement which appears in this paper.
Take no Substitute.
Insist on having W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES, with name and price stamped on bottom. Sold by
D. E. Offutt, Oakland, and Wm. Ryland, Friendsville.

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40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.
All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.
M. M. ARMSTRONG.
CHAS. A. WILT, Agent,
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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1895 NUMBER 2.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings In and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

Mr. E. R. Rinard, of Terra Alta, was in Oakland on Tuesday.

Mr. J. B. Sommerville, of Wheeling, was in the city Sunday.

Read Sincell Bros. new advertisement in this issue of THE REPUBLICAN.

Mr. John Shartzer has bought G. W. Leggo's stock and will sell all goods at auction.

A stone crossing has been placed in front of the Commercial Hotel on Second street.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Miss Elsie Fay went to Cumberland yesterday to spend a few weeks with friends and relatives.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

Mrs. Kate Crane returned last Friday from a week's visit to friends in Baltimore and Washington.

New spring millinery, hats, trimmings, fancy goods, etc., at M. L. Scott's Baltimore Store. 1-2t.

Mr. M. D. Yoder, of Grantsville, was in the city on Monday for a few hours and paid his respects to this office.

Yesterday afternoon a snow storm set in and by nightfall snow to the depth of several inches covered the ground.

Mrs. Chas. F. White and children, of Hutton, are here as the guests of Capt. and Mrs. J. M. Jarboe.

Send your check books to this office to be numbered. We have a special machine for just this class of work.

Dr. Henry W. McComas, who was in Baltimore several days last and this week, returned to Oakland yesterday morning.

Mr. D. O. Feather, one of Mr. P. T. Garthright's obliging clerks, spent a week in eastern cities and arrived home yesterday.

FOR SALE.—One new Century Columbia bicycle; used about one month. A bargain.
1-3t. S. LAWTON.

A good man to do general farm work wanted by Wm. Casteel, near Oakland. Also ten or twelve tons of good timothy hay for sale.
2-2*

Mr. Thomas Hayes, residing near Deer Park, has advertised his stock, farm implements, farm, etc., for sale, which will take place April 1st.

William White, of Oakland Md., was visiting his sister, Mrs. Fitzwater, in Beverly, from last Thursday until Monday.—Beverly Enterprise.

A. D. Naylor has just completed a three seated canopy top spring wagon for Wm. Whorton, of Oakland, and one for John Harmon, of Bittinger.

Misses Nellie and Belle Jarboe, who spent several weeks in Baltimore as the guest of Miss Edith Wardwell, returned to Oakland Monday night.

This morning at 7.30 o'clock the mercury in Oakland registered six degrees below zero, which is probably the coldest March morning ever experienced in Oakland.

A good girl to do general housework wanted by Mrs. Wm. W. Sweet. Call on or address her at Piedmont, W. Va., or Mr. Sweet at Mt. Lake Park, Md., at once.
51—tf.

On last Saturday morning Sheriff Wegman and Jailor Meyers took to Baltimore the three prisoners sentenced to the penitentiary. When the sheriff went into the jail Saturday morning the three men declined to go with him, consequently they were chained together and forced to accompany him.

In a private letter received by a friend in Oakland from Lieut. R. M. G. Brown, who recently arrived in Washington from Mexico, he states that Senator Davis and family will spend part of the summer at Deer Park.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office with Dr. M. C. Hinehaugh. 35-1y.

The March term of the Circuit Court adjourned on last Friday afternoon and will again convene this morning with Judge Stake on the bench. There are several criminal cases to be tried, all of which are for minor offenses.

Mrs. Dr. O. G. Getty and family left for a fortnight's visit to relatives and friends at her former home, Grantsville, Md. They expect a most enjoyable visit which has for quite a while been looked forward to with pleasureable anticipations. —Meyersdale Commercial.

W. Grant Martin, optician, has located permanently in Oakland, and is prepared to examine eyes scientifically and adjust glasses with unerring accuracy. All work guaranteed. Office days: Monday and Saturday, in Pritchard building. 50-tf.

Mr. D. M. Dixon will in a few days open a large stock of goods in his store room near this office. Messrs. Shartzer & Fringer, who occupied Mr. Dixon's building, have moved their goods to the Legge building on Second street.

Mr. James M. Litzinger, editor of the *Democrat*, has been called up to Mr. Cleveland's pie counter and appointed State Statistical agent. Mr Litzinger replaces Captain Hayden, whose term expired last December. The salary is $600 per year.

Mr. Lloyd Warnick who was formely a member of the firm Miller & Warnick, in this place, will leave next week for Mt. Lake Park, Md., where he has accepted a position as manager of a general store. Mr. Warnick has our best wishes for success.—Lonaconing Review.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy gives the best satisfaction of any cough medicine I handle, and as a seller leads all other preparations in this market. I recommend it because it is the best medicine I ever handled for coughs colds and croup. A. W. Baldridge, Millersville, Ill. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

A journal devoted to advertisers says: An advertisement to be a success should act on a business like a magnifying glass on a snow flake, bringing out all its beauties and attractiveness. Unfortunately to draw trade, some advertisers hold the magnifying glass too far away.

WANTED — Quick, pupils for piano, organ, violin, vocal culture, elegant penmanship, elocution and dramatic reading. Private lessons or in class to suit the applicant. Can begin lessons any day at any hour. Pupils from a distance can secure boarding at an extremely reasonable figure. For terms and particulars, please address Mrs. H. A. Rasche, Oakland, Md. 48-13t.

On Monday fire destroyed the handsome new residence and drug store of Dr. A. F. Speicher at Salisbury, Pa., and several other buildings belonging to different people in that town, entailing a loss of nearly $50,000. Dr. Speicher has the sympathy of a large number of friends in Oakland who have heard with regret of his misfortune.

A severe rheumatic pain in the left shoulder had troubled Mr. J. H. Loper, a well known druggist of Des Moines, Iowa, for over six months. At times the pain was so sever that he could not lift anything. With all he could do he could not get rid of it until he applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm. "I only made three applications of it," he says, "And have since been free from all pain." He now recommends it to persons similarly afflicted. It is for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Workmen have been engaged [illegible] several days past in fitting up [illegible] building in the rear of Shartzer & Bolden's furniture store which will be used by Messrs. C. M. Rathbun & Co., of Mountain Lake Park, as a warehouse for frames, sash, doors, etc., and from which their Oakland trade will be supplied.

Miss Enda, the bright little daughter of Dr. and Mrs. O. G. Getty, leaves Grantsville to-day with her maternal grandmother, Mrs. Keller, for Bloomington, O., where she will remain until July or August, returning home in ample time for the opening of the fall term of our public schools. At her age, enjoyment and pleasure grow on every bush, so may the Ohio bushes hold much fruit of this tempting variety for the little Meyersdale maiden.—Meyersdale Commercial.

If you want anything in the vehicle line, be sure you see A. D. Naylor's stock, and get prices and terms. A fine line of buggies, spring wagons, daytons and buck wagons on hand now, part of them being Hagerstown hand made. Will have jump seat carriages, phaetons and carts on hand by April 10th. The finest line of vehicles that has ever been shown or kept in stock in Oakland. No trouble to show goods. 2-3t.

Attorney General Olney has given an opinion to the effect that postmaster Warfield, of Baltimore, had the power to remove the seven employes, about which objection was raised by the civil service commission last fall. It will be remembered that Warfield was charged with making removals after the President's order placing postoffice clerks under civil service rules had been issued. As the discharged men were Republicans Olney had no difficulty in proving that Warfield was all right.

For seven years or more Mrs. W. D. Louder, of Quincy, Ky., was subject to severe attacks of cramp colic. Mr. S. R. Morse, a druggist of that place, recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which has effected a permanent cure, saving her much suffering besides the trouble and expense for a doctor which is often necessary. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Those residing in the vicinity of the depot yard in Oakland are truly thankful that the large piles of unsightly crossties have been removed therefrom. It will be the order now for the authorities to give the place a general cleaning up. It would not be amiss to add in this connection that the piles of ashes, old boxes, lumber and trash of every description now lying along the curbs in every street in the town should be removed so that when summer comes the town will look a little better, but still far from being clean.

"Perhaps you would not think so, but a very large proportion of diseases in New York comes from carelessness about catching cold," says Dr. Syrus Edson. It is such a simple thing and so common that very few people, unless it is a case of pneumonia, pay any attention to a cold. New York is one of the healthiest places on the Atlantic Coast and yet there are a great many cases of catarrh and consumption which have their origin in this neglect of the simplest precaution of every day life. The most sensible advice is, when you have one get rid of it as soon as possible. By all means do not neglect it." Dr. Edson does not tell you how to cure a cold but we will. Take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It will relieve the lungs, aid expectoration, open the secretions and soon effect a permanent cure. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Fertilizers.

Parties wishing to buy Fertilizers for spring crops, can have the advantage of car load lots by placing their orders with us to be delivered April 1st. By so doing we can give you twelve different brands suitable for all kinds of crops, and in this way get just what you want at the lowest cash price. Send or call for catalogue.
50-5t J. M. DAVIS & SON.

From the "Oracle"

Mr. Ed Rinard was in Oakland a few hours on Sunday last.

D. E. Offutt, Jr., was among Oakland visitors to Terra Alta, Sunday evening last.

Miss Kate Canty, of Huttons, spent Sunday in town, the guest of Miss Maggie Zeller.

Miss Kate C. Spedden has gone to Baltimore where she will spend a couple of months with relatives.

Miss Ellen Connell and little niece, Miss Helen DeBorry, spent Sunday last with relatives at Huttons.

Postmaster Chris. Felty made his regular rounds Tuesday and filled our merchants up with goods in his line.

Miss Bertie Cleveland, of Oakland, spent several days of this week here as the guest of Mrs. L. L. Adams.

Cashier S. T. Jones, of the Garrett County Bank, spent Sunday in town, the guest of his father, Hon. Jno. P. Jones.

Died.

KEEFER.—At the residence of his son about eight miles north of Oakland, Mr.——Keefer, aged 91 years. The funeral will occur on Friday and interment made at the Thayer Baptist church.

Funeral of Mr. Abraham King.

The remains of Mr. Abraham King, who died in Gainesville, Florida, last Wednesday, arrived in Oakland on Friday morning and was taken to the residence of Mr. F. A. Thayer.

On Sunday afternoon the funeral occured from the Garrett Memorial church, Rev. S. M. Engle officiating. The interment was made in the Odd Fellows' cemetery.

A very large concourse of people was present at the church during the services. The floral offerings were both handsome and numerous.

The pall bearers were Messrs. D. E. Offutt, J. G. Hoffman, G. S. Hamill, D. M. Dixon, G. O. Miller and D. M. Mason.

Obituary.

Dora Hay, daughter of Charles and Augusta Beckman, died March 14th, aged six months and sixteen days.

Another little lamb has gone,
To dwell with him who gave,
Another little darling babe
Is sheltered in the grave.

God needed one more angel child
Amid his shining band,
And so he bent with loving smile
And clasped our darling's hand.

In Memoriam.

In loving remembrance of Katie, daughter of Isabel and the late Charles H. Whetzell of this county, aged fourteen years, nine months and one day. The funeral services were ably conducted by Revs. Idleman and Woodruff at Cranesville, W. Va. Katie Whetzell became a member of the M. E. church Sept. 13, 1891, in which she was an earnest worker in the master's vineyard.

We loved her—yes, we loved her,
But the angels loved her more;
And they gently came and bore her
Unto the shining shore.

The pearly gates stood open,
A voice said sweetly "come,"
And with farewells all unspoken,
Our darling Katie entered home.

Marriage Licenses.

George W. Rexrode and Alverta Hardy, both of Nealtown, Garrett county.

Charles Edward McCleary, of Barritt, Md., and Laura Peters, of Shaw, W. Va.

John Ritchie and Ella Ingram, both of Cameron, W. Va.

William Lacy Nugent, of Bayard, W. Va., and Alice R. Thrasher, of Hambleton, W. Va.

John Wesley Markley and Blanche Sines, both of near Oakland.

Homer Bruce Weimer and Mollie Glass, both of Garrett county.

Rufus Elmer Layman and Josie Payne, both of Taylor county, W. Va.

The Garrett County Agricultural Society.

In response to a call addressed to the farmers of Garrett county about fifty gentlemen met in Callis' Hall at Loch Lynn Heights last Saturday the 16th instant, and organized the Garrett County Agricultural Society by calling S. P. Baker, Esq., to the chair, and electing Oscar W. Sauner as secretary.

Addresses were made by Major Alderson, Hon. J. B. Sommerville, W. W. Sweet and W. S. Boody, showing the great importance to the farmers of Garrett county of organizing themselves into an agricultural society for the mutual protection and the general improvement of our farms, roads, stock, etc., —a society free from politics, political schemes and secret organizations in which all political, religious and social bodies can unite in one common interest.

On motion the chairman appointed the following committee on permanent organization, one from each election district, viz.:

District No. 1, A. F. George and Rudolph Beekman; No. 2, E. J. Stuck; No. 3, Ralph Engle; No. 4, Adrian Duckworth; No. 5, Wm. Englehart; No. 6, Noah Pysel; No. 7, Truman Casteel and S. P. Baker; No. 8, Chas. Hilleary and Geo. P. White; No. 9, Thomas Layman; No. 10, Dr. Laughlin; No. 11, Jos. Warnick; No 12, Thomas Wiley.

On motion the meeting adjourned to meet again Saturday, the 30th of March, at 2 p. m., when said committee is requested to meet and make their report to a general conference of farmers, who are requested to be present at that time, when a permanent organization will be effected and a constitution and by-laws adopted.

Auctions.

At Friendsville, Friday, March 22; Accident, Monday, March 25; Bittinger's, Tuesday, March 26; Joel Bender's, Wednesday, March 27; winding up auction at Oakland beginning Friday, March 29.
2-1t. JOHN SHARTZER.

Real Estate Transfers.

Mary A. Friend et al. to Stephen W. Friend, their interest in a tract of land called "Will Hoye's Neglect;" $2.

Daniel W. Bussard to Wm. Uphold. 100 acres of a tract of land known as "Cove Dale;" $300.

J. W. Boyer to Chas. Speicher, lot No. 6 in the town of Accident; $175.

The Mountain Home Company to J. M. Crane, lots Nos. 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16 in block 13 of Loch Lynn Heights; $440.

Amos Bittinger and wife to Cyrus W. Stark, part of a tract of land called "Briar Patch," 63 acres and 70 perches; $1,000.

Annie M. Echard and husband to Jesse Glotfelty, military lot No. 3015; $125.

George W. Legge and wife to George Martin, a parcel of land in Oakland; $1000.

Josephus Friend and wife to the Confluence and Oakland Railroad Co., a parcel of land near Friendsville; $15.

Alexander Fresh and wife to Martin L. Fresh, several parcels of land near Accident; $5.

John A. Connell et al., to Lulu B. Loraw, a lot of ground at Crellin; $315.

P. H. McCormick and wife to Harry E. Clark, et al., their interest in miltary lots Nos. 2691, 2692, 2693 and 2694; $300.

Gilmor S. Hamill, mortgagee, to James A. Delawder, military lot No. 1540; $250.

Elizabeth Friend and husband to Martha Cole, the Grimm property in Altamont; $300.

W. C. Broadwater et al. to Sam'l J. Beachy et al., the M. E. church lot in Grantsville; $1.

Samuel C. Hoye et al. to John W. Hayes, military lot No. 1331, being part of a tract called "William and Mary;" $350.

J. Conway Shackleford and wife to the Horticultural Supply Co. of Garrett county, two acres of land at Loch Lynn Heights; $1500.

George A. Bittinger, sr., et al., to James C. Peddicord, military lot No. 2287; $200.

The Mountain Home Co. to Leonard Schell, lots Nos. 19 and 20 in block No. 25 of Loch Lynn Heights; $150.

Yough Manor Land Co. to Harris Sisler, 100 acres of land; $500.

George P. White and wife to Mt. Home Co., 12¼ acres of land; $1000.

Mt. Home Co. to Loch Lynn Heights Hotel Co., 12⅓ acres of land; $2,733.33⅓.

Mt. Home Co. to Loch Lynn Heights Hotel Co.; hotel lawn in Loch Lynn Heights; $200.

Emanuel Custer et al. to Daniel J. Brenneman, two pieces of land in Garrett county; $1.

Aaron Sines and wife to Enos Sines, part of a tract called "Gleanings;" $300.

Rogers' Sarsaparilla.

A specific for all. 100 doses for 75 cents. Rogers' Little Liver Pills, best on the market; Cough Cure, Liniment, Appetine and Worm Syrup, sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland; Cuppett Bros., McHenry; J. A. DeBerry, Corinth; C. F. White, Hutton; P. T. Garthright, Hayden & Eckles, Mt. Lake Park; Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park; Wm. Frederick, Friendsville; Yough Store Co., Jonas Frazee, Robert Liston, Selbysport; W. Wass, Mineral Springs; J. E. Gnagey, Accident; Smith & Callis, Hoyes, and by all general dealers.

Bargains! Bargains!

S. L. Townshend & Son will sell for the next thirty days their line of Dress Goods, such as cashmeres, henriettas, jacquar suitings, ladies' cloths, etc., at cost for cash. Also factory flannels and overcoats, in order to make room for spring goods. 52-3t.

MALETTE
Is Selling Everything In the Eating Line At way below Rock Bottom.
JEWELRY
At your Own Price. Give us a Call.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

THE LAND OF "PRETTY SOON."

I know a land where the streets are paved
With the things which we meant to achieve.
It is walled with the money we meant to have saved.
And the pleasures for which we grieve.
The kind words unspoken, the promises broken,
And many a coveted boon
Are stowed away there in that land somewhere—
The land of "Pretty Soon."

There are uncut jewels of possible fame
Lying about in the dust.
And many a noble and lofty aim
Covered with mold and rust.
And oh! this place, while it seems so near,
Is further away than the moon.
Though our purpose is fair, yet we never get there—
The land of "Pretty Soon."

The road that leads to that mystic land
Is strewn with pitiful wrecks.
And the ships that have sailed for its shining strand
Bear skeletons on their decks.
It is further at noon than it was at dawn,
And further at night than at noon;
Oh! let us beware of that land down there—
The land of "Pretty Soon."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Home.

MOTHER'S ADVENTURE.

How She Got the Best of a Burglar.

"WE HAD been discussing that threadbare but fascinating subject, burglars.

"For my part," said my mother, severely clicking her ivory needles together by way of emphasis, "I never could understand how any person, man or woman, could lie quietly and let a miserable thief rummage through the house. Of course one might be a little startled, but I should be so angry at the impudence of the man in venturing into my house that I should order him out at once."

"Perhaps he would not go, mother," said I, mischievously. "I have heard that, as a class, burglars are not very biddable. His first act would probably be to tie us in our chairs and gag us, so that he could investigate at his leisure and without fear of being disturbed."

My mother looked at me indignantly. "Do you suppose," said she, "that I would sit still to be tied? The burglar would have to catch me first, and I promise you I would lead him a pretty chase."

I laughed involuntarily at the picture thus conjured up of my mother, who was no longer very slender or agile, flying around the room, dodging our supposititious burglar, but a hurt look in her dear eyes sobered me, and I said:

"Well, supposing a thief should walk in on us now, the best thing I can think of would be to hide Hilda under the table, then when Mr. Burglar went into another room she could slip out of the back door, find the nightwatch and bring him here to rescue us."

I smiled at the little German maid who sat at my feet holding a skein of yarn on her patient hands, and she smiled intelligently in return, though I was by no means sure how much she had understood of the conversation.

Hilda was quite a recent importation from "Deutschland." She had only been with us a few weeks and her attempts at our language were something fearful and wonderful, but her ears were becoming educated much faster than her tongue.

My mother and I had lived alone together for many years in what had been the outskirts of West Ripley. But the manufacturing interests of the town had been developing so fast that it was reaching out in all directions, and we who had been glad to have neighbors within half a mile now had them in the same block.

But with the growth of the town and the increase of prosperity there had come also an influx of disreputable characters and an increase of such petty crimes as theft and burglary, and at last my mother had taken the hitherto unheard-of precaution of having a Yale lock and a chain put on our front door. We were, however, so unaccustomed to the necessity of locking ourselves in that more frequently than not we would go to bed and sleep peacefully through the night without turning a key anywhere.

On this particular day we had been hearing some unusually circumstantial and harrowing accounts of recent burglarious exploits where our own acquaintances had been the victims; and my mother's indignation had been greatly roused by the pusillanimous conduct of one of the "burgled" ones, who had quietly covered his head with the bedclothes and let the thieves take what they would. "Woman as she was," she had declared, "she would not be such a coward."

As it drew near bedtime my mother looked up from her knitting and said to me:

"Marian, did you lock the front door?"

"I am not sure, mother," I replied, "but I will go and see."

"Never mind, child," she said, with a queer little smile: "I'll go myself as soon as I have knit this row; then I will know it is done."

Her ivory needles clicked a little faster. My head was bent over my embroidery frame, for I, too, was anxious to "finish another row." Hilda, still on the low stool at my feet, and almost hidden by the cover of the table against which she leaned, was sorting the bright wools, when suddenly a low, gasping cry from my mother made me look up. Our sitting-room door had been quietly opened and a man had entered. A mangy fur cap was pulled down over his forehead and ears and a bandana handkerchief effectually concealed the lower part of his face. In his hand he held a common case-knife, but both blade and point had been sharpened until they glittered murderously. He seemed to make but one stride to my mother's side, and laying his hand on her shoulder said: "That's right, old lady. Don't you say nothin' and you won't get hurt. As for you, young woman," turning to me with a sudden ferocity, "if you let out so much as one yell I'll stick this knife into you."

The threat was unnecessary, for I was dumb with terror, and watched him in mute fascination while he tied my mother's hands together at the back of her chair, and deftly whipping her handkerchief out of her pocket bound it over her mouth.

"Now then," he said, with evident satisfaction in his work, "you ain't a-goin' to run away, and if you should feel like hollerin' you'll have a chance to think twice before doing it. Just bear in mind, too, ma'am, that me and this young woman are goin' to take a stroll through the house lookin' for valuables, and if you try to raise a fuss I'll cut her pretty throat before I leave. Now get a move on you," he added, turning to me, threateningly. "I've had to waste a lot of time already waitin' for you to get to bed. I never see such folks for sittin' up," with a glance at the clock, which was just on the stroke of eleven.

I rose obediently, though with trembling limbs, and, taking up a lamp from the table around which we were sitting, started toward the door. We had, however, scarcely crossed the threshold when my rude companion, suddenly stopping, said: "Where's the girl that works for you?"

Then for the first time I remembered Hilda, and realized that she had not been seen since the burglar had entered, and a gleam of hope came to me as I thought she must have slipped under the table and was waiting a chance to escape, but I stammered:

"She's—she's gone to spend the night with some friends."

"So much the better," said the man; "no need to bother about her, then."

He gripped my arm and was pushing me forward, but my courage had come back with the hope of help, and I shook his dirty hand off, saying haughtily:

"I'll show you where everything is, but you must keep your hands off me."

"You seem to be getting over your scare," said the man in a surly tone; "but that's all right: I won't touch you unless you try to get away. Now, then, go ahead, and no monkeying."

"What do you want first?" I asked. "Jewelry or silver?"

"Now yer talkin'," said he approvingly; "we'll go straight for that silver."

I led the way into the dining-room and pointed silently to the sideboard where the accumulated treasures of three generations shone temptingly. The burglar's eyes glittered covetously.

This silver was my mother's greatest pride. It had come to her through mother and grandmother, and was the only substantial evidence remaining to us of the former wealth and importance of her family. The care of it was her chief duty, and its daily display on the antique sideboard her greatest pleasure. She had been warned many times that she ought not to leave it so exposed day after day, but her one answer was that there was no good in having it if she might not use it and see it. Now the Nemesis of pride had overtaken her, and as I watched the greedy robber hastily piling together coffee-pot, tureens, cups, spoons, forks and platters and thought of my poor mother's wrath and sorrow when she should learn the extent of her loss my heart sank within me and I longed for some weapon with which to strike the wretch to the ground. Suddenly he raised his head and listened intently. "What's that?" he said. I, too, had heard the sound, and knew it was the latch of the kitchen door and felt sure it was Hilda making her way out. Naturally, though, I did not offer this explanation to my companion, who, after a moment's close attention, resumed the pleasant task of tying up our cherished silver in one of our best tablecloths. This done, he stood for a little while, muttering and frowning as if undecided

"YOU MUST KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF OF ME."

what to do next. Finally, shaking his head, he said aloud: "Guess I won't trust Jim alone with this." Then I knew he had a pal outside, and I trembled with the fear that Hilda had fallen into his hands.

Laying the bundle of silver on the table, my burglar said to me, with a jocular air: "Now, miss, let's see some of that jewelry you was talkin' about a bit ago." I turned to lead the way upstairs, and, as I did so, I caught a glimpse of Hilda's pale face in the depths of the sideboard mirror. She was peering in through the door we had entered, her finger was pressed to her lip and she was shaking her head in a very excited fashion. It was almost cheerfully that I preceded my ugly companion up the stairs, for I felt sure that Hilda had released my mother from her unpleasant position and that together they were planning some way of circumventing the wretch at my heels. How angry it made me to see him snatch up a pillow-case and empty into it everything of value within reach. My courage and indignation were rising in equal proportions and I began devising schemes of my own for getting rid of my thief. Presently he looked up at me, with a leer, and said:

"Couldn't you give a poor fellow some ready cash for present use, miss?"

I pointed to a little old-fashioned chest that stood under the head of the bed, saying: "You'll find some money in that box." Forgetting all caution he hurried to the bed, and, catching the handle of the chest, pulled it out. At that moment my mother and Hilda glided into the room like a pair of ghosts. There was a heavy woolen shawl in my mother's hand and a look of fell determination in her eye. Without a moment's hesitation she ran up to the stooping man, threw the shawl over his head and gave a jerk that landed him sprawling on his back.

"Come, quick, girls," she commanded, quietly, "and help hold this wretch while I choke him." But we had flung ourselves upon the prostrate body of our enemy without waiting to be told and were hanging to him like grim death, while he kicked and squirmed and mother drew the shawl tighter and tighter.

As he fell the man uttered one yell, which had been answered from without by a low whistle, and now, while we waged our desperate struggle with one robber, the kitchen door was forced open, there was one heavy step, a scream and a crash, then silence. I looked at Hilda with wild questioning in my eyes.

"It's de trap doo to de cellar," she explained pantingly: "I left him open and de oder robber has pitched in."

We had, however, little time for thought of anything but the wretch we were trying to hold. He fought

SHE RAN UP TO THE STOOPING MAN.

like a demon, he kicked like a mule, and though the shawl had partly bound his arms to his sides he would have soon overpowered all three of us.

As our captive gyrated around the floor vainly trying to free himself, a small flask with a sponge attached fell from his pocket. My mother snatched it up. "It is the chloroform he meant for us," she said with awful calmness; "I'll give him some of it."

She struck the bottle on the edge of the table, the neck broke off, and she deliberately poured the whole contents over the head of the writhing, struggling man. The sweetish, sickening odor filled the chamber. I grew faint and everything blurred before me, but I still gripped the dirty right hand which I had seized when the melee first began and my last conscious thought was to wonder whether we had really killed the man who had suddenly grown so quiet.

When I recovered consciousness the fresh night air was pouring in on me. I sat up and looked around. In one corner of the room lay our burglar. He had been divested of his shawl, handkerchief and cap and was a pitiable looking object enough as he gaspingly returned to life. He was handcuffed and the patrolman was just tying his legs together in a complex fashion that seemed to give him much satisfaction. My mother sat on the bed in a collapsed heap, and Hilda knelt beside me holding my hands, which she had been gently chafing. As memory gradually returned I cried:

"Where is the other man?"

The officer turned and said pleasantly:

"I guess he won't trouble anybody ever again. Why, miss," enthusiastically, "you never see such a beautiful crack as that feller has in his head this blessed minute."

I heard a little moan and saw Hilda's hands go up to her face. I put my arms around the brave little maid and soothed her while she told me in her broken English how she had tried to slip out of the back door, but had found the other burglar on guard, so she had opened the trap door of the cellar, which lay just inside, hoping he would fall in if he tried to enter. Then she had released my mother, and after I had fainted and the thief had ceased to struggle, she had run out and brought the patrolman to the house.

"But, oh, fraulein," she cried, wringing her hands, "I wished not to kill him."

"Now, just you quit fretting about that baggage in the cellar, Hilda," said the officer with kindly authority. "If you never do a worse thing you'll go to Heaven sure as guns."

By the time the patrol wagon reached us Hilda had permitted herself to be somewhat comforted. We listened to the retreating wheels which were carrying off our first, and we hoped our last, burglars; then, having made a solemn tour of the house to secure every door and window, we gathered up the sheet full of silver, and, retreating to my mother's room, barricaded the door and spent the remainder of the night in fighting our wonderful battle o'er again.—Aline S. Devin, in Chicago Post.

—Solitude, seeming a sanctuary, proves a grave: a sepulcher in which the living lie, where all good qualities grow sick, and die.—Cowper.

—More hopeful than all wisdom or counsel is one draught of simple human pity that will not forsake us.—George Eliot.

MISCELLANEOUS.

—England has an area of 51,000 square miles, or a little smaller than Arkansas.

—Associate with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation; it is better to be alone than in bad company.—Washington.

—"Pat Malloy," the famous Irish melody, was written by Dion Boucicault for his play, Arrah na Pogue. For five or six years its use by bands during the processions of St. Patrick's day was almost universal.

—A terrible volcanic upheaval is devastating the New Hebrides. Half the fertile island of Ambrein is covered with ashes, and its 8,000 inhabitants have nearly all disappeared. The crater of the sea of lava is three miles in circumference, with walls rising from 800 to 1,700 feet above the floor.

—A quantity of south Australian wine was recently sold in London for the first time at auction. The clarets and hocks brought from 50 to 94 cents a gallon; the burgundies and muscatines went as high as $1.31, prices that compare favorably with those for European wines of the same quality.

—Mr. Carnegie has given Pittsburg a $1,000,000 library building and $40,000 a year to run it, but the library is without sufficient income for the purchase of books and the management of the concern, so that the city will be slow in receiving the full benefit of the gift.

—"What Are the Wild Waves Saying?" a duet that was once immensely popular, was suggested to Dr. Joseph Edwards Carpenter by the conversation in "Dombey & Son." The music was by Glover, the deservedly famous writer of sentimental and devotional concert pieces.

—In obtaining the serum for the anti-toxine treatment about ten quarts is the amount drawn from each horse at one time on the average. The animals suffer no perceptible exhaustion, and are not made useless for other purposes. Among the twenty-five horses now owned by the British institute is a grandson of Blair Athol.

—Articles of incorporation for the Home Saloon association of Chicago were filed recently. The incorporators are T. Derenenburg, T. U. Pemberton and Charles Peck, and the capital stock is $150,000. The association will establish a series of home saloons where non-alcoholic drinks will be served with free lunch on the side.

—Mozart had a memory for music and for nothing else. On attending the papal mass at the Sistine chapel he was greatly impressed with the musical service and asked for a copy, but was told none could be given him, as the music was not allowed to go out. He went to the next service, listened attentively, went away and wrote down the whole from memory. When "Don Giovanni" was first performed there was not time to copy a part of the harpsichord, so Mozart conducted the entire opera, about three hours long, and played a harpsichord accompaniment to the songs and choruses without a note of music to assist his memory.

—The warm climate of India often makes the ordinary precautions against the undue expansion of rails in a railway track quite useless. For instance, it is stated that on a portion of the Rajputana railway several miles of the permanent way were laid with Belgian rails which were all right in the morning, but exhibited a serious change during the heat of the day, the rails deflecting in and out fully three inches in a length of twenty feet; yet the expansion plates used had been increased from one-fourth to one-half and even three-fourths of an inch, but to no purpose. Perhaps the numerous derailments recently reported may be attributed to the same cause.

—"Paderewski's refusal to play at a concert where the seats were to be at reduced prices," said a former manager of attractions, "was, of course, the work of his manager. When an American manager farms out a lecturer or a singer to a local manager it is invariably with the stipulation that the price of seats shall not be reduced below the usual local rates for performers of like grade. Managers are tenacious on this point because they know that once a man's rates are reduced it is almost impossible again to bring them up to the standard. Some of the performers realize this and are sufficiently stiff about rates. But no manager could long exist should he disregard the principle."

—June 2, 1609, Virginia was granted her second charter. The new charter transferred to the company the powers which had before been reserved to the king. The supreme council in England was now to be chosen by the stockholders themselves, and, in the exercise of the powers of legislation and government, was independent of the monarch. The governor in Virginia might rule the colonists with uncontrolled authority, according to the tenor of the instructions and laws established by the council, or, in want of them, according to his own discretion, even in cases capital or criminal, not less than civil; and in the event of mutiny or rebellion he might declare martial law, being himself the judge of the necessity of the measure and the executive officers of its administration. Thus the lives, liberty and fortune of the colonists were placed at the arbitrary will of a governor who was to be appointed by a commercial corporation. As yet not one valuable civil privilege was conceded to the emigrants.

Not So Slow.

"Here, old man," complained the cashier at the restaurant, "you are a quarter shy." "A quarter what?" asked Uncle Reuben. "A quarter short. Your check is sixty-five cents, and you have only given me forty cents." "O, that is all right. The waiter said it was the custom to give him a quarter for what he called a tip."—Indianapolis Journal.

In Washington.

Tourist (on the dome of the capitol)—My, how the wind roars up here.

Guide—That isn't the wind, sir. That's congress in session.—Detroit Free Press.

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FOR LUNCHEONS AND SUPPERS.

A Polished Table, With Dainty Embroidered Doilies, Is Fashion's Preference.

For formal luncheons preference is given to the polished table, covered only in the center and under each plate.

Broad ribbon is often folded or laid flat around the center, or from end to end, on each side, holding all the bonbon dishes and perhaps small candlesticks. A pretty effect is imparted by placing a large bow of wide ribbon at each corner, the loops being cut and so spread out as to form six ends laid flat, each one holding a tiny dish of sweets, olives or almonds. Such a scheme would be detracted from by additional arrangement of doilies and ribbons on the polished surface. It needs only the central figure, these four centers and the several individual doilies, with their proper articles.

It is easy to get too much on the table. Keep away the crowded look produced by a variety of elegancies.

The massing of individual bouquets in a close bank around the center vase, or epergne, is a simple arrangement that is always artistic. A ribbon end reaches to each cover, and at the end of the meal the decorating bank appropriately resolves itself into separate bunches, thus suitably prolonging their decorative service. At a violet luncheon given recently by a modest entertainer, two beautiful orchids and two large maiden-hair ferns responded to the pull of each long violet streamer.

Luncheons, suppers and the Sunday night teas are generally served upon the polished table. If there is not one available a white cloth of fine, neatly ironed linen is always in vogue.

Designs are largely all over, but no especial style is advocated in the shops, where, it is said, fancy dictates choice. Open drawn work is too difficult to launder to continue popular and coarse laces also seem to have fallen into disuse. Effects are fine and dainty. Bolting cloth squares, painted, drawn, and embroidered, are as exquisite covering as one need wish for centerpieces and separate covers. Irish point is highly recommended for many reasons. It wears well and is beautiful and effective, especially so as a setting for cut glass and dark wood.

Satin covers are considered too showy. They are not sufficiently dainty for all surroundings. Extreme and massive elegance is the fit accompaniment of brilliant, gorgeous satin spreads. Lofty rooms, rich wood carvings, heavy furniture, gold plate, and altogether a palatial atmosphere may permit the use of a "thick-as-a-board" satin cover, which it should be if at all.

Harmony ought to be the watchword in any moment of extra table effort. To overload with a profusion of ornamentation because it is possessed is a poor reason for spoiling what otherwise might be beautiful. Harmony in china is a first principle. A mixture of Japanese, French, German, English, and other styles at one time is not effective. A series of plates, each kind differing for each course, is permissible; a variety, however, of odd plates and small dishes representing characteristic workmanship is in poor taste, and one beauty is very apt to destroy another.

Glassware and silver fall in line anywhere, but to use cups and saucers of Japanese, plates of Havilland, and platters of some other sort is not a good selection. Have the general plan of the table service in one style, then a few odd dishes are a pleasant variety. In making purchases it is well to keep this idea in mind, else one may accumulate a lot of incongruous designs that preclude pretty or tasteful arrangement.—N. Y. Times.

FIRST PEASANT WOMAN—"I am so sorry your husband died. And then the funeral expenses!" Second Ditto—"Oh, I wouldn't have minded the funeral expenses if he had only remained alive."—Fliegende Blaetter.

YOUNG TOURIST—"What shall we try?" Honest Waiter (in a whisper)—"Try another restaurant."—Life.

"HAVE you heard grand opera in ——?" He—"No; but I have been at the zoo when the lions were being fed."—Inter Ocean.

CONSIDERING the opportunities the Lord has for finding people out, we don't see where He gets any angels.—Atchison Globe.

HARDUP (scribbles)—"My dear fellow, couldn't U lend me a V?" Wiggins (scribbles below)—"My boy, you must think that I am a J!"—Harper's Bazar.

MOST men who are kind to a fault are kinder to their own faults than to those of anyone else.—Household Words.

ALWAYS to think the worst I have ever found to be the mark of a mean spirit and a base soul.—Bolingbroke.

JUDGE—"Your age, miss?" Elderly Female—"Thirty-two." Judge (to secretary)—"Put down, born 1862." —Fliegende Blaetter.

THE vigor with which a good man shouts reform is only equaled by the vim with which he votes his party ticket.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

THERE never was any heart truly great and generous that was not also tender and compassionate.—South.

A PROUD man is seldom a grateful man, for he never gets as much as he thinks he deserves.—H. W. Beecher.

A CLEAR conscience is a great fortification.—Galveston News.

A FRIEND in need is a friend who generally strikes you for a quarter.—Tammany Times.

THE man who first said that figures never lie probably never saw a ballot.—Philadelphia Record.

IF God made the country and man made the town the devil must have designed the suburbs.—Life.

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S THE CURES CANCER, ECZEMA, TETTER

S BLOOD

A friend advised me to try Ely's Cream Balm and after using it six weeks I believe myself cured of catarrh. It is a most valuable remedy.—Joseph Stewart, 624 Grand Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain, and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Protects the Membrane from colds, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

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"We think Piso's CURE for CONSUMPTION is the only medicine for coughs."—JENNIE PINCKARD, Springfield, Ill., October 1, 1894.

....CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. BEST COUGH SYRUP....
TASTES GOOD. USE IN TIME. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. 25 CENTS.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

NANNIE'S DANGER SIGNAL.

It Served the Double Purpose of Saving Her Father and the Train.

"THIS red flag is a signal of danger, Nannie," said the tall engineer.

"A signal, father?"

How Nannie's blue eyes were lifted toward her father's in anxious inquiry.

"Yes, it means danger. If anything is not just right that flag on the railroad track is a sign, and an engineer will stop his train."

"Would you stop yours, father?"

"I rather think so, Nannie Poipon. If I didn't, there would be trouble. What I have given you is only a toy flag, but you may like to play with it."

Nannie was an enthusiastic creature. She eagerly seized the toy flag and delightedly played with it. Her father had scarcely left the room to hurry off to his train, when she heard her mother sighing: "Oh, dear!" Then her mother cried.

"Oh, I wouldn't cry!" urged Nannie, throwing her arms about her mother's neck. "Tell me what is the matter?"

The mother hated to say.

"I know why it is, mother!"

She went to the closet and opened the door. She pointed to a black bottle on a shelf.

"That is it, mother."

The mother nodded her head.

"It is growing on him, Nannie. He does not think so, but he drinks more than he used to, and he drinks often. He will lose his place on the road the next thing."

The fumes of the liquor he had just taken escaped from the closet into the room.

"He thinks people don't know, but they can't help knowing; just as the smell of it is coming out of the closet the trouble gets out, and everybody knows it, Nannie, you can't hide it."

What could Nannie do? She resolved to do one thing the next day, though she made up her mind with fear and trembling.

When the engineer went to the closet the next day, he saw the toy flag beside the bottle, red beside the black, the danger signal near the brink of death. At first he pretended not to notice it, save that he said: "Oh, here is your toy up here! Take it child, somebody got it here by accident." Then he poured his drink out of the bottle into a glass, and drank it. Wasn't he going to pay any more attention to the danger signal than that?

"Oh, papa," sobbed Nannie, running to him, "don't—you—think—there—is—danger?" How angry he was.

"Nannie," he said sternly, "never do that again. Your father don't need instructions from his family."

He strode out of the house in wrath.

After dinner that day Nannie thought she would walk out upon the railroad track. She was feeling unhappy, and the woods beside the railroad track were beautiful and pleasant.

"Nannie," called a voice when she had started. It was her mother.

"I am going to the woods, you know you said I might. I asked you."

"I know it, but you wait and I'll go too."

NANNIE FLAGS THE TRAIN.

"Oh, good!"

Nannie's mother needed the rest of the cool, shadowy woods. She was troubled, and the bottle on the shelf was the cause of her anxiety. She was worried about her husband.

"Oh, look!" said her mother, when they had reached the track, bordering the woods. This side "the big curve," as it was called, a heavy bowlder had rolled down a bank and lodged upon the iron rail near it. A rain in the night had loosened the rock.

"Hark!" Toot-t-t!

It was the whistle of the locomotive of the three o'clock train thundering across an out-of-town road just beyond the curve.

"It is father's train, mother! I've got my flag!" called Nannie, as down the track she ran.

"Oh, can't I shove this thing off the rail?" moaned the poor, anxious mother. "I'll try."

She tugged away at the bowlder in vain. It refused to budge.

Down the track flew Nannie.

"Oh, it's coming!" she moaned. Yes, round the curve drove and rumbled and roared and thundered the three o'clock train.

"Ned," said the engineer to the fireman, "what is that on the track—I—I—?"

He did not want to confess all he knew. He had been drinking, and his eyes refused to give clear, distinct testimony.

"Whew!" shouted the fireman. "A little gal waving a red flag!"

Oh, how the whistle sounded "down brakes!" and the ponderous train came to a halt just in time.

"My poor little Nannie!" said the engineer, when he had stepped from his cab.

Many rushed from the train. A big crowd gathered about the little girl with her little danger signal, and called for her story. She gave it modestly.

"Three cheers for our rescuer!" shouted a voice.

"Hoo-ror! Hoo-ror! Hoo-ror!" rang out the cheers. "We must do something for the gal," said a man. "Pass around the hat!" The hat went around to a good purpose.

One other person said he must do something for Nannie. It was the engineer. Before he started his train again, the bowlder having been quickly rolled away by the train men, Nannie received a slip of paper. A promise was written on it. "God being my helper, Nannie, I won't touch liquor any more. Your sorrowful, thankful father."—Rev. Edward A Raad, in Good Things.

USE OF TOBACCO.

What It Costs This Nation, and the Attendant Evils.

During the year 1894 the people of the United States spent for tobacco the enormous sum of $535,000,000. If the population is 70,000,000 then we spent an average of nearly $8 for each man, woman and child in the nation. But the women and children as a rule do not use tobacco. Therefore this vast sum is spent in one year for a useless and hurtful article by the men.

If the loss were simply one of dollars and cents it would be severe enough, but we all know that the use of tobacco is injurious to the physical man and harmful to him intellectually. Physicians tell us that tobacco is a harmful drug and that its constant use is injurious in many ways. While we are not of those that place tobacco alongside of liquor and insist that it is as harmful, we do believe that the tobacco habit is not only filthy and expensive, but injurious to those who are addicted to its use. In many cases, especially with boys and young men, the tobacco habit leads to the use of liquor. But for tobacco there are multitudes who would never have acquired an appetite for strong drink.

The fact that many who use tobacco are total abstainers from liquor does not affect our statement a particle, for though there are many tobacco users who do not drink liquor, it is the exception to find a drinker who does not also use tobacco.—Lever.

THEIR OWN GRAVE DIGGERS.

How Gen. Scott Punished Drunkenness During a Cholera Epidemic.

Gen. Scott was in command at Rock Island when the cholera broke out there, and, after various injunctions in his order as to sobriety and cleanliness, he added this curious paragraph, which was recently printed in the Magazine of American History: "In addition to the foregoing, the senior surgeon present recommends the use of flannel underclothing, and woolen stockings; but the commanding general, who has seen much of disease, knows that it is intemperance which, in the present state of the atmosphere, generates and spreads the calamity, and that when once spread, good and temperate men are likely to take infection.

"He therefore peremptorily commands that every soldier or ranger who shall be found drunk or sensibly intoxicated after the publication of this order be compeled, as soon as his strength will permit, to dig a grave at a suitable burying place, large enough for his own reception, as such a grave can not fail soon be wanted for the drunken man himself or some drunken companion. This order is given as well to serve for the punishment of drunkenness as to spare good and temperate men the labor of digging graves for their worthless companions."

A POINT FOR THE INDIANS.

It Is Thought To Them Is Due the Credit of the First Temperance Society.

A writer in the Voice has been trying to find out who got up the first temperance society. He has found among some old records in Pennsylvania the following papers, which leads him to think that the credit belongs to the Indians:

ALLEGHANY, March 15, 1737.

This day we held a council and it was by the sheynar's in general that whatever rum is in our towns shall be broken and spilled and not drank, and whoever shall bring any rum or any sort of strong liquor into our towns, Indian or white man, let it be more or less, it shall be all broken and spilled in the presence of the whole town, wheresoever it is brought, and four men are appointed for every town to see that there is no rum or strong liquor brought into our towns, and to have it for the term of four years from date.

[Signed] LAYPAHEAWAH, Opchasas' Son.
NENCHUNONEH, Deputy King.
COYEAOOLINNE, Chief Council,
and 97 others.

CITS AND BREVITIES.

THE mayor of Mt. Vernon, Ind., who is a Methodist, has closed the saloons of that place on Sunday.

A WISE rule is that of the St. Joseph (Mo.) board of education, which expels any pupil found smoking cigarettes.

WITHIN twenty-four hours at Christmas nearly five hundred arrests for drunkenness were made in Philadelphia.

THE people of Great Britain are said to consume less tobacco per head than those of any other civilized country.

HARD times in the colony of Victoria have had the effect of reducing the drink bill from £6,700,000 in 1891, to £3,7000,000 in the last year.

MORE men are voluntarily impoverished in one year by strong drink than are made poor in a lifetime by unjust and oppressive legislation.—Nebraska State Journal (Rep.)

THE bishop of London, presiding at a recent pledge-signing meeting in Exeter hall, stated that he felt bound for the sake of example to become a total abstainer.

SCOTLAND has 183 parishes in which there are no licensed dramshops. In one of these, the parish of Keir, Dumfriesshire, there is a population of 639 and only 9 paupers.

A PLEDGE-SIGNING campaign was instituted by the National Temperance league at the beginning of the year which has awakened much activity in English temperance circles.

MR. CHUGWATER'S SURPRISE.

A Midwinter Night's Experience that Seemed to Him Unseasonable.

The home of the Chugwater family is a commodious down-town structure built with an eye to comfort, well lighted and thoroughly heated.

For the proper understanding of the causes that led to the domestic tragedy herein set forth it will be necessary for the reader to grasp the idea that the heating arrangements of the Chugwater mansion are especially complete. It will enable him to understand why, in spite of the vigilance of Mrs. Chugwater and the exertions of Bridget, the faithful kitchen lady, there still remained in the house, in spite of the lateness of the season, a small but persistent colony of flies. These pestiferous insects kept themselves out of reach of the broom and fly brush, refused to be cajoled or driven out of doors, and continued to take an active interest in the affairs of the family regardless of the state of the weather and the lateness of the season. They were no ordinary flies. They were stayers.

On a certain fateful evening some weeks ago Mrs. Chugwater, driven to desperation, went to a drug store and laid the case before the intelligent clerk.

She emerged from the store shortly afterward with a package which she carried with unusual care.

After the evening meal, when everybody else had left the dining room, she unfolded that package.

She spread upon the dining table an imposing array of traps designed to catch the early rising or rather the early descending fly next morning and make an end of him; and with a smile of triumph which Mr. Chugwater could not have understood had he noticed it, she joined the family in the sitting room.

The night wore on. The flickering glare of the street lamps outside faintly outlined the dim, shadowy forms of belated pedestrians hurrying homeward through the fierce tempest. In dismal howls the voice of the storm king rose and fell as if rehearsing a midnight mass for the year that was soon to lay its weary bones in the neglected graveyard of the past, and the unresponsive earth decked itself in a mantle of spotless white, as if mockingly displaying its boundless wealth of material for the swaddling clothes of the new year soon to be born.

The inmates of the Chugwater mansion, undisturbed by the fury of the warring elements outside, slept in peace, and silence reigned within its walls, save that from the apartment occupied by Mr. Chugwater there came at irregular intervals a jarring sound like the note of a distant foghorn. It signified that Mr. Chugwater was all right. He always slept that way. And the night continued to wear on.

* * * * * *

It must have been nearly an hour past midnight when Mr. Chugwater became entangled in an unusually complicated and obstinate snore that refused to go either backward or forward. He awoke with a jerk and found he was thirsty.

Climbing out of bed, he groped his way down stairs and out toward the kitchen, with a dimly defined idea of getting something to drink.

Let us not inquire too closely what he expected to drink. It is perhaps none of our business. It may have been milk.

As he entered the dining room he stumbled over a chair that unluckily stood in the way. He lunged forward, striking one of the leaves of the dining table and upsetting that piece of furniture. It fell toward him, and as he put out his hands to save himself they came in contact with something horribly slimy and sticky. The impetus of his forward movement carried him down with the table, and he rolled over on something that stuck to his face.

In his struggles to free himself the sticky thing wrapped itself all about his face and head. His hands, equally smeared and swathed, became more tangled and helpless at every wild surge he made, and with a muffled yell he rose to his feet. He was standing on something moist, sticky and terrible that seemed to trip him when he moved. In vain he tried to pull off the beastly wrappings that enveloped his head. There seemed to be nothing he could get hold of, and his hands had lost their power to grasp anything.

"Blank-dash the dad-dinged luck!" came with a stifled roar from what seemed to be the upper section of Mr. Chugwater's anatomy. "What the blankunation is this business, anyhow! Who the Sam Hill has been smearing molasses and porous plasters all over the blamed house? 'Mff! Ch'f! Bl'! 'Sk! Dl'k! Gr'sh!"

With convulsive energy he clawed at the wrapping that covered his mouth. He succeeded in making an opening, and his voice rang through the house with a force and volume simply appalling.

"Bring a light, somebody!" he yelled. "Murder! Thieves! Fire! Call the police! Good heavens, can't you hurry? Get a move on you! For the blessed angel's sake, be quick!"

The terrified members of the family came trooping into the dining room. The gas was hurriedly lighted, and there stood Mr. Chugwater in his night clothes, covered from head to foot with sticky fly paper, while from a ragged opening in the sheets that enveloped his head there came language dreadful to hear. The table stood on its side, a broken chair sprawled near it, and the room looked as if a cyclone had passed through it.

Mrs. Chugwater leaned against the sideboard and surveyed him with emotions that for some moments deprived her of utterance.

"It's you, is it, Josiah?" she said at last, faintly. "You seem considerably stuck up."

How she helped Mr. Chugwater to free himself from the maddening fly paper, how she soothed his wounded feelings, scraped the sticky stuff from his face, told him he ought never to venture alone through the house at night, explained that she hadn't thought it necessary to notify him of the trap she had laid for the flies, but that she might have known he would walk right into it—all these things belong to the domain of those sacred confidences of home life into which the meddlesome outsider has no right to intrude.

* * * * * * *

And the flies reported for business next morning, as usual.—Chicago Tribune.

EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

Her Early Life and Her Separation From Her First Husband.

In 1779, while the boys at Brienne were still tormenting the little untamed Corsican nobleman, and driving him to his garden fortalice, there to seek refuge from their taunts in company with his Plutarch, there had arrived in Paris from Martinique a successful planter of that island, a French gentleman of good family, M. Tascher de la Pagerie, bringing back to that city for the second time his daughter Josephine. She was then a girl of sixteen, without either beauty or education, but thoroughly matured, and with a quick Creole intelligence and a graceful litheness of figure which made her a most attractive woman. She had spent the years of her life from ten to sixteen in the convent of Port Royal. Having passed the interval in her native isle, she was about to contract a marriage which her relatives in France had arranged. Her betrothed was the younger son of a family friend, the Marquis de Beauharnais. The bride landed on October 20, and the ceremony took place on December 13. The young vicomte brought his wife home to a suitable establishment in the capital. Two children were born to them—Eugene and Hortense; but before the birth of the latter the husband quarreled with his wife for reasons that have never been known. The court granted a separation, with alimony, to Mme. de Beauharnais, who some years later withdrew to her father's home in Martinique. Her husband sailed to America with the force of Bouille, and remained there until the outbreak of the revolution, when he returned, and was elected a deputy to the states general.

Becoming an ardent republican, he was several times president of the National assembly, and his house was an important center of influence. In 1790 M. Tascher died, and his daughter, with her children, returned to France. It was probably at her husband's instance, for she at once joined him at his country seat, where they continued to live as "brother and sister" until Citizen Beauharnais was made commander of the Army of the Rhine. As the days of the Terror approached, every man of noble blood was more and more in danger. At last Beauharnais' turn came; he, too, was denounced to the commune, and imprisoned. Before long his wife was behind the same bars. Their children were in the care of an aunt, Mme. Egle, who had been and was again to be a woman of distinction in the social world, but had temporarily sought the protection of an old acquaintance, a former abbe who had become a member of the commune.

The gallant young general was not one of the four acquitted out of the batch of forty-nine among whom he was finally summoned to the bar of the revolutionary tribunal. He died on June 23, 1794, true to his convictions, acknowledging in his farewell to his wife a fraternal affection for her, and committing solemnly to her charge his own good name, which she was to restore by proving his devotion to France. The children were to be her consolation: they were to wipe out the disgrace of his punishment by the practice of virtue and—civism.—Prof. Sloane, in Century.

FISHERMEN OF SCOTLAND.

They Are a Leisurely, Happy-Go-Lucky Lot.

Ashore he is the laziest of operatives, lolling about the wharves and harbor corners with his hands invariably deep down in his "breeks" pockets, his women folk meanwhile doing most of the work, and toiling along bent nearly double under their heavy creel loads of fish. Well does Jenny, Oldbuck's serving wench, put it: "As sune as the keel o' the coble touches the sand, deil a bit mair will the lazy fisherloons work, but the wives mann kilt their coats, and wade into the surf to tak the fish ashore." Their method of baiting the lines with a multitude of hooks is very neat and pretty to watch, the whole being arranged so systematically. In this branch of shore labor the men do sometimes take a share.

Some of the fishing villages along the north and east seaboard of Scotland are singularly quaint and picturesque, Netherlandish almost in their details, worthy studies for a Ruysdael or a Van de Velde. The rows of little split fish skewered on sticks or triangular lath frames nailed along the cottage walls are quite distinctive features. So also are the cottages themselves, with their vermillion, pan-tiled roofs and outlying stairways; but these are fast disappearing and giving place to a modern style of tenement, which makes one miss the old world forms and warm color. Well were it, however, if primitive dirt and archaic scavengering could in many cases make way for more modern sanitary arrangements.

The fisher folk of both sexes are very commonly of a serious, inscrutable cast of countenance, generated, I suppose, by the precarious nature and constant risks of the seafaring occupation. "It's no fish ye're buying," quoth the masterful Maggie to Monkbarns, "it's men's lives." The men do, indeed, carry their lives in their hands, and it were strange if this did not give a certain solemnity and God-fearing set to their characters. The Eyemouth people still speak with bated breath of the terrible catastrophe which overtook them in the great storm or cyclone of some years back, and turned well-nigh every homestead into a house of mourning. The fisherman has a long memory for such visitations.—Scottish Review.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—In a careful investigation by two Italian meteorologists, it has been found that a veil of cirrus clouds absorbs as much as 30 per cent. of the sun's rays, while a slight fog, equally diffused in all directions, may intercept from 58 to 92 per cent. of the solar rays that would be transmitted with a clear sky.

—It is said that the weaving of threads of aluminium in textile fabrics results in a practically non-oxidizable, inexpensive material that is free from chemical action, and can be washed without fear of injury. It can be applied to the finest and heaviest fabrics, as the thread can be drawn to any degree of thinness, and may be made round or flat, or in any shape convenient for wearing.

—Hardwood manufacturers are turning their attention toward Aitkin, Grand Rapids, Brainerd and other points in northern Minnesota, and all of these towns are stirring themselves to secure valuable wood working industries for their respective places. The boards of trade have taken the matter up and no little rivalry is being caused. The northern section of the state abounds in rich hardwood timber and there is no doubt but that in the near future many industries consuming hardwoods will be found there.—Minneapolis Lumberman.

—The imports into Great Britain of raw cotton amounted to 1,788,000,000 pounds for 1894, or 373,000,000 pounds over those of 1893, being 18,000,000 pounds above the average for the last fifteen years. The exports for 1894 were 336,000,000 pounds, or 30,000,000 pounds over those of 1893; and the export of cotton piece goods amounted to 5,312,000,000 yards, being 660,000,000 yards over those of 1893. These figures would seem to indicate a decided improvement in the manufacture of cotton goods in Great Britain.—Boston Journal of Commerce.

—According to some recent statistics published by Lloyd's Register it appears that during 1894, exclusive of warships, 614 vessels of 1,046,508 tons gross (549 steamers of 964,926 tons and 65 sailing vessels of 81,582 tons) were launched in the United Kingdom. The warships launched at both government and private yards amounted to 31 of 32,971 tons displacement. The total output of the United Kingdom for the year, therefore, was 645 vessels of 1,079,479 tons. This exceeds that of 1893 by more than 210,000 tons, and the proportion of steam tonnage to the total tonnage launched was much higher.

—A new industry has been added to California's many sources of wealth. This is the cultivation of the yellow dock, botanically known as the canagua, the root of which is used for tanning leather. This root contains 32 per cent. of strong tannic acid. The wild dock grows all through the San Joaquin valley, and with cultivation the root may be increased fourfold. As the supply of oak for tanning is running low, both here and abroad, the importance of this despised weed may be estimated. A company has been organized to plant five thousand acres of the dock in Merced, and a big tannery will be built.

—We hear of flying fishes, but flying crustacea are a novelty. Dr. Ostroumoff states that on a calm morning in July, while cruising along the Chersonese peninsula, numbers of a tiny green copepod (Pontellina Mediterranea) were observed flying just over the surface of the sea. "Many of these copepods were resting on the surface-film, took springs into the air, where they described a long curve, and fell down again upon the water surface." It is thought that this very exceptional habit is due to the mode of exuviation that this species probably shares with certain other pelagic Entomostraca (e. g., Evadne and Pleopis), which cast their skins at the surface of the water "by the help of the air, which becomes entangled in their rejected coverings."

Not Made by Human Hands.

A drinking horn of marvelous workmanship is one of the relics kept in the church at Oldenburg, Germany. It is known throughout Europe as "the horn of Oldenburg," and has a most wonderful history: According to the story, the Great Otho of Oldenburg was out hunting, and becoming exhausted from thirst and fatigue, sank upon the earth with the exclamation: "O, God, would I had a cool drink." The sound of his voice had scarcely died away among the trees of the forest, when suddenly a beautiful maiden appeared before him bearing a richly carved drinking horn, filled to overflowing with cool, sparkling water. Otho was more captivated with the beauty of the horn than he was with that of his fair benefactress, and without even staying to say "thanks," turned and ran at the top of his speed, carrying the vessel with him. To save himself from the consequences of such a peculiar theft, Otho bestowed the horn upon the church, and to this day the story, as given above, is told by the guides who display the relics to the gaze of curious visitors.—St. Louis Republic.

On Flower Posing.

Do you know how to pose flowers? It's an art, to be sure, but, like everything else nowadays, it is made easy by the inventiveness of some bright mind. Flower vases there are which do all that bits of glass and porcelain possibly can do toward aiding one's efforts in artistic blossom arrangement. A very tall, narrow affair comes in pale amber-tinged glass or the handsomest of wares, just large enough to hold one long-stemmed bloom. This, to be effective, must, of course, be one of nature's finest children: it must, in fact, be a perfect poem of a flower—if a rose its coloring unrivaled, if a chrysanthemum the shaggiest, fullest of its kind. The many flower receptacles that have come to us lately make it very easy for a hostess to arrange this item of her table setting. It doesn't take the skill of a professional florist to handle blossoms when a place for each one is provided that will show off its occupant to the best possible advantage.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Graham Mush.—Stew apples, either green or dried, until soft enough to be mashed fine with a spoon, sweeten, add water to make plenty of juice, and thicken with graham flour as for plain mush. Serve with cream.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Whipped Cream for Chocolate.—Pure sweet cream, not too thick, is required, and it will whip much easier if very cold; therefore a pan of cracked ice under the bowl is recommended. Put the cream into a deep bowl, add a few drops of vanilla and whip to a fine, stiff froth with a Dover egg beater.—Boston Budget.

—Starch Poultice.—Thoroughly dissolve the starch in a small quantity of cold water, add it to boiling water and cook until a paste is formed. Apply either hot or cold. In the latter case the poultice should be changed, or moistened with cold water every twelve hours. This poultice possesses all the requisite virtues, lightness, smoothness and the power of retaining heat.—Good Housekeeping.

—Invisible Ink.—Dissolve in one fluid ounce of distilled water fifty grains of chloride of cobalt, and after the crystals have dissolved, add ten minims of glycerine. Shake this until it is thoroughly mixed. Write upon ordinary paper with this ink, then give it to some one who sits or stands near the stove. As the paper becomes warm the writing will turn blue, but will fade again when exposed to cold or dampness.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Celery with Tomato Sauce.—Cut the white part of five heads of celery into small pieces. Cook until tender in boiling water, turn into a colander and drain. For three cups of stewed celery prepare a sauce with a pint of strained stewed tomato, heated to boiling, and thicken with a tablespoonful of flour rubbed smooth in a little cold water. Turn over the celery, and serve hot. If desired, a half cup of thin cream may be added to the tomato sauce.—Good Health.

—Soup Creey.—Take three good-sized carrots, scrape and cut into small dice. Cook in boiling salted water two hours. Press through a strainer, put in double boiler three cupfuls of milk, one tablespoonful of chopped onion, one-half saltspoonful of celery salt, one of salt, one-half saltspoonful of white pepper, boil five minutes, then pour over the grated carrot. Put all through a fine puree sieve and return to the double boiler. Blend smoothly a tablespoonful of flour with a little cold water, add to soup, and stir until it thickens. Serve with croutons.—Christian Inquirer.

—Apple Snow.—In the bottom of a fancy glass dish place a layer of fine, well-sweetened apple sauce, then a very scant layer of fine, dry bread crumbs or cracker crumbs and a few tiny lumps of jelly. Over this spread a generous layer of whipped cream, sweetened to taste, then another layer of apple sauce, one of bread crumbs and jelly, and another of whipped cream; and so on until the dish is sufficiently full, having the whipped cream on top, over which place a few tiny lumps of the bright jelly, and one has a delightful dessert, easily prepared, and as attractive to the eye as it is to the palate.—Farm and Home.

TRYING A HORSE.

He Is Looked Upon With Suspicion Until He Proves His Worth.

And now we will suppose that an animal answering this description has finally been selected, and certified by the vet to be sound and of proper age—that is, not under five. There remains for him and for paterfamilias only the ordeal of the family. When the new purchase—harnessed, we will assume, to a two-seated wagon—is brought around for the first drive, he is received in gloomy silence, the young ladies being disgusted with his color. They expected a strawberry roan, or at least a rich bay, whereas he is of a shade which they stigmatize at once as "yellow ocher." The eldest son, who by continually frequenting the nearest livery stable has acquired some reputation in the family as a horseman, would be glad to suggest curb, or quarter-crack, or weakness in the off knee; but being overawed by the superior authority of the vet, he contents himself with a critical examination of the animal's eye, in which he professes to discover a spirit of devilish malignity that bodes ill for life and limb.

Cheered by this prophecy, the family take their seats, paterfamilius firmly grasping the reins and prepared for the worst. The first drive with a new horse is commonly one of silent and resolute anticipation. That the animal will behave well no one expects. The only doubt is as to whether he will stand and kick, run away, or suddenly develop some incurable disease; but as mile after mile is slowly but steadily reeled off without accident, the horse exhibiting no special depravity and no signs of lameness, the spirits of paterfamilias rise. He touches the new steed with his whip, cuts out an express wagon in grand style, and finally brings up with a flourish at the home curbstone.

Already the new horse has passed from the awful region of the mysterious to that of the homely and familiar, and now presents himself to the imagination of his owners, not as an unknown brute, but as a faithful Dobbin, destined, let us hope, to a long and useful career.—Henry Childs Merwin, in Century.

A Serious Effect.

"But I do not love you," she said to the man kneeling before her.

"I know, I know," he urged, "but I can overlook that."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"Because I can't, and besides I don't want to marry you."

"But you must," he insisted. "I've told everybody we were to be married and just see what a disgreeable position I will be placed in by your refusing at this time."

And still she wouldn't.—Detroit Free Press.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, MARCH 21, 1895.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first insertion* of the same:

Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $3; County Commissioner, $2.50; Register of Wills, $2.50; County Surveyor, $1.50.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention. Let the old soldiers have a chance.

W. M. LOHR.

Cove, Md., March 11, 1895.

Free Wool Results.

It is well for Free-Traders to contemplate the effect of their legislative work occasionally and study its lessons.

The free wool schedule of the Wilson bill went into effect on August 28, 1894, and from that time to the end of the year, embracing four months and the three days of August, the importations of foreign wool, duty free, amounted to 75,-182,033 pounds. For the corresponding period in 1893, under the McKinley law, the importations of wool amounted to 13,360,498 pounds, making a difference against our wool growers in favor of the foreign grower of 61,221,535 pounds. We estimate the receipts for the last three days in August, 1893, at 740,000 pounds.

The levering of prices under the influence of this enormous increase in the foreign supply is but one of the serious aspects of the situation which will tend to destroy the American production, the main factor working in that direction being the loss of the home market through its occupancy by the foreign article. If our growers are willing to meet the prices of foreign wool there will yet be a sufficient diminution in the quantity to be taken from the American grower to seriously reduce his production.

Their Disgrace of Jefferson.

Mr. Cleveland and his nondescript Cabinet talk much of the love and good faith we owe to England, and how no financial measures should be adopted in the United States which might put us in a bad light with "the dear old mother country." This subservient dependence is an outgrowth of the many weaknesses of the latter-day Democracy. It is in painful contrast with the strong utterances of Thomas Jefferson, the founder of Democracy, to whom Mr. Cleveland and his incompetent followers so frequently and misunderstandingly point as the embodiment of Democratic principles.

Mr. Jefferson's attitude in regard to the presence of foreign influence in American legislation was unmistakable. "Nothing," he said, "is so important as that America shall separate herself from the system of Europe and establish one of her own. Our circumstances, our pursuits, our interests are distinct; the principles of our policy should be also."

Mr Jefferson has been, for generations, called the father of Democracy, but this term should be understood as applying strictly, in this connection, to government by the people. He was in no sense the father of the Democratic party. His principles were absolutely and irreconcilably opposed to the policy and the principles of the Free-Trade un-American, dishonest organization which claims descent from him. He stood for Protection to American labor and industry, for the Protection of American interests everywhere, and for independence of our policy of Government as our interests, not those of Europe, might dictate. The Democratic party stands for none of these.

Cumberland's Postmaster.

The Baltimore *American's* Washington correspondent under date of Monday says:

"President Cleveland to-day signed the commissions of Postmasters Blanchard Emery, Jr., at Centreville, and Daniel E. Kean, at Cumberland. These are recess appointments made on the sixth of the present month.

"Mr. Kean was once confirmed by the Senate, it will be remembered but the case was afterwards called up by Senator Gorman for consideration, but, no action being taken on it thereafter, it went over with the end of the session. Mr. J. W. W. Woodford, the postmaster first nominated by the President at Centreville, was rejected by the Senate, on the showing of Senator Gibson that his appointment had been secured by the filing of forged endorsements by some of his friends. Mr. Blanchard Emory, the friend of Senator Gibson, was then appointed on the second day following the adjournment, and will in a day or so receive his commission, which was to-day signed by the President."

Good Roads Will Tell.

One of the commissioners of Hardin county, O., which has constructed a system of macadam roads under a recent law, tells of the value to his town of Kenton of good roads as follows:

"During one day in January last, when the weather had been a little open and soft for some days, I had occasion to go over to the county seat of an adjoining county. I found the entire town and surrounding country stuck in the mud, not half dozen teams to be seen on the streets during the day, business of every description at a standstill, and a fair sample of what they had experienced for more than two weeks, and they rightly and clearly attributed it all to the lack of good roads.

"Upon my return home in the evening I found it had been a busy day in Kenton, and a great many farmers had been to town. One of the police officers had taken the trouble to count the conveyances hitched in and around the business part of the town at 2 o'clock. They numbered over 600. This demonstrated pretty well that good roads will tell."

Putting together the money wasted in making dirt roads and all the money obtained from having the road tax paid in cash, excepting what must go for bridges, will give a fund in every township that will build the major part of a mile of good macadam road and in some of the townships a full mile. That is enough to be appreciated even the first year, small though it is, and continued year after year according to a system will in a reasonable time gradually but surely result in macadamizing the roads of heaviest travel. That is a "consummation devoutly to be wished," and we shall have something to show for the money expended.

I imagine, however, that the small beginning will have larger and quicker results. After the first few miles of permanent roads are made and all the people see for themselves what such roads will do for them they will like the investment so well that the fund for it will be increased and the good work pushed more rapidly. Then in less time than would now seem probable each township will be crossed from north to south and east to west by at least one macadam road, with others soon to follow, until all the principal highways, together with their feeders, form a system of excellent hard roads.—H. G. Kauffman in Good Roads.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending March 23rd, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

William Birney,	Harry Keller,
M. W. Lambert,	Mrs. Eliza Jordin,
Mrs. L. A. Gary,	Miss Mary Deitrick.
Mrs. A. K. Hickenbotten.	

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES,
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. Try
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite.

COURT PROCEEDINGS.

Second Week's Grind of Justice in the Circuit Court.

CRIMINAL TRIALS.

No. 2. State vs. John W. Harvey, bastardy; continued on motion of the State; Hamill—Peddicord.

No. 3. State vs. John W. Harvey, adultery; continued on motion of the State; Hamill—Peddicord.

CRIMINAL APPEALS.

No. 2. State vs. David Martin; assault and battery; plea of guilty; fine $20 and costs; Hamill—Peddicord.

No. 3. State vs. Richard Grant; disturbance, etc., by profane language, loud and unseemly noise; jury trial; verdict not guilty; Hamill—Peddicord.

No. 4. State vs. James Sweeney; same charge; verdict not guilty by the court; Hamill.

No. 5. State vs. Joseph Thomas; warrant quashed; Hamill—Semmes.

No. 6. State vs. Spencer Hurdesty; warrant quashed; Hamill—Semmes.

No. 7. State vs. Joseph Thomas; warrant quashed; Hamill—Semmes.

CRIMINAL APPEARANCES.

No. 6. State vs. James Hinebaugh; keeping gambling table; trial before the court; verdict not guilty; Hamill—Peddicord.

No. 28. State vs. Arthur Savage; concealed weapons; continued on motion of the State; Hamill—Peddicord.

No. 37. State vs. G. A. Bittinger; murder; jury trial; verdict manslaughter; Hamill—Peddicord.

No. 39. State vs. Albert Willis; larceny; plea guilty; sentenced to three years in the penitentiary; Hamill—Peddicord.

No. 40. State vs. Albert Willis; larceny; noll pros; Hamill—Peddicord.

No. 41. State vs. Albert Willis; false pretenses; stet; Hamill—Peddicord.

No. 42. State vs. Fred Born; larceny; jury trial; verdict guilty; sentenced to two years in the penitentiary; Hamill—Sinecll.

No. 43. State vs. Winfield Chidister; burglary; plea guilty and sentenced to three years in the penitentiary.

No. 44. State vs. Wm. Baily; plea guilty; three years in the penitentiary; Hamill—Peddicord.

No. 47. State vs. W. H. Madigan; burglary; plea guilty; Hamill.

No. 55. State vs. H. H. Fazenbaker; false pretenses; continued on motion of the State; Hamill—Peddicord.

No. 61. State vs. David Martin; assault to kill; noll pros; Hamill—Peddicord.

No. 63. State vs. James Hinebaugh; assault to kill; continued on motion of the State; Hamill—Peddicord.

Death Of An Estimable Lady.

Last night about 9.15 o'clock, Ann M. C., the widow of the late Col. Robert Bruce, died at her boarding house corner of Fayette and Smallwood streets, at the ripe old age of seventy-nine years and eleven months. For some time past Mrs Bruce has been gradually failing but retained her mental faculties up until the last. She was visited by her large circle of friends, and entertained them in her usual charming manner until a few weeks ago when she became thoroughly prostrated, and was considered by her physician to be in a critical condition.

At the age of seventeen she was married to Col. Bruce, at her parents' in Baltimore, and almost immediatly afterwards come to this city where she resided up until the time of her death. Col. Robert Bruce, her husband, died some years ago, and at the time of his death was one of Cumberland's oldest citizens. Mrs. Bruce in her girlhood, connected herself with the Episcopal church and for over sixty years was a member of Emmanuel church, this city, and was always a constant attendant at all of the services. She leaves two children—Col. R. A. Bruce of Hagerstown, and Mrs. Gen. Kelly, of Cumberland. She was also the mother of Mrs. Col. A. C. Lynn, Mrs. D. J. Blackiston and Miss Norma Bruce. The funeral arrangements have not yet been made, but it is very probable the service will take place tomorrow (Tuesday) afternoon.—Cumberland News of Monday.

Mountain Lake Park.

Last spring when we prophesied that twenty-five cottages would be erected by the opening of the season some persons thought we were wild. Time proved the correctness of my statements. This year not less than twenty cottages will be built. I would not be surprised to see more than twenty-five.

The contractors are pushing their work as fast as the weather will permit. A number of houses are now in the course of erection. Houses are being rented, and the indications are that by the first of May there will not be a house to rent at the Park.

Several houses, not yet built have been rented. A syndicate is erecting several houses on E street north of Philadelphia avenue. The program for the summer is especially attractive. The Mountain Lake Hotel Company has given the contract for the erection of a two-story building on their grounds. It will have sleeping rooms for the servants on the second floor, and on the first floor a large hall, a laundry, a bakery and store room. In the basement will be the engine and furnaces. The office, hall, parlors, and dining room will be heated by steam. The hotel will be opened under new management.

Messrs. Gill and Vanlegraw, of Cumberland, are working for W. R. Johnson, who has several contracts for houses.

Plans are being drawn for the Hall of Philosophy which Dr. Davidson hopes to have ready for the Chautauqua next August. It is to have a chapel for vesper service and three class or recitation rooms. It will have a tower and Japanese roof.

Dan Cowan, train dispatcher, B. O. R. R., has let the contract for his cottage to be erected on E street and Hazel Glade Drive.

Miss Murphy and Miss Fazenbaker, of Piedmont, have rented two cottages in "Cozy Row," for boarding houses.

Messrs. Echard Bros., have purchased John Close's livery stable. Mr. Close has gone into the dairy business. He will supply the Park with fresh milk, cream and butter.

A 10,000 edition of the *Illustrated Annual* is in press. It is issued by the Park Association. It is illustrated and contains much information about this mountain top. It will be largely circulated in the malarial regions of the country.

Mr. Bauman, of Pennsylvania, has purchased a lot on the corner of Baltimore avenue and L street and is at work putting in a foundation for a house.

Mrs. V. Pearce, of Rowlesburg, is having a house built on the corner of Oakland avenue and L street. Baltimore avenue will be opened out to the Lake and will make a beautiful drive.

The frame of H. B. Furgeson's house is being put up. It will be ready for use by the first of May.

Ed Hamilton has rented the Combs cottage on D street for the summer. He will move about the first of the month.

Swanton.

Blizzards have been the order of the day in Swanton for the past week, and March has more than sustained her old time reputation for squalls.

Several of our citizens were called to Oakland on Wednesday and Friday to attend court.

The wide awake ladies of our village are preparing for a literary entertainment in the near future to be given at West's hall—proceeds to go toward laying a sidewalk from the railroad to Jos. F. Friend's. We understand it originated in the Boys' Club, which certainly is a good beginning, and shows a very practical turn of mind in the boys. Sensible boys, we have in Swanton, and if we can keep saloons out of our town, which we are about to do, they will be men to be proud of before many years.

The event of the week was the marriage of Mr. Homer Weimer, of Johnstown, to Miss Mollie Glass, which took place on Sunday, the 17th, at the bride's home, one mile south of town, Rev. Mr. Wagner, of the U. B. church, officiating. He tied the knot in a very neat style, which for brevity we have never seen excelled. After the congratulations the company repaired to the dining room where a very bountiful repast was served which was greatly enjoyed by all. The bride received some tasteful and useful presents. The young couple will make their home at Johnstown, for which we are sorry, as we do not like to see our young girls leaving. May their lives be happy and prosperous, wherever they may be spent, is the wish of their many friends.

ONE OF THEM.

Loch Lynn Heights.

Not hearing anything from this place for a few weeks past, we shall endeavor to give a few items.

Hon. J. B. Sommerville, of Wheeling, W. Va., was here on a business trip the latter part of last week.

Mr. H. Steinman, of Connellsville, Pa., traveling ticket agent of the B. & O. railroad, was here on business the early part of the week.

Mr. Lloyd Warnick, of Lonaconing, has taken charge of J. C. Alderson's store.

Mr. W. A. Hough, of Fairmont, W. Va., is here to start a tin shop.

Mr. H. M. Fuller, of Cumberland, is here on a visit to his sister, Mrs. R. R. Sanner.

The second and third stories on the hotel have been plastered.

A Mr. Lion, of Storm, Va., has rented one of the store rooms in Borley's building on First avenue. He will open up a stock about the first.

Capt. Taylor's house on Lothian street, is under roof.

Mr. Geo. M. Whitescarver, of Grafton, W. Va., vice president of the Mountain Home Co., was here the early part of the week.

Mr. John Crane, of Corinth, will move into our midst in a few days.

Mr. Wagner, agent for the German Mutual Saving and Loan Association, of Wheeling, W. Va., was here Tuesday working up a branch association.

Judge Wm. Haymond, of Fairmont, will be here in a few days to let the contract for his house on Second avenue.

INDICATOR.

Grantaville.

King Winter dictates just now.

Some fruit trees have been injured by the heavy banks of drifted snow settling and breaking down limbs.

Sugar makers are having an intermission in their operations on account of the condition of the weather.

Albert Ryland is at home on a six months' vacation from the College of Pharmacy at Philadelphia, where he completed the junior course. He intends to return when college reopens, for the next term, to complete the full course.

John P. Miller and family moved from the dwelling on the Hershberger farm, near town, to the place purchased by him west of town on Shade run, known as the Hiram Fuller place.

John Mellinger and family moved from the lower Wagner farm into the larger residence on Mr. Hershberger's farm, formerly the Gnagey farm.

Henry Sausman and family moved from the place now owned and occupied by John P. Miller to the lower Wagner place, purchased by Mr. Sausman.

J. E. Gnagey has embarked in the huckster business and is buying country produce and selling it in the Georges Creek mining region.

An Important Law Point.

An interesting decision was given by the court at Frederick, Saturday, which defines the difference between a police justice and a justice of the peace, and their rights to commit tramps and others to the House of Correction. Abdiel Clark was arrested on the 17th of January last, charged with being a tramp, and committed to the Maryland House of Correction for six months by Police Justice Eckstem, of Frederick. Clark, who is an old soldier, employed P. F. Pampel as his attorney, and Mr. Pampel filed a petition for a habeas corpus, and Saturday the prisoner was taken before judges McSherry and Lynch.

The commitment was examined and Mr. Pampel made the point that it was illegal because Clark was committed by C. H. Eckstein, as justice of the peace, instead of being committed as police justice under the act of 1892, creating that office. The judges decided that the commitment was defective, as no justice of the peace as such has the right to commit to the House of Correction, and as the police justice had not properly described himself in the commitment it was illegal and the prisoner was discharged.

LADIES
Needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It is pleasant; cures Malaria, Indigestion Biliousness, Liver Complaints and Neuralgi

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," subtitle "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 13TH DAY OF APRIL, 1895,

at the hour of 2.30 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Md., offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. Two of said county—bounded on the east and north by land of Levi C. Fike and on the south by land of John W. Savage and on the west by land of Henry Thomas, and being the same land that was conveyed to Christian F. Fike by G. S. Hamill and wife by deed dated Oct. 8, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 15, folio 312, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1892 and 1893, as is charged to Christian F. Fike on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforegoing statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566, of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," subtitle "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 13TH DAY OF APRIL, 1895,

at the hour of three o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all the coal and other mineral underlying all those certain tracts or parcels of land constituting the residue of the tract of land called "Addition to Paradise," containing 898 acres, and also all the coal and other mineral underlying that other tract of land called "Beechwood," containing 41 11-16 acres, together with the right to enter upon said tracts of land to dig, mine and take away the coal and other minerals underlying same and the right to construct ways and railways or to excavate openings upon said land, or to dig or sink shafts, or to do and perform all such other acts as may be necessary or proper for the purpose of digging, mining or removing the coal or other minerals from under and off of said land.

The lands above referred to are situate in Election District No. Eight of said Garrett county, and the minerals underlying same, with all the rights appertaining thereto were sold and conveyed to the Bayard Coal & Coke Company by William Whitmer and wife, by deed dated Jan. 27th, 1893, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No 20, folio 384, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, to which deed reference is made.

Said minerals, with all rights appertaining thereto will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to the Bayard Coal & Coke Co. on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and the costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," subtitle "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 20TH DAY OF APRIL, 1895,

at the hour of 2.15 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situated in Election District No. Eight of said county, and in the town of Gorman, to-wit: Eleven poles and forty-three feet of land, that was conveyed to William Faherty by John W. Shillenburg and wife by deed dated January 10, 1885, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 9, folio 57, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Md. Also one other piece or plat of land, it being one-fourth of an acre of Military Lot No. 1386, and being the same land that was conveyed to William Faherty by John W. Shillenburg and wife by deed dated June 29, 1885, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 18, folio 413, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Md.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1892 and 1893, as is charged to Wm. Faherty, on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," subtitle "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

Saturday, the 20th Day of April, 1895,

at the hour of 2.00 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. One, of said county, known and described as Military Lot No. Nineteen Hundred and Thirty-nine (1939) containing 50 acres, and being the same land that was conveyed to George R. Miner and Jonathan Montgomery by Gilmor S. Hamill and wife by deed dated July 5, 1882, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 19, folio 190, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Md.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to George R. Miner, on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," subtitle "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 13TH DAY OF APRIL, 1895,

at the hour of 3.15 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. Four of said Garrett county, containing 26 acres, and being a part of a tract of land called "Music," and being the same land that was sold to Max Livingston by A. Hunter Boyd as attorney named in two mortgages from Daniel O'Connell to Julius J. Livingston and which sale is reported in No. 574 Equity in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Md.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to Max Livingston on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

ARE YOU

BANKRUPT in health, constitution undermined by extravagance in eating, by disregarding the laws of nature, or physical capital all gone, if so,

NEVER DESPAIR

Tutt's Liver Pills will cure you. For sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, malaria, torpid liver, constipation, biliousness and all kindred diseases.

Tutt's Liver Pills
an absolute cure.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Neuralgia, Troubles,
Constipation, Bad Blood
Malaria, Nervous ailments
Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

Catarrh Is Common.

Few realize just how common it is. Very many people have Catarrh, or at least Catarrhal symptoms, who would laugh at the idea. It is an unpleasant disease—one of those which make others uncomfortable as well as the one who has it. The first symptoms are: A heavy feeling between the eyes, profuse and offensive mucous discharge from the nostrils, headache and foul breath.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

is recommended for both slight and aggravated cases. It will cure the worst case of CATARRH, and is good for a mere Cold—an inflamed condition of the nasal passages is the cause of both. It is also good for HAY FEVER. It is a sure cure. There is nothing marvelous about it. It is not an accidental, magical discovery, but a perfectly sensible, scientific preparation, intended to do just exactly the thing it does, and nothing else.

It costs 50 cents—druggists.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, MD.

FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY SKIN CURE is the best thing for ECZEMA, TETTER, RING WORM, SALT RHEUM, ITCH, DANDRUFF, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES and ITCHING PILES. Designed to cure permanently, and does it. It's 50 cents, too.

WANTED

Men and Boys to wear WANAMAKER & BROWN'S all wool and a yard wide clothing. Largest line of samples in the United States.

Call and have your measure taken.

WILLIAM W. SWEET, Agent,
2—tf. Mt. Lake Park, Md.

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SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 20tf

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett County, to view the lands through which a public county road, leading from the North Glade school house and church through the lands of John L. Fitzwater, R. Beckman, Emma McClohle and others, to intersect the Wilson road at the old Eagman place, and examine whether the said public road should be located, will meet on the 18th day of April, 1895, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said public road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
I. Z. BROWNING,
1—3t. Examiners.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Mar. 18, 1895

A verbatim report of Mr. Cleveland's conversation with Secretary Gresham concerning the diplomatic happenings of the past week would unquestionably make what the late Horace Greeley would have called "mighty interesting" reading, but as neither of the principals in that interview are likely to tell what was said, the country will have to wag along without the knowledge. It has leaked out, however, that Mr. Cleveland thinks it would have been just as well had Secretary Gresham, who is still far from well, not been in such a hurry to prepare and send that demand to the government of Spain, and that he would have been better engaged in trying to nurse back his strength.

Allowing that the facts as they have been stated by the captain and other officers of the Alliance, the language of Secretary Gresham's demand for an apology from Spain and for the issuing of such orders to the commanders of Spanish warships as will make it certain that no other vessel flying the U. S. flag and engaged in a legitimate business will be fired upon, was all right, although unnecessarily strong, but there was no occasion for such undue haste. Americans with all their other faults are credited by all the world with a love of fair play. It is therefore unfortunate that an American Secretary of State has been guilty of threatening a weaker nation upon an ex parte statement of a case, in the face, too, of an assurance from the Spanish minister that he would present a statement of the other side as soon as the Spanish authorities in Cuba could communicate with the gunboat which is charged with having fired at the Alliance, and of the further assurance from the Spanish minister that his country would apologize if the firing had taken place as charged unless it could be justified in a manner satisfactory to this government. While it was thoroughly undiplomatic for the Spanish minister to have publicly criticised Secretary Gresham's action, in ignoring his assurances and making a direct demand, which really is an ultimatum upon Spain, it certainly is not surprising. One does not cease to be a man upon becoming a diplomat, whether he be a Spaniard or an American.

It is not difficult to put one's finger on the reason for Secretary Gresham's hasty action. Nor is that reason creditable to him from any point of view. His action is nothing more nor less than an attempt to restore to the present administration the popularity which it has by its incompetence lost, by putting it in the position of championing the American flag. He knew there was no danger in sending a buncombe ultimatum to Spain which would necessarily submit to any humiliation to avoid war with the United States. He acted hastily because he feared that if he waited a reasonable time the matter would be explained and the opportunity to tickle the jingoistic faculty (which notwithstanding their love of money is a prominent national trait) of the American people, would be forever lost. It is rather late for this administration to try to pose as the protector of anything American, either abroad or at home, after having turned over much of our manufacturing to foreigners and even allowed a syndicate of foreign bankers to raid the United States Treasury. The people of this country know what real Republican protection, at home and abroad, is, and they cannot be taken in by any such rank counterfeit as that now put forward by Secretary Gresham.

David B. Hill—not the senior Senator from New York but a tramp from nowhere—is serving a sentence of fifteen days in the Washington workhouse, because he could not pay a fine of five dollars, which was imposed upon him in the police court, for being drunk and disorderly and trying to make a bed of the sidewalk.

The Commissioner of Pensions has met another defeat in court, and it is the belief of lawyers that it furnishes a precedent for the restoration of every pension which has been reduced or stopped since Dec. 12, 1893, until after the pensioner has been served with the legal thirty days notice containing a "full and true statement of any charges or allegations upon which it was proposed to reduce, modify or drop his pension."

The case in which the Commissioner was defeated was that of Gen. William Shakespeare, of Michigan, whose pension was reduced from $72 to $30. The commissioner acknowled, in his answer, that the contention of Gen. Shakespeare's counsel as to the thirty-day notice was correct, and stated that the pension had been restored.

Fertilizers.

The Fertilizer Bulletin of the Maryland Experiment Station is just at hand at the office of the Horticultural Supply Company and it is always one of the most valuable bulletins that we receive, not only because it is interesting in itself to anyone fond of chemistry and plant feeding, but because it is a pretty sure guide to the buyer. It certainly should be in every farmers' hands and carefully studied, and may be had, as also the other bulletins published, by addressing a postal to the Maryland Experiment Station, College Park, Md.

We are reminded by it that Baltimore is the largest manufacturer of fertilizers of any city in the Union, about three-fourths of all analyzed—362—being made there and most of the others in the State. Three hundred and sixty-two brands are a good many and yet the most of them are honestly made and put up. This, however, does not make them valuable necessarily to the buyer. That can only be determined by an experiment in doors like that being conducted at our greenhouses as described in a previous article, or on a larger scale in the field where they are to be used. Most men would prefer to be relieved from thinking for themselves, and yet it is the only thing that pays these days. Think or stay at the bottom, is the law. Find out what your fields lack and you crops need or bide a lighter harvest of poorer products as the sequence.

Supposing you have found out just about what food each of your fields needs to feed certain crops, these 362 analyses afford an interesting study. We note a number of very, very poor brands such as no man should buy. Doing so, I should consider him about as sharp did he buy a forty dollar brand worth the money, add four times its weight in sand and then pack it over the field for his crop's rations. We give you the names of a few of these low grade brands with their comparative worth: Crescent Soluble Crop Grower, Hubbard & Co., Baltimore, $9.74; Soluble Bone, Leehlider Bros., Hagerstown, $8.53; South Carolina Bone, same makers, $7.97; Insula Guano, Mt. Airy Mfg. Co., Baltimore, $9.05; Orchilla Guano, Woolridge Fertilizer Co., Baltimore, $9.62.

Besides these that any wide-awake man ought to buy for less than these figures or not use them, there is evidently one downright fraud as there was another last year. Nothing but a law which compels an analysis of all brands sold and the exposure of these frauds by the local press, will drive them out, for nine out of ten farmers are too dilatory to write for the bulletins themselves. The fraud mentioned, came to our notice last summer and is called Natural Plant Food. It was announced by sheets of poetry or in a poetic manner, we forget which, telling how nature had prepared just about the only complete food for plants ever discovered, and this company were enjoying a big boom in its introduction. Anyone at all acquainted with science could read between the lines a description of South Carolina rock, which is a valuable fertilizer, but evidently this man graduated in lies before shipping day, for the Station only found in a sample taken at Oakland, forty-eight cents worth of actual plant food to the ton. Think of it, 48 cents to the ton. Think of a farmer too poor to take the *Rural New Yorker* or any other good agricultural paper at one dollar per year, too *tired* to write for free agricultural publications, paying twenty dollars per ton for that stuff and packing it over his fields. Which is cause, which consequence? you say. And yet I actually found an agent intent on selling this stuff, not so strong in plant food as good soil, and only by considerable talk, dissuaded him, probably saving the county several thousand dollars thereby. Now, who is most to blame for such things; the men who are too lazy to get and examine the bulletins printed for them, yes, and paid for by them, or the other fellow? A given brand is not necessarily fraudulent because it is low grade, but it ought to be bought at its comparative worth, and it is generally poor policy to use them even then, for hauling home and applying is more in proportion to the food secured. Take Orchilla Guano for example. I have noticed its low value for a number of years and two or three times have sat down and written to the dealers who were handling them in this section, expostulating with them, but each time before sending, have torn the letters up, thinking I had enough to do to run my own affairs.

Now as to some of the best brands. Phosphoric acid is obtained either from fish or animal bone. By some freak of nature ages (or days, as the Bible puts it) before man came upon the earth, vast accumulations of fish bones became solidified in beds like coal, and like that mineral, these beds are now being mined. The first to be largely worked was at Charleston, South Carolina, hence the name, South Carolina rock. When this rock is ground and dissolved with sulphuric acid, there is no great difference between its value and that of animal bone treated the same way. The sulphuric acid is of no use except to make the bone at once available to plants, neither does it do any harm. Perhaps I should not say it is of no use either, for it combines with the lime of the bone, making gypsum, or land plaster, which is valuable both to retain moisture and also to absorb and hold, till the plants need it, any nitrogen that might escape into the air. Of course it will be seen that simple ground bone will last longer than dissolved because it cannot be eaten so fast by the plants, but more must be in the soil to have the same effect. The dissolved rock is at present the cheapest source of phosphoric acid.

With this rather lengthy prelude we would name the best brands as found at the Station this year, but this article is already too long and we shall have to leave that till next week. Meantime, we were about to invite readers to ask questions to what was not made plain, but there are two objections to that. 1st, the farmer with get-up enough to write us a postal with his questions takes an agricultural paper, gets all the bulletins and knows more about it than the writer, probably. 2nd the other chaps are like babies, willing to go without what can not be fed to them with a spoon.

C. T. SWEET.

Dr. Keeley's Grip Cure.

Dr. Keeley, the discoverer of the "Keeley Cure" for drunkenness, announces the following cure for the grip:

"No person need die of grip; not only that, but no one need ever be sick enough from the grip to go to bed or quit his usual occupation. Assafœtida, in doses of sixteen grains, administered four times a day, will completely break up the worst case of grip at any stage of its development. Not only will assafœtida cure the grip in its primary form, but it will break up many of the complications arising from it. It is as absolute a specific for grip as quinine is for ague. A particularly valuable quality of this specific is its cheapness, simplicity and harmlessness. No matter how many grains you may take in a day it will not hurt you."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

A WINTER'S ENTERTAINMENT.

GREAT VALUE FOR LITTLE MONEY. WEEKLY NEWS OF THE WORLD FOR A TRIFLE.

The New York Weekly Tribune,

a twenty-page journal, is the leading Republican family paper of the United States. It is a **National Family Paper** and gives all the general news of the United States. It gives the events of foreign lands in a nutshell. Its Agricultural department has no superior in the country. Its Market Reports are recognized authority. Separate departments for "The Family Circle," "Our Young Folks," and "Science and Mechanics." Its "Home and Society" columns command the admiration of wives and daughters. Its general political news, editorials and discussions are comprehensive, brilliant and exhaustive.

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Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to Geo. W. Best, Room 2, Tribune Building, New York City, and sample copy of The New York Weekly Tribune will be mailed to you.

GRIM'S TONSORIAL PARLOR, RAILROAD ST., OAKLAND.

Shaving and Haircutting Done in First Class Style.

☞ Will call at residences to Shampoo and Dress Ladies Hair.

C. M. RATHBUN. F. T. GARTHRIGHT

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PLANING MILLS,

AND DEALERS IN

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES, BRACKETS, Mouldings, Flooring, Lath, Shingles, Weatherboarding, Brick, Lime, Builders' Hardware, Etc.,

MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

38 13

DR. HENRY W. M'COMAS,

—PROPRIETOR OF—

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

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Pure Drugs, Fancy Stationery, Soaps and Toilet Articles.

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Carefully and Accurately Compounded

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PRICES REASONABLE.

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THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President.
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.
☞ Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	Daily	2.41 A. M
No. 3	Daily	7.09 A. M
No. 71	Accom daily except Sun	9.33 A. M
No. 47	Daily except Mon	11.28 A. M
No. 15	Accommodation daily	6.27 P. M
No. 1	Daily	9.58 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 2	Daily	5.54 A. M
No. 8	Daily	7.31 A. M
No. 14	Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 46	Daily except Monday	1.38 P. M
No. 72	Accom daily except Sun	5.17 P. M
No. 4	Daily	9.25 P. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

Slate Roofing.

Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.

I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.

All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.

I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.

Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.

For prices apply to or address,

C. M. BEACHY,
47—1yr. Grantsville, Md.

THE HUMMING TOP.

The top it hummeth a sweet, sweet song,
To my dear little boy at play—
Merrily singeth all day long
As it spinneth and spinneth away
And my dear little boy
He laugheth with joy
When he heareth the tuneful tune
Of that busy thing
That loveth to sing
The song that is all its own.

Hold fast the string and wind it tight,
That the song be loud and clear
Now hurl the top with all your might
Upon the bonquette here:
And straight from the string
The joyous thing
Boundeth and spinneth along,
And it whirrs and it chirrs
And it burrs and it purrs
Ever its pretty song

Will ever my dear little boy grow old,
As some have grown before?
Will ever his heart feel faint and cold,
When he heareth the songs of yore?
Will ever this toy
Of my dear little boy,
When the years have worn away,
Sing sad and low
Of the long ago,
As it singeth to me to-day?

—Eugene Field, In Home.

POLAR BEARS THAT GREW.

The Nearer the Hunters Got the Bigger They Seemed.

At Last They Reached the Apparent Size of Elephants—Their Great Footprints—The Polar Bear in the Smithsonian.

Under the lee of the cliffs of Hall's Island, in Behring sea, the United States revenue cutter Corwin lay at anchor waiting for better weather. She was rolling heavily in the under tow sent round the point by the strong southwest gale, while fierce williwaughs, eddying down from the mountain summits, shook her spars until the hull quivered. The dressed quarters of two polar bears hung on the boat spans, and their beautiful skins, loosely salted, lay in the launch along with the tasks of a walrus.

Assembled in the wardroom, enjoying their after-dinner pipes that evening, those officers whose duties did not call them to the deck discussed the events of the cruise, especially the recent bear hunts. Some were old hands, it being their third or fourth season in these waters, while others were new and full of delight at their recent success. Lieut. Cantwell, though in age a youngster, was in service a veteran, having passed the two previous seasons in arctic voyages and explorations. He had distinguished himself by courage and readiness in various ways that try men's nerve and pluck, and bear hunts were not new to him. During a lull in the conversation he broke out with:

"Talk about bears! Why, these we've taken this cruise are nothing. You should have been up here with us in '85. Bears were thick then, and big! We got one that looked as big as an elephant to me when I suddenly found myself close to him. He weighed sixteen hundred pounds."

"How did you get him? Tell us about him," came in several voices.

"Well, you see, we came here on purpose, and, as Uncle Remus says: 'We hat ter git 'im' 'cause we were ordered to. Some of our officers, on the return from the voyage of the year before, had reported huge bears on St. Matthew's and Hall's islands. Prof. Baird got hold of the story and applied to the secretary for permission to send one of his staff in the ship and investigate these beasts. So we had on board as passenger Charles W. Townsend, representing the Smithsonian, an expert in birds, beasts and reptiles.

"We made Hall's island in due time, and on nearing the land saw the ruined barrabaras of the old Russian settlement over yonder which Douglass, the pilot, told us about. While pointing out this place to Townsend, and laying plans for a bear hunt, we saw two small white objects on the beach, a mile or more away. They might have been cakes of ice, but they were not, for they moved and were evidently alive. They could be but one kind of thing, and that was bears. Soon every man that could command a glass was looking at them. We youngsters, who had come primed for big game, were disappointed at their small size. We thought them not bigger than Newfoundland dogs, and hardly worth chasing. However, they were bears, such as they were, and, of course, were to be hunted, so we went boldly to work to compass their slaughter. The launch was cleared away, and a large party of us, as many as could well go, with our rifles and ammunition, shoved off and pulled for the shore.

"On our nearing the beach these small objects showed somewhat larger than when seen from the ship, and seemed now as big as half-grown calves. Before there was time for them to get any larger they had seen or heard the boat and disappeared up a ravine.

"The party landed, and divided so as to surround and head them off. Cook, Brown, and myself with four or five men went to the right, while Townsend with the surgeon, pilot and four or five sailors took the left. Our party hurried rapidly on, looking bravely to our arms, each telling where he meant to place his shots, and only feeling anxious lest the bears should get away. Soon we saw one of them scrambling over the rocks about a quarter of a mile off, and were surprised at the size to which he had grown. He was now as large as a cow, some said an ox, while others declared that he could not be one of those we had seen from the ship.

"Every man thought that the bear was now quite large enough for our purpose, and privately wished he would stop growing. What we said, however, was: 'The bigger the better; we want a big one,' and kept on after him. Whether from fatigue or some other reason, we certainly did not go so fast now as before. We began to find the walking bad and to complain of being awfully tired and blown. Every one of the party from time to time found something to detain him for a moment, the effect being to hinder his keeping too far in the front.

"While getting on in this manner we came to a soft piece of ground. In it was a line of curious large holes, which we had to take care to avoid stepping into. I fell to studying their shape. They were 18 to 20 inches long, 10 to 12 inches wide and 5 to 6 inches deep. They were in very regular order, and crossed the soft places to the hard ground beyond. Cook, too, became interested, and paused with me to closely examine one of them. Noticing this, I said:

"'Cook, what do you think of these holes?'

"The rest of the party stopped when we did, and formed a circle, all gazing at the holes.

"'This certainly looks like some animal's track,' said Cook. 'Did the bear come this way?'

"'Yes,' I said; 'he must have crossed here.'

"'If he made those tracks, Great Scott, what a beast he must be!'

"Suddenly realizing that these were the tracks of the animal we were after, we all looked at one another and then around. For a few moments silence reigned. We all found ourselves unconsciously turned back to back, while every eye involuntarily searched the hills. Our courage slowly came back, and we once more took up the trail, but we were now looking for the other division of our party quite as much as for the bear. And, oh! how cautiously we went. What a lookout we kept! Presently we overtook our friends of the other party, who, having seen no tracks, were pushing gallantly on. This gave us fresh courage and our pace quickened. Our force was so numerous through the addition of the other party that we did not notice the absence of several, among them the representative of the Smithsonian institution.

"Some one had seen the bear enter a small crooked gorge or canyon in the rocks. Slowly we pressed into the ravine, cautiously peering behind each point of rock with rifles in readiness for instant use. Walking was impossible, clambering the only means of getting ahead.

"We were all scrambling onward, when a heavy growl ahead brought every one to a sudden standstill and caused the rear guard to execute a hasty backward movement. We stopped so precipitately that for a few seconds most of us were occupied industriously in falling about the rocks and trying to get on our feet again. We had found the bear, and now most of us cherished a secret hope that the impediments to travel were fewer beyond him than those which lay behind, and that he might be minded to keep on going until we should lose him again.

"He was close at hand, that was evident, and there was no predicting what he would do. There was nothing for us, however, but to present a bold front and continue our advance. We had come for that bear, and if he would persist in letting us overtake him — well, it seemed reasonable to assume that our nine or ten rifles were sufficient to give any bear his quietus if the shots were poured in at once. We cautiously moved forward, peering and craning our necks over rocks, nervously anxious to get a sight of the bear and rid ourselves of the suspense.

"Suddenly from the rocks above came the sharp crack of a rifle, the echoes of which were mingled with the tremendous roar of the bear. Another cracking report, another roar, and a scramble. Then all was still but the echoes among the crags.

"'Who's there?' 'Who fired that rifle?' 'Where is he?' was asked on all sides, but none could answer. Then we heard the voice of Townsend from the rocks above and ahead, calling:

"'I've got him! He's dead! He's just above you in the canyon. How the mischief can I get down to him?'

"With one or two sailors he had scaled the cliffs that inclosed the cabin, had caught sight of the bear from above, and had sent in his fire at once. His shot ranging downward had been most fortunate, catching the bear between the shoulders and almost instantly disabling and killing him. Had the animal been merely wounded he would have made sad havoc among our party, hemmed as we were between canyon walls with no chance to get away. A lucky shot might have stopped him, but some of us would have been pretty certain to lose the number of their mess.

"We all scrambled on to where the bear was lying, and gazed with admiring awe upon his immense and formidable proportions. He lay where he had rolled, in a cleft in the rock, a huge brute, quite as large as an ox, and stone dead. We had to send on board for spars and tackle to hoist him out of the ravine, and it took us half a day to get him on board. Once there, Townsend turned his skill to account in skinning him and stripping the flesh from the bones, an occupation which took him several days. What sort of monster it was, this giant among polar bears, you may ascertain for yourselves by visiting the Smithsonian institution in Washington, where you may see his stuffed skin and articulated skeleton."
—N. Y. Sun.

What She Generally Dined On.

A French lady, staying in America for some time, was wrestling with the English language. She had made very good progress, she thought, and one day accepted an invitation to dine. As the dinner went on she was offered a dish that was new to her. Not fancying its appearance, she declined it, saying:

"Ah! thanks, no, monsieur. I eat only acquaintances."—Interior.

Calculation.

Parker—I met Lion, the English author, the other night. He is writing a book on this country, and he seems anxious to get information from everybody.

Barker—Yes; he figures that the people he asks for information will read his book to see if the information is in it.—Puck.

BOUND TO GET THERE.

A Railroad Official's Story of Two English Lads Who Were in a Hurry.

The English tourist is often a surprising person, said a railroad official, and I have frequently had cause to wonder at him. Some time ago I had an experience with two English tourists that was out of the ordinary. I was in a large western city in charge of the passenger business of a transcontinental railroad which ran two special trains a week to the Pacific coast. One afternoon I was about to close my desk and go home, when the local ticket agent came into my office with two young men. It was not necessary to look at them twice to understand that they were Englishmen. They were the typical, tall, big-boned, blonde-haired men whom one recognizes immediately as being English. They were dressed in ultra English style, and carried themselves with the self-confidence and independence of men who thoroughly believe in themselves and are utterly indifferent to the estimate placed upon them by others. I call them men, though they could not have been over eighteen or nineteen years old. The agent told me that they wished to see me about a matter of business. I assured them that I was at their disposal, and waited, wondering what they could want of me. The taller of the two acted as spokesman.

"We want to get to San Francisco," he said, "in time to connect with the next steamer for Japan."

"I am very sorry," I replied, "but our special train which connects with the steamer passed through here two hours ago."

They looked serious at this, but did not seem overcome.

"I suppose," said the taller one, "that the next regular train will be too late to connect with the steamer."

"O, yes," said I, "you would be delayed about a week in San Francisco."

"O, that will never do," he replied. "We must catch that steamer. You will have to make some arrangement by which we can overtake this special train."

I was paralyzed by the cool assurance with which he suggested this. The train he wished to overtake was known as the Golden Gate special, and was a record breaker. It was one of the fastest trains on our road, and we were proud of the time it made. Yet here were a couple of youngsters who wanted to know whether they could not arrange to catch it with the same calmness that they might have asked for a cup of coffee. I smiled on them pityingly.

"Don't you know," said I "that this is an exceptionally fast train, and that it is almost impossible to beat it? Why, even if it were possible to do what you asked, the expense would put it out of the question."

They listened calmly and without change of expression. Then the one who had spoken before said:

"Yes, I know all about that, but we have got to catch that boat. We are attached to the British embassy at Tokio, and have been traveling on a leave of absence. Our time will be up the very day that that boat reaches Japan. We must be there at that time because we have promised to. We had intended to catch the previous boat, but we were having such a good time that we thought we would chance it and wait over. Now nothing can be allowed to interfere with our plan."

"Well," I said, "I don't see how I can aid you, sorry as I may be for you."

The Englishman looked at me in a bored sort of way, and said:

"I don't see why there is any need of arguing about this. We want a special train to overtake that special, and if we can't do it any other way we will have to follow it across the continent."

I looked in amazement at these two clerks—that is what they amounted to, I suppose, at least what we would consider them in this country—who were coolly asking for a special train to cross the continent. I was not at all convinced that they appreciated the enormity of their demand. In fact, I felt more amused than credulous.

"I suppose," I said, "you have some idea of what it will cost you to do this?"

"O, we are willing to pay whatever it is," was the reply in a drawling tone.

"It will cost you three hundred dollars if we overtake the special at the first stop," said I, "five hundred dollars if we have to wait for the second stop, and one thousand dollars if we go clear across. It is barely possible that we can make a connection at the first stop."

The Englishman made no other reply than to thrust his hand into his trousers pocket and pull out a big roll of bills. He counted out one thousand dollars and laid it down on the desk.

"Of course," he said, "I presume if we make the connection that you speak of I will get back what I have paid in excess."

I saw that he was in earnest. I took out three hundred dollars to guarantee us and returned the rest to him with the understanding that he was to pay the conductor if he missed the first connection according to the terms I had outlined. I at once set the machinery in motion to get out the train. It required a good deal of work. In the first place, we had no engine in which the fires were up, and found it would save time to have one brought on from another station. Then we had to send for an engineer who would be capable of running the train at the high rate of speed that was demanded and still avoid unnecessary risks. As ours was in the main only a single-track road, we had to telegraph along the line to keep the track clear of freight trains and arrange to have the ordinary passenger trains sidetracked at convenient times and places. Altogether about four hours were taken up in these preliminaries. When it was announced that the train was ready they invited me to drink to the success of their trip in a bottle of wine, a condescension on their part that amazed me, and the last I saw of them they were bowing from the rear platform of their car as the train went flying out of the depot. They made the connection at the first junction, as I learned that night by telegraph. How they ever did it I don't know, but I have a shrewd suspicion that they bribed the conductor and engineer to run the train at a rate never known before and that would have been condemned by the higher authorities if they had heard of it.—Chicago Times.

THE BEDROOM COUCH.

An Indispensable Piece of Furniture That Need Not Be Expensive.

Every bedroom should if possible contain a couch, if it be only of wicker, and especially is one indispensable in the room of a guest who frequently longs for a short nap, but refrains from taking one in the fear of disturbing a beautifully made or elaborately decorated bed.

Guest room furnishings, by the way, should not be so fine as to be overpowering. I heard of a lady once who, when on a visit to some friends, was put into a room, the furniture of which was upholstered in white satin. She afterward confessed that she used to sit on the floor when in retirement there, as, being in mourning, she felt sure her black gowns would leave a trace on the delicate covering. There may have been some exaggeration in her amusing account of her trials, but it is certainly visiting under difficulties when none of the freedom of home can be enjoyed.

If the room be small and there is no place for a couch it could be set at the foot of the bed, where, if supplied with casters, it may easily be moved when necessary.

One suitable for use in a bedroom may be got up with little trouble, and it is astonishing what treasures the attic will often afford.

I have a sofa in mind which was so unsightly as to be absolutely useless. It was one of the old-fashioned sort, with a carved back; not by any means an antique of graceful shape and design, but a thoroughly plebeian, uncomfortable piece of furniture.

The back was unscrewed and taken off, the soiled cover removed, and at a cost of $3 new springs and a fresh cover of white cotton made it ready for a pretty spread and pillows, which transformed it completely.

The spread is of French satine, in blue and white, to match the hangings of the room, and it was made by sewing a deep frill gathered on a cord to a piece of the goods of a suitable size to cover the sofa. This particular frill, by the way, is composed of many small pieces joined together, and as it is quite full the gathers hide the seams very effectively.

The spread should be made of ample length, so that it may be pushed down into the place where the head of the couch joins the lower part, this device serving to keep it in place, and no other fastening being necessary. When finished, the couch may be set against the wall, and two large pillows, covered with the same material as the spread, arranged for the back, in which case it is only necessary to have the frill across the front and at bottom and top; or it may sit out in the room, when smaller pillows may be used, but these must be harmonious with the main covering.

An adjustable cover of this sort has many advantages over one which is nailed to the frame and tufted. It is less trouble to make, and of course less expensive, as the work may be done in the house; and it may be taken off and shaken or washed, as occasion requires. Tufted chairs and sofas are handsome, but they afford deep and lasting lurking places for the dust, and are always a trial on that account to the fastidious housekeeper.

An old couch like the one described may be rejuvenated for a library or sitting room if velours or corduroy in some handsome dark shade, like deep old red, or terra cotta, is used for the covering. This need only be hemmed all around, and if gracefully arranged will look extremely well. If liked, this heavier goods can be caught up at the corners and a rosette of the material fastened at the point of draping. Indeed, a little ingenuity and thought, combined with taste, will secure charming effects in house decoration with often very little expenditure of money, and the satisfaction which a woman feels in the work of her own hands and brain far exceeds her pride in any adornment of her home that is purely the result of the upholsterer's art.—Harper's Bazar.

Our Lighthouses.

The lighthouses of the world number more than seven thousand. The United States has over thirteen hundred houses and as many posts. The latter are simpler in construction and not very expensive, since they are maintained on shore. Our government has been proceeding with the theory that the coast should be so sprinkled with lights that the rays meet and pass; that a vessel will meet the one in advance before the one in the rear is out of sight. The annual appropriation for their keeping is now nearly four million dollars. Kerosene oil is that which has been adopted by the lighthouse board as the luminant, though gas and, to a limited extent, electricity have been given a trial. Gas is being used only at Alexandria, Va., and Newburyport, Mass. Kerosene is considered the best and the cheapest. It is ever reliable. Electricity will no doubt be adopted when congress can be prevailed upon to appropriate money.—Scientific American.

A Fault in Training Children.

When your little one refrains from helping himself to the pantry jam-pot because mamma will whip him if he touches, he has, in addition to being a thief, become a coward, and you have succeeded in implanting within him the most contemptible of all traits. But if you teach him the difference between mine and thine, and implant within his tender conscience an abhorrence of touching what does not belong to him, you have laid the foundations of a character of true nobility.—Womankind.

TO THE FRONT.

"Who's that chap?"

"Don't you know? Why, that's Bumpus, the new novelist; I tell you, he's coming to the front quickly."

"So I perceive."

Time's Changes.

"So you're from Kansas?" said the eastern girl, with the supercilious look, to the senator's daughter.

"Oh, yes, indeed."

"And do you see Indians and buffalo and wigwams and cowboys at your western home?"

"No; the procession of years has brought many changes to Kansas since you studied geography."—Kansas City Star.

Nothing Now.

Quixotic is his enterprise, and hopeless his adventure is,
Who seeks for jocularities that haven't yet been said.
The world has joked incessantly for over fifty centuries,
And every joke that's possible has long ago been made.

—W. S. Gilbert, in "His Excellency."

ALWAYS EFFECTIVE.

"Did Clara overcome her admiration for that college man?"

"Oh, yes—she took the gold cure."

"What do you mean?"

"She married a millionaire."—N. Y. Herald.

That Explains It.

Mistress (on the second day to new cook)—Kathi, just be so good as to lend me five marks.

Cook (aside)—Ha, ha! that's why she said yesterday the cook in her house was treated as one of the family!—Der Schalk.

Heroines.

Little Dick—Mamma was readin' something about a heroine. Wat's a heroiue?

Little Dot—I don't know 'xactly, but I guess it's a girl w'at puts out the light an' then gets into bed wifout pullin' her feet in quick.—Good News.

And Yet It Is a Monologue.

"I've just written a monologue."

"What is the character it is written for—a man or a woman?"

"This monologue is written for *two* characters—a man and his wife."—Life.

A SISTER'S DUTY.

Miss Mittens—What does this mean, sir?

Mr. Brotherton—Oh, these are just a few socks, underclothes, coats, etc., that need mending; you promised last night you would always be a sister to me, and my sister used to do all my mending before she married.—Once a Week.

A Danger Foreseen.

Maude—What ought I do when one of those horrid men I've been flirting with tries to kiss me?

Nellie—Tell him to stop, of course.

Maude (with alarm)—But suppose he should obey me?—Chicago Record.

Where Silence Was Eloquent.

Said the mistress to Bridget,
With a shake of her digit:
"How is it no sound from the kitchen is heard
Whenever your 'steady'
Is with you already—
There's never a murmur, not even a word?"
"Your pardon I'm beggin',"
Said Bridget McGreggin;
"My beau is a 'daisy' that's quite hard to beat;
But so bashful is Barney
That, havin' no blarney,
He does nothin' at prisint but sit down and eat."

—N. Y. Herald.

The Triumph of Science.

A famous French doctor and professor of medicine contended that every disease was attributable to a process of inflammation. On dissecting one of his patients not a trace of inflammation could be found. He explained the circumstances to his pupils as follows:

"Gentlemen, you see that our mode of treatment was thoroughly effective; the patient is dead but he died cured!"
—Neue Zeit.

Terrible Weather.

Western Boy—You folks here don't know anything about cold weather.

Eastern Boy—We don't, eh? It's worse than the North Pole here sometimes. Talk about cold! Phew! Why, one day this winter it was so cold that I stayed in at recess.—Good News.

Overheard in the Park.

Bob Harcourt—They say Russell Sage never changes his mind.

Adele Fairfax—Why, I thought everybody did sometimes.

Bob Harcourt—Well, Sage won't. He's afraid it will cost him something.
—Truth.

The Why and Wherefore.

He knew that she owned a couple of farms,
And he said, as he folded her tight in his arms:
"This treasure I'll take."
The smart servant maid, as she saw the embrace,
Remarked, as she threw her hands to her face:
"For the land's sake."

—Philadelphia Record

BOUND TO OCCUR.

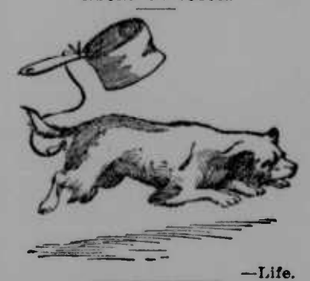

—Life.

The Drama of the Future.

The Manager—I want a play immediately for Mr. Bruiseman.

The Playright—All right. Pick it out. Here's heavyweights, next to 'em 's the welter-weights, and yonder's a pile of lightweights.—Puck.

He Was Right.

Teacher—Now, Patsy, would it be proper to say: "You can't learn me nothing?"

Patsy—Yes'm.

Teacher—Why?

Patsy—'Cause yer can't.—Judge.

A Simile.

Tom—That new office boy is like natural gas.

Jack—I don't see the similarity.

Tom—Well, he generally goes out when he is most wanted.—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

Potpie.

Mary had a little hen
With feathers white as snow,
The preacher paid a visit; then
The chicken had to go.

—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Wise Ancients.

Traveler—The houses in some of the ancient cities had walls ten feet thick.

Mr. Brickrow (enviously)—I presume some of the neighbors were musical.—N. Y. Weekly.

Preparing for Emergencies.

"What are you reading, dear?"

"The courtship of Miles Standish; Jack is coming to-night, you know."—Truth.

At the Theater.

She wore a high hat to the play.
The man behind her said:
"It often happens just this way;
I'm beaten by a head."

—Philadelphia Inquirer

FARM AND GARDEN.

KEEPING ACCOUNTS.

Good System of Recording Farm Sales and Expenditures.

A Country Gentleman correspondent writes: The system that I have adopted for the purpose of keeping an account of the sales and expenditures of the farm is not only simple and easily kept, but the different accounts may be readily balanced up at the close of each month, or as often as desired. I use an ordinary daybook, and divide it in the six following accounts: Sales, general expenses, live stock, feed, labor and mechanics. In the sales account is entered the produce sold—fruit, potatoes, grain, hay and rye straw, always stating the quantity and the price per barrel, bushel or ton, as the case may be. In general expenses come all family and private expenses—taxes, money expended in the repairing of buildings, for new machinery, wagons, horses, in fact anything in the way of equipping the place. The groceries of course come in this list, but as the sugar and oil are bought by the barrel, tea by the chest, soap by the box, and everything, as far as is convenient, in large quantities, the open account with the grocer is avoided, and the entries in this direction are also condensed very much in number. In the live-stock account are entered whatever cattle, sheep, hogs or poultry are bought or sold. Everything in the way of feed bought is charged to this account. In the labor account is entered, at the expiration of the laborers' term, the time employed and the wages received. Their time and the cash that they draw are kept in a memorandum book for that purpose. In the mechanics' account are kept the horseshoeing, blacksmithing and harness repairing expenses.

At the end of the year you have simply to foot up your accounts and make out your trial balance, and you have a pretty correct showing of your principal sources of income and expense.

CORN AND SQUASHES.

Two Crops That, as a Usual Thing, Prove Fairly Remunerative.

These two crops grow well together if given heavy fertilization, and under good conditions prove fairly remunerative. The writer has found excellent demand for his sweet corn in a neighboring city market. It is endeavored to peddle the ears to the consumers, taking care to pick them while sweet and tender and to deliver them while still fresh. This makes a great difference. Sweet corn, allowed to stand in a store a day or two, rapidly depreciates, and people are not satisfied with these tough, tasteless kernels. An acre of sweet corn, selling at ten to twelve cents per dozen ears, should give receipts of seventy-five to one hundred dollars, and a large quantity of stalks besides. The stalks are a big item of themselves. For horses, cattle and sheep they are as good as an equal weight of timothy hay, if some care is used to cure them quickly and store after the manner followed with the hay crop.

The squashes bring a good price, especially if facilities exist so they may be kept until well into the winter or until early spring. We have found a good, snug cellar, where there is a furnace fire, to afford a good "squash-house." The squash will bear a higher temperature than vegetables; it is very susceptible to the cold. Corn and squashes both are great feeders and delight particularly in liberal quantities of barn and stable manures. In planting, either make every third row all squash, or sow a squash hill at intervals of eight feet in every third row of corn.—M. Sumner Perkins, in Farm and Fireside.

THE FARM SMOKEHOUSE.

How to Build One That Is Practically Fireproof.

To make a smokehouse fireproof as far as the stove ashes are concerned is not necessarily an expensive job; all that is required is to lay up a row of brick across one end, also two or three feet back upon each side connecting the sides with a row across the building, making it at least two feet high. As those who have a smokehouse use

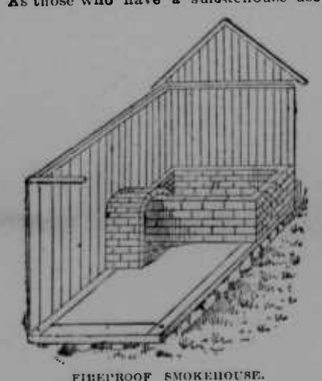

FIREPROOF SMOKEHOUSE.

it nearly every year, that part can also be made safe from fire by the little arch built at the point shown in the illustration. The whole is laid up in mortar, and to add strength to the structure an iron rod or bar may be placed across the center of the bin and firmly imbedded in the mortar, two or three rows of brick from the top. Of course the rear of the arch is also bricked up. In most cases less than two hundred and fifty brick will be all that is required.—American Agriculturist.

Contagion on the Farm.

When any kind of contagious disease appears on a farm no one should go into the yards or pens and then into the adjoining farm, as the smallest particle of dirt or manure may serve to carry the disease to the neighbor's flock or herd. Even the walking across a field upon which diseased cattle or sheep have access may be the means of spreading it to other flocks or herds. All diseased animals should be separated from those that are healthy.

PREDATORY ANIMALS.

How to Poison or Trap Wolves, Foxes and Their Kindred.

Take a fresh dead cow or horse, remove the hide, cut the animal open, gash the outside with a knife and put strychnine in the incisions and on the entrails. The crystals of strychnine soon dissolve and penetrate the flesh. Carcasses thus prepared are often frozen before the wolves find them, but the wolves eat of the frozen blood from the thorax and die from twenty minutes to an hour after eating. The action of the poison in warm weather is much quicker.

Occasionally poison is unsuccessfully used, but the hunter is almost sure of some pelts and is sometimes richly rewarded. From fifty to seventy-five wolves have been killed in one night

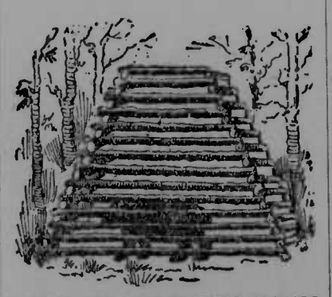

A NOVEL AND GOOD TRAP FOR ANIMALS.

from the poisoning of one carcass. This was in Montana where the wolves are very plentiful.

It takes two bottles of strychnine to poison one dead cow or horse and from one-fourth to one-third of a bottle for a sheep; smaller animals or birds require a less proportionate amount.

All the carnivorous animals may be destroyed by strychnine. The larger ones may be poisoned by putting a few crystals in small balls of butter or lard.

When the animal is frozen so you cannot poison it scatter the balls round about.

Small animals can be poisoned by poisoning scraps of meat, or small birds, mice or fish. The red fox can be easily poisoned where he could not be trapped.

Strychnine must be handled with great care. It should be used moderately in small baits and placed where dogs and cats are unlikely to find it.

Poisoned animals may be kept for months if necessary, and if promptly removed when thawed the skins will be good.

A hole bored in a log or block of wood and filled with lard mixed with strychnine is very effectual when weather is not freezing. They lick it out so slowly that they die before they get away.

The above is an illustration of a log or rail pin securely pinned or nailed together. It is twice as wide at the bottom as it is at the top, and the size

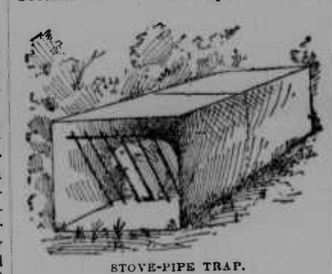

STOVE-PIPE TRAP.

will depend upon the size of animal you intend to catch.

As the sides are sloping, he walks up readily, and, smelling the appetizing bait that is placed in the center on the ground, he jumps down in and is unable to jump out. A correspondent says he finds this very effectual.

One of the cheapest and best traps can be made from an old stove-pipe pounded so that it is square, as you see in the illustration. Now make a wire door for each end and drive a hole to run a rod through. The bait is placed in the center, the animal pushes the door up and it falls down and he is a prisoner. Several may be caught in this at the same time, especially if two lengths are used at the same time.

Nearly everyone knows how to use the figure four for setting traps and deadfalls and also how to make snares for small game, so we do not describe them. If you do not know, ask some one to show you.—W. J. Burnett, in Minneapolis (Minn.) Wool, Mutton and Pork.

The Best Food for Horses.

Horses should not be fed with boiled food for the reason that they bolt it; indigestion follows, colic and other ills. Wheat is the best all-round food for horses, given with discretion. Sixty-two pounds of wheat sell at the same price as forty-two pounds of oats. According to analysis, it is the more valuable food pound for pound, but it is too stimulating unless given very cautiously. The farmer might begin with four pounds of wheat per day coarsely ground, increasing it to six pounds, and in this way help to raise the price of the article as well as decrease the cost of feeding the horses.—Prairie Farmer.

New Remedy for Hen Lice.

The latest remedy for hen lice is bisulphide of carbon. The discoverer is a Frenchman, who drove the lice from his hen house by leaving a few small bottles uncorked, having previously fastened them to the perches. Success was immediate. He recommends that it be put in small medicine vials hung about the pigeon-house or poultry roost. When it is about three parts evaporated the remainder will have acquired a yellowish tinge, and no longer acts so completely as before, but if it be shaken up afresh it will suffice to keep the enemy at a distance.

SCATTER air-slaked lime freely around the grape vines, so as to cover every portion of the ground. It is excellent in assisting to destroy the spores of the grape rot.

TO CLEAN CLOTHES.

A Washing Process Which Removes Shine and Soil.

The proper way of restoring old clothes is as follows: Take, for instance, a shiny old coat, vest or pair of trousers of broadcloth, cassimere or diagonal. The scourer makes a strong, warm soapsuds, and plunges the garment into it, souses it up and down, rubs the dirty places, and, if necessary, puts it through a second time; then rinses it through several waters, and hangs it up to dry on the line. When nearly dry he takes it in, rolls it up for an hour or two, and then presses it. An old cotton cloth is laid on the outside of the coat and the iron passed over that until the wrinkles are out; and the iron is removed before the steam ceases to rise from the goods, else they would be shiny. Wrinkles that are obstinate are removed by laying a wet cloth over them and passing the iron over that. If any shiny places are seen, they are treated as the wrinkles are—the iron is lifted while the full cloud of steam rises and brings the nap with it. Cloths should always have a suds made specially for them, as in that which has been used for white cotton or woolen cloths lint will be left in the water and will cling to the cloth.

In this manner we have known the same coat and trousers to be renewed time and time again, and have all the look and feel of new garments. Good broadcloth and its fellow cloths will bear many washings, and look better every time because of them.—American Analyst.

Not Very Substantial.

Oscar Wilde, when in this country, went into a very swell restaurant in Milwaukee, and ordering a large bouquet of English violets he buried his nose in them, took a long draught of their delicious perfume and with a look of delirious joy, murmured: "I have dined," paid his bill and went out. A large, wide German sat near by and watched the esthetic performance. He called the waiter to him, ordered a big hunk of limburger, took a good, long inhalation of it, rose and said: "I also haf mittag gehabt," paid his bill and passed out.—Life's Calendar.

SERVED IN TWO WARS.

The Grip Almost Won Where the Bullet Failed.

Our Sympathies Always Enlisted in the Infirmities of the Veteran.

(From the Herald, Woodstock, Va.)

There is an old soldier in Woodstock, Va., who served in the war with Mexico and in the war of the rebellion, Mr. Levi McInturff. He passed through both these wars without a serious wound. The hardships, however, told seriously on him, for when the grip attacked him four years ago it nearly killed him. Who can look on the infirmities of a veteran without a feeling of the deepest sympathy? His townspeople saw him confined to his house so prostrated with great nervousness that he could not hold a knife and fork at the table, scarcely able to walk too, and as he attempted it, he often stumbled and fell. They saw him treated by the best talent to be had—but still he suffered on for four years, and gave up finally in despair. One day, however, he was struck by the account of a cure which had been effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He immediately ordered a box and commenced taking them. He says he was greatly relieved within three days' time. The blood found its way to his fingers and his hands which had been palsied assumed a natural color, and he was soon enabled to use his knife and fork at the table. He has recovered his strength to such an extent that he is able to chop wood, shock corn and do his regular work about his home. He now says he can not only walk to Woodstock, but can walk across the mountains. He is able to lift up a fifty-two pound weight with one hand and says he does not know what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for others, but knows that they have done a great work for him.

He was in town last Monday, court day, and was loud in his praises of the medicine that had given him so great relief. He purchased another box and took it home with him. Mr. McInturff is willing to make affidavit to these facts.

The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills state that they are not a patent medicine but a prescription used for many years by an eminent practitioner who produced the most wonderful results with them, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves, two fruitful causes of almost every ill to which flesh is heir. The pills are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, all forms of weakness, chronic constipation, bearing down pains, etc., and in the case of men will give speedy relief and effect a permanent cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. They are entirely harmless and can be given to weak and sickly children with the greatest good and without the slightest danger. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

MRS. HOUSEWIFE—"Are you a plain cook?" Miss O'Reilly "Well, ma'am, they do be thin thot say Ol'm quite good lookin'."

Briareus Had a Hundred Arms.

Nervousness has as many queer symptoms. But whatever these may be, they one and all depart in consequence of the soothing, invigorating influence of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which tones the system through the medium of thorough digestion and assimilation. Tremulous nerves soon acquire steadiness by its use. It promotes sleep and appetite, and fortifies the system against disease. Malaria, constipation, rheumatism and kidney troubles are relieved by it.

MAMMA—"Robbie, why didn't you speak to Mrs. Bangle when you met her just now?"—Robbie—"You said I must always think twice before I speak, and I couldn't think of anything to think."

Best of All

To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the springtime comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family and costs only 50 cents; the large size $1. Try it and be pleased. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

A MAN finds no consolation in seeing plenty in the world—if some other fellow is eating it.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

THE Queen & Crescent Route is the best equipped and shortest line to Florida. Solid vestibuled trains and through sleepers.

A MAN may run into debt, but he seldom comes out at anything faster than a walk.—Texas Siftings.

TAKE the Queen & Crescent Route to Knoxville and Asheville. Only through car line Cincinnati to Asheville.

THE U. S. Government officially reports ROYAL Baking Powder superior to all others in leavening strength.

(Bulletin 13, Ag'l Dep't, p. 599.)

It is the best and most economical.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

An Impertinent Doctor.

"Keep that physician in attendance on our family!" exclaimed Mrs. Parvie New. "Never!"

"Has he killed anybody?"

"No; but he had the impertinence to say that Mr. New's blood was impoverished."—Washington Star.

The Root of the Matter.

She—If you really are connected with the Von Blewbludds, why haven't you a family tree?

He (confidentially)—Well—a-hem—to tell you the truth, our family is only a branch.—Puck.

"How is ——'s wife?" "Um, her head has been troubling her a good deal this year." "Nervous headache?" "Not exactly. She keeps on wanting a new hat every four weeks."—Tit-Bits.

TO NEW ORLEANS the Queen & Crescent Route is the direct line; 90 miles shortest from Cincinnati. Solid vestibuled trains.

"Din that uncle of yours leave you any money?" "He isn't dead yet." "Oh! Doesn't he hang on a long time?" "He does." "Why don't you present him with a folding bed?"—Washington Star.

A Bank Failure.

AN INVESTIGATION DEMANDED.

A general banking business is done by the human system, because the blood deposits in its vaults whatever wealth we may gain from day to day. This wealth is laid up against "a rainy day" as a reserve fund—we're in a condition of healthy prosperity if we have laid away sufficient capital to draw upon in the hour of our greatest need. There is danger in getting thin, because it's a sign of letting down in health. To gain in blood is nearly always to gain in *wholesome* flesh. The odds are in favor of the germs of consumption, grip, or pneumonia, if our liver be inactive and our blood impure, or if our flesh be reduced *below a healthy standard*. What is required is an increase in our *germ-fighting strength*. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery enriches the blood and makes it wholesome, stops the waste of tissue and at the same time builds up the strength. A medicine which will rid the blood of its poisons, cleanse and invigorate the great organs of the body, vitalize the system, thrill the whole being with new energy and make permanent work of it, is surely a remedy of great value. But when we make a positive statement that 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption can, if taken in the early stages of the disease, be CURED with the "Discovery," it seems like a bold assertion. All Dr. Pierce asks is that you make a thorough investigation and satisfy yourself of the truth of his assertion. By sending to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., you can get a free book with the names, addresses and photographs of a large number of those cured of throat, bronchial and lung diseases, as well as of skin and scrofulous affections by the "Golden Medical Discovery." They also publish a book of 160 pages, being a medical treatise on consumption, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, which will be mailed on receipt of address and six cents in stamps.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

"I LOST my head completely. And then I kissed her!" "I don't quite see how you managed it!"—Life.

THE Hamilton, Brown Shoe Co., St. Louis, need not complain of hard times, as following comparative figures will show:

Sales for 1895 up to March 1st	$1,002,834.44
Sales for same period 1894	904,958.24
Gain 1895 to March 1st	$97,876.20

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4. $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3. $2.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMEN'S, EXTRA FINE.
$2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES.
$3. $2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the
W. L. Douglas $3 & $4 Shoes
All our shoes are equally satisfactory.
They give the best value for the money.
They equal custom shoes in style and fit.
Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed.
The prices are uniform,—stamped on sole.
From $1 to $3 saved over other makes.
If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT
The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.
At Druggists, 50c & $1.
Advice & Pamphlet free.
Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

You Dye in 30 minutes Our turkey red dye on cotton won't freeze, fade or wash out—all others will. Tonk's French Dyes are different from others. Just the thing for hard times. Make the carpets, dresses, capes and clothing as bright and attractive as new. Anyone can do it. No misses if you have Tonk's. Try them and see. Send 4c. for 8 pkgs., or 10c. for one, any color. Big pay for agents. Write quick. Mention this paper.
FRENCH DYE CO., Main St., Vassar, Mich.

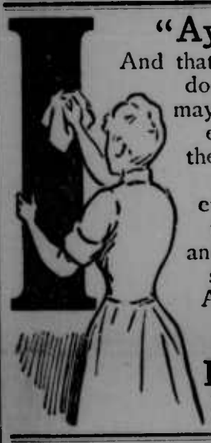

"Aye! There's the rub!"

And that ought to be enough in itself to seal the doom of bar soap. This rubbing with soap may get clothes clean, if you work hard enough, but can't you see how it wears them out?

Follow the directions that come on every package of Pearline, and you'll find that you not only do away with the hard and ruinous work of rubbing—but that you save time, and actually get better results. At every point Pearline is better than soap. But the mere fact that Pearline saves the rubbing—that ought to settle it.

BEWARE Peddlers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled. If your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—*send it back*. 463

Babies and Children

thrive on Scott's Emulsion when all the rest of their food seems to go to waste. Thin Babies and Weak Children grow *strong, plump and healthy* by taking it.

Scott's Emulsion

overcomes inherited weakness and all the tendencies toward Emaciation or Consumption. Thin, weak babies and growing children and all persons suffering from Loss of Flesh, Weak Lungs, Chronic Coughs, and Wasting Diseases will receive untold benefits from this great nourishment. The formula for making Scott's Emulsion has been endorsed by the medical world for *twenty years*. No secret about it.

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and $1.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn red. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and Durable. Each package contains six ounces; when moistened will make several boxes of Paste Polish.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

Last year we commenced an elaborate plan of advertising, but before we were half through, OUR ADVERTISEMENTS DISAPPEARED. Why? Because WE WERE OVERWHELMED WITH BUSINESS. There was but one thing to do, withdraw the advertising and devote every energy to filling the orders with which we were flooded. This we did and handled with reasonable promptness a most unprecedented year's business.

WITH ENLARGED FACTORIES, INCREASED FACILITIES, AND TWENTY BRANCH HOUSES FROM WHICH TO DISTRIBUTE OUR GOODS, WE CAN NOW CARE FOR ALL WHO COME. Last year we could not reduce prices because we were compelled in some way to limit the demand for Aermotor goods. We would have been satisfied with lower prices, but why create a demand which we could not supply? We have made the heaviest purchases of steel and material bought in America this year, and at unprecedented prices, and have made terms to dealers which enable them to make unprecedented prices.

In quality, character, variety, finish, and accessibility to full stock of goods and repairs, we are without competitors. In our plan of advertising last year, we proposed to furnish a feed cutter under certain conditions for $15. For reasons stated above we did not complete the advertising, and the feed cutter was not put out. We now propose to make amends in the following manner. We will announce in this paper one NEW ALL-STEEL VERY SUPERIOR FEED CUTTER, WORTH

$40 at $10

cash with order, f. o. b. Chicago. Only one to one person, he to furnish addresses of ten neighbors who ought to have something in our line. Cut, description and full information regarding it will appear soon.

We especially desire to caution you against paying excessive prices for windmills on the part of the dealer. To be sure that you get the proper price and article, write us of your needs and you will be protected. We are, and always have been, believers in low prices. Because of the prodigious output of our factories we are enabled to have special tools for each piece, and thus reduce the hand labor in the material and laying it down again. So small has become the cost of labor put on the material, which we are mentioning. We have become the largest dealers in material in the country, being made up in the form of steel galvanized-after-completion windmills, towers, pumps, etc. To such an extent has this become true, and to such an extent has the price of our goods (and on that account the volume of our business) rendered competition impossible, that FOUR LARGE WINDMILL CONCERNS ARE BUYING THEIR TOWERS OF US THIS YEAR. THEY DO IT BECAUSE WE MAKE THE ONLY ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE AND SAFE TOWERS; BECAUSE THEY CAN BUY OF US CHEAPER THAN THEY CAN BUILD; BECAUSE WE ALONE ARE PREPARED TO GALVANIZE EVERYTHING AFTER IT IS COMPLETED, AND COMPLETE EVERYTHING EXACTLY RIGHT.

These concerns are wise, for, even though they may not furnish the best of wheels, the wheel will have the best of supports. Send to us your name and address, and those of your neighbors who may need something in our line, and thereby do them a good turn. The Aermotor Co. is one of the most successful business enterprises which has been launched in recent times. In succeeding advertisements will be discussed and made clear the lines on which that success has been worked out. It was done by a farmer's boy. A careful following of these advertisements may suggest to some other farmer's boy a career.

Aermotor Co., 12th, Rockwell & Fillmore Sts., Chicago.

HIGHEST AWARD WORLD'S FAIR.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

FOOD BEST SUITED TO ALL WEAK CONDITIONS OF DIGESTIVE ORGANS
For Dyspeptic, Delicate, Infirm and AGED PERSONS
THE SAFEST FOOD IN THE SICK ROOM FOR INVALIDS AND CONVALESCENTS.
PURE, DELICIOUS, NOURISHING
FOOD
FOR NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS AND CHILDREN
THE IMPERIAL GRANUM IS SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
JOHN CARLE & SONS, NEW YORK.

NEXT TIME BUY OUR $2.50 SHOE FOR MEN AND WOMEN HAMILTON, BROWN SHOE CO.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of
PURE, HIGH GRADE
COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES
On this Continent, have received
HIGHEST AWARDS
from the great
Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS
In Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and *costs less than one cent a cup.*

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

POTATOES $2.50 a Bbl.

Largest growers of POTATOES for Seed in America. The "Rural New Yorker" gives one of our early sorts a yield of 748 bushels per acre. Prices dirt cheap. Our great Seed Book, 144 pages, and sample 14-Day Radish for 6c postage. JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis.

A. N. K.—C. 1543.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

THE OFFICE [illegible]

He Was "on the Scene" and Forcibly Describes the Incidents.

The following is a contribution from a boy who "was on the scene:"

It happened late one night in a morning paper office that a man under influence of liquor entered the building. The watchman who was at the door asked him what he wanted. He said he had a story to sell. The watchman told him that he was drunk and the paper would not buy a story from a drunken man. The man was with a friend who wanted to see one of the telegraph operators employed in the office and then the watchman admitted the two men to enter the elevator, and they rode up to the editorial rooms. The vender of the news asked the boy in charge of the anti room if he could see the night city editor. And when the boy asked what he wanted to see the night editor about he said he had a story and wanted to sell it but as the boy was going to tell the editor about the man he was called back with a harsh voice and the vender told him that he would not sell the story to the paper as he was told by the watchman downstairs he was drunk and also said that the elevator man said he was drunk. But the elevator man who heard him called him a liar. And a typewriter who was in the car at the time told the man it was not the elevator man but it was the watchman in the hall who told him that.

And while the news vender was waiting for the elevator the boy went inside to tell what had happened and the boy came out before the editor and saw the elevator man and drunken man with their dukes up and punching each other, but the elevator man being the best fighter avoided his opponents blow and struck him in the chest. And suddenly the drunken man put his hand to his back pocket as if to draw a gun and the elevator man said "for god sake don't shoot" and he jumped into his elevator and went down like a shot. And when he came up with the elevator he had the watchman with him in case of any trouble, at this point the night city editor came out and the editor, watchman elevator man and the news vender was together, and the drunken man tried to explaine the matter to the night city editor and the elevator man interrupted by saying that the news vender call him vile names and he again call him the same names before the editor and the watchman was told to take the drunken man down stairs and out of the building his friend stayed to see the night city editor and tries to tell the story to him but the paper did not want the story because it was "rot" and no good.—New York Tribune.

Sir Andrew Clark.

Mr. Lehmann seems disposed in his "Recollections" to account for Sir Andrew Clark's success on other than purely professional grounds.

"Far be it from me to take upon myself the right of expressing an opinion as to his merits as a man of science. Distinguished colleagues of his on the continent had repeatedly asked me how to account for his great reputation and his extraordinary hold on the English public, of which they evidently did not know the reasons. Those I could give were purely personal, but they would go a long way. His great secret was his sincere belief in himself, the confidence with which he inspired his patients and his power to convince them of his deep, almost exclusive, interest in the special case before him. No matter how full his waiting room might be, he never showed the slightest sign of hurry or impatience. He would sit down and write several pages of general instructions in alternate red and black ink to accompany his prescriptions. I remember him leisurely discussing my overcoat one day as I was preparing to take my leave, though his waiting room was, as usual, crowded to overflowing. Most busy doctors are in a much greater hurry to get rid of one."

Two Tame Mustaches.

Two of the tamest mustaches in Europe are those of the old king of Saxony and of his brother and heir, Prince George. Though thick, they droop at the ends in a rather dejected manner, and there is nothing dashing or swagger about them. Yet if there were ever two royal personages in Europe who might consider themselves as entitled to assume a victorious and all conquering air it would be precisely the king of Saxony and his brother, the two most successful commanders, or, as Emperor William put it, the two paladins of the German army, in the last great war with France.—Philadelphia Times.

A Domestic Man.

Flatte—Whenever my wife is sick and we have no cook, I always get breakfast.

Streete—I didn't know you could cook.

Flatte—No more can I.

Street—Then how the mischief do you get a breakfast fit to eat?

Flatte—I go to the restaurant for it.—New York Sun.

A New Departure.

Having determined to devote our attention exclusively to the

Dry Goods,
Notion, Clothing,
Hat and Shoe Business,

we have disposed of our entire stock of groceries, glassware and queensware.

In their place our patrons will find shelves loaded with the latest novelties and patterns in

Notions,
Dry Goods
and Clothing.

Our Shoe Department is full and complete.

Our Furnishing Department for Men, Women & Children Is Very ATTRACTIVE.

Believing that our efforts to give the people of Garrett county a first-class store in the lines above indicated will be appreciated, we are,

Yours respectfully,

SINCELL BROS.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. 25 cents per box.

Enterprising Young Man: True & Co. instructed and started me. I worked steadily and made money faster than I expected to. I became able to buy an island and build a small summer hotel. If I don't succeed at that, I will go to work again at the business in which I made my money.

True & Co.: Shall we instruct and start you, reader? If we do, and if you work industriously, you will in due time be able to buy an island and build a hotel, if you wish to. **Money** can be earned at our **new** line of work, rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. We furnish everything. Nothing like it. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This entirely new kind brings wonderful success to every worker. Residences are earning from $25 to $250 per week and upwards, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment—we teach you **FREE.** This is an age of marvelous things, and here is another great, useful, wealth-giving wonder. Great gains will reward every industrious worker. Wherever you are and whatever you are doing, you want to know about this wonderful work at once. Delay means much money lost to you. No space to explain here, but if you will write to us, we will make all plain to you **FREE.** Address,
TRUE & CO., Box 400, Augusta, Maine

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Billous Pills

Laughlin's Heart Cordial

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

Mar. 6'78 & 50th, Wheeling, W. Va.

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.
OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,
C. A. SNOW & CO.
OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Horticultural Supply Co.,

Growers of and dealers in fruit and ornamental stock especially adapted to the Allegheny Mountains.
All the worthy old and promising new varieties.
Landscape gardening a specialty.
Address, MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

$40.00 PER WEEK FOR WILLING WORKERS

of either sex, any age, in any part of the country, at the employment which we furnish. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. As capital is not required you run no risk. We supply you with [illegible] is needed. It will cost you nothing to try the business. Any one can do the work. Beginners make money from the start. Failure is unknown with our workers. Every hour you labor you can easily make dollars. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in three days at any ordinary employment. Send for free book containing the fullest information.
H. HALLETT & CO.,
Box 880,
PORTLAND, MAINE.

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Entirely New. Abreast of the Times. A Grand Educator.

Successor of the "Unabridged."

Standard of the U. S. Gov't Printing Office, the U. S. Supreme Court and nearly all the Schoolbooks.
Warmly recommended by every State Superintendent of Schools, and by Over Fifty College Presidents.
[illegible] writes: "I [illegible] with which the eye finds the [illegible], for accuracy of definition, effective methods in indicating pronunciation, [illegible] yet comprehensive statements of facts, and for practical use as a working [illegible], 'Webster's International' [illegible] any other single volume."
Also the Great Standard Authority, as to the Hon. D. J. Brewer, Justice U. S. Supreme Court.
G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.
Write the publishers for free pamphlet. Also buy cheap reprints of ancient editions.

SAMUEL LAWTON,
—DEALER IN—
Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.
Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.
23-1yr.

FOR SALE.

Three acres of land, being a part of the old Kennedy farm, lying in the eastern suburbs of Oakland on either side of the road leading to Mt. Lake Park. Will be sold in lots of ¾ acre each, or as a whole.
For full particulars call on or address
MRS. LIZZIE BUZZARD,
2-6m Elkins, W. Va.

MOUNT POMONA.
NURSERY AND FRUIT FARM.
Address Swanton, Md., for Fruit and Mushrooms.
Address Mt. Lake Park concerning Nursery, Greenhouse or Vegetable Products.
Agents wanted on salary.
SWEET & SHACKLEFORD.

--WANTED--
WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER
Also White Oak Timber Land.
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.
Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

SLATE ROOFING.

I am now prepared to furnish and put on plain and fancy roofing, slate, galvanized ridge, roll and water proof paper at reasonable prices. All work and material guaranteed.
T. M. Beachy,
27-1yr. Keyser, Garrett county, Md.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ¼ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
T. R. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50 00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.
CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
22tf 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

Shartzer & Bolden,
OAKLAND, MD.
DEALERS IN
FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES
WALL PAPER
—AND—
GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.
REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.
11 1y

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR
Monuments, Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe
WITH
J. B. WILLIAMS.
FROSTBURG, MD.
AGENTS WANTED.
4193.yr

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:
1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 160 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.
2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $450; balance at 20 years with interest.
3. Farm of Mrs. Ida C. Crutzberg, containing 61 acres, under fence; orchard of 150 trees; stone, frame house Price, $1,500. Cash payment of $400 balance at 20 years with interest.
These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.
4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 300 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. M. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

COOK BROS.,
169 Baltimore Street,
CUMBERLAND, - MD.
Sole agents for the World's Fair Best Spring Wheat Flour.

The Boss
ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT
ONCE YOU USE IT YOU WILL ALWAYS USE IT!
For sale in Oakland by George O. Miller & Co.; in Mountain Lake Park by Hayden & Eckles. 36—13

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

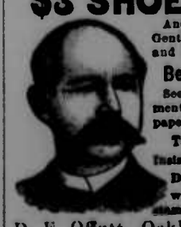

And other specialties for Gentlemen, Ladies, Boys and Misses are the
Best in the World.
See descriptive advertisement which appears in this paper.
Take no Substitute.
Insist on having W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES, with name and price stamped on bottom. Sold by
D. E. Offutt, Oakland, and Wm. Ryland, Friendsville.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
OAKLAND, MD.
I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.
Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Special attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING. Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILBERT S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1614-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.
Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.
Drs. McLane & Berkeley,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
FROSTBURG, MD.
Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES
See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—3tf

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,
Office in Myers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8:30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate. P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.
Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.
M. M. ARMSTRONG.
CHAS. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.
Fine carriage work a specialty.
Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13t.

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West Virginia's Brightest and Best Newspaper.

The splendid popular triumph for the cause of protection opens up a new chapter, and one of the most interesting in the history of the country. It has carried West Virginia into the column of protection and promises a revolution in the politics of the State. There will be new and important developments by reason of the great victory of 1894—developments that will have a decided influence on the presidential campaign of 1896—and the WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER will follow them closely in all their details. In West Virginia the Wheeling Intelligencer is the recognized leader of the cause of protection and State development.
All the foreign and home news of the year will be faithfully chronicled in the Intelligencer's telegraphic columns.

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WHEELING, WEST VA.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1895. NUMBER 3.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Surprise seed oats at City Roller Mills. 3-2t.

Fine line of Dry Goods just opened at Offutt & Son's. 3-1t.

Mr. Thomas Coddington has been quite ill for a number of weeks.

Fine line of Dry Goods just opened at Offutt & Son's. 3-1t.

Mr. Samuel Lawton was in Keyser, W. Va., Tuesday on a business trip.

The finest and largest line of *Mattings* just opened at Offutt & Son's. 3-1t.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Cropp are on a visit to friends at Petersburg, West Va.

The finest and largest line of *Mattings* just opened at Offutt & Son's. 3-1t.

Mr. John Shartzer went down to Accident Monday morning to hold an auction.

Mr. and Mas. John E. Barnard, of Swanton, were in Oakland Saturday on business.

Mr. George Loar, of Grafton, was visiting his parents in Oakland Sunday and Monday.

Mr. J. L. Harved, of Schell, West Va., was an Oakland visitor last Thursday afternoon.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rembold, of Horse Shoe Run, W. Va., were in the city last Thursday.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

An elegant variety of 4-4, 5-4, 6-4 and 8-4 *Floor Oilcloths* just opened at Offutt & Son's. 3-1t.

Mr. Joseph Adair, of Terra Alta was here on Friday as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. King Delawder.

An elegant variety of 4-4, 5-4, 6-4 and 8-4 *Floor Oilcloths* just opened at Offutt & Son's. 3-1t.

New spring millinery, hats, trimmings, fancy goods, etc., at M. L. Scott's Baltimore Store. 1-2t.

Rev. J. O. Thompson, editor of the Keyser *Echo*, was in Oakland on Monday afternoon and evening.

Mr. E. P. Anderson, of Newburg, W. Va., was here Friday and Saturday shaking hands with old friends.

Mr. D. E. Boyer, of Accident, was here several days last and this week on a visit to friends and relatives.

Mr. George C. Sturgiss, of Morgantown, was here Tuesday as the guest of his brother, Col. A. G. Sturgiss.

Send your check books to this office to be numbered. We have a special machine for just this class of work.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures scalds, burns, indolent sores and never fails to cure piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

State's Attorney G. S. Hamill and Fish Commissioner R. T. Browning went to Washington yesterday morning.

FOR SALE.—One new Century Columbia bicycle; used about one month. A bargain.
1-3t. S. LAWTON.

Mr. Andrew Nelson has leased a piece of ground from Mrs. Matthews on Alder street and is engaged in building a meat store thereon.

Sick headache, constipation and indigestion are quickly cured by DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

Miss Tillie Litzinger, of Grafton arrived in Oakland Tuesday afternoon and will remain here a few weeks with relatives and friends.

Mr. W. C. Kidd, the well known Baltimore salesman, was here two or three days last and this week looking after the interests of the firm he represents.

W. A. Hough, of Fairmont, has opened a first-class tin roofing and spouting shop in Callis' shop, Loch Lynn Heights.

Mr. James R. Bishop has let a contract to Spedden Bros. for the erection of a handsome residence on his lot near the Commercial hotel.

Mr. Julius Seherr, of Eglon, W. Va., was in the city last Saturday working up a telephone exchange with the business men of Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Pritts and children of Bloomington, were in Oakland last Saturday. While in the city they called to see THE REPUBLICAN.

La Grippe is here again with all of its old time vigor. One Minute Cough Cure is a reliable remedy. It cures and cures quickly. Oakland Pharmacy.

Our patrons will find DeWitt's Little Early Risers a safe and reliable remedy for constipation, dyspepsia and liver complaints. Oakland Pharmacy.

A good man to do general farm work wanted by Wm. Casteel, near Oakland. Also ten or twelve tons of good timothy hay for sale.
2-2*

Mr. Henry Fredlock, accompained by Miss Carrie Browning, went to Elkins, W. Va., last Friday morning to visit the family of Mr. John H. Riley.

W. T. Stanford, Station Agent of Leeper, Clarion Co. Pa., writes: I can recommend One Minute Cough Cure as the best I ever used. It gave instant relief and a quick cure Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. E. H. Bartlett returned from Baltimore Monday morning where he has been for several months attending lectures and studying pharmacy in the Maryland School of Pharmacy.

A good girl to do general housework wanted by Mrs. Wm. W. Sweet. Call on or address her at Piedmont, W. Va., or Mr. Sweet at Mt. Lake Park, Md., at once.
51—tf.

Mr. C. F. Schroeder, the B. & O. station agent at Oakland, went to Frederick City Tuesday. He will return Friday accompanied by his family, who will reside here permanently.

This week Mr. A. D. Naylor received a nice line of surreys, phaetons and buggies. If you want to see his stock call at the blacksmith shop. Over a car load of vehicles to select from. 3-1t.

Sheriff Wegman returned from Baltimore last Saturday morning to which city he had taken young Madigan, of Deer Park, who was sentenced to a term in the penitentiary.

Messrs. Hanson B. and Joseph F. Lewis have formed a partnership for the purpose of manufacturing lumber, etc., with their mill at a point near Cranesville, W. Va., but on this side of the boundary line.

The Oakland electric light plant was sold at auction last Saturday by Messrs. G. S. Hamill and T. J. Peddicord, receivers. Mr. D. E. Offutt purchased the plant and all fixtures and real estate for $5,000.

Doctor H. R. Fish, of Gravois Mills, Mo., a practicing physician of many years experience, writes: DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve has no equal for indolent sores, scalds and burns. It stops pain instantly, heals a burn quickly and leaves no scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

Place some of your window displays in the newspapers. The crowd that passes by your store without stopping to look at your goods put in several hours a week reading the news about your store and other things interesting.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy gives the best satisfaction of any cough medicine I handle, and as a seller leads all other preparations in this market. I recommend it because it is the best medicine I ever handled for coughs colds and croup. A. W. Baldridge, Millersville, Ill. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

All tin work done by us is guaranteed to be of best material and to give satisfaction. W. A. Hough, Mt. Lake Park.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office with Dr. M. C. Hinchaugh. 35-1y.

W. Grant Martin, optician, has located permanently in Oakland and is prepared to examine eyes scientifically and adjust glasses with unerring accuracy. All work guaranteed. Office days: Monday and Saturday, in Pritchard building. 50-tf.

B. H. Bowman, Pub. Enquirer, of Bremen Ind., writes: Last week our little girl baby the only one we have was taken sick with croup. After two doctors failed to give relief and life was hanging on a mere thread we tried One Minute Cough Cure and its life was saved. Oakland Pharmacy.

One night last week two gentlemen representing a G. A. R. post in Massachusetts, stopped in Oakland over night and engaged quarters for the entertainment of one hundred of their comrades at the Glades hotel during the early part of September.

Capt. J. M. Jarboe will in a few days begin the erection of a large addition to the Oakland post office building. When this improvement is made it will give more room to the postmaster and will facilitate the business of the office to a great extent.

Messrs. E. W. Kelso of Mountain Lake Park, and D. M. Dixon, of Oakland, have formed a co-partnership for the purpose of carrying on a general store in Oakland. These two gentlemen are well known to our people and their success in the mercantile line is assured.

The officers of Oakland lodge, A., F. & A. M. will be installed to-night. Those who have been elected are W. M., Capt. J. M. Jarboe; S. W., Gilmor S. Hamill; J. W., Mr. John Shartzer; S., Mr. Benj. H. Sinnell; T., Mr. Singleton L. Townshend.

J. A. Richardson, of Jefferson City, Mo., chief enrolling force 38th general assembly of Missouri, writes: I wish to testify to the merits of One Minute Cough Cure. When other so-called cures failed, I obtained almost instant relief and a speedy cure by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. and Mrs. U. G. Palmer, of Hutton, were here a few hours Monday afternoon. Mr. Palmer is the general manager of the Enterprise Tanning Company at Hutton and reports that the tannery is running on full time with orders ahead that will keep them busy for several months to come.

For seven years or more Mrs. W. D. Louder, of Quiney, Ky., was subject to severe attacks of cramp colic. Mr. S. R. Morse, a druggist of that place, recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which has effected a permanent cure, saving her much suffering besides the trouble and expense for a doctor which is often necessary. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Mrs. John Connell, sr., of Huttons, Md., departed from this place to-day for Indianapolis, Ind., to be present at the celebration of the ninety-second birthday of her mother, Mrs. Ellen Crag, of that city.—Terra Alta Oracle.

WANTED — Quick, pupils for piano, organ, violin, vocal culture, elegant penmanship, elocution and dramatic reading. Private lessons or in class to suit the applicant. Can begin lessons any day at any hour. Pupils from a distance can secure boarding at an extremely reasonable figure. For terms and particulars, please address Mrs. H. A. Rasche, Oakland, Md. 48-13t.

We can save you money on roofing, spouting, painting, repairing tin or steel roofs. All work promptly attended to. W. A. Hough, Mt. Lake Park.

If you want anything in the vehicle line, be sure you see A. D. Naylor's stock, and get prices and terms. A fine line of buggies, spring wagons, daytons and buck wagons on hand now, part of them being Hagerstown hand made. Will have jump seat carriages, phaetons and carts on hand by April 10th. The finest line of vehicles that has ever been shown or kept in stock in Oakland. No trouble to show goods. 2-3t.

Work has commenced in this office on a forty page illustrated furniture catalogue and price list for the well known firm of Shartzer & Hutton, the Oakland house furnishers. To complete this job almost half a ton of fine calendered paper will be consumed and it will require ten thousand impressions on our big newspaper press, printing eight pages at one time.

Mr. Charles Deffinbaugh, of Mountain Lake Park, has received an appointment with the United States Geological Surveying crops, and will report for duty at McAllister, Indian Territory, May 1st. Mr. Deffinbaugh has quite a large number of friends in Oakland who will be delighted to learn of his appointment. He was for a number of years a compositor in this office when Captain Hayden was proprietor.

A severe rheumatic pain in the left shoulder had troubled Mr. J. H. Loper, a well known druggist of Des Moines, Iowa, for over six months. At times the pain was so sever that he could not lift anything. With all he could do he could not get rid of it untill he applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm. "I only made three applications of it," he says, "And have since been free from all pain." He now recommends it to persons similarly afflicted. It is for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

An exchange gives this good advice: "If you see a good chance to get a good business man to locate in our town, or county, do all you can to induce him to come, by telling him of the advantages he will have here and make him feel as if his presence will be welcome. There is always room for good men and very often a few words spoken at the right time, will induce some business man to come among us."

If you have friends visiting you of whom you are not ashamed, why don't you send in their names for publication? You must not think that because a man is in the newspaper business that he knows intuitively everything that occurs in the community. If you know anything that would make an item why don't you tell the newspaper man about it, and not wait until the paper comes out and then ask him why he did not mention it.

Our readers will notice in this issue a clipping from the *Kanawha Valley Democrat* announcing the sudden death of Mr. Walter W. Alderson, which occurred at Miles City, Montana, March 19th. This gentleman so we are informed was just 39 years of age and was a noble specimon of perfect manhood. He was noted for his generous and unassuming charity and was loved by all who knew him.

"Perhaps you would not think so, but a very large proportion of diseases in New York comes from carelessness about catching cold," says Dr. Syrus Edson. It is such a simple thing and so common that very few people, unless it is a case of pneumonia, pay any attention to a cold. New York is one of the healthiest places on the Atlantic Coast and yet there are a great many cases of catarrh and consumption which have their origin in this neglect of the simplest precaution of every day life. The most sensible advice is, when you have one get rid of it as soon as possible. By all means do not neglect it." Dr. Edson does not tell you how to cure a cold but we will. Take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It will relieve the lungs, aid expectoration, open the secretions and soon effect a permanent cure. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Cashier White of the Terra Alta Bank, has in his possession probably the oldest book in Preston county. It is "A Brief History of the Times, etc., in a Preface to the Third Volumn of Observations," edited by L'Estrage, and "printed by Charles Brome, at the Gun, at the West End of St. Paul's, 1687." A glance at it will show what wonderful strides the art of printing has made in 200 years past. The book is a relic both valuable and interesting.—Grafton Sentinel.

Quartermaster John P. Knowles, the veteran sailor who lashed Admiral Farragut to the rigging of the Hartford in her fight with the Confederate ram Tennessee in Mobile bay, has concluded to accept a pension of $20 a month. In addition he will be employed as a laborer, receiving one dollar a day. The naval authorities offered to continue Knowles in active service, but on account of his age he would be compelled to accept reduced rank, which he declined. He is stationed at Annapolis.

Mr. Calvin Crim, who has for a number of years been connected with the police department of Cincinnati, Ohio, and who has always borne a good reputation as an efficient officer, was tried before the police board in that city on a charge of pool selling. The charge was not sustained and Mr. Crimm was reinstated as an officer. The Cincinnati papers took sides with him during the trial and were highly elated at his acquittal. His friends in Oakland will also be pleased to hear of his acquittal.

It will be both interesting and profitable for all the farmers who can to attend the meeting of the agricultural society at Loch Lynn Heights next Saturday. At this meeting a constitution and by-laws will be adopted, besides some practical information that will benefit all will be imparted. As we understand the matter this society is being formed for the purpose of instilling into the minds of our agricultural class the benefits to be derived from the improvement in their stock, etc., and also to formulate some practical plan by which the county roads may be improved at a comparative small cost.

Wanted.

At Garthright's store, five car loads nice potatoes, for which will pay the highest cash or trade price. Selling off all woolen goods at cost; lots of hats, boots and shoes at cost and all the old stock of clothing. We have the best fine muslin ever offered at 6 cts. 3-3t.

Fertilizers.

Parties wishing to buy Fertilizers for spring crops, can have the advantage of car load lots by placing their orders with us to be delivered April 1st. By so doing we can give you twelve different brands suitable for all kinds of crops, and in this way get just what you want at the lowest cash price. Send or call for catalogue.
50-5t J. M. DAVIS & SON.

Rogers' Sarsaparilla.

A specific for all. 100 doses for 75 cents. Rogers' Little Liver Pills, best on the market; Cough Cure, Liniment, Appetine and Worm Syrup, sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland; Cuppett Bros., McHenry; J. A. DeBerry, Corinth; C. F. White, Hutton; P. T. Garthright, Hayden & Eckles, Mt. Lake Park; Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park; Wm. Frederick, Friendsville; Yough Store Co., Jonas Frazee, Robert Liston, Selbysport; W. Wass, Mineral Springs; J. E. Gnagey, Accident; Smith & Callis, Hoyes, and by all general dealers.

In Memoriam.

Charles Urvan, son of William and Lizzie Otto, died March 20th, aged 5 years and 13 days.

We had a little treasure once,
He was our joy and pride;
We loved him, Ah! perhaps too well,
For soon he slept and died.

All is dark within our dwelling,
Lonely are our hearts to-day;
For the one we loved so dearly,
Has forever passed away.

Lobules relieve nausea.

Attention, Farmers!

The farmers of Garrett county are respectfully requested to meet at 2 o'clock p. m., next Saturday, the 30th inst., in Callis' Hall, at Mt. Lake Park depot, to select permanent officers for the Garrett County Agricultural Society, and adopt a constitution and by-laws for the government of same. All farmers are requested to be present and aid us in this good work.
S. P. BAKER, Chairman.

Epworth League Entertainment.

On the last Monday evening of each month the Epworth League of St. Paul's church holds a literary and business meeting. The meeting on Monday evening was in charge of Mrs. S. K. Arbuthnot and was an unusally interesting one. The programme consisted of an evening with the Methodist Hymnal. Some of the grand old hymns were sung as chornses by the congregation, some as quartettes, duets, and solos by members of the M. E. choir. A history of each hymn sung was read by Mr. F. A. Thayer, and the hymn illustrated by stereopticon views, which were magnificently displayed by Mr. W. R. Johnson, of Mt. Lake Park. The Oakland orchestra was on hand and rendered a couple of their choice selections and also played accompaniments to the hymns sung. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the people went away cherishing the best of feelings for the Epworth League, which is a power in our town for good works and words.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending March 30th, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Charles Beachy, Allen Pauch,
D. L. Custer, Joseph P. Gleesen,
W. H. Hoyt, E. H. McDonand-2,
Miss Emma Lish.

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.
E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

The Stars on Good Friday.

The astronomers of the Paris Observatory have been studying the heavens particularly with reference to the position to the stars, and they say that the year 1895 will be a remarkable one both from the astronomical and religious point of view.

On Good Friday next, (April 12) the heavenly bodies which gravitate round the sun will be in exactly the same position they occupied in the firmanent the day Christ died on the cross. It will be the first time such a thing has occured since the great day, just 1862 years ago.

This was the thirty third year of the christian era, which dates from the birth of Jesus Christ.

At 4:20 in the morning, Paris time (about 11:20 p. m. on April 11, New York time) the moon will pass before Virgin in (Spica), and hide that constellation for over an hour.

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BENJ. B. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

An April Fool's Forfeit.

By N. A. M. Roe.

"GO AND kiss Howard, Elsie," "Oh, I can't!" "Pshaw! Yes you can, too. It's April Fool's day." There was a gleam of mischief in her brother's eyes, and an answering gleam appeared in Elsie's, when she fully took in the meaning of his remark. She crossed the room and stood before Howard Payne a moment, and then said very demurely, with her eyes on the carpet, her hands behind her, looking the very picture of bashfulness, though under the long lashes her eyes were sparkling with fun: "My forfeit is to kiss you, Mr. Payne. I wonder if it is a hard one."

He laughed, thinking how pretty she was, and how shy, and said; "We'll try to make it easy."

She thought to herself: "How dreadfully tall he is when he stands up. I wonder if I dare do it," and then just as he bent down to touch her lips she whispered: "April Fool," and like a flash she disappeared through the hall door, leaving Howard with his mouth in such good position for whistling that he couldn't help doing it, and then when they all laughed and Mac said: "How easy you made that for her," he sat down much discomfited. Everybody else forgot all about it, but he couldn't forget it, and when Elsie came again into the room and sat down by her father, he couldn't help looking at her, and wondering how so much mischief could be hidden under such a demure exterior. Every time he caught her glance she dropped her eyes, but she could not keep a little smile from curling her lips when she thought of the trick she had played on her brother's college friend.

Elsie's birthday was the first of April, and all the cousins came to help her celebrate it. Besides the cousins, her brother Mac had brought his college chum, Howard Payne. Such a tall, good-looking, good-natured fellow could not help being a favorite at once, and while they trimmed the big parlors he decided he never had been with such a jolly set of young people before, and entered into the fun with all the zest of a student off for a holiday. With no home of his own, paying his own way through college, refusing to go out very much lest his studies be lost, he had fallen in with Macfarland Kinney, and a strong friendship sprang up that gave to the one society which he liked, and kept the other from too hard work and the accompanying despondency. Mac talked constantly of his home, and most of all of his little sister Elsie, so that when her birthday came and Mac invited him to go to his home and see her, he was ready to accept, especially as a kind note from Mrs. Kinney came soon after, saying how glad they would all be to welcome any friend of Mac.

"But Howard, you mustn't take much notice of Elsie at first, for if she dislikes anyone nothing can make her change her mind, and I do so want her to like you. She can't bear Jo Stuart. He's one of the western cousins, and the pranks she played on him when he visited us last year would fill a book. She came to me one day in a perfect tempest because Jo had tried to kiss her, and she had scratched his face, and she didn't know what papa would say. Mamma and papa both tried to make her apologize, but she said Jo shouldn't have anything of hers, not even an apology, and I stood up for her. I did my best to talk her over into

"WE'LL TRY TO MAKE IT EASY."

liking Jo. He is very pleasant, and we all thought him so nice, that it was a great trial to us that Elsie wouldn't. She was the only one of us that he seemed to care about, but do what he would, he couldn't win her regard. If he came near her she was off like a bird."

Thus cautioned, Howard studied Elsie from afar, not saying much to her, and wished she would look up more often, because she had such wonderful eyes; so big and bright—eyes that talked; eyes that laughed or filled with tears; eyes that sparkled over a joke; eyes that were very grave and deep when the soul that looked out was quiet. When the rooms were decorated with their green wreaths and rope of evergreen, and the vases filled, and all in readiness for the cousins who would come to the cutting of the cake, all hands sat down tired enough to rest a little, and "what shall we do?" was the question.

"Get Howard to tell you a story," said Mac.

"Oh, do, do!" was the cry, and Howard began one of the German folklore stories, and kept on talking till he declared he couldn't think of anything more to say. A most interested audience they were, and called for more every time he stopped. Elsie stood leaning on the back of Mac's armchair, looking at Howard with her great eyes, taking in every point of the story, and giving Howard keen pleasure as he watched her sensitive face change at each new phase of the story. By and by she sat down on the arm of Mac's chair and threw her arm around his neck, leaning her head against his in a confiding way that made a lump rise in Howard's throat, and he suddenly brought his tale to an abrupt close.

At the table Elsie cut the big cake and handed the first slice, with the roses that had lain on top beside it, to Howard. Mac laid his hand on Howard's knee under the table with a pressure that meant: "You have won her, she will like you," and Howard felt his heart throb as the grave eyes, now sweet and tender, looked at him, and the red lips smiled, as she wished him as happy a birthday as she was having.

Then came the evening games and forfeits, and the kiss he hadn't had, and he wondered if Mac was mistaken and Elsie didn't like him after all. He was just as wide awake at three as he was at twelve, and turn as he might, her eyes looked up just as they did when he bent to kiss her. Fallen in love, do you say? Well, perhaps so, but he realized that she was Mac's sister, and if *she* did not like him, would it not take Mac from him also? Surely, she was only a child, but then Mac had said she never changed. Irritated and puzzled, yet with a great longing for the good will of this household that had been so kind to him, he finally dropped asleep.

On entering the drawing-room next morning he saw Elsie standing at the farther end of the room looking out, and he crossed to her, saying in his cheery voice: "Good morning, Elsie; rather a dismal landscape, isn't it? I think it's pleasanter inside, with such a bright fire, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed, I do."

"Then turn this way and tell me if you think people ought to pay their debts when they can just as well as not? I have a very peculiar case in mind, where a payment has been evaded, and apparently no effort made to reach a satisfactory settlement. I am in a quandary about it. What would you do?"

"Is it a debt to you?"

"Yes; and I cannot afford to lose it. I want it."

The dark eyes flashed a little as she said: "I would have it if I had to go to law. I think it is a dreadful thing for folks to purposely keep other people's money, or anything that does not belong to them."

"This isn't exactly money, but it belongs to me, all the same. I am glad you think as I do about it. When you say *anything* that does not belong to them, it includes kisses, of course, and"—a wave of confusion went over Elsie's face, and then a mischievous look in her eyes, and at last she put her handkerchief to her mouth to cover the laugh that she could not keep back. Her eyes sought the door as if she wanted to escape; but no, Howard stood in front of her, and she could not be so rude as to push him out of her path. He was laughing, too, she saw when she looked up, and her courage grew as she said: "That's outlawed, and, besides, it was April Fool's day," and the smile again dimpled her face.

"I have read some law, and there is nothing in any of the books about forfeits outlawing, and so of course they run right on; and as for the day, why, I am sure you would consider money loaned on Sunday to be a debt just as much as if it were contracted on Monday, though the law would not require it to be paid, for business must not be done on Sunday, and any note made that day would not be good."

"Oh! there comes Mac," and a look of relief showed itself on her countenance, for she seemed to have lost her ready wit before this young man, who could argue a case so well. But she turned again as they went out to breakfast to ask very demurely: "Who is your collector, Mr. Payne?"

Quick as thought came the answer: "Mr. Howard Payne, and if you have any bills to be collected I should be glad if you would put them into my hands. I promise prompt attention and quick returns."

"I agree to that, Howard; for I know when you want anything you get it some way, and when you once get hold youn ever let go," said Mac.

Now Mac and Elsie held a lengthy correspondence, and a jolly writer she was, too, filling every inch on two sheets of paper with jokes and happenings and family sayings, so that it was almost like a visit home to receive one of her letters. Seeing how eager Howard was to hear, he allowed him to read them all. Once Howard sent her a little note asking if she would get a specimen of a blue flower growing near her home, as he could find nothing of the kind where he was, and when it came back it was pressed in a note of her handwriting, which he carried about till he feared it would be too worn out to look at, so packed it away with the souvenirs of his mother, and his father's last letter. Of course thanks must be sent, and finally every letter either way had an extra note for or from Elsie.

Then Elsie went away to school, and several years went by without his seeing her. Mac graduated and went to California. Howard went into a lawyer's office, and when the senior partner died he went in with his son to continue the firm. Now Elsie was coming to visit her aunt in Hartford, and he might see her if he would call. That day was wasted, for he could do nothing, his mind was so full of her. How would she look? Would her eyes have the same luminous light? Would he dare ask for the kiss she had owed so long? He had became a regular correspondent, and, though no love had been spoken, he at least was sure of his own heart.

Such a pretty picture as met his eyes when he was shown into the room where Elsie and her aunt were sitting. She was in the deep easy-chair with a great tiger cat curled up in her lap. He paused a moment on the threshold to take it all in, and then Elsie sprang up, thus unceremoniously dropping the cat, who hurried away with a much-disgusted look to a footstool at the other end of the room; but he could not stay angry with her long, and just as soon as the introductions were over, and they had settled down to a cozy talk she called him, and, stretching himself lazily, he walked back and jumped into her lap again, where he curled himself down as contentedly as if he had never been disturbed.

"Mr. Payne, Elsie says she owes you something, and that the bill has been running for several years. She would not tell me what it was, but I am sure if her people knew it it would be paid at once. I have been talking with her, and she has promised to pay it to-morrow. I am extremely sorry about it."

"Oh! it was of no consequence; I was glad to let it run. I will come up to-morrow."

Then conversation turned, and [illegible] ing more was said about the debt. Elsie's eyes were sparkling when she bade him good-by at the door, and when she reached her room she sat down and laughed till the tears came—laughed at the joke she was to play next day, and cried because he had said it was of no consequence, and he was glad to let it run longer.

As early as possible Howard came to receive his due, and fully determined to ask for all her kisses. But only her aunt met him, and said her mother had sent for her to come home, and she had left early that morning.

"She left a little package for you. Here it is, and I presume it contains the money she owes you. I can't think why she should have let it run so long."

In his office he took off the cover. An immense pink-and-white kiss lay in the dainty box, and that was all. He sat down, saying in despair: "She does not care for me after all." Soon as he could think what to do he drew a paper toward him and wrote a formal receipt in full, and directed it to Elsie Kinney. Then he found the time tables, and three days later he was on the ocean bound for England. At regular intervals he sent a message to Elsie, but he was discouraged, and her notes in reply were so short and so unlike those of old, that he was more despondent than ever. Then came a letter from Mac that made the sun shine again.

"Mother says that Elsie is moping, and she fears she is going into a decline. She does nothing but lie on the lounge with her eyes shut, or look out the window, and don't seem to want

"SHE LEFT A LITTLE PACKAGE FOR YOU."

to do anything. Her spirits have deserted her, and where she used to be the life of the house, now she is so very quiet. I can't understand it, though mother says that once when your name was mentioned she burst into tears and ran out of the room. Don't, I beg of you—don't. Well, she is my little sister still, and I am all unnerved at thought of her being other than the bright, happy child I have always loved so well. If you care for her tell her so; if not—I ought not to have written as I have, but you know how my sister has been a great part of my life, and you will forgive me for the sake of so old a friendship."

The next mail for America carried this letter:

"MY DARLING ELSIE—I always call you my little love, my darling, in my Elsie, my heart, and why shouldn't I put it on paper, since you have never forbidden it? I am coming back very soon, and I shall come first to you, for your aunt said you were ready to pay the debt you owe, and as I collect my own bills I shall hope to collect that one. Perhaps you thought the candy kiss would liquidate all demands, but I think *you* were to give the kiss yourself, and your aunt gave me that, and if you will notice the receipt you will find it dated April 1st, so that it is not—well, I don't consider it good for much, do you? Are you aware how long the debt has been running, and what an accumulation of interest there will be? I want not the single kiss, but all your kisses, and the lips that give them, and the heart, and those wonderful eyes owned by a little girl who began to make a fool of me years ago, and who has made such a complete success of it that I am ashamed to offer the work of her hands to anyone else. I am coming to hear you tell me how you like your work, and find out from you if I may be your lover or only an afflicted creditor, and April fool. I will sign myself for this once, if never again, Yours, and yours only,

"HOWARD PAYNE."

A June day, and the light wind is stirring the little rings of Elsie's hair as she sits by the window of her room. Howard Payne is in the drawing-room, but her heart is beating so she is afraid to go down. The door opens and Mrs. Kinney enters.

"Are you not coming down, Elsie? Mr. Payne is here, and has asked for you."

"In a moment, mamma."

A figure in white, roses of June in her belt, big, bright, dilated eyes, trembling, sensitive lips, are what he sees as she crosses the room to greet him. As he looks down at her he thinks of that time when he looked down in the same way long ago, and she glances involuntarily toward the door through which she fled, and he said: "Do you want to escape, dear?"

"No, oh, no!" and the breath of crushed roses fills the room as he hears that whispered response.—Good Housekeeping.

THE GREATEST FOREST.

Immensity of the Timber Lands of Russia and Siberia.

"Where is the greatest forest in the world?"

The question was asked in the forestry section of the American association for the advancement of science, at its recent annual meeting in Brooklyn. The importance of forests for equalizing the climate and the rainfall of the globe was under discussion, and the purpose of the question was to show where the great forest trees of the world are situated.

One member, repiying offhand, was inclined to maintain that the greatest continuous tract of forest lies north of the St. Lawrence river, in the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, extending northward to Hudson bay and Labrador; a region measuring about seventeen hundred miles in length from east to west, and a thousand miles in width, north and south.

A professor from the Smithsonian institution rejoined that a much larger continuous area of timber lands was to be found, reckoning from those in the state of Washington northward through British Columbia and Alaska. But he limited his statement to North America, for he added that, in his opinion, the largest forest in the world occupied the valley of the Amazon, embracing much of northern Brazil, eastern Peru, Bolivia, Ecuador, Columbia and Guiana; a region at least twenty-one hundred miles in length by thirteen hundred in breadth.

Exception was immediately taken to this statement by several members who, in the light of recent explorations, have computed the forest area of Central Africa in the valley of the Congo, including the headwaters of the Nile to the northeast, and those of the Zambesi on the south. According to their estimates, Central Africa contains a forest region not less than three thousand miles in length from north to south, and of vast, although not fully known width, from east to west. Discussion, in which the evidence afforded by travels and surveys was freely cited, seemed favorable to the defender of the Amazonian forests.

Later in the day the entire question was placed in another light, by a member who was so fortunate as to be able to speak from some knowledge of still another great forest region of the globe. This gentleman gave a vivid picture of the vast, solemn taigas and urmans, the pine, larch and cedar forests of Siberia.

It appears that Siberia, from the plain of the Obi river on the west to the valley of the Indighirka on the east, embracing the great plains, or river valleys, of the Yenisei, Olenek, Lena and Yana rivers, is one great timber belt, averaging more than a thousand miles in breadth from north to south—being fully seventeen hundred miles wide in the Yenesei district—and having a length from east to west of not less than forty-six hundred versts, about three thousand miles.

Unlike equatorial forests, the trees of the Siberian taigas are mainly conifers, comprising pines of several varieties, firs and larches. In the Yenisei, Lena and Olenek regions there are thousands of square miles where no human being has ever been. The long-stemmed conifers rise to a height of a hundred and fifty feet or more, and stand so closely together that walking among them is difficult.

The dense, lofty tops exclude the pale Arctic sunshine, and the straight, pale trunks, all looking exactly alike, so bewilder the eye in the obscurity, that all sense of direction is soon lost. Even the most experienced trappers of sable dare not venture into the dense taigas without making the precaution of "blazing" the trees constantly with hatchets as they walk forward. If lost there, the hunter rarely finds his way out, but perishes miserably from starvation or cold. The natives avoid the taigas and have a name for them which signifies "places where the mind is lost."

The discussion was closed very appropriately by Prof. Fernow, of Washington, with an illustrated lecture which showed how, in the earlier ages, forests had covered all the continental areas, and had rendered the climate equable to a degree now unknown.

At first human beings battled with the forest in a fitful manner, making small clearings for themselves; but gradually, by the aid of fire and of their own increasing numbers, they have so far prevailed in the struggle for supremacy that the forests are hopelessly conquered. But grave evils follow their extermination; and now the question is, how to foster, protect and preserve them.—Youth's Companion.

The Rival Hairdressers.

One of the two, by way of advertising himself, cuts his hair in the most faultless manner, according to the latest fashion plate; the other, on the contrary, cuts his in the most clumsy way imaginable. The first customer who entered his shop did not fail to take him to task about it.

"How in the world, being yourself a barber, do you have your hair so badly cut?"

"Why, sir, the reason is simple enough. I can not possibly cut my hair myself, but am obliged to have recourse to my colleague over the way and he is such a duffer!"

"And I suppose you cut his in turn?"

"Of course. And you can judge for yourself whether he ought'n't to be satisfied."—The Amusing Journal.

Nature and Art Crowding Each Other.

"I wish the man sitting behind me would quit brushing against my back hair!" angrily exclaimed the slim young woman in one of the front rows, addressing the plump young woman by her side.

"It's my long nose, miss," apologized the man behind her, "and I can't shorten it. You'll have to take in your Psyche knot a little."—Chicago Tribune.

—"Is your mistress in?" Bridget—"No, ma'm; she saw yez comin' and told me to say she was out."—Inter Ocean.

HIS PORKSHIP IN CLOVER.

Fed on Plum Pudding Twice Across the Pacific.

Some months ago Capt. Morse, of the Alameda, was charged by a stock-raising friend in Sydney to bring him over an aristocratic pig to improve the blood of the piebins Australian swine. The steamer captain found the pig and brought him on board the Alameda two months ago. He was a dainty little thing, with a pink nose and a confiding way that won the hearts of the passengers before the steamer had crossed the bar. He squealed so pathetically when the time for seasickness came that the captain yielded to the passengers' intercession and took him out of his box on the deck. They tied a blue ribbon around his neck and presently the curl came back to his dear little tail and he warmed his cold pink little nose in the hand of the prettiest passenger in the cabin. There was a baby on board, but the child did not get half the attention that was bestowed on the dainty little pig that squealed so delightfully whenever the rolling of the vessel tumbled him off his doubtful little legs. On the third day out they had plum duff for dinner on the steamer and seven women and four men surreptitiously slipped the pudding from their plates into their napkins and stole away from the table. They met at the little pig's box and began to feed the sweetmeat to the infant porker. An alarmed cry checked the feeding.

"You'll kill that poor little thing!" shrieked a mother. "Plum pudding, and he only three weeks old!"

She had some soft bread soaked in sweet milk, but that willful pig hardly noticed it. After that there was a regular procession from the cabin table to the box on deck. No women and few men left that table without something for the little pig. The mother waited gloomily for the fulfillment of her dire prophecy, while the pig got so fat that his little legs bowed under him. On the tenth day out the door in the pig's box was enlarged, as he could no longer pass it. On the fifteenth day one end of the box was knocked out for the same reason. At Samoa they built a new and larger box. The daily pilgrimage with delicacies from the cabin continued and the foreordained sire of a noble line grew in popularity as well as size. There were jealousies among the passengers over the pig and charges that he was getting things that were not good for him. The blue ribbon had long ago become too small and he ate it with some blanc mange one afternoon. The doctor said it would not hurt him.

At last the Alameda reached Sydney and the passengers fed their pet for the last time. But when it came to sending him ashore a stern man in uniform stood in the way. He did not dispute that this was the sweetest pig in the world, but the Australian law was strict and quarantine regulations could not be disregarded. The officer insulted everybody by speaking of the pig as "pork on the hoof." It would take a special act of parliament or an order of court, or something of that sort, to get the pig through the regulations, and while the man who sent for the pig was trying to arrange matters the Alameda sailed for home and the pig on her. The up trip was the same as the down trip for the pig, and on the arrival of the Alameda here Capt. Morse received a cablegram advising him that the difficulties had been overcome and that there was no longer any bar to the pig's entry into Australia. They opened the door of the box to give the pig an outing on the deck, but he could not even get his head through, and they had to knock the box to pieces to get him out. The Alameda sailed for Australia, and in a large pen on deck was a large hog. The cabin passengers sniffed disdainfully when the wind blew their way and made remarks about a steamship company that permitted swine on deck.—San Francisco Chronicle.

JAPANESE WRESTLING.

Description of a Homeric Struggle in an Unroofed Arena.

These wrestling contests take place in a huge amphitheater, much like a large circus, sheltered by a bamboo framework covered with matting to keep out the people who do not pay to go in. The top is unroofed. Tiers of boxes of a primitive description line the side, being reached by ladders from the front. A ring of rice bags inclose the sanded arena, some dozen feet in diameter, in which the combatants meet. The center is occupied by the umpire, a person of much distinction, dressed in an old brocade costume, picturesque enough to Europeans and reminiscent of feudal times. Four judges are also in attendance in case the umpire's decision should be disputed. The umpire stretches out his fan and shouts something in a strident voice. At his behest the first couple of combatants appear. The dress is scarcely conventional according to occidental ideas. Indeed, there is practically no dress at all. Beyond a strip round the loins, absolutely nothing is worn. They stride into the ring amid the plaudits of thousands, take a draught of water from a bucket in the corner, sprinkle themselves with the fluid, and are ready for the encounter. Two mighty men are they, with limbs and trunks that would not disgrace Samson. Mountains of muscle some, others mountains of fat. Good humor gleams in their faces. They slap their thighs, and stamp their legs like restive horses, and then crouch ready for the spring, like beasts of prey. The umpire gives the signal to commence, and they bound into each other's embrace. Perhaps the feint is parried, so that we have it all over again. It is a Homeric moment, as the champions struggle and sway this way and that, until, with a final effort one is thrown to the ground. In one instance a heavy man was hurled right over the rice bags by a wiry opponent, and would have had a nasty fall off the stage but for the intervention of an attendant, placed ready to prevent accidents.—Current Literature.

THE POOR, ABUSED MEN.

One Complains That the World Is Woman's Kingdom.

The women are all right, in spite of the newspapers, and if the men of this country were half as sober, half as well bred, half as saving, half as straight-up-and-up as their mothers, wives, daughters, sisters or sweethearts, this would be a pretty comfortable old world to be born into and to die out of, says a much-abused lord of creation.

Let us turn over a new leaf and see if we can't eat our soup with less noise, to begin with. A woman doesn't sound like a plunger in a saw-mill when she is eating soup. Neither does she sound like the air pump on a locomotive when she is drinking tea. Let us put in the peg right here and give the men a chance to catch up. The boys in the country haven't got fair play during the past few years.

If this woman's kingdom keeps up much longer a person will be in hard luck if he is born a boy. I think it was the Israelites who used to raise an anthem when a man child was born into the world, but it's the other way in this girl-ruled country. Let us use the girls to educate the men up in good manners. I tried it once. I was running a paper away out west in an awful bad town. As luck would have it, the tough element took the paper and they liked me very much.

My sanctum was a sort of committee-room. They would come in there and smoke and spit and swear and brag and fire off their revolvers between the legs of the office devil, and if one of them got shot through the lung in a neighboring saloon they would bring him straight to my sanctum. I couldn't insult them. I had sense enough for that. But I cleaned them out at last. I hired a tall, red-headed, military-looking girl, with a basilisk eye, as my private secretary. She wore a black silk and a big watch chain and she could freeze the very marrow in your bones with one look. The day after she arrived a young gentleman known as "Blizzard Eater" walked in and sat down with his hat on. The "Soldier"—the office devil called her the "Soldier"—fixed her cold, gray eyes on "Blizzard Eater's" hat. This made him uncomfortable, and he took off his hat and examined it to see if there was anything wrong with it, and then put it on again. Still that cold, gray eye was fixed on the hat. "Blizzard Eater" began to sweat—that's the proper word—and then, when it dawned upon him that his hat was out of place, he collapsed and never came back again. I have known men to flatten their noses against the front window to see if she was there before they ventured in, and if she was there they would remove their quids, doff their chats and come in as meek as mice. She revolutionized the town, she did, and that sanctum was a province of woman's kingdom ever after that.—Toronto Globe.

A LONE LITTLE TRAVELER.

Pathetic Scene in Which a Pale Little Lad Figured.

A pale little lad in a west-bound train glanced wistfully towards a seat where a mother and her merry children were eating lunch. The tears gathered in his eyes, though he tried to keep them back. A passenger came and stood beside him.

"What's the trouble?" he asked. "Have you no lunch?"

"Yes, I have a little left, and I'm not so awful hungry."

"What is it, then? Tell me, perhaps I can help you."

"It's—it's so lonely, and there's such a lot of them over there, and—and they've got their mother."

The young man glanced at the black band on the boy's hat. "Ah," he said gently, "and you have lost yours."

"Yes, and I'm going to my uncle; but I've never seen him. A kind lady, the doctor's wife, who put up my lunch, hung this card to my neck. She told me to show it to the ladies on the car and they would be kind to me; but I didn't show it to anyone yet. You may read it if you like."

The young man raised the card and read the name and address of the boy. Below were the words:

"And whosoever shall give drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

The reader brushed his hand across his eyes and was silent for a moment. Then, "I'll come back very soon," he said, he made his way to the mother and her children.

And presently little George felt a pair of loving arms about him, and a woman's voice, half sobbing, calling him a poor, dear little fellow, begged him to come with her to her children. And for the rest of that journey, at least, motherless Georgie had no lack of "mothering."—N. Y. Tribune.

Reason Enough.

A German baron was so deeply grieved by the rejection of an offer of marriage that he was on the point of suicide.

"As I opened my bedroom window last night," he said to a friend, "I was barely restrained from throwing myself out!"

"What restrained you?"

"The height from the ground!" answered the baron.—Youth's Companion.

Among the Freaks.

"Ha, ha, ha," shouted the fat woman.

"What's the matter with you?" inquired the Ossified Man.

"I have a fine joke on the Circassian Beauty."

"What is it?"

"Why, she's accepted an invitation from the Armless Wonder to go sleigh-riding, and she thinks she's going to have a good time."—Detroit Free Press

Two Reasons.

Johnny—I should think Japan would be a great place for football, papa.

Papa—Why, Johnny?

Johnny—Why, because the Japs have such long hair, and besides they live in the land of the chrysanthemum.—Harper's Young People.

A MISUNDERSTOOD DOG.

The Eventful Life of a Well-Meaning Pup.

He came in a crate by the evening stage—an ungainly St. Bernard puppy with legs long enough for a dog twice his size. A card on the top of his wicker cage read:

BILL HENDERSON,
Keene Center,
Adirondacks.

The crowd on the store porch waiting for the mail to be sorted looked the newcomer over and expressed their several opinions as to his breed. Some "calated he had shepherd in him," and others "swan he hadn't."

"See that; haow he bobs that head of his'n," said Israel Lukens, an old hunter, peering into the crate. "Hello thar, 'Long Lega,' haow goes it?—hungry, be ye?" and the puppy licked the old man's hand.

"What ye got in thar?—a lion?" shouted Alfred Hamner from the road, on his way to the lumber shanty.

By this time the mail was sorted, and the crowd scuffled into the store. A kerosene lamp sent long shadows scurrying over the low ceiling and diffused a mellow light half way down the counter, at the further end of which was strewn a tumbled assortment of lumbermen's shirts and some old pairs of children's boots, the remnant of the winter stock. Great drifts of blue tobacco smoke floated lazily toward the lamp and, ascending, were lost in the shadows.

The puppy, left alone on the porch, heard the laughter and the voices of the men inside, and began to whine. When realizing that this only added to his loneliness, he cocked his head and looked up at the stars and the great range sleeping clear out against them. He could hear the roar of the river as it swung through the valley, and far down the road the baying of the hound. Then came the sound of a wagon clattering along and the next instant Bill Henderson reined in his team and called out:

"Dog here for nour folks?"

The door was opened by the postmaster.

"Some of my women's relatives daown in Fort Ti," Henderson continued, "writ that they had one of them St. Bernards and wanted we should take it. I told my wife, sez I, we got enough haounds to feed without goin' into no fancy breeds."

Ten minutes later the puppy was lifted out of the crate and tumbled into the wagon, and Henderson drove off. As they rattled down the road the cool air seemed to revive the puppy. It felt good to get out of the close crate, and though at first he cowered against the dashboard he began gradually to feel more like himself. Now and then he would put up his foolish shaggy head and try to make friends with Henderson. But Henderson was surly. He regarded the puppy as more of an encumbrance than anything else. Such friendly beginnings on the part of the puppy were greeted with a kick that sent him shivering under the seat again. Henderson hadn't much heart even toward his neighbors, and when it came to animals he had less.

When Henderson reached his cabin Mandy, his "women," came out with a candle to see the new dog, and the puppy was brought into the kitchen, where he walked about awkwardly and was mauled by the children. After a scanty supper he was turned out among the hounds in the wood-shed, where he lay shivering with cold and fear until Henderson's eldest boy came for him in the morning and hitched him to a cart.

If he was not harnessed to the cart by the eldest boy and lashed up and down the road in the broiling sun, he was dragged into the cabin on wet days and mauled by the rest of the children. One morning he growled. Henderson's "women" said "she knowed that the dog was ugly soon as she sot her two eyes on him," and that "it was nothin' short of Providence he hadn't bit some of the young uns."

Henderson said he'd take him where he wouldn't get back in a hurry, and the next day the puppy was hitched under a peddler's wagon and departed amid the gibes of the Henderson children and the snarling of the Henderson hounds. The peddler drove along in the blinding heat and dust, and before he had gone two miles the puppy had hard work to keep his chain slack, his feet began to bleed and he whined piteously.

When the cart reached the valley, six miles distant, and stopped in front of the post office, the puppy lay unconscious against the hind wheel, his eyes were closed and blood oozed from his nostrils. Some one unhitched the chain and dragged him a few feet away on the grass under a tree.

Two men passing stopped.

"Guess he's dead," said one. "Looks like he'd been ugly, anyhow," said the other, and they passed on.

The shadows lengthened until only the great slides far up on "Great mountain" were high enough to catch the rays of the red sun. A few lamps beamed at the windows down the single street, and a gentle breeze rustled the leaves overhead.

When the dew fell the puppy opened his eyes.

It seemed to him that he was back once more in the crate at the store. He could see the stars glitter and hear the roar of the river.

As the wind freshened and blew down the valley he staggered on his feet and tottered up the road, whining. For a moment he stopped in front of the store and stood in the glare of the lamps. Some village curs snarled at him. Limping up the wooden steps, he waited until a man opened the store door, then he slunk in, bobbed his head and wagged his bedraggled tail.

"I'll bet ye the cigars that dog's mad," said a rough lumberman in a slouch hat.

"I golI, Bill, you're right," replied his partner, nodding approvingly. "This dog your'n, Ed?" he shouted, sarcastically, to a big fellow in a blue shirt, as he opened the door, and the crowd roared to a man.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said another. "I'll give half a dollar for his hide if anyone 'll shoot him."

A butcher's boy lounging against the counter bet he could hit him "first crack."

Just then the puppy settled slowly on his haunches, looked up at the butcher's boy and wagged his tail.

"Look out—don't ye come near me," said the butcher's boy.

The next instant a well-directed boot rolled the puppy into the road. He staggered to his feet and stood gazing up at the crowd on the porch, his limbs trembling. The storekeeper came out with a box of cartridges and a Winchester. Throwing a shell into the magazine he handed the rifle to the butcher's boy.

There was a pause.

"Git that hind aight fine on him." It was the man in the slouch hat telling the butcher's boy.

"Hyar!" came a stern voice out of the dusk, and the next instant the old hunter, Israel Lukens, had the butcher's boy by the throat.

"You young skunk," he thundered, wrenching the rifle away from the butcher's boy. "Thought ye'd be paowerful cunnin', didn't ye? I see that there puppy when he came daown to the center. Thar an't nothin' the matter with that dog; he's been used awfully. Henderson's folks had him, and them young ones liked to kill him."

The old man loosened his vice-like grip, and the butcher's boy slunk into the store. One by one the crowd followed sheepishly, while the puppy trembled against the old man's bootleg. When the latch clicked on the last man Israel took the puppy in his arms.

"Poor leetle euss," he said, as he carried the puppy down the road to his cabin.

And so the puppy lived with Israel, and one August day the old hunter left his cabin at daylight with his dog.

"Hadn't ye better git a couple of the boys to help ye, Israel, if you're agoin' to git aout them hemlock?" said Hershy his wife, as he left.

"I presume likely I had," said Israel, leaning on his ax at the gate. "Frank—he's ought to went to the center today to git them shingles, and Pete calalated he'd go fishin'. No," he continued. "I guess I'll make aout well enough alone, thar an't so much but what I kin handle it," and, shouldering his ax, he disappeared in the woods, talking to the dog.

It was about noon when Jerushy finished her washing and sat shelling peas in the coolest corner of the summer kitchen. Outside in the tangled garden the bees tumbled lazily over the flowers and the yellow jackets crawled in and out among the bunches of dried herbs hung under the eaves of the rickety porch. Below from the valley, swimming in the August heat, came the harsh drouing of the mill, broken at intervals by the delicate ping, as the log left the saw.

"Thar!" she said to herself, starting up as the mill whistle blew. "I hain't more'n had my hands out of the dish water and it's plumb noon." She felt something tugging at her skirts, and looking around she saw the dog. "Well, if that don't beat all," said the old lady, readjusting her steel spectacles. "What ails ye—stop it, ye fool!"

But the dog kept tugging at her dress.

"Got a mushrat, have ye?" said the old lady, coaxingly. "Wall I presume we'll have to go and see it 'fore ye'll git your satisfy."

At her willingness to follow the dog loosened his hold and ran ahead, barking incessantly.

The two crossed the road and followed the trail of the path leading to Israel's "leetle piece," as the hunter called his lumber cutting. When he reached the brook the dog stopped, snuffing to the right and left; suddenly he stopped and began to howl, and Jerushy, looking at the edge of some alders, saw the print of Israel's shoe in the mud.

Then the truth seemed to flash across her mind.

"Suthin's happened to Israel or that dog wouldn't perform like that, I'll warrant ye," she said, hurrying on.

The dog barked sharply and plunged on through the woods, the old lady following as best she could, calling at intervals:

"Israel, Israel, whar be ye? Be ye hurt?"

Suddenly the dog stopped and listened, and Jerushy heard far up the mountain a faint halloo.

Ten minutes later she found the old man buried under a hemlock, unhurt, but unable to move hand or foot.

As Jerushy stood by wringing her hands the dog tried to ferret himself beneath the pile of debris, tugging at Israel's coat.

"Oh, Israel, be you a dyin'?" moaned Jerushy.

"Dyin'? No," Israel replied. "I han't hurt none—ye see, I mistrusted this here tree wan't agoin' to fall right, but 'fore I knowed it she come down top of me. If it wan't for that young spruce I presume likely it'd a killed me. And he came and told ye!" said the old man. "Wall, I swan!"

When the neighbors came and hauled the old man out the dog's joy knew no bounds.

"Thought he wasn't no good, did ye, friends?" said the old hunter, turning to the bystanders.

"Ye hain't no bines broke, have ye, Israel?" asked a mild old man, once sheriff of the county.

"It's a good thing the dog come daown and told your woman, Israel, wasn't it?" drawled a tall, lanky fellow.

"I'm tickled to see ye wan't hurt," said another, as the procession filed down the mountain.

But Israel did not answer; he was talking to the dog.—Detroit Free Press.

—It is best to endure what you cannot mend. He is a bad soldier who follows his captain complaining.—Seneca.

VIRGINIA'S BEAUTY RULES.

Recipes Found in the Note Book of an Old-Time Southern Belle.

These rules and recipes are taken from an old book found in a Virginia homestead. They were in use among the beauties of the south in the days when all women were handsome, and grace of figure was as common as beauty in a rose.

To Get Thin—Eat a great deal of chopped meat without any potato in it. Drink little fluid of any kind except strong tea. Exercise a great deal without drinking, and do not eat bread and butter or candy. Lemonade, acid drinks of all kinds, and saline mineral waters are excellent. Drink a glass of clear water before breakfast.

To get fat: Eat vegetables and sleep after each meal. Go to bed at nine o'clock and lie in bed half an hour after you wake up. Laugh a great deal. Drink water by the pint or the quart if you can. Drink weak and sweet tea, with plenty of milk in it. Take cod liver oil and sweet oil as much as you can. Eat until you feel as if you would burst at the table. Put plenty of butter on your bread and do not be afraid of ales, lagers, and sweet wines. This will guarantee a gain of five pounds a month, and, if you can sleep a great deal, of double that amount.

To have a white skin: Eat no meat at all. Become a vegetarian; they always have beautiful skin. Once in six weeks or so eat a meal of fresh meat. This does away with the tendency to scurvy—that curse of the vegetarian. Drink as much water as you can, eat little grease, and touch no tea or coffee. Your breakfast may be oatmeal and oranges; your dinner, fruit, nuts, fruit tea—preferably quince tea—graham muffins, cauliflower, croquettes, marmalade, and dishes of stewed vegetables. The diet is not so bad when you get used to it. In large towns you will find one or two restaurants catering to such as you.

To become very muscular: Walk a great deal, carrying always something in the hands. This develops the arms. To roll a hoop might be good if one were brave enough to do so in public. Practice lifting a little every day. Never strain or tire yourself. Eat meat, drink milk, and practice bending backwards, forwards and sideways every day. At night rub about a tablespoon of brandy or rum into your skin on the under and tender part of the arms.

To keep one's feet small—This is difficult. The first sign that one has passed youth is the tendency to wear a larger pair of shoes—and this is necessary. The feet spread and really grow. To remedy this wear shoes as long as can be managed, but not as wide as seem necessary. Never wear old slippers around the house unless they are snug in the width, and be careful of corns. These are never necessary while the chiropodist exists.

Then there follow a dozen other recipes for being pretty, sweet and attractive generally, and the old book, whose wording has been here modified and modernized considerably, winds up by telling the young ladies of Virginia that they deserve no special credit for following out these hints and suggestions, as they are absolutely necessary for "every girl who would be a lady."—Chicago Tribune.

USES OF TARRAGON.

It Adds to Almost Any Salad and Makes Delicious Sauces.

Few housekeepers who note the little bunches of tarragon shown with chervil, parsley and other seasoning herbs know the possibilities of what the American girl abroad called "the delicious little bits of "French grass" which she found in the Parisian salads.

A teaspoonful of minced tarragon may properly be added to almost any salad, dressed with oil and vinegar. It is excellent in a plain lettuce salad, and imparts a finishing touch to all salads dressed in mayonnaise.

Tarragon vinegar may be substituted for the fresh herb in salads. In a sauce this is not possible, and the fresh herb must be used.

Tarragon sauce is appropriately served with delicate meats, like spring lamb and chicken. A brace of chops of spring lamb makes an especially delicious breakfast-dish when served with tarragon sauce.

Trim the chops carefully, dip them in a little beaten egg and then in fine bread crumb, and broil or fry them until a delicate brown. Meantime have ready a tarragon sauce, made as follows:

Melt a teaspoonful of butter in a spider with a tablespoonful of flour. Add a cup and a half of strong, jellied veal stock, and when the whole is thoroughly melted and mixed, add a spray of soup celery, a bay leaf, a sprig of thyme, two sprays of parsley and a couple of mushrooms if convenient. Let this sauce simmer slowly at the back of the fire for twenty minutes.

Add another half-cup of white stock and three sprays of tarragon, and let it cook ten minutes longer. Sprinkle in half a teaspoonful of tarragon leaves and pour the sauce around the chops.

For chicken saute with tarragon, brown a young chicken weighing about a pound and a half in fresh butter. Melt a cup of rich, brown sauce in a saucepan. Add three mushrooms and a glass of sherry, with a heaping teaspoonful of tarragon leaves.

Let the fried chicken simmer in this sauce for twenty-five minutes. Then pour it out on a platter, decorating it with six slender fingers of brown toast.

An omelet a la tarragon is another delicious dish that may be made from a portion of the same ten-cent bunch of tarragon.

Mince the leaves from three or four sprays of tarragon. Break six eggs, season them with salt and pepper, beat them for a moment, and add half a cup of cream or rich milk. Fry this omelet lightly and roll it in a golden-brown roll, and serve it on a hot platter with a cream sauce poured around it.—N. Y. Tribune.

—We must not let go manifest truths because we can not answer all questions about them.—Jeremy Collier.

Napoleon's Dishonesty in Money Matters.

Napoleon's resolution was soon taken. He was really ill from privation and disappointment or soon became so. Armed with a medical certificate, he applied for and received a furlough. This step having been taken, the next, according to the unchanged and familiar instincts of the man, was to apply under the law for mileage to pay his expenses on the journey which he had taken as far as Paris in pursuance of the order given him on March 20 to proceed to his post in the west. Again, following the precedents of his life, he calculated mileage not from Marseilles, whence he really started, but from Nice, thus largely increasing the amount which he asked for, and in due time received.—Prof. Sloane, in Century.

WAS GOULD INSANE?

Financial Worry and Physical Exertion Not the Greatest Destroyer of Human Life.

For Humanity's Sake, After Thirty-six Years of Nerve-Creeping Slavery, He Tells How He Was Set Free.

Coldwell, N. J., March 19, 1895.—(Special.) Since one of our prominent citizens suffered so terribly from tobacco tremens, has made known his frightful experience in behalf of humanity, the ladies here are making tobacco-using husbands' lives miserable with their entreaties to at once quit tobacco.

The written statement of S. J. Gould is attracting wide-spread attention. When interviewed to-night he said: "I commenced using tobacco at thirteen; I am now forty-nine; so, for thirty-six years I chewed, smoked, snuffed and rubbed snuff. In the morning I chewed before I put my pants on, and for a long time I used two ounces of chewing and eight ounces of smoking a day. Sometimes I had a chew in both cheeks and a pipe in my mouth at once. Ten years ago I quit drinking whisky, I tried to stop tobacco time and again, but could not. My nerves craved nicotine and I fed them, till my skin turned a tobacco-brown, cold, sticky perspiration oozed from my skin, and trickled down my back at the least exertion or excitement. My nerve vigor and my life was being slowly sapped. I made up my mind that I had to quit tobacco or die. On October 1 I stopped, and for three days I suffered the tortures of the damned. On the third day I got so bad that my partner accused me of being drunk. I said, 'No, I have quit tobacco.' 'For God's sake, man,' he said, offering me his tobacco box, 'take a chew; you will go wild,' and I was wild. Tobacco was forced into me and I was taken home dazed. I saw double and my memory was beyond control, but I still knew how to chew and smoke, which I did all day until towards night, when my system got tobacco-soaked again. The next morning I looked and felt as though I had been through a long spell of sickness. I gave up in despair, as I thought that I could not cure myself. Now, for suffering humanity, I'll tell what saved my life. Providence evidently answered my good wife's prayers and brought to her attention in our paper an article which read: 'Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away!'

"What a sermon and warning in these words! Just what I was doing. It told about a guaranteed cure for the tobacco habit, called No-To-Bac. I sent to Druggist Hasler for a box. Without a grain of faith I spit out my tobacco cud, and put into my mouth a little tablet upon which was stamped No-To-Bac. I know it sounds like a lie when I tell you that I took eight tablets the first day, seven the next, five the third day, and all the nerve-creeping feeling, restlessness and mental depression was gone. It was too good to be true. It seemed like a dream. That was a month ago. I used one box. It cost me $1, and it is worth a thousand. I gained ten pounds in weight and lost all desire for tobacco from the first day. I sleep and eat well and I have been benefited in more ways than I can tell. No, the cure was no exception in my case. I know of ten people right here in Caldwell who have bought No-To-Bac from Hasler, and they have been cured. Now that I realize what No-To-Bac has done for me and others, I know why it is that the makers of this wonderful remedy, the Sterling Remedy Company, of New York and Chicago, say: 'We don't claim to cure every case. That's Fraud's talk, a lie; but we do guarantee three boxes to cure the tobacco habit, and in case of failure we are perfectly willing to refund money.' I would not give a public indorsement if I were not certain of its reliability. I know it is backed by men worth a million. No-To-Bac has been a God-send to me, and I firmly believe it will cure any case of tobacco-using if faithfully tried, and there are thousands of tobacco slaves who ought to know how easy it is to get free. There's happiness in No-To-Bac for the prematurely old men, who think as I did that they are old and worn out, when tobacco is the thing that destroys their vitality and manhood."

The public should be warned, however, against the purchase of any of the many imitations on the market, as the success of No-To-Bac has brought forth a host of counterfeiters and imitators. The genuine No-To-Bac is sold under a guarantee to cure, by all druggists, and every tablet has the word No-To-Bac plainly stamped thereon, and you run no physical or financial risk in purchasing the genuine article.

It was asked about an indifferent football player what place he occupied in the field—was he a full-back or a half-back? "No," was the reply, "he was a drawback."—Tit-Bits.

Every time the devil makes a hypocrite he has to admit that love is the greatest thing in the world.—Ram's Horn.

Kitty—"He's an emotional bruiser." Jnuet—"And what's that?" Kitty—"A heart smasher, don't you know."—Detroit Free Press.

At the Theater.—Said a spectator to his friend: "Why are you looking through the wrong end of your opera glass?" "To keep a creditor at a distance."—El Diluvio.

"Well, is your wife all ready? The train is about due." "Heavens, no! She's only packed and unpacked her trunk twice."—Inter Ocean.

Some people have not heard the truth in so long that they are getting so they will not stand it.—Galveston News.

"What are you giving me?" said the inquisitive patient, as the physician poured out the medicine.

Our neighbor sees our faults, but he hasn't seen the bitter tears they have made us weep.—Ram's Horn.

When a man is called "Honest Bill" or "Old Reliable Jack," it is high time to investigate his accounts.—Texas Siftings.

Hoax—"I'm going to take cornet lessons from Prof. Blowhard." Joax—"Going to take him for your tooter, eh?"—Philadelphia Record.

Memento to Mammon.—She—"And what would you call the worshipers of mammon?" He—"Ah—um—idolharters, of course."—Detroit Free Press.

"Maw, what is a horrible example?" asked the youngest boy, looking up from his newspaper. The eldest boy stopped his figuring long enough to say: "Walt till you get into algebra, and you'll find any amount of 'em."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Suppose," said little Mabel, the other day, "that our pug should try to follow his nose; would he run down his throat or would he just turn a back somersault?"—Puck.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Emerson's First Book.

At last, in 1836, he put forth his first book, 'Nature,' and the next year he delivered an oration on the 'American Scholar.' Hitherto little had happened to him except the commonplaces of existence; thereafter, though his life remained tranquil, he became known to the world at large. He was greeted as are all who declare a new doctrine; welcomed by some, abused by many, misunderstood by most. Proclaiming the value of self-reliance, Emerson denounced man's slavery to his own worldly prosperity, and set forth at once the duty and the pleasure of the plain living which which permits high thinking. "Why should you renounce your right to traverse the starlit deserts of truth," he asked, "for the premature comforts of an acre, house and barn?" He asserted the virtue of manual labor. Looking bravely toward the future, he bade his hearers break the bonds of the past. He told them to study themselves, since all the real good or evil that can befall must come from themselves. At the heart of Emerson's doctrine there was always a sturdy and wholesome Americanism.—Prof. Brander Matthews, in St. Nicholas.

In the Interest of Farmers.

Farmers everywhere in the West and North-west are becoming interested in the cheap farm lands of Virginia where the soil is good; the climate is free from the extremes of heat and cold, and where the best markets of America are within easy reach.

The Farm News, of Springfield, O., has planned a half-rate land seekers' excursion to Virginia to leave Cincinnati 7 p. m. April 2. They will be received by the governor of Virginia and commissioner of agriculture, the latter conducting them through the state. At every stopping place committees have been appointed to take them in hand with a view of showing them every phase of agricultural life in Virginia. No other trip under such favorable auspices can possibly be made. Special low rates have been made at all hotels.

Send your name to Excursion Department, Farm News, Springfield, O., or address U. L. Truitt, G. T. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

In the large repertoire of a lady very clever in this way are the following: "How was Cæsar killed? By too many Roman punches." "When did Cæsar propose to an Irish girl? When he reached the Tiber and proposed to Bridget."—Philadelphia Times.

$100 Reward, $100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co, Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills, 25 cents.

"Does your mother know your route?" was the question of a girl to her friend, who had confided to her the plans of her elopement.

King Lear, Driven Forth

Into the cold and rain, and no Hostetter's Stomach Bitters to counteract their effect. But the modern traveler in inclement weather can baffle its hurtful influence with this genial protector. Chills and fever, rheumatism, neuralgia, colds are forestalled by this warming medicinal stimulant and safeguard. Take a wineglassful immediately before and after exposure. Use it, too, for dyspepsia, biliousness and constipation.

"By the way, didn't you say the count had a fortune in American securities?" "Yes. About two millions in matrimonial bonds."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Maud—"That Swattles girl is wildly infatuated with her new chum, that Molly Jamesby. What does it mean, I wonder?" Madge—"It means that Molly has a brother."—Chicago Record.

"Hit am er good t'ing," said Uncle Eben, "foh folks ter try ter be satisfy wif what dey kin no'stan'. If dah was less hypnotism goin' on an' no' baptism, dah wouldn't be so much trouble at de presen' time."—Washington Star.

LOW-RATE EXCURSIONS

April 2 and 30, 1895.

On April 2 the IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE will sell excursion tickets to all points in Arkansas, to Lake Charles, La., and to all points in Texas, except El Paso, at the very low rate of one fare for the round trip (plus $2), and on April 30 at one fare straight for the round trip to points in the Southeast. Liberal limits and stop-over privileges allowed. For full particulars and illustrated and descriptive pamphlets, address company's agents or

H. C. TOWNSEND,
General Passenger Agent, St. Louis.

Distinction.—Affable Citizen—"I guess you never saw the weather any colder than it has been this winter." Oldest Inhabitant—"No; but I've felt it colder."—Detroit Free Press.

Epworth Leagners!

Send stamp for official book "Historic Chattanooga," containing full particulars International Convention of Epworth Leagues, at Chattanooga next June. The Queen and Crescent Route will make rate one fare for round trip. Chas. W. Zell, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.; W. A. Beckler, N. P. A., 111 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.; C. A. Baird, T. P. A., Detroit; W. W. Dunnavant, T. P. A., Cleveland, O.; W. C. Rinearson, G. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

"Papa," said a boy, "I kaow what makes folks laugh in their sleeves." "Well, my son, what makes them?" "'Cause that's where their funny bone is."

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—Mrs. W. Pickert, Van Sielen and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, '94.

"Whither are we drifting?" asked one snowflake to another.

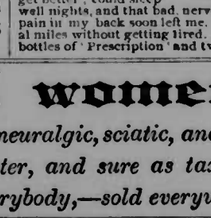

WOMEN'S FACES

—like flowers, fade and wither with time; the bloom of the rose is only known to the healthy woman's cheeks. The nervous strain caused by the ailments and pains peculiar to the sex, and the labor and worry of rearing a family, can often be traced by the lines in the woman's face. Dull eyes, the sallow or wrinkled face and those "feelings of weakness" have their rise in the derangements and irregularities peculiar to women. The functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses of women, can be cured with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For the young girl just entering womanhood, for the mother and those about to become mothers, and later in "the change of life," the "Prescription" is just what they need; it aids nature in preparing the system for the change. It's a medicine prescribed for thirty years, in the diseases of women, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure the chronic inflammation of the lining membranes which cause such exhausting drains upon the system. It *cures* nervous prostration, sleeplessness, faintness, nervous debility and all disorders arising from derangement of the female organs and functions.

Mrs. Jennie Williams, of *Mohawk, Lane Co., Oregon*, writes: "I was sick for over three years with bliud dizzy spells, palpitation of the heart, pain in the back and head, and at times would have such a weak tired feeling when I first got up in the morning, and at times nervous chills.

The physicians differed as to what my disease was, but none of them did me any good. As soon as I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, I began to get better; could sleep well nights, and that bad, nervous feeling and the pain in my back soon left me. I can walk several miles without getting tired. I took in all three bottles of 'Prescription' and two of 'Discovery.'"

Mrs. Williams.

Know all women

that there is one rheumatic, neuralgic, sciatic, and all-pain remedy, as harmless as water, and sure as taxes—It is St. Jacobs Oil—used by everybody,—sold everywhere.

THE POT INSULTED THE KETTLE BECAUSE THE COOK HAD NOT USED

SAPOLIO

GOOD COOKING DEMANDS CLEANLINESS.
SAPOLIO SHOULD BE USED IN EVERY KITCHEN.

NEXT TIME BUY OUR $2.50 SHOE FOR MEN AND WOMEN
HAMILTON, BROWN SHOE CO.

Ely's Cream Balm
Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation Restores the Sense of Taste and Smell. Heals the Sores.
Apply Balm into each nostril.
ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N.Y.

Hear Him Fuss
For the love of peace buy him Yankee Shaving Soap
Sold everywhere. Made by The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

CLOVER SEED
Largest growers of Grass and Clover Seeds in America. 8000 acres. Our Grass Mixtures last a lifetime. Meadows sown in April will give a rousing crop in July. Prices dirt cheap. Mammoth farm seed catalogue and sample of Grass Mixture, free for 2c. postage. JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

THE REPUBLICAN is published every Thursday morning at the following rates:

One copy one year	$1.50
One copy six months	.75
One copy three months	.40
One copy one month	.15
Single copies	.05

ADVERTISING RATES.

First insertion for square of ten nonpariel lines $1; each additional insertion after first 50 cents per square of ten nonpariel lines. Positively no deviation will be made from the above rates.

REMITTANCES:

Remittances made by money order, postal note, registered letter or bank draft will be at our risk, if made otherwise, at the risk of the sender. Address,

THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1895.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first insertion* of the same:

Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $3; County Commissioner, $2.50; Register of Wills, $2.50; County Surveyor, $1.50.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention. Let the old soldiers have a chance.

W. M. LOHR.

Cove, Md., March 11, 1895.

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. GEORGE J. WALTER.

District No. 1. P. O., Thayerville, Md.

Give Us Better Roads.

It is to be hoped that the agitation of the road question will eventually be productive of good results. So far it has had the effect of attracting the attention of county officials and the general public to the very bad state of these valuable avenues of trade and it has been productive of efforts at improvement.

But the present condition of the county roads in this section of Maryland shows that the latest attempt at improvement, although fraught with much promise of great benefits when commenced, is a failure. Road machines were pressed into service last year and the year prior and the most important roads in the country were gone over with them. In dry weather the result was good, the roads were fine and the people living in the far off country districts congratulated the officials of the county for the very excellent service done.

But now it is different. The rain and snow of winter has come and spring finds the county with the worst roads it has ever known. The farmers of all sections of the country are complaining of the difficulty they have of getting to the city. Country trade is more or less suspended and the correspon ling losses are universally felt. All of this is convincing evidence that good substantial roads, such as are needed for the comfort of the people and the convenience and accommodation of business, cannot be made with clay.

Our people must travel and trade in winter as well as in summer and they should, therefore, have good roads in one season of the year as well as in another. Clay roads in the winter time are bottomless, and something else is required and must be sought or the road system will remain as bad as it is.

The only solution is to gradually pike or macadamize. Every rich country in the world has its roads macadamized and the United States must come to it. It may take many years to thoroughly accomplish the object but the sooner the start is made the nearer we will be to the end. Macadamize the avenues of trade and do justice to the farmer by returning to him some value for his portion of the taxes that is contributed to the county and State. The use of the public roads is very nearly all the benefit the farming population receives from the State.

Our city people have their fine schools and school buildings which are costly to maintain, they have their communities ornamented by costly court houses and a sheriff is paid to entertain the criminals, 95 per cent. of whom we venture to say come from the cities and railroad towns. The farmers and country people generally enjoy very slimly of these benefits and have little or no part in adding to the county's expense in the matter referred to. True it is the country districts have their little school houses but they are not of the imposing kind we find in the cities and railroad towns, and the cost of maintaining them is but a trifle.

It is true the law will protect all men and all property alike, but it is also true that farmers living as they usually do, quiet and peaceable lives do not need the services of police and magistrates and very rarely call on either. They cost the State little or nothing from these causes. The farmers get a full share of the benefits derived from good roads and with it they have nearly all they get from the State.

When these things are looked at properly it will be seen that the out lay of much larger sums of money for road making purposes would not only be justified but is, in fairness to the farmers, imperatively required. Larger outlays of money would make the gradual macadamizing of roads possible and would complete the work in a very few years. Inasmuch as recent events have assured us that piking or macadamizing is the only way in which satisfactory service in road making can be performed, and it is, therefore to be hoped that the beginning of this, the only substantial method of road making, will soon be effected in this country.

Communicated.

To the Editor of the Republican.

We are glad to note that there is a move among the farmers of Garrett county to originate an agricultural society. There is nothing which could possibly benefit our people—farmers and all classes—more than such an organization. We can never hope to improve our farms, our stock, our roads, and our conditions intellectually, socially and financially until we get together and act together, as one man, for each other's common interest. As we feed all and clothe all, why should we not fix the price of our farm and forest products as the merchant does his goods and the manufacturer his products, in place of letting others do it for us? When you go to the merchant to purchase his goods or exchange your farm products for goods, he not only *fixes the price* on what you *purchase from him*, but on what he *buys from you*. Brother farmer, this is not just to us. We should at least have an equal voice with others in fixing the price on our own goods.

By acting together we can get from 75 cents to $1.00 per tie as easily as we are now getting 30 to 35 cents for them. At 75 cents to $1.00 our farmers could afford to cut and haul ties from the most distant parts of our county to the railroad. At present prices we can't even make wages at hauling them—if they were cut and given to us on the ground — over such roads as we have.

"The perfect road showers blessings right and left as it wends its silent way," as some one has said.

Every one's income is divided into two parts. One of these he is compelled to make use of in supportiug existence; the second part is disposed of in the way which his judgment tells him will be best. This leads to the inquiry whether our surplus is judiciously spent. Are we buying the greatest amount of comfort and good with the portion left at our disposal? Would not model roads be of greater benefit than our tobacco, liquor, tea, circus and other shows money brings? Would they not more than balance the good times we have hauling our produce the rough miles of mud, at such fearful cost, in extra labor, repairs, horses, oats, in wear and tear of conscience and damages to character?

It is certain that bad roads make weak, struggling churches and poor, ill-attended, lifeless schools. They necessitate a life of seclusion which walls the path of social progress.

To sum up, a perfect highway is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. It blesses every home by which it passes. It brings into pleasant communion people who otherwise would have remained at a perpetual distance. It awakens emulation, cements friendships and adds new charm to social life. It makes the region it traverses more attractive, the residences more delightful. It stimulates a spirit of general improvement. Fields begin to look tidier, shabby fences disappear, gardens show fewer weeds, lawns are better kept, the houses seem cozier, trees are planted along its border, birds fill the air with music and the world seems brighter, the atmosphere purer. The country is awake, patriotism revives, philanthropy blossoms as selfishness fades and slinks from view. The school house and the church feel the magic influence—the wand of progress has touched even them, the old are young again, the young see something now to live for, and to all life seems worth the living. The daily mail reaches each home. The rural cosmopolitan "feels the daily pulse of the world."

Brother farmer, don't let anything prevent you from attending the meeting of the Garrett County Agricultural Society we see called to meet in Callis' Hall, Mt. Lake Park, next Saturday, the 30th inst.

OLD FARMER.

Hoyes, Md., March 27.

The Pearre Divorce Case.

On Wednesday last Wm. Pearre, through his counsel, filed an answer to the petition of Zemla R. Robinson, from whom he has recently been granted a divorce. The petition filed by attorneys for Mrs. Robinson asks to have the divorce set aside on the ground that it was obtained through deceit and fraud. Nearly all the people of this vicinity are familiar with the case.

In September, 1894, Wm. Pearre, son of the late Judge George A. Pearre, and Mrs. Rena Robinson, widow of the late Wm. Robinson, and daughter of the late Dr. D. P. Welfley, were quietly married in New York. They returned to Cumberland and after the marriage became public, Mr. Pearre decided to seek for a legal separation. He left Cumberland and went to the far west. After his sudden departure Mrs. Robinson employed T. J. Peddicord, of Oakland, to enter suit for divorce against Mr. Pearre. This was done.

In December, 1894, Wm. Pearre returned to Cumberland and in a short time he entered suit for divorce on the ground that the woman had compelled him to marry her. On these grounds the divorce was granted and the most reliable information indicates that Mrs. Robinson's lawyer received $4,500 from Mr. Pearre in consideration for the release of everything. $3,000 of this money seems to have been paid to the woman and the balance very likely went for counsel fees and expenses. Everybody thought the matter was closed until in the latter part of February when the rumor became current that Mrs. Robinson claimed she had been deceived and tricked. She claimed that she had been led to believe that the divorce had been granted to her and not to Mr. Pearre. She employed counsel in the person of J. C. Lowery, of Somerset, Pa., and Mr. Gans, of Baltimore, and on March 2nd filed a petition asking that the divorce be set aside.

The question, therefore, that comes up for decision now is whether the divorce shall be set aside or not. The records in the case are very lengthy and full of scandalous matter which would not benefit the morals of the community or either party to the suit by publication.

April Forecast, 1895.

The month will start off cool and generally fair, with snow in sight from the previous storm, both in the west and north. In the fair east snow storms will still be lingering with fair and freezing weather at hand. However, frost and light freezing will be apt to greet most localities in central parts. The 3rd will bring an increasing temperature in heat, and local rains will follow from the 4th to the 6th, when frost will follow in many portions of central and eastern parts. On the 8th the temperature will grow warm, east and south winds will prevail, which will terminate in a disturbance on the 9th prolonged to the 11th, attended by rain in all sections, and in southwestern and southern parts by cyclonic disturbances. Frost will follow on the heels of the disturbance in northern, central and eastern parts. The 14th will bring a reaction of weather conditions, which then will be growing warmer and April showers will be in attendance to the 16th, leaving the temperature some cooler.

Touching the 20th a brisk east and then to south winds will be circulating growing very warm and culminating in a wave of disturbance on or about the 21st. Storms and disturbances of all kinds are always earlier in the east. At the above date or touching it cyclonic disturbances will most likely materialize both west and south in cyclonic areas. However, there is no portion of the country absolutely free from cyclones or tornadoes. The rains at the above period are likely to be much intensified and will be attended by electricity. The disturbance may be prolonged to the 24th.

Frost is most sure to follow the storm's track. Local scattering showers will prevail at the close of the month.

April will be a month of much bright, fine weather. May will be almost absolutely free from frost, save in localities where frost appears almost every month in the year.

P. R. SMITH.

March 20, 1895.

Crossed Over the Dark Stream.

A telegram received yesterday, March 20th, by the Hon. John M. Rowan, State Treasurer, announced the sad death of Walter W. Alderson, at Miles City, Montana, on the night of the 19th inst.. at 11.30 o'clock, resulting from a kick on the head by a vicious horse on the 13th inst. Mr. Alderson was a native of West Virginia and married Miss Nannie Tiffany, the step daughter of the State Treasurer, and is a brother to Major J. C. Alderson, who is well known and loved throughout the State. He was the owner of a large and prosperous ranch in Montana, and his violent death comes with peculiar sadness to his young and loving wife—the mother of four young children, all living—who far away from relatives sat through the long days and nights of waiting and fear—waiting for and fearing the dread hour. May God bless in a special manner the stricken wife and little children, who are left without his love, his presence and his protection. — Kanawha Valley Democrat, March 21, 1895.

Popular Excursion to Washington. Thursday, April 18.

The last of the series of popular excursions from this section to the National Capitol via B. & O. R. R. is announced for Thursday April 18th, when the same train arrangements and low rates that were in effect on the previous excursion will prevail. Those who have not taken advantage of the previous excursions should not fail to embrace this opportunity to see the National Capital. The severe weather of the past winter is over and the genial warmth of early spring will make traveling more comfortable. The public buildings, museums, art galleries and institutions, will all be open for free inspection and delightful side trips can be made to points of interest near by—Baltimore, Annapolis, Mt. Vernon and Richmond, are all within easy reach of the National Capital. A visitor's guide to Washington, issued by the B. & O. R. R. Co. giving a synopsis of the public buildings and attraction at the Capitol and details of the excursion, train schedule, rates, etc., can be had by applying to any B. & O. agent.

We give below a list of stations showing the time of traing and rates of fare:

LEAVE.	TIME. p. m.	TIME. a. m.	TIME. a. m.	RATE.
Terra Alta	9 01	.....	7 15	$6 45
Oakland	9 25	5 51	7 34	6 25
Piedmont	10 25	6 45	8 29	5 40

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

Tickets will be good ten days, and will be valid for passage from Washington to Baltimore at any time within the life of the ticket.

For Pullman Car accommodations and guide to points of interest in Washington, address nearest B. & O. Agent.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

COURT PROCEEDINGS.

Bittinger Sentenced to Four Months in the County Jail.

The circuit court for Garrett county was in session last Thursday, with Judge Stake on the bench.

George A. Bittinger, who was tried week before last for murder, and who was found guilty of manslaughter by a jury, was sentenced to confinement in the county jail for the term of four months. In passing sentence Judge Stake said the accused had set up the plea of self defense and there was abundant evidence, in the opinion of the court, to establish the fact that he had acted in self defense. The court, however could see that the jury might have supposed that the prisoner used too much force when he struck the fatal blow.

In the case of Henry A. Floto, who was indicted for perjury, the court passed upon a demurrer to the indictment and delivered an elaborate opinion.

The court reviewed the allegations of the indictment and cited a number of authorities to show that the indictment was defective. The court then ruled the demurrer good and entered judgment in favor of the traverser and ordered his discharge from custody. The state gave notice of an appeal.

James Gallager pleaded guilty to selling liquors to minors, at the Oakland hotel last summer and was fined $50 and costs. There are two other cases against Gallager for the same offense, which was dismissed by the State.

W. H. Madigan pleaded guilty to an indictment for burglary and was sentenced to the penitentiary for one year and a half.

In the case of the State vs. Ida Wiles charged with larceny of money from Charles M. Miller at Swanton a plea of guilty was entered and the court in accordance with the act of 1894 suspended sentence and released her on recognizance for six months. The action of the court in this case was with the approval of all who heard it. The accused was a young woman under twenty years of age and the sympathies of the public were with her throughout.

CRIMINAL APPEALS.

No. 8. State vs. Jesse B. Thompson, stet; Hamill.

No. 9. State vs. Bruce Lewis, larceny, tried before the Court, not guilty. Hamill; Sincell.

No. 10. Same vs. Same, same entries.

No. 11, 12 and 13. State vs, Emory Lewis, larceny, tried before the Court; not guilty; Hamill; Sincell.

No. 14. State vs. Joseph Skipper, larceny, dismissed. Hamill; Peddicord.

The Court then adjourned until April 15.

A Modest Printer.

In a Western paper, under the heading "Situations Wanted," appeared the following advertisement, which shows in a fair degree the versatility and modesty of one American printer:

"Wanted—Situation by a practical printer, who is competent to take charge of any department in a printing and publishing house. Would accept a professorship in any of the academies. Has no objection to teach ornamental painting and penmanship, geometry, trigonometry and many other sciences. Has had some experience as a lay preacher. Would have no objection to form a small class of ladies and gentlemen and instruct them in higher branches. To a dentist or a chiropodist he would be invaluable, or he would cheerfully accept a position as a bass or tenor singer in a choir."

Remarkable as it may seem this advertisement appeared day after day, indicating that the gifted printer was without a situation. At last there appeared this addition to the notice:

"P. S.—Will accept an offer to saw and split wood at less than the usual rates."

The advertisement was not inserted again, so that the readers of the paper were led to infer that at last the versatile printer's acquirements had met with appreciation. But if our subscribers do not pay their subscription more promptly we will have to add a P. S. with an offer to saw and split wood. Although the Lord knows we do not hanker after the job.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., March 22, 1895.

There will be a meeting of the County Commissioners of Garrett county held at their office in Oakland on

Monday, April 8, 1895,

For the purpose of making the Annual Levy for 1895.

All persons having claims against the county must have them properly made out and filed in the office on or before the 8th day of April, 1895, otherwise they may be excluded from the benefits of same. All orders heretofore passed must be filed also.

By order of the board,

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

LICENSES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all persons or bodies, corporate or politic, who may be required to take out license, that they must obtain the same on or before the

1st Day of May, 1895.

According to the provisions of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, every person or persons doing business for gain or profit except the maker, grower or manufacturer, are hereby notified that they must take out a license.

CHARLES WEGMAN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," 1, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 13TH DAY OF APRIL, 1895,

at the hour of 2.30 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Md., offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. Two of said county—bounded on the east and north by land of Levi C. Fike and on the south by land of John W. Savage and on the west by land of Henry Thomas, and being the same land that was conveyed to Christian F. Fike by G. S. Hamill and wife by deed dated Oct. 8, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 15, folio 342, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1892 and 1893, as is charged to Christian F Fike on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforegoing statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566, of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," 1, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 13TH DAY OF APRIL, 1895,

at the hour of three o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all the coal and other mineral underlying all those certain tracts or parcels of land constituting the residue of the tract of land called "Addition to Paradise," containing 888 acres, and also all the coal and other mineral underlying that other tract of land called "Beechwood," containing 41 11-16 acres, together with the right to enter upon said tracts of land to dig, mine and take away the coal and other minerals underlying same and the right to construct ways and railways or to excavate openings upon said land, or to dig or sink shafts, or to do and perform all such other acts as may be necessary or proper for the purpose of digging, mining or removing the coal or other minerals from under and off of said land.

The lands above referred to are situate in Election District No. Eight of said Garrett county, and the minerals underlying same, with all the rights appertaining thereto were sold and conveyed to the Bayard Coal & Coke Company by William Whitmer and wife, by deed dated Jan. 24th, 1885, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 29, folio 384, etc., one of Land Records of Garrett county, to which deed reference is made.

Said minerals, with all rights appertaining thereto will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to the Bayard Coal & Coke Co, on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and the costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," 1, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 20TH DAY OF APRIL, 1895,

at the hour of 2.15 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situated in Election District No. Eight of said county, and in the town of Gorman, to-wit: Eleven poles and forty-three feet of land, that was conveyed to William Faherty by John W. Shillenburg and wife by deed dated January 10, 1885, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 9, folio 57, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Md. Also one other piece or plat of land, it being one-fourth "an acre of Military Lot No. 1386, and being the same land that was conveyed to William Faherty by John W. Shillenburg and wife by deed dated June 29, 1895, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 10, folio 413, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Md.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1892 and 1893, as is charged to Wm. Faherty, on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," 1, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 13TH DAY OF APRIL, 1895,

at the hour of 3.15 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. Four of said Garrett county, containing 20 acres, and being a part of a tract of land called "Mistic," and being the same land that was sold to Max Livingston by A. Hunter Boyd as attorney named in two mortgages from Daniel O'Connell to Julius J. Livingston and which sale is reported in No. 574 Equity in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Md.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to Max Livingston on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.

OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

To those living

in malarial districts Tutt's Pills are indispensible, they keep the system in perfect order and are

an absolute cure

for sick headache, indigestion, malaria, torpid liver, constipation and all bilious diseases.

Tutt's Liver Pills

Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few doses cures—benefit comes from the very first dose—won't stain your teeth, and is pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver
Neuralgia, Troubles,
Constipation, Bad Blood
Malaria, Nervous ailments
Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps will send set of **Ten Beautiful World Fair Views** and book—free.

BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

Your Appearance
MAY BE MARRED,
Your Health
MAY BE AFFECTED,
Your Comfort
MAY BE DISTURBED

by humiliating, annoying and disfiguring eruptions or humors of the skin, known in their various forms as

ECZEMA, SALT RHEUM, TETTER, PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, RING WORM AND ITCHING PILES.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

IS THE

CERTAIN AND PERMANENT

REMEDY

FOR THESE AND

ALL SKIN DISEASES.

Hundreds of cases CURED attest its wonderful efficacy. SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.

Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

For CATARRH, HAY FEVER, COLD IN THE HEAD and all inflammatory conditions of the Nasal Passages, use FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE. It is a positive remedy.

WANTED

Men and Boys to wear WANAMAKER & BROWN'S all wool and a yard wide clothing. Largest line of samples in the United States.

Call and have your measure taken.

WILLIAM W. SWEET, Agent,
2—tf. Mt. Lake Park, Md.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,

SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

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EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett County, to view the lands through which a public county road, leading from the North Glade school house and church through the lands of John L. Fitzwater, R. Beekman, Emma McIlobie and others, to intersect the Wilson road at the old Engman place, and examine whether the said public road should be located, will meet on the 18th day of April, 1893, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said public road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
I. Z. BROWNING,
1—3t. Examiners.

GAY LIFE BY THE SEA.

Pleasure-Seekers and Health-Hunters at Atlantic City.

[From a Special Correspondent.]

ATLANTIC CITY, March 15.

The gloomy and depressive pessimist who persistently croaks of "hard times" and dolefully asseverates that the nation's prosperity has gone to the demnition everlasting bow-wows, is shamed out of his dismal bewailings as soon as he finds himself in the briny and brilliant atmosphere of this great seaside cosmopolis. The very air seems with caressing fingers to "knit up the raveled sleeve of care;" the swishing serf sings wooingly a restful song to the tired senses: the genial warmth of the sun stirs the sluggish blood to quicker pulsings; and the inspiriting activities that pervade the place beget fresh impulses and enkindle new ambitions in the most mind-weary of mortals.

A stroll on the thronged boardwalk just now is an inspiration and a delight. This magnificent esplanade, skirting the white-beaded edge of the horizon-reaching sea for four unbroken miles, is the daily rendezvous of beauty and fashion, as well as the daily resort of the invalid and valetudinarian. Here meet and mingle the cosmopolite and the countryman, Beau Brummel and Farmer Hayseed, the belle from vociferous Broadway and the brighteyed maiden from the quiet Pennsylvania hills. With each recurring year the wholesome custom grows of resorting here for a winter residence or an early springtime vacation, and the propitious opening of the Lenten season now beginning augurs favorably.

The magnificent climatic advantages of Atlantic City render it easily the foremost of American health resorts. The balmy and invigorating air, laden with briny ozone and impregnated with the balsamic odors of the encircling pine forests, is distinctively curative in pulmonary, malarial and nervous disorders, being especially effective in the ameloration of la grippe. The diversity of recreations and amusements attract to it every shade of temperament and taste, from the gravest to the gayest. More than a hundred hotels and boarding cottages have opened their doors to the entertainment of visitors at rates ranging from a dollar a day up to figures that would make a frugal millionaire dizzy.

The facilities for getting to and from this enchanting bit of Lotus Land are superb in their completeness and in every detail, for who has not heard of the B. & O. "Royal Blue Line," which makes direct connections in Philadelphia with the Reading's Royal Route to the Sea. All the Baltimore & Ohio express trains make direct connections in the Washington depot with the Royal Blue Line flyers for the seashore.

One of the Royal Blue Line trains of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, on a recent run between New York and Washington, covered a mile in 39½ seconds, as recorded by a mechanical indicator. At this rate the train traveled at the phenomenal speed of a trifle over a mile and a half a minute, or over ninety miles an hour, and is the fastest time ever made, surpassing all previous records. If this speed were maintained, the time between New York and Washington would be reduced, without stops, to two hours and a half, and with stops to three hours. Five hours is now the fastest time between the two cities, and is made daily by the Royal Blue Line only.

Excursion tickets are now on sale at all B. & O. ticket offices, and will allow of stop-off at Washington either on the going or returning journey. A visit to the National Capital will form a fitting prelude or termination to a sojourn at the City by the Sea. C. O. S.

Loch Lynn Heights.

The Horticultural Supply Company is building an office near the greenhouse.

Mr. A. J. Bonnafield, of Tunnelton, W. Va., will in a few days begin the erection of a building on Roanoke avenue.

Work will begin Monday in the brick yard.

Mr. W. A. Hough has opened his tin shop in Lincoln Callis' building. We wish him success.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Taylor, of Cumberland, are here. They will live here permanently.

Mr. Joseph M. Henry, of Cape May City, N. J., who has the contract for painting the hotel, began work Wednesday.

On account of ill health Mr. Lloyd Warnick, who was recently placed in charge of Major J. C. Alderson's store, has been compelled to resign.

Mr. James A. Enlow has been placed in charge of Major J. C. Alderson's store, with his daughter Miss Bessie as clerk.

Mr. George Harvey gave a social party Friday evening to a few of his friends.

Mr. L. T. Yoder, of Pittsburgh, Pa., paid Loch Lynn Heights a visit Tuesday.

Mr. D. Boyer, of Accident, was here Saturday on business.

Ground is being broken on Second avenue for the erection of Mr. Abe Speicher's house.

General Manager J. C. Alderson was at Grafton, W. Va., on business the latter part of last week, and left for Connelsville, Pa., Monday.

There will in a few weeks be a journal started here known as *The Farmer's Advocate*. It will be devoted entirely to the interest of the farmer.

Mr. T. H. Mong, of Wheeling, W. Va., was a visitor to Loch Lynn Monday.

Mr. C. A. Combs' house on Roanoke avenue is being plastered.

The Council of Junior Order of Red Men is growing very nicely. They are taking in new members every meeting.

We notice that the Rathbun planing mill is laying in a large stock of building material for the spring trade. They are now running every day and are pushed with work.

Mr. Harvey Speicher, of Accident, is here on a visit to his grandfather, Mr. Joseph Speicher.

Mr. W. S. Boody, of the firm of Williams, Boody & Williams, will very soon leave for Austin, Texas, where he has the contract for building a railroad.

There will be a meeting of the farmers of Garrett county held in the Callis Hall in Loch Lynn Heights, on next Saturday the 30th inst. for the purpose of effecting a permanent organization of the "Garrett County Agricultural Society". We earnestly hope that every farmer in the county will be present and take part in this cause.

Mr. Frank M. Arnold, of Keyser, is working on the hotel at this place.

Miss Price, of Lewisburg, W. Va. who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. J. C. Alderson, left for her home on Tuesday.

Mr. A. R. Sperry, who has been visiting in the East for some few weeks, returned home last Saturday and reports feeling decidedly better, but as yet has not resumed work.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Williams and their daughter, and Mrs. W. S. Boody, of Cape May, returned to their home after spending the winter with us. Mr. Williams is a member of the firm of Williams, Boody & Williams, the contractors who have the contract for erecting our large hotel at this place, and which is now about completed.

Mr. Elmer Virgin, of Wheeling, W. Va., is here and is working for the planing mill company.

Mrs. Maragret O'Donnell is having her building on Paull street remodeled. It will be occupied by Mr. Jere Moon.

Mr. Charles F. Dawson with a large force of hands began work Tuesday painting Capt. S. M. Taylor's house on Lothian street.

Messrs. W. S. Boody and W. F. Williams left for Wheeling, W. Va., Tuesday on buisness.

INDICATOR.

Grantsville.

The Lord has owned and blessed the earnest labors of the Rev. J. H. Enlow, pastor of the M. E. church. This is the crowning year of the five. At Salisbury, Pa., he had one hundred and forty conversions and one hundred and thirty-two accessions to the church—one hundred and sixty converted since conference and one hundred and fifty-seven accessions to the church.

Some few weeks ago a chapter of the Epworth League was organized in the M. E. church of this place, with a membership of seven. The meetings have been growing in interest from time to time until the room has been filled to an overflowing capacity. Our membership has been increased to thirty-eight, nine having joined us Sabbath evening.

Rev. J. H. Enlow's infant child is seriously ill with whooping cough. We trust, however, its illness will not prove fatal.

Rev. Cox, of Friendsville, will preach for us in the M. E. church Friday, the 29th inst. at 7 o'clock p. m.

Messrs. Edward and Henry Gnagey are out of town at this writing making sugar in the country. They may have a sweet heart ere they return.

Blochersville.

Warm weather has again taken place of cold and snow.

Mr. Winfield S. Blocher, who has been home spending the winter with his parents, returned to Chicago the 16th. We are all sorry to see him leave.

Mr. Mark W. Anderson and family moved on one of Johnson Bros.' farms, formerly occupied by Geo. A. Crowe. We hope he will have success in his new home.

Mr. John S. Blocher, who has been visiting friends and relatives here for a few months, returned to his home in South Dakota the 12th.

Misses Alice McKenzie, Maggie Finzel and Rebecca Diar, of Meyersdale, Pa., were the guests of Miss Maggie L. Blocher last week.

Mr. Geo. L. Garlitz and sons are busy grubbing and clearing new ground and making a big improvement to his farm.

Misses Angie Michael and Maud Pope, of Popeville, were the guests of Miss Maggie L. Blocher last Saturday and Sunday.

Messrs. Richard Robinson and Peter W. Layton were callers at Mr. Thomas Ravenscraft's on last Sunday evening.

The Epworth League at Mt. Zion, which was organized some time ago, is progressing very nicely. The object of this organization is to promote an earnest, intelligent, practical and loyal piety in the young members and friends of the church. The officers are, president, Thomas H. Layman; vice presidents, Albert Michael, Miss Jennie Turner, Miss Maude E. Pope, Miss Angie Michael; secretary, Bradford Blocher; treasurer, Winfield Durst.

Elder.

Rain and mud are the order of the day.

Mr. Chas. Frazee was visiting friends at Friendsville Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Eva Friend is visiting her sister, Mrs. Adam Schlossnagle, at Oak Hill.

Messrs. Wm. and G. W. Sterling were visiting relatives at Frazee's Ridge the 23rd and 24th insts.

Mr. Thad Meese, of McHenry, was calling on friends here Sunday.

Our Sunday school was reorganized the 15th by the election of the following officers: Superintendent, F. M. Conway; assistant supt., J. H. Sterling; treasurer, Reuben Enlow; secretary, Wm. Sterling; librarian, W. H. Ferguson; artist, Charles Frazee. The first session will be the first Sunday of April.

Rev. Hart will preach for us Sunday morning and evening.

Mr. Ed. Blackburn was visiting Mr. Isaiah Friend Sunday and Monday.

Miss Lou D. Friend and sister were the guests of Mrs. Walter Coddington Sunday.

Mrs. S. F. Cuppett and daughter Miss Maggie, were pleasant callers at the residence of Mr. Robert Sterling Sunday.

Mr. Melville Coddington, of Mill Run, was visiting his parents here Saturday and Sunday.

Bethlehem.

Bad colds and sugarmaking is all the go now.

Mr. Amos Lee, of Swanton, is visiting friends at this place.

Mr. William Harvey and Mr. Dorsey Harvey have recently killed three foxes with the assistance of their hounds.

Mr. James H. Sines is working for Mr. J. B. Lipscomb.

There will be preaching at Bethlehem Sunday morning at half past ten by the Rev. D. R. Wagner.

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.11 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	7.00 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.33 A. M
No. 47	—Daily except Mon	11.23 A. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	6.27 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	9.58 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 2	—Daily	5.51 A. M
No. 8	—Daily	7.34 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 46	—Daily except Monday	1.18 P. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	5.17 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	9.25 P. M

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C. M. BEACHY,
47—1yr. Grantsville, Md.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

MAN'S SEVEN STAGES.

A pretty child within its cradle lay,
And in distress it tossed about and wept.
With rum they sought its suffering to allay,
Till in a quiet stupor it had slept.

A pretty boy, with tear o'erflowing eyes,
Laments the eating of an unripe plum.
They seek to still the little cherub's cries,
By giving him a sup of "papa's rum."

A lad with dinner pail, runs down the street,
To get for papa, just a little beer,
And of it papa gives his boy a "treat."
And laughs to see his darling act so queer.

A youth is standing at the bar, and drinks,
While round him are the gayest of the gay.
Life is a picnic, so the youngster thinks.
And thus life's early morning fleets away.

A young man gets into a drunken brawl,
With drink inflamed, advice does not avail,
The "hoodlum wagon" answers to the call,
And, rudely, he is thrust into the jail.

Within a hovel sits a shivering wife,
Her ill-clad children cry aloud for bread,
While at the door is heard a din and strife,
As drunken "papa" staggers in half dead.

Down in a stream, beyond all human aid,
A rum crazed creature sinks beneath the wave.
Then, in the "potter's field" obscure is laid,
The drink-slain pauper in an unwept grave.

Now ye with hearts that bleed for every woe,
Trace, if you will, that pauper's dreadful lot,
And you will see that he was forced to go
That very road as child, lad, youth and sot.

And if in all his course you plainly see
A godless rum fiend working all his woe,
Just ask your conscience, if you e'er can be
To liquor selling other than a life-long foe?

—Dan R. Sheen, in Lever.

REASON OF HIS REFORMATION.

Pathetic Story of the Turning Point in a Drunkard's Life.

Two men were sitting beside the road on Indian creek. They had a jug and a deck of cards between them. They had just finished a game, and taken a "pull" from the jug, when Tom Martin looked up and saw their boon companion, Abe Loftos, slowly approaching within a few yards.

"Jim, here comes Abe," said Tom. "Hello, Abe, old rooster. Ye look orful bad this mornin'. Here, take a drink, and smooth the ermmples onter that face."

Abe shook his head.

"No more drinks for me fellers—not another drop. I promised the little feller last night I'd never touch it again. No use to talk to me, fellers—I promised the little boy."

"Abe, what do you mean? Promised yer little boy! 'Splain yourself," spoke Tom, a look of startled wonderment in his face.

"Ye know when I left you boys late last night? Wal, when I got near ter my hoase, a little feller, 'bout three feet high, dressed in nothin' but a white shift, stepped out

IT WAS LITTLE CHARLEY.

from the side ov the road and grabbed me by the finger with a little cold hand. I looked down in his face, an', my God, men! it was little Charley, jes' as shore az you're settin' there! I tried ter holler, but couldn't move my lips. I stooped down an' catched him up, an' toted him toward the house. He laid his little icy cheek agin mine. I toted him in the house an' sot him down afore the few coals ov fire. I hugged the little feller to my heart an' strove to warm him, but I couldn't. 'Poppy,' he whispered at last, "tell me you wan't drink an' buse poor mammy any more.' 'I promise, darlin',' I screamed. When he sed: 'I can now be happy in Heaven.' Then, boys, he got down an' left my arms empty. A minute later and there were seen three tearful men, a torn, scattered deck of cards and a broken jug.—St. Louis Republic.

AN ENGINEER'S SERMON.

His Ninety Years of Service in Contrast to that of the Lives of Its Eight Masters.

I once had a curious and instructive conversation with an engineer who had charge of a large stationary engine. It was a beautiful engine, and worked as true as steel could work. The man surprised me by telling me it had been at work ninety years, "and do you know," he added, "it has had eight masters. I am the eighth who has had the care of it. The others are all either dead or worn out, and yet it goes on as if it were as young as ever. Very strange, sir, isn't it, that an engine should live so much longer than a man, and it is not hard work for us either, or exposed work, for the room is always warm and comfortable, and the place is of course clean and light."

"What did the men die from?" I asked.

"Well, three or four, I am afraid, died of drink, another of bad temper, another of worry, and so on, but the engine went on just the same." The fate of the engine, its long life and continued industry puzzled the man. He often in his lonely hours thought of it, and wondered how many men would follow him before the engine began to break down. It did not puzzle me. That engine worked a great many hours a day truly, but it was equable in its work; it never ran loose; it was true in its vocation; it was bright as a new pin, clean in every point; it was served with the best but simplest fuel food; it had its furnace tubes clear; it was saved friction by having its parts properly oiled, and it drank nothing but water. So it lived on through nearly three generations, with a good chance of living through three more. It was allowed, in fact, to make the most of its physical life.

Its masters did not make the most of their lives. They might have been somewhat industrious, but they were not so orderly, so true, so steady, so clean, as they made the engine. They had not learned so well how to find the best food and drink for their own labor as had been found for the engine. They did not make the most of their lives, and, therefore, they stopped, but the engine went, still merrily, on its way.—Sir B. W. Richardson, in Longman's Magazine.

FACTS ABOUT INEBRIATES.

Arguments in Substantiation of Statements That There Are in the United States One Million Six Hundred Thousand.

I stated two years ago that there was approximately one million six hundred thousand persons who use spirits to excess in the United States. By excess I meant all persons who drank to intoxication continuously or at long intervals. This would include many persons who are temperate most of the time, then have drink paroxysms. It would also include persons who use strong spirits daily, seldom manifesting the usual symptoms of intoxication, but at all times more or less under the influence of spirits. These figures were reached from a study of the statistics of persons arrested for intoxication in the lower courts, also the general opinion of persons with a wide acquaintance among business men, who assert that less than two per cent. of all drinking men come under legal notice. The comparative statistics of a town of five thousand people in Massachusetts, Kentucky and Texas might differ widely in the number of spirit-drinkers, and yet the same general facts would prove true in all of them. In some communities a very large per cent. of all the males are spirit-drinkers, and many females use spirits as a medicine most of the time. Of course, wide differences of opinions will prevail until some accurate statistics are made. Two attempts to make a census of drinking men in eastern towns revealed many difficulties, and the intensely morbid desire to conceal the drinking customs of people. Both of these censuses indicated one drinking man to every eight persons, and a strong conviction that this was a very low proportion. There are many reasons for believing that the estimate of a million six hundred thousand persons who use spirits to excess in this country is a minimum rather than a maximum statement. If the persons who so frantically deny this statement will make a little study in their own neighborhood, they will probably find facts that will materially change their views of the extent of spirit-drinking in this country.—Editor Journal of Inebriety.

THE SAFEST PLAN.

Facts and Figures Showing the Wisdom of Total Abstinence.

Statistical observations made in 1837 among British troops in India gave the following results: The daily percentage of invalids among the members of temperance societies was 3.65, while for the remainder of the troops it was 10.20, or nearly three times as great. The average annual mortality in England for all ages between 15 and 70 years is about 20 per 1,000. Among insured lives it is about 11 per 1,000, while in the Temperance Provident institution, after the experience of eight years, and with several lives about 70 years of age, the average mortality has been only 6 per 1,000.

The Briton Life association has made an annual reduction of ten per cent. upon the premiums of all who have been total abstainers for two years. It is a question whether an occasional spree, with entire abstinence between, would not be less injurious than to be constantly absorbing alcoholic poison in small quantities. What is the moral and the application of these facts? Just this: An order like ours should never receive into membership any who have crossed the line and who even occasionally drink to excess. Moreover, the nearer we can come to the standard of total abstinence the better it will be. Quality is more important than quantity. Total abstainers are, other things being equal, the best risks. Total abstinence from all that intoxicates is the best rule for everyone.—Irish World.

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

BEER is incompatible with long life.

SIR ASHLEY COOPER says: "I consider all spirits bad spirits."

SCOTLAND, Ireland and Wales have Sunday closing saloons.

IT is said that a saloonkeeper gets eight cents profit from a ten-cent drink.

ABERDEEN, Scotland, is wrestling with the proposed municipal control of the liquor business.

DRUNKENNESS comes from drinking, and woe, misery, crime, and death come from drunkenness.

MORE rigid temperance rules for their employees have been adopted by the Monon Railway Co.

A MOVEMENT has been inaugurated in Michigan university against the liquor habit among the students.

THE workingmen of Great Britain and Ireland earn six hundred million pounds a year, sixty per cent. of which goes for drink.

AN exchange estimates that for every rich brewer, distiller or saloon-keeper in the land there are at least two hundred paupers.

LIQUOR robs a man of his sense and wisdom, and no person should be so foolish as to place himself under the thralidom of such an enemy.

SOME people drink spirits down to keep their spirits up; but they soon become lame above the shoulders where they can not get any crutches to help them.—Rain's Horn.

A LETTER FROM MRS. LINCOLN.

The Death of Her Husband Seemed Like a Terrible Dream.

A tragical episode that marked the close of the career of Dr. Henry, Lincoln's good friend, may best be concluded here with a letter from Mrs Lincoln in which touching reference is made to him and to her husband. I may as well explain that the "claims" referred to in Mrs. Lincoln's letter were certain shares of "wild-cat" stock sent to her in her days of prosperity, and which the poor lady thought might be sold for a small sum. This is her letter:

CHICAGO, May 11, 1866.

Noah Brooks, Esq., San Francisco:

MY DEAR SIR—A few days since I received a very sad letter from Mrs. Henry, in which she vividly portrays her great desolation and dependence upon others for every earthly comfort. I am induced to enclose you the Nevada claims and also a petroleum claim, hoping that you may be able to secure a purchaser for them, in which case I will most cheerfully give Mrs. Henry some of the proceeds. I am aware that I am taxing your kindness very greatly, yet the remembrance of your great esteem for my beloved husband and Dr. Henry would excuse the intrusion upon you. I wish you were not so far removed from us—true friends, in these overwhelming days of affliction, I find to be very rare. I find myself clinging more tenderly to the memory of those who, if not so remote, would be more friendly.

I hope you will be able to visit Mrs. Henry the coming summer. I sometimes, in my wildness and grief, am tempted to believe that it is some terrible dream, and that my idolized husband will return to me. Poor Dr. Henry! he who wept so truly and freely with us in our great misfortune, how soon he was called to join the beloved one who had so recently "gone before!" In my own great sorrow how often I have prayed for death to end my great misery!

My sons are well and a great comfort to me. * * * Robert and Taddie remember you very kindly. I hope you will write to us more frequently. I am well aware of the deep sympathy you feel for us, and the great affection and confidence my husband cherished for you draws you very near to us. With apologies for troubling you as I am now doing, I remain always sincerely your friend, MARY LINCOLN.

—Noah Brooks, in Century.

LISTEN TO YOUR OWN VOICE.

The Phonograph Makes Unpleasant Revelations at First.

It is a very interesting feature of the phonograph that it "the giftie gies us" to hear "oursel's as others hear us.

We are apt to think that we know the sound of our own voices. This is a great mistake, as we soon find on hearing the machine for the first time repeat something that we have spoken into it.

People often say, "It is not in the least like my voice. I am sure I do not speak like that." But when friends all assert positively that the resemblance is perfect, there can be no reasonable doubt that their judgment is correct.

The reason why we do not hear our own voices as they are heard by others is simple and obvious. The speaker's organs of hearing are, if we may so express it, in the same box as his vocal apparatus; his audience's ears are outside and apart from the box.

Not only do the vibrations, which his voice sets up in the air, act upon his ears as upon those of his audience, but his tympanum receives other vibrations through the material substances of the body.

If we stop our ears with the fingers we can hear ourselves speaking distinctly, though we can not hear the voices of others in the same room.

There is something unpleasant and uncanny in sitting down and listening to a speech in one's own voice, with every little accent, error and hesitation faithfully reproduced.

But even the electric telegraph and the steam locomotive affected people in the same way, until the world grew accustomed to them. The miracle of to-day is voted commonplace to-morrow.—Tit-Bits.

Traveled Three Thousand Miles to Dine.

They are telling of a lady in New York who, on a visit to London some time ago, refused an offer of marriage from a young Englishman. On her return to this country she married one of her own countrymen. Recently she gave a dinner, and thought it would be a graceful compliment to send an invitation to her former admirer in London. She was amazed when he presented himself on the evening of the dinner, but this was nothing to her surprise when she subsequently learned that he had departed the following day for England, having taken the journey of nearly six thousand miles apparently to show that he could not be outdone in the compliment business.—Boston Herald.

He Gracefully Resigned.

Farmer—If you want work I'll give you a job.

Wiggley Waggle—Well, I'd like to take advantage o' yer offer, boss, but I see a man comin' up the road that looks as if he had a family to support, an' as I'm a bachelor I will resign in his favor.—Tit-Bits.

Just the Man He Wanted.

Editor—Do you know how to run a newspaper?

Applicant—No, sir.

"Well, I'll try you. I guess you've had experience."—Puck.

Mike Explains.

Tattered Tim—What does "between the devil an' th' deep sea" mean?

Moldy Mike—It's the same as bein' between a workshop and a bath-room.—N. Y. Weekly.

—She—"Don't talk nonsense! I'm an old woman now. Look at my wrinkles!" He—"Wrinkles? Why, they're only incrusted smiles!"

OPHELIA'S SOLILOQUY.

The Modern Young Woman's Method of Deciding as to an Offer.

"To take him or not to take him—that's the question. I know that he is rich, and wedding him will end my struggling with poverty. No more worrying about food or raiment; no more walking the sloppy streets, for he will provide a carriage. A house, a carriage and a man—what more could a girl desire? And yet, if by waiting I could secure a better catch, I'd wait. Perchance I had better wait, for in my heart I do not love this suitor. And yet they tell me I may never have another chance; that there are more girls than chances, and that I shall be called a fool if I refuse him. There are many things in which he does not suit me. He is short, and I love tall men. He is fair, and I like gypsy-looking men, with coal black hair and eyes like sloes (will look up the definition of sloes). He likes to sit at home and I love to go. He loves to play cards and I hate it. He wishes to entertain ministers, priests and deacons, and I—well, I'll confess it, a gay crowd, a Welsh rarebit supper with beer and cigarettes is more to my liking.

"And yet other girls that I know have married money and are happy. Did not the Widow Green marry the man who owned her house, to save paying her rent? Didn't she say that she could provide her food and clothes out of her husband's life insurance, but she never could pay rent? And does she not appear happy? And does not the little singer who married the old banker now ride the top of society—and is not her former lover just as devoted as ever? Does not her husband stay at home and let her do as she pleases? I think they have the best times, these married women, for they may flirt as they please and stand firm on their husbands' reputations. Ah, me! 'Tis a most perplexing question, and yet, methinks, love is far better housed in a mansion than in an eight-per-cent. building association cottage. Therefore, will I retain my reputation for common sense and say 'Yes.'"—N. Y. Recorder.

THE VEILED ANDES.

Lofty Mountain Peaks that Are Seldom Visible to the Traveler.

The seismic "belt," which begins with the end of the United States, has its buckle in Ecuador; and thence southward tapers again, though not rapidly, for Peru is no stranger to temblores of the first magnitude. Guayaquil, on the edge of the greatest of volcanic centers, has suffered sorely. But even thus far from the sea the great peaks are almost never seen. Personal inspection of the Pacific coast of South America gives one to understand how much more visible are the Andes through the atmosphere of a reference library in New York than through their own. For the closest traveler the giant peaks politely march coastward twenty to fifty leagues to civilize his paper voyage with sights never seen by the veteran of twenty years' coasting. In truth, the backbone of the southern continent is hardly more distinguished by the enormous height of its scattered vertebræ than by the infallible vapors which curtain them from the passer on the Pacific. Now and then some finger of the wind pokes through the veil, and lets see the fleeting hint of a blue presence behind; but the rent is repaired as quickly as made. Until Chili, where the chain edges toward the coast, the great mountains are so far inland that the sight would not be impressive even if the horizon were ever clear enough to expose them to the sea. For a view of the Andes one must go inland—back of the fog curtain. Were it not for this obstacle great Chimborazo should be magnificently visible from Guayaquil, being but eighty miles away and four perpendicular miles higher; but sometimes for years at a stretch the vision is balked. I had come to doubt, but at last on July 17, 1893, we had a wholly unspeakable view of Chimborazo from Guayaquil for nearly two hours—with glasses. The commodore of the P. S. N., after twenty years' coasting, has never seen the peak yet.—Charles F. Lummis, in Harper's Magazine.

A Handy Household Article.

Tall frames with wire screens are coming more and more into use in households where there are small children. Placed around the stove or in front of a fire, they furnish special immunity against accidents, a frequent occurrence where great care is not taken. Around the baby's tub it protects him from draughts while getting a bath, around his crib it has many uses, a barrier against draughts, excessive sunlight and changing objects, etc. It can be utilized to form an enclosure making a small play-house for children from which they can not escape nor be unreasonably disturbed. It can also be utilized for various other purposes not, however, germane to the uses for which it was originally intended, and which it would not be practicable to enumerate here.—Hardware.

Rather Cruel.

A beggar, accosting a benevolent-looking gentleman one night, said: "Please help me, sir. I have a starving family at home, and can scarcely keep the wolf from the door."

"H'm! that is strange," said the gentleman. "Have you a gun?"

"Yes, sir," replied the beggar.

"Then here is five cents for ammunition. Next time the wolf comes to the door just shoot and eat it."—Cincinnati Tribune.

She Approved of It.

"It is a grave question," said the school trustee. "We have got to decide to-night whether or not we shall teach sewing in our public schools here."

"I think it's a good thing," said his wife. "And I hope you'll vote for it; especially for the boys. If Willie had to sew his own buttons on he wouldn't so enjoy the pleasure of pulling them off. If you want the opinion of mothers, it is favorable."—Harper's Bazar.

SPRING MEDICINE

Is so important that you should be sure to get THE BEST, Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven its unequaled merit by its thousands of remarkable cures, and the fact that it has a larger sale than any other sarsaparilla or blood purifier shows the great confidence the people have in it. In fact it is THE Spring Medicine. It cures all blood diseases, builds up the nerves and gives such strength to the whole system that, as one lady puts it, "It seemed to make me anew."

If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla for your Spring Medicine do not buy any substitute. Be sure to get

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

"I was all broken down in health, so weak and nervous I was hardly able to be up. I had severe pains in my side, and headache. I would often have to stop when going up-stairs on account of palpitation of the heart. I had no appetite and a distressed feeling in my stomach. I resolved to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I took two bottles and have not had a spell of sick headache for four months, feel well, work all day and eat heartily. My friends remark how well I am looking. I think all nervous, run down people ought to take it, especially nursing mothers." MRS. S. ASHWORTH, Eaton, Ohio

"LET me see," said Bobbs to Dobbs, "isn't this Dobbs that we were just talking about a relative of yours?" "A distant relative," said Dobbs. "Very distant!" "I should think so. He's the oldest of twelve children in our family, and I'm the youngest."—Tit-Bits.

To Teachers and Others.

For the meeting of the National Educational Association at Denver, Colo., in July, next, the Western trunk lines have named a rate of one standard fare, plus two dollars for the round trip. Variable routes will be permitted. Special side trips at reduced rates will be arranged for from Denver to all the principal points of interest throughout Colorado, and those desiring to extend the trip to California, Oregon and Washington, will be accommodated at satisfactory rates. Teachers and others that desire, or intend attending this meeting or of making a western trip this summer, will find this their opportunity. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway (first-class in every respect) will run through cars Chicago to Denver. For full particulars, write to or call on Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

COLONEL—"Are you one of the 'advanced women, Miss Passe?" Miss P. (haughtily)—"Indeed, I am not. I was only twenty-three last birthday."—N. Y. World.

When You Want a Thresher,

Horse Power, Swinging or Wind Stacker, Saw Mill, Self Feeder, or an Engine, address the J. I. CASE T. M. Co., Racine, Wis. They have the largest Threshing Machine plant in the world, and their implements may be relied upon as *the best*. Business established 1842. Illustrated catalogue mailed free.

"ARE they lovers still?" "Well, he's still, but she isn't. You see, they are married now."—Detroit Free Press.

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Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

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That is a good price for an 8-foot *painted* windmill.
WE BUILD FOR THE AGES. WE WOULD NOT SELL YOU A PINK, PAINTED WHEEL, NOR ONE MADE OF METAL GALVANIZED BEFORE BEING PUT TOGETHER, IF YOU WOULD PAY US DOUBLE PRICE FOR IT. We build the best we know, and knowing that painted thin sheets are practically worthless, we have nothing to do with them. The enormous cost of preparing to do galvanizing, and of doing it well on a large scale, deters others. SOME BUY GALVANIZED SHEETS AND PUNCH AND SHEAR AND MAKE THEM UP AFTERWARD. WHEELS OR TANKS MADE OF GALVANIZED SHEETS RUST OUT FIRST AROUND THE RIVETS, JOINTS, AND EDGES, AND ARE, THEREFORE, BUT SO GOOD AS PAINTED ONES. *Now any concern can get our prices for painted windmills and painted towers, or those made up of galvanized material, cut, sheared and punched after the galvanizing is done, can only be explained by the fact that people who buy them are ignorant of the value of galvanizing.* We now galvanize everything after it is completed, even bolts and nuts. We galvanize with the most improved processes and in the most perfect known and attainable manner.

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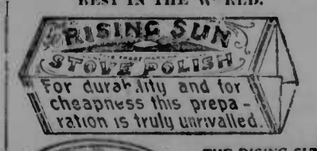

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FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has done a noble work in London within the past five years, having rescued over 109,000 little ones from neglect, starvation or impending death. Of men and women who have dealt out cruelty to children, the organization has prosecented and secured the conviction of 5,460 cases.

—Last year was a period of normal activity among English ghosts and apparitions. According to the latest report of the English Society for Psychical Research, no less than 1,684 disembodied spirits were seen by its correspondents during the last twelve months. England is certainly becoming a much livelier country than at any time in its past history.

—Jules Lamaitre's new play, "L'age Difficile," has just been brought out with great success at the Gymnase, with M. Antoine, former director of the Theater Libre, in the principal part, and Mme. Judic, for the first time in a pure comedy character, as an old lady. The difficult age is the period in a bachelor's life when he misses the comforts of a family and is too old to acquire them by marrying. M. Lamaitre has made an amusing comedy out of the situation. It is a sign of the times that most of the characters, male and female, come on the stage in the first act on bicycles.

—Whether real kissing should be allowed on the stage is the question that is now agitating Vienna. In a pluy given lately at the Raimund theater a good deal of kissing was required in the most important scene; the actress subjected to it held out for ten performances, when her husband interfered and insisted that the kissing should be make believe. The manager refused to yield, and dismissed the actress, who is pretty and popular. Thereupon the Freudenblatt collected the opinions of all well-known German, French and Hungarian actresses, and found that nine-tenths of them were in favor of the reul kiss. The men were not asked.

—Japan has a bankiug house that has been in business without a break for over three hundred years. It began with Ycchigo No Kami, an impoverished feudal noble of the province of Ise, who broke away from the traditions of his caste and went into the liquor trade, manufacturing sake from rice. One of his sons established a bank, which two centuries ago was removed to Tokio, the present capital, and from the naiue of the principal at the time took the name, by which it is now known, of the Mitsui bank. Like the Rothschilds, the whole family is engaged in the business, a marked feature of which is that the capital belongs to all in common, while no one member can claim a separate share. The most competent individual is chosen president. The bank has now over thirty branches, and is the largest private bank iu Japan.

—At St. Bartholomew's hospital, London, an ingenious hot-air bath is now in use for the treatment of sprains, inflamed joints due to gout or rheumatism, and similar affections. It consists of a copper cyliuder about three feet long and eighteen inches iu diameter, which will hold an arm up to the shoulder, or a leg up to the middle of the thigh; it stands on an iron frame, and is heated by gas burner placed underneath, so that the temperature can be raised to 300 or 400 degrees Fahrenheit. The patient is placed in an armchair at one end of the cylinder, the limb is introduced, and the joint made air-tight by a rubber band. No discomfort is felt up to 250 degrees, until perspiration sets in, when the moisture has a scalding effect, which is relieved by opening the further end of the cylinder and letting the moisture evaporate. A sitting usually lasts forty minutes. The immediate effect is a greatly increased circulation in the part treated, profuse local perspiration and relief from pain.

WOMEN IN AFRICA.

Degraded in Many Tribes but Possessed of Influence in Others.

Among natural people women have to suffer on account of their wunt of physical strength, and this is especially the case amoug the African tribes, where polygamy adds to the degradation of the weaker sex. But their lot is not without mitigation. It is influenced by the same factor that raises woman to her high position among civilized people—the love of her children. The laws of the barbarous African tribes gives much influence to the mothers in regulating heritage and succession, which give them a more important position in the family and in the tribe. The mothers and sisters of an African chief are often his most influential advisers, even the real rulers. On the whole, however, the old maxim holds good. If the intellectual state of a tribe is very low, their women are treated badly. With the lowest of the African tribes, the Bushman, woman is nothing but a slave and a beast of burden. During the travels of a Bushman family the wife has to carry everything, and if there is a scarcity of food, the woman has to suffer first. If she becomes weak and old she is abandoned to the mercy of the wild beasts. Very different is the treatment accorded to the woman of the genuine negro. All things considered, their position is the same as with us. Men and women share in the necessary work. True, if the man thinks fit to beat his wife, no one is likely to interfere. On the other hand the woman will find the laugh on her side if she succeeds in getting the better of her spouse by a judicious use of her teeth, her nails, and—her tongue.

The Zulus are a patriarchal race. The father is master of the family and owner of its female part; therefore the position of the woman is much lower if her husband has a high rank. The wives of the chief never take part in his councils and may only move about on their knees before him. The principal reason for this degradation is the custom of selling women. The price varies between ten and a hundred head of cattle for the daughters of a chief. Other women may be had for three or four cows. If the wife does not suit the husband in every particular, then he sends her home and demands another, or else part of the price paid must be returned to him. But if she proves to be specially valuable the relatives who sold her will demand some extra payment. A bad wife may also be sold as a slave.

Among the Dulla tribes, on the west coast, the women have not the slightest vestige of a right. They are sold and resold at the pleasure of the men. They may be given away, lent, and hired out. They must do all the work in the fields, and, if they fail to bear children, they may be killed. And yet they often manage to hold their own against their masters. The natural result of their position is that the women combine against their husbands in a most alarming manner. The traveler Bastian tells of a rich man in Okolloma, with whom she stayed for some time. The poor fellow was at loggerheads with his women, and had to barricade his hut at night time. Twenty infuriated women inhabited his place and refused to come to terms.

The importance of the women among the Dahomeyans is well known. Their female warriors were much more dangerous to European troops than the men. The enormous extent to which decapitation was carried on among the Dahomeyans during Behanzin's reign accounts for the great predominance of women in point of numbers. A procession of the king included fifteen of his daughters, accompanied by fifty female slaves, 730 of his wives, thirty Amazons of the body guard, six companies of Amazons of seventy each, 350 slaves and a rear guard of another sixty Amazons—but only 150 male warriors. The influence of the women among these people has been felt by both the Germans and the French in their colonial troubles.—Berlin Woman's Journal.

THE JACOBINS.

Their Influence in the Life History of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Attention has been called to the disturbances which arose in Auxonne and elsewhere, to the emigration of the nobles from that quarter, to the utter break between the parish priests and the higher church functionaries in Dauphiny; this was but a sample of the whole. When, on July 14, the king accepted a constitution which decreed the secular reorganization of the hierarchy whereby both bishops and priests were to be elected by the taxpayers, two-thirds of all the clergy in France refused to swear allegiance to it. All attempts to establish the new administrative and judicial systems were more or less futile; the disaffection of officials and lawyers grew more intense.

In Paris alone the changes were introduced with some success, the municipality being rearranged into forty-eight sections, each with a primary assembly. These were the bodies which later gave Bonaparte the opening whereby he entered his real career. The influence of the Jacobin club grew hourly as the majority of its members grew more radical. Necker trimmed to their demands, but lost popularity by his monotonous calls for money, and fell in September, reaching his home on the lake of Geneva only with the greatest difficulty.

Mirabeau succeeded him as the sole possible prop to the tottering throne. Under his leadership the moderate monarchists, or "Feuillants," as they were later called from the convent of that order to which they withdrew, seceded from the Jacobins, and before the assembly had ceased its work the land was cleft in two, divided into opponents and adherents of monarchy. As if to insure the disasters of such an antagonism, the assembly, which numbered among its members every man in France of ripe political experience, committed the incredible folly of self-effacement, voting that in the coming election not one of its members should be eligible for re-election. — Prof. Sloane, in Century.

With the Caravan.

In the sandy deserts of the north, where journeys are made so much by night, the feeling of melancholy is often found to prevail. On horseback or by mail cart, on the long, straight tracks through the sand, one seems to be perpetually following some star in the heavens, to which one gets no nearer. If one stops to rest, no sound upon the ear, save, perhaps, the groans of a camel being loaded for the night march, or the creak of a Persian wheel raising the water on the river's brink. It is a relief to pass the strings of camels bearing their rich burdens of silk, asafetida and grapes from distant Cabul to the Indian cities of the plains. In the long string led by the bearded and travel-stained driver, who is well fortified by opium for the weary and mountainous journey, they emerge suddenly and silently, like phatoms from the nocturnal gloom, and gliding noiselessly by, quickly disappear again. —The Gentleman's Magazine.

Cutting the Throat.

To the inexperienced it hardly seems possible that a person who cuts his throat from ear to ear can fail in committing suicide, but a prominent physician says that when anyone makes an attempt of that kind the jugular vein is rarely severed. The natural method is to throw the head back and draw a knife across the throat, but the muscles of the neck thus thrown into prominence usually protect the large veins. Better success can be attained by holding the head forward, but a medical man can without chance of a mistake cut the jugular vein by making only a half inch incision in the side of the neck.—Philadelphia Record.

Cross Flattery.

"Whenever I see you I am always reminded of an eminent scientist."

"Really, Herr Professor, and pray, what scientist might that be?"

"Darwin."—Fliegende Blaetter.

LUCK AGAINST HIM.

The Story Was Funny Enough, But They Had Heard It Before.

CHAPTER I.

Jimpson was sitting in his office, and the clock was striking nine.

The clock had a habit of striking twice every twenty-four hours.

There was no one present, so Jimpson sat with his feet on the desk.

He was shaking and chuckling all over. Every few minutes he would become grave and then break out in renewed chuckles.

For Jimpson had just heard a brand new funny story of the richest kind.

CHAPTER II.

A hand was at the door-knob and a man entered. Jimpson hulf wheeled in his chair, his face wreathed in smiles.

"I've called about that Biggs case," said the man.

The two plunged into business. When it was over and the visitor arose, waiting to depart, Jimpson stopped him.

"I've just heard an awful good story," he said. "It's about Ricketts."

"Oh, that one," interrupter the caller. "That's a good one, ain't it? Heard it yesterday. Good day."

CHAPTER III.

Jimpson returned to his desk with a look of indignation on his face, which look soon melted away, giving place to more chuckles.

His lawyer entered.

"Say," said Jimpson, joyously, "I've got an awful good story about old man Ricketts. You know—"

"Oh," said the lawyer, "I've heard that. Funny, ain't it? Ha, ha!"

Jimpson's demeanor was cool when they parted.

CHAPTER IV.

As the clock struck five and Jimpson was ready to go home his face had a weary and careworn expression.

Through the deserted hall of the office building he walked with downcast head. He had that story still untold.

Suddenly a solitary figure appeared at the end of the hall.

A fierce light of determination came into Jimpson's face. He sped up to the stranger and in husky, hollow tones said:

"I heard a funny story to-day."

The stranger paused and smiled.

"What was it?" he asked.

"It's," stammered Jimpson, joyously, gasping in his satisfaction, "it's about old man Ricketts and his partner—"

"Oh, that one," said the stranger, in disappointed tones, and as Jimpson tottered on his feet, "I'm the man who started that story!"—Chicago Record.

HER GOLDEN HAIR, ETC.

The Sign That "Caught the Crowd" in Louisville.

One Saturday afternoon a great crowd had gathered in front of a window on Fourth avenue, where a lady had her hair on exhibition as an advertisement for a patent hair fertilizer. Her hair was long and beautiful, of course, and many stopped to admire it. Of course the terrible small boy had to come along and get in his work. A little newsboy had been watching the crowd for some time, saying nothing at all, but one could see his eyes were bubbling over with mischief. He disappeared for a short time and then suddenly reappeared. Edging his way through the crowd, he stuck a piece of red paper on the window, on which, in big, black letters, appeared the legend: "Her goldeu hair was hanging down her back."

It caught the crowd, and in the midst of the general laughter the kid got away. The girl in the window heard the laughter, but could only see the back of the card on the window, so she sent a clerk out to investigate. He came, he saw, and he raised the deuce with the laughing, gaping crowd, but that didn't bother the crowd any. Then he made frantic efforts to get the card off the window, but it refused to come. By this time the crowd of gazers had increased to thrice its size and the clerk was very mad. He accused each and every person in the crowd that ventured to laugh of putting the card on the window. Some of the parties accused showed fight, and then the clerk thought that prudence was the better part of valor and retired to the store. A little later a negro was sent out with a bucket of hot water and a sponge and the objectionable placard was removed.—Louisville Commercial.

Why She Never Married.

When a man tempts fate by reminding a spinster of her condition, his punishment is generally swift and sure. In a county of Ireland where the Quakers are numerous the entire body on one occasion gathered together for one of their quarterly meetings.

After the exercises of the morning a public luncheon was held, at which all the friends attended. The conversation turned to matrimony.

"Bridget," said an unmannerly youthful member of the society, speaking across the crowded table to a prim, elderly maiden lady, "wilt thou tell me why thou hast never married?"

"Certainly, friend William," responded the ready Bridget, in a voice audible over the room. " 'Tis beeause I am not so aisy pleased as thy wife was."—Tit-Bits.

The Broken Spell.

"Thrown over!"

The rural lover gazed at the now darkened windows of the old red schoolhouse and wept aloud.

"Parted forever by one small word!" He remembered her beseeching glance, but how was he to know where the "h" came in "phthisic?"

"Anyway, there'll be no more spellin' bees this winter, an' if she kin stand it I kin."

Summoning his fortitude, he walked away.—N. Y. World.

At Intervals.

Featherstone — Look here, Willie. When I am in the parlor with your sister do you ever peek through the keyhole?

Willie — Sometimes, when mamma an't there.—N. Y. World

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

—Fig Cake: One and one-half cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, one and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one-half cup of corn starch, whites of six eggs. Bake in two layers and fill with fig filling. Chop one pound of figs, add one-half cup of sugar and one cup of water. Stew until soft and smooth. Spread between the layers, and ice the whole cake with boiled icing.—N. Y. Ledger.

—The newest style of night gown is the Directory. It is cut with an open square neck, finished with a broad band of embroidery, about as deep as the short Directory waist, and from this band the skirt of the gown falls. The sleeves are very large and full at the top, tapering almost to closeness at the wrist. These gowns are very becoming to young women with plump necks, but the thin girl should avoid the Directory gown and choose instead the Hading, which has a deep sailor collar at the back, ending in a very full jabot down the front.

—Cocoa Jelly: Mix a dessert-spoonful of good cocoa in half a pint of water, stir it over the fire till it boils, and sweeten according to the taste of the patient. Soak half an ounce of gelatine in half a pint of cold water for some hours, and stir it into the boiling cocoa and water; flavor with vanilla, remove from the stove, and while it is cooling stir at intervals, and place in a wetted mold. Serve with whipped cream or a good custard. There is really nothing very nourishing in this jelly, but it looks nice, and flavors the cream well.—Leeds Mercury.

—Amherst Pudding: Three cups of sifted flour, two-thirds of a cup of molasses, one cup of milk, one cup of suet chopped fine, half-pound raisins, half a nutmeg, half a teaspoonful of grouud cinnamon, teaspoonful of soda, quarter-teaspoonful of salt. Into the flour put the suet, raisins (stoned and chopped), salt and spices. Add the molasses, then the milk, to which the soda, previously dissolved in a little of the milk (taken from the cupful) has been added. Steam for three hours in a tin pudding-boiler. If suet can not be had, substitute half a cup of melted butter.—Harper's Bazar.

POISONS OF THE KITCHEN.

Some Things That Should Be Watched by All Housewives.

In face of the frequent accounts of accidental poisoning, the following facts may prove both interesting and useful. In the first place, all copper vessels should be retinted directly the surface shows signs of being worn. Neither acid, salt nor fatty bodies will attack well-cleaned copper vessels; vinegar may even be boiled in them with safety, but should it be allowed to cool in the vessels, it will dissolve enough copper to become dangerous. The advantage in copper poisoning is that one of the first symptoms is vomiting, that is to say, the poison is ejected from the system.

Zinc, though it conceals itself so often under the name of "galvanized iron," is still more dangerous than copper. No acid foods or liquids should ever be allowed to remain in galvanized vessels. Lead, from a culinary point of view, is the least to be recommended of all the metals, as it poisons slowly without producing vomiting, while tin, iron, steel and nickel are practically harmless.

But it is not only the vessels used in preparing food which are dangerous; many foods in themselves are legitimate objects of suspicion. For instance, the potato becomes unfit for food when it has commenced to germinate, or when it is green from having having been partially exposed to the air while growing. The green parts and the "eyes" contain an undoubted poison, which has a sharp taste, and is capable of producing a paralysis or even death. At the end of the winter many pigs are unhealthy through having been fed on these green potatoes, or potatoes from which the eyes containing the germs have not been carefully cut.

Mushrooms should always be carefully verified by a person thoroughly acquainted with their peculiarities. Some cooks put a silver coin with them when cooking; if the coin turns black they reject the mushrooms. This is really no test at all, as many of the poisonous fungi will not blacken silver. All animal food in an advanced state of decomposition is more or less poisonous; for this reason tinned fish is never to be trusted, as the fish are often stale when tinued. Smokers especially should be careful, as their taste is often not so fine as that of a non-smoker, and they are consequently less likely to detect a tin of doubtful fish. Mussels, again, are always poisonous, although the seat and nature of the poison have never been discovered.—St. Louis Republic.

The Summer Silks.

One of the newest materials for waists is a taffeta plisse, which retails at one dollar and seventy-five cents and resembles a shirred or goffered stripe alternating with a plain and narrower one. Printed Indias have been brought out by many domestic manufacturers in light and dark grounds, having small figures or floral patterns. These retail at fifty cents. Taffetas of the Louisine weave in stripes, checks and changeable effects are from seventy-five cents to one dollar and a quarter. The Liberty satin of soft finish and high lustre comes in lovely shades for waists and combinations, and sells for one dollar and one dollar and a half a yard. Crinkled or crepy goods, be they of silk, gauze, chiffon, etc., all have immense favor just now, and may be had from sixty-nine cents. Plain and printed designs are sold in these chiefly for waists.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Success Is Palliation.

"Why are you sure that Blinks has succeeded so remarkably?"

"They used to call him a 'disreputable stock-jobber,' and now everyone calls him an 'enterprising and brainy speculator.'"—Chicago Herald.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

PROTEST FROM MAINE.

Mr. Donnell Ridicules the Way They "Break Roads" in Yankeeland.

Some winter morning the highway surveyor of district No. 4 wakes up to find all familiar land-marks out of sight beneath a thick covering of snow which, it is more than likely, has drifted in huge heaps across the highway wherever a fence, stone wall or clump of bushes has prevented the wind's unimpeded march. The highway surveyor, mindful of the important part he plays in maintaining the social fabric, wades out to the barn to feed his cattle—"cattle" being a New-Englandism for a pair of oxen—which he yokes up after getting his own breakfast.

His method of breaking a road is very simple. Under the front of an old-fashioned wood sled, with long runners, he chains a stick of wood six or eight inches in diameter, slips into the sockets a sled stake or two, to hold on by, mounts the sled and invites Buck and Bright to get up steam. Now Buck and Bright deserve no small credit in this matter, for beside generating the motive power for the sled they serve also as snow plows, plunging into drifts and breaking down the snow to an extent that makes it comparatively easy for the sled to maintain an even keel, so to speak, even when the drifts are very irregular in construction.

A little way down the road the highway surveyor will perhaps add a neighbor to his outfit, providing that the

"BREAKING" A ROAD IN MAINE.

neighbor's taxes have not yet been wholly "worked out." If the drifts have been packed hard by the wind, it may be necessary to break up the snow a little before Buck and Bright can get through, but the cattle are quite sure to have the most of the work to their credit when the road has been gone over.

All this may seem a rather primitive and crude method of procedure, considering the great importance of well-kept highways, be the time of the year summer or winter; but from careful consideration of the matter, I am not sure that a better method for making winter roads could be found. The flatiron-shaped snow plow pushes the snow out of the road and piles it up at the sides, making the road simply a trench to be filled with drifting snow whenever the wind blows, which it does frequently and energetically. The sled with the stick under its forward part breaks through the snow and pushes it down, making a firmer footing for horses than could be gained in many other ways. Here and there other methods prevail, but a large portion of our country roads are still made passable in winter with the sled and oxen that our grandfathers and great-grandfathers used. One of the "other methods" prevails in the road that runs past my own place. After every considerable fall of snow there appears a four-horse team drawing the most enormous roller that, I think, was ever built. It is made of plank and must be something like nine feet in diameter, with a heavy oak frame about it. The roller is long enough to make a road in which two teams can travel abreast, and where the snow is light, it packs down very well indeed; but in hard snow, enormous though its weight is, it makes but little impression because of its great extent of bearing surface.

The story is familiar which tells how generation after generation of men went to mill on horseback with a bag thrown across the horse in front of the rider, the "grist" in one end and a stone in the other to balance it. When asked why they did not throw the stone away and put half the grain in one end of the bag and half in the other to balance it, the men of each succeeding generation would declare that their fathers used a rock, and that what was good enough for their fathers was good enough for them!

I am reminded of this story by the way our towns go on year after year paying out thousands of dollars for the annual clearing of drifted winter roads, instead of removing once for all the causes of drifted roads—something that is possible to a very large extent. The cause of the formation of drifts is usually a roadside stone wall, a board fence, a clump of bushes, or some other obstruction to the free play of the wind, that could easily be removed. Many "crossroads" in my own state are every winter rendered nearly impassable for several months simply because of the obstructing nature of the fences, walls and bushes at the sides of these roads. Let the bushes be cut and light wooden or wire fences substituted for those that now cause drifts, and there would be far less need of "breaking" roads constantly from the first of December to the last of March, as is the case of many localities at present.—Webb Donnell, in Country Gentleman.

How to Prune Flowering Shrubs.

The proper system of pruning flowering shrubs, according to the best of authority, is one that will induce an abundance of young wood, and this can only be accomplished by the trimming out of all two-year-old growth—that which has already flowered—cutting out the old shoots close to the ground, so that the new growth will push out from the root of the plant. If the bush makes too strong and rank a growth, a moderate amount of pruning in winter will not lessen the bloom to any extent, especially as the extreme ends of the young wood do not flower.

GREAT extremes of cold and heat are injurious to apple trees.

FEEDING MILCH COWS.

How to Maintain Even Production Throughout the Season.

One of the important items in securing the best profit from the cows is to have an even flow of milk well maintained throughout the season. On many farms there are cows that for a short season after they come in fresh yield a good flow of milk, but this soon begins to fail, especially if care is not taken in the feeding and management, and at the end of seven or eight months the quantity they give is so small that they are allowed to go dry. Many cows are kept that if charged a fair price for the food they eat would not pay for their keep.

The first important item is to have good cows. Then they must be well fed, even in summer. While during growing season the pastures can be largely relied upon; it will pay to give also a light feed of bran and corn meal, or bran and middlings. Then in order to make sure of a good supply of cheap food it will also be a good plan to plant some crop like sweet corn, fodder corn, millet, sorgbum, or something of this kind that can be used at any time when needed. There should be a change of feed occasionally, so as to keep the cow with a good appetite, as the more good food the good dairy cow eats the more good milk she will give. It will also be a good plan to divide the pastures so that she can be changed from one to the other at least every ten days. The cows will do much better than if they are compelled to depend upon one pasture. Besides, by changing, there will be less waste of feed. With all animals there is a natural inclination to eat the tender, sweeter growth, and in doing this, when kept in one pasture, there will be more or less that will grow up and mature seed. By dividing up the pastures and changing from one to the other, grass will all be eaten down more evenly. There should always be sweet, nutritious grasses in the pastures, so that the cows can get enough to satisfy their appetites without tramping too long or too far. The quieter and more comfortable the cows can be kept the better the results. Feed to keep the cow in a good, thrifty condition. It is not possible to make a good dairy cow fat, but good treatment will keep her in good condition. Her food will be converted into milk rather than flesh.—St. Louis Republic.

A LOG FEED RACK

It Saves Lots of Hay and Can Be Put Up in a Few Minutes.

This homemade feed-rack can be constructed any desired length. The lower portion is about seven feet wide. The height depends on animals using it. They must reach the bottom easily. The upper part is of sufficient width to allow ample room between the top log of the first part and the lower log of the second part for stock to reach down and get the feed. This method is much more desirable than throwing

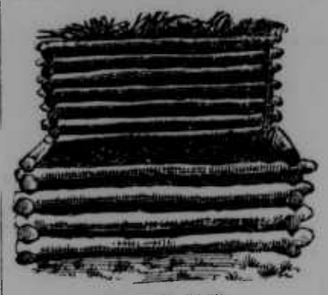

LOG FEED RACK.

hay and other roughness upon the ground. Nothing is wasted by being pulled out and trampled under foot. Put a large load of hay into this rack. The stock eat it from the bottom as needed and the upper portion settles down as the feed is taken from beneath.—Orange Judd Farmer.

A Flock for the Family.

Leaving out the matter of profit and of selling eggs, there is much pleasure in keeping a small flock of fowls for family use. A few hens can be kept at less cost, proportionately, than can a large number, owing to the fact that the scraps from the table are valuable. No labor of consequence is necessary, and when an account for the year is kept the small flocks will be found to have given quite a profit in the conversion of the waste material into eggs. There is no way to procure eggs as fresh and nice as those produced by your own hens. If they are of a choice breed, the pleasure will be the greater, as well from pride in endeavoring to excel as from the management.—Farm and Fireside.

The Good Roads Movement.

Recent reports to the agricultural department at Washington report a marked degree of interest in the good roads movement among the state legislatures. Gen. Roy Stone, in charge of the bureau of road inquiry, has returned from California and Texas, where large road conventions were held, the former having concluded to utilize convict labor in preparing road materials. Several bulletins to stimulate the movement will soon be issued by the department. They will treat of wide tires as bettering the condition of roads, convict labor in making roads and preparing road materials, and of the messages of various state governors on road questions.

Absorption of Odors by Milk.

Parville relates some interesting facts upon this subject. If a can of milk is placed near an open vessel containing turpentine, the smell of the turpentine is soon communicated to the milk. The same result occurs as regards tobacco, paraffine, asafoetida camphor and many other strong-smelling substances. Milk should also be kept a distance from every volatile substance, and milk which has stood in a sick chamber should never be drunk. The power of milk to disguise the taste of drugs—as potassium iodide, opium, salicylate, etc.—is well known.—London Public Opinion.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Mar. 25, 1895.

Secretary Carlisle has just spent several days in New York, ostensibly upon business connected with the customs service, but there are reasons—and good ones too—for the belief that his visit had a much more important object. Ever since before the adjournment of Congress there has been talk in Washington about an alleged secret agreement between Mr. Cleveland, some of the leaders of his party, and a few of the money kings, having for its object the renomination of Mr. Cleveland on a straightout gold platform. It was because of this talk that the Bland-Bryan silver manifesto was issued a few days before Congress adjourned. That manifesto was intended to make the scheme to renominate Mr. Cleveland on a gold platform impossible. It had a directly contrary effect. It got so few signatures that it greatly encouraged the managers of the Cleveland scheme to believe that they would have little trouble in controlling the Democratic nominating convention. Another thing that has encouraged them is the flat failure of the American bi-Metallic, or, as it is more commonly known, the Sibley Silver party, which has received few words of encouragement from any source—that resolution of the Nevada legislature counts for very little when it is remembered that Senators Jones and Stewart are the principal sponsors for what they fondly hoped at one time would be a new national party. It is believed that Secretary Carlisle's principal reason for going to New York was to confer with the money kings and their representatives, who are relied upon to furnish the large amount of cash that will be necessary to carry the Cleveland renomination scheme through in order to further perfect the details. Republicans hope the scheme will succeed, they will enjoy defeating Mr. Cleveland more than they would defeating anybody else, and they know that there isn't money enough on earth to re-elect him.

Things are not at all satisfactory at the headquarters of the Sibley Silver party. Letters are being received from some of those who were without their knowledge made members of the executive committee of the S. S. party, and they are not what was expected. For instance, the following from ex-Governor Price, of New Mexico, who was made a member of the executive committee: "While appreciating very highly this recognition of my strong faith in the principle of bimetalism and the efforts I have made in its behalf, yet I am compelled to decline the position, as I do not approve of separate political action at this time. I believe that the duty of the hour is to educate the people of the east on the financial question, and as soon as the people are well informed party organizations will be obliged to correct views and act accordingly. I have full faith that the Republican party, which has always been the friend of the oppressed, the champion of equal rights, the protector of American labor and the exponent of stalwart Americanism generally, will still be found true to its best traditions; and those who destroyed human slavery will not permit financial slavery to exist; and that those who saved the nation itself in 1861 will not permit the destruction of national prosperity by financial selfishness and oppression in 1896."

The administration is having a regular monkey and parrot time with the foreign complications already on hand, and there are indications of a bran new one with France, if the stories that leak out about the meetings of the cabinet can be relied upon, and they probably can. Gresham seems to be in bad odor with nearly all of his colleagues in the cabinet, and to be in danger of losing the ascendency he has heretofore been able to maintain over Mr. Cleveland in matters pertaining to the foreign policy of the government. The other members of the cabinet—none of whom were consulted—have not failed to make the most of Gresham's indecent haste in making that peremptory demand upon Spain for an apology, and the result is seen in the stand that Mr. Cleveland has taken. Although Spain has neither made that apology nor even intimated that it would do so, Mr. Cleveland has decided that he will grant further time before making another demand, notwithstanding the efforts of Mr. Gresham to get him to agree to make a demand that would in plain English mean immediate apology or the forcible seizure of Cuba by the United States. He has gone even further, by issuing orders changing the previously arranged route of Admiral Meade's fleet so as to keep its vessels out of Cuban waters for the present, lest the presence of the ships might be construed by Spain into intimidation.

The demand for the recall of Mr. Thurston, the Hawaiian minister, meets with general condemnation, as the bit of personal spite that it was.

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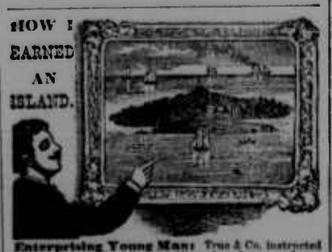

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Long experience enables me to locate tracts and millitary lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties, Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by forming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent, 9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,

Carriage, Sign and House Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.

Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention. 50-13t.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1895. NUMBER 4.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Surprise seed oats at City Roller Mills. 3-2t.

Bicycle for sale cheap. Address at once P. O. Box 127. 4-1t.

Mr. D. G. Smith spent Sunday with relatives at Terra Alta.

THE REPUBLICAN for good job printing. Make a note of this.

Mr. F. A. Sharpless, of Swanton, was an Oakland visitor Monday.

Sincell Bros. have just opened a large line ladies and gents furnishings.

Mr. Charles W. Bolden, of Oakland, has been granted an increase of pension.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Mr. G. A. Bolden, of Terra Alta, was in the city Saturday afternoon for a few hours.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

Sincell Bros. are making a special drive on dry goods, clothing and shoes for the spring trade.

Prof. R. G. Richardson, of Piedmont, W. Va., was here Monday and Tuesday visiting relatives.

Mr. James Monroe Wagner, of Thayerville, was a pleasant caller at this office Friday afternoon.

Mr. Thomas J. Peddicord was in Covington, Ky., several days last week on professional business.

You will find the largest and most complete line of clothing ever opened in Oakland at Sincell Bros.

Miss Maggie Tower went down to Cumberland Tuesday morning to remain a short time with friends.

P. J. Garrett and family, of Deer Park, were the guests of relatives in Oakland Sunday and Monday.

Mr. H. H. Mansbach, of Cumberland, was here Monday and Tuesday looking up trade in his line.

The Ladies' Aid Society of St. Paul's church is raising funds with which to repair the pastor's residence.

Bright, new and attractive dry goods in the latest styles can be found at Sincell Bros'. Dry Goods Store.

Send your check books to this office to be numbered. We have a special machine for just this class of work.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures scalds, burns, indolent sores and never fails to cure piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

It is with feelings of regret that we chronicle the serious illness of Mr. John T. Mitchell, a member of the Oakland bar.

Prof. Ed. A. Browning, of Cumberland, was in Oakland two or three days last and this week on a visit to relatives and friends.

Sick headache, constipation and indigestion are quickly cured by DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

The scholars and teachers of the Oakland school are engaged in practicing for a play to be given the week after Easter in Offutt's Hall.

Mr. Charles Edgar Brown, who is a brother to Mrs. D. I. Totten, of Oakland, was on Monday appointed postmaster at Cincinnati, Ohio.

Monday was moving day for quite a number of the residents of Oakland, and a more disagreeable day for such work could not be made to order.

On Monday Mr. Ed. H. Bartlett received notice from his class president that he was entitled to and had attained the third honorable mention in his class examinations. Ed was a hard student and no doubt was highly elated with his success in this particular.

Rev. J. Ed. Kildow, editor of the *Enterprise*, published at Beverly, West Va., was in Oakland Sunday on a visit to his mother and other relatives.

Mr. Thomas Hughes, a well-known resident of Wheeling, was in Oakland several days last week on a business and pleasure trip combined.

There will be regular preaching services in St. Mark's church next Sunday, morning and evening, conducted by the pastor, Rev. J. W. Butler.

Our patrons will find DeWitt's Little Early Risers a safe and reliable remedy for constipation, dyspepsia and liver complaints. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Schroeder and little daughter arrived in Oakland from Frederick City, Md., on last Friday night and are registered at the Glades.

Mr. J. M. Litzinger and ex-Senator Browning went down to Baltimore Tuesday morning to attend a meeting of the Democratic State Central Committee.

La Grippe is here again with all of its old time vigor. One Minute Cough Cure is a reliable remedy. It cures and cures quickly. Oakland Pharmacy.

A large congregation listened very attentively last Sunday night to a temperance sermon delivered by the Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot in St. Paul's M. E. church.

Miss Matthews has been east several days in the interest of M. L. Scott's Baltimore store. Look out for a large line of choice millinery first of next week. 4-1t.

W. T. Stanford, Station Agent of Leeper, Clarion Co. Pa., writes: I can recommend One Minute Cough Cure as the best I ever used. It gave instant relief and a quick cure Oakland Pharmacy.

Mrs. F. G. Hyde, accompanied by her sister, Miss Ella Cornelius, went to Kingwood, W. Va., Tuesday morning to spend a week as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Crane.

The stone work on ex-Judge Shellabarger's residence on the Deer Park road has been finished and Captain Jarboe has a large force of men at work on the frame of the building.

Work was commenced Friday on the foundations for Mr. John O. Michael's and Mr. John Shartzer's buildings on Second street. Also on Mr. D. M. Mason's residence on Third street extended.

Mr. Isaac A. Rinker, of Wilson, W. Va., has been in Oakland several days working up a branch of the Granite State Provident Association, of Manchester, N. H., and has met with some success.

A letter from Rev. Josiah Beeghley, dated at Sabetha, Kansas, March 27th, states that for four days previous the mercury registered from eighty to ninety-two degrees in the shade, and that the weather was extremely dry.

Mr. Amos Bittinger, of Bittinger, and Mr. Perry Bittinger, of McHenry, were in Oakland Friday and Saturday. These two gentlemen have purchased land near Mt. Lake Park, and will engage in farming this summer.

Mr. A. D. Naylor is engaged in building for David Martin a large bus to be used by him this summer in making trips to the Park. The bus will accommodate a large number of people and "Snap" expects to have a good trade.

WANTED — Quick, pupils for piano, organ, violin, vocal culture, elegant penmanship, elocution and dramatic reading. Private lessons or in class to suit the applicant. Can begin lessons any day at any hour. Pupils from a distance can secure boarding at an extremely reasonable figure. For terms and particulars, please address Mrs. H. A. Rasche, Oakland, Md. 48-13t.

Doctor H. R. Fish, of Gra[illegible] Mills, Mo., a practicing physici[illegible] of many years experience, wri[illegible] DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve has [illegible] equal for indolent sores, scalds [illegible] burns. It stops pain instan[illegible] heals a burn quickly and leave[illegible] scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, [illegible] Baltimore, has decided to l[illegible] permanently here in the town [illegible] Oakland, where he will be [illegible] equipped to perform in all bran[illegible] of his profession. Office with D[illegible] M. C. Hinebaugh. 35-1y.

W. Grant Martin, optician, h[illegible] located permanently in Oakla[illegible] and is prepared to examine eye[illegible] scientifically and adjust glasses w[illegible] unerring accuracy. All work guar[illegible] anteed. Office days: Monday and Saturday, in Pritchard building. 50-tf.

Messrs. W. S. Boody and W. F. Williams, two of the firm of Williams, Boody & Williams, the hotel contractors, left Oakland Sunday night for Philadelphia, Pa., where their general offices are located and where all their business will hereafter be transacted.

I recommend Chamberlains Pain Balm for rheumatism, lame back, sprains and swellings. There is no better liniment made. I have sold over 100 bottles of it this year and all were pleased who used it. J. F. Pierson, druggist, South Chicago, Ill. It if for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

If you want anything in the vehicle line, be sure you see A. D. Naylor's stock, and get prices and terms. A fine line of buggies, spring wagons, daytons and buck wagons on hand now, part of them bring Hagerstown hand made. Will have jump seat carriages, phaetons and carts on hand by April 10th. The finest line of vehicles that has ever been shown or kept in stock in Oakland. No trouble to show goods. 2-3t.

It will be an agreeable surprise to persons subject to attacts of bilious colic to learn that prompt relief may be had by taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Dirrhoea Remedy. In many instances the attack may be prevented by taking this remedy as soon as the first symptoms of the disease appear. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

We are informed that Governor Brown has before him for consideration petitions praying for the pardon of Samuel Swanger, who was convicted of killing his wife a few years ago at his home near Swanger's Mill, this county. It will be remembered that Swanger's trial was removed from this county to Allegany county and there convicted and sentenced to a term in the penitentiary.

Our better halves say they could not keep house without Chamberlains Cough Remedy. It is used in more than half the homes in Leeds, Sims Bros., Leeds, Iowa. This shows the esteem in which that remedy is held where it has been sold for years and is well known. Mothers have learned that there is nothing so good for colds, croup and whooping cough, that it cures these ailments quickly and permanently, and that it is pleasant and safe for children to take. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

On last Friday Sheriff Wegman went down to Great Cacapon, in West Virginia, and arrested Vincent Warnick on the charge of breaking in and stealing goods from the store of L. H. Friend at Swanton early last spring. Warnick was brought to Oakland on Saturday morning and made a confession, implicating Mr. John Ed. Barnard in the theft. Mr. Barnard was arrested Sunday and brought to Oakland, but later released on bail. He claims that he can prove an alibi and that Warnick implicated him in the theft in a spirit of maliciousness.

J. A. Richardson, of Jefferson City, Mo., chief enrolling force 38th general assembly of Missouri, writes: I wish to testify to the merits of One Minute Cough Cure. When other so-called cures failed, I obtained almost instant relief and a speedy cure by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. Oakland Pharmacy.

B. H. Bowman, Pub. Enquirer, of Bremen Ind., writes: Last week our little girl baby the only one we have was taken sick with croup. After two doctors failed to give relief and life was hanging on a mere thread we tried One Minute Cough Cure and its life was saved. Oakland Pharmacy.

We purchase new type almost weekly, and thus keep up with the latest fads in "the art preservative of all arts," and turn out work unexcelled by any printery between Baltimore and Wheeling. We also carry in stock over a hundred thousand envelopes and a million sheets of paper, and can furnish anything from a visiting card to a bound volume on the shortest notice. You have seen our work and know what it is, therefore why experiment with a shop having but a few fonts of type—the same styles discarded by us years ago as not being up to date and not suited to the tastes of those wanting stylish work. Send in your orders and they will have prompt attention.

Those who never read the advertisements in their newspaper miss more than they presume. Jonathan Kenison, of Bolan, Worth Co., Iowa who has been troubled with rheumatism in his back, arms and shoulders read an item in his paper about how a prominent German citizen of Ft. Madison had been cured. He procured the same medicine, and to use his own words: "It cured me right up." He also says: A neighbor and his wife were both sick in bed with rheumatism. Their boy was over to my house and he said they were so bad that he had to do the cooking. I told him of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and how it had cured me, he procured a bottle of it and it cured them up in a week. 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

If you have a tale of woe choke it off, step on it and ram it back into the skeleton closet and nail the door. The world loves you in sunshine and despises you in tears. Sometimes the temptation is very great to tell one's sorrows. It seems almost as if they might be cast aside in that way but you tell of your sorrow to your particular friend and in time it is the gossip of the town and you are justly blamed for not keeping your affairs to yourself. The world isn't anxious to hear of people's troubles: it has only time to jeer at them and wonder why, instead of talking about pleasant things, it is bored with stories of suffering.—Ex.

The Baltimore and Ohio railroad has issued instructions to ticket agents all along its line to continue after April 1st, to sell the usual half-fare tickets to all clergymen, officers of Salvation Army, Sisters of Charity, and missionaries, holding the regularly issued permits of the company, entitling them in this reduction in transportation rates. Several of the trunk lines had attempted to abolish this privilege, but after careful consideration by the officials of the Baltimore and Ohio road it was resolved to adhere to the liberal practice of the company in the past of this respect.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper, under the caption "We Loan Money." The Granite State Provident Association, which he is representing, is one of the strongest financial institutions in the country, and the largest building and loan association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management have developed it from nominal assets in 1889 to nearly $200,000,000 in 1895. Its style of doing business is such as to cause the U. S. Examiner, C. W. Thompson, who has for years been assigned to especially investigate loan and mortgage companies, to state that "For comprehensiveness, thoroughness, neatness and accuracy, its accounts are far superior to anything I ever saw or supposed possible." Those desiring to borrow, will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars. 4-1yr.*

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

Under date of March 28, a telegram to the Baltimore *News* says: Judge Edward Stake was much surprised to-day to learn that the Court of Appeals had sustained the Avirett inebriety act. He is very much opposed to the law, and says he has a better and far more effective remedy for the drunkards than the gold cure and that is the House of Correction. Last summer the court was petitioned to send a drunkard to the Keeley Institute here for treatment. Judge Stake said he would send him to the House of Correction, where he could get no liquor. This scared the petitioner, who asked his attorney to withdraw the petition. This Judge Stake refused, and further said if petitioner continued his drinking habits and become unruly he would send him to the House of Correction. Since that time the individual has not touched a drop of liquor. It is thought that the nominee for the House of Delegates next fall will be pledged for the repeal of the Avirett law; otherwise said a prominent Republican to-day they will be defeated. The sentiment in Washington county against the law is very strong."

Notice.

There will be a meeting of the stockholders of the Loch Lynn Store Company at Mt. Lake Park Thursday, April 11th, at 3 o'clock p. m., after the meeting of the Agricultural Society of Garrett county, to examine plans and receive proposals for the construction of suitable buildings in which to conduct the business of said company. This will be strictly a co-operative store, owned and operated by the farmers and mechanics of this county. The stock is divided into shares of ten dollars each and only paid by assessments of ten per cent. as needed to construct the buildings and purchase goods. If you subscribed for ten shares, which would be $100, you would only be required to pay in ten dollars at any one time. Stock holders are only liable to the amount they subscribe, and can pay for same in building material or work. They will receive dividends, not only on goods they purchase, but from goods sold to those who are not stockholders, which will amount to a great deal, especially during the summer season. We desire to distribute the stock among as many as possible, therefore no one person is permitted to take more than $500 worth. A great deal of this stock has already been taken. Only a limited number of shares will be issued. So if you want an interest in this company, send your name and amount you desire at once. First come, first served.

GEORGE P. WHITE, Pres.

Notice.

A meeting of the Loch Lynn Milling Company is called at Mt. Lake Park Depot next Thurday, April 11th, at 3 o'clock p. m., just after the meeting of the Garrett County Agricultural Society, to arrange for the construction of a roller process flour and grist mill. This mill will be owned and operated by the farmers of Garrett county. The capital stock is divided into shares of one hundred dollars ($100) each, and paid by assessments of 10 per cent. as needed to construct the building and purchase the machinery. Stockholders are only liable to the amount of their subscriptions and can pay for same in building material or work. It is intended to divide the stock up into small amounts among the farmers as far as possible, no one being allowed more than five shares.

All those expecting to raise wheat or desiring an interest in this mill, should send their names in by Thursday, the 11th inst., as all the stock will soon be taken.

LOCH LYNN MILLING CO.
HENRY BECKMAN, Pres.

In Memoriam.

Ernest Alvin, the bright little boy of Calvin and Elizabeth Michael, died March 29th, aged five years.

Farewell to my little Alvin,
God has called him up above,
To a world where there's no sorrow,
To the realm where all is love.

Home is sad, Oh, God! how dreary,
Lonely, lonesome every spot,
Listening for his voice till weary—
Weary, for we hear it not.

Fatal Accident.

Fred. Ott, an employe of the H. J. Wilmoth saw mill at Cleveland City, was fatally injured on Thursday afternoon of last week, dying in about five minutes after receiving his injuries. He was operating the cross cut saw which is driven by power; in some way he was caught and in a moment an arm was severed from the body, the saw cutting into the trunk and lacerating the vital organs. He was about 42 years of age and leaves a wife and three children, living on a small farm he owned nearby. Interment Saturday in Hostettler cemetery, Elder E. K. Hostettler officiating. —Meyersdale Commercial.

Wanted.

At Garthright's store, five car loads nice potatoes, for which will pay the highest cash or trade price. Selling off all woolen goods at cost; lots of hats, boots and shoes at cost and all the old stock of clothing. We have the best fine muslin ever offered at 6 cts. 3-3t.

Popular Excursion to Washington. Thursday, April 18.

The last of the series of popular excursions from this section to the National Capitol via B. & O. R. R. is announced for Thursday April 18th, when the same train arrangements and low rates that were in effect on the previous excursion will prevail. Those who have not taken advantage of the previous excursions should not fail to embrace this opportunity to see the National Capital. The severe weather of the past winter is over and the genial warmth of early spring will make traveling more comfortable. The public buildings, museums, art galleries and institutions, will all be open for free inspection and delightful side trips can be made to points of interest near by—Baltimore, Annapolis, Mt. Vernon and Richmond, are all within easy reach of the National Capital. A visitor's guide to Washington, issued by the B. & O. R. R. Co. giving a synopsis of the public buildings and attraction at the Capitol and details of the excursion, train schedule, rates, etc., can be had by applying to any B. & O. agent.

We give below a list of stations showing the time of traing and rates of fare:

LEAVE.	TIME. p. m.	TIME. a. m.	TIME. a. m.	RATE.
Terra Alta	9 01	.....	7 15	$6 45
Oakland	9 25	5 51	7 31	6 25
Piedmont	10 25	6 45	8 29	5 40

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

Tickets will be good ten days, and will be valid for passage from Washington to Baltimore at any time within the life of the ticket.

For Pullman Car accommodations and guide to points of interest in Washington, address nearest B. & O. Agent.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

MALETTE

Is Selling Everything In the Eating Line At way below Rock Bottom.

JEWELRY

At your Own Price.

Give us a Call.

THE REPUBLICAN

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

SIGN OF THE ARROW.

Calkins' Tale of Buried Treasure and a Strange Photographer.

The amateur photographer, the naturalist, Calkins and myself lounged on our blankets about the embers of the grease-wood campfire, silently enjoying an after-supper pipe. An owl hooted from the rocks near by.

"*Megascops Asic Bendirei.* 232. Bryant's schedule. Three dollars," remarked the naturalist, who viewed nature from a purely commercial standpoint as an aggregate of catalogued specimens of more or less value in the scientific market. He was a sub-collector for the "Johnsonian."

"By the way, to-morrow I'll show you a blue print of the—what was the name of the bird you got this morning?" inquired the amateur photographer.

"*Harporhynchus Secontei.* Bryant. 413. Two dollars," replied the naturalist.

"Yes, I'd forgotten. That's it, I dare say. There was a curious thing about that picture. When I took the plate from the bath, I noticed a liac dowa the bird's breast which I did not remember to have seen in the original when I propped him in position. At first I thought it must be some defect in the film, but there really was the line, plain enough, caused by a sort of semi-bald streak through the feathers. It was so distinctly marked, I wondered that I hadn't seen it before. It merely goes to show how much more accurate in matter of detail a camera's eye is than one's own."

"I seen that illustrated once in a strikin' kind of way," said the hitherto silent Calkins, slowly tapping the upturned toes of his boots with his empty pipe bowl, while he gazed into the fire lu an absent-minded way, "and I'd have made my everlastin' stake out of the business I'm speakiu' of if only my fool nature hadn't beeu too confidia'."

Calkins paused, and sighed deeply at this reminiscence of an injudicious trustfulness.

"The beginnin' of it happeaed nigh on to twenty years ago," he resuaed, in response to our request for the story, "one time when I'd beeu out prospectin' 'round about San Felippe, and was on my way in for more grub and powder and a new outfit of tools. It was a sizzlin' hot September afteruoon, and I was takiu' it kiud of easy, havin' nothin' much to hurry me, and was jogging along on my mule just fast enough to keep my pack-burro movin' on ahead of me. The sand was heavy and the sun bore down like a hot weight. You could just see the heat vibratin' up from the sand and rocks all about in quivery, dancin' lines, and way off, toward where the desert and the sky come together, was little patches of rock held up in the air by the mire-age. The trail I was travelin' run along the base of some steep, dirty-white limestone hills, all broke up and crumblin' from the weather, and as dry and bare as an ash-heap. They caught all the heat there was goin', and jammed it over at you till you was near gaspin'.

"I was gazin' up in the air, shadin' my eyes the best I could, to find how much the sun had dropped since I'd looked last, when I see, 'way up above the trail, half a mile ahead, what at first sight—with my eyes bein' dazzled—I took for a little floatin' cloud. Then, next minute when I see it keep sailin' 'round in a circle, and each time it made a round droppin' a little lower, I knew it wa'n't no cloud, but a bird, just one of them big California vultures, nine feet from tip to tip of his wings, if he was an inch."

"Really, now," interrupted the naturalist, with the deepest interest, "*Pseudogryphus Californianus.* 324 Belcher's schedule — rare — no price quoted."

"Maybe," said Calkins, in a tone of indulgence, though scarcely heeding the interruption. "He was a fine sight to see, I can tell you, sailin' 'round up there like he owned things in general and was out inspectin' his property. As I've said, he kept slowly droppin', each time he swung 'round, and each circle he made was narrower'n the last one. I knew from the way he carried on there was somethin' dead lying about on the line of the trail ahead of me. Then all to once the pack burro pricked her ears out forward, snorted and crowded 'round back on the trail, and my mule got to tremblin' and come to a dead stop. I hollered to the jenny and headed her off as she was stampedin' back the way we'd come, and when I'd got her cornered in among some rocks, I hitched her and the mule short up to a bowlder and walked back to see what had scared 'em.

"I didn't wonder they was rattled when I seen what it was. There, lying sprawled out on his back across the trail, shot through the head, was a man with his face turned up to the sun, his lips all turned blue, and drawn back from what teeth he had, and his eyes all glazed and starin'. One arm was bent under him, and the other stretched out straight, with the fingers bent in a clutch like a hawk's claw. He must have been lyin' there stone dead for a week, just shrinkin' and dryin' up in the sun, like all dead things do, out on the desert.

"I see just in a minute who the man was lyin' there, he havin' been pretty well known in them parts, and havin' a scarred, scowlin' kind of face, which you didn't need to see more'n once to recollect it. Him and his brother'd lived for the past five years up in among the *pinon* timber, way back on the upper slope of the same range of hills, alongside of which I was travelin', and there wa'n't but few men between the Colorado and White Water as could speak of 'em without gettin' mad clean through, though they didn't care much to meddle with 'em really, bein' mostly just good long-distauce talkers. One brother'd been killed the spring before, while acting sort of fresh at an Indian *fiesta*, and now here was the other one laid out, too. There'd been somethin' of a mystery about them two brothers, but more 'specially about the four or five men, who'd gone up, different times, near their cabin, and never'd been afterwards anyways heard from. Then, too, there'd been considerable conjecturin' as to them brothers bein' the ones that had got clean off with a good many express boxes and mail sacks from the desert stage lines, and if they was, as to what they'd ever done with the coin and bullion they must have collected. They never was known to spend nothin', and so it was generally allowed they must have it all on hand cached somewheres.

"Havin' all these ideas runnin' through my head, and bein', though you mightn't think it, naturally curious-minded, and willin' to take no end of trouble to find out about things, no matter how triflin', which I didn't know and took interest in, as I stood there with the shadow of the vulture movin' like a little cloud over the sand—he not seemin' half so much scared at me bein' there as I'd been expectin', and sort of wished he had—I got to ponderin' and plannin'.

"'Why not,' says I to myself, 'go on up to the cabin among the *pinons*, and examine into things up there, now there's nobody to hinder?'

"Havin' concluded I'd make the trip, I didn't waste no time in startin', and, by hustlin' along pretty lively, I managed to round-up at the cabin a little after sundown. It seemed a gloomy kind of place to stop at, lookin' a long ways dismaler than the bare, hot saad and rocks of the desert down below Nothing all round but a low, scatterin' growth of scrubby *pinons*, just thick enough to shut out the view any way you'd look. There was a low, two-roomed cabin, with the mud all droppin' out of the chinks and the bark peelin' off the logs; a brush shed for stock and a little shake granary, with a warped door haugin' askew on one leather hinge.

"Havin' unsaddled, and taken off the pack, and turned the animals loose to pick up what feed they could, I didn't wait to get supper, but started right in inspectin' the premises. There was a room in each end of the cabin, with an open space between 'em, just covered in from the weather by the roof, and some shakes nailed up across the north side to keep out the worst of the wind. Here the only furnishin' was a three-legged stool, an old saddle-tree and a stirrup-leather hung up on pegs, a broken piece of lookin'-glass and a ragged, moth-eaten coyote skin tacked on the wall. I picked up a candle-end and went in next to the room they'd used for a kitchen, and commenced carefully investigatin', all nerved up to strike anything from bones to bullion. It didn't take me long, though, to finish up in there, seein' nothin', aside from a lot of dirt and old meat cans, but a table, a bench and a few greasy-lookin' cookin' things blackened by the fire. Then I tried the bunk-room opposite, but found nothin' there but some ragged beddin' in the bunks, two broken-down chairs and a dirty corner-shelf on which was an empty bottle with a candle stuck in it, an old bone comb and a grimy pack of cards.

"I was gettin' discouraged, and tired, and hungry, and was just leavin' to start up a fire and get supper, when I lowered my candle to look under the bunks, as a sort of finishin' up for the night of my examination, and there, under one of 'em, I see a big board box, painted red and bound with rusty hoop-iron. Then I forgot all about eatin', and my curiosity got to workin' right away. I set the candle down on the floor, and, after considerable tuggin', got the box slid out to where I could get at it. The lock was gone, all but the hasp, and the lid was only fastened down with a hair-rope lashin'. I unhitched that in just no time at all, and took off the top of the box, bein' all of a tremble with excitement.

"At first sight of the contents I was considerable disappointed. Aside from some rusty iron junk in the bottom of the box, there was just a lot of old flaunel shirts and a faded canvus coat wrapped 'round a five-pound tinkin'-powder can. Inside the can there was a piece of *rancheria*—tanned buckskin, done up in a roll. I was puttin' this back again, feelin' discouraged all through, when I see there was some blurry lines and letters drawn on it in ink, and I unrolled it near the candle to have a better look. It was meant for a map plain enough, but of what, first along, I couldn't make out. There was a zig-zaggy shaded line meant to represent hills, with a 'T' at one end of 'em, and 'W W' at the other, and underneath this was a drawin' of what I made out to be a big rock with an arrow marked on it, with the head pointin' down, and the figures '9'—'3.' That was all, exceptin' a little red-ink cross marked up in a deep *rincon* in the hills. I quit looking out for anything else that night, and after I'd got supper, put in my time puzzlin' away at the meanin' of the map, and went to sleep still puzzlin'.

"In the morniu', first thing, I started in again, and then, in a flash, the whole thing comes to me. Everything seemed so plain, I just wondered then I hadn't seen it all at first sight. 'T' was Torros station, and 'W W,' White Water, and the crooked, shaded line was the hills borderin' on the desert, between the two places. I'd known the whole country thereabouts for years, and recognized every little bend and corner in the hills where they'd tried to set 'em out on the map. Then I see the little red cross was just meant to locate the rock, with the arrow and the figures marked on it. Now I was on the right trail, it didn't take me long to work it all out. Under that there rock was the coin and bullion which folks had been conjecturin' about. '9' meant nine feet out from where the arrow pointed down, and '3' meant three feet deep in the ground. That was where the plunder was.

"Well, as you can easy understand' I didn't waste much time when once I'd struck this lead in startin' in to realize, and I went stumblin' down that trail from the cabin at a gait which astonished the mule and worried the jenny considerable. But findin' treasure on a map and locatin' it on the ground, I soon see was two very different things. I'd worked out the first proposition all right enough, but when I'd tackled the second, I found I had a bigger contract on my hands than I'd been calculatin' on. I hadn't no trouble in hittin' on the *rincon*, marked by the red-ink cross; but there was ledges and rocky bluffs for miles each way, and though I put in a week huntin' for that big rock with the sign of the arrow, I wa'n't any wiser when I quit than when I started in, and at last I give up beat and went in off the desert for the winter.

"Now, though I'd give up, it was only for the time bein', and I still kept the map with me wherever I went, meanin' some day to go back; but one thing after another kept comin' up to hinder, and it was nigh on to three years before I ever set foot in that *rincon* again.

"My next trip there come about this way. Early one May afternoon, I got into the White Water station and found a fat man, with a long curly beard and a sociable sort of way with him, monkeyin' with some little rolled-up papers just outside the brush-porch in front. He said they was photographs he was dryin' off, he bein' a professional, hired—so he claimed—by some concern to make pictures of anything remarkable he run against down in that country. He wa'n't no ways particular what he photographed—so it looked to me—for he made a point of takin' a picture of me and my mule and the burro quick as we'd got in, and that led up to our gettin' tolerable friendly right away.

"He began spreadin' out his pictures, and I stood by talkin' and lookin' 'em over kind of careless like, till he give me one of a big palm tree, growin' just in front of a steep, rocky bluff. Then I stopped short in the middle of what I was sayin', and for a minute couldn't speak, I was so dumfoundered, for on that rock in the picture, standin' out plain among the cleavage lines, was the figure of an arrow pointin' to the ground.

"I gave a gasp, and the photo-grapher looked up surprised, inquirin' what the matter was. When I asked him, he described the place where he took the picture the best way he could, and before ever he'd got half through, I see plain enough he was speakiu' of the *rincon* marked by the little red-ink cross on the map. I must have been by that same ledge at least half a dozen times, without ever seein' the arrow, bein' as it was so all mixed up with the weather cracks, and crisscross lines on the rocks. I pointed out the arrow, which he'd no notion of bein' there till I showed it to him, and then he seemed pretty near as much surprised as I was, and asked no end of questions about what I knew bearin' on the subject.

"Bein' sort of unstrung with excitement, and he seemin' terrible friendly and interested, and the sort of man generally you could tie to and trust in, and me bein' naturally, perhaps, overconfidin', I started right in and gave him the whole business, windin' up by showin' him the map. Finally it come to this: He agreed to take me 'round to the rocks in the mornin' early, in a light pole buckboard he was travelin' about the country in—it bein' a trip of only ten or twelve miles from where we was talkin'—and we was to divide even up what we found there, we both of us allowin' there'd ought to be, from all accounts, more'n enough for two.

"I was up before daylight—the moon just goin' down—potterin' 'round to get things ready for an early start, and was some surprised not to find the photographer's sorrel team tied up alongside my mule, when I went into the stable shed to feed him, where I'd seen 'em night before. Then I noticed, with a sort of misgivin', that there wa'n't no sign of the buckboard, which I'd last seen standin' out in front. Pretty quick the hostler come out, rubbin' his eyes and pickin' out straws from his hair, and when I asked about the sorrels and the buckboard, he said the photographer'd hitched up and pulled out night before just after I'd turned in.

"Well, of course, I seen then right away how it was. That fat, sociable photo-graphin' scut had just gone off on the quiet to rake in the plunder for himself, not wantin' no dividin' when he'd struck a good thing.

"Naturally, I saddled up right away, and went off on a lope, hopin' to strike the *rincon* before he'd got away, and try'n' make his stay there interestin' for him; but he had too much the start, and when at last I got to the rock with the palm tree in front, there was the sign of the arrow plain enough, and I knew where to look, but nothin' else left of what I'd been plannin' and dreamin' about for all them years but a new hole in the ground, two stove-in express boxes and a dull-colored twenty lyin' on the new-dug dirt, where he'd dropped and overlooked it in his hurry to make his clean-up and get well away.

"I was so sort of worked up and deathly disappointed and mad all through that when the little dickey-bird roostin' on some brush near the palm commenced warblin' like he was celebratin' my being done up that way—"

"Doubtless *Melospiza Fasciata Fallax.* 19. Lehman. Thirty-five cents," interposed the naturalist.

"Like enough," continued Calkins. "Well, his warblin' riled me that much that before I'd thought—havin' nothin else handy—I'd hove the twenty at him, and couldn't find it afterwards.

"I made inquiries for that insinuatin' photo-grapher, lookin' to see him again, if only for just once, but I never learned nothin' more about him or the treasure.

"That's my story, gen'lemen," concluded Calkins, rising. "It's gettin' late, and I reckon I'll turn in."—Edmund Stuart Roche, in San Francisco Argonaut.

FASHIONS IN JEWELRY.

Brooches and Watch Chatelaines to Be of New Designs This Season.

"Spring and fall fashions are as well recognized episodes in our trade as with those who deal in gowns and bonnets," said a Broadway jeweler who had been brought to discuss modish jewelry of the very near future, and to reveal from his strong box tiny tissue paper parcels containing many thousand dollars' worth of precious freight. "Twice every year," he went on, "we try to rejuvenate certain patterns and revive or reintroduce some forgotten stone. In the spring and autumn women whose weddings or anniversaries fall in those seasons, and whose pocket-books are sure then to be at the high tide of fulness, bring us our paying patronage, and we must be ready for them. This time we are working on new designs for brooches and watch chatelaines, for the brooch has wholly superseded the stick pin. Every six months capricious femininity wishes to carry her watch at a new angle. All the ordinary chatelaines will soon be set aside to make way for the chain and double pin from which the various begemmed little timekeepers will hang. The chain is of gold or silver, and, about four inches long. At either end is a stout decorative pin that holds with strong clasps, and, when caught on the shoulder of a gown, carry the watch suspended on the chain between them. The pattern for these pins consists of twin gold eagles, which have come to take the place of the long-suffering dragon, while on the watches themselves we are now enamelling white swans, bearing pointed coronets of diamonds on their heads.

"Instead of twin hearts the new brooches are to be small and large jewelled circles, lapping one upon another, circles of diamonds and rubies, turquoise and pearls, or water opals and sapphires. But our most earnest effort will be to introduce again to feminine favor the wearing of beads, than which there was never a prettier fashion. Pearls, of course, are always worn, but from Naples are coming strings of big coral beads, some as richly red as the sun-warmed side of a peach, or faintly pink as primroses. The necklaces we make in five or seven strands are meant to clasp outside the collar of a silk or gingham dress. Amber beads are strung into high close collarettes, caught up at intervals with narrow latches of gold delicately repoussed in patterns of flowers. In Paris the jewellers have combined with the dressmakers to bring green prominently into fashion by using beads cut from an opaque green stone. These are highly polished, strung with small gold balls, and worn as many as twelve strands in a necklace.

"But the novelty of the season is sure to be the harlequin cat's-eyes, that have not before been seen in New York, and merit all the admiration they receive. Shaded in translucent tones of rose and golden brown they show an arc of white light at every turn, and charmingly dappled in yellow and pink they need no other stone to set them off, and their wearing is supposed to insure good luck and fair weather."—N. Y. Sun.

A PRETTY SCRAP BAG.

Gather Turkish Towels at the Top and Leave the Fringe Hanging.

"Mother's work basket" usually catches all the odds and ends of scraps and snippings about the sitting-room, much to the discomfiture of the tired woman when she goes to look for something in a hurry and has to fish for half an hour to get it out from the mess.

It isn't fair to harass her that way, and here is something to help you avoid it, says an eastern exchange. Make a bag of one of the pretty dark Turkish towels, leaving the fringed ends at the bottom and running a drawstring of some cast-off bright ribbon at the top; or make a bag out of strips of bright silk, or a yet stronger one of narrow-striped ticking, which you can embellish with feather-stitching in bright wools. This bag can be hung by the mantel, in an obscure corner, or from a nail driven on the under side of the sewing table. It will be a splendid catch-all, and will save a lot of ill-temper, for embroidery silk and scissors will not get too intimate in it, and the particular button wanted will not be under half a ton of undarned stockings, gloves to mend, and tops and balls and other bric-a-brac. Little helps of that kind save a lot of trouble.—Chicago Mail.

To Renovate a Couch.

Old couches that it would not be profitable to pay the upholsterer to recover can often be rejuvenated at home, if over them there is put a fresh cover of chintz, sateen, corduroy or mohair furniture plush. If the sofa or couch has a back, which it is difficult to manage on the new plan, take it off. Make the new cover wide enough to nearly touch the floor at the foot and across the front, and long enough to press deep into the crease between the seat and the raised head, if it has one. Put a frill around it or not as you like best. Long hat-pins are a convenience in holding the covers in place. Upholsterers, when draping on a cover, gather up a large rosette on it at each corner of the foot, and tie it in place with linen thread, flattening it and shaping with a few stitches if necessary. The pillows added, if pretty, make one quite blind to the covering, if it is only of the right color.—N. Y. Post.

Tasteful Sofa Pillow.

A lovely sofa pillow is made of fine grey linen. Embroider the entire surface with tiny forget-me-nots in pale blue embroidery silks. Sew a tiny bowknot of Tom Thumb ribbon around the stems of each cluster of flowers, as if it were tying them together. Finish the edge of the cushion with a light blue silk cord.—Philadelphia Press.

Loved to See Her Happy.

Little Boy—I love to see you happy, Fond Mother—My own little angel! Little Boy—Yes'm. I wish you'd let me go skating oftener, because you always look so happy when I come back alive.—Good News.

ON SMALL MEANS.

How to Dress Well With But Little Money.

When there is very little money to be spent on clothes it must be spent judiciously and carefully, and it is quite a vexed question as to whether it pays to make over old gowns. The necessary trimming to make them look fresh and smart is a serious item, and more time is often required to make over a gown than to have a new one made.

Two entirely new gowns in the winter and four in the summer, well fitted and well hung, and, above all, well sewed, will, with old ones remodeled in the house, give a woman a wardrobe sufficient for ordinary use. There are plenty of cheap dressmakers in New York who can fit very well, who have quite a knack at hanging skirts. From ten to fifteen dollars is their charge for making a gown, and some can even make one for eight. These dressmakers do not live in convenient localities, as may readily be imagined, for if they did they could never afford to make gowns at such reasonable rates. Five dollars for linings goes a long way toward getting all that is necessary, but this part must not be intrusted to the dressmaker, who certainly can not afford to have her apprentices take the time and car fare necessary to buy these things without adding some small commission to the original price of the goods.

A smart jacket and hat, both for summer and winter, are absolutely necessary in every woman's outfit. Coats and jackets are beyond the skill of dressmakers; they had better be bought in any of the shops where twice a year there are also sales, at very much reduced prices, of extremely well cut garments. For eight and ten dollars jackets of very stylish cut can be found, but these must be altered to fit. If a woman has any taste at millinery she can trim her own hats for far less money than she can buy them ready-made, but it is a very good investment to pay eight or ten dollars, spring and fall, for one stunning hat, which must be becoming; and in this connection it is as well to remember that a hat which is becoming to the full face is often terribly trying to the profile, and just as much care must be taken for the side as the front view. Picturesque effects are much to be avoided by the woman who has only a small allowance for dress. It is the women who spend thousands a year who can best afford to go in for big hats, outre garments, indeed, anything conspicuous. The fashions of picturesque hats and clothes generally are very fleeting, and nothing is more depressing than to put all one's money into some article of raiment so conspicuous that one is known by it for the months one is doomed to wear it.—Harper's Bazar.

THE NEW MAN.

Incident of the Day When Women Shall Carry the Latchkeys.

"Er—Mildred," he said a trifle nervously, as his better half laid down the morning's paper, and, lighting a cigarette, prepared for her departure to the city, "Mildred, dear, do you think you could spare me a little money to-day?"

His wife glanced at him impatiently. "What, again, George?" she said: "Why, I only gave you your housekeeping allowance on—let me see—Thursday, wasn't it? Really, some of you men seem to think we women are made of money."

"You forget, my dear," he remarked, "there are girl's wages, and the water rate, and the children both want new boots."

"Didn't I give you the money for that?" she asked.

"No, dear, that was for the flannel for little Milly's warm petticoats I'm making."

"Besides, dear, I—don't be angry, will you?—I saw such a cheap pair of trousers at the winter clearance sale yesterday that I couldn't resist buying them, and you know I've hardly a rag to my back."

"Always your cry, George," she said angrily. "Really your extravagance in dress is something sinful; it is a pity you haven't got to go and earn the money; you'd know its value then. Here take this, and for goodness sake do try and pay some of your household bills with it and not frivol the money away on a lot of trash."

There's a dear, good, darling wife," he cried joyfully; "let me help my Mildred on with her coat," he added, following her into the hall. "What time will you be home?"

"Can't say, I'm sure," she answered. "I've got a lot to attend to at the office to-day, and I shall drop into the club for an hour or so after. So you needn't wait dinner."

"O, that'll be nice!" he responded. "I've got my woman coming to wash to-day and the girls and I are going to put up clean curtains and things. Give me a kiss, dearest! there—there's your 'bus going now."

And as the breadwinner dashed out after the passing vehicle George blew her a parting kiss and went upstairs to bathe the children.—Chicago Tribune.

Cause for Joy.

Oneman—You look happy over something?

Tother—I am happy. We have a new girl at our house.

"Ah, let me congratulate you. I suppose you'd be happier if it were a boy?"

"Not much. It's the only girl we have ever had that knew her place and kept it and knew her business and attended to it. And we have to pay her only two and a half a week."

"Oh—uh—er—let me congratulate you more than ever."—Detroit Free Press.

Getting Even.

Friend—Moved back to the city, I see.

Suburban Resident—Yes. A human porker bought the vacant lot next door to me, stuck up his house close to the street, and built a barn alongside of my windows.

"What have you done with the property?"

"Rented it to a man who plays a bass horn."—N. Y. Weekly.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—There are 35,000 children under 14 years of age in Chicago not in any school.

—The oldest Protestant church in the United States is St. Luke's, near Smithfield, Va. It was built in 1632.

—The estimated value of educational institutions in the United States owned by the Lutheran church is $4,889,550.

—Rev. Dr. Bruce, a pioneer missionary among the Moslems of Persia, has resigned after thirty-six years' service.

—Maine Endeavorers are jubilant over the completion of Christian Endeavor Cottage as a home for homeless boys, at East Fairfield. The cottage cost $2,600, and is entirely the gift of the Endeavorers of Maine.

—About six hundred women doctors have graduated from the medical colleges in Russia during the fifteen years they have existed. Of these about one-third practice as doctors among the peasants in the provinces; some are district doctors, some are attached to the school and sanitary institutions, and others are in private practice.

—J. Takasusu, a Japanese A. B. of Oxford, has translated into English a description of India and the Malay Islands, written twelve hundred years ago by I. Tsing, a Chinese Buddhist priest. The book describes the monastic life observed by the author in India, and contains a great deal of information about geography, chronology, and literature.

—In Prussia the Roman Catholic church seems to retain its vitality. In 1872 there were in the kingdom 914 conventual establishments, with 8,795 members; three years later, in consequence of the repressive legislation of the "May laws," over a third of the institutions were dissolved, but in 1893 we find 1,215 establishments, with 14,044 monks and nuns.

—Recent discoveries in Palestine have made more clear the secular use of the terms "deacon" and "bishop" before the establishment of Christianity. Texts and inscriptions have been found with mention of diaconoi as being certain subordinate civil officers. Episcopoi or overseers were functionaries of a higher grade under the Roman regime, and several lists of these have been found.

—By the death of Prof. Sir J. R. Seeley less than three months after Mr. Froude, Lord Roseberry is called upon to fill the Regius Professorship of History at Cambridge, as well as that at Oxford. Though Prof. Seeley's fame with the general public rests on his "Ecce Homo," and "The Expansion of England," his best contributions to history are the "Introduction to the First Book of Livy," and the "Life of Stein."

—The Church Missionary Society of England, which is in a very flourishing state, has been taking a forward step. A thousand a year is spent in securing the entire service of two clergymen and one layman, who are to act as missionary deputations of a new type. They will seek not so much to give missionary information as to speak on the general duty of the Christian church toward foreign missions.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Podner—I've got a gnawing in my stomach. Lane Walker—You're lucky. There's nothing in mine to gnaw.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

—First Robber—Bill, de noospapers has printed our pictures. Second Robber—Den let's quit hidin'; nobody will know us now.—Syracuse Post.

—He—Say, old woman, what do you think of the splendid view? She—I am speechless. He—Speechless? Then we'll stay!—Basler Nachrichten.

—Perhaps the most unconscious liar extant is the individual who tells of the large number of umbrellas he loses in the course of a year.—Washington Post.

—Tommy—Paw, if the lion is the king of beasts, what is the rhinoceros? Mr. Figg—The politician, of course. His hide is two inches thick.—Indianapolis Journal.

—Visitor—Do you always write with a bottle of champagne before you? Novelist—Oh, no! But my hero and heroine have just become engaged.—Fliegende Blatter.

—A Lively Time—She—I was playing whist also last night. It was the first meeting of our young ladies' whist club. He—I wondered what made you so hoarse.—Brooklyn Life.

—"Can the baby talk yet, Mr. Prancer?" "No; but he can count all right." "Are you sure?" "Yes'm; whenever the clock strikes two he begins to cry to get up."—Los Angeles Times.

—Sheriff (on the morning of the execution)—Was the prisoner impudent when you told him to get ready for the scaffold? Deputy—Er—he—told me he'd be hanged if he would.—Buffalo Courier.

—"How did Oldtimer like the act of the lion tamer?" asked the circus proprietor. "He was bored to death. You see, he used to be the manager of an opera company with three prima donnas in it."—Washington Star.

—Pushalong—This is the second five you've asked for in a week. That's pretty quick work; quicker than lightning. Thespieus—How do you mean? Pushalong—Lightning never strikes twice in the same place.—Harlem Life.

—Landlady—Why didn't you ring the dinner bell, Minna? Servant maid I couldn't find it, ma'am. Landlady—I told you it was hanging in the hall. Servant maid—Excuse me, ma'am, you told me only this morning that it was the breakfast bell.—Eulenspiegel.

—O'Money—I'm a lucky devil. A thief got into my room last night and robbed me. Hobbs—I can't see that that's lucky. O'Money—But don't you see, he did't get anything but unreceipted bills, and so he got himself into debt. See?—Philadelphia Record.

—Transferred, but Not Misplaced.—A Lacon, Ill., boy stole a

PAINLESS FILLING,

dentist sign, and nailed it over the door of a restaurant.—Printer's Ink.

MICHIGAN'S BENEFACTOR

An Oft Repeated Story of True Philanthropy.

What Chas. H. Hackley Has Done for Western Michigan.

(From Grand Rapids, Mich., Evening Press.)

The most beautiful spot in all this city is inseparably associated with the name of Hackley. Chas. H. Hackley has been in the lumber business here continuously since 1856 and in that time has amassed a fortune which gives him rating among the wealthy men of the nation. But with wealth there did not come that tightening of the purse strings which is generally a marked characteristic of wealthy men.

It is not a wonder then that the name of Charles H. Hackley is known at home and abroad. His munificence to Muskegon alone represents an outlay of nearly half a million. For the past twenty years he has been a constant sufferer from neuralgia and rheumatism, also numbness of the lower limbs, so much so that it has seriously interfered with his pleasure in life. For some time past his friends have noticed that he has seemed to grow young again and to have recovered the health which he had in youth.

To a reporter for the Press Mr. Hackley explained the secret of this transformation. "I have suffered for over 20 years," he said, "with pains in my lower limbs so severely, that the only relief I could get at night was by putting cold water compresses on my limbs. I was bothered more at night than in the day time. The neuralgic and rheumatic pains in my limbs, which had been growing in intensity for years, finally became chronic. I made three trips to the Hot Springs with only partial relief and then fell back to my original state. I couldn't sit still and my sufferings began to make life look very blue. Two years ago last September I noticed an account of Dr Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and what they had done for others, and some cases so nearly resembled mine that I was interested, so I wrote to one who had given a testimonial, an eminent professor of music in Canada. The reply I received was even stronger than the printed testimonial and it gave me faith in the medicine.

"I began taking the pills and found them to be all that the professor had told me they would be. It was two or three months before I experienced any perceptible betterment of my condition. My disease was of such long standing that I did not expect speedy recovery and was thankful even to be relieved. I progressed rapidly, however, towards recovery and for the last six months have felt myself a perfectly well man. I have recommended the pills to many people and am only too glad to assist others to health through the medium of this wonderful medicine. I cannot say too much for what it has done for me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c. per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

BUTTONS—"The count gave me a dollar to tell him truthfully if Miss de Riche was at home." The Maid—"And did you?" Buttons—"Not much! I told Miss de Riche about it, and she gave me a dollar to tell him she was out."—Brooklyn Life.

The Hot Springs of South Dakota.

The following letter from Mr. W. M. Tyson, Commander of the Pennsylvania Soldier and Sailors' Home at Erie, Pa., written on his return home, after a stay of some weeks at Hot Springs, South Dakota, indicates that the Springs are in a fair way to become one of the leading health resorts of the country

ERIE, PA., Feb. 28, 1895.

Col. FRED EVANS, Prop.,
"Evans Hotel," Hot Springs, S. D.

Dear Sir: Among the many who have been benefited by treatment at the Hot Springs, S. D., and have experienced courteous hospitality at your hands, I claim the right to say a word in behalf of the Springs as a health resort, and cannot do better than to state the facts in my own case.

I left Erie, Pa., about November 1, 1894, my friends at the time doubting whether I would ever recover my health. I arrived at Hot Springs so weak and disheartened that it required aid to leave the cars and reach the hotel. For the first two weeks I felt no improvement. Then I experienced a change, which continued until my departure, and returned to my home very much stronger, and almost free from pain.

I do not hesitate to say to anyone seeking relief from pain, and desiring rest, that I do not believe there is any place where an invalid can go and find so many advantages, such as healing waters, pure air, grand mountain scenery and comfortable hotel accommodations, as Hot Springs, S. D. The elegant Evans Hotel is equipped with every provision for comfort, and all that goes to make one feel at home. I am so thoroughly convinced of the many advantages to be found at your location, that it is a pleasure for me to recommend the Hot Springs to invalids, and to those seeking amusement as well as health.

Wishing you every success, and that Hot Springs may become better known and appreciated, I am Truly yours,

(Signed) W. M. TYSON.

The Hot Springs of South Dakota are reached directly by the Burlington Route.

Warmth in a Snowdrift.

A well-known authority gives the following advice to a person exposed to intense cold and unable to reach any place of shelter: "The moment he finds his strength failing, he should look out for a snowdrift, sheltered from the wind by a hill, or some other object, and at once scrape a hole in it large enough for his body and then crawl into it. The snow will shelter him from the cold and wind and keep him warm. Human beings and sheep have lain for days this way and been saved, and generally it is the only chance.—N. Y. Tribune.

—An earthquake is not made up of blows at all. It is a continuous series of intricate twistings and oscillations in all possible directions, up and down, east and west, north and south, of the irregularity both in intensity and direction. Frequently it is quite impossible to find among these any single impulse at all adequate to do the damage which is actually observed. This damage is not done by a blow. It is done by the combination of many small motions and twistings taking place in many directions.

—Handicapped—Tramper—Don't go in that house. Rags—Why not? Won't they give you feed? Tramper—Plenty of it, and good, but they handicap it. Rags—How? Tramper—They make you wash before meals.—Detroit Free Press.

—The article on chivalry in the "Encyclopedia Britannica" was written by Sir Walter Scott, and is perhaps the best resume of the subject ever given to the public.

—The order of the Slaves of Virtue was a decoration for the noble ladies of Germany. It was founded in 1662.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

—Breakfast Potatoes.—Cook thin slices of peeled potatoes in so little salted water that it will be evaporated when the potatoes are done, add pepper, butter, a little sweet cream and more salt if necessary. Serve hot.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Bread-Crumb Cakes.—Make a nice and delicate breakfast dish. The crumbs should be rolled fine and well soaked in warm milk. When soft, mix into a batter by the addition of flour, more milk and one or two beaten eggs. Add salt and baking powder, beat thoroughly, bake brown and serve with maple sirup.—Country Gentleman.

—Cottage Pudding.—Beat together well, two eggs and one-half cupful of sugar. Add three tablespoonfuls of soft butter, and beat again. Add one cupful of milk, alternating with two cupfuls of flour, into which has been mixed two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in a round or square tin pan. Serve with egg sauce or strawberry sauce.—Good Housekeeping.

—Stair Carpets.—Slips of paper should always be placed over the edges of the stairs under the carpet. This will diminish the friction between the carpet and the boards beneath it. The strips should be in length within an inch or two of the width of the carpet, and four or five inches in breadth. This simple expedient will preserve the carpet half as long again as it would last without the strips.—Leeds Mercury.

—Lemon Cake—Four cups of flour, five eggs, three cups sugar, one cup of butter, one of milk, one teaspoonful soda, the peel and juice of two lemons. Mix the sugar and butter, grate the lemons and squeeze the juice on the sugar. Add the eggs, then the flour and milk, first one, then the other, putting in slowly. Dissolve the soda in the milk. Use the same sized cup in measuring.—Mrs. Homer Foot, in Home.

—Pudding Sauce.—One pint of water made into a smooth starch with a heaping tablespoon flour. Cook ten minutes, strain if necessary, sweeten to taste, and pour on it one tablespoon butter and juice of a lemon or other flavoring. If lemon is not used add one tablespoon vinegar. This can be made richer by using more butter and sugar; stir them to a cream with the flavoring, then add the starch.—Prairie Farmer.

—Halibut.—Cut very fine two pounds of uncooked halibut; put it in a bowl and pound with a wooden masher, adding gradually the unbeaten whites of three eggs, and then one gill of cream, one teaspoonful of salt, a dash of cayenne. Form into egg-shaped quenelle. Have ready a pan of smoking hot oil. Dip each quenelle in beaten egg and drop it in the hot oil. When it is of a nice brown, remove, place on a paper to drain, then serve. Each must be taken from the beaten egg and dropped carefully at once into the oil.—Western Rural.

—Creamed Codfish.—Remove the bones and skin and flake a cupful of the fish. Put it into a sauce-pan, cover with cold water and set it on the back of the stove where it will keep warm, but not boiling, till softened. If very salt the water will have to be changed, covering it the second time with warm water. Drain thoroughly in a sieve. Put a generous tablespoonful of butter into a sauce-pan, when melted add one tablespoonful of flour, stir till smooth, but not brown, gradually add one cup of rich milk, stir till smooth, then add the fish; let it heat thoroughly and then add the well-beaten yolks of three or four eggs. Let it cook till it thickens, stirring constantly.—Boston Budget.

THE STORY OF A CLIPPER.

She Sailed Like a Witch and Engaged in More Trades Than One.

A young Swede came to this country in 1851 with some money and the intention of building a craft to be fitted up for passengers to the world's fair in London. For this purpose he located himself at Portsmouth, contracted with ship builders who had ship yards at Eliot, just opposite Portsmouth, for a ship of about a thousand tons, with extensive cabin arrangements for passengers. The model of a ship was that of an extreme clipper. When nearly completed the projector fell short of money. Masts, spars and sails had all been contracted for, and were in a state of forwardness. The mechanics concluded to complete the ship, and put her in the hands of Gov. Goodwin, of Portsmouth, for sale, each contractor to take his pro rata of his contract.

When completed, the ship, under mechanics' lien, was transferred to the governor, brought to Boston, purchased by Sampson & Tappan, named the Nightingale, and under the command of a Captain Dumaresque sailed for Australia with a cargo valued at $125,000. From there she proceeded to China, where she took the highest freight of the season, £5 per ton for London. To test her merits, Messrs. Sampson & Tappan, published in the London Times a challenge to the British merchant fleet to race from the Downs to China and back for £42,000, a distance of nearly 30,000 miles. But no one could be found to accept the challenge. She was afterwards sold to a Salem house, who sent her to Rio Janeiro, where she was sold and sent to the coast of Africa as a slaver, was captured by a United States cruiser, the slaves liberated and the vessel sent home. She was subsequently used by the government during the war, and, after the close of the war, was sold and put in the California trade. The Nightingale made the shortest known run from the equator to Melbourne, 25 days, her whole passage from New York was 68 days.—Proceedings of Boston Society.

What He Wanted.

Mrs. Brooks—Count Tedout is furious against his wife—Miss Gottrow—persecutes her dreadfully everywhere she goes.

Mr. Rivers (in surprise)—Why, she secured her direct divorce all right.

Mrs. Brooks—Yes, but he wants all money.—Puck.

HETEROPHEMY.

An Awkward Trick for Which the Tongue or Nerves Are Responsible.

Heterophemy, the curious disease which consists in using one word when meaning to use an entirely different one, gives rise to many amusing combinations. An old lady living in a town on the Hudson river is thus afflicted. She is tall and stately in appearance, courtly and gracious in manner, and this makes her incongruous sentences all the more ridiculous. Strange to say, she herself is totally unconscious of her infirmity, for the family, friends, and even the servants endeavor to save her from the mortification she would feel.

Not long ago, when she was recovering from a serious illness, the bishop of the diocese chanced to be making his annual visitation, and at the suggestion of the rector, they went together to call upon Mrs. Drew.

She was delighted to see them, and entertained them with her usual grace and cordiality. The conversation naturally touched upon her illness, and her thankfulness at her recovery, which for a time had been despaired of.

Presently she turned to the bishop, saying earnestly, "My dear bishop, let us have a little drop."

The startled prelate glanced at the rector. He, knowing his old friend's infirmity, cast about in his mind for her probable meaning.

"Bishop," repeated the old lady, seriously, "let's have a little drop."

"Certainly, Mrs. Drew," interposed the rector, waiting for her to make some move which might disclose her meaning. But Mrs. Drew waited expectantly, also.

"If you have not your Vade Mecum with you, there is a prayer-book," she said, after a moment.

The rector, with a sigh of relief, turned to the bishop. "Mrs. Drew will be glad to have you read prayers with her," he said quietly.

Prayers were read, and then the gentlemen prepared to take leave.

"Your visit has been a pleasure," Mrs. Drew said warmly. "Now, Mr. Belknap, won't you take this little boy home to your dear wife, with my best love?"

For a moment Mr. Belknap wondered if she could mean the bishop, but she relieved his mind by lifting a magnificent bunch of roses from a vase on the table.

Allied to this is another form of misspeech, to which most of us are occasionally subject—the exchange of syllables. A certain young lady, who, to her intense mortification, often reverses her vowels thus, says she is entirely unconscious of it, even after speaking.

One summer evening she was sauntering with a friend toward the village post office of the little town where they were staying. On the way they encountered an acquaintance with a handful of letters.

"Ah, good evening," she said in her peculiarly gracious, suave manner. "Are you strailing out for your mole?"

The mystified young woman made some inarticulate reply and passed on. As soon as the friend could recover her gravity she gasped: "I suppose you intended to ask Miss May if she was strolling out for her mail?"

The same young lady was relating a sad story of various misfortunes which had overwhelmed a dear friend.

"Think," she concluded pathetically, "of losing husband, children, property and home at one swell foop!" And a howl of laughter rent the roof.—Atlantic.

The Ruling Passion.

It was an exceedingly quiet little game. Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Brown were deeply interested; but the stakes were so light that Mr. S. and Mr. B. would have found quite as much excitement in dominos or tic-tac-toe.

Mr. Smith had three aces when Mrs. Brown, with a pair of threes, called him. It was this display of intrepidity that led to her husband's criticism:

"You shouldn't have called, Clara," said he. "You should have raised or dropped out."

"But, if I hadn't called," replied his wife, "we wouldn't have known what he had."

"Nobody called me," remarked Mrs. Smith, dolefully, "when I had four sixes."

"Well," said Mr. Smith, "we knew, that time, we could depend on getting the information without paying for it."—Puck.

Embarrassingly Ambiguous.

"There was quite a light in front of the store to-day," said a Rockland man at the supper table. "Two men got into a row, one struck the other and then the crowd gathered. The man who was struck ran, grabbed a cart stake and rushed back, his eyes blazing. I thought sure he'd knock the other man's brains out, and I stepped right in between them." The young heir had given over eating his tart as the narrative proceeded, and his eyes leaned right out of his head. He was proud of his father's valor, and he cried: "He couldn't knock my brains out of you, could he, father?" The old man looked long and curiously at the heir, but the lad's countenance was frank and innocent and open. When it closed with the tart on the inside the father gasped slightly and resumed his supper.—Rockland Tribune.

The Use of It.

Among the many useless inventions thrust upon the world by people who like to do useless things was a clock once exhibited in Brussels. The peculiar thing about this clock was that instead of striking the hours with a bell, it fired a pistol every hour.

"It's ingenious," said a visitor to the exposition; "but of what use is it? Why fire a pistol?"

"To kill time," said the witty inventor.—Harper's Young People.

He Was Afraid Of It?

"Plaze yer Honor, I haven't got any lawyer."

"Never mind, Pat," said the judge. "the court will see that you get justice."

"Faith, yer Honor," replied Pat, "that's what I'm afraid of!"—Puck.

JAPANESE ATHLETICS.

They Form Part of the Exercises in the Schools.

Athletics hold an important but subordinate position in the schools of Japan. Once a year there is a gathering of all the students in a district to engage in athletic contests. In those seen by Mr. Hearn, and described in "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan," six thousand boys and girls from all the schools within a distance of twenty-five miles were entered to take part. A circular race-track, roomy enough for an army, allowed four different kinds of games to be performed at the same time.

There were races between the best runners of different schools; and races in which the runners were tied together in pairs, the left leg of one to the right leg of the other.

Little girls—as pretty as butterflies, in their sky-blue hakama and many-colored robes—contested in races in which each one had to pick up as she ran three balls of different colors out of a number scattered over the turf.

The most wonderful spectacle was the dumb-bell exercise. Six thousand boys and girls, massed in ranks about five hundred deep; six thousand pairs of arms rising and falling exactly together; six thousand pairs of sandalled feet advancing or retreating together at the signal of the masters of gymnastics, directing all from the tops of little wooden towers; six thousand voices chanting at once the "One, two, three," of the dumb-bell drill: "Ichi, ni—san, shi—go, roku—shichi, hachi."

The games began at eight o'clock in the morning, and ended at five in the evening. Then at a signal fully six thousand voices pealed out the national anthem, and concluded it with three cheers for the emperor and empress of Japan. The Japanese, instead of shouting when they cheer, chant with a long cry, "A-a-a-a-a!" which sounds like the opening tones of a musical chorus.—Youth's Companion.

To Teachers and Others.

For the meeting of the National Educational Association at Denver, Colo., in July, next, the Western trunk lines have named a rate of one standard fare, plus two dollars for the round trip. Variable routes will be permitted. Special side trips at reduced rates will be arranged for from Denver to all the principal points of interest throughout Colorado, and those desiring to extend the trip to California, Oregon and Washington, will be accommodated at satisfactory rates. Teachers and others that desire, or intend attending this meeting or of making a western trip this summer, will find this their opportunity. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway (first-class in every respect) will run through cars Chicago to Denver. For full particulars, write to or call on GEO. H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

WITTIEUSSE—"What do you think of these 'Lines to a Gas Company?'" Petticusse—"The meter is false." Wittieusse—"That's done intentionally to make it realistic."—Life.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo County and State aforesaid and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co, Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

"ARE you an amateur photographer?" "No. Why do you ask?" "Oh, I heard that you got Miss Rox's negative last night."—Syracuse Post.

Epworth Leagues!

Send stamp for official book "Historic Chattanooga," containing full particulars International Convention of Epworth Leagues, at Chattanooga next June. The Queen and Crescent Route will make rate one fare for round trip. CHAS. W. ZELL, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.; W. A. BECKLER, N. P. A., 111 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.; C. A. BAIRD, T. P. A., Detroit; W. W. DUNNAVANT, T. P. A., Cleveland, O.; W. C. RINEARSON, G. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

THERE are some communities in which Solomon would not have been considered smart.—Ram's Horn.

What a Blessing

It is to have strong nerves, and how many are denied it. They to whom nature has been niggard in this respect can enjoy nerve vigor and quietude if they use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, one of the finest nervines and tonics in existence. Dyspepsia, a prolific source of nerve inquietude, is invariably overcome by this genial medicine, which is also potent as a remedy for malarial and kidney trouble and constipation.

WILD oats never fail to make a crop.—Galveston News.

A PLAY upon words—the average drama of to-day.—Philadelphia Record.

AN opportunity missed may be an eternity lost.—Ram's Horn.

SOME people refuse to see the truth and others jump on it as soon as they recognize it.—Galveston News.

"WHEN I broached matrimony she dismissed the subject with a word." "What did she say?" "Yes."—Chicago Mail.

"MISS SOLIDCASH is to marry Sir Geoffrey Foxe-Hunt. They will reside in London." "Ah! More gold engaged for export."—Vogue.

IT'S a wise young housekeeper who excuses her bad cooking on the ground of typographical errors in her cook book.—Philadelphia Record.

JUDGE—"What made you turn burglar?" Tramp—"I am so fat that people refused to give me food."—Fliegende Blaetter.

IF we would but stop looking toward the wrong place, we would be more apt to stay in the right one.—Ram's Horn.

"MY dear, what is that awful noise from the kitchen?" "I don't know, Jack, unless it is that some of the dishes are getting rattled."—Brooklyn Life.

HARDUP—"I'm broke, and my landlady tells me I must settle up or leave." Do Bloney—"Lucky devil! My landlady says I can't leave till I settle up!"—Illustrated Bits.

"WHY don't you go to work? Why do you waste your time begging?" "Did you ever beg?" "No, of course not." "Then you don't know what work is."—Tit-Bits.

WHY, of all living, art thou made capable of blushing? The world shall read thy shame upon thy face; therefore, do nothing shameful.—Brahmidic.

IN all receipts for cooking requiring a leavening agent the ROYAL BAKING POWDER, because it is an absolutely pure cream of tartar powder and of 33 per cent. greater leavening strength than other powders, will give the best results. It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor and more wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

"I SHOULD have you know, sir, that I am a Londoner, as I was born in London." "But I, sir, was born in Cork, and I am a Corker!"—Boston Globe.

MRS. WATTS—"Don't you ever do anything at all?" Weary Watkins—"Oh, yes, mum. Sometimes I does time."—Indianapolis Journal.

BIDDY—"Miss Arress is not at home sor. Will ye lave yer name?" M. P. Kewn—"Do you think she would take it?"—Chicago Dispatch.

LOW-RATE EXCURSIONS

April 2 and 30, 1895.

On April 2 the IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE will sell excursion tickets to all points in Arkansas, to Lake Charles, La., and to all points in Texas, except El Paso, at the very low rate of one fare for the round trip (plus $2), and on April 30 at one fare straight for the round trip to points in the Southeast. Liberal limits and stop-over privileges allowed. For full particulars and illustrated and descriptive pamphlets, address company's agents or

H. C. TOWNSEND,
General Passenger Agent, ST. LOUIS.

"You think you know it all now, don't you?" "Me! Lord, no. I'm married."—Syracuse Post.

Best of All

To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the springtime comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family and costs only 50 cents; the large size $1. Try it and be pleased. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

A MAN may be as honest as the day is long, and still do a great deal of mischief during the night.—Texas Siftings.

When You Want a Thresher,

Horse Power, Swinging or Wind Stacker, Saw Mill, Self Feeder, or an Engine, address the J. I. CASE T. M. CO., Racine, Wis. They have the largest Threshing Machine plant in the world, and their implements may be relied upon as *the best*. Business established 1842. Illustrated catalogue mailed free.

BABIES should never put a gift horse in the mouth.—Puck.

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—MRS. FRANK MOBBS, 215 W. 22d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1894.

NOTHING is so brave as love.—Ram's Horn.

AN actress appearing in Johnstown, Pa., recently was referred to by the local press as a favorite in that city. The paper remarked: "She appeared here just before the flood." The actress has erased Johnstown from her map.—Dramatic Mirror.

Call It a Craze.

AN ALARMING STATEMENT CONCERNING WOMEN.

HOW BAD HABITS ARE FORMED.

The *New York Tribune* says: "The habit of taking 'headache powders' is increasing to an alarming extent among a great number of women throughout the country. These powders as their name indicates, are claimed by the manufacturers to be a positive and speedy cure for any form of headache. In many cases their chief ingredient is morphine, opium, cocaine or some other equally injurious drug having a tendency to deaden pain. The habit of taking them is easily formed, but almost impossible to shake off. Women usually begin taking them to relieve a raging headache and soon resort to the powder to alleviate any little pain or ache they may be subjected to, and finally like the morphine or opium fiend, get into the habit of taking them regularly, imagining that they are in pain if they happen to miss their regular dose."

In nine cases out of ten, the trouble is in the stomach and liver. Take a simple laxative and liver tonic and remove the offending matter which deranges the stomach and causes the headache. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are composed entirely of the purest, concentrated, vegetable extracts. One Pellet is a dose; sugar-coated, easily swallowed; *once used, always in favor.* They positively *cure* sick headache and remove the disposition to it.

MR. E. VANGASON, of *Otter Lake, Lapeer Co., Mich.*, writes: "I not infrequently have an attack of the headache. It usually comes on in the forenoon. At my dinner I eat my regular meal, and take one or two of Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets immediately after, and in the course of an hour my headache is cured and no bad effects. I feel better every way for having taken them—not worse, as is usual after taking other kinds of pills. 'Pleasant Pellets' are worth more than their weight in gold, if for nothing else than to cure headache."

E. VANGASON, ESQ.

ST. JACOBS OIL CURES PAIN ONLY A RUB TO MAKE YOU WELL AGAIN

OF PAINS RHEUMATIC, NEURALGIC, LUMBAGIC AND SCIATIC.

Millions NOW USE Pearline

THE POT INSULTED THE KETTLE BECAUSE THE COOK HAD NOT USED

SAPOLIO

GOOD COOKING DEMANDS CLEANLINESS.
SAPOLIO SHOULD BE USED IN EVERY KITCHEN.

SWAMP-ROOT

The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.

At Druggists, 50c. & $1. Advice & Pamphlet Free.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

A. N. K.—C. 1545

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Weak Mothers

and all women who are nursing babies, derive almost inconceivable benefits from the nourishing properties of

Scott's Emulsion

This is the most nourishing food known to science. It enriches the mother's milk and gives her *strength*. It also makes babies fat and gives more nourishment to growing children than all the rest of the food they eat.

Scott's Emulsion has been prescribed by physicians for *twenty years* for Rickets, Marasmus, Wasting Diseases of Children, Coughs, Colds, Weak Lungs, Emaciation and Consumption.

Send for pamphlet on Scott's Emulsion. FREE.

Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists. 50 cents and $1.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1895.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first insertion* of the same:

Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $3; County Commissioner, $2.50; Register of Wills, $2.50; County Surveyor, $1.50.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention. Let the old soldiers have a chance.

W. M. LOHR.

Cove, Md., March 11, 1895.

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

GEORGE J. WALTER,
District No. 1. P. O., Thayerville, Md.

WHEN Maryland gets over in the Republican column, our public school teachers will get a decent salary for their arduous labors. Unless there is an increase in their pay, our most efficient teachers will be compelled to seek other fields of labor.

THE best way to improve business is do something yourself. When every member of a community is intent upon adding his mite not only to his own prosperity but to the whole community things will boom in that quarter. The individual who prospers himself adds to the community. The improvident ne'er do-well is not only a nuisance to himself but to every one else. Don't be a barnacle; do something.

The New Republicanism in the South

Under the above heading the New York *Sun*, one of the leading Democratic papers of the country, prints the following important editorial utterances. The state of affairs in the South, politically, pointed out by the *Sun* is being generally recognized, and the improbability of the Democratic party to much longer retaining its supremacy in many Southern States, is widely called in question. The *Sun* says:

"The great and cordial demonstration made in Atlanta in honor of Governor McKinley recently, affords new proof of the new departure in the South. It was an important and enthusiastic testimonial in honor of Protection; and the representative men from several States took part in it. The organization in Atlanta of a Republican Protectionist club, called the Southern Republican Club, will doubtless be followed by the organization of similar clubs elsewhere. The main principle of the club is that Protection will be a good thing for the South, and as Protection can be had only from the Republican party, that the South must become Republican.

"The Southern Republican Club is composed of men who have hitherto been Democrats. They are dissatisfied with Mr. Cleveland and the late Congress, and they think that the Republican party is an American party resolved to protect American interests. In short, the natural reconstruction of parties in the South has been hastened by the blundering and un-American faint-heartedness of the Cleveland Administration. The Democracy of the South has to face henceforth two destructive and disorganizing forces, the socialistic tendency toward Populism, and the conservative tendency toward Republicanism. The outlook is very pleasing for the Republicans. It should teach the Democrats a return to Democratic principles and to common sense."

Getting Together.

From the Baltimore News of Friday.

Congressman George L. Wellington is devoting a considerable portion of his time in harmonizing the various factions of the Republican party in the city and State. He was in town yesterday and left for his home in Cumberland this morning.

Last night, at his instance, a private meeting of prominent Republican leaders was held, at which the entire situation was discussed and thoroughly canvassed, and before he went home this morning Mr. Wellington said he had no doubt whatever but the Republicans would be prepared to act together at the coming election, and that the party would be in good shape for the fight.

He also said that all the most prominent men in the party were ready to work together in unity and sacrifice their personal preferences for their party's good, and that the consensus of opinion appeared to indicate that ex-Congressman Lloyd Lowndes would be nominated for governor.

At the meeting held last night all the factions in the city and state were represented and the utmost harmony prevailed, and there was but one opinion expressed, and that was that the Republicans had a better chance to win this year than at any time since the war. As a result of the meeting it is said that in a short time Congressman Wm. B. Baker will announce that he will not be a candidate for the governorship.

Attention, Farmers!

There will be a meeting of the Agricultural Society of Garrett county, at 2 o'clock p. m., in Callis' Hall at Mt. Lake Park, Md., on Thursday, April 11, 1895, to adopt a constitution and by-laws for the government of said society, and transact such other business as may be deemed necessary.

Every farmer in Garrett county is earnestly requested to be present. We have no "Ax to grind," our interests are yours. We want, and will have if you help us, better roads, better farms, better fertilizers, better prices for our lumber, our ties, our farm products, better churches and schools, cheaper goods and farming implements.

The farmer not only pays dearly for all these things, and should have the best of everything, but he supports the merchant, the manufacturer, the banker, the lawyer, the doctor, and all other professions and trades.

"The hand that holds the plow" *can* and *should* "rule the world." "Providence only helps those who help themselves." It costs nothing to join this society, and every farmer should belong to it. Come and aid us in helping you.

S. P. BAKER, Pres.,
R. BECKMAN, Vice P.,
GEO. P. WHITE, Sec'y.
C. M. MILLER, Treas.

A New Rule.

The officials of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad recently adoped a rule of great importance, regarding their employees, and it will also be an object lesson on intemperance. The rule in substance provides that none of the employees will be allowed to board or live at places where liquors of any kind are sold. The object of this rule is obvious and was no doubt adopted for the purpose of guarding against accidents from the employees holding responsible positions going on duty with their brains and eyes befogged with drink. It is probable that a general order to this effect will be sent out over the entire road in a very short time.

Several other big roads throughout the country have similar rules and from statistics complied by them it is certain that fewer accidents have been the result. The B. & O. however, is the first road operating in this vicinity to try them and if the result proves as beneficial in their case as it has in others, it will be a long step in the direction of temperance. Here is a good subject for the temperance orator and no doubt they will take advantage of it for the benefit of their cause on every occasion. The orders when it reaches Wheeling will effect quite a number of men who make their homes at saloons, where boarding houses are run in connection. At Benwood there are quite a number similarly situated.—News.

FOR DYSPEPSIA,
Indigestion, and Stomach disorders, take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
All dealers keep it, $1 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

Ripans Tabules relieve nausea

THE RIDGELY FAMILY.

The Historian of the Alleghenies Contributes Another Article.

To the Editor of the Republican.

It has been a considerable while since anything has appeared in your paper in reference to the old families of Allegany and Garrett counties. The subject, however, has not been exhausted. There are yet untouched other families whose sketches, if properly given, would interest many people. The Ridgely family, on account of its high respectability and prominence, naturally presents itself to view.

Eli Ridgley was its founder, a good old Marylander, born in Frederick county. He married Elenorah Hardman before leaving his native county. She was very amiable and quiet, and devout in religion. Eli Ridgely was of Scotch-Irish composition, and possessed all the traits that usually belong to a good citizen—honest, industrious, enterprising, positive and straight-forward, with all very generous and hospitable. There was no home more so than the Ridgley mansion. In early days it was the resort for young people of both sexes, where gaity was a prominent feature.

Ridgely seated himself on "Shawnee War" (that was the name of his place) about the year 1815, and carried on farming in all of its branches during his life. In his earlier years he cultivated tobacco, now one of the lost items in farming in these two counties. He was successful and left a comfortable estate for the times; was a stanuch Whig, but never wanted or held office, yet he always contended for good and fit men for office. No unsuitable man could get his vote, but in those good old times not many such could be found on the ticket of his party. He was somewhat positive in his ways and nature, and occasionally had his neighborly difficulties. An amusing incident was the result of one of them. An offended neighbor of poetical turn of mind composed a song about him, and on the occasion of an election down at the Little Crossing, he sang it to a crowd in an old-time bar room in the presence of the subject of it, who took in the situation good naturedly by dancing to the music of the English brogue of the songster.

Ridgley had nine children, two sons and seven daughters, William, Jacob, Elizabeth, Mary, Ellen, Julia A., Isabella and Rebecca. William was an energetic young man and became tax collector of old Allegany when quite young, and died in 1848 before completing the duties of his office. He married Catharine Hoye, with whom he had but one child. John Hoye Ridgley, lately a judge over the circuit court for Seneca county, Ohio. He is again in the practice of his profession. The widow in after years became the wife of Samuel Engle, who died in 1888. She is still living in excellent health and preservation at the old Engle mansion near Grantsville, with every comfort and satisfaction at command. Jacob, the other son, went to the far west among the Rockies when very young, and as was understood, killed in the great Mountain Meadow Massacre. But few particulars of his fearful death ever reached home.

Mary, the eldest daughter, married William Stanton, in after years a prominent and very respectable citizen of the old county. He died in 1868, leaving a number of children of both sexes. The oldest son, Eli, owns and runs a large milling establishment at the Little Crossings. He served a term some some years ago in the legislature. Uriah, the youngest son, was lately tax collector for Garrett county. In the early forties Ellen became the wife of John Bevans, a member of a very respectable family in the lower end of Allegany county. He died soon after the birth of an only child, Dr. Henry S. Bevans, for many years a successful practitioner in Grantsville. In later years she became the wife of Mr. Anthony Kean, a very prominent man in Cumberland, now well on in his eighties, much respected and esteemed for his many high traits of character. She died only three years ago.

Julia A., another daughter, was the wife of Levi Hilleary, who died many years since in Cumberland, and is most kindly remembered. She survives, but at this hour of writing is alarmingly ill, in her seventy-fifth year, and before these remarks go into type she may have gone hence. May it be otherwise! Levi S. Hilleary, an active business man in Cumberland, is a son. James, another brother, lives in one of the new states. Ella and Mary are the two daughters much admired for their amiable natures. Ella has been a teacher of music for a number of years. Besides in late years she has gained quite a reputation in the fine arts as a painter. Walter Bevans, at one time a tax collector for Allegany county, married Martha. She died long years ago, leaving several children. Walter Bevens died during the late war, a prisoner in Andersonville.

Isabella and Rebecca never married and still remain upon the old Ridgley homestead, and have kept up its identity for many years since the rest of the family have disappeared by death and from other causes. The highly esteemed old mother died there some ten years ago. A writer some years ago said of these two devoted sisters that "they possessed all the fine lady traits of their own sex with the blendings of the business traits of the stronger sex."

All in all the Ridgley family deserves to be well and kindly remembered by not only the past generation but the present.

J. B.

Cumberland, Md., Mar. 30, 1895.

Fertilizers.

As promised in a previous article we will name some of the best brands analyzed by the Maryland Experiment Station. Of course these are only a few of the best, and must be bought below their comparative value to be profitable, and then only so when they furnish the food needed in proper proportions.

Dissolved Animal Bone, Baugh & Sons Co., Baltimore, Md., $35.70; Animal Bone Meal, E. P. Cohill, Hancock, Md., $34.89; Ground Steamed Bone, Swift & Co., Chicago, $33.26. These furnish phosphoric acid with a little nitrogen.

Dissolved S. C. Rock, Dudley & Carpenter, Baltimore, $15.52; Pure Dissolved S. C. Bone, Lazaretto Guano Co., Baltimore, $15.60; Dissolved S. C. Bone, Maryland Grange Agency, Baltimore, $15.24; S. C. Phosphate, Nickerson Fertilizer Co., Easton, Md., $16.22; Soluble Bone, Patapsco Guano Co., Baltimore, $15.40. These contain phosphoric acid only and are its most profitable source at present prices.

Genuine German Kainit, Baugh & Sons Co., Baltimore, $15.11; Genuine German Kainit, Griffith & Boyd, Baltimore, $14.71; Kainit, Griffith, Turner & Co., Baltimore, $15.14. These contain potash only and though muriate of potash has been the cheapest source, and we think is still, there is not much difference. There are some crops, potatoes, tobacco, beets, etc., where sulphate of potash gives better flavor, more starch or sugar.

As to nitrogen, it is not sold alone as a fertilizer, but comes under the head of an agricultural chemical and is supplied by nitrate of soda, dried blood, etc. As a rule farmers keeping a reasonable amount of stock and carefully saving all voidings by use of an abundance of absorbents and fixing the nitrogen by the use of a pound or two per day for each animal kept of plaster or its equivalent, or using a short clover ration, do not need to buy nitrogen, by far the most expensive element of plant food. Stable manure supplies nitrogen so far in excess of the wants of most plants that to secure the requisite amounts of phosphorous and potash its application alone is gross and wasteful extravagance. To illustrate, would it be wise for a farmer because he raised it on the place and kept no record of its cost, to feed only corn to his stock, no hay or other bulky food? No, he had better trade part of his corn for hay or buy hay and keep more stock, and for the same reason he had best buy potash and phosphoric acid in some form to go with his manure. If he supplies the latter chemicals liberally and turns under a clover sod frequently he needs no manure or nitrogen in any form except for early crops.

But to return to the report. L. E. P. Dennis & Son, Crisfield, Md., Special Strawberry Mixture, $33.56. A little light in nitrogen for most crops except fruit. Deitrick Fertilizer and Chemical Co., Baltimore, Vegetable Compound, $43.82. Light in potash for anything but vegetables, but good for them. J. D. Simmons, Hagerstown, Excelsior Fruit Producer, $21.12. Good if bought low to go with stable manure and on glade land. No better, however, than dozens of others that could be picked out and our advice is to get the bulletin, No. 30, and study it for yourselves, then send for the prices on a dozen or so of the brands named. If they send any other matter than the analyses and prices, throw it in the stove, and make your unbiased comparisons by the aid of the bulletin alone.

Our crops at the Horticultural Supply Co.'s on glade land, will demand nitrogen, but we hope by following strawberries with crimson clover to avoid buying that element. "Chemicals and Clover" is a good little work on that subject. Study or go to the foot applies to grown up scholars as well as small boys.

C. T. SWEET.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending April 6th, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Harvey H. Miller, Albert Welch,
A. Liberman, J. N. Hines.

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

WE LOAN MONEY

to buy, build and improve your home and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS NEARLY $200,000,000.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. RINKER,
Wilson, Grant Co., W. Va.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above. 4-1yr.*

Election Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to the qualified voters of the town of Oakland that an election will be held on

MONDAY, APRIL 15, 1895,

for the purpose of electing Three Councilmen to serve for a term of two years.

L. E. TOWNSHEND,
4-2t. Town Clerk.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., March 22, 1895.

There will be a meeting of the County Commissioners of Garrett county held at their office in Oakland on

Monday, April 8, 1895,

For the purpose of making the Annual Levy for 1895.

All persons having claims against the county must have them properly made out and filed in the office on or before the 8th day of April, 1895, otherwise they may be excluded from the benefits of same. All orders heretofore passed must be filed also.

By order of the board,
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

LICENSES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all persons or bodies, corporate or politic, who may be required to take out license, that they must obtain the same on or before the

1st Day of May, 1895.

According to the provisions of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, every person or persons doing business for gain or profit except the maker, grower or manufacturer, are hereby notified that they must take out a license.

CHARLES WEGMAN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 13TH DAY OF APRIL, 1895,

at the hour of 2.30 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Md., offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. Two of said county—bounded on the east and north by land of Levi C. Fike and on the south by land of John W. Savage and on the west by land of Henry Thomas, and being the same land that was conveyed to Christian F. Fike by G. S. Hamill and wife by deed dated Oct. 8, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 15, folio 312, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1892 and 1893, as is charged to Christian F. Fike on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforegoing statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 13TH DAY OF APRIL, 1895,

at the hour of three o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all the coal and other mineral underlying all those certain tracts or parcels of land constituting the residue of the tract of land called "Addition to Paradise," containing 898 acres, and also all the coal and other mineral underlying that other tract of land called "Beechwood," containing 41 11-16 acres, together with the right to enter upon said tracts of land to dig, mine and take away the coal and other minerals underlying same and the right to construct ways and railways or to excavate openings upon said land, or to dig or sink shafts, or to do and perform all such other acts as may be necessary or proper for the purpose of digging, mining or removing the coal or other minerals from under and off of said land.

The lands above referred to are situate in Election District No. Eight of said Garrett county, and the minerals underlying same, with all the rights appertaining thereto were sold and conveyed to the Bayard Coal & Coke Company by William Whitmer and wife, by deed dated Jan. 24th, 1893, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 20, folio 384, etc., one of Land Records of Garrett county, to which deed reference is made.

Said minerals, with all rights appertaining thereto will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to the Bayard Coal & Coke Co. on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 20TH DAY OF APRIL, 1895,

at the hour of 2.15 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situated in Election District No. Eight of said county, and in the town of Gorman, to-wit: Eleven poles and forty-three feet of land, that was conveyed to William Faherty by John W. Shillenburg and wife by deed dated January 10, 1885, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 10, folio 413, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Md. Also one other piece or plat of land, it being one-fourth of an acre of Military Lot No. 1886, and being the same land that was conveyed to William Faherty by John W. Shillenburg and wife by deed dated June 20, 1885, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 10, folio 413, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Md.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1892 and 1893, as is charged to Wm. Faherty on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 13TH DAY OF APRIL, 1895,

at the hour of 3.15 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. Four of said Garrett county, containing 26 acres and being a part of a tract of land called "Music," and being the same land that was sold to Max Livingston by A. Hunter Boyd as attorney named in two mortgages from Daniel O'Connell to Julius J. Livingston and which sale is reported in No. 374 Equity in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Md.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to Max Livingston on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

Saturday, the 4th Day of May, 1895,

at the hour of 2.00 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. Four, of said Garrett county, containing 154-5 acres, it being a part of the tract of land called "Intent Worth," and being the same land that was conveyed to Martha Barnard by Margaret and John S. Illieman by deed dated April 29th, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, folio 222 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to the said Martha Barnard on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 4TH DAY OF MAY, 1895,

at the hour of 2.30 p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. One of said Garrett county, containing forty-nine acres and being the same land that was conveyed to Senie F. Broadwater by Joseph R. Anderson by deed dated Dec. 5, 1890, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, folio 522 etc., one of the Land Records of said Garrett county.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893, as is charged to S. F. Broadwater on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 4TH DAY OF MAY, 1895,

at the hour of 2.30 p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. Four of said Garrett county, containing twenty-five acres, being part of a tract of land called "Bank Territory," and being the same land that was conveyed to Nancy McCrobie by John P. Hubbard and wife by deed dated May 6, 1882, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 6, folio 608, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to Nancy McCrobie on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

A Strong Fortification.

Fortify the body against disease by Tutt's Liver Pills, an absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, malaria, constipation, jaundice, biliousness and all kindred troubles.

"The Fly-Wheel of Life"

Dr. Tutt; Your Liver Pills are the fly-wheel of life. I shall ever be grateful for the accident that brought them to my notice. I feel as if I had a new lease of life.
J. Fairleigh, Platte Cannon, Col.

Tutt's Liver Pills

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts and generally exhausted, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once using the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*won't stain your teeth*, and is pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles,
Neuralgia, Bad Blood
Constipation, Nervous ailments
Malaria, Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps will send set of Ten Beautiful World Fair Views and book—free.
BROWN CHEMICAL CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

Foster's German Army and Navy Catarrh Cure

FOR ECZEMA, TETTER, ITCH, SALT RHEUM, DANDRUFF, ITCHING PILES, RING WORM, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES AND ALL SKIN DISEASES.

It soothes the inflamed tissues immediately and infallibly. The healing process begins at once and comfort is assured with the first application. It does not effect a complete cure suddenly or miraculously, but it does cure. There's no doubt about that. There are other things which give some relief, but nothing else is so quick, so thorough and so certain as this. It isn't an experiment, it has been tried and proven.

50 Cents. All Druggists.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Foster's German Army and Navy Catarrh Cure cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head and all Inflammation of the Nasal Passages. 50 Cents.

WANTED

Men and Boys to wear WANAMAKER & BROWN'S all wool and a yard wide clothing. Largest line of samples in the United States.
Call and have your measure taken.
WILLIAM W. SWEET, Agent,
2—tf. Mt. Lake Park, Md.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26tf

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett County, to view the lands through which a public county road, leading from the North Glade school house and church through the lands of John L. Fitzwater, R. Beckman, Emma McKoble and others, to intersect the Wilson road at the old Engman place, and examine whether the said public road should be located, will meet on the 18th day of April, 1896, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said public road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
I. Z. BROWNING,
1—3t. Examiners.

Loch Lynn Heights.

Rev. D. L. Wagner will preach in Callis' hall next Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Messrs. J. L. Burley & Son have opened a real estate office in their building on Paull Street.

Work was begun on the U. B. church on Shenandoah avenue last week.

Mr. Samuel Fittro, of Wilsonburg W. Va., has moved into Mr. J. D. Slabaugh's house in Alderson's addition.

We notice that the base ball "cranks" have put in their appearance for the season.

Mr. W. A. Haugh, the tin smith, has purchased a house in Burley's addition. He will occupy it very shortly.

Messrs. C. M. Miller, of Swanton, McCulloh Brown, of Gorman, and Capt. Cochran, of Cumberland, were visitors to Loch Lynn last week.

Work will begin in a few days on Mr. Edward Sander's house on First avenue.

Mrs. Rogers, of Clarksburg, W. Va., has rented the part of Burley's building for a resturant.

Mr. C. M. Rathbun was at Terra Alta, W. Va., Tuesday on business.

The third story of the hotel is being white coated. The porch is nearly completed.

Mr. Edward Sanders left for Cumberland this week on business.

Mr. John Crane, of Corinth, is building on the corner of Tuscarawalla street and Seneca avenue.

Mr. Abe Speicher, of McHenry, has moved into C. B. Lee's house on the corner of Paull street and Second avenue.

Miss Addie Pysell's house in Burley's addition is nearing completion.

Mr. Lloyd Warnick left Thursday for his home in Lonaconing.

Mr. Flanigan, of Grafton, W. Va., has rented a room in Burley's building for a barber shop.

Prof. R. R. Sanner will in a few days move his family to Coulsnenee, Pa.

Quite a large number of farmers attended the meeting of the "Garrett County Agricultural Society," which was held in Callis' hall last Saturday. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, S. P. Baker; vice president, Rudolph Beckman; secretary G. P. White; treasurer, C. M. Miller. The following committee was elected on by-laws: S. P. Baker, Simon Myers, E. W. Kelso, W. W. Sweet and G. P. White. After a few brief speeches by those interested the meeting adjourned until April 11th.

The Sunday school will hereafter meet at ten o'clock in the morning instead of two in the afternoon.

Mr. Truman Uphole, of Lyndale, will in a few days build in White's addition.

Lumber is being placed on Second avenue for the erection of Mr. Edward Speicher's house.

INDICATOR.

Selbysport.

Our farmers are making use of the good weather plowing for their spring crops.

Alfred Mitchell, of Listonburg, Pa., was surveying for A. J. Frazee of Frazee's Ridge last week.

Our merchants are doing a fair trade this spring.

Messrs. B. F. Savage and W. M. Lytle were visiting Charles West near Thayersville on the 25th ult.

Florence, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Frazee, who has been laid up with diptheria is out again. Had Dr. Mason not been posted so well on this dreadful disease she would not have recovered.

It is reported that W. H. Frazee of our town has sold his timber land on Frazee's Ridge.

Jonas Frazee, jr., received three full bred white Bramah chickens, presented to him by his uncle, Charles F. Frazee, of Pittsburgh.

To settle a dispute, can either Mr. or Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt marry again.

Mrs. E. J. Stuck and her little son are on the sick list.

Aunt E. Frazee and George W. Frazee are among the sick in our town.

George B. Frazee of Frazee's Ridge is taking a commercial course at Uniontown.

At the request of friends Mr. Austen Brown has his eye on the sheriffalty for this coming campaign. We will give him our support at the primaries and at the polls, as Mr. B. has been a faithful worker for the Republican party.

Mrs. Benj. Griffith's family residence, one and one-half miles east from here, was burned a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Raybeck will soon move from Garrett county to their new home in Pennsylvania. We are sorry to loose your vote brother Frank.

Nathan Browning, of Sang Run, sent Jonas Frazee, of Pittsburg, a very large catamount last week.

We notice by one of the Pittsburg papers that the R. W. Bell Mfg. Co. of Buffalo, N. Y., has congratulated Jonas Frazee, who represents them as the second best salesman on their Almond Oil Soap. He also has the credit of selling the most potash or lye than any other salesman in Pittsburg.

Mountain Lake Park.

"Pat" Murphy and family have moved to Bloomington. Pat has secured employment at the Luke paper mills.

Wm. Hocking, late of Washington, has purchased the Davis and Townshend building. He will paint and otherwise improve the building and shortly open up a select stock of groceries, etc.

Mrs. Emeline Hammond is erecting a house on H street.

Howard Eckles and family have moved from Cozy Row to the second floor of the store building.

Supt. Sheats and wife of Grafton, train dispatcher Cowan and Prof. Richardson of Piedmont, L. T. Yoder of Pittsburg, and Mr. Mong of Wheeling, all property owners at the Park, were recent callers. They were looking after their houses.

The Mountain Lake Hotel Co. has awarded the contract for a two story building to be erected north of the hotel. The basement will contain the large boiler, etc., the first floor a laundry, a baker's store room and bakery. The second floor eight rooms for the "hotel help." The building will cost about $1800.

The foundation has been put in for Prof. E. E. Friend's house on D street.

Prof. Morton and mother have moved into the Vance property.

Judge William Haymond and mother, of Fairmont, have rented the two cottages they occupied last season.

Miss Jennie Murphy, of Swanton, and Miss Fazenbaker, of Piedmont, have rented the Stone cottages in Cozy Row. They will keep boarders.

Mr. Jones, of Parkersburg, W. Va., has rented the cottage he occupied last season for this summer.

Contractor May is putting the roof on H. Fergusou's cottage. The roof has been put on W. A. Baker's house.

The foundation for Mrs. V. Pearce's house is being laid.

The finishing touches are being made to Ed. Smouse's house, Conrad Michael's house and S. E. Flowers' house.

The three syndicate houses on E Street are in process of erection.

Work has been resumed on the Mountain Lake dam. It will be pushed to early completion.

The Park Association will build a house near the ice houses for the home of the man who shall have charge of the lake.

The pumping station for the Park water works has been located on the east side of the lake. A receiving reservoir will be located at the same place.

Messrs. Hoge & White, of Wheeling, are preparing the plans, specifications, etc., for the water works. The water supply will not be enjoyed this summer, but will be ready for the season of 1896.

The Association has set apart a number of lots to be sold and the proceeds to be devoted to putting in water works.

The crossties for the ice house switch are all made; soon the work of grading for the side track to the ice house will begin.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

Elder.

King Winter has at last been dethroned.

Farmers are busy with spring work.

Mr. D. O. DeWitt and wife, of Hoyes, were the guests of Mr. Isaiah Friend Sunday.

Rev. Hart, of Brandonville, W. Va., preached two able sermons to large audiences Sunday.

Mrs. D. Fike, of Hileman Ridge, was the guest of F. M. Conway on Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Layman Raybeck, of Krug, was calling on friends here Saturday evening.

Mr. Arch Custeel and wife, of Buffalo, were the guests of Robert Sterling a few days last week.

Mr. William Frazee and wife were visiting S. F. Cuppett Sunday.

Mr. Luther Selby, of Friendsville, is engaged in painting the residence of Mr. Elmer Green.

Mr. F. M. Conway is engaged in building a barn, which will make a great improvement to his farm.

Mr. Ed. Dixon, of Blooming Rose, was calling on Mr. Elmer Green Sunday.

Mr. Thos. Thayer is the champion fox hunter of the season, as near as we can learn, having killed nine at one shot.

WHITE ROSE.

Grantsville.

The pleasing robin, the lovely blue-bird and lively sparrows are here, combining their efforts with nature's, our hearts to cheer.

Our sugar farmers have had a considerable flow of maple sap the past week.

Some plowing has been done this week.

Mrs. John Mellinger is seriously ill.

The infant child of Rev. and Mrs. Eulow is very seriously ill with whooping cough and erysipelas.

Isaiah Boucher had been quite ill but is improving.

Dr. Chas. Boucher, of Cleveland, Ohio, was at home visiting his father, the gentleman named above as being ill. Dr. Boucher intends to return to his home and professional work—that of dentistry—today.

Noah Warnick and wife have a recent addition to their family in the person of an infantile member of the sterner sex.

Ralph Engle and wife have had a little "milk-maid" added to their family.

Rev. Cox, of Friendsville, held services in the M. E. church, on Friday evening.

Those who have payments to make this spring are kept hustling in order to meet them, unless they are sufficiently supplied with capital, previously accumulated, or was so avaricious as to pinch, scrape and grasp from others with whom they come in contact in a business way, thus getting more than their dues, by shrewd bargains and taking others at disadvantage.

Deer Park.

Did you get fooled Monday?

Protracted meeting is being held in the M. E. church by Rev. Lloyd.

Mr. W. C. Jones has secured the services of Mr. Walter Foreman, of Bruceton, W. Va., as clerk.

The moving season has commenced. Mr. Chas. Stinger and Mr. Elias Reed have moved in the Freeland house, Mr. Grant Lipscomb has moved on a farm near town, Mrs. Cooper has moved in the upper rooms of the Wolf hotel.

There has been quite an unusual number of drummers in town the last week.

Our merchants are filling up their stores preparatory for spring trade.

Mr. Frank Nethken has broken ground for his large store room and hall, which will go up soon.

As we have a commissioner to elect this fall, we think that No. 10 should be entitled to be represented, and we have a man near Deer Park in the person of W. H. Chadderton, who we would be glad to place in nomination. Mr. Chadderton is an honest, upright citizen and a man who has been in the county from the formation, an outspoken Republican, which he has always been, and if nominated would win many votes throughout the county, and make us a commissioner to be proud of.

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.11 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	7.09 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.33 A. M
No. 47	—Daily except Sun	11.28 A. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	6.57 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	9.58 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 2	—Daily	5.51 A. M
No. 8	—Daily	7.34 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 46	—Daily except Monday	1.38 P. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	5.17 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	9.25 P. M

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I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.

All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.

I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.

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FALSE PRETENSES.

A "Short and Stupid" Little Story That Points a Moral.

There is a very old story of a woman who cured her husband of the habit of profane swearing by taking to swearing herself. On just the same principle I am going to ask you to listen to a stupid little story that shall point a moral, in order to disgust you, as far as my skill permits me, with all stories that point to morals—and that don't bear a sign of warning posted conspicuously at the entrance.

Here is the story, and I will only say for it that I will try to make it as short as it is stupid:

The little boy had had a pretty hard day of it. He had worked hard at school, and then he had gone on several errands for his mother, and he had mended some toys for his youngest sister. After dinner he had studied hard for an hour; and then, looking at the clock, he had found that it was just eight o'clock, and he made up his mind that he would read for the half hour that lay between him and bed-time. He had a new book with pirates in it. I think they were some of Mr. Howard Pyle's pirates—and I never so earnestly wish that I could be a boy again as when I encounter Mr. Pyle's pirates. I know of no more satisfactory pirates. They have black, curling beards, and rings in their ears, and their foreheads are done up up in gory handkerchiefs. I never had any such pirates when I was a boy—nothing half so good—and whenever I run across them they wake the boy in me to such an extent that I could lick any quantity of them. Deep in my heart I know that I couldn't. I know that any one of them would be too much for me; but they bring with them the smell of gunpowder and blood, which rouses the fighting instinct, and I sigh as I think of the slaughter I could have done among them in the days of my imaginative youth.

Well, the boy had such a book as this, and meant to read a chapter in it, and then to go to bed to dream of decks slippery with blood, and of belching cannon and broken rigging and all the rest of it.

But just then a grown-up came in. The grown-up was an uncle who had just returned to this country after a long absence in Europe. From what he did on this occasion I think that he must have been living in England, and had not got over it. He said to the little boy:

"Charles, I see you are about to read. If you will give me a nice stamp out of your album, I will tell you a story instead. Now this was a great temptation to the little boy. Any boy might buy a book and read a story out of it, but here was an offer of an original story told all for himself.

Need I tell you what the story was that the little boy's uncle told him after the stamp had been delivered? Do you want to hear the tale of a suppositious little boy of course of just the age of the little boy who is listening to the story, who entertained doubts about revealed religion, or carried angleworms in his vest pocket, or did something else that he shouldn't have done, so that there was no health in him, and he was properly punished in the end? I don't think you'd care to hear it. I know the little boy didn't.

When the clock struck half-past eight he went up to his little room over the hallway, and went to bed. He was tired and low in his mind. He generally went to sleep as soon as he got his head on the pillow, and dreamed of anything he wanted to dream about. But this night he lay awake a long time, and thought a great deal. He had one stamp less in his collection, and he had no pirates to dream about, and he wondered why his uncle had told him such a depressing story. As I say, I don't know whether it was about religious doubt or the improper bestowal of angleworms, but it certainly was not about this particular little boy's particular favorite sin, and he didn't see, as he said to himself, why it was "heaved at him." And when he awoke the next morning he was still thinking of it and wondering about it, and he still felt tired.—H. C. Bunner, in Century.

Misuse of Horse Power.

Nearly twenty years ago two brothers purchased each a team of Canadian ponies for work upon their farms; they were as nearly alike as two teams could be, and under the same management would have lived and done service an equal length of time. One brother always drove rapidly and would reach his home—four miles distant from the railroad—in fifteen or twenty minutes less than his brother, although he lived a quarter of a mile beyond his brother's house. The other brother never urged his horses off a walk if he had a load on. If the horses chose to trot down the lower slope of a hill he would allow them to do so. In guiding them he strove to avoid all stones, heavy ruts and hits of sand. It seemed to be his constant aim to husband the resources of his team. The result was that, after twelve years of constant use, the slow and careful driver still had the same team, and a good team, too. Meanwhile the other brother had had eight different horses and spent over nine hundred dollars in horseflesh.—Dumb Animals.

Bibliobedine.

"Baker must be a great lover of reading. He tells me that he often stays in his library all night."

"Yes, that's so. But did he tell you that the only library he has is a folding bed fixed up to look like a bookcase?"

"Why—er—no."—Indianapolis Journal.

Overheard at the Ball.

"This ball opens rather tamely, but I guess it will end fashionably enough."

"I hope so, too. All's well that ends well, you know."—Texas Siftings.

JIM'S HOLD-OUT.

THE Leadville stage pulled out of Webster station one evening after supper with twelve "pilgrims" for the city in the clouds. Webster was the end of the track, and the route from there to the carbonate camp lay over the summit of Kenosha mountain, through the northern end of the South park and across the famous Red hill, a doubly significant title by reason of the color of the soil and the bloody murders committed there by the Mexican bandits, the Espinosos. From Red hill the road again enters the South park, passes through the old town of Fairplay, once boisterous with the gayety of pioneer gold diggers, and now given over to Chinamen, thence to Buckskin Joe and over the Mosquito pass.

Red hill was the danger point on the first division of the road. Near the summit is a little basin where the road is completely hidden from view on all sides. Little gulches lead up to this spot from the South park, affording every opportunity for road agents to reach the place unseen and to likewise make their escape. "Pilgrims" for Leadville usually were supplied with money, and a great deal of wealth originally intended for investment in the carbonate camp was turned over to gentlemanly persons who encountered the stage in the little basin on Red hill.

The individual who sat on the dusty old Concord coach and pulled the ribbons over six bronchos between Webster and Fairplay was known as Jim. I made his acquaintance while we were at dinner in the rough board "eating house" at Webster. He was a tall, slim, muscular man with a swarthy complexion, dark eyes, and a heavy mustache black as jet from the copious use of dye. He wore high-topped boots with extremely high heels, and his feet were small and delicately shaped. His trousers were of gorgeous plaid material, the bottoms being worn inside his boot-tops. A wide-brimmed, white slouch hat was cocked rakishly on the side of his head. Some garish jewelry adorned the front of his waistcoat. There was a jaunty air about him which was less pronounced by reason of the stiff and awkward way he carried his arms; I attributed this to the natural effect of driving six spirited horses for years over a mountain road.

He had formerly been a gentleman of fortune, and at one time in his career had amassed a considerable snug of money in the game of chance known as draw poker. When he was at the height of his prosperity another gentleman of fortune, late of Texas, drifted unostentatiously into camp and caused the report to be circulated that he was aching for a game. Jim undertook to relieve the gentleman of the pain he was suffering on that account, and they met in the back room of Uncle Billy Coleman's Palace of Fashion on Main street.

There was a silent controversy in the early part of the game caused by a remark of Jim's to the effect that "people from Texas seemed to have more luck than a Chinaman."

The gentleman from Texas demurred to this and said there was no such thing as luck in draw poker: the chance features of the game, he said, had all been eliminated by the application of skill and science. He then proceeded to demonstrate his assertion, which he did to perfection. At the end of six hours Jim's earthly possessions consisted of the suit of clothes he was wearing; everything else he had owned in the world had passed into the hands of the skillful and scientific gentleman from Texas.

JIM RECOGNIZED THE CONTRIVANCE.

The Fairplay gambler arose from the table and relieved himself of some choice profanity, most of which was directed against himself. He declared that he was "better qualified to drive a stage than to pose as a gentleman of fortune." The superintendent of the stage line, who was present, jocosely offered Jim a job, and the penniless gambler in a spirit of bravado accepted it, and declared then and there that he would never touch the "pasteboards" again as long as he lived.

The gentleman from Texas took his departure as unostentatiously as he had come, but leaving behind him in his room at the hotel a peculiar wire and elastic contrivance which puzzled the brain of the landlord to determine its use. Several persons to whom he exhibited it declared they had never seen anything like it before, but Jim at once recognized it as a contrivance known as a hold-out, by means of which a player retained cards in his possession, secreted in his sleeves, which should be in the deck.

As Jim was the only person in Fairplay who had anything like an intimate acquaintance with the scientist from Texas, the landlord presented Jim with the little implement that had worked the former's financial ruin. Jim's first impulse was to secrete the hold-out upon his person and seek revenge upon the unsuspecting miners in the gulch, but he remembered that he had hired himself to the stage company and forsworn gambling. He was a man of his word, and a stage driver he became. It was a monotonous life until the road agents began to pay frequent visits to the line, and Jim liked it. The only thing that disturbed his serenity was the recollection of the gentleman from Texas. If he could but once meet that scientist face to face life would take on new charms for him.

I had a seat beside Jim on the Leadville coach, and as the horses crawled slowly up the grade of Kenosha mountain, preparatory to a wild dash down the other side into the South park, I remarked to him that it was going to be a pleasant night. He replied that you never could tell much about nights in that country until the next day; he had seen nights just as promising as this one turn out real bad before daybreak. The very best of meteorological predictions were likely to fail in a country so thickly infested with gentlemen of the road.

I expressed a desire to have a good view of Red hill as we crossed that famous elevation, and wondered if the moon would be down before we got there. Jim vouchsafed the information that the moon would be up, but added that he had known of people's appetites for scenery being permanently destroyed by gazing on Red hill by moonlight.

I was sound asleep with my head on Jim's shoulder when he nudged me and said:

"We're going up Red hill now; help yourself to the scenery, an' if you've got any valuables about you you'd better hide 'em somewhere. We're liable to see more things than scenery."

Then the horses came to a sudden halt and Jim and I looked down the muzzle of a revolver in the steady hand of a horseman beside the wheelers.

"Will you step down for a moment, driver?" asked the man on horseback.

Jim replied that he was just thinking of getting down as he was tired of

"WELL, I'LL BE DARNED!"

sitting. I followed him and took my place beside him in time to see the other passengers descend one by one from the inside of the coach with their hands above their heads and take a place in line beside us.

There were but two of the road agents. While one of them relieved the passengers of their weapons and all articles of value the other was in the front boot of the stage securing the treasure box.

When the first robber came opposite to Jim, he drew back in surprise, exclaiming: "Well, I'll be darned!"

For a second only he was off his guard, but that brief space of time was a fatal one. A pistol cracked and he fell shot through the head.

"Bang, crack," went two more shots. Both took effect; the second road agent reeled and fell from the boot of the stage and Jim was lying beside the first robber. It was the big six-shooter of the man on the stage that had answered Jim's first shot and it was the crack of a derringer that had terminated the brief battle.

Jim was wounded in the leg. A young doctor in the party stanched the flow of blood and we proceeded on our way with the bodies of the two bandits thrown into the hind boot.

The shooting was shrouded in mystery so far as the passengers were concerned. They had seen Jim's six-shooter taken from his holster by one of the bandits, after which a careful search had been made to see that he had no other weapon, but when we picked him up a derringer was clasped in either hand. The question was how had he managed to conceal them and bring them into action at such an opportune time? The mystery was solved when his clothing was removed at the hotel in Fairplay. Under his waistcoat was the wire and elastic poker hold-out formerly belonging to the gentleman from Texas. The nippers for holding the cards had been removed and a circular clasp large enough to securely hold the handle of a derringer had been attached in their place. The gentleman to whom the contrivance originally belonged was in the hind boot. His surprise on recognizing Jim accounted for his presence there.

Jim's leg was broken and the doctor informed him that when he recovered that leg would be shorter than the other; that he would always limp when he walked.

"It's all my own fault, Doc," said Jim.

"I don't see how you can make that out."

"Well, it was this way: When I let the derringers down into my hands I calculated to shoot the man in the boot with the gun in my right hand and take the highest feller with my left, but just then I recognized him as the gent I was mostly seekin' after, a gent from Texas who skinned me out o' my pile with this yere hold-out, an', Doc, the temptation was too great; I gave it to him with my right, but it took me too long to get a bead on the the other one. But, say, Doc, this science is a great thing."—Chicago Times.

IN THE ELECTRICAL WORLD.

—The Virginia Telephone Co., of Norfolk, Va., having obtained a charter, has asked the Norfolk council for a franchise permitting the company to establish a plant. Its officers guarantee efficient service at two-thirds of present rates.

—An English chemist named Armstrong asserts it as his belief that no chemical action ever takes place except in the presence of some substance capable of being decomposed by electricity, and that therefore all chemical phenomena are electrical.

—Prof. Lucien I. Blake has succeeded, it is said, in establishing electrical communication by wire between the land and a vessel anchored several miles out in the ocean. Prof. Blake is a Kansas man and occupies the chair of physics and electrical engineering at the Kansas State university.

—Within a radius of 33 miles of New York city, says Electricity, there are 3,500,000 people and 25,000 telephones. In New York city proper there are 10,500 telephone stations, 90 per cent. of which are equipped on the metallic circuit system. In that city the Metropolitan Telephone & Telegraph Co. operates 10 central exchanges, seven of which are entirely for metallic circuit service. The New York & New Jersey Telephone Co. has 10,000 subscribers, about 75 per cent. of whom enjoy the metallic circuit system.

—An improved multiple telegraphic instrument has been introduced into France, in which each key sends over the line wire at each operation an intermittent current corresponding to a definite number of vibrations a minute. The receiving sounders are each in a similar way sensitive only to currents having a determined rate of vibrations corresponding to one of the transmitting keys. Consequently each receiver selects and responds to the current sent by a transmitter having a corresponding period of vibrations.

—A new telephone system is said to be under consideration in Albany, N. Y. It is proposed to place telephones in several places easy of access, where anyone who wishes to send a notice or a paid advertisement to any of the Albany papers can do so with very little trouble. The plan was submitted some time ago to several of the newspapers of Albany. It has been proposed to place these instruments in branch offices, in stationery or drug stores, in remote parts of the city and suburbs. The office will be kept open all day and until late at night. The promoters of the scheme have tested five telephones connected with a mile wire with satisfactory results, viz: the Phœnix, Harrison, D'Unger, National and Colvin.

—According to Nature trials have been made in London, Eng., of a new apparatus for extracting teeth by electricity. It consists of an induction coil of extremely fine wire, having an interruptor capable of vibration at the rate of 450 times a second. The patient sits in the regulation arm chair, and takes the negative electrode in his left hand and the positive in his right. At this moment the operator turns on a current, of which the intensity is gradually increased till it has obtained the utmost limit that the patient can support. The extractor is then put in circuit and fastened on the tooth, which, under the action of the vibration, is loosened at once. The operation is performed quickly, and the patient feels no other sensation than the pricking produced in the hands and forearms by the current.

THE MORTUARY URN.

A Peculiar and Amusing Instance of Misplaced Comment.

More than one man and quite a number of women turned round to look at the curious adaptation of old to new methods. A hearse was being driven slowly up Broadway above Twenty-third street with the curtain raised so that the whole interior could be seen. There was no coffin there, but right in the middle of the inside platform there stood a small black vase about eight inches high and perhaps as many inches in width across the handles.

"Well," said one gentleman, swinging round his companion to look at the hearse, "I knew cremation was getting to be more and more practiced, but I'd no idea that the cremationists ever made a funeral of the ashes. There's the mortuary urn, you see, and in it, I suppose, is the handful of dust that represents the dear departed. I wonder, by the by, who the dear departed was."

There were no mourning coaches that could be distinguished in the jam of cars and carriages, and as the hearse went slowly along with its curious little load the general composite expression on the faces of those that watched it indicated that the whole thing might be all right from a hygienic point of view, but that as a funeral it was strange, cold and heartless.

And when the hearse stopped at the undertaker's rooms the driver pulled out the vase and handed it to the proprietor.

"The bit of a spike to that there ornamint's dropped out agin," he said, "and ye'd betther be afther givin' et on this toime, I'm thinkin'."—N. Y. Sun.

Health Rules for Women.

There are three things that give a woman perfect form, movement and disposition. Resolved into rules, they are as follows: Don't fret, keep clean, and, finally, keep supple. To keep supple a woman must begin by breathing right; then she must walk with her muscles instead of her bones, and, lastly, she must exercise regularly. The best way to keep clean is to rub a nice, soft cream into your skin before taking a bath, and then take that bath just as hot as possible. The cream feeds the skin and the hot water cleanses and softens it. The way to keep from fretting is to put your thoughts upon something else than yourself, and, above all, to have an interest or object in life. No woman need fear old age if she has lived up to these rules.—Chicago Herald.

STRONG NERVES

Depend upon pure, rich, red, nourishing, strength-giving blood. The nerves derive their sustenance from the blood and when they are weak it is because they do not receive the nourishment needed. The true cure for nervousness will not be found in opiate or sedative compounds. These only allay the symptoms.

"My wife suffered many years with various troubles, severe headaches, debility, nervousness, indigestion and dyspepsia. She has been treated by different doctors, and tried different remedies, but Hood's Sarsaparilla has done more for her than anything else. We consider Hood's Sarsaparilla a most indispensable medi-

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Removes the cause by purifying and enriching the blood, giving to it just those qualities which are demanded for the proper support of the nervous system. Hundreds of women who once suffered from nervousness, write that they have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and nervousness has disappeared. This was because Hood's Sarsaparilla purified their blood.

cine for family use, and for all disorders caused by torpid liver and impure blood, in fact it is a wonderful health restorer to the whole system. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proved itself in my wife's case, and we can faithfully recommend its use in every family." JACOB ROMMEL, Morrison, Mo.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache. 25c.

"SOMETIMES," said Uncle Eben, "when er man tells yoh he's discouraged he doan' mean nuffin' by it 'ceppin' dat he's 'bout made up his min' ter be good an' lazy de res' of his life."—Washington Star.

"I NEV noticed," says the corn-fed philosopher, "that a man is a heap like whisky—the poorer he is the liabler he is to stay in the jug."—Cincinnati Tribune.

S S S HEALS RUNNING SORES

CURES THE SERPENT'S STING

CONTAGIOUS BLOOD POISON In all its stages completely eradicated by S.S.S. Obstinate sores and ulcers yield to its healing powers. It removes the poison and builds up the system

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KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

Ely's Cream Balm has completely cured me of catarrh when everything else failed. Many acquaintances have used it with excellent results.—Alfred W. Stevens, Caldwell, Ohio.

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Pain and Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Protects the Membrane from colds. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

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The Aermotor Company treats the public generously. While state legislatures are passing laws to secure repairs for farm machinery at reasonable prices IT IS A FACT THAT THE AERMOTOR COMPANY HAS FOR THE YEAR PAST BEEN COMPELLED TO RAISE ITS PRICES ON REPAIRS BECAUSE SOME OF ITS CUSTOMERS HAVE BEEN ORDERING INDIVIDUAL PARTS TO MAKE UP COMPLETE MACHINES, SINCE IN THAT WAY THEY COULD GET A MACHINE CHEAPER THAN BY ORDERING IT ASSEMBLED. *People are not compelled to buy machinery, if they are compelled to buy repairs.* The Aermotor Company *was in this respect generous to a fault.* It sold so low that customers could assemble a machine at less than the price it was claims it would cost. But not certain that they would get the machine assembled in good shape, since it was for the protection of its own reputation, the Aermotor Company always put the price of certain repairs at such a figure as would get the machine in future. Not only has the Aermotor Company always given the best goods at the lowest price and refused to sell inferior articles at any price, but it has now ESTABLISHED IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE COUNTRY IN OTHER HOUSES SO AS NOT ONLY TO HAVE GOODS EASILY ACCESSIBLE, BUT TO HAVE ITS REPAIRS WITHIN EASY REACH. It expects soon a number of houses. This is a matter of the greatest importance to those who are purchasing machinery. Accidents will happen, and a wise man will look to it when he is buying so as to be able that repairs can be had at reasonable cost. Our very low prices and high standards on everything connected with water supply and power pumping by wind, together with the accessibility of a full line of our goods and repairs, will be appreciated. Aermotor Co., Chicago.

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DENVER, COLORADO.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

DESTROYING THE HOME.

The Terrible Evil of Intemperance Graphically Told by a Cartoon.

It has been said that the hope of a nation lies in the home. There are no more sacred ties on earth than those of the home. When God gave to man the woman who should be a companion and helpmate for him, He established the first home on earth, and gave it His benediction; and throughout the Bible the sacred relations of home and family ties are repeatedly and solemnly recognized and emphasized; and that evil which attacks the home and would destroy it is the most to be dreaded and should call forth the strongest efforts for its overthrow. In the accompanying illustration, taken from a large

SPIKE THAT GUN.

color cartoon published in the Ram's Horn, we have a graphic picture of the crowning evil of this nation and the world, and the terrible work it is doing every day and week in the year. If every saloon were really a cannon and the very foundation stones of the home were being shot to pieces by its terrible vomit, bringing death and destruction to the wife and the babe, what a gallant charge would be made on the deadly battery by the 400, yea, by the 40,000 times 400. What a "Spiking of Guns" there would be, and instead of the confident attitude of triumph of the greater Napoleon, his satanic majesty, we would see him cowed and conquered as he, too, met his Waterloo. May this little cartoon preach its sermon and reveal the true attitude and work of the rum traffic.

A NEVER-ENDING PROCESSION.

How the Line of Drunkards Is Constantly Being Filled.

As James, a lad of about fifteen years, sat reading some statistics about the thousands of drunkards in the United States and the enormous tax of millions of dollars every year to support the drink habit, he looked up to his Uncle John and asked:

"Where do so many drunkards come from?"

"Oh!" said Uncle John, "they come from all directions; from families in various conditions in life, the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned. They fall gradually into the drunkard's line, making accessions every day, and so form a continuous solid column, moving on in endless procession toward a drunkard's grave."

"But," said James, "they are not real drunkards when they start, are they?"

"No. Every drunkard in the land was once a sober and innocent child. All the boys you see every day are as temperate and sober as you are, but very likely some of them will by and by lie in the gutter. Many of them are now rich, have fine clothes, live in happy homes, and have an abundance to make life useful and pleasant. But for all this, some of them will fall into the line of the drunkards, and then will make unkind husbands and fathers; deprive their children of food and all home comforts; of good books, education and good social standing, and themselves commit crimes and be thrust into prison. You have seen something like this, although you are quite young."

"Yes," said James, "I have, and what I have seen, with what you have said, puzzles me. I should think such examples, and the statistics, such as I have just read, would be such a warning that the line of drunkards would be broken up at once. I should think that even after men find themselves in the downward road, they would break away before they reach the awful end. I wish you would tell me why they don't."

"Well, my boy, as you seem to be in earnest, I will try to explain it to you. There are several reasons for this constant succession of drunkards. I will, however, now speak of one only, a power that draws men along with tremendous force, and that is the law and power of habit. But as you are a mere boy and have not studied this subject, let me give you an illustration which may help you. Do you remember reading to me one day a description of the Niagara river; that some distance above the Falls the water was smooth and scarcely seemed to move, and how people often put out in their boats to have a pleasant row, and how it sometimes happened that a boat floated insensibly down the stream till the occupants began to notice that they glided along easily without using the oars, and then noticed the water began to ripple and then to boil and rush along rapidly and with increasing force, and when they began to ply their oars vigorously to regain the shore, found themselves far down below the place where they embarked, and to their consternation, found they were in the rapids bearing them down with irresistible power to the falls below?"

"Yes," said James, "and I remember how I shuddered when I read that the poor fellows broke their oars, and tried in vain to stem the current, which was too swift for them, and wondered why they did not discover their peril till too late. Now, Uncle John, do you mean to say that in some such way men are drawn on in the drunkard's line, thinking they are in no danger, only sailing along in pleasant ways, and when they discover their peril, find that what you call the power of habit, is like the rapids, too strong for them to overcome?"

"Yes, that is just what I mean. I am glad you understand it. You will see by what I have said that one does not become a drunkard at once. It is a gradual process. Unconsciously a man enters the line, and in the first easy and pleasant stages is not aware of his danger, although his friends are often alarmed and warn him of his peril. But he laughs at their fears, and says he knows enough to take good care of himself."

"Now, Uncle John, please explain to me the law and power of habit."

"Certainly, I will. Briefly, it is this: Any action of the mind or body, any organ of the body, comes to act with greater ease and power by repetition, by acting once and again and again, till the act is performed easily, scarcely without thinking. And with the sense of taste, there is this peculiarity which makes it so dangerous, the pleasure of the sensation when the organs are stimulated is greatly increased with every experience, and so calls for, and at length even demands, a repetition of the pleasure. Thus one glides easily and pleasantly into the drink habit, and every indulgence adds a new and stronger link to the chain which binds a man to his cups. Now, James, I have told you that when a youth steps into the drunkard's line he is unconscious of what he is doing. He has often looked upon the miserable wrecks of humanity with abhorrence, and yet with pity, and would shudder at the thought of becoming such a wreck himself. But on some festive occasion he drinks a glass of wine. This little step is his first in the line. He thinks nothing of it. By and by he takes another glass, and at length another. Some day he dines at a friend's house and indulges with others at the table, drinks a little more than ever before, and enjoys the pleasure of the evening to a high degree, and is unusually brilliant in conversation. After a time he is preparing for some public performance, or writing an essay to read before his class, but feels a little dull, and now remembering how a glass of wine or brandy stimulated his mind procures a glass now alone by himself, and feels wonderfully helped, almost inspired. In a short time he seeks and enjoys the company of those who are in the same line, but in more advanced stages. Thus he goes on, step by step, till at length he finds himself on the down grade, gravitating with increasing velocity and irresistible momentum. Now he is fully awake to his perilous situation—health gone, unable to perform his duties, his family in want, himself a beggar, and loathed by all that know him. In despair he cries, I am ruined, am lost. His friends urge him to reform. He promises, but says: Can I reform? He resolves to abandon his cups, but breaks his resolutions. His resolutions are no stronger than cords of burnt flax. The chain of habit binds him. The chain that seemed like a wreath of flowers, which he twined around himself in youth, has turned to adamant. The habit now grapples and holds him to his cups like hooks of steel, and they are barbed hooks from which he can not release himself. Nothing now but the grace of God can save him.

"Now, James, my young fellow, I have tried to show you where all the drunkards come from, how they fall into line, and why they stay there till their sad end is reached. You see how the line is perpetuated. As soon as one falls at the end of this course, another starts in at the other end of the line, and so it is true,

> The drunkards will never be dead
> And this is the reason why,
> A new one comes to take his place
> As fast as the old ones die.

—Rev. I. H. Northrop, in N. Y. Evangelist.

KINDNESS SAVED HIM.

A Drunkard's Moral Nature Aroused by an Act of Brotherly Love.

The following recital was recently made by a stalwart temperance man:

"I had been a drinking man for twenty years, had ruined my chances in life and made my family wretched. I did not believe in God or humanity. A whisky soaked brain is not adapted to any noble form of faith either for this world or that which is to come. One day about seventeen years ago, when I returned from the shop to my little home, which was bare of almost every comfort, to say nothing of luxuries, my wife told me that a lady had been to see us and left an orange apiece for the three children and some pretty cards, with a 'Merry Christmas' for us all.

"Nobody ever came to our house those days, and I was surprised, for this lady was the wife of one of the trustees in the great university, a business man who stood very high, and she had plenty of money, position, education and occupation. Indeed, she had everything that we had not. So I sat myself down to try to reason on some bad motive for her coming, as it was my custom then to look for bad motives in people rather than good ones.

"But as her husband was not in politics and could not desire my vote, and as he was not in any business where I could by any means be of service to him, and as neither he nor she could gain anything from us, although I racked my brain to find something that they could gain, I was obliged to say to myself: 'It must have been what Christians call the "love of God," and when I had come to this conclusion my heart melted a little, and I said to myself: 'If it is true that there is such a thing as the love of God I shall reform,' and from that day I have never tasted intoxicating liquors."—Union Signal.

GENERAL GLEANINGS.

IN the drunkard's home the devil don't try to hide his cloven hoof.—Ram's Horn.

A PUBLIC drinking fountain has been donated to the city by the W. C. T. U. of Meriden, Conn.

THE actual national debt, November 1, 1894, was $1,018,667,616.68. The year's direct drink bill would pay it all off, and leave a balance of more than the 68 cents.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

—Vanilla Wafers: Once cup of sugar, two-thirds cup butter, four tablespoonfuls milk, one tablespoonful vanilla, one egg, one and a half teaspoonfuls cream of tartar, two-third teaspoonful of soda, flour enough to roll out well; roll very thin.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Brown Bread: One cup each of rye meal and Indian meal, one-half cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt. Mix with cold water quite soft. Put into tin pail, cover and bake two or three hours; about half an hour before it is done remove the cover in order to dry off the top.—Boston Budget.

—Dressing for Cabbage and Lettuce: Four tablespoonfuls vinegar, one tablespoonful salt, one tablespoonful mustard, one tablespoonful sugar. Put into dish of boiling water and add piece of butter size of an egg. Beat one egg stir into this, which makes it thick; add cream to thin it a little and a pinch of cayenne pepper.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Fannie's Apple Fritters: Beat the yolks of two eggs, add one tablespoonful of sugar, add, slowly one cupful of milk made a little more than "milk warm," then add two cupfuls of flour sifted with one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder and a little salt, and lastly two beaten whites. Stir in tiny slices of good sour apples. Drop in hot lard. Serve with sirup.—Good Housekeeping.

—Haddock Stewed in Milk: Dissolve an ounce of butter in a frying-pan, add a half pint of milk, stirring it to prevent burning. Then take three dried haddock, skin, and divide each into two fillets. Stew for about a quarter of an hour, or till the fish is thoroughly cooked. Place the fillets neatly on a hot dish, thicken with milk and pour over. Serve very hot for breakfast.—Leeds Mercury.

—Cream Cheese: Is much liked by some epicures. Take sour cream, salt it slightly and hang it up in a linen bag to drain until dry. This takes two days or more. Then put in a deep dish still in the bag, and let it ripen for a week, sprinkling it with salt daily. Good for luncheon. These are but a few of the many forms in which milk may appear to advantage on the country table.—Lina Dalton, in Country Gentleman.

—Minnehaha Cake: One cup sugar, one-half cup butter, yolks of two eggs and whole of one, two cups flour, one-half cup milk, one teaspoon cream tartar, one-half teaspoon soda. This makes three layers. Filling: Boil one cup sugar with little cold water until it will crack when dropped into cold water, then remove from the stove and stir into the white of one egg beaten to a stiff froth, then stir in one cup of raisins chopped and stoned.—Harper's Bazar.

—Cabbage Salad: Have the cabbage chopped fine and in a deep dish. Put in a stew-pan, over a rather hot fire, one cupful of thick sour cream. Stir in while heating the yolks of three well-beaten eggs. Add a half a teaspoonful each of mustard and sugar and butter the size of an egg, with a dash of white pepper and salt. While cooking, stir in half a cupful of strong vinegar. This makes a smooth, thick dressing, with a delicate creamy taste, superior to the old method. Pour over the cabbage while hot, and mix thoroughly.—Prairie Farmer.

Last Year's Gown.

A style very useful for renovating the bodice of a last year's gown is to cut it in a low square front and back, filling in this open space with some new bright contrasting fancy silk or satin material. To conceal the joining, use is made of twisted ribbon, a row of pretty jetted gimp, or a band of velvet with rosettes and shoulder bows for additional lining. If the sleeves are not voluminous enough for present fashion, large puffs may be added, matching the silk or satin guimpe, using the best portions of the old sleeves for the forearm parts of the new sleeves, or a very full ruffle of lace may be set above the original sleeve, thus producing a distended appearance from shoulder to shoulder. Many other devices are resorted to for changing sleeves that are not wide enough, such as pointed insertions of piece velvet or ipsertion bands of gimp jet, lace or ribbon producing a stripped effect; also Hungarian caps, shoulder-capes, epaulets, and narrow puffs set in full at the top of the sleeve and tapering to a point at the elbow.—N. Y. Post.

To Light the Dinner Table.

Candelabra are very pretty things if there be any in the family, but they are expensive to buy, and four silver candlesticks are, on the whole, more useful and ornamental. Nowadays there are candles in the market warranted not to drip, and made not wholly of wax, but of some composition which burns brilliantly and slowly. They average eight to the pound, and cost something like twenty-five or thirty cents a pound. No light is so satisfactory or so becoming as candlelight. When the great question of illumination and flowers is settled, there remains one more opportunity for individual taste, for bonbons, salted almonds and olives may be disposed here and there in small dishes of cut glass or silver. Perhaps these are too luxurious for human nature's daily food in your household or mine, but now and then when we have company we may indulge in them.—Philadelphia Press.

Decline of Half Mourning.

Half mourning is no longer worn to any extent, lavender, and all the violet shades, gray and black and white, being now used as out of mourning colors too generally to give them their former significance. Of course the bereaved one does not change abruptly from deep mourning to bright colors. She naturally adopts substitute colors first and returns to habitual wearing apparel by gradual transition, but the hard and fast rules regarding the manner of it is left to individual preference.—Philadelphia Press.

A PRETTY STORY.

Friendship That Sprang Up Between a Bison and a Deer.

The bison of India has never been kept long in captivity, except in the case of one bull, which is now in the possession of his highness the maharajah of Mysore.

How this bull came to survive, when so many of his fellows had succumbed, is a very pretty story. It is related by the author of "Gold, Sport and Coffee Planting in Mysore," who took it down from the lips of his neighbor, Mr. Park, who captured the animal, and was knowing to all the details of the story.

When captured the bull was supposed to be about three days old. A week afterwards a young doe sambur, pursued by jungle dogs, ran into a laborer's cottage, and was made a prisoner.

It was decided to keep the deer as a companion for the bison, and the two were accordingly kept together, though never shut up.

They were fed on milk and then allowed to graze, and soon became inseparable. They were fed at twelve o'clock and at four in the afternoon, and seemed to know their feeding time exactly.

When the bison was two years old it was thought time to fit him with a nose rope. He was tied to a tree, his nose bored, and he was liberated. He ran all about the grounds, and then, for the first and only time, he was heard to bellow.

After this he was regularly led out to graze. The sambur would sometimes remain behind, but seemed to have no difficulty in finding him, but, putting her nose to catch the scent, would start at once in the right direction.

The bison had no such power, and if ever he missed his companion would go wandering about till he found her.

When the bull was three years old he was presented to the maharajah and was sent off to the nearest railway station—some sixty miles away.

The doe soon noticed his absence, held up her nose as usual, got the direction, and, when the bull was five or six miles away, she overtook him. He showed the most extreme delight, and the two traveled happily together to Mysore.

Mr. Park saw the bull in 1891, and two or three years afterwards Mr. Elliot was glad to learn that the bison and the deer were still inseparable companions and both in excellent health.

He believes that the bull would long ago have pined away and died but for the society of the doe.

SURVIVAL OF BARBARITY.

It Is Manifested in the Modern Love for Jewelry and Ornaments.

Personal adornments made out of money current in this and other realms rank with fish bones thrust through noses as a guide for forming an opinion as to the degree and kind of cultivation possessed by the wearer, says the New York Times. Antique coins at the end of a man's watch chain, or as links in a woman's girdle, are not altogether objectionable, but the withdrawal of quarter eagles or whole sovereigns from general circulation for use in the decoration of either public bar-rooms or private waists, can only result from a survival of savage instincts. Every instance of it offends numberless canons of good taste and more than several canons of ordinary morality. Hence it is possible to reflect with tolerable equanimity, and even with a certain grim joy, upon the loss just sustained by a much bewritten and apparently more admired visitor to our town and stage, of fifteen British gold pieces and thirty-five American ones. These she was taking, it seems, not sedately and properly to a savings bank, but in clear violation of esthetic laws to a jeweler's shop, there to be cunningly united into a most barbarous zone. That some guardian divinity made impossible this purpose's accomplishment is thoroughly and wholly well. The coins, indeed, are lost, and they had intrinsic value, being gold, and sentimental meaning, being marked with the initials of former owners, but for advertising uses they remain as effective as before. Neither the kindly youth, whose munificence they recorded, nor the sprightly nymph, whom they (the coins) were tenderly to embrace, will languish unremarked.

The Prince Took Off His Hat.

According to the Philadelphia Record, the captain of the clipper Louisiana, which lately arrived at that port, tells a good story of the way an American boy, without making himself offensive, extorted a tribute from royalty. While the Louisiana was lying at Dublin, the prince of Wales, who was then the guest of the lord mayor of the Irish capital, sent word to the captain that he would like to come on board and see what an old-time American clipper-ship was like. The captain's son heard what was going on, and declared that he would make the prince tip his hat to him. He knew, it seems, that the prince was not in the habit of uncovering in this way. When the royal party came on board the boy appeared on deck waving the American flag. The prince, seeing the national colors, lifted his hat, and the rest of the party followed suit, to the great delight of the captain's son, who thus had made good his boast.

A Rare Event.

Silver weddings are not uncommon, but a silver betrothal falls to the lot of few. A case of that kind is reported from Berlin. The engaged couple first pledged their troth in December, 1869. The young lady's aunt, however, threatened to "cut her off with a shilling" if she dared to get married. Consequently, the loving couple had to forego their most ardent wish, viz: the prospect of a speedy marriage. Still, they remained true to their pledge during this interminable courtship. Not long ago the obdurate aunt departed this life, but by desire of the intended husband the wedding was postponed to enable the couple to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their betrothal.

GIRLS IN BOXING GLOVES.

Ten Rounds and a Knockout in a New York Gymnasium.

Nearly every week day afternoon the favored visitor to a certain aristocratic gymnasium on Fifth avenue, New York, may see clever boxing bouts between the spirituelle young sports in knickerbockers who are members of the organization.

Not many days ago, says the New York World, a ten-round "go" between two of the most expert girls resulted in a clean knockout.

A member of the gymnasium, who found the secret too much to keep, gives details of the bout, but refused to say more than that the contestants were named Maud and Ethel respectively.

For the first four rounds neither fair boxer gained much advantage, although there were several rattling exchanges.

In the fifth Maud secured first knockdown, and there followed three rounds devoted to uneventful rallies.

The ninth round was distinguished by some clever work in the way of feints, ducks and counters, both contestants being pretty well winded at the quavering call of time from a member who was so excited that she had almost lost her voice.

When the finished and panting, but plucky, girls faced each other for the last round the first effort made was a splendid straight-arm punch which sent Ethel reeling for a moment. A new member of tender years quietly fainted in a corner just as Ethel recovered herself quickly in time to duck another beauty aimed for the chin.

Before Maud could get herself back into position Ethel landed twice and her adversary at once became exceedingly groggy.

Ethel, though puffing like a grampus herself, was quick to see her opportunity, and with a smart uppercut sent poor Maud to the floor in a bunch, fairly knocked out.

The vanquished maid was carried to a dressing-room, where she soon recovered. Then all the girls, after having a good cry together, went home, satisfied that they had a lovely time and eager for the next bout.

ON BOARD A BURRO.

A Lady Passenger's Experience in Mountain Climbing.

In riding a mule up a mountain, where the trail often runs along the edge of a precipice, the rider is told that it is safer to let the beast have its own way than to attempt to guide it. But even in mountain riding the old adage holds—there is no rule without its exception. Miss Sanborn tells us in her book, "A Truthful Woman in Southern California," that in ascending Mount Wilson she let the reins hang from the pommel of the saddle, and humored her mule's wish to nibble the herbage.

At a narrow place, with a sharp declivity below, the beast fixed his jaws upon a small, tough bush on the upper bank. As he warmed to the work, his hind feet worked around toward the edge of the chasm. The bush began to come out by the roots, which seemed to be without end. As the weight of the mule was thrown heavily backward, I looked forward with apprehension to the time when the root should finally give way.

I dared not and could not move. The root gave way, allowing the mule to fall backward. One foot slipped over the edge, but three stuck to the path, and the majority prevailed.

After that I saw it was safer to let my faithful beast graze on the outer edge. All went well until he became absorbed in following downward the foliage of a bush which grew up from below.

As he stretched his neck farther and farther down, I saw that he was bending his forelegs. His shoulders sank more and more. I worked myself backward, and was sliding down behind—too late. The bush broke, causing the mule to fall back forcibly against the inner bank, with myself sandwiched between the adamantine wall of the mountain and the well-shod heels of the mule.

The animal, being as much scared as myself, started up the trail on a gallop. I had saved my life, but lost my mule. I resolved to push on. At the very first turn a boy appeared hurrying back with my palfrey.

Afraid of the Rattler.

The instinct of self-preservation is strong and automatic. It works independently of reason and knowledge, but even against their teachings. The Cincinnati Enquirer tells a story which illustrates these assertions: A man on a Lake Huron steamer had the only specimen of black rattlesnake I had ever met with. It was about the size of an ordinary gartersnake and very vicious. It was confined in a strong box covered with thick plate glass. When anyone would touch the glass with his finger the snake would strike the under side opposite the finger as quickly as a stroke of lightning. The experimenter would always jerk away as suddenly. There was not a man on board, however muscular and free from nervousness, who could keep his finger to the glass when the snake would strike, although knowing that it could not possibly touch him. Strong men would try it again and again, certain of their ability to endure the test, but with the same result.

She Had the Evidence.

A novel piece of evidence was introduced recently in a breach of promise case in Bavaria. The defendant obstinately denied the charge, and stated that his accuser had nothing to show to prove her statement. The latter, a buxom village maiden, asked one day to be permitted to bring in her evidence. The court granted her request and adjourned until ten o'clock the next day. At the appointed time she was on hand, and upon the query of the judge where her evidence was, she opened the door and four lumbermen brought in a tree trunk, upon the bark of which her faithless adorer had incised both their initials within a dawning heart! She won her case.

HYPNOTISM IN COURT.

They Use It in Their Intrigues—Learned Men Pronounce Opinions.

An interesting case was recently brought before the criminal court of Munich. A Polish adventurer named Luberz-Czyuski had appeared in Dresden as a professional hypnotizer. Dresden has many rich people who have nothing special to keep them employed, and the man with the unpronounceable name found plenty of faithful followers. Among these was a lady of good family, beautiful and rich. The "professor" declared his love to her, she accepted him, and there under ordinary circumstances would have been an end to the matter. Unfortunately, however, Czyuski had already a wife, and he tried to get out of the difficulty by a sham marriage, asking his new spouse to keep their union secret. But the high-born lady's relatives got wind of the affair and had the adventurer arrested, accusing him of having hypnotized his victim. Half a dozen learned men, says the Echo, Berlin, were summoned from as many universities to decide whether it was possible to influence a person to such an extent that all resistance is impossible. The jury failed to be convinced that such is the case. The charge against Czyuski, of having made the lady subservient to him without her consent, was dismissed, but he was convicted of disorderly conduct and of criminal acts against the public morality and sentenced to three years' imprisonment, with five years' loss of civic honors. The Nation, Berlin, says: "I do not believe that hypnotic influence is irresistible. When we see the exhibitions of professional hypnotizers we are led to think that they command obedience. If a hypnotized person is told: 'You are a dog,' he will begin to bark and crawl on all fours. But I believe that all such people are only somewhat stupid individuals who follow no other influence than the wish to appear interesting or to please—for some reason or other—the hypnotizer. I have often discovered proofs of this. One man, for instance, was told that in a certain place there was a wall too high for him to jump over. He went to this place and began to jump, but he always jumped—backward! None of the great scientists who interest themselves in hypnotism have ever declared that they themselves could be influenced. It is impossible with a person feeling his responsibility, and neither judge nor jury could be influenced."

THE HABIT OF NAIL-BITING.

It Is a Mark of Degeneration of the Nervous System.

There has just been issued from the Paris press a brochure which is creating a large amount of interest in French medical circles, both on account of its originality and the experimental results which it embodies. It is from the pen of Dr. Edgar Berillon, so well known in the surgical world by reason of his prominent connection with the dead Charcot in the latter's hypnotic experiments, and at present Secretarie General de la Societe d'Hypnologie et de Psychologie of Paris and medical inspector of the state lunatic asylums. The work is a scientific treatise on onychophagie, or fingernail biting, and contains the results of a series of observations in the public and private schools of France, and extending through a period of more than seven years. At the congress of the French Association for the Advancement of Sciences, held at Nancy in 1886, Berillon first announced his observations on the habit of nail-biting, and since that time has been in almost continuous experiment.

In his thoroughly scientific treatment of what the world has never before considered worthy of prolonged or special study Berillon has arrived at results really remarkable. His experiments lead him to pronounce the habit far more widespread and pernicious than others promptly treated, and force him to conclude that, if not a disease itself, it is an unfailing mark of incipient degeneration of the nervous system, which, unrecognized, may be prodnctive of the most evil results.

POSSESSIONS OF A TRAMP.

A Wayfarer Who Was Prepared for Any Emergency.

Probably there wasn't another person in the state so well prepared for emergencies as a tramp who has just visited Saco and Biddeford. He had no overcoat, but, as he wore two coats, two thick vests, two pairs of trousers and plenty of underclothing, he didn't miss one much.

When he wandered into the police station, says the Lewiston (Me.) Journal, he bore a big bundle consisting of a heavy comforter rolled in a piece of oilcloth. In his pockets were found several dozen of loose matches and a box of parlor matches, a big roll of newspapers, two dozen railroad time tables, a box of salve, a bottle of insect powder, two harmonicas, a lot of cards, a handful of toothpicks, a shoestring, a wire nail, a collar button, a lead pencil and a carpenter's pencil, a box of indelible leads, an illustrated catalogue of rubber shoes, a purse with six cents and an old copper, three broken clay pipes, a new pocketbook, a piece of silk hat lining, two pieces of castile soap, two sand rollers, three seashells, a broken clamshell, a knife, a plug of tobacco, some fishing tackle, a spool of thread, a piece of wood, a paper of needles, a roll of birch bark, a suspender buckle, a package of cigarette pictures, a notebook containing several sketches of Bar Harbor and vicinity, a chestnut, an acorn, a whetstone, a dozen pieces of rock, a new whisk broom, a pocket comb and a big spoon.

Produce of Fractions of a Penny.

The old lesson as to "little drops of water, little grains of sand" making the universe has had one more exemplification. It is the custom of the Bank of England not to pay fractions of a penny. In the case of dividends on government stock these fractions have in the course of years amounted to one hundred and forty thousand pounds, which amount, it is stated, was a few years ago paid over to the chancellor of the exchequer.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, April 1, 1895.

That Mr. Cleveland is a candidate for renomination is now acknowledged by the shrewdest men in his own party. Senator Gorman, who may be said to be at the head of that class, told a gentleman that Mr. Cleveland's egotism was just as great as ever, notwithstanding the disastrous experience of the last two years, and that he actually believed that he could again be elected if nominated on a platform of his own making, so far as it relates to tariff and finance. It is needless to say to the intelligent reader that Senator Gorman does not believe Mr. Cleveland could again be elected upon any platform: nor that he is doing everything he can, and he can do a great deal in the Democratic party, to block the game Mr. Cleveland is playing for a renomination. The latest scheme to boom Mr. Cleveland is to have him make a speech at Chicago in the near future; it has not been fully developed yet.

Much uneasiness has been caused in official circles by a report that the Supreme Court will by a vote of five to three decide the income tax to be unconstitutional. More than the usual attention is given to this report because of the recent advance leakings of important decisions of the Court.

In view of the probability that the finance committee of the Senate may play a very important part in the Fifty-fourth Congress, there is considerable speculation as to who will be its chairman. Under the existing organization Senator Voorhees is chairman of that committee, but, although no one knows, it is generally expected that the Senate will be reorganized as soon as it meets. So general is this expectation that the Republicans have been discussing the make-up of this committee, and have, informally of course, arrived at some conclusions. Senator Morrill, of Vermont, "the father" of the Senate, would be under the usual rule the next chairman of the finance committee, but owing to his age and the hard work which is likely to fall to the lot of the head of that committee, he has indicated his desire to wave his rights in favor of Senator Sherman, who was chairman of the committee when he retired from the Senate to become secretary of the Treasury under President Hayes, and it may be considered as settled that Mr. Sherman will be chairman if any change is made. It is probable that the membership of the committee will be increased from eleven to thirteen, and that Senators Cameron, of Pennsylvania, and Platt, of Connecticut, will be members, the former being the choice of the silver men for the place left vacant by the retirement of McPherson, of New Jersey.

Verily, times have changed. Up to the Cleveland regime it was the habit of nearly every President to walk about the streets of Washington, just as any other citizen in search of a little healthful exercise would do, but the memory of the public is short and the other day when Mr. Cleveland actually walked from the White House to the residence of Secretary Herbert, about four squares away, the local papers made a sensation out of it, which shows the deteriorating effect of having a President who shuts himself up, surrounded by sentry boxes and detectives and is afraid to venture out among the people.

Speaking of changes, one that was very amusing was brought to the attention of the public by an overtruthful speaker at one of the sessions of the Southern Methodist Conference for the Baltimore district, now sitting in Washington. Mr. Cleveland sent an invitation to the members of the conference and their families to attend a special reception at the White House, and when it was laid before the conference, one of its members, Rev. J. S. Tongue, of Charleston, W. Va., came near to exciting a riot by opposing the acceptance of the invitation and calling attention to the fact that the last time this conference met in Washington, in 1875, it had refused a similar invitation from President Grant, on the ground that the conference wished to keep as free as possible from politics. Notwithstanding Mr. Tongue's remarks about the inconsistency of such action he was promptly hooted down and Mr. Cleveland's invitation accepted. Sensible people, regardless of their politics or their religion, can only laugh at such silly doings on the part of those who assume to be leaders and teachers of their respective congregations.

It seems a little queer that the administration should actually be apologizing for the presence of Admiral Meade's fleet in Central American waters at this time. It may be true that the presence of the ships is accidental — this is probably the only way this administration can do the right thing—but it is timely, in view of the bulldozing attitude of England towards Nicaragua, and instead of feeling disposed to explain or apologize therefor, it might have been supposed that the administration would have been only too glad to have claimed credit for having them there. But nobody can tell what this administration will do about anything.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

are good for sick headache, constipation, piles, bilious colic, fever and ague, dyspepsia, rheumatism, female complaints, dizziness, flatulence, sour stomach, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general debility. They will positively cure all disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. 25 cents a box.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

helps babes over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, controls the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no strong drugs and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good—25 cents a bottle.

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

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The Horticultural Supply Co.,

Growers of and dealers in fruit and ornamental stock especially adapted to the Allegheny Mountains.

All the worthy old and promising new varieties.

Landscape gardening a specialty.

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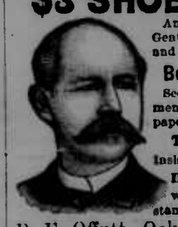

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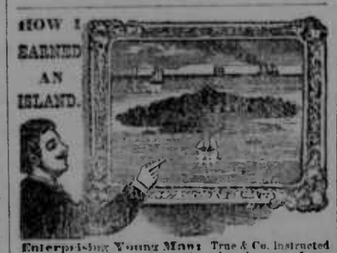

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$40.00 PER WEEK FOR WILLING WORKERS

of either sex, any age, in any part of the country, at the employment which we furnish. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. As capital is not required you run no risk. We supply you with all that is needed. It will cost you nothing to try the business. Any one can do the work. Beginners make money from the start. Failure is unknown with our workers. Every hour you labor you can easily make a dollar. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in three days at any ordinary employment. Send for free book containing the fullest information.

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PORTLAND, MAINE.

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Having determined to devote our attention exclusively to the

Dry Goods, Notion, Clothing, Hat and Shoe Business,

we have disposed of our entire stock of groceries, glassware a ndqueensware.

In their place our patrons will find shelves loaded with the latest novelties and patterns in

Notions, Dry Goods and Clothing.

Our Shoe Department is full and complete.

Our Furnishing Department for Men, Women & Children Is Very ATTRACTIVE.

Believing that our efforts to give the people of Garrett county a first-class store in the lines above indicated will be appreciated, we are,

Yours respectfully,

SINCELL BROS.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

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FOR SALE.

Three acres of land, being a part of the old Kennedy farm, lying in the eastern suburbs of Oakland on either side of the road leading to Mt. Lake Park. Will be sold in lots of ¼ acre each, or as a whole.

For full particulars call on or address MRS. LIZZIE BUZZARD, Elkins, W. Va.

22-6m

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NURSERY AND FRUIT FARM.

Address Swanton, Md., for Fruit and Mushrooms.

Address Mt. Lake Park concerning Nursery, Greenhouse or Vegetable Products.

Agents wanted on salary.

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I am now prepared to furnish and put on plain and fancy roofing, slate, galvanized ridge, roll and water proof paper at reasonable prices. All work and material guaranteed.

C. M. Beeghly.

27-1yr. Keyser, Garrett county, Md.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ¼ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

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29—1yr.

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE, 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

22tf

Shartzer & Bolden,

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FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

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I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 40 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

3. Farm of Mrs. Ida C. Cruntzberg, containing 61 acres, under fence; orchard of 150 trees; stable, frame house. Price, $1,200. Cash payment of $200, balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.

E. H. SINCELL, Atty., Oakland, Md.

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ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT. ONCE YOU USE IT YOU WILL ALWAYS USE IT!

For sale in Oakland by George O. Miller & Co.; in Mountain Lake Park by Hayden & Eckles.

36—13

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I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

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See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

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Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

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All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

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Fine carriage work a specialty.

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Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1895. NUMBER 5.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings In and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

Read Malette's new ad,

Surprise seed oats at City Roller Mills. 3-2t.

Bicycle for sale cheap. Address at once P. O. Box 127. 4-1t.

THE REPUBLICAN for good job printing. Make a note of this.

Mrs. T. C. Hinebaugh has recovered from an attack of the grip.

McComas' Calmative Konseals, 10 cents. Try them. 5-tf

Mr. W. C. Jones, of Deer Park, was an Oakland visitor on Monday.

Sincell Bros. have just opened a large line ladies and gents furnishings.

Mr. J. M. Litzinger spent Sunday and Monday at his old home in Grafton.

Capt. J. M. Jarboe was in Washington, D. C., several days ago on business.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

Mr. John W. Averitt, of the Cumberland *Times*, was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday evening.

Sincell Bros. are making a special drive on dry goods, clothing and shoes for the spring trade.

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Hyde and Miss Ella Cornelius returned from Kingwood Monday afternoon.

Mr. John W. White, of Gormania, was here on last Thursday and made this office a pleasant visit.

We regret to state that the condition of Mr. John T. Mitchell has not improved since out last issue.

You will find the largest and most complete line of clothing ever opened in Oakland at Sincell Bros.

Mrs. Gen. George A. Crook and Mrs. Fanny Dailey Read are now on a visit to friends at Annapolis.

Lawyer T. J. Peddicord, of Oakland, Md., was in town on Wednesday.—The Preston County Jonrnal.

Mr. John P. Jones, of Terra Alta, was in the city Tuesday as the guest of his son, Mr. S. T. Jones.

Bright, new and attractive dry goods in the latest styles can be found at Sincell Bros'. Dry Goods Store.

Mr. Thomas J. Peddicord has been commissioned as Deputy Grand Dictator of the Knights of Honor.

Mr. Lee McComas and his mother went to Baltimore this morning to remain a short time with relatives and friends.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures scalds, burns, indolent sores and never fails to cure piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Sheriff J. F. Dixon, of Mineral county, W. Va., was here over last Sunday as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Cropp.

Miss Addie Cupp, of Maryland Cottage, went to Washington, D. C., Monday morning to spend a month with relatives.

Mr. John Shartzer is engaged in erecting an eight-room dwelling house on Third street near Mr. E. J. Fringer's residence.

Mr. Perry W. Rock arrived in Oakland yesterday morning from his home at Sherwood, Ohio, and will locate here permanently.

Sick headache, constipation and indigestion are quickly cured by DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

Doctor H. R. Fish, of Gravois Mills, Mo., a practicing physician of many years experience, writes: DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve has no equal for indolent sores, scalds and burns. It stops pain instantly, heals a burn quickly and leaves no scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

Miss Lizzie Weber, who spent several weeks with friends at Philadelphia and Cumberland, returned to Oakland on last Thursday night.

A slide of rock from the mountain along the seventeen-mile grade occurred on Monday morning and delayed train No. 8 a considerable time.

Miss Unsa Head, of Davis, W. Va., and Mr. Edward Tillson, of Deer Park, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Spedden for several days.

Miss Annie, eldest daughter of D. E. Bolden, of Oakland, is spending this week as the guest of relatives in Terra Alta.—Terra Alta Oracle.

M. M. Ashby has the thanks of THE REPUBLICAN for a gallon of extra fine maple syrup which was made on the old Beachy farm near Bittinger.

Miss Blanche Riley, of Elkins, and Miss Carrie Browning, of Oakland, Md., were the guests of Miss Lottie Wilson last week.—Beverly Enterprise.

Mr. E. I. West has had a force of men engaged for several days past cleaning up the lawn and otherwise improved the grounds around the Glades hotel.

On last Thursday night Messrs. D. E. Offutt and G. S. Hamill went out to St. Clairsville to look after some coal lands belonging to the estate of the late Judge Hamill.

We have something new, effective, pleasant to take and perfectly harmless and a positive cure for nervous headache, sick headache, dizziness and neuralgia. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harnard, manager. 5-tf

Mr. Frank Bolden, who was married yesterday to a Meyersdale, (Pa.) lady in that town, arrived in Oakland with his bride this morning and will reside here permanently.

Dr. J. G. Robinson has rented and fitted up elaborately a suite of rooms in the Felty building on Alder street where he will hereafter be found by those desiring dental work.

Under the pastoral management of the Rev. S. M. Engle Garrett Memorial church is experiencing a season of prosperity, several persons having united with the church and thus increased the membership.

We regret that we were absent from the office Tuesday morning when Rev. J. O. Thompson, editor of the Keyser *Echo* called, and hope that the gentleman will make us a visit when he is again in town.

Mr. A. D. Naylor is engaged in building for Mr. James Smith, of Mountain Lake Park, a large and handsome express wagon which will be used by Mr. Smith this summer at the Park in hauling goods to and from the station. 5-3t*

Rev. Wesley Davis, of the Pittsburgh Conference of the M. E. church, who was here two or three days last week on a visit to relatives, preached at St. Paul's church in Oakland Sunday.

Try McComas' Calmative Konseals to drive away sharp pains in muscular and acute rheumatism. One or two Konseals have shown marvelous results. 10 cents per box. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harnard, manager. 5-tf

A steam roller should be in constant and active use on the roads of every township in the United States. Then will roads speedily attain the smoothness and firmness which not only every farmer but every business man desires.

It will be an agreeable surprise to persons subject to attacts of bilious colic to learn that prompt relief may be had by taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Dirrhoea Remedy. In many instances the attack may be prevented by taking this remedy as soon as the first symptoms of the disease appear. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Our patrons will find DeWitt's Little Early Risers a safe and reliable remedy for constipation, dyspepsia and liver complaints. Oakland Pharmacy.

La Grippe is here again with all of its old time vigor. One Minute Cough Cure is a reliable remedy. It cures and cures quickly. Oakland Pharmacy.

W. T. Stanford, Station Agent of Leeper, Clarion Co. Pa., writes: I can recommend One Minute Cough Cure as the best I ever used. It gave instant relief and a quick cure Oakland Pharmacy.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office with Dr. M. C. Hinebaugh. 35-1y.

W. Grant Martin, optician, has located permanently in Oakland, and is prepared to examine eyes scientifically and adjust glasses with unerring accuracy. All work guaranteed. Office days: Monday and Saturday, in Pritchard building. 50-tf.

Mr. Peter Dinkle and sister, of Grafton, W. Va., were Oakland visitors last Thursday. Mr. Dinkle is manager of the Arlington hotel in Grafton and came here with a view to renting and operating either the Rest or the old Commercial hotel this summer.

Mr. W. T. Sines brought to this office on Monday the tusk of a boar that measured five inches and which is polished and makes a very pretty ornament. During the winter Mr. Sines butchered nearly seven thousand pounds of pork which found a ready market in Oakland.

McComas' Calmative Konseals contain all that is required to cure the worst case of headache or neuralgia in a very few minutes and are safe, sure, inexpensive. Manufactured by Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harnard, manager. 5-tf.

Mrs. S. M. Engle received a telegram on Sunday morning announcing the serious illness of her mother at her home near Harper's Ferry, for which place she started the some day and was followed on Monday morning by Rev. Engle.

Mr. H. J. Metheney, who has for some time been engaged with the Mayers Drug Company, has resigned his position and been replaced by Mr. Charles J. Newman. Mr. Metheney will associate himself with a building and loan association.

I recommend Chamberlains Pain Balm for rheumatism, lame back, sprains and swellings. There is no better liniment made. I have sold over 100 bottles of it this year and all were pleased who used it. J. F. Pierson, druggist, South Chicago, Ill. It if for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

J. A. Richardson, of Jefferson City, Mo., chief enrolling force 38th general assembly of Missouri, writes: I wish to testify to the merits of One Minute Cough Cure. When other so-called cures failed, I obtained almost instant relief and a speedy cure by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. Oakland Pharmacy.

B. H. Bowman, Pub. Enquirer, of Bremen Ind., writes: Last week our little girl baby the only one we have was taken sick with croup. After two doctors failed to give relief and life was hanging on a mere thread we tried One Minute Cough Cure and its life was saved. Oakland Pharmacy.

On Monday night a series of meetings will be commenced in St. Mark's church in Oakland, to be conducted by the pastor, Rev. J. W. Butler. The meetings will be held every night during the week and on the following Sunday communion will be celebrated.

Mr. D. E. Offutt who purchased the electric plant, has contracted with an electric supply company for two new dynamos which will be installed in a short time. He contemplates other improvements, which will both increase the receipts of the plant and the brilliancy of the lights.

The County Commissioners of this County went into session on Monday morning for the purpose of making the annual levy for the year 1895. At this time we cannot state whether or not the tax rate will be increased, as the commissioners are somewhat retarded in their work by other matters.

The West Virginia Conference, M. E. church, will hold a conference Epworth League convention at Parkersburg, W. Va., on the 23rd and 24th of the present month. The Oakland branch of the Epworth League has elected Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, Fred. A. Thayer, Mrs. S. C. Smith and Miss M. R. Peddicord delegates.

Mr. J. H. Gregg of Gregg's Mill, this county, was in the city Monday on business before the Commissioners. Mr. Gregg was born on the Joseph B. Davis farm near Oakland many years ago and remembers this town when it was a place of perhaps two or three houses and long before the railroad was built through here.

George A. Bittinger, who it will be remembered by our readers as having been sentenced to serve a term of four months in the county jail for killing his brother-in-law, has been brooding for sometime over his unhappy lot and is possessed with the idea that he is soon to be hanged for his crime. All the persuasive powers of the sheriff have been brought to bear on him but it seems impossible to get him to think otherwise. He says he does not dread hanging but it is in fear of the hereafter.

If you want anything in the vehicle line, be sure you see A. D. Naylor's stock, and get prices and terms. A fine line of buggies, spring wagons, daytons and buck wagons on hand now, part of them being Lagerstown hand made. Will have jump seat carriages, phaetons and carts on hand by April 10th. The finest line of vehicles that has ever been shown or kept in stock in Oakland. No trouble to show goods. 2-3t.

Lloyd W. Shaffer, of Thomas avenue, died at his residence on Tuesday morning last at 7:30 o'clock after about a month's illness from typhoid fever. His health had been poor the entire winter, but not until about one month ago had he been necessarily confined to his room. Deceased was a native of Preston county, this state, and had he lived until the 8th inst. would have been forty-one years old. His wife and eight children survive him. The funeral was held Thursday.—Davis Republican.

Those who never read the advertisements in their newspaper miss more than they presume. Jonathan Kenison, of Bolan, Worth Co., Iowa who has been troubled with rheumatism in his back, arms and shoulders read an item in his paper about how a prominent German citizen of Ft. Madison had been cured. He procured the same medicine, and to use his own words: "It cured me right up." He also says: A neighbor and his wife were both sick in bed with rheumatism. Their boy was over to my house and he said they were so bad that he had to do the cooking. I told him of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and how it had cured me, he procured a bottle of it and it cured them up in a week. 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

The newspaper printer is full of patience and long suffering, and watchfully waits for both the fame and the fortune which comes not until the merciless earth is thrown over the lifeless clay and his spirit has flown to the farther shore, but when Gabriel blows the trumpet and when "30" is on the main line may we all have the "take" with which we have been struggling these many years well "made even," our galleys all corrected and revised and our proofs found to be so clean by the great proofreader above that he will say to us "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Our better halves say they could not keep house without Chamberlains Cough Remedy. It is used in more than half the homes in Leeds. Sims Bros., Leeds, Iowa. This shows the esteem in which that remedy is held where it has been sold for years and is well known. Mothers have learned that there is nothing so good for colds, croup and whooping cough, that it cures these ailments quickly and permanently, and that it is pleasant and safe for children to take. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

At a stockholders' meeting of the Aurora, Oakland & Terra Alta Telephone Co., held on last Saturday, the following were elected to constitute the board of directors for the ensuing year: Julius Scherr, L. C. Shaffer, P. R. McCrum, J. P. Jones, J. O. Lantz, James H. Shaffer and Jesse W. Shaffer. The new board organized by electing Julius Scherr president and L. C. Shaffer secretary and treasurer. A dividend of 10 per cent. was declared to be paid at once, leaving a very substantial surplus. The company is in a flourishing condition.

The great editor, Horace Greely, once said: It is strange how closely men read the papers. We never say anything men don't like but we soon hear of it and every one tells us of it. If, however, we say a good thing, we never hear of it—nobody seems to notice it. We may pay some man a hundred compliments and give him a dozen puffs and he takes it as a tribute to his greatness—never thinks it does him any good. But if we say anything a man does not like, or something he imagines reflects on his character, see how quickly he fires up and gets excited about it. All our evils are charged to us, but we never apparently get any credit for the good we do.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper, under the caption "We Loan Money." The Granite State Provident Association, which he is representing, is one of the strongest financial institutions in the country, and the largest building and loan association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management have developed it from nominal assets in 1889 to nearly $200,000,000 in 1895. Its style of doing business is such as to cause the U. S. Examiner, C. W. Thompson, who has for years been assigned to especially investigate loan and mortgage companies, to state that "For comprehensiveness, thoroughness, neatness and accuracy, its accounts are far superior to anything I ever saw or supposed possible." Those desiring to borrow, will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars. 4-1yr.*

Married.

CONN—REXROAD.—On Thursday evening, March 14, at the residence of W. S. Cormany in Deer Park, by Rev. William E. George, John William Conn and Stella Rexroad both of Garrett county.

HAYES—FULMER.—On April 9, 1895, at the residence of Mr. Geo. Fulmer, Oakland, by Rev. John M. Davis, Mr. John W. Hayes and Miss Eliza Fulmer, both of Garrett county.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending April 13th, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Aaron Kerns,	Philip Rice,
Allan Butler,	J. F. Browning,
Jessie James,	Mr. McVeigh,
W. Frank & Co.,	Mrs. Annie Wolfe,
Miss Mary Doyle,	Miss Jennie Hauger,
Miss Mary Lochen.	

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Dentistry.

Dr. I. L. Ritter will be at Accident, Md., Tuesday and Wednesday, April 23 and 24; Hoyes, Md., April 25; Cranesville, W. Va., April 26 and 27. Teeth extracted without pain by the new method. 5-2t.

Wanted.

At Garthright's store, five car loads nice potatoes, for which will pay the highest cash or trade price. Selling off all woolen goods at cost; lots of hats, boots and shoes at cost and all the old stock of clothing. We have the best fine muslin ever offered at 6 cts. 5-3t.

Rogers' Sarsaparilla.

A specific for all. 100 doses for 75 cents. Rogers' Little Liver Pills, best on the market; Cough Cure, Liniment, Appetine and Worm Syrup, sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland; Cuppett Bros., McHenry; J. A. DeBerry, Corinth; C. F. White, Hutton; P. T. Garthright, Hayden & Eckles, Mt. Lake Park; Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park; Wm. Frederick, Friendsville; Yough Store Co., Jonas Frazee, Robert Liston, Selbysport; W. Wass, Mineral Springs; J. E. Guagey, Accident; Smith & Callis, Hoyes, and by all general dealers.

Popular Excursion to Washington. Thursday, April 18.

The last of the series of popular excursions from this section to the National Capitol via B. & O. R. R. is announced for Thursday April 18th, when the same train arrangements and low rates that were in effect on the previous excursion will prevail. Those who have not taken advantage of the previous excursions should not fail to embrace this opportunity to see the National Capital. The severe weather of the past winter is over and the genial warmth of early spring will make traveling more comfortable. The public buildings, museums, art galleries and institutions, will all be open for free inspection and delightful side trips can be made to points of interest near by—Baltimore, Annapolis, Mt. Vernon and Richmond, are all within easy reach of the National Capital. A visitor's guide to Washington, issued by the B. & O. R. R. Co. giving a synopsis of the public buildings and attraction at the Capitol and details of the excursion, train schedule, rates, etc., can be had by applying to any B. & O. agent.

We give below a list of stations showing the time of traing and rates of fare:

LEAVE.	TIME. P. M.	TIME. A. M.	TIME. A. M.	RATE.
Terra Alta	9 01	.....	7 15	$0 45
Oakland	9 25	5 51	7 34	0 25
Piedmont	10 25	6 45	8 29	5 10

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

Tickets will be good ten days, and will be valid for passage from Washington to Baltimore at any time within the life of the ticket.

For Pullman Car accommodations and guide to points of interest in Washington, address nearest B. & O. Agent.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, Indigestion, and Stomach disorders, take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. All dealers keep it, $1 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

Spring is Here!

Everything Fresh, and at The Very Lowest Prices.

Fresh Vegetables and Fruits a Specialty, at

MALETTE'S

Cheap Cash Grocery.

THE REPUBLICAN

BENJ. M. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

BEULAH LAND.

We're getting on in years, Jane, we two who started out
So bravely on life's journey, when the world was blithe and gay;
I can hardly tell, my darling, how the thing has come about,
But I find myself beginning to live in yesterday.

There's a bald spot on my head, Jane, and the frost is sifting down
White as drifting snow of winter on the fringe above my brow,
And your bonny locks are silver that were once a golden brown.
Yet you never were so queenly, Jane, so beautiful as now.

But "Hurry up, old lady," the car conductors say—
"Step tively, please, old gentleman!" and young folks offer seats,
And we discover in ourselves, when treated in this way,
A cold and haughty anger, or quick resentful heats.

Then we've learned to love a corner by the chimney's blaze at night;
We are not always ready for the sleighing or the tee,
That used to call us often forth, our faces smiling bright,
When mirth and frolic made for youth the flavor and the spice.

And we've caught the trick of looking with a half-respectful awe
At the judges and the doctors whom we used to know in kilts;
And we blush at the admission, but our youngest's word is law—
She has but to nod her meaning, and our own opinion wilts.

Then the small grandchildren rule us; pray do not deny it, Jane,
We would spoil them with indulgence if they lived beneath our roof.
When the question is of saying no, the little ones to train.
We, once so sternly resolute, just weakly stand aloof.

Yes, we're getting on in years, Jane, but I like it very well.
This broad and pleasant upland to which our steps have climbed;
'Tis a restful Beulah country where delightful people dwell,
And the hour of our arrival has been very sweetly timed.

Here we taste the fruits we planted in the morning's bustling haste;
Here we sit awhile at leisure and make friends with young and old;
Here we read and talk and ponder, by no fiend of worry chased,
And behind us lies the dusty road before us evening's gold.

—Harper's Bazar.

CINDERELLA'S SLIPPER.

BY POLLY KING.

The first going away from home is a tremendous event in a girl's life; and Marion Leslie's existence had been so narrowly bounded by the half-asleep southern town where her father had his parish that when she realized that she was really going away from home, that she was going to see New York and take part in the wonderful city life, it seemed to her as momentous a step as going to India or the antipodes.

There was a large family of children packed into the low rooms of the rectory, and Marion, as the eldest, had had her hands always too full to give much thought to dreams. If now and then she had longed to see a little more of the world, there was always some little brother to be amused or some mending to do, and with her hands occupied her thoughts would soon come back to a normal channel.

Mrs. Leslie, who was a northern woman, had kept in touch with several of the friends of her girlhood by monthly letters, the answers to which were one of the events of the quiet rectory life. Perhaps the most delightful of these correspondents was a Mrs. Harkness, a woman who had married a rich New York merchant, and who had a daughter about Marion's own age. Her letters were looked forward to; and you can fancy the excitement that reigned in Marion's mind when her mother told her that Mrs. Harkness had written for her to come to New York and pay a two months' visit.

Marion's first feeling was too tumultuous to be described; her second was that she must not think of going, that the expense of the journey was far too great, and that she could not leave her mother with the care of all the children. Mrs. Leslie, however, soon showed her that this feeling was a very wrong one, rising from over-conscientiousness; and the rectory was soon in a great whirl of cutting, sewing and planning for Marion's modest wardrobe. Everything was finally finished, neat half-dozens of white garments, a tailor-made dress, some pretty morning frocks, and best of all, one evening dress—the pale pink silk in which Mrs. Leslie had been married years before, and which she had put away lovingly, thinking to keep it to show her children and her grandchildren. She felt that Marion must have an evening dress, and she brought out the wedding dress and spoke of refashioning it so calmly that Marion could only guess at the sacrifice that her mother was making for her. There was an abundance of silk in the full old-fashioned skirt to make a very modish gown according to modern styles, and, with the aid of the fashion papers, which occasionally found their way to the rectory, they made a very charming evening gown; very simple, it is true, but it fitted well and hung well, and the bertha of old lace about the shoulders would have carried off a much worse gown and adorned a much plainer face than Marion's.

Mrs. Leslie was more worried about the details of Marion's toilet than her daughter, who was yet in ignorance of the enormous value of shoes, gloves, handkerchiefs and fans in a well-dressed woman's outfit. One of the family treasures was a little ivory fan, painted a la Watteau, which had belonged to some long dead southern beauty. This priceless treasure was added to the girl's scant collection of adornings. The question of a pair of evening slippers seemed to be the only one which it was impossible to solve adequately. There was a pair of beautiful little bronze slippers in a shop in the town, but they were five dollars, and the rector's narrow purse had been stretched to the furthest extent; it seemed as though Marion's journey would have to be given up, when an idea struck the girl's mind; she said nothing to anyone for fear of being unable to carry out her plan. Every spare moment she could get she would run off to her room and work away at a mysterious something which was wrapped carefully in a white towel; after many discouragements and failures she finally appeared before her mother holding in her hand the daintiest pair of little pink silk shoes; she had taken an old pair of slippers and had covered them with scraps of silk like her dress; the toes were ornamented with big pink bows and a pair of old paste buckles. In fact, they were as pretty and dainty a pair of shoes as a girl could desire; and if they did show on close inspection traces of their home manufacture—as Marion and her mother agreed—who was going to inspect them?

We will pass over Marion's arrival in New York and the warm welcome which Mrs. Harkness gave her. Marion was too well-bred to feel out of place in the beautiful city house, although there was much that excited her admiration and surprise. In a few days she felt thoroughly at home, and she seemed to have so many thoughts and tastes in common with Mary Harkness that the two girls bid fair to establish a friendship which would rival their mothers'.

The dictator of New York society was once heard to say that if a girl was sufficiently beautiful and had the proper people to introduce her, she might go triumphantly through the season, an acknowledged belle, though she had not a penny of her own and but one evening gown to her back; and he cited in support of his theory several notable ladies, now millionairesses and members of titled English families, who in their girlhood days could heighten their charms with little more than one black lace dress of genteel poverty.

Marion's rich, statuesque beauty, her freshness and her perfect simplicity made her a favorite at once; and although her appearance at the horse show was scarcely greeted by that storm of applause with which the popular novelist is wont to announce the appearance of his heroine as a reigning beauty, she did not pass unnoticed. As the winter festivities advanced Marion felt that she was living in a perfect whirl of gayety, and the rectory at home was kept on the *qui vive* of excitement over long letters concerning her wonderful doings. Yet to many a New York girl Mary and Marion would have scarcely been going out at all; for Mrs. Harkness was a judicious woman, and would not allow them to undertake six or seven engagements, as so many girls do all through the winter. Then there were district visiting and sewing classes and other things to be done during the morning, so that Marion in many ways was quite as busy with doing for others as though she were still at home.

When her visit was about half over Mrs. Harkness' only son Jack came back from a trip abroad. Although never much of a society man he did not seem averse to sharing the girls pleasures. The night of the first Patriarchs' ball came, to both of the girls an important one, as being their first ball. Mrs. Harkness, with ready kindness, was anxious to provide Marion with a beautiful new toilet as handsome as her own daughter's; but it had been Mrs. Leslie's one stipulation that Marion should accept nothing more than the love and kindness that made her visit so delightful.

There was a pang, such a pang in Marion's heart when she saw Mary's beautiful tulle dress; her own silk seemed old and shabby, and the little pink shoes she had been so proud of at home seemed shapeless and ugly beside the tiny white ones that her friend wore. She stifled her covetous longings very quickly, however, and took herself well to task for finding one thing amiss when she had so much; and by the time they reached Sherry's she had quite forgotten all her bad feelings, and her face was bright with anticipation of the pleasure before her.

When the Harkness party entered the ballroom Marion was observed from every side; there were plenty of tulle dresses and plenty of pretty girls there, but Marion's beauty was of such a remarkable style and was so heightened by the rich simplicity of her gown that she soon found herself surrounded by a court of admirers, and, indeed, had the greatest difficulty in saving the two dances which she had promised Jack Harkness.

How late it was in the morning before they returned home I will not say—city people keep very strange hours; and Marion was terribly shocked to find how late—or shall I say, how early—it was. It took her some time to get over her excitement sufficiently to go to sleep, and it seemed as though she had scarcely closed her eyes when she awoke to find the sunshine streaming into her room and Mrs. Harkness standing beside her bed. She folded Marion tenderly in her motherly arms; there was something so gentle in her voice that the girl felt at once that something was wrong.

We will draw a veil over the next few minutes—the saddest and most terrible of the girl's life. A telegram had come the evening before while they were at the ball and had lain unnoticed on the table until the morning—Mr. Leslie had had a shock of paralysis. Everything that kindness could do was done to hasten Marion's departure for home, and to save her every anxiety and strain. She scarcely remembered her parting with her kind friends—home, home, home, was her one thought, that she might reach there in time to be with her mother before the end came, if such should be the termination of her father sickness.

Her prayers were heard; Mr. Leslie lingered for several days, and Marion was the stay and prop of the afflicted family. When the last sad rites were over, she took entire charge of the little brothers and sisters that her mother might have rest to recover herself. What was to become of the family she could not see. Of course the rectory passed into other hands, and Mr. Leslie's life insurance would barely put bread into their mouths. Marion felt that she must go out into the world and work, and she was too sensible not to know that in these days of skilled female labor it would be difficult for her to get any employment. She wrote to Mrs. Harkness and awaited her answer impatiently. The northern mail came in, there was no letter for her; she wondered if even those kind friends had forgotten her. The day was rainy and dreary. If her hands had not been so full she would have lost courage; but all the children had to be kept in the house, and with an aching heart she had to devise some means to keep them quiet and content. The children were finally happily settled in the attic at a wonderful new game which Marion had invented on the spur of the moment. She was seated in the midst of the noisy group when she heard the front door ring. She went down just as [illegible] carrying her little two-year-old brother, who had fallen asleep, in her arms.

Jack Harkness came toward her as she entered the bare, low parlor. He had seen her last with the radiant beauty of a belle, glowing in the excitement of her first ball; now she was wan and hollow-eyed, her shabby black gown intensified her pallor, he stooped under the weight of the heavy child; and yet to him she was many times more beautiful than she had ever seemed before.

"I have come to answer mother's letter," he said.

Months after, when Marion was again in New York, not this time as a guest, but as the young mistress of the beautiful home that Jack Harkness had prepared for her, she was very much surprised to find, tucked in among her husband's collars and neckties, a pink silk shoe. She looked at it—surely it was one of the shoes she had worn at the Patriarchs' ball, that she had made with her own hands to match her dress. Her husband entered the room; she held it out to him inquiringly.

"I stole it, dear," he said. "Like Cinderella, you flew away suddenly and left one of your shoes behind you."

"And the prince found it," she said.

"No, I stole it. They were lying on Mary's table, and I happened to pick it up, thinking that they were hers; then I noticed the little stitches and how neatly the lining was pasted in; it seemed marvelous to me that a girl should be able to make such a thing herself; for of course I knew you had made them yourself—no one else could possibly be so clever; and I just put one of them in my pocket. Of course I'd been dreadfully in love with you from the very, very first, but I'd never quite realized what it was until and then I knew that if I sat all over the world and saw all the most beautiful and wonderful women, there would be only one woman in the world for me—the one that that little shoe fitted."—N. Y. Independent.

AN UGLY GIRL.

The Amusing Experience of an Ugly Duckling in Society.

My chaperon took the first opportunity to shift me off on the hands of the hostess, who, in turn, adroitly switched me off into a corner where three middle-aged spinsters and a country cousin that had arrived inopportunely that very day had been side-tracked for the evening. It is the crowning glory of the woman of tact to bring congenial people together, and she has a marvelous faculty for detecting affinities among people who are inconvenient to her, and assorting them accordingly.

Having disposed of me so satisfactorily, the hostess left me for an hour or two in the enjoyment of the congenial society which she had provided for me, and then reappeared marshaling an unhappy youth, who proceeded to invite me to dance with such a palpable air of obeying orders that I should have declined incontinently, if sheer desperation had not driven me to "fly to ills that I knew not of."

My partner, having conscientiously performed his duty by whirling me a few times around the room, deposited me on the first vacant chair he could find, and, under cover of another engagement, made good his retreat. The seat next to mine happened to be occupied by an antiquated coxcomb, who, having assisted at the launching of successive generations of debutantes without ever getting himself fairly afloat on the great matrimonial sea, had finally anchored close to shore, where he did good service as a sort of life-boat to matrons and maidens about to be left behind in the social swim—a rather slow sailing old hulk, it is true, but not to be despised in an emergency.

I was just considering whether it was incumbent upon me to salute this ancient relic when the little old gentleman turned to me with a look of conscious benevolence, as if bestowing an alms, and gravely inquired how I was enjoying myself. I had been too well brought up not to know that it is a girl's duty always to be radiantly happy in company, and so I tried to look as blissful as if I hadn't just overheard the hostess trying to bully her bachelor brother into taking me in to supper, and replied, heroically, that I had never spent a more delightful evening.—Chautauquan.

—The Angelic Knights of Greece is an order which claims to date from the days of the Roman empire. It is said to have been founded in A. D. 337, and was revived in 1191 and several times since.

—He who plants a tree, he plants love; heaven and earth help him who plant a tree, and his work its own reward shall be.—Lucy Larcom.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Cicero had a very thin face, which corresponded exactly to his long attenuated body. He kept himself thin by a system of dieting, or rather of starving, himself, on the theory that all bodily ailments were caused by too much eating, and so, on every trifling indisposition, he fasted from twenty-four to forty-eight hours.

—A Brooklyn man hurt his right hand on an elevated railroad car by the brakeman closing a gate upon it. He brought suit for damages. Meeting a friend, the latter noticed that the injured man extended his left hand, and asked the reason. The answer was, "Oh, I can't shake hands with my right until I win my suit."

—Louis XVI. had a very heavy, red, sensual face, with large Roman nose, full cheeks and lips and a double chin. There was no trace of more than ordinary intellect, either in his face or conversation, the latter being always commonplace, often dull. He gave his contemporaries the impression of a man who habitually ate and drank more than was good for him.

—When he was at Eton, the duke of Westminster was known as "Jack Streppard," and for this nickname his mother was responsible. The duke, then Lord Belgrave, was a small, thin boy, with a sharp figure and a sharp face. Lady Westminister had caused his hair to be closely cropped after the French fashion, so that he was the very living image of Cruikshank's pictures of Jack Sheppard in Ainsworth's famous novel.

—Some years ago Frederick Douglass addressed a convention of negroes in Louisville, says the Buffalo Courier. He said in the course of his remarks that he did not think an amalgamation of the white and black races desirable, the pure negro being, in his opinion, the best of the race. While speaking, his eyeglasses continued to slide from their perch. "But I wish," interpolated the speaker, "I wish that we could get up some sort of an alloy for the negro which would insure a nose capable of holding spectacles."

—Once when Cardinal Manning was preaching in Rome he recognized John Bright among his listeners. On the instant he determined to preach to him and dwelt with as much force and effect as he could on the claims of the Blessed Virgin to our veneration. Two or three years later he met him and reminded him of this incident. "I remember it perfectly," said John, "and I shall never forget it. I was delighted with everything that morning"—a gratified smile came on the cardinal's face—"except your sermon."

—On the authority of Mlle. De Lescure, who heard it from the heroine's own lips, a writer in the Guardian tells the true story of Mlle. De Sombreuil's saving her father's life from the guillotine. M. De Sombreuil and his daughter were condemned to death at the time of the September massacre, and were waiting in the cart, surrounded by the mob, for their turn to mount the scaffold. Mlle. De Sombreuil turned to the crowd and asked what harm a weak old man like her father could do to the nation. Some of the men answered that if she would drink a glass of blood to the nation they would let him go, and passed up a glass. She drank it down immediately. The crowd took her and her father from the cart; they escaped and made their way to England. She thought at the time that she drank blood, but afterward she concluded that it was red wine, for she saw no one stoop to fill the glass. To her death she was never able, however, to see red wine in a glass without a shudder.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Billy, the Thug—"Shall I rob you first and kill you afterwards, or kill you first and rob you afterwards?" His Victim—"Rob me first—it is easier for a poor man to get into Heaven."—P. & S. S. S. Co.'s Bulletin.

—In 1995.—"You'll do just as I tell you," said the husband of the advanced woman. "What?" shrieked his wife. "I mean it!" said her husband. "I'd have you understand that I wear the skirts in this family."—Chicago Record.

—"My," said the shoe clerk boarder, "but I did get a fine lot of sarcasm from my tailor when I had to stand him off again. Still, I rather think I deserved it." "In other words," gurgled the Cheerful Idiot, "you deem his remarks both cutting and fitting."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Mrs. Goodhart—"Go into the kitchen and cook will fix you out." Wandering Willie—"Thanks, wid profuse gratitude, madam, but—but if you has no objection, I'd rather partake of refreshments in de open air. Like me friend, Chauncey Depew, I'm very fond of dining out."—N. Y. Ledger.

—Father (showing off his baby boy to bachelor friend)—"Well, what do you think of him? Fine boy, isn't he?" Bachelor Friend—"Yes, very fine boy; but he's bald; but then," glancing at father's bald head, "children are not satisfied nowadays unless they can begin where their fathers left off."—Tit-Bits.

—"I want your name and residence," said the directory canvasser. "No, suh," replied the old man. "I reckon not! I done 'scape de whitecaps twice, an I reckon I won't run no mo' risk!" "But this is for the directory." "Yes, suh; dey was a director in dat whitecap crowd, an' when he give direction you could hear me holler clean crost de branch! No, suh; I reckon you'll have to make out 'thout my name!"—Atlanta Constitution.

—Between Salford and Manchester is a glue factor. A lady, who was obliged to take the ride between these two points quite often, always carried with her a bottle of lavender salts. One morning an old farmer took the seat directly opposite her. As the train neared the factory the lady opened her bottle of salts. Soon the whole carriage was filled with the horrible odor of the glue. The old farmer stood it as long as he could, then leaned forward and shouted: "Madam, would ye mind puttin' the cork in that 'ere bottle?"—Tit-Bits.

WEAK NERVES

Indicate as surely as any physical symptom shows anything, that the organs and tissues of the body are not satisfied with their nourishment.

They draw their sustenance from the blood, and if the blood is thin, impure or insufficient, they are in a state of revolt. Their complaints are made to the brain, the king of the body, through the nervous system, and the result of the general dissatisfaction is what we call Nervousness.

This is a concise, reasonable explanation of the whole matter.

The cure for Nervousness, then, is simple. Purify and enrich your blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the nerves, tissues and organs will have the healthful nourishment they crave. Nervousness and Weakness will then give way to strength and health.

That this is not theory but fact is proven by the voluntary statements of thousands cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read the next column.

"With pleasure I will state that Hood's Sarsaparilla has helped me wonderfully. For several months I could not lie down to sleep on account of heart trouble and also

Prostration of the Nerves.

For three years I had been doctoring, but could not get cured. I received relief for a while, but not permanent. Soon after beginning to take Hood's Sarsaparilla there was a change for the better. In a short time I was feeling splendidly. I now rest well and am able to do work of whatever kind. If I had not tried Hood's Sarsaparilla I do not know what would have become of me. I keep it in my house all the time, and other members of the family take it, and all say there is

Nothing Like Hood's

Sarsaparilla. I have highly recommended it and one of my neighbors has commenced taking it. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla at every opportunity." MRS. S. BRADDOCK, 404 Erie Av., Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

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"Go slow when you gits mad," said Uncle Eben. "Erman that 'buses somebody when he's excited am pow'ful liable ter bite his own tongue."—Washington Star.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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POPULAR rights are those that are coming our way.—Galveston News.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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Ely's Cream Balm QUICKLY CURES COLD IN HEAD

Price 50 Cents.

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

"GENTLEMEN: Regarding prospects for the coming year, would say, *we hope to double our last year's output of aermotors, or, at least, as we have done in the past, sell twenty-four out of every twenty-five windmills that are sold. Since commencing the sale in 1889, WE HAVE SOLD ABOUT*

500 AERMOTORS

We do not attribute this fairly good record entirely to our efforts, but to the superiority of the goods which you make. BOARD & DANN, Urbana, Ill., February 18, 1895."

GENTLEMEN: We bought and put up Aermotor No. 2, and out of the first fifty which you made we had thirteen. Since that time we have sold about

400 AERMOTORS

In our small territory is represented the history of the Aermotor and the Aermotor Company from the beginning to the present hour. That history is one [illegible] Aside from the Aermotor other windmills put up [illegible] enough with which to show the infinite superiority of the Aermotor in design, finish (all galvanized) [illegible] tions, and ability to run when all others stand. We should have sold more, but this season's wind supplied with wind power when the Aermotor appeared, it being only 6 miles years been the battle ground largest, best known and strongest windmill companies, all being located within 50 miles of us. SICK OF OUR BUSINESS PLAGUING WOODEN AND TOKY WHEELS WITH DIS TOSE FROM REOTHER UNSTEADY AERMOTORS. You say you have during the past year surpassed any previous years record by about 50 and next year's output for our portion of it, for you expect to double your [illegible] past year's output. The coming year. Count on us for the Aermotor never stood farther above all competitors in reputation and in fact than to-day. Sauth & Banart, Portage Ill., February 25, 1895."

The next Aermotor ad. will be of pumps. We have [illegible] for

$7.50 A $15

three way force pump. All dealers should have it or can get it to sell at this price. All Aermotor users will have it. The week following will appear our advertisement of galvanized steel tanks at 2½ cents per gallon. They neither shrink, leak, rust, nor make water taste bad. Aermotor Co., Chicago.

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MAKE THIS PAPER every time you write.

A HUMBLE room—and humble men
Cast down and broken-hearted,
With faltering tones and weeping eyes,
Bemoan their Lord departed.

Beyond, a lonely, rocky grave,
By angel guard attended,
And two sad women come to weep
O'er hopes forever ended.

"Where have ye laid my Lord?" one cries,
While tears are falling faster;
So strong her doubts that later faith
Can scarcely falter: "Master!"

Above, a throng in burst of song,
High holiday are keeping.
"Thy work is done, Thou risen One,"
But men beinw are weeping.

"O radiant day!" the blessed say;
"O day of mirth and gladness!"
"O darkest day!" men sadly say;
"O day of gloom and sadness!"

"O triumph day in courts above!"
We welcome back our Banished.
"O lonely day!" on earth they say,
"We mourn our Master vanished."

Heaven shouts: "O joy without alloy!"
Earth wails: "O sore disaster!"
The angels sing: "Good-morning, King."
Men sigh: "Good-night, O Master."

To-day a countless host on earth
High holiday are keeping,
While praising with the hosts above
Are those who then were weeping.

"The Lord is risen, is risen," they shout.
We answer: "He is risen;
Come, share the feast, O great and least,
Our Lord has left His prison."

Another Easter morn will dawn
(O dawn that darkens never!)
When they who wept, and we who slept,
Have joined the great Forever.

O glorious morn! O cloudless dawn!
When past earth's stormy weather,
Each saint with song has joined that throng
To keep the feast together.

—Louise Doisy, in N. Y. Observer.

"IF all the beautiful flowers, glowing sunsets, faces of friends — all things were blotted out from your life—" Juliet's lips quivered with emotion. She was

"PAUL!"

unable to finish. The young companion placed her arms tenderly around the speaker's neck.

"Oh, it is terrible to be—this way." It was so hard to say "blind" when its meaning was so real. Juliet Markley and Belle Ellis were both under twenty, and both were penniless and orphans. One could see that they had known better days, but memories of other times could not supply the wants of the ever present now.

Despite the modest little dressmaker's sign upon their door, anything could be ordered from the hemming of a sheet to the most elaborate embroidery.

Alas for the exquisite flowers which grew beneath Juliet's hands while her patron slept the sleep of the—indifferent. She arose from a bed of sickness to find her eyes, which had been likened to pansies, shrouded in darkness. She remembered attending a great reception when a little golden-haired child. It was given in honor of a noble Englishman whom people were lionizing. And this great man came where she was standing by her father's side. "What eyes!" he had exclaimed. "What would Turner do with that face!" Then he had "begged the privilege" of a kiss from the little "lass," and she, childlike, threw her arms about his neck and kissed him, because he had "such a good, kind look."

She thought nothing of his compliments. She was used to them. She asked her father who "Turner was, and upon being informed that he was a great artist, innocently wondered "what he would do with her face." All her life she had heard of her eyes; now she thought of little else. Oh, the bitterness of that thought!

"I have been thinking," Juliet continued, "that it is a glorious thing to have true friends. All of mine have deserted me but you, Belle. Do you think Paul Webber would have continued to love me through—through everything?"

"Yes, I know it," the other replied. "Juliet, dear, I used to wonder how you could be so indifferent to that good man when he fairly idolized you."

"Belle!" Juliet cried, "I did love him! I wonder why I acted such a fool."

Two years ago, Paul Webber had lavished upon this girl all the devotion his manly heart was capable of bestowing. His were not the pleasing features which win for many a worthless man the affection of foolish girls. Perhaps it was this very fact which made Juliet's peachy skin and dancing blue eyes attract him. One of her thoughtless remarks, which he had overheard, crushed all his bright hopes.

"Oh, yes," she said heartlessly, to some of her young friends who were trying to banter her, "I really think I should love him desperately if I were not compelled to see him."

The last straw! Soon after this he was in a western mining camp. One cannot always escape from one's old life. To this western miner, some one brought word of the sorrow which had come to her whom he loved. "Would she love me now that my homeliness would be hidden from her view?" he asked himself. There was no malice in the question, only a great burning love which knows no barrier, which hails even blindness as a blessing if it will give love for love. Instantly Paul thought himself the unworthiest of men.

All is excitement in the little rooms occupied by Juliet and Belle. There are tears and kisses. Then the pretty sightless young girl is assisted into the ears by such a kind-hearted, gentlemanly man. As the train speeds away, she wonders if all who enter the blind asylum as "charity patients" are treated with so much consideration.

A brief note, naming the day upon which an escort would be sent, threw the little household in a frenzy of delight. Perhaps she would once more behold the light of day! The very thought was overwhelming.

"Doctor," she said, one day, to her physician, "will my sight be restored? Don't give me false hope," she pleaded. "Oh, you wouldn't do that, would you?" she added, pitifully.

In her excitement she grasped the good man's hands.

"We are positive we will be able to effect a complete cure," Dr. Greene said. Then he added something about "worse cases," but she heard it not. "I will see! I will see!" her pretty lips were whispering. Her very soul was thrilled with the glorious thought.

"What a noble charity such an institution is!" she remarked, one day.

"You are mistaken, my dear; it is a private asylum. All of its inmates are 'pay patients.'"

The girl sprang to her feet. "Dr. Greene," she cried, "how came I here—in a pay institution—I, who haven't a cent in the world?"

"Dear miss, it is the work of a good, kind friend."

Juliet could think of no "friend" but Belle, dear Belle, who was as poor as herself.

"Tell me who it is," she said, eagerly.

"You shall know," was the reply. "Let me see, to-morrow will be Easter. Well, if everything is favorable, we will remove the bandages to-morrow."

"Then I want to behold my benefactor before any other living soul," said Juliet.

"It can all be arranged. You shall see—" The girl thought that the last word was "her;" however, she did not hear distinctly.

The momentous day had come. "Miss Juliet, your friend will remove these cloths. I must go to another patient who requires my services."

Kind old Dr. Greene beckoned to some one who stood near the door.

Gently, so gently the coverings were moved. Sudden light might shock the delicate nerves. Then the beautiful eyes, those "pansy" eyes, looked straight into her benefactor's face.

"*Paul!*"

A brief silence followed which was broken by Juliet.

"Paul, I don't deserve this, after the way I treated you!"

"I do not blame you," he replied. "I am glad I can render a service to an old friend." He was struggling hard to appear calm. "Now that I have done so, I will go back to the old camp."

Juliet had fancied that the time might come when Paul would be the same loving Paul of other days. She could detect no trace of love in his look, none in his voice. The thought was one of agony.

"You bestow the greatest of blessings upon me and then"—her voice was almost a whisper—"you break my heart."

The lover's forced composure vanished, instantly. "Never! Never!" he exclaimed. "Do you not see, darling, that I love you as dearly as ever, that I have been trying to conceal my love and that it was killing—" He did not complete the remark, but kissed the rosy lips.

No one saw this pretty tableau. The songster in his gilded cage turned his head and sang louder than ever.

"I have been exceedingly fortunate since going west," Mr. Webber remarked with pardonable pride, "but, dear, my interests may suffer if I do not soon return. Can you consent to be married at once?"

The beautiful Easter service was held in the building where Juliet had spent many days longing for, and expecting, happiness but oh, not all the joy that was hers to-day!

"Dear!" she whispered, "Christ ascended into Heaven on Easter, and I—" pausing not to think what an odd comparison she was making—"I have gained both Heaven and earth on Easter."—Susan B. Baker, in Housekeeper.

EASTER ARITHMETIC.

How Dot's Five Eggs Grew to Ten, and Back Again to Five.

"There are just three dozen eggs in the pantry, I believe," said Mrs. Brown on Easter Monday, as she gathered up the breakfast dishes. "You children may have them if you really want them; there will be just six apiece. I'll boil them and color them for you, and I hope you'll have no end of fun with them."

"All right, mamma!" "Hurrah for Easter eggs!" "Six for me!" "Won't that be fun!" "Be sure to boil 'em hard!" "I want blue ones!"

So it went, from fourteen-year-old Bob to four-year-old Bessie.

Into the kettle rolled three dozen fresh white eggs, but one had a thin shell, so only thirty-five came out whole, and, of course, nobody knew whose egg was broken.

"Six into thirty-five five times, and five over," said twelve-year-old Daisy. "Now, who's the 'five over'? You, Bob?"

"I wouldn't give a cent for less than half a dozen," said Bob, gloomily. "Isn't five enough for you, Bess? You're the littlest."

"I dot to have sits," said Bessie, firmly.

"*I* don't need but five," said Dot, who was eight years old. "I couldn't eat six if I tried."

When the eggs were finished and counted out, Dot had gone to a neighbor's with a message from mamma. She was always the one to run errands, or go upstairs, or hunt up lost things. Bob remembered that, and followed his mother into the pantry to say: "Just put this biggest one with Dot's; she ought to have it."

Presently Daisy edged up to the kitchen table and whispered: "Here's the prettiest of mine, mamma. That's for Dot."

Later the twins came together on the same errand, and finally little Bessie remarked: "I dess I don't want sits," and one of hers went, too.

So, when Dot came back, she was very much surprised to find ten eggs instead of five.

"What nice children!" she said. "Whatever made 'em think of that? But where are your eggs, mamma? You didn't count yourself at all, and I know you like eggs. Now there'll be five for you and five for me, and we'll just every one of us have five apiece, won't we?"—Youth's Companion.

Dance of the Sun.

In many parts of Ireland and England in olden days the belief obtained that on Easter morning the sun danced in honor of the resurrection. On the evening of Holy Saturday great preparations were made for the finishing of Lent; many a fat hen and dainty piece of bacon were put in the pot by the cotter's wife, and woe to the person who should taste it before the stroke of twelve, but at that hour would be heard the clapping of hands and cries of "Out with the Lent!" All would be feasting and merriment for a few hours, when the good people would retire, to rise about four o'clock in order "to see the sun dance." This custom was not confined to the humble laborer and his family, but was observed by educated and wealthy people as well. An allusion to this superstition occurs in an old ballad, which says:

"But, Dick, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight."

—Chicago Tribune.

Becoming More Commonly Observed.

A few years ago the custom of observing Easter was not as general as it is at present. Two religious denominations observed it as a church feast. The week of Easter was the most important one in the whole year, ending as it did the penitential forty days of Lent. There was more solemnity and more rejoicing in the observance of this season than in Christmas, for it betokened the new birth of the whole world, a return of life to the universe. From being a special feast of a church it became a season of gladness everywhere, and now even the commercial world emulates the religious bodies in its warmth of welcome and in preparations for the great event. — Detroit Free Press.

Easter Sunday.

How beautiful the flowers—
The lilies white and fair!
The music was delightful—
The hymns, the chanted prayers.

The toilettes were so perfect,
Of textures rich and rare,
No wonder that each of us
Would at the other stare.

Oh! 'twas a glorious service,
And you should have been there.
"But how about the sermon?"
You've got me, I declare.

—Judge

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—It is said that horses appear on the streets now docked, now with long tails. The manufacture of false tails for horses has reached so high a degree of perfection that the counterfeit may be buckled onto the stump of a docked horse and he will travel along beside a mate with a natural long tail, defying detection.

—George Washington's private secretary, Isaac Andrews, lies buried just east of the old Baptist church in the village of Dundee, Yates county, N. Y. His death occurred in 1829, at the advanced age of 90 years. For a great many years he was a prominent man in that section, and was a particular factor in the organization of Yates county. At the beginning of this century he surveyed the old and new preemption lines, upon which all subsequent surveys have been made.

—A man who lives to the limit of three score years and ten, if in fair health and average appetite, will have eaten in that time about 13,000 pounds of meat, about 10,000 pounds of bread and vegetables, about 25,000 eggs and 5,000 pounds of fish, chicken and game. He will also have consumed about 12,000 gallons of various fluids, or enough to make a lake covering four acres in extent and two feet deep. In addition to these, he will have eaten fourteen tons of solid and drank three hundred barrels of liquid refreshments.

—Consul Penfield's report that not one merchant ship flying the flag of the United States passed through the Suez canal in 1894 does not greatly differ from the reports on the subject in other years. For the decade in 1870 and 1880 only fifteen ships flying the United States flag passed through the canal, and of these several were ships of the navy. Only one ship flying the United States flag was reported as passing the canal in 1883, and there have been years since when no American vessel of any sort passed through the canal.

—Another one of those rare instances in which the "forked fury has drawn a photograph upon glass is reported from the observatory situated on Mount Arie, near the summer resort of West Baden. One of the astronomers of that institution on making an examination of the object glass of one of the telescopes was surprised to find a perfect photograph of a flower upon both lenses of the instrument. It is believed that the photograph was drawn by lightning, the glass having been left exposed during a storm on one of the upper platforms of the observatory. The flower is one known only in the Mount Arie country.

—The Norddeutscher Lloyd is the largest steamship company in the world, its vessels measuring 15,000 tons more than the Peninsular & Oriental, which comes next. It began in 1855 by running 3 small steamers between Bremen and England, and three years later opened a line to New York. It now has 22 lines, including 2 to South America, 5 to eastern Asia, and 1 to Australia. It has 33 steamers with a total of 242,367 tons. Of the other great companies the Peninsular & Oriental steamers measure 227,000 tons; the Navigazione Generale Italiana, 191,037; the Messageries Maritimes, 174,900; the Campagnie Generale Transatlantique, 173,800; the Hamburg American, 166,586; the Austrian Lloyd, 137,822; the Anchor line, 136,512; the Allan line, 127,861; the Cunard line, 116,759, and the White Star line, 96,226. These figures are for 1893.

—There was one smirch of a foreign-made article about the famous ship Old Ironsides. When she was at Boston, shortly after the war of 1812, being fitted for a cruise in the Mediterranean, she was visited by a distinguished British naval officer. He went all over the ship, and after having made a thorough inspection of her he returned to the quarter deck and said: "This is one of the finest frigates, if not the very finest, I ever put my foot aboard of, but, as I must find some fault, I'll just say that your wheel is one of the clumsiest things I ever saw and it is unworthy of the vessel." The American commander, who had accompanied the English officer on his tour of inspection, replied: "That wheel, sir, is the only thing English in the ship. When the Constitution captured your British frigate Java in 1812, our wheel was smashed into splinters by a shot from the Englishman. After the battle was over the Java's wheel was taken aboard the Constitution and fitted in place of her disabled wheel, and, although we think it as ugly as you do, yet we keep it as a trophy."

VULGAR FRACTIONS.

Johnnie Thought the Teacher was Getting Them Down Too Fine.

"Now, boys," said the teacher, "I have a few questions in fractions. Suppose I had a piece of beefsteak and cut it into two pieces; what would those pieces be called?"

"Halves," shouted the class.

"Correct. And if I cut each half into two pieces?"

"Quarters!"

"That's right. And if the quarters are each cut in half?"

"Eighths!"

"Quite so. And if those were chopped in two?"

"Sixteenths!"

"Very good. And when the sixteenths were cut, what would those pieces be called?"

Here there was some hesitation, but in a moment two boys said:

"Thirty-seconds!"

"Just right, just right," said the teacher. "And now we will chop those in half. What have we now?" Silence followed this question, while the boys shifted uneasily and the teacher held his breath. "Do none of you know?" inquired the young man. "Come—I'm sure that some one can tell me."

There was a moment's pause, and then a hand was raised, and the smallest boy in the class piped out:

"Please, sir, I think I know."

"Well, Johnnie, what?"

"Mince," said the youngster; and there was a burst of laughter.—Tit-Bits.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

DRINK PLAYED A PART.

Story With a Moral of the Career of Two Young Business Men.

A good many years ago three young men in Chicago went into business together, pooling their capital, energy, ability and business experience.

It was not a bindery that they established, but for the purposes of this story a bindery will do as well as anything else.

These three young men had learned the trade, and knew all about prices and profits. Their partnership was formed at a time when the town stood ready to encourage small ventures and help them to become large institutions.

At that time no man or combination of men had the advantages of immense capital and long prestige with which to beat down competitors.

The new firm had a fair start.

It was composed of A, B and C, or Abbott, Brown and Curtis, because these names are totally unlike the real names.

Practical men, led on to grasp the opportunities which opened here, there and everywhere in a city of phenomenal growth, closely attentive to business, it is little wonder that their bindery soon required more rooms, more employes, more improved machinery.

After a time the early debts were paid off, and the firm seemed on the high road to prosperity.

About the time that labor began to bring its rewards Abbott died. The firm then became Brown & Curtis. It continued to make money—so much money that the partners were enabled to live in better style, become acquainted with a new kind of people and have aspirations which could not be handed by the walls of their business office.

Brown was a bachelor who had been reared on abstinence and economy.

Brown began to make atonement for his years of abstinence by purchasing the pleasures of the town at prices which seemed moderate enough considering that his income was large and growing.

Brown rearranged his mode of life. He shortened his office hours, put his dinner hour later in the evening and found that no civilized bedtime came before midnight.

Upon investigation he learned that there were many kinds of cocktails in the world and that cold bottles, commonly regarded as luxuries, may in time become necessities. In other words, Brown, on whom circumstances had postponed the "wild oats period," began to drink like a veal-headed college youth at a class supper. After living up to his income he proceeded to live beyond it.

He borrowed money.

Obligations, when viewed through a vapor of alcohol, are never terrifying, and next morning the process of overcoming a headache distracts the attention from anything else in the world.

The time came when Brown was asked to sell his interest in the business to Curtis:

BROWN LEARNED MANY THINGS.

Inasmuch as Curtis had the upper hand and a large collection of Brown's signatures on negotiable paper, Brown was unable to dictate terms. The partnership was dissolved and Brown found himself without occupation or much ready money. He lived up the money and then stern necessity partially sobered him and he became an employe of Curtis, sole proprietor of the bindery.

The same success which drove Brown to indolence and extravagance simply spurred Curtis to greater efforts.

At first he had dealt with the simple propositions of his trade. He calculated the cost of materials, labor, wear and tear of machinery, power, rent, heat and light, to find what it would cost to bind a thousand books. Upon such calculations he based his estimates and closely figured the profits. When he could clear $10,00 a year he was encouraged at his success, but discouraged over the realization that even with twice as much business his profits would be only $20,000 a year.

An income of $20,000 a year seemed small to him since he had moved into the world of big business ventures where fortunes were being made in days and weeks.

He began to plunge.

An alarm was raised somewhere in the business world just when he had invested to the limit. Fictitious values collapsed, money-lenders ran to cover and frightened speculators grabbed at anything to save themselves. Curtis grabbed in vain. He learned that the mortgage claimed the bindery, while a conservative banker had agreed to take his residence at a valuation of five thousand dollars.

Curtis did not begin drinking until the fright of the panic seized him.

Then he drank to keep up his courage. Day by day there was more need of courage, so he learned to drink more.

When the fact of his failure became as plain to others as it had to himself he drank in order to forget.

There are some men who will become drunkards in three months.

If a man may become a millionaire in three months, why can't he become a drunkard in the same length of time? Curtis devoted about a year to the job.

He simply gave way to his bad luck. He and Brown got drunk together and said good-by to all their hopes. Brown had learned to say it some time before.

When the bindery was the property of Abbott, Brown & Curtis, two brothers, Henry and Arthur Davis, came into the place to do "crib" work and learn the trade.

By the time that Abbott died they were regarded as competent workmen.

The bindery being sacrificed under the mortgage, these two brothers, with the money they had saved and with the backing of frugal relatives, were enabled to come into possession of the plant. Thereupon the firm name became Davis Brothers (so far as the purpose of the story is concerned), and it remains so to this day.

Under conservative management the establishment has brought in steady profits, and the Davis boys have done so well that they can afford two luxuries—Brown and Curtis.

Some people who don't know the history of the bindery have remarked to Henry Davis, the senior partner, that Mr. Curtis is of no more use around the place than a fifth wheel would be on a wagon, and that Brown's work could easily be handled by one of the bookkeepers.

"Well, never mind; we can't turn them out. They took us in here as 'prentices and were good men to work for and we must do the square thing. You see they got down when they were too old start all over again, and they got into the habit of drinking a little, and it would count against them anywhere else. But their salaries go ahead here as long as we run the place."

So Brown and Curtis are still working for their 'prentices.—Chicago Record.

SCIENCE OF STIMULATION.

Why Alcohol in the True Sense Is Not a Stimulant.

Dr. McDowell, of Dublin, in a recent lecture remarked on stimulation as follows: "The second point I would allude to is the fallacy in the application of the word 'stimulant' to alcohol. If alcohol was a stimulant its consumption ought to tend to more and more work being done, and the danger would be from the strain of overwork; but action is different. We get a chain of events made up of three links: Action, increased action, paralysis. The increased action is really a connecting link between ordinary action and paralysis. This is because a great many functions of the body are arranged so that when increased action is required more power need not be directly put forth; there is always more than enough power, and a check, or inhibiting action, keeps it to the required amount. If the check is lessened the action becomes more rapid, but this is from narcotising the controlling agent, not from stimulating the action. The common illustration is that if you take the pendulum off a clock, the weights (which are the existing force) are not increased, but yet the action is hurried, because the control is weakened. If a person gets a sudden start, the heart beats much quicker; the start is not a stimulant, it really paralyzes the controlling nerves, whose action is for the time relaxed. So the cause of the heart's quicker action is not stimulation, but relaxation. In illness no one would try to stimulate the heart by repeated frights—it would beat quicker but fail faster. The action of alcohol is similar, it does not stimulate but reduces control, and experiments have shown that each special sense is blunted even by small doses. As a matter of fact, those who have most studied its action least use it as a medicine."

EVIL OF DRINK.

Extracts from a Paper Written by the Native Matron of a Chinese Girls' School.

[Following are extracts from a paper on the above topic by Ding Ai Nguk, matron of the Foochow Girls' Boarding school. It is a witness to two truths: (1) The oneness, if we may so speak, of the gospel of temperance wherever it be preached. (2) The oneness of testimony to the evil wrought by the serpent whose trail covers the wide earth.]

Shall we who have been called from darkness into the light, still cling to the things of darkness?

Those who are in the power of rum, can not see its harm.

Those who think a little drink does no harm, have never investigated the effects of rum-drinking.

Chinese people drink rum and when it has ruined their bodies, they say the evil spirits have made them sick.

Some food can not be eaten if left over night, but intoxicating drink is the product of food left long enough to ferment.

When Satan would have you commit some sin, he first makes you drunk.

Our duty as Christian women is to keep strong drink from our children, teach them the harm of drinking, and prevent others from tempting them to drink.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

A SCREEN in a saloon door means that the devil can sometimes be ashamed of himself.—Ram's Horn.

THE saloon is the actual or the possible breeding-house of mischief.—Churchman.

LOOK into the drunkard's home, if you would see tracks that have been made by the cloven hoof.—Ram's Horn.

GREENVILLE Y. W. C. T. U., Ohio, has presented the public library a bookcase filled with temperance books.

THE city council of Cleveland, O., has passed an ordinance requiring screens in saloons to be removed on Sunday.

THE Temperance Chronicle, of London, says: "It must not be forgotten that the state of Sweden to-day, both as regards the consumption of alcohol and the convictions for drunkenness, is worse than the state of Great Britain or Ireland."

The Republican.

EENJ. H. SMITH, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1895.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first insertion* of the same:

Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $3; County Commissioner, $2.50; Register of Wills, $2.50; County Surveyor, $1.50.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention. Let the old soldiers have a chance.

W. M. LOHR.

Cove, Md., March 11, 1895.

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. GEO. E. J. WALTER,
District No. 1. P. O. Thayerville, Md.

The Municipal Election.

On Monday next the citizens of Oakland will be called upon to select by ballot three councilmen to serve for a term of two years.

Last year the main issue was improvements.

Non-improvement won, and we are free to say that that idea has been predominant in the work of the corporation during the past year.

Practically nothing of a permanent character has been done towards improving the town.

Whether this has been through lack of means or a determination to emphasize the victory of non-improvement we cannot say.

That Oakland needs "fixing up" even the bitterest opponent of improvement will admit.

That the town has not been "fixed up" is patent to all.

The question now is, what sort of men shall we select for the Council. Shall we put in live, active, energetic business men, or will we select persons who will make no effort to advance the interests of the town.

We believe that our citizens as a rule desire to see Oakland advance.

We trust that this sentiment will predominate on Monday next and the election result in the choice of men who will push the town along.

A WISE community is one that has been deceived, and they will know what kind of men to place over their municipal affairs in the future. These facts should not be forgotten at the next city election.

THE sale of postage stamps in the United States for January, Febuary and March amounted to $19,405,571 the largest in history of the postal service for a like period. Althongh a free trader is now at the head of the Postoffice Department, the pauper-produced stamps of Europe have not been allowed to compete with the stamps made in America.

THE fact that a postmistress was sister-in-law to Abraham Lincoln gives her no pull with this administration, when the place is wanted for a male worker. The Senate refused to confirm the appointment of Frank W. Joplin to succeed Emily T. Helm, at Elizabethtown, Ky., but Joplin has been reappointed, and the widow must go.

Our Wool

We do not wish to wound any feelings, but it is in order to remark that 16½-cent wool in the seaboard market is not what was promised by the advocates of free wool. We are tempted to remind further some of our friends the enemy that the market for 26-cent wool seems to have closed with the close of their disastrous campaign of 1894.

What that high priced wool had to do with the sad and serious reverse of the free woolers no tongue may ever tell. It had its effect, beyond doubt. People read about it, could get no closer to it and got desperately hot in the collar.

Still Deeper in Debt.

Contrary to the predictions of the Government officials the Treasury receipts for March again fall below the expenditures. The excess of expenditures over receipts for the nine months of the present fiscal year (the Washington dispatches say) is over $36,500,000, and this amount will almost certainly be increased during April by $5,000,000 or more, which will make a total deficit of about $42,000,000 on May 1. "During May and June however great things are expected, but the most conservative estimates now place the deficit for the fiscal year at $35,000,000." The outlook for heavy receipts from the two great sources of income—customs and internal revenue—are not encouraging, says this semiofficial statement, and reading between the lines one can easily precieve the fear of greater trouble ahead for the fly-up-the-creek financiers who are mismanaging the Government business. Luckily for the country, we are at the beginning of the end of this reign of blundering incompency.

A Promise of Plenty.

Those districts of Nebraska which suffered severely from drouth last summer are now rejoicing in an abundance of rain with a promise of crops and returning prosperity. People who complain of the dreariness of rainy days should put themselves in the place of the farmers and their families whose fields were parched under a scorching sun and rainless skies last year, and which failed to produce as much grain as was put into the ground in the planting season. Many Nebraskans suffered extremely during the winter for want of the barest necessaries of existence. Cases of starvation were not rare and there would have been more had not charitable people in other parts of the State and nation concurred.

Where Protection Proved Injurious.

There is no improvement in the tin plate trade and great distress exists throughout South Wales. A correspondent, writing to one of the Welsh daily papers, says: "Factory after factory is closed, and the reasons are not far to seek. American consumption has fallen off by about one-third of its normal quantity, and not only this, it threatens ultimately to do without the famous Welsh product. . . . It is no good looking to the States for all our support: we must have more strings to the bow. The United States have now laid the foundations for a tin plate industry of their own. It is true that it is only yet in its infancy but there is little doubt that it will grow, until ultimately they will be able to supply their own demands, if not be able to go into open market."—*The Iron Trade Circular (Rylands)*.

When the McKinley bill was under consideration the *Circular* told the American stockholders of the Welsh tin plate works that they "must work and work hard" against it. Their work was useless with McKinley's committee, and all that the Gorman bill did for them cannot save the American market to the tender mercies of the Welsh monopolists.

A Party of Theft and Fraud.

The Democratic party is in congenial business once more. It has just stolen another State. The people of Tennesse elected a Republican, Henry Clay Evans, as Governor last fall—elected him fairly and unquestionably by a plurality which, though it was only seven hundred, made his title to the Governorship just as valid in the eyes of honorable men as if it had been seventy thousand. The Democratic bosses of that State, assisted and abetted by Turney, the Democratic Governor, who was a candidate for re-election and whom Evans defeated, had deliberately defied the mandate of the ballot box, disobeyed the express provisions of the Constitution, and forcibly robbed the Republican party of Tennessee of its Governor and its right.

There was no doubt whatever of Evans' lawful election. The most prominent and respectable Democratic journals in Tennessee have declared that he was entitled to the Governor's chair, and have denounced the Democrats who have cheated him out of it as conspirators and thieves. But neither the laws, the opposition of the decent members of their own party, nor the practical certainty that their revolutionary course would result in a decisive Republican victory in Tennessee at the next election have restrained the ruling Democratic element. With the assistance of the Democratic Legislature they have dispatched Democratic committees to various portions of the State to act as returning boards, with instructions to pretend to discover sufficient irregularities to nullify several thousand Republican ballots. This despisable work is being carried on with great zeal, and the tricksters who have the legislative and executive machinery in their hands are making preparations to count Turney in by a fraudulent and arbitrarily manufactured "majority" of from four to six thousand votes.

The Tennessee outrage is not by any means an exceptional instance. There is a respectable element in the Democracy, but it is always overruled by the corrupt bosses and their degraded and ignorant followers. For a third of a century the Democratic party, North and South, has systematically committed crimes against the ballot. Where ballot box stuffing and false counting have not been sufficient, intimidation and murder have been used to keep Republicans away from the polling places. The Democrats of Tennessee can truthfully say that they are no worse than their fellow partisans in many other States. The Democracy is condemned by its own record as the party of fraud, of political thievery and of deliberate treason against the franchise. Its incurable corruption and trickery alone furnish sufficient reason for defeating it in every enlightened and progressive American commonwealth.

Maryland's Arbor Day.

By the proclamation of Governor Brown to-day has been set apart as Arbor Day in Maryland. The day will be generally observed by interesting exercises at the various schools, in which the planting of trees will be the principle feature. The more the people become accustomed to this day and understand its importance, the more generally its observance is entered into.

It was in Ohio that the schools first made it a day of special observance. The teachers and pupils regarded it with great favor, and instead of planting trees as screens from the wind and for wood alone, they also planted them for ornamental purposes and as memorials of prominent authors, statesmen, historians, etc. Thus the tree planting gained a literary aspect, and an additional interest for all classes, both old and young.

In preparation for it the pupils of the schools have become interested in the study of trees, their origins, peculiarities, characteristics and uses. They have learned the histories of celebrated trees and of persons connected with them. They have become familiar with the lives of eminent persons, and the best writings of distinguished authors, and they have received most valuable instruction. At the same time, their finer tastes have been cultivated and the land beautified with the trees they have planted.

Since the observence of the day has been modified into its present form, thirty-seven states have adopted it. Its every way healthful and desirable features have also so generally commended it that it has gained a foothold abroad, and is now observed to some extent in England, Scotland, France, Germany, and even in far-off Africa and Australia. It has become preeminently a school day and a school festival, which, owing to its increasing popularity, bids fair to be in a few years observed by every school on the civilized globe.

The importance of tree planting will be appreciated when it is known that at the present rate of consumption our forests will soon be denuded of their best and most useful trees, if nothing is done to offset their complete annihilation. Professor Sargent, who undertook a few years ago to ascertain the condition of our forests, estimated the yearly value of the forest products, such as lumber, fuel, etc., at $700,000,000, but their yearly value now is nearer $1,000,000,000, showing the vast drain increasing yearly on the forests.

It is estimated that the consumption of sawn lumber alone in the United States last year was 30,000,000,000 square feet.

Even to supply the little and unthought-of things in daily use the destruction of trees is enormous. A toothpick, for instance, is a little thing—the merest sliver—yet it is reported that one factory alone uses over 10,000 cords of wood annually in the manufacture of these little splints.

Shoe pegs are small affairs, yet a single factory sends 40,000 bushels of them to Europe every year, besides the vast number used in home consumption.

A spool is tossed away as useless after the thread has been unwound yet there are a dozen factories in the United States using from 1,800 to 3,500 cords of wood a year in their manufacture.

A match is a most insignificant thing, yet one factory alone uses 12,000 square feet of the best pine lumber every day in filling its orders.

Then there are the gums, the resins, the barks, the roots and the vast number of other useful things that the forest produces, such as gutta percha, india rubber, pitch, turpentine, dye woods, etc., making the vast woods indispensable in value. Hence the benefits of Arbor Day and the inestimable value it will prove is easily seen.

The Monarch.

I do defy all humankind,
When once I have made up my mind,
To move me, standing like a cliff that mocks the wind.

Like some vast cloud-enshrouded sea,
Wrapt in my own immensity,
I brood and swash. My thought surges and swells in me.

Within my Self, an awful shrine,
I work, I plan, devise, combine,
Frame all the craft of State and government down fine.

Customs and precedents I make,
The laws I lightly bend or break,
Inspired by my great Self, award Myself the cake.

I live above all party cries,
In my high air their clamor dies,
Stunned by my sacred Self, whereon there are no flies.

I need no counsel but my own
I sit sublime upon my throne,
Self-centred, self-revolving, absolute, alone.

Though Senators, poor, petty men,
Snarl at me envious now and then,
I heed them not, I am too large for their low ken.

Their eyes cannot abide the sight
Of Me in wisdom clothed and might,
Bossing the United States and being always right.

Heaven knows, 'tis not for boasting's sake,
I say it, nor applause to wake,
But 'tis a basic fact, I can't make a mistake.

Sometimes when darkness shrouds the skies,
And slumber steals o'en Thurber's eyes,
I sit and ask with awe, How can I be so wise?

Yet I must use the talent loaned,
Nobly and well; yea queens dethroned,
Shall thank me, and far Islands hear my mandates, thunder-toned.

I brood, I think, I plan, I reign;
My solemn and tremendous brain
Gives forth the policies that are the nation's gain.

The Constitution and the laws
Are me; and in my country's cause
I toil, consult myself; my great task knows no pause.

Presumptuous weaklings who decry
My policy my temper try,
Rash beings, know ye not, none is so wise as I?

Within Myself, a sacred cell,
Delightedly devout I dwell:
I'm cocksure everything I do, I do exceeding well.

—New York Sun.

Maryland's Health.

Dr. James A. Stewart, secretary of the State board of health, makes an excellent showing in his quarterly report as to the health of the State and says he regrets that the vital statistics of the whole State cannot be obtained, as they would, he thinks, prove the best advertisement of the State that could be published.

"Maryland", he says, "is undoubtedly blessed with one of the most salubrious and healthful climates to be found on this continent. It requires very many years to overcome a bad reputation, and that has been given to all that part of the State bordering on the Chesapeake bay during the past century in regard to the prevalence of malarial diseases remains in the minds of thousands of people, both within and without the State, notwithstanding that it has nearly disappeared in that portion of the State where it once prevailed." Dr. Stewart is of the opinion that the disappearance of malarial is due to the use of better drinking water.

Maryland Sunday School Union Anniversary.

The 39th Anniversary of the Maryland Sunday School Union, will be held in Baltimore, at the Academy of Music, on Thursday evening, April 16th, at 8 o'clock. The addresses will be delivered by Rev. Geo. Edward Reed, D. D. LL. D., president of Dickinson College and Rev. Hugh Walker, pastor of Central Presbyterian church, Baltimore. The music will be furnished by a large union choir, representing the various Sunday schools of Baltimore, under the direction of Mr. R. C. Beall. The program is exceedingly interesting.

Will Read Law.

A. B. Stallings, who is genially known in Keyser as "Bob," has sold out his mercantile interests at Williamsport, Grant county, and left on Monday for Cumberland, where he will read law under Benj. A. Richmond, Esq., a prominent lawyer of that city. We predict for Bob a bright future, and our best wishes go with him in his new venture.—Keyser Tribune.

Easter Eggs.

The use of eggs on Easter Day, sometimes called Pasche, or paste eggs, has come down to the present time. Eggs were held by the Egyptians as a sacred emblem of the renovation of mankind after the deluge. The Jews adopted them to suit the circumstances of their history as a type of their departure from the land of Egypt. They were also used in the feast of the Passover.

Hyde, in his description of Oriental sports, tells of one with eggs among the Christians of Mesopotamia on Easter day and forty days afterward: "The sport consists in striking their eggs one against another, and the egg that first breaks is won by the owner of the one that struck it. Immediately another egg is pitted against the winning egg, and so on until the last egg wins all the others which their respective owners shall before have won."

In Germany, sometimes instead of eggs at Easter, an emblematic print is occasionally presented. One of these is preserved in the print room of the British Museum. Three hens are represented as upholding a basket in which are placed three eggs ornamented with representations illustrative of the Resurrection; over the centre egg the "Agnus Dei," with a chalice representing faith; the other eggs bearing the emblems of charity and hope.

WANTED — Quick, pupils for piano, organ, violin, vocal culture, elegant penmanship, elocution and dramatic reading. Private lessons or in class to suit the applicant. Can begin lessons any day at any hour. Pupils from a distance can secure boarding at an extremely reasonable figure. For terms and particulars, please address Mrs. H. A. Rasche, Oakland, Md. 48-13t.

WE LOAN MONEY

to buy, build and improve your home and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS NEARLY $200,000,000.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. RINKER,
Wilson, Grant Co., W. Va.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above. 4-1yr.*

Election Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to the qualified voters of the town of Oakland that an election will be held on

MONDAY, APRIL 15, 1895,

for the purpose of electing Three Councilmen to serve for a term of two years.

L. E. TOWNSHEND,
4-2t. Town Clerk.

LICENSES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all persons or bodies, corporate or politic, who may be required to take out license, that they must obtain the same on or before the

1st Day of May, 1895.

According to the provisions of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, every person or persons doing business for gain or profit except the maker, grower or manufacturer, are hereby notified that they must take out a license.

CHARLES WEGMAN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566, of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 13TH DAY OF APRIL, 1895,

at the hour of three o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all the coal and other mineral underlying all those certain tracts or parcels of land constituting the residue of the tract of land called "Addition to Paradise," containing 888 acres, and also all the coal and other mineral underlying that other tract of land called "Beechwood," containing 41 11-16 acres, together with the right to enter upon said tracts of land to dig, mine and take away the coal and other minerals underlying same and the right to construct ways and railways or to excavate openings upon said land, or to dig or sink shafts, or to do and perform all such other acts as may be necessary or proper for the purpose of digging, mining or removing the coal or other minerals from under and off of said land.

The lands above referred to are situate in Election District No. Eight of said Garrett county, and the minerals underlying same, with all the rights appertaining thereto were sold and conveyed to the Bayard Coal & Coke Company by William Whitmer and wife, by deed dated Jan. 24th, 1893, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 29, folio 38, etc., one of Land Records of Garrett county, to which deed reference is made.

Said minerals, with all rights appertaining thereto will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to the Bayard Coal & Coke Co. on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and the costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 20TH DAY OF APRIL, 1895,

at the hour of 2.15 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situated in Election District No. Eight of said county, and in the town of Gorman, to-wit: Eleven poles and forty-three feet of land, that was conveyed to William Faherty by John W. Shillenburg and wife by deed dated January 10, 1885, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 9, folio 57, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Md. Also one other piece or plat of land, it being one-fourth of an acre of Military Lot No. 1386, and being the same land that was conveyed to William Faherty by John W Shillenburg and wife by deed dated June 29, 1885, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 10, folio 413, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Md.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1892 and 1893, as is charged to Wm. Faherty, on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 13TH DAY OF APRIL, 1895,

at the hour of 3.15 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. Four of said Garrett county, containing 26 acres and being a part of a tract of land called "Music," and being the same land that was sold to Max Livingston by A. Hunter Boyd as attorney named in two mortgages from Daniel O'Connell to Julius J. Livingston and which sale is reported in No. 374 Equity in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Md.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to Max Livingston on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

Saturday, the 4th Day of May, 1895,

at the hour of 2.00 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. Four, of said Garrett county, containing 15 1-5 acres, it being a part of the tract of land called "Latent Worth," and being the same land that was conveyed to Martha Barnard by Margaret and John S. Hileman by deed dated April 29th, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 30, folio 222 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to the said Martha Barnard on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 4TH DAY OF MAY, 1895,

at the hour of 2.30 p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. One of said Garrett county, containing twenty-five acres, being part of a tract of land called "Black Territory," and being the same land that was conveyed to Nancy McCrobie by John P. Hubbard and wife by deed dated May 6, 1882, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 6, folio 698, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to Nancy McCrobie on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

Saturday, the 4th Day of May, 1895,

at the hour of 2.15 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer at public sale and sell to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. One, of said Garrett county, containing forty-nine acres and being the same land that was conveyed to Senie F. Broadwater by Joseph R. Anderson by deed dated Dec. 5, 1890, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, folio 522 etc., one of the Land Records of said Garrett county.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893, as is charged to S. F. Broadwater on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

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Dr. Tutt; Your Liver Pills are the fly-wheel of life. I shall ever be grateful for the accident that brought them to my notice. I feel as if I had a new lease of life. J. Fairleigh, Platte Cannon, Col.

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Neuralgia, Constipation, Bad Blood
Malaria, Nervous ailments
Women's complaints.

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EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett County, to view the lands through which a public county road, leading from the North Glade school house and church through the lands of John L. Fitzwater, I. Beckman, Emma McRoble and others, to intersect the Wilson road at the old Engman place, and examine whether the said public road should be located, will meet on the 18th day of April, 1896, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said public road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
I. Z. BROWNING,
1—3t. Examiners.

Davis' Mills.

After being silent for a long time we again appear in the columns of your paper with a few items.

Spring is here and the grass is beginning to grow.

The farmers are preparing for spring crops.

Joseph Kimmel, who has been on the West Va. Central for a long while, was visiting his parents the other day.

Allen Faranee, of near Thayerville, has moved near here.

G. W. Delawder's saw mill, which has been in operation on Clark DeBerry's place, has ceased work for an indefinite time.

Lee Hoye and wife were the guests of J. J. Garrett on last Sunday.

A revival meeting will begin at this place April 15th by Rev. G. W. Loyd.

Henry Lewis has been engaged in making maple sugar.

Red House.

The German Baptists have been engaged for quite awhile building a church at this place. The house, which is attractive in appearance and perfect in workmanship, was completed a few days since. On the 6th inst. it was dedicated. Rev. Tobias Fike, of near Aurora, W. Va., preached the dedicatory sermon, which was one of ability and well delivered. His instructions to all visitors and worshipers as to their conduct while in the house of the Lord were very good indeed. It is to be hoped that all who listened to his sermon were benefitted thereby, and that the house may ever be regarded as a place of worship and treated accordingly.

On the following day, Sunday, Rev. Israel Thompson, of near Gorman, preached in the same building. The crowd of people was so great that the church could not accommodate all. A near-by school house was used for the accommodation of those who could not worship at the church. Rev. Nine, of Grant county, W. Va., preached to the school house congregation. A Sunday school is to be organized soon at the new church (Glade View Church) and good results will no doubt follow.

Loch Lynn Heights.

Mr. I. N. Lyon has opened his store in the Burley building on First avenue.

Mr. J. S. Douglas, of Uniontown, Pa., was here last week on business.

Mr. Jay Crane, of Hot Springs, South Dakota, who with his brother was burned out last winter, is here on a visit to his brother, Mr. B. F. Crane.

Mr. and Mrs. Lonie E. Hanson, of Collonwood, Ohio, are here on a visit to her brother, Mr. C. M. Rathbun.

Mr. G. L. Lininger, of Listonburg, Pa., was here last week on business.

Capt. S. M. Taylor's house on Lothian street will soon be completed.

Mr. Abe Speicher's house on Second avenue is raised.

The finishing touches are being put on the hotel.

Ground is being broken on the corner of Argyle street and First avenue for the erection of Mr. Bunce's house.

Mr. Charley F. Dawson, who has the contract for painting the planing mill, began work Monday.

Mrs. James H. Jarboe was on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Ellen Jefferson, at Rodamers, W. Va., last Monday.

Cases are rare where any portion of our lighly sensitive community have indulged in anything approaching the indierous, but an incident is on record in the writer's mind where one of the ladies of our sister town who on the morning of April 1st, attired in a garb in appearance resembling the new bloomers with an excess of posterior, a cap drawn down to the hair line on the nape of the neck and somewhat battered bill low on the forehead and wearing over the top of which the prying but meaningless eyes peered. Thus equiped she, in company with another lady, started out. Going to one of the merchants, the proprietor being absent, she approached the polite head clerk and sold him a large lot of potatoes at a reduced figure to be paid for in merchandise. She then proceeded to the residence of a neighbor who is building a small hotel and was introduced by the lady in company as Mr. Smith who wished to rent a boarding house or hotel. The proprietor informed her that it was for rent and at Mr. Smith's request proceeded to state terms, etc., at the conclusion of which Mr. Smith readily agreed to everything. But the ready accession to every term finally gave the would-be deceiver away, for the hotel owner had already weighed the general appearance and make up as well as the shabby business vocabulary of the applicant and had about concluded that a person whether male or female displaying such a limited amount of business capacity was not a competent person to handle a hotel when his, the proprietor's wife, who had been a silent listner jumped up and rushed towards the gentleman exclaimed, as she did it "It is Mrs.————, our neighbor." Moral: Ladies who dress in men's attire should have their pants cut to fit.

INDICATOR.

Selbysport.

Florence Frazee, who has been confined to her room with diphtheria for two weeks, is out again and seems quite well.

Jonas Frazee, jr., has taken the diphtheria and is confined to his room. With a little care this much dreaded disease could be prevented from spreading. Why not take it?

Jonas Frazee, of Pittsburg, Pa., was visiting his family Saturday and Sunday, who still reside in our village.

A. G. Meese and family, who have lived at Krug, Md., for two years, returned to Ohio last week. They will locate in New Philadelphia. We are all sorry that they have left us, for Mr. Meese was a man who was respected and honored by all who knew him. Besides he was a staunch Republican. Mrs. Meese's departure is being widely discussed by her lady friends. She was considered a lady in every sense of the word.

Squire Sheckles and David Faloon went trout fishing on April 1st and caught fisherman's ~~luck, but~~ on the 6th they were more successful. They captured twenty of the speckled beauties.

The ladies of our town are struck on store teeth. Several of them had Dr. Tannehill, of Confluence, Pa., to empty their mouths of their natural teeth in order to get store teeth, and now the whole population seems to have suddenly awakened to the fact that it would be more fashionable to wear store teeth and have concluded to have the doctor remove natural ones. A great mistake, ladies, a great mistake!

Squire Sheckles is greatly worried because he can't learn exactly who "Newcomer" is. I heard him accusing the other fellow for doing the scribbling and as long as he accuses him I am safe.

NEWCOMER.

FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.

The weather has been very fair and the hill-side farmer is making use of the same.

The farmers are making calculations to put out large crops this spring.

Mr. Harry Holiday, the lumber merchant of Pennsylvania, was on our street the 6th.

Mr. W. M. Lytle was on a business trip to Confluence Sat[illegible] last.

Miss Eliza Green, of Mineral Springs, was visiting friends in our town the 6th.

Will E. Wass was among our boys last Saturday evening.

Miss Helen Frazee has returned home after a visit to friends at Confluence.

Mr. E. E. Swisher, of Petersburg, O., paid us a business trip on Saturday, the 6th. We hope he will locate here in business.

Walter Lowdermilk and family were guests of D. J. Stuck last Sunday.

We have just received word that Sam Lowdermilk, of Frazee Ridge, died at an early hour Sunday morning and was buried to-day at 10 a. m. We are very sorry to hear of his death as he was a good citizen.

Henry Krug, of Manor is paying Pittsbug a business visit.

A. J. Frazee, of Frazee's Ridge, was here last Sunday.

W. A. Brown, the lumber merchant, passed through our town the 8th.

Dr. A. J. Mason, of Friendsville, was on our street the 8th.

Jonas Frazee tells us he wants two teams of heavy young horses for draft purposes in Pittsburg and wants to exchange light horses for same or horses slightly damaged.

Swanton.

Easter will be observed in the Anderson Chapel April 21st with appropriate services, the Rev. Jefferson Taylor officiating.

The U. B. will hold their third quarterly conference in West's Chapel the 27th and 28th of this month. Song service Saturday evening at six o'clock.

The Independent Order of American Boys meets every Saturday night.

Mr. Homer B. Weimer and wife go to Johnstown last week where they will make their future home.

Miss Eliza Ralston, one of Bittinger's fair young ladies, passed through town one day last week on her way to Oakland.

L. H. Friend took a trip to Oakland this week.

Mr. Arthur Chisholm, of Gorman, is visiting L. H. Friend this week.

J. W. S. Painter has his new house nearly completed. He certainly means business.

On Tuesday night, April 2d, the good people of Swanton were aroused from their slumbers by what at first was supposed to be a fire or burglar alarm, but upon investigation only proved to be the juveniles giving a serenade in honor of Mr. John Conn and wife.

LEMOINE.

Elder.

Lovely spring has come again.

Messrs. Charles Frazee and H. K. Friend and Miss Lou D. Friend were the guests of Mr. Thomas Thayer Sunday.

Mrs. Robert Sterling was visiting friends at Krug the 9th inst.

Mr. Chas. Brown and Miss Sarah Christ, of Friendsville, were calling on Miss Maggie Frazee Sunday.

Mrs. J. B. Friend was visiting Mrs. Jonathan Coddington Monday.

Mr. Charles Enlow, of near Oakland, who was visiting relatives here Saturday and Sunday, left Monday, accompanied by his sister, Miss Minnie.

As news is very scarce and hard to get, White Rose becomes an object of the past with this issue. It is with many good wishes for the future that we sink into oblivion.

WHITE ROSE.

Walnut Bottom.

Mr. Gus Barnard, of Keyser, has moved into Sol Harvey's house at this place.

Mr. Marshal Harvey has contracted to peel the tan bark on the Piedmont Lumber Co.'s works at Chaffee.

Mr. Sol Harvey, who has been visiting friends at Corinth, has returned.

Mr. Joseph Harvey moved to Bloomington last week.

Messrs. David Clark and John Nesbit, of Perry county, Pa., have lately arrived among us.

Mr. Robert Nesbit, of this place, will move to Mt. Savage, Md., soon where he has the contract of cutting logs to supply the Piedmont Lumber Co.'s mill near that place.

Mr. Trout Warnick is busy hauling logs for Watson & Co.

Mr. George Bray cut his foot one day last week.

The M. E. Sunday school will be organized in the Walnut Bottom school house Sunday, April 7th, at 3.30 p. m.

Mr. G. L. Harvey is erecting a kitchen to his dwelling house at this place.

Bethel.

Mr. C. E. Hott, of this place, has moved to Elk Garden, where he expects to dig coal. We are sorry to lose him from among us as he was one of our best citizens.

Mr. Joseph McKowen, who has been running Watson & Co.'s engine for some time, returned to his home in Piedmont last week.

Mr. Sam Glotfelty, of Hoyes, has moved into C. E. Hott's house at this place.

Mr. A. J. Paugh expects to move to Elk Garden soon.

Miss Alice Warnick, who has been staying at Jack Paugh's, returned to her home last week.

Mr. S. Harvey moved to Elk Garden last week.

Rev. Wm. Stevens will preach in St. Paul's M. E. church at this place Sunday, April 14, at 10 a. m.

The M. E. Sunday school was organized at St. Paul's church on Sunday with Wm. Beavers as superintendent and Chas. Liller as assistant.

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 3—Daily ..... 2.41 A. M
No. 5—Daily ..... 7.09 A. M
No. 7—Accom. daily except Sun ..... 9.30 A. M
No. 1—Daily except Mon ..... 11.58 A. M
No. 15—Accommodation daily ..... 6.57 P. M
No. 9—Daily ..... 9.08 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 2—Daily ..... 5.51 A. M
No. 4—Daily ..... 7.34 A. M
No. 14—Accommodation daily ..... 10.00 A. M
No. 8—Daily except Monday ..... 1.48 P. M
No. 6—Accom. daily except Sun ..... 5.17 P. M
No. 10—Daily ..... 9.25 P. M

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THE NEW OLD WORLD.

Changes That Are Taking Place Under Hostile Powers.

While the roar of victorious Japanese cannon is still sounding in our ears we are apt to think that somehow or other the east is being awakened from a slumber of centuries, and that the older Asia of fable and legend and mystery is about to be modernized in some striking way, and for the first time made over into the likeness of our own progressive west. It may be well, therefore, to bear in mind the enormous changes which, not always accompanied by the shock of war, have been going on for the past fifty years in the less accessible regions of the planet.

Most of us regard the east as the cradle of human civilization, and yet for a century or more the colonies which it sent out to all the ends of the earth have been drifting back to the old home, now on warlike, now on peaceful errands, to teach there the lessons learned in happier climes and more favorable conditions.

To people who lived in the days of Columbus, the vast territories that constitute Asia and Africa, as we know them, would be scarcely recognizable. Some have exchanged native for European rule in one form or another, but nearly all have come more or less under the influence of modern ideas.

The "dark continent," for example, has in the last few years fallen almost wholly into the hands of the great powers, and is thus in a fair way of being civilized. India, once the scene of constant feuds between native potentates, rival races and hostile religions, now supports four hundred newspapers and has all the machinery of a modern state.

Further north, the Chinese wall no longer shuts out foreigners, and a people who formerly refused to trade with outsiders boast to-day of their twenty-three ports open to the commerce of the world. In central Asia, up to fifteen years ago given over to nomad robbers and fanatical, slave-holding Mussulmans, order has been established and the arts of peace have been introduced until the desert blossoms like a garden.

In thirty years of effort and progress Japan has risen from a state of helpless inferiority to that of one of the most advanced civilizations of our time. In sluggish Persia the air of a new epoch is stirring; even in well-nigh hopeless Turkey, the voice of the enlightened west from time to time finds a way of making itself heard. The Pacific itself—those "magic isles of reef and palm"—where the trader never came and no European flag ever floated, has yielded up to the modern spirit much of its idleness, its ignorance and its cruelty.

The general result of changes like these has been marked. Influences hostile to life have been removed, among them the scourge of wild animals, cannibalism, slavery and other savage practices. A knowledge of sanitary and medical science has been promoted, and famines, as well as epidemics of disease, have either been made impossible or been greatly diminished.

Vast stretches of territory have been irrigated, brought under cultivation by improved methods of agriculture and laid down to crops with special reference to the world's needs. At the same time, millions of human beings, not long emerged from the savage state, have received at least an elementary training in modern schools; while justice, with its courts and processes of law, has been set up where before their reigned only anarchy and individual caprice.

Not only are the nations of the east becoming modernized in ideas; they are being bound more closely than ever with roads of iron and cables that run beneath the sea. The locomotive, for years a familiar object in the land of the Pyramids, now crosses the Urals into Siberia; already its whistle is heard in the very heart of the desert, at Merv. In the Flowery Land its wheels are beginning to follow in the track of Marco Polo; ere long they will carry the couriers of the tsar to the very uttermost parts of Siberia.

The telegraph, too, now sends its message from St. Petersburg far out to the mouth of the Amur; it connects Europe with Pekin and Shanghai. When the new cable under the Pacific, now projected, has been constructed, the electrician's girdle round the world will be complete.—Youth's Companion.

A Wire Rope Tramway at Gibraltar.

A wire tramway is stated to have lately been put up at Gibraltar for connecting the signal station at the top of the rock with the lower town. It takes up all the materials necessary for the service of the fortress in less than five minutes, whereas formerly a whole day was required for cartage by a rough and difficult road. The engine house is erected at the north end of the Alameda, whence start two ropes three hundred and twenty yards long, which lead to the top of the mountain. A powerful engine gives motion to the ropes carrying the tubes, one of which rises while the other descends. The ropes are calculated for a load of more than seventy tons, but they never have to support more than a twelfth of that weight.—Scientific American.

She Hadn't.

Darley—Did you go through my trousers-pocket last night?

Mrs. Darley (indignantly)—No, sir!

Darley—Well, there's a hole in it.—Judge.

—Gibbon's face was full and red. Late in life he became exceedingly stout and his features grew flabby. Only when interested in conversation did he show indications of the bright intellect that conceived and carried [illegible] greatest historical work ever [illegible] by the unaided labor of one man.

A SMALL BOY'S PLAINT.

When the blizzard is blowing outside in the street I have to stay here in the house,
I have to sit quiet the whole of the time, as still as little brown mouse.
They won't let me tease my small brother at all, or play with my small sister's things,
And mamma's not pleased if I snoop in her room and set up a store with her rings.

And daddy gets mad as a crazy March hare when I cut pictures out of his books.
I cannot go down in the kitchen to stay because we've the crossest of cooks.
The waitress don't like it if by some mischance I upset the cranberry pie.
On blizzardy days there isn't a boy so unhappy and tired as I.

The dog he snaps at me if I pull his tail, and pussy she scratches my hand
If I put her aboard the piano and play she's the head of a musical band.
The baby he cries if I poke at his eyes, and his nurse drives me out of the place,
And tells me that all through the rest of the day she don't want a sight of my face.

I wish it would clear, for I want to go out: I cannot stay quiet and still.
I'm so full of noviness all of the time that sitting down makes me feel ill.
I cannot do anything—no not a thing—I can't say I will or I won't;
I cannot go out and I cannot stay in when there's nothing to do but to don't.

—Harper's Bazar.

FULFILMENT.

THEY were talking downstairs. Outside, the whippoorwills chanted persistently. The little room was bathed in moonlight.

Caroline knelt by the window and clasped her hands on the sill and rested her little dark head on her arms.

She had never been in the habit of praying, and she did not pray now. But her thoughts ran on wildly:

"Nobody loves me; they just want me to stay and work for them all my life. They don't want me to marry Jim because they want me to work for them. It is nothing else in the world—nothing else. And Jim loves me."

There was an agony of bitterness in the girl's soul. In doubting her parents, the foundations of the world were set astray. It was not the first time that they had set themselves in opposition to her wishes, but it was the first time that she had doubted their disinterestedness, their veracity, their motives. In the desolation of her sorrow the familiar world became a wilderness in which she lost her way.

Sometimes in the midst of our despair the thought comes: "It is not hopeless. After all, it lies in your own hands. Only a little effort, a little courage."

The girl rose. "I can do it," she whispered. "I *can*." Without hesitation she turned to the door, opened it and stepped into the darkness of the passage. There she stopped.

They were still talking downstairs.

"Ef 'twere any but a Slocum," she heard her mother's voice, plaintive and rasping. "But they're a shiftless lot—the hull on 'em. There just ain't no good into 'em."

Carry drew in her breath. She ran down the short flight of stairs and threw open the kitchen door. A silence followed her sudden entrance. Her mother glanced at her furtively; her father half turned, uneasily, and began filling his pipe.

The girl looked at them both with devouring scorn. She was very small and slight, but she had beautiful eyes and a deep curved little mouth that set itself proudly.

The mother's sad, patient face seemed fairly to wither under the vindictive anger of her daughter's glance. She had been beautiful, too, once, and young and in love. Now she was broken and faded—fairly a nonentity before this youthful vision of passion and resolve.

The baby in her arms began to cry fretfully. The children quarreling in the corner had stopped and were regarding Carry curiously.

The girl's breast heaved. She pressed her hands upon it.

"I am going to marry Jim Slocum," she said. "We are going over to Barnton to-night to get married."

Her father dropped his pipe to the floor.

"You shet up, and get away from here," he said, with an oath. In his passion his nose seemed to grow larger and redder; his little contracted forehead was a mass of wrinkles.

He was a contemptible object; but Carry's glance was n shade less scornful as she looked at him. She could feel a faint respect for anyone who had courage to swear at her, to defy her.

"I am going upstairs to get ready," she said, turning. Her mother's voice, shrill in wild, weak crying, followed her as she went. When she came down again she had on her best fawn-colored dress, and her small white hat trimmed by herself with towering ribbons.

Her mother had put down the baby (it was screaming in the cradle) and was rocking herself to and fro, her face hidden in her hands. Her father was standing in a waiting attitude, and as she came in he turned to her.

"Now, Carry," he said, in conciliatory tones, "you're a girl that's allus had lots done for you. You ain't got no call to act this way. Now I'll tell you; if you won't marry Jim Slocum I'll give you a hundred dollars to have for your very own (I've got a'most that in the bank now), or I'll buy you an organ and some new dresses. Now, ain't that fair? You give up suthin' for us, and we do suthin' for you. There ain't no call for you to act foolish."

Carry looked at him.

"I'm going to marry Jim Slocum," she said, moving toward the door. Her mother sprang from the chair, and cast herself at the girl's feet and clasped her round the waist.

"Oh, Cairy," she wailed, "don't leave us this way! Don't go for to marry one o' them Slocums! Don't go to-night! Think what folks'll *say*. O-o-oh!"

The little eyes of Carry's father began to gleam. He stooped to his wife and caught her roughly from the door.

"Stop yer noise," he said. "Can't you see she don't care nuthin' about us? Let her go 'long!"

Carry staggered slightly when her mother's frantic grasp was so suddenly relaxed. Then she went steadily out at the door.

The moonlight lay, clear and solemn, over the fields.

The whippoorwills were chanting their old, old warning. Who, in moments of willful decision, of deliberate sinning, has not felt the sweet agony of their song to be an arresting voice, a recall, an agonized effort to save?

Carry did not notice them. She was running swiftly, noiselessly, down the path that led across the fields to the Slocums' house. The strangeness of everything overwhelmed her. Now and then she was shaken with a hard sob. It was not remorse that she felt. It was only, in her childish selfish soul, a vague terrible premonition of what remorse might be.

Out in the backyard of the Slocums' house Jim leaned on the fence and listened to the whippoorwills. The house was near the big swamp. The air was full of rich, stifling scents. There was a glamour of romance and mystery about the familiar fields. The glory of the summer night filled him with subtle pain. He was thinking of Carry—not wildly, not passionately; he had a lover's tenderness without a lover's impatience. He was too easy-going, too lazy, to protest very wildly against anything.

"I guess we'll wait awhile. I guess they'll come round after awhile," he had said to Carry when they parted the night before.

But Carry knew better. Waiting for her parents to "come round" was worse than useless. She was afraid (though she would rather have killed herself than admit such a thing) that with waiting Jim's love would cool.

Jim leaned on the fence in the moonlight. His eyes held a gleam of expression in the depths of their almost oriental calm. The vague pain that oppressed him grew stronger. "I wisht I could see Cairy," he muttered.

As if in answer, a small figure, running swiftly, outlined itself against the silver-white of the fields.

Jim gazed blankly at the slim, dark shape; then he got himself over the

"OH, CAIRY, DON'T LEAVE US THIS WAY!"

fence, in some fashion, and ran to meet her.

Half an hour later the Slocums' old horse, drawing the Slocums' old buggy, plugged softly through the sand on the road to Barnton.

The whippoorwills were singing, and the little room was bathed in moonlight. Caroline, kneeling by the window, bowed her head on her arms and remained motionless. She was thinking of the last time she had knelt there.

Downstairs they were talking. She could hear Jim's drawling voice and her father's laugh, and, now and then, her mother's soft, dragging footsteps as she moved about. The last sound wrung her breast. Her poor mother! All the long companionable hours they had spent together in the busy household life rushed upon the girl's memory. She had left this dear little niche in life, had forfeited her right to it, and for what? What was Jim? What did she care for him? Slow, lazy, stupid, like all the rest of the Slocums.

The door at the foot of the stairs opened.

"Cairy," her mother called, "ain't you got your hair fixed yet? Jim's ready to go home."

The girl bent herself backward, and looked up at the twinkling stars piteously. Yet who shall pity her? She had desired greatly, and her desire had been fulfilled. Surely that is something, in a world of disappointment and defeat.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Rare Coin.

X., a poor Parisian "bohemian," who lives from hand to mouth, but manages to keep up a somewhat distinguished appearance, was looking earnestly, in a public place, at a five-franc piece, of which, by some extraordinary piece of luck, he had become possessed.

A gentleman at once stepped up to him and addressed him politely.

"Pardon me, sir," said the stranger, "but I am a collector of coins, and your movements suggests that possibly you have a rare one."

"I have, sir," said X.

"Will you let me look at it?"

"With pleasure."

The stranger inspected with astonishment X.'s five-franc piece.

"But pray, sir," he asked, "do you consider this a rare coin?"

"Certainly," answered X.; "with me all coins are rare."—Youth's Companion.

The Cold Wave.

"I had to face the wind all day," said the tender boarder, "and I do believe my ears were bitten by the frost."

"Are you sure it was not done by the teeth of the gale?" asked the Cheerful Idiot, and the new waiter girl snickered so that she was retired to her original job of washing dishes.—Cincinnati Tribune.

THE INDUSTRIOUS YAQUIS.

Hostile Now to Whites, but Once They Were Good Section Hands.

In the years immediately following the building of the Sonora railroad, which connects Benson, Ariz., with Guaymas on the Gulf of California, the traveler, after crossing the Mexican border, saw that the section men employed on the track were small, dark, active men, clad in blue dungaree jumpers and trousers and broad-brimmed straw hats. They were bare-footed or shod in sandals, and they worked steadily and industrially, and exhibited an alertness and intelligence in striking contrast to the impassiveness of the average Mexican laborer. They were Yaqui Indians, who came from their town of Torin or other places along the lower Yaqui river.

"The best workers I ever saw," said the late T. J. Seely, the first superintendent of the road. "There's only one trouble with them. Everything may be going along all right and you've got a good track and plenty of good laborers. But there comes word to your men from their chief at home that they're needed in the Yaqui country to repel the Mexican troops or to take part in domestic warfare. Almost on the instant they all start for their homes, and you wake up the next morning to find that you haven't any laborers. They are very resourceful and self-reliant. I remember once that the supply train failed to come as ordered, so that our Yaqui laborers were left temporarily without provisions. Instead of grumbling or striking, they at once scattered and went to hunting roots to eat, and there was no complaint by them or failure to perform duty while waiting for the delayed supplies."

Up to 1886, in their country along the lower Yuqui river, within the "tierra caliente," or hot belt, the Yaquis were always able to beat Mexican troops who were sent in repeated expeditions to reduce them. They were not at that time maraunding Indians, but lived independently in their own country, repelling all intruders and not molesting the whites except those who tried to enter their domains. They made their own gunpowder, and were patriotic and invincible fighters. Banded together against the outside world, within their own borders they had factions, and sometimes conspiracies and assassinations.

The legitimate heir to the chieftaincy of all the Yaquis was living in Guaymas when there came a deputation to inform him that the throne was vacant and that the popular voice called him to Torin to rule over the Yaquis. He declined the honor and waived his royal rights, preferring to remain in Guaymas in safety to taking the throne with an almost certainty that sooner or later he would be assassinated in trying to maintain himself in his perilous elevation. Cajeme, "the Jaguar," who so long ruled the Yaquis and led them against the Mexican troops, became king by assassinating his predecessor.

Since the Mexicans in their victorious campaigns of nine years ago drove those who would not submit from the lower river with its fertile fields into the mountains, the fugitive Yaquis have become fiercer and more predatory and wage an aggressive war upon all whites. They still roam at large in the mountain fastnesses, unsubdued and formidable.—N. Y. Sun.

WOMEN IN OLD GERMANY.

Their Influence Manifested in the Destiny of the Nation.

These German priestesses influenced not only their own countrymen, but were a source of superstitious dread to the Romans as well.

The power which a German prophetess wielded may be seen when in A. D. 69, for one brief moment the Gauls threw off the Roman yoke in an insurrection led by Civilis. His associate and counselor was Velleda, a wise woman who dwelt in the depths of the Bructerian forest. She had been chosen with Civilis to decide an important question of state. She was also umpire in civil disputes. In order that greater reverence might be felt for her, messengers were not allowed to see her face, but questions and answers were carried by one of her relatives. Velleda had prophesied defeat to the Roman soldiers and Civilis finding his people anxious to throw off the Roman yoke united the tribes for battle. Behind the line of battle he placed his mother and sisters, the wives and children of all his soldiers. In the advance to battle the women united in the war songs with the men and urged them on to brave deeds. If the tide of battle turned against the Germans, the women often rallied them by holding up their children and entreating them not to allow their wives and children to become slaves of the enemy. If they fled, their wives put them to death that they might still have a home in Valhalla. If they conquered, the women dressed their wounds and labored them still more.

Civilis believed that the presence of these women was a great incitement to victory. He engaged in battle with the Romans and came off conqueror. In return for her services, Velleda received the most valuable part of the booty, a Roman trireme among other things. The Romans afterwards tried to win her favor so that she would influence her people in their behalf. Their efforts were fruitless, and she was carried with Civilis a prisoner to Rome.—Louise Prosser Bates, in Chautauquan.

Cling to Their Names.

People have remarkable attachment to their own names, and it is not often that any one excepting the most hardened criminals makes a change. This is why so few people take advantage of the law allowing them to change their names whenever they see fit. Even when they do take a new name the affection felt for the old one is apt to have a bearing on the new. If a criminal is named George Edwards, for instance, it is apples to dollars that he will change his name to Edward George. They hate to lose sight of their old identity even in the matter of their names.—Louisville Commercial.

A PARACHUTE JUMP.

The Sensations Described by a Man Who Made The Descent.

The great balloon which was to bear me on my first journey up into the azure heights, and from which I was to make my maiden leap with a parachute, was tugging like a thing of life at its mooring upon the broad lawn. I confess that it was with some nervousness I took my seat in the little car beside Joseph Noreross, a skilled aeronaut, who had from dizzy heights made many and many a flight earthward through the air. With this same balloon he had during the past year safely made sixty-seven ascensions to the realms beyond the clouds, and had each time successfully descended with the parachute. So why should I fear?

Noreross smilingly welcomed me, and as he gave the order to cast loose the line and the men on the ground released the great aerial traveler, I felt myself afloat in a little boat upon an ether sea. There was no sudden jolt or jar about it, so cleverly was the release effected. Putting my head over the side of the car, I looked below and was surprised, for, apparently, we were not ascending, but the great old world, with all her glory of green and gold, was dropping from us away down into space. I looked in pleased amazement upon the wonderful panorama presented as the earth kept receding. Noreross smiled.

Then I gazed upward at the great bird-like balloon soaring triumphantly on, and yet completely under the control of the brave aeronaut sitting calmly there with the valve-line in his hand. Again I looked down, and the houses and barns seemed to crouch closer to the ground and the villages to cluster together. Streams and lakes at last looked like mere threads, or idots of silver. Away in the north the range of mountains looked like an emerald wall, while that dark blur of the earth below was the thriving and populous county seat. We were far from the world.

Suddenly we were in a cold, drizzly rain and the earth was shut from view. I looked inquiringly at Noreross.

"We have entered the clouds," was his smiling explanation, "and we are not yet a mile high."

In five minutes we emerged into beautiful sunshine. Beneath us lay a heavy bank of fog burnished by the ardent afternoon sunlight, but the earth for a time was not within sight. Suddenly through a rift in the clouds I caught a glimpse of it far, far below. So distant was it that only here and there could an object on its surface be discerned. Truly, we were getting well up in the world.

The thought at once attracted my serious attention to the balloon. Suppose it should spring a leak or collapse, what would be the fate of the daring sky travelers? Or, on the other hand, if the valve line failed to operate, would we go on upward forever? The thought disturbed me not a little. The aeronaut surmised what was passing in my mind, smiled genially and said:

"I have made a thousand ascensions unharmed."

"From what height would you like to leap?" calmly inquired Noreross.

"Make it about one thousand feet," I replied, determinedly.

"All right," Noreross responded, as he scanned the aerometer and promptly pulled open the valve, preparatory to descending.

Placing my hand out over the side of the car the rush of cold air against my down-turned palm indicated that we were again swiftly journeying earthward. Soon we were enveloped in the fog of the cloud bank for a minute or two, and then emerged with the distant earth in view. The glance at it from my perch there away up near the clouds only increased my nervousness.

"Look up! Look up!" exclaimed the aeronaut, "or you'll lose your nerve."

A glance downward when descending with the parachute might, I knew, turn my hair white or bring on a stroke of paralysis, as it had done in the case of some other men.

"Twenty-five hundred feet from here to the ground," exclaimed the smiling Noreross. "Get ready!"

He then bound round my body under the arms a stout rope, the other end of which was secured to the trapeze bar in my hand and which in turn was attached to the parachute that hung at the bottom of the car.

It was now rapidly approaching the time when I should make the leap of my life, and grasping the guy ropes of the car, I stood upon the seat in readiness, while Noreross gave me his final instructions.

"Leap as far out into the air as possible and the tightening of the trapeze line will release the parachute, which will open its fifteen-foot spread in a second or two," he said; "then all you've got to do is to look up and hang on."

"Twelve hundred feet," shouted Noreross. I tightened my grasp on the trapeze bar, looked steadily upward and awaited the word to leap. It was the most trying time of my life, but I was determined to make the jump.

"Go!" suddenly exclaimed the aeronaut. Closing my eyes I made a great leap out into space, and could feel myself rapidly shooting downward. Then the trapeze line tautened with a slight jerk that indicated the release of the closed parachute, and I looked up just in time to catch a fleeting glimpse of Noreross' smiling face peering over the side of the car far above me. But the parachute did not open. The seconds passed into a minute, and then into three, four, five minutes. Would the parachute never open? Must I be dashed to death on the ground a thousand feet below.

Suddenly there came a sharp click from above and my speed perceptibly slackened. Ah, the parachute had opened! My life was saved! With an intense feeling of satisfaction I felt myself deliberately descending, and, looking about, though not directly beneath me, took in the scenic beauties of my journey on every hand. But there came over me a grave fear. Suppose in my descent I should strike the top of the church steeple, or one of the many chimneys with which that section of the country abounded. Common sense, however, came to my rescue.

Noreross, I was convinced, knew his business, and had the balloon directly over a clear space when I made the leap, so where was the sense of such foolish fears and baseless apprehensions. Finally, I mustered courage and looked directly below. The earth was approaching rapidly. The fences, trees, houses and barns became more and more clearly outlined, and roofs seemed to rise directly out of the ground. Horses, cattle and men rose rapidly from pigmy proportions to their normal size. I saw that I would land in a broad pasture field, about a half mile from where we had ascended, and there was not a chimney, roof or tree within one hundred yards. There was nothing to fear.

I saw a crowd of men and boys hastening toward the field to welcome me. Then, a few seconds afterward, to my delight my feet struck the ground and the most thrilling journey of my life was ended.

Calmly I folded the parachute and then looked up for the balloon. I saw it gracefully sinking to the earth in an adjoining field, and a few minutes later had the satisfaction of receiving the hearty congratulations of the aeronaut, who told me, to my great surprise, that the parachute opened within three seconds after I leaped from the car.—Philadelphia Times.

WHERE PARIS IS AHEAD.

Her Wonderful System of Pneumatic Tubes and Telephones.

In Paris the pneumatic tubes used in the dispatch of card telegrams and letter telegrams from one portion of the city to the other are placed in the sewers. The excellent sewer system has helped the development of this handy means of communication in a way which would not have been possible otherwise. It is quicker than the telegraph for messages within the city, and would be perfect if the slow Parisian facteur were replaced by the smart London boy messenger. As we stand below the tube we can hear the whiz of the "chase" distinctly. There it goes at lightning speed, bearing, most probably, some tender message from love-sick Jean at his office at the Bourse to pretty Jeanette, who is toiling somewhere near the Bon Marche, and fixing a rendezvous for the evening after the day's labors are over. Wonderfully convenient, these telegrams for correspondence—more secret than the telegram proper, making no awkward mistake in times and places—and best of all, preserving the caligraphy of the sender.

More serious things are doubtless passing the coils which cover the remainder of the roof of the tunnel. These are the telegraph and telephone wires, thousands of miles of them, connecting the two hundred and ten post offices, and placing hundreds of subscribers in the city within earshot. Overhead wires are prohibited in Paris, so are sky signs, and how much the city gains in beauty, those only know who have seen London, with its unsightly webs strung across the housetops, spoiling whatever of the picturesque there may be about the streets, and constituting a serious danger to person and property.

There is no comparison either in the efficiency of the telephone in the two cities. A whisper may be heard in Paris, while in London telephoning is generally a most exasperating operation. A striking piece of evidence on this point is afforded by the fact that it is well-nigh impossible to telephone from Paris to any given subscriber in London, and that before the instrument could be of any practical use for long messages, the two great foreign news agencies, Dalziel's and Reuter's were obliged to have special wires laid under ground to their offices from St. Martin's le Grand. On the other hand, any subscriber, in any part of the French capital, may be heard with ease from the general post office in London. In this, and one or two other matters already mentioned, John Bull has a great deal to learn from Jacques Bonhomme.—Good Words.

Birds Tamed by Cold.

"I have seen some things during the recent cold spell," said Capt. Cassell, superintendent of Druid Hill park, "that I have never seen before in the twenty-nine years that I have been here. On the lake drives are nine snipe and about one hundred and fifty skylarks, which scarcely move out of the way when a sleigh passes by. I have seen skylarks in the park in summer, but I have never seen them on the lake drive in winter. The lake drive is hardly the place where you would expect to find wild and timid birds, but everything is frozen so hard they must seek food, and pick the droppings of the drive. We trapped three cardinal redbirds which were so hungry that they went right up to the mmusion. It will be better to keep them caged for the present. When we put out some screenings on the ground, I saw among the numerous sparrows three robbins, forty skylarks and three cardinal redbirds."—Baltimore Sun.

The Base of Life.

Woodchopper—Here I've to chop firewood for that rich property owner, while he sits doing nothing the livelong day. I'd give anything to change places with him for one week.

Property Owner—I am the unhappiest man in the world, or I am much mistaken. It doesn't look as though I should get well again. The doctor says I ought to work. To be sure, if I had a strong constitution like that woodcutter outside there I would chop wood from morning till night and be as happy as the day is long.—Humoristische Blatter.

A Suggestion.

"I hardly know what to make of the new minister," said the king of Muwpka to his forty-second wife.

As usual, woman's aptitude for estimating a man at his true value came to the front.

"Suppose you make a stew of him," she suggested, and it was done. That is to say, the stew was done, in the course of time.—Indianapolis Journal.

COOKS FROM FAR CATHAY.

Men of Yeast and of Resources That Are Superior to Recipes.

I had been expecting my Chinese cook for some time; his roll of bedding and clothes had been dumped at our door by the freighter three days before. Finally, just at dusk, I spied him as he came leisurely jogging along over the Divide, carrying a tin pail carefully in his hand—that was his only luggage. My curiosity was excited. What could that tin pail hold so precious that it must be personally conducted fifty miles by stage and eight miles on foot? It proved to be yeast!

Since then I have had half a dozen Chinamen in my kitchen at various times, and each one came to me in this same way, equipped with his little pail of yeast. But as their bread is sweet and good whether made one loaf at a time or by the troughful, sixty loaves in a batch, you do not feel like quarreling with them if they prefer their own private brand of yeast to yours. How they make it is an enigma. A Chinaman is never out of yeast, yet I never caught one preparing it. He baffled me every time, just as he would foil my every effort to watch him mix pie crust. There is either some superstition or a secret rite connected with yeast and pie crust that admits of no lookers on.

Before I attempted to teach a Chinaman anything new, I left him to his own devices for a week or so and watched results. Generally I found that in housekeeping the Chinaman always has an eye for appearances. This showed itself in many ways, best perhaps in setting the table. With carving knives like razors, they sliced meats, bread, and fruit so that they looked most appetizing; their fritters never were in tatters, their codfish balls did not ooze at the edges, the pies never disgraced themselves by overflowing their banks, each macaroni potato strip, which they were fond of cooking, was an exact geometrical parallelopipedon done to a crisp.

As a rule, Chinamen are good bakers, managing an oven admirably; the bread was neither over nor under done; meats were never dried up; they excel in cooking rabbit, chicken, and roast pig. The latter may not be as perfect as the "pink perfumed pig" sometimes served in New York restaurants, but the Hualapais Indians of Arizona pass no criticism upon the Chinese cuisine. They follow devoutly the trail of the Chinese roast pig processions to the burying-ground, and offer whole volumes of thanksgiving when the religious Chinese leave the pig to darkness and to them. These Chinese cooks, as far as I came in contact with them, also understand how to fry in boiling lard—nothing was sent to the table charred or greasy, and this was to me a novel surprise. Possibly they found it the quickest method of preparing food. However, that may be, they were never known to resort to a frying pan if hot fat would answer as well. But the Chinese love of appearances had another side to it. To be sure, the croquettes never lost caste by falling asunder; we wished they had; they held together as compactly as though they had been glued. We longed for a juicy cherry pie that could not help but run over; even a bowlful of jelly never quivered or shook. It couldn't, it was starched too stiff.

Yet these were nothing compared to the Chinaman's cakes and puddings. His loaf cake was never known to fall; it rose defiantly and kept on rising. Nothing, not even a blast of air from an ice factory, could have prevented it. It rounded up in the center and broke open; it did everything that flour and baking powder could make it do; it looked like a poem, but before it was cold it was nearly as dry as hard tack. But the puddings reached the climax of culinary art. Chinamen seem to hold a secret veneration for puddings, especially gelatine and bread puddings. A friend who boasted quite a superior cook, and who indulged freely in lunch parties, was in the habit of finishing off the luncheon with a most delicate charlotte russe. At this her cook remonstrated, contemptuously calling it "sloth," and asked to prepare the luncheon next time himself. She consented. Its courses were well chosen and well served, but when it came to dessert it was nothing more nor less than bread pudding, guiltless of any flavoring whatever. In Chinese estimation, bread pudding is the sine qua non of a first-class dinner, only excelled by snow pudding, which appears on festal occasions. Snow pudding, skillfully tinted and lost in labyrinths of stately frosting, is ushered in with great ceremony on Christmas and New Year's day. One might imagine that the gelatine jelly would have trembled like an aspen under such excitement; but lo! there was not a trace of vacillation. It had to be literally carved to be served up at all, as a spoon made no impression on it. It tasted like frosted gristle, wholly devoid of seasoning, but it looked superb.

In this day of specialties, it is difficult to secure a Chinaman who is willing to undertake the general care of a house. It is only when isolated from other Chinamen that you find out his versatility. It is when off on the desert, away from provision stores and conveniences to work with, that the Chinaman rises to the occasion. Empty tin cans serve in lieu of saucepans; a stray piece of sheet iron suffices for a fry pan; given a lard pail and a hatchet he will make a steamer; a small brad and a hammer and he will manufacture a grater; a piece of baling wire and he will twist you a broiler. He knows how to butcher and dress a beef; he will shoot and prepare game, even cultivate your garden patch for you, if it be worth while to plant one. He is no less adaptive in cooking. He is wholly independent of recipes; if one ingredient is gone, he will substitute another. This repeated substitution of ingredients sometime results in a strange similarity of dishes made from wholly different recipes, but one always has the assurance that when meal time comes the Chinaman will have something in readiness, were his provisions restricted to a ham bone.

Like every human species, the Chinaman can be watched to advantage, and it required no small amount of agility on my part to keep pace with him. I was measuring out the ingredients for spice cake one morning, and a cup of raisins was called for; Charlie Lee could only find half a cup. I insisted there were plenty more in the cellar and I must have a full cup. I left the room for a moment. Quicker than a flash he went to the tea kettle and poured in enough boiling water to make the raisins swell and fill the cup. I returned in time to spoil his little scheme, much to his amusement.

"Oh, you catchee Shollie; you heap sabe me," and then he grinned like the Cheshire cat. I could not appear angry, though I tried my best. But every one knows the Chinaman's fault; he can shirk work in a hundred ways and his cunning is proverbial; but when you have said all against him, you can teach him to do almost anything you wish. He never chatters, and for an emergency he is invaluable. If I were to rough it in a mining camp, or go out on a survey, or summer in a mining canon, I would choose a Chinaman every time as my aide-de-camp. —The Impress.

HOW TO COOK MACARONI.

A Variety of Ways in Which It Is Very Appetizing.

This nourishing dish, which forms the daily food of the people of southern Europe, is not appreciated as generally in some parts of our own country as it should be, and this is doubtless due to ignorance as to the proper manner of preparing it. Two simple rules, if observed insure absolute success.

Have plenty of salted water in a deep saucepan (two quarts or more for half a pound), and do not add the macaroni until the water comes to a sharp boil. This is most important, for if the water is simply hot and not bubbling, and if it is scant in quantity, the macaroni will surely be pasty, and not only non-appetizing, but indigestible. Let it cook rapidly until done, which will be in not less than three-quarters of an hour.

This secret of a good dish of macaroni is one that the cook books fail to touch upon, and if any time at all is given, twenty or twenty-five minutes is the utmost allowed. Test it by taking a piece between the fingers, and if it mashes easily it is cooked enough. By being boiled too long the nutritive qualities are lost in the water.

Drain thoroughly and it is then ready to serve in a variety of ways, the simplest of which is with a cream sauce. Do not pour the sauce over until it is ready to go to the table, and pass grated cheese with it. After being mixed with the cream sauce it may be turned into an escalop dish sprinkled with half a cup of grated cheese and the same quantity of bread crumbs and browned twenty minutes in a hot oven. This is macaroni au gratin.

The kind known as spaghetti (the small pipe), is considered the best, and the Italian never breaks it up as we do, but serve it in long pieces, and generally with a tomato sauce. To make this, put a generous spoonful of butter in a saucepan, and fry in it a thin slice of onion and a sprig of parsley. Cook a few minutes, and add a tablespoonful of flour; when the flour is a pale brown add gradually one pint of strained tomato which had previously been cooked. One or two cloves give a pleasant flavor, but of course these and the onion must be removed before serving.

Mix the sauce thoroughly with the drained spaghetti and serve in a covered dish. This makes a very nice course at luncheon or dinner, and grated cheese should be passed with it.

Macaroni left from the day before may be warmed over and not suffer, but, rather, be improved by the process, if only it has been cooked properly in the first place; and especially this is true of spaghetti with tomato sauce. In the rewarming, set it, covered, where it will become thoroughly heated, but do not let it boil.—Harper's Bazar.

HYGIENIC RULES.

Those Strictly Observed by the Man of Leisure.

Never eat anything before breakfast.

To avoid the overpowering temptation to do this, always leave your breakfast before you have a chance to eat anything.

Never work between breakfast and dinner.

To avoid the overpowering temptation to do this, have your breakfast and dinner so near together that you will not have time to yield to the temptation.

Conscientiously economize every moment of time for digestion. Never let the precious moments run to waste.

In order to gain this time never work between dinner and supper.

Never be satisfied with what you have accomplished. Press ever onward in never-ending activity.

In order that this rule may be strictly observed, as soon as you have digested your dinner eat your supper that not a moment may go on without interruption. Hundreds of years of precious time have been lost by careless men inadvertently permitting their digestive organs to run out of work.

Never work after supper.

In order to avoid the overpowering temptation to do this never get through supper until it is too late to work.

Supper, nevertheless, should not be allowed to continue until it is time for breakfast. If it does, however, breakfast should be postponed until the supper is over.

If there ever happens to be an interval between meals, do not be embarrassed by the awkward pause. A properly trained man will keep right on eating through the interval.—N. Y. World.

—Dialogues of the Future.—Master—"Oh—will you get me my boots?" Maid—"If what?" Master—"Oh—if you please." Maid—"If you please what?" Master—"Will you kindly get me my boots, if you please, Miss?" Maid—"That's better. No, I won't!"—Pall Mall Budget.

THE NEW MILLINERY.

Hats to Transcend All Their Predecessors for Screen Purposes This Season.

Straw hats which will not be needed for weeks to come have already appeared in the shops in all sorts of fantastic shapes, large and small, high and low crowns, and mostly made up with a rim of one color and a crown of another. There is a new straw called satin, which is very glossy and pliable, like baby ribbon, and is used for rosettes as well as plaits. Some of the straws are shot with different colors, like the ribbons and silks which trim them, and Leghorn hats trimmed with ostrich feathers and lace are to be worn again.

Many of the hats are immense in size, and assume a sort of square shape, and flowers, feathers, lace, velvet and glistening ornaments are used in their trimming. Roses are the favorite flower in Paris, and more foliage is to be used this season than ever. Several close rosebuds, mussed together in an upstanding bunch, rising from a bunch of bright green leaves, is a favorite arrangement. Rims of hats are covered with frillings of silk, chiffon, and braid, and crowns are made of tiny straw wings.

Great width is given to hats and bonnets by wide-spreading bows directly in front, and wings of chiffon wired into shape and covered with sequins are to be used more than ever.

Large, airy black lace hats are a feature of the new millinery. One startling combination has a black lace rim and a crown of gold and black from which roses in varying dahlia tints spread out among hoops of wide dahlia satin ribbon which extend out at either side in front, and are further softened by black lace edging. The backs of the hats are trimmed broad, like the front, and large rosettes of lace and velvet are seen on one hat, with a cascade of roses falling at the back.

Boat-shaped hats are here again, but they are transformed by a frill of lace, which is wired and made to extend over the brim, and masses of flowers are arranged just above the ears.

A lace in white cream, which resembles Brussels applique, is a specialty in millinery, and every shade of red, from the palest to the darkest ruby, is to be worn, while violets will continue in favor. Bonnets are made entirely of loops of jet prettily mingled and brightened by flowers placed directly in front.

With broad bows at the back of our hats, broad bows in front, such upstanding aigrettes on the crown, the new hat will transcend any of its predecessors for all screen purposes.

Shirt waists continue to multiply in variety and besides the regulation Chambery waist with the stiff turnover collar, there are dainty ones of dotted Swiss, striped with color and made with the soft draped band at the neck, which can be replaced by one of satin ribbon.—N. Y. Sun.

STORY OF A COIN.

Biblical Lore Recalled by a Recent Abyssinian Incident.

The king of Abyssinia has put out into a coinage of his own. The coins present on the obverse the king's head with the tiara and the inscription "Menelek II., King of Kings of Ethiopia." On the reverse is a crowned lion holding in his paw a crown with the legend "Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah." Do you know what that means? If not, read this veracious history which no Abyssinian ventures to disbelieve. The queen of Sheba was queen of Abyssinia. After her famous journey to Jerusalem she had a son, whose name was Menelek, and whose father was none other than the great King Solomon himself. Now, when Prince Menelek grew to manhood, he resolved on going to see the city of his father. Therefore he started on this long journey with a great escort of soldiers and a following of camels bearing presents. When he approached Jerusalem, the people, who knew not his history, flocked forth to see the gallant young prince, and because he was like King Solomon they followed him into the city, crying that the old king had been restored to youth. The new king, presumably Rehoboam, hearing their shouts in the streets, was naturally alarmed, and held council with his wise men and ancients as to whether he should instantly bowstring the visitor as a pretender, or receive him with the hospitality due to a friendly because distant prince.

Fortunately for the Abyssinian royal descent, the latter counsel prevailed, and Prince Menelek was graciously permitted to present his gifts and to see the splendors of the temple and the palace. When the time came for his departure he requested one boon—an exact model of the Ark of the Covenant and its sacred contents. This was granted him. But behold! There was a certain priest of the temple named Isaac, who greatly loved Prince Menelek for his resemblence to his father, and was resolved to go with him, he and all his family, into Abyssinia. Now, on the eve of departure, he cast by magic the watchman of the temple into a deep sleep, and then he exchanged the model of the ark for the ark itself. And the ark itself, with its contents, he carried off into Abyssinia, where it remains to the present day in the cathedral, and a copy of it stands in every church in Abyssinia. And as for the ark which Jeremiah hid away, and which lies still in the vaults of the temple, that is only the copy. And now you understand why the king places on his coins an effigy of the "Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah."—London Queen.

How He Kept Her Home.

"We don't see much of Gretcher since her marriage."

"Fact. I laid eyes on her yesterday for the first time since she became a bride, and that's nearly a year ago, isn't it."

"Yes. They do say Tom is terribly jealous."

"Well he has bought her twenty-two wrappers, and only one street dress!"—Life.

—The Order of the Crown of India is one of the latest; it is for the benefit of the ladies and was founded in 1877.

EARTH'S INTERESTING SIDE.

The Pacific Regions to Be the Scene of Great Events in the Near Future.

Senator Morgan, in a speech delivered in the senate recently, truthfully called the Hawaiian islands the Gibraltar of the Pacific, and emphasized the importance of controlling them in the interest of American commerce and all our other interests in the Pacific ocean and countries bordering upon that great sea.

The theater of the world's greatest action in the future will be in that part of the world. Factors are at work that in the twentieth century will elevate in power and influence upon the future of civilization and the destinies of the human race the nations that belong to the Pacific ocean region. The commerce of that part of the world is growing with wonderful rapidity, and as China and Japan advance in civilization and consequent power they will demand and receive recognition in the councils of great nations. Australia and New Zealand are coming forward rapidly as powers that will affect in their development the destiny of the race. They, with the nations of the west coast of South America, can not be ignored. In the Pacific, western civilization will be put to its final and crucial test, and in that great movement the United States will take a conspicuous and it may be the most prominent part.

In many respects, therefore, the most serious problem that American statesmen have to deal with is that affecting our future power in the Pacific England is not blind to the importance to its own interests of the Pacific ocean and its great problems, and it is reaching out to strengthen its position. With that great grasp of such problems, which has characterized English statesmanship, the leading men of Great Britain are preparing their country for the coming struggle. They are seeking to strengthen it at every point, and they are not neglecting the Hawaiian islands.

The example thus set should stimulate American statesmen to do likewise. The key to the situation is the Hawaiian island group. The great nation which controls them will control the Pacific. England is now seeking to lay a cable that would connect Australia and Canada with those islands and for this purpose it is trying to get the consent of the United States for it to land a cable on one of the uninhabited members of the group and also to occupy a suitable landing place for a cable near the city of Honolulu. It is needless to say that it would select the most advantageous point it could obtain and that in that there would be a great danger to the interests of this country. Mr. Cleveland, with the blindness which characterizes him in regard to all matters affecting the interests and designs of Great Britain, wished congress to give this consent. To do so would be to cast a most precious pearl away.

What our government should do is to provide as speedily as possible for a cable of its own, refusing the consent when England asks. The cost of the cable would be a trifle in comparison with its great benefit.—Denver Republican.

—Goethe was pronounced "the handsomest man of Europe." He was a little over feet in height, but so well proportioned that he did not seem tall; his features were of the Roman type, his hair rather light than dark. His whole appearance commanding. Even to extreme old age he retained a large share of the personal good looks that earlier in life had made him so attractive.

Ask Me.

If you are troubled with malaria, constipation, biliousness, kidney trouble or dyspepsia, of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and it will be speedily forthcoming. Nervousness, loss of appetite and sleep, and a loss of vigor, are also remedied by this restorative. Physicians of eminence indorse it, a valuable confirmation of the verdict of the people and the press. Take it regularly

"If I could only," she exclaimed, "get it through my head." She gazed at the large hat pin and wondered how she was going to fasten her new street bonnet in place.—Detroit Tribune.

For Whooping Cough, Piso's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. P. Dierra, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, '94.

"Mamma, see how cold that poor chestnut man looks! Do give me five cents so he can earn something."—Fliegende Blaetter.

An Indiana court has fixed the price of stolen kisses in that state at $250. But what is the use of stealing 'em?—Toledo Blade.

People who are satisfied with themselves seldom please anybody else.—Milwaukee Journal.

An Irishman's definition of wit—"Wit is the lava which comes from the mouth of a lively 'crater.'"—Tit-Bits.

It is the young woman with the new suit who first discovers that we are having an early spring.—Boston Transcript.

The devil keeps the weak-hearted from starting for Heaven by making them believe the way is all up hill.—Ram's Horn.

Jack—"Not married yet? I thought you were going to marry a rich girl." Algernon (dejectedly)—"So did I."

The world owes us all a living, yet no man can collect the debt unless he pulls off his coat and takes it from the world's hide.—Texas Siftings.

The total depravity man, who drops in occasionally, says he knows a good many people, but not many good people.—Boston Courier.

"Men become what they eat," said Prof. Graham. "Then I suppose pugilists are developed from a diet of scraps," replied a forward student.—Harlem Life.

"I wonder why that sensible Miss Antique allies herself with this New Woman movement?" "Perhaps she has heard herself alluded to as an old woman."—Harper's Bazar.

Forty-ninth Friend (since breakfast time) "My, Morton, what a dreadful cold you've got. What ure you taking for it?" Morton (hoarsely)—"Advice."—Truth.

To see a bridegroom out in the yard early in the morning in his shirt sleeves looking for kindling takes a good deal of the romance out of his case.—Atchison Globe

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

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"Kind hearts are more than coronets,"
But somehow with the belles,
In choosing mates for life, it is
The coronet that tells
—Washington Star.

A writer says that the sense of humor very rarely exists in children under twelve years old. This writer evidently has never seen a five-year-old child prying open the eyes of a four-days old kitten.—Texas Siftings.

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "when er man tells you he's discouraged he doan' mean nuffin by it 'ceptin' dat he's 'bout made up his mine to be good an' lazy de res' ob his life."—Washington Star.

Wool. "I'm awfully behind in my reading." Van Pelt. "How's that?" Wool—"I got switched off on 'Trilby,' and now I'm behind about as much as ten new lives of Napoleon."—N. Y. World.

B. Y. P. U. CONVENTION.

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"Why on earth is Mrs. Robertson studying law?" "She intends hereafter to secure her own divorces."—Brooklyn Life.

Waggs "Did you have a fine time last night?" Jaggs "No. I had it this morning. Ten dollars fine; three dollars costs."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

There is nothing more foolish than to advise a man to grin and bear it. If he bears it patiently, he does enough without grinning.—Atchison Globe.

Epworth Leaguers!

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The silent watches of the night—those that are run down.—Philadelphia Record.

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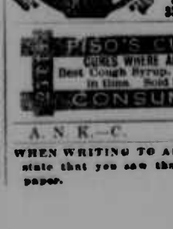

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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, April 8, 1895.

Senator Gorman's friends played one of their highest trumps when they started that demand for a southern man at the head of the next Democratic national ticket. Needless to say it was played against Mr. Cleveland, and so cleverly was it played that it caught the immediate endorsement of Senator Hill, who apparently forgot in his anxiety to thwart Cleveland's hopes that he was practically committing himself to the Gorman boom. The manner in which this demand was first made public was calculated to blind a great many ordinarily shrewd people to the fact that Senator Gorman was pulling the wires. It was on the editorial page of the Washington *Post*, an alleged independent paper, that the demand first saw the light, in all the conspicuousness of double-leaded type. Now, it is a fact well known to those who keep posted on such things that the independence of the Washington *Post* has been upon more than one occasion made a commercial commodity to be exchanged for cash or personal favors. That being the case it did not require a Pinkerton to connect that demand with recent conferences in Washington of prominent Democrats who are opposed to any further party favors being granted Mr. Cleveland, although few of them are actually committed to Senator Gorman's candidacy. The making of the connection was aided by the knowledge that the *Post* is controlled by a Democrat--ex-Congressman Beriah Wilkins, of Ohio, who has the Ohio man's natural love for a political deal and no special liking for Mr. Cleveland, although he doesn't object to asking for and accepting executive favors.

Senator Gorman was too smart to have his demand for a southern candidate have any outward appearance of a Gorman boom. Yet that is exactly what it is. While the demand is calculated—in fact, was intended—to tickle the ambitions of a score of southern Democrats, should it grow into a power great enough to control the next Democratic nominating convention, there is only one man who is big enough and smart enough to take advantage of it, and his name is Gorman. There may be abler southern Democrats than Mr. Gorman, but if there are they have successfully hid their ability, while Mr. Gorman has forced the Democratic Senate to retain him as leader against the wishes of a Democratic President.

Mr. Cleveland recognizes his demand for a southern man as a very shrewd move, and he knows the source from whence it emanates. He is afraid of Mr. Gorman, not having forgotten the humiliating defeat he suffered at his hands during the late Congress, but he proposes to fight, not only for himself but to prevent the nomination of Mr. Gorman. These contests for the empty honor of the Democratic nomination are decidedly amusing to Republicans, who regard the election of a Democratic president in 1896 as an impossibility. But they are interested all the same.

The exceptions to the income tax made by the Supreme Court decision, are calculated to add to the unpopularity of the tax, which will, it is believed, be repealed at the next session of Congress.

Cuban affairs are attracting much attention in Washington just now. It is clear that the revolution is a much more serious affair than it was at first supposed to be, and speculation is rife as to what will be the position of the administration should the Cubans succeed in setting up a government of their own. Without the moral support of this government, or some other, it will be a physical impossibility for the Cubans to maintain their independence of Spain, even should they succeed in establishing a temporary government. Will this government extend its moral support? That is the question.

The administration must have, through some of its subordinates, been doing something disagreeable to Rudyard Kipling, the talented but eccentric English author who blackguards everything American and still lives in America through choice. Mr. Kipling has been in Washington for a month or so, and is credited with the intention to write a political story in which Mr. Cleveland and all the members of his cabinet are to figure. Whatever his intentions may be Mr. Kipling succeeded in getting himself passed by the sentry boxes, which, by the way have since been removed, and the cordon of White House detectives and into the cabinet room, where his Majesty Grover I and his ministers of State were holding a council—perhaps to decide whether the United States should apologize to Great Britian for having raked up such a disagreeable old thing as the Monroe doctrine. Mr. Kipling is as happy over the unusual honor paid him as the small boy is when allowed to visit the menagerie while the animals are being fed. Secretary Lamont, who guided Mr. Kipling through the labyrinth of executive defenses, thinks he will be real mean if he writes anything uncomplimentary about what he saw.

The Agricultural Society.

The following letter from Hon. A. F. George to Mr. S. P. Baker, president of the Garrett County Agricultural Society, was handed to us with the request that we give it space in our columns. The letter was not written for publication, but Mr. George will soon write some articles for THE REPUBLICAN which will interest all farmers of Garrett county.

Mr. George's letter to Mr. Baker is as follows:

"DEAR SIR:—I had fully expected to be at the farmer's meeting tomorrow, but find now that it will be impossible. I am very glad to see the farmers taking an interest in the matter. It is what is badly needed in our county.

"I would like to see a road league organized in connection with the society, or at least, a committee that would take an interest in the question of better roads. Our present system is a very expensive one and gives very little in return for the outlay. Garrett county must have *better schools* and *better roads* if we want to keep in sight of those counties that are making progress and increasing in prosperity.

"The farmers need to take a greater interest in their welfare as a class. The capitalists have their organizations; the manufacturers, the miners and the mechanics, but the farmer is too busy to attend to this important matter and consequently he is the one that generally gets fleeced. 'In unity there is strength,' and I hope the farmers of the county will take hold of this organization and make it a power for the bettering of their condition.

"I shall be glad to do anything I can to make the organization a success and hope that the time may soon come when Garrett county's farmers shall be thoroughly organized for the benefit of all.

Signed, "A. F. GEORGE."

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. 25 cents per box.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

[illegible] Liver and Kidney Complaints, [illegible] Nervousness and General Debility. They will positively cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Blood. 25 cents a box.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

Keeps babes over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, corrects the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no strong drugs and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good—25 cents a bottle.

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

A New Departure.

Having determined to devote our attention exclusively to the

Dry Goods, Notion, Clothing, Hat and Shoe Business,

we have disposed of our entire stock of groceries, glassware a ndqueensware.

In their place our patrons will find shelves loaded with the latest novelties and patterns in

Notions, Dry Goods and Clothing.

Our Shoe Department Is full and complete.

Our Furnishing Department for Men, Women & Children Is Very ATTRACTIVE.

Believing that our efforts to give the people of Garrett county a first-class store in the lines above indicated will be appreciated, we are,

Yours respectfully,

SINCELL BROS.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

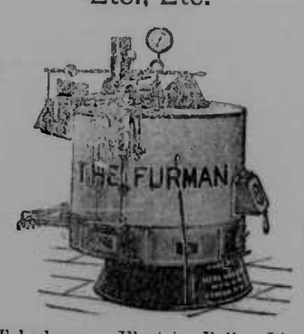

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23-1yr.

FOR SALE.

Three acres of land, being a part of the old Kennedy farm, lying in the eastern suburbs of Oakland on either side of the road leading to Mt. Lake Park. Will be sold in lots of ¼ acre each, or as a whole.

For full particulars call on or address MRS. LIZZIE BUZZARD, Elkins, W. Va.

22-6m

MOUNT POMONA.

NURSERY AND FRUIT FARM.

Address Swanton, Md., for Fruit and Mushrooms.

Address Mt. Lake Park concerning Nursery, Greenhouse or Vegetable Products.

Agents wanted on salary.

SWEET & SHACKLEFORD.

--WANTED---

WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER

Also White Oak Timber Land.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO., Cumberland, Md.

Office 39 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

SLATE ROOFING.

I am now prepared to furnish and put on plain and fancy roofing, slate, galvanized ridge, roll and water proof paper at reasonable prices. All work and material guaranteed.

C. M. Beachy,
27-1yr. Keyser, Garrett county, Md.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys 1/4 cod prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, ROLLERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
221f 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A
11 1y SPECIALTY.

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments. Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

4193.yr—s

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Lavigne, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 40 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Amanda Cooke containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,600. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

3. Farm of Mrs. Ida C. Cruntzberg, containing 61 acres, under fence; orchard of 150 trees; stable, frame house. Price, $1,200. Cash payment of $300, balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 200 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.

F. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

COOK BROS.,

169 Baltimore Street,

CUMBERLAND, - MD.

Sole agents for the World's Fair Best Spring Wheat Flour,

The Boss

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT. ONCE YOU USE IT YOU WILL ALWAYS USE IT!

For sale in Oakland by George O. Miller & Co.; in Mountain Lake Park by Hayden & Eckles. 36—13

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate. CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING. Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. feb1-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building. Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.

Drs. McLane & Berkeley, PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, FROSTBURG, MD.

Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES

See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.

Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.

Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.*

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate. P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

H. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Residence and P. O. Address,

2-2y SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate

Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE. AUCTIONEER! *Will sell Real or Personal Property*

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by burning or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent. 8—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING, Carriage, Sign and House Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.

Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention. 50-1yr.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE WHEELING INTELLIGENCER

West Virginia's Brightest and Best Newspaper.

The splendid popular triumph for the cause of protection opens upon a new chapter, and one of the most interesting in the history of the country. It has carried West Virginia into the ranks of protection and practical revolution in the politics of the State. There will be new and important developments by reason of the great victory of 1894—developments that will have a decided influence on the presidential campaign of 1896—and the WEEKLY INTELLIGENCER will follow them closely in all their details. In West Virginia the Wheeling Intelligencer is the recognized leader of the cause of protection and state development.

All the foreign and home news of the year will be faithfully chronicled in the Intelligencer's telegraphic columns.

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The Weekly, one year, in advance	$ 1.00
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One month, in advance	$ .65
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Three days in the week, one year	4.00
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Specimen copies of either edition of the Intelligencer sent free to any address.

We want an agent in every Postoffice in West Virginia, Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania. Address:

INTELLIGENCER PUBLISHING CO

WHEELING, WEST VA.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1895. NUMBER 6.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

THE REPUBLICAN for good job printing. Make a note of this.

Did you notice that line of ladies oxfords at Offutt & Son's. 6tf

McComas' Calmative Konseals, 10 cents. Try them. 5-tf

S. T. Jones spent Friday in Kingwood, W. Va., on business.

Last Friday being a legal holiday the Garrett County Bank was closed.

Offutt & Son are displaying the choicest line of Mattings Oil Cloth's in town. 6tf

Ladies will find anything from a calico dress to a fine silk dress at Sincell's. 6-tf.

Go to Sincell's for your spring hats; they are very stylish and attractive. 6-tf.

Mr. Frank R. Nethken, of Deer Park, was in the city last Tuesday for a few hours.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Mr. William J. Wilson, of Gormania, W. Va., was in the city Monday on business.

You will find more clothing at Sincell's at less money than anywhere you may go. 6-tf.

Mr. E. P. Anderson, of Newburg, West Va., spent two or three days in Oakland this week.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

Sincell Bros. have just finished getting in their spring stock of dry goods, clothing, notions, shoes and hats. 6-tf.

Misses Lottie and Grace Loar went to Baltimore this morning to remain a few weeks as the guests of friends.

Offutt & Son have the prettiest line of spring and summer dress goods in town. 6tf

Mr. John Lee Harne, of Clarksburg, W. Va., spent last Sunday and Monday in Oakland with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Fraley and little children spent last Thursday and Friday in Terra Alta with relatives.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures scalds, burns, indolent sores and never fails to cure piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Ex-Senator Browning and daughter, Miss Bessie, went to Baltimore this morning to spend a few days with friends.

Mr. J. S. Gnegy, of Aurora, W. Va., was here yesterday making arrangements to make a trip to Illinois in a few weeks.

Sick headache, constipation and indigestion are quickly cured by DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

E. H. Sincell, prominent attorney and politician, of Oakland, Md., was in Beverly last Friday and Saturday on business.—Beverly Enterprise.

Our patrons will find DeWitt's Little Early Risers a safe and reliable remedy for constipation, dyspepsia and liver complaints. Oakland Pharmacy.

La Grippe is here again with all of its old time vigor. One Minute Cough Cure is a reliable remedy. It cures and cures quickly. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. C. F. Schroeder has received his household goods from Frederick, Md., and has gone to housekeeping in the Edwards property on Oak street.

B. H. Bowman, Pub. Enquirer, of Bremen Ind., writes: Last week our little girl baby the only one we have was taken sick with croup. After two doctors failed to give relief and life was hanging on a mere thread we tried One Minute Cough Cure and its life was saved. Oakland Pharmacy.

W. T. Stanford, Station Agent of Leeper, Clarion Co. Pa., writes: I can recommend One Minute Cough Cure as the best I ever used. It gave instant relief and a quick cure Oakland Pharmacy.

School Commissioners meeting May 1st, in the new public school building, at which time boards of trustees for the several schools throughout the county will be appointed.

A number of residences in Oakland have been repainted, among them being Mr. J. C. Peddicord's on Second street, Mr. M. B. Ross' on Oak street and the new Commercial Hotel.

We have received from Mr. Norman Jacobs, of District No. 11, who is now in Florida, a long letter containing his impressions of that state, which will appear in these columns next week.

Mrs. Gen. Crook and Mrs. Fanny Dailey Read returned to Oakland from Washington yesterday evening and will remain here during the summer, occupying their residence on Crook's Crest.

George A. Bittinger, who is serving a term of four months in jail, made his escape therefrom Sunday afternoon and up to this time has not been captured, although the sheriff made instant pursuit.

We have something new, effective, pleasant to take and perfectly harmless and a positive cure for nervous headache, sick headache, dizziness and neuralgia. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harnard, manager. 5-tf

Miss Kate Thompson, of Ursina, Pa., who taught school in this county during the past winter, after spending two or three days in Oakland as the guest of Miss Martha Hinebaugh, departed for her home yesterday morning.

Mr. W. T. McMillan, of Accident, who has been in Philadelphia for several months studying pharmacy, arrived in Oakland yesterday morning on his way home. He was met here with a team by his brother, Mr. Ed. McMillan.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office with Dr. M. C. Hinehaugh. 35-1y.

Try McComas' Calmative Konseals to drive away sharp pains in muscular and acute rheumatism. One or two Konseals have shown marvelous results. 10 cents per box. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harnard, manager. 5-tf

Mr. A. D. Naylor is engaged in building for Mr. James Smith, of Mountain Lake Park, a large and handsome express wagon which will be used by Mr. Smith this summer at the Park in hauling goods to and from the station. 5-3t*

McComas' Calmative Konseals contain all that is required to cure the worst case of headache or neuralgia in a very few minutes and are safe, sure, inexpensive. Manufactured by Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harnard, manager. 5-tf.

W. Grant Martin, optician, has located permanently in Oakland, and is prepared to examine eyes scientifically and adjust glasses with unerring accuracy. All work guaranteed. Office days: Monday and Saturday, in Pritchard building. 50-tf.

Doctor H. R. Fish, of Gravois Mills, Mo., a practicing physician of many years experience, writes: DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve has no equal for indolent sores, scalds and burns. It stops pain instantly, heals a burn quickly and leaves no scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

Owing to the illness of Judge Hoffman and the absence of Judge Boyd, who is attending court at Annapolis, Judge Stake is holding court at Cumberland this week and was unable to come to Oakland on last Monday to reconvene the March term. He will probably be here one day the first of next week and hear cases that have been postponed.

Mr. Samuel E. Boyer went to Manchester, Carroll county, last Monday morning to attend the State Council of the Jr. O. U. A. M., which held its annual session there on Tuesday. Mr. Boyer was a representative from the Oakland council.

The play to be given to-morrow night by the scholars of the public schools of Oakland promises to be quite an interesting affair. The participants in the play have been rehearsing for several weeks past and have their parts well committed.

I recommend Chamberlains Pain Balm for rheumatism, lame back, sprains and swellings. There is no better liniment made. I have sold over 100 bottles of it this year and all were pleased who used it. J. F. Pierson, druggist, South Chicago, Ill. It if for sale by Oaklaud Pharmacy.

Last Thursday afternoon the fire department was notified by a telephone message that the residence of Mr. John T. Mitchell was on fire. The department at once responded, but the flames, which caught from a defective flue, were extinguished before its arrival.

J. A. Richardson, of Jefferson City, Mo., chief enrolling force 38th general assembly of Missouri, writes: I wish to testify to the merits of One Minute Cough Cure. When other so-called cures failed, I obtained almost instant relief and a speedy cure by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. Oakland Pharmacy.

It will be an agreeable surprise to persons subject to attacts of bilious colic to learn that prompt relief may be had by taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Dirrhoea Remedy. In many instances the attack may be prevented by taking this remedy as soon as the first symptoms of the disease appear. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

The meetings that commenced in St. Mark's church on last Monday evening are still in progress and are well attended. On Sunday morning next a special musical program will be rendered, at which time a number of persons will be received into the church and the communion of the Lord's supper celebrated.

Our better halves say they could not keep house without Chamberlains Cough Remedy. It is used in more than half the homes in Leeds. Sims Bros., Leeds, Iowa. This shows the esteem in which that remedy is held where it has been sold for years and is well known. Mothers have learned that there is nothing so good for colds, croup and whooping cough, that it cures these ailments quickly and permanently, and that it is pleasant and safe for children to take. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

We have before us a copy of the report of the condition of the Lonaconing Savings Bank, of which Mr. David Sloan is president and Mr. Duncan R. Sloan is cashier. The report shows the institution to be in a healthy condition with a line of deposits amounting to nearly $150,000, and with 939 open accounts. The securities of the bank consist of stocks, bonds, notes, mortgages, etc., and are well secured. The bank opens savings accounts for one dollar and pays interest on deposits.

Those who never read the advertisements in their newspaper miss more than they presume. Jonathan Kenison, of Bolan, Worth Co., Iowa who has been troubled with rheumatism in his back, arms and shoulders read an item in his paper about how a prominent German citizen of Ft. Madison had been cured. He procured the same medicine, and to use his own words: "It cured me right up." He also says: A neighbor and his wife were both sick in bed with rheumatism. Their boy was over to my house and he said they were so bad that he had to do the cooking. I told him of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and how it had cured me, he procured a bottle of it and it cured them up in a week. 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Chas. Brown and wife of Baltimore, Md., passed through town Thursday last for Grantsville, Md., where they will be the guest of Mr. Brown's sister, Miss Maggie, for several weeks. Mr. Brown is an ardent advocate of the income tax and hoped the Supreme Court would not declare it unconstitutional. Since then the Court did punch a big sized hole through it, cutting the revenue to the treasury from this source fully one-half. Charley has been many ups and downs in his political life and will not shed many bitter briny tears because the cake comes out of the Cleveland oven only half baked.—Meyersdale Commercial.

Thursday night of last week Oakland Lodge No. 192, A., F. & A. M., was called from labor to refreshment to the residence of Capt. J. M. Jarboe, the Master of the lodge. The refresments consisted of all the delicacies of the season and were highly enjoyed by all. Capt. Jarboe was assisted in entertaining his guests by Mrs. Jarboe and four daughters, Mrs. C. F. White and Misses Sallie, Nellie and Belle Jarboe. Those present were Messrs. D. E. Offutt, G. S. Hamill, John M. Davis, S. T. Jones, C. F. White, U. G. Palmer, Dr. E. H. Bartlett, Dr. J. Lee McComas, John Shartzer, S. L. Townshend, M. V. Flanigan, C. M. Rathbun, James Andrews, R. I. Andersou, Joseph Rathbun, Chas. J. Newman, G. A. Spedden, E. J. Fringer and Benj. H. Sincell.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper, under the caption "We Loan Money." The Granite State Provident Association, which he is representing, is one of the strongest financial institutions in the country, and the largest building and loan association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management have developed it from nominal assets in 1889 to nearly $200,000,000 in 1895. Its style of doing business is such as to cause the U. S. Examiner, C. W. Thompson, who has for years been assigned to especially investigate loan and mortgage companies, to state that "For comprehensiveness, thoroughness, neatness and accuracy, its accounts are far superior to anything I ever saw or supposed possible." Those desiring to borrow, will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars. 4-1yr.*

WANTED — Quick, pupils for piano, organ, violin, vocal culture, elegant penmanship, elocution and dramatic reading. Private lessons or in class to suit the applicant. Can begin lessons any day at any hour. Pupils from a distance can secure boarding at an extremely reasonable figure. For terms and particulars, please address Mrs. H. A. Rasche, Oakland, Md. 48-13t.

Dentistry.

Dr. I. L. Ritter will be at Accident, Md., Tuesday and Wednesday, April 23 and 24; Hoyes, Md., April 25; Cranesville, W. Va., April 26 and 27. Teeth extracted without pain by the new method.

Wanted,

At Garthright's store, five car loads nice potatoes, for which will pay the highest cash or trade price. Selling off all woolen goods at cost; lots of hats, boots and shoes at cost and all the old stock of clothing. We have the best fine muslin ever offered at 6 cts. 3-3t.

Accidentally Shot.

On Monday afternoon Mr. Webster B. Glotfelty, of Accident, was accidentally shot with a revolver by his brother Lloyd, who is only a boy of perhaps six years. Yesterday Mr. Ed. McMillan, of Accident, was in Oakland and he stated that the boys were engaged in cleaning a revolver and after that was accomplished it was laid on a table where it was picked up by the younger of the two and discharged, the ball entering the lower lip of Webster, knocking out two teeth and imbedding itself in the neck, where it still remains. The wound is not necessarily fatal and no serious consequences are anticipated.

Death of Judge McComas' Father

Mr. F. C. McComas, father of Judge Louis E. McComas, of Washingtons and ex-Congressman from the Sixth district of Maryland, died suddenly last Wednesday morning from heart trouble, at Hagerstown. He was 70 years of age and leaves four children. three sons and one daughter, the latter being Mrs. Wallace, of Cambridge, Md. Mr. McComas was widely known in Western Maryland. He retired from business some years ago.

Rogers' Sarsaparilla.

A specific for all. 100 doses for 75 cents. Rogers' Little Liver Pills, best on the market; Cough Cure, Liniment, Appetine and Worm Syrup, sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland; Cuppett Bros., McHenry; J. A. DeBerry, Corinth; C. F. White, Hutton; P. T. Garthright, Hayden & Eckles, Mt. Lake Park; Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park; Wm. Frederick, Friendsville; Yough Store Co., Jonas Frazee, Robert Liston, Selbysport; W. Wass, Mineral Springs; J. E. Gnagey Accident; Smith & Callis, Hoyes, and by all general dealers.

Died.

LOWDERMILK.—Samuel P. Lowdermilk, a corporal of Co. B, 2nd Maryland Regiment, P. H. B., was born and raised in Selbysport district, this county, and died April 7, 1895, aged about 55 years. The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Hart, also Revs. Cox and Barnhouse assisted in the service. Afterward the remains were carried to their last resting place by his comrades, namely: Joseph E. Lint, Isaac Turney, Salathiel Sayage, B. F. Friend, Henry Brown and Geo. E. Bishoff. Comrade R. E. Friend read a part of the G. A. R. ritual only, on account of the rain.

He was a true soldier from 1861 to 1865, also a true G. A. R. man since 1890. He filled the position of chaplain in Post No. 11, also Seargent-Major, which position he filled until his departure. As a citizen he was industrious, did his work well, a kind neighbor, and as is nearly always the case, he prospered. He was married twice, leaving six children living from his first wife, which are all full grown except one. He joined the M. E. church about the time he was first married and supported the church fairly well. He lived quite a distance from the church house where he belonged, and living near the Baptist church, he attended that church as often as he did his own.

He is a son of Rev. J. P. Lowdermilk, who joined the ranks of the immortal about five years ago.

The deceased brother and comrade had many good traits of character that his bereaved children and friends would do well to assimilate.

He died in peace after months of physical suffering, to join his father, wife and daughters on the other shore. H.

The Income Tax.

The Treasury Department has issued to all income tax collectors a series of supplemental instructions to conform to the recent decision of the Supreme Court. The instructions follow:

First—Interest received from State, county and municipal bonds or sureties, and rent from real estate are not tax able as income, but persons or corporations receiving said interest or rents shall include in their returns as receipts the full amount thereof received or accrued within the year for which the return is made, and shall deduct the same as not subject to taxation.

Second—The amounts actually paid for taxes, insurance and repairs on real estate may be deducted from income, as heretofore provided for by the law and regulations.

Third—All persons and corporations that have heretofore rendered income tax returns for the year 1894 to a collector or deputy collector, including therein interest received from State, county or municipal bonds or from rent from real estate may have the amounts of said interest and rents deduced from their income by duly making an affidavit and delivering the same to the collector to whom the original return was rendered.

Popular Excursion to Washington. Thursday, April 18.

The last of the series of popular excursions from this section to the National Capitol via B. & O. R. R. is announced for Thursday April 18th, when the same train arrangements and low rates that were in effect on the previous excursion will prevail. Those who have not taken advantage of the previous excursions should not fail to embrace this opportunity to see the National Capital. The severe weather of the past winter is over and the genial warmth of early spring will make traveling more comfortable. The public buildings, museums, art galleries and institutions, will all be open for free inspection and delightful side trips can be made to points of interest near by—Baltimore, Annapolis, Mt. Vernon and Richmond, are all within easy reach of the National Capital. A visitor's guide to Washington, issued by the B. & O. R. R. Co. giving a synopsis of the public buildings and attraction at the Capitol and details of the excursion, train schedule, rates, etc., can be had by applying to any B. & O. agent.

We give below a list of stations showing the time of traing and rates of fare:

LEAVE.	TIME. P. M.	TIME. P. M.	TIME. P. M.	RATE.
Terra Alta	9 01		7 15	$6 45
Oakland	9 25	5 51	7 34	6 25
Piedmont	10 25	6 45	8 29	5 40

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

Tickets will be good ten days, and will be valid for passage from Washington to Baltimore at any time within the life of the ticket.

For Pullman Car accommodations and guide to points of interest in Washington, address nearest B. & O. Agent.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," subtitle "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 4TH DAY OF MAY, 1895,

at the hour of 2.30 p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. One of said Garrett county, containing twenty-five acres, being part of a tract of land called "Bank Territory," and being the same land that was conveyed to Nancy McCroble by John P. Hubbard and wife by deed dated May 6, 1882, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 6, folio 628, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1891 as is charged to Nancy McCroble on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

SCHOOL BOARD MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., April 17, 1895.

The Board of School Commissioners will meet in their office in the new public school building in Oakland, on

Wednesday, the 1st Day of May,

1895, for the purpose of appointing a Board of Trustees for the various schools of Garrett county, and to transact any other business that may require their attention at that time.

By order of the Board,

WM. HINEBAUGH, Sec'y.

Spring is Here!

Everything Fresh, and at The Very Lowest Prices. Fresh Vegetables and Fruits a Specialty, at

MALETTE'S

Cheap Cash Grocery.

THE REPUBLICAN

BENJ. M. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND. GARRETT CO., MD.

LANGUAGES IN AMERICA.

Those of Other Nations Quickly Give Place to the English.

Although the population of the United States is made up of a greater number of diverse nationalities than that of any other country in the world, no large country is more homogeneous in respect to language than ours. The people who have come here from abroad have brought many languages; but none but English has shown on the soil of the United States a degree of vitality which has promised to make it permanent.

In Pennsylvania the Germans, who began to immigrate about 1730, have succeeded in perpetuating a dialect of the German tongue up to the present time. But it is gradually disappearing and its place is being taken by English. The Dutch language in New York city, and the dialect of German long spoken by colonists in New York state, the "Mohawk Dutch," so called, have already disappeared.

Early in the present century French was the language of Louisiana, and it is still spoken by many people in that state. But this tongue, too, is disappearing. The people who speak it are giving up the struggle against English. English is taught in the public schools of Louisiana. The children introduce it even under the parental roof, and to them French has become a foreign idiom. They think in English, and speak it in their play, and their parents are drawn into the current in spite of themselves.

The same process is taking place with the newer comers to the United States—the Germans and Scandinavians in the northwest, the French Canadians in New England, the Italians in the eastern cities, and the people of other nationalities scattered through the country.

In some regions in the northwest, indeed, the German and Scandinavian tongues are spoken as their mother tongue by many children born on American soil, and are taught to them in private schools. In some districts these languages may even be perpetuated from generation to generation. But with by far the greater part of the foreign-born population, the use of English is steadily displacing that of the languages formerly spoken.

That these languages melt away, in the use of our people, before the English tongue, is due in part to the fact that English is the language of commerce, and the only one in which business can be transacted on any but the smallest scale; but it is due in much larger part to the influence of the public schools.

These schools, which are, in the greater part of the country, free, attract the children of the newly arrived population. Here they learn English at once, and soon come to use it in preference to any other tongue. If all the children in the country attend the public schools, all European languages but English would soon disappear in two or three generations.

It is admitted, however, that, should any large number of the children now speaking foreign languages be withdrawn from the public schools, and receive their daily instruction in other schools and in other languages than English, the effect would be to perpetuate those tongues, and by that means to build up delibitely an element unlike the rest of the population. This is one of the dangers attending the establishment on a large scale of other schools than the public schools.

It is conceivable that, in certain states, a part of the community might be formed by this means into a permanent nationality differing from the English-speaking Americans, as the Greeks, the Bulgarians, the Albanians and other races differ from the Turkish population in the Ottoman empire, or as the diverse and often hostile races of India differ from one another.

It is by means of a somewhat similar isolation, with instruction in their own schools or with no instruction at all, that the Spanish Americans in Texas, New Mexico and Arizona have been able to resist the assimilation to which other nationalities have largely yielded.

Any general separation into distinct castes, such as is seen in some parts of the southwest, would certainly be an unfortunate and dangerous state of affairs, against which all proper influence should be brought to bear.—Youth's Companion.

Home of the Antelope.

Owing to their former great abundance and gregarious habits, antelope have furnished many hides to the hunter, and over large areas they have been swept off the plains and forced close to the mountains. Formerly they were very abundant, and in Dakota, Montana, Nebraska, Kansas and Wyoming one might see a thousand or two individuals in a day's march. Now they occur in small numbers only. There are a few in the northwest provinces, and in Montana near the mountains and north of the Yellowstone river; in the Big Horn basin and on the Central plateau they are still moderately abundant. They are practically extinct in Kansas, Nebraska, Indian territory and eastern Dakota, though there are a few remaining on the plains near the Little Missouri river.—Harper's Weekly.

It Saved His Neck.

A party of vigilantes in Missouri met a suspicious-looking stranger, to whom the leader said threateningly:

"We are looking for some horses that have been spirited away. Perhaps you can tell us something about them?"

"Hang me if I know," said the man earnestly, and they let him go, convinced of his innocence by the daring phrase.—Detroit Free Press.

—The proprietors of a West Philadelphia sale stable have this sign outside their establishment: "If you are looking for mules, don't forget us."—Philadelphia Record.

THE BOOMING OF ROME.

BY CHARLES DWIGHT WILLARD.

July, 1887; and the midsummer madness of the great boom prevailed in southern California.

Three men stood on the top of a low, flat hill and examined a map.

"Name it—Rome," suggested one of them.

"Rome?" said another, doubtfully. "It wasn't built in a day, you know."

"Rome, Italy, was not," said the first speaker, "but Rome, California, shall be."

Those who played the part of Romulus, Remus and Celer were the president, vice president and treasurer of the Glorious Climate Land and Water company. Their names are not material, but conveniently to distinguish them from one another we shall make use of their titles, respectively general, colonel and major. *Dulce et decorum est* to serve one's country on the field of battle, vanquishing her enemies and upholding the honor of her flag. That is one way to secure distinction and a military title. A somewhat simpler method is to provide occasional drinks and cigars for the gentlemen of the press. The pen is mightier than the sword.

The major had been a citizen of Los Angeles one month—he still sometimes inadvertently said "you" when he meant "we."

The colonel had two months longer to his credit, and intended to run for the office of county supervisor at the next election.

The general was a veritable old-timer. He had been living in Los Angeles now nearly a year.

Nobody knew whence they came. There they were; that's all. In this matter they were no worse off (or shall we say no better) than many others at that same time and place. The general, for example, when he was introduced to strangers had a way of saying in a loud voice: "Yes, sir! My name is Bangs, sir. And that was my name before I came here." Then he would look aggressively around, and it happened not infrequently that of them that heard him one or two would turn a little pale and cast down their eyes.

Ah, whither have they gone, those judges, commodores and generals who for a brief time seemed to own the town? Can it be that they are all in Oklahoma?

The capital stock of the Glorious Climate company was five millions of dollars, of which sum four hundred and fifty dollars had been subscribed and paid in. It was well known, however, that the company was backed by a powerful English syndicate. In those days, when a man desired to enter upon any little enterprise, such as building a railroad, constructing a deep-water harbor, or founding a large manufacturing center, he would always take care first to secure the backing of some powerful English syndicate. They were always powerful; nobody ever heard of a weak one.

The only other assets of the Glorious Climate company was a document bearing the signature of a degenerate scion of a once illustrious Castilian house—an option on a piece of land favorably located for a town-site.

The general, for all that the seams of his coat were shiny and his cuffs somewhat frayed, carried about with him, nevertheless, a secret talisman. He had a "pull" with the railroad. The information had come to him "from the inside" that the California or Bust railroad (projected) was to pass directly through the tract covered by their option.

Believe in this railroad? Well, they knew the public did, anyhow—the dear, trustful public that always believes in things.

The colonel had been a newspaper man in his early days, and understood the gentle art of "working the press." In a surprisingly short time, everybody in southern California knew that great things were in store for the new city of Rome—there could be no doubt of it, because the newspapers said so.

On a certain day in August the tract was to be thrown open to the public in a grand auction. In the meantime a few lots were disposed of at private sale—principally to newspaper men, public officials of high standing, railway magnates, famous writers and actors.

The major was to act as auctioneer. He admitted to his partners that he had never sold lots in his life, his greatest efforts heretofore in the line of misrepresentation having been limited to the trading of horses.

"The principle seems to be about the same, however," he said. "Ask five times what it is worth, and then take whatever is offered."

He was a cool and easy speaker. The crowd, the music and the enthusiastic cheering of the cappers moved him to extraordinary effort. Many of those who came to scoff remained to buy.

No one was more astonished at the result of the sale than the conspirators themselves. There was money enough to transform the option into a deed, pay all the debts of the company, establish a handsome bank account, and fill the pockets of all three with coin.

So much prosperity terrified the major, who anxiously inquired whether they had not better divide up and bolt. The others laughed at his fears. They had accomplished thus much with no money at all. There was no limit to what they could do now with reestablished credit and a full locker.

"But we must change our tactics," the general admitted. "Heretofore it has been faith and not works that we have offered the public. We must show them that we mean business, that we are laying the foundation of a great city."

The next day fifty men went to work in Rome, and the dirt began to fly in all directions. They were laying out a system of wonderful streets, parks and boulevards. The officers of the Glorious Climate Land and Water company went about buying back a few of the lots already sold, thereby stiffening the market. Several thousand steel railway ties, rented for a short time, were scattered through the tract to foreshadow the coming tramways.

To hear of these things through the newspapers did the public seriously incline. When the second sale took place, the crowd in attendance was enormous. People fought for places, and offered to pay such amazing prices that the major, hardened horse-dealer that he was, almost hesitated to accept the bids. When the day was done the city of Rome had passed completely out of the possession of the company.

Now it was the general who counseled immediate flight. He had received a little more "inside information"—the C. B. R. R. was not coming to California at all! "We must get out of the country before that is sprung," said he, "or we shall be tarred and feathered."

"And the many promises of the Glorious Climate company," said the colonel—"the boulevards we were to build, parks to lay out, public buildings to construct—how about them?"

The general smiled. "Let the English syndicate take care of all that," said he.

A few days later, the trio had disappeared. So had the laborers upon the foundations of Rome. As a matter of fact, the great boom in southern California was at an end. The impression began to leak into many people that somewhere they had heard something about "a fool and his money."

As for the three, they certainly were no fools. But—

The general went to New York and lost it all in Wall street.

The colonel went to Ohio and lost it all trying to found a newspaper.

The major went to Europe and lost it all at Monte Carlo.

Naturally each, when stranded, appealed to the others. Naturally, too, the reply in each case was depressing. It was seven years after the episode of Rome that the three men drifted together again in Chicago.

The general's coat was again shiny at the seams and his cuffs frayed as before. The colonel drank beer and smoked cheap cigars. The major had evidently taken to strong liquors.

Each confessed to discontent, though none of them was disposed to go into particulars. All lamented the halcyon days of the founding of Rome.

"There was no such combination as that at Monte Carlo," said the major.

"No such lambs in Wall street," sighed the general.

"No such suckers in Ohio," echoed the colonel.

"Why not go back there?" asked the general. "I don't mean to Rome, for the coyotes must have jumped that claim, but to southern California."

"Walk?" said the colonel, briefly.

"I can get the transportation," said the general. "My pull with the road still holds good—one way."

"One way?" repeated the major.

"Yes—away from New York, where my swell relatives live. The return is not so easy."

"Shall we go by the California or Bust line?" asked the major, with a grin.

"You needn't laugh," said the general. "That road was built after all, and I intend to get passes over it."

Four days later, as the C. B. R. R. "Overland" was nearing the end of its run, the three comrades, deep in a poker game in the smoking car, were electrified to hear a passenger saying:

"This station is Rome. Grown quite a city, hasn't it?"

"Wha-a-t?" cried the general, dropping his cards. "Is there a Rome on this line?"

"Is there?" echoed the passenger. "Just look out of the window and see!"

The three rushed to the platform just as the train drew up at a handsome station surrounded by a well-kept park. In plain letters over the door they read the name:

ROME

"Yes, it's the place," said the colonel, "Don't you see the hills covered with beautiful residences—just as I predicted they would be."

The general led the way out into the main street. It was built up solidly with substantial-looking business blocks. The sidewalks were crowded with people moving briskly. Several street cars and omnibuses passed, well filled with arrivals from the train.

The officers of the one-time G. C. L. & W. C. walked on for some distance without speaking.

At length the major, turning to the general, broke out: "What do you suppose property is worth here in the business section?"

The general groaned, but did not speak.

"If we had only held on!" said the colonel. "If we had only believed a little bit of our own lies!"

"And these lots that we let go for a song," said the major, indignantly, "are now crowded with big buildings, and worth no end of money. We were robbed, gentlemen! I say robbed!"

"What are we doing here?" growled the general, sarcastically. "Think of taking an option on the city? Let's get out! I see no particular opening here for the geese that didn't save Rome. The walking is good. Come along out of this!"

And three figures moved down the track in solemn, silent, single file.—Land of Sunshine.

Slight Mistake.

Young Lady (at dinner, to deaf old gentleman)—Do you like bananas?

Old Gentleman—What did you say?

Young Lady (shouting, with all general conversation stopped that guests might listen)—I said, do you like bananas?

Old Gentleman—No, my dear, I don't like pajamas; the old-fashioned nightshirt is good enough for me.—Judge.

—The ease, the luxury and the abundance of the highest state of civilization are as productive of selfishness as the difficulties, the privations and the sterilities of the lowest.—Colton

INCA'S NORTHERN CAPITAL.

Peru's Old City in Which the Modern and Ancient Are Mingled.

Cuzco is situated at the head of a long valley in a semicircle of hills which shelter it on the north. It has an elevation of some twelve thousand feet and a population of about fifty thousand, mostly Indians. Under the sway of the Incas there are said to have been three hundred thousand inhabitants. We are so accustomed to associate the place with Prescott's gorgeous pictures and travelers' descriptions of the ancient ruins, that we are apt to forget the modern city, but it soon makes its presence felt by the visitor. There can be no dirtier city on earth. So-called acequias run through the steep, narrow streets. They might suggest cleanliness, but they are in reality only open sewers. The side alleys are impassable. The famous stenches of Cologne would be far out of the running in Cuzco—and the city is only saved from disastrous epidemic by its high altitude and by the constant fumigation of the chimneyless houses from their kitchen fires of llama dung.

An enormous plaza, faced by the great cathedral and the Church of the Jesuits, occupies the center of the town. It serves as a market-place, and in the early hours of a bright morning it presents a gay and busy picture as the Indians gather from near and far to purchase from the market-women, who spread their wares upon the pavement under huge umbrellas that make the square look like a mushroom-bed.

But everything in the modern city recalls the ancient capital. All of the principal churches are erected upon the walls and foundations of former temples and palaces, and most of the private buildings are largely constructed of stones dragged from old ruins. The best preserved relic of the Incan period is the fortress of Sacsahuaman, which offered so stubborn a resistance to Pizarro and his men. It is of great extent, and embraces the whole of a high hill which dominates Cuzco on the north. Three sides of this elevation, which are so precipitous as to be almost insurmountably, are defended by successive lines of stone walls, one above the other, four hundred yards in length, of perfect workmanship and great strength. After the capture of the stronghold, the Spaniards reduced the height of these walls, but the plan of the works is still easy to follow. On the northeast side of the hill the approach is more gradual, and here three parallel lines of wall were constructed of such stupendous proportions and of such massive detail that it is hard to believe that they were of human, to say nothing of barbaric origin. Enormous rocks, hundreds of tons in weight, and of the hardest grain, have been cut and polished and built together in a manner never elsewhere equaled by the art of man. The most curious feature is that no two of these gigantic blocks (some of them are nearly twenty feet in height) are of the same shape; they vary from triangles to pentagons, yet they are fitted to one another with such nicety and exactness that it is impossible to pass a knife blade anywhere between the joints. It seems incredible that fortifications of such strength, more than sufficient to resist modern artillery, could have been designed by a people whose only weapons were spears and clubs and arrows.

In front of this part of the fortress spreads a wide plain, covered with immense outcroppings of native rock, which have been fashioned into ranges of seats and into pulpit-like platforms reached by narrow stairways. The place was probably the scene of national gatherings. All the epithets of vastness in the language would fail to convey an approximate idea of all these marvelous works.

Within the city itself the most important remains are those of the famous Temple of the Sun, part of which now form the church and monastery of the Dominican friars. But the splendor of the past is gone forever. The Spaniards never improve anything. Much of the perfect old masonry is still to be seen, however, and what is now the cloister was once a sacred inclosure of the temple. The chapels formerly dedicated to the worship of the moon, the stars, the rainbow and the thunder are to-day used as slumber rooms or priests' quarters, and a neighboring nunnery once sheltered the virgins of the sun god.

Some of the churches erected by the Spaniards on the foundations of ancient structures are not without merit, and most of them contain many things worth seeing. There are about thirty in all, besides numerous convents and other religious institutions. It is worth while to study closely even the most uninviting house in Cuzco. For all their present dilapidation, many of them were formerly the palaces of the Spanish admirals, generals and hidalgos. Dingy portals are often well-preserved Incan gateways, and lead to courtyards where fine stone stairways mount to latticed balconies which are full of suggestions of romance.

Every Saturday afternoon in the plaza of San Francisco the country people hold a baratillo—a word which might be translated bargain sale. Here in addition to native products of all kinds, are often to be seen paintings of all kinds, crucifixes, ivory carvings and other objects stolen from churches and convents, which may be bought for a song.

Scarcely a dozen travelers visit Cuzco in a decade. Many of the old families of the city boast of descent from the conquerors, but the strain is usually strongly tainted with Indian blood. The main commerce, which is largely controlled by Germans, is in cocoa leaves and other tropical products from the low eastern valleys, and in alpaca and other wools from the mountains. Quichua is the common language, for the Indians are so stubbornly conservative that, in spite of schools and priests and churches, they will speak no other tongue than their own. Although they show no signs of dying out—they form more than fifty per cent. of the population of the republic—they have greatly deteriorated in many ways since the conquest, if we compare their present capabilities with their ancient achievements.

Cuzco, the Mecca of the dreamer, awards her pilgrim but a sorry awakening.—N. Y. Post.

FACES OF FAMOUS PEOPLE.

Some Characteristics of Ancient and Modern Celebrities.

Ole Bull, the violinist, had a decidedly clerical appearance, and was often taken for a parson.

Humboldt had a broad, well-fed, intellectual countenance, that showed a love for the good things of life.

Raphael's face, painted by himself, represents him as a man with more than usual personal attractions.

Ignatius Loyola had the face of an ascetic, with sharp features, worn with fasting, watching and prayer.

William Rufus took his nickname from his red hair, but as though in mockery of its color, he allowed his beard, also fiery red, to grow to an inordinate length.

Frederick the Great had a sharp, hatchet face, with a cold, blue eye, that, as one of his contemporaries said, "gleamed like a reflection of light from a bayonet."

Petrarch wore his hair in long curls and describes himself as turning a corner with great caution on a windy day lest the breeze should disarrange his locks.

Sheridan was a handsome young man, but in middle life dissipation destroyed every trace of his former good looks and at first glance he seemed singularly repulsive.

Michael Angelo had a face as rugged as his genius. His forehead was low and broad, his eyes were full, his nose thick and strong. His face was irregular, but full of power.

Vandyke, the refined painter of elegant portraits, had the aspect of a dandy. He wore his hair curled on his forehead, and a pointed beard, of which he was quite vain.

William of Orange was a consumptive and showed the fact plainly in his face. His cheeks were thin and had a hectic flush, but his voice was unnaturally strong. The most marked points in his face were his eyes and his forehead.

Mme. De Stael was ugly, with rough, irregular features and bad complexion. She was very sensitive in regard to her looks and disliked being complimented on her intellectual powers, regarding the compliment as a slur on her lack of beauty.

Goethe was pronounced "the handsomest man in Europe." He was a little over six feet in height, but so well proportioned that he did not seem tall; his features were of the Roman type, his hair rather light than dark, his whole appearance commanding. Even to extreme old age he retained a large share of the personal good looks that earlier in life had made him so attractive.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

TABLE SILVER.

It, Too, Follows the Principle of the Division of Labor.

Unless money is not stringent or there is a large family of relatives to make her manifold gifts of beauty and utility the average housekeeper finds that the growing multiplicity of table requirements in small silver taxes her powers of "keeping up," both as an observer and a purchaser.

In the days of our grandmothers, and even our mothers, a table was considered well appointed which had a silver service consisting of a towering coffee urn, a tea pot, cream pitcher, sugar bowl and spoon holder. Tablespoons were used for helping berries and preserves, and either those or dessert spoons were pressed into service for soup spoons. The idea of having to use a separate and elaborate table utensil for the serving of each particular dish would have been thought a very unnecessary addition to the trials of womankind.

But to-day the granddaughters of those good housekeepers would not invite their friends to dinner unless they have soup spoons for the consomme, a heavily chased fish set for serving the salmon, as well as individual fish forks and plates for the guests. She thinks she would be ostracized if for the roast and vegetable course the diners did not find the regular implements beside them. Ice cream forks she must have, and to be guilty of placing chocolate spoons, with their half inch greater length of handle, for coffee spoons would, she is sure, bring down—not the wrath; that is not dreaded—the smile of her sophisticated friends.

She would not, for the world, substitute a breakfast fork, as her mother did, for the neat and appropriate tridents of to-day when blue points are to be partaken of; neither would she have the temerity to dish out strawberries with one of her duplicate salad spoons.

In the days of these same grandmothers and mothers the appraiser used to go around and weigh the silver, collecting the tax upon it, and what those housewives would have done if they had had to throw into the balance all the bon bon and sugar spoons, the cake lifts, the bread trays, the olive forks and butter-ball spears, the almond and cheese scoops and the countless other small pieces of sterling which are now considered essential to a well-equipped table, one fails to imagine.—N. Y. Herald.

A Blunder.

Mr. Wyman gave two handsome public bath houses to Toronto, which are situated on each side of the bay and inscribed, in bold letters, "Wiman's Baths." Some time ago, as the British association excursion was sailing into that city one of the scientists discovered the signs.

"Ah," said he, turning to a friend, "I told you the Americans were an uneducated lot!"

"Why so?" returned the other, in amazement.

"Don't you see those signs there? What an atrocious way to spell 'women's'!"—Boston Home Journal.

—A life that is wide enough has no need to worry about elevation.—Milwaukee Journal.

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—Cracker Pudding.—Two quarts of milk, six crackers (rolled fine), one-half pound of raisins (seeded), half a nutmeg. Bake slowly three or four hours; stir often the first hour. To be eaten cold with whipped cream. Sweetened and flavored with vanilla.—Farm and Home.

—Tomato Soup.—Take about a pint of tomatoes and put on stove to cook; season with salt, pepper and butter, and when well cooked, add four pints of milk, and let it come to boil, when remove at once. If you do not salt the tomatoes before you add the milk, the milk will curdle. This is a delicious soup.—Farm and Fireside.

—Salve.—Take the root of yellow dock and dandelion equal parts; add good proportion of celandine and plaintain. Extract the juices by steeping. Strain carefully, and simmer the liquid with sweet cream, fresh butter and mutton tallow. Simmer together until no appearance of the liquid remains. Before it is quite cold, put in boxes. This is good for burns, scalds, cuts, and sores of every description.—Housekeeper

—Rusk.—Boil one pint of milk and pour it over a teacup of flour. Add ten ounces white sugar, four ounces butter and two of lard. Add one teacup of yeast, when the milk is not scalding; make a soft dough at night. In the morning knead it over and when light roll the dough upon a pie board and cut in small cakes, let rise very light before baking. Bake twenty minutes. Any of these articles with a little meat, a pickle, apple or orange is substantial and nutritious.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Jelly for Invalids.—Procure an old fowl, cut into small joints, add an onion, pepper and salt. Place the fowl, etc., in a jar, with a teacupful of cold water. Tie the jar over with a greased paper, plunge it into a saucepan half full of boiling water, and simmer for six or seven hours. Strain off the liquor through a jelly bag. When cold, remove the fat, melt the jelly, and flavor to taste. This will be the strongest jelly, and may be reduced with boiling water for soup, when desired as a further change.—Leeds Mercury.

—Card Gingerbread.—One-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sour milk, one cup of brown sugar, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful ginger, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt. Add one-half tablespoonful of water and three scant cups of sifted flour. Beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar, then the salt and ginger, now the egg well beaten. Dissolve the soda in the water and stir into the sour milk and add to the mixture in the bowl. Beat the flour in gradually. Take one-half the dough and roll out about half an inch thick. Cut in squares and bake about eight minutes in a hot oven.—Prairie Farmer.

—Chicken Broth.—If the weather is warm use but half a chicken to make broth for one person. If it is cool take a whole one, as the broth will keep several days. Pull off the skin (as it contains a good deal of oil), disjoint, and cut the meat into small pieces. Remove all the fat. Break or pound the bones. Allow two quarts of cold water to a chicken. Heat slowly and simmer till the meat is tender. Skim carefully. When the broth has simmered an hour, add a little chopped onion if the flavor is liked. Strain, and when cold remove the fat. Season with salt and pepper. Put it over the fire, and stir well until hot. Let it boil five minutes. If rice and parsley are to be added add a large spoonful of rice and simmer slowly one hour; add the minced parsley five minutes before it is served.—Boston Budget.

What Colors Are Becoming.

The complexion decides the becomingness of a color. If sallow, eschew cold tints and wear warm colors that will give a rosy hue. If of a clear, pale complexion, then judge by the eyes and hair what to wear, as such a skin can wear any color, unless the hair refuses to harmonize with it. A brunette can wear black or navy if they are lit up with pink, red or yellow. Add to these bright old rose, sky blue; if she has color, pinkish beige, bright and dark reds, pink, yellow, golden and reddish browns, pinkish gray, mauve, reddish and clear purple, cream, orange, golden or brownish tan and dark green, if pink or red is put with it, otherwise it gives a brunette a sere and yellow leaf cast. For an ordinary blonde select gray, navy, clear and turquoise blue, pale violet, beige, bluish purple, Nile green, lavender, olive, pale pink, dark mignonette green, ivory, cream, straw, reddish brown, dark red and bronze. A reddish blonde may wear deep brownish or coppery red, dark green, pearl and steel gray, bronze, deep purple, sky turquoise, navy and bluet blue, light yellow green, black, pure white, cream, lavender, olive, bluish violet and Nile green. The brune-blondes may wear any color if blessed with a clear skin, if not they must wear warm shades.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Spring and Summer Fabrics.

There are many charming patterns and color-effects among the scores of new materials for spring and summer, but none are more dainty or refined than the chines, French surahs, Lonisines, and other distinctly "summer silks" that are always a relief to the eye after it has been wearied with the procession of heavy brocades, velvets and satins of the winter. These silks seem to have won a permanent place in popular favor, and their adaptability and inexpensiveness assist in retaining it. The India silks show less of novelty in their design and coloring than any other of the lighter silks. These textiles never venture very far from their usual appearance, for they are chosen year after year by a quiet, conservative class who have got over their taste for novelty, even if they ever possessed it. For those who prefer novelty, however, there is a delicious and unlimited variety of "fancies" from which to choose.—N. Y. Post.

FOOD ON A STEAMSHIP.

There is Rarely Any Danger of a Famine or Drouth.

There is seldom a scarcity of drinking water on passenger steamships.

Large tanks, sufficient for five hundred or six hundred tons, are on each big steamship, which are used only for drinking water. Water for cooking and bathing is supplied from the sea and goes through a condenser before it is used.

In the event of a scarcity of water, if the engines are in order, all the drinking water necessary for a dozen years can be obtained from the same source. Some people object, however, to drinking condensed sea water, while others object even to fresh water.

There are certain articles which the foreign governments stipulate to be carried, and in certain proportion.

In England the board of trade list for 500 steerage passengers is 5,200 pounds of sea biscuit, 5,200 pounds of flour, 600 pounds of oatmeal, 900 pounds of rice, 7,000 pounds of potatoes, 3,000 pounds of salt beef, 2,500 pounds of salt pork, 2,500 pounds of sugar, 250 pounds of coffee, 150 pounds of tea, 75 pounds of mustard, 40 pounds of pepper, 25 gallons of vinegar, 3,500 pounds of fresh beef and 300 pounds of salt.

The amount of food that can be poked in the steerage galley is marvelous. The room is but fifteen by twenty feet, and often three cooks are able to prepare three meals a day for from 1,200 to 1,500 passengers.

The variety is much less than in the cabin, though no two meals alike are given during the week. There is a change of menu each day, and on Sundays, holidays and the last day of the voyage a little splurge is made in the shape of plum pudding for dinner.

The steerage cooking is all done by steam. The soups, tea, coffee, potatoes and cereals are prepared in the huge caldrons, holding sufficient for 300 or 400 people.

A sample bill of fare of steerage meals for two days of one of the big steamship lines is given:

SUNDAY.	DAILY.
Breakfast.	Breakfast.
Hot rolls and butter. Coffee, milk and sugar. Irish stew. At 10:30 a. m., beef tea.	Same as Sunday.
Dinner.	Dinner.
Barley soup. Fresh meat. Boiled potatoes. Plum pudding.	Soup. Beef a la mode. Boiled potatoes.
Supper.	Supper.
Fresh bread and butter. Oatmeal gruel. Marmalade. Tea, milk and sugar. 8 p. m., oatmeal.	Fresh bread and butter. Stewed apples and rice. Tea, milk and sugar. 8 p. m., oatmeal.

If the steerage passenger wants anything to drink he can get it. Lemonade, ginger beer, tobacco and cigars are also at his disposal.—N. Y. Press.

A YOUNG GIRL'S TRIALS.

Nervous Troubles End in St. Vitus' Dance.

Physicians Powerless—The Story Told by the Child's Mother.

[From the Reporter, Somerset, Ky.]

Among the foot hills of the Cumberland Mountains, near the town of Flat Rock is the happy home of James McPherron. Four months ago the daughter of the family, a happy girl of sixteen, was stricken with St. Vitus' dance. The leading physicians were consulted but without avail. She grew pale and thin under the terrible nervous strain and was fast losing her mental powers. In fact the thought of placing her in an asylum was seriously considered. Her case has been so widely talked about that the report of her cure was like modernizing a miracle of old. To a reporter who visited the home the mother said:

"Yes, the reports of my daughter's sickness and cure are true as you hear them. Her affliction grew into St. Vitus' dance from an aggravated form of weakness and nervous trouble peculiar to her sex. Every source of help was followed to the end, but it seemed that physicians and medicine were powerless. Day by day she grew worse until we despaired of her life. At times she almost went into convulsions. She got so that we had to watch her to keep her from wandering away and you can imagine the care she was.

"About the time when our misery was greatest and all hope had fled, I read of another case, almost similar, that had been cured by a medicine known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Almost in desperation I secured some of the pills and from that day on the wonderful work of restoration commenced; the nervousness left, her cheeks grew bright with the color of health, she gained flesh and grew strong both mentally and physically until to-day she is the very picture of good health and happiness.

"It is no wonder that I speak in glowing terms of Pink Pills to every ailing person I meet. They saved my daughter's life and I am grateful."

The foregoing is but one of many wonderful cures that have been credited to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. In many cases the reported cures have been investigated by the leading newspapers and verified in every possible manner. Their fame has spread to the far ends of civilization and there is hardly a drug store in this country or abroad where they cannot be found.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now given to the public as an unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Explosions in the streets are now in a fair way to be explained. Maj. Cardew has discovered that there is a remarkable deposit of sodium in some of the insulators in the boxes used for electrical supply in London. Now, sodium is highly inflammable by contact with water, and, therefore, probably sets fire to the escape of gas.

—The free and lovely impulses of hospitality, the faithful attachment of friends—these, too, are a holy religion to the heart.—Schiller.

—Oliver Goldsmith had strongly-marked Celtic features and a lively blue eye that was always merry.

BURDENS ON THEIR HEADS.

Some Statistics About the Weights Borne by Italian Women.

The only women who have a truly regal pose are the Italian women, whom financial stringency forces to carry great loads of wood from buildings in the process of erection or enormous heaps of clothing from the sweaters. As the human arm is not long enough to clasp the bundles they have to carry they have learned to utilize their heads for the work and have thus acquired a carriage which no other class of women possesses. For one cannot balance twelve pounds of unsewed waistcoats upon the apex of the body unless the body is in absolute equilibrium, the neck and shoulders, the waist, hips and legs all in their correct positions.

It is an art not to be acquired in a day, this of balancing weights upon the head. Consequently the tenement-house mothers begin early to train their children in the way they will have to go. The six-year-old child is sent to the building for such sticks as she can collect. She does not carry them in her arms but piled upon her head. It may be a very light load—so light, in fact, that one wonders why it is not blown off—but the little maid scorns to bear it other than as her mother would do. The sticks are laid upon her head, her arms are held akimbo and her hands are placed jauntily on her hips. She feels it a blot on the family 'scutcheon if an unsteady walk causes one of the lightly poised sticks to fall. That is her first lesson. After she has once acquired the principle her only advance consists in the increased weight of the load she carries until finally she graduates with all the honors and at sixteen or so is able to lift as heavy a load as her mother.

According to a doctor who has a clinic in an east side dispensary, the weight of the load increases from three or four pounds in early childhood to about sixty in vigorous youth and middle age. On gala occasions, when kind-hearted builders allow the carrying away of old lumber in large quantities, the women frequently stagger along under eighty or ninety pounds of firewood. Of course the heavy weights are not health-giving. The top of the head, though it may be hard and tough, is not adapted to bearing the burdens of a camel. The intense heat, generated by heavy loads of woolen goods to be made up for the tailors is extremely unhealthy. The shape of the head is noticeably altered if the load-bearing begins early enough in life. The top of the head is distinctly flatter than the normal type.

For the benefit of those young women who would like to obtain the good results of such exercise without its evil ones the doctor recommends walking with about two pounds resting upon the head. The weight should be in such a shape that it will fall off unless the head is held correctly.—N. Y. World.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

Frederick Douglass Called on His Old Master After He Became Famous.

Douglass' description of his last meeting with his former master, Capt. Auld, on the eastern shore, Maryland, is touching: "On reaching the house, I was met by William H. Bruff, a son-in-law of Capt. Auld, and Mrs. Louise Bruff, his daughter, and was conducted immediately to the bedroom of Capt. Auld. We addressed each other simultaneously, he calling me 'Marshal Douglass,' and I, as I had always called him, 'Capt. Auld.' I instantly broke up the formal nature of the meeting by saying: 'Not marshal, but Frederick to you, as formerly.' We shook hands cordially, and in the act of doing so, he having long stricken with the palsy, shed tears as men thus afflicted will do when excited by any deep emotion.

"The sight of him, the changes which time had wrought in him, his tremulous hands constantly in motion, and all the circumstances of his condition affected me deeply, and for a time choked my voice and made me speechless. We both, however, got the better of our feelings, and conversed freely about the past. Though broken by age and palsy, the mind of Capt. Auld was remarkably clear and strong. After he had become composed I asked him what he thought of my conduct in running away and going to the north.

"He hesitated a moment as if to properly formulate his reply, and said: 'Frederick, I always knew you were too smart to be a slave, and had I been in your place I should have done as you did.'

"I said: 'Capt. Auld, I am glad to hear you say this. I did not run away from you, but from slavery; it was not that I loved Cæsar less, but Rome more.'

"Before I left his bedside Capt. Auld spoke with cheerful confidence of the great change that awaited him, and felt himself about to depart in peace. Seeing his extreme weakness, I did not protract my visit. The whole interview did not last more than twenty minutes, and we parted to meet no more. His death was soon after announced in the papers, and the fact that he had once owned me as a slave was cited as rendering that event noteworthy."—Kate Field's Washington.

A Woman With a History.

Fingle—There goes a woman with a history.

Fangle—That female who just left your office? How do you know?

"She worked for an hour trying to sell it to me."

—Handel weighed over two hundred pounds, but in spite of his flesh his face was singularly attractive. Its chief feature was the beautiful mouth, which, in shape, was a perfect cupid's bow. His nose was long and pointed, his eyes were wide apart, and his forehead shelved more than was consonant with proper proportions. He was of burly frame, and was said to have the physique of a porter, and, when he played, the touch of an angel.

—The Order of Armaranta is of Swedish origin, founded in 1645 to honor a number of noble ladies of the Russian court.

AN UP-HILL STRUGGLE.

Difficulties Which Beset the Path of a French Genius.

Carries was born at Lyons in 1856. His father was a cobbler, his mother a workwoman. His education was of the slightest. At twelve he was set to coarse manual labor, then apprenticed to a builder. There, as he watched the plasterers working at the stuccoed ceiling, he often wistfully thought that perhaps some day he too might have the fortune to do such work as theirs. He knew no higher ambition, and could conceive of no higher art. At twenty he went into the army for the five years' service of the poor. It was there that his admirable talent was discovered, and that, through the kindness of the colonel, at twenty-four he set to work not as a plasterer, but as a sculptor.

Like every French artist, he attempted a course of academical training; but he failed to profit by it; he felt his nature and gifts had nothing in common with the art around him, and could gain no advantage from its influence or study. He withdrew to work alone, aided by the intelligent sympathy of Jules Breton and one or two other artists who saw the admirable talent that lay in the man.

With sure instinct, Carries at once abandoned all idea of purely sculptural work in stone or marble. He sought for a material he could transform, enrich, and beautify—which would give scope to his deep inventive instincts, his subtle, sensuous enjoyment of textures and color, and his early works were those marvelous bronzes, whose patinas, glaucous green, deep or angry purple, faded gold, trembling gray, were a revelation in bronze-work, and have never been surpassed, if they have been equaled, by the first bronze-workers in the world—the Japanese. But as secrets that had seemed forever lost were discovered by him, in him grew the absorbing dream to wrench fresh secrets from his strange fellow-workman—the flame. He would create a material, richer and more sumptuous than any, that should be his, and his alone.

In 1889 Carries obtained an order from the Princesse de Scey-Montbeliard (Miss Singer) for a colossal decorative door (ingres). His chance had come. He buried himself in the forests of the Nievre, and, like a new Bernard Palissy, built rudimentary ovens, as rough and crude as those of ancient Korea; and there for eleven months, alone with his workmen, day and night Carries wrestled with problems it seemed hopeless his ignorance could ever solve. In the eye of every sane ceramist his act was madness, and meant ruin. But a sublime and mysterious instinct led him on through toil and weariness, heart-breaking disappointment, hopeless failure, and reiterated checks; and before a year was over, the workman, the plasterer, had shot ahead of every living ceramist. He had discovered his inimitable gres (stoneware) and the first-fruits of his discovery were those admirable busts, statues, masks, and pottery in stoneware exhibited in 1892.

Nothing can be more touching than to see the series of essays which led him to his triumph—the poor, coarse, fragile, and almost comically gross pots and potsherds of the beginning, gradually month by month becoming finer, denser, more exquisite in texture, more marvelous in color, more sumptuous, rare and unique, until in the last one, for the first time since the workmanship of the middle ages, one has a sensation of richness and magnificence such as none of our poor tawdry, gilded and cheap materials can ever give. Never vitreous, never hard or shiny, the close, fine epiderm of dim enamel, as warm as flesh to the hand, and as soft as skin to the eye, seems the natural outgrowth of the gres, and not applied upon it. It has all the characteristics, not of dead matter, but of a living organic substance, a natural growth of some rare and precious kind; and this strange fruit of the flame is a fruit indeed.—Emile Hovelaque, in Century.

A REASONABLE THEORY.

Sambo Understood How to Treat Grip—His Perverse Patients.

"Sambo, they tell me that you have turned doctor?"

"Yes, sah; yes, sah. I'se dun turned doctor, sah. I'se a specialist, sah."

"Indeed? What is your specialty?"

"De grip, sah."

"Do you mean to say, Sambo, that you understand the grip as well as our great physicians, who have given years of study to it?"

"Indeed, I do, sah, much better, sah. Fuet, I'se the only medical gemmen in de kentry who has de only exact, k'rect ideah bout de grip, sah."

"Well, what is your theory?"

"Wall, sah, w'en a man has de grip, sah, he hez all the sym'toms of all de diseases that dar am in de hull medical material, sah. He hez sym'toms of de roomatiz, an' de jaundice, an' de fevern ague, an' de measles, an' de stummick complaint, an' consumption, an' yeller fever, an' small-pox, an' all de odder diseases."

"Yes, but how do you treat the disease?"

"Tain't no disease but it am a complicashun of all de odder diseases. Consequently, de only way to treat de disease am to give it all de remedies for all de odder diseases."

"Well, did you do it?"

"Sartainly, sah. I went froo de 'pothecary shop an' picked out a little sample of all the medicines dar is, an' den stirred 'em all up togedder in a big water pail, an' den, of co'se, I had a remedy dat would cure de hardest case of grip you can scare up."

"Did you try your remedy on any patients, Sambo?"

"Yes, sah, I tried it on fo' or five patients, sah."

"Well, how did it work?"

"Wall, sah, it would have worked first-class but all de patients had to up an die befo' de medicine got any chance 'tall to operate, sah."—N. Y. World.

—"Man wants but little here below," but he wants a variety.—Galveston News.

You want the Best

Royal Baking Powder never disappoints; never makes sour, soggy, or husky food; never spoils good materials; never leaves lumps of alkali in the biscuit or cake; while all these things do happen with the best of cooks who cling to the old-fashioned methods, or who use other baking powders.

If you want the best food, ROYAL Baking Powder is indispensable.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

"There's some satisfaction in being a Kodak fiend," mused the amateur photographer, as he sent a bundle of pictures to a friend. "At least, a man can express his own views."—Philadelphia Record.

"Dan ain' so much hah'm, after all," said Uncle Eben, "in er man's habin' er pourty good 'pinion ob hisse'f, ef he hones'ly does his bes' ter lib up to it."—Washington Star.

It was only when Eve expected to be invited out that she discovered that she had nothing to wear. It has been the same with the sex ever since.—Boston Transcript.

Mother—"Jack, are you still head of your class?" Jack—"No, ma'am; some one had a better head than I, and he is there now."—Harper's Young People.

Every great and original writer, in proportion as he is great and original, must himself create the taste by which he is to be relished.—Wordsworth.

Set happiness before you as an end, no matter in what guise of wealth, or fame, or oblivion even, and you will not attain it.—A. S. Hardy.

Teacher—"Tommy, what was the name of the wife of Napoleon?" Tommy—"It—it—it wasn't Tilby, was it?"—Cincinnati Tribune.

After one goes to pieces the fragments are worthless.—Galvestou News.

To cool off your temper first close the draft—your mouth.—Young Men's Era.

You can measure a man's religion by the length of his face on Sunday.—Ram's Horn.

She kept the gift of the fairy—the beautiful gift—to the end; and whenever her heart touched another she found the heart of a friend.—M. E. Saugster.

Advertising one's good deeds is like all other advertising—a matter of business.—Young Men's Era.

Individuality is everywhere to be spared and respected as the root of everything good.—Richter.

Unsatisfactory Young Man—"Sir, I love your daughter." Father—"So do I."—Somerville Journal.

Through the Roof.—Intending Tenant—"Is there running water on the top floor of this house?" Truthful Caretaker—"Only when it rains, ma'am."—N. Y. Herald.

It is a trick of Vanity to speak deprecatingly of herself with an interrogation point at the end.

"I reckon I'm about as tough as they make 'em," boasted the cooking school biscuit.—Chicago Tribune.

When a man says he's out of politics to stay, he means that he sees no way to get in again.—Galveston News.

"Yes, his mind is unbalanced." "Did he lose his fortune or part of his hair on one side?"—Detroit Tribune.

The footsteps of Cupid are often dogged by cupidity.—Young Men's Era.

Binks would have starved but for his boy;
The market for his jokes was very dead,
But soon he'd cash in plenty, for he sold
The clever things that small boy daily said.
—Harper's Bazar.

Like an open book, our faces tell the tale of health or disease. Hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, listless steps and languorous looks tell of wasting debilitating disease some place in the body. It may be one place or another, the cause is generally traceable to a common source—impure blood, and impure blood starts in the digestive organs.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery purifies the blood, stimulates digestive action, searches out disease-germs wherever they exist and puts the whole body into a vigorous, strong and healthy condition. It builds up solid, useful flesh, rubs out wrinkles, brightens the eyes and makes life really worth living.

It takes all sorts of men to make a world as it takes all sorts of notes to make music. B-natural if you can, but with respect to others it is well to remember that it is a poor time that has neither sharps nor flats.—Young Men's Era.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

Because a young man courts his girl in a dark room, it is no sign that he is developing a negative.—Harlem Life.

Seeking a Foreign Clime

In search of pleasure or business, should be preceded by the purchase of nature's great invigorator, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the best and most genial medicinal safeguard in existence. Mariners, miners, commercial travelers, tourists, and all who travel by land or sea, speak of it in the highest terms. Malaria, biliousness, constipation, indigestion, rheumatism, nervousness and kidney trouble are remedied by it.

The trouble is, the second thought rarely comes till the first has been defeated.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. Patterson, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

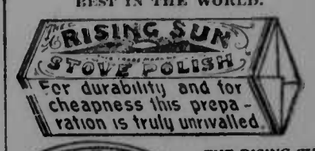

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Will cure Sprains, Bruises, and a Backache

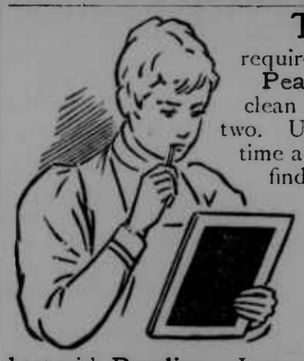

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required to clean your house with Pearline, take the time required to clean it last with soap, and divide by two. Use Pearline, and save half your time and half your labor—then you can find time to do something else besides work.

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The Republican.

BENJ. H. SUNCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1895.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first insertion* of the same:

Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $3; County Commissioner, $2.50; Register of Wills, $2.50; County Surveyor, $1.50.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention. Let the old soldiers have a chance.

W. M. LOHR.

Cove, Md., March 11, 1895.

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

GEORGE J. WALTER.
District No. 1. P. O., Thayerville, Md.

ATTORNEY GENERAL OLNEY gives it as his opinion that the income tax law, as construed and left by the supreme court, will not stand. "It is too technical," he adds. "Technical" is mild. Bungling and odious would not be quite so diplomatic, but more accurate.

IT IS a fact of consideration significance that there isn't a man in the Democratic party who feels it necessary to head off his own Presidential boom. Four years ago at this time many statesmen in this party had to sit up o' night to write letters declining nominations which there was never any thought of bestowing upon them.

THE preacher, Rev. I. J. Lansing who accused President Cleveland of drunkennese, made an humble apology. He should have been more careful before making such an accusation against the chief executive of the nation. National self-respect is at stake in so serious a matter us that. "Common report" is not a sufficient basis on which to frame such a charge. The style in which Grover roasted his accusers will make them more cautious in the future.

WE TO-DAY present our readers the annual levy as made by the Board of County Commissioners at their meeting last week.

The commissioners are to be congratulated in reducing the tax rate four per cent. and at the same time making liberal appropriatipns for the schools, roads, and all other public items of expense.

The board is composed of men who are conservative, yet liberal, and are to be congratulated for this showing of their business qualifications.

THE promised activity of trade which was to follow the enactment of the Gorman tariff has been very slow in its movement, but according to the best Democratic authority the sluggard is now in sight. Activity in trade ought to bring a train of blessings, but unfortunately this trade activity is in foreign goods and in non-manufacturing centers. Activity in trade of this kind brings no relief to the multitude of our unemployed, whose pockets have been so pitilessly emptied. What is most needed now is activity in our great manufacturing centers, but this cannot come in full beneficial volume so long as that instrument of robbery, the Gorman Tariff, remains upon our statute books.

The Governorship.

We are entirely satisfied that the Republicans of Garrett county are a unit in the choice of the Hon. Lloyd Lowndes as a candidate for Governor in this State. At the same time some people in the county may not have formed or expressed an opinion upon this question, we therefore deem it advisable to again speak of the matter.

Mr. Lowndes is not seeking the nomination. This paper was the first to broach the subject of his candidacy, and to-day two-thirds of the Republican voters in the State have made up their minds to support Mr. Lowndes. By the time the convention meets we presage the opinion he will be the choice, and in November next we believe he will be triumphantly elected.

Mr. Lowndes is eminently fitted for the position and his administration of the affairs of our State will reflect credit not only upon himself but upon his party and the whole people.

SECRETARY MORTON, in order to prevent the monthly grain reports of the Agricultural Department from getting to speculators in advance, has made changes in forty-four of the State agencies, and further measures will be taken to prevent leaks.—Last week's Democrat.

It will be remembered that only a week or two ago the editor of the *Democrat* succeeded Capt. James A. Hayden as State Statistical Agent of the Agricultural Department.

It was not even intimated that Capt. Hayden's removal was for cause other than that, in the nature of things, his place was desired by some hungry Democrat. It remained, however, for the *Democrat* to dispense the information that the changes in the *personnel* of the State agencies were caused by the State Agents giving information which they had officially received to grain speculators in advance of reporting the fact to the Department. The only inference that can be deducted or drawn from this editorial squib of the *Democrat* is that Capt. Hayden was guilty of the charge thus made.

The people of Garrett county are too well acquainted with the high character of Mr. Hayden to believe any such rubbish, and we should not have noticed it were it not for the fact that the editor of the *Democrat* has become the beneficiary of Mr. Hayden's removal.

For down-right meanness this takes the cake and we hardly believed that the *Democrat* was capable, especially under the peculiar circumstances of this case, of trying to besmirch the reputation and fair name of an honorable, upright citizen of Garrett county.

Two graduates of the "Keeley cure" institution were sentenced last week by the Police Court of Washington for drunkenness. Lapses from the effects of this "cure" are not infrequent. Now that the Court of Appeals has sustained the validity of the "Inebriate Act" passed by the late legistature, the next question (one of fact) will be as to when inebriates will be cured. The State is to spend $100 in trying to cure each drunkard, and it is estimated that from $100,000 to $150,000 will be required for this amount witbin the next year or two. As a new crop of inebriates is raised through the effort of the saloons, the law will be made to apply and so the work will go merrily on. So much money for schools, roads and inebriates. The good work should not stop here. Laziness is almost as serious an evil as drunkenness and is the csuse of much loss in society and the state, and is the foundation of many misdemeanors and crimes. Institutions for curing laziness should be established and the State should take up the noble work of curing lazy men and women at so much—say $50.00 a head. This is not class legislation, because if it was, it could not have gotten through an overwhelming Democratic legislature. Kleptomania, hypocrisy and the borrowing habit are all social evils which should be abolished if the State would prosper and those who have acquired these habits should be cured at the expense of those who earn their living in the sweat of their faces and lead honest and sober lives. If not, why not?

Suggestion to the Administration.

A proposition which is attracting some attention in France is respectfully commended to the notice of Mr. Cleveland and his finance minister, Mr. Carlisle. The proposition comes at an oppertune time, when the Supreme Court of the United States has knocked a hole in the administration's estimates of revenue for the current year, by its decision on the income tax law.

The French proposal is to tax titles according to the following scale: Prince, 1,000 francs; duke, 800 francs; marquis, 700 francs; count 500 francs; viscount, 500 francs; baron, 400 franes; double prefix, 200 francs; single prefix, 100 francs.

It is true that the constitution of the United States forbids the conferring of titles on nobility, but what does that matter when the cash is needed? Just alter the constitution to fit the circumstances, and see how quickly a lot of revenue could be collected! France is a republic, and if she can endure an assortment of princes, dukes and barons, why cannot the United States? This country should charge a higher rate than the French schedule. It should require the Prince of Pittsburgh, for instance, to pay at least $10,000 for his original patent, and $500 as an annual tax. The Duke of Allegheny, the Marquis of McKeesport, Count Sewickley, Viscount Sharpsburg, and the Baron of Soho, for example, could fall in line with properly graduated prices. Perhaps a much better plan would be to sell these and other patents of nobility at public auction in the first instance, to remain hereditary in the family of the purchaser so long as the annual taxes are paid. On default of the payment the sheriff could sell the title, after due public notice.

The vast extent of the United States offers a wide field for the exploiting of this scheme. If the gentlemen whose duty it is to see that the country is provided with revenue should hesitate about adopting the plan here hastily sketched, they might begin by taxing the honorary titles of Colonels and Majors, so numerons in some sections of the country.

Those Elusive Markets.

Farmers were assured over and over again that if they would only turn in and elect Cleveland and a Democratic Congress prosperity on a scale never experieneed by them before would at once be at their doors to overwhelm them with its blessing. Cleveland and Democracy had a scheme for opening up "the markets of the world" to American farm products that was certain to make every farmer rich in almost no time. Beguiled by the alluring prospect, enough farmers were caught by these assurances to insure the triumph of Cleveland and Democracy in general. There have been two years of it since. The first year showed up poorly for the farmers; but then the administration was so busy turning out the "robber" Republicans to put Democrats in their places that allowances were possibly in order. The second year, however, things would be different, and "the markets of the world" would be just fighting for American farm products. We now have seven months of the second fiscal year to compare with the like seven months of the first fiscal year, but by some sort of necromancy the exhibit made is just the opposite of what should have been expected. Instead of a market increase in the second year there has been a decided falling off in the demands for American farm products and the one conclusion to be reached from the showing, therefore, is that the farmer has been fooled.

Oakland's Municipal Election.

An election in Oakland for three councilmen to serve for two years took place Monday. Two tickets were in the field, Democratic and Republican. A large vote was polled and party lines were not drawn. The result is as follows: Thomas Harne, Democrat, received a majority of 15 over George Fulmer Republican; Silas B. Stemple, Democrat, received a majority of 18 over George W. Legge, Republican, and Richard K. Maroney, Republican, a majority of 3 over John Helbig, Democrat. The council now stands 3 Republicans and 3 Democrats, with a Democratic mayor.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES,
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. Try
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite.

ANNUAL LEVY, 1895.

Annual Levy for Garrett County, Maryland, levied on the 13th day of April, 1895, by the Board of County Commissioners for Garrett County, Maryland.

ROAD LEVY.

District No. 1.—Swanton	$ 650 00
" " 2.—Selbysport	1,175 00
" " 3.—Grantsville	650 00
" " 4.—Bloomington	550 00
" " 5.—Accident	850 00
" " 6.—Sang Run	651 00
" " 7.—Oakland	1,100 00
" " 8.—Ryans Glade	950 00
" " 9.—Johnsons	300 00
" " 10.—Deer Park	500 00
" " 11.—Elbow	500 00
" " 12.—Bittinger	550 00
National Road	600 00
Total	$9,025 00

CORPORATIONS.

Mayor and Council of Oakland	$300 00
" " " Deer Park	50 00
Commissioners of Grantsville	80 00
Mountain Lake Park Assembly	200 00
Total	$630 00

PUBLIC SCHOOL BONDS.

For redemption of bonds	$1,000 00
Interest on bonds	420 00
Total	$1,420 00

CLERK CIRCUIT COURT.

E. Z. Tower	$1,534 50

COURT FUND.

Estimate to pay court expenses July, September and December terms, 1895, and March term, 1896	$3,967 00
Deficiency in levy of 1891	150 00
Total	$4,117 00

ORPHANS' COURT.

Estimate to pay Judges from April, 1895 to April, 1896	$175 00
James W. White, Register	196 00
Total	$371 00

SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

Chas Wegman, Sheriff, use M Nathan	$ 300 00
Same, use C. B. Friend	250 00
Same, balance	1,384 80
W. M. Coddington, warden from June 26 to Dec. 17, 1891, use G. S. Hamill	108 00
Same, balance	56 00
Walter G. Myers, warden from Dec. 17, 1891, to April D. 1895	114 00
Same, boarding prisoners same time	297 00
Total	$2,500 80

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

To the School Commissioners for support of Public Schools	$10,005 00

PUBLIC PRINTING AND PUBLISHING.

Beni H. Sincell, use C B Friend, publishing	$ 350 00
Same, balance, use Geo. VanSickle	50 00
Same, use Garrett Co. Bank, printing	250 00
Same, balance, use Geo VanSickle	150 00
J M Litzinger, publishing	400 00
Total	$1,200 00

REGISTRATION OFFICERS.

H O Hamill, Dist. No. 1, use G S Hamill	$80 75
R E Friend, No. 2, use C B Friend	82 00
Isaiah Fuller, No 3, use J S Broadwater	82 00
John Collins, No 4, use Garrett Co Bank	83 00
John L. Richter, No 5	81 24
N C Browning, No 6, use D E Offutt	82 50
J A Hughes, No 7, use Garrett Co Bank	82 50
Henry A Shaffer, No 8	80 00
Samuel Johnson, No 9	82 00
Sebastian Hinebeugh, No 10, use Garrett County Bank	82 50
Noah S Garlitz, No 11	81 00
J Buckle, No 12, use Garrett Co Bank	81 50
Total	$981 49

MAGISTRATES FEES.

Peter Nathau	$ 7 15
E. A. Garlitz	1 50
Franklin Welch	4 00
Jerry Browning	4 80
M. M. Fazenbaker	5 80
W. D. Hoye	21 85
E. F. Droege	11 00
James A. Delawder	4 55
A. B. Gonder	148 75
Total	$212 40

ELECTION EXPENSES.

District No. 1.

Isaac W. Lonsdale, return judge	$ 6 96
Henry Paugh, judge	4 00
John L. Fitzwater, judge	7 28
J. L. McRoble, ballot clerk	4 00
Chas. T. Sweet, ballot clerk	2 00
Peter J. Lohr, election clerk	5 80
George W. Moon, election clerk	4 00
Chas. T. West, house rent	5 00

District No. 2.

William Frederick, jr., return judge	7 76
James Gnard, judge	4 00
John T. Garey, judge	4 00
S. K. Frazee, ballot clerk	2 00
Austin Brown ballot clerk	2 00
Norval Speelman, election clerk	4 00
John W. Frazee, election clerk	4 00
Lucian Dunham, house rent	5 00

District No. 3.

Gilead C. Broadwater, return judge	8 40
Lewis Warnick, judge	4 00
Chas. H. Durst, judge	8 40
J. Clarence Getty, ballot clerk	2 00
Thos. Chaney, ballot clerk	2 00
Philip P. McAndrews, election clerk	4 00
Jonas S. Hershberger, election clerk	4 00
Catharine Figge, house rent	5 00

District No. 4.

George T. Michael, return judge	8 08
Andrew J. Warnick, judge	4 00
Geo. L. Michaels, judge	8 00
Elijah Kemp, ballot clerk	2 00
Lawrence Garvey, ballot clerk	2 00
Cum. Michael, election clerk	4 00
C. C. Moody, election clerk	4 00
Thos. Garvey, house rent	5 00

District No. 5.

Adam Garinger, return judge	7 60
Valentine Kahl, judge	4 00
Joseph A. Beeghley, judge	4 00
S. K. Schlossnagle, ballot clerk	2 00
William M. Lohr, ballot clerk	2 00
Phillip Miller, election clerk	4 00
Asa Friend, election clerk	4 00
G. F. Enkelcart, house rent	5 00

District No. 6.

Thos. J. Ralston, return judge	6 88
Joseph B. Meese, judge	4 00
Mahlon Glotfelty, judge	7 20
Jerome Dewitt, ballot clerk	2 00
David W. Fraker, ballot clerk	2 00
Hanson B. Lewis, election clerk	4 00
William Collis, election clerk	4 00
Brison Welch, house rent	5 00

District No. 7.

Thomas J. Browning, return judge	6 48
Norman Barnard, judge	4 00
George D. White, judge	6 00
Peter A. Chisholm, ballot clerk	2 00
Charles A. Tower, ballot clerk	2 00
Fred. Gortner, election clerk	4 00
George H. Fulmer, election clerk	4 00

District No. 8.

Benjamin F. Shaffer, return judge	6 48
Peter F. Kine, judge	6 81
Israel O. Thompson, judge	4 00
James W. Mason, ballot clerk	2 00
James W. White, ballot clerk	2 00
George D. Lee, election clerk	4 00
W. McCulloh Brown, election clerk	4 00
Davis W. Murphy, house rent	5 00

District No. 9.

Patriek Hoye, return judge	10 00
Godfrey Rosenberger, judge	4 00
Henry Blocher, judge	10 00
Andrew J. Moore, ballot clerk	2 00
Daniel B. Layman, ballot clerk	2 00
Moses H. McKenzie, election clerk	4 00
Bradford Blocher, election clerk	4 00
Johnson Bros., house rent	5 00

District No. 10.

E. G. Miller, return judge	6 48
Jacob Roderick, judge	4 00
Isaac Allen Paugh, judge	6 30

FOR DYSPEPSIA,
Indigestion, and Stomach disorders, take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
All dealers keep it, $1 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

John Speleher, ballot clerk	2 00
Samuel P. Specht, ballot clerk	2 00
Charles M. Wilson, election clerk	4 00
William Chadderton, election clerk	4 00
Mrs. J. W. Chidester, house rent	5 00

District No. 11.

David Warnick, return judge	9 20
Hiram H. Robinson, judge	4 00
David W. Merrill, judge	9 20
Peter F. Michael, ballot clerk	2 00
Benjamin F. Snyder, ballot clerk	2 00
Stephen F. Broadwater, election clerk	4 00
Frank Green, election clerk	4 00
Joseph Warnick, house rent	5 00

District No. 12.

George R. Bininger, return judge	7 52
Stephen C. Miller, judge	4 00
Thomas B. Wiley, judge	7 44
Amos H. Reckner, ballot clerk	2 00
Henry Bittinger, ballot clerk	2 00
Perry Bowser, election clerk	4 00
Manassas Shrock, election clerk	4 00
Henry Bittinger, house rent	5 00
Total	$123 30

BRIDGE ACCOUNT.

Eugene Teats, building new bridge	$ 14 90
Isaac L. Thompson, completing bridge	38 50
John W. Frantz, repairing bridge	10 78
Henry Myers, repairing bridge	7 38
Samuel Hershberger, removing old bridge	3 00
Christian Klotz, repairing bridge	5 66
Rudolph Beckman, repairing bridge	51 49
Lincoln Sines, filling abutments of river bridge, use C. B. Friend	25 00
Henry Fredlock, lumber for bridge use D E. Offutt	13 13
C. W. Friend, flooring for Friendsville bridge, subject to order	37 77
Ezra Wolfe, building bridge over Muddy creek	15 00
Kimmel and George Frazee, building new bridge over Buffalo run, subject to order	118 50
James Frazee, building bridge subject to order	22 00
Joseph Spiker, building bridge subject to order	20 00
W. F. Myers, flooring bridge	8 06
A. S. Sell, lumber for bridge, subject to order	31 02
Norman Wilhelm, bridge subject to order	127 00
John E. McKenzie, repairing bridge	7 75
James W. Skiles, repairing bridge	3 50
Geo. O. Miller & Co., lumber for bridge	14 00
Estimate to build bridges	1,000 00
Total	$1,575 01

TAXES PAID IN ERROR.

Garrett County Bank	$ 41 60
Empire Coal Company	41 51
D. H. Loar	1 37
G. W. Magruder	1 65
Mrs. John J. Lohr	6 33
Daniel D. Brenneman	5 70
Samuel J. Miller	34 09
Total	$135 25

SPECIAL ROAD APPROPRIATIONS.

James Frazee	$ 20 00
William Frederick	30 00
L. H. Johnson	20 00
E. K. Goldsborough, use Garrett Co. Bank	67 00
Ulrain S. Coleman	5 20
Chauncey Kimmell, new road, use Garrett County Bank	96 72
A. B. King	50 00
Godhart Doerr	6 00
J. L. Rumbarger Lumber Co.	20 00
Joel J. Brenneman	6 58
A. S. Sell	7 68
Henry Jordan	14 00
Theodore Beckman	0 73
David Pope	5 40
Lawrence Zwall	2 01
A. J. Willison	7 10
P. M. Stemple, subject to order	50 00
Road No. 125, $15; road No. 126, $100; subject to order	310 00
Road No. 110, $70; road No. 125, $500; subject to order	550 00
Lincoln Sines, road from Cranesville road to Sang Run road, subject to order	25 00
Chauncey Kimmel, Jordan road, new road and road intersecting new road	15 00
Road No. 120, subject to order	50 00
Total	$1,368 32

OUTSIDE PENSIONERS.

John Gibson, use Geo. W. Legge, support himself	$ 5 00
Lewis Kahl, use J E Gnagey, sup of B Sepner	21 00
Caroline Gant, use Geo W Legge, sup Ann Rhodes child	10 00
S L Townshend & Son, sup of Mrs Kisner	5 00
S L Townshend & Son, sup of Mrs Claymire	12 00
Caroline Gnant, use Margaret Porter, sup Ann Rhodes child	5 00
Charles Thompson, sup Upton Bruce, use Garrett Co Bank	53 00
Geo A Bittinger sup of Mary Durst subject to order	30 00
Lewis Kahl sup B Sepner use Hamill & Little	25 00
Lewis Kahl sup B Sepner subject to order	31 00
Thomas Martin sup Mrs Claymire	36 00
Simon S Fike sup John Gibson	52 00
Richard Gant sup Charles Sewell use F Felty & Bro	4 00
Charles Thompson sup Upton Bruce subject to order	50 00
Caroline Frazee sup Ruth King subject to order	75 00
Salathiel Savage coffin for Joe Friend's child	3 00
E Kitzmiller sup E Davis	20 00
Samuel Meese sup Henry Meese subject to order	50 00
Peter Bittinger sup Mrs Newman subject to order	52 00
Getty and Keller sup Wm Bittinger	25 00
W C Jones sup Woods child	25 00
W C Jones sup G Woods	10 00
Estimate to pay paupers	285 00
Total	$895 00

CONSTABLES' FEES.

F C Browning use F A Thayer	$ 32 80
Baker Johnson	51 43
D A Stephens use D E Offutt & Son	17 00
D A Stephens use F Felty & Bro	18 10
D A Stephens balance	36 45
W P Lee	21 12
Total	$180 70

WITNESSES' FEE BILLS BEFORE MAGISTRATES.

D E Offutt & Son 11 @ 33	$ 3 63
S L Townshend & Son 4 @ 33	1 32
H F Granam 11 @ 33	4 62
Geo W Legge	33
W C Jones	33
C M Wilson	33
C E Hilleary	33
Hamill & Little	33
Clark DeBerry 3 @ 33	99
Peter F Michael 2 @ 33	66
C M Mason 2 @ 33	66
Estimate to pay	30 00
Total	$43 53

MISCELLANEOUS.

H C Red watching dead body at Gorman use C B Friend	$ 4 00
Joseph W Cogley work on jail use C B Friend	20 04
G S Hamill money advanced bringing body to Oakland	8 70
Sincell Bros bedding for jail use C B Friend	26 00
Geo W Wilson, estate of, order from Doyle Burton	5 63
James A Walker, use C B Friend, cleaning closets	5 00
U M Stanton, in settlement with county use school board	50 21
D E Offutt & Son, lumber, etc	26 20
E I West, boarding jury one day March term, 1895	26 00
A D Saylor material and work at jail	49 30
C M King, summoning witnesses	6 60
O Hart & Son, coal for court house	29 98
Elias J Miller, coffin for pauper	5 00
S B Stemple, wood and hauling	4 50
P H Rodeheaver, wood for jail	3 00
John Sines, wood for court house	5 00
H W McComas, physician to jail	100 00
H W McComas, county health officer	100 00
J M Davis & Son, paint, oil, etc	18 99
D L Conneway, coal for court house and jail	155 15
S L Townshend & Son, goods for county and jail	115 01
A Hinebaugh, kindling wood	9 00
John T. Mitchell, supervisor of election	50 00
Walter Warnick, supervisor of election	50 00
Bruce Lichty, supervisor of election	50 00
The Garrett County Bank in settlement with J. W. Averett	175 00
Charles Bolden, work on platform, etc.	15 25
Oakland Pharmacy, medicine for jail and paupers	38 65
G J Lee, quarantine	18 00
A G Sturgiss, stationery and medicine	151 15
J M Jarboe, building new kitchen at jail	152 90
J M Litzinger, furnishing ballots for election 1894	190 25
James A Walker, cleaning closets subject to order	45 00
R S Jameson, drilling well deeper at jail	79 00
Total	$1,868 61

ALMS HOUSE AND ASYLUM.

Estimate to pay same	$2,300 00

NEW ROADS.

Road Case No. 126:

John Harned, examiner and surveyor 2½ days	$ 18 00
F W Kelso, examiner, 2 days	4 00
D N Murphy, examiner, 2 days	4 00
Samuel Steyer, chainman, 2 days	3 00
Chas Steyer, chainman, 2 days	3 00
J C Riley, axeman, use J Harned	1 50
J White, axeman	1 50

Damages to land owners:

Samuel Steyer	1 00
Henry Thompson	1 00
M S Harvey	1 00
T K Harvey	50
J C Riley	50
William Harvey	1 00
Capt J White	1 00
George and John Steyer	1 00

Road Case No. 128:

S L Townshand, examiner, 2 days	4 00
Wm White, examiner, 2 days	4 00
John Harned, examiner and surveyor and plat	12 00
Ralph Browning	1 25
John S Browning	1 25
Abel Browning	1 25

Damages to land owners:

John L Browning	1 00
Clark DeBerry	65 00

Road Case No. 129:

W H H Friend, surveyor and examiner	16 25
Garrett V Dixon, examiner, 3 days	6 00
Emanuel Custer	2 00
Henry Brown, chainman, 3 days	4 50
John Liston, chainman, 3 days	4 50
Milton Imbel, axeman, use W H H Friend, 1 day	1 50
Clarence Guard, use W H H Friend	1 50

Road Case No. 130:

Samuel Johnson, examiner and surveyor	10 00
Jacob Gnagey, examiner, 1 day	2 00
Same, chainman, 1 day	1 00
Ralph Engle, chainman, 1 day	1 00
Same, examiner, 1 day	2 00
Phineas Boucher, flagman, 1 day	1 50
Total	$185 50

ATTORNEYS' FEES.

G S Hamill, State's Attorney for Garrett county, 142 recognizances, 24 misdemeanors, @ $3 33⅓	$ 553 00
Same, 46 felonies, @ $10	460 00
Same, trial fees allowed by court	510 00
Same, services rendered registration officers	50 00
F H Sincell, 1 misdemeanor	3 33
Same, 10 felonies, @ $10, use Geo Vansickle	100 00
Peddicord & Peddicord, 7 misdemeanors	23 33
Same, 10 felonies	100 00
J C Peddicord and F H Sincell, 1 misdemeanor	3 33
R T Semmes, 3 misdemeanors	10 00
R T Semmes and T J Peddicord, 1 felony	10 00
Total	$1,862 99

COMMISSIONERS' OFFICE.

Estimate to pay County Commissioners from April, 1895, to April, 1896	$1,000 00
J S Meyers, clerk	450 00
W M Coddington, janitor	200 00
E H Sincell, attorney, use C B Friend	150 00
Total	$1,800 00

CORONERS INQUESTS.

Peter Nathan, coroner	$ 5 00
Baker Johnson, constable, serving 14 summons	2 10
H L Bevans, M D., allowed by jury	5 00
Bruce Lichty, M D., allowed by jury	5 00
J E Getty, juror	50
S H Ryland, juror	50
Samuel J Beachy, juror	50
Casper Schramm, juror	50
G C Keller, juror	50
Leonard Kurtz, juror	50
Charles Younklin, juror	50
J C Shaw, juror	50
Matthias Bowser, juror	50
Marshall Beachy, juror	50
Jonas E Gnagey, juror	50
James H Bevans, juror	50
James Bowser, witness	33
Charles Beachy, witness	33
William Smith, witness	33
George A Bittinger, sr.	33
Mrs George A Bittinger, sr, witness	33
John Burkholder, witness	33
Total	$25 08

FOX AND CAT CERTIFICATES.

Wm H Jacobs	1 fox,	$ 1 00
James H Wilson	6 foxes,	6 00
Alfred Reckord	1 "	1 00
W Ryland	8 "	8 00
Charles H Jenkins	1 "	1 00
Stephen Browning	1 "	1 00
C E Hilleary	3 "	3 00
John Murphy	1 cat	2 00
I N Shillingburg	1 " 1 "	3 00
Speleher & Nethken	7 "	7 00
Floyd Wilson	1 "	1 60
W H Bernard	1 "	1 00
C C Soelders	3 " 1 "	7 00
Hayden & Eckles	1 "	1 00
John W Biggs	2 " 1 "	4 00
D S Custer	1 "	1 00
P T Garthright	2 "	2 00
Henry Felty	1 "	1 00
Ira E Friend	1 "	1 00
Patrick S Fazenbaker	2 "	2 00
Isaac T Frazee	2 "	2 00
Simon Welmer	1 "	1 00
C B Friend	4 "	6 00
Herbert W Browning	1 "	1 00
D M Dixon	2 "	2 00
L E Friend	1 "	1 00
G F Cuppett	1 "	1 00
John T Schlossnagle	7 "	7 00
Christian Slabach	1 "	1 00
Joshua Titchenell	5 "	5 00
Noah Broadwater	13 "	13 00
Henry Baruard	4 "	4 00
Floyd Duckworth	2 "	2 00
Daniel Wilson	2 "	2 00
F P Strawn	8 "	8 00
R E Garlitz	4 " 3 "	10 00
Theodore Beckman	2 "	2 00
Abraham Sines	5 "	5 00
S S Bittinger	4 "	4 00
C M Wilson	5 "	5 00
W C Jones	3 "	3 00
George W Legge	1 "	1 00
S M Friend	1 "	1 00
Harry Thayer	9 "	9 00
Solomon Sines	3 " 1 "	5 00
J Alvin Friend	2 " 1 "	4 00
D E Offutt & Son	5 " 1 "	7 00
S L Townshend & Son	1 " 1 "	3 00
D F Graham	5 "	5 00
Presley Pauch	1 "	1 00
Cuppett Bros	7 "	7 00
Henry Cretzberg	1 "	2 00
C E Hilthorpe	2 "	2 00
Total		$186 60

TREASURER'S OFFICE.

E E Sellars, Treasurer's commissions on county tax, subject to order	$2,621 04
Same, commissions on State tax	319 52
Same, 128 assessments	64 00
Total	$2,407 56
Contingent Fund	$3,613 71

RECAPITULATION.

Road levy for 1896	$ 9,025 00
Corporations	630 00
Public school bonds	1,420 00
Clerk's office	1,534 50
Court fund	4,117 00
Orphans' court	371 00
Sheriff's office	2,500 40
Public school commissioners	10,000 00
Publishing and printing	1,200 00
Registration	981 49
Magistrates	212 40
Elections	423 30
Bridge account	1,575 04
Special road account	1,368 32
Taxes paid in error	135 25
Pensioners	895 00
Constables	180 70
Misdemeanors	1,803 33
Witness fee bill account	43 53
Alms house and asylum fund	2,300 00
New roads	185 50
Attorney's fees	1,862 99
County commissioners	1,800 00
Coroner's inquest	25 08
Foxes and cats	186 00
Treasurer's office	2,407 56
Contingent fund	3,613 71
Total	$50,987 90

To pay this amount it was ascertained that the taxable property as shown by the assessment books amounts to $4,695,264.00, which at $1.10 on each $100 will make the above amount for county purposes $50,987.90. Deducting $314,631 for corporations paying direct tax to the State treasurer leaves the basis $4,320,633 at 17¾ cents on each $100 makes $7,669.12 and this added makes the taxes for state and county purposes $58,657.02.

J. S. MEYERS,
Clerk to the County Commissioners for Garrett county, Maryland.

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Fortify the body against disease by Tutt's Liver Pills, an absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, malaria, constipation, jaundice, biliousness and all kindred troubles.

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Foster's German Army and Navy Blood Bitters

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WILLIAM W. SWEET, Agent,
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EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett County, to view the lands through which a public county road, leading from the North Glade school house and church through the lands of John L. Fitzwater, R. Beckman, Emma Meltoble and others, to intersect the Wilson road at the old Eninan place, and examine whether the said public road should be located, will meet on the 18th day of April, 1895, for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said location of said public road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN HARNED,
I. Z. BROWNING,
1—3t. Examiners.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 508 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," subtitle "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 20TH DAY OF APRIL, 1895,

at the hour of 2.15 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situated in Election District No. Eight of said county, and in the town of Gorman, to-wit: Eleven poles and forty-three feet of land, that was conveyed to William Faherly by John W. Shiltenburg and wife by deed dated January 19, 1885, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 9, folio 57, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Md. Also one other piece or plat of land, it being one-fourth of an acre of Military Lot No. 1,856, and being the same land that was conveyed to William Faherly by John W. Shiltenburg and wife by deed dated June 29, 1885, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 10, folio 413, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Md.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1892 and 1893, as is charged to Wm. Faherly, on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

This is to notify the tax-payers of Garrett county that the Annual Levy for 1895 has been made and published, and to call their attention to the following abstract of Section 45, Chapter 508, Acts of 1890, relating to the discount to be allowed and interest to be charged on all tax bills:

"All county taxes shall be due and payable on the first day of September next succeeding the date of the levy thereof; and on all county taxes paid on or before the said 1st day of September a discount of 3 per cent. shall be allowed; and after the 1st day of January all taxes shall bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until paid; the Treasurer shall take the discount from and charge interest on all tax bills for county purposes regularly in the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same upon the receipt given for taxes so paid, but the discount allowed on county taxes by this section shall not be made to any person or corporate institution unless the whole amount of State and county taxes due by such person or corporte institution for the current year be paid when the same is made."

E. E. SOLLARS,
Treasurer of Garrett County.

Mt. Lake Park.

A Junior Epworth League has been organized at the Park.

J. H. Dunhill has been elected delegate, and Wm. Bumgardner, alternate to the Parkersburg convention.

Rev. Arbuthnot preaches Sunday next at 3 p. m.

Mr. Williams, of Uniontown, Pa., has rented the Yoder cottage on G street. He will be associated with his brother in the Lake View brick yards.

Supt. Rudisill will commence this week circulating the 10,000 edition of the Illustrated Annual on "Echoes from the Mountain Top." The Annual has eighteen pages, well illustrated and full of information about this mountain top.

Fourteen houses are now in the course of erection.

Thirty hands are at work on the lake, and a force of men are cleaning up the Park and putting things back into shape.

Ralph Lowry, of Keyser, has rented a room in Hayden & Eekels building for a vegetable and fruit market.

Mr. J. Ruhl and wife were visitors at the Park last Friday

The material is being put on the ground for Mr. D. Cowan's house.

W. R. Johnson has the contract to erect a cottage for Dr. Nihiser, of Baltimore.

Several parties will occupy their cottages the first week in May.

Judge Haymond and mother of Fairmont, have each rented cottages for the summer.

Engineer White, of Wheeling, was at the Park last week, making surveys.

Grantsville.

Easter cold and drizzly. Snow flying in the air to-day.

Harry Ryland is home on an Easter vacation.

Miss Maggie Brown has returned from Cumberland, and has resumed her residence in her cottage.

Chas. Brown, of Baltimore, is visiting his sister, Miss Maggie. Mr. Brown is an enthusiastic supporter of Hon. Lloyd Lowndes for governor.

Geo. Charles, of Cumberland, has been visiting relatives and friends at this place, the past week. He also kept on the alert for salable horses.

Geo. Donges, of Meyersdale, Pa., bought an excellent large gray horse from Aaron Beachy, west of town, last week.

S. D. Yoder exchanged a pair of grade Clydesdale horses for a pair of horses to mate with another pair he has. The exchange was made with Peter S. Maust, of near Keim, Pa.

Henry Wagner sold a three year old colt to J. B. Miller.

Zeph. Duckworth moved from this place to Westernport.

Milton Beechly, of Meyersdale, Pa., bought a considerablo amount of maple sugar from the farmers in this and Bittinger districrs for A. F. John, of Meyersdale, to be delivered to West Salisbury Pa., at 5½ cents per pound.

Mrs Frank Bill, and children, of Lonaconing, are visiting father-in-law and grand father, Charles Bill, in this place.

Loch Lynn Heights.

Ground is being broken on the corner of Alderson street and Third ayenne for the erection of Mr. Brison Welsh's store.

Work will begin in a few days on Mr. Henry Beckman's house on Paull street.

Prof. W. D. Cabell, principal of Norwood Female Institution at Washington, was here last week making arrangements for bringing part of his school here next summer.

Mr. W. O. Wilson, excursion agent of the B. & O. railroad, of Cheat Haven, Pa., and Dr. H. G. Neff, of Dawson, Pa., were here selecting a site for a drug store.

Mr. Collins, of Uniontown, Pa., was here making arrangements for the erection of a livery stable.

One of our bright young men, scarcely out of his teens, purchased a lot on the day of sale last August for $80, and sold it back to Maj. J. C. Alderson and Brison Welsh, of Friendsville, last Saturday for $250. This is not the first good speculation he made in Loch Lynn lots, having more than doubled his money in a few days on the sale of another lot.

Mr. E. W. Williams will in a few days begin manufacturing brick.

There is now under way twenty-one houses.

The large hotel on the Heights is nearly completed and will be occupied by June 1st.

Mr. Enos R. Williams, the senior member of the firm of Williams, Boody & Williams, who have the contract for building the hotel, died from heart trouble at his home in Cape May City, N. J., last Monday morning. Some of the carpenters working on the hotel have been in his employ from fifteen to twenty-seven years. They speak of him as a gentleman of the highest character and integrity, and mourn his death as they would a brother. Mr. Williams made many friends while on his short stay here last winter, who will grieve to learn of his death.

The co-operative store company will build a frame building on Second avenue, until the brick building is completed.

The lawn in front of the hotel is being fixed up nicely for trees, flowers, etc., by the Horticultural Supply Co., who have the contract.

Mr. W. A. Liller began work on Mrs. Fazenbaker's house Monday.

Mr. Daniel Pleasants has had a well drilled on his lot.

The Garrett County Agricultural Society met in Callis' Hall last Thursday and was very largely attended. Much interest is shown by the farmers. It is a move in the right direction, brother farmer.

INDICATOR.

Deer Park.

Our streets are in an awful condition.

Mr. Jos. Leaken has opened a barber shop in the old lumber yard office on Railroad street.

Mr. Van Grim is doing some work at Altamont.

Some unknown scoundrel tore the large door off of Miller Bros'. shop and laid it in the street, last Thursday night.

Mr. Dan Paugh has moved in our midst and taken up his abode in the Mrs. Steel property.

Quite an excitement occurred in our little village last Tuesday evening by the cry of fire. It was discovered that the house of David Paugh was on fire, but the flames were soon extinguished with but slight loss.

Mt. Zion.

A number of the young men of this vicinity were at Swanton Saturday night attending the meeting of the Jr. O. U. A. M.

Mr. John L. Sharpless, of this place, has employed Mr. Silas Johnson, of North Glade, to assist him on his farm the coming summer.

Again two loving hearts beat as one. Mr Wm. Hayes of this place and Miss Eliza Fulmer, of Oakland, were united in wedlock at the home of the bride's brother Mr. George Fulmer, of Oakland, on April 9th. The writer wishes them a long and happy life.

Mr. F. A. Sharpless paid Elk Garden a business trip one day last week.

Mr. John Herman expects to go into the nursery business at this place. Work on his green house will be commenced next week.

Mr. Bond Kelley, of Perry county, Pa., is one of our latest citizens.

Mr. Allen Abernathy has been appointed foreman on Watson & Co.'s tram-road.

Mr. Cecil Wilson took a business trip to Mt. Lake Park on Friday.

Mr. Truman Turner has lately purchased a new Osborne harrow.

Mr. Harry Hohenshilt, who has been working for Nesbit Bros. returned to his home in Perry county Pa., last week.

Mr. Henry Berry, who has been staying here for some time, has returned to his home in Petersburg, Va.

A number of our citizens were at Swanton on Saturday attending the case of Benjamin Sharpless and John W. Coplem.

Squire Sharpless was at Oakland Tuesday attending to business.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hayes took a pleasure trip to Accident last week.

Mr. John Paugh, of Schell, W. Va., is visiting friends at this place.

Mr. Robert Masteller, of Columbia county, Pa., has contracted to cut the logs to supply Watson & Co's mill at Barnum.

There will be preaching in the Mt. Zion M. E. church Sunday, April 28, at 3.30 p. m., by Rev. Wm. Stovens.

Elder

Snow storms are the rule at present.

Mr. Chas. Frazee was visiting friends in Friendsville Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Lolea Christ, of Friendsville, was the guest of Mr. S. F. Cuppett from Saturday till Monday.

Our Sunday school is progressing very nicely with its new officers and we think will be very prosperous.

Mr. Hamilton Friend and sister Miss Loudisa, were visiting friends at Hoyes Sunday.

Miss Lizzie Sterling is staying with friends at Krug for a few weeks.

We are sorry to hear of the illness of our friend Mrs. Wm. Savage, of Krug, and hope it will not be long until she is well again.

Mrs. Adam Schlossnagle, of Oak Hill, was calling on Mrs. Isaiah Friend the 12th.

Mr. George Shartzer was attending the quartely meeting at Hoyes Sunday.

As WhiteRose has sunk into oblivion we will take her place for a short time and try to give the news from our corner of the county.

LEO AND URA.

Selbysport.

We have been having plenty of rain the last week and the old farmer is growling because he's not getting his oats in earlier.

Lupton Frantz, of Friendsville, Md., was visiting E. G. Frantz the 12th inst. Lupton says the Friendsville people are greatly in favor of Austin Brown for sheriff this coming campaign.

Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Fike, of our city, are visiting Mrs. Fike's parents at Sang Run.

Some of our early bird farmers are sowing oats at this time.

Jonas Frazee, jr., who has been on the sick list with diptheria is able at this time to attend to business again.

Ulysses Frazee and family, of Frazee's Ridge, have moved to Markleysburg, Pa.,

Jonas Frazee, of Pittsburgh, tells us he can get any good horse fancier a thoroughbred French stallion that weighs over one ton for $400. This would be a bargain for some live man.

Jasper Frazee, our merchant, was out on Keyser's Ridge on a business trip the 8th inst.

It is reported here that Judson Frazee had thirty-six sheep killed by dogs this week. We are very sorry Judson, for the loss of your sheep as the McKinley bill will be back in a few years.

Mrs. Jonas Frazee and son Doctor, were visiting their farm residence last week.

We notice by some of the Pittsburgh papers that since the great and mighty Grover and his allies have been running our government affairs, poor women up in their forties are selling papers for a livelihood and they do not hesitate to enter saloons on the streets of Pittsburgh to sell their papers. We also notice that little girls and boys down as low as from four to six years stand out on the street corners, rain or shine, selling papers to support their junior sisters and brothers. We would advise all true and conscientious people to vote the Democratic ticket with all the Democratic principles hereafter.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 508 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

Saturday, the 4th Day of May, 1895,

at the hour of 2.15 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer at public sale and sell to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. One, of said Garrett county, containing forty-nine acres and being the same land that was conveyed to Senie F. Broadwater by Joseph R. Anderson by deed dated Dec. 5, 1890, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 10, folio 522 etc., one of the Land Records of said Garrett county.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893, as is charged to S. F. Broadwater on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

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G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.
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Prompt attention to collections. 112

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.44 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	7.09 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.23 A. M
No. 47	—Daily except Mon	11.23 A. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	3.27 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	9.58 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 2	—Daily	5.54 A. M
No. 8	—Daily	7.34 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 46	—Daily except Monday	4.38 P. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	5.17 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	9.25 P. M

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And other specialties for Gentlemen, Ladies, Boys and Misses are the

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THE REPUBLICAN

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

IT WAS Helen Hoyt's third revolution in the fashionable maelstrom called "society," and as yet, though slightly giddy, she had not lost her head.

Neither had she lost her heart, albeit she was twenty-two, and there are young women who think if they still retain possession of their hearts up to that advanced age they are destined to hold them forever.

It may be doubted if she had a heart to lose. She had a heart, but her head went with it, and when a woman's head goes with her heart she seldom loses it. She may let it go into the keeping of a man, but that is not always losing it, as the term is generally applied among sentimentalists. She knows where it is, and it is never beyond recall. These are the sensible women of the world. Never enthusiasts, but always reliable, and steady to the end, come weal or come woe, if so that the holders of their hearts are worthy. Heroines they may be, sacrificing everything to motives higher than mere sentiment.

That Helen Hoyt was such a woman could not be said definitely, but there was evidence to that effect in the circumstance that three men were swinging uncertainly in the balance before her. This is beyond the power of the emotional enthusiast. She may have three men in the balance at three different times, but never three at one time. She chooses first, and the man puts himself in the balance afterward.

As young as she was, she had reasoned these things out for herself, aided and abetted somewhat by the counsel of the colonel, a man twice her age, a veteran of many emotional battles, and a ripe experience, which had never been rudely shocked by matrimony.

She had seen him much oftener than the three men in the balance, and she had discussed them with him, not always directly, as if she were the interested person, but oftenest under the thin veil of a supposititious case, as is the custom of men and women whose inexperience needs a remedy which they are too diffident to ask for openly. Fortunately for such, there are those who will humor them.

This afternoon Miss Hoyt sat in the quiet drawing-room thinking. The colonel and she had talked a long time the day before on this, to her, all important subject, and he was to come again at five o'clock. To add to the interest of the colonel's visit of counsel their last talk had not been of a supposititious case, but he had made it directly personal, and she had not denied that she was the previously supposed young woman whose destiny was to be determined by question, analysis and reason.

"Ah, me," she thought, "what a study the heart is. I wonder if all women's hearts are as mine will persist in being? I know many men, but of them all it seems there is not one that fills it, and Alice, who is the dearest of girls, says there can be but one. And the colonel—well, the colonel tried to point out the way, but he seems to observe it by his own presence. Of them all, three stand out distinctly, asking me to choose.

"My head says 'choose,' but my heart remains dumb. If it should speak, I wonder what it would say? I wonder if in all the world there is no magic touch to break its seal of silence. There stands the professor, a man much older than myself; a grave man, noble-hearted and good, devoted to his scientific studies and rising in his profession; ill at ease and slow of speech in the tumult of society; manifesting his brilliancy only in some philosophical or scientific discussion with men; reserved, yet loving me, he says, with an ardent and absorbing love, which must be the pledge of a happy, comfortable future.

"But is it true? Does a woman find in science and philosophy what her heart craves? Will the man who is so profoundly interested in these subjects find his wife a substitute for them? His sweetheart may be for the time, but the colonel says there is much difference between a sweetheart and a wife in most men's minds, and I wish I didn't half believe the colonel."

She laughed a short, hard laugh, and looked out of the window a moment at a man and maid as they walked slowly along, very intent upon each other.

"Sweetheart," she said, almost cynically, and became thoughtful again.

"And next is the artist," her thoughts whispered to her. "The colonel says an artist is lovely to hang on the wall for ornament, but he is of uncertain value as a piece of domestic furniture. Still I like the artist very much indeed. Of course, he is youthful, dreamy and an idealist, with the gaze and locks of a poet, but such things appeal to most young women as they appeal to me.

"Not to my everyday sense, perhaps, but to the artistic longings that move every refined soul, and I hope I am sufficiently refined to appreciate the ideal, although I don't want to neglect the real. His slightest attention is as graceful as a sonnet; so different from the clumsy, well-meant efforts of the professor; but is it sincere? Does he not study it as he would study and fashion a love ditty to me—possibly to some other girl? Men are deceivers ever. With wealth and luxuries lavished upon him he lingers upon the retrospective glimpses of the past; his eyes, dimmed by the subdued, fading tints of rare old tapestries, shrink from the glare and the bustle of the present.

"A career! the word has a brusque and martial sound that disturbs his reveries! Ah, if life were only a sunny morning; a canoe afloat upon a placid stream with a volume of Ibsen and no clocks to tick away the flight of time. Would it not be wiser to accept the bread, somewhat thickly cut, but well buttered, with all that science offers? The colonel says it would; and, really, I begin to think the colonel is a valuable counselor. The fact is, I like the colonel, and when a woman likes a man she likes his advice, and likes to take it, if for no other reason than to please him. Which I think is the height of unselfishness, for advice is so hard to take.

"The colonel smiled at me Sunday when the third man came down to see me. He smiled, too, as if he had found something. But he said nothing directly. I wonder if he thinks I like the third man best. John Franklin, that's a good substantial name, but John isn't quite up to it. He's a Harvard kind of a man, of the sunny, flitting, class-day-in-June type; physically perfect, handsome, stunning, I might say, and much more, he stands at the university gates with empty pockets, half soberly, half gladly, and all problematically, gazing into the great unsolved future.

"It is my mission to help him solve the problem? Does he love me because he is young, and love is the light of youth, shining whither it will? Would he be the same in the aftertimes? Would his promise meet the fulfillment I expect—that any woman would expect? More: that any woman has the right to demand of the man to whom she gives her heart? Is he as sure as the older man? As the sweetheart of his youth fades before him, in his wife, withered by the years that wreck the beauty of so many women, will he in his strong manhood be as tender and loving as he now is?

"The colonel says a woman should not marry a man so near her own age that she should grow old before he does. The colonel, I think, is arguing for himself, because he has waited so long that he must either marry a woman twenty years younger than himself or till a bachelor's grave. I know it, for he has told me so himself, and he says it is a dreadful thought to thus perpetuate his loneliness.

"Sometimes I feel real sorry for the colonel because he is such a congenial, companionable, honest kind of an old fellow, who would be so nice to have around all the time. Not much romance, of course, but what's romance after the wedding day? Heigho, I wish

"THEN FATE MUST HOLD A ROYAL FLUSH."

I were like Alice. She didn't have to make a choice. The man simply appeared and the choice made itself."

Miss Hoyt arose from her chair and stretched herself as one does when walking. She hadn't thought so much in months, and it made her tired, without accomplishing the purpose sought. The three men were still in the balance, and it showed no variation in favor of any one as against the other two. She stepped to the window as the colonel came up and rang the door bell.

"Oh," she exclaimed, as he entered the room, "I don't know whether I've been asleep or not, but I have surely had an attack of nightmare."

"Three of a kind still in your hand, eh?" he smiled as he shook hands with her.

"Yes," she sighed.

"Then fate must hold a royal flush," he said, "to win the game."

"Can fate hold such a hand?" she asked, hopelessly almost.

"Fate makes its own decrees."

"Then why doesn't it do it in my case? It seems to leave it all to me to do."

"My dear Miss Hoyt," he said to her, more gently than his usual tone of lightness and jocularity, "it is not three men you should have in your head, but one in your heart."

"But which one?" she asked nervously, for she saw the colonel's hand trouble and his eyes were turned from her.

"I cannot tell you if you do not know," he replied, and this time his eyes looked straight into hers and she felt a heart-throb she had never felt before.

"Isn't it funny," remarked Miss Hoyt an hour later, "that I never thought of you?"

"It's a blessing to me that you didn't," he answered, "for if you had ever taken me into your head I would never have got into your heart. A woman," concluded the colonel sententiously, but with infinite satisfaction, "doesn't need a head anyhow; the man is the head of the family."

And Miss Hoyt only smiled and was content with this early assumption of authority, for her heart was at rest, and when a woman's heart is at rest it is easy to smile and be contented.—Detroit Free Press.

—Thomas Carlyle's face is well known, but the pictures do not, it is said, do justice to the sparkle of his eyes when lighted up in conversation, nor to the play of his features when interested in the subject under consideration. His face bore little indication of the dyspepsia to which he was the victim, his cheeks were ruddy, and his whole aspect that of a man in excellent health.

THE HOTEL COCKROACH.

Interesting Study of the Habit of That Duodecipedal Insect.

The hotel cockroach is a creature of quiet, methodical habits, and although of decidedly gregarious tastes so far as his own race is concerned, shows a marked repugnance for the society of such of his fellow-boarders as possess a fewer number of legs than have been given to him. It is for this reason that he is never seen in company with bipeds, tripeds, quadrupeds or any other animals that he is positive do not belong to his own family.

The hotel cockroach in its highest development is a dnodecipede and as proud of the number of its legs as an Austrian nobleman is of the quarterings of his escutcheon. In fact, the duodecipedes form a distinct cockroach aristocracy and are "big-bugs" in the full sense of that familiar term.

Although he is occasionally seen crossing a hotel lobby or skulking behind a big pile of trunks, the roach is possessed of certain tastes and prejudices which lead him to shun general society in the daytime and remain in elegant seclusion among the water pipes until late at night, when the crowds have departed and a sleepy night clerk and two hall-boys are the only occupants of the lobby.

It is then that the bugs of every degree emerge from their hiding places and indulge in their innocent revels and athletic sports from which they derive the fullest measure of enjoyment that it is possible to conceive of.

Col. Roomkey, who has been a night clerk in various Broadway hotels for the past quarter of a century, and is generally regarded as the highest authority on hotel cockroaches, having made a thorough study of their habits and peculiarities during his long hours of duty, has contributed to the new edition of the encyclopedia an exhaustive treatise on these remarkable and interesting domestic animals.

According to the colonel, they are very expert in all matters pertaining to sport, and display much skill and daring in the pursuit and killing of mice and other vermin, for which reason he has always deemed it expedient to allow the fiercest and strongest of them to have the free run of the hotel during the quiet hours of the early morning. The course of physical training which they undergo is a remarkably thorough and effective one, and he has frequently seen them playing follow-your-leader, bounding from valise to cuspidor, scaling almost inaccessible heaps of baggage and swimming across washbasins. The colonel has frequently feigned sleep in order to watch them crawl softly across the marble counter on which his feet rested, stand up on their hind legs by the inkstand and drink the ink, after which they invariably wiped their beaks and forefeet on the blotting paper.

"Once thoroughly house-broken," says Col. Roomkey, "they make better household pets than either cats or spiders, and are really excellent company for a lonely hotel clerk who is behind the desk all night long."

The natural foe of the hotel cockroach, and the most dreaded as well, is the colored servitor, who wages a relentless and cruel war of extermination against this worthy insect, referring to him as "annudder o' dem gunboats," and pursuing him on every possible occasion with all the malevolence of a brutal nature. It sometimes happens that in the watches of the night a noise like the sudden explosion of an inflated paper bag is heard by some wakeful guest and tells of the passing of another dnodecipede over to the great majority.—Brandon Bucksaw.

A LITTLE STRANGER.

The Senses of an Infant Are at First Dormant.

Few of us, although we may have spent our lives among children, are aware how utterly helpless a new-born baby is. We usually think of it as having an entirely completed organization, but being just at first somewhat quiescent—how quiescent only the late researches of science have told us. In point of fact, the new-born baby coming into the light sees nothing; hailed with delight, hears nothing; handled, washed, possibly pricked, feels nothing; in a world of all sorts of odors, smells nothing; with its food waiting for it, tastes nothing. The first sense that develops is that of taste, very feebly at first, but in a short time the baby shows, by the expression of its little face, the agreeableness of sweet, the dislike of acid or bitter; and almost coincidently with this comes the sense of smell, for by means of that it recognizes its food and expresses its preference when but a few days old.

The sense of touch is developed still later; for although the skin is normal and its nerves lively, their impressions are not conveyed to the brain with sufficient force or rapidity to be read; the little brain recognizes neither pinching, slapping nor tickling in the earlier days—that is a matter of education, and education is not rapid where one sleeps three-quarters of the time. The circumstance that at first a child hears nothing, and for a good while hears but slightly and partially, is of great value to the delicate condition of the new auditory nerve, and to the little unwritten brain in the midst of a quantity of exclamation and movement, as, if it could have impressions, it would be used so rapidly as to cause serious nervous and intellectual complications and injuries.

All the cooing and caressing of the mother is unheard by the child at first—at least that is the result of the researches of Dr. Preyer, professor of physiology at Jena, and the accepted authority on the subject—and fortunate for the child it is, since if it were otherwise that could not be had which is absolutely necessary for the completion of the little individual, regulation of the heart and the breath, the hardening of the bone, the processes of digestion, the development of the brain. The child hears, however, quite soon some of the louder and clearer sounds, with a difference in different children, and comes to know the sounds its mother or nurse makes sooner than it does the less frequent tones of others.

As to the child's seeing, it has an immediate susceptibility to the effect of light, but cannot see outline, or form any conception of color or space; it sees no distant object, has no idea of distance, or of the relations of right and left and up and down. If, however, a very brilliant light does not so much as make it wink, it may at once be known that something is wrong with the visual organs or the brain. And even after all the sensory apparatus has established its separate kingdoms, the young emperor of them all has to learn to read the communications his satraps make. It will be gathered from all this how exquisitely well the baby is cured for by providence in this very beginning, wrapped from its birth in the most careful folds of silence and shadow till it has gathered strength enough to manifest individuality and go forward on its way, its very helplessness giving it a far stronger hold upon all the world by which it is surrounded and insuring its preservation through compassion, even where it does not find love.—Harper's Bazar.

A NATION OF MONUMENTS.

The Koreans Constantly Prepared for Death's Visitation.

It so happened in Korea, near a century and a half ago that after one king, by his departure from this life, had entailed upon his people the wearing of the mournful white, the two rulers who in succession followed him, at the respective intervals of three and six years, were themselves mowed down by the unsparing harvester, and, as a result, the stricken nation was kept in blanched attire for a continuous period of ten years. By popular account, at the termination of this protracted mourning, some wise man whom the occasion produced suggested that, should the people again provide themselves with their many-colored garments worn in happier times, and the alarming mortality so recently experienced should again be suffered by the royal house, the nation would have indulged in the useless expense of garments never to be worn. So, with a view to economy and constant preparation for death's visitation, the Koreans became perpetual mourners. However true this account may be, it remains that a long period of mourning has engrafted upon the national life this custom of wearing only white, observed by all except the officers of the crown.

The male attire for the coolie class consists of two garments of coarse cotton shirtings, baggy trousers, usually rolled to the knee, with an exaggeratedly long waist that might easily ensack the head falling over the belt in a loose fold, and a short jacket fastened at the breast, with loose sleeves. Suspended from the belt are a small string of cash (the country's currency) and a tobacco pouch, while in one hand is the ever-present pipe, with its thimblelike bowl and reed stem a yard in length. If the feet are at all protected, it is by a pair of straw shoes, or, in rainy weather, by sabots, each with two transverse cleats at the hollow of the sole. All above the coolie class, in addition to the trousers, which they wear bound tightly above the ankles, and jackets with smaller sleeves, have a flowing gown, belted just under the arms, and reaching to the feet. This last garment, in the case of the wealthy office-holders, is, like their others, of beautiful Chinese linen or of colored silk brocade. The feet are encased in white cotton stockings, thickly wadded with cotton, and Chinese shoes.—Harper's Weekly.

Medieval Laws in the Army.

How much of the form of war that is kept up in our army and navy in time of peace—but more especially in the armies and navies of Europe—is medieval nonsense! A man expresses adverse opinions of the government and he is guilty of treason. He criticises his officers, he is a mutineer. He takes a day off or gets drunk like an everyday citizen, and he is sent to prison and put on low diet and subjected to indignities that the plain citizen would never have to endure because his fellows would not allow it. He has a speck of mud on his boots or his gloves and he is fined, or lectured like a schoolboy, perhaps before all of his comrades. Finally he gets tired of so much government and so little pay and goes away, taking nothing with him but a suit of clothes worth possibly eight dollars, that he would much rather leave behind, and if he is found he is made to go back and finish his term, and then he goes to prison for years and years.—Brooklyn Eagle.

New Woman's Preserver.

She threw her round, white arms about his neck and kissed him full on the lips. "My preserver!" she murmured, cooingly. "I am glad you like them, dear," said the happy man. "Of course, I am not as expert as father was in preserving peaches, but a few more years of practice and I will improve." As she sat in the sitting-room, smoking her after-dinner cigar, she could hear him humming softly as he washed the evening dishes.—Cincinnati Tribune.

—Bizet's "Don Procopio," which was found lately among Auber's papers, is the work that he was obliged, as a Prix de Rome, to send to the government as evidence that he was studying. The story of its discovery is curious. Auber had intended to leave his music to the Conservatoire, but just before his death, during the commune, changed his will and left it to his family. His representatives recently offered to sell it to the government, when, in examining it to ascertain its value, the librarian of the Conservatoire found a number of works which properly belonged to the state, among them Bizet's opera. Auber had received them as a member of the committee to decide on their merits, and, after sending in his judgment, had forgotten to return the books.

—Pipkin—"I want money, and I want it bad." Potts—"Then you'll have to get it from a counterfeiter."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Spring Medicine

Or, in other words, Hood's Sarsaparilla, is a universal need. If good health is to be expected during the coming season the blood must be purified now. All the germs of disease must be destroyed and the bodily health built up. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine to take in the spring. It will help wonderfully in cases of weakness, nervousness and all diseases caused by impure blood.

"My little girl has always had a poor appetite. I have given her Hood's Sarsaparilla, and since I have given it to her she has had a good appetite and she looks well. I have been a great sufferer with headache and rheumatism. I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla. I am now well and have gained in strength. My husband was very sick and all run down. I decided to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla and he began to gain, and now he has got so he works every day." MRS. ANNIE DUNLAP, 385 E. 4th St., S. Boston, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

You cannot always tell what a man is by what he thinks. Show us a sluggard who is not brim full of ideas about work.—Young Men's Era.

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THERE are only two kinds of sense—common sense and nonsense.—Galveston News.

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Essential to the production of the most perfect and popular laxative remedy known, have enabled the California Fig Syrup Co. to achieve a great success in the reputation of its remedy, Syrup of Figs, as this is conceded to be the universal laxative. For sale by all Druggists.

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He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

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TEMPERANCE NOTES.

BURDEN MAY FALL UPON YOU.

THE rum-seller shouted "Get out of the road!"
As near me as bearing a beer-keg he strode.
"Please step aside quickly, and let me pass through.
This burden so heavy may fall upon you."

I heeded his warning, allowed him to pass
Within, where he sold the vile stuff by the glass,
But the words which he uttered appeared sadly true,
This burden so heavy, *may fall upon you*.

I thought, "will the drinker be cautioned as well?"
Step quickly aside, it may crush you to hell.
Ah, no! not a word for their danger or pain
If it falls upon them, their loss is his gain.

I thought of my children exposed to this strife,
This burden might fall on their innocent life,
Should evil beguile them in guise of a friend,
How crushing the weight on *my* heart would descend.

I thought of the aged, grown feeble at length,
Who leaned for support on the son of their strength,
Bewailing the fate of their noble first-born,
The staff of their age, in their hand was a thorn.

I thought of the orphan denied of his right:
The arm that should shield him in courage and might
Was palsied by rum, in the grave was laid low,
And upon that young life fell the shadows of woe.

I thought of the widow in poverty left,
Of husband and home by this evil bereft:
The ear of the monster was deaf to her call,
How sadly! How crushing on her did it fall?

I said: "Oh! How long shall this evil remain!
How long! Oh! How long shall King Alcohol reign!"
Ye freemen, awake! his power to o'erthrow,
We loudly proclaim it! *This Tyrant Must Go!*

—Rev. C. A. Ruddock, in Ram's Horn.

A FRESH DANGER.

Temptation Put in the Way of Women by the Sale of Liquors in Dry-Goods Stores.

The courageous action of the mayor of Brooklyn, N. Y., in opposing the issue of a license to a large department store in his city for the sale of wines and liquors with its groceries, calls attention to a practice which—if half that is alleged against it be true—should have the most unsparing condemnation. In the newspaper investigation brought out by the mayor's action and the discussion which it provoked, it appeared that numerous stores of this class, having put in a "grocery department," added to the latter the sale of strong drink in various forms. In some instances they were even reported as selling whisky at less than cost, in order to attract the custom of those to whom such an opportunity would prove attractive. It was stated that, though the liquors sold were not supposed to be drunk on the premises, women patrons had been known to purchase a bottle of whisky, take it to the dressing-room, and drink until foolishly tipsy before leaving the place. That the traffic naturally leads to deception and falsehood, is shown in the case of the very firm in question. A prominent citizen vouched for the truth of the statement that when the report was first circulated that they intended to introduce groceries as a branch of their business, a prominent woman, the wife of an ex-judge, with several of her friends, called on the proprietors and told them that they should no longer trade at the store if liquors were put on sale. The firm assured the women that there was positively no intention to sell wines or liquors—yet in a short time they had made application for a license, and had very properly been refused.

In the expressions of individual opinion published by the papers, there was nothing but deprecation of the practice of attracting women with the liquor bait. Comments like the following were freely printed, with the names of those who bore the witness: "There is very little honor in the owner of a dry goods department store who would declare that he would put in a barroom if his customers demanded it. Such a man ought to be accounted a public enemy. If I were running a department store I would not encourage the sale of liquor to any woman. There is no question that the sale of liquor in dry goods stores gives women an opportunity to purchase alcoholic drinks which they would not have and would not take if they had to buy their liquor in a grocery store where they were known." "The department stores simply want to sell groceries to cloak the rum traffic. Selling liquors in these stores puts unusual temptations before women. I hope the public sentiment in Brooklyn will keep the department stores from getting liquor licenses, and will so arouse feeling that decent women will not enter such stores. When they begin to sell liquor, principles and conscience leave their business." "It is morally wrong to offer to the women patrons of these dry-goods stores additional temptations to buy wines and liquors. A woman can go into a dry-goods store, buy a bottle of whisky, and have it put up in a box, so that it will look like something in the dry-goods line. Many women will buy liquor in these department stores when they would not venture to buy liquor in the grocery stores where they deal." "It is wrong for the dry-goods department stores to sell groceries, wines and liquors. Some of these stores sell whisky below cost to attract customers to their stores. When they get them there they trust to chance to sell them something else on which they can make up what they lost on the whisky. Hundreds of women buy whisky in these dry goods department stores who would not buy it anywhere else." "Selling wines and liquors in these stores puts additional temptations in the way of women. Most women would be ashamed to go to their grocery store and ask for a bottle of whisky. But in a dry goods store, unknown and unobserved, many women would buy whisky without hesitation."

These expressions of condemnation are not too strong. Whatever may be our views of the "temperance question," or as to the personal rights of individuals to use or to abjure the use of alcoholic drinks, the conscience of all the people must unite in protest against the policy which could wantonly put strong drink in the way of women and children.—Good Housekeeping.

RHEUMATISM AND ALCOHOL.

Favorable Results Obtained in the Treatment of This Disease Without the Use of Intoxicants.

One item in Dr. Richardson's report of his practice in the London Temperance hospital refers to the treatment of rheumatism without alcohol. He says:

Out of seventy-one cases of acute or subacute rheumatism, the large majority acute, and attended with temperatures moving up to 104 deg. Fahrenheit, sixty-nine recovered, and two, although they were discharged without being put on the recovery list, were so far relieved that a few days' change in country air seemed all that was required to induce full restoration. Comparing the experience of the treatment of acute rheumatic disease without alcohol with that which I have previously observed with alcohol, I can have no hesitation in declaring that it is of the greatest advantage to follow total abstinence absolutely in this disease. The pain and swelling of joints is more quickly relieved under abstinence, the fever falls more rapidly, there is less frequent relapse and there is quicker recovery. In brief, the experience of treatment of rheumatic fever minus alcohol presents to me as much novelty as it does pleasure, and I am convinced that if any candid member of the profession could have witnessed what I have witnessed in this matter, he would agree with me that alcohol in rheumatic fever, however acute, is altogether out of place. I am also under the conviction, though I express it with great reserve, that in acute rheumatism, treated without alcohol, the cardiac complications, endocardial and pericardial, are much less frequently developed than where alcohol is supplied.

IT IS NOT A STEPPING-STONE

That Indulgence in Wines, Etc., Is a Means of Attaining Social Position Emphatically Denied.

"'Is not a young man placed at a disadvantage when he refuses wine at public dinners?'

"'I am under the impression that a young man who refuses wine is always at a distinct advantage. A strong adherence to any good principle is always a recommendation of a young man's character in the eyes of his elders.'"

"'Can you, as one young fellow to another, honestly say to me that a total abstinence from liquors is not a barrier to a social success?'

"'I can, and with all my heart. Changing the negative to the affirmative, I can honestly say that a young man's best and highest social success is assured just in proportion as he abstains from wines. An indulgence in intoxicants of any sort has never helped a man to any social position worth the having; on the contrary, it has kept many from attaining a position to which by birth and good breeding and all other qualifications they were entitled. No young man will ever find that the principle of abstinence from liquor is a barrier to any success, social, commercial or otherwise. On the other hand, it is the one principle in his life which will, in the long run, help him more than any other.'"—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Empty Wagon and Full Man.

"It is the empty wagon that makes the most noise," said the man who delights to talk in aphorisms. "Well, what of it?" retorted the other man. "It is just the other way with a man. He makes the most noise when he is full."—Burlington Weekly Gazette.

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

Gun and the saloon keeper are never on the same side of any question.—Ram's Horn.

A WOMAN at Muncie, Ind., won her suit for the recovery of $6,000 lost by her husband in gambling.

THE pledge-signing crusade began on New Year's day in England, is spreading all over the country.

THE Indiana legislature enacted a scientific temperance instruction law, leaving but three states with the "black cap."

BY recent enactment of the Minnesota legislature the sale of liquor is prohibited on or within one mile of the state fair grounds.

SECRETARY HERBERT of the United States navy has decided that no naval officer can indulge in the use of intoxicating drinks, whether on or off duty, without subjecting himself to dismissal.

IN New York in one year 1,434 husbands procured divorces from their wives on the ground of drunkenness. During the same year 12,432 wives procured divorces from their husbands on the same charge.

THE Brewers' Journal states that English syndicates have $91,000,000 invested in American breweries, the dividend on which, at 9 per cent. last year was $8,190,000, and was paid in gold.—Wine and Spirit Gazette.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—At the opening of the Wayne county circuit court in Lyons, N. Y., Judge Adams instructed the grand jury to indict all persons who allowed nickel-in-the-slot machines to be operated upon their premises; also church members and all others who conducted for whatever purpose lotteries and drawings.

—The colossal figure of "Progress" which is to surmount the dome of the city hall at San Francisco, three hundred feet above the street, will be twenty-two and one-half feet in height, and represents a female figure holding aloft a torch. The model has been completed by Marion Wells, the sculptor, and will soon be cast.

—March 19 bears several different dates with the different peoples represented in the population of New York city. To Russians it is Mendo 7, to strict Israelites it is Adav 23 of the year 5655; to the few New York Mohammedans, whether natives of the east or converts of ex-Consul Webb, it is Ramadan 22 of the year 1312, while if there are among New Yorkers any genuine French red republicans it is the 28th day of the month Ventose in the 103d year of the republican era.

—Common salt is one of the most valuable remedial agents the world contains. Used as a tooth powder, alone or with a little prepared chalk, it whitens the teeth and makes the gums hard and rosy. It is a good gargle for sore throat, and if taken in time will benefit, if not cure, diphtheria. It will stop bleeding of the mouth, and in warm weather is a good emetic and remedy against several poisons. There is nothing better for sore feet and hands than salt and water, and for ordinary sore eyes, though a painful application, will often effect a complete cure.

—A looker-on in Washington says that poker is all the rage just now among the younger element of society women in Washington; but, of course, it is played under the rose, and only those in the swim are permitted to sit at the green cloth and dally with the seductive chips. The ladies play like men—that is, they put their money up before they sit down, and cash their chips at the end of the game, according to the rules and regulations provided. There has been a good deal of comment and gossip recently about the stiff games played by some of these women, and it is predicted that if the practice keeps up a scandal of huge proportions will be the result.

—New York refuses to be balked of her own peculiar architectural methods and takes ugly revenge on those that attempt to balk her. The condition of a block in East Twenty-ninth street illustrates this. Part of, perhaps all, the houses on one side of the block were built a distance back from the street so as to give each a deep door-yard. Since then nearly all have been turned into "yard houses" by the erection of tall tenements on the vacant ground in front. The newer houses front on the street, while the older ones front on a narrow alley. Half a dozen houses still have in front of them the original yards, now robbed of their fences and presenting an unsightly desert of mud.

—Washington belongs not with the conquerors—with Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon, but with the great unselfish patriots—with Timoleon and Epaminondas, with Cincinnatus and the Catos, with Hampden and William of Orange. It is useless to compare him with Napoleon. It were better to contrast them. The great Corsican and the great Virginian were entirely dissimilar. They belonged to different races, and were cast in different molds. The physical men were wide apart in appearance. Washington was tall, straight and commanding, with the large bone, the florid face and the blue eyes of the Anglo-Saxon. Napoleon was short, and in his later years corpulent and dumpy, small of hand and bone, with the sallow, olive complexion and dark, piercing eyes of the Latin race. Washington was slow, retiring and dignified; deliberate and calm in speech and action. Napoleon was quick and restless of movement, impetuous of speech and sometimes undignified in manner.

BURNING GRASS.

Great Loss Annually Sustained Through the Practice.

The practice of burning the old and dry grass in unoccupied lands, in order that a younger and more tender growth may give pasture to cattle, is still common in some of our states, and its results, though of benefit to a few, are disastrous to the general welfare. In Florida the cattle men have long been omnipotent. They have sway in the legislature, which enacts laws to suit their wishes, even to the extent of prohibiting towns and villages from passing ordinances to prohibit the running at large of cattle. A considerable portion of the state is thus annually burned over. Nor is it the grass alone that burns, but fire communicates to the pine trees, thousands of which yearly succumb. Meantime fences must be maintained to keep out cattle commoners, only to be often burned in their turn. Worse than all, the humus in the sandy soil is burned out, and the future wealth and resources of the state are destroyed, to privilege a few, whose entire interests are not a thousandth part in value of the ruin they accomplish. At this day and everywhere may be encountered tracts of utterly barren and worthless land, in the midst of comparatively fertile, whose fertility has been thus destroyed. In northern California similar aggressions are committed by the sheep-herders, and the government reserves have to be protected by the army, acting as patrols.—Bela Hubbard, in Popular Science.

Aroused Her Suspicions.

"Is Misther Dolan very sick?" asked the sympathetic neighbor.

"Ter'ble. The doctiher said the day he wor goin' to diagnose his ense."

"Goin' to phwat?"

"Diagnose it."

"Mrs. Dolan, take my advise. Put a musthard plashter on 'im an' trust to luck. More people nowadays is kilt by the doethers than by the disayse."—Washington Star.

A BANKRUPT TRIBE.

Their Unbroken Run of Ill Luck at a Game of Chance.

How the Black River Indians were Cleaned Out by the Puyallups in the Great Twenty-Six Day "Sing Gamble" Near Tacoma.

Capt. Jack had to walk from the Puyallup reservation way over to the Black River reservation, says the Tacoma correspondent of the San Francisco Examiner. He had nothing with him except his clothes and his temper, both of which were very much worn, from the results of the recent protracted "sing gamble." The "sing gamble" is the great contest between two tribes of the Puget Sound Indians for the trophies of the year and for such blankets, wearing apparel, vehicles and horses as can be spared to be used for stakes, and sometimes more than should be spared. This year the "pot" at the beginning of the gamble consisted of twelve Winchester rifles of the latest pattern, eleven sound horses, seven buggies, one hundred blankets, forty-three shawls, an uncounted pile of mats, clothing for men and women, some badly worn and some in good condition, but mostly worn, and forty-nine dollars in money.

This year the "sing gamble" was held in the barn of Jake Tai-ugh, commonly known as Charley Jacobs, whose place is four miles from Tacoma. At the beginning of the "sing gamble" sixty-seven old men and women, many of them wrinkled, many of them gray-headed, gathered at Jake's big barn, which had been cleared of all hay, grain and other stores.

On the ground, which serves as a floor, were laid two mats woven from straw and weeds and flags. Each of these mats was three feet wide and six feet long. Between the mats was the space of about three feet. Around these squatted the serious gamblers of the ancient races, many of them wearing brilliant colored blankets, others arrayed in combination costumes picked up at the reservation or in the town.

As a necessary preparation to the game, the drummers, one for each tribe, took positions in front of their drums, made of horse hide drawn over one end of a stout frame two feet and six inches deep. Beating heavily on these drums with sticks, the sound is similar to that from a bass drum, save that it is more sonorous and is readily heard a distance of half a mile. As the drums beat the Indians begin their chants or wails, the men shouting: "Hi-ah, hi-ah, hi-ah," and the women moaning an accompaniment between the shouts of their braves, sounding something like this: "Mm-uh, mm-uh, mm-uh."

The players gather around the mats, seven being permitted on each side. One mat is for the Puyallups, the other for the Black Rivers. The dealer for each side sits at the head of his mat, fingering deftly ten wooden chips about two inches in diameter and a quarter of an inch thick. Nine of these are of the same color, but the tenth is different in color, though similar in shape and dimensions. The shuffler handles the chips rapidly, like an experienced faro dealer playing to a big board. He transfers them from one hand to another, hides them under a pile of shavings made from the cedar bark growing close to the sap, resembling much the product called excelsior. He divides the chips into two piles of five each, and conceals each pile under the shavings. Mysteriously he waves his hands forward and backward, crosswise and over and over, making passes like the manipulations of a three-card monte dealer. The drum keeps up its constant beat, the Indians at the mats and those looking on with interest clap their hands and stamp and chant in time to the drum.

Now is the time for the Indian assigned to guess to point to one of the two piles. The game is entirely one of chance, there being no possible means for the closest observer to detect in which pile the dealer places the odd colored chip. It is the custom of the game, however, for the guessman to ponder for some time before deciding which pile to select. This adds interest and excitement to the speculation. Finally he decides, and with his finger points to one of the piles. The dealer rolls the chips across the mat to the farther end. If the guess is right the side for which the guesser is acting scores one point. If the guess is wrong the tribe to which the dealer belongs scores a point, and the other side takes the innings—that is to say, the deal.

John Towallis was captain of the Puyallup team, and now is the most popular man in the tribe on account of the remarkable victory of his side after the session of nearly a month, and also on account of the quantity and value of the pot. Capt. Jack, the leader of the unsuccessful Black River team, proved a thorough sport, for, in addition to his contribution to the stake of his tribe, he staked and lost his greatest treasure, a big knife, his principal decoration, shiny brass rings, all his money (sixty dollars), his watch, his rifle and his harness, his buggy and his horse. He advised his companions on the team to bet everything they had except their canoes. He insisted that they should keep those, in order that they might have some way to get home. He was not so careful of himself as of them, for he had to walk when the time came. Some of the men and the squaws who paddled home in their canoes felt the sharpness of the weather, for shirts and trousers were exceedingly scarce when the sixtieth stick had gone to the Puyallup end of the board.

At the last part of the gamble the Black Rivers pinned wildly. The run of luck of the Puyallups had been constant, and Capt. Jack announced to his followers that this could not continue. Luck must turn, and here was a chance for them to get every movable thing, except that which belongs to the government, transferred from the Puyallup reservation over to the Black River reservation. His men were quick to follow his suggestion, and the result is that poverty is intense this year at Black River, and the Puyallups are having a boom.

ONE WOMAN'S WAY.

The "Cheerful Kicker" Tells How She Gets Her Rights and Her Revenges.

"Do you know why woman is always being abused and oppressed?" asked the argumentative woman.

"She isn't," said the argumentative man, I was about to write; but "let me anticipate," as the old-fashioned novelists used to say, he is hardly a man, though he is "going to be," like Tilda Squeers with her engagement. Put the next words were soothing to adolescent vanity.

"It's her own fault. She hates rows and scenes, is too tender-hearted (or weak-minded) to scold, too busy or indifferent to resent injuries, and everyone knows it and takes advantage of it. Then she grumbles, grumbles, grumbles about the way 'you never get your rights if you are a woman,' the way public officials neglect their duty, the way the proud who at present inherit the earth tread on the toes of the meek, who have a reversal right in it, till you are tired of hearing her. Of course that sort of woman never gets her rights if she won't stand up for them! How does she expect to get 'em—have 'em politely presented to her in a neat package delivered at her door free of expense without her lifting her little finger? Now, I can truly say that I always get my rights—or else revenge for my wrongs—because I investigate where most women overlook, complain where most women submit—in a word, kick.

"Take the street car, for instance. Do you know why conductors are uniformly more rude and inconsiderate to women than to men? Because women don't complain? Oh, no; but because they don't complain to any purpose. The other day I was in a car where an intoxicated man was making himself as obnoxious as he could and the conductor refused to put him off, evidently considering the whole performance a good joke. I told him I would report him if he didn't do so, and he smiled indulgently and returned to the back platform, where I heard him say in answer to the question of a man beside him: 'Naw, she won't do no reportin'. With a woman it all begins and ends with a tongue-lashin'.'

"He was mistaken, though. I wrote to the street car company and received from them a note thanking me for the information and saying that the man had been severely reprimanded. On another occasion a motorman refused to stop for me until I called out that I would report him, whereupon he stopped in the middle of the square and reluctantly let me on. Instead of going to my destination, I rode to the end of the route into the car depot, took my complaint into the office and the motorman was discharged on the spot."

"Good for you!" said the coming man, admiringly. "If all women would do that—"

"All women, indeed! Why, there isn't one in ten who has the spunk to complain where she should. I can assure you I have quite a collection of letters from employers, thanking me for letting them know of the conduct of their subordinates. One of these relates to the rudeness of a government employe whom I had always noticed with particular disfavor for his bullying and insulting manner to the women who transacted business at his desk. He never tried it on me but once; on that occasion I wrote a full account of it to his superior, who wrote to tell me that Mr. Blank had been sternly reproved, that this was the first complaint of the kind, that the second would be followed by his dismissal. Think of it—out of the scores of women to whom I had seen that man offer impertinence, not one of them had ever had the sense or the spirit to report him!"

"You should arouse women on the subject and form a cheerful kicker's club," I suggested. "That might move the millenium a few steps nearer."

"Wouldn't it though! Think of the increased public comfort if the insolent or careless salesperson, the delinquent collector of ashes or garbage, the policeman who neglects his duty, all other similar offenders, knew they would be promptly reported! Why, business would go on greased wheels. All Americans are too weak for earthly use, but the American woman—well, she's Moses himself. I'd prefer her to be an Israelite and murmur! That's the only way to be well treated."

"You hate to make complaints," I confessed.

"I don't," said the cheerful kicker, briefly. "I hate far worse to see people injuring their own and their employer's interest and annoying an unoffending public. 'Oh, well, I thought of his wife and family,' so many women say, 'so I let the matter go.' I'd like to know if the deserving man they'd put in his place if discharged hasn't a wife and family, too? No, I walk peaceably on my way till I come to a stumbling-block, then I kick, instead of walking around it and leaving it for the next woman to trip over. 'It's dreadful, but what can I do?' said a woman to me whose neighbor's children were in the habit of ill-treating her one delicate little girl. I think I'd know what to do! I'd pay the neighbor the compliment of thinking that she wanted her children to behave, on the same principle which I tell the grocer that his canned goods aren't all the label paints them, or the coal dealer that gives short tons, or the woman in front of me at the theater that her hat is in the way. I'd rather be a cheerful kicker than a patient grumbler, any day."

"Good for you," said the coming man again.—Philadelphia Press.

Ambitions.

"Well, my boy, what would you like to be when you grow up, a preacher?"

"Nop."

"A doctor?"

"Nop."

"Lawyer?"

"Nop."

"What do you want to be, then?"

"A syndicate. Pop says they make all the money now days."—Truth.

—The leading decoration of the Legion of Honor in France is a red ribbon worn in the buttonhole.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Mrs. Castellane's income is a paltry $500,000 a year, and on this miserable pittance she and her husband must subsist or go to the poor-house. Everybody in this world has troubles.

—Euphrates Esculapius Endymion McJimsey is the name of a clerk in the recorder's office at Marysville, Mo. He signs his rather euphonious name with a big rubber stamp. His mother was a student of Oriental history and mythology.

—A sleigh that passed down the Coney Island boulevard, on a cold evening, contained something that looked like a two-headed girl. Two figures, seated side by side, were swathed in a long shawl, beneath which two hearts beat as one, and were evidently well protected from the nipping air.

—Mrs. S. Louise Pattesou, the first woman naturalized in Ohio, is a candidate for the school board in Cleveland. She is a stenographer and court reporter, has read Latin, delved in Blackstone, Kent and Walker, and taken an active part in various church and charitable enterprises. She is secretary of the Ohio Stenographers' association.

—Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were sitting in a church at Cannes the other day. They were near the pulpit, but when the sermon began Mr. Gladstone turned to his wife and said irritably: "I don't hear!" "Never mind, my dear, she replied in a whisper loud enough to reach the pulpit; "never mind; go to sleep. It will do you much more good."

—William H. Gray, of the Andover (Mass.) Press, has been a printer for sixty-one years. He is able to set type in ten different languages—viz.: German, Greek, Syriac, Turkish, Arabic, Samaritan, Ethiopic, Hebrew, Coptic and English. He is a very fair Greek scholar and did a large amount of his studying at his ease, with a sheet of his grammar tacked up beside him. Mr. Gray is now in his 77th year, and getting rather frail.

—Mr. J. L. Macadam, the Scotchman who invented the kind of paving which bears his name, is said to have been a guest at a large dinner given in honor of Sir Walter Scott. Being asked to respond to a toast, Mr. Meadam rose, and, at the end of his speech, proposed the health of "the great Sir Walter Scott, the colossus of literature!" In an instant Sir Walter was on his feet, and lifting his glass, exclaimed: "Here's to the great Mr. Macadam, the colossus of roads!"

—Capt. Mike Healy will be more than ever the autocrat of the northwest when the Bear and her sister revenue cutters take charge of the patrol of Behring sea this summer. It is only of late years that the presence of ships of the navy in the sea has brought a higher authority into Capt. Healy's peculiar province. Mrs. Healy has for a dozen years past gone with her husband to the far northwest, and only once has she failed to see him through the season. On that occasion she came south on board a ship of the navy in October, while the Bear lingered in Behring sea until December.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Father—"So you wish to make my daughter your wife?" Suitor—"Well, it's the only way I can see of becoming your son-in-law."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—Newspaper Editor—"Juan, take that cat away; I cannot write with the row it is making. Where is it?" Juan—"Why, sir, you are sitting on it."—El Dilnvio.

—Miss Blanc (contemptuously)—"That's a nice-looking watch; did you have to buy a suit of clothes to get that?" John Ware (reflectively)—"No; on the contrary, I had to sell one."—Harvard Lampoon.

—Hicks—"There was a burglar at my house last night—completely cleaned us out." Dix—"You don't say so! Didn't he leave anything?" Hicks—"Yes; he left the kitchen window open."—Somerville Journal.

—Absent-Minded Professor (who has been snowballed by naughty boys on the hill-side)—"I must send a communication to the academy regarding the phenomenally large snow-flakes this winter."—Fliegende Blatter.

—"Ef folks r'ally b'lieved," said Uncle Eben, "dat money am derroot ob de evil, de ginerosity ov de human race in tryin' ter red one anuddah ob trouble 'ud make ebry man pooty clus ter a saint."—Washington Star.

—Jeweler—"There's no money in handling plain gold rings any more." Visitor—"Oh, I think there is. I am a minister. I usually get a ten-dollar bill for slipping them on the bride's finger."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

—Parvenu Hostess (to stable-boy, attired as water for the occasion of a dinner party)—"James, why do you not till Mr. De Glutton's glass?" James—"Lor', ma'am, what's the use? He empties it as fast as I fill it."—Tit-Bits.

—Hoax—"How much are those bananas?" Fruit Vender—"Free cents da piece, fifty cents da dozen." Hoax—"Three cents apiece and fifty cents a dozen! I suppose that's an Italian count, isn't it?"—Philadelphia Record.

—Customer—"I know that the service here is quicker than at other places; but the portions are certainly only half the size." Waiter—"The same thing, sir. Remember that 'he gives twice who gives quickly.'"—Harlem Life.

—Conductor—"That's a Canadian coin, sir; I can't take it!" Passenger—"The deuce you can't! You gave it to me in change this morning." Conductor—"Well, you see, I'm more particular than you are."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

—Discomfort.—"Oi dunno phwat Oi'm goin' to do," said the policeman, disconsolately. "Oi'll hov to give up me job an the foorce unless they thransfer me." "What's the matter?" "They've put me an a beat where there's nothin' but electhric loights from wun block till the next, an' Oi'm purty nigh dead fur want av slape."—Washington Star.

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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, April 15, 1895.

The pressure on the administration to do something to head off the silver stampede which seems to have seized the Democratic party, is daily growing stronger. Mr. Cleveland is perfectly willing to do anything to prevent the capture of the Democratic party by the silver men but up to this time he has been unable to decide what he ought to do. At first he was disposed to try to stop the movement by going to Chicago and making an anti-silver speech, which should rally the Cleveland Democrats around the single gold standard, and the arrangements were made to have him to do so by a committee of alleged non-partisan business men of Chicago, but later he became doubtful as to that plan, and has given considerable consideration to a project suggested by a member of the Cabinet, to be made public by those who received them and to be used as weapons against the silver phalanx of the Democratic party. Other plans have also been considered, but nothing has yet been definitely settled upon.

Meanwhile, Senator Roach, of North Dakota, who is a silver Democrat, fires this broadside right under Mr. Cleveland's nose, so to speak: "I am glad to see the Illinois State central committee take the initiative in sounding the Democracy of that State on the silver question. We have got to meet the issue of silver in the next national convention, and we might as well hear from the various States now as not. The Illinois scheme is a good one, and I hope to see other States fall into line and adopt the same plan." That is treason against Mr. Cleveland on the part of Mr. Roach, for he must have known when he made these remarks that the administration was bitterly opposed to the Illinois scheme, and that Hon. Wiliam R. Morrison, ("Horizontal Bill") is now in that State, at the request of Mr. Cleveland, trying to lay plans to prevent the convention declaring for free coinage.

Secretary Hoke Smith likes Washington so well that he wants to step from the Cabinet to the U. S. Senate on March 4, 1897, and he is now engaged in pulling the wires which he thinks will accomplish that purpose. One of the principal drawbacks to the accomplishment of Secretary Smith's ambition is that Senator Gordon has shown no willingness to retire. On the contrary, he is credited with desiring to succeed himself, if the Democrats can retain control of the Georgia legislature. An attempt was made to make a deal for the election of Gordon to be governor and Smith to the Senate, but Gordon refused to enter it. Ex-Speaker Crisp is also willing to go to the Senate.

Secretary Morton's serious announcement of his intention to use the machinery of the Department of Agriculture to make an investigation in order to ascertain if there is a beef trust, which is responsible for the recent sudden and continued rise in the price of beef, is enough to bring a smile to the face of the most solemn cow. If Mr. Morton was honest in making that announcement his ignorance is greatly to be deplored, as it is a well known fact to thousands that there is a beef trust composed of the big meat packers, which has for some time been slowly but surely forcing the local butchers in all towns of considerable size out of business, in order that the trust could dictate prices without fear of local opposition. That time has apparently come, and the trust is putting on the screws. There is an anti trust law, which might be used to annoy the beef trust, even if nothing could be done under its provisions, if Attorney General Olney so willed. But the administration is apparently satisfied to let the case rest on Secretary Morton's promise to investigate. Meanwhile, the people can choose between paying the prices demanded by the trust or stopping their beef supply.

To-day is the last day upon which returns can be made without penalty by those who are liable for the judicially emasculated income tax, and orders have been sent out that all those who fail are to be immediately proceeded against by the collectors of internal revenue, but at one time the Cabinet had under consideration the advisability of suspending the collection of the tax until the Supreme Court had passed upon its constitutionality with a full bench, and it is said that it would have been suspended had not Secretary Carlisle insisted upon the necessity of getting as much money as possible out of the tax, even if some of it should have to be paid back under a later decision of the Supreme Court. It is regarded as certain that the case will in the near future be reargued and a decision reached by a full bench.

There is great relief in administration circles over the unofficial statement that Nicaragua had reached a satisfactory settlement with England, and hopes that it will soon be officially confirmed. There was a dread that Nicaragua might defy England and call on this country to live up to the Monroe doctrine. That, as ex-Congressman Everett would say, would have deposited somebody in a cavity.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

are good for sick headache, constipation, piles, bilious colic, fever and ague, dyspepsia, rheumatism, female complaints, dizziness, flatulence, sour stomach, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general debility. They will positively cure all disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. 25 cents a box.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

helps babes over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, controls the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no strong drugs and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good—25 cents a bottle.

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

—OF—

Personal Property

—AT—

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from John J. Widrl to Waring Thomas and Edward H. Sincell, dated the 5th day of February, 1894, and duly recorded among the records of Garrett county in Liber E. Z. T. No. 21, folio 286, etc., default having been made in payment of said mortgage, the undersigned mortgagee hereby gives notice that on

Tuesday, the 30th Day of April, 1895,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., in front of Hayder & Eckles' store in Mountain Lake Park, Md., he will offer at public sale the following described personal property, to-wit:

One bay Mare named "Bird;" 1 gray Horse named "Charlie;" 1 black and white spotted Cow named "Heart;" 1 dun Cow named "Bloss;" 1 red Cow named "Cherry;" 1 black Cow named "Blackie;" 1 yearling Heifer (light brindle, now 3 years old;) 1 two-horse Road Wagon and 1 one-horse Spring Wagon.

Terms of sale as prescribed by the mortgage, cash.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
One of said Mortgagees.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 506 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," 1, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

Saturday, the 4th Day of May, 1895,

at the hour of 2.00 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. Four, of said Garrett county, containing 154-5 acres, it being a part of the tract of land called "Lantent Worth," and being the same land that was conveyed to Martha Barnard by Margaret and John S. Hileman by deed dated April 29th, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, folio 222 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1894 as is charged to the said Martha Barnard on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

WE LOAN MONEY

to buy, build and improve your home and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS NEARLY $200,000,000.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. RINKER,
Wilson, Grant Co., W. Va.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above. 4-1yr.

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1st Day of May, 1895.

According to the provisions of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, every person or persons doing business for gain or profit except the maker, grower or manufacturer, are hereby notified that they must take out a license.

CHARLES WEGMAN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

A New Departure.

Having determined to devote our attention exclusively to the

Dry Goods, Notion, Clothing, Hat and Shoe Business,

we have disposed of our entire stock of groceries, glassware a ndqueensware.

In their place our patrons will find shelves loaded with the latest novelties and patterns in

Notions, Dry Goods and Clothing.

Our Shoe Department Is full and complete.

Our Furnishing Department for Men, Women & Children Is Very ATTRACTIVE.

Believing that our efforts to give the people of Garrett county a first-class store in the lines above indicated will be appreciated, we are,

Yours respectfully,

SINCELL BROS.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

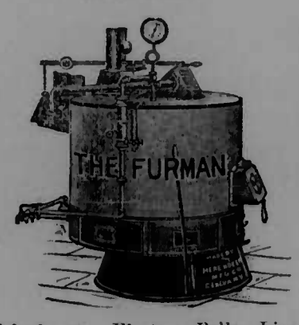

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23-1yr.

FOR SALE.

Three acres of land, being a part of the old Kennedy farm, lying in the eastern suburbs of Oakland on either side of the road leading to Mt. Lake Park. Will be sold in lots of ¼ acre each, or as a whole.

For full particulars call on or address
MRS. LIZZIE BUZZARD,
22-6m Elkins, W. Va.

MOUNT POMONA.

NURSERY AND FRUIT FARM.

Address Swanton, Md., for Fruit and Mushrooms.

Address Mt. Lake Park concerning Nursery, Greenhouse or Vegetable Products.

Agents wanted on salary.
SWEET & SHACKLEFORD.

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WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER

Also White Oak Timber Land.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.
Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

SLATE ROOFING.

I am now prepared to furnish and put on plain and fancy roofing, slate, galvanized ridge, roll and water proof paper at reasonable prices. All work and material guaranteed.

C. M. Beachy,
27-1yr. Keyser, Garrett county, Md.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ¼ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, ROLLERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
22tf 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

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WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

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PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments. Headstones, AND **Chimney Pipe** WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

4193.yr—8

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2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

3. Farm of Mrs. Ida C. Cruntzberg, containing 61 acres, under fence; orchard of 150 trees; stable, frame house Price, $1,200. Cash payment of $200, balance at 20 years with interest.

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4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.

E. H. SINCELL, Ally.,
Oakland, Md.

COOK BROS.,

169 Baltimore Street,

CUMBERLAND, - MD.

Sole agents for the World's Fair Best Spring Wheat Flour,

The Boss

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT. ONCE YOU USE IT YOU WILL ALWAYS USE IT!

For sale in Oakland by George O. Miller & Co.; in Mountain Lake Park by Hayden & Eckles. 36—13

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate.

CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING.

Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

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Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

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Drs. McLane & Berkeley,
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FROSTBURG, MD.

Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.

See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
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OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.

Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.

Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate

P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Residence and P. O. Address,

2-26 **SELBYSPORT, MD.**

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate.

Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.

Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention. 50-1st.

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INTELLIGENCER PUBLISHING CO
WHEELING, WEST VA.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, April 15, 1895.

The pressure on the administration to do something to head off the silver stampede which seems to have siezed the Democratic party, is daily growing stronger. Mr. Cleveland is perfectly willing to do anything to prevent the capture of the Democratic party by the silver men but up to this time he has been unable to decide what he ought to do. At first he was disposed to try to stop the movement by going to Chicago and making an anti-silver speech, which should rally the Cleveland Democrats around the single gold standard, and the arrangements were made to have him to do so by a committee of alleged non-partisan business men of Chicago, but later he became doubtful as to that plan, and has given considerable consideration to a project suggested by a member of the Cabinet, to be made public by those who received them and to be used as weapons against the silver phalanx of the Democratic party. Other plans have also been considered, but nothing has yet been definitely settled upon.

Meanwhile, Senator Roach, of North Dakota, who is a silver Democrat, fires this broadside right under Mr. Cleveland's nose, so to speak: "I am glad to see the Illinois State central committee take the iniative in sounding the Democracy of that State on the silver question. We have got to meet the issue of silver in the next national convention, and we might as well hear from the various States now as not. The Illinois scheme is a good one, and I hope to see other States fall into line and adopt the same plan." That is treason against Mr. Cleveland on the part of Mr. Roach, for he must have known when he made these remarks that the administration was bitterly opposed to the Illinois scheme, and that Hon. Wiliam R. Morrison, ("Horizontal Bill") is now in that State, at the request of Mr. Cleveland, trying to lay plans to prevent the convention declaring for free coinage.

Secretary Hoke Smith likes Washington so well that he wants to step from the Cabinet to the U. S. Senate on March 4, 1897, and he is now engaged in pulling the wires which he thinks will accomplish that purpose. One of the principal drawbacks to the accomplishment of Secretary Smith's ambition is that Senator Gordon has shown no willingness to retire. On the contrary, he is credited with desiring to succeed himself, if the Democrats can retain control of the Georgia legislature. An attempt was made to make a deal for the election of Gordon to be governor and Smith to the Senate, but Gordon refused to enter it. Ex-Speaker Crisp is also willing to go to the Senate.

Secretary Morton's serious announcement of his intention to use the machinery of the Department of Agriculture to make an investigation in order to ascertain if there is a beef trust, which is responsible for the recent sudden and continued rise in the price of beef, is enough to bring a smile to the face of the most solemn cow. If Mr. Morton was honest in making that announcement his ignoranee is greatly to be deplored, as it is a well known fact to thousands that there is a beef trust composed of the big meat packers, which has for some time been slowly but surely forcing the local butchers in all towns of considerable size out of business, in order that the trust could dictate prices without fear of local opposition. That time has apparently come, and the trust is putting on the screws. There is an anti trust law, which might be used to annoy the beef trust, even if nothing could be done under its provisions, if Attorney General Olney so willed. But the administration is apparently satisfied to let the case rest on Secretary Morton's promise to investigate. Meanwhile, the people can choose between paying the prices demanded by the trust or stopping their beef supply.

To-day is the last day upon which returns can be made without penalty by those who are liable for the judicially emasculated income tax, and orders have been sent out that all those who fail are to be immediately proceeded against by the collectors of internal revenue, but at one time the Cabinet had under consideration the advisability of suspending the collection of the tax until the Supreme Court had passed upon its constitutionality with a full bench, and it is said that it would have been suspended had not Secretary Carlisle insisted upon the necessity of getting as much money as possible out of the tax, even if some of it should have to be paid back under a later decision of the Supreme Court. It is regarded as certain that the case will in the near future be reargued and a decision reached by a full bench.

There is great relief in administration circles over the unofficial statement that Nicaragua had reached a satisfactory settlement with England, and hopes that it will soon be officially confirmed. There was a dread that Nicaragua might defy England and call on this country to live up to the Monroe doctrine. That, as ex-Congressman Everett would say, would have deposited somebody in a cavity.

Dr. A. S. Todd's
Anti-Bilious Pills

are good for sick headache constipation, colds, bilious colic, fever and ague, dyspepsia, rheumatism, female complaints, dizziness, flatulence, sour stomach, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general debility. They will positively cure all disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels cents a box.

Laughlin's
Infant Cordial

helps babes over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, controls the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no strong drugs and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's
Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good—25 cents a bottle.

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.
JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF—
Personal Property
—AT—
MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from John J. Whirl to Warling Thomas and Edward H. Sincell, dated the 5th day of February, 1893, and duly recorded among the records of Garrett county in Liber E. Z. T. No. 21, folio 286, etc., default having been made in payment of said mortgage, the undersigned mortgagee hereby gives notice that on

Tuesday, the 30th Day of April, 1895,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., in front of Hayden & Eckles' store in Mountain Lake Park, Md., he will offer at public sale the following described personal property, to-wit:

One bay Mare named "Bird;" 1 gray Horse named "Charlie;" 1 black and white spotted Cow named "Heart;" 1 dun Cow named "Bloss;" 1 red Cow named "Cherry;" 1 black Cow named "Blackie;" 1 yearling Heifer (light brindle, now 3 years old;) 1 two-horse Road Wagon and 1 one-horse Spring Wagon.

Terms of sale as prescribed by the mortgage, cash.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
One of said Mortgagees.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 396 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

Saturday, the 4th Day of May, 1895,

at the hour of 2.00 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. Four, of said Garrett county, containing 154-5 acres, it being a part of the tract of land called "Latent Worth," and being the same land that was conveyed to Martha Barnard by Margaret and John S. Hileman by deed dated April 29th, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, folio 222 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to the said Martha Barnard on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

WE LOAN MONEY

to buy, build and improve your home and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS NEARLY $200,000,000.

For full particulars and terms apply to

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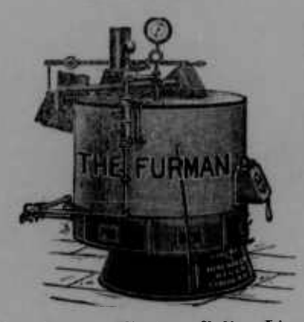

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1895. NUMBER 7.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Did you notice that line of ladies oxfords at Offutt & Son's. 6tf

McComas' Calmative Konseals, 10 cents. Try them. 5-tf

Miss Susie Miller returned from a visit to Baltimore on last Satnrday.

Offutt & Son are displaying the choicest line of Mattings Oil Cloth's in town. 6tf

Offutt & Son have the prettiest line of spring and summer dress goods in town.

Miss Laura Fowler has gone to Baltimore and entered school for the spring term.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Capt. Isaac Kuykendall, of Romney, is in Oakland shaking hands with his many friends.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

Mr. Henry Kahl, of Accident, was in Oakland two or three days this week on a visit to friends.

Messrs. E. M. Spedden & Bro. are finishing Mr. D. M. Mason's new residence on Third street.

FOR RENT.—Two new five room houses on Water street. Apply at this office. 7-1t.

M. L. Scott has opened a new line of Shoes and Oxfords. Has a $2 shoe worth $3, made by Evitt.

W. F. King and his force of men are engaged in painting Capt. John M. Jarboe's residence on Liberty street.

My summer goods are arriving every day. Call and get my prices before purchasing elsewhere. Chas. J. Newman.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures scalds, burns, indolent sores and never fails to cure piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Bicycling promises to be the fad of the year. Everybody wheels these times. Wheel parties will be the latest social wrinkle.

Work was commenced yesterday morning on Mr. John Shartzer's three story building on Second street near this office.

I have just received a complete line of wagons, hammocks, croquet sets, base ball goods, fishing tackle, etc. Chas. J. Newman.

Rev. W. C. Davis and family, of Brownsville, Pa., are here on a visit to the family of Rev. John M. Davis and other relatives.

Sick headache, constipation and indigestion are quickly cured by DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

MONEY TO LOAN.—To be amply secured by first mortgage on real estate. Apply to
7-2t. FRED A. THAYER, Atty.

Our patrons will find DeWitt's Little Early Risers a safe and reliable remedy for constipation, dyspepsia and liver complaints. Oakland Pharmacy.

If promises go for anything the new members of the town council will have Oakland's appearance greatly changed within the next few months.

La Grippe is here again with all of its old time vigor. One Minute Cough Cure is a reliable remedy. It cures and cures quickly. Oakland Pharmacy.

A ball was given last night at the Glades by the young men of Oakland to their lady friends. Quite a number were present and a pleasant evening spent.

Rev. J. W. Butler was called to Piedmont last Saturday to conduct the services at the funeral of Mrs. Fred. Schramm, who died there on Thursday morning.

Mr. Ed. I. West, of the Glades, has erected on the lawn fronting the hotel a substantial band stand which will be occupied once a week by Smith's Military band.

Mr. Samuel Lawton and a number of men have been engaged for several days past in renewing the electric wires in anticipation of the arrival of the new dynamos.

Senator R. A. Ravenscroft, of Accident, drove up to Oakland last Friday and went to visit his father at Dawsen, Allegany county, the same day. He returned home Saturday.

Mr. Charles E. Hilleary, of Gormania, was here on last Friday afternoon for a few hours making arrangements to sell the live stock on Mrs. Julia A. Wonderly's farm near Mountain Lake Park.

W. T. Stanford, Station Agent of Leeper, Clarion Co. Pa., writes: I can recommend One Minute Cough Cure as the best I ever used. It gave instant relief and a quick cure Oakland Pharmacy.

We have something new, effective, pleasant to take and perfectly harmless and a positive cure for nervous headache, sick headache, dizziness and neuralgia. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

Mrs. Casper Schramm, of Grantsvill, an aged German lady, who had been in ill health for a number of years, died very suddenly at her home on last Wednesday afternoon. The funeral occured on Friday.

A brakeman on an east bound freight train had one of his fingers so badly crushed in an attempt to couple a car yesterday that the member had to be amputated. Dr. H. W. McComas performed the operation.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office with Dr. M. C. Hinebaugh. 35-1y.

Try McComas' Calmative Konseals to drive away sharp pains in muscular and acute rheumatism. One or two Konseals have shown marvelous results. 10 cents per box. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

Growers interested in the raising of fruit say they never saw the buds of the pear, cherry, apple and other fruit trees look better at this time of year and no better prospects for an immense crop of fruit of all kinds.

Mr. A. D. Naylor is engaged in building for Mr. James Smith, of Mountain Lake Park, a large and handsome express wagon which will be used by Mr. Smith this summer at the Park in hauling goods to and from the station. 5-3t*

McComas' Calmative Konseals contain all that is required to cure the worst case of headache or neuralgia in a very few minutes and are safe, sure, inexpensive. Manufactured by Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of Mr. W. A. Hough, of Mountain Lake Park, which will be found in another column. Mr. Hough recently located at the Park and has finished several contracts, all of which have given satisfaction.

W. Grant Martin, optician, has located permanently in Oakland, and is prepared to examine eyes scientifically and adjust glasses with unerring accuracy. All work guaranteed. Office days: Monday and Saturday, in Pritchard building. 50-tf.

Keep your eye on the newspaper says an exchange, and see which of the merchants want your custom and are sufficiently courteous to invite you to call. There is much more in advertising than you think. It is not only to tell of his goods that a man advertises, but is to invite the people who read—the thinking, the intelligent—to pay him a visit, and judge for themselves as to the quality and price of what he offers for sale. People read the advertisements. Don't make any mistake about that. They are just as much interested in knowing where to buy to an advantage as the advertiser is in selling his goods.

Doctor H. R. Fish, of Gravois Mills, Mo., a practicing physician of many years experience, writes: DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve has no equal for indolent sores, scalds and burns. It stops pain instantly, heals a burn quickly and leaves no scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

J. A. Richardson, of Jefferson City, Mo., chief enrolling force 38th general assembly of Missouri, writes: I wish to testify to the merits of One Minute Cough Cure. When other so-called cures failed, I obtained almost instant relief and a speedy cure by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. Oakland Pharmacy.

We this week publish in full the sermon delivered by the Rev. J. W. Butler in St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church on last Sunday morning. The sermon is published by the request of several persons who were present at the service.

On Tuesday morning Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, Mrs. S. C. Smith, Miss Mollie Peddicord and Messrs. J. S. Meyers and John Dunhill started for Parkersburg, W. Va., to attend the Epworth League Convention, to which they had been elected as delegates from the Oakland chapter.

Mr. A. C. Scherr, of Maysville, W. Va., and Mr. A. L. Trenton, of Keyser, W. Va., were here on Tuesday superintending the removal of some machinery from the old woolen mill to Keyser, where it will be placed in Mr. Scherr's new factory.

B. H. Bowman, Pub. Enquirer, of Bremen Ind., writes: Last week our little girl baby the only one we have was taken sick with croup. After two doctors failed to give relief and life was hanging on a mere thread we tried One Minute Cough Cure and its life was saved. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mrs. George Haulenbeck, of Deer Park, who was paralyzed in Baltimore a few week ago, will be brought to her home on May 4th, for which purpose Vice President C. K. Lord of the B. & O. R. R., has tendered the use of his private car "Delaware."

Mr. Merritt Wilson, president of the Wilson Lumber Company of Garrett county, was in the city last Thursday on a business trip. Mr. Wilson stated that the mills of his company are working extra time and that a great amount of lumber is being shipped.

I recommend Chamberlains Pain Balm for rheumatism, lame back, sprains and swellings. There is no better liniment made. I have sold over 100 bottles of it this year and all were pleased who used it. J. F. Pierson, druggist, South Chicago, Ill. It if for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

A smart boy was recently called on for a toast to women. His response is given as follows: "Here's to women—may she add charity to beauty, subtract envy from friendship, multiply genial affections, divide her time by industry and recreation, reduce scandal to its lowest denomination and raise virtue, her only safe-guard, to highest power."

Rev. J. W. Butler, pastor of Mt. Calvary Lutheran church, conducted services in his church every night last week, and last Sunday morning 16 new members were added to the church, when a very large congregation was present. The Lord's Supper was celebrated on that occasion, at which 106 communicants took part—the largest number ever known in the history of the church.—Piedmont Herald.

A special train on the B. & O. S. W., bearing prominent officials of the road, made the run from Parkersburg, W. Va., to Grafton, W. Va., Sunday morning in two hours and twenty-one minutes. The distance covered was over a hundred miles. Taking into consideration the numerous sharp curves and tunnels at this section of the road, the run was a remarkable one.

A person who has not traveled for some time over the Hooppole road will be surprised to note the improvements going on between Oakland and Accident. What a few years ago was nothing but wilderness is now beautiful farms, well stocked with cattle and neat houses erected. The farmers are discontinuing the use of phosphate and in its stead lime is being freely used with a corresponding increase in the crops.

Our better halves say they could not keep house without Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is used in more than half the homes in Leeds. Sims Bros., Leeds, Iowa. This shows the esteem in which that remedy is held where it has been sold for years and is well known. Mothers have learned that there is nothing so good for colds, croup and whooping cough, that it cures these ailments quickly and permanently, and that it is pleasant and safe for children to take. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Those who never read the advertisements in their newspaper miss more than they presume. Jonathan Kenison, of Belan, Worth Co., Iowa who has been troubled with rheumatism in his back, arms and shoulders read an item in his paper about how a prominent German citizen of Ft. Madison had been cured. He procured the same medicine, and to use his own words: "It cured me right up." He also says: A neighbor and his wife were both sick in bed with rheumatism. Their boy was over to my house and he said they were so bad that he had to do the cooking. I told him of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and how it had cured me, he procured a bottle of it and it cured them up in a week. 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

In the Reformed church at Grantsville, Md., Easter was observed by a special congregational service. The choir sang several beautiful selections, and the congregation which was a large one took an interested part in the responses and Easter hymns. The address by the pastor, Rev. Hassler, was based on "He is not here, but is risen," from Luke 24: 6. The floral display was magnificient and reflects much credit on the loving hands that prepared it. A large white cross entwined with ivy, bearing the inscription "The Lord is rised indeed," and rising up from a bed of gorgeous flowers, was exceedingly appropriate and suggestive.—Meyersdale Commercial.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper, under the captien "We Loan Money." The Granite State Provident Association, which he is representing, is one of the strongest financial institutions in the country, and the largest building and loan association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management have developed it from nominal assets in 1889 to nearly $200,000,000 in 1895. Its style of doing business is such as to cause the U. S. Examiner, C. W. Thompson, who has for years been assigned to especially investigate loan and mortgage companies, to state that "For comprehensiveness, thoroughness, neatness and accuracy, its accounts are far superior to anything I ever saw or supposed possible." Those desiring to borrow, will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars. 4-1yr.*

Auction.

There will be auction in the Legge store room every Saturday afternoon and evening, commencing April 28th, at 2 p. m., until goods are all disposed of. 7-1t.

Re-Hearing Granted.

Yesterday Edward H. Gans, of Baltimore, counsel for Mrs. Zolma L. Pearre in her suit to set aside a recent decree granting her husband William Pearre, a divorce, filed a potition before Judge Hoffman asking for a re-hearing with leave to take testimony. The court. Judge Hoffman, set Saturday, May 4, for the hearing.—Cumberland News.

Epworth League Programme

The monthly literary meeting of the Epworth League will be held in St. Paul's M. E. church on Monday evening April 29th.

The following is the programme for this meeting: 8.00, musical prelude; 8.20, lecture, "Selfhood," by Dr. A. H. Norcross, of Pittsburgh, Pa. Admission free. Everybody cordially invited.

Rogers' Sarsaparilla.

A specific for all. 100 doses for 75 cents. Rogers' Little Liver Pills, best on the market; Cough Cure, Liniment, Appetine and Worm Syrup, sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland; Cuppett Bros., McHenry; J. A. DeBerry, Corinth; C. F. White, Hutton; P. T. Garthright, Hayden & Eckles, Mt. Lake Park; Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park; Wm. Frederick, Friendsville; Yough Store Co., Jonas Frazee, Robert Liston, Selbyspert; W. Wass, Mineral Springs; J. E. Gnagey, Accident; Smith & Callis, Hoyes, and by all general dealers.

Red House.

The Sunday school workers and people in general of this and surrounding community met last Sunday at Glade View church and organized a Sunday school by electing the following officers:

Superintendent, Adolphus Fike; assistant superintendent, Jeremiah Miller; teacher of bible class, Samuel Miller; secretary, Albert Roth; treasurer, Silas Snyder; librarian, John Rolfe; assistant librarian, Miss Rosa Jenoski. First chapter of the book of John was selected for lesson for bible class next Sunday. Other classes will select their teachers at next meeting, which will be Sunday, the 28th inst., at 2 o'clock p. m. Everybody invited.

The Maryland Bible Society.

The Maryland Bible Society held its sixty-second annual meeting at the Bible House, 113 North Charles street, Baltimore, yesterday. Mr. Patrick Hamill, of Oakland, Garrett county, having died in the past year, his son, Gilmor Hamill, Esq., was elected to the board of managers in his place. Messrs. Francis A. Crook and Charles A. Baker, who were also members, of the board, died last year and their places were filled by the election of Messrs. F. H. Davidson and Francis A. White. Mr. J. Thomas Smith, treasurer, and Mr. J. V. L. Graham, secretary, were made members of the board. The board will elect officers next week. The annual report of the society showed that 21,064 bibles were distributed during the year.

Loch Lynn Heights.

Mr. Louie E. Hanson, of Collingwood, Ohio, has moved into Mr. P. T. Garthright's building on First avenue.

Messrs. C. M. Rathbun & Sons are fencing in their lots on the corner of Aldersen street and Third avenue.

Mrs. L. B. C. List, of Washington, D. C., who will have charge of the hotel this season, will be here about the first of May to furnish the hotel.

Mrs. Margaret O'Donnell is having an addition put to her house on Paull street.

Mr. Alton Coes, topographical engineer, was here on business the early part of the week.

Mr. Edward Sanders is framing his house on First avenue.

Mr. George P. White will in a short time put an iron fence around his lots on Roanoke avenue.

Mr. S. M. Taylor and family, of Cumberland, will move into their cottage on Lothian street in a few days.

Mr. Albert Thompson, better known as "Jimmie," of Philadelphia, Pa., last week borrowed a gold watch of his intimate friend, and told him he was going to Oakland to meet some one on one of the night trains. His friend loaned him the watch and he went to Oakland and that was the last seen of him.

One of our most prominent business men purchased two lots on the corner of Third avenue and Paull street, about eighteen months ago for $175, and on last Tuesday sold them to Mr. A. H. Frey, of Crellin, who will begin the erection of a residence at once.

Mr. Albert T. White and mother were Terra Alta visitors over Sunday.

Mr. M. L. Selby, of Friendsville, is building on Shenandoah avenue.

THE REPUBLICAN for good job printing. Make a note of this.

It will be an agreeable surprise to persons subject to attacts of bilious colic to learn that prompt relief may be had by taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Dirrhoea Remedy. In many instances the attack may be prevented by taking this remedy as soon as the first symptoms of the disease appear. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

A Sheriff Shot.

On last Thursday night about ten o'clock Sheriff Shaw, of Preston county, W. Va., accompanied by a posse of men, went out on a road leading from Kingwood to arrest a gang of horse thieves, who had been pursued from Pennsylvania by the officers of that state. When about two miles from the town the thieves were met and commanded to halt by the sheriff. Instead of doing this, however, one of the men fired at the sheriff the ball taking effect in his right lung, making probably a fatal wound. The sheriff's posse then began firing and after a hot fight the four thieves were arrested and taken to the Kingwood jail, where they will be held until court convenes.

Needing, a tonic, or children who want building up, should take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 556 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," subtitle "County Treasurer," 1, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, THE 4TH DAY OF MAY, 1895,

at the hour of 2.30 p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. One of said Garrett county, containing twenty-five acres, being part of a tract of land called "Bank Territory," and being the same land that was conveyed to Nancy McCroble by John P. Hubbard and wife by deed dated May 6, 1882, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 6, folio 608, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to Nancy McCroble on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

SCHOOL BOARD MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., April 17, 1895.

The Board of School Commissioners will meet in their office in the new public school building in Oakland, on

Wednesday, the 1st Day of May,

1895, for the purpose of appointing a Board of Trustees for the various schools of Garrett county, and to transact any other business that may require their attention at that time.

By order of the Board.

WM. HINEBAUGH, Sec'y.

Spring is Here!

Everything Fresh, and at The Very Lowest Prices. Fresh Vegetables and Fruits a Specialty, at

MALETTE'S

Cheap Cash Grocery.

THE OTHER ONE.

Sweet little maid with winsome eyes
That laugh all day through the tangled hair,
Gazing with baby looks so wise
Over the arm of the oaken chair,
Dearer than you is none to me,
Dearer than you there can be none
Since in your laughing face I see
Eyes that tell of another one.

Here where the firelight softly glows,
Sheltered and safe and snug and warm,
What to you is the wind that blows,
Driving the sleet of the winter storm?
Round your head the ruddy light
Glints on the gold from your tresses spun,
But deep is the drifting snow to-night
Over the head of the other one.

Hold me close as you sagely stand,
Watching the dying embers shine;
Then shall I feel another hand
That nestled once in this hand of mine;
Poor little hand, so cold and chill,
Shut from the light of stars and sun,
Clasping the withered roses still
That hide the face of the sleeping one.

Laugh, little maid, while laugh you may,
Sorrow comes to us all, I know;
Better perhaps for her to stay
Under the drifting robe of snow.
Sing while you may your baby songs,
Sing till your baby days are done;
But oh, the ache of the heart that longs
Night and day for the other one!
—Harry Thurston Peck, in Bookman.

ROMANCE OF RED BUD.

How Deputy Sheriff Billy Hunt Got His Wife.

T was a bright, sunny afternoon, but the inhabitants of Little Dutch did not waste a thought on the weather. Sunny afternoons are too common a spring feature in southern Kansas to excite even passing comment. Besides, the residents were assembled at the Rose of Kansas for a special and important purpose. The introduction of a meteorological topic would have been so foreign as to be an impertinence, and in consequence loaded with danger.

"As I was a suyin' when interrupted by the gentleman a representin' of the double-O-bar' brand, Little Dutch has got to pull itself together if it expects to retain its standing among the municipalities of the once bleedin' Kansas," said the speaker. "It's goin' to be a funny thing in current history if these spike bucks from Winfield, or Arkansas City, or any other town, is a-goin' to come down yere with a whoop an' a yell an' run off our hosses an' we do nothin but stick our noses in the mud an' let on we liked it. If we want to, gentlemen, we can raise stock for the whole southern tier of counties. Jest let the notion go abroad once that all us folks settled at Little Dutch for was to raise hosses for other folks to steal, an' you can string all your money on the proposition that they will be dead willin' to let us do it."

"What for is all this war medicine beiu' made?" inquired Bill Siddons, foreman of the "double-O-bar" outfit, who had entered the gathering while Burt Francis, a prominent and public-spirited citizen of Little Dutch, was giving his views.

"It's like this, Bill," explained Col. Tom North, who from years of sitting behind the deal box had acquired the repose of manner and gravity necessary to a presiding officer; "it's like this: Some unmitigating an' felonious cuss has run off two broncbos, the same thea an' there bein' the property of John Stanhope Wells, more familiar known as 'English Jack——'"

"An' the marauding hoss thief didn't even have the decency to pull the stakes," interjected Mr. Wells who, notwithstanding his name, "English Jack," was a native of Oregon county, Missouri. "He cut the lariats, the hasty-minded villain, an' spiled two as good ropes as ever you saw."

"An' the boys got together to discuss ways an' means," pursued Col. Tom North, having suspended his explanation to give Mr. Wells an opportunity to air his complaint, "the majority as law abidin' citizens, strivin' to promote

"IT'S LIKE THIS, BILL."

the material interests of Little Dutch an' as a sort of a much-needed rebuke to hoss thiefs appears to be in favor of hangin' the critter. Bill Hunt, the under sheriff of Cowley county, has the inhuman monster close herded at his house over at Red Bud, an' the general sense of this meetin' seems to be that we rides over this arternoon an' hangs the cuss for the benefit of his morals."

"I'm agin hangin' him as bein' too drastic," said Mr. Wells. "As the owner of them two cayuses which was stoled, I'm willin' to say that the crime carried its own punishment. Though," he added as an afterthought, "he shouldn't ort to have cut them lariats. This feller that run off the critters is not what you all might call a red-handed desperado, neither. I see him projectin' around yere the day before he run off the bronchos, an' he's a slim, spindlin' critter, with a complexion like a drug store clerk. I 'lowed mebbe he's been readin' books an' started out to be a bad man jist for the fun they is in it. He didn't p'int out like no hoss thief, neither. Bill Hunt finds him as late as six o'clock this mornin' a sleepin'. He goes into camp an' builds a fire all as comfortable un' the same as if he was in a fust-class hotel, instead of ridin' for the nation, the way professional hoss thiefs does."

"That ain't the p'int, none whatever," said Burt Francis. "I'm nachally a humane man myself. I argued agin' the stranglin' of the nigger over at Wellington, un' I don't take stock much in haagin' a white man. It's a poor use to make of even a hoss thief. But it's the principle of the thing, an' the howlin' necessity of elevatin' Little Dutch to the position among border towns she is entitled to hold. This corporation received a distinct setback an' has carried a bad black eye ev'ry sence Jim Marshall gits away with the jack pot on a two-ace flush. It was not so much the hand—that would surprise anyone, but it was the lettin' of him go around alive a tellin' folks what marks we all is. Little Dutch has got to win back her reputation if we hangs ev'ry hoss thief 'twixt here an' the Canadian."

This seemed to accord with the general notion. Civil pride is a vast moving power. Mr. Thurston, who presided over the bar, set out the bottle, and the sixteen men who comprehended the greater part of Little Dutch's able male population accepted Mr. Siddon's invitation to irrigate before starting out on their eight-mile ride to Red Bud.

As Tom Thurston locked up the Rose of Kansas and prepared to mount his horse he inquired:

"Suppose Billy don't give up the hoss thief. He's jist been made under sheriff an' he may not think it's law."

"He'll give him up all right," replied the optimistic Francis. "I never yit hear of a law agin' hangin' a hoss thief."

"But you don't know Bill Hunt," said Thurston, swinging into his saddle.

"I'd be more than glad to help you out, gents," said Under Sheriff Hunt, "but you see the boy surrenders to me, an' I'm some sort responsible to the state of Kansas for his well bein'. Wait until I lands him in Winfield. No doubt Scott, which is my superior in office, will turn the boy over to you all. He's just the man to let a band of Little Dutch folks come an' tend to his business for him. He's got a reputation for that, and you'll find him dead easy."

"The hoss thief isn't at Winfield, Billy," said Francis; "he's yere, an' they ain't no need ot you all gittin' gay an' sarcastic neither. We is a band of

"LET 'EM COME IN, BILL."

plain, law-abidin' citizens a doin' of our duty to our corporation. So be decent, Billy, and turn out the boy. We don't want to proceed to any extreme measures, Billy, or take any steps which you might subsequently regret, but we've come for the hoss thief sure." A restive horse pitched against another and two Winchesters rattled. It was a nerve-straining minute or two.

"If you-all git him it'll be through smoke," replied Under Sheriff Hunt, "an' I'm figurin' there won't be many fools left to attend the fun'rals which is likely to prevail as a fashion around yere for the next few days."

"Let 'em come in, Bill, why don't you?" broke in a silvery voice on the war talk. "Let 'em come in. I didn't 'low to hold a reception, gentlemen," continued the bright-faced, vivacious young woman looking out from the doorway over Hunt's shoulder. "I didn't 'low when I came over from Joplin way to visit Cousin Billy that I'd hold a reception the very first day."

If Hunt was surprised he never betrayed his astonishment, nor did he wink an eye when his joyous young relative proceeded: "I turned that pore little boy loose a half hour ago, Cousin Bill, when I fust see these visitors a-comin'. The boy said some of 'em might feel constrained in his presence, as they was a matter of a couple of hosses outstandin' between him an' them, an' they might feel as if they orter settle with him."

Every hat in the party came off when the young woman first appeared. Said Col. Tom North, as he resettled his sombrero:

"I don't aim to be critical, Bill, but it looks like you all had better give your young wimmen relatives a hint or two on your duties as to the safe keepin' of hoss thiefs. Us Little Dutch people would never have let him git away, Billy," and the delegation rode home.

It was between deals a few months later that Burt Francis remarked to Tom North, who was putting the cards back in the box: "I hear Bill Hunt has married that cousin of his'n we met up with that time we rides over to lynch the boy that stole 'English Jack's' hosses."

"Yes," said North, setting the deal box before him, "I hears of it. I've seen the girl two or three times. Do you know, Burt, she favors that hoss thief mightily. I saw the kid a-loafin' around yere the day before he runs off the bronchos, and he looks enough like that girl to be her twin. An', Burt, I rides 'round Billy Hunt's house that day an' they wa'n't nary moccasin nor hoof track leadin' from it. An' that dress the young woman had on was Bill's sister's, which she was up in Winfield visitin' when we was thar. I recognized it at once. An' I'm keepin' up quite a lot of thinkin', Burt. Eight lose, queen win: place yer bets, genta."
—W. E. Lewis, in Chicago Herald.

PLEA FOR NERVOUS WOMEN.

Amber Says There Are Heroes and Then There Are Others.

There are more heroes than those who die on battlefields; more martyrs than those the world's memory embalms; more saints than those whose names are told on rosaries. What courage does the soldier need who marches into battle with the song of bugles and a nation's cheers to overflow his excited brain with a delirious daring compared to that required of a feeble woman to put to rout the legion cares that daily besiege her way; to control sudden temper, the offspring of shattered nerves, and to hold herself steadfast and sweet through days that are like armed men in their onslaught upon peace. There is an exalted enthusiasm that carries the martyr to his doom, but in the prosaic lot of many women what enthusiasm can clothe the barren life with anything worthy the crown and the palm that lie beyond the martyr's suffering? The saintly lives that cast the whiteness of their bloom in secluded cloisters, apart from the world's allurements, folded from its temptations as lambs are folded from the preying wolf and the bitter storm, leave fair and lovely records, it is true, of tender ministrations and sweet self-abnegation; of prayers as pure as snow that falls on mountain peaks, or stars that wing their way above them; but why should it be otherwise? Should not lilies spring in sheltered gardens and roses clamber over the trellis that loving hands prepare? But when you find the lily blooming on the dusty highway and the rose budding above the homely hut of poverty, then take notice of its beauty, for angels might honor it and God Himself consent to wear it next His heart.

When I see healthy men and women condemning the nervous weakness of some poor woman made querulous by battles hotter than Gettysburg or Waterloo, I fancy I see a lot of blacksmith hammers sitting in judgment upon the vibratory instincts of a watch spring. Care and trouble that would pass over your heads as the winds pass over mountain pines, only bending the topmost boughs a little, while the roots take hold in the strength of the hills, would sweep the delicate mechanism of other natures into chaos.

What does your flesh-and-blood Hebe know of nerves? Her blood is elixir, her sinews are strung cords, and all her goings out and comings in are attuned to the motion of buoyant life. She is a splendid physical development, a master mechanism that runs as smoothly as a feather drawn through oil. Of course she carries electric cheer wherever she goes. She is never out of sorts—why should she be? A harp kept always in tune gives forth no discords. She is never despondent, cast down, lost in the shadows—why should she be? An eagle in the face of the sun is far above all shadows, out of range of hunters with their cowardly ambush and deadly aim. For her to be bonny and blithe and sweet forever is delightful to be sure, yet of no especial credit, to either her heart or her disposition. But take the woman who has hosts of babies and a shattered vitality, who was made a frail and delicate creature at the first, and by chance and circumstance has been gradually reduced until her body is little more than an astral vase that holds the flower of life, and let her be sunshiny and cheerful one-fourth of her time, and the other three-fourths querulous and tearful, and as blue as indigo, I tell you that poor little miserable one-fourth redeems the whole, and makes her life a surprise, I think, to the angels who keep watch over and know her baffling limitations. She shall pass through life with no song of deliverance, no need of glory, such as conquerors know; she shall be found fault with and despised by souls that cannot understand her any more than they understand why the mimosa shrinks at a breath, or the harp responds to the touch of the troubadour wind. She shall lie down in death at last as upon a couch of perfect peace, meekly wondering, perhaps, or timidly questioning the welcome her spent and weary soul shall receive from the Master. Her shattered body shall be laid away with tears and soon forgotten, but oh! I love to think of the surprise that awaits the dear heart there! She shall find that every prayer for strength, every yearning for enduring grace, every heart-throb and tear has been remembered by the heart of Infinite love. She shall find the music, and the brightness, and the peace earth failed to bestow, garnered there like golden sheaves in an autumn of plenty. She shall at last be understood and enter into the sympathy of that great company who, like her, have come up through tribulation unto the perfect peace, the unclouded joy of Heaven. "For He knoweth," "He remembereth." "He careth for us."—Amber, in Chicago Times-Herald.

WATERCRESS INTERLUDE.

Experience of an American Traveler Upon a German Railway.

"We fellows over here," said a New Yorker, "are given to growling if a train don't make the schedule time to a minute, or if there's a moment's delay at any point along the line, but a little travel on some of the European continent lines would, I think, make us a little more reconciled to our own conditions. I know it has had that chastening effect on me.

"On my last trip to Germany I had to run down from Hanover to Cassel, and after we had been jogging along at a sedate pace of three minutes to the mile for a couple of hours or so, we came to a stop. I looked out of the window and saw that we were in the midst of a very pretty country scene, meadows and gardens, but with nothing in the shape of a village to be seen except some scattered farmhouses. So I concluded that either it was a wayside station for some district, or else that an accident had happened. The only other passenger in the coach, a Lutheran clergyman I put him up to be, knew of no stopping place there, so I lowered the door sash to hunt up the conductor or guard.

"As I poked my head out I saw a man that I took to be the fireman or engineer coming across the meadows with a big bundle done up in a blue handkerchief, swinging from his hand, while his mate was leaning out of the cab window, smoking a big pipe.

"The conductor was sitting beside the track examining a belated wild flower through his gold-rimmed spectacles, the escape steam was gently whistling through the valve, a few passengers had their heads poked out of the other carriage windows like mine, all apparently watching the approach of the man with the blue handkerchief with a sort of good-natured family interest.

"Altogether it was a very pretty, restful, pastoral picture. I hesitated for a minute to break in upon it, but when I looked at my watch and found we had been standing there for more than a quarter of an hour I yelled to the professor-like guard and asked him what was the matter.

"He arose and came smiling pleasantly to the carriage window.

"'What's the matter?' I repeated. 'Is there an accident?' He smiled still more pleasantly.

"'Oh, no, Mein Herr,' he said, 'only there is a famous quality of die bachkresse, of watercress, in the brook at the bottom of that field over there, and the good Wilhelm Schwartz, the engineer, generally makes it a point to get a bunch of it for his Sunday salad when he comes along here on the Saturday afternoon train.'

"By the time the guard had finished his delightful little story the engineer had reached the engine. Then the guard climbed into his coupe, there was a shrill toot of the whistle, and we were jogging along again."—N. Y. Sun.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

The Mother's Conception of Her Duty Was Clear and Her Purpose Firm.

Miss Stella Delaney was lost in thought. This is a warning against venturing into unfamiliar territory. To do Stella justice, it must be said that she seldom wandered in thoughtful fields. But the present was an extraordinary occasion.

Mr. Archibald Vandermillion had asked her to become Mrs. Archibald Vandermillion, and he must have meant it, for he committed his proposal to writing and availed himself of the postal facilities in transmitting it. Mr. Vandermillion was not by nature a courageous man. He had not the nerve to propose verbally. That is why he sent a letter.

Like the dutiful daughter that she was, Stella Delaney laid the letter in her mamma's lap and asked the maternal advice. Mrs. Delaney read it carefully and then said:

"I don't think Archibald Vandermillion would suit you at all for a husband."

"Why, mamma?"

"Well, in the first place, he is old enough to be your father."

"But, mamma, girls often marry elderly men, especially if they don't show their age particularly."

"But that is precisely what Mr. Archibald Vandermillion does. He shows every day of his age. Then again, he has led a very wild life for at least thirty years. Think of that. He was sowing wild oats fully ten years before you were born. An inexperienced girl like you could do nothing whatever in managing a man like that. He has had his own way all his life, without the least restraint from a judicious wife, and it is very strange that he should think of giving up his bachelor freedom."

"But, mamma—"

"Hear me out, Stella, love. Not for all his vast wealth, nor for the elegant establishment he could give you, would I commit my delicate daughter of nineteen years to the care of such a man as Archibald Vandermillion. I should be an unnatural mother even to think of such a sacrifice for a moment. The sort of a wife he needs is one who can curb his unbridled inclinations and habits, and transform him into a useful member of society. For these reasons, Stella dear, I have resolved to marry him myself."

With the virtue of self-sacrifice upon her noble features, Mrs. Delaney swept out of the room, leaving her daughter lost in deep thought, as before remarked.—Harper's Bazar.

The Spring Poet's Difficulties.

The poet sang a song of spring of zephyrs sweet and vernal, of groves that ring and brooks that sing and melodies eternal. He sang of grasses growing lush, of groves by birds invaded—then through two feet of flowing slush across the street he waded.

He sang of deep, umbrageous grots and odoriferous zephyrs, of shady spots and flower-plots and sweet and lowing heifers. He sang of flower-burdened breeze and sweet mellifluous glory, and then went out and froze his knees—but that's another story.

The poet sang a song of spring and ode of rhythmic dizziness, of groves that ring and birds that sing and all that kind of business. He sang of showers and brooks and flowers, this wrapt poetic wizard, then roamed around for thirteen hours lost in a snowy blizzard.

He sang of dalsied upland slopes and woods of glorious greenery, and trotted out all kinds of tropes to decorate his scenery. He sang how swallows fly and dip, told how the groves were ringing — and then went out and caught the grip and discontinued singing.—N. Y. World.

Threatened to Let Him Go.

It is well known that certain vagabonds desire nothing better, especially when the cold weather comes on, than to be arrested and locked up, in order that they may be taken care of for awhile. One of this fraternity succeeded in getting himself arrested for vagrancy, and on the way to the lock-up he was so much overjoyed by the prospect of not having to sleep in the open air that he behaved somewhat boisterously.

"Keep quiet!" threatened the policeman; "if you don't, I'll let you go!"—N. Y. Advertiser.

CONTAGIOUS.

MAMMY—Do you hear what der physician says? You've got de chicken-pox. Hain't I done tole yer dat sompfin dreabful gwine ter happin 'less you kept away fum dat hen-coop?—Harper's Bazar.

A Convincing Proof.

An old man went into a life insurance office and asked to be insured. The company asked his age. His reply was ninety-four.

"Why, my good man, we cannot insure you," said the company.

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Why you are ninety-four years old."

"What of that?" the old man cried. "Look at the statistics, and they will tell you that fewer men die at ninety-four than at any other age."—London Spare Moments.

Uncertain.

Now doth the presidential bee,
Buzz forth his hopeful sonnet,
But flit with sad inconstancy
From bonnet unto bonnet.
—Washington Star.

THEY NEVER WORK.

Copper—Well, if that ain't a disgrace to the profession.—Chicago Times.

Did the Best She Could.

Mother—What is that you are drawing?

Little Daughter—That's a picture of Adam and Eve, an' the apple tree, an' the serpent.

"But you have given Eve a hoop-skirt, and dressed Adam in knee-breeches."

"Well, they was the oldest fashions I could think of."—Good News.

A Case of Emergency.

"This here court's adjourned," cried the rural justice.

"But, your honor," remarked the lawyer, "my client is ready for trial, and—"

"Hang your client! Didn't I tell you there's a man outside waitin' to swap hosses with me? Clear the court!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Emotional.

"Jabworth is most ridiculously sentimental. When that fellow at the minstrels sung 'My Sweetheart of Long Ago' the other night Jabworth actually shed tears."

"Yes. His breach-of-promise suit comes to trial next week."—Indianapolis Journal.

PRACTICAL INVENTION.

The sleeves of ladies' dresses growing constantly larger has inspired Prof. Snedison to invent pneumatic sleeves which can be filled with air every time the dress is worn.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Over the Samovar.

Old Friend—Did you bring over any extra luggage with you this time from Paris?

Countess St. Germaine (nee de Billions)—Oh, no; nothing except the count. —N. Y. World.

That Is So.

Miss Oldacre (who has still got skittish ways)—Isn't it sad, captain, when a woman perceives that she's grown older?

The Captain—Yes; but it's more sad when she doesn't perceive it.—Judy.

Ephemaral.

The tall creature's red nose might have been the result of tight lacing, but that is another story.

"After all," she was musing, "if we win a name it lasts but a day."

Glorious red hair fell in a golden flood over the shoulders which the short, stout vision shrugged, but that is likewise an extraneous narrative.

"Yes," the latter rejoined. "There seems to be no such thing as permanency about marriage."

The orinulu clock ticked loudly and then stopped with a whirring noise.—Detroit Tribune.

A Logical Inabriate.

"Are you drunk?"

"You bet."

"Then move off from here."

"Are you drunk?" queried the inebriate.

"No, I am sober," was the indignant response.

"Then you can move off from here a blamed sight easier than I can."—Texas Siftings.

The Cause of the Trouble.

Upon three maidens Cupid once his choicest arrows tried,
But every heart of marble seemed to thrust his darts aside.
"Your lovers all are poor," they said, "and so our hearts are cold,
So run away and make your future shafts of solid gold.
You're far behind the times, we think, and most uncommon stupid—
The god of love we need must be a fin de siecle Cupid!"
—Truth.

The Last Straw.

Mrs. Knickerbock-Van Avnoo — Do you mean to say that all is lost?

Mr. Knickerbock-Van Avnoo—Every dollar. Nothing can be saved. We must give up this fine house.

"No matter. We will have less care."

"We must give up our horses."

"I can walk."

"And our servants."

"I will do the work myself."

"And—our hyphen."

Then she fainted.—N. Y. Weekly.

A THOUGHTFUL QUESTION.

Ethel (after deep thought)—Mamma, are babies green before they're boiled, the same as lobsters?—Brooklyn Life.

Naturally.

Mills—I don't see any harm in a cigarette, do you?

Stranger—No, indeed; in fact, I advocate them very strongly.

Mills—Really; you surprise me. Are you a physician?

Stranger—No; I'm an undertaker.—N. Y. World.

Better Than a Mastiff.

Boy (with minute canine)—Pop gave my big sister this dog to keep the men away.

Playmate—Wot's the good o' that little bit of a mite?

Boy—When the men see sister kissing it, they go away.—Good News.

Small Distinction.

Lawyer—Then I understand you to swear, witness, that the parties came to high words?

Witness—No, sir; wot I say is, the words were particularly low.—Tit-Bits.

The Superiority of Woman.

Ada—Men are so slow! It took him nearly two hours to propose to me last night.

Helen—And how long did it take you to accept him, dear?

Ada—Just two seconds!—Puck.

Not Like Home at All.

"Is your new boarding-place home-like?"

"Great Scott! no; the meals are very good and on time always."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

LEARNING TO SEW.

MY GRANDMAMMA says that the Right way to sow Is to put little stitches Along in a row. That sounds very easy, I almost know That some spectacles and things would Help me to sew.

I try very hard now, but Isn't it slow? The stitches won't half of them Stay in a row. I'm sure as can be that the People don't know What very hard work 'tis to Learn how to sew.

I'll do like my grandma; I'll Sing soft and low— Put my foot on a stool—make My rocking chair go— And put on her spectacles—then Stitch, stitch, oh, ho! I fink I've found out how to Learn how to sew.

—N. Y. World.

A MISCHIEVOUS CROW.

He Likes to Have the Boys Throw Snowballs at Him.

Strangely enough, there was nothing of which he stood so much in fear as crows themselves. Often they would come perilously near and "caw" at him. Helter-skelter he would fly to the house, and his relief was plainly manifested when he was safe inside the kitchen. Their wild life evidently had no charm for him. He was in terror of large snakes, too, but small ones he gobbled up as fast as he could. It was a most effectual way of preventing them from frightening him when they grew bigger.

No attention was given to his education, but at last we discovered that he could repeat a word or phrase of a conversation he had just heard. He could laugh like a human being, and imitate the cackling of a hen. "Stop!" "Hello!" "Hold on!" were favorite expressions of his, and generally his use of them was intelligent. He liked to perch on top of the barn and shout out "Stop!" at the farmers who went by in their wagons. If they reined in their horses, thinking it was some person who had called them, the success of his little joke would cause Jim to burst into immoderate laughter.

He actually enjoyed being snowballed. He would stand upon an old tree stump, and look saucily at the boys, as much as to say: "Come, now, here's a good shot! Why don't you hit me?" But Jim was always too quick for them. No boy ever could hit him. He would dodge like lightning, laughing hoarsely as the ball flew harmlessly past or broke in pieces on the other side of the stump. Then up he would hop again, with another challenge, ready for the next snowball.

He was not afraid of a gun. He would stand close by while one was being loaded, and it could be fired off a number of times without having any perceptible effect on him. But he was keenly alive to its danger, and the very moment the muzzle was pointed at him

HE ACTUALLY ENJOYED BEING SNOWBALLED.

he lost no time in getting out of the way.

Jim was a very mischievous crow indeed. When Grace, the baby, was learning to walk, he would seize her slyly by the dress, and cause her to fall. He would peck at the toes of the barefooted children who came for water, and laugh heartily as he drove them dismayed from the yard. Sometimes he would steal unnoticed down into the cellar. The blows he would give with his beak had the force of a small hammer, so that it was a very easy matter for him to turn the spigot of a barrel. One was pretty apt to discover after such a visit that all the vinegar had run out on the floor.—Malcolm Douglas, in St. Nicholas.

This Horse Is for Sale.

There is a horse owned by a farmer near Albany, N. Y., which has a great fondness for getting hold of a garment and tearing it to pieces in the same manner that a young dog would; that is, by placing his forefeet on the article and then catching hold with his teeth and tearing away until the cloth is in shreds. The other day the owner came home with a fine new beaver overcoat, which he took off and laid on the seat of his wagon. Then he unhitched the horse and sent him into the stable. Instead of going, the horse sprang at the wagon, snatched the overcoat and ran away with it. The distressed owner armed himself with a whip and recovered the coat, but not until a sleeve had been ripped out and a big hole torn in the back. That horse is for sale.

Unfair Competition.

Customer—Fifty cents for filling this prescription? Why, at the drug store down the street they charged me only a quarter.

Druggist—That's all it's worth at that store, ma'am. They put about four cents' worth of drugs in the bottle and then fill it up with water. I put in the same drugs and fill the bottle with the finest aqua pura. Thanks. Anything else?—Chicago Tribune.

PRETTY RING TRICK.

This Article and the Pictures Tell You How to Perform It.

Procure a piece of moderately stout, smooth string, about a yard long. Tie the ends together by a secure knot. Take a ring, and ask some one to help you. Pass the string through the ring and loop each end over your assistant's thumbs, whose hands must be held in the position of Fig. 1; but your string and ring will not yet appear as there shown. You then announce it is your intention to remove the ring from the string without removing either of the loops from your assistant's thumbs. (In parenthesis it may be said that R. H. and L. H. apply to the assistant's right and left hands, and P. R. H. to performer's right hand, i. e., yourself. It has not been necessary to show the performer's left hand).

Observe that the knot where the ends of the string are tied rests against your assistant's right thumb, and that

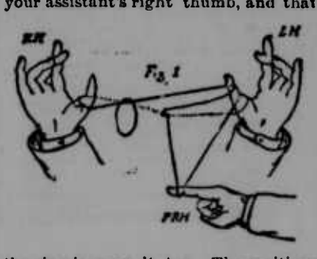

the ring is near it too. The positions of the knot and ring are shown at R. H., Fig. 1.

Place the forefinger of the right hand on the *top* piece of string, about midway between your assistant's hands. Take the bottom string between the forefinger and thumb of the left hand, midway between your forefinger, which rests on the top string and your assistant's right thumb. To describe the movement which ensues is difficult, and you must endeavor to follow closely. Pull the top string towards you with your right-hand forefinger; at the same time pass the bottom string upward and over toward your assistant's left thumb, upon which you must loop it, and the relative positions of ring, string and hands will be as shown at Fig. 1.

On no account must you remove your right-hand forefinger from the loop it

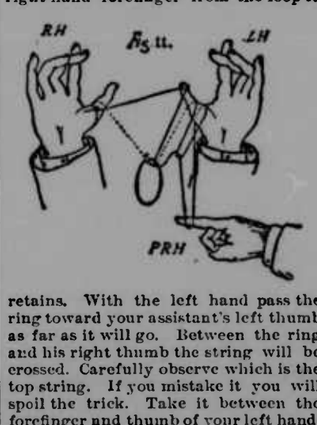

retains. With the left hand pass the ring toward your assistant's left thumb as far as it will go. Between the ring and his right thumb the string will be crossed. Carefully observe which is the top string. If you mistake it you will spoil the trick. Take it between the forefinger and thumb of your left hand, and loop it on your assistant's left thumb. Fig. 2 fully illustrates the relative positions. It will be observed that the string, by looping, has drawn your assistant's hands close together. Then tell the assistant to close his thumbs and forefingers, "that there may be no deception," and also to press his hands gently apart. Release the loop held by your right-hand forefinger, and give the ring a smart pull with your left hand, and the ring is released from the string.—Philadelphia Press.

A TRICK WITH FIRE.

How a Clever Boy Can Do Some Mystifying Conjuring.

Did you ever see a conjurer hold up a bit of white paper, touch a match to it, and have a tiny flame start in the center of the paper and wind around until it had drawn the outlines of an animal or spelled somebody's name, and then die out, leaving the lines burned in the paper as though they had been cut out? It probably seemed very wonderful to you, but it is easily done.

Take some saltpeter and dissolve in water until the water will take up no more. Then with a wooden point, such as the sharpened end of a match, use this solution as ink and write your name or draw a pattern on paper. Any paper will do, but unsized paper will not show the mark when the liquid dries, which it will very soon do.

How are you to know where to start from? Make a pencil mark at the spot. When you are ready apply to the mark a tiny coal or glowing stick that is not actually aflame. You will see the burning spread until it has run all along the line you made, and it will mystify as well as amuse everybody who watches it.

After you have learned to do it successfully you can prepare a lot of papers with queer patterns and funny animals and have them tacked up on little frames, and perhaps give a little "show" all your own.—Milwaukee Journal.

Dog Kept Tab on the Clock.

One of the best stories about the intelligence of dogs which has been told for some time was reported a few days ago by an officer of the Pennsylvania Railroad company. He said that one of the men in the passenger department had a dog that could tell the time of day. The owner of the dog had a fine clock in his office, and he got into the habit of making the dog tap with his paw at each stroke of the clock. After awhile the dog did so without being told, and as the clock gave a little cluck just before striking, the dog would get into position, pick up his ears and tap out the time. If the clock had struck one and a little while afterward his owner imitated the preliminary cluck of the clock the dog would give two taps with his paw and so on for any hour. He knew just how the hours ran and how many taps to give for each one.—N. Y. Tribune.

FARM AND GARDEN.

STRAWBERRY PLANTING.

A Method Which Is Reasonably Sure to Bring Good Results.

In planting strawberries there is a right way, and there are a number of wrong ways. What we are after in ordinary culture is to induce a reasonable number of plants to make an early start, in other words, to have them in good growing condition before our usual midsummer drought, so they will give us a nice matted row. We find that the earlier we plant after the land is in readiness to receive the plants, the more surely do we reach the coveted result. Usually we can get better plants in the early part of the season than will be obtainable later. Atmospheric and soil conditions also are more favorable then. The plants start promptly, and soon fill the rows with strong runners.

The right way of planting always presupposes the use of good strong plants. Some of our nurserymen are not careful enough in the sorting of the plants they ship, and only too often have we received strawberry plants that were utterly unfit for planting. If

Careless. Too High. Just Right.

SETTING STRAWBERRY PLANTS.

one can procure plants from a near neighbor, dug up from a young bed that has not yet fruited, no better chance need be looked for. But we want to get these plants when they have just begun to make a new growth in the spring, and we are bound to set them as soon as they are dug. If it is unavoidable to keep them for a few days, on account of unsuitable weather or unprepared soil, the plants should all be heeled in, *every plant by itself*, not left in bunches together. If kept in bunches, the roots will surely mold and die.

The right way also includes planting at proper depth, and with roots well spread. One of the latest Cornell bulletins explained this with an illustrations (here reproduced in smaller size).

At the left we see a sample of careless planting. The roots are "just stuck" in the ground in a bunch together, and in cramped quarters. The plant shown in the center is evidently set too high and will suffer, while the plant at the right is set as it ought to be set, the crown just even with the soil surface, and the roots well spread —American Gardening.

METHODS OF VINES.

How Climbers May Be Best Trained in the Garden.

Climbing vines have many different methods of attaching themselves to their support. Some encircle a branch of the post by twining their main bodies around the support. A hop vine is a familiar illustration of this. More delicate ones cannot twist around their stakes, but have to have string or similar material to cling to. The ordinary morning glory is an illustration of this class; but there are some which simply climb by twisting the leaf stalk around the support. This is especially true of different kinds of clematises, yet it is not unusual in some gardens to see stocks as thick as walking canes put for the clematis to run up on; but, as it is unable to do this, they have to be tied to this pole by twine, while the leaves go on twisting themselves in order to find something to cling to, and as a consequence the vital powers of the plant are exhausted. In many cases the clematis, especially the variety known as Jackmanni, will die completely and suddenly from the attack of a minute fungus; but it is more likely that this occurs oftener in cases as described—for want of proper means of support. Thread or twine for the leaves to twist around, or even a little brushwood, such as we would give to a crop of peas, is much more likely to produce healthy and vigorous clematises than when they are deprived of all means of using their leaf stalks as tendrils.—Meehan's Monthly.

HORTICULTURAL HINTS.

"How DO you get rid of artichokes?" asks a subscriber. Sheep will kill them. So will planting the field to a cultivated crop.

THERE is money in sweet corn. If it cannot be sold at a profit in the ear, can it. Organize a cooperative canning factory and grow sweet corn.

WATER cress may be cultivated in any good swamp that has fresh water running through it. The swamp should be cleared and ditches cut through it. The cress is planted at the bottom of the ditches.

WATER is absolutely necessary in fruit growing. Hence the popularity of the irrigated fruit districts. But it is often possible to apply water artificially and profitably in the east. The subject is worth attention by every fruit grower.—Farmers' Voice.

Keeping Fruit Trees Dormant.

The uses of "cold storage" in keeping meats, fruit and vegetables in an unchanged condition are well known but the modification of this process called "cool storage," as applied to trees, etc., is more novel. It is such an arrangement of packing-house and cellar that all extremes of temperature are avoided and a medium preserved in which nursery trees will remain dormant for any length of time. A western nursery firm last fall had trees in its packing houses which had been there twelve months and were in perfect condition. Apparently they could be kept through the winter in the same conditions and be ready to grow when planted out. We do not know that the length of time trees could be thus kept has ever been tested.—Country Gentleman.

Royal Baking Powder

Highest of all in leavening strength —Latest U. S. Government Food Report.

Absolutely Pure

Attuned.

"I am afraid," said the languishing sentimentalist, "that your being is not attuned to welcome sweet spring once more."

"Yes, it is," replied the practical man. "I took fifteen grains of quinine this morning."—Washington Star.

This Means Business.

On the principal lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway passenger trains are electric lighted, steam heated and protected by block signals. With these modern appliances, railway traveling at high speeds has reached a degree of safety heretofore unknown and not attainable on roads where they are not in use. Electric lights and steam heat make it possible to dispense with the oil lamp and the car stove. Block signals have reduced the chances for collisions to the minimum by maintaining an absolute interval of space between trains.

"I'M sorry, Mr. Timpsny," said the leader of the brass band to the bass drummer, "but we shall have to dispense with your services." "Why?" "Why? You ask me why? A man who has grown so fat that he can no longer hit the middle of the drum asks me why!"—N. Y. Journal.

Short Journeys on a Long Road

Is the characteristic title of a profusely illustrated book containing over one hundred pages of charmingly written descriptions of summer resorts in the country north and west of Chicago. The reading matter is new, the illustrations are new, and the information therein will be new to almost everyone.

A copy of "Short Journeys on a Long Road" will be sent free to anyone who will enclose ten cents (to pay postage) to GEO. H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill.

"PAPA gave me two pennies to put in the plate in church." "Do you know who those pennies were for?" "Course I do; for the organ man. I heard the music."—Judge.

Like a Machine,

Which kept in order runs smoothly and regularly, so the bowels keep up their action if measures are taken to keep them in good working order. This infers, of course, that they are out of order. The surest recourse then is to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a laxative mild but effective, which is also a remedy for dyspepsia, malaria, rheumatism, nervousness and kidney trouble.

THE man who rides a hobby will not believe that the world is big.—Ram's Horn.

WHAT is there besides luck that amounts to anything in cards! A good deal.—Texas Siftings.

A WOMAN never uses her husband's meerschaum pipe for a hammer more than once. —N. Y. Journal.

WHEN the heart gives, the gift is always great.—Ram's Horn.

SOME people never think about religion until they come in sight of a graveyard.—Ram's Horn.

WOMAN does all she can to render herself irresistible and then orders man to keep his distance.—Galveston News.

SIGN in front of clothing store in Texas town: "Owing to the low price of cotton, all-wool suits marked down to $7.98."—Life.

THE sweetest songs of faith are sung in the dark.—Ram's Horn.

THERE is as much greatness of mind in acknowledging a good turn, as in doing it.—Seneca.

YOU SHOULD help the world along and not expect the world to stop and help you along. —Galveston News.

WIGGS (meditatively)—"Er—I wonder if an army cannon ever obtains an honorable discharge." Wiggs—"Nop; just gets fired." —Buffalo Courier.

IT never makes the day any brighter to find fault with the sun.—Ram's Horn.

IDLENESS is the stupidity of the body, and stupidity is the idleness of the mind.—Seume.

"DE man dat comes roun' makin' de mos' noiso," said Uncle Eben, "doan' ginerally hab 'nuf time lef' foh ter make anyt'ing else."—Washington Star.

SHE—"It will be a pleasure for me to share your troubles and anxieties." He—"But I haven't any." She—"Oh, you will have when we are married."—Texas Siftings.

SHERIFF WILKINS FREED.

Years of Slavery and How He Escaped—Health Is Improving—Has Gained Fifteen Pounds in Weight—Talks About His Deliverer Daily.

URBANA, Ohio, April 16, 1895.—(Special).—This town is in quite a boil of excitement since the facts about the improved physical condition of many of our leading citizens became known. Anderson & Cramer, the big wholesale and retail druggists, were called on and frankly admitted that they were the first to start the good work, as Mr. Anderson termed it. "Yes, we introduced No-To-Bac into this town about three years ago. The demand at the start was very light, the folks had no faith in it, but we sold to a few people, and to our great astonishment every one reported a cure. Since that time we have sold hundreds of boxes, and every one under a guarantee to cure or refund the money, and strange as it may seem, we have never had a call to refund money. This is indeed a great record of merit, and it is because of this merit that the big sale has resulted. As every cure brings in at least twenty-five customers, we know that No-To-Bac can be relied upon in every respect, and No-To-Bac not only relieves the nervous irritation and makes the use of tobacco entirely unnecessary, but at the same time builds up and fortifies the general physical condition. I just saw two of our prominent merchants pass down the opposite side of the street; they were cured by No-To-Bac a year ago, and they have not used tobacco since and have been greatly improved in health. We have a great many customers, men who are well advanced in years, who have been cured of the tobacco habit by the use of No-To-Bac, and who continue taking it right along for its tonic effects. As a natural invigorator and stimulant we believe there is no preparation in America to equal it."

"You know R. P. Wilkins, our sheriff, don't you?"

"Yes, of course I do."

"Well, you want to interview him."

Mr. Wilkins was called upon, and said: "Yes, November 4th, last I bought my first box of No-To-Bac from Anderson & Cramer. I had little faith, and to my great surprise, after using part of the third box, I was completely cured and did not have the least desire for tobacco. I had been a perfect slave to tobacco for over twenty-five years; I smoked from twelve to fifteen cigars a day; to-day I feel better, I sleep better, think better, and I have gained fifteen pounds in weight, and there is not a day passes that I do not recommend No-To-Bac to many of the tobacco users who I know are destroying their lives and vitality by the use of the weed."

Further investigation revealed the fact that there are 500 people living in this town and the surrounding country who have been cured by No-To-Bac. If the cures go on at this rate it will not be very long before the tobacco industry is going to be seriously affected. The sale of No-To-Bac has been phenomenal.

The public should be warned, however, against the purchase of any of the many imitations on the market, as the success of No-To-Bac has brought forth a host of counterfeiters and imitators. The genuine No-To-Bac is sold under a guarantee to cure by all druggists, and every tablet has the word No-To-Bac plainly stamped thereon, and in the purchase of the genuine article you run no physical or financial risk.

IT is as easy to call back a stone thrown from the hand as to call back the word that is spoken.—Menander.

PISO'S CURE cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. CANY, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1894.

The Door of Life.

The fear of pain and the dangers of parturition fill many a woman's breast with dismay. There is no reason why childbirth should be fraught with danger and distress. It is a natural function, and should be performed in a natural way without undue suffering. Nature never intended that women should be tortured in this way.

Taken during gestation Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription robs childbirth of its dangers to both mother and child, by preparing the system for delivery, thereby shortening labor, lessening pain and abbreviating the period of confinement.

For twenty years folks all over the world have cured rheumatism, neuralgia, and all other pains and aches by using St. Jacobs Oil. There must be something in it, for you couldn't fool all the people for so many years.

EIGHT PAPER DOLLS
. . . FOR ONE WRAPPER OF . . .
ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI
Send us two two-cent stamps for postage. These dolls have changeable heads. No two dolls dressed alike.
ADAMS & SONS CO., Sand Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y., Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

HAVE YOU FIVE OR MORE COWS

If so a "Baby" Cream Separator will earn its cost for you every year. Why continue an inferior system another year at so great a loss? Dairying is now the only profitable feature of Agriculture. Properly conducted it always pays well, and must pay you. You need a SEPARATOR, and you need the BEST,—the "Baby." All styles and capacities. Prices, $75, upward. Send for new 1895 Catalogue.

THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO.,
GENERAL OFFICES:
72 CORTLANDT ST., NEW YORK.

THE POT INSULTED THE KETTLE BECAUSE THE COOK HAD NOT USED

SAPOLIO

GOOD COOKING DEMANDS CLEANLINESS. SAPOLIO SHOULD BE USED IN EVERY KITCHEN.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

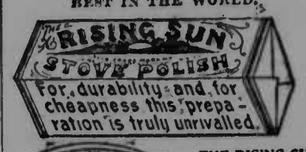

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH in cakes for general blacking of a stove.

THE SUN PASTE POLISH for a quick after-dinner shine, applied and polished with a cloth.

Morse Bros., Props., Canton, Mass., U. S. A.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4. $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMEN'S. EXTRA FINE.
$2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES.
$3. $2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the
W. L. Douglas $3 & $4 Shoes
All our shoes are equally satisfactory.
They give the best value for the money.
They equal custom shoes in style and fit.
Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed.
The prices are uniform,—stamped on sole.
From $1 to $3 saved over other makes.
If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, etc., when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Go by the book. Pills 10c and 25c a box. Book FREE at your druggist's or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal Street, New York.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.

DRESSMAKERS
FIND THE
LATEST PARIS FASHIONS
—IN—
L'Art de La Mode.
8 Colored Plates,
Designed by Our Special Corps of PARISIAN ARTISTS.

Order it of your Newsdealer or send 35 cents for latest number to
THE MORSE-BROUGHTON CO.,
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MENTION THIS PAPER.

EAT FRIENDS OATS

ALWAYS THE BEST
Made Exclusively from
Superior KILN DRIED Selected
IOWA WHITE OATS
SOLD ONLY in 2 lb. pkgs.

Does Your Husband Shave
An easy shave makes a generous man —Buy him a cake of Yankee Soap—If they don't sell it in your town send us 15 cents for a cake—and you double your chance of getting more dress money.
The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

LINENE REVERSIBLE

Raphael, Angelo, Rubens, Tasso

The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and, being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind.
They fit well, wear well and look well. A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.
A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address
REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY,
77 Franklin St., New York. 27 Kilby St., Boston.

LEWIS' 98 % LYE
POWDERED AND PERFUMED.
(PATENTED)
The *strongest* and *purest* Lye made. Unlike other Lye, it being a fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. Will make the *best* perfumed Hard Soap in 20 minutes *without boiling*. It is the best for cleansing waste pipes, disinfecting sinks, closets, washing bottles, paints, trees, etc. PENNA. SALT M'F'G CO.
Gen. Agents, PHILA., Pa.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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Remittances made by money order, postal note, registered letter or bank draft will be at our risk, if made otherwise, at the risk of the sender. Address,

THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1895.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first insertion* of the same:

Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $3; County Commissioner, $2.50; Register of Wills, $2.50; County Surveyor, $1.50.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention. Let the old soldiers have a chance.

W. M. LOHR.

Cove, Md., March 11, 1895.

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

GEORGE J. WALTER,
District No. 1. P. O., Thayerville, Md.

Good Roads.

At this time of the year we can appreciate good roads fully, and it is to be regretted that we forget how inconvenient bad roads are as soon as the roads that are bad get good in the spring. Good roads cost a tidy sum to make but when they are made the people benefitted would not return to the barbarous mud roads of former years for any consideration. The costliest item of expense to the farmers of this country is the loss they sustain from impassable roads. There has been much agitation on the subject and it is having its effect but until something is done to improve the condition of the roads of the county its prosperity will suffer to an enormous extent. Land in a county where the roads are good is worth twice as much as in a mud road county and the farmers of the country could not pay taxes for any purpose that would make greater direct returns. Good roads are necessary to a perfect civilization, and that means that we shall have them some time in the not distant future.

What Is Democracy?

The burning question in Maryland just at this time is, what is Democracy? Those who accept the Chicago platform of 1892 as the fullest definition of Democratic faith have no difficulty in deciding the question. With them "Protection is a fraud," and the McKinley bill the "culminating atrocity of class legislation," they endorsed the movement to modify its most oppressive feature in the "direction of free raw materials and *cheaper manufactured goods*," they demanded, and secured the repeal of the McKinley act, and promised that it would prove one of the beneficent results that was to follow the action of the people in entrusting the Democratic party with power.

The class of people who hold these views have no hesitancy in asserting their claims to recognition as the representatives of true Democracy. No doubt upon the subject troubles their consciences. They are opposed to tariff protection in any form. This is what they understand by Democracy, and with them he who wavers is a traitor, he who doubts is damned.

But unfortunately this element of the Democratic party in this State is without influence in its councils, and without authority to speak for it to the people. Numerically they may be largely in the majority, but that will avail nothing so long as the regularly constituted authorities, the officials duly charged with the direction of the party affairs refuse to recognize the binding force of political pledges, and laugh to scorn the sanctity of platform premises. The party managers want office. They want places for their friends and followers. They are not troubled about the Chicago platform, and the convention that is soon to meet under their auspices will give the Democracy the alternative of accepting their political views, and retaining them and their adherents in full possession of all the offices in the State, or turning the commonwealth over to the control of the Republican party.

This is the condition which confronts the Democratic party in this State to-day. It must accept the old crowd. It must endorse the conduct of those who have repudiated its pledges; scoffed at its profession and betrayed its teachings, or route them horse, foot and dragoons by combining with the Republicans in November next.—Cumberland News.

The American Liar.

A commonplace every-day liar soon becomes known and looses all power to inflict harm either upon society or the individual. But we have recently drawn attention to a species of liar so high-toned, so self-poised, so princely in his large mindedness, his big hearted disinterestedness, his plausible insistence that a thing is which is not, that we instinctively recognize his capacity for evil and our right and duty at all times to lay his falsehoods bare. Such a liar is our distinguished contemporary, the *New York Herald*.

There is scarcely an issue of that paper but contains misrepresentation of some kind on the subject of Protection, and frequently a cunning twist of ideas and manipulation of words, apparently intended to mislead the very people whose vital interest in this question entitles them to have the facts set clearly before them. In a recent issue we find this, for instance:

Though we in the United States have recently lowered our Protective Tariff somewhat, it is still inordinately high and presses with most unequal and disastrous effect upon agriculturists, who can sell their cotton for only 5 cents and their wheat for only 50 cents, while they must pay prices enormously and disproportionately higher for their clothing and other articles of consumption all for the protection and enrichment of a few manufacturers, monopolists and trusts.

Here is an attempt to make farmers believe that a further reduction of the Tariff will advance the price of things that they produce and make lower the prices of things that they have to buy. The bearing of lower import duties on the prices of two commodities cited by the *Herald*, cotton and wheat, has really acted most disastrously upon farmers. Disastrously upon cotton farmers, because they have shared with labor the reduced basis of prices necessary to enable the manufacturer to meet the prices of European goods in our home market. Disastrously upon wheat farmers, because of the tremendous shrinkage in the domestic consumption which has been cut down through the prostration of industry generally, an incident of Tariff reform on Free-Trade lines.

How will the *Herald* advance the price of cotton to the farmer by reducing the price of cotton goods? Wheat, under the present Tariff rate, is being imported into the country and sold along with our wheat at the same price. How does the *Herald* propose to advance the price of wheat and at the same time lower the cost of the foreign producer for entering our market? Will not our wheat under such an arrangement have to fall to the price of the foreign article?

Why does not the *Herald* tell the wheat and cotton farmers of the country the truth about their clothing, and show them how much more they are losing on their crops than they are saving on their clothes under the operation of a Free Trade-Tariff? This does not suit the purpose of the *Herald*. For some reason it wants a still greater reduction of duties, and it is bending every faculty at every sacrifice of veracity and of moral dignity to secure its end. We advise every man in the country, who lives by honest industry, to discredit the sophistry of this intensely false representative of the Free-Trade interests in America.

The Wool Market.

From Bradstreets.

Trade shows considerable falling off compared with a week ago, the market being quiet, particularly for domestic wools. Fleece wools are quiet and in light supply, XX and above Ohio moving in a moderate way at 16½a 17c for good parcels, while fine Ohio delaines sell at 18a 19c. Medium fleeces are easier, owing to near approach of new clip. For ¼ and ⅜ blood unwashed combings about 16a 17c. is the market, the latter being for choice lots. Clothing ¼ and ⅜ bloods sell about 1c below combings. Territory wools are in moderate supply and dull. The lots left are not up to the best grade in quality, and sales average at lower prices in consequence. Choice strong staple wrap wools would probably sell up to 30 a 32 secured for fine medium and fine, but bulk of the wool selling ranges at about 27 a 30c. for medium to fine. Australian wools are firm and selling well at full prices. The London sale closed firm, with about 23,000 bales purchased for America. Next London sale begins April 30th.

Grantsville.

Farmers busy plowing, sowing oats, etc.

A large amount of maple sugar was delivered to West Salisbury, Pa., on Friday and Saturday of last week, from this county, for Milton Beachy, of Meyersdale, Pa., at five and one-half cents a pound.

Sheriff Wegman was in town several days last week. Charlie is very popular here, the place where the greater part of his early life was passed.

Howard Smouse accidentally struck his knee with a blacksmith hammer, effecting injuries causing lameness.

Miss Bepler, of Meyersdale, Pa., is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Noah Broadwater, of this city.

Miss Lilly Kurtz expects to open her millinery establishment for the season this week.

Mrs. Casper Schramm died last Wednesday, at the age of 59 years and 11 days. Funeral services were conducted in the Amish Mennonite church, north of town, by J. S. Miller, J. J. Miller and D. H. Bender, on Friday. The remains were interred in the cemetery adjoining the church. Deceased was a member of the Amish Mennonite congregation. She had been ill in mind and body for about ten years. The husband and four sons survive her. We hope she is in rest beyond.

[FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.]

Farmers are busy sowing oats since the close of the sugar making season.

Messrs. Edward and Harry Gnagey have returned to our town. Glad to have you with us, boys.

On Sabbath evening, April 14th, the old bell that swings in the tower of the M. E. church, tolled out the announcement of the service declaring the resurrection of our once crucified Savior. The auditorium was filled nearly to its utmost capacity. The declamations rendered by the scholars of the school could not have been improved upon by anyone, and the music rendered by the choir was most excellent.

Sabbath evening, April 21st, the Epworth League was called to order by Mr. Chas. Beachy. Lesson read from Job 2:11-13. Topic of lesson, "Job's Three Friends." Miss Ella Beachy sang a solo, which was beautifully rendered. I have attended these meetings a few times and must confess I am agreeably surprised at the prosperity of the young people, members and friends of the League.

Mr. J. S. Broadwater, of the firm of Broadwater & Sommerville, was in Pittsburgh last week buying a new stock of spring goods.

AN OUTSIDER.

Swanton.

Weather warm and mud disappearing.

Oats sowing is the order of the day.

We noticed Mr. Naylor, of Oakland, on our streets one day last week.

Miss Emma Murphy is home after an extended visit to West Virginia.

There was an Easter ball held in West's hall on last Friday night. The hall was nicely decorated with evergreens. Refreshments were served in the hall. Music was furnished by the DeWitt string band.

FOR DYSPEPSIA,
Indigestion, and Stomach disorders, take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
All dealers keep it, $1 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

ANNUAL LEVY, 1895.

Annual Levy for Garrett County, Maryland, levied on the 13th day of April, 1895, by the Board of County Commissioners for Garrett County, Maryland.

ROAD LEVY.

District No. 1.—Swanton	$ 650 00
" " 2.—Selbysport	1,175 00
" " 3.—Grantsville	650 00
" " 4.—Bloomington	550 00
" " 5.—Accident	850 00
" " 6.—Sang Run	650 00
" " 7.—Oakland	1,100 00
" " 8.—Ryans Glade	950 00
" " 9.—Johnsons	300 00
" " 10.—Deer Park	500 00
" " 11.—Elbow	500 00
" " 12.—Hittinger	550 00
National Road	600 00
Total	$9,025 00

CORPORATIONS.

Mayor and Council of Oakland	$300 00
" " Deer Park	50 00
Commissioners of Grantsville	60 00
Mountain Lake Park Assembly	200 00
Total	$610 00

PUBLIC SCHOOL BONDS.

For redemption of bonds	$1,000 00
Interest on bonds	420 00
Total	$1,420 00

CLERK CIRCUIT COURT.

E. Z. Tower	$1,531 40

COURT FUND.

Estimate to pay court expenses July, September and December terms, 1895, and March term, 1896	$3,967 00
Deficiency in levy of 1894	150 00
Total	$4,117 00

ORPHANS' COURT.

Estimate to pay Judges from April, 1895 to April, 1896	$475 00
James W. White, Register	96 00
Total	$571 00

SHERIFF'S OFFICE

Chas Wegman, Sheriff, use M Nathan	$ 300 00
Same, use C. H. Friend	250 00
Same, balance	1,374 80
W. M. Coddington, warden from June 20 to Dec. 17, 1894, use G. S. Hamill	108 00
Same, balance	56 00
Walter G. Myers, warden from Dec. 17, 1894, to April 9, 1895	114 00
Same, boarding prisoners same time	297 60
Total	$2,560 40

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

To the School Commissioners for support of Public Schools	$10,000 00

PUBLIC PRINTING AND PUBLISHING.

Benj H. Sincell, use C B Friend, publishing	$ 350 00
Same, balance, use Geo. VanSickle	50 00
Same, use Garrett Co. Bank, printing	250 00
Same, balance, use Geo VanSickle	150 00
J M Litzinger, publishing	400 00
Total	$1,200 00

REGISTRATION OFFICERS.

H O Hamill, Dist. No. 1, use G S Hamill	$80 75
R E Friend, No. 2, use C H Friend	82 00
Isaiah Fuller, No 3, use J S Broadwater	82 00
John Collins, No 4, use Garrett Co Bank	83 00
John L. Richter, No 5	81 25
N C Browning, No 6, use D E Offutt	82 50
J A Hughes, No 7, use Garrett Co Bank	82 50
Henry A Shaffer, No 8	80 00
Samuel Johnson, No 9	82 00
Sebastian Hinebaugh, No 10, use Garrett County Bank	82 50
Noah S Garlitz, No 11	81 00
J Buckle, No 12, use Garrett Co Bank	81 50
Total	$981 49

MAGISTRATES FEES.

Peter Nathan	$ 7 15
E. A. Garlitz	1 50
Franklin Welch	4 00
Jerry Browning	4 80
M. M. Fazenbaker	5 80
W. D. Hoye	21 85
E. F. Droege	11 00
James A. Delawder	4 55
A. H. Gonder	148 75
Total	$212 40

ELECTION EXPENSES.

District No. 1.

Isaac W. Lonsdale, return judge	$ 6 96
Henry Paugh, judge	4 00
John L. Fitzwater, judge	7 28
J. L. McRobie, ballot clerk	2 00
Chas. T. Sweet, ballot clerk	2 00
Peter J. Lohr, election clerk	4 00
George W. Moon, election clerk	4 00
Chas. T. West, house rent	5 00

District No. 2.

William Frederick, Jr., return judge	7 70
James Guard, judge	4 00
John T. Garey, judge	4 00
S. K. Frazee, ballot clerk	2 00
Austin Brown ballot clerk	2 00
Norval Speelman, election clerk	4 00
John W. Frazee, election clerk	4 00
Lucian Dunham, house rent	5 00

District No. 3.

Gliend C. Broadwater, return judge	8 40
Lewis Warnick, judge	4 00
Chas. H. Durst, judge	8 40
J. Clarence Getty, ballot clerk	2 00
Thos. Chaney, ballot clerk	2 00
Philip P. McAndrews, election clerk	4 00
Jonas S. Hershberger, election clerk	4 00
Catharine Figge, house rent	5 00

District No. 4.

George T. Michael, return judge	8 68
Andrew J. Warnick, judge	4 00
Geo. L. Michaels, judge	8 00
Elijah Kemp, ballot clerk	2 00
Lawrence Garvey, ballot clerk	2 00
Cam. Michael, election clerk	4 00
C. C. Moody, election clerk	4 00
Thos. Garvey, house rent	5 00

District No. 5.

Adam Garlinger, return judge	7 60
Valentine Kahl, judge	4 00
Joseph A. Beeghley, judge	4 00
S. K. Schlossmagle, ballot clerk	2 00
William M. Lohr, ballot clerk	2 00
Philip Miller, election clerk	4 00
Asa Friend, election clerk	4 00
G. F. Englehart, house rent	5 00

District No. 6.

Thos. J. Ralston, return judge	6 88
Joseph B. Meese, judge	4 00
Mahlon Glotfelty, judge	7 20
Jerome Dewitt, ballot clerk	2 00
David W. Fraker, ballot clerk	2 00
Hanson H. Lewis, election clerk	4 00
William Callis, election clerk	4 00
Brison Welch, house rent	5 00

District No. 7.

Thomas J. Browning, return judge	6 48
Norman Barnard, judge	4 00
George D. White, judge	6 00
Peter A. Chisholm, ballot clerk	2 00
Charles A. Tower, ballot clerk	2 00
Fred. Gortner, election clerk	4 00
George H. Fuhrer, election clerk	4 00

District No. 8.

Benjamin F. Shaffer, return judge	6 48
Peter F. Nine, judge	6 64
Israel O. Thompson, judge	4 00
James W. Mason, ballot clerk	2 00
James W. White, ballot clerk	2 00
George D. Lee, election clerk	4 00
W. McCulloh Brown, election clerk	4 00
Davis W. Murphy, house rent	5 00

District No. 9.

Patrick Hoye, return judge	10 01
Godfrey Rosenberger, judge	4 00
Henry Blocher, judge	10 00
Andrew J. Moore, ballot clerk	2 00
Daniel B. Layman, ballot clerk	2 00
Moses H. McKenzie, election clerk	4 00
Bradford Blocher, election clerk	4 00
Johnson Bros., house rent	5 00

District No. 10.

E. G. Miller, return judge	6 48
Jacob Roderick, judge	4 00
Isaac Allen Paugh, judge	6 30

John Speicher, ballot clerk	2 00
Samuel P. Speicht, ballot clerk	2 00
Charles M. Wilson, election clerk	4 00
William Chadderton, election clerk	4 00
Mrs. J. W. Chidester, house rent	5 00

District No. 11.

David Warnick, return judge	9 20
Hiram H. Robinson, judge	4 00
David W. Merrill, judge	9 20
Peter F. Michael, ballot clerk	2 00
Benjamin F. Snyder, ballot clerk	2 00
Stephen F. Broadwater, election clerk	4 00
Frank Green, election clerk	4 00
Joseph Warnick, house rent	5 00

District No. 12.

George R. Lininger, return judge	7 52
Stephen C. Miller, judge	4 00
Thomas B. Wiley, judge	7 41
Amos H. Reckner, ballot clerk	2 00
Henry Bittinger, ballot clerk	2 00
Perry Bowser, election clerk	4 00
Manassas Shreck, election clerk	4 00
Henry Bittinger, house rent	5 00
Total	$423 30

BRIDGE ACCOUNT.

Eugene Teats, building new bridge	$ 14 90
Isaac L. Thompson, completing bridge	38 50
John W. Frantz, repairing bridge	10 78
Henry Myers, repairing bridge	7 38
Samuel Hershberger, removing old bridge	3 00
Christian Klotz, repairing bridge	5 66
Rudolph Heckman, repairing bridge	51 49
Lincoln Sines, filling abutments of river bridge, use C. H. Friend	25 00
Henry Fredlock, lumber for bridge use D. E. Offutt	13 13
C. W. Friend, flooring for Friendsville bridge, subject to order	37 77
Ezra Wolfe, building bridge over Muddy creek	15 00
Kimmel and George Frazee, building new bridge over Buffalo run, subject to order	118 50
James Frazee, building bridge subject to order	22 00
Joseph Spiker, building bridge subject to order	20 00
W. F. Myers, flooring bridge	8 00
A. S. Sell, lumber for bridge, subject to order	31 62
Norman Wilhelm, bridge subject to order	127 00
John E. McKenzie, repairing bridge	7 75
James W. Skiles, repairing bridge	3 50
Geo. O. Miller & Co., lumber for bridge	14 00
Estimate to build bridges	1,000 00
Total	$1,575 01

TAXES PAID IN ERROR.

Garrett County Bank	$ 41 60
Empire Coal Company	41 51
B. H. Lohr	1 37
G. W. Magruder	1 65
Mrs. John A. Lohr	6 32
Daniel D. Brenneman	9 70
Samuel J. Miller	51 60
Total	$135 25

SPECIAL ROAD APPROPRIATIONS.

James Frazee	$ 20 00
William Frederick	30 00
L. H. Johnson	20 00
E. K. Goldsborough, use Garrett Co. Bank	67 90
Hiram S. Coleman	5 20
Chauncey Kimmell, new road, use Garrett County Bank	96 72
A. H. Klug	50 00
Goothart Doerr	6 00
J. L. Rumbarger Lumber Co.	20 00
Joel J. Brenneman	6 58
A. S. Sell	7 68
Henry Jordon	11 00
Theodore Beckman	9 73
David Pone	5 40
Lawrence Zwall	2 01
A. J. Willison	7 10
P. M. Stemple, subject to order	50 00
Road No 125, $150; road No. 120, $160; subject to order	310 00
Road No. 110, $50; road No. 125, $500; subject to order	550 00
Lincoln Sines, road from Cranesville road to Sang Run road, subject to order	25 00
Chauncey Kimmel, Jordun road, new road and road intersecting new road	15 00
Road No. 120, subject to order	50 00
Total	$1,368 32

OUTSIDE PENSIONERS.

John Gibson, use Geo. W. Legge, support himself	$ 5 00
Lewis Kahl, use J. E Gnagey, sup of H Sepner	21 00
Caroline Gant, use Geo W Legge, sup Ann Rhodes child	10 00
S L Townshend & Son, sup of Mrs Kisner	5 00
S L Townshend & Son, sup of Mrs Claysmire	12 00
Caroline Gant, use Margaret Porter, sup Ann Rhodes child	5 00
Charles Thompson, sup Upton Bruce, use Garrett Co Bank	53 00
Geo A Bittinger sup of Mary Durst subject to order	30 00
Lewis Kahl sup B Sepner use Hamill & Little	25 00
Lewis Kuhl sup B Sepner subject to order	30 00
Thomas Marlin sup Mrs Claysmire	36 00
Simon S Fike sup John Gibson	52 00
Richard Gant sup Charles Sewell use F Felty & Bro	4 00
Charles Thompson sup Upton Bruce subject to order	50 00
Caroline Frazee sup Ruth Klug subject to order	75 00
Salathiel Savage coffin for Joe Friend's child	3 00
E Kitzmiller sup E Davis	20 00
Samuel Meese sup Henry Meese subject to order	50 00
Peter Bittinger sup Mrs Newman subject to order	52 00
Getty and Keller sup Wm Bittinger	25 00
W C Jones sup Woods child	25 00
W C Jones sup G Woods	10 00
Estimate to pay paupers	285 00
Total	$895 00

CONSTABLES' FEES.

F C Browning use F A Thayer	$ 32 80
Baker Johnson	51 43
D A Stephens use D E Offutt & Son	17 80
D A Stephens use F Felty & Bro	18 10
D A Stephens balance	20 45
W P Lee	21 92
Total	$180 70

WITNESSES' FEE BILLS BEFORE MAGISTRATES.

D E Offutt & Son 11 @ 33	$ 3 63
S L Townshend & Son 4 @ 33	1 32
D F Granam 11 @ 33	1 62
Geo W Legge	33
W C Jones	33
C M Wilson	33
C E Blakeary	33
Hamill & Little	33
Clark DeBerry 3 @ 33	99
Peter F Michael 2 @ 33	66
G M Mason 2 @ 33	66
Estimate to pay	30 00
Total	$49 53

MISCELLANEOUS.

H C Red watching dead body at Gorman use C B Friend	$ 1 00
Joseph W Copley work on jail use C B Friend	29 04
G S Hamill money advanced bringing Baily to Oakland	8 70
Sincell Bros bedding for jail use C B Friend	26 00
Geo W Wilson, estate of, order from Doyle Burton	5 63
James A Walker, use C H Friend, cleaning closets	5 00
U M Stanton, in settlement with county use school board	56 21
D E Offutt & Son, lumber, etc	26 20
E I West, boarding jury one day March term, 1895	26 00
A D Naylor material and work at jail	49 30
C M King, summoning witnesses	6 00
O Hart & Son, coal for court house	26 98
Elias J Miller, coffin for pauper	5 00
S B Stemple, wood and hauling	4 50
P H Rodeheaver, wood for jail	3 00
John Sines, wood for court house	5 00
H W McComas, physician to jail	100 00
H W McComas, county health officer	100 00
J M Davis & Son, paint, oil, etc	18 99
D L Conneway, coal for court house and jail	155 15
S L Townshend & Son, goods for county and jail	115 01
A Hinebaugh, kindling wood	9 00
John T. Mitchell, supervisor of election	50 00
Walter Warnick, supervisor of election	50 00
Bruce Lichty, supervisor of election	50 00
The Garrett County Bank in settlement with J. W. Averett	175 00
Charles Holden, work on platform, etc.	15 25
Oakland Pharmacy, medicine for jail and paupers	38 65
G J Lee, quarantine	18 00
A G Sturgiss, stationery and medicine	151 15
J M Jarboe, building new kitchen at jail	152 90
J M Litzinger, furnishing balmts for election 1891	190 25
James A Walker, cleaning closets subject to order	45 00
R S Jameson, drilling well deeper at jail	79 00
Total	$1,803 63

ALMS HOUSE AND ASYLUM.

Estimate to pay same	$2,300 00

NEW ROADS.

Road Case No. 126:

John Harned, examiner and surveyor 2½ days	$ 18 00
E W Kelso, examiner, 2 days	4 00
D N Murphy, examiner, 2 days	4 00
Samuel Steyer, chainman, 2 days	3 00
Chas Steyer, chainman, 2 days	3 00
J C Riley, axeman, use J Harned	1 50
J White, axeman	1 50

Damages to land owners:

Samuel Steyer	1 00
Henry Thompson	1 00
M S Harvey	1 00
T K Harvey	50
J C Riley	50
William Harvey	1 00
Capt J White	1 00
George and John Steyer	1 00

Road Case No. 128:

S L Townshand, examiner, 2 days	4 00
Wm White, examiner, 2 days	4 00
John Harned, examiner and surveyor and plat	12 00
Ralph Browning	1 25
John S Browning	1 25
Abel Browning	1 25

Damages to land owners:

John L Browning	1 00
Clark Dellerry	65 00

Road Case No. 129:

W H H Friend, surveyor and examiner	16 25
Garrett V Dixon, examiner, 3 days	6 00
Emanuel Custer	2 00
Henry Brown, chainman, 3 days	4 50
John Liston, chainman, 3 days	4 50
Milton Pmhel, axeman, use W H H Friend, 1 day	1 50
Clarence Guard, use W H H Friend	1 50

Road Case No. 130:

Samuel Johnson, examiner and surveyor	10 00
Jacob Gnagey, examiner, 1 day	2 00
Same, chainman, 1 day	1 00
Ralph Engle, chainman, 1 day	1 00
Same, examiner, 1 day	2 00
Phineas Boucher, flagman, 1 day	1 50
Total	$185 50

ATTORNEYS' FEES.

G S Hamill, State's Attorney for Garrett county, 142 recognizances, 24 misdemeanors, @ $3 33⅓	$ 553 00
Same, 46 felonies, @ $10	460 00
Same, trial fees allowed by court	510 00
Same, services rendered registration officers	50 00
E H Sincell, 1 misdemeanor	3 33
Same, 10 felonies, @ $10, use Geo VanSickle	100 00
Peddicord & Peddicord, 7 misdemeanors	23 33
Same, 10 felonies	100 00
J C Peddicord and E H Sincell, 1 misdemeanor	3 33
R T Semmes, 3 misdemeanors	10 00
R T Semmes and T J Peddicord, 1 felony	10 00
Total	$1,802 99

COMMISSIONERS' OFFICE.

Estimate to pay County Commissioners from April, 1895, to April, 1896	$1,000 00
J S Meyers, clerk	450 00
W M Coddington, janitor	200 00
E H Sincell, attorney, use C B Friend	150 00
Total	$1,800 00

CORONERS INQUESTS.

Peter Nathan, coroner	$ 5 00
Baker Johnson, constable, serving 14 summons	2 10
H L Bevans, M D., allowed by jury	5 00
Bruce Lichty, M D., allowed by jury	5 00
J E Getty, juror	50
S H Ryland, juror	50
Samuel J Beachy, juror	50
Casper Schramm, juror	50
G C Keller, juror	50
Leonard Kurtz, juror	50
Charles Younkin, juror	50
J C Shaw, juror	50
Mathias Bowser, juror	50
Marshall Beachy, juror	50
Jonas E Gnagey, juror	50
James H Bevans, juror	50
James Bowser, witness	33
Charles Beachy, witness	33
William Smith, witness	33
George A Bittinger, sr.	33
Mrs George A Bittinger, sr, witness	33
John Burkholder, witness	33
Total	$25 08

FOX AND CAT CERTIFICATES.

Wm H Jacobs	1 fox,	$ 1 00
James H Wilson	6 foxes,	6 00
Alfred Reckord	1 " "	1 00
W Ryland	8 " "	8 00
Charles H Jenkins	1 " "	1 00
Stephen Browning	1 " "	1 00
C E Hilleary	3 " "	3 00
John Murphy	1 cat	2 00
I N Shilllugburg	1 " 1 "	3 00
Speicher & Nethken	7 " "	7 00
Floyd Wilson	1 " "	1 00
W H Bernard	1 " "	1 00
D C Scolders	3 " 1 "	7 00
Hayden & Eckles	1 " "	1 00
John W Biggs	2 " 1 "	4 00
H S Custer	1 " "	1 00
P T Garthright	2 " "	2 00
Henry Felty	1 " "	1 00
Ira E Friend	1 " "	1 00
Patrick S Fazenbaker	2 " "	2 00
Isaac T Frazee	2 " "	2 00
Simon Welmer	1 " "	1 00
C B Friend	4 " "	6 00
Herbert W Browning	1 " "	1 00
D M Dixon	2 " "	2 00
L E Friend	1 " "	1 00
G F Cuppet	1 " "	1 00
John T Schlossmagle	7 " "	7 00
Christian Shbach	1 " "	1 00
Joshua Titchenell	5 " "	5 00
Noah Broadwater	13 " "	13 00
Henry Barnard	4 " "	4 00
Floyd Duckworth	2 " "	2 00
Daniel Wilson	2 " "	2 00
F P Strawn	8 " "	8 00
R E Garlitz	4 " 3 "	10 00
Theodore Beckman	2 " "	2 00
Abraham Sines	5 " "	5 00
S S Bittinger	4 " "	4 00
C M Wilson	5 " "	5 00
W C Jones	3 " "	3 00
George W Legge	1 " "	1 00
S M Friend	1 " "	1 00
Harry Thayer	0 " "	0 00
Solomon Sines	3 " 1 "	5 00
J Alvin Friend	2 " 1 "	4 00
D E Offutt & Son	5 " 1 "	7 00
S L Townshend & Son	1 " "	3 00
D F Graham	5 " "	5 00
Presley Paugh	1 " "	1 00
Cuppett Bros	7 " "	7 00
Henry Cretzberg	" 1 "	2 00
C E Ellithorpe	2 " "	2 00
Total		$180 00

TREASURER'S OFFICE.

E E Sellars, Treasurer's commissions on county tax, subject to order	$2,021 04
Same, commissions on State tax	319 52
Same, 128 assessments	64 00
Total	$2,407 56

Contingent Fund	$3,013 71

RECAPITULATION.

Road levy for 1895	$ 9,025 00
Corporations	610 00
Public school bonds	1,420 00
Clerk's office	1,531 40
Court fund	4,117 00
Orphans' court	571 00
Sheriff's office	2,560 40
Public school commissioners	10,000 00
Publishing and printing	1,200 00
Registration	981 49
Magistrates	212 40
Elections	422 30
Bridge account	1,575 01
Special road account	1,368 32
Taxes paid in error	135 25
Pensioners	895 00
Constables	180 70
Miscellaneous	1,803 63
Witness fee bill account	49 53
Alms house and asylum fund	2,300 00
New roads	185 50
Attorney's fees	1,802 99
County commissioners	1,800 00
Coroner's inquest	25 08
Foxes and cats	180 00
Treasurer's office	2,407 56
Contingent fund	3,013 71
Total	$50,087 90

To pay this amount it was ascertained that the taxable property as shown by the assessment books amounts to $4,685,264.00, which at $1.10 on each $100 will make the above amount for county purposes $50,987.90. Deducting $314,631 for corporations paying direct tax to the State treasurer leaves the basis $4,320,633 at 17¾ cents on each $100 makes $7,669.12 and this added makes the taxes for state and county purposes $58,657.02.

J. S. MEYERS,
Clerk in the County Commissioners for Garrett county, Maryland.

Perfect Health.

Keep the system in perfect order by the occasional use of Tutt's Liver Pills. They regulate the bowels and produce

A Vigorous Body.

For sick headache, malaria, biliousness, constipation and kindred diseases, an absolute cure

TUTT'S Liver PILLS

Piles.

Piles is so common that every other person you meet is troubled with it more or less. It seems to be a little thing and usually gets little attention. It may not be serious at first, but it makes a man sick—makes him nervous, cross, irritable—unfit for business. It robs him of sleep, takes his appetite—cuts down his flesh—and yet he is careless about it.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

will cure Piles. It will cure other things, too, but it is particularly good for Piles. It stops the itch and the ache at once. It may take several days to wholly allay the inflammation and reduce the swelling, but it will do it—sure. Has done it in innumerable cases. Never has failed.

Good for Eczema, Ring Worm, Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Dandruff, Pimples, and all Skin Diseases.

50 Cents--Drug Stores.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, MD.

FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head and all Inflammation of the Nasal Passages. 50 Cents.

WANTED

Men and Boys to wear WANAMAKER & BROWN'S all wool and a yard wide clothing. Largest line of samples in the United States.
Call and have your measure taken.
WILLIAM W. SWEET, Agent,
2—tf. Mt. Lake Park, Md.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26*

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

This is to notify the tax-payers of Garrett county that the Annual Levy for 1895 has been made and published, and to call their attention to the following abstract of Section 45, Chapter 556, Acts of 1890, relating to the discount to be allowed and interest to be charged on all tax bills:

"All county taxes shall be due and payable on the first day of September next succeeding the date of the levy thereof; and on all county taxes paid on or before the said 1st day of September a discount of 3 per cent. shall be allowed; and after the 1st day of January all taxes shall bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until paid; the Treasurer shall take the discount from and charge interest on all tax bills for county purposes regularly in the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same upon the receipt given for taxes so paid, but the discount allowed on county taxes by this section shall not be made to any person or corporate institution unless the whole amount of State and county taxes due by such person or corporate institution for the current year be paid when the same is made."

E. E. SOLLARS,
Treasurer of Garrett County.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

Saturday, the 4th Day of May, 1895,

at the hour of 2.15 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer at public sale and sell to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. One, of said Garrett county, containing forty-nine acres and being the same land that was conveyed to Sente F. Broadwater by Joseph R. Anderson by deed dated dec. 5, 1880, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, folio 522 etc., one of the Land Records of said Garrett county.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893, as is charged to S. F. Broadwater on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

Saturday, the 4th Day of May, 1895,

at the hour of 2.00 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. Four, of said Garrett county, containing 154 5 acres, it being a part of the tract of land called "Latent Worth," and being the same land that was conveyed to Martha Barnard by Margaret and John S. Hileman by deed dated April 29th, 1881, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, folio 22 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to the said Martha Barnard on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

LADIES
Needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It is pleasant; cures Malaria, Indigestion Biliousness, Liver Complaints and Neuralgia

EASTER SERVICES

At St. Mark's Evangelical Lutheran Church, Oakland, Md.

The day was delightful, and a large congregation assembled. Fourteen were received into the church—three by letter and eleven by baptism and confirmation; eighty-one communed.

The Easter program was bright, and the different parts were very acceptably rendered, in music and recitation. The floral decorations were simple and neat. The Easter offering for the church debt amounted to $62.00.

We give below in full the sermon by the pastor, Rev. J. W. Butler:

MARK XVI: 3-4.

This is the Lord's day, the Sabbath of the Christian church, commemorating not alone the work of the first and natural creation, "when the stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy," but the "bursting forth from Joseph's tomb of a gem of creation transcending the first," the bringing of life and immortality to light. It is the Sabbath of our transport from everlasting death to endless life. The first day of the week, and the best in our calendar. It is the day in which Christ trampled upon the throne of the arch fiend in immortal triumph; when he robbed death of its sting and dominion, and the grave of its treasure and victory. They had possessed the Son of God—the world's redeemer and the Christian's hope, but were left poor indeed, and empty, when, by the arm of Omnipotence, the bands of death were broken asunder and the prison door was thrown open. Oh, what an Easter day that was when God commanded death and the grave and they yielded up Jesus!

The text presents a picture that has its dark and its bright side. In the suggestion of the question "who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre," is to be found alone the dark side of the picture.

The question is that asked by the Marys among themselves, as, in the early dawn and the soft twilight of the first Lord's Day, in that gorgeous Asiatic spring-time, they were wending their way with costly spices to pay a last tribute of love to the body of their departed Lord. They had followed Him in his journeys, they had watched Him as they lingered about the scenes of his crucifixion and death, and now they would be early at his grave—"Last at the cross and first at the sepulchre." The precious body of the Lord had been hurriedly embalmed by Joseph and Nicodemus, and those faithful women came, if not to give that body a more deliberate and careful embalming, at least to shed the fragrance of their sweet spices about the body and tomb of the Master, as we adorn the graves of our departed loved ones with beautiful flowers that give forth their sweet odors.

Through the impulse of their love, and the eagerness to perform this kindness, they had hastened away in forgetfulness of the stone that lay at the door of the sepulchre. What will their early visit and sweet spices avail? In their momentary suspense they ask one another, "who shall roll us away the stone?" In the midst of this discouragement their devotion would not allow them to turn back from this errand of love.

How truly this incident illustrates Christian life and especially the experiences of the young convert. The heart has been given to Christ and connection made with the church, and the young disciple has started for the heavenly kingdom. With a heart full of fervor and love he says:

"Now I resolve, with all my heart,
With all my power to serve the Lord."

But as he presses on, he is suddenly met by some hindrance, and in his discouragement, he thinks he sees in the path of his future pilgrimage, trials and burdens like great mountains, which will intercept his progress to the heavenly city. Beset with fears, he wonders if he will be able to overcome, and reach the salvation of his soul, and like the Marys he cries, "Who will roll away the stone?" This incident also represents the practical duties in the experience of Christian life. "The duties we owe to our families, the obligations that come upon us in the church—our debt to a perishing world. How shall I take up these crosses and bear them on, following Jesus—these daily crosses—so many and so heavy! You have faltered under them almost ready to despond." Sometimes you have wished to do some special work for God, but something frowned you back. You thought it your duty to speak to some one about his soul, but some peculiar circumstance in the case discouraged you. You have anticipated trials, and feared that when they would come, you would not be able to bear them. You saw a loved one in sickness and apprehended death, and feeling that you could not bear it, you asked, "who shall roll away the stone?" With unutterable sadness you have watched the failing and fading form of a dear mother or a beloved father and the heavy burden weighed upon the heart. You asked, "how can I, how can I see them go away!" And you said, "Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me." As we look into the furrowed faces, and observe the faltering step of some with us to-day, on this blessed Eastertide, we wonder if they will sit with us in these heavenly places, and worship with us here, at the threshold of mercy and love a year hence; yes, we wonder if they will ever again gather with us around the sacramental board, and with sad misgivings we feel a heart-pang and ask "who shall roll away the stone?" Thus we are reminded of the event of death, which sooner or later must come to us all.

We laid away our dear ones in the grave and parted with them there. In our broken-heartedness we asked, "who shall roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" The stone of awful silence and separation? There it lies, cold and hopeless. It has been there since we laid away the first loved one. We go to the green mound and lean against the cold, white marble, and wonder and think, as though we would pierce the darkness that intervenes, and catch some whisper coming back over the silent river; but no voice is heard from the deep slumber of the grave. Eternal silence reighs o'er the bivouac of the dead, and we ask, "who shall roll us away the stone?"

This is peculiarly true of the poor pagan nations. To them and all who have never heard the gospel, the stone has been lying at the door of the sepulchre ever since the world began. It is true in its application to our own departure. The apostle speaks of those who through fear of death were all their lifetime kept in bondage. This is natural. There is often with many Christians a strange lingering, chilly recoil from death. This was so in the experience of Robert Glover, the martyr. A peculiar darkness hovered around, and a strange fear lingered with him as he awaited his martyrdom. He prayed, but no light dawned until he came in sight of the stake at which he was to be burned, and at once the light suddenly broke upon him, and he shouted in praise to God, "He's come! He's come!"

Thank God, there is a bright side to the picture. "When they looked they saw that the stone was rolled away." And so it is; they who press forward with holy zeal in their toil for the Master, will ever find that through a mysterious and faithful Providence, difficulties vanish—the stones are removed. The removal of the stone indicated to these holy women the empty grave of the Lord, and that empty grave proclaimed a risen Savior. This supplies us with the strongest hope and certainty of our own resurrection. The words of the angel to the woman, "He is risen, He is not here," will one day be said concerning us. We expect Him from heaven to raise our bodies, to finish our faith, to perfect our glory and to take us to Himself.

As God commanded the earth and it yielded up Christ, so will He speak concerning our bodies that sleep in the tomb, and every atom of their crumbled dust and constituency will be delivered up, immortalized and glorified. For this desert, where no water is, will He give us a land well watered by the river of life—for this "valley of dry bones," this "Golgotha of the dead," will He give us a land of the living; for our wanderings and pilgrimages, will He give us a settled home in "our Father's house of many mansions." There is coming a general Easter day for us all, when the faithful will be raised to an eternity of bliss, where no sin will wither the bud, nor blight the bloom of life, where, free from sickness and all that distempers, will be no sorrow to mar our joy, no death to dissolve, no storms to disturb or beat on the "glittering strand," forever.

But the Savior said, pointing to His own death, "Except the corn or wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." Let us die to sin in this life, and be prepared for death so that we may be like the burying of the grain in the earth, to spring up into larger and better life.

In the life of Michael Faraday a touching story is given in reference to the resurrection. In his travels on the continent he was particularly impressed by the beauty of the little posts of remembrance, set up to mark the graves of the departed. He saw one that struck him more than all the others. At the head of the grave of some poor person, whose friends were not able to put on an engraved brass plate, and not even a painted board, but had simply written the dates of birth and death on a piece of paper and tacked it to a board and attached it to a stick, and set it at the grave, covered it with a board so as to project at the ends to protect the writing. Upon close examination he saw that nature had contributed her part to that humble memorial. A caterpillar had fastened itself under the protruding piece of board, and had there passed through its death-like state of a chrysalis, and assumed its finished state of a butter-fly, and had winged its flight from the spot, leaving the corpse-like relic behind. So the spirit of that poor loved one, but not too poor for the notice of the Deity, had winged its flight to the mansions of glory; and only the dust of that form rested there, awaiting the resurrection trump to rise and be promoted to a higher life of the soul.

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Surely the stone is rolled away, and a very great stone it was. He who has conquered death hath made all things possible, and hath power over all our enemies. As the stone was rolled away from the door of the sepulchre, so Jesus hath taken away darkness from the tomb, and made it the gateway of life.

And in the beautiful words of Farrar, taken from his "Life of Christ:" "And though after He rose, and his last farewells to the disciples were over, and passing from before their yearning eyes, a cloud received Him out of their sight; and though between us and His visible presence—between us and that glorified Redeemer, who now sitteth at the right hand of God—that cloud still rolls; since the stone is rolled away, the eye of faith can penetrate that cloud; the incense of true prayer can rise above it, and through it the dew of blessings can descend. If He has gone away, through His holy spirit He has given us a nearer sense of His presence, a closer infolding in His arms of tenderness than we could have enjoyed if we could have lived with Him of old in the home at Nazareth, or sailed with Him in the little boat over the crystal waters of Gennesareth. We may be as near Him at all times as the beloved disciple, when he pillowed his head upon his breast. "The word of God is very nigh thee, even in thy mouth and in thy heart." To ears that have been closed, His voice may seem to sound no longer. The calls of avarice and of pleasure may drown the gentle utterance which says unto us, "follow me." After two thousand years of Christianity the incredulous murmurs of impatient skepticism may make it scarcely possible for faith to repeat, without insult, the creed which embraces the doctrine of Christianity. And sadder still than this, we may hear, not alone in our christian America, but in our own community, yea, even in our own homes, if we would tolerate it, the insolence of some blaspheming tongue, which still scoffs at religion and pours contempt upon the Son of God as he lies in the agony of the garden, or breaths his last sigh on the bitter cross.

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The New York Weekly Tribune,

a twenty-page journal, is the leading Republican family paper of the United States. It is a **National Family Paper** and gives all the general news of the United States. It gives the events of foreign lands in a nutshell. Its Agricultural department has no superior in the country. Its Market Reports are recognized authority. Separate departments for "The Family Circle," "Our Young Folks," and "Science and Mechanics." Its "Home and Society" columns command the admiration of wives and daughters. Its general political news, editorials and discussions are comprehensive, brilliant and exhaustive.

A SPECIAL CONTRACT enables us to offer this splendid journal and "THE REPUBLICAN" for

One Year for Only $1.75

CASH IN ADVANCE.

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Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to Geo. W. Best, Room 2, Tribune Building, New York City, and sample copy of The New York Weekly Tribune will be mailed to you.

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C. M RATHBUN & CO.,
PLANING MILLS,
AND DEALERS IN
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—PROPRIETOR OF—
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Pure Drugs,
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PRESCRIPTIONS
Carefully and Accurately Compounded
DAY OR NIGHT.
PRICES REASONABLE.
We invite a liberal share of your patronage.

JOS. E. HARNED, Manager.

Slate Roofing.

Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.

I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.

All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.

I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.

Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.
For prices apply to or address,
C. M. BEACHY,
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THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
D. E. OFFUTT, President.
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S. T. JONES, Cashier.
A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 1	—Daily	2.44 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	7.19 A. M
No. 7	—Accom. daily except Sun	8.38 A. M
No. 5	—Daily except Mon	11.28 A. M
No. 11	—Accommodation daily	6.27 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	9.58 P. M

GOING EAST.

No. 2	—Daily	5.51 A. M
No. 4	—Daily	7.51 A. M
No. 12	—Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 16	—Daily except Monday	4.38 P. M
No. 8	—Accom. daily except Sun	5.17 P. M
No. 6	—Daily	9.25 P. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.
OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,
C. A. SNOW & CO.
OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASH'N.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

And other specialties for Gentlemen, Ladies, Boys and Misses are the
Best in the World.
See descriptive advertisement which appears in this paper.
Take no Substitute.
Insist on having W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES, with name and price stamped on bottom. Sold by D. E. Offutt, Oakland, and Wm. Ryland, Friendsville.

The Horticultural Supply Co.,

Growers of and dealers in fruit and ornamental stock especially adapted to the Allegheny Mountains.
All the worthy old and promising new varieties.
Landscape gardening a specialty.
Address, MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

Perfect Health.

Keep the system in perfect order by the occasional use of Tutt's Liver Pills. They regulate the bowels and produce

A Vigorous Body.

For sick headache, malaria, biliousness, constipation and kindred diseases, an absolute cure

TUTT'S Liver PILLS

Piles.

Piles is so common that every other person you meet is troubled with it more or less. It seems to be a little thing and usually gets little attention. It may not be serious at first, but it makes a man sick—makes him nervous, cross, irritable—unfit for business. It robs him of sleep, takes his appetite—cuts down his flesh—and yet he is careless about it.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

will cure Piles. It will cure other things, too, but it is particularly good for Piles. It stops the itch and the ache at once. It may take several days to wholly allay the inflammation and reduce the swelling, but it will do it—sure. Has done it in innumerable cases. Never has failed.

Good for Eczema, Ring Worm, Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Dandruff, Pimples, and all Skin Diseases.

50 Cents--Drug Stores.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY,
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FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head and all Inflammation of The Nasal Passages. 50 Cents.

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Men and Boys to wear WANAMAKER & BROWN'S all wool and a yard wide clothing. Largest line of samples in the United States.

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Mt. Lake Park, Md.

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NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

This is to notify the tax-payers of Garrett county that the Annual Levy for 1895 has been made and published, and to call their attention to the following abstract of Section 45, Chapter 566, Acts of 1890, relating to the discount to be allowed and interest to be charged on all tax bills:

"All county taxes shall be due and payable on the first day of September next succeeding the date of the levy thereof; and on all county taxes paid on or before the said 1st day of September a discount of 3 per cent. shall be allowed; and after the 1st day of January all taxes shall bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until paid, the Treasurer shall take the discount from and charge interest on all tax bills for county purposes regularly in the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same upon the receipt given for taxes so paid, but the discount allowed on county taxes by this section shall not be made to any person or corporate institution unless the whole amount of State and county taxes due by such person or corporate institution for the current year be paid when the same is made."

E. E. SOLLARS,
Treasurer of Garrett County.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," 1, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

Saturday, the 4th Day of May, 1895,

at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer at public sale and sell to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. One, of said Garrett county, containing forty-nine acres and being the same land that was conveyed to Scott F. Broadwater by Joseph R. Anderson by deed dated dec. 5, 1890, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, folio 522 etc., one of the Land Records of said Garrett county.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893, as is charged to S. F. Broadwater on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

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at the hour of 2.00 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No. Four, of said Garrett county, containing 154 acres, it being a part of the tract of land called "Latent Worth," and being the same land that was conveyed to Martha Barnard by Margaret and John S. Hileman by deed dated April 29th, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, folio 223 &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to the said Martha Barnard on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

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LADIES

Needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

It is pleasant; cures Malaria, Indigestion Biliousness, Liver Complaints and Neuralgi

EASTER SERVICES

At St. Mark's Evangelical Lutheran Church, Oakland, Md.

The day was delightful, and a large congregation assembled. Fourteen were received into the church—three by letter and eleven by baptism and confirmation; eighty-one communed.

The Easter program was bright, and the different parts were very acceptably rendered, in music and recitation. The floral decorations were simple and neat. The Easter offering for the church debt amounted to $62.00.

We give below in full the sermon by the paster, Rev. J. W. Butler:

MARK XVI: 3-4.

This is the Lord's day, the Sabbath of the Christian church, commemorating not alone the work of the first and natural creation, "when the stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy," but the "bursting forth from Joseph's tomb of a gem of creation transcending the first," the bringing of life and immortality to light. It is the Sabbath of our transport from everlasting death to endless life. The first day of the week, and the best in our calendar. It is the day in which Christ trampled upon the throne of the arch fiend in immortal triumph; when he robbed death of its sting and dominion, and the grave of its treasure and victory. They had possessed the Son of God—the world's redeemer and the Christian's hope, but were left poor indeed, and empty, when, by the arm of Omnipotence, the bands of death were broken asunder and the prison door was thrown open. Oh, what an Easter day that was when God commanded death and the grave and they yielded up Jesus!

The text presents a picture that has its dark and its bright side. In the suggestion of the question "who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre," is to be found alone the dark side of the picture.

The question is that asked by the Marys among themselves, as, in the early dawn and the soft twilight of the first Lord's Day, in that gorgeous Asiatic spring-time, they were wending their way with costly spices to pay a last tribute of love to the body of their departed Lord. They had followed Him in his journeys, they had watched Him as they lingered about the scenes of his crucifixion and death, and now they would be early at his grave—"Last at the cross and first at the sepulchre." The precious body of the Lord had been hurriedly embalmed by Joseph and Nicodemus, and those faithful women came, if not to give that body a more deliberate and careful embalming, at least to shed the fragrance of their sweet spices about the body and tomb of the Master, as we adorn the graves of our departed loved ones with beautiful flowers that give forth their sweet odors.

Through the impulse of their love, and the eagerness to perform this kindness, they had hastened away in forgetfulness of the stone that lay at the door of the sepulchre. What will their early visit and sweet spices avail? In their momentary suspense they ask one another, "who shall roll us away the stone?" In the midst of this discouragement their devotion would not allow them to turn back from this errand of love.

How truly this incident illustrates Christian life and especially the experiences of the young convert. The heart has been given to Christ and connection made with the church, and the young disciple has started for the heavenly kingdom. With a heart full of fervor and love he says:

"Now I resolve, with all my heart,
With all my power to serve the Lord."

But as he presses on, he is suddenly met by some hindrance, and in his discouragement, he thinks he sees in the path of his future pilgrimage, trials and burdens like great mountains, which will intercept his progress to the heavenly city. Beset with fears, he wonders if he will be able to overcome, and reach the salvation of his soul, and like the Marys he cries, "Who will roll away the stone?" This incident also represents the practical duties in the experience of Christian life. "The duties we owe to our families, the obligations that come upon us in the church—our debt to a perishing world. How shall I take up these crosses and bear them on, following Jesus—these daily crosses—so many and so heavy! You have faltered under them almost ready to despond" Sometimes you have wished to do some special work for God, but something frowned you back. You thought it your duty to speak to some one about his soul, but some peculiar circumstance in the case discouraged you. You have anticipated trials, and feared that when they would come, you would not be able to bear them. You saw a loved one in sickness and apprehended death, and feeling that you could not bear it, you asked, "who shall roll away the stone?" With unutterable sadness you have watched the failing and fading form of a dear mother or a beloved father and the heavy burden weighed upon the heart. You asked, "how can I, how can I see them go away!" And you said, "Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me." As we look into the furrowed faces, and observe the faltering step of some with us to-day, on this blessed Eastertide, we wonder if they will sit with us in these heavenly places, and worship with us here, at the threshold of mercy and love a year hence; yes, we wonder if they will ever again gather with us around the sacramental board, and with sad misgivings we feel a heart-pang and ask "who shall roll away the stone?" Thus we are reminded of the event of death, which sooner or later must come to us all.

We laid away our dear ones in the grave and parted with them there. In our broken-heartedness we asked, "who shall roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?" The stone of awful silence and separation? There it lies, cold and hopeless. It has been there since we laid away the first loved one. We go to the green mound and lean against the cold, white marble, and wonder and think, as though we would pierce the darkness that intervenes, and catch some whisper coming back over the silent river; but no voice is heard from the deep slumber of the grave. Eternal silence reighs o'er the bivouac of the dead, and we ask, "who shall roll us away the stone?"

This is peculiarly true of the poor pagan nations. To them and all who have never heard the gospel, the stone has been lying at the door of the sepulchre ever since the world began. It is true in its application to our own departure. The apostle speaks of those who through fear of death were all their lifetime kept in bondage. This is natural. There is often with many Christians a strange lingering, chilly recoil from death. This was so in the experience of Robert Glover, the martyr. A peculiar darkness hovered around, and a strange fear lingered with him as he awaited his martyrdom. He prayed, but no light dawned until he came in sight of the stake at which he was to be burned, and at once the light suddenly broke upon him, and he shouted in praise to God, "He's come! He's come!"

Thank God, there is a bright side to the picture. "When they looked they saw that the stone was rolled away." And so it is; they who press forward with holy zeal in their toil for the Master, will ever find that through a mysterious and faithful Providence, difficulties vanish—the stones are removed. The removal of the stone indicated to these holy women the empty grave of the Lord, and that empty grave proclaimed a risen Savior. This supplies us with the strongest hope and certainty of our own resurrection. The words of the angel to the woman, "He is risen, He is not here," will one day be said concerning us. We expect Him from heaven to raise our bodies, to finish our faith, to perfect our glory and to take us to Himself.

As God commanded the earth and it yielded up Christ, so will He speak concerning our bodies that sleep in the tomb, and every atom of their crumbled dust and constituency will be delivered up, immortalized and glorified. For this desert, where no water is, will He give us a land well watered by the river of life—for this "valley of dry bones," this "Golgotha of the dead," will He give us a land of the living; for our wanderings and pilgrimages, will He give us a settled home in "our Father's house of many mansions." There is coming a general Easter day for us all, when the faithful will be raised to an eternity of bliss, where no sin will wither the bud, nor blight the bloom of life, where, free from sickness and all that distempers, will be no sorrow to mar our joy, no death to dissolve, no storms to disturb or beat on the "glittering strand," forever.

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 1	Daily	2.44 A. M
No. 3	Daily	7.09 A. M
No. 7	Accomodation except Sun	9.33 A. M
No. 5	Daily except Mon	11.28 A. M
No. 11	Accommodation daily	6.27 P. M
No. 9	Daily	9.58 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 2	Daily	5.54 A. M
No. 4	Daily	7.31 A. M
No. 12	Accommodation daily	10.10 A. M
No. 6	Daily except Monday	4.38 P. M
No. 8	Accom. daily except Sun	5.17 P. M
No. 10	Daily	9.25 P. M

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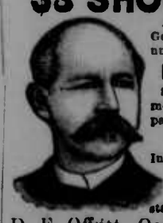

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The Republican.

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THE PROBLEM SOLVED.

While great inventors try to save
The work a lazy person dreads,
While colleges o'er which we rave
Are teaching feet, instead of heads,
While lecturers without a rest
Are telling more than any school,
This fact has got to be confessed—
In money matters man's a fool.

In spite of what the parsons preach
With earnestness and ardor hot,
In spite of how we like to teach
Another what we practice not;
In spite of books without an end
And papers giving hints to all,
A man does *not* know how to spend
His income, be it big or small.

He thinks he does, and so he goes
On in his blind and foolish way
Until to his surprise he owes
More than he has the cash to pay;
Then comes his good resolves to save
And do without so much of style,
And like a hero—or a slave—
He does—for just a little while.

But habits formed are bound to stick;
The luxuries he had before
Become necessities, and quick
He finds economy a bore;
Then in the same old rut he falls
And bigger are the debts he owes;
Harassed with endless dunning calls,
A face of agony he shows.

He wrestles with the problem deep
Of how to make both ends meet right,
Until he loses half his sleep,
And, maybe, all his appetite;
Although with good intentions filled
He stumbles on from bad to worse,
And just because he isn't skilled
In knowing how to use his purse.

Now if the colleges that make
Our modern maid too smart for pie
Would banish Greek and make her take
Financial education high
She might—when joined to helpless man—
Lay out his income, big or small,
On such a scientific plan
That he would have no care at all.

So much for clothing, food and rent
And all the other things that mix
And keep each measure to a cent,
No matter how the husband kicks—
If colleges would teach her this
Instead of making her too wise
A man would have a taste of bliss
Before he seeks it in the skies.

Yes, when girl colleges commence
To teach how incomes should be used,
A man—to save himself expense
And worry from a mind confused—
Will be compelled to wed a mate
To manage what he never can,
And every sweet girl graduate
Will find her mission—and a man.

—H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.

NELLIE'S BLUE EYE.

BY HARRIET CARYL COX.

Robert Brayton, millionaire, sat in his private office for the moment alone. The morning had been a busy one, and his visitors of a particularly trying kind; and now they were gone he breathed a sigh of relief, a sigh that sounded exactly like that of any ordinary individual.

Harry Temple, clerk and private secretary, sat in the outer office, wearily opening the pile of letters the postman had just left on his desk. He had sorted them in piles—the business letters in one pile, circulars, etc., in a second, private letters in the third, while the fourth held what he termed the "crank letters."

The business letters were opened first, and more work given the young typewriter, who sat gazing out of the window. Those requiring Mr. Brayton's personal attention were merely glanced through, in order to ascertain their nature.

Finally, he reached the crank pile. It was larger than usual, but of the same nature. There were numerous demands for endowments for old ladies' homes, unheard of missions and numberless odd societies, and the usual number of requests for situations, advice, etc.

One ambitious young man wanted to borrow twenty-five dollars, that he might be married at once, and show the city swell whom he had cut out how things were done in Jersey.

A young girl far out in the country wanted his old neckties if they weren't too soiled. She was making a crazy quilt for the fall cattle show. Already she had bits of silk from several noted persons; wouldn't he please oblige her?

Another wanted any old gloves his daughter might be ready to lay aside. She wouldn't mind if they were a little large; they were better if they were.

It was the old story over again, and one after another they were thrown into the yawning waste basket.

The last envelope bore a child's handwriting. The address had begun boldly and with care; but it was too long, and the last name was crowded, and the letters ran uphill.

Half curiously young Temple tore it open. Children were not common as correspondents, and Mr. Brayton had a warm spot in his heart for children.

The paper was highly scented by a mixture of cheap cologne and soap; in the upper left-hand corner was an embossed landscape of the most impossible color and perspective. It read:

"Please Mr. Brayton, won't you help me buy Nellie Fowler a new eye? Maybe you don't know who she is, well she is a girl who got hurt when the men blasted the road she was near, and they didn't see her and a big piece of rock hit her in the eye and then she couldn't see, and the doctor he said it must come out, and so he cut it out and now she hasn't got but one eye and it looks bad. She used to be real pretty and we called her curley Lock 'cause her hair is curley, but it makes you kind o' sick when you see that grate hole in her face, and she keeps a rag tied over it mostly, and she cries a great deal, 'cause she looks so homely, and the dr. He says she ought to have a Glass eye, but they don't make them here, and she's too poor any way 'cause her father's dead, and her mother's sick I've kind o' adopted her and I want to get her an eye awful. Say, won't you help me. You can address me

"JOHNNIE LEE Esq.

"P. S.—Ain't this paper pretty, I bought it to the Post office and it cost five cents."

Harry Temple leaned back in his chair and gave a low whistle. The typewriter looked up from her pile of letters and smiled; but Harry was busy rereading the letter.

Just before the noon hour, when Mr. Brayton returned to his office, he was given his mail, and as he proceeded to open it, he noticed that young Temple lingered.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Here is a letter," hesitatingly replied the young man, "which I don't know whether you wish to see or not;" and he turned it over in his hand.

"One of your famous 'crank letters?'" queried Mr. Brayton. "Better let me see it, if it's a good one;" and he smiled as he held out his hand for it.

Young Temple went out from the office and shut the door and stood gazing down into the tumultuous street.

"Poor little cuss," he said to himself; "you pin all your faith in the goodness of rich men, don't you?"

But in a moment his meditations were disturbed. Mr. Brayton was a man of action, and he stood in the doorway now.

"Temple!" he called. His voice was quick and incisive. "Go out and buy a ticket to that unknown place, will you; and you, Miss Curry," turning to the typewriter, "inform Johnnie Lee, Esq., that Robert Brayton will receive him in his office at Mr. Lee's earliest convenience. And inclose ticket, please."

Her fingers flew over the keys, and Temple, who was half way to the door, stopped a moment. "The youngster may not have any decent clothes," he suggested.

Mr. Brayton looked thoughtful a moment.

"Pshaw! never mind, let us see him as he is;" and the man of business went back to his stocks and bonds.

Three days passed and the episode had not been mentioned in the office.

Early on the morning of the fourth day, long before fashionable New York was awake, there was a timid knock at the office door. Then it opened.

It was a queer little figure that stood there, but Temple knew it at once. It was Johnnie Lee. He was a happy-looking youngster, round-faced and tanned and freckled. His clothes bore the unmistakable stamp of home manufacture from cast-off garments. But it was a cheery voice that spoke: "Howdy do! Mr. Brayton to home? I'm Johnnie Lee."

"No," Temple informed him, "Mr. Brayton wasn't in yet; he could wait." And he gave him a chair and proceeded to question him how he managed to find his way.

"Oh," Johnnie said, "just's soon's I got your letter I wanted ter start right off; but I had to wait fer ma to make me a new coat." He glanced proudly at the ill-fitting jacket.

"It was great fun coming, 'cause in one place the cars was awful crowded, and lots of folks had to stand. One fellow wanted me to give him my seat, and the conductor said I'd, better, too, 'cause I was a youngster, and could stand's well as not. But, sir, says I, no sir, I ain't a-giving up seats this trip, and I wish to be comfortable myself, for I have business with Mr. Robert Brayton. Then he looked at me queer and walked away. New York's an awful big place, ain't it? I've walked about a million miles, and I thought I must have got here a hundred times. I should think you'd find it pretty hard work getting here every day, don't you?"

Temple assured him, very gravely, that it was very easy after one knew the way.

And as they kept on talking Johnnie expressed his opinion on all subjects from the revival at home to the Brooklyn strike. He was an independent, he declared. He wouldn't be a democrat, because Tom Faber was, and he wouldn't be anything Tom was. He didn't quite like being a republican, either. It was more convenient to be on the fence.

Just here Mr. Brayton came in. Johnnie didn't notice him particularly, for a good many had come in since he had sat there. So for a moment or two Mr. Brayton listened with the others, then walked into his office, telling Temple to "send the youngster in."

And Johnnie went in; and just what conversation took place no one ever knew. The clerks in the outer office could hear the hum of voices, the rich, full voice of Mr. Brayton and the eager, childish voice of the boy. Then, when Mr. Brayton began to be in demand, Johnnie was sent out, and Temple was told to make him useful until noon. So, until twelve, he was kept at one thing and another; then when Mr. Brayton went out, he took Johnnie with him.

First they went for lunch. Johnnie all unconscious of the interest and amusement he created, and Mr. Brayton only smiled and raised his eyebrows when his acquaintances looked, bowed and looked again.

Johnnie was modest in his desires for lunch. He despised soup—too watery for him, sir. He guessed he'd have some turkey and stuffin' and sweet potato, pumpkin pie, ice cream and nuts.

These disposed of, they went to a store, where Johnnie was told to select an eye like Nellie's; and as he did so, Mr. Brayton stood near the window, apparently looking; but his sharp eye was on the boy and his quick ear caught the conversation.

"No," said Johnnie, very emphatically, "that isn't the color at all. It's a different blue, just like the lake in summer when there ain't any clouds."

One tray and another was brought, but the blue that the boy wanted was not there. Finally he spied an eye in the showcase.

"That's it!" he cried. "Let's see her."

"That is an imported one of the very finest material," remarked the clerk, with a doubtful glance at Johnnie, and an inquiring one at Mr. Brayton's back, "and it costs a great deal."

"Well," said Johnnie, drawing himself up with an air of superiority, "I just guess you don't know who wants to buy that eye. Mr. Brayton here, sir, can buy anything in all this world that he wants. I guess if you'd only one eye, you'd want the other to be like it, even if it is 'imported,'" with a mimicking stress on the word.

Here Mr. Brayton interposed.

"Let the boy have it," he said; and so, with the eye in its velvet box and Johnnie's pockets stuffed with pamphlets telling how to insert and clean the eye, they left the store. And then, after they had bought a box of candy for Nellie, they went back to the office. There, he told them about what he had seen, then gravely shook hands with them all; said good-by, and started off. He had been gone only a few moments when Mr. Brayton came in from his office.

"Miss Curry," he said, "wouldn't you like a little trip? Our visitor has left the treasured eye behind him, and he may wish it. You might follow the youngster and see the end of this matter."

Miss Curry, nothing loth, shut her machine and departed. She caught sight of Johnnie just as he went into the ferry, and she followed him on to the train and stepped off at the little village where he did.

But then she couldn't keep up with him. She saw him turn into a house and when once she reached it, she paused at the open door.

There was a little girl standing, looking expectantly at Johnnie, who excitedly was turning his pockets inside out, in vain search for the eye.

"I had it! I had it!" he declared, and his face grew troubled, and finally the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"It was such a lovely eye," he moaned; "blue, just like yours, and now it's lost, and I hate myself," and he threw himself into a chair, as if hope were gone.

The weary-faced mother turned her face away. Nellie's lips quivered, but she swallowed the sobs.

"Never mind, Johnnie," she said, stroking the freckled, tear-stained face of the boy, "never mind, Johnnie. You know it couldn't make me see, and I guess I don't look so very bad," and she put her hand to the bandaged eye.

Then she looked up, for a strange lady stood in the door and handed her a package.

"See, Johnnie!" she cried.

Johnnie dashed the tears from his eyes and looked at the package. His face grew bright and he tore off the papers, touched the spring of the box, and there on its white cushion lay the blue eye, smiling like Nellie's own.

"The eye! the eye!" he shouted. "See, Nellie; it's your very own;" and he threw his arms about her and kissed her again and again.

And Miss Curry, the tears fast blinding her eyes, hurried away from the happy scene.

This is no regulation story. Johnnie Lee did not become Mr. Brayton's office boy and finally a millionaire himself. Young Temple and the typewriter did not marry each other and "live happy ever after."

In fact, the whole episode was soon forgotten.

But in the far-away country town where Johnnie is growing to sturdy manhood, the story of his trip to New York is ever a new one.

Strangers sometimes speak of the marvelous blue of Nellie's eyes, with their long curling lashes.

Then she will repeat the words to Johnnie as he stops to leave the milk and chat, and they will laugh softly together while their faces are bright with happiness.—N. Y. Independent.

SHE WAS STILL A SMITH.

Everything Had Changed But Her Name and She Wanted to Change That.

He had been away from his home town for years and years. Which means, in this instance, ten years, and he had gone away because pretty Nannie Smith hadn't asked him to stay. Men do that sometimes.

Now he had come again, and as he wandered about the old place there was almost pain in his heart to note the changes time had wrought. Everything was new and it made him homesick to wander about seeking the things of his childhood and boyhood days and finding them not.

But he found Nannie Smith and went to her as a tired child goes to its mother. She was kinder than of yore and she was really glad to see him. And he? Well, she was ten years older but she was still as if it had been but yesterday since he had told her good-by.

"I fancy," she said to him as they sat on the broad piazza of her home that evening and looked over toward the hills beyond the town, "that you feel quite a stranger within our gates?"

"Yes," he said, sadly, "I could scarcely have believed it if I had not experienced it. Ten years is not eternity, either."

"No, but time changes more than eternity."

"It surely does in this instance. Everything is changed."

"Not everything, almost everything," she corrected him.

"No; everything, everything," he insisted, quite hopelessly.

"There's one thing that hasn't changed, John," she said in such a tone that he looked up at her curiously.

"Tell me what it is," he asked eagerly, "I want to see it."

"You can't see it very well, John," she smiled, "because it is my name."

Ten years had been a long time for John to wait, but she made him wait a month longer and, when he came back to his native town again Nannie Smith's name underwent a change also but it didn't sadden John as the other changes had done.—Detroit Free Press.

—Uncle Gabe walked around the stalwart football player with an air of critical curiosity; he looked up and down as he would have done a horse he was about to purchase. "Amandy!" "What is it, Gabe?" "He's nigh onto six foot, ain't he?" "Every inch of it." "Weighs about one hundred and ninety odd?" "I reckon." "Well, football certainly does develop 'em most powerful!" "Certainly, a fine young man." "Man?" Mandy, Prof. Bunter told me hisself 't that feller's in his fourth year! Talk about your oatmeal porridge!"

—Not all the pomp and pageantry of worlds reflect such glory on the eye supreme as the meek virtues of one holy man.—Montgomery.

LINCOLN'S REELECTION.

He Was Grateful But Not Elated at the Result.

The day of the presidential election in November, 1864, was gloomy and rainy. About noon I called on President Lincoln, and to my surprise found him entirely alone, as if by common consent everybody had avoided the white house. It was "cabinet day," and at the meeting which had been held earlier only two members of the cabinet were present. Stanton was at his home, sick with chills and fever; Seward, Usher and Dennison had returned to their own states to vote; and Fessenden was closeted with New York financiers in conference over ways and means to place the new loan. So Secretary Welles and Attorney General Bates were left to "run the machine," and very little time had been occupied by them at their session with the president. Lincoln took no pains to conceal his anxious interest in the result of the election then going on all over the country, and said: "I am just enough of a politician to know that there was not much doubt about the result of the Baltimore convention; but about this thing I am very far from being certain." I spent nearly all the afternoon with the president, who apparently found it difficult to put his mind on any of the routine work of his office, and entreated me to stay with him. * * *

Later in the evening I returned to the white house, and found that the only returns then received were from Indiana, which showed that a gain of fifteen hundred had been made in Indianapolis for the republican ticket. Later on we went over to the war department, and there heard good news from Baltimore, that city having sent in a majority of more than ten thousand. Other reports soon came in, but not very rapidly, as a rainstorm had interfered with the transmission of news over the telegraph wires. There was a long lull about ten o'clock in the evening, during which the president amused the little company in the war office with entertaining reminiscences and anecdotes naturally suggested by the political intelligence that dropped in from time to time.

For instance, when New Jersey broke the calm by announcing a gain of one congressman for the union, but with a fair prospect of the state going for McClellan, Lincoln had an amusing story to tell about that particular congressman, Dr. Newell, who had long been a family friend of the Lincolns. A dispatch from New York city, claiming the state by ten thousand, was received by the chief magistrate with much incredulity; and when Greeley telegraphed that the state would probably give four thousand majority for Lincoln, he said that that was much more reasonable than the absurd statement of a bigger majority.

By midnight Pennsylvania, the New England states, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Wisconsin were tolerably certain for Lincoln; but the president was greatly disappointed that neither Illinois nor Iowa was heard from. The wires continued to work badly on account of the long storm, and it was not until two days later that satisfactory returns were had from Illinois or any of the states beyond the Mississippi.

About midnight of the day of the election it was certain that Lincoln had been reelected, and the few gentlemen left in the office congratulated him very warmly on the result. Lincoln took the matter very calmly, showing not the least elation or excitement, but said that he would admit that he was glad to be relieved of all suspense, and that he was grateful that the verdict of the people was likely to be so full, clear and unmistakable that there could be no dispute.

About two o'clock in the morning a messenger came over from the white house with the news that a crowd of Pennsylvanians were serenading his empty chamber, whereupon he went home; and, in answer to repeated calls, made a happy little speech full of good feeling and cheerfulness. He wound up his remarks by saying: "If I know my heart, my gratitude is free from any taint of personal triumph. I do not impugn the motives of anyone opposed to me. It is no pleasure to me to triumph over anyone, but I give thanks to the Almighty for this evidence of the people's resolution to stand by free government and the rights of humanity."

Next day in private conversation he said: "Being only mortal, after all, I should have been a little mortified if I had been beaten in this canvass before the people, but the sting would have been more than compensated by the thought that the people had notified me that my official responsibilities were soon to be lifted off my back." Dr. A. G. Henry, of Washington territory, whose name has been frequently mentioned in these papers as an old friend of the president, had been promised that he should receive a dispatch from Mr. Lincoln when the result of the presidential election of that year should be definitely ascertained. Accordingly on this day, which was November 9, President Lincoln dictated a dispatch, the terms of which were as follows: "With returns and states of which we are confident the reelection of the president is considered certain, while it is not certain that McClellan has carried any state, though the chances are that he has carried New Jersey and Kentucky."

When I had written the dispatch at the president's dictation I passed it to him for his signature, but he declined to "blow his own horn," as he expressed it, and said: "You sign the message, and I will send it." A day or two later, when Delaware, whose vote had been uncertain, declared for McClellan, Lincoln sent a second dispatch in order to give his friend on the far-off Pacific coast a clear and exact idea of what had happened, explaining that he took it for granted that Dr. Henry would hear all the news, but might think it odd that the president should leave him without clearing up the situation thus left somewhat undecided in the uncertainties of the election returns.—Noah Brooks, in Century.

That Tired Feeling

Is a certain indication of impure and impoverished blood. If your blood could always be rich and pure, full of the red corpuscles upon which its vitality depends, you would never be Weak, or Nervous! Boils, pimples, scrofula, salt rheum, would never trouble you. But our mode of living, shut in all winter in poorly ventilated homes and shops, depletes the blood and there is loss of appetite and weakness. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the standard remedy for this condition. It purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood, overcomes that tired feeling, builds up the nerves and gives perfect health. Read this:

"Our daughter, Blanche, when four years of age had a humor break out on her hands and face, which our physician pronounced eczema. If the cold air reached her face or hands they would swell up, look almost purple, and headed blisters would form and break, Discharging a watery fluid, and the burning and itching would drive her nearly wild. Unless we incased her little hands she would tear patches of skin from her face and hands. We tried many doctors and many remedies and at last gave the case up as hopeless. But our daughter Cora tried Hood's Sarsaparilla, to cure a scrofulous lump near the left breast which caused her much pain and after taking 4 bottles it disappeared. Blanche, who is now eleven, had spent seven years of suffering, so I concluded to give her Hood's Sarsaparilla. She took 5 bottles and her face is smooth and soft as a baby's, the color of a rose petal. Her hands are soft and white, where four months ago they were blue and red and calloused nearly like leather. I cannot express my gratitude by pen or mouth. It seems a miracle and our friends are surprised." MRS. ANNA L. CLARK, 401 E. 4th St., Duluth, Minn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

FEMININE STYLES PREFERRED.

Early Medieval Men Were Extremely Womanish in Everything.

In point of fact, the early medieval man and woman looked as much alike as the fin de siecle wheelman and his bicycle girl, says Lippincott's. Take the king and queen in a pack of cards; they are early medieval. Notice the surprising similarity in their costumes, the same wide robes and angular folds, the same stained glass stiffness. Novices at cards may be excused for being at a loss, sometimes, at least, until they have learned to look for the king's beard.

With the wane of the age of chivalry there came a singular exaggeration in the toilet of men; they deliberately imitated the women. They allowed their hair to grow long, cultivated curls by the use of hot irons and ointments, and actually wore chaplets, like diadems, to curb their flowing locks. In the texture and color of their garments they showed the same effeminacy, for they began to affect brilliant reds and blues and to wear costly trimmings and jewelry.

This, too, was the age of the sighing, wailing lover, fainting at his mistress' frown. Every knight who could write or sing posed as a minstrel and rehearsed his love affairs. At every gathering of the nobility there was a childish prattle of love, cloying and monotonous for very sweetness. The sexes seemed to have exchanged places; it was the lover who was a shy wallflower, who blushed and went about woeful and woeworn from his secret passion. As we look over the poems of the Minnesanger, those bards of love, the lady seems always unapproachable, listening with contemptuous mien to the gentleman's gentle advances. While he succumbs to nervous exhaustion, she goes about her business, perfectly healthy, either indifferent or cruelly conscious of her power.

An apology is merely an humble appeal to vanity.—Galveston News.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Ely's Cream Balm
WILL CURE
CATARRH
Price 50 Cents.
Apply Balm into each nostril.
ELY BROS., 1 Warren St., N.Y.

DR. KILMER'S
SWAMP-ROOT
The Great
KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.
At Druggists, 50c & $1.
Advice & Pamphlet free.
Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills, 25 cents.

"Is your husband out of politics?" asked the visitor. "Yes," replied the wife of the ex-statesman, "I think he must be. Every time I mention an election he says he's not in it."—Washington Star.

When You Want a Thresher,

Horse Power, Swinging or Wind Stacker, Saw Mill, Self Feeder, or an Engine, address the J. I. CASE T. M. Co., Racine, Wis. They have the largest Threshing Machine plant in the world, and their implements may be relied upon as *the best*. Business established 1842. Illustrated catalogue mailed free.

The Aermotor all Steel Feed Cutter Worth
$40 FOR $10

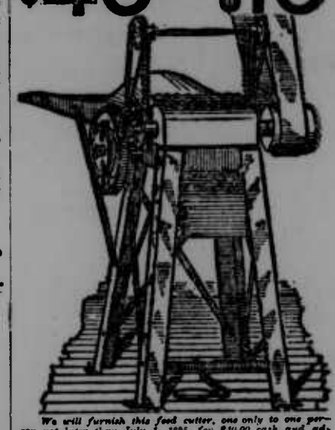

We will furnish this feed cutter, one only to one person not later than July 1, 1895, for $10.00 cash, and address of ten neighbors and acquaintances of the sender known personally by him to be responsible and influential men in their localities who need and are likely to buy something in our line this year. After July 2, money sent in on this offer will be returned to sender and no attention will be paid to inquiries or letters concerning this offer. It is literally now or never. The feed cutter is delivered f. o. b. Chicago. If shipped from branch houses back freight will follow.

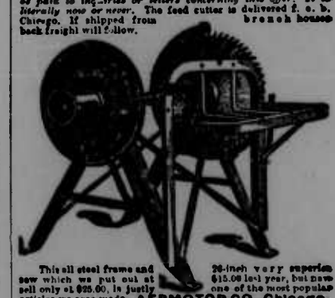

This all steel frame and sow which we put out at $15.00 last year, but now sell only at $10.00, is justly one of the most popular articles we ever made. AERMOTOR CO. Chicago.

NEXT TIME BUY OUR
$2.50 SHOE
FOR MEN AND WOMEN
HAMILTON, BROWN SHOE CO.

EVERY HOME-SEEKER
Should READ the pamphlet recently published by the Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad, entitled "Southern Home-Seeker's Guide for 1895." It contains over 50 excellent letters from Northern farmers now located in the South and other authentic and valuable information. For a FREE COPY, address the undersigned at Manchester, Iowa. J. F. MERRY, Assistant Gen'l Passenger Agent.

DROPSY
Treated free. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases pronounced hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE. TEN DAYS TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE by mail. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Specialists, Atlanta, Ga.
MENTION THIS PAPER every time you write.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

WHAT WILL THE END BE?

Appalling Figures Showing the Increase of the "Defective Classes."

One of the things which give the most concern to all interested in the welfare and progress of the nation is the ugly fact that the total number of the "defective classes"—the insane, the idiotic, the epileptic, the deaf and dumb, the habitual criminals, and others of ill-balanced mentality, increases at a greater ratio than the total population. There are more of these in proportion to the population shown by the census every ten years. It reveals the unwelcome fact that the ratio is steadily increasing with every decade. There is a reason for this—a reason admitted by all neurologists and medical authorities; and that reason is intemperance.

The authorities agree that three-fourths of the crime in this country is the direct or indirect result of indulgence in intoxicating liquors, and that at least three-fourths of the total cost of the ponderous police and criminal-court machinery, of the prisons and workhouses and penitentiaries, are directly chargeable to the account of the liquor traffic.

Nor does there seem to be any reasonable doubt that the same proportion of the total number of cases of insanity in the country are due to the same cause. The percentages given by the various investigators, in different asylums, vary from 50 per cent.—one-half—to 90 per cent! We therefore take 75 per cent.—three-fourths—as a fair average of the percentages given by these various authorities. It is not meant that in all these cases the insanity results directly from the effects of excessive drink on the part of the patient himself, though the cases where this is true are many, and every superintendent of an insane asylum can point out a large number of cases of insanity from drink among his patients. These percentages include persons driven insane through the intemperance of others—such as those whose minds have been unbalanced by grief, or loss of fortune or social position—as in the case of the wives of drunkards: and the victims of a thousand other proximate causes, which in turn have their origin in the use of intoxicants.

The influence of heredity steadily works to increase the number of insane and idiotic. It ought to be plain to every thinking person that a man whose physical system is soaked and permeated with the poison of alcohol, its destructive presence constant in blood, and brain, and nerves, can not transmit to his children sound, strong constitutions. Idiocy and insanity frequently appear in such children; or if they be escaped, the malign influence upon the parent is seen in epilepsy, or melancholia, or a long train of obscure and intractable nervous diseases, which are liable to be the inherited result; or the child may be a cripple, or may be born deaf and dumb. Moreover, where the children of a drunkard are apparently healthy, that mysterious law of heredity, by which an hereditary curse skips over one generation to reappear in the second, often comes into play; and though the children of a sot may escape, their own children pay the awful penalty of the grandfather's slavery to the habit of drink.

The net result of all these influences is seen in this too rapid increase in the numbers of criminals, insane, idiotic, epileptic, deaf and dumb, and other defective and dependent classes, who, being incapable of maintaining themselves, become a charge upon the state; and year by year, as their numbers steadily increase, the burden of their maintenance becomes heavier and heavier upon the tax-payers. Our prisons are enlarged to find more room for the increased number of criminals; our asylums and hospitals are added to, that room may be made for the unfortunates who need their shelter; our poorhouses are crowded with the homeless and helpless; and drink is the fons et origo mali—the great cause of the state's being compelled to imprison or shelter fully three-fourths of the sum total of all these people.

We shall leave the discussion of the purely financial side of this problem—the enormous burden it imposes upon the tax-payers, and consequently upon every citizen—for some future occasion. But we wish to call the attention of every one to the ethical side of the problem. The steady increase of these defective classes means a vast lowering of the mental powers of the masses. Is it not certain that for every one so mentally or physically deficient as to need maintenance at the public expense, there must be several—a dozen or more, perhaps—who are weakened in intellect and body, but not to so great a degree?—Toledo Blade.

THE PUREST AND BEST.

How a Hotel Clerk Taught a Group of Lumbermen an Important Lesson.

Some time ago eight or ten lumbermen went into a hotel in one of our western cities, and engaged a private

PUREST ARTICLE IN THE UNITED STATES

parlor. They were jolly, well-to-do fellows, and met to settle up a year's business over a social glass, having had a successful speculation together. Summoning the gentlemanly clerk of the house, they ordered him to bring in the choicest liquor to be obtained—"nothing but the purest and finest article."

The table was spread, glasses brought out, and mirth and jollity prevailed. Presently in came the clerk with a silver pitcher of ice water, and, as he filled each goblet, with quiet dignity, he remarked: "Gentlemen, I have done the best I could to obey your order, and here is the purest article to be found in the United States."

All looked in dumb amazement, so unexpected and so ludicrous was their position. But they were equal to the occasion. Not a word was said till each had his glass before him, filled with the sparkling fluid. Almost simultaneously they all raised their glasses, and pledging each other's health, made the additional pledge not to drink anything stronger for the year to come. Nearly twelve months have passed, and they have been loyal to their vow. May we not hope that the pledge may be renewed for life.—Zion's Watchman.

WHAT ONE DRINK COST.

Selling a Principle for the Sake of a Few Paltry Dollars.

A doctor and his friend were once talking together in front of a saloon, when a master mechanic, a man of amiable and excellent character, a first-class workman, respected by everybody and bidding fair to be one of the leading men of the city, came up to them and laughingly said:

"Well, I have just done what I never did before in my life."

"Ah, what was that?"

"Why, Mr. —— has owed me a bill for work for a long time and I dunned him for the money till I was tired, but a minute ago I caught him out there and asked him for the money. 'Well, he said, 'I'll pay it to you if you will step in here and have a drink with me.' 'No,' said I, 'I never drink—never drank in my life.' 'Well,' he replied, 'do as you please; if you won't drink with me, I won't pay your bill, that's all!' But I told him I could not do that. However, finding he would not pay the bill, rather than lose the money, I just went in and got the drink."

As soon as he had finished the story, the physician's companion, an old, discreet, shrewd man, turned to him and in a most impressive tone, said:

"Sir, that was the dearest drink that ever crossed your lips, and the worst bill you ever collected."—Ram's Horn.

DRINK VS. ENGLISH WOMEN.

The Awful Conditions Which Made Lady Henry Somerset a Temperance Fanatic.

In her farewell address in this city, on "The New English Woman," Lady Henry Somerset drew a striking picture of the degradation caused among the women in English cities by the habit of strong drink. It is the practice of women to frequent the drink shops in England, as they do not in America, a practice which adds greatly to the demoralizing results of the drink traffic. It is not an uncommon sight, said Lady Somerset, to see a public bar-room in London half filled with women of the poorer class, some with babies in their arms, whose cries are hushed with the stupefying dregs of the beer mugs and tumblers of gin. The employment of young girls as barmaids was spoken of as another agency of corruption and ruin in connection with the liquor business in England. It was her personal observation of such scenes and practices as these, said Lady Henry Somerset, that had made her what some were pleased to call a temperance "fanatic." If a determination to do what laid in her power to overcome these agencies of evil which were bringing such a fearful burden of woe and misery upon the homes of England, made her a "fanatic," she gloried in the title.

"No Whisky, No Deer."

"No whisky, no deer." It is wonderful how ubiquitous the whisky devil can make himself, no matter how out-of-the-way or remote the region. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, the government agent of the bureau of education for Alaska, in his report to the senate tells of the difficulties met by him in securing reindeer for Alaska. When he went to Siberia to procure them, he found that a trader had been there before him, and in bargaining with them for deer had given out five gallons of whisky. This had so demoralized the poor natives that nothing could be done with them: "No whisky, no deer."

VARIOUS NOTES.

WHEN the saloon goes the devil will be about ready to quit.—Ram's Horn.

THE British government licenses 10,417 opium dens in India.

MODERATE drinkers help the devil's cause much more than downright drunkards do.—Ram's Horn.

THE Swiss government made a profit of about £200,000 last year on its monopoly on spirits.

THE National Temperance Almanac gives a list of eighty-five papers published in the United States devoted to temperance.

DR. NORMAN KERR warns medical practitioners against employing alcohol or anti-pyrin in the treatment of influenza, now epidemic in England.

THE London county council has given its aid to the temperance cause by discontinuing the use of stimulants in asylums under their control and forbidding the sale of drinks in the auditorium of places of amusement.

SINCE Belgium has permitted free trade in drink, public houses have so multiplied that intoxicants can be purchased at almost every shop. As a result four-fifths of the deaths among men are said to be caused by intemperance.

IT is proposed to build a memorial to Mrs. Mary T. Lathrap in connection with the American Temperance university at Harriman, Tenn., of which she was a trustee. The memorial will take form as Lathrap chapel, and be connected with Fisk Memorial hall.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—There are three things a woman cannot do: She cannot sharpen a pencil without breaking the lead; she cannot carry an umbrella without poking the point into people's eyes, and she cannot go into a crowded church without sitting down on somebody's hat.

—While men have more strength, women have more endurance and a greater capacity for protracted and monotonous labor. In those countries where women work in the fields side by side with their husbands and brothers, the latter may accomplish more work, the former can labor a greater number of hours.

—In Boston on St. Patrick's day twelve parading members of the Sarsfield guards carried rifles in violation of the law, and Capt. J. A. Murphy submitted by arrangement to arrest with a view of testing the law. It is proposed to get an authoritative decision as to the constitutionality of the act of 1893 which forbids private organizations to parade in public with firearms.

—The Venetians of the twelfth century tried to keep their women at home by inventing a species of wooden clog that raised the sole about four inches from the ground and was difficult to use in walking. An ordinance was passed requiring all women to wear these clogs when appearing in public, but the women soon became accustomed to them and ran about as much as ever.

—An advertisement in a New York daily stated that "a one-legged man would learn of something to his advantage" by calling at a certain address. A curious individual called and met the advertiser, a man who had lost his right leg. He said: "If I can find a man who has lost the other leg and wears the same size shoe that I do, we can whack up, and by buying our shoes together we would save considerable."

—An effort is being made in Newfoundland, it is said, to have Canada tunnel under the straits of Belle Isle in order to give the island all rail communication with Canada. The straits are about twelve and a half miles wide, and it is said the land formation is favorable to the scheme. Another plan is to have the island railway completed to Belle Isle and a ferry line established on the straits to make connection with the railway for Quebec.

—The history of Greek art begins, as some have fancied general history to begin, in a golden age, but in an age, so to speak, of real gold, the period of those first twisters and hammers of the precious metals—men who had already discovered the flexibility of silver and the ductility of gold, the capacity of both for infinite delicacy of handling, and who enjoyed, with complete freshness, a sense of beauty and fitness in their work. The heroic age of Greek art is the age of the hero as smith.—Walter Pater.

—A party of relic hunters while digging at the foot of one of the old Portage inclined planes at Hollidaysburg, where in the days of the Pennsylvania canal the boats were transported over the Alleghenies, made a rich find. It was a section of the original rails used on the road, which were brought to America from England long before such a thing as an American made rail was known. It was sent to Philadelphia, where it will grace the valuable collection of relics in the possession of the Pennsylvania company.

SMART SAYINGS.

Part Remarks Which Were Made by Bright Children.

Mrs. Blank, a young-looking, middle-aged lady, had been away for some time, and came back much improved in health. Among the people who noticed the improvement was her small nephew.

"Why, auntie," he said, "how nice you look. Why, when you went away, you looked as if you were a hundred years old; and now," he added, as he surveyed the fresh, youngish-looking face before him, "you look quite a little less than a hundred!"

"Shall I get a half ticket for Edith?" asked the father of that little person, as he took out his purse at the station. "No, I don't think it will be necessary," answered his wife. "She's such a little tot of a thing that although, of course, she's over age, I think I can smuggle her through. Now sit up close to mamma," she added, later, drawing the child to her and spreading out her own ample draperies, and the conductor passed on with hardly a glance at the little figure close beside the big one. "Mamma," cried Edith, as soon as the man was out of sight, "is that what you meant by smuggling me through?"

"Don't you think I look sweeter than I used to look?" asked Evelyn (a most original little mortal) of her former nurse. "Why, yes," answered the latter. "Do you know what makes it?" demanded the child. "No, my dear; what is it?" and the infant answered: "Thoughts of Jesus, and the new way I wear my hair!"

Little Isabel's mother had very injudiciously allowed the child to drink weak tea with her meals instead of milk. One day Isabel was taken out to lunch at a friend's house, and the friend, never dreaming that a child could drink anything other than milk, placed it before her in a broad, low, fancy cup. The child gazed at the milk in silence for awhile, and then astonished her hostess by remarking, disdainfully: "I are no eat."

Helen had been teasing for permission to go to dancing-school, and had been refused. "But why can't I go?" asked the child. "Because there are so many other things that I have to do for you, dear," her mother answered. "I cannot afford any more." "But can't I give up something else?" the child persisted. "Why, I know," as an idea flitted across the brain of this embryo woman of the world; "I will give up Christian Endeavor!"—N. Y. Tribune.

LINCOLN'S SECOND INAUGURAL

The Beautiful Solemnity of the Memorable Event.

The day of Lincoln's second inauguration, March 4, 1865, was as dark and drizzly as the November day of his second election. When the hour of noon arrived, great crowds of men and women streamed around the capitol building in most wretched plight. The mud in the city of Washington on that day certainly excelled all the other varieties I have ever seen before or since, and the greatest test of feminine heroism—the spoiling of their clothes—was amply to the credit of the women who were so bedraggled and drenched on that memorable day. The only entrance to the senate wing, where the preliminary ceremonies were held, was by the main or eastern portico, the other entrances being used only by privileged persons.

Col. Forney, the secretary of the senate, read the proclamation of the president convoking an extra session, and called the names of the members elect. Thereupon the newly chosen senators were sworn in, and the procession for the inauguration platform, which had been built on the east front of the capitol, was formed. There was a sea of heads in the great plaza in front of the capitol as far as the eye could reach, and breaking in waves at its outer edges among the budding foliage of the grounds beyond. When the president and the procession of notables appeared, a tremendous shout, prolonged and loud, arose from the surging ocean of humanity around the capitol building. Then the sergeant-at-arms of the senate, the historic Brown, arose and bowed, with his shining black hat in hand, in dumb-show before the crowd, which thereupon became still and Abraham Lincoln, rising tall and gaunt among the groups about him, stepped forward and read his inaugural address, which was printed in two broad columns upon a single page of large paper. As he advanced from his seat, a roar of applause shook the air, and, again and again repeated, finally died far away on the outer fringe of the throng, like a sweeping wave upon the shore. Just at that moment the sun, which had been obscured all day, burst forth in its unclouded meridian splendor, and flooded the spectacle with glory and with light. Every heart beat quicker at the unexpected omen, and doubtless not a few mentally prayed that so might the darkness which had obscured the past four years be now dissipated by the sun of prosperity,

> Till nature's troubled night depart
> And the star of peace return.

The inaugural address was received with almost profound silence. Every word was clear and audible as the somewhat shrill and ringing tones of Lincoln's voice sounded over the vast concourse.

Looking down into the faces of the people, illuminated by the bright rays of the sun, one could see moist eyes and even tearful cheeks as the good president pronounced these noble words: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations." Among the memories of a lifetime, doubtless there are none more fondly cherished by those who were so fortunate as to stand near Lincoln at that historic moment than the recollection of the beautiful solemnity, the tender sympathy, of these inspired utterances, and the rapt silence of the thronging multitude.—Noah Brooks, in Century.

NO PERSONALITIES.

The Opening of a Nice, Quiet Business Campaign.

"What we need," said the first dignified citizen, as he stopped to discuss the political situation, "is a business campaign free from all personalities."

"Precisely," replied the second dignified citizen. "This personal abuse of candidates is all wrong. In fact, it is absolutely degrading. Now, in our ward there should be no question of the election of McFinnegan—"

"What! That little ninecompoop!" cried the first dignified citizen, indignantly.

"Ninecompoop!" exclaimed the other. "Why, sir, there is an honest man. That thieving scoundrel, O'Dowd, who is running against him, does not deserve to be mentioned in the same breath."

"O'Dowd never stole the silver spoons at a banquet and pawned them for liquor," retorted the first, hotly.

"Of course he didn't, but he knocked his wife downstairs with a baseball bat and stole fifty thousand dollars from an orphan."

"Who says so?"

"McFinnegan."

"McFinnegan is a thief and a liar!"

"O'Dowd is a thug and a disreputable scoundrel."

"That's a lie!"

Biff! Bang!

And the dignified, business campaign, free from all personalities, was auspiciously opened.—Chicago Post.

He Was Excused.

A young man at a social party was vehemently urged to sing a song. He replied that he would first tell a story, and then if they still persisted in their demand, he would endeavor to execute a song. When a boy, he said, he took lessons in singing, and one Sunday morning he went up into the garret to practice alone. While in full cry he was suddenly sent for by the old gentleman. "This is pretty conduct," said the father, "pretty employment for the son of pious parents, to be sawing boards in the garret on a Sunday morning loud enough to be heard by all the neighbors. Sit down and take your book." The young man was unanimously excused from singing the proposed song.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

DANCED WITH A KING.

Two Little Americans at the Court of Christian IX.

Virginia Yeaman Remnitz tells a true story of the adventures of two young Americans at the court of the king of Denmark. They were children of the American minister, and had been invited to a children's party at the palace. Here is what followed:

It was to Ellen a never-to-be-forgotten night. The crowds of happy children; the great room, brilliantly lighted; the strains of music; the presence of a real king and queen—all combined to make the scene in fairyland, wherein events took place which made Ellen feel herself a sort of fairy queen.

The king opened the ball with little Ellen. Hardly understanding the honor, some sense of it nevertheless thrilled her childish heart. She could not even see his face, so tall was he, but his strong arms bore her around and around, she knew not how, for Ellen danced with as little precision and method as the leaves on a tree, or the ripples in a lake. Yet all through her being she felt that she was dancing with the king. It seemed but fitting, after that dance, to find herself seated on the sofa between the king and queen. With royal disregard to the claims of other small guests, and with royal indifference to the effect upon little Ellen, they lifted her up between them. She looked pretty, natural and unconscious, and was herself a little queen in all her ways! While Ellen sat there, too pleased to feel proud, the other children danced on. With no thought of imitating their elders in manner or motion, the young dancers abandoned themselves with childish freedom and simplicity to the enjoyment of the hour. Those who never had been trained in the different steps adapted their movements to the promptings of happy hearts and light feet, and were as contented as the others. And little Ellen rested comfortably between the king and queen until she was ready to dance again.

The evening work on, and Ellen was overcome with weariness and sleep. Slipping away from the children, who were now whirling around in some dizzy game, she threw herself on a couch. Just as the scene grew misty to her eyes, and the dazzling events of the evening began to weave themselves into the suggestion of a dream, she was aroused by some one asking: "Where did you get your pretty pink slippers, Ellen?" and she opened her eyes. Why was the king sitting beside her and talking to her when she was so sleepy? She had a confused idea that he ought to put on his crown, and sit on a throne. "Please, Mr. King, don't bother me; I'm so sleepy;" and Ellen, turning her face upon royalty, slipped away to her pleasing dreams. "Little Ellen, little Ellen," said the king, musingly, "it is not often that I hear the truth so plainly told, and it is refreshing to my ears."—St. Nicholas.

THE DETHRONED BABY.

The Two-Year-Old Is Put Aside When the New Baby Comes.

During the first two years of our pilgrimage through life our troubles are altogether of a physical nature. A helpless baby in the hands of an ignorant mother or nurse is often the most to be pitied of all dumb animals, but its trials are those of the flesh. It is only after it has been, as it were, pushed out of place by an interloper—in short, when there is a newer baby, that it begins to know what it is to have a troubled spirit. When it is no longer "Baby," but "Harry," or "Jane," or perhaps even "that child," then beginneth its first lesson in the mutations of earthly things. Talk of dethroned monarchs and passe beauties, of poets whose popularity has waned, and of painters whose pictures no longer sell! These have, like Tony Weller's "werry old" turkey, the consolation of being tough. It is different with the little creature who, only a few short months ago, ruled the roost in the nursery, and now must make way for—what? A little bald, red, toothless object, who, when seen at the best, can do nothing but double its mottled fists and smile idiotically. But, little and insignificant as it may look, its coming has made the world a very different place for the old baby, who now no longer keeps its carriage, but in its excursions abroad must trudge along on its little feet, sometimes having hard work to keep up with nurse, who, while she has only fond words for the carriage's occupant, too often has cross ones for the stumbling little toddler at her side. But, worst of all, the old baby has been ousted from its mother's lap, and stands unnoticed by her side, while visitors rush at the new baby as though they would eat it, and are then entertained by accounts of its remarkable precocity—what an astonishing baby it is for its weeks, how wonderfully it takes notice, etc., etc. Guardians of the nursery, what you need is an invading host of Susan Nippers to put an end to this state of things. A brand-new baby is all very well, but that is no reason why its predecessor should be treated as if, in its own language, it "wasn't nothing."—Dr. Clara Marshall, in Babyhood.

Driving a Bargain.

The mean man occasionally overreaches himself in a way that is delightful to those who have no use for stingy people. A London journal tells a story of one of this class of persons which is most amusing. The man went into a butcher's shop and inquired the price of a soup bone.

"Oh, I'll let you have that for nothing," replied the butcher, a more or less generous person.

The customer was slightly deaf and missed the answer.

"Can't you take something off that?" he asked, never supposing that the butcher had offered to give him what he wanted.

"Oh, yes," replied the butcher, with a smile. "Call it twopence."

And the mean man paid the twopence for the gift, and departed, thinking how clever he was.—Harper's Young People.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Customer—"Why do you call this electric cake?" Baker's boy—"I 'spose because it has currants in it."—Philadelphia Record.

—Miss Gadzley—"Do you suffer much from toothache?" Mrs. Blazzer—"No—that is, not unless my husband has it."—Roxbury Gazette.

—Old Beau—"Miss Flossie, be mine. I would give my life for you!" Miss Flossie—"Well, you may if it's heavily insured."—Brooklyn Life.

—The Wife—"One-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives." The Husband—"Well, it isn't the fault of your sewing society, anyway."—Life.

—The Retort Feminine.—He (with superiority)—"I wouldn't marry the best woman living." She (with confidence)—"If you did it would be a very ill-assorted match."—Detroit Free Press.

—Facetious Friend—"Well, have you and your wife settled as to who is to be the speaker of the house?" Young Husband—"Not yet. We usually occupy the chair together."—Pearson's Weekly.

—"It's her disposition to make light of serious things," he said, mournfully. "Yes," replied Cholly Luvlorn. "She even burns the poetry I write about her."—Washington Star.

—Lipper—"I wonder why it is that Miss Crimper always takes such good care of her complexion?" Chipper—"She's so conscientious; it isn't her own, you know."—Cincinnati Tribune.

—Mrs. Rash—"How do you manage to get your cook up so early?" Mrs. Dash—"Well, I hunted up a young and good-looking milkman and hired him to come at five o'clock."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

—Friday Luck.—"Here comes the carriage, Maud! Fancy having to go and pay calls in such weather! It's enough to give one one's death of cold!" "Worse than that, mother! Everybody's sure to be in!"—Boston Budget.

—"What is this?" thundered the chairman; "here is a newspaper report of an 'anarchist washed ashore.' Who has broken the rules of the society?" "He was dead," replied a member, "or he never would have submitted."—Harlem Life.

—Stern Parent—"You tell me that you love my daughter and wish to marry her. But how do you expect to live on eight hundred a year?" Loving Swain—"Oh, come, now, your income must be more than that!"—Bostou Transcript.

—Dialogues of the Future.—Master—"Oh—will you get me my boots?" Maid—"If what?" Master—"Oh, if you please." Maid—"If you please what?" Master—"Will you kindly get me my boots, if you please, miss?" Maid—"That's better. No, I won't!"—Pall Mall Budget.

—Mr. Jay (of Boomville)—"I tell you, sir, our town is a great place. We are making innovations right along. A year ago we built a town hall, then we put in a trolley line, and now we are erecting a hospital. We go right ahead from one thing to another." Mr. Citiman—"From the trolley line to the hospital, I suppose."—Harper's Bazar.

—Gus, while not precisely a coward, is averse to getting into trouble if he can avoid it. Not long ago a big stout man kicked Gus' dog off the sidewalk on Harlem avenue. "You couldn't have done that last week," said Gus, defiantly. "Why couldn't I have kicked the dog last week?" "Because I only got him yesterday."—Texas Siftings.

HE WAS MODEST.

But He Said a Good Word for Himself Even So.

Modesty is a great virtue, but there is a time when it does not seem to be the best quality in a man, and that is when a man is a soldier. A certain amount of self-assertion is required in a soldier to convince others that he is all that a warrior ought to be. An amusing story is told in this connection of an English general who was one day reviewing a cavalry corps. Stopping before a magnificent-looking fellow in the ranks, he addressed him with:

"Which is the best horse in the regiment?"

"No. 40, sir," was the reply.

"What makes you think No. 40 is the best horse?" asked the general.

"Because he's a good walker, a good trotter, a good runner, and a good jumper. He has no viciousness, is graceful of action, and is just the right age for good service."

"Those are good reasons," said the general. "Now whom do you consider the best soldier?"

"Tom Jones," replied the soldier. "Because he is a man of honor, obedient, neat and attends strictly to his duty."

"Who rides the horse?" asked the general.

"This same Tom Jones, sir," was the answer.

"And where can I find Jones?"

"I am he, sir," replied the soldier.

The general laughed, and gave the man a sovereign. Nor is it to be doubted that he afterwards kept an eye upon Jones and No. 40 to see if the man and steed were not worthy of a more conspicuous place than they thus occupied. —Harper's Young People.

Very Tired Indeed.

It has remained for a little girl in Brooklyn to nearly, if not quite, equal a famous witticism of Leigh Hunt. Of course, she spoke in childish innocence where the English essayist and wit used his ripened intellect. Hunt, in describing an exceedingly warm day, it will be remembered, spoke of it as one which tempted him "to strip off his flesh and sit in his bones." The dear little Brooklyn miss had been romping and running all day. Toward nightfall her father met her. "Are you not very tired, little one?" he asked. "Oh, not so very tired, papa," she replied. Then, in a burst of confidence, she whispered: "Only I do feel as though I'd like to take my legs off and carry them awhile."—N. Y. Herald.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, April 22, 1895

Republicans are interested observers of the rumpus in the Democratic party which Mr. Cleveland has stirred up over the silver question. They have expected for some time that the Democratic party would split into silver and gold factions before the opening of the Presidential campaign, and those expectations seem now to be in a fair way of materializing into facts. They are merely amused by the chimerical assertions of certain of Mr. Cleveland's followers, that the Republican party would support Mr. Cleveland on a single gold standard platform. They know that not even a small section of the Republican party could under any combination of circumstances be brought to support Mr. Cleveland upon any platform. They are quite as much amused by the assertion that the Republican party, outside of the extreme western states, is a gold standard party. Of course it is needless to say to any intelligent Republican, and most Republicans are intelligent, whether he lives north, east, south or west, that the Republican party is not, never has been and is not likely to be a single standard party.

The Republican party has, since the question has been raised, repeatedly declared in its national platforms in favor of bimetalism, which the Century Dictionary thus defines: "The use of two metals as money at relative values set by legislative enactment. The union of two metals in circulation as money at a fixed rate. Specifically, that system of coinage which recognizes both coins of silver and coins of gold as legal tender to any amount, or the concurrent use of coins of two metals as a circulating medium at a fixed relative value." There is no indication that the next Republican national convention will do otherwise than reaffirm that declaration. There is only one single standard gold party, and that is the Cleveland wing of the Democratic party.

Even rock-ribbed Democrats had to smile when the official announcement was made that the Treasury department would no longer collect and dissimilate statistics relating to the manufacture of tin and terne plate in the United States. The reason was plain. Every publication of figures showing the increase of this industry, which was one of those established by the McKinley tariff law, was officially giving the lie to every Democratic editor and stump speaker who took part in the last Presidential campaign, all of whom had declared in the most positive terms that there was no such thing as the manufacture of tin and terne plates for commercial purposes in the United States, and predicted that three months after the election it would be impossible to find an American tin plate factory at work. But the makers of the McKinley law knew what they were about. They gave the manufacture of tin and terne plate such a firm footing in the United States that it has continued to grow, although its growth has been slow since the enactment of the Democratic Tariff. Had the Republican party continued in power there would to-day have been no need to import a pound of tin or terne plate.

Secretary Morton continues to make an exhibition of himself, through his daily interviews on the beef question. He seriously presents arguments to prove what everybody has known from the first—that the price of beef was forced up and kept up by the beef trust, and then just as seriously announces his inability to do anything to help the people. Really, he is a very funny little man. True, he talks too much, but his talk amuses the country, and in these "hard times" the people need all the free amusement they can get. His latest interview advocates the single gold standard of finance.

That there are a number of hungry Democrats still unprovided for is shown by the number of applicants for the vacancy in the Deputy Comptrollership of the Treasury, caused by the death last week of Hon. Charles H. Mansur. One of those applicants, an ex-Congressman, is charged with having circulated a petition asking for the office as soon as it was announced that Mr. Mansur's illness would probably be fatal. No matter who gets the office this ghoul should not.

Secretary Gresham is quite touchy over that apology demanded from Spain on account of the firing on the Alliance, and which has never been made. It is said that an old personal friend of his attempted to jolly him a little about it, and that he quickly made it plain that it was a forbidden subject. The new Spanish minister is expected to arrive here in a few days, and this arrival will shortly be followed by an apology from his government for firing on the American flag, or by a demand from his government that Secretary Gresham apologize for having made the original demand. No one is ever surprised at anything that occurs in connection with our foreign relations these days.

Elder.

"We are having lovely weather" is the manner in which people express themselves.

Mr. Arthur Dixon, of Krug, was calling at Mr. Isaiah Friend's Sunday.

Mr. Arthur DeWitt and sister, Miss Sadie, of Hoyes, were the guests of Mr. Chas. Frazee Sunday.

Messrs. Bradford Blocher and Patrick Finzel, of Frostburg, were visititing friends here from the 19th to 21st.

Rev. Ed. Blackburn, of Hoyes, was the guest of Mr. H. K. Friend the 21st inst.

Miss Maggie Cuppett was calling on Mrs. Wm. Frazee Sunday.

Miss Etta Sell, of Sang Run, and Miss Tillie Enlow, of Hoyes, were the guests of Miss Loudisa Friend Sunday.

Rev. Heart and Mr. Matthias Frazee were calling on Mr. Geo. Shartzer the 21st.

Mr. and Mrs. D. O. DeWitt, of Hoyes, were the guests of Mr. Isaiah Friend Sunday.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES,
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. Try
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite.

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL

ROOFING,

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

ORDER NISI.

Samuel Lawton, Late Treasurer of Garrett County, vs. Max Livingston.
In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, No. 70 Trials to March Term, 1895.

It is ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, this 18th day of April in the year 1895, that the tax sale as made and reported in the above entitled cause by Samuel Lawton, Late Treasurer of Garrett County, and made to the County Commissioners of said county for 26 acres of the tract of land called "Music" be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 17th day of May, 1895; provided that a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 17th day of May, 1895.

The report states the amount of sale to be $58.75. EDWARD STAKE.

True Copy.
Test. E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

WE LOAN MONEY

to buy, build and improve your home and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS NEARLY $200,000,000.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. RINKER,
Wilson, Grant Co., W. Va.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an ageney for this association will address as above. 4-1yr.*

LICENSES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all persons or bodies, corporate or politic, who may be required to take out license, that they must obtain the same on or before the

1st Day of May, 1895.

According to the provisions of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, every person or persons doing business for gain or profit except the maker, grower or manufacturer, are hereby notified that they must take out a license.

CHARLES WEGMAN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

GREAT
ARE THE BARGAINS
THIS WEEK AT
Sincell Bros.

More Clothing at Lower Prices than Ever.

Mens Cassimere 3 button Cutaway, all wool and silk mixed				$12
Mens all wool Clay Worsted Cutaway Suits, worth $18				12
" " " " Sack	"	"	16	10
" " " Diagonal Corkscrew	"	"	16	10
" " " Fancy Grey Mixed	"	"	14	8
" " " Serge round corner sack	"	"	16	10
" " " " box d'b'l breasted	"	"	16	10
" " " Navy Blue	"	"	12	8
" " " " " round corner	"	"	12	8
Childrens all wool Jersey Suits, worth $4				$2.50
" " " double breasted Suits, worth $6.00				4.00
" " " single	"	"	4.50	3.00
" " " Bullock	"	"	8.00	5.00
" " " Light Summer	"	"	5.00	3.50

A vast assortment of Youths Clothing in any size, at any price, in all colors and styles.

DRY GOODS.

Our Dry Goods Department is well filled with the very latest styles in

Dress Goods, Novelties,
Silks, Summer Flannels,
Duck, Percales, Outings,
French Ginghams, Draperies,
Table Linens in a vast assortment of colors and at the lowest prices.

WE BOAST on our LINE OF HOSIERY.

It is Considered the Best by ALL Who Wear It.

We have anything in Hosiery from Infants' Cotton Hose to Ladies Fine Quality Dropped Stitch Silk Hose.

A new line of the very latest style hats such as

The Trilby, London Gaiety Girl, The Alpine,

In all Shades and Colors and at prices that cannot be touched by any of our competitors.

SHOES.

Men's Stylish Razor Toe Shoe, worth $1.50			$1.00
" " " " " "	2.00		1.50
" " " " " "	2.50		1.75
" " " " " "	3.00		2.25
" " " " " "	3.50		2.75

Men's Square Toed Shoes at Any Price.

Our Shoes have the reputation of being easy and comfortable as well low priced. Men's Shoes for $1.40 which are guaranteed to wear out three pairs of half soles or money refunded.

Ladies Shoes in low cut or high top and in any size or style, with the quality guaranteed.

We have no Groceries and are doing a strictly cash business and consequently have no losses. We are enabled, therefore, to sell goods at prices that will not justify our competitors. Our entire stock is

Bright, New and Attractive.

We invite you to call and examine our goods. We are sure that we can please you in everything in our large line.

Very respectfully yours,

Sincell Bros.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

are good for sick headache, constipation, piles, bilious colic, fever and ague, dyspepsia, rheumatism, female complaints, dizziness, flatulence, sour stomach, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general debility. They will positively cure all disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. 25 cents a box.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

helps babes over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, controls the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no strong drugs and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good—25 cents a bottle.

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.
JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23-1yr.

FOR SALE.

Three acres of land, being a part of the old Kennedy farm, lying in the eastern suburbs of Oakland on either side of the road leading to Mt. Lake Park. Will be sold in lots of ¼ acre each, or as a whole.

For full particulars call on or address
MRS. LIZZIE BUZZARD,
22-6m Elkins, W. Va.

MOUNT POMONA.

NURSERY AND FRUIT FARM.

Address Swanton, Md., for Fruit and Mushrooms.
Address Mt. Lake Park concerning Nursery, Greenhouse or Vegetable Products.
Agets wanted on salary.
SWEET & SHACKLEFORD.

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

11 1y

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments. Headstones,

AND

Chimney Pipe

WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

4193,yr—8

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

—OF—

Personal Property

—AT—

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from John J. Whirl to Warling Thomas and Edward H. Sincell, dated the 5th day of February, 1895, and duly recorded among the records of Garrett county in Liber E. Z. T. No. 21, folio 280, etc., default having been made in payment of said mortgage, the undersigned mortgagee hereby gives notice that on

Tuesday, the 30th Day of April, 1895,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., in front of Hayder. & Eckles' store in Mountain Lake Park, Md., he will offer at public sale the following described personal property, to-wit:

One bay Mare named "Bird;" 1 gray Horse named "Charlie;" 1 black and white spotted Cow named "Heart;" 1 dun Cow named "Bloss;" 1 red Cow named "Cherry;" 1 black Cow named "Blackie;" 1 yearling Heifer (light brindle, now 3 years old;) 1 two-horse Road Wagon and 1 one-horse Spring Wagon.

Terms of sale as prescribed by the mortgage, cash.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
One of said Mortgagees.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING. Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1c14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.
Drs. McLane & Berkeley,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
FROSTBURG, MD.
Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.
See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

H. W. M'COMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,
Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land, known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13t.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $100; balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

3. Farm of Mrs. Ida C. Cruntzberg, containing 61 acres, nader fence; orchard of 150 trees; stable, frame house Price, $1,200. Cash payment of $200, balance at 20 years with interest.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

--WANTED--
WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER
Also White Oak Timber Land.
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.
Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ½ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
T. R. CARSKADON,
20—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
2?1f 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1895. NUMBER 8.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings In and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

Hang onto those winter garments yet awhile.

Oracle Bolden was here Saturday for a few minutes.

The West hotel property is receiving a coat of paint.

Grafton, W. Va., will soon boast of an electric railway.

Mr. E. P. Anderson, of Newburg, W. Va., was in town to-day.

McComas' Calmative Konseals, 10 cents. Try them. 5-tf

Did you notice that line of ladies oxfords at Offutt & Son's. 6tf

Edward B. Crim was in town Saturday afternoon on business.

The new dynamo for the electric plant will arrive in a few days.

Mr. Geo. Marville, of Deer Park, was in the city on Wednesday.

THE REPUBLICAN for good job printing. Make a note of this.

Good intentions alone will never pave the way to good country roads.

Mr. S. E. Bolden is having his residence on Alder street painted.

Mr. E. W. Kelso, of near the Park, was an Oakland visitor last Saturday.

Mr. G. S. Hamill was at Friendsville a day or two last week on business.

Offutt & Son are displaying the choicest line of Mattings Oil Cloth's in town. 6tf

The regular preaching services in St. Mark's church Sunday morning and evening.

Mr. L. F. Tasker, of Blaine, was here on Wednesday and made us a pleasant call.

Offutt & Son have the prettiest line of spring and summer dress goods in town.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Mr. Walter D. Collier, of Friendsville, was in the city Monday and Tuesday for a few hours.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

Mr. Henry F. Kahl, of Accident, has accepted a position as clerk with the Mayers Drug Company.

Mr. Amaziah Turney, of Addison, Pa., was here on Wednesday on business before the school board.

The sheriff of Preston county, W. Va., who was recently shot by a horse thief, is slowly recovering.

M. L. Scott has opened a new line of Shoes and Oxfords. Has a $2 shoe worth $3, made by Evitt.

Mr. Milton Lowdermilk, of Selbysport, was here on Monday and paid this office a very pleasant visit.

The new B. & O. schedule for the spring and summer has been arranged, and will go into effect May 12.

Mr. John E. Gnagey, of Accident was an Oakland visitor on last Friday. He returned home Saturday morning.

Miss Kate Spedden, who has been visiting friends in eastern cities for several weeks past, returned home yesterday.

To a friend at Hutton: Henry Clews' weekly letters will again appear in this journal regularly after next week.

My summer goods are arriving every day. Call and get my prices before purchasing elsewhere. Chas. J. Newman.

One of the improvements made this spring is a neat iron fence in front of Dr. McComas' residence on Liberty street,

Monday morning Capt. Jarboe's carpenters commenced work on the addition to the postoffice building on Alder street.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures scalds, burns, indolent sores and never fails to cure piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

I have just received a complete line of wagons, hammocks, croquet sets, base ball goods, fishing tackle, etc. Chas. J. Newman.

Misses Lottie and Grace Loar, who spent several days in Washington visiting friends returned to Oakland Saturday night.

Judge Shallabarger's handsome residence on the Deer Park road is being pushed rapidly to completion by Capt. Jarboe's men.

Mr. L. C. Fike, an old soldier of Markleysburg, Pa., was in the city on Monday morning on business before the Orphans' Court.

Bernard Frieze, Esq., has moved from the Jarboe property on Alder street to his new residence on the boulevard in the east end.

S. T. Davis has sold his merry-go-round to a Mr. Pulliam of Preston county W. Va., who moved it to Newburg last Monday.

Miss Ottie Sollars, of Gormania, W. Va., and Miss Bessie Wolf, of Deer Park, were visiting the family of Mr. Jos. Crim this week.

Sick headache, constipation and indigestion are quickly cured by DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

MONEY TO LOAN.—To be amply secured by first mortgage on real estate. Apply to
7-2t. FRED A. THAYER, Atty.

A Knights of Pythias ball was given in Grafton Wednesday night for which the Messrs. Weber furnished several hundred cut flowers.

Mrs. Gilmor S. Hamill and son Semmes and Mrs. James R. Bishop went to Kingwood Tuesday morning to attend the funeral of Mrs. Wm. A. Thomas.

Our patrons will find DeWitt's Little Early Risers a safe and reliable remedy for constipation, dyspepsia and liver complaints. Oakland Pharmacy.

La Grippe is here again with all of its old time vigor. One Minute Cough Cure is a reliable remedy. It cures and cures quickly. Oakland Pharmacy.

The will of the late Samuel P. Lowdermilk, of near Selbysport, was admitted to probate in the Orphans' Court for this county on Monday morning.

John Wanamaker ought to come to this part of the globe and take up a night school. He could earn good wages in teaching our merchants how to advertise.

Judge Jere Wilson, who is known all over the country as "the man who 'did up' Col. Breckenridge," was in Oakland a day or two this week on business.

State Statistical Agent Bro. *Democrat* Litzinger is compiling statistics for the Agricutural Department of the number of threshing machines in the State.

Mr. Peter P. Loar, of Bittinger, was here two or three days this week on business. Mr. Lohr has our thanks for a sample of maple sugar made by him at his sugar grove.

Mr. John Shartzer's new three-story building near this office is being pushed forward as rapidly as possible as is also Mr. John O. Michael's building adjoining it.

A train of twenty-two cars loaded with nothing but fresh meats passed through Oakland from Chicago Tuesday. The train made the trip from Chicago in twelve hours less than the usual time.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of the Oakland Pharmacy, which will be found on this page of to-day's REPUBLICAN. This enterprising house believes in the judicious use of printer's ink and thus patronizes the paper that reaches the greatest number of people.

W. T. Stanford, Station Agent of Leeper, Clarion Co. Pa., writes: I can recommend One Minute Cough Cure as the best I ever used. It gave instant relief and a quick cure Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Silas Wiley, one of Bittinger's young men, started this morning for Rock Rapids, Iowa. We wish him well in his new field of adventure.

Our job department is always full of orders but still we can accommodate all who may call. Give us your orders and if the work is not satisfactory in every particular it shan't cost you a cent.

Mr. William H. Malette, who has been for several months in Michigan and other northern and western states selling the catarrh cure for the Mayers Drug Co., returned to Oakland Monday night.

We have something new, effective, pleasant to take and perfectly harmless and a positive cure for nervous headache, sick headache, dizziness and neuralgia. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

Mr. Max Good, formerly of Oakland but now a prosperous wholesale coffee merchant of St. Louis, Missouri, was in Oakland last Thursday renewing old acquaintances and visiting the scenes of his early life.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office with Dr. M. C. Hinehaugh. 35-1y.

The crossing at THE REPUBLICAN building which has been in a dangerous condition for almost a year, was on last Thursday replaced by a new one, Mr. Asa Coddington doing the stone work.

Try McComas' Calmative Konseals to drive away sharp pains in muscular and acute rheumatism. One or two Konseals have shown **marvelous results. 10 cents per** box. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

McComas' Calmative Konseals contain all that is required to cure the worst case of headache or neuralgia in a very few minutes and are safe, sure, inexpensive. Manufactured by Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf.

Rev. S. M. Engle, who was called to lower West Virginia a few weeks ago be the illness of a relative returned to Oakland last Saturday night and Sunday morning occupied the pulpit in the Garrett Memorial church.

Mr. R. T. Frazee, proprietor of the Crawford Hotel, Friendsville, was here Monday and left a nice order for job printing with this office. Mr. Frazee was accompained by Mr. John J. Whetstone, also of Friendsville.

J. A. Richardson, of Jefferson City, Mo., chief enrolling force 38th general assembly of Missouri, writes: I wish to testify to the merits of One Minute Cough Cure. When other so-called cures failed, I obtained almost instant relief and a speedy cure by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. Oakland Pharmacy.

W. Grant Martin, optician, has located permanently in Oakland, and is prepared to examine eyes scientifically and adjust glasses with unerring accuracy. All work guaranteed. Office days: Monday and Saturday, in Pritchard building. 50-tf.

Doctor H. R. Fish, of Gravois Mills, Mo., a practicing physician of many years experience, writes: DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve has no equal for indolent sores, scalds and burns. It stops pain instantly, heals a burn quickly and leaves no scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

Messrs. Bradford Bros. have received their machinery and boiler for their new planing mill situated in the east end of town and are placing things in position to begin work in a short time. These gentlemen have the latest improved machinery and we are safe in predicting that they will make a success of their enterprise.

Messrs. D. E. Offutt & Son to-day present to the readers of THE REPUBLICAN an advertisement of their vehicle department. It will be to the interest of those desiring a good buggy to give this firm a call before purchasing elsewhere. Look up their advertisement.

Mr. D. Wiley, ex-postmaster, Black Creek, N. Y., was so badly afflicted with rheumatism that he was only able to hobble around with canes, and even then it caused him much pain. After using Chamberlain's Pain Balm he was so much improved that he threw away his canes. He says this liniment did him more good than all the other medicines and treatment put together. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

The girl that gives way to a desire to gad about the streets and cultivate the acquaintance of fast young men is laying the foundation for a useless life, and when married she will develop into a slatternly gossip if no greater misfotune befall her. It is the girl who loves home and helps her mother that wins the model man and becomes an ornament to society. The same may be said of boys.—Bulletin.

The program of the literary meeting of the Epworth League, held Monday night, consisted of a musical prelude and a lecture delivered by Dr. A. H. Norcross, of Pittsburg, Pa. The church was filled to its utmost capacity. The lecture was a high-class and able production and was enjoyed by the audience, and taking it all in all the evening was a delightful one. The leaders of the literary meetings of the Epworth League vie with one another as to who can get up the best and most entertaining programs. The last two, led by Mrs. S. K. Arbuthnot and Miss D. Virginia Farley, were splendid indeed.

On last Saturday Judge Boyd, in the Circuit Court for Allegany county, sentenced James Valentine recently convicted of assaulting Emma Hausman, to the penitentiary for twenty-one years. In passing the sentence the court said the crime of which Valentine had been convicted was one of the most atrocious that had ever been known in Allegany county, but, while there was no reasonable doubt of the identity of the prisoner, there was a possibility of a doubt, inasmuch as the principal evidence in the case came from the little girl who had been assaulted and who is but fourteen years old. "I have, therefore, determined," continued Judge Boyd, "not to impose the extreme penalty of the law upon you which I would not hesitate to do were it not for the possibility of doubt."

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper, under the caption "We Loan Money." The Granito State Provident Association, which he is representing, is one of the strongest financial institutions in the country, and the largest building and loan association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management have developed it from nominal assets in 1889 to nearly $200,000,000 in 1895. Its style of doing business is such as to cause the U. S. Examiner, C. W. Thompson, who has for years been assigned to especially investigate loan and mortgage companies, to state that "For comprehensiveness, thoroughness, neatness and accuracy, its accounts are far superior to anything I ever saw or supposed possible." Those desiring to borrow, will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars. 4-1yr.*

Auctions.

John Shartzer is coming again. Commencing at Accident, Friday evening, May 10th; Friendsville, Saturday morning, May 11th; Bittinger, Tuesday afternoon, May 14th; Bender's, Wednesday afternoon, May 15th; McHenry, Thursday afternoon, May 16th.

Will have a line of goods suitable for the season and to please all.

A Sad Death.

On Tuesday morning the editor of this paper went to Kingwood, W. Va., to attend the funeral of Mrs. William A. Thomas, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Y. Morris, and granddaughter of Mrs. Mary A. Byrne, with whom many of our older people are acquainted.

Mrs. Thomas was a few months less than twenty-six years of age and leaves two small children, a husband and a large circle of loving relatives and friends, who will ever cherish her memory as one of the pure, just and good.

As a friend, Mrs. Thomas was kind and true. As a wife and mother she was all that the word implies.

After weeks of the most intense suffering she passed to the unknown beyond. Her remains were interred in the beautiful little cemetery on the outskirts of Kingwood, the funeral services being conducted by the Revs. Graham, of Washington, Pa., and Crummett, of Kingwood.

The floral tributes were handsome and numerous.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending May 4th, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Finley Toy, Henry Suall,
H. W. Nlen, James Lowdermilk,
Hensen Galloway, Miss Ella Geets,
Miss Annie Conner, Miss Stella McKoble.

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Died.

AULT.—At his home near Accident, on Tuesday, April 30th at 5.30 p. m., Mr. Frederick Ault. The deceased gentleman was the father of our fellow townsman, Mr. John Ault, and was a highly respected citizen. The funeral occurred to-day.

Rogers' Sarsaparilla.

A specific for all. 100 doses for 75 cents. Rogers' Little Liver Pills, best on the market; Cough Cure, Liniment, Appetine and Worm Syrup, sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland; Cuppett Bros., McHenry; J. A. DeBerry, Corinth; C. F. White, Hutton; P. T. Garthright, Hayden & Eckles, Mt. Lake Park; Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park; Wm. Frederick, Friendsville; Yough Store Co., Jonas Frazee, Robert Liston, Selbysport; W. Wass, Mineral Springs; J. E. Gnagey, Accident; Smith & Callis, Hoyes, and by all general dealers.

Spring is Here!

Everything Fresh, and at The Very Lowest Prices. Fresh Vegetables and Fruits a Specialty, at

MALETTE'S

Cheap Cash Grocery.

D. E. OFFUTT & SON

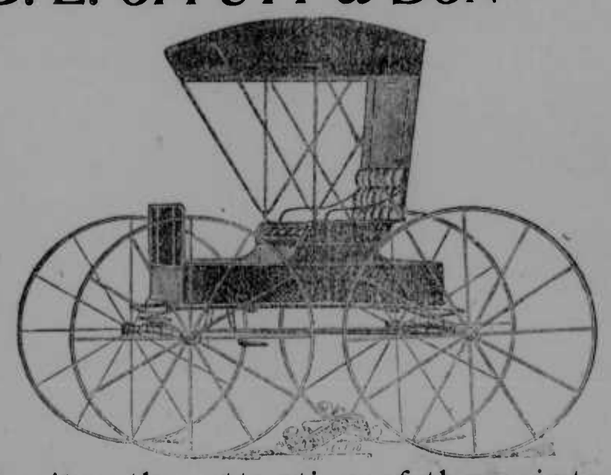

Invites the attention of those interested in the purchase of vehicles of any style. The Kramer, Milburn and Jackson farm wagons always on hand. Prices and terms given on application.

Special.

We offer the following special bargains for cash this week:

For 20c—120 sheets of good writing paper, worth 20c per quire.
For 20c—1 lb. fine linen paper, worth 50c.
For 8c—1 Tablet good writing paper, worth 15c.
For 1c—You can buy two good pencil tablets.
For 18c—1 box "Our Own" beautiful box paper and envelopes.
For 9c—1 box good quality paper and envelopes.
For 5c—1 package best heavy white envelopes.
For 15c—1 bottle fine aromatic tooth powder, price 25c.
For 5c—1 bar transparent glycerine soap, 10c cake.
For 5c—1 bar cocoa castile soap, 10c cake.
For 5c—1 box best wood toothpicks.

We make a specialty in manufacturing extracts of vanilla and lemon, and will be pleased to quote prices to those desiring fine flavoring extracts.

OAKLAND PHARNACY,

JOS. E. HARNED, Manager. OAKLAND, MD.

THE REPUBLICAN

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

THAT ASTOUNDING SUSAN

Hermit Miles' Christmas Hunt on Indian Run.

He Got Some Venison and Then Two Wolves Interfered—Susan a Widow If She Had Not Been a Remarkable Woman.

"WOLVES was wuth twenty-five dollars apiece time me an' Susan lived on our clearin'," said old Cuthbert Miles, the Indian Run hermit, "an' wunst I was so hot foot to git a couple, 'count o' the bounty on 'em, that I come pooty nigh never bein' heard on ag'in. I wouldn't a ben, nuther, if it hadn't a ben fer Susan. Nothin' surer'n that, sir!

"'Twas the day afore Chris'mas, an' me an' Susan was going to Parks', five mile down the creek, nex' day to eat Chris'mas dinner.

"'Susan,' I says, 'seems to me I ought to go ont an' git a deer, so's we kin take some ven'son 'long with us tomorrow, as sort of a Chris'mas present to Joe aa' Sally Ann. Hadn't I?' I says.

"'Course ye had!' says Susan. 'Git a nice fat one.'

"So I took ol' flint lock an' went out. I hadn't gone more'n two miles 'fore I jumped up as nice an' fat a buck as I ever see. I let ol' flint lock holler, an' I see by the way the buck twitched his tail an' sprung away that I had touched him and touched him bad. I went on, an' found the snow all spattered with blood, nn' blood markin' the deer's trail.

"'Here's goin' to be a saddle o' ven'son,' I says, 'setch as'll make Joe an' Sally Ann Parks glad they come into these here woods!' I says.

"I follered the deer's track, thinkin' how tickled Susan'd be when she sees that nice, fat deer, and the blood got thicker an' thicker, an' the buck's tracks slower an' slower, till I know'd I'd soon come up to him dead or dyin'. Pooty soon, though, I seen somethin' that jist made my blood bile. Some other tracks showed in the snow, right along the deer's. They was wolf tracks—two on 'em, a follerin' the deer!

"I hurried on, an' hadn't gone a hundred yards when I come square ont on the wolves nn' the buck. The buck was down, an' the wolves was tearin' an' gnashin' away at him tremendous. I up an' blazed away at one o' the wolves, and hit him bad. Away they both went, the wounded one havin' a hard time of it, an' leavin' lots of his worthless blood stainin' the snow as he went. Goin' up up to the buck I see he was dead, an' the wolves had tore him so that my blood took to bilin' wuss'n ever.

"'Them wolves is wuth twenty-five dollars apiece,' I says, 'an' I'm bound to hev 'em, but if they wasn't wuth a cent I'd hev 'em anyhow, jist fer their mnmmixin Joe an' Sally Ann's deer,' I says, 'an' disapp'intin' Susan,' I says.

"So I follered the bloody wolf track. The two devourin' varmints kep' together, an' I know'd where one went t'other nn'd go. They led me a tol'able long chase, an' they'd a led me a longer nn if the one wolf hadn't a ben wounded so bad. The trail led to an openin' in a ledge o' rocks, an' there, squattin' right in it, was the well wolf. I whanged away. Old flint lock didn't seem to be feelin' jest up to the mark that day. By rights she

"I'M AFRAID YOU'VE GIVE ME A BAD JOB HERE."

ought to tumbled the deer square in its tracks, an' she oughtn't to let the first wolf git away, an' now she hadn't acted square with me in deulin' with the second wolf. She had tumbled it, o' course, but not so it'd stay tumbled, an' the wolf drug itself back into the hole, though it was a hard job fer it.

"'Cats!' I says. 'You nin't treatin' me right, flint lock,' I says. 'I'm afeard you've give me a bad job here,' I says. 'But I've got to hev them wolves,' I says. 'If I'd go home an' tell Susan I let a couple of wolves git away from me,' I says, 'she'd give me a look an' say: "Moses, I'm ashamed o' ye!" an' she'd more'n likely say: "Milk the heifer; I'll go an' git them wolves myself," setch an astoundin' woman is Susan.'

"That's what I said to ol' flint lock, an' laid her down more in sorrow than anger. Makin' an inspection o' the openin' in the rocks, I seen that it run in amazin' narrow fer three or four feet, an' then spread out into quite a nice showin' of a cave.

"'That entry to them wolves' house is awful close work for the eyes!' I says. 'There's got to be some tight squeezin' done 'fore I git in to hev it out with them wolves,' I says. 'But they'm in there, an' they've sp'iled Joe an' Sally Ann's deer, an' they've disapp'inted Susan, an' they'm worth twenty-five dollars apiece!' I says. 'I've got to hev 'em, squeeze or no squeeze!' I says.

"So I took my buckhorn-handled huntin' knife in one hand an' started in. By wigglin' an' squeezin' an' twistin' an' turnin' like an' eel goin' up a dam, I got half through the narrow entry, when I heerd a terrible objection to my goin' any furder. There was an ugly growl first, then a snarl, then a snappin' o' jaws, an' then the hull of 'em together, an' then the wolf that made 'em sprung fer me an' socked its teeth in my left shoulder. I had my knife in my right hand, an' I didn't engnge to lay there un' let the wolf do all the sockin', so I begun to sock the wulf with the knife. The wolf hadn't skeert me, fer I was 'spectin' somethin' o' that kind; but the fight hadn't no more'n begun 'fore I diskivered somethin' that jist turned me cold from head to foot, an' it seemed to me as if I could feel my hair turnin' white.

"'Susan!' says I, 'I'm afeard yer as good as a widder!'

"What was the diskivry I made? Why, sir, I was stuck as fast in that narrow place as if I'd a-ben built in there when it was made! I couldn't wiggle ahead, nor I couldn't wiggle backwards. I didn't keer fer the wolf.

SHE STUCK AROUND.

As fer a matter o' that, layin' there half on my side, I socked my knife so hard an' so fast into that wolf that he was a goner 'fore he could do more'n give me that first sock with his teeth in my shoulder. T'other wolf was dead, I knew, or he'd been makin' some kind of a fuss. So wolves didn't ent no figger In the situation at all. It was me ben' held fast in the bowels o' the earth, so to speak, gittin' wedged there tighter nn' tighter the more I tried to get myself loose, an' no more chance o' anyone comin' by there than there was o' them rocks openin' of their ownselfs an' lettin' me ont. The weather was overpowerin' cold an' gettin colder. I knowed that Susan wouldn't think nothin' o' my bein' nwny not until some time after dark, an' then she couldn't do nothin' till mornin'.

"'Susan,' I says, 'then ye'll be a widder!'

"'Twan't that I was afeard to die that I felt so tremendous awful 'twixt them narrow rocks, but it was the thoughts o' leavin' Susan all alone on the clearin'. So I'd work away ag'in, choppin' the rocks with my knife, hopin' to make a hole big enough to let me out, but the way I lay I couldn't git to work where it'd do any good, or I could a done it in time. At last, after, I guess, three hours o' work, I was jest petered all ont. I couldn't hardly raise my head nor my hands no more, an' the cold wns eatin' in to the very marrow o' my bones. I don't know how long I laid there like that, but by an' by I heered somethin' at the openin' ontside, an' then some one hollers' in an' says:

"'Be ye dead or alive?'

"It was Susan! Of all things in the world, Susan! But I mowt a know'd it. Astoundin' woman that she was, I mowt a know'd it!

"'Susan!' I says, 'I'm betwixt and between!'

"Then I told her the fix I was in an' how I run into it deliberate an' with my eyes open. Susan, she erept in, an' she took my knife, an' she dug, an' she pried, an' she chipped. She kep' it up fer an hour, an' made room enough fer me to turn in. A few more chips an' chops an' pryin' an I squeezed my way out. An' me an' Susan both sot down on the snow an' hugged an' bellered. Then by an' by Susan got up an' crawled in an' dug ont the two dead wolves. An' how do ye s'pose it happened that Susan come along an' rescued me? If she hadn't ben an' astoundin' woman she wouldn't a ben there an' she'd ben a widder. Not long arter I had left the clearin to go nn' git Joe an' Sally Ann a deer fer Chris'mas, a wolf come sneakin' up an' was nosin' around to git one o' Susan's chickens. Susan diskivered it, an' bein' as sly as the wolf, she snuck aronnd with her clothes pounder, an' 'fore the wolf know'd what wos up, she fetched him a whack with it that sent him endways. But he was up agin' fore Susan could git in another lick, an' started fer the woods. The whack with the clothes pounder had hurt him so bad that he couldn't run fast, an' what does Susan do but start on his trail. She could keep him in easy sight, but couldn't quite come up with him. She kep' on, though, hoping that he'd hole up 'fore long, an' then she'd git him.

"As it happened the wolf took a course that brought him squar to where t'other wolves had ketched an' tore my buck. Soon as Susan see the dead buck she know'd what had happened, an' the bloody trail leading away from it, an' my tracks on the trail, kind o' sot her to thinkin', an' she give up the wolf she was chasin' an' took my trail. Consekently she wa'n't a widder, an' we had a jolly Chris'mas at Parks' next day, though we didn't hev no nice fat deer to give 'em for a present. Lord! what times we did nsety hev on that clearin'! An' how astoundin' Susan was!"—N. Y. Sun.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Gibbon read nothing that did not have a bearing on his history, and everything he could find that, even remotely, had reference to his work. He said he had no time for miscellaneous reading.

—Muffs were adopted by women after these articles had been invented for the use of doctors, to keep their fingers warm and soft while going from the house of one patient to that of another.

—The Moslem women attach such importance to covering the face that when taken by surprise without a veil a woman will often take up her skirt and veil her face with it, leaving the lower limbs bare to the knees.

—The average weight of women's clothing in winter is much greater than that which adorns the opposite sex. Worth once said that the weight of a man's winter clothing averaged fifteen pounds; of a woman's eighteen.

—The old colonial house at Mantua, King and Queen county, Va., once the residence of Carter Braxton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and at present owned by Dr. Gresham, was recently burned to the ground.

—The Western Publishing & Advertising company of Winnepeg has leased from the Canadian Pacific railway the advertising privileges of all its stations, offices, telegraph poles, fences and premises generally. This contract covers 7,000 miles of line and 1,100 stations.

—A French medical authority asserts that death caused by a fall from a great height is absolutely painless. The mind acts very rapidly for a time, then unconsciousness ensues. An Irishman, who had been injured by a tumble of this kind, declared that it was not the fall that hurt him, but the sudden stoppage.

—The sleeping carriages of the English Northwestern line are partitioned off into eight separate bedrooms, each containing two brass bedsteads. A corridor runs along the side of the car, from which all the rooms open. In the center of the car is a sitting room for men and one for women, and there are lavatories.

—Clovis Hugues celebrated the anniversary of the Commune this year by producing at the Maison du Peuple a dramatic parody in verse on the Crucifixion. The scene represents the three figures on the crosses on Calvary, where the impenitent thief protests against the hardship of his lot in this world and the injustice of his fate in the next.

—Among the laws passed by the North Carolina legislature, just adjourned, was one requiring railroads to redeem unused tickets. The usual details are specified, and this, with the law making it a misdemeanor for any person except the agents of railroad companies to deal in railroad tickets, may drive the scalpers out of business in that state.

—The Pittsburgh fire department the other morning prevented the Baltimore & Ohio blocking the building of the Monongahela connecting road by building a track across the right of way of the latter. The Baltimore & Ohio engaged fifty men to lay the track, and they refused to quit work when ordered to by the city officials. A fire stream was then turned on them and they were held at bay until a preliminary injunction was secured and served on the B. & O. officials.

—In preparing to handle the world's fair business in 1892 the Pennsylvania company built five hundred cars called excursion cars, and so constructed that after their use for that purpose they could be converted into gondola cars. These cars were equipped with good seats, but not highly upholstered, and many of them were never used. Now the company is selling these seats, which cost ten dollars or more, for two dollars and converting the cars into gondola cars, they being of a very substantial build.

HER GREAT MISTAKE.

Mac. Was Only After His Wasted Valuables.

Again has woe come to the emotional bosom of Macallister Mellhenny, and it roosts upon each surging throb like a bird of evil omen.

Only a week of bliss, and then the frost, the nipping frost, that came like a thief in the night and pinched the heart of our hero of the sorrowful luck.

He had fallen in love with a beautiful maiden, soft of eyes and tender of heart, but not for Macallister Mellhenny. She was the only daughter of a rich and haughty coroner, and she loved her father's clerk, whose fees were his fortune.

It came to pass then, when Macallister Mellheuny preferred his simple request for her heart and hand, she respectfully but firmly declined, saying in that guileless, disingenuous, original way of hers that she would not be his wife, but would be a sister to him—oh, so gladly—extending her lily white hand with a string tied to it.

That was only last night, and this night he had come to gather up the rich and costly presents he had given her, and she was sitting in the drawing-room with her mother, when there came a pull at the door bell like the sluggish pull of a mud turtle at a frisky fishline.

"Who can that be?" asked the maiden's mother as she waited for the butler to respond to it.

"It is Macallister Mellhenny, mamma," replied the girl.

"What is he coming here to-night for? I thought you gave him the bou—excuse me, I mean rejected him last night."

"I did, mamma."

"Then, what is he coming here to-night for?"

"I suppose, mamma," said the fair creature, gazing tenderly on a photograph of her fiance, "that he wishes me to hold an inquest on him."

As Macallister Mellhenny entered the apartment there were tears in his eyes.—Detroit Free Press.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—There were 17,854,714 bunches of bananas consumed in the United States last year. Jamaica, Cuba, Honduras and Colombia supply most of the fruit. It is within the easy memory of people of middle age when a banana was a great rarity.

—In producing charcoal and its products the fuel value of the former is materially depreciated when the carbonization is carried on in retorts. A new method of procedure is proposed whereby this depreciation may be avoided, and the cost of carriage of the wood saved by performing the work at or near the site of growth of the timber.

—A gold medal of the value of $200 is offered by the Bonlogna Academy of Sciences for the memoir describing the best system or apparatus for putting out fires, by chemical, physical or mechanical means. The papers must all be in by the end of May, 1896, and may be written in Latin, French or Italian, or in any other language if accompanied by an Italian translation.

—Aluminum is not, as is quite generally supposed, in itself a strong metal. It is only half as strong as wrought iron and has a very low elastic limit. It is when combined with other metals that its real value begins to appear. With eight to twelve per cent. of copper added, making aluminum bronze, one of the densest, finest-grained and strongest metals known is developed.

—Work is progressing steadily on the Brooklyn bridge terminals, and it is expected that the new system of operation will be ready for use by September. The new Brooklyn station and roadways will have cost, when done, $270,000; the reconstructed New York station, $270,000; the car storage yard, real estate and structures, $868,356; New York roadways, $107,601; cable driving plant, $198,455; railway and equipment, $327,500, making a total of $2,041,913.

—Ornithorhynchus paradoxus, the unique Australian duck-billed water mole, has lost its character for harmlessness, but has an added peculiarity, a sting like a bee. The male has on its hind leg a powerful spur connected with a gland. When attacked it does not scratch with the spur, but digs it in; and now an Australian naturalist has discovered that a virulent poison is ejected from the spur. He has found two men who were poisoned in handling the animal, and a number of dogs, four of the latter dying.

—The different species of ants are pretty generally distributed over the globe, and on this account the naturalists infer that there is work for them to do in the great economy of the universe. In each colony males, females, neuters and sometimes soldiers are to be recognized. The males are invariably smaller than the females, and, like those of the feminine gender, have wings in their original state. The neuters, which are the workers, are without wings in any of their transformations, and the soldiers are recognized by the armor plates on their heads.

—That our opinion of the color of an object is formed by our perceiving that certain constituents are absent in it, is the conclusion reached by Herr Vogel in a paper before the Berlin Physical society. Experimenting with oil lamps provided with pure red, green and blue color screens, he found that when white light was rigidly excluded the observers lost all sense of color, and could distinguish only shades of black and white in objects in the room. A scale of colors illumined by red light showed the reds as white or gray; when blue light was added the reds became yellow and could not be distinguished from the yellows on the scale.

THE GERMAN FOREST.

It Is a Resort of the People at All Seasons of the Year.

The forest offers its special attractions in every season of the year. In the winter there are sleighing parties; at Easter and Whitsuntide the German forests literally swarm with tourists—for the school youth of all Germany make long pedestrian excursions in the spring. Almost every German town calls a Schutzenverein (a rifle club) its own. And wherever a forest is in the vicinity, there, surely enough, the targets are set up and a picturesque Schutzenhaus is erected. There every week the town people congregate, and the echo of their rifles is heard far and wide. There Schutzenvereine form a distinct feature of social life of the German middle classes.

The Germans love to erect monuments to their great men amid the solitude of trees. The national monument, opposite Bingen on the Rhine—erected to commemorate the victories of 1870-71—stands against a woodland background, the famed Niederwald. In the midst of the Teutoburg forest, in the principality of Detmold, there is a monument to Arminius in memory of his victory over the Romans. It is not the least typically German characteristic of Bismarck that he resides at Friedrichsruhe, in the midst of an old Saxon forest—the Sachenwald. There throughout the year his many admirers give each other rendezvous to do honor to Germany's greatest latter-day champion.—Chautauquan.

Vineyards of Old England.

Though the practice of wine making has ceased in England for more than a century, the remains and records of the old English vineyards are abundant and suggestive. East Smithfield was converted into a vineyard, and held by four successive constables of the tower in the reigns of Rufus, Henry and Stephen. In the reign of Richard II. the Little Park at Windsor was taken for a vineyard to supply the castle; and it was asserted of the vale of Gloucester that "there is no province of England that hath so many, or such good, vineyards as this country, either for fertility or sweetness of the grape; the wine thereof carrieth no unpleasant tartness, being not much inferior to the French in softness."—London Spectator.

SPRING CLEANING

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I was afflicted with catarrh last autumn. During the month of October I could neither taste or smell and could hear but little. Ely's Cream Balm cured it.—Marcus Geo. Shantz, Rahway, N. J.

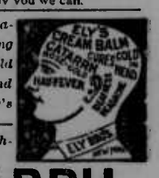

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TEMPERANCE NOTES.

FAN'S CRUSADE.

How the Ferry Saloon Came to Be Closed Up.

It was a dark, cold and stormy night; the wind blew with such force that my father could not be sure that what he heard was a knock at the door. He listened, and when the knock was repeated he opened the door. Fan and Carey Tracey stood there in the cold, bareheaded and without wraps. They had been crying, and Carey's lips were quivering still.

"Will you let us come in out of the storm, Mr. Hurley?" said Fan, with bitterness in her voice. "We've no place to go, and I wouldn't ask for any place for myself—I'd crawl into a haystack or stay in the woods all night; but I don't dare to with Carey. He isn't strong, and I wish you'd please take him in, anyhow."

"Come in, both of you," replied my father. "Why are you out at this time of the night?"

Fan hesitated.

"I'll have to tell you the honest truth," she said presently. "Father came home from that ferry saloon about an hour ago, and turned us out. He never would have done it if he hadn't been drinking. He isn't mean to us when he's sober. It's the fault of the saloon that he acts so, and I'll —I'll *tear down* that saloon to the ground! I just *will!*"

She put an arm around Carey protectingly, and the little fellow clung to her side. My mother rose and prepared a bed for Fan and her little brother.

The next morning my father went home with them to see if he could not make some appeal to Tracy in behalf of his helpless children.

The man was sober now and repentant. He promised earnestly that this should be the last time that he would drink rum.

But it did happen again. It happened three days later, but this time Tracy did not at first turn his children out of the house. He fell to the floor in a drunken stupor the moment he stumbled across his own threshold, and lay there, a helpless, degraded creature, a shame and a sorrow to his children and to himself.

Fan had put little Carey to bed before his father came home. Now she sat alone in the dim light of a smouldering fire in the rusty stove at one end of the room. Her father lay, breathing heavily, just where he had fallen when he had stumbled into the house, and Fan sat or crouched down on the floor by the stove and looked at him.

Finally she got up and touched the sleeping man on the shoulder.

"Father," she said.

He made no reply, and Fan bent over him and shook him lightly.

"Father," she said again, "don't you want to go to bed?"

He struck at her in the darkness, and sprang suddenly to his feet, raging and cursing. Fan knew what might come. She ran to the bed and dragged Carey from it. His clothes were on a chair by the bed; Fan picked them up and fled from the house with the child in her arms, a ragged old quilt wrapped around him. She did not stop running until Carey's weight compeled her to do so. He clung to her, frightened and crying.

"Where are we going now, Fan?" asked Carey, as Fan fumbled about excitedly, trying to tie one of the little fellow's ragged shoes in the darkness. "Are we going up to Mr. Hurley's again?"

"I hate to go up there again, Carey."

"But it's raining now, Fan, and we can't stay out here in the woods all night, can we?"

"No, not if it rains, Carey; but we can—I know where we'll go, Carey!" she said, with sudden resolution. "It's where we've got the best right to go; it's where we've got a perfect right to go; come on."

She sprang suddenly to her feet and started down the road at such a rapid rate, with the little boy's hand clasped so tightly in hers that he begged: "Walt, Fan, wait! you go too fast, and you hurt my hand."

"I didn't mean to, Carey. I'll walk slower now."

FAN STRODE BOLDLY IN.

In half an hour they came to Jim Fifer's saloon down by the ferry. The little one-roomed frame house was dark, and Fan shook her fist savagely toward it as she hurried by with Carey clinging close to her side.

"I'll do this neighborhood a good service by ridding it of you. I'd do it this minute if I didn't have Carey with me," she gasped.

Jim Fifer lived in a new house at the edge of the timber, a short distance from his saloon. A bright light shone in two of the front windows of the house.

"They're up," said Fan to herself. "It's a good thing they are, or I'd *get* 'em up. My father's earnings have helped to pay for that house, and I've a right to stay in it. I'll tell Jim Fifer so!"

She rapped loudly at the door. Jim Fifer opened it. Fan strode in boldly with Carey's hand in hers.

"I don't have to tell you, Jim Fifer, that we are Mr. Tracy's children. He came home from your saloon mad with drink awhile ago, and chased us out into the cold and darkness; he's done it many a time when drink has make him crazy. We'd no place to go, and as your whisky made him drive us out, I thought you'd feel that it was your place to take us in."

Before the man could make any reply his wife uttered a cry, and ran to him and hid her face on his breast. In a voice broken by sobs she cried out, pitifully:

"O, James! James! is it true? Does she tell the truth?"

Fifer hung his head in silence, and Fan said in a lower and gentler tone:

"It is true, every word of it, Mrs. Fifer. We've often been turned out at night into the cold and wet, and we go ragged and hungry because of that saloon."

He thought of his two little boys and of the disgrace that he was piling up for their future, as he looked at the two wet, ragged, pale and hungry children of Joe Tracy.

His wife was thinking of them, too, for she suddenly cried out in a sharper note of pleading distress: James, James, think of our own two little boys!"

"I am thinking of them, Martha," he said.

"Then I know what you will do, James," she said.

He nodded his head two or three times without speaking, and suddenly broke away from his wife's embrace and ran hatless from the house.

His wife turned toward the two children and took little Carey up in her arms, crying over him and kissing him.

Five minutes later a red glow illumined the woods down by the ferry. A sheet of flame shot up among the trees, making their black and leafless branches stand out boldly in its light. The flames rose higher and higher, and Mrs. Fifer and Fan could see in the brilliant firelight a bareheaded man standing in the road with folded arms, looking at the destruction of his casks of liquor. He had dragged them out into the road and set fire to them.

The place at the ferry was never reopened as a saloon. In the little building Jim Fifer set up the business of a shoemaker, to which he had been trained. There he prospered and became a respected citizen.

My father and several others interested themselves particularly in Tracy. There was a little house of two or three rooms on our farm into which they moved. Mrs. Fifer did much for the children.

There were still remains of manliness and honor in poor Tracy, and the time came when Fan and Carey were proud to call him father, and when he was all that a father ought to be to his children.—J. B. Harbour, in Youth's Companion.

CHILDHOOD'S FOE.

Sad Condition the Drink Curse Imposes Upon the Helpless Little Ones.

The drunkard's children come into the world mentally and physically weak. In one lunatic asylum, out of some three hundred idiots, half were found to be children of drunken parents.—Dr. J. B. Hettler, Leeds, 1894.

Of fifty-two pawnbrokers in Birmingham, forty-three say that the pawning of children's clothing constitutes from ten to twenty per cent. of the general trade.—Child's Guardian, 1893.

I have seen a man strip his child in the street, and take the clothes to pledge, in order to get a drink.—Pawnbroker's testimony in "Child's Guardian," 1893.

The birds of the air will tear feathers from their breasts for the comfort of their young in the nest, and it is sad to know that there are homes where parents strip the clothing from their children for drink.—Dr. Stowell Rogers, Birmingham, in Child's Guardian, 1893.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children finds that, while an enormous number of cases of cruelty are not due to drunkenness, the total child-suffering in the land, due to that one cause would furnish material for an inferno to which all imaginative compositions on the place would be tranquillising reading for delicate sensibilities.—Child's Guardian, 1893.

In a paper read before the Philosophical society of Liverpool, in 1892, the authors, Dr. H. R. Jones and Mr. H. E. Davies, state that nine out of every thousand children born in Liverpool die by violent means, and the conclusion could not be avoided that the great source of this criminal violence is drink. They also state that more of these untimely deaths occur on Saturday night than upon every other night of the week.

BITS AND BREVITIES.

The man who loves whisky always hates Christ.—Ram's Horn.

Dr. Parker calls the saloon the "street-corner god of London."

The annual drink bill of Cleveland, O., is said to be $10,000,000.

The liquor traffic must be ended, because it can not be mended.—Rev. Jos. Cook.

If the road to the pit didn't begin in respectability it couldn't end in ruin.—Ram's Horn.

The influence of alcohol is never to stimulate life-growth, but always to hinder and depress it.—J. J. Ridge, M. D.

What a young man earns in the day time goes into his pocket, but what he spends in the evening goes into his character.—Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

The Brewers' Journal states that English syndicates have $91,000,000 invested in American breweries, the dividend on which, at nine per cent. last year, was $8,190,000, and was paid in gold.

The board of excise of Ithaca, the seat of Cornell university, has refused all applications for renewal of licenses to sell liquor in that town. Licenses were given to the drug stores.

FAITH IN DESTINY.

A Newly-Told Episode in the Life of Napoleon Bonaparte.

On the 5th of October, 1799, a little before sunset, on the top of one of the hills near Ajaccio, three men with a military appearance and wearing long overcoats stood looking out upon the sea. Although the weather was magnificent, not even a fishing boat was in sight; the gulf was deserted. At the foot of the mountain a portion of the town appeared, and the port, in which four big ships were at anchor. This was the squadron which on the 23d of August left Alexandria to bring Gen. Bonaparte back to France.

The three observers were Bonaparte himself, his chief of staff, Berthier, and Admiral Gantheaume.

"There is no possible doubt about it," said the admiral, holding his glass; "there goes an English warship, and further in the distance I notice two others."

"Do you suppose that the English have received information?" suggested Berthier.

"No," said Bonaparte; "these ships are putting to sea without paying any attention to Corsica."

"As a matter of fact," said Gantheaume, "their course is nor'-nor'west, and they are moving slowly, with very little wind. General, we shall be obliged to put off our departure twenty-four hours."

"That is impossible, admiral. We must leave this very night."

"General, excuse me for insisting, but if, as everything seems to indicate, the English fleet is there, we would be obliged to pass through its line, and it would be very difficult for us to do so without being perceived. On a clear night like this the chances are all against us."

"Admiral," said Bonaparte, slowly, "in the east a man becomes a fatalist. Now I believe firmly that destiny is on my side."

At this moment one of the sailors that escorted the three chiefs came up. He reported a singular discovery. On the crest of the mountain the men found a mass of cut shrubbery, evidently intended to make a bonfire. This, in all probability, was intended to be a signal that night.

As the sailor finished his report two gunshots were heard, and shortly afterward two sailors brought a struggling man before the chiefs. Two individuals armed with guns were found in ambush behind the rock near the path. When hailed they took to flight. On being pursued they fired. One was captured, and the sailors were still pursuing the other.

The prisoner was a young man about twenty years old. He wore a brown cap and a hood. His dark face wore a savage expression. His hard eyes sustained haughtily the piercing glance of Bonaparte.

Gantheaume questioned him: "What were you doing there, hiding near the road and armed with guns?"

"We were watching for a wild boar."

"Why did you not answer when you were hailed? Why did you run away, and why did you fire upon French sailors?"

"We are mountaineers, and we are not acquainted with uniforms. We believed that we were attacked, and naturally we defended ourselves."

"You are spies in the employment of England," said Bonaparte. "You were preparing a signal for the English cruisers, but on seeing us, another idea came into your heads; you thought you had a good chance to assassinate Gen. Bonaparte, and you put yourselves in ambush so that you might fire on me as I passed by. But it seems to me that I know you. What is your name?"

Another report was heard, and voices cried out: "He is dead!"

An expression of savage despair contracted the features of the prisoner, and his eyelids became red.

"You are a Valturio," continued Bonaparte, "one of the bitterest enemies of my family. Yes, I have seen you before; you are Giovanni Valturio."

"No," said the prisoner in a hoarse voice. "Giovanni is the man whom your hirelings have just assassinated. I am his brother, Giuseppe, the last of the Valturios."

"You hate me pretty hard, don't you?" said Bonaparte.

"If I had three souls I would sell them with delight to the devil for the chance of a single shot at you."

Bonaparte looked at him for a few seconds in silence.

"Are you a good shot?"

"At five hundred yards I can drop an eagle. Do with me what I would like to do with you."

"Bring him over to yonder bush," said Bonaparte to one of the sailors, "and count your steps as you advance."

The sailor placed himself at the foot of the bush with the prisoner, after having counted fifty paces.

"Give him his gun," said Bonaparte.

The sailor, almost stupefied, looked at the general, hesitated, but at last obeyed. Bonaparte then said to the bandit: "Take good aim!"

Without losing a second over his surprise, Giuseppe pointed his gun.

The scene was so rapid and so extraordinary that the two companions of the general were unable to interfere. They remained there as if they were paralyzed until the shot was fired.

With his back against the trunk of an oak and his hands behind his back, Bonaparte never budged. A few pieces of bark fell over his clothes. The ball lodged in the trunk a few inches over his left shoulder.

Giuseppe, almost weeping with rage, threw his gun into the bushes.

"Let that man go!" said Bonaparte.

Before disappearing the Corsican shouted:

"You may reign, but I will never be your subject!"

That same night the French fleet left Ajaccio. On the 9th of October it reached Frejus, and one month afterward Bonaparte celebrated his eighteenth Brumaire.

Giuseppe Valturio kept his word. He left Corsica and established himself in Tunis, where he became a Mussulman. His grandson, by whom this singular episode is related, lived at Tabarca at the time of the occupation.—Paris Figaro.

THE BABY WOULDN'T CRY.

How Edison Secured the Phonographic Record of His First Born's Woe.

Here is a story they tell over the teacups in Orange, N. J., where Edison lives:

The phonograph came to the Edison laboratory and the first baby to the Edison home about the same time, and when the baby was old enough to say "Goo-goo" and pull the great inventor's hair in a most disrespectful manner, the phonograph was near enough perfection to capture the baby talk for preservation among the family archives. So Mr. Edison filled up several rolls with these pretty inarticulations and laid them carefully away.

But this was not sufficient. The most picturesque thing about the baby's utterances was its crying, and the record of this its fond father determined to secure. How it would entertain him in his old age, he thought, to start the phonograph a-going and hear again the baby wails of his first born.

So one afternoon Mr. Edson tore himself from his work and climbed the big hill leading to his house. He went in a gay hurry, for he is a man who grudges every working moment from his labor. A workman followed at his heels carrying the only phonograph that at that time had been sufficiently completed to accomplish really good results.

Reaching home and the nursery Mr. Edison started the phonograph and brought the baby in front of it. But the baby didn't cry. Mr. Edison tumbled the younster about and rumpled its hair, and did all sorts of things, but still the baby didn't cry. Then he made dreadful faces, but the baby thought they were very funny, and crowed joyously. So back to the laboratory went Mr. Edison in a very unpleasant frame of mind, for the baby's untimely good humor cost him an hour of work. The phonograph was also taken back.

But he did not give it up. The next afternoon he went home again, and the phonograph with him. But if the baby was good natured the day before, this time it was absolutely cherubic. There was nothing at all that its father could do that did not make the baby laugh. Even the phonograph itself, with its tiny, whirring wheels, the baby thought was meant for its special entertainment, and gurgled joyously. So back to work the inventor went again, with a temper positively ruffled. The next day and the next he tried it, but all to no purpose. The baby would not cry, even when waked suddenly from sleep.

But to baffle Edison is only to inflame his determination, which, by the way, is one of the secrets of his success. So at length, after much thought, he made a mighty resolve. It took a vast amount of determination on his part to screw himself up to the point of committing the awful deed, but he succeeded at last, and one morning, when he knew his wife was down town, he went quietly home with the phonograph and stole into the nursery where the baby greeted him with customary glee.

Starting the machine Mr. Edison ordered the nurse to leave the room. Then he took the baby on his knee and bared its chubby little leg. He took the tender flesh between his thumb and finger, clenched his teeth, shut his eyes tight and made ready to—yes, actually to pinch the baby's leg.

But just at this fateful moment the nurse peeped through the door, and perceiving the horrid plot flounced in and rescued the baby in the nick of time.

Mr. Edison breathed a mighty sigh of relief as he gathered up the phonograph and went back to the laboratory. He then gave up the project of phonographing the baby's crying.

But not long afterward he accomplished his purpose after all, and quite unexpectedly, too. As soon as the baby was old enough to "take notice," its doting mother took it down to the laboratory one sunny day, and when the big machinery was started a-roaring, the baby screwed up its face, opened its mouth and emitted a series of woeful screams that made Mr. Edison leap to his feet.

"Stop the machinery and start the phonograph!" he shouted, and the record of his baby's crying was then and there accomplished.—N. Y. Herald.

Reached the Limit.

"Paper flowers are all right in their place," said a gentleman who boasts of the joys and comforts of married life, "but I'll be hanged if there isn't even a limit to paper flowers. My wife and daughter have the craze, and they have it bad. If I attempt to light the lamp I invariably set fire to a tangle of honeysuckle. If I go to the library I am frightened to death lest I break one of the branches of morning glories that hang like cobwebs in front of the glass. If I attempt to sit down, stand up or walk, I am compelled to reconnoiter about and to indulge in all kinds of Fabian tactics before I can move. I did not object. They enjoyed it and I was satisfied. But Sunday the limit was reached; then my regal anger was aroused. I have a small conservatory which is the joy and pride of my life. One Sunday one of my business friends came up to see me, and I took him out to show him my flowers. That's where the trouble was. My wife and daughter had paper flowers in every nook and corner. Every plant in the place had a paper flower. That settled the matter. That night there was an extremely large bonfire in our yard."—Cincinnati Tribune.

Held by the Enemy.

"I always keep my watch about five minutes fast," observed the suburbanite, "for train-catching purposes."

"So do I," replied the other suburbanite, "but it doesn't do much good. Bridget always keeps the kitchen clock fifteen minutes slow for breakfast-getting purposes."—Chicago Tribune.

THE BLUFF WORKED.

And Lysander Secured Somebody to Support Him.

They had just returned from their wedding tour. It was late at night. No festal board or other culinary decorations were there in the home of the bride's parents to greet their eyes. This was not unexpected, for they had eloped.

But now they had returned and were both sitting on the sofa in the front parlor awaiting the advent of the parents. There were atmospheric and other indications that a terrible storm was brewing. Overhead the sound of rushing feet could be heard. At first the trend seemed soft and deep; then it became sharp and decided.

"He has put his boots on," ejaculated Lysander Butterworth, the bridegroom, as he crossed his legs and impatiently twisted his mustache.

"Oh, it is just terrible of papa to take on so," added the young woman at his side.

"Now, don't be nervous, Helen, I'll fix him in the first round."

He cut the sentence short, for just then the door opened and the old couple strode into the room majestically.

"Well, sir, what do you want here?" demanded the stern father in tones of thunder.

"I—I—"

"Didn't you have sense enough to know that I'd break your carcass into cracklings if you should ever darken my door again?"

"But don't you see—"

"When you stole our daughter, the child of our bosom, didn't you know that you were committing a crime that you would have to extirpate with your life's blood if I ever got my hands on you?"

"But I—"

"Then why did you come back?" And while the irate parent paused from sheer exhaustion, the young man spoke as follows:

"Sir and madam, I herewith return your daughter to you. Good night," and he started for the door.

"Hold on, hold on!" shrieked both parents in one voice. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that I have been disappointed. I thought your daughter was much younger than she really is. I also supposed I'd get some financial assistance for taking her off your hands. It was all a mistake. Good night."

He had succeeded in getting out of the front door before his progress was retarded by four strong hands.

"But you are not going to desert our daughter?" they demanded.

"Why, you don't want me to have her, and, as I have said, I don't see that I can take care of her without a cash settlement."

It was a noble bluff that young Lysander Butterworth worked that night. But he did the business well. In less than half an hour all the family real estate had been conveyed to him.—N. Y. World.

RECALLED HIS YOUTH.

Work on the Farm Prettier in the Mind Than in Reality.

He was a country lad, one of those plucky young fellows who see more of the thorns of this weary old world than of the roses, and as he walked into the office of one of Atlanta's leading cotton dealers to negotiate the sale of a bale of cotton he had brought into the city from the farm he took off his hat and hugged the stove while waiting. He sat there several moments, looking dreamily out into the busy streets, thinking himself, and perhaps figuring in his mind as to what price his cotton would bring him and what it would enable him to take his dear old mother away up there in his mountain home.

What kindness there was in the boy's face, what dreams in his great blue eyes, what warmth and glow in his red hair. It was no difficult task to read in that fellow's face the life he lives. He was one of those tender-hearted youths whose good deeds were as numerous as the freckles of his manly face—one of those proverbial Georgia plowboys who become great men, whose hearts are tuned to the merry chirps of songbirds, whose walks are amid the dewy vales a-bloom with fragrant flowers or in the pathless wood.

"Ah, how I envy you, my dear boy," said the wealthy cotton dealer, finally, turning to him and breaking into his day dreams.

"Sah?" and the timid youth was startled.

"How I envy you. I look upon you, my little man, and dream of the past. I recall the old days on the farm when I was a country boy just like you. I think about the dear old days as the one brief period of my life that bore no curse. There was the old swing under the big oak tree down by the garden, the old barn where I used to spend the rainy days shucking corn, the dear old well and the old oaken bucket—ah, what a dream is that old oaken bucket! Young man, don't you love to linger around the old oaken bucket on a sultry day, and drink the sweet water that pours from its mossy brim? What joy and bliss, what fascination and what charm, and I dream on and on, with longing and regret," and the wealthy cotton man shoved his hands into his silk-lined pockets, and walked to the window, a perfect actor in his line.

"Yasser; hit's a perty good thing in hit's place," remarked the lad slowly. "But say, mister, did yer ever have ter draw fifteen buckets of water in de heat er de day for de steer you'd been a-plowin' all de mornin'?"

And they talked about cotton.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Strong Wind.

Mr. McSpat—It's the most terrible storm Oi remimber of, we're a hovin' now, Mrs. O'Flewerty.

Mrs. O'F.—Ah, yez forget the big wind in Oirland, Mr. McSpat; 'twas the day Uncle Dennie got hurted. We lived fifty moils from the say, sor, and the wind blowed the red herrin's into me father's door till the flure was the color o' blud!—National Tribune.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Old Bean—"Miss Flossie, be mine. I would give my life for you!" Miss Flossie—"Well, you may if it is heavily insured."—Brooklyn Life.

—Hoax—"There goes a man who will treat you, and then make you pay for it." Joax—"What is he—a bent?" Hoax—"No, a doctor."—Philadelphia Record.

—First Boarder—"What's the star boarder making all that hubbub about over that berry pie?" Second Boarder—"I guess he found the berry."—Syracuse Post.

—She—"Isn't Harvard a very exclusive college?" He—"Well, rather. I was excluded from three courses before I had been there two months."—Harvard Lampoon.

—"Oh, my dear Mrs. ——, how glad I am to see you. It is four years since we met, and you recognized me immediately." "Oh, yes. I recognized the hat."—Fliegende Blaetter.

—Dismal Dawson—"Kin I use your telephone a minnit?" Merchant—"It won't work." Dismal Dawson—"So? Have you any objection to me shakin' hands with it?"—Cincinnati Tribune.

—New Woman (in crowded car, speaking indignantly to herself)—"I didn't mind giving the young man my seat, but he might at least have had the decency to thank me for it."—Chicago Tribune.

—"You see, professor, it's like this: I can speak—oh, beautifully—when I'm alone, but just as soon as I get up before a lot of people my nerves leave me. What ought I do?" "Take lessons of a sewing machine agent."—N. Y. Recorder.

—Friend—"I can't think why you don't attend to yourself instead of having that young Dr. Gravely." Eminent Physician—"I can't afford it, my boy. My charges are two guineas a visit, while Dr. Gravely only charges five shillings."—Tit-Bits.

—Accommodating. — Mrs. Richley—"Please, Mr. Burglar, don't take that diamond pin: it's a keepsake!" Burglar—"Dat's all right, ma'am; I give yer me word as a gentleman dat I'll send yer de pawn ticket be mail, de foyst ting in de mornin'."

—A man would be willing that his wife should have the last word if she wouldn't be so long getting to it.—The wise man never loses his reputation by trying to answer too many questions.—There is nothing so unreasoning as a woman's love, unless it is a woman's prejudice.—Albany Argus.

—Little Robert Remembered.—"When the snow and ice have gone," said the Sunday school teacher, beaming upon the boys, "and nature awakens from her long sleep, the tiny buds begin to appear, and then what do we have? You may answer, Robert." "Sulphur and molasses," replied Robert, earnestly.—Rockland Tribune.

—Jones found Smith engaged in vigorously polishing his shoes. "What are you doing that for? I thought you always wore patent leather." "These used to be patent leather," replied Smith, painfully bringing his spinal column into its normal position, "but the patent on them has expired."—Washington Pathfinder.

—Aqua Pura Costs Money.—Customer—"Fifty cents for filling this prescription? Why, at the drug store down the street they charge me only a quarter." Druggist—"That's all it's worth at that store, ma'am. They put about four cents' worth of drugs in the bottle, and then fill it up with water. I put in the same drugs, and fill the bottle with the finest aqua pura. Thanks. Anything else?"—Chicago Tribune.

OURSELVES AND OTHERS.

Faults in Others Are Not Always Faults in Ourselves.

Our own actions do not raise in us the same feelings as similar actions on the part of others. Egoistic emotion is more or less present with all. Egoistic emotion invariably warps the truth. We do a thing, and it seems all right; another does the same thing, and it seems all wrong. A man of high moral ideal found fault with his neighbor for working on Sunday about a suburban house. The following Sunday men came from the city with a view to purchasing some lots which the moral man was desirous of selling. He took the prospective buyers over the lots with great alacrity, showing the good points. The neighbor reproved the moral man, who became extremely angry. Laborers frequently denounce a trust with great bitterness of feeling, and yet they proceed to form a labor trust with the express purpose of making labor dear and shutting off competition. They refuse to let an outside workman mine coal, except at the risk of his life, although his children may be starving. Do the workmen experience the same feeling of indignation at their own conduct in forming a trust as they do toward other trusts? A woman was one day genuinely indignant because candidates lacking a certain characteristic had been elected members of her club. In less than a week she was trying to secure the admission of a friend who lacked precisely the same quality. No feeling of indignation at her own conduct ruffled that woman's brow this time.—R. P. Halleck, in Popular Science Monthly.

Published for a Century.

There are only thirteen American newspapers which have reached the century mark. The names of these papers and the dates when they were founded are as follows: 1756, New Hampshire Gazette, Portsmouth, N. H.; 1758, Newport Mercury, Newport, R. I.; 1764, Connecticut Courant, Hartford, Conn.; 1771, Massachusetts Spy, Boston and Worcester, Mass.; 1779, New Jersey Journal, Elizabeth, N. J.; 1785, Augusta Chronicle, Augusta, Ga.; 1786, Hampshire Gazette, Northampton, Mass.; 1790, Salem Gazette, Salem, Mass.; 1792, New Jersey State Gazette, Trenton, N. J.; 1792, Greenfield Gazette, Greenfield, Mass.; 1792, The Guardian, New Brunswick, N. J.; 1795, Portsmouth Journal, Portsmouth, N. H.; 1794, Rutland Herald, Rutland, Vt.—Rutland Herald.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1895.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first insertion* of the same:

Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $3; County Commissioner, $2.50; Register of Wills, $2.50; County Surveyor, $1.50.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention. Let the old soldiers have a chance.

W. M. LEHR.

Cove, Md., March 11, 1895.

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. GEORGE J. WALTER.

District No. 1. P. O., Thayerville, Md.

IT IS hoped by a long suffering and kind public that the new city council will do something to improve the appearance of our town. Anything, gentlemen, to break the monotony of things.

Silver and Farm Products.

Now that the crusade to commit the National Democracy to free silver has been started, that old lunacy that silver demonetization is the cause of the reduction in the price of farm products is being brought to the front again. The "Globe-Democrat" pointed out yesterday that some of the most important farm products have risen in price at the same time that silver has been going down. For example corn which brought 48.8c a bushel in the New York market in 1869, commanded 50.9c in 1864, the prices mentioned being the average for the year named. For oats the average for the earlier year was 37.1c and of the latter 37.2c. The same lard which sold for 6.62c in 1879 brought 7.75c in 1894, and the pork which in 1878 was sold for 89.8c was in 1894 up to the $14.13 mark. These are figures presented in the Statistical Abstract, which is prepared by the Bureau of Statistics at Washington. The year 1869 is selected here for comparison because that was the year in which specie payments were resumed by the Treasury.

During the time in which silver has been rapidly declining—for its average price was $1.12 in 1879 and only about 68c in 1894—corn, oats, lard, and pork have advanced. Consequently if the decline in silver has sent wheat and cotton down it must have sent corn, oats, pork, and lard up. The relation between silver and both sets of farmer's products must be the same, if there be any relation at all. If silver demonetization is responsible for the changes in the prices of agricultural products it must operate in opposite directions at the same time. If it does, then it has not been a very bad thing for the farmer, for all that he has lost on wheat he has made up on the immensely more important product corn, and the advance in pork, lard and oats puts a nice balance on the right side of his profit and loss account.

The truth is, of course, the so-called silver demonetization has had nothing to do with the changes in the price of these products. It did not send wheat down or corn up. The fluctations in supply and demand in each article are the chief causes of the change in price. Wheat, corn, pork and the rest of the commodities rise and fall without any regard for the condition of the silver market. A glance at any table of prices of leading articles of necessity for a series of years will show that the prices of no two of them ever bear the same ratio to each other or to silver for two years in succession. Wheat for example, was higher in 1891 than it was in 1890, but the reverse was true of silver. The cheapening of the processes of production and transportation has been one of the causes of the reduction of prices of commodities in the past dozen or score of years and the increase of of production without a corresponding increase of demand has done the rest. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Judge Stone for Lowndes.

Ex-Judge Fredrick Stone, of Charles county, and one of the most prominent Republicans in the State, is outspoken for Hon. Lloyd Lowndes of Cumberland. The Baltimore *News* says: "Judge Stone's name has been frequently mentioned in connection with the nomination for the governorship, but he said he would not be a candidate for the place. He further said that he favored the nomination of ex-Congressman Lloyd Lowndes, of Allegany county, and expected to do all in his power to aid in securing the indorsement of the convention for Mr. Lowndes."

May Forecast, 1895.

At the opening of the month the temperature will be growing quite warm in all western sections, which will be moving eastward, followed on, or touching the 4th by rainfall, high winds and by the presence of electric agencies. A wave of cool weather will follow the heels of the storm which will show up frost northward about the 5th. Reactionary conditions will follow about the 7th, and resulting in local showers about the 8th and 9th. The presence of a cool wave will then be manifest. The month along about the 12th will grow very warm previous to a disturbance which will show up about the 14th, when a wave of disturbance will cross the continent which may leave in its track many severe storms of wind and rain. The general character of rains will be much intensified this summer as compared to last summer's rains and they will occur much oftener than they did then. A prolonged period of rainfall will prevail within the month which may come near the 20th. The indications, if previous date is reliable, for rains in abundance through the entire season which may be very excessive on nearing the latter part of June, may leave many swollen streams across the continent. The electric agencies will be more active than they have been within the last few years, of which the most active and grandest display will be seen near, giving the 15th of June as a central date, of the most vivid display at that disturbed period. On reaching the 20th, 24th and last of the month the indications are for much rainfall.

P. R. SMITH.

A Letter From Florida.

To the Editor of the Republican.

There is no doubt a great many of your readers have heard considerable about Florida and whilst I am here I want to contribute my opinion of this beautiful country.

All that Florida wants is people that are not afraid to work and those who will farm the land in the right manner. If we would farm our land in Garrett county as they do down here we would not raise enough for seed. They say that three crops can be raised here on the same ground in one year. This led me to make inquiry as to how this was done. It is very easy. Plant one row of corn and then one row of potatoes and then when they come up sow the ground with turnip seed.

The oranges are their main crop. That they depend on for a living and when the freeze came this winter and killed the oranges they were left without means of making a livelihood. It will be some years before the orange trees bear again as all the young trees are killed to the ground and the older ones have all the limbs killed, so this industry has suffered more than was at first supposed.

The strawberry season is now in and berries have been picked for the past two weeks and shipped to northern cities for market. The prices realized by the growers are from one dollar to two dollars per quart.

The soil of this part of Florida is a sandy loam and in some places is very productive whilst in other portions the soil has to be fertilized.

NORMAN JACOBS.

Plant City, April 13, 1895.

Agreeably Surprised.

"I had a very severe cold on my lungs that caused much soreness and gave me considerable uneasiness in regard to the result," says Mr. T. E. Smith, of Billerica, Mass. "A local druggist called my attention to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and on his recommendation I gave the remedy a careful trial. The result surprised me; I recovered entirely in three days." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Besides erecting several new hot houses the Messrs. Weber are now engaged in building a reservoir at their farm near Oakland which will supply their boilers and flower gardens with water.

TAX SALES.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Section 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1895,

at the hour of 2.00 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all the following pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, to satisfy the State and county tax due and in arrear thereon together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting the sale as provided by the aforesaid statute.

1st. Military Lot number thirteen hundred and eighty-eight (1388) containing 50 acres and situated in Election District No. 8 of said Garrett county, and Military Lot number eighteen hundred and forty-one (1841) containing 50 acres, situated in Election District No. 1 of said Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes thereon for the year 1893, as is charged to ***JOHN SWAN*** on the assessment books of said Garrett county.

2nd. All that land described in a deed from George Yommer and wife to Elmira Bittinger, dated July 4th, 1887, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 12, folio 637, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. The same being part of a tract of land called "Buck's Pasture," and part of Military Lot No. 2113, containing 10 acres. Said land being situated in Election District No. 3 of said Garett County, and will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893, as was charged at the time said tax was levied to ***ELMIRA BITTINGER*** on the assessment books of said Garrett county, Maryland.

3rd. All that part of "Grim's Point" and "Friend's Factory" containing 18 perches of land, and also another piece of land containing 123 perches, all situated in Election District No. 2 in the town of Friendsville, Garrett county, Maryland, and being the same lands that was fully described in two deeds from W. D. Arthur and others to Theresa B. Mason dated May 6, 1891, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, folios 702 and 705, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said lands will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1892 as is charged to the said ***THERESA B. MASON*** on the assessment books of said Garrett county, Maryland.

4th. All that part of Military Lot number eleven hundred and twenty-seven (1127) containing forty-six and one-half acres, situated in Election District No. 1 of said Garrett county, fully described in a deed from George Hill, sr., to George Hill, jr., dated Oct. 16, 1878, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 4, folio 41, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893, as was charged at the time said taxes were levied thereon, to the said ***GEO. HILL, JR.***, on the assessment books of said Garrett county, Maryland.

5th. All that piece or parcel of land situated in Election District No. 7, Garrett county, Maryland, containing about one-fourth of an acre, known and described as Lot No. 141 on the plat of Mountain Lake Park, and being the same lot that was conveyed to George W. Powell by the Mountain Lake Park Association by deed dated July 7th., 1890, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16 folio 118 &c., one of the Land Records of said Garrett county. Said land will be sold to pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1892 and 1893, as was charged at the time said taxes were levied thereon to the said ***GEORGE W. POWELL*** on the assessment books of said Garrett county, Maryland.

6th. All those pieces or parcels of land situated in Election District No. 4, Garrett county, Maryland, known and described as Military lots numbers thirty eight hundred and eighty five (3885), and thirty-eight hundred and eighty-six (3886) and also thirty-five acres of a tract of land called "Republic," containing in all 135 acres; and being the same land that was conveyed to Silas Warnick by David Evans by deed dated November 3, 1883, and recorded in Liber W. H. T., No. 8, folio 199, &c., one of the Land Records of said Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1892 and 1893 as was charged at the time the said taxes were levied, to the said ***SILAS WARNICK*** on the assessment books of said Garrett county, Maryland.

7th. All those pieces or parcels of land situated in Election District No. 2, Garrett Co., Maryland, that was conveyed to W. E. and George Vansickle by Joshua Friend and wife by deed dated April 28, 1890, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, folio 755, &c., one of the Land Records of said Garrett county, containing the quantity of seventy acres and twenty-five perches, except 2435 feet. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893, as is charged to ***W. E. and GEORGE VANSICKLE*** on the assessment books of said Garrett county, Maryland.

8th. Military Lot number five hundred and four (504) containing fifty acres, situated in Election District No. 9, of said Garrett county Maryland, and being the same land that was conveyed to James McKenzie by Johnson Bros. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1892 and 1893, as is assessed in ***JAMES McKENZIE*** on the assessment books of Garrett county, Maryland.

9th. All that piece or parcel of land situated in Election District No. 4, Garrett county, Maryland, known as "Pea Patch" containing the quantity of three hundred and thirty-eight and one fifth acres, being the same land that was conveyed to Michael Gleason and J. W. W. Davis by John P. Brandt, by deed dated the 30th day of September, 1885, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 10, folio 630, &c., one of the Land Records of said Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1892 as is charged to the said ***MICHAEL GLEASON and J. W. W. DAVIS*** on the assessment books of said Garrett county, Maryland.

10th. All those parts of Military Lots numbers five hundred and fifty-five (555) and five hundred and fifty-eight (558), containing fifty-eight acres, situated in Election District No. 9 of said Garrett county, Maryland, and being the same land that was conveyed to William R. Percy and John T. Hansel by Julia A. Johnson and others by deed dated July 30, 1887, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 3, folio 558, &c., one of the Land Records of said Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1892 and 1893 as is charged in ***WILLIAM R. PERCY and JOSEPH T. HANSEL*** on the assessment books of Garrett county, Maryland.

Terms cash on day of sale. Conveyance at cost of purchaser.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

ANNUAL LEVY, 1895.

Annual Levy for Garrett County, Maryland, levied on the 13th day of April, 1895, by the Board of County Commissioners for Garrett County, Maryland.

ROAD LEVY.

District No. 1.—Swanton	$ 650 00
" " 2.—Selbysport	1,175 00
" " 3.—Grantsville	650 00
" " 4.—Bloomington	570 00
" " 5.—Accident	850 00
" " 6.—Sang Run	650 00
" " 7.—Oakland	1,100 00
" " 8.—Ryans Glade	950 00
" " 9.—Johnsons	800 00
" " 10.—Deer Park	500 00
" " 11.—Elbow	500 00
" " 12.—Bittinger	550 00
National Road	600 00
Total	$9,025 00

CORPORATIONS.

Mayor and Council of Oakland	$300 00
" " " Deer Park	50 00
Commissioners of Grantsville	80 00
Mountain Lake Park Assembly	200 00
Total	$630 00

PUBLIC SCHOOL BONDS.

For redemption of bonds	$1,000 00
Interest on bonds	420 00
Total	$1,420 00

CLERK CIRCUIT COURT.

E. Z. Tower	$1,531 40

COURT FUND.

Estimate to pay court expenses July, September and December terms, 1895, and March term, 1896	$3,967 00
Deficiency in levy of 1894	150 00
Total	$4,117 00

ORPHANS' COURT.

Estimate to pay judges from April, 1895 to April, 1896	$475 00
James W. White, Register	96 00
Total	$571 00

SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

Chas Wegman, Sheriff, use M Nathan	$ 300 00
Same, use C. B. Friend	250 00
Same, balance	1,374 80
W. M. Coddington, warden from June 26 to Dec. 17, 1894, use G. S. Hamill	108 00
Same, balance	56 00
Walter G. Myers, warden from Dec. 17, 1891, to April 9, 1895	114 00
Same, boarding prisoners same time	297 60
Total	$2,500 40

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

To the School Commissioners for support of Public Schools	$10,000 00

PUBLIC PRINTING AND PUBLISHING.

Beni H. Sincell, use C B Friend, publishing	$ 350 00
Same, balance, use Geo. VanSickle	50 00
Same, use Garrett Co. Bank, printing	250 00
Same, balance, use Geo VanSickle	150 00
J M Litzinger, publishing	400 00
Total	$1,200 00

REGISTRATION OFFICERS.

H O Hamill, Dist. No. 1, use G S Hamill	$80 75
R E Friend, No. 2, use C B Friend	82 00
Isaiah Fuller, No 3, use J S Broadwater	82 00
John Collins, No 4, use Garrett Co Bank	81 00
John L. Richter, No 5	81 24
N C Browning, No 6, use D E Offutt	82 50
J A Hughes, No 7, use Garrett Co Bank	82 50
Henry A Shaffer, No 8	80 00
Samuel Johnson, No 9	82 00
Sebastian Hinebaugh, No 10, use Garrett County Bank	82 50
Noah S Garlitz, No 11	81 00
J Huckle, No 12, use Garrett Co Bank	81 50
Total	$981 49

MAGISTRATES FEES.

Peter Nathan	$ 7 15
E. A. Garlitz	1 50
Franklin Welch	4 00
Jerry Browning	4 80
M. M. Fuzenbaker	5 80
W. D. Hoye	21 85
E. F. Droege	14 00
James A. Delawder	4 55
A. H. Gonder	148 75
Total	$212 40

ELECTION EXPENSES.

District No. 1.

Isaac W. Lonsdale, return judge	$ 6 90
Henry Pumgh, judge	4 00
John L. Fitzwater, judge	7 28
J. L. McRable, ballot clerk	2 00
Chas. T. Sweet, ballot clerk	2 00
Peter J. Lohr, election clerk	4 00
George W. Moon, election clerk	4 00
Chas. T. West, house rent	5 00

District No. 2.

William Frederick, jr., return judge	7 70
James Durard, judge	4 00
John T. Garey, judge	4 00
S. K. Frazee, ballot clerk	2 00
Austin Brown ballot clerk	2 00
Norval Speelman, election clerk	4 00
John W. Frazee, election clerk	4 00
Lucian Dunham, house rent	5 00

District No. 3.

Gilead C. Broadwater, return judge	8 40
Lewis Warnick, judge	4 00
Thos. H. Durst, judge	8 50
A. Clarence Getty, ballot clerk	2 00
Thos. Chaney, ballot clerk	2 00
Philip P. McAndrews, election clerk	4 00
Jonas S. Hershberger, election clerk	4 00
Catharine Figge, house rent	5 00

District No. 4.

George T. Michael, return judge	8 08
Andrew J. Warnick, judge	4 00
Geo. L. Michaels, judge	8 00
Elijah Kemp, ballot clerk	2 00
Lawrence Garvey, ballot clerk	2 00
Cun. Michael, election clerk	4 00
C. C. Moody, election clerk	4 00
Thos. Garvey, house rent	5 00

District No. 5.

Adam Garinger, return judge	7 60
Valentine Kuhl, judge	4 00
Joseph A. Beegbley, judge	4 00
S. K. Schlossnagle, ballot clerk	2 00
William M. Lohr, ballot clerk	2 00
Philip Miller, election clerk	4 00
Asa Friend, election clerk	4 00
G. F. Englehart, house rent	5 00

District No. 6.

Thos. J. Ralston, return judge	6 88
Joseph B. Meese, judge	4 00
Mahlon Glotfelty, judge	7 20
Jerome Dewitt, ballot clerk	2 00
David W. Fraker, ballot clerk	2 00
Hanson B. Lewis, election clerk	4 00
William Cailis, election clerk	4 00
Brison Welch, house rent	5 00

District No. 7.

Thomas J. Browning, return judge	6 48
Norman Barnard, judge	4 00
George D. White, judge	6 00
Peter A. Chilsholm, ballot clerk	2 00
Charles A. Tower, ballot clerk	2 00
Fred. Gortner, election clerk	4 00
George H. Fulmer, election clerk	4 00

District No. 8.

Benjamin F. Shaffer, return judge	6 48
Peter F. Nine, judge	6 61
Israel O. Thompson, judge	4 00
James W. Mason, ballot clerk	2 00
James W. White, ballot clerk	2 00
George D. Lee, election clerk	4 00
W. McCulloh Brown, election clerk	4 00
Davis W. Murphy, house rent	5 00

District No. 9.

Patrick Hoye, return judge	10 00
Godfrey Rosenberger, judge	4 00
Henry Blocher, judge	10 00
Andrew J. Moore, ballot clerk	2 00
Daniel B. Layman, ballot clerk	2 00
Moses H. McKenzie, election clerk	4 00
Bradford Blocher, election clerk	4 00
Johnson Bros., house rent	5 00

District No. 10.

E. G. Miller, return judge	6 48
Jacob Roderick, judge	4 00
Isaac Allen Paugh, judge	6 30

FOR DYSPEPSIA,
Indigestion, and Stomach disorders, take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
All dealers keep it, $1 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

John Speicher, ballot clerk	2 00
Samuel P. Specht, ballot clerk	2 00
Charles M. Wilson, election clerk	4 00
William Chadderton, election clerk	4 00
Mrs. J. W. Chidester, house rent	5 00

District No. 11.

David Warnick, return judge	9 20
Hiram H. Robinson, judge	4 00
David W. Merrill, judge	9 20
Peter F. Michael, ballot clerk	2 00
Benjamin F. Snyder, ballot clerk	2 00
Stephen F. Broadwater, election clerk	4 00
Frank Green, election clerk	4 00
Joseph Warnick, house rent	5 00

District No. 12.

George R. Lininger, return judge	7 52
Stephen C. Miller, judge	4 00
Thomas H. Wiley, judge	7 41
Amos H. Reeknor, ballot clerk	2 00
Henry Bittinger, ballot clerk	2 00
Perry Bowser, election clerk	4 00
Manassas Shrock, election clerk	4 00
Henry Bittinger, house rent	5 00
Total	$121 30

BRIDGE ACCOUNT.

Eugene Teats, building new bridge	$ 14 90
Isaac I. Thompson, completing bridge	38 50
John W. Frantz, repairing bridge	10 78
Henry Myers, repairing bridge	7 38
Samuel Hershberger, removing old bridge	3 00
Christian Klotz, repairing bridge	5 66
Rudolph Beckman, repairing bridge	51 49
Lincoln Sines, filling abutments of river bridge, use C. B. Friend	25 00
Henry Friedlock, lumber for bridge use D. E. Offutt	13 13
C. W. Friend, flooring for Friendsville bridge, subject to order	37 77
Ezra Wolfe, building bridge over Muddy creek	15 00
Kimmel and George Frazee, building new bridge over Buffalo run, subject to order	118 50
James Frazee, building bridge subject to order	22 00
Joseph Spiker, building bridge subject to order	20 00
W. F. Myers, flooring bridge	8 66
A. S. Sell, lumber for bridge, subject to order	31 62
Norman Wilhelm, bridge subject to order	127 00
John E. McKenzie, repairing bridge	7 75
James W. Skiles, repairing bridge	3 50
Geo. D. Miller & Co., lumber for bridge	14 00
Estimate to build bridges	1,000 00
Total	$1,575 01

TAXES PAID IN ERROR.

Garrett County Bank	$ 44 60
Empire Coal Company	41 51
D. H. Loar	1 37
G. W. Magruder	1 05
Mrs. John L. Lohr	6 33
Daniel D. Brenneman	5 70
Samuel J. Miller	34 09
Total	$135 25

SPECIAL ROAD APPROPRIATIONS.

James Frazee	$ 20 00
William Frederick	30 00
L. H. Johnson	20 00
E. K. Goldsborough, use Garrett Co. Bank	67 90
Hiram S. Coleman	5 20
Chauncey Kimmell, new road, use Garrett County Bank	96 72
A. B. King	50 00
Goothart Doerr	6 00
J. L. Rumbarger Lumber Co.	20 00
Joel J. Brenneman	6 58
A. S. Sell	7 68
Henry Jordan	14 00
Theodore Beckman	9 73
David Pope	5 40
Lawrence Zwall	2 01
A. J. Willison	7 10
P. M. Stemple, subject to order	50 00
Road No. 125, $150; road No. 126, $100; subject to order	310 00
Road No. 110, $50; road No. 125, $500; subject to order	550 00
Lincoln Sines, road from Crumesville road to Sang Run road, subject to order	25 00
Chauncey Kimmel, Jordan road, new road and road intersecting new road	15 00
Road No. 120, subject to order	50 00
Total	$1,308 32

DUTSIDE PENSIONERS.

John Gibson, use Geo. W. Legge, support himself	$ 5 00
Lewis Kahl, use J. E Gnagey, sup of B Sepner	21 00
Caroline Gant, use Geo W Legge, sup Ann Rhodes child	10 00
S L Townshend & Son, sup of Mrs Kisner	5 00
S L Townshend & Son, sup of Mrs Claymire	12 00
Caroline Gant, use Margaret Porter, sup Ann Rhodes child	5 00
Charles Thompson, sup Upton Bruce, use Garrett Co Bank	53 00
Geo A Bittinger sup of Mary Durst subject to order	30 00
Lewis Kahl sup B Sepner subject to order	25 00
Lewis Kahl sup B Sepner subject to order	39 00
Thomas Martin sup Mrs Claymire	36 00
Simon S Fike sup John Gibson	52 00
Richard Gant sup Charles Sewell use F Felty & Bro	4 00
Charles Thompson sup Upton Bruce subject to order	50 00
Caroline Fruzee sup Ruth King subject to order	75 00
Salathiel Savage coffin for Joe Friend's child	3 00
E Kilzmiller sup E Davis	20 00
Samuel Meese sup Henry Meese subject to order	50 00
Peter Bittinger sup Mrs Newman subject to order	52 00
Getty and Keller sup Wm Bittinger	25 00
W C Jones sup Woods child	25 00
W C Jones sup G Woods	10 00
Estimate to pay paupers	285 00
Total	$805 00

CONSTABLES' FEES.

F C Browning use F A Thayer	$ 32 80
Baker Johnson	51 43
D A Stephens use D E Offutt & Son	17 00
D A Stephens use F Felty & Bro	18 10
D A Stephens balance	36 45
W P Lee	24 92
Total	$180 70

WITNESSES' FEE BILLS BEFORE MAGISTRATES.

D E Offutt & Son 11 @ 33	$ 3 63
S L Townshend & Son 4 @ 33	1 32
D F Braun 11 @ 33	4 62
Geo W Legge	33
W C Jones	33
C M Wilson	33
C E Hilleary	33
Hamill & Little	33
Clark DeBerry 3 @ 33	99
Peter F Michael 2 @ 33	66
G M Mason 2 @ 33	66
Estimate to pay	30 00
Total	$43 53

MISCELLANEOUS.

H C Red watching dead body at Gorman use C B Friend	$ 4 00
Joseph W Cogley work on jail use C B Friend	29 04
G S Hamill money advanced bringing Butler to Oakland	8 70
Sincell Bros bedding for jail use C B Friend	26 00
Geo W Wilson, estate of, order from Doyle Burton	5 63
James A Walker, use C B Friend, cleaning closets	5 00
U M Stanton, in settlement with county use school board	56 21
D E Offutt & Son, lumber, etc	201 20
E I West, boarding jury one day March term, 1895	21 60
A D Naylor material and work at jail	49 30
C M King, summoning witnesses	6 60
O Hart & Son, coal for court house	29 98
Elias J Miller, coffin for pauper	5 00
S B Stemple, wood and hauling	4 50
P H Rodeheaver, wood for jail	3 00
John Sines, wood for court house	5 00
H W McComas, physician to jail	100 00
H W McComas, county health officer	100 00
J M Davis & Son, paint, oil, etc	18 99
D L Conneway, coal for court house and jail	155 15
S L Townshend & Son, goods for county and jail	115 01
A Hinebaugh, kindling wood	9 00
John T. Mitchell, supervisor of election	50 00
Walter Warnick, supervisor of election	50 00
Bruce Lichty, supervisor of election	50 00
The Garrett County Bank in settlement with J. W. Averett	175 00
Charles Holden, work on platform, etc.	15 25
Oakland Pharmacy, medicine for jail and paupers	38 65
G J Lee, quarantine	18 00
A G Slurgis, stationery and medicine	151 15
J M Jarboe, building new kitchen at jail	152 90
J M Litzinger, furnishing ballots for election 1894	190 25
James A Walker, cleaning closets subject to order	45 00
R S Jameson, drilling well deeper at jail	79 00
Total	$1,803 63

ALMS HOUSE AND ASYLUM.

Estimate to pay same	$2,200 00

NEW ROADS.

Road Case No. 126:

John Harned, examiner and surveyor 2½ days	$ 18 80
E W Kelso, examiner, 2 days	4 00
D N Murphy, examiner, 2 days	4 00
Samuel Steyer, chainman, 2 days	3 00
Chas Steyer, chainman, 2 days	3 00
J C Riley, axeman, use J Harned	1 50
J White, axeman	1 50

Damages to land owners:

Samuel Steyer	1 00
Henry Thompson	1 00
M S Harvey	1 00
T K Harvey	50
J C Riley	50
William Harvey	1 00
Capt J White	1 00
George and John Steyer	1 00

Road Case No. 128:

S L Townshend, examiner, 2 days	4 00
Wm White, examiner, 2 days	4 00
John Harned, examinor and surveyor and plat	12 00
Ralph Browning	1 25
John S Browning	1 25
Abel Browning	1 25

Damages to land owners:

John L Browning	1 00
Clark DeBerry	65 00

Road Case No. 129:

W H H Friend, surveyor and examiner	16 25
Garrett V Dixon, examiner, 3 days	6 00
Emanuel Custer	2 00
Henry Brown, chainman, 3 days	4 50
John Liston, chainman, 3 days	1 50
Milton Imbel, axeman, use W H H Friend, 1 day	1 50
Clarence Guard, use W H H Friend	1 50

Road Case No. 130:

Samuel Johnson, examiner and surveyor	10 00
Jacob Gnagey, examiner, 1 day	2 50
Same, chainman, 1 day	1 00
Ralph Engle, chainman, 1 day	1 00
Same, examiner, 1 day	2 00
Phineas Boucher, flagman, 1 day	1 50
Total	$185 50

ATTORNEYS' FEES.

G S Hamill, State's Attorney for Garrett county, 142 recognizances, 21 misdemeanors, @ $3.33⅓	$ 553 00
Same, 46 felonies, @ $10	460 00
Same, trial fees allowed by court	540 00
Same, services rendered registration officers	50 00
E H Sincell, 1 misdemeanor	3 33
Same, 10 felonies, @ $10, use Geo VanSickle	100 00
Peddicord & Peddicord, 7 misdemeanors	23 33
Same, 10 felonies	100 00
J C Peddicord and E H Sincell, 1 misdemeanor	3 33
R T Semmes, 3 misdemeanors	10 00
R T Semmes and T J Peddicord, 1 felony	10 00
Total	$1,862 99

COMMISSIONERS' OFFICE.

Estimate to pay County Commissioners from April, 1895, to April, 1896	$1,000 00
J S Meyers, clerk	450 00
W M Coddington, janitor	200 00
E H Sincell, attorney, use C B Friend	150 00
Total	$1,800 00

CORONERS INQUESTS.

Peter Nathan, coroner	$ 5 00
Baker Johnson, constable, serving 14 summons	2 10
H L Bevins, M D., allowed by jury	5 00
Bruce Lichty, M D., allowed by jury	5 00
J E Getty, juror	50
S H Ryland, juror	50
Samuel J Beachy, juror	50
Casper Schramm, juror	50
O C Keller, juror	50
Leonard Kurtz, juror	50
Charles Younkin, juror	50
J C Shaw, juror	50
Mathias Bowser, juror	50
Marshall Beachy, juror	50
Jonas E Gnagey, juror	50
James H Bevins, juror	50
James Bowser, witness	33
Charles Beachy, witness	33
William Smith, witness	33
George A Bittinger, sr.	33
Mrs George A Bittinger, sr. witness	33
John Barkholder, witness	33
Total	$25 08

FOX AND CAT CERTIFICATES.

Wm H Jacobs	1 fox		$ 1 00
James H Wilson	6 foxes		6 00
Alfred Reckord	1 "		1 00
W Ryland	8 "		8 00
Charles H Jenkins	1 "		1 00
Stephen Browning	1 "		1 00
C E Hilleary	3 "		3 00
John Murphy		1 cat	2 00
I N Shillingburg	1 "	1 "	3 00
Speicher & Nethken	7 "		7 00
Floyd Wilson	1 "		1 00
W H Hernard	1 "		1 00
C C Soelders	3 "	1 "	7 00
Hayden & Eckles	1 "		1 00
John W Biggs	2 "	1 "	4 00
D S Custer	1 "		1 00
P T Garthright	2 "		2 00
Henry Feity	1 "		1 00
Ira E Friend	1 "		1 00
Patrick S Fazenbaker	2 "		2 00
Isaac T Frazee	2 "		2 00
Simon Weimer	1 "		1 00
C B Friend	4 "		6 00
Herbert W Browning	1 "		1 00
D M Dixon	2 "		2 00
L E Friend	1 "		1 00
G F Cuppett	1 "		1 00
John T Schlossnagle	7 "		7 00
Christian Slabach	1 "		1 00
Joshua Titchenell	5 "		5 00
Noah Brondwater	13 "		13 00
Henry Barnard	1 "		4 00
Floyd Duckworth	2 "		2 00
Daniel Wilson	2 "		2 00
F P Strawn	8 "		8 00
R E Garlitz	1 "	3 "	10 00
Theodore Beckman	2 "		2 00
Abraham Sines	5 "		5 00
S S Bittinger	4 "		4 00
C M Wilson	5 "		5 00
W C Jones	3 "		3 00
George W Legge	1 "		1

Secret of Beauty

is health. The secret of health is the power to digest and assimilate a proper quanity of food. This can never be done when the liver does not act it's part.

Do you know this?

Tutt's Liver Pills are an absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, malaria, constipation, torpid liver, piles, jaundice, bilious fever, biliousness and kindred diseases.

Tutt's Liver Pills

Scratching and Swearing

only increase the irritation and heat the blood. What the skin needs is a cooling, healing application that brings comfort to body and mind, and which at the same time has strength enough to penetrate a clogged skin and to dissolve the scales of Eczema and Dandruff.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

is the only perfect preparation of this kind. It will cure Eczema, Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Dandruff, Itching Piles, Ring Worm, Pimples, Blotches and other diseases of the skin. Sometimes it will cure in a few days—sometimes it takes longer—but the cure is certain and permanent. There is no question about it. It has been proven times without number.

50 cents—all drug stores.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head and all inflammation of the nasal passages—50c.

WANTED

Men and Boys to wear WANAMAKER & BROWN'S all wool and a yard wide clothing. Largest line of samples in the United States.

Call and have your measure taken.

WILLIAM W. SWEET, Agent, Mt. Lake Park, Md.

2—tf.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN, SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 18 26tf

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

This is to notify the tax-payers of Garrett county that the Annual Levy for 1895 has been made and published, and to call their attention to the following abstract of Section 45, Chapter 506, Acts of 1890, relating to the discount to be allowed and interest to be charged on all tax bills:

"All county taxes shall be due and payable on the first day of September next succeeding the date of the levy thereof; and on all county taxes paid on or before the said 1st day of September a discount of 3 per cent. shall be allowed; and after the 1st day of January all taxes shall bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until paid; the Treasurer shall take the discount from and charge interest on all tax bills for county purposes regularly in the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same upon the receipt given for taxes so paid, but the discount allowed on county taxes by this section shall not be made to any person or corporate institution unless the whole amount of State and county taxes due by such person or corporate institution for the current year be paid when the same is made."

E. E. SOLLARS, Treasurer of Garrett County.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 506 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

Saturday, the 4th Day of May, 1895,

at the hour of 2 15 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer at public sale and sell to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land situate in Election District No One, of said Garrett county, containing forty-nine acres and being the same land that was conveyed to Sente F. Broadwater by Joseph R. Anderson by deed dated sec 5, 1890, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 10, folio 522 etc., one of the Land Records of said Garrett county.

Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895, as is charged to S. F. Broadwater on the assessoient books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

ORDER NISI.

Samuel Lawton, Late Treasurer of Garrett County, vs. Max Livingston.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, No. 70 Trials to March Term, 1895.

It is ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, this 18th day of April in the year 1895, that the tax sale as made and reported in the above entitled cause by Samuel Lawton, Late Treasurer of Garrett County, and made to the County Commissioners of said county for 26 acres of the tract of land called "Music" be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 17th day of May, 1895; provided that a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 17th day of May, 1895.

The report states the amount of sale to be $58.75. EDWARD STAKE.

True Copy, Test. E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Selbysport.

We have been having beautiful spring weather for the last two weeks, and our farmers are not sleeping now.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Raybeck are visiting Mrs. Raybeck's mother on the Young River below Selbysport.

Mrs. Clara Frazee, of Watson, Pa., presented Miss Beodie Frazee, her niece of West Selbysport, with a new Easter hat.

Chas. H. Stuck was one of our early birds to make garden this spring.

Messrs. Milton Lytle and Jonas Frazee jr., were the guests of W. D. Collier, of Friendsville, last week.

There has been a few car loads of potatoes shipped to Collinsville from off of our branch this spring.

Mr. B. F. Savage is booked to go to Pittsburg to join his old friend Dan in the near future.

Washington Taylor, of Friendsville, has purchased Messrs. Brown and Frantz's speeder of our city. The boys will be sorry to hear of this when they wish a trip to Friendsville or Connellsville.

Mr. John Jeremiah Knapp wears a new silk hat at this time. It is a big boy.

News has reached us through the Pittsburg papers that our old and worthy friends, Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Strawn of Mineral Springs, are two of the lucky heirs of an estate in New Jersey, estimated to be worth over $30,000,000. Mr. and Mrs. Strawn have worked many hard years to keep soul and body together. This fortune will be of much value to them in their old age. Mr. Strawn is one of the old ex-stage drivers on the national pike from Cumberland to Brownsville. Owing to his old age and being unable to make a living by following the plow he spends his winter months in trapping foxes and skunks. We hope that Mr. and Mrs. Strawn may live many years and enjoy the fortune that has been left them.

Mr. Jasper Frazee, our worthy merchant of this town, has received a trio of game chickens, presented to him by his old friend Wm. McMaster of Pittsburgh.

Jackson Frazee, of Frazee's Ridge passed through town a few days ago with a nice drove of sheep.

Bruce Coddington, of Friendsville, is visiting the Hon. W. Lee Coddington, of Butler St., Pittsburg, Pa.

We will kindly ask Mr. New Comer who represents THE REPUBLICAN from Selbysport, what he means about the dreadful disease diptheria and the remark he made sometime ago, saying this dreadful disease could easily be done away with a little care, and said "why not try it?" Dear Mr. New Comer, we would like to have you teach us how to take care of our children and this dreadful disease, and we should be very much obliged for the favor.

Jonas and Florence Frazee who have been laid up with the diptheria for some weeks, are out on the streets, well and hearty.

We notice by the Pittsburg papers there were three lives lost in East Liberty Sunday eve in the large fire at that point, also several badly injured.

David Morrison, of Pittsburgh, was in our town on business the 27th.

Mrs. Jacob Stuck is on the sick list.

Jonas Frazee, jr., will visit Pittsburg soon.

Dobbin, W. Va.

The weather has been very fine for several weeks past, consequently farmers are very busy.

The J. L. Rumbarger Lumber Co. has a force of men at work building a narrow gauge railroad to some timber along Laurel run. Most people thought Debbin was dead, but it has taken a new lease of life we are happy to inform you.

Mr. John Fadled, a member of the band, returned from Rockingham county, Va., several weeks ago where he was spending the winter. We are glad to see him back.

Since warm weather has returned our band has been reorganized, I think that in a short time these hills and valleys will ring with the music of Old Kentucky Home or something equally as good.

The Sunday school at Red Oak was reorganized on the 28th with the following officers and teachers elected for the term: Superintendent, Marcellus Arnold; assistant, Jeremiah Harvey; secretary, Lizzie Montgomery; treasurer, Frank Harvey; gentlemen's bible class, Peter Culp; ladies' bible class, Mrs. Jeremiah Harvey; Silas Arnold and Mrs. Montgomery are teachers of the male and female small classes respectively. The people in the Red Oak district are very much in earnest in their Sunday school work and the indications are that they have a very good school.

A son was born into the family of Frank Marshall on the night of the 27th.

B. Hollen has rented Mr. Clement's cottage and will soon move into it.

Daniel Conneway and B. H. Hollen have a contract for pealing tanbark and cutting the logs on the Wilson Lumber Co.'s land, lying west of Mr. Conneway's.

X

Elder.

Sowing oats and planting corn are the order of the day.

Mr. Robert Sterling is on the sick list at present.

Rev. Cox preached an excellent sermon Saturday evening.

Miss Susan Cuppettt was the guest of Miss Nellie Enlow Sunday.

Rev. McEndoe, of Ursina, Pa., was a welcome visiter in our vicinity Sunday, and preached a powerful sermon Sunday evening.

Miss Loudica Friend is staying with her brother, Mr. A. B. Friend near Hoyes at present.

Miss Lera Casteel, of Buffalo, was visiting Miss Lizzie Sterling Saturday and Sunday.

Rev. G. J. Feaguson was calling on Mr. S. F. Cuppett Sunday.

Mr. Geo. Shartzer and wife were pleasant callers at the residence of Robert Sterling Sunday.

Mr. Arch Casteel, of Frazee Ridge, was visiting friends here Monday.

Sunday school every Snuday at 9.30 a. m., also prayer meeting every Thursday night. All are invited to attend, and are sure to receive a very warm welcome.

We would like to hear from Zero again but suppose it is too warm for him and he has to wait for winter again.

McHenry.

Our farmers are busily engaged sowing oats.

Mr. Jonas Glotfelty purchased a large farm recently.

Mr. John Delawder is erecting a large summer hotel at his fish dam near this place.

Mr. E. A. Weimer, of Alliance, Ohio, is erecting a large store room at this place.

Mr. E. E. Cuppett made a business trip this week to Oakland, Mt. Lake Park and Loch Lynn.

Mr. Reuben Durst, who has been working at Bayard, W. Va., has returned home.

Messrs. John and Grant Glotfelty were the guests of Mr. Reuben Durst Sunday.

Mr. Thomas Lewis has moved to our quiet little town lately.

Rev. Cox preached a very interesting sermon last Sunday to a very large congregation.

Our Sabbath school is starting off exceedingly well under the management of Mr. E. C. Cuppett.

Deer Park.

Garden making is in progress.

Mr. Henry Bebbet has moved in the Tillson property, which he lately purchased.

Mr. Walter Flanagan moved in part of the house occupied by Will Janky.

Mr. Ben Thrasher has moved to his farm near town.

Mrs. Rensy Thrasher is lying very low, but at this writing we are glad to say is improved.

Born unto Mr. and Mrs. Michael Madagan April 28, 1895, a daughter.

Mr. Van Grim has a force of men repairing the Lutheran church.

Mr. S. C. Hoye has improved the front of his lot by a new fence.

Col. T. B. Davis, of Keyser, was on our streets Tuesday.

For Sale.

Cheap for cash, one second-hand two-horse three spring wagon in good condition or will trade for good oak, chestnut, cherry or pine lumber. Inquire at Naylor's shop.

WIDE TIRES ADVOCATED.

The Special Agent of Road Inquiry Makes Many Suggestions for the Betterment of Public Roads.

The agricultural department at Washington, has issued a bulletin compiled by Roy Stone, special agent in charge of road inquiry, containing information concerning the use of wide tires on wagon wheels. Mr. Stone regards it of special importance for the maintenance of public highways that the vehicles used on them shall have tires of greater width than are now in general use. Extracts from the State laws respecting the width of tire to be used on vehicles are given, some of which offer a rebate of a portion of the highway tax on wagons with rims or tires not less than 3 or 3½ inches in width. Ohio makes it unlawful to transport over macadamized, gravel or stone roads in any vehicle having a tire less than 3 inches in width, a burden of more than 2,000 pounds. Indiana has a law against hauling on a wet gravel road a load of over 2,000 on a narrow tired wagon, or over 2,500 pounds on a broad tired wagon.

Kentucky makes a distinction in favor of broad tired wagons in fixing toll rates. The results of experiments with wide tires in various states are also given. The distance from the stone quarry at Spit Rock to the works of the reducings company in Geddes, Onondaga county, New York, is about four and a half miles. Three or four years ago the work of improving this stretch of road was accomplished. Rough quarry refuse and for part of the distance field stones were used, all hand-broken to two and three inch sizes. This was covered with fine, unsifted quarry chips, and a crown was given to the roadway with an elevation of about six inches in a width of sixteen feet. Wagons with tires of different degrees of width, some of them as much as six inches wide, were built for hauling stone over this road. Their constant use has produced a smooth, compact and regular surface between the quarry and the works. Loads of stone varying from eight to sixteen thousand pounds are continually hauled over this road with no perceptible wear. The cost of hauling has been reduced. Experiments in other states are also referred to and the opinion expressed that wide tires are not only lighter in their draught than narrower ones under nearly all conditions, but they cut up roads very little; in fact, when six inches wide tend to make the road better continually.

The bulletin concludes by printing extracts from the consular reports concerning the width of tires prescribed in the various foreign countries. In France every freighting and market cart is said to be a road maker. Their tires are from three to ten inches in width, usually from four to six. The German law of April 16, 1840, prescribes that wagons for heavy loads, such as coal, brick, earth and stone must have a width of tire at least four inches. Switzerland requires wagons to be provided with wheels having tires of a width proportioned to the largest loads admissible.

Wide tires are very good things on good roads, but if they are to be used on the roads of this county in winter time, the road machines and their work will have to go. Hauling would have been at a great premium if broad-tired wagons had to be drawn through the hub deep mud of the county roads here for the past three weeks.

A Remarkable Cure of Rheumatism.

David Lewis, who has been afflicted all winter by rheumatism, is out again and all due to one of the medicines advertised in our columns. After trying everything possible, he used Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which has relieved him of all pain, from which he was a constant sufferer and promises to make him fit for duty soon. We know David has been a great sufferer and are glad to see him around again.—Groton Connecticut Review. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

B. H. Bowman, Pub. Enquirer, of Bremen Ind., writes: Last week our little girl baby the only one we have was taken sick with cronp. After two doctors failed to give relief and life was hanging on a mere thread we tried One Minute Cough Cure and its life was saved. Oakland Pharmacy.

CASTORIA

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No. 1	—Daily	7.09 A. M
No. 13	—Accom daily except Sun	9.33 A. M
No. 17	—Daily except Mon	11.28 A. M
No 15	—Accommodation daily	6.57 P. M
No. 3	—Daily	9.58 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 2	—Daily	5.54 A. M
No. 8	—Daily	7.34 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 6	—Daily except Monday	4.38 P. M
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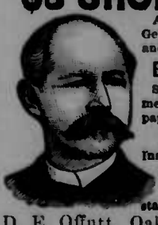

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TWO BOYS AND A COW.

How Pete Found the Best Home He Had Ever Known.

"Hello, Bunk! Come aloug, good old creatur'."

Pete patted the shoulders of the cow he was about to drive to pasture. It was Squire Hill's cow, and the squire thought a great deal of it. He had a large farm, on which he raised little but horses, keeping only this one cow.

The squire was passing, and stopped to give a more sturdy caress than Pete's hand had been.

"If you ever let anything happen to that cow, Pete," he said, "I'll be likely to break every bone in your body."

"Yessir," said Pete, as soberly as if the words had not been accompanied with a geuial twinkle in the squire's eyes.

"You're the first small shaver I've ever let drive her."

"Yessir," repeated Pete, with an impressive shake of the head.

"You'll always look out for the railroad?"

"Yessir—sure."

"Aud the mill. There's a mighty mean slope down to the log boom if an animal got started down."

"Yessir—awful!"

"Aad uo fence along it."

"Not a bit."

"Be sharp, then."

"Go 'long, Bunk!"

Pete trudged after the cow, very glad and proud of being trusted with such an important duty. He was a poor little stray, who had turned up on the farm from nobody knew where. After hanging about for awhile, making friends with the animals, attracting nttention by his light-hearted, fun-loving spirit, he had gradually fallen into place as chore boy and general convenience, rejoicing in every new labor set him as giving evidence that he was gaining a foothold on the big farm, on which he soou eame to have n home feeling.

Bunker plodded lazily nlong until, coming near the mill, Pete faithfully tightened his hold on the rope by which he led her.

The mill and its surroundings possessed a fascination for Pete. He had spent hours and hours lounging about the old-fashioned building, taking n kind of awe-stricken delight in its wonderful tangle of queer machinery. He had watched, with his breath held, the great saws eating their way through the logs which were hauled up an ineline by the help of heavy rope and gigantic hooks. The dam, the boom, every feature bore its charm for him.

The other of the squire's bugbears, the railroad, passed just beyoud the mill, erossing the road. One danger passed, Pete always began looking for the other, always bearing on his mind the many stories told by the squire of valunble animals killed by locomotives. He usually aimed to get Bunker past the slope abov e boom as fast as possible. But just now he made a sudden pause.

"Hello, Billy! What you doing there?"

Billy was a diminutive boy belonging to the miller. Pete had spent many an hour playing with him before his duties on the farm had become so well defined.

Billy was playing truant, Pete knew nt a glance. And not only that, but the truancy was of a dangerous character.

"Billy, come here!"

"Me 'on't,' said Billy, with an obstinate shake of his shoulders.

"Billy, you keep off that log!"

"Me goin' to sail my boat."

The small rebel held in his hand a block of wood, and, with the words, stepped out on the first of a number of logs which lay side by side in the boom. Pete fully appreciated the danger which the little rascal was braving.

"Billy, I'll give you some nuts if you'll come here."

Billy stepped on the next log.

"A whole pocketful, Billy."

As Billy set his foot on the third log it gave a little roll under him, but he recovered himself by a quick step on the fourth.

"Billy!" Pete's voice took on a tone of desperation, "if you don't come here I'll thrash you within an inch of your life!"

Billy hastened his step on the fifth log.

Pete looked around in despair. No one was in sight. There were still two or three hours of the long summer evening's daylight, but the saws were stopped and the wheels quiet.

What should he do? With every moment his frightened eyes perceived the increasing danger to the small boy. When he should reach the other log and attempt to launch his tiny craft—what then?

Pete called nloud for help, but was answered by only the hollow roar of the water washing over the dam. The miller's house was beyoud the mill, bnck out of sight.

A switch was so arranged as to back cars up for the convenient loading of lumber. Pete's perplexed glance fell upon a loaded car standing on the track. With a rougher pull on the rope by which he was leading Bunker than that animal had ever before felt, Pete dragged her towards it. Another moment and he had secured the cow to one of the iron step-ladders and was wildly rushing down the bank towards the logs.

"Billy boy"—Pete said it coaxingly, all the while realizing how gindly he would have carried out his threat of a thrashing—"if you'll wait just one minute I'll make you a boat with three masts. Honest, Billy!"

Carefully he made his way over the logs just as Billy stooped to launch his boat. Whether the catastrophe would have come quite so soon but for the friendly pursuit can never be known, but Billy, quickening his motions in fear of being prevented in his design, stumbled and toppled into the water.

With a few swift steps Pete was at his side as he clung with a small, dirty hand to a cleft in the rough bark. But the grasp soon failed, and Pete was just in time to prevent his making it the cruel water. With loud cries he held tightly to Pete's arms.

"Stop, Billy! Wait till I get a good grip!"

But Billy would not wait. Before Pete could secure any hold on the logs a desperate pull from the frightened child had caused him to lose his balance. The next moment he was pulled under water by Billy's weight.

With Pete's first gasping breath as he arose to the surface he fixed one hand firmly on the rough log, then sought how he might best help Billy It seemed as if both must go down together, but not once did he think of loosening the grasp of those small, clinging hands.

Waiting until he had fully recovered his breath, he, by great exertion, contrived to pull himself partly up on the log.

"No, Billy, I won't let you go. Say, Billy, just let go my arm, little fellow, so I can help you. Now, up! That's it. Take hold here."

With an effort which brought rings before his eyes and a roaring into his head Pete at length drew Billy to a safe position on the log, and, still holding him fast, lay back for a moment, dizzy and faint.

Then he sprang to his feet. Bunker must be seen to. With difficulty he restrained his impatience and carefully led Billy to a place of safety.

All this while the small boy's father and mother had been peacefully at work in their back yard, out of sight and hearing of the threatened shadow on their home.

"Now, Billy, go 'long to your mother, and don't you never go on them logs again."

With the caution, half petting, half threatening, Pete turned and hurried to where he had left his cow.

Gazing blankly about him, he gave a shriek of dismay, then shot away like an arrow loosened from a bow.

"Bunk!—Bunker! Le' go my cow, I say!"

In his excitement and the rush and roar of the water Pete had failed to realize the dreadful thing which was happening. A freight train had backed on the switch and coupled on the car to which Bunker was securely tied. Bunker had started on a placid walk with the first pull on the rope, next had unwillingly hastened her footsteps—and as Pete's despairing glance reached her, was disappearing around a curve on a brisk trot.

With repeated cries Pete followed at his highest speed, the cries gradually dying away as his breath failed him. The miller and his boys ran out of the yard just in time to wonder whether Pete had taken leave of his senses, and joined in the chase.

Rounding the curve, Pete could see Bunker far ahead of him. Fortunately, the train was heavily laden and not moving very fast. The trainmen were all on the forward part of the train and entirely unaware of what was going on.

Quickly out of breath, and exhausted by the compulsory speed, poor Bunker once remitted her efforts, but the cruel rope dragging upon her compelled her to go on. It is easy to guess what might have been her fate had not help appeared just as Pete was beginning to realize that his small legs were not equal competitors in a race with a railroad train.

A farm wagon was approaching the track on a road which crossed it. The eyes of two or three men in the wagon were attracted by the unusual attachment to the train, and the sight of Pete's wild gesticulation. With halloos and waving of hats they brought the train to n standstill.

"What's the racket?"

The men gathered behind the train to find Bunker much the worse for her run, and a tatterdemalion of a boy, soaked and panting, sinking down beside her.

"Oh, Bunk, Bunk!" he cried, with his first free breath, "what'll the squire say to me now?"

"What does it all mean?" nsked the conductor. "Tell us about it, youngster," observing that everyone but the boy seemed as puzzled as himself. "Who tied the cow? How did you get so wet?"

"I—tied Bunker—on to the car—while I went to get Billy out o' the water."

"Billy in the water!" exclaimed the miller, who had come up.

"It wa'n't my fault," said poor Pete, possessed with the idea that in every feature of the calamity he must in some way be held blameworthy.

"No, I guess it wasn't," said one of the men, gazing with sympathy on the boy. "We were just passing, and seen the whole thing. Couldn't get there till he was comin' up the bank with the little chap. It's all along o' him you ain't goin' to have a funeral to your house this week, miller."

One of the trainmen flung down a rough flaunel shirt in which Pete gladly wrapped himself.

"What's that you call your cow?" asked one of the men.

"Bunk. That is, Bunk for short. Whole name's Bunker Hill. I named her Bunker 'cause she's Squire Hill's cow, you see."

"If we were a bigger crowd we'd give three cheers for you and Bunker Hill," said the conductor. "As we can't—hold up his hat."

Pete's eyes beamed in bewilderment of delight as a rattle of small coins sounded in it.

"If I had my way, it would be a hat full of gold," said the miller.

The train moved on, amid cordial farewells to Bunker Hill and her faithful caretaker.

"But I think he's too good to take care of cows," asserted the miller's wife. "I should never feel safe about Billy unless he comes here to be one of us."

So Pete—happy boy!—went to live at the mill, finding there, he assured himself every day, the best home that ever was known.

It is pleasant to be able to say that Bunker Hill very soon recovered from the effects of her first and last run with a railroad train.—Sydney Dayre, in Outlook.

NYASSALAND.

A Rich Region in Africa the British Are Opening Up.

The most wonderful record of progress that has come out of tropical Africa is the story of Nyassaland. No one would have believed twenty years ago that a garden spot would be found there where white men could live within the tropics in perfect health and prosperity. No one would have dreamed that to-day native telegraphers in the lake region would be sending messages to the sea and to Europe, that upon the mountain sides native woodsmen would be cutting pine trees and sawmill hands turning the logs into lumber, and that half a million coffee trees would be flourishing. Many of them are now bearing their first crops on the plantations of the white farmers. The wilderness where Arabs followed the slave chase is being turned into a garden; and the secret of this remarkable transformation is that the uplands of Lake Nyassa are high above the ocean level. Nyassaland may be called one of the little islands that are lifted high above the sea of miasma which overspreads nearly the whole of tropical Africa.

So among these elevated valleys and mountains south of Lake Nyassa the white man is turning the riches of nature to good account, and is having a potent and a beneficial influence upon the natives, who thirty years ago had never seen a white man. Mr. H. H. Johnson, her majesty's commissioner in British Central Africa, has just told the story of this development to the Royal Geographical society, and here are some of the interesting facts he gave:

The official name of this region is the British Central Africa protectorate. It was only four years ago that European planters began to hear that there was a chance to make money in this domain by raising coffee. At that time the total white population was only fifty-seven. To-day it is nearly 400. The trade of the country has exceeded 8500,000. Four years ago there were on Lake Nyassa and the rivers only eight British steamers, while to-day seventeen steamers and 120 barges or sailing vessels are plying these waters. Four years ago Europeans were cultivating about 1,000 acres, while the area under crops has now been increased to more than 8,000 acres. Over 5,000,000 coffee plants are now growing, and when they all come into bearing, as they will before long, there will be ample freight for the railroad which is to be built around the sixty miles of rapids in the Shire river. When this road is completed freight may be taken by steam from the north end of Lake Nyassa to the Zambezi and the ocean vessels which will await in the Chinde branch of the Delta.

Agricultural land four years ago was selling from 1 cent to 6 cents an acre. To-day unimproved land ranges in price from 25 cents to $1.50 an acre, and and in a number of the seven or eight European settlements lots are sold from $500 to $1,000 apiece.

About four-fifths of the land surface is from 3,000 to 5,000 feet above the sea. The immediate result of this elevation is a much cooler climate than is found in most parts of Central Africa. It is a well watered country, with many perennial streams, and the water in almost all places is wholesome to drink

Those who have read Livingstone's descriptions of the wilderness when he first made it known to the world will be struck by the amazing contrast which Blantyre and the other European settlements present to-day. In these towns are clean, broad, level roads, bordered by handsome avenues of trees, and comely red brick houses, with rose-colored verandas peeping out behind clumps of ornamental shrubs. The natives who pass along are clothed in white calico. A bell rings to call the children to school. The planter gallops past on horseback or a missionary trots in on a white donkey from a visit to an outlying station. Long rows of native carriers pass in Indian file, carrying loads of European goods, or a smart-looking policeman in black fez, black jacket and trousers marches off on some errand.

Native bricklayers and carpenters are building houses in the European style. Through the open doors of the printing office natives may be seen setting type for the little newspapers that appear every week. The visitor will see a post office, a court of justice, and perhaps a prison, whose occupants, however, during the working hours are out repairing the roads under charge of a black policeman. On the outskirts of the town are brick yards, where the natives turn out thousands of bricks as well made as those used in our own building operations.

The most interesting feature in the neighborhood of these settlements, however, is the coffee plantations, which are the chief cause and support of the prosperity of Nyassaland. The first and biggest planter, Mr. Buchanan, raised last year a crop that was valued at $35,000. Sixteen years ago a small coffee plant was sent from the Edinburgh Botanical gardens to Blantyre, and from this plant the greater part of the 5,000,000 coffee trees now growing are descended. The mother tree is still alive in the mission grounds at Blantyre. The climate and soil of Nyassaland seem to suit the coffee tree to perfection, and the crops are unusually large.

One strong inducement to plant coffee here is the abundance and cheapness of native labor. The planters are now able to secure an enormous supply of labor from tribes that are scattered far and wide around. Natives travel on foot several hundred miles to get work on the European plantations. They know they will be well treated, well paid, and that they may return in safety to their homes with the wages they have earned, because the government has put an end to the murderous business of the slave-catcher who used to lie in wait for unwary natives. The increase in the native population of the protectorate has been remarkable. In the southern part of the district 10,000 people are now living, where there were only about 1,000 in 1891. In the northern half the native population has almost doubled by immigration in four years. It is believed that before long this region will become one of the most densely peopled portions of the continent, and with plenty of black men to till the soil, the white settlers will be able to produce in enormous quantities all the most valuable crops of the temperate and tropical regions. They are already raising nearly enough wheat for their own needs. — Philadelphia Bulletin.

THOROUGHLY AMERICAN.

Appearance of the People Who Frequent the National Capital.

It is interesting to watch the people in the parade before the windows. In the quieter residence avenues of the northwestern section one may see the rich to better advantage, in far separated couples or in carriages, and one may see the mansions and gardens, and the nurses, and those toddlers who are the luckiest children in the union; for of all places Washington is the most heavenlike for children. But in the mixed throng on Pennsylvania avenue there is a chance to see the people of a city so distinctively American as to contain only eighteen thousand foreign-born men and women. The southerners attract the eye first. Their soft hats and Prince Albert coats betray them. The lawyer, the leader in the south, has set the fashion for all his people. So it comes that all southern men dress like lawyers—in sober black with long coat tails. In their carriage one sees a strange conflict of pride and slovenliness—pride in the pose of the head, and indolence in their gait. Their women, petted to the spoiling point when they are young, are the life of the avenue, and of all Washington. To be typical they must be blondes, and we see hundreds of pure blondes in the parade. And they must be merry and much in evidence, having never been restrained. They are absolutely queens at home, and hesitate at nothing. Literature, art, wit, vocalization, dramatic entertainment, reform, equestrianism, leadership of fashion, social activity—there is nothing into which they do not plunge; and they and their peculiarities are all intensified in Washington. Their husbands and brothers look on in blind idolatry. For themselves the southern men ask only to be considered orators; and that they all are. What should we do but for the southerners in Washington—but for their spirited and pretty women especially? But there is no need to discuss doing without this leaven in the great lump. And it is fitting that they should be most conspicuous there, for Washington is a southern city geographically. True, George Washington and his testy engineer, L'Enfant, planned to have it grow to the eastward of the capitol, on the high plateau that was best suited for a city's site. And they intended the white house to be a semi-country seat, apart from the town. The southerners were in control then, and where they thought the city would come they laid out avenues for their beloved states—Virginia and Georgia and North and South Carolina avenues. Alas for their hopes! The greedy landowners and speculators held that land too high, and we built the city so that to-day the elegant streets are the ones that bear the names of the down-east Yankee states.

Next in order of notability in the parade are the western folk—great in numbers, as befits the representatives of nearly two-thirds of the union. There is no mistaking them, either. Their men are bearded, hot-eyed, intense beings, self-concentrated, as you can see in their every action and movement and conversation. Their women include many of the leaders of the official and the social sets, and yet, taking them by and large, as the sailor phrase goes, the western women are the ones that come oftenest raw and ill at ease in the formal, ultra-conventional routine of the public and social life, where power and place are graded in one set, and etiquette and eating rule the other. The darkies are very conspicuous by reason of their peculiarities and their numbers. They divide themselves into two bodies. The elegant and ambitious form one, and the lazy, happy, easy-going workfolk and and vagrants form the other. But the darky mob is most picturesque, with its red-waisted nurse-girls, its huge, bandanna-crowned "mammies," its white-haired, rheumatic old "uncles" in the whitewashing line, its ragtag and bobtail loafers, out at elbow, toggle-jointed, loose all over, and content whenever the sun shines on them.—Julian Ralph, in Harper's Magazine.

An Unsettled Question.

The rough man from the wild southwest was seated at the same table in the hotel with a nice little gentleman from New York, as dainty as a flower, and he had just struck an oasis of pie in the dessert, and was subdividing it with his knife. The little man became so absorbed in watching him eat that pie as to attract the rough man's attention.

"What you watchin' me fer?" asked the rough man, fiercely.

"Merely to settle an important question in my mind," replied the little man as brave as a lion.

"What's the question?" said the rough man, hitting the table with his fist.

"Well," replied the little man, "I wanted to find out whether you were eating your pie with your knife, or eating your knife with your pie."

And somehow the rough man didn't jump on the little man and mop the floor with him.—Detroit Free Press.

Work of Preparation.

Friend—How soon will you graduate from the Highscience institute?

Modern Girl—Next year. But after that I must take a four years' course at a medical college, to be followed by a special course in surgery.

"Do you intend to practice medicine?"

"Horrors, no! I am going to write novels."—N. Y. Weekly.

WEEDING.

The "ups and downs" of gardening.—Golden Days.

Doesn't Get Around in Time.

Tommy—Do you say your prayers every night?

Jimmy—Yep.

"And does your maw say hers?"

"Yep."

"And does your paw?"

"Naw. Paw don't need to. It's almost daylight when he gets to bed."—Cincinnati Tribune.

The Last Straw.

He bore each passing fad or whim,
No wish met his denial.
Her lightest word was law to him,
He stood all test and trial.
E'en whispers of her broken oath
He scorned as idle rumors;
But he gave her back her plighted troth
The day she put on bloomers.
—Ida Goldsmith Morris, in Judge.

WHERE HE DREW THE LINE.

Aching Void—I'm awful hungry. Can you help me?

Mrs. Nix (threateningly)—Shall I call the dog?

Aching Void—Dat ain't necessary, mum. I never eat sausage.—Brooklyn Life.

A Saint.

"Is it true, George," sighed the beautiful girl as she gazed at the man who had just proposed, "is it true that you can put the buttons into your link cuffs without losing your temper?"

"It is," said George, fondly.

"Well, then," said the proud girl, adoringly, "take me. I am yours."—Chicago Record.

A Bright Suggestion.

"I've bought a bulldog," said Parsniff to his friend Lessup, "and I want a motto to put over his kennel. Can you think of something?"

"Why not use a dentist's sign, 'teeth inserted here?'" suggested Lessup.—Detroit Free Press.

Overworked College Boys.

"I have rented a room to two Columbia college students."

"I suppose they are very studious."

"Yes, one of them spends most of his time running up bills, and the other helps him forget to pay them."—Texas Siftings.

A Higher Life.

Lottie—Before Ethel married that young literary man she told me one day that her union with him was going to raise her to a higher life.

Tottie—And did it?

Lottie—Yes; they're living in an attic now.—Somerville Journal.

Wasted Ammunition.

She wears the flowers I sent, and yet
I'm not inclined to sing,
For since I ordered them she wears
Another fellow's ring.
—Detroit Free Press.

JUST AS BAD.

Mr. Simpson, Sr.—Doan' yo' sass me, nigger!

Mr. Simpson, Jr.—I ain't er sassin' yo'.

Mr. Simpson, Sr.—Wal, den, doan' look ez if you wor!—Judge.

Quickly Fixed.

Little Sister—What are you goin' to wear at the children's fancy dress party?

Little Brother—My Sunday clothes, I guess.

"But you mus' go as a character."

"Must I? Well, I'll hang my hair and pretend I'm a girl in a bicycle suit."—Good News.

New Form of Breakwater.

A $100,000 breakwater, with concaved face to turn the waves back on themselves, thereby breaking their force, is to be built at Marquette, Lake Superior. It is the first of the kind on the lakes, and but few have been built anywhere.

In Hard Luck.

Mr. Fake lost his gold-headed cane. He did not expect to see it again, but a tramp brought it to him saying he had found it.

"You are an honest man," exclaimed Fake, "and, as a reward for your honesty, you may keep the cane. The cane itself is not worth much, but you can sell the gold head to some jeweler."

"No, I can't," replied the tramp, "I've tried that already, and it won't work."—Texas Siftings.

A Good Match.

Old Lady—Then you are not married?

Modern Miss—No, indeed. I am one of the bachelor girls you hear about so much nowadays—have a profession, rooms of my own, and dine at the club, you know.

Old Lady—Ah, I see. You must let me introduce you to my dear son, who lives with me. He is one of the old maid men, you know.—N. Y. Weekly.

Looking After the Trifles.

"It is only by looking closely after the trifles that a profit can be made in these days of close competition," said the grocer to his new assistant.

"Yes, sir, I understand," replied the boy.

"For example," continued his employer, "when you pick the flies out of the sugar, don't throw them away. Put them among the currants."—Life.

Better Still.

Daughter—I wouldn't be surprised if Mr. Lingerly proposed this evening. I just got a lovely note from him.

Mother—Did you? Did he ask if you would be at home?

Daughter—No. He asked if pa would be.—Truth.

Wanted No Quarreling.

He (encouragingly)—I'm sure of one thing, my angel, you and I will never quarrel as that couple are doing.

She (with decision)—Indeed we won't. If you ever speak to me as he did to her, I'll call the police.—N. Y. Weekly.

At the Volcano.

"I can't tell where the smoke comes from,
It is to me quite strange."
"Why, don't you know," her brother said,
"It's from the mountain range."
—N. Y. World.

THE BONNET A LA MODE.

She—Will you explain to me why you have my new bonnet around your neck?

He—I will, if you will tell me why you have my best necktie on your head.—Harper's Bazar.

Determined.

Witherby—If I had known that you were going to drop in on us so unexpectedly we would have had more for dinner.

Castleton—Don't mention it, old man; but next time I'll be sure and let you know.—Brooklyn Life.

Consideration.

Jinson—Now, you wouldn't marry me, would you?

Miss Sears—Most certainly not; but why do you ask such a question?

Jinson—Just to decide a bet.—Kate Field's Washington.

Extreme Cruelty.

Marks—On what grounds shall you base your application for a divorce?

Mrs. Fitz—Extreme cruelty. When I wanted to quarrel with my husband he only laughed at me.—Illustrated Monthly.

Couldn't Hear Himself.

Forrester—Your dog has quit barking at night, it seems.

Lancaster—Yes; he got discouraged, I suppose. We have twins in our house now, you know.—Life.

Setting the Judge Right.

"It is evident," said the judge, "that you shot this man with malice aforethought."

"No, I didn't, yer honor. It wuz with plain buckshot!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Pleasant Prospect.

She—It will be a pleasure for me to share your troubles and anxieties.

He—But I haven't any.

She—O, you will have when we are married.—Texas Siftings.

Too Polite.

"Dah ain' no doubt," said Uncle Eben, "'bout contentment bein' better'n riches. But mos' everybody now'days seems too p'lite ter wan' de bes' fob hisse'f."—Washington Star.

Struck a Drug Store.

Mrs. Baker—Here's an account of another man robbed in broad daylight.

Baker—Had a prescription filled, I suppose.—Brooklyn Life.

FARM AND GARDEN.

EXPERIMENTAL FARMS.

Something About Those Conducted by the Canadian Government.

For several years past the provinces and the federal government of Canada have been taking an active interest in the improvement of agricultural methods throughout the provinces, and at present the equipments of their so-called "experimental farms" are very complete and efficient. The central experimental farm, situated near Ottawa, comprises some 500 acres of land and a complete outfit of buildings and the necessary machinery. The buildings are especially fitted up for cattle, horses, pigs and poultry, and all of these are well stocked. There is a dairy equipped with the modern appliances for carrying on experimental work. The farm includes a seed-testing and propagation house and a conservatory. Besides this central station there are eleven experimental farms situated in other parts of Canada, and these carry on experiments in agriculture, horticulture and arboriculture with much profit. The several farms are situated so as to render them as helpful as possible to the most thickly-populated districts, and in their equipments and general methods they resemble closely the central station.

The staff of workers at the central experimental farm includes a director, an agriculturist, a horticulturist, a botanist, an entomologist and a chemist. There are also a poultry manager, a foreman of forestry and several assistants to assist the members of the staff. The work is varied in nature and has to do with practically everything which relates to farming in Canada. The adaptability and merits of various varieties of wheat are, for example, the subject of careful inquiry.

Experiments are carried on to determine the vitality and purity of various agricultural seeds, and to investigate the nature of the diseases of plants and trees, and the cure for the ravages of insects. Various varieties of fertilizers are tested to determine their comparative value with different soils and crops. The study of the care of animals is a very important interest, and the value of different breeds of stock and their adaptability to various climates and other conditions are carefully investigated. These stations examine the scientific and economic sides of butter and cheese making. Experiments are carried on to determine the best methods of planting and pruning trees for fruit raising or for shelter or timber. The information gained in all this work is carefully recorded and published for general distribution.—Scientific American.

HANDY BAG HOLDER.

One of the Best Devices of Its Kind Ever Invented.

After experimenting with a number of homemade bag holders, I have found this one gives the best satisfaction: Procure a piece of two-inch plank 30 inches long, and as wide as

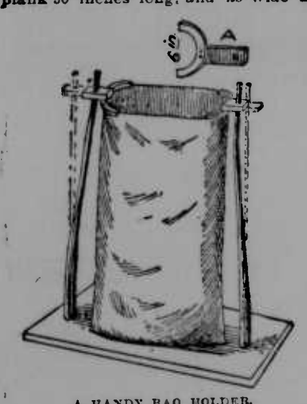

A HANDY BAG HOLDER.

you can get. Bore two 1¼-inch holes in the plank 24 inches apart. Then get two sticks 3 feet 9 inches long, of some tough wood—green poles will do—which should be about as large as a man's wrist. Shave these sticks to fit into the holes in the plank; and shave about 10 inches of the upper ends so they will fit tightly into a ¾-inch hole. Now make two blocks of hard wood 4½ inches long and 2 inches square. Bore a ¾-inch hole in each block near the end. Set the compass for a 6-inch circle and mark off two half circles on an inch board; then saw them out with a compass saw, and nail one of these circular pieces on each block, close to the end, as shown at A. These circular pieces should be 1 inch thick each way, and they should have about three small inthing-nails left sticking out ¼ inch, to keep the bag from slipping off. It is the spring of the two long sticks that holds the bag tight. The blocks can be slipped up and down, for bags of different lengths.—Farm and Fireside.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

HOT meals are a stimulus to poultry. They warm them up.

KEROSENE applied to the legs is a good remedy for scaly legs.

OLD mortar, gravel or granulated bone are preventives of soft-shelled eggs.

WHAT can be used for artificial nest eggs? asks a lady. Egg gourds, for one thing.

NEVER overfeed the pullet. No poultry should be overfed, but overfeeding the pullet is disastrous.

UNLESS there is some variety of food the appetites of the hens will not be maintained in the best vigor.

TO MAKE the poultry business pay largely it must be carried on on a large scale. One hundred or 200 hens will not make anybody rich.

THE first cause of canker is generally a cold, but if taken in time can be easily cured by removing the hard, cheesy substance with a stick or any thing that will not cut, then applying sub-sulphate of iron to the parts affected. A few applications are sufficient.—Farmer's Voice.

GOOD THING TO HAVE.

Poultry House for a Large Flock, with Underneath Run.

The design is to show a house that may be extended to 200 feet or more. The fowls are given the upper story for roosting, the lower portion being a scratching-place.

The house should be 12 feet wide, 8 feet high for the lower story and 6 feet for the upper story.

The object is to permit of plowing the ground floor of the lower story with a one-horse plow, for an extended building. The idea may be a novel one, but the plan will save much labor. Of course, such a house is more expensive than some others, but it affords complete protection from storms in the winter and gives shade in summer, the plowing turning the filth and droppings under.

Inclined steps leading to the upper portion are not shown, but can be arranged according to preference, as may

POULTRY HOUSE, WITH UNDERNEATH RUN.

also the nests. The house may be divided into sections of 16 feet or more, with twenty-five hens to each apartment. The apartments, both above and below, may be divided with wire netting, that for the lower apartment arranged on frames, so as to be movable, to admit of plowing. A passageway may be arranged, if desired.

Observe that plenty of light is afforded, which will be found of great advantage, so do not spare windows in such a house, especially in the lower portion.

The details of steps, roosts, nests, etc., have been left out, in order to convey the idea of an underneath run, which will more than pay for itself in the comfort of the hens and the increased number of eggs.

This house, says Farm and Fireside, is designed by Mr. Daniel Gibbons, Pennsylvania.

NATURAL INCUBATION.

How to Treat the Hens During the Period of Hatching.

If you wish to use hens to do the incubating it is a good plan to have a room separate from the main house with not too much light. Make an effort to set as many hens at a time as possible. It will require but little more time and care to look after six hens than it will one. Two or three days is none too long for the hen to sit on china or nest eggs before giving the ones you wish her to hatch. She will have become accustomed to the place, will have shaped the nest to her notion, and will have it nice and warm. Give each hen as many eggs as she can conveniently cover. Watch them carefully for two or three days to see that there are no eggs left to get cold. During the first 48 hours the hen should sit perfectly quiet, says a poultryman, as it takes just that time to start the embryo chick on its life voyage. We notice the hen seldom leaves the nest or turns the egg during this time. After they have sat quietly for four or five days, prepare yourself with more fresh eggs, and go in the evening with a good light and tester and test each egg. A little practice will soon enable you to pick out the infertile ones. When you have completed your work, give each hen the number you wish her to cover. Fair sized hens should have 11, never more than 15. On the average, hens will hatch more vigorous chicks from 11 eggs than any higher number.

We might go on through the 21 days and describe the eggs as we have broken them and seen the spider-like little animal, and noticed the pulsation of the heart, etc., but we will leave this for the incubator people. Finally on the 20th day the imprisoned chick has drawn its last nutrition from the egg, its vital heat and circulating blood have absorbed every particle of the substance of the egg, and there remains only the vigorous little animal anxious to get out. Its prison cell is punctured by thousands of pores that always break first at the bigger end of the egg, because it is always less moist and more brittle at that end. There, too, the head of the little chick is turned for air, and the beak breaks through the rotten wall, finds more fresh air, presses hard in that direction, and soon breaks away from all feeble resistance, and thus ends the period of its incubation.—Farmer's Voice.

SALABLE TURKEYS.

The Old-Fashioned Gobbler Gives Place to a Medium-Sized Bird.

All commission merchants agree that it is the medium-sized turkeys that sell the most readily and are the most profitable. The birds should dress eight, ten or twelve pounds, according to the proportion of toms and hens, they say, and should look plump and clean. These birds are the first selected, and the others go off more slowly. At over fourteen pounds a reduction in the price is demanded, while birds at eighteen or twenty pounds are almost unsalable at greatly reduced rates.

Of course there is some demand for large turkeys for hotels and boarding-houses, but the private family will have none of them, for two excellent reasons: First, the oven in the average city house is too small to accommodate such a lordly bird, and, secondly, the size of the family not being in proportion, its members would rebel at the turkey's too frequent appearance at meals. It would be well for the turkey raiser to keep both these points in view and regulate the size of his birds accordingly. He will save in feed and get better returns for his flock. The day of the enormous gobbler is past.—N. Y. World.

REMARKABLE SOMNAMBULISM.

A Student Who Wrote Sermons While Asleep.

One of the most remarkable and puzzling stories of somnambulism has recently come to light. The subject was a young ecclesiastic at a seminary. The bishop of the diocese was so deeply interested that he went nightly to the young man's chamber. He saw him get out of bed, secure paper, compose and write sermons. On finishing a page he read it aloud. When a word displeased him he wrote a correction with great exactness. The bishop had seen a beginning of some of these somnambulistic sermons and thought them well composed and correctly written. Curious to ascertain whether the young man made use of his eyes, the bishop put a card under his chin to prevent him seeing the paper, but he still continued to write.

Not yet satisfied whether or not he could distinguish different objects placed before him, the bishop took away the piece of paper on which he wrote and substituted several other kinds at different times of various colors. He always perceived the change, because the pieces of paper were of different sizes. When a piece exactly like his own was substituted he used it, and wrote his corrections on the places corresponding to those of his own paper. It was by this means that portions of his nocturnal compositions were obtained. His most astonishing production was a piece of music written with great exactitude. He used a cane for a ruler. The clefs, the flats and the sharps were all in their right places. The notes were all made as circles, and those requiring it were afterward blackened with ink. The words were all written below, but once they were in such very large characters that they did not come directly below their proper notes, and perceiving this, he erased them all and wrote them over again.—N. Y. Telegram.

COMPLETELY PARALYZED

Physicians Are Astounded by a Peculiar Case.

A Young Man Stricken with Landry's Paralysis and Yet Recovers.

[From the Times, Philadelphia, Pa.]

Stricken with Landry's Paralysis, and yet cured. That means but little to the average layman but it means a miracle to a physician. Such is the experience of O. E. Dallimore now a resident of Madison, N. J., and a rare experience it is.

"Yes, it is true that I had Landry's Paralysis," said Mr. Dallimore to a reporter, "or else the most celebrated physicians of London were mistaken.

"It was on the 15th of March, this year," he continued, "when I was in New York city, that I first felt the symptoms of my trouble. I experienced difficulty in going up stairs, my legs failing to support me. I consulted a physician who informed me that I had every symptom of Locomotor Ataxia, but as the case developed he pronounced it a case of Landry's Paralysis and knowing the nature of the disease advised me to start for my home and friends. I gave up my work and on April 1st started for London, Ont. A well-known physician was consulted but I grew rapidly worse and on Saturday, April 7, several eminent physicians held a consultation on my case and informed me that I was at death's door, having but three to six days to live, still I lingered on, by this time completely paralyzed, my hands and feet being dead, I could hardly whisper my wants and could only swallow liquids. Oh, the misery of those moments are beyond all description and death would really have been a welcome visitor.

"Now, comes the part that has astounded the physicians. Rev. Mr. Gondy, a clergyman who visited me in my last hours, as he supposed, told me of the marvellous cures of paralysis that had been performed by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I started to take the pills about April 28 and a week after that felt an improvement in my condition. There was a warm, tingling sensation in the limbs that had been entirely dead and I soon began to move my feet and hands, the improvement continued until May 28 when I was taken out of bed for a drive and drove the horse myself. By the beginning of July I was able to walk upstairs alone and paid a visit to Niagara.

"Slowly but surely I gained my old health and strength leaving Ontario for New York on October 11 and be gaining my work again on October 24, 1894. Cured of Landry's Paralysis in eight months." To confirm his story beyond all doubt Mr. Dallimore made the following affidavit.

Sworn and subscribed before me December 3, 1894. AMOS C. RATHBUN,
[SEAL.] *Notary Public.*

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

A Tropical Railway.

Florida has a curiosity in the line of railways. Between Avon Park and Haines City the country is level and sandy, and here the road is laid. The rails are wood, half imbedded in the sand, and are held in position by wooden pins, while the ends are connected with plank couplers. Not a pound of metal is used, and most of the rails have been donated. A steam dummy furnishes power, and the cars are of the most primitive type, but the business over the route is already large enough to pay a dividend.—Golden Days.

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION MEETING.

Denver, Col., July 5 to 12, 1895.

For this occasion the Wabash Railroad has made a rate of one fare for the round trip to Denver (plus $2.00), added for membership fee.

For full particulars in regard to this meeting, time of trains, rates, route, etc., call upon or write to any representative of the Wabash Railroad, or connecting lines, or C. S. CRANE,
Gen'l Pass. & Tkt. Agent Wabash, R. R.,
St. Louis, Mo.

"WHAT is the matter with that man?" asked the inquisitive small girl in the theater. "The man sitting in the front row?" "Yes'm. The one whose hair is too small for him."—Washington Star.

—To dally much with subjects mean and low, proves that the mind is weak or makes it so.—Cowper.

A TRUE knight is fuller of bravery in the midst than in the beginning of danger.—Sir P. Sidney.

THERE is no blood in the preaching against which the devil never lifts a club.—Ram's Horn.

FRUGALITY is founded on the principle that all riches have limits.—Burke.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER is the purest and strongest baking powder made. It has received the highest award at the U. S. Gov't official investigation, and at all the Great International Expositions and World's Fairs wherever exhibited in competition with others.

It makes the finest, lightest, sweetest, most wholesome bread, cake and pastry. More economical than any other leavening agent.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

A Little Exaggerated.

The witty George Canning, illustrating the Hibernian tendency, when excited, to hurry beyond the limits of good sense, tells this anecdote:

An Irish divine, preaching against the vice of swearing, and denouncing its prevalence in a certain town, said, in the height of declamation:

"Even the little children that can neither speak nor walk run about the streets blaspheming."—Youth's Companion.

NOTHING recalls to the mind of the married man the joys of his single life so vividly as to find that the baby has been eating crackers in bed.—Texas Siftings.

"IS HAWKINS a generous man?" "Well, in his own way he is." "Ah! Sort of *sui generis*?"—Harper's Bazar.

THE new woman seems to be pushing man around to the bread tray.—Galveston News.

WHAT is there besides luck that amounts to anything in cards? A good deal.—Texas Siftings.

CONCEIT not so high an opinion of anyone as to be bashful and impotent in their presence.—Fuller.

You never know how fond you are of a boy until you become engaged to his sister.—Tit-Bits.

WHEN properly used one good opportunity will last a lifetime.—Galveston News.

SOME lucky people always have a fool at hand to take their risks for them.—Galveston News.

FOGO has named his cat "Napoleon," because, as he says, a cat has so many lives.—Boston Transcript.

THAT man is not needed as a missionary in heathen lands who has been married for years, and never talks religion with his wife.—Ram's Horn.

PROFESSOR (to his wife)—"Elise, I have promised to deliver an address to-morrow evening on the rational exercise of the memory. Don't let me forget about it."—Fliegende Blatter.

EDITOR—"Well, did you interview Mrs. Twaddle, of the Woman's Rights club?" Reporter—"I saw her, and she said she had nothing to say." Editor—"Well, squeeze it down into a column; we're crowded to-day."—Yonkers Statesman.

A STAR THING.—Advance Agent—"We have a company of actors that will make a ten strike in Chicago." Manager—"Ah! Why do you think so?" A. A.—"They're all hams."—Detroit Free Press.

WHEN the state is most corrupt then the laws are most multiplied.—Tacitus.

A Cheap Trip South.

Tickets will be sold at one fare round trip to points in Tennessee, Kentucky, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Florida, on the line of the Louisville & Nashville, and Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railroads, on January 8, February 5, March 5, April 2 and 30, 1895. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O., or Geo. L. Cross, N. W. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

A CONVENT.—Visitor (in Maine)—"It's against the law to sell this stuff, isn't it?" Drug Clerk—"Yes." Visitor (who has just had some)—"It ought to be."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

IF the readers of this paper will look for the lock, they will find a secure way of reducing their shoe bills, by buying the Security School Shoes, which are only sold for cash at one price, the lowest ever made for so good a shoe. Look for lock in this paper.

"I DON'T think your arguments against Wagner are sound." "Well, if they are not, that's where they differ from Wagner's music."—Harper's Bazar.

AFTER physicians had given me up, I was saved by Piso's Cure.—RALPH EHRIG, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1895.

HANGING and wiving go by destiny.—Shakespeare.

What an ordinary man eats and the way he eats it would be enough to give dyspepsia to an ostrich—unless the ostrich were wise enough to assist his digestion from time to time with an efficient combination of vegetable extracts. Such a preparation is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are the pills par excellence for those who sometimes eat the wrong things and too much. They stimulate action in all of the digestive organs. They stop sour stomach, windy belchings, heartburn, flatulence and cure constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, indigestion, sick headache and kindred derangements.

Once used they are always in favor.

PATENTS Secured without fail or delay. Send model or drawing and I will report as to patentability without charge. C. T. BELT, WARDER BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FOR ALL THE ILLS THAT PAIN CAN BRING .....
ST. JACOBS OIL
..... As CURE IS KING; Alike with ACHES in Everything.

Better use them this way,

if you don't use Pearline. Give your tired arms and aching back a rest, somehow, when you're scrubbing and cleaning.

"An absurd idea?" Of course. But when a person has cleaned house with Pearline, year in and year out, and knows how much work it saves, and time, and rubbing, nothing seems more absurd than to try to clean house without it. Pearline—no soap with it—just Pearline—makes house-cleaning easy. 466

Millions NOW USE Pearline

A GREAT COUGH REMEDY.

Perhaps you may think that Scott's Emulsion is only useful to fatten babies, to round up the angles and make comely and attractive, lean and angular women, and fill out the hollow cheeks and stop the wasting of the consumptive, and enrich and vitalize the blood of the scrofulous and anæmic persons. It will do all this—but it will do more. It will cure a

Hard, Stubborn Cough

when the ordinary cough syrups and specifics entirely fail. The cough that lingers after the Grip and Pneumonia will be softened and cured by the balsamic healing and strengthening influences of this beneficent food-medicine, namely, Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda.

Refuse substitutes. They are never as good.

Scott & Bowne, New York. All Druggists. 50c. and $1.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH
For durability, and for cheapness this preparation is truly unrivalled.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH in cakes for general blacking of a stove.

THE SUN PASTE POLISH for a quick after-dinner shine, applied and polished with a cloth.

Morse Bros., Props., Canton, Mass., U. S. A.

STEEL TANKS
We furnish steel tanks with covers, all galvanized after completion, in nests of ten, 8 to 12 feet high and 30 to 36 inches in diameter, at 2½c. per gallon. They do not rust, shrink, leak, give taste to water, nor allow foreign substances to get in. They can be put in garret or barn and thus are protected from freezing. They take no setting up, are cheaper than wood. Tank substructures of all sizes made to order. Send for price list and designs for substructure and ornamental water supply.
AERMOTOR CO. CHICAGO.
2½ CTS PER GAL.

Did you ever stop to think how completely the Aermotor Co. made the modern windmill business? How it has monopolized this entire line of manufacture because of its ideas, inventions, designs, qualities and prices, or forced others to be literal and servile imitators? Witness the steel wheel, the back geared pumper, the high geared power mill, the steel towers, fixed and tilting, the galvanizing of work after completion, the grinder centrifugal feed, the improved irrigating and other pumps, the all steel pole saw—one of the most popular things we ever put out—the steel storage and stock tanks. Everything we have touched we have bettered and cheapened. It is the thing we have delighted in and it has paid. We have established a score of branch houses, so as to have all these goods near those who want them. The Aermotor Co. has but one more ambition. It wants to build and fill one more new building. It has 2 acres of land at its present location unoccupied by buildings. It expects to commence in June to cover that 2 acres with a single building 7 stories high. This will give it 14 more acres of floor space. Then when the public demand requires more goods than can be produced with this added space, it will refuse to extend further, or make any effort. It will have done its share to supply that demand. It will then turn away all new comers, UNTIL THAT TIME IT EXPECTS TO CONTINUE TO SUPPLY THE WORLD WITH THE GREATER PART OF ITS WIND MILLS, TOWERS, GRINDERS, FEED CUTTERS, PUMPS, STEEL FRAME BUZZ SAWS, STEEL STORAGE AND STOCK TANKS, STEEL SUBSTRUCTURES, ETC., ETC. GALVANIZED AFTER COMPLETION. IT WILL CONTINUE TO DEAL MOST LIBERALLY WITH THE PUBLIC, FURNISH REPAIRS AT A LOW PRICE, AND BE THE GREAT MODEL SQUARE DEALING WIND POWER AND WATER SUPPLY HOUSE OF THE WORLD. AERMOTOR CO., CHICAGO.

LOOK FOR THIS LOCK!
—IT IS ON—
The BEST SCHOOL SHOE Made

PRICES FOR CASH

5 to 7½—$1.00 | 11 to 13½—$1.50
8 to 10½— 1.25 | 1 to 3 — 1.75

IF YOU CAN'T GET THEM FROM YOUR DEALER WRITE TO
HAMILTON-BROWN SHOE CO.,
ST. LOUIS.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.
KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.
DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS.,
Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, etc., when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Go by the book. Pills 10c and 25c a box. Book FREE at your druggist's or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal Street, New York.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.

WANTED AGENTS—MERITORIOUS GOODS. Northern Mfg. Co., 213 Arcade, Cleveland, O.

A. N. K.—C. 1549.

WOMAN'S FREEDOM from AILMENTS peculiar to her sex, YSOISA-TONIQUE, pure, safe relief. Home treatment for three months only $5.00, sent postpaid upon receipt of price. Send for pamphlet. Agents wanted in each County. THE BELVO CO., 1151 Masonic Temple, Chicago.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, April 29, 1895.

With all due respect to the positions held by Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Gresham—positions which have been honored by, and which have honored a long line of patriots from George Washington to Benjamin Harrison, and from Thomas Jefferson to James G. Blaine—there is only one word that fitly characterizes the policy of this administration in dealing with the dispute between Great Britain and Nicaragua, which has now reached a point at which Great Britain has given the world a practical demonstration of its belief that "might makes right," by the occupancy of the principal port of entry of Nicaragua by an armed force, and that word is double-dealing. Herbert Spencer said: "The affairs of the universe are not carried on after a system of benign double-dealing," but Spencer wrote before Mr. Cleveland was President or Mr. Gresham Secretary of State.

It is as certain as anything not officially promulgated can be that the administration has had an understanding with Great Britain, which included the acceptance by this government of the British construction of the meaning, or rather lack of meaning of the Monroe doctrine, which friends of the administration have been saying for weeks past was to be applied to Great Britain's treatment of Nicaragua, pointing out the fact that there was a strong fleet of United States vessels in South Atlantic waters for the express purpose of compelling Great Britain to respect that doctrine. Now, the fact has leaked out that the administration, probably fearing that the patriotism of Admiral Meade would be stronger than his orders, took good pains to have that fleet away from Nicaraguan waters when British sailors performed the brave feat of occupying the territory of a helpless and defenseless country, which had made the mistake of expecting that the United States would see that it was fairly treated.

The Nicaraguan minister to the United States is so placed that he cannot express his opinion, but it is an open secret that he was lead to believe up to the last minute that this country would prevent Great Britain carrying out its threat of occupying Corinto, and that he in turn had caused his government to indulge in the same belief. Had it not been for that belief there never would have been any controversy. Nicaragua would have agreed to the demands of Great Britain as soon as they were made, knowing that without the protection of the United States she would sooner or later have to do so. Owing to the impenetrable mystery which surrounds everything done by the Department of State it cannot be positively stated just what the nature of the agreement with Great Britain is, but enough is known to cause every patriotic American to wish that the whole affair could be blotted out of the history of the United States.

There is a rumor in circulation that a movement is on foot to make Secretary Gresham president of the Pullman Car Co., in place of George Pullman, at the annual meeting of the directors of that company, to be held next July. It is certainly to be hoped that the movement will succeed. It would prevent Mr. Gresham sinking any lower in the estimation of the people, who have tried hard to think well of him, and would give him an annual salary of $25,000, which would keep him out of public life.

From advices received in Washington from Kentucky, it is regarded as probable that if the fight now raging in that State between the gold and silver wings of the Democratic party is kept up until election, the State will go Republican. The Republican party has steadily gained in the State for some time past, and with its present organization and good leadership, it is believed that it will be able to easily thrash the divided Democracy.

The reception given that single gold standard interview of Secretary Morton's, which was published as a feeler of the public pulse, has frightened Mr. Cleveland and caused him to go a little slower in making his campaign for the single gold standard. The official announcement that Secretary Carlisle had accepted the invitation to deliver the principal address at the "Sound Money Convention," which is to be held May 23, at Memphis, Tenn., was accompanied by a statement that the Secretary would in that speech endeavor to point out the danger to which the country would be exposed should it attempt to establish the free and unlimited coinage of silver independently of other nations. The question is, will he dare to follow Secretary Morton and openly declare a single gold standard to be the only sound money or will he follow the phraseology of Mr. Cleveland's Chicago letter and talk meaningless platitudes about "sound currency" and "honest money"?

It Did the Business.

Mr. J. H. Cobb, publisher of the *Mirror*, at Brocton, N. Y., says: "For years the *Mirror* has been publishing the advertisements of Chamberlain's Remedies. A few days ago the writer was suffering from a bowel trouble and resorted to an old remedy which did not prove efficacious; finally he tried Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and two doses did the business, checking it completely. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

The Wedding Dress.

Married in white.
You have chosen right.
Married in gray,
You will go far away.
Married in black,
You will wish yourself back.
Married in red,
You'd better be dead.
Married in green,
Ashamed to be seen.
Married in blue,
You will always be true.
Married in pearl,
You will live in a whirl.
Married in yellow,
Ashamed of the fellow.
Married in brown,
You will live out of town.
Married in pink,
Your spirits will sink.

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL

ROOFING,

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,
W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

ORDER NISI.

Samuel Lawton, late Treasurer of Garrett County, vs. William Faherty.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, No. 72 Trials for March Term 1895.

It is ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, this 25th day of April in the year 1895, that the tax sale as made and reported in the above entitled cause by Samuel Lawton, late Treasurer of Garrett county, and made to the County Commissioners of said County, of all of those pieces or parcels of land situated in the town of Gorman, Garrett County, Md., the first containing 11 poles and 43 feet of land, conveyed to William Faherty by John W. Shillenburg January 10, 1885, and the other being one-fourth of an acre of Military Lot No. 1386, conveyed to the said Wm. Faherty by John W. Shillenburg June 20, 1885, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 25th day of May, 1895; provided that a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett County, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 18th day of May, 1895.

The report states the amount of sale to be $60.00. A. HUNTER BOYD.

True Copy, Teste: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

WE LOAN MONEY

to buy, build and improve your home and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS NEARLY $200,000,000.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. RINKER,
Wilson, Grant Co., W. Va.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above. 4-1yr.*

LICENSES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all persons or bodies, corporate or public, who may be required to take out license, that they must obtain the same on or before the

1st Day of May, 1895.

According to the provisions of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, every person or persons doing business for gain or profit except the maker, grower or manufacturer, are hereby notified that they must take out a license.

CHARLES WEGMAN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

GREAT ARE THE BARGAINS THIS WEEK AT *Sincell Bros.*

More Clothing at Lower Prices than Ever.

Mens Cassimere 3 button Cutaway, all wool and silk mixed	$12
Mens all wool Clay Worsted Cutaway Suits, worth $18	12
" " " " " Sack " " 16	10
" " " Diagonal Corkscrew " " 16	10
" " " Fancy Grey Mixed " " 14	8
" " " Serge round corner sack " " 16	10
" " " " box d'b'l breasted " " 16	10
" " " Navy Blue " " " " 12	8
" " " " " round corner " " 12	8
Childrens all wool Jersey Suits, worth $4	$2.50
" " " double breasted Suits, worth $6.00	4.00
" " " single " " " 4.50	3.00
" " " Bullock " " 8.00	5.00
" " " Light Summer " " 5.00	3.50

A vast assortment of Youths Clothing in any size, at any price, in all colors and styles.

DRY GOODS.

Our Dry Goods Department is well filled with the very latest styles in

Dress Goods, Novelties,
Silks, Summer Flannels,
Duck, Percales, Outings,
French Ginghams, Draperies,
Table Linens in a vast assortment of colors and at the lowest prices.

WE BOAST on our LINE OF HOSIERY.

It is Considered the Best by ALL Who Wear It.

We have anything in Hosiery from Infants' Cotton Hose to Ladies Fine Quality Dropped Stitch Silk Hose.

A new line of the very latest style hats such as

The Trilby, London Gaiety Girl, The Alpine,

In all Shades and Colors and at prices that cannot be touched by any of our competitors.

SHOES.

Men's Stylish Razor Toe Shoe, worth $1.50	$1.00
" " " " " " 2.00	1.50
" " " " " " 2.50	1.75
" " " " " " 3.00	2.25
" " " " " " 3.50	2.75

Men's Square Toed Shoes at Any Price.

Our Shoes have the reputation of being easy and comfortable as well low priced. Men's Shoes for $1.40 which are guaranteed to wear out three pairs of half soles or money refunded.

Ladies Shoes in low cut or high top and in any size or style, with the quality guaranteed.

We have no Groceries and are doing a strictly cash business and consequently have no losses. We are enabled, therefore, to sell goods at prices that will not justify our competitors. Our entire stock is

Bright, New and Attractive.

We invite you to call and examine our goods. We are sure that we can please you in everything in our large line.

Very respectfully yours,

Sincell Bros.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

are a cool [illegible] piles, biliousness [illegible] dizziness, disinclination to [illegible] appetite, [illegible] liability. They will [illegible] orders of the [illegible] bowels.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

helps babies [illegible] period, soothes [illegible] from the [illegible] child and [illegible] mer complaints, [illegible] and wind colic. [illegible] tities no [illegible] relief. [illegible] bac. it's ours.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, [illegible] in the system. [illegible] and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly essential and tastes good—25 cents a bottle.

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If your's doesn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23-1yr.

FOR SALE.

Three acres of land, being a part of the old Kennedy farm, lying in the eastern suburbs of Oakland on either side of the road leading to Mt. Lake Park. Will be sold in lots of ¼ acre each, or as a whole.

For full particulars call on or address
MRS. LIZZIE BUZZARD,
22-6m Elkins, W. Va.

MOUNT POMONA.

NURSERY AND FRUIT FARM.

Address Swanton, Md., for Fruit and Mushrooms.

Address Mt. Lake Park concerning Nursery, Greenhouse or Vegetable Products.

Agents wanted on salary.
SWEET & SHACKLEFORD.

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A 11 1y SPECIALTY.

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments. Headstones, AND **Chimney Pipe** WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS
FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

4193.yr—8

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

—OF—

Personal Property

—AT—

MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from John A. Whirl to Waring Thomas and Edward H. Sincell, dated the 5th day of February, 1893, and duly recorded among the records of Garrett county in Liber E. Z. T. No. 21, folio 280, etc., default having been made in payment of said mortgage, the undersigned mortgagee hereby gives notice that on

Tuesday, the 30th Day of April, 1895,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., in front of Hayder & Eckles' store in Mountain Lake Park, Md., he will offer at public sale the following described personal property, to-wit:

One bay Mare named "Bird;" 1 gray Horse named "Charlie;" 1 black and white spotted Cow named "Heart;" 1 dun Cow named "Bloss;" 1 red Cow named "Cherry;" 1 black Cow named "Blackie;" 1 yearling Heifer (light brindle, now 3 years old;) 1 two-horse Road Wagon and 1 one-horse Spring Wagon.

Terms of sale as prescribed by the mortgage, cash.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
One of said Mortgagees.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate.
CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED.
LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING.
Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.
Drs. McLane & Berkeley,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
FROSTBURG, MD.
Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.
See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Myers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13t.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

3. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

--WANTED--

WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER

Also White Oak Timber Land.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.

Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ½ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES. SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
221f 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

Tabules relieve nausea.
Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1895. NUMBER 9.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings In and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

THE REPUBLICAN for good job printing. Make a note of this.

McComas' Calmative Konseals, 10 cents. Try them. 5-tf

Did you notice that line of ladies oxfords at Offutt & Son's. 6tf

A full line of ladies' and gentlemen's oxfords at Townshend & Son's. 9-5t.

A completo line of straw and felt hats, from 10c. up, at Townshend & Son's. 9-5t.

Mrs. Jas. White, of New York, is here on a visit to her sister Mrs. F. G. Hyde.

Offutt & Son are displaying the choicest line of Mattings Oil Cloth's in town. 6tf

Mr. Wm. Inglehart, of Accident, was in the city Tuesday and yesterday on business.

Mr. Solomon S. Bittinger, of Bittinger, was an Oakland visitor last Thursday.

Offutt & Son have the prettiest line of spring and summer dress goods in town.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Prof. R. G. Richardson, of Piedmont, was here a few days last week on a visit to relatives.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

M. L. Scott has opened a new line of Shoes and Oxfords. Has a $2 shoe worth $3, made by Evitt.

A force of B. & O. carpenters are at work in the Oakland hotel repairing it and strengthening the lower walls.

Mr. Clyde Smith, of Clarksburg, was here Monday and Tuesday in the interest of a building and loan association.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures scalds, burns, indolent sores and never fails to cure piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mrs. Harrison Teets, of Brandonville, W. Va., was visiting her sister, Mrs. W. M. Coddington, the first of this week.

Mr. D. E. Offutt, sr., has been unable to attend to business for several days on accouut of a rheumatic pain in his foot.

Miss Hattie Bartlett, who spent the winter in Baltimore visiting friends and relatives, returned to Oakland last Monday night.

Sick headache, constipation and indigestion are quickly cured by DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

You will find a complete line of gentlemen's shirts and neckwear and ladies' and gentlemen's summer underwear at Townshend's. 9-5t.

John D. Hartman, better known as "Comradie," did a fine piece of work when he lettered the front windows of THE REPUBLICAN building.

Townshend & Son can show you a neat and pretty line of summer dress goods, challies, percales, lawns, etc., at prices to suit everybody. 9-5t.

Dr. Henry W. McComas has gone to Baltimore as a delegate to the American Medical Association which will hold its annual session in that city.

Our patrons will find DeWitt's Little Early Risers a safe and reliable remedy for constipation, dyspepsia and liver complaints. Oakland Pharmacy.

La Grippe is here again with all of its old time vigor. One Minute Cough Cure is a reliable remedy. It cures and cures quickly. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mrs. S. Townshend and Mrs. Elizabeth Phillips went to Deer Park last Saturday to visit Mrs. L. D. Thrasher, who has been quite ill for several weeks.

Mrs. E. C. Pendleton, of Washington, has arrived in Oakland and will remain during the summer, occupying her cottage on Oak street opposite the Bosley hotel.

Mr. C. S. Davis and Mr. William A. Sturgiss went to Independence and Tunnelton, West Va., last Thursday to dispose of some bicycles. They met with some success.

Rev. George W. Kepler, of Davis, was in the city a day or two last week on a visit to friends. He left on Saturday for Mannington, W. Va., where he will also visit friends.

Mr. Fred Felty has sold his interest in the firm of F. Felty & Bro. to his brother John. The new firm will continue business under the name of John Felty, jr., & Co.

We are pleased to note the improvement in the health of Mr. John T. Mitchell, who has been seriously ill for several weeks past. His condition is such that he is enabled to attend to business again.

Mr. W. H. Chadderton, of Deer Park, who is prominently spoken of in connection with the Republican nomination for County Commissioner this fall, was in Oakland Monday for a short time.

We have something new, effective, pleasant to take and perfectly harmless and a positive cure for nervous headache, sick headache, dizziness and neuralgia. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Proctor, of Cincinnati, O., arrived in Oakland last Saturday evening and are stopping for a short time at the Bosley house. They will occupy their new cottage on Crook's Crest as soon as it is completed.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Mr. and Mrs. John Stanton, of Chicago, are in town. They were called east by the death of Mrs. Stanton's mother, which occured on last Sunday at her home in Piedmont. The funeral took place yesterday.

Try McComas' Calmative Konseals to drive away sharp pains in muscular and acute rheumatism. One or two Konseals have shown marvelous results. 10 cents per box. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

The rain on Tuesday evening interferred with the band concert to such an extent that after two selections had been rendered they were forced to retire and consequeutly quite a large number of people were disappointed.

McComas' Calmative Konseals contain all that is required to cure the worst case of headache or neuralgia in a very few minutes and are safe, sure, inexpensive. Manufactured by Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf.

The new town coucil met on last Monday night and organized by the election of Jos. H. Smithman as president. Mr. L. E. Townshend was elected town clerk and Col. A. G. Sturgiss treasurer. Mr. Alex. C. Mason was appointed bailiff.

W. Grant Martin, optician, has located permanently in Oakland, and is prepared to examine eyes scientifically and adjust glasses with unerring accuracy. All work guaranteed. Office days: Monday and Saturday, in Pritchard building. 50-tf.

Mr. D. Wiley, ex-postmaster, Black Creek, N. Y., was so badly afflicted with rheumatism that he was only able to hobble around with canes, and even then it caused him much pain. After using Chamberlain's Pain Balm he was so much improved that he threw away his canes. He says this liniment did him more good than all the other medicines and treatment put together. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

W. T. Stanford, Station Agent of Leeper, Clarion Co. Pa., writes: I can recommend One Minute Cough Cure as the best I ever used. It gave instant relief and a quick cure Oakland Pharmacy.

J. A. Richardson, of Jefferson City, Mo., chief enrolling force 38th general assembly of Missouri, writes: I wish to testify to the merits of One Minute Cough Cure. When other so-called cures failed, I obtained almost instant relief and a speedy cure by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. Oakland Pharmacy.

Messrs. Shartzer & Bolden will soon begin the erection of a three story building on Second street to be used by them as a furniture store and warehouse, their increased and steadily growing business rendering the building they now occupy inadequate to their demands.

Doctor H. R. Fish, of Gravois Mills, Mo., a practicing physician of many years experience, writes: DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve has no equal for indolent sores, scalds and burns. It stops pain instantly, heals a burn quickly and leaves no scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

It is not an uncommon thing for strangers visiting Oakland to remark upon the growth of our town during the past year. Since last spring there has been nearly half a hundred houses erected and still quite a number under way. Oakland is growing and it is a solid growth.

Monday morning Mr. Charles A. Ashby, of Crellin, brought to Oakland three live rattlesnakes which he had captured the day before at a den near his home. The snakes were in an angry mood and kept up a continuous rattle. They were viewed by a large crowd of people. Later in the day Mr. Ashby took the reptiles to Loch Lynn Heights.

The following has been introduced in the Illinois house of Representativs: "Resolved that the members of the General Assembly of the state of Illinois do hereby request the daughters of Illinois not to accept the hand in marriage of any person not a citizen of the United States by right of birth or naturalization, as we are of the opinion that the daughters of Illinois should be patriotic in their views, disregard the title of any foreinger and marry none but a citizen of the United States.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper, under the caption "We Loan Money." The Granite State Provident Association, which he is representing, is one of the strongest financial institutions in the country, and the largest building and loan association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management have developed it from nominal assets in 1889 to nearly $200,000,000 in 1895. Its style of doing business is such as to cause the U. S. Examiner, C. W. Thompson, who has for years been assigned to especially investigate loan and mortgage companies, to state that "For comprehensiveness, thoroughness, neatness and accuracy, its accounts are far superior to anything I ever saw or supposed possible." Those desiring to borrow, will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars. 4-1yr.*

Judge Boyd of the Allegany Co ur Cumberland, Md., refused to discharged the grand jury, but dismissed them subject to call at any time. It is said this is the first instance of the kind for many years in that county; some say it is the first on record. The Zufall murder case was the cause of it. The jury it is said were agreed upon as to the time and place of the murder of W. Grant Zufall, the parties concerned in it, but wanted more information on other points; they almost charge some of the witnesses with perjury and petition the County Commissioners to offer a liberal reward for the apprehension and conviction of the murderers. No doubt this will be done. Cumberland is becoming restive under the foul blots on her fair name and there seems to be a growing sentiment that this murder must be avenged, hit whom it may. There is admiration, too, for the plucky and persisted manner in which Mr. W. H. Zufall has followed up the trail of the cowardly murderers of his son. It is evident the tough element of that city has ruled it about long enough. The police either stand in with them, or are the most inefficient set of bluecoated miggies who ever drew unearned salaries. The people are beginning to realize this, and when they once fully do, it will be good bye to the present force. Prospects are bright that the cowardly murder of W. Grant Zufall will yet be avenged.—Meyersdale Commercial.

Take Notice.

Two very fine lots for sale, centrally located at Loch Lynn Heights; lots 3 and 4 in block No. 20. Apply to Cook Bros., Cumberland, Md. 9-4t.

Auctions.

John Shartzer is coming again. Commencing at Accident, Friday evening, May 10th; Friendsville, Saturday morning, May 11th; Bittinger, Tuesday afternoon, May 14th; Bender's, Wednesday afternoon, May 15th; McHenry, Thursday afternoon, May 16th.

Will have a line of goods suitable for the season and to please all.

Attention, Comrades!

It is very important that there shall be a full attendance of all members of Crook Post No. 35, G. A. R., at their hall on Saturday afternoon, May 11th, at 2.30 o'clock, as matters of vital interest to the future welfare of the Post will be considered.

Let every member be in attendance. By order of

A. G. STURGISS, Com'd'r.
H. LOWE, Adj't.

Buggies and Wagons.

It does not look like hard times the way people are buying spring wagons and buggies from A. D. Naylor. He has sold nearly two car loads this spring, and just got in another big lot. Two large ware rooms chock full of daytons, buggies, phætons, carts, spring wagons to select from. Thomas coil, King spring, Brewster and elliptic spring buggies kept in stock. Be sure you see his stock and get prices and terms before buying elsewhere, as you can save money. 9-3t.

The American Eagle.

Some time last fall Mr. Jacob S. Miller, of Grantsville, Md., caught a bald headed American eagle in a trap, on a farm near Grantsville, and as the bird was not hurt in the least, Mr. Miller decided to make a pet of it.

The eagle was, of course, very wild at first, but at last yielded to the kindness of its captor.

Mr. Miller, thinking that the bird should preside over the destinies of some national body, sent it to Mr. George Charles, of this city, with instructions to turn it over to Mr. Archie C. Willison, president of the League of American Wheelmen.

The eagle was placed on exhibition in front of the Cumberland Hardware store this morning, on Baltimore street, and attracted a great deal of attention. It is as tame as a canary bird and seems perfectly contented in its prison home.

This species of the eagle is rare and their flight is said to be the most rapid of the eagle kind. They are long-lived, having been kept in captivity for more than a century. Its food consists of hares, wild turkeys and other birds and animals of a smaller size.

Mr. Willison was out of the city to-day and could not be seen, hence it is not known what disposition he will make of the bird.—Cumberland Times.

B. H. Bowman, Pub. Enquirer, of Bremen Ind., writes: Last week our little girl baby the only one we have was taken sick with croup. After two doctors failed to give relief and life was hanging on a mere thread we tried One Minute Cough Cure and its life was saved. Oakland Pharmacy.

A GHASTLY DISCOVERY.

The Decomposed Body of a Man Found In Garrett County.

On Saturday the dead body of a man badly decomposed, was found on the farm of the Perry brothers, known as the "Anchorage," one and one-half miles from Deer Park. From all appearances the man had been dead for two months, his shoes being worn and cut or worn away, seemingly, by walking through crust of snow. From the inquest held over his body it is not known who he is, but supposed to be an Italian of about the age of 25 years, having a good set of teeth, light sandy mustache, wore a navy blue sack coat, striped pants with white canvass overalls. Nothing was found on his person to identify him, not even a comb or pen knife in his pockets.

The circumstances from the testimony of Mr. E. Taylor Perry, proprietor of the farm, as stated to the jury, are these: On May 4th last he and one of his colored men went out looking after some stock in one of the pasture fields near Broadford, a creek running through the farm, Mr. Perry sending his man to go around and inspect the fencing, and when 250 yards from the Deer Park and Oakland drive, the colored man was horrified by coming on a dead man lying just on the outside of the fence. He immediately, with all the power of a pedestrian, ran hollowing for Mr. Perry, who came back with the terror stricken African to where the dead man lay, looked at the horrible sight, and without touching it, went to town and reported to Justice Hoye, who immediately had officer George Marley summon a jury and notify Dr. Laughlin.

A rough coffin was prepared and team secured, and at 3 p. m., the coroner, doctor and jury repaired to the place. An inquest was held and the remains taken and buried in the Deer Park cemetery. The following gentlemen composed the jury, with Wm. D. Hoye, J. P., as coroner: J. W. Laughlin, M. D.; E. Taylor, witness: Wm. E. George, foreman; and Samuel P. Specht, Joseph H. McRobie, A. F. George, Wm. W. Thrasher, F. R. Nethken, S. C. Hoye, H. J. Shaffer, J. L. Hogue, Chas. Stenger, John M. Haines and A. Freeland. The verdict was that the unknown came to his death by freezing, and the supposition is that he was caught in the terrible blizzard of February last, and was following this fence thinking he would find a house or place of shelter, and being overcome by cold, lay down or fell from exhaustion.

Spring is Here!

Everything Fresh, and at The Very Lowest Prices. Fresh Vegetables and Fruits a Specialty, at

MALETTE'S

Cheap Cash Grocery.

D. E. OFFUTT & SON

Invites the attention of those interested in the purchase of vehicles of any style. The Kramer, Milburn and Jackson farm wagons always on hand. Prices and terms given on application.

Special.

We offer the following special bargains for cash this week:

For 20c—120 sheets of good writing paper, worth 20c per quire.
For 20c—1 lb. fine linen paper, worth 50c.
For 8c—1 Tablet good writing paper, worth 15c.
For 1c—You can buy two good pencil tablets.
For 18c—1 box "Our Own" beautiful box paper and envelopes.
For 9c—1 box good quality paper and envelopes.
For 5c—1 package best heavy white envelopes.
For 15c—1 bottle fine aromatic tooth powder, price 25c.
For 5c—1 bar transparent glycerine soap, 10c cake.
For 5c—1 bar cocoa castile soap, 10c cake.
For 5c—1 box best wood toothpicks.

We make a specialty in manufacturing extracts of vanilla and lemon, and will be pleased to quote prices to those desiring fine flavoring extracts.

OAKLAND PHARNACY,

JOS. E. HARNED, Manager. OAKLAND, MD.

WERE I THE SUN.

I'd always shine on holidays,
Were I the sun:
On sleepy heads I'd never gaze,
But focus all my morning rays
On busy folks of bustling ways,
Were I the sun.

I would not melt a sledding snow,
Were I the sun:
Nor spoil the ice where skaters go.
Nor help these useless weeds to grow,
But hurry melons on, you know,
Were I the sun.

I'd warm the swimming pool just right,
Were I the sun;
On school days I would hide my light
The Fourth I'd always give you bright,
Nor set so soon on Christmas night,
Were I the sun.

I would not heed such paltry toys,
Were I the sun—
Such work as grown-up men employs;
But I would favor solid joys—
In short, I'd run the world for boys,
Were I the sun.
—Amos R. Wells, in St. Nicholas.

MY COUSIN MARY.

It was my sad fortune, from earliest boyhood up, to be a failure in all ways. I was not so handsome as could have been expected in the son of my beautiful mother and the young father who died before I was born, and who was also beautiful, I was told. I was not brilliant, though both sides of the house showed men and women of excellent ability, and, worst of all, I was not good, though this puzzled me not a little as a child, for my intentions were of a magnificent order, and the resultant behavior not nearly so reprehensible as that of many boys I knew, less punished.

But, in some way, the things I meant to do failed of accomplishment, or were found, when accomplished, to have most unhappy consequences; and the things I did under pressure of discipline were seldom satisfactory.

Years of reproof and often overheard complaint as to my trying disposition finally convinced me of my unworthiness, and in time I grew to look at my life as a failure, merely an opportunity for as much self-indulgence as could be procured without too great expense.

Being of a lazy and luxurious disposition, I early fell into the habit of deriving an inexhaustible fund of pleasure from mere imagination of what things might be; to console myself for ineffectual struggle to make them such. As a little boy I was sent to bed with military precision by my inflexible mother, usually with a sense of failure and ill-doing in the day behind me, and I used to lie mute and still in my little chamber and make up to myself in royal bursts of imagination for the disappointments of the real life. How often, so lain, and thought to be sound asleep. I have, in spirit, not only established my preeminent virtues by a series of noble acts—so easy to imagine, so difficult to perform in the gray irksomeness of everyday life—but besides this have I glutted my infant soul with the sweet vengeance of magnanimity; arranging unparalleled donations and privileges to be conferred by me, me the lamentable and unworthy son, upon my grateful family and friends. One sweetest joy of these fair dreams was that, when I should be a man my Cousin Mary, who disliked me for the disagreeable boy I was, should love and marry me.

It was a sore problem with me in those days to decide whether I should indeed receive the open gratitude of my beneficiaries, revelling gloriously therein; or whether, proudest height of power concealed, I should bestow all benefits in secret, and yet remain condemned and criticised by the unwitting recipients of my bounty. But my Cousin Mary in these dreams always loved me for myself alone, and then—afterward—ah! the jewels I showered upon her.

This habit of internally satisfying myself, of paying back in triumphant magnanimity for all "the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune" continued with me as I grew, and remained my best consolation after I had become an unaspiring reporter on a great newspaper. And still in my solitary chamber downtown, when I was not so tired as to sleep perforce in what hours remained to me, I would console myself for all the mortification of the day and of all the other days in my unhappy memory. By proud, unhampered visions of what I would do under given conditions of wealth and power.

Splendid conditions these, so easily imagined, fitting so smoothly to my shoulders as I planned and adapted them, but ah! so laughably impossible of attainment.

And then, all at once, by a chance no stranger, to be sure, than many a one I was in the daily habit of recording, there fell into my hands, not talent and beauty and power, indeed, as I had demanded in my boyish dreams, but wealth practically unbounded, such wealth as I could never of myself have earned, or won, or found, or in any least or faintest way deserved.

To be sure, I had been laying myself out on the old fellow, as I should never have dared to do had I known him for a millionaire, but that was not for benevolence, but on purely selfish appreciation of his boundless fund of travel and experience. His society was worth money to me besides the pleasure of it, and therefore did I court him assiduously, with many an entertainment and excursion, which again were no credit to my generosity, for had I not the interminable tickets and passes and the duty of going to all these weary things?—a duty much lightened by the society of the lounging, invalid old gentleman, whom I supposed no richer than myself.

I told him my story, such as it was; and I am fain to think that some subtle sympathy, some consciousness of a similar experience in his own boyhood, made him take more of an interest than I then suspected in this poor series of failures I called my life.

Then he died very suddenly and mercifully, leaving me some unbelievable millions, and as no one but his solicitor knew that he had any money, so no one knew that I had any; and behold me forthwith in exactly the position of my childish heart's desire!

What joy! What wild, free rapture of plans, with occasional bursts of fancy which even I dismissed as quite untenable. For instance, I had no longer any faintest hope of marrying my Cousin Mary. She was quite taken up with another cousin, Fred by name, and would have married him long since, no doubt, had he been able to support a family. But he was proud, and would not marry until he could offer something to his wife. I know that, for he had told me so.

However, it was now my delicious fate to be able to arrange matters for these two so that they should be able to marry; neither knowing how it had come about, nor in the least corner of their hearts suspecting me. Then with what swelling pride should I look upon their happiness and know that I had given it—I, who so far had given only trouble and mortification to my family!

It was an easy matter to make my mother's last years comfortable; and ah! the pleasure, the selfish pride I took in remembering small personal wishes and gratifying them bit by bit, while never suspected!

It was an easy matter, too, through my agent, to buy the very paper on which I wrote; to slowly dismiss the men who were a disgrace to it, to promote and engage men whose work made it a great voice soon, and through it, slowly to win the public confidence and work my will, little by little, among the affairs of the city. Such a splendid game it was to arouse public enthusiasm over some free baths, or children's play-ground scheme or other, to start subscription lists, and covertly head them myself; to machinate safely and quietly through my great pages, and all the while having my copy refused half the time, and the other fellows wondering how I kept my place.

All this, and much more, was easy and exciting; more of a triumph and a joy even than I had ever imagined it would be; but my pet scheme of schemes hung fire a little. Fred got his new position, in a perfectly natural manner; he was a good fellow and deserved it. Still there was no sign of an engagement between him and my Cousin Mary. Then I thought, being an independent girl, she might be waiting to have something of her own; and after as pretty a bit of finesse as I ever saw in my life, if it was my own invention—and small wonder, for had I not schemed at such pleasant miracles since I was eight years old?—I managed to provide her with a neat little fortune of her own. Still no result. So one day when I was at home—I did not go often, for mother would always lecture me on my habits, and somehow I never could entirely get over the hurt of it, big as I was—I chanced to be alone with my Cousin Mary for as much of an evening as she would be willing to bear my company.

I felt very happy to see how beautifully she was dressed in these days, how her hands were white already, and grown smooth again where the delicate fingers used to be rough with countless needle pricks. The house was a comfortable one now, my mother was far easier in her mind and therefore a sweeter companion.

Everything looked pleasant around Mary, and I told her how glad I was to see it.

I did not tell her how glad I was to see her, how in all the rich and varied joy of my present position, as in all the unutterable weariness and dullness of my former state, to see her was the keenest delight I ever felt, or ever hoped to feel. Calm, strong, beautiful woman that she was; perfect in loveliness of face and form and character—mine would be a poor triumph, after all, if I could not contrive to make her happy.

I sat watching her, and she watched the leaping flames of the fire; and I wondered clumsily in what possible way I could force her into the happiness which should be hers, when all at once she rose and came to my side.

"Cousin Tom," she said, in that delicious voice of hers, "why don't you amount to more—why don't you do yourself justice in some way? Is it"—and here she blushed beautifully—but the cousinship gave her courage, and she went on. "Is it for lack of money to make a start with? Because, you know, I am quite rich now—because I want you to let me—you'll forgive my awkwardness, won't you?—to let me give you some of it, Tom, a whole pile of it."

That blessed, generous, self-forgetting creature! She looked so lovely as she said it that my poor brain swam dizzily.

"No," said I, at length, "it is not lack of money, my dear Cousin Mary, but sheer personal incapacity that prevents my amounting to anything. I am an ordinary, stupid fellow at best, and my family are too clear-headed to give me that blind, loving faith which makes even stupid fellows do very well sometimes."

"You are not stupid," she cried, "nor ordinary. I know you better than you think. You could be something splendid if you chose. Why don't you choose?"

And then she looked at me with such an earnest, tender, believing glance as fairly drove me to her feet.

"Oh, Mary, you blessed angel!" I cried to her; "could you—would you—is it possible that you, after all, can find it in your sweet heart to make a place for such a useless good-for-nothing as I?"

And then my Cousin Mary just came into my arms and comforted my sore heart with a thousand tender words of hope and faith. And she said the sweetest joy of joys to her was that now she was really able to help me with her precious little fortune. And since she values it so much I have let her help me with it always. As if any fortune, great or small, were to be mentioned in the same breath with her love!—The Impress.

—Music is the harmonious voice of creation; an echo of the invisible world; one note of the divine concord which the entire universe is destined one day to sound.—Mazzini.

ODD FISH OF THE DESERT.

Boiling Springs the Home of Some Little Fellows.

Among the things that soon attract the eye of a stranger visiting this desert camp is a sparkling lake lying away to the north, at the foot of the many colored mountains known as the Calicoes. One can see it best standing on the platform of the railroad station. There is no bit of scenery anywhere that will be found more pleasing than that lake as it appears on a hot day in summer, for then trees and rushes can be seen nodding and waving about its margin, and there is a refreshing coolness in a mere glance at the moist shadows. But even now it forms a pleasant picture, though neither trees nor rushes appear. The stranger who has any love of out-door sports is sure to speak of it, and in many cases the first words he utters are in the form of a question as to the fishing to be had there.

Now, if there is any one thing that pleases the old Arabs that loaf about the railroad station more than another it is to have a stranger speak about the fishing in that lake. The mere mention of fish rouses them to surprising activity, and with one accord they begin to tell about it, all usually talking at once. The best fishing in California is to be had right there, if one may believe them, and their enthusiasm in telling about it is so great that an ordinary tenderfoot will find it infectious unless he gets to asking for particulars about the varieties of fish to be caught. When the Arabs get down to particulars the habit they have of all talking at once mixes things. Moreover, their knowledge of fish is in most cases derived from a study of the labels on the tin cans, the boxes, and the half barrels of the desert supply stores. It staggers and dampens the enthusiasm of a man really interested in fish to learn that the lake produces salmon, mackerel, ciscoes, brook trout, and sardines in shoals too large for counting.

The truth is the lake, though always in view when the sun shines, is a mirage. It is found always in the one place, because what is known in the desert as a dry lake exists there. This dry lake is merely a wide bed of dry mud. There was a lake there in the old days before the wind blew sand waves across the old-time head of the Gulf of California, and so shut the tide out of the region and gave the sun a chance to evaporate the water that covered the greater part of the Mojave desert. Even now, when a great rain comes, as happens once in three or four years, the waters from the mountains cover the old mud a foot or two deep, but in a week the water is gone and the mud is as hard as ever.

Now, although this lake is a mirage, and although the Mojave region contains in summer the hottest and most arid bit of desert in the world, there are fish in the desert, and in certain parts of it these fish form a valuable part of the food of the widely scattered inhabitants. For instance, there is Fish Lake valley, an extension of Death valley, and the line between California and Nevada. It contains some tiny pools fed by springs that are for the most part brackish, but every one is alive with carp running from ten to eighteen inches in length. In Owens valley there are streams abounding in catfish, while in Cottonwood creek there are rainbow trout fit to make an Adirondack tourist's hair curl. But it must be said that the carp and trout have been introduced by the benevolent-minded men, and that the trout streams, although within the borders of the desert, is a mountain brook with clear, cold, sweet water; it is in, but not of the desert.

The carp have flourished wonderfully well in all the waters where they have been tried. Even in Death valley itself, in the half acre artificial pool, the carp do well. They have, therefore, been carried to about all the larger pools of the region, save only those which, like Owens lake, are overburdened with salts. It is a curious fact that fish living in streams tributary to these salty lakes often swim down to the lakes and there perish. One can often find dead fish afloat near the mouth of the streams, and the bodies are always burdened with salsoda crystals. This leads to the belief there that the fish are drowned by the burden of the crystals that accumulate on them.

The most interesting fish of the desert are those that are too small to eat and are indigenous. The native fishes seem a marvel, for they live in hot water as well as cold. The desert men tell about fish found in boiling water—water hot enough to cook eggs—but this is an exaggeration. In the Amargosa valley, a hundred miles or so north of this place, are found springs that are certainly steaming hot. The steam can be seen rising in a faint column even at two p. m. under a hot sun, and these springs contain an interesting little species of shiner. Then in Ash meadows, where the picturesque old Arab lived who located the vast but unworked borax deposits of Death valley, is found a boiling spring with fish in it. The water does actually boil, but it is not from heat. There is no spring on the desert with fish in it so hot that a man cannot keep his hand in the water. That in the Amargosa valley is as hot as any. When the borax deposits were worked there, several years ago, the workmen occasionally used the hot spring as a bath-tub.

There is one fish of the desert found almost everywhere except in the saltier waters that the sportsman would regard with interest. It is a little fellow—never more than ten inches long—but he has the general build of a black bass with a mouth that is worth inspection.

"There's fight in that mug," as Cub Lee, an old desert squaw man, said to the writer after one of the little fish had been flipped from Saratoga springs in the lower end of Death valley. "S'pose he weighed two pounds, eh?"

It is a handsome fish, too. It is of a brown color with a tinge of red on the back, the belly is yellow, and there are dark (almost black) bands running down the sides—a genuine tiger of the desert water. The fins have dark borders. It feeds on insects that fall in and little mollusks that live in the springs. It has been caught by the teamsters who camped by the springs with a small pin hook on a thread for a line and a bit of meat for bait.

On the whole, it must be admitted that the fish of the desert, outside of the planted species, are of no economic value, but to one who travels out of the way it is interesting to know that even the hottest and most arid spot on earth, as the lower part of Death valley is now admitted to be—a place so arid that men with water in their hands have died of thirst—is nevertheless a place where a man can go a fishing and catch something.—N. Y. Sun.

TOLD BY AN OIL SCOUT.

His Experience with a Good Parson Who Objected to Drilling on Sunday.

Oil Scout Joe Morton, from the Pennsylvania petroleum fields, drifted into Washington one night to see the sights of the nation's capital. Morton is in the employ of the Standard Oil company, and his headquarters are in Pittsburgh. He is one of the oldest men in the oil business, and in his time as an oil operator "brought in," as they say in the oil districts, some of the gushers that have made the western Pennsylvania fields famous. He went back to the time when the old Bradford, Pa., oil field was opened up, and told this story:

"After the rush for drilling territory which followed the opening up of the Bradford field, I was up that way and found that about the only piece of ground at all promising looking, which had not been leased, was a garden patch, the property of a Methodist minister at Bradford, Rev. Mr. Walker, I believe his name was, and as it struck me there might be oil under the clods of his land, I leased it. According to the terms of the lease, he was to get a monthly rental and an eighth interest in the oil output of the well which I was to drill. I had never done business with a preacher before, and as I didn't know how to handle them, had no end of trouble with Walker. Of course my programme of work on my well included Sunday drilling—all oil wells are drilled on Sunday, the same as any other day. I didn't know how this would strike Walker, for I had heard he was a crank on Sunday observance and the head of a society for the prevention of Sabbath desecration, an organization which had given the saloonkeepers of Bradford no end of annoyance. I didn't care much how it struck him, however, as there was nothing in the lease agreement to stop Sunday work at the well, so I went ahead.

"It was almost nine o'clock on Sunday morning when the preacher discovered that his property was being made the ground of the rankest kind of Sabbath desecration, and when he did come into possession of this interesting piece of information he acted with energy. In less time than it takes to tell it he was at the well and stirred up mightily. 'What do you mean?' he gasped. 'My property—Sunday——' I tried to reason with him, but it was of no use. He wouldn't listen to reason and alternately tried threats and entreaties to induce me to shut down the well for the day. Of course I wouldn't do it, and he concluded to go into the courts. That afternoon I was arrested for Sabbath breaking and taken before a magistrate, but the magistrate was not in sympathy with the aims of the preacher's society, and when I pointed out that drilling at an oil well on Sunday was a work of necessity he discharged me. Then Walker tried half a dozen other plans to stop Sunday work at my well, one of which was an offer to bribe me and my men, but none of them worked. At last he concluded to sell his interest in the well, and started out to get a purchaser. He could find no one who was especially anxious to buy him out, however, and at last sold his holding for a cow in order to get it off his hands."

"How is the well?" was asked. "Get any oil?"

"Yes," replied Morton. "The well came in a gusher. It was on Sunday morning, too, that we got oil. The greatest strike I ever made."

"How did the preacher take it?" asked one of the group who had heard Morton's story.

"Walker? Oh, he sent the cow home and went to law for his share," was the reply.—Washington Post.

Baby's Feet.

Few persons realize how a very little pressure may cause serious foot deformity if exerted on a child's foot during infancy, when the tissues are soft, the bone mostly cartilage and the foot growing rapidly. The little innocent shoe, a trifle snug when bought, but so cunning, soft and comfortable-feeling for baby's dainty foot, may exert just pressure enough to cause corns, bunions and ingrowing toenails and serious deformity in after life. Keep a strict watch of baby's feet, and when the toes begin to become crooked and crowded together, and the flesh of the plump little leg hangs over the shoe tops, discard the shoes at once and let no mistaken idea lead you to compel your baby to wear them out on the score of economy.—Good Health.

—Lablache had the most magnificent bass voice ever known to the lyric stage. It had a compass of two octaves, from E flat below to E flat above the bass stave. He was a man of prodigious size and strength, and his voice was proportioned to his physical dimensions. Nothing was able to overcome or drown it, and through the tones of the largest chorus it boomed out as lustily as though alone. More than once he broke a window pane by the strength of the vibrations caused by his monstrous voice.

—Mozart was very small, being a little over five feet in height. His face was thin, and the size of his nose was apparently exaggerated by the attenuation of his features. He wore his hair long and done up in a cue, according to the custom of his day. His mouth was small, and his face clean-shaven.

HE BOLTED IT.

NOBLE LORD (looking over his estate)—Hullo! I'm afraid Rogers is falling into his old bad habits again.

HEAD-KEEPER—Drunk as a—as a—a (bolts it)—lord, me lord!

Scrupulous Staybolts.

"Clara," said Mrs. Gratebar to little Clara Staybolt, who had come in to play with the Gratebar children, "now is your mother to-day?"

"Well, she's better," said Clara, "but the doctor says she's very much dewilliamitated."

"What under the canopy do you mean by that, Clara?" said Mrs. Gratebar.

"Well, the doctor said debilitated," said Clara, "but father says we musn't say Bill, we must always say William."—N. Y. Sun.

A VERITABLE BONANZA.

"Mattie, come quick an' bring everythink yer can with yer! There's bin a party, an' they're a-givin' away all the pidgins, toast an' wegetables what's bin left over!"—Life.

An Utter Impossibility.

Gus De Smith, while not precisely a coward, is averse to getting into trouble if he can avoid it. Not long ago a big stout man kicked Gus' dog off the sidewalk on Harlem avenue.

"You couldn't have done that last week," said Gus, defiantly.

"Why couldn't I have kicked the dog last week?"

"Because I only got him yesterday."—Texas Siftings.

His Favorite Season.

Teacher—What season do you like best?

Boy—Summer.

"So do I. And why do you love summer?"

"'Cause there ain't any school."—Good News.

Consideration.

"I understand the critics showed your poems a great deal of consideration," said the young woman.

"Why, they didn't say a word about them," replied the young man.

"That's what I meant."—Washington Star.

How He Knew.

He took her little hand in his,
His love was hot and sizzin',
And when she didn't jerk it back
He knew that she was his'n.
—Philadelphia Inquirer.

AN UNREASONABLE TENANT.

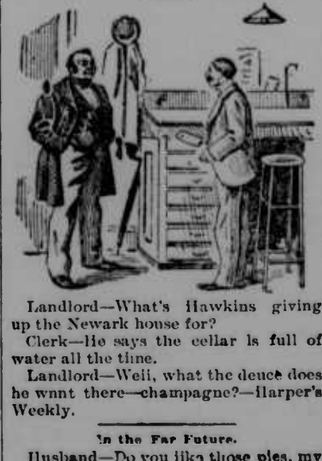

Landlord—What's Hawkins giving up the Newark house for?

Clerk—He says the cellar is full of water all the time.

Landlord—Well, what the deuce does he want there—champagne?—Harper's Weekly.

In the Far Future.

Husband—Do you like those pies, my dear?

Wife—Yes, indeed; still, of course, they are not quite as good as those my father used to make.—Town Topics.

Reaching His Enemy.

Fair Shopper (to clerk, who has shown her every piece of goods in the store)—Well, I don't see anything here that suits me. I'll go down to Yard & Tapeley's and see what they have.

Salesman (eagerly)—Here's the card of one of their salesmen. Will you kindly get him to wait on you?

Fair Shopper (pleasantly)—Ah! a friend of yours, I suppose?

Salesman—Not at all!—Puck.

A Benefactor.

"I owe more comfort," said Mr. Johnson, "to my shoemaker than I do to any other man."

"Why, how is that," said Mr. Billings, "when you are always complaining about tight shoes?"

"Well, every evening when I take off my shoes and put on my slippers, the comfort I feel is simply intense!"

He Got It.

Cholly—Anything new by way of cocktails?

Barkeep—Yes. "The fool cocktail" is very popular just now.

Cholly—Give me one. (Drinks it.) Well, I don't see anything very stupendous about that.

Barkeep—No? Look at your cheek! (Cholly swoons and leaves his watch as security.)—N. Y. World.

Killed Them Off.

Mr. Grumpps—I notice that big hats are not worn so much at the theaters as formerly.

Mrs. Grumpps—No, some lying paragrapher started the story that big hats were the cheapest.—N. Y. Weekly.

Whose Is This One?

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Laugh and you laugh alone.
According as the joke is the world's,
Or only one of your own.
—Detroit Tribune.

A COMPLETE SUCCESS.

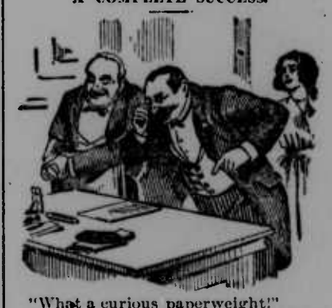

"What a curious paperweight!"

"That's a fruit cake my daughter baked after graduating from cooking school."—Fliegende Blaetter.

No Favoritism.

"Don't the soprano have a better showing than anyone else in the choir?" asked Fitzgoober.

"I don't know," mused Philgit. "They all have the same chants, it seems to me."—Atlanta Constitution.

She Did.

Mother—Mercy on us! What do you mean by eating up that jar of preserved peaches?

Little Ethel—You told Mrs. Nexdoor you wanted me to have a peachy complexion, didn't you?—Good News.

A Slight Difference.

Maud—And Mr. Meanitall really said that I was better looking than ever?

Marie (wickedly)—No, dear. He simply said you were looking better.—Life.

Had Their Advantages.

Banks—Henriques says he's glad his wife is wearing bloomers.

Tanks—You don't say!

Banks—Yes. He is able to find her pocket now.—Judge.

Always the Case.

"Is the outlook for the future very promising?"

"I judge so," answered the merchant, "from the reports of my collectors."—Atlanta Constitution.

A Fervent Wish.

Mrs. Bilter—I expect your baby will be much larger when I see her again.

Mrs. Wilter—I hope so.—Detroit Free Press.

FARM AND GARDEN.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.

How to Handle Them After They Have Been Properly Dug About.

From the fact that so many transplanted trees either die outright or drag along a miserable existence for a year or two, it would appenr that there is a widespread miseoneeption as to the proper eare to be exercised in transplanting. It is a common practice to tear a treo up somewhat roughly, breaking off the fine roots thnt are the most needed by the tree, and cutting off the big roots, because it is too much work to follow them out to their tips—and then to attempt to equalize matters by savagely cutting off the branches, leaving little but the stem of the trec, and even that usually hns it stop cnt off! This seems to me considerably like taking out one of a man's lungs because his supply of air is to be cut off presently! A judicions praning of a transplanted tree is all right and proper, but such slaughter as is usu-

ally made of limbs nnd the top of the trunk is, to my mind, a very foolish proceeding. A much better plan is to exercise more enre and effort in taking up the tree, taking up a big bunch of the earth with the flue roots undisturbed. It is the fine rootlets that feed the trec, and it is the loss of these that so often causes the tree to die after transplanting. The forcible removal of a tree from the ground is almost sure to tear off all these rootlets. It is best to begin some distance out from the tree, and to cut the turf carefully around it, digging down with caution so as not to cnt off any important roots. When these are found they should be carefully followed out for a considerable distance and loosened from the soil. The most important care, however, lis in gettiag up a big ball of earth with the tree, and this is accomplished by digging down about and under the tree. This requires some work, but if a tree is worth transplanting it is worth while to make some effort to give it a good start in its new location. The accompanying illustration shows a most convenient way to handle a tree after it has been properly dug about. A pair of wheels, with a "tongue," has a piece of joist lashed beneath it. The end of the tongue, or pole, is then raised high in the air and the end of the joist nttached to a chain that has been passed beneath the tree in two or more directions. When the pole is brought down, the tree is raised from its position and can be gently bent forward to the axle, secured there, and carried off to its new location.

Before being taken away, however, it will be well to wrap the ball of earth in old burlap to keep the earth from shaking off and disturbing the small roots. Carried away with wheels after this fashion, the tree can be carefully dropped into the eavity provided for it with the least possible jarring. After the loose earth has been carefully packed in about all the exposed roots, a generous coat of mulch should be applied, and some pruning of the top made, but not a severe pruning, by any means. Whatever wood is removed should be in the line of giving the tree a well proportioned head. Transplanted in this way trees ought to live and grow thriftily, and my experience has been thut they will do so. —Webb Donnell, in N. Y. Tribune.

NEW GRAPE DISEASE.

It Leads to the Unaccountable Falling Off of Berries.

What is called by some n new disease was developed in the Lake Erie grape region of western New York last year. The Grape Belt discuases it at length. It is the unaccountable falling off of berries before or as soon as they have attained their full size. Profs. Bailey and Lodeman, of Cornell university, have investigated the matter at length. Dry weather at the critical time seems to have been the chief cause, though this was made more injurions by lack of potash. It is well known that vines require a large amount of potash in ripening their fruit. If potash is deficient and wet weather follows, the grape mildews or rots. If there is too little moisture for mildew the berries drop from their cluster. In some vineyards last year the loss by shelling was fifty per cent. of the crop; in others it was not more than five per cent. The dropping of the berries came on late in August und early in September. Vines which shell their grapes almost invariably have leaf blight, brown patches appearing on the leaves. As the grape is nourished through the leaves the dropping of the berries from the cluster was an indication that the vine had undertaken a bigger job than it could finish. Even those grapes which remained on vines where the shelling was worst were of poor quality, though they grew to full size.

Annual Loss from Bad Roads.

It is the simplest truth that tariff, silver, income tax, or any other form of national taxation, currency or revenue, is of far less practical importance to the farmer than the condition of his roads. It is a conservative estimate that places the loss to the farming community at $200,000,000 a year from bad roads. And this is considerably more than the tariff receipts are likely to be for the current year.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

AN UGLY PARASITE.

The Ox Bot Attains Its Development in a Peculiar Way.

We all know that there are parnsites in human society whose crooked ways seem almost past finding out. They always manage to live on the labor of others, and sometimes seem to thrive by this means.

The prototypes of these persons are found in the animal world, and it is the ways of one of these prototypes that I propose to trace out. This individual parasite is the ox bot, though not generally known by this name. In fact, when I looked over the exhibits of the Smithsonian institution at the world's fair, I was unable to find anything relating to this insect for the simple reason that I did not know it by this name, nor by its scientific name, and I was unable to find anyone who could give me any information in regard to it. It was only after addressing Dr. G. Brown Goode, curator of entomology, Smithsonian institution, Washington, D. C., that I was able to obtain any description of the insect. The main facts here noted were obtained from an article written by C. V. Riley, Ph. D., which Dr. Goode sent me.

The most that is known of this insect by most people is that during the latter part of winter and early spring hard tumors are found on the backs of cattle, which, upon pressure, will give forth a grub. This grub is the larva of the insect and is nearly an inch in length. It was generally supposed by scientists, until quite recently, that the larva reached this position by being hatched from an egg that was inserted in the skin by the fly, or was attached to the hair and hatched in this place from which it made its way in some mysterious manner to where it is found. That it was in any way related to the bot fly, the larvæ of which infest the stomachs of horses, was not dreamed of.

After a series of observations, extending through many years, it has been discovered that the fly attaches its egg usually to the heel of the cow or ox and is removed and hatched by the animal's licking itself at the time it sheds its coat. The larva is very minute at first, only about one three-thousandth of an inch in length. It is provided with hooks by means of which it is able to cling to the tongue and roof of the month. Its development is very slow, for in November, and later, it is found clinging to the esophagus, only about half an inch long. About this time a moulting occurs in which it loses most of its hooks, which would be a hindrance to it in traveling. It now commences a long and slow journey, boring through the tissues to the back of the animal where it is found in the latter part of winter. In passing the query might be started as to the character of the pilot that guides this pest in its vivisecting tour through an ocean of living flesh and tissue to a safe anchorage in the harbor, the lumbar region, of poor "Mulley."

Cases have occurred where the eggs of this insect have been introduced into the human system, and hatched, the larva having been found working about under the skin. A case occurred in the practice of Dr. Sylvanus Freeman, of Smithport, McKean county, Pa., who was called to attend a child supposed to be suffering with erysipelas. The child suffered with pain such as to prevent its sleeping at night, caused by something working under the skin. This worm, or "polywog," as the mother called it, had been noticed five months before near the sternal end of the right clavicle. It had traveled up and down the chest in front, down the arm to the elbow, and over one side of the back. Similar cases have been observed in Norway among persons who have had the care of cattle.

These larvae, on reaching the back of the animal, bore through the skin to the air. The spiracles, or breathing holes, are at once enlarged, and here it lives for several months. It then crawls from this situation, falls to the ground, where it lies in the chrysalis state from three to six weeks, when the fly, about half an inch long, of a dark color, more or less densely clothed with yellowish-white, reddish and brownish-black hairs, emerges.

FRANKLIN BELKNAP.

TILE SUB-IRRIGATION.

Good Way of Applying Water to Fruits and Forced Vegetables.

Underground irrigation is often more useful than water applied on the surface, for small fruits and forced vegetables, especially the strawberry when the plants are developing fruit. The sinking of empty flowerpots here and there through the plot, and keeping these filled with water, which gradually soaks into the surrounding

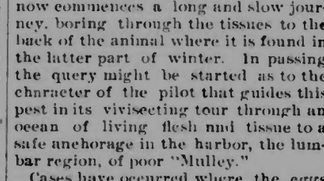

TILE SUB-IRRIGATION.

ground, may answer for a small plot of berries, but for a larger area the plan suggested in the accompanying illustration will be found more serviceable. Between every second row of plants is laid, a few inches below the surface, a row of drain tiles, the first one in each row coming to the surface. With a hose each row of tile can be filled in a moment, and the water will be absorbed by the earth and reach the roots of the plants as needed, and there will be no baking of the surface soil. If desired the first row of tile could be extended around through the various rows and the whole filled from one point. A modification of this idea is used with many other crops.—American Agriculturist.

Roll the Roads Frequently.

A steam roller should be in constant and active use on the roads of every township in the United States. Then will roads speedily attain that smoothness and firmness which not only every wheelman but every farmer and business man desires.

THE dairy supply houses use shipping boxes for prist butter.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The brain is not affected by the movements of the body, even though these are sometimes very violent, because it rests on a basis of soft cushions between the bones of the spine.

—It is estimated that the sealing waters of the Arctic now contain 400,000 or 450,000 seals, which are all that are left from a hoard numbering millions twenty years ago, and they represent a total value of about $14,000,000.

—In Paris the practice of doctoring fruit by coloring is quite common. The latest development of this business is in connection with pears, which are dyed red over a third of their area and blue below, thus representing the national colors when peeled.

—Dr. Marmorek, a young Viennese studying with Pasteur, is said to have discovered the bacillus that causes blood poisoning and inflamed wounds. He calls it Streptococcus pyogenes, and says that he has found out the antidote as well. The remedy can be used also for cases of diphtheria too malignant to be cured by serum.

—Argon may exist in nebulæ, suggests Dr. Brauner, professor of chemistry at Prague. A strong argon line in the spectrum, he says, has practically the same wave length as the nebula line, and a certain line in the blue spectrum of the new substance is almost identical with a corresponding line in the spectra of nebulæ and white stars.

—The number of routine tests made at the physical test room of the Pennsylvania railroad at its Altoona shops, during the year 1894, is stated at 9,901, representing 35,095,824 pounds of iron and steel of various kinds, and representing a value of $518,388.20. During the same time the inspectors tested at the works 19,085 axles, 15,813 car wheels and 1,042,479 pounds of chains, phosphor bronze, springs and steel castings, representing a total money value of $363,282.03.

—A wild goose chase as futile as any started of late in the name of science is that on which Mr. G. L. Gomme is now engaged. He asks in the Athenæum for evidence of the way in which people look on the superstitions of others and of what they think of those who do not believe in their own superstitions. The beliefs he has in mind are such survivals as the bad luck attached to killing rats, the number thirteen, the spilling of salt, and so on, but he gives as an example the different degrees of horror caused to Greeks and Indians at the thought of tasting blood.

—The advantages of electricity for heating are gradually becoming more appreciated. Electricity notes that a manufacturer in the south of France proposes to employ water power for heating his factory, thus saving 50,000 francs per annum in fuel. In South America an electric drying machine in which air is forced through a chamber of heated plates, and comes out as a hot blast, is to serve in drying wheat, the current to be generated by waste water power. Other plans proposed are electric heat for use with ammunition caps, and the electric soldering irons to be employed in a gunpowder factory, where the irons must get hotter than 450 degrees Fahrenheit. Probably the most curious application now being arranged is one to prevent the freezing of tower clocks. Such clocks, in exposed places, as is well known, often get clogged with snow and ice in the winter, and this is to be remedied by placing an electric hot plate on the top or side of the clock.

WANTED TO DIE RICH.

The Strange Resolve of a Sailor on a Sinking Ship.

Many years ago, according to one of the yarns of the sea told by mariners who claimed to have been present, a British ship having on board a large consignment of Spanish dollars for a house in Rio Janeiro was wrecked on the Brazilian coast. Hoping to save some of his precious cargo the captain ordered some of the casks containing the gold brought on deck, but the vessel was so badly wrecked by the continuous pounding on the rocks, that it was soon found necessary to take to the boats without any of the treasure. As the last boat was about to leave the ill-fated craft, one of the officers, to make sure that no one was left on board, went back to make a last tour of the ship. To his surprise, sitting beside one of the casks with a hatchet in his hand, he found one of the sailors.

"Hurry up!" cried the officer. "We came within an ace of going off without you."

"I'm not going," replied the sailor, giving the cask a hearty whack with the hatchet, bursting it open, and laughing with delight as the coin poured out around him. "I've always wanted to die rich. I've been poor all my life, and this is my first and last chance. Go ahead. I'll stay here with my fortune."

Argue as he might, the officer could not persuade the fellow to leave the gold with which he played as a child with marbles, and he finally had to leave him to his fate.—Harper's Young People.

Relative Merit.

When a man can, like Dante Gabriel Rossetti, do beautiful work in two arts, he will no doubt be variously estimated by different people. It is said that he once asked the artist and critic, Whistler, how he liked a sketch which the speaker had made for a picture. "It has good points," was the answer. "Go ahead with it." A few weeks later, remembering that he had heard nothing more about the picture, Whistler asked how it was getting on. "Doing famously," said Rossetti. "I've ordered a stunning frame for it." Some time after Mr. Whistler saw the canvas, framed, but still untouched by paint. "You've done nothing to it yet?" asked he. "No," answered Rossetti; "but I've written a sonnet on the same subject, if you care to hear it." The recitation was given, and Whistler said after listening to it: "Rossetti, take out the canvas, and put that sonnet in the frame."—Youth's Companion.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

SOMEWHAT TANGLED.

The English Language as Spoken by the Japanese.

One day while in Yokohama, says Eli Perkins in his Japanese lecture, a Japanese sailor was arrested for assaulting a jinrikisha man. The English courtroom was crowded, and desiring to hear the English language as spoken officially in the courtroom by a wise magistrate, I crowded in with the rest.

The polite old magistate wore sandals, a kimono and silk hat. Putting on his glasses he looked solemnly at the culprit and the examination commenced.

"Why do you strike this jinrikisha man?"

"He told me impolitely."

"What does he told you impolitely?"

"He insulted me, saying loudly: 'The sailor! The sailor!' when I am passing here."

"Do you strike this man for that?"

"Yes."

"But do not strike him for it is forbidden."

"I strike him no more."

"Good," said the magistrate, "if he will strike or terrify the people with enormous voice, he will himself be an object of fear for the people. Good-by. Do not continue here the other time."

A Peppery Queen.

Here is an amusing incident of stage life. A certain actress, having been disengaged for some time, had packed her wardrobe in pepper to preserve it from moths. She was suddenly called upon to take the part of the queen in "Hamlet."

Being rather late for her first scene, she omitted to shake out her royal robes, and her dignified entrance had an astonishing effect.

The king, after a brave resistance, gave vent to a mighty sneeze that well-nigh made the stage vibrate. All the royal couriers and maids of honor followed suit sympathetically. Hamlet came on with a most sublime tragedy air, but after a convulsive movement of his princely features he buried them in his somber robe, while sneeze after sneeze was all the public heard from him.

Amid the hubbub on the stage and the shrieks of delight from the audience the stage manager, between sneezes, rang down the curtain.—N. Y. Advertiser.

"I SEE you have a safe in your dining-room," said Perkins, who was visiting Jarley. "Is that for your silver?" "No; that's my wine cellar," said Jarley.—Harper's Bazar.

YOU can get a very good idea of "natural selection" in its practical workings by viewing a celery glass after it has been once round the table.—Tit-Bits.

IT does no good to strike your friend for a dollar, sir, he is down.—Galveston News.

HARD as it is to climb up in the world, it racks us a good deal worse to climb down again.—Puck.

"PAW, what does it mean when they say money talks?" asked Johnny. "It means," said Mr. Billus, after reflecting a moment, "that it sometimes helps a man that's got it to talk a little louder than the other fellow." "Does all money talk?" persisted Johnny. "N—no. Not exactly." "Then money that can't talk is hash-money, ain't it?" "Sonny, suppose you go and bring in your kindling wood."—Chicago Tribune.

THE two powers which in my opinion constitute a wise man are those of bearing and forbearing.—Epictetus.

FOGG has named his cat "Napoleon," because, as he says, a cat has so many lives.—Boston Transcript.

IT is the unmarried lady who can give her sister points on the art of how to manage a husband.—Yonkers Gazette.

ABUSE is the pastime of cowards.

"HOW DID Mr. Gumstick get the reputation of being such a moral man?" "Why, by his superior perception. He can hardly pick up a book without finding something improper in it."—Washington Star.

FRANK, BUT NOT FLATTERING.—Joseph—"If I should die, would you get another feller, Mary Jane?" Mary Jane—"There hain't no other feller around here, Joseph, or I wouldn't wait for you to die."—Puck.

FASHIONABLE PHILANTHROPY. — Englishman—"Why is it you Americans copy the Hinglish?" American—"We are in hopes you Englishmen will see how it looks, and get disgusted with yourselves." — N. Y. Weekly.

"WHAT is this I hear about you folks talking of dismissing your minister?" "Oh, he is too slow. We have had him nearly a year now and he hasn't given us a sermon on Napoleon yet."—Indianapolis Journal.

A TEMPERANCE TOWN.—He (rapturously) —"How beautiful you are! Just to gaze into your eyes intoxicates me." She (in alarm)—"Hush—sh-sh. Don't speak of it. This is a local option town and I may be arrested and fined."—Detroit Free Press.

$100 Reward, $100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Hall's Family Pills, 25 cents.

"WANT any mouse traps? Come buy one, do!" "No, thanks; we have no mice." "Ach, I'll throw 'em in with pleasure!"—Humoristisches.

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Denver, Col., July 5 to 12, 1895.

For this occasion the Wabash Railroad has made a rate of one fare for the round trip to Denver (plus $2.00), added for membership fee.

For full particulars in regard to this meeting, time of trains, rates, route, etc., call upon or write to any representative of the Wabash Railroad, or connecting lines, or

C. S. CRANE,
Gen'l Pass. & Tkt. Agent Wabash, R. R.,
St. Louis, Mo.

AN AMPLE REASON.—She—"I cannot marry you." He—"And why not, pray?" She—"You don't pay any income tax."—Detroit Free Press.

A Poisonous Mist.

This fitly describes miasma, a vaporous poison which breeds chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague, ague cake, and in the tropics deadly typhoid forms of fever. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters prevents and cures these complaints. Biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia, nervous and kidney trouble, rheumatism, neuralgia and impaired vitality are also remedied by the great restorative.

ON THE BAMBOO.—"I've had fully a dozen offers of marriage lately." "Mercy me! Good ones?" "Yes. All from George."—Life.

When You Want a Thresher,

Horse Power, Swinging or Wind Stacker, Saw Mill, Self Feeder, or an Engine, address the J. I. CASE T. M. CO., Racine, Wis. They have the largest Threshing Machine plant in the world, and their implements may be relied upon as *the best*. Business established 1842. Illustrated catalogue mailed free.

IF a man speaks or acts with pure thought, happiness follows him like a shadow that never leaves him.—Buddha.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me many a doctor's bill.—S. F. HARDY, Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, '94.

IF thou hast wanderings in the wilderness and hadst not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor.—Lowell.

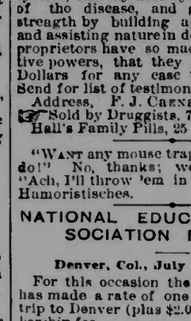

Consumption kills more people than rifle balls. It is more deadly than any of the much dreaded epidemics. It is a stealthy, gradual, slow disease. It penetrates the whole body. It is in every drop of blood. It seems to work only at the lungs, but the terrible drain and waste go on all over the body. To cure consumption, work on the blood, make it pure, rich and wholesome, build up the wasting tissues, put the body into condition for a fight with the dread disease.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery fights in the right way. It will cure 98 per cent. of all cases if taken during the early stages of the disease. Its first action is to put the stomach, bowels, liver and kidneys into good working order. That makes digestion good and assimilation quick and thorough. It makes sound, healthy flesh. That is half the battle. That makes the "Discovery" good for those who have not consumption, but who are lighter and less robust than they ought to be.

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CATARRH
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Apply Balm into each nostril.
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THE SUN PASTE POLISH for a quick after-dinner shine, applied and polished with a cloth.

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For all Shavers—the soap to swear by, not to swear at. Buy him Yankee Shaving Soap—9 out of 10 stores sell it—or send 15 cents to J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

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The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and, being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind. *They fit well, wear well and look well.* A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

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The *strongest* and *purest* Lye made. Unlike other Lye, it being a fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. Will make the *best* perfumed Hard Soap in 20 minutes *without boiling*. It is the best for cleansing waste pipes, disinfecting sinks, closets, washing bottles, paints, trees, etc. PENNA. SALT M'F'G CO. Gen. Agents, PHILA., Pa.

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The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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First insertion for square of ten nonpariel lines $1; each additional insertion after first 50 cents per square of ten nonpariel lines. Positively no deviation will be made from the above rates.

REMITTANCES:

Remittances made by money order, postal note, registered letter or bank draft will be at our risk, if made otherwise, at the risk of the sender. Address,

THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1895.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first insertion* of the same:

Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $3; County Commissioner, $2.50; Register of Wills, $2.50; County Surveyor, $1.50.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention. Let the old soldiers have a chance.

W. M. LOHR.

Crete, Md., March 11, 1895.

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

GEORGE J. WALTER,
District No. 1. P. O., Thayerville, Md.

BARON HIRSH proposes to establish an asylum for the more or less persecuted Jews by European countries, by purchasing the island of Cyprus which shall be a home for those expelled from their lands. An independent Jewish state will be created to be protected by the powers. The baron will pay the annual tribute to the sultan which is now paid by England. "The crowned heads of Europe" can scarcely refuse such a proposition, and the spectacle of a Hebrew republic among the nations of the world may bea triumphant climax of the nineteenth century.

Advantages of Good Roads.

Good road sraise the value of property by cutting down the cost of getting produce to market and supplies to the farm and give producers a market in winter as well as other seasons. And the social advantages of good roads are not to be despised. They make the country a more agreeable place of residence by giving the dwellers on farms an easy way to reach each other at the very time when there is the least work to do. Good roads pay the farmer, the district and the county, and through these the state. The people should be encouraged to build them by laws, precepts and example.

Where Are They?

The Oakland REPUBLICAN, which first brought out the Hon. Lloyd Lowndes for governor, says he is not seeking the nomination, but that he is the choice of the Republicans of Garrett county, and two-thirds of the voters of that party in the State are for him. Like the friends of Mr. Malster, those of Mr. Lowndes are not backward in their "claims."—Baltimore News.

The editor of the Oakland REPUBLICAN has evidently not based his estimate of Mr. Lowndes strength upon a canvass of Anne Arundel Republicans.—Annapolis Argus.

Unfortunately, the Republicans of Anne Arundel county cut a sorry figure usually on election day, they being like angels' visits, few and far between, and if the Republican party of Maryland had to depend upon Anne Aruudel county for its majority we fear that neither Mr. Lowndes nor Mr. Malster would ever reach the gubernatorial chair. Let the Republicans of Anne Arundel get together, quit their quarreling, march shoulder to shoulder to the ballot box and they will become a factor in the success of the party.

THE following article appeared in the editorial colums of the Cumberland *News* last Saturday morning and as it is of interest to all Republicans of Garrett county we reproduce it in these columns:

"Every Republican must heartily approve the position Mr. Lowndes proposes to take in the coming primary campaign. 'I have no inclination to enter upon a contest for the place; let the people make the nomination.' There we have the attitude Mr. Lowndes holds. If the great party which he has served so long and so faithfully desires that he shall carry its standard in the coming battle, he is ready. If it prefers some one else as its leader, he will be found in his old position in the ranks rendering the same capable and efficient service as of yore. Further than to signify his perfect willingness to accept the nomination if tendered him with some degree of unanimity, he is unwilling to go.

"We do not underestimate the strength and resources of the enemy but we believe they can beaten, and we feel sure that the man most dreaded by the Democratic managers at this time is Hon. Lloyd Lowndes. They are not giving themselves any concern about the movement of the Cleveland Democrats. They have no fear whatever of losing control of the State convention. They know they will be able to nominate just whom they please, and they are not losing any sleep over such matters. But the people mutter, and they fear them. They realize the fact that the masses of the Democracy are in an angry mood. The rule of the master has become distasteful. The boss has become unpopular, and just how far the old, and time-worn appeals to 'save the life of the party' will go is the question which now disturbs the rest of the Democratic managers.

"They see the Republican party thoroughly organized; undisturbed by dissention, and unbroken by faction. To meet it in the field, under the skillful generalship of a veteran like Mr. Lowndes, with straggling ranks and a mutinous reserve, is not a hopeful prospect, but it is the condition that confronts the Democratic leaders. They would be greatly relieved at the prospects of the Republicans choosing some other captain in this important crisis, but it is not our business to consider their necessities or to be mindful of their distress."

A Flag Day Appeal.

Governor Frank Brown, of Maryland, has mailed the following official communication to each of the governors of the United States.

"Permit me to call the attention of the schools, patriotic societies and citizens of your State to Flag Day, June 14, the 118th anniversary of our flag adoption by Congress. The national hymn, "Star Spangled Banner," is always sung at Flag Day exercises, which are now being generally held by the schools, but few yield its author the reverence his memory deserves. No one has ever written anything that has done more to awaken true patriotism, and yet the ashes of Francis Scott Key have lain for many years unhonored by his countrymen beneath the soil of his native country, in the cemetery of Frederick City, Maryland.

"I take this method of commending to you the work of the Key Monument Association, of Frederick City, which was organized and incorporated last year for the purpose of collecting funds to erect a suitable monument to his memory and thut to redeem the nation from disgrace of over a half a century of ungrateful neglect. They have already raised about $2,000 from their own town; but every American who is proud of our beautiful flag, and its position among nations, should have a share in erecting this monument. Please urge the children to give their pennies, and the citizens their larger coins, on Flag Day or before. The names of all donors will be placed in the script of the monument and will also be published in a pamphlet when the work is completed. Funds should be forwarded to the Key Monument Association, at Frederick City."

To Visit The Pope.

Cardinal Gibbons will leave Baltimore on Monday next for Boston to take part in the golden jubilee of Archbishop Williams, which will be celebrated on May 16. On May 18 the Cardinal, accompained by Bishop Foley, of Detroit, and Father Thomas, rector of the Cathedral, will sail from New York on the steamer La Tonraue for Rome, via Havre, France. The Cardinal and Bishop will pay the Pope a visit, which they are compelled to do once overy ten years. He does not expect to return to Baltimore before next September.

Obituary.

AULT — George Ault was born February 4, 1813, in Ridisbron, Kingdom of Bavaria, and died at his homo at Accident, Md., April 30, 1895, aged eighty-two years, nine months and twenty-six days.

Father Ault came to America early in life and made Accident his home till God called him away to a happier home in heaven. The companion of his toils and cares preceeded him to that land of rest more than ten years. He leaves three children to mourn their loss —Misses Sophia and Katie, of Accident, Md., and Mr. John Ault, of Oakland, Md. Father Anlt was a resident of Accident for many years, a faithful citizen, a loving father, and a devout member of the church. Surely he was found faithful and watching when the Master came. His illness was of short duration and then the end came. Quietly he lay as if in peaceful slumber, but death had sealed his eyes forever. Truly a father in Israel has fallen asleep. "Let me die the death of the righteous and let my end be like his."

R.

Crop Reports.

The following crop reports were sent from this county to the State Weather Bureau last week, and were published in the Bulletin on Monday:

Bittinger.—Wheat and grass have improved very much the week past. Early sown oats are up and growing nicely. Weather at first of week was cool and cloudy, but now nice weather prevails. P. P. LOHR.

Grantsville. — Grass and wheat showing up well. I never saw clover in better shape than this spring. Oats coming up. A large acreage of potatoes will be planted. Peaches and plums killed; cherries mostly. Apples are all right snd promise a good crop. J. S. MILLER.

Thayerville.—Weather this week fine and pleasant. Cold easterly winds. Rain badly needed. Oats all sown. Grass looking fair. Potate planting in progress.

R. BECKMAN.

Sunny Side.—Weather past week favorable for all farm work. All crops suffering for the want of rain. Service trees in bloom.

JOHN G. KNAUER.

Grantsville.

News scarce in this section at present.

Weather bright, warm and beautiful. Mercury has been rather high for comfort the past several days, having risen to 82 degrees in the shade on Saturday.

Some of our farmers finished sowing oats last week, but the greater number had sown earlier, and their fields have become green. Apple trees are becoming green with opening foliage.

J. S. Miller shipped his captive bald eagle to Geo. Charles, Cumberland, he having provisionally sold it to a party of that city.

Peter Beachy and Miss Mary Platter were married recently by Rev. J. H. Enlow.

N. Broadwater was in the cities last week purchasing a fresh stock of merchandise.

Preparatory and communion services were held on Saturday and Sunday by the Ev. Lutheran congregation of this place.

Several of our young people, gentlemen principally, are attending a term of preparatory school at Chestnut Spring, Pa.

We reaffirm our policy of justice to all and partiality to none in our items, and those wishing special "puffs" for some pet organization need not apply, as we want it distinctly understood that we will positively refuse to make a special item of anything unless it be specially meritorious in our judgement. Now if there be any in this town who object to those principles or who want special personal or denominational "puffs," they can emulate "Outsider" and "puff" denomination, congregation, association, friends, and business as they please. We wish to add a little sage advice to would-be puffers. Don't puff favorites so high that they rise beyond the bounds of mundane gravity, or they might perhaps become subject to some other system of gravitation and this planet thus be bereft of them.

North Glade.

Mr. Charles Rhodes is again happy—it is a girl.

Mr. Jacob Pants and Miss Mollie Beckman were married on last Wednesday. A surprise, but we extend best wishes.

We expect to record another wedding ere long.

Mr. Salem Lee has erected a new house and moved therein about a week ago. Thus another good family has settled in our thriving community.

Farmers are busy sowing oats and prepariug to put out a large crop. A fine prospect for fruit.

Epworth League is flourishing. A splendid program is prepared for this week. A reading course is added under Miss Lillian Garlitz. Miss Etta Howell will send another club of subscribers for the *Epworth Herald*.

Rev. W. G. Lloyd preached a good sermon to a large congregation on Sunday.

Deer Park.

The weather is beautiful to-day and our little town is alive with the clatter of carpenter's hammers, working on the foundation of Speicher & Nethkin's mammoth store room and hall.

Mr. M. V. Grimm is performing the critical task of cutting down the Lutheran church by taking out the basement and letting the audience room down some six feet to the main foundation, and so far being successful, having only 18 inches more until it rests on the basement wall.

Mr. L. D. Thrasher, who was thought to be in a dying condition a few days ago, is at this writing rapidly recovering, owing to the careful treatment of Dr. Laughlin, assisted by Dr. Ravenscraft, of Oakland.

Hon. H. G. Davis and family will again spend this summer at their cozy cottage here. These shady grounds and balmy breezes have more attractions than the palatial mansion and sultry air in the Tygarts Valley, at Elkins.

Colouel Hosmer, of Washington, D. C., will be here in a few days, having sent his help on to prepare his beautiful cottage for occupancy.

Mrs. Virginia Deakins, sister of Mrs. L. D. Thrasher, returned to her home at "Walnut Manor," near Rowlesburg, W. Va., this morning, after spending a week at the bedside of her sick sister. Miss Georgia Hoye, her niece, accompanied her home.

Mr. S. C. Hoye is improving his property on Main street, which adds very much to the general appearances of that spacious residence.

Mr. Geo. W. Haulenbeck and family arrived here Saturday in the private car Delaware.

Mr. Frank Thrasher and Ed Grim are at work at the hotels and cottages making them ready for the summer season.

Mr. Will Miller, is buildiug a dairy and lanndry for Mrs. Fundenberg at the Spring Glade farm.

It is with regret that we write of the sudden affliction that befell Mr. Geo. Marville, sr. As he was helping his son Ed to haul coal on Monday afternoon he was stricken with paralysis and at this writing is in a critical condition with poor hopes for his recovery.

With Mr. Chadderton in the field for commissioner let us hear from the people on the question.

HURRICANE.

Selbysport.

First, I wish to correct the false statement made by the old correspondent from this place in last week's REPUBLICAN. In the issue of April 11th, I said: "Jonas Frazee, jr., has taken the diphtheria and is confined to his room. With a little care this much dreaded disease could be prevented from spreading. Why not take it?" Just see how different the above appeared to the dear knowledge-seeking old boy. He says: "We will kindly ask Mr. Newcomer, who represents THE REPUBLICAN at Selbysport, what he meant about the dreadful disease diphtheria and the remark he made sometime ago saying this dreadful disease could easily be done away with by a little care. 'Why not try it?'" Then says, "We would like to have you teach us how to take care of our children and this dreadful disease, and we would be much obliged for the favor.'" Now, in answer will say that you have wilfully misrepresented me, as the above will show. I did not set myself up as a teacher of parents, and as for the care, etc., of the diecase, in question, you paid the doctor for it and if you have forgotten so soon probably he will enlighten you gratis. Next time you undertake to criticise, do it honestly and do not disregard the truth altogether.

Now, I wish to call the attention of this self-esteemed critic to a few of his statements, and ask him to verify them. On April 18th you say it was reported that Judson Frazee had thirty-six sheep killed by dogs. No one else heard the report, and the sheep were not killed only in the imagination of a certain correspondent.

Last week you speak of a Mrs. Clara Frazee, of Watson, Pa. No Mrs. Clara there; neither is there a Young river in this locality; neither did A. J. Frazee take a find drove of sheep through town last week, and many other things, but I do not wish to impose on the editor or readers.

NEWCOMER.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending May 11th, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Thomas Bryn,	David Keefer,
P. H. Ghank,	Hector Sinclair,
George W. Knotes,	Mrs. Nina Billmeyer,
Mrs. Katie Hetz,	Mrs. Kitty Fraction,
Miss Ida Paugh,	Miss Idella Kisner.

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

It Did the Business.

Mr. J. H. Cobb, publisher of the *Mirror*, at Brocton, N. Y., says: "For years the *Mirror* has been publishing the advertisements of Chamberlain's Remedies. A few days ago the writer was suffering from a bowel trouble and resorted to an old remedy which did not prove efficacious; finally he tried Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and two doses did the business, checking it completely. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Deer Park, on the Crest of the Alleghenies.

To those contemplating a trip to the mountains in search of health and pleasure, Deer Park, on the crest of the Allegheny mountains, 3,000 feet above the sea level, offers such varied attractions as a delightful atmosphere during both day and night, pure water, smooth, winding roads through the mountains and valleys, and the most picturesque scenery in the Allegheny range. The hotel is equipped with all adjunets conducive to the entertainment, pleasure and comfort of its guests.

The surrounding grounds, as well the hotel, are lighted with electricity. Six miles distant, on the same mountain summit, is Oakland, the twin resort of Deer Park, and equally well equipped for the entertainment and accommodation of its patrons. Both hotels are upon the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, have the advantages of its splendid Vestibuled Limited Express trains between the east and west. Season excurson tickets, good for return passage until October 31st. will be placed on sale at greatly reduced rates at all principal ticket offices throughout the country. One-way tickets, reading from St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Columbus, Chicago, and any point on the B. & O. system to Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia or New York, or vice versa, are good to stop off at either Deer Park, Mountain Lake Park or Oakland, and the time limit will be extended by agents at either resort upon application, to cover the period of the holder's visit.

The season at these popular resorts commences June 22nd.

For full information as to hotel rates, rooms, etc., address George D. DeShields, Manager, Deer Park or Oakland, Garrett County, Md.

9–4t.

A Remarkable Cure of Rheumatism.

David Lewis, who has been afflicted all winter by rheumatism, is out again and all due to one of the medicines advertised in our columns. After trying everything possible, he used Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which has relieved him of all pain, from which he was a constant sufferer and promises to make him fit for duty soon. We know David has been a great sufferer and are glad to see him around again.—Groton Connecticut Review. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Agreeably Surprised.

"I had a very severe cold on my lungs that caused much soreness and gave me considerable uneasiness in regard to the result," says Mr. T. E. Smith, of Billerica, Mass. "A local druggist called my attention to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and on his recommendation I gave the remedy a careful trial. The result surprised me; I recovered entirely in three days." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

For Sale.

Cheap for cash, one second-hand two-horse three spring wagon in good condition or will trade for good oak, chestnut, cherry or pine lumber. Inquire at Naylor's shop.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

The Mayor and Town Council of Oakland will receive bids until Monday, June 3, 1895, for the building of platforms.

Specifications, Platforms to be built of oak boards not less than 1¼ inches thick; 5 feet wide and to be supported by three 8x1 oak stringers. Contractor to take what lumber corporation has at $12.50 per thousand feet.

The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

The Council will hear appeals on the above day from 2 to 6 p. m. and from 8 to 9.30 p. m.

9–4t L. E. TOWNSHEND, Clerk.

TAX SALES.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1895,

at the hour of 2.00 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all the following pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, to satisfy the State and county tax due and in arrear thereon together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting the sale as provided by the aforesaid statute.

1st. Military Lot number thirteen hundred and eighty-eight (1388) containing 50 acres and situated in Election District No. 8 of said Garrett county, and Military Lot number eighteen hundred and forty-one (1841) containing 50 acres, situated in Election District No. 1 of said Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes thereon for the year 1891, as is charged to ***JOHN SWAN*** on the assessment books of said Garrett county.

3rd. All that part of "Grim's Point" and "Friend's Factory" containing 18 perches of land, and also another piece of land containing 123 perches, all situated in Election District No. 2 in the town of Friendsville, Garrett county, Maryland, and being the same land that was fully described in two deeds from W. D. Arthur and others to Theresa B. Mason dated May 6, 1891, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, follos 702 and 703, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said lands will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1892 as is charged to the said ***THERESA B. MASON*** on the assessment books of said Garrett county, Maryland.

4th. All that part of Military Lot number eleven hundred and twenty-seven (1127) containing forty-six and one-half acres, situated in Election District No. 1 of said Garrett county, fully described in a deed from George Hill, sr., to George Hill, jr., dated Oct. 14, 1878, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 4, follo 41, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893, as was charged at the time said taxes were levied thereon, to the said ***GEO. HILL, JR.***, on the assessment books of said Garrett county, Maryland.

7th. All those pieces or parcels of land situated in Election District No. 2, Garrett Co., Maryland, that was conveyed to W. E. and George Vansickle by Joshua Friend and wife by deed dated April 28, 1890, and recorded in Libe. E. Z. T. No. 16, follo 755, &c., one of the Land Records of said Garrett county, containing the quantity of seventy acres and twenty-five perches, except 2465 feet. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to ***W. E. and GEORGE VANSICKLE*** on the assessment books of said Garrett county, Maryland.

8th. Military Lot number five hundred and four (504) containing fifty acres, situated in Election District No. 9, of said Garrett county Maryland, and being the same land that was conveyed to James McKenzie by Johnson Bros. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1892 and 1893, as is assessed to ***JAMES McKENZIE*** on the assessment books of Garrett county, Maryland.

9th. All that piece or parcel of land situated in Election District No. 4, Garrett county, Maryland, known as "Pea Patch" containing the quantity of three hundred and thirty-eight and one-fifth acres, being the same land that was conveyed to Michael Gleason and J. W. W. Davis by John B. Brandt, by deed dated the 30th day of September, 1885, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 10, follo 639, &c., one of the Land Records of said Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear for the year 1892 as charged to ***MICHAEL GLEASON and J. W. W. DAVIS*** on the assessment books of said Garrett county, Maryland.

10th. All those parts of Military Lots numbers five hundred and fifty-five (555) and five hundred and fifty-eight (558), containing fifty-eight acres, situated in Election District No. 9 of said Garrett county, Maryland, and being the same land that was conveyed to William R. Percy and John T. Hansel by Julia A. Johnson and others by deed dated July 30, 1887, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 3, follo 558, &c., one of the Land Records of said Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1892 and 1893 as is charged to ***WILLIAM R. PERCY and JOSEPH T. HANSEL*** on the assessment books of Garrett county, Maryland.

Terms cash on day of sale. Conveyance at cost of purchaser.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

ORDER NISI.

Samuel Lawton, Late Treasurer of Garrett County, vs. Max Livingston.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, No. 70 Trials to March Term, 1895.

It is ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, this 18th day of April in the year 1895, that the tax sale as made and reported in the above entitled cause by Samuel Lawton, Late Treasurer of Garrett County, and made to the County Commissioners of said county for 26 acres of the tract of land called "Music" be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 17th day of May, 1895; provided that a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 17th day of May, 1895.

The report states the amount of sale to be $58.75.

EDWARD STAKE.

True Copy.
Test. E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

WANTED

Men and Boys to wear WANAMAKER & BROWN'S all wool and a yard wide clothing. Largest line of samples in the United States.

Call and have your measure taken.

WILLLAM W. SWEET, Agent,
2–tf. Mt. Lake Park, Md.

Prevention
better than cure. Tutt's Liver Pills will not only cure, but if taken in time will prevent
Sick Headache,
dyspepsia, biliousness, malaria, constipation, jaundice, torpid liver and kindred diseases.
TUTT'S Liver PILLS
ABSOLUTELY CURE.

Catarrh Is Common.

Few realize just how common it is. Very many people have Catarrh, or at least Catarrhal symptoms, who would laugh at the idea. It is an unpleasant disease—one of those which make others uncomfortable as well as the one who has it. The first symptoms are: A heavy feeling between the eyes, profuse and offensive mucous discharge from the nostrils, headache and foul breath.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

Is recommended for both slight and aggravated cases. It will cure the worst case of CATARRH, and is good for a mere Cold—an inflamed condition of the nasal passages is the cause of both. It is also good for HAY FEVER. It is a sure cure. There is nothing marvelous about it. It is not an accidental, magical discovery, but a perfectly sensible, scientific preparation, intended to do just exactly the thing it does, and nothing else.

It costs 50 cents—druggists.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, MD.

FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY SKIN CURE is the best thing for ECZEMA, TETTER, RING WORM, SALT RHEUM, ITCH, DANDRUFF, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES and ITCHING PILES. Designed to cure permanently, and does it. It's 50 cents, too.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

Annual Report of the Receipts and Disbursements of the Corporation of Oakland for the year ending April 30, 1895.

RECEIPTS.

Received on taxes, 1893		$ 117 51
" " " 1894		1,946 51
" " license		18 00
" " fines		3 00
" " scales		155 35
" " platforms		61 83
" " county levy		301 04
" " sale of lumber		49 27
Total		$2,655 70

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid Bailiff, salary	$ 300 00
" " commissions	146 53
" extra police	3 75
" work on streets	269 66
" Electric Light and Power drafts	897 11
" blacksmith's bill	5 75
" Justice costs	3 61
" costs in Hesen case	5 00
" " Martin case	24 00
" printing	45 50
" night watchman	114 50
" Davis & Son, hardware	18 74
" building bridge on Third Street	100 00
" coal, etc., for engine house	21 00
" fire gong for engine house	15 00
" police uniform	18 00
" transportation for tramps	2 95
" Mayor's salary	50 00
" Treasurer's salary	25 00
" Clerk's salary	50 00
" Councilmens' salary	74 00
" Attorney's salary	5 00
" election expenses	10 00
" Interest on draft to D. E. Offutt	30 00
" Interest and draft on engine	551 05
" draft and interest to Mrs. S. J. Dunham	61 32
" on old indebtedness	231 71
Total	$3,241 50
Excess of expenditures over receipts	$ 585 80

INDEBTEDNESS.

D. E. Offutt, due bill May 1st, 1895	$ 512 17
Expenditures over receipts	563 80
Draft, chemical engine, due Aug. 1, 1895	550 01
Bill due G. W. Demuwder	20 88
Total	$1,670 36

ASSETS.

Balance taxes for 1891-2	$ 68 55
Same, 1893	83 75
Same, 1894	449 41
Platform bills	98 26
Glades Hotel one-third cost of electric light on Railroad street	20 00
Total	$699 90
Net indebtedness after all collections are made	$ 970 40

G. M. MASON, Mayor.
Attest:
L. E. TOWNSHEND, Clerk.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

This is to notify the tax-payers of Garrett county that the Annual Levy for 1895 has been made and published, and to call their attention to the following abstract of Section 45, Chapter 590, Acts of 1896, relating to the discount to be allowed and interest to be charged on all tax bills:

"All county taxes shall be due and payable on the first day of September next succeeding the date of the levy thereof; and on all county taxes paid on or before the said 1st day of September a discount of 3 per cent. shall be allowed; and after the 1st day of January all taxes shall bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until paid; the Treasurer shall take the discount from and charge interest on all tax bills for county purposes regularly in the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same upon the receipt given for taxes so paid, but the discount allowed on county taxes by this section shall not be made to any person or corporate institution unless the whole amount of State and county taxes due by such person or corporte institution for the current year be paid when the same is made."

E. E. SOLLARS,
Treasurer of Garrett County.

CATHOLICS IN AMERICA.

Joseph Osfield Spends Sixty Minutes With the A. P. A.

The following article, under the above head appeared in *The Catholic American* of April 27, and was handed us by a prominent Catholic of Oakland with the request that it be given space in this journal. We publish it without comment.

"Joseph Osfield, Jr., Esq., delivered an address on "Civil and Religious Liberty, or Sixty Minutes with the A. P. A.," in Providence R. I. recently, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. The address was forcible and interesting throughout. Pointing out that the Church had always been assailed by enemies of truth and that the clergy and faithful had in every century suffered for conscience sake, Mr. Osfield referred to the settlement of Rhode Island and its constitutional guarantee of religious liberty. In the face of this fundamental principle, he said, an un-American organization has been formed to deprive citizens of the state of their inalienable privileges under the law. The designs of this organization and the form of initiation of members were shown, and in connection therewith the speaker proceeded to discuss the anti-Catholic and anti-Irish proscription movement that successively arose and disappeared during the past century. Even after the adoption of the American constitution said Mr. Osfield, several of the original states enacted anti-Catholic laws. Up to the year 1806, Catholics were prohibited from holding office in New York state, and in Massachusetts it was not until 1821 that Catholics disabilities were removed. In Virginia Catholics only obtained their religious liberty in 1830; and in North Carolina, up to 1836, no Catholic could vote or hold office, without first swearing to his belief in the truth of the Protestant religion. In New Jersey an odious clause excluding Catholics from holding office was not repealed until 1844, and it was only within a few years that Ney Hampshire removed a similar stain from its constitution.

"The spirit of bigotry has been handed down from one generation to another, cropping out from time to time in organizations under one name or another, being first known in this country under the name of the 'Nativists.'

"After the war of 1812, this Nativist party almost disappeared and was not heard of again until about 1843, when it reappeared in New York state, and from there spread into several of the other states, to such an extent that some of the governors and many members of Congress were elected by its influence.

"The new conspiracy. A. P. A.-ism was a treasonable organization, fostered by Orangemen, renegade Irish Protestants, a few apostate Catholics, and infidels, anarchists, religious fanatics and bigots of all nationalities—vandals and church burners who destroy peace and order by inviting a religious war.

"'Put none but Americans on guard,' we hear these bigots cry. Who I ask were on guard at the renowned battles of Charlestown and Fort Moultrie, the disastrous and bloody days of Long Island, Brandywine and Germantown, and during the glories of Trenton, Princeton and Monmouth? Who were on guard at Eutaw Springs, Stony Point, Valley Forge and Bunker Hill and saturated every battle field in the revolutionary war with blood? Catholics! Who carried the money to furnish shoes, clothing and food for Washington's troops in the field, and who pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honors to the cause of freedom when it was sadly needed? American history tells us it was the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick of Philadelphia an organization which the immortal Washington loved so well for their noble and generous deeds that he himself joined it and thereby became an Irishman by adoption.

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"Thus we find on every page of truthful American history unmistakable proofs that Catholic patriots were indentified in principle and sympathy with American freedom, and freely shed their blood upon every battlefield of the revolution for civil and religious liberty, and the Catholic names of the illustrious Carroll, Barry, Moylan, O'Brien, Lafayette, DeGrasse, Rochambeau, Pulaski and Kosciusko will go down in history honored and loved by all future generations, side by side with immortal Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Henry, Franklin and Hancock, as the true apostles of American regeneration freedom and happiness.

"It would seem that this glorious record of the Catholic soldiers of freedom in the revolutionary war ought to satisfy the most exacting and bigoted anti-Catholic in the land of the right of Catholics to have and enjoy civil and religious liberty: but if these A. P. A. conspirators desire more proof of Catholic loyalty to this country, I would refer them to the war of 1812, and the war with Mexico, where thousands of brave Catholic hearts ceased to beat, fighting to uphold the stars and stripes of America.

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TRUSTEES' SALE
—OF—
Real Estate
—IN—
Garrett County, Md.

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Saturday, June 8th,

1895, at 1 o'clock p. m., all the real estate in the proceedings mentioned, to wit:

All that real estate which was conveyed by George Bizer et al. to Frederick Mertens, Richard J. West and Albert L. Miller by deed dated June 21, 1871, and recorded among the Land Records of Garrett county in Liber W. H. T., No. 1, folio 135; the undivided one-third of which was conveyed by the said Richard J. West and wife to the said Frederick Mertens and Albert L. Miller by deed dated July 27, 1871, and recorded among said Land Records in Liber W. H. T., No. 1, follos 462, etc.

Said property comprises

822 ACRES,

more or less, and consists of a tract of land called

MUCH TO DO ABOUT NOTHING,
CONTAINING 612 ACRES,

more or less, described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a stone planted in a glade at the end of the second line of a tract of land surveyed for Lord Baltimore, called "Green Glade Manor," (said stone standing North 81 degrees East 22 perches, from a double pine, marked with nine notches each, and the letters W. C.), and running thence South 79 degrees East 5 perches to a stone, thence North 33 degrees East 100 perches, to a bounded pine, thence North 48 degrees West 70 perches to a stone, thence North 61 degrees East 180 perches to a bounded service and white oak, thence North 87 degrees West 577 perches to a bounded white oak, thence South 26½ degrees West 181 perches to a bounded pine, and thence with a straight line to the beginning.

And also another tract called

"ELK LICK,"
CONTAINING 210 ACRES,

more or less, described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at two bounded pines standing at the end of eighteen perches on the first line of Lot No. 1874, and running thence North 57 degrees West 18 perches, North 33 degrees East 73 perches to a bounded pine, South 57 degrees East 240 perches to the end of the first line of Lot No. 1858 (marked, Oct. 31, 1855, by a triple pine on the east side of the "Green Glade,") South 80 perches, West 100 perches, South 61 perches, West 160 perches, North 5 perches, North 55 degrees East 72 perches, to the end of the first line of the original Lot No. 1880, North 55 degrees West 195 perches, North 31 degrees East 11 perches, to the beginning of Lot No. 1878, and then by a straight line to the beginning.

Said land is well adapted for

Farming Purposes

but is unimproved

TERMS OF SALE:

As prescribed by the decree—One-half cash and the balance in one year; the deferred payment to bear interest from day of sale, and to be secured with security satisfactory to the trustees.

J. W. S. COCHRANE,
DAVID W. SLOAN,
Trustees.

(For further information apply to either of the Trustees at Cumberland, Md.) 9—4t

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.
LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.
Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26t*

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

GREAT VALUE FOR LITTLE MONEY. WEEKLY NEWS OF THE WORLD FOR A TRIFLE.

The New York Weekly Tribune,

a twenty-page journal, is the leading Republican family paper of the United States. It is a **National Family Paper** and gives all the general news of the United States. It gives the events of foreign lands in a nutshell. Its Agricultural department has no superior in the country. Its Market Reports are recognized authority. Separate departments for "The Family Circle," "Our Young Folks," and "Science and Mechanics." Its "Home and Society" columns command the admiration of wives and daughters. Its general political news, editorials and discussions are comprehensive, brilliant and exhaustive.

A SPECIAL CONTRACT enables us to offer this splendid journal and "THE REPUBLICAN" for

One Year for Only $1.75

CASH IN ADVANCE.

(The regular subscription for the two papers is $2.50.)

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Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to Geo. W. Best, Room 2, Tribune Building, New York City, and sample copy of The New York Weekly Tribune will be mailed to you.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT
C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,
PLANING MILLS,
AND DEALERS IN
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES, BRACKETS, Mouldings, Flooring, Lath, Shingles, Weatherboarding, Brick, Lime, Builders' Hardware, Etc.,
MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.
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DR. HENRY W. M'COMAS,
—PROPRIETOR OF—
OAKLAND PHARMACY,
OAKLAND, MD.
Pure Drugs,
Fancy Stationery,
Soaps and
Toilet Articles.
PRESCRIPTIONS
Carefully and Accurately Compounded
DAY OR NIGHT.
PRICES REASONABLE.
We invite a liberal share of your patronage.
JOS. E. HARNED, Manager.

Slate Roofing.

Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.

I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.

All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.

I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.

Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.
For prices apply to or address,
C. M. BEACHY,
47—1yr. Grantsville, Md

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President.
S. T. JONES, Cashier.
A General Banking business transacted. Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	9.41 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	7.21 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.58 A. M
No. 47	—Daily except Mon	11.23 A. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	6.27 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	9.55 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 2	—Daily	5.54 A. M
No. 8	—Daily	7.34 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 46	—Daily except Monday	4.58 P. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	6.17 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	9.25 P. M

CHAS. O. SCULL,
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F SCHROEDER, Agent.

PATENTS
Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.
OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,
C. A. SNOW & CO.
OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

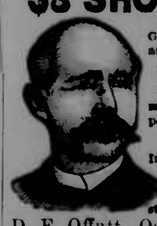

And other specialties for Gentlemen, Ladies, Boys and Misses are the
Best in the World.
See descriptive advertisement which appears in this paper.
Take no Substitute.
Insist on having W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES. with name and price stamped on bottom. Sold by D. E. Offutt, Oakland, and Wm. Ryland, Friendsville.

The Horticultural Supply Co.,
Growers of and dealers in fruit and ornamental stock especially adapted to the Alleghenys Mountains.
All the worthy old and promising new varieties.
Landscape gardening a specialty.
Address, MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

Prevention
better than cure. Tutt's Liver Pills will not only cure, but if taken in time will prevent
Sick Headache,
dyspepsia, biliousness, malaria, constipation, jaundice, torpid liver and kindred diseases.
TUTT'S Liver PILLS
ABSOLUTELY CURE.

Catarrh Is Common.

Few realize just how common It is. Very many people have Catarrh, or at least Catarrhal symptoms, who would laugh at the idea. It is an unpleasant disease—one of those which make others uncomfortable as well as the one who has it. The first symptoms are: A heavy feeling between the eyes, profuse and offensive mucous discharge from the nostrils, headache and foul breath.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

is recommended for both slight and aggravated cases. It will cure the worst case of CATARRH, and is good for a mere Cold—an inflamed condition of the nasal passages is the cause of both. It is also good for HAY FEVER. It is a sure cure. There is nothing marvelous about it. It is not an accidental, magical discovery, but a perfectly sensible, scientific preparation, intended to do just exactly the thing it does, and nothing else.

It costs 50 cents—druggists.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, MD.

FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY SKIN CURE Is the best thing for ECZEMA, TETTER, RING WORM, SALT RHEUM, ITCH, DANDRUFF, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES and ITCHING PILES. Designed to cure permanently, and does it. It's 50 cents, too.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

Annual Report of the Receipts and Disbursements of the Corporation of Oakland for the year ending April 30, 1895.

RECEIPTS.

Received on taxes, 1893		$ 117 51
" " " 1891		1,916 51
" " license		18 00
" " fines		55 00
" " sodas		155 75
" " platforms		61 83
" " county levy		301 00
" " sale of lumber		49 27
Total		$2,656 70

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid Bailiff, salary	$ 390 00
" " commissions	146 53
" extra police	3 75
" work on streets	264 66
" Electric Light and Power drafts	807 11
" blacksmith's bill	9 75
" Justice costs	3 00
" costs in Hesen case	7 60
" " Martin case	24 00
" printing	15 50
" night watchman	114 50
" Davis & Son, hardware	18 74
" building bridge on Third Street	199 00
" coal, etc., for engine house	21 00
" fire gong for engine house	15 00
" police uniform	18 00
" transportation for tramps	2 95
" Mayor's salary	50 00
" Treasurer's salary	25 00
" Clerk's salary	50 00
" Councilmens' salary	74 00
" Attorney's salary	5 00
" election expenses	10 00
" interest on draft to D. E. Offutt	30 00
" interest and draft on engine	551 05
" draft and interest to Mrs. S. J. Denham	61 32
" on old indebtedness	211 71
Total	$3,211 50
Excess of expenditures over receipts	$ 554 80

INDEBTEDNESS.

D. E. Offutt, due bill May 1st, 1895	$ 512 17
Expenditures over receipts	543 80
Draft, chemical engine, due Aug. 1, 1894	550 00
Bill due G. W. Delawder	20 33
Total	$1,670 30

ASSETS.

Balance taxes for 1891-2	$ 68 55
Same, 1893	83 75
Same, 1891	4.9 41
Platform bills	98 26
Glades Hotel one-third cost of electric light on Railroad street	20 00
Total	$690 90
Net indebtedness after all collections are made	$ 979 40

G. M. MASON, Mayor.
Attest: L. E. TOWNSHEND, Clerk.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

This is to notify the tax-payers of Garrett county that the Annual Levy for 1895 has been made and published, and to call their attention to the following abstract of Section 45, Chapter 590, Acts of 1890, relating to the discount to be allowed and interest to be charged on all tax bills:

"All county taxes shall be due and payable on the first day of September next succeeding the date of the levy thereof; and on all county taxes paid on or before the said 1st day of September a discount of 4 per cent. shall be allowed; and after the 1st day of January all taxes shall bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until paid; the Treasurer shall take the discount from and charge interest on all tax bills for county purposes regularly in the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same upon the receipt given for taxes so paid, but the discount allowed on county taxes by this section shall not be made to any person or corporate institution unless the whole amount of State and county taxes due by such person or corporate institution for the current year be paid when the same is made."

E. E. SOLLARS,
Treasurer of Garrett County.

CATHOLICS IN AMERICA.

Joseph Osfield Spends Sixty Minutes With the A. P. A.

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Saturday, June 8th,

1895, at 1 o'clock p. m., all the real estate in the proceedings mentioned, to wit:

All that real estate which was conveyed by George Bizer et al. to Frederick Mertens, Richard J. West and Albert L. Miller by deed dated June 21, 1875, and recorded among the Land Records of Garrett county in Liber W. H. T., No. 1, folio 135; the undivided one-third of which was conveyed by the said Richard J. West and wife to the said Frederick Mertens and Albert L. Miller by deed dated July 27, 1871, and recorded among said Land Records in Liber W. H. T., No. 1, folios 402, etc.

Said property comprises

822 ACRES,

more or less, and consists of a tract of land called

MUCH TO DO ABOUT NOTHING,
CONTAINING 612 ACRES,

more or less, described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a stone planted in a glade at the end of the second line of a tract of land surveyed for Lord Baltimore, called "Green Glade Manor," (said stone standing North 81 degrees East 22 perches, from a double pine, marked with nine notches each, and the letters W. C.), and running thence South 79 degrees East 5 perches to a stone, thence North 33 degrees East 100 perches, to a bounded pine, thence North 46 degrees West 70 perches to a stone, thence North 61 degrees East 180 perches to a bounded service and white oak, thence North 87 degrees West 577 perches to a bounded white oak, thence South 26½ degrees West 183 perches to a bounded pine, and thence with a straight line to the beginning.

And also another tract called

"ELK LICK,"
CONTAINING 210 ACRES,

more or less, described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at two bounded pines standing at the end of eighteen perches on the first line of Lot No. 1874, and running thence North 57 degrees East 210 perches to the end of the first line of Lot No. 1858 (marked, Oct. 31, 1855, by a triple pine on the east side of the "Green Glade,") South 80 perches, West 100 perches, South 61 perches, West 100 perches, North 5 perches, North 55 degrees East 72 perches, to the end of the first line of the original Lot No. 1880, North 55 degrees West 195 perches, North 34 degrees East 11 perches, to the beginning of Lot No. 1878, and then by a straight line to the beginning.

Said land is well adapted for

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.
The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	9.41 A. M.
No. 3	—Daily	7.39 A. M.
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.38 A. M.
No. 47	—Daily except Mon	11.23 A. M.
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	5.47 P. M.
No. 1	—Daily	9.33 P. M.

GOING EAST

No. 2	—Daily	5.54 A. M.
No. 8	—Daily	7.34 A. M.
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M.
No. 46	—Daily except Monday	4.38 P. M.
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	5.17 P. M.
No. 4	—Daily	9.25 P. M.

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THE STORY OF MARY.

SHE was pale and wrinkled and old. Seated beside an old hair trunk in the garret she was looking over her treasures. She handled them with the caressing tenderness which a mother gives to the belongings of a dead babe. Yet there were no infant's clothes or playthings in the heterogeneous collection scattered around her on the floor. Occasionally a look of surprise and curiosity mingled with the more gentle emotions depicted on her sensitive face. She glanced at the pages of an autograph album. The writers were mostly dead. She gazed pensively upon a light green tarlatan dress, made with puffings and plaitings, arranged in an obsolete style. She had once worn it to a ball and thought the color brought out in too vivid contrast the red of her cheeks. A pair of light kid gloves, somewhat soiled, were carefully folded in a linen handkerchief. The prospectus of the school she had attended came next to her notice. She cast her eye down the page where many names appeared corresponding to the signatures in the old album. Many of them were marked with stars, and at the bottom in her writing was another star and "deceased." She stared at her name as though unaccustomed to the sight, and turned a second time to that of her best friend of youthful days. Where was she now?

It was many years since she had heard a word from her. She had tried many times to gain some knowledge of her whereabouts through mutual acquaintances, but in vain. She longed for her, not as a young girl for her lover, but as one weary of life and its meaningless acquaintances longs for the one most congenial friend of happy youth.

Her attachment to this memory was unique, it was so firm. Often her dreams would drift through the pictures of years and shadow forth some scene from her girlhood, so true to life that the friend would seem to stand before her as she used to stand, with the same neat blue calico which fitted her graceful form to perfection; the fine yellow hair, like strands of sunshine, in one large plait ending in a ribbon-tied curl; the same peculiar, genial look, which mingled a smile with the glance of one kindred spirit acknowledging another.

"Why had she never written?" The little old woman had asked herself this question a sad number of times, and always with the bitter thought that she could have written if she wished.

With a sigh she turned to a package of letters—their narrow envelopes, with the address written on the diagonal, indicated a style of stationery in vogue many years ago. They were tied with silk which had become faded and frayed with age. She untied the knot and unwound the thread until the bundle fell apart. Selecting one of the envelopes mechanically, she withdrew the letter and read:

"MY OWN DARLING: Thanks for the tender little missive you so kindly sent me yesterday. The violets you inclosed, and which you gathered out by the west orchard fence, are in a cup of water on the table where I write. I sprinkled their drooping little heads in the hope that I might revive them, but though still drooping, their perfume fills the air.

"Darling, don't worry your little head any more over your friend's objections to our marriage. Of course I know that considering you have been such close friends since childhood, her opinion must be of great importance to you, and I would gladly do anything in my power to gain favor in her eyes. If only I could make you more happy. But she turns coldly from me when I attempt being pleasant to her. You must admit it is uphill business. The fact that she objects to my adopting literature as a profession, proves that her mind is not so refined as that of my little angel. So, pet, do not worry any more over what can't be helped—but go to work on those little frocks which you say are so positively necessary (I don't know why, for you always look dainty and stylish in what you have, and although a knight of the pen, I hope to furnish my little wife with everything suitable) and we will be married as soon as we can.

"I will come and see you to-morrow at seven, so be a little dear and meet 'yours devotedly' at the orchard gate. WILL."

Dejectedly she retied the letters and put the contents of the trunk back in their places and went wearily downstairs, her mind again taking up the old theme of why "she" didn't write. The thought was worn threadbare, but occassionally an incident, like a visit to the trunk, would recall it to her mind.

Sometimes when she felt rested and fresh, hope would lead her on through visions which mirrored the two friends seated cozily chatting by her own fireside, the delight in meeting so real that no explanation of the long silence was required. At such times she would go about her household tasks with a light step, the table would be set with the best linen and the gold band china, which had been her mother's, with a third plate for "anyone who might drop in." For she was convinced that her friend would come some time. She felt that the longing, which had not deserted her through forty years of a hard life, bitter at times from loneliness, presaged an event which must occur as a natural sequence.

But to-night she was tired. She had baked and churned, besides attending to her ordinary housework, and she was no longer strong. She was subject to severe pains in the back of her neck, and a feeling at her heart which often prostrated her. At such times she longed for the tender ministrations of a daughter, but fate had decreed that she should miss this pleasure.

She entered the kitchen, with its delicate odor, betokening exquisite cleanliness, and was building a fire for supper when a man entered the house. He appeared ten years younger than herself, although unkempt and shabby. His complexion was ruddy, and his beard, of about a week's growth, was of that peculiar bright blonde which nearly touches red. His forehead was broad and projected at the temples. Some might have called him handsome, but there was a weak expression about the mouth, coupled with a steely gleam from his blue eyes, that would make the thoughtful pause before trusting him.

"Supper not ready, Mary? Well! well! that's too bad. I have to go to town to-night to attend the Theosophical society. It's too bad you don't take any interest in intellectual pursuits. If you had, I might have had a different career; a man's wife can pull him down so if she isn't constituted to encourage him. All my life I have been struggling against odds. My father never gave me a start, as most fathers think it is their duty to do by a son. After I graduated he positively refused to do another thing for me. Then I married, which is the greatest misfortune that can cross the path of a genius. The saying that there is a tide in the affairs of all men, etc., is a mistake. But no more of that; you do not take as much interest in these things as you should. Have you read that 'Light on the Path' I gave you yesterday?"

Mary acknowledged that she had not, and silence reigned for some time.

"Can't you make some flapjacks for supper? I think I would like some with some maple sirup. With all your drawbacks, you are a good cook. I can say that much for you. It has been the rule of my life to give credit where credit is due, but all people are not so just to me."

Mary, or Mrs. Raymond, as most people called her, stopped a moment in her hasty preparations and surveyed him. She looked at him more from the standpoint of a stranger than she had in all the forty years of her married life.

"What are you staring at me for?" he asked querulously. "One would think you hadn't anything in the world to do but put in your time star-gazing."

His countenance changed and he added jocosely: "I'm the star—see! I think I can work that over for my 'Lounger' column in the Times. Have you got the butter packed for the grocery? And be sure you weigh it. Those Smiths are cheats and have to be watched pretty closely. I sometimes wish I was built more on the physical plane than the intellectual, and I could look after these matters myself. As it is I simply abhor all the details of trade."

Another silence followed, during which Mary carefully measured two spoonfuls of coffee and put them in the coffeepot with some crushed eggshells.

"Make my coffee good and strong, Mary, you know I shall have to make a long talk to-night. It wearies me, but they all depend so much upon my filling in the greater part of the time, that I cannot disappoint them. You had better pour out my cup first, and then weaken it down for you a bit. If you drink it strong it will probably keep you awake, and there's no use in your sitting up for me. A few of us fellows will probably adjourn to the club-room for a social game and glass. I enjoy those little convivial times. It's about the only recreation I get from my writing. It has always been my motto that 'it's better to wear out than to rust out.' If I hadn't always been kept in an underling position by those jealous of my literary talent, I would

"I CAN'T IMAGINE YOU MASQUERADING AS A LADY."

have a bank account with the best of them, and you, Mary, would be dressed in silk and diamonds. But, by Jove, that would mar the eternal fitness of things. I can't imagine your masquerading as a lady with your rough hands and dowdy taste in dress."

Half an hour later the door closed upon the retreating form of her husband, and Mary was left alone. She looked about her vaguely, then bowed her head on the table and wept. Not for what her husband had said—forty years of it had accustomed her to that. But her tears were wrung from her because she felt so lonely.

A carriage with a hired driver from the town drew up in front of the gate leading to the Raymond farmhouse. A lady got out, and walking under an umbrella held for her by the driver, picked her way up the grassy pathway. The raindrops beat heavily upon the pinks and moss roses which bordered the path. So latent was she in saving her dress and shoes from contact with the wet shrubs, that she did not notice the wisp of crape which hung dripping from the door handle. But the driver did and respectfully called her attention to it. She started—then drew back for a moment, then knocked lightly.

The door was slowly opened by a neighbor dressed in black, with a large gingham apron round her liberal waist.

"Excuse me, I fear I intrude—does Mrs. Raymond live here?" inquired the stranger.

"Well she do and she don't, ma'am—that is—she as was Mary Raymond is in the best room. Me and Miss Jones hev just finished layin' her out, pore thing. She had her cross to bear, and she bore it like a lamb." Her voice failed her and she buried her face in her apron.

The lady shifted her position uneasily, and applied a black-bordered handkerchief daintily to her eyes.

Just then Mr. Raymond came to the door. Martha, the neighbor, opened it and stood aside for him to enter. She did not speak and without looking at him she retired to the fireplace. The situation was awkward, but Will Raymond was not the man to feel it. He was dressed in his best suit of clothes, was clearly shaved and carried a pocket handkerchief conspicuously in his hand.

"Will you be seated, madam? This is indeed kind of you to come to the house of mourning."

The lady raised her veil and said: "Is it possible you don't remember me, Will Raymond?"

"Why—can it be Ruth Parker—and at such a time!" She did not look much like the slender girl he had known forty years ago, and his discernment did him credit. She was

RUTH GAZED SPEECHLESS.

a portly, well-preserved woman, with her blonde hair liberally touched with silver; her clothing fine and in the latest fashion. She looked out of place in the plain little room.

"Alas, Ruth, you find me in sorrow. My wife—the best of wives—has passed away. That is, she has left her own tenement and is awaiting in ethereal space reincarnation."

The lady looked at him in dumb surprise for a moment, then said politely: "I beg your pardon?" She waited for a moment, but he made no reply.

"I know how to sympathize with you in your terrible hour of affliction. I lost my husband some months ago. My only consolation is my children. I hope you have a like source of comfort."

"No, we have no children, and I am rather glad of it. I think Mary fretted over it, but if she had had them she would have worried over them, poor soul, it was her way. She never was able even with my example to get upon as high a plane of spirituality as I wished for her. She was always a slave to the details of life. I have attempted, and I may say with some success, to reach a condition where the purely physical has small sway. Why, when I came last night, or rather this morning, for I was engaged in literary labor up to an early hour, I found Mary with her head upon her arm leaning upon the kitchen table, dead. It staggered me for a moment, almost out of my senses. Then I called my philosophy to my aid. Death is as natural as life if you only look at it so."

He was glad for his own sake that Ruth took it as she did. He gave her credit for having a well-balanced mind. Some women would have burst out in sobs and tears. He lifted Mary's cat to his knee and tried to stroke it gently, but it sprang away from him and retreated outside the door.

Silence reigned for a time. Martha, who had stood like a statue during the conversation, now spoke. "Pore critter. I 'low there warn't one pusson in ten thousand as good as her. Never harmed a soul as I know. No, and not an enemy in the neighborhood. She was allus ailin', but never complainin'. And though she was took sudden, she's all right, for she allus was a follower of the Lord."

"Yes, Mary would cling to her old superstitions, although I tried my best to enlighten her. Brought her all the most advanced books to read, but she didn't seem to be able to shake off the shackles of her old faith. Well, it's unfortunate you came too late. Mary sometimes spoke of you. She wanted to see you. But come with me and we will see the remains. 'Tis but the husk, the spirit has flown."

Ruth glanced in the mirror in passing, fearing the few tears she had shed might have reddened her nose. At her age one can't weep as gracefully as at sixteen.

In the chamber of death all was serene and calm. The odorous breath of the violets cast a delicate perfume through the room. The dead woman lay with a peaceful smile upon her countenance. Kind hands had attired her in folds of sofest white. Her hair lay in soft curls beside her waxen forehead. A look of sweet surprise had taken the place of the marks of care. Such is the skill of the artist—Death.

As they gazed, the sun broke forth from its curtain of clouds and cast a ray across the dead woman's face, glorifying the expression and silvering the curls. Even the husband was struck with a feeling akin to awe. He tried to speak, but the words stuck in his throat. Ruth gazed speechless. Her own life, which had been a respectable chase after gold and fashion, looked cheap beside this one.—Clara B. Miller, in Good Housekeeping.

—The small waists of French women are believed by some scientists to be the result of heredity. Ages of tight lacing, they say, has produced a physical peculiarity in the nation.

AN ORIENTAL FUNERAL.

The Procession Lasted an Hour, and 800 Widows Were Absent.

Funeral pageants and the stately etiquette of European court mourning are entirely foreign to the spirit of Islam, but Cairo has long been accustomed to compromises which are lamented only by the strictest Mohammedans now remaining. No funeral, however, has hitherto been surrounded with so much pomp and circumstance. At an early hour in the morning the funeral procession, which must have numbered some ten thousand people, began to muster near the railway station, where Ismail's remains had been lying in state since their arrival from Alexandria, and the Egyptian and British troops lined the streets past Shepheard's and the Opera up the Boulevard Mehemet Ali to the Rifai mosque under the citadel. Along the whole route, a distance of nearly three miles, the pavement, windows, balconies and housetops were thronged with spectators, blending the bright colors of the east with the more somber raiment of the west. But, except for the few flags draped with crape and the shrill lamentations here and there of native women, it was difficult to realize that this chattering, laughing, indifferent crowd was gathered together to witness a pageant of death.

The procession itself, which defiled for almost an hour in one unbroken column, presented the same strange contrasts, the same curious jumble of eastern and western life. Its very composition reflected all the anomalies of modern Egypt. Behind detachments of mounted police and the Egyptian cavalry came the Sirdar and staff of the Egyptian army, unmistakably English in spite of their Egyptian uniforms. Immediately behind them walked readers of the Koran, reciting the sacred verses in a high nasal chant, deputations from the native guilds and corporations bearing flags and banners embroidered with sacred devices, descendants of the prophet in green turbans and flowing robes, mollahs and ulema in long kaftans, dervishes in tall felt caps, students from El-azhar—in fact, the militant and uncompromising Islam in all the old-world picturesqueness. Then, in sharp contrast to the medieval scholasticism of the great Mohammedan university, came hundreds of black-coated boys and youths from the modern schools and colleges, with their European masters. Behind them, again, in curious alternation, native and European notables, judges from the native and mixed tribunals, gold-laced pashas and beys, English government officials in plain Stambouline, the European commissioners of the national debt, appropriately conspicuous on such an occasion as the representatives of the body which can more directly than any other Egyptian institution trace its existence to the ex-khedive, the long-robed clergy of the different Christian denominations and rabbis of the Jewish community, red-coated officers of the British army of occupation, headed by Sir F. Forestier Walker, the diplomatic corps in full uniform, with Lord Cromer as its doyen, the ministers and English advisers for finance, justice and the interior, and with Ghazi Mukhtar, the imperial Ottoman commissioner, at his side, the khedive, followed by all the male members of his family. Behind the chief mourners and the household of the deceased khedive a double row of youths sprinkled perfumes and burned incense in front of the coffin. Covered with an embroidered pall, on which were displayed the uniform and decorations of the deceased, the mortal remains of Ismail were borne on the shoulders of twenty men from the khedivial body guard, hard pressed by a weird crowd of hired female mourners, who rent the air with their shrieks of woe. Another body of troops, with arms reversed, closed the strange pageant.

The ladies of the ex-khedive's harem, who, to the number of some eight hundred, have been holding funeral wakes for the last week at the Kasr-el-Nil palace, had expressed their intention of following barefooted the remains of their former lord and master, but orders from the palace ultimately forbade such a public manifestation of their grief.

Near the opera house the khedive, to whom walking is a serous physical effort, quitted the cortege to return straight to Abdeen—an example which many others followed—while the bulk of the procession wended its way slowly on, first to the mosque of Sultan Hassan, where the usual prayers were recited, and then to the Rifai mosque, an ambitious but unfinished pile, the construction of which was begun by the deceased khedive on his wonted scale of reckless magnificence, and was interrupted by the financial disasters of his reign. There, beside the tombs of his mother and two of his daughters, he was finally laid to rest in the mausoleum which he had designed for himself, but which will probably never be completed, for the foundations are already showing signs of subsidence—a moment perhaps not altogether inappropriate to the prince whose life, after a brief period of artificial splendor, ebbed drearily away amid the ruins of his shattered ambitions.—London Times.

Almost a Suicide.

Weiss, the opera singer, was a very handsome man, but so thin that he wore what on the stage is called a "shape"—a complete suit of padding from neck to ankles, worn next the skin. One night he was playing in an opera in which he wore flowing robes, and was able to dispense with it. In the course of the performance an appalling shriek astounded the players, and a coryphee rushed into the greenroom with the information that the basso had hanged himself. She had peeped into his dressing-room and seen the "shape" behind the door.—Life and Adventures, G. Augustus Sala.

—They Go Together.—"They say that Jones has added bicycles to his boot and shoe business." "That man wants the earth." "Naturally, if he sells bicycles."—Detroit Free Press.

IS YOUR BLOOD PURE?

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The human body is fertile soil for disease germs, but the man whose blood is pure has nothing to fear, because pure, rich blood will keep all the functions of the system in perfect working order. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood, and in this way is a defense against disease.

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"When I was 18 a bad fever sore came on my right leg. After a time it healed, but 21 years later, last winter, it broke out again terribly sore, and many said it would never heal up. My son read so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla he urged me to try it. I did so, and to my great joy in a short time the sores ceased to discharge, and shortly after began to heal. After taking five bottles the poison was eradicated and the sore entirely healed. I now feel as well as ever and enjoy renewed strength and vigor." FRANK O. PIERCE, South Londonderry, Vt.

Running Sores.

"I have been troubled with running sores on my hip for years. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla in September, and have not been troubled with running sores since January. I never felt better in my life. I weighed 96 pounds when I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and I now weigh 132 pounds." HOWARD DARBY, Salineville, Ohio.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's do not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye to-day.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

—English Toast: A pretty way of serving eggs for tea is to cut bread into square pieces and toast. Take eggs out of the shell, keeping the yolks whole. Beat the whites to a stiff froth; lay the beaten white around nicely on the toast, drop yolks in center of white ring, salt and put in hot oven to bake a few minutes. When taken out of the oven pour a little melted butter over the toast.—Prairie Farmer.

—Date Meringue: Is a delicate dessert, and may be quickly made in a case of unexpected company, if one has at hand the sine qua non. Beat the whites of five eggs to a stiff froth, add three tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one-half pound of dates, stoned and cut up fine. Bake fifteen minutes in a moderate oven. Serve, as soon as cool, with thick, sweet cream, or a custard made with the yolks.—Good Housekeeping.

—Some one asserted that the best cup of tea she ever drank was made at Carlsbad, and that the superior flavor used in making it. Whereupon some one else produced as good tea by adding a pinch of baking soda to the water used in making it. Whereupon some one else produced as good tea by adding a pinch of baking soda to the water ordinarily used, in order to soften it. The experiment is one easily made, though fine tea water that has just reached the boiling point, and an infusion of from three to five minutes, produces a result that leaves little more to be desired.

—Carpets and Oilcloth: Beat a carpet on the wrong side first, and then more gently on the right side. Beware of using sticks with sharp points lest they tear the carpets. A stair carpet should never be swept down with a long broom, but always with a short-handled brush, and a dust pan held closely under each step of the stairs. Oilcloth should never be scrubbed with a brush, but after being swept it should be cleansed by washing with a large soft cloth and lukewarm or cold water. On no account use soap or hot water, as either will spoil it.—Leed's Mercury.

—Crecy, or Carrot Soup: Take five or six large red carrots, wash and scrape them well, shave off in thin slices the outer part, leaing the yellow center. Then peel and slice a large onion and a small piece of turnip. Put them in a stew pan with a heaping tablespoonful of butter, a few sprigs of parsley and two bay leaves. Fry the whole a light yellow color, then add the carrot with a pint of water, and let them stew till perfectly tender. Rub the carrot through a squash strainer. Add a quart of stock and heat again. Add a teaspoonful each of sugar and salt, and pepper to taste, and when hot serve immediately with croutons.—Boston Budget.

DAINTY SUMMER PILLOWS.

On Which Hot and Tired Heads Will Like to Rest.

The first real hint of summer furnishing is to be seen in sweet, most fascinating pillows, all snowy, dainty white. The materials are varied, some being made from Anatolian curtains, some from less expensive cotton stuffs, but in all the frill shows to rare advantage and make a really ideal finish.

So far the display is confined to oriental cloths, and includes only such and similar materials to those mentioned above, but there is no reason why the same idea might not be carried out in a hundred ways.

These new pillows and cushions are made slip fashion, with buttons and button-holes at one end, and can be removed and laundered with perfect ease. The striped Anatolian curtains show, some of them, no color, some a hair-line of yellow, but all are finished with a netted fringe. This fringed edge becomes the frill of the pillow, and is a perfect finish. Their cost is by no means excessive when one considers the wearing as well as the aesthetic value, although it may be computed at six dollars or thereabouts, but the crepe is far cheaper and really almost as effective, when made amply and with a fine frill.

Ordinary cotton crepon at fifteen cents a yard can be and has been treated in a like manner and developed into slips as charming as need be. In fact, both the upholsterers' stock and the materials sold for milady's gowns offer a host of opportunities. All that is needed is a wary, watchful eye and independence enough to turn any suitable material to a new use

Stub Ends of Thought.

Time may be money, but eternity is not.

Some charitable people are almost objects of charity themselves.

Good advice is liable to spoil for want of use.

The misanthrope is the result of too much or too little human association.

The good is always beautiful, but the beautiful is not always good.

There is such a thing as useful truthfulness.

Genius never plods.

Many love and marry; fewer marry and love.—Detroit Free Press.

The Last Resource.

Editor—Neither gift schemes, guessing matches, nor eight-color chromos will boom the circulation. There is but one thing to try now; and, if that fails, it is all up with us.

Foreman—What is it?

Editor (impressively)—We must get the paper boycotted!—Puck.

The Other Kind.

Bouncing Lawyer—Then you are prepared to swear that the parties came to high words?

Coster Witness—Nay. I dinna say that. I should say they was particularly low words.—Sheffield News.

WHEN a man has more money than he knows what to do with, he proceeds to find out what he does not know.—Puck.

THE passions are like fire, useful in a thousand ways and dangerous only in one, through their excess.—Bovee.

THE average impressionist is not as bad as the pictures he's painted.—Puck.

HANGING and wiving go by destiny.—Shakespeare.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4. $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMEN'S. EXTRA FINE.
$2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES.
$3. $2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the **W. L. Douglas $3 & $4 Shoes**

All our shoes are equally satisfactory.
They give the best value for the money.
They equal custom shoes in style and fit.
Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed.
The prices are uniform,—stamped on sole.
From $1 to $3 saved over other makes.
If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

TO HIM WHO WAITS.

To him who waits, amid the world's applause,
His share of justice, tolling day by day,
All things will come now dim and far away,
To him who waits.

To him who waits beyond the darkness drear,
The morning cometh with refulgent light,
Bringing assurance of a day more bright,
To him who waits.

To him who waits, though tears may often fall,
And knees be bowed in sorrow and in prayer,
All grief will end and everything be fair
To him who waits.

To him who waits and reaches out his hands
To aid a toiler up life's beetling crags,
Surcease will come from every ill that flags
To him who waits.

To him who waits and struggles not in vain
To overcome the evils that abound
Within his breast, sweet will the victory sound
To him who waits

To him who waits there comes a wily throng,
Who sneer and scoff and look with baleful eyes,
But what of them, they are but gnats and flies,
To him who waits.

To him who waits there must be recompense
For useful work, whatever may betide,
A compensation reaching far and wide,
To him who waits.

To him who waits, the stars are always friends,
The restless ocean and the azure sky,
All things in nature speak and prophesy,
To him who waits.

To him who waits true love will some day come,
And lay an offering at his blameless shrine,
Life will be love, and love will be divine,
To him who waits.

To him who waits the world will some day cheer
And sing his praise; fame's mysterious gate
Will open for him: Heaven seems more near,
To him who waits.

—Moses G. Shirley, in Boston Globe.

A WESTERN WEDDING.

Colorado Charlie and Sophia Blossom Made Man and Wife.

A Social Event in a New Mexican Town—One Break in the Ceremony—One Shot from the Usher Silenced the Interruption.

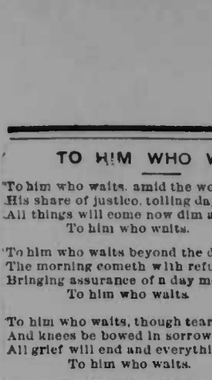

I WENT into the little New Mexican village just as dusk was deepening into night. As the stage with its jaded team rolled into the outskirts of the place I at once noticed something unusual was going on. Cowboys got-ten up in their fanciest togs rode by us on gayly caparisoned broachos, galloping gayly to the merry jingling of the huge spurs on their riders' heels. Men and women on foot, evidently of the "society" element of the town, walked alongside the road, all going in the same direction.

Presently we passed the little adobe church, which was brilliantly lighted, and, as I could see through the small windows, profusely, if not artistically, decorated with evergreens and clean white cloth inside.

"What's up?" I ventured to ask the driver, who had not spoken a word for the last twenty-seven miles.

"Weddin'," he replied, laconically, and gave the horses a vicious cut with the whip which started them into a trot.

I said no more and in a few moments we drew up at the door of the "hotel," another low, rambling adobe, whose front rose squarely up from the street.

The landlord was at the door, and welcomed me with a grunted "good evening, sir." I went into the house and, laying aside my wraps and seeing my grip safely set behind the little office counter and cigar stand, was led by a frowsy lad of ten to the rear of the house, where I found water, soap and towel. After washing the inevitable desert grit out of my eyes, ears and nostrils and from my face and hands, I walked out to supper, which was announced at that juncture.

The meal was clean and well prepared by the landlord's own wife, who did her own cooking, and I was in the proper condition to enjoy it, which I proceeded to do.

"You are goin' to the weddin', I s'pose," remarked my hostess as she poured my second cup of coffee.

"I don't know," I said, "who is to be married?"

"Colorado Charlie's the man and Sophy Blossom, a Texas gal, is the woman," she said. "They're the

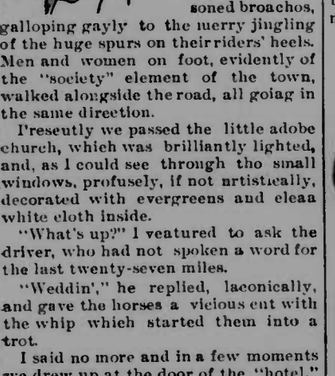

THE GROOM AND ATTENDANT PULLED THEIR SIX-SHOOTERS.

spryest couple in this part o' New Mexico, an' everybody knows 'em. He's killed two men an' a sheriff an' come clear afore a jury 'cause they knowed 'im, and she's run off with 'im an' the new preacher is to splice 'em."

"They must be an interesting couple," I remarked. "I think I shall go."

Having finished supper I walked into the front room, paid fifteen cents for a five-cent cigar, lit it and strolled up the street. When I reached the church it was filled with cowboys, Mexicans, fine people and coarse people, large and small, all busy talking and guying each other, smoking and waiting for "the fun to begin."

Presently there was a sound of horses' feet at the door, a half a minute of silence, then two big burly fellows in Mexican sombreros, whom I afterwards learned were the ushers, elbowed their way in by main force, cleared a passage from the door to the altar, behind which the dapper young preacher, who had entered from the rear, took his place. The groom could be seen peeping in at the back door anxiously.

Every head was turned toward the front door as the tramp of the bridal party was heard entering. First came the ushers, who had returned to the door after clearing the aisle. The spurs rattled on the rough floor as the stalwart fellows stalked in stately manner through the room, and after they were past my station I noticed the big bump under the coat of each, made by the indispensable six-shooter. Then came the groom's attendants, big fine-looking fellows with long hair and fierce moustaches, waxed for the occasion. But one of these wore his spurs. The other was without them, but made up the difference with a "laundered" shirt and standing collar. Both carried "guns" of regulation size.

The bridesmaids followed, each chewing her gum vigorously and looking her sweetest, one in pink and the other in white, with bouquets of wild flowers in their hands. The bride followed alone, looking really superb—her complexion fair, her hair thick, long and brown, dark, fiery eyes and small, firm mouth. She walked with the stately confidence of a western woman, born and raised in an atmosphere of independence, where everyone looks out for himself or herself, as the case may be.

The groom meanwhile entered and met the bride at the altar, where he saluted her with a kiss, vigorously applied to her lips.

"Colorado Charlie" was not so large a man as either of his attendants, but was a muscular and firm knit fellow, with a cool gray eye, cold, thin lips, and jet black short hair. He was not a vicious-looking man, but certainly impressed the beholder as a lion in disguise for courage and resolution. There was withal something about him to compel admiration.

The minister, who was shaking from head to foot, commanded the contracting parties to join hands, which they did.

Turning to the audience he said: "If there be any present who would forbid that this man and woman be joined in holy matrimony, let him now speak, or forever after hold his peace."

The groom and attendants pulled their six-shooters.

The minister almost fainted. The bride looked at him curiously for a moment, then burst into a hearty laugh.

"The tenderfoot's skeered," she said.

AT THIS MOMENT THERE WAS A FLASH.

"For God's sake, gentlemen, put up your weapons," he pleaded.

"Oh, it's all right," said the groom, assuringly. "We just wanted to get a glimpse of the galoot that was goin' to forbid this perseedin' to perseed."

"You bet we did, parson," remarked the principal attendant, who stood beside him.

"Sophia Blossom," began the minister, solemnly, "do you take this man whom you hold by the hand to be your lawfully wedded hu—"

"Ee-yaw, yaw-yaw!" broke in the voice of the omnipresent burro, as he put his head in at a broken window and failed to reach the dried grasses on the hat of a woman sitting inside and unconscious of his presence. The woman started at the warm breath on the back of her neck and another woman in the next row turned and leaned back to see "what was the row." At this moment there was a flash, a roar like a cannon, a shower of feathers in the air, suddenly silence and the burro sank back out of the window a carcass. The feathers came from the dried jaybird on the hat of the woman in the front seat, who came in range just as the usher pulled the trigger.

After a little good-natured "joshing" about the good shot and the accident to the hat, for which the groom promised to pay, the ceremony went on without further accident or incident worthy of mention to its completion, the crowd gathered round the happy pair and wished them the usual long life, happiness and prosperity, and the people dispersed.

"Colorado Charlie" and his bride came to the hotel to spend the night before going to his ranch, a thirty-five mile horseback ride away, and I was fortunate enough to receive an introduction and became pretty well acquainted with both, and was agreeably surprised to find how much real refinement is sometimes hidden under the rough and unconventional exterior of the cowboy of the plains and the woman who shares his rough lot with him.—Chicago Journal.

—Moore was a close student of oriental books of travel. He was thus enabled to imitate so closely the style of eastern thought and to so adapt himself to the peculiarities of eastern imagery that his oriental tales read as though written by a Persian or Hindoo. Even during his own lifetime lines of "Lallah Rookh" were sung by the common people in the cities of Persia and India.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

ROLLS IN GOLD.

MEN starve as they toil in the black coal-mines,
Girls freeze as they stitch in the cold;
But in every land where the moonlight shines,
The rumseller rolls in gold.

The laborer loboreth all his youth
For the poorhouse when he is old.
And many the farmer's toils and fears:
But the rumseller rolls in gold.

Jack drinks his wages and staggers away
To his wife, the story is old.
You may read the police reports next day,—
While the rumseller rolls in gold.

In a coffin of pine lies the drunkard, dead,
Under the pauper mold.
And his orphans beg their daily bread,—
While the rumseller rolls in gold.
—Mary Kyle Dallas, in Demorest's Monthly.

DRINK TEMPTATIONS.

Wherein Lies the Stronghold of Intemperance and How It Should Be Dealt With.

Nine-tenths of all the articles written or speeches made on the temperance question deal mainly with the saloons and the drink traffic. That traffic is fed and sustained by the drinking usages, and a very large amount of intemperance begins outside of the dramshop. The habit of using intoxicants is formed, for the most part, not in the accursed saloons, but at home or in social gatherings or in clubs or at the restaurants or elsewhere. The saddest fact of all is that this fatal habit is so often the direct result of temptations that are either carelessly or wantonly presented. The tempter does not intend to ruin his or her friend when the intoxicant is offered;

"But evil is wrought by want of thought
As well as by want of heart."

For example, the hospitable master and mistress of a house invite an evening company, and spread their table with a lavish provision of meats and drinks. On that table the lady of the house, at the dictation of a sinful fashion, places several choice brands of wine, and on a sideboard stands a bowl of inviting punch. In that company is a young man who is tempted to take his first glass, which, unhappily, does not prove to be his last glass. Among the guests is also a husband, who has promised the wife of his early love that he will never again yield to his awful appetite and turn their home into a hell. That punch bowl is too much for him; he drinks, and goes reeling home with his shame stricken wife to awake next morning in the agonies of remorse. According to the good old Jewish law, "if a fire breaks out, and catches in thorns, so that stacks of corn are consumed, he that *kindled the fire* shall surely make restitution." Who kindled the fire in that mansion where a false hospitality put the bottle to a neighbor's lips? The master and the mistress of the mansion; and a poor "restitution" can they make for a ruined home and broken hearts! This is no fancy sketch. Some time ago a prominent Christian gentleman in this city gave an elegant entertainment and provided no intoxicants. At the close of the evening a lady came to him, and with tears of gratitude thanked him for one of the happiest evenings of her life. She said: "This is one of the few houses to which I *dare* to bring my husband; here he is *safe from temptation*." In some other house that poor wife had found that very respectable people could be very dangerous incendiaries.

It is time that all people who claim to have a Christian conscience faced that declaration of God's Book that "it is good neither to drink wine or anything whereby thy *brother stumbleth*." This means that no one has a moral right to do anything the influence of which may work mischief to his neighbor. I have a legal right to attend a theater and witness a salacious play; but I have no moral right to go, not merely because I may soil my own soul, but because I am giving my money and the sanction of my presence to what is a slaughterhouse of all purity. On the same principle—not merely of self-preservation, but of its influence on other people—I have right, as a Christian, to abet the drinking usages. If a glass of wine on my table will entrap some one into an evil habit, then am I thoughtlessly setting a trap for his life. I am his tempter. I give the drink customs my sanction, and to him the direct inducement to partake of that glass, in which the servant may be called.

In discussing the temptations to drinking we must not confine it to the venders of intoxicants in bar-rooms and saloons (who deal out death by the dram. The custom of "treating" is fraught with enormous evils. It is said to be increasingly prevalent among business men who wish to win customers, or to compliment a customer after a bargain. All this is playing with fire. I once labored hard to reform an inebriate in my congregation. After several relapses he became perfectly sober, and gave good hope of permanent reform. His wife said to me: "If my husband falls again, it will kill me!" For months all went well, and the dark home became filled with sunshine. One day the reformed man met a business friend who invited him to go and lunch with him. Liquor was furnished, and the entertainer pressed the reformed inebriate to "take a glass with him." The unhappy man swallowed one glass, and it unchained the demon in a moment! The old habit came back with redoubled power, and the poor slave of the bottle never got upon his feet again. Who was the greater sinner in that wretched transaction?

Human lives turn on the pivot of single acts, which may not at the time seem important.

I have in my possession a most pathetic letter written by a gentleman of good education—in an almshouse. He wrote to me: "All the misery of my wretched life was caused by the first 'sherry cobbler' that I ever drank; it was at the solicitation of a Mr. K., at a hotel in Columbus, O.; and I drank it under protest. I am the embodiment of the fatal fruits of that one drink." On the summit of a hill in that same state of Ohio is a courthouse so singularly situated that the raindrops that fall on one side of the roof descend into Lake Erie; those which trickle down on the other side pass into the Ohio, the Mississippi and the gulf of Mexico. A faint breath of wind determines the destiny of these raindrops for three thousand miles! So a single act determines often a human destiny for this world and the next. The writer of that pathetic letter had such an experience. A young man who had partially reformed from habits of dissipation was offered a glass of wine by an affectionate but thoughtless sister; in yielding he rekindled a thirst which swept him back into drunkenness. The hand that ought to have sustained him laid him low.

Social drinking customs are on the increase in our country. The decanter is stealing back again on to the dinner tables of people from whom we should expect better things. Intoxicants are more frequently offered at weddings and in social gatherings. Club life is becoming more popular, and there are very few clubs that are under restrictions of total abstinence. Betting and bottles are the two concomitants of the football matches and rowing matches which attract thousands of our college students. We need a tremendous arousing of consciences all over this land to the growing havoc of the drink usages; the saloon keepers are not the only sinners; the parents who offer temptations to their own children and to their guests may be as guilty as they before God. "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him and maketh him drunken!" Let that thunder over the land!—Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D., in N. Y. Independent.

WHERE WE SHOULD STAND.

Gladstone's View of the Curse of Drunkenness and of Individual Responsibility in Dealing with It.

Let us all carry with us, deeply stamped upon our hearts and minds, a sense of shame for the great plague of drunkenness which goes through the land, sapping and undermining character, breaking up the peace of families, oftentimes choosing for its victims, not the men and the women originally the worse, but persons of strong social susceptibility and open in special respects to temptation. This great plague and curse, gentlemen, let us remember, is a national curse, calamity and scandal. * * * I wish we could all of us take it into our minds (for surely there is hardly one amongst us who has not seen in individual cases the pestilent result to which this habit unfortunately leads) that we should all carry with us individually a deep and adequate sense of the mischief, and an earnest intention to do what within us lies, each man within his sphere, for the purpose of mitigating and removing it.—From an Address, in Liverpool.

Old Rags and Whisky.

An item is going the rounds of the press to the effect that whisky is now manufactured out of old rags. We see nothing remarkable about this. Every one knows that nearly all the old rags now in this country are manufactured out of whisky, and there is no apparent reason why the process of conversion may not work as well one way as another; from whisky to rags, and from rags to whisky. What a beautiful business it is!

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

THE saloon posing as the laboring man's friend is his worst enemy.

THE moderate drinker is helping to gravel the road that leads to the pit.—Ram's Horn.

IF a man could only look at himself with a sober eye when he is drunk, he would never drink again.

THE legislature of California passed a bill prohibiting the sale of liquor within two and a half miles of any soldiers' home.

IN Arkansas if a physician is proved to be an habitual drunkard, the state board of health is empowered to revoke his license.

GEN. NEAL DOW was the recipient of many telegrams and letters of congratulation on his ninety-first birthday, March 20.

THE brewers of Toledo have issued a letter to the "Trade" urging them to try and centralize the active efforts of the Anti-Saloon league of Ohio.

IN New Zealand a person convicted of being an habitual drunkard is photographed and every saloon-keeper supplied with a copy.

THE New York Sun says that six thousand of the seven thousand saloons in New York are controled directly or indirectly by one of the great liquor monopolies, and the saloon keeper is practically subject to the demands of these monopolies.

DUTCH CIGAR SHARPERS.

A Queer Sort of Roping-In That Is Practiced in Rotterdam.

"Americans are apt to think that they belong to the only enterprising nation in the world," said a New Yorker lately returned from Europe, "but I had a little experience in Holland recently, which showed me that business is business all the world over. I was walking through one of the principal squares of Rotterdam smoking a cigar when I was approached by a well-dressed, middle-aged man who had an unlighted cigar in his hand. He stopped me, and in good English asked me for a light. I gave him a light and was about passing on when he said: 'I see that you are smoking a Dutch cigar. Would you mind telling me where you bought it, and what you paid for it?' Though somewhat surprised at the request, I told him I had bought it in a large shop in Hoog Straat, and that I had paid ten cents (about three cents American money) for it. 'The reason I asked,' he said, 'is that they do not deal honestly with foreigners here. You should have got a better cigar for that money. If you wish I can show you the place where I get my cigars, and where you can get twice as good a cigar for the same price as the one you are smoking.' As I had intended to lay in a supply of cigars for a few days at least, and as I had nothing else to do, I agreed to go with him.

"He led the way through quaint and crooked streets and many canals to a tiny tobacco shop in a narrow out-of-the-way street. We entered the shop, and my new-found friend had a brief conversation in Dutch with the woman behind the counter, which resulted in the production of a box of cigars from a shelf near by. Taking my cigar gently out of my hand my mentor sniffed at it, and then with a sudden gesture of disgust threw it out of doors. He then took a cigar from the box and offered it to me to try, saying that it would not cost me anything. While I was smoking this in a tentative way he had another conversation in Dutch with the shopkeeper, and then having apparently arrived at some compromise he told me with a glad light in his eyes that she had agreed to let me have the whole box of fifty for four guilders (about $1.60) and seemed very much pained when I told him I did not care for so many, as I had to pass the English custom house in a day or two. I finally bought half the box and departed.

"That afternoon I was standing in front of the statue of Erasmus, smoking one of my newly acquired cigars, when I was approached by a respectable-looking man who had an unlighted cigar in his hand, and who politely asked me for a light. When he got his light, he asked me where I had bought my cigar and what I had paid for it. It dawned upon me then that in this country of the slow Dutch I had run up against a form of enterprise that would do credit to Baxter street in our own good town of New York, and the humor of the situation so overcame me that I laughed then and there. To the man with the cigar I explained, to his evident disgust, how I had been already taken in, and he went away after remarking that I should have got a better cigar for the money I paid. During my stay in Rotterdam I was tackled several times by these ropers-in, and hugely enjoyed telling them of the manner in which I bought my cigars; but I always made a point of letting them light their cigars first. They all seemed to have a poor opinion of the cigars I had bought."—N. Y. Sun.

PUSSY IN A PASSION.

She Has Her Revenge by Tearing the Night-Shirt of a Tease.

Blossom is a big gray cat. She has been in the family for seven years, and her mistress thinks she was fully ten when she came uninvited and took possession. Her charms made her welcome, and visitors, as a rule, pet her to her heart's satisfaction. Still she shows her loyalty to her mistress by many feline felicities. One day a young man came for a short visit. He was an inveterate tease. As there was no one else for a victim, he took Blossom in hand, in spite of pleadings and protestations. Her ears were greeted with the strange terms: "Old Rascal," "Scapegrace," "Tramp," and a hundred names, till the astonished cat did not know what had come to her. Her pretty ways disappeared, she fled from his approach and hid whenever she could till he was out of the house. One morning she was missing for some hours, and was not to be found in any of her hiding places. A loud cry from the chambermaid revealed her whereabouts. Blossom had revenged herself on the visitor's nightshirt, which lay in tatters on the floor! Pussy was scolded and every one was cautioned to keep the door shut. In vain! The cat would find her way in and hide till the chambermaid was through for the day, and then the claws went to work, first on the visitor's own clothes if any could be found and then on the pillow cases. The young man tried to soothe her feelings, but she would have none of him, and he was glad to cut short his visit. Blossom quickly recovered her usual demeanor and has never been known to destroy anything from that day to this.—Boston Transcript.

Pidgin English.

The phrase "pidgin English" means "business English," the word "pidgin" being the Chinaman's pronunciation of "business." It is the jargon by means of which nine-tenths of the business between Chinese and foreigners is transacted. Here is an example of it, taken from Chester Holcombe's recent work on China: A young man who called upon two young ladies was gravely informed by the Chinese servant who opened the door that "two piecey girls no can see. Number one piecey top side makee washee, washee. Number two piecey go outside, makee walkee, walkee." By which he meant to say that the elder of the two was taking a bath upstairs, and the younger one had gone out.—Youth's Companion.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Strawber—"Was your father willing to help you out?" Singerly—"That's the way he acted."—Brooklyn Life.

—"Whoi, Pat, ye've had yer hair cut." "Shure, now, an' who told you that? An' I intendin' to surprise ye, too."—Tit-Bits.

—"Well," said young Sportington, "I fooled the bookmakers to-day." "How?" "Spent all my money before the races started."—Washington Star.

—Wife—"Mrs. Aller has gone abroad to be treated by a Parisian physician." Husband—"So? She always had a predilection for French heels."—Boston Transcript.

—Gussy—"Why do you so persistently wear the hair of another woman on your head?" Beatrice—"For the same reason that you wear the skin of another calf on your feet."—The Great Divide.

—Rev. Dr. Primly—"I was sorry to see you come late to church yesterday." Miss Flutter—"But you'll forgive me, doctor. You know a new bonnet can only be worn once for the first time."—Brooklyn Life.

—Johnny Smart—"There's a big difference between my teacher and a streak of lightning." Mrs. Smart—"How so, son?" Johnny Smart—"He strikes several times in the same place."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

—"There are Tricks."—Visitor—"Are all these ladies waiting for change?" Merchant Prince—"Oh, dear, no! They are connected with the house. They stimulate trade by struggling with customers who try to approach the bargain counter."—Puck.

—Nell—"Do you know, I was all alone in the conservatory for ten minutes with that fascinating Charlie Fullerton last evening, and I was so afraid." Belle—"So afraid of what? Afraid he was going to propose to you?" Nell—"No; afraid he wasn't."—Somerville Journal.

—"All the symptoms, doctor, you say, of hay fever? But how," asked an Indian army chaplain of pronounced ecclesiastical views, when returning to England on long leave, "can one possibly get hay fever in mid-ocean?" "I don't know," replied the doctor. "But we have several grass widows on board, and you have been a great deal in their society."—London World.

—Mrs. Meekton was standing on the front doorstep when her husband came home. "Henry," she said, in a loud tone, "here's your income-tax blank. You'd better fill it out right away!" "Great Scott, Maria!" he exclaimed, "what do I want with an income-tax blank?" "Don't talk so loud," was the admonition, in a subdued but stern key; "it's a summons to serve on the jury. The next-door neighbors on both sides of us have been sitting behind the closed window blinds waiting for you to come home so they could find out what the officer was here for."—Washington Star.

WHO IS SECURE?

Two Little Stories Which Point a Very Pretty Moral.

Several years ago two strangers, well-dressed young men, entered a church in a small town in New England and seated themselves in an empty pew. Presently an elderly woman, the owner of the pew, came to the door and motioned to them to come out until she should pass to the farther end. They were offended at her discourteous manner and marched angrily out of the church, refusing to listen to any invitation to return.

A few years afterward the queen of Sweden, being an invalid, visited the city of Heidelberg, in Germany, for medical treatment. While there she went each Sunday to a modest little church, occupying the back seat in order to escape notice.

One day a scholarly-looking man, plainly dressed, came into the church and took a seat near the pulpit. A few moments later a haughty German lady swept up to the pew, and, seeing a stranger in it, ordered him by an imperious gesture to leave it.

The stranger quickly obeyed, and going into one of the seats reserved for the poor, joined devoutly in the services. After they were over the lady's friends gathered around her, and demanded whether she knew who it was that she had treated so rudely.

"No; some pushing stranger," she replied.

"It was King Oscar of Sweden," was the answer. "He is here visiting the queen."

Her mortification may be imagined.

A correspondent who was an eye-witness of both of these scenes sends the story to us, and asks: "Which played the more manly part, the two vain young men or King Oscar?"

The answer is obvious.

Yet if the young men had been kings they, too, would probably have received with indifference the insult of a foolish woman. Nothing lifts us above scorn and contumely so much as the sense of security in our own position in the world. But who is secure? King Oscar, perhaps, would resent an insult from a greater monarch.

Only the man who understands that all kings and all slaves are but the children of one Father will not be troubled at unkindness or contempt from his more foolish brothers.—Youth's Companion.

Didn't Like the Anthem.

Fifty years ago the Presbyterians of Scotland insisted that the service of praise should be expressed by singing to plain, simple tunes the Psalms of David in "Rouse's Version" or in "metre." This custom, which many regarded as a precept of worship, explains the following anecdote: An old Scotch lady who had no relish for modern church music was expressing her dislike to the singing of an anthem in her own church one day, when a neighbor said: "Why, that is a very old anthem! David sang that anthem to Saul." To this the old lady replied: "Weel, weel; I noo for the first time understan' why Saul threw his javelin at David when the lad sang for him."—Youth's Companion

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, May 6, 1895

About the coolest thing of the season, and it has been a cold spring, is the attempt of the administration to make it appear that it was its diplomatic representations which prevented the loading of Nicaragua upon the British war vessels and its removal from the map of Central America. This attempt does not come directly from the administration, which still keeps up its policy of mysterious silence upon everything relating to our foreign relations, but from the Washington sources it usually makes use of when it wishes to get something before the public in the way of "taffy" for itself. Just to show how the matter is viewed in diplomatic circles, the following is quoted from a private conversation: "Great Britian," said a diplomat of wide reputation, "seems to have had the Cleveland administration under its thumb, so to speak, from first to last; but there was something it feared more than the administration, and that something was public opinion in the United States, which it was thoroughly posted upon and knew to be dangerous to trifle with. That is the real reason for John Bull's evacuating Nicaraguan territory. He dosen't want a war with the U. S., and he now knows that public opinion in this country would have made war inevitable had he followed his usual policy and held on to what he had."

Washington has been for years the favorite resort of the Gorman and anti-Gorman forces in the hot campaigns they have waged for the control of the State of Maryland, and it is in Washington that the plans of the present contestants are being drawn up and perfected. These contests have ended in a series of victories for Senator Gorman, and were it not that the Republicans have a chance for it this time—a good chance, many believe—there would be little doubt of this one having the same ending. Gorman, like every other man who has built up a large and strong personal following, has made it a rule to stand by those who stand by him; consequently he has one of the best organized and most effective State party machines in existence, which has easily defeated the efforts of some of the most prominent Democrats of Maryland to break Gorman's hold on the Democratic party of the State. This year the National administration will cast the weight of its influence against the Gorman machine, while the anti's are being led by ex-Representative Rayner, a Hebrew, who represented one of the Baltimore districts in Congress for three terms, and who makes no secret of his desire to succeed Mr. Gorman in the Senate. The older Democrats who have fought Gorman for years have allowed Rayner to come to the front as leader this year which is of itself a pointer. The Republicans of Maryland say they are thoroughly alive to the situation and that they expect to elect the governor this year.

Representative Baker, of New Hampshire, who is now in Washington, says of some recent events: "So far as the administration has permitted the people to know its policy in regard to Nicaragua, it is pusillanimous in the extreme, and should be reprobated by every man, woman and child in America. It is a strange commentary upon the government by the people and for the people, that the people are compelled to secure their information in regard to the purposes of their own government from the London *Press*. It so happens that under our Constitution the President is for nine months in autocratic control of the government. He can commit us to any policy he pleases; he can outrage all our feelings of patriotism, and the representatives of the people, duly elected, are powerless during that period. I think Congress ought to be in session now. There ought to be an amendment to the Constitution, authorizing the presiding officers of the Senate and House to convene them in session upon the written application of one third of the members. If we had some such rule in force now an application for an extra session of Congress to preserve and uphold the American nation and keep it from being made a laughing stock among the nations would be signed in no time, and the representatives of the people, as well as the President, would have a voice in public affairs."

It is well known that Mr. Cleveland has the bad habit of allowing his personal likes and dislikes to enter largely into his public acts, more largely, perhaps, than any other president. Still, it is difficult to believe the current rumor, that he intends to appoint Major Gen. Ruger to the command of the army when Gen. Schofield retires next September, although Major General Miles, who is the senior officer, is clearly entitled to the honor. The reason that Gen. Miles is to be deprived of the honor he ought to have is said to be that his report on the Chicago railrord strike—it will be remembered that Gen. Miles was in command of troops ordered out to protect mail trains and government property—contained some language which Mr. Cleveland considered a reflection upon his orders as to how the strike should be dealt with.

Resolutions of Respect.

HEADQUARTERS SHERMAN POST No. 11, G. A. R. DEPT. of MD. May 4, 1895.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, In His wise and charitable ruling, it has been the will of Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, that death has again entered our order and taken from us our beloved Sergeant - Major, Samuel P. Lowdermilk, of near Selbysport.

WHEREAS, In view of the loss we sustain by the removal of our comrade, and the still greater loss by the bereaved family and relatives of the deceased, yet wo have the assurance from God's word and the life of the deceased that his name is recorded with the angels in heaven; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we humbly bow in submission to Him who doeth all things well, knowing that His tender mercies endureth forever.

Resolved, That by the death of our late comrade we lose an honest, upright and faithful member, one who served his country as a non-commissioned officer in Co. B, 2nd Md. P. H. B., and been an honor to the post; practical in his daily life, and characterized the principles of fraternity, charity and loyalty.

Resolved, That through his protracted illness he found sustaining grace and was granted a triumphant departure, it renews our hopes of eternal life, and also furnishes another divine warning to be ready for we know not what hour the Son of Man cometh.

Resolved, That we as a body tender our heartfelt sympathy to the widow, orphans and relatives in their sad bereavement and commend them to Almighty God for comfort, care and protection.

Resolved, That as a token of respect we drape our post room in mourning for sixty days, and that each member wear a bow of mourning for the same period of time, and that a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of the deceased comrade, a copy for publication in THE REPUBLICAN and also placed on the minutes of the post.

R. E. FRIEND, Comd'r.
GEO. E. BISHOFF, Adj't.

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL

ROOFING,

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING. PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER. REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS. SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

WE LOAN MONEY

to buy, build and improve your home and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS NEARLY $200,000,000.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. RINKER,
Wilson, Grant Co., W. Va.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above. 4-1yr.

GREAT
ARE THE BARGAINS
THIS WEEK AT
Sincell Bros.

More Clothing at Lower Prices than Ever.

Mens Cassimere 3 button Cutaway, all wool and silk mixed			$12
Mens all wool Clay Worsted Cutaway Suits, worth $18			12
" " " " " Sack	"	"	16 10
" " " Diagonal Corkscrew	"	"	16 10
" " " Fancy Grey Mixed	"	"	14 8
" " " Serge round corner sack	"	"	16 10
" " " " box d'b'l breasted	"	"	16 10
" " " Navy Blue	"	"	12 8
" " " " " round corner	"	"	12 8
Childrens all wool Jersey Suits, worth $4			$2.50
" " " double breasted Suits, worth $6.00			4.00
" " " single	"	"	4.50 3.00
" " " Bullock	"	"	8.00 5.00
" " " Light Summer	"	"	5.00 3.50

A vast assortment of Youths Clothing in any size, at any price, in all colors and styles.

DRY GOODS.

Our Dry Goods Department is well filled with the very latest styles in

Dress Goods, Novelties,
Silks, Summer Flannels,
Duck, Percales, Outings,
French Ginghams, Draperies,
Table Linens in a vast assortment of colors and at the lowest prices.

WE BOAST on our LINE OF HOSIERY.

It is Considered the Best by ALL Who Wear It.

We have anything in Hosiery from Infants' Cotton Hose to Ladies Fine Quality Dropped Stitch Silk Hose.

A new line of the very latest style hats such as

The Trilby, London Gaiety Girl, The Alpine,

In all Shades and Colors and at prices that cannot be touched by any of our competitors.

SHOES.

Men's Stylish Razor Toe Shoe, worth $1.50		$1.00
" " " " " "	2.00	1.50
" " " " " "	2.50	1.75
" " " " " "	3.00	2.25
" " " " " "	3.50	2.75

Men's Square Toed Shoes at Any Price.

Our Shoes have the reputation of being easy and comfortable as well low priced. Men's Shoes for $1.40 which are guaranteed to wear out three pairs of half soles or money refunded.

Ladies Shoes in low cut or high top and in any size or style, with the quality guaranteed.

We have no Groceries and are doing a strictly cash business and consequently have no losses. We are enabled, therefore, to sell goods at prices that will not justify our competitors. Our entire stock is

Bright, New and Attractive.

We invite you to call and examine our goods. We are sure that we can please you in everything in our large line.

Very respectfully yours,

Sincell Bros.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-[illegible] Pills

[illegible] Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Bowels, Nerves, Blood, Skin, Complexion, Headache, Backache, Nervousness, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion and General Debility. They will cure all diseases arising from a torpid liver, bowels, stomach and blood. 25 cents.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

Relieves babies over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, controls the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no narcotic drugs and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle or your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good—25 cents a bottle

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23-1yr.

FOR SALE.

Three acres of land, being a part of the old Kennedy farm, lying in the eastern suburbs of Oakland on either side of the road leading to Mt. Lake Park. Will be sold in lots of ¼ acre each, or as a whole.

For full particulars call on or address MRS. LIZZIE BUZZARD, Elkins, W. Va.

22-6m

MOUNT POMONA.

NURSERY AND FRUIT FARM.

Address Swanton, Md., for Fruit and Mushrooms.

Address Mt. Lake Park concerning Nursery, Greenhouse or Vegetable Products.

Agents wanted on salary.

SWEET & SHACKLEFORD.

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

11 1y

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments. Headstones,

AND

Chimney Pipe

WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

4193.yr—8

ORDER NISI.

Samuel Lawton, late Treasurer of Garrett County, vs. William Faherty.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, No. 72 Trials for March Term 1895.

It is ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, this 25th day of April in the year 1895, that the tax sale as made and reported in the above entitled cause by Samuel Lawton, late Treasurer of Garrett county, and made to the County Commissioners of said County, of all of those pieces or parcels of land situated in the town of Gorman, Garrett County, Md., the first containing 11 poles and 11 feet of land, conveyed to William Faherty by John W. Shillenburg January 10, 1885, and the other being one-fourth of an acre of Military Lot No. 136, conveyed to the said Wm. Faherty by John W. Shillenburg June 29, 1885, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 25th day of May, 1895; provided that a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett County, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 18th day of May, 1895.

The report states the amount of sale to be $60.00.

A. HUNTER BOYD.

True Copy, Teste: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

LICENSES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all persons or bodies, corporate or politic, who may be required to take out license, that they must obtain the same on or before the

1st Day of May, 1895.

According to the provisions of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, every person or persons doing business for gain or profit except the maker, grower or manufacturer, are hereby notified that they must take out a license.

CHARLES WEGMAN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate.
CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING.
Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCHAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.
Drs. McLane & Berkeley,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
FROSTBURG, MD.
Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.
See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
Residence and post office address, BETTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately, being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,

Carriage, Sign and House Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.

Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.

50-13t.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.

E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

--WANTED--

WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER

Also White Oak Timber Land.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.

Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ¼ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
221f 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

Tabules relieve nausea. Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1895. NUMBER 10.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

THE REPUBLICAN for good job printing. Make a note of this.

Chief of Police Martin spent two or three days in Grafton this week.

Did you notice that line of ladies oxfords at Offutt & Son's. 6tf

Mr. John E. Legge is now employed in the Garrett County Bank.

A full line of ladies' and gentlemen's oxfords at Townshend & Son's. 9-5t.

Selbysport letter was received this morning too late for publication.

A complete line of straw and felt hats, from 10c. up, at Townshend & Son's. 9-5t.

Mr. R. S. Jamison is having hi residence on Liberty street repaired.

Offutt & Son are displaying the choicest line of Mattings Oil Cloth's in town. 6tf

Mr. Harry Loar, of Grafton, was here one day last week visiting his parents.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Mrs. Gilmor S. Hamill spent part of this week with friends in Baltimore.

Mr. Chas. E. Hilleary, of Gormania, was in the city last Saturday on business.

Mr. R. L. Friese, of Sang Run, was a visitor at our office on last Saturday.

Hon. John P. Jones, of Terra Alta, was in the city last Friday for a few hours.

Mrs. G. A. Bolden, of Terra Alta, was in the city Friday last on a visit to relatives.

Mr. D. S. Gutherie, of Kingwood, W. Va., was in the city a few hours Tuesday.

Mrs. M. A. Yost has arrived in Oakland and will remain here during the summer.

Rev. Father Mattingly conducted services at the Johnstown Catholic church last Sunday.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

The members of Smith's Military Band are preparing to give a musical entertainment at an early day.

M. L. Scott has opened a new line of Shoes and Oxfords. Has a $2 shoe worth $3, made by Evitt.

Messrs. John Shartzer and E. J. Fringer were down in the county this week conducting auctions.

Sick headache, constipation and indigestion are quickly cured by DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Mm. T. White, of Terra Alta, was in Oakland Tuesday for a short time as the guest of Cashier Jones.

Work on the grading of Third street through the Crook addition to Oakland was commenced Tuesday.

You will find a complete line of gentlemen's shirts and neckwear and ladies' and gentlemen's summer underwear at Townshend's. 9-5t.

Townshend & Son can show you a neat and pretty line of summer dress goods, challies, percales, lawns, etc., at prices to suit everybody. 9-5t.

Mrs. E. M. Spedden and Miss Kate Spedden spent last Friday in Deer Park with friends and relatives.

Our patrons will find DeWitt's Little Early Risers a safe and reliable remedy for constipation, dyspepsia and liver complaints. Oakland Pharmacy.

The members of the Oakland fire department have purchased a set of the Encyclopaedia Britannica as an addition to their already large library.

We regret to announce that Mr. John T. Mitchell has suffered a relapse and is again confined to his bed.

Mr. Daniel Beeghley, of Keyser, passed through Oakland Tuesday on his way to visit friends in Virginia.

Mr. E. D. Kepner has been quite seriously ill for several days and at this time is still in a very critical condition.

La Grippe is here again with all of its old time vigor. One Minute Cough Cure is a reliable remedy. It cures and cures quickly. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. George Crim has fitted up a neat bath room at his barber shop on Railroad street and is prepared to give hot or cold baths.

Rev. S. L. Keller, of Carmel, W. Va., and Rev. L. L. Seiber, of Gettysburg, Pa., were in Oakland last Saturday for a few hours.

Mr. James Bell, an aged citizen of Oakland, is lying dangerously ill in Oakland as the result of a fall received several days ago.

We have something new, effective, pleasant to take and perfectly harmless and a positive cure for nervous headache, sick headache, dizziness and neuralgia. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

Rev. H. C. Rankin, of Worcester, Mass., and Rev. J. B. Stackpole, of Maine, were here several days last and this week on a visit to Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot and family.

W. T. Stanford, Station Agent of Leeper, Clarion Co. Pa., writes: I can recommend One Minute Cough Cure as the best I ever used. It gave instant relief and a quick cure Oakland Pharmacy.

Lily Division No. 9, U. R., K. of P., was reorganized last night and it is thought by those interested in the success of the fraternity that new life will be instilled into it.

Mr. Thomas Cline, of Grafton, the efficient telegraph operator at the Oakland office, made a visit to his home on last Saturday and returned to duty Monday afternoon.

An artesian well is being drilled on the Andrew Shartzer lot in Oakland. The depth of the well now is seventy-five feet and it is expected that in a few more days the well will flow.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

A man named Richard Allan was arrested in Westernport Tuesday morning by the Sheriff of Allegany county, and it is presumed that Allan knows something of the death of W. Grant Zufall.

HAULING AND EXPRESS.—I have located at Mountain Lake Park and am prepared to do hauling of all kinds at short notice. Baggage a specialty. A share of the public patronage solicited. Harry Thayer.

Mr. T. C. Clagett met with an accident on last Sunday at Mt. Lake Park while riding his bicycle, in consequence of which his wheel was broken and he received several serious bruises.

Rev. L. L. Seiber, of Gettysburg, Pa., an evangelist of some note, is at the Red House conducting a series of meetings. He is assisted by Rev. S. L. Keller, of Carmel, West Va.

A first class store room for rent or for sale. Good for any kind of business. On Main street in Oakland. Apply to C. C. Michael, Mt. Lake Park, or J. O. Michael, Oakland. 10-2t

J. A. Richardson, of Jefferson City, Mo., chief enrolling force 38th general assembly of Missouri, writes: I wish to testify to the merits of One Minute Cough Cure. When other so-called cures failed, I obtained almost instant relief and a speedy cure by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. John B. Harmon recently purchased a saw mill and one day last week hauled it from Oakland to his body of timber near Bittinger where he will engage extensively in the manufacture of lumber, etc.

McComas' Calmative Konseals contain all that is required to cure the worst case of headache or neuralgia in a very few minutes and are safe, sure, inexpensive. Manufactured by Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf.

Mr. G. S. Hamill and Mr. George D. White were in Grantsville last Friday where Mr. Hamill as trustee sold the Livengood property to Mr. Michael Nathan at public sale. The sale amounted to about eight hundred dollars.

W. Grant Martin, optician, has located permanently in Oakland, and is prepared to examine eyes scientifically and adjust glasses with unerring accuracy. All work guaranteed. Office days: Monday and Saturday, in Pritchard building. 50-tf.

Try McComas' Calmative Konseals to drive away sharp pains in muscular and acute rheumatism. One or two Konseals have shown marvelous results. 10 cents per box. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

"Gosh!" said one of our country friends the other day, turning clear around to get another look at the handsome girl passing by, "kissing a girl with them sleeves on must be nigh the same as tunnelin' into a gingham sunbonnet like a fellow had to when I was a boy."

Doctor H. R. Fish, of Gravois Mills, Mo., a practicing physician of many years experience, writes: DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve has no equal for indolent sores, scalds and burns. It stops pain instantly, heals a burn quickly and leaves no scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

A snow storm, probably left over from last January, struck Oakland Tuesday morning and by night the ground was covered. It is feared that the fruit has all been frozen, which comes pretty hard on our farmers who have raised no fruit of any consequence for two or three years past.

Mr. George W. Marville, of Deer Park, who was stricken with paralysis several days ago, died on last Saturday. Mr. Marville was an Englishman by birth, and during the late war was in charge of the United States corral at Keyser. He was a loyal citizen and was efficient in the duties of the position of which he had in charge.

Mr. D. Wiley, ex-postmaster, Black Creek, N. Y., was so badly afflicted with rheumatism that he was only able to hobble around with canes, and even then it caused him much pain. After using Chamberlain's Pain Balm he was so much improved that he threw away his canes. He says this liniment did him more good than all the other medicines and treatment put together. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

The new B. & O. schedule, which went into effect Monday morning, has caused some confusion in the delivery of mails at Oakland. Train No. 4, which arrives here at 12.[illegible] m., carries mail, but we understand that there will be no one officially connected with the mail service to meet this train at the station and that may make matters a little awkward. Eastbound mail for that train is sent west on train No. 15 and transferred at Grafton.

WANTED.—A friend who will recognize me when I am compelled to wear patched pants; who will take my hand as I am sliding down hill, instead of giving me a kick to hasten my descent; who will lend me a dollar without two dollars security; who will come to me when I am sick; who will pull off his coat and fight for me when the odds are two to one; who will talk of me behind my back as he talks to my face. Such a friend is wanted by ten thousand beings throughout the whole world. —Falls City News.

The opening services at Corunna Chapel, in District No. 8, will be held on Sunday next, May 19th, under the charge of Mr. Russell Sturgis, of Boston, who will be succeeded by the Rev. John P. Hubbard, of Philadelphia. Preaching at 10.30 a. m.; Sunday school at 9.30 a. m. Arrangements have been made by which these services will be continued throughout the year under the care of a clergyman who will also have charge of missions at Davis, Elkins and Bayard, having his home in the latter place.

Oakland Chapter No. 1,165, Epworth League, held an anniversary meeting at St. Paul's M. E. church Sunday night. A very large audience was in attendance. An elaborate musical and literary program was rendered, which everybody seemed to enjoy. The choir rendered excellent music which was especially prepared for the occasion. Miss Kate C. Spedden read a paper on the general league, and J. C. Peddicord read a historical sketch of the local league. These papers were original and were ordered to be spread upon the minutes of the league. Rev. H. C. Rankin, of Worcester, Mass., and Rev. J. B. Stackpole, of Maine, delivered very able addresses. The affair was a grand success.

Memorial Day Services May 30, 1895.

Crook Post No. 35, G. A. R. extends an invitation to the K. of P., A. F. & A. M., I. O. O. F., Jr. O. U. A. M., A. O. H., and all other organizations, socities and the citizens of Oakland and vicinity to join with them in a proper observation of Memorial Day.

Persons who will aid us by contributions of flowers for this occasion can leave them at Sturgiss' Hall on or before 10 o'clock Thursday morning, May 30th, when they will be gratefully received by the Old Soldiers.

Will leave the Post Headquarters at 10.30 o'clock a. m. for cemetery.

A. G. STURGISS, Com'd'r.
H. LOWE, Adj't.

Eyes, Notice.

Prof. Little, the eye specialist, will be at Dr. Henry W. McComas' office Thursday, May 23d. Don't fail to consult him for easy and comfortable glasses for your eyes. Examined free.

Take Notice.

Two very fine lots for sale, centrally located at Loch Lynn Heights; lots 3 and 4 in block No. 20. Apply to Cook Bros., Cumberland, Md. 9-4t.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper, under the caption "We Loan Money." The Granite State Provident Association, which he is representing, is one of the strongest financial institutions in the country, and the largest building and loan association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management have developed it from nominal assets in 1889 to nearly $200,000,000 in 1895. Its style of doing business is such as to cause the U. S. Examiner, C. W. Thompson, who has for years been assigned to specially investigate loan and mortgage companies, to state that "For comprehensiveness, thoroughness, neatness and accuracy, its accounts are far superior to anything I ever saw or supposed possible." Those desiring to borrow, will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars. 4-1yr.*

Buggies and Wagons.

It does not look like hard times the way people are buying spring wagons and buggies from A. D. Naylor. He has sold nearly two car loads this spring, and just got in another big lot. Two large ware rooms chock full of daytons, buggies, phætons, carts, spring wagons to select from. Thomas coil, King spring, Brewster and elliptic spring buggies kept in stock. Be sure you see his stock and get prices and terms before buying elsewhere, as you can save money. 9-3t.

Grantsville.

Early potatoes are up. Forests are green-robed with foliage. Apple and pear trees are in full blossom.

We had several very refreshing showers the past week. About one inch of rain fell during the heaviest shower. Had thunder showers on Saturday, which were followed by a cold wave. Monday morning the mercury had settled to 29 degrees in the shade and a heavy frost was upon the ground. It caused apparent embarrassment to some of the tender members of the vegetable family, as they hung their heads and colored painfully.

On Friday last the real estate and personal property of Henry Muhlenberg were sold at trustee's sale, Peter Nathan being the purchaser of real estate at appended figures, $715 for lot with residence and improvements, and about $265 for lot unimproved with buildings.

Cards are out for the wedding of Henry Bonig, formerly of this place, now of Racine, Wis., to a lady of the latter named city.

A company from Oakland, with greatly diversified objects, were in this city last week. It consisted of Geo. White, "Mons" Jamison, R. T. Browning and G. S. Hamill. It is said politics was the governing impulse with some.

S. J. Beachy and family moved into their residence at the west end of town last week, it being the old M. E. church building purchased and remodeled for a dwelling by Mr. Beachy.

Wilson Somerville, of the firm of Broadwater & Somerville, will move from one of Noah Broadwater's residences, near the Lutheran church, into Matthias Bowser's dwelling house near his store, and recently vacated by Mr. Beachy.

The foundation for John Miller's house, on his farm west of town was completed last week, Joseph Buckle, of Bittinger, being the mason.

Miss Lillie Lohr, of Bittinger, was in town one day last week.

It is truly surprising to those unfamiliar with the facts, to learn of the amount of merchandise handled by our merchants considering the size of the town. It even surprises those who are in a position to observe.

It Did the Business.

Mr. J. H. Cobb, publisher of the *Mirror*, at Brocton, N. Y., says: "For years the *Mirror* has been publishing the advertisements of Chamberlain's Remedies. A few days ago the writer was suffering from a bowel trouble and resorted to an old remedy which did not prove efficacious; finally he tried Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and two doses did the business, checking it completely. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Spring is Here!

Everything Fresh, and at The Very Lowest Prices. Fresh Vegetables and Fruits a Specialty, at

MALETTE'S

Cheap Cash Grocery.

D. E. OFFUTT & SON

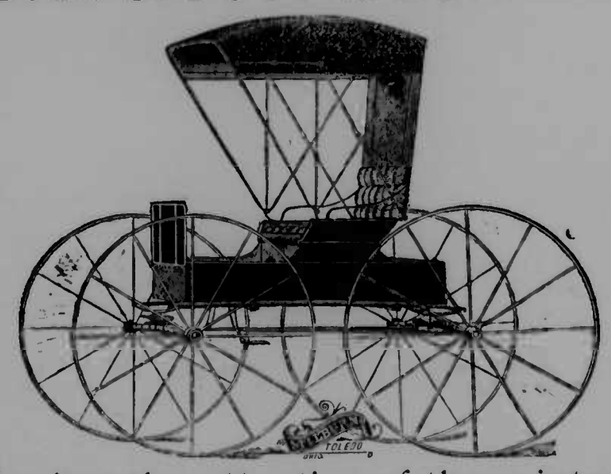

Invites the attention of those interested in the purchase of vehicles of any style. The Kramer, Milburn and Jackson farm wagons always on hand. Prices and terms given on application.

Special.

We offer the following special bargains for cash this week:

For 20c—120 sheets of good writing paper, worth 20c per quire.
For 20c—1 lb. fine linen paper, worth 50c.
For 8c—1 Tablet good writing paper, worth 15c.
For 1c—You can buy two good pencil tablets.
For 18c—1 box "Our Own" beautiful box paper and envelopes.
For 9c—1 box good quality paper and envelopes.
For 5c—1 package best heavy white envelopes.
For 15c—1 bottle fine aromatic tooth powder, price 25c.
For 5c—1 bar transparent glycerine soap, 10c cake.
For 5c—1 bar cocoa castile soap, 10c cake.
For 5c—1 box best wood toothpicks.

We make a specialty in manufacturing extracts of vanilla and lemon, and will be pleased to quote prices to those desiring fine flavoring extracts.

OAKLAND PHARNACY,

JOS. E. HARNED, Manager. OAKLAND, MD.

A SUNBEAM.

The wet winds are sighing, the rain patters down,
The sere leaves are drifting, the low heavens frown,
The oak logs are crumbling to red, fervent heat,
The dull night is closing—I want you, my sweet.

Oh, soft arms that clasped me! oh, red lips that kissed!
Oh, sweet voice that called me through sorrow's gray mist!
Oh, little hands holding! oh, golden curls tossed!
Oh, dear "ways" that won me from all I had lost!

Oh, big tears in bright showers, oh, smiles that flashed after!
Oh, great brown eyes lighting to quick happy laughter!
Oh, sudden caresses! oh, wee glancing feet!
Oh, sunbeam in sadness!—I want you, my sweet.

—All the Year Round.

HE HANGS PAPER.

Mr. Wigglesworth's Experience at Spring House Cleaning.

At the first step Mr. Wigglesworth made into the front hall his foot rested upon a moist cake of soap, and in another instant he was over by the dining-room door with his arms around the hat-tree and some language trailing on behind that left a coppery taste in the atmosphere as it slowly curled up the front stairs.

"Who left that soap on the floor?" he yelled, as soon as he could unhook himself from the hat-tree.

"Why—I—I guess Mary must," stammered Mrs. Wigglesworth, who had rushed in from the kitchen with a potato masher in her hand. "We—we are cleaning house, you know."

"Cleaning house!" said her husband; "well, s'pose ye are? You needn't think you're going to use me to flop up your moors with." Mr. Wigglesworth meant to say mop up your floors, but the suddenness of his entrance had temporarily unhinged his tongue. "Think you've seen me advertised in the back end of the magazine, don't ye?" he continued, "warranted to save labor or money refunded! Reckon I'm to be had of all grocers, I s'pose, or sent prepaid on receipt of price!"

These retorts were so keen that Mr. Wigglesworth found his good-nature coming back through their exercise, and he ate dinner without grumbling more than a man has to do ordinarily. When he went into the sitting room he found the carpet up and there was a bundle of wall paper in a chair.

"What's this?" he sniffed, suspiciously.

"It's wall paper," his wife responded; "I got it at a great bargain down to Root & Gilder's—closing out of new spring goods just received, at less than cost."

"Hmh!" grunted her husband, unrolling a package and holding it wrong side up. "Looks like a case of delirious trimmings."

"Yes," fluttered Mrs. Wigglesworth, "it is the new art, the man said—after Aubrey Beardsley."

"Who's Aubrey Beardsley?" coldly returned Mr. Wigglesworth with a falling inflection.

"He—he is—the—the man that has got up so many new ideas of—of art," Mrs. Wigglesworth explained; "they are quite crazy over him, you know, so the man said."

"Well, if they're any crazier than Beardsley I pity 'em," growled her husband, dropping the roll in disgust. "Who's going to hoist this nightmare onto our walls?" he added.

"I—I want you to step in and speak to the paperhanger on your way down," his wife returned, timidly.

"Oh, yes, that's it!" Mr. Wigglesworth snorted, "feller with a blackboard on his shoulder and a hinge in the middle and four dollars a day—" and then an idea shot into Mr. Wigglesworth's active brain. "B'george!" he cried, firing with it, "I'll hang this paper myself!" and he began peeling off his coat.

"But, Ellery," his wife said, in mild expostulation, "you haven't had any experience."

"Experience nothing!" retorted Mr. Wigglesworth, "what's experience got to do with a handy man? Four dollars a day's experience enough for me, and I must be a chump if I can't smear some moist flour over the rear end of a few sheets of paper and slap 'em up against a smooth wall!"

When Mr. Wigglesworth had made up his mind to a thing it was like the French revolution, it had to go. In brief time he had the hired girl boiling some paste and Mrs. Wigglesworth had tied one of her aprons about his neck, much to his disgust. She said when all nature was vocal with the melody of spring, when birds were fluting their first glad notes and a thousand streams made music in their journey toward the sea, she didn't propose to have her husband going through the street with flour paste daubed all over his new spring clothes.

Mr. Wigglesworth opened one of the rolls of paper, spread it out on the dining-room table and, "taking a sight" at the altitude of the room, cut off a strip that appeared to be the proper length. Utilizing a crumb brush he spread on a copious quantity of paste and then lifted the paper by one end. He put his arms up to their full length but the other end of the paper still lingered on the table.

"Why don't ye take hold of it?" he said testily to his wife, who stood dubiously looking on.

So Mrs. Wigglesworth upraised the other end and her husband stood in a chair. He reached for the border line of the wall, but fell short of it.

"Why don't ye go fetch a table?" he angrily roared at his wife. "That's right!" he shouted as Mrs. Wigglesworth dropped her end of the paper and the pasty side trailed over the back the chair and clung about his knees.

"You told me to get the table," Mrs. Wigglesworth protested, considerably abashed.

"Oh, of course!" Mr. Wigglesworth snarled, "lay it all onto me. 'F I'd told ye to jump through a hoop I s'pose you'd done it! Well!" he yelled, as his arms began to draw out of their sockets, "what ye standing there all day on one foot for? Think my arms are bamboo fish poles with German silver joints, don't ye? Why don't ye go get the table, if you're going to, 'fore I stiffen out here like a blamed old mummy and have to go into a private collection under exhibit A!"

Mrs. Wigglesworth got back as soon as possible, but not before her husband's arms had pulled out and he had dashed the paper on the floor and was stamping on it. Nothing relieves a man like stamping, so when they had arranged the table—a mahogany table with a shiny top—beside the wall, and put a little hassock on top of it, Mr. Wigglesworth felt sufficiently mollified to snip off another length of the Beardsley pattern and apply some more paste to its posterior surface, maintaining a steady current of growling at his wife, on general principles.

"Now don't be a fool, this time," he said, encouragingly, as they picked up the paper and he laboriously climbed to the polished surface of the table with it. Then he stepped cautiously upon the hassock and stood there an instant, his knees wobbling paiufully.

"Can you reach?" his wife called from below. She was busy keeping her part of the paste away from the mahogany table.

"Reach?" echoed Mr. Wigglesworth, in a concentrated voice. "What ye s'pose I'm up here for, anyway? Think I'm addressing the county convention? Want me to move an amendment in favor of woman's suffrage, don't ye?" Then the hassock turned slightly, as the worm is said to do, and in catching his balance and breath Mr. Wigglesworth jerked the paper out of his wife's grasp. The paper turned a smart corner and flapped up against the wall and clung in a clammy and tenacious embrace.

"What ye do that for?" shouted Mr. Wigglesworth, as loud as the uncertain hassock would permit.

"I—I didn't go to," returned his frightened wife, and with what alacrity she was mistress of she unpeeled the cold and deathlike sheet.

"Now you let it alone, d'ye hear?" warned her husband, and acting upon his direction Mrs. Wigglesworth retired to the far side of the room, where she watched him in a species of fascination. This is the tragedy that speedily unfolded itself before her:

Mrs. Wigglesworth, feeling more and more the treacherous character of the hassock, held his knees at that angle which gives to even the strongest man an appearance of weakness. His arms were thrust out to their full capacity, and, though at a distance, Mrs. Wigglesworth could feel their dreadful ache. First, her husband pressed his end of the strip close up to the border; the lower end caught on also at the same instant, but in quite another part of the room, and by the time Mr. Wigglesworth had reached painfully downward and fetched it loose, at the same moment muttering something that Mrs. Wigglesworth tried hard to hear, but couldn't, distinctly, the upper end came away and flapped down over Mr. Wigglesworth's forehead, leaving more paste there than his wife had thought could be left on one forehead in a single afternoon. Mr. Wigglesworth's comments upon this transaction, as he frenziedly snatched at the paper, were not only clearly audible to the wife, but even penetrated to the hired girl, who promptly opened the kitchen door to see if she might not be able to hear still plainer. Then Mr. Wigglesworth, with an earnestness that nobody could avoid noticing, spanked the moist side of that paper against the wall and slapped it with both hands till the creations of Aubrey Beardsley's fancy ran all into each other.

"Now fix the lower end," chirped Mrs. Wigglesworth from the distance.

This was one of those things that were better left unsaid. Mr. Wigglesworth had stood on that uncertain hassock till his knees appeared permanently fixed at half-cock, his arms were stretched clean out of their legitimate precincts, his head was bursting with the hot air of the upper strata, and perspiration glued his garments so close to him that he appeared to have been born that way. When this gratuitous direction burst coolingly from his wife's lips, he fetched a mad snatch at the lower end of the paper, and on the instant the hassock, with a low, fiendish chuckle, turned over on the other side. Mr. Wigglesworth had only time for one yell, but it was full grown in area, and then vaulted into the air, the paper letting go its hold and transferring its affections to the falling fortunes of the house of Wigglesworth, and as that gentleman went sailing through the atmosphere, the paper wound itself in sinuous folds about him, till a stranger looking in at the window would have said that Mr. Wigglesworth was an admirable living picture reproduced from the Yellow Book.

"That's right!" he yelled, soon as he could get to his feet and kick the hassock through the door, "stand over there with your thumb in your mouth and toeing in—that's all you're good for. Wha' d'ye let go that paper for?" he continued, shaking his fist toward the ceiling; "why didn't ye steady the table, same's I told ye? You make me out the blamedest old fool in Knox county, always trying to help you with your economizing, but I want you to understand that the next time you get me to chore around at house-cleaning my name won't be Wigglesworth!" and he rushed up to the bathroom to clean himself.

"I felt awfully about it," said Mrs. Wigglesworth to the ladies who called soon afterwards to ask her to bake a cake for the lodge sociable, "but if you never saw a man fall off a mahogany table with a calico cooking apron tied round his neck you never can realize how dreadful Ellery looked at that moment."—W. O. Fuller, Jr., in N. Y. Recorder.

—She had grown in her unstained seclusion, bright and pure as a first opening lilac when it spread its clean leaves to the sweetest dawn of May.—Percival.

STAINED GLASS.

Dirt Adds a Great Deal to the Color Effect of Old Cathedral Windows.

The limitations of the early manufacture of glass were an advantage to the early workers. The small size of the first sheets of colored glass made it necessary that the designer should execute his work in small pieces, thus insuring a juxtaposition of color.

Much of the beauty which we now recognize and admire in old work is due to the fact that the artist or artisan was forced to subdivide his design into almost infinitesimal pieces in order to execute the same with economy in reference to material employed. Many happy accidents have thus been handed down to us.

Age has also added to the beauty of the cathedral glass. The climate in certain countries, especially in England, has so soiled and dimmed these windows that they now have an artistic quality of color unrivaled by any work produced at first hands. This point was most strikingly exemplified when, a few years ago, an attempt was made in England to cleanse certain of the old cathedral windows, the beauty of which had been famous for many centuries.

No sooner had the workmen performed their task than the windows were found to be crude and garish in color, much of the very quality which had caused them to be models for later glass-work was destroyed, the value of the windows completely lost. This is but one of the many instances which could be given to illustrate the statement that the peculiarity of the color of the old windows is produced by age and accident more than by the ability of the glass-workers first executing them.

The modern glass worker is expected to obtain the rare color of the old work with the more perfect design and drawing of modern times. The task is not an easy one. In order to obtain the brilliancy of color of the old cathedral glass the modern designer must of necessity so subdivide his window as to gain the same juxtaposition of color by the use of very small pieces.

As these pieces are of necessity fastened together by the leads, the result is a large mass of black in the completed window. For this reason many of our most prominent designers have lowered the tone of glass so that their windows are almost black; in fact the color is visible only on a bright, sunshiny day. This depth of color has been called for by the great number of black lines introduced, and by the mechanical necessity of putting the glass together with leads.

An effort is being made at the present time to overcome this difficulty. The modern designer is attempting—with what success will soon be shown—to produce a stained-glass window which is not only rich in color by the juxtaposition of different tones, but is also light in color. The mechanical difficulties are very great, but the improved leads now used, and the modern stiffening bar, it is hoped will be able to overcome these.—Kate Field's Washington.

TELLING THE OLD STORY.

It Was a Hard Job and He Didn't Get Any Encouragement.

It was very late and she had yawned more than once, but the young man with his hair parted in the middle and waxed down on both sides still sat there, wondering what he should say next. Suddenly an inspiration seized him:

"Autumn leaves," he began, when she interrupted.

"Does she? That is encouraging."

He stared at her solemnly, and, not comprehending, took another tack.

"Don't you admire moonlight nights, Miss Julia?"

"Very much, but moonlight mornings are stupid, don't you think?"

He scratched his head delicately, hoping that a little light might enliven the gray matter and set him to thinking, when a distant whistle arrested his attention.

"Is that a policeman's whistle?" he asked, doubtfully.

"No, I believe it's a mill whistle calling the men to their day's work," she responded, with a shiver.

"No, weally, I had no idea it was so late, don't you know, Miss Julia?"

"It isn't late, it's early; you will be able to see your way home now, I think; papa is sitting up to let you out."

That broke up the young man and his romance, and when he makes a call now he sits facing the clock.—Detroit Free Press.

Warned to Eat Sparingly.

Every housewife has experienced that delightful pleasure of being caught scantily prepared at meal time and a number of unexpected guests on hand to provide for. Recently such a situation presented itself to a lady in this city. Turning over in her mind the condition of the larder, she decided that the supply was sufficient if the members of her family would curb their appetites and the unbidden guests were not ravenous. Taking her seven-year-old son aside she said: "Now, Johnnie, I want you to be a good boy, and remember this, eat sparingly, and don't ask for a second help of anything. Mind that, and I'll see if your father won't buy you that bicycle." At dinner the lady was so busily engaged in measuring things and figuring out whether the quantities would be sufficient that little Johnnie was entirely neglected. For a long time he struggled between his craving for food and his fear of losing the bicycle. At last nature obtained the ascendant and he wailed out, to the shame of his mother and the information of the guests: "Say, mamma, how can I eat sparingly if I don't get nothing to eat at all?"—N. Y. Herald.

In Style.

"How do you like your new teacher, Willie?"

"I'm afraid of her, mamma. She's so awfully swell."

"Does she dress very stylishly?"

"Does she? Mamma, she could put you in either one of her sleeves!"—Chicago Tribune.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Edible snails to the amount of 230,000 pounds are annually shipped to this country from France. At the place of exportation they are worth about $4.50 per 1,000.

—Prof. Guntz, of Nancy, says that he has found a simpler method of obtaining argon than that of Lord Rayleigh and Prof. Ramsey. He extracts it from lithium at a moderate temperature.

—Lord Raleigh has made a flash-light triumph. He photographed the breaking up of a soap bubble, a process which occupied between the two-hundredth and three-hundredth part of a second.

—The experiment of conveying the mail from the Chicago post office to the Illinois Central depot by cars running on a cable over the roofs of buildings and propelled by an electric motor will soon be tried.

—The Tyrol is to have new roads, the Landtag having voted 100,000 gulden for that object. Many parts of the road from Cowara to Duchenstein, through the dolomite region, will be ready next summer.

—The city of Carlisle, England, has its sewers ventilated by their attachment to thirty tall factory chimneys, which, of course, create a strong up draught, besides heating and destroying disease germs in the effluvia carried up.

—Russia has established a medical staff at its consulate at Meshed in Persia, to watch and give notice of the appearance of epidemic diseases in northern Persia. Caravans entering Russian territory must obtain bills of health from it.

—A well-known electrician, S. A. Varley, has expressed his opinion that a lightning discharge may occasionally kill birds flying in the air, but simply from their being accidentally in the line of the path of discharge or in close vicinity to that path.

—Sir Benjamin Richardson, a noted English physician, thinks that the normal period of human life is about one hundred and ten years, and that seven out of ten average people ought to live that long if they took proper care of themselves.—Richmond Times.

—Tapestry has proved a failure as a manufacture in England. The Royal Windsor works, established by the efforts of the late duke of Albany, have sold their cartoons and looms. The cartoons, made by well-known English artists, brought almost nothing.

—Cesare Lombroso, the well-known Italian criminologist, who is trying to prove that genius is madness, is a Venetian Jew, whose father's name was Aaron Levi. He began by writing tragedies at the age of thirteen, but studied medicine and became a specialist in mental diseases. He is now fifty-nine years old.

—Glass has been produced in Germany which will transmit light freely, but not heat. Such material, containing 2.8 per cent. of ferrous chloride, showed only 4.06 per cent. of radiant heat to pass through it, while another plate of equal thickness, and containing the same amount of iron as ferric chloride, permitted 11.2 to pass. One per cent. of ferrous oxide produced a glass having a very faint blue tinge, but even more impervious to heat than the other sample.

—The Aetna electric works of Hartford, Conn., are said to be now manufacturing a new incandescent lamp, which is specially adapted to railway and steamship service. By a peculiar method of anchoring the filament the life of the lamp is increased. The manufacturers claim they can guarantee fifty per cent. longer life for their lamp than any other lamp made. The filament being bent upon itself, presents all the radiating surface possible in condensed form, and makes a very pretty and taking effect. It is claimed that there is no drooping or warping of filaments when the lamp is placed at an angle, or in factories when used near large belts, in fact, that there is absolutely no vibration, jarring or shaking that can affect them to any extent.

Important to Housekeepers.

The pig has not been greatly celebrated by poets, although Oliver Wendell Holmes has a tale in verse of "The Spectre Pig;" but Dr. Holland, in "Sevenoaks," puts eloquent praise of the pig into the mouth of an Irishman. Jim Feuton, who is matrimonially inclined, spreads out his plans for a house before Mike, who shakes his head solemnly.

"Jim," said he, "I don't want to bodder ye, but ye've jist been fooled. Don't ye see that niver a place have ye got for a pig?"

"Pig!" exclaimed Jim in contempt. "D'ye s'pose I build a house for a pig? I ain't no pig, and she ain't no pig!"

"The proof of the puddin' is in the eatin', Jim, an' you don't know the furrst thing about housekapin'. Ye can no more kape house without a pig, ner ye can row yer boat widout a paddle. I'm an old housekaper, Jim, an' I know; an' a man that don't tend to his pig furrst, is no better than a b'y. Don't talk to me about housekapin' without a pig."—Youth's Companion.

Irrepressible.

There are ludicrous as well as pathetic incidents in court-rooms, as Mr. Joseph Willard, who was clerk of Massachusetts courts for many years, bears witness in a recent volume. One of the funniest, as well as one of the noisiest scenes in which he ever took part was when a certain Mr. H—— was trying a case before Judge C——, for slander.

The principal witness was an impetuous Irishwoman. She talked so fast that Judge C—— could not write down her testimony, and attempted in vain to check her.

"Stop! Stop!" he cried again and again, rapping sharply on his desk; but the torrent of words went on. "Old woman, hush up!" he shouted, in exasperation. But it was useless. At last he threw down his pen, exhausted, and cried out: "There, Mr. H——, you set her going, now stop her!"—Youth's Companion.

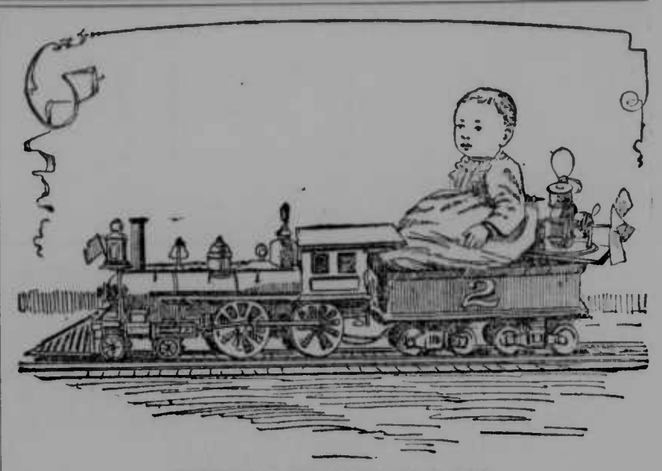

YOUNGEST ENGINEER ON EARTH.

Once again Kansas comes to the front—this time with the youngest engineer on earth. Rex Woodie is his name, and in just about four months he will be one year old. His proud father is an electrical and mechanical expert, and before the World's Fair opened he built a locomotive, perfect in all parts, which is a trifle over four feet long. Then he constructed an electric motor and furnished power for the engine. When Rex came into the world his fond mamma put him into the tender one day, and the youngster plainly showed that never before in his life had he had so much fun. This furnished his pater with an idea. In a few days twenty feet of track were constructed, a switch was put into the cab, and baby was made acquainted with its use. Now he takes daily rides, and so far has not met with an accident.

But Didn't Catch Him.

"That old speckled hen of mine is the best egg producer I ever saw, but lately we've been unable to get her away from her nest—it was always empty."

"What was the cause?"

"Well, a few days ago I saw a dog leaving the nest with an egg in his mouth."

"Ah, that was the trouble—she'd been laying for a sucker, as it were."—Atlanta Constitution.

CELTIC POLITENESS.

Lady—Thank you, sir; but I don't like to deprive you of your comfortable seat.

O'Rooney—Be th' powers, ma'am, it was comfortable no longer whin Oi saw you standin'.—Once a Week.

Cheaper Still.

Tom—I don't want any better or cheaper suit of clothes than this I have on.

Fred—What did it cost you?

Tom—Fifteen dollars; made to order.

Fred—I can do better than that. I have on a fifty-dollar suit that I had charged.—Detroit Free Press.

A Fine Opportunity.

Mr. Sternly—Never shall you disgrace my name by going on the stage.

Miss Ambition—But, papa, Mr. Boomer has offered me $300 a week to star in "A Girl of Some Importance."

Mr. Sternly—My dear child, I'm proud of you. Take it quick. You'll never get another such a snap.—Truth.

Behind Closed Doors.

Kitty—Shall you go to any afternoon teas to-day?

May—No; I have my afternoon tease here every day now.

Kitty—What do you mean?

May—The colouel will call with his usual proposal of marriage.—N. Y. World.

Not Necessary.

I did not ask her for a kiss
As she sat close to me.
I'd known the girl two years, and so
I did not have to. See?

—N. Y. World.

SIMON-PURE PLUTOCRACY.

Mrs. Parvenu (ready to go to the opera)—It's high time for us to start.

Mr. Parvenu—Not at all, madame. The prices for this evening's performance have been doubled, and consequently we *must* be late.—Fliegende Blaetter.

An Easy One.

"What's the difference between the outer wall of a bridge and these two dogs?"

"I give it up."

"Why, one is a parapet, and these two dogs are a pair of pets."—Tammany Times.

Within Bounds.

Mother—So Mrs. Nextdoor treated you to cookies? I hope you did not make a pig of yourself.

Johnny—No, indeed. A pig could eat about a bushel. I didn't have over a peck.—Good News.

An Exception to the Rule.

Bacon—Troubles never come singly.

Egbert—Oh, I don't know; I've seen a fellow with only one black eye.—Yonkers Statesman.

Enough.

She—Did you ever see anybody that had enough money?

He—Well, I have little enough, goodness knows.—Detroit Free Press.

A Reliable Guest.

Proprietor—Seems to me you were rather careless to give the best room in the house to an utter stranger without baggage.

Hotel Clerk—Oh, he's all right. He's worth a million at least. He's here as defendant in a suit for breach of promise—damages to the plaintiff's injured heart, $200,000.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Decided Saving.

Domestic—Do yez want me to use this quare thing?

Mistress—Yes. That is a patent dishwasher. You place the dishes inside and turn the crank.

"Phwat good is it, sure?"

"The dealer warranted it not to break over a dozen dishes a week."—Golden Days.

The Wretch.

Wronged Wife—Haven't I suffered in a thousand ways since I married you?

Heartless Husband—There is one way you haven't.

Wronged Wife (indignantly)—In what way is that?

Heartless Husband—In silence.—Brooklyn Life.

Bashful.

Fraulein Mabel (to her young man)—But now you must ask papa for his consent.

Young Man (very shy)—Oh, certainly! Your papa—has—I hope—a—telephone—at his—office?—Ueber Land und Meer.

Bright People.

He doesn't toot upon the flute,
As once he used to do:
The other boarders were too cute—
They filled it full of glue.

—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF POKE.

Mrs. McRafferty—And why do yez Salvation Army girls wear them funiuy bonnets?

Salvation Girl—Why, this isn't fuuny; it's what is called a poke.

Mrs. McRafferty—A poke, is it? Well, if ye had the poke on yer head that Pat gave me on my head last night you couldn't have much salvation in yer soul.—Truth.

He Paid for Them.

She—Did you know that the ladies were soon to have hats made out of tin?

He (surprised somewhat)—Why, I thought that was what they were made out of now. At least, it seems to me you take all the spare "tin" I have, for yours.—Detroit Free Press.

Not Even Once.

"No," she said—and there was the ring of an unalterable decision in her tones—"I will never marry you."

"Not even once?" asked the man from Chicago.

Such contumacy was beyond his comprehension.—Indianapolis Journal.

Desirable Location.

"Did you know that science had discovered microbes in kisses?" said one student to another.

"Humph," replied another, "that shows that a microbe isn't such a fool as he looks."—Washington Star.

Drug Store Joke.

Tuthick—If the Cuban revolutionists succeed one word will tell of their victory.

Erich—What is that?

Tuthick—Cantharides; the Spanish fly.—N. Y. Journal.

An Amendment.

First Little Girl—I'm goin' to have a tea party to-morrow. Will your mamma let you come?

Second Little Girl—I fink she will, if you'll call it a hot milk an' water party.—Good News.

A Good Job.

Upson—Speaking of coupon schemes, that of Rushley's has made him rich.

Downer—Must have been a good one.

Upson—It was. He married old Bondelipper's daughter.—Buffalo Courier.

Should Be Suppressed.

"Here's a piece of light literature that makes a man think very seriously."

"What is it?"

"A gas bill!"—Atlanta Coustitut

FARM AND GARDEN.

RULES OF THE ROAD.

The Englishman Turns to the Left, the American to the Right.

The "rule of the road" is curiously different in different parts of the Anglo-Saxon world. When, for instance, an American who is riding or driving meets another rider or conveyance on the road, he turns to the right. The Briton, on the contrary, turns to the left. But if a walking Briton meets another pedestrian on the road or the sidewalk, he turns to the right.

The rule of the road has become crystallized in England into poetic forms, one of which is as follows:

The rule of the road is a paradox quite;
For in driving your carriage along,
If you bear to the left you are sure to go right,
If you turn to the right you go wrong.

But in walking the streets 'tis a different case;
To the right it is proper to steer;
On the left there should be enough of clear space
For the people who wish to walk there.

Another reading of the same rule is more epigrammatic:

The rule of the *path*,
To get well along
Is "keep to the right"
And you cannot go wrong.

The rule of the *road*
Is a paradox quite,
If you keep to the left
You are sure to be right.

The requirement to turn to the left is a matter of statute law in Great Britain, having been made a part of the highway act of 1835. In the United States, the exactly opposite rule has been enacted into law in several states, and in the other states is so much a matter of common usage that a driver who violates it is responsible for the damage caused by any collision.

On the continent of Europe it is the general rule to turn to the right. Turning to the left seems to be an insular peculiarity of the United Kingdom.

Why opposite rules should prevail in England and in a part of the United States which, like New England, derived all its ordinary customs from old England, is not clear, but the reason for turning to the left is perfectly plain. It is the custom, not only in England, but in America, for the driver to sit on the right side of the vehicle; and the driver who sits thus can keep his wheel in view, and also that of the passing conveyance, much better if he passes to the left, and keeps his right shoulder to the other man's right shoulder.

The practice of turning to the right when on foot is assumed to have grown out of the necessity, in rude and violent times, of keeping free the hand which must, in case of necessity, handle the sword or other weapon. But this consideration must have applied to horsemen as well as to pedestrians.

It may be, therefore, that the practice of turning to the left with vehicles has grown up since the times of peace and security on the road have made weapons unnecessary. In America we may have preserved the earlier usage of England itself, as has been the case with other customs that have been dropped there but carefully preserved here.—Youth's Companion.

HOLDER FOR BAGS.

With Its Aid the Filling of Grain Sacks Is a Pleasure.

The accompanying illustration shows a cheap and effielent contrivance to take the place of man or boy in the work of putting grain into sacks. It is made by taking a good sound wooden barrel hoop and closing it to the desired diameter. To the hoop attach three legs which should be of light

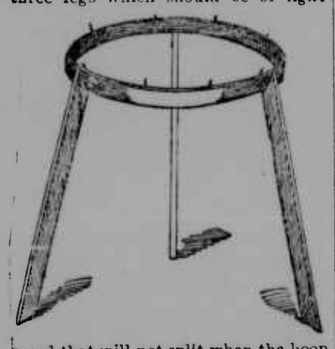

wood that will not split when the hoop is nailed to the tops. The tops of the legs are beveled from the side next the hoop in order to give spread at the bottom. The legs may be of any length that will suit the fancy, but should be a little shorter than the sacks. It is not necessary that the hoop be so small as the diameter of the smallest sack, because if the sack is small it need not be hooked onto all the small nails that are driven from the inside of the hoop. The materials cost almost nothing and the holder can be made in half an hour. Bag-holders can be bought on the market, but I have failed to see any that were more convenient or that would do any better work than this one.

When husking corn in the field last fall we had two or three dozen cleansed phosphate sacks and by using the holder threw the corn right into the sacks so that when we wanted to haul our corn was all picked up, and when we wanted to unload, the corn was all ready to carry into the granary. For this purpose one leg was left longer than the others so as to facilitate throwing into the sack. In transferring grain from one sack to another, shoulder the sack to be emptied and with the other sack on the holder the rest is as simple as pouring water out of a jug.—E. E. Bogue, in Ohio Farmer.

AN Iowa swine breeder declares that forty head of hogs can be kept on an acre of artichokes, without other feed, from the time frost is out of the ground until they grow again, and from October 1 until it freezes.—Farmer's Voice.

IT is worth while to take great care, under present conditions, to get sheep of early maturity and the largest development of meat of the best quality.

CARING FOR LAMBS.

How to Start the Young Creatures in the Way of Quick Growth.

While the lamb is young is the time to start it in the way of quick growth. Its future usefulness as a manufacturer of mutton from hay and corn depends very largely on the start it gets during its first few weeks of existence. If it once gets stunted, no amount of subsequent coaxing can make it do its best. At first you must feed the lamb through its mother. To make her give plenty of milk, she needs, in the winter time, all the clover hay she will eat. It should be *good* clover hay—early cut and well cured. She needs plenty of wheat bran. If you do not wish to fatten her for market, I would give her no corn, or very little. If I wanted to fatten her with the lamb, I should give her a ration of this mixture by weight: 100 parts of corn meal, 100 parts of wheat bran, 10 parts of linseed meal. I would gradually accustom her to this food, and as she became used to it, I would give her all she would eat, feeding it by preference in a self-feeder.

Now, if the lambs are to go to market as fat lambs, I can suggest no better food for them than that mix-

SELF-FEEDER FOR BRAN.

ture. Yet, if they are to eat grass during the summer and be fattened next winter, as by far the greater part must be, I would not give the corn meal, as they would do better during the summer without having had it. Lambs will do exceedingly well on good clover hay and unlimited wheat bran. That is the way I am feeding ours at present.

If the lambs are to be used for breeding stock, I would avoid giving corn meal as a heating or fattening food. Give oats, bran and linseed meal. If the ewe lambs when grass is green in the spring, she ought not to need any other food; yet the lambs pay well for the grain that you give them. It may pay you to continue the wheat bran all summer. I show a diagram of a good self-feeder for bran, which can be eaten from by both ewes and lambs. The cut shows a cross-section. It may hold twenty bushels or more.—J. E. Wing, in Country Gentleman.

Heavy Seeding on Rich Land.

The question as to whether thin seeding or thick seeding of grain is preferable cannot be determined by any general rule. Sometimes thin seeding produces a full crop, especially if the seed be sown early and the season be such as to induce tilling of the plant. But on very rich land this makes too luxuriant a growth of straw, which falls down and makes the grain light and shrunken. If the soil is very rich it is better to sow the grain so thickly that the plants will slightly crowd each other from the first. About the time of heading the plants will draw so heavily on the soil for moisture that each will check the growth of the other, and all will stand up with well-filled heads of grain. But this heavy seeding will be hard on clover or grass seed, though not so much so as will the fallen straw where the seeding has not been so heavy.—Rural World.

The Proper Quantity to Feed.

The practice of cramming hens with wheat at every ration is the very way not to get eggs. Too much wheat, buckwheat or barley will go into fat rather than eggs and fat is a disease in poultry. The morning mash should be fed in a long narrow trough about 1¾ inches wide, nailed to the side of the house so that the hens cannot jump into and soil the food. Feed only enough soft food to satisfy, never so much as to gorge. When a hen has had so much food that she will go into a corner and mope, she has had too much, and if the overfeeding is continued she will become too fat to lay. If cut green bones are fed it should be in the proportion of 1 pound to every 16 hens. If fed morning and night, a small feed of oats at noon and night is all that will be necessary. Experience will teach the "happy medium" in feeding.—A. G. Gilbert, in Farm and Home.

Swine in Large Numbers.

Where swine are kept in large numbers they are very likely to be confined in very close quarters, with no regard for cleanliness and pure air. One who recently visited a distillery where a great lot of hogs were kept to be fattened upon the waste products, gives a description suggestive of the "black hole of Calcutta." The fetid atmosphere seemed to torture the swine, and the visitor would have fainted but for a speedy exit. This was an exceptional condition, but in all cases where filth is prevalent and the air infected there must be more or less taint to the meat, even if disease does not appear. But hogs so developed are very liable to be infested with some dangerous disease and parasites, and those who eat them as food do so with peril to health. The swine should be fed as pure food as other animals, and all their conditions recognize sanitary laws.

Culture of Strawberries.

The most profitable way to grow strawberries is to make a new plantation every year, keeping the first one two years, then having two beds, one coming on and one in full bearing. In this way the crops are the largest. Experience has shown that most success is gained by procuring fresh plants from a nursery and not replanting the runners from an old bed. New plants may be bought so cheap that it is not worth while taking the runners from old beds unless they are some new kind of which only a few have been procured.—Rural World.

NEWSPAPER WAIFS.

GRUMP—"Do you call this steak fit for a Christian to eat?" Waiter—"We hain't unxious about de religion of our customers, boss."

MRS. GREENE—"Is it true, Charles, that Miss Hunter married for money?" Mr. Greene—"I think, my dear, it was owing to want of money."—Boston Transcript.

"AH," said the old printer, who had just come down to be a waiter in a cheap restaurant, "this is like old times. Here I am distributing pie!"—Philadelphia Record.

VACILLATING.—"Doesn't Mrs. Noowoman strike you as a person of remarkably decided opinions?" "No. She can't make up her mind, apparently, whether she wants to be a gentleman or a lady."—Indianapolis Journal.

TEACHER—"Do you understand the meaning of the terms capital and labor?" Small Boy—"Yes'm. If a boy has a sled, that's capital. If another boy rides down with him and then pulls the sled up, that's labor."—Good News.

HIS SOUL REVOLTED.—"One of these days," said the anarchist, "we'll see this whole country in flames." "Don't say that," replied his companion, with a shiver. "Why not?" "Because if that happens they'll call out all the fire departments and people will be soaked promiscuously. It 'ud be worse than a bath."—Washington Star.

A GROUTY old gentleman, after making his will, called his serving-man, and remarked: "Michael, I've left you in my will all the impudence I possess." Michael—"Faith, I'm glad to see that by your generosity I inherit the greater part of your estate." "Well, well, Michael, you've come into your inheritance remarkably soon."—Harper's Young People.

CAVE-DWELLING ANIMALS

The Strange Effects of Continually Living in Darkness.

The introduction underground of the ancestors of these fauna may have taken place and may be taking place in two ways; through perfect individuals carried by streams into wide-mouth pits, whence they can not escape to the light, or through eggs or larvæ borne into narrow fissures by simple infiltration of water. It is a matter of question whether or not creatures hatched from these germs, which have never lived on the surface, and their descendants, would be affected by more rapid changes than those which have come underground by accident, but have not been born there. The principal changes undergone are usually albinism, or more or less complete loss of color, and atrophy of the eyes. The organs of vision become, of course, useless in the underground darkness. It is found, on the other hand, that cave-inhabiting animals have the other senses developed to excess; they guide themselves by means of long cirri or long antennæ, which is very sensitive; they are put on their guard by means of their hearing, which informs them of distant perils; and by their smell, telling them of invisible game, helps them to their food. Albinism is accounted for as the result of failure to absorb the light-rays. It is generally agreed that cave-dwelling animals have lost through adaptation to the medium the visual organ their ancestors enjoyed.—E. A. Martel, in Popular Science Monthly.

A WAR ECHO.

Every Honorable Veteran Deserves His Pension.

And the Lone Limb Is Not the Only Reason for a Government Reward Either.

[From Journal, Lewiston, Me.]

Samuel R. Jordan has just given the *Journal* an account of his life, which in view of his extremely hard lot for the past few years will be read with interest.

"I am 48 years old and have always lived in New Portland. I enlisted in the army in 1862 as a private in Company A, 28th Me. Volunteers. My army experience injured my health to some extent, although I worked at blacksmithing some part of the time, when suddenly, several years ago, I was prostrated with what able physicians pronounced Locomotor Ataxia. At first I could get around somewhat yet the disease progressed quite rapidly until I had hardly any feeling in my legs and feet, they felt like sticks of wood and I grew so much worse that I could not move for three years without help, as my neighbors and friends could testify. I employed several physicians in my vicinity, and elsewhere, and they all told me that medicines would not help me, that they could do nothing to effect a cure and that in time I should become entirely helpless. I became discouraged. I was a great care to my wife and friends. Shortly after I met an old army comrade, Mr. Ali. Parlin, a resident of Madison Maine, and he incidentally mentioned how he had tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a severe case of rheumatism and a spinal and malarial trouble, that he had suffered with consequent of his army life, and had been greatly benefited by their use. By his earnest recommendation I was induced to try the pills. After taking them for a time I began to feel prickly sensations in my legs and a return of strength so I could move them a little. After a few weeks I began to feel a marked improvement in my condition. I soon was enabled to walk around a little with the help of crutches. After taking for some time I can now walk without crutches, my general health is much improved and I have regained my old-timed vigor. I can walk about and enjoy life once more, for which I feel very thankful, and this happy result is due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are not a patent medicine in the sense that name implies. They were first compounded as a prescription and used as such in general practice by an eminent physician. So great was their efficacy that it was deemed wise to place them within the reach of all. They are now manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.

ACTOR WILLIAM J. LEMOYNE has been actively engaged in his profession for forty-three years. He is now sixty-four years old, but looks very much younger.

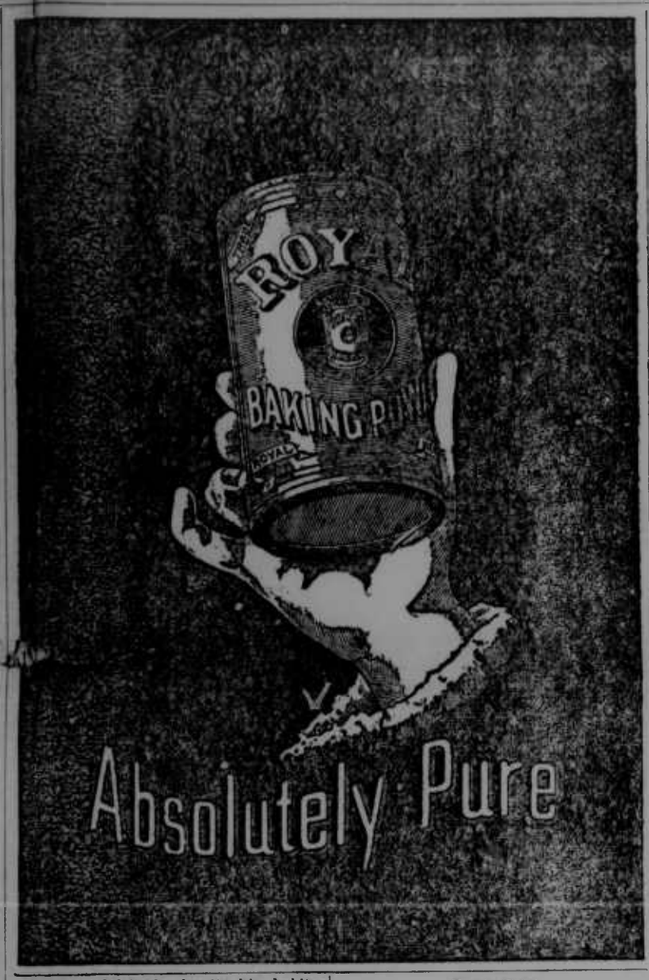

RAZZLE—"Old Soak, despite his habits, appears to be a well-preserved man." Dazzle—"Yes, you know since he lost his money he has been kept in brandy by his friends."—Life.

THE female chiropodist is the divinity that shapes our ends.—Texas Siftings.

A YOUTH will never have his ways mended by patronizing the sherry cobbler.—Cleveland Leader.

"I WONDER why our minister doesn't preach the gospel now and then?" "O, he hates notoriety."—Detroit Tribune.

"I GUESS I know why they call their idols idols," said Bobbie. "It's because they sit still all the time and do nothing."—Harper's Bazar.

A NEW DEGREE OF AFFINITY.—A.—"He is a relation of yours by marriage?" B.—"Yes, he married my girl."—Spassvogel.

"SAY, papa, if we were living at the center of the earth, wouldn't we be all funny?" "What makes you think so, my son?" "'Cause this jography says everything there loses its gravity."—Brooklyn Life.

IN THE GLOAMING.—She (pointing at a star)—"Ah, there is Orion." Voice (from the darkness)—"Yez are mishtaken, mum, it's O'Reilly."—Life.

"WHAT perfect sympathy there is between Mrs. Plainface and her daughter." "I should think so! How could she help sympathizing with a daughter who looked like her?"—Life.

JENKINS—"I believe you have some of the elements of a success about you." "Not a dollar, old man. Honor bright. You'd be welcome to it if I had."—Chicago Tribune.

IN THESE DAYS.—Manager—"How many characters in your drama?" Playwright—"Six at the beginning, and five at the end." "How do you mean?" "The heroine loses hers as the plot develops."—Puck.

GEORGE WASHINGTON could not tell a lie, in his day it was not customary for reporters to interview politicians and put them in holes on tariff and other questions of public policy.—Texas Siftings.

NOT POPULAR.—Briggs—"If monkeys are so far advanced I don't see why they are not utilized to polish shoes." Griggs—"Few people care for monkey shines."—Detroit Free Press.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

"JENNIE has married a man who plays poker. Isn't it dreadful?" said a Harlem woman to her husband. "It isn't half as bad as marrying a man who thinks he can play poker but can't," was the reply.—Texas Siftings.

"GWANNMA," said Mollie, looking at the wrinkled face of the dear old lady, "I links you ought to go to the laundry and det your head ironed."—Harper's Bazar.

Dr. PIERCE'S
FAVORITE
PRESCRIPTION
FOR
WEAK WOMEN.

On first introducing this world-famed medicine to the afflicted, and for many years thereafter, it was sold under a **Positive Guarantee** of giving entire satisfaction in every case for which it is recommended. So uniformly successful did it prove in curing the diseases, derangements and weaknesses of women that claims for the return of money paid for it were exceedingly rare. Since its manufacturers can now point to thousands of noted cures effected by it in every part of the land, they believe its past record a sufficient guarantee of its great value as a curative agent, therefore, they *now* rest its claims to the confidence of the afflicted *solely* upon that record. By all medicine dealers.

If you have Rheumatism
Or any other pain, you don't take chances with St. Jacobs Oil, for twenty years ago it began to kill pain, and it's been pain-killing ever since.

Millions NOW USE Pearline

POPULAR NOVELS.
ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI
Packages contain a list of novels by the most popular Authors. Five Cents in stamps will procure any one of them delivered FREE.
ADAMS & SONS CO., Sands St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Scott's Emulsion

is not a secret remedy. It is simply the purest Norway Cod-liver Oil, the finest Hypophosphites, and chemically pure Glycerine, all combined into a perfect Emulsion so that it will never change or lose its integrity. This is the secret of Scott's Emulsion's great success. It is a most happy combination of flesh-giving, strengthening and healing agents, their perfect union giving them remarkable value in all

WASTING DISEASES.

Hence its great value in Consumption, wherein it arrests the wasting by supplying the most concentrated nourishment, and in Anæmia and Scrofula it enriches and vitalizes the blood. In fact, in every phase of wasting it is most effective. Your doctor will confirm all we say about it. *Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!*

Scott & Bowne, New York. All Druggists. 50c. and $1.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH
For durability and for cheapness this preparation is truly unrivalled.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH in cakes for general blacking of a stove.

THE SUN PASTE POLISH for a quick after-dinner shine, applied and polished with a cloth.

Morse Bros., Props., Canton, Mass., U.S.A.

LOOK FOR THIS LOCK!
IT IS ON
The BEST SCHOOL SHOE Made

HAMILTON BROWN SHOE Co.
SECURITY SCHOOL SHOE
SEE THAT THE LOCK IS STAMPED ON THE BOTTOM OF EACH SHOE

PRICES FOR CASH

5 to 7½—$1.00 11 to 13½—$1.50
8 to 10½— 1.25 1 to 3 — 1.75

IF YOU CAN'T GET THEM FROM YOUR DEALER WRITE TO
HAMILTON-BROWN SHOE CO., ST. LOUIS.

WALTER BAKER & CO.
The Largest Manufacturers of
PURE, HIGH GRADE
COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES
On this Continent, have received
HIGHEST AWARDS
from the great
Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS
In Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and *costs less than one cent a cup.*

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.
WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, etc., when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Go by the book. Pills 10c and 25c a box. Book FREE at your druggist's or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal Street, New York.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.
KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.
DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

★ ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR ★
IMPERIAL GRANUM
IT IS
★ THE BEST ★
FOOD
FOR NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS AND
CHILDREN
★ JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York. ★

TO WOOD WORKERS
Who want to move West. We have the finest location in the country for manufacturing, and an established business, but under present conditions have surplus Power and Room. Will rent or buy an interest in good manufacturing specialty. A. M. WOODWARD, Minneapolis, Minn.

8 STANDARD HOUSEHOLD RECIPES sent prepaid for 30 cents. Address FRANK OLLINGER, Agent, Newton, Kansas.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

THE REPUBLICAN is published every Thursday morning at the following rates:

One copy one year	$1.50
One copy six months	.75
One copy three months	.40
One copy one month	.15
Single copies	.05

ADVERTISING RATES.

First insertion for square of ten nonpariel lines $1; each additional insertion after first 50 cents per square of ten nonpariel lines. Positively no deviation will be made from the above rates.

REMITTANCES:

Remittances made by money order, postal note, registered letter or bank draft will be at our risk, if made otherwise, at the risk of the sender. Address,

THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md

THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1895.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first insertion* of the same:

Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $3; County Commissioner, $2.50; Register of Wills, $2.50; County Surveyor, $1.50.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention. Let the old soldiers have a chance.

W. M. LOHR.

Cove, Md., March 11, 1895.

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. GEORGE J. WALTER,
District No. 1. P. O., Thayerville, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party GEORGE D. WHITE,
Oakland, Md.

NOBODY hereabouts was prostrated by the heat yesterday. It was not a prostrating day by any means.

THE approach of Decoration Day should remind the people to prepare to place upon the graves of the nation's dead the tokens of remembrance and love.

THE Democrats in our sister state of Maryland are in the throes of internecine warfare and Gorman and Rayner are saying very uncomplimentary things about each other. Mr. Rayner wants to be Governor and the Senator does not want him to be, and that is the situation in a nutshell. The outcome will probably be a Republican executive, "a consummation devoutly to be wished for."—Fairfax Republican.

THE Western Shore papere, in mentioning the names of prominent men, in connection with the Republican gubernatorial nomination overlook the fact that the Eastern Shore is still in existence; but when the convention assembles, our friend over the Bay, will realize that the Eastern Shore does exist, and will be there in a surprisingly lively manner, and present a candidate of her own, most likely the Hon. Charles T. Wescott, of Kent.—Dorchester Standard.

The Hon. Charles T. Wescott, of Kent, would make a winning candidate for governor, but it is doubtful if he could be prevailed on to allow his name to go before the nominating convention. The fight this fall will be the people against corrupt Democratic ring rule and abuse of power, and the Republican convention must name a man who will have the confidence of the people and merit their support at the polls. Mr. Wescott and others on the Eastern Shore are eminently worth this confidence. The anti-ring Democrats have heretofore tried to reform the party within the party, but continued failure has admonished them that to succeed they must take some other course. So now they will reform it by giving the ring a thrashing from the effects of which it will not readily revive, and that is to drive it from power by voting with the opposition. It is imperative, then, that the Republican party nominate a State ticket which will of itself invite the support of every good citizen.—Easton Gazette.

And the man to head a winning ticket on the Republican side is found in the person of Hon. Lloyd Lowndes, of Cumberland.

Business Men in Politics.

Any business man who attempts to run his business as Congress runs the affairs of the United States will very speedily find himself an utterly hopeless bankrupt, without credit and without the means of getting it.

Politicians and statesmen as a general rule are not business men or versed in the business affairs. We need good lawyers, but not those who are notorious for a mere preponderance of language that is exceeded in quantity only by that of the professional politician. The result is not conducive to the best business interests of the country.

If we are to judge from the disgraceful and dilatory tactics of the New York State Legislature, a lack of legislative business wisdom is not confined to Congress. State and national affairs need as much careful attention as is given to the management of a prosperous business. There should be due consideration and discussion upon important and weighty topics, but there is no occasion to waste valuable time and money in useless discussions or wind bag oratory. Such is of no earthly use. It convinces nobody; it changes no votes.

Upon important national events the minds of statesmen are agreed either for or against the best interests of the country. Why not, then, at once get down to the actual business in hand, instead of waiting weeks or months, wasting the money of the people and the time of their representatives, who would often serve the country far better by remaining at home?

The representatives of the Fifty-Fourth Congress have already been elected. We are not aware exactly how many business men there are among its members, but we do hope that there are many who will endeavor to impress upon their fellow legislators the desirability, the necessity, of strict attention to business, of prompt legislation and of prompt adjournment. Let us see for once if it be not possible to have a businesslike Congress.

The Return of Prosperity.

Democratic contemporaries all over this nation are seizing with feverish grasp every bit of news that seems to indicate that prosperity is returning. Whenever a mill long closed is reopened, editorial praise of the Wilson bill is heard. If a concern raises wages that were formerly reduced the glories of the Wilson bill are resung. Democratic papers are to-day on a steady hunt for prosperity, and it must be admitted that they are finding it. THE REPUBLICAN will admit that prasperity is returning. Business is slowly awakening.

But for prosperity to return, it first had to depart. When did it depart? This is the question which most interests the voter of to-day. The nation knows that when Benjamin Harrison left office there was no fear of this late collapse of industry. Mills were running on full or over time. No one spoke of reducing wages. No industries feared for their lives. When Grover Cleveland entered upon his second term he found a full treasury and a happy country. He found himself reinforced with a Democratic Congress that promised the nation untold wealth. The work was undertaken. The pall of Free-Trade fell upon the land. Mills began to close and employers to cut down wages. Had Free-Trade been the outcome of Democratic legislation there would not be even the slight revival which business assumes to-day. There would have been no end to the panic of '93 and '94.

Since the Wilson bill went into effect the manufacturer who feared entire Free-trade and took precautionary measures accordingly, has learned what to fear and has gone back to manufacturing, unless the cut in his tariff was so great that it allowed the enterance of foreign goods into deadly competition with the American goods. There have been many such industries. There has been no return of prosperity for them. They are dead.

There have been industries injured by the Wilson Tariff. By the McKinley Tariff not a chimney ceased to smoke, not a fire was banked. No plants were transferred to foreign shores in search of cheaper labor when the McKinley bill was passed.

Yes, prosperity is returning. The consumptive at times seems brighter and stronger than usual, but it is no return of health.

Growing In Favor.

From the Sunday American.

Congressman George L. Wellington, of the sixth district, was in the city yesterday. He had come down from the mountains of Allegany county to look after some business matters, and incidentally take a *little* glance over the political situation. Mr. Wellington is leading the candidacy of Hon. Lloyd Lowndes, of Allegany county, for the Republican gubernatorial nomination. Talking about political matters, Mr. Wellington was very hopeful of Mr. Lowndes' nomination. "I feel satisfied that Mr. Lowndes will receive the nomination for governor," said the Congressman. "The sentiment in his favor is constantly growing all over the State. I fully believe that he will get the entire vote of the sixth congressional district in convention, and possibly all of the Fifth district. In the Second district my friend, Congressman Baker may get the vote at the outset, but I don't think he cares for the nomination, and after a complimentary vote, many of the delegates will support Mr. Lowndes, if he be not then already nominated. I find Mr. Lowndes will get a good slice of the delegation from the Eastern Shore. Baltimore city will also help him very much. Considering everything I have no doubt at all but that he will be nominated. He is thoroughly capable and a splendid man in every particular. The outlook for the party is becoming brighter and brighter, and I think we will carry the State by a good majority, no matter whether Mr. Rayner, Mr. Hayes or Mr. Jones or Mr. Brown heads the Democratic ticket."

Mr. New S. Cook, of Hagerstown says: "I am certainly in favor of the nomination of Mr. Lowndes for governor and am confident that he will receive the support of the delegates from Washington county. He is the man who made it possible for the Republicans to carry Western Maryland some years ago, and he is now the man to lead the party to victory throughout the State. The people of Maryland are becoming tired of one party rule, and think it about time to make a change and have the books of the State government thrown open for public inspection."

Complexion of the Senate.

The failure to elect a Republican with clear title to the United States Senate on the part of Delaware, is a matter of disappointment to the party leaders at Washington. Control of the Senate is now postponed until Utah can send her senators. The vote of a Republican senator from Delaware had been counted upon next December, when 43 straight Republicans would have only required two votes from men generally in harmony with the party except on one issue.

Organization of the Senate is not as important an object in party politics as that of the House, and considering that the executive will still be in the hands of the Democrats for two years to come, Republicans are naturally indifferent as to the possession of the Senate. Of course this does not excuse the reprehensible conduct of little Delaware, whose deadlock has been a scandalous exhibit all through.

The Wool Trade.

Trade is quiet and the tone of the market not materially changed. The London market shows a fair amount of strength, good wools being firm. Americans are operating fairly in choice merinos. Domestic wools are in light supply at the seaboard, and manufacturers are waiting for new wools to come forward. Advices from the country report values too high to attract much buying with the quiet feeling prevailing here. The clip is generally later than usual, and few new wools have come in as yet. Fleece wools are well sold up, and sales are confined to small parcels at about the former basis of price. Australian wools are in good supply and meet with a steady trade, the range scoured for good clothing and combing being about 35a40c., with some choice lots of the latter selling up to 41a42c. Carpet wools are quiet and steady.—Bradstreet's.

B. H. Bowman, Pub. Enquirer, of Bremen Ind., writes: Last week our little girl baby the only one we have was taken sick with croup. After two doctors failed to give relief and life was hanging on a mere thread we tried One Minute Cough Cure and its life was saved. Oakland Pharmacy.

Meanness As a Fine Art.

To the Editor of the Republican.

On last Sunday evening, May 12, 1895, a prominent itinerant clergyman of Garrett county, Md., polished his shoes, eliminated his mustache, put on his cassock, clothed himself in his most brilliant pontificals, and entered a church somewhere between Cross-roads and McHenry to marry a couple. The altar was adorned with immaculate linens, profusely decorated with spring flowers, brilliantly lighted with wax candles, and the church had been vigorously scrubbed for the momentous ceremony.

At near 4 o'clock the parties to be married came—solemnly they came—solemnly they walked up the middle isle of the church, solemnly they stood upon the platform of the altar, solemnly they were united in the sacred bonds of marriage, solemnly the reverend gentleman congratulated the bride and hoped that all the days of her life might not be as chilly as the day on which she was married, and solemnly the marriage couple walked off forgetting to render the marriage fee. Solemnly the reverend gentleman said, "I thought they were human beings, or at least orang-outangs, but I should have previously investigated."

In consequence of the above experience the reverend pastor in charge has announced the following rules for the above named mission:

I. Marriages are cash.

II. Marriage fee at least $5.00.

III. The reverend pastor of the parish does not regard the assisting at a marriage or the baptizing of a child as a compliment to himself, or as adding anything to his personal dignity. Having a human nature, as also has God's Church, and as also had her Divine Founder, he does not live, move and have his being in compliments and dignities.

IV. The marriage of paupers is forbidden by the church and no dispensation can be granted for them.

REMARKS.

I. If the bridegroom cannot afford a marriage fee of at least five dollars he may keep what he can afford to buy peanuts, candy, Scotch snuff and clay pipes for the bride.

II. The above parties were married by the minister in charge of the parish under the impression that they were, in the first place, human beings; in the second place, that they were at least orang-outangs; in the third place, that they were a missing link between an orang-outang and a tad-pole; in the fourth place, that they were not paupers.

III. The reverend gentleman on his arrival in Oakland on Monday morning, proceeded at once to consult a prominent lawyer of the town. "Sit down, sir," said the lawyer. "You are a young minister of little experience and it serves you right to lose your fee, and now young man," said the lawyer, putting forth his bony front finger, "let me give you a piece of advice. If you will persist in marrying paupers you must do it at your own risk. The county commissioners will not levy you anything for your trouble." "Well," said the reverend gentleman, "I have heard of living on birch bark and tea leaves; have heard of skinning a louse for the tallow, but I never heard of a bridegroom so poor." I have heard of meanness as a fine art, but—even in the tumult and whirlwind of my passion I cannot think of the proper Latin infinitive to express my feelings.

ROMANUS MATTINGLY.

A Remarkable Cure of Rheumatism.

David Lowis, who has been afflicted all winter by rheumatism, is out again and all due to one of the medicines advertised in our columns. After trying everything possible, he used Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which has relieved him of all pain, from which he was a constant sufferer and promises to make him fit for duty soon. We know David has been a great sufferer and are glad to see him around again.—Groton Connecticut Review. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures scalds, burns, indolent sores and never fails to cure piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

DEATH OF MRS. BROWN.

The Wife of the Governor Passes Away In the Prime of Womanhood.

BALTIMORE, MD., May 12.—Mrs. Mary Ridgley Brown, wife of the Hon. Frank Brown, Governor of Maryland, died at the Hotel Rennert, Baltimore, at an early hour Saturday morning. Her critical illness had been reported several days ago, and within the past forty-eight hours her attending physicians, Drs. Howard A. Kelly, Otto G. Ramsey, I. E. Atkinson and William Osler, had abandoned hope and addressed themselves to making as painless as possible the last hours of the sufferer.

Mrs. Brown had not been well for over two years. The disease which caused her death at the early age of twenty-eight manifested itself during the first legislative session of her husband's gubernatorial term, but her great desire to support with dignity her high social position was the occasion of her series of brilliant entertainments in the winter of 1891-2. At the session of 1894 her impaired health forbade a renewal of these social occasions, and during the past year she was compelled almost to retire completely from society.

Mrs. Brown was the daughter of the well-known David Ridgley, of Baltimore. As Miss Mamie Ridgley she was noted for her beauty and was one of the belles of the city. When she was only fourteen she spent three years finishing her education at Wiesbaden, Germany. She returned to Baltimore in 1874, and with her parents resided in the winter at the Carrollton Hotel, and in the summer at her father's residence in the country.

Soon after her return from abroad the late Horatio Wyman Preston, a wealthy resident of Boston, began paying her attentions and they were married in 1877. Mr. Preston's health was poor, and trips to California and to Europe were of no avail. While in Switzerland on October 11, 1878, Mr. Preston died. His will left all his estate to his widow.

In December, 1879, the widow gave her hand to Frank Brown, then comparatively unknown in State politics, but who was beginning to rise to his important position. In July, 1892, while in Baltimore on a shopping tour, Mrs. Brown had an attack of sunstroke and was dangerously ill at the Hotel Rennert for several weeks. She never entirely recovered from this attack.

Mrs. Brown was a Lady Bountiful in her bestowal of charity and is gratefully remembered by hundreds whom she has personally relieved. Her purse was always open. Her son, Frank, Jr., who has been at school in Alexandria; her daughter, May, her husband and Dr. Ramsey were at her bedside when she passed away at 3.40 o'clock Saturday morning.

The funeral took place Monday at 11 o'clock at Christ's Protestant Episcopal church, St. Paul and Chase streets, Baltimore.

Defined.

"The bloomer dress," says a humorist, "is a pair of trousers very baggy at the knees, abnormally full at the pistol pockets and considerably full where you strike a match. The garment is cut decollete at the south end, and the bottoms tied around the ankles or knees to keep the mice out. You can't put it over your head like you do your skirt nor around you like a corset, but you must sit on the floor and pull it on just as you do your stockings, one foot at a time in each compartment. You can easily tell the right side to have in front by the buttons on the neckband."

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending May 18th, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

A. J. Wilson,	Clifford Welch,
Walter Collier,	Walter Flanigan,
W. F. Holman,	William Parker,
E. H. Fuller,	John S. Combs,
	Miss Nora M. Firor.

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

Deer Park, on the Crest of the Alleghenies.

To those contemplating a trip to the mountains in search of health and pleasure, Deer Park, on the crest of the Allegheny mountains, 3,000 feet above the sea level, offers such varied attractions as a delightful atmosphere during both day and night, pure water, smooth, winding roads through the mountains and valleys, and the most picturesque scenery in the Allegheny range. The hotel is equipped with all adjuncts conducive to the entertainment, pleasure and comfort of its guests.

The surrounding grounds, as well the hotel, are lighted with electricity. Six miles distant, on the same mountain summit, is Oakland, the twin resort of Deer Park, and equally well equipped for the entertainment and accommodation of its patrons. Both hotels are upon the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, have the advantages of its splendid Vestibuled Limited Express trains between the east and west. Season excursion tickets, good for return passage until October 31st, will be placed on sale at greatly reduced rates at all principal ticket offices throughout the country. One-way tickets, reading from St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Columbus, Chicago, and any point on the B. & O. system to Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia or New York, or vice versa, are good to stop off at either Deer Park, Mountain Lake Park or Oakland, and the time limit will be extended by agents at either resort upon application, to cover the period of the holder's visit.

The season at these popular resorts commences June 22nd.

For full information as to hotel rates, rooms, etc., address George D. DeShields, Manager, Deer Park or Oakland, Garrett County, Md.
9-4t.

For Sale.

Cheap for cash, one second-hand two-horse three spring wagon in good condition or will trade for good oak, chestnut, cherry or pine lumber. Inquire at Naylor's shop.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

The Mayor and Town Council of Oakland will receive bids until Monday, June 3, 1895, for the building of platforms.

Specifications. Platforms to be built of oak boards not less than 1¼ inches thick; 5 feet wide and to be supported by three 3x4 oak stringers. Contractor to take what lumber corporation has at $12 50 per thousand feet.

The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

The Council will hear appeals on the above day from 2 to 6 p. m. and from 8 to 9 30 p. m.

9—4t L. E. TOWNSHEND, Clerk.

TAX SALES.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1895,

at the hour of 2.00 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all the following pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, to satisfy the State and county tax due and in arrear thereon together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting the sale as provided by the aforesaid statute.

8th. Military Lot number five hundred and four (504) containing fifty acres, situated in Election District No. 9, of said Garrett county Maryland, and being the same land that was conveyed to James McKenzie by Johnson Bros. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1892 and 1893, as is assessed to ***JAMES McKENZIE*** on the assessment books of Garrett county, Maryland.

9th. All that piece or parcel of land situated in Election District No. 4, Garrett county, Maryland, known as "Pea Patch" containing the quantity of three hundred and thirty-eight and one fifth acres, being the same land that was conveyed to Michael Gleason and J. W. W. Davis by John B. Brandt, by deed dated the 30th day of September, 1885, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 10, folio 639, &c., one of the Land Records of said Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear for the year 1892 as charged to ***MICHAEL GLEASON and J. W. W. DAVIS*** on the assessment books of said Garrett county, Maryland.

10th. All those parts of Military Lots numbers five hundred and fifty-five (555) and five hundred and ninety-five (595) containing fifty-eight acres, situated in Election District No. 9 of said Garrett county, Maryland, and being the same land that was conveyed to William R. Percy and John T. Hansel by Julia A. Johnson and others by deed dated July 30, 1887, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 3, folio 558, &c., one of the Land Records of said Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1892 and 1893 as is charged to ***WILLIAM R. PERCY and JOSEPH T. HANSEL*** on the assessment books of Garrett county, Maryland.

Terms cash on day of sale. Conveyance at cost of purchaser.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

ORDER NISI.

Samuel Lawton, Late Treasurer of Garrett County, vs. Max Livingston.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, No. 70 Trials to March Term, 1895.

It is ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, this 18th day of April in the year 1895, that the tax sale as made and reported in the above entitled cause by Samuel Lawton, Late Treasurer of Garrett County, and made to the County Commissioners of said county for 26 acres of the tract of land called "Music" be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 17th day of May, 1895; provided that a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 17th day of May, 1895.

The report states the amount of sale to be $58.75. EDWARD STAKE.

True Copy,
Test. E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

WANTED

Men and Boys to wear WANAMAKER & BROWN'S all wool and a yard wide clothing. Largest line of samples in the United States.

Call and have your measure taken.

WILLIAM W. SWEET, Agent,
2—tf. Mt. Lake Park, Md.

Doctors Say;

Bilious and Intermittent Fevers which prevail in miasmatic districts are invariably accompanied by derangements of the Stomach Liver and Bowels.

The Secret of Health.

The liver is the great "driving wheel" in the mechanism of man, and when it is out of order, the whole system becomes deranged and disease is the result.

Tutt's Liver Pills
Cure all Liver Troubles.

Your Appearance
MAY BE MARRED,
Your Health
MAY BE AFFECTED,
Your Comfort
MAY BE DISTURBED

by humiliating, annoying and disfiguring eruptions or humors of the skin, known in their various forms as

ECZEMA, SALT RHEUM, TETTER, PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, RING WORM AND ITCHING PILES.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

IS THE
CERTAIN AND PERMANENT
REMEDY
FOR THESE AND
ALL SKIN DISEASES.

Hundreds of cases CURED attest its wonderful efficacy. SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.

Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, MD.

For CATARRH, HAY FEVER, COLD IN THE HEAD and all inflammatory conditions of the Nasal Passages, use FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE. It is a positive remedy.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

Annual Report of the Receipts and Disbursements of the Corporation of Oakland for the year ending April 30, 1895.

RECEIPTS.

Received on taxes, 1893		$ 117 51
" " " 1891		1,016 54
" " license		16 00
" " fines		35 00
" " scales		155 55
" " platforms		64 83
" " county levy		300 00
" " sale of lumber		49 27
Total		$2,656 70

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid Bailiff, salary	$ 300 00
" " commissions	146 54
" extra police	3 75
" work on streets	263 66
" Electric Light and Power drafts	897 11
" blacksmith's bill	5 75
" Justice costs	3 10
" costs in Hesen case	7 80
" " Martin case	24 00
" printing	45 50
" night watchman	113 50
" Davis & Son, hardware	18 74
" building bridge on Third Street	190 16
" coal, etc., for engine house	20 00
" fire gong for engine house	15 00
" police uniform	18 00
" transportation for tramps	2 95
" Mayor's salary	50 00
" Treasurer's salary	25 00
" Clerk's salary	50 00
" Councilmens' salary	75 00
" Attorney's salary	50 00
" election expenses	10 00
" interest on draft to D. E. Offutt	30 00
" interest and draft on engine	551 65
" draft and interest to Mrs. S. J. Dunham	64 32
" on old indebtedness	211 74
Total	$3,241 50
Excess of expenditures over receipts	$ 587 80

INDEBTEDNESS.

D. E. Offutt, due bill May 1st, 1895	$ 512 17
Expenditures over receipts	563 80
Draft, chemical engine, due Aug. 1, 1891	550 00
Bill due G. W. Deawder	243 83
Total	$1,870 30

ASSETS.

Balance taxes for 1891-2	$ 68 55
Same, 1893	83 75
Same, 1894	429 41
Platform bills	98 26
Glades Hotel one-third cost of electric light on Railroad street	20 00
Total	$699 90
Net indebtedness after all collections are made	$ 970 40

G. M. MASON,
Mayor.

Attest:
L. E. TOWNSHEND,
Clerk.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

This is to notify the tax-payers of Garrett county that the Annual Levy for 1895 has been made and published, and to call their attention to the following abstract of Section 45, Chapter 508, Acts of 1896, relating to the discount to be allowed and interest to be charged on all tax bills:

"All county taxes shall be due and payable on the first day of September next succeeding the date of the levy thereof; and on all county taxes paid on or before the said 1st day of September a discount of 3 per cent. shall be allowed; and after the 1st day of January all taxes shall bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until paid; the Treasurer shall take the discount from and charge interest on all tax bills for county purposes regularly in the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same upon the receipt given for taxes so paid, but the discount allowed on county taxes by this section shall not be made to any person or corporate institution unless the whole amount of State and county taxes due by such person or corporte institution for the current year be paid when the same is made."

E. E. SOLLARS,
Treasurer of Garrett County.

FINANCIAL REVIEW.

Henry Clews' Weekly Letter on the Business Outlook.

NEW YORK, May 11.—In our last advices we recorded a buying market following a slight fall in prices consequent upon sales to realize speculative profits. During the first half of the past week there was again considerable realizing, with some yielding in prices. London, however, proved firmer than New York, and large purchases were made for that market; with the effect of checking the downward tendency and causing some reaction in prices. The unsettled condition of the relations between Japan on the one side and Russia, Germany and France on the other produced here a certain distrust in the stability of the foreign market, and favored the disposition to realize here, lest some threatening diplomatic turn should precipitate a return of securities to New York. The announcement on Tuesday, however that satisfactory terms had been arranged between Japan and China and between Japan and Russia immediately started up the European demand, and hence London was buying while New York holders were selling,—a course with which both parties seem to have been satisfied. Probably, however, the foreigners were the wiser of the two: for our own operators do not appear to have fully weighed the importance of the settlement of the very dangerous Asiatic possibilities that have been escaped. With this cloud removed, a general improvement in financial interests will appear with renewed vigor, the effects of which will be felt in Wall street, in London and on the continent. The late change in the tone of business has not been confined to the United States, but has been shared by all the commercial nations. There would appear, indeed, to be stronger reason for a recovery in Europe than in this country, inasmuch as there the depression has existed ever since the Barings failure, whilst in this country it set in only two years ago. The European liquidation has been protracted and severe almost beyond all experience in the history of commercial reactions. The result in that part of the world has been a liquidation so thorough as to leave behind a condition of extraordinary sound of credit. There is therefore good reason for the expectation of a universal revival of business, and that view appears to be now taking hold of the foreign bourses. In this condition of awakening, all eyes are turned on the United States. There is some holding back until it becomes settled that the revival on this side the Atlantic is real and destined to develop into a true and lasting prosperity. All advices from financial sources indicate that, when that point has been settled, there will be an extraordinary demand for American investments. The importance attached to this contingency appears to be mainly due to the fact that the United States have become such a commanding factor in the trade of the world and also to the growth of confidence in our investments, as compared with other sources from which new issues may come.

This confidence has already found a remarkable strength of expression. During the past week $10,000,000 of our corporate bonds have been placed in Europe. This, added to $66,000,000 of previous negotiations, makes $76,000,000 of securities placed abroad since the date of the syndicate loan negotiation; and yet the syndicate still holds $11,000,000 of bonds, any portion of which stands available for shipment. If any evidence were needed of a sharp turn of European confidence towards American investments surely this should suffice.

Europe no doubt still retains some reservations on account of the continued unsettled state of our phase of the silver question, but those misgivings have nothing like the effect upon confidence that they had previous to this year and to the consummation of the syndicate loan with its implied assurances. And there is good reason for this large abatement of distrust. It is true that, within the last few months, there has been a very conspicuous agitation in favor of national free coinage in the south and the west, which has caused some uneasiness at the east; yet that excitement exists only among the least intelligent and least interested classes, and has had the wholesome effect of arousing the more influential citizens to action calculated to enlighten public opinion upon the true practical merits of the question. Already the fanatical pro-silverites are beginning to show an abatement of their furore, and a great work of education is in process which promises to settle the silver question upon an absolutely safe foundation. Foreign observers seem to be in a better position for observing the drift of these great national agitations than we are on the spot. We limit our observations to our respective localities, and hence get merely sectional estimates of the situation. They see the whole field and can better judge of the issue of the conflict, and from such impressions as they have received it looks as though they are counting upon the success of the friends of sound money. I do not hesitate to express my own undoubting conviction that their expectations will be realized.

We have now reached an advanced stage of the spring business, and in some branches of trade the season's demand is abating; but yet there is nothing to show any impairment of the spirit of confidence and the improvement of business that set in at the earlier stage. Some check to certain branches of manufacturing has arisen from a premature and indiscreet demand for higher wages. That, however, may be regarded as only a temporary incident; it suggests however the encouraging inference that the demand for labor is increasing. The returns of all the clearing houses of the United States, for the last week of April, show an increase in bank clearings of 20.7 per cent. over the same week of 1894 and are almost identical with those of 1892, showing that business has regained its ante-panic normal volume. The crop reports are generally encouraging and, in wheat, indicate a probable increase over the crop of 1894. The iron trade, almost alone among the industries, remains dull; which seems to be the effect of makers having demanded an advance in prices which buyers are not yet willing to pay. The gross earnings of the railroads, in spite of the lightness of grain freight, are showing a very general increase.

These symptoms indicate that the recovery in business is genuine and destined to permanency. The effect upon the market for securities cannot but be beneficial. The course of prices of stock for the moment may depend very much upon the action of the foreign markets; but, at the same time, local speculation may be expected to be stimulated by the fact that the recent rise in prices has added some $300,000,000 to the value of stock dealt in at the New York exchange, which means very large profits to the "bull" speculators, and consequent stimulus to buying. HENRY CLEWS.

Mt. Zion.

Mr. Walter Colter, who has been working for Nesbit Bros., returned to his home in Jefferson county, Pa., last week.

Mr. Carl Allan, of Davis W. Va., was among us one day last week.

Mr. "Jimmie" Thorntou, of Perry county, Pa., has lately arrived among us.

Mr. George Bray has employed a number of hands to peel the tanbark on his land near this place.

Mr. Robert Slaughter, foreman on Watson & Co.'s tram road, who was seriously injured some time ago by being run over by the engine, is slowly recovering.

Mrs. Wm. Turner was visiting at the home of her parents Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hott, of Elk Garden, Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Gipson Paugh paid Piedmont a visit one day last week.

Mr. William Nesbit has been visiting friends at Greenland, W. Va., the past week.

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The Blighting Frost.

The weather bureau Monday furnished the following special bulletin to the press:

"The unusually warm weather that prevailed last week throughout the Missouri and Upper Mississippi, etc., Valleys, the Lower Lake region, Middle Atlantic States and New England has been followed by a wave of extremely low temperature throughout those same districts, the extremes, both of high and low temperature, exceeding in many cases the record of any previous year for the first half of May.

"The warm wave began on Wednesday, the 8th, in the Missouri Valley, with maximum temperatures ranging from 90 degrees to 100 degrees, and moved gradually eastward, reached the Middle Atlantic States and New England on Friday. The cool wave set in the northwest on Friday night, frosts being reported Saturday morning as far South as Kansas and Missouri, and extended to the Atlantic coast by this morning, producing light frosts as far south as Chattanooga and Lynchburg. Killing frosts occurred Sunday morning in Nebraska, Iowa and Michigan, and this morning in Michigan, Ohio and West Virginia.

"Warnings of these frosts were sent out by the Weather Bureau on the day preceding their occurrence to all the districts affected.

"Snow occurred along the lakes in Michigan and Wisconsin. A storm which developed suddenly during the last twenty-four hours and is now central in the Ohio Valley, will probably cause a still further fall in temperature as it moves eastward, producing freezing weather in the Lower Lake region and in northern portions of New York and New England."

The Southern Exposition.

Work at the grounds of the Cotton States and International Exposition has progressed rapidly during the past week. The Fine Arts building is rapidly approaching completion, and the Transporation, Agriculture, Machinery, Government and Forestry buildings are rapidly taking on the appearance of completed structures. The Electricity building is almost finished. On the night of the 15th of May, the International Order of Railway Conductors, which meets in annual convention in Atlanta this week, will give a ball in the Electricity building, the use of the structure for that purpose having been granted by the Exposition management. Several thousand delegates with their wives and friends will attend. The building will easily accomodate the large crowd, and the immense floor will furnish a splendid dancing platform. An army of workmen is engaged on the grounds and buildings, and the Exposition daily approaches nearer to the picture which will be presented when it opens.

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.44 A. M
No. 9	—Daily	7.36 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.38 A. M
No. 17	—Daily except Mon	11.58 A. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	7.27 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	9.58 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 2	—Daily	5.54 A. M
No. 8	—Daily	7.34 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	12.00 A. M
No. 4	—Daily except Monday	4.38 P. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	5.17 P. M
No. 6	—Daily	9.25 P. M

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(Original.)

UNDER AN UMBRELLA.

The Romantic Sequel of a Rainy Afternoon.

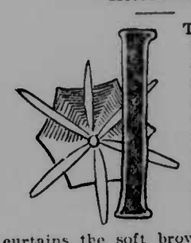

It was such a bright, pleasant room, the rain outside making it feel more cheery and home-like by comparison. The open fire cast a flickering light on the rich crimson curtains, the soft brown carpet with flecks of red here and there, the few choice pictures on the walls, and on the happy faces, in fact, the Russel house and family was noted for its brightness.

When they had come to Redwing, two years ago, society had been rather shy of them—they were very select people in that little town, and adding new people to their circle was a weighty question indeed—but many weeks had not gone by before everyone was attracted by them, from Grace, the oldest daughter, down to wee, toddling Dot or Jamie, and now they were the favorites of all.

Mr. Russel was a man of about sixty years of age, a man of great integrity and honor, one who would scorn to do a mean or little thing to better himself at another's expense. Probably this was the reason why he did not get on in the world, for it must be confessed that he had but a small share of this world's goods, and when a position at Redwing was offered him with a moderate salary, he was only too thankful to accept.

Now let us turn to the fireside which we have left and see who constitutes the family. Mrs. Russel sits in a large easy chair in front of the fire. She is a slight, delicate woman with a sweet face—no one is more beautiful than mother. On a stool at her feet, with her arms in her mother's lap, is Margery, a bright-eyed, brown-haired lass of sixteen. She is the pet and pest of the whole house, being full of mischief and up to all sorts of pranks.

On a couch drawn up on the other side lies Grace, an invalid, and verily an angel in disguise, for how could there be strife or noise in the household when it would cause her to suffer such pain? Hazel and Harry, little mischief makers of nine, are playing around the couch, and here is little Dot toddling across the room as she hears a door close, asking everyone: "Why don't my Dwolly come?"

"Well, here I am at last, and such a time!" cries a fresh young voice, and in comes a young girl who almost falls over Dot. "Does you want your Dwolly?" she cries, as she tosses the child up in the air.

"Now Dorothy," cries Margery, "do tell us what has happened, for I know something has by the way your eyes shine."

"Something? Everything! Just wait till you hear," then tossing her hat, coat and gloves on a lounge she drew up a low rocker and began her story.

"Well, Marmie, you know how you told me to take my umbrella when I went out this afternoon, and how I laughed and said I would be home before it rained, and would not need it, so went without it—for which I am duly thankful."

"Thankful!" cried Margery.

"Yes, thankful! Well, to proceed. I had finished all my errands, and thought I would go in the art gallery for a few moments to see the new pictures. Oh, yes, it was a silly thing to do—imagine *me* staying in there a *few minutes*. The time went faster than I ever imagined, and I suddenly realized how dark it was growing, and worst of all, that it was raining. I hurried out the door hoping to catch a car, but none was in sight, so I started to walk. Then it began to rain harder and I had just decided to put my pride in my pocket, so to speak, and take off my new

"PRAY, ALLOW ME."

hat and save that at least, when I felt a touch on my arm, and a voice at my side said: 'Pray allow me,' and there was my knight armed with an umbrella," and here Dorothy paused.

"Oh, go on, go on!" cried the girls, "what did he look like, and was he nice?" asked Margery.

"Yes, indeed, he was nice, and so good looking, at least as much as I could see, for of course I couldn't look at him very well, walking along in the rain, under a big umbrella. He was tall, rather slim, with dark hair, great brown eyes, and although he was a perfect stranger, I knew I could trust him."

"Did you find out his name?" interrupted Margery.

"Yes, and that's the best part of it—you could never guess, so I'll tell. It was none other than John, or rather Jack Winthrop. It's enough to take your breath away, isn't it? He said his name was Mr. John Winthrop, and then I said without stopping to think: 'Why, you must be Madge's brother Jack!' Imagine my feelings after I said it.

"Then it all came out—how we knew Madge, and how she had spoken to us of him, and all that, but I have kept my greatest for the last, for he is going to call," and with this parting shot Dorothy subsided into the depths of her chair, fanning herself exultingly.

"Oh, Dorothy, you are the greatest girl to have 'happenings.' Not another of the family ever has. Here are all the other girls just crazy to see this wonderful Jack Winthrop, and the first day he is at home, even on his way home, you meet him as calm as you please and then coolly inform us that he will honor us with a call."

"Ain't it most time for supper?" interrupted an appealing voice from the other side of the room, and, with much laughter, Dorothy and Margery made their way to the lower regions—or in other words the kitchen—leaving Grace and mother to talk over the adventure.

"Dorothy does have the most adventures of anyone I know," said Grace.

"If she only wasn't so impulsive," added the mother. "I would feel better. She goes into everything and gets carried away with it all."

"Yes, but she always comes out all right," answered Grace.

In a short time Mr. Russel came home and the story was all gone over again at the supper table, for his benefit, Dorothy enforcing it all with gestures and going through the whole scene, with several additions, to say the least, for she was full of fun, and the excitement brought it all out.

Three days later there came an invitation for Grace. Dorothy and Margery to a large party, given by the Winthrops in honor of Jack Winthrop, who had just returned after an absence of two years.

It caused quite an excitement in the Russel household, for a large party was a great event, and one which they thoroughly enjoyed. Grace decided that she would not go, as it would prove too severe a tax for the little strength she had, so Dorothy and Margery accepted, and then came the subject of dress.

It was simply impossible to get anything new, so the old gowns must do. Dorothy brought them down and laid them on the table. "Let's see," she began, "here's Margery's crepon. Now if

JACK DEVOTED HIMSELF TO DOROTHY.

we put in big sleeves, and new lace in the neck and sleeves and make a new belt and get some roses, that will be all right. Here's my blue crepe—whatever shall I do? The last time I wore it, Fred Walker spilt some stuff on the front breadth and I am afraid it won't come off. Run and get that little box on my table, Hazel, and I'll see if I can clean it." Sure enough she did. "There! I am all right," she said. "I'll get some fresh lace and fix it."

The night of the party came at last, and when the girls came down it would be hard to say which was the prettier. The soft, creamy crepe went beautifully with Margery's brilliant complexion and dark hair, while Dorothy looked equally lovely in her pale blue gown and golden hair.

When they reached the Winthrop's they found the house a blaze of light, and the murmuring of happy voices was heard everywhere. Jack devoted himself to Dorothy, and the two were a great contrast. The party came to an end at last, as all delightful things do, everyone declaring they had never had a more delightful time.

II.

So the fall and winter passed away. Jack Winthrop was a frequent visitor at the Russels', and people began to smile and nod mysteriously when the names of Dorothy Russel and Jack Winthrop were mentioned. Fortunately the parties concerned in the bit of gossip were blissfully ignorant of it all. "They were just *good* friends, nothing more," at least that was what Dorothy said.

It was a fine winter, and the skating and sleighing parties were almost innumerable. Sometimes Jack took Dorothy, sometimes Margery, or some of the other girls; but Dorothy oftener than all; and so winter passed and spring came.

One day Dorothy received a note from an old schoolmate which caused great commotion, and this is what it said:

"FAIRCHILD, Mass., April 5, 18—.

"MY DEAR DOROTHY: I think I have waited long enough, and now my patience has given out, and I want you to come and pay me that long-promised visit.

"There are so many in your family that they will surely spare you for a little while, and when you think what a long time it is since we have seen each other, and how much we have to tell each other, I know you will come.

"Now please don't disappoint me again, dear, but *come soon* and see

"Your loving friend, MABEL HALSTEAD."

What an excitement that letter caused! Everybody began talking at once, the children insisting that "their Dorothy" should not go, and mother and the girls planning about it, for, some way or other, it seemed to be quite settled that Dorothy should go.

When Mr. Russel came home, the letter was laid before him, and he agreed at once that Dorothy should accept the invitation. So the preparations began, and Dorothy wrote Mabel that she might expect her on Tuesday, the 13th. The morning of the 15th dawned bright and clear, and Dorothy started off in high spirits, not unmixed with a little sadness in this her first home parting.

How the family missed her! The rest all tried to be brighter and gayer, to help fill her place. For the first two or three days Dot would go hunting around the house to find "my Dwolly."

Saturday morning the postman brought a letter for mother, and they all crowded around to hear it.

"April 17th.

"DEAR MOTHER AND ALL: I know you are all anxious to hear from me and know how I got along during my journey, and of my safe arrival, so I will write my letter to you all.

"The journey was very quiet and uneventful, for once, unless you call taking the wrong car, when I changed, and getting carried I don't know where—an event. Luckily for me the porter told me in time and showed me the right car.

"Mabel met me at the depot and so I am here all right. It is a lovely home, so I know I shall have a *delightful* time; they have made me feel like one of their family, and are so kind—not a bit formal.

"Here comes Mabel to take me down to tea, so I will close this letter, but write soon and tell all my 'happenings,' as Margaret calls them.

"Lots of love to all, and a kiss for Dot. I am, your ever loving, DOROTHY."

"I am glad she went," said Grace; "it will be such a change, and she will see something of city life."

"I wonder if she will make a long visit; but we must not be selfish and let her think we want her back." Then a shade passed over the mother's face as she said: "We cannot keep her forever, and now she is only trying her wings, but will soon leave the home-nest for one of her own." Mothers' eyes are very sharp and see far ahead.

A week or so later Jack came to call. He was out of town when Dorothy went away, so knew nothing of it. He looked around, talked awhile to Grace and Margery on different subjects, and then asked if Miss Dorothy was at home.

"Dorothy!" exclaimed Margery. "Why she has been away for more than a week. Didn't you know it? Oh, yes; you were away when she left."

"Dorothy gone! Why, when did she go?"

"Let me see, to-day is the 22d, and she went the 13th, just a week ago to-day, and it seems years to us. You see she has never left us before, and we miss her so."

Jack left soon after that, but called often to hear the news from Dorothy. One day he found Grace and Margery laughing over one of her letters. Dorothy had the gift of writing everything so vividly that you could see it all. Leaving the big things to come in any way, she told all the little incidents that make up the pleasure of the day.

She had been particularly bright this time, describing everything and everybody with a quaint humor.

Margery read portions of the letter to Jack, and when she came to the part where Dorothy said that Fred Halstead Mabel's brother, had been her escort, she was startled by hearing an exclamation from Jack: "Fred Halstead! Why, I know him; he used to be my old school chum. Is there a Mabel Halstead, too? Yes, it must be the same. Why didn't you tell me before whom she was visiting?" he asked, impatiently.

"Why didn't you ask?" said Margery. "How did I know that you wanted to know whom she was visiting?"

"True enough," said Jack. Then he brightened up as if at a happy thought. "I came to say good-by," he said very, coolly, "as I have some business that calls me away for a few days."

"Rather sudden, isn't it?" asked Margery, with a roguish smile, who saw through the whole plot.

When Jack reached the door he looked at her and seemed to see something in her face that prompted him to say: "Wish me well, Miss Margery." Giving his hand a reassuring shake, she said: "I wish you good luck, Mr. Jack," and then shut the door.

When Jack reached home the first thing he did was to sit down and write a note to Fred Halstead telling him that he had business in Fairchild, and would give him a call.

Meanwhile, Dorothy was enjoying herself greatly; parties and outings of all kinds filled up a good share of the time, still, in spite of it all, she was getting homesick. During the afternoon she had been telling Mabel about the good times at home, and about Jack Winthrop. The talk had brought up old memories, and now, as she sat before the library fire waiting for Mabel, she could picture them all sitting around the fire at home, talking and laughing; perhaps Jack was there, too, for this had been his favorite hour for calling.

She had just reached this point in her thoughts, when the door opened and some one entered the room. Thinking it was Mabel she did not turn or speak, until she heard a step, strange, yet wonderfully familiar. She turned. "Jack!"

It was all she said, yet it satisfied him, as he clasped her hands and drew her to him.

Mabel, coming through the hall, saw them, then shut the door and left them to themselves. Some time after, when Dorothy and Jack were seated side by side on the sofa, enjoying the silly nothings as only lovers can, Dorothy turned to him suddenly.

"Jack," she said, with her eyes cast down, and soft blushes covering her face, "Jack, when—when did you first begin to care for me?"

"Do you know, dearest," he said, "it was the first time I met you—under an umbrella." L. E. V.

—"The devil take the hindmost" is a proverbial saying, having its origin in Spain. According to a Spanish legend the devil had a school of magic at Toledo, and, at the conclusion of the term of instruction, there was a race of the graduates to get away, the entire class being pursued by the devil, who was entitled to the soul of the last in the procession. According to the story, the one thus overtaken was destined to be a famous magician, and several of the most noted sorcerers of mediæval times were supposed to have been thus overtaken in the race from the Toledo institute.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Life Insurance Agent—"What did your father and mother die of?" Uncle Humsted—"I don't rightly know; but 'twarn't nuthin' serious."—Puck.

—Wife—"Mrs. Ailer has gone abroad to be treated by a Parisian physician." Husband—"So? She always had a predilection for French heels."—Boston Transcript.

—"Waiter," said the guest, "I wish you'd ask the proprietors to turn on a little more light. It's so dark in here I can't tell whether I'm eating planked shad or a paper of pins."—Chicago Tribune.

—Child—"Mamma, why did they call Robinson Crusoe's man Friday?" Mother—"Because he came to him on a Friday." "Then why don't you call me Wednesday instead of Paul?"—Tit-Bits.

—Miller—"Gabber seems unusually happy lately." Baker—"Yes, he has quarreled with his wife." Miller—"I shouldn't think that would make him happy." Baker—"But she won't speak to him."—Brooklyn Life.

—Mitigating His Fate.—The Dealer in Pianos—"What kind of a piano do you want for your daughter?" The Father (whose nerves are being worn away)—"Give me one that has the most soft pedals."—Chicago Record.

—Gus De Smith—"I wonder if the editor of the Bugle would say a good word for our crematlou society if I asked him." Jones—"I guess so. Nothing pleases him any better than giving somebody a roast."—Texas Siftings.

—A Reckless Goat.—Mrs. O'Dooley—"Me goat's in the pound again." Mrs. Mulgrew—"How did it happen?" Mrs. O'Dooley—"He got fightin' wid a bock beer sign in the windy of a saloon, thinkin' 'twas another goat, an' he was locked up fer smashin' the pane o' glass."—Brooklyn Eagle.

—He—"You told me your father was a retired capitalist, and now I find, after marrying you, that he is not worth a cent." She—"I only told you the truth. He was a capitalist once, but after the panic hit him he retired from the capitalist business completely."—Cincinnati Tribune.

—"Do you not sometimes have soulful yearnings which you long to convey in words, but cannot?" asked the sentimental girl. "Yes, indeed," replied the young man. "I was once dreadfully anxious to send home for money and I didn't have the price of a telegram."—Washington Star.

—"The peculiar thing about this boa-constrictor, ladies and gents," said the keeper, "is that it requires a young chicken about once a week. It is not dangerous except when hungry. It is very particular about what it eats, ladies and gents, and that young man that's smoking a cigarette can approach the cage with perfect impunity. It won't touch him."—Chicago Tribune.

—At Oxford the proctor's chief attendant is called marshal. A supercilious, would-be witty young barrister had to examine one of these functionaries. He began: "You are the proctor's bulldog, I think." "I am the proctor's marshal, sir." "Oh, no! you're the bulldog; I shall call you bulldog." "As you please, sir," was the calm reply; "all the cads in the town call me so."—Household Words.

THE DITTY BOX MUTINY.

An Episode of Early Times in the English Navy.

A curious instance of "how small a matter kindleth strife" was many years back afforded in connection with the boxes in which English seamen keep their needles and such-like things. These same "ditty boxes" were in former days very nearly the cause of a serious mutiny in one of the flagships, in which the not overwise commander, upon newly joining, began the practice of throwing overboard any such boxes he caught sight of on going his morning rounds of inspection, considering that they spoiled the effect of the sets of china with which all the men's mess tables were adorned.

It happened that numerous visitors, generally escorted by this commander, came to see the flagship and, of course, admired the neatness of the crew's mess places, and especially the show of china, which was pointed out with pride by him. One afternoon, however, after there had been during the morning an especial search for and large capture of boxes, which were then thrown overboard, the seamen, justly enraged at this destruction of their little necessaries, rose en masse and smashed the whole of the much-admired crockery. The marines, however would not follow suit, and effectually resisted the efforts to smash their china made by the sailors, who desired to thus complete their work of destruction. These seamen then rushed up on the forecastle. During the destruction of crockery the overdressed mate of the lower deck kept frantically brandishing his sword, but at the rear of the marines, and quite clear of the flying fragments of crockery.

The noise made roused the commander, who, rushing up to the quarter-deck, called for the marines, and ordered them to load their muskets. At this point the mate of the upper deck and the mate of the main deck who knew the seamen well from long and close experience, stepped up to the commander and begged him, instead of causing the marines to load, to pipe the crew down, which he did; and then these two mates went forward, and, speaking kindly, induced the seamen to go below and leave the forecastle guns, which they were casting loose, while some of their comrades were endeavoring to break open the powder magazine. Thus what threatened to be a serious mutiny was happily put an end to, leaving the seamen the unpleasant task of sweeping up their broken crockery. As might have been anticipated, nothing further occurred; for all good officers, who have an intimate knowledge of the seamen of the royal navy, can bear witness to their attachment to judicious officers as well as to their great loyalty to duty.—Boston Traveler.

Look Out for "No. 1"

Your First Duty is to Yourself. Your Bodily Condition Calls for the Help to be Found in a Good

Spring Medicine

The best Preparation for this Purpose is

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Spring is the season for cleansing and renewing the blood. During the winter it has crept sluggishly through the veins, gathering impurities from indoor air, from fatty substances in the food, and from many other sources.

The great blood purifying medicine especially prepared to do this work is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It will give to the blood purity, richness and vitality and these will bring health and vigor, strong nerves, a good appetite, refreshing sleep, and powers of endurance.

Cleanse your blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, a renovating preparation especially prepared to make pure blood, then you may enjoy the season of flowers and birds and out door pleasures, for you will be healthy, strong and well. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache. 25c.

KNEW MORE THAN A HORSE.

One Mule That Trusted His Rider in Mountains But Not at Rivers.

Few people who have not lived on intimate terms with a mule, are willing to acknowledge that he is more intelligent than a horse.

But the members of the United States geological survey, who for months at a time live in the saddle, and use mules for saddle and pack animals, claim that horses are neither tough enough, sure-footed, nor smart enough for rough, continuous mountain work.

Jack was a saddle mule of the survey for four years. His master was the head of the party, and a daring, fearless rider, well used to wild mountain climbing and surveying. He declares that Jack knew more than his master, and that his thinking powers were human. He says:

"Jack was big, black and very strong. He knew me perfectly, and how far he could trust me. In my early acquaintance I got him into quicksand once or twice, and he learned to doubt my judgment of rivers and sand-burs.

"Without a fear I could ride him into a rocky ford, no matter how deep or rough, but if I struck a sandy one—old Jack would absolutely refuse to step in. He would look at me and I at him. No persuasion affected him.

"So I would jump off the saddle, wade in sometimes up to my knees, showing him that the bed of the river was quite hard, get back into my saddle, and without a prick of his big ears Jack would step cheerfully in.

"Who says Jack didn't think? He had more faith in my ability as a mountaineer than as a water-man, and would follow me wherever I thought it safe to go.

"In northwest Arizona, after a long, hard day's ride, I was hurrying toward camp, when suddenly my way was cut off by one of those long escarpments in the plain, where a sudden drop in the strata has left a long line of low cliff, which I must descend.

"I rode along the top of the bluff for a mile or more; finding no possible descent, till at last, about dusk, we came to a broken place where I thought a mule might slide down the sloping face of the rock, ten or fifteen feet, to a less steep descent below. I got off and tried to lead him.

"Not a step would Jack take. I coaxed and urged and pulled. He stood firm as a rock.

"I left him and walked up and down on the bluff; looked down below us and above us. Jack followed me with his eyes, clear, trustful and full of confidence as a child. He saw that I found no better place. Patting my hand on his head, I said: 'Jack, old man, got to try it!' Patting him, I went ahead.

"Jack made no objections, drew his four feet close together, and followed! He slipped safely to the bottom, and stood still until I was in the saddle.

"In eastern Utah we struck an old camp where, three years before, Jack had carried me over a terribly dry land. He had since that season been in different territories. We made camp, after a tedious day, but found no water.

"We turned the mules loose, and Jack, with one of the pack mules, started for the bluffs. They led all the rest up a steep bluff, through a deep canyon, to a beautiful spring of water, where, three years before, we had all camped and drank. Every member of the big survey party had forgotten but Jack!"—Boston Globe.

Hold the Fort

Against a bilious attack by calling to your aid that puissant ally, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The foe will then be driven back utterly defeated. Dyspepsia, sick headache, malarial, kidney, nervous and rheumatic trouble and constipation yield to the action of this most beneficent of remedies. Take it regularly and you will soon experience its good effects.

SHE did not like her bonnet,
For, as she gayly sped,
She noted that it did not turn
A single person's head.
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

When You Want a Thresher,

Horse Power, Swinging or Wind Stacker, Saw Mill, Self Feeder, or an Engine, address the J. I. CASE T. M. Co., Racine, Wis. They have the largest Threshing Machine plant in the world, and their implements may be relied upon as *the best*. Business established 1842. Illustrated catalogue mailed free.

"PAPA, what's twins?" "Two children of the same age of the same parents." "Why, I thought they was a philopena."—Harper's Young People.

IT is when the snow lies deepest that the oldest inhabitant follows its example.—Rockland Tribune.

MAN becomes the "shadow of his former self" when he is the detective of his own past faults.—Puck.

When Traveling

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectively on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cents and $1 bottles by all leading druggists.

AN EXPLANATION.—Proud Father—"That is a sunset my daughter painted. She studied painting abroad, you know." Friend—"Ah! that explains it. I never saw a sunset like that in this country."—Tit-Bits.

I AM entirely cured of hemorrhage o lungs by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—LOUISA LINDAMAN, Bethany, Mo., Jan. 8, '94.

TOMMY'S MOTHER—"Did you hear about Mrs. Jones? She ran a needle into her head. The doctors had to open every finger trying to find it." Tommy—"What made 'em do that, mamma? Why didn't they get the lady another needle?"—Life's Calendar.

SCROFULA

Miss Della Stevens, of Boston, Mass., writes: I have always suffered from hereditary Scrofula, for which I tried various remedies, and many reliable physicians, but none relieved me. After taking 6 bottles of S.S.S. I am now well. I am very grateful to you, as I feel that it saved me from a life of untold agony, and shall take pleasure in speaking only words of praise for the wonderful medicine, and in recommending it to all.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free to any address.

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SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

FRIENDS'

ROLLED OATS

ALWAYS THE BEST — DAILY SALES 90,000 lbs.

FRIENDS' ROLLED OATS

Since 1861 I have been a great sufferer from catarrh. I tried Ely's Cream Balm and to all appearances am cured. Terrible headaches from which I had long suffered are gone.—W. J. Hitchcock, Late Major U. S. Vol. & A. A. Gen., Buffalo, N. Y.

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Pain and Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Protects the Membrane from colds. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT

The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.

At Druggists, 50c & $1. Advice & Pamphlet free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4. $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMEN'S. EXTRA FINE.
$2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES. $3. $2.50 $2. $1.75
BEST DONGOLA.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the

W. L. Douglas $3 & $4 Shoes

All our shoes are equally satisfactory. They give the best value for the money. They equal custom shoes in style and fit. Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed. The prices are uniform,—stamped on sole. From $1 to $3 saved over other makes. If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

WHO BEARS THE BURDEN OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC?

"AONES, DOES YOUR FATHER DRINK, TOO?"

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

INTEMPERANCE IN CITIES.

A Vivid Picture of the Awful Work of Rum in the Centers of Civilization.

Residents of the rural districts and of the villages und smaller towns do uot realize the horrible disgrace to nineteenth century civilization which the drink traffic is in the great cities. In point of fact the routine of "drunk and disorderly" cases which come up every morning in city police courts, presenting the same sort of cases every day, is generally dismissed with the briefest mention in the daily press. A report of these cases from all the great cities, both of the United States and Great Britain, would show a remarkable sameness, except as to name. We have before us a detailed report, however, given in the Newcastle (England) Daily Chronicle, of the cases appearing before the police court of that city on Monday, March 11. The account begins thus:

As the year advances the number of appearances at the police court gradually increases and as the habitual offenders get over the financial depression consequent upon their "fling" at Christmas, they begin to return to the court in larger numbers. During the past few weeks the Monday morning's list has increased by easy stages from sixteen cases to forty-five, which was the number on the charge sheet Monday last. Forty-one of these cases were connected with drunkenness, five being aggravated by assaults and one by fighting.

This affords a vivid idea of the amount of drunkenness in an English city. Newcastle is by no means the worst in this respect, in proportion to population. But it is to be remembered that persons are not arrested merely for being intoxicated. Intoxication of itself is not a legal offense. It must be accompanied by fighting, or some other disorderly conduct, so that the charge made by the arresting officer is "drunk and disorderly." Hence the arrests bear but a very small proportion to the number of intoxicated persons, and a still smaller one to the number of individuals who indulge in drink. The report from which we quote then goes on to give details of the various cases, from which we extract the following to give our readers some idea of the evils of the drink traffic in a large city:

A man named James Burns (aged 25) was charged with drunkenness and disorder in Silver street. The books showed that this was Burns' 40th appearance at the court, and the bench fined him 10s. and costs. He left the dock singing "White Wings, They Never Grow Weary," afterwards giving vent to bad language.

A young woman named Catherine Clayton, 25 years of age, made her 70th "business visit" to the court, and was fined 10s. and costs.

A youth named Peter Graham, 19 years of age, was brought before the magistrates for the 20th time, on a charge of drunkenness. A fine of 5s. and costs was imposed.

A man named Christopher Colvin (22) and two women named Bridget Creggan (27) and Cecilia Gordon (25) were charged with drunkenness in Pilgrim street.—P. C. Vass said he was on duty in Pilgrim street, on Saturday night, and he saw all the prisoners throwing stones at one another, swearing and making a great disturbance.—The man said he had been going to see a friend, when the women came up to him, knocked off his hat, and asked him for some money. He refused to have anything to do with them, and that was how the disturbance began. Creggan and Gordon said it was the man's fault, and each subjected the officer to a lengthy cross-examination.—The records of each were read out. Colvin had been ten times before the bench—four times last year. Creggan had been 114 times at the court. (Laughter.)—Creggan: "It's nowt to laugh aboot, onyways." Gordon made her forty-fourth appearance.—The bench fined each of the prisoners 10s. and costs.

A woman named Sarah Rutherford was charged with drunkenness on Saturday night, and Superintendent Findlay deposed to finding her quarrelling with another woman. She had made 90 previous appearances at the court, and had just come out of prison on Saturday morning after doing a month.—The bench sent her back to gaol for a month, and she left the dock, saying "It's a good job; a month's nowt in my way."

These details shed a lurid light on the relation of the drink traffic to courts and prisons. Think of a woman of twenty-five who has been arrested seventy times for being drunk and disorderly! And of one of twenty-seven who had been arrested one hundred and fourteen times for the same offense! It is a shame to our boasted civilization that such things should be possible. It is true that people of this class are the slaves of appetite, and show a lamentable want of self-control; but the state does a wrong in allowing a state of things to continue which makes it possible for these to indulge in the drink habit.—Toledo Blade.

PROTECTING THE HOME.

The Love for It Should Nerve Us to Greater Effort Against Its Worst Enemy, the Saloon.

In all the English language there is no word we love so well as we do that word "home." It appeals to the best in every human soul. I remember before I came to America the first time I went among the iron workers of South Wales, and as I bade them good-by they said: "Be sure to go to Pittsburgh and see the Welshmen there," and they gave me so many messages the great Atlantic liner would not have carried all. But when I got to America I went to Pittsburgh and talked with the Welshmen in the iron works there. They gave me a basket of flowers, and in the center was a beautiful daffodil. I knew they were far from their native land, and as I looked upon the daffodil I said: "Does not that remind you of home and the spring time and the green hills of your own beautiful Wales?" And down the cheeks of those hard-working men coursed the tears. What was it? Nothing but a little yellow flower and the word "home." Home, it is the sweetest word in the English language. I know when the "Bell-ringers" came from Australia they told me that the only tune they could play there, the one that was demanded constantly, was "The Village Chimes." That old ding-dong bell of home lived forever in their ears, the hills and valleys of their native land; the graves growing green in spring-time, and their little cottages, all summed up by the magic of that little word "home." And the home is what we are working to save from the curse of the saloon. From the home the drink curse must be banished, and from our civilized lands. The other day I stood in that great hall in Washington, that will hold I don't know how many thousands, and it was decorated as beautifully as yours is here to-day, and it was woven back and forth with mottoes about the home—the protection of our dear homes. And women's hands have set their seal upon this work, from India, Australia, England and America.—From Address by Lady Henry Somerset.

Evils of Wine Drinking in France.

"They that sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind" is being exemplified anew in wine-drinking France, where one of the problems most seriously discussed is the connection between crime and youth, back of whom lie generations of moderate wine-drinkers. The most daring, the most sanguinary and the most hardened criminals with whom France has of late years had to deal, have been with few exceptions mere youths, the great majority being under twenty years. M. Guillot, an investigating magistrate, says: "That during my long career as judge d'instruction I have seen the lowest depth of human corruption, but it is only since I have had to do especially with young criminals that I have become acquainted with it."

Where the Evil Lies.

We are told that nearly everybody deplores the evils of the saloon, and for anyone to argue the question would be to be considered "a back number." A great majority, however, who deplore the evils of the saloon deplore the evils of the drink. But the evil is in the drink and not in the saloon. The drink "dispensed" by the state, or by a "club of gentlemen," or by a company of "best citizens," is the same old "devil in solution." Fight the drink.—National Temperance Advocate.

Man, Yet Not a Man.

A big hulking fellow is brought before the magistrate for drunkenness and disturbing the peace.

"Your business?" demands the magistrate.

"My business?" Then, after considering: "My wife is a washerwoman."—Good Housekeeping.

GENERAL GLEANINGS.

THE use of alcohol causes three-fourths of all the diseases in the world.

A NEW whisky trust has been formed, combining all the whisky interests in the country.

NO BEER or spirits are permitted to be sold in Christiana, the capital of Norway, from Saturday afternoon till Monday morning.

CHRISTIAN men have sons at stake; liquor dealers have dollars at stake. Which are the most valuable?

DR. BALLINGER, who examined two thousand persons in the hospital at Munich, says he found that eight per cent. died of excessive beer-drinking.

TEN years ago the annual consumption of the terrible stimulant absinthe in France was 57,700 hectolitres. Last year it reached a total of 165,000 hectolitres.

IT is stated that the total amount paid to farmers annually for grain used in the production of drink is but $40,000,000, while the market which is lost by the drink traffic is $1,200,000,000.

SALOONS are the devil's toboggan slides. They start on earth and land in hell; and all the way down their speed increases, and the longer the slide the less the possibility of stopping.—Christian Nation.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Stentor, from whom we have the word stentorian, was a Greek herald in the Trojan war, famous for his tremendous voice. Homer says he was "great-hearted, brazen-voiced, and could shout as loud as fifty men."

—Stephen A. Douglas had a magnificent bass voice that would have made his fortune on the opera stage. The manner in which he bellowed forth "Fellow citizens" at the beginning of a speech was never equaled by any public speaker.

—One franc cab fares for short distances have proved a failure in Paris, owing to the opposition of the drivers, who objected to the loss of their pour boires. Now there is talk of the public combining to refuse pour boires even for the longer distances.

—Nimes is so indignant over the suppression of its bull fights that it tried to boycott Coquelin aine when he acted there recently, as a retaliation against Paris. Bills were posted up calling upon people to either stay away or to hoot him down. But Coquelin carried the day.

—Cape Juby, on the coast of the Sahara, with the adjacent territory and the factories lately established, has been bought by the sultan of Morocco from the English company settled on the land, with a view to avoiding complications with England and preventing England from obtaining a foothold in Morocco.

—Lippe Detmold is threatened with extinction as a sovereign state. It comprises 475 square miles, and contains 130,000 inhabitants. Prince Waldemar died recently leaving only an insane brother of 64 to succeed him. It seems likely that it will be annexed to the 133 square miles of Schaumburg Lippe, reducing the number of German states to twenty-five.

—"Who reads an American book," the famous sneering utterance of Sidney Smith, was used in the Edinburgh "Review" of January, 1820. The article in which it occurs was the review of Adam Seybert's "Statistical Annals of the United States." At the time of its employment the Americans bitterly resented the covert sneer, and with energy defended their literature from the supposed attack.

—M. Constans has proposed a startling reform in the French criminal law in the chamber of deputies. it is that every person arrested shall be examined within twenty-four hours to see if there is probable cause for the arrest, and that he shall be then attended by counsel, or if too poor shall have counsel assigned him. It is strange that such a law should be proposed now for the first time in France since the revolution of 1789.

—John Gower, the author of the "Confessio Amantis," is known to have written a poem in French with some such name as Speculum Hominis or Speculum Meditantis, but the work was lost. It was recently discovered in the Cambridge university library, and turns out to be a poem of 29,000 eight-syllable lines, with the title "Mirour de Lomme." The manuscript is of the fourteeth century, probably nearly contemporary with Gower, and consists of 152 pages. Some are missing at the beginning and at the end of the book. It was bought at the Hail stone sale.

MR. POST'S BURGLAR.

In Spite of His Bravado He Had a Severe Fright.

"I should just like to see burglars take off any of my valuables, that's all," said Mr. Post, in the deep bass tones he reserves for family use.

"But suppose he got the drop on you?" suggested Mrs. Post. She read the newspapers and had caught some of their vernacular.

"I should like to see him—I just would," reiterated her husband in an infuriated voice; "he would never live to be hung."

"But you couldn't shoot him without a revolver?"

"Wait until he comes, Mrs. P. I have several methods at my fingers' ends, only don't you wake up and squawk. A woman always hampers a man at such a time; you just keep still and let me settle with the burglar."

"You're quite welcome," said his wife. She believed that Mr. P. would be frightened into a fit by the mere suggestion of a burglar.

As it happened, Mr. Post was awakened a few nights later by a light flashed in his face, and opening his eyes he saw a man standing over him with a black mask on, and a revolver in his hand.

"Your money or your life," said the burglar in the most burglarious manner.

"Don't shoot," implored Mr. Post; "you might kill my wife. Maria," he called in an agonized whisper, but Mrs. Post had been told too often not to "squawk" and she didn't.

"Shut up," commanded the burglar, "and hand out the gold watch and money under your pillow. Stop lag your wife, unless you want me to shoot her. Shell out now like a man."

And Mr. Post did shell out. He gave up his watch and the roll of bills he had neglected to bank, and then had the satisfaction of hearing the burglar say:

"I've half a mind to shoot you anyhow."

"For heaven's sake, don't shoot!" gasped the frightened man.

Then the burglar laughed uproariously, pulled off his mask and handed back the watch and money to Mr. Post.

"M-a-r-i-a!"

"Yes, it's me," answered Mrs. Post, regardless of grammar. "I just wanted to show you, Mr. Post, that you aren't half as brave as you think you are; and I succeeded, too, didn't I?"

"Maria," asked Mr. Post, humbly, "won't you please point the pistol the other way—it might go off."

"It can't," answered his wife; "it isn't even loaded; it's your old nickel boot-jack, Mr. Post."

In consideration of his narrow escape, Mr. Post forgave his wife her burglarious escapade.—Detroit Free Press.

WOMEN'S FASHIONS.

Some Fresh Ideas in the Department of Dress.

To go somewhere during the summer seems to have become the special idea for people of all classes and conditions. Even though there must be self-denial for all the rest of the year, the trip or outing seems to be arbitrary. There are a few sensible persons who are scarcely willing to handicap themselves for ten months for the sake of a good time during two.

Of course, there are numbers of people who are able to indulge in these outings, and for these there are fabrics and styles galore. The traveling-dress of the present day is an extremely stylish and natty affair. While fine checks and various plaids are worn for traveling, they are becoming to but very few women. A good storm serge in dark blue, green or black, or a good black cheviot, is unquestionably the most desirable. The skirt is plain and flaring, with very little stiffening. Of course, the back breadths may be lined with haircloth or grasscloth, but the continuous sitting makes a sorry-looking article of it before the journey's end is reached.

One of the trimmest dresses for the coming season is made of black brilliantine of fine quality. It has the skirt in the regular shape, a waist with the front and back slightly full at the waist-line and gathered into a belt. There are several tiny plaits just below the collar in front and back, and an Eton jacket of the material with lapels of silk is worn with it. A belt either of ribbon or leather holds a small traveling bag suitable for tickets and loose change. Another stylish dress is of dark-blue storm-serge. It has the regular full skirt, narrow at the top, and is worn with a dark-blue blouse and an Etou jacket of the serge. The sleeves are very large at the top, and extremely wide revers turn back over them. Another pretty traveling dress has a skirt finished with a pointed belt in corselet fashion. A shirt waist of cambric is worn with it, and there is a short cutaway blazer of the dress goods. This has very pronounced lapels and comfortable sleeves.

There is something extremely pretty and stylish about a skirt perfectly plain, and finished at the waist-line with a point, in which are set whalebones for stiffening. It does away with the pulling apart which seems almost inseparable from the use of detached skirt and waist. It is difficult to fasten down a blouse so that it will not pull up above the ordinary belt. One lady thinks she has solved the problem in stitching a very wide band of tape around the armholes and down the underarm seams of her blouse. Where these strips reach the waist-line a strong eye is sewed, and a hook into the skirt-belt catches into it. From the armhole band two strips run, meeting in the middle of the back of the waist-line. These are not sewed to the material, but exactly in the middle of the blouse back there is a small eyelet hole, and the eye, which is sewed on the V-shaped attachment, passes through this eyelet and is hooked to the middle of the back of the skirt. This holds the skirt and blouse together in three places and answers the purpose very well.

One of the secrets of comfortable traveling lies in taking only what is necessary. For journeys over night, the skirt and waist may be removed, the petticoat and underwear so fastened as to be perfectly loose, then a long matinee or wrapper may be slipped on outside. If one wears a black silk petticoat, which is the most comfortable of all garments for this purpose, the matinee answers quite as well as the wrapper, and takes up very much less room.

There is great diversity of opinion as to proper footwear for traveling. Some authorities recommend low shoes, but for those who are not all delicate there is nothing so safe and comfortable as a moderately loose kid buttoned boot. If low shoes are worn, over-gaiters should be at hand in case of draft, which is often distressing, and is the cause of very many severe colds.—N. Y. Ledger.

CURED OF BLOOMERS.

How an Indianapolis Damsel Lost All Desire to Appear in Knickerbockers.

Bloomers have been abandoned in one home in the city, at least.

It is an elegant residence on the North side, and it so happens that all the family, consisting of father, mother, grandmother, son and daughter, are fond of outdoor exercise. Grandmother and mother drive every day, father rides a single footer and the young man and young lady ride wheels.

The last-named is nineteen, and has contracted the bloomer fever so violently that it has become intense. She realized that it was a radical departure and was fearful about suggesting the innovation, but all the girls had them, and she must be "in it." Well, she broached the subject at the dinner table and the opposition came. Each member of the family either raised eyebrows, growled disapproval or uttered a stern edict against such things.

She coaxed for days, and at the end of a week had conquered. She was to get the bloomers, and a set or pair, or however you term it, was (or were) ordered from the sewing-room. It (or they) was (or were) to be done Saturday. And she fairly beamed with delighted anticipation.

Friday night, at dinner, the brother announced that on the first trip he thought he had better accompany her. She shouted for joy. Father remarked that he would exercise a new horse that morning also, and the elderly ladies spoke about having their carriage ordered for nine o'clock.

At nine o'clock Saturday morning, after an hour or more of careful adjusting and after innumerable half-frightened glances in the mirror and somewhat gratified surveys toward the floor, the young lady appeared in the library, where the other members of the family had already assembled for their morning air. In front stood the two bicycles, the horse and the carriage.

As the young lady entered the library there was a gasp of consternation—and it was from her lips, too. There, in front of her, stood the other members of the family. Her father—her old, gray-haired father—was arrayed in a purple coat with silver braid, bright yellow tights and red top boots. Her mother had a green dress of vivid hue which only reached her ankles, while the old grandmother was resplendent in an old military coat with epaulettes. The brother—horrors! He had fixed up in tight, scarlet suit of underwear which fitted him closely from neck to ankles, and over this was a black sash.

"Are you ready, dear?" asked her father. "You see, we thought that it would be unfair for you to absorb all the attention of the boys and gaping crowds which you will pass, and we will share the publicity with you."

And they meant it. Each member of the family declared that if she went upon the street in those bloomers (they were really knickerbockers) the entire family would go along. Tears availed not, and that young lady was compelled to go right back upstairs and put on a flannel skirt. She threw the conspicuous suit into a closet, and there it lies yet.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

ENOCH HAWKINS' WISDOM.

Kansas Genius of the "Mute Inglorious Milton" Order.

I am acquainted with a man who is always talking about a certain Enoch Hawkins; whatever is under discussion my friend quotes something Enoch Hawkins has said on the subject and it seems to fit exactly. I was anxious to know more about Enoch Hawkins, but he was apparently such a wise man that I was ashamed to inquire, supposing him to be a noted character who had escaped my reading. Finally I could contain my curiosity no longer, and asked the favor of knowing more about Enoch Hawkins.

He turned out to be a hired man who had worked for my friend's father on a farm, and my friend said that Enoch Hawkins was the smartest man he had ever known. Enoch never rose above a farm hand and died a farm hand of old age, while employed in that capacity in the township where he had spent most of his life. He was known for many miles around as a wit and philosopher, and his wit and philosophy were of a particularly good quality, judging from the samples with which I am familiar.

Only a few of the remarkable men are preserved in the literature of history. Among the common people in every community there is a great genius who is forgotten at his death; I have myself known as remarkable people in my uneventful life as I have met in books. Had Enoch Hawkins been attended by a Boswell, a "Life of Hawkins" would have been as interesting as Boswell's "Life of Johnson." In reading Boswell's "Johnson," I have often been unable to detect either wit or wisdom, but the sayings of Enoch Hawkins, as preserved by his friend, are always sharp and pointed.

Had Enoch lived at the right time, and in the right place, and had his genius been of exactly the right kind, he might have been a Lincoln, instead of an unknown farm hand. It is not surprising that he never rose above a day laborer; some great dunces become rich. Think what a fool Napoleon was in some respects! He worried himself to death at St. Helena. Enoch Hawkins was wiser than that; in his last days he was so cheerful that the children delighted to wait on him.

Almost everyone has known a genius as pronounced as those celebrated in history. Only a few men of genius live at exactly the right time, in exactly the right place and have exactly the right kind of wit.—Atchison Globe.

Worth Thinking About.

In many of the large apartment-houses of New York the clothes are hung on the roof to dry, and as the roof in the majority of cases is not large enough to accommodate the combined washing of all the apartments, each family has a different washday assigned to it. On Wednesday, for instance, the entire wash belonging to four families may be hung on the roof, on Thursday giving place to the wash of four other families, and so on. This often leads to mistakes and complaints of losses are not infrequently heard. Recently a young married lady who occupied an apartment on the the west side of the town engaged a new servant and directed her to exercise extreme care in hanging out the clothes, and be sure that they were not taken away by any other girl. After the clothes came back she went out to the kitchen, and was horrified to find that the clothes were not hers, but belonged to some one else.

"Oh, Bridget," she exclaimed, "these are not our clothes! Why—" holding up several of the garments in turn—"they don't even fit!"

"Shure, marm," replied Bridget, triumphantly, "they may not fit, but will you consider the superior quality av thim?"—Harper's Magazine.

A Clever Harrow Boy.

We are sure that the boys who read these pages will appreciate the fun of the story told some time since, of a certain master at the famous Harrow school in England who had the habit of talking to his boys in the first person plural: "We will translate this page now," or "we will have Latin composition after chapel," etc. The other day he had occasion to punish a member of his form. So he said to him: "We will just write out five hundred lines for this, if you please!" The next day the boy appeared with a nice roll of manuscript, and handed it to the pedagogue. "How's this?" said the latter after counting. "Didn't I tell you to write five hundred lines? There are only two hundred and fifty here!"

"When you said we'd write five hundred lines—and I've done my share—I thought you meant 'em to be equally divided between us, sir." — Harper's Young People.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—To Whiten Clothes.—Put a teaspoonful of borax in the rinsing water. It will whiten the clothes and will also remove the yellow stains on garments that have been laid aside for two or three years.

—Sunshine Cake.—Yolks of four eggs beaten lightly, one and one-half cupfuls sugar; add the whites of eleven eggs beaten very stiff, and one cupful flour sifted five times. Flavor with lemon extract and bake as above.—Country Gentleman.

—Vermicelli Soup.—One pint and a half bouillon, one small handful vermicelli. Crush the vermicelli lightly in your hand and put it in the bouillon, when it boils, stir for a minute or two, and let it cook slowly for twenty minutes. The finest vermicelli is the best.—Detroit Free Press.

—An Excellent Lobster Sauce.—One hen lobster with coral; two-thirds of its weight of good cream, one-third of fresh butter. Cut the lobster in small pieces, mix it with the coral, and put it into the milk and butter. Let it get thoroughly hot and season with salt and a dash of cayenne.—Boston Budget.

—Cakes Without Shortening.—This is a good way to make fried cakes without any shortening: One teacup of sugar, one teacup fresh milk (I don't think Holstein milk would be as good), one egg, a little nutmeg, or cinnamon if preferred, a pinch of salt, two teaspoonfuls of good baking powder, flour enough to roll.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Plain Icing.—Place two eggs on ice for half an hour. Break and beat the whites until frothed, then sift in, gradually, half a pound of powdered sugar; beat and add half a teaspoonful of lemon juice, continue beating until the icing is white and stiff. Set in a cool place until wanted. Spread on the cake with a warm knife.—Farm and Fireside.

—Stewed calf's foot is a nourishing dish for an invalid, and one which is, at the same time, most easy of digestion. Procure a nicely-prepared calf's foot from your butcher; joint it, and place it in a stewpan, with sufficient milk and water to cover; flavor with one onion, half a head of celery, and a small strip of lemon peel; cook gently, and when the meat is perfectly tender, so that the bone can be removed, place it on a dish. Strain and thicken the gravy with an ounce of butter rolled in flour, season with pepper and salt and a suspicion of powdered mace; pour over and serve. Garnish with slices of lemon, and strew a little chopped parsley over the meat.—Leeds Mercury.

—French Marinade for Flavoring Fish Before Cooking.—A good French marinade for flavoring fish before cooking is to sprinkle over the fish laid out on a dish pepper, salt, a pinch of cloves, a little allspice, three slices of onion, a sprig of sweet basil minced, and a teaspoonful of lemon juice or a little vinegar. After a few hours the fish may be taken from this marinade, and either fried, boiled or stewed. The marinade may be used in the cooking or for sauce at pleasure. A marinade of oil and sweet herbs minced fine is excellent for fish before frying or boiling. When taken from the marinade it can be either floured or covered with egg and bread crumbs and beaten egg. A squeeze of lemon juice or similar pleasant acid, so perceptible in French cookery, is well worth our imitation.—Boston Budget.

THE SPRING SEWING.

It Should Be Finished Up Before Summer Begins.

It is claimed that two or three hours spent daily in the open air is essential to perfect health, but how to take so much time from necessary duties is a great problem in a woman's life.

Unfortunately all of the average woman's duties lie indoors and must perforce be done there—sweeping and dusting and sewing; and, if she have a family of children, and a purse not over-full, the sewing is enough to occupy her every day and all day.

Few women have a settled rule about taking exercise, and a friend of the writer, living in the country, who confessed that she never went outside her doors for two months last winter, is but a type of many who lead shut-in lives because they do not realize the absolute need of outdoor air for their mental and physical well-being.

Nothing is more natural than for a mother to wish to see her children prettily and appropriately dressed, but if this can only be done by a constant and unremitting labor, which obliges her to give up the privilege of being a companion to her children, is it not a great and fatal mistake?

Simple clothing and a mother interested and companionable are better for every child than all the luxury in the world; and if the good times which they have together can be taken out of doors, how fortunate for every one concerned!

A good way to dispose of the necessary "spring sewing" is to engage a skilled seamstress who operates the sewing machine. If the garments are cut out beforehand, she will be able, if they are plain in style and simple in construction, to do all the machine work in three or four days on a large number. Simple gingham slips for ordinary wear in summer, which are quickly made and easily laundered, should form the principal part of every young child's wardrobe at that season. With this work all done, summer, when it comes, may be fully enjoyed by the mother as well as the children.

In one household known to the writer a seamstress is engaged to come one day each week during three months, January, February and March, and the intervals between are spent in finishing the work she has left, and planning other work for the next sewing day. Surely some plan could be devised by every woman to reduce this necessary work to a system, and enable her to enjoy a daily outing with her children in the lovely days of spring and early summer, unfettered by worry about the sewing.—Harper's Bazar

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, May 13, 1895.

Mr. Cleveland will be compelled by the Senate to make a full explanation of the somewhat erratic course the administration took in that Nicaraguan business. This is not a guess, but a positive statement of a fact obtained from trustworthy sources. It has been known from the first that the Republican Senators would demand this information, but now a sufficient number of Democratic Senators have pledged their co-operation to make it certain that a resolution calling for all the documents will be put through the Senate with a rush. And that isn't all. It is on the programme for the Senate to reaffirm the Monroe doctrine as the people, not the lawyers of the Cleveland-Gresham strip, have always understood it — European hands off American governments; and there is little doubt that the Republican House will promptly adopt the same. Whether the administration will be allowed to go with the tacit rebuke carried by a Congressional reaffirmation of the Monroe doctrine will depend upon the nature of the explanation it sends with the Nicaraguan correspondence.

The gallant old tar, Admiral Meade, after forty years of service in the navy of which any man might be proud, has been so nagged by the present administration that he has asked to be retired from active service; and, smarting under the petty insults which have been heaped upon him, he so far forgot himself as to publicly express his opinion of the administration, and that opinion was far from complimentary. This has greatly exasperated Mr. Cleveland, and Secretary Herbert, who has demanded an explanation or denial from Admiral Meade, holding out the threat of a court-martial for violation of naval regulations if the Admiral declines. Admiral Meade was unquestionably wrong in expressing his opinion, but he was also very human. Brave men seldom stand dogging silently, whatever the consequences of resentment may be.

The conclusion of the long wrangle over the Senatorship in Delaware has attracted considerable attention in Washington, because of its possible bearing on the question of whether the Senate shall or shall not be recognized when Congress meets. The general impression is that the Democratic acting Governor of Delaware was wrong in claiming the right to exercise at one and the same time the functions of Senator and Governor, and that his vote in the last ballot for Senator was illegal. Accepting that view of the case Col. Dupont will be admitted to the Senate as successor to Mr. Higgins. Senator Sherman said on the subject: "Mr. Dupont will, in my judgment, be seated—assuming that Gov. Watson, when he cast his vote as Senator, was the then Governor of the State of Delaware." In other words, Mr. Sherman doesn't see how one man can be a State Senator and at the same time Governor of a State. Do you?

Although Mr. Cleveland makes great claims as to his devotion to civil service reform, the Civil Service Reform Association, of Washington, at its annual meeting, which was addressed by comptroller of currency Eckles, unanimously adopted a report made by its secretary, which contained statements calculated to raise doubts as to the sincerity of Mr. Cleveland's claims in that direction. This was particularly true of that portion of the report dealing with recorder of deeds Taylor, whose violations of the civil service law were so notorious that the Civil Service Commission recommended, in a report made to the President, that he be dismissed from office. The report, which was unanimously adopted, says: "At the direction of the executive committee of the association I inquired into the charges against Taylor and learned that most of them, if not all, were well founded, and I so reported to the committee. * * * A committee of the association, in an interview with the President towards the close of the winter, urged immediate consideration of the report and recommendations of the Civil Service Commission, which were made to him last August. So far as is known, however, the case has not yet been disposed of. It is much to be regretted that in this and other cases where charges of violations of the civil service law have been made by the officials who administer the law, there has not followed an immediate consideration of them by the executive authority, and where sustained, that swift punishment has not been meted out to the offenders."

The Supreme Court has reached a decision on the income tax cases, but this time there was no leak and the decision will not be made public until next week. The impression was general up to the time the decision was reached that Justice Jackson would vote against the constitutionality of the tax, but several things, unimportant in themselves, have occurred which have caused a reversal of opinion, and a majority now appear to believe that he voted the other way. A little patience and we shall know all about it.

Agreeably Surprised.

"I had a very severe cold on my lungs that caused much soreness and gave me considerable uneasiness in regard to the result," says Mr. T. E. Smith, of Billerica, Mass. "A local druggist called my attention to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and on his recommendation I gave the remedy a careful trial. The result surprised me; I recovered entirely in three days." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Offutt & Son have the prettiest line of spring and summer dress goods in town.

TRUSTEES' SALE

—OF—

Real Estate

—IN—

Garrett County, Md.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, passed on the 28th day of March, 1895, in a cause in said court depending, wherein Margaret Miller is plaintiff and Frederick Mertens et al. are defendants, it being No. 687 on the Equity docket of said court, the undersigned trustees will sell at public auction in front of Mayers' Drug Store, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county Maryland, on

Saturday, June 8th,

1895, at 1 o'clock p. m., all the real estate in the proceedings mentioned, to-wit:

All that real estate which was conveyed by George Rizer et al. to Frederick Mertens, Richard J. West and Albert L. Miller by deed dated June 21, 1874, and recorded among the Land Records of Garrett county in Liber W. H. T., No. 1, folio 135; the undivided one-third of which was conveyed by the said Richard J. West and wife to the said Frederick Mertens and Albert L. Miller by deed dated July 27, 1871, and recorded among said Land Records in Liber W. H. T., No. 1, folios 162, etc.

Said property comprises

322 ACRES,

more or less, and consists of a tract of land called

MUCH TO DO ABOUT NOTHING,

CONTAINING 612 ACRES,

more or less, described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a stone planted in a glade at the end of the second line of a tract of land surveyed for Lord Baltimore, called "Green Glade Manor," (said stone standing North 81 degrees East 22 perches, from a double pine, marked with nine notches each, and the letters W. C.), and running thence 86nth 79 degrees East 5 perches to a stone, thence North 83 degrees East 100 perches, to a bounded pine, thence North 46 degrees West 70 perches to a stone, thence North 61 degrees East 180 perches to a bounded service and white oak, thence North 87 degrees West 587 perches to a bounded white oak, thence South 26½ degrees West 183 perches to a bounded pine, and thence with a straight line to the beginning.

And also another tract called

"ELK LICK,"

CONTAINING 210 ACRES,

more or less, described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at two bounded pines standing at the end of eighteen perches on the first line of Lot No. 1874, and running thence North 57 degrees West 18 perches, North 33 degrees East 74 perches to a bounded pine, South 57 degrees East 240 perches to the end of the first line of Lot No. 1858 (marked, Oct. 31, 1855, by a triple pine on the east side of the "Green Glade,") South 81 perches, West 100 perches, South 61 perches, West 100 perches, North 5 perches, North 55 degrees East 72 perches, to the end of the first line of the original Lot No. 1858, North 75 degrees West 195 perches, North 33 degrees East 11 perches, to the beginning of Lot No. 1878, and then by a straight line to the beginning.

Said land is well adapted for

Farming Purposes

but is unimproved

TERMS OF SALE:

As prescribed by the decree—One-half cash and the balance in one year; the deferred payment to bear interest from day of sale, and to be secured with security satisfactory to the trustees.

J. W. S. COCHRANE,
DAVID W. SLOAN,
Trustees.

(For further information apply to either of the Trustees at Cumberland, Md.) 9—ft

GREAT ARE THE BARGAINS THIS WEEK AT *Sincell Bros.*

More Clothing at Lower Prices than Ever.

Mens Cassimere 3 button Cutaway, all wool and silk mixed			$12
Mens all wool Clay Worsted Cutaway Suits, worth $18			12
" " " " " Sack " "		16	10
" " " Diagonal Corkscrew " "		16	10
" " " Fancy Grey Mixed " "		14	8
" " " Serge round corner sack " "		16	10
" " " " box d'b'l breasted " "		16	10
" " " Navy Blue " " " "		12	8
" " " " " round corner " "		12	8
Childrens all wool Jersey Suits, worth $4			$2.50
" " " double breasted Suits, worth $6.00			4.00
" " " single " " "		4.50	3.00
" " " Bullock " "		8.00	5.00
" " " Light Summer " "		5.00	3.50

A vast assortment of Youths Clothing in any size, at any price, in all colors and styles.

DRY GOODS.

Our Dry Goods Department is well filled with the very latest styles in

Dress Goods, Novelties,
Silks, Summer Flannels,
Duck, Percales, Outings,
French Ginghams, Draperies,
Table Linens in a vast assortment of colors and at the lowest prices.

WE BOAST on our LINE OF HOSIERY.

It is Considered the Best by ALL Who Wear It.

We have anything in Hosiery from Infants' Cotton Hose to Ladies Fine Quality Dropped Stitch Silk Hose.

A new line of the very latest style hats such as

The Trilby, London Gaiety Girl, The Alpine,

In all Shades and Colors and at prices that cannot be touched by any of our competitors.

SHOES.

Men's Stylish Razor Toe Shoe, worth $1.50		$1.00
" " " " " "	2.00	1.50
" " " " " "	2.50	1.75
" " " " " "	3.00	2.25
" " " " " "	3.50	2.75

Men's Square Toed Shoes at Any Price.

Our Shoes have the reputation of being easy and comfortable as well low priced. Men's Shoes for [illegible] which are guaranteed to wear out three pairs of half soles or money refunded.

Ladies Shoes in low cut or high top and in any size or style, with the quality guaranteed.

We have no Groceries and are doing a strictly cash business and consequently have no losses. We are enabled, therefore, to sell goods at prices that will not justify our competitors. Our entire stock is

Bright, New and Attractive.

We invite you to call and examine our goods. We are sure that we can please you in everything in our large line.

Very respectfully yours,

Sincell Bros.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

are used in such [illegible] pain, [illegible] pepsia, constipation, [illegible] dizziness, [illegible] appetite, [illegible] bility. They [illegible] action of [illegible] bowels.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

helps babies over the [illegible] period, soothes and [illegible] digestion, controls the bowels and [illegible] rest to both child and mother. It [illegible] summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains [illegible] drugs and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle [illegible] money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good—25 cents a bottle.

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23—1yr.

FOR SALE.

Three acres of land, being a part of the old Kennedy farm, lying in the eastern suburbs of Oakland on either side of the road leading to Mt. Lake Park. Will be sold in lots of ¼ acre each, or as a whole.

For full particulars call on or address MRS. LIZZIE BUZZARD, Elkins, W. Va.

22-6m

MOUNT POMONA.

NURSERY AND FRUIT FARM.

Address Swanton, Md., for Fruit and Mushrooms.

Address Mt. Lake Park concerning Nursery, Greenhouse or Vegetable Products.

Agents wanted on salary.

SWEET & SHACKLEFORD.

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES AND WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

11 1y

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments. Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

4193.yr—8

ORDER NISI.

Samuel Lawton, late Treasurer of Garrett County, vs. William Faherty.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, No. 72 Trials for March Term 1895.

It is ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, this 25th day of April in the year 1895, that the tax sale as made and reported in the above entitled cause by Samuel Lawton, late Treasurer of Garrett county, and made to the County Commissioners of said County, of all of those pieces or parcels of land situated in the town of Gorman, Garrett County, Md., the first containing 11 poles and 43 feet of land, conveyed to William Faherty by John W. Shillenburg January 10, 1885, and the other being one-fourth of an acre of Military Lot No. 1386, conveyed to the said Wm. Faherty by John W. Shillenburg June 29, 1885, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 25th day of May, 1895; provided that a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett County, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 18th day of May, 1895.

The report states the amount of sale to be $60.00.

A. HUNTER BOYD.

True Copy, Teste: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

LICENSES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all persons or bodies, corporate or politic, who may be required to take out license, that they must obtain the same on or before the

1st Day of May, 1895.

According to the provisions of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, every person or persons doing business for gain or profit except the maker, grower or manufacturer, are hereby notified that they must take out a license.

CHARLES WEGMAN, Sheriff of Garrett County.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW

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EDWARD H. SINCELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. fe14-1y

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Office in Sincell Building. Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.

Drs. McLane & Berkeley, PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, FROSTBURG, MD.

Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES

See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

H. W. M'COMAS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building. Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8:30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street. Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.*

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Residence and P. O. Address,

2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate.

Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE. AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the full extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent, 9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING, Carriage, Sign and House Painter, OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street. Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention. 50-1yr.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $100; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $300; balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,

Oakland, Md.

--WANTED--

WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER

Also White Oak Timber Land.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO., Cumberland, Md.

Office 38 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ¼ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON, 29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE, 21tf 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

Tabules relieve nausea. Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1895. NUMBER 11.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

"Florida on Wheels."

Thos. Cuppett, of Hoyes, called on us yesterday.

Mr. Clifton White, spent Sunday in Terra Alta with friends.

THE REPUBLICAN for good job printing. Make a note of this.

McComas' Calmative Konseals, 10 cents. Try them. 5-tf

Did you notice that line of ladies oxfords at Offutt & Son's. 6tf

WANTED, boarders. Rates reasonable. Ella P. Russell. 11-3t

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot has gone to Philadelphia, Pa., to remain a few days with friends.

A full line of ladies' and gentlemen's oxfords at Townshend & Son's. 9-5t.

FLORIDA ON WHEELS.—The car is built of Florida's most beautiful woods.—New York World.

A completo line of straw and felt hats, from 10c. up, at Townshend & Son's. 9-5t.

Mr. J. S. Meyers. was on a visit to friends and relatives at Friendsville a few days recently.

Offutt & Son are displaying the choicest line of Mattings Oil Cloth's in town. 6tf

The new dynamo for the electric plant arrived on Monday and has been placed in the station.

Mr. Columbus Paugh, of Bayard, was in the city Saturday and paid this office a pleasant visit.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

M. L. Scott has opened a new line of Shoes and Oxfords. Has a $2 shoe worth $3, made by Evitt.

Any one wanting a good comfortable boarding house, call at E. P. Russell's. Cor. 1st and Water Sts. 11-3t.

Cashier S. T. Jones, of the Garrett County Bank, went to Chicago on last Saturday to be gone about a week.

Mr. Charles Lowndes, a representative of the Cumberland *News*, was here on business for that paper last Friday.

Miss Cora Jones is spending this week in Oakland, the guest of her brother, Mr. S. T. Jones.—Terra Alta Oracle.

G. A. Fraley, assistant cashier of the Garrett County Bank, of Oakland, spent last night in town.—Terra Alta Oracle.

Dr. G. M. P. King, of Washington, was here a day or two this week looking after his summer residence, Monte Vista, near town.

Mr. Alex. Bittinger, of Hutton, was in the city last Saturday and called to see us. He ordered the paper sent to him for one year.

Messrs. Eugene Hart and Jno. Daily, of Oakland, were Terra Alta visitors for a few hours last Sunday afternoon.—Terra Alta Oracle.

Sick headache, constipation and indigestion are quickly cured by DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

You will find a complete line of gentlemen's shirts and neckwear and ladies' and gentlemen's summer underwear at Townshend's. 9-5t.

Mr. John Shartzer, of Oakland, of the firm of Shartzer & Bolden of this place, was in town to-day (Thursday) on business.—Terra Alta Oracle.

Mr. Fred. Felty and Mr. F. E. Merrill returned from Baltimore last Friday in which city Mr. Merrill purchased a stock of goods for a gents furnishing store which he will open in a short time in Capt. J. M. Jarboe's store room adjoining the postoffice.

Our patrons will find DeWitt's Little Early Risers a safe and reliable remedy for constipation, dyspepsia and liver complaints. Oakland Pharmacy.

La Grippe is here again with all of its old time vigor. One Minute Cough Cure is a reliable remedy. It cures and cures quickly. Oakland Pharmacy.

Messrs. John P. Jones and John M. Freeland, of Terra Alta, were in town Tuesday attending a meeting of the stockholders of the Garrett County Bank.

Mrs. Robert Felty returned to Oakland on last Saturday afternoon from a visit to friends and relatives at Buckhannon, W. V., and other points in that state.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Crane, of Kingwood, drove over to Oakland last Sunday and remained here two or three days as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Hyde.

Mr. Matthew Cullen, of Salt Lake City, who is remembered by many of our citizens, was here last and this week on a visit to Mr. John Helbig and other friends.

Townshend & Son can show you a neat and pretty line of summer dress goods, challies, percales, lawns, etc., at prices to suit everybody. 9-5t.

Mr. E. P. Anderson, of Newburg, W. Va., was an Oakland visitor last Friday. Mr. Anderson will locate at Deer Park June 1st, as ticket agent and telegraph operator.

Mrs. E. H. Sincell and two children left Tuesday morning for Annapolis in which city they will remain for several weeks as the guests of friends and relatives.

Mr. M. M. Bradford, of Bradford Bros., was in Terra Alta Monday on business. Mr. Bradford has contracted with some parties at Terra Alta for the erection of a handsome residence.

We have something new, effective, pleasant to take and perfectly harmless and a positive cure for nervous headache, sick headache, dizziness and neuralgia. Oakland Pharmacy. Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

W. T. Stanford, Station Agent of Leeper, Clarion Co. Pa., writes: I can recommend One Minute Cough Cure as the best I ever used. It gave instant relief and a quick cure Oakland Pharmacy.

Messrs. Bradford Bros. started their new planing mill Friday afternoon and everything worked very satisfactory to them. They will soon begin the extensive manufacture of builders supplies.

Mr. C. E. Hilleary, of Gorman, was here Monday purchasing wool and making contracts with out merchants to furnish him that product at the extremely high (?) price of thirteen cents per pound.

A new road machine for District No. 2 was received at Friendsville last week and tested under the supervision of Mr. Ira E. Friend. The test was satisfactory and the machine accepted.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Florida on Wheels," will be in Oakland on Wednesday May 29th, at the B. & O. depot from 9 o'clock a. m. to 9 o'clock p. m. It is a magnificent palace car in which is exhibited thousands of tropical wonders. It is worth a visit. Admission 10 cents, children 5 cents.

Herman Pennington of the Dry Fork of Cheat was tried before Judge Goff at Clarksburg for unlawful retailing. was convicted, fined $100 and sentenced to the Randolph county, W. Va., jail. Pennington arrived at Beverly alone several days afterwards, delivered himself to the jailor, handed him the commitment took a receipt for himself and is serving out his time.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures scalds, burns, indolent sores and never fails to cure piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

HAULING AND EXPRESS.—I have located at Mountain Lake Park and am prepared to do hauling of all kinds at short notice. Baggage a specialty. A share of the public patronage solicited. Harry Thayer.

A first class store room for rent or for sale. Good for any kind of business. On Main street in Oakland. Apply to C. C. Michael, Mt. Lake Park, or J. O. Michael, Oakland. 10-2t

There will be services in the Garrett Memorial Church on Friday night instead of on Sabbath next. Rev. S. M. Engle occupies the pulpit of Dr. F. M. Woods in Martinsburg, who is absent at General assembly.

FLORIDA ON WHEELS.—The visitor will be astonished to learn what a school of information concerning the land of flowers this "rolling palace" is. The car affords one of the most complete exhibitions of the kind ever shown by any state.—Ashuelot (Mass.) Herald.

McComas' Calmative Konseals contain all that is required to cure the worst case of headache or neuralgia in a very few minutes and are safe, sure, inexpensive. Manufactured by Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf.

J. A. Richardson, of Jefferson City, Mo., chief enrolling force 38th general assembly of Missouri, writes: I wish to testify to the merits of One Minute Cough Cure. When other so-called cures failed, I obtained almost instant relief and a speedy cure by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. Oakland Pharmacy.

The gavel which will call the next Congres to order will go from West Virginia, and be made of West Virginia wood. It will be furnished by a Mr. Dorrence of Thomas, Tucker county, and be made from a large piece of laurel. The gavel is now in possession of Hon. S. B. Elkins, who has been requested by the maker to have it presented to the next Speaker of the House by Congressman Dayton.

Doctor H. R. Fish, of Gravois Mills, Mo., a practicing physician of many years experience, writes: DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve has no equal for indolent sores, scalds and burns. It stops pain instantly, heals a burn quickly and leaves no scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

B. H. Bowman, Pub. Enquirer, of Bremen Ind., writes: Last week our little girl baby the only one we have was taken sick with croup. After two doctors failed to give relief and life was hanging on a mere thread we tried One Minute Cough Cure and its life was saved. Oakland Pharmacy.

J. S. Jamesson, Esq., met with a painful accident yesterday. As he was walking up the boardwalk, accompained by Mrs. Jamesson, from his residence to that of Mr. John Mackie's, on Westernport Hill, he slipped and fell heavily upon his right shoulder, dislocating it. Drs. Shupe and Parsons rendered surgical aid, and while the injury is painful it is not dangerous.—Piedmont Herald.

Mr. D. Wiley, ex-postmaster, Black Creek, N. Y., was so badly afflicted with rheumatism that he was only able to hobble around with canes, and even then it caused him much pain. After using Chamberlain's Pain Balm he was so much improved that he threw away his canes. He says this liniment did him more good than all the other medicines and treatment put together. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

A Remarkable Cure of Rheumatism.

David Lewis, who has been afflicted all winter by rheumatism, is out again and all due to one of the medicines advertised in our columns. After trying everything possible, he used Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which has relieved him of all pain, from which he was a constant sufferer and promises to make him fit for duty soon. We know David has been a great sufferer and are glad to see him around again.—Groton Connecticut Review. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

THE ZUFALL CASE.

The Governor of Pennsylvania Appeals to Gov. Brown.

Monday's Pittsburg *Commercial* contained the following dispatch which marks a new feature in the matter of the mystery surrounding the death of Grant W. Zufall, of Meyersdale Pa., which occurred in Cumberland last December, and whose body was found in the canal February 6, all efforts up to this time on the part of the authorities failing to throw the least ray of light upon the crime, if crime it was. The dispatch says:

HARRISBURG, PA., May 19th—[Special]—Gov. Brown, of Maryland, has been asked by Gov. Hastings to investigate the mysterious death of Grant Zufall, of Meyersdale, Somerset county. Zufall's parents live at Meyersdale and are highly respected. It was thought their efforts, together with the leading citizens of Somerset county, that the attention of Gov. Brown was called by Gov. Hastings to the young man's death. Zufall left his home last fall and went to Cumberland, Md. He was never seen alive afterwards. In a petition to Gov. Hastings from Zufall's father, asking him to cause an investigation of the young man's death, the father says:

"The circumstances surrounding my son's death are most mysterious but the development leaves no doubt that he he was murdered in December last. His body was found in the canal basin near Cumberland on February 6. He is believed to have been killed in a saloon and dance house of John Yast. The common report in Cumberland is that my son was knocked down the steps at Yast's house and his neck broken. His body was kept on ice in the house for several weeks before it was disposed of."

The elder Zufall believes the crime was committed during a disturbance in Yast's house on Christmas evening, in which another Pennsylvanian, McKane, had his throat cut. He says the body of his son was found partially sticking out of a hole in the ice in the basin of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal. Zufall's neck was broken and there was a heavy bruise on either side of his head. The father says everything clearly indicated the young man had been placed in the water after death and previous to the discovery of the body. Yast was prosecuted and acquitted by the grand jury.

The father requests the governor to take steps to bring the murderer to justice. Gov. Hastings has given the matter his personal attention. He has written a letter to Governor Brown, inclosing the statement of Zufall, and urging him to give it proper investigation.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper, under the caption "We Loan Money." The Granite State Provident Association, which he is representing, is one of the strongest financial institutions in the country, and the largest building and loan association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management have developed it from nominal assets in 1889 to nearly $200,000,000 in 1895. Its style of doing business is such as to cause the U. S. Examiner, C. W. Thompson, who has for years been assigned to especially investigate loan and mortgage companies, to state that "For comprehensiveness, thoroughness, neatness and accuracy, its accounts are far superior to anything I ever saw or supposed possible." Those desiring to borrow, will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars. 4-1yr.*

Take Notice.

Two very fine lots for sale, centrally located at Loch Lynn Heights; lots 3 and 4 in block No. 20. Apply to Cook Bros., Cumberland, Md. 9-4t.

Died.

RICHARDSON.—At her home in Pittsburg, Pa., Mrs. George F. Richardson, aged about forty-five years. The funeral took place Tuesday afternoon at Allegheny City, Pa.

Notice, K of P's

All members of Garrett Lodge No. 113, K. of P., are requested to meet at their hall a 9 o'clock a. m. May 30th, for the purpose of decorating deceased brothers' graves.

C. J. NEWMAN, C. C.

Musical

To my scholars of last summer and the public of Oakland, I beg to announce that I will resume my classes in piano, organ and voice culture about June 1st. All desiring to take lessons will please write to me at Westernport, Md., after June 1st can be seen in person at Oakland.

MISS GRACE JOHNSON,
of Peabody Institute, Baltimore, Md. 12-3t.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to us will please call and settle by June 1.1895; all claims not paid by stated time will be placed in the hands of our attorney for collection as we must settle up our books immediadetly.

SINCELL BROS.

Half Fare to Decatur, Ills.

On account of the German Baptist Annual Meeting, the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to Decatur, Ills., at one fare for the trip from all points on its lines west of and including Baltimore. Tickets will be sold May 24th to June 3rd, and will be valid for return journey until July 3rd.

11 2t.

Try McComas' Calmative Konseals to drive away sharp pains in muscular and acute rheumatism. One or two Konseals have shown marvelous results. 10 cents per box. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

Sprained His Ankle.

Prof. E. A. Browning, principal of Chapel Hill public school, slipped at Frostburg yesterday evening and sprained one of his ankles very badly. He came to this city last evening, but was unable to teach to-day.—Cumberland Times, Monday.

It Did the Business.

Mr. J. H. Cobb, publisher of the *Mirror*, at Procton, N. Y., says: "For years the *Mirror* has been publishing the advertisements of Chamberlain's Remedies. A few days ago the writer was suffering from a bowel trouble and resorted to an old remedy which did not prove efficacious; finally he tried Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and two doses did the business, checking it completely. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Spring is Here!

Everything Fresh, and at The Very Lowest Prices.

Fresh Vegetables and Fruits a Specialty, at

MALETTE'S

Cheap Cash Grocery.

D. E. OFFUTT & SON

Invites the attention of those interested in the purchase of vehicles of any style. The Kramer, Milburn and Jackson farm wagons always on hand. Prices and terms given on application.

Special.

We offer the following special bargains for cash this week:

For 20c—120 sheets of good writing paper, worth 20c per quire.
For 20c—1 lb. fine linen paper, worth 50c.
For 8c—1 Tablet good writing paper, worth 15c.
For 1c—You can buy two good pencil tablets.
For 18c—1 box "Our Own" beautiful box paper and envelopes.
For 9c—1 box good quality paper and envelopes.
For 5c—1 package best heavy white envelopes.
For 15c—1 bottle fine aromatic tooth powder, price 25c.
For 5c—1 bar transparent glycerine soap, 10c cake.
For 5c—1 bar cocoa castile soap, 10c cake.
For 5c—1 box best wood toothpicks.

We make a specialty in manufacturing extracts of vanilla and lemon, and will be pleased to quote prices to those desiring fine flavoring extracts.

OAKLAND PHARNACY,

JOS. E. HARNED, Manager. OAKLAND, MD.

THE REPUBLICAN

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND. GARRETT CO., MD.

DAY DREAMS.

I have stood in silence watching
Waving fields of promised grain,
Where the bob-o-link in hiding,
In some covert nook abiding,
Warbled forth his sweetest strain,
Soul inspiring;
Never tiring;
That it made me young again.

By the brook in yonder meadow
I have seen the lilies grow,
From their branches young and slender
Open buds in gorgeous splendor
Rainbow-tinted colors blow,
That I ponder,
Rapt in wonder,
Who can paint the lily so?

I have watched the sunset fading
Into twilight's deepening gray,
When the stars would come from cover
Softly like some timid lover
Peering where his sweetheart lay—
Vigils keeping
O'er the sleeping,
Watching for the coming day.

I have watched a broken sunbeam
Struggling through a rifted cloud,
Where the lightnings, goring, gashing,
Pattering rain and thunders crashing,
Wrapt the world with pall and shroud,
But the broken
Beam had spoken
By the rainbow in the cloud.

I have stood beside the portals
Where the dead sepulcher'd lay,
Where to dust the dust was given
And the soul vouchsafed to Heaven
From its homeless house of clay.
But I query
Till I'm weary
Will that sleeper rise some day?

I have heard the songs of rapture
Welling from the spirits free
As they gaze across the River
To the land of the Forever
Circled by the Crystal sea.
Are they real
Or ideal,
Is the mystery to me.

—L. M. Stanley, in Ohio Farmer.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

BY W. J. LAMPTON.

I had a month's vacation, money enough to meet all ordinary demands and a lovely place picked out to spend them both in to my heart's desire.

The place was a charming resort, where the best people congregated in numbers of the proper proportion to maintain the standard of exclusiveness, and there were five young women there, any one of whom could have made me happy for life if she had been so disposed. Of course, there were others—there always are at summer resorts—but they lacked those graces which made these five delightful of contemplation to me, seeing that no one of them had less than one hundred thousand dollars of a contingent fund in case of matrimony or other emergency.

As I was about to say, the name of this charming place was Sal-Soda Spa, and as I shall now say, though it may be bad form to mention a lady's name in print, the names of the young women were Katherine Stewart, Mary Hertone, Edith Harmon, Frances Barton and Gertrude Gray, all representatives of rich and rare—as they say in the bric-a-brac shops—old families, admission to which I was seeking on the most liberal terms.

I had chosen Sal-Soda Spa because I had understood men were ridiculously, not to say painfully, scarce there.

When I registered the debonair clerk behind the counter smiled on me benignantly.

"Ah, Mr. Vivian," he said. "We are glad to see you. We expected you three days ago. At least, the young ladies are."

How well I remember that night after dinner, when, as the others were dancing in the great ballroom, Miss Gray and I sat in the silver shadows of the piazza with the insistent moonlight making strenuous efforts to reach us, but coming no nearer than the hem of Gertrude's pretty gown.

I had hardly thought the fates would be so propitious, but they were, and it was not my province to question, but to act, and I was making my preparations to do so when, in answer to a query of mine concerning the men at the Spa, Miss Gray went into a rhapsody over a fellow she familiarly designated as Charlie.

"I beg your pardon," I said, with a damp, cold something clutching at my heart, "but who is Charlie, Miss Gertrude?"

I said "Miss Gertrude" to her as a gentle reminder to her that we were not entire strangers.

"Oh," she exclaimed, in the hatefully rapturous tones a woman can use when she is talking to one man about another man she admires, "don't you know Charlie? But of course you don't. How could you? He has gone away; but when he comes back you must see him. He is the loveliest fellow, and—"

"It occurs to me," I interrupted, not unmannerly, I hope, "that Charlie, as you call him, has made a very deep impression upon your tender young heart, Miss Gertrude."

Possibly there was a tinge of sarcasm in my speech; possibly I was rude—possibly—but what matters it? Miss Gray was offended, and the few remaining moments she gave me were devoted to patching up a peace, and one of my glorious, golden opportunities was gone forever.

However, there are just as good fish in the sea as were ever caught out of it, and though I don't care for fish, except in Lent, I took heart again, and the next morning at breakfast I asked Miss Stewart to go walking with me and show me the sights of the Spa. As no other man was in sight, she fairly jumped at the chance, and we strolled away in the bright sunlight of a summer morning in the mountains. I have no record by me of what we talked about for an hour or more, but when we had reached a point overlooking the hotel we sat down to enjoy the view and rest a bit, and from that point on I remember quite distinctly what was said.

"How beautiful everything is," I murmured in a semi-rapturous manner, casting my eyes around the horizon, and finally letting them rest upon her, for really she was the prettiest thing in sight.

"Perfectly lovely, isn't it?" she responded in the highly original manner of young women whose impetuosity and appreciation are always so largely in excess of their command of language, in quality, at least, if not in quantity.

"Are there many men at the Spa this year?" I asked, casually letting the curtain fall on the scenery for the time being.

"Why," she answered pettishly, "don't you know, there really isn't anyone here at all—" she hesitated a moment—"of course except Harry, and Harry is just too lovely for any use."

"Thank heaven!" I thought, "it isn't Charlie, anyway." Then, turning to her:

"And who is Harry, pray?" I asked, with the second cold and clammy clutch at my heart I had experienced during my brief stay at the Spa.

"Why, Mr. Vivian," she exclaimed, "don't you know Harry? But of course you don't. He's from London, and has never been in this country before. But he is the most charming man. I'm sure you will fall in love with him when you see him. I did. Oh, no," she cried, catching herself and laughing, "of course, I don't mean that. You know what I mean," this very appealingly.

"Oh, certainly," I replied. "I know exactly, but it occurs to me that this Harry, as you call him, has captured your fleeting and shy young heart, Miss Stewart."

I shouldn't have said it in the tone I did, perhaps, but I had done it, and I saw at once that I had made a disastrous mistake. Miss Stewart resented my manner and utterly refused to say another word about the man, and the only conclusion left me was that Harry and Charlie were partners, and had gone away together. Whether that was the solution or not, I was left in the dark, and Miss Stewart got me back to the hotel as soon as she could politely do so, and another golden, glorious opportunity, I was forced to conclude, had gone glimmering among the things that were.

That afternoon I walked about the shaded lawn seeking some sort of solace until evening, when I could see one of the other young women I wanted to see, and quite unexpectedly I came upon Miss Harmon in a hammock reading a book. Of course there were no other men around, and under those circumstances, I knew I would be more entertaining to her than any book that was ever written—men always are when they are scarce—and, apologizing for my intrusion, I asked permission to join her party. It was granted, as I knew it would be, and I sat down where I could look into her eyes if necessary, and we began talking; about the book first, of course, then about the Spa, then about the people generally, then about the men there, or not there, rather.

"It's horridly provoking," she said, "that so few men are here. We could have a perfectly lovely time if we only had enough to go around."

"I'm sure," I responded, "I'll do all I can to assist in going around."

"That's very good of you, I'm sure."

"Are men so very few?" I asked. "I've heard of two charming fellows who have been here."

"Oh, tell me who they are?" and she sat bolt upright in the hammock.

"No," I said; "I won't tell you. They have given me trouble enough already."

"Let me see," she half soliloquized; "I don't know who you can mean. Fred has been here, but he went away yesterday."

Great Cæsar, another! And they told me men were scarce. I wonder what a summer girl calls "scarce."

"Who's Fred?" I asked, abruptly.

"Oh," she blushed. "Fred is the most delightful man I ever met. He is so refined and elegant and is such a gentleman, and is so thoughtful always, and reads poetry beautifully. He—"

"He," I continued for her, "appears to have made a conquest of your tender and diffident young heart, Miss Harmon," and I laughed one of those laughs you will seldom hear outside of a stage villain, who stabs people with irony rather than a dagger.

Whatever the weapon was I used on that unfortunate occasion I hurt Miss Harmon very much, for she left the hammock in a huff, and, incidentally, left me alone also, and if she had not forgotten her book in her haste I don't know what I should have done out there by myself, for there is nothing quite so impressively lonesome looking as a man by himself, unless it is a woman.

I read Miss Harmon's book—it was a novel by "The Duchess;" think what I must have suffered—until it was time to dress for dinner, then I fired the book and went to my room.

I dined with Miss Hertone, and after dinner we moved away to a pleasant little corner of the piazza and sat down.

"There is such a lack of men here!" she sighed, regretfully, after we had talked on a lot of subjects which require about a minute and a half each to have the interest talked out of them.

"I have found quite a number," I said in reply, with a touch of bitterness in my reply.

"You are more fortunate than I have been," she laughed. "I wish you would tell me where they are."

"Haven't you found any?"

"With one exception," she answered, "they are a perfect lot of sticks."

"And the exception?" I queried, with a heavy heart, for I was wondering who had come in before me here as Charlie and Harry and Fred had preceded me elsewhere, confound the lot of them.

"The loveliest man that ever came into a summer resort!" she exclaimed, with something more than summer girl enthusiasm. "He is as handsome as Apollo and as poetical as Pan, and I'd rather listen to him talk than any man I ever heard."

"I'm sorry," I said, rising and making believe to go.

"Sit down," she commanded. "Of course I except you."

"But you wouldn't if the incomparable what's-his-name were here."

"Don't be jealous," she laughed. "He isn't here."

"What's his name?" I inquired, curtly.

"Well, enough for you to know is that it is William, and I call him Will, because it is so sweet to call him that."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, in mock helplessness, "save me from this Willie boy."

"His name isn't Willie," she retorted, angrily, "and you have no right to talk of him in that way. He's a gentleman, and, perhaps, if he were here you might take a few lessons from him."

That was the first time I had ever suspected Miss Hertone of having temper, though I had written her a poem once on her tawny, golden hair, and ought to have had a suspicion, I suppose. Anyway, I didn't, and now that I had roused it I had to tame it again or suffer the consequences. I didn't tame it, and she left me there in the corner by myself, without even the solace of a book, thanks to Miss Harmon's forgetfulness, and off she flounced to her room and staid there a evening.

I'll never write another poem on tawny hair, never as long as I live.

I presume I had been sitting in that corner for as much as fifteen minutes, though it seemed so long that I started up suddenly at one time possessed of the idea that I had finished my month's vacation and it was time for me to take the train for home, when Miss Barton appeared at one of the windows of the reception room, and I stepped over to her and asked her to come out and sit with me while the moon shone down through the vines and sprinkled its silver showers upon the honeysuckles clustered there. Possibly they weren't honeysuckles; very likely they were not, for this happened in August, and the honeysuckle crop is harvested some time before that date. In any event, whatever the vines were, the young woman accepted my invitation, and in a few moments we were talking as pleasantly as if my life at the Spa had been a brief and blissful block out of Paradise, instead of what it had been.

Miss Barton was rather booky for a summer girl, and we talked on the subject which I thought would interest her most, but in the midst of an able dissertation of mine on the relation of fiction to fact, she looked around suddenly as if she saw some one, and quite disconcerted me.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "I thought I saw Mr. Howard."

"Who is he?" I asked, with the fifth cold and clammy clutch at my heart I had experienced during my brief visit at the Spa, for I felt that this was the only golden, glorious opportunity left me, and if I did not avail myself of it with more success than had characterized my previous efforts, I might as well throw up my hands and retire from the emotional arena.

"The only man at the Spa," she replied, "who is worth knowing."

"But I'm here," I ventured, modestly.

"Of course, I don't mean you," she apologized, but it did not strike me exactly as the way I should have worded it if I had been called on to assist her rhetoric.

"Indeed?" I laughed rather harshly, I fear.

"You know what I mean," she said, rising and going over to the window for a better point of observation.

"Who is your Mr. Howard?" I inquired, just about as any other man would have done under similar circumstances.

"He isn't my Mr. Howard," she replied, somewhat sharply. "I wish he were."

"Oh," I snickered, and then proceeded more politely; "I presume he is another of the number I have found at a place where there were no men."

"I don't know what he is," she answered. "At least, not as you mean. All I know is he is a most delightful man to know. The Spa for the last six weeks would have been an ineffable bore if it hadn't been for him, and—" here she bounded to her feet, exclaiming: "Oh, it is Mr. Howard!" and away she dashed, calling back: "Come on, I want you to meet him."

But I didn't go. Not much. Between the Charlies and the Harrys and the Freds and the Willies and the Mr. Howards, I had formed an adamantine conclusion that for a Spa in which there were no men, there were more men and on better terms with the young women I most didn't want them to be on good terms with than at any place I had ever heard of in my long and eventful career, and, thoroughly disgusted with the experience I had had, I rose from the corner and, with an iron purpose in my heart, I went to my room, packed up my luggage, commanded the clerk to send it to the station, went there myself, without a single word of farewell to anybody, and that night at twelve o'clock I moved out on the train bound for another resort where I had heard men were so thick that they had to go by numbers as convicts do.

"Confound the Saleratus old Spa," I said, shaking my fist at the place as the train moved out, and then I went to bed.

The first man I met in town in the winter was Mr. Howard—Mr. Charles Henry Frederick William Howard, and I went out and wept for such a chump, a man with that much name must be—and to divide it up among five girls as he had done, too.

And in my heart I pitied the other chump who ran away from Sal-Soda Spa and five golden glorious opportunities.—Detroit Free Press.

—A Parallel Case.—Briggs—"You know that horse I bought the other day? He's gone lame." Griggs—"That is the way it always affects me." Briggs—"What does?" Griggs—"When I walk too much."—Detroit Free Press.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Some women are so ill-mannered as to go right into a store and try to interrupt a conversation between the clerks.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—Shopper—"Isn't $25 rather dear for this?" Salesman—"The price is $10. That other ticket is meant to be kept on when you make a present of the article."—Tit-Bits.

—"Why, she actually cut Mr. Storflington, and Storflington is one of the better sort." "Yes; choice cuts come high now, but we must have 'em."—Boston Transcript.

—"I'm pleased to see you are better, dear. What was it, influenza?" "Influenza! Why, no, dear. I had influenza when it first came out, when Lady Blakeborough and that set had it."—Tit-Bits.

—"Doctor, what is the meaning of the peculiar formation just back of baby's ear?" "Combativeness, perhaps." "Why, some one said it was love of domestic life." "Oh, well, it's all one and the same thing."—Harlem Life.

—Mr. Mann—"And so you have been established in this town for several years? Have you had many cures?" Dr. Jalap—"No; but you see, I've not got along so far as that yet. I'm only practising just at present."—Boston Transcript.

—Travers—"Did you go down to my tailor's and tell him I would settle that little matter?" Office Boy—"Yes, sir." Travers—"And did he seem convinced?" Office Boy—"He did. He said he was convinced that you wouldn't."—N. Y. Herald.

—"Uncle, how do you stand on the enforcement of the Monroe doctrine?" "Ain't got no time to fool wid sich," answered the old man. "De good ole straight Baptis' doctrine am good enough for me, an' is been for nigh more'n thutty yeahs."—Cincinnati Tribune.

—Mrs. Bordroom—"The boarder with the musical tastes is a nuisance. We used to make him wake up in the morning by dropping coal scuttles downstairs." Star Boarder—"And now?" Mrs. Bordroom—"And now he's taken to attending Wagner opera and we can't wake him up at all."—Chicago Record.

—Among the questions sent out by a school commissioner was the following example in arithmetic: "If one horse can run a mile in one minute and fifty seconds, and another a mile in two minutes, how far would the first horse be ahead in a match race of two miles?" A teacher returned the question with this attached: "I will have nothing to do with the horse-racing problem."—Atlanta Journal.

—Grant Allen relates that he was sitting one day under the shade of the Sphinx, turning for some petty point of detail to his Baedeker's guide-book. A sheik looked at him sadly and shook his head. "Murray good," he said, in a solemn voice of warning; "Baedeker no good. What for you use Baedeker?" "No, no; Baedeker is best," answered Mr. Allen. "Why do you object to Baedeker?" The sheik crossed his hands and looked down on him with the pitying eyes of Islam. "Baedeker bad book," he repeated; "Murray very good! Murray say: 'Give the sheik half a crown;' Baedeker say: 'Give the sheik a shilling.'"—Harrison's Family Magazine.

HOW SHE DID IT.

It Was a Very Simple Matter After All—Did The Best She Could.

An excellent lesson for persons in any profession of life is contained in the admirable reply made by the famous Mrs. Siddons on one occasion, to some learned questioners. When her fame as a tragedienne was at its height, she was persuaded one day to join a party of ladies, many of whom were persons who might be termed "blue-stockings." Among this formidable assembly were Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Carter and Miss Hannah More.

The object of this learned company was to extract from Mrs. Siddons the secret of her wonderful acting, and Mrs. Montague was deputed to be spokeswoman on this occasion.

"Pray, madam," said the learned woman, addressing Mrs. Siddons in the most formal manner, "give me leave to interrogate you, and to request you will tell us, without duplicity or mental reservation, upon what principle you conduct your dramatic demeanor. Is your mode of acting, by which you obtain so much celebrity, the result of certain studied principles of art? Have you investigated with profound research the rules of elocution and gesture, as laid down by ancients and moderns, and reduced them to practice? Or do you suffer nature to predominate, and only speak the untutored language of the passions?"

"Ladies," replied Mrs. Siddons, with great simplicity, and without the least hesitation, "I do not know how to answer so learned a speech. All I know of the matter, and all I can tell you is, that I always act as well as I can."—Youth's Companion.

Ruby Mining in Burmah.

A large quantity of the world's supply of rubies comes from the Burmah mines, which have been actively worked since the annexation of Burmah by the British government. The ruby district is about twenty-six miles long and twelve broad, and lies at elevations varying from four to five thousand feet above the sea level. Some of the mines have been worked by the natives from very remote periods; in fact, old workings are found over an area of sixty-five square miles. It is in the lower clay beds of the river alluvia, and in similar deposits formed in gullies in the hillwash, that the rubies, spinels and other gems are found. In the alluvia, square pits from two to nine feet across, ingeniously timbered with bamboo, are sunk to the ruby earth, which is drawn up by bamboo baskets. In the hill-wash long open trenches are carried from the sides of a gully. Regular mines are opened in some places, in others, the limestone is quarried.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

That Tired Feeling

It is remarkable how many people there are who have That Tired Feeling and seem to think it is of no importance or that nothing need be done for it. They would not be so careless if they realized how really serious the malady is. But they think or say "It will go off after a while."

We do not mean the legitimate weariness which all experience after a hard day's work, but that all-gone, worn-out feeling which is especially overpowering in the morning, when the body should be refreshed and ready for work. It is often only the forerunner of nervous prostration, with all the horrible suffering that term implies. That Tired Feeling and nervousness are sure indications of an impure and impoverished condition of the blood. The craving of the system for help can only be met by purifying the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one great blood purifier. It expels all impurities, gives vitality and strength, regulates the digestion and makes the weak strong.

"In the spring I felt very much run down—no strength or appetite. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and my appetite improved and I did not have that tired feeling." H. R. Squires, East Leverett, Mass.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Makes Pure Blood.

WHAT THE LIGHTS TELL.

The Signals Displayed by Ships at Night, and What They Mean.

A railroad train cannot turn to the right or left at will, for it is bound by the iron tracks to go the way they lead, and the trains coming toward it are guided in another set of tracks to pass safely by. Therefore the engineer may rush his train along over the guiding tracks, through the brightness of day or the darkness of night, with no fear save for the most unforeseen and infrequent accidents. On the sea, however, a ship can go whichever way she is turned, and other ships may meet her coming from any direction. The broad ocean, then, may be looked upon as covered with an enormous net work of tracks crossing one another in all directions, where a ship may be switched from one track to another at will. In the daytime ships can be seen from each other, and be turned aside to pass in safety; for not only can they be seen, but the direction in which they are going is known. Still, even in the daytime certain rules must be followed to insure perfect safety. How, then, do ships, pursuing so many intersecting tracks, pass the others safely in spite of the darkness of the night?

Imagine yourself on the bridge of a big ship. It is really a bridge, you know, high above the deck, extending from side to side near the bow, and projecting a little beyond the sides so that from each end a man can see straight ahead without rigging or masts to interfere. It is night, and very dark. Even the ship is only a long, dark shadow under your feet. Over the sky may be a pall of cloud, and you peer away into the darkness, but cannot even tell where sea and sky come together. All is inky blackness above and below. Spreading outward from the bow of the ship is a foaming, phosphorescent wave, which tells how rapidly she is rushing onward over the unseen waters and into the dangers of the impenetrable gloom. In the middle of the bridge stands a man holding a wheel and gazing at a compass lit up by a little lamp. With that wheel he turns the rudder to keep the ship steadily pointed in the same direction by the compass. That direction is her track. Other ships may be on that track; other ships may be crossing that track in the darkness. How are they to be avoided?

On each side of the bridge stands a man peering continually into the gloom ahead, while back and forth, almost incessantly, paces a fourth man, an officer, who, like the others, is continually gazing ahead or glancing at the compass. He is the officer of the deck. On him rests the responsibility of avoiding all other vessels which may cross his vessel's track, or be approaching her upon it. Upon his quickness and judgment depends the safety of the ship. In the daytime he has seen one, two, or perhaps a dozen ships around him during a single hour, and he well knows that just as many may be around him during any hour of the night. How, then, is he to know what it is and how to keep out of their way?

Their lights will tell.

When you face towards the ship's bow the side at your right hand is called the starboard side, and the side at your left hand is called the port side. On her starboard side a ship carries at night a green light, and it is so shut in by two sides of a box that it cannot be seen from the starboard side or from behind. If the ship is a steamship she carries a big white light at her foremast-head, but if she is a sailing vessel she does not. This white masthead light can be seen all around except from behind.

So long, then, as the officer of the deck sees no lights, he feels sure that there are no vessels near him, and paces his watch in security.—Ensign John M. Ellicott, in St. Nicholas.

ODDITIES.

There is a butterfly of India which, if pursued by a bird, simply alights on a bush or a tree and becomes invisible by mimicking the leaves.

A North Sea codman carries an outfit of lines which extends eight miles in length, and has usually fixed upon it the amazing number of 4,680 hooks, every one of which must be baited.

Lion tamers, as a rule, prefer lions to lionesses, and dislike a troupe of both sexes mixed. In such cases the danger of entering the den is quadrupled, and mischief is pretty sure to result sooner or later.

The particles of sand, stones, shells and the like, brought up in the tallow with which the sounding lead is covered, frequently furnish indications of great value as to the position of the ship.

Might be Called So.—Mrs. Norris—"In this book I have written down most of the little incidents of our married life." Old Bonder—"Ah, sort of family scrap-book, eh?"—Brooklyn Life.

Every man who observes vigilantly and resolves steadfastly, grows unconsciously into genius.—Bulwer.

When You Want a Thresher,

Horse Power, Swinging or Wind Stacker, Saw Mill, Self Feeder, or an Engine, address the J. I. Case T. M. Co., Racine, Wis. They have the largest Threshing Machine plant in the world, and their implements may be relied upon as *the best*. Business established 1842. Illustrated catalogue mailed free.

Prospective Tenant (to agent)—"You say this house is just a stone's throw from the depot. Well, all I have to say is I have great admiration for the man who threw the stone."—Life.

Piso's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs.—Rev. D. Bucumueller, Lexington, Mo., Feb. 24, '94.

Life has no blessing like a prudent friend.—Euripides.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

FRIENDS' ROLLED OATS

ALWAYS THE BEST — DAILY SALES 80,000 lbs.

FRIENDS' ROLLED OATS

LEWIS' 98 % LYE
POWDERED AND PERFUMED.
(PATENTED)

The *strongest* and *purest* Lye made. Unlike other Lye, it being in fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. Will make the *best* perfumed Hard Soap in 20 minutes *without boiling*. It is the best for cleansing waste pipes, disinfecting sinks, closets, washing bottles, paints, trees, etc. PENNA. SALT MF'G CO'
Gen. Agents, PHILA., Pa.

LINENE REVERSIBLE

Raphael, Angelo, Rubens, Tasso

The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and, being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind. *They fit well, wear well and look well.* A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address
REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY,
77 Franklin St., New York. 27 Kilby St., Boston.

EVERY HOME-SEEKER

Should READ the pamphlet recently published by the Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad, entitled "Southern Home-Seeker's Guide for 1895." It contains over 50 excellent letters from Northern farmers now located in the South and other authentic and valuable information. For a FREE COPY, address the undersigned at Manchester, Iowa. J. F. MERRY, Assistant Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Ely's Cream Balm
QUICKLY CURES
COLD IN HEAD
Price 50 Cents.

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

VIEWED IN A MICROSCOPE.

Story of a Drop of Alcohol as Experienced and Told by a Street Fakir.

"Walk right up this way and see the wonderful magnifying glass, which reveals to the astonished gaze a thousand animalcule in a single drop of water!"

The street fakir whose cry this was, caught my eye fixed upon him.

"A drop of pure water! And yet this magic instrument discloses to your astonished gaze myriad infinitesimal forms of life sporting in this tiny ocean as in a bathtub. Step right up and take a look and satisfy yourselves. Then buy one to amuse the family. Only ten cents apiece. Guaranteed to magnify objects a thousandfold!"

I nodded to the man as I handed back the glass, and ventured thus far to be familiar: "How would a drop of beer or whisky look placed in there?"

He eyed me slurply for a second, and, evidently satisfied with the innocence of my intentions, seized upon the suggestion as a text for a new display of oratory with which to amuse and hold his crowd. "Yes, ladies and gentlemen," he broke out afresh, "little drops of water are not the only things in which this miraculous invention discloses forms of terrible monsters. Suppose we put a drop of whisky under this powerful magniller. What do you see? I see a bright-faced, winsome little boy on his way to school, his lunch basket in his hand. He is neatly combed and brushed, bright as a pin, fresh from his mother's hand, the warm breath of her good-by kiss upon his cheek.

"A well-dressed gentleman beckons to him and offers him a piece of silver to run an errand. He darts away. There is plenty of time before the school bell rings. The note is directed to a room in a stately building on the main thoroughfare. As the boy timidly enters his eye is dazzled by the glitter of plate glass mirrors, of beautiful pictures, of polished wood and nickel and brass. It seems like a palace to him. It is filled with well-dressed gentlemen sitting at the tables, sipping from their glasses and chatting together.

"'Is Mr. Smith here?' he asks, holding the note up to the gaze of the white uniformed attendant.

"'Yonder at the table.'

"'Ha! my boy! What's this? A message from my partner. Good news! You shall have a quarter for being the bearer of it. Wait here! You've been running fast; you must be tired; sip this. What's the matter? Do I look as though I would harm you?'

THE FIRST STEP.

"The boy goes on his way to school, his pulse beating double time, quickened by wine and money. The next time he passes that place he feels a strange longing to taste again the sparkling stuff. He has money of his own, why not? He enters. He stops often after that. He is noticed and encouraged and treated. He makes friends. He secures a position and money. He dresses well. Has a graceful manner, develops into manly beauty, weds a beautiful maiden, sets up an elegant home, leads a gay, careless life. Children come, and the wine flows freely at their christening. It makes their hearts beat fast; fires their blood. There are words between the husband and wife. After that he drinks more deeply. The next day he sleeps it off; but when he arises a change has come over him. He is reckless and desperate.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I look again into this drop of liquor. I see a middle-aged man, seedy and faded, with an unsteady gait, a red nose and watery eyes. He is hurrying with nervous, unsteady steps down the street to get something to brace him up. His wife has gone to the dogs. His children are growing up vagabonds around him. He has nothing to live for, but the intoxication of his cups. At the door of the magnificent palace where he drank his first glass of wine, he pauses. An attendant greets him as he opens the door with a stern 'Move on!'

"Yes, a little more. The battered and degraded man, who was once a bright-faced school-boy, is turned penniless upon the street. A patrol wagon drives away with two of his children; one living, the other bleeding from a death wound. The headlines of the morning papers stare him in the face. His wife, living under an assumed name with another man, has committed suicide. The agent of the tenement clicks the cold steel of the door lock in his ear, holding everything he had in the world for back rent, and he is a beggar on the street.

"The realization of this awful situation sobers him. He sees an advertisement offering a chance to make some money easily. He stands here before you to-day, ladies and gentlemen, gazing into this wonderful instrument which is offered for sale to you, that the profits may keep him from starving.

"But, ladies and gentlemen, I have not told you all. I see in the drop of liquor in this microscope a pitiful wretch spending his last cent for fiery drink to quench his craving thirst. He is suffering untold torments in the paroxysms of delirium tremens. There is an open grave in the potter's field. The bones of a nobody are jostled into it, and that, you say, is the end of the beautiful fair-haired boy. But no. Across the mystic chasm there arise shadows of dancing lurid flames and fiendish visions, with glaring eyeballs and poisoned darts to torment the last miserable victim of strong drink sent down to hell.

Something drew me toward him. "My brother," I accosted him, after the last of the crowd had sauntered away, "I've no doubt your picture was a true one in many, many sad instances. But there is hope that any one this side the grave may blot out its terrible sequel. Human sympathy and the grace of God can do wonders."

He looked at me sharply. "I don't know what came over me," he said, apologetically. "I never told that tale before. What you said got me started. But it is true, it is true! God knows it is only too true!"

"God knows," I hastened to say, "that I want to joint hands with you, that the unrealized portion of it may never come true. It need not; it must not be completed."

A little more persuasion induced him to dine with me, and I succeeded in winning his confidence. To-day there is an agreeable, popular, successful salesman in one of the large retail establishments down town, who, though prematurely old, and whose manly beauty is forever marred by early dissipation, yet fulfills far better the promise of the fair-haired, blue-eyed school-boy than the terrible fate which the street fakir pictured of himself from the drop of alcohol.—J. F. Cowan, in Union Signal.

CONCERNING DRUNKENNESS.

A Broader Conception of What This Evil Includes.

If the average citizen were to be asked to estimate the number of drunkards in this country, he would at once resort to police reports and prison records in an effort to answer the question, but his conclusions therefore would be very far from accurate.

Even upon police definitions of drunkenness, not one in four of the drunkards is noticed by the authorities. Men may reel and stagger through the streets, but if likely to reach the hovel where wife and children abide in their misery, policemen are blind. Drunkards remain at large until they become dangerous or troublesome (to somebody besides wife and children), when they are locked up to sleep off their debauch, and thereafter subjected to a small fine, which is paid, if at all, through the privations of wife and children.

But only a very small proportion of the real drunkards reel through the streets. When a man through drink has impaired his reason, however temporarily, he is drunken, even though he may not stagger. When a man through drink is made so ugly that he is abusive or even unkind to his family, he is drunken, although he may be able to stand upright. When a man's nerves are so unsteady through drink that he can not properly perform his business duties, he is drunken, although he may not suspect it. When God-given powers of usefulness are smothered through the voluntary use of intoxicating drinks, the condition represents drunkenness, and any narrowing of this definition is as foolish as it is wrong.

May God grant to our people courage to deal with the sin of drunkenness commensurate with its magnitude.—National Temperance Advocate.

OLDEN-TIME LIQUOR BILL.

Cost of a Funeral During the Seventeenth Century.

For the benefit of those who sometimes assert that no progress is made in the temperance reform, we clip the following excerpt from the Christmas number of the Bostonian. In speaking of the expenses of funerals, the author says:

"The bill for liquor consumed was sometimes greater than the cost of the burial itself. As a sample of the proportion this item bore to the general expenses, I quote the funeral bill of a man who was drowned in 1678:

By a pint of liquor for those who dived for him, 1 shilling.
By a quart for those who brought him home, 2 shillings.
By two quarts of wine and one gallon of cider for the jury, 5 shillings.
By eight gallons and three quarts of wine for the funeral, £1, 15 shillings.
By one barrel of cider for friends, 16 shillings.
By one coffin, 12 shillings.
By one winding sheet, 18 shillings.

By which it appears that the liquor bill at the funeral was just about double the other expenses.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

THE Woman's Christian Temperance union of Japan has opened a rescue home for women.

IT is said that the cider-drinking cities of France are also the largest consumers of spirits.

FIVE distinguished physiologists of Germany—Doctors Bunge, Gaule, Hoffman, Forel and Fick—are total abstainers.

IT is said that one-fifth of the annual increase of the wealth of the nation is devoured by the saloon.—Standard.

THE Christian Commonwealth states that the British Woman's Temperance association has 70,000 pledged women abstainers in its 800 branches.

BY the repeal of the Delaware "Bottle law" the children are prohibited from entering the saloons of that state for the purchase of intoxicating liquor.

ACCORDING to the official report of the auditor-general of Michigan, there were 478 fewer saloons in that state in 1894 than in 1893. The total number at the last return was 4,315.

MORE damage is being done by the open Sunday saloons than can be repaired by all the churches and schools during the week. Poverty, debauchery, and misery walk hand in hand.—Rev. John Henry Barrows.

THE Insurance Newspaper and Building Society Review says: "In our opinion the traffic in alcohol prevents more people from becoming the possessors of their own houses than all other causes combined."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Michael Angelo had a face as rugged as his genius. His forehead was low and broad, his eyes were full, his nose thick and strong. His face was irregular, but full of power.

—Germany has one doctor to every 3,038 of population; France, one to 2,766; England, one to 1,707; Russia, one to 8,551, and the United States, one to 626. No wonder Russian women now outnumber those of every other nation as medical students.

—Although this is an unusually good shad season in the Delaware, fishermen are complaining that the middlemen consume most of the profits. Shad wholesale at from eight to ten cents, while the retail price seldom gets below twenty-five cents apiece, and roe shad usually fetch rather more.

—Although a rubber horseshoe has been invented for use on icy pavements, nothing satisfactory seems to have been found for horses compelled to travel upon wet asphalt. It is noticeable that horses accustomed to asphalt learn the trick of stepping carefully, as men learn to walk with stiffened ankles on ice.

—In Italy in the last ten years 947 duels have been fought over newspaper articles, 730 on account of rivalry in love, 377 for political differences, 289 for insulting words, and the smallest number, 19, for disputes at cards. According to the figures, journalists are most apt to fight, and actors least of those who fought at all, but there is not a single banker or capitalist in the list.

—A number of saloons in New York sell drinks at the rate of two for a quarter even when one is bought at a time. The buyer of one drink receives, on payment of fifteen cents for it a check marked: "Good for 2½ cents," or, sometimes, simply: "2½ cents," with the name of the saloonkeeper underneath. When the customer gets another drink he turns in the check, together with a dime, in payment.

—Even artists sometimes fail of that intelligent observation in which they think the general public is so much lacking. A picture at the current exhibition of the Society of American Artists was actually hung upside down at first. It represents a pool of water reflecting an invisible sky and the objects on one bank. The picture is properly hung now, though to the laymen at first sight it looks upside down.

—Queen Margherita of Italy has a curious hobby, the collection of shoes. She has a pair that belonged to Joan of Arc, those worn by Mary, queen of Scots, on her way to the scaffold, a pair of slippers of Marie Antoinette, and shoes once owned by Ninon Lenclos and by Queen Louise of Prussia. Her dearest treasures, however, are the knitted silk socks and the little leather shoes first worn by the prince of Naples.

—When the representatives of the Postal union meet at Berne this year, Switzerland will propose that the weight of letters carried for single postage be increased by fifteen grammes, half an ounce. This will make the weight allowed one ounce, the same as for domestic letters in the United States. The higher rate at present does not compensate for the annoyance to the public and the trouble to the post office of collecting extra postage on over-weight letters.

—A rejection at the Salon of the Champs Elysees has raised a storm in Paris. The Duchesse d'Uzes, who supplied Gen. Boulanger with funds, is also a sculptor. She made a statue of Emile Angier, which his native town, Valence, selected from among a dozen other competing models as the best, and which will be set up there. This statue she sent under an assumed name, to the Salon, where it was almost unanimously rejected. She has applied to the prefect of the Seine for permission to set up her work at the entrance to the exhibition, and will probably get it.

His New Hat.

A distinguished preacher, of somewhat arbitrary manners, was engaged to preach in Belgravia, and purchased a new hat for the occasion. He was met outside his residence by a young man, who was to guide him to the church. His guide, after what the parson thought a rude stare and smile, said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but your hat—" "Oh, yes! never mind the hat, but mind your own business," the parson interrupted, curtly; and the young man was silenced. The people they met stared and smiled, too. "Strange, how many people notice when one has got a new hat," thought the parson. The church was reached, and the worshipers approaching naturally turned to observe the noted preacher. The vicar met him at the vestry door to welcome him, but hesitatingly, said: "Pardon me, Canon, but pray why do you wear your hat so?" The tile was doffed, and the outside found to be still covered with white paper, which the absent-minded divine had not removed.—Pearson's Weekly.

"Lamentable Fact About Carlyle."

Mrs. Wilson tells a story about Carlyle and Thackeray which has been told before but which may be new to some readers. Several artists at the Royal academy dinner, sitting in the neighborhood of these great men, were expressing their enthusiasm about Titian. "His glorious coloring is a fact about Titian," said one, "and his glorious drawing is another fact about Titian," cried a second. So they went on till Carlyle, who had been listening in silence to their rhapsodies, interrupted them by saying, with a slow deliberation, which had its own impressive emphasis: "And here I sit, a man made in the image of God, who knows nothing about Titian and cares nothing about Titian—and that's another fact about Titian." Thackeray was sipping claret at the moment. He paused and bowed courteously to Carlyle. "Pardon me," he said, "that is not a fact about Titian. But it is a fact—and a lamentable fact—about Thomas Carlyle."—Westminster Gazette.

SLIPS OF THE TONGUE.

Humorous Situations Resulting from Things Awkwardly Said.

A story is told of a man who asked a clergyman for a letter of recommendation to a neighboring large landowner, from whom he hoped to obtain employment.

"Why not go personally and see him?" inquired the clergyman.

"Well, sir, you see," replied the laborer, "I do not like speaking to Mr. Blank. He may be proud, and not care to listen to a man like me. It would be quite a different thing if it were yourself. There is nothing of the gentleman in you."

Mr. Bancroft, the historian, used to tell the story of another kind of "slip of the tongue." During a holiday jaunt in Switzerland, Sir Paul Hunter was lost. News flies swiftly and gathers as it goes. It was soon said that guides were away up in the mountains to find a missing man. Somebody had seen or heard signals of distress. Lady Hunter, safe in the hotel, began to tremble for her husband. But his predicament was not so desperate, after all. He was discovered and given the necessary help and guidance for his descent. Late in the evening he returned alone to the hamlet as if nothing had happened. Wishing to avoid notice and questions from ingnisitive persons, he had sent his guides away. But as he passed through the waiting crowd of travelers, Lady Hunter ran to meet him.

"Oh, Paul," she cried, "I am so glad to see you back! Where have you been? Some silly man has lost himself in the mountains, and I feared it might have been you."

The others smiled at the slip of the tongue, but the "silly" man was pleased with her kindly consideration for his welfare, although the literal construction of her sentence was by no means complimentary.

Some comical slips of the tongue are due to doubtful or insufficient information. There may be lack of important knowledge of the person addressed. Victor Hugo once met on a railway train a stranger from another city who discussed literary topics with him. The stranger asked if he had heard anything when he left Paris about "Hernani," one of Hugo's own plays. Hugo admitted that he had heard it mentioned.

"It is a miserably stupid piece."

"Very likely," replied the poet.

"The author is an abominable person. One of my friends tells me he is grossly impolite and is very careless about his personal appearance, and, in fact, is in every way disreputable."

Soon after, they reached their destination and went to the same hotel. What was the consternation of the man with the libelous tongue when Hugo wrote his name in the hotel register beneath his traducer's eye.—Golden Days.

A BEAUTY'S ANGER.

One of the Parisian Queens Creates a Sensation.

The scene is Mentone, a resort for consumptive people, but which becomes fashionable, since a few members of the light squadron of the army of beauty have decided that Cannes was stuck up. Nice dusty and vulgar, Monte Carlo good en passant only, and that Mentone would do better than any other place as the headquarters on the blue coast. Lilane de Pougy was the first to start the movement when she fitted up at Mentone the duintiest of the villas, which is always en fete, and looks every evening like an enchanted bower. She felt like the queen of the place, and behaved as such till the day of the battle of the flowers came, when she expected to be crowned by her admiring subjects. She arrived last on the scene, so as not to mar the effect; she appeared standing, driving tandem, her carriage completely hidden under a thick bower of carnations, roses and hyacinths, she herself being got up as a bunch of lilacs of different shades, from the deep reddish Charles X. to the palest Persian, and then pure white.

A murmur of delight received her, and her vanity was almost satisfied; but, how it happened nobody knows, at the distribution of banners she received the smallest and most insignificant one. The superb beauty took it with a grin; then, pulling from her hair a diamond pin, which held two bunches of lilacs, she pricked the satin and tore a big hole in it, then handed the rag to her groom, with a whisper. The man broke the golden handle in two, and threw the whole on the ground. After this the tandem was turned around and the offended beauty drove home.

Till now the story is not extraordinary, but the point comes with the worthy mayor of Mentone, at the same time president of the committee of the battle, who a few minutes later drove to the enchanted bower, insisted on seeing the fairy of the place, and actually asked to be forgiven for an involuntary and much-deplored error, but the bunches of lilac nodded mercilessly and said "No," and the fair Liane, after having shown the door to the inconsolable dignitary, declared that she was leaving Mentone on the morrow. After that the banquet of the committee turned out to be a failure, and almost a battlefield, the members putting the fault on one another's backs, and Mentone seriously thinks of rebuking the authorities who have stupidly offended and driven away such a superb sign-board from their shop hole.—Philadelphia Record.

Very Dainty.

A cluster of petunias set in the middle of six square-cut black quilts, three of which were directed each way in windmill fashion, trimmed the brim of a coarse green straw flat. At the left side of the small dome crown was a bunch of nasturtiums and violet leaves; on the right a big rosette of iridescent green and gold and blue four-inch ruffled taffeta ribbon. This rosette was set rather on the crown, and on each side, running along the brim, was a cluster of violet leaves.—Philadelphia Record.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Croquettes.—To one pint chopped veal or beef add half pint cream, one cupful cold mashed potatoes, three eggs, salt and pepper to taste. Make into balls and fry in hot lard. A little chopped onion may be added if desired.—Home.

—A wet umbrella should never be stood on the point to dry. The water only trickles down and rusts the wires and spoils the silk. Neither should it be left open, as the silk gets stretched and baggy, and cannot be properly folded afterwards. The best way is to shake or wipe as much of the water off as possible, and then stand the umbrella on its handle to drain.

—Fig Loaf Cake.—Half a cupful of butter, one cupful of brown sugar, half a cupful of molasses, one-third cupful of cider, two eggs, half a teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon, with a dash of nutmeg; one small teaspoonful of soda, a pinch of salt, and half a pound of figs (or dates), chopped, with enough flour for a medium batter. Bake forty-five to sixty minutes, and frost.—Country Gentleman.

Mock Cherry Pie.—One cup cranberries, cut in two, one cup sugar, half cup seedless raisins, one teaspoonful flour, one teaspoon vanilla, half cup boiling water. Mix sugar, flour, berries and raisins, add water and vanilla. Fill a lined pie plate. Cover with pastry, cut in thin strips and bake twenty to thirty minutes in a quick oven. Serve cold. Very good the second day.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Gingerbread.—Take two pounds of flour, two pounds of treacle, half a pound of butter, the same quantity of sugar, a quarter of a pound of candied peel, and one ounce each of coriander and carraway seeds. Mix these ingredients thoroughly, and just before pouring into tins, stir in half an ounce of carbonate of ammonia, finely powdered. Pour into tins, and bake in an oven sufficiently hot to make the dough rise at first, but afterwards cooler, or your gingerbread will be too short.—Leeds Mercury.

—Orange Roly-poly.—This is always hailed with delight, the "windfall" of the orange groves being called into requisition for puddings, pies, etc. For the roly-poly make a light paste as for apple dumplings, roll in an oblong sheet and lay oranges, peeled, sliced and seeded, thickly over, sprinkle liberally with white sugar, scatter a teaspoonful of the grated yellow rind over all and roll up closely, folding the ends to secure the sirup. Boil in a pudding cloth one and one-half hours; eat with lemon sauce.—Good Housekeeping.

—Orange Shortcake. — Cream together a half-cupful of butter and a cupful of sugar; into them stir a well-beaten egg, half a cupful of milk and a pint of flour into which two teaspoonfuls of baking powder have been sifted. Roll and bake in two sheets. For the filling, peel six oranges, remove the seeds, slice, sprinkle with sugar, and place between the layers. For a sauce, take the grated rind of two oranges, the juice of one, half a cupful of sugar, a teaspoonful of butter and two cupfuls of water; thicken with corn starch. Serve hot.—Prairie Farmer.

FOR THE HOUSE CLEANER.

One Simple Rule Will Keep Home from Looking Like a Junk-Shop.

These are the times that try men's souls, and are even harder for women to bear. But house-cleaning time may be made endurable, even to the masculine mind, by strict adherence to one simple rule. Clean one room at a time. Do not have the entire house odorous of suds and every apartment looking like a junk shop. Let everything be done decently and in order and "all will be well," as the old-fashioned heroine used to remark.

If painting and papering are among the things to be done the painting should be first accomplished. Then should come the papering, and next the cleaning of window-glass and floors.

The woman who respects her own appearance as much as that of her dwelling will have a special uniform for house-cleaning time. A big sweeping-cap, which will protect her hair from dust, and which can be easily slipped off, should be worn. A heavy, all enveloping apron of denim, made with long sleeves like a child's, will cover her dress properly, and loose rubber gloves will save her hands much future unsightliness.

Bread crumbs rank among the house-cleaner's best friends. Crushed to a coarse powder, they may be used to clean delicate lamp-shades, screens, show-cases, scarfs and the bolting-cloth trifles dear to the heart of the decoratively inclined. Bread crumbs will also remove grease spots from wall-papers, and are, indeed, invaluable in freshening wall-papers that have become dingy.

To clean brasses make a paste of finely powdered rottenstone and sweet oil, and apply it with a flannel cloth wrapped about a piece of cork. Brass fenders and other objects which may be unscrewed should be taken apart and cleaned in parts.

To clean old furniture dust carefully and wash. Then apply with a rubbing-pad—made by rolling a two-inch strip of woolen cloth—a polish made as follows: Mix one quart of linseed oil, a half pint each of wine and vinegar, two ounces of vinegar, and a half pint of spirits of turpentine.

A remarkable degree of brilliancy may be imparted to windows by cleaning them with alcohol and whiting. This will remove the most obstinate paint spots. For ordinary window-washing a little kerosene in the water is an effective brightener.

The spring house-cleaning period is an excellent time to throw away the accumulated useless treasures of the winter. Old woolens only serve to harbor moths, and old things of all sorts are dust-collecting, germ-breeding nuisances. The truly economical woman is not she who saves everything, but she who is discriminating in her thrift.—Chicago Tribune.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The first of the "canals of Mars" was discovered in 1877 by Prof. Schiaparelli, astronomer of the Royal observatory at Milan.

—South Africa produced £6,960,114 of gold last year, an increase of nearly two millions over 1893, and of two and a half millions over 1892.

—M. Charles Margot, of the physical laboratory of the University of Geneva, has found that by rubbing on glass with an aluminum point clear metallic lines are obtained which cannot be removed by washing, no matter how often repeated.

—During the most peaceful years the world has 3,709,000 soldiers, who are withdrawn from productive occupations to pose as soldiers. The pay, equipments, food and clothing of these men cost the world's taxpayers nearly $8,000,000 a day.

—Among the remains found at Æsica or Great Chester, on the Roman wall, are some fibulæ or clasps unlike any that have yet been found in England. They are of extraordinary size and of Celtic design, probably representing Caledonian art under Severus. One, which had been gilt, is covered with an exquisite flamboyant relief of Celtic design.

—The camel is generally cited as being the one animal best fitted to undergo thirst. Mr. S. Earman, however, writes to Nature that the common mouse endures thirst quite as well as the camel. He has kept several common mice three months without watering them. On the first of last October several were put aside to have no water, and up to January 17 they were eating heartily of dry corn and grass seed, without having had any water.

—On the island of Pantellaria, midway between Sicily and the African coast, Dr. Orsi has discovered a prehistoric village of the stone age, surrounded by a colossal wall made of stones heaped together. He has also found out that the strange buildings called Sesi are dome-shaped prehistoric tombs, and has identified the remains of a small Greek temple. The island lies completely out of the way of travel, and is used by the government as a convict settlement.

—The mountain ash is a species of Sorbus, and the berries are found to contain a saccharine substance wholly peculiar to this fruit, and which has therefore been named sorbitol. The chemical world, according to the Comptes Rendus, has been astonished to find precisely the same substance in a species of cherry—Cerasus—lauro-cerasus. The same chemists, Vincent and Delachanal, have found in the fruit of this species of cherry, mannitol, a substance hitherto found among trees, chiefly in the manna ash (Fraxinus Ornus). A remarkable circumstance about the latter is that it is found to some extent in some seaweeds and in mushrooms—plants so widely separated genetically from the manna ash from which the substance originally derived its name.

A JAPANESE ROMANCE.

An Interesting Story of Count Ito, Told by Sir Edwin Arnold.

Of Count Ito, the distinguished Japanese statesman, Sir Edwin Arnold gives us this interesting incident: "I sat at a table with the ex-premier and his wife and children. The countess, quiet, gentle, motherly, and wearing spectacles, carving the tai and the kamo with such a matronly serenity—had yet a history of romance and devotion which could make the wildest fictionist's fortune. Long ago, in those dark and bloody days, when the minister was her lover and a fugitive from his enemies, there came a time when they had tracked him to her house, and had chosen a band of Soshis to assassinate him. The noise of their clogs and the rattling of their scabbards were heard, and the count, trapped like a stag in his mountain pleasance, drew his Bizen blade and prepared to die, as a Japanese lord should, amid a circle of dead foes. But while he murmured 'Sagonare!' and knitted his fingers around the sharkskin hilt of his sword, that brave lady, whose guest I was, whispered: 'Do not die; there is hope still,' upon which she removed the hibachi, or fire box, over which they were sitting, and, lifting up the matting and planks beneath, induced her lover to conceal himself in the hollow space which exists under the floor of all Japanese homes. The murderers broke into the room, a ferocious band, just as the fire box had been replaced and the countess had assumed a position of nonchalance. They demanded their victim, and when she protested against their intrusion and bade them search if they wanted Ito, the wretches dragged her around the apartment by her long, beautiful black hair—now touched with silver—and grievously maltreated her, but could not shake her resolute fidelity. Thanks to this, Count Ito, the hero of many another strange adventure, escaped from the chief peril of his career, and has lived to give his country a new constitution and to be one of the foremost and best respected statesmen of modern Japan."—N. Y. Advertiser.

Irish Race Types.

Three types, at least, are observable in the south of Ireland—first, the dark, Italian-looking Celt, also found in Devon; secondly, the tall, yellow-haired Danish type; and thirdly, the aboriginal Aryan of the Volga, with red or auburn hair and blue or green eyes, who may also be found in Cornwall. The dark, aquiline type of Wales differs considerably from that of the Irish, and the Irish language is nearer akin to Cornish than to Welsh. The traditional Irishman of caricatures is not often seen in the south, though this type is not unknown even among the upper classes. The soft features and bright eyes of the modest peasant women present many varieties of beauty, and the mingled race of Cork and Kerry—fairer as a rule than that of the far west—is as vigorous as any in Scotland or in Yorkshire.—Blackwood's Magazine.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md

THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1895.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first insertion* of the same:

Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $3; County Commissioner, $2.50; Register of Wills, $2.50; County Surveyor, $1.50.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention. Let the old soldiers have a chance.

W. M. LOHR.

Cove, Md., March 11, 1895.

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. GEORGE J. WALTER,
District No. 1. P. O., Thayerville, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party GEORGE D. WHITE,
Oakland, Md.

THE treasury statement of the public debt for the month of April shows an increase of $2,349,950 in the interest bearing debt and a decrease of $7,099,345 in the cash balance in the Treasury. These are Free-Trade times.

A MAN who inserts a small advertisement once or twice a year and then looks for a rush of business for the next twelve months is like the fellow who takes a bath on New Year's day and expects perfect health during the remainder of the year. Regularity is an essential element in both, and an advertisement, unless inserted to make known something of special importance, will not pay if it is not kept constantly before the people. Names of business men and the location of their stores are soon forgotten when the advertisements are taken from the columns of the local newspaper and this the wide awake merchant never fails to remember. Doing business upon the theory that everybody knows him, what he sells and where his store is, has been rejected by every up to date seller of goods in the land,

FOR a condensed epitome of the sins of commission and omission of President Cleveland the following from *The Washington Times* (Democratic) covers the ground:

NO LONGER FORTUNES FAVORITE.

It has been claimed that President Cleveland was born under a lucky star, that he was fortune's favorite, and by some it has been urged that his destiny is guided by supernatural influence. A glance at the record of his present administration will dispel any such delusion.

It must be admitted that Mr. Cleveland came into the Presidency with the full confidence of a hopeful public. He had been elected by an extraordinary majority and was a fortunate figurehead of a remarkable political revolution. Circumstances had made his former administration successful, and it was generally believed his re-election would bring on an era of unprecedented prosperiy. He was to be a Democratic Moses, and he turned out to be a Presidential Jonah.

He appointed Secretary Gresham.

He disrupted his party in Congress by an unjust and discriminating distribution of public patronage.

He disappointed the public by surrounding himself with corporation attorneys and friends of trusts and rings.

He advocated submission to the sugar trust and was influential in bringing on a retaliatory commercial war with Europe.

He ordered United States troops to the Chicago riots and incurred the enmity of organized labor.

He conspired with gold gamblers and used his high position to contract an unnecessarily expensive and secret bond sale.

He undertook to restore Liliuokalani, notwithstanding the remonstrance of nine-tenths of the American people.

He destroyed the organization of the Democratic party by establishing a cuckoo contingent.

He made it absolutely impossible for Congress to enact satisfactory tariff legislation or to act at all on financial questions.

He drove nearly all Democratic Union soldiers into other parties by an intemperate and prejudicial pension policy.

He destroyed all prospects of a speedy resumption of good times by being instrumental in delaying important Congressional legislation.

As a result of this combination of Executive folly:—

This country is suffering from a prolonged and disastrous business depression.

We are at commercial warfare with important European nations.

The diplomatic outlook is clouded with serious international controversies.

Our Treasury can only be maintained by bond sales.

The claim that President Cleveland is fortune's favorite can no longer be maintained.

A Few Things.

Sheep slaughtered by millions, because wool has been made free; the price of beef advancing; a Portland (Oregon) syndicate buying three thousand horses with an intention to introduce horse meat to American consumers; Edward Atkinson running about the country giving demonstrations of methods of preparing 15-cent dinners and recommending to poor the use of skin beef and oleomargarine; women doing men's work in the tin plate mill in western Pennsylvania; foreigners leaving the country as fast as others come in, and the Treasury of the United States unable to stand by itself, but propped up by British Bankers—these things indicate what we have come to and foreshadow what we are coming to under the domination of American affairs by British ideas.

Protection to Home Industries.

Much harm is done to a town where the citizens send away for necessary articles which can be procured just as well at home, and with about the same expense attached. Business men should stand by each other and the citizens should stand by the business men, and all should work for the same interest—the best welfare of the town in which they are located, as well as individual interests. Of course, it is policy for each and every one to look out for their own first, and others next, but this can be done without any harmful results. Where the citizens do not make any efforts to improve their resident town, it is sure to lapse into innocuous desuetude, and then a cry of dullness and no busines arises, and, very often, the ones who are the very loudest in their complaints are the ones most to be blamed for the state of affairs which they are bemoaning. If there are any of these people in this county, we appeal to them to change their ways. Patronize home merchants, home industries put a shoulder to the wheel, and help the town. Money spent at home is sure to bring more prosperity and thrift to a person than if it is sent away. It is certainly a deteriment to a community where the residents send away for dry goods, groceries, and other necessaries of life, which can be procured as readily and cheaply at home. It is the same with every line of business. Citizens of Garrett when you are working for the best interest for the county you are helping yourself. Review the situation carefully, and you will see this in the true light.

Pardoned.

An executive pardon has been granted to Samuel Swauger, convicted in the Circuit Court of Garrett county, at the October term, 1892, of manslaughter, and sentenced to the penitentiary for four years, The pardon was recommenden by the judge and State's attorney, who tried the case.

The Time Has Come.

The time has come when the truth should be told about the Democratic managers. The party must be disassociated from the men who have brought disgrace and shame upon it, if it expects to make a successful appeal for the support of the people next November. The effect of Mr. Rayner's attack on the machine has been to excite the bosses to renewed activity. There is no longer any attempt to conceal their purposes of controlling nominations. The humility of a few months ago has been cast aside and the bosses are openly and arrogantly in the field. Unless the rank and file of the party take matters in their own hands, the alternative will be presented at the fall election of voting for a ticket which will mean the continuance of the Gorman-Rasin machine, with all that that signifies at Washington, Annapolis and in Baltimore city, or of remaining away from the polls and allowing the State to step into the Republican column.

There is no question more important in this campaign than that of bossism. A system which has put in the Senate of the United States as the representative of the Democracy in Maryland the most potent ally of the Republicans, the friend and champion of the trusts and the open and secret enemy of the Democratic president, has become odious to the people and they are resolved upon its destruction. The people of Baltimore city are no less resolute in their determination to smash boss rule in municipal affairs.

The fight is not against the Democratic party but against those who have used and abused it. It is a question of a thorough house cleaning within the party or a crushing defeat at the hands of the enemy.—Balto. Evening News. (Dem.)

Real Estate Transfers.

The following transactions in realty have been recorded by Clerk Tower since May 1st:

Lydia Griffith et al. to Sarah P. Newman, lot No. 25 on McCarty's plat of Oakland; $10.

George Shartzer and wife to Wm. H. H. Friend, jr., lot No. 22 and part of lots 21 and 20 in block B on Steel's plat of Friendsville; $300.

Orval A. Welch et al. to C. & O. railroad, "Right of Way" near Friendsville; $75.

Gilmor S. Hamill, trustee, to Horace R. Shank, 80¾ acres of "Haines' Discovery;" $900.

J. C. Alderson and wife to Mary A. Clifton, lots 5 and 6 in block 39 in Alderson's addition to Loch Lynn Heights; $140.

Mt. Home Co. to John F. Estill, lots 1, 2, 3, 4 in block 13 in Loch Lynn Heights; $220.

Annie E. Neil to Louis F. Neil, part of "Expost Facto" and "Eugenia," 275 acres; $1,600.

Fanny E. Stockbridge et al. to Jos. F. and H. B. Lewis, tract of land called "Decapolis," 1199⅝ acres; $1,900.

Sylvester Rinard and wife to Peter Sines, 41 acres of land; $200.

W. Y. Waltz and wife to Lloyd W. and Sidney O. Clark, part of "Small Meadows," 115¼ acres; $1,400.

Geo. P. White and wife to Elizabeth A. White, lot of ground; $25.

William H. Dawson, trustee, to Richard T. Frazee, the tracts of land called "Three Islands," 22¼ acres; "Beckwith's Disappointment," 37 acres; "Timber Hill," 49½ acres; "Friend's Fortune or Salem," 109¼ acres; part of military lot 4117, about 27 acres; the remainder of the "General's Wish;" military lots 3301, 4120 and 4121, 150 acres; "Hoye's Adventure" and "Tom's Neglect," about 150½ acres; $2,900.

Mt. Home Co. to Isaac A. Rinker, lot 4 in block 7 of Loch Lynn Heights; $100.

Henry Machman and wife to Milford E. Frazee, tract called "Quadrangle," 19¼ acres; $200.

W. N. Myers and wife to W. W. and Cath. A. Savage, 4 acres land; $75.

Josephus Friend et al. to Samuel P. Friend, 50 acres more or less; $200.

Mary E. Garrett et al. to Martin Hughes, 1¾ acres; $100.

D. Harrison Friend to Clark A. Montague. ¾ acre; $40.

Buggies and Wagons.

It does not look like hard times the way people are buying spring wagons and buggies from A. D. Naylor. He has sold nearly two car loads this spring, and just got in another big lot. Two large ware rooms chock full of daytons, buggies, phætons, carts, spring wagons to select from. Thomas coil, King spring, Brewster and elliptic spring buggies kept in stock. Be sure you see his stock and get prices and terms before buying elsewhere, as you can save money. 9-3t.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending May 25th, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

W. H. Pellums, Mark Thompson, Miss Fanny A. Louis.

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Obituary.

On Sunday, May 12, 1895, was the sad death of Mr. George Marville, of which notice was given through your columns last week, but we as a friend feels that a further obituary of this estimable citizen is due his bereaved family and friends. Owing to the absence of Rev. J. M. Davis, of Oakland, who was selected to pay the last sad tribute of respect to this good man. Rev. Wm. E. George was called with only a few minutes in which to prepare a discourse. He selected the 90th Psalm as the basis of his remarks. The choir sang "Home Sweet Home." The floral offerings were beautiful and testified the high appreciation of the deceased. Mr. Marville leaves an affectionate wife, four daughters and three sons. Peace to his ashes. A FRIEND.

Memorial Day Services May 30, 1895.

Crook Post No. 35, G. A. R. extends an invitation to the K. of P., A. F. & A. M., I. O. O. F., Jr. O. U. A. M., A. O. H., and all other organizations, socities and the citizens of Oakland and vicinity to join with them in a proper observation of Memorial Day.

Persons who will aid us by contributions of flowers for this occasion can leave them at Sturgiss' Hall on or before 10 o'clock Thursday morning, May 30th, when they will be gratefully received by the Old Soldiers.

Will leave the Post Headquarters at 10.30 o'clock a. m. for cemetery.

A. G. STURGISS, Com'd'r.
H. LOWE, Adj't.

Marriage Licenses.

Following is a list of marriage licenses issued at the Clerk's office since May 1st:

Joseph P. Reid and Mary Ellen Wilt.

Jacob C. Pence and Mary Martha Beckman.

William M. Sebold and Martha E. McGettigan.

Adolph Filsinger and Minnie E. Diehl.

Isaac Bamden Stemple and Sarah Lillie Morgan Lohr.

George Wm. Wilhelm and Ara Catharine Sines.

Henry Abia Dudley and Louella Lough.

John Taylor and Elizabeth J. Frazee.

Two with request not to publish.

School Matters.

At a meeting of the Board of School Commissioners of Garrett county, held on the 1st day of May, 1895, a board of three trustees was appointed for each school in this county. Trustees that qualified last year, as required by law, and being reappointed this year, will not be required to take the oath again. The board arranged for two normal schools, to commence on the 8th day of July, 1895, and to continue for a term of ten weeks—one in Oakland in charge of Prof. Charles D. Smith, and one at Accident in charge of Prof. Victor McCauley.

By a decision of the State Board of Education, algebra has been included in second grade branches. We expect to hold examinations at close of normal schools, which will be general and of a little higher standard than last year. We hope that those expecting to teach the coming scholastic year will avail themselves of every opportunity to prepare well for the ardnous and responsible duties devolving upon them.

11-2t WM. HINEBAUGH, Sec.

Deer Park, on the Crest of the Alleghenies.

To those contemplating a trip to the mountains in search of health and pleasure, Deer Park, on the crest of the Allegheny mountains, 3,000 feet above the sea level, offers such varied attractions as a delightful atmosphere during both day and night, pure water, smooth, winding roads through the mountains and valleys, and the most picturesque scenery in the Allegheny range. The hotel is equipped with all adjuncts conducive to the entertainment, pleasure and comfort of its guests.

The surrounding grounds, as well the hotel, are lighted with electricity. Six miles distant, on the same mountain summit, is Oakland, the twin resort of Deer Park, and equally well equipped for the entertainment and accommodation of its patrons. Both hotels are upon the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, have the advantages of its splendid Vestibuled Limited Express trains between the east and west. Season excurson tickets, good for return passage until October 31st. will be placed on sale at greatly reduced rates at all principal ticket offices throughout the country. One-way tickets. reading from St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Columbus, Chicago, and any point on the B. & O. system to Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia or New York, or vice versa, are good to stop off at either Deer Park, Mountain Lake Park or Oakland, and the time limit will be extended by agents at either resort upon application, to cover the period of the holder's visit.

The season at these popular resorts commences June 22nd.

For full information as to hotel rates, rooms, etc., address George D. DeShields, Manager, Deer Park or Oakland, Garrett County, Md. 9-4t.

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 1, on Front Street, in Bayard, West Va.

Lot containing four acres with house on it, at Swanton, Md.

A mortgage on property worth more than double, at Loch Lynn Heights, Md.

WILLIAM W. SWEET,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

TAX SALES.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 506 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1895,

at the hour of 2.00 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all the following pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, to satisfy the State and county tax due and in arrear thereon together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting the sale as provided by the aforesaid statute.

8th. Military Lot number five hundred and four (504) containing fifty acres, situated in Election District No. 9, of said Garrett county Maryland, and being the same land that was conveyed to James McKenzie by Johnson Bros. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1892 and 1893, as is assessed to ***JAMES McKENZIE*** on the assessment books of Garrett county, Maryland.

9th. All that piece or parcel of land situated in Election District No. 4, Garrett county, Maryland, known as "Pea Patch" containing the quantity of three hundred and thirty-eight and one fifth acres, being the same land that was conveyed to Michael Gleason and J. W. W. Davis by John P. Brandt, by deed dated the 20th day of September, 1885, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 10, folio 639, &c., one of the Land Records of said Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear for the year 1893 as charged to ***MICHAEL GLEASON and J. W. W. DAVIS*** on the assessment books of said Garrett county, Maryland.

10th. All those parts of Military Lots numbers five hundred and fifty-five (555) and five hundred and ninety-five (595), containing fifty-eight acres, situated in Election District No. 9 of said Garrett county, Maryland, and being the same land that was conveyed to William R. Percy and John T. Hansel by Julia A. Johnson and others by deed dated July 30, 1887, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 3, folio 538, &c., one of the Land Records of said Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1892 and 1893 as is charged to ***WILLIAM R. PERCY and JOSEPH T. HANSEL*** on the assessment books of Garrett county, Maryland.

Terms cash on day of sale. Conveyance at cost of purchaser.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

ORDER NISI.

Samuel Lawton, Late Treasurer of Garrett County, vs. Max Livingston.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, No. 70 Trials to March Term, 1895.

It is ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, this 18th day of April in the year 1895, that the tax sale as made and reported in the above entitled cause by Samuel Lawton, Late Treasurer of Garrett County, and made to the County Commissioners of said county for 26 acres of the tract of land called "Music" be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 17th day of May, 1895; provided that a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 17th day of May, 1895.

The report states the amount of sale to be $58.75. EDWARD STAKE.

True Copy.
Test. E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Look

At this space next week and see what it will say.

New Buckeye Mowers, New Horse Rakes, New Sewing Machines and many other articles too numerous to mention

Given Away.

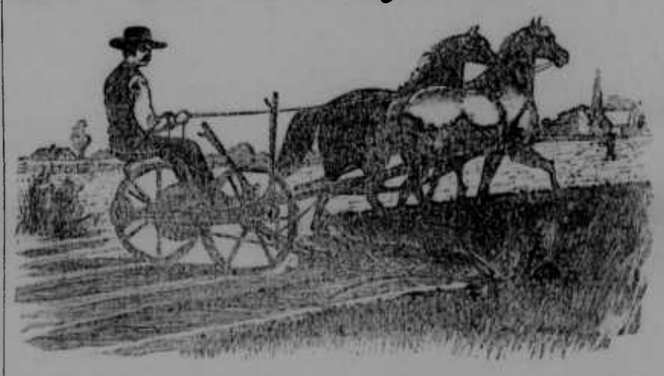

Every Farmer should subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN for Three Months.

JONAS FRAZEE,

SELBYSPORT, MD.

Tried Friends Best.

For thirty years Tutt's Pills have proven a blessing to the invalid. Are truly the sick man's friend.

A Known Fact

For bilious headache, dyspepsia sour stomach, malaria, constipation and all kindred diseases.

TUTT'S Liver PILLS
AN ABSOLUTE CURE.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

FOR ECZEMA, TETTER, ITCH, SALT RHEUM, DANDRUFF, ITCHING PILES, RING WORM, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES AND ALL SKIN DISEASES.

It soothes the inflamed tissues immediately and infallibly. The healing process begins at once and comfort is assured with the first application. It does not effect a complete cure suddenly or miraculously, but it does cure. There's no doubt about that. There are other things which give some relief, but nothing else is so quick, so thorough and so certain as this. It isn't an experiment, it has been tried and proven.

50 Cents. All Druggists.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Foster's German Army and Navy Catarrh Cure cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head and all Inflammation of the Nasal Passages. 50 Cents.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

Annual Report of the Receipts and Disbursements of the Corporation of Oakland for the year ending April 30, 1895.

RECEIPTS.

Received on taxes, 1893		$ 117 51
" " 1894		1,916 51
" " license		18 00
" " fines		35 00
" " scales		155 55
" " platforms		64 83
" " county levy		560 00
" " sale of lumber		49 27
Total		$2,656 70

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid Bailiff, salary	$ 30 00
" " commissions	116 53
" extra police	3 75
" work on streets	264 66
" Electric Light and Power drafts	897 11
" blacksmith's bill	5 75
" Justice costs	3 00
" costs in Hesen case	7 00
" " Martin case	24 90
" printing	45 50
" night watchman	115 50
" Davis & Son, hardware	18 74
" building bridge on Third Street	190 10
" coal, etc., for engine house	2 00
" fire gong for engine house	15 00
" police uniform	18 00
" transportation for tramps	2 95
" Mayor's salary	50 00
" Treasurer's salary	25 00
" Clerk's salary	50 00
" Councilmens' salary	75 00
" Attorney's salary	50 00
" election expenses	10 00
" interest on draft to D. E. Offutt	30 00
" interest and draft on engine	551 65
" draft and interest to Mrs. S. J. Dunham	61 32
" on old indebtedness	211 71
Total	$3,241 50
Excess of expenditures over receipts	$ 587 80

INDEBTEDNESS.

D. E. Offutt, due bill May 1st, 1895	$ 512 17
Expenditures over receipts	587 80
Draft, chemical engine, due Aug. 1, 1891	550 00
Bill due G. W. Delawder	20 34
Total	$1,670 39

ASSETS.

Balance taxes for 1891-2	$ 68 55
Same, 1893	83 75
Same, 1894	429 41
Platform bills	98 26
Trustees Hotel one-third cost of electric light on Railroad street	20 00
Total	$699 10
Net indebtedness after all collections are made	$ 970 10

G. M. MASON, Mayor.

Attest:
L. E. TOWNSHEND, Clerk.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

This is to notify the tax-payers of Garrett county that the Annual Levy for 1895 has been made and published, and to call their attention to the following abstract of Section 45, Chapter 596, Acts of 1890, relating to the discount to be allowed and interest to be charged on all tax bills:

"All county taxes shall be due and payable on the first day of September next succeeding the date of the levy thereof; and on all county taxes paid on or before the said 1st day of September a discount of 3 per cent. shall be allowed; and after the 1st day of January all taxes shall bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until paid; the Treasurer shall take the discount from and charge interest on all tax bills for county purposes regularly in the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same upon the receipt given for taxes so paid, but the discount allowed on county taxes by this section shall not be made to any person or corporate institution unless the whole amount of State and county taxes due by such person or corporate institution for the current year be paid when the same is made."

E. E. SOLLARS,
Treasurer of Garrett County.

M. A. Y.'s Maytime Impressions of Washington.

To the Editor of the Republican.

"See Washington and die," might be the impassioned exclamation of every true American, as "see Paris and die," is the national axiom of every true son of fair France.

One of life's most enjoyable experiences is to spend the month of May in this city. By that time Congress has usually adjourned and the fevered tide of politics has ceased to roll; the hollow round of social and official festivities are ended, and life's restless pulse has assumed a more even beat, and the mind's eye becomes attuned to the harmonies of nature and art, spread out with such prodigal liberality on all sides, to the gaze of the beauty-loving onlooker.

A week of continuous rain the first part of May this year, followed by almost tropic heat, made one "Half believe they heard, the leaves and blossoms growing." In a few days each smoothly surfaced street was a cool, shady arcade, roofed over with tenderest green, and every square, circle and triangle was gemmed with the splendor of tulips and hyacinths, and shaded with the dainty drapery of the fringe trees, the smoke trees and the vivid fire of the flowering quince, overtopped by the purple trumpets of the Paulonia Imperialis and the creamy cups of the deep throated magnolias.

An hour spent in Jackson Park or Franklin Square on some sunny day is a joy to the eye and a feast to the soul. Mere existence becomes a supreme delight and life a Lotus-eater's dream. The soft song of newly mated birds, the silvery tinkle of cool fountains, the gentle sigh of the sportive zephyr as it lazily tosses the tassels of the larch and the pine and sways the graceful boughs of the willows and the elms; the half revealed beauties of marble statutes, and palatial homes, and overarching all, the flawless beauty of a perfect sky; all this, and more, makes a picture that can be paralleled only in Paradise—a picture that limns itself forever on brain and heart and lingers within, like a holy benediction.

Washington is the "half-way place" for northern people going to the South in the fall and returning to their homes in the spring. They stay their flight here for a few days and hurry hither and thither, seeing the sights. In the early weeks of spring thousands of excursionists are brought on for a ten days' stay by the Pennsylvania and N. Y. C. railroads, and the street cars and hotels are filled with the bustle of the hand satchel brigade, then in a few days more the "ships hail and sail apart," and pleasant faces one has become familiar with go from the gaze to be seen no more.

Washington has always been the Mecca of the newly married. Any day numerous couples can be seen wandering dreamily through the Capitol or sitting sentimentally in the parks with that look of newness on their habilaments and silly happiness on their faces which unmistakably stamps the newly wedded.

No city on the continent has so many points of interest for near-by excursions. For a carriage or car ride there is the Soldiers' Home, with its beautiful vistas and villas, its masses of shade and dense shrubbery, the winding roads and the famous statue of the founder of the home seemingly taking in the view of the city which lies beyond, like a white, enchanted dream.

In the opposite direction gleams the pale gold of historic Arlington's yellow walls and massive pillars, and the chill lustre of the myriad marbles marking the last resting places of the nation's dead. To the left lies quaint old Georgetown with its ancient hall of learning, its beautiful cemetery of Oak Hill, its headquarters of General Grant, its home of John C. Calhoun and lovely "Tudor Place," where was born and still lives a great granddaughter of Martha Washington, surrounded by pictures, furniture and bric-a-brac once used at Mt. Vernon.

Its owner, Mrs. Britannia Kennon, is still an active young looking woman in spite of the fact that she was present at the reception given by John C. Calhoun in honor of Lafayette at "The Oaks," (only two blocks from Tudor Place) in the year 1824.

Only a few squares away is the unpretending frame structure in which Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth is ending her days, cared for by her son, Dr. Southworth. Nearby is the convent where the Duchess of Manchester and Mrs. Potter Palmer were educated, and where the nuns are buried in the back yard with rows of scollop shells and queer little headstones and tiny boxwood hedges fencing each one in to the lonely aristocracy of the grave.

If one wishes a more extended trip they can have a ride to Cabin John (the longest single span bridge in the world), or to Great Falls on a Tally-ho driven by the Hon. Hobart Chatfield Taylor, who was the entertainer of the Princess Eulalio at the World's Fair in 1893, or they can take one of the steamers which stir the turbid tide of the Potomac and cross over to that "Ancient of Days" Alexandria and sit in Washington's pew in Christ's church; visit the Braddock House, the grave of the Stranger and many other objects of interest. Ten or twelve miles below Alexandria is Mt. Vernon, the holy of holies to all good Americans.

Aside from its historic associations a day spent there in the tender beauty of early springtime is something to feast the memory upon for years to come. The loveliness of the place is the realized perfection of a landscape dream, filling the eye with beauty and satisfying the soul with the harmony of coloring, contour and detail.

M. A. Y.

May 19, 1895.

Swanton.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer B. Weimer were visiting friends at this place Sunday.

The U. B. Sunday school is progressing very nicely, Much credit is due the Superintendent, Mr. Josiah Friend.

Rev. D. R. Wagner will preach in the U. B. Church Sunday afternoon at three o'clock.

Sheriff Wegman was in town Tuesday.

On May 12th, after morning service at the Lutheran church at Bittinger, the congregation remained seated to witness the marriage of Mr. Isaac C. Stemple, of Aurora, and Miss Lilian M. Lohr, of Bittinger. At about 11 o'clock Miss Laura Wiley played the wedding march, from Mendlessohn, as Rev. Royer took his position in the chancel, and immediately the bridal party entered. The bride was beautifully attired in cream silk, trimmed with point lace and orange blossoms. The bridegroom wore the usual black. W. H. Lohr, brother of the bride, acted as best man, and G. W. Engle as usher. Miss Cora Ashenfelter, of Swanton, a friend of the bride and maid of honor, was prettily attired in blue silk, trimmed with lace and satin. After the ceremony the bridal party retired to the home of the bride's parents, where a collation was served, after which Mr. and Mrs. Stemple left for their future home in Aurora. They take with them the best wishes of their many friends for a long and happy life.

What Advertising Does.

Boston Herald: Major Moses P. Handy tells of a business concern with a nominal capital of $160,000, only $30,000 of it paid in, that has divided in a single year among three partners profits to the amount of $750,000, and that exclusive of salaries of $50,000 and $25,000 drawn by two members of the firm. Ten years ago one of these partners was a drug clerk on a small salary in a Western town, and is now one of the millionaires of New York.

"Without newspaper advertising I might have made a living," he said, "but it was advertising that made me rich, and advertising a simple commodity at that." Another concern, which began by investing $10,000 a year in newspaper advertising, increased the amount every year according to their increase of business, and this year expects to spend $1,000,000. These are only specimen bricks of the enormous profits realized from shrewd newspaper advertising.

TAX SALES.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 596 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," 1, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

JUNE 22, 1895,

at the hour of 2.00 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all the following pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, to satisfy the State and county tax due and in arrear thereon together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting the sale as provided by the aforesaid statute.

All those pieces or parcels of land situated in the town of Grantsville in Election District No. 8, of Garrett county, Md., described as follows: 1st, Lot No. 16 in Miller's addition to Grantsville and being the same land that was conveyed to the said Rebecca Johnson by Wm. R. Getty and wife by deed dated July 29, 1886, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 15, folio 257, Garrett county Record. 2d, Also 2 acres and 19 perches of land situated in said town of Grantsville and being the same land that was conveyed to the said Rebecca Johnson by Delila and Levi Snyder by deed dated July 9, 1890, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, folio 138, etc., one of the Land Records of said Garrett county, to which deeds reference is hereby made for a full description of both of said pieces of land. Said lands will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1892 and 1893 as is charged to ***REBECCA JOHNSON*** on the assessment books of said Garrett county, Md.

All that piece or parcel of land situated in Election District No. 9, Garrett county, Md., containing 50 acres being parts of Military Lots 667 and 6-8, and being the same land that was conveyed to Howard Layton by Richard Beall & wife by corrected deed dated September 2d 1884, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 11 folio 361, one of the land records of Garrett County, Md., to which deed reference is hereby made for a full description of said property. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to ***HOWARD LAYTON*** on the assessment books of said Garrett county, Md.

All that piece or parcel of land situated in Election District No. 4, Garrett county, Md., containing about 107 2-5 acres, being a part of a tract of land called "Republic" and being the same land that was conveyed to George T. Wilt by Lloyd R. Dawson and wife by deed dated January 28, 1890, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 15, folio 616, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Md., to which deed reference is hereby made for a full description of said property. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1892 and 1893 as is charged to ***GEORGE W. WILT*** on the assessment books of said Garrett county, Md.

All that piece or parcel of land situated in Election District No. 4, Garrett county, Md., containing 206 acres, and known as Lot No. 9, of the subdivision of a tract of land called "Lochiel" and being the same land that was conveyed to Hugh Ward by the Lochiel Lumber M. and M. Co., by deed dated July 16, 1888, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 14, folio 13, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett Co., Md., to which deed reference is hereby made for a full description of said property. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1892, as is charged to ***HUGH WARD*** on the assessment books of said Garrett county, Md.

All that piece or parcel of land situated in Election District No. 7, Garrett County, Md., containing seventy-eight acres, part of a tract of land called "Strawberry Plains" and being the same land that was conveyed to Thomas Nethkin by H. B. Davis and others by deed dated 16th day of November, 1892, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 20, folio 315 etc., one of the Land Records of said County, to which deed reference is hereby made for a full description of said property. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to ***THOMAS NETHKIN*** on the assessment Books of said Garrett County, Md.,

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., May 21, 1895.

There will be a meeting of the County Commissioners of Garrett county held at their office in Oakland on

Monday, June 3, 1895,

For the purpose of transacting any business that may be brought before them.

By order of the board,
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

The Mayor and Town Council of Oakland will receive bids until Monday, June 3, 1895, for the building of platforms.

Specifications, Platforms to be built of oak boards not less than 1½ inches thick; 5 feet wide and to be supported by three 8x1 oak stringers. Contractor to take what lumber corporation has at $12.50 per thousand feet.

The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

The Council will hear appeals on the above day from 2 to 6 p. m. and from 8 to 9.30 p. m.

9—It L. E. TOWNSHEND, Clerk.

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL
ROOFING,
SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

WE LOAN MONEY

to buy, build and improve your home and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS NEARLY $200,000,000.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. RINKER,
Wilson, Grant Co., W. Va.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above. 4-1yr.*

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.
LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26t*

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

GREAT VALUE FOR LITTLE MONEY. **WEEKLY NEWS OF THE WORLD FOR A TRIFLE.**

The New York Weekly Tribune,

a twenty-page journal, is the leading Republican family paper of the United States. It is a **National Family Paper** and gives all the general news of the United States. It gives the events of foreign lands in a nutshell. Its Agricultural department has no superior in the country. Its Market Reports are recognized authority. Separate departments for "The Family Circle," "Our Young Folks," and "Science and Mechanics." Its "Home and Society" columns command the admiration of wives and daughters. Its general political news, editorials and discussions are comprehensive, brilliant and exhaustive.

A SPECIAL CONTRACT enables us to offer this splendid journal and "THE REPUBLICAN" for

One Year for Only $1.75

CASH IN ADVANCE.

(The regular subscription for the two papers is $2.50.)

SUBSCRIPTIONS MAY BEGIN NOW.

Address all orders to

THE REPUBLICAN.

Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to Geo. W. Best, Room 2, Tribune Building, New York City, and sample copy of The New York Weekly Tribune will be mailed to you.

C. M. RATHBUN. F. T. GARTHRIGHT
C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,
PLANING MILLS,
AND DEALERS IN
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES, BRACKETS, Mouldings, Flooring, Lath, Shingles, Weatherboarding, Brick, Lime, Builders' Hardware, Etc.,
MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.
38 13*

DR. HENRY W. M'COMAS,
—PROPRIETOR OF—
OAKLAND PHARMACY,
OAKLAND, MD.

Pure Drugs,
Fancy Stationery,
Soaps and
Toilet Articles.

PRESCRIPTIONS
Carefully and Accurately Compounded
DAY OR NIGHT.
PRICES REASONABLE.

We invite a liberal share of your patronage.

JOS. E. HARNED, Manager.

Slate Roofing.

Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.

I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.

All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.

I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.

Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.

For prices apply to or address,

C. M. BEACHY,
47—1yr. Grantsville, Md

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President.
S. T. JONES, Cashier.
A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.44 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	7.09 A. M
No. 7	—Accom. daily except Sun	9.33 A. M
No. 9	—Daily except Mon	11.28 A. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	6.27 P. M
No.	—Daily	9.58 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 2	—Daily	5.54 A. M
No. 8	—Daily	7.34 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 16	—Daily except Monday	4.38 P. M
No. 12	—Accom. daily except Sun	5.17 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	9.55 P. M

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A LESSON.

When in my heart love first began,
So well I played my part,
Her father said I was a man
Right after his own heart.

Her sister said I was a dear.
Her brother thought me fine.
And to mamma did I appear
A creature half divine.

But when I asked her for her hand
She laughed a laugh most gay.
And told me in sweet accents bland
To call some other day.

Next time I find myself involved
By fate in love's mad whirl,
Upon one thing I am resolved:
I'm going to court the girl.
—Tom Masson, in Detroit Free Press.

A ROMANTIC TRAGEDY.

THE Little Tennessee river winds circuitously through these large mountains and finally finds its way into the Tennessee at Lenoir City, at a point near the state line between Tennessee and North Carolina. Yellow creek empties into the Little Tennessee. About five miles up this creek lived old man Burchfield and his family, composed of his wife and two children, one a boy of sixteen and the other a girl of eighteen. Their parents called them Lem and Lize. Lem did not amount to much, but Lize was known through all the mountain settlements. She had a pretty face and a beautiful figure. The arts of fashion were never known to her and nature was her only teacher. She could climb a mountain or shoot a rifle as good as anyone.

A few miles from the Burchfields there lived another old settler named Wilson. This old man was blessed with a large crop of boys, the oldest being known as "Bill."

Bill was not a handsome boy, neither was he extra smart, but, as old man Burchfield expressed it, "he was one of the evenest boys you ever seen." Bill was passionately fond of Lize, and more than one Sunday did he spend at the Burchfield cabin "a-wooin' and a-cooin' of her." His affection was by no means reciprocated, for this fair maiden loved another. Lize had once attended a dance in Cade's Cove, and while there she met a young man named Zeb Simpson. They danced together several times, and before the festivities were over Zeb and Lize had told each other of their love.

Zeb was a little handsomer in the eyes of Lize than Bill, and besides he had traveled. He could sit and tell all about the big houses in Maryville and Sevierville, having visited both places.

On the following Sunday Zeb was also a visitor at the Burchfield cabin, much to the discomfiture of Bill. Zeb continued his visits, and it was not many months before there was a deadly enmity between the two mountain bucks. It was reported that Bill had said he would kill his rival before he should take his girl away from him. This greatly annoyed Lize and Zeb, because they had an idea that Bill would do just as he had said, so they put their heads together and fixed, as they thought, a great plan to get rid of Bill.

The plan agreed upon was this: Bill owned a small still way up the creek, where he made enough whisky for his own use and a little to sell. Zeb was to go to Maryville, where he could find Freshaur, a revenue man, and inform him of the still in the mountains. Freshaur was to go to Lize, and from her he was to get all the information needed. The revenue man started out on his mission, and after a tiresome journey reached old man Burchfield's on Yellow creek.

The girl, as soon as she had talked awhile with the stranger and found out who told him to come there, immediately sent word to Bill to meet her at his still soon the next morning, as she wanted to see him.

Bill received the message with feelings of great joy. He didn't sleep a wink that night. Many a vision passed through his mind. Air castles were built one after another.

Long before day the next morning found him at his still, cleaning it and fixing a nice little rustic seat for the idol of his heart. But he was soon to meet with disappointment in a manner which was least expected. While sitting at the foot of a large poplar tree

HE RECOGNIZED BILL WILSON.

partly dreaming, there suddenly sprang out from among the bushes a man with a Winchester directly leveled at Bill's face.

"Throw up your hands!" the man with the Winchester exclaimed.

"All right, Mister Officer," said Bill. "Come on an git me; I am not er goin' to feel hard at you. I am er ready to go with yer, but please let me say a few words afore I leave my still."

"All right," said the officer, and as Bill knelt down he was heard to utter these words:

"Good-by, old still, I may never see yer again, but I swear afore God that if I live ter git outen this me or Zeb Simpson will die."

Bill had seen through the whole scheme, and had taken an oath to kill the man who had robbed him.

The revenue man destroyed the still and carried his prisoner to Maryville jail, where a number of other prisoners were incarcerated preparatory to attending the "big court" at Knoxville. There were several murderers confined in the jail, and a plan of escape was in progress when Bill was placed inside its walls. They found no trouble in getting the new man to help them, and for three weeks they worked all the time they could, and finally a night was set to make a break for freedom. Their plans were successful, and the next morning the town was all astir over a jail delivery. In the excitement which followed Bill was forgotten. There were more important ones to catch, and he found no trouble in making his way back to his old home.

He traveled over the mountains where no one would see him, and he slipped in home after dark one Saturday night. The old folks were glad to see him, but he was destined to receive bad news. Zeb was coming over to marry Lize the next day.

Bill never said a word, but went to his bed, after eating a snack, telling his folks that he would not be home on the following day.

Before daybreak Bill took his old trusty rifle and wended his way over to the foot of "Old Bald" mountain, where he knew Zeb would pass on his way to Burchfield's.

He sat down on the side of the path and waited. About two hours after sunup he saw some one coming down the mountain with a rifle on his shoulder. Upon closer examination it proved to be his old-time rival. Would he step back in the bushes and murder him? No. Face to face he would meet him and settle the grudge. Zeb plodded along with a light heart, not dreaming of the fate which awaited him. As he suddenly rounded a turn in the path he recognized not twenty feet in front of him his old enemy, Bill Wilson.

"Zeb," said Bill, "you beat me onten the gal, and you thought I was in jail, but I am here right now to kill you."

Hardly had he uttered these words when two rifles were quickly raised and two shots were quickly fired, but only one report could have been heard. Zeb was shot through the heart, while the deadly leaden missile wended its

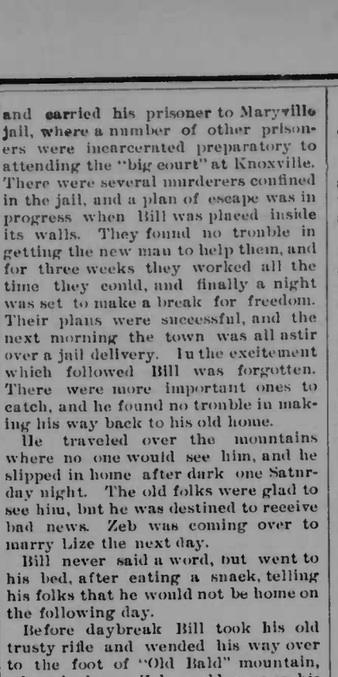

HER EYES FELL UPON TWO MEN LYING PROSTRATE ON THE GROUND.

way through Bill's brain, and they both fell dead. At the Birchfield mansion all was astir. The neighbors had assembled to witness the marriage ceremony. Ten o'clock came and the groom had not put in his appearance; eleven and twelve o'clock came without any change, and the impatience of Lize knew no bounds. Without saying a word to anyone she slipped out of the cabin and wended her way in the direction her lover would come, hoping to meet him on the road.

On and she went until she nearly reached the foot of Bald mountain, when she stumbled and fell. She got up and sat down at the foot of a tree and waited several hours for Zeb to come. Would she go to him? Yes.

With a sudden start she arose, and hardly had she gone ten steps before her eyes rested on the forms of two men lying prostrate on the ground. She started to run at first, but finally concluded to see what was the matter. When she got closer she saw who it was, and not being able to stand the shock she fell in a dead faint.

The Burchfields and neighbors waited for Lize to return, and at last they concluded to go in search of her. They found her at the foot of the mountain, lying on the ground, unconscious, and a little further on they found Bill and Zeb. The Burchfields soon restored Lize to her reason, but in no manner would she answer any questions applied to her. A consultation was held and it was agreed that they should all go home, as it would soon be dark, and the next morning they would return and bury the dead where they were found.

A great sensation was created, but it soon died away. The general belief was that Zeb and Bill had met and quarreled over Lize and their deaths were the result.

Five years had passed and Lize had grown into womanhood. During all this time she had never uttered one word in regard to the tragedy. One Sunday, when she was attending meeting, she became very much interested, and before the services were over she had professed her faith in God, and to that assemblage gathered there she related every detail from beginning to end of this noted case and asked forgiveness of everyone for the part she played.

Every year, as long as she lived, at a certain time she would go and gather wild flowers and place over these two graves.

Death finally called her away, and the two graves are grown over with grass, and the stranger who passes by never fails to wonder who is buried there.—Chattanooga Times.

To Keep Sunday Whole.

Effie—Please, Uncle Arthur, do come and play chess with me.

Uncle Arthur—Oh, Effie! Don't you remember? It's Sunday.

"Well—we can let the bishop win!"—Pall Mall Budget.

—Wide open, staring blue eyes, combined with a fair complexion, are said to indicate bad temper.

INSECTS THAT HUNT.

Curious Creatures That Live in a Strange Manner.

"How's that for ugliness?" said an animal collector, taking up a tall bottle and holding it against the light as a connoisseur would wine.

The bottle—a big-mouthed affair—was filled with diluted alcohol and held an extraordinary-looking insect, that was apparently all legs and claws and almost a foot in length.

"I have caught any number of curious creatures," continued the animal hunter, "but this is the most singular. I was prowling the forest of one of the South American countries one day in search of specimens, when I observed a small bird fluttering violently and evidently entangled among the branches of a small tree.

"Approaching carefully I saw the supposed branch move, but even then, when within several feet of the bird, I still thought it impaled or caught in some way. Suddenly, as I stretched out my hand to release it, I saw that the bird was in the grasp of a veritable monster; a gigantic insect that so imitated the green twigs of the tree upon which it stood that it was almost indistinguishable. The animal was this fellow I have in the bottle, as you see, a perfect imitation of a jointed green twig. Even the small wings are imitation of the leaves of a plant.

"It is a gigantic mantis—one of the delicate, little praying fellows common to this country, but enlarged out of all proportions—a veritable giant. It had been resting on the twig or branch unseen, completely protected by its resemblance to the branch, and the bird had possibly alighted in it and been clasped in the traplike claws that came together like springs. My sympathies were with the bird, but it was such a remarkable occurrence that I stood and watched the tragedy to the finish. The terrible insect remained immovable; only its two claws clutched the bird, the sharp points perforating it when it slowly pressed the struggling body against its mouth, apparently sucking the blood. In any event, the bird soon died in its embrace, and I threw my insect net over the monster, and here he is.

"No, it did not struggle, and seemed to be incapable of any quick movements, its limbs being raised almost automatically. It gave me the impression, in all its movements, of some weird machine that had been wound up and moved with the regularity of clockwork. I learned from the natives that the insect was famous as a bird catcher, taking birds as large as a sparrow. In almost every case they must have been deceived by the appearance of the insect, thinking it a branch of the tree.

"Our ordinary mantis, a little creature hardly an inch or so in length, preys upon other insects, catching them just as this monster did the bird.

"Before I went to South America," continued the collector, "I heard the story of Mme. Merian about the spiders that captured birds, and I confess I took it with a grain of salt, but when I reached the deep jungle and saw the wonderful butterflies, the gigantic spiders, I was ready to believe anything, and kept my eyes open. More than this, one of my guides, an Indian, told me that the tarantula lived on birds, and he had seen them eating them.

"I found that most of the big spiders did most of their exploring in the night, finding several in my tent—huge hairy creatures that would cover a saucer. One day as we were pushing along the north branch of a sluggish river, on the outlook for game, my man, who was twenty feet to my right with my gun, gave a shout which brought me to his side, and there was the bird and the spider. The former was a good-sized sparrow, which had evidently been caught in a net of some kind, and it was entangled, and the spider, a great ugly fellow, had just seized it, and despite the blows the bird gave it with its wings and beak, was pressing it to the fatal mandibles and soon killed it.

"The bird was as large as the spider, and was a good illustration of the strength of these insects, but they undoubtedly rely to a great extent upon the effect of their poison, which immediately enters the veins of the victim and tends to paralyze them.

"During a long trip I frequently saw these spiders capture birds. One method was to crouch upon the plants, and when the birds came fluttering around the flowers the tarantula would suddenly seem to strike it down with its powerful front claws and in a moment send its mandibles through the flesh. At other times the bird was apparently caught in a web that was spun for the purpose of trapping them. This is the method described by Mme. Merian, who came upon a huge spider devouring a bird that had evidently been caught in a web spun over a crevice in a tree. She describes the monster devouring its prey as a disgusting spectacle, it having covered the unfortunate bird with some secretion and was slowly sucking its blood.

"I heard strange stories about the tarantula. According to the natives it was not always deadly, and gave to the victim a peculiar spasm, so that it appeared to go through a dance. Some were rigid, their movements being very slow. Others threw themselves about in a frantic manner, as though mad. The tarantula, the famous dance of the Spanish people, is supposed to be modeled after this singular disease, and is often very graceful and attractive.

"If all the insects which prey upon birds and other animals were collected it would make an interesting showing. One would hardly expect to see an insect preying upon fish, yet in New Zealand I have seen a large dragon fly catch small fish. The big insect would skim along the surface and dart into the water, seize a small fish and bear it away. The same has been observed in this country. Goss, the English naturalist, saw dragon flies catching small fish in Alabama, while the larvae of the dragon fly is known to be an enemy of small fry.

"Among the bird hunters may be included the scorpion. In the East India islands a very large specimen is found, and a well-known naturalist actually observed one capture a bird. The scorpion was a very large one, and it sprang at the bird, which was a very small one, holding it in its claws, killing it almost instantly.

"The South American and African ants are famous in this respect and often succeed in destroying large animals. A fly in Africa kills thousands of horses and cattle yearly, depositing its eggs in the bodies, where the young live for awhile—illustrating the fact that it is not always the largest animal that is the greatest destroyer."—San Francisco Call.

FEMININE FASHIONS.

Notes on the Latest in Millinery and Dresses.

The headgear of the fashionable fair is just at the present moment occupying more attention than almost any department of dress. While a few of the conservative styles have been retained with modifications there is almost a revolution in general models.

The bonnet has been shrinking until there is little of it left. Some of the new chip bonnets are scarcely larger than one's hand. These are narrow from front to back and long from side to side, some of them being pointed and extending almost to the ears. They are set well back on the head and are covered with masses of flowers, foliage, crimped lisse, lace trimmings of various sorts, ribbon bows, aigrettes or ostrich plumes. An extremely stylish model is in the shape pointed from ear to ear and extending over the head. The trimming is a border of hawthorn, the blossoms set so closely together as to form a sort of roll or a band, not in groups or single flowers or scattered in the least, but pressed in closely. This forms the edge of the bonnet. From either side are bows with two loops wired and standing upright. This is all of the trimming required for a shape of this kind. Bonnets with projecting sections at the sides have a thick band of leaves over the front and back and at the sides, and, supported by the chip extensions, are very full bows that stand out about three inches from the sides of the head.

A small bonnet of chip is trimmed with side-plaited crepe lisse, with satin stripes running through the edge. This lisse is made into loops, rosettes and fluffy plaitings, and all through it are sprays of delicate flowers, the forget-me-nots, heather, small violets and spiræa being noticeable for their beauty. There are many pretty bonnets with jet edges, also bonnets made entirely of jet with trimming of ribbon loops and jetted aigrettes. These bead bonnets are heavy, which is the only objection to them, as they are extremely stylish and becoming to almost everyone. There are bonnets with large, puffy crowns with the edges of chip, also a great deal of open-work braid made into plaitings, rosettes and coronets. Some of the bonnets are almost enough trimmed to wear as they are if one pins on a bit of flower and foliage. One shape is a modification of the small, close cottage bonnet. Around the edge is a double plaiting of the fine black chip that is at present so popular. About the middle of the bonnet is another and wider plaiting. Very few Neapolitans are seen this year, although those that are in the market are very choice and expensive.

Black Neapolitan will be worn, especially in rather wide-brimmed hats, with ostrich-plume trimming and plaited lace ruchings and rosettes, or a similar trimming made of gauze ribbon.

A pretty fashion is a wide-brimmed Neapolitan, the brim lined with crimped gauze and caught up at the back. The trimming is of the gauze, with heavy ostrich plumes.

While there are very many black hats in market and black is one of the standard colors, hats of every imaginable tints are much sought after. The dainty chip that has come into fashion within the last couple of years is dyed in every possible shade, and can be selected to match almost every cloth in the market.

For traveling wear the dress and hat match, and trimmings to correspond are selected. The traveling suit of coffee-brown cloth is trimmed with seal brown and gold color. The hat is of coffee brown, and the trimming is of seal brown tips, with a brown and yellow double-faced satin ribbon in loops and bows, and a roll across the back.

Ladies of ingenuity and taste buy this chip braid by the yard, as it is sold in this way, and make novel and exclusive styles for themselves.

The special art in the season's millinery is to get something stylish and a little out of the common. By this is not meant anything in the line of eccentricities, but a conservative and stylish combination.—N. Y. Ledger.

Italian Marionettes.

The first modern Italian writer who alludes to the performances of marionettes is the learned Dr. Jerome Cardan, who was born at Pava in 1301. He speaks with positive enthusiasm of the perfection to which the art of working the little figures had then been brought, how by the pulling of a single string they could be made to play, fight, hunt, dance, blow trumpets and cook "very artistically." Judging from sixteenth century pictures and descriptions, the popular puppet shows of those days differed but little from the performances that may be witnessed on the piazza of any Italian city in our own time. There was the little portable stage or castelleto, on which the burattini of Florence and Rome and the fantoccini of Naples played their mimic parts. The latter city was the birthplace of the modern street drama, "Pulcinella," so named, it is said, from the hen chicken whose cry his voice is supposed to resemble. The Neapolitan pulcinella was by no means such a monster of iniquity as our English Punch. He seems to have been nothing worse than a pleasure-loving, quick-witted, irresponsible scamp of the "nobody's enemy but his own" type.—Cornhill Magazine.

[Copyright, 1895.]

A FEMININE REASON.

"Honor brigth, now, Nellie, why did you marry Mr. Jones?"

"Well—he's a good fellow. I rather liked him, and he has plenty of money, and—dear, the way that Simpson girl let everybody see she was just dying to have him was just shameful. Now, I couldn't let her have him, could I?"

More Than He Could Stand.

Judge—How did the man libel you?

Applicant for Warrant—He called me a beggarly politician, yer honor.

Judge—The word beggarly is hardly libellous.

Applicant for Warrant—It ain't that, yer honor; it's the word politician that I want satisfaction for.—N. Y. World.

CAUSE FOR JOY.

Uncle Remus—What's de mattah wif yo', Rufus?

Rufus—De doctah says I's got de scarlet fevah, an' must'n go to school fo' a month.—N. Y. Herald.

An Insinuation.

"The price of beef is going up fearfully," said the restaurant keeper. "You have no idea of the prices now charged for choice cuts."

"Humph," said the patron grumpily, as he struggled with a refractory steak. "I don't see how that is going to affect you."—Chicago Record.

Remember the Sabbath Day.

Husband—Wife, hand me out my Sunday coat.

Wife—But, my dear, this is not Sunday, it is only Saturday.

"I know it's only Saturday, but I'm going to attend a fashionable dinner, and it will be Sunday before I get back."—Tammany Times.

She Might Risk It.

"I read in the paper that Queen Victoria never rides in a street car," said Mrs. Snaggs.

"She need not be afraid to try it," replied Mrs. Snaggs. "Almost any man would get up and give his seat to a lady of her age."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Profit in His Adversity.

Editor—It was the making of Jokers to get married.

Assistant—Is that so?

Editor—Yes. He makes a good living now by jotting down the sarcastic remarks that his wife makes to him!—Town Topics.

Why He Gave It Up.

"Jones, why don't you go to work and earn a living?"

"My dear Smith, what's the use? I tried it once for a little while, and no sooner did I earn a dollar than I had to spend it. So I gave it up."—N. Y. Recorder.

Fly.

"Should I fly with Edwin, papa,
Would the bills be paid by thee?"
The old man sternly chid her
And said: "No flies on me!"
—Puck.

INEXPLICABLE.

Miss Anthony Susan—To think that that thing can vote and I can't!—Judge.

A Superior Hand at the Game.

Footpad Jim—So you'se held up dat guy I just saw comin' down this dark street, did you? Who was he?

Sandbag Charlie—He was a ward politician.

Footpad Jim (promptly)—How much did he take from you?—Chicago Record.

A Brave Man.

In the window of a Boston chemist appears the sign: "Spirits of all kinds sold here." A joker passing by thought it would be very funny to go in and ask him to sell him some "malignant spirits." The chemist, without a moment's hesitation, turned to an assistant and gave the order in an imperative tone:

"Thomas, run up to the second floor and tell my wife's mother to come down at once. Here is somebody who wants to buy her."—Texas Siftings.

Her Error.

"Tell me all," the pastor urged kindly.

"I put a button in the contribution box," she faltered.

He smiled.

"And did your conscience trouble you?" he asked.

The woman raised her eyes earnestly.

"No," she answered. "I put in the wrong button and broke a set, and I would like to exchange it, if you please."—Detroit Free Press.

A Hint to the Penniless.

Experienced Tramp—Hello! we're in luck. I hear a husband and wife quarreling in this house. I'll wait until he comes out.

Fresh Tramp—Wot good'll that do?

Experienced Tramp—I'll tell him I'm a wanderer over the face of the earth because I can't live with my wife, and he'll give me a dollar.—Texas Siftings.

A Rocky Road.

Editor Hightone Magazine—I have examined your manuscript, sir, and find it a thrilling narrative, which arrests attention at the start and holds it spellbound to the end.

Struggling Author (despairingly)—Then, of course, it won't do.—N. Y. Weekly.

As to His Own Knowledge.

"Banks," said Rivers, "speaking about the finances, isn't there what you call a 'better feeling' now?

"No, Rivers," said Banks, absentmindedly exploring his vest pocket with his thumb and finger. "There is no improvement in the feeling."—Chicago Tribune.

HOW THOUGHTLESS OF HIM.

Jack—Oh, grandma, a telegram has come to say that Harry has broken the record at college.

Old Lady—Dear me! how careless of him! If it cannot be mended I suppose he will have to pay for a new one.—Philadelphia Press.

Fashionable Philanthropy.

Englishman—Why is it you Hamericans copy the Hinglish?

American—We are in hopes you Englishmen will see how it looks, and get disgusted with yourselves.—N. Y. Weekly.

In Gotham.

Uncle Forecorners (who has just returned from a visit to New York)—Down ter yer Cousin Tiptop's they hev a little pair o' silver tongs ter pick up the sugar with ef yer fingers are dirty.—Judge.

Sure Death.

Matson—Good heavens! Chawley has swallowed his pocket mirror. It will kill him.

Steel—Sure. Anything that's food for reflection would kill Chawley.—Town Topics.

Tommy's Blossom Think.

Tommy—Ain't these nice sweet apple blossoms, mamma?

Mamma—Yes, Tommy.

Tommy—And isn't it funny, mamma, how they can grow into such sour apples.—Harper's Young People.

He Was Entirely Disinterested.

Uncle—And what are you going to give your little sister for a birthday present?

"I'm going to ask father to get her a football, and then I'll show her how to play."—Pearson's.

He Had His Wish.

"I'd love to list to you all night!" he said.
Kissed good-by at the door, then homeward sped.
A year had passed since she became his bride;
He came home late—his wish was gratified.
—Judge.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

NO MAN'S LAND.

In No Man's Land, five hundred and three—
Of course you'll suppose that the date's B. C.
They published a law through the country round
A law which made great trouble, they found,
That in all the schools all over the land,
They must keep order. You understand
How hard it was for the children!

If a boy reached school a second late
He stood all day at the entrance gate.
If a girl wrote notes in the study-hour
She was prisoned high in the old church tower.
There was wailing and weeping from morn till night:
They always did wrong, they couldn't do right.
Oh, hard indeed for the children!

Playing tunes on the points of pens,
Grunting and growling like beasts in dens,
Whoever did this would regret it forever.
For his head would be bagged in a manner most clever.
If they missed a word from a lesson set
Not a scrap of food did the poor things get.
Oh, this was hard for the children!

A girl was in a sorrowful state
If she pictured her neighbors on the slate.
A hook full of problems in Long Division
They made her work out with perfect precision.
If a boy was riotous on the stairs
He spent his recess in a pit full of bears.
Oh, hard it was for the children!

Laughter and whispering; school desks scarred
All had penalties just as hard.
Youthful opinions of teachers in verse,
The sentence for these was rather worse.
In short, as you'll readily comprehend,
Their mischievous wills must break or bend.
Oh, wasn't it hard for the children!

If you had lived in No Man's Land
Your manners would soon have been taken in hand.
But though you're saved from the dolorous fate
Of being punished early and late,
It's just as well to follow the plan
Of being always as good as you can.
Though that's rather hard for the children.
—Nora A. Smith, in Chicago Interior.

CANINE LIFE SAVER.

How a Newfoundland Dog Rescued Eight Shipwrecked Mariners.

Some years ago a vessel was driven on the beach of Lydd, in Kent, England. The sea was rolling furiously. Eight poor fellows were crying for help; but a boat could not be got off through the sea to their assistance, and they were in constant peril, for any moment the ship was in danger of sinking. At length a gentleman came along the beach accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the animal's attention to the vessel and put a short stick in his mouth. The intelligent and courageous dog sprang into the sea and fought his way through the angry waves toward the vessel. He could not, however, get close enough to deliver that with which he was charged; but the crew understood what was meant, and they made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it toward him. The noble animal at once dropped his own piece of wood and immediately seized that which had been thrown to him, and then with a degree of strength and determination scarcely credible, for he was again and again lost under the waves—he dragged it through the surge, and delivered it to his master. A line of communication was thus formed with the vessel, and every man on board was rescued.—Our Dumb Animals.

WORKING FOR A TIP.

This Busy Waiter Can Be Drawn with One Stroke of the Pencil.

Boys will be interested in this fellow who appears so much in a hurry. His customer is evidently calling for the lemonade he ordered fifteen minutes ago. Our waiter's eyes fairly bulge in his great endeavor to meet the demand of the thirsty diner. But really the interesting thing about this picture is that it may be made—napkin, glass, pompadour and all—without taking the

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Mr. J. L. Macadam, the illustrious Scotchman who invented the kind of paving which bears his name, is said to have been a guest at a large dinner given in honor of Sir Walter Scott. Being asked to respond to a toast, Mr. Macadam rose, and at the end of his speech proposed the health of "the great Sir Walter Scott, the colossus of literature!"

In an instant Sir Walter was on his feet, and lifting his glass, exclaimed:

"Here's to the great Mr. Macadam, the colossus of roads!"

Salt Is a Necessity.

You doubtless have heard of the little boy who wrote a composition on salt and said it was "stuff that made things taste bad if you did not put it on." Salt is an absolute necessity. Once a king in Mexico conquered his enemies because it was possible for him to prevent their getting any salt. The people yielded because they could not endure life without salt. In Mexico, when the world was young, they had a goddess who was known as the salt-giver. When you use salt, remember to be grateful for it.

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Real Bravery Shown by Them in Very Trying Circumstances.

A very interesting tale of devotion is told of two storks, birds that are notedly fond of their young. During a storm in barn in the village of Lowenberg was set on fire by lightning, and a nest containing two baby storks was threatened by the flames. The parents viewed the scene from a distance in great consternation, and after a little deliberation the mother-bird took wing, darted into the nest, and seizing one of the little birds in her beak, carried it off to a neighboring field. The father flew down to the little one, and mounted guard while the mother returned for the other. When she arrived the flames were enveloping the nest, and the young stork fell through the charred wood into the burning barn below. Nothing daunted, the mother dashed through smoke and fire, and returned bearing her second little stork in her beak, and then she flew away.

The next day some people in an adjacent village discovered a wounded stork. She was unable to stand, and on examining her, both legs were found to be badly burned. This was the brave stork which had rescued her children. The bird was removed to the Rathaus, and the burgomaster provided a bed for it, and called in the physician, who attended the wounds. In the meantime the male stork ascertained her place of refuge, and paid her daily visits to inquire for her condition, and to bring reports, after his own fashion, of the young. The schoolchildren brought her food, the physician treated her every day, until she recovered. Finally, one bright morning, she flew away with her devoted husband.

QUEER HOUSEHOLD PET.

He Is an Alligator Who Lives in a New York Flat.

A gentleman just returned from South America has brought with him to his New York flat a monster alligator. It seems funny, doesn't it, that a big, scaly creature like the fellow here pictured should find room in a New York flat? But such is the fact.

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is fed by the children of the household, and the ugly monster takes great pleasure in sleeping in his tank at the top of the house, for it must be known that the alligator is safely lodged in an iron tank whose top is heavily caged over with steel wires.

Just how long Mr. Alexander will be able to keep his monster pet the people in his neighborhood are trying to guess. If Mr. Alligator should break loose some fine night there would be plenty of excitement in that New York flat, you can be sure of that.

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Dog Transfers His Custom.

A Philadelphia dog used to be sent by his master every morning with a penny in his mouth to purchase a bun for breakfast. He had continued to do this for some time, when the baker, having changed his helper, the dog was unheeded. The dog thereupon ran to the baker, laid the penny at his feet and barked loudly at the assistant. The baker explained matters, but the assistant, a surly fellow, took it in bad part, and next time the dog appeared he selected a very hot bun and gave it to him. The animal, as usual, seized the bun, but finding it too hot to hold, he dropped it. He tried it again; again it burned him. At length, as if guessing the trick, he caught up the penny and ran off to another baker's shop in the neighborhood. No amount of coaxing could ever get him to return.

He Had Died Before Dinner.

It is said that the table manners of Napoleon Bonaparte were very bad, and that he was so fast an eater that he was invariably through with his dinner before those who dined with him had got half through. In fact, those who had the honor of dining with the emperor were wont to remain after his majesty's departure.

Upon one occasion Eugene de Beauharnais, the stepson of Napoleon, rose from the table immediately after the emperor.

"But—you haven't had time to finish your dinner," said Napoleon.

"Pardon me, sire," said the prince. "I dined before I came."—Harper's Young People.

Good Friends.

The story is told in an English magazine of a rat which has become blind, but two of his family are his guides. He goes about with a piece of stick in his mouth, and the younger rats, each with an end of the stick in its mouth, steer the blind rat about the region where he lives. People have become so interested in them that they are never disturbed.

The Thing to Have Done.

"My doll is very sick," said Polly, mournfully.

"Yes," said Jennie; "she looks very waxy. You ought to have her waxinated."—Harper's Young People.

FARM AND GARDEN.

VALUE OF GOOD ROADS.

Really a Question of Farming at a Loss or at a Profit.

There are few subjects more important to the farmers of this country, and indeed to all men who transport their merchandise in wagons, than the subject of good roads. The country may be said to be just waking up to the value of roads over which heavy burdens may be moved with economical expenditure of force, but the intelligent movement which began less than ten years ago is gathering strength and impetus year by year, and it is not likely to die out so long as a single first-rate road remains an object lesson of the gain in money of such constructions to those whose business or recreation makes them the users of country highways.

To the wheelmen a good deal of the enthusiasm of road reform is to be credited. They have worked constantly and enthusiastically for the enactment of laws facilitating road-building, for the extended use of the bicycle is impossible unless the old dirt road—muddy in wet weather, and full of ruts and holes, as well as a breeder of choking dust in dry weather—is replaced by the Macadam or Telford way, with its hard, well-crowned surface and adequate drainage. But the influence of the wheelmen and the pleasure-drivers is not to be compared with that which might be exerted by the men whose business requires the transportation of heavy loads from their farms and shops to the railroad stations or their customers.

Col. Francis Vinton Greene has recently delivered an address on the subject of good roads in the Butterfield Practical Course at Union college. In the course of his remarks he showed that while Massachusetts annually expends $66 a mile on roads outside of cities, New Jersey $43 and New York $30, the average expenditure in the other states is much less. If it is only $18 a mile, this means a total annual expenditure throughout the country of $20,000,000, and much the larger part of this vast sum is literally thrown away on roads that are not only the cause of vexation and discomfort to those who drive over them, but that entail actual loss upon those who are compelled to carry their goods over them to the markets or railway stations.

The enormous drain made by bad roads on our resources was estimated by Col. Greene, and his figures will not be doubted by anyone who has paid any attention to the subject. He said: "It has been proved, not only by mechanical experiment but by actual test, that the same force which draws one ton on a muddy earth road will draw four tons on a hard Macadam road. On the improved roads of New Jersey loads of four to five tons are habitually drawn by a two-horse team. This effects a saving of fully three-fourths of the cost of hauling to the station, and reduces the cost of road transportation from 30 cents to 7½ cents per ton per mile. What this saving amounts to may be imagined when it is known that the New York Central railroad carries nearly 20,000,000 tons of way freight in a year. If this is hauled only two miles by road, to or from the station, and a saving of 22½ cents per ton per mile could be effected, it would mean a total saving of $9,000,000."

In other words, the question of roads in many of our agricultural communities is a question of farming at a loss or at a profit. And there is not a community or town in the thickly settled parts of the country that cannot provide itself with thoroughly good highways by anticipating its road taxes for fifteen or twenty years. Money borrowed on fifteen or twenty year bonds, to be paid off from the annual road taxes, would be sufficient for the work in each locality, while the expenditure would involve little, if any, increased taxation. The plan that is here suggested has been tried in towns near New York, and it is noticeable that every good piece of road that has been constructed in these communities increases the sentiment in spending money in this way. A good road is an admirable object lesson of the fact which Col. Greene seeks to enforce. In this state the continuity of good roads could be secured through the county system. If the proper spirit be aroused in towns and villages, the problem will be speedily and satisfactorily solved.—Harper's Weekly.

EMPLOY THE CONVICTS.

Road Work Removes Them from Competition with Free Labor.

Prof. Emery, of the North Carolina experiment station, contributes a valuable bit of testimony in support of the use of convict labor in road improvement. He writes: "The township roads around this city (Raleigh) are being put in fine condition by work-house convicts. Grading and macadamizing, aided by a ten-ton road roller, are beginning to reflect credit on the project. The drives around this city are sure to increase the desire for better roads for other localities among the people who have the pleasurable experience of riding over these improved ones." Gen. Roy Stone, chief of the roads inquiry bureau of the department of agriculture, has reached the firm conviction after a wide study of the subject that one important factor in road improvement is the employment of convict labor. It has been demonstrated that convicts in stockades at stone quarries can be maintained at less cost than within prison walls, chiefly on account of the lessened item of medical attendance when convicts are at work in the open air. When it comes to guarding them at road work the cost is somewhat increase, but not to an extent that should prevent the utilization of their labor in this direction. It is humane to afford them healthful outdoor work; it removes them from competition with the honest artisan in the labor market (which is eminently demanded by all rules of justice), and it would greatly lessen the cost of preparation of materials and the cost of construction.—Breeders' Gazette.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Napoleon's Moods.

But the hours when the general-in-chief was war-worn, weary, tender, and subject to human regrets like other men, were not those which he often revealed to the world. He was peremptory, and sometimes even peevish, with the French executive after he had them in his hand; with Italy he assumed a parental role, meting out chastisement and reward as best suited his purpose.—Prof. W. M. Sloane, in Century.

Milestones on the Road

That leads to health are marked in the memory of those who, at regular stages and persistently, have been conveyed thither by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a potent auxiliary of nature in her efforts to throw off the yoke of disease. Malarial, kidney, rheumatic and bilious trouble, constipation and nervousness take their departure when this benignant medicine is resorted to for their eradication.

GAGGS—"The fin de siecle bonnet of the season doesn't seem to be larger than a humming bird." Waggs—"That's true; but if it was built in proportion to its bill it ought to be as large as an ostrich."—N. Y. Tribune.

"HAVE you heard that the big sleeves are going out, George, dear?" "Yes, my love, I have, but I don't believe it." "Why not, pray?" "I don't believe they can get through the door."—Harper's Bazar.

SHE HAS HER OWN WAY.—"Have you heard from your daughter since she started on her wedding tour? Is she happy?" "Very much so. Only think, in Venice she commenced to have her own way in everything, and ever since they left Rome she has carried the purse!"—Tagliche Rundschau.

OUTLAWED.—Mrs. Midlage—"After you've been married a year or more, my dear, you'll know better than to tell your husband that he owes you a lifetime of devotion." Mrs. Yennglove—"And why, pray?" Mrs. Midlage—"Because he'll be sure to plead the statute of limitation."—Harlem Life.

PASSENGER (alighting from cab)—"What's the charge?" Cabman—"One shilling." Passenger—"Well, that's quite reasonable. I knew from your face that you wouldn't be extortionate." Cabman—"Thankee. I knew by your face that you'd be too mean to pay more than the legal fare without a lawsuit."—Tit-Bits.

SO DEVOTEDLY does the Hubbite love his native city that when he calls to the telephone girl: "Give me Boston," he invariably adds involuntarily, "or give me death."—Boston Transcript.

TO SATISFY HIS CURIOSITY.—"What are you doing on the bureau, Tommie?" "Standin' before the lookin'-glass," said Tommie. "Wanted to see how I'd look if I was twins."—Harper's Young People.

"WHAT is this?" exclaimed the prima donna, as she crumpled the printed sheet, threw it upon the floor, and stamped upon it. "What is the matter, my dear?" asked her husband. "A brand of piano has been placed on the market without my knowledge, and I have not written a testimonial saying it is the finest instrument I have ever used. This is the first time that such a thing has happened."—Boston Transcript.

BEWARE of failing into the performance of any religious duty simply to be well spoken of by men.—Ram's Horn.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills, 25 cents.

IF you could slip a belt on Cuba, her revolutions would run the machinery of the world.—Detroit Free Press.

Epworth League, Chattanooga.

The route to Chattanooga over the Louisville & Nashville Railroad is via Mammoth Cave, America's Greatest Natural Wonder. Specially low rates made for hotel and Cave fees to holders of Epworth League tickets. Through Nashville, the location of Vanderbilt University, the pride of the Methodist Church, and along the line between Nashville and Chattanooga where many of the most famous battles of the war were fought. Send for maps of the route from Cincinnati, Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis, and particulars as to rates, etc., to C. P. ATKINS, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or JACKSON SMITH, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

TRUST him little who praises all; him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent to all.—Lavater.

THAT LUMP in a man's stomach which makes him irritable and miserable and unfit for business or pleasure is caused by indigestion. Indigestion, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. The trouble may be in stomach, liver, bowels. Wherever it is, it is caused by the presence of poisons, refuse matter which Nature has been unable to rid herself of, unaided. In such cases, wise people send down a little health officer, personified by one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, to search out the trouble and remove its cause.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT

The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.

At Druggists, 50c & $1. Advice & Pamphlet free.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Backache.

ST. JACOBS OIL

SAFE, SURE, PROMPT.

HAVE YOU FIVE OR MORE COWS

If so a "Baby" Cream Separator will earn its cost for you every year. Why continue an inferior system another year at so great a loss? Dairying is now the only profitable feature of Agriculture. Properly conducted it always pays well, and must pay you. You need a SEPARATOR, and you need the BEST,—the "Baby." All styles and capacities. Prices, $75. upward. Send for new 1895 Catalogue.

THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO.,

GENERAL OFFICES:

72 CORTLANDT ST., NEW YORK.

EIGHT PAPER DOLLS

. . . FOR ONE WRAPPER OF . . .

ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI

Send us two two-cent stamps for postage. These dolls have changeable heads. No two dolls dressed alike.

ADAMS & SONS CO., Sand Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y., Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

GO TO

the most delightful country in America, next Summer, to spend your vacation. There is no place in the world like Colorado, with its perfect climate, dry, pure and cool, its snow-capped mountains, its streams full of trout and its glorious scenery, both grand and pastoral. Colorado probably has no equal as a health resort. For the man or woman who has been in the whirl of a busy life, and who needs and longs for a change of air and scene, Colorado is the place. Pure air, pure water and the best of hotel accommodations are the three essentials that will be found there in perfection. On July 5th to 12th, 1895, the meeting of the NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION will be held in

DENVER

and the BURLINGTON ROUTE, which is the best line from Chicago and St. Louis to that point, has arranged to sell Excursion Tickets for the occasion, at very low rates. These tickets will be good for return until September 1, and will be sold to anyone applying for them, not merely to members of the Association, so that this opportunity to take a trip to the mountains, at a very low cost, will be open to everyone. Naturally, during this time, low excursion rates will be made from Denver to all of the famous Colorado resorts, such as Estes Park, Colorado Springs, Manitou, The Garden of the Gods, Glenwood Springs, etc. If you would like a circular giving the details of the excursion, rates, routes, train service, write to P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill., but, anyway, make up your mind to go to Colorado

In July, 1895.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH in cakes for general blacking of a stove.

THE SUN PASTE POLISH for a quick after-dinner shine, applied and polished with a cloth.

Morse Bros., Props., Canton, Mass., U.S.A.

LOOK FOR THIS

LOCK!

IT IS ON

The **BEST SCHOOL SHOE** Made

PRICES FOR CASH

5 to 7½—$1.00 ✠ 11 to 13½—$1.50
8 to 10½— 1.25 ✠ 1 to 3 — 1.75

IF YOU CAN'T GET THEM FROM YOUR DEALER WRITE TO

HAMILTON-BROWN SHOE CO.,

ST. LOUIS.

DRESSMAKERS

FIND THE

LATEST PARIS FASHIONS

—IN—

L'Art de La Mode.

8 Colored Plates,

Designed by Our Special Corps of PARISIAN ARTISTS.

Order it of your Newsdealer or send 35 cents for latest number to

THE MORSE-BROUGHTON CO.,

3 East 19th St., : NEW YORK.

MENTION THIS PAPER.

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, etc., when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Go by the book. Pills 10c and 25c a box. Book FREE at your druggist's or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal Street, New York.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR

IMPERIAL GRANUM

IT IS

★ THE BEST ★

FOOD

FOR

Dyspeptic, Delicate, Infirm and

AGED PERSONS

★ JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York. ★

Hear Him Fuss

For the love of peace buy him Yankee Shaving Soap

Sold everywhere. Made by The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

Now Is The Time

....TO INVESTIGATE THE....

Saint Paul and Duluth Country.

GOOD LAND.
SURE CROPS.
GOOD MARKETS.

Do Not Buy Land Anywhere Until You See What We Have to Offer You.

Maps and Circulars Sent FREE. Address

HOPEWELL CLARKE,

LAND COMMISSIONER, : ST. PAUL, MINN.

8 SURE secret formulas worth $10—Cure for Worms in Horses, how to Pickle Pork, make Washing fluid etc. Send 50c. FRANK OLLINGER, Newton, Kas.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

NO MAN'S LAND.

In No Man's Land, five hundred and three—
Of course you'll suppose that the date's B. C.
They published a law through the country round
A law which made great trouble, they found,
That in all the schools all over the land,
They must keep order. You understand
How hard it was for the children!

If a boy reached school a second late
He stood all day at the entrance gate.
If a girl wrote notes in the study-hour
She was prisoned high in the old church tower.
There was wailing and weeping from morn till night;
They always did wrong, they couldn't do right.
Oh, hard indeed for the children!

Playing tunes on the points of pens,
Grunting and growling like beasts in dens,
Whoever did this would regret it forever,
For his head would be bagged in a manner most clever.
If they missed a word from a lesson set
Not a scrap of food did the poor things get.
Oh, this was hard for the children!

A girl was in a sorrowful state
If she pictured her neighbors on the slate.
A book full of problems in Long Division
They made her work out with perfect precision.
It's boy was riotous on the stairs
He spent his recess in a pit full of bears.
Oh, hard it was for the children!

Laughter and whispering; school desks scarred
All had penalties just as hard.
Youthful opinions of teachers in verse,
The sentence for these was rather worse.
In short, as you'll readily comprehend,
Their mischievous wills must break or bend.
Oh, wasn't it hard for the children!

If you had lived in No Man's Land
Your manners would soon have been taken in hand.
But though you're saved from the dolorous fate
Of being punished early and late,
It's just as well to follow the plan
Of being always as good as you can.
Though that's rather hard for the children.
—Nora A. Smith, in Chicago Interior.

CANINE LIFE SAVER.

How a Newfoundland Dog Rescued Eight Shipwrecked Mariners.

Some years ago a vessel was driven on the beach of Lydd, in Kent, England. The sea was rolling furiously. Eight poor fellows were crying for help; but a boat could not be got off through the sea to their assistance, and they were in constant peril, for any moment the ship was in danger of sinking. At length a gentleman came along the beach accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the animal's attention to the vessel and put a short stick in his month. The intelligent and courageous dog sprang into the sea and fought his way through the angry waves toward the vessel. He could not, however, get close enough to deliver that with which he was charged; but the crew understood what was meant, and they made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it toward him. The noble animal at once dropped his own piece of wood and immediately seized that which had been thrown to him, and then with a degree of strength and determination scarcely credible, for he was again and again lost under the waves—he dragged it through the surge, and delivered it to his master. A line of communication was thus formed with the vessel, and every man on board was rescued.—Our Dumb Animals.

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Approved with Enthusiasm.

A Lewiston 3-year-old damsel whose mamma combed the little one's recalcitrant lock of hair with some extra force the other day, and who bore it meekly, finally looked up and said: "Mamma, is you all done?" "Yes, dear," was the answer. "Amen," said the little one, devoutly.

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TWO DEVOTED STORKS.

Real Bravery Shown by Them in Very Trying Circumstances.

A very interesting tale of devotion is told of two storks, birds that are notedly fond of their young. During a storm a barn in the village of Lowenberg was set on fire by lightning, and a nest containing two baby storks was threatened by the flames. The parents viewed the scene from a distance in great consternation, and after a little deliberation the mother-bird took wing, darted into the nest, and seizing one of the little birds in her beak, carried it off to a neighboring field. The father flew down to the little one, and mounted guard while the mother returned for the other. When she arrived the flames were enveloping the nest, and the young stork fell through the charred wood into the burning barn below. Nothing daunted, the mother dashed through smoke and fire, and returned bearing her second little stork in her beak, and then she flew away.

The next day some people in an adjacent village discovered a wounded stork. She was unable to stand, and on examining her, both legs were found to be badly burned. This was the brave stork which had rescued her children. The bird was removed to the Rathaus, and the burgomaster provided a bed for it, and called in the physician, who attended the wounds. In the meantime the male stork ascertained her place of refuge, and paid her daily visits to inquire for her condition, and to bring reports, after his own fashion, of the young. The schoolchildren brought her food, the physician treated her every day, until she recovered. Finally, one bright morning, she flew away with her devoted husband.

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A gentleman just returned from South America has brought with him to his New York flat a monster alligator. It seems funny, doesn't it, that a big, scaly creature like the fellow here pictured should find room in a New York flat? But such is the fact.

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A QUEER HOUSEHOLD PET.

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But up to the present moment both the alligator and Mr. Alexander's family of boys and girls are doing nicely and all goes well. One thing is certain: when the clumsy pet of this home dies or is killed, there will be a fine, large piece of alligator skin to be made up into chair seats and slippers for all who are interested in the big animal on the roof.

Dog Transfers His Custom.

A Philadelphia dog used to be sent by his master every morning with a penny in his mouth to purchase a bun for breakfast. He had continued to do this for some time, when the baker, having changed his helper, the dog was unheeded. The dog thereupon ran to the baker, laid the penny at his feet and barked loudly at the assistant. The baker explained matters, but the assistant, a surly fellow, took it in bad part, and next time the dog appeared he selected a very hot bun and gave it to him. The animal, as usual, seized the bun, but finding it too hot to hold, he dropped it. He tried it again; again it burned him. At length, as if guessing the trick, he caught up the penny and ran off to another baker's shop in the neighborhood. No amount of coaxing could ever get him to return.

He Had Dined Before Dinner.

It is said that the table manners of Napoleon Bonaparte were very bad, and that he was so fast an eater that he was invariably through with his dinner before those who dined with him had got half through. In fact, those who had the honor of dining with the emperor were wont to remain after his majesty's departure.

Upon one occasion Eugene de Beauharnais, the stepson of Napoleon, rose from the table immediately after the emperor.

"But—you haven't had time to finish your dinner," said Napoleon.

"Pardon me, sire," said the prince. "I dined before I came."—Harper's Young People.

Good Friends.

The story is told in an English magazine of a rat which has become blind, but two of his family are his guides. He goes about with a piece of stick in his mouth, and the younger rats, each with an end of the stick in its mouth, steer the blind rat about the region where he lives. People have become so interested in them that they are never disturbed.

The Thing to Have Done.

"My doll is very sick," said Polly, mournfully.

"Yes," said Jenaie; "she looks very waxy. You ought to have her waxinated."—Harper's Young People.

FARM AND GARDEN.

VALUE OF GOOD ROADS.

Really a Question of Farming at a Loss or at a Profit.

There are few subjects more important to the farmers of this country, and indeed to all men who transport their merchandise in wagons, than the subject of good roads. The country may be said to be just waking up to the value of roads over which heavy burdens may be moved with economical expenditure of force, but the intelligent movement which began less than ten years ago is gathering strength and impetus year by year, and it is not likely to die out so long as a single first-rate road remains an object lesson of the gain in money of such constructions to those whose business or recreation makes them the users of country highways.

To the wheelmen a good deal of the enthusiasm of road reform is to be credited. They have worked constantly and enthusiastically for the enactment of laws facilitating road-building, for the extended use of the bicycle is impossible unless the old dirt road—muddy in wet weather, and full of ruts and holes, as well as a breeder of choking dust in dry weather—is replaced by the Macadam or Telford way, with its hard, well-crowned surface and adequate drainage. But the influence of the wheelmen and the pleasure-drivers is not to be compared with that which might be exerted by the men whose business requires the transportation of heavy loads from their farms and shops to the railroad stations or their customers.

Col. Francis Vinton Greene has recently delivered an address on the subject of good roads in the Butterfield Practical Course at Union college. In the course of his remarks he showed that while Massachusetts annually expends $66 a mile on roads outside of cities, New Jersey $43 and New York $30, the average expenditure in the other states is much less. If it is only $18 a mile, this means a total annual expenditure throughout the country of $20,000,000, and much the larger part of this vast sum is literally thrown away on roads that are not only the cause of vexation and discomfort to those who drive over them, but that entail actual loss upon those who are compelled to carry their goods over them to the markets or railway stations.

The enormous drain made by bad roads on our resources was estimated by Col. Greene, and his figures will not be doubted by anyone who has paid any attention to the subject. He said: "It has been proved, not only by mechanical experiment but by actual test, that the same force which draws one ton on a muddy earth road will draw four tons on a hard Macadam road. On the improved roads of New Jersey loads of four to five tons are habitually drawn by a two-horse team. This effects a saving of fully three-fourths of the cost of hauling to the station, and reduces the cost of road transportation from 30 cents to 7½ cents per ton per mile. What this saving amounts to may be imagined when it is known that the New York Central railroad carries nearly 20,000,000 tons of way freight in a year. If this is hauled only two miles by road, to or from the station, and a saving of 22½ cents per ton per mile could be effected, it would mean a total saving of $9,000,000."

In other words, the question of roads in many of our agricultural communities is a question of farming at a loss or at a profit. And there is not a community or town in the thickly settled parts of the country that cannot provide itself with thoroughly good highways by anticipating its road taxes for fifteen or twenty years. Money borrowed on fifteen or twenty year bonds, to be paid off from the annual road taxes, would be sufficient for the work in each locality, while the expenditure would involve little, if any, increased taxation. The plan that is here suggested has been tried in towns near New York, and it is noticeable that every good piece of road that has been constructed in these communities increases the sentiment in spending money in this way. A good road is an admirable object lesson of the fact which Col. Greene seeks to enforce. In this state the continuity of good roads could be secured through the county system. If the proper spirit be aroused in towns and villages, the problem will be speedily and satisfactorily solved.—Harper's Weekly.

EMPLOY THE CONVICTS.

Road Work Removes Them from Competition with Free Labor.

Prof. Emery, of the North Carolina experiment station, contributes a valuable bit of testimony in support of the use of convict labor in road improvement. He writes: "The township roads around this city (Raleigh) are being put in fine condition by work-house convicts. Grading and macadamizing, aided by a ten-ton road roller, are beginning to reflect credit on the project. The drives around this city are sure to increase the desire for better roads for other localities among the people who have the pleasurable experience of riding over these improved ones." Gen. Roy Stone, chief of the roads inquiry bureau of the department of agriculture, has reached the firm conviction after a wide study of the subject that one important factor in road improvement is the employment of convict labor. It has been demonstrated that convicts in stockades at stone quarries can be maintained at less cost than within prison walls, chiefly on account of the lessened item of medical attendance when convicts are at work in the open air. When it comes to guarding them at road work the cost is somewhat increase, but not to an extent that should prevent the utilization of their labor in this direction. It is humane to afford them healthful outdoor work; it removes them from competition with the honest artisan in the labor market (which is eminently demanded by all rules of justice), and it would greatly lessen the cost of preparation of materials and the cost of construction.—Breeders' Gazette.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Napoleon's Moods.

But the hours when the general-in-chief was war-worn, weary, tender, and subject to human regrets like other men, were not those which he often revealed to the world. He was peremptory, and sometimes even peevish, with the French executive after he had them in his hand; with Italy he assumed a parental role, meting out chastisement and reward as best suited his purpose.—Prof. W. M. Sloane, in Century.

Milestones on the Road

That leads to health are marked in the memory of those who, at regular stages and persistently, have been conveyed thither by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a potent auxiliary of nature in her efforts to throw off the yoke of disease. Malarial, kidney, rheumatic and bilious trouble, constipation and nervousness take their departure when this benignant medicine is resorted to for their eradication.

GAGGS—"The fin de siecle bonnet of the season doesn't seem to be larger than a humming bird." Waggs—"That's true; but if it was built in proportion to its bill it ought to be as large as an ostrich."—N. Y. Tribune.

"HAVE you heard that the big sleeves are going out, George, dear?" "Yes, my love, I have, but I don't believe it." "Why not, pray?" "I don't believe they can get through the door."—Harper's Bazar.

SHE HAD HER OWN WAY.—"Have you heard from your daughter since she started on her wedding tour? Is she happy?" "Very much so. Only think, in Venice she commenced to have her own way in everything, and ever since they left Rome she has carried the purse!"—Tagliche Rundschau.

OUTLAWED.—Mrs. Midlage—"After you've been married a year or more, my dear, you'll know better than to tell your husband that he owes you a lifetime of devotion." Mrs. Youngloye—"And why, pray?" Mrs. Midlage—"Because he'll be sure to plead the statute of limitation."—Harlem Life.

PASSENGER (alighting from cab)—"What's the charge?" Cabman—"One shilling." Passenger—"Well, that's quite reasonable. I knew from your face that you wouldn't be extortionate." Cabman—"Thankee. I know by your face that you'd be too mean to pay more than the legal fare without a lawsuit."—Tit-Bits.

SO DEVOTEDLY does the Hubbite love his native city that when he calls to the telephone girl: "Give me Boston," he invariably adds involuntarily, "or give me death."—Boston Transcript.

TO SATISFY HIS CURIOSITY.—"What are you doing on the bureau, Tommie?" "Standin' before the lookin'-glass," said Tommie. "Wanted to see how I'd look if I was twins."—Harper's Young People.

"WHAT is this?" exclaimed the prima donna, as she crumpled the printed sheet, threw it upon the floor, and stamped upon it. "What is the matter, my dear?" asked her husband. "A broad of piano has been placed on the market without my knowledge, and I have not written a testimonial saying it is the finest instrument I have ever used. This is the first time that such a thing has happened."—Boston Transcript.

BEWARE of fulling into the performance of any religious duty simply to be well spoken of by men.—Ram's Horn.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills, 25 cents.

IF you could slip a belt on Cuba, her revolutions would run the machinery of the world.—Detroit Free Press.

Epworth League, Chattanooga.

The route to Chattanooga over the Louisville & Nashville Railroad is via Mammoth Cave, America's Greatest Natural Wonder. Specially low rates made for hotel and Cave fees to holders of Epworth League tickets. Through Nashville, the location of Vanderbilt University, the pride of the Methodist Church, and along the line between Nashville and Chattanooga where many of the most famous battles of the war were fought. Send for maps of the route from Cincinnati, Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis, and particulars as to rates, etc., to C. P. ATMORE, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or JACKSON SMITH, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

TRUST him little who praises all; him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent to all.—Lavater.

THAT LUMP in a man's stomach which makes him irritable and miserable and unfit for business or pleasure is caused by indigestion. Indigestion, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. The trouble may be in stomach, liver, bowels. Wherever it is, it is caused by the presence of poisons, refuse matter which Nature has been unable to rid herself of, unaided. In such cases, wise people send down a little health officer, personified by one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, to search out the trouble and remove its cause.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT

The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.

At Druggists, 50c & $1. Advice & Pamphlet free.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Backache.

ST. JACOBS OIL

SAFE, SURE, PROMPT.

HAVE YOU FIVE OR MORE COWS

If so a "Baby" Cream Separator will earn its cost for you every year. Why continue an inferior system another year at so great a loss? Dairying is now the only profitable feature of Agriculture. Properly conducted it always pays well, and must pay you. You need a SEPARATOR, and you need the BEST,—the "Baby." All styles and capacities. Prices, $75, upward. Send for new 1895 Catalogue.

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Send us two two-cent stamps for postage. These dolls have changeable heads. No two dolls dressed alike.

ADAMS & SONS CO., Sand Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y., Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

GO TO

the most delightful country in America, next Summer, to spend your vacation. There is no place in the world like Colorado, with its perfect climate, dry, pure and cool, its snow-capped mountains, its streams full of trout and its glorious scenery, both grand and pastoral. Colorado probably has no equal as a health resort. For the man or woman who has been in the whirl of a busy life, and who needs and longs for a change of air and scene, Colorado is the place. Pure air, pure water and the best of hotel accommodations are the three essentials that will be found there in perfection. On July 5th to 12th, 1895, the meeting of the NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION will be held in

DENVER

and the BURLINGTON ROUTE, which is the best line from Chicago and St. Louis to that point, has arranged to sell Excursion Tickets for the occasion, at very low rates. These tickets will be good for return until September 1, and will be sold to anyone applying for them, not merely to members of the Association, so that this opportunity to take a trip to the mountains, at a very low cost, will be open to everyone. Naturally, during this time, low excursion rates will be made from Denver to all of the famous Colorado resorts, such as Estes Park, Colorado Springs, Manitou, The Garden of the Gods, Glenwood Springs, etc. If you would like a circular giving the details of the excursion, rates, routes, train service, write to P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill., but, anyway, make up your mind to go to Colorado

In July, 1895.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH in cakes for general blacking of a stove.

THE SUN PASTE POLISH for a quick after-dinner shine, applied and polished with a cloth.

Morse Bros., Props., Canton, Mass., U.S.A.

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—IT IS ON—

The **BEST SCHOOL SHOE** Made.

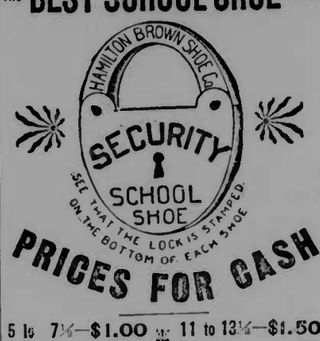

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5 to 7½—$1.00 11 to 13½—$1.50
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IF YOU CAN'T GET THEM FROM YOUR DEALER WRITE TO

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LATEST PARIS FASHIONS

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8 Colored Plates,

Designed by Our Special Corps of PARISIAN ARTISTS.

Order it of your Newsdealer or send 35 cents for latest number to

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MENTION THIS PAPER.

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, etc., when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Go by the book. Pills 10c and 25c a box. Book FREE at your druggist's or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal Street, New York.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.

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Hear Him Fuss

For the love of peace buy him Yankee Shaving Soap

Sold everywhere. Made by The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

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GOOD LAND.
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LAND COMMISSIONER, : ST. PAUL, MINN.

8 SURE secret formulas worth $10—Cure for Worms in Horses, how to Pickle Pork, make Washing fluid etc. Send 50c. FRANK OLLINGER, Newton, Kas.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

25 CTS.

A. N. K.—C. 1552

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, May 20, 1895.

Circumstances unimportant in themselves have brought Republican Presidential possibilities very much to the front in Washington during the past few days. Ex-Speaker Reed was in Washington for a few hours last week, and although his visit was to see a sick friend—Representative Hitt, of Ill.—it started Presidential gossip, as he is generally recognized as one of the leading candidates for the Republican nomination. Gen. Harrison's visit to New York has also furnished food for gossip. Col. Michener, of Ind., a close friend of Gen. Harrison's who has a law office in Washington, says of that visit: "Gen. Harrison has been to New Jersey to receive a medal from the Historical society of that State, and is now in New York to sit for a portrait which is to be hung in the White House. That is his real business in New York, although he may also attend to some law business." When asked bluntly whether Gen Harrison was a candidate for the nomination Col. Michener replied: "He says he is not," and then changed the subject.

Ex-Senator Warner Miller, of New York, at present in Washington, says on the subject of the next Republican nominee: "I don't think there has been any effort to get together on the part of the leading men of the party to come to an understanding. It would be much better to let the leading men go to the convention and have the question of a nominee decided there. Any attempt at ringing in any one in advance will fail, as it ought to fail. It would not be wise for any one to attempt such a thing, and I don't believe the attempt will be made. Leaders will not do it, and if others attempt to do so they will not succeed." Speaking of the general outlook, Mr. Miller said: "Everything points to Republican victory. The Democratic party disappointed the people, showing an incapacity for government. The Democracy is not progressive. It is composed of obstructionists."

The administration's "sound money" platform is to include an endorsement of the repeal of the Federal tax on currency urged by State banks, although the last Congress, overwhelmingly Democratic as it was, refused to pass the bill repealing that tax, or to adopt an amendment to the tariff bill for its repeal. There has been and is much doubt about what Mr. Cleveland wishes the country to believe he means by "sound money" a single gold standard is what he wants, but he has so far lacked the courage to say so in plain words, as Secretary Morton did but—there is no doubt about what the repeal of the State Bank tax means. It means wild cat money, issued by irresponsible people, which would be about as unsound money as could be put into circulation. Mr. Cleveland's advocacy of the repeal of this tax is merely an attempt to get the support of the Southern Democrats who say they favor the free coinage of silver for no other reason than that they want the amount of money in circulation increased, but the silver men are already charging that repeal of the State bank tax would have been accomplished at the last session of Congress had not Mr. Cleveland's influence been used to prevent.

The mails of the Department of Justice are full of letters of complaint from U. S. Court officials, who find it difficult to understand why their salaries are not paid. This is only another illustratration of Democratic ideas of economy. When the Democratic Congress cut $156,000 from the amount estimated to be needed to pay the expenses of the Department of Justice, which pays all U. S. Court officials and witness fees and other expenses of U. S. Courts, for the current fiscal year, the seven by nine statesmen chuckled and called themselves reformers. Now, as a consequence deputy marshals, bailiffs and other necessary employes of the courts cannot get their salaries and the families of some of them are reported to be in distress, and when the next Congress meets it will have to make a deficiency appropriation to pay them. Meanwhile these people will have to work without getting their salaries, until the first of August, when they will receive their July salaries out of the appropriation for the next fiscal year.

Ex-Senator Higgins, of Delaware, is in Washington. He says he has not the slightest doubt about the seating of his Republican successor Senator-elect Dupont, that he has received the opinions of a number of the leading constitutional lawyers and they all agree that the Speaker of the Delaware Senate ceased to have the right to act as Speaker when he became the governor of the State.

Members of the administration will not talk about the Supreme Court's decision in the income tax cases, but it is easy enough to guess how they feel about it; there is no occasion for them to express themselves.

Memorial Day Services

Sherman Post No. 11, G. A. R., extends an invitation to the Sunday schools and the citizens of Friendsville and vicinity to join with them in a proper observance of Memorial Day.

Persons who will aid us by contributions of flowers for this occasion can leave them at the M. E. church on or before 10 o'clock Thursday morning, May 30th, where they will be gratefully received by the old soldiers.

Will meet at the school house at 10 o'clock a. m., then march to the M. E. church, column headed by brass bands, where appropriate music will be rendered by the choirs and bands; march to the Garey cemetery at 11 o'clock. In the afternoon speaking and music in the grove.

R. E. FRIEND, Comd'r.
GEO. E. BISHOFF, Adj't.

TRUSTEES' SALE
—OF—
Real Estate
—IN—
Garrett County, Md.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, passed on the 28th day of March, 1895, in a cause in said court depending, wherein Margaret Miller is plaintiff and Frederick Mertens et al. are defendants, it being No. 687 on the Equity docket of said court, the undersigned trustees will sell at public auction in front of Mayers' Drug Store, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county Maryland, on

Saturday, June 8th,

1895, at 1 o'clock p. m., all the real estate in the proceedings mentioned, to-wit:

All that real estate which was conveyed by George Rizer et al. to Frederick Mertens, Richard J. West and Albert L. Miller by deed dated June 21, 1871, and recorded among the Land Records of Garrett county in Liber W. H. T., No. 1, folio 135; the undivided one third of which was conveyed by the said Richard J. West and wife to the said Frederick Mertens and Albert L. Miller by deed dated July 27, 1871, and recorded among said Land Records in Liber W. H. T., No. 1, folios 162, etc.

Said property comprises

322 ACRES,

more or less, and consists of a tract of land called

MUCH TO DO ABOUT NOTHING,
CONTAINING 612 ACRES,

more or less, described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a stone planted in a glade at the end of the second line of a tract of land surveyed for Lord Baltimore, called "Green Glade Manor," (said stone standing North 81 degrees East 22 perches, from a double pine, marked with nine notches each, and the letters W. C.), and running thence South 70 degrees East 5 perches to a stone, thence North 73 degrees East 100 perches, to a bounded pine, thence North 46 degrees West 70 perches to a stone, thence North 61 degrees East 180 perches to a bounded service and white oak, thence North 87 degrees West 537 perches to a bounded white oak, thence South 26½ degrees West 181 perches to a bounded pine, and thence with a straight line to the beginning.

And also another tract called

"ELK LICK,"
CONTAINING 210 ACRES,

more or less, described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at two bounded pines standing at the end of eighteen perches on the first line of Lot No. 1878, and running thence North 57 degrees West 18 perches, North 33 degrees East 73 perches to a bounded pine, South 57 degrees East 240 perches to the end of the first line of Lot No. 1858 (marked, Oct. 31, 1855, by a triple pine on the east side of the "Green Glade,") South 89 perches, West 100 perches, South 61 perches, West 101 perches, North 5 perches, North 55 degrees East 72 perches, to the end of the first line of the original Lot No. 1880, North 25 degrees West 195 perches, North 33 degrees East 11 perches, to the beginning of Lot No 1878, and then by a straight line to the beginning.

Said land is well adapted for

Farming Purposes

but is unimproved.

TERMS OF SALE:

As prescribed by the decree—One-half cash and the balance in one year; the deferred payment to bear interest from day of sale, and to be secured with security satisfactory to the trustees.

J. W. S. COCHRANE,
DAVID W. SLOAN,
Trustees.

(For further information apply to either of the Trustees at Cumberland, Md.) 9—tf

GREAT
ARE THE BARGAINS
THIS WEEK AT
Sincell Bros.

More Clothing at Lower Prices than Ever.

Mens Cassimere 3 button Cutaway, all wool and silk mixed			$12
Mens all wool Clay Worsted Cutaway Suits, worth $18			12
" " " " " Sack	"	" 16	10
" " " Diagonal Corkscrew	"	" 16	10
" " " Fancy Grey Mixed	"	" 14	8
" " " Serge round corner sack	"	" 16	10
" " " " box d'b'l breasted	"	" 16	10
" " " Navy Blue	"	" " " 12	8
" " " " " round corner	"	" 12	8
Childrens all wool Jersey Suits, worth $4			$2.50
" " " double breasted Suits, worth $6.00			4.00
" " " single	"	" " 4.50	3.00
" " " Bullock	"	" 8.00	5.00
" " " Light Summer	"	" 5.00	3.50

A vast assortment of Youths Clothing in any size, at any price, in all colors and styles.

DRY GOODS.

Our Dry Goods Department is well filled with the very latest styles in

Dress Goods, Novelties,
Silks, Summer Flannels,
Duck, Percales, Outings,
French Ginghams, Draperies,
Table Linens in a vast assortment of colors and at the lowest prices.

WE BOAST on our LINE OF HOSIERY.

It is Considered the Best by A L Who Wear It.

We have anything in Hosiery from Infants' Cotton Hose to Ladies Fine Quality Dropped Stitch Silk Hose.

A new line of the very latest style hats such as

The Trilby, London Gaiety Girl, The Alpine,

In all Shades and Colors and at prices that cannot be touched by any of our competitors.

SHOES.

Men's Stylish Razor Toe Shoe, worth $1.50			$1.00
" " " " " "		2.00	1.50
" " " " " "		2.50	1.75
" " " " " "		3.00	2.25
" " " " " "		3.50	2.75

Men's Square Toed Shoes at Any Price.

Our Shoes have the reputation of being easy and comfortable as well low priced. Men's Shoes for $1.40 which are guaranteed to wear out three pairs of half soles or money refunded.

Ladies Shoes in low cut or high top and in any size or style, with the quality guaranteed.

We have no Groceries and are doing a strictly cash business and consequently have no losses. We are enabled, therefore, to sell goods at prices that will not justify our competitors. Our entire stock is

Bright, New and Attractive.

We invite you to call and examine our goods. We are sure that we can please you in everything in our large line.

Very respectfully yours,

Sincell Bros.

Dr. A. [illegible]

Laughlin's
Infant Cordial

[illegible] teething period, soothes and [illegible] gums, controls the bowels [illegible] gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no soothing drugs and causes immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's
Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good. 25 cents a bottle

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.
JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

SAMUEL LAWTON,
—DEALER IN—
Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.
23-1yr.

FOR SALE.

Three acres of land, being a part of the old Kennedy farm, lying in the eastern suburbs of Oakland on either side of the road leading to Mt. Lake Park. Will be sold in lots of ¼ acre each, or as a whole.
For full particulars call on or address
MRS. LIZZIE BUZZARD,
22-6m Elkins, W. Va.

MOUNT POMONA.
NURSERY AND FRUIT FARM.

Address Swanton, Md., for Fruit and Mushrooms.
Address Mt. Lake Park concerning Nursery, Greenhouse or Vegetable Products.
Agents wanted on salary.
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OAKLAND, MD.
DEALERS IN
FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES
WALL PAPER
—AND—
GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.
11 1y

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR
Monuments. Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe WITH
J. B. WILLIAMS
FROSTBURG, MD.
AGENTS WANTED.
4193.yr—

ORDER NISI.

Samuel Lawton, late Treasurer of Garrett County, vs. William Faherty.
In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, No. 72 Trials for March Term 1895.

It is ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, this 25th day of April in the year 1895, that the tax sales made and reported in the above entitled cause by Samuel Lawton, late Treasurer of Garrett county, and made to the County Commissioners of said County, of all of those pieces or parcels of land situated in the town of Garrett, Garrett County, Md., the first containing 11 poles and 41 feet of land, conveyed to William Faherty by John W. Shiltenburg January 19, 1885, and the other being one fourth of an acre of Military Lot No. 1356 conveyed to the said Wm. Faherty by John W. Shiltenburg June 29, 1885, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 25th day of May, 1895; provided that a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett County, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 18th day of May, 1895.

The report states the amount of sale to be $601.00.

A. HUNTER BOYD.
True Copy. Teste: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

LICENSES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all persons or bodies, corporate or politic, who may be required to take out license, that they must obtain the same on or before the

1st Day of May, 1895.

According to the provisions of the Code of Public (General Laws of Maryland, every person or persons doing business for gain or profit except the maker, grower or manufacturer, are hereby notified that they must take out a license.

CHARLES WEGMAN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Feity Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.
Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate.
CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING.
Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. fe14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.
Drs. McLane & Berkeley,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
FROSTBURG, MD.
Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.
See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8:30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate. P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
40-1y r.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.
M. M. ARMSTRONG.
CHAS. A. WILT, Agent.
9—13r. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13t.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.

E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

--WANTED--
WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER
Also White Oak Timber Land.
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.
Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ¼ cut prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
T. R. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
29tf 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

Tabules relieve nausea.
Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

ECONOMY IS THE BASIS OF ALL THRIFT.

TEACH YOUR CHILDREN ECONOMY FOR THE NOBLEST OF ALL PURPOSES—
ECONOMY FOR THE SAKE OF AN EDUCATION.

WE GIVE THIS SAVINGS BANK

TO ALL WHO JOIN US IN OUR

PRACTICAL HOME UNIVERSITY MOVEMENT.

This is Self-registering. Will show number of dimes deposited. Teach your children to save 10 cents a day and get the great

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER once said: "The time will come when some inventive genius will enable us to put a nickel in the slot and take out a complete education.

This is a trick bank. By dropping in 10 cents a day you can take out 28 Volumes or the complete set of the great

ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA

[TOGETHER WITH A KEY OUTLINING COURSES OF STUDY.]

OF WHICH IT HAS BEEN SAID:

"If all other books should be destroyed, the Bible excepted, the world would have lost but little of its information."

To secure the New Large Type Herald Edition of this GREAT REFERENCE LIBRARY, **REVISED AND ENLARGED** upon which our HOME UNIVERSITY is founded, for 10 cents a day, YOU MUST ACT QUICKLY OR NOT AT ALL, AS THE OFFER IS LIMITED.

READ OUR REMARKABLE PROPOSITION.

We will supply to readers of THE MORNING HERALD (Daily or Sunday) the complete 28 volumes up-to-date, REVISED and ENLARGED EDITION of the great Encyclopedia Britannica, together with Key above mentioned, at the rate of TEN CENTS A DAY. You receive the entire 28 volumes and key at once, paying $5.00 per month; or, if you prefer to pay 10 cents a day (payable monthly), we will deliver 14 volumes and key at once and the other 14 as soon as the first 14 Volumes are paid for, and upon the same terms—10 cents a day.

These easy terms will establish a Practical University in your home at once and enable you to get this New Revised and Enlarged Edition of this King of all Reference Libraries, at nearly

One-Fourth the Price of the English Edition

COUPON OF INQUIRY.

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT
THE MORNING HERALD,
244 Equitable Building, Baltimore, Md.

I am interested in the Home University movement and request you to send me full details.

Name .....

..... *Street,*

Post Office .....

FOR A FEW DAYS

This Elegant Library will be on exhibition in your town. If the proposition interests you, cut out the annexed coupon of inquiry at once and mail it as indicated. Complete information will be sent you.

OVER

"Every person has two educations, one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives to himself."—GIBBON.

THE complete work of 28 volumes represents a library of 170 ordinary 8vo. volumes, each illustrated with two full-page engraved plates and 60 separate illustrations. Each page of the work contains as much type matter as five pages of an ordinary 8vo. volume printed in the usual style and type for library use. Taking the ordinary 8vo. volume of 600 pages as a basis, there are in the Encyclopædia Britannica 18 vols. on geography; 18 on history; 15 on philosophy and religion; 6 on medicine in its departments; 5 on law; 20 on industrial and applied science; 6 on mercantile subjects; 7 on agriculture; 6 on games, music and legends; and libraries on natural history, biography, fine arts, etc.

☞ *The President of Yale University gives it as his opinion that the purchase of 3,000 volumes would not produce so good a working library as this one work.*

28 LARGE Quarto volumes with entirely new maps, brought up to date, 22,000 pages, an average of 854 pages per volume, 16,404 articles, averaging 1¼ pages each; 3,399 articles signed by specialists, 142 per volume; 16,255 pages written by special contributors, forming four-fifths of the entire work; 338 full-page engraved plates, containing over 900 separate illustrations; 671 maps and plans including 237 colored maps; 10,643 illustrations exclusive of maps and plans.

☞ *It has been said concerning this great reference library: "If all other books should be destroyed, the Bible excepted, the world would have lost but little of its information."*

A STUDY OF THIS PICTURE REVEALS THE FACT

THAT while nearly all start upon the road to learning from the "Little Red School House" or the Public School, there are many vacant seats in the High School and the University.

STATISTICS PROVE IT TO BE TRUE

That less than four per cent. of those who enter our Public Schools ever reach the High School, and that less than two per cent. of our High School graduates reach the College or University.

All, However, Step from the School Room or College to the Home,

Where each is ambitious to progress in his or her own special line, be it general studies, business, a trade agriculture or a profession.

THE HERALD HAS ESTABLISHED THE BROADEST OF UNIVERSITIES in the HOMES REPRESENTED in the ABOVE PICTURE

FIRST—You will note the Student. He is saying to himself: "I will consult the great teachers who can tell me all about the lives of the world's great Merchants, Inventors, Physicians, Orators, Statesmen, Lawyers, etc. The reading of these biographies will not only mould my character and give me ambition to progress, but will teach me history and help to determine what I wish to make my life's work. When I determine that, I will enter another department of our Home University, which my parents have so kindly placed at my disposal, through the liberality of the Baltimore Morning Herald."

SECOND—You note the Commercial man. He is saying to himself: "I will not only know the fundamental principles of my own business, by studying money, finance, commerce, commercial law, labor and wages, partnership, etc., but I will study with my children and in other departments of our Home University. The better I am posted the better I can hold my trade. I am making it a practice to look up the answers to questions which present themselves every day in business."

THIRD—Note the Artisan. Saying: "I will know more about my trade; will progress and become a foreman or a proprietor. With my Home University I can do it. Wish I had had this opportunity when a boy. I am glad my children have it now."

FOURTH—Note the Agriculturalist. Saying: "I will know all about agriculture, not only in my own country but in other lands; and subjects which are kindred to agriculture. I realize that the farmers of this country are becoming more and more progressive. We are taking our places in Legislative Halls, and must be prepared for such places. My daughter wishes to be a teacher, and my son a lawyer. They are studying in other departments of our Home University. Surprising how fast they learn.

FIFTH—Note the Professional man Saying: "I will go beyond the dry text books of my own profession and into the deep mines of general information. The 'broader' I am, the greater is my scope of usefulness and the greater will be my following in a business way. I find the Britannica absolute authority in my own profession as well as in other lines.

REMEMBER that our readers are entitled to all the benefits of our Home University free of membership fee of tuition, and we will furnish you our Great Reference Library, which contains the sum of all knowledge, at wholesale rates. In order that not even the humblest homes need be left out, we will let you begin its benefits NOW, by placing the library in your home, and you may pay for it in payments so trifling that they are not worth mentioning. All that you need to do is to subscribe for our paper. We believe that once a subscriber, you will always be a subscriber.

The Morning Herald Educational Department,

244 EQUITABLE BUILDING, BALTIMORE, MD.

See the Dime Savings Bank Which Serves a Double Purpose.

(OVER)

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1895 NUMBER 12.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings In and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

Sincell Bros. pay the highest market price for wool.

Mr. S. T. Jones returned from a visit to Chicago last Thursday.

THE REPUBLICAN for good job printing. Make a note of this.

McComas' Calmative Konseals, 10 cents. Try them. 5-tf

Did you notice that line of ladies oxfords at Offutt & Son's. 6tf

WANTED, boarders. Rates reasonable. Ella P. Russell. 11-3t

Mr. Thomas J. Peddicord is on a professional trip at Covington, Ky.

Mr. H. H. Mansbach, of Cumberland was here Monday and Tuesday.

A full line of ladies' and gentlemen's oxfords at Townshend & Son's. 9-5t.

Mr. R. G. Richardson, of Keyser, made Oakland a short visit Tuesday morning.

A complete line of straw and felt hats, from 10c. up, at Townshend & Son's. 9-5t.

Offutt & Son are displaying the choicest line of Mattings Oil Cloth's in town. 6tf

Offutt & Son have the prettiest line of spring and summer dress goods in town.

Mr. James W. Beeghley, of Accident, was in the city a few hours last Saturday.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Mr. Perry E. Kimmel went to Kingwood, W. Va., Monday and returned on Tuesday.

To properly observe Memorial Day THE REPUBLICAN is issued one day earlier this week.

Mr. J. J. Whetstone and Mr. R. T. Frazee, of Friendsville, were Oakland visitors Tuesday.

Miss Cora Jones, of Terra Alta, was here Saturday as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Jones.

An unknown colored man was killed by a freight train near Terra Alta last Sunday morning.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, who spent last week in Philadelphia, returned to Oakland Tuesday morning.

M. L. Scott has opened a new line of Shoes and Oxfords. Has a $2 shoe worth $3, made by Evitt.

Strawberries have been on the market in Oakland for a number of days past and bringing good prices.

Any one wanting a good comfortable boarding house, call at E. P. Russell's, Cor. 1st and Water Sts' 11-3t.

Take your wool and potatoes to Dixon & Kelso.' They are paying highest prices, cash or trade. 12-2

Mr. H. J. Metheny, a former employe of this office, was in the city Sunday and Monday visiting friends.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures scalds, burns, indolent sores and never fails to cure piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilmor Kight, of Accident, was here Tuesday as the guests of Mrs. Judge Hamill and other friends.

The Sands & Astley shows have too great a reputation at stake ever to change its dates or to divide its attractions.

Mr Andrew Nelson, jr., who spent the winter in Cincinnati as an employe of a meat packing concern, arrived home Monday.

Phenomenal male and female bareback riders, marvelous gymnasts and athletes, sensational chariot and jockey races, rare zoological wonders and extraordinary and remarkable curios are among the attractions of the Sands & Astley shows.

The vast Parisian Hippodrome, an attraction of the Sands & Astley Show, vividly revives the sports and pastimes of ancient Rome.

Sick headache, constipation and indigestion are quickly cured by DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

The high and long distance leapers of the Sands & Astley show, wherever it has exibited, has astonished our brethren of the press.

Mr. D. H. Loar went to Grafton, West Va., Tuesday morning and will remain several days visiting his sons and other relatives and friends.

You will find a complete line of gentlemen's shirts and neckwear and ladies' and gentlemen's summer underwear at Townshend's. 9-5t.

Townshend & Son can show you a neat and pretty line of summer dress goods, challies, percales, lawns, etc., at prices to suit everybody. 9-5t.

Mr. Jacob Brown, of Cumberland, the Western Maryland historian, is in Oakland this week visiting his daughter, Mrs. Daniel Chisholm.

La Grippe is here again with all of its old time vigor. One Minute Cough Cure is a reliable remedy. It cures and cures quickly. Oakland Pharmacy.

Our patrons will find DeWitt's Little Early Risers a safe and reliable remedy for constipation, dyspepsia and liver complaints. Oakland Pharmacy.

Rev. J. A. Fullerton, D. D., of Fairmont, W. Va., will preach the opening sermon at Mt. Lake Park on Sunday, June 2nd, at 11 a. m., and also at 7.30.

W. T. Stanford, Station Agent of Leeper, Clarion Co. Pa., writes: I can recommend One Minute Cough Cure as the best I ever used. It gave instant relief and a quick cure Oakland Pharmacy.

We have something new, effective, pleasant to take and perfectly harmless and a positive cure for nervous headache, sick headache, dizziness and neuralgia. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

Lieut. R. M. G. Brown, of Washington, was here over Sunday as a guest of Mr. E. I. West at the Glades. On Tuesday morning he went to Kingwood, W. Va., to visit relatives.

Mr. F. M. Thomas, of Grafton, West Va., State agent of the Home Life Insurance Company, was here last Saturday afternoon on business connected with the company he represents.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

The space usually devoted to local matters of interest, in this issue of THE REPUBLICAN is somewhat curtailed by a large run of advertising matter, the most of which will be found interesting reading matter, however.

McComas' Calmative Konseals contain all that is required to cure the worst case of headache or neuralgia in a very few minutes and are safe, sure, inexpensive. Manufactured by Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf.

HAULING AND EXPRESS.—I have located at Mountain Lake Park and am prepared to do hauling of all kinds at short notice. Baggage a specialty. A share of the public patronage solicited. Harry Thayer.

A first class store room for rent or for sale. Good for any kind of business. On Main street in Oakland. Apply to C. C. Michael, Mt. Lake Park, or J. O. Michael, Oakland. 10-2t

Doctor H. R. Fish, of Gravois Mills, Mo., a practicing physician of many years experience, writes: DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve has no equal for indolent sores, scalds and burns. It stops pain instantly, heals a burn quickly and leaves no scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

A letter from Mr. Wanton S. Webb, manager of "Florida on Wheels," informs us that a combination of circumstances compels him to cancel the engagement in Oakland, which will be a great disappointment to many of our people.

J. A. Richardson, of Jefferson City, Mo., chief enrolling force 38th general assembly of Missouri, writes: I wish to testify to the merits of One Minute Cough Cure. When other so-called cures failed, I obtained almost instant relief and a speedy cure by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Victor McCauley, of Salem, Va., who spent the winter here teaching, departed for his home Tuesday morning. He will return to this county the latter part of next week having been appointed by the School Board as principal of the Accident Normal.

One of the greatest improvements recently made in Oakland is the additional space to the lobby at the postoffice. The improvements in this building will accelerate the handling of the mails and will be beneficial both to the public and the Postmaster and his assistants.

B. H. Bowman, Pub. Enquirer, of Bremen Ind., writes: Last week our little girl baby the only one we have was taken sick with croup. After two doctors failed to give relief and life was hanging on a mere thread we tried One Minute Cough Cure and its life was saved. Oakland Pharmacy.

The District Conference of Oakland District of the M. E. church will be held at Deer Park June 4-6. The opening services will be Tuesday at 2 p. m. A large attendance is expected. All are cordially invited to attend. Prof. Hutchinson, president of the West Virginia Conference Seminary, is expected to be present and address the conference on the subject of education.

"Don't mail your letter or valuable package without having your own address printed upon the upper left hand corner." This is the advice that Frank H. Jones, the first assistant postmaster general, gives to all persons who have business with the post office department. By having your address printed on your envelopes you will insure the return of every letter that is not delivered and you will prevent them being sent to and opened at the dead letter office.—Tucker Republican.

Last Friday a week Mrs. Jno Connell, Jr., of Huttons, received a telegram announcing the serious illness of her father, Mr. Naham W. Kirby, whose home was in Indianapolis, Ind., and the lady at once departed for that place. On Friday last, May 17th, the sad intelligence was received of the gentleman's death, which was caused by a general giving way of the nervous system. Mr. Kirby was aged about 70 years, and for thirty years was an engineer. During the last score of years or so he had been inspector of engines on one of the great lines that enter the city of Indianapolis, which high position he held up to the time of his death. Mr. Kirby and his estimable wife have been in this section several times and during their visits here they made many warm friends who were deeply grieved to learn of the worthy gentleman's death.—Oracle.

The Cumberland *News* of Monday has the following in its local columns. The boy referred to as being almost drowned is a son of Mr. John Helbig, jr., who was raised in Oakland:

Sunday afternoon a number of boys were playing along the race, near the flood gates on North Mechanic street. They were throwing in stones and then trying to get them out. One boy, aged only four years, the son of J. H. Helbig, fell in and came very near drowning. His screams, and those of his companions, called several men to the spot and the little fellow was with difficulty rescued. For several minutes after he was taken out of the water he showed no signs of life, but after working with him for a little while he came to and was taken home.

June Forecast, 1895.

The month is likely to open cloudy, attended by light rains, which may be prolonged beyond the usual normal period. The temperature will rise high about the 5th, and local showers will be transit to about the 7th or 8th, when a wave of cooler weather will follow. We [illegible] solstice period about the 10th of the month, which is nothing more than a transfer of seasonal relations. It is said by those who have expended much thought and given their time to the matter, that the magnetic and electric forces due to the changing relations of the poles of the earth to the sun causes an unsteady motion in the earth's orbital movement, due to the want of equilibrium of these forces, which adds to the scope and intensity of storms within the period of these perturbations. Also when two planets get on the same side of the earth, adding their united attractive forces to pull the earth aside from its orbit, must have a wonderful influence on seasonal relations, storms and earthquakes. Since last November Jupiter entered into this relationship with the earth and sun. Continuing in the open field of research for weather and material, we have almost said that Jupiter, which is still in due unabated attraction with the earth and sun, and will be for some time to come yet, did at its starting period of disturbance pull out of the earth a fearful winter and an alarming frost or two in May, reaching in its effects over half the northern hemisphere. Now, then, what do you think of it? Venus has got on the same side, too, both pulling at poor terra firma. Moreover, we are not prepared to say whether they will pull out frost in June or July; however, we believe they will, with their mighty sledge hammers, beat into form many fearful storms, local down-pours, and wonderful grand displays of electric action within the month of June.

P. R. SMITH.

May 20, 1895.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper, under the caption "We Loan Money." The Granite State Provident Association, which he is representing, is one of the strongest financial institutions in the country, and the largest building and loan association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management have developed it from nominal assets in 1889 to nearly $200,000,000 in 1895. Its style of doing business is such as to cause the U. S. Examiner, C. W. Thompson, who has for years been assigned to especially investigate loan and mortgage companies, to state that "For comprehensiveness, thoroughness, neatness and accuracy, its accounts are far superior to anything I ever saw or supposed possible." Those desiring to borrow, will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars. 4-1yr.*

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending June 1, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

F. L. Rainbowe, Emerson Stephen & G Mrs. Lizzie McCullough, Mrs. John McCullough, Mrs. Rowana Skipper, Miss Ella Smith.

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

For Sale.

One second hand sewing machine, one second hand hair mattress, one student's lamp, one decorated pitcher and one kitchen safe.

ARTHUR TOWNSHEND,
12-3t Administrator.

Died.

BURLEY.—On Saturday night after an illness of a few hours, Mrs. Robert Burley. The remains were sent to Wheeling for burial.

ROUTZAHN.—On Saturday night, in Oakland, James Hattinfield Routzahn, aged one year. The funeral occurred on Tuesday morning, the interment being made in the Catholic cemetery.

Dentistry.

Dr. D. O. McKinley will be in Oakland June 3d and 4th. Inquire of Mr. D. M. Dixon. Will be at Kearney June 5th and 6th; at McHenry 10th; at Hoyes 11th; at Isaiah Friends, Elder, 12th; at Friendsville 13th and 14th. Teeth extracted without pain. 12-2t.

Musical.

To my scholars of last summer and the public of Oakland, I beg to announce that I will resume my classes in piano, organ and voice culture about June 1st. All desiring to take lessons will please write to me at Westernport, Md., after June 1st can be seen in person at Oakland.

MISS GRACE JOHNSON,
of Peabody Institute, Baltimore, Md. 12-3t.

Agreeably Surprised.

"I had a very severe cold on my lungs that caused much soreness and gave me considerable uneasiness in regard to the result," says Mr. T. E. Smith, of Billerica, Mass. "A local druggist called my attention to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and on his recommendation I gave the remedy a careful trial. The result surprised me; I recovered entirely in three days." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. D. Wiley, ex-postmaster, Black Creek, N. Y., was so badly afflicted with rheumatism that he was only able to hobble around with canes, and even then it caused him much pain. After using Chamberlain's Pain Balm he was so much improved that he threw away his canes. He says this liniment did him more good than all the other medicines and treatment put together. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

New Store.

I have just opened a stock of new up-to-date goods, purchased at the lowest cash prices, and am selling the same at close profits, strictly for the cash.

You are cordially invited to call at Jarboe building one door west of postoffice, Oakland Md.

12-1t, F. E. MERRILL.

A Remarkable Cure of Rheumatism.

David Lewis, who has been afflicted all winter by rheumatism, is out again and all due to one of the medicines advertised in our columns. After trying everything possible, he used Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which has relieved him of all pain, from which he was a constant sufferer and promises to make him fit for duty soon. We know David has been a great sufferer and are glad to see him around again.—Groton Connecticut Review. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Spring is Here!

Everything Fresh, and at The Very Lowest Prices. Fresh Vegetables and Fruits a Specialty, at

MALETTE'S

Cheap Cash Grocery.

D. E. OFFUTT & SON

Invites the attention of those interested in the purchase of vehicles of anv style. The Kramer, Milburn and Jackson farm wagons always on hand. Prices and terms given on application.

Special.

We offer the following special bargains for cash this week:

For 20c—120 sheets of good writing paper, worth 20c per quire.
For 20c—1 lb. fine linen paper, worth 50c.
For 8c—1 Tablet good writing paper, worth 15c.
For 1c—You can buy two good pencil tablets.
For 18c—1 box "Our Own" beautiful box paper and envelopes.
For 9c—1 box good quality paper and envelopes.
For 5c—1 package best heavy white envelopes.
For 15c—1 bottle fine aromatic tooth powder, price 25c.
For 5c—1 bar transparent glycerine soap, 10c cake.
For 5c—1 bar cocoa castile soap, 10c cake.
For 5c—1 box best wood toothpicks.

We make a specialty in manufacturing extracts of vanilla and lemon, and will be pleased to quote prices to those desiring fine flavoring extracts.

OAKLAND PHARNACY,

JOS. E. HARNED, Manager. OAKLAND, MD.

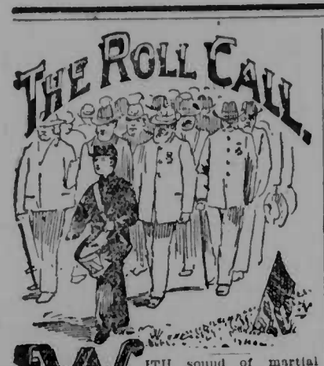

WITH souud of martial music
And reverential tread,
The armies of the living
Go forth to greet the dead.
Around the graves they gather,
A hush on every soul
That listens in the silence,
While Memory calls the roll.

From battle-stained Antietam,
From Missionary Ridge,
From Gettysburg and Shiloh,
From mountain, plain and bridge,
They come who died as heroes,
They come from far or near,
And as the roll is counted
Each man makes answer: "Here!"

Not one is of the missing,
The ranks are full to-day,
In solid marching order
They stand, a close array,
Their faces lit with courage
As in that long ago,
When for the love of country
They fell before the foe.

On every grave a garland
Of sweet May blooms is laid,
Till of the sad God's acre
A garden fair is made;
And ever with the living
By glade or sunny knoll,
The noble dead are marching
As Memory calls the roll.

They cannot be forgotten
To whom their comrades pay
The tributes of affection
On Decoration day.
Still dear to those who love them
Each loyal, faithful soul
Will hear their answer: "Present!"
When Memory calls the roll.

—Helen Chauncey, in N. Y. Independent.

IN THE little hamlet of Brighton, up in the coke regions of Pennsylvania, in the spring of 1861, there lived a poor family by the name of Redmond. A few months previous the father had been injured by a mine explosion, thus throwing the burden of supporting the family on four sons, all under twenty years of age.

After the fall of Sumter the three older boys hurried off to the nearest town to enlist in the defense of the country which was so dear to them. Ben, the youngest son, scarcely fourteen years old, with his heart filled with genuine patriotism, ran away from home, and, eluding pursuit, made his way unassisted to the camp on the Potomac.

"He'll be back when he finds out that boys of fourteen are not wanted in the ranks," said his father, when he learned what had become of him. But he was mistaken, for when the little fellow discovered that he could not enlist as a soldier, he determined to remain at the front and earn his bread by selling papers to the soldiers. His pluck won him unexpected success, and he was very proud to be able to send back substantial help to the needy ones at home.

About November 10, 1862, he left camp between New Baltimore and Warrenton, and made his way to Washington for a supply of papers. Having accomplished his object, he set out on horseback for the thirty-mile ride that lay between the capital and the camp. During his absence the union forces had changed position, and, unaware of the proximity of the enemy, he ran into the confederate picket-line, and he was at once conveyed to the headquarters of Gen. Stuart, and from that point he was hurried off to Libby prison in Richmond. Maj. Warner was in command of the prison at the time, and when the boy prisoner was brought into his presence he spoke kindly to him, and tried to make him as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. After enrolling his name the major asked him the customary questions concerning his business, and inquired if he had any money or valuables concealed about his person. Poor, frightened Ben had managed to hide his money, about three hundred and fifty dollars, in his boots, but, not being used to evading the truth, he answered frankly that he had. "Let me have everything in your possession," returned the major, extending his hand as though he had no intention of being trifled with.

With quivering lips and tearful eyes Ben put his hand down into his bootleg and drew out the roll of greenbacks and handed it to the major. Then, trying to choke back his sobs, he told of his invalid father, his overworked mother, and the helpless little ones at home, and explained that the money he carried was his soldier brothers' wages that they had intrusted to him while in Washington, together with his own earnings, and that it was all to have been sent that very day to the desolate family away off in Pennsylvania. The major listened quietly to the sad story and when it was finished he folded the boy's passes around the money and said: "When the time comes for you to leave this place, come to me and you shall have your money again."

Six weeks later Ben was paroled, and, repairing to the major's office to bid him good-by, the kind-hearted officer put the package into his hands, saying: "Here is your money, my boy, and I am glad that you will soon have a chance to send it to your mother. Good-by, and may God bless and take care of you."

The little fellow took the package gratefully, and was soon on his way to his northern home. His imprisonment had not crushed his ambition, however, and after a week's rest he returned to his old stamping ground, and was soon going his rounds as usual.

Two of his brothers were sent home in pine boxes before the war closed; but, except his brief sojourn in Libby, his experience in the army was not unpleasant, and when peace was declared he went home with enough money in his pocket to pay off the mortgage on the little house that had sheltered him from infancy. He afterwards worked his way through college, studied law, and in process of time took a high station in his chosen profession.

Several times in after years, during flying trips to Richmond, Ben made inquiries concerning Maj. Warner, his prison friend, but no one seemed to know what had become of him; so he finally gave up the search, though he never forgot the kindness he had received at an enemy's hand.

In the year 1889, Ben, Hon. Benjamin Redmond, went by invitation to Covington, Ky., to deliver the memorial oration on Decoration day. In his address he repeated the touching incident that had occurred at Libby prison, and afterwards, while the old veterans were strewing the graves of the dead heroes with flowers, an old man came to him and asked him to walk around to the other side of the cemetery to look at the grave in which his twin boys were buried. When they reached the rose-covered grave he said: "You see the old soldiers have not forgotten my dead, although they wore the gray. They fell together at Lookout Mountain, and when I came here at the close of the war, I had their bodies brought here for burial." Then drawing back the wreath that covered their names Mr. Redmond read: "Sacred to the memory of Arthur and Arnold Warner this stone has been erected." Wiping the tears from his eyes the father said: "The story of a little scene in a southern prison, which you related this morning, took me back to those sad days, and the times when my brave boys were with me. I am the man to whom you referred in that incident, and I have brought you here to let you see what your people have done for me by remembering my dead."

Grasping the old man's bony hand, Mr. Redmond told him of the vain search he had been making for him in the years that had intervened since he had proven such a friend in a strange land, and asked if he could be of any service to him then.

The old man was too modest to tell of the poverty that had overtaken him in his declining days, but a visit to his humble home, where an invalid wife and two young daughters were depending on his daily toil for the necessaries of life, convinced the great lawyer that his chance of returning the cup of cold water given him so long before, had indeed come.

Before leaving he arranged for the removal of the family to his own town, where a lucrative situation in his office enabled the old father to provide a comfortable home for his family and furnish him with the means of educating his daughters so as to prepare them for taking care of themselves.

"YOU SEE THE OLD SOLDIERS HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN MY DEAD."

"God never forgets! He never forgets!" exclaimed the grateful old man, when repeating the story. "He has said that even a cup of cold water given in His name shall be rewarded, and now He has fulfilled that promise to me." Ah! how many blessings go unclaimed because of the cups of cold water we fail to give!—Belle V. Chisholm, in United Presbyterian.

THE AFRICAN ELEPHANT.

A Plea for the Rehabilitation of the Animal by the Germans.

Germany, which feels the want of a reliable beast of burden in her East African territory more than England, seems to have resolved on the redomestication of the African elephant. Some time ago a German officer commenced a series of visits to the Indian "keddahs," and, after mastering so far as possible the Indian methods and system of catching and training wild elephants, has hired a staff of experienced Indian catchers and trainers, and is to establish a government "elephant stud" in German East Africa. Commenting on the chances of the success of this enterprise Mr. Carl Hagenbeck, proprietor of the zoological gardens at Hamburg and New York, has contributed an interesting article to the Hamburger Nachrichten.

Mr. Hagenbeck's paper [illegible] the form of a plea for the preservation of the African elephant. But with him preservation is merely the necessary preliminary to their redomestication, for the probable success in which he gives reasons which should be very encouraging to those now pledged to the undertaking. Mr. Hagenbeck writes with authority on the subject. Out of two hundred African elephants brought to Europe in recent years he has imported one hundred and seventy, and many of these have remained in his zoological gardens at Hamburg and in America. With the histories of the rest since they passed into other hands he is perfectly familiar. He was recently able to tell the present writer the exact number of African elephants, and the owner of each, in the different countries of Europe; and he has a national insight into the ways and means of animal domestication. He gives it as his opinion that the general belief that "African elephants are not so strong as, are wilder, and less easily tamed, and possess less endurance than, the Indian species, is wrong." He maintains, on the contrary, that they are stronger, and at least as tractable, and as useful as beasts of burden or to be ridden as Indian elephants; and he claims to have convinced the Berlin Geographical society that this view was correct, as early as 1878, when he had a number of African elephants in that city.

It will be quite sufficient for practical purposes if a part only of these anticipations are realized. If the African elephant can be trained and made an obedient slave, it will be a factor of enormous importance in a district where the tsetse fly stops all animal carriage, and where for generations human—that is, slave—transport has been the sole means of conveying goods from the interior to the coast. The African elephant may well answer this purpose without becoming such a marvel of intelligence and docility as his Indian relative. Moreover, he is not only as strong, but far stronger in mere physique than the Indian, the males being, on an average, two feet and the females one foot higher than the Asiatic species. Whether they have quite the same massive dray-horse build may be doubted; but for most purposes they would probably be even more serviceable as beasts of burden, and the question of general constitution would hardly arise in the case of animals used in their own country, as these would be in the German colonies.—London Spectator.

SLEEP AND INSOMNIA.

It Is a Great Wonder That We Sleep as Much as We Do.

Sleep is a greater mystery than insomnia. We hear much of the latter state in these days. But it is more wonderful that we sleep so well than that we are occasionally wakeful. We hear more of sleeplessness than our forefathers did. It is a remarkable fact that in scarcely any of the older recognized text-books of practice of physic is there any formal notice of insomnia per se. In later works, and especially in those devoted to treatment, the subject of insomnia does receive considerable attention. And every now and again the sleeplessness of a great man in the world of science or in that of politics reminds us that eminence has its troubles, and of a sort which seldom affect the poor man. It is probable that this evil of wakefulness is more common than it used to be. The excitements, and especially the worries, of life multiply. Many of the arrangements of society are of a nature to drive away sleep. Even the very pleasures of life are so taken by many as to rob them of one of the greatest pleasures of all—an eight hours' sound sleep; for we maintain that this is what everybody should aim at. It may seem a long time to spend a third of one's life in sleep. But if the other two-thirds are used well there is little cause for blame. No rule for all can be laid down; but it would be well for most people in the intensive days in which we live to devote eight hours to the cultivation of the mood and act of sleep, and to resist the domination of all habits and fashions that are inconsistent with this purpose. —London Lancet.

Needed a Rest.

Collector—This is the twentieth time I've called with this bill.

Gilded Youth—Yes, and there are forty more, just like you, coming in day after day, to worry me about their miserable little bills. No wonder I'm all fagged out. Guess I'll take a run over to Europe to recuperate.—N. Y. Weekly.

—A man who understands nothing of agriculture, of trade, of human nature, of past history, of the principles of law cannot pretend to be more than a mere empiric in political legislation.—F. W. Robertson.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—First Cynic—"Look at that woman's hat." Second Cynic—"That isn't a hat. That is a staging to keep her hair in place."—Detroit Tribune.

—"I don't believe that Timmins ever had an original idea in his life." "O, I know one. He had an idea that he is a great poet."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Miss Oldflirt carries her years well, doesn't she?" "You must bear in mind that she has thrown nearly half of them away."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"There's one comfort," said the philosopher, when his wages were reduced; "when I'm laid up sick, now, I shan't lose so much money."—Boston Transcript.

—She—"There's no use in talking, it's the small things that annoy one most." He—"Yes. Even a little mosquito bores me frightfully."—Philadelphia Record.

—"What do you like best, now, champagne or beer?" "My dear fellow, it depends altogether on whether it is my treat or the other fellow's."—Boston Transcript.

—Natural.—Finks—"Does your wife talk in her sleep?" Links—"I never staid awake to find out, but unless sleep makes an entire change in her nature, I should say she did."—Detroit Free Press.

—"That girl in front of us is very fond of opera," said the young woman at the theater. "She must be," replied the young man. "From the size of her hat you'd think she was afraid some of it might get past her."—Washington Star.

—Mrs. Brown—"I have just had a terrible quarrel with my husband." Mrs. Jones—"Well, I don't see what there is in that to make you look so happy." Mrs. Brown—"There is a twenty-dollar hat in it when he concludes to apologize."—Judge.

Mrs. Hammand—"Mrs. Hasheroft has bragged again to-day about keeping her boarders so long." Mrs. Foraweek—"She doesn't really keep them long. She keeps them so thin that they look longer than they actually are."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Mrs. Meekton's husband is a terribly shiftless man," said one of the members of the Society of Emancipated Women. "How do you know?" "His wife has gone around for days with a button off her vest and her suspender fastened by a hairpin."—Washington Star.

—"Boy," said Mr. Baker at the club, "get me two two-cent stamps." "Why do you put two stamps on that?" said Wilkes. "It'll go for one." "I'm going to inclose one of them to pay my income tax," said Barker. "My income is $4,001. You don't suppose I'd draw a check for two cents, do you?"—Harper's Bazar.

—Mrs. Grashus, Sr.—"I was astonished, Helen, that you didn't ask Mrs. Sifer to call again. True, there's nothing very interesting about the woman; but you might have asked her out of politeness." Mrs. Grashus, Jr.—"But the Sifers have moved into the city, mother." Mrs. Grashus, Sr.—"Oh! I supposed they were still living a long way out of town."—Boston Transcript.

—It is natural for a woman to resent the imputation that the feminine mind is not so strong as the masculine, and this spirit of independence was early manifested in a schoolgirl living in a Massachusetts town. She had, too often, perhaps, been made to acknowledge the superiority of her brothers. One day her mother remarked upon the apparent utter lack of intelligence in a hen. "You can't teach a hen anything," she said. "They have ruined more of the garden than a drove of cattle would. You can teach a cat, dog or pig something, but a hen—never!" "H'm!" exclaimed the child, indignantly, "I think they know just as much as roosters!"—Youth's Companion.

A Sick Cobbler Fed by His Dog.

There lived on the outskirts of a small village in Illinois an old man who eked out a precarious living as a cobbler and in cultivating a little patch of garden. His only companion was an old dog called Bob, and, like his master, the dog was always in a half-starved condition. One day a gentleman passing by the cobbler's house and taking pity on poor Bob, beckoned him to follow, which the dog did readily enough. Arriving at the gentleman's house Bob was taken to the kitchen and given a hearty meal. Then, to the cook's dismay, he seized a large piece of cold roast beef from the table and ran away with it. Attracted by the uproar, the gentleman came to the kitchen, and was highly indignant when he heard of the dog's perfidy. Determined that Bob should not profit by his theft, the gentleman followed the dog to the cobbler's little house, and, to his surprise, found that Bob was standing by his master, with the meat in his mouth. The gentleman also found that the cobbler was in bed, very ill and weak, and instead of punishing the dog, as he at first intended, he took good care that neither Bob nor his master should want in future.—St. Louis Republic.

In Love With His Mother.

Of all love affairs in the world, none can surpass the true love of a big boy for his mother. It is pure and noble, honorable to the highest degree in both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection; I mean a love that makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of a husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love. this devotion of a son to her. I never yet knew a boy to turn out bad who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant with the girl may cruelly neglect his worn and weary wife; but the boy who is a lover of his mother in her middle age is a true knight who will love his wife as much in her sere-leaved autumn as he did in the dalsied springtime.—Detroit Free Press.

FARM AND GARDEN.

SPREADING A FLEECE.

Hints About Tying Up Wool to the Best Advantage.

Our method is to tie up by hand without the help of any boy or press. Use a table 4 by 5 feet and 3 feet high. Have a half-inch hole through the middle of the back edge, through which to pass the twine, and a notch directly opposite in the front side in which to fasten the end of the twine. We thus use a single cord. The fleece is placed upon the table very much as in any method of tying. I always turn the fleece, however, in such a way as to have the neck end of the fleece next to me. I append a rough outline of a fleece spread upon the table, indicating by the dotted line the place for dividing the fleece.

A fleece needs to be lined to give it a good appearance and keep it from pulling apart. After spreading it upon the table draw the fleece together, compressing the fiber as closely as practicable, then divide the fleece as indicated, thus partially skirting the fleece, as this takes off the coarser fibers on the lower part of the fore legs and of the neck; raise this carefully and place it with white end down upon the body fleece, covering this as well as possible. Next lay the wool from the belly upon this, place the loose, clean locks upon this, and the fleece is ready to fold. The fleece will now lie in a somewhat irregular square, longer possibly across the fleece than the measurement from tail to shoulder.

Fold these edges, the front and back, inward first until they nearly meet, then make a double fold or roll the right-hand end up; holding this in place with the right hand bring the left-hand end up in the same way, catching it with the right hand; with the left hand bring the string from the back of the fleece, then with pressure by the left hand hold the fleece in position while the end of the string is brought up with the other hand. This first knot ought to catch the last point of the fleece that was turned up, so as to hold the fleece in form, though no other cord were put about it. With a single knot at this point pass the twine around at right angles, tying at the same point. If the fleece is small and the fibers hold well together, this is all the twine necessary. But in large loose fleeces it should be passed around twice more, drawing in what might be termed the corners of the fleece. This is all we ever place about the fleece, thus having but one closely tied bow knot. We never make a practice of trying to get on as much twine as possible. I have seen fleeces put up in presses with four separate knots, each containing not less than a foot of twine. This practice, combined with that of using the coarsest, heaviest twine obtainable, has mitigated against the American wool industry very greatly.

A couple of years we tried using the small hemp cord recommended by manufacturers, but there was no financial encouragement for its continuance, and as it now costs more than the wool will bring, per pound, we are again using the common wool twine. We are careful, however, to get a light, smooth twine.

With this method of tying it requires about four pounds to the hundred fleeces. The advantages of this

FLEECE SPREAD UPON TABLE.

method are that it is more expeditious, that it gives the fleece a better appearance and that the equipment is more economically provided. After a little practice one can become very expert in this method so that he can tie for five or six shearers. Or where several shearers are at work on a raised bench, each can have his ball of twine and do up his fleeces on the bench just where he shears, though it is better to let one man tie up all the fleeces on a separate table. They will thus be gotten more uniform in appearance. I know that I encounter danger of being taken to task for practicing deception, but I am going to urge the practice of studying to give the fleeces the best possible outward appearance. I continually raise my voice, both at home and in public, against concealing any worthless material in fleeces, but it is no fraud to fold the fleece in such a way that the brightest parts of the fleece will show and the dark ends, the coarse locks and discolored fribs not appear.

We never put any pulled wool, unwashed tags, short-stapled or cotted fleeces in others and never divide a ram's fleece, making two, though I consider this latter in no way a fraud. A fleece that has bulk corresponding to its weight ought to pass without deduction, though it grew on a ram and has a tell-tale odor. Wool should be placed in a dry airy place. The direct rays of the sun and even the full light of the day will give it a dingy hue. But if packed away in a dark close bin, moth and mice are apt to damage worse.

It is generally believed that wool will shrink in weight one per cent. or more in the few weeks immediately following shearing. But for two years our own clip sacked in the fall and weighed gained nearly three pounds to the sack during the winter. It was kept in the same room after being sacked that it was before, it being on an upper floor perfectly dry, well ventilated and light. It was a result not expected and not explained. As a rule, I think the changes in weight need not be taken into account one way or the other.—H. P. Miller, in Ohio Farmer.

PURE-BRED POULTRY.

To Keep It Is Profitable as Well as a Source of Pleasure.

In this age of progressive stock-raising it is food for reflection why so many farmers who pride themselves on the pedigrees of their cattle, sheep or swine pay little or no attention to the breeding of their poultry. Every farmer has more or less poultry and it is safe to say that less than one-half of the farmers who are breeding blooded stock can make any claim to having pure-bred poultry. Nothing is more pleasing to the eye on a fine-stock farm than a flock of pure-bred poultry and nothing is more disgusting than to see a farm with a herd of blooded cattle or swine and a lot of uncared-for, scrawny, mongrel fowls ranning about the yards.

Any farmer by the outlay of from $3 to $10 for eggs or $10 to $25 for fowls from some reliable breeder can lay the foundation for a stock of pure-bred poultry in one year. The cockerels can be sold from $1 to $3 each by expending a small sum in advertising and should bring more than enough to cover first cost. But even if they are sold on the market it has been demonstrated beyond a question that pure-

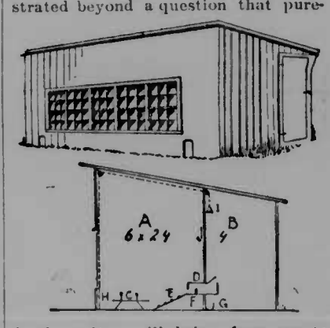

bred poultry will bring from one to three cents more per pound than common barn-yard fowls. Of course they will require a little more attention. The poultry-house should be made warm, with plenty of light, and should be as convenient as possible.

A cheap and convenient poultry house that can be built by any farmer is illustrated in the figures 1 and 2. The building is 10x24, and should stand facing the south. The sides and ends can be made of rough boards, and the cracks battened with lath or strips inside and out, or matched boards can be used and lined inside with building paper. It can be made any height desired, and the roof can be made of shingles or matched and grooved boards well painted.

Fig. 2 gives an end view of the inside. A partition should extend the full length, four feet from north side. This will make an entry (A) 6x24 and a room (B) 4x24, which can be made in two pens, 6x12, if desired. C is a movable floor with two roosting poles attached. D is nest boxes extending into entry, with lid, so eggs can be gathered without going inside the pen. E is cleated board leading to nest. The space F is made of slats, so fowls can reach through to drinking trough, G. H is sliding door for ingress and egress of fowls, which can be opened and closed from entry by means of cord, I. J is door leading from entry to pen.

With a convenient poultry house and first-class stock fancy poultry will be found not only profitable but a source of pleasure as well.—R. J. Goreth, in Breeders' Gazette.

THE POULTRY YARD.

TURN down the flame of the brooder lamp and look out for a sudden rise in the incubator's temperature when a warm day comes.

PUT a pan of fresh water near the hen house where the poultry must pass in going to roost, that none may go to bed thirsty. Many will stop any drink in the morning when they come out.

POULTRY that is yarded often fails to thrive from lack of grit. Ground shell does not furnish sufficient. Provide sharp gravel or some of the granulated rock now made and sold expressly for poultry.

SET the coops upon a ridge facing south or east. A little difference in appearance or position of coops saves conflicting claims by the mother hens. Keep the hens shut in stormy days, and after the grass is up until the dew is off.

HAVING handy places of shelter in the poultry yard where the chickens can easily run under in time of a sudden shower, will save having to go round and hunt up and dry the little fellows after it is over, and will often save many lives. The shelter will also serve to keep off the hot sun's rays when desired.

WORMS and beetles form a most useful diet for the hen, for she lays eggs that are largely albumen. Shut up, the animal matter the bird finds is very limited, and they show their appreciation of meat, bones, etc., by greedily devouring what is thrown them. Liberty is best, but next to it is ground and dried meat and cut green bones.

HAVE the girls and boys watch the hen turkeys and notice where they steal their nests. Care must be taken to protect outlying nests from foxes, especially nights. If boxes and barrels be placed in sly retreats, the turkey hen will be very apt to choose a laying place in them, and when established she can be shut in nights.—Farm Journal.

Fattening Ducks and Geese.

This is best done when they are confined in little stalls or when only two or three are together. Like the pig, a duck or goose will eat more when it has a companion than when it is alone, as greediness is one of the characteristics belonging to both. The food need not be expensive. Boiled turnips, carrots, and potatoes, with corn meal, make the best mess to get ducks and geese fat quickly. They must be kept very quiet, giving plenty of water for drinking, and allowing pulverized charcoal once a day. Ten days is long enough for getting them in proper condition.—Prairie Farmer

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

ALWAYS GLAD.

When he opened his eyes each morning
He was glad to be awake;
He was glad when called to breakfast,
And ready his place to take.

He was glad to hear the school bell,
And glad when called to his class,
For he always had his lessons
Whatever might come to pass.

He was glad at recess and noontime,
And always on hand for play;
And glad to be going homeward,
When school was closed for the day.

He was glad to help his mother,
And frolic with little Fred
And when he was tired and sleepy,
He was glad to go to bed.
—Della Hart Stone, in Youth's Companion.

HISTORICAL PARROTS.

Talking Birds Who Delighted Kings, Queens and Commoners.

The very oldest parrot story on record comes down from Queen Elizabeth's day. She owned a fine talking bird, gifted with so much wit and good sense, her majesty was far fonder of him than her hawks and greyhounds.

He wore a ruff of bright ribbons about his neck, little gold bells on his feet, was an astonishing acrobat, and sitting on his royal mistress' shoulders would give saucy answers to the noble ladies and gentlemen to whom her majesty gave audience.

One day when the queen went on a water party in the royal barge, whether in fright or frolic, Polly, who had been prowling about the boat, fell at last plump into the river.

A ferryman, seeing the mishap, boldly jumped in and rescued the frightened bird. Then a dispute arose as to how much the man should be paid.

"Let us leave it to the parrot," said the queen, whereat Polly, who had sat silently preening his bedraggled feathers, looked up, winked his round, red eyes and said in a gruff voice: "O, give the knave a groat," and that put an end to the discussion.

The cleverest parrot ever known was the property of a poor actor named O'Keefe. The bird not only talked cleverly but sang sweetly, in a tenor voice. His favorite song was "Lord save the king," but not a sound would the parrot make on Sunday.

He enjoyed church going and sat solemnly, on the back of a pew, paying the most respectful attention to all that was said.

One day, when the sermon proved very long and tiresome, the good clergyman arrived at an impressive pause, just to give weight to his words, and the sober sided parrot screamed out: "Amen! amen! now let us be off," and scuttled out the door, near which his master sat, leaving the weary congregation, and, after a bit, the good-natured clergyman, too, laughing heartily.

The fame of this parrot's achievements reached the royal palace, whereupon King George commanded him to sing before the court.

When Polly entered the royal presence and was ordered to sing "God Save the King," not a sound would the bird make. Then his majesty, put in quite a rage by this obstinate discourtesy, stalked out of the room.

Hardly had the door closed, however, when the parrot broke gayly into the national anthem in a voice so fine that the king delightedly reentered the room and offered O'Keefe a princely sum for so gifted a bird.

O'Keefe loved his feathered friend too dearly to part with him, and tucking Polly close to his breast, under his

PLAYING WITH THEIR ADOPTED KITTENS.

shabby coat, begged his majesty's leave to keep him.

When the parrot died the British museum bought the skin and stuffed it, and to-day Polly is to be seen in the museum at Oxford.

A learned Philadelphia Polly sang charmingly both in German and English. He loved to sit in a sunny back window, and toss seed and crumbs to hungry city sparrows; not only were his feelings deeply hurt, but he would scream and scold, unless permitted to bless all the family good night and good morning.

He enjoyed the companionship of a mate who laid several eggs, but could never hatch them, so in despair they set out to adopt some children.

Poking about the room one day they chanced upon a box in which were three tiny gray kittens, with which the mother parrot was delighted.

Though the kittens struggled she gathered them under her wings and after awhile the cat gave her babies entirely into the bird's care.

The parrots learned to drink milk at the same saucer with their adopted children and the kittens trotted contentedly about at their foster parents' heels, and had rough and tumble games together on a sunny back porch.—Boston Globe.

After Dinner Speech.

Master of the House (on his fiftieth birthday, to his guests)—Ladies and gentlemen, this day fifty years ago, when I first saw the light of this world—um, um—I did not for a moment anticipate—er—anticipate that I should see so numerous and—um—so distinguished a company gathered around me.—**Deutsche Warte.**

HARES AND RABBITS.

Naturalist Hornaday Describes Their Appearance and Habits.

Like the true fur-bearing animals, all the varying hares have two kinds of hair—a dense, fine and downy-soft under-fur, through which grows a thin coat of coarse, straight hair. Usually it is the latter which gives the animal its color. In summer these long hairs are black; but in the fall, as winter approaches, they usually turn white. The brown color of the summer coat is due to the shedding of the coarse hair in early spring, which allows the color of the under coat to predominate for a time.

The habits of varying hares and rabbits are so much the same that one reference to them is well-nigh sufficient for all. These creatures all require brush, rocks, or rugged ravines in which to hide from the wolves, foxes, hawks, owls, and other enemies they are powerless to fight. When a member of the lepus family can have his choice, he burrows to get out of harm's way, either in a hole under the roots of

NORTHERN VARYING HARE.

a tree, a crevice among rocks, or a miniature cave in a ravine. Lacking all these, he hides in hollow logs or trees—which is frequently a sad mistake—under the top of a fallen tree, or in the tangle of a brush patch. When he is seldom disturbed in his haunts, he becomes quite bold, and works out for himself under a thick bush a little bower called a "form," where he sits in fancied security.

If the man with a gun approaches, he sits as motionless as a statue, ears cocked, eyes staring, breathing seldom and winking never, hoping that he will not be noticed. With beating heart he keeps tab on the distance between the hunter and himself, and draws an imaginary dead-line ten feet away. If the hunter does not cross that—well and good—he sits still; but let him take one step over it, and—zip! out shoots Mr. Hare like a long streak of gray light. You see a slim, straight body, stretched out to its extreme length, flying over hillocks, darting between brush-clumps, and four steel-spring legs reaching wildly for more ground; and finally, at the time for disappearing, a cotton-white flag of truce is waved back of you beseechingly.

In summer these creatures grow fat on soft young twigs, buds of many kinds, grass, leaves and berries, but in winter their bill of fare narrows down to the bark of smooth-barked bushes or of small saplings, twigs, or the berries of the wild rose.—W. T. Hornaday, in St. Nicholas.

CAGING WILD BEASTS.

How the Animals Are Handled at Jamrach's in London.

A writer who paid a visit to Jamrach's wild beast establishment in London has this to say:

Now, there are at the moment I am writing two beautiful Bengal tiger cubs in one of the cages. The cubs are old enough to be dangerous, so if I tell you the way I saw them put in the cage they now inhabit you will know a little of how wild animals are transferred from one place of confinement to another.

The boxes that tigers and lions come in are not very big—just big enough to allow the inmates to lie comfortably. This, besides saving freight, prevents the animal from using his full strength, and perhaps, in case of fright or frenzy, from bursting the box.

Well, the box with the tiger cubs was placed in front of and partly in the open cage. A sliding door in the box was then lifted, and the cubs darted forward at the most that was lying in the far corner of the cage to tempt them. Meanwhile the box was quickly withdrawn and the barred gate of the cage as quickly shut.

It is easy, however, to transfer an animal from a confined box to a large cage. He is going then from captivity to comparative liberty. It is not so easy—indeed, it is extremely difficult—to get him to go through the reverse process, to walk from a large cage into a box. If there be time, he can always be made to do it quietly enough.

Give him no food in the large cage, but put it in the box. He may even hold out for days; hunger, however, will prove in the end stronger than his fears, and he will, with a growl, make a dash for the joints, when the trap will be closed against him.

It isn't always possible to wait for hunger to make him submit. Perhaps the animal is wanted to-morrow, and the dealer has got the order only to-day, and must catch the train with him at four o'clock in the afternoon. What is to be done now?

Here man's superior intelligence shows itself. It is fear that prevents the animal from entering the box, and this fear must be overcome by a greater fear. This is an easy matter to the animal dealer with his knowledge of animals.

He simply sets light to a little bundle of dry straw in the cage; this is enough—the animal's fear of fire makes him fly at any outlet of escape.—Little Folks.

Playing Golf Requires Brains.

A distinguished professor was one day playing golf, and his skill and luck were so poor that he lost his temper, and, turning to one of the college gardeners, exclaimed: "How is it that I, a man acquainted with all the arts and sciences and the dead and living languages, cannot play this confounded game of golf?" "Well, sir," said the man, politely, "it's just this: You may know a great deal about small affairs and have a lot of book-learning, but it takes a man with a head to play golf.

Times Were a Little Dull.

A noted evangelist, having stayed over in one of those southwest towns where the hotel keeper depends upon the disconnection of trains for a livelihood, fell into the following talk with the landlord:

"You've got a good town here, haven't you?" he said.

"We think so," replied the host, diplomatically.

"Business seems to be lively."

"Yes, we're enjoying a boom."

"It appears to be improving rapidly."

"That's what."

"You don't have any lynchings here, do you?"

"Not like we used to."

"I've heard that it was once very bad in that line."

"Well, yes, we used to have a hanging now and then, but it's been a mighty long time now since we had one."

"When was the last one?"

The landlord studied a moment and counted on his fingers.

"I ain't shore," he said, at last, "but I think it will be two weeks day after to-morrow."—San Francisco Post.

Why So Many Fishing Vessels Are Lost.

There is one class of vessels which is most annoying to those who direct the course of large steamers. These are small fishing vessels. On the Grand banks of Newfoundland, on the coast of Spain and on the coasts of China and Japan big fleets of these little vessels are found at all times. They show no lights at night, preferring to save the expense of oil, and taking their chances of being sent to the bottom; but when they see a big ship rushing down upon them, they light a torch and flare it about. Often they pay for their folly with their lives. The torch is seen too late, or not seen at all, and the great iron bow of the steamship crushes into the frail little craft, perhaps cutting her clean in two; and the unhappy fishermen sink into the foaming wake of the churning propellers, leaving not a soul to tell their wives at home what became of them.—Ensign John M. Ellicott, in St. Nicholas.

AFTER THIRTY YEARS.

The Buckeye State Contributes the Story of a Veteran's Search.

How Fred Taylor, a Member of the Gallant 189th N. Y., V. I., Finally Found What He Has Sought Since the War Closed.

(From the Ashtabula, Ohio, Beacon.)

Mr. Fred Taylor was born and brought up near Elmira, N. Y., and from there enlisted in the 189th regiment, N. Y., V. I., with which he went through the war and saw much hard service. Owing to exposure and hardships during the service, Mr. Taylor contracted chronic diarrhœa from which he has suffered now over 30 years, with absolutely no help from physicians. By nature he was a wonderfully vigorous man. Had he not been, his disease and the experiments of the doctors had killed him long ago. Laudanum was the only thing which afforded him relief. He had terrible headaches, his nerves were shattered, he could not sleep an hour a day on an average, and he was reduced to a skeleton. A year ago he and his wife sought relief in a change of climate and removed to Geneva, O., but the change in health came not. Finally on the recommendation of F. J. Hoffner, the leading druggist of Geneva, who was cognizant of similar cases which Pink Pills had cured, Mr. Taylor was persuaded to try a box. "As a drowning man grasps at a straw so I took the pills," says Mr. Taylor, "but with no more hope of rescue. But after thirty years of suffering and fruitless search for relief I at last found it in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The day after I took the first pills I commenced to feel better and when I had taken the first box I was in fact a new man." That was two months ago. Mr. Taylor has since taken more of the pills and his progress is steady and he has the utmost confidence in them. He has regained full control of his nerves and sleeps as well as in his youth. Color is coming back to his parched veins and he is gaining flesh and strength rapidly. He is now able to do considerable outdoor work.

As he concluded narrating his sufferings, experience and cure to a *Beacon* reporter, Mrs. Taylor, who has been his faithful helpmeet these many years, said she wished to add her testimony in favor of Pink Pills. "To the pills alone is due the credit of raising Mr. Taylor from a helpless invalid to the man he is to-day," said Mrs. Taylor. Both Mr. and Mrs. Taylor cannot find words to express the gratitude they feel or recommend too highly Pink Pills to suffering humanity. Any inquiries addressed to them at Geneva, O., regarding Mr. Taylor's case they will cheerfully answer, as they are anxious that the whole world shall know what Pink Pills have done for them and that suffering humanity may be benefited thereby.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

The Village Champion.

Stranger (visiting Bogville)—Who is that young man over there the people take so much interest in?

Si Cradle—That? That's the champion of the village. He kivered hisself with glory last night by eatin' six quarts of oyster stew down to the church sociable.—Toronto Advocate.

How the Fuss Began.

Mrs. Chugwater—When I was going over a crossing down-town this morning a horse tried to bite me.

Mr. Chugwater — The owner must have been keeping the animal on a diet of sweets.—Chicago Tribune.

POETS who sing of a "shoreless sea" leave nothing in their imagination for the waves to break on and for ships to arrive at and land whale oil after a long voyage.—N. O. Picayune.

GENT—"Mademoiselle looks more beautiful every day!" Lady—"You have been telling me so for a good many years; what a horrid fright I must have been to start with."—L'Illustration.

"You say her marriage was a failure?" "Well, I don't know what else to call it. Not half the people who were invited came."—Detroit Tribune.

PASSENGER—"What is the train waiting so long for here?" Conductor—"The engineer exhausted the steam by blowing the whistle too long."—Fliegende Blaetter.

CAUNCH fairs are devices to make the goats pay for the pasturage of the sheep.—Ram's Horn.

THE affections are like lightning; you cannot tell where they will strike till they have fallen.—Lacordaire.

A WISE man should have money in his head, not in his heart.—Swift.

Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Gov. Food Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Economy requires that in every receipt calling for baking powder the Royal shall be used. It will go further and make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

"Do you believe in original sin?" "No; most of them are plagiarized."—Puck.

THE biggest hero is the one who is scared the most and runs the least.—Ram's Horn.

WHEN lightning strikes it admits of no arbitration.—Texas Siftings.

THE future is coming our way, but we have no string on it.—Galveston News.

HE scatters enjoyment who enjoys much.—Lavater.

THE [illegible] heaven's peculiar care.—Ovid.

HE is a fool who cannot be angry, but he is a wise man who will not.—Old Proverb.

EACH one sees what he carries in his heart.—Goethe.

DELIVER me, O Lord, from that evil man, myself.—T. Brooks.

IF hours did not hang heavy what would become of scandal?—Bancroft.

WHEN the devil goes for his photograph he wants to retouch the negative himself.—Ram's Horn.

HE deserves small trust who is not privy counselor to himself.—Ford.

IN persons grafted in a serious trust negligence is a crime.—Shakespeare.

A COURSE of conduct that has to be defended to the conscience may always be set down as wrong.—Ram's Horn.

"HOW MANY bells are in this chime?" asked the curious traveler. "Eight all told," said the sexton.—Indianapolis Journal.

IN the Chains.—He (protesting)—"Poverty is no crime." She—"Possibly not morally, but it is matrimonially."—Detroit Free Press.

SOME men are counting upon getting to heaven because they have never been in jail.—Ram's Horn.

THE new woman hasn't progressed so fast that she can spade up her own flower garden yet.—Boston Globe.

LADIES in stockholder's box (who are being hissed for talking loudly)—"As if we hadn't heard the 'Tell' overture before!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

AN emphatic "no" is seldom so binding as a soft, deliberate one of the kind that make no splash when they light.—Milwaukee Journal.

POORHOUSES are full of people whose pride and boast once was that they were too independent to be bossed.—Milwaukee Journal.

Epworth League, Chattanooga.

The route to Chattanooga over the Louisville & Nashville Railroad is via Mammoth Cave, America's Greatest Natural Wonder. Specially low rates made for hotel and Cavo fees to holders of Epworth League tickets. Through Nashville, the location of Vanderbilt University, the pride of the Methodist Church, and along the line between Nashville and Chattanooga where many of the most famous battles of the war were fought. Send for maps of the route from Cincinnati, Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis, and particulars as to rates, &c., to C. P. ATMORE, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or JACKSON SMITH, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

A REVELATION.—Louise—"I was surprised to hear Cholly say he is twenty-five." Laura—"Why, he looks it!" Louisa—"Yes; but I didn't think he knew it."—Puck.

Nothing Succeeds Like Success.

The successes achieved by men and things are not always based upon merit. But a success well merited and unprecedented in the annals of proprietary medicine, should these ever come to be written, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a botanic medicine, discovered nearly half a century ago, and the leading remedy for and preventive of malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints, dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness.

IF we try to obtain perpetual change, change itself will become monotonous.—Ruskin.

PISO'S CURE is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. Blunt, Sprague, Wash., March 8, '94.

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The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, by R. V. Pierce, M. D., Chief Consulting Physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, a book of over 1,000 large pages and 300 colored and other illustrations, in strong paper covers to any one sending 21 cents in one-cent stamps for packing and postage *only*. Over 680,000 copies of this complete Family Doctor Book already sold in cloth binding at regular price of $1.50. Address: (with stamps and this Coupon) WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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when you take Pearline to it. So does the dirt. Every scrubbing brush seems to have wings. You get through your cleaning in half the time you used to, and without any commotion or fuss.

Pearline saves rubbing. That means a good deal besides easy work, even in house-cleaning. Paint and wood-work and oil-cloth, etc., are worn out by rubbing.

Pearline cleans, with the least labor, and without the least harm, anything in the world that water doesn't hurt.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.* 665 JAMES PYLE, New York.

CONSUMPTION

can, without doubt, be cured in its early stages. It is a battle from the start, but with the right kind of weapons properly used it can be overcome and the insidious foe vanquished. Hope, courage, proper exercise, will-power, and the regular and continuous use of the best nourishing food-medicine in existence—

Scott's Emulsion

—the wasting can be arrested, the lungs healed, the cough cured, bodily energies renewed and the physical powers made to assert themselves and kill the germs that are beginning to find lodgment in the lungs. This renowned preparation, that has no doubt cured hundreds of thousands of incipient cases of Consumption, is simply Cod-liver Oil emulsified and made palatable and easy of assimilation, combined with the Hypophosphites, the great bone, brain and nerve tonic.

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RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

For durability and for cheapness this preparation is truly unrivalled.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH in cakes for general blacking of a stove.

THE SUN PASTE POLISH for a quick after-dinner shine, applied and polished with a cloth.

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KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, etc., when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Go by the book. Pills 10c and 25c a box. Book FREE at your druggist's or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal Street, New York.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.

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The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the great Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS In Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

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IMPERIAL GRANUM IS ★ THE BEST ★ PREPARED FOOD

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8 SURE secret formulas worth $10—Cure for Worms in Horses, how to Pickle Pork, make Washing Fluid etc. Send 50c. FRANK OLLINGER, Newton, Kan.

A. N. K.—C. 1553

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BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor

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Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1895.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first insertion* of the same:

Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $5; County Commissioner, $2.50; Register of Wills, $2.50; County Surveyor, $1.50.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

By the request of friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer of Garrett County, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

JACOBS. MEYERS,
District No. 2.* Selbysport, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention. Let the old soldiers have a chance.

W. M. LOHR.

Cove, Md., March 14, 1895. *

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. Don't slight the old soldiers.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND.

Oakland, Md., May 27, 1895. *

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. GEORGE J. WALTER,
District No. 1. P. O., Thayerville, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party GEORGE D. WHITE.
* Oakland, Md.

WE ARE not disposed to meddle in family affairs but we want to remind our esteemed friend, the *Democrat*, that it promised the farmers and wool growers of this county that if they elected a Democratic Congress the price of wool would go to such a high price that the farmers would be released from hard work and could make a comfortable living by raising a few sheep and shearing a few pounds of wool.

The *Democrat* also promised that the price of wool would go away above that of any preceding year under a Republican administration. But then the *Democrat*, in its extreme ignorance and parrot-like manner only voiced the sentiments of Free Trade organs of its class and—lied.

Result: Wool is selling in Oakland to-day for twelve or thirteen cents a pound.

FOR SEVERAL months past it has been an unexplainable riddle to a large number of people in Garrett county, and indeed throughout the State of Maryland, how the Democratic county press could be loyal to both Mr. Cleveland and Senator Gorman, but nevertheless it seems that the editors of the county papers have solved the problem how to carry water on both shoulders and not allow it to slop over. Especially is this true with our esteemed contemporary, the *Mountain Democrat*, the editor of which is able to perform this somewhat wonderful acrobatic feat, and the result is he is holding a fat government position, the hardest labor connected with the office being that of drawing the salary.

This office came to the editor of our aforesaid e. c. through the good graces of the present administration and at the same time he is a staunch adherent of Senator Gorman; but then he is under obligations to Gorman, and hence cannot very well espouse the cause Mr. Cleveland represents, except in a half-hearted manner.

But still the *Mountain Democrat* is the representative of the Democracy in Garrett county, which is slowly yet surely becoming more and more an unknown quantity.

Go and Look

At F. G. Hyde's new stock—the finest and best between Washington and Cincinnati. Everything you can mention. I have the goods, which no one can deny, and prices are reasonable.

Respectfully,
F. G. HYDE,

The leading Jeweler and Music Dealer, which is a fact undisputable. 12-1t.

DEATH OF MR. GRESHAM.

The Secretary of State Expires in Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 28.—Secretary Gresham died at 1:15 o'clock. No death could be more calm or more peaceful.

For two hours preceding dissolution there had been no indication either of a pulse or a heart beat. He lay during that time with his head resting on the arms of his daughter, Mrs. Andrews, while his devoted wife sat by his side, his hands clasped in hers; his face so turned that his last conscious gaze should rest upon her.

And so the minutes dragged slowly on until the end came. He was conscious to the last.

He suffered greatly during the preceding forty-eight hours, after the pneumonic symptoms were complicated with his diseases, and was only temporarily relieved by frequent hypodermic injections. But as the end approached his suffering disappeared and he passed away as quietly as a tired child sinking to slumber in the arms of its mother.

Walter Quinton Gresham was little more than sixty-three years old when his record as a soldier, jurist and statesman was closed by death. He was essentially an Indianian though of late years claiming residence in Illinois. Born in Harrison county, Indiana, March 17, 1832, and receiving all his early education and legal training in that State, he abandoned a prosperous law practice, and a membership in the State legislature in August, 1861 to throw his whole energies into the prosecution of the war for the defense of the Union. His gallant and conspicuously able services in that capacity secured for him the strong friendship of Gen. Grant and the respect of his confederate opponents which was frequently manifested in after life. He entered the service as lieutenant-colonel of the 38th Indiana volunteers, was breveted brigadier general for gallantry in the siege of Vicksburg, and retired as major general.

After the war closed he was brought forward prominently as a political candidate. He ran for Congress in the New Albany, Ind., district in 1866 as a Republican and was defeated. Then he was appointed financial agent of his State in New York city, and while heading this position, was selected by President Grant for appointment as United States District Judge in his native State. In 1880, Judge Gresham and Benjamin Harrison were leading candidates for United States Senator and Mr. Harrison secured the election. After the death of Garfield in 1882, Judge Gresham was tendered the position of postmaster general in President Arthur's reorganized cabinet and resigned his district judgeship to accept it. When Secretary Folger died in 1884, after his overwhelming defeat as candidate for governor of New York by Grover Cleveland, Mr. Gresham was transferred to the treasury portfolio thus vacated.

The duties of a cabinet officer were not to his taste, and at his own request President Arthur nominated him after barely three months service as Secretary of the Treasury to the position of Circuit Judge for the Seventh Judicial Circuit, which embraces the States of Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin. He retained his position until at Mr. Cleveland's urgent personal request he joined President Cleveland's second cabinet as Secretary of State. But in the meantime varying political movements had brought his name forward as a candidate for the Presidency.

In 1892 the Populist party sent a delegation to tender Judge Gresham a nomination at the head of their ticket, but he declined to accept the offer, and remained on the bench until he resigned at the personal request of Mr. Cleveland to become Secretary of State.

Personally Secretary Gresham secured the warmest regard of those most closely associated with him. In all his domestic relations he was most exemplary. His brilliant record as a brave soldier and his conscientious devotion to his duties in the high civil capacities to which he was called will ensure for his memory national respect.

Important Land Cases Decided by Judge Stake.

Last week Judge Stake rendered his decision in the long-contested case of Mason against Pendleton, which has been in litigation for about twenty years. This suit involves the title to the Fort Pendleton property, consisting of fourteen hundred acres of land along the West Virginia Central railroad in Garrett county. Since the litigation began the town of Barrett has been built upon the property, and by reason of the decision Mr. Mason recovers valuable improvements upon the land. It is not thought that the defendant will prolong the trouble by taking an appeal to the higher courts, but that this will end the litigation. The property is now rated at about twenty thousand dollars.

Another important decision rendered by Judge Stake was in reference to the validity of the local tax law of Garrett county, which has been vigorously assailed by Thos. and Henry Baumgardner, whose lands, consisting of about sixteen hundred acres, were sold for taxes of 1891 and 1892, the owners being non-residents of the State. The court, after a careful review of the authorities, upheld the validity of the law and dismissed the plaintiffs' bill on the ground that they neglected either to pay the tax or redeem the property within the time prescribed by the law. It is supposed the plaintiffs will appeal the case, as it involves a very important question affecting non-residents of the State holding lands here. If the decision should be finally sustained by the Court of Appeals, it will have a very wholesome effect in having taxes in Garrett county paid promptly, which has not been the case heretofore.

Deer Park, on the Crest of the Alleghenies.

To those contemplating a trip to the mountains in search of health and pleasure, Deer Park, on the crest of the Allegheny mountains, 3,000 feet above the sea level, offers such varied attractions as a delightful atmosphere during both day and night, pure water, smooth, winding roads through the mountains and valleys, and the most picturesque scenery in the Allegheny range. The hotel is equipped with all adjuncts conducive to the entertainment, pleasure and comfort of its guests.

The surrounding grounds, as well the hotel, are lighted with electricity. Six miles distant, on the same mountain summit, is Oakland, the twin resort of Deer Park, and equally well equipped for the entertainment and accommodation of its patrons. Both hotels are upon the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, have the advantages of its splendid Vestibuled Limited Express trains between the east and west. Season excurson tickets, good for return passage until October 31st. will be placed on sale at greatly reduced rates at all principal ticket offices throughout the country. One-way tickets, reading from St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Columbus, Chicago, and any point on the B. & O. system to Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia or New York, or vice versa, are good to stop off at either Deer Park, Mountain Lake Park or Oakland, and the time limit will be extended by agents at either resort upon application, to cover the period of the holder's visit.

The season at these popular resorts commences June 22nd.

For full information as to hotel rates, rooms, etc., address George D. DeShields, Manager, Deer Park or Oakland, Garrett County, Md.
9-4t.

A Notable Amusement Combination.

The old world has been ringing the praises to Sands & Astley's enormous Old and New World Railroad Shows which has visited in Europe during its present grand tour around the world. Since its arrival in America the press of the United States is laden with panegyries and the opinion that it is head and shoulders above all other tented exhibitions seems to be unanimous. The circus department we are told, presents an unusual number of meritorious acts and the grand double menagerie contains a large number of rare beasts, birds and reptiles. The hippodrome is said to be most realistic and the curio department unusually attractive. These shows are to be here Saturday, June 8th.

LADIES
Needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It is pleasant; cures Malaria, Indigestion Biliousness, Liver Complaints and Neuralgi

THE NEXT GOVERNOR.

The Republican Sentiment Turning Rapidly Toward Mr. Lowndes.

From the Baltimore Sunday American.

The Republicans of the city and State are by no means idle during these May days, although they are not making a great stir. The leaders are discouraging the agitating of booms, and are devoting themselves to the work of organization. It will be time enough after the State Central Committee meets, and selects the date for the State convention, they say, to work in booms. A leading member of the party, however, in discussing the situation yesterday, gave these as his views:

"There can be no question but that the Republicans have a most excellent chance of electing their State ticket at the coming election. But, to be successful it must deserve success. The character of its nominees must be such as to command the confidence and respect of the people. They are not specially interested in a fight of factions in either party, and want a clean business administration of the affairs of the State. It seems well settled that they want, also, a new assessment on fair and conservative lines, and that will be a leading issue. For six years the Democratic party has pledged itself to give the people a reassessment, and has failed to keep its promise. The Republican party therefore, must meet the issue squarely and without evasion.

"As to the candidate for governor it is not too much to say that Hon. Lloyd Lowndes, of Allegany county, possesses the qualities of a popular and successful candidate. This can be said without disparagement to any other candidate. Mr. Malster is a man of standing and ability, and would faithfully administer the affairs of the State. Mr. Baker is a man of high order of integrity and ability, and would command universal respect. General Agnus is a most successful newspaper man, and would, beyond question, fill the high office of governor with dignity and ability. But as an all around candidate Mr. Lowndes is acknowledged as being very available. As a lawyer he stands high, with an enviable record at the Allegany bar. As a business man he has been most successful, and the banking institution, of which he is the head, stands A 1, and is one of the best managed in the State. As a farmer he is in close touch with the agricultural interests, and in all their meetings and discussions he has taken an active interest. His successful management of his large farm at Rawlings Station, Md., shows that he has a practical knowledge of farming, and the needs of the farmer. He is prominently identified with the large coal industries of Western Maryland, and stands high in the estimation of the labor element. He comes from an old Maryland family, and would command the respect of the best and most conservative people of the State. Taken all in all, it will be hard to find a man for our candidate who will command higher respect than Mr. Lowndes. The business men of Baltimore city have confidence in him. The farmers know him to be their friend. The laboring element recognize him as a fair and liberal employer. It would seem, therefore, that he is beyond question the man the Republicans should put up to win. As to the remainder of the ticket, there is abundant material. Harry M. Claubaugh, of Carroll, or Col. L. A. Wilmer, of Charles, would make a splendid candidate for attorney general, while Robert T. Dixon would make an excellent candidate for comptroller. Let the ticket be composed of men of high standing, and we can surely win."

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned will sell his farm of two hundred acres, lying four miles southeast of Accident and four miles northwest of Bittinger, Garrett county. Over one hundred acres cleared, the balance timbered. 390 sugar trees, fish pond well stocked with German carp, barn 86x44, two dwelling houses with running water in both cellars. Sugar camp. 100 fruit trees; all necessary outbuildings. Will sell cheap. J. J. TICE,
12-4t* Accident, Md.

4 GREAT SHOWS COMBINED 4
COMING ON ITS OWN SPECIAL TRAINS.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST AMUSEMENT CONSOLIDATION.

A COALITION OF
SAND'S GREAT AMERICAN EXHIBITIONS
—AND—
Astley's Renowned European Shows.

Organized in London, England, in 1890 for a Continuous Tour of the Globe.
United with Howe & Cushing's Stupendous R. R. Shows.

This Marvelous and Altogether Unprecedented Alliance will Exhibit at

Oakland, Md., Saturday, June 8th.

The Most Traveled, Popular and Famous and Altogether the Greatest Tented Combination of the Universe.

Four Complete Circus Troupes. A Five Continent Arenic Assembly.
ALL NATIONS GREATEST MALE AND FEMALE CELEBRITIES.

Collossal Menageries of Rare Wild Beasts and Ocean's Deep Sea Surprises.
Asia, Europe, Africa and America in Combination.

GRAND PARISIAN HIPPODROME---New and Original Feats.
The Most Magnificent Hippodrome—All New Feats—The Grandest Exhibitional Features—The Most Wonderful and Amazing Animal Performances
The Greatest Wonders—The Most Complete Wild Beast Shows
The Everywhere Conceded Best Shows on Earth.

MONSTER MUSEUM OF MARVELOUS, CURIOUS CREATION, ANIMATE AND INANIMATE WONDERS.
A Wonderland Sumptuous Carnival. A Rare, Rich and Instructive Entertainmen. Unparalleled, Presenting Innumerable Special Features never before Exhibited in America. To see Either of which would be Worth a Dozen Admission Fees.

Grand Free Balloon Ascension and Parachute Leap Daily
Make up your parties and consult your Station Agent for Excursion Rates on SANDS & ASTLEY'S Day.
See the FREE SPECTACULAR Street Pageant.
One Ticket, for the Usual Price, Admits to the
GREAT COMBINED SHOWS.
Two Grand Exhibitions and Performances Daily, Rain or Shine.
Doors open at 1 and 7 p. m.

Look ➔

At this space next week and see what it will say.

New Buckeye Mowers, New Horse Rakes, New Sewing Machines and many other articles too numerous to mention

Given Away. ➔

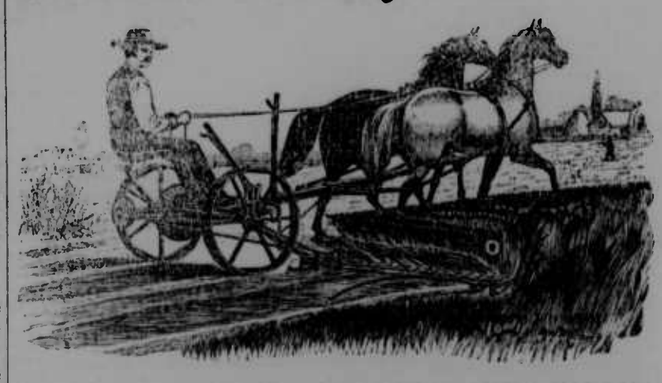

Every Farmer should subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN for Three Months.

JONAS FRAZEE,
SELBYSPORT, MD.

Twenty Years Proof.

Tutt's Liver Pills keep the bowels in natural motion and clear the system of all impurities. An absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, constipation and kindred diseases.

"Can't do without them"

R. P. Smith, Chilesburg, Va. writes I don't know how I could do without them. I have had Liver disease for over twenty years. Am now entirely cured.

Tutt's Liver Pills

POTENT—PRICELESS.

For ALL SKIN DISEASES

Prompt AND Unfailing.

Will permanently heal Eczema, Tetter, Rheum, Tetter, Poison Oak, Ring Worm, Pimples, Dandruff, Itch, Itching Piles and every kind of eruption. It softens the skin and effectually removes all blemishes. Eminently superior in restoring and beautifying the complexion. It has been tested in innumerable cases with unvarying success.

Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY BLOOD BITTERS will cleanse the system and drive out all impurities. It is both a purifier and an invigorator. Pleasant to the taste. Effect immediate. In large bottles, $1.00, at all druggists.

TAX SALES.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1895,

at the hour of 2.00 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all the following pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, to satisfy the State and county tax due and in arrear thereon together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting the sale as provided by the aforesaid statute.

8th. Military Lot number five hundred and four (504) containing fifty acres, situated in Election District No. 9, of said Garrett county Maryland, and being the same land that was conveyed to James McKenzie by Johnson Bros. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1892 and 1893, as is assessed to ***JAMES McKENZIE*** on the assessment books of Garrett county, Maryland.

9th. All that piece or parcel of land situated in Election District No. 4, Garrett county, Maryland, known as "Pea Patch" containing the quality of three hundred and thirty-eight and one fifth acres, being the same land that was conveyed to Michael Gleason and J. W. W. Davis by John B. Brandt, by deed dated the 3th day of September, 1885, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 10, folio 638, &c., one of the Land Records of said Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear for the year 1892 as charged to ***MICHAEL GLEASON and J. W. W. DAVIS*** on the assessment books of said Garrett county, Maryland.

Terms cash on day of sale. Conveyance at cost of purchaser.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 1, on Front Street, in Bayard, West Va.

Lot containing four acres with house on it, at Swanton, Md.

A mortgage on properly worth more than double, at Loch Lynn Heights, Md.

WILLIAM W. SWEET,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

The Mayor and Town Council of Oakland will receive bids until Monday, June 3, 1895, for the building of platforms.

Specifications. Platforms to be built of oak boards not less than 1¼ inches thick; 5 feet wide and to be supported by three 3x4 oak stringers. Contractor to take what lumber corporation has at $12 50 per thousand feet.

The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

The Council will hear appeals on the above day from 2 to 6 p. m. and from 8 to 9:30 p. m.

9—4t L. E. TOWNSHEND, Clerk.

WE LOAN MONEY

to buy, build and improve your home and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS NEARLY $200,000,000.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. RINKER,
Wilson, Grant Co., W. Va.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above. 4-1yr.*

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 29*

ROADBUILDING MATERIALS.

Not So Much Depends on the Rock Used as the Manner of Its Use.

What kind of rock makes the best road metal? Road engineers generally seek the hardest rock they can find, and the principle is generally, but not always, a correct one. The object to be sought is a hard, smooth surface that will not grind or cut readily under wheels, so as to make dust or mud. It is sometimes said that all rocks harden when exposed to weather. This is far from being true of all rocks, though it is true of some of them. Syenite, for example, decomposes when exposed, as do many other rocks which contains soluble constituents. It should moreover, never be forgotten by those who undertake to make good roads that the arrangement of the materials is of as much importance as the materials themselves. Clemens Herschel, an authority on this subject, covers the case exactly when he says:

"A common gravel sieve often constitutes the principal instrument whose judicious use will make a good road out of a miserable string of ruts and cobbly elevations. It would be only necessary to sift out and separate the soil under the road to a sufficient depth into cobbles, coarse gravel, fine gravel, and sand then replace them in the order named and with the proper thickness of layers each. Wet down and roll, and the result will be a good road."

Feldspar.—When feldspar decays, or when it is finely powdered, it forms clay or kaolin. Now, every one knows that clay should not be used for a top dressing for roads, for when dry it forms a fine dust, and when wet it forms mud, both of which are objectionable, both on their own account and because they mark the beginning of the destruction of the roadway.

Shales.—For roadbuilding purposes the shales may be divided into two classes, clay shales and sandy shales. The clay shales are entirely unfit for such purposes; the sandy shales are the only ones that should be used for top dressing. The reason for this is sooner or later the rocks are crushed and ground up, and that which is made of clay only forms a fine dust when dry and a pasty sticky mud when wet. The arenaceous or sandy shales, on the other hand, contains so much grit that they usually pack hard and make a firm roadbed.

Limestones.—Limestone was formerly regarded as one of the best rocks for top dressing, and it has been exclusively used for such purposes. It has, however, proved very unsatisfactory in the long run, and in many parts of the country the limestone macadamized roads are being taken up and reconstructed of more satisfactory materials. The rock wears easily into an impalpable powder when dry and forms a sticky paste when wet. Hard limestone makes an excellent roadbed, but should not be used for surface dressing.

Sandstones.—As a rule, sandstone is not a good roadmaking rock, but if roadbuilders will observe the behavior of sandstones of different varieties they will find that some of them make fairly good roadbeds, while others will not. This difference is due to the absence or presence of a binding material, and no more specific directions can be suggested than that clean sandstone containing no binding materials, as lime, clay or iron, should not be used for surface metals.—John C. Banner.

Grantsville.

Weather cooler; probably danger of frost. Nearly all kinds of fruit were severely damaged by recent frosts.

Kinsinger Bros. engine house, at their planing mill was destroyed by fire one day last week, having been ignited accidentally.

Rev. Leader, of Salsbury, preached in the German Reformed church here Friday evening. On Saturday and Sunday preparatory and communion sevices were held in same church. Rev. Hassler, father of pastor of this congregation, of Port London, Franklin county, Pa., was present. He preached an excellent sermon Saturday evening.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

Deer Park.

Since our last writing we have had several changes in our town. Mrs. Bishop has moved to Tunnelton and Mrs. Bonett has moved in the house vacated by her.

Mr. Hailer, of Cumberland, the hotel baker, has moved into Mr. Long's house.

There are a large number of painters at work beautifying the cottages and hotels of this place.

Mr. Harry Head, of Davis, was visiting his sister, Mrs. Tilson, last Sunday.

Mr. Samuel Specht was called to Eglon last Saturday night to the bedside of his sick father.

Mr. J. S. Frick and family have arrived at their handsome summer home, Hunting Ridge.

Mr. G. S. Hamill was here Tuesday and sold the Tilsen property. Mr. Henry Bobbet was the purchaser.

The frame of Speicher & Nethkin's store is nearing completion and is being pushed along as rapidly as possible under the supervision of Mr. Van Grim.

The lower story is a store room and warehouse. The store is 22x55 inside and a warehouse 12x55. The hall on the second story is 36x55 feet. It is a good substantial building and something badly needed in our town.

HURRICANE.

Short Run, District 10.

I hope a few items from this part of Garrett county will be appreciated by the readers of THE REPUBLICAN.

The fruit in this section has been badly injured if not entirely killed by the late freeze.

Miss Carrie Wilson has been visiting friends in the neighborhood of Kearney.

Mr. Daniel Wilson found the other day that there was a strange species of bird paying visits to his fish pond. He called Mr. Jas. H. Wilson to his aid and the bird was soon killed. It proved to be what is called the great blue heron. It measured six feet and one inch from tip to tip, 5 feet 3½ inches from the end of bill to tips of toes with beak seven inches long.

Mr. A. S. Wilson starts in a day of so for Richie county W. Va.

Messrs. J. T. Harvey and Jas. H. Wilson are not talking hard times just now. They are very smiling and polite. The babies are both boys.

Messrs. Geo. W. Moon and A. E. Harvey both have large crowds of men peeling bark.

Say, boys, how does the Democratic prices for wool suit you?

A Red Letter Day.

Early on Sunday morning, May 26th, a congregation that more than filled all available space, assembled at St. John's Lutheran church at Sunnyside, Md., to hear the word and to witness the public confession of faith of those who had already expressed a desire to lead christian lives.

For the past two weeks a meeting had been in progress conducted by the Rev. L. L. Seiber, of Gettysburg, Pa. The word was ably and forcibly presented night after night and pressed home upon the hearts of the people. In addition to the preached word, the pastor, the Rev. S. L. Keller, with Rev. Seiber, made house to house visitations during each day, holding devotional services, catechising and instructing them with reference to the salvation of their never dying souls. As a result of these combined efforts sixty-two persons manifested a decided interest in their soul's salvation, forty-six of whom united with St. John's church, with more to follow. Two persons expressed a preference for the United Brethren and two for the M. E. church. Four will unite with other Lutheran churches of the pastorate.

The meeting throughout was characterized by the best of order and the most profound solemnity.

To God be all the praise! K.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to us will please call and settle by June 1, 1895; all claims not paid by stated time will be placed in the hands of our attorney for collection as we must settle up our books immediadetly.

SINCELL BROS.

School Matters.

At a meeting of the Board of School Commissioners of Garrett county, held on the 1st day of May, 1895, a board of three trustees was appointed for each school in this county. Trustees that qualified last year, as required by law, and being reappointed this year, will not be required to take the oath again. The board arranged for two normal schools, to commence on the 8th day of July, 1895, and to continue for a term of ten weeks—one in Oakland in charge of Prof. Charles D. Smith, and one at Accident in charge of Prof. Victor McCauley.

By a decision of the State Board of Education, algebra has been included in second grade branches. We expect to hold examinations at close of normal schools, which will be general and of a little higher standard than last year. We hope that those expecting to teach the coming scholastic year will avail themselves of every opportunity to prepare well for the arduous and responsible duties devolving upon them.

11-2t WM. HINEBAUGH, Sec.

TAX SALES.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

JUNE 22, 1895,

at the hour of 2.00 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all the following pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, to satisfy the State and county tax due and in arrear thereon together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting the sale as provided by the aforesaid statute.

All those pieces or parcels of land situated in the town of Grantsville in Election District No. 8, of Garrett county, Md., described as follows: 1st. Lot No. 16 in Miller's addition to Grantsville and being the same land that was conveyed to the said Rebecca Johnson by Wm. R. Getty and wife by deed dated July 29, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 15, folio 257, Garrett county Record. 2d. Also 2 acres and 19 perches of land situated in said town of Grantsville and being the same land that was conveyed to the said Rebecca Johnson by Delila and Levi Snyder by deed dated July 9, 1890, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, folio 138, &c., one of the Land Records of said Garrett county, to which deeds reference is hereby made for a full description of both of said pieces of land. Said lands will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1892 and 1893 as is charged to ***REBECCA JOHNSON*** on the assessment books of said Garrett county, Md.

All that piece or parcel of land situated in Election District No 9, Garrett county, Md., containing 50 acres being parts of Military Lots 867 and 868, and being the same land that was conveyed to Howard Layton by Richard Beall & wife by corrected deed dated September 24 1881, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 11 folio 361, one of the land records of Garrett County, Md., to which deed reference is hereby made for a full description of said property. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to ***HOWARD LAYTON*** on the assessment books of said Garrett county, Md.

All that piece or parcel of land situated in Election District No. 4, Garrett county, Md., containing about 167 2-5 acres, being a part of a tract of land called "Republic" and being the same land that was conveyed to George T. Wilt by Lloyd R. Dawson and wife by deed dated January 28, 1890, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 15, folio 606, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Md., to which deed reference is hereby made for a full description of said property. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1892 and 1893 as is charged to ***GEORGE W. WILT*** on the assessment books of said Garrett county, Md.

All that piece or parcel of land situated in Election District No. 4, Garrett county, Md., containing 206 acres, and known as Lot No. 2, of the subdivision of a tract of land called "Lochiel" and being the same land that was conveyed to Hugh Ward by the Lochiel Lumber M. and M. Co., by deed dated July 16, 1888, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 14, folio 113, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett Co., Md., to which deed reference is hereby made for a full description of said property. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1892, as is charged to ***HUGH WARD*** on the assessment books of said Garrett county, Md.

All that piece or parcel of land situated in Election District No. 7, Garrett County, Md., containing seventy-eight acres, part of a tract of land called "Strawberry Plains" and being the same land that was conveyed to Thomas Nethkin by H. G. Davis and others by deed dated 10th day of November, 1892, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 20, folio 315 etc., one of the Land Records of said County, to which deed reference is hereby made for a full description of said property. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to ***THOMAS NETHKIN*** on the assessment Books of said Garrett County, Md.,

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., May 21, 1895.

There will be a meeting of the County Commissioners of Garrett county held at their office in Oakland on

Monday, June 3, 1895,

For the purpose of transacting any business that may be brought before them.

By order of the board,

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL ROOFING, SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

GREAT VALUE FOR LITTLE MONEY. WEEKLY NEWS OF THE WORLD FOR A TRIFLE.

The New York Weekly Tribune,

a twenty-page journal, is the leading Republican family paper of the United States. It is a **National Family Paper** and gives all the general news of the United States. It gives the events of foreign lands in a nutshell. Its Agricultural department has no superior in the country. Its Market Reports are recognized authority. Separate departments for "The Family Circle," "Our Young Folks," and "Science and Mechanics." Its "Home and Society" columns command the admiration of wives and daughters. Its general political news, editorials and discussions are comprehensive, brilliant and exhaustive.

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Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to Geo. W. Best, Room 2, Tribune Building, New York City, and sample copy of The New York Weekly Tribune will be mailed to you.

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38 13·

DR. HENRY W. M'COMAS,

—PROPRIETOR OF—

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

Pure Drugs, Fancy Stationery, Soaps and Toilet Articles.

PRESCRIPTIONS Carefully and Accurately Compounded DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

We invite a liberal share of your patronage.

JOS. E. HARNED, Manager.

Slate Roofing.

Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.

I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.

All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.

I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.

Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.

For prices apply to or address,

C. M. BEACHY,
47—1yr. Grantsville, Md

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A General Banking business transacted.

Prompt attention to collections. 112

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.41 A. M
No. —	—Daily	7.09 A. M
No. 51	—Accom daily except Sun	9.33 A. M
No. 9	—Daily except Mon	11.28 A. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	6.27 P. M
No. —	—Daily	9.58 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 2	—Daily	5.54 A. M
No. 8	—Daily	7.34 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 6	—Daily except Monday	4.38 P. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	5.17 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	9.25 P. M

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THE BEST OF LIFE.

Not till life's heat is cooled,
The headlong rush slowed to a quiet pace,
And every purblind passion that has ruled
Our noisier years, at last
Spurs us in vain, and, weary of the race,
We care no more who loses or who wins—
Ah! not till all the best of life seems past
The best of life begins.

To toil for only fame,
Handclappings and the fickle gusts of praise,
For place or power or gold to gild a name
Above the grave whereto
All paths will bring us, were to lose our days,
We, on whose ears youth's passing bell has tolled,
In blowing bubbles, even as children do,
Forgetting we grow old.

But the world widens when
Such hope of trivial gain that ruled us lies
Broken among our childhood's toys, for then
We win to self control!
And mail ourselves in manhood, and there rise
Upon us from the vast and windless height
Those clearer thoughts that are unto the soul
What stars are to the night.

—The Spectator.

A TALE OF ACCRA.

Accra is the capital of the Gold Coast, a portion of her majesty's dominion that has no great reputation as a sanatorium. Fate once ordained that my lot should be cast for awhile in this West African town, and an agreeable lot it was in many ways, notwithstanding the insalubrity of the climate. My billet necessitated my living in a castle, which was not the least novel experience among a variety of new ones. When I say a castle, it is not to be understood by this that I mean a frowning edifice with "cloud-capped towers," and Gothic or Norman windows, as the case may be, after the manner of the solid piles of medieval days. On the contrary, there is to be pictured to the mind's eye a light and airy structure, neatly perched on a promontory on the seaboard, and in its design admirably adapted to the exigencies of equatorial life. Cool breezes played about its verandas, from which could be surveyed waving palms, a cloudless sky, and a blue sea.

My quarters were situated on the western battery, and commanded a view of the extensive courtyard below. Now this courtyard had one remarkable feature about it, which was that quite a spacious portion of it was devoted to horticultural purposes. There were tubs and pots galore; and several ornamental beds had been laid out. To crown all, a magnificent flamboyant periodically donned its scarlet mantle. The whole was surrounded by a hibiscus hedge. It was in and about this attractive spot, which lay adjacent to my quarters, that the little drama was enacted which is the subject of this narrative.

On the staff of black servants at the castle were two Kroo boys, whose substantive duty it was, at six o'clock every morning, punctually to turn into the garden that has been referred to, water the plants—when they required it—collect and remove fallen leaves, and otherwise put the place in apple-pie order. A Kroo boy, it should be stated, is a native of the Kroo coast, the ultimate expression of the term having no reference whatever, as might be expected, to juvenility. He may be fifteen or fifty. The two boys with whom we are concerned, Kaki and Sattoo, were probably each about twenty.

Kaki was a tall, raw-boned youth of solemn, almost lugubrious aspect. He rarely, if ever, smiled, and was slow and deliberate in all his movements. No one would ever have accused him of being capable of a bright idea; but yet, on occasions, when least expected, he proved himself to be exceedingly wide awake. On the whole, he was a bit of an enigma.

Sattoo was as nearly as possible the reverse of all this. He was a smart, well set up, good-looking darky. His shiny countenance invariably wore a pleased expression, and when that bright smile of his expanded into a broad grin, which it did a hundred times a day, he displayed two rows of pearls which were at once the admiration and envy of the beholder.

As a combination, Kaki and Sattoo were distinctly a puzzle. It was impossible to say whether they were friends or foes. They carried out to the letter the routine regulations which decreed that they should be associates in toil, whether the sphere of operations was the garden, or whether wood was to be hewn or water to be drawn; and, to all appearances, they worked amicably enough together; but for all that they never seemed to lighten their task, whatsoever it was, by the exchange of a remark of any kind. Day after day it was the same: Kaki was eternally glum; and Sattoo, so far as one could judge, the embodiment of good humor.

Matters had been progressing in this fashion ever since my arrival at the castle, when early one morning, as I was taking it easily in my verunda, in pyjamas, observed from the view of the outside world by the stephanotis that clambered over the trellis-work, I was surprised to hear not only a discussion, but a heated one, taking place between our usually silent young friends. Several words were pitched in a sufficiently high key to be heard where I was, but as they were in the Kroo vernacular, the mysteries of which I had not yet explored, they conveyed nothing to me. But I fully expected, when I looked out into the garden to acquaint myself with what was happening, to see Kaki assault his helpmate with the watering pot that he held in his hand, and a counter attack to be made by Sattoo with the rake which he held in his. Both had assumed defiant and defensive attitudes. Happily, however, at that moment the sergeant of the Haussas on guard at the castle gates hove in sight, and as he was coming in the direction of the disputants they pocketed their differences, and resumed work as if nothing had happened. It was evident that a climax of some description had been reached.

On the following day a further mystery presented itself: Sattoo was nowhere to be found. He had suddenly and unaccountably disappeared, and no one was able to give any information as to his whereabouts. When two or three days elapsed and he continued to be *non est*, it struck me very forcibly that the fall-out I had witnessed between himself and Kaki might prove to be a key to the situation. Kaki, therefore, was closely questioned in the matter; but as nothing could be elicited from him to confirm this view, the only conclusion that could be arrived at was that Sattoo, in accordance with the eccentric methods sometimes practiced by the Kroo boy, had, for reasons best known to himself, and sublimely indifferent to wages undrawn, taken it into his head to migrate to fresh fields and pastures new. He was not immediately replaced, and Kuki continued to perform single-handed the daily round of duties assigned to himself and his late companion.

About three weeks after Sattoo's mysterious disappearance, I had sat myself down in my veranda one morning, soon after sunrise, to negotiate just one "Egyptian," and cogitate possibly of England, home, and beauty. Kaki came to work as usual, and I watched him as he set about his task. Something peculiar in his manner caused me to take more than ordinary notice of his proceedings. There was no doubt that he seemed to be uncommonly perturbed in spirit. His heart was clearly not in his work. Moving about irresolutely, he appeared to be incapable of fixing his attention for long on anything. Then, for a change, he would fall into a brown study, only to wake up and glance about him with a half-nervous, expectant air. And so on.

If I was puzzled with Kaki's erratic behavior I was considerably more so by the unexpected apparition, at one of the entrances to the garden, of Zeelah, the dusky belle of Accri. I had not seen that graceful little creature for many months, and her presence was a pleasing sight. Report had it that she had sent to Krobo, the fetich stronghold in the hills where all maidens of marriageable age are sent for the purpose of being subjected to certain heathenish rites. However that may have been, there she was now as comely as ever, attired in a simple arrangement of blue baft, and looking charmingly picturesque. Zeelah lingered awhile where she stood and then passed in, walking with timid steps to where Kaki, with his back turned to her, was leaning over his rake, apparently engrossed in one of his brown studies. He was not aware of her presence until she was quite close to him. As soon as he looked up and was recognized it seemed, from the disappointed expression but too plainly depicted on Zeelah's face, that he was not the person she expected to meet. Making the best of the situation, however, she smiled, wished him good day and inquired as to where she could find Sattoo. She had only just come in from the hills, she said, in a low, soft voice, and Leetlas, her guard, had allowed her to stop at the castle to see her betrothed. Where was he? Did not Sattoo still work each day with Kuki? There was not a little anxiety in Zeelah's tones as she put these questions. "Tell me," she continued. "Sattoo is well?—nothing has happened to him?" She saw that something was amiss, and the suspense evidently wrung her heart.

Kaki, as if unwilling to cause the pain which he knew his announcement would give, seemed to hesitate at first, but then told her how Sattoo had suddenly vanished, and no one knew what had become of him. But he (Kaki) knew—a statement that he conveyed with a wink and a shake of the head indicative of much wisdom—and since Zeelah wished it, he would tell her. It might be a hard thing for her to bear, but it was best that she should be told it at once. Sattoo had forgotten her, and was married to Dede, his cousin, whom Zeelah knew. They lived in Akim. "But Manniko will tell thee all about it," he added, "for is it not the Holy Father that I see coming towards us?"

Entering at the northern gate while Kaki was speaking, there then appeared upon the scene the individual in question, an arch priest in fetichism, and a personage not frequently seen in public. He was a most remarkable-looking figure. At a first glance one might be deceived into the belief that he was not a man but a woman—fat and forty—though certainly not fair. His waist was lost in another portion of his body, and if he was not addicted to the ways of the sybarite, his face certainly libeled him. He wore no covering on his head, and his wool, which had been allowed to grow to unusual length, was twisted into plaits, which, by a dexterous arrangement on the skull, resembled a cluster of intertwined snakes. There was a cunning, wicked look in his small, twinkling eyes. His nose was broad and flat, his mouth large, his lips thick and colorless. He waddled rather than walked. Such was Manniko, who had the reputation—not without good ground, I fear—of being a singularly accomplished rascal. I felt convinced that his presence in the garden boded no good.

During the recital of Kaki's account of Sattoo's faithlessness, Zeelah remained speechless. It was six months or more since she had seen or heard of Sattoo, the seclusion of Krobo being rigorous in the extreme; and, loth as she was to believe it, the thought would assert itself that after all he had forgotten her. It was a cruel blow, and the heart of the little fragile thing was split fairly in two.

Manniko expressed no surprise at seeing Zeelah. It was to be assumed that he was fully informed of the movement of every member of his flock, and she belonged to it. On being appealed to by Kaki, he took up the tale of Sattoo's desertion and delivered himself of many pious reflections on the subject of her happy escape from such a villain.

But Zeelah hardly heard. She felt benumbed, and all the light and joy in her little world were extinguished. Without vouchsafing a word, she turned from the two men and moved slowly away. But her strength failed her, and, with eyes bedimmed, she sunk into the first seat that presented itself. As she sat there with bowed head and broken heart, she might have been in the tomb for any impression that her surroundings could make upon her. When she awoke from this state of trance, she found Manaiko standing by her side.

"Biyo" (daughter), said he, "it is not good for thee so to tear thy soul with thoughts of Sattoo. He is a bad man, and made but pretense to love thee; and when thou wentest to the hills he married Dede; and have I not seen them after the day's toil, at sunset, walking hand in hand, making great love to each other? Think no more of Sattoo, little Zeelah. I have plans for thee that will make thee happy."

"What wouldst thou have me do, father?" said the sorely stricken girl. The question was asked somewhat abruptly as she rose from the bench on which she had thrown herself. She had a fine sensibility, and was stung by the heartlessness of Manniko's suggestion that she could so easily efface the memory of her own true-love.

Manniko bent forward—his fat face shinier than ever, his eyes glinting with more than usual devilishness—and whispered rather than spoke aloud: "Marry Kaki."

No sooner were these words uttered than it seemed to Zeelah that a light straight from heaven revealed to her the true situation. She knew that Manniko was well acquainted with everything concerning her, as indeed he was concerning every man, woman and child in Accra. From the time that she had been left an orphan and had been adopted by the widow Takki, an eccentric but philanthropic old lady, he had kept a watchful eye upon her, and had taken good care not to allow her to stray from his fetich fold. She felt that he had evinced considerable interest in the legacy left to her by old Bombolo, the stevedore, which consisted of a valuable pair of elephants' tusks and half-a-dozen sheep. (Old Bombolo had died just before she was sent to the hills.) It also recurred to her how people said that Kaki was the son of Manniko. The thoughts of these things rushed into Zeelah's mind. Was there not an explanation in them for Sattoo's absence, and the evident desire of Manniko to see her wedded to Kaki, an alliance which she knew could be made binding almost on the instant if she would only consent to it?

In different circumstances, Manniko's personality would doubtless have appealed to her as one in which was centered all that was awful and mysterious in the diabolical practices of fetichism, and no such thought of resisting its influence would have entered her head. But now every sentiment of obedience was cast to the winds. She felt that she was the victim of a plot, and rightly or wrongly—hardly, indeed, knowing what she did, except that she followed the lead of her emotions—she roundly declared her belief that the whole story of Sattoo's desertion was false. Throwing the ugly phrase straight into Manaiko's teeth, she also demanded to know whether it was true or not that Kaki was his son—and then—well, she did what most women would have done under the circumstances—relieved the tension of her feelings by bursting into tears. She had bearded the majesty of fetchism, and what the results would be, now that she had done it, she trembled to think.

The fiendish expression that came over the Silenus-like visage of Manniko, when he found himself thus defied by a girl over whom he had never doubted the completeness of his authority, can be more easily imagined than described. He was convulsed with rage, and positively gasped for speech. When articulation did come, however, it was full of malice and all uncharitableness. He swore by all the ghosts of his ancestors that her tongue should be split, and that she should do at least twenty moons of penance. And a lot more.

At her flow of tears Zeelah felt relieved, but she was not unreasonably frightened at Manniko's threats, and turned as if to flee from his presence. But the priest divined her intention, and, as he had not yet nearly exhausted his stock of maledictions, stepped forward as quickly as his obesity would permit and seized her by the wrist. The electric shock of loathing conveyed by his clammy hand, and the pain that the grasp itself inflicted, produced the piercing shriek from Zeelah that followed.

I had sprung to my feet with the object of rushing to the rescue, when there came a sound as of a swirling wind. A swarthy form had cleared the hibiscus hedge at a bound, and before Manniko had time to meet the turn that events had taken, further than to release his hold of Zeelah, he was clasped round the middle by a pair of arms endowed with a giant's strength, lifted on high, and thrown literally in a heap on the gravel path.

In the next instant Zeelah's palpitating heart was beating against the heroic breast of her own true lover.

Manniko got his deserts—confused limbs. Nor did Kuki fail to get his; for when it was proved that at the instigation of the priest he had traduced the character of Zeelah—hence the rake and watering-pot episode—and had succeeded in sending Sattoo on a wild-goose chase to satisfy himself on the point, he was debarred any further opportunity of exercising his peculiar talents within the castle walls.

There was one particular in regard to which the conspirators had sadly miscalculated, and that was the celerity of Sattoo's movements. It was a grave doubt, in the opinion of some, whether it was intended that he should return at all.

On the following Sunday the chapel at the castle included in its congregation two converts from paganism—Sattoo and his bride.—Chambers' Journal.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—John Randolph, of Roanoke, had a squeaking voice that detracted not a little from the effect of his speeches. When he became angry, as he generally did before he got through a speech, he fairly shrieked in wrath.

—Every railroad company has a scrap pile. When everything that is valuable in its own form is sifted from the pile there remain many tons of iron of considerable value as raw material. An inventor of a new car coupler urges railway companies to utilize the scrap pile to equip their roads with his device.

—All except 45 miles of the 277 miles of the Wabash roadbed between Kansas City and St. Louis is ballasted with burnt clay. To the eyes of the uninitiated the ballast looks like an accumulation of small terra cotta colored stones, which gleam and glisten in the sunlight like a long ribbon of ochre, with the steel rails cutting two silvery lines through it. It makes the handsomest, most elastic, durable, tenacious roadbed.

—L. P. Grady, detective of the Big Four for the entire system, has just made up his report for 1894. This showed that during the year he made 143 arrests, secured conviction in 117 cases and sent 72 of the number to the penitentiary for terms of from two to five years. Most of the cases were for burglaries committed at stations or breaking into freight cars and stealing goods.

—Every year the bravest deed done in saving life in the British dominions is marked by the award of the Stanhope gold medal by the Royal Humane society. It was given this year to William Mugford, of Torquay, who was caught in a sewer where he was at work with three companions when the sewer was flooded by a sudden thunder storm, and saved two of the men by holding them up by main strength for seven hours until relief came.

—Kumasi, for Coomassie, is the latest wrinkle in African spelling, and it is official. The king of the place, who calls himself king of Ashantee, undertook lately to send ambassadors to Queen Victoria, but was told by the foreign office that as England lays claim to Ashantee herself she cannot admit his title, that he is not a big enough king to send ambassadors, and that the queen would never think of receiving the envoys of a king who allows human sacrifices.

—Pasteur is the most distinguished graduate of the Paris Ecole Normale, which has just celebrated its hundredth anniversary. In commemoration of the event a tablet of black marble has been placed on the wall of his laboratory in the old Rue d'Ulm, now Rue Pasteur, inscribed: "Here stood Pasteur's laboratory. 1857, Fermentations. 1860, Spontaneous generation. 1865, Diseases of wines and beers. 1888, Silkworm distempers. 1881, Virus and vaccine. 1864-1868, Hydrophobia remedies." Above is a medallion with the letters L. P. interlaced.

—England's four new first-class cruisers are to be of 11,000 tons displacement. They will measure 455 feet on the water line and 435 feet between perpendiculars, and have a breadth of 69 feet and a draught of 25. The armament will consist of fifteen 6-inch quick firers, fourteen 12-pounders and twelve 3-pounders, besides smaller machine guns. They will have two submerged tubes and one stern tube for torpedoes, and the protective armor is to be the same as for the Powerful and Terrible. They will carry 2,000 tons of coal and are intended to have a speed of 20¼ knots with natural draught.

—Hanfstaengle's litigation over the living pictures has come to an end in the English courts. He is a Munich art publisher, and complained that his copyright was infringed by the representation of the pictures he owned. He sued the Empire for imitating the figures in the paintings with its actors, and lost; he sued some illustrated papers for reproducing the Empire pictures, appealed the case to the house of lords, and lost; he finally sued the Empire for copying the backgrounds of certain pictures, lost the case for nearly all, but had his claim allowed for two, "Charity" and "Night," and received $8 damages and $2.50 for every time that these two pictures are represented.

A Snake-Haunted Tract—India.

In spots of jeopardy and awkward angles, attack from behind is the main thing to guard against. Walking on tous, I communed with myself of snakes and beasts, duly considering what terrible bugbears they are to stay-at-homes. An old poet has told us not to whistle till we are well clear of the wood; "but whistle ye merrily to yourselves," I soliloquized, "all ye who range the byways of a snake-haunted tract. Sing somewhat loudly, by the way; let there be melody not in your hearts only, but on your lips. Thus shall ye prove yourselves very lords of creation. From the notes of your hymn shall each lewd beast and unclean reptile flee away, affrighted and amazed!" Would that I had practiced what I mused on in silence; for, even as I mused, the swish of a rattan rang sharp behind, and, looking back, I saw my boy fell a deadly serpent to the earth. I had stepped clean over him! It was a great escape. My pyjamas were tucked up to the knee, and if the brute had had time to coil and strike, my bare legs lay at the mercy of his merciless fangs. He had been lying at full length in a rut, between some logs transversely placed in a boggy bit of way, and I, walking past noiselessly in rubber-soled shoes, had caught him napping.—Good Words.

Too Much System.

"There is too much system in this school business," growled Tommy. "Just because I snickered a little the monitor turned me over to the teacher, the teacher turned me over to the principal and the principal turned me over to paw."

"Was that all?"

"No. Paw turned me over his knee."—Indianapolis Journal.

Spring Makes Me Tired

To many people Spring and its duties mean an aching head, tired limbs, and throbbing nerves. Just as the milder weather comes, the strength begins to wane and "that tired feeling" is the complaint of all.

The reason for this condition is found in the deficient quality of the blood. During the winter, owing to various causes, the blood becomes loaded with impurities and loses its richness and vitality. Consequently, as soon as the bracing effect of cold air is lost, there is languor and lack of energy. The cure will be found in purifying and enriching the blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the greatest and best spring medicine because it is the greatest and best blood purifier. It overcomes that tired feeling because it makes pure, rich blood. It gives strength to nerves and muscles because it endows the blood with new powers of nourishment. It creates an appetite, tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, and thus builds up the whole system and prepares it to meet the change to warmer weather.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is a medicine upon which you may depend. It is the only true blood purifier prominently before the public eye to-day. It has a record of cures unequaled in the history of medicine. It is the medicine of which so many people write, "Hood's Sarsaparilla does all that it is claimed to do." You can take Hood's Sarsaparilla with the confident expectation that it will give you pure blood and renewed health. Take it now.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the Public Eye To-day.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

New Facts Concerning the Composition of the Patriotic Song.

The following leaf from the history of the county seat of Prince George's county, Md., has been carefully preserved by an old inhabitant of Marlboro, and now for the first time is given to the public:

The day the British army passed Marlboro, en route from Benedict to Washington, Dr. William Beanes, a prominent physician and citizen of Marlboro, was dining a party of his friends at his residence, among whom were Dr. William Hill and Mr. Philip Weems. Excitement in the neighborhood ran high, and a feeling of intense hostility was awakened against the soldiery, who, during their ascent of the Patuxent and their march across the country, had acted more like a party of marauders than a disciplined army. The main body of the army, on the day referred to, encamped at the "Wood Yard," about five miles from this place, and a party of stragglers roamed into Marlboro.

Some of the convivial guests of Dr. Beanes, seeing the redcoats in town, suggested that the party go out and arrest them, and the suggestion was adopted and put into execution without delay. When they were released they hastened to rejoin the army, and reported the treatment they had received in Marlboro, and a squad was sent back to arrest the ringleaders of the arresting party. Accordingly Drs. Beanes and Hill and Mr. Weems were taken into custody and hurried off to Bristol, some miles from Marlboro, on the Patuxent, at which place Admiral Cochrane's flagship lay at anchor. As a special indignity Dr. Beanes was forced to ride the entire distance on a barebacked horse.

When they were taken on shipboard, and the case was reported to Admiral Cochrane, he was at first disposed to use severe measures with the prisoners, but better counsel prevailed, and when the ship reached Benedict Dr. Hill and Mr. Weems were released. Dr. Beanes, however, did not fare so well. He was retained on the ship, and carried to Baltimore, which had been marked for destruction.

At that time, Francis Scott Key, who was a nephew of Dr. Beanes, was residing in Georgetown, D. C., where he was a prominent member of a glee club, which was composed of what was then the best musical talent of the place. Hearing of the arrest and detention of his uncle, he hastened to the scene of the approaching conflict, and went aboard the ship under cover of a flag of truce, to secure, if possible, his release, and then he was detained during the bombardment of Fort McHenry.

Out of the hopes and fears of his temporary imprisonment were born the sentiments of the song that made him famous. After the bombardment he was sent ashore, but Dr. Beanes was carried to Halifax, where he remained a prisoner for over a year. After his release he returned to his old home in Marlboro, where he died in 1828, aged eighty years. His grave may be seen at Marlboro to-day on what is known as "Academy Hill."

When Mr. Key returned to Georgetown—so the story runs—at the first meeting of his glee club thereafter he related to his companions the thrilling experiences of his self-imposed confinement, and the suggestion was immediately made that he commit the incident to verse. The suggestion was acted upon, and the "Star Spangled Banner" was read amid great applause at their next meeting. It was first sung by them to the air of an old Lutheran hymn. Thus it will be seen that the circumstance from which came the soul-stirring words of our national song grew out of a thoughtlessly precipitated incident that occurred in Marlboro.—Washington Post.

How He Knew Him.

An admirable story is told in the "Life of Bartle Frere," recently published. On one occasion, when his wife had to meet him at the railway station, she took with her a servant who had never seen his master.

"You must go and look for Sir Bartle," she ordered.

"But," answered the nonplussed servant, "how shall I know him?"

"Oh," said Lady Frere, "look for a tall gentleman helping somebody."

The description was sufficient for the quick-witted man. He went and found Sir Bartle Frere helping an old lady out of a railway carriage, and knew him at once by the description.—Youth's Companion.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo County and State aforesaid and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL.} A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

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Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

TEXAS JUSTICE—"You admit you stole the pig out of the pen?" Colored Prisoner—"Yas, I admits I stole de pig, but I wuz hongry, an' I didn't have nuffin' ter eat." "Pork reacher," said the judge, with tears in his eyes, as he chalked him down for two years.—Tammany Times.

When Traveling

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectively on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cents and $1 bottles by all leading druggists.

DUKANE—"What is the Order of Cincinnati, Gaswell?" Gaswell—"I was never in the town more than twice or three times, but then I gathered the impression that the usual order was 'beer and bologna.'"—Pittsburgh Telegraph.

When You Want a Thresher,

Horse Power, Swinging or Wind Stacker, Saw Mill, Self Feeder, or an Engine, address the J. I. Case T. M. Co., Racine, Wis. They have the largest Threshing Machine plant in the world, and their implements may be relied upon as *the best*. Business established 1842. Illustrated catalogue mailed free.

COULD Improve on It.—Mrs. Norris—"What's the matter, Robby; are you choking?" Robby (feelingly, with his mouth full of bones)—"Say, mamma, I'd like to build just one shad."—Puck.

"I AM too much of a gentleman, sir, to tell you what I think of you here," exclaimed the irate politician, "but if I ever catch you in congress I'll call you a liar, sir."—Chicago Post.

HUMAN science is an uncertain guess.—Prior.

BEFORE I could get relief from a most horrible blood disease I had spent hundreds of dollars trying various remedies and physicians, none of which did me any good. My finger nails came off and my hair came out, leaving me perfectly bald. I then went to

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FRIENDS'

ROLLED OATS

FRIENDS'

ROLLED OATS

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mon., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement, "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mon.

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Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Protects the Membrane from colds. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 50 Warren Street, New York.

DR. BARTON'S PATIENT.

ND you don't even know her name!" said Mrs. Renwick. "My dear Kenneth, there never was anything so ridiculous."

The captain of artillery shifted his feet to a more comfortable position on the sofa.

"Of course I know her name," said he; "and a very pretty one it is. Perry—Miss Perry."

"But who is it you are talking about?" said pretty Joyce, who had been preparing a mustard paste for her brother's chest.

Capt. Renwick answered promptly: "My sweetheart!"

"Kenneth, don't be ridiculous!" said his mother, somewhat tartly.

"The sweetest, prettiest blossom in all the Adirondack wilderness!" pursued Kenneth. "The fairest of—Catnip tea! I declare, Joyce, I won't drink it. What do you take me for?"

"It's the best thing in the world for a cold on the chest," said Mrs. Renwick. "Oh, if you had only kept away from that camping party!"

"I mistook her for the boatman's daughter the first time," said Capt. Renwick. "She—"

"Kenneth, don't talk—please don't talk!" urged his mother. "It's the worst thing you could possibly do, with your lungs all congested, and—"

"But I must talk!" said the captain. "Consider, mother, Joyce hasn't heard a word about it. She only came last night. Fancy, Joyce, my being fool enough to mistake her for a boatman's daughter!"

"Why, aren't boatmen's daughters as nice and ladylike as anyone?" said Joyce, readjusting her apron ribbons.

"Oh, but this boatman lives in a perpetual state of shirt sleeves!" said Renwick; "and he is a living fountain of tobacco juice and talks abominable grammar through his nose. And his wife is a low class of Meg Merrilies, who takes too much bad whisky whenever she has an opportunity. How I ever made such a blunder I can't imagine. But Jenkins sent me up to the lake head to hire a boat, and when I saw her sitting there among the water lilies, I jumped at once to the conclusion that this was the boat to hire. 'My good girl,' says I—fancy my idiocy! —'if you will just row me up to Needle point, and call for me again in the evening, I'll give you a dollar.'"

"And she?" said Joyce.

"Rowed me up, of course. I wish you could have seen the way in which she handled the oars. But it was Dolph, the tobacco-soaked old boatman, who called for me at sunset. 'Why didn't you send your daughter?' says I. 'It wasn't my darter,' says he; 'it was Miss Perry.' Well, then, I met her at the picnic. We talked together half the evening. She is as beautiful as she is graceful, and as intelligent as she is beautiful."

"Did you apologize?" asked Joyce.

"Of course I apologized," said Capt. Kenneth. "And we had a good laugh over it. She had been after water-lilies, she said. She paints 'em in water colors. I am to have one when they are finished. Joyce, you must know her. She is a beauty. And she dances like a sylph, and sings like Patti, and—"

"Nonsense!" said Joyce. "A farmer's daughter, seen through the big end of the opera glass! You were always a victim to delusions, Kenneth."

"My dear Joyce, I assure you—"

"Children, children!" remonstrated Mrs. Renwick, piteously, "do have a little common sense. Kenneth, you know you ought not to talk. Joyce, don't you hear how hoarse your brother is? If pneumonia should set in after this exposure—"

Capt. Renwick made an expressive grimace. Joyce looked a little apprehensive.

"Mamma," said she, "you always were a pessimist. It's only a cold that ails Kenneth."

"But it is settling on his lungs, my dear," said Mrs. Renwick, plaintively. "And out here in the wilderness there isn't even a drug store short of fifteen miles. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! why did I ever allow myself to be persuaded to come to the Adirondacks?"

"The scenery, mamma!" said Joyce, soothingly.

"But one can't eat and drink scenery. And this woman knows absolutely nothing about omelettes and French coffee, and she never broiled a beefsteak in her life until I showed her how. As for her soups, they are simply unentable. And the beds are as hard as the nether millstone, and the mosquitoes are unendurable!"

"All these are trivial annoyances," said Capt. Renwick, skillfully contriving to tip over the entulp tea. "To me, the Adirondacks are the garden of the world! I shall never be willing to go anywhere else in the summer. And she says it is even finer here in the winter, with the trifling exception of a little solitude."

"Kenneth," cried his mother, in agonized accents, "you must not talk!"

"My dearest mother, I am all right if you only won't fret!" declared the prodigal son.

But Capt. Renwick's eyes were unnaturally bright, the hot flush of fever burned on his cheek, and his breathing was alternately hurried and laborious.

It was undoubtedly the fact that he had taken a severe cold during the camping-out expedition from which he had just returned, and that this cold had been proof, so far, at least, against all the remedies Mrs. Renwick had used.

"Oh dear! oh dear!" sighed the mother. "Why doesn't the doctor come? Joyce, look out of the window! See if there are any signs of him."

"The doctor?" ejaculated Capt. Renwick, raising himself on one elbow among his pillows. "You don't say you have sent for a doctor?"

"Why, of course I have!" said Mrs. Renwick—"for Dr. Barton, from Nyles burg."

"A snuff-taking old fiend who will dose me with calomel, and experiment on me with every one of the hundred-year-old drugs in his saddle bags!" cried the captain. "I won't see him!"

"Dear Kenneth!" pleaded Joyce.

"My son!" sobbed Mrs. Renwick.

"No!" ejaculated Kenneth. "I'll be hanged if I do! I despise doctors, anyway! And what sort of a medical man do you imagine would perch himself up here on the boughs of these everlasting pines?"

"Kenneth, you must see him!" said Mrs. Renwick.

"Mother, I won't," stoutly declared the rebel.

"But what will he think?"

"What he pleases. It will matter little to you or me what he thinks," said Kenneth. "All I know is that he shan't cross this threshold. Give him his fee and tell him to go!"

Mrs. Renwick and Joyce looked despairingly at each other. Undoubtedly the captain was master of the situation. If he chose to set the doctor and his gallipots at defiance, what was to be done?

At that moment, however, there was a slight rustle downstairs.

"The doctor has come!" cried Joyce, excitedly, "with such a pretty little horse and phaeton. Oh, Ken, I'm sure he isn't old, and he doesn't take snuff. Oh, I'm so sorry I didn't catch a glimpse of him."

"He has come, has he?" said the captain. "Then tell him to go about his business."

Mrs. Ogden, the fat landlady, put in her head at this juncture.

"Please, mem, the doctor," said she.

"Tell him—" hoarsely shouted Kenneth, flinging the pillows right and left.

But before he could complete his sentence the door opened and a tall young lady, in a blue cloth ulster and a pretty plumed hat, came in, with a flat morocco case in her hand.

"Miss Perry!" he exclaimed, staring at her from the sofa, with a face suddenly lighted into new brightness and enthusiasm. "How kind of you to remember me! You are acquainted with my mother, are you not? Joyce, this is Miss Perry."

The tall young lady looked composedly around her.

"I am sorry to hear of your illness, Capt. Renwick," said she. "We must see what we can do for you."

"But," added Kenneth, stretching his neck to get a look at the door, which was still slightly ajar, "where is the doctor? They told me he was coming up."

The beautiful lady sat down and gently took Kenneth Renwick's wrist in her delicate fingers.

"I am the doctor," said she. "Have the goodness to remain quite still for a few moments while I ascertain the pulse and temperature."

Capt. Renwick was struck dumb. An electric thrill seemed to dart through every pulse and vein. But Joeyce's eyes

"I AM THE DOCTOR."

sparkled, and the dimples came out around her mouth.

"You!" she cried. "A doctor?"

Dr. Barton nodded, still intent on the enameled face of her watch.

"Pernella Barton. They call me Perry for short. Capt. Renwick always called me Miss Perry. I don't believe he knew I had any other name."

"And you are really a doctor!" said Joyce. "Oh, Kenneth, how fortunate!"

Dr. Barton examined her patient's tongue, listened at his lungs and made some abstruse hieroglyphics in her note-book. Then she measured out some gray powders in infinitesimal papers, and left her directions in the most business-like way in the world.

"I shall look in again this evening," she said. "It seems to be nothing more than a severe cold. But I do not intend that it shall gain any headway."

"I put myself entirely in your charge," said Capt. Renwick, with a contented air. "I'm perfectly certain that I shall get well."

"I thought you were going to send the doctor about his business," maliciously whispered Joyce.

"But I didn't know what sort of a doctor it was," retorted the captain.

Pneumonia did not set in after all. Dr. Barton proved a true prophet, and soon dispelled the heavy cold. But Capt. Renwick had yet another ailment —in the region of the heart.

"Mother," he said, coaxingly, "wasn't I right? Ain't she lovely?"

"The sweetest girl I ever saw," Mrs. Renwick warmly answered; "and the most talented."

"And if, mother—"

"You will be the most fortunate man in the world," said Mrs. Renwick.

Capt. Renwick made the best use of his time, and, although Dr. Barton's summer vacation was over, she lingered at picnics, and in the pearly shadow of water-lilies he still continued to make many appointments for seeing her; and when he returned to the Seventh artillery he was an engaged man.

"And after the first of November," he says, "Dr. Barton will be my family physician for life."—Saturday Night.

—Every bad man in a town strengthens the devil's mortgage on the city.—Ram's Horn.

FORT SNELLING.

Past and Present of a Historic Military Post.

Were you to mix well together love stories and tales of war, a century of history, songs of children and war cry of Indian, blare of bugle and chant of priest, rattle of drum and orchestral strains, crack of rifle and boom of cannon and dirges for the dead—were you to blend these well together you might then paint from the pigment a picture of old Fort Snelling, one of the historic places of western America, long prominent in northwestern annals in times of peace and times of war.

The fort lies about midway between the cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul. It is the scene of many charming social events, the summer-time affording opportunity for witnessing the elaborate evening parades which form an interesting feature of the close of every military day in such a post as this. In the winter seasons there are delightful receptions and balls, and the post colony itself has many events of its own, so large is the number of officers and their families.

From the time the reveille sounds at six o'clock in the morning, winter and summer, until taps ring out at eleven at night, the fort is a beehive of life and activity. Everything is conducted on the strictest military lines. The men are taught discipline at every step. They are bound by such rules and restrictions as the civilian is wholly ignorant of, such rules and regulations as are essential to the efficiency of the army, small though it be, and insignificant in the sight of the armies of the other nations of the world. It is such discipline as makes a band of marauding Indians run to cover; that brings cheer after cheer from the pavement throngs as a regiment of regulars swings with rhythmic tread down the street; that reassures the citizen, when he reads of the militarism of Europe, with the thought of the magnificent influence, which this discipline would exert did the horrid front of war appear in his own country; that enables a regiment of troops to hold at bay ten thousand mob-ruled men, and scatter them, when sullenness deepens to riot, like so many scared sheep; that mows down a horde of anarchists and asserts the splendid supremacy of national law.

An incident, which, for obvious reasons, did not find its way into print in the daily newspapers at the time of its occurrence, but which I may here briefly recount without any violation of confidence, illustrates how important a factor this fort has become in the civic as well as the military life of the northwest.

In the dark days of midsummer, 1894, when the whole country was with intense anxiety awaiting the outcome of the great railroad strike, Col. Mason, the commandant of the fort, received a telegram while he was at church one Sunday morning, ordering the Third under arms, for call to Chicago at a moment's notice. In less than an hour from the time the telegram was received the regiment was equipped for the field; all the accoutrements, all the munitions, all the impedimenta of war were ready. This was a precautionary move; it was impossible to tell, so cloudy the skies at Chicago, how soon there might be need of more troops.

But it was learned about this time that there were threats—by no means open, but more or less serious—that as soon as the Third regiment left Fort Snelling a mob would seize the depots of the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis, take complete control of them, prevent the arrival or departure of trains, and thus cut off the possibility of the troops being returned from Chicago. With a mob in control of these cities it would be difficult to say what the outcome might be; it might do much to complicate the case from a national as well as a local standpoint. Information came to the war department that such a move was in contemplation, the Third stayed at Fort Snelling, and the mob was checkmated.—Harper's Weekly.

His Brain Was Alert.

A shepherd once, to prove the intelligence of his dog lying before the fire, said, during a long sentence concerning something else, and without changing his tone: "I think the cow is in the potatoes." The dog, which appeared to be asleep, jumped up instantly, and leaping through the window, scrambled up the turf roof of the house from which he could survey the potat field. Not seeing the cow, he ran into the farmyard and discovered her. Then he returned and lay down in front of the fire. The same joke was tried again, and the same performance was repeated. The third time, however, the dog got up, went to his master, wagging his tail with a comical expression on his face, as if to say he understood the game. The company began to laugh, and he, being offended, returned to his corner with an offended air, and went to sleep, refusing to be disturbed again.—Boston Advertiser.

An Indian Magistrate.

Waban, in Newton, was named from an Indian chief of that name. He was a magistrate, and the following is handed down as a warrant issued by him: "You, you big constable, quick you catch um Jeremiah Offscow, strong you hold um, safe you bring um afore me, Thomas Waban, justice peace.' When Waban became superannuated, a younger magistrate was appointed to succeed him. Cherishing for age and long experience that respect for which Indians are remarkable, the new officer waited on the old one for advice. Having stated a variety of cases and received satisfactory answers, he at length propounded the following: 'When Indians get drunk, and quarrel and fight, and act like the divil, what you do den?' 'Hah! tie um all up, and whip um plaintiff, whip um 'fendant, and whip um witness."—Boston Transcript.

—Mrs. Bellefield—"Mrs. Oakland has a great secret." Mrs. Bloomfield—"Oh, no! She can't have." "Why not?" "If she had she would have told it to me." —Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Pink Frosting.—To white frosting, add a few drops of cochineal coloring, and it makes a delicate pink. More than this makes a deeper shade.—Home Queen.

—Sausage Toast.—Fry some rounds of bread, and afterwards fry three sausages; remove the meat from the skin; spread it on the croutons of bread, season with cayenne pepper, and serve on a folded napkin, prettily garnished.—Leed's Mercury.

—Fricasseed Tripe.—Cut a pound of tripe in narrow strips. Put a small cupful of water with it, add a bit of butter the size of an egg, dredge in a large teaspoonful of flour; season with a bunch of parsley, or small onion, and let it simmer gently, not boil, for half an hour.—Good Housekeeping.

—Orange Souffle.—Peel and slice six oranges, put in a glass dish a layer of oranges, then one of sugar, and so on until all the orange is used and let stand two hours; make a soft boiled custard of yolks of three eggs, pint of milk, sugar to taste with grating of orange peel for flavor, and pour on the oranges when cool enough not to break the dish; beat whites of eggs to a stiff froth, stir in sugar and put over the pudding.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Virginia Fried Chicken.—Dice and fry one-half pound of salt pork until it is well rendered. Cut up a young chicken, soak for half an hour in salt and water, wipe dry, season with pepper, roll in flour and fry in hot fat until each piece is of a rich brown color. Take up and set aside in a warming closet. Pour into the gravy one cup of milk—half cream is better; thicken with a spoonful of flour and add a spoonful of butter and chopped parsley; boil up and pour over the hot chicken, or, if preferred, serve without the cream gravy, with bunches of fried parsley. Plain boiled rice should accompany this.—Farmer's Voice.

—Ground Rice Pancakes.—Set a pint of new milk in a very clean sauce pan, and when it is scalding hot stir in two tablespoonfuls of ground rice previously mixed, smooth in one-quarter pint of cold milk, keep it on the fire till it thickens, but do not let it boil, but it into a bowl to cool, stirring in gently one-quarter of a pound of fresh butter. When cold add two ounces of sugar, a little nutmeg and four eggs well beaten with a pinch of salt. Drop enough of this mixture into as little lard as possible, and fry it a nice light brown. Sift sugar over them, roll them and serve with lemon cut and laid around the dish.—Boston Budget.

—Lettuce Salad.—Prepare the lettuce by washing each leaf separately in cold water, rejecting any portion that may be bruised or brown. Drain on a fresh towl or napkin and place in a dish on ice or in some cool place until needed. When ready to use, if the leaves are too large, tear them in pieces with the fingers or a fork (do not cut with a knife), rejecting the large and harder portion of the midrib. Serve with a dressing of strained, stewed tomato and lemon juice, in the proportion of one tablespoonful of lemon juice to one small cup of tomato, with salt to season. A garnish of the chopped or grated yolks of hard boiled eggs makes a pleasing addition.—Good Health.

BISMARCK'S TRAITS.

How the Old Chancellor Came Out Ahead of a Stupid Hotelkeeper.

Perhaps the chief trait of his genius is to be found in his entire freedom from the preconceived notions, and in the limpidness of his mind, which refused to submit to accepted fallacies. This tendency in early age earned for him, of the dull pedantry and prime Philistines around him, the sobriquet of "Tolle Bismarck"—the mad Bismarck; but later on it resulted in the complete demolition of the old system of diplomacy. For equivocation and downright falsehood his powerful intellect substituted a kind of outrageous frankness which bewildered and outwitted his adversaries. Nothing, however, marks his strong personality more vividly than the intense hatreds and blind devotions with which he has surrounded himself. He had the courage to be himself, the power to rely upon himself and to look at things in the face, while the keen sense of humor enabled him to see clearly the vast array of sham and pompous pretense of public and private life. Never had madness more method than is shown by the originality of this strange being, half Mephistopheles, half dragon, who, before subduing to his iron will the whole of European diplomacy, shocked and horrified the fogies of the old school with the innuendoes and insinuations, the sarcasms and stories, the gibes and jokes which he flung at their heads mercilessly and continually. The wigged and powdered pomp which covered diplomatic pretense and mendacity was torn aside the instant that Prince Bismarck got a grip of political realities, and his first appearance among the dignified excellencies of the German diet constituted a veritable revolution.

The incidents of his early relations with these empty-headed "importants sans importance" offer, perhaps, the most racy of the many anecdotes related—in Prince Bismarck's own words in many cases—in his Boswell, his faithful secretary, Dr. Moritz Busch. His first encounter at Frankfort was with his hostler, who, like all the good burghers of the Free City at that time, was intensely anti-Prussian. The old hotel where he put up, as the Prussian delegate to the diet, was not provided with a complete system of bells, and Bismarck asked for a hand bell, at least, wherewith to communicate with his valet. But he was gruffly told there was none to spare, and that he must shift for himself. Early next morning the loud report of a pistol set all the guests in a panic, with the exception of Bismarck's servant, who explained that, as no bell was forthcoming, his master had summoned him by pistol shot. Five minutes later the desired bell was placed within Bismarck's reach.—N. Y. Post.

PATHOS AND PARTHIAN ARROWS

Distress Furnishes Excuse for Biting Things from a Sharp Tongue.

Men incumbered with life-preserving overcoats and women winged with death-inviting capes were surging up and down Washington street in the chill and gathering rain of a recent morning, when, at a busy corner, a strange sight met the general eye. Framed in a nook made by a projection of doors stood, without head covering or wrap, a young slender woman, clasping—as if to hold it against the entire world—a child apparently about one year old. By what mischance had this woman, simple in her neatness of yellow hair and pink muslin waist, been set in framework so public and so foreign! She seemed to belong to the quiet warmth of some country home. In less than two minutes from her miraculous appearance upon that Dearborn corner a crowd had gathered, of men and boys, each one desperate to elbow his way to the inner circle of observation. Thus closely invested the young woman stood like a madonna in pillory looking with imploring, frightened eyes over the head of her child at the sudden concourse. It was a decided masculine assemblage, but a small feminine contingent paused irresolute on the curbing. This delay might be interpreted to mean sisterly sympathy with the beleaguered madonna or womanly wisdom in waiting for a policeman's club to make a safe path through a many-colored sea of vehicles to the land of newspaper promise—State street on "bargain day." It was true each member of this contingent had often braved unaided every conceivable street peril, but on this particular morning she chose to act in a wary and watchful manner. "Don't tell me," said one of these observers to a neighboring bonnet of violets, "that men have no curiosity. Look at that crowd—perfectly demoralized with curiosity—and at a moment's notice."

She stood on tiptoe, veered from one point to another in a vain endeavor to pierce with her eye-glasses the masculine phalanx, and then added: "Women, even if they are dying with curiosity, keep up some show of self-respect."

"The poor thing is beginning to cry," here announced a shrill-voiced fruit girl who had by this time skillfully dodged her way to the center of the mystery and out again. "She's just looking for her husband."

"I never knew," said the owner of the eye-glasses, as she started recklessly across the street, "that a woman looking for a husband could gather such a crowd."—Chicago Tribune.

AGAINST LONG ENGAGEMENTS.

More Than Half of English Breach of Promise Cases Come from Them.

The very latest discussion on a matter that concerns women is one dealing with long engagements. Is it a good thing for a girl to pledge herself to marry a man, when it is quite impossible that the marriage can take place in the near future?

There are some who do not become soured by protracted waiting upon circumstances. A condition of hope braces them up. They can keep on trusting and believing that all will come right, and their natures only sweeten and mellow in the process.

But such natures as these are exceptional. Few possess them. The majority of us are rather apt to be soured when delay attends our wishes, and the bright future seems to recede before us, dwindling down a vista long and shadowy.

Long engagements often lead to most painful complications. As human beings are made, continuance of mutual affection seems more certain after marriage than before.

A long engagement is a very trying ordeal for the average human heart to pass through unscathed. As often as not one of the two people involved in it tires of the other, wearies of the waiting.

Half the breach of promise cases that come into court, indeed more than half, are the direct results of long engagements. And how many engagements are broken without the world ever hearing of them?

Experience of life and knowledge of the world seem to us to teach, and very completely, that there is no greater folly than to enter into a long engagement with no particular prospect of marriage except in the dim and distant future.—Gentlewoman.

Liked to Fish.

A Barberton man, who goes to church regularly, was one day walking along the banks of Concession creek eating a sandwich, and on account of the usual disparity between meat and bread he threw the redundant piece into the water. Immediately a swarm of yellow fish bubbled around it fighting for the mouthful. The man searched his pockets for fishing tackle, but all in vain, and he was just beginning to die of despair, when his eye lighted on a blacksnake. At that moment he remembered how his father used to tell him that blacksnakes were very expert in catching fish. He therefore grabbed the reptile by the tail, carried it to the river, and held it over the struggling fish. The snake proved itself a born angler, and in the course of an hour the man had captured forty fine fish. A few days later, as he was walking in the same place, he felt something rub against his leg, and, looking down, he saw his friend the blacksnake, eager for more sport.—Rangoon Times.

The Little Girl's Prayer.

A little girl in a Pennsylvania town, in saying her prayers the other night, was told to pray for her father and mother, who were both very ill, and for one of the servants, who had lost her husband. She faithfully did as she was told, and then, impressed with the dreary condition of things, added on her own account: "And now, oh God, take good care of Yourself, for if anything should happen to You we should all go to pieces. Amen."—N. Y. Times.

—Green Gates—"Is your son doing well at college?" Halsey Putnam—"Not as well as I expected; he is only playing center field."—Brooklyn Eagle.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Edward S. Holden, director of the Lick observatory, announces that he has raised nearly all the $5,000 needed to secure the famous Crossley reflector, for transportation, etc. With this addition the Mount Hamilton astronomical equipment will be unequaled in the world.

—Tight lacing, according to Prof. Kuster, of Marburg, is a direct cause of movable kidney in women; ninety-three per cent. of the total number of cases occurring in women and only seven per cent. in men. He thinks it is the pressure on the ribs that loosens the kidney.

—A very simple and efficient method of sterilization of water is highly recommended by M. Meillere, chemist in chief of the French Academy of Medicine. Four drops of the tincture of iodine sterilizes in a few minutes one quart of spring water, all pathogenic micro-organism being destroyed. —Northwestern Christian Advocate.

—Philadelphia street railways are likely to obtain an additional revenue. The Pennsylvania house of representatives, by a vote of 121 to 18, has passed a bill giving them the right to carry freight, and an extensive parcel delivery business may be quickly built up by the city railways, while those in the country may fare almost equally as well.

—The shipment of a carload of California flowers to the Chicago market for the Easter trade appears to have proved an unprofitable experiment, as a large portion of the carload arrived in a worthless condition. Out of 10,000 callas less than 4,000 were found fit for market. In the shipments there were several thousand date and fan palms and 10,000 marguerites in good condition.

—Dr. Stuhlmann, who is traveling in Africa, has come upon a tree whose fruit gives out a tallow-like fat. The tree is one of the largest in the forests of Usambara, and the fruit is big and heavy, measuring a foot in length by half a foot in diameter. It is a new species of the guttiferi. The natives call it mkani, but the botanists name it Stearodendron Stuhlmanni.

—M. Fremont has succeeded in proving experimentally that water maintained for twenty minutes at a temperature of eighty degrees C. loses all the pathogenic micro-organisms it may have contained without being deprived of its gases and without involving any precipitation of the contained salts. It is stated that the flavor of the water is in nowise modified by the process—a most important consideration.

—That signals of light may be seen at a greater distance if the flashes follow one another at irregular intervals has been conclusively shown in a series of experiments made by M. Henry at the Depot des Phares. A revolving drum moved by clockwork, and illuminated by a light placed at the axle, was used, the surface of which was pierced by sixty holes. The speed of the drum and the brightness of the light were varied, and some of the holes closed at regular and irregular intervals. The chief difficulty found was in bringing the observer's eye back to its normal condition after each experiment.

—As an evidence that the Canadian Pacific has a special interest in building up the Canadian northwest, Vice President Shaughnessy points to the fact that with over 3,000 miles of railway, and nearly 18,000,000 acres of land in the northwest the company has invested in the country nearly $200,000,000 in excess of the cash subsidies and cash bonuses received from the governments and municipalities, and a considerable portion of this amount has been invested in railway extensions between Winnipeg and the Rocky mountains. Other large sums were invested in branch lines and feeders in portions of Canada.

CRIPPLES SUDDENLY HEALED.

An Amusing Incident of Semi-Savage Rule in the Hawaiian Islands.

Judge Austin of Hilo relates some interesting experiences of his own while secretary to Princess Ruth, in 1854. At that time she was governess of Hawaii.

He had been appointed secretary, but with orders from Kamehameha III. that Keelikolani should never interfere with his work. In that year there was a large gathering of the natives at Kailua, commanded to assemble by her in order to explain to the people the tax laws and to enforce the payment of taxes. A large lanai was provided in which the meeting took place, and she proposed to address them.

It was the unwritten law that the very old and infirm, all cripples and incurables, should be exempt from taxation. The natives were unwilling to pay taxes, so they prepared for the meeting.

Many who were young men and in the best physical condition, came in, appearing to be doubled up with disease. Many used staffs and walked with trembling steps. Some walked slowly, coughing at every step. Some held up a leg and appeared to be cripples. One enterprising native appeared on a stretcher, carried by four of his companions. When the assembly opened it appeared like a hospital without a well person in it, and it numbered several hundred. The princess made a brief address, and was followed by her secretary, Judge Austin, who told them that all present would have to pay taxes, as there was nothing the matter with them.

At once there was a commotion. The men who were doubled up straightened themselves out. The coughing stopped. The men with "game" legs moved about quickly. The man who came on a stretcher got up and made a speech to the crowd, showing that he had a very poor opinion of the government. The staffs were flung aside. In a few moments a fine stalwart body of men were seen taking the mountain road and moving off with perfect ease, and the lanai was littered with the debris of the materials they had used in making themselves apparent cripples and infirm. —Pacific Commercial Advertiser.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, May 27, 1895.

Mr. Cleveland has either changed his mind abont again being the Democratic candidate, or he is in possession of knowledge which enables him to play a shrewd trick on his party. He has agreed to throw the entire influence of the administration to ex-Secretary Whitney, if that gentleman will allow his name to go before the national convention. Opinion is divided as to whether Mr. Cleveland has become convinced of the impossibility of his own nomination, or knows that ex-Secretary Whitney has no desire to lead a Democratic forlorn hope, and made the promise knowing that he would not be called on to keep it, and that the mention of Mr. Whitney's name would have a tendency to keep other possible candidates out of the field, thus enabling him to push his own candidancy.

Senator Aldrich is now the only Republican member of the Senate committee on Rules, the term of ex-Senator Maderson, the other Republican member, having expired March 4 last. A meeting of this committee will be held this week, and, although Senator Blackburn, the chairman, finds himself too busy looking after his re-election to attend, a quorum will be present in the persons of Senators Aldrich, Harrison and Gorman. The meeting was called to consider certain proposed changes in the Senate rules. But no important action is probable, as Senator Aldrich will, there is reason to believe, enter a protest against any action being taken upon any matter of importance by the committee as at present organized, owing to its being dominated by representatives of the minority of the Senate. It is believed that the committee will only transact routine business, leaving the question of changing the rules to be considered by the full committee on Rules which will be named when the Senate is re-organized next December.

Senator Sherman has gone to Ohio to preside over the Republican State convention to be held at Zanesville and the impression is general in Washington that in his speech to the convention he will outline the probable Republican financial policy in next year's Presidential campaign. Of course Senator Sherman will not presume to speak for the Republican party, but he is known to have always opposed monometallism, which has been adopted by the administration, and any suggestion he makes looking towards practical bimetallism—as is well known he considers the free coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1 as but another form of monometallism — will carry great weight with Republicans everywhere. Senator Sherman is a firm believer in the extensive use of silver in our monetary system and it is hoped, and believed, that he will suggest a plan that will be feasible and at the same time acceptable alike to conservative silver men and those who oppose the free coinage of silver under existing circumstances. There is one thing that can be set down in advance as certain of any plan proposed by Senator Sherman: it will provide only for dollars worth 100 cents, and for the maintenance of the credit of the government under any and all circumstances. He has devoted a long life and great ability to the study of finance and what he says on the subject is always worthy of the country's attention and always gets it. It is daily becoming more apparent that it is to the Republican party that the silver men must look for succor that amounts to anything; the Democrats are all monometallists, one faction favoring a gold basis and the other a silver basis, while the Republican party favors now, as it has always, bimetallism.

Senator Gorman has had little difficulty in knocking out the opposition to his control of the Democratic State machine of Maryland. He had hardly got his guns into position when Hon. Isidor Rayner, the man who thought he had a chance to become the anti-Gorman Democratic candidate, threw up the sponge and announced his withdrawal. Senator Gorman has never worried about his Democratic opponents, but he is considerably worried, although he would probably deny it to any but his closest friends by his fears that the Republicans will carry the State.

Mr. Cleveland took another step towards keeping Democrats in office under the next administration, which will be Republican, when he extends the classified civil service rules to cover all the chiefs of division and bureaus except the chief of the Weather Bureau, under the Department of Agriculture. This is taken as an indication that all the chiefs of divisions in the other departments will soon be given the same protection. The motive of Mr. Cleveland would have been less open to criticism had he made the change before all the Republican chiefs had been succeeded by Democrats.

It Did the Business.

Mr. J. H. Cobb, publisher of the *Mirror*, at Brocton, N. Y., says: "For years the *Mirror* has been publishing the advertisements of Chamberlain's Remedies. A few days ago the writer was suffering from a bowel trouble and resorted to an old remedy which did not prove efficacious; finally he tried Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and two doses did the business, checking it completely. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Estute of Rachael Hetrick, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

RACHAEL HETRICK,

late of Garrett County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 1st day of Dec. next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 25th day of May, 1895.

JACOB FEIK, Adm'r.
12 Accident, Md.

TRUSTEES' SALE

—OF—

Real Estate

—IN—

Garrett County, Md.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, passed on the 28th day of March, 1895, in a cause in said court depending, wherein Margaret Miller is plaintiff and Frederick Mertens et al. are defendants, it being No. 687 on the Equity docket of said court, the undersigned trustees will sell at public auction in front of Mayers' Drug Store, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county Maryland, on

Saturday, June 8th,

1895, at 1 o'clock p. m., all the real estate in the proceedings mentioned, to-wit:

All that real estate which was conveyed by George Elzer et al. to Frederick Mertens, Richard J. West and Albert L. Miller by deed dated June 27, 1874, and recorded among the Land Records of Garrett county in Liber W. H. T., No. 1, folio 135; the undivided one-third of which was conveyed by the said Richard J. West and wife to the said Frederick Mertens and Albert L. Miller by deed dated July 27, 1871, and recorded among said Land Records in Liber W. H. T., No. 1, folios 402, etc.

Said property comprises

822 ACRES,

more or less, and consists of a tract of land called

MUCH TO DO ABOUT NOTHING,

CONTAINING 612 ACRES,

more or less, described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a stone planted in a glade at the end of the second line of a tract of land surveyed for Lord Baltimore, called "Green Glade Manor," (said stone standing North 81 degrees East 22 perches, from a double pine, marked with nine notches each, and the letters W. C.), and running thence South 70 degrees East 5 perches to a stone, thence North 33 degrees East 100 perches, to a bounded pine, thence North 46 degrees West 70 perches to a stone, thence North 61 degrees East 180 perches to a bounded service and white oak, thence North 87 degrees West 537 perches to a bounded white oak, thence South 26½ degrees West 183 perches to a bounded pine, and thence with a straight line to the beginning.

And also another tract called

"ELK LICK,"

CONTAINING 210 ACRES,

more or less, described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at two bounded pines standing at the end of eighteen perches on the first line of Lot No. 1878, and running thence North 57 degrees West 18 perches, North 33 degrees East 73 perches to a bounded pine, South 57 degrees East 240 perches to the end of the first line of Lot No. 1858 (marked, Oct. 31, 1855, by a triple pine on the east side of the "Green Glade,") South 80 perches, West 100 perches, South 61 perches, West 101 perches, North 5 perches, North 55 degrees East 72 perches, to the end of the first line of the original Lot No. 1880, North 5 degrees West 195 perches, North 33 degrees East 11 perches, to the beginning of Lot No. 1878, and then by a straight line to the beginning.

Said land is well adapted for

Farming Purposes

but is unimproved.

TERMS OF SALE:

As prescribed by the decree—One-half cash and the balance in one year; the deferred payment to bear interest from day of sale, and to be secured with security satisfactory to the trustees.

J. W. S. COCHRANE,
DAVID W. SLOAN,
Trustees.

(For further information apply to either of the Trustees at Cumberland, Md.) 9—4t

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GREAT ARE THE BARGAINS THIS WEEK AT *Sincell Bros.*

More Clothing at Lower Prices than Ever.

Mens Cassimere 3 button Cutaway, all wool and silk mixed			$12
Mens all wool Clay Worsted Cutaway Suits, worth $18			12
" " " " " Sack	"	" 16	10
" " " Diagonal Corkscrew	"	" 16	10
" " " Fancy Grey Mixed	"	" 14	8
" " " Serge round corner sack	"	" 16	10
" " " " box d'b'l breasted	"	" 16	10
" " " Navy Blue " "	"	" 12	8
" " " " " round corner	"	" 12	8
Childrens all wool Jersey Suits, worth $4			$2.50
" " " double breasted Suits, worth $6.00			4.00
" " " single " "	"	" 4.50	3.00
" " " Bullock " "	"	" 8.00	5.00
" " " Light Summor " "	"	" 5.00	3.50

A vast assortment of Youths Clothing in any size, at any price, in all colors and styles.

DRY GOODS.

Our Dry Goods Department is well filled with the very latest styles in

Dress Goods, Novelties,
Silks, Summer Flannels,
Duck, Percales, Outings,
French Ginghams, Draperies,
Table Linens in a vast assortment of colors and at the lowest prices.

WE BOAST on our LINE OF HOSIERY.

It is Considered the Best by ALL Who Wear It.

We have anything in Hosiery from Infants' Cotton Hose to Ladies Fine Quality Dropped Stitch Silk Hose.

A new line of the very latest style hats such as

The Trilby, London Gaiety Girl, The Alpine,

In all Shades and Colors and at prices that cannot be touched by any of our competitors.

SHOES.

Men's Stylish Razor Toe Shoe, worth $1.50							$1.00
" " " " " "						2.00	1.50
" " " " " "						2.50	1.75
" " " " " "						3.00	2.25
" " " " " "						3.50	2.75

Men's Square Toed Shoes at Any Price.

Our Shoes have the reputation of being easy and comfortable as well low priced. Men's Shoes for $1.40 which are guaranteed to wear out three pairs of half soles or money refunded.

Ladies Shoes in low cut or high top and in any size or style, with the quality guaranteed.

We have no Groceries and are doing a strictly cash business and consequently have no losses. We are enabled, therefore, to sell goods at prices that will not justify our competitors. Our entire stock is

Bright, New and Attractive.

We invite you to call and examine our goods. We are sure that we can please you in everything in our large line.

Very respectfully yours,

Sincell Bros.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

are good for sick headache, constipation, piles, bilious colic, fever and ague, dyspepsia, rheumatism, female complaints, dizziness, flatulence, sour stomach, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general debility. They will positively cure all disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. 25 cents a box.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

helps babes over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, controls the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no strong drugs and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good—25 cents a bottle.

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23–1yr.

FOR SALE.

Three acres of land, being a part of the old Kennedy farm, lying in the eastern suburbs of Oakland on either side of the road leading to Mt. Lake Park. Will be sold in lots of ¼ acre each, or as a whole.

For full particulars call on or address

MRS. LIZZIE BUZZARD,
2-6m Elkins, W. Va.

MOUNT POMONA.

NURSERY AND FRUIT FARM.

Address Swanton, Md., for Fruit and Mushrooms.

Address Mt. Lake Park concerning Nursery, Greenhouse or Vegetable Products.

Agents wanted on salary.

SWEET & SHACKLEFORD.

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

11 1y

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments. Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

4193.yr—8

ORDER NISI.

Samuel Lawton, late Treasurer of Garrett County, vs. William Faherty.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, No. 72 Trials for March Term 1895.

It is ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, this 25th day of April in the year 1895, that the tax sale as made and reported in the above entitled cause by Samuel Lawton, late Treasurer of Garrett county, and made to the County Commissioners of said County, of all of those pieces or parcels of land situated in the town of Gorman, Garrett County, Md., the first containing 11 poles and 43 feet of land, conveyed to William Faherty by John W. Shillenburg January 10, 1885, and the other being one-fourth of an acre of Military Lot No. 1386, conveyed to the said Wm. Faherty by John W. Shillenburg June 29, 1885, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 25th day of May, 1895; provided that a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett County, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 18th day of May, 1895.

The report states the amount of sale to be $60.00.

A. HUNTER BOYD.

True Copy, Teste: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

LICENSES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all persons or bodies, corporate or politic, who may be required to take out license, that they must obtain the same on or before the

1st Day of May, 1895.

According to the provisions of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, every person or persons doing business for gain or profit except the maker, grower or manufacturer, are hereby notified that they must take out a license.

CHARLES WEGMAN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate.

CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING.

Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

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W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.

Drs. McLane & Berkeley,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
FROSTBURG, MD.

Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.

See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.

Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.

Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate

P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate.

Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.

Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.

50-13t.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $100; balance at 20 years with interest

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $100; balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.

E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

--WANTED--

WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER

Also White Oak Timber Land.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.

Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ¼ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
224f 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

Ripans Tabules relieve nausea.
Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1895. NUMBER 13.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Mr. D. Stull made a business trip to Cumberland yestesday.

Mr. William Groves, of Westernport, was here Monday for a short time.

Mr. J. L. Harvey, of Schell, was in the city Tuesday for a few hours.

Mr. D. S. Guthrie, of the defunct Kingwood *Press*, yisited Oakland Tuesday.

Rev. William E. George, of Deer Park, was here a short time last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Scherr, of Eglon, were in Oaklaud Tuesday shoppiug.

Gentlemen's fine sbirts, collars, cuffs, ties aud summer underwear at Merrill's. 13–1t.

Mrs. M. A. Yost has gone to her country place near Sunnyside to spend the summer.

Mr. John Bradley and Mr. Percy Proeter made a business trip to Cincinnati Monday.

Fine liue ladies' waists, wrappers, underwear, gloyes, laces, ribbons, etc., at F. E. Merrill's. 13–1t.

Miss Grace Johuson, of Westernport, was in Oakland this week arranging to teach a class in music.

The family of Judge Jere Wilson has arrived from Washington and is domiciled iu his residence near Oakland.

Mr. Chas. C. Speicher, one of Accident's merchants, was here over Sunday as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Ault.

Prof. S. C. Smith is down in the lower end of the county this week selling organs and other musical instrumeuts.

Mr. Gilmor S. Hamill went to Hagerstown last night to try a case in that county which was removed from here.

Rev. Benjamin Ison and family, who spent the winter with relatives in Washington, returned to Oakland Monday night.

The Chisholm Cottage for ren furnished, on reasonable terms. Apply to Mrs. M. E. Chisholm, on the premises. 13–3t.

Miss Gertrude Williamson, of Wheeling, W. Va., is here on a visit to Mrs. E. P. Russell on Water street.

Mr. Gilmor S. Hamill has had erected as an addition to his residence on Liberty street a room to be used as a library.

Mr. George C. Peterson, of Baltimore, who was here several days recently on business, returned to his home yesterday.

Mrs. K. T. Crane aud son went to Parkersburg, West Va., last Saturday morning to spend a few weeks with rolatives and friends.

Mr. John W. Williams and family, of Philadelplia, have arrived at Deer Park and are occupying their handsome summer residence.

Mr. John Lee Harne, of Clarksburg, W. Va., who was here several days last week visiting his parents, returned on Monday morning.

Mr. L. Stoudard, who was confined to his bed with an acute attack of the grip for several days, has recovered sufficiently to be out again.

Mr. Scott T. Jones, agent for the Columbia and Hartford bicycles, has delivered to customers this week several machines of the above make.

Mrs. Chas. Howard, of Baltimore with her family, arrived in Oakland Saturday and are occupying their summer residence on Quality Hill.

Mr. William C. Devecmon, one of the rising young lawyers of the Cumberland bar, was in the city Friday last on professional business.

Mr. George Fulmer, who has until recently been employed by the electric light company, is now clerking for Messrs. O. W. Stull & Co. at Crellin.

Ladies' waists, wrappers and underwear; also a fine line of gentlemen's fino shirts, outing shirts, summer underwear, neck ties, etc., at F. E. Merrill's. 13–1t.

Notwithstanding the fact that the town council declared merry-go rounds nuisances two havo arrived in Oakland and are being set up on the Broderick field.

Mr. James S. Lakin, was here Tuesday on business. He had with him plans of his proposed new building at Terra Alta, which will probably be erected this summer.

Miss Mattie Porter, who spent the greater part of the winter in Elkins, W. Va., arrived at her home in Oakland Monday night aud will remain here during the summer.

The hot weather of the latter part of last week and the former part of this week was something terrible to sweltering humanity. The thermometer registered as high as 93 degrees in tho shade.

State Lecturer Graham Dukehart, of Baltimore, will visit officially Oakland Lodge No. 192 A., F & A. M. at its next regular communication, tho 13th inst. The brethren will take notice thereof aud attend accordingly.

Mr. Thomas B. Wiley, of Bittinger, who has been spoken of by many of his friends as an acceptable candidate for the office of County Treasurer on the Republican ticket this fall, was in the city last Friday on business.

Dr. G. M. P. King and a large number of servants arrived in Oakland last Friday and havo prepared Monte Vista for the reception of guests. Already a number have registered for the season, among them being Miss Emma Horner, of Vermont.

A Baltimore lady has rented The Rest hotel property for a term of years and will soon have it open for the receptiou of guests. The large houso has been furnished throughout with new furniture and has been thoroughly repaired and overhauled.

When you come to town to see Sands & Astley's circus (Saturday, June 8th,) don't go homo till you see how cheap you can get a good vehicle at A. D. Naylor's. Special low prices for that day only. Nearly twenty-five jobs to select from. 14–1t.

Mr. A. Nelson has moved his meat store from the Felty building to a building of his own opposite the postoffice on Alder street, which building is fitted with a large cooling room in which meats can be kept for an indefinite time.

Sometime ago I was troubled with an attack of rheumatism. I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm and was completely cured. I have since advised many of my friends and customers to try the remedy and all speak highly of it. Simon Goldbaum, San Luis Rey, Cal. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

We desire to call attention to the announcement of the Wesleyan Female Institute, Staunton, Va., of which Rev. Henry P. Hamill, formerly of Oakland, is the President. The school is acknowledged to be among the best of its kind in the country and the instructors up to the standard. Write for particulars to the president at Staunton, Va.

"As a local paper," said a prominent attorney of Cumberland the other day, in conversation with the editor, "your paper is hard to beat considering the territory in which you have to work." We do not often publish complimentary things about our own journal, but this tistimonial coming unsolicited and from such authority we feel no deliecancy in reproducing it.

Sheriff J. F. Dixon and Mr. Thomas Ashby, of Elk Garden, were here over Sunday attending the funeral of Mr. John L. Browning and as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cropp.

We desire to impress upon our correspondents in different sections of the county that they have been exceedingly careless during the last few weeks in sending in their letters of interest and that the people like to read during the hot as well as cool weather. Let those who have not recently written take up their pens, put on their thinking caps, sharpen up their "nose for news" and send in their contributions.

Good honest solid bargains at Garthright's, Mountain Lake Park. Highest prices paid for wool, butter and eggs; excellent drives in trunks, sole leather satchels, sole leather valises, queensware and tinware. 1 car of salt, 140 pound sacks, for 50 cents at car. Come quick. Large lot dress goods, all wool and half wool, at cost. 25 suits for men at cost and less. Two cars best brand flour at lowest prices. 13–2t.

Prof. R. G. Richardson, of Piedmout, has opened a first class furniture house at Mt. Lake Park. The building of itself is a novelty in this section, being built in sections and covered with heavy canvas. It presents a very neat appearance and is well stocked for the trade. Give him a call.

While at Peekskill, N. Y., Mr. S. A. Scriven, a prominent manufacturer of New York City, purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Such good results were obtained from its use that he sent back to the druggist from whom he had obtained it for two more bottles of the same Remedy. When you have a cough or cold give this preparation a trial and like Mr. Scriven you will want it when again in need of such a medicine. It is a remedy of great worth and merit. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

We have received a letter from Mrs. J. B. Shoup, wife of Rev. Shoup, of Mikesville, Florida, stating that on May 15th fire consumed their home and nearly all its contents, together with Mr. Shoup's library and other articles of value, leaving then homeless and almost penniless. In endeavoring to save some of the goods Mr. Shoup received several severe burns about the arms and face.

I have two little grandchildren who are teething this hot summer weather and are troubled with bowel complaint. I gave them Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and it acts like a charm. I earnestly recommend it for children with bowel troubles. I was myself taken with a severe attack of bloody flux, with cramps and pains in my stomach, one-third of a bottle of this remedy cured me. Within twenty-four hours I was out of bed and doing my house work. Mrs. W. L. Dunagan, Ben-aqua, Hickman Co., Tenn. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

During Sunday, Monday and part of Tuesday afternoon fire in the vicinity of Crellin and Mr. Offutt's mill raged most furiously and destroyed a large amount of valuable timber and fencing. The rain on Tuesday afternoon quenched the flames and no more danger is anticipated. Sunday the workmen at Crellin were kept busy all day fighting the fire and at times the whole town was in danger of being entirely consumed.

While in Topeka last March, E. T. Barber, a prominent newspaper man of La Cygne, Kan., was taken with cholora morbus very severely. The night clerk at the hotel where he was stopping happened to have a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and gave him three doses which relieved him and think saved his life. Every family should keep this remedy in their homes at all times. No one can tell how soon it may be needed. It costs but a trifle and may be the means of saving much suffering and perhaps the life of some member of the family. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

The Fire Department.

To the Editor of the Republican.

The young gentlemen of the fire department raised a handsome pole for a gong and flag at the building Wednesday evening of last week. During a conversation with one of the members I was surprised to hear that the members were allowed to pay for all materials except the gong and some work given by one of the citizens. He further said: "Some seem to have the erroneous idea that the department is a private concern and should be supported by private funds. The question is whether this department is any benefit to Oakland, or will it ever be any benefit, and if in the affirmative, why not recognize it, or otherwise have the council to disband." Our citizens may think as summer approaches, that the boys are possessed with a spirit similar to that of the inhabitants of "Sleepy Hollow." They are seeking constantly to improve the building and the surroundings. It would well pay any citizen to visit the department and see the arrangement that has been made by which the members are kept together. Owing to the untiring efforts of the officers the reading room is kept in a splendid condition. Noticing quite a number of papers laying about, I became curious to know what the boys are reading. Looking them over I found the *American* and *Herald*,, daily papers, Harper's, Scribner's and Leslie's magazines. I find the boys have recently purchased a set of Encyclopedia Britannica. They have quite a number of books by standard authors. The department has done a noble work among the young men this year. It has helped to reclaim a good many that seemed to have started on their downward course. Such an instrument of good should be nourished by the people of the town, not only because of the good morally it has done or may do, but because in the time of fire those young men will be our safeguard. In a town built as Oakland is there is a strong possibility should fire break out, that the whole town, or greater part must go. Granting that their implements are on a small scale, (the authorities might have bought something more efficient if they had deemed the engine we have inadequate for the preservation of property) let that be as it is, surely any reasonable reader will agree with the statement that the department is a regular organized organization, and as such will do more for the protection of property than any rabble. What has a rabble ever accomplished or done? The last of any note melted away like the snow on a south hillside, without accomplishing anything. When we plant a tree or shrub, when we begin any new industry, we that believe in protection, think that it should be nourished. So it is with the Fire Department. Now that it is started let us do all we can to help it along. Looking over the *Mid-Summer Edition* I noticed that our genial editor neglected to mention that Oakland possessed such a thing as chemical engine and a hook and ladder brigade.

An old adage says "Actions speak louder than words," I am sure the boys will win, when called upon, the grateful thanks and praise of the people.

A CITIZEN.

Consolidation of Telephone Lines.

On Tuesday the deal was closed merging the lines of the Mountain Telephone Company into the Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta Telephone Company. Last year the Aurora line paid a dividend of ten per cent. and by this deal it is expected that an increase in the earnings will be made. As soon as practicable a central station will be established, and the office probably located in THE REPUBLICAN building.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaiuing unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending June 8, 1895, the parties addressed being unknowu to the postmaster.

Samuel H. Ralston,
Mrs. J. F. Ashley,

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertisiug. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Married.

ARNOLD—SMITH.—On Wednesday afternoon, by the Rev. J. M. Davis, at Mountain Lake Park, Mr. Benonia Clarence Arnold and Miss Kitte Smith. In honor of the occasion a wedding supper was tendered the couple last night at the residence of the groom's father a few miles south of town. The bride is the daughter of the late John Smith, of Oakland.

Town Council Proceedings.

The regular monthly meeting of the town council was held on Monday night, at which, among other important matters, the following business was transacted:

The contract for laying sidewalks was awarded to William Nair, the contract price being eighteen cents per foot.

The oil warehouse used by Mr. Jas. A. Delawder was declared a public nuisance and ordered to be removed.

Anticipating the arrival of a merry-go-round it was also declared a nuisance and an order passed prohibiting the setting up of the machine within the corporate limits.

The tax rate, to meet the increasing indebtedness, was advanced from 35 cents to 50 cents on the hundred dollars.

An adjourned session of the council was held Tuesday night at which bills, etc., were read and disposed of.

The next meeting will be held the first Monday night in July.

Dentistry.

Dr. D. O. McKinley will be in Oakland June 3d and 4th. Inquire of Mr. D. M. Dixon. Will be at Kearney June 5th and 6th; at McHenry 10th; at Hoyes 11th; at Isaiah Friends, Elder, 12th; at Friendsville 13th and 14th. Teeth extracted without pain. 12–2t.

Musical.

To my scholars of last summer and the public of Oakland, I beg to announce that I will resume my classes in piano, organ and voice culture about June 1st. All desiring to take lessons will please write to me at Westernport, Md., after June 1st can be seen in person at Oakland.

MISS GRACE JOHNSON,
of Peabody Institute, Baltimore, Md. 12–3t.

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

Many needed improvements are being made at the Oakland hotel, among them being the erection of a new approach to the front piazza. A new flag staff has also been raised. The outlook for a good summer business at this noted resort is bright. The hotel will be opened for the season the 22nd inst.

Grantsville.

News is very meagre this week.

An epidemic is going the rounds here. Its sufferers have sore throat, hoarseness, etc.

Quite a considerable amount of hemlock bark is being hauled from Billmeyer & Balliet's saw mill, south of town, to the railroad station at West Salisbury, Pa.

Sheriff Wegman arrived in this city Friday and remained until Sunday.

Wesley Blocher had an attack of sunstroke Sunday. He was better this morning.

Municipal election is in progress to-day. Will report names of newly elected borough "dads" next week.

The mercury has been hovering about 90 degrees during the hottest part of the past several days. We need rain. Prospects are for a light oats and hay crop, unless the drought ceases before long.

New Store.

I have just opened a stock of new up-to-date goods, purchased at the lowest cash prices, and am selling the same at close profits, strictly for the cash.

You are cordially invited to call at Jarboe building one door west of postoffice, Oakland Md.

12–1t, F. E. MERRILL.

Spring is Here!

Everything Fresh, and at The Very Lowest Prices. Fresh Vegetables and Fruits a Specialty, at

MALETTE'S

Cheap Cash Grocery.

D. E. OFFUTT & SON

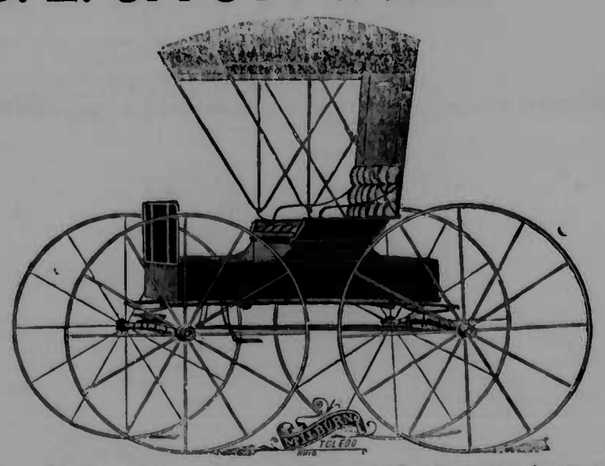

Invites the attention of those interested in the purchase of vehicles of anv style. The Kramer, Milburn and Jackson farm wagons always on hand. Prices and terms given on application.

THE OLD CLIPPER SERVICE.

BY GEORGE E. WALSH.

It is with unconcealed regret that many lovers of the sea witness the gradual decadence of the old clipper service, which must soon result in the final disappearance of a class of sailing vessels that cannot be replaced by any of our modern craft. The clipper service was an institution that served its purpose in life nobly, and its doom must be accepted as one of the inevitable steps in the progress of civilization.

In those early days when China, Japan and the orient were not closely connected with the western world by lines of fast steamships, the fleet clippers were essential factors in trade. An intense rivalry developed between the owners of the various fast-sailing craft, and everything that Yankee ingenuity could do was brought into service to make types of vessels that would outstrip anything sailing on the sea. A great incentive to fine shipbuilding was given by the clipper service, and the wonder is even to-day that such fine lines were drawn for many of the large sailing craft.

In a short time heavy bets were made upon the various clippers, and the winner would realize more money from the wagers than profit from his cargo. Usually two staunch clippers left China at the same time, loaded down with a cargo of tea, and steering direct for Cape Horn they would make a long, tireless race for the Atlantic seaboard. The cargo of tea was so light that it served merely as necessary ballast, and in no way interfered with the sailing of the clippers. Every sail was set, and the clippers were driven along by a cloud of canvas that would shame many of our modern pleasure yachts. Nothing but a tremendous storm would ever induce the captain to take in the sails.

No statelier clipper ever sailed the blue seas than the Alice, of New York. Early in the 'forties she had outclassed and outsailed every ship of her size. She had made thousands of dollars for her owners, winning in nearly every race, and finally earning the proud name of "Mistress of the Sea."

But there was too much rivalry in the service to let one clipper enjoy this distinction without a desperate effort being made to win it from her. Consequently, when the Flyer, of Boston, was launched, after months of fine work on her splendid hull, it was understood that she was built ostensibly to beat the Alice. Everything was done to make her staunch, swift and graceful.

She made her first race against the Alice a year later, and a most memorable struggle for the supremacy took place. The owners of the two vessels staked over a hundred thousand dollars on the result of the contest, and several private firms made smaller wagers.

It was early in spring—one beautiful May morning—when the two clippers started on their long journey around Cape Horn; and, as they glided away toward the open ocean before a gentle breeze, they looked like two ghostly apparitions. Enormous water-sails came down to the very water's edge, and swelling topsails and balloon sails caught every whiff of wind that passed over their heads. Such a long race as the two clippers were entering upon would test the captains' abilities, the staying qualities of the vessels, and their speed in all sorts of weather and sea. None of our modern international races could give such a thorough test.

The first night separated the two clippers, and in the morning it was evident that the captains had chosen different courses to make the run to the cape. Capt. Singleton, of the Alice, had selected the route which had so often brought him success, and as he knew the coast and weather that prevailed at the various points, he felt perfect confidence.

Near the Society Islands she met many trading vessels, who signaled her, and wished her Godspeed in her journey. The news of the great race had traveled so far that most mariners knew something about it, and their sympathy was generally with the Alice.

As the clipper approached Cape Horn, the weather grew colder, the winds heavier and the sea rougher, and for days the noble vessel struggled bravely through against adverse elements. But despite the rough weather, Capt. Singleton kept most of the sails set, and the Alice plowed through the water with her nose constantly submerged. The hatches were battened down and everything was made snug and taut above decks.

While rolling heavily almost abreast of the cape, one day, the lookout reported a sail ahead. For a moment all danger from the seas was forgotten. If the sail had been over the stern, there would have been more rejoicing than anxiety; but to know that the Flyer had rounded the cape ahead of them was disappointing. But in a few minutes everyone's anxiety was relieved. The sail was crossing the bow of the Alice at right angles, standing out from the shore.

As this was a rather peculiar course for any vessel to be taking Capt. Singleton took his position alongside of the lookout. There was no harbor or trading place in this part of the world, but the vessel might have been into one of the straits for repairs or for water. Patagonian Indians, Chilian criminals and bands of pirates of all nationalities frequented the islands around the cape, making it dangerous for any vessel to seek harbor. Of late vessels had been lost off the coast in considerable numbers, and while their loss was attributed to the sea and weather, some old sea captains hinted that pirates might have had something to do with the mystery.

The sail ahead had a suspicious look to Capt. Singleton. It was not a lumbering old craft by any means, but a neat, swift sailing clipper, modeled somewhat after the style of the Alice. If running parallel with the Alice the matter would have been different, but no craft was swift enough to pass around the strange craft, headed as she was.

"Signal her," Capt. Singleton commanded, "and ask her name!"

In a few minutes the response was given from the strange vessel:

"The Strayer, of New Bedford."

"Never heard of such a vessel," muttered the captain to his first officer.

No one seemed familiar with the name.

"Where are you bound?" signaled the officer from the Alice.

The reply was uncertain and was very unsatisfactory. The next question was no better.

"There is something wrong about that ship," emphatically said the captain. "If she isn't a pirate, I miss my guess. How can we make her show her colors?"

"If we turn out to sea and give her a race until we get plenty of sea room, she will make us lose the race with the Flyer," said the first officer, in reply.

"And if we run straight into her, she will not only make us lose the race, but our lives as well."

The vessels were drawing closer now, and the captain could inspect the decks of the strange craft. Surely, the black objects dodging down behind the bulwarks were men trying to conceal themselves from view.

"That settles it," shouted the captain.

He gave the necessary orders, and in a minute the Alice had changed her course, and was now running parallel with the strange vessel toward the open sea directly out of her proper course.

"We'll soon know the worst."

It did not take long to find this out. As the Alice slowly crept ahead of the other vessel, a puff of smoke came from the latter's side and a cannon ball whizzed across the clipper's prow.

"Aha! Now we know you," grimly exclaimed the captain. "The game is up."

The pirate no longer tried to conceal anything. The black flag was run up, and a lively race began. The pirate sent many balls chasing after the clipper, but the distance was too far to do much damage. The pirate was no mean antagonist, and she clung closely to the heels of the flying Alice.

Night came on and the chase was still desperate. It was a cloudy night and intense gloom settled over the water.

"I'll risk everything now to win the race," the captain said. "I shall cut across the pirate's bow, or die in the attempt. We've lost a whole day."

The wind was brisk, and when the Alice lay over on her new course, she seemed to strain every nerve to make up for lost time. The captain ordered the sailors to bring several chests of tea on deck, and then all the gunpowder that could be found. This amounted only to several kegs.

"We'll be prepared for an emergency," he muttered, as he gave orders.

A hole was bored through the top of each chest, and part of the tea taken out. Then the hole was filled with powder, and closed up again. A light fuse of newspaper was attached. Each chest, when finished, was placed along the sides of the vessel, ready for instant use.

"Now we'll fight dying," muttered the captain.

No one knew his plan, although not a sailor doubted but it was a desperate one.

All that night they sailed rapidly along, but did not encounter the pirate. Toward morning, before light broke in the east, they were well back into their old course.

"We've passed them in the darkness," the captain was saying, with a grim smile.

But just as he spoke, the lookout reported a sail standing out of the darkness almost upon them. The lights were shining very dimly from the masthead. The vessel was running parallel with them.

"It's the pirate, sir, and she's after us," shouted the lookout.

"Stand ready, then, to light those chests of tea and drop them into the sea. What a fool to show her lights!"

In an instant every sailor comprehended the captain's plan, and jumped forward with alacrity to perform their part in it. By throwing the light tea-chests overboard with the fuses on fire, they would soon have a series of explosions around the pirate ship that must eventually set her on fire. It was the captain's idea to let her get close to them before acting.

"Not so fast!" he ordered the sailing-master. "Let her get closer. She can overhaul us with her guns, and we may as well let her catch up."

The Alice moved slower, while the pirate vessel stole down upon her rapidly. When within two cables' length the order was given sharp and clear:

"Light the fuses and drop the chests overboard carefully!"

A sailor flourished an oil torch over his head and applied it to the first fuse. The chest was dropped into the sea and floated slowly behind with its banner of blazing light. The second and third ones were touched and were carried to the sides of the vessel.

"Great heavens, captain, stop!" the first officer suddenly shouted, detaining the man. "It's not the pirate, sir! It's the Flyer!"

Every man stood still with consternation. The lights were extinguished, but the first chest exploded so close to the side of the Flyer that the fire nearly scorched the sails.

"Well, our plan wouldn't have worked badly if it had been the pirate," philosophically remarked the captain.

Then giving orders to crowd on all sail, the old chase was renewed at close quarters.

It was a long, hard chase after that to New York. The two vessels kept close together, but the Alice won by nearly four hours. The closeness of the race was commented upon at the time, but it was not until the Alice had beaten the Flyer the second time that Capt. Singleton told how near he came to blowing up his rival near Cape Horn.

The captain of the Flyer had wondered what the mysterious explosion meant, but concluded that it was some sort of a joke or a new way of saluting a rival vessel.—N. Y. Ledger.

ANCIENT TELEGRAPHY.

Devices to Send News Swiftly Before the Age of Electricity.

The old telegraph stations of France are interesting relics of the past, and, where they have been allowed to remain, form a feature of the landscape. They were of two kinds, the square towers and the round towers. They consisted of two stories, and the index signals, of wood or light iron, were mounted on the top of a pole on the roof. A ladder ran up this pole, so that the signals might be reached and moved by hand. The telegraphers were provided with telescopes, and there was always somebody on watch on the roof to note signals made at the neighboring stations. The progress of a message at night was naturally slower than the day transmission. The words were fewer at night, also, because the small lanterns affixed to the indexes could occupy only a certain number of positions without being extinguished.

The first Bonaparte extended the line of these stations to Milan and then to Mayence, in Germany. They went no further. Soon the French armies began to retreat to the land from which they came, and as they retired they fired their telegraph posts to prevent the enemy from using them.

One writer has stated that Alexander's quickest means of sending messages was by fast horses, and that Napoleon, two millenniums later, was no better off. This informant, like millions to-day, was ignorant of aerial telegraphy's half century of existence.

As with electrical telegraphy, so with aerial telegraphy, the early attempts were legion. As far back as the seventeenth century a scientific attempt at long-distance telegraphy was made by the savant Amontons. The author Fontelle has written of these experiments. He states that the apparatus was a clever contrivance, permitting of the transmission of a message from Paris across the Alps to Rome in the then incredibly brief time of three hours, and this without anybody knowing the nature of the message between the Italian and French capitals.

The procedure consisted in placing at several consecutive spots men who, having perceived through long-distance telescopes certain signals made at one post, transmitted such signals to the next post, and so on from post to post, and these different signals were so many letters of an alphabet of secret ciphers. The key to these was known only to the parties interested at Paris and at the city one thousand miles away. The maximum range of the telescope constituted the distance between the different posts, the fewer of which the better for rapid transmission. Some experiments were successfully made over a little stretch of country, but the vice-consumed functionaries of the time pronounced the Amontons project "impracticable," and the discouraged inventor abandoned the idea.

Caesar, in his "Commentaries," relates how, during the invasion of Gaul, the inhabitants gave warning of his approach by burning fires at night. These signals were called "huchees." In the daytime the old Gauls resorted to cries. Thus, a number of men, stationed at certain intervals apart over a long stretch of country, would shout their warnings from one to the other. This species of month-to-mouth telegraphy answered so well and the dispatches traveled so quickly that Caesar states how, between the rising and the setting of the sun the natives would send a verbal message a distance of over fifty leagues.—Cassier's Magazine.

WORSHIPED BY CANNIBALS.

The Luck of a White Man Who Was Left on an Island of the South Seas.

By the death of Joseph Roberts, a Californian pioneer, Santa Cruz lost a genuine Robinson Crusoe, for Mr. Roberts had passed through in early manhood all the thrilling adventures and exciting life which endear Defoe's hero to the reading boy and girl. Sixty-seven years ago, on St. Valentine's day, Joseph Roberts was born in Falkirk. His family for years had been seafaring people, so that as he grew up he took to the sea naturally, and while only fourteen years of age, while his playmates were still cabin boys, he was made second mate of a sailing vessel. Before he was fifteen he made his first long voyage from home, and followed the sea until he reached manhood. He visited many foreign countries and the islands which dot the ocean, but never landed in the United States until he sailed through the Golden Gate in 1851.

There was one of the many stories of adventure which Mr. Roberts told which never grew stale to young or old. It was the story of the months he spent on a cannibal island in the Pacific. Mr. Roberts was on a cruise among the South Sea islands on an English merchantman, and when the land was sighted he went ashore, knowing that although the island was inhabited by cannibals, they were peaceable. But in his absence the captain ordered the anchor up and all sails set, and for eight months he was left alone among a lot of South Sea islanders.

The natives worshiped him as a deity, and the king shared his own palm hut with him. The natives on that island believe in feeding their god, so Mr. Roberts lived on the fat of the island. The daintiest fish, the rarest game, and the earliest and sweetest fruits were laid as offerings at his door. Five dusky girls waited on him, served him with food, and wove garlands of flowers with which they crowned him. Whenever he went to the seashore he was followed by an admiring horde of natives. He was the first man on the island, the divinity of the natives, the king of their king. Mr. Roberts used to say that he liked the adoration of the South Sea islanders, but as the months passed he grew homesick and longed for the sight of white faces. Civilization seemed a very desirable thing, but he accepted the situation.

At the end of eight months' stay on the island, upon awakening one morning, he saw a ship lying at anchor in the bay. Pretending to the natives that he wished to board the vessel to trade with the sailors, they took him out to her in a canoe, and he climbed up the side of an American ship. The captain and crew were more than astonished to see a white man, and Roberts begged to be accepted as a sailor, a passenger, or anything, so he could once more reach civilization. On this ship he entered the United States for the first time, for the sailing vessel was bound for San Francisco. When the natives learned that their white god was going to leave them they put out to sea in all their boats, following the sailing vessel for miles, screaming, crying, and beseeching him to jump overboard and return to them.—San Francisco Examiner.

THE RED CROSS IN JAPAN.

A Popular and Efficient Medical Corps of the Army.

There is one point which no one seems to have noticed in the recent war between Japan and China, and that is, one country has a Red Cross service, very extensive and complete, and the other has none at all; in fact, not even a medical department. Strangely enough, the Chinese, despite their knowledge and thoughtfulness in other matters, pursue war almost exactly as they did long ago. They allow for so many men being killed and wounded, captured and missing, and even for a large number to be destroyed by disease, privation and the neglect of wounds and injuries, without making any exertion to prevent them. They take the old-fashioned view that these are part of the loss of the war and are not worth bothering about. The result may be easily imagined. Thus far they have lost three or four times as many soldiers from preventable causes as they have by battle. The Japanese, on the other side, formed a Red Cross society long ago; in fact, I believe, several years before the Americans did.

In Japan the head of the society is the empress, and she has around her a large number of assistants who have charge of smaller societies. These in turn have special committees, of which each member is the head of a still smaller local club. They contribute generously to the Red Cross, and besides that there is a provision whereby the government gives a small amount in times of peace and a large one during war. The societies make up bandages, lint and other medical and surgical appliances, and from the first whisper of war make these things in vast quantities and send them promptly to the front. Many of the members have taken lessons from physicians and understand how to treat the wounded and in many cases to perform slight operations. When the army was ready for movement the Red Cross army was also ready to accompany it. It was organized in military fashion, drilled and disciplined.

Every person had a place and knew what to do. From the opening of the war until to-day they have made a good record for themselves. In Corea they treated the Chinese and Coreans with the same care and tenderness as their own people. It was a novelty and surprise to these soldiers which won their hearts. They expected the same treatment which they would have bestowed upon their captives—namely, death. In our Red Cross service we have both men and women and also servants or laborers. These are to do such heavy work as transporting their supplies and carrying the wounded off the battlefield, and where there are accommodations ready to the hospital. Among the male members of the Red Cross army there are many physicians, especially young men, who have just begun their profession. Most of these have come from the university at Tokio. The women members include a few trained nurses of ability, who in their leisure hours have acted as instructors to the rest. There are over a thousand in the service, and the number will be increased just as rapidly as the armies in the field are increased. The organization is very popular among both the people at home and the soldiers far away. From the former it receives a steady stream of money, goods and supplies, and from the latter it receives compliments, courtesies and favors of all sorts. On many occasions the soldiers have put up the Red Cross tents and arranged everything ready for the occupants before they began work upon their own. We feel very proud of the organization and think that it will be admired by all other peoples when they come to know how much work they have accomplished, and how well it has all been done.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

An Independent Barber.

Here is an entertaining story about a Frenchman who was too proud to do things which were against his principles. The story is vouched for as an actual fact by the man to whom the incident happened. While traveling in Europe he stopped over night at Caen, and noting that his hair was unduly long he went to have it cut by the local barber. He told the barber to take off very little, but before the scissors had been at work many seconds he noticed a favorite lock fall onto the calico jacket in which he had been arrayed. Whereupon he reproved the barber for not following his instructions, upon which the man observed, in mingled tones of reproach and dismay: "Monsieur must permit me to do my work in the way which seems best to me; and what is more, I will take off some more." "Not at all," said the traveler: "I tell you I want very little taken off, and must insist upon your doing as I direct you." The barber, however, was not to be put down in this way, and said: "Monsieur, it is possible that this is how things may be done in England, but here in France we are not slaves. I shall cut off as much as I please."—Harper's Round Table.

—Not a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words and suffer noble sorrows.—Charles Reade.

ON THE SAFE SIDE.

Advertising Agent—What d'ye mean by sticking that "Cures Influenza" all over the place, eh?

Bill-Poster—Shure, now, I couldn't remimber which one it was for, so I thought I'd be on the safe side anyway.—Pall Mall Budget.

His Wife's Position.

"Now," said the bridegroom to the bride when they returned from the honeymoon trip, "let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life. Are you the president or vice president of this society?"

"I want to be neither president nor vice president," she answered. "I will be content with a subordinate position."

"What is that?"

"Comptroller of the treasury."—Texas Siftings.

A LOTTERY TICKET.

—Judge.

A Cheat.

Uncle Philander (standing before chewing gum slot machine)—This here thing's a cheat. I put my penny in all right, pushed the little bizness an' thet piece of gum come down inter sight, but here I've been watchin' an' waitin' half a hour an' the gol darn jigger hasn't begun to chew yet!—Life.

The Same Man.

In my travels I have noticed that the man who wants the earth,
And who pulls and hauls and elbows in to get the lower berth,
Is the same who always tells you, with his overflowing love,
That the atmosphere is better in the other berth above.

—Arkansaw Thomas Cat.

His Golden Wedding.

Jonesley—Coming around to my golden wedding next week?

Brownikas (indignantly)—Your golden wedding! Why, man, you're not thirty-five.

Jonesley—No, but I've bagged an American heiress.—Judge.

Music, Heavenly Maid.

Hostess—Won't you play something for us, Miss Keynote?

Gifted Amateur—Certainly, if it is your desire. What would you prefer?

Hostess—Oh, anything, only so it isn't loud enough to interfere with the conversation.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Little Gardener.

"Mamma," said little Wilbur, coming up from the kitchen, "can't I have some o' the baked beans left over from breakfast for my garden? I think it would be nice to grow 'em, so's cook wouldn't have to cook 'em."—Harper's Young People.

THE COOK'S ALTERNATIVE.

Bridget—Mr. Bildad, yer wife come into the kitchen this marnin' and insoolted me, an' it's wan av two things—either she laves this house or I does.—Judge.

THE largest sailing ship afloat is the remodeled Persian Monarch, 3,023 tons measurement. Her iron masts are 184 feet high from the deck.

Protection That Protects.

Brownston—Yes, sir. My house has been robbed three times, and I live right in the middle of the city, too, with a policeman at every corner. I should think you'd be scared half to death living as you do, way off in the country.

Mr. Suburb—My house is never interfered with. There hasn't been a burglar in our section for years.

"Eh! Have you policemen there?"

"No. Nothing but guns."—N. Y. Weekly.

Baby's Masterpiece.

"I'm sure that baby is going to be a great artist," said the fond mother.

"Isn't he rather young to evince any talent?"

"That's just where he shows his genius. I left him where he could get some red ink on his fingers, and before I knew what he was doing he had decorated the library wall with one of the loveliest magazine posters you ever saw."—Washington Star.

Speculation in His Eye.

Benevolent Individual—Yes, sir, I hold that when a man makes a little extra money his first duty is to make his wife a present of a handsome dress.

Ordinary Individual — You are a philosopher, I presume?

Benevolent Individual—No, I'm a dry goods merchant.—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

The Porter Was Safe.

"We haven't relieved the Pullman porter of his wad," said a new train robber to his older companion, as they were about to move off, after going through the train.

"Honor among thieves," replied the veteran, as the robbers disappeared into the darkness.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

ESTABLISHING A PRECEDENT.

Gentleman—What did you knock that little boy down for and then jump on him?

Small Boy—Well, I couldn't jump on him 'fore I knocked him down, could I?—Brooklyn Life.

A Reason.

"I think I know why a boy that doesn't know his lessons gets a whipping sometimes," said Wallie. "If he doesn't learn, it shows he isn't smart, so they whack him till he does smart."—Harper's Young People.

Not Competent to Judge.

Miss Chatter—What fool-killers cigarettes are! Don't you think so, Mr. Noodleby?

Mr. Noodleby—Weally, I couldn't say, Miss Chatter. I never smoked one in me life, dontcherknow.—Life.

One Thing at a Time.

"When I drink much I can't work, so I let it alone."

"The drinking?"

"No, the working."—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

She Wants a Change.

He—I think your family name is such a fine one.

She—Do you? I get dreadfully tired of it.—Detroit Free Press.

Truly Christian.

His kiss was like a blow unto
Her modesty; with meek
And truly Christian spirit
She turned the other cheek.

—Detroit Tribune.

He Comes After You.

Etiens—Is it correct to precede the father of your fiancee downstairs?

Cnizziens—Very often you have to.—Truth.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

THE DEVIL'S "WANT AD."

Johnson, the drunkard, is dying to-day,
With traces of sin on his face;
He'll be missed at the club, at the bar, at the play;
Wanted: A boy for the place.

Simons, the gambler, was killed in a fight,
He died without pardon or grace.
Some one must train for his burden and blight;
Wanted: A boy for his place.

The scoffer, the idler, the convict, the thief,
Are lost; and without any noise
Make it known, that there come to my instant relief
Some thousands or more of the boys.

WILL IT BE YOUR BOY?
[Illustration from the Voice.]

Boys from the fireside, boys from the farm,
Boys from the home and the school,
Come, leave your misgivings, there can be no harm
Where "drink and be merry's" the rule.

Wanted: For every lost servant of mine,
Some one to live without grace,
Some one to die without pardon Divine—
Will you be the boy for the place?
—Hattie Horner Louthan, in Chicago Record.

A TOTAL ABSTAINER.

Many Sound Reasons for Refraining From Alcoholic Stimulants.

In the first place—first not in importance—because I always have been one, not having known anything else to be when I was a child. I went on being a teetotaler until I was able to reason about the matter for myself. And I think there is a great deal in children being thus brought up abstainers as a matter of course, as though there were nothing else for them to be. We can not tell how soon habits exert their power upon children. Therefore, let them be put in the way of this good habit as soon as possible. They will, in very many instances, be much more apt to remain in the habit than to acquire it at later periods of their life.

As to why I have continued to be a total abstainer, a number of reasons might be given. I think the first that operated with me was the observation of the misery caused by over-indulgence in strong drink. I was too young then to view this in the light of a sin. But going about even as a boy, I saw for myself what trouble thus ensued, and I remember distinctly saying to myself: "I will not drink such things, for some one day I may be making the same trouble for others."

After awhile I learned that drunkenness was a sin, and then I thought it best to go on not drinking such things as were the means of committing the sin. I saw many drinking, so far as I knew, temperately; but I did not feel sure that I could resist the temptation to intemperance. So I concluded that it was safer for me not to drink such things at all.

And lest, by allowing myself the use of milder stimulants, I might go on and indulge in stronger and deadly stimulants, I made up my mind not to drink tea or coffee, which I have always looked upon as stimulants rather than as articles of food. Thus it is, then, I can say that I have never tasted tea, and coffee only once. In this same category I have also put tobacco, which I smoked only thrice—many years ago.

I can not but believe that this life-long abstinence from the one class of stimulants has helped me against the other.

Further, I am a total-abstainer because by myself being one I can the more successfully persuade others to be such. I am quite aware of the force of other arguments, and that a man who himself is not a teetotaler, but is strictly temperate, may, with consistency, urge one to become such who is intemperate. But I think those of us who have had experience in the work will agree in saying that it is, as a rule, far easier to give up intoxicants altogether if he knows that we have done the same.

I find an additional reason for being a total abstainer in the firm belief which I have long entertained that thereby my health and strength are the better assured. I hope that I may be allowed, simply as furnishing evidence to this effect, to say that in various ways I have gone through a great deal of work and exposure, calling for at least much of physical endurance. I have never had a headache, and for a period of over fifty years had no necessity for a medical prescription. For the exceptional health and strength graciously vouchsafed me, I feel that I am chiefly indebted, under God, to my abstinence from all stimulants.

I do not know that economical considerations have had any weight with me. Not that it would not have been necessary for me to take them into account, but simply because the others were sufficient to keep me from what certainly would have been, with my convictions, not only a needless, but an unjustifiable expense. There are those to whom the financial argument comes with a force that does not with them seem to attach to any other argument. Indeed, it requires but little effort to show how unwise it is to spend their money for that which is not to anyone necessary if taken as a beverage, and is to very many undesirably hurtful. If other considerations failed with me, I should certainly be moved by this one of judicious and legitimate expenditure.

I have thus in a simple way—and egotistically of very necessity—adduced, according to request, some of the chief reasons why I am a total abstainer.—Rev. Leighton Coleman, D. D., Bishop of Delaware, in National Temperance Advocate.

EVILS OF WINE.

An Array of Witnesses Whose Testimony Can Not Be Gainsaid.

Wine takes away reason, engenders insanity, leads to thousands of crimes, and imposes such an enormous expense on nations.—Pliny.

All inhabitants of light wine countries are quarrelsome.—Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

The wine shops breed, in a physical atmosphere of malaria and a moral pestilence of envy and vengeance, the men of crime and revolution.—Charles Dickens.

The sluices of the grog-shop are fed from the wine glass in the parlor.—E. H. Chapin.

Cheap wine is not the cure for intemperance. The people here (Switzerland) are just as intemperate as they are in America.—J. G. Hollaud.

You often hear the remark that "there is no harm in a glass of wine *per se*." *Per se* means by itself. Certainly, there is no harm in a glass of wine by itself. Place a glass of wine on a shelf and let it remain there, and it is *per se*, and will harm no one. But if you take it from the shelf and turn it inside a man, then it is no longer *per se*.—Geo. W. Bain.

Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? they that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine—Proverbs.

A man can not use what is called the best of wine daily for ten years and be free from disease. Whatever is in the least harmful to the human economy, when taken internally, whether it irritates the nerves, or only renders them more sensitive to external impressions, or accelerates the degeneration of cell-tissue, is incompatible with healthy growth, and therefore its use is abuse.—Journal of Hygieue.

CURSE OF ABSINTHE DRINKING.

Vitality of the French Nation Being Sapped by This Insidious Drink.

Dr. Lancereaux, the celebrated French physician, has lent to the French medical academy a statistical report of the use of absinthe in France, which has created a sensation, as it shows in plain figures how year for year this favorite drink of the French people is undermining vitality of the nation, and his report is doubly interesting when it is taken in consideration that the United States next to France is the greatest consumer of this poison in the form of alcoholic stimulant.

Absinthe is procured by pounding the leaves and flowery tops of various species of wormwood, with angelica root, sweet flag root, the leaves of diptany of Crete, starantise fruit, and other aromatics and macerating these in alcohol. After soaking for about eight days the compound is distilled, yielding an emerald-colored liquor, to which a proportion of an essential oil, usually that of anise, is added.

Dr. Lancereaux in his report estimates that of twenty patients, ten are suffering alcoholic poison, five from the use of absinthe and five from other intoxicants. He says it would be an interesting study to ascertain what influence the habit of absinthe has had on the social organization of the nation, and the power it has had on the political history of France, on political agitations and questions of national importance. Five years ago no one would admit that alcoholism was on the increase in France. They that dared to raise a warning voice were called traitors, foreigners, spies in the pay of Germany. To-day we can not shut our eyes to the truth; it is seen to exist on every hand, the cry is now to establish legal boundaries for the prevention of the consumption of absinthe, the nation's most dangerous enemy, and similar alcoholic poisons.

Deficiencies in Inebriates' Children.

Dr. Paul Garnier, of Paris, has made a special study of the children of habitual drunkards. He says: "There is a flaw in the very nature of these children that the physiologists see clearly and notes with apprehension—the absence of affectionate emotions. When they do not become lunatics they show insensibility and pitilessness."

VARIOUS NOTES.

LONDON has 10,500 public houses.

THE saloon wants "free raw material." That material is boys.

THE incorrigible drunkard is not so much a freak as he is a crop.—John G. Woolley.

DEATH seems to be the only protection afforded the drunkard's child.—Stillwater Mirror.

NEW HAMPSHIRE legislature has passed a law forbidding the giving as well as the sale of tobacco to miners.

THE legislature of California has passed a bill prohibiting the sale of liquor within two and a half miles of any soldiers' home.

A NOTORIOUS saloon in Buffalo, known as the "Gold Dollar," is to be turned into a temperance saloon, after the plan of Bishop Fallows' "home saloon" in Chicago.

IT is said that Benjamin Franklin, while working as a printer among London beer-drinkers, was known as the "American Aquatic," because he drank only water.

IN the little German principality of Waldeck a decree has been proclaimed that a license to marry will not be granted to any individual who is in the habit of getting drunk.

A COMPARISON of the consumption and profit of intoxicants in Great Britain, shows that during ten years the consumption has increased ten per cent., and the profit to the brewers and distillers forty per cent.

GRACE HOWE, a pretty eighteen-year-old girl, startled her fellow-prisoners in Jackson jail by a well-developed attack of delirium tremens. Although a mere child, she has spent a large part of her life in jail.—The St. John's Herald.

THE FARMING WORLD.

AN EXCELLENT DEVICE.

Designed for Dairymen Who Wish to Cool Milk in the Well.

The sketch herewith shows a simple and successfuly creamery that any farmer can with little expense construct. The first thing required is a well of good size in dimeter and of cool water. I made the experiment early last spring by hanging the cans in the well, and was so well satisfied with the results I made the needed arrangement for hoisting and lowering the cans by means of a crank which can be attached to each roller. Three cans are all that are needed in my creamery, each one holding a milking,

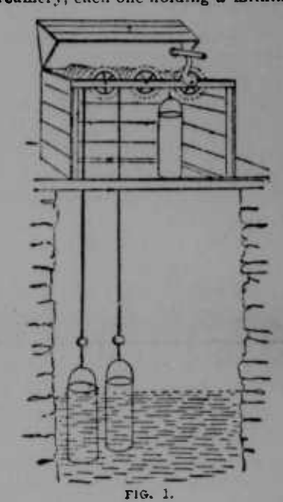

FIG. 1.

which allows thirty-six hours for each setting. The cans should have covers to keep out dirt and insects, but not be airtight, and can be made to hold a larger quantity where more cows are kept, but should be about three times the height of the diameter, with the case between the curb floor and the space roller to allow the can to pass freely through. The sketch is so simple it seems unnecessary to explain its construction. One point to be kept in mind is to see that the cans are not set too deep in rainy weather, as the water may rise and overturn the milk. Snaps are used on the ends of the rope to attach the can, as seen in Fig. 1. The cover of the case is so made that when closed it slants back to shed rain. The front piece (see Fig. 2) is detachable and sets in so that when closed it can be locked with a padlock. All who have seen it think highly of it, as it is a creamery without the use

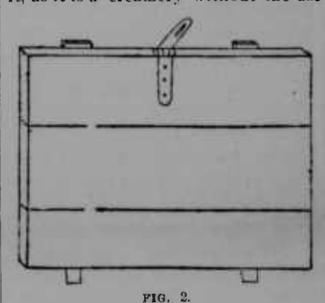

FIG. 2.

of ice, which is expensive to have and a great deal of work to use. On one occasion in market I met a man who has used a creamery for many years, and who thought it would pay him to dig a well purposely instead of using ice. Setting of milk in wells is so common that this device ought to be generally used by farmers.—M. J. Malbett, in American Agrieulturist.

WIDE-TIRE LAWS.

A California Paper Thinks They Are Needed in That and Other States.

Riverside county has just adopted a wide-tire ordinance to prevent the destruction of new roads the county will build. That is well; but we fear it will be ineffective until there is a general law on the subject. Placer has a wide-tire ordinance also, but it is sleeping, because wagons of narrow tires belonging in adjoining counties roll into Placer and cut up the roads the wide tires make, hence the Placerites do not feel it to be just to enforce a law upon their own which the stranger may violate with impunity. So it will be in Riverside. There is a wide-tire bill before the legislature, and it has a favorable committee report. But the bill simply gives the supervisors power to pass ordinances on the subject. The bill may as well pass as an educational measure; were it obligatory, however, there would be great virtue in it. It is possible that under it some counties may be encouraged to adopt the ordinance towards which the bill looks; but a general law, to take effect two years hence, is what the late road convention advised, and it knew what is needed in this matter. — Sacramento (Cal.) Record Union.

How to Market String Beans.

String beans should be gathered as soon as the bean is about to form in the pod, before it is hardly perceptible. Do not allow them to remain on the vines until coarse. It is also advisable to see that they go into packages cool and dry, and when expedient to spread them out for a short time do so. When ready they should be packed in about the same packages as peas, only this rule should be observed, especially in putting up wax beans, the beans should be nicely and evenly placed in layers on the bottom, sides and top of packages. This gives them an attractive appearance which adds very materially to their sale. Pack full and keep out all specked or rusty beans.—Farmers' Review.

WHEN trees can be protected as easily as they may be by weaving laths and standing them about the tree, nobody should ever complain of damage done by rabbits in winter.

Take no Substitute for Royal Baking Powder. It is Absolutely Pure.

All others contain alum or ammonia.

When They Cut Their Beards.

In France Henry IV. was the last sovereign who wore a beard, and he had a tolerably fine one. He was succeeded by a beardless minor, in compliment to whom the curators shaved all their beards except the mustaches. The succession of another minor confirmed the custom, and ultimately the mustaches also disappeared. The Spaniards, more tardily influenced by French example, kept their beards until the French and English were beginning to relinquish even mustaches. Perhaps they would have kept the cherished appendage; but a French prince—Philip V.—succeeded to the Spanish throne with a shaved chin. The courtiers with heavy hearts imitated the prince, and the people, with still heavier hearts, imitated the courtiers. The popular feeling on the subject, however, remains recorded in the proverb: "Since we have lost our beards we have lost our souls."—All the Year Round.

The Power of "Only."

If I were asked what was the most demoralizing word in the English language I should reply, without hesitation, the word "only." Prefix it to any fractional sum you have a mind to and it dazzles the average woman's judgment to a most remarkable degree. She will pounce with glee upon a silk waist marked "only $4.98," bearing it off with the gleam of conquest in her eyes, where she would think twice before paying $5 for the same article. It is not that she is mentally deficient—nor that she can't substract $4.98 from $5, without discovering the difference to be but two cents. It is all because of that word "only." A beguiling, deceitful, dazzling, dangerous little dissyllable that has lured many an innocent soul on to financial ruin.—Jeannette H. Walworth, in N. Y. Mail and Express.

LAWYER—"You will get your third out of the estate, madam." Widow—"Oh, Mr. Bluebogs! How can you say such a thing, with my second hardly cold in the grave!"—Puck.

HE fancies himself enlightened because he sees the deficiencies of others; he is ignorant, because he has never reflected on his own.—Bulwer.

WHERE one person desires to be heard ten are satisfied with being seen.—Milwaukee Journal.

"NO, MAUDE, dear, it is not good form to wear baggy trousers with a sack coat."—Philadelphia Record.

SHE—"No, Mr. Suter, I cannot marry you." He—"Do your parents object?" She—"No. I do."—Harlem Life.

LAWYER—"We'll get at the truth." Client—"Well, you know what to do with it when you get at it."—Brooklyn Life.

SELF-DENIAL is the result of a calm, deliberate, invincible attachment to the highest good.—G. Spring.

MAN is the merriest, the most joyous of all the species of creation. Above and below him all are serious.—Addison.

"EN'RY mann," said Uncle Eben, "dat prides hisso'f on bein' a pessimist, um er walkin' denunciation ob his wife's cookin'."—Washington Star.

NO MAN ever did a designed injury to another, but at the same time he did a greater to himself.—Home.

"WHEN er man talks er tremenjus sight 'bout what a good frien' ob your'n he is," said Uncle Eben, "listen ter 'im, but deaw trade hosses wif 'im."—Washington Star.

"NOW, Charles, let us make a list of your debts." "One moment, dear uncle, till I have filled up your inkstand."—Fliegende Blaetter.

I HAVE played the fool, the gross fool, to believe the bosom of a friend would hold a secret mine own could not contain.—Massinger.

JESS—"Well, what did papa say when you asked him for my hand?" Jack—"He gave me the refusal of it."—Exchange.

"EN'RY cloud," said Uncle Eben, "hab er silver linin'. De trouble am dat er heap ob men ain't got energy 'nuff ter hustle an' turn de cloud wrong side out."—Washington Star.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills, 25 cents.

"VERY fine child, sir. I congratulate you. I don't hesitate to say that it is one of the largest babies I have ever seen." "Make it the largest, doctor. Don't mind me—I'm an affidavit editor myself."—Brooklyn Life.

Epworth League, Chattanooga.

The route to Chattanooga over the Louisville & Nashville Railroad is via Mammoth Cave, America's Greatest Natural Wonder. Specially low rates made for hotel and Cave fees to holders of Epworth League tickets. Through Nashville, the location of Vanderbilt University, the pride of the Methodist Church, and along the line between Nashville and Chattanooga where many of the most famous battles of the war were fought. Send for maps of the route from Cincinnati, Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis, and particulars as to rates, etc., to C. P. ATMORE, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or JACKSON SMITH, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

THE one time in a man's life when he wants the earth is when he falls overboard in mid-ocean.—Philadelphia Record.

Conservative Little Bodies

Are those diminutive organs, the kidneys, which in spite of their small size, perform in health a most important part in the mechanism of the system. Out of order they breed dangerous trouble. Renew their activity with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which prevents the serious and often fatal diseases resulting from their inaction. This sterling medicine, moreover, remedies malarial, rheumatic and dyspeptic complaints, and invigorates the whole system.

JONES-BROWN—"Why do you go into society?" Brown-Jones—"To find a wife. And you?" Jones-Brown—"To get away from one."—Life.

SAFETY to mother and child and less unpleasantness after confinement, result from use of "Mother's Friend." Sold by druggists.

MACK—"Was the girl Higbee married considered a good match?" Robbins—"I imagine so. She fires up at the least provocation."—Brooklyn Life.

AFTER six years' suffering, I was cured by Piso's Cure.—MARY THOMPSON, 264 Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, '94.

SUBSCRIBER—"Why is my paper so damp every issue?" Editor—"Because there is so much due on it."—Christian Register.

SHE—"The groom seems quite cool." He—"The bride is from Boston."—Life.

LOOK OUT FOR BREAKERS AHEAD

when pimples, eruptions, boils, and like manifestations of impure blood appear. They wouldn't appear if your blood were pure and your system in the right condition. They show you what you need—a good blood-purifier; that's what you get when you take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

It carries health with it. All Blood, Skin and Scalp Diseases, from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula, are cured by it. It invigorates the liver and rouses every organ into healthful action. In the most stubborn forms of Skin Diseases, such as Salt-rheum, Eczema, Tetter, Erysipelas, Boils and kindred ailments, and Scrofula, it is an unequaled remedy.

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THE SUN PASTE POLISH for a quick after-dinner shine, applied and polished with a cloth.

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Twenty Days; Cost $190.00
Leaving Chicago Wednesday, June 26
To the Yellowstone Park via Colorado, Marshall Pass, Glenwood Springs, Salt Lake City. Six days tour of Yellowstone Park. Returning through the Black Hills, via the Custer Battlefield and Hot Springs, So. Dak.

SECOND TOUR
Seventeen Days; Cost $160.00
Leaving Chicago Wednesday, Aug. 7
To the Yellowstone Park by way of Kansas City, Mo., and Lincoln, Neb. Through the Black Hills via Hot Springs, Deadwood and Custer Battlefield. Six days tour of Yellowstone Park. Returning via Minneapolis and Lake Minnetonka.

THIRD TOUR
Fourteen Days; Cost $130.00
Leaving Chicago Wednesday, Aug. 14
Through Scenic Colorado by way of Denver, Manitou, Pike's Peak, Colorado Springs, Royal Gorge, Marshall Pass—Around the Circle—Mount Ouray stage ride, Rico, Durango, Glenwood Springs and Leadville.

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Apply Balm into each nostril.
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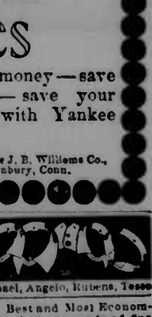

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Go by the book. Pills 10c and 25c a box. Book FREE at your druggist's or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal Street, New York.

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Save in Shaves
Save your money—save your temper—save your face—shave with Yankee Soap.
Sold everywhere. The J. B. Williams Co., Makers, Glastonbury, Conn.

LINENE REVERSIBLE
Raphael, Angelo, Rubens, Tasso

The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn: they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and, being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind.
They fit well, wear well and look well. A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.
A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address
REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY,
77 Franklin St., New York. 27 Kilby St., Boston

8 SURE secret formulas worth $20—Cure for Worms in Horses, how to Pickle Pork, make Washing Fluid etc. Send 50c. FRANK OLLINGER, Newton, Kas.

A. N. K.—C. 1554

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

THE REPUBLICAN is published every Thursday morning at the following rates:

One copy one year	$ 1.50
One copy six months	.75
One copy three months	.40
One copy one month	.15
Single copies	.05

ADVERTISING RATES.

First insertion for square of ten nonpariel lines $1; each additional insertion after first 40 cents per square of ten nonpariel lines. Positively no deviation will be made from the above rates.

REMITTANCES:

Remittances made by money order, postal note, registered letter or bank draft will be at our risk, if made otherwise, at the risk of the sender. Address,

THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1895.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first insertion* of the same:

Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $3; County Commissioner, $2.50; Register of Wills, $2.50; County Surveyor, $1.50.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

By the request of friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer of Garrett County, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

JACOB S. MEYERS,
District No. 2. Selbysport, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention. Let the old soldiers have a chance.

W. M. LOHR.

Cove, Md., March 11, 1895.

FOR SHERIFF.

At the request of my many friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Garrett County, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

AUSTIN BROWN.

Selbysport, Md., May 31, 1895.*

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. Don't slight the old soldiers.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND.

Oakland, Md., May 27, 1895.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. GEORGE J. WALTER.
District No. 1. P. O., Thayerville, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party GEORGE D. WHITE.
Oakland, Md.

TO-DAY wool is quoted at the extremely low price of thirteen cents per pound, notwithstanding the argument advanced by Democratic orators and the Democratic press during the debate on the Wilson bill that if wool were put on the free list it would advance rapidly in price. Do you remember your argument, Mr. *Mountain Democrat?*

ANENT our criticisms of the *Democrat's* personal and political course last week that learned journal contained the following:

"THE REPUBLICAN this week reminds us of a spoiled child. The longer it is indulged in its tantrums the more disposed it is to impose upon good nature. 'A word to the wise is sufficient.' But 'more anon.'"

No doubt our learned contemporary punched itself in the ribs and laughed because of its extreme smartness.

It did not refute our statements in a single instance, but we expect that in its issue this week it will pour out upon us wrathful execrations, but continue to serve two gods — Cleveland and Gorman, which leads us to ask: Is this not hypocrisy?

Another Tariff Bill Error.

The Wilson Tariff bill is wrong again. The income tax blunder was not its only error. The United States Supreme Court says so. The tariff bill itself announces that it went into effect on the 1st day of August, 1894, but that is all the law knows about itself. The Supreme Court decides that it took effect on August 28, and the decision is rendered on the very sensible ground that the bill did not become a law until that date. The justices took the view that a law could not take effect before it became a law, and the idea will commend itself to most people.

The framers of the bill expected it to go through the process of lawmaking long before August 1st, and that by the time mentioned in the bill people would be quite familiar with its provisions, but it required until August 28th to reach the final stage, and the date announced in the measure itself as the time it was to take effect remained unchanged and made a judicial decision necessary.

The changes in import duties made the fixing of the date a very important matter. Importers wished the letter of the law to prevail, for then they would have to pay the reduced duties on goods imported between August 1st and August 28th. The government, on the other hand, wished to collect the higher duties as long as it could, and regarded August 28th as the date the law took effect. The Supreme Court took the government's view of the case.

THE Hon. George L. Wellington has the following contribution to the tariff discussion in a recent issue of the *American Economist;*

"I would submit this proposition: *'Resolved,* That an adequate protection to American industries is indispensible to the prosperity of the country and that an abandonment of the policy would be attended with consequences ruinous to the best interest of the nation.' Never did seer of old utter prophecy that had greater fulfillment. The resolution above stated has about it the ring that one would expect to find in the Republican platform; but strange to say, it is the first plank in the first Democratic national platform ever adopted in the United States—that of 1832.

"The idea of home industries, which must be protected by a tariff system, gave birth to the American nation, and in every period of our national existence in which we have adhered to this doctrine we have had advancement, progress, prosperity and contentment. In every era of our national life in which we departed from it the reverse was true.

"The present generation, previous to the advent of this Democratic administration, had continuously lived under the beneficient influence of a protective tariff, which had been a law of the land since 1861, and notwithstanding the disastrous effects of the great civil war our population had more than doubled, our wealth became more than four times as great. Civilization had covered the continent, the standard of wages and of living had been raised under this system. Yet being well, and having been persuaded by theorists that a tariff for revenue only and a reaching out for the markets of the world made us better, our people departed from their well established policy and in 1892 declared for the British idea of Free Trade. On the morning after the election began the change, which continued day by day, month by month, growing worse as it went on, until by the threat of this change, which meant a revolution in trade and manufacturers, there was produced in this country such a want of confidence that business was at a standstill, manufacturers ceased, credit seemed lost. labor was unemployed, a financial panic was produced, and one calamity followed another until within two years, notwithstanding abundant harvests and great natural wealth, a condition of starvation confronted a great part of the labor of the country, and it is safe to say that in the whole broad land there was not a single man who did not lose either in money or in work. Such a revulsion having been produced by the threat and partial accomplishment of this change, can we not to-day, after sixty years have passed, point to the declaration of the Democratic party and remind them that truth is everlasting and that the resolution of 1832 has been abundantly verified in the years 1893, '94 and '95?

"As an American I believe in the protection of American interests, in establishment of home manufacturers, in the industrial enfranchisement of our people by a system which admits of prosperity to all classes, because it gives a higher standard of wages to the working class and affords the best market in the world, at home, to the greatest interest in our land—the agricultural interest—and, as a consequence, an impetus given to business and transportation, and every branch of human employment flourishes.

"The bitter experience of the last two years has taught this lesson. May our people heed it well.

"G. L. WELLINGTON, M. C.
"Sixth District of Maryland.
"Cumberland, Md., May 8, 1895."

A Word to Business Men.

We are not given to criticising the ways by which our merchants advertise their goods. We get a fair share of the advertising of the town and try to give value received for every dollar spent with us. But we do intend to stand up for newspaper advertising against all other classes. For instance, we will ask one of our merchants a reasonable price for an advertisement say four inches square to be inserted for fifty-two weeks, and one that will be read by five thousand people weekly—and by people who purchase goods. You won't take the "ad" because you claim the price is entirely too high. But along comes a "fakir." He don't live here; don't spend any money here; only stays long enough to collect the money for his work. His kind of advertising is usually on hotel blotters, hotel key boards, cards for railway stations, and on the back of note heads, etc. You will allow yourself to be "faked" in this manner about four times a year and will pay for this kind of advertising more than it would cost to carry a good "ad" in a newspaper for one year. Who reads advertisements placed in hotels and railway stations? Surely not the purchasing classes. How many of your customers go into a hotel to find your advertisement? Not one out of one thousand. We make this statement simply to try to show you the foolishness of advertising by the manner we have spoken of.

Death of John L. Browning.

The following sketch of the life of the late John L. Browning, who was buried in Oakland last Sunday afternoon, appeared in the Cumberland *News* on Tuesday morning:

The funeral of John Lynn Browning occurred yesterday afternoon from St. Paul's M. E. church, Oakland, Md. He died on May 31, 1895, at the ripe age of 86 years. The deceased was the second son of Meshack Browning, the great hunter of the Alleganies. When he attained his majority he was without means, but went bravely to work and by industry and economy accumulated a comfortable fortune. He lived on a fine estate of some eighteen hundred acres, about eight miles from Oakland. In 1834, he maried Maria Thayer, sister of the late Ralph Thayer, In 1884 they celebrated their golden wedding, and at the time of his decease had enjoyed sixty-one years of married life. Mrs. Browning, who is eight months his junior, survives him. The fruits of this union were eight children, the youngest of whom is now over 40 years of age, and strange as it may seem the first death in this family which has occurred in a peroid of sixty years was the husband and father.

The deceased was not only one of the oldest but one of the most prominent citizens of Garrett county. The Browning family to which he belonged is the largest family in the county, and occupies a prominent place in its history. He always took an active part in public matters, but never held public office except that of county commissioner in Allegany before Garrett county was formed. In politics he was a Democrat. About two years ago during a Methodist revival, the deceased was happily converted and joined the M. E. church. During his declining days he was a happy christian and his death was triumphant. As a neighbor he was held in universal esteem. To know his real worth however, it was necessary to see him in his own home, where he dispensed a generous hospitality and delighted in the association of his friends and neighbors. To his wife and children he was always affectionate and tender, displaying a devotion to them which was beautiful as it is rare.

Services were conducted at the residence yesterday morning by Rev. J. M. Davis, of Oakland. In the afternoon the funeral sermon was preached by Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, pastor of St. Paul's. The text was, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age like as a shock of corn cometh in his season." Job 5 and 26.

The pall bearers were Edward Tagart, Thomas J. Ralston, George J. Walters, Henry Fredlock, Rudolph Beckman and Lemuel Mail. The interment was in Odd Fellows' cemetery, Oakland. Notwithstanding the oppressive heat the funeral was largely attended. Only a small portion of the great crowd could gain admission to the church.

We know how feeble are human efforts in such a moment to comfort and console those who are bereaved, but weak as they are we tender to the bereaved family our sympathy and condolence.

LADIES
Needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It is pleasant; cures Malaria, Indigestion Biliousness, Liver Complaints and Neuralgi

At The Circus.

Lost my money at the circus—
Glory, hallelu!
I come to town
An' planked it down
Fer to see them hosses go aroun'
An' the circus chap—oh, he done me brown—
Glory, hallelu!

Lost my money at the circus—
Glory, hallelu!
It turned my heels an' it turned my head,
For the lemonade was a bilin' red,
An' the cheap, cheap sides hows hadme dead,
An' the ace o' clubs warn't the card I said—
Glory, hallelu!

Lost my money at the circus—
Glory, hallelu!
I lost it square,
But I jest don't care,
Fer I seen it all, an' I got my share
(Have you got one dollar and a half to spare?)
Glory, hallelu!

The Tasker Damage Case.

Messrs. Ira E. Friend, Isaac W, Abernathy and Thomas H. Layman who compose the Board of County Commissioners of Garrett county, accompanied by Attorneys Edward H. Sincell and Thomas J. Peddicord, Clerk Jacob S. Meyers, and a number of witnesses, went to Hagerstown Tuesday to try the case of Tasker vs. the County Commissioners. In the bill Mr. Tasker alleages that he has performed services for the county under contract and has received no compensation therefor and sues the Commissioners for $15,000 damages. Mr. Tasker is represented by Messrs. Ferdinand Williams and Benj. A. Richmond, of Cumberland. The case promises to be an interesting one and may not be terminated for several days.

LATER.

Contrary to expectation the case of Tasker vs. the County Commissioners of Garrett county, which came up for trial in the Washington county circuit court Tuesday morning, was brought to a termination yesterday afternoon when Mr. E. H. Sincell, the attorney for the commissioners sent THE REPUBLICAN the following telegram:

"Demurer sustained and judgement for county."

This ends what might have been a very expensive suit and its termination should be a source of pleasure to every tax payer in Garrett.

The 30th in Oakland.

Decoration day was fittingly observed in Oakland by the members of the G. A. R. and other organizations, and the graves of the deceased brethren beautifully decorated by the surviving members.

A large number of the members of the G. A. R., K. of P., and Co. B, M. N. G., headed by Smith's Military Band, marched to the cemetery and there strewed flowers over the mounds of those whom they loved in life and whose memories they cherish in death.

The services at the cemetery were in charge of Crook Post, G. A. R., and were very impressive.

In the afternoon the Uniform Rank, K. of P., and Co. B paraded the town, headed by the band.

Shortly after seven o'clock the band gave one of its delightful open air concerts at the band stand on the lawn of the Glades. The music was good and executed in a masterly manner. Following is the program as rendered:

Directorate March.....Sousa.
Grand Festival March.....Ch. Bach Opera.
Solo.....Josie Polka.....J. S. Cox.
Schottische.....E. C. Cary
Dancing in the Gaslight.
Cornet Solo...Clover Leaf Polka.....J. O. Casey.
Capiscolus Quickstep.....Pettee.
Wan Lung's Laundry.....L. L. Coffil.
Chinese Descriptive Selection.

The Missing Link Finally Found.

Every professional and business man has felt the need of some kind of a receptacle, in which could be placed and constantly within reach, reference books such as he uses daily. Just such an article has as last been invented, and is shown and described in another column in this paper. We refer to the Marsh Reading Stand and Revolving Case, now used in upward of 50,000 offices and libraries. Instead of having books scattered around and not found when wanted or having to go to your library every time one is needed, this revolving book case places within the reach of your desk all the volumes you may constantly use. It has shelf room for twenty volumes size of Chambers Encyclopedia, and a top on which a large dictionary, Bible, or any other heavy book can be placed and adjusted to any angle or height desired. Withal it is a handsome piece of furniture, and is sent to anyone ordering at a low price, and are satisfied with it.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

4 GREAT SHOWS COMBINED 4

COMING ON ITS OWN SPECIAL TRAINS.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST AMUSEMENT CONSOLIDATION.

A COALITION OF

SAND'S GREAT AMERICAN EXHIBITIONS

—AND—

Astley's Renowned European Shows.

Organized in London, England, in 1890 for a Continuous Tour of the Globe.

United with Howe & Cushing's Stupendous R. R. Shows.

This Marvelous and Altogether Unprecedented Alliance will Exhibit at

Oakland, Md., Saturday, June 8th.

The Most Traveled, Popular and Famous and Altogether the Greatest Tented Combination of the Universe.

Four Complete Circus Troupes. A Five Continent Arenic Assembly.

ALL NATIONS GREATEST MALE AND FEMALE CELEBRITIES.

Collossal Menageries of Rare Wild Beasts and Ocean's Deep Sea Surprises.
Asia, Europe, Africa and America in Combination.

GRAND PARISIAN HIPPODROME---New and Original Feats.

The Most Magnificent Hippodrome—All New Feats—The Grandest Exhibitional Features—The Most Wonderful and Amazing Animal Performances
The Greatest Wonders—The Most Complete Wild Beast Shows
The Everywhere Conceded Best Shows on Earth.

MONSTER MUSEUM OF MARVELOUS, CURIOUS CREATION, ANIMATE AND INANIMATE WONDERS.

A Wonderland Sumptuous Carnival. A Rare, Rich and Instructive Entertainmen. Unparalleled, Presenting Innumerable Special Features never before Exhibited in America. To see Either of which would be Worth a Dozen Admission Fees.

Grand Free Balloon Ascension and Parachute Leap Daily

Make up your parties and consult your Station Agent for Excursion Rates on SANDS & ASTLEY'S Day.

See the FREE SPECTACULAR Street Pageant.

One Ticket, for the Usual Price, Admits to the

GREAT COMBINED SHOWS.

Two Grand Exhibitions and Performances Daily, Rain or Shine.
Doors open at 1 and 7 p. m.

Look

At this space next week and see what it will say.

New Buckeye Mowers, New Horse Rakes, New Sewing Machines and many other articles too numerous to mention

Given Away.

Every Farmer should subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN for Three Months.

JONAS FRAZEE,

SELBYSPORT, MD.

Arrest disease by the timely use of Tutt's Liver Pills, an old and favorite remedy of increasing popularity. Always cures

SICK HEADACHE,

sour stomach, malaria, indigestion, torpid liver, constipation and all bilious diseases.

TUTT'S Liver PILLS

Piles.

Piles is so common that every other person you meet is troubled with it more or less. It seems to be a little thing and usually gets little attention. It may not be serious at first, but it makes a man sick—makes him nervous, cross, irritable—unfit for business. It robs him of sleep, takes his appetite—cuts down his flesh—and yet he is careless about it.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

will cure Piles. It will cure other things, too, but it is particularly good for Piles. It stops the itch and the ache at once. It may take several days to wholly allay the inflammation and reduce the swelling, but it will do it—sure. Has done it in innumerable cases. Never has failed.

Good for Eczema, Ring Worm, Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Dandruff, Pimples, and all Skin Diseases.

50 Cents--Drug Stores.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head and all Inflammation of the Nasal Passages. 50 Cents.

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 1, on Front Street, in Bayard, West Va.

Lot containing four acres with house on it, at Swanton, Md.

A mortgage on property worth more than double, at Loch Lynn Heights, Md.

WILLIAM W. SWEET,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

The Mayor and Town Council of Oakland will receive bids until Monday, June 3, 1895, for the building of platforms.

Specifications. Platforms to be built of oak boards not less than 1½ inches thick; 5 feet wide and to be supported by three 3x4 oak stringers. Contractor to take what lumber corporation has at $12.50 per thousand feet.

The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

The Council will hear appeals on the above day from 2 to 6 p. m. and from 8 to 9 30 p. m.

9—lt L. E. TOWNSHEND, Clerk.

WE LOAN MONEY

to buy, build and improve your home and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS NEARLY $200,000,000.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. RINKER,

Wilson, Grant Co., W. Va.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above. 4-1yr.*

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26t*

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL
ROOFING,
SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

Estate of Rachael Hetrick, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

RACHAEL HETRICK,

late of Garrett County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 1st day of Dec. next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 25th day of May, 1895.

JACOB FEIK, Adm'r.
12 Accident, Md.

THE BRUCES.

An Interesting Sketch of an Old Allegany Family.

To the Editor of the Republican.

Upon the occasion of the death of Col. Robert Bruce in June, 1890, I felt it to be somewhat of a duty as well as a pleasure to write a sketch of the deceased and a considerable portion of his large family. The article was considered to be incomplete on the subject at large, and it was intended to finish it in a reasonable time by writing out the lineage of Andrew Bruce, one of the two Bruce ancestors who settled in the territory of Allegany when it was yet a portion of Washington county. Soon after it was organized he became prominent and useful in its early history. He came from Frederick county, that portion which now belongs to Carroll county.

Upon the organization of Allegany in 1790, he was appointed associate judge and served till '97. He was not a lawyer. The constitution then allowed lay judges. A statute passed in 1804 abolished the lay judge system, and required all judges of the county courts, as they were then styled, to be o "sound legal knowledge." This also disqualified his associate, John Simpkins. Judge Bruce subsequently served in the legislature. Very little tracing is now obtainable of this pioneer of our county. He was seated on an estate called Mount Pleasant, near where Mount Savage is now situated. He died in 1814 as appears from a quaint will left by him when his son George was register of wills.

He left eight children, five sons and three daughters — William, Norman M., George, Andrew and Charles; Helen, Susanna and Annie. William was sheriff in 1810. He married Phoebe Cresap and was the father of the late Daniel C. Bruce, who died about eight years ago. Col. Bruce was for many years the efficient collector of internal revenue at this place. He was so well and favorably known in recent and past years that it would be useless to say much as to his career. Very little is known of Charles Bruce. He left the county in early life, and I think, went to Pennsylvania. Andrew was very prominent in his day in all the relations of life. He too was sheriff in 1825, a member of the legislature in 1832, with his full share of minor places. He lived and died a bachelor, though he had his love affair. He wooed a prominent lady long and ardently. Too much love or too little. She lived and died as he did, in determined celibacy.

We now come to George Bruce, whom it is our fortune to know well and even affectionately, from small boyhood until his death in 1853, at seventy-five honorable years. Want of space will not allow our grateful feelings to write all they are prompting, but in other connections we are in fuller record of this good man and his family. He was register of wills from 1805 to 1818. Sheriff in 1822 and in the Legislature in the early thirties, with other offices of a lower grade. His first wife was Rachel Tomlinson. They had five children—William A., George R., Henry B., John J. and Elizabeth who is the only survivor as the widow Dickerson, and lives in our city. William died in Ohio, 1839, in the very beginning of manhood. George R. in 1853, only about 43, full of promise and greatly liked and his death deplored. Henry B. died in Pittsburg not many years ago in his fifties. He had strong points and many friends. And lastly we come to John Jesse the Joseph of his family, like the writer of his own. Again there are almost uncontrollable promptings to say many kind and great things of this tried friend for forty years, but the columns of your paper in September, 1884, upon the occasion of his untimely death, will show what was then said and felt, for a bereavement that reached the hearts of the many.

Norman Bruce was inspired to become a doctor, through the splendid success of his kinsman, Dr. Charles Key Bruce, who was educated in Edinburg, and practiced his profession for many years in Calcutta, India. He died in Baltimore, wealthy, a bachelor, long years ago. It does not now appear when Norman left Allegany county but in early life, and located in Somerset, Pa., where he practiced all the active part of his life. He made himself an honorable and just record, and is still kindly and favorably remembered. There are many of the present generation whose initials read "N. B," one a millionaire and leading business man in Chicago—N. B. Ream, a Somerset county boy. I think the doctor went west in his old days, and there died. His wife was Ellen Webster, a sister of the mother of the much esteemed Mrs. Dr. G. J. Beachy, of this city. The Webster name in Somerset has always been highly respectable, very prominent in the more early history of the county. The children of the doctor were three in number, Andrew, Barbara and Ellen. Andrew followed the bent of the family profession and became a doctor. His first practice was at Mt. Savage about the year 1840. He moved to Ohio in the early forties, and died in Springfield some ten years ago. Just here we recall a little incident in the "long sweet past," September 1, 1840. This young doctor felt the doubtful pulse of a sixteen year old boy with a countenance that indicated fear, but the patient recovered, and is here still and gives life to these words, and the doctor gone hence. Ellen married Dr. Berky and they went west many years ago. Barbara became the wife of James Carson a clever young Somerset man. They too moved west early and raised a family. Among the children of this union is Dr. N. B. Carson, now one of St. Louis' famous physicians. His reputation is very high. He has great pride in his Bruce lineage but his knowledge of the great race is not very full, and he is always seeking more. "Brown's Miscellaneous Writings," when published, may aid him considerably.

The Bruces were Scotch, pretty thoroughly so; decided, positive and strong in friendship—somewhat so in enmity. Many of them were doctors, only one a lawyer, Henry, and he only after he had served seven years as clerk of the court. One or more of them have been known on certain occasions to boast a little of the historic fact that they were descendants of King David Bruce, (Brus as the old gaelic had it) in the mediaeval ages in Europe.

In early times a few families filled all the important offices in the county, such as the Cresaps, Bruces, Tomlinsons, Bealls and a few others. Four of the Bruces were sheriffs, William, George, Andrew, (all brothers) and Norman in 1842 to '45. In our day such incidents would be called nepotism, but then they were somewhat a necessity.

J. H.

Cumberland, May 27, 1895.

A Notable Amusement Combination.

The old world has been ringing the praises to Sands & Astley's enormous Old and New World Railroad Shows which has visited in Europe during its present grand tour around the world. Since its arrival in America the press of the United States is laden with panegyries and the opinion that it is head and shoulders above all other tented exhibitions seems to be unanimous. The circus department we are told, presents an unusual number of meritorious acts and the grand double menagerie contains a large number of rare beasts, birds and reptiles. The hippodrome is said to be most realistic and the curio department unusually attractive. These shows are to be here Saturday, June 8th.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned will sell his farm of two hundred acres, lying four miles southeast of Accident and four miles northwest of Bittinger, Garrett county. Over one hundred acres cleared, the balance timbered. 390 sugar trees, fish pond well stocked with German carp, barn 86x44, two dwelling houses with running water in both cellars. Sugar camp. 100 fruit trees; all necessary outbuildings. Will sell cheap. J. J. TICE,

12-4t* Accident, Md.

For Sale.

One second hand sewing machine, one second hand hair mattress, one student's lamp, one decorated pitcher and one kitchen safe.

ARTHUR TOWNSHEND,
12-3t Administrator.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper, under the caption "We Loan Money." The Granite State Provident Association, which he is representing, is one of the strongest financial institutions in the country, and the largest building and loan association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management have developed it from nominal assets in 1889 to nearly $200,000,000 in 1895. Its style of doing business is such as to cause the U. S. Examiner, C. W. Thompson, who has for years been assigned to especially investigate loan and mortgage companies, to state that "For comprehensiveness, thoroughness, neatness and accuracy, its accounts are far superior to anything I ever saw or supposed possible." Those desiring to borrow, will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars. 4-1yr.*

Rogers' Sarsaparilla.

A specific for all. 100 doses for 75 cents. Rogers' Little Liver Pills, best on the market; Cough Cure, Liniment, Appetine and Worm Syrup, sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland; Cuppett Bros., McHenry; J. A. DeBerry, Corinth; C. F. White, Hutton; P. T. Garthright, Hayden & Eckles, Mt. Lake Park; Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park, Wm. Frederick, Friendsville; Yough Store Co., Jonas Frazee Robert Liston, Selbysport; W. Wass, Mineral Springs; J. E. Gnagey, Accident; Smith & Callis, Hoyes, and by all general dealers.

W. Grant Martin, scientific optician, will be in Oakland the last week in each month. Office in Pritchard building. 13-13t.

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REV. HENRY P. HAMILL,
13-15t President.

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Enterprise Tanning Company of Garrett county will be held at the principal office at Huttons, Garrett county, Md., on Monday, June 17, 1895, for the purpose of electing a board of directors to serve for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before such meeting.

C. G. PALMER,
14-2t. Secretary and Treasurer.

TAX SALES.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

JUNE 22, 1895,

at the hour of 2.00 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all the following pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, to satisfy the State and county tax due and in arrear thereon together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting the sale as provided by the aforesaid statute.

All those pieces or parcels of land situated in the town of Grantsville in Election District No. 8, of Garrett county, Md., described as follows: 1st. Lot No. 16 in Mitler's addition to Grantsville and being the same land that was conveyed to the said Rebecca Johnson by Wm. R. Getty and wife by deed dated July 29, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 15, folio 257, Garrett county Record. 2d. Also 2 acres and 19 perches of land situated in said town of Grantsville and being the same land that was conveyed to the said Rebecca Johnson by Delila and Levi Snyder by deed dated July 9, 1890, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, folio 138, &c., one of the Land Records of said Garrett county, to which deeds reference is hereby made for a full description of both of said pieces of land. Said lands will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1892 and 1893 as is charged to ***REBECCA JOHNSON*** on the assessment books of said Garrett county, Md.

All that piece or parcel of land situated in Election District No. 9, Garrett county, Md., containing 50 acres being parts of Military Lots 667 and 668, and being the same land that was conveyed to Howard Layton by Richard Beall & wife by corrected deed dated September 20 1884, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 14 folio 361, one of the land records of Garrett County, Md., to which deed reference is hereby made for a full description of said property. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to ***HOWARD LAYTON*** on the assessment books of said Garrett county, Md.

All that piece or parcel of land situated in Election District No. 4, Garrett county, Md., containing about 167 3-5 acres, being a part of a tract of land called "Republic" and being the same land that was conveyed to George T. Wilt by Lloyd R. Dawson and wife by deed dated January 28, 1890, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 15, folio 616, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Md., to which deed reference is hereby made for a full description of said property. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1892 and 1893 as is charged to ***GEORGE W. WILT*** on the assessment books of said Garrett county, Md.

All that piece or parcel of land situated in Election District No. 4, Garrett county, Md., containing 206 acres, and known as Lot No. 9, of the subdivision of a tract of land called "Lochiel" and being the same land that was conveyed to Hugh Ward by the Lochiel Lumber M. and M. Co., by deed dated July 16, 1888, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 14, folio 113, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett Co., Md., to which deed reference is hereby made for a full description of said property. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1892, as is charged to ***HUGH WARD*** on the assessment books of said Garrett county, Md.

All that piece or parcel of land situated in Election District No. 7, Garrett County, Md., containing seventy-eight acres, part of a tract of land called "Strawberry Plains" and being the same land that was conveyed to Thomas Nethkin by H. G. Davis and others by deed dated 10th day of November, 1892, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 20, folio 315 etc., one of the Land Records of said County, to which deed reference is hereby made for a full description of said property. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to ***THOMAS NETHKIN*** on the assessment Books of said Garrett County, Md.,

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	8.11 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	7.09 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.33 A. M
No. 17	—Daily except Mon	11.28 A. M
No 15	—Accommodation daily	6.27 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	9.58 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 2	—Daily	5.54 A. M
No. 8	—Daily	7.34 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 16	—Daily except Monday	4.38 P. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	5.17 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	9.25 P. M

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Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
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THE WOOING OF BETSEY.

BY ED MOTT.

"HOW they do it I can't imagine," said the man from over Sinnemahoning way. "How they just lay back and think it all up and then go and do it is a good many rods beyond me. Bears, I mean. Sinnemahoning bears. There are bears and bears, but when you come right down to bears that are bears, they grow only on the Sinnemahone spread. They're always up to date. There are no back numbers among the Sinnemahoning bears. Nay, nay!

"Is there anybody here who knows Toby Groo—Toby Groo, of Lonesome Hollow? It doesn't matter. Only if anyone wants to buy a nice, snug little place the Toby Groo place is for sale. Easy terms, too. It was put on the market sudden, because Toby Groo went away sudden. All on account o' bears—Sinnemahoning bears. I met Toby when he was going away.

"'Toby,' said I, 'what's up?'

"'It's all up,' said he. 'All up with me!'

"'Meaning Betsey?' said I.

"'The same,' said he.

"'What did it?' said I.

"'Education,' said he.

"'Eduention?' said I.

"'There's nothing better to have in a district,' said he, 'than eduention, provided you keep it in bounds. It's all right and proper among the rising generation of human folks, but when you come to spreading it among bears you're carrying it too far. That's my opinion,' said Toby Groo. 'Education is what does me up with Betsey. Education among bears!' said Tobey.

"And away he went from the Sinnemahone; and when a fellow has the heart to leave the Sinnemahone country, you can make up your mind that he's done up bad. And the Toby Groo place is for sale. And what led up to it was this:

"The Bricktons are great people over on the Sinnemahone, you know. Great people. Been there for generations. The greatest of the present generation is Betsey, although she isn't very big and isn't twenty years old yet.

"'Takin' her from the ground up,' as Uncle Jabez Fiddler puts it, 'an' considerin' of her fer gener'l scrumptiousness. Sinnemahone can't turn out the ekal o' Betsey Brickton.'

"I want to give you a pointer on Betsey, though, so that if any of you should happen to buy the Toby Groo place and go over on the Sinnamahone and be somebody, you'll know how to act and keep out o' trouble. Betsey has got a red head. An amazing red head. Now I rather like that red head of Betsey's, and a good many other folks do, but Betsey thinks it's a drawback. She is sensitive about it to a degree. In the soft Sinnamahone tongue, she's as tetchy as nettles about it. And Betsey is so full o' snap and fire that it isn't safe to mention torchlights, or bricks, or anything of that sort around where Betsey is, for she takes it as a personal slur on her topknot, and the way she flares up and gives it to you is something to remember.

"'It's a portion to peppersass!' Jabez says.

"Everybody knows this, and is careful not to get Betsy's red head between them and her if they want to keep on the right side of her. Betsey Brickton is popular, though. So popular that there ain't a young chap on the Sinnemahone that wouldn't be happier than a bear in a bee tree if he could shine up to her and know that Betsey liked it. Toby Groo, as far as money went, was the best catch for a girl of all the young fellows on the Sinnemahone spread. Not bad looking, and not much over twenty-two. But he wasn't overpopular, because he was what Uncle Jabez calls 'a leetle nigh in his dealin's,' and rather inclined to get the best end of a dicker, even if he had to stretch a point. For all that, old Billy Brickton, Betsey's father, got it into his head some time ago that Toby Groo's money would be a good thing to have in the Brickton family, and so he did his best to help Toby get on the right side o' Betsey, Toby being not only willing but more than eager. He was crazy after Betsey.

"All the same Betsey didn't care for Toby not a little bit, nor for anyone else in particular. Toby kept pestering Betsey to marry him, and her father talked her almost blind about it, until one day, a month or so ago, after Toby had asked her for about the nine hundredth time if she'd marry him, she snapped out:

"'Yes!'

"'When?' said Toby, tickled all but to death.

"'When I find a bear that can spell my name!' said Betsey.

"Then Betsey laughed and laughed, for she judged that she had settled the business then and there, and Toby went away feeling mighty glum and way down in the mouth.

"If none o' you fellows knows Barnaby Beestuffer, of Sinnemahone, there is a large waste place in your life. Barnaby Beestuffer is a citizen to whom all Sinnemahoning points with pride. He has genius such as could only have germinated, sprouted, grown and blossomed on the storied Sinnemahone. Barnaby has a little clearing, but he scorns toil, and devotes all his time to taming bears and snakes and coons and wildcats and porcupines, and such indigenous products of the Sinnemahone soil, and teaching them tricks and capers. About the time that Betsey Brickton told Toby Groo what'd have to happen before she'd marry him there was a show in the hall over to the county seat, and Barnaby went over to see it. One of the actors was an educated pig. It could play cards, spell out things by stringing little blocks on the floor with letters painted on 'em, and do lots of other amazing things. The spelling took Barnaby's eye more than anything else the pig did.

"'Pigs kin l'arn to do that, kin they?' says Barnaby. 'Then I'll bet a farm that bars kin l'arn to do it, too, an' durn quick, un' I'll l'arn 'em!'

"When Barnaby got back home he started right in to teach one of his young bears to spell as well as the learned pig could. One day as he was practising his bear on a lesson, Toby Groo happened to be going by Barnaby's clearing. Barnaby was feeling pretty sore against Toby on account of a little dicker in steers they'd had a few days before, in which Toby had got a good deal the best of Barnaby.

"'What are you doing, anyhow, Barnaby?'

"'Givin' my b'ar his spellin' lesson,' said he.

"'Can you teach him anything you want to?' said Toby.

"'Bet ye I kin!' said Barnaby.

"'Could you teach that bear to spell Betsey Brickton?' said Toby, turning hot.

"Barnaby had heard all about the answer Betsey had given Toby, and knew at once what Toby's little game was.

"'Kin I larn that b'ar to spell Betsey Brickton?' said Barnaby. 'I kin fer money.'

"'Can you teach that bear to spell Betsey Brickton for ten dollars?' said Toby.

"'I kin l'arn that b'ar to spell Betsey Brickton fer twenty dollars, spot cash!' said Barnaby.

"'In how long?' said Toby.

"'In two weeks,' said Barnaby.

"Toby tried to get Barnaby to do it for fifteen dollars, but Barnaby stuck out for twenty, and Toby made a bargain with him. When the two weeks were up Toby went over to Barnaby's and was delighted to find that the bear could lay out the blocks that spelled Betsey's name, and could do it in short order without a skip or a break.

"Next day Toby drove to the Brickton place.

"'Betsey,' said he, 'don't you want to ride over and see Barnaby Beestuffer's menagerie? It's worth seeing.'

"Betsey said she'd just as lief as not, and she got in the wagon and went along. She was tickled all to pieces at

GIVIN' MY BEAR HIS SPELLIN' LESSON.

the cute things the animals and the snakes did, and Toby said:

"'That was pretty hard lines you held me to about marrying, wasn't it, Betsey?'

"'Think so?' said Betsey, laughing. 'Oh, I don't know! I didn't want to hurt your feelings by saying "No," plump out!' said she.

"'I suppose you'll stick to what you said about marrying me?' said Toby. 'If you see a bear that will spell your name you'll stick to what you said?'

"'Certainly,' said Betsey. 'Why not?'

"Then Toby nodded to Barnaby and Barnaby nodded to the bear. The bear jumped for a pile of blocks that lay on the ground, and the next second put a big letter B at Betsey's feet.

"'I guess Betsey must a begun to smell a rat,' Barnaby says, 'fer when she see the letter B she sort o' turned pale.'

"The bear followed the B with an E and then dropped a T after the E, and kept on putting down letters till he had Betsey spelled out as proper as Betsey could have done it herself. Betsey got cold and shivery, and had to take hold of the fence to steady herself. Toby stood by, grinning and gloating. Then the bear brought out another B. The second name was begun right, and it kept on right. Betsey couldn't keep her eyes off the proceedings, although she saw the bear sealing her fate, letter by letter. B-R-I-C-K-T-O the bear laid down, and Betsey was so near fainting that she grabbed both hands on the fence, and Barnaby jumped to catch her if she fell.

"'Only one letter more!' Toby said, 'and the strain'll be over, Betsey. And then you and I'll get married!'

"The bear put down the last letter. It wasn't an N. It was a P. And there was spread out in a line of big black letters that anybody with half an eye could read, 'BETSEY BRICKTOP!' Betsey's face quit being white in a second, and flashed as red, almost, as her hair was. She turned on Toby, and Barnaby says that he actually saw fire shoot out of her eyes. Nobody knows what she would have done to Toby, because he didn't wait to have it done. He jumped the fence and into his wagon, and away he went. And that is why, as near as the facts can be got at, the Toby Groo place is for sale, terms easy.

"They say, over on the Sinnemahone, that Barnaby Beestuffer, seeing a chance to get even with Toby on the steer dicker, had educated two bears and rung the wrong one in on Toby when the time came. Barnaby doesn't deny it nor admit it, but when anyone charges him with it he just sits and grins. But don't you wonder at those bears, those Sinnemahoning bears?"—N. Y. Sun.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—One of the athletic clubs of New York city offers a silver medal to any member that rides 2,000 miles on a bicycle. The offer was made before the wheel became a fashionable rage, and as many men ride 200 miles a week, the club is likely to find the fulfillment of the offer rather taxing.

—Berlin is to have a "Sport Exhibition," in preparation for which, and to save the German language from foreign taint, a committee offers prizes of $125, $50 and $25 for German equivalents for all foreign sporting terms. The prospect of new jaw-breaking compounds suggested by this idea is appalling.

—Japan's small losses in men in the battles with the Chinese were due in part to the accidental use of a bullet-proof material. Owing to the severe cold, the Japanese soldiers wore a quantity of floss silk under their clothes; this, when they were hit, was found in many cases to have stopped the bullets.

—The following were answers received by a teacher in an up-town school from her pupils during a recent examination: "The cotton gin was invented by Robert Morse shortly before the war broke out." "The Boston tea party was a famous dinner given by one of the colonists to the Indians. Many celebrated people were there." "The gold fever is a fatal disease which those who dig gold sometimes get."—Philadelphia Call.

—There will soon be a great reduction in the number of lawyers in France. By a recent law each one must take out a yearly license, for which he pays an amount equal to about twelve per cent. of his house rent. Many persons admitted to the bar who are not in active practice have asked to have their names taken from the roll, among them M. Fallieres, formerly prime minister and minister of justice, and Senator Berenger, author of the law remitting the penalty for first offenses, and also noted for his efforts to improve French morality.

—"It is no easy task to sound the whistle on a fast express train," said an engineer, recently. "Take a run of, say, 140 miles through a thickly-settled country and figure it out. The train runs 35 miles per hour, and there are about five crossings per mile. Five times 140 is 700; now multiply 700 by 4, the number of blasts given at each crossing, that's 2,800; add the station signals, the call to engineers of side-tracked trains, etc., and about 3,000 blasts are necessary. Who says that the whistle-puller has an easy time?"

—Conductor Pershing, of the Panhandle, who has just returned from the west, had a novel experience in a Kansas sandstorm, the train on which he was passenger having been stuck in a sandstorm for nearly four hours. The sand defied the efforts of hundreds of men who had undertaken the task of digging it out, and there was no alternative but to calmly await a change in the direction of the wind. Mr. Pershing had seen trains stalled for the want of sand, but never before had he observed a locomotive hopelessly blocked by a sandstorm.

—Female nudity in art comes from prehistoric Greece, and not, as is commonly believed, from Babylonia, says M. Salomon Reinach, of the French Academy of Inscriptions. Istar (Astarte) as a warrior goddess is fully clothed and in armor; it is only in her humiliation, when she goes down into hell, that she disrobes. On the other hand, statuettes of nude females have been in the Archipelago, at Troy and in Thrace that go back to 1200 B. C. He infers that nude divinities penetrated from prehistoric Greece to Babylonia, that the type was preserved by Phœnicia, and thence passed back to historic Greece and to Rome.

BREAKING IT GENTLY.

Hot It Was a Case of Love's Labor Lost.

He was digging rock in a phosphate mine on the Ten Mile hill, near Charleston, S. C., and I was assistant superintendent of the place. One day after the hands had knocked off he said to me:

"Boss, is you know how fur rite one letter?"

I assured him that my education had extended that far, and asked to whom he wished to write.

"To my bredder," said he.

"And where is your brother?"

"He am een de penitentiary."

"For what?"

"He kill one man."

"Oh, he murdered some one?"

"He ain't murder no one; he slaughter 'em."

"Ah, manslaughter!"

"Dat's de way. Will you please write one letter to 'em, en nrx how he do? He name Gus Pritchard."

"How is that, when you are his brother, and your name is Robinson?"

"Oh, dat's all right. Befo' de war nigger been hab only one name, same like de white people een de Bible, en so dey tek dere massa name fur dere iass name."

"Very well, I'll write to inquire about Pritchard."

I wrote to the superintendent of the penitentiary at Columbia, and was informed that Prichard had been dead for several months. I did not like to tell the news in person to Robinson, so I asked George Washington to do so, and I endeavored to impress upon George the necessity of breaking the news gently.

"Oh, I know whn you mean," said George, "I know. All right, sah."

On the following day I asked George whether he had broken the news to Robinson, and he replied:

"Oh, yes, sah, I tell em een de way wha you say I muss. Fuss I say: 'Sambo, enty you got one bredder?' En he say: 'Yes.' Den I say: 'Enty yo bredder am een de penitentiary?' en he say: 'Yes,' again. Den I say: 'He dead.'"

"Good gracious, man! Do you call that breaking the news gently? What did Robinson say?"

"Sambo say: 'Oh! den he am dead! But wuffer you tell me bout em een sich a roun about way?'"—N. Y. Sun.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The investigations of Weber have shown that the curliness of hair varies with its flatness. The flatter it is the more it curls. Curling irons flatten the hair.

—The total length of railroad in Iowa is 8,490 miles. The number of employes in the state is 29,308, a falling off of nearly 2,000 from the previous year. The average yearly compensation has fallen from $591 to $559, the latter figure being lower than that for any year since 1888.

—To prevent potato eyes from shooting, one of the chief obstacles in preserving the vegetables, M. Schraiban, of the French Institut Agronome, treats them with a two per cent. solution of sulphuric acid. The potatoes are kept in this for twelve hours and then dried; this kills the power of germination and the acid used can do no harm, as it does not penetrate the skin, and the amount is less than that contained in seltzer water.

—The Albany railway was one of the first street railroads of the country to adopt the freight car service. The cars were put on the road last September, and run over the line between Albany and Troy, a distance of seven miles. There is a storage warehouse at each end of the line, into which the cars run. The freight business is growing, and there is every reason to suppose that it will be a very profitable branch of the service. Trips are made during the day every two hours, with a couple of extra trips between times. The two competing steam lines have been forced to reduce their freight and passenger rates.

—On some large freight engines recently constructed for the Central Pacific by the Schenectady locomotive works there is a novel contrivance, intended for supplying sufficient air to make the airbrakes useful at all times when descending steep hills. As all engineers well know, the constant application of the brakes is apt to exhaust the air in the airdrum, and then, unless the handbrakes are in good condition, an accident of a terrible nature is unavoidable. The contrivance used on these engines is what is known as the Sweeny auxiliary pipe, and by its use the reversed movement of the piston can be made to pump air into the main drum from the cylinders in such quantities that the brakes can be utilized at any time, and the full service applied if necessary.

—Cats can get along perfectly well without stomachs, according to experiments recorded in the Archives de Physiologie. In one cat, which died forty-eight hours after its stomach had been cut out, the œsophagus was found to have been completely united with the intestine. Another cat, which weighed four pounds when it lost its stomach, was alive and well and weighed four pounds and a half three months and a half after the operation. It found difficulty in digesting pure milk, but got along nicely when the milk was mixed with yolk of egg and rice, and ate cooked meat, cheese and a puree of potatoes. This proves that all three classes of food, albuminoids, fats and farinaceous substances, are digested by the agastric cat. As it had previously been proved that dogs can do without stomachs, the next step would seem to be the production of agastric man.

—Production of Acetylene.—Acetylene, the most powerful illuminant of the hydrocarbons, can now be produced on a commercial scale, says Prof. Lewes in a paper read before the Society of Arts. It is a colorless gas with an intensely penetrating smell resembling garlic, so that the smallest leakage would be quickly detected. Five cubic feet of the gas will give a light equal to two hundred and forty candles for an hour. It is made by mixing forty parts by weight of finely ground chalk or lime with twenty-four parts by weight of any form of powdered carbon in an electric furnace and adding water; the product is lime and calcic carbide, a pound of which will yield 5.3 cubic feet of acetylene. The carbide can be made for twenty dollars a ton; the gas would cost about a dollar and sixty cents a thousand feet, but its illuminating power would make its cost equal to coal gas at twelve cents a thousand.

The Expensive Swiss Frock.

The Swiss or organdie gown of the French dressmaker cannot be laundered unless it is ripped up, though the French scourers manage to clean it. It is so much more easily wrinkled than a silk gauze that when it is made up with silk it is one of the most expensive gowns that can be purchased. Pale rose-colored and delicate willow-green Swiss muslins dotted with pin dots of black, and trimmed with many rows of narrow black thread lace, make picturesque and effective summer afternoon gowns. These are finished with wide hems on the bottom of a plain, circular skirt, lined with silk of pale rose color or green, and finished with full-gathered bodices, laid in inch tucks, separated by vertical rows of black thread lace in inch width. Similar rows of lace stripe the full-puffed elbow sleeves, which are plaited in at the armhole in inch plaits that meet on the shoulder in the same effect as the tucked waist. The straight stock collar is finished on each side by Paquin points of rose muslin edged with tiny double ruffle of black thread lace.—Philadelphia Times.

Crickets and Cockroaches.

Crickets are noted among entomologists for their voracity and pugnacity. In some parts of the world they do much damage to grass lands, and children are employed to catch and kill them. These crickets live in burrows in the ground among the grass. The burrows are six or eight inches deep. The children have merely to stick a bit of stiff grass down in the burrow. If there is a cricket in the hole he will resent this intrusion upon his privacy, seize the end of the grass in his mandibles, and hang on so persistently that he can be drawn entirely out of the burrow and killed before he will let go.—N. Y. Sun.

Women Only Know

How much they suffer when nervous, weak and tired.

Nervous prostration is a lingering, racking, living death to those afflicted, though wholly incomprehensible to others. The cause of this condition is impure and insufficient Blood.

Make the blood pure, give it vitality and it will properly feed the nerves and make them strong. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures nervousness because it acts directly upon the blood, making it rich and pure and endowing it with vitality and strength-giving power. No other medicine has such a record of cures. Thousands write that they suffered intensely with nervousness and were cured by this great medicine. The building-up powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla are wonderful. Even a few doses are sufficient to create an appetite, and from that time on its healing, purifying, strengthening effects are plainly felt. The nerves become stronger, the sleep becomes natural and refreshing, the hands and limbs become steady, and soon "life seems to go on without effort," and perfect health is restored. Such is the work which Hood's Sarsaparilla is doing for hundreds of women to-day.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Makes Pure Blood.

LIVING FREIGHT BY EXPRESS.

The Companies Used to Take Children, but They Do It No Longer.

The big express companies will take practically any freight that offers except explosives, such as gunpowder and nitro-glycerine, and human beings. They carry many dead bodies; there is scarcely a through run from the west or south to this city that doesn't bring one or more daily; and formerly the express companies carried living people, but that was done away with about ten years ago. The custom nowadays in sending persons, usually children, from one point to another is to buy a ticket for them and put them in the care of the train conductor or of the conductor or porter of the Pullman car. Children so shipped for long distances are sometimes tagged. When persons were carried by the express companies they were often tagged with the name and address, and they were always waybilled like any freight. Conductors sometimes took them into the passenger cars, but frequently they were carried with the other freight in the express car. The charges for this class of freight were double passenger rates, but this included food and care; whenever a train stopped at a meal station the express messenger always took his living freight to the restaurant with him.

In reality the number of persons carried in that manner was never very great, but there were enough of them so that every messenger of those days can recall runs that were made interesting by the presence of children carried as freight; perhaps a small boy sitting still and disconsolate, or maybe a cheerful youngster who followed the messenger in his work, his putting off and taking on freight, checking up way bills, and so on, with lively interest; or it might have been a pretty little girl in whom the whole train crew became interested, so that in the course of the run all hands came to the express car to look at her.

Finally the railroad companies objected to the carrying of that class of freight in express cars; they thought that they should have the profits arising from the transportation of persons, and so came about the general observance of the custom of buying a ticket and sending the person in charge of the conductor. Application is still made, however, to express companies for the transportation of children by express.

But while the large express companies no longer carry living human beings, they will carry anything else alive. They carry many dogs, and the number of dogs carried is constantly increasing. The rules of express companies require that dogs shall be boxed and made fast in the box with a chain; it often happens that dogs break their way out of boxes and then the chain is of some use in holding them. Dogs are fed in transit if necessary. The express charges on dogs are double merchandise rates; dogs shipped to dog shows at these rates are returned to the point of shipment free.—N. Y. Sun.

A PLOT AGAINST WELLINGTON.

Failure of a Design to Bag the English Commander.

The story goes that Wellington used to ride over daily, with one or two of his staff, from his headquarters at St. Jean-de-Luz, and take his stand on the top of a wooded sand hillock, called Blanc Pignon, on the left bank of the Adour, which commands a view of both banks and the town itself two miles up stream. This had been noticed by the French, who had still command of the river and the opposite shore; and the zealous sailor aforesaid, Bourgeois by name, conceived the plan of entrapping the great English captain by lying an ambush for him, with a few men, among the undergrowth on the sand dune, which happened to be on neutral ground just outside the line of French pickets.

Gen. Thouvenot very honorably declined to sanction this tricky proceeding, but, seeing through his glasses from the clock tower of the cathedral in Bayonne that it was actually being carried out, notwithstanding his disapproval, he sent a mounted orderly, as fast as he could gallop, down the road on the left bank of the river, (the present site of the Allees Marines,) past the French pickets, to warn Wellington of his danger. The message was just in time. When within a short distance of the ambush awaiting him on the narrow little track winding up the sand dune, he turned his horse, and moved quietly off in another direction.

So says the story, which, entirely believed by the French, is placed on record by Mordi, declared in a foot note to be correct, and then (1846) within the memory of living witnesses. We can entirely agree with the author in his succeeding remark: "Thus, by one of those strange chances beyond all human explanation, there fell through a design which might have materially changed the course of events."—Macmillan's Magazine.

GRAVITATION AND THE BLOOD.

Some Singular Facts Regarding Arterial Circulation.

We ordinarily think of the attraction of gravitation only as producing what we call weight, and as governing the earth and other planets in their orbits. But gravitation acts in a very important manner upon the circulation of the blood in our veins and arteries. An elaborate series of experiments has recently been carried out in England to determine just what effect gravitation exercises in this respect and how its disturbing influence is compensated in the bodily mechanism.

It has been found that man probably possesses a more complete compensation of this kind than any other animal, and that the monkey stands in this respect next to man.

Injuries to the spinal cord, asphyxia and poisoning by chloroform or curare paralyze, more or less completely, the power of compensation, and then the influence of gravitation on the circulation of the blood may become a serious danger.

In such a case death is more likely to result, according to the conclusions of Prof. Leonard Hill, if the body is placed in such a position that the abdomen is at a lower level than the heart.

But the danger may be diminished or removed either by elevating the abdomen or compressing it so as to drive the blood up to the heart. When the heart itself, however, has been injured, as by chloroform, there is danger in forcing the blood too rapidly into it.

Prof. Hill finds that, generally speaking, the best position for the body, when the power of compensation for the effects of gravitation has been arrested, is with the feet up instead of with the feet down.—Youth's Companion.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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KILN DRIED. ALWAYS THE BEST.

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The *strongest* and *purest* Lye made. Unlike other Lye, it being a fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. Will make the *best* perfumed Hard Soap in 20 minutes *without boiling*. It is the best for cleansing waste pipes, disinfecting sinks closets, washing bottles, paint trees, etc. PENNA. SALT M'F'G CO. Gen. Agents, PHILA., Pa.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Lemon Shortcake.—Make a rich cake, split and butter, then take rind, juice and pnlp of three lemons grated, one cup sugar, one cup cream, mix thoroughly and spread.—Mrs. W. C. Newell, in Orange Judd Farmer.

—Batter Cakes.—Sift one quart of flour with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, add two benten eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, n pint aud a half of sweet milk, and a tablespoonful of melted butter or lard. Bake on a hot griddle.—Home.

—Tripe a la Newberg.—Cut the tripe into pieces the size of n small oyster. Mnke a sance of two tablespoonfuls of flour, one of butter, two teacupfuls of milk. When it thickens add the tripe; let it boil np once. Senson with a pinch of ground mace, salt, pepper, and n little stewed parsley. Boil five minutes. Add half a wineglass of sherry. Serve on toast.—Good Housekeeping.

—To Boil Bacon Ham.—After cleaning the ham well, place in n large boiler and fill with cold water. Let it boil slowly five or six hours, then take it out and put it into a dish to drain. While it is still hot, or when it is cool, remove the skin nnd place it in the oven to brown. Mix one teaspnfni of vinegar, one tablespoouful of black pepper, a little ground mustnrd, two or three tablespoonfuls of sugnr, and baste the ham with it while it is roasting.—Farmers' Voice.

—Something Good.—Beat one cup of butter and one cup of sugar until light. Beat three eggs without separating until very light, then stir them into the butter and sugar, ndd half a tablespoon ful of ground cinamon, two tablespoonfuls of milk and sufficient flour to make a dough—about two cups. Knead lightly, roll into a thin sheet, cut into narrow strips, twist or braid them together, drop them at once into smoking fat and cook to golden brown. Dust down with powdered sugar and serve.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Pearl Barley Cream Soup.—Simmer a pint of pearl barley slowly in stock, with an onion, carrot and seasoning, for two hours. Remove the carrot, and stew the rest till reduced to a pulp, and rub it through a hair sieve, adding as much more stock, or water, as will dilute it to the thickuess of good cream. Bring to the boil, and lift it off directly it actually boils, and stir into it the yolk of an egg beaten in a little milk. Scatter chopped parsley over, and serve. This soup may be varied with the addition of tomat oes cut in slices and cooked lightly before being added to it.—Leeds Mercury.

—Creey, or Carrot Soup.—Take five or six large red carrots, wash and scrape them well, shave off thin slices and onter part, leaving the yellow center. Then peel and slice a large onion and a small piece of turnip. Put them in a stew pan with a heaping tenspoonful of butter, a few sprigs of parsley and two bay leaves. Fry the whole a light yellow color, then add the carrot with a pint of water, and let them stew until perfectly tender. Rub the carrot through a squash strainer. Add a quart of stock and heat again: Add a teaspoonful of sugar and salt, and pepper to state, nnd when hot serve immediately with croutons.—Farmers' Review.

A Question of Salary.

"Is Mr. Scallenger in?"

"Can't you see whether he is or not?"

"Are you Mr. Scallenger?"

"No, sir."

"Then I see he is not in. I beg your pardon for troubling you. Can you tell me where he is?"

"How do you suppose I know?"

"Does he occupy a desk in this office?"

"He does."

"He comes in occasionnlly during the day, I presume?"

"He does, sir."

"Has he been here this morning?"

"He has."

"May I ask if you have any idea as to when he will be likely to drop in again?"

"You may, but it won't do any good."

"Can you direct me, sir, to anybody who can point out some person who can show me where to inquire for the man that can give me some information as to the whereabouts of Mr. Scallenger?"

"I'm not paid to sit here and nnswer fool questions."

"I see. You would act like a gentleman if you were paid for it. Thanks. Good afternoon!"—Chicago Tribune.

It Didn't Work.

It isn't nlwnys safe for a small boy to take his father's jokes and gnmes too seriously. This wns shown very plainly at one time by the experience of an Englishman and his son upon a railway journey which they took together. While the little fellow wns gazing out of the open window his father slipped the hat off the boy's head in such a way as to make his son believe that it had fallen out of the window. The boy was very much upset by his supposed loss, when his father consoled him by saying that he would "whistle it back." A little later he whistled, and the hat reappeared. Not long nfter the little lad seized upon his father's hat, and, flinging it out of the window, shouted: "Now, papa, whistle your hat back again!" — Harper's Round Table.

A Bride's Little Joke.

An extraordinary prank was played by a young womnn, a native of Todmorden, who was married in a chapel in the center of the town. Immediately after the ceremony the pnrties adjourned to the vestry to sign the register. The bride suddenly and mysteriously disnppeared, and, n search about the premises revealing nothing, the distracted bridegroom went into the street and continued his inquiries among such friends and nequaintances as he came across. These were, nnturally, nmused, but it was no laughing matter for the poor fellow who appeared to have been so curiously deserted. However, the fair one turned up all safe and sound nbont three hours later, and, on being questioned, explained that she had been to Sangers' circus.—Todmorden (Eng.) Advertiser.

THE SITE OF GETHSEMANE.

It Cannot Be Definitely Located at This Day.

The location of Gethsemane, like that of Calvary, Bethesda, and many other places made interesting by sacred story, is uncertain. It is well that this is so, otherwise there would be much more of form and less of spirit than there now is in our study of them. The locality would be made the focal point of interest, rather than the event that hallowed it. Many of the so-called "holy places" have been made the site on which to squander money in erecting temples, and then to extort money for the privilege of seeing them. This has been the case with the reputed Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jernsalem, the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, and many other places. In all or nearly all of these, the locations are based on Romish traditions of extremely doubtful authority.

Neither of the sites of Gethsemane suggested by the Greek or the Latin churches seem to the writer, after a half-summer of sojourn in Jerusalem, to be worthy of serious consideration. Yet these locations are the only ones that have been at all generally considered. They are opposite each other. The road from Jernsalem to Bethany, which passes easterly and directly over Mount Olivet via the Church of the Ascension, runs between them. The same is true of the Bethany road, which is the most probable route of the "Triumphal Entry." Both roads pass north of the Latin location. The Latin or Romish Gethsemane is a little east of south of that claimed by the Greek Catholics, who are mostly Russian.

In a study of locations in and around Jerusalem, I have found the plan of Dr. Barclay convenient and clear, estimating elevations and directions from the well of Enrogel as a starting point. This well is at the junction of the Kedron valley, which passes east of Jernsalem and between it and Olivet, and the Hinnom valley running west and south of the city. The well is one thousand nine hundred and ninety six feet above the sea level.

The Latin Gethsemane is a walled inclosure one hundred and twenty-five feet wide from east to west, and two hundred feet long on its west side. Its east side is one hundred and twenty-five feet long, and its northeast corner about seventy-five feet farther south than its northwest corner. It forms an irregular parallelogram too small in extent for the event suggested by the words of Jesus: "Sit ye here while I go yonder and pray." The monks who occupy the place assure visitors that the eight olive trees within were there in the time of our Saviour. But they do not seem old enough for that. Besides, in the siege of Jerusalem by Titus, A. D. 70, the trees around the city were all cut for the purposes of his army.

This Gethsemane is about four thousand five hundred feet a little east of north from Enrogel, three hundred and eleven feet higher elevation than the well, and about eight hundred feet southeast of the northeast corner of the temple area. Less than one hundred feet northwesterly from this location is the Greek Gethsemane, chiefly occupied by a structure which they call "The Church of the Virgin's Tomb." Both these locations are immediately at the crossings of various roads running up and down the Kedron valley, and from St. Stephen's gate, the only passage through the east wall of Jerusalem, down the slope of Mount Moriah and up the side of Mount Olivet. This crossing of at least a half-dozen paths must, in the nature of things, be similar to the situation in the time of our Saviour, hence not conducive to such seclusion as He would be likely to have sought.

So far as I know, however, none have considered a spot that appears to me best worthy of acceptance, a spot about two thonsand feet further north, up the Kedron. It is not far from one thonsand feet northeast of the northeast corner of Jernsalem, a cozy depression between the foothills of the two northerly crests of Olivet's "triple crown." It is often selected for a quiet afternoon of tenting. In the night it is an ideal place for the seclusion Christ would desire. This idea has so grown upon me that I have ventured to mark it on numerous recent maps of Jernsalem, the nsually accepted locations also being designated.—George May Powell, in Baptist Teacher.

Battles on Stilts.

In 1748, when Marshal Saxe was traveling through the Low countries, he came to the town of Namur, in Belgium. Among other things which the citizens did in his honor, they got up a battle on stilts. The town was subject to overflow from the rivers on each side of it, and the people, from much use of stilts at such times, had become very expert with them, and often had stilt-battles on holidays. The young men formed themselves into opposing armies, with flags and trumpets to make the scene gay. It was against the rule to use n club or weapon of any sort, or to fight with fists. Pnnching with their elbows and kicking with their stilts, to knock their opponents' legs from under them, were the methods of the assault employed in these stilt-battles. It was rough sport, for the combatants fought as if their lives depended on the result; nnd although no one was ever seriously injnred there were many bruised arms and legs before a battle was decided. The wives nnd sisters of the combatants cheered them on, and hastened to the assistance of those who fell, helping them up again as soon as they had recovered. Marshal Saxe declared on the occasion of the battle arranged in his honor that if two real armies should fight with as much fury as was displayed by these young fellows on stilts, the battle would deserve no better name than that of butchery.—Youth's Companion.

—Johnny—"Mamma, I can count all the way up to twelve." Mamma—"And what comes after twelve, Johnny?" Johnny—"Recess."—Harper's Round Table.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Ah," said the magazine reader, contemplating his friend's new baby, "Fine child. Is it a Napoleon or a Trilby?"—Cincinnati Tribune.

—He—"My views on bringing up a family are—" She—"Never mind your views. I'll bring up the family. You go and bring up the coal."—Boston Post.

—Trolley Car Conductor—"Settle now, or get off." Dignified Citizen—"What do you take me for, sir?" Conductor—"Fi' cents, same as anybody else."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Justice—"You are charged with stealing Col. Julep's chickens; have you any witnesses?" Uncle Mose—"I heb not; I don't steal chickens befo' witnesses."—Browning, King & Co.'s Monthly.

—Coroner—"It is a very unhappy occurrence that you should run over this old lady and kill her." Trolley Motorman—"Very. This makes my thirteenth, and I feel that that number will bring me bad luck."—Judge.

—"How can you ill-use your dog in that fashion? I thought you were a member of the Society for the Protection of Animals!" "So I am, but I haven't paid my subscription for the last three months."—Lustige Blatter.

—Jimmy—"You're 'fraid ter fight, that's what it is." Thomas—"No, I ain't; but if I fight my mother'll know, and lick me." Jimmy—"How will she find it out, eh?" Thomas—"She'll see the doctor going to your house."—London Chips.

—Wiggles—"Where are you going to take your family this summer?" Waggles—"Well, I haven't decided yet whether we will spend a fortnight at one of the fashionable hotels or take the same amount of money and buy a New Hampshire farm."—Somerville Journal.

—A Bismarck schoolma'am, who had been telling the story of David, ended it with: "And all this happened over three thousand years ago." A little cherub, his blue eyes wide open with wonder, said, after a moment's thought: "Oh my, what a memory you've got!"—Machias Union.

—"When I made my first appearance as a public reader," said Borus, "the papers fairly went wild over me. Now they don't notice me at all. They are not treating me fairly." "If you want them to go wild over you again," suggested Naggus, "announce your last appearance."—Chicago Journal.

—"Aren't you starting rather early," inquired the visitor, "to put that young boy of yours forward as a candidate for United States senator?" "You don't know my ambition," said the fond Delaware parent, proudly. "I mean that he shall be elected before his eightieth birthday."—Chicago Journal.

—"Does his Celestial majesty want something written about the settlement of the war with Japan?" asked the Chinese poet laureate. "No," said Li Hung Chang, thoughtfully. "I'm sorry to cut you out of a job, but I wouldn't suggest it. The stubs in the royal check-book will answer all historic purposes."—Washington Star.

—Mrs. Gray—"What a terrible thing has happened to the Blacks! Mr. Black was coming home from his club the other night, and he fell down and broke his leg so badly that he has had to have it amputated." Mrs. Green—"Lost his leg! Isn't it awful? And his family saw so little of him before!"—Boston Transcript.

ENTAILING FAMILY JEWELS.

The Laws of England Provide for Their Protection.

England is the only country in the world where the nobility are in the habit of entailing their jewels. Some of the great houses of aristocracy, such as that of Cavendish, whose head is the duke of Devonshire; that of Bentnick, whose head is the duke of Portland, and that of Lenox, whose chief is the duke of Richmond, possess superb collections of gems, almost priceless in value, and which have been in the families for hundreds of years. They cannot be sold or diverted from the head of the house, and, even if they are pledged for loans, the person with whom they are pledged is forced by law to return them to the estate, even without payment of his loan, on the death of the peer or peeress who offered them as security for money advanced. Moreover, like the entailed landed property, the heirloom jewels do not remain with the widow, but pass immediately to the wife of the successor in the title. When young Lord Dudley married the erstwhile shop girl, Rachael Gurney, a few years ago, his still beautiful and young-looking mother, the widowed countess, had to surrender to her daughter-in-law most of the magnificent and world-famed jewels with which she had delighted to adorn her comely person during the twenty-five years of her married life.

Of course jewelry thus entailed cannot be seized for debt, nnd thus it is that these collections of gems have remained intnct and ever-increasing throughout the course of years. The inauguration of the new fashion of divorce has led to a good many complications of a legal character in connection with this practice of entailing family jewels. Formerly divorce was so costly nnd so intensely difficult to obtain that the question did not arise. But now that divorces are so customary among the nobility there are constant conflicts arising in connection with the family jewels, the wife, as a rule, putting forth every effort to retain them. It was only recently that an action of this kind took place in London, the wife, who had the divorce pronounced in her favor, and who had been assigned the guardianship of the children, insisting that, inasmuch as she retained her name, her title and her children, she had likewise the right to retain possession of the family jewels until her son should marry. This, however, the judge refused to admit, and declared that the jewels must be returned to the husband.—San Francisco Argonaut.

ANOTHER LINCOLN STORY.

It's a Wise Man Who Knows His Own Home After House Cleaning.

"I never had the pleasure," said Secretary Morton the other day, "of any near or particular acquaintance with Abraham Lincoln. I have had him described to me often, however, by men close to him, and who knew him well. As everybody is aware, Lincoln was a man of humor rather than wit; fond of a good story and a good laugh. Lincoln was not an orderly man, and paid no heed to things about him. If he had owned a lawn it would probably have struggled through life unknown; and a gate on one hinge struck Lincoln as being just as good a gate as if it owned two. In good truth, unless men have romanced beyond reason, Lincoln was a bit shiftless. I recall a story about the great president which Richardson, once a member of the national house from Illinois, and a great friend of Lincoln, told me.

"We, Lincoln and I, had been away on the circuit together," said Richardson. "The judges and lawyers traveled from county to county in those days, the former to hold court and the latter to try what cases they had, and pick up others. Lincoln and I had been away some weeks, and one afternoon toward the close of an early summer's day we rode into Springfield, where Lincoln lived.

"His yard and the scene about the house had been, when he left, a bit disreputable, the fence needed mending, the yard lacked cleaning up; the house wanted a coat of paint; some of the windows exhibited a broken pane; while odd and irritating bunches of brambles and clumps of locust shoots cried for the scythe and bush hook. This was the condition when Lincoln left. But during his absence Mrs. Lincoln had instituted a campaign of her own. As we drove up to the place we found the fence repaired; the yard mown and clean; every pane of glass was in, and the house glistened and shone in a coat of white paint. Mrs. Lincoln herself stood in the front door to enjoy the effect of all this order and restoration on her husband. But on this occasion he held the middle of the road and looked coldly on the house and his wife, as one who did not recognize either. He made as if he wanted to go by. Just opposite the gate, however, he pulled up his horse, and, with his face grave enough, bar a twinkle of the eye, bowed with great politeness to Mrs. Lincoln and said: 'I beg your pardon, madam, but can you tell me who lives here?'

"'Send your horses to the barn and you and Mr. Richardson come in. I'll show you who lives here,' responded Mrs. Lincoln, with just a trace of nettle in her tone. And Honest Old Abe went in."—Washington Star.

IRRELIGION OF WRITERS.

Literary Men, as a Rule, Seem to Be Indifferent to Religion.

It is quite extraordinary how callous even the most religious persons in the past have often been to the miseries of their fellow creatures, both in this world and the next. They have, indeed, expressed their gratitude for being safe and sound themselves, but not without a feeling of complacency that others are not so fortunate. It is this callousness which has rendered the man of letters—impulsive and sensitive, soft hearted, yet easily moved to indignation, and charitable even toward the sins he is not inclined to—unorthodox and something more. There may be in him n want of submissiveness to the Divine will, and certainly of that unquestioning faith which is the comfort of so many souls, but there is no lack of human love and sympathy; and the man who loves his fellows, we are told, is very near to loving his Creator.

At all events, the feeling I have described seems to me to have more or less pervaded the minds of almost all men of letters with whom I have conversed upon spiritual things. Because literary men are not, as a rule, churchgoers, they are often considered irreligions or as complete Gallios in the matter; but this is not at all my experience of them, and I have lived in their midst for nearly half a century.

A very distinguished member of the clergy used to say, with those half-shut eyes that always showed when his vein of humor was touched, and which caused it to be said of him that he "never saw a happy moment:" "What strikes one as so queer is that belief in their particular dogma is made the essential point of all sects, all of which save one—and perhaps even that—must be wrong."

Who damns every creed but his own
Must look for a limited Heaven,
And is like a man laying long odds
When the long odds to him should be given.

It never seems to strike a theologian that his calculation is contrary to the doctrine of chances.—James Payn, in Cornhill Magazine.

Viewing Sea Gardens.

A sea-glass or water-glass is simply a sort of rough wooden box, without a cover, perhaps a foot to twenty inches square, the bottom consisting of a piece of clear glass. It is grasped firmly by the edge and held so that the bottom is just below the surface of the water. By its use the rippling movement of the water is overcome, and one is enabled to look steadily downward, apparently to the sea floor itself, and to see every smallest object quite as plainly as we see the things above us in the upper air. Our first glimpse gave us the impression that the glass was possessed of magical power, and we gazed spellbound into the new world of grace and beauty revealed to us by its small transparent square. Gardens they are, to be sure. Scarce a tree or shrub or flower that our land gardens boast but is here reproduced in colors varied and beautiful and forms of airiest grace.—Chautauquan.

—"Miss Ancient appears very cold and indifferent to men, although they say in years gone by she was engaged several times." "Yes; she is a souvenir spoon."—Truth.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

WHAT THE LITTLE SHOES SAID.

I saw two dusty little shoes
A-standing by the bed;
They suddenly began to talk,
And this is what they said:

"We're just as tired as we can be,
We've been 'most everywhere;
And now our little master rests—
It really is not fair.

"He's had his bath and sweetly sleeps
'Twixt sheets both cool and clean,
While we are left to stand outside;
Now, don't you think it mean?

"We've carried him from morn till night;
He's quite forgot, that's plain;
While here we watch, and wait and wait
Till morning comes again.

"And then he'll tramp, and tramp, and tramp
The livelong summer day.
Now this is what we'd like to do—
Just carry him away.

"Where he could never go to bed,
But stay up all the night
Unwashed, and covered o'er with dust—
Indeed! 'twould serve him right"
—Our Little Men and Women.

TOMMY AND TOODLE.

The Reason Why a Pug Dog Stole a Little Girl's Doll.

"Tommy, where is Toodle?"

Tommy sat up on his hind legs and hung his paws beseechingly. That was his way of saying: "I don't know where my dear Toodle is myself, but if you will find her for me I will be very much obliged."

Tommy is a pug dog and Toodle is his dolly. He loves her as much as if he were a little girl; his mistress has never allowed other little boys to laugh at him for playing with a doll.

It was his mistress who was asking him about Toodle now; she was a pretty young lady named Miss Fanny. "Tommy," she asked again, this time very slowly and solemnly, "where is Toodle? Poor Toodle. Tommy doesn't love Toodle. Where is Toodle?"

Tommy saw she was not going to find his doll for him, so he gave a sharp little bark as he got down onto his four legs again and ran out of the house.

It was in the summer and he was living in a cottage on a quiet seashore where the front doors stood open all day long. Tommy knew all his neighbors and now he trotted over to the next house. There there was a little girl named Mabel. Mabel was playing with her doll Amy. She was bigger and prettier than poor Toodle, who was only rubber.

"Have you seen Toodle?" asked Tommy, but Mabel had never learned dog talk, and she only dropped her doll and began to run away, crying: "Tommy's barking at me, I'm 'fraid."

Then Tommy did a dreadful thing; he picked up Amy in his teeth and broke for home with her as hard as he could go, and when Mabel saw that she began to cry in good earnest.

Tommy went straight to Miss Fanny and showed her the baby he had kidnaped, but he began to run again whenever she tried to come near him;

DOG AND DOLL.

Mabel soon followed, panting and sobbing out: "He'll kill her! O, Miss Fanny, he'll kill her!"

"Don't run after him, or he will by accident; he doesn't mean to hurt her," said Miss Fanny, while Tommy walked sedately out onto the back porch and lay down with Amy still in his mouth.

"Do you know where Toodle is?" said Miss Fanny, and Mabel understood her, and said yes. Toodle was at their house on the garret stairs, where Tommy had left her. You see Tommy had remembered leaving her there when he went over and asked Mabel about her.

"You go get her," said Miss Fanny. "I'll watch him while you are gone, and he'll give up Amy when he sees his own dollie."

And sure enough that was just what he did; Amy was prettier, but poor rubber Toodle with no clothes on was the one he loved. He gave one look when Miss Fanny showed him to her, and then ran and grabbed her in his mouth, and settled himself with her just as you see him on the picture. Miss Fanny photographed him.

"Isn't he naughty, Miss Fanny, don't you think he is?" said Mabel, after she had gathered Amy to her bosom and made up her mind to play she'd been carried off by a lion.

"Well, he's an only child, you know, and only children are always spoiled," said Miss Fanny, but the truth was she thought he was the sweetest dog in the world.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Beauty in Many Lands.

Beauty is very good thing to have in civilized portions of the world, but it may be doubted if any of us would care to be considered beautiful by certain dwellers in savage countries. For instance, the Sandwich islanders judge the beauty of a woman by her weight. The ex-Queen Liliuokalani is considered by many to be a very beautiful creature, though we might consider her very plain. This is because she is a very heavy person. The Chinese require beautiful ladies to have deformed feet and black teeth. A girl must be tattooed sky-blue and wear a nose-ring to satisfy a South Sea islander. African princes require their brides to have their teeth filed like those of a saw.—Harper's Young People.

FOUR-FOOTED BIRDS.

Frowsy, Long-Eared Fellows Who Give Nocturnal Concerts.

The "Colorado canary" is a frowsy little, long-eared fellow that has far more sense than he gets credit for. Like the nightingale he sings in the night, his note being a mixture of a loag, hollow cough and a squeal. There is a great deal of noise and earnestness, but not much music in his song, certainly not enough to warrant taking him into the parlor. Nobody knows whether he sings for fun, for grub or for pastime. Like the poet, he is saddest when he sings, and so is everybody

COLORADO CANARIES.

else. If his bulk, says the Traveler, could be measured by his notes he would weigh as much as an elephant; but if his music could be measured he wouldn't be bigger than a hummingbird. He is gentle except in his hind legs, which sometimes have a faculty of suddenly rearing up and kicking things. This is his only means of protection, but it is very effective and telling, and no one ever knows when or where he will strike. It is always safest to stand in front of him unless you are behind a stone fence.

JAPANESE WAR STORY.

How a Brave Little Bugler Rallied His Flying Comrades.

Every war brings out stories of heroism that last long after many other incidents of the conflict are forgotten. Boyish bravery in the heat and smoke of battle in particular is always told of, and seems to have more distinction than that of the older soldier who is trained to do his duty under all circumstances, as the New York Times says. Already from the Japan-China war has come a story of a brave little bugler that is likely to be told over and over again. It was on one of the battlefields, which have not been frequent in this war, when the Japanese troops were somewhat panic-stricken and were retreating before the Chinese, that the little bugler was mortally wounded. Stricken and dying as he was, the brave lad did not forget his duty. He saw the brave troops flying, and knew that the Chinese were gaining a victory. With splendid courage he raised himself, and grasping his bugle sounded a loud and stirring "charge." The troops heard and rallied under its message, charged valiantly in obedience to it, and the day was theirs. But the little bugler had died as they fought, and did not even know that his effort had been successful. His comrades knew, however, what he had done, and they bore him from the field in triumph, and already the "uta," a poem of honor, has been written in his memory, while his mother has arrayed herself in robes of state and honor, and wound her hair with flowers, the proudest woman in the empire, that her only son should have thus distinguished himself.

THE FAT OLD MAN.

How to Make One Without Taking the Pencil from the Paper.

Here is another outline picture which may be made without taking the pencil from the paper and without retracing

any of the lines, provided you begin right. Start with the eye and trace the lines with a pin. Then take a pencil and another piece of paper and see if you can draw the figure.—Young Men's Era.

Rather Painful Introduction.

The happy faculty of smooth, impromptu speaking is not possessed by many. The lack of it often places speaker and subject at a disadvantage. A well-known lecturer, who had been invited to serve as a substitute, felt some nervousness, knowing he was to fill the place of a more noted man. This feeling was not diminished when he heard himself thus announced by the long-limbed, keen-eyed western farmer: "This 'ere is our substitute. I don't know what he can do. Time was short, an' we hed to take what we could git."

How Tommy Tells Time.

"My father," said the small boy to the woman who was calling on his mother, "is a great man. He knows what time it is without even looking at his watch."

"What do you mean, Tommy?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, when I holler out and ask him what time it is in the morning, he always says it's time to get up. And when I ask him what time it is in the evening, he always says: 'Time to go to bed, Tommy.'"—The Waterbury.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, June 3, 1895.

Those who watch the under currents rather than the surface of politics are beginning to see that Mr. Cleveland is a much shrewder manipulator of wires than he is generally credited with being. For instance, his object in promising that he would support the candidacy of ex-Secretary Whitney for the Democratic Presidential nomination, if Mr. Whitney would consent to the use of his name in that connection, has now become apparent to those who know the game of politics. Instead of being a renunciation of his own desire for another nomination, as many at first supposed it to be, that promise of Mr. Cleveland's is a very clever move by which he expects to retain control of the Democratic nomination, whatever the result of the contest now going on between the gold Democrats and the silver Democrats may be. If the gold Democrats can control the next national convention, Mr. Cleveland will take the next nomination himself, and if the silver Democrats control it the nomination will go to ex-Secretary Whitney, thus making it certain that no anti-Cleveland silver Democrat can carry off the empty honor of the nomination.

That this move was taken by Mr. Cleveland with the knowledge and consent of Mr. Whitney was proven by the fact that Mr. Whitney had no sooner got back from Europe than he gave out an authentic interview stating his position on the silver question. His position is a straddle, if put to actual and immediate test, but it is so interlaced with "taffy" for silver and opinions as to its speedy rehabilitation as a money metal by the great commercial nations of the world, that it leaves the impression that he is very friendly to silver, which is just the impression it was intended to leave. It is Whitney's part of the game begun by Mr. Cleveland when he promised to support Whitney if he wanted the nomination. That Whitney really wants the nomination is improbable, although he would doubtless willingly chip in four or five of the Standard Oil Company's millions to become President. But he is too smart to believe that any Democrat can be elected President next year. His part of the game is being played just to please Mr. Cleveland, whose friendship has been valuable to corporations in which Whitney is interested, and may be again.

Senator Carter of Montana who is chairman of the Republican National Committee, is in Washington. He says the National Executive Committee will probably meet the latter part of October or early in November to decide where and when the next National Convention shall be held, and that he would not be surprised if it decided to hold it in May, instead of June, which has been the usual month, as he finds the sentiment in favor of the former month strong and growing. In reply to a question Senator Carter said: "The National Committee as an organization will not take any position for or against silver. It is no part of the business of the committee to undertake to declare party position on current questions. That task is left to the party when assembled in national convention.

There is a rumor, too good to be true, that Mr. Cleveland will, in filling the vacancy left in the Cabinet by the death of Secretary Gresham, endeavor to get a Democrat whose Americanism is robust enough and sufficiently well known to the public to reinspire confidence in the foreign policy of the administration. It would be a good thing for Mr. Cleveland to make the attempt to do this, but unless the tenor of public opinion has been misunderstood, there is only one thing that will make the public believe in the Americanism of the administration and that is the election of a Republican President.

Lots of Republicans from the great northwest, who drop into Washington from time to time, put in a good word for Senator Dubois, and lots of Republicans from all other sections meet them with earnest "amens". Mr. W. C. Leonard, of Butte, Montana, speaking on this subject said: "It would please our people not only in Idaho but in the northwest generally, if the Republican convention should see its way to nominate Senator Dubois for the Vice Presidency. He would make a great run. Personally, he is the strongest man in his State, if not in the entire northwest, and if he is not Vice President when the time comes he will not have the slightest difficulty in being re-elected to the Senate." Of course everyone realizes that the selection of President must be made before that of his running mate, and that the section from which one comes virtually decides that from which the other must be taken, but there is no harm in expressing liking for so good a man as Senator Dubois, who could have anything he desired, if the selections were to be made by the votes of his Republican colleagues in the Senate.

Loch Lynn Heights.

As is generally known in this section that the unfortunate death of Mr. Enos R. Williams, about April first, one of the firm of Williams, Boody & Williams, contractors for the erection of the Loch Lynn Heights hotel, and that the hotel company paid the firm a large sum of money, more than sufficient to pay off all bills and labor, and then went off leaving several thousand dollars unpaid for material and labor, and the filing of mechanics' liens and certain members of the company refusing to advance any more money on same, embarrassed the company. The management determined to place the property in the hands of a receiver, and on the application of Major Alderson Judge Jackson, of the Federal Court of the district of West Virginia, appointed Hon. J. B. Sommerville, of Wheeling, receiver, with authority and full power to complete the hotel immediately and carry out the contract of the company with Mrs. List, of Wheeling, in the lease of the hotel. The hotel will be completed and occupied about the 22nd of this month. Mrs. List is now in Wheeling selecting the furniture, which will be put in place immediately. This is the prettiest building, the most beautiful location, with the most enchanting scenery surrounding, and will be one of the best furnished and conducted hotels along the line of the B. & O. railroad. Mrs. L. B. C. List is known far and near as one of the most popular hotel keepers in the country. The attractions of the ball and billiard rooms, the 16-foot veranda surrounding the hotel, the observatory, the croquet, base ball and tennis grounds in the rear, and the advantages of the religious and literary entertainments in the Park render Loch Lynn Heights the most attractive place in the whole country, for the young and the old, the sedate, the gay and the festive, and the religious and the literary.

Twenty-eight buildings are in course of construction or contracted for on this side of the railroad, some of them to be very attractive.

Messrs. Frey & Hawk have located here and established extensive lumber yards and warehouse with building material of all kinds.

Mr. A. H. Frey has nearly completed a private residence, which will be one of the most attractive in this section.

Mr. Amandus Hawk is erecting a a large boarding house and private residence.

Mr. C. A. Ashby, who has charge of the Loch Lynn store, and also Mr. A. S. Teats, are both erecting attractive cottages on Roanoke avenue, and others are going up all over the Heights.

Mr. Williams has burnt his first kiln of brick and is disposing of same.

Bradford Brothers have already furnished a good deal of material for the erection of cottages on this side.

Mr. Wagner will open his butcher shop this week and supply anything in his line.

Trout Run dairy has been established and will be conducted by Mr. S. P. Baker, who will furnish milk, cream and butter every morning to all who wish them.

Mr. Dean, of Cumberland, will erect a livery stable near the railroad below the postoffice, and keep a nice line of vehicles to hire, also saddle horses.

The old visitors at the Park will be surprised when they return this summer and see the wonderful developments of this place, and yet it has only begun.

Swanton.

Miss Nannie Segar left here Monday for her home in Virginia.

Mrs. Walker is stopping at the Fairall house for the summer.

Mrs. Ella Fairall is visiting friends in Keyser.

There will be Children's Day services in the U. B. chapel Sunday evening, June 9th, at eight o'clock. All are cordially invited to come.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Sincell Bros. pay the highest market price for wool.

THE REPUBLICAN for good job printing. Make a note of this.

McComas' Calmative Konseals, 10 cents. Try them. 5-tf

WANTED, boarders. Rates reasonable. Ella P. Russell. 11-3t

A full line of ladies' and gentlemen's oxfords at Townshend & Son's. 9-5t.

A complete line of straw and felt hats, from 10c. up, at Townshend & Son's. 9-5t.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

M. L. Scott has opened a new line of Shoes and Oxfords. Has a $2 shoe worth $3, made by Evitt.

Any one wanting a good comfortable boarding house, call at E. P. Russell's, Cor. 1st and Water Sts. 11-3t.

Take your wool and potatoes to Dixon & Kelso. They are paying highest prices, cash or trade. 12-2

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures scalds, burns, indolent sores and never fails to cure piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

The Sands & Astley shows have too great a reputation at stake ever to change its dates or to divide its attractions.

The vast Parisian Hippodrome, an attraction of the Sands & Astley Show, vividly revives the sports and pastimes of ancient Rome.

The high and long distance leapers of the Sands & Astley show, wherever it has exibited, has astonished our brethren of the press.

Sick headache, constipation and indigestion are quickly cured by DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

You will find a complete line of gentlemen's shirts and neckwear and ladies' and gentlemen's summer underwear at Townshend's. 9-5t.

Townshend & Son can show you a neat and pretty line of summer dress goods, challies, percales, lawns, etc., at prices to suit everybody. 9-5t.

La Grippe is here again with all of its old time vigor. One Minute Cough Cure is a reliable remedy. It cures and cures quickly. Oakland Pharmacy.

Our patrons will find DeWitt's Little Early Risers a safe and reliable remedy for constipation, dyspepsia and liver complaints. Oakland Pharmacy.

W. T. Stanford, Station Agent of Leeper, Clarion Co. Pa., writes: I can recommend One Minute Cough Cure as the best I ever used. It gave instant relief and a quick cure Oakland Pharmacy.

We have something new, effective, pleasant to take and perfectly harmless and a positive cure for nervous headache, sick headache, dizziness and neuralgia. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

McComas' Calmative Konseals contain all that is required to cure the worst case of headache or neuralgia in a very few minutes and are safe, sure, inexpensive. Manufactured by Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf.

HAULING AND EXPRESS.—I have located at Mountain Lake Park and am prepared to do hauling of all kinds at short notice. Baggage a specialty. A share of the public patronage solicited. Harry Thayer.

Phenomenal male and female bareback riders, marvelous gymnasts and athletes, sensational chariot and jockey races, rare zoological wonders and extraordinary and remarkable curios are among the attractions of the Sands & Astley shows.

Doctor H. R. Fish, of Gravois Mills, Mo., a practicing physician of many years experience, writes: DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve has no equal for indolent sores, scalds and burns. It stops pain instantly, heals a burn quickly and leaves no scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

B. H. Bowman, Pub. Enquirer, of Bremen Ind., writes: Last week our little girl baby tho only one we have was taken sick with croup. After two doctors failed to give relief and life was hanging on a mere thread we tried One Minute Cough Cure and its life was saved. Oakland Pharmacy.

J. A. Richardson, of Jefferson City, Mo., chief enrolling force 38th general assembly of Missouri, writes: I wish to testify to the merits of One Minute Cough Cure. When other so-called cures failed, I obtained almost instant relief and a speedy cure by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. Oakland Pharmacy.

Try McComas' Calmative Konseals to drive away sharp pains in muscular and acute rheumatism. One or two Konseals have shown marvelous results. 10 cents per box. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

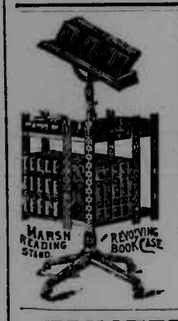

34 inches high. Top can be adjusted to any angle or height Revolving. Case 15 x 15 x 12 inside. Holds about 80 vols Law size. Strong well finished Metal Base and Sides With Solid Oak Shelves and Top.—100,000 now used. Sent knocked down (30 lbs). On approval. Address: Marsh M'f'g Co. CHICAGO.

Agents Wanted.

TRUSTEES' SALE

—OF—

Real Estate

—IN—

Garrett County, Md.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, passed on the 28th day of March, 1895, in a cause in said court depending, wherein Margaret Miller is plaintiff and Frederick Mertens et al. are defendants, it being No. 687 on the Equity docket of said court, the undersigned trustees will sell at public auction in front of Mayers' Drug Store, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county Maryland, on

Saturday, June 8th,

1895, at 1 o'clock p. m., all the real estate in the proceedings mentioned, to-wit:

All that real estate which was conveyed by George Ilzer et al. to Frederick Mertens, Richard J. West and Albert L. Miller by deed dated June 21, 1871, and recorded among the Land Records of Garrett county in Liber W. H. T., No. 1, folio 135; the undivided one-third of which was conveyed by the said Richard J. West and wife to the said Frederick Mertens and Albert L. Miller by deed dated July 27, 1871, and recorded among said Land Records in Liber W. H. T., No. 1, folios 402, etc.

Said property comprises

822 ACRES,

more or less, and consists of a tract of land called

MUCH TO DO ABOUT NOTHING,

CONTAINING 612 ACRES,

more or less, described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a stone planted in a glade at the end of the second line of a tract of land surveyed for Lord Baltimore, called "Green Glade Manor," (said stone standing North 81 degrees East 22 perches, from a double pine, marked with nine notches each, and the letters W. C.), and running thence South 70 degrees East 5 perches to a stone, thence North 33 degrees East 100 perches, to a bounded pine, thence North 46 degrees West 70 perches to a stone, thence North 68 degrees East 180 perches to a bounded service and white oak, thence North 87 degrees West 534 perches to a bounded white oak, thence South 26½ degrees West 161 perches to a bounded pine, and thence with a straight line to the beginning.

And also another tract called

"ELK LICK,"

CONTAINING 210 ACRES,

more or less, described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at two bounded pines standing at the end of eighteen perches on the first line of Lot No. 1874, and running thence North 57 degrees West 18 perches, North 33 degrees East 73 perches to a bounded pine, South 57 degrees East 240 perches to the end of the first line of Lot No. 1858 (marked, Oct. 31, 1855, by a triple pine on the east side of the "Green Glade,") South 80 perches, West 100 perches, South 64 perches, West 100 perches, North 5 perches, North 55 degrees East 72 perches, to the end of the first line of the original Lot No. 1880, North 55 degrees West 195 perches, North 33 degrees East 11 perches, to the beginning of Lot No. 1878, and then by a straight line to the beginning.

Said land is well adapted for

Farming Purposes

but is unimproved.

TERMS OF SALE:

As prescribed by the decree—One-half cash and the balance in one year; the deferred payment to bear interest from day of sale, and to be secured with security satisfactory to the trustees.

J. W. S. COCHRANE,
DAVID W. SLOAN,
Trustees.

(For further information apply to either of the Trustees at Cumberland, Md.) 9—4t

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

are good for sick headache, constipation, piles, bilious colic, fever and ague, dyspepsia, rheumatism, female complaints, dizziness, flatulence, sour stomach, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general debility. They will positively cure all disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. 25 cents a box.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

helps babes over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, controls the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no strong drugs and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good—25 cents a bottle.

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

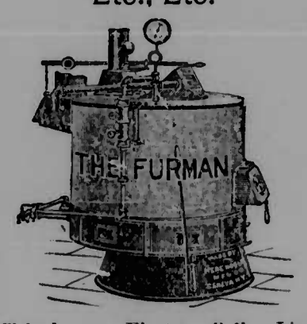

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23-1yr.

FOR SALE.

Three acres of land, being a part of the old Kennedy farm, lying in the eastern suburbs of Oakland on either side of the road leading to Mt. Lake Park. Will be sold in lots of ¼ acre each, or as a whole.

For full particulars call on or address MRS. LIZZIE BUZZARD, Elkins, W. Va.

22-6m

MOUNT POMONA.

NURSERY AND FRUIT FARM.

Address Swanton, Md., for Fruit and Mushrooms.

Address Mt. Lake Park concerning Nursery, Greenhouse or Vegetable Products.

Agents wanted on salary.

SWEET & SHACKLEFORD.

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

11 1y

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments. Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe WITH J. B. WILLIAMS

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

4193.yr—8

ORDER NISI.

Samuel Lawton, late Treasurer of Garrett County, vs. William Faherty.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, No. 72 Trials for March Term 1895.

It is ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, this 25th day of April in the year 1895, that the tax sale as made and reported in the above entitled cause by Samuel Lawton, late Treasurer of Garrett county, and made to the County Commissioners of said County, of all of those pieces or parcels of land situated in the town of Gorman, Garrett County, Md., the first containing 11 poles and 43 feet of land, conveyed to William Faherty by John W. Shillenburg January 10, 1885, and the other being one-fourth of an acre of Military Lot No. 1386, conveyed to the said Wm. Faherty by John W. Shillenburg June 20, 1885, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 25th day of May, 1895; provided that a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett County, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 18th day of May, 1895.

The report states the amount of sale to be $60.00. A. HUNTER BOYD.

True Copy. Teste: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

LICENSES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all persons or bodies, corporate or politic, who may be required to take out license, that they must obtain the same on or before the

1st Day of May, 1895.

According to the provisions of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, every person or persons doing business for gain or profit except the maker, grower or manufacturer, are hereby notified that they must take out a license.

CHARLES WEGMAN, Sheriff of Garrett County.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. OALLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate. CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING. Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY. OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building. Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.

Drs. McLane & Berkeley, PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, FROSTBURG, MD.

Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.

See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.

Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.

Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.*

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6'22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Residence and P. O. Address,

2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate.

Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE. AUCTIONEER! *Will sell Real or Personal Property*

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent, 9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING, Carriage, Sign and House Painter, OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.

Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention. 50-13t.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty., Oakland, Md.

--WANTED--

WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER

Also White Oak Timber Land.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO., Cumberland, Md.

Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ¼ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. K. CARSKADON, 20—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE, 224f 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

Tabules relieve nausea. Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JUNE 20, 18[illegible] NUMBER 15.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Try Liller's sea foam. 10 cents a rub. 16-4t.

The language of flowers—$, $, $, $, $.

For satisfactory barbering try Liller and you will call again.

Mr. Judson Loar is spending this week with relatives in Grafton, West Va.

Go to Liller's barber shop for shampooing, hair cutting and shaving. 15-4t.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Skiles, of Accident, was here Tuesday a few hours.

Mr. Jacob W. Boyer, of Accident, is here visiting relatives and friends.

Liller has the best sea foam in Oakland. Try it the next time you get shaved. 16-4t.

Miss Sabie Jordan, of Kingwood, was here last Friday visiting Mrs. S. C. Smith.

Mrs. S. C. Smith and little daughter are in Kingwood and vicinity visiting friends.

Prof. Ed. A. Browning, of Cumberland, spent two or three days in Oakland last week with relatives.

Mrs. R. G. Richardson, of Keyser, W. Va., was here two or three days this week as the guest of relatives.

Mr. Elijah Howell, of Swanton, was here a short time Tuesday and made this office a very pleasant call.

Mr. Chas. W. Donnelly, of the Cumberland *Independent*, was here last Thursday evening for a few hours.

A great improvement is being made at the Oakland pharmacy by having the walls papered and painted.

Mr. Thomas Bosley returned to Oakland after a year's absence in Indiana and Illinois on last Friday morning.

Mrs. P. M. Stemple, of Floyd, was in Oakland Tuesday as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George F. Loughridge.

Mr. Fred. Felty, after spending a few days with friends in Baltimore, returned to Oakland last Saturday night.

State Lecturer Graham Dukehart of Baltimore, officially visited Oakland Lodge A., F. & A. M. last Thursday night.

Miss Elsie Fay, who spent a few days at Lake Brown as the guest of Miss Nellie Browning, returned home Tuesday morning.

Lost. Two small account books on road between Oakland and Mt. Lake Park. Reward if returned to W. H. Malette, Oakland.

Mr. C. E. Offutt, who is a student at St. John's College, Annapolis, returned home last Friday night to spend the summer vacation.

Mr. Joseph W. Beoghley, of Accident, was in Oakland Tuesday [illegible] THE REPUBLICAN [illegible] address for one year.

[illegible] of the premises of the [illegible] George Zink of Cumber- [illegible] resulted in the discovery of [illegible]000 hid in out-of-the-way places.

Mrs. Lydia Feather, of Bruceton, and Mrs. E. Falkenstine, of Cranesville, were here over Sunday as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Falkenstein.

Mr. William A. Smith, of Johnstown, was an Oakland visitor on last Friday. He was accompained by Mr. W. A. Maffett, also of Johnstown.

Henry Reiff, of Washington county, will be fourteen years old June 27. He is of an extraordinary size and tips the beam at 250 pounds.

Mr. G. S. Hamill went down to Friendsville last Friday to make sale of the Edwards farm. He was accompained by Mr. Jacob S. Meyers.

The Oakland hotel will not be opened this year until July 1st on account of the carpenters not getting through with their work before that date.

Miss Nell Offutt, who returned to Oakland from Briberly Hall last week where she was a student, received the gold medal for efficiency in music.

Mr. Austin Brown, of Selbysport who is making an aggressive fight for the nomination for sheriff on the Republican ticket, was here Monday and Tuesday.

Washington county has 178,000 acres of improved lands. Of that some 50,000 acres are in wheat. The *Mail* thinks a million bushels will be the figure this year.

Mr. William Hinebaugh, accompained by his daughter Miss Martha, left Oakland this morning for Ohio Pyle Pa., where they will visit relatives for a short time.

Mr. Benjamin Davis, of Blaine, W. Va., was here Tuesday for a short time. Mr. Davis is nearing his seventy-fifth year and is still a hale, hearty gentleman.

We have received from Mr. Hiram P. Tasker a communication which will appear in these columns next week, it having been received too late this week for publication.

A happy time was spent Monday afternoon at the residence of ex-Senator Browning by the scholars of Miss Bessie Browning's school she having prepared refreshments for them.

Dr. Bayard T. Keller and wife, of Bloomingburg, Ohio, are here on a visit to friends and relatives. The doctor has entirely recovered from the rheumatism and is himself again.

Mr. Wm. Whitman, of Piedmont, was an Oakland visitor last Friday. Mr. Whitman is connected with the Economy, a grocery supply house of the above town and is a very affable gentleman.

Mr. Edward Slabach and Miss Delia White will be married this evening at Miss White's home on Oak street in Oakland. Only the most intimate friends of the contracting parties will be present.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Try McComas' Calmative Konseals to drive away sharp pains in muscular and acute rheumatism. One or two Konseals have shown marvelous results. 10 cents per box. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

Mr. John Shartzer, Mr. Dessie Boyer and Miss Bertie Boyer went to Accident on last Saturday and returned Sunday afternoon, accompained by Mrs. John Shartzer who spent several weeks there visiting relatives and friends.

B. H. Bowman, Pub. Enquirer, of Bremen Ind., writes: Last week our little girl baby the only one we have was taken sick with croup. After two doctors failed to give relief and life was hanging on a mere thread we tried One Minute Cough Cure and its life was saved. Oakland Pharmacy.

Miss Jennie Smith, the railroad evengelist, who is known throughout the length and breadth of the land, was overcome by the heat several days ago in one of the eastern cities. She was brought to her home in Mountain Lake Park and has improved very much.

We have been informed that the work of making brick at Corinth by the brick company there will begin about July 1st. All the machinery necessary for the equipment of the plant has arrived and is being placed in position as fast as possible.

Dr. N. W. Tracy, of California, has been in Oakland since last Thursday night giving lectures on temperance and every night the hall is crowded by the ladies and gentlemen of Oakland who do not only hear some good things but are highly entertained with the stereoptieon views.

The horse thieves under arrest in Preston county will be tried on the 28th of this month. Sheriff Shaw has received an anonymous letter stating that friends of the prisoners in Pennsylvania will make an effort to break into the jail at Kingwood and release them.

The stone for the foundation of Messrs. Shartzer & Bolden's new three story furniture house on Second street have been hauled and work on the building will soon begin, which will be quite an improvement to the section of town in which it will be erected.

An exchange says that kissing the baby may result in deforming its nose or bringing on nearsightedness. The safest plan is not to kiss a baby of the feminine persuasion until it attains the age of eighteen years. The cartilage of the nose is much stronger then.

Dr. Ravenscraft has adopted the following office hours at Oakland and Mt. Lake Park for the season: At Oakland office, 9 to 11 a. m., 3 to 5 p. m., at Mt. Lake Park office 7 to 8 a. m., 7 to 9 p. m. Telephone calls answered from either office. Summer residence and office on H street, opposite Mrs. Howe's residence at Mountain Lake Park. 16-4t.

A man in a western town hanged himself to a bed-post by his suspenders. The coroner's jury were some time in coming to a decision in the case, but the foreman who was a native of Erin, finally announced that the "deceased come to his death by coming home drunk and mistaking himself for his pants.

While at Peekskill, N. Y., Mr. S. A. Scriven, a prominent manufacturer of New York City, purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Such good results were obtained from its use that he sent back to the druggist from whom he had obtained it for two more bottles of the same Remedy. When you have a cough or cold give this preparation a trial and like Mr. Scriven you will want it when again in need of such a medicine. It is a remedy of great worth and merit. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

A black-snake, measuring about five feet, was killed on the front veranda of the Terra Alta Hotel, Monday morning. How his snake-ship came there is a question, but it is generally presumed that he came down off the hill above town. It is the first instance we have ever known of a snake being killed within the town limits.—Oracle.

Thursday evening last after the adjournment of the session of the Masonic lodge the members were escorted to the Glades hotel and served with refreshments. Several speeches were made and a general good time enjoyed by the brethren of the ancient fraternity. The gentleman present were the guests of Senior Warden Gilmor S. Hamill.

While in Topeka last March, E. T. Barber, a prominent newspaper man of La Cygne, Kan., was taken with cholera morbus very severely. The night clerk at the hotel where he was stopping happened to have a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and gave him three doses which relieved him and think saved his life. Every family should keep this remedy in their homes at all times. No one can tell how soon it may be needed. It costs but a trifle and may be the means of saving much suffering and perhaps the life of some member of the family. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

Mr. J. S. Hershberger went to [illegible] Monday on business. He occupies the well known Stone house farm on the National road, and it is safe to say under his practical management the place will become one of the best producing farms in the [illegible]. It is being thoroughly drained and lime is lavishly used.—Morgantown Commercial.

The Junior Epworth League of St. Paul's M. E. Church had an outing yesterday at South Point school house. The members of the League left Oakland in wagons and were chaperoned by the ladies of the congregation. Quite a number had by the [illegible] they returned to Oakland in the evening tired but happy.

Last Saturday evening as Dr. Henry W. McComas was going to Mountain Lake Park to make a professional visit his horse became frightened at a merry-go-round in the Broderick field and jumped from the bridge that crosses the little stream at that point. The doctor received a rather painful injury about the back and his driver had his foot hurt. The horse and buggy came out without damage.

I have two little grandchildren who are teething this hot summer weather and are troubled with bowel complaint. I gave them Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and it acts like a charm. I earnestly recommend it for children with bowel troubles. I was myself taken with a severe attack of bloody flux, with cramps and pains in my stomach, one-third of a bottle of this remedy cured me. Within twenty-four hours I was out of bed and doing my house work. Mrs. W. L. Dunagan, Bon-aqua, Hickman Co., Tenn. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

At the Old Game.

It has been but a short time since a number of Democratic papers in this State were very bitter toward Senator Gorman and were endeavoring to place him outside of party affairs. The Senator was accused of being false to his party and its principles and given free passport to the ranks of the Republicans, "where he belonged." But presto! the wily Senator now has their support while he is at his old game of manipulating party affairs throughout the State for his own private purposes. We do not blame Senator Gorman for this if the people permit it. Such is his nature. The shame rests with that class of ordinary honest but blatant Democrats who are ever ready to cry reform the nine months after election but yell amen to every act of the management the three months prior thereto.—Easton Gazette.

The Great Mountain Chautauqua.

The Paradise of the Mountains, on the summit of the Alleghenies. Thirteen years of splendid history: $350,000 invested in beautifying the great park of 800 acres. Splendid hotels and cottages accommodations at from $6 to $15 a week. The Summer School, with twenty departments of important study, under the care of the best instructors out of leading universities, Aug. 7th to 27th. The Great Mountain Chautauqua meets Aug. 7th to 27th. One hundred professionals, well known in the entertainment field, will fill the passing days with pleasure and profit. It is the coolest, the cheapest the most inspiring place in America to spend a summer vacation. It is on the main line of the picturesque B. & O. Railroad, express trains with sleeping and parlor cars to the doors. If you are interested, the 16 page, handsome illustrated, detailed program will be mailed to you, if you will send your name and address to the Agent of the B. & O. R. R. Co., Mountain Lake Park, Md. 15-2t

Notice.

There will be a meeting of the Garrett County Agricultural Society held in Callis' Hall, in Loch Lynn Heights, at 2 o'clock p. m. on the last Saturday in the month, the 29 inst. All farmers and members are requested to be present.

16-2 S. P. BAKER, Pres't.

children were attired in [illegible] beautiful white gowns—emblematic of purity. The program consisted of choruses, solos, recitations and responsive readings, and was well rendered throughout. The children of the infant class are especially to be complimented on the excellent manner in which they performed their part of the program.

The church was profusely and tastefully decorated with potted flowers and plants, and these with the bright and happy faces made a pleasing picture indeed. The program was in charge of the worthy superintendent, Mr. S. T. Jones. A liberal contribution was offered, which, according to the custom of the school, will go to the cause of missions.

Following is the program in full:

Prayer, by Rev. Engle.

Address by a boy, Harland Jones.

Solo, Miss Edes, of Cincinnati.

Address by a girl, Lizzie Compton.

Song, "In the Valley Growing," by the children.

Recitation, "Love of God," by Kate Leary.

Selection, by five little girls.

Recitation, Stuart Hamill.

Solo, "Pretty Little Lilies," by Bessie Offutt.

Recitation, "He Cometh for Thee," by Mamie Compton.

Exercise by ten children, "Gently Falls the Rain" (motion song); first five—Bessie Offutt, Grace Jones, Dora Martin, Mamie Compton, Annie Leary; second five—Edward Leary, Albert Wagner, Robert Nelson, Burn Hamill, Edward Compton.

Recitation, "The Wild White Rose," by Ella Martin.

Recitation, "We've Always been Provided For," by Mattie Boughner.

Solo, "Praise the Lord," by Jenetta Nelson.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending June 22, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

B. S. Dixon,	Harry Dixon,
R. L. Hamill,	Charley Martin,
Harry Thomas,	Wm. H. Wilson,
Jacob Gleeb,	Mrs. Girly Sands,
Miss Ettie Franiz,	Miss Stella McCabe,
Miss Annie Ross,	Miss Melia Merrill,
Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Pleasants,	
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gonder.	

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

A Prosperous College.

The Maryland Agricultural College is now free from debt. In his annual report President Silucster said that $38,000 had been spent on new improvements. He also recommended the re-election of the present faculty of the college. Estimates of the cost of a number of new buildings were included in the report. Among them were a greenhouse, a stock barn and a dairy barn. No action was taken by the board relative to the dairy barn, but it authorized the erection of a greenhouse to cost about $1,000. Lieut. John D. Ford, United States Navy has been authorized to select, with the approval of the president of the college, an assistant in his department. Treasurer J. R. Owens' report shows ample funds to meet all demands for the remainder of the college fiscal year.

[illegible] stocked with German carp, barn 86x44, two dwelling houses with running water in both cellars. Sugar camp. 100 fruit trees; all necessary outbuildings. Will sell cheap. J. J. TICE,

12-4t* Accident, Md.

The Public School Tax.

The Comptroller of the State treasury has made the quarterly distribution of the public school tax to the several counties and Baltimore city. The appropriation to Garrett county is as follows: White schools, $2,506,25; colored, $44.32. The amount distributed to all the counties in the State, including Baltimore city is white schools, $162,735 81; colored, $49,500. The amounts are payable on and after June 25.

A Serious Runaway.

On last Thursday afternoon Mr. Gilmor S. Hamill and Mr. J. L. Rumbarger went out for a drive through Mountain Lake Park and were caught in a thunderstorm which frightened the horses and they ran away throwing both the occupants of the vehicle to the ground with much force. Mr. Hamill received several very serious cuts and bruises about the head and face. Mr. Rumbarger was not injured. The buggy was a total wreck.

West Virginia Fires.

Disastrous forest fires have been raging along the line of the West Virginia Central railroad for the past week. Several large tracts of valuable timber land were swept away, and the losses will foot up several thousands of dollars. It took heroic work for several sawmill crews to save their large mills.

Reduced Rates to Baltimore.

The B. & O. R. R. Co. announces that round trip tickets will be placed on sale from all points on its lines east of the Ohio River to Baltimore and return at one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold July 16th and 17th, valid for return passage until August 5th. For time of trains and full details, call on or write nearest B. & O. Agent.

15-3t.

The Plaintive Whippoorwill.

The whippoorwill, lover of lonely spots and moonlight, is now crying to the moon. The much-abused word weird properly fits the note of the whippoorwill. Familiar as the syllables are in legend and story, many persons do not recognize them on first hearing the bird's call. Taken separately, the syllables gest the rapid whetting of a scythe. The bird, with his soft, gray-mixed plumage, large eyes, hairy mouth, and silent, mysterious flight, fits well with his cry. You hear him calling from some inky spot of shadows near where a flood of moonlight falls. Even wood wanderers seldom see the bird, and one may pass a whole summer in a region where whippoorwills call every night without once encountering one of the singers.

A Hint to Croakers.

Some people think a newspaper should have about a page of local news, whether anything happens or not. Local editors cannot make people break their necks, commit suicide, matrimony or any other exciting thing, that goes to make up the material from which the local writer makes paragraphs.

S AMUSING.

BY OPIE READ.

WORTHINGTON BIBBS represents an English syndicate that has recently established a number of sawmills near the imaginary liue running between Arkansas and the Indian territory. Several days ago, while Mr. Bibbs was attempting to go, on horseback, from one mill to another, he lost his [tangled wild-wood," [ours of blind wander- [old fellow sitting wore an expression

Bibbs, "will [the Al-

[ed,

"Ah, now, you are very, very amusing."

"Yas; so is a frog."

"Well, now, really, I never noticed that, but since you have mentioned it, I doubt not that you are right. There are n great many things iu nature that we never really notice until our attention is called to them, you know."

"Yas, an' that's whut the circuit jedge 'lowed, but the gran' jury kep' on a-fetchin' in the indictments."

"Ah," said the Englishman, adjusting his eyeglass and giving the squatter a searchiug look of inquiry.

"Reckon it is," said the squatter.

"Beg pardon, bnt what did you say?"

"W'y, you 'lowed 'ah,' an' I say I reckon it is."

"Yes, ah, very amusing, I assure you. Now, will you tell me the way to either one of those mills?"

"Ain't got time."

"Why, it would not take long, I assure you."

"Wall, ef yon know more about it than I do, you'd better go on."

"Well, now, really, this is extraordinary."

"Yas, that's whut the jedge 'lowed, but the jury fotch in a verdict of guilty."

"Well, well, you are the most amusing man I ever met, but I do wish you would give me the information I seek. Which road shall I take?"

"Do you see any road?"

"No; I—"

"Wall, then, how air you goin' ter take it?"

"Upon my word, you are exceedingly peculiar. How long have you lived in this community?"

"Come here when Nan was a baby."

"How old is Nan? permit me to ask."

"Wall, ef she hadn'ter died she'd 'a' been older than Betsey."

"Pray tell me how old Betsey is?"

"Not quite as old as Nan would 'a' been."

"Upon my word, you are an extraordinary man. You are a farmer, I presume?"

"YOU ARE VERY AMUSING."

"Kaln't say I am."

"What is your calling, then?"

"Call hogs sometimes, an' sometimes I don't call nothin'."

"What do yon do for a living?"

"Eat sometimes, an' then ag'in I drink."

"Well, I must say you are the most peculiar man I ever met."

"Neenter say it unless yer want to. Ain't nobody a-shovin' you."

"Well, well," said the Englishman, [him another searching look. "I am somewhat interested in you."

"Yas, that's what the wild turkey said when she picked up the June bug."

"Ha, ha, quite a fable, I assure you. But come, now, tell me the way to the mill."

"Which one?"

"Ither."

"What's that?"

"I say ither."

"Reckon you'd better go on. Man come 'round here last fall an' said 'ither,' an' the fust thing we know'd he'd done run away with a hoss."

"Well, did I ever hear the like!"

"Don't know as you have. Don't know what you've hearn. [illegible]'t never run with you none."

"Well, now, joking aside—"

"Ain't jokin' a side nur a back, nuther."

"Well, then, aside from joking, will you tell me the way to ither one of those mills?"

"Come 'round some other time. I'm busy now."

"Look here, my good fellow, you are getting to be provoking."

"Yas, that's whut the lizard 'lowed when the sawlog was drug over him."

The Englishman sought an easier position in his saddle, looked at the squatter, frowned perplexedly, and then said:

"I have come here for the good of the community. I—"

"Whut nir you frum?"

"London, England."

"Which side of the railroad is it on?"

"Well, upon my soul!"

For several minutes afterward the Briton could say nothing more, and during his silence he seemed to be wondering whether or not to proclaim the old fellow a fool. After awhile, appearing to have resolved to make another effort, he said:

"I have come here for the good of the community, and really deserve better treatment, even at the hands of an irresponsible native."

"Reckon you'll make more money outen the neighborhood than I will," the squatter replied. "You come in here and crowd the neighborhood."

"Crowd the neighborhood!" the Englishman exclaimed.

"Yas, that's whut you air doin'. All my life I have been crowded. Some time ago I lived way over yander" (waving his arm). "Was gittin' along fustrate till one mornin' I woke up an' found that another feller had moved in."

"He didn't move into your house?"

"No, but he settled down not more'n five mile frum me [illegible]n' skeered the deer, [illegible] went ter hi[illegible] 'axed him ter [illegible]e, an' he [illegible]'o it, an' [illegible]he' ther[illegible]ded, I [illegible] ever saw."

"Then [illegible]t reckon you know'd my broth[illegible]"

"I did k[illegible]"

"Wall, now, he was amusin', sho nuff. Ef you ain't in a hurry, I'll tell you about him."

"I am prepared to hear anything, I assure you."

"All right. Wall, one day me and Brother Bill was out at the sto', an' a feller that was readin' suthin' outen a paper, an' the drift of it was that Gov. Henry was the strongest governor the state ever had. Bill didn't say nothin', but I seed that he was worried, an' that night, after he went to bed, Bill he says: 'Alf'—that's me—'did yon hear that feller read outen the paper that Gov. Henry is the strongest governor the state ever had?' I 'lowed that I did. 'Wall,' says he, 'I don't like fur that sort of thing to be flung 'round yo' Uncle Fuller'—meanin' him—'fur yo' know I'm the strongest man thar is anywhar in this state, an' ef Henry thinks he's the strongest, w'y, he's got to prove it, that's all!' I axed him what he was goin' ter do, an' he 'lowed that he wanted me ter go down to Little Rock with him an' see the governor. I agreed, an' the next mornin' we hitched up old Tom an' the gray mar' that we got frum the Posey boys, an' away we went. We was about three days on the road, but that didn't make no diffunce, fur Bill he had a good deal at stake, an' you bet I was with him. Wall, we got thur at last and found out whar the governor roosted, an' we went thar. I was sorter skittish, but Brother Bill he wnn't, for he walked right up an' axed a nigger whar the governor was. The nigger he grinned an' wanted to know our names an' then Bill shoved him aside an walked right in, an' went with him, fur I was with Bill world wlthout eend. We found the governor a-settin' with his feet up on the table, an' as soon as I laid eyes on him I seed that a mistake hed been made, fur he was lean an' dried-up nn' wa'n't a patchin' compared ter Bill, an' he looked like he was sorry fur it, too; bnt that didn't make no diffunce to Bill, fur he says, says he: 'Governor, I l'arn through the papers that you air the strongest governor the state ever had, an' I don't believe it, au' I stand here to take the part of old Gov. Fulton, that was the friend of my gran'daddy, an' you bet he could lift more at a hand-spike than you cau any day, an' I want you to uuderstand it; an' fu'thermore, I want you to know that I am after you right now.' Wall, the goveruor sorter laughed, an' says: 'Bill, I know you air a putty good man, an' I'll try you a few falls putty soon, but before we go into it let's try a little of this juice, the oldest you ever seed.' Wall, Bill he took his tobacker outen his mouth, an' the gov'nor tuck down a jug, an' then we all hit it, an' we kep' on n-hittin' it till after while me an' Bill found it as much as we could do to stand up. But the gov'nor he kep' on a-smillin' an' a-pourin' it out, an' finally Brother Bill he says: 'Governor, I reckon that thing they printed about you was the truth. I am your friend, for I reckon you air stronger'n me.' And Bill he drapped, an' I drapped, an' the governor he smiled nnd said he reckon it was about time he was pardonin' a feller that had stol'd a set of harness. An' so he did. Me nn' Bill, soon as we was able, come—"

"What became of thnt remarkable man?" the Englishman asked.

"Wish you hadenter axed me that, fur it makes me sad. He fell in a sink-hole, an' me an' pap found him shortly afterwards. The hole was putty deep, but down thar stood Bill."

"You got him out, of course," said the Englishman.

"Wall, let me tell you. As I tell you, me an' pap found him, nn' was just about to let down a rope to draw him out, when one of the dogs treed a coon. Wall, we 'lowed that Bill would stay thar, an' we didn't know whuther the coon would er not; so we went nttor the coon, an' when we come back we found that the sink-hole had caved in on Bill. We would 'a' dug him out, but pap—a mighty smart man, too—'lowed that it wa'n't no use to dig him out jest ter bury him ag'in, so we let him stay. Say, stranger, you axed me ef I would tell you the way ter one of them mills. Wall, you keep on a-goin', an' ef yer don't come ter one of them you come back here an' call me a liar, an' I'll take it like a lamb takin' tender grass in the spring of the year. Good by."—Art in Dress.

—As a Boston street car was blocked a woman was heard confiding her domestic cares to a neighbor. "Yes, I keep a girl awhile to rest my body; then I go without for awhile to rest my mind."—Exchange.

A VALUABLE CAT.

Did You Ever See a Pure Tortoise Shell Tomcat?

It is estimated that there are three hundred aud sixty thousand cats in England and sixty-nine varieties. With the greater number of these varieties the average reader is probably quite unfamiliar.

Tortoise shell-and-white toms are very common, says an English writer, but a pure tortoise shell tom is so extremely scarce that many people declare that they exist only in the imagination.

Anyone who happens to possess a female red tabby, without any white spots, could obtain a price which would keep him in comfort at least a couple of years without work. Female red tabbies are as rare as tortoise shell toms.

The taste in Persian cats just now runs on the deep blue, with orange-colored eyes. Edward Lloyd, the tenor, had one for which he repeatedly refused one hundred and twenty-five dollars. The bright slate or blue is a favorite variety of the Persian, the price sometimes going as high as one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

White cats of really herculean proportions readily fetch five hundred dollars. The marquis of Dufferin is exceedingly partial to white cats, upward [illegible]zen of these splendid creatures [illegible]ously domiciled [illegible] British [illegible] Paris.

Russinn cats fetch high prices. The duchess of Bedford owns several of a species extremely rare—a very curious tint of blue. Russian white cats are also highly prized, but the white variety are seldom long-haired.

Mr. Sam Woodiwiss is the owner of a smooth-haired tom, Xenophon, of such gigantic proportions that when the writer, after an introduction, induced the cat to approach by calling in seductive accents, he experienced a feeling akin to dismay as the mammoth cat jumped on his knee, which, in the course of a few moments, began to exhibit unmistakable signs of fatigue; and no wonder, for twenty-five pounds is a fair weight. Xenophon is valued by its owner at twelve thousand five hundred dollars.

Lady de Trafford has cats of such remarkable ugliness that the writer for a moment took them for a hairy sort of bulldog.

The value of cats is much enhanced if they possess the black markings on the chest known as the "lord mayor's chain." The writer has seen a cat of this sort for which the owner would not take two thousand five hundred dollars.

Some cats are actually vegetarians, and a curious variety from Burmah will only drink water.—Boston Herald.

THE FOREST STRANGLER.

It Would Be Comparatively Harmless But for the Birds.

Woe betide the forest giant when he falls into the clutches of the clusia, or fig. Its seeds, being provided with a pulp which is very pleasant to the taste of a great number of birds, are carried from tree to tree and deposited on the branches. Here it germinates, the leafy stem rising upward and the roots flowing, as it were, down the trunk until they reach the soil. At first these aerial roots are soft and delicate, with apparently no more power for evil than so many streams of pitch, which they resemble in their slowly flowing motion downward. Here and there they branch, especially if an obstruction is met with, when the stream either changes its course or divides to right and left.

Meanwhile leafy branches have been developed, which push themselves through the canopy above and get into the light, where their growth is enormously accelerated. As this takes place the roots have generally reached the ground and begun to draw snstenance from below to strengthen the whole plant. Then comes a wonderful development. The hitherto soft aerial roots begin to harden and spread wider aud wider, throwing out side branches which flow into and amalgamate with each other until the whole tree trunk is bound in a series of irregular living hoops.

The strangler is now ready for its deadly work. The forest giant, like all exogens, must have room to increase in girth, and here he is bound by cords which are stronger than iron bands. Like an athlete, he tries to expand and burst his fetters, and if they were rigid he must succeed. * * * The bark bulges between every interlacing—bulges out, and even tries to overlap, but the monster has taken every precaution against this by making its bands very numerous and wide.

As the tree becomes weaker its leaves begin to fall, and this gives more room for its foe. Soon the strangler expands itself into a great bush almost as large as the mass of branches and foliage it has effaced. * * * If we look carefully around us we see examples of entire obliteration—a clusia, or fig, standing on its reticulated hollow pillar, with only a heap of brown humus at its base to show what has become of the trunk which once stood up in all its majesty on that spot.—Guiana Forest.

The Nicaragua Canal.

The facts about the Nicaragua canal should be kept in mind. The total length of the waterway between the two oceans is one hundred and sixty-nine and a half miles. Of this twenty-six and a half miles is to be cut off. The cost is estimated at sixty-five million dollars. This is about twice the cost of the drainage canal in which Chicago is interested. The nearest completed work in the matter of cost and difficulty to the Nicaragua canal is the Welland canal in Canada, which is not considered by any means a remarkable piece of engineering work. If the Illinois canal and the Nicaragua canal are completed a vessel can go from Chicago to Japan without making the circuit of the earth.—Kansas City Star.

—She—"I've had no use for you since you lost your mustache." He—"And I've had no use for the mustache since I lost you."—Roxbury Gazette.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"They say that miser Mendle is sick. What is the trouble?" "Remorse. He gave a tramp a counterfeit dollar, and the fellow passed it at his store."—Harper's Bazar.

—New Boarder—"What's the row upstairs?" Landlady—"It's the professor of hypnotism trying to get his wife's permission to go out this evening."—Spare Moments.

—"Don't you think the baby looks like me, dear?" asked the proud father. "Y-e-e-s," replied the mother cautiously, "when it's getting ready to cry."—Washington Star.

—Sunday-School Teacher (seeking to impress the necessity of faith)—"And what was the one thing Jonah needed to make him safe?" Bright Scholar—"The earth."—Harlem Life.

—Dollie—"Yes; Miss Feathers is a pretty girl, but she doesn't wear very well." Pollie (kindly)—"I know, but the poor thing wears the best she has, I suppose."—Boston Courier.

—A Contradiction.—"You say the hen is not a song bird, do you?" "That's what I say, sir." "Then please tell me what bird is more noted for her lay, if you can."—Detroit Free Press.

—A Useful Precaution.—A—"Why do you always prefix the word 'dictated' to your letters? I see you don't keep a correspondent." B.—"No, but I am rather deficient in spelling."—Feierabend.

—Mrs. Fogg—"Only think of it! they do say that Mr. Figg was seen playing whist last Sunday. Isn't it awful!" Mr. Fogg—"But then you must remember that Figg plays so poorly."—Boston Transcript.

—Perdita—"If you continue much longer to play poker with my father I won't marry you." Jack Dashing—"If your father continues to play poker much longer with me I won't need to."—Princeton Tiger.

—She—"What made you so late coming home night before last?" He—"Hmmph! You have been a long time remembering to ask me." "Yes; I thought I would give you time enough to get up a good excuse."—Indianapolis Journal.

—A Bismarck schoolma'am who had been telling the story of David, ended it with: "And all this happened over three thousand years ago." A little cherub, his blue eyes wide open with wonder, said, after a moment's thought: "Oh, my, what a memory you've got."—Machias Union.

—Hobles—"My stenographer is invaluable. I couldn't get along without one." Neilly—"But you don't have enough correspondence to keep a stenographer busy?" Hobles—"I know; but do you suppose I'm going to let the men with whom I do business know that?"—Chicago Record.

—"Witness," said a lawyer in the police court the other day, "you speak of Mr. Smith being well off. Is he worth $5,000?" "No, sah." "Two thousand?" "No, sah; he hain't worf twenty-five cents." "Then how is he well off?" "Got a wife, sah, who s'ports de hull fam'ly, sah!"—Youkers Blade.

—Keeping Up Appearances.—"My dear baron, what are you doing? Smoking two cigars at one and the same time?" "Well, you see, my dear fellow, in this beastly hole you can't get any sixpenny cigars such as I am in the habit of smoking, and so I have to make shift with a couple of three-penny ones."—Deutsche Warte.

—Judge—"Do you mean to say, sir, that you prosecute this man for theft, when you have no better evidence of his guilt than that he had ten dollars on his person?" Attorney—"Yes, sir." Judge—"How dare you ask a conviction on such evidence?" Attorney—"The man is a poet, your honor."—Chicago Tribune.

—Lady Gushton (always so agreeable)—"And the magnificent pictures you had here last year—have you got them all still?" Mr. Flake Whyte (sadly)—"Yes; I have them all." Lady Gushton—"How very nice! It is so hard to part with one's own pictures, is it not?" Mr. Flake Whyte (with much feeling)—"Awfully, awfully hard! Sometimes impossible!"—Boston Budget.

The French Expedition to Egypt.

The most novel spectacle of all was a carefully orgauized and equipped expeditiou of one hundred or more scholars, who, according to what was then the fashion, were destined to gather the trensures of the Pharaohs nnd of the Ptolemies for the collections of Paris. Their apparatus for discovery was the best obtainable, their learning was at least respectable, and their library was a mixture of the ancient classics with those of the modern romanticism, of medieval lore with modern atheism. Homer and Virgil jostled Ossian and Tasso, while Roussean's "Heloise" stood neighbor to Goethe's "Werther." Among other "political" works were Montesquieu, the Vedas, the Koran and the Bible. Caroline Bonaparte gave her brother as a farewell gift a little pocket library, among the volumes of which were Bacon's "Essays." Mme. de Stael's "Influence of the Passions" and Mercier's "Philosophic Visions." The curious have examined these volumes, and found in their well worn pages a few passages specially marked. In his hours of solitude the great solitary read in Bacon how he who dominates others loses his own liberty; in Mme. de Stael how hard it is to keep the aequisitions of ambition; in Mercier of an oriental visionary who, after the glories of temporary success, ended his days in exile and forgetfulness.—Prof. Sloane, in Century.

Railways in China and Japan.

It seems very odd to us, with our excellent telegraph and railroad accommodations, to hear that there are thousands of people in China who have known nothing about the war with Japan. Reason for this can be found in the fact that the total railway mileage of China is but one hundred miles, while Japan, one-tenth its size, has almost two thousand miles of railroad.—Boston Journal.

EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF GENERAL WINFIELD S. HANCOCK.

The statue of General Hancock to be unveiled in Washington next fall is the work of Mr. Ellicott of that city. The statue is of bronze, is twenty-six feet and ten inches high from base of pedestal and will cost the government $40,000

At Last.

Telegraph Editor—By Jove! here's an account of the sea serpent being seen off the Florida coast, and I believe it's true this time.

City Editor—Why more than before?

Telegraph Editor—Great Scott, man! don't you notice that in no place does it say that it had a head like a barrel, or that it raised out of the water and hissed horribly when shot at?—Puck.

When.

When mammoth sleeves no longer
Are worn, the maiden wise
Can use 'em then as bloomers,
And thus economize.
—Kansas City Journal.

ABSOLUTELY CERTAIN.

Mr. Bore—Are you sure that Miss Giddy isn't in?

Bridget—Sure, sor; she just towld me so hersilf.—Texas Siftings.

Better Than Alarm Clocks.

Employer—Ah, how is this, Mr. Smith. I notice you arrive at the office punctually now every morning. Did you take my advice and get an alarm clock?

Mr. Smith—Oh, we've got something better than that at home.

Employer—And what's that?

Mr. Smith—A ten-pound boy.—N. Y. World.

A Diverted Compliment.

"I came pwetty near being complimented to-day," said Willie Wishington.

"How was that?" asked his friend.

"Miss Cayenne told me I was a perfect magazine poem."

"Indeed?"

"Y-a-a-s. She said I didn't have an idea in me."—Washington Star.

The Danger Ahead.

"What do all this stuff about woman suffrage mean?" little Danny Grogan asked, looking up at his paternal parent from the morning paper.

"It means," said Mr. Grogan, "that pretty soon no man will be allowed to vote except the women."—Cincinnati Tribune.

AGE TELLING ON HER.

Miss Kittish—Miss Thinly has blossomed out into a new woman.

Miss Giddy—Gracious! Is she old enough for that?—Truth.

Not Rich, Either.

Bryce—Algernon Fitz Sappy is one of those fellows who has more money than brains, isn't he?

Knowso—Yes, and he is poor, too.—Life's Calendar.

Sideboard and Centerboard.

Oakley—So you like a yacht with a centerboard?

Soakley—I like one better with a well-stocked sideboard.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

They Cost More Than Verses.

The poet smiled sweetly.

"My darling," he said, "I am sure you will find it far lovelier than any other hat you will see, either at church or on the street."

With these words he handed his wife the gorgeous eple he had composed with many hours of labor.

Living apart from the world he but knew from hearsay that the most fashionable bonnets were poems this year.—Detroit Tribune.

Making It Clear.

Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, I don't understand this talk about the market value of silver. Isn't silver always the same price?

Mr. Chugwater—O, no. It varies more or less every day. In fact, it's cheaper at one time of the day than it is at another.

"Isn't that something new?"

"No. It has always been the case. Didn't you ever hear of the night rate of silver?"—Chicago Tribune.

He Discriminated.

Upson Downes—Say, old man, I need ten dollars badly.

Wither Tymes (handing him bill)—Here you are.

Upson Downes—I said I needed ten, old man.

Wither Tymes—I heard you.

Upson Downes—But you've only given me five.

Wither Tymes—Well, you see, I only believe half I hear.—N. Y. World.

Songsters.

The bird now tunes his merry lay
With many a trill and twist;
And the mosquito, sad to say,
Is next upon the list.
—Washington Star.

COULD STEP OUT THE WINDOW.

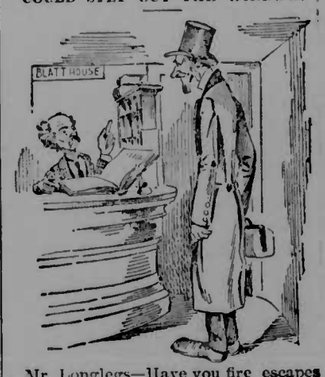

Mr. Longlegs—Have you fire escapes in this hotel?

Clerk—No, sir, bnt there's no danger; I'll put you on the third floor.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Straw Hats for Obesity.

Man on Horseback—Hallo! old man, given up riding?

Man on Foot—Well, the fact is, my doctor says that I am getting too fat, and advises me to take short, quick runs during the day. But I want some object to run for.

Man on Horseback—Buy a straw hat.—London Sketch.

The Omitted Adject

She (Chicagoensis)—I've a paper. I don't like the w[illegible] ported my costume, sir.

He (editor of the Butterl[illegible] I'm willing to make any correctio[illegible] know.

She—Oh, well, then. It should ha[illegible] read "ivory silk with real lace and real diamonds, sir."—Judge.

Fine Prospects.

Applicant—I ask for the hand of your daughter.

Parent—Have you any prospects for the future?

"None whatever."

"She hasn't any, either. Take her, my boy, and be happy. God bless you both."—Texas Siftings.

Old Time Courtesy.

"What kind of a man is Judge Bagrox?"

"Undoubtedly a gentleman of the old school. Why, when I asked him for his daughter's hand he pulled my nose, a form of insult which has not been in vogue for more than forty years."—Truth.

A Large Practice.

Naggs—Dr. Pilz has a practice of fifty thousand a year.

Waggs—Fifty thousand what? Funerals?—Judge.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MAKING DRY WALKS.

A Simple System of Draining Produces the Desired Result.

The accompanying sketch shows the proper way of making a dry walk about one's premises. The darker shading shows where a trench has been dug, at the bottom of which is laid a line of tile. The earth is then shoveled back into the trench, after the joints of the tile have been carefully covered with hay to prevent the loose earth from getting into the joints before it has become firmly packed together, some eighteen inches at the top being left open. A foot of cobble or broken stones is then placed upon the earth and well packed down; over this is spread six inches of gravel, slightly rounded from side to side. The gravel and the rocks beneath cause all water falling upon the surface to at once disappear, while very

TILE-DRAINED WALK.

soon small channels will be formed, leading down through the earth to the tile grain. Not only will the walk be thoroughly drained in this way, but no small amount of land upon either side as well. One can thus by a little planning arrange his paths so that they may coincide with the lines where underdrains are needed for the benefit of the land. Drains under the middle of the driveway, and under some of the principal walks, may thus be made to serve a double and most useful purpose. If gravel upon the surface of a path seems too coarse and harsh for the feet, a little clay can be mixed with it, the whole making a very good and somewhat porous surface, though to secure the quickest withdrawal of surface water it is advisable to leave the borders of the walk wholly of gravel. —Orange Judd Farmer.

CRUSHED STONE ROADS.

They Can Be Built Cheaper Than the Old Fashioned Gravel Roads.

Our gravel beds, which a few years ago supplied us with excellent gravel for road purposes, have gradually degenerated to cobblestone, says an Illinois man. Something had to be done, and our commissioners purchased a crusher and put it to going on this stone. Much to their surprise, as well as that of the rest of us, the machine easily turned out a yard of splendid road material every five minutes. They hired a traction engine at $5 a day to furnish power. It furnished power and could have run another crusher at the same time. The following details may interest highway commissioners having to contend with too much coarse stone in their gravel beds:

We crushed a yard of stone every five minutes, paying $5 a day for power. Six shovelers fed the crusher. The material was elevated into the wagons, therefore but one handling was required. The advantages over the old way of road-making in this locality were almost too numerous to mention.

We can keep our pit in the best possible shape and leave it in that condition for the next time. With a little headwork by the commissioner in immediate control, teams need not wait thirty seconds for a chance to load. Under the old way there were too often two to five teams at $3 a day standing still waiting for others to be loaded. There is no time wasted in throwing stone back at the pit or raking them out of the road after being hauled on. Generally they are not raked out at all. A crushed stone road is far superior to the ordinary gravel road and easier kept in repair. As a matter of fact, we now build a crushed-stone road cheaper than we did a gravel road. The reader can figure from this data: Power per day, $5; a yard crushed every five minutes; shovelers and haulers are the same, whether you use crushed rock or gravel, and, of course, need not be counted.—Farmers Voice.

PEPPERMINT CULTURE.

An Important Industry Confined to a Limited Area.

Though the peppermint crop of this country has a very small acreage compared with many other crops, yet it is of considerable importance in some sections of the country. The crop was first introduced into New York from Massachusetts about 1840, and fifteen years later into Michigan. Wayne county, N. Y., is the largest center of peppermint growing, but large quantities are also raised in southern Michigan and northern Indiana. The Wayne county product commands a higher price than any other kind of peppermint oil.

The cultivation of peppermint is simple, but a great deal of labor is required to keep the fields free from weeds. The propagation is by roots which are dug and planted in drills as close together as is possible, allowing room for cultivation. Weeds are the great enemy and must be fought constantly. There is one in particular which, unknown as yet outside the peppermint fields, is a continual menace to the purity of the oil product. It is termed rag weed, but it is totally unlike the weed commonly so called. The oil yield varies from ten to thirty pounds an acre. Two-thirds of that produced is exported. Peppermint growing is a crop that requires skill and experience, and the necessary apparatus for distilling is expensive, so that it would not pay any individual to go into the business unless on a large scale.—N. Y. World.

It makes no difference how good a cow we have, if we give her scrub care she is going to give scrub results.

PLAN OF DAIRY BARN.

Convenient Structure for Farmers Who Have No Money to Burn.

The plan of a barn shown here will accommodate 10 to 25 cows, a few horses, tools and machinery. No one barn can be just what will meet the needs of different farmers, differently situated, but this plan has been found very convenient after several years' use. The plan presented is one employed in the dairy region of Iowa and will apply elsewhere. The strong points in its favor are convenience, comfort, economy of labor in filling, feeding, cleaning out, easy access to to the different kinds of forage and cheap construction.

First, make the main part, or hay barn, long enough to hold all the hay—clover, timothy, millet, sheaf oats, corn fodder or other similar food. The frame is spiked together, the posts and braces being of 2x8 inch stuff and the rafters 2x6 inch. The posts are 6 feet and the rafters 3 feet apart. The braces are 12 feet apart and fastened to every second post and fourth rafter. The roof will not sag and the walls will not spread, fastened together in this way. A hay fork runs the whole length and there are no crossbeams in the way. The braces, or ties, partially divide the whole haymow into twelve-foot sections. These sections are easily filled in any desired order and fed out in any order just as easily. For convenience in feeding, this plan is unsurpassed, as the forage from each section can be thrown direct into the feeding alley. Hang a steel track for hay fork in the roof peak.

Another feature of this plan is that only so much of the barn need be built at first as is needed. The additions for stock and machinery can be built when desired. The room for grain or tools can be suited to each farmer's needs. Windows are not shown in the sketch—put them in wherever needed. Have plenty of doors to the cow stable. They are extremely handy for ventilating in hot weather. In cleaning the advantage of numerous doors is also strongly felt, as the manure can be thrown direct from the stall into a wagon, shed or manure boat. The posts of the lean-tos need be no heavier than 2x6 inches. In my barn they are of 2x4 inch stuff

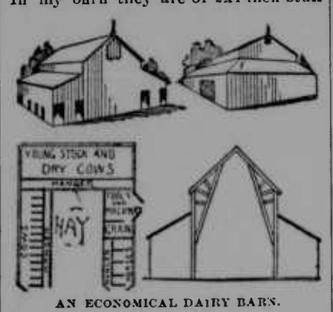

AN ECONOMICAL DAIRY BARN.

and answer every purpose. Make the hay barn any height desired. It will not blow over. Look at the "rear view" cut and see how it is protected from wind.

Suppose you have 20 cows. A hay barn 50 feet long will give room on one side for the 20 cows. If the hay barn is but 24 feet wide it is easier to fill and easier to feed from than the wide, cumbrous, expensive barns built for show and the expenditure of money. Do not board up the hay barn on the sides where the lean-tos are. Leave it all open so hay can be thrown direct into the alleys in front of the mangers. If the cow stable proves too cold, put a partition between the feeding alley and the manger, made of drop doors which can be closed when blizzards blow and opened for ventilation in mild weather. Don't put the manger close up to the hay barn. Build it 3 or 4 feet away so as to leave a good feeding alley.

All the timbers of the barn have to support is the roof. If incredulous in regard to this kind of frame, make a similar one out of laths and test its strength. You will be surprised. The short pieces nailed from the long brace to post and rafter may be of fencing. They are to keep the brace from twisting or "buckling." Make your barn any length you desire, put the hay in the center part, the stock in the additions, and if you can't find a carpenter to do the work, take a saw, a square and a hammer and build it yourself. The above suggestions are not for millionaire farmers, but for those where economy, convenience and comfort are important considerations.—Farm and Home.

DAIRY SUGGESTIONS.

WHEN the calf has reached the age of two and a half years, she should become a mother and begin to be a profit to the dairyman. The she is growing up she should become accustomed to your handling.

THE creamery system should have much of the credit for the advance in even private dairying. Creameries are schoolhouses where the masses are getting points on the care of milk and the production of butter. They should be, and many of them are, models of neatness and precision in their work.

AN important point in preparing the package for shipment is to so protect it that it will reach the consumers neat and clean. This may be accomplished by covering the tub with a sack, and when it has to be shipped long distances and to points not reached by the refrigerator lines gives some protection.—Farmers Voice.

Growing Celery for Market.

Any person who grows celery can easily produce large and white stalks, but the main point is to have them crisp. Good celery should break into two or three pieces when bent, and should be very brittle. The way to secure the brittleness is to begin blanching the stalks from the start, and also grow them rapidly. If the blanching is done later in the season, as is usually the case, the stalks will be white and attractive, but will not be as brittle as when the blanching is done gradually during the whole season.

WEAK ON EXPERIENCE.

Incident in Which a Philadelphia Man Made a Confession.

A broken bridge in the heart of a western prairie had stalled the train for hours, so in the interim of repairs the four traveling men aboard told tales, says the New York World. Presently they were joined by a fifth traveler. A man with a stoop and a lantern jaw. As each narrative of personal adventure was successively and successfully brought to a fitting finale the lantern jaw of the fifth man dropped lower and lower. He listened intently, the flush of excitement glowed on his cheeks and he nervously clasped and unclasped his long and delicate fingers. The pulses of the four traveling men throbbed no quicker at the stories, although truth in some of them had been stretched like a garment of night over a sleeping world. Yet he sat and watched and waited and wondered until the perspiration poured down his brow. Finally he could stand it no longer.

"Did all that really happen?" he cried. "Did you really see it?"

The Keokuk drummer stiffened with icy hauteur.

"Sir, do you wish to doubt me?" he asked, while his eyes gleamed dangerously through narrow slits of wrinkled lid.

"O, no, sir; dear me, no. But it is exciting."

The four traveling men smiled as one.

"Why, friend," said the man who had thought the other had doubted him, "we have all seen such sights; have done such deeds. Is it possible that you have never had such an experience?"

"Experience!" cried the other with fervent heat. "Experience!" Why, I never had any experience. I live in Philadelphia."

Wonderful Memory.

"Blind Alex," who lived in Stirling, Scotland, from 1830 to about 1840, had the most wonderful memory of which any account has ever been recorded. He was familiarly known as "The Complete Concordance," on account of the fact that he knew the entire Old and New Testaments "by heart." He was tested a half-dozen or more different times before the "Scottish Society of Advanced Learning," and always succeeded in convincing the professors that he was all that had been claimed for him. If any sentence in the entire Bible was repeated to him, he would name chapter and verse, or if the book, chapter and verse were named he could give the exact words of the quotation. —St. Louis Republic.

Stub Ends of Thought.

A witless woman is a mistake of creation.

Now is but an atom of time.

Credit takes the place of money, but cannot keep it.

Hope is the health of the spirit.

Every man is a book, and every book is not worth reading.

No man can be happy without sharing with somebody.

Prudence is a plug to prosperity.

An army is a great monster with a head, but no heart.

Cupid is a physician who never takes his own medicine.—Detroit Free Press.

THE summer girls will wear puffed sleeves that will rise again when hugged flat.—Atchison Globe.

THERE is something wrong with the preaching that won't hit a sinner somewhere.—Rain's Horn.

LOVE is precisely to the moral nature what the sun is to the earth.—Balzac.

WILD—"Can't you overcome your thirst for rum?" Tramp—"Yes, sir, with a dime." —Life.

THE world is only saved by the breath of the school children.—Talmud.

INDISCRETION, rashness, falsehood, levity and malice produce each other.—Lavater.

DENTIST—"What are the last teeth that come?" Brilliant Student—"False teeth, I guess."—Life.

FRIEND—"You have no more work to do on that picture, have you?" Artist—"Plenty! I have to sell it."—Tit-Bits.

NATURE cannot be surprised in undress, Beauty breaks in everywhere.—Emerson.

TRUE bravery proposes a just end; measures the dangers, and meets the result with calmness and unyielding decision.—La None.

BUTCHER—"Will you have a round steak, miss?" Young Housekeeper—"Oh, I don't care what shape it is, so it's tender."—Detroit Free Press.

CAN any man or woman choose duties? No more than they can choose their birthplace or their father and mother.—George Eliot.

"WHY do you always get off your wheel, Badger, when you meet a lady?" "Because I can't take my hat off to her. I do the best I can and take myself off."—Harper's Bazar.

IN CHICAGO.—She—"There are sixty thousand people in Chicago who smoke opium." He—"That's nothing. Just think how many there are who smoke hams."—Detroit Free Press.

Though the new woman to usurp
Man's rightful place aspires,
She'll still permit him to get up
And build the morning fires.
—Kansas City Journal.

Dr. PIERCE'S
PLEASANT
PELLETS
CURE
SICK HEADACHE,
BILIOUSNESS,
CONSTIPATION,
INDIGESTION,
DYSPEPSIA,
POOR APPETITE,
and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Of all druggists.
ONCE USED
ALWAYS IN FAVOR.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Miss X—"I'm going to send this item about our five-o'clock tea to the Weekly Gossiper." Miss Y.—"They won't take it. You've written on both sides of the paper." Miss X.—"Dear me, I don't see why they need be so stiff about it. They print on both sides of their own paper, don't they?"—Roxbury Gazette.

FIRST AMERICAN—"So you got a divorce from the duke? Any alimony?" Second American—"No; rebate."—Puck.

$100 Reward, $100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred [illegible] for any case that it fails to cure. Send [illegible] Address, [illegible] Hall's [illegible]

AN entire life of solitude contradicts the purpose of our being, since death itself is scarcely an idea of more terror.—Burke.

The Strongest Men Grow Weak

Sometimes. The short cut to renewed vigor is taken by those sensible enough to use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters systematically. It re-establishes impaired digestion, enables the system to assimilate food, and combines the qualities of a fine medicinal stimulant with those of a sovereign preventive remedy. Malaria, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatic, nervous and kidney complaints are cured and averted by it.

The Queen & Crescent Route to Chickamauga.

G. A. R. Members and their friends will all want to attend the great National Park dedication at Chickamauga this fall. It will be a notable event.

Do you want to know *how* to make the trip, and what you'll see when you reach the journey's end? Write to W. C. RINEARSON, G. P. A., of the Queen & Crescent Route, Cincinnati.

Illustrated and descriptive matter upon application.

The Queen & Crescent Route to Chattanooga is the shortest line, and has an incomparable service of handsome trains of standard day coaches. Through sleepers, parlor, cafe and observation cars from Cincinnati. Quick schedules and magnificent scenery *en route* help to make the Queen & Crescent the Southern route par excellence.

HE GUESSED AT HER QUESTION.—Mrs. Bonkles—"Are your wife and family—" Mr. Joglete—"No, they are not. I told them that times were so hard this summer they'd have to stay at home."—Detroit Free Press.

[illegible] Fare to Chattanooga

The Queen & Crescent Route will sell tickets Cincinnati to Chattanooga and return at one fare for the round trip June 25th to 27th with liberal limits and conditions, on the occasion of the International Epworth League meeting. Ask any ticket agent for particulars, or address
CHAS. W. ZELL, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.
W. A. BECKLER, N. P. A., 111 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.
C. A. BAIRD, T. P. A., Detroit.
W. W. DUNNAVANT, T. P. A., Cleveland.
W. C. RINEARSON, G. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

DR. PULSEN—"The action of winking is not without its use; people wink to keep the eyeball moist." Soda Water Clerk—"Not much they don't. The people who come in here wink to keep their throats moist."—Life.

GO TO

the most delightful country in America, next Summer, to spend your vacation. There is no place in the world like Colorado, with its perfect climate, dry, pure and cool, its snow-capped mountains, its streams full of trout and its glorious scenery, both grand and pastoral. Colorado probably has no equal as a health resort. For the man or woman who has been in the whirl of a busy life, and who needs and longs for a change of air and scene, Colorado is the place. Pure air, pure water and the best of hotel accommodations are the three essentials that will be found there in perfection. On July 5th to 12th, 1895, the meeting of the NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION will be held in

DENVER

and the BURLINGTON ROUTE, which is the best line from Chicago and St. Louis to that point, has arranged to sell Excursion Tickets for the occasion, at very low rates. These tickets will be good for return until September 1, and will be sold to anyone applying for them, not merely to members of the Association, so that this opportunity to take a trip to the mountains, at a very low cost, will be open to everyone. Naturally, during this time, low excursion rates will be made from Denver to all of the famous Colorado resorts, such as Estes Park, Colorado Springs, Manitou, The Garden of the Gods, Glenwood Springs, etc. If you would like a circular giving the details of the excursion, rates, routes, train service, write to P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill., but, anyway, make up your mind to go to Colorado

In July, 1895.

EIGHT PAPER DOLLS
. . . FOR ONE WRAPPER OF . . .
ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI
Send us two two-cent stamps for postage. These dolls have changeable heads. No two dolls dressed alike.
ADAMS CHEWING GUM CO., Sand Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y., Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

HAVE YOU FIVE OR MORE COWS

If so a "Baby" Cream Separator will earn its cost for you every year. Why continue an inferior system another year at so great a loss? Dairying is now the only profitable feature of Agriculture. Properly conducted it always pays well, and must pay you. You need a SEPARATOR, and you need the BEST,—the "Baby." All styles and capacities, $75, upward. Send for new 1895 [illegible]

THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO.
GENERAL OFFICES
72 CORTLANDT ST., NEW YORK.

BEST IN THE [illegible]
RISING SUN STOVE POLISH
For durability and, for cheapness this preparation is truly unrivalled.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH in cakes for general blacking of a stove.
THE SUN PASTE POLISH for a quick after-dinner shine, applied and polished with a cloth.
Morse Bros., Props., Canton, Mass., U.S.A.

LOOK FOR THIS LOCK
IT IS ON
The BEST SCHOOL SHOE
BROWN'S

PRICES FOR CAPS
[illegible] THE LOCK IS STAMPED ON THE BOTTOM OF EACH CAP
5 to 7½—$1.25 11 to 13½—$1.75
8 to 10½— 1.50 1 to 4 — 2.00
IF YOU CAN'T GET THEM FROM YOUR DEALER WRITE TO
HAMILTON-BROWN SHOE CO., ST. LOUIS.

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, etc., when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Go by the book. Pills 10c and 25c a box. Book FREE at your druggist's or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal Street, New York.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.

DRESSMAKERS
FIND THE
LATEST PARIS FASHIONS
—IN—
L'Art de La Mode.
8 Colored Plates,
Designed by Our Special Corps of PARISIAN ARTISTS.

Order it of your Newsdealer or send 35 cents for latest number to
THE MORSE-BROUGHTON CO.,
3 East 19th St., : NEW YORK.
MENTION THIS PAPER.

Does Your Husband Shave
An easy shave makes a generous man—Buy him a cake of Yankee Soap—If they don't sell it in your town send us 15 cents for a cake—and you double your chance of getting more dress money.
The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

NOW IS THE TIME
...TO INVESTIGATE THE
SAINT PAUL and DULUTH COUNTRY.
GOOD LAND.
SURE CROPS.
GOOD MARKETS.
DO NOT BUY LAND ANYWHERE UNTIL YOU SEE WHAT WE HAVE TO OFFER YOU.
Maps and Circulars sent FREE. Address
HOPEWELL CLARKE, LAND COMMISSIONER, ST. PAUL, MINN.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR
IMPERIAL GRANUM
IT IS
THE BEST FOOD
FOR
Dyspeptic, Delicate, Infirm and AGED PERSONS
JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York.

A. N. K.—C. 1556

LEWIS' 98 % LYE
POWDERED AND PERFUMED.
(PATENTED)
The *strongest* and *purest* Lye made. Unlike other Lye, it being a fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. Will make the *best* perfumed Hard Soap in 20 minutes *without boiling*. It is the best for cleansing waste pipes, disinfecting sinks, closets, washing bottles, paints, trees, etc. PENNA. SALT MF'G CO'
Gen. Agents, PHILA., Pa.

...e Republican.

...J. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUESCRIPTION:

THE REPUBLICAN is published every Thursday morning at the following rates:

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First insertion for square of ten nonpariel lines $1; each additional insertion after first 50 cents per square of ten nonpariel lines. Positively no deviation will be made from the above rates.

REMITTANCES:

...es made by money order, postal ...d letter or bank draft will be at ...e otherwise, at the risk of the ...ddress.

THE ...PUBLICAN, ...akland, Md.

...20, 1895.

...EMENTS.

...cements will ...to the first ...

...of Dele... ...50 Re...

..., County Survey or, $1.50.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

At the request of friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer of Garrett County, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

JACOB S. MEYERS,
District No. 2. Selbysport, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention. Let the old soldiers have a chance.

W. M. LOHR.
Cove, Md., March 11, 1895.

FOR SHERIFF.

At the request of my many friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Garrett County, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

AUSTIN BROWN.
Selbysport, Md., May 31, 1895.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. Don't slight the old soldiers.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND.
Oakland, Md., May 27, 1895.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. GEORGE J. WALTER.
District No. 1. P. O., Thayerville, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party GEORGE D. WHITE.
Oakland, Md.

FOR GOVERNOR,

Lloyd Lowndes,

OF ALLEGANY COUNTY,

Subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

To Our Patrons.

On July 5th, 1895, THE REPUBLICAN will send to all of its patrons statements for subscriptions and we insist that attention be paid them.

We have been carrying a number of subscribers for five years and have never received a cent from them; to such this is more particularly addressed.

Be prepared to remit as soon as the statements are received.

MAY we ask what the weather has to do with an argument of any kind, political or otherwise?

THE date for holding the Republican State Convention has been fixed for August 15th, and the place Cambridge. This is considered a victory for the friends of Hon. Lloyd Lowndes. — Montgomery Press.

DEAR old grandmother *Mountain Democrat*, it is very kind of you to direct our attention to the *Beverly Enterprise* and you have our sincere thanks, but we all know that Kildow has a soft spot and that he is too far from base. We are after game nearer home, yourself for instance.

THE *gubernatorial prospects* of Lloyd Lowndes are daily growing brighter and if there is no setback he will go to the convention with a majority of the delegates pledged to his candidacy. As a representative citizen of Western Maryland, a straightont Republican and a man whose public and private career is pure and honest, Lloyd Lowndes is a candidate for whom Republicans should be glad to vote.—Montgomery Press.

THE tender spot in the anatomy of the *Democrat* has at last been found and its howlings last week remind one very forcibly of a cowardly boy who said to a much smaller companion: "If you hit me I will tell my maw." But it rantings and cowardliness does not lift it out of the hole it has been placed in and we suppose it will keep on raving in silence and only succeed in burying itself deeper in the mire and at last be a thing of past, all of which leads us to remark: You cannot serve God and Mammon at the same time. Are you for Cleveland or Gorman? Which?

Wilson's Prognostication.

Now that Prof. Wilson is a member of the cabinet, he is free to express his own opinion of the incapacity of the average Congress. Regarding that which is to meet next winter, he says the House will block any scheme to pass a free silver coinage bill, and the Senate will knock out any tariff legislature proposed by the House. If the professor can be relied upon as a prophet, the country is in for another long period of unsettling and tiresome time agitation of financial and business subjects. It is to be hoped, however, that the professor is as poor a prophet as he was a tariff tinker. In the opinion of the best authorities, there is but one thing which will ... growth of ... prosperity in this country, and is the reopening of the silver and tariff questions. Trade has at length adjusted itself to the new custom duties, and the advance in the London market in the price of "coin" bonds indicate a growing faith that the United States government will maintain its splendid record for national honesty in meeting all its obligations. The only dread of the business man is a disturbance of present conditions.

THE time is rapidly approaching for the election of delegates to the State convention. It will also be the duty of the county convention to name a new State central committee, and also a new county executive committee in the place of those selected two years ago.

Republicans throughout the county, especially in those districts furthest from Oakland, may conclude that by reason of the overwhelming sentiment in favor of Mr. Lowndes that it will be a waste of time and money to attend the convention. We want to impress upon members of the party entertaining these sentiments that their presence here is absolutely necessary. There should be full representation in the convention. Each district should have a complete delegation.

There are many reasons why this should be so. Here, the first move was made in bringing Mr. Lowndes' name before the people, and it should be our pleasure to show to the other counties of the State by a largely attended convention that we are united, determined and zealous in our advocacy of the claims of Mr. Lowndes for the governorship.

A delegation to the State convention should be selected which will be highly representative of the enlightened Republican sentiment of the county. It should be composed of men who will reflect credit upon the county and themselves. We ask our friends in each and every district to attend the primaries and see that they are fully represented at the county convention.

The National Republican League.

The week is notable for the gathering of several thousand of bright, energetic and enthusiastic young Republicans in Cleveland. The linking together of clubs all over the country which formerly had led an isolated existence, into a national organization, should accomplish a useful end, if it can avoid being made the instrument for advancing individual ends, or special interests. The danger is indicated on the present occasion by the presence of vociferous advocates of fifty cent dollars, and the hope for good is represented by the absence of Governor McKinley. The delicate sense of this gentleman of avoiding the appearance of a "boom" on his behalf, is to be commended. It would have little value since the local sentiment naturally strong in his behalf. The great work of the league is not to make platforms or candidates, but to take under advisement the means by which these can best be presented to the American people when adopted. The league should go in for the creating an ... semination of good Rep... erature in the early st... presidential cam... at time when

The President's Prospective Tour.

It is stated that the Hon. Grover Cleveland at the expiration of his Presidential term will journey around the world in a palatial yacht visiting the high and mighty ones of earth and sauntering through scenes made beautiful by nature or grand historic associations. One of the newspaper correspondents, who seems to know all about it, says that Mr. Cleveland is ambitious to eclipse the triumphal tour made some years ago by his predecessor, General Grant.

There is probably no man living who could enjoy such a trip more intensely. There is plenty of evidence to show that he regards himself as one of the greatest individuals ever born, and he will take keen satisfaction in comparing himself with those whom he must regard as his inferiors.

While in Europe Mr. Cleve... ...ontrast ing ... ...d heads living and ... He can boast that none of them ever equaled his great act of causing a tremendous panic by manipulating customs duties. His unquenchable egotism will prompt him to exult in the belief that his blundering message contains as much wisdom as the writings of the famous economists and philosophers. Some time ago he sent to various monarchs and to the Pope copies of his writings. His opinion of the intelligence of these dignitaries will hinge entirely upon the degree of flattery in the compliments which their consciences will permit them to give him.

While in England Mr. Cleveland will look with contempt upon the powers of the Queen. He will call to mind how his own Cabinet officers were mere clerks, obedient to all his whims, and will be astonished to see that in England the heads of departments are men of character, with minds of their own.

In Asia and Africa there are plenty of despotic rulers who may boast that they have killed more men than their American visitor, but he can easily close their mouths by retorting that he has thrown more men into poverty and idleness.

It is not stated whether the trip will include Honolulu, but if it does, the ex-President will be able to mingle his tears with those of the widow Dominis. Altogether the trip can hardly fail to be more pleasant and gratifying to Mr. Cleveland than would a tour through the industrial and farming regions of the United States.

Trusts Not Invulnerable.

If the new attorney general of the United States desires to fulfill his party's pledge and, incidentally, to enforce the law against the great combinations which operate in restraint of trade, an excellent opportunity is presented him to begin work. Mr. Olney, whom he succeeded, practically admitted that he could not reach these law-breakers. That, however, was before the recent decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois against the Distilling and Cattle Feeders' Company. This concern was formely known as the Whisky Trust, and was organized in 1887. It was reorganized in 1890 as a corporation, in order to evade the law against trusts. The Standard Oil Trust, the Sugar Trust, the Lead Trust, and all the numerous brood were similarly reorganized with the same object in view. But here comes the Supreme Court of Illinois and unanimously declares that all these organized concerns are illegal organizations. As Justice Bailey says: "There is no magic in a corporate organization which ... purge the trust scheme of its ...ality, and it remains as essen... opposed to the principles of ...d public policy as when the ...t was in existence."

There you are, Mr. Attorney General Harmon. You have the unanimous testimony of the highest court of a soverign State to begin with. This august body should be and doubtless is as far removed from the feelings which animate the ignorant denunciation of all forms of organized capital, and it is from the sentiment dominating platform-builders and stump orators. And it makes the statement simply as a matter of law and fact that these combinations are opposed to sound public policy and therefore illegal. Surely that should be ample ground for a beginning at enforcing the law; and surely the United States is greater than the trusts.

Value of Good Roads.

The practical advantages of good roads are strikingly set forth by a writer in Lippincott's Magazine, the vicinity of Moorestown, in New Jersey, being selected as an illustration. This is in Burlington county 10 miles from Philadelphia. Radiating from Moorestown are 24 miles of good macadamized roads, built by an issue of town bonds and by means of the State Aid law of 1891. Before these roads were constructed real estate in the neighborhood of Moorestown was absolutely dead; since they were built it is much in quest, and near the town almost ... prices have been paid for land. The contrast in this respect between Moorestown and other towns possessing equal natural advantages is great. Furthermore, instead of four-horse wagons built to carry 50 ½-bushel baskets, farmers thereabout now use two-horse wagons, carrying 125 baskets of the same size. Arguments of this kind cannot fail to make an impression on the minds of people in all farming communities. Just the same result at Moorestown might not follow everywhere, but something approximating to them surely would, if good roads were provided. The long and short of the matter is that good roads pay. This is not a matter of absolute demonstration.

A Royal Welcome.

The Wheeling *Register* gave the West Virginia Bankers Association, which met in that city last week the following welcome:

"Welcome ye men of shekels, ye money spinners, ye handlers of the rhino and jugglers of the coin, welcome, ye lucre merchants, ye professors of the long green, ye dealers in soup and dough, ye exponents of the werewith, welcome, ye tanners of the toadskin, ye workers in tin, ye raisers of the root, cultivators of the needful and whetters of the blunt, welcome, ye gatherers of samoleons and rakers of skads and shiners, ye devotees of spondulix and changers of chink, ye guardians of teasure and keepers of rock and pelf, ye salt miners and wampum dealers, ye collectors of cadewy and mopus, ye jugglers of the flimsy, jailers of the precious and ladlers of the glue; thrice welcome to Wheeling.

"The town is yours. May your use of it be to your liking and your stay profitable, a pleasure and a joy."

Sam Jones on Masonry.

Rev. Sam P. Jones has been preaching in St. Louis. On the evening of March 5th he delivered a sermon which was reported in full in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, from which we take the following extract:

Before I was ever a Christian I learned one thing, and I want you to hear this. I was away from home and I was robbed on a train. I had all the money me and my friend both had. He didn't have any, and they got mine, and we got off at a station. That was when I was a sinner, and that was twenty-five or twenty-six years ago. He was a steward in the Methodist Church, and I was just a plain, common, simple sinner; that is all I was. When we got off at the station we stayed around there a moment or two. He says "Sam, I wonder if there is a Mason in this town?" I said, "A Mason?" He said, "Yes." "Well" I said, "what do you want with a Mason?" He says; "I can get some money if I can find a Mason." I said, "Ain't you a Methodist?" He said, "Yes." I said, "Why don't you go to the Methodists?" "Oh, shucks," he said, "I will go to the Masons." And he struck out, and after a very few minutes came back, and I said, "How did you come out?" "All right," he said, "I got it." "Who did you get it from?" "From a Mason," he says. "Sam if you to go to heaven, you join the Methodists, but if you want a hold-down here, join the Masons." So when I started in, I just joined both, and to-night I am a Methodist and a Mason, and I am getting along well for both worlds.

CLOSING OUT SALE

Of over $4,000 Worth of

Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Hardware, Plows, Buckeye Mowers, Horse Rakes, Etc.

All New Stock and must be closed out before July 1, 1895.

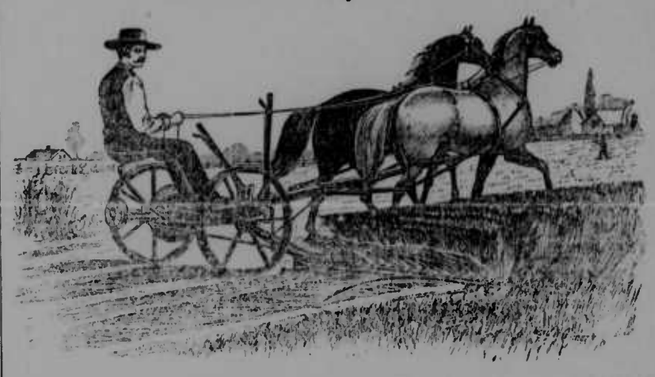

The following special inducements are offered in order to close out all stock by the date above mentioned:

1st. To any person or persons purchasing $300.00 worth of goods, I will give free One New Buckeye Mowing Machine, 4ft. 6in. cut.

2nd. For $200.00 worth of goods, One New Standard Sewing Machine.

3rd. For $150.00 worth of goods, One Golden Farmer Self Dump Horse Rake.

4th. For $125.00 worth of goods, One Second-hand Whiteley Mowing Machine, used two seasons.

5th. For $50.00 worth of goods, One Second-hand Champion Mowing Machine.

6th. For $10.00 worth of goods, Ten Yards Calico for wife and babies.

7th. With $2.00 worth of goods and over, One Wash Board.

All the above goods with the exception of Farm Implements, will be sold at or below cost.

With the $300 deal I will allow purchasers to buy two or three new Buckeye Mowers; with the $200 deal one or two new Buckeye Mowers; with the $150 deal one new Buckeye Mower, and one new Buckeye Mower with $125 deal. We will also include horse rakes and plows in any of the deals.

TERMS.

All sums of $5.00 or over, a credit of nine months will be given, purchaser giving note with approved security payable at the Garrett Co. Bank of Oakland, Md.

JONAS FRAZEE,

SELBYSPORT, MD.

P. S.—New 4ft. 6in. Buckeye Mowing Machine, $43; with foot lift, $45. Five ft. Buckeye Mowing Machine, with foot lift, $50.

D. E. OFFUTT & SON

Invites the attention of those interested in the purchase of vehicles of any style. The Kramer, Milburn and Jackson farm wagons always on hand. Prices and terms given on application.

Save Your Money.

One box of Tutt's Pills will save many dollars in doctors' bills They will surely cure all diseases of the stomach, liver or bowels.

No Reckless Assertion

For sick headache, dyspepsia, malaria, constipation and biliousness, a million people endorse

TUTT'S Liver PILLS

Catarrh Is Common.

Few realize just how common it is. Very many people have Catarrh, or at least Catarrhal symptoms, who would laugh at the idea. It is an unpleasant disease—one of those which make others uncomfortable as well as the one who has it. The first symptoms are: A heavy feeling between the eyes, profuse and offensive mucous discharge from the nostrils, headache and foul breath.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

is recommended for both slight and aggravated cases. It will cure the worst case of CATARRH, and is good for a mere Cold—an inflamed condition of the nasal passages is the cause of both. It is also good for HAY FEVER. It is a sure cure. There is nothing marvelous about it. It is not an accidental, magical discovery, but a perfectly sensible, scientific preparation, intended to do just exactly the thing it does, and nothing else.

It costs 50 cents—druggists.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY SKIN CURE is the best thing for ECZEMA, TETTER, RING WORM, SALT RHEUM, ITCH, DANDRUFF, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES and ITCHING PILES. Designed to cure permanently, and does it. It's 50 cents, too.

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 1, on Front Street, in Hayard, W Va

Lot containing four acres at Swanton, Md.

A mortgage on property worth more than double, at Loch Lynn Heights, Md.

WILLIAM W. SWEET, Mt. Lake Park, Md.

WE LOAN MONEY

to buy, build and improve your home and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS NEARLY $200,000,000.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. RINKER,

Wilson, Grant Co., W. Va.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above. 4-1yr.*

W. M'CULLOH BROWN, SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26t*

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL ROOFING, SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH, Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

Estate of Rachael Hetrick, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

RACHAEL HETRICK,

late of Garrett County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 1st day of Dec. next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 25th day of May, 1895.

JACOB FEIK, Adm'r, 12 Accident, Md.

MOUNT POMONA.

NURSERY AND FRUIT FARM.

Address Swanton, Md., for Fruit and Mushrooms.

Address Mt. Lake Park concerning Nursery, Greenhouse or Vegetable Products.

Agents wanted on salary.

SWEET & SHACKLEFORD.

Mountain Lake Park.

We are now having most delightful weather, which is bringing in a number of families. I notice among them Dr. Masden's family, Mr. Reed, T. H. Mong and Mrs. Good, of Wheeling; Miss J. A. Orum, of Philadelphia; Dr. Ravenscraft, of Oakland; T. E. Davis and S. L. Allen, of Grafton; William Sheats, of Pittsburg; Dr. Tracy, of California, and several others whose names I cannot now recall.

The building interest is quieting now as most of the houses begun are nearing completion.

The work on the lake is going steadily on.

Most of the hotels and boarding houses are open and a few guests are already here.

We had a very interesting quarterly meeting here last Sabbath. Rev. Anderson, of Rowlesburg, was here in our elder's place, and preached two excellent sermons.

Mr. A. J. Bonafield, of Tunnelton, W. Va., and his sister, Miss Julia Bonafield, a returned missionary from India, were here to-day. They expect to spend the summer with us in their new cottage at Loch Lynn, which is soon to be completed.

The Loch Lynn Hotel is now being finished and furnished and will soon be open ready for guests.

The new three story store building is nearing completion for the Loch Lynn Store Co.

Mr. A. H. Frey and Mr. C. A. Ashby expect to be able to move into their new cottages in a short time.

Mr. Hawk is having his foundation put in for a large boarding house.

We have never had a better outlook for the summer season.

It is now less than three weeks until our great camp meeting begins. E.

Selbysport,

W. L. Dunham was in town this (Monday) evening and predicted rain for to-morrow.

Jonas Frazee was visiting his family on the 15th and 16th and returned to Pittsburg the evening of the 16th.

Politics are getting ripe in number two. We will have two Republicans on the ticket, and one Democrat will ask to be nominated. The Republicans are A. Brown for sheriff and E. J. Stuck for the legislature. The Democrat will be Chas. H. Liston for sheriff. It has been reported by some person that Mr. Brown has withdrawn from the contest and that a certain aspirant from Oakland will be nominated on purpose to defeat him. This same person says the Oakland man has been a hanger-on for years and must be gotten rid of in this way. Now it strikes me that the above, though given out as confidential, was given out in the interest of some other fellow, and that fellow will learn his mistake about the time the convention meets.

NEWCOMER.

FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.

The weather still continues very dry and hot.

The wheat, oats and hay crops are damaged many thousands of dollars in this section.

Mrs. Ann Stuck is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Judson Frazee, on Buffalo.

Misses Belle Welch and Victor Mason and Messrs. Wm. Frazee and Harry Welch were guests at the Nicalo House at Addison, Pa., Sunday last.

W. M. Lowdermilk and family were guests of Mrs. A. E. Riley the 16th.

Mr. W. W. Schlossnagle and family spent Saturday and Sunday with friends at Manor Lands.

Jonas Frazee, of Pittsburg, paid us a short visit the 15th.

Our farmers should club together and get some of the free Buckeye mowing machines and wash boards at Jonas Frazee's closing out sale.

The Dunkard meeting held at Markleysburg was largely attended by the young and old folks from this section.

By the way, it looks in District No. 2 that Austin Brown will have no trouble in getting a delegation for the nomination for sheriff.

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

Elder.

Our long drought was broken Thursday by the fall of a heavy shower.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Shartzer were visiting friends at Markleysburg, Pa., Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Maggie Cuppett was visiting friends in Grantsville a few days last week.

Mr. Wm. Sterling was calling on relatives at Buffalo the 15th and 16th.

Mr. Wm. Frazee and wife were at Mr. S. F. Cuppett's Sunday.

Mr. F. M. Conway was calling on friends at Cove Sunday and expects to teach a class in music at that place.

Mr. Marcellus Shartzer and Miss May Enlow were visiting friends at Grantsville the 11th to 13th.

Rev. G. J. Ferguson has purchased a buggy, and we suppose he intends to enjoy life better than before.

Mr. and Mrs. D. O. DeWitt were visiting Mr. Isaiah Friend Sunday.

Mr. Geo. W. Sterling was visiting friends near Frostburg and attending the firemen's convention at that place a few days last week.

Grantsville.

Several of Mahlon Miller's children are afflicted with scarlet rash.

Children's Day services were held in the Lutheran and Methodist churches Sunday afternoon and evening respectively.

George Charles and wife, of Cumberland, and Charles Brown and daughter, of Baltimore, are visiting Miss Maggie Brown.

Mrs. C. M. Livengood and two sons returned from Mt. Pleasant, Pa., yesterday, where they were visiting Mrs. Livengood's aged mother in her last illness, her death and funeral occurring last week.

A representative of the Consolidated Oil and Gas Company, of Pittsburg, has leased the location near Shade Run, west of town, where a test well for oil had been driven down nearly eight hundred feet, by a local company, many years ago. The announced object is to drive the old well, if in proper condition, deeper, or if not a new one is to be sunk in quest of the valuable fluid minerals. The prospector claims that the indications of the existence of the much sought for commodities in a crude state are very strong in this region. By the stipulations of the lease the work is to be begun within six months.

Weather Crop Report.

The following crop reports from this county were published in the *Crop Bulletin* issued by the Maryland Weather Bureau on Monday of this week.

Grantsville.—A good shower on the 13th has put new life into everything, but more is needed for the grass. Oats are extra, but wheat will be below last year's crop. Thunder on the 13th and 14th, and the indications are that we may have more rain. J. S. MILLER.

Bittinger.—Weather the past week warm and dry. We had a light shower of rain on the 13th, but a good, soaking rain is needed. Wheat and corn won't come up to an average crop, and oats are short. Corn is small yet, but of good color and is growing nicely. Potatoes doing well. Peaches and cherries an entire failure, and the apple crop will be short. Buckwheat sowing in progress. P. P. LOHR.

Deer Park.—Grass short. Late oats injured by the May frosts we had. A good rain June 13th which was badly needed. Potatoes have a promising look at this time. Potato bugs and cutworms bad. Very fine growing weather to-day Apple crop short. Peaches and plums a failure. Indications for more rain. A. J. LEE.

Sunny Side.—Weather the past week favorable for farm work and all growing crops; drouth was broken on the 13th by a heavy rain; oats, corn, potatoes and rye all doing well; wheat not a half crop; the cutworm is very destructive; buckwheat sowing in progress.

JOHN C. KNAUER.

Trespass Notice.

All persons are warned not to let down the fences around my place known as "Wideawake," near Hutton, nor to turn stock upon said place, nor to trespass in any manner, as I shall prosecute those doing so to the full extent of the law.

14-3t. JOHN A. CONNELL.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Sincell Bros. pay the highest market price for wool.

THE REPUBLICAN for good job printing. Make a note of this.

McComas' Calmative Konseals, 10 cents. Try them. 5-tf

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures scalds, burns, indolent sores and never fails to cure piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Sick headache, constipation and indigestion are quickly cured by DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

W. Graut Martin, scientific optician, will be in Oakland the last week in each month. Office in Pitchard building. 13-13t.

It cures [illegible] land Ph[illegible]

Our pa[illegible] find DeWitt's Little Early Risers a safe and reliable remedy for constipation, dyspepsia and liver complaints. Oakland Pharmacy.

W. T. Stanford, Station Agent of Leeper, Clarion Co. Pa., writes: I can recommend One Minute Cough Cure as the best I ever used. It gave instant relief and a quick cure Oakland Pharmacy.

We have something new, effective, pleasant to take and perfectly harmless and a positive cure for nervous headache, sick headache, dizziness and neuralgia. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

Doctor H. R. Fish, of Gravois Mills, Mo., a practicing physician of many years experience, writes: DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve has no equal for indolent sores, scalds and burns. It stops pain instantly, heals a burn quickly and leaves no scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

McComas' Calmative Konseals contain all that is required to cure the worst case of headache or neuralgia in a very few minutes and are safe, sure, inexpensive. Manufactured by Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf.

HAULING AND EXPRESS.—I have located at Mountain Lake Park and am prepared to do hauling of all kinds at short notice. Baggage a specialty. A share of the public patronage solicited. Harry Thayer.

The Chisholm Cottage for rent furnished, on reasonable terms. Apply to Mrs. M. E. Chisholm, on the premises. 13-3t.

Sometime ago I was troubled with an attack of rheumatism. I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm and was completely cured. I have since advised many of my friends and customers to try the remedy and all speak highly of it. Simon Goldbaum, San Luis Rey, Cal. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Good honest solid bargains at Garthright's, Mountain Lake Park. Highest prices paid for wool, butter and eggs; excellent drives in trunks, sole leather satchels, sole leather valises, queensware and tinware. 1 car of salt, 140 pound sacks, for 50 cents at car. Come quick. Large lot dress goods, all wool and half wool, at cost. 25 suits for men at cost and less. Two cars best brand flour at lowest prices. 13-2t.

J. A. Richardson, of Jefferson City, Mo., chief enrolling force 38th general assembly of Missouri, writes: I wish to testify to the merits of One Minute Cough Cure. When other so-called cures failed, I obtained almost instant relief and a speedy cure by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. Oakland Pharmacy.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper, under the caption "We Loan Money." The Granite State Provident Association, which he is representing, is one of the strongest financial institutions in the country, and the largest building and loan association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management have developed it from nominal assets in 1889 to nearly $200,000,000 in 1895. Its style of doing business is such as to cause the U. S. Examiner, C. W. Thompson, who has for years been assigned to especially investigate loan and mortgage companies, to state that "For comprehensiveness, thoroughness, neatness and accuracy, its accounts are far superior to anything I ever saw or supposed possible." Those desiring to borrow, will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars. 4-1yr.*

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B. & O. R. R. Tin

The following time table [illegible] B. & O. went into effect on day, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—	Daily	2.44 A. M
No. 3.—	Daily	7.09 A. M
No. 71.—	Accom daily except Sun	9.36 A. M
No. 5.—	Daily except Mon	11.28 A. M
No. 15.—	Accommodation daily	6.27 P. M
No. 1.—	Daily	9.58 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 2.—	Daily	5.54 A. M
No. 8.—	Daily	7.34 A. M
No. 14.—	Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 16.—	Daily except Monday	4.38 P. M
No. 72.—	Accom daily except Sun	5.17 P. M
No. 4.—	Daily	9.25 P. M

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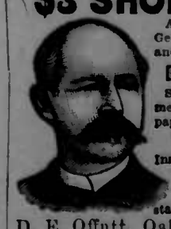

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LURY'S BLACK SILK.

BY MARY R. P. HATCH.

"What be you doing?" asked Mrs. Bean, coming suddenly into the desolate room where three women hovered about the still stark form on the bed.

Despite the fact that she was the dead woman's sister, her sharp voice was unmoderated; but a suspicion of molsture softened the keen black eyes [illegible] others. It was plain they were slightly the bravest one another shrank back Dollard—or Sileny called in the neigh- by a sense of du- ied, said, soothingly: in' of 'er out, Mis' Bean." be you doing with that ern?" touching the black glancing at the gleam- Sileny's hand. oln' to rip out the back h I didn't mean to let afterward. 'Tain't say nothin to the rela- s, but we alwuz do it. It looz seem ch a pity to bury up good, rich silk like that. Even when Mis' Crowley died over to the Center (she was a Spencer afore she married), I took out the back breadths of her best brocade silk to lay her out in. And when I was a-doin' of it Janet Spencer come in jest as you did. She sorter turned away her head and made b'lieve as if she didn't see what I was a-doin' of, but passed out through the door slow and solemn. She used the silk afterwards to trim a dress with. There was three good yards of it, and there will be of this, Mis' Bean. You can use it for yourself or for Ellen to trim with, or you could match it for a dress."

"I ain't going to match it for a dress, nor Ellen sha'n't have't, I tell you. Put down them scissors. I ain't Janet Spencer. Philury shall have the good of that black silk, poor cretur!" looking pityingly at the pale, pinched features of the dead.

"Wall, if you say so," said Mrs. Dollard. "'Tain't fur me to contradict. I s'posed you'd be glad to have it. I laid out folks now for more'n twenty year, and you're the first one to make a fuss."

"Never mind, Sileny," said one of the other women, motioning her to look at Mrs. Bean, as she smoothed the thin face turned sideways on the pillow with a loving touch. "P'r'aps 'Lizy'll nt to put the dress on herself. Some you know."

Yes, I'd luff to. I'd luff to put that k silk on Philury; for if there is a thing as the spirit coming to th hern will be sure to come."

"She never wore it, did she?" whispered Mrs. Dollard.

"No; that's the worst on't; and that's ny of it from her apted to, which I ated a black silk a little girl, and at get it she died. She , but she gave the money ines; she was so denying that she wouldn't spend That's what she called it. black silks, 'spending fool-

ou don't know, Lizy,' says she to . 'how I want one.' But I did; for l heard her talk of it ever sence Miss iggins came up to spend the summer t father's when we was children. I ec'lec' jest how she looked. She had a long, thin, yeller face, with little bunches of curls on each side; false they was, but dreadful black and shiny; and her dresses had a set to 'em as if she wa'nt mor'n sixteen. Philury was a queer, still thing, with a kinder wistful baby face that looked as if she was ready to cry; and she used to set and drink in Miss Wiggins' words as if they was pure gold. Wall, she was good to us, Miss Wiggins was, and Philury was her favorite."

Here Mrs. Bean sank down helplessly into a chair, and said to Mrs. Dollard:

"You put the dress on, and I'll stand ready to help; but I feel as weak as a rag when I think of her laying there and never having no good of it."

"And you so faithful a-watching of her night after night," said Mrs. Gray, feelingly.

"'Twa'n't that. I could 'a' watched a dozen nights more with Philury and never felt it. 'You must get well,' says I to Philury, 'to wear your black silk.' 'I sha'n't never wear it, 'Lizy,' says she; and she didn't. But she's go'n'ter wear it now, the whole on't," starting up with fierce energy.

The dress was soon put on the still statuesque form, the frills of lace neatly adjusted about the neck and wrist, and then, with a last loving touch of the brown hair thickly streaked with white, the four women left the room for an adjoining one, taking care to leave the door ajar.

"I don't seem to rec'lec' Miss Wiggins," began Mrs. Dollard, as they sat down together.

"No, I presume not. Like enough it was before you moved here. Le's see, Philury couldn't 'a' been more'n 'leven. Wall, 'twas her set I'hilury to thinking about a black silk. 'Every one 'd'oughter have a good black silk,' says she. 'They're good for funerals, an' good for weddings, an' for church, an' everything.' Well it jest went in one ear and out 'tother with me; but Philury took it all in an' began to plan right off how she could git one. 'But, goodness!' s'I, 'you ain't nothin' but a little girl.' 'I shall be sixteen in five years,' says she; 'an' it will take as long as that to git the money to buy it. Miss Wiggins says it will cost jest for the silk fifteen dollnrs, and you know, 'Lizy,' says Philury, 'I can't earn more'n three dollars a year plumming and knitting sole feeting.'

see she'd got it all figgered out. ing. Wall, mother didn't

with the idea. She said 'twasa tul foolish streak in a little girl to plan so fur ahead. But for all Philury's soft look she was set us the hills. She cried and took on so that mother gave in, and Philury set to earning of that black silk. She'd talk and talk about it. 'Silk is so soft and pretty. Miss Wiggins says it's spun by little worms out'er their own bodies. I should luff to see 'em spinning of the silk, shouldn't you, 'Lizy?' she'd break out some night when I's most asleep, and I'd tell her, cross as could be, to shet up.

"Wall, if you b'lieve it, when she was sixteen she had money enough to buy a black silk, an' she'd earnt every dollar of the whole fifteen, picking plums and selling of 'em and knitting sole feetings; and once she kept house for old Mis' Blossom when she went visiting down below where she come from. She stayed a week, I rec'lec'; and she paid Philury a dollar.

"Wall, why it should 'n' happened jest as it did I'm sure is more'n I can tell; why 'twa'n't next week or even the next day, but no, the very day, I might say the very hour, Philury got her money together who should drive up but Samanthy Ann Holmes and Lanson Holmes with their boy that was a cripple. They was in a peck of trouble. It seemed they'd heard of a doctor in Boston that cured just sech cases, and they was all up [illegible] about it—I didn't wonder, see was all they had and a great su —if they could git him cured. 'twas lack of money that trouble Lanson said he'd scraped and [illegible] and couldn't git the money t[illegible] him, and it did seem as if he couldn't stand it, now he'd a hope hild out to him, not to take hold of it. And Samanthy she cried and hild her little boy up clost and tender, and mother cried and I did a little, though I wa'n't never any hand to, no more'n I be now. 'How much be you short?' says mother. 'Fifteen dollurs,' says Lanson.

"Somehow mother and I looked at Philury. 'Twas the sum that made us; 'twa'n't nothing else; but Philury sat there calm and still, 'cept for a kinder sea't look. I can't describe it no better than by saying it was a sea't look. But in a few minutes she got up and went out, and I followed 'er. I found 'er looking at 'er money and kinder sobbin' like. 'What is it?' s'I. 'What be you go'n'ter do with that?' 'Give it to Lanson. I've got to; but oh! 'Lizy, it seems jest as if 'twould break my heart to give up my black silk.' 'I wouldn't, then,' s'I. 'Oh!' says she, 'but think of his poor, crooked little back and alwuz having to go so, 'cos I wouldn't give up my black silk. I've got to give it up; but mebbe,' says she, 'I can earn it again. It wouldn't take so long next time, now I'm bigger.' 'Pon that she seemed to kinder straighten up and make up her mind not to feel bad any more. She went to the sink and washed the red off her eyes, and then back to the long kitchen where the rest was. They was beat, I tell you, when she handed out the money and told 'em it was for Charley's back. They said they'd pay it back if they ever could; but they never did, for Lanson lost his health and died next year, and Charley, though his back seemed to be better, didn't have no health, and died when he was twelve. Samanthy never forgot it; but that was all she could do. poor cretur, and Philury never begretched the money nor spoke of it—only to feel bad for little Charley and the rest.

"Wall, that was fall er the year an', if you b'lieve it, 'fore the next fall Philury had earnt her money again. How she done it, the Lord knows, I don't; but she saved here and pinched there, I s'pose. Anyway she had it all in three crisp five dollar bills, when who should come to our house but Janet Woburn that had been to work in the fact'ry, and she told Philury she must have some nice black lace to trim it with, jest a little round the basque waist an' the neck an' sleeves. Janet was dreadfully rugged out herself with ruffles all over her, a'most—'twas when they wore seeh a sight of trimmings, and Philury see that Janet was right—she'd either haf' to have the lace or thelse git more silk an' cut it up into ruffles, an' that seemed clear waste. So she decided on the lace and put away the bills till she could enrn that.

"It was jest on the aidge of them hard times, and father was beginning to look anxious 'bout a note thut old Squire Hopkins hild ag'inst him. You know, Sileny, something about Hopkius."

"I guess I do," murmured Mrs. Dollard. "We got into his clutches onee, and 'twas years afore we got clear."

"Wall, this wa'nt no great 'mount that note he held ag'inst father; but it seemed jest as if 'twas witchwork, for when he'd got enough [illegible] but fifteen dollars [illegible] ght there and could [illegible] We all kep' it from [illegible] or we knowed what she was [illegible] ne night she come home unbek[illegible]nst while we three, father an' mother an' I, was talking of it over 'round the fireplace. I can seem to see now jest how we set; father was at the end fucing the door, mother was opposite, an' I in the middle. Father hild the hard-wood poker and kept puncing of the fire; he was sorter nervous and didn't jest sense what he was doing, when all of a suddint the back log flew apart an' the live coals scattered fur an' wide. I jumped for the broom to sweep 'em back when who should I see but Philury standing by the door as pale as any ghost. She'd heard every word of what we'd been saying; I see that; but she motioned me not to speak, and she went right upstairs.

"Wall, the long and short of it was, the nex' morning father found the extry money in his leather wallet; an' when he charged Philury with putting of it there she laughed, as gay as a cricket, an' said she'd concluded not to buy no silk this year, silk was turrible high, an' so was lace; she'd concluded, she said, to lend him the money, providing he had any use for it. You see he never knew that she'd heard him fretting about the debt, an' so he spoke an' said: 'I have got a use for it, Philury, an' I shall be turrible glad of the money ef you'll promise to let me know when you want to get your dress.' So Philury said she would, an' father settled up with old Hopkins. 'Twas wall he did, for, as I was saying, it was the aidge of the hard times, and when them come there wa'n't no luxuries going for anybuddy but the rich. Father didn't see the time that he had fifteen dollars by him that wa'n't due somewhere; an' you may be sure Philury never hinted of a black silk. An' she didn't try to earn it, either. We all put our shoulders to the wheel to live and pay up and buy good, decent clothes, which was all that we could do.

"Wall, I got married after awhile, an' Philury stayed with father an' mother till they died. They didn't leave no great—an' Ephraim come in for his share an' I for mine, an' it left Philury with jest the house an' garding spot. But after she'd got everything all straightened out, says she to me: ''Lizy, would you think I was silly if I bought me a black silk?' 'Silly,' s'I, 'no, I should think you was silly if you didn't, seeing you've always wanted one.' 'Wall,' says she, 'I've got the money laid up, an' I thought I'd buy one if you didn't think it would be silly, an' me an' old maid.'

"I never see her look so pretty as she did that minute, when she calle[illegible] r- self an old ma[illegible] I [illegible] eek, and [illegible] ould I see [illegible] he kitchen [illegible] old Granny Lucas, knitting and nodding to me, and a-saying: 'I've come to live here with Philury.' 'What dooz this mean?' says I to Philury, when I found her up chamber; 'what's old Mis' Lucas here for?' An 'pon that Philury set down on the bed and pulled me down beside her and begun to cry. 'Don't scold,' says she, 'I couldn't help it. The poor soul come to my door Sunday night, the sca'test thing you ever see, cos she said they was going to take her to the county farm, and she thought mebbe I'd let her stay with me. She's some relation of mother's, 'Lizy,' says Philury. 'Fiftieth cousin,' says I, kinder short. 'Wall, I come over to see your black silk. I didn't seo it laying 'round nowhere, so I s'pose it's cut and made up an' hanging in the closet.' ''Lizy,' says Philury, looking as 'shamed as could be, 'I don't b'lieve I shall git one jest yit; I had to buy a few things for granny, her shoes was all out, and she hadn't on warm flannels.' I felt jest like giving Philury a good shaking, and telling her, the same time, that she was a saint on earth. But I didn't do neither. I went right on home, and Philury never knew how worked up I was.

"That was a'most ten years ago. You know how Philury kept aad done for Granny Lucas long as she lived, set up with her nights and tended of 'er days till I wonder her feet didn't drop off sometimes.

"When she died, I says to Philury, s'I: 'Now, if I was you, I'd git me a good rich black silk; I'd trim it with lace and I'd have it nice.' 'Why don't you have one?' says she. 'I don't want it,' s'I. 'A good wool is all I ever wanted; I could 'a' had one dozens of times,' s'I, 'if I'd felt so; but you alwnys wnuted a black silk.' 'Yes,' says Philury, 'I alwuz did, and I believe I will have one.' 'Now don't change your mind,' s'I; and I went home thinking of nothing else but Philury's silk. Thinks I, something will happen to prevent her gitting of it, jest as they alwuz have, and so what did I do that very afternoon but put Nathan's supper on the table and go over to Philury and stay right by her till I'd put her up to buying it that very day. But I never, in all my born days, see anyone so nervous as she was. Her hands trembled when she tied on her buanit, and more'n once she said, on the way to the store: 'It don't seem right to spend so much money jest on myself. Jest think, it would feed a poor family over a month, and there's so much misery in the world;' but I larrupped right along, pretending I didn't hear, and when we got to Harmon's I says to Mr. Harmon, s'I: 'My sister here wants to look at your black silk.' 'A good piece?' he says. 'Yes,' s'I, 'the best you've got.'

"Wall, 'twas easy after that. Philury was perfectly delighted with the piles an' piles he spread out of the black, soft, rich, shiny stuff. I'most made up my mind to buy me one. Wall, Philury picked out the thickest, shiniest, softest piece they was, and had it done up with the trimmings and carried it home. When we got 'most there she turnt 'round and says to me: ''Lizy, you hain't no notion of how foolish I be, but I never was [illegible] in all my life before,' and she lo[illegible]est as happy as she said she felt.

"I went over and helped sew on it. Miss Jones cut and fitted it, but Philury and I made it. It set like a glove, and Philury looked splendid in it. But before we finished it she began to fail up. I see it, and Miss Jones see; and Philury told me the day we finished it that she didn't b'lieve she should ever wear it. 'You will,' s'I, 'for I'll put it on to you myself, and make you go to church.' But come Sunday Philury wa'n't able to set up, and a Wednesday she died."

Mrs. Bean gave a dry sob at the recollection. Then she looked into the sympathetic faces of her audience, and said: "That's why I wouldn't have the back breadths cut out. I know they do it, and it's jest as folks feel about it, I s'pose; but Philury robbed herself of the joy of wearing of it while she lived, and slaved all her life for others. Now, she's dead, she shall have it; and I b'lieve, I *do* believe, and and I don't care who thinks me foolish for saying of it, I do believe that Philury, wherever she is, knows that she's dressed in that black silk;" and Mrs. Bean looked around defiantly.

"I don't blame you," said Mrs. Dollard, in her most sympathetic manner.

"Nor I neither," murmured the others.—N. Y. Independent.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

DO YOU KNOW HER?

I have a little friend who doesn't like to mend.
To dust, or set the table, or even make a bed.
The very *thought* of sweeping nearly sets her
off a-weeping,
And she always goes about it as though her
feet were lead.

She "hates" to rock the baby, and says that
some day, maybe,
She'll go away and linger where they have no
babies 'round
To keep folks busy rocking—but really this is
shocking,
And she doesn't mean a word of what she
says, I will be bound.

'Tis true she cannot bear to even walk a
square,
To buy a spool of cotton, or stamps for mamma's mail,
And it's much against her wishes that she's
set to washing dishes,
While to *speak* of darning stockings is enough
to make her pale.

In fact, she wants to shirk everything resembling work,
And the only thing she does enjoy, so far as
I can say,
Is to take her doll and books, and within some
quiet nook
To read of elves and fairies, and dream the
hours away.

—E. L. Sylvester, in Harper's Young People.

BURMESE CHILDREN.

The Happy Boys and Girls of a Quaint Old Country.

You can find Burma very easily by consulting your school geography, if you don't know exactly where it is located. Finding the map of India, you will notice that this strange, interesting country is bordered on one side by the Chinese lands and on the other by the country of the Hindus. The thing that will most interest our readers is the fact that the Burmese children are among the happiest youngsters of earth.

They live in a gorgeous country, and their mothers are held in great respect,

A BURMESE PEASANT GIRL.

which is not always the case with the various races of old India. Some of the little Burmese girls are very pretty and very graceful. They are fond of many trinkets, and, though shy in their manner, they easily become acquainted with strangers when the latter are lavish enough in their gifts of pretty things.

All Burmese boys are educated in the Buddhist monasteries, but it has not hitherto been thought necessary to teach the girls more than to read and write. To be pretty, to be religious, to be amiable and gay-hearted, and to have a good business instinct is all that is demanded of a girl in Burma; presently, when she comes to learn the advantages which education confers in dealing with the foreigner, she will doubtless demand it as her right. To be pretty and to charm is her aim, and few things human are more charming than a group of Burmese girls going up to the pagoda to worship at a festival. With her rainbow-tinted silk tamein fastened tightly round her slender figure, her spotlessly clean short jacket modestly covering the bosom, and with her abundant black tresses smoothly coiled on to the top of her head, in the braids of which sweet-smelling flowers are stuck, the Burmese girl knows full well she is an object to be admired. Perfectly well pleased with herself, and contented with her world as it is, she gayly laughs and chats with her companions.

Burmese mammas have some sweet songs with which they lull their baby boys and girls to sleep. One of the prettiest of these is given below. These verses are translated by Shway Yoo, a learned native poet; see how dainty they are:

Sweet, my babe, your father's coming,
Rest and hear the songs I'm humming;
He will come and gently tend you.
Rock your cot, and safe defend you;
Mother's setting out his dinner—
Oh, you naughty little sinner!
What a yell from such a wee thing,
Couldn't he worse if you were teething!
My sweet round mass of gold
Now pray do what you're told.
Be quiet and good,
As nice boys should.
O, now please,
Do not tease,
Do be good,
As babies should.

Ah, yes, Burma is a happy land, and its people are all gay and honest, and sober, and the sunlight is warm and strong in their land, even as their bodies are strong and their hearts warm.—N. Y. Recorder.

Your Dog Needs Exercise.

If you keep a dog on a chain he should have at least two hours' good exercise every day, or even three. His kennel should be turned away from the draught or the prevailing wind, and on stormy nights make a point of throwing a tarpaulin over his house. This is merciful and keeps the poor fellow delightfully snug.

The Cookie Boys.

Mamma made five cookie boys,
Standing in a row;
With heads and eyes and hands and legs,
They made a splendid show.

Alice saw the cookie boys
Lying in the hall:
Gave each one a gentle kiss
And then—she ate them all!

—Peyton Brown, in Our Little Ones.

One Way to Felicity.

Parrott—Are Jangle and his wife living happily?

Wiggins—I shouldn't wonder—they are separated.—N. Y. World.

THE WOLF SPIDER.

A Very Large Black Insect Which Is Both Ugly and Venomous.

A bumble-bee sometimes gets into a spider's web, but the web will not hold him. When the spider sees what big game he has caught, he runs away to a place of safety, and looks on and sees his net destroyed. After the bee has escaped the spider repairs the damage.

Some spiders do not have webs. The wolf spider does not. This is a large black spider that goes prowling about over the ground seeking something to devour. One day, in my walk, I met

THE WOLF SPIDER.

one of these spiders in the path, a large, hairy, black fellow, that had an ugly look. I stooped down and touched him with my pencil, when he sat up on his hind legs, opened his jaws and was ready to fight. I touched him again, when he seized the pencil with his fangs and left two minute drops of poison where they had touched it. His bite would, no doubt, have been a very painful one. The spider springs upon his prey, like a wolf, drags it to some cover, and devours it. I have seen one kill and drag away a very small toad. I think it is the wolf spider that digs a hole or gallery in the ground eight or ten inches deep, from which he sallies forth in search of victims. The top of his hole is lined with silk to keep the earth from caving in. One day, while walking through a field, I chanced to see one of these holes in the ground. I looked into it and saw two bright, gleaming points in the darkness at the bottom. They were the eyes of the spider. A few days later I walked that way again. I stopped and looked in the hole, but saw no gleaming eyes. Looking closely on the ground about the entrance, I saw fragments of the dismembered body of the spider. Some enemy, some fiercer wolf, had caught the spider at his door, or had dragged him forth from his cave, and devoured him by his own doorstep.

The most pleasing spider to contemplate is the little spider that rides upon the wind, the flying spider. It mounts some nest or other object, shoots out a filament from its body, which floats out upon the air, till presently it is buoyant enough to lift the little spinner

WOLF SPIDER DEFENDING ITSELF.

and bear her away. Away she goes over fields, across valleys, wherever the breeze drifts her. It is the only creature that I know of that makes its own wings as the occasion requires.—John Burroughs, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

Really Remarkable Discovery.

Nature has a beautiful habit of adapting herself to difficulties and weakness, whenever that is possible. If she is choked and hindered in one direction, she tries to become more vigorous in another. An English author says that a man of middle age, with whom he is acquainted, found one of his eyes affected, as he thought, by reading small print at night, and applied to a famous oculist for advice. The doctor examined him very carefully, and presently inquired whether he had ever suffered any inconvenience from the other eye, the right one.

"None whatever," was the reply.

"Still," said the oculist, dryly, "it is very important for you to preserve the sight of your left eye, inasmuch as you have never seen with the other since you were born!"

A Cow's Peculiar Devotion.

Down in Georgia lives a very peculiar black cow. She is very much attached to her master's children—so much so that she is never willingly separated from them. If the children are at home, the cow will stay in a pasture with a fence three feet high; but if they go away the cow will throw down even high fences to follow them. At different times when the cow would be in the pasture the farmer has stripped the children away from home, but when she missed them she would get out and track them as a dog would do until she found them, and then follow wherever they went.

Benny's Cheerful Gift.

"Here, Benny," said Mr. Bloombumper to his young son, as the latter started to church, "is a five-cent piece and a quarter. You can put which you please into the contribution box."

Benny thanked his papa and went to church. Curious to know which coin Benny had given, his papa asked him when he returned, and Benny replied:

"Well, papa, it was this way: The preacher said the Lord loved a cheerful giver, and I knew I could give a nickel a good deal more cheerfully than I could give a quarter, so I put the nickel in."—Golden Days.

Nervous Prostration

Is due to impure and impoverished blood. The true way to cure, is to purify the blood. Read this:

"My wife was troubled with palpitation of the heart, numbness, dizziness and general nervous prostration. Our home physicians failed to give her relief. Then she decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After taking a half dozen bottles, we saw a decided improvement. She has now taken about eighteen bottles and feels the best she has for years. She looks so much better that people wonder at her improvement." O. C. HIMES, Cedar Creek, Indiana.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only True Blood Purifier prominently in the public eye to-day. Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's.

Hood's Pills easy to buy easy to take, easy in effect. 25 cents.

Epworth League, Chattanooga.

The route to Chattanooga over the Louisville & Nashville Railroad is via Mammoth Cave, America's Greatest Natural Wonder. Specially low rates made for hotel and Cave fees to holders of Epworth League tickets. Through Nashville, the location of Vanderbilt University, the pride of the Methodist Church, and along the line between Nashville and Chattanooga where many of the most famous battles of the war were fought. Send for maps of the route from Cincinnati, Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis, and particulars as to rates, etc., to C. P. ATMORE, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or JACKSON SMITH, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

VENERABLE to me is the hard hand—crooked, coarse—wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indispensably royal as of the scepter of the planet.—Carlyle.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away

Is the truthful, startling title of a book about No-To-Bac, the harmless, guaranteed tobacco habit cure that braces up nicotinized nerves, eliminates the nicotine poison, makes weak men gain strength, vigor and manhood. You run no physical or financial risk, as No-To-Bac is sold by Druggists everywhere, under a guarantee to cure or money refunded. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York or Chicago.

THE plants look up to heaven, from whence they have their nourishment.—Shakespeare.

THE Hamilton-Brown Shoe Co., St. Louis, keep up their splendid record of business. Sales for May were $442,090.37, a gain over same month, 1894, of $28,206.78.

Total sales 1895 to June 1.....$2,056,067.88
" " 1894 " " 1,931,950.26

Gain for 1895 to June 1..... $124,117.62

WIFE—"How sweetly the baby sleeps." Husband—"Yes. The poor fellow, he doesn't know I've come home."—Life.

THOSE who for the first time are to become mothers should use "Mother's Friend." Much suffering will be saved. Sold by druggists.

DOCTRINE is nothing but the skin of truth set up and stuffed.—H. W. Beecher.

I recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cured me after others had failed.—E. D. TOWNSEND, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, '94.

SHUN equally a somber air and vivacious sallies.—Marcus Antonius.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT

The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.

At Druggists, 50c & $1. Advice & Pamphlet free.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Ely's Cream Balm

QUICKLY CURES

COLD IN HEAD

Price 50 Cents.

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

FARMERS SAW MILLS, Corn and Feed Mills, Hay Press and WATER WHEELS. DE LOACH MILL MFG. CO., 874, ATLANTA, GA. NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

FARMERS, LOOK BEHIND YOU!

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

THE PARAMOUNT EVIL.

Facts and Figures, and a Cartoon That Preach a Powerful Sermon.

Our artist has given us a picture on the first page that needs but little comment. With a few strokes of his pen, he has shown us the temperance situation as it stands in many of our country neighborhoods to-day. Here are two intelligent looking men almost ready to come to blows over a

ght behind
king away with the rest of the ...g. If that isn't the situation in many country districts to-day. The liquor question and the financial question, are of far more importance to the average farmer than the question of customs duties. We purpose to give you some figures this week about the liquor business that ought to wipe the tariff off your tongue for a good while. What does the tariff amount to in dollars and cents? Here is a list of the yearly amounts received by the government in duties on imported goods:

	Full Amount.	Duty per Capita.
1889	$223,832,741 69	$3 60
1890	229,668,563 57	3 62
1891	219,522,205 13	3 39
1892	177,452,964 15	2 66
1893	199,143,678 00	2 97
1894	129,558,892 00	1 90

In 1894, therefore, this big tariff yielded the government in revenue $129,558,892, or $1.90 for each man, woman and child.

Now let's see what the liquor question amounts to! In this same year, 1894, the people of the United States consumed the following quantities of liquor:

	Gallons.
Malt liquors	1,036,319,222
Wine	21,293,124
Distilled liquor	90,541,209
Total	1,148,153,555

That is an average of 16.82 gallons for each man, woman and child in the country.

Many different estimates are given as to the value of this immense flood of liquor as sold at retail. From the fairest basis we can obt... clude that the liquor tra... resented the transfer o... amount of

The tariff simply isn't within gunshot of it. Here are a few figures from the last United States statistical abstract for comparison:

ONE YEAR'S RECORD.

Value of liquors consumed	$1,200,000,000
Total farm mortgages	$1,085,995,590
Total cost of education and schools	162,794,148
Pension and charities	146,895,671
Postal service	66,359,517
Total taxes	471,305,140
Telegraphic receipts	21,592,635
Net railroad earnings	256,648,918
Total coal product	156,624,376
Agricultural implement manufacturing	81,272,651
Boots and shoes	220,649,358
Bread and bakery products	128,421,535
Carpentering	281,165,102
Carriages and wagons	114,581,907
All clothing	377,238,750
Cotton goods	267,981,724
Flour and grist-mill products	513,971,474
Foundry and machine shops	412,701,872
Furniture	94,875,729
Iron and steel	439,954,348
Leather	138,382,004
Lumber and mill products	403,667,575
Printing and publishing	274,088,914
Slaughtering and packing	561,811,668
Sugar and molasses	123,118,250
Woolen goods	212,772,629

It will thus be seen that the liquor trade dwarfs many of our great industries in importance. What good does it do? The only good points claimed for it that we have never heard of, are that it produces labor for many workmen, pays heavy license fees and also furnishes a great market for grain and thus helps the farmer by keeping up prices. Let's see what the figures say about that:

[Total customs revenue (1894), $129,558,892 ! Total consumption of intoxicating liquors in United States (1894), 1,148,153,555 gallons !]

STATISTICS OF LIQUOR BUSINESS.

Number of hands engaged	41,425
Wages paid	$31,678,166
Wheat utilized, bushels	97,000
Rye utilized, bushels	5,5 1,202
Corn utilized, bushels	19,7?0,559
Total liquor licenses	$24,786,496

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ly *need* with that money, the farmer's market would be vastly increased.

One thing more: Do you realize that this annual consumption of liquor would require a tank of 266,328,571,155 cubic inches capacity to hold it? That would make a trough about 20 miles long, 500 feet wide and three feet deep, from which the people of this country are drinking. It looks as though the harder we work to make temperance people, the harder the drinkers work to keep up the average.—Rural New Yorker.

CAUSES MORE CRIME.

Drink Stands at the Head of the List of the Evils That Are Productive of Wrong Doing.

Rev. J. W. Horsley, M. A., an eminent English clergyman and reform leader, on being asked recently "Which produces more crime, do you think—drink or gambling?" replied: "Drink, undoubtedly. Gambling is an increasing plague among men, and also among women. But it is not a noticeable cause of crime among women, though I believe it will be. At present crimes through gambling are chiefly confined to certain classes—such as clerks and post office men. But drink counts for every form of crime—suicide, stealing, murder. In England and Wales 50 per cent. of crime is directly, and 25 per cent. indirectly, attributed to intemperance, which is slightly decreasing among men, but largely increasing among women of all classes. That is a moderate estimate, below that given by many experts. Other chief causes of crime are the absence of direct moral teaching in schools, Sunday schools, and from the pulpit; the love of luxury and finery, and the absence of a cumulative or progressive system of punishment for the same offense. Poverty is to a very small extent the cause of crime.—Christian Work.

KILLED OFF BY LIQUOR.

Increase in English Liquor Death Rate a Matter for Thought.

The English liquor death rate, according to the register-general's latest ret... ands higher now than it ever
In 1869 there were 764
...tly ascribed to intemper-
...rive... annual rate of
...rsons living.

For ... e figures were 2,174 victims, or at the rate of seventy-three per million persons living. Subjoined are the figures for the last ten years:

	Deaths.	Rate per million.
1884	1,269	47
1885	1,334	49
1886	1,392	51
1887	1,442	52
1888	1,451	51
1889	1,506	55
1890	2,097	70
1891	2,055	71
1892	1,971	67
1893	2,174	73

With such direct results, what must the indirect results be?

Why Not the Woman, Also?

It is thought to be a very disreputable thing for a woman to go into a saloon and drink and get drunk as men do. It is extremely disgusting. But is it a decent thing for a decent man to do? If every man who enters the saloon, or club, or certain societies, was required to take his wife with him, would not many say: "I pray thee have me excused?"—United Presbyterian.

Wise Treatment of Wife-Beaters.

In Germany the problem of how to treat wife-beaters has been solved in a far wiser way than in most other countries; for there the brutal husband must work all through the week then turn over his wages to his wife on pay day and go to jail Saturday night and Sunday: about two weeks of this sort of experience has a most salutary effect on the savage wife-beater.

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

THE British government licen... 417 opium dens in India.

FORTY-FOUR countries of t... now have branches of the Christian Temperance Union.

IT is estimated that in the large cities of the country there are twelve saloons to every church.

THE Catholic Benevolent Legion, with 436 councils and 36,000 members, has voted to exclude rum-sellers.

EVERY nation, it is said, has its own national devil, and the devil of England is intemperance. — Archdeacon Farrar.

AS A result of the recent no-license election three-fourths of the state of Illinois is said to be under prohibition.

IF the screens were taken away from all the saloon doors, the devil would soon begin to limp in his right foot.—Ram's Horn.

HON. CARROLL D. WRIGHT, the labor commissioner, says: "For every dollar the people receive from the saloon, they pay out twenty-one."

AN exchange says: "If you want to see a strong organization, look at the whisky deniers." True enough, but if you want to see a battered organization, look at the consumers.—Texas Siftings.

THE saloons of Honolulu were all closed by order of the government during the recent martial law. The excellent effects have stimulated a demand for their being closed up altogether.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Several English writers have endeavored to prove that the Indians are the descendants of the ten tribes. Most of the arguments adduced are drawn from customs which the authors in question regarded as peculiar to the Jews, but are, in fact, common to the early stages of the human race.

—The Albany railway was one of the first street railroads of the country to adopt the freight car service. The cars were put on the road last September, and run over the line between Albany and Troy, a distance of seven miles. There is a storage warehouse at each end of the line, into which the cars run.

—The Kalamazoo Railroad Velocipede & Car company has recently brought out a new inspection car, propelled by a gasoline motor. The car seems well adapted to the uses of railroad officers making quick inspection trips where but two or three persons are to be carried. It is always ready for service, the engine being in motion after one turn of the balance wheel.

—Clovernook, the historical home of the poetic sisters, Alice and Phœbe Cary, near Cincinnati, was sold under a foreclosure in May. The Briggs Swift estate bought it to be preserved as a historical literary center, and put Warren Cary, a brother of the poet, in charge. There are thirty-three acres of ground connected with the homestead.

—So rich and beautiful is much modern factory-made furniture designed upon antique models, that only persons acquainted with the real thing can detect at a glance the difference. This is especially true of such modern factory-made furniture as does not contain elaborate carving. A close observer, however, will at once see that the rush bottoms of factory made chairs do not fit snugly, having been made separately from the frames and slipped in when finished and painted. The rungs, too, of the modern chair are not of hard wood, but of stained pine, while the bits of ornament that conceal the joints are manifestly stuck on and not part of the original wood.

—A woman was buried alive at Annecy in Savoy recently; while the grave diggers were throwing earth on the coffin they heard a knocking inside. They waited half an hour before making up their minds what to do, and then, instead of opening the coffin, went to notify the authorities. A priest was the first to arrive, and all he dared to do was to have gimlet holes bored so as to let in a little air. Finally, after three hours, soon after the knocking ceased, the coffin was opened and the woman's cheeks were seen to be flushed, and her eyes half opened. It took six hours and a half more to get a doctor, who when he came said she had been dead less than six hours; that is, she must have been alive at the time when the coffin lid was removed.

—A strange attempt to enforce medieval penance ended in a row recently at Bilsland, in Cornwall, near the Land's End. Two young men who had assaulted a girl in the church yard were told by the rector that he would absolve them if they would openly confess their crime and distribute ten dollars' worth of bread at the church gates as penance. The scene within the church was impressive; the rector admonished the culprits and forgave them in behalf of the girl; the guilty men, on their knees, then confessed in a loud voice and asked the congregation to pray for them. When they went out with the bread, however, the crowd jeered at them and made a rush for the loaves, which it irreverently ate with molasses in the churchyard, hooting and singing.

AFTER EATING ONIONS.

Mr. Rusk Suggests Something That Will Take the Breath Away.

"Uncle Jerry" Rusk, when secretary of agriculture, met a friend in Fifteenth street, Washington, one day. The friend looked puzzled and somewhat depressed.

"What's the matter with you?" asked "Uncle" Jerry.

"I'm in a quandary about an important matter," said the friend. "Maybe you can help me out."

"Well," said the secretary, "what is it?"

"I don't know," said the friend, "whether I ever told you that I am subject, at intervals, to the wildest cravings for beefsteak and onions. It has all the characteristics of a confirmed drunkard's craving for rum. This craving struck me a few minutes ago, and I at once determined to gratify it when dinner time came. Then I suddenly recalled that I had promised to call this evening on some ladies who are here from my home, and I must ... p that promise. Yet my stomach is shouting for beefsteak and onions and I am wavering between duty and appetite."

"Can't you wait until after the call?" asked "Uncle" Jerry solicitously.

"Never," said the friend earnestly.

"Can't you postpone the call?"

"Impossible," said the friend.

"Well," said "Uncle" Jerry, "I'll tell you what to do. When dinner time comes you go up to John Chamberlin's and get your beefsteak and onions and eat 'em. When you get your cheek it will be so big that it will take your breath away."—Baltimore News.

Redness of the Nose.

Redness of the nose is so commonly ascribed to the use of alcoholic beverages, especially by the uncharitable, that many persons do not imagine it to have another cause. There is comfort, however, to those who have the misfortune to suffer from this in the reflection that excess in the direction referred to above is not the occasion of half of the cases known. An eminent physician has declared that this is a minor cause rather than the ruling one. Hot drinks of any kind are liable to produce this trouble, and the inactivity of the liver, or indigestion, as well as over-indulgence in fats and sweets, are predisposing causes.—N. Y. Ledger.

HE MADE NO SALE.

The Persistent Young Man Failed to Accomplish His Purpose.

The young man was polite but persistent. He invaded the office hat in hand and waited patiently until the elderly man looked up from his work.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, when he saw ... had the business man's attention. "I am taking orders for trousers."

"Don't want any," said the business man shortly.

"Pardon me," persisted the young man, "but if you will kindly look at my samples—"

"It would only be a waste of time," interrupted the business man.

"I will measure you for them right here and you need not lose five minutes from your business," continued the young man, paying no attention to the interruption.

"But I don't want any," insisted the elderly man.

"Very well, sir. I regret—" Just then his eye fell on a smaller desk in the corner and he saw a possible opportunity to do a little business after all. "Might I ask who occupies that desk?"

"My private secretary," replied the business man.

"Do you suppose—"

"Why, yes, possibly you might." The business man was suddenly interested. "It's worth trying, anyway. I'll ... y—"

"Oh, ... ur."

Than... Then t... n became so interested ... ntal pictures that he conjured up that he forgot all about his work for nearly fifteen minutes.

It was just about an hour later that the young man came back. He entered in a business like way and then stopped, stammered something in a confused sort of way and started to back out.

"Come in!" called the old man cheerily. "Anything I can do for you?"

"N-n-no, thank you." And he was gone.

"What a queer-acting man," said the private secretary, looking after him.

"Isn't he, Miss Blank?" returned the business man innocently. "I think it must be one of the effects of woman in business."—Chicago Times-Herald.

DRAMA IN REAL LIFE.

Devoted Pair, Obdurate Father and Faithful Friend All Complete.

A certain famous and delightful watering place in England is a great resort and favored place of residence for retired army and navy officers, while the county families constitute a great feature in the local society. The assembly balls given in Cheltenham are among the most brilliant in England.

Among the people there was a handsome young guardsman, who was seen oftener than anyone else in public and at all the entertainments and balls with a very pretty English girl who lived there. Public curiosity was on the qui vive to know whether the couple were in love or engaged, but nobody could fathom the mysterious affair.

After awhile, however, it all came out. The guardsman was the friend and confidant of a young officer who had been privately married to the lady and gone immediately from the church to the steamer for India, where he was to be three years. All of his letters to his bride were sent under cover to the loyal guardsman. The young wife kept the secret of her marriage from her family and friends for three years, although she went out a good deal, always escorted by the guardsman.

One day the husband from India returned unheralded, and went immediately to his wife's father's house. The fiery old gentleman, who had not approved of his attentions to his daughter three years before, and had hoped he had seen the last of the obnoxious suitor when he was ordered to India, was indignant, and demanded how he dared to enter his house, while the daughter, pale and frightened, came in.

"I have come for my wife there," said the man from India.

"Your wife?" gasped the father.

"Yes, my wife."

Then the long-parted couple rushed into each other's arms, and the old father staggered, took a few steps forward, and fell dead, stricken with apoplexy.—N. Y. Herald.

Eloquent Rage.

"Eloquence is speaking out * * * out of the abundance of the heart," say the authors of "Guesses at Truth." An incident related by Dr. Barnardo, the English philanthropist who cares for friendless children, illustrates this characteristic of eloquence.

"I was standing," he says, "at my ... one bitter day in winter, ... e ragged chap came up to ... d me for an order of admis- ... st him, I pretended to be rather ... with him.

"'How do I know,' I said, 'if what you tell me is true? Have you any friends to speak for you?'

"'Friends!' he shouted. 'No, I ain't got no friends; but if these 'ere rags'—and he waved his arm about as he spoke—'won't speak for me, nothin else will.'"—Youth's Companion.

All.

"I will tell you all," she said.

He sat listening.

Then she began. She told him who had called that day, what sort of dresses they had on, and the probable cost thereof; she told him about how Johnny fell down the steps and bumped his head, and what she said and what Johnny said; she told him how many guests the cook had entertained in the kitchen and estimated the probable cost of feeding them; she told him how badly she needed some spring clothes, and if he had staid any longer, instead of going to the lodge, she would no doubt have continued to tell him things till bedtime.—Indianapolis Journal.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—At the last sitting of the French Academy of Sciences the announcement was made of the discovery of a serum capable of curing cancers and cancerous tumors. The system of cultivating the vaccine is the same as that adopted for diphtheria serum.

—The extent to which hog products are used is not generally known. The aggregate amount paid out for hogs for twelve months past was $232,000,000. The total number of hogs slaughtered in the west during the past winter was 7,191,000, or 2,307,000 over the previous season.

—An iron works in Prague has contracted to deliver 10,000 tons of iron ties for the Siberian railroad. The freight will amount to $18.70 per ton to the western terminus of the Siberian railroad. While there is a vast deal of timber in Siberia, there are long stretches of country without forests.

—Scientifically the Indian is thus described: Skin brown or cinnamon hued; iris dark; hair long, black and straight; beard scanty; eyes deep seated; nose broad and prominent; lips full and rounded; face broad across the cheeks; head square, back of head flattened; forehead low and broad; jaws powerful; facial angle about seventy-five.

—Australia does not possess many butterflies, but has many varieties of moths. Wonderful creatures are some of these, which, at best, so exactly re... with ... could never suppose ... hing else unless you ... them move, which they are ... not to do while you are lookin...

—Hasheesh, or the Indian he...p, is a resinous substance produced from the tops of the plant in India. Some authorities state that it is gathered by men who dress themselves in leather clothing and run to and fro in the hemp fields, afterwards scraping off the resin from their garments, while other authorities say that it is gathered by rubbing the tops in the hands and afterwards scraping the hands. Its properties are well known.

—Of 3,352 vessels passing through the Suez canal in 1894, 2,386 were British, as compared with 3,341 (2,405 British) in 1893 and 3,559 (2,581 British) in 1892. The total tonnage for 1894 was 8,039,175, an increase of 380,107 over 1893, while dues were 73,776,827 francs, against 70,667,361 francs in 1893. The size of the vessels has increased from an average of 1,517 tons in 1891 to one of 2,398. The average duration of passage has been reduced to 19 hours 55 minutes, and 95 per cent. of the vessels navigate the canal at night. One hundred and forty-two vessels drawing over 24.7 feet, within a foot of the draught allowed, passed through last year.

—The geological survey has issued a report on the production of coal in 1894, compiled by Statistician E. W. Parker. The total production was 170,853,085 short tons, or 2,000 pounds, valued at $186,154,604, a decrease for the year of 11,499,689 short tons, or more than 6 per cent., and a decrease of $22,281,092 in value. A decline in prices is shown in almost every state, the general average for all coals declining from $1.14 to $1.09 a ton during the year. In Pennsylvania the product of anthracite decreased almost 2,000,000 tons. Pennsylvania produced 39,912,463 tons of bituminous coal valued at $29,479,820, and 51,921,121 tons anthracite, valued at $78,488,065. Ohio produced 11,909,856 tons, valued at $9,841,923.

STOLE HIS NEIGHBOR'S TROUT.

Malodorous Device of One Long Island Angler for Stealing Fish.

Out on Long Island there is a trout stream celebrated for the size and numbers of its fish. Year after year great broad-backed, red-spotted fellows have been taken from its pools, and any man who gained permission to cast a fly anywhere on its dimpled reaches was sure of a good day's sport. But at the beginning of this season the angler with privileges at the lower end of the stream caught few fish and small. Every known fly and bait of all kinds were tried, but still fish were scarce.

From the headwaters of the brook, however, came reports of great catches of large fish. The man at the lower end of the stream couldn't understand it until he went prospecting. Far up the brook, and on the brink of a deep pool, he found an awe-inspiring odor. After sniffing about it a bit he discovered that it emanated from a cornucopia of oil-cloth, hanging from a twig that overcast the pool. About this oilcloth buzzed a myriad of flies, and ever and anon beneath the swarm a huge trout broke the still water of the brook with a splash. The curiosity of the angler was greater than his sense of smell, and he investigated. He found that the cornucopia contained the heart and liver of a beef creature, dead many days. It was alive with fat grubs, and as they dropped one after the other into the pool the trout arose and grabbed them. When the angler saw this he knew why there were no trout in the lower end of the stream. He prospected further, and up the stream found a dozen similar devices.

When he had located all of them he tied a handkerchief over his nose, and stringing all of the cornucopias on a stick carried them below, where he set them up over his own waters. In two days all the trout in the stream were feeding around the pendant hearts and livers, and when the man at the upper end of the brook turned up for a day's fishing he found that his fish had vamoosed. He found, also, that the other had carted away the bait, and now the two don't speak as they pass by.—N. Y. World.

His Idea of It.

Teacher—Does any little boy know why simple proportion is called the rule of three?

Tommy Traddles — 'Cos it's three times harder than any other rule.—Brooklyn Life.

...IRES.

—Spoon Biscuit... or buttermilk, a tea... two tablespoonfuls o... flour to make a stiff b... hot gem pan and bake h... —Prairie Farmer.

—Muffins.—Beat togeth... butter and one cup of su... three well-beaten eggs and o... milk, stirring well. Then ... quart of wheat flour sifted w... teaspoonfuls of baking powder an... cup of yellow Indian meal. Bake i... muffin rings in hot oven.—Boston Budget.

—Apollinaris Lemonade. — Put one cup of sugar and a half-pint of water over the fire to melt. Add the grated rind of one lemon. When the sugar comes to boiling point, strain, and when cool add the juice of three lemons. Turn into this, just as it is to be served, one pint of cold A...—N. Y. Ledger.

—Orange Souffle.—... place in a dish a laye... sugar alternating. M... custard of the yolks ... pint of milk, a pinch ... taste. When cool enou... the oranges, beat the white o... a stiff froth, add sugar; put over ... ding.—Prairie Farmer.

—The spring house-cleaning ... is an excellent time to throw a... accumulated useless treasure ... winter. Old woolens on... harbor moths, and old th... sorts are ... germ-breeding nuisan... economical woman is ... saves everything, but s... discriminating in her thrift.

—Potato Salad.—Take some young potatoes, boil them carefully so that they do not break, then slice them into a bowl. Pour two tablespoonfuls of oil and a teaspoonful of the best vinegar into a teacup, and add pepper and salt to taste; mix thoroughly, and pour over the potatoes. Ornament the salad with chopped parsley and the grated rind of a tomato.—Leeds Mercury.

—Pop-Overs.—Beat two eggs without separating until thoroughly mixed, but not very light, then add half a pint of milk and quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. Put one cup of flour into another bowl and add gradually to it the milk and eggs; beat until smooth and then strain. Have ready greased gem-pans well heated, fill two-thirds full with this mixture and bake in a moderately quick oven for about thirty-five minutes. Do not add baking powder or yeast.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Scalloped Eggs.—An appetizing way to serve eggs for breakfast is to scallop them according to the following directions: Boil them hard, chop them not too fine. Line a pudding dish with a layer of bread crumbs, then a layer of cold boiled ham, or bits of fried ham chopped fine, then a layer of eggs, and so on till the dish is full. Season the layers with salt, pepper and little bits of butter. Moisten with a little cream and set into the oven for ten minutes, or until thoroughly heated.—Boston Budget.

—Lemon Sponge.—Dissolve half an ounce of gelatine in half a pint of water, add the rind of one lemon pared thinly and one ounce and a half of sugar. Strain the juice of one lemon into a basin, add the white of one or two eggs and strain on to it the dissolved gelatine. Whisk all together till so stiff that a spoon will stand up in it. Ornament a mold with preserved fruits, pour the sponge into it and let it stand till cold. Then turn out to serve and ornament the dish with pink jelly chopped finely.—Leeds Mercury.

SCOTCH FISHER FOLK.

Lazy Lives of the Natives of the Northeast Coast.

Ashore he is the laziest of operatives, lolling about the wharves and harbor corners with his hands invariably deep down in his "breeks" pockets, his women folk meanwhile doing most of the work and toiling along bent nearly double under their heavy creel loads of fish. Well does Jenny, Oldbuck's serving wench, put it: "As sure as the keel o' the coble touches the sand deil a bit mair will the lazy fisherloons work, but the wives maun kilt their coats and wade luto the surf to take the fish ashore." Their method of baiting the lines with a multitude of hooks is very neat and pretty to watch, the whole being arranged so systematically. In this branch of shore labor the men do sometimes take a share.

Some of the fishing villages along the north and east seaboard of Scotland are singularly quaint and picturesque, Netherlandish almost in their details, worthy studies for a Ruysdael or a Van de Velde. The rows of little split fish skewered on sticks or triangular lath frames nailed along the cottage walls are quite distinctive features. So also are the cottages themselves, with their vermillion, pan-tiled roofs and outlying stairways; but these are fast disappearing and giving place to a modern style of tenement, which makes one miss the old world forms and warm color. Well were it, however, if primitive dirt and archaic scavengering could in many cases make way for more modern sanitary arrangements.

The fisher folk of both sexes are very commonly of a serious, inscrutable cast of countenance, generated, I suppose, by the precarious nature and constant risks of the seafaring occupation. "It's no fish ye're buying," quotes the masterful Maggie to the Monkbarns, "it's men's lives." The men do, indeed, carry their lives in their hands, and it were strange if this did not give a certain solemnity and God-fearing set to their characters. The Eyemouth people still speak with bated breath of the terrible catastrophe which overtook them in the great storm or cyclone of some years back and turned well-nigh every homestead into a house of mourning. The fisherman has a long memory for such visitations.—Scottish Review.

TON LETTER.

ar Correspondent.)

N, June 17, 1895.

d goes on his sum- in a doubtful state of ithstanding the personal of Secretary Carlisle that ministration Democrats will ontrol the Kentucky State Convention which meets next week. He fears that Carlisle is over sanguine, and he has other political troubles on hand. He has reason to believe that Senator Brice, while standing on the administration financial ... Ohio campaign, is ice and not for tried to get his Ohio muddle by ...essman Sorg to ...mocratic candidate ...nor, but, although Sorg is ...-millionaire, he thinks he ...nough in getting elected to without being expected to ...rel in the gubernatorial ...d he isn't inclined,

...even to plea... and, to lead the Dem... rn hope this year. Mr. C... and his friends are also worried ...er Senator Hill's activity in Democratic councils in New York; they know that it bodes no good either to Mr. Cleveland or his friends in the presidential campaign.

The eyes of Republicans are now turned towards Cleveland, Ohio, where the National Republican League Convention will meet this week, and all of those who can make it convenient will be there in person. No Republican—not even Senator Dubois, who has been in Washington on business — with whom your correspondent has talked, believes that the Convention will try to usurp powers belonging solely to a National Convention of the party to the extent of declaring by resolution what the Republican party shall or shall not support in the presidential campaign; that would be too much like playing into the hands of the Democrats.

The scheme to keep the Democrats now employed at the government printing office upon Uncle Sam's pay roll after the Republican administration takes charge, March 4, 1897, has been approved by Mr. Cleveland, and the whole outfit, including its more than 2500 employees, has been put under civil service rules. This is entirely satisfactory to the "ins," but the "outs" will not be apt to regard it with the same sentiments.

The higher the mercury in the thermometer climbs, the more pressing—in the eyes of Secretary Herbert—grows the necessity for an official inspection of the North Atlantic Navy Yards. Anticipating this necessity Secretary Herbert sometime ago ordered that the dispatch boat Dolphin be overhauled and put in proper inspection condition, including the commissary stores. This has been done, and the inspection tour which will take in all the swell ocean resorts from Fortress Monroe to as far north as Bar Harbor, will begin as soon as Secretary Herbert completes his list of summer guests, and will last from six weeks to two months. Last year Secretary Herbert had as assistant inspectors his daughter and a jolly party, including a rich widow against which rumor credited him with waging a losing matrimonial campaign. This year his daughter is in Europe and the names of none of those chosen for assistant inspectors have yet been announced. It is treason to refer to this inspection cruise as being other than a performance of an official duty, but if Secretary Herbert was a Republican official every Democratic paper in the country would call it a private junket at public expense. I call it not at all; merely give the facts and leave the reader to do his own calling.

Commissioner Loehren, of the Pension Bureau, may find himself in hot water with Congress, in connection with the one hundred dismissals from that office which are to take effect July 1st. The list of dismissals has been kept secret, but it has been learned that it includes a number of old soldiers whose dismissal is a direct and flagrant violation of law, as well as a granddaughter of the author of the "Star Spangled Banner," who has a record of fourteen years efficient service in the bureau, and already steps are being taken which it is believed will result in a searching investigation by the Republican House. There are also a number of other matters connected with Mr. Loehren's or rather Secretary Hoke Smith's administration of the Pension Bureau, as it is well known that Mr. Loehren has never been allowed to take any step of importance without first getting Secretary Smith's approval, which deserve a congressional investigation.

Low Rates to Boston

The Christian Endeavor, United Society of the National Young People's Union meets in Boston July 10 to 14.

For this occasion the B. & O. R. R. will sell excursion tickets from all points on its line east of the Ohio River, July 8 to 11 inclusive, valid for return passage until July 31. These tickets will be sold at rate of one fare for the round trip going and returning same route. Tickets will also be placed on sale ... ing vi... urning ... anoth... vanced rate. For ... and full particulars, ca... r address nearest B. & O. Agen... 15-3t

Low Rates to Denver.

The B. & O. R. R. Co. will place on sale at all ticket offices on its line east of the Ohio River round-trip tickets to Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou and Pueblo for all trains of July 2, 3, 4, and 5, valid from starting point on day of sale and good returning from Colorado points July 12 to 15 inclusive. The rate from Cumberland will be $45,50, and correspondingly low rates when from other stations. Tickets will be good via St. Louis or Chicago. 15-3t.

A Handsome Book on Summer Travel.

The Baltimore & Ohio R. R. Co. has just issued a handsome book descriptive of the various summer resorts, in the mountains and by the seaside, adjacent to or reached by its system of lines.

It is finely printed and illustrated by a number of very fine cuts. Send 10 cents to Chas. O. Scull, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md., for a copy. 15-2t

Rogers' Sarsaparilla.

A specific for all. 100 doses for 75 cents. Rogers' Little Liver Pills, best on the market; Cough Cure, Liniment, Appetine and Worm Syrup, sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland; Cuppett Bros., McHenry; J. A. DeBerry, Corinth; C. F. White, Hutton; P. T. Garthright, Hayden & Eckles, Mt. Lake Park; Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park; Wm. Frederick, Friendsville; Yough Store Co., Jonas Frazee, Robert Liston, Selbysport; W. Wass, Mineral Springs; J. E. Gnagey, Accident; Smith & Callis, Hoyes, and by all general dealers.

34 inches high. Top can be adjusted to any angle desired. Revolving Case 15 x 15 x 12 inside. Holds about 80 vols Law size. Strong well finished Metal Base and Sides With Solid Oak Shelves and Top.—100,000 now used. Sent knocked down (30 lbs). On approval. Address: Marsh M'f'g Co. CHICAGO. Agents Wanted.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. H. Turkeys, ¼ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc. T. K. CARSKADON, Keyser, W. Va. 29—1yr.

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR
Monuments.
Headstones,
AND
Chimney Pipe
WITH
J. B. WILLIAMS
FROSTBURG, MD.
AGENTS WANTED.
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STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Enterprise Tanning Company of Garrett county will be held at the principal office at Hutton, Garrett county, Md., on Monday, June 17, 1895, for the purpose of electing a board of directors to serve for the ensuing year and the transaction of such other business as may properly come before such meeting.

U. G. PALMER,
Secretary and Treasurer.
14-2t.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, Md., June 11, 1895.

There will be a meeting of the County Commissioners of Garrett county held at their office in Oakland on

Tuesday, June 25, 1895,

For the purpose of transacting any business that may be brought before them.

By order of the board,
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

LAST CUT SALE

AT

SINCELL BROS.

Having decided to retire from business on account of ill health, we will close out our entire stock of goods at actual cost.

CLOTHING.

MEN'S CLOTHING.					BOYS' CLOTHING.				
$16.00	Suits	reduced	to	$8.50	$12.00	Suits	Reduced	to	$7.50
14.00	"	"	"	7.50	10.00	"	"	"	6.00
12.00	"	"	"	6.50	8.00	"	"	"	5.00
10.00	"	"	"	5.75	6.00	"	"	"	4.00
8.00	"	"	"	4.75	5.00	"	"	"	3.50
7.00	"	"	"	4.00					

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING,

$5.00	Suits	Reduced	to	$3.00
4.00	"	"	"	2.00
3.00	"	"	"	1.75
2.50	"	"	"	1.65

SHOES.

LADIES' SHOES.									
$5.00	Shoes	Reduced	to	$3.75	1.00	"	"	"	80
4.00	"	"	"	3.00					
3.50	"	"	"	2.75	MEN'S SHOES.				
3.00	"	"	"	2.25	$4.00	Shoes	Reduced	to	$3.00
2.50	"	"	"	1.75	3.00	"	"	"	2.65
2.00	"	"	"	1.50	2.50	"	"	"	1.75
1.75	"	"	"	1.15	2.00	"	"	"	1.50
1.50	"	"	"	1.00	1.50	"	"	"	1.00
1.25	"	"	"	90	1.25	"	"	"	90

DRY GOODS.

25 Yards Muslin for $1.00
15 cent muslin for 12 cents
12½ cent muslin for 10 cents
10 cent muslin for 7½ cents
8 cent muslin for 6 cents
7 cent muslin for 5 cents
6 cent muslin for 4¾ cents
15 cent French gingham for 10 cents
12½ cent French gingham for 9 cents
10 cent gingham for 7 cents
8 cent gingham for 6 cents
7 cent gingham for 4¾ cents

We will also sell our full line of
Dress Goods, Silks, Trimmings, Embroideries, Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbons, Draperies, Towels,
Ladies' Summer Undervests
White Goods, Novelties, Hats, Trunks, Etc.,
At the ACTUAL COST of them.

This we consider a rare bargain for the buyers of this line of goods.

Respectfully,
SINCELL BROS.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills
are good for sick headache, constipation, piles, bilious colic, fever and ague, dyspepsia, rheumatism, female complaints, dizziness, dark urine, sour stomach, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general debility. They will positively cure all disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. 25 cents a box.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial
helps babes over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, controls the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no strong drugs and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup
destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good—25 cents a bottle

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.
JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

SAMUEL LAWTON,
—DEALER IN—
Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

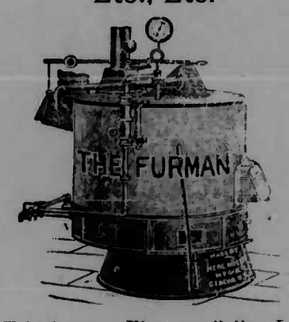

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.
23-1yr.

FOR SALE.

Three acres of land, being a part of the old Kennedy farm, lying in the eastern suburbs of Oakland on either side of the road leading to Mt. Lake Park. Will be sold in lots of ¼ acre each, or as a whole.
For full particulars call on or address MRS. LIZZIE BUZZ... Elkin...
23-6m

Shartzer & P...
OAKLAND, MD
DEALERS IN
FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES
WALL PAPER
—AND—
GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.
11 1y

TAX SALES.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

JUNE 22, 1895,

at the hour of 2.00 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all the following pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, to satisfy the State and county tax due and in arrear thereon together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting the sale as provided by the aforesaid statute.

All that piece or parcel of land situated in Election District No. 4, Garrett county, Md., containing about 167 2-5 acres, being a part of the land called "Republic" and being ... and that was conveyed to George ... Lloyd R. Dawson and wife by deed ... ary 28, 1890, and recorded in Liber ... 5, folio 616, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Md., to which deed reference is hereby made for a full description of said property. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1892 and 1893 as is charged to *GEORGE W. WILT* on the assessment books of said Garrett county, Md.

All that piece or parcel of land situated in Election District No. 7, Garrett County, Md., containing seventy-eight acres, part of a tract of land called "Strawberry Plains" and being the same land that was conveyed to Thomas Nethkin by H. G. Davis and others by deed dated 10th day of November, 1892, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 20, folio 315 etc., one of the Land Records of said County, to which deed reference is hereby made for a full description of said property. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1893 as is charged to *THOMAS NETHKIN* on the assessment Books of said Garrett County, Md.

SAMUEL LAWTON, Late Treasurer.

Estate of George Ault, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

GEORGE AULT,

late of Garrett County, Maryland, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 1st day of January next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 18th day of June, 1895.

JOHN AULT, Executor,
15-3t. Oakland, Md.

...Dodds relieves nausea.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.
Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Special attention given to real estate.
CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING.
Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.
Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.
Drs. M... AC...
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
FROSTBURG, MD.
Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.
See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,
Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate. P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6'22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-2yl SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
...r Personal Estate
... post office address, BIT-
51-1yr.

AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.
Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.
All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.
M. M. ARMSTRONG.
CHAS. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.
Fine carriage work a specialty.
Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13t.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:
1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing ... fra... elea... balan...
2. Farm... ing about ... about one... house. Price... balance at 20... These farms... opportunity... most favor...
4. Also ... ing abou... South of ... ty or subd... easy.

WHITE O...
Also ...
W. C...
Office 30 Baltim...

$50
I hereby offe... hension of any... upon my prop... are instrume... away property ... belonging to the...
29tf 216 St...

The Wesleyan F...
STAUNTON, ...
For girls and young ... 1898. Full corps of expe... cation healthy, central ... catalogues and particula... REV. BEN...
13-15t

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1895. NUMBER 16.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

For additional local news see fifth page.

Try Liller's sea foam. 10 cents a rnb. 16–4t.

For satisfactory barbering try Liller and you will call again.

Go to Liller's barber shop for shampooing, hair cutting and shaving. 15–4t.

Mr. G. S. Hamill made a business trip to Parkersburg, West Va , last week.

Mr. William E. Wass, of Mineral Springs, was here on business yesterday.

Liller has the best sea foam in Oakland. Try it the next time you get shaved. 16–4t.

Liller has the best hair restorative on the market. 15, 25 and 50 cents per bottle. 16–3t

Mr. Edward Browning, of Roanoke, is here on a visit to relatives and friends.

Mr. R. S. Jamison is drilling a well on Mr. John O. Michael's lot on Second street.

Miss Clementine Bell, of Lonaconing, is here visiting her aunt, Mrs. John Taggart.

Mrs. Chas. F. White and children, of Hutton, spent this week in Oakland with relatives.

Speaking of the ladies at the seaside and mountain resorts, summer girls and others are women.

Mr. D. E. Offutt recently purchased from Mr. John Roth a beautiful match team of driving horses.

Mr. John B. Friend, of Swanton, was here a short time Tuesday on business and paid his respects to this office.

Misses Edith Brady and Edna Brydon, of Bloomington, were here yesterday as the guests of Miss Nellie Offutt.

Mr. George Shartzer, of Elder, was here last Friday making arrangements to purchase a farm near Oakland.

Miss Ada and Mr. Lee Reilly, of Lynchburg, Va., are in Oakland as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Townshend.

We have a letter from Hon. Geo. W. Blocher which is unavoidably crowded out this week. It will appear next week.

Mrs. Mary A. Lowenstein and Mrs. James M. Litzinger spent Sunday in Grafton, West Va., with friends and relatives.

Quite an improvement has been made on Liberty street by the laying of a new platform in front of Mrs. Totten's property.

WANTED TO RENT.—A good saddle horse, suitable for ladies' use. Apply to W. J. McKnight, opposite Judge J. M. Wilson's. 17–2t.

Mr. Percy Proeter will tender a supper to the workmen engaged in the construction of his residence at the Oakland hotel on Saturday night.

The Orphans' Court met in regular session Tuesday morning with all the judges present. No business of special importance was transacted.

Smith's Military Band has been invited to Piedmont on the 4th to assist in the blow-out in that town. They will attend and of course will carry off the first honors.

Arrangements are being made to hold a festival for the benefit of Smith's Military Band in the near future. The young ladies of the town have the matter in charge.

WANTED TO RENT. — A good horse for the season. I am willing to pay a reasonable price and return horse in as good condition as when I got it. Apply to W. H. Malette, Oakland. Md. 17–3t.

Mr. Thomas Hughes, of Wheeling was here a day or two last week on business. Mr. Hughes will be at the Park this summer with his family.

Mr. D. S. Martin, who is running a line of hacks to and from the Park, has made a great success of the venture. A new time table will go into effect on the morning of July 4th.

It is said that when a Frenchman is drunk he wants to dance, a German to sing, a Spaniard to gamble, an Englishman to eat, an Irishman to fight, an American to make a speech.

Mrs. E. H. Sincell and children returned from a visit to relatives at Annapolis Monday evening. They were accompained by Dr. and Mrs. E. J. M. Button and daughter, Miss Eva, who will remain here a month.

FOR SALE.—One hundred acres of unimproved land adjoining Mt. Lake Park Association grounds on the north. A good chance for an investment. FRED. A. THAYER, 16-3 Attorney.

Mr. Adolphus Felty and bride were here several days last and this week on their way home from Atlantic City where they spent their honeymoon. They left for Parkersburg, West Va., Tuesday morning.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Mr. William Hinebaugh's driving horse was kicked Tuesday night by another horse in a pasture field at Accident and had its leg broken. The injured animal was shot yesterday as nothing could be done to relieve its sufferings.

Yesterday Mr. Howard Smouse slipped while engaged in moving a heavy stove and dislocated his knee. Dr. Henry McComas rendered surgical aid and in a few hours Mr. Smouse was walking around, although his knee is rather stiff.

Try McComas' Calmative Konseals to drive away sharp pains in muscular and acute rheumatism. One or two Konseals have shown marvelous results. 10 cents per box. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5–tf

Mr. John O. Michael has fitted up two rooms in his new building which will be used exclusively as ice cream parlors. The rooms will be formally opened this evening and the public is cordially invited to call.

Dr. Henry W. McComas has purchased a lot opposite the Allegany House in Mountain Lake Park and is preparing to erect thereon a handsome building to be used as offices by him. The plans have been made and the office will contain all the conveniences.

B. H. Bowman, Pub. Enquirer, of Bremen Ind., writes: Last week our little girl baby the only one we have was taken sick with croup. After two doctors failed to give relief and life was hanging on a mere thread we tried One Minute Cough Cure and its life was saved. Oakland Pharmacy.

The County Commissioners met in regular session Tuesday morning with Commissioners Friend and Abernathy present. Commissioner Layman being detained at home on account of illness. The board was engaged in auditing road supervisors' accounts and transacting routine business.

Mr. John Dunhill, who was the book keeper for Messrs. C. M. Rathbun & Co. at Mt. Lake Park, has resigned his position and will be general manager of the Grace hotel at the Park this summer. This hotel has been purchased by a joint stock company and is being refitted and newly furnished. A good season is anticipated.

A MAN FOUND DEAD.

William Noates, a Colored Man, Killed by the Cars Sunday Morning.

William Noates a young colored man, was found dead on Sunday morning last near the tracks of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Co. in the east end of Oakland. The right side of his head was terribly crushed and his left arm severed from the body, besides many other lacerations.

It is supposed that he was on his way to his home at Catonsville, on the outskirts of town, and was struck by a passing train and instantly killed. The body was discovered about one o'clock by the crew of a freight train and notification given.

About ten o'clock Sunday morning a jury of inquest was summoned and a number of witnesses sworn. The evidence adduced before the jury was to the effect that Noates had been drinking and at the time of his death was very much under the influence of liquor and that he came to his death in the manner above stated, whereupon the jury renderod the following verdict:

STATE OF MARYLAND, }
GARRETT COUNTY, TO-WIT: }

An inquisition taken at Oakland, in Garrett county aforesaid, on the 23d day of June, 1894, before me, Andrew B. Gonder, one of the Justices of the Peace of the State of Maryland, in and for the said county upon the body of William Noates, colored, then and there lying dead. Upon the oath of George D. White, foreman, Daniel Conneway, John Hart, Joseph Crim, Joseph Smitman, John Seally, William Y. Waltz, G. W. Carney, Thomas Martin, W. H. Liller, Alexander C. Mason and Charles Newman, good and lawful men of the county aforesaid, who, being sworn to inquire on the part of the State of Maryland when, where and how and after what manner the said William Noates came to his death (the said jurors have adjorned to meet at the said Justice's office in Oakland June 24th, 1895, at 7 p. m,) do say upon their oaths that the said William Noates came to his death on the night of June 22d, 1895, at the water station near the pump house of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company at Oakland, Garrett county, Md., by being accidentally struck and run over by a train of said company.

In witness whereof to as well as the said Andrew B. Gonder, Justice of the Peace, as the jurors aforesaid have to this inquest put their hands and seals on the 24th day of June, 1895, and at the place first above mentioned.

A. B. GONDER, J. P.
GEO. D. WHITE, Foreman.

It was hinted at that Noates had been foully dealt with and that the perpetrators of the crime had placed the body near the railroad track in order to cover their crime and make it appear that he had been struck and killed by the train. Such a telegram appeared in the Baltimore *Sun* of Monday. Such theories, unless supported by facts, (and in this case there is not truth whatever in the rumor) work harm to the community and gives it a bad name throughout the country.

The funeral occurred on Monday morning and was conducted by Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot.

Probably a Fatal Accident.

Yesterday morning Mr. John Speicher, of Accident, was engaged in carrying his horse in the barn on his place, when the animal kicked him and threw the unfortunate man against a stone wall with such force as to crush his head, rendering him unconscious. At the time the news reached Oakland he was still in the same condition with little hopes of recovery.

The Firemen's Festival.

The festival held on last Friday and Saturday evenings by the ladies of Oakland for the benefit of the Oakland Fire Department, was a success in every sense of the word. Smith's Military Band rendered some beautiful selections both evenings and was loudly applauded and encored. The receipts for both evenings amounted to something near $100 which will go into the treasury of the department.

Dismissed, But Later Reinstated.

Ex. Dugan Clark's many friends throughout this county, especially those who have attended the camp meetings in past years at Mountain Lake Park, will be surprised to read the following bit of sensational news clipped from an Indiana newspaper: "Two weeks ago at a meeting of the ministers and elders of the Indiana yearly meeting Rev. Dugan Clark, of Richmond, Ind., was expelled from the ministry on a charge of heresy. The alleged heresy was that Dr. Clark had per copy[illegible] into writ[illegible] residence. [illegible] to the right of b[illegible] doctrine which is not upheld by the Friends church. Later at a meeting of the members of the society the decision of the ministers and elders was denounced and Dr. Clark was reinstated as a minister."

The Jennie Smith Hotel Company.

The incorporators and stockholders of the Jennie Smith Hotel Company met on Wednesday of last week at Graco hotel in their first annual meeting and organized by the election of Rev. T. D. Richards, of Boyd's, Md., as president; Mr. C. M. Rathbun, vice president; Mr. P. T. Garthright, treasurer, and Mr. John Dunhill, secretary and business manager. Miss Jennie Smith will be hostess and entertain the guests. The board of directors is composed of the above named and Mr. James O. Smith.

As stated elsewhere in these columns the hotel has been thoroughly overhauled and cleaned up. Many rooms have been papered, new carpets laid and many other improvements added for the comfort of the guests. The hotel is now open and several persons have already registered for the season. It is worthy of liberal patronage and we bespeak for it a future that will be hard to excel.

Married.

HACKER—LAWSON.—On June 12th, 1895, by the Rev. Dr. Ison, at his residence in Oakland, Ned Hacker, of Marion county, W. Va., and Gertrude Estella Lawson, of Tayler county, W. Va.

The Chautauqua Program.

The Chautauqua program has been issued and is ready for distribution. It is unsurpassed by that offered by any Assembly in the country. For variety, brilliancy and true worth it exceeds anything it has been our pleasure to peruse. In the early days of the Park, when money was scarce and audiences small, it was necessary to use on the program only those who were willing to donate their services. But the growth of the last five years has been so phenomenal and the increase in the receipts so gratifying that the management can now pay for the best talent in the land and is determined to do it.

A Valuable Find of Coal.

Judge Rudolph Beckman, of District No. 1, was in the city Tuesday holding court and whilst in town paid THE REPUBLICAN a very pleasant visit and stated that after years of steady and persistent prospecting a vein of coal eight feet thick and has been uncovered on his land lying about three miles north of Blaine in this county.

Judge Beckman's land lies on the east side of the great Backbone mountain and comprises a tract of sixteen hundred and fifty acres, all of which is underlaid with this valuable mineral deposit. He has had a number of men prospecting on his land for several months past for the eleven foot vein of coal and they are in a fair way now to discover it.

Notice.

There will be a meeting of the Garrett County Agricultural Society held in Callis' Hall, in Loch Lynn Heights, at 2 o'clock p. m. on the last Saturday in the month, the 29 inst. [illegible] all farmers and members are requ[illegible] to be present.
16-2 [illegible] S. P. BAKER, Pres't.

QUEEN OF QUEENS.

Deer Park Hotel Opens For a Prosperous Season.

From the Cumberland Times.

Deer Park hotel greets the public for the season of 1895 as fresh and charming as the young girl graduate in the snowy folds and floral garnitures of her graduating gown. A veritable bride of the summer, the beautiful buildings now stand out delicately the leafy trees of the grand mountain [illegible] clothed in purest white. —Ironrret to foundation stone, inside and within, skilled workmen have been busy for weeks in renovating the entire structure. Without the change is most marked. With light French gray for the body color, white has been used lavishly on porches and trimmings, while the blinds and porch bands are treated to a rich green. This schemo of color has wonderfully enhanced the beauty of the entire property, and increased its attractiveness many fold. Always inviting and kept scrupulously neat and clean, the new clothes have made the hotel almost irresistible.

As though inviting attention to the improvements, powerful electric lights have been placed in the tower crowning the main building and for miles around the light flashes a welcome and bids the travel worn and weary hasten on to the queen of mountain resorts, and drink in the elixir of life with every inhalation of the pure air and every draught of the crystal water.

Great improvements have been made inside the building. Rich and beautiful carpets have been laid upon the stairways and along the halls, new furniture has been substituted for the old, the diningroom has been treated in oak wainscoating and cream and gold decorations and is more than ever inviting. The lobby floor is covered with luxurious rugs, divans and all kinds and descriptions of chairs and comfortable lounging places have been arranged, while palms and other potted plants will lend their beauty to the welcome extended each visitor as he enters the hoted and goes to the register.

Nothing seems to have been slighted. From the railroad station to the swimming pool every detail of preparation has been looked after by the experienced eye of Major DeShields, who, as usual, is giving to this resort his special care. In looking after the comforts of the guests Major DeShields will be assisted by the same experienced and courteous staff that he has gathered around him in past years.

As usual, McCauley is up from Washington with a fine string of horses and a complete line of traps, etc., in the livery. Capt. Drydon is again in charge of the swimming pools and turkish baths, and the same attendants report to him. Zimmerman's orchestra, from Annapolis, will continue to delight old and young, the dancers and the onlookers. In a word, it is the same delightful home on the mountain side, only a hundred fold more beautiful and much more comfortable by reason of the renovation and improvements—in charge of the same capable and courteous gentleman.

The demand for rooms is unusually large and everything points to a most successful season. On yesterday a number of prominent gentlemen arrived and arranged for their families. The cottage life will be unusually pleasant this summer, every one being engaged. The company has for the first time control of the Elkins and Davis cottages and they are filled.

There are now several guests at Oakland, but that hotel will not be formally open until the 1st proximo.

Major DeShields is entitled to great credit for the excellent manner in which the improvement has been made, and the perfect system in which he conducts the establish-

Children's Day at the M. E. Church.

Children's Day was observed by the Sunday school of St. Paul's M. E. church on Sunday, June 23rd. The program consisted principally of exercises by the children, which was very well rendered. Supt. J. M. Davis conducted the exercises and made a short address in which he set forth the objects and some of the results of the celebration of this day. The music was furnished by the M. E. choir, together with the children, with Miss Annie Townshend as organist. Following is the program as carried out:

Anthem.....by the Choir.
Scripture Reading.....Rev. Arbuthnot.
Singing Hymn No. 72 Hymnal, Congregation.
Prayer.....Dr. B. Ison.
Singing, "Hark the Gladsome Notes."
Address of Welcome.....Bessie Littman.
Solo.....Mrs. S. C. Schroeder.
Class Exercise.
Singing, "With a Song of Joy."
Remarks.....Rev. J. M. Davis.
Singing, "Away to the Meadows."
Exercise, "Plantin' Posies."
Solo.....Elizabeth Anderson.
Baptism of Children.
The Lord's Prayer.
The Mower.
The Littlest "Tot's" Question.....Paul Naylor
Singing, "Song of Praise."
Recitation.
Singing, "Lillies of the Field so Fair."
Collection and Song by Junior League.
Singing, "Joy, Joy, Joy".....By the Choir.
Doxology and Benediction.

July Forecast, 1895.

Scattering showers will likely be circulating at the opening of the month which will be followed by a somewhat cooler temperature to about the 5th. The 4th will most likely turn up fair, furnishing a grand Fourth of weather surrounding in central and eastern parts, for celebrating the Nation's oldest and noblest holiday. The month will see many very intense rains, if electric and planetary disturbances are the leading causes of the precipitation of the returning torrid currents to the earth's surface. The 6th or touching it, the spread of a very heated temperature will prevail and local thunder showers will also be in transit on the above or next date, then followed by a wave some cooler. About the 10th a very heated wave will be in progress which will be attended by many showers of refreshing rains and electric action. Then about the 12th the heat will be much subdued. The center from which a heated period will radiate and local showers show up, will be about the 16th, when the temperature will be somewhat cooler. The hottest wave of the month will likely be experienced about or dates touching the 21st. Abnormal fluctuations of highly heated waves will be experienced within the month and in fact they will continue till the end of the season. The 21st will bring showers of rain generally in all sections which then will also furnish a reasonable supply of ozone, however the supply will soon be exhausted, when a return of the heat will prevail. The 27th will be the center of the last heated period of the month, when fairly seasonable showers of rain will prevail. August will have plenty of rain.

P. R. SMITH.

There will be a basket Sunday school picnic in the grove near the Painter school house, 1¾ miles from Swanton on July 4th. The several Sunday schools of the neighborhood will take part. Speeches will be made and a good time generally will be had. Everybody invited to come and bring their baskets. Parents, come and bring your children and you will undoubtedly enjoy the day. COMMITTEE.

THE REPUBLICAN

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

ALL MY ROUND EARTH WAS YOU

I watch the night's slow coming
While swift gray shadows rise
That touch me with your gentle hands,
And mock me with your eyes.
Shadows from days not distant
Of memories sweet and true,
When I was all your world, love,
And my round earth was you.

I hear the harbor's waters rush
Athwart our steamer's bow,
As, leaning on its trusty rail,
Your voice came soft and low;
There first you told the story,
So old, so sweet, so new,
Of love that made mo all your world
And all my round earth you.

Each joyous bird is singing clear
A song more sweet to Heavon,
And Tuesday morn will ever be
The fairest of the seven.
I smell the pansies' perfume
As they shone that morn with dew,
When I became your world, my dear,
And all my round earth you.

Once more the wave is kissing
The seaweed on the sand;
While only dancing lanterns
Illuminate the land.
Out, just beyond their radiance,
I lie upon your breast,
And all life's turmoil seems to end
On that dear pillow's rest.

Grim shadow of all shadows, haste
To hide the past from me!
Let Lethean waters sweep away
Each rapturous memory
Yet never may my heart forget
The look in eyes of blue
When I was all your world, dear love,
And my round earth was you.
—Cora S. Wheeler, in Boston Transcript.

SINNEMAHONE TURTLES.

BY ED MOTT.

OW, take turtles," said the man from over Sinnemahoning way. "You wouldn't think, to look at turtles, that they knew a thing. Not a thing. Turtles can't turn a summerset, nor run a race, nor dance a jig. But don't you go and think for a minute that they ain't stuffed full of brains. I take my hat off to turtles. Every time. And I ought to. Why? Because if it hadn't been for turtles I wouldn't be here today. Not as the son of Reuben Pettibone, anyhow. Reuben Pettibone wouldn't have been my father if it hadn't been for turtles. Take my hat off to turtles? You bet your life! And keep it off, too, as long as they're around. Sinnemahoning turtles, I mean. Certninly. Sinnemahoning turtles, every time.

"Besides having a head filled with the best quality of brains, the sense of gratitude predominates in the breast of the Sinnemahoning turtle, be it snapping turtle, mud turtle or land turtle. There is nothing in the Pettibone family records that places us under any personal obligation to the mud turtle, but to the snapper and the land turtle we owe much.

"Even as a young man, before he became my father, Reuben Pettibone was a remarkable man. He had a tender heart, and could split more shingles in a day than any other man on the Sinnemahone. He had some faults. He played the fiddle. If he was away from home and it was five miles by one road and ten miles by another, with a tavern on the ten-mile road and none on the five-mile, distance was no object to him. He'd take the ten-mile road. He was a true child of nature, a good judge of a mule, and loved his neighbor as himself. In fact, he loved one of his neighbors a good deal better than himself—Nancy Puterbaugh. She was the daughter of 'Squire Salem Puterbaugh, and I violate no confidence now by saying that she loved Reuben Pettibone in return, which her father didn't exactly approve of. But in saying this I anticipate. I will go slow.

"I am sorry to say that the prevalent idea on the Sinnemahone about

"I GUESS YOU'LL KNOW ME WHEN YOU SEE ME."

snapping turtle is that the snapping turtle's destiny is the same as that of the mock turtle—soup. I don't know where the mock turtle's native heath is, so to speak; but I never saw that turtle mentioned anywhere except in connection with soup. Knowing what I know about snapping turtles, this narrow estimate of them pains me. But such it is, even on the Sinnemahone. According to it, the snapping turtle lives but to be apprehended and cast into a swill barrel, there to remain and take on involuntary obesity against the time when it is fit in flesh to become the basis for soup. Which is all wrong.

"Once, in the bachelor days of my father, some one bagged a snapping turtle of tremeadous bulk. It was at once immersed in a barrel of swill at the tavern, and all of Sinnemahone smacked its lips in anticipation of much soup. All except Reuben Pettibone. He had different ideas, and one afternoon he fished the big turtle out of the barrel, carried it over to its native Sinnemahoning waters, and turned it loose. The turtle paused on the shore and took a long look at Reuben Pettibone.

"'Well,' said Reubeu, 'I guess you'll know me again when you see me!"

"Did the turtle know him again? Well, I guess! And a lucky day for Reuben Pettibone it was, too, when that turtle knew him again, for he would never have been my father if the turtle hadn't known him. It was one day, a month after Reuben had rescued the snapper from the swill barrel and soup. He was going up the Sinnemahone to set a trap for a bear, when a bear from its hiding place in the laurels saw him, jumped out, pitched into him, took the trap away from him, and proceeded to shake Reuben out of his boots and breeches. The bear was in such downright earnest that Reuben saw it would soon be all up with himif he couldn't get away. The only thing he could think of that would be likely to save him was to plunge into the Sinnemahone, which was running a flood from a rain, and swim to the other side. He had no idea that the bear would follow him. But he was wrong. The bear did follow him, and followed it so fast that when he got to the middle side of the stream and was pulling himself out on the bank the bear was right on him. It grabbed him by both legs, and went to chawing him and yanking him back into the flood.

"'Good-by to Nancy Puterbaugh and the banks of the Sinnemahone!' said Reuben, for he couldn't see any reason why his time hadn't come.

"Suddenly, though, the bear gave a howl that almost made Reuben deaf, and at the same time it let go of Reuben's legs and dropped back into the stream. Reuben dragged himself out on the bank and looked back. The bear was howling and spluttering and struggling in the water, and making frantic efforts to get back to the other side. But something was hindering it. Something was handicapping it in its struggles. Something was such a drag on the bear that it was being drowned as sure as sap in the spring.

"'What in the name o' gumption has tackled that bear?' exclaimed Reuben. 'What is it that has saved me to Nancy and the Sinnemahone?'

"There was no one about who could answer the question, and Reuben stood there and watched the bear meet its fate, which it did before it got half way across the stream. The flood carried its big carcass down, and whirled it back in an eddy against the shore, a short distance below where Reuben stood. He hurried down to see what could have so suddenly and completely undone the bear. As he neared the spot he saw an immense snapping turtle climb out on the shore. He recognized it at once. It was the fifty-pound snapper he had released from the tavern swill barrel. The turtle waited until Reuben came up. Reuben said afterward that the turtle gazed at him a moment with recognition, gratitude, pleasure, all expressed in its eyes, and then slid back into the water and disappeared. It was all plain to Reuben. The big snapping turtle had happened to be in the stream at the spot where the bear had captured Reuben, and recognizing his deliverer, had seized the bear by one of its hind feet and closed its jaws upon it like a vise. The bear had turned to escape from this unknown but terrible foe, but couldn't do it. And Reubeu Pettibone was saved.

"But this was not all. A greater debt than that do Reuben Pettibone and his posterity owe to turtles. Sinnemahone bears are epicurean in their tastes. They like turtles, especially land turtles. When a Sinnemahone bear finds one of these he straightway gets a stone, smashes the turtle's shell and treats his palate to the meat within. One day, some time after his life was saved by the big snapper, Reuben Pettibone was going through the woods when he discovered a bear, with a pleased and eager expression on his face, hurrying along with a big stone in its paws. Reuben followed fast and saw a land turtle a little way ahead, terror in its eyes and lying helpless in the grass. Reuben knew at once what the bear intended to do with the stone, and, remembering what he owed to the turtle family, he didn't propose to see this turtle sacrificed. The bear had the stone raised to hurl it on the turtle's shell when a bullet from Reuben's gun crashed through its brain, and Bruin fell dead at the turtle's side.

"Reuben Pettibone used to say that he never in all his life saw such gratitude as that turtle showed. It came up and rubbed itself against his feet and looked up into his face with an expression that almost made him cry. He stooped down to stroke its head and it licked his hand. When Reuben started at last to go the turtle gazed after him with such a touching, appealing look that he couldn't bear to leave it, and he took it up in his arms and carried it home with him. That turtle and Reuben became inseparable. He named the turtle Jasper, and everywhere he went he took it with him. And a lucky thing for Reuben that he did!

"I told you that old Squire Puterbaugh didn't like the idea of his daughter Nancy being in love with Reuben Pettibone, and the main reason for this was that he wanted her to marry a chap named Japhet Salteider, from down on the west branch. But Nancy said she wouldn't. Reuben was popular, and by and by they elected him tax collector. One day, having collected all the Sinnemahone taxes, footing up to something like one hundred and ninety-two dollars, he started with the money for the county seat to settle up, taking Jasper along as usual. He had some bear traps scattered along through the woods, one of 'em being an inclosed log pen with a falling door. This pen he baited inside, the bait being fast to an arrangement that connected with the door, so that the instant the bait was moved the door fell and shut the pen tighter than a jail. The door could be opened from the outside easy enough, but nothing could open it from the inside. This pen of Reuben's was eight miles from his clearing and only a few yards from the creek. He turned out of his way to take a look at it. He found the trap unsprung, and he went inside to see if the bait was all right. He happened to touch it in some way, when bang! down came the heavy door. And there Reuben was. As far as getting out was concerned, he might just as well have been in a prison cell. There wasn't much of a chance of anyone coming along that way, and the best that Reuben looked ahead to was that some day some one might stumble on the pen and gather up his bones and give 'em decent burial. Jasper understood the desperate situation, too, and took it much to heart, but he didn't intend to sit by and see Reuben starve. There was an opening between a couple of the logs through which he could squeeze, and every day for two weeks he went down to the creek and caught trout and brought them to Reuben. Then the supply of trout seemed to give out. Jasper fished and fished, but not a trout or any other kind of fish could he capture. At last Reuben felt that starvation was getting [illegible] clutches on him, and he could see that Jasper was failing fast. One day an idea struck him. He didn't see any [illegible] for himself, and he wanted [illegible]

HE CUT IN THE SHELL WITH HIS KNIFE.

to know some time if possible what had befallen him, and he thought he might do it through Jasper. He took the turtle, turned him over on his back, and cut on his shell with his knife this inscription:

In Bear Pen at Ben's Crook. Can't get out. Starving. REUBEN PETTIBONE.

"'There!' said he. 'I'll turn Jasper out of the pen and shut up the hole so he can't get back. Maybe he'll wander somewhere, be found and spread the news. Then they'll get my bones, anyhow.'

"But he didn't have to turn Jasper loose. As soon as Reuben had finished cutting the inscription on his shell, Jasper made for the opening as fast as he could, which was slow enough. Reuben watched him in surprise. He made his way straight for the creek. He didn't wait a second, but plunged in and Reuben saw him no more.

"'Jasper's going to save his bacon, anyhow,' said Reuben, and he felt lonesome.

"You may come pretty near imagining that folks at the clearing got well worked up when Reuben Pettibone failed to come back, and no trace of him could be found. They were slow to believe it, but at last they came to the conclusion that he had absconded with the tax money; all but Nancy Peterbaugh. The old squire honestly thought that Reuben had stolen the money and run away, and he set his foot right down and said that now Nancy must marry Japhet Salteider. He actually set the day, and Nancy had to give in. The day for the wedding came, and Nancy was out among her rosebushes crying her heart out. The creek ran by the yard, only a few feet away, and as Nancy stood there crying she saw something crawl out of the water and come toward her. She wiped her eyes so she could see better, and then gave a scream.

"It's Jasper!" she cried.

"'And so it was. Nancy ran out, picked the turtle up, and ran with him into the house.

"'See!' she screamed. 'Here's Jasper! Reuben hain't run away or Jasper 'd be with him!'

"Then she happened to turn the turtle so she saw the under side of the shell, and read what was cut there. Then she screamed again, and fainted dead away. While they were fetching her to, old 'Squire Puterbaugh read the inscription on the turtle, and in less than ten minutes had two men on horseback tearing up the creek to Ben's Crook. It is hardly necessary for me to say that they rescued Reuben and brought him home, and that he married Nancy Puterbaugh and so got to be my father.

"Turtles? I take off my hat to turtles, every time! Sinnemahone turtles, of course! And I keep it off as long as they're around!"—N. Y. Sun.

A Stammerer's Wit.

On one of the old stage routes of eastern Maine was a jolly driver whose habit of stammering was the occasion of some innocent amusement on the part of his friends.

One day his lumbering coach was stopped by a foot passenger who inquired the way to the next town. The driver attempted to tell him, but no words came. At last, waving his hand desperately toward a fork in the road, he said:

"T-t-try both roads, and you'll get there 'fore I c-can t-tell you."

On another occasion he was helping an uncomfortably stout man into the coach. The man was so large that there was more or less delay in finding him sufficient room. Irritated by the attention he had attracted, the passenger exclaimed, in imitation of the driver:

"There! s-start up your old b-b-bean pot of a t-team!"

"All r-ready, n-now, sir—we've g-got the p-pork in!" was the laughing reply.—Youth's Companion.

HE WATERED THE CATTLE.

They Were Grateful for His Effort, But Their Owner Was Not.

A Kind Hearted Man lives in West Indianapolis. The other afternoon, when the heat was intense, he saw in a Field opposite his House, forty or fifty Cattle, pawing and bellowing about a Well, and evidently suffering greatly from Thirst. This was more than the Kind Hearted Man could stand, for he did not like to see Dumb Brutes suffer. He went across the Road and pushed his way among the Cattle to the Pump. They recognized him as a Friend in Need and a Friend Indeed, and they crowded against him, pushing him against the Pump until he was bruised and sore.

But this did not divert the Kind Hearted Man from his kindly purpose. He began pumping, and the half-famished Cattle almost trampled each other under foot in getting to the water. He could not pump fast enough. The Sun beat down on his Head, and the Perspiration rolled down his face. But still the Kind Hearted Man pumped on. The Cattle gulped down the Water like Prohibitionists drink thin Lemonade at a State Convention, and the Trough apparently could never get full. Still the Kind Hearted Man pumped on, and tried to think of the days last Winter, when it was so Cold in West Indianapolis that the Oldest Citizen could not lie about it. The Whistles blew for the men in the shops to quit work, and as they wandered across the Fields they saw the Kind Hearted Man pumping away, and the Cattle drinking, as they winked the other Eye. The Pump squeaked, and almost steamed, and there was a look about it as if to say: "This is my busy day"—but the Kind Hearted Man pumped on.

But there is an End to all Earthly Things. Along toward Night the Cattle finally had enough Water for once in their lives, and as they waddled away and left the Kind Hearted Man still making a few Spasmodic Jerks at the wobbly Pump-Handle—for he was True to the Last—they looked kindly back at him, as if to say: "My Friend, if there is ever anything in this World that we can do for you all you have got to do is to mention it."

The Kind Hearted Man trudged wearily back to his home hot and tired, but Proud in the Consciousness that he had done A Good Thing. When his Wife and Children found him he was Sleeping in a Chair, with a Peaceful look on his Sweat-Stained Face.

The Sequel came next Morning. There is always a Difference in the Morning. The Kind Hearted Man had a call early from the Man who Owned the Cattle—A Town Official—who abused him Sore for what he had done, and threatened to have him Arrested.

"I didn't want them cattle watered," said the owner. "You mixed in when it wasn't none of your business, and it'll cost me a lot of money. I was not goin' to water 'em until this morning, just before I took 'em over to the stock yards to be weighed before selling 'em. Then they would have been nearly dead for water, and would have drunk enough to have helped their weight a lot, and I would have got a heap more for 'em. Next time you water yourself, or the ducks, and let my cattle alone."

The Kind Hearted Man Sighed, and turned Wearily Away. His Kindly Effort had not been Properly Appreciated.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Camp Fire of Fossil Wood.

Our fire was made of fossil wood gathered on the beach. This wood is found scattered or in wave-washed windrows all about the bay where the shores are low enough for it to rest. It also occurs in abundance in many of the ravines and gorges, and in roughly stratified beds of moraine material, some of which are more than a thousand feet in thickness. The bed rocks on which these deposits rest are scored and polished by glacial action, like all the rocks hereabouts, up to at least three thousand feet above the sea. The timber is mostly in the form of broken trunks of the Merten, Paton and Menzies spruce, the largest sections being twenty to thirty feet long, and from one to three feet in diameter, some of them with the bark on, sound and tough. It appears, therefore, that these shores were a century or so ago as generously supplied as those of the adjacent bays and inlets are to-day; though, strange to say, not one tree is left standing, with the exception of a few on mountain tops near the mouth of the bay and on the east side of the Muir glacier. How this deforestment was effected I have no space to tell here. I will only say that all I have seen goes to show that the morning soil on which the forests were growing was held in place on the steep mountain slopes by the grand trunk glacier that recently filled the bay as its channel, and that when it melted the soil and forests were sloughed off together. —John Muir, in Century.

Fruits.

Two men performed the same action, and the world's verdict upon one is: "Yes, it seems charitable, but we never can be sure of the motive which prompted it. It was probably a wish for notoriety, self-interest, or some equally mean thought." And of the other the world remarks: 'He gave all he could. Doubtless he would have given more if he was able. So we must give him credit for his intention as well as for his action." If two trees in a garden bear equally good fruit, as we enjoy it do we stop to discriminate because one of the trees is distorted or unfertile, while the other is a luxuriant and fruitful tree? It is only the gardener, and not the fruit-eater, who must judge of the tree according to its tree-nature, and, not because of the taste of this or that chance apple it bears. We have good authority for the law that it is "by their fruits ye shall know them." And until that law is superseded by a better it is wisest to confine our judgment to the action, and not imagine we can penetrate into that bewildering thicket, the complex motives of a man's mind.—Harper's Bazar.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Cooked Vegetable Salad.—Where uncooked vegetables are found too trying for the stomach, they may be boiled till quite tender, after which the process is similar to that just described.—Good Housekeeping.

—Cheese Pudding (Entrement.)—One pound of grated cheese, four eggs well beaten, four tablespoonfuls of cream, four ounces of butter melted. Beat all together, put into a butter dish and bake fifteen minutes. Turn out and serve.—Boston Budget.

—A remarkable degree of brilliancy may be imparted to windows by cleaning them with alcohol and whiting. This will remove the most obstinate paint spots. For ordinary window washing a little kerosene in the water is an effective brightener.

—Scalloped Mutton.—Cut some breast or neck of mutton into one-inch squares, and place in a saucepan. Just cover with good stock, and stew slowly till all the gravy is absorbed and the meat tender. Line a pie-dish with short crust, place the meat in it, and season with pepper and salt. Scatter fine bread crumbs over, and bake till the pastry is cooked.—Leeds Mercury.

—Mint Sauce.—Four dessertspoonfuls of chopped mint, two of granulated sugar and quarter of a pint of vinegar. Wash the mint, which should be young, freshly gathered and free from grit. Pick the leaves from the stalk, mince them very fine and put them into the gravy boat. Add the sugar and vinegar, and stir till the sugar is dissolved. This sauce should be prepared several hours before serving.—Boston Budget.

—Fruit Tapioca.—Cook three-fourths of a cup of pearl tapioca in four cups of water until smooth and transparent. Stir into it lightly a pint of fresh strawberries, raspberries or currants, adding sugar as required. Serve cold with cream, or a pudding sauce prepared by heating a pint of the berry juice to scalding and stirring into it a tablespoonful of corn starch previously rubbed to a cream with a little cold water. Cook until it thickens, then add sugar according to the acidity of the fruit. Strain and cool before using. —Good Health.

—Dressing Without Oil.—For the benefit of those persons by whom oil is not relished a good dressing may be made in this manner: Rub the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs till quite smooth, adding a teaspoonful of mixed mustard, one-fourth the volume of white pepper, half a saltspoonful of salt, a pinch of cayenne and a tablespoonful of powdered sugar. Mix these thoroughly and add cream and vinegar in equal proportions to make the mixture of the desired consistency. An improvement is made by rubbing the rind of a fresh lemon on a piece of loaf sugar and dissolving this in the vinegar before adding it to the mixture.—Good Housekeeping.

—To prepare lambs' brains browned in butter soak the brains for two hours in cold salted water; then remove the skin and membranes, cut in halves and roll in flour; have some butter hot in the frying pan, put the brains in and brown them for about ten minutes slowly. Take a can of French string beans, cook until tender and season well with pepper, salt and butter; put the beans on the dish on which they are to be served (a flat dish is best), arrange the brains over them and pour over the whole some hot strained tomato sauce, thickened with the yolk of an egg. The brains can also be served with macearoni, boiled in salted water, placing the macaroni around the edge and the brains in the middle and turning the tomato sauce over the whole.—N. Y. Tribune.

POOR BUT HONEST.

The Bishop Was Not So Very Fond of Silver.

The same things do not always appeal equally to the masculine and feminine heart, a fact demonstrated recently to the mutual entertainment of a certain bishop and his diocesans. A small western town was thrown into a flutter by the visit of its bishop, and feminine wits were put together to make sure that the honored guest should be suitably entertained.

He was to stay at the house of the clergyman, and, the clergyman's wife lavished the best her home contained in preparing for his reception. To crown the work, all the silver-mounted toilet articles of the family and its friends were conspicuously furnished forth upon the toilet table of the guest-room.

The visit took place in due time. The guest came and departed; only, to the dismay of his hostess, the entire silver toilet outfit was found to have departed with him. Not one of the articles remained.

As some of them had to be accounted for to their owners, the embarrassment of the family can be imagined. The good bishop was notoriously absent-minded, and the supposition was that he had unwittingly packed the articles with his own.

At last it was decided to write and state the situation to him as delicately as possible. The answer came back by return mail, and in the following words:

"Poor, but honest! Look in the left-hand corner, upper bureau drawer."

Search was immediately made, and in the spot indicated the missing articles were found carefully stowed, where the bishop, man-like, had banished them with alacrity upon taking possession of the bureau. — Youth's Companion.

True It Was.

"Surely"—

A bullet whistled in dangerous proximity to his head and his own revolver cracked ominously in reply.

—"this is a case of fair exchange and"—

The red lights on the rear end of the limited express were rapidly receding and through the darkness came sounds strangely like mocking laughter.

—"no robbery."

Bewailing his ill luck, the thwarted highwayman sought solace in the depths of the forest.—N. Y. World.

If You are Tired

All the time, without special exertion, as tired in the morning as when you retire at night, you may depend upon it, your blood is impure and is lacking in vitality. That is why it does not supply strength to nerves and muscles. You need

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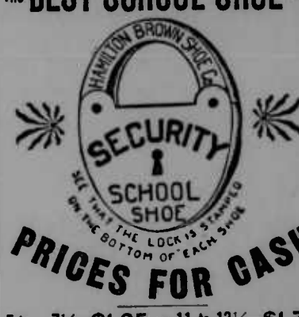

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He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

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THE SUN PASTE POLISH for a quick after-dinner shine, applied and polished with a cloth.

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TEMPERANCE NOTES.

FRANCE AND RUM.

Terrible Results Arising From the Almost Universal Use of Crude Alcohol and Absinthe.

A bill has been submitted to the French chamber of deputies to curb the rapid transit of the liquor traffic in that country, by M. Jules Roche. This measure is the twenty-third one of similar tenor and purpose introduced in that body since 1880, and will probably meet the same fate as its twenty-two predecessors—be thrown aside without action. Yet the condition which it is intended to remedy is one which no patriotic Frenchman can investigate without alarm. The statistics of the enormous increase of drinking in France since the Franco-Prussian war, in 1870, are simply appalling.

There are to-day in France 55,000 more liquor shops than at that date—only twenty-five years ago. With the 32,000 open in Paris and the 425,000 in the departments, there is one place for selling alcohol to every thirty-five inhabitants. The actual consumption of alcohol in France, per capita, has more than tripled in the last forty years. In the workingmen's suburb of Rouen the average consumption, not of beer or wine, but of raw spirits of alcohol, is a half-liter, or eighty eight one-hundredths of a pint, daily. Worst of all, the stuff is made of crude alcohol of the cheapest sort, served in highly-colored concoctions of various dyes, and filled out with water at the nearest hydrant. This is served at two cents a glass in the lower resorts, and the higher prices paid at the more respectable places do not insure anything better.

The darkest fact in connection with the increase in the use of liquors there is the fact that it curses both sexes, and not one alone. The habit of drinking, which has grown upon France so that now enormous quantities of absinthe are consumed before the noon lunch, as well as before the evening dinner, is almost as prevalent among the women as among the men. Dr. Laucereaux says that intoxication by the use of absinthe and bitters has been, "for some years back, as common among women as among men."

Dr. Rey, the chief physician of the Marseilles asylum for the insane, gives the story drawn from the past twenty years. Before that time the asylum was large enough for the insane of four detachments, including Corsica. It is now insufficient for the bare city of Marseilles. Moreover, in the city schools there are three hundred half-witted and epileptic children whose condition, like that of the inmates of the asylum, is due to alcoholism of their parents. Outside the schools are at least three hundred more whom it is useless even to try to teach.

And bad as the drink evil is, all its effects are aggravated by the drugs used in connection with the liquors consumed. Absinthe is, as mentioned above, enormously used. It contains the poisonous essence of wormwood, hyssop and fennel, which produce epilepsy and sterility. There is growing up in France a race of alcoholics which, as Dr. Lancereux says, "is luckily wanting in the strength to perpetuate itself." Eminent physicians attribute the depopulation of France to the one chief cause of absinthe drinking. Certainly the question of the abuse of alcohol is one of the gravest now confronting French legislators. But with them the problem is even more difficult than with ourselves. The French people, from the highest to the lowest—the learned, the great, the statesmen and scientists, the priests, on down to the lowest workman, all indulge in some form of drink. Wine is universally seen upon the tables at dinner. In such a state of public feeling, it is impossible to array the better and more intelligent classes solidly in favor of an effort to pulverize the rum power.—Toledo Blade.

A YEAR OF SUCCESS.

Record of the London Temperance Hospital Proves It Beyond the Experimental Stage.

The London Temperance hospital held its twenty-first annual meeting recently, and by the reports we learn that in 1894 it treated 1,044 in-patients, 5,154 out-patients, and 5,965 casualty cases. The total expenses were $45,600. Hon. Lord Battersea, in taking the chair, among other things said:

If some people were to visit, as I had the honor of visiting this evening, and see ward after ward, and patient after patient, they would agree with me that among the many hospitals in London, there is not one which is better conducted, nor more economically conducted, nor is there one which has a larger number of patients recovering than the London Temperance hospital, for which I have the honor to-night to take the chair.

Canon Wilberforce made a most eloquent address, in which he said, that "the total abstinence movement has altered the whole opinion of the country." He referred to the great, good work of the Temperance hospital and to the fight against alcohol, and said: "The result has been that up and down this country, people are beginning to see that they can get better from their illnesses without having recourse to this dangerous drug." Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, F.R.S., the senior of the hospital, among other things said:

They had treated all their cases in the institution without once having recourse to alcohol. In this respect the year had been memorable, and he would say that the results achieved had been as good as could have been expected from any institution of the kind in the world. He would not go so far as to say that they were better, but they were as good in all particulars. That is such an institution they should have treated over one thousand cases with various diseases, and in various stages of disease, without having administered a single drop of stimulant, was a fact of great importance, not only to this particular institution, but to the world at large. [Hear, hear.] Medical men who had stood aside for a long time, had now been brought to look at the matter without prejudice. They had seen how diseases were treated here, and they wished to treat their own patients in the same manner. [Cheers.] A few years ago those who treated disease in this way were tabooed. It was said they were leaving people to die, and of this very hospital it was said that persons might possibly die, and did die, because they excluded a certain means of so-called cure. Now that they had proved the other way they pooh-poohed it, and said it was nothing at all—any child could do it. [Laughter.] No less than thirty-six letters had been sent to him (the speaker) from different parts of the world, from the staffs of hospitals and medical people, inquiring how they did it. Did they give alcohol in any other shape? His reply had always been: "Spirituous drinks are as little necessary in illness as in health." [Cheers.] They had, however, not got over all their difficulties. The rumor now about was that they had selected their cases, and that they admitted none but inebriates in this institution. His reply was that they made no distinction whatever. [Hear, hear.] If two cases came to the hospital, and one was more serious than the other, if they had not room for both, they would take the more serious one. He would say that should it so happen that a case of any kind was brought to the hospital and refused admission, and through such refusal the patient died, and a coroner's jury was held, he would be the first to go down to the court and say that they had made a mistake, and he would no longer consent to be one of its physicians. [Cheers.] Let it, then, be clearly understood they took in the very worst cases. Out of the 1,044 cases treated during last year, the death-rate had only been between five and six per cent. There could be nothing better than that in the kingdom, in Europe, or in America.

A POSITIVE CONDEMNATION.

Work of Alcoholic Beverages Forcibly and Tersely Set Forth.

Rev. Dr. Arthur T. Pierson is a man of positive views and strong convictions, and when he speaks he speaks to the point as a rule. In witness of this we quote a recent utterance of Dr. Pierson on the temperance question. "I believe," he says, "that strong drink is abhorred by God, and the main curse of the earth on which we live; that pauperism and crime, and disease and insanity are its natural offspring; that it is an invention of the devil; that it is fostered by the depravity of man; that it leads to untold suffering, sorrow, want, and woe; that it deposes the reason; that it crushes noble affections; that it sears the conscience and perverts the judgment; that it leads to a quick descent into a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell. But when manhood once comes under its power, it seldom has any resurrection, or knows the powers of a better life; and that when Jesus Christ come in glory, He will judge and condemn the drink traffic and the drink habit. I believe that strong drink is the direct foe of the influence of the spirit of God; that it is a fruitful source of contention and strife in society, and even in the Church of God; that it promotes the most grievous sins; and that the drunkard shall never enter the kingdom of Heaven, but will be consigned to everlasting death."

TEACHING TEMPERANCE.

Time to Save People from Drinking Intoxicants Is Before They Begin.

Rev. Dr. Cuyler has a characteristic article in the April number of the National Temperance Advocate calling upon public school teachers to make the most of the law requiring that in the public schools the pupils shall be instructed in regard to the effects of alcoholic stimulants upon the human body. He says "the time to save people from drinking intoxicants is before they begin. The time to teach the simple A B C of abstinence from deadly drinks is in childhood and youth. A whole generation is coming on the stage who must be saved now, if they are ever saved at all. And you are the persons who can do this if you have the heart and the will to undertake the labor of love. Many boys in our public schools learn nothing about the nature or the danger of alcoholic beverages in their own homes." In this connection, it may be stated that a bill has passed the New York state legislature to secure the better and more strict enforcement of the law requiring scientific instruction in temperance in the public schools of this state.

A Sure and Safe Position.

If you never drink the first glass of liquor, you will never become a drunkard. This is a sure and safe position. "Against such there is no law"—total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks the only position that is absolutely safe. The army of drunkards is recruited from the ranks of moderate drinkers, and not from the ranks of total abstainers. Where this principle lives, intoxicants have no power. Total abstinence reclaims the drunkard from his folly and the moderate drinker from his error. It appeals to the reason; convinces the judgment; overcomes prejudices; prompts to action; and sets the spirit free. Practice it, and you will never become a drunkard.—National Temperance Advocate.

Liquor vs. Crime.

In answer to letters of inquiry addressed to the wardens of the penitentiaries, these figures were received, showing the proportion of crimes caused by strong drink: Sing Sing, N. Y., 92 per cent.; Boston, Mass., 85 per cent.; Jackson, Mich., 78 per cent.

GENERAL GLEANINGS.

CANADA'S annual liquor bill is $134,785,400.

GLASGOW has 400 prison cells for women, and drink most frequently puts occupants in them.

GOV. SHEAKLEY of Alaska refuses to issue the necessary permits for the establishment of breweries in that territory.

THE Belgian senate, convinced that free trade in intoxicants is a failure, has for some time been seeking a way of restricting the trade in alcohol.

THE superintendent of police of Brooklyn has ordered a strict enforcement of the law against selling cigarettes to any child under sixteen years of age.

SALOON-KEEPING is a leading industry. It leads its victims to the grave and to hell, and their wives and children to disgrace, poverty and misery.—The Midland, Chicago.

THE British Army Temperance association has within the past twelve months extended its operations to troops serving at home, with results as excellent as in the army in India.

A NEW law for the better observance of Sunday in Russia will probably close all the dram shops throughout the empire on that day. An effort is being made to have them kept open one hour of the day.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Maj. Ruffner has issued a bulletin announcing that Niagara Falls has entered the list of lake ports. In the dredging operations at Connors' island the third cut has been finished. This gives a channel fifty feet wide at the bottom and with fourteen feet depth at mean lake level through the bar.

—At the battle of flowers at Nice no one at first ventured to throw any flowers into Queen Victoria's carriage. An intimation was given to the crowd by Col. Biggs that the queen would not object and her carriage was soon filled with small bouquets, several of which she threw back with evident enjoyment.

—A house boat now being constructed for the clerks of the Second national bank of Saginaw will be sixteen feet long and twelve feet wide. It will have a cabin fitted up with berths for sleeping, and will be furnished with chairs, rugs and other conveniences, besides a kitchen, with all the necessary appliances.

—Old bills of the Orange county bank, N. Y., known in by-gone years as "butter money," are occasionally unearthed, although nearly all that were issued have long since been redeemed. Justice A. B. Hulse, of Monroe, recently presented one of twenty dollars and was somewhat surprised at receiving its face value in gold.

—Pittsburgh papers report that a train of three cars, carrying officers of the Pennsylvania company, ran from Pittsburgh to Chicago on May 7 in 10 hours 4 minutes. The distance is 468 miles, making the rate of speed 46.5 miles an hour. There were numerous delays, and the actual running time is said to have been 8½ hours, equal to 55 miles an hour.

—A letter received by Warden Patton, of the Indiana prison at Jeffersonville, from Attorney General Olney at Washington asked that the rope used by convict Thomas Shepard in scaling the new prison wall on several occasions be placed in the government display at the cotton states exposition. The attorney general stated that a place had been provided for it in the government display. The rope was made of bits of cloth.

—To a Cleveland journalist William B. Ogden once said: "I built the first forty miles of road out of Chicago through wrecks of broken wagons and dead mules and horses. I was met at every point with opposition from the farmers, who said that the price of horses would be ruined, and not until I could haul their wheat for one-fourth the cost at which they could haul it by wagons was I permitted to extend my road out into the country."

—A six-inch underground pneumatic tube has been in use in Philadelphia for two years between the central post office and one of the branch offices, and it has been operated with a delay of less than half an hour during the whole time. The test has been so successful that the city council has taken favorable action on the proposition of a company to lay pneumatic tubes in the principal streets, subject to strict conditions for keeping them in repair.

—It is stated that the ballasting upon the southern Pacific roadbed, between San Antonio and Ell Paso, is laid by hand with cheap Mexican labor in a very artistic manner. The material is broken rocks from the cliffs that inclose the track at intervals nearly all the way, and the edges on both sides, mile after mile, for hundreds of miles, are marked with selected stones, all of a size and placed as regularly as the bricks in a building.

—Great pots of molten metal go daily skimming along the Erie railroad from the Cleveland Rolling Mill company's central blast furnace to the Newburg mills. The plan, put into operation recently, is a perfect success. It takes just fifteen minutes for the metal, after it is poured into the big ladle cars, to reach the mixer in the mills, some five miles away. Eight trips are made a day. About five hundred tons of hot metal are thus carried every day over this long route.

—A curious instance of the muddled condition of administrative boundaries in England is shown by the hamlet of Penge, in which the crystal palace, and which has now twenty thousand inhabitants. Altho part of the county of London, it is not in the London of the registrar general. It is joined to Dulwich in the parliamentary elections, with Greenwich for the second school board, with Rochester for the church, with Cambeth for its water rates, with Lewisham for its poor rates and Battersee for its lakes. Its police court is Kennington and its civil court Croydon.

For Home Wear.

A stylish house dress is made of satin-striped challie in white and a pale shade of blue. The skirt is plain; the body of the waist is of the challie. The sleeves, vest and deep shoulder ruffles are of white India silk. The ruffles and front of the waist are trimmed with very closely-plaited lace, about two inches wide. This is set on from the shoulder-seams to the waist-line in double rows down either side of the shirred vest front. The shoulder ruffles are in lappet shape. They are made of a section of the goods about fourteen inches long and eighteen inches wide. These are trimmed all around with the lace, the edge being cut in deep scallops. The upper portion is folded in and shirred double about three inches from the edge, making a double ruffle, which is sewed on to the line of the sleeve-seam. Large bows, with loops and ends, are set on, and an end of the ribbon forming the bow is brought down on either side and tucked in the belt.—N. Y. Ledger.

Not Jealous.

Mrs. Lushley—And there you were, when the policeman found you at three in the morning, hugging a cigar sign. Oh, it's just awful!

Mr. Lushley—My dear, it surely is not possible that you are jealous of a cigar sign.—Texas Siftings.

NUMBER OF HOUSES IN CITIES.

Comparative Density of Population—Philadelphia a Shining Example.

In all the countries of Europe, in the United States and in the dominion of Canada, there are, so far as recent and authentic figures show, 70,000,000 houses. There are 342,000 houses, some of them unsubstantial affairs, in the city of Tokio, Japan, one for every five people, so that the Japanese metropolis does not suffer from overcrowding. New York has 115,000 houses, averaging eighteen residents to each. London, the greatest accumulation of inhabitants in the world, has 600,000 houses, or seven residents to each on the average. London has increased in this respect very rapidly, for at the beginning of the present century the number of houses was only 130,000, little more than New York has at this time. The population of London at that time (1800) was 960,000. It is now 4,200,000. So it has increased nearly five fold, but the number of houses has not increased in as large ratio. Paris has 90,000 houses. At the close of the Franco-Prussian war it had 70,000. At the close of the Napoleonic wars it had 28,000. The area of the city has been extended meanwhile. The average number of residents in a house in Paris is twenty-five, which is about 50 per cent. greater than in New York. The majority of public buildings in Paris are utilized for purposes of residence, especially upon the top floors, whereas in New York scores of buildings in every street downtown are given over exclusively to business purposes. In the square mile or more of the territory between Wall and Spruce streets and between Broadway and the East river there were at the recent election only 430 voters, representing a total population of 1,750. In all computations of city populations by houses Philadelphia ranks as a shining example of a big town which has plenty of elbow room to expand in. Philadelphia, with a population in excess of 1,000,000, has 187,000 houses. It is less densely populated than London, but not much less so.—N. Y. Sun.

THE REAL MAN.

He Finds Expression for His Spiritual Workings in Activity.

It is idle to inquire too closely which is the real man, the good action, the good thought which prompts the action, or the lofty desire which inspires the good thought. The man is in all of these, perhaps part of him in each. Or perhaps the truer way to put it would be that the "realness" is in each in turn. First in the longing wish which inspires, next in the quick thought which finds out how to act, finally in the noble, considerate action, which is the only thing the man can do, since he has become capable of nothing else.

We hear much talk to-day of "consciousness" and "self-consciousness." But the thoroughly healthy man should he be who uses both of his natures without being conscious of himself as apart from their use. When we become conscious of a part of our body it is because that part is out of order or diseased.

If this is true of one part of a man it should be true of another. We walk—and granting our powers of locomotion are in good order, we should be unconscious of using our legs. We think—and if our brains are in a normal condition, we do not at the same time consider how we think. We aspire toward truth or righteousness—and if we are conscious of standing apart and admiring our longing toward a purer life, we have certainly fallen into a very impure one.

So the healthy man, the real one, should continually express his soul or mind or body in some form of activity, yet be always unconscious that he is doing so. And the man who so acts and strives and longs in utter self-forgetfulness furnishes a perfect example.—Harper's Bazar.

Yellow Jackets Are Deadly.

While watching for a shot at a deer near a deerlick one fall, I noticed a huge yellow jackets' nest hanging from the limb of an ironwood sapling, not far from a tree I had climbed up. A little before sunset I saw a fine buck making his way toward the lick. As he approached the yellow jackets' nest I noticed a movement in the foliage overhead, and the next instant a catamount plunged headlong through the leaves and landed on the buck's neck. The buck stumbled, but soon got on his feet, and the catamount, who had struck the limb to which the yellow jackets' nest was attached, sprang off and began to root and tear in the undergrowth, for the disturbed insects had poured out and were stinging it unmercifully. The buck dashed away out of sight like a streak, and from the way he snorted I judged that some of the angry hornets had got at him also. The catamount ran up a beech tree and leaped from one treetop to another till it couldn't go any further, when it tumbled to the ground, wounded to death by the sting of the yellow jackets.—N. Y. Tribune.

Puff-Balls Good to Eat.

Probably you have all noticed the little white puff-balls in spring, and "shot off" the same in autumn, when they are dry and full of dark powder. This is one of our choicest eatable mushrooms. One admirer says he cut a slice from a giant puff-ball, which grew near his home, every day for a week, and had so many fresh fritters whereas, if he had cut it all down the first day, it would not have made nearly so many delicious meals. One giant puff-ball, when young and creamy, if well cooked, will satisfy the appetites of twelve people. In olden times slices of this mushroom were used to bind up cuts, and were said to insure their speedy healing. In the days of flint and steel, before matches were invented, the powder of the dried puff balls was often used to catch and hold the sparks. Another strange use to which it was put was to burn it before a bee hive. The fumes made the bees drowsy, and the honey could be removed without difficulty.—Margaret Leighton, in St. Nicholas.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Knoblaugh proves that there is a constant ratio between the intensity of the fluorescence and the existing light, even when the intensity of the latter is altered in the ratio of 1 to 6,400.

—J. Berkenbine, the iron ore expert, estimates the production of iron ore in 1893 at 52,000,000 long tons. The total production in this country last year was 11,879,679 long tons, against 11,587,629 in 1893. Twenty-four states produce ore, Michigan standing first.

—Bangkok, in Siam, has more than doubled it commerce in a single year; 577 vessels entered and cleared in 1893, as compared with 285 in 1892, while the increase in tonnage was 277,350 tons, or 132 per cent. The value of the imports was $11,295,300 in gold and that of the exports $22,285,570, mainly rice.

—From the fact that the ammonia in the air is the main cause of dried flowers losing their colors, Herr Nienhaus concluded that the tendency might be arrested by preserving the specimens between sheets of paper which had previously been saturated with a solution of one per cent. of oxalic acid in water. By this method even the most delicate-tinted poppies are found to retain their colors.

—It is said that a certain Swedish copper mine has been worked without interruption for 800 years, and is estimated to have had a total yield in eight centuries of 1,200,000 tons, worth—at the average value of £28 per ton—more than £32,000,000. A record of its production shows that the output was 1,336 metric tons in 1633, reaching a maximum of 3,455 tons in 1650, and slowly decreasing since 1890, being 271 tons in 1891.

—M. Andre's project for reaching the north pole by balloon is being examined by a committee of the French academie des sciences. Four important conditions must be satisfied: First, an ascensional power of 6,000 pounds, to carry three observers, their instruments, ballast and provisions for four months; second, a balloon that shall continue impermeable for four months; third, conveniences for filling and starting it in the arctic regions, and, finally, some means of directing it. Nordenskjold thinks Andre can carry out his plan.

—A physician points out that several fallacies are common with regard to the weight of the human body. The man who congratulates himself on his gain of several pounds in weight over a given period may have no cause for rejoicing, for he may be under a delusion. Very few persons, says the investigator, have any correct idea of their own weight. As a matter of fact, the weight of the body is continually changing, owing to innumerable influences. On a warm day after breakfast a man will lose more than a third of a pound per hour. Seventy per cent. of the body contains water, and its weight varies constantly. The inference to be drawn from the loss or gain of a pound or two may be mistrusted. Fluctuations of a few ounces are a sign that the body is in a healthy state.

—An experiment of some importance is reported, made with a view to determine, if possible, the origin of natural gas, irrespective of theories hitherto prevalent. For this purpose dried seaweed was steeped in water which had been freed from air, and on the third day gas appeared, continuing to be evolved in diminishing quantities until the tenth day, when 803 cubic centimeters had been collected. The evolution had evidently ceased, though after standing two years and a half thirty cubic centimeters more of gas collected in the apparatus; the second gas differed from the first, consisting, it is recorded, almost entirely of methane—the chief constituent of natural gas—from which it is inferred that this slow secondary decomposition of vegetable matter has some relation to the origin of natural gas.—Boston Journal of Commerce.

APPLE RUST.

A Quality That Lends Beauty to the Cider.

Who that has seen a cider-press in operation has not admired the deep, rich, golden-brown or golden red color that the juice of the apples assumes as it gathers in the receptacles? This characteristic hue of cider is almost as pleasing to the eye as the flavor of the fresh, sweet juice is to the sense of taste. It reminds one of the colors of the autumn landscapes amid which the apples have ripened. But science says that cider owes its beautiful color to the fact that it oxidizes or rusts.

A French chemist has recently shown that the apple contains an oxidizing ferment, a kind of diastose, which produces the brownish or reddish color of cider. The manner in which this substance produces oxidation can readily be observed by anyone who cuts an apple open and leaves it exposed for a short time to the air. The cut surfaces gradually turn red as the oxygen of the air unites with the juice, or in a word, the apple rusts.

This rusting of an apple may also be brought about by simply bruising the fruit without breaking the skin. Everybody knows that apples that have fallen violently to the ground show red or rusty spots underneath the bruised rind. In this case the oxygen is derived from the air contained in the ducts or interstices among the tissues of the fruit, and it becomes active through the breaking of the cells that inclose the oxidizing ferment.

If an apple is cooked before its skin is broken its tissues do not oxidize when exposed to the air. This is explained on the supposition that the oxidizing properties of the ferment are destroyed by heat.

But let the apple rust if it likes; the uncounted thousands who look upon it as the king of fruits will never regard their favorite the less fondly for that. And who knows how much of its delicousness in the mouth may be due to the very element that causes it to oxidize when left wasting in the air?—Youth's Companion.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—She—"You mustn't forget that we are engaged." He—"There's no danger. I haven't paid for the ring yet."—Life.

—Father—"So you wish to make my daughter your wife?" Suitor—"Well, it's the only way I can see of becoming your son-in-law."—Tit-Bits.

—"Have you ever visited the chamber of horrors at the museum?" She—"No; but I have seen the posters for several magazines."—Inter Ocean.

—Mr. Commonstock—"But is the count gifted with common sense?" Daughter (indignantly)—"I should hope not, papa. He's a nobleman."—Boston Post.

—"Are there any more jurymen who have a prejudice against you?" inquired the lawyer. "No, sah, de jury am all right, but I want to challenge the judge."—Green Bag.

—"Slimsou is in a fair way of making a fortune." "What at?" "He invented a contrivance by which two people can make love while riding their wheels."—Brooklyn Life.

—Bill's Little Jest.—"There is something about you," remarked Rubberneck Bill, as he gently removed the traveler's money belt, "there is something about you that I like."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Oh, how delightful!" exclaimed the artless young creature at the reception. "You are an authoress?" "I presume," replied the Boston celebrity, with a cold smile. "I am what you would call a novelistess."—Chicago Tribune.

—Hoax—"I told him a whopping big lie to square myself." Joax—"Did it make an impression on him?" Hoax—"Not exactly; it simply strengthened the impression he had already formed of me."—Philadelphia Record.

—"I hear," said the Cheerful Idiot, "that they are talking of revising the costume of the Goddess of Liberty." "And what will it be, pray?" asked the typewriter boarder, who has a wheel. "Red, white and bloomers," said the Cheerful Idiot.—Indianapolis Journal.

—What is the use of seeking wealth,
Destroying soul and brain,
Since folks declare who have been there
It nothing gives but pain?
But ah! the secret here we greet:
It is the kind of pain that's sweet.
—Boston Courier.

—The burglar turned with a sneer of malignant triumph. "If you shoot me," he hissed, "you'll wake the baby." There was nothing to do but permit him to load all the silver into a sack and carry it away, leaving the front door open behind him.—Detroit Tribune.

—It is said there is a language of the hair. We see no reason to doubt this assertion. At any rate we have heard of well authenticated cases where a single blonde hair on a dark coat collar has talked plainer than a guide post and furnished material for a whole course of lectures.—Truth.

—"Now, sir," said the professor of medicine, "you may tell me to what class of maladies insomnia belongs." "Why-er—" replied the indolent youth, "it's a contagious disease." "I never heard it so described. Where did you learn of this?" "From experience. Whenever my neighbor's dog can't sleep, I'm just as wakeful as he is."—Washington Star.

—She had now become desperate. "Your family has a grand name," he observed. "I would prefer almost any other," she rejoined with a promptness sufficient to suggest that she had given the subject thought. After a time she sat as one in a trance and wondered what would be the chances of his tumbling if a wheat elevator were to precipitate itself upon him.—Detroit Tribune.

WHITE HOUSE FAVORITES.

Flowers That Have Been Popular with the Wives of Presidents.

The ladies of the white house have always been much interested in the beautiful flowers grown either in the grounds or conservatories of the fine old mansion, and each has shown a decided admiration for some particular flower. Mrs. Hayes was extremely fond of rose and apple geraniums, so much so that a special house was devoted to the cultivation, for her, of these old-fashioned, fragrant plants. For the short months during which Mrs. Garfield held sway, her preference was for orchids. Afterwards, in President Arthur's time, when the white house was a bachelor's establishment, there was no lack of appreciation for the flowers, though President Arthur's liking was more for decorative plants, and he took the greatest delight in arranging and rearranging the ferns and palms in the different rooms. In fact, it often happened that after the gardeners had spent an afternoon in decorating the entire house, they would often find the next morning that the president had amused himself by changing everything completely, to obtain unique and pleasing effects in the combinations of color and foliage.

When Mrs. Cleveland was first in the white house her greatest favorites were pansies, and huge beds were grown for her personal pleasure, their soft hues of purple, bronze and gold showing in masses under her windows. Though these are still prime favorites with her, she now has a fancy for the cape jasmine, which is extensively grown.

Mrs. Harrison's preference was decidedly for the orchids, and she took so great an interest in the collection that it was enlarged at her request. During the very exacting life which is the lot of the mistress of the white house, china-painting was almost her only diversion, and she used some of the finest orchids as models, making artistic reproductions of them with her clever brush.—Demorest's Magazine.

Made an Equal Division.

Smith—I say, Jones, I don't want all your old cans and boots and things thrown over into my yard.

Jones (his neighbor)—You haven't got 'em all; I divided them equally with Brown, on the other side.—Boston Traveler.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSORIPTION:

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REMITTANCES:

Remittances made by money order, postal note, registered letter or bank draft will be at our risk, if made otherwise, at the risk of the sender. Address,

THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1895.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first insertion* of the same:

Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $3; County Commissioner, $2.50; Register of Wills, $2.50; County Surveyor, $1.50.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

By the request of friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer of Garrett County, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

JACOB S. MEYERS,
District No. 2. Selbysport, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention Let the old soldiers have a chance.

W. M. LOHR.

Cove, Md., March 11, 1895.

FOR SHERIFF.

At the request of my many friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Garrett County, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

AUSTIN BROWN.

Selbysport, Md., May 31, 1895.*

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. Don't slight the old soldiers.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND.

Oakland, Md., May 27, 1895.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. GEORGE J. WALTER.
District No. 1. P. O., Thayerville, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party GEORGE D. WHITE.
Oakland, Md.

Attention, Republicans!

The Republican voters of Garrett county are requested to assemble in Primary Meeting in the several districts of the county, on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1895,

for the purpose of electing five delegates from each election district to attend a County Convention to be held in Oakland, Md., on

TUESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1895,

to select three delegates to represent Garrett county in the Republican State Convention to be held in Cambridge, Md., on

THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1895,

to nominate a candidate for Governor, Comptroller and Attorney General.

The County Convention will also be called upon to elect a new State Central Committee and County Executive Committee for Garrett county.

By order of the Republican State Central Committee for Garrett county.

ANDREW SHARTZER, Chairman.
C. J. OTTO, Secretary.

FOR GOVERNOR,

Lloyd Lowndes,

OF ALLEGANY COUNTY,
Subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

To Our Patrons.

On July 5th, 1895, THE REPUBLICAN will send to all of its patrons statements for subscriptions and we insist that attention be paid them.

We have been carrying a number of subscribers for five years and have never received a cent from them; to such this is more particularly addressed.

Be prepared to remit as soon as the statements are received.

WE DON'T want to hurt any one's feelings but it is just as well to keep in mind the prices promised the farmers for their wool by the Democratic press of Garrett county.

Please give us your latest wool quotations, brother.

THE Wetzel *Republican* editor thus belches forth: "These confounded pesky flies are a dadbusted nuisance to us bald headed editors." What's the matter with an artificial covering for the head?—Davis Republican.

That's a nuisance too; we've tried it.

IN THREE counties on the eastern shore, where the Democrats have held their primaries, charges of fraud are so numerous, and the dissatisfaction with the result so prevalent, that appeals for authority to hold new primaries have been made to the committee of eleven, a peace factor in the party machine provided for at the last meeting of the Democratic State Central Committee. Harmony of that kind reigns all through the Democratic camp.—Cumberland News.

Bankers Oppose It.

The Georgia State Bankers' association have unanimously passed the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That it is the conscientious opinion of this association that the free coinage of silver will bring upon our country the greatest distress.

"*Resolved, further*, That we believe that statutory enactments endeavoring to maintain a circulation of gold and silver on a parity and providing for the free coinage of both are futile. Such legislation would wipe out the valuation of property and our labor's gain."

The Price of Wool.

The American farmer will be interested in studying a comparison of the prices paid for his wool in the open market this month and in June of last year. Taking four of the principal grades of domestic wool, the quotations are as follows:

Grade	June Prices. 1894. Cents.	1895. Cents.	Loss per pound.
Indiana quarter blood unwashed	17½	16½	1
No. 1 medium unwashed	16	13	3
Fine unwashed	14	11½	2½
Fine territory, 70 per cent. shrinkage	10	9	1

It was thought that prices could not fall below the figures of a year ago, when it was hoped that the effect of Free-Trade in wool had been fully anticipated. But the result is even worse than the realization.

THE convention of the League of Republican Clubs, which met in Cleveland, Ohio, last week, transacted the business for which it was called together with care and celerity. Everybody was pleased except the Democrats.

They are the sickest set in the country to-day. They imagined that the League would pass resolutions on the financial question which would in the end disrupt the Republican party. When, however, it was seen that the party would not be broken in twain upon the Silver rock the feathers of the Democracy immediately fell and now they look very wet and bedraggled.

The wish, in this instance, was father to the thought, and they had laid the flattering unction to their souls that the mission of the Republican party was about ended and that the star of its destiny had set behind the Silver clouds.

Well, some people are mistaken sometimes.

The Republican party to-day is stronger, more united and determined to redeem this government next year from an incompetent and un-American Democratic administration than ever before. We'll get there in '96.

THE REPUBLICAN seems to be considerably worried about us and the government position we hold. It strikes us very forcibly, as it also strikes others, that it is a piece of uncalled for officiousness on its part to undertake to regulate the affairs of the Democracy of this county, or to presume to speak as to the opinions of any single Democrat on the subject.—Democrat of last week.

THE REPUBLICAN is not considerably worried about you and the government position you hold. The fact is, regarding you personally, we are glad that you have the job, but what we would like to know is this: How can you, editorially, (we care nothing for your individual opinion) and consistently support Arthur P. Gorman and at the same time hold a position at the hands of Grover Cleveland?

We don't undertake to regulate the affairs of the Democracy of this county, and we would like to see and make the acquaintance of the individual who could regulate the affairs of that disrupted mass. The fact is, that all the doctors who recently assembled in Baltimore, were they put to work upon its carcass, could not get its bones in proper position again or straighten out the ligaments and cords of its anatomy.

You must remember, dear old *Democrat*, that we have been walloping the life out of the Democracy in Garrett county for the last few years, and it is no wonder its affairs are disgruntled, irregular and out of shape; but this does not answer the question that we have been propounding to you for weeks past, and again we pause for a reply.

WILLIAM P. TRIMBLE asks the Hartford *Democrat* whether the coming campaign is not a German fight. The answer he gets we subjoin:

"Two years hence, if Mr. Gorman is alive and seeks re-election, he may be considered and discussed, but to consider and discuss him two years in advance of his candidacy, looks like an effort to fool the people and is injuring our candidates for the State."

True, Arthur Pue Gorman is not seeking re-election to the United States Senate by the next legislature. It is equally true, however, that the campaign on one side will be distinctly a Gorman fight. Gibson, who seeks re-election to the Senate, is very much a Gorman man. At the coming election the fate of Gorman will be settled for weal or for woe, and if Gibson gets another turn at Washington, Gorman is on top. The defeat of the ring next November means the political annihilation of the chief boss, and those honest Democrats who are anxious to overthrow him should vote against every ring candidate. Let no voter heed the soothsayer's voice. It is sophistry of the baldest kind to talk of "two years in advance of his candidacy." Gorman is on the rack now. Every energy should be bent to defeat him. To every honest politician, "Now is the acceptable time, now is the day of regeneration." To smash and pulverize Gorman's influence and to erect honest government in Annapolis should be the ideal of all patriotic citizens.

The Tasker Damage Case.

We call attention to a communication in this issue from Hiram P. Tasker, Esq. We have no desire to do Mr. Tasker an injury and we think that our readers will bear us out in the statement that no harm was done him in our report of his case against the county.

Mr. Tasker's suit was for unliquidated damages. We are not a lawyer, but we never knew before that a demurrer was composed of counts. The fact is, in this case, as an inspection of the record will prove, that the original demurrer in the case was filed to the second and third counts in Mr. Tasker's declaration, and the first count therein was traversed. The court sustained the demurrer to the second and third counts of the declaration, whereupon Mr. Tasker's counsel abandoned his first count and thereupon the court entered judgment upon the demurrer in favor of the county; so that the telegram referred to was not, to *any* extent, misleading.

We have interviewed the Board of Commissioners as to their knowledge of the assistance Mr. Tasker says was rendered him by Mr. E. H. Sincell, attorney to the board, and they inform us that when Mr. Tasker applied to them to have Mr. Sincell assist him they distinctly told him that if such assistance was rendered it would be only in a personal capacity and not officially as counsel to the board.

This paper, representative of Republican sentiments in Garrett county, has no fight to make against Mr. Tasker or any other individual in the county, but it will ever strive to honestly and fearlessly uphold, protect and defend the interests of the people, and we will not be deterred from this course with the threat that a people's paper or anybody else's paper will "enter the arena." THE REPUBLICAN does not belong to any clique or ring, and its past utterances verify this claim and are indicative of what its future course of action will be.

Counted Him Out.

From the Cleveland (Ohio) World.

One of the delegates from Maryland to the convention of Republican clubs is Dr. W. S. Booze, who is in about the same position as is Hon. Henry Clay Evans, of Tennessee. Dr. Booze was elected to Congress from the Third Maryland district, which includes about one-half of the city of Baltimore, and a Democratic returning board has counted him out in favor of the Democratic candidate, Congressman Henry L. Rusk.

"My majority was 2,000," Dr. Booze said to a *World* reporter Thursday, "and the manner in which I was counted out will be referred to Congress and I am sure that Congress will do me justice. We call Maryland Republican now. We have broken the solid South and next fall we expect to carry everything in the State. We've got 'em on the run, and they are panic stricken."

"Yes," added Major O'Driscoll, "and with Lloyd Lowndes as our candidate for governor, we'll just woop 'er up for all there is in it and carry the state."

Let the Truth be Told.

To the Editor of the Republican.

While out in the wilds of Negro mountain, locating certain military lots that have never paid any State or county taxes, my attention has been called, for the first time, to an editorial paragraph in your issue of June 6th, that not only does me injustice, but is misleading to the tax payers of Garrett county generally. In the first place you speak of the "Tasker Damage Case." This is a misnomer, as my suit was for wages due for services rendered under a written official contract. You next quote a telegram which is to a certain extent misleading, viz.: "Demurrer sustained and judgment for county." The facts are that the court sustained only two counts in the demurrer, and my counsel promptly took an appeal on said rulings, and the case will be tried in October, none of which facts are mentioned in your article. In conclusion you say, "This ends what might have been a very expensive suit, and its termination should be a source of pleasure to every tax payer in Garrett." This remarkable declaration places me in the false position of trying to put the county to a great expense, when the very opposite is my object. Had the commissioners accepted my report and utilized my indexes to the titles to untaxed lands and assessed them, as it is their sworn duty to do under the law, they could have added upwards of two millions of dollars to the basis and reduced the rate of taxation from $1.14 to 75 cents. Mr. E. H. Sincell, attorney to the board, assisted me last winter in summing up the lands according to the considerations named in the deeds, and found it would amount to upwards of two millions of dollars, and I have the list made out in his own hand writing. In other words, my indexes, etc., if utilized, will be worth at least twenty thousand dollars annually to the tax-payers whom you congratulate as having escaped from some terrible calamity. It is a burning shame the way the tax-payers have been misled by certain "penny a liners" while I was absent at Annapolis and Cumberland, during the past seven years, struggling in an honest effort to reduce the taxes of the county.

In the outset, and ever since, I have been antagonized, slandered and persecuted by certain sub-bosses of the Democratic machine and its corrupt henchmen, and now we witness the remarkable paradox of the Republican organ taking sides with its old antagonist in trying to defeat the most valuable work to the tax-payers ever conceived of! Owing to the connivance of a certain "penny a liner," not a single newspaper in the State has published the real facts in my case. "Truth crushed to earth will rise again," and if the organs of both political parties are going to make common cause against me, it will not be long before a people's paper will enter the arena and do battle for the real and true interests of Garrett county, and tear the masks of hypocrisy from the faces of some of the unprincipled knaves who are now misleading the public generally.

Respectfully,
H. P. TASKER.

Grantsville, Md., June 18, 1895.

4th of July Excursions.

In pursuance of its usual policy, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company will sell round trip excursion tickets between all points on its lines east of the Ohio River at reduced rates.

Tickets will be sold for all trains July 3d and 4th, valid for return passage until July 5th, inclusive.

17-1t.

CLOSING OUT SALE

Of over $4,000 Worth of

Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Hardware, Plows, Buckeye Mowers, Horse Rakes, Etc.

All New Stock and must be closed out before July 1, 1895.

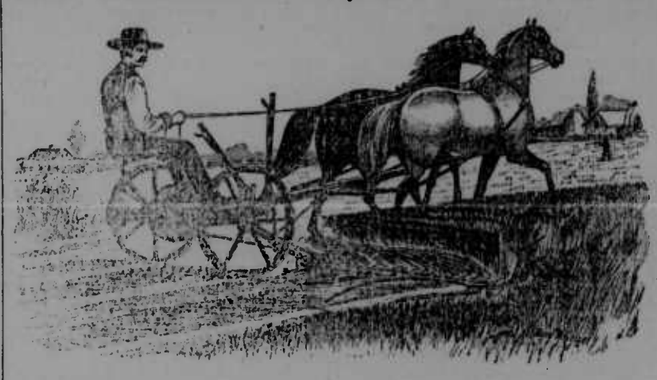

The following special inducements are offered in order to close out all stock by the date above mentioned:

1st. To any person or persons purchasing $300.00 worth of goods, I will give free One New Buckeye Mowing Machine, 4ft. 6in. cut.

2nd. For $200.00 worth of goods, One New Standard Sewing Machine.

3rd. For $150.00 worth of goods, One Golden Farmer Self Dump Horse Rake.

4th. For $125.00 worth of goods, One Second-hand Whiteley Mowing Machine, used two seasons.

5th. For $50.00 worth of goods, One Second-hand Champion Mowing Machine.

6th. For $10.00 worth of goods, Ten Yards Calico for wife and babies.

7th. With $2.00 worth of goods and over, One Wash Board.

All the above goods with the exception of Farm Implements, will be sold at or below cost.

With the $300 deal I will allow purchasers to buy two or three new Buckeye Mowers; with the $200 deal one or two new Buckeye Mowers; with the $150 deal one new Buckeye Mower, and one new Buckeye Mower with $125 deal. We will also include horse rakes and plows in any of the deals.

TERMS.

All sums of $5.00 or over, a credit of nine months will be given, purchaser giving note with approved security payable at the Garrett Co. Bank of Oakland, Md.

JONAS FRAZEE,

SELBYSPORT, MD.

P. S.—New 4ft. 6in. Buckeye Mowing Machine, $43; with foot lift, $45. Five ft. Buckeye Mowing Machine, with foot lift, $50.

D. E. OFFUTT & SON

Invites the attention of those interested in the purchase of vehicles of any style. The Kramer, Milburn and Jackson farm wagons always on hand. Prices and terms given on application.

ARE YOU BANKRUPT in health, constitution undermined by extravagance in eating, by disregarding the laws of nature, or physical capital all gone, if so,

NEVER DESPAIR

Tutt's Liver Pills will cure you. For sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, malaria, torpid liver, constipation, biliousness and all kindred diseases.

Tutt's Liver Pills
an absolute cure.

Your Appearance
MAY BE MARRED,
Your Health
MAY BE AFFECTED,
Your Comfort
MAY BE DISTURBED
by humiliating, annoying and disfiguring eruptions or humors of the skin, known in their various forms as
ECZEMA, SALT RHEUM, TETTER, PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, RING WORM AND ITCHING PILES.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

IS THE
CERTAIN AND PERMANENT
REMEDY
FOR THESE AND
ALL SKIN DISEASES.

Hundreds of cases CURED attest its wonderful efficacy. SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.
Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents.
FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.
For CATARRH, HAY FEVER, COLD IN THE HEAD and all inflammatory conditions of the Nasal Passages, use FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE. It is a positive remedy.

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 1, on Front Street, in Bayard, West Va.
Lot containing four acres with house on it, at Swanton, Md.
A mortgage on property worth more than double, at Loch Lynn Heights, Md.
WILLIAM W. SWEET,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

WE LOAN MONEY

to buy, build and improve your home and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly instalments.

ASSETS NEARLY $200,000,000.

For full particulars and terms apply to
ISAAC A. RINKER,
Wilson, Grant Co., W. Va.
P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above. 4-1yr.*

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.
Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26*

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL
ROOFING,
SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.
Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.
Shop opposite depot,
W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.
7—26t.

Estate of Rachael Hetrick, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of
RACHAEL HETRICK,
late of Garrett County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 1st day of Dec. next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.
Given under our hands this 25th day of May, 1895.
JACOB FEIK, Adm'r,
13 Accident, Md.

MOUNT POMONA.
NURSERY AND FRUIT FARM.
Address Swanton, Md., for Fruit and Mushrooms.
Address Mt. Lake Park concerning Nursery, Greenhouse or Vegetable Products.
Agents wanted on salary.
SWEET & SHACKLEFORD.

ADDITIONAL LOCAL NEWS.

Mr. J. C. Peddicord has had erected around his property on Second street a neat and substantial iron fence. Mr. T. W. Casteel has had an iron fence also erected in front of the Commercial hotel which is a great improvement.

Mr. Arnold Scherr, of Keyser, was here two or three days this week on business. Mr. Scherr stated that he could buy western wool delivered at his factory in Keyser for $11.65 per hundred pounds, which is $3.35 cheaper than local wools can be bought.

By the premature explosion of a blast of dynamite at the stone quarry west of Rowlesburg, West Va., on last Friday evening two men were killed and a number injured. Lightning struck the wires connecting the dynamite with the battery which caused the explosion.

Dr. Ravenscraft has adopted the following office hours at Oakland and Mt. Lake Park for the season: At Oakland office, 9 to 11 a. m., 3 to 5 p. m., at Mt. Lake Park office 7 to 8 a. m., 7 to 9 p. m. Telephone calls answered from either office. Summer residence and office on H street, opposite Mrs. Howe's residence at Mountain Lake Park. 16-4t.

Mr. A. J. Parsons, of Baltimore, was here last Thursday making arrangements with the management of the Oakland for the entertainment of his wife and child. Mrs. Parsons was formerly Miss Nettie Beck, of Piedmont, who is well known by Oakland people.

We have received from Rev. Henry P. Hamill, president of the Wesleyan Female Institute, Staunton, Va., an illustrated catalogue of that institution, which shows an enrollment of ninety-three students with instructors that are known all over the country as bright, able and learned men.

Dr. N. W. Tracy closed his series of temperance lectures in Offutt's hall last Thursday evening by the stereopticon lecture on the World's Fair, which was both entertaining and instructive. He is now at Piedmont lecturing but will return to Oakland the latter part of September and continue the course.

At yesterday's session the Board of County Commissioners decided to have an iron fence erected around the court house lot, and also to have a new sidewalk laid, the old one being in a very dangerous and unsafe condition. The new iron fence will cost less than a wooden one and will last much longer.

On Saturday night of last week the saloon at Crellin, belonging to John Hughes, was broken into and robbed of almost the entire stock consisting of beer, gin, whiskey and cigars. On Monday the sheriff brought to Oakland a Swede named John Lawson and placed him in jail to await the action of the grand jury on the charge of committing the theft.

The Preston Lumber Company at Crellin has a number of men at work building a planing mill which will have a large capacity, and is situated at the extreme north end of the lumber yard where is stacked considerably over a million feet of hard and soft lumber. The saw mill is now equipped with gang saws and the monthly shipments amount to over seven hundred thousand feet.

While at Peekskill, N. Y., Mr. S. A. Scriven, a prominent manufacturer of New York City, purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Such good results were obtained from its use that he sent back to the druggist from whom he had obtained it for two more bottles of the same Remedy. When you have a cough or cold give this preparation a trial and like Mr. Scriven you will want it when again in need of such a medicine. It is a remedy of great worth and merit. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

A branch of the Endowment Rank, K. of P., will be formed in Oakland by the members of the lodge here. The Rank was established in 1877 and has paid to beneficiaries the enormous sum of nine million dollars and now has a membership of over thirty-eight thousand with an insurance in force of $38,000,000. The insurance feature of this order is worthy of the highest confidence. All legitimate claims are paid in full immediately upon the receipt of proof of death.

While in Topeka last March, E. T. Barber, a prominent newspaper man of La Cygne, Kan., was taken with cholera morbus very severely. The night clerk at the hotel where he was stopping happened to have a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and gave him three doses which relieved him and think saved his life. Every family should keep this remedy in their homes at all times. No one can tell how soon it may be needed. It costs but a trifle and may be the means of saving much suffering and perhaps the life of some member of the family. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Mrs. Jessie Davis, the divorced wife of S. T. Davis, of Oakland, whose conduct while a resident of this town was questionable, and from whom Mr. Davis was divorced upon the ground of adultery, was arrested in Uniontown, Pa., some days ago on the charge of conducting an assignation house. She was convicted last week and sentenced to serve a term of two years in the penitentiary. Her paramour, Jasper Augustine, a wealthy married man, was also convicted and sentenced to one year in the penitentiary.

I have two little grandchildren who are teething this hot summer weather and are troubled with bowel complaint. I gave them Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and it acts like a charm. I earnestly recommend it for children with bowel troubles. I was myself taken with a severe attack of bloody flux, with cramps and pains in my stomach, one-third of a bottle of this remedy cured me. Within twenty-four hours I was out of bed and doing my house work. Mrs. W. L. Dunagan, Bon-aqua, Hickman Co., Tenn. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

The Cumberland *Times* of last night contained a local item to the effect that a man named T. H. Smith, whose home is near Grantsville, this county, drove into that city on April 9th four handsome iron gray horses and left them at the stable of Mr. C. B. McElfish. He stated to Mr. McElfish that he was going home after other horses and a buggy and would return in a few days. He paid Mr. McElfish several dollars for the rent of the stalls and furnished enough feed for the horses to last a week. He left Cumberland April 13th and since that time nothing has been seen or heard of him. If the man does not return by July 1st the horses will be sold by the sheriff.

Last week the Court of Appeals handed down its decision in the case of the State vs. Henry A. Floto, reversing the judgment of the lower court. It will be remembered that Floto was arrested for perjury in securing a marriage license from Clerk Tower. When the case came for trial at the March term last a demurrer was interposed to the indictment and sustained by the court. From this decision the State appealed with the above result. It is supposed that steps will be taken to apprehend Floto, bring him back here and either try him or sentence him. We understand that this is the first instance in the State in which a case of this character has been carried up to the Court of Appeals and therefore this decision is of more than usual importance.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending June 29, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Mr. Carey, Mrs. O. S. Sawyer,
Miss Belle Sell, Miss Rebecca White,
Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Bassett,
Miss Lota Monsee.

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Trespass Notice.

All persons are warned not to let down the fences around my place known as "Wideawake," near Hutton, nor to turn stock upon said place, nor to trespass in any manner, as I shall prosecute those doing so to the full extent of the law.
14-3t. JOHN A. CONNELL.

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Sincell Bros. pay the highest market price for wool.

THE REPUBLICAN for good job printing. Make a note of this.

McComas' Calmative Konseals, 10 cents. Try them. 5-tf

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures scalds, burns, indolent sores and never fails to cure piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Sick headache, constipation and indigestion are quickly cured by DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

W. Grant Martin, scientific optician, will be in Oakland the last week in each month. Office in Pritchard building. 13-13t.

La Grippe is here again with all of its old time vigor. One Minute Cough Cure is a reliable remedy. It cures and cures quickly. Oakland Pharmacy.

Our patrons will find DeWitt's Little Early Risers a safe and reliable remedy for constipation, dyspepsia and liver complaints. Oakland Pharmacy.

W. T. Stanford, Station Agent of Leeper, Clarion Co. Pa., writes: I can recommend One Minute Cough Cure as the best I ever used. It gave instant relief and a quick cure Oakland Pharmacy.

We have something new, effective, pleasant to take and perfectly harmless and a positive cure for nervous headache, sick headache, dizziness and neuralgia. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

Doctor H. R. Fish, of Gravois Mills, Mo., a practicing physician of many years experience, writes: DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve has no equal for indolent sores, scalds and burns. It stops pain instantly, heals a burn quickly and leaves no scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

McComas' Calmative Konseals contain all that is required to cure the worst case of headache or neuralgia in a very few minutes and are safe, sure, inexpensive. Manufactured by Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf.

HAULING AND EXPRESS.—I have located at Mountain Lake Park and am prepared to do hauling of all kinds at short notice. Baggage a specialty. A share of the public patronage solicited. Harry Thayer.

The Chisholm Cottage for rent furnished, on reasonable terms. Apply to Mrs. M. E. Chisholm, on the premises. 13-3t.

Sometime ago I was troubled with an attack of rheumatism. I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm and was completely cured. I have since advised many of my friends and customers to try the remedy and all speak highly of it. Simon Goldbaum, San Luis Rey, Cal. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Good honest solid bargains at Garthright's, Mountain Lake Park. Highest prices paid for wool, butter and eggs; excellent drives in trunks, sole leather satchels, sole leather valises, queensware and tinware. 1 car of salt, 140 pound sacks, for 50 cents at car. Come quick. Large lot dress goods, all wool and half wool, at cost. 25 suits for men at cost and less. Two cars best brand flour at lowest prices. 13-2t.

J. A. Richardson, of Jefferson City, Mo., chief enrolling force 38th general assembly of Missouri, writes: I wish to testify to the merits of One Minute Cough Cure. When other so-called cures failed, I obtained almost instant relief and a speedy cure by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. Oakland Pharmacy.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper, under the caption "We Loan Money." The Granite State Provident Association, which he is representing, is one of the strongest financial institutions in the country, and the largest building and loan association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management have developed it from nominal assets in 1889 to nearly $200,000,000 in 1895. Its style of doing business is such as to cause the U. S. Examiner, C. W. Thompson, who has for years been assigned to especially investigate loan and mortgage companies, to state that "For comprehensiveness, thoroughness, neatness and accuracy, its accounts are far superior to anything I ever saw or supposed possible." Those desiring to borrow, will find their interest to call upon or Mr. Rinker for full particulars. 4-1yr.*

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

GREAT VALUE FOR LITTLE MONEY. WEEKLY NEWS OF THE WORLD FOR A TRIFLE.

The New York Weekly Tribune,

a twenty-page journal, is the leading Republican family paper of the United States. It is a **National Family Paper** and gives all the general news of the United States. It gives the events of foreign lands in a nutshell. Its Agricultural department has no superior in the country. Its Market Reports are recognized authority. Separate departments for "The Family Circle," "Our Young Folks," and "Science and Mechanics." Its "Home and Society" columns command the admiration of wives and daughters. Its general political news, editorials and discussions are comprehensive, brilliant and exhaustive.

A SPECIAL CONTRACT enables us to offer this splendid journal and **"THE REPUBLICAN"** for

One Year for Only $1.75

CASH IN ADVANCE.
(The regular subscription for the two papers is $2.50.)
SUBSCRIPTIONS MAY BEGIN NOW.
Address all orders to
THE REPUBLICAN.

Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to Geo. W. Best, Room 2, Tribune Building, New York City, and sample copy of The New York Weekly Tribune will be mailed to you.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT
C. M RATHBUN & CO.,
PLANING MILLS,
AND DEALERS IN
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES, BRACKETS, Mouldings, Flooring, Lath, Shingles, Weatherboarding, Brick, Lime, Builders' Hardware, Etc.,
MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.
38 13

DR. HENRY W. M'COMAS,
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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	Daily	2.44 A. M
No. 3	Daily	7.09 A. M
No. 51	Accom daily except Sun	9.33 A. M
No. 1	Daily except Mon	11.28 A. M
No 15	Accommodation daily	6.27 P. M
No. 1	Daily	9.58 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 2	Daily	5.51 A. M
No. 8	Daily	7.34 A. M
No. 11	Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 46	Daily except Monday	4.38 P. M
No. 72	Accom daily except Sun	5.17 P. M
No. 4	Daily	9.25 P. M

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ANN'S HOME COMING.

BY ELIZABETH C. SHIPMAN.

Fred Roberts had long been the vagabond of the Bevinsville district of Barclay. He knew this himself, but he had never felt it so strongly as to-day, when Ann was coming home. Home! What home? He had not realized that he had lived from house to house, six months at one place, a twelvemonth at another, ever since he had come down in the world, which was so far back that he did not care to count the years. The mistress of the house where he was now living brought to the door of his room a pile of clean, warm clothing, and spoke to him kindly.

"Now, Mr. Roberts, I want to see you go fix yo'se'f up nice and genteel. These are some things I've been gettin' ready 'gainst Ann come home. Just do yo' best to look spry, and I'll send old Uncle Josh in to trim yo' hair a little bit."

He murmured his thanks, his hands shaking as he took the garments.

"Don't mention it, Mr. Roberts," she went on, coming into the room to poke the dying fire. "I'm not forgettin' that the child started away from this house. I can't help thinkin' about her. She was such a peart little creature when she away. An' now you say she can just pick up and play anything she wants to."

She looked at the old man to emphasize the remark. He turned one tremulous hand over the other slowly, and could think of nothing else to say than "Yes."

He was longing to cross to the mantel-piece and take a draught from the squat, brown bottle which stood there. Then he would be able to answer, yet he knew he must not drink to-day. Mrs. Jackson saw the glance of desire, and felt constrained to speak, her voice deepening under the consciousness of solemn advice.

"Oh, pray, Mr. Roberts, don't touch a drop. It would make Ann ashamed, indeed, to see her father in drink to-day."

It vexed him to think Ann was coming home to a shameful father; Ann who used to love him, faults and all, as no one else could. If he could only free his tongue from its paralyzing dryness. His bent head and folded hands suggested a humility that almost turned Mrs. Jackson from her mission.

"Ann, you know, is not the same child she was. She is a young lady now, an' expects to find her father different from what he was. I don't reckon she can stand havin' bottles anywhere but on the sideboa'd, trained up as she's been by anyone as strict an' set in their ways as yo' sister. Now, don't yo' reckon so, too?"

"Yes," he assented. The remembrance of his sister came into his mind and brought with it a sense of self-abasement. But he inwardly repudiated any thought of change in Ann.

When the door closed a man walked toward the fireplace, feeling as he went that he was bowed and shabby. A glance in the wavering surface of his dim shaving mirror confirmed the sensation. Shaggy gray hair stood out around a lined face, ruddy naturally, red now, and glazed from exposure and drink. He stood pulling at his locks, at one minute deciding that they needed to be trimmed, at another striving to recall how he looked when Ann went away ten years ago. He could not remember. No need to recall her face. It was before him every instant. But how did he appear in her eyes? Was he as degraded; as disheveled? Were his hands as rigid; as scarred; were they ashesitating; or had this come to him during the ten years? And Ann, during the ten years, had been ascending till she stood like a star above him. Her letters showed him that. He had one in his hand now which he opened and looked at, striving to put together the unkempt, motherly little child he had known, and these clear elegant characters.

He turned resolutely to dress, and fought down his feeling. The clothes were fresh and well-fitting, and he could not help thinking that he looked more "genteel," as Mrs. Jackson said, in the white starched shirt and dark trousers. A rap sounded upon the door, and, closely following it, appeared Uncle Josh with the implements of his trade. He gave an obsequious laugh.

"Lawd A'mighty, Mr. Robbuts, suh, I 'clar I didn't know you. You look so young."

"This hair don't look so young, Uncle Josh. I reckon you'll have to give it a right good cropping."

"Dat'a so, suh. 'Pears lak ha'r dese days tu'ns gray mighty soon."

"Seems to me like I've been gray all my life. Was it this gray ten years ago?"

"No, suh," answered the old negro, emphatically. "When Miss Ann was sent away, yo' ha'r was as black as coal."

He tucked the towel around the neck of the victim and was running his fingers through the abundant gray mass before him, preparatory to his work. Uncle Josh had the wrinkled hide and eyes of a great lizard, but his hand was wonderfully skillful with the razor and scissors. He now combed up the locks and clipped the rough ends so that they fell in a loose, gray rain over Roberts' face.

"Hit's tu'ned gray, Mr. Robbuts, 'case it ain't been looked a'ter lak it ought to be. But hit's mighty nice ha'r. Miss Ann, now, 'll change things a right smart, I reckin. Hit'll do Tu'k good, Mr. Robbuts. Dat 'ar dawg is a heap too sassy anyway, a-dauderin' along by hisse'f of a night, de Lawd knows wha'. Hit'll do him good to have somebody a-lookin' a'ter him."

He had finished the clipping and now shook the towel on the hearth. Then he gathered up the falling hair in a wad to bury under a stone, so that it might not bring bad luck upon the owner by falling into the way of either dogs or birds.

"Lemme rub the sculp wid liquor, Mr. Robbuts," he said, pouring out a liberal saucerful from the bottle on the shelf. "Liquor's the life of the sculp an' de stomach." He rubbed it in vigorously and went on: "Now jes' stan' out in de sun awhile to tek away de smell, 'case de ladies cyan't bar it, an' I 'spec's Misa Ann am lack de res' o' 'em now. You'se got to be mighty keerful now, suh, mighty keerful; Miss Ann is a town lady now, 'en I always hyar tell what ve'y delicate noses dey has."

The operation was completely over now, and the barber stood awaiting his pay, a brimming glass of whisky from the familiar bottle. As he drank to Miss Anne's health, he regarded his handiwork with pride, the hair parted by a gleaming white line just above one ear and plastered down upon the forehead in scooping waves. Down the back of the head was another part, from which the hair was brushed briskly away on either side. The effect was jaunty and ludicrous in the extreme; but Uncle Josh looked upon it as a work of art. His parting remark was to beg his model not to "muss it 'fo' Miss Ann comes."

Robert donned his waistcoat and coat and walked to the window. The trees on the horizon were leafless and black, but an afternoon haze softened their iron outlines. The locusts below in the yard stretched bare boughs, and the rose bushes had only stems to show after all their summer wealth. Among the dry brown leaves, which were shiftlessly left in drifts, the hens scratched industriously. A line of ducks, contrary to orders, were marching across the greensward on their way home after a late swim. Just below the window, propped against the great chimney, lay Turk, his broad bull neck upon his outstretched paws. He was peacefully dreaming in the austere warmth which the afternoon sun afforded.

The man felt the chill from his drenched head. It crept downward and rendered the stiff shirt unbearable. Now it reached his heart and awoke despair. Everyone, even the old negro there, warned him that he was unfit for Ann. He had always known it, but he had hoped that their love met above and annulled the unfitness. How long he stood leaning against the window frame in mental numbness he did not know, but when he looked around the fire had died out and the sun was half below the inky horizon. Ann would soon be here. He could not face her, the strange daughter whom he did not know. With trembling, burning fingers, he tore off the new clothes he had put on an hour before, and dressed himself in his everyday garments. They were rough, unbrushed and disreputable, yet he welcomed them. He felt that he was himself again, the outcast who worked long enough to buy whisky; who begged food, shelter and clothing. He had dreamed of deliverance from without; a deliverance he was too weak to effect within himself, which should be brought about by sympathy, companionship and protection. But the dream was over. He was only a drag and a disgrace to the young lady Ann had developed into.

He opened his door and crept down the stairs and across the hall. His fingers rattled the knob of the door so uncontrollably that he feared some one would hear, and he halted, expecting a summons to explain. No voice questioned, however. He stepped out on porch, thence to the lawn and softly whistled to Turk. The animal bounded joyously around the corner of the house, leaping and fawning about his master. The two struck westward across the lawn, and, as he went, Roberts heard the sound of a window thrown up and a voice crying:

"Mr. Roberts, upon my soul! Mr. Roberts!"

He gave no heed, but plunged into the orchard, feeling the cold evening air, and seeing through the black twigs of bushes and trees the vivid thread of scarlet just above the horizon line of woods. He had a stick with him, and thrust into a pocket of his coat a bottle which he had seized from the mantel.

As he went on and the evening fell darker, and Turk walked ahead more sedately, he could not keep weak tears from his eyes. He did not know what they were there for. Sometimes they seemed to flow at the picture of himself, lonely, homeless, without place or worth, wandering in darkness, but mostly they rushed unbidden at the thought of Ann, his little Annie of ten years back. To his dazed mind she seemed dead, and he mourned over her as he would over a dead child. How she used to shield him! When he lay weak from his drunken stupors, mind; here was warmth and an anodyne; then he wrenched the bottle from his pocket and flung it far into the darkness. He listened to the faint crash, and sat erect for a few minutes. After awhile he folded his arms and rested his head upon them.

"I'll go presently," he murmured, heavy with drowsiness. In spite of the bitter cold sleep seemed deliciously near and grateful. He dozed in snatches, now and again recovering consciousness.

"It's better for her," he repeated; "it's better for her. She's got as gentle blood as any, and without me to hinder she can go with the best. She has money, too, thank God."

He was drifting into irresistible sleep, but through its veil he felt the dog at his side get up and run forward. He put out a languid hand; his touch fell on rough stubble and dried weeds. A bitterness that even the poppied ease of sleep could not prevent flooded his soul. He rested in desolation on the inhospitable ground, feeling the moments go by. Then the sigh he could not keep back, the salt drops forcing their heavy, unwilling way through his lids, were checked by Ann's voice; not by her voice alone, but by her cheek pressed to his cold face.

"Father," she said, and the words were the healing words of her childish days, "father, I came to look for you."
—Mid Continent Magazine.

WILD GEESE IN INDIA.

Tactics That Must Be Adopted to Catch the Coveted Fowls.

In India ducks, teal and geese abound in all the numerous jheels, as do also coots, or water fowl. These jheels are large water storages for irrigating purposes, and are kept filled by the heavy fall in the rainy seasons. They afford most excellent sport.

Sometimes for company's sake several form a party and go out for the day, but a thorough, keen sportsman meaning business generally prefers going out alone. Of course, with a party, it is more enjoyable in one way, but the difficulty is that each interferes with the other's sport, more especially when careful stalking is necessary, no matter how well or carefully organized the plan is, and for this reason I generally preferred going out alone. The jheel to be first visited having been determined upon, one's syce and coolies are sent on by daybreak. After an early breakfast an hour or so's gallop lands one among the haunts of the feathered tribe. This kind of shooting is all the more enjoyable because of the variety it affords, a double shot at the ducks and teal, and then a quiet hunt after snipe around the marshy parts of the jheel. Then, if a village is near, which is generally the case, sport in the shape of black partridge, quail and peafowl and an occasional shot at a deer can be had before remounting and following up the ducks, etc., to other jheels in the vicinity. In this way an exciting day's sport is obtained, and a thoroughly good mixed bag is the result. As these jheels are mostly coverless and well in the open every precaution has to be taken to enable a near approach to the ducks, not forgetting the direction of the wind, for in this respect ducks are as keen as antelopes, and any carelessness in detail would soon see the black and living mass on the wing and away well out of range. Often have I had to creep flat on the ground for very long distances, placing my gun several feet in advance of me and wriggling up to it, and so on. This is a slow means of progression, but it is sure when against the wind. A further precaution is to take off your helmet and place a veil the color of the ground over your face, for nothing shows out plainer or so scares birds or animals as a white face.

Once the edge of the water is reached, perchance the duck and teal have moved far out, continue crawling, in spite of the slush and dirt, keeping as low as possible, until the depth of the water admits of a more comfortable attitude, admitting one to wade, still lowering one's self, keeping the gun above the water. Now the greatest care has to be taken for fear of slipping out of one's depth. The plan I always adopted was to advance the left foot, shuffle along to the front with it, and bring up the right foot, and so on until you have approached sufficiently near to insure a successful shot. Well do I remember one most excellent day's stalking some twenty miles from Lucknow when, with a right and left, I actually bagged fifty ducks and teal. After which, being in the vicinity of a village where peafowl were said to abound, I determined to try my hand at them, and, with the aid of my coolie beaters, secured thirty in one hour, all in fine condition, and the peacocks particularly handsome. The mixed bag of duck, teal, geese, partridges, quail and peafowl which I was enabled to send in to the men's mess at the close of the day's proceedings was greatly appreciated by the recipients, and my going out shikar was always hailed with delight by the men, who knew I never forgot them.

Geese are also to be found in very large flocks, but only in the larger jheels, and they generally keep well out in the middle in the open deep water during the day, coming into the shallow parts to feed late in the afternoon. I sometimes went out after them in a canoe when such could be got; if not, I manufactured a raft made out of bamboo which I made my coolies cut from adjacent jungles, with earthenware pots at the corners to give the required buoyancy. With such an arrangement and with bushes and grass fixed round the sides, I have often paddled out and had the most enjoyable day's sport with the geese. It is, however, next to impossible to approach nearer than eighty or ninety yards, which, even with wire cartridges, precludes all possibility of a murderous fire such as one is able to get among the ducks and teal. The most I ever bagged in a double shot was five. They are invariably in good condition and have not the fishy flavor generally so prevalent with them. Sometimes jheels are connected by means of ditches, which enable the gunner to continue the sport from one waterway to another all day, following up the birds.

I will now explain how the natives catch the ducks and geese, and a most ingenious way it is. Deep shelter trenches are cut at the different points of attack from the mainland well out into the open, so as to admit of the trappers moving backward and forward noiselessly and unobserved by the birds. Large earthenware pots called "chatties" are procured, in which eyeholes are cut. These are placed over the heads of the trappers, who have nets secured around their waists in which to place the birds. Thus equipped, those selected wade in along the shelter trench, suddenly bobbing up in and among the flocks of geese or ducks and teal, as the case may be. As only the "chattie" is seen by the birds, as if drifting on the surface of the water, no notice is taken, and they go on feeding contentedly until one by one they are seized by the legs and dragged down and placed in the nets. Their comrades take no heed to this strange performance, imagining that their friends have merely gone down for divers reasons, it never occurring to them that they did not rise again for sundry purposes. By this ingenuity a vast quantity of geese, duck and teal are secured and brought into the market, or sold among the men of the different regiments in garrison.

The prevalent idea that a sportsman's life in India, the land of snakes and reptiles, is invariably one of danger, is a mistaken and exaggerated idea. When accidents or fatalities occur it is almost invariably through either carelessness or foolhardiness on the part of the sufferer, for during the years that I had the pleasure of residing in India I never suffered the slightest inconvenience either from snakes or scorpions, neither did a single case ever come under my notice. My idea is that if you leave a snake alone and keep out of his way he will keep out of yours, and he would far sooner retire than molest you, but very naturally, if you attack him, he will, if possible, be revengeful. With ordinary precautions there are no more dangers from snakes or scorpions in India than in Florida.—Philadelphia Times.

RAT COURSING.

It Is Said to Be a Favorite Pastime in Scotland.

Many people will be surprised to hear that rat coursing attracts the Scottish sportsman; but it is none the less true. He holds it to be very good sport indeed, and so rat coursing is a common and well-advertised amusement. The landlord of a public house in the neighborhood will announce, perhaps, that he "will give fifteen dollars to be coursed for at rats by all classes of terriers; fighting dogs barred."

A sweepstakes will be made with this sum and the entry fees, and the draw carried out as carefully as though for the Waterloo cup. A professional rat-catcher usually "finds the referee and rats," charging for the latter about one dollar a dozen.

When all is ready, and the clamoring crowd is assembled round the inclosed green, the first rat is dropped without hope of escape, the pair of dogs are slipped after the beast has obtained a certain start, and the first to kill wins. The rat doubles and twists and turns with amazing dexterity, and the dogs are required to be clever rather than swift.

The person who liberates the rats dips his hands into a sack full of them, and deftly pitches one at a time on to the green; he is proud, too, of his revolting office.

Another sport of the same sort, and a well patronized one, is not dignified by the name of coursing. It is "rat-killing" plain and simple. No shamefacedness induces the man who loves it to hide its horrors under the shadow of a nicer title.

In this case the "sport" usually proceeds from a match made between two smart dogs, the challenge being that one will kill a certain number of rats in a shorter time than the other. When the match is made the respective sides provide, say, twenty rats each, and, not to put too fine a point upon it, the beasts are often starved a little, so that they may be thin, wiry and active when the day of slaughter comes.

The men then proceed to bet about it and to make a great fuss, betting and fuss being essential to the enjoyment of any sport, and finally, at the proper time, twenty of the rats are put in a pit.

They are made to run round and round in a circle, the first dog is released, the timekeeper touches his stopwatch, and the relentless teeth of the trained slayer close fiercely and rapidly upon the necks of the circling vermin. His head flashes an instant in the air as he tosses one dead beast over his shoulder and flashes again an instant as it descends to crunch the next in order, and so rapidly is the disgusting business done that the twenty rats are often killed in little over twenty seconds.

Then the next dog has its turn with the other twenty rats, and upon comparison of their respective times depends the victory. Can anything more degrading and offensive be imagined?—Boston Traveler.

EFFECTIVELY POSED.

A Sitter Who Was Not Nervous Before the Camera.

In the days when daguerreotypes were first introduced, the nervousness of being "taken" must have reduced the average sitter to a condition of submission to the operator. Not so with a certain New England judge, of whom Mr. J. A. Willard tells a story. He had all the airy self-command of modern posers before the camera. In the summer of 1846 daguerreotyping was still an experiment, and the artists were willing to take pictures of noted persons to hang outside their doors as a sample of their work.

A gentleman walked into the room of such an artist one day, and said: "Mr. ——, I am Mr. Justice ——, of the justice court. I understand you take pictures of distinguished men to exhibit to the public."

"Yes, sir; be kind enough to take a chair. How would you like yours taken?"

"I should like to be taken as in my court-room."

"Assume your attitude, sir, and tell me when you are ready."

He placed himself to his satisfaction, and looking very stern said, pointing his finger in the direction of the supposed criminal: "Prisoner, where—Take me *now*, sir."

He was taken, and the artist then said: "How otherwise would you like to be taken?"

"I should like to be taken in the bosom of my family. John, bring me the Bible." The artist gave him a Bible. He opened it and said: "We will now read the Ninety-second Psalm. Take me *now*, sir."

He was taken, and both pictures were afterward hung at the entrance door.—Youth's Companion.

—The traveling auditor of the Ohio Central lines, says the Columbus Dispatch, recently sent a notice to agents, containing, among other things, the question: "What are the duties required of you in said position?" He has just received the following explicit answer: "Fireman and engineer at pump station, freight and ticket agent, yardmaster, bill clerk, telegraph operator and freight hustler."

THE LAST OF HIS RACE.

He Died with Fire in His Eye and a Defiant Cry.

An hour before sunset he came out of his hiding place on the banks of the Little Missouri. Hunger drove him out. He sniffed the air and looked about him like a fugitive. He was a fugitive. His once proud bearing had given place to the demeanor of a skulker. The fire in his eye had died out—he had become thin and weak—he started in alarm as a coyote sneaked out of the bushes above him and gave utterance to a dismal howl. He startled by the voice of such a creature—he, the grand old buffalo bull who had led a herd of thousands in a hundred wild stampedes—who had known no conqueror—who had traversed half a continent unchecked by man or the obstacles of nature!

He lifted his head and looked to the south. From the Canadian line and beyond down to the very waters of the Rio Grande the American bison could once be found in numbers absolutely countless. Their migration made a continent tremble. Their stampedes made mountains rock. A strip of country two thousand miles long by six hundred broad had been their pasture ground. A thousand streams had been made to quench their thirst—a thousand fords created that they might pass in safety.

And now the end has come! If there was one single living buffalo between him and the waters lapping the far shores of Texas it was some craven in hiding like himself. From the Laramie plains to the waters of the Elkhorn—from north to south of a continent the plains and prairies and valleys yielded up the monuments of man's cupidity in the shape of bleaching skeletons. They bleached in the sun by day and blackened under the dews of night. At every yard was a skull polished by the teeth of wolf and bear and coyote; at every rod a skeleton with bones falling apart and half-hidden in the grass. Even amidst the firs and cedars and pines on the hillsides were bones—carried there by the vultures who feasted and grew fat and were lethargic with over-feeding. Down in the dark and dismal ravines, where the foot of man had never trod—up canyons where the darkness and silence were like a horrible nightmare—there were skulls and ribs and thighbones, dragged away by panther and grizzly and wildcat.

Scared by arrows, wounded by bullets—pursued by foes from valley to valley and from river to river, the whilom monarch has at last found a covert and a breathing-spell for a day. He has skulked like a wounded wolf; he has crouched like a fox in his hair. The cry of a vulture hovering high above had made him tremble—he, who had driven the dreaded grizzly out of his path more than once, and whose sharp, stout horns has sent more than one Indian pony to his death!

Ah! But the cries of coyote have brought company! They come sneaking out of thicket and grass and ravine until there are a dozen. The youngest calf of a herd would not fear them, and yet their angry snarls make the old monarch tremble! The sun seems to drop into a lower notch as the old monarch moves softly about to snatch a bite here and there, but always keeping his eye on the pack. As the craving of hunger becomes partly satisfied the fire comes back to his eyes, and he even gives his head a defiant toss. If their howling brings the savage wolf he will die fighting—he will die game. He has fought them a hundred battles and never suffered defeat.

Here they come! He looks up to find himself almost encircled. They are hungry and gaunt. Their eyes blaze and foam falls from their lips as they close in on him. Now watch him! He is no longer the fugitive—the craven trembling at every sound. His head is held high, there is a royal fire in his great eyes, and he utters a low bellow of defiance and paws the earth as a challenge for them to come on.

Crack! Crash! Hurrah!

The bull totters, sways to and fro, and falls to the earth, shot through the heart. A man leaps out of the thicket, waves his hat and gun, and cheers the success of his shot, while the wolves sneak away into the twilight and growl and snap at each other. The last of his race is dead. He would have died fighting as a monarch should, but man prevented. It is the last hide—the last feast for wolves and vultures—the last monument to mark man's savagery when stirred by cupidity and selfishness.—Detroit Free Press.

HIS FINANCIAL CAREER.

The Confessions of a Bashful Man Who Gets Easily Rattled.

When I go into a bank I get rattled. The clerks rattle me, the wicket rattles me, the sight of the money rattles me, everything rattles me.

The moment I cross the threshold of a bank I am a hesitating jay. If I attempt to transact busines there I become an irresponsible idiot.

I knew this beforehand, but my salary had been raised fifty dollars a month, and I felt that the bank was the only place for it.

So I shambled in and looked timidly round at the clerks. I had an idea that a person about to open an account must needs consult the manager.

I went up to a wicket marked "Accountant." The accountant was a tall, cool devil. The very sight of him rattled me. My voice was sepulchral.

"Can I see the manager?" I said, and added solemnly, "alone." I do not know why I said "alone."

"Certainly," said the accountant, and fetched him.

The manager was a grave, calm man. I held my fifty-six dollars clutched in a crumpled ball in my pocket.

"Are you the manager?" I said. God knows I didn't doubt it.

"Yes," he said.

"Can I see you?" I asked, "alone?" I didn't want to say "alone" again, but without it the thing seemed self-evident.

The manager looked at me in some alarm. He felt that I had an awful secret to reveal.

"Come in here," he said, and led the way to a private room. He turned the key in the lock.

"We are safe from interruption here," he said; "sit down."

We both sat down and looked at one another. I found no voice to speak.

"You are one of Pinkerton's men, I presume," he said.

He had gathered from my mysterious manner that I was a detective. I knew what he was thinking, and it made me worse.

"No, not from Pinkerton's," I said, seemingly to imply that I came from a rival ageney.

"To tell the truth," I went on, as if I had been prompted to lie about it, "I am not a detective at all. I have come to open an account. I intend to keep all my money in this bank."

The manager looked relieved, but still serious; he concluded now that I was a son of Baron Rothschild, or a young Gould.

"A large account, I suppose?" he asked.

"Fairly large," I whispered. "I propose to deposit fifty-six dollars now and fifty dollars a month regularly."

The manager got up and opened the door. He called to the accountant.

"Mr. Montgomery," he said, unkindly loud, "this gentleman is opening an account; he will deposit fifty-six dollars. Good morning."

I rose.

A big iron door stood open at the side of the room.

"Good morning," I said, and stepped into the safe.

"Come out," said the manager, coldly, and showed me the other way.

I went up to the accountant wicket and poked the ball of money at him with a quick convulsive movement, as if I were doing a conjuring trick.

My face was ghastly pale.

"Here," I said, "deposit it." The tone of the words seemed to mean: "Let us do this painful thing while the fit is on us."

He took the money and gave it to another clerk. He made me write the sum on a slip and sign my name in a book. I no longer knew what I was doing. The bank swam before my eye.

"Is it deposited?" I asked, in a hollow vibrating voice.

"It is," said the accountant.

"Then I want to draw a check."

My idea was to draw out six dollars of it for present use. Some one gave me a check book through the wicket, and some one else began telling me how to write it out. The people in the bank had the impression that I was an invalid millionaire. I wrote something on the check and thrust it in at the clerk. He looked at it.

"What! are you drawing it all out again?" he asked in surprise. Then I realized that I had written fifty-six instead of six. I was too far gone to reason now. I had a feeling that it was impossible to explain the thing. All the clerks had stopped writing to look at me.

Reckless with misery, I made a plunge.

"Yes, the whole thing."

"You withdraw your money from the bank?"

"Every cent of it."

"Are you not going to deposit any more?" said the clerk, astonished.

"Never."

An idiot hope struck me that they might think something had insulted me while I was writing the check, and that I had changed my mind. I made a wretched attempt to look like a man with a fearfully quick temper.

The clerk prepared to pay the money.

"How will you have it?" he said.

"What?"

"How will you have it?"

"Oh." I caught his meaning and answered without even trying to think: "In fifties."

He gave me a fifty-dollar bill.

"And the six?" he asked, dryly.

"In sixes," I said.

He gave it me and I rushed out.

As the big door swung behind me I caught the echo of a roar of laughter that went up to the ceiling of the bank. Since then I bank no more. I keep my money in cash in my trousers pocket and my savings in silver dollars in a sock.—Life.

DRESSMAKERS' BILLS.

French Story with a Moral for Extravagant Wives.

There comes the story of a frantic discussion in Paris as to whether a man is responsible for the bills his wife may run up at her dressmaker's.

It has always been supposed that in such a case as this the unfortunate husband would have to open his pocketbook wide and pay the amount, even though his heart strings tugged. But the Paris courts have said no to this, and there is a wild stir in consequence throughout the entire world of bodice, skirt and coat designers.

A certain Parisian manufacturer had a spouse who, while exemplary in every other respect, had for two years been running up a dressmaker's bill and paying nothing on account. The bill finally assumed the amazing proportions of twenty-two hundred dollars.

The husband meanwhile was in complete ignorance of her extravagance, and his first intimation of it was upon presentation of the bill. Assuming the mastery of his household, and bidding defiance to the world at large, he contested the claim, with the result that the court of appeals cut down the bill to twelve hundred dollars, and decided that that was all he should pay.

The arguments of the French judiciary were that the husband was not bound if his wife's expenditure was out of proportion to his means and out of proportion to the circle in which they both lived. The crucial point in the case was that during these two years the dressmaker had made neither inquiry of nor referred to him.—Boston Globe.

—Ginger Snaps.—Two cups of molasses, warmed, one cup of sugar, one cup of shortening, two teaspoonfuls of ginger, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of soda in half a cup of hot water. Add flour. Roll very thin and bake.—Minnie M. Wait, in Chicago Record.

FARM AND GARDEN.

THE RYELAND SHEEP.

A Breed Whose History Goes Back Many Hundreds of Years.

There is not another breed of sheep in England that enn trace its history and origin so far back, or whose value to the sheep industry has been so continuous and shurply defined for so many centuries as the Ryeland. The accompanying illustration of a Ryeland ewe suggests the origin of the breed, as there is considerable resemblance between her and the Merino ewe. This, with the peculiar character of the wool, lends, according to William Youatt, to the suspicion that the Ryeland breed may be of foreign extraction. The Merino breed in Spain wus one of those valunble gifts with which the Romans were accustomed to propitiate and enrich the people whom they conquered; they were never satisfied until they had effected both the introduction of sheep and the establishment of manufactures. It is a historical fact that ten years after the invasion of Britain by the Romans, in the yenr 55 B. C., the victors established a woolen factory at Winchester, and such was the charucter of the fubrics that they were in great estimation at Rome. It is easy to believe that these fine-wool sheep were alrendy in the country, but it is possible that they were a benefaction from the conquerors 1960 years ago.

It is believed by Bishoff that the Herefordshire sheep, now called the Ryeland, were the wool-bearing sheep of England that gave such value and interest to the wool industry of Eng-

TYPICAL RYELAND EWE.

land in the year 1343. It was recorded by the enrliest writers that the Ryelands stood nt the hend of the short-wooled breeds. Mr. Herbert, who has studied the subject, is of the opinion that the Ryelands extended through Englnnd from the Thames to the Tyne, and even intimates that the Cotswold were produced by a cross of the Ryeland with some heavy sheep. The counties of Hereford, Shropshire, Staffordshire and Oxford sheep were only varieties of the Ryelnud breed. It was the work of years, but in the evolutions of the sheep industy, a poteutial factor in good husbaudry, the Ryelands were grndually forced to give place to a heavier, earlier-maturing sheep until conditions were reached that the heuvier sheep could not supplant them. Until this time they were known as Hereford sheep; but when they were confined mainly to the southern purt of the eouutry, where it was the custom to sow great qunntities of rye, and to pasture flocks thereon in the winter season, they received their significant name Ryeland. That there were two breeds of Hereford sheep we are led to infer from the writings of William Ellis in 1747, for he shows there was "a dark-faced sheep that wns much sought for by graziers and feeders in Hertfordshire," where he lived, and in other counties which were then regarded as feeding sections of England. Youatt describes the true Ryeland as a small sheep, seldom exceeding more than fourteen to sixteen pounds to the quarter in the wethers, or than ten to thirteen in the ewe. They have white faces and are polled, the wool growing close to and sometimes covering the eyes. The legs are small and clean, the bone altogether light, the carcass sound and compact and peculiarly developed on the loins and haunches. The Ryeland has that form which at once bespeaks it to be patient of hunger and enpable of thriving on scanty fare. It scarcely admits of a doubt that old Ryelands would endure privatioas of food better than any other breed. Sir Joseph Banks, who wns well acquainted with their constitution and habits, used to say that the Ryelands deserved a niche in the temple of famine. The weight of fleece rarely exceeded two pounds, but it possessed a degree of fineness unequaled by any other British breed. It was finer than the Southdown of one hundred years ago, but not so fine as the Saxony. The Ryeland mutton wns always spoken of as of the best quality. The sheep was at its best at five or six years old.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Green Food for the Stock.

Green food all through the summer and fall months ean be obtained with good grass, rye, clover, roots nnd other crops planted on rich soil. The food value of all these products needs no demonstration. But a great mistake many growers make is to starve the animals by giving them very little or no grain. Good growing nnimals need grain, even in the summer, when green food is so abundant, nnd it is mistaken economy to deny them this. The dairyman finds this out when he tries to sell his cream and butter and the beef and pork packers when they calculate up the cost of raising every pound. Grain is an essential food for cattle summer and winter.

Starting a Balky Horse.

An officer of the police detail said recently: "When I was a mounted policeman I learned of a most humane and kind method of curing a balky horse. It not only never fails, but it does not give the slightest pain to the animal. When the horse refuses to go take the front foot at the fetlock, and bend the leg at the knee joint. Hold it thus for three minutes, and let it down, and the horse will go. The only way in which I ean account for this effective mastery of the horse is that he can think of only one thing at a time, and having made up his mind not to go, my theory is that the beading of the leg takes his mind from the original thought."—Farm and Field.

CLOVER HAY FOR HENS.

It Is Excellent Because It Abounds in Mineral Matter.

It is only recently that clover hay has been found to be the cheapest and best winter food for laying hens, and that by its use the great difficulty of procuring green food is overcome. In fact, the essential want of hens in winter is not so much that of green food as of bulky food of a nitrogenous character For many years the writers and breeders have made a specialty of recommending all kinds of grnin for poultry, the only variation being that at certain times some of it wns to be whole grain and at other times soft food was to be given. It did not occur to them that the effects of a long-continued diet of grain wns as injurious to fowls as to cattle, and that the concentrated grain food gave the best results when diluted (if we may use the expression) with some kind of bulky material, which not only promoted digestion, but also largely assisted in supplying the elements necessary for the albumen of the eggs, which was lacking in the carbonaceous food of the grnins.

Another important advantage in the feeding of clover huy is that it nbounds in mineral matter, thus providing lime in a soluble condition for the shells, and in supplying the bony structure for the chicks in the eggs. The phosphates, salt, sodn, magnesia, iron and nitrogen are easiest obtained from the grasses, but in less proportion than from bran, or some product of the preparation of grain. Yet it is less concentrated and more soluble, while the fowls can consume a much larger quantity. To attempt to feed clover, however, without grain as an assistant would be going to the other extreme; and hence, the best results can only be obtuined from a mixed or balnnced ration, by which the laying hens are supplied with food abounding in all the elements essential to the production of eggs, as well as to supply the hens with nuimal heut and to repair waste of tissue.—Farm und Fireside.

HOW TO MOVE BEES.

Not as Difficult a Task as Many Seem to Think.

The evening before the bees are to be removed, when they have all returned from the fields, they should be fastened in the hive. When it is sufficiently warm for bees to fly they leave the hive very early in the morning, and if the hive should be closed during their absence, they will follow and annoy the driver and team. Every exit for a bee should be securely closed. Their fly entrunces should be covered with wire gauze to admit air so that the bees will not smother. If the weather is very warm while the bees are in transit, and they gather on the wire gauze, they may smother; a halt should be taken and buckets of cold water dushed over them.

Previous to moviug, the frames should be secured so that they may not jostle together. If the frames are those with fixed distances and glued down with propolis and have not recently been handled, they need not be disturbed—they will not strike together. If the weather should be warm, put on the second story above the brood nest with little or no division between them, and nail together so that no jarring by the wheels going into deep ruts will part them. Bees have been moved thirty-five miles in this way. The hives should be loaded on the wagon so that the frames shall be crosswise of it for safety; the wagon should be loaded before the horses are attached. When the destination is reached put them where they are to remain and leave n short time until quiet is restored and then remove the wire screen quietly. The same principle is involved as when bees are moved by wagon. They should be prepared in the same way, but when put into the car there should be this difference: The frames should be lengthwise of the car in lieu of crosswise, as in a wagon. The hives should be packed securely together with straw. —Farm and Home.

CHEAP CHICKEN COOP.

Made of a Dry Goods Box with a Yard Made of Lath.

The illustration in connection with this article will give an idea of how easily a cheap chicken coop may be made. The one shown is simply a dry goods box, and the yard is made of lath. This gives both a nest and a run.

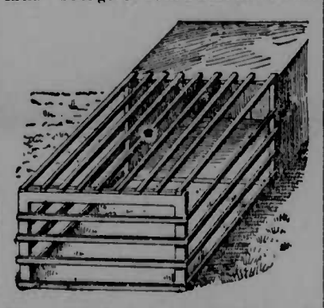

The end of the lath run might be made of the board taken off the box, and this would save making an end frume.

Many dry goods boxes are longer thna wide, and can be sawed in two in the middle, nailing the lath between the separated parts. This would give a run in the middle and a nest at each end. Or, the long box may be sawed in two and the lath from the front of one nailed onto the rear end of the other, thus giving two nests and runs instead of one.

When such a box is used on the ground it would be well to raise it a couple of inches, on a platform of earth, so when hard rains come in the night the coop will not be flooded, to the injury of the chicks.—Farmers' Review.

A good idea is the English home of rest for horses. The object is to care for and nurse back to health all ailing animals, the owner being in the meantime supplied with a sound horse.

SHAKESPEARE AND VIRGINIA.

The Colonists of Jamestown Were the Poet's Contemporaries.

The first permanent English settlement in America was at Jamestown, Va., in 1607. William Shakespeare died nine years later, in 1616. In 1620 negro slaves were first introduced into Virginia. From 1607 on the colonization of Virginia from England proceeded steadily, and briskly, too, for that age, it being especially noteworthy that this colonization fairly represented all England and was not restricted to any class or sect. Moreover, the England of that day was Shakespeare's England —the England from which he drew his characters, manners, speech, proverbs, and particularly all those traits and touches that give definite date and locality in his works. They were Shakespeare's contemporaries who came over with Capt. John Smith and his successors—the very men and women whom he knew and drew so well, some of them also knowing him, not only as a dramatist and actor, but also personally. There is a tradition, not fully verified, nor yet wholly discredited, that among these early colonists was one of the executors of Shakespeare's will, who lived and died in Fredericksburg—it being commonly understood and accepted thnt until the late war fragments of the tombstone of this executor could still be seen in an old cemetery of that town.

From 1620 the African settlement of the colony and its English settlement proceed together, pari passu. The negro colonists, of course, as slaves and barbarians, were put at the lowest and coarsest labor, and there, working side by side with English Hodge, from him they learned such English and English folk-lore as they acquired. Later, Hodge and the negro separated, and it was not long before the latter was practically segregated, Hodge progressing more or less, with some exceptions, while Sambo, black and a slave, was rapidly hedged about by strict laws and customs that set him apart and kept him stationary. To educate him was a crime; but, illiterate and barbarous as he was, the first civilization and education he received were English, fresh from the soil of Shakespeare's England, and to this day he legibly retains Shakespeare's mark as originally impressed upon him. Of course, even in slavery, there were freedmen, house and town servants and a few other negroes from whom this impress was partially removed by their opportunities and associations, and many more have lost it since emancipation and the free school have come; but the mass of rural negroes, with some whites who have been subjected to very similar conditions, still remind one of the great dramatist by their doings and sayings, their proverbs, omens, signs and peculiarities of speech. They sometimes exhibit an apparent familiarity with Shakespeare in their words and phrases; but they do not know him at all—never heard of him.—Lippincott's.

THE GUNMAKER OF ILION

Jefferson M. Clough Refuses a Tempting Offer from the Chinese Government.

His Health Was Too Poor to Permit Attention to Business—A Great Sufferer for Many Years, But Has Now Recovered.

(From the Springfield, Mass., Union.)

There isn't a gun manufacturer in the United States who does not know Jefferson M. Clough, and why? Because he has been intimately associated all his life with the development of the two best American rifles, the Remington and Winchester. For years he was superintendent of the E. Remington & Sons' great factory at Ilion, N. Y. After leaving there he refused a tempting offer of the Chinese Government to go to China to superintend their government factories—and accepted instead the superintendency of the Winchester-Arms Co., at New Haven, at a salary of $7,500 a year.

It was after this long term of active labor as a business man that he found himself incapacitated for further service by the embargo which rheumatism had laid upon him and resigned his position more than two years ago, and returned to Belchertown, Mass., where he now lives and owns the Phelps farm, a retired spot where he has five hundred acres of land.

Being a man of means he did not spare the cost and was treated by leading physicians and by baths at celebrated springs without receiving any benefit worth notice. During the summer of 1893 and the winter of 1894 Mr. Clough was confined to his house in Belchertown, being unable to rise from his bed without assistance, and suffering continually with acute pains and with no taste or desire for food, nor was he able to obtain sufficient sleep.

Early in the year 1894 Mr. Clough heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He began taking these pills about the first of March 1894 and continued to do so until the first part of September following. The first effect noticed wnas better appetite and he began to note more ability to help himself off the bed and to be better generally. Last August (1894) he was able to go alone to his summer residence and farm of 163 acres on Grenadier Island, among the Thousand Islands, in the river St. Lawrence, where from the highest land of his farm he commands a view for 18 miles down the river, and 60 of the Thousand Islands can be seen.

Instead of being confined to his bed Mr. Clough is now and has been for some time able to be about the farm to direct the men employed there and he is thankful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for him.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and are never sold in bulk. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.

HAP AND HAPPENING ABROAD.

In Lapland the men and women dress exactly alike, with tunics, belted at the waist, and tight breeches.

The southwest wind is the most prevalent in England. It blows on twice as many days as any other.

People are forbidden to destroy wild birds within the four-mile radius of London by a recent order of the county council.

It is estimated that the Kaffirs in the diamond mines at Kimberley, South Africa, steal $1,000,000 worth of diamonds a year.

STRANGE CAVE.

Dark Cavern Where Myriads of Bats and Other Creatures Make Their Homes.

Of all strange places to be found in the remote recesses of the Sierra Nevadas none is any stranger than a bat cave in Kaweah canyon. There is nothing particularly strange about the cave itself, but the fact that it is the dwelling place of thousands of web-winged animals makes it a most uncanny and unusual spot. The cave is in the wall of the canyon not far back from the water in the rainy season, and there is nothing about the appearance of the opening to attract attention during the day. But approach the place at about dusk, and a black stream of shadowy forms will be seen passing in and out of the opening, accompanied by the most peculiar odor in the world and a soft rustling sound. The bats have been asleep all day and are going in search of food. To enter the cave in the daytime is not a difficult task, but is somewhat unpleasant. The opening is large, and a man can enter in an erect position. About ten feet in the entrance makes a turn, and an inky blackness exists. Go a little farther, so as to be away from the air at the entrance, and a most disagreeable odor strikes the nostrils and every few feet one treads upon the body of a bat. While the cave is in darkness a profound silence exists, but strike a light and a sound like a waterfall is heard. Thousands of bats that have been asleep at once awake and commence to fly in circles about the cavern, which can be seen to be very large. Round and round they go, increasing in speed every moment, and the odor of the cave becomes more and more disagreeable. When this happens it is a wise thing for the explorer to make his escape and postpone further investigation until night, at which time the cave is deserted. Even the dead bats on the floor will disappear, having been eaten by the others as soon as they awoke.

Training for a Pirate.

An item concerning Washington Irving, for the truth of which we cannot vouch, although it contains a deal of good advice for certain youngsters of the present time, has lately come to our notice. It is to this intent: Washington Irving, in his youth, had a longing to go to sea and be a pirate. He determined to make the attempt, but wisely decided to prepare himself for it by preliminary experience. He began by eating salt pork. That made him sick. He then slept for a night or so on hard boards. That made him sore. It was enough. He had no more desire to go away. Other boys who want to capture men-of-war, or who desire to go scouting and scalp Indians, would do well to imitate Irving's example.—Harper's Young People.

The Queen & Crescent Route to Chickamauga.

G. A. R. Members and their friends will all want to attend the great National Park dedication at Chickamauga this fall. It will be a notable event.

Do you want to know *how* to make the trip, and what you'll see when you reach the journey's end? Write to W. C. Rinearson, G. P. A., of the Queen & Crescent Route, Cincinnati.

Illustrated and descriptive matter upon application.

The Queen & Crescent Route to Chattanooga is the shortest line, and has an incomparable service of handsome trains of standurd day coaches. Through sleepers, parlor, cafe and observation cars from Cincinnati. Quick schedules and magnificent scenery *en route* help to make the Queen & Crescent the Southern route par excellence.

Light Houses Always Warnings.—It is a peculiar circumstance that when dramatic companies are stranded, they are stranded where light houses are very common.—Philadelphia Times.

You Don't Have to Swear Off

says the St. Louis *Journal of Agriculture* in an editorial about No-To-Bac, the famous tobacco habit cure. "We know of many cases cured by No-To-Bac, one a prominent St. Louis architect, smoked and chewed for twenty years; two boxes cured him so that even the smell of tobacco makes him sick." No-To-Bac sold and guaranteed by Druggists everywhere. No cure no pay. Book free. Sterling Remedy Co., New York or Chicago.

The Poet—"Have you read my last poem?" She—"No. Only your first."—Life.

To Cleanse the System

Effectually, yet gently, when costive or bilious or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.

Atheism is rather in the life than in the heart of man.—Bacon.

A day off—Yesterday.—Galveston News.

A well-dressed dog wears a collar and pants in the summer time.

A good-natured spinster bonsts that she always has two reliable beaux at hand—elbows.

Silence is golden, especially when you cannot think of a good answer on the spur of the moment.—Judy.

The world was born blind.—Ram's Horn.

A barren rock—When the cradled baby refuses to go to sleep.

The man who can impartially judge himself is fit to govern the world.—Milwaukee Journal.

Every difficulty slurred over will be a ghost to disturb your repose later on.—Chopin.

A lazy man always hurries to dinner.

Why is a chicken like a farmer? Because both delight in a full crop.

Tennie—"What are women's rights, pa?" Pa—"Everything they want, my boy; always remember that."—Boston Courier.

Erring.—Student (translating)—"And—er—then—er—er—er—went—er—and—er." Professor—"Don't laugh, gentlemen, to err is human."—Life.

We enjoy much when we are thankful for little.—Ram's Horn.

A goat is a good milker, but succeeds better as a butter.

As a rule, when a man has greatness thrust upon him, it doesn't take him very long to get rid of it.—Puck.

Visitor (in museum)—"Why don't you get a giraffe?" Manager—Can't afford it; they come too high."—Brooklyn Life.

A new piece of crockery—the cup that cheers.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

He Feared There Was Nothing to Fear.

Mrs. Fuller (sneeringly, as a mouse dashes across the room)—Why, you are all in a cold perspiration! I thought you were not afraid of a mouse?

Mr. Fuller (as he recovers from the nervous shock)—Why—er—my dear—I er—I was afraid it wasn't a mouse!—Puck.

Half Fare to Chattanooga.

The Queen & Crescent Route will sell tickets Cincinnati to Chattanooga and return at one fare for the round trip June 25th to 27th, with liberal limits and conditions, on the occasion of the International Epworth League meeting. Ask any ticket agent for particulars, or address
Chas. W. Zell, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.
W. A. Beckler, N. P. A., 111 Adams St., Chicago, Ill.
C. A. Baird, T. P. A., Detroit.
W. W. Dunnavant, T. P. A., Cleveland.
W. C. Rinearson, G. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

"Ma, that little baby across the street hasn't any teeth." "Of course not, Tommy. You didn't have any when you were that small." "But that baby's pa is a dentist."—Life.

Dropsy is a dread disease, but it has lost its terrors to those who know that H. H. Green & Sons, the Dropsy Specialists of Atlanta, Georgia, treat it with such great success. Write them for pamphlet giving full information.

Providence has nothing good on high in store for one who does not resolutely aim at something high or good. A purpose is the eternal condition of success.—Munger.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a Cough medicine.—F. M. Abbott, 38 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

For the Summer.—"Where are you going this summer?" He (hard up)—"No place." She—"Ah!" He—"Yes, no place like home, you know."—Detroit Free Press.

Fairness and purity are imparted to the complexion by Glenn's Sulphur Soap.
Hills Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

To know the preacher well ought to make the sinner hungry to know his God, but it sometimes turns out just the other way.—Ram's Horn.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

HEALS RUNNING SORES

S S S

CURES THE SERPENT'S STING

CONTAGIOUS BLOOD POISON In all its stages completely eradicated by S.S.S. Obstinate sores and ulcers yield to its healing powers. It removes the poison and builds up the system

Valuable treatise on the disease and its treatment mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.

At Druggists, 50c & $1. Advice & Pamphlet free.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

DROPSY Treated free. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases pronounced hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE. TEN DAYS TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE by mail DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Specialists, Atlanta, Ga. MENTION THIS PAPER every time you write.

I'm All Unstrung.

Is the remark of many a nervous individual. He or she will soon cease to talk that way after beginning and persisting in a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Nothing like it to renew strength and appetite and good digestion. It checks the inroads of malarin, and remedies liver complaint, constipation, dyspepsia, rheumatism and kidney disorder. It is in every sense a great household remedy.

Foul breath is a discourager of affection. It is always an indication of poor health—bad digestion. To bad digestion is traceable almost all human ills. It is the starting point of many very serious maladies. Upon the healthy action of the digestive organs, the blood depends for its richness and purity. If digestion stops, poisonous matter accumulates and is forced into the blood—there is no place else for it to go.

The bad breath is a danger signal. Look out for it! If you have it, or any other symptom of indigestion, take a bottle or two of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It will straighten out the trouble, make your blood pure and healthy and full of nutriment for the tissues.

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, etc., when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Go by the book. Pills 10c and 25c a box. Book FREE at your druggist's or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal Street, New York.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.

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To COLORADO AND THE YELLOWSTONE PARK

FIRST TOUR
Twenty Days; Cost $100.00
Leaving Chicago Wednesday, June 26
To the Yellowstone Park via Colorado, Marshall Pass, Glenwood Springs, Salt Lake City. Six days' tour of Yellowstone Park. Returning through the Black Hills, via the Custer Battlefield and Hot Springs, So. Dak.

SECOND TOUR
Seventeen Days; Cost $100.00
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To the Yellowstone Park by way of Kansas City, Mo., and Lincoln, Neb. Through the Black Hills via Hot Springs, Deadwood and Custer Battlefield. Six days' tour of Yellowstone Park. Returning via Minneapolis and Lake Minnetonka.

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Fourteen Days; Cost $150.00
Leaving Chicago Wednesday, Aug. 14
Through Scenic Colorado by way of Denver, Manitou, Pike's Peak, Colorado Springs, Royal Gorge, Marshall Pass—Around the Circle—Mount Onray stage ride, Rico, Durango, Glenwood Springs and Leadville.

The cost of tickets for these Tours includes railroad transportation, sleeping-car fares, meals and lodging, carriage and ride trips—everything save the incidental expenses.

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A. N. K.—C. 1557

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and you'll get the best work from Pearline. Not that there's any harm to be feared from it, no matter how you use it or how much you use. But to make your washing and cleaning easiest, to save the most rubbing, the most wear and tear, the most time and money—keep to the directions given on every package of Pearline.

If you'll do that with your flannels, for instance (it's perfectly simple and easy,) they'll keep beautifully soft, and without shrinking. 502

POPULAR NOVELS.

ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI

packages contain a list of novels by the most popular Authors. Five Cents in stamps will procure any one of them delivered FREE.

ADAMS & SONS CO., Sands St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, June 24, 1895.

Secretery Carlisle's success in routing the silver Democrats of Kentucky has given him the big head, and if the Democrats carry that state this fall—a gigantic if, by the way—he will be certain to take the presidential fever in its most violent form. In his fight for Blackburn's seat in the Senate Mr. Carlisle has the earnest support of the administration, for it is largely Mr. Cleveland's own fight, but when it comes to a presidential nomination that is another matter entirely. It is unquestionably Mr. Cleveland's present intention to take the nomination himself, if he can get it. However, as Mr. Carlisle is this week going on his vacation, which will be spent in the neighborhood of Buzzard's Bay, perhaps he and Mr. Cleveland can come to an understanding, if any understanding is necessary. Kentucky Republicans say they are going to carry the state, and if they do Mr. Carlisle's presidential aspirations will be dender that those of Sibley.

There is a Democratic plot hatching in Washington which bodes no good to Mr. Cleveland's ambition. The national association of Democratic clubs is organizing a party of stump speakers to make a tour through the West and Northwest. The secretary of that association who will be in charge of the tour, is not over friendly to Mr. Cleveland, owing to his having failed to get one of the big federal offices in the District of Columbia, and Senator Morgan, who is to be the star orator of the party, is an out-spoken enemy of Mr. Cleveland's finaucial and foreign policy. It may be presumed, therefore, that this party will in a quiet way do what it can to increase Mr. Cleveland's unpopularity with the Democrats of the West and Northwest. Taken altogether Mr. Cleveland will have no easy task to obtain that nomination; and no possible chance of being elected should he succeed in getting it.

Small Democratic officials who have been notified that their dismissal from office would speedily follow any declaration or work on their part in favor of the free coinage of silver, are much interested in the case of Mr. William R. Morrison, who draws $7,500 a year and perqs, for performing the comparatively light and pleasant duties of a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Mr. Morrison has for some years enjoyed the credit of carrying the greater part of the Illinois Democracy around in his vest pocket, and has had the desire to be nominated for president by the Democrats in his heart. Some two months or more ago Mr. Morrison had a conference with Mr. Cleveland and immediately afterwards it was semi-officially announced that Mr. Morrison had gone to Illinois to aid the administration Democrats in their fight against the silver Democrats. But Mr. Morrison didn't do anything of the kind; he stabbed the administration in the back, so to speak, while supposedly acting as one of its accredited agents. And that isn't all he has done. One of his henchmen — ex-Congressman Forman—is now in Washington booming Morrison as the free silver candadate for the Democratic nomination. That Forman is acting with Morrison's knowledge and consent is generally believed, and the small officials want to know what Mr. Cleveland is going to do about this open defiance of the administration edict by a big official. The silver Democrats are chuckling over the affair; they say the administration will not dare try to discipline Mr. Morrison, while the anti-silver Democrats say he must be disciplined, if the administration expects to prevent the control of the National Convention by the silver Democrats.

The Democratic party of Missouri must be in a bad way if reports which reach Washington can be depended upon. Mr. Richard Gentry, a Kansas City railway builder now in Washington, says: "As far as the political situation in Missouri is concerned I am of the opinion that the state will be carried by the Republicans next year, although I belong to the Democratic party. One of the chief reasons for thinking the Republicans will win is that a large number of Democrats are sick and disgusted with their leaders; are tired of the men who have dominated the party for years to its detriment and to show their disgust will give aid to the opposition."

Representative Hitt, of Illinois, has apparently won his long and at times doubtful fight for life, and it now appears to be only a question of time before he regains the robust health he so long enjoyed. He has been ill for many weeks, but has grown strong enough to travel and has gone to Rhode Island coast to spend the summer. Mr. Hitt, if he regains his health will almost certainly be the next chairman of the House Committee on Foreign affairs a position he has held before and which his experience in the Department of State and in the Diplomatic Service has thoroughly equipped him for, and a position which may become very prominent during the fifty-fourth Congress.

Mt. Lake Park.

Dr. Masden has joined his family here, and he is to preach for us next Sabbath morning.

Dr. R. W. Armstrong, of Baltimore, Dr. J. G. McLane, of Wheeling, and Dr. Watson, of Ohio, are here with their families for the summer.

John A. Clark, of Fairmont, was here on Monday and rented a cottage for the season.

Rev. J. P. McKee arrived here on Monday and at once began his cottage which he expects to have ready for occupancy in about two weeks.

Mr. Hughes, of Wheeling, is to arrive to-day (Wednesday) and J. J. Hetzel and Rev. John Thompson's families are to arrive to-morrow.

Rev. J. O. Thompson, of Keyser, preached for us an excellent sermon last Sabbath morning.

The little daughter of B. F. Crane, who had lingered so long with pneumonia, died on last Friday night and was buried at J. W. Beckman's farm Sabbath evening.

Mr. C. A. Ashby has moved into his new residence. E.

Deer Park.

Where are you going to spend the 4th?

A picnic will be held in Deer Park the 4th. Base ball, foot racing, dancing, etc., will be the features of the day.

Mr. John H. Tarbell, artist and landscape photographer, has located at Fairview cottage.

Mr. Andrew Shartzer and Mr. George White were on our streets Tuesday.

There are a great many guests already at our hotels and more arriving by every train. The cottages are all filled.

Mr. H. H. Hardman, of Tyler county, W. Va., is with us making things merry for the boys.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Shaffer, of near town, were at Elk Garden last week attending the funeral of the latter's brother, E. McIntire.

Prof. Victor McCauley was visiting in town this week as the guest of Mrs. S. C. Hoye.

The town officers are having our board walks repaired by putting in new boards.

No. 10 District is only asking for what is just, so give us Mr. W. H. Chadderton for County Commissioner and satisfy a large nnmber of honest thinking people.

HURRICANE.

Grantsville.

We needed rain badly and were favored with a light refreshing shower yesterday.

Dr. and Mrs. B. T. Keller and two daughters, of Bloomingburg, Ohio, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Truman Casteel, of Oakland, were the guests of Dr. G. C. Keller, a brother of the visiting doctor, Saturday and Sunday nights. The party visited Dr. and Mrs. O. G. Getty and family at Meyersdale, Pa., on Sunday. Mrs. Getty is a sister of the doctor. The doctor, barring greater portliness and the presence of tell-tale silver hairs, indicative of increasing age, looks just as he did when he so successfully practiced medicine and surgery at this place a number of years ago, and his presence would doubtless remind many of the relief from pain and suffering by his skill as a physician.

Sheriff Wegman was in town on Saturday night.

Over six hundred quarts of strawberries were picked on J. S. Miller's farm on Monday, and nearly four hundred quarts of ripe berries remained on the field which will be picked to-day (Tuesday.) Mr. Miller has sold his strawberries for the season to Hitchens Bros. Co., of Frostburg, at nine cents per quart, delivered at their store. Mr. Miller is doubtless one of the best informed and skilled fruit culturists in the county, and is increasing the already comparatively large area of ground devoted to the production of orchard and small fruits. He will have a considerable quantity of apples—especially Baldwins, if weather is favorable to perfection of growth.

Henry Schramm, of this place, and Miss Ella Hahn, of Elk Lick, Pa., were quietly married at the M. E. parsonage by the pastor, Rev. Enlow, last Tuesday evening. Their movements were discovered by the irrepressible town lads, who treated them to a medley of sounds as inharmonious as diversified in the still watches of the night. May the united lives be truly blessed.

Christian Gnagey and wife, of near Somerset, Pa., were visiting in this community the fore part of this week.

A Card.

To the Editor of the Republican.

I wish to say to the voters of Garrett county that I have no intention of withdrawing from the contest for the sheriffalty, but I will continue my canvass in the future as I have in the past, in a fair and straight-forward manner.

I have not entered, nor will I, any combine for the purpose of defeating any man who may be placed on the Republican ticket. I am before the people and if I should be the choice of the Republican Nominating Convention I will make every honorable endeavor to secure my election, but, should one of my rival aspirants receive the nomination, he has my support—let him be an Oakland man or from some other section.

AUSTIN BROWN.

Low Rates to Atlantic City and Cape May.

On Thursday, July 11th, the B. & O. R. R. Co. will inaugurate its annual summer excursions to Atlantic City, Cape May and Sea Isle City from Pittsburg, Wheeling, Parkersburg, Harpers Ferry and intermediate stations.

Tickets will be sold for all trains of July 11th, giving excursionists the benefit of the superior train service to the greatest seashore resorts on the Atlantic coast, and will be valid for return journey 12 days including day of sale. On the return trip a stop over will be allowed at the National Capital, forming a fitting termination to a week's sojourn at the shore.

We give below a list of stations in this vicinity showing time of trains and rates of fare:

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	RATE.
Oakland.....	6.37	10.00	12.29	6.00	5.12	$8.50
Mt. Lake Pk	6.43	10.08	12.36	6 12	5.17	8.50
Deer Park...	6.50	10.17	12.45	6.20	5.25	8.50

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

For more detailed information apply to nearest B. & O. Agent.

17-2t.

A Handsome Book on Summer Travel.

The Baltimore & Ohio R. R. Co. has just issued a handsome book descriptive of the various summer resorts, in the mountains and by the seaside, adjacent to or reached by its system of lines.

It is finely printed and illustrated by a number of very fine cuts. Send 10 cents to Chas. O. Scull, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md., for a copy. 15-2t

Low Rates to Denver.

The B. & O. R. R. Co. will place on sale at all ticket offices on its line east of the Ohio River round-trip tickets to Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou and Pueblo for all trains of July 2, 3, 4, and 5, valid from starting point on day of sale and good returning from Colorado points July 12 to 15 inclusive. The rate from Cumberland will be $45,50, and correspondingly low rates when from other stations. Tickets will be good via St. Louis or Chicago.

LOST. Two small account books on road between Oakland and Mt. Lake Park. Reward if returned to W. H. Malette, Oakland.

Low Rates to Boston

The Christian Endeavor, United Society of the National Young People's Union meets in Boston July 10 to 14.

For this occassion the B. & O. R. R. will sell excursion tickets from all points on its line east of the Ohio River, July 8 to 11 inclusive, valid for return passage until July 31. These tickets will be sold at rate of one fare for the round trip going and returning same route. Tickets will also be placed on sale good going via one route and returning via another, at slightly advanced rate.

For rate of fare and full particulars, call on or address nearest B. & O. Agent. 15-3t

Rogers' Sarsaparilla.

A specific for all. 100 doses for 75 cents. Rogers' Little Liver Pills, best on the market; Cough Cure, Liniment, Appetine and Worm Syrup, sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland; Cuppett Bros., McHenry; J. A. DeBerry, Corinth: C. F. White, Hutton; P. T. Garthright, Hayden & Eckles, Mt. Lake Park; Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park; Wm. Frederick, Friendsville; Yough Store Co., Jonas Frazee Robert Liston, Selbysport; W. Wass, Mineral Springs; J. E. Gnagey, Accident; Smith & Callis, Hoyes, and by all general dealers.

Proposals for Building a Bridge.

Notice is hereby given that the Mayor and Town Council of Oakland, Md., will receive sealed proposals until July 15th, 1895, for the construction of an iron bridge, crossing the Little Yough River in Oakland, according to the following specifications: Length of span, 60 feet, approaches on each side, 18 feet, roadway, 18 feet wide, capacity, 100 pounds to the square foot, with factory safety of 4. They will also receive proposals for oak lumber and for stone work.

The Council reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Specifications may be seen by applying to the Town Clerk.

17-2t L. E. TOWNSHEND, Clerk.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett County, to view the lands through which the petitioned change in the county road, beginning at a point on the old location at the corner of Mrs. Annie Ward's property and running a westerly direction through the lands of Mary F. Goldsborough, commonly known as "Highland Park," and intersecting new road running from the end of Green street to Deer Park and Oakland road at a point directly opposite where the street ends at Michael Maroney's livery stable, and examine whether the said change should be made, will meet on the

27th Day of July, 1895,

for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change of said county road, and if so, to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

WILLIAM WHITE,
E. E. SOLLARS,
JOHN BARNES. } Examiners.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned either in person or by deputy, will be in each of the election districts in said county, to collect and receive taxes at the time and places following:

July 15, McHenry,
" 16, Hoyes,
" 17, Friendsville,
" 18, Selbysport,
" 19, Accident,
" 22, Cove,
" 23, Grantsville,
" 24, Johnson's,
" 25, T. H. Layman's,
" 26, Avilton,
" 27, Gregg's,
" 29, C. A. Otto's,
" 30, Bittinger,
" 31, "
August 5, Bloomington,
" 5, Floyd,
" 6, Swanton,
" 6, Wilson,
" 7, Deer Park,
" 7, Altamont,
" 8, Gorman,
" 8, Red House.

Office in Oakland will be closed from July 15th to August 8th, inclusive.

N. B. By an act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed at January session, 1890, being Chap. 761, it is provided that "All county taxes shall be due and payable on the first day of September succeeding the date of levy, and on all county taxes paid on or before said day a discount of 3 per cent shall be allowed; and after the first day of January all taxes shall bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until paid. The Treasurer shall take the discount and charge interest on the tax bills for county purposes regularly in the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same on his books and upon the receipt given for taxes so paid; but this discount shall not be allowed unless the whole amount of State and county taxes due for the current year be paid when the same is made."

E. E. SOLLARS, Treasurer.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county upon a judgment in said court, recovered by Charles R. Savage and Cora V. Savage, his wife, against John Barnes at the March Term of said court, held in the year 1895, and to me directed, I have seized and taken in execution and will offer at public sale in front of W. C. Jones' store in Deer Park, Md., on

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1895,

at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., to satisfy said execution, I will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, and near the town of Deer Park, known and described as Military Lot No. 1963, containing fifty acres of land, more or less.

All of said land, except about ten acres, is cleared and under cultivation. It is improved by a comfortable dwelling, barn, cow stable and sheep house. There is also fruit. This is the same property which was conveyed by W. E. George to John Barnes.

CHARLES WEGMAN, Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county the 30th day of May, 1895, at the suit of Alexander Thenfilling against Adam Fox, the undersigned Sheriff will, on

Monday, the 22d Day of July, 1895,

at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., of said day, in front of the store house of Smith & Callis in Johnstown, in Garrett county, sell to the highest bidder for cash on that day, all of the following described real estate belonging to the said defendant Adam Fox, to-wit: All those lots of ground situated in Garrett county, Maryland, which are known and described as Military Lots Nos. 3243, 3244 and 4188, and containing fifty acres of land each. Said lots of ground will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs.

CHARLES WEGMAN, Sheriff.

Dr. A. S[illegible]'s Anti-B[illegible]s Pills

[illegible] a box

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

[illegible] the critical teething period [illegible] cures Cholera Infantum, Colic, Flux, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness, Wakefulness and Spasms. It allays all inflammation, relieves wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no opium or anything injurious to the most delicate babe. It is a sure relief. Get a bottle from your druggist and keep it in the house. It is cheap, only 25 cents a bottle. It will save many times its cost in doctor's bills.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but [illegible] fearful and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good. 25 cents a bottle.

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

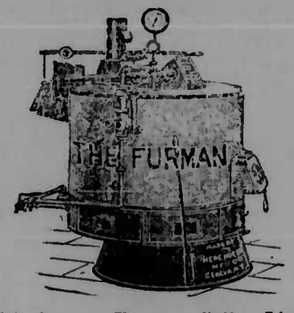

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23-1yr.

FOR SALE.

Three acres of land, being a part of the old Kennedy farm, lying in the eastern suburbs of Oakland on either side of the road leading to Mt. Lake Park. Will be sold in lots of ¼ acre each, or as a whole.

For full particulars call on or address MRS. LIZZIE BUZZARD, Elkins, W. Va.

22-6m

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

11 1y

Estate of George Ault, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

GEORGE AULT,

late of Garrett County, Maryland, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 1st day of January next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 18th day of June, 1895.

JOHN AULT, Executor,
15-3t. Oakland, Md.

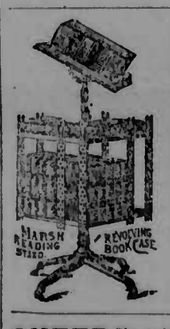

34 inches high. Top can be adjusted to any angle or height. Revolving Case 15 x 15 x 12 inside. Holds about 20 vols Law size. Strong well finished Metal Base and Sides With Solid Oak Shelves and Top.— 100,000 now used. Sent knocked down (20 lbs). On approval. Address: Marsh Mf'g Co. CHICAGO.

Agents Wanted.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ¼ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

29—1yr. T. R. CARSKADON, Keyser, W. Va.

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments, Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

4103.yr—8

Aspirin Tablets relieve nausea.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate.
CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED, SURVEYING.
Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 16-14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. S. BERKELEY.

Drs. McLane & Berkeley,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
FROSTBURG, MD.

Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.
See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8 p. m.

C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate.
P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6-22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1895.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by turning or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.
CHAS. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13t.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

--WANTED--
WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER
Also White Oak Timber Land.
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.
Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away properly or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
23tf 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

The Wesleyan Female Institute,
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.

For girls and young women. Established 1842. Full corps of experienced teachers. Location healthy, central and accessible. For catalogues and particulars apply to
REV. HENRY P. HAMILL,
13-15t President.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1895. NUMBER 17.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

For additional local news see fifth page.

Try Liller's sea foam. 10 cents a rub. 16–4t.

Mr. and Mrs. Chris Felty are on a visit to relatives and friends at Rawlings.

Liller has the best hair restorative on the market. 15, 25 and 50 cents per bottle. 16–3t

Mr. J. J. Abbott, of Frostburg, made his regular monthly visit to Oakland Saturday.

Messrs. Perry E. Kimmell and Henry F. Kahl spent Sunday at Accident with friends.

Mr. Louis Nydegger, of Gorman, was here last Saturday shaking hands with friends.

Miss Martha Hinebaugh returned from a week's visit to relatives at Ohio Pyle, Pa., Monday.

Mr. Thomas Moon, of Deer Park, was an Oakland visitor and a caller at this office last Saturday.

THE REPUBLICAN is issued one day earlier this week for the purpose of giving the office force a holiday.

WANTED.—A girl to do general house work. Apply to Prof. R. G. Richardson's store, Mt. Lake Park.

On last Sunday morning ninety-two persons were admitted to membership in St. Paul's M. E. church,

Mr. Jacob W. Boyer made a visit to Accident, his home, last Saturday and returned to Oakland Wednesday.

Mr. Chas. E. Hilleary, of Gormania, was here on last Saturday purchasing wool for Hirsch Bros., of Cumberland.

Mrs. Stine, of Grafton, who is well known as a first-class hotel mistress, is in charge of the Graco Hotel as housekeeper.

Mr. D. J. Blackiston, of the Cumberland bar, was here on Saturday conducting a mortgagee's sale in which he was attorney.

Col. John E. Wood arrived in Oakland last Thursday evening and will spend the summer at his summer home near Oakland.

Mr. D. W. Sloan, state's attorney for Allegany county, was here attending the non-jury term of the Circuit Court on Monday.

WANTED TO RENT.—A good saddle horse, suitable for ladies' use. Apply to W. J. McKnight, opposite Judge J. M. Wilson's. 17–2t.

The County Commissioners have awarded the contract for the erection of an iron fence around the court house lot to Mr. Samuel Lawton.

Mr. C. A. Bolden, the well known plumber of Meyersdale, Pa., and his family, are here and will remain for some days visiting relatives and friends.

Mrs. Samuel B. Johns, who spent the winter in Florida and Ohio, has arrived here and will remain some time as the guest of of Mr and Mrs. John Johns near Oakland.

Mr. Calvin Crim, of Cincinnati, accompanied by his family, arrived in Oakland Tuesday morning and will remain here a week or two visiting relatives and friends.

FOR SALE.—One hundred acres of unimproved land adjoining Mt. Lake Park Association grounds on the north. A good chance for an investment. FRED. A. THAYER,
16-3 Attorney.

W. H. Nelson, who is in the drug business at Kingville, Mo., has so much confidence in Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy that he warrants every bottle and offers to refund the money to any customer who is not satisfied after using it. Mr. Nelson takes no risk in doing this because the remedy is a certain cure for the diseases which it is intended and he knows it. It is for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Messrs. John W. Averitt, of the Cumberland *Times*, Asa Willison and A. C. Willison, also of Cumberland, were here Tuesday attending the Democratic County Convention

Miss Eva Johns, who spent the winter attending school at Allianee, Ohio, arrived home last Saturday night and will spend the summer vacation near town with her parents.

Judge Shellabarger and family, of Washington, arrived in the city last Friday night and are occupying their now summer home near Judge Wilson's residence on the Deer Park road.

The Oakland Hotel was formally opened for the season last Saturday morning. There are a number of guests registered for the season and many more coming in on every train.

Work was commenced last Saturday in demolishing the old wareroom adjoining Messrs. J. M. Davis & Son's hardware store and in getting ready to erect the new building for that firm.

The appearance of the interior of Messrs. D. E. Offutt & Son's store room has been greatly improved and beautified by having the walls newly papered and painted. Artist W. F. King did the work.

Painters are engaged in painting the old Commercial hotel in Oakland which has been rented to a gentleman who will open and operated it as a hotel for the accommodation of summer guests.

The regular preaching service by Rev. S. M. Engle will be held in the Garrett Memorial church in Oakland next Sunday morning. Sermon from the text 2 Samuel 9:3: David's covenant kindness to Jonathan's son. All are welcome.

The seventh anniversary of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Helbig, of Oakland, was celebrated at their residence in Oakland last Sunday afternoon at which time quite a large number of relatives and friends were present.

Try McComas' Calmative Konseals to drive away sharp pains in muscular and acute rheumatism. One or two Konseals have shown marvelous results. 10 cents per box. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5–tf

A race for the Governorship between Judge Robinson and Judge Stake would be interesting, and in the hands of either the liberties and welfare of the people would be safe. However, these are the days of the practical politicians.—Balto. News.

A number of electric lights have been placed in the B. & O. depot here and in a short time an arc light will be erected in front of the station. The new lights make quite an improvement in the appearance of the building and the employes there will be able to transact the night business in a manner much more pleasant than formerly.

B. H. Bowman, Pub. Enquirer, of Bremen Ind., writes: Last week our little girl baby the only one we have was taken sick with croup. After two doctors failed to give relief and life was hanging on a mere thread we tried One Minute Cough Cure and its life was saved. Oakland Pharmacy.

Dr. Ravenscraft has adopted the following office hours at Oakland and Mt. Lake Park for the season: At Oakland office, 9 to 11 a. m., 3 to 5 p. m., at Mt. Lake Park office 7 to 8 a. m., 7 to 9 p. m. Telephone calls answered from either office. Summer residence and office on H street, opposite Mrs. Howe's residence at Mountain Lake Park. 16–4t.

Chamberlain's is the best of all. Vincent J. Barkl, of Danbury, Iowa has used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy whenever in need of a medicine for coughs and colds, for the past five years and says: "It always helps me out. If anyone asks me what kind of cough medicine I use, I reply, Chamberlains that is the best of all. 25 and 50c bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Last June Dick Crawford brought his twelve-month-old child, suffering from infantile diarrhoea, to me. It hsd been weaned at four months and had always been sickly. I gave it the usual treatment in such cases but without benefit. The child kept growing thinner until it weighed but little more than when born, or perhaps ten pounds. I then started the father to giving Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Before one bottle of the 25 cent size had been used a marked improvement was seen and its continued use cured the child. Its weakness and puny constitution disappeared and its father and myself believed the childs life was saved by this remedy. J. T. MARLOW, M. D., Tamaroa, Ill. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

An Attempt to Murder.

Tuesday night about ten o'clock a tramp painter named Harry Lowis was pounced upon by two other tramps near the water station in Oakland, beaten into insensibility and robbed of $2.30 which he had begged during the day from the citizens of Oakland to help him on his way to Baltimore where he wanted to enter a hospital for the treatment of a blood disease.

After he had recovered his senses he some way managed to get to the Main street crossing and there was found by night policeman McRobie who took him to the office of Dr. Henry W. McComas where his wounds, consisting of a frightful scalp wound and a serious cut in the arm, besides other minor injuries, were dressed, and he was made as comfortable as possible.

Telegrams were immediately sent both east and west to be on the lookout for men answering the description given by Lewis as his assailants and yesterday morning a message was received here stating that one of the men had been arrested in Piedmont, who will be brought here for trial.

At this time Lewis is resting quite easy but is still in a very precarious condition and may die at any moment.

The Mt. Lake Park Campmeeting.

This meeting has been looked forward to with more interest than ever before. Its prominent features this year will make it more than ever attractive. It has been extensively advertised as an international, interdenominational holiness family gathering. The first service will be held Saturday morning, July 6th, at nine o'clock. A song thanksgiving service in chargo of Dr. Gilmour, Prof. Hillis and others, will be held at the Thompson cottage on Friday afternoon of this week to which all are invited. The usual preliminary campmeeting service will be held at the cottage of Jennie Smith on Friday night. This in past years has been an interesting and attractivo service. Rev. Isaac Naylor, the English representative, has arrived in the country and is expected at the Park on Saturday. He has consented to preach on Sunday afternoon at half past three o'clock, and as it is not known how long he will remain, all who can should hear him on Sunday afternoon. In England he is called the second Spurgeon. In this country we would call him a "Son of Thunder." Other men of prominence will be present and preach at the campmeeting.

At Garthright's.

Extraordinary bargains in dress goods, leather satchels, trunks, shirt waists. Ladies' jackets worth $15 for $6 and $7. Broadcloth, 65 cents per yard, originally sold at $1. Big reduction in all dress goods. Lots of desirable goods being closed out at cost. Highest cash and trade prices paid for fresh butter and eggs. 17–2t.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES,
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. Try
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

The Non-Jury Term of Court.

The July term of the circuit court commenced Monday morning with Chief Judge Boyd on the bench.

The several dockets were called and cases disposed of as follows:

ORIGINALS.

No. 6. Alexander Moon vs. J. W. White and wife, dismissed; Hamill.

No. 8. S. C. Broadwater vs. Jesse Butler, dismissed by order plaintiff's attorney; Hamill—Peddicord.

No. 9. S. C. Broadwater vs. Jesse Butler, dismissed; Hamill for plaintiff, Peddicord for defendant.

No. 10. Garrett County Bank vs. C. T. Sweet et al., judgment by confession for $114.79; Hamill for plaintiff.

No. 11. E. W. Williams vs. Williams, Boody & Williams, dismissed by plaintiff; Hamill for plaintiff, Peddicord for defendant.

No. 12. Same vs. same; same counsel; same entry.

No. 15. H. B. Lewis vs. A. S. Teats, dismissed; Hamill.

No. 16. Kraft & Rosenbarger vs. Mountain Home Company, countermanded by plaintiff; Hamill for plaintiff, Peddicord for defendant.

No. 17. Same vs. same, same entry; same counsel.

No. 19. J. C. Alderson vs. Tasker Lumber Company, satisfied; Peddicord—Hamill.

No. 24. P. T. Garthright vs. J. G. C. Riley, judgment by confession for $151.94; Peddicord for plaintiff.

No. 25. P. T. Garthright vs. Titus Delawder, judgment by confession for $229.29; Peddicord for plaintiff.

No. 28. S. P. Baker vs. J. C. Alderson, dismissed by plaintiff; Hamill—Peddicord.

No. 29. Thompson & Jackson vs. S. R. Savage, countermanded; Hamill.

No. 30. Thompson & Jackson vs. J. A. Friend, countermanded; Hamill.

No. 32. Baer Sons Grocer Company vs. L. H. Friend, dismissed; Hamill.

No. 33. G. L. White vs. D. W. Tucker, settled; Peddicord, Thayer—Hamill.

No. 34. Same vs. same, same entry and same counsel.

No. 35. S. J. Spiker vs. J. G. C. Riley; judgment by confession for $210.60

TRIALS.

No. 24. B. Miller vs. F. Clair, judgment for plaintiff for $63.40; Peddicord.

No. 29. R. P. Rohr vs. J. W. Calhoun; judgment on the rule; Peddicord.

No. 32. J. C. Fike vs. Theodore Beckman et al., judgment for $230.66; Peddicord.

No. 33. J. C. Fike vs. P. H. Echard, judgment for $230.66; Peddicord.

No. 34. J. C. Fike vs. Levi Echard, judgment for $230.66; Peddicord.

No. 35. Roche & Co. vs. John Noon, judgment on the rule; Peddicord.

The case of J. G. Getty vs. E. Z. Tower, executor of Julia Edwards, was heard before the court and held sub curia.

Court then adjourned until Tuesday of next week, when Judge Stake will appear on the bench and continue the court.

Telephone Company Meeting.

A meeting of the Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta Telephone Co. was held at the company's office at Aurora on Thursday, June 27, 1894.

The purchase of the Mountain Telephone and Electric Co.'s line from Corinth via Hutton, Oakland and Mt. Lake Park was ratified and arrangements made for a central station at Oakland, with an exchange system. Dr. Henry W. McComas was elected a member of the board. Geo. Giessman was also elected to fill a vacancy. The president of the company was authorized to complete arrangements to carry out the extension of the line and place new phones wherever found practicable and in the company's interest.

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

LAST CUT SALE

AT

SINCELL BROS.

Having decided to retire from business on account of ill health, we will close out our entire stock of goods at actual cost.

CLOTHING.

MEN'S CLOTHING.

$16.00	Suits reduced to			$8.50
14.00	"	"	"	7.50
12.00	"	"	"	6.50
10.00	"	"	"	5.75
8.00	"	"	"	4.75
7.00	"	"	"	4.00

BOYS' CLOTHING.

$12.00	Suits Reduced to			$7.50
10.00	"	"	"	6.00
8.00	"	"	"	5.00
6.00	"	"	"	4.00
5.00	"	"	"	3.50

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING,

$5.00	Suits Reduced to			$3.00
4.00	"	"	"	2.00
3.00	"	"	"	1.75
2.50	"	"	"	1.65

SHOES.

LADIES' SHOES.

$5.00	Shoes Reduced to			$3.75
4.00	"	"	"	3.00
3.50	"	"	"	2.75
3.00	"	"	"	2.25
2.50	"	"	"	1.75
2.00	"	"	"	1.50
1.75	"	"	"	1.15
1.50	"	"	"	1.00
1.25	"	"	"	90
1.00	"	"	"	80

MEN'S SHOES.

$4.00	Shoes Reduced to			$3.00
3.00	"	"	"	2.65
2.50	"	"	"	1.75
2.00	"	"	"	1.50
1.50	"	"	"	1.00
1.25	"	"	"	90

DRY GOODS.

25 Yards Muslin for $1.00
15 cent muslin for 12 cents
12½ cent muslin for 10 cents
10 cent muslin for 7½ cents
8 cent muslin for 6 cents
7 cent muslin for 5 cents
6 cent muslin for 4½ cents
15 cent French gingham for 10 cents
12½ cent French gingham for 9 cents
10 cent gingham for 7 cents
8 cent gingham for 6 cents
7 cent gingham for 4½ cents

We will also sell our full line of

Dress Goods, Silks, Trimmings, Embroideries, Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbons, Draperies, Towels, Ladies' Summer Undervests

White Goods, Novelties, Hats, Trunks, Etc.,

At the ACTUAL COST of them.

This we consider a rare bargain for the buyers of this line of goods.

Respectfully,

SINCELL BROS.

ONE SONG OF LOVE.

What man shall say, sweet friend, that life
Hath no rich rainbows in the strife? • • •
Here is thy child, and here thy wife!

Here is the love of one who stood
That day, in rosiest womanhood,
And said: "With thee, for ill, or good!"

Who saw no winter in life's May—
Thy hand in hers—thy way her way,
And all things else but yesterday!

Who faced the future, and who said:
"If thorns or roses be thy bed,
There, by thy side, I lay my head!"

And here, when storms are blowing wild—
Close to those earlier lips that smiled,
There comes the clinging of a child!

Arms, like a necklace, may adorn
Thy neck! • • • At night the stars are born,
And splendor heralds every morn.

Oh, storm, and strife, and poverty!
What kindly ministers are ye,
While Love still spreads a couch for me!

That love which still endureth long
Content to suffer and be strong;
That makes all life one song! one song!
—Atlanta Constitution.

A MOUNTAIN COURTSHIP.

BY W. J. LAMPTON.

SUSAN STEBBINS was by all odds the best looking girl on Grussy Lick, without being remarkably beautiful, for beauty is not a noticeable characteristic of mountain women, old or young, and how she had ever come to marry Lem Skaggs was a wonder to me, for Lem was by all odds the homeliest man on the Lick, and homeliness is a characteristic of mountain men. I knew Lem quite well, and had befriended him on many occasions, even loaning him money enough to get married on, as his crops were not in and he was scant of funds, and when they had been married nbout n month I asked him one day how it happened. He was a good fellow all over, was Lem, as guileless as a baby and as honest as the sunlight, and when I asked my question he blushed and grinned.

"She was tuck by my good looks," he laughed.

"Of course, of course," I laughed back; "anybody ought to see that, but my eyesight is weak. Tell me what you did to win her?"

"I didn't do nothin', colonel. I jist wuz."

"That won't go, Lemuel. You are not the kind thnt win that way; you must have made yourself attractive in some other way."

"Hope to die, colonel, ef I did," he insisted. "I jist wuz and she got tuck."

"Didn't you court her pretty hard?"

"Did I?" and he drew a long breath as of relief at the thought of its being over. "Well, I should say I did. Why, I come mighty nigh mortgidgiu' the farm to git her things she didn't seem to want when I give 'em to her."

"What did you give her?"

"Everything, colonel. It got so bad to'rds the last the folks at the store told me ef I'd lump my dealin's they reckoned they could let me have 'em at wholesale prices."

"She couldn't stand your liberality, Lem. That's what got her."

"Not a bit uv it," he contended. "All the time I was takin' her all sorts uv things, she wuz makin' eyes at every feller that come along, and sorter expectin' me to keep up my end uv the swingle tree, jist case I kinder seemed to hanker atter doin' it that a-way."

"But you kept at it?"

"I reckon not," he laughed. "All uv a sudden I sot in fer Mary Finnel, and give the store folks a rest on buyin'."

"Then what happened?" I inquired, with a hope that I would now get some information.

He laughed a low, gurgling laugh, such as a boy would give vent to when caught in some of his nnturnl depredations.

"Well," he said, "she kinder swapped ecuds on t'other fellers, and swung 'round my way, but I wuzn't givin' a iueh, and I didn't have no talk with her fer mighty nigh two weeks, and then

"'GOOD EVENIN', SAYS I."

one evenin' as I wuz passin' her house on my way to Mary's, and she knowed it, I seen her hangin' on the gate lookin' out into the future, er somethin' uv that sort that I seen a pieter uv one't an agent wnz sellin'.

"'Good evenin', snys I, not offerin' to stop.

"'Good evenin" says she. 'Pears to me you're in a powerful hurry.'

"'Kinder,' says I, slackin' up some. 'I promised to be down to Mary's 'bout this time.'

"She kinder looked down at the ground when I told her that, and kicked a little rock out of the path that wuz layin' thar, and I felt like a sheep-stealin' dog fer sayin' what I had.

"'I reckon you'd better be hurryin' nlong, then, for Mary ain't the kind that likes to be kep' waitin'," says she.

"'I s'pose,' says I, 'that you don't keer ef I stop and talk to you fer a minute, do you?'

"'I ain't keerin' what you do,' says she, kinder sullen.

"'You look like you wuz expectin' somebody yerself,' says I, feelin' ez ef I'd like to choke whoever the feller wuz.

"'That's what,' says she, and I felt more'n ever like chokin' somebody.

"'Who is it?' says I, watching the streaks of a laugh 'round her mouth and eyes.

"'That's fer me to know and you to find out,' says she, laughing right out.

"'I reckon I'll be goin' on down to Mary's,' says I, thinkin' that I wasn't makin' nothin' hangin' 'round Susan.

"'Mebbe you wouldn't ef you know'd who wuz comin',' says she, kinder reachin' over the gate.

"'Well, tell me,' says I, 'and see ef I'll stay.'

"'I reckon not,' says she, still a-nagging me, 'mebbe they wouldn't like it!'

"'Who's they?' says I.

"She give a little chuckie, and I come up to the gnte and rested my hands on it to one side uv her'n.

"'Pap and mother,' says she. 'They've gone down to the schoolhouse to preachin' and won't be back tell eight o'clock.'

"'Ain't you kinder lonesome wnitin' hyer by yerself, Susan?' says I, half way tryin' to pull the gate open, but she held it shet.

"'I reckon I wuz,' says she. 'That's why I come out and hung on the gate It's mighty still like in the house.'

"'You reckon you wuz?' says I. 'Ain't you now?' and I chuckled myself for ketchin' her.

"'P'raps I am and p'raps I sain't,' she sniggered, and tossed her head.

"I tried to open the gate, but she held it shet.

"'Ef you want me to stay, why don't you say so?' says I, gittin' ugly.

"'I reckon you kin if you waut to,' says she, mighty pesky.

"'Susan,' says I, 'what's the use uv foolin'?'

"'Foolin' nbout what?' says she.

"'About me and you,' says I.

"'I ain't a foolin', snys she.

"'You air,' says I, 'and you know it.'

"'Ef you don't like me, Lem Skaggs,' says she, bridlin' up all over, 'you kin go 'long. I didn't ax you to stop, did I?'

"'But I do like you, Susan,' says I, gittin' skeert, an' tryin' to pull the gnte open so's I could git clos't enough to her to conx her.

"I reckon you like Mary Finnell a sight better,' says she, holdin' the gate ag'in' me.

"'I reckou I don't,' says I, and I could feel the gnte give a little.

"'You wouldn't talk that a-way ef she wuz in hearin' distance,' says she.

"'Wouldn't I?' says I, and I heaved

"HOLDIN' THE GATE AG'IN ME."

and sot on the gate, but it didn't move a peg. 'You jist fetch her up here and see ef I wouldn't.'

"'No, you jist go down thar,' says she. 'That's whar you started fer.'

"'I didn't do nothin' uv the sort,' says I, gittin' despriter every minute.

"'You told me you did,' says she, and I could feel the gate give some and then shet up ag'in.

"'You oughter know, Susan,' says I, seriously, 'that I wuz jist a-foolin',' and I could feel the gate a-givin' way and shettin', and then givin' wny ag'in.

"'An' you ain't lyin' now, Lem?' says she, a heap sight softer than any time in her life.

"'Course I ain't, Susan,' says I, and the gate come open about six inches.

"'Ef I only thought you wuzn't, Lem,' says she, lettin' the gnte slip my way n leetle more every minute.

"'You know I ain't, Susan,' says I, givin' the gate the strongest pull yit. 'You know it, and you know I never give a snap uv my finger fer any other gnl in these parts, nnd that all the time I've been a-hankerin' atter you and wantin' you for my wife, but you kep' foolin' with me all along and bustin' my heart mighty nigh, and makin' me want to go off and chop a tree down on myself. You know it, Susan, you know it,' and she h'isted her hands and the gate swung wide open.

"'What nbout Mary?' says she, standin' thar before me lookin' sweeter'n peaches and rosies.

"'Dern Mary,' says I, clean fergettin' my manners, and I reteh out both hands for Susan.

"'Oh, Lem!' says she, "and—well, colonel," he laughed as his honest face reddened beneath its saffron hue, 'I reckon you're old enough to know the balance.'"

"I wouldn't be surprised, Lem," I replied, blushing just n shade myself as a memory or two came slowly back from the rosy past.

He looked up smiling.

"And say, colonel," he snid, "I wuzn't any partier that night than I wuz before."

"Come off, Lemuel," said I, slapping him on the back, "it was so dark Susan couldn't see you."—N. Y. Sun.

Care of the Teeth in Summer.

From now throughout all the warmer months one eats more sour vegetables and more fruit. As these are bad for the teeth, while generally excellent for the stomach, extra care should be taken in much brushing and care that the lime of the teeth is not eaten into by the acid. After every meal is not too often to brush, and it should be conscientiously done while this sort of food is on the table.—Philadelphia Press.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

COBBLER BROWN.

The broad highway comes wandering down
Over the hill and through the town,

Past whitewashed church, and houses where
The old pump stands, in the village square.

The village cobbler peers from his shop
At the patient cattle and teams that stop,

And watches the traveler as he drinks,
And then, as he journeys on he thinks,

Better by far than the rarest wine
Drank from a goblet of cut-glass fine,

Is a drink of water, clear and cold,
From the iron dipper, battered and old.

The village cobbler is bent and gray
Too old to work the town-folks say,

But work he must—for he is poor—
To keep the gnunt wolf from the door.

Years long agone old Cobbler Brown
Had the finest farm in all the town.

And merry children and loving wife
Led Cobbler Brown a happy life.

His home a Paradise was, until
One day he built a cider mill.

Then, on his tables there always stood
A cider pitcher, drink who would;

And where he worked about the farm
A jug was there, within reach of arm.

Winter or summer, whate'er the day,
Plowing or sowing, or making hay,

Wherever the work was being done,
Stood the jug; but cider had changed to rum.

"A good drink makes me work," he said,
And smilingly would shake his head.

"It makes me work with a will, you know,
As out in the fields I reap and mow."

But Cobbler Brown was one day cursed
By the demon Drink, with a burning thirst;

A burning thirst that he couldn't check,
That carried him down a drunken wreck.

And all his houses, and all his lands,
Passed away into strangers' hands.

His boys sleep in a drunkard's grave,
Where the tall grass nods and willows wave—

In the village churchyard—by their side
Lies his wife—with a broken heart she died,

And the gray-haired cobbler sits and sighs,
And with trembling hands wipes his tear-dimmed eyes.

"I used to drink in the olden days
To make me work," he sadly says.

"It made me work, yea! bowed my head,
And made me work all my life for bread,

"And forevermore from sun to sun
I must work, work, work till my race is run.

"For curst is the hand that drinks distills,
Curst is the hand the cup that fills.

"And whosoever committeth sin,
Curseth himself and his kith and kin."
—Sharlie Hurd, in Ram's Horn.

INEBRIETY AND IMPURE AIR.

Some Cases in Point Showing the Bearing of the One Upon the Other.

Bad air and bad ventilation always leave the system debilitated and favor auto-intoxications, and the formation of compounds in the blood and tissues that are distinctly poisonous. Alcohol used at this time may bring to the system germs and soil for the culture and growth of still more poisonous states. In all events, it brings increased weakness and degeneration with diminished power of resistance.

Inebriates from crowded tenements and basement residences are always more degenerate. Inebriates from homes of wealth, in wealthy sections of the cities, where possible bad ventilation exists, are equally exhausted and worn-out. Both of these classes make rapid recoveries in well-ventilated rooms, and seem to have been suffering largely from poisoned air.

Clerks, business men, and persons who have ill-ventilated offices, where they spend many hours each day, are far more inclined to the use of spirits than others in better surroundings.

A case was reported to me by an eminent New York physician, of a merchant who tried to abstain from all use of spirits at home, without success. He worked steadily in his office and lived in a rich house up town, where, apparently, every condition of healthy living was present. After several ineffectual efforts to give up all use of spirits, he went out campaigning in the White Mountain regions. In a few days all taste for spirits left him, and for the first time in twenty years he became a total abstainer.

On return to the city he drank again, and could not stop. The next season he moved out into the country, and all taste for spirits left him. Finally, he gave up his city residence, and lives out in the country, coming to the city for a few hours at a time, and has become a total abstainer, not having any taste or desire for spirits. It seems most rational to suppose that poisoned air and defective ventilation were the exciting causes of the drink craze in this case. No other condition of surroundings and living could explain his ability to stop drinking in the country and not in the city.

Another incident, well verified, seemed to bring out the same fact: A delicate, nervous child of six years, supposed to be inclined to consumption, was guarded with extraordinary care against colds and the open air, in a rich city home. At fifteen years of age a strong taste for spirits developed, and at twenty he was an inebriate. His mother died and he was forced to go into the country to live. He became a total abstainer at once, and is now, at the age of twenty-six years, a strong temperance man. It would appear that in this case some condition of cell and tissue starvation began from defective aeration and continued until the surroundings changed.

I think the poison from defective oxidation of the blood, together with imperfect elimination of waste products, is a very active factor in inebriety. In all rational treatment efforts to remove these possible causes should precede all other means of treatment. The continual inhalation of impure and defective air is always followed by the accumulation of poisons which, in many ways unknown, cause reflex nerve disturbances and reactions. The heart contracts more frequently, respiration is accelerated and elaboration of nutritive material is altered in all the cells of the body. Fatigue, depression and lowered vitality follow. Alcohol at this time is a grateful narcotic, which not only conceals the real condition, but brings increased degeneration with new bacteria formation and diminished resistance to disease. The brain and nervous system suffers as much as any other part of the body, although this is not recognized.—Popular Health.

INCREASE OF TEMPERANCE.

Encouraging News From the Scottish Highlands—Work of the Gospel.

Dr. Norman Walker, in giving an account of a visit to the Highlands, says: "A distinct change has come over the country with regard to temperance. Time was when whisky was constantly in evidence. I remember the late Mr Hugh Handyside telling of a meeting he had had somewhere with a deacon's court, when a glass went round before commencement of business. Now most of the ministers are teetotallers, the number of public houses is exceedingly small—far fewer in proportion to the population than in the south—and such a sight as that of a drunkard is very seldom indeed to be witnessed, at least in the north. The only place which holds an exceptional position is Stornoway. During the fishing season the drinking there is deplorable." When moderate drinking was substituted for total abstinence, Canon Ellison, and like-minded earnest men, found that the preaching of the Gospel was like "casting pearls before swine." But when the stumbling-block of drink was removed by "entire abstinence from that which had been the occasion of the sin," and Christian men and women, "in the exercise of their Christian liberty," associated themselves with the victims of the drink, "in their voluntary abstinence," it was found that the Gospel became again "the power of God unto salvation."

THE RUIN OF THE WHITE MAN.

Killing Off the Original Tribes of People Inhabiting Siberia.

It was stated at a late meeting of the St. Petersburg Hygienic society that two of the oldest tribes in the Russian empire, the Ostjakeu and the Samojeden, the original inhabitants of Siberia, are fast dying out, and will before long have to be numbered amongst the extinct races of human history. The districts which have been inhabited by these tribes are already becoming desolate wastes. Two direct causes and one indirect cause were given by different speakers for this melancholy phenomenon. The direct causes are want of sufficient nourishment and the increasing use of spirituous drinks. The indirect cause and the original blame is attributed to that old and world-wide offender against aboriginal races, the greedy mercantile adventurer. Merchants, with their heartless middlemen, have been in the habit of visiting these tribes every year, and have managed to expropriate them of nearly everything by an iniquitous system of barter. It has been the recognized "custom of trade" to make the poor Samojedan drunk before beginning to do "business," as this made it easy for the "merchant" to get his wares at a price ridiculously below their real value.—Scottish Reformer.

Drunkards to Be Photographed.

A photograph album will be required in the saloons of New Zealand if the proposed local option bill is carried into effect. A clause of this bill provides that everyone convicted of habitual drunkenness shall be photographed at his own expense, and every saloon-keeper in the district where he lives must be supplied with a copy.

Evidence of a Genuine Conversion.

During recent revival services at Fultonville, N. Y., a saloonkeeper was converted and emptied his entire stock of liquors in the gutter. In the evening a huge bonfire was made of the barrels and fixtures, the evangelist preaching to a great crowd assembled, from the top of an empty whisky barrel.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

THE consumption of intoxicating liquors in New Zealand is decreasing year by year.

THE fact that there are drunkards is proof that moderate drinking is not safe.—Ram's Horn.

MR. JOSHUA L. BAILEY succeeds Gen. O. O. Howard as president of the National Temperance society.

NEW YORK'S reform police commissioners declare that "saloon's are not proper places to frequent."

THE "drug stores" in Massachusetts have increased from 1,500 to 2,500 in less than two years. Many of them are liquor stores in disguise.

SPECIAL work for messenger boys by the W. C. T. U. of Washington, D. C., is transforming a profane and unlovable rabble into a class of interesting and worthy boys.

AT a recent important public ceremony, of which the duke and duchess of Teck were the central figures, three ladies of the aristocracy drank her majesty's health in cold water.

GOD is silently but surely lifting the American people into two classes—home defenders and saloon defenders. There are only two classes. To which do you belong?—True Reform.

HOMER FAIRMON,
Winner of the Chicago Bicycle Road Race on May 30, 1895.

This Woman Was Thrifty.

Current News reports the significant saying of an old lady who was locally famous for her good health and exceeding thrift. An acquaintance was congratulating her upon her freedom from bodily ailments when she replied: "We be pretty well for old folks, Josiah and me. Josiah hasn't had an ailin' time for fifty years, 'cept last winter. And I ain't never suffered but one day in my life, and that was when I took some of the medicine Josiah had left over, so's how it shouldn't be wasted."

NO ROOM TO SHRINK.

Briggs—Do you see that little dried-up man going along there?

Jingo—Yes; what of him?

Briggs—He looks harmless enough; but he's a bold, bad man. He would shrink at nothing.

Jingo—Well, there isn't room for him to shrink much more.—Texas Siftings.

Medical Item.

Jones—The women are coming to the front with a rush. Why, there are even women doctors now, everywhere.

Smith—I don't believe in them.

Jones—Well, you would if you were married. Whenever my wife gets sick I send for a female doctor, and they get to talking about the fashions, and my wife is well right off.—Texas Siftings.

A Judge of Shoes

Stranger—If I order shoes of you, are you sure you can make me a good fit?

Cobbler—A good fit? Just you ask Mr. Richman. He always comes to me and gets his shoes made to measure.

"Who is Mr. Richman?"

"He is the owner of that big shoe factory down town."—N. Y. Weekly.

Early Pride in Boston.

The little Boston boy was so plainly puffed up with juvenile vanity that the visitor noticed it.

"Robert seems unusually proud today."

"Yes," the fond mother answered, "he has on his first pair of spectacles."—Indianapolis Journal.

Would Curtail the Amusement.

Mrs. Gaytime—I'm going shopping all over town to match this silk.

Mrs. Candlelight—Dreighoods & Co. carry an immense stock. Why don't you go there?

Mrs. Gaytime — Not much! They're likely to have just what I ask for.—Chicago Record.

JOKER HAD HIS LITTLE JOKE.

Mr. Squinter—Why don't you look where you're going?

Mr. Joker—Why don't you go where you're looking?—Life.

He Was a Specialist.

Dr. Emdee—You must take an ice-cold bath every morning.

Van Pelt—Curious remedy for grip.

Dr. Emdee—It will give you pneumonia, and I made my whole reputation curing that.—Town Topics.

Hubby's New Cigars.

She got out of her carriage and walked into the cigar store, at the same time unfastening her coat.

"I want a box of cigars for my husband, please. Let me see all kinds."

"Now here are some goods we can sell for eight dollars, and here are domestics from that down to two and a half dollars" said the obliging clerk.

She looked at them carefully.

"You may wrap up that box at two dollars and fifty cents," said she, with dignity. "I like the shade better. It will about match his smoking jacket."—Indianapolis Journal.

In the First Round.

It was the first quarrel after the honeymoon. The bride was giving the young doctor, her husband, particular fits.

"Hold your tongue!" he shouted.

She simply looked at him.

"I don't think you are quite well," he added, apologetically, "and I merely asked you to hold your tongue out."—N. Y. World.

Latter-Day Luxuries.

Fashionable Physician — You will have to give up your city life, Mr. Million.

Wealthy Patient — I will travel in Europe a few years, if you say so.

Physician—It would be better for you to stay here and conduct a model farm.

Wealthy Patient—Oh, I can't afford that.—N. Y. Weekly.

Cumulative Evidence.

At a social gathering, the conversation being on Baalam's ass, Gus De Smith remarked:

"I believe that animals can talk. I am sure that nowadays asses talk, just like Bnlaam's ass did."

"So I hear," said old Judge Peterby, —Texas Siftings.

AN UNLUCKY MAN.

Coroner—It is a very unhappy occurrence that you should run over this old lady and kill her.

Trolley Motorman—Very. This makes my thirteenth, and I feel that that number will bring me bad luck.—Judy.

A Re-Filed Saw.

Petted Son—Father, I hate to confess it, but the fact is, my allowance is all gone.

Indulgent Father—Well, I'll advance you some more. Have a good time while you're young, for when you're married you can't.—N. Y. Weekly.

Engaged.

Mrs. Hicks—I can hardly afford to pay twenty dollars a month.

Bridget Broket—So the girl next door told me.

Mrs. Hicks—Did she? Her mistress told her that. When can you come?—N. Y. World.

An Exceptional Case.

"What makes you think the bill will pass?"

"I don't think it, I know it. Why, there are influences working for that bill that you never heard of."

"And yet they say money talks."—Brooklyn Life.

Asking the Impossible.

Servant—There's no coal, and the fires are going out.

Mistress—Dear me! Why didn't you tell me before?

Servant—I couldn't tell you there was no coal, mum, when there was coal. —N. Y. Weekly.

She Follows Fashion.

Mrs. Porker—Our friend Mrs. Lakeside is a very devoted follower of fashion.

Mrs. Feathers—Yes, I notice she is always a season behind.—Harper's Bazar.

THE FARMING WORLD.

DAIRYING IN FRANCE.

Efforts to Discover the Cause of the Decline in Butter Exports.

The different breeds of dairy cows so highly esteemed in England and the United States are, with the exception of the Durham (as the shorthorn is there always termed), entirely unknown in France. In that country the people have almost as many breeds of their own, each highly reputed in its own section, though the fame of the Normandy alone has spread across the water.

Dairying in France is a very important industry, and French butter formerly brought the highest price in the London market; but the butter-maker would appear to have grown careless or the market more critical with the increased competition from other countries, for an official inquiry is now being made into the cause of the decline in dairy products.

It is generally believed that the change in the feed is responsible for

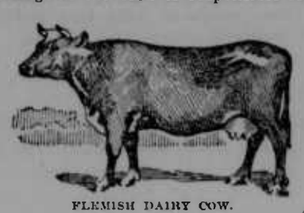

FLEMISH DAIRY COW.

the trouble, and the government has issued general instructions to the farmers to give better feed and care to their cows and to employ suitable rations of a kind that will give flavor and texture to the butter. Fermented feed is not recommended. The question of washing the butter still remains an open one, the two processes producing equally good results. General practice, however, tends rather to the discontinuance of the washing. The inquiry has aroused public interest in the different breeds of cattle. Our illustration represents what is termed the Flemish dairy cow, the breed that predominates in the northeastern part of France and the adjoining kingdom of Belgium.

A NEW CATTLE FOOD.

Meal of Sunflower Cake Now Used in Many Parts of Europe.

Sunflower cake has been found, especially in Russia, one of the best auxiliary cattle foods. As early as the year 1866 about 100,000 centners of sunflower oil (oil of the seeds of Helianthus annuus) were manufactured in Russia, and its amount has increased year by year, it being esteemed as a very palatable alimentary oil. The oil was formerly obtained by hydraulic means; the residual cake is harder than any other variety of oil cake, and for this reason apparently it has not found a wider application. Denmark and the northern countries import large quantities annually, as do also the eastern provinces of Germany, and the problem of its disintegration has been successfully solved by several manufacturers there. It is still unknown in southern and western Germany; now, however, that it is put on the market in the form of meal it will doubtless soon find general application, suited, as it is, both on account of its composition and pleasant taste, for fattening cattle. The percentage of proteid varies between about 30 to 44 per cent., the fat between about 9 to 18 per cent. It is possible to prepare two qualities, one rich in proteid and poor in fat, and the other rich in fat and poor in proteid. When, for example, the somewhat finely-ground meal is sifted, employing a mesh of 1 mm., that which passes through is much richer in proteid and poorer in fat than the original, while the reverse is true of that which remains in the sieve.—Scientific American.

AN IDEAL DAIRY.

Where the Princess of Wales and Her Daughters Make Butter.

Probably the most ideal dairy in existence is that of the princess of Wales, in which not only she, but her various daughters, have learned to make the most perfect of butter. The walls are covered with tiles presented to the prince of Wales, who placed them here as a surprise to the royal dairymaids. They were made in Bombay, and are of a deep peacock blue, the rose, shamrocks and thistle being intertwined, with the motto: "Ich dien."

A white marble counter running around the room holds silver pans of milk from the Alderneys grazing without. Above this on brond bracket shelves of marble is a collection, in every imaginable material, of cows, bullocks and calves; Italian and Parian marble; alabaster, porcelain, terra cotta and silver—all gifts. A long milk can, painted by Princess Louise to match the Indian tiling, stands in one corner, and opposite is the head of the princess' pet Alderney, with a silver plate recording her virtues. Here the princess sometimes churns in a silver churn, and in the next room the butter for the family is made and sent up fresh every morning when they are in London. The day's supply is made up into little pats and scrolls all ready for the table, and the prince requires a special order of pats. Not a grain of salt is allowed in them, and they are made the size of a half-dollar and the thickness of three, with either the crown, the coat of arms, or the three feathers stamped on each.

A Preacher's Road Argument.

Better roads often mean better church attendance. It is not without significance that the Jews were commanded to "prepare the way of the Lord." To "gather out the stones," and to "take up the stumbling blocks," may be a duty in a literal as well as a figurative sense. The invitation: "Let us go up to the house of the Lord," would be often more effectual if it were not so difficult a thing to get there.—Rev. D. F. Lamson, Manchester, Mass.

FRUIT-RAISING, bee-keeping and poultry go well together.

MOLASSES FOR STOCK.

Its Fattening Properties Are Said to Be Great and Beneficial.

Owing to the recent changes in legislation in regard to beet-root sugar in Europe, the question of how to dispose of the residuum molasses to the best advantage has assumed paramount importance. It is proposed to turn the molasses into food for cattle. Already on several European markets a product is sold for stock feed containing 60 per cent. molasses, 40 per cent. cocoa oil cake, which costs a fraction more than one cent per pound. Another fodder is composed of 20 per cent. cottonseed flour, 40 per cent. palm nuts and 40 per cent. molasses. Some factories undertake their own mixing, and the substance produced contains 14 per cent. protein, 3 per cent fatty matter and 50 per cent. non-nitrogenous matter. The results of feeding cattle on these rations have been most satisfactory. Sheep have also been fattened on a molasses diet. One of the best ways of giving molasses to cattle is to mix it with their drinking water, and astonishing success has been obtained by adding to the water given to cattle about two pounds molasses per diem per head. As cavalry horses have been found to do good work on a continuous diet of sugar, it has been thought that cattle might thrive on molasses alone. This belief, however, has been disproved by Prof. Maercker, who concluded that the maximum of molasses that it was advisable to feed per 1,000 pounds live weight and per diem was 3 to 4 pounds for oxen and 2½ pounds for milch cows. That this was a wise restriction has been evident by the results that have followed when the proportion of molasses was exceeded. Experts now say that the best results are obtained by using 50 per cent. of fodder and 50 per cent. of molasses. The utilization of molasses for cattle-feeding is not new; it has been practiced in many countries for over half a century. In the West Indies one of the events of the beginning of "crop" on the sugar estates is the first feed of "chop-tops" given to the working cattle. The top part of the sugar-cane is sliced fine in a cutting machine and piled into troughs. Rock salt is then pounded fine and strewn over the fodder and over all is thrown a top-dressing of rich molasses. The cattle revel in the mixture, and after having fairly gorged themselves, they will linger to suck up the molasses that has trickled down into the bottom of the trough. Before many weeks have passed they are fat and shining, and horses and sheep, which also take kindly to the food, give ample evidence of its fattening and beneficial properties.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SIMPLE HAY CARRIER.

So Easily Made That Scarcely Any Description Is Needed.

The home-made hay carrier I promised to the readers of this paper is shown by inclosed drawing. There is scarcely any description needed. However, a few words of explanation may not be out of place.

The drawing shows a portion of hay barn, the rest being cut away to take less room in printing. The home-made attachment is shown at A, which consists of a piece of wood 2x2 inches of good oak. At either end is securely bolted a clevis, one to be attached to

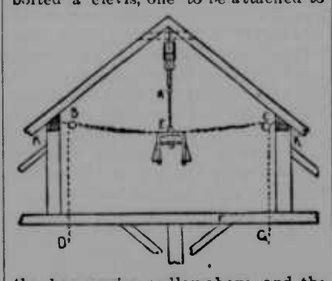

the hay carrier pulley above and the other to harpoon. The length of the wood piece is such as to just allow of the hay to clear the tie F. To each purline, B and C in cut, is attached a pulley near middle of bay. Over each of these pulleys passes a rope; one end is fastened to the attachment at E and the other end hangs loosely in the bay. Be sure the ropes are long enough to reach to bottom of hay when the harpoon is on the wagon.

The operation is as follows: After the harpoon is loaded and it is desired to drop the hay toward the end of bay marked D, the man in the bay grasps the end of rope at D, and pulls the harpoon toward the pulley B, while the man on the load pulls the trip rope. The operation of the other rope is the same. The attachment A is valuable in mowing clover hay, as the hay does not pack in the middle as it does when every forkful is in one place. When mow gets too full to use attachment, remove it and attach harpoon to carrier in usual way.—C. L. Renner, in Ohio Farmer.

Goats Pay Better Than Sheep.

A Missouri farmer writes that he finds goats profitable for rough land filled with weeds and bushes. He has had goats for four years, and they have destroyed the bushes, sumach and small persimmon trees. His hogs have been free from disease, while all around him farmers who did not keep goats lost most of their hogs by cholera. The writer says that the meat of young goats is better than mutton. The wool of sheep is now worth so little that the question is worth thinking of whether a few goats may not be kept with profit on rough land unsuited to cultivation in some of the eastern states.—Rural World.

IT is absurd to suppose that the world has moved from the four-mule team to the fast freight, from pony express to telegraph, from tallow candles to electric light, and still remains on a standstill as regards beef and milk production.

THE draught horse is a necessity and, if he does not bring so much as the coach horse, he is more easily marketed.

TROUT IN YELLOWSTONE LAKE.

Their Presence There Is Difficult to Account For.

If a fall of thirty to fifty feet in Lewis river has prevented trout ascending to Lewis and Shoshone lakes, why have not the much greater falls in the Yellowstone proved a barrier to the ascent of trout to Yellowstone lake? Certainly no fish can ascend these falls, and we must look elsewhere for the explanation.

Many years ago the famous old guide, Jim Bridger, told his incredulous friends that he had found on the divide west of the upper Yellowstone a creek which flowed in both directions—one end flowing east into the Yellowstone, the other west into Snake river. But, as he also told about many other strange and to them impossible things which he had seen—among which were a glass mountain and a river which ran down hill so fast that the water was made boiling hot—they were not disposed to acknowledge the existence of his "Two-Ocean creek." Subsequent events, however, showed that the strange stories of Jim Bridger were not without some elements of truth.

Two-Ocean pass was visited by Capt. Jones in 1873, by Dr. F. V. Hayden in 1878, and by Mr. Arnold Hague in 1884. The observations made by these various explorers seemed to indicate that Two-Ocean pass is a nearly level meadow, near the center of which is a marsh, which, in times of wet weather, becomes a small lake, and that "a portion of the waters from the surrounding mountains accumulates in the marshy meadows and gradually gravitates from either side into two small streams, one of which flows to the northeast, the other to the southwest."

From these reports it began to be suspected that trout, ascending Pacific creek from Snake river, might, in time of high water, pass through the lake in Two-Ocean pass and descend Atlantic creek and the upper Yellowstone to Yellowstone lake, and thus would the origin of the trout of that lake be explained.—B. W. Evermann, in Popular Science Monthly.

Jim and Judy.

From this I turned to listen to a very domestic confab between a Judy and her mate. She had just washed her face, and made herself really pretty. Then she sat down on a bench close to her man and began to pet him. This bit of discourse followed:

"Just go and get a shave now, Jim. I'll give ye a wing (penny), if ye will, for the doin' o't."

"Bah! What's the matter uv my phiz, anyhow?"

"Naw; ye doan look purty. I can't love ye that way."

"Blast yer love, anyhow! Doan't keep n-naggin' all the time."

"Please, now, get a scrape. I'm all washed up. Ye mought look as decent as I do."

"Lemme alone; I'm on the brain (I'm thinking)."

"Well, ye mought have me on the brain a little more than ye do. Didn't I git ye out o' bein' pinched the other day?"

He looked at her, relented, patted her head, and went for a shave.

The surprise to me in all this was the genuine wifeliness of that Judy. She was probably as degraded as womankind ever gets to be, and yet she had enough humanity in her to be really in love.—Josiah Flint, in Century.

NEW HAVEN has a policeman called Penny. A veritable copper.

IF we had better sight everybody would be good looking.—Ram's Horn.

A GROWING industry—farming.—Philadelphia Record.

"SHORT and sweet," remarked the grocer, as he tied up thirteen ounces of sugar and marked it "One pound."

"WHAT do they mean by a test case?" "A test case is one which is brought to see how much the lawyers can make out of it."—Puck.

THE just-collapsed Formosa republic couldn't have had the Chinese back of it. It didn't run long enough.—Philadelphia Times.

ADAM was proudly conscious that he never made a mistake in his boyhood.—Tammany Times.

BE a man! Find the right thing to do—then urge some fellow to go and do it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"WOMAN is still far from her ideals." "O, I don't know. We don't wear them as loose as we did."—Detroit Tribune.

"HOW MANY foreign languages can your wife speak?" "Three—French, German, and the one she talks to the baby."—Tit-Bits.

THE press is the foe of rhetoric but the friend of reason.—Colton.

HE who is in evil is also in the punishment of evil.—Swedenborg.

WHAT orators want in depth, they give you in length.—Montesquieu.

THERE is an angel in every stone, if we only know how to get it out.—Ram's Horn.

THERE is no better government than self-control.—Galveston News.

SHOWERS of blessing are not likely to fall upon the church except when the preacher has an overflowing cup.—Ram's Horn.

MOTHERS recovering from the illness attending childbirth, or who suffer from the effects of disorders, derangements and displacements of the womanly organs, will find relief and a permanent *cure* in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Taken during pregnancy, the "Prescription"

MAKES CHILDBIRTH EASY

by preparing the system for parturition, thus assisting Nature and shortening "labor." The painful ordeal of childbirth is robbed of its terrors, and the dangers thereof greatly lessened, to both mother and child. The period of confinement is also greatly shortened, the mother strengthened and built up, and an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child promoted.

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Every housekeeper wants to know the best things to eat, and how to prepare them.

"The Royal Baker and Pastry Cook."

Contains One thousand useful recipes for every kind of cooking. Edited by Prof. Rudmani, New-York Cooking School. Free by mail. Address (writing plainly), mentioning this paper,

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.
106 Wall Street, N. Y.

He Feared There Was Nothing to Fear.

Mrs. Fuller (sneeringly, as a mouse dashes across the room)—Why, you are all in a cold perspiration! I thought you were not afraid of a mouse?

Mr. Fuller (as he recovers from the nervous shock)—Why—er—my dear—I er—I was afraid it wasn't a mouse!—Puck.

PISO'S CURE for Consumption is an A No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. WILLIAMS, Antioch, Ills., April 11, 1894.

CHIMMIE—"Wot's de matter wid you?" Chonnie—"I'm sick. De doctor says I've got an ulster in me t'roat."—Philadelphia Record.

NOTHING so completely robs confinement of the pain and suffering attending it as the use of "Mother's Friend." Sold by druggists.

Don't Get Scared

If you should hear that in some place to which you are going malaria is prevalent. To the air poison which produces chills and fever, bilious remittent and dumb ague there is a safe and thorough antidote and preventive, viz., Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The great anti-malarial specific is also a remedy for biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia, rheumatic and kidney trouble, nervousness and debility.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT

The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.

At Druggists, 50c & $1. Advice & Pamphlet free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

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the most delightful country in America, next Summer, to spend your vacation. There is no place in the world like Colorado, with its perfect climate, dry, pure and cool, its snow-capped mountains, its streams full of trout and its glorious scenery, both grand and pastoral. Colorado probably has no equal as a health resort. For the man or woman who has been in the whirl of a busy life, and who needs and longs for a change of air and scene, Colorado is the place. Pure air, pure water and the best of hotel accommodations are the three essentials that will be found there in perfection. On July 5th to 12th, 1895, the meeting of the NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION will be held in

DENVER

and the BURLINGTON ROUTE, which is the best line from Chicago and St. Louis to that point, has arranged to sell Excursion Tickets for the occasion, at very low rates. These tickets will be good for return until September 1, and will be sold to anyone applying for them, not merely to members of the Association, so that this opportunity to take a trip to the mountains, at a very low cost, will be open to everyone. Naturally, during this time, low excursion rates will be made from Denver to all of the famous Colorado resorts, such as Estes Park, Colorado Springs, Manitou, The Garden of the Gods, Glenwood Springs, etc. If you would like a circular giving the details of the excursion, rates, routes, train service, write to P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill., but, anyway, make up your mind to go to Colorado

In July, 1895.

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. . . FOR ONE WRAPPER OF . . .
ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI

Send us two two-cent stamps for postage. These dolls have changeable heads. No two dolls dressed alike.

ADAMS & SONS CO., Send Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y., Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

HAVE YOU FIVE or MORE COWS

If so a "Baby" Cream Separator will earn its cost for you every year. Why continue an inferior system another year at so great a loss? Dairying is now the only profitable feature of Agriculture. Properly conducted it always pays well, and must pay you. You need a SEPARATOR, and you need the BEST,—the "Baby." All styles and capacities. Prices, $75, upward. Send for new 1895 Catalogue.

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GENERAL OFFICES:
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BEST IN THE WORLD.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH
For durability and for cheapness this preparation is truly unrivalled.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH in cakes for general blacking of a stove.

THE SUN PASTE POLISH for a quick after-dinner shine, applied and polished with a cloth.

Morse Bros., Props., Canton, Mass., U.S.A.

LOOK FOR THIS
LOCK
IT IS ON
The BEST SCHOOL SHOE Made

PRICES FOR CASH

5 to 7½—$1.25 | 11 to 13½—$1.75
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CONSUMPTION

A. N. K.—C. 1558

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The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

THE REPUBLICAN is published every Thursday morning at the following rates:

One copy one year	$ 1.50
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ADVERTISING RATES.

First insertion for square of ten nonpariel lines $1; each additional insertion after first 50 cents per square of ten nonpariel lines. Positively no deviation will be made from the above rates.

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Remittances made by money order, postal note, registered letter or bank draft will be at our risk, if made otherwise, at the risk of the sender. Address,

THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1895.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first insertion* of the same:

Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $5; County Commissioner, $2.50; Register of Wills, $2.50; County Surveyor, $1.50.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

By the request of friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer of Garrett County, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

JACOB S. MEYERS,
District No. 2.* Selbysport, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. M. LOHR.

Cove, Md., March 11, 1895.

FOR SHERIFF.

At the request of my many friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Garrett County, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

AUSTIN BROWN.

Selbysport, Md., May 31, 1895.*

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. Don't slight the old soldiers.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND.

Oakland, Md., May 27, 1895.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. GEORGE J. WALTER,
District No. 1. P. O., Thayerville, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party GEORGE D. WHITE,
Oakland, Md.

Attention, Republicans!

The Republican voters of Garrett county are requested to assemble in Primary Meeting in the several districts of the county, on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1895,

for the purpose of electing five delegates from each election district to attend a County Convention to be held in Oakland, Md., on

TUESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1895,

to select three delegates to represent Garrett county in the Republican State Convention to be held in Cambridge, Md., on

THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1895,

to nominate a candidate for Governor, Comptroller and Attorney General.

The County Convention will also be called upon to elect a new State Central Committee and County Executive Committee for Garrett county.

By order of the Republican State Central Committee for Garrett county.

ANDREW SHARTZER, Chairman.
C. J. OTTO, Secretary.

FOR GOVERNOR,

Lloyd Lowndes,

OF ALLEGANY COUNTY,
Subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

FOR courteous and high-toned journalism, commend us to THE REPUBLICAN.—Democrat.

How consistent thou art, dear old man. The courtesy shown us in another editorial in the same issue of your paper is enough to make us weep tears of gratitude, fall down and worship at your feet.

SINCE our esteemed brother of the *Democrat* has had the affairs of State lifted from his shoulders by the revocation of his commission as a public servant we have hopes that he will answer the question we have been asking him for weeks past, namely, to-wit: Who is your master, Grover Cleveland or Arthur P. Gorman?

Come, answer this question, for now we think no harm will befall you in so doing.

LAST week we congratulated our brother of the *Democrat* upon his good fortune of having the privilege of feeding at the government crib, but before THE REPUBLICAN had been mailed to its thousands of readers the Agricultural Department had revoked his commission and now he is out of a job. What is more the position was given a Delaware man, and hereafter that State will receive $600 additional from the government that by rights belong to this State. But then this government is run by one or two men who care neither for editors of county papers or the veriest sinner in the whole Democratic aggregation.

The Democratic Convention.

The Democratic convention, which met here on Tuesday last was in many respects the most remarkable political gathered that ever assembled in Garrett county. The uncertainty which seemed to pervade the entire body of delegates was plainly noticeable. Outside interference on the part of Democratic politicians was very apparent and all these things combined rendered the action of the convention uncertain and doubtful.

The most remarkable thing connected with the entire proceedings was the refusal of the convention to adopt the resolutions which were offered for its consideration and action.

By its refusal the Democratic party in convention assembled has declared that it does not believe in a reassessment or revaluation of property in this state and county.

Its action is tantamount to saying that it believes in "ring rule, bossism and one-man power."

It does not believe in the "wise and conservative administration of Grover Cleveland."

The fact is the Democratic party, in Garrett county, does not believe in any of the ideas which the Cleveland wing of the party has set up for it to worship.

Industrial Exhibitions.

Protectionists throughout the whole country should encourage industral exhibitions. Large or small, such displays, when well arranged, are object lessons that demonstrate the wisdom and expediency of diversifying home industries and of establishing them all over the land. They show more clearly than books can do the close, harmonious relations that bind American producers agricultural as well as mechanical, together by the bond of common interest.

From the modest New York exhibition of 1854 to the great World's Fair at Chicago, in 1893, each industral display has served to inspire pride in American skill and labor. Persons who have read the practical lesson rightly have gone away from such places steadfast Protectionists, fully resolved to insure fair play for home industries, despite the sophistries of Tariff reformers and the like. They have been able to observe the several stages by which the raw material, be it mineral or vegetable, has been advanced until it appeared in all the fullness and beauty of the finished product—bearing irresistible testimony to the excellency of American labor when placed under favorable conditions.

The coming Atlanta exhibition or Cotton State Fair ought to be a powerful agency in winning the South and Southwest over to the side of Protectionists. The enterprise merits hearty encouragement from Northern and Western manufacturers. They should send to it the choicest products of their factories, with such information as will enable the farmers and the merchants to comprehend the gains which they derive from the development of home manufactures under a Tariff that will avowedly provide Protection as well as ample revenue.

Southern Stragglers.

The chasm between Protection for home industry and true Democracy is not as wide or deep as many erroneously suppose it to be. The fact is, too many men in the South of the younger generation have been led astray. Leaders in the South do not occupy the solid ground which either the old Whigs or the Union or Jackson Democracy did years ago.

A "Tariff for revenue only" is a new theory comparatively. Many pretend to favor, but fail to vote for it in Congress whenever a bill contained that idea is presented that would operate harshly on some product in their own State, like coal and iron in Alabama, marble in Tennessee or sugar and rice in Louisiana. In other words, it is a doctrine good enough in theory but not in practice; like Mark Twain's lightning rod, they want it put a good ways off so as not to attract a fluid that impoverishes, paralyzes and destroys. As was well said, nearly sixty years ago, by a very ably constituted Committee on "Agriculture" in Congress:

We would respectfully insist that when the soil, climate and other circumstances will enable the people of this country to produce by their own labor on their own soil any article which is extensively consumed among us, it is the duty of the Government to facilitate by all reasonable encouragement the production of that article. This course has ever been persued by our own nation and by every enlightened country on the face of the globe! It is true that this policy may for a short time add something to the price; but this will be much more than compensated for by the introduction of a new article of industry and its subsequent abundance and cheapness.

That has the ring of the true American doctrine of Protection.

Mr. Louis McLane, a Democrat and President Jackson's Secretary of the Treasury, in his report December, 1831, favored a tariff that would discriminate so as "to encourago and protect the labor of the people of the United States from the advantages of superior skill and capital and the rival preferences of foreign countries." And he further said: "The various opinions by which the people of the United States are divided upon this subject concern the peace and harmony of this country, and I recommend an adjustment on practical principles rather than with reference to any abstract theories."

We find nothing in that about a "Tariff for revnue only." Not only Jackson and his friends, but the Southern Whigs saw nothing patriotic nor sound in the theory of a "Tariff for revenue only." No true American can. It is because modern Democracy has deserted the true doctrine that we find it split into factions North and South unable to agree either in conventions or in Congress, and drifting over to the British doctrine of Free-Trade.

Hon. Chas. E. Cunningham Dead.

The following notice of the death of Hon. Charles E. Cunningham appeared in the England, Arkansas, *Times*. May 3, 1895, and was handed us by a friend with the request that it be published. Mr. Cunningham was born in this county near Grantsville, and migrated to the west along with a number of the old "forty-niners:"

"The Hon. Chas. E. Cunningham died at his residence in Little Rock on the evening of the 21st of April.

"Mr. Cunningham was a prominent man of the reform movement in the nation. He was the nominee for Vice-President in 1888, and was always prominent in the councils of his party. For five years past his enfeebled health forbid his very active participation in political affairs, yet he attended most of the political conventions of his party; but his failing strength forbade his taking part in field work.

"His personal character was of the purest. Incapable of deception he knew no guile. Utterly unselfish he was constantly making personal sacrifices for the benefit of his country, which he could not well afford.

"Those who knew him in his home will ever reverence his memory. Surrounded by an intelligent and devoted family, his home life was full of happiness. At home he loved to entertain his friends and counsel with his party associates.

"His early life was full of adventure. Having crossed the plains to California in 1849, while they were still in early undisputed possession of the savages and treacherous Mexicans, the hardships and dangers of those years spent among savage men and beasts was full of adventure and personal experience that but few survive to relate.

"The 'Old Guard,' of which Mr. Cunningham was a leader, is rapidly passing away. Their memory lives after them.

"Mr. Cunningham was 73 years of age. His wife had preceded him a number of years. Seven children survive him to mourn his loss.

"The world was benefited by his life and services. He lived for and truly loved his fellow-men.

Married.

WILSON—STEWARD.—At the residence of the officiating minister in Oakland, on June 19, 1895, Montgomery Wilson and Mary G. Steward, both of this county, by Rev. Dr. B. Ison.

MCGEE—JENKINS.—At the residence of the officiating minister in Oakland, on June 20th, 1895, Geo. McGee and Annie Jenkins, both of Kingwood, West Va., by Rev. Dr, B Ison..

BUNCOED.

Senator Arthur P. Gorman Gets It In the Neck.

THE ANTI'S MOVE AT LAST.

FIRST STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION TO REFORM IN THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

The Breach Between the Warring Factions Widen and Now It Is a Fight to the Death. Some Resolutions that were not Adopted.

The Democratic county convention assembled in the court house in Oakland Tuesday afternoon and was called to order by Hon. R. T. Browning, chairman of the State Central Commiteo. Mr. M. R. Hamill, of District No. 1, and H. J. Mayers, of No. 7, were chosen chairman and secretary respectively. Upon taking the chair Mr. Hamill stated the object of the meeting and appealed to the gentlemen of the convention to act in harmony. It seemed as if the chair had some misgivings as to whether the meeting would be a love feast or a riot, for the old war horses of Democracy found for the first time in their experience that they would be confronted with the younger and aggressive element of the party who had on their war paint and were hunting for the scalps of the valiant leaders who wore the collar of Arthur P. Gorman.

Things moved along smoothly during the selection of the committee on credentials, permanent organization and resolutions. It was composed of the following named gentlemen: C. M. Miller, Geo. D. Browning, J. C. Getty, W. H. Barnard, Wm. Miller, N. C. Browning, D. M. Mason, Jas. W. Mason, Wm. Speicher and C. E. Ellithorp. The committee retired to the grand jury room for the purpose of formulating their report.

While they were absent an opportunity was afforded to the on-lookers to survey the field and see who was present and mentally determine the influences that were at work upon the mighty structure of Democracy in Garrett county. A casual glance around the room revealed the fact that the Democrats of Baltimore City and various counties were deeply interested in the welfare of their brethren among the hills and vales of Garrett. Some magnetic influence seemed to have attracted them here. There was Asa Willison, the great apostle of Gormanism in Allegany, who so ignominiously bit the dust on Saturday last at the point of Wm. C. Devecmon's lance, who was present; Jasper Willison, with his suavity of manner, was an interested spectator; John W. Averitt, the presiding genius of the Cumberland *Evening Times* was very much in evidence; then Gov. Brown's right bower, W. H. Rowlinson, of Baltimore, was here manipulating things in the interest of his chief.

It was apparent from the long absence of the committee that a bitter struggle was going on, and when that body finally made its appearance and presented its report it was found that things had not been straightened out to any considerable extent, for the report, while it recommended the continuance permanently of the temporary organization, and seated the delegates in attendance, recommended that the question of the adoption of resolutions be left to the action of the convention proper. This was evidently a victory for the Gorman forces. Nominations were then declared in order for delegates to the state convention. These were made with surprising alacrity, but as fast as the old stand-bys were nominated as quickly did they decline the intended honor. The fact is, everybody was scared. They all felt as though the sword of Damocles was suspended by a single hair above their heads and they had no intention that they were to be made the objective point of its descent in case that hair might be severed. Finally the Gorman forces succeeded in getting two delegates to remain in the race. These were William Miller, of Accident, and C. E. Ellithorpe, of Bittinger. The same inclination to decline did not seem to possess the gentlemen who were named by the anti-Gorman people. These were Messrs. C. M. Miller, of Swanton; D. M. Mason, of Oakland, and Gilead Broadwater, of Grantsville. They came there expecting victory to perch upon their banners. The nominations were closed and the first visible test of the strength of the two opposing factions was made manifest. The ballot resulted in the election of Gilead Broadwater, of No. 3; D. M. Mason, of No. 7, and William Miller, of No. 5.

At this juncture C. M. Miller, of Swanton, arose and in his graceful manner claimed the attention of the chair. The Gorman forces knew what was coming. Those dreaded resolutions, which they had evidently seen in the committee room, were about to be presented and quick as a flash one of their number secured recognition and moved an adjournment of the convention. Mr. Miller, however, nothing daunted, determined not to be choked off in such an unceremonious manner, and succeeded in reading the subjoined resolutions and also in making a fervent and eloquent appeal for their adoption, but in this he was disappointed, for the convention adjourned without taking action upon them. The anti-Gorman people were evidently so flushed with the result of their triumph that they did not care whether the resolutions were adopted or not. They were willing to draw off their forces feeling that the downfall of Arthur P. Gorman, so far as Garrett county was concerned, had been accomplished:

Be it resolved, by the Democracy of Garrett County, in convention assembled.

1. We hold the national platform as regularly adopted as binding on political parties, and we deplore any sentiment among the people which does not hold political parties to a strict accountability upon such platforms; we condemn all persons holding high stations in public life who do not consider themselves bound by the platforms of the party which elected them. We believe that if the public condone and pardon parties or office holders who disregarded or lightly regard these obligations all faith in the honesty and stability of our popular form of government will soon disappear; that parties themselves will soon sink into mere organs of ambitious and corrupt individuals; that our government will be one of men, not of principles, and we will be a republic merely in name.

2. We hold that the Chicago platform is a true declaration of Democratic principles, and we recognize Grover Cleveland's administration as a true interpretation thereof. In his Democracy, his wisdom, his honesty and his courage we have the most unbounded confidence.

3. We recognize the necessity for a reassessment of property in this state and we call upon the next legislature of Maryland to make provision thereof by law, wise and conservative, but broad enough to embrace all the property, real and personal, in the state.

4. We are opposed to ring or boss rule and one man power, and we hereby instruct the delegates elected by this convention to the state convention to nominate a man for governor who will be free from such influences, and whose Democracy is in accord with this declaration of principles.

5. We declare that the Democratic party of Western Maryland is entitled to representation on the state ticket, and our said delegates are hereby instructed to do all in their power to have that sterling Democrat, Ferdinand Williams, of Allegany county, nominated for the position of Attorney General of this state.

Mountain Lake Park.

The season at this popular health and summer resort has opened under the most favorable auspices. Each train arriving at the Park depot adds largely to the population of the place.

About forty new cottages and houses have been built during the past year, and a good grade of houses they are too.

Painters and paper hangers have had a harvest in improving property.

Special attention has been paid to improving the streets and extending the drives until now it is a delight to drive in and around the Park.

The Assembly Hall has been painted white and trimmed with green and presents a handsome appearance.

A ventilator has been put on the roof of the Auditorium, which will add very much to the comfort of this building.

The lake will be ready for boating by July 15th. It will be a beautiful sheet of water of about twenty acres. A number of boats have been ordered from a Wisconsin factory. The dam is one of the best pieces of work built in the State.

The camp meeting people are beginning to arrive. "Bishop" Thompson is here.

Rev. Dr. Masden, of New Haven, Conn., preached Sunday morning.

Rev. Dr. S. Stone, of New York, with his family, arrived last week.

The camp meeting opens Saturday morning and will be the largest attended meeting held in the Park. Visitors will be here from Kansas, Florida and from nearly every State in the union.

A few desirable cottages may yet be rented.

LOST. Two small account books on road between Oakland and Mt. Lake Park. Reward if returned to W. H. Malette, Oakland.

MOUNT UNION COLLEGE,

ALLIANCE, OHIO.

DEPARTMENTS:—Preparatory, Collegiate, Normal, Commercial (including Short-hand and Type-writing) Music, Art, Military, Biblical, Post-graduate.
EXPENSES LOW.

Send for Catalogue to PRESIDENT MARSH.

D. E. OFFUTT & SON

Invites the attention of those interested in the purchase of vehicles of any style. The Kramer, Milburn and Jackson farm wagons always on hand. Prices and terms given on application.

Foster's German **Army and Navy Cure**

FOR ECZEMA, TETTER, ITCH, SALT RHEUM, DANDRUFF, ITCHING PILES, RING WORM, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES AND ALL SKIN DISEASES.

It soothes the inflamed tissues immediately and infallibly. The healing process begins at once and comfort is assured with the first application. It does not effect a complete cure suddenly or miraculously, but it does cure. There's no doubt about that. There are many things which give some relief, but nothing else is so quick, so thorough and so certain as this. It isn't an experiment, it has been tried and proven.

50 Cents. All Druggists.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Foster's German Army and Navy Catarrh Cure cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head and all Inflammation of the Nasal Passages. 50 Cents.

To those living
in malarial districts Tutt's Pills are indispensible, they keep the system in perfect order and are
an absolute cure
for sick headache, indigestion, malaria, torpid liver, constipation and all bilious diseases.
Tutt's Liver Pills

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 1, on Front Street, in Bayard, West Va.
Lot containing four acres with house on it, at Swanton, Md.
A mortgage on property worth more than double, at Loch Lynn Heights, Md.
WILLIAM W. SWEET,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

WE LOAN MONEY

to buy, build and improve your home and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS NEARLY $200,000,000.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. RINKER,
Wilson, Grant Co., W. Va.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above. 4-1yr.*

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.
LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.
Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48-26t*

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W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.
W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.
7—26t.

Estate of Rachael Hetrick, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

RACHAEL HETRICK,

late of Garrett County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 1st day of Dec. next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 25th day of May, 1895.

JACOB FEIK, Adm'r.
13 Accident, Md.

MOUNT POMONA.

NURSERY AND FRUIT FARM.

Address Swanton, Md., for Fruit and Mushrooms.
Address Mt. Lake Park concerning Nursery, Greenhouse or Vegetable Products.
Agents wanted on salary.
SWEET & SHACKLEFORD.

DUN'S REVIEW.

Business Better, Though Crop Outlook is Less Distinct.

NEW YORK, June 29.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s *Weekly Review of Trade* issued to-day said: Business is better, although the crop outlook, affecting the prospects beyond the near future, is a little less distinct. There is more ground for doubt about winter wheat and cotton than a week ago, and threshing receipts are comparatively low, though the prospects for spring wheat are exceedingly good. The price a quarter of a cent lower for the week, is beyond mistake too low, if the latest impressions of injury to winter wheat are correct.

Receipts for the week are relatively small, but for four weeks have been 5,166,414 bushels against 5,794,528 last year, while Atlantic exports, flour included, have been for four weeks 4,912,729 against 7,444,002 bushels last year.

Corn has declined a fraction and pork is steady. Cotton has fallen 3-16 to 7 cents in spite of reports of serious injury by rains in Texas and Louisiana. A little buying by northern spinners surprises the market, for their takings have been more than enough for the year's consumption, and returns show a great decrease in the exports of cotton goods.

Speculation has even spread to the wool market, and with an advance of about 1 cent in prices the sales have been the largest ever known for any week—4,017,900 pounds against 6,835,600 in 1892. In four weeks of June sales have been 16,132,465 domestic against 17,451,500 pounds foreign, but in 1892 they were 13,340,760 domestic and 10,427,500 foreign. A growing belief that the domestic clip is short, and an idea that the coming London sales beginning July 2nd will show higher prices, have been more potent than a little increase in the manufacturing demand, and the price has risen in all markets. Light weights and mixed goods hesitate and some are lower than a year ago, but since the Washington mills opened clay worsteds at a slight advance, other medium and better grades have been stronger in tone. The labor troubles are passing with frequent advances in wages.

Copper has been strengthened by a large sale of Calumet and Hecla for export at 10¾ cents, which is now quoted, while tin is slow at 14.04 and lead at 3.27½. Iron still advances. Bessemer selling for $12.90 at Pittsburg and Grey Forge at $10.80, a further advance in structural forms is expected, the western demand for steel rails at the advance of $2 per ton is quite good, the raise in bar is maintained, and plate and sheet mills are crowded so that it is difficult to place orders at current prices.

The half yearly report of failures next week will include about 6,900, against 7,030 for the first half of last year, and assets of about $88,000,000 against $101,578,152 last year. But for the cordage concern the aggregate would be nearly 23 per cent. less than last year and the manufacturing liabilities 26 per cent less, but including it the liabilities will be about $40,000,000 against $41,370,120 last year, and the trading $45,000,000 against $52,345,978 last year, while miscellaneous liabilities were only $2,700,000, against $7,856,072 last year.

Failures during the past week have been 256 in the United States, against 214 last year, and 22 in Canada, against 35 last year.

Grantsville.

On Thursday last the precipitation of rain amounted to 1¼ inches. Yesterday evening a heavy shower and storm passed through here.

Some grass has been mowed for hay. Some buckwheat to sow yet. Plowing for wheat is being done.

Henry Winterberg, of Meyersdale, Pa., paid his mother and family a visit over Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. Lichty and baby visited friends in Salisbury, Pa., on Saturday.

Robert Luther and family, of Scalp Level, Pa., were visiting friends here last week.

Dr. Speicher and family, of Salisbury, Pa., passed through here Saturday, enroute home from a visiting and professional trip to Accident and vicinity.

Unto Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Miller, a daughter was born recently.

Getty & Keller, general merchants of this place, mutually dissolved partnership last week. Mr. Getty purchased his partners interest in the business. Mr. Getty will continue of a deservedly fair share of public patronage.

Friendsville.

The late rains have greatly improved the appearance of the grass and crops in general.

"Lup" Frantz has purchased lots 21 and 22 on Oak street and intends building on them this fall.

Mr. Garlitz, of Ursina, Pa., is getting the material on his three lots on First avenue for a house and will begin building soon.

J. G. Kolb is building two houses on his lots on Chestnut street, which when completed will be occupied by J. W. McCullough and James Dowler.

Messrs. Fox & Savage are building a feed and grain store for Wm. Frederick, sr., on his lot on First avenue.

Prof. R. R. Sanner will open today a normal institute here which will continue for a term of ten weeks. Tuition for normal is $5 to $6 and for intermediate, $3.50. Prof. Sanner is an able and experienced teacher, and we predict for him a large school and good results.

Business in general has greatly revived. A glance at the register at the Crawford hotel shows 520 new arrivals since the 7th of last April.

The merchants are all doing a brisk business, especially in the way of tan bark. We frequently see from twenty-five to forty loads of bark arrive in a day, while there is quantities of lumber and cross-ties received and delivered daily.

Clark & McCullough are operating their timber on Bear creek, and have erected a mill with a daily capacity of 20,000 feet at the forks of Bear creek. Their camp is located on the north branch of Bear creek a short distance from their mill. They are working about eighty men and will be prepared to ship lumber as soon as their tram road is completed, which will be in about a week.

On last Sunday a goodly number of our people took advantage of the pleasant weather and drove over to Addison. Their drive was by way of Markleysburg and Somerfield. At Addison they were royally entertained by the accommodating and courteous landlord, Mr. Charlie Mitchell. After dinner the drive was resumed by way of Mineral Springs and Accident, all feeling highly pleased with the trip. The party was composed of Mr. J. W. McCullough and wife, Mr. James Dowler and wife, Mr. Wash Taylor and wife, Mr. R. T. Frazee and wife, Misses Nora and Laura Ryland, Della and Gertie Geary, Blanche Coddington, Bertha Rush and Adella Hone, and Messrs. E. C. W. Ryland, H. A. Friend, Andrew Schlossnagle, C. W. Frazee, Henry Wolfe, Harvey Cuppett and —— Saxton.

J. M. Forsythe made a business trip to Friendsville last week. He returned home on Saturday.

G. W. Littman and L. L. Littman, of Uniontown, are rusticating at the Friend House.

P. J. Adams, H. C. Huston and L. S. Lincoln, of Connellsville; Mr. J. B. Dayitt and wife, of Baltimore; O. A. Conant and wife, of Terra Haute, Ind., C. W. Kurtz, of Confluence; R. J. Vought and E. W. Rhoads, of Somerset; Wm. Miller and Daniel Hinebaugh, of Accident; Prof. Wm. Hinebaugh and daughter Martha, of Oakland, and T. J. Browning and wife, of Thayerville, were registered at the Crawford Hotel on Friday.

XXX.

Washington Branch Tailoring Establishment.

Cleaning, pressing, repairing guaranteed. First-class work at reasonable prices. All work artistically done. I hope you will call on me. I am ready to wait on you. I also have a nice line of sample goods, domestic and imported, on hand. I see you want a tailor here and I am the one to satisfy you.
17-4t. M. COHEN.

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The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7—Daily		2.41 A. M
No. 3—Daily		7.09 A. M
No. 71—Accom. daily except Sun		7.52 A. M
No. 1—Daily except Mon		11.28 A. M
No. 55—Accommodation daily		2.57 P. M
No. 5—Daily		7.09 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 2—Daily		5.54 A. M
No. 8—Daily		7.50 A. M
No. 14—Accommodation daily		10.01 A. M
No. 10—Daily except Monday		1.38 P. M
No. 72—Accom. daily except Sun		5.17 P. M
No. 4—Daily		9.55 P. M

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THE REPUBLICAN

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DEACON SIMPSON'S TRIP.

BY KATE ERSKINE.

"There's my best coat upstairs in the chest; an' I was countin' on gettin' a new hat anyhow. I guess you could sort o' fix yourself up with your Sunday dress an' things, Maria."

"Why, Amos, you don't mean that you really want to go?" and Mrs. Simpson ceased a moment from driving flies out of the kitchen, as she turned a pair of mild, wondering eyes on her husband.

It was after dinner, and he sat on the stone door step, twistlng iu his hand the letter that he had just brought from the post office, and seemingly contemplating the distant hills, as though seeking guidance from that quarter. His large straw hat lay on the grass beside him, and a few pieces of hay in his stiff gray hair showed what his occupation for the morning had been.

"There's your cousin Abbie," he continued, "has been wantin' us to come up to the city for a long time to visit her—"

"She ain't invited us more'n once before," interposed his wife.

"An' I think we ought to go. Yes, Joe, I'm a-comin'," he called out, and handing the letter to his wife, Deacon Simpson picked up his jug of molasses-and-water and walked off to the field with long, swinging gait.

His wife watched him until he had disappeared over the knoll, and then murmuring to herself: "What's come over father now?" went back to her task.

"Father's the most surprisin' man I ever see," she said, pulling ut the corn-husks, which had become somewhat flattened after her last violent onslaught; "but I've lived with him too long not to have learned just to let him have his own way—leastways to seem to—an' he's always sure to come round. Father's real kind o' sensible after all." At which last remark the yellow cat blinked her eyes, the kettle put on an extra steam, and the very flies buzzed in hearty confirmation.

"Shoo! shoo!" The paper was again waving, the corn-husks rattling, when the peaked face of Miss Jemima Hummers appeared at the door. "An' the flies not all drove out, an' I calc'latin' to do a little bakin', an' this lust idea of father's a worryin' me so. If it ain't the most provokin' thing in the world," thought Mrs. Simpson. So her tone was quite cool—that is, as cool as such a kind-hearted woman could make it—as she said to her visitor: "Will you set outside or in?"

The decision being that it would be cooler on the grass, Mrs. Simpson handed out two rocking chairs, and the women seated themselves under the apple trees, where the hens, soon discovering them, came clucking aimlessly about and the yellow cat, jumping into her mistress' lap, curled herself up into a large fluffy ball. A gentle breeze waved the branches of the tree, which, fanning the heated cheeks of Mrs. Simpson, caused her gradually to forget flies and other minor annoyances, and to regard Miss Jemima Hummers in a more kindly light.

"I just thought I'd bring my work round an' set with you awhile, Mis' Simpson," that lady remarked, after they were comfortably seated and the subject of the weather and crops had been carefully discussed. "I got my work all done up, an' I said to myself, I—"

"Well, I hadn't finished drivin' my flies out," interposed her friend. "I expect there's a hundred, at least, of them tiresome, buzzing creatures left in that kitchen. There was a terible big horsefly screechin' around, that I'd got my mind made up to drive out," she added, regretfully.

"Well, I guess it'll get out somehow," said her visitor, and then, changing the subject, added: "I s'pose you an' the deacon are goin' to the church sociable next week. But then, I don't know why I ask you that, seein you always are there. You ain't missed one for three years, have you, Mis' Simpson?"

"We uln't missed one for five years, exceptin' once, when the deacon had the rheumatism. I remember that time in partic'lar because I had made a new kind of cake to send—kind of a nut cake, with a few raisins sprinkled in—an' I wanted to see how it was enjoyed. I felt a little shaky, not knowin' exactly how much to put in; and there was just a little dent in the top when I took it out of the oven. Not really fallen, you know, but just enough to make me feel anxious. Mis' Davis knew how I was worryin' about it, so she took pains to stop in on her way home an' tell me that it wasn't a mite heavy; an' she heard Miss Brown an' Mis' Spooner both wonderin' what the receipt was, they thought it was so good. I don't know when I've felt so relieved."

"I know just exactly what your feelin's were, Mis' Simpson. I'm goin' to send a new kind of tea biscuit next time, an' I feel kind o' cold all over when I think, s'posin' they shouldn't be good. I hope you'll like 'em, Mis' Simpson."

Evidently Miss Jemima Hummers was fated to make unfortunate remarks, for just as a pleasurable excitement was felt by Mrs. Simpson in the tea biscuits, and she was about to ask for a minute description of their composition, that idea of the deacon's was thrust into her mind, and the possibility of their going away.

"I don't know's we'll be here. The deacon an' me are calc'latin' to take a trip to the city about that time."

Miss Hummers dropped her work—it was a piece of ruffling for her neck—and the needle fell out into the grass, so she had to get down on her knees and search carefully for it.

"Well, if ever I see anybody like you before, Mis' Simpson," she said, shooing away a hen that had come to assist, thinking she was grubbing for worms. "You say that just as though it didn't mean more'n goin' across the street. There, I've got it; 'twas stickin' in the hem of my dress, after all. If I remember right, you ain't never been to the city before, Mis' Simpson?"

"No, we ain't never been; an' as the deacon an' me ain't growin' any younger, we'd better go now if we're goin' at all. Cousin Abbie seems just set on havin' us come."

"Well, I hope you'll have a good time," she said, after sewing a few minutes in silence. "If there's anythin' in the world that I've a real desire to do it's to go to the city and see the sights. But I ain't never seen my way clear to do so, bein' all alone in the world," and Miss Jemima gave a little sniff of self pity.

"I see what she's comin' to," she thought, "an' if I don't encourage her then my conscience's clear; but she's made up her mind to go along with us, an' if there's anybody in this world the deacon can't abide, it's Jemima Hummers. I do believe if I can only tell him she's goin' too, he'll give the whole thing up."

She glanced anxiously at Miss Hummer's sharp features and little bird-like eyes, which were blinking thoughtfully over her work, as she mentally laid out her tactics.

"If she don't follow this thing up it'll be the first time she didn't do what she set out to; but I ain't goin' to give her one mite of encouragement."

"What day you goin'?" said Miss Jemima at last.

"Well, Cousin Abbie said Saturday in her letter—that'll be day after to-morrow—so I s'pose the deacon'll calc'late to go then," was the answer. "I can look over my things an' do my packin' to-morrow, an' we can get off by the first train. I'll allow 'tain't as much time as I should like. There's my brown merino's got to be fixed at the bottom, an' the deacon's things 've got to be attended to, an'—"

Miss Jemima arose, and taking her hat from a branch of the tree where it had been hanging, tied it securely under her chin.

"Well, I must be a-goin,'" she said, "but I'll try an' drop in to-morrow, to see how you're gettin' on."

The gate clicked, and Mrs. Simpson was left alone, gazing at Miss Jemima's prim figure disappearing down the road, and regretfully thinking: "She never said she was goin' along with us; but maybe she will to-morrow."

It was Friday evening. The air was soft and cool, and laden with the sweet odor of fresh hay. The hens had gone to their roost, and all was quiet save an occasional cluck from a belated fowl, or the deep croak of some frog as it jumped with a splash into the pond back of the house. All about the barn looked clean and orderly, and peace and rest seemed to prevail everywhere.

All was to the deacon's mind, and still he was not happy, as he sat on the broad, stone door-step, with his wife just inside, rocking rapidly to and fro. The yellow cat jumped into his lap and tried to make herself comfortable for her usual evening nap, but without avail. So, after purring louder and louder to attract his attention, until it had become a gentle roar, she jumped down in quite a disgusted manner and walked sedately into the house.

"Did you say the packin' was all done, Maria?" he inquired for the third or fourth time. "I hope you ain't forgotten anythin', partic'larly the medicines. Ef we was to be taken sick at Abbie's I dunno what we'd do."

"Well, there's no denyin' that it's a sickly season in the city," was the cheerful answer; "but if you should happen to have a long attack of the rheumatism I guess Abbie an' me could pull you through."

Deacon Simpson gave a groan; then, suddenly recollecting himself, turned it into a cough. There was a long pause, finally broken by the deacon.

"Ef there's a disagreeable, homely cretur in the world it's that Jemima Hummers." Still the rockers creaked and there was no response; but a smile overspread the occupant's face, which the increasing darkness kindly hid. "I don't deny but what she's got her good p'ints," he continued, pricked by his conscience, "but they ain't my style, an' that's a fact. Besides, she ain't any right to go taggin' on with us; an' you know it, Maria," he added, fretfully.

"Well, I don't allow you have any right to talk about the face the Lord gave her. I say it ain't becomin' in you, deacon." Mrs. Simpson arose and went into the pantry, where she lighted the lamp, but after a moment put it out and resumed her seat.

"What's the matter?" inquired her husband, in surprise.

"Oh, nothin'. I was goin' to put the beans to soak, an' then I remember we wouldn't be here to eat 'em."

"There," said the deacon; "seems 's tho' I couldn't bear it. Why didn't you calc'late to have 'em to-night? Ef there's unythin' in the world I love, it's beans."

"Deacon Simpson, did you ever eat hot baked beans any night in your life 'ceptin' Saturday night? When people go to the city they've got to give up things."

A long-drawn sigh was the only response, and once again silence reigned. The spirits of Mrs. Simpson were steadily rising, while those of her husband were sinking, until he was completely plunged into the abyss of despair. There was no doubt that the deacon was getting homesick.

"Well, I reckon you'd better write Abbie we've changed our minds an' ain't comin' till next week. I ain't feelin' very well, an' I might be took sick the first thing. I don't think I'm overstrong anyhow," he added, plaintively. "I've got a pain in my back this minute."

"Now, Amos," was the decided answer, "if we're goin, at all, we're goin' to-morrow. There ain't any doubt but what Cousin Abbie's taken extra pains, an' has done a lot of cookin' already. What'd she think not to see us? Don't you think you'd ought to do as you'd be done by, deacon?"

"Well, I uin't a-goin' to do any argufin'," was the dignified answer. "I'll go look after the cattle, an' then we'll go to bed."

The sun rose bright and early the next morning, and danced and twinkled and fairly shook his sides with laughter and good-will as he shone with all his might right down on the Simpson homestead. But after examining things carefully, and making up his mind that all was not right, he beckoned to a little cloud, and buried his head from sight.

The old horse and double wagon stood outside the door. The back seat had been taken out to accommodate the small, hair-covered trunk, which Mrs. Simpson had insisted should be bound tightly down with a stout rope, as she had once heard of a trunk being left in the middle of the road, while the driver jogged contentedly on. Her husband had thought this precaution unnecessary, but after long discussion, finally yielded. He now sat on the seat, very stiff and straight, holding the reins while waiting for his wife to appear. The deacon had always had a strong desire to be dressy, but on account of his prominent position in the church he had not thought best to indulge this weakness, or been encouraged in it by his wife. But now that he was going to the city, that abomination of wickedness, he felt no one would be injured by his example, and so he had given full play to his taste. Some few would have questioned it; but to the deacon's mind his outfit was absolutely perfect. His long, lank form was encased in his black broadcloth coat, thrown jauntily open to display the white vest, a flowing plaid necktie and hair watch-chain. But the crowning glory was his hat, the purchase of which had cost him much consideration, but with the most satisfactory result. It was of white straw, trimmed with a blue ribbon, and would have had quite an air if it had not been fully two sizes too large, and rested on his ears. When a boy, his mother, in making or buying clothing for him, had always kept a little ahead of his then present size, in anticipation of his growing; and this idea had become so fixed in his own mind that now, at sixty-five years of age, he never thought of buying anything anything to exactly fit him, although his object in so doing was somewhat indefinite.

"Ain't you never comin', Mariu?" he called out; "the train won't wait for us forever."

Just then Mrs. Simpson appeared at the door with a large bag in one hand and the yellow cat in the other. She was hot and out of breath from her exertions, and a hurried look at her husband completed her discomfiture.

"I'm mortified to death at the way Amos looks," she murmured to herself, as she turned to lock the door; "but I ain't goin' to say one word to rile him, but just keep prayin' that somethin' will turn up to keep us."

The deacon appeared buried in thought. He felt that his wife would not approve of his hat, and so had kept it out of sight until now. After the dreaded moment had passed he looked over his collar and surveyed her.

"What you goin' to do with the yaller cat?" he inquired.

"We've got to leave her at Polly's on the way down. I wouldn't trust Joe to feed her. There; you hold her while I get in."

The wagon creaked and groaned as Mrs. Simpson laboriously climbed in, and then visibly sank on her side when she was finally seated.

"Well, you ready? Get up, there!" and Deacon Simpson and his wife had really started for the city.

They jogged along for nearly a quarter of a mile in silence. When they came to the turn in the road which would hide the house from view he stopped a moment and, turning around, surveyed it.

"You'd better look at it, Maria, ef you want to see it for the last time. It looks kind o' lonesome," and he choked a little as he fumbled nervously at the reins.

"I think we'd better be goin' along," was the cool answer, but inwardly his wife's heart was wrung with pity for him. "But I sha'n't say one word; he's got to change his own mind," she thought.

"Do you s'pose the yaller cat 'll stay at Daughter Polly's?" was his next remark.

"No; I guess she'll run right back; they generally do."

"Well—do you s'pose she'll starve?" and his voice quivered perceptibly as he asked the question, for the "yaller cat" was his special pet.

"No; don't think she'll starve; but I kind o' guess she'll look peaked when we get back; an' then she'll sort o' worry for us all the time." The deacon moved uneasily, and once more they drove on in silence.

At Polly's matters were not much better. As the deacon embraced each of his grandchildren he visibly weakened, and his farewell to the baby was almost too much for him. He glanced imploringly at his wife, but no help came from that quarter; instead, she said: "We must drive pretty fast now, father, if we want to get there." But as they said good-by she whispered to her daughter: "I guess you can calc'late to come to supper same as usual, Sunday night."

Then they continued their way. The old horse had now come to a walk, a very slow one, but his master did not urge him. He sat perfectly listless, despair and misery written on his face, and even the glory of his attire failing to add one ray of comfort. As they approached the station Miss Jemima Hummer's angular form was seen pacing back and forth.

"Now or never," thought his wife, looking anxiously at him. He half rose from his seat, and, as she expressed it in telling Polly about it, afterward, "a real noble expression came into his face."

"Maria," he said, switching the horse and making a sharp turn, "ef you go to the city you can. I'm a-going home."—Leslie's Illustrated Weekly.

DOUBTFUL IDENTITY.

How Uncle Moses' Mammy's Dissatisfaction Confused Him.

"Yass, hit wuz reah funny, but we wuz cousins anyhow, an' dat's one t'ing sho'. But 'twus mighty cur'ous, mighty!"

Old Uncle Moses leaned back comfortably in his chair, looked thoughtfully into the fire, and then knocked the ashes out of his pipe, by which I knew he was thoroughly wound up and in a story-telling humor.

"Yass," he repeated, "hitt wuz mighty cur'ous, honey, an' I dunno ter dis day ef I'se rightly Aaron or Moses." Seeing a look of astonishment on my face, he chuckled a little and finally said: "I reckon I moughtn's well begin at de beginnin', an' perlate all de circumstances ob de case, so's yo' kin jedge fo' yo'self how hit feel like ter a 'spectacle cullud pusson not ter know ef he's his own self or his cousin.

"Well, hit wuz dis-a-way. Me an' Aaron wuz cousins. We's daddies wuz brothers un' we's mammies wuz twin gals wot worked in de gre't house laundry. When we waz borned we wuz jes' much alike es ef we wuz two twins, too, so dey dun christen us Moses an' Aaron.

"Hit wuz 'long erbout de time when we wuz fo' weeks ole dat massa had de gre't cotton pickin' feas'. (In co'se I dun recolec' dis, but I'se been performed ob hit by 'liable pussons, like Br'er Tormson, or ole Aunt Dilsie, fo' instance, wot's 99, come May).

"Yo' see, suh, massa he allus guv a big feas' when all de cotton wuz picked an' de wuck dun. Ev'ry niggah on de plantation would jes' go crazy like an' lose he head when de cotton feas' come. Our two mammies wuz 'mong de veah triflin'est ob de wimmin folks. Dey'd jes' go wil' like, de 'citement wuz so distense.

"Well, honey, de gre't day come at las', an' off dey bofe went fo' even de fus' banjo soun'. Dey lef' us in de bed in Aaron's mammy's cabin, an' in co'se dat's how come we got mixed. When dey dun return, which wuz mighty late, dey jes' set down an' laff an' giggle twill we claim dey're 'tention by bustin' out er cryin', den dey pick us up an' go ou a-ladlin, twill Aaron's mammy obsurb dat my mammy got her chile. My mammy (she name Lilly) clare dat I is her own chile, an' remark dat she dun fink Rose (dat Aaron's mammy's name) hed maybe taken er little too much.

"Den Rose she riz up jes' es mad es er hornet, an' she sass her back, an' tell her she er fool niggah ef she ain't know her own chile. While dey still 'sputin' de pint, I'ete (dat's my father) come in ter git he wife an' clare out home.

"'Wot's all dis-a-here rumpus 'bout?' say he. Den Rose she up an' tole him that Lilly hed took her chile, an' would persist hit were her'n.

"'Dat's not Moses, dat's Aaron,' said Pete, 'reckon I know mo' own son. Jes' yo' han' ovah dat baby, now, Lilly. I 'spect de feas' dun turn yo' head.'

"The wife begin ter cry, but 'twarn't no use, de chilluns wuz skitted, un' she went off cryin' wif t'other baby. Well, nex' mornin' Aaron's mammy fink she perceive somethin' cur'ous 'bout her chile. In co'se she too 'shamed ter say anyt'ing 'bout hit, but she feel mighty sho' dat her chile Aaron neber roll he eyes up twill dey disimpear in he wool like dat, an' she certain he neber yell all night like er live torm eat. So she insidered an' medintated twill she 'bout nuck up her min' ter go ast Lilly ter 'scuse her, an' dat 'twas her chile after all. She dun got 'bout half way, when she spy Lilly invancin' ter meet her, totin' t'other baby.

"Lilly, she wuz reel mad, inclarin' her child neber hed de colic nohow, an' er lot mo'. But dey settled it at las', an' shifted us ergin.

"Well, t'ings went smeve fo' 'bout er monf, twill Rose she pos'tive she see er insemblance 'tween t'other baby an' her husban'; so after some mo' argufyment, dey dun go home wif diff'runt chilluns ergin. But hit didn't seem ter satisfy 'em nohow. Bless yo' soul, honey, dey didn't rest satisfied fo' mo'n er week ut er time. Dey wuz constant shiftin' an' shefter' of us, an' sometimes de argufyment ob dem two 'ooomins could be heerd from one end ob de quarter ter de odder. We's dadies dey didn't eayah much 'bout hit—I'ete, he say he ruther like de 'citement, an' 'Lias, he 'low one chile wuz es good es t'other, an' he couldn't see no diff'unce in dem. 'Twas all veah well when we wuz li'l t'ings, but es we growed ol'er, why, hit wuz monstrous infusin' ter us, es well es to we's mammies. One week I'd be called Moses, an' den be swapped 'roun' an' hev ter 'spond ter de name ob Aaron.

"Well, suh, we live erlong dis-a-way fo' two or, tree yeah, till de yaller fevah come 'round 'mong de cullud folks, an' er heap er niggahs dun die, an', bless yo' soul, honey, one ob dem babies wuz tuk of ermong dem.

"'Dat's de end ob dis narration, suh, but wot puzzles me is which one ob dem chilluns wuz tuk? Did I die, an' am dis Aaron, or did Aaron die, an' am dis me?'"—G. M. Winter, in Woman's Progress.

PRINTING IN ENGLAND.

The Pioneers of Typography—Was Caxton the First English Printer?

The first press established in England outside of London was at Oxford, then as now a university town. The date when it was first used opens an interesting question in the general history of printing. The first book issued was "Exposicio in Simbolo Apostolorum." The colophon, or inscription at the end of this first book bears plainly the date M.cccc.lxvlij (1468). This is accepted generally by bibliographers as a misprint for 1478; but if it is correct it means that William Caxton was not the first English printer, inasmuch as he did not set up his press in Westminster until 1476-77. Assuming that the date of the Oxford book is incorrect, and that 1478 is right, it shows that the university town was not far behind the English capital. The name of the Oxford printer is not known certainly; but Mr. Allnutt considers it possible that he was Theodore Rood, of Cologne.

St. Albans followed Oxford; for in 1480 "one sometyme scolemayster of Saynt Albons" published the "Eleganeie" of Augustinus Dathus. The press was in operation for six years; it ceased to work in 1486, the same year that the Oxford press did so, and its last book was the famous "Boke of St. Albuns," to which Dame Juliana Berners contributed an essay on hunting, which has given her the credit of being the author of the entire book.

York, the seat of the northern archbishopric, received as a freeman in 1497 one Frederick Freez, described some years later as a "buke-pryuter;" but the first book known to have been printed in the old capital of Britain was a "Directorium Sacerdotum," priuted in 1509 by Hugo Goez, whose press was in Steengate street. Ursyn Milner and Robert Whitinton, the latter printing in Blake street, published books in York in 1516.

After a silence of thirty-one years, Oxford was honored with a second press in 1517; it issued books for two years, under the direction of John Scolar and Charles Kyrforth, and as the books bear the university arms it is possible that the press was the first "university press" recorded.

Cambridge, the rival of Oxford, had no printing press until 1521, when John Sibergh set up one in the city. He maintained it for two years, issuing nine books. Erasmus, writing on Christmas day, 1525, from Basel to Robert Aldrich, afterward bishop of Carlisle, is quoted by Mr. Allnutt as saying: "Saluta mihi veteres sodales * * * Nicolaum et Ioannem Siburgum bibliopolas" ("Remember me to my old chums, Nicholas and John Siburg, the booksellers.")

The monastery of Tavistock printed a book in 1525, "Dan Thomas Rychard, Monke of the Sayd Monastery," being the printer; and in 1534 it issued a second book. The first was "The Boke of Comfort," called in Latin "Boetius de consolatione Philosophie;" the second contained the statutes of the stannary, or the charters of the tinners in Devonshire. In 1528 the abbey of Abingdon was honored by John Scolar's press from Oxford, which was set up there long enough to print a breviary for the monks of the house; and in 1534 the St. Albans press again began to print. "The Scolemayster" had gone, and John Herford was master of the monastery press during most of the four years that it was active. Six books were issued from it, all of them in English.

Bristol, in the west of England, is said to have had a printing press in 1546; but no book or tract bearing a Bristol imprint approaching this date is known. In 1534 Reginald Oliver sold books in Ipswich, where not very long before Cardinal Wolsey had founded a school; but no press existed there until 1547, when no fewer than three printers were at work. They were Anthony Scoloker, John Overton and John Oswen. The first and the last named printed in English books by Luther, Melancthon, Calvin and other reformers, and must have been busy, as they left Ipswich in 1548. Oswen went to Worcester, where he had a monopoly of printing religious books for Wales, and there, between 1548 and 1553, he printed three editions of the Bible and four editions of the "Boke of Common Praier," and seventeen other religious and admonitory books.

John Mychell printed Protestant as well as Roman Catholic books at Canterbury between 1549 and 1556, in which latter year he went to London.

On May 4, 1556, Queen Mary granted a charter to the still existing Stationers' company, which gave to it and the universities of Oxford and Cambridge a practical monopoly of all printing in England. After the grant of this charter printers had to be freemen of London and members of the company. In consequence, the provincial press of England became silent; and for many years no legitimate publications issued from what had had so promising a beginning.—W. H. Allnutt, in Bibliographica.

Inexpensive Porch Divans.

At one of the handsomest country houses near Philadelphia the porch divans are cushioned with small mattresses in a showy but ordinary striped bedticking. One of the easiest ways in which to make such a resting place is to take a wire spring from a cot bed and nail on legs at each corner to raise it one foot above the level of the floor, without the mattress, which brings it about a foot higher. The mattress for this need not be an expensive one. Excelsior or Spanish moss stuffing answers the purpose quite as well as hair. Cut the tufts of the mattress and shake up the stuffing, so as to make a smooth surface, and then cover it with some denim, making a full box-plaited flounce to cover the lower part of the spring and the extemporized legs. As this divan will go against the wall of the house, it will need no back, the wall furnishing a support for the four large, square pillows which are also covered with the denim.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Natural Philosophy.

A farmer walked up and down a block on Griswold street a day or two ago whistling a whistle that was apparently meant for a dog. When he had looked up and down and around for ten minutes a newsboy came along and queried:

"Whistlin' fur your dorg?"

"Yes, but I guess the critter has got too fur off. I knowed he'd git lost if I brung him in."

"Your dorg hain't lost," continued the boy. "Can't nobody lose a dorg. It's you that's lost, and if you'll stand still a few minits he'll find you."

The farmer smiled at the boy's philosophy, but decided to heed it, and it wasn't five minutes before his dog turned in from Fort street and came up to him.

"Didn't I tell ye?" said the boy, as he moved on. "I don't make any charge fur the pinter, but next time you git lost jest take a lean ag'in a lamp-post and gin yer dorg a fair show to find ye."—Detroit Free Press.

How is Your Blood?

If it is poor and thin and lacklag in the number and quality of those red corpuscles, you are in danger of sickness from disease germs and the enervating effect of warm weather. Purify your blood with

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The great blood purifier which has proved its merit by a record of cures unequalled in medical history. With pure, rich blood you will be well and strong. Do not neglect this important matter but take Hood's Sarsaparilla now.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild effective. All druggists. 25c.

Training for a Pirate.

An item concerning Washington Irving, for the truth of which we cannot vouch, although it contains a deal of good advice for certain youngsters of the present time, has lately come to our notice. It is to this intent: Washington Irving, in his youth, had a longing to go to sea and be a pirate. He determined to make the attempt, but wisely decided to prepare himself for it by preliminary experience. He begnn by euting salt pork. That made him sick. He then slept for a night or so on hard boards. That made him sore. It was enough. He had no more desire to go away. Other boys who wuut to capture men-of-war, or who desire to go scouting and scalp Indians, would do well to imitate Irving's exumple.—Harper's Young People.

Summer Tourist Rates.

The North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Ry) is now selling excursion tickets at reduced rates to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Ashland, Bayfield, Marquette, Deadwood, Dakota, Hot Springs, Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Salt Lake City, and the lake and mountain resorts of the west and northwest. For rates and full information apply to Agents of connecting lines. Illustrated pamphlets, giving full particulars, will be mailed free upon application to W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago & North-Western Ry, Chicago, Ill.

"FAME," said Uncle Eben, "am er good deal laik any udder kin' ob advertisin'. Tain' no use ter a man onless he had de right kin' ob goods ter back it up wid."—Washington Star.

Tobacco Destroys Vitality.

Nervous system paralyzed by nicotine means lost manhood, weak eyes, and a general all gone look and feeling that robs life of its pleasure. Tobacco is the root of many an impotent symptom, and No-To-Bac a guaranteed cure that will make you strong, vigorous and happy in more ways than one. No-To-Bac guaranteed and sold by Druggists everywhere. Book, titled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York or Chicago.

FATHER—"Tommy, stop pulling that cat's tail." Tommy "I'm only holding the tail, the cat's pulling it."—Life.

Low Rates to Colorado.

On account of the meeting of the National Educational Association at Denver, Col., July 5th to 12th, 1895, the North-Western Line will sell excursion tickets to Denver, Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Manitou at a rate not to exceed one fare for the round trip (with $2.00 added for membership fee). The time limit of these tickets will be extremely liberal, and an excellent opportunity will be afforded for a summer sojourn in the "Rockies," or enjoyable side trips to the Black Hills, Yellowstone National Park or the Pacific Coast. For full information apply to agents of connecting lines, or address W. B. Kniskern, General Passenger and Ticket Agent Chicago & North-Western Ry, Chicago, Ill.

"ER man," said Uncle Eben, "hez gotter be er berry 'ceptional financier to make er hah'd-luck story do ez collateral foh er loan dese days."—Washington Star.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

TEMPER SAVER

For all Shavers—the soap to swear by, not to swear at. Buy him Yankee Shaving Soap—9 out of 10 stores sell it—or send 15 cents to J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

FARMERS SAW MILLS, Corn and Feed Mills, Hay Press and WATER WHEELS. DE LOACH MILL MFG. CO., 374, ATLANTA, Ga. MENTION THIS PAPER every time you write.

WANTED AGENTS to sell a HOUSEHOLD STAPLE used daily. Exclusive agency given in cities of 5,000 or under. Address THE COMPRESSED TRA TABLET CO., 199 Randolph St., CHICAGO. MENTION THIS PAPER every time you write.

THE NATION'S HOLIDAY.

OUR FATHERS met in grief and gloom,
And as the Tyrant spoke their doom
They answered: Freedom shall have room.

Backward, as to a golden store,
They looked to valiant hearts of yore
Whose might the people's cause up-bore.

And forward, in the skies above,
They saw a heavenly banner move
Whose virtue they were bound to prove.

For them the Galilean taught
The truth with new deliverance fraught,
And 'neath His martyr flag they fought.

Now, as our World stands at a loss,
With all its treasures, all its dross
To match the riches of the Cross,

So, pomp of flags and marches gay
And martial muster and array
Are all too poor to praise this day.

How should we thank for boon so high?
How keep above the things that die
Our holy gift of Liberty?

With duteous heart revere the Past,
Its doctrine and its deeds hold fast,
But know, they should be over-passed.

The harvest that 'tis ours to reap
With blood of horses sown so deep,
A bloodless vigilance shall keep.

Build noblor temples, and enshrine
On the heart's altar, pure and fine,
The Brotherhood that is divine.

For our defense throughout the land
The school with open door shall stand,
With truth and love in high command.

From us, who meet with one intent,
On due commemoration bent,
Be this fair greeting world-wide sent:

"Not for us only did befall
The good we conquored; hear us call
Our freedom and our God for all!"

—Julia Ward Howe, in N. Y. Independent (1893).

HOW THE BRITISH BEAT PHRASTUS.

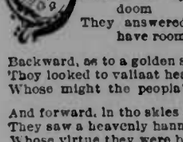

"'T' SHE says I shan't spend one cent for crackers ner torpydoes, ner go down to see the p'rade ner any of the boys. She says I've got to stay hum and keep still *this* Fourth."

The prospect was evidently dire to Theophrastus Wilson, but the person to whom he poured out his woes only twinkled a pair of merry eyes. Harvey Harris was several years older than 'Phratus, but he listened with an interest very comforting to the smaller boy.

"She says I kin take the old hoss-pistle 'n' fire it off once down behind the barn. 'N' I kin tie dad's old flag to a broomstick and wave it about all I wanter. Who wants an old broomstick 'round, anyway? That ain't no Fourth of July."

'Phrastus sniffed—he almost sniveled. His hearer laughed outright.

"Say, 'Phrastus, what under the canopy did you do last Fourth that makes Aunt 'Scilla settle down on you like this?"

"Nothin'," said 'Phrastus, sullenly.

"Oh, pshaw! I know *you* and I know Aunt Priscilla. She'd never corner you up so close without some reason. Honest, now, out with it, and I'll see what I can do for you."

"There was the cat," said 'Phrastus, digging his toes into the ground.

"What about the cat?"

"She told me to give him his dinner, 'nd I put a firecracker under the pan. It didn't hurt him none, but he never come fer a week; 'nd he won't tech cod-fish sence."

"Oh, ho! What else?"

"The settin' hen," said 'Prastus, scratching his right ear. "I knowed she wanted her broke up, 'n' I bet a couple o' crackers'd do it."

"Well, did they?"

"Guess you'd 'a' thought so! They set the nest afire, and 'most burnt up the chicken house." 'Phrastus actually grinned.

"Ah, ha! Go ahead; that wasn't all. What put on the finishing touch?"

"I s'pose 'twas the new wash b'iler," said 'Phrastus, frowning. "We tuk it out behind the barn to light a hunch in. My, didn't they pop! Then we fergot it teetotal, and come wash-day nobody knowed where the b'iler was."

"And when they found it?"

"Suthin' had stepped on it!" muttered 'Phrastus. "But I don't think folks ought to hold things a hull year."

Harvey threw his head back and laughed so heartily that 'Phrastus stopped frowning and giggled.

"Now look here," said Harvey, when he had had his laugh out, "I haven't forgotten how you found Frowsy for me last summer, and if you'll promise not to use them 'round the house or the barn, or anywhere where they'll disturb Aunt 'Scilla, I'll put half a dozen packs under the big stone behind the barn for you Fourth of July morning."

"It's awful good of you!" 'Phrastus' cheeks grew shining red. "There sha'n't nobody hear 'em 'cept me; I'll take 'em down to the woods. And say, I'll hunt your dog every time he gets lost—don't you give any other feller the job. What they got in that wagon?"

"It must be the English ram Mr. Turner's been buying," said Harvey, as he turned to look. "Gave two hundred dollars for him. I guess I'll walk down and see him when they take him out."

"Two — hundred — dollars for a sheep!" 'Phrastus hopped over the fence and trotted along by his friend's side. "What a pile of money for one sheep! Say, Harvey, 'd you jest as lief put in a box of matches and a fi'-cent flag 'stead of two c' them bunches?"

"Just exactly."

The wagon turned into Mr. Turner's barnyard, and the boys followed it.

"I bet I'd never pay them old British two hundred dollars for a sheep," said 'Phratus, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets as he watched the men carefully lower the Cotswold ram, "King George XII.," to the ground.

"What do you know about the British, Bub?" asked one of the men.

"I know we whipped 'em twicet—Fourth of July," said 'Phrastus.

"Well, it seems they can beat us on sheep," laughed the man.

"I 'spect if Mr. Turner had looked round he'd got jest as good a one in 'Meriker for ten dollars!" cried 'Phrastus. "They can't beat us on anything!"

Having reached the ground safely, King George stamped his royal foot and shook his curved horns. Then, as Mr. Turner entered the yard by a side gate, the ram dashed forward with unexpected quickness, knocked his new owner's feet from under him and laid him flat on his back.

"He's got a good smart temper," remarked one of the assistants, as King George appeared ready to charge the entire force.

"Serves Mr. Turner right for spending so much money on an old British sheep," 'Phrastus whispered to Harvey.

Aunt Priscilla noticed with surprise that 'Phrastus neither whined nor pleaded when she reannounced her Fourth of July edict. She repeated the command in order to keep her own resolution firm, for she dearly loved the motherless boy, mischievous as he was.

"You hain't been giving him money for firecrackers or dossying him up, have ye, Ben?" she inquired of her husband.

"No, I ain't," responded Uncle Ben. "But jest think on't, Perscilla! The heft of a boy's livin' is rumpus, and to choke him off on the Fourth! it's—well, it's plaguy cruel! He'll bust."

"No, he won't! You jest let him alone, Benjamin Arbuckle. It's time he learned that eats and wash-b'ilers and other folks had some rights on the Fourth of July 's well 's boys."

"Where you going, 'Phrastus?" she demanded, when the Fourth had at last arrived, as quiet in their immediate vicinity as if it had been a Sunday.

"Down to Mr. Turner's wood lot to sail my boats."

He had the boats conspicuously tucked under his arm. Aunt 'Scilla regarded him with a mixture of remorse and suspicion.

"You ain't fired off your pistol yet?"

"No'm; don't wanter. Once nin't nothin'. It'd sound as if it'd lost itself."

"Your pa's flag is there on the table."

"That's had too much powder a'ready." 'Phrastus had carefully studied up this smart speech in advance.

"Hum!" Aunt Priscilla sniffed. "Well, go 'long then. If you go to that p'rade, sir, you know what you'll get."

"Ain't goin'."

"And if I hear of your hanging round any of the other boys' houses, you'll catch it!"

"Yes'm."

'Phrastus slouched off with an air of

"THERE WAS THE CAT."

deep-seated melancholy till the barn was between himself and Aunt 'Scilla's remorseful eyes. Harvey had more than kept his promise, and 'Phrastus executed the final steps of a war-dance.

"Ain't he good, though! I'll hunt dogs for him all day. Look at these two big fellers! They'll do for Long Tom's on the Chesapeake."

It was not yet nine o'clock, but there was every promise of a hot day. The leaves hung motionless; the cattle were already seeking shade. 'Phrastus rubbed his arm across his perspiring face.

"Wonder why it's always so awful hot on the Fourth? Maybe 'cause there's so much fire everywhere. Wouldn't it be fun to have a snow fort?"

He beguiled the way by a delightful fancy of flying snowballs, each carrying a lighted fire-cracker, until the climbing of the last fence brought him into the edge of the woods.

Through the pond, a shallow drinking place for sheep, a small brook flowed. 'Phrastus sat down under a tree, and paddled his bare toes in the water with a sigh of content.

"If there was only jest one other feller with me, wouldn't it be prime? But then he'd have to be the British and get beat, 'cause I'm bound to be 'Merican."

'Phrastus had planned a naval engagement that should reverse a fact of history. One of Uncle Ben's favorite stories was of the ship Chesapeake, when the English ship Leopard forced her to strike her colors in a time of peace. Uncle Ben's grandfather had been a sailor on the American vessel, and the story Uncle Ben loved to listen to as a child he loved to tell to 'Phrastus.

But 'Phrastus had determined that those ships should meet again on Mr. Turner's pond with a very different result.

He began his preparations. The five-cent flag rendered the Chesapeake top-heavy; so he stuck it into the bank behind her. Truth compels me to confess that 'Phrastus showed very little generosity toward his imaginary foes.

The Chesapeake was a full-rigged schooner, at least eighteen inches long, with two rows of firecracker guns on either side. The English ship was only a third as large—a block of wood whittled roughly into the semblance of a boat, with one crooked, wobbling mast. Her complement of guns was a meager half-dozen—three on a side.

"For you're bound to be blowed skyer-higher, anyway, you old Britisher," said 'Phrastus.

The two big firecrackers were placed in position at the Chesapeake's bow and stern, and the commodore, joyfully striking a match, stooped down to fire his guns.

Whack! 'Phrastus shot out into the pond, turning a somersault, and scattering matches as he went. His line of motion was directly across the Chesapeake. Both her slender masts snapped, and the stately vessel careened till her whole armament slid off into the water.

'Phrastus' first thought, as he emerged puffing and sputtering, was

'PHRASTUS SHOT OUT INTO THE POND.

that the heat had exploded the firecrackers all at once. But when he got the water out of his eyes he saw that the British had received unexpected reinforcements.

King George XII., arriving unperceived from the rear, had disposed of the American commodore, and now turned his attention to the stars and stripes, which he jammed into the bank with repeated blows of his woolly head.

The patriotic blood of 'Phrastus boiled.

"Git out of that, you old British ram! Le' my flag alone. I'll hit you with a rock, I will."

He dug vainly about with his fingers in the muddy bed of the pond, but found nothing larger than a small pebble. Meantime King George's pointed feet were tramping his ammunition deep into the soil. 'Phrastus lifted up his voice in reproach and lamentation.

"You're the meanest, meanest old sheep that ever was! We did beat you, we did, we did! Oh, my flag—boo—m'f'r'crackers—boo—he's sp'ilin' every last one! I wish they'd bust and turn him wrong side on—ou—out."

The howl drew King George's attention to the pond. He stood a moment with lowered horns, and then plunged threateningly forward, drawing back, however, as his feet touched the water.

At the foward movement 'Phrastus turned and ran. He reached the shore as King George came galloping around the curve.

Up the nearest tree scrambled the small American. It was not a very large one, and received a blow from King George's head that almost shook the climber loose before he reached a place of safety in the crotch.

For some time—'Phrastus said "the hull mornin'," but he was in no condition to judge—King George butted the tree, bringing down upon himself fresh explosions of tearful wrath, and all the breakable branches 'Phrastus could reach. Afterward he nibbled about the vicinity, returning at intervals to renew the assault, and never going far enough away to permit the escape of his prisoner.

Aunt 'Scilla's dinner was late, for Uncle Ben went to the parade; but it was an exceptionally good one, and there was a puffy little turnover at 'Phrastus' place. Aunt 'Scilla rang the little bell, and Uncle Ben rang the big bell, without bringing any small nephew forward to eat it. "After all I've said," declared Aunt Priscilla, her lips growing ominously thin and tight, "that boy's been and gone to the p'rade!"

"'Tain't agin nature if he has," said Uncle Ben. "When you stretch a string too tight, it'll snap."

"Something'll snap," said Aunt 'Scilla. Her eyes did. "I've got to train up that boy in the way he should go, and I mean to do it. Don't you dast say a word, Benjamin Arbuckle! If he don't learn to go straight now he'll go crooked all his life."

After dinner she cut two long lilac sprouts and trimmed them with ostentatious care. While she was washing dishes in the kitchen Uncle Ben slyly cut tiny slashes along the whole length of each switch.

It was the middle of the afternoon when a boy, with a dirty, tear-marked face and mud-stained clothes, shuffled into the house. Under his arm he carried a dismasted toy schooner and a dilapidated, five-cent American flag.

"So, Theophrastus Wilson," greeted Aunt 'Scilla, "you've been to the p'rade, after all. Very well, sir, you're going to remember this Fourth of July as long as you live. Come straight here."

She flourished one of the switches, and it fell to pieces in her astonished hands.

"Guess I shell 'member it," whined 'Phrastus. "I hain't been t' the p'rade—I hain't! I stuck up in a tree this hull everlastin' Fourth, with Turner's old ram a-buntin' at it, tryin' to shake me down. I'd had to stayed there all night, too, likely, if Mr. Turner's Pete hadn't come along. You jest ast him."

When Harvey Harris heard of it he could not resist saying: "So the British beat, eh, 'Phrastus?"

"Just thut once!" said 'Phrastus.—Mrs. Frank Lee, in Youth's Companion.

STATELINESS IN WOMEN.

The Writer Says It Never Excites the Admiration of the Men.

Stateliness in women proceeds from sources different from stateliness in men, says the London Spectator. It is much more independent, to begin with, of outward gifts. Not to mention our own queen, who, as people who are not courtiers affirm, can be stately to awfulness, and Queen Isabella of Spain, who, in spite of her history and her bulk, is regal to an unusual degree, it is certain that the stateliness of Maria Theresa impressed all who came in contact with her, and certain also that no man as homely and unreserved as she was in speech and in bearing would have been credited with stateliness.

It seems to be more allied in women than in men with independence of mind, or a sense that the will is its own justification—an absence, that is, of fear of external influence. The personality, suffices to itself, and therefore there is stateliness. That is, we think, the secret reason why stateliness in women annoys most men and many of the same sex. They think they ought to be more influential, and resent what they consider to be aloofness. Unapproachableness, which, of course, is one of the conditions of stateliness, irritates men in women, being, in fact, a faint affront to their amour propre, and we think many women feel that, too. At least, we notice that this form of praise, whenever it is given to women, is a little cold, and that the reverence a stately woman excites is apt to be a little chilly.

There is a reason for that in nature, the first function of a woman being to attract, and a reason, too, in the confusion which most men make in their thoughts when they are thinking of women, that stateliness must indicate either hauteur or unkindliness. Very often it is not so at all, some of the sweetest women being stately, but the mistake is nearly always made, and when a man, or, for that matter, a woman, attributes to a woman stateliness, there is seldom complete cordiality in the eulogistic word.

Names of Indian Children.

Everyone knows that many queer names are to be found among our Indians, but it may surprise some readers to learn that similar names cling to Indian children, even after they enter the government schools. The following list is furnished by a teacher in one of the government schools in Oklahoma territory. They are taken from the school register, and, while they are not such as to be pleasing to civilized people, the Indian youth are as proud of them as if they were Smith or Brown.

It should be said also that the boys and girls are bright, intelligent children, doing good school work, and are as well behaved as their white neighbors. Here are the names:

Lucy Little Standing Buffalo.
Atkins White Sail.
Anna Bull Frog.
Lee Little Turtle.
Marie Buffalo Head.
Clarence Black Hair Horse.
Jennie Boy Chief.
Grace Yellow Flower.
Mary Big Goose.
John White Eagle.
Martha Crief Pipe.
Mary Cries for Ribs.
Cora Frizzle Head.—Youth's Companion.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

Bobby Dumble—Hey! This is great fun, isn't it?

Willie Wimple — Should say so. 'Tain't ten o'clock yet, and I've got three burns.

Bobby Dumble—Pooh! that's nothin'. The doctor says maybe I'll lose my little finger!—Golden Days.

A Fearful Responsibility.

The small boy will have his way, even if he burns his clothes, blows off his fingers and sets his father's house on fire. It is estimated that one and a half million dollars' worth of fireworks are imported into the United States each year—three-quarters of which are used on the Fourth of July. How many boys bid farewell to fingers or thumbs is not stated. What an account John Adams will have to meet for that letter to his noble wife in which he shaped the way in which the Fourth of July should be observed to the end!—Christian Inquirer.

Not Necessarily.

"Yoh kain't allus depen' on whut yoh hyeah," said Uncle Eben. "'Tain't necessarily de young man dat shoots off de mos' firecrackahs on the Fourf ob July dat 'ud be de fus' ter enlis' ef wah broke out."—Washington Star.

The Nation's Psalm.

Shout beside thine oak, O north!
O south! wave answer with thy palm;
And in our union's heritage
Together sing the nation's psalm.
—William Ross Wallace

—Not Selfish.—"Why do you and Bobby quarrel so much? I hope my Willie is not a selfish little boy." "No, mamma, I'm not selfish, but Bobby is. He always wants to play the games I don't want to."—Harper's Bazar.

EXPRESS RIDER'S DARING DEED

An English Party Amazed at a Frontiersman on the Plains.

In the days when the west was wild and woolly and a yard wide a party of Londoners bent on the destruction of the buffalo struck a small station on one of the now long-forgotten coach lines on the plains. Not one of the Englishmen had ever been in the country before, but each was confident of his ability to do the region in proper style. The whole outfit had rounded up at the station on the discovery of Indian signs, but after lying over for two days the Englishmen concluded that the three frontiersmen acting as their guides had been unnecessarily frightened. On the third day they announced that they were going on to the next station. "All right," said the frontiersman, "we'll go with you, but it will be a run and a fight for it." At dawn the following day the party was preparing to mount when the agent called out: "Here comes the express!" Far to the eastward a horseman was coming over the crest of a rise in the prairie. As he came into full view the party could see that he was hanging low over the pommel of his saddle and that he was lashing the wiry steed galloping at full tilt under him. Presently over the rise came another horseman. Then another and another, until a score were strung out on the trail of the pony express. The agent silently withdrew to the station and reappeared with a rifle. "Indians," he remarked.

The Englishmen drew their shooting-irons and retreated to the cabin. But the agent and his helpers led a pony out of the stable, saddled and bridled the animal and held it beside the trail. "Jim may want to go on," explained the agent.

Just before the trail turned into the station it ran through a watercourse filled at the time with suffocating alkali dust. The Englishmen watched the express rider until he dashed into the further opening of the cut and then prepared to fight for their lives. As the pursued and pursuers went out of sight in the dust the men at the station heard a rifle crack and then horrifying yells, the war whoops of the Indians. Presently out of the dust-clouded watercourse dashed the express rider, followed closely by painted, screeching savages. The express rider's face was gashed by an arrow head and in the flank of his foam-lathered animal a feathered shaft waved to and fro at every leap. As the Indians came on, Englishmen, guides and stationmen opened fire. With the first volley three bucks went down and two of them never rose again. The third leaped astride of a companion's pony, and before the smoke of the first volley had floated upward in thin blue wisps the war party had sought the shelter of the watercourse. The express rider came on, and as he was abreast of the fresh mount held by the station agent he leaped from his still running pony dragging the saddle bags with him.

"Going to stop over, Jim?" asked the station agent. "Blazes, no," was the answer, and he threw himself astride the fresh pony and dashed down the trail. Presently he turned, plucked an arrow from his sleeve, and with a laugh tossed it away. Then he leaned over the neck of the pony and lashed his flanks. The next station was ten miles away and at every mile there must be an armed band. The Englishmen stuck to the station for ten days, when a troop of cavalry came along. At the station along the trail they found the express rider knocking about the bar with a strip of plaster across his face. One of the Englishmen walked up to him, and, after looking into his face, said: "My friend, you are a brave man, but you are also a blasted fool."—N. Y. World.

Rather Mean.

"Speaking of dinners," said Hawkins, "reminds me of something I overheard in these very rooms not two nights ago. I always knew Snooks was of a saving nature, but I never believed that the fellow was downright mean."

"How's that?" asked Bluffkins, indifferently.

"Well, it was like this. Tuesday night Snooks came in and began talking with Webb. 'I hear you're going away on Saturday,' said Snooks.

"'Yes,' answered Webb. 'For three months.'

"'And what are you doing to-morrow night?'

"'Wednesday?' said Webb; 'I have no engagement for Wednesday.'

"'And the next night?'

"'That's Thursday. I dine with the Blakes on that day.'

"'Dear, dear! That's a pity,' said Snooks, with a good bluff at disappointment. 'I wanted you to take dinner with us on Thursday.'"—Boston Budget.

A Discord from the Past.

The fair girl gazed upon her fiance with love and tenderness.

"Alfred, my hero," she murmured, "I am sure there is nothing in your past of which you need ever be ashamed."

His face turned ghastly white.

"Alicia!" he gasped, "there is! I—I—"

His words choked him.

"Was once a second tenor in a village quartette!"

"Alfred!"

She did not shrink from him.

"I can forgive you. At least—"

A soft light came into her eyes.

"You were never bass."

From that moment the topic was never touched upon again.—N. Y. World.

A Suggestion.

First Lawyer—There is no doubt that the jury system needs reform.

Second Lawyer—I think so. It seems to me that when there is a serious dispute as to whether a talesman should be accepted as a juror, another jury ought to be called to decide the question.—Puck.

—Eleanor of England had a very strong nose and an iron will, and to the latter, no doubt, owed her influence over her husband.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The angelica plant is native to Europe. It grows wild in most of the northern parts of that continent, being also found in the Alps, the Carpathian and the Ural mountains.

—The calamus grows wild on damp soil in most parts of the world. Its use as a medicine antedates written history, and during the middle ages many superstitions were attached to its employment as a remedy.

—In 1876 the Calumet & Hecla mine produced half the copper mined in the whole country, while in 1890 this wonderful mine produced one-fourth that of the whole country and one-tenth that of the entire world.

—The reason why red infuriates members of the ox family is because red is the complementary color of green, and, the eyes of cattle being long fixed on herbage while feeding, when they espy anything red it impresses their sight with greatly increased intensity.

—The southern states have now nearly one-fourth of the cotton factories of the country, and the great increase of this industry in that section during the last few years gives rise to the belief that at no distant day the seat of the cotton factories will be as close as possible to the cotton fields.

—From 1850 to 1890, the capital invested in manufactories had increased twelve times, while the number of hands employed increased only five-fold, showing the fact that machinery had been made much more efficient, and that machines were doing the work of men to a much greater extent in 1890 than in 1850.

—In 1891 there were manufactured in this country 44,316,804 gallons of whisky; of alcohol, 12,260,821 gallons; of rum, 1,784,312 gallons; of wines, 24,306,905 gallons; of fruit brandy, 1,223,775 gallons; of beer, 30,021,079 gallons, being nearly half a barrel of the amber fluid for every man, woman and child in the United States.

—The plant from which assafoetida is produced is a native of Persia, Afghanistan and northern India. In all these countries the inhabitants use it as a seasoning for their meat and vegetables, much as red pepper is employed by the natives of Mexico and the South American states. The odor is not deemed by them in the least offensive.

—The shipment of oil in bulk on the great lakes is to be begun by the Standard Oil company, which is now building a large loading pier into Lake Michigan near its refineries at Whiting, Ind. This pier will be from 1,200 feet to 1,400 feet long, and from 14 feet to 16 feet wide. It will be built of piles driven in about 15 feet of water, filled in with stone, and decked over. Specially constructed tank barges of 400,000 gallons' capacity each are being built to transport the oil.

—In hemp and flax-spinning works the noils, as waste or by-product, have always been used for paper stock, but the price of wood pulp has reduced the price to a very low figure. A Belgian inventor has now devised a machine for spinning this into yarn which is said to be remarkably regular and strong, and to be available for most of the purposes for which vegetable fibres are employed. It is expected that the chief use of this yarn will be in carpet mills, where cotton yarn has been coming into general use on account of its cheapness.

TOO LAZY TO LIVE.

His Whole Mind Is Set on Saving Himself a Few Extra Steps.

Abijah Sleighton lounged into Capt. Wheeler's little shop and seated himself on a three-legged stool. "I declare to man," he said, languidly, addressing the active owner of the shop, who was mending a net, "it's distressin' to see a feller that's as lazy as m' wife's brother William."

"William!" echoed the sturdy little captain, in amazement. "Why, William is always tinkerin' somethin', so far us I can see. Ain't he fixed out your house with all kinds o' conveniences an' contrived all manner of inventions to make things easy?"

"That's just what I mean," said Mr. Sleighton, with a doleful expression on his sallow countenance. "William's whole mind seems to be set in' makin' things easy, 'stid of keepin' up a stiddy wrestle with 'em, same as I always have.

"Why, when William come back from follerin' the sea an' I necepted of his invitation to come and make a home with us, payin' a little somethin' each week, I explained to him just how things was.

"I told him that the ruin come through the roof some in bad weather in the room where he'd have to sleep, but I told him jest where it come through and showed him where I kep' the buckets to ketch the water.

"Well, if you believe me, he never used them buckets but once and that was the day after he come! He was so lazy that he got up and patched that roof that very next day, rather'n lift them two buckets back an' forth once or twice!

"An' the same way with the pump. Rather'n step aerost to Mis' Wilson's an' fill his pitcher of a mornin' that man tinkered on our pump till he got her to goin' again. Took him the greater part o' two days to git her fixed, but he don't begrudge time, 's long 's he can save himself takin' a few steps.

"An' the same way with the chickens; he's built a coop, rather'n have m' wife git a little ex'cise now an' then chasing the little critters off'n the strawberry bed.

"I dunno what we're comin' to," concluded Mr. Sleighton, as he opened the morning paper, from which it was his custom to spell out the news to the captain, much to the captain's distress; "I'm sure I dunno what we're all comin' to! William ain't made no headway with me, as yit; but you git sech a lazy feller as that right in the house with ye, and I tell ye the firmest principles is liable to give way!"—Youth's Companion.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, July 1, 1895.

It is evident that Mr. Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle, who are on the shores of Buzzard's Bay, consented to a modification of the terms of the contract made with that bond syndicate, allowing them to pay domestic gold now, instead of foreign gold at the expiration of the time for their last payment on those bonds—October 1st next. It is also evident that they did not inform Mr. Hamlin, who is acting secretary of the Treasury of the modification, as he stated very positively that there had been no modification. Later Mr. Hamlin hedged by refusing to discuss the matter at all. Just why Mr. Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle should have favored the men who had already pocketed something like $10,000,000 on the bond deal is one of those things not visible at first glance. Another one of the same sort of things is why the syndicate should have chosen to make its last payment in the last week in June when under its contract it could have had the use of the money until October 1st. There are rumors in plenty, but nothing tangible is in sight. It is safe to say there were reasons and that they will become apparent later on. By keeping your eye on the gold reserve, now slightly more than $107,000,000, one of the reasons will probably be seen before many weeks have passed.

W. W. Duffield, superintendent of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, is the latest candidate for a Congressional investigation, and his chances for getting it are decidedly promising. In addition to removing several men of international reputation in scientific circles, from positions in his bureau, under an act of Congress providing for a reorganization and small reduction of the force, Mr. Duffield has put his young son in the place of a man who has had forty years experience, in field and office work, a place too, chief of the drawing division, which is admitted to require a high grade of technical experience. Young Duffield was put on the rolls about June 15th, but he drew salary at the rate of $2,000 a year for the entire month of June, and beginning to-day his salary has been increased to $3,000 a year. There is nothing startling in this case of nepotism. In fact, nepotism has become so common with Democratic officials that it is the expected thing. As a rule those who are not guilty have no relatives who need being looked out for.

State Department affairs are likely to be better conducted during this summer than they have been since March 4, 1893, as they will be in charge of a good Republican. Secretary Olney has gone away on his vacation and first assistant secretary Uhl will shortly do likewise, which will leave second assistant secretary Adee in charge of the department. Mr. Adee is one of the few prominent Republican officials who had remained with the present administration, and he has done so because his duties as assistant secretary are such that they do not clash with party politics, but as acting secretary his Republicanism may get him in trouble with the administration.

Senator Burrows, of Michigan, was in Washington several days last week. He said he was on private business, and would go to New York and then to the shore for several weeks rest. He said the Michigan Republicans were too smart to begin the presidential campaign this year by declaring in favor of any one of the excellent candidates for nomination. He said of the issues of the next campaign: "What sentiment there has been in the Republican party of Michigan in favor of free coinage of silver at 16 to 1 is growing less, and I feel confident that our State will send a delegation to the National Convention opposed to free coinage. With an improvement in the times less and less prominence will be given to the free coinage question and, I think, that by the time the committee meets it will have but little prominence. The Republican party will be as greatly in favor of silver as it has been in the past, although it will not, in my opinion, countenance the views of the extreme silver men. It will favor using as much silver in our currency as can be used without causing a depreciation of the currency. At the recent Cleveland League Convention there was considerable interest expressed in the tariff question, and it seems likely that by the time the National Convention meets that the subject will be very prominently before the people."

General Green Clay Smith, the famous Kentucky soldier-preacher, who came within one-half a vote of having been nominated for Vice-President on the second Lincoln ticket, was buried to-day in Arlington cemetery. General Smith has been pastor of the Metropolitan Baptist Church of this city for some years. His death was caused by blood poisoning which resulted from a carbuncle. He was in his sixty-seventh year.

Low Rates to Atlantic City and Cape May.

On Thursday, July 11th, the B. & O. R. R. Co. will inaugurate its annual summer excursions to Atlantic City, Cape May and Sea Isle City from Pittsburg, Wheeling, Parkersburg, Harpers Ferry and intermediate stations.

Tickets will be sold for all trains of July 11th, giving excursionists the benefit of the superior train service to the greatest seashore resorts on the Atlantic coast, and will be valid for return journey 12 days including day of sale. On the return trip a stop over will be allowed at the National Capital, forming a fitting termination to a week's sojourn at the shore.

We give below a list of stations in this vicinity showing time of trains and rates of fare:

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	RATE.
Oakland.....	6.37	10.00	12.20	6.01	5.12	$8.50
Mt. Lake Pk	6.43	10.08	12.36	6.12	5.17	8.50
Deer Park...	6.50	10.17	12.45	6.20	5.25	8.50

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

For more detailed information apply to nearest B. & O. Agent.

17–2t.

Reduced Rates to Baltimore.

The B. & O. R. R. Co. announces that round trip tickets will be placed on sale from all points on its lines east of the Ohio River to Baltimore and return at one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold July 16th and 17th, valid for return passage until August 5th. For time of trains and full details, call on or write nearest B. & O. Agent.

15–3t.

Making Millet Hay.

Mr. Harry Fulton, formerly of Arizona, who has come to Garrett county and rented the Col. Wood farm about four miles north-west of Oakland, was in the city Monday and called to see THE REPUBLICAN.

Mr. Fulton stated that he intended engaging in the sheep business on a large scale, and would pay particular attention to the growing of the best breeds of sheep.

He also handed us the following clipping from a paper published in the west devoted to agriculture, which may be of interest to our many farmer friends just at the present time when the hay crop is so very short.

A correspondent in the paper above alluded to writes as follows from Ohio:

"'Are our chances here on the forty-first parallel favorable for maturing a crop of millet sown by the 10th of July? Our killing frosts usually happen about the 10th of October. The frosts and drouth have played havoc with our hay crop. If we could mow what little hay we have and then sow a crop of millet on the land it would help us out. What kind of millet is best for sowing late? Is there not one kind that makes good hay when the seeds are ripe?'"

The reply of the editor follows:

"Our correspondent can sow millet up to the 15th of July with entire confidence of securing a good crop, providing conditions are fairly favorable. Millet succeeds in hot weather and will stand a great deal of drouth. Prepare the land by plowing and reducing to fine tilth with the disc and smoothing harrows.

"The amount of millet seed sown per acre varies greatly according to the liberality and experience of the grower. Where as little as one peck is sown to the acre a very coarse, woody, straw-like fodder is secured which is not much better than wheat or oats straw. Where from one-half to one bushel of seed is sown per acre fine hay results. Sow broadcast, using a smoothing or fine-tooth harrow for covering. Cut when the heads are coming into blossom. Remember that ripe millet seeds have hard coats rendering them indigestible and perhaps often dangerous to horses. I know of no kind of millet which will make good hay if the seeds ripen.

"By all means use millet to help out where the hay crop is short. Further, let me recommend to our correspondent that there is plenty of time for putting in a corn crop which will furnish a large amount of feed for horses and cattle. Corn may be planted up to the 20th of June in drills, not too thickly, putting in just enough seed to choke the ears down to good sized "nubbins." Cultivate well and you will get a hay crop of corn with rather coarse stems, it is true, but the leaves are ample to pay for all the trouble.

"If we would only consider corn as the giant grass and use it more for forage we could get on better with our live stock. There is no better hay for horses generally than bright, clean fodder corn grown for that purpose.

Real Estate Transfers.

D. Harrison Friend et al. to Awilda Riley, 111¼ acres of land; $300.

Yough Manor Land Co. to Alford Reckard, 27 acres and 85 perches; $165.19.

Eliza Sweitzer and wife to Geo. Durst, military lot No. 2485, fifty acres; $300.

J. P. Bowser and wife to Mary Slaber, Jenkey property in Deer Park; $5.

Mary E. Moore to Elizabeth M. Moore and Hannah C. Male, 35 acres of military lot No. 4030; $1.

Minnie Hinebaugh and husband to W. A. Liller, lots Nos. 26, 27, 30, 31 and 35 in Interwalden; $250.

Minnie Hinebaugh and husband to Z. T. Calbaugh, lots Nos. 3, 4 and 34; $150.

Geo. P. White and wife to Truman E. Upkole, 1 acre of ground; $100.

Mt. Lake Park Association to Edwin E. Friend, lot 1166 in Mt. Lake Park; $125.

P. T. Garthright and others to Delphas C. Feather, lot No. 1173 in Mt. Lake Park; $800.

Sarah C. Harris to T. Davis Richards, lot 820 in Mt. Lake Park; $1500.

Mt. Lake Park Association to D. C. Feather, lot 1175; $50.

John Failinger and wife to Theadore H. Spear, 35 acres of the S. A. Ryland farm; $150.

Jennie Smith to the Jennie Smith Hotel Company, lots Nos. 816 and 818, one other lot, in Mt. Lake Park, also personal property in hotel, $8,000.

Simon P. Baker and wife to Conrad Fuller, 17 acres, 1 rod 24½ perches of military lot No. 982, near Mt. Lake Park; $250.

Mt. Lake Park Association to M. J. Bowman, lots Nos. 1224 and 1226 in Mt. Lake Park; $200.

Rudolph Beckman and wife to Salem Lee, 104⅛ acres of "Hinche's Discovery;" $676.

The Great Mountain Chautauqua.

The Paradise of the Mountains, on the summit of the Alleghenies. Thirteen years of splendid history: $350,000 invested in beautifying the great park of 800 acres. Splendid hotels and cottages accommodations at from $6 to $15 a week. The Summer School, with twenty departments of important study, under the care of the best instructors out of leading universities, Aug. 7th to 27th. The Great Mountain Chautauqua meets Aug. 7th to 27th. One hundred professionals, well known in the entertainment field, will fill the passing days with pleasure and profit. It is the coolest, the cheapest the most inspiring place in America to spend a summer vacation. It is on the main line of the picturesque B. & O. Railroad, express trains with sleeping and parlor cars to the doors. If you are interested, the 16 page, handsome illustrated, detailed program will be mailed to you, if you will send your name and address to the Agent of the B. & O. R. R. Co., Mountain Lake Park, Md. 15–2t

WANTED TO RENT. — A good horse for the season. I am willing to pay a reasonable price and return horse in as good condition as when I got it. Apply to W. H. Malette, Oakland, Md. 17–3t.

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

Low Rates to Boston

The Christian Endeavor, United Society of the National Young People's Union meets in Boston July 10 to 14.

For this occassion the B. & O. R. R. will sell excursion tickets from all points on its line east of the Ohio River, July 8 to 11 inclusive, valid for return passage until July 31. These tickets will be sold at rate of one fare for the round trip going and returning same route. Tickets will also be placed on sale good going via one route and returning via another, at slightly advanced rate.

For rate of fare and full particulars, call on or address nearest B. & O. Agent. 15–3t

Rogers' Sarsaparilla.

A specific for all. 100 doses for 75 cents. Rogers' Little Liver Pills, best on the market; Cough Cure, Liniment, Appetine and Worm Syrup, sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland; Cuppett Bros., McHenry; J. A. DeBerry, Corinth; C. F. White, Hutton; P. T. Garthright, Hayden & Eckles, Mt. Lake Park; Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park; Wm. Frederick, Friendsville; Yough Store Co., Jonas Frazee, Robert Liston, Selbysport; W. Wass, Mineral Springs; J. E. Guagey, Accident; Smith & Callis, Hoyes, and by all general dealers.

Proposals for Building a Bridge.

Notice is hereby given that the Mayor and Town Council of Oakland, Md., will receive sealed proposals until July 15th, 1895, for the construction of an iron bridge, crossing the Little Yough River in Oakland, according to the following specifications: Length of span, 60 feet, approaches on each side, 18 feet, roadway, 18 feet wide, capacity, 100 pounds to the square foot, with factory safety of 4. They will also receive proposals for oak lumber and for stone work.

The Council reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Specifications may be seen by applying to the Town Clerk.

17 2t L. E. TOWNSHEND, Clerk.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett County, to view the lands through which the petitioner change in the county road, beginning at a point on the old location at the corner of Mrs. Annie Ward's property and running a westerly direction through the lands of Mary F. Goldsborough, commonly known as "Highland Park," and intersecting new road running from the end of Green street to Deer Park and Oakland road at a point directly opposite where the street ends at Michael Maroney's livery stable, and examine whether the said change should be made, will meet on the

27th Day of July, 1895,

for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change of said county road, and if so, to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

WILLIAM WHITE,
E. E. SOLLARS,
JOHN BARNED, } Examiners.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned either in person or by deputy, will be in each of the election districts in said county, to collect and receive taxes at the time and places following:

July 15, McHenry,
" 16, Hoyes,
" 17, Friendsville,
" 18, Selbysport,
" 19, Accident,
" 22, Cove,
" 23, Grantsville,
" 24, Johnson's,
" 25, T. H. Layman's,
" 26, Avilton,
" 27, Gregg's,
" 29, C. J. Otto's,
" 30, Bittinger,
" 31, "
August 5, Bloomington,
" 5, Floyd,
" 6, Swanton,
" 6, Wilson,
" 7, Deer Park,
" 7, Altamont,
" 8, Gorman,
" 8, Red House.

Office in Oakland will be closed from July 15th to August 8th, inclusive.

N. B. By an act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed at January session, 1890, being Chap. 564, it is provided that "All county taxes shall be due and payable on the first day of September succeeding the date at levy, and on all county taxes paid on or before said day a discount of 3 per cent shall be allowed; and after the first day of January all taxes shall bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until paid. The Treasurer shall take the discount and charge interest on the tax bills for county purposes regularly in the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same on his books and upon the receipt given for taxes so paid; but this discount shall not be allowed unless the whole amount of State and county taxes due for the current year be paid when the same is made."

E. E. SOLLARS, Treasurer.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county upon a judgment in said court, recovered by Charles R. Savage and Cora V. Savage, his wife, against John Barnes at the March Term of said court, 1895, in the year 1895, and to me directed, I have seized and taken in execution and will offer at public sale in front of W. C. Jones' store in Deer Park, Md., on

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1895,

at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., to satisfy said execution, I will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, and near the town of Deer Park, known and described as Military Lot No. 1863, containing fifty acres of land, more or less.

All of said land, except about ten acres, is cleared and under cultivation. It is improved by a comfortable dwelling, barn, cow stable and sheep house. There is also fruit. This is the same property which was conveyed by W. E. George to John Barnes.

CHARLES WEGMAN, Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county the 30th day of May, 1895, at the suit of Alexander Hannitling against Adam Fox, the undersigned Sheriff will, on

Monday, the 22d Day of July, 1895,

at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., of said day, in front of the store house of Smith & Callis in Johnstown, in Garrett county, sell to the highest bidder for cash on that day, all of the following described real estate belonging to the said defendant Adam Fox, to-wit: All those lots of ground situated in Garrett county, Maryland, which are known and described as Military Lots Nos. 3203, 3201 and 4188, and containing fifty acres of land each. Said lots of ground will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs.

CHARLES WEGMAN, Sheriff.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

are good for sick headache, constipation, piles, bilious colic, fever and ague, dyspepsia, rheumatism, female complaints, dizziness, flatulence, sour stomach, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general debility. They will positively cure all disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. 25 cents a box.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

helps babes over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, controls the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no strong drugs and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good. 25 cents a bottle.

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23–1yr.

FOR SALE.

Three acres of land, being a part of the old Kennedy farm, lying in the eastern suburbs of Oakland on either side of the road leading to Mt. Lake Park. Will be sold in lots of ¼ acre each, or as a whole.

For full particulars call on or address MRS. LIZZIE BUZZARD, Elkins, W. Va.

2–6m

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

11 1y

Estate of George Ault, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

GEORGE AULT,

late of Garrett County, Maryland, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 1st day of January next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 18th day of June, 1895.

JOHN AULT, Executor,
Oakland, Md.

15–3t.

34 inches high. Top can be adjusted to any angle or level. Revolving. Opens 15 x 15 x 12 inches. Holds about 20 books. Law size. Strongly finished metal. Base and Sides Book Shelf. Oak Shelves and Top. Good as used. Sent knocked down (20 lbs). On approval. Address March [illegible] CHICAGO. Agents Wanted.

SHEEP

Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ½ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments.

Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

4193,yr—s

Tabules relieve nausea.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Selby Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate.
CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING.
Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 8-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. feb4-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.

Drs. McLane & Berkeley,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
FROSTBURG, MD.

Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.
See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8:30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 8'22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1895

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the full extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,

Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13t.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 40 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Yates' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.

E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

--WANTED--

WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER

Also White Oak Timber Land.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.
Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
221f 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

The Wesleyan Female Institute,

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.

For girls and young women. Established 1842. Full corps of experienced teachers. Location healthy, central and accessible. For catalogues and particulars apply to

REV. HENRY P. HAMILL,
13-15t President.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1895. NUMBER 18.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Try Liller's sea foam. 10 cents a rnb. 16–4t.

John Shartzer is opening a general store in the Legge building.

Mr. M. S. Wolf, of Sunnyside, was in the city Saturday for a short time.

Mr. A. D. Naylor spent Sunday with friends and relatives ot Martinsburg.

Liller has the best hair restorative on the market. 15, 25 and 50 cents per bottle. 16–3t

The Normal opened Monday with a fair attendance, which has been steadily increasing.

Mlle. Dubos will open her classes in French at the Loch Lynn Heights hotel on the 15th inst.

A Westminster editor has $3,500 to loan. Has been ostracised by his fellow journalists.

Mr.and Mrs. G. D.Scott, of Cumberland, are here visiting Mr. and Mrs. John M. Jarboe.

Mr. Chas. B. Cropp has enlarged his store room in the Central hotel building by removing a partition.

WANTED. At John Shartzer's, Legge building, butter, eggs. chickens and all kinds of produce. 18–1.

Mr. W. H. Malette made a business trip to Baltimore recently, returning to Oakland Tuesday night.

WANTED.—A girl to do general house work. Apply to Prof. R. G. Richardson's store, Mt. Lake Park.

Dr. Hattie B. Jones, of Wheeling, was here a few days last week on a visit to her brother, Mr. Scott T. Jones.

The bridge over the stream which cresses Third street. has been completed and the street thrown open to travel.

Rev. Jacob Pysell, of McHenry, was here a few hours on business Saturday and made this office a pleasant call.

Mr. Robert Bolden,of Meyersdale, Pa., who spent the fourth here with relatives,returned to his home Tuesday morning.

The water main leading from the B. & O. water tubs has been tapped and the water piped into the electric station for use.

WANTED TO RENT.—A good saddle horse, suitable for ladies' use. Apply to W. J. McKnight, opposite Judge J. M. Wilson's. 17–2t.

LOST. Two small account books on road between Oakland and Mt. Lake Park. Reward if returned to W. H. Malette, Oakland.

When you come to town remember that Dixon & Kelso's is headquarters for chickens and eggs. They are paying highest prices. 18–2t*

Mrs. L. H. Phleger, of Piedmont, and Mrs. Clara Fox, of Frederick, Md.. were here one or two days last week visiting Mrs. Leah F. Sincell.

Mr. L. Stoddard, who recently recovered from a very severy attack of the grip, is able to be about again, although he is still unable for business.

Rev. George W. Kepler, of Davis, is here and at the Park this week attending the camp meeting, making new and renewing old acquaintanceships.

Painters are engaged in repainting the residence of Dr. Benj. Ison, which is a great improvement and will enbance the value of the property very much.

Mr. A. V. Earharte, foreman of the Davis (W. Va.) *Republican*, is in Oakland this week sight seeing and attending the camp meeting at Mountain Lake Park.

Notwithstauding a prevalent belief, editors and reporters are not omniscient. They thankfully receive information which will form the basis of a good news item.

Mr. D. S. Martiu made a business trip to Baltimore and Washington last week. He was accompanied be Thos. Martin, jr., who purchased some livery rigs.

Mr. John Kepner, who has been at Somerset, Pa., for a number of years, returned to his home in Oakland recently and is now clerking for Mr. W. H. Malette.

Gilbert Warnick,of Bloomington, was brought here Tuesday evening by Sheriff Wegman and lodged in jail. He is charged with a criminal offense of a serious nature.

FOR SALE.—One hundred acres of unimproved land adjoining Mt. Lake Park Association grounds on the north. A good chauce for an investment. FRED. A. THAYER, 16-3 Attorney.

WANTED TO RENT. — A good horse for the season. I am willing to pay a reasonable price and return horse in as good condition as when I got it. Apply to W. H. Malette, Oakland. Md. 17–3t.

Miss Ella Cornelius, who has been here for several months visiting her sisters, Mrs. F. G. Hyde and Mrs. Jas. D. Hamill, departed for home in Buffalo, N. Y., this morning.

It is probable that the first bicycle used in this country was made in Hagerstown. Harry and Georgie Heyser, now of Philadelphia, claim to have built and used one in Hagerstown in 1867.

The great international camp-meeting commenced at the Park on last Friday night. Immense crowds have been in attendance at all the sessions and the interest manifested is something wonderful.

Smith's Military band went to Piedmont on the fourth to take part in the celebration of that day in the above place. Their music was highly appreciated and favorable comments were heard on all sides.

Mr. F. P. Green, of District No. 11, whose announcement for surveyor on the Republican ticket appears in THE REPUBLICAN to-day, was here yesterday, accompanied by Mr. Geo. B. McMillan, also of District No. 11.

Try McComas' Calmative Konseals to drive away sharp pains in muscular and acute rheumatism. One or two Konseals have shown marvelous results. 10 cents per box. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5–tf

Miss Eva Johns attended school at Massilon, Ohio, the past winter, instead of at Alliance, as stated in last week's REPUBLICAN. The young lady graduated from the High School at the former place with high honors.

Misses Anna and Maud Anderson, the charming daughters of Mr. R. I. Anderson, of Oakland, were Terra Alta visitors a short time last Friday. We acknowledge a pleasant call from them during their stay in town.—Oracle.

Messrs. H. L. French and Allan Collier, two of Mr. Percy Procter's Cincinnati friends and business associates, were here over Sunday as his guests. They were well pleased with our mountain city and pure air.

The Walking Delegate of one of our local contemporaries seems to be a cronic growler, judging from the effusions appearing in his paper this week regarding the bicycle. He probably can't ride a wheel and would therefore deprive others of that pleasure.

W. H. Nelson, who is in the drug business at Kingville, Mo., has so much confidence in Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy that he warrants every bottle and offers to refund the money to any customer who is not satisfied after using it. Mr. Nelson takes no risk in doing this because the remedy is a certain cure for the diseases which it is intended and he knows it. It is for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. B. F. Cheesbro. the general agent for Chas. M. Steiff, has placed in the public school building for the use of the Summer Normal, a cabinet grand piano. Quite a number of people have been to see it and pronounce it one of the finest instruments they have ever seen.

The following named gentlemen went down to Accident yesterday to witness and assist in laying the corner-stone of the new Lutheran church at that place to-day: Rev. G. W. W. Amick, of Johnstown, Pa., Rev. J. W. Butler, Messrs, James O. Cleveland and Wm. Hinebaugh.

Chamberlain's is the best of all. Vincent J. Barkl, of Danbury, Iowa has used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy whenever in need of a medicine for coughs and colds, for the past five years and says: "It always helps me out. If anyone asks me what kind of cough medicine I use, I reply, Chamberlains that is the best of all. 25 and 50c bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

The regular preaching service will be held in St. Mark's church on Sunday both morning and evening, conducted by the pastor, Rev. J. W. Butler. Subject for moruing service "Ten shall be saved." Text, Luke 13:23. Evening service subject, "Persoual Iufluence." Text, Romans, 16:7.

Dr. Ravenscraft has adopted the following office hours at Oakland and Mt. Lake Park for the season: At Oakland office, 9 to 11 a. m., 3 to 5 p. m., at Mt. Lake Park office 7 to 8 a. m., 7 to 9 p. m. Telephone calls answered from either office. Summer residence and office on H street, opposite Mrs. Howe's residence at Mountain Lake Park. 16–4t.

What might have been a very serious freight wreck occurred Saturday about a mile west of town. In rounding the curve at Mr. Chas. Shaffer's house the rails spread and two cars loaded with fresh meats and lard rolled down the embankment for a distauce of about twenty feet. Men were put to work at once to clear the track and in a short time trains were running as usual.

B. H. Bowman, Pub. Enquirer, of Bremeu Ind., writes: Last week our little girl baby the only one we have was taken sick with croup. After two doctors failed to give relief and life was hanging on a mere thread we tried One Minute Congh Cure and its life was saved. Oakland Pharmacy.

Miss Jennie Smith,whose dangerous illness was noted in these columus a few weeks ago, is steadily sinking and it is only a question of a few days until she shall have passed to the great beyond. Miss Jennie, as she is familiary known, has done a great work among the people all over this great land and she can go to her roward knowing that her life's work is ended, and that not to her discredit.

Mr. M. Cohen, of Washington, who came here recently and opened a tailoring establishment on Railroad street, evidently believes in the judicious use of printer's ink and therefore has placed an advertisement in this paper. Mr. Cohen comes highly aecommended as a first-class workmau and we feel sure that the people of Oakland will patronize aud encourage him.

Last June Dick Crawford brought his twelve-montb-old child, suffering from infantile diarrhoea, to me. It had been weaned at four months and had always been sickly. I gave it the usual treatment in such cases but without benefit. The child kept growing thinner until it weighed but little more than when born, or perhaps ten pounds. I then started the father to giving Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Before one bottle of the 25 cent size had been used a marked improvement was seen and its continued use cured the child. Its weakness and puny constitution disappeared and its father and myself believed the childs life was saved by this remedy. J. T. MARLOW, M. D., Tamaroa, Ill. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

day for holding the primaries [illegible] been changed to August 3d, [illegible] from August 10th, 1895, as [illegible]e seen by referring to the call [illegible] meeting. This change was [illegible] on account of the lecture to [illegible]livered by Dr. Talmage at [illegible]tain Lake Park on the 10th. The [illegible]ounty convention will be held [illegible] 13th as heretofore advertised [illegible]e new county committee will not [illegible] elected until the regular county convention assembles, according to former customs.

A horse kicked H. S. Shafer, of the [illegible]emyer House, Middleburg, N. Y., on the knee, which laid him [illegible]ed and caused the knee joint to become stiff. A friend recommended him to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which he did, and in two days was able to be around. Mr. Shafer has recommended it to many others and says it is excellent for any kind of a bruise or sprain. This same remedy is also famous for its cures of rheumatism. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

A contemporary says that newspaper subscriptions are infallible tests of men's honesty. They will, sooner or later discover the man. If he is dishonest he will cheat the printer some way—say he has paid what he has not—declare he has a receipt somewhere—or sent money and it was lost in the mail—or will take the paper and not pay for it on the grounds that he did not subscribe for it—or will move off, leaving it coming to the office he left. Thousands of professed Christians are dishonest in this particular at last, and the printer's books and half kept families will tell fearful tales in the final judgment.—Ex.

The non-jury term of the Circuit Court for this county, after an adjourment from Monday, the 1st inst., until Tuesday of this week, resumed the session with His Honor Judge Edward Stake on the bench. The only case tried before the court was that of Simon Baers' Sons vs. Sincell Bros. This was an attachment case in which the Messrs. Baers charged the defendants with obtained goods in a fraudulent manner. The case occupied the attention of the court during the whole of Tuesday, a large number of witnesses being examined. The court dismissed the attachment and entered judgment for the defendants. E. H. Sincell represented the defendants and Thomas J. Peddicord the Messrs. Baers. This does not end the litigation, as we are informed an action for damages will be entered against Baers' Sons.

Marriage Licenses

M. M. Gerard and Isa Martin. both of Monongalia county, W. Va.

Henry W. Schram, of Grantsville, and Ella Haun, of Elk Lick, Pa.

Wm. Edward Morton, of Fayette county, Pa., and Isa Anne Fletcher, of Clarksburg, W. Va.

George E. McGee and Annie Jenkins, both of Kingwood, W. Va.

Edward S. Slabach and Delia A. White, both of Oakland.

Alonzo Lee Shackleford and Isa Jane Luzader, both of Taylor Co., W. Va.

Smith Crane Turner, of Marion county, W. Va., and Lizzie Blanche Henry, of Monongalia county, W. Va.

George Washington Green and Rebecca Clark, both of Garrett county.

John W. Clark and Laura Virginia Schriber, both of Garrett county.

Two with request not to publish.

For Sale.

Lot No. 74, Center street, with improvements. Also 10,000 feet lumber and 10,000 shingles. The above will be sold at a sacrifice. Apply to M. L. King or W. F. King, Oakland, Md. 18–2t.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES,
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. Try
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite.

LAST CUT SALE

AT

SINCELL BROS.

Having decided to retire from business on account of ill health, we will close out our entire stock of goods at actual cost.

CLOTHING.

MEN'S CLOTHING.

$16.00	Suits	reduced to		$8.50
14.00	"	"	"	7.50
12.00	"	"	"	6.50
10.00	"	"	"	5.75
8.00	"	"	"	4.75
7.00	"	"	"	4.00

BOYS' CLOTHING.

$12.00	Suits	Reduced	to	$7.50
10.00	"	"	"	6.00
8.00	"	"	"	5.00
6.00	"	"	"	4.00
5.00	"	"	"	3.50

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING,

$5.00	Suits	Reduced	to	$3.00
4.00	"	"	"	2.00
3.00	"	"	"	1.75
2.50	"	"	"	1.65

SHOES.

LADIES' SHOES.

$5.00	Shoes	Reduced	to	$3.75
4.00	"	"	"	3.00
3.50	"	"	"	2.75
3.00	"	"	"	2.25
2.50	"	"	"	1.75
2.00	"	"	"	1.50
1.75	"	"	"	1.15
1.50	"	"	"	1.00
1.25	"	"	"	90
1.00	"	"	"	80

MEN'S SHOES.

$4.00	Shoes	Reduced	to	$3.00
3.00	"	"	"	2.65
2.50	"	"	"	1.75
2.00	"	"	"	1.50
1.50	"	"	"	1.00
1.25	"	"	"	90

DRY GOODS.

25 Yards Muslin for $1.00
15 cent muslin for 12 cents
12½ cent muslin for 10 cents
10 cent muslin for 7½ cents
8 cent muslin for 6 cents
7 cent muslin for 5 cents
6 cent muslin for 4¾ cents
15 cent French gingham for 10 cents
12½ cent French gingham for 9 cents
10 cent gingham for 7 cents
8 cent gingham for 6 cents
7 cent gingham for 4¾ cents

We will also sell our full line of
Dress Goods, Silks, Trimmings, Embroideries, Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbons, Draperies, Towels,
Ladies' Summer Undervests
White Goods, Novelties, Hats, Trunks, Etc.,
At the ACTUAL COST of them.
This we consider a rare bargain for the buyers of this line of goods.
Respectfully,
SINCELL BROS.

FROM THE HOSPITAL.

ES," said Rev. Mr. Dibble, "I knew I could depend upon the hospitality of my flock to entertain this excellent young divine, seeing that my own household is in so disorganized a condition. It will be only for a night or two, and we all know what is promised to those who receive the angel unawares."

And Mr. Dibble rubbed his hands and looked smilingly around upon the members of the Young Ladies' Aid association, while a perceptible murmur of assent arose. Not a damsel in the number but would gladly have extended her hospitality to Rev. Felix Amory, who was to preach a sermon in aid of "Home Helps and Missions," at the village church upon the coming Sunday evening.

"I'm sure," said Miss Lydia Larkspur, promptly anticipating the crisis, "papa would be most happy to receive the gentleman."

"Most kind of you to propose it, I am sure," said Mr. Dibble, and so the matter was settled.

Lydia Larkspur went home and issued orders that the parlor curtains should be washed and ironed, and a pound cake of the richest nature concocted; while Kate Duer, the doctor's sister, who was as fond of young clergymen as Lydia herself, and would in no wise have objected to varying the monotony of her home life with a spice of ecclesiastical novelty, returned to her crochet work.

"We are to have a young lecturer from the city in the church on Sunday evening," she said to her brother, when he bustled in to dinner.

"Eh!" said Dr. Duer, swallowing his scalded soup; "are we? By the way, Kate, there's a new case of smallpox reported among those hands on the railway embankment."

"Dear me!" said Kate, who was compounding a refreshing salad in a carved wooden bowl; "I hope you keep well vaccinated, Hugh."

"Oh, there's no trouble about that," said the doctor; "only the other patients in the hospital object to such a case."

"I should think it very likely," said Kate.

"I shall have to isolate him somewhere," said Dr. Duer, thoughtfully. "In one of those stone houses by the river, perhaps. Old Mrs. Viggers has had it, I know."

And then Dr. Duer tasted the salad and pronounced it first rate.

Pitcherville was all on the qui vive that day, when the double-shotted piece of tidings flew on the tongue of popular rumor through the town. An actual smallpox case in their own midst, and a young minister coming all the way from New York to appeal to their sympathies on behalf of home missions.

"I wonder if it is contagious?" said old Mrs. McAdams, looking very round-eyed through her spectacles.

"Contagious!" said Mrs. Emmons; "it ought to find its way into every house in our village."

"What!" cried Mrs. McAdams; "the smallpox?"

"No; certainly not," said Mrs. Emmons; "the sympathetic movement in home missions."

And then everyone laughed. Mrs. McAdams looked puzzled, and Mrs. Emmons drew herself up and remarked that "it was very irreverent to laugh at sacred things."

But Miss Lydia Larkspur, who had a mortal horror of the disease, was much troubled in her mind.

"I've always had a premonition that I should fall a victim to the smallpox," sighed she. "I only wish pa would let me be vaccinated!"

It was a sultry August evening, the sky full of lurid clouds, the air charged with electricity, and big drops beginning to patter on the maple leaves, when there sounded a knock at Miss Lydia's door—a most mysterious tap, as she afterward declared.

"Who's there?" said Miss Lydia, opening it just sufficiently to obtain a glimpse of a tall, pale man, with a pocket handkerchief folded turbanwise around his head.

"Excuse me," said this apparition, "but I believe I have lost my way.

"I AM THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE HOSPITAL."

Might I ask shelter from the shower? I am the young man from the hospital."

"Certainly not," said Miss Lydia, closing the door abruptly in his face, with a little shriek. "Good gracious! have I stood face to face with the—smallpox case?"

And then she rang for the servant and the camphor bottle and went into hysterics.

Mrs. Printemps lived in the next house—a picturesque cottage overhung with Virginia creepers, with a little plaster cast of Cupid in the garden, and a great many bluebells and carnations—a young widow who read all the newest books, and sometimes wrote gushing poems. Mrs. Printemps imagined herself like the gifted and unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, and dressed up to the part, as far as nineteenth-century prejudices allowed her; and she was seated by the casement, trying to find a rhyme to suit a most unaccommodating line of poetry, when the tall, pale stranger appeared under her window, "for all the world," as Mrs. Printemps subsequently expressed it, "like a troubadour or David Rizzio himself."

"Excuse me, madam," he began, "but I am from the hospital, and—"

"My goodness me!" ejaculated Mrs. Printemps, jumping to her feet; "how dare you come here and tell me that to my face! Why don't they isolate you?"

"Madam—" said the surprised stranger.

"Go away!" said Mrs. Printemps, banging down her window and bolting it noisily. "Betsey"—to her girl—"run across the meadow to Mrs. Underhay's, and tell her that the smallpox case is rampaging all over the country, trying to get people to let him in, and she isn't to open the door on any account. And stop at Dr. Duer's and ask him what sort of sanitary regulation he calls this kind of thing?"

"I am afraid to meet him, mem!" said Betsey, getting behind the sideboard, "and I ain't been vaccinated for seven years, and—"

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Printemps. "If you go across the pasture field, you'll get there fully five minutes before he does. Make haste now."

Kate Duer was standing in her doorway watching the storm roll grandly over the mountain tops, when a weary and bewildered traveler entered the gate and came hesitatingly in.

"I beg your pardon," said he, meekly, "but I think there must be something singular in my appearance. People seem to shut their doors against me, and shun me as if I had the pestilence. And I cannot find the residence of Mr. Dibble, the clergyman. Would it be asking too much if I were to request permission to rest in your porch until the storm is over? I came from the hospital, and—"

"Oh, I understand," said Kate, quickly, "you are the smallpox patient; but I have been vaccinated, and am not afraid of the disease. There is a very

MR. AMORY ENJOYED HIS TEA.

comfortable chamber in the second story of the barn, and you shall be carefully nursed and taken care of there if—"

"But you are mistaken," cried the young man; "I am not—"

"Hush!" said Kate, gently. "Do not be afraid to confide in me. I am Dr. Duer's sister, and know the whole story. Sit here and rest a little, and I will bring you some bread and milk until my brother comes."

"I am a thousand times obliged to you," said the stranger, "and the bread and milk will taste delicious after my long walk. But I do not know what leads you to think that I am a victim to varioloid. I have lost my hat in the wind, to be sure, and am compelled to wear this Syrian-looking drapery on my head, but I never had smallpox, and hope I never shall."

Kate Duer turned red.

"Then," said she, "if you are not the smallpox case, who are you?"

"I am Felix Amory," said the young stranger, "the chaplain of St. Lucetta's hospital in New York. I am to preach in aid of home missions on Sunday next."

Kate Duer burst out laughing.

"And everyone has been mistaking you for the smallpox case!" said she. "Oh, Mr. Amory, do come in! How could we all have been so stupid? But, you see, the minute you began to speak of the hospital—"

"I dare say it was very awkward of me," said Mr. Amory, "but it's the way I have always mentioned myself to strangers. St. Lucetta's, you know—"

"Yes, I know," said Kate. "But to our good folks there is only one hospital in the world, and that is Pitcherville institute."

Mr. Amory enjoyed his tea—sliced peaches and delicate "angel cake"—very much, as he sat *tete-a-tete* with Kate Duer by the soft light of the shaded lamp, while the rain pattered without. And when the doctor came in it was cozier yet.

"The smallpox case?" said he. "Oh, that is safely isolated at Hope's Quarry, since this morning, and doing very well, too, I am happy to say. Upon my word, Mr. Amory, I am sorry you have had such a disastrous experience."

Miss Lydia Larkspur was quite indignant when she heard that Mr. Amory was staying at Dr. Duer's residence.

"Just like Kate Duer," said she, "to maneuver to get that poor young man into her hands, after all. But if a man rushes all around the country, telling everybody that he comes from a hospital, what can he expect?"

"The most awkward thing I ever heard of in my life," said Mrs. Printemps.

But this was not Felix Amory's last visit to Pitcherville. He came in autumn when the leaves were red, and then in the frozen beauty of winter. And the last time he asked Kate Duer "if she was willing to encounter the trials of a minister's wife?" And Kate after a little hesitation, said she was willing to try.—Woman's Journal.

FARM AND GARDEN.

HOMEMADE BROODER.

Its Designer Claims That It Is Practical in Every Respect.

Some time ago I promised a description of my homemade brooder. I wish to say on the start that while not costly it is thoroughly practical for ordinary purposes, for it has been tested and does its work well.

The size I shall give is large enough to accomodate 95 or 100 chickens which is as many as ought to be in one flock. To warm the brooder, I use a common tin wash-boiler with cover. In the center of the bottom I insert a 2½-inch pipe, open at the lower end but closed at the top, and long enough to reach within two inches of top of the boiler. The hot air going into this tube from the lamp underneath heats the water that surrounds it.

The brooder box should be 4½ feet long and 2 feet 8 inches wide, and as deep as the boiler is high, with room under the floor for an ordinary hand lamp with chimney; use lamp with wide wick, and let it come within an inch of the mouth of the tube. The boiler can be placed lengthwise or across the floor as one may wish, yet there must be plenty of room to let the chickens come around the boiler without being crowded.

The floor should be high enough to allow the boiler to come to the top of the brooder, so as not to let the steam into the chamber where the chickens are. Cut a hole in the floor one foot square, over which set the boiler and under it place the lamp, with the

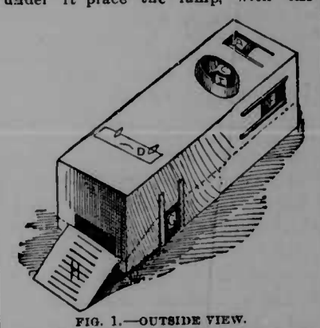

FIG. 1.—OUTSIDE VIEW.

A, glass slide for ventilation, 9x12 inch. B, top of boiler. T, tube running down through boiler. C, cover over top of tube. D, hinged trap door, to ventilate and clean. F, G, glass slides, 9x12. E, entrance for chicks to brooder chamber. H, inclined platform for chicks to reach brooder chamber. Dotted line shows where floor of brooder is.

chimney under the mouth of the tube. Fill the boiler about two-thirds full of hot water, light the lamp, shut up the brooder, and in a few moments it will be warm, ready for the little chicks.

Cut a hole in top, forward of the boiler, cover nicely with a 9x12 glass, also two in the side the same size. These should be so they can slide back and forth. The top one is for light and ventilation; the side holes are for light, and through them the brooder can be easily cleaned. Another hole should be cut in the side below the floor, in order to place the lamp under the boiler, and to remove it for filling and trimming. We use glass here also, as we can more readily see how the lamp is burning.

In front is another glass door, so the chickens can come out upon the platform to eat. Never feed in the chamber. Cover the floor with sand or saw-

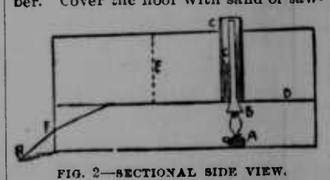

FIG. 2—SECTIONAL SIDE VIEW.

A, lamp. B, tube running up through boiler. C, D, floor of brooder. F, entrance to brooder for chicks. H, inclined platform. E is a movable partition, to make brooder chamber smaller when desiring to increase the warmth, in cold weather.

dust so that it can be cleaned easily. The platform can be attached to the brooder with hinges so it can be lowered or raised as needed.

When the room is warm enough for the chickens they will keep away from the boiler, but when they want to be brooded they will gather around the boiler. The lamp should not be allowed to go out until warm weather. If the brooder stands outdoors, place something over the top of the box to protect it during a hard rain. Make the brooder of matched lumber. The expense will be nearly as follows:

Lumber	$1 25
Boiler	1 25
Tube and fitting	30
Lamp	50
Labor	2 00
Glass	20
Total	$5 50

If used out of doors, keep thoroughly painted. We raised a large number of ducks and chicks with one of these brooders last year, and have it in use this year. The room beneath the brooder can be used as a sleeping apartment for chicks after they get old enough not to need a heated room. I use the lower part for ducks. It is a cheap, practical brooder in all respects.—T. B. Rogers, in Ohio Farmer.

How to Give Salt to Hogs.

Hogs need salt as regularly and as fully as any other stock on the farm, and as with other stock in nearly all cases the better plan is to keep a supply where they can help themselves rather than to depend upon giving them a small supply at stated intervals. If they are obliged to go without for some time and then have access to all they can eat at once, there is always some danger of their eating too much. A better plan than that of giving salt alone, even when a supply is kept where they can help themselves, is to take ashes and salt and mix well together, put in a box in a corner of the feeding place and replenish before the box is entirely empty. The hogs will help themselves and will keep healthier and thriftier than if the salting is only done at intervals.—Prairie Farmer.

BARN WITHOUT BEAMS.

It Has No Cross Timbers in the Way of Fork or Slings.

Subscribers occasionally ask how to build a barn 45x100 feet, with a basement, so as to have no cross timbers in the way of fork or slings. For such a barn, I would not think of using posts less than 24 feet long. With posts so long, the barn will cost no more than if the posts were but 16 feet long, except the extra lumber used in posts and siding, and one additional girt, while it will hold fully double as much in the mows.

The old way of building a barn, if only 30x40 feet, was to have a "straddle girt," a "big beam" and a "purlin beam," so that with 14 or 16-foot posts there was but very slack space between timbers, and it was almost out of the question to use a horse fork.

The cut shows a single cross beat of a barn 45 feet wide, with 24-foot posts, and also shows how it may be framed

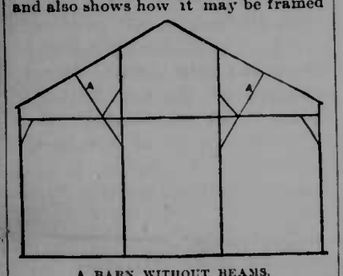

A BARN WITHOUT BEAMS.

so as to leave clear space from the floor to the ridge, the whole length of the barn, for using a fork or slings. As will be seen, the purlin posts run from floor to rafters, with a beam from near the top of the main posts to these, and the whole well braced. The slanting brace from beam to rafter, midway between the main and purlin posts, marked A, may be omitted if the rafters are made strong enough to support the roof without sagging.

For posts and beams, I would advise 8x8, 8x10, or 10x10-inch, according to the kind of timber used. The braces will be better if doubled, with 4x4 scantling. By doubled is meant placing one on each side of the timber. By all means, they should be framed in, so as to be pinned at each end; they then brace both ways.

A barn of this size with 10-foot basement—it should not be less—will afford plenty of room for 60 cows placed in two rows in stalls, heads out, and a driveway for hauling manure in cleaning the stables. It will give stalls that may be varied in size from 3 to 3½ feet; or they may all be put in of the same size. To ventilate the stable, two trunks or chutes may be run down each side of the barn, not less than three feet square, into the feeding alleys in front of the cows. These should extend up the side of the barn to the rafters, follow them up, and unite from each side in the bottom of ventilating cupolas, which should be provided with swinging doors. In this case, doors may be placed along the sides of the chutes to be open so as to use them for throwing fodder and bedding from the loft to the stable. Or, if preferred, and it is certainly best, two trunks four feet square may be run from the basement to the cupola, being placed in the center of the barn sideways, equi-distant from the ends and having separate chutes for forage. I am aware that, theoretically, it is better to have these ventilators go down to near the floor. But practically, I have never seen any difference, so I would not try to have them go down if I adopted the plan of having separate ones near the center. If I made them do double duty, and placed them at the side of the barn, I would put them down to within three feet of the floor if I wished. If the stables are properly cleaned, and plenty of absorbents is used, I have never seen any trouble in getting pure air *in* if I provided for taking the impure air out; so it is not necessary to be to any expense on this score.—J. S. Woodward, in Rural New Yorker.

Summer Food for Hogs.

A good clover pasture is one of the best places for both brood sows and their pigs. A mixture of grass is desirable rather than otherwise. Blue grass is best liked by hogs, but orchard grass has advantages from its early and luxuriant growth and because of its unusual rapidity of growth after being cut and eaten off even in dry weather when blue grass grows slowly or scarcely at all. For the spring pasturage of sows and pigs rye starts early and is quite palatable. A mixture of oats and peas is much liked by many southern hog raisers. Early sweet corn, stalk and ear, is relished by swine and is eaten with avidity. Dent corn furnishes a succession of food. Root crops have also been found of great value and where artichokes make a thrifty growth are a good and economical feed.—Farm and Home.

Moral Influence of Farm Life.

Hon. Solon A. Thatcher said to a Kansas audience: "It is safe to say that every question which contains within its solution what Emerson calls morality has found its staunchest advocates and defenders, numerically at least, in rural communities. The seclusion of the farmer's life, the evenings devoted to books and current literature, the anxiety for lives of probity and usefulness for his children, devoting many a twilight hour to the planting of bright and hopeful thoughts in earnest, inquiring hearts—the room for meditation upon the teachings and readings of the night before, as many an almost mechanical duty fills the hours—all these aids and impulses bestow upon the farmer and his children opportunities for right learning and right views not possessed by those whose nights are full of intrusions and alluring amusements or enjoyments."

TO DRY a mare up in her milk, feed her straw for a few days, or a little hay, and rub soft soap on her udder. Give her a reduced amount of water. Milk the udder out only partially each day.

MALICIOUS.

YOUNG PHYSICIAN—This morning I was called to see my first patient.

HIS FRIEND (a lawyer)—Let me congratulate you. If he desires to make a will you will, of course, recommend *me*.—Fliegende Blaetter.

No Danger.

"Darling," she murmured, in one of those fits of soulful sentimentality common to her, "if I should die first, you would never, never marry again, would you?"

"I?" he replied with a look of infinite earnestness in his eyes and a decided tone in his voice; "I marry again? Never!"

And she smiled and was satisfied.—St. Louis Republic.

A DIFFICULT POINT.

Marion—Oh, Laura! I don't know what to do. Fred has promised that he will stop drinking if I will marry him, and Charlie says he'll take to drink if I don't marry him.—Judy.

Taken Up.

He (at 11:30 p. m.)—Are you ever troubled with insomnia?

She (wearily)—Yes, very often.

He—I have heard that walking in the open air before retiring is beneficial.

She (hopefully)—Let's try it! You do the walking and I'll retire.—Life.

Asking the Impossible.

"You will have to get somebody to identify you," said the paying teller.

"But that's impossible!" exclaimed the presenter of the check. "Since I've had this check in my possession I've been so proud that my own mother wouldn't know me."—Boston Transcript.

High Life Diplomacy.

Pastor—Do you set your daughter a good example, Mrs. Hauton?

Mrs. Hauton—Don't I, indeed? I call her into the room every time John and I have a row. I don't want her to repeat the blunder that I made in spoiling a husband.—N. Y. World.

Not to Be Thwarted.

He—Did you know there were microbes in kisses?

She—That's all right, Charley. The young man I had last summer said there was poison in ice cream, too, but it didn't scare me one bit.—Detroit Free Press.

Preferred His Own Method.

Doctor—I told you plainly that you should rub the brandy that I ordered for you about your stomach, and now you have drunk it.

Patient—Yes, but you see, doctor, I have never in my life cared much for externals.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Look Out for It.

The rain descends upon the plant,
And makes it grow the taller;
But when it strikes the summer pant
It's apt to make that smaller.
—Detroit Tribune.

TRAPPING THE TALENT.

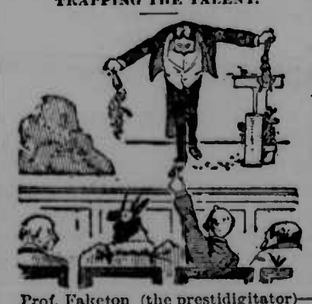

Prof. Faketon (the prestidigitator)—Ladies and gentlemen, I have turned the penny into a dollar and the dollar into two rabbits. My next surprise—

Fancier (who has edged up)—Will be turnin' ther dollar inter me for th' two rabbits yer owes me fer, before th' show goes any furder, see!—Truth.

Not Fatal.

"Tommy fainted at the club the other night. We thought he was going to die."

"Well, did he kick the bucket?"

"No; he only turned a little pale."—Truth.

Too Late.

The house had been aroused by a burglar. Mr. Jones saw a man with a mask going through the pockets of his pantaloons, and, quick as thought, he shot at him, the intruder making good his escape.

"Why," asked Mrs. Jones, thoroughly awake, "what did you scare me for?"

"I saw a man robbing my pockets and fired at him."

"Well, he didn't get anything," said she, complacently.

"How do you know?"

"O, I tried 'em myself before we went to bed."—Adams Freeman.

An Unpleasant Meeting.

Patrick Ragan had a face on him that, as he had once remarked himself, was an "offince to the landscape." Next to his homelessness his poverty was the most conspicuous part of him. An Irish neighbor met him recently, when the following colloquy ensued:

"An' how are ye, Pat?"

"Moighty bad, intoirely. It's shtarvation that's shtarin' me in the face."

"Is that so? Sure, an' it can't be very pleasant for ayther of yez."—Richmond Dispatch.

Not Till Then?

When the buttons on my vest
Tear themselves away,
And the spots upon my coat
Proclaim they've come to stay,
When my socks all run to holes
And everything's agee,
Then, dear wife, so far away,
I fondly think of thee.
—N. Y. World.

Should Have Been Thankful.

"I ask for bread," exclaimed the mendicant bitterly, "and you give me a brickbat!"

The man glanced apprehensively in the direction of his young bride, who was bending eagerly over the cooking stove.

"Hush!" he whispered. "That's nothing to what you'd have got if you had asked for custard."—Mercury.

HE ACCOUNTED FOR IT.

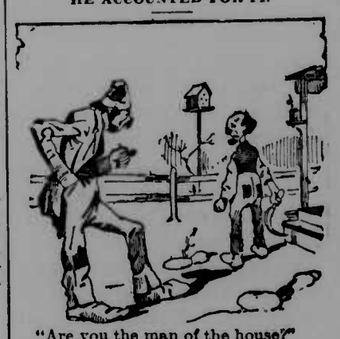

"Are you the man of the house?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where's your wife?"

"Dead, sir.

"I thought so."—St. Louis Republic.

A Prophet of Woe.

"You say," remarked the bicycle to a low-spirited stranger whom it had met by accident in a back street, "you say that my popularity will not last. Who are you, and how do you know?"

"I know my experience," said the stranger, lugubriously. "I am the roller skate."—Chicago Record.

New Order of Things.

The twentieth century dude who goes
Upstairs to his room at night
Will probably, after he doffs his clothes
And ere he puts out his light,
Stoop down by the side of the couch or cot
And lift the edge of the spread
To satisfy himself that there's not
A woman under the bed.
—Boston Courier.

Not Deadly Enough.

Fweddy (blowing the smoke through his nose)—I cawn't see why you hate these things so.

Jawge—You can't?

Fweddy—No. I smoke a dozen boxes a day and they don't do me any hawm.

Jawge—Well, that's why.—Chicago Tribune.

How He Paid It.

First Boweryite—I pay my rent by der quarter now.

Second Boweryite—Come off! What yer givin' me?

First Boweryite—Dat's right—twenty-five cents a night.—N. Y. World.

Seizing the Opportunity.

Little Billee (explaining)—In an affair of this kind, you see, a large man has a great advantage. Now, you take a small man like me—

Miss O'Farrell—Oh, Mr. Baghot. This is so sudden.—Brooklyn Life.

Absent-Minded.

Customer (with chapped hands)—Have you anything that will drive away chaps?

Druggist (man of family)—Yes, I keep a dog.—N. Y. Weekly.

SHE FELL AMONG FRIENDS.

The Happy Conclusion of a Poor Girl's Bitter Experience.

She wns a quiet little woman, with n very pale face. Her serge gown was worn and shabby. The blue had faded into a sort of heliotrope. She wore a pink shirt wnist which had also faded, and wns streaked, but was scrupulously clean. The shabby shoes and the frayed gloves carried out the general impression of poverty.

She walked to a small table in the corner and sat down with a certain grim determination in her manner. The very way in which she pulled her chair up to the table was full of decision. The very way she dragged off her shabby gloves and laid them to one side suggested desperntion. She read the menu card over and gave her order to Pierre, quite distinctly though in a low tone. Then she leaned back, her lips, which lacked the ruddiness of health, drawn closely together.

"Queer-looking girl, that," remarked the artist to his wife, as he tossed up a salad.

"Yes, isn't she?" remarked the artist's wife, nibbling an olive.

"She doesn't look like the bohemian sort," pursued he.

"She looks like—a—well, a teacher, as far as her face goes, and a starving milliner's assistant as regards clothes and air," commented Mrs. Artist, critically.

"She does seem hard up, that's a fact."

Meantime Pierre placed the tureen before the hungry-looking girl. The aroma of soup floated on the air. The girl's transparently white face was suffused with color for an instant as she carried the ladle toward her soup plate. Then there wns a little crash, a little cry, and soup was trickling down the shabby gown. The pale-face girl had fainted.

They bore her to the little parlor and Mrs. Artist, who was a recognized authority at the cafe, because she always dined there, unfastened the frayed, stiffly-starched shirt collar and ordered some sherry. The white-faced girl revived beneath the stimulant and drew a long-drawn, shudderiug sigh. Then she unresistingly took more of the wine the golden-haired woman was forcing upon her. When she had recovered somewhat the wise little wife of the nrtist forbade her to speak.

"When you have drunk this broth," she said, in the voice of a commander in chief, "you may tell me all about it."

The girl draak the broth obediently.

"Now," said the artist's wife, "what does it all mean?"

The pink flush suffused the white face again.

"I hadn't had anything to eat for so long that I was faint," whispered the girl. "And I didn't have money to pay for my dinner, and—hunger—and—fear—made me—"

"Yes, I see," nodded Mrs. Artist, as though to be starving and a swindler were natural occurrences. "I see, but how did it happeu? Tell me in just a few words."

"I'm a music teacher," faltered the girl, "and music student. Alone in New York. Home in Ohio. Boarded on Tenth street. Lost my pupils; lost my money. Couldn't write home; they're poor. Stopped taking my meals in the house. Did chamber work to pay for my room. Finally didn't have a cent. I couldn't borrow or beg for money and I couldn't earn any. It—it—I hadn't anything to eat for three days nnd I made up my mind to have one dinner if I was put in jail for it."

"I underst nnd perfectly," snid the artist's wife, in the tone of one who had frequently experienced starvation. "Now come out and dine with us, Miss——"

"Miss Wylie," said the girl, blushing.

"My dear," snid the artist's wife that night, "you are going to print a picture of a thin, pale, spiritual-faced, shabby young woman teaching a round, rosy little cherub the violin. You are going to call it 'The Music Teacher,' and sell it to old Mr. Van Fanceer, who likes you, for two hundred dollars or so. And you are going to give Miss Wylie n hundred of those dollars for being such a perfect model for the subject. Then she's going to spend the summer on an Ohio farm. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly, my love," replied the docile lms band.—N. Y. World.

THE TALE OF A FINGER BOWL.

Its Advent, Its Vogue and Its Final Downthrow in Brownsville.

The finger bowl struck Brownsville directly after the salted almond, and just before the embroidered centerpiece. Indeed, it followed so closely in the almond's wake that not more than three persons in town had begun to say "al; mon"—the rest pronounced it nl-mond, and were very flat footed about it.

The finger bowl was introduced by Miss Jones at her tea party. It was a red glass one with dimples, and Miss Jones passed it nround herself after the guests had finished their tea. There were floating upon the water sundry thin slices of lemon, and, of course, the first two women drank out of it. Please don't fancy that had you never seen or heard of finger bowls you would have done better. Remember no printed directions accompanied the bowl. Miss Jones' sister sat third in line. After watching her, the rest did better.

Mrs. Petefish was the next to follow the fashion. She had two opalescent bowls with crinkley edges. She said that they were newer. And she dispensed with lemon. She let a geranium leaf float in each bowl, for, she said, "geranium has n nasty taste, and those who drink once won't try it again." They didn't. And thus, at two sittings, Brownsville wns educated up to the finger-bowl. After that it was the rage, for, as Mrs. Petefish remarked: "There's one thing about we Brownsvillites, we pick n thing up quick."

The male Brownsvillite never took kindly to this innovation. When it was placed before him, he either quite ignored it or else he tried to be funny about it, and said that he would "pass." In his heart he hated it.

Still the popularity of the finger-bowl increased, and it came on now in half dozens, with fringed doylies underneath. Even the younger set caught the craze, and some of the pretty girls would sit out dances together to hear about a new pattern of drawn work for a finger-bowl doyley, while the young men awkwardly waltzed about in pairs.

The men began to sneer more openly after this, and occasionally managed to upset and break n bowl as though by accident; but there was no organized revolt.

It was not until Christmas that it got its death warrant.

You see there were a lot of children in Rev. Mr. Goodman's family, nnd, as times were hard and his salary behind, the poor man was discouraged and disheartened. So, when on Christmas morning a boy handed in a parcel marked: "For Our Pastor's Wife," it was almost with tears in his eyes that he carried it to his spouse.

"For you, dear," he said with a little quaver in his voice, as he began to unwrap the paper covering. "I do hope it's a black silk gown, for you need one so much. I don't mind all this poverty myself, but for you, my brave little woman; it is too"— And then he saw the finger bowls—six of them—red, blue, green, yellow, opal and purple.

Bobby Petefish looked at the world through n rosy mist, and Bill Simpkins surveyed his mother through a golden glass.

"What! where did you boys get that colored glass?" she queried, sharply.

"In the alley behind the preacher's house," snickered Bill, producing n pocketful of glittering bits—red, blue, green, yellow, opal and purple.

The reign of the finger bowl declined rapidly after that, nnd now it is ns a tale that is told. And to this day, when Rev. Mr. Goodman walks abroad, the men of Brownsville say: "Ahl there goes a man!"—Puck.

DIAGNOSING A CASE OF LOVE.

How Tommy Consulted His Doctor Friend and Won Her.

Some men have the misfortune to inspire youth with confidence. The writer is one of them.

Tommy Bantam is as nice a youngster as there is in Washington, and is desperate about that charming Miss Ponsonby. For two years he has been her shadow, and in the matter of flowers nnd candy has nearly impoverished himself. I found him the other night in the smoking room of the Beer nnd Skittles club absorbed in thought and mighty low in mind.

"What is her nnme, Tommy, my boy?" said I, going to the root of the matter at once.

Then he broke down, ordered the beer and cigars, and began to unpack his heart.

"I will you all about it, mine nncient." Then he went on to say that he was dreadfully cut up and couldn't for the life of him just tell where he stood with Miss Ponsonby.

"She is so illusive, gracious and nice there is no cornering her," said he, getting warmed up to his work of unpacking. "If I approach the all-important topic she freezes and petrifies. So long as I nm friendly and conventional that girl is bewildering, fascinating, but commit herself she won't. Now, I want you to go up and call with me, and see if you can discover any symptoms of favor toward me."

"All right, my boy," said I, "I will take charge of the case. It promises to be very interesting and to have new phases."

So Tommy and I went to see the ernel fair one. She received me very graciously, gave Tommy two fingers, nnd then proceeded to ignore his presence and limit her conversation to me. She told him he would find mamma and the girls in the dining-room and some new photographs in the library. She talked a blue streak to me, five hundred revolutions of the tongue to the second. When Tommy came back nnd I rose to leave she gnve me a cordial handshake, poked her left hand out sideways toward Tommy, who was a little in the rear, shot a quick glance at him, quickly withdrew her hand, and, laughiug, ran out of the room.

When we got outside Tommy burst out with: "You see how it is; she doesn't care a baw-bee for me, for she hardly spoke to me and talked all the time to you."

"Thomas, my son," said I, in the deep, professional tone of n regular practitioner, "Thomas, my son, you are as blind as a bat nnd stupid ns an owl; why, that girl madly dotes on you. She has all the amatory symptoms of a severe case. I made a diagnosis of it. First she wns shy, distant and ill at ease with you. Second, she took no notice of you and wanted you out of the room the better to make a good impression on your friend. She gave herself dead away at parting. Her impressive cordiality toward me did not mean a thing, but that shy putting out of her left hnnd to you and saying 'good night,' without daring to look at you more than a second, was proof positive. She is hard hit. Go up there to-morrow night and court her. My word for it she surrenders."

Tommy took my prescription like a little man and was accepted, and all that remains to be done is to fix the wedding day.—Washington Post.

Stub Ends of Thought.

Diplomacy is not a science, bnt an art.

It is because a woman doesn't know what to do with a secret, that she can't keep it.

Solitude is the salt of thought.

The worry of the day is a bad bedfellow.

Women talk better than men because they have more practice.

Good advice is harder to take than bad.

Babies are the best educators of women.

Poverty is pulverized prosperity.

Talk moves fast when the burden of thought is light.—Detroit Free Press.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Cholly believes in himself thoroughly," said one girl. "Yes," replied the other; "he's so credulous."—Washington Star.

—Biggs—"Why does Brown always write his jokes on such thin paper?" Diggs—"So the editor can see through them, I suppose."—Albany Journal.

—From Her Standpoint.—He—"How do you like my new diamond scarf-pin?" She—"It would look much better made over into a ring."—Detroit Free Press.

—First Sojourner—"Do you always get your meals on time here?" Second Sojourner—"Yes; I have to till some of my friends show up. I'm deucedly glad to see you."—Boston Courier.

—Lumleigh—"What makes you think young Plether Waite is a drummer for a bicycle concern?" Chumleigh—"Anybody can see that. He carries samples in his head."—N. Y. World.

—A Lively Time.—She—"I was playing whist also last night. It was the first meeting of our Young Ladies' Whist club." He—"I wondered what made you so hoarse."—Harlem Life.

—Helen—"How could you give up Harry Hinussman for Tom Waterman? You used to think everything of Harry." Martha—"I know; but the theaters are nearly all closed now, and Tom has such a lovely yacht."—Boston Transcript.

—Visitor (to attendant friar in the refectory of a convent)—"Are we allowed to smoke here?" Friar—"No, sir." Visitor—"Then where do all these stumps of cigars come from that I see lying about?" Friar—"From those gentlemen who didn't nsk."—Tagliche Rundschau.

—Putting Him on His Mettle.—"Doctor," said the sick man, who is painfully shrewd, "I haven't a dollar to leave to posterity; not a square inch of real estate, nor a scrap of personal property." "I don't quite see how that concerns me." "I dunno that it does in particular. Only I was hopin' that I'd get well right soon so's to hustle around and earn money to pay your bill."—Washington Star.

—A New York undertaker, or funeral director, as the reader may prefer, advertised for a driver for a hearse, and among the applicants he selected a good-looking, strong fellow, with a solemn countenance, and took him into his private office. "Before employing you," said the undertaker, "I want to know if you have had any experience in this business?" "Well, I never drove n hearse," admitted the applicant, "but I've drove the next thing to it, and I guess I can give you satisfaction." "How do you mean? I don't understnnd," and it was evident from the undertaker's puzzled look that he was speaking the truth. "Why," said the applicant, with confidence, "I drove a rapid delivery wagon in Philadelphia for seven years." He got the job.—N. Y. Sun.

—It was a Tennessee Methodist class leader who had before him a six months, probationer whom he was questioning for admission to all the privileges of the church. "Well, Snmbo," said the class leader, "I hope you are prepared to live a Christian life in accordance with your profession. Have you stolen any chickens during the last six months?" "No, sah! I done stole no chickens." "Have you stolen any turkeys or pigs?" Sambo looked grieved. "No, sah!" "I am very glad to hear this good report," continued the class leader, "and I trust you will continue to live an honest, Christian life." After church Sambo hurried home with his wife, who had overheard the catechising. When they were fairly out of everybody's hearing he drew a long breath of relief and turned a self approving glance to his better half. "Golly," he said, in a half-cautious whisper, "ef he'd er said ducks I'd be'n n lost niggah, suah."—Boston Budget.

Maine's Extinct Volcano.

Although Haystack mountain, in Aroostook, is said to be the remains of an extinct volcano, it has been the general opinion that the traces of lava in Maine were conspicuous only by their absence. But Prof. W. S. Bayley, of Colby university, is quoted as proving by a series of rocks at North Haven, that Knox county once was the sent of a great volcano which was subject to as violent eruptions as Vesuvius. Even to the present day lava sheets may be seen stretching over the northern half of Vinalhaven. "When Vesuvius was born," says Prof. Bayley, "it cast up nshes and dust, which, in falling, burned the cities of Pompeii nnd Herculnneum. The Maine volcann emptied similar material, nnd in quantities large enough to bury a dozen towns." The age of this old volcano and even its exact site nre not yet known, but it is such n perfectly preserved example of an ancient volcano that it has attracted attention beyond the borders of the state, and will be studied exhanstively by Mr. G. O. Smith, at the Johns Hopkins university, and will be made the subject of his doctor's thesis. —Lewiston Journal.

A Doctor's Joke.

The late Dr. Yandell wns fond of telling the following joke: A lndy patient one morning greeted him with the remark: "Doctor, I had such a singular dream about you last night." "Indeed. What was it?" "Why, I dreamed that I died nnd went to Heaven. I knocked at the golden gate, and was answered by Peter, who asked my nnme and address and told the recording angel to bring his book. He hnd considernble difficulty in finding my name, and hesitated so long over the entry when he did find it, that I wns terribly afraid something was wrong; but he snddenly looked up and asked: 'What did you say your name was?' I told him again. 'Why,' said he, 'you have no business here. You're not due these ten or fifteen years yet.' 'Well,' said I, 'Dr. Yandell said—' 'Oh, you're one of Yandell's patients, are you? That accounts for it. Come right in! Come right in! That man's always upsetting our calculations in some way.'"—Vis Medicatrix.

MADE UP A COFFINED CORPSE.

Ghastly Job an Artist Undertook to Please an Undertaker Friend.

A well known artist of Syracuse, N. Y., amuses his friends with an experience he had some time ago that has a tinge of the uncanny. It seems, says the Washington Star, that the artist has a friend who is an undertaker, and who at that time was badly in need of assistance. It seems that the undertaker had accidentally spilled a fluid upon the face of a body he was preparing for burial, and on account of his carelessness the fluid had acted upon the skin and turned it black in many places. The undertaker realized that something must be done, and that very soon. It would be out of the question for the family to learn of the accident. For a moment he was nonplused, but his mind shortly turned to his artist friend, and he thought that he could relieve him.

"It was at night when he called," said the artist, in narrating the story, "and I had retired. At first it seemed impossible for me to attempt such a job as he laid before me, but his sad plight touched me, and I finally consented to do the best in my power. I went to the house with my box of paints. The undertaker entered the front door, but he feared that suspicion would be aroused if I was seen. According to arrangements, I waited outside until he had reached the death chamber. Then he silently raised the window, and I crawled stealthily in. For more than an hour I labored silently upon the spotted face, carefully painting over the black places, and finishing the whole with that effect which betokens death.

"It was a ghastly job, and I never want another like it. After it was all over the body looked as lifelike as possible, and no one ever knew that the face was entirely made up."

TO USE THE KNIFE

And Submit to a Painful Operation—This the Doctors Advised as the Only Hope, the Case Being a Critical One—The Happy Termination of a Deep-Rooted Prejudice.

Mr. Lincoln Nelson, of Hartville, Mo., had an interesting experience with the doctors recently, and was on the verge of a painful surgical operation. He writes: "I hereby add my unqualified endorsement of your excellent remedy, S. S. S. For six years I have been a sufferer from a scrofulous affection of the glands of my neck, and all efforts of physicians in Washington, D. C., Springfield, Ill., and St. Louis failed to reduce the enlargement. After six months' constant treatment here my physician urged me to submit to a removal of the gland. At this critical moment a friend recommended S. S. S., and laying aside a deep-rooted prejudice against all patent medicines, I began its use. Before I had used one bottle the enlargement began to disappear, and now it is entirely gone, and I am almost cured. I am not through with my second bottle yet. Had I only used your S. S. S. years ago, I could have escaped years of misery and saved over $150. If this endorsement will serve you in any way, use it."

This experience is like that of all who suffer with deep-seated blood troubles. The doctors can do no good, and even their resorts to the knife prove either fruitless or fatal. S. S. S. is the only real blood remedy. It gets at the root of the disease, and forces it out permanently.

How He Got Ahead.

"Come on, uncle, if you want to catch this train."

"How long do it take dis train to go, sah?"

"This is the express train. One hour."

"How long do it take de nex' train to go, sah?"

"Accommodation. Two hours."

"Den I take de nex' train, sah."

And he turned away to remark to those standing by: "Dese big corp'rations ain't gwine to git ahead of me; 'deed dey ain't. I'se gwine to git de wurf of my money, I is."—Judge.

BILLY—"Maw, I should think it would be a heap more careless to cast pearls before chickens than to cast 'em before swine." His Mother—"Why so, Billy?" Billy—"'Cause they'd eat 'em."

Why She Smiles Sweetly.

Sparkling eyes, quick beating heart, and the rosy blush of pleasure on the cheeks, makes the strong man happy when he meets his lady love. That's the kind of a man whose very touch thrills because it is full of energy, vigorous nerve power and vitality. Tobacco makes strong men impotent, weak and skinny. No-To-Bac sold by Druggists everywhere. Guaranteed to cure. Book, titled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York or Chicago.

MERELY REPOSEFUL.—Hardworker—"Idleness is as fatiguing as reposo is sweet." Tramp—"That's why I ain't never idle."

TWO HEADS are better than one in a dime museum.—Puck.

BORROWED troubles are the heartiest.—Ram's Horn.

RICH in fit epithets, blest in the lovely marriage of pure words.—Brewer.

EVERY man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.—Pope.

THE world will pity you for what you lose; never for what you lack.—Mme. Swetchine.

A LIE is the blackest thing outside of the pit.—Ram's Horn.

WIT is the god of moments, but genius is the god of ages.—Bruvere.

MORE water glideth by the mill that wots the miller of.—Shakespeare.

AS A mode of suicide, killing time is still very popular.—Young Men's Era.

BEHIND the shadow there is always a light.—Ram's Horn.

THE youth of the soul is everlasting and eternity is truth.—Richter.

THE mind conceives with pain, but it brings forth with delight.—Joubert.

WYLD—"Can't you overcome your thirst for rum?" Tramp—"Yes, sir, with a dime."—Life.

"SO THIS is the end of our engagement, is it? "Oh, no, not necessarily. I shall be here again next summer."—Life.

AS LAND is improved by sowing it with various seeds, so is the mind by exercising it with different studies.—Pliny.

POSSIBLY the only case where coming out on top doesn't imply triumph is that of the bald-headed man.—Philadelphia Times.

SMITHERS (approvingly)—"Fine old wine, this." Rinktum—"Old? Well, I've owed the dealer for that wine for seventeen years."—Puck.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Still Enslaved.

Merritt—I saw one of your members take a young man into the meeting. I thought that was against the rules of the club.

Cora—Why, she is the secretary and has to bring him to sharpen her pencil for her.—Judge.

Fine Points.

Mary Jane—Why does the man in the middle of the diamond stand and hold the ball so long, and make faces at the man with the bat?

Abner—Can't you see? Wants to make him so mad he can't hit it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Queen & Crescent Route to the Atlanta Exposition.

It will be one of the greatest fairs ever known in America.

Many features of the Chicago World's Fair and many additional and new ones.

Exposition open September 18th to December 31st, 1895.

Do you want to go?

Write to W. C. RINEARSON, G. P. A., Cincinnati, O., for printed matter.

THE eternal stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough.—Carlyle.

The Pursuit of Happiness

When the Declaration of Independence asserted man's right to this, it enunciated an immortal truth. The bilious sufferer is on the road to happiness when he begins to take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the most efficacious regulator of the liver in existence. Equally reliable is it in chills and fever, constipation, dyspepsia, rheumatism, kidney trouble and nervousness. Use it regularly, and not at odd intervals.

A PESSIMIST is a man with a near-sighted soul.—N. Y. Press.

Two Hundred Miles Under Ground.

The Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company has just issued an interesting little brochure of Mammoth Cave, handsomely printed and illustrated. The text is by Dr. R. Ellsworth Call, a gentleman of scientific attainments, and the illustrations are reproductions of photographs taken by flash light. Ten cents in stamps or silver, sent to C. P. ATMORE, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., will secure a copy.

MORE COMFORTABLE HERE.—"Satan keeps himself busy in this world." "Well, you don't blame him for staying away from home, do you?"—Life.

Summer Tourist Rates.

The North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y) is now selling excursion tickets at reduced rates to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Ashland, Bayfield, Marquette, Deadwood, Dakota, Hot Springs, Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Salt Lake City, and the lake and mountain resorts of the west and northwest. For rates and full information apply to Agents of connecting lines. Illustrated pamphlets, giving full particulars, will be mailed free upon application to W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago & North-Western R'y, Chicago, Ill.

"SO THE insolent fellow refused to pay his rent." "He did not say so in words, but he intimated it." "How so?" "He kicked me downstairs."—Figaro.

I HAVE found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine.—F. R. LOTZ, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

GOOD is positive. All evil is so much death or nonentity.—Emerson.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

Dr. PIERCE'S

Golden Medical

DISCOVERY

Cures Ninety-eight per cent. of all cases of Consumption, in all its Earlier Stages.

Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but *a large percentage of cases*, and we believe, *fully 98 per cent.* are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

SWAMP-ROOT Dr. Kilmer's

The Great **KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.**

At Druggists, 50c & $1. Advice & Pamphlet free.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Low Rates to Colorado.

On account of the meeting of the National Educational Association at Denver, Col., July 5th to 12th, 1895, the North-Western Line will sell excursion tickets to Denver, Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Manitou at a rate not to exceed one fare for the round trip (with $2.00 added for membership fee). The time limit of these tickets will be extremely liberal, and an excellent opportunity will be afforded for a summer sojourn in the "Rockies," or enjoyable side trips to the Black Hills, Yellowstone National Park or the Pacific Coast. For full information apply to agents of connecting lines, or address W. B. Kniskern, General Passenger and Ticket Agent Chicago & North-Western R'y, Chicago, Ill.

HE—"I've been watching for a chance to kiss you for the last ten minutes." She—"You must be near-sighted."—Life.

The True Laxative Principle.

Of the plants used in manufacturing the pleasant remedy, Syrup of Figs, has a permanently beneficial effect on the human system, while the cheap vegetable extracts and mineral solutions, usually sold as medicines, are permanently injurious. Being well informed, you will use the true remedy only. Manufactured by California Fig Syrup Co.

TROUBLES spring from idleness, and grievous toils from needless ease.—Franklin.

GLENN'S Sulphur Soap is a genuine remedy for Skin Diseases.
Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

HOTELKEEPERS are people we have to put up with.

ECZEMA From early childhood until I was grown my family spent a fortune trying to cure me of this disease. I visited Hot Springs and was treated by the best medical men, but was not benefited. When all things had termined to **FROM** failed I detry S.S.S. and in four months was entirely cured. The terrible eczema was gone, not a sign of it left. My general health built up, and I have never had any return of the disease. I have often recommended S.S.S. and have never yet known a failure to cure. **CHILDHOOD**

GEO. W. IRWIN, Irwin, Pa.

SSS Never fails to cure, even when all other remedies have. Our treatise on blood and skin diseases mailed free to any address.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH in cakes for general blacking of a stove.

THE SUN PASTE POLISH for a quick after-dinner shine, applied and polished with a cloth.

Morse Bros., Props., Canton, Mass., U.S.A.

SUMMER **VACATION TOURS**

Special Car Parties, Personally Conducted

To COLORADO AND THE **YELLOWSTONE PARK**

FIRST TOUR
Twenty Days; Cost $190.00
Leaving Chicago Wednesday, June 26
To the Yellowstone Park via Colorado, Marshall Pass, Glenwood Springs, Salt Lake City. Six days' tour of Yellowstone Park. Returning through the Black Hills, via the Custer Battlefield and Hot Springs, So. Dak.

SECOND TOUR
Seventeen Days; Cost $160.00
Leaving Chicago Wednesday, Aug. 7
To the Yellowstone Park by way of Kansas City, Mo., and Lincoln, Neb. Through the Black Hills via Hot Springs, Deadwood and Custer Battlefield. Six days' tour of Yellowstone Park. Returning via Minneapolis and Lake Minnetonka.

THIRD TOUR
Fourteen Days; Cost $130.00
Leaving Chicago Wednesday, Aug. 14
Through Scenic Colorado by way of Denver, Manitou, Pike's Peak, Colorado Springs, Royal Gorge, Marshall Pass—Around the Circle—Mount Ouray stage ride, Rico, Durango, Glenwood Springs and Leadville.

The cost of tickets for these Tours includes railroad transportation, sleeping-car fares, meals and lodging, carriage and side trips—everything save the incidental expenses.

THE SERVICE IN ALL RESPECTS WILL BE FIRST CLASS IN EVERY PARTICULAR.

Consult your nearest ticket agent in regard to these parties, or send for a descriptive pamphlet to
T. A. GRADY, Manager Bartlerian Route Tours, 211 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

WANTED AGENTS to sell a HOUSEHOLD STAPLE used daily. Exclusive agency given in cities of 5,000 or under. Address THE COMPRESSED TEA TABLET CO., 182 Randolph St., CHICAGO.
NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

"Wash us with Pearline!

"That's all we ask. Save us from that dreadful rubbing—It's wearing us out!

"We want **Pearline**—the original washing-compound—the one that has proved that it can't hurt us—**Pearline!** Don't experiment on us with imitations! We'd rather be rubbed to pieces than eaten up." 499

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ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI

packages contain a list of novels by the most popular Authors. Five Cents in stamps will procure any one of them delivered FREE.

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BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1895.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first insertion* of the same:

Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $3; County Commissioner, $2.50; Register of Wills, $2.50; County Surveyor, $1.50.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

By the request of friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer of Garrett County, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

JACOB S. MEYERS,
District No. 2. Selbysport, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention

W. M. LOHR.
Cove, Md., March 11, 1895.

FOR SHERIFF.

At the request of my many friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Garrett County, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

AUSTIN BROWN.
Selbyspert, Md., May 31, 1895.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. Don't slight the old soldiers.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND.
Oakland, Md., May 27, 1895.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. GEORGE J. WALTER,
District No. 1. P. O., Thayerville, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party GEORGE D. WHITE,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SURVEYOR.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Surveyor of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention. F. P. GREEN.
District No. 11.

Attention, Republicans!

The Republican voters of Garrett county are requested to assemble in Primary Meeting in the several districts of the county, on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1895,

for the purpose of electing five delegates from each election district to attend a County Convention to be held in Oakland, Md., on

TUESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1895,

to select three delegates to represent Garrett county in the Republican State Convention to be held in Cambridge, Md., on

THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1895,

to nominate a candidate for Governor, Comptroller and Attorney General.

By order of the Republican State Central Committee for Garrett county.

ANDREW SHARTZER, Chairman.
C. J. OTTO, Secretary.

FOR GOVERNOR,

Lloyd Lowndes,

OF ALLEGANY COUNTY,

Subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

THE Democrats of Western Maryland, notably in Allegany and Garrett counties, are about the only ones so far in the State who seem to be able to throw off the Gorman yoke. They do not possess the qualities of weak submission to the boss that characterizes their brethren in other sections of the State. They are not satisfied with simple complaining at the dictator's rule, but when the time comes they act effectively. We are glad Montgomery is a part of political Western Maryland, and wish some of her Democrats could have the courage of their Allegany contemporaries. Gorman's wings need clipping badly.—Montgomery Press.

A Lively Row.

The Cumberland *News* of Tuesday contained the following editorial concerning the political row now in progress in the Democratic ranks in Allegany county. The same is also true of the Democracy of this county and therefore we publish the article in full:

"The trouble in the ranks of the Democratic party of Allegany county bids fair to grow in intensity and increase in bitterness. The faction representing the minority in the recent county convention has presented its case to the committee of eleven, and has likewise made its plaint public through the columns of the Baltimore *American* and the Cumberland *Times*. What effect this protest against the action of the convention will have it is impossible to determine at this time. In this community it has excited very little interest outside the ranks of the Democratic party, and as it is in line with the customary Democratic factional squabble the *News* does not feel called upon to express an opinion as to the merits of the controversy.

"The contestants represent the friends of Senator Gorman. The party in possession of the credentials represent the opposition to that gentleman in its most violent and uncompromising form. There is no possibility of any amicable settlement of the trouble. The delegates who were elected by the late Democratic county convention to represent Allegany county in the State convention will hold the overthrow of the Gorman power paramount to every other consideration. Their mission is to down Gorman, and with that end in view they will support the candidate for governor who shows the greatest strength in opposition to the machine. Never in the history of Allegany politics has a delegation more intensely bitter in its opposition to Senator Gorman been elected to a State convention, and this fact may possibly account for the desperate effort now being made to shut them out. No matter how it ends, the effect will be disastrous to Democratic hopes in this end of the State. The Republicans are therefore not likely to attempt to pour any oil upon the troubled waters in which the Democratic craft is flounddering. Let her flounder."

An Off Year in Politics.

Although politics are red-hot in this State, due to the factional fight between the Democratic leaders, this will be an off year at the polls. Important elections will be held in twelve States, as follows: Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Maryland, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Nebraska, New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and in the Territory of Utah. Interest will be taken in the elections in the three States first named, because it is there that the silver agitation has been introduced as a factor. From the present outlook the free coinage advocates will be buried out of sight and this will leave a clear field for the National contests which will occur next year. If the sound money men score a decided victory in the coming fall elections, it will tend to remove the silver issue from the presidential campaign. In 1896, in addition to a president, a new House of Representatives will be elected, and twenty-nine United States senators whose terms will expire in 1897 will be effected by the result of the legislative contests. It is a good thing from a business standpoint that the remainder of this year will be comparatively free from election excitement.

Arrival of the Third.

The anxious husband and the faithful private secretary waited patiently in an adjoining room.

The tedious minutes dragged slowly along.

At length there was a tap on the door.

"Come!"

A white-capped nurse put in her head and remarked:

"It's another girl. All is well."

The father turned to the secretary.

"Henry!"

"Yes, your excellency?"

"I hold three of a kind."

"That beats two pairs of twins, your excellency."

Reduced Rates to Baltimore.

The B. & O. R. R. Co. announces that round trip tickets will be placed on sale from all points on its lines east of the Ohio River to Baltimore and return at one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold July 16th and 17th, valid for return passage until August 5th. For time of trains and full details, call on or write nearest B. & O. Agent.

At Garthright's.

Extraordinary bargains in dress goods, leather satchels, trunks, shirt waists. Ladies' jackets worth $15 for $6 and $7. Broadcloth, 65 cents per yard, originally sold at $1. Big reduction in all dress goods. Lots of desirable goods being closed out at cost. Highest cash and trade prices paid for fresh butter and eggs. 17-2t.

HANGED BY A MOB.

Sallie Dean's Murder Avenged by a Body of Lynchers.

DENTON, MD., July 3.—Marshal E. Price, convicted of the murder of Sallie E. Dean, a 14-year-old school girl, in February, and sentenced to be hanged next Friday, was taken from the jail here at 11 o'clock last night and hanged to a tree in the jail yard. Price begged piteously of the jail officials to protect him when the crowd battered down the door of the prison, but the jailers were outnumbered fifty to one and could do nothing.

About 11 o'clock the lynchers advanced upon the jail and surrounded it. They demanded the keys from Sheriff Berry, and when that officer declined to give them up they knocked down the door. Once inside, the guards were overpowered, and soon Price's cell was reached. The prisoner was in a pitiable state of fright. A rope was thrown over his head, he was hurried to a tree near the jail and strung up without delay. The mob stood around for some time watching the dying man swinging in the moonlight, and when it was known that he was dead all departed.

The murder of Miss Sallie E. Dean was in many respects one of the most remarkable crimes in the history of the State. Sallie Dean was fourteen years of age and was the daughter of Mr. Jacob Dean, a respectable farmer. On Tuesday, March 26th, she started to school about 8 o'clock carrying her books and a tin pail containing her lunch. Her route led her along the public road leading from Denton to Harmony, and on the way she stopped at the house of Solomon Corkran, who lived by the roadside, to see if Mr. Corkran's little son, who usually accompanied her to school, was ready to go. He was not ready, and she passed on toward Harmony and that was the last time she was seen alive by any one except her murderer.

Between four and five o'clock in the evening her dead body was found. It was covered with some cedar brush, and her throat had been cut. There were marks on her head, indicating that she had been struck, and an empty chloroform bottle was lying near. Soon a crowd of excited citizens were on the spot, vowing vengeance on the perpetrator of the crime. A coroner's jury was summoned by Justice Hudson, but no one was implicated. The girl's body was removed to her home, and the funeral which took place on Thursday, was attended by a vast throng of people.

Among those first on the scene when Sallie's body was found was Marshall E. Price, a young married man, who conducted a blacksmith shop near Harmony, and about 500 yards from the scene of the murder. He assisted in carrying the girl's dead body home, and was particularly kind to the family. He was a member of the coroner's jury which sat in the case, and while acting as such some of his movements aroused suspicion, but there was no evidence to connect him with the crime. But the detectives had spotted him as the guilty man, and with the finger of suspicion pointing at him he became restless, and began to suggest plans by which the murderer might be caught. He grew nervous, and on the Thursday following the crime he claimed to dream of the murder and related his dream to his wife and others. He talked to the detectives, and offered to help them in solving the mystery surrounding the crime.

On the Monday following, April 1st, he visited Price's house, and enlisted his services in helping them in their search. They told him that he had great ability as a detective, and that if he would visit the scene of the murder with them he might be able to find some clue which they had overlooked. He agreed to go, and that day the three made a search of the place where the body was found. It was not long until Price dug in the ground a short distance from where the body was found and uncovered a large pocket knife. It was closed and covered with blood, and as Price handed it to the detective he remarked that it was very sharp. He soon dug up a bow of ribbon which Miss Dean had worn in her hair. On Thursday night, April 3rd, the detectives arrested him.

Price was brought to Baltimore for safe keeping, it being thought that he would be lynched if he remained in Denton jail, to which he had been taken after his arrest. On his way to Baltimore he made a voluntary confession to the detectives, according to their statements under oath at the trial at Denton, in which he said that he committed the crime. On his arrival in Baltimore he said he wished to have a talk with Marshal Frey, and on being taken before him made a confession, in which he denied being the principal in the crime and implicated a young teacher named Grant Corkran, who lived but a short distance from the scene of the murder.

The confession was submitted as evidence against him at the trial. In the confession Price told a shocking story of the details of the crime of which he said Corkran was the principal and he a witness. He added that Corkran had used his razor and they had quarreled over the body.

On the strength of the confession Detectives Gault and Siebold returned to Harmony and arrested Corkran, who confronted Price in the Central station in Baltimore and denounced him as a liar. This occurred Sunday, April 7th. The only thing against Corkran was Price's word, and he was released from custody after spending several days in jail. He insisted that he knew nothing of the matter. Corkran was present and testified at the trial, and was in the court room when sentence of death was passed on Price. Price later made a confession to Sheriff Barry in which he declared that Corkran had nothing to do with the crime, and that he had laid it on him in the hope that he—Price—would get off with a lighter sentence, and also because Corkran had gotten the better of him in a trade. Price afterward denied that he had ever made such a confession.

The trial was held in Denton before Judges Wickes and Stump, beginning on April 30th and lasting several days. The case was tried before the court without a jury, and Price was sentenced to be hanged. The people were willing that he should be hanged by the State on the day fixed. The agitation for a new trial and the news that a reprieve had been granted aroused them again, and fearing that Price might escape what they considered a just punishment for his crime, they took the law into their own hands.

Excursions to Atlantic City and Other Seashore Resorts.

Before deciding where you will spend your summer vacation, consult the dates of the B. & O. series of trips to the Atlantic coast resorts. Round trip tickets are sold at remarkably low rates, making it possible to spend a week or ten days by the sea at trifling cost.

The next excursion of the series is announced for Thursday, July 25th, when the admirable arrangements of the previous excursion will be carried out. The tickets will be sold for all trains of the 25th, valid for return trip twelve days, including day of sale, allowing a stop-off at Washington on the return journey. Similar excursions are announced for August 8th and 22d.

We give below a list of stations in this vicinity, showing time of trains and rates of fare:

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	RATE
Oakland	6.37	10.00	12.29	6.06	5.12	$8.50
Mt. Lake Pk	6.43	10.08	12.36	6.12	5.17	8.50
Deer Park	6.50	10.17	12.45	6.20	5.25	8.50

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

For more detailed information apply to nearest B. & O. agent.

Lots of Potato Bugs.

The farmers all over the county have been complaining of the multitudes of potato bugs. It is said that in several localities the yield will be only one-third of a crop. Quite a number of farmers have used salt water, with a sprinkling can have gone over their potato patches and exterminated thousands of the pests. Others have used paris green and have carefully watched their vines, but notwithstanding their trouble they only have small crops.

FROM GRANTSVILLE.

A Former Resident Visits the Ancient Town on the National Road.

To the Editor of the Republican.

The last two weeks I have passed in this village visiting my old home. My pleasure has been surpassed only by my surprise at the great progress and improvement of this pleasant and attractive neighborhood. The climate and scenery is unsurpassed; the days mild, sunny and salubrious; the nights such as can only be found in the Alleghenies—cool, balmy and refreshing. This is the ideal health resort. The air an appetizer, the water a tonic. Pulmonary diseases almost unknown; rheumatism rarely heard of; malaria a total stranger. The village has perhaps, in late years, lost in population. A few fine new residences are to be noticed, but the four fine churches are a credit and an ornament to the town. The Methodist and Catholic congregations have lately finished handsome and commodious buildings. The Lutherans and Reformers have remodeled and nearly rebuilt their churches. All are modern in their appointments and very attractive in appearances.

Perhaps the greatest progress is to be noted in the agriculture of this beautiful and fertile Casselman valley. From the Pennsylvania line to the source of this stream highly cultivated fields and farms meet your view, owned and occupied by a thrifty, industrious and intelligent people.

I was pained and surprised to see the decline of the National Road, which is the great thoroughfare of Northern Garrett county. This magnificent highway, which cost the United States government millions of dollars, has been so shamefully neglected and outrageously treated that one almost feels that this wanton destruction and mutilation of so great and useful public work should be punished as a felony. The road may be repaired but the bridges can never be. The condition of the grand old bridge that spans the Casselman at the Little Crossings appeals to every Marylander with peculiar force, particularly those of us who remember the pike in the "day of her glory." This is the largest single arch structure on the one thousand miles of road running from Baltimore to St. Louis. The long and massive wing walls of this bridge have almost disappeared—much by wanton destruction; time, water and frost have done the rest. The arch of this bridge is now threatened by the planting of large and heavy telegraph posts. The smaller posts now to be replaced, have already done much damage, and now if some action is not immediately taken to prevent this vandalism, this relic of our former power and prosperity will be a sad and useless ruin.

I am astonished to find so little interest manifested for the preservation of this highway. The produce of a great portion of Garrett and adjoining counties pass over it to market. With the exception of about twenty-five miles in Allegany and Garrett counties, I am informed the road is in excellent condition. In this age of road building when vast sums of money are being expended repairing old and building new highways, can it be possible we will allow this heritage of the nation and state, which has cost millions to construct, to go to ruin and decay? This portion of the road was in fair condition until the close of the late war, when the wagon trains of Gen. Sherman's army passed over it, doing great damage. The state then threw it upon the county, Garrett being young and poor, repairs were impossible. It has passed from bad to worse.

Our present member of Congress manifests great interest in the history and importance of this road, and has expressed his willingness to aid us in any measure of relief. Our claims are valid for Congressional compensation. I have no doubt if properly presented Mr. Wellington will introduce and urge the bill.

I appeal to the good people of Garrett county to unite in an effort to protect, preserve and improve this road. If the government refuses aid let us apply to the state. If we are disappointed then we can and should help ourselves. No better investment could be made than the repair of this road. It is an actual necessity and would greatly enhance the value of any piece of property in the county.

Very respectfully,
CHAS. BROWN.

JOHN H. TARBELL,
OF NEW YORK CITY,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

Headquarters at
MR. E. F. DROEGE'S,
DEER PARK, MD.

VIEWS FOR SALE.
Groups, Residences and Interiors Photographed.
FLASHLIGHT WORK, ETC.

ORDER NISI.

Samuel Lawton, Late Treasurer of Garrett County, vs. Thomas Nethkin.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County. No. 57 Trials to July Term, 1895.

It is ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 9th day of July, 1895, that the tax sale as made and reported by Samuel Lawton, late Treasurer, in the above entitled cause, and made to the County Commissioners of said county, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 2nd day of August, 1895, provided that a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett county, Md., once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 2nd day of August, 1895.

EDWARD STAKE.

True Copy, Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

MOUNT UNION COLLEGE,

ALLIANCE, OHIO.

DEPARTMENTS—Preparatory, Collegiate, Normal, Commercial (including Short-hand and Type-writing) Music, Art, Military, Biblical, Post-graduate.

EXPENSES LOW.

Send for Catalogue to PRESIDENT MARSH.

D. E. OFFUTT & SON

Invites the attention of those interested in the purchase of vehicles of any style. The Kramer, Milburn and Jackson farm wagons always on hand. Prices and terms given on application.

Your Appearance
MAY BE MARRED,
Your Health
MAY BE AFFECTED,
Your Comfort
MAY BE DISTURBED

by humiliating, annoying and disfiguring eruptions or humors of the skin, known in their various forms as

ECZEMA, SALT RHEUM, TETTER, PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, RING WORM AND ITCHING PILES.

Foster's German Kemy and Kelly Cure

IS THE
CERTAIN AND PERMANENT
REMEDY
FOR THESE AND
ALL SKIN DISEASES.

Hundreds of cases CURED attest its wonderful efficacy. SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.

Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

For CATARRH, HAY FEVER, COLD IN THE HEAD and all inflammatory conditions of the Nasal Passages, use FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE. It is a positive remedy.

A Strong Fortification.
Fortify the body against disease by Tutt's Liver Pills, an absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, malaria, constipation, jaundice, biliousness and all kindred troubles.

"The Fly-Wheel of Life"
Dr. Tutt; Your Liver Pills are the fly-wheel of life. I shall ever be grateful for the accident that brought them to my notice. I feel as if I had a new lease of life. J. Fairleigh, Platte Cannon, Col.

Tutt's Liver Pills

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 1, on Front Street, in Bayard, West Va.
Lot containing four acres with house on it, at Swanton, Md.
A mortgage on property worth more than double, at Loch Lynn Heights, Md.
WILLIAM W. SWEET,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

WE LOAN MONEY
to buy, build and improve your home and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly instalments.
ASSETS NEARLY $200,000,000.
For full particulars and terms apply to
ISAAC A. RINKER,
Wilson, Grant Co., W. Va.
P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above. 4-1yr.*

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.
LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.
Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including train ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26t*

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TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.
W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.
7—26t.

Estate of Rachael Hetrick, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of
RACHAEL HETRICK,
late of Garrett County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 1st day of Dec. next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.
Given under our hands this 25th day of May, 1895.
JACOB FEIK, Adm'r.
12 Accident, Md.

MOUNT POMONA.
NURSERY AND FRUIT FARM.
Address Swanton, Md., for Fruit and Mushrooms.
Address Mt. Lake Park concerning Nursery, Greenhouse or Vegetable Products.
Agents wanted on salary.
SWEET & SHACKLEFORD.

BEAUTIFUL OAKLAND.

A Delightful Summer Resort in the Mountains—Its Magnificent Hotel.
From the Cumberland Times.

Home-like and hospitable, the Oakland Hotel has opened for the season of '95. Extensive improvements and additions have been made since last year and the former comfort and convenience of this model summer home have been greatly increased. New and appropriate furniture has been added, rich and beautiful rugs and carpets have been placed over many of the polished floors, increasing the home-like feeling that comes to the guest as soon as he registers at this hotel, and on all sides is evidenced the experienced hand of Major De-Shields, the superintendent of the Baltimore and Ohio hotels.

A simple but pleasing combination of chocolate and white has made the dining room more inviting than ever before, and there will be found the same excellent menu, the same prompt and courteous service that has made the Oakland hotel famous for its table.

There is something about the Oakland air that makes hearty eating and sound and refreshing sleep a necessity; a something that cannot be resisted and which brings on its train health and rejuvenation. The dining room does its part well and the bed rooms maintain their reputation for comfort and coziness.

The pleasure of the guests in other directions has not been overlooked. Zimmerman's, Annapolis, orchestra, will be on hand the entire season, until September 15th, and the halls, porches and ball room will echo to the delightful strains from this well trained band of musicians.

The executive departments are again in charge of that prince of good fellows, Mr. C. P. McDermott of the "Shoreham." Mac has given special attention this year to a renovation of the kitchens, and promises great things in the line of culinary perfection during the season.

Wm. Wilhelm is cashier, and Jos. H. Hazleton, as head clerk, will see that no guest lacks for comfort and amusement. Hazelton is one of those versatile fellows, equally at home on the stage, in the office, or among the guests entertaining and amusing them. He has had much experience in the various lines and is at home in them all.

Messrs. Ray Snyder and Fred Wallace, polite and capable young gentlemen, complete the office force.

On Tuesday there were 62 guests at the hotel and the engagements for the season warrant the belief that this season will surpass last, which was the most successful for many years.

Oakland's claims are too generally known and too highly appreciated to require elaboration. It suffices to call attention to the improvements and complete arrangements for the comfort of those who contemplate becoming a part of the Oakland family this summer, and to advise the tired, overworked or broken down, to take advantage of the opportunity for recuperation and amusement afforded by the Oakland Hotel. To the strong and pleasure seeking, Oakland is equally attractive all that heart can wish and pleasure crave can there find abundant and varied means of gratification.

Died at Broomington.

Michael Elwood, who resides at Bloomington, on the West Va. Central, died at that place Tuesday evening of complicated disease. He was aged about 35 years. He leaves a wife and one child to mourn the loss of a kind husband and father.

Funeral was held on Wednesday forenoon and interment in Philos cemetery, Westernport.—Piedmont Independent.

Died.

SHERIDAN.—At the residence of her grandfather, Mr. Charles Bolden, in Oakland, on last Friday afternoon, Pearl Sheridan, aged sixteen years. The cause of her death was consumption. The funeral occurred from St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church on Sunday morning at ten o'clock, conducted by Rev. Huddle, assistant pastor of the congregation. Interment was made at the Odd Fellows' cemetery.

It May Be Murder.

Ever since William Noates's dead body was found along the railroad tracks a great many people have been of the opinion that he was murdered although no evidence to substantiate this theory was produced before the jury of inquest which was summoned to view the remains and return a verdict as to the manner in which he met his death. Recently, however, it has been learned by the authorities that some suspicious things occurred the night upon which his body was discovered and in view of these facts Mr. Gilmor S. Hamill, State's Attorney, when seen and questioned by THE REPUBLICAN on Tuesday evening, admitted that perhaps Noates had been foully dealt with.

Mr. Hamill stated that two brakeman on a west bound freight train whose names are Hollie Kalbaugh and a Mr. Riordan, found the body of Noates on the Saturday night that he was killed and placed it away from the railroad tracks and whilst engaged in doing so they were approached from behind by a colored man whom they now believe was Jack Allan, who inquired what they were doing, and acting in a suspicious manner. At the inquest the next morning Allan denied having any knowledge of the death of Noates until only a short time before he was summoned before the jury. This, in connection with the fact that Allan was arrested several weeks ago at Westernport charged with having murdered Grant Zufall at Cumberland during the holidays, leads the authorities to believe that he knows more about the matter than has been brought out.

Another man, whose name is withheld, disappeared from Mountain Lake Park very suddenly on the night of the death of Noates, leaving behind him a pair of shoes and a suit of clothing that are spotted with blood, and it is the belief that he also was concerned in the matter.

Mr. Hamill is using every endeavor to find the guilty parties, which we hope he will do, for if Noates was murdered—and now it seems that he was—they should not go unpunished.

An Old Man Wanders Away.

Mr. William Stephens, who resides with his son in the east end of Oakland, wandered away from his home last Saturday evening about dark and so far his family has been unable to find him although he was seen on the Deer Park road near town Saturday night by a gentleman who resides near Oakland.

It was thought by some of his relatives that he had gone to see a daughter who lives several miles from town but this theory was dispelled when it was reported that nothing had been seen of him.

On Monday a number of men gathered and a thorough search was instituted. He was tracked as far as the river bridge but there all trace was lost.

Mr. Stephens is a man of seventy-four years of age and has been feeble in health for a number of years. Recently his mind became affected which leads many to believe that he strayed off and is probably now wandering around through the woods or perhaps lying dead.

In the meantime search for him is still being carried on by a number of men.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending July 13, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

John Lower	John H. Rush
William Kent	Jos. Homer
Wm. A. Browning	Chancey Glass
Thomas Callis	S. M. Devall
M. H. Dewitt	Ray C. Friend
R. L. Hamill	Malen Knocks
Mrs. Margaret Hill	Mrs. C. S. Durst
Miss Sarah C. Harris	Miss Barbery Couan
Miss Teresa McConnell	Manager Oakland Woolen Mills

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.
EIGHTH YEAR.
A MODERN, HIGH GRADE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.
Reopens Sept. 25, 1895 (D. V.) A department for boys and young men embracing thorough preparatory work for college, business or scientific school will be inaugurated under the charge of Maj. C. A. Ballon, of the Virginia Military Institute. Stenography, type-writing, book-keeping, besides full courses in English and Latin, etc. Send for catalogue to E. B. SWAN, Principal and Proprietress,
18-1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Sincell Bros. pay the highest market price for wool.

THE REPUBLICAN for good job printing. Make a note of this.

McComas' Calmative Konseals, 10 cents. Try them. 5-tf

For satisfactory barbering try Liller and you will call again.

Go to Liller's barber shop for shampooing, hair cutting and shaving. 15-4t.

Liller has the best sea foam in Oakland. Try it the next time you get shaved. 16-4t.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures scalds, burns, indolent sores and never fails to cure piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Sick headache, constipation and indigestion are quickly cured by DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

W. Grant Martin, scientific optician, will be in Oakland the last week in each month. Office in Pritchard building. 13-13t.

La Grippo is here again with all of its old time vigor. One Minuto Cough Cure is a reliable remedy. It cures and cures quickly. Oakland Pharmacy.

Our patrons will find DeWitt's Little Early Risers a safe and reliable remedy for constipation, dyspepsia and liver complaints. Oakland Pharmacy.

W. T. Stanford, Station Agent of Leeper, Clarion Co. Pa., writes: I can recommend One Minute Cough Cure as the best I ever used. It gave instant relief and a quick cure Oakland Pharmacy.

We have something new, effective, pleasant to take and perfectly harmless and a positive cure for nervous headache, sick headache, dizziness and neuralgia. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

Doctor H. R. Fish, of Gravois Mills, Mo., a practicing physician of many years experience, writes: DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve has no equal for indolent sores, scalds and burns. It stops pain instantly, heals a burn quickly and leaves no scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

McComas' Calmative Konseals contain all that is required to cure the worst case of headache or neuralgia in a very few minutes and are safe, sure, inexpensive. Manufactured by Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf.

HAULING AND EXPRESS.—I have located at Mountain Lake Park and am prepared to do hauling of all kinds at short notice. Baggage a specialty. A share of the public patronage solicited. Harry Thayer.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Sometime ago I was troubled with an attack of rheumatism. I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm and was completely cured. I have since advised many of my friends and customers to try the remedy and all speak highly of it. Simon Goldbaum, San Luis Rey, Cal. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

J. A. Richardson, of Jefferson City, Mo., chief enrolling force 38th general assembly of Missouri, writes: I wish to testify to the merits of One Minute Cough Cure. When other so-called cures failed, I obtained almost instant relief and a speedy cure by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. Oakland Pharmacy.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper, under the caption "We Loan Money." The Granite State Provident Association, which he is representing, is one of the strongest financial institutions in the country, and the largest building and loan association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management have developed it from nominal assets in 1889 to nearly $200,000,000 in 1895. Its style of doing business is such as to cause the U. S. Examiner, C. W. Thompson, who has for years been assigned to especially investigate loan and mortgage companies, to state that "For comprehensiveness, thoroughness, neatness and accuracy, its accounts are far superior to anything I ever saw or supposed possible." Those desiring to borrow, will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars. 4-1yr.*

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

GREAT VALUE FOR LITTLE MONEY.
WEEKLY NEWS OF THE WORLD FOR A TRIFLE.

The New York Weekly Tribune,

a twenty-page journal, is the leading Republican family paper of the United States. It is a **National Family Paper** and gives all the general news of the United States. It gives the events of foreign lands in a nutshell. Its Agricultural department has no superior in the country. Its Market Reports are recognized authority. Separate departments for "The Family Circle," "Our Young Folks," and "Science and Mechanics." Its "Home and Society" columns command the admiration of wives and daughters. Its general political news, editorials and discussions are comprehensive, brilliant and exhaustive.

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Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to Geo. W. Best, Room 2, Tribune Building, New York City, and sample copy of The New York Weekly Tribune will be mailed to you.

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PLANING MILLS,
AND DEALERS IN
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES, BRACKETS,
Mouldings, Flooring, Lath, Shingles, Weatherboarding, Brick, Lime, Builders' Hardware, Etc.,
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—PROPRIETOR OF—
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Pure Drugs,
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PRESCRIPTIONS
Carefully and Accurately Compounded
DAY OR NIGHT.
PRICES REASONABLE.
We invite a liberal share of your patronage.
JOS. E. HARNED, Manager.

Slate Roofing.
Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.
I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.
All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.
I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.
Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.
For prices apply to or address,
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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.48 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 1	—Daily except Mon	10.49 A. M
No 15	—Accommodation daily	6.24 P. M
No. 5	—Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	—Daily	6.06 A. M
No. 2	—Daily	6.37 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	4.32 P. M
No. 40	—Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	12.50 A. M

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"AS A DAY IN JUNE."

BY MAY D. HATCH.

"By the way, Nan, did McWilliams get you that picture at your limit?"

Mrs. Horace Hubbard hesitated a moment before answering, and the color which fluttered so easily into her cheeks flushed them now while she vainly tried to subdue it and look calmly across the daintily-appointed table into her husband's face.

The shaded candle-lamps gave a most becoming and illusive light, but the hazel eyes of Mr. Horace Hubbard, famous among his friends for their marvelous keenness of vision, detected the sudden pinkness and the unsteady gaze of his wife, and he laughed softly as he waited.

"I wish you would not laugh so. I withdrew the order." She tried to counteract the effect of her momentary wavering by the dignity of her tone, but, conscious of failing, she smiled back at him a little shamefacedly. "And in its stead"—she had quite recovered her composure now—"I gave an unlimited order for another."

This statement, though it surprised her husband, did not startle him. Unruffled, he went on with his dinner, which was nearly at an end. It had been a very good one, ordered with care by Mrs. Hubbard, who was an artist in many ways, and the salad they had come to had "an epigrammatic crispness to finish off this poem of a dinner," Mr. Hubbard had said, just before his question about the picture.

It would have taken a great deal to disturb him that evening, it was such a relief to be at home again. He had been off for a couple of weeks with a party over the railroad of which he was a director, and the restfulness of his own house and the presence of his wife, who had managed to keep herself always interesting to him, brought him that content which is very near to happiness.

"I thought, my dear," he said, his handsome eyes twinkling just as when he had rung door-bells as a youngster—"I thought that Cazin was the one thing in the world you needed to give you a happy home; and now, just like a woman, you change your mind."

"Well, what would you have me at thirty?" she asked. "A bigot?"

He knew she was only avoiding the main subject, and sipped his Burgundy meditatively while the salad was taken away.

"Did you get the other— the one for which you gave the unlimited order?"

Mrs. Hubbard smiled brightly at him. "Yes, and it really is lovely; not quite like the Cazin, but I would rather have it."

He looked at her puzzled. There was some mystery here, which time would solve, but which his wife did not seem disposed to clear quite yet. She looked so charming, however, in her pale-blue evening gown—he had always preferred her in blue—that he was willing to wait; in fact, he rather enjoyed it, for the opportunity it gave him to rally her about one of her few weaknesses.

"I thought you had put on that gown in honor of my coming home," he said, as if he were hurt; "but I suppose it is the picture. Or perhaps you want me to go somewhere."

"No, I want to stay at home tonight. The Dudley-Billings asked us there to a card party, but I declined. I thought you would rather I did."

"Nan," he cried, "I don't care what you have paid for the picture, if you have saved me that."

Mrs. Hubbard laughed gayly. "I really did not want to go myself; so you need not thank me for refusing."

"You're improving," her husband answered, and looked so admiringly at her that the pink color came flying back. He would have gone over and kissed her, if the little English butler, whom she was training to be an old family servant some day, had not entered just then with the dessert.

"Whom is the picture by?" Hubbard asked, meekly—"if I am not too curious." He was as curious as most men about the affairs of his wife, although he never bullied her into telling him of them.

"It is a very good Inness." He gave a sigh of relief. "One painted some years ago," she went on, "but in his best manner, I think."

"I am glad it's an Inness. I was afraid, my dear, that you had been sacrificing your desires to help some struggling young artist, and would insist on not only buying the picture, but on hanging it, too, no matter how bad you really believed it in your heart."

"You were afraid of no such thing, Horace. You never knew me to encourage bad work in your life."

"Well, perhaps not; but I am gratified that at last you are getting broad enough to break loose from French prejudices and take what is just as good in an American way."

"I have not changed my mind at all about the merits of the two men," Mrs. Hubbard rejoined. "I suppose I shall have to find another Cazin some day to fill the aching void the loss of this one has left." She rested an elbow on the table, her head on her hand, and gazed a moment dreamily into the memory of the twilight Cazin she had relinquished. "But the Inness is certainly charming," she finished, cheerfully, and went on with her ice.

"Well, if you still preferred the Cazin, why in the name of common sense didn't you get it?" her husband asked. "Did McWilliams persuade you into buying the Inness? Though I cannot imagine you being persuaded to do anything after you have once made up your mind." He did not say this critically, but wonderingly, for he had been married ten years and knew his wife's characteristics remarkably well, though he still regarded them with tenderness.

"Edward," said Mrs. Hubbard, dismissing the embryo seneschal, "we will take our coffee downstairs tonight." Then, rising, she went over to her husband's chair, and, standing behind him, put her hands affectionately on the hair that was not as luxuriant as it once had been.

"If you have finished your dessert," she said, "let us go down to the den. I had it placed there, and when you see it I will tell you about it, and—oh, Horace, I hope you will think I did right." There was a little catch in her voice that made him serious at once.

"Of course you have done right," he said, turning and putting his arm around her; "and if all the critics on both sides of the ocean should say: 'Mrs. Hubbard, you have made the mistake of your life in not purchasing that hay rick in the twilight by Cazin,' my opinion only of the critics would be lowered, my dear."

"You are always such a comfort," she said, gratefully. Wiping off with the back of her jeweled little hand a tear that had trickled out of one eye, she scratched her cheek with the sharp end of a diamond and turquoise ring, and stopped their exit to ask her husband if it had left a mark. Then they went down to the den in the front basement, while Hubbard wondered secretly why the new treasure had been put in that sequestered spot.

It was a very inviting room, made gay by some gas logs at a moment's notice; with chairs to lounge in, and two or three divans covered with soft-toned rugs and luxurious with all the down silk pillows that were not quite smart enough for the freshly done-over drawing-room and had taken on a pleasing pliancy from use.

A large round table in the middle of the room was centered by a generous lamp, a joy to read by, and upon it still more books—the latest arrival—magazines, and tobacco in every form. At one side of the room was a rack of pipes with the names of a few choice spirits written thereon and ready for them whenever they should come. On the walls, which were something between a cream and a pink in tone, hung a motley array of pictures, water-colors, etchings, prints and photographs; for every one of them, for one reason or another, they had a special fondness.

Nothing had ever been bought purposely for this room; like the curtains, everything seemed to have drifted there, and whatever was found to add to its comfort stayed, like the friends that were once admitted. Upon an easel, Nan's own working one, rested the new Inness, easily the most striking bit of color in the room, and carefully placed for a good light.

"Here it is: do you like it?"

Mr. Hubbard was ever slow in expressing an opinion, but slow too in changing it, so this had its advantageous side. Nan waited impatiently for him to speak.

"Don't you like it?" she cried, beginning to be hurt.

It was a picture of about sixteen by twenty-four, which gave the impression of a perfect June day—the foreground of green meadow land, broken a little to one side by a brook, a dark mass of the artist's living trees at the back, and overhead a deep-blue breezy sky.

It was delightful in color, done in rather a low key for an Inness, and to artist and laymen alike bringing near the joy of a beautiful stretch of country one day like those we remember.

"Yes, I like it," he said, decidedly. "And now are you quite ready to tell me why you changed your mind?" But she was not ready even then, until Edward had placed the coffee on a low table between their two easy-chairs, and Hubbard's cigar was lighted.

"I noticed the picture the first day I went to see the collection," she began; "but I was so in love with the Cazin I suppose I did not say anything about it. The last morning before the sale I went down once more. I was there so early there was scarcely anyone in the rooms, and I wandered about as happy as I could be, with you away, of course." Hubbard raised his eyebrows skeptically, and she went on: "Among the few people there, though, I noticed an old man I had seen at so many other exhibitions that I never could tell whether I had really ever met him or just thought I knew him from having seen him so often.

"He was very shabby, but clean; a big man, with rather heavy features and perfectly white hair, and he kept up a nervous bobbing of his head all the time, but seemed to be unconscious of it. I had often wondered who he was, and somehow or other always associated him with my father, though I did not know why. He seemed to know a good deal about pictures, always picking out two or three of the best to hover around, and I thought that he might be a dealer, except that he looked too poor. He interested me so much that I had often been tempted to speak to him; you see, I have not quite got over the Bohemian tendencies I used to indulge when I painted instead of buying pictures."

"When you painted what, Nan?"

"Canvasses, of course; you don't suppose I ever thought I painted a picture, do you? But don't interrupt.

"That morning I was watching my old friend, speculating about him as usual, when I noticed him suddenly discover that"—she waved her hand toward the Inness—"and the poor old fellow looked as if he had been struck by some one. He sat down on the bench nearest it, his white head shaking piteously together. I could not stand it any longer, and flew down and asked McWilliams who he was.

"The moment he said the name of 'Heathly' I remembered where I had met him. When I was a little girl, papa had taken me to his house to see his pictures; for he had a superb collection then himself.

"'That's old Heathly,' McWilliams said; 'I always let him in here when he's sober though he never has even the price of an admission nowadays, but all the dealers know him, and don't mind having him around for the sake of the prices he used to pay for what he happened to take a fancy to.'

"When I went back he was sitting just where I had left him, with the tears running down his cheeks.

"I went right up to him. 'Mr. Heathly,' I said, 'of course you don't remember me, but I used to be Nan Murray; you must remember my father, John Murray.' He looked at me a little bewildered at first, and then seemed to collect himself. 'John Murray! Are you his daughter?' he said, and tried to smile; you never saw anything so pitiful in your life, Horace, as that smile.

"'Yes,' I said, and kept hold of the hand he had put out, and patted it a moment, I think. I was so sorry for him. 'I went to your house ever so long ago, and remember seeing such quantities of pictures there.' I stopped then, afraid I had been saying the wrong thing, but he looked a little comforted, and I saw it was a relief to him to talk, and so sat down beside him.

"'That was one of my pictures,' he said, pointing to it. 'I haven't seen it for six or seven years. It was Corinna's favorite of all we had. Do you remember my wife?' he asked, straightening up and speaking with more dignity. 'She is dead, you know.'

"'No; I don't think I ever saw her. But what a beautiful picture it is!'

"'Yes, isn't it? I wish I could have kept just one,' he said, his chin quivering pitifully for a moment, and then he regained his self-possession. 'I failed in '87,' he went on, 'lost every dollar, and that had to go with the rest; but, thank God, it came when she could not feel it.'

"'I am so sorry! Was it necessary to give them all up?' I asked. I knew what it must have meant to a man who cared like that.

"'Everything. First she went, then the money, then my pictures, and then—my friends. You are like your father,' he said. 'I see him once in awhile even now. He has a heart; he does not forget.'

"I said I was glad he thought me like him, and drew him on to talking more and more until he told me most of his life. He started a poor boy, and married when he was still poor, but was beginning to get on a little. They were New England people, with some education, I suppose, and ambitious to improve themselves as they grew richer. They never had any children, and they both loved pictures. He did, at least, and I believe that must have been why she did, as she followed him in everything then, as she had worked for him while they were poor. He finally went into Wall street. Everything he touched turned out well, and they were as happy as could be, when she died, eight years ago. That seemed to have broken his nerve, for he began to lose his head from that time. He told me that after she had gone the pictures were his greatest comfort; he used to spend hours among them, and they somehow brought her nearer. They had selected them together, but this one of all had been her favorite, because it reminded her of the view they had from their first real home in Montclair.

"They never knew whether it really was done there or not, but, as Inness sketched around that country a great deal, they thought it probably was.

"Then his money began to go, and he seemed to lose his grip on managing his business, till finally the smash came and he gave up everything. It broke his heart, I think. 'I can't seem to pull up and make a fresh start,' he said; 'I guess I'm too old; for I have had a couple of chances, too.' He blushed when he said this, and I thought of what McWilliams had told me about his drinking.

"Then he went back to the picture. 'It's a wonderful bit,' he said. 'Do you see the way that brook winds clear back to the trees?—though you don't notice it at first—and the shadows on the grass are so transparent they seem to come and go while you look. When I came across it suddenly to-day it brought her right to me. If I could only have it back again, the rest wouldn't seem so hard; it would help me to remember better.' I said good-by to the Cazin that minute, Horace." Mrs. Hubbard stopped with a little sob at the thought of old Heathy's hopeless anguish, and Hubbard pushed the low table between them away, and she moved nearer and leaned her head against his arm while she finished.

"I asked him to let me give him the picture then; I knew it would not bring more than the Cazin, and that I could—although I was almost afraid to offer it to him; but I put it on the ground of old friendship.

"'It would not do any good, my child,' he said. 'I could not keep it.'

"Do you wonder I told McWilliams to get it for me? I could not do anything else; could I, dear?—with you away, too. After I had arranged about it I told him he could come whenever he liked to look at it, and stay as long as he liked, and need never ask to see anyone, but that Edward would show him right in here. He could not thank me, but I knew."

She rose and went over to the picture, looking at its sunshine through A happy mist like that which kept the heart of Eden green.

"Has he been here yet?" Hubbard asked, busying himself with lighting a fresh cigar.

"Yes; he came to-day, and asked for me first. You would have thought he had made a new fortune, to see how happy he was."

"He has won the best woman in the world for a friend," said Hubbard. Then there came a familiar knock on the window, and, while Mrs. Hubbard fled to cool off her bedimmed eyes, Hubbard himself let in one of the chosen spirits of the pipes.

"Glad to see you, Dick," he said. "Come in. Mrs. Hubbard will be down in a minute. She has just been explaining to me the fine points of the new Inness. What is your opinion of it?"—Lippincott's Magazine.

EUROPE'S HERRING FISHERIES.

The Fish Still Abundant, Notwithstanding Ten Centuries of Slaughter.

No fish plays a more important part in the food supply of Europe and America than the herring, and it has been important in Europe for something like one thousand years, and perhaps for many centuries longer. French, English, Scotch, Dutch and Scandinavian fishermen have been pursuing the herring for many generations. The name of the fish indicates its gregarious character, for the word comes from a root signifying an army. The Welsh name for the fish comes from a Welsh root of like meaning. As a single small herring produces ten thousand eggs and a larger one many more, it is not difficult to understand why the ocean still swarms with these fish after centuries of slaughter.

The seagoing fishermen of all lands are a hardy, courageous and interesting people, though few of them seem so picturesque to English-speaking persons as those of the French coast. It was one of these French fishermen, the father of twenty-one children, who was the grandfather of Audubon, the naturalist. The fisherman's one famous son went forth when a boy of twelve from his father's house with a few sous in his pocket to return an admiral of France and rich enough to make himself master of a fine estate near his early home. This was the father of our own Audubon, in whom the traits of the French fishermen were continued.

The fishermen of the French Atlantic coast are simple men, pious in their way, and industrious, if not from choice, then from the necessities of an ill-paid trade. Whenever the fishermen enter or leave the little harbor of Brow they salute the church where their wives go to mass, and the church bell answers the salute. The three French ports of Boulogne, Calais and Dunkirk send more than seven hundred vessels to the herring fisheries, or about one-tenth of the whole number of European vessels engaged in the trade. There are herring to be caught the year round on some part of the European coast, though they differ greatly in size and quality. The Yarmouth herring are perhaps best known in the United States, though small Scotch herring and kippered herring from other parts than Yarmouth are also consumed in this country. Perhaps the most famous in Europe are the little Dutch herring, from seven to seven and one-half inches long, and the Scotch herring of Starnoway. Herring of half the length of the little Dutch herring are caught on the banks off Dunkirk.

The law of the fisheries of the North sea was laid down in the treaty of The Hague, and the police of that sea are the navies of the nations along its borders. There never has been any serious conflict over the fisheries, though one hundred and fifty thousand men and seven thousand boats take part in the industry. The French government puts its fisheries under the charge of the officers in command of neighboring naval stations, while a corps of scientific men under the bureau de l'agriculture study the habits of food fishes and the methods of fishing.

The Boulogne fishing vessels, called Dundees, came into harbor in good seasons with six hundred or seven hundred casks of herring in pickle, as the curing is done on board. So important was a now abandoned method of curing herring that the emperor, Charles V., traveling in Holland, visited the tomb of the inventor of that method. The herring fishermen of Boulogne leave home for the opening of their season about the middle of this month. Hooted and oil-skinned, they hoist sail to the music of their own voices, their women ashore looking on. A cloud of handkerchiefs bid them farewell. When a cable's length beyond the harbor there is silence on board the fleet and the fishermen turn to face the already embrowned dome of Notre Dame of Boulogne and to murmur a prayer to the protectress of seamen. "Saint Mary, intercede for us poor fishermen." The women have meanwhile turned to make their traditional pilgrimage to the "Jesus flagelle" on the cliff.—N. Y. Sun.

ADVICE ABOUT SIGNATURES.

Do Not Use a Nickname in Signing a Formal Letter.

There is a place in the scheme of creation for diminutives in names. That place is in the bosom of the family, and among those who are almost as intimate with one as one's family. But it is not proper to take the public into one's confidence in regard to one's pet name, and until women realize this fact they will not have made that advance they are continually claiming. "Ellen Brown" is a much more dignified person than "Nellie Brown." Those who know her well, of course, know that she is a dignified young woman, even when she signs her communications: "Your loving Nellie." But the cold unfeeling world will not realize it. Could Mrs. Lense have become great had her name been Mamie instead of Mary? Would Frances Willard have been the head of the W. C. T. U. had she been known as Fannie? Fancy J. Ellen Foster posing as Nellie Foster, or Elizabeth Grannis wielding a wide influence as Lizzie Grannis. But not only in the public world do diminutives unfit for work, but also in the semi-public life of private individuals. A private woman writing to a dressmaker or a butcher should not call herself "Sallie" or "Carrie," but Sarah or Caroline. When a woman in private life writes for publication or acts as secretary for a club she should observe the same reserve. It is seldom that "ies" find fame and are long remembered. Helen of Troy was never Nellie to the public. Penelope never allowed anyone but Ulysses to call her Pen. Anne Hathaway was "Nan" to few people besides Master William Shakespeare. Queen Elizabeth could never have reigned successfully as Queen Lizzie, and Joan of Arc could never have been a great name in history had she allowed herself to be generally known as Jennie.—Philadelphia Press.

THE CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

He Found Sympathy in the Hearts of Strangers.

"I was in New York on business," the chaplain said at the club, "when I received a wire announcing the serious sickness of my youngest child, a girl about six years old. She was the pet and the hope of the home. I took the first train west. On account of floods we were detained on the road two days. When I arrived the nervous strain upon me would have crushed me, I think, had I not considered that the life of this child depended upon the attention I must give her, based, of course, on the physician's skill. I carried her in my arms for two days and nights.

"She had no sleep for fifty hours, and her life hung upon her getting a few hours' sleep. After consultation medical skill suggested an opiate. It was given, and I held her on my lap in order that she should get absolute quiet and rest. Just as she fell into slumber she was aroused by the cry on the street of a banana peddler. She was startled, and the physician's face showed plainly that he regarded the case as hopeless. I handed my child to him and went into the street to speak to the peddler. I explained to him the condition of my child, and told him I would buy all his stock if he would not cry his goods in front of my house. At first he was disposed to resent this, as he thought it was an infraction of his rights. However, he soon saw the propriety of it, and he told me he would not cry his fruit any more in front of my house. I then asked him if he would use his influence to keep others away. Then I reflected that to do this he must be a loser, and knowing his family support depended upon the sale of his fruits, I made him a proposition. That was to act as a sort of special policeman in front of my house until the situation in the sickroom changed, I to pay him for his service. He consented, and until the time when I had no further use for him he was as faithful as a watchdog. He warned off every huckster who came in sight, and his interest in the child's welfare grew to be as tender as it was touching.

"On the corner below was a newsboy from whom I had frequently bought papers. The banana man went to him and explained the condition of affairs in my home and asked him to change his place and go elsewhere. That night I was informed that a boy wanted to see me at my door. On going there I found the newsboy in question. He had his hat in his hand. As soon as I appeared to him he said, in his honest way: 'I hear your gal's sick. I ain't got much, but here's all I've got, and it's for her.' With this he thrust a greasy roll of paper in my hand, and before I could fully realize what he was up to he had gone. I looked at the contents of that paper and it contained that boy's earnings from his papers. I tried to overtake the boy, but he had gone. I left word for him to come back to the house. Several days passed and the banana man, who was still on guard, reported to me that he had not seen the boy, and that no one knew where he was. In the course of time my little one recovered. God gave her back to me, and I instituted a search for the newsboy. It took me some time to find him. When I did he was down on Thirty-ninth street. He saw me coming and scampered away. It took me some little time to get to him. When I did I explained to him that the little one was well and that he must take back the money he gave me. He was at first reluctant to do so, but finally consented. 'Is the gal well,' he said, 'and don't she need nothin'?' I told him she needed nothing, and that he could come back to his old corner. 'I would do anything for a sick gal,' he said, as he looked at me in the most honest way.

"I have read a good deal about sympathy. I have heard and read a good deal in the way of eulogy, but I never heard anything as eloquent as that boy's sentiment for the 'sick gal,' and I never saw anything as tender as the solicitude of the fruit peddler. This world, gentlemen, is full of tender chords, and there are always hands to play upon them, and what sweet music they make."

When the chaplain had told his story I saw several strong men get up and walk over to the window and look out, silently. But I knew it was not for the purpose of seeing anything. The chaplain himself had unconsciously swept the chords of which he had spoken.—Chicago Mail.

Silk Shirt Waists.

Shirt waists of white India silk are worn with skirts of all colors. One of the most difficult of undertakings is the cleaning of white silk garments. They should never be trusted to incompetent hands. If the garment can be cleaned with naphtha it is much more likely to retain its new and fresh appearance; but if this cannot be done, it may be very quickly washed in white castile soap and cold water. It should be laid into a towel that the water may be absorbed at once, or, what is much better, hung on the line dripping and allowed to blow dry. If care is taken not to wrinkle or crush the silk, it sometimes—provided the quality is good—will dry and look quite as handsome as new; but the cheaper silks will not do this; therefore, in selecting silks that must be washed and cleaned, it is much better economy to pay a few cents more and get a better grade that will stand the handling without destruction.—N. Y. Ledger.

Big Bells in China.

Besides hundreds of bells weighing from 10,000 to 25,000 pounds, Nankin, China, has four bells which each weigh 50,000 pounds. They are nearly 11 English feet in height, and are almost 23 feet in diameter. The metal in these monsters averages about 5½ inches in thickness throughout, being 8 inches on the lower lip, or rim. In Peking there is a chime of 7 bells, each of which weighs 120,000 pounds.—St. Louis Republic.

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A. N. K.—C. 1559

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CONSUMPTION

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

STORY OF A VOLUNTEER CROP

"Wild Oats" Carelessly Sown Reaps a Sure Harvest of Sorrow and Woe.

The warm March sunshine fell upon the moist earth which looked up with her lap full of flowers. The distant mountains rose snow-capped at their highest points and stretched on around the fertile valley in a wall of royal purple, or deep blue. The green foothills lay in billowy masses at their feet. The blue, cloudless sky arched over it all.

Barefooted Chinamen, in loose, flapping cotton trousers and mandarin hats, worked among their long, straight lines of weedless vegetables. Blue lupines and yellow poppies grew along the roadside and mocking-birds sang in the tops of the eucalyptus trees.

Several carriages holding a family party passed leisurely along the road. In the first were two men who it was plain to see were brothers; one a resident, the other a visitor, judged by their conversation.

"It's glorious Dick, that's a fact," said the visitor, "all and more than you claimed for it."

"You ought to come out here and spend the rest of your days in comfort."

"Oh, I don't know. It's pretty comfortable at home, some of the time."

"'Some of the time,' yes; now look at that. Did you ever see anything finer than that, George?"

He had stopped his horse on the brow of the hill. At one side lay the green barley fields, on the other, the orange groves and orchards, with their dividing rows of eucalyptus and pepper trees. Behind them the city with its beautiful homes and in the far away haze a hint of the peaceful ocean.

"It's all very beautiful. I don't wonder you love it."

"Love it? Yes; more and more when we read of the blizzards in the east, and we with never a bit of frost. Now look at this crop of barley, and it's a volunteer crop."

"A volunteer crop?"

"Yes; comes up of itself; you see, the seed drops, and as there is no frost—"

"Yes—dear me, how the fellow frightened me."

A buggy containing a young man and several young ladies dashed past them, the young man firing his pistol into the air over his head as they passed. The girls screamed. The horses danced, the one in the buggy in which were the two brothers nearly upsetting them.

"I hope you won't be hurt or offended, George," said the elder of the two, "if I say what I have been thinking about Howard." He looked anxiously after the rapidly-retreating buggy as he endeavored to quiet his own horse.

"Oh, he'll manage the horse all right," said the other, answering his look; "he's used to driving. The girls are safe."

"I wish he was," said the elder man, earnestly. "It pains me more than I can tell to see that he is inclined to be so wild."

"What's the use of making so much of every little caper, Dick?" said the other somewhat warmly. "Have you forgotten your own pranks?"

"No; would to God I could forget some; but it isn't simply mischief I am thinking of. I saw him come out of a saloon last night. And from what he said to me the other day he must be familiar with the workings of gambling dens."

"No doubt he is somewhat," said the other man a little uneasy, "but what can you expect? A young fellow must have his little fling, must sow his wild oats."

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. Have you forgotten that, George?"

"Forgotten it, no, indeed! I never have a chance to. Howard's mother never gives me the opportunity to forget any of those things."

"Howard's mother is a good Christian woman, and a good wife, no—"

"Indeed she is. I spoke irritably. You know how I love her, a thousand times more than when she was a girl. But I don't see the use in making such a fuss over a boy's capers. Howard will settle down. He's going to marry Alice Clark, as nice a girl as ever lived. You remember Ben Clark married Nellie White. She's their daughter."

"Is she a Christian?"

"Yes."

"Does she know of these habits of Howard's?"

SOWING "WILD OATS."

"Well, yes, I suppose so. Not perhaps as we do, but she must know something. But what can you expect? How many young men are there who have no bad habits?"

"That's the pity of it. But I hope my girls may remain unmarried or die, rather than marry a man with bad habits. We've one grave in the cemetery now and—"

He looked down and grew silent.

"Yes, that was very sad about Ruth. Arthur seemed to be such a good young man, too; of course we knew he took a glass now and then, but—"

"I tell you, George, it isn't safe to plant the seed you don't want to grow," said the other, looking up. "You see this mustard?" He struck lightly with his whip at the feathery yellow bloom higher than his horse's head. "In some parts of this state I know of men who planted mustard for the seed—they thresh it out with machines as you do wheat—and now they want to raise another sort of crop and they can't. The mustard volunteers each year and kills out the other crop."

* * * * * * * *

It was during the next winter that the Los Angeles man received a letter from his eastern brother who had returned home, telling him of the conversion of his son Howard.

"Howard has turned out all right, just as I told you he would," he wrote. "He was converted last week in a series of revival meetings here. Alice is perfectly happy. You know they were married just two months ago and she says it is the best celebration of their wedding day that is possible. We all think the same, for really even I had begun to feel pretty anxious about Howard. He is as enthusiastic and active as even his mother could wish, and we are in a happy and thoughful frame of mind all around."

"I couldn't have heard better news," said the brother, as he finished reading the letter to his wife. "I hope he may stand firm. He is a gifted young man and capable of doing much good in the world."

It was two years later that the brothers met again in the depot in Los Angeles. It was raining. A steady drizzle fell on the impatient horse and beat on the buggy-top as they drove to the house.

"Oh, Dick," said the visiting brother, "I can't believe it. I can't even now and I couldn't stay there another day. I knew you and Laura would take me in."

"We're only too glad to, my dear brother," and he laid his hand lovingly on the other's arm. There were tears in his eyes as he looked at the pale, thin, rapidly aging face of the other. "We are glad to have you come to us."

"When they lowered Mary in the grave I couldn't stand it; I fainted, I guess. Oh, it was dreadful; I can't tell you, and yet I can't keep still. I think sometimes I shall go crazy. I can think of nothing else. Howard did do well for a time, as I wrote you, and he meant to, I am sure he meant to, poor boy. I am sure it killed his mother; Mary never was very strong, you know, and he was all the boy we had."

"Don't talk of it now, George," said the brother tenderly, "wait till Laura gives you some warm dinner, you'll feel stronger. We'll be there in a minute and she'll have it all ready."

"Yes, I know. You see the old companions kept trying to win him back. If they'd left him alone he'd have done all right, but they wouldn't. And he went back. It was like what you told me when I was out here before; a volunteer crop. I've been thinking of it all day."

"Don't think of it now, George, there's the house, see," wiping the tears slyly from his eyes, "doesn't it look natural?"

"The house, oh, yes. No, I won't talk about it. But you see—what is a man to do with his only son—I couldn't believe they'd send him up for life, but they say they had hard work to do that. You know the law allows capital punishment in our state. Oh, he'd never have done it if he hadn't been tipsy. Ben Redding's son—they'd been friends ever since they were children—you remember Ben. Well, he and Howard were at a game of cards in Overmeyer's saloon—something came up, they quarreled and Howard—oh, I never wanted him to carry a revolver. This the house, oh, yes. Well, I won't talk about it, but you can see it was a volunteer crop—a volunteer crop."—Emma Harriman, in Union Signal.

DEMAND FREE BEER.

Curious Strike of the Employes in a Western Brewery.

While in the west the other day we learned of a curious strike among the brewery workmen of Omaha. It seems that in the terms of agreement drawn up by the breweries there was one article which limited the hours during the day when free beer should be furnished the men. These hours were nine, twelve, two, three, four and six o'clock. But because of this article the men would not sign the agreement, though in every other part it was perfectly satisfactory. They demanded the free-beer provision to cover every hour in the working day.

The habit of drinking beer develops a condition of the system that requires it in unnatural quantities. There are breweries, we were informed, in this country where beer is free to workmen and the men drink forty or fifty glasses in a day. It is said that these creatures look upon their fat as a sign of health and receive the congratulations of their friends as hogs might on their increase of weight, not knowing any more than the hogs that all such increase is the precursor of death.—National Temperance Advocate.

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

IT costs the young man a pearl of great price for his first drink.—Ram's Horn.

THIRTEEN members of the Swedish parliament are members of the Good Templars.

INFIDELITY, impurity and intemperance—the trinity of evil.—Canon Wilberforce.

GIVE the saloon keeper a chance, and he will prove to his own satisfaction that rum selling is a noble industry.—Ram's Horn.

IN one year over a million dollars' worth of property was destroyed by the failures of beer drinking engineers and switchmen.

VITAL force, heat force, motor force, nerve force and muscular force are all impaired by the influence of doses of alcohol.—Dr. N. S. Davis.

DR. NORMAN KERR, of London, has treated 1,500 cases of alcoholic inebriety, and of these he was able to trace a family history of intoxication in 746 cases.

THE drink bill for the last year in New South Wales was £4,061,984 ($20,300,000)—an average per head for every person of $16.50.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The New York post office cost about $7,600,000, the Philadelphia public building has cost thus far about $15,000,000, the city hall of Boston cost $500,000, the capital at Washington cost about $14,000,000, and the unfinished capitol at Albany has cost thus far $21,468,336.30.

—The legislature of Tennessee has passed a bill to enable the city of Chattanooga to issue bonds to the amount of $200,000 to any railroad company that will locate its principal shops there, and employ at least 2,000 men. Before this can be done, it must be approved by a vote of the people.

—A "wildman," who for the last twenty years has been living in a cave Sonoma county, Cal., was taken to the insane asylum recently. For some reason or other he made a vow more than twenty years ago that he would never sleep in a house again, and he is particularly incensed that the authorities, in taking him from his miserable den, in order to save his life, have caused him to break this vow.

—When the proposition was first made to substitute the locomotive engine for horses on the old Columbia railroad in Pennsylvania it was strenuously opposed upon the ground that it would bring down the price of horses and endanger neighboring structures because of the sparks. Even the chief engineer of the line opposed the change of motive power. There were only three locomotives in use on the road in 1835, but two years later there were forty, and practically no other motive power was used.

—The battle of Fair Oaks, or Seven Pines, "the first bloody and important contest of the campaign" in the peninsula, began on May 21, 1862. On the following morning, June 1, the battle was renewed, and ended with success of the union troops and the reestablishment of the lines lost the previous day. About sunset on May 31, Gen. J. E. Johnston, commander in chief of the confederate army, who had been shortly before wounded by a bullet in the shoulder, was struck from his horse by a shell and severely injured and carried from the field.

—"Dixie," words and music, was composed in the north in 1859 by "Dan" D. Emmet, for Bryan's minstrels, and was sung first in that negro minstrel band by that unique delineator of negro character of delightful memory, "Eph" Horn. It became exceedingly popular, and its rollicking tune was adapted to several southern compositions, the only one of which worthy of preservation was by Gen. Albert Pike. This famous soldier and mason was born in Massachusetts, but migrated to Arkansas, and became one of the most bitter opponents of the union.

—The case of the horse seems mournful enough now, for the bicycle has invaded the turf and captured the turfmen. The presiding judge of the San Francisco Racing association took to the wheel a month or so since, and now practically all the race track officials and several of the horse owners are cycle devotees, while a large and almost daily increasing number of the patrons of the turf ride to and from the track on their wheels. One man who owns a stable of fast trotters and has some of his horses on the track almost every day has lately taken to the bicycle, and now regularly rides to the track on his wheel instead of behind his horses.

WELL MET.

Composer and Critic Were at One Socially Any Way.

An amusing story is told of Robert Franz, the famous German song-writer, and another equally celebrated composer. The incident occurred soon after the publication of Franz's famous "Open Letter to Edward Hanslick," in which he made severe criticism upon some musical work of the composer Johannes Brahms. Franz had occasion at that time to take a five or six hours' trip by rail. In the compartment with him was a little man with whom he had fell in conversation. The fellow-travelers found each other delightful, and whiled the hours away in agreeable talk, which did not turn upon music.

When the train reached Franz's destination he took out his card-case, saying to his companion:

"You have made me pass a most delightful afternoon; allow me to give you my card."

The stranger seemed highly gratified, and offered Franz his card in return. Each looked at the bit of pasteboard he had received in amazement. The stranger's eyes opened wide in reading the name of his merciless critic, "Dr. Robert Franz," while Franz himself was equally astounded at reading on the card in his hand, "Johannes Brahms."

There was no time for mutual explanations, but each of the musicians had discovered that however their ideas might differ from a musical standpoint, they were at least admirable traveling companions, and had found much to enjoy in each other.—Youth's Companion.

A Night in a Sand Storm.

One night in their journey across the desert in Egypt Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid were awakened by the blowing down of their tents. The fine, piercing sand was coming from all directions, and breathing was both painful and difficult. Mr. Reid called to the Bedouin attendants who acted as their guides as well as guards. The Bedouins knew what to do. They saw in an instant that a severe sand storm was upon them. Mr. and Mrs. Reid were told to lie flat upon their faces. The Bedouins put saddles over their heads and then wrapped head and saddle in three thicknesses of woolen blankets. The storm raged for seven hours, and during it no one moved. So penetrating was the sand that in spite of the thick covering over their heads Mr. and Mrs. Reid's faces both were incrusted with it. That was not all. Within the leaves of closed books that were packed in securely fastened trunks this fine sand was found.—N. Y. Press.

"THE GROUND OF THE DEAD."

Bullets Were Not the Only Deadly Things on This Night.

We went into camp on a wooden ridge to the west of which was a desolate strip of ground about a mile long by half a mile wide. The soil was light and without grass or bush. One could not look down upon it without thinking of the ashes of the dead. Beyond this strip was the dry bed of a creek; at the foot of our ridge was a creek not yet run dry.

Just at sunset two rabbits which had been hiding in the bed of the dry creek came running towards us in great affright, though we could find no reason for their action. Behind them came a wolf and a fox, and we finally suspected that an Indian scout had crawled down the bed of the stream from the hills to ascertain our strength and spy out the lay of the camp. Sentinels were posted on that side of the camp at an early hour, with instructions to exercise the greatest vigilance, and as we rolled ourselves in our blankets each man placed his carbine and revolver where they could be seized at a moment's notice.

At midnight the sentinels heard strange sounds from that "ground of the dead," as some had named it. It was a sound akin to that made by grasshoppers as they swarm over the earth, devouring every green thing as they advance. Ten minutes later three or four rabbits came rushing across the strip and through the sleeping camp, but the sentinels saw nothing in pursuit. The rabbits were followed by half a dozen coyotes, and a minute later a wolf down by the dry creek set up a great yelping, as if wounded by bullet or arrow. At half past twelve the sentinels heard faint splashes in the creek at the base of the ridge, but they looked in vain for sight of man or animal. They finally decided that the noise was made by beavers swimming about, and the half-formed idea of calling out the corporal of the guard was abandoned.

At one o'clock there were sixty Indian braves crouched in the bed of the dry creek opposite our camp. They had crept and crawled and skulked a distance of two miles to reach the position. The scout had reported that we were the paymaster's escort—twelve troopers and paymaster and clerk. An Apache Indian always wants scalp and money, but seldom finds the combination. Here it was on this night, and sixty to fourteen ought to win, especially as they planned on a sudden and complete surprise. Fourteen scalps, six thousand dollars in cash, fourteen saddle horses, four mules and an ambulance, with an outfit of carbines, revolvers, overcoats, blankets and small stuff—that was the prize. Its taking would enrich the whole tribe and crown every warrior with a laurel wreath.

At half-past one the warriors formed for the charge—sixty men in single line. The light, ashy soil of the "ground of the dead" muffled their footsteps and the darkness hid them from view. The bark of a wolf was to be the signal to rush forward. They would be at least half way to the ridge before discovery. At the flash of the sentinel's carbine they would raise their watery, dash ahead with new impetus and they might figure on finding at least half the white men dazed and confused from the sudden awakening and therefore easy prey for bullet or tomahawk. At a quarter of two the signal is given and the line dashes away as one man. It is half way across the field of desolation when a warrior cries out—then another and another—and the sentinels fire their carbines and shout an alarm. The line dashes ahead, but mingled with war whoops are cries of affright, and the line bends and wavers and is broken. It reaches the creek under the steady fire of the sentinels—a few warriors leap the stream and utter shouts of victory. Twenty seconds after the alarm is given every sleeper is on his feet with weapons in hand. Five seconds later every man is pulling trigger on the black objects swarming up the hillside. It is a strange battle, inasmuch as for every war whoop there is a scream or shriek. It is over in two minutes and the Indians are retreating—all who can walk or limp or crawl. The war cries cease, but the strange cries and shrieks ring in our ears for the next ten minutes. Two wounded Indians creep up the hillside into camp and beg to be taken prisoners, and they look down upon "the ground of the dead" and shiver like children who hear a strange sound in the darkness. We ask them to explain, but they cannot.

Morning comes with a mist hanging over the desolate strip. The sun comes up to drive it away, and then the mystery is solved. There are four dead warriors between us and the creek—all killed by our bullets. There are six more dead beyond the other bank. Half way to the bed of the dry creek are three more. On the bank of the stream is a single one, and we doubt not that under the bank, hidden from our sight, are yet other corpses in war paint and feathers. We stand and stare and wonder, but only for a moment before finding the solution. The "ground of the dead" is swarming with centipedes and serpents, driven from the plains to the west by the continued drought. They came before the line of warriors, and they had slaked their thirst and were lying about in scores to be trodden on and to turn and use their deadly stings and fangs.—M. Quad, in Detroit Free Press.

—Stuffed Cucumbers.—Select good-sized, fresh cucumbers, pare them and cut them into halves. With a spoon scoop out the center or seed part, put one cupful of fine bread crumbs into a bowl, add one tablespoonful of salt and, if it can be had, a green pepper chopped fine. Put this mixture into the cucumber, stand in a baking pan. Put into the baking pan a tablespoonful of butter and half a cupful of water. Cook in a quick oven thirty minutes, basting several times. Serve very hot.—N. Y. Ledger.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Over 43 per cent. of the Irish citizens of this country find employment in some form of personal or professional service.

—In 1891 the state of Pennsylvania produced 42,788,490 tons of bituminous coal, while Illinois produced 15,660,698 tons; Ohio produced 12,868,683 tons; West Virginia, 9,220,665 tons; Alabama, 4,759,781 tons; Iowa, 3,825,495 tons; Maryland, 3,820,239 tons; Colorado, 3,512,632 tons; Indiana, 2,973,474 tons, and Missouri, 2,674,666 tons.

—The outer ear of a mouse is a thin almost transparent membrane, and recent experiments show that it is highly sensitive to movements of the air which to human ears do not represent sound at all. It is asserted on good authority that mice are sensitive to music, and the stories of their singing have been fully confirmed. They have a pleasant, musical note resembling that of the cricket.

—Prof. Petrie reports that he has discovered near Thebes, Egypt, relics of a race hitherto unknown to the world. He believes that these people, who were quite distinct in every way from the Egyptians, were Libyans, and that they lived at least 3,000 years before Christ. Although this race must have been very skillful in certain forms of art there is no doubt that they were cannibals.

—London lost its trade in cheap watches by the obstinate stupidity of trades' union workmen, says Mr. Booth. "The Swiss makers contrived the horizontal escapement, but London makers would not budge, and later held out also against the Lancashire lever escapement. Nor would they hear of machine work. A company for the use of machinery was opposed by Clerkenwell influence, and, failing to obtain a charter, was transferred to the United States, where it has been the pioneer of the modern factory system."

—The matter of the inheritance of character acquired during the lifetime of the individual is at present one of great interest. As bearing on this question may be quoted a statement in the American Naturalist, contributed by Allerton S. Cushman. A Clivedale terrier bitch gave birth to seven puppies, sired by a thoroughbred Irish terrier; two of the puppies were born with the tails just half as long as those of the other five. Since for generations the ancestors (it is not said whether those of both sexes) have had their tails artificially modified, "it seems as though this was a genuine case of natural following of artificial type."

—The United States consul at Shanghai, in his report to the state department, attributes the falling off of Chinese importation of domestic cotton from the United States as well as from Great Britain, to be due to the increase of the manufacture of cotton cloth by Japan and China. The report by Consul Jernigan to the state department goes on to state that in 1863 the first spinning mill was created in Japan with 5,456 spindles; in 1883 there were sixteen mills with 43,700 spindles, and in 1893 there were forty-six mills with some 600,000 spindles. Statistics regarding the industry in China have not been published, "but a conservative estimate is that the end of this year will witness 360,000 spindles, 3,000 looms, besides numerous cotton gins ready to operate in fifteen cotton mills."

Evading the Pressgang.

It was not easy matter to get married in pressgang times. Robert Miller, a Kirkwall man, found this to be the case. He returned from the whalefishing one autumn, fully resolved that he should take unto himself a wife. But the pressgang got on his track, and he soon saw that if he was to get his heart's desire, he would require to exert both pluck and perseverance. At length the fateful night arrived. The company had gathered, and the minister was in the house of the bride, prepared to proceed with the ceremony, when the dreaded pressgang made its appearance. Ladies are not usually of a belligerent disposition, but when they saw, as in this instance, the likelihood of a marriage being spoiled by interlopers, they rose up in wrath against them. They assailed the members of the pressgang both with tongue and missiles, so that these gentlemen were glad to beat a hasty retreat. After this little episode, a back window of the house was lifted and the bridegroom, dressed in woman's clothes, bounded into the room. The doors having been barricaded to prevent a surprise, the clergyman proceeded to perform the ceremony, and surely no bridegroom was ever married in such a strange garb! Miller was never captured. He lived to a ripe old age, and was the first beadle of the Kirkwall Free church.—Chamber's Journal.

Extreme Measures.

"Mandy," said Farmer Corntassel, thoughtfully, "hez it occurred to you that Josiar is gittin' kinder sassy?"

"It has, I must say," confessed the young man's mother.

"An' don't it seem to you thet he's sorter shiftless, too?"

"Yes," she sighed.

"He's too big ter lick now, er we could fix it all right in no time. He's got ter be disciplined somehow."

"What are ye goin' ter do?"

"Send 'im ter college next fall. It's terrible severe an' I hate ter do it, but nothin' short of a good hazin'll make any impression on that boy."—Washington Star.

Partaken of Previously.

Howie—I could swear nobody has taken my hat off that hook since I hung it there this morning. I've been here all day. Bought the hat new when I came down town. It was a perfect fit. There it hangs, just as it has hung all day. And yet it isn't the same hat. This hat is a whole size larger than the one I put on that hook this morning! How do you explain it?

Appleswim—Spirits.—Chicago Tribune.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Coffee Iced Froth.—Mix together one quart of pure cream, one-half pint of very strong coffee, three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Strain and whisk until it is converted into froth. Place lightly in glasses and serve.—Western Rural.

—Saute of Oyster Crabs.—Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a small saucepan; when melted add four tablespoonfuls of thick cream. Season with salt and cayenne, and when very hot add a pint of oyster crabs. Cook one minute and serve.—Boston Budget.

—A Supper Dish.—Put a heaped teacupful of pearl barley into a saucepan with a quart of cold water, two onions peeled and cut in quarters, a bacon bone or any bones that may be left from the dinner joint. Let this simmer one hour and a half, clean a head of celery, cut it in inch lengths, with two carrots and two turnips. Cut them in small square pieces, and put them in the saucepan with the barley; let these simmer half an hour, turn into a hot vegetable dish, and serve as hot as possible.—Leeds Mercury.

—To remove the paper which has lined a cake pan from the cake is a work requiring skill. Turn the cake from the tin on to a sieve, and when it has partly cooled turn the cake bottom upward and brush the paper with chilled water until it is thoroughly damp, when the paper can be easily peeled off. Where paper is not used and you wish to prevent your cake from sticking to the pan, grease it well, dredge it with dried flour and shake out all the flour before pouring in the cake mixture.—N. Y. World.

—To Cook Asparagus.—Cut the stalks as far as tender into pieces an inch in length. Boil till tender—about twenty minutes—in just enough water to cover; salt to taste. Mix a tablespoonful of flour smooth with a little milk; stir it into the asparagus, together with a tablespoonful of butter. Have three hard boiled eggs sliced rather thin; stir them in gently. Let it boil up, and pour over slices of hot buttered toast. This recipe is for one bunch of asparagus and is sufficient for four slices of toast.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—Cherry Pie.—The common red cherries make the best pies. Stone the cherries. Line deep pie dishes with good plain paste, fill them nearly full of stoned cherries, sprinkle over four large tablespoons of sugar and dredge this lightly with flour; cover with the upper crust rolled out as thin as possible, trim the edge neatly with a sharp knife. Make a vent in the center, press the edges tightly together so that the juices of the fruit may not run out while it is baking. Serve the same day they are baked or the undercrust will be heavy.—Mrs. Rorer, in Orange Judd Farmer.

—Roast Breast of Veal.—Although generally considered the coarsest part of veal the breast is very palatable if cooked as follows: Make a forcemeat of breadcrumbs and pork chopped very fine. Season with thyme, sweet marjoram, pepper and salt. Mix well and add a well-beaten egg. Hash the veal between the ribs and fill with the forcemeat. Roast slowly. If seared over on the surface before placing in the oven it will be better. When nearly done baste with melted butter and dredge with flour. Let it brown over. After removing the veal from the pan put into the pan a pint of rich sweet milk. Bring to a boil and thicken with a tablespoonful of flour, which has been mixed very smooth in a little cold milk.—Chicago Record.

PLAIN SPOKEN.

A Sculptor Who Charmed Sitters by His Bluntness.

It is said that some of the sitters to Nollekens, the celebrated sculptor, were charmed by the downright bluntness of his compliments, which were so evidently free from all intentional flattery.

One day he was modeling the head of a lady of rank, when she forgot herself, changed her position, and assumed a look of great haughtiness, which displeased the sculptor.

"Don't look so scornful, madam," he said, bluntly, "you will spoil my bust—and you're a very fine woman—I think it will make one of my very best."

At another time he said to a sitter who had a cast in one eye: "Pray look the other way, madam, that I may get rid of that shyness in your eye, which though not disagreeable in life, is unusual in art."

At one time he had had for a sitter a woman of great beauty, but of extremely nervous and impatient temperament. During her sittings she constantly changed her position, and with each change of position her expression varied.

At last Nollekens' patience gave way.

"Madam," he cried, unceremoniously, "what does it matter how handsome you are, if you will not sit still till I have modeled you!"

The sitter smiled with gratified vanity, and much to the sculptor's amazement was almost as quiet as a lay figure during the remainder of her sittings.—Youth's Companion.

Pretty Dressing Sacque.

The newest dressing sacque, the one that is enjoying the present feminine favor, is called the Sans Gene. The original of this jacket is of orange satin, with full cascades of white lace rippling down the front and going about neck and wrists. The peculiarity of these is the shaping, the back being in one piece, and the sleeves full to the wrists, like nightgown sleeves. This sacque may be made in silk, cashmere or muslin; it is pretty in them all. The sacque that is almost a wrapper, it is so long, and that is to slip over the night robe on getting out of bed, is of silk, lace trimmed, or muslin, with embroidery. If one chooses the daintily striped Indian dimity may be used also, with embroidery trimmings. Airiness and daintiness are the features of these negligees.—Philadelphia Press.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, July 8, 1895.

The man who could have prevented Mr. Cleveland's nomination in '92 is determined to prevent his nomination in '96. That man is Senator Gorman. It is well known that Gorman had only to say one word at the Democratic Convention of '92, and Mr. Cleveland's nomination would have been impossible. Gorman wanted that nomination himself, and when a canvass of the convention showed that while he could get votes enough pledged to defeat Cleveland, he could not get enough to be nominated himself, he declined to allow the use of his name before the convention and Mr. Cleveland was nominated. He wants that nomination now just as bad as he ever did, and is determined to keep Mr. Cleveland out of it whether he can get it himself or not. His supporters are some of the shrewdest workers in the Democratic party and, like him, they all dislike Mr. Cleveland. These men are taking especial pains to inform the Democratic voters—by other methods that the party papers—that it was the killing of the Wilson Tariff Bill, which was Mr. Cleveland's own measure, and the adoption of the Gorman-Brice Tariff Bill, which was publicly denounced although afterwards signed under compulsion by Mr. Cleveland, that saved the industrial and commercial interests of the country from ruin and the National Treasury from bankruptcy. The Gorman men are perfectly confident that they can control more than one-third of the Democratic Convention and defeat the nomination of Mr. Cleveland or any man named by him, even if they do not succeed in nominating Gorman. They are not doing any talking for publication, but they are out for blood, so to speak, and they are getting it, too.

One of the few Democrats who is on visiting terms at Gray Gables has written to a Washington friend saying that ex-Governor Campbell of Ohio, is no longer persona grata to his highness, Grover I. That jingo Fourth of July speech which Mr. Campbell made before Tammany is what did the business. It was taken as a personal insult by Mr. Cleveland, and coming from the source it did it was especially galling. Mr. Campbell in addition to having been given the privilege of declining a place in the cabinet, has controlled to a much greater extent than any other one man, the Federal appointments which have been given to Ohio men under this administration, and his loyalty to Mr. Cleveland was confidently counted upon. But that is all over now, and if Mr. Campbell gets within speaking distance of a place on the Democratic National ticket he will do so without any aid from Mr. Cleveland or any member of his administration. Mr. Campbell passed through Washington on his way back home, but he declined to discuss the effect that speech had had or was likely to have upon his relations with the administration; but from the talk of some of his personal friends it is clear that his object in making the speech was not only to announce his candidacy for the presidential nomination but to discount the effect of the robust declaration in favor of the enforcement of the spirit and letter of the Monroe Doctrine which everybody expects to be made by the Republicans in Congress very early in the next session. Mr. Campbell knows, as everybody who has given the subject any attention does, that nine-tenths of the people in this country are opposed to the humble pie, surrender-everything foreign policy of the present administration, hence his indirect condemnation and repudiation of it.

Mr. Willis L. Moore, the new chief of the Weather Bureau, is a journeyman printer, a protege of the late Frank Hatton, and the manner in which he secured the appointment, althought himself a Republican, shows him to have the proverbial shrewdnes of the craft. He has been connected with the bureau for about 20 years, having originally enlisted as a private in the Signal Service, and has for several years been chief forecaster at the Chicago office. He has used a system of his own in making weather forecasts, which have proven to be the most accurate made in the country. He claims that the system was discovered by himself, and it was his refusal to give away his secret that put him at the head of the bureau. Secretary Morton wanted the other forecasters to have the benefit of this system, but it was only when Moore was sure of being put at the head of the bureau that he agreed to part with his secret. The average printer dosn't need anybody to tell him how to work a good thing when it comes his way.

Selbysport.

Wheat cutting is all the go.

We are having an abundance of rain.

The 4th passed quietly and all seemed to enjoy themselves hugely.

We received no mail at our office on the 5th. Some mail agent sent the Krug mail here instead of our own.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Frantz entertained a number of their friends on the eve of July 4th by giving them a hop. After the hop ice cream, lemonade, fruits, etc., were served. We wish July 4th would come every month.

David Falcon, the fisher, came up town the other evening laughing all over. It was a 14½ inch bass that made him smile.

Messrs. Brown & Frantz shipped four cars of lumber last week. They report lumber in fair demand.

Some of our farmers, Democrats included, blame the failure of our wheat crop on the Democratic administration, and many claim bad luck never comes single. Then they read how their poor friends in Washington and Green counties, Pa., are suffering by the loss of their sheep by selling hundreds of them at fifty cents per head. It hurts some of those who have tender hearts to think the Missouri farmers also had to quit sheep raising and stock their farms with goats.

Miss Maria Watsou, of Watson, Pa., was visiting our merchants the 8th.

Jonas Frazee is here cradling wheat. The first stroke he made he almost cut off one of his fingers. He was telling the boys how he would push them and some of them says he cut his finger so he could have an excuse to quit, as they were pushing him too fast.

Miss Hattie Lowdermilk, of Sang Run, visited her many friends in our town July 5th and 6th.

Mrs. C. H. Stack, who has been visiting her mother and friends at Meyersdale, Pa., for the last month, returned home on the 8th.

Mt. Lake Park.

The great camp meeting began as announced last Saturday morning, with a very large attendance from the first. There are many of the old attendants as well as a large number who had not been here before. Rev. John Thompson is in charge and he has associated with him Rev. Joseph H. Smith, Dr. S. A. Keen, Rev. Speuser, Dr. Dugan Clark, Rev. E. I. D. Pepper, Dr. Hughes, Rev. Isaac Naylor and many other ministers and evangelists. The meeting seemed to start off with the same fervor that it closed last year and many are being wonderfully blessed by it.

I am sorry to note the critical condition of Miss Jennie Smith, who had a partial sunstroke some time ago and is now threatened with heart failure. We are very anxious that she may speedily recover.

With all the large crowd of people here, yet we have room for more. Four or five cottages are still for rent.

The handsome three story building at Loch Lynu is nearing completion and the store will likely be moved into it next week.

Mr. T. J. Peddicord resigned as one of the directors of the Store Co. and Mr. C. A. Ashby was elected to fill his place.

Miss Julia Bonifield is now in her new cottage. She has been a missionary to China for seven years.

The work of completing the Loch Lynn hotel is going steadily on. A number of guests are already in the hotel.

A substantial board walk is being laid up the main street from the depot. J. A. E.

A Mysterious Disappearance.

On the night of July 4th a man named John Griffith, of Branlonville, West Va., who was engaged in working at the Crellin saw mill, came to Oakland and made some purchases of wearing apparel and then started for Crellin. The following morning a hat and other belongings were found on the road which were indentified as the property of Griffith, but at the time nothing was thought of the matter. On Sunday, however, Griffith not having put in an appearance, an organized hunt was made for him through the woods between Oakland and Crellin, but nothing was discovered that would lead to his whereabouts. Monday the men engaged with him at the mill again went out and made a thorough search of the woods and also dragged the river near town, the thought having occurred to some of them that probably he had met with foul play at the hands of tramps, of whom there is always a gang to be seen about town but nothing has so far been heard of him and the conclusion arrived at by a great many is that Griffith has gone to some other place to hunt work.

He is a married man with a family of five children, his family however, living at Brandonville, W. Va. It is reported that he has not lived with his wife for a number of months.

Low Rates to Boston

The Christian Endeavor, United Society of the National Young People's Union meets in Boston July 10 to 14.

For this occassion the B. & O. R. R. will sell excursion tickets from all points on its line east of the Ohio River, July 8 to 11 inclusive, valid for return passage until July 31. These tickets will be sold at rate of one fare for the round trip going and returning same route. Tickets will also be placed on sale good going via one route and returning via another, at slightly advanced rate.

For rate of fare and full particulars, call on or address nearest B. & O. Agent. 15–3t

Rogers' Sarsaparilla.

A specific for all. 100 doses for 75 cents. Rogers' Little Liver Pills, best on the market; Cough Cure, Liniment, Appetine and Worm Syrup, sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland; Cuppett Bros., McHenry; J. A. DeBerry, Corinth; C. F. White, Hutton; P. T. Garthright, Hayden & Eckles, Mt. Lake Park; Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park; Wm. Frederick, Friendsville; Yough Store Co., Jonas Frazee, Robert Liston, Selbysport; W. Wass, Mineral Springs; J. E. Gungey, Accident; Smith & Callis, Hoyes, and by all general dealers.

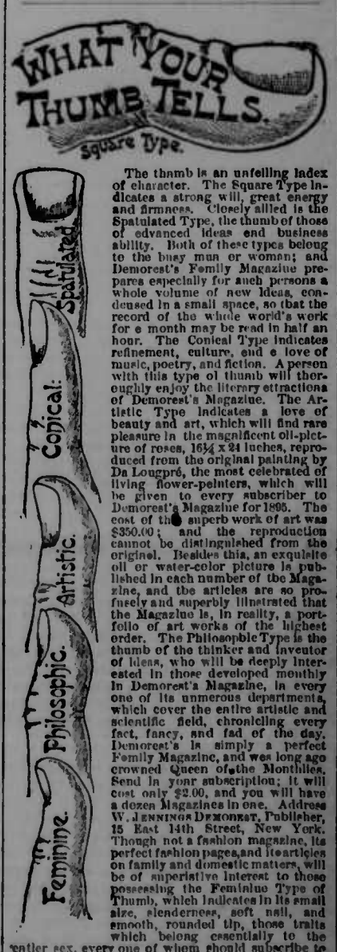

The thumb is an unfailing index of character. The Square Type indicates a strong will, great energy and firmness. Closely allied is the Spatulated Type, the thumb of those of advanced ideas and business ability. Both of these types belong to the busy man or woman; and Demorest's Family Magazine prepares especially for such persons a whole volume of new ideas, condensed in a small space, so that the record of the whole world's work for a month may be read in half an hour. The Conical Type indicates refinement, culture, and a love of music, poetry, and fiction. A person with this type of thumb will thoroughly enjoy the literary attractions of Demorest's Magazine. The Artistic Type indicates a love of beauty and art, which will find rare pleasure in the magnificent oil-picture of roses, 16½ x 24 inches, reproduced from the original painting by Da Longpré, the most celebrated of living flower-painters, which will be given to every subscriber to Demorest's Magazine for 1895. The cost of this superb work of art was $350.00; and the reproduction cannot be distinguished from the original. Besides this, an exquisite oil or water-color picture is published in each number of the Magazine, and the articles are so profusely and superbly illustrated that the Magazine is, in reality, a portfolio of art works of the highest order. The Philosophic Type is the thumb of the thinker and inventor of ideas, who will be deeply interested in those developed monthly in Demorest's Magazine, in every one of its numerous departments, which cover the entire artistic and scientific field, chronicling every fact, fancy, and fad of the day. Demorest's is simply a perfect Family Magazine, and was long ago crowned Queen of the Monthlies. Send in your subscription; it will cost only $2.00, and you will have a dozen Magazines in one. Address W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, Publisher, 15 East 14th Street, New York. Though not a fashion magazine, its perfect fashion pages, and its articles on family and domestic matters, will be of superlative interest to those possessing the Feminine Type of Thumb, which indicates in its small size, slenderness, soft nail, and smooth, rounded tip, those traits which belong essentially to the gentler sex, every one of whom should subscribe to Demorest's Magazine. If you are unacquainted with its merits, send for a specimen copy (free), and you will admit that seeing these THUMBS has put you in the way of saving money by finding in one Magazine everything to satisfy the literary wants of the whole family.

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Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

Cleaning, Repairing, Altering and Pressing at Moderate Prices and Done at Shortest Notice.

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OAKLAND, MD.

A Fine Line of Imported Goods

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Branch of 1315 Penna. Ave., Washington.

We are recommended by many of the leading people of Oakland.

ORDER NISI.

Samuel Lawton, Late Treasurer of Garrett County, vs. George T. Wilt.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County. No. 36 Trials to July Term, 1895.

It is ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 9th day of July, 1895, that the tax sale as made and reported by Samuel Lawton, late Treasurer, in the above entitled cause, and made to the County Commissioners of said county, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 2nd day of August, 1895; provided that a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 2nd day of August, 1895.

EDWARD STAKE.

True Copy. Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Proposals for Building a Bridge.

Notice is hereby given that the Mayor and Town Council of Oakland, Md., will receive sealed proposals until July 15th, 1895, for the construction of an iron bridge, crossing the Little Yough River in Oakland, according to the following specifications: Length of span, 80 feet, approaches on each side, 18 feet, roadway, 18 feet wide, capacity, 100 pounds to the sdunre foot, with factory safety of 4. They will also receive proposals for oak lumber and for stone work.

The Council reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Specifications may be seen by applying to the Town Clerk.

17 2t L. E. TOWNSHEND, Clerk.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett County, to view the lands through which the petitioned change in the county road, beginning at a point on the old location at the corner of Mrs. Angie Ward's property and running a westerly direction through the lands of Mary F. Goldsborough, commonly known as "Highland Park," and intersecting new road running from the end of Green street to Deer Park and Oakland road at a point directly opposite where the street ends at Michael Mahoney's livery stable, and examine whether the said change should be made, will meet on the

27th Day of July, 1895,

for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change of said county road, and if so, to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

WILLIAM WHITE,
E. E. SOLLARS,
JOHN HARNED, } Examiners.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned either in person or by deputy, will be in each of the election districts in said county, to collect and receive taxes at the time and places following:

July 15, McHenry,
" 16, Hoyes,
" 17, Friendsville,
" 18, Selbysport,
" 19, Accident,
" 22, Cove,
" 23, Grantsville,
" 24, Johnson's,
" 25, T. H. Layman's,
" 26, Avilton,
" 27, Gregg's,
" 29, C. J. Otto's,
" 30, Bittinger,
" 31, "
August 5, Bloomington,
" 5, Floyd,
" 6, Swanton,
" 6, Wilson,
" 7, Deer Park,
" 7, Altamont,
" 8, Gorman,
" 8, Red House.

Office in Oakland will be closed from July 15th to August 8th, inclusive.

N. B. By an act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed at January session, 1890, being Chap. 560, it is provided that "All county taxes shall be due and payable on the first day of September succeeding the date of levy, and on all county taxes paid on or before said day a discount of 3 per cent shall be allowed; and after the first day of January all taxes shall bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until paid. The Treasurer shall take the discount and charge interest on the tax bills for county purposes regularly in the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same on his books and upon the receipt given for taxes so paid; but this discount shall not be allowed unless the whole amount of State and county taxes due for the current year be paid when the same is made."

E. E. SOLLARS, Treasurer.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county upon a judgment in said court, recovered by Charles R. Savage and Cora V. Savage, his wife, against John Barnes at the March Term of said court, held in the year 1895, and to me directed, I have seized and taken in execution and will offer at public sale in front of W. C. Jones' store in Deer Park, Md., on

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1895,

at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., to satisfy said execution, I will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, and near the town of Deer Park, known and described as Military Lot No. 1848, containing fifty acres of land, more or less.

All of said land, except about ten acres, is cleared and under cultivation. It is improved by a comfortable dwelling, barn, cow stable and sheep house. There is also fruit. This is the same property which was conveyed by W. E. George to John Barnes.

CHARLES WEGMAN, Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county the 30th day of May, 1895, at the suit of Alexander Hemphill against Adam Fox, the undersigned Sheriff will, on

Saturday, the 3d Day of August, 1895,

at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., of said day, in front of the store house of Smith & Callis in Johnstown, in Garrett county, sell to the highest bidder for cash on that day, all of the following described real estate belonging to the said defendant Adam Fox, to-wit: All those lots of ground situated in Garrett county, Maryland, which are known and described as Military Lots Nos. 3241, 3244 and 4138, and containing fifty acres of land each. Said lots of ground will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs.

CHARLES WEGMAN, Sheriff.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

are good for most anything, such as piles, fullness of blood in the head, sour stomach, bad taste in the mouth, bad breath, pain in the side, back and limbs, sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh, constipation, dizziness, nervousness, sleeplessness, dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in various parts of the body, dyspepsia, biliousness, female complaints, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and ague, nervous affections, headache, loss of memory, impending evils, horror of disease, weakness, debility, dizziness, want of appetite, dullness of the senses, universal lassitude of the muscular system, hysterics, low spirits, blues, suicidal thoughts, confusion of ideas, great nervousness, sudden attacks of heat, alternate chills and flashes of heat over the whole body, disturbed sleep, frightful dreams, want of energy, aversion to society, self-distrust, timidity, trembling, sudden alarms, restlessness, wakefulness, mental anxiety, want of confidence, great fear, horror of death, aversion to business, wearisomeness, pimples on the face, neuralgia, pain in the head, kidneys, stomach and bowels, and all diseases arising from a disordered liver, stomach or blood. They will positively cure all disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. 25 cents a box.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

helps babes over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, controls the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no narcotic drugs and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good—25 cents a bottle.

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23–1yr.

FOR SALE.

Three acres of land, being a part of the old Kennedy farm, lying in the eastern suburbs of Oakland on either side of the road leading to Mt. Lake Park. Will be sold in lots of ¼ acre each, or as a whole.

For full particulars call on or address MRS. LIZZIE BUZZARD, Elkins, W. Va.

23-6m

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

11 1y

Estate of George Ault, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

GEORGE AULT,

late of Garrett County, Maryland, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 1st day of January next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 18th day of June, 1895.

JOHN AULT, Executor, Oakland, Md.

15-3t.

34 inches high. Top can be adjusted to any angle or height. Revolving Case 15 x 15 x 12 inside. Holds about 20 vols Law size. Strong well finished Metal Base and Sides With Solid Oak Shelves and Top.—130,000 now used. Sent knocked down (20 lbs). On approval. Address Marsh Mfg. CHICAGO. Agents Wanted.

SHEEP

Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ½ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON, Keyser, W. Va.

20—1yr.

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments. Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe WITH J. B. WILLIAMS

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

4193.yr—s

Ripans Tabules relieve nausea.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate.
CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING.
Office in Bayer Building, Oakland, Md. 8-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.
Particular attention given to conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e11-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
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OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.
Drs. McLane & Berkeley,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
FROSTBURG, MD.
Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES
See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—29f

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8:30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 3m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE,
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,

Carriage, Sign and House Painter,

OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13t.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

3. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.

E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

--WANTED--

WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER

Also White Oak Timber Land.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.

Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
221f 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

The Wesleyan Female Institute,

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.

For girls and young women. Established 1842. Full corps of experienced teachers. Location healthy, central and accessible. For catalogues and particulars apply to

REV. HENRY P. HAMILL, President.

13-15t

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1895. NUMBER 19.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Try Liller's sea foam. 10 cents a rub. 16–4t.

The condition of Miss Jennie Smith remains unchanged.

Don't forget that statement you received from this office last week.

Mr. W. C. Kidd, of Baltimore, spent Sunday and Monday in Oakland.

County Commissioner Abernathy was here a few hours yesterday on business.

Mr. William Stephens, of Baltimore, came home on a short visit Saturday.

Liller has the best hair restorative on the market. 15, 25 and 50 cents per bottle. 16–3t

Mrs. Rosenberger is at Oak Hall as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Hinebaugh.

Mr. Brison Welch, of McHenry, was in the city a day or two this week on business.

Mrs. Henry J. Mayers visited friends at Johnstown, Pa., several days since our last issue.

Attorney Thomas J. Peddicord made a business trip to Parkersburg, West Va., Tuesday morning.

Go to F. G. Hyde for the best revolvers and cartridges; any size and style you want. 19–tf.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Adams, of Terra Alta, spent Sunday visiting Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Ferguson.

Another sale of lots at public auction will be held at Loch Lynn Heights on August 9th and 10th.

Rev. G. W. W. Amick, of Johnstown, Pa., has been here several days visiting friends and relatives.

Robert Townshend, of Oakland, Md., was visiting at the M. E. parsonage last week.—Davis Republican.

Mr. M. W. Southard, who has been here for some time, went to Baltimore last Saturday on business.

Hon. John P. Jones, of Terra Alta, was in the city Tuesday and made THE REPUBLICAN an agreeable call.

Messrs. Wm. I. Brown and W. McCullough Brown, of Bayard, W. Va., were here Monday for a short time on business.

LOST. Two small account books on road between Oakland and Mt. Lake Park. Reward if returned to W. H. Malette, Oakland.

When you come to town remember that Dixon & Kelso's is headquarters for chickens and eggs. They are paying highest prices. 18–2t*

WANTED TO RENT.—A good saddle horse, suitable for ladies' use. Apply to W. J. McKnight, opposite Judge J. M. Wilson's. 17–2t.

The stone work for Messrs. John M. Davis & Son's new store room is almost completed. Carpenters will begin work in a few days.

FOR SALE—Two riding or driving horses; also one two horse farm wagon. Will sell cheap. Apply to James O. Hinebaugh, Oakland, Md. 19–3t

Mr. Thomas A. Boyer, formerly of Oakland but now living in Baltimore, is here this week on a visit to Mr. John Shartzer and other friends.

Mrs. D. E. Offutt went to Cumberland Tuesday morning to visit her sister, Mrs. Frost, whose husband has been quite ill for a number of weeks.

The Elizabeth band, composed of eighteen pieces, of Pittsburg, arrived at the Columbian hotel, Mt. Lake Park, Monday and will remain there two weeks or more.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. Try
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite.

Rev. Milton Thomas will hold an all-day meeting at Firm Rock on Sunday, July 28th. All are invited to come, bring their baskets and stay all day.

FOR SALE.—One hundred acres of unimproved land adjoining Mt. Lake Park Association grounds on the north. A good chance for an investment. FRED. A. THAYER, 16-3 Attorney.

Mr. James R. Bishop's new residence on Second street has been closed in and the roof put on. The house will be quite convenient and a handsome one when finished.

WANTED TO RENT. — A good horse for the season. I am willing to pay a reasonable price and return horse in as good condition as when I got it. Apply to W. H. Malette, Oakland, Md. 17–3t.

Mr. D. N. Brown, of Cumberland, who has been associated with the W. Va. C. & P. R. R. for several months, and stationed in the company's offices at Elkins, was here a short time on Tuesday.

Prof. S. S. Little, scientific optician of Cumberland, will be at Dr Henry W. McComas' office in Oakland Thursday, July 25th. Eyes examined free for the perfect adjustment of glasses. 18–2t.

We have been requested to announce that the ladies of the Presbyterian congregation of Oakland will hold a lawn fete in the church yard some evening during the first week of August.

Prof. Zimmerman's band, which is under contract to furnish music here and at Deer Park during the summer, gave one of its open air concerts at the Oakland hotel Monday morning, which attracted a large crowd of people to that spot.

Mr. O. J. Smith, representing Messrs. J. H. Mediary & Co., school book publishers of Baltimore, was here Monday making a contract with the School Board for the furnishing of supplies during the coming year.

On Sunday morning the congregation of St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church will celebrate communion. Rev. J. W. Butler will preach, using as the subject of his sermon "Growth in Grace." Services will also be held at night, the text chosen being Rev. 3:20.

Try McComas' Calmative Konseals to drive away sharp pains in muscular and acute rheumatism. One or two Konseals have shown marvelous results. 10 cents per box. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5–tf

Mr. Wm. Martin Aiken, who was architect of Mr. Percy Procter's cottage, spent Sunday and Monday in Oakland as Mr. Procter's guest. Mr. Aiken is now Supervising Architect of the Treasury Department. He had nothing but praise for the work done by Capt. Jarboe and his men.

B. H. Bowman, Pub. Enquirer, of Bremen Ind., writes: Last week our little girl baby the only one we have was taken sick with croup. After two doctors failed to give relief and life was hanging on a mere thread we tried One Minute Cough Cure and its life was saved. Oakland Pharmacy.

At a meeting of the Town Council held on Tuesday night a contract for the erection of an iron bridge to span the Little Youghiogheny in Oakland, was let to the Penn Bridge Company for $1,000. The span is to be sixty feet long, road way eighteen feet wide and approaches to bridge eighteen feet wide. Work on the erection of the bridge will begin at once.

Chamberlain's is the best of all. Vincent J. Barkl, of Danbury, Iowa has used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy whenever in need of a medicine for coughs and colds, for the past five years and says: "It always helps me out. If anyone asks me what kind of cough medicine I use, I reply, Chamberlains that is the best of all. 25 and 50c bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

The $13,000 appropriation by the government for street paving in Annapolis in the vicinity of the Naval Academy lapsed on July 1. The government offered the city either cobblo stone or vitrified brick pavement, and the city would not have either, and therefore got nothing.

Dr. Ravenscraft has adopted the following office hours at Oakland and Mt. Lake Park for the season: At Oakland office, 9 to 11 a. m., 3 to 5 p. m., at Mt. Lake Park office 7 to 8 a. m., 7 to 9 p. m. Telephone calls answered from either office. Summer residence and office on H street, opposite Mrs. Howe's residence at Mountain Lake Park. 16–4t.

Rev. John Thompson, of Philadelphia, familiarly known as the "Bishop" at Mountain Lake Park, will preach in St. Paul's M. E. church, Oakland, next Sunday at 10.30 a. m. After this date all regular services in the above church will be resumed. Everybody will be cordially welcomed to any or all services.

We call attention to the advertisement of Briar-Bend Seminary, which will be found in our advertising columns this week. This school, which is located at Mountain Lake Park, is becoming more popular every year. A boys' department has recently been added, which will be under the management of Major Ballou, a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute.

W. H. Nelson, who is in the drug business at Kingville, Mo., has so much confidence in Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy that he warrants every bottle and offers to refund the money to any customer who is not satisfied after using it. Mr. Nelson takes no risk in doing this because the remedy is a certain cure for the diseases which it is intended and he knows it. It is for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

The ladies aid society of St. Paul's M. E. church will hold a lawn fete on the parsonage lawn July 30 from 7 to 11 p. m. Supper and refreshments will be served and good music vocal and instrumental, will be provided for the entertainment of the guests. Two or three novel features will be introduced to make the occasion interesting. All are cordially invited.

Mr. J. H. Tarbell, of New York, whose advertisement appears in this issue of THE REPUBLICAN, is an artist in his special line of real merit. We have in this office a landscape view, known as a platinotype which resembles a steel engraving, made by Mr. Tarbell, and all who have seen it pronounce it the finest thing in the way of the photographic art they have ever examined. Mr. Tarbell, takes orders for photographing residences, groups, portraits, etc., and guarantees satisfaction.

A horse kicked H. S. Shafer, of the Freemyer House, Middleburg, N. Y., on the knee, which laid him up in bed and caused the knee joint to become stiff. A friend recommended him to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which he did, and in two days was able to be around. Mr. Shafer has recommended it to many others and says it is excellent for any kind of a bruise or sprain. This same remedy is also famous for its cures of rheumatism. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Last Friday Philip H. Davis and Solomon Tasker, both of District No. 8, were brought to Oakland and placed in jail charged upon the oath of William McGill, of the Piedmont Lumber Company, with having destroyed a portion of the narrow gauge railroad belonging to that company with a view to overthrow the cars passing over the road. They had a hearing the next morning before Justice Gonder who, not finding evidence sufficient to hold them for the grand jury, discharged the prisoners. They were repesented by E. H. Sincell and Mr. Hamill represented the State in the hearing.

The mayor of a western city noted for its healthful situation not long ago received in a letter the following from one who wanted information: "Please to let me know the weekly and the monthly deth statisticks of your city and what they died of an also what the favorite diseazes of your climate is and when they prevail the worse and how menny result in fatal deth. Also the high and low tempatoor and in regards to the wind blowing and at what per cent per mile it blows an if syclones are frequent enough to be unpleasant and what precaution is necessary to escape being blown away. Anything else about your climate an diseases will be thankfully received."

Last June Dick Crawford brought his twelve-month-old child, suffering from infantile diarrhoea, to me. It had been weaned at four months and had always been sickly. I gave it the usual treatment in such cases but without benefit. The child kept growing thinner until it weighed but little more than when born, or perhaps ten pounds. I then started the father to giving Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Before one bottle of the 25 cent size had been used a marked improvement was seen and its continued use cured the child. Its weakness and puny constitution disappeared and its father and myself believed the childs life was saved by this remedy. J. T. MARLOW, M. D., Tamaroa, Ill. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Douglas Stanton had a very unfortunate accident last Saturday evening in which both bones in his left leg were broken. It is said they protruded from the flesh 3 or 4 inches. He was taking the horses to water and had nothing but halters on them; he rode them however with the exception of a spirited young gray which had never been ridden controlled with a halter only and his young brother-in-law bantered him to ride the one referred to which he did landing on his feet safely in dismounting while the horse was in motion, then he disputed and Mr. Stanton to prove how he had done the feat tried it over; the horse evidently disliked the performance and started for the barn at full speed and the dismounting act while in motion became a necessity to avoid a broken cranium, he landed on his feet successfully, he thinks but the horse jumped on his leg breaking it. Drs. Lichty and Beyans set the broken leg and the sufferer is doing as well as could be expected considering the seriousness of the injury.—Grantsville Cor. Meyersdale Commercial.

Died.

HUGHES.—Yesterday afternoon at Mountain Lake Park, a little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hughes, of Wheeling. The remains were taken to Wheeling for interment.

Married.

RINKER—SMITH.—On June 30, 1895, by the Rev. I. W. Abernathy, at the home of the groom in Garrett county, Mr. Dennis Rinker and Miss Maggie B. Smith, both of this county.

A Beautiful Meteor.

Shortly after half past nine o'clock last night one of the most beautiful meteors ever observed made its appearance in the eastern sky. It was not many degrees above the horizon, and its course was from south almost due north. In its passage it described an arc of about twenty-five degrees, and in size, beauty and brilliancy was something wonderful. It might be described as pear shaped, and its size was apparently about equal to the diameter of the moon. It seemed to emit from its edges a fringe of bluish green flame, which added greatly to its size and beauty. The flame being to all appearances about twice the size of the moon's diameter. It was said to be the most magnificent celestial phenomenon observed in this locality since the last comet was seen.

As Yet No Clue.

What has become of William Stephens, who strayed away from his home on Saturday evening, the 6th inst., is still a mystery and may always remain so.

His children have made every effort to find him but so far their efforts have been of no avail and they have given up all hope of ever seeing him again alive.

Money Order Blanks.

The new money order blanks which were designed some months ago are gradually being put into use as the various postoffices throughout the country draw their new supplies. It will not be many weeks before the public will become well acquainted with the new design, and it is safe to say that it will in all probability prove a popular change.

The new money order blanks are in the form of a blank draft, and if one were mixed in with a lot of drafts it would hardly be distinguished by any one who had before seen it. The effect is artistic and pleasing, and altogether the form and appearance of the new blank is such as to make the recipient feel more than ever as if he had a good thing. The old scheme of notched numerals at the left end of the blank is retained, as it has proved a great convenience in business and a safeguard against fraud. The dollars and cents are also printed on the reverse of the blank so that with a nice register in the press work both sides of the bit of paper will show the precise amount of the order.

F. G. Hyde

Has the finest and largest stock between Washington and Cincinnati. New goods in every day. Fine stock of spectacles and eyeglasses; can fit any age from a child up to the age of one hundred years. Look for the change in show window; it will pay you to walk one hundred miles to see it. This is no grocery store, but one that anybody might be proud to enter. When I add rotten vegetables I will be ready to go to Weston and I want my friends to see that I get there. Snake hunters and skinned eels don't cut much figure in my case. He has to have rattles before he can scare me.

Respectfully,
F. G. HYDE,
Established 1885. City Jeweler.
N. B.—Come to me for anything you want. I have it in endless variety.

Two Out of Three for Hayes.

The Baltimore *American* of last Thursday says: Word comes from Garrett county that the Democratic State convention stands two to one in favor of Senator Thomas G. Hayes for Governor. It has been known since the day of the convention that William Miller was for Hayes and reassessment, and it was supposed that the other two were for Brown. Yesterday it was stated at headquarters that Mr. Gilead Broadwaters had positively declared himself in favor of the Baltimore city Senator, thus giving Mr. Hayes two of the three delegates.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the firm of Miller Bros. are requested to call and settle at once. All accounts not paid by the first of August will be given to an officer for collection.

Deer Park, Md. 19–2t.

Rogers' Sarsaparilla.

A specific for all. 100 doses for 75 cents. Rogers' Little Liver Pills, best on the market; Cough Cure, Liniment, Appetine and Worm Syrup, sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland; Cuppett Bros., McHenry; J. A. DeBerry, Corinth; C. F. White, Hutton; P. T. Garthright, Hayden & Eckles, Mt. Lake Park; Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park; Wm. Frederick, Friendsville; Yough Store Co., Jonas Frazee, Robert Liston, Selbysport; W. Wass, Mineral Springs; J. E. Gnagey, Accident; Smith & Callis, Hoyes, and by all general dealers.

Needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints.

North Glade.

Crops look very prosperous.

Miss Della Savage is visiting her sister, Mrs. Geo. W. Moon.

Elijah Howell and son Josephus visited Mr. Lee Junkins, of Hartmansville, W. Va., last week.

Mrs. Leo Junkins is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Howells.

Stephen Rhodes is the happy father of a fine big boy.

Children's Day will be observed August 3d. A good program is being prepared.

A splendid program was rendered the 2nd inst. by the Epworth Leaguers.

Why don't we have a store and postoffice here? This is a good stand and would be a great convenience to us all.

Marriage Licenses.

Hiram A. Broadwater and Frances E. Stark, both of Garrett county.

Dennis Rinker and Maggie Belle Smith, both of Garrett county.

Geo. S. Biggs and Sarah P. Hann, both of Garrett county.

Andy W. Robinson and Bertha V. Hall, both of Marion county, W. Va.

Clyde Hilliard and Mary Conneway, both of Garrett county.

Ila E. Moran and Dora Kisner, both of Marion county, W. Va.

Obiah C. Ryner and Hattie A. Mercer, both of Marion county, W. Va.

Alfred H. Stout and Hattie M. Martin, both of Harrison county, W. Va.

J. C. Annon and A. M. Semuelman, both of Barbour county, W. Va.

James T. Poland and Maggie Kitzmiller, both of Mineral county, W. Va.

Aaron B. Veach and Bertie C. Kessel, both of West Va.

Joshua A. Costolo and Eva E. Holmes, both of Preston county, W. Va.

Milford E. Frazee and Ida May Fearer, both of Garrett county.

Two with request not to publish.

JOHN H. TARBELL,
OF NEW YORK CITY,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
Headquarters at
MR. E. F. DROEGE'S,
DEER PARK, MD.

VIEWS FOR SALE.
Groups, Residences and Interiors Photographed.
FLASHLIGHT WORK, ETC.

Just Received,
A Car Load of Watermelons, Canteloupes, Bananas, Potatoes and Apples and will sell you at your own price.

Fruit and Vegetables received daily.

We will sell you Groceries at the lowest possible price.

Just received, a fresh line of Marvin's crackers. They are the best and cheapest.

We are still in the Jewelry business and will sell you good goods at a low figure. What we have not in stock we will get you on short notice.

Anything in our line we will gladly sell you as cheap as you can buy elsewhere. Give us a call.

W. H. MALETTE,
Fancy Grocer and Jeweler.

P. S.—When in Mt. Lake Park try our Ice Cream, Meals and Lunches, "Auditorium Restaurant."

MAJ. GWYNNE'S SISTER.

"It's quite useless waiting for me, Fred. It will take at least an hour to overhaul my machine and adjust those confounded bearings. You'd better run on to St. Albans and order a rattling good dinuer for two at the George. By the time it's ready I shull be with you again."

"It will be better than hanging about here when I can do no good," I agreed. "It was a nnsty spill, and you may think yourself lucky to have got off with nothing worse than a few bruises and a little delay. 'Pon my word, I was afraid our tour was already at an end. Trust me, Harry, old fellow, to have all ready for the inner man."

"Aye, I'll trust you for that," retorted my cyclist chum, Harry Holmes, as I gripped the handle-bar of my machine and vaulted into the saddle. "And not having to listen to your edifying remarks concerning my appearance, I shan't, perhaps, be so loug repairing damages as you think."

With this friendly piece of parting bauter to spur me on, I pressed the pedals in earnest, and the next moment was speeding along the high road to St. Albans, some six miles.

It was a bright, bracing morning, and a sharp spin at my own pace was undoubtedly preferable to sitting smoking on a bank, watching my uuunlucky friend tinkering with a spanner, and listeuing to alternate growls at treacherous roads aud all such misfortunes as side slips.

I had traversed half the distance, when rouudiug a curve in the road I observed a lady cyclist a short distance ahend. Apparently something had gone wrong with her mount, for she was standing with it propped up by the side of the road, and was viewing surrounding objects with an air of evident dejection.

True to the spirit which prompts every cyclist to help another in distress, I slackened speed, and as I drew nearer noticed that the lady was both youag and pretty—a discovery which at once made my impressionable heart hope that she might be glad to avail herself of my services iu some way or other.

My wishes in this respect were speedily gratified, for as I dismounted and politely inquired if anything had gone wrong with her machiue, the young lady's face became suffused with the most winning of smiles.

"Oh, thank you, so very much, sir," was the response, spoken without the slightest trace of frigidity. "I must confess that I'm in a wretched fix. The handle-bar of my machine has become loose, and I haven't a tool of any description that will tighten up the nut. And to make matters worse, my brother, Maj. Gwynne, has lost me—or, I suppose, I have lost him; and I'm afraid he hasn't the least idea that my plight is such a bad one."

"Oh, we'll very soon set things right," I said, reassuringly, and the look of gratitude bestowed upon me made me think that I had never before met with so charming or so handsome a girl as this Miss Gwynne.

Whipping out my spanner, I adjusted it and proceeded to tighten up the loose nut of the steering bar. I noticed that the young lady's machine was anything but a good one. In fact, I was quietly telling myself what an inferior und old-fashioned mount it was for so winsome and apparently well-to-do n rider, when, to my dismay, the screw broke short off and the nut attached to it rolled in the road.

"Now, here's a pretty go!" I blurted out, reddening with mingled confusion and vexation. "Whatever shall we do now, Miss Gwynne?"

"Oh, I'm sure I don't know," was the reply, uttered in tones of consternation which almost overwhelmed me and made me call myself everything the reverse of complimentary. "And it must be at least twenty miles from home, too; and my brother will, I am quite certain, never trouble himself to turn back to look for me. He'll simply keep on driving ahead. But, there, I suppose he is just like other brothers—quite useless as escorts."

For my own part I felt decidedly pleased at the prospect of the brother's continued absence.

"Well, I've landed you in this scrape, and you must allow me to see you out of it, that's all."

Secretly I began to feel rather glad, as I perceived what a very pleasant duty had suddenly devolved upon me, and for the time, at all events, my chum Holmes was forgotten.

"I can only suggest," I added, "that as you are so far from home, you will allow me to see you to some hotel while I try to get a new bolt and nut. Possibly you can tell me of a likely place to put up at for an hour or two, as I am a stranger about here. I can easily manage to wheel your machine and my own along."

Somewhat to my surpise, however. Miss Gwynne was visibly embarrassed by my proposition.

"There's one great objection to such a thing," she said, after a pause. "The fact is, Dick—I mean my brother, Maj. Gwynne—has left me without a penny in my pocket." She colored up charmingly at the confession, and went on: "Of course he doesn't know that, and it's my own fault. I often go out without bringing my purse, but I declare I never will again."

She gave a little laugh, as if to conceal her vexation, and added: "And so I can't accept your kind suggestion."

"On the contrary," I returned, more eagerly still, "it's the greater reason wyh I shouldn't desert you, especially as your predicament is entirely due to my carelessness. You don't know how annoyed I am at having rendered your machine useless, and, under the circumstances, I feel in honor bound to repair the mischief; and if you will afford me the happiness of seeing you made comfortable, I can, no doubt, very soon get your mount put right."

Miss Gwynne h .tated, and I flattered myself that she seemed in no way averse to my company. Certainly I was making a very favorable impression upon her.

"Oh, but if I allow you to spend anything upon me it must only be as a loan. No, please don't interrupt—that must be distinctly understood. My brother must, and will, be only too happy to settle with you. Besides," the girl continued, with a smile, "whatever would he say to me if I allowed a perfect stranger to spend money upon me?"

"He'd say it served me right for my carelessness. But you will allow me, then, to see you made comfortable somewhere while I try to repair damages?"

"Really, I don't see what else I can do, under the circumstances," was the answer, with a little sigh, as of regret. Then, with a light laugh and in a mock-menaciug toue, she added: "Oh, but won't I make it warm for Brother Dick when we meet! A deal he cares about me. You see, he hasn't even troubled to run back to find out whether I've brokeu my neck or not—and, between you and me, he hates the idea of lost grouud. But let us be moving, Mr.—Mr.—"

A little hesitation, some apparent embarrassment, one half-shy glance at me, and my heart was no longer my own. I knew I was, even already, madly in love with pretty Miss Gwynne.

"Fred Brandon—quite at your service."

"Well, Mr. Brandon, there's a turning half a mile down the road which will take us to just the place we want. Then you will be nble to run on to St. Albans, to get what you need for my machine. There's no place nearer, and I'm afraid you will be very glad when you have done with such a very troublesome companion as I am proving."

"On the coutrary, quite a pleasant interruption to my journey," I gallantly ventured, and I really thought that Miss Gwynne was the most charming and uncouventional girl I had ever met. In fact, we presently reached the inn she had spoken of all too soon to suit my newly awakened emotions.

I found, on inquiry, that I could reach St. Albans quicker by taking some short cuts across the fields than by riding round the road, and so I determined to leave my machine at the inn. As for poor Harry, I was by this time utterly oblivious of his existence.

Looking in upon Miss Gwynne before leaving the house, I found her already enjoying an appetizing repast—a sight which momentarily gave me some qualms of conscience concerning the dinner I had promised my chum should be ready for him by the time he reached the George.

"Pardon me, Miss Gwynne," said I, "I haven't had a chance to settle with the laudlord yet, and he may look for payment before I can return. Except for a few coppers, this note, as it happens, is the smallest amount I have about me; so pray accept it as the loan which you say you will insist upon your brother, Maj. Gwynne, returning."

I delicately placed a five-pound note upon the table, and then, blushiug furiously at the rather curious look accorded me—which I recalled soon afterward—I hastened from the room.

Huving procured what I wanted in St. Albaus, I was back well under the two hours. Of Miss Gwynue, however, I could see no trace.

"Oh, the lndy went soon after you left, sir," said the landlord, in answer to my interrogations. "She said you'd know which way she'd gone, and she would take her brother's bicycle, as you'd arranged to come back for hers and to settle up with me."

"What!" I fairly gasped, "gone off on my machine—said I was her brother? And left me to settle up? Why, what on earth are you raving about, man?"

"Ain't raving at all," snapped the landlord, eying me suspiciously. "But—but—I hope it's all right. She—"

"Hope it's all right!" I interrupted, furiously. "It's all wrong. If she said I was her brother—and gone off with my almost new twenty-guinea mount, and my five-pound note, too! Oh, yes, it is all right for her, nodoubt, aad a very clever swindler that girl must be. That machine she's left behind isn't worth the price of old iron. And you let her slip away under your very nose!"

I could hardly repress a groan as I saw how neatly I had been deceived, for I felt very hard hit both in pocket and vanity—especially the latter. My mortification, moreover, was no doubt commensurate with the knowledge of what a thorough fool I should appear to everybody.

"Well, it's your own fault, sir," the landlord retorted, gruffly. "If you let the girl soft-soap you down, like she seems to have done, you've got no one but yourself to blame. And it's my belief that she ain't no girl at all, but a chap dressed up as such, so as to swindle gents easier. I had my doubts when she left, but now I'm sure.

"Ten to one you've been done by a young fellow called Dan Ford, a clever bicycle thief, much wanted by the police in these parts. He's better known as Dolly Ford, because he makes such a good-looking girl when he dresses up. You ain't the first gent as he's swindled in just this same way. I dare sny he'd no sooner got out of sight of this place than he assumed his true character, and by this time your bicycle has put him miles out of reach, and maybe it's already sold."

To learn that I had been ignobly duped by a common bicyele thief maddened me still more; but the only consolation I had was in wishing all sorts of dreadful things toward the pseudo-Maj. Gwynne's sister.—Tit-Bits.

—At the last census there were 2,503 woolen mills in this country. Ten years earlier there were 2,689, while on the other hand the capital invested had increased from $159,000,000 in 1880 to $299,000,000 in 1890, thus showing a larger concentration of business.

—A cock, having found a pearl, said that a grain of corn would be of more value to him.—Laroux.

THE SALAD BOWL.

Fresh Uncooked Vegetables Are Necessities in Summer Time.

While primitive man subsisted on the products of the field, forest and stream without the aid of cooks, it should be our aim to live near that condition by taking more and more of those foods which demand the least use of heat or cooking in their preparation.

In selecting uncooked food we must always be vigilant to use that which is perfectly sound and in good condition, neither unripe nor over ripe. With tomatoes, lettuce, romaine, cucumber, cress and the numerous other plants of the kitchen garden, we can make combinations for a summer meal which almost exclude cereals for main subsistence. Beef tongue with lettuce and beet, or fish and cucumber; chicken or game with cress or romaine, and tomatoes with just enough well bakde bread to help out a meal, offer a repast attractive, satisfying and nutritious to the majority of feeders.

Contrary to general notions the use of fat in the form of salad oils should be encouraged in summer. Let it be remembered that the more oil we take the less bread we need. One ounce of oil will do as much duty as food as two and a half ounces of dry starch or five ounces of bread aud is much easier digested. The quantity of oil we can consume is very small, and once the appetite is acquired digestion will be greatly improved. Salad might certainly be used twice a day.

There is another aspect to this feature of food of great value. Observation will teach the inquirer that the thirsty souls who can never get enough water or drink of any kind are those who consume most starchy substances, as for instance boiled potatoes, bread having little well browned crust, and pies. Cheap potatoes and abundant flour are not always unmixed blessings. With these there is needed a high degree of experience and skill from the cook to prepare such articles in n way least injurious to the stomach and intestines.

In summer digestion needs to be vigorous, and to insure this end we ought to avoid as much as we can the use of foods which digest in the intestines, to which class bread and potatoes belong.

Salads are at all times valuable as cooling, refreshing food, and are besides excellent food for promoting sleep.

The salad dressing does not often require the cook stove to prepare it, since oil, vinegar, cream and eggs may be used. The taste and sentiment of every individual may be consulted by varying the form of service to any conceivable extent.

The number of salad articles prepared from cooked garden stuff are as varied and enticing as the most delicate appetite could desire. From the health standpoint it would be difficult to choose a more delicious plant than the tomato, either raw or cooked. The extent to which this beautiful fruit vegetable is used and its yearly increasing uses attest its value as a popular favorite. The enormous quantities used for the manufacture of catsup, canning and for soup give promise of a still larger consnmption during the winter seasons. For rheumatic and kindred evils the mild acids of the tomato are extremely useful as a solvent of decided power.—Detroit Free Press.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME.

It May Be His Castle, But the Kitchen Is Not.

No domestic servants like Emily Davis were in existence when the great principle that an Englishman's house is his castle was laid down. Had they been in force then as now the maxim would have been much longer, and would have included a sub-section to this effect: "Save and excepting always the kitchen, which is mine." Emily was in the service of a gentleman in Cantoubury, and was busy about seven o'clock one eveuing entertaining with gossip and whatever else was handy two stalwart men in the kitchen, when the symposium was interrupted by the entrance of the mistress. The domestic turned on the lady in the approved style of high life below stairs. "What right have you to come into my kitchen?" she cried, with emphasis on the "my;" and she went on to explain to her friends that if she hadn't more style anu pride than her mistress she would be ashamed to cross the street.

The result of the interview was that the two men were ordered to leave, but the moment that sentence was pronounced Emily declared that she would go also, as in point of fact she did, although it was the middle of the month. Then she sued her employer in the Shoreditch county court for twelve shillings six pence wages due, and twenty-five shillings in lieu of a month's notice.

At the tribunal she was asked whether the two men were not a soldier and a policeman, but she denied these professions, limiting herself to the description that they were relations by marriage. "Were they cousins?" asked the defendant. "No, they were not," answered Emily, tartly; "one is a sort of relation by marriage, d'ye see?" Then, with a hoity-toity toss of the head, she vehemently added: "What business has your wife to come into my kitchen?" "Your kitchen!" cried the man, faintly. "Yes, my kitchen," returned Emily; "it was mine while I wns there." The householder sank down in amazement, and his wife then explained to the court the servant's style of kitchen oratory. Judge French held the dismissal justifiable under the circumstances, but nllowed the girl twelve shillings six pence for the work done.—London Telegraph.

Cynicism.

The poor drunkard lay in the gutter, while the thoughtless crowd jeered.

Along came the good-hearted citizen and placed the unfortunate in a standing position.

"Ah!" said the crowd, "he has been there himself."

So shines a good deed in a naughty world.—Indianapolis Journal.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Scalloped Apples.—Butter a pudding dish and put a layer of peeled sliced apples in the bottom. Sprinkle with sugar, a very little flour and cinnamon and some bits of butter. Fill the dish in this manner and bake one hour, covering the dish to prevent burning on the top. Serve cold or hot. —Western Rural.

—Compote of Cherries.—Select tart, under-ripe cherries, leave them on the stems, make a weak sirup. Drop them in, and let boil slowly until clear; drain them aud take up on a compotur; let the sirup boil thick, take from the fire; when cool pour over the cherries. Damsons and blue plums may be prepared the same way.—Detroit Free Press.

—Frank's Layer Cake.—Two eggs, one cup sugar, one tablespoonful butter, two-thirds cup sweet milk, one and two-thirds cups flour, two teaspoons baking powder. Mix the butter, sugar and yolks, then add the milk and flour, and lastly the beaten whites of two eggs. If you want to make a dark cake, add one teaspoonful cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of cloves.—Minnie G. Kincaid Stanhope, in Womaukind.

—Lemon Sandwiches.—Take a cup of butter and a teaspoonful of mustard, make a paste by adding a little hot water and a pinch of cayenne pepper. Rub together with the yolk of one egg and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Rub to a smooth paste. Slice thin a loaf of good bread, at least twenty-four hours old, and spread the slices with the paste. Make the sandwiches by placing the slices together and trimming off the crust.—Chicago Record.

—A very convenient mucilage can be made out of onion juice by anyone who wishes to use it. A good-sized Spanish onion, after being boiled for a short time, will yield, on being pressed, quite a large quantity of very adhesive fluid. This is used exteusively in various trades for pasting paper onto tin, or zinc, or even glass, and the tenacity with which it holds would surprise anyone on making the first attempt. It is cheap and good mucilage, and answers as well as the more costly cements.

—Asparagus Omelet.—Cut off tops, break the stems at part ceasing to be tender, cut in half-inch pieces until you have about a pint. Boil in salted water about twenty minutes. Drain. Beat six eggs until light and foamy, and add one half teaspoonful of salt, one quarter teaspoonful of pepper aud one cup of milk. Have a lump of butter hot in the omelet pan, turn in the mixture, cover, and place on back of stove until firm. Before folding, spread on the aspsragus and turn out on a hot platter.—Boston Budget.

—Smothered Fish.—Take the remains of boiled or baked fresh fish—codfish is, perhaps, the best. Remove the bones and shred it. Make a pint of cream sauce as directed for veal terrapin. When done pour it on three well-beaten eggs. Put a layer of fish in the dish in which it is to be served; sprinkle it with salt, pepper and grated nutmeg; cover it with a layer of sauce; add another of fish and so alternately until the dish is full. Cover the top with fine breadcrumbs moistened with a teaspoonful of melted butter, and bake twenty minutes.—Ladies' Home Journal.

STUCK IN THE AIR.

A Meteor's Mishap in the Atmosphere of Nicaragua.

"I don't understand," said the Milwaukee avenue grocer, "why it is so darn hot sometimes when the thermometer ain't no higher than it is."

"It is the humidity in the air," explained a dignified-looking man. "Makes it heavier and more oppressive."

"I wonder if he's right?" ventured the grocer, after the dignified man had departed.

"You bet he's right," said a man with a ginger beard. "When I was down in Niggerauger—"

"Nigger auger?" the grocer chipped in. "Is that any bigger boring machine than a long jaw with a set of yaller whiskers hangin' to it?"

"You air as funny as a string of fish," replied the man with the ginger beard. "Ef you would confine yourself to sellin' your intellectual equals—which the same is salt mackerel—'stead of tryin' to get funny with your betters, you would come nearer to fulfillin' the mission the Lord give you on earth. But that is enough time wasted on you. As I was sayin', I see the air so thick and muggy down in Niggerauger that you actually had to pull it out'n your lungs by hand after takin' your breath. It was one of them times that a meteor came a-whizzin' along an' did its level best to hit the settlement which we was livin' in at the time."

"And you didn't take it for a waraln'?" asked the grocer.

"Was livin' in at the time. It was down in a sort of valley, and when this here meteor, which was about as big as a small house, struck that there strata of air it just simply was so thick that it couldn't get through, and the darned thing bounced back, and up and around, rickot-chettin' about in the neighborhood for more than three days. Then a breeze come along and thinned the air out a little, and it drapped."

"I wonder what you mean by rickotchettin'?" asked the grocer. "Mny I presume that you was makin' a stagger at the word which is pronounced 'rickoshay?'"

"It may be prononnced thataway in this here untraveled grocery," replied the man with the ginger beard, "but I was usin' the original Spauish, as I heard it in Niggerauger."

The discussion stood a good chance of becoming acrimonious, but a man who had just come in got a herring bone fast in his throat and created a diversion.—Chicago Chronicle.

That Knocked the Poetry.

He was kneeling at her feet and saying: "My precious sweet, life lingers to me as a petunia streaked with the glorious golden fretting of a soul which knoweth no love, so—"

"Oh, Jim," she said, "how strong you smell of onions."—Tit-Bits.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Charles E. Barber, of the mint at Philadelphia, has a workshop in which are turned out all the dies for Uncle Sam's pieces of metal money. Every now and then the government wants a medal struck for one purpose or another, and the devices for it are produced by Mr. Barber and his assistants.

—Seven skeletons of white persons, four adults and three children, were found near an old emigrant trail across the Platt river, in Colorado, a few days ago. There were fractures and other marks on the skulls und bones, which indicted that the remains were those of a party of emigrants massacred by the Indians in the old pioneer days.

—President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins university, who has accepted the office of chief of the bureau of awards of the Atlanta exposition, has started to work already constructing a system of awards. He has cabled to Paris for offers of designs, and nnnounces that awards will be delivered to the exposition managers one month after the exposition opens.

—"Sometimes," said an old soldier, "one sees the captain of a company marching proudly along, in time with the music but out of step; the company right, the captain wrong. Distressing. But then I have seen a musician marching out of step to the music of his own band, and there is now and then a soldier who never really learns to keep step. The familiar order is: 'Left, left, left, left; the left foot down at the heavy tup of the drum.'"

—An Oregon newspaper tells of the "regular monthly hold-up of the Ager-Klamath Falls stage." The robbery was supposed to have been by "the same lone highwayman" who rifled the mail pouch and searched the passengers. The deeds of lone highwaymen may sound strange to eastern folk, but western travelers have learned that while only one highwayman may appear there may be half a dozen hiding in the darkness near by with their guns covering the crowd of passengers.

—The captain of the schooner Ellen Johnsou, which arrived at San Francisco recently from Nicaragua, reported that he had been compelled to abandon three sailors on a barren coral atoll, three miles in diameter, and rising but two or three feet above the ocean level, off the Pacific coast of Nicaragua. The reef is rich in phosphates, aud the schooner went there with twenty-five men to get aboard a cargo. There is no harbor, and vessels are loaded by lighter. The sea was very rough, and when the vessel was nearly loaded the line parted while three men were ashore. The captain had to put to sea for safety and leave the men. The men have plenty of food, but will have to depend on rain for water, and will have to remain on the barren reef until another schooner may chance to take them off. There are birds on the reef und sharks in the sea surrounding it, and altogether the men must be having as unlovely a time as could well be imagined.

BILIOUSNESS DEFINED.

Pronounced Something Different from What It Has Been Supposed.

It is impossible to alter the English language for the sake of insuring pathological accuracy, and however erroneous may be the idea conveyed, the phrase "bilious attack," stands as representing n group of symptoms which are popularly supposed to point to disordered liver as their origin. It is important, however, not to be misled by such phraseology. Confident as the man in the street may be in the efficacy of his liver as the source of all his woes, we know and ought to act upon the knowledge, that in so-called "biliousness" or "bilious attacks" the liver is only a secondary sufferer. In a lecture by Dr. Saunby recently published in the Clinical Journal, it is emphatically asserted that an ordinary bilious attack is really nn attack of catarrhal inflammation of the stomach and duodenum. Perhaps we shall feel inclined to lay more emphasis than he does on the importauce of neurotic element, and the necessity, and even the difficulty, of differentiating from pure gastro-duodenal catarrh cases of migraine or of gastric neuralgia. It is clear enough to those who see much of such cases that no strict line of demarcation can be always drawn. It thus often enough occurs that, even in obviously neurotic ailments, the traditional blue pill and saline are found of service; not that they cure the neurosis, but that they relieve the superadded inflammation.

Still it must be recognized that "biliousness" and "bilious nttacks" are related to stomach and duodenum, and not to liver, and that in their causation there is no inflammntory element which must be considered in their treatment. If we look on "bilious ness" as due to a "torpid liver," which requires stimulating, we land ourselves in the fogs of some of the most disputed points in therapeutics; but if we accept what physiological pathology teaches, viz., that it is the result of an inflammatory change in the mucous lining of the stomach and duodenum, the treatment becomes plain. Simple unirritating food, which will not injure the tender lining of the stomach, and will not by its fermentation stretch and strain it, together with such aperients as will drain it speedily of its contents and leave it soon at rest, give us the best hope of quick relief. Dr. Saunby says that Abernethy defined a bilious attack as that condition which is relieved by blue pill, and it is still true that five or ten grains of blue pill at bedtime, followed in the morning by a teaspoonful of Carlsbad salts dissolved in hot water, and sipped while dressing, gives the best results in this complaint. The treatment of bilious attack is then to be conducted not on vague notions of stimulating the liver, but in accordance with the well-known principles of treating inflammation wherever it may arise—rest so far as may be to the inflamed part, and drainage (by blue pill) to remove the products of its inflammation.—London Hospital.

"STANDING THEM OFF."

The Silent Form in the Valley Told a Story of Bravery.

All day long we had been riding over the sterile plains climbing and descending the ridges heaped up like waves in a storm—and hoping that the crest of each succeeding one would give us a view to break the monotony. There is a dreariness about the plains which has no comparison. The only life under foot are the centipedes and serpents—the only life in the air the slow-sailing buzzards. The grass which takes root in the alkali soil is hateful to the eye, and the stunted bush and ugly-looking cactus but increase the general gloominess of prospect.

We enter upon our day's march with song and laughter. Within an hour every trooper is silent. We know that for thirty miles to the west there is not a stream of water nor a spring. In all that distance there is not a tree or flower or a single spear of green grass. It is a laud of desolation so drear and forbidding that it chills the soul as the eye surveys it. In His wrath the Creator heaved up the great mountains towards which we are traveling. There was more than wrath in the making of these miles upon miles of plain—they lay here under the summer sun neeursed. Never a grain of wheat will be reaped—never a clover blossom show its head—never the sharpening of a scythe disturb these solitudes. It is ridge upon ridge—ridge upon ridge. From the crest of one you get a view of the crest of another, with the little valleys between—nothing more, except as you come upon a pile of bleaching bones here and there.

In the days of the buffalo, the defeated monarchs of the herd wandered out on the plains to die. Herds broken up and pursued by wolves or Indians fled until exhausted and then sank down and died. Soldiers have wandered away from camp and died while crouched at the roots of the bushes, and hunters and Indians have left their bones in the shadows of the giaut cactus which warn the living to keep their distance. It would be more merciful to hang a murderer than to turn him loose on this broad plain and tell him to seek for life and liberty.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the column comes to a sudden halt. Those in the rear press forward and are not rebuked. Here, on the crest of a ridge a few feet higher than any other within rifle shot, is a rifle pit—a shallow pit scooped out with knife and hands and the dirt piled up around its edges. Down in the narrow valley between two ridges are the skeleton and the trappings of a horse. Lying in the pit on his back, with hands still clutching a Winchester, is the skeleton of a man. No, I do not mean skeleton. The clothing has molded and decayed and is only dust, but the flesh has turned black and dried hard and the man is like a mummy and a ghastly object. What was once the form of a man has shrunk away to the size of a boy ten years old, and the long black fingers resemble those of an ape.

Neither the wolf nor the vulture has been here. Surely these bodies must have attracted the attention of the foul birds sailing on high, but they did not descend to the feast. It is too far from the prairie for the wolf to wander. For months and months, under the snows of winter and the weeping skies of spring and the hot suns of summer, these bodies have been left exposed and undergoing a change, but neither tooth nor beak has disturbed them. They have seemingly waited here to tell their story, and it is one which we can read as from a book. Twenty miles to the west, where the prairie begins, a settler who was searching for lost stock was suddenly surprised by the Indians. They cut him off from the settlement, and he was forced to ride straight out upon the plains. There may have been ten—twenty—thirty. They were after his scalp, and as he rode away they pursued. There was no hope for the man from the start. He might lead them a long chase, but the end would be death. He settled himself down in his saddle, shut his teeth hard and entered upon the race. It may have been a ride of three hours to the spot where we found him. He had failed to distance pursuit and his horse could go no further. With exultant yells of the Indians sounding in his ears he had selected the best spot for a mile around on which to make his last stand. By the time the Indians were up he had dug his shallow pit and was ready to defend it to the last.

How long before death finally came to end the unequal conflict? None but the red fiends who escaped his bullets can tell that. It was many long hours—perhaps two whole days. A soldier dismounts and picks up the empty cartridge shells and passes them about as relics. We count them and there are over seventy. We dig into the dirt with our knives and bring forth more than a hundred bullets which had been fired at him. Without food or water—one against a whole war party, perhaps—knowing from the very first what the end must be—the borderer fought on until a bullet finally entered his head and laid him low. With rifle held ready to fire again he turned over and died as other brave men have died, and as all border men die if pushed to the wall. He may have killed three—five—even ten of his assailants. Why they had not rushed in upon him after death and taken his scalp and rifle we could not guess, but they had gone away and left him there staring at the sky and his fingers growing stiff around the rifle, and probably no other human eyes had looked upon him since. With our knives we scooped out a grave, and with heads uncovered we buried the relic of humanity and rode away. No name—no headstone—nothing behind us but a heap of dirt to tell that a hero had yielded up his life.—Detroit Free Press.

—Beautiful specimens of the anchorite, or tourmaline, have been found in Maine and elsewhere in New England. This gem is said also to have been found in North Carolina.

BUILDING AND SCIENCE

PLAN FOR FARMHOUSE.

A Well-Arranged and Comfortable Rural Residence.

My idea of n snug little farmhouse is shown in the pluns subinitted herewith. The perspective sketch of exterior is suggested in its most complete form. If built with purchased materials and by paid mechanics, it would cost $1,400 to $2,000, but where a farmer saws his own logs and does much of the work himself, it could be built for much less. If made only n story and a half, it could be put up by a thrifty furmer mechanic at a cash outlay of only $300 to $500. By omitting the bathroom and plumbing, using that

FIG. 1.—SUGGESTION FOR EXTERIOR.

space to enlarge the front chamber and closets, it could be further cheapened, but I realize the conveaience of running water, both cold and hot, in a farmhouse. The house is supposed to be set on a hill, with a little descent toward the road and steeper descent in the rear, the house facing the north. The basement under the kitchen is excavated in the side of the hill to a depth sufficient to give the house at least two feet between the ground and sills, using earth from the cellur to grade up arouud the kitchen, the basement wall to be painted aud the floor cemented, and with good drainage.

Here is located the milk room, having double partitions of lath and plaster. Some might take exception to this, but this cellar is kept thoroughly clean and limed. The milk room is fitted with the usual shelving and other couveniences for milk and butter of two to four cows. It is lighted, as is the rest of the basement, by double glazed windows in the foundation, hinged so as to he opened. The ice closet lies just outside of the milk room door, and all within easy reach of the stairs leading down from the kitchen. As I do not believe in keeping a quantity of vegetables stored under a dwell-

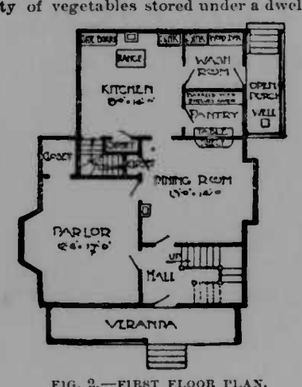

FIG. 2.—FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

ing house, there is no cellar under the main part of the dwelling, but we partition off a room across the kitchen basement for keeping a few vegetables for present use, the crop being stored in the cellar under the barn. The whole basement is well ventilated, with an entrance from the outside through double doors. The kitchen is located on the east side of ell, being 13x14 feet, well lighted, and containing sink, range, sideboard nnd tables. It is entered through the washroom, from the outside. The washroom has sink and wood box, with hooks, etc., for convenience. I place this sink in the washroom, as it is not always convenient to have the man and boys of the house

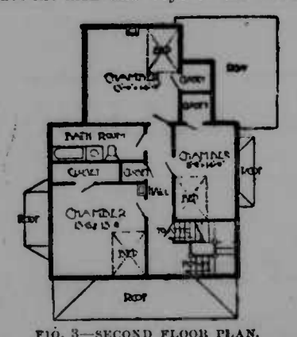

FIG. 3—SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

under foot just before meal time; so they wash outside. A pantry 6x8 opens off the kitchen, provided with closet for barrels, shelving, hooks, etc., to accommodate all the uteusils usually found in a well-fitted pantry. An opening is provided between it and the dining-room for passing dishes. A closet is provided off the kitchen for dishes, and to the right of this a door opening to cellar stairs. The dining-room, 13x14, located on the west side of the building, is lighted by large double windows and provided with china closet back of kitchen closet. The hall, parlor and kitchen open from this pleasant room. No room is wasted in the hall, though it is pleasant, as the stairway is lighted by the windows on the landing. The parlor, n large, pleasnnt room on the east side, with a bay window, is capable of accommodating a "husking bee." A verandn five feet wide runs almost the entire length of the front. [It should be 8 to 10 feet wide.] The second floor consists of a large, well-lighted hall and three chembers with closets, besides bathroom. A register in the kitchen ceiling, opening into the bathroom by a box flue, will warm the bathroom, and another register in this flue could open into the kitchen chember for use when desired. A register in the hall, or in either of the other chambers, would also admit heat from the rooms below. Of course such hot air is not pure, and ventilation must be provided. The rear porch, containing the well, can be utilized as a storm door in winter, or it can be extended to join a shed beyond the ell if desired. The well is walled up to floor of porch and provided with pump, and drainage for sink and bathroom is through an underground pipe. This makes a good fertilizer, or can be utilized for irrigation.—George Wilson, in American Agriculturist.

CULM AS FURNACE FUEL.

Rapidly Brushed Into a Fire Chamber with Red-Hot Walls.

Richard Schwartzkopff, a Berlin inventor, has devised an apparatus for the purpose of utilizing the culm of coal mines exclusively for fuel.

The cut shows a transverse section of the new furnace. A funnel A receives the coal dust. The funnel is closed at the power end by a lid of sheet-iron C, the opening of which is regulated by a thumb screw H. The arrangement D E is to regulate the downward pressure of the fuel. Just beneath the lower opening of the funnel is a rotating brush of steel wire F, which carries in its center a hammer G, and with every rotation hits the bolt H, thereby opening up D enough to admit a certain quantity of coal dust. This coal dust is thrown by the brush into the fire chamber K,

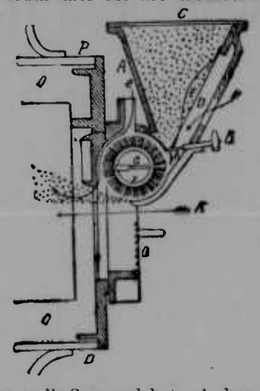

whose walls Q are red hot. A door to regulate the draft is adjusted at O. In this furnace there is not even a trace of smoke, and all fuel is used up. The inventor claims also that the boilers are very much benefited by the use of this fuel. So far, two sizes have been constructed—one, with a brush about eight inches wide, will use about two hundred and fifty pounds of coal in a day, while the larger size, with a brush of fifteen inches, will require double the quantity of coal.

A MARINE WONDER.

Mighty Barrier Reef Reared by the Toil of Minute Insects.

One of the marine wonders of the world is the great Barrier reef of Australia, says London Public Opinion. This stupendous rampart of coral, stretching in an almost unbroken line for 1,250 miles along the northeastern coast of Australia, presents features of interest which are not to be equaled in any other quarter of the globe. Nowhere is the action of the little marine insect, which builds up with untiring industry those mighty mountains with which the tropical seas are studded, more apparent.

By a simple process of secretion there has been reared in the course of countless centuries an adamantine wall against which the billows of the Pacific, sweeping along in an uninterrupted course of several thousand miles, dash themselves in ineffectual fury. Inclosed within the range of its projecting arms is a calm inland sea, dotted with n multitude of coral islets and presenting at every turn objects of interst alike to the unlearned traveler and the man of science.

Here may be witnessed the process by which the wavy gelatinous mass hardens into stone, then serves as a collecting ground for the flotsam and jetsam of the ocean and ultimately develops into an island covered with a luxuriant mass of tropical growth. Here, again, may be seen in the serene depths of placid pools extraordinary forms of marine life, aglow with the most brilliant colors and producing in their infinite variety a bewildering sense of the vastuess of the life of the ocean.

Some Planetary Comparisons.

Sir John Herschel once compared the relative size of Jupiter, the giant of the planets, to Venus, whose brightness cause some to consider it one of the largest of the sun's train, as an orange to a pea. Of late years Sir Robert Ball has stated that the earth, as compared with the sun, would be as the smallest gnat to a condor. Using the figure 1,000 as a basis of calculation, we find that the mass of Jupiter is represented by the figures 300,860, while that of Venus is but 885; the earth, 1,000; Saturn, 89,692; Uranus, 12,650; Neptune, 16,733; Mars, 118, and Mercury, 65. All the asteroids together are represented by the figure 100, while the sun's mass, on the same scale, is 315,000,000.

Astronomy Hard on Eyesight.

The dangers of watching solar phenomena, even with partial protection of colored glasses, have been pointed out by Dr. George Mackay, of Edinburgh. Galileo lost his vision in this manner; Sir Isaac Newton's retina was permanently injured, and Dr. Mackay has himself met with not less than seventeen cases of impaired sight as a result of viewing with the unprotected eye the eclipses of 1890 and 1891.

Immense Block of Coal.

The largest block of coal ever mined in the United States west of the Rocky mountains was taken from mine No. 2 at Clelum, Wash., in April, 1893. This immense block of "consolidated black diamonds" was 24 feet in length, 5 feet 8 inches wide, and 4 feet 8 inches high. It weighed 41,000 pounds, or almost 23 tons. Twenty men worked three weeks in cutting around and removing this gigantic block of fuel.

FARM AND GARDEN.

CABBAGE-ROOT MAGGOT.

The Best Method of Fighting This Troublesome Garden Pest.

Although called the cabbage-root maggot, this insect will also feed on the roots of cauliflower, borecole, Brussels sprouts, radish, collard, broccoli, rutabaga turnip, winter cress and hedge mustard. Many remedies have been recommended for this pest. The only preventive that has proved effectuul on a large scale is the tarred paper disc. These discs, which should measure three inches in diameter, are made of thin roofing felt, being cut by a special tool, the dotted lines in the diagram showing the position of the edge of the tool. The discs should be placed about the plants at the time of transplanting. By bending the card slightly the slit will open sufficiently to admit the stem of the plant to the center, after which the card should be spread out, and the points formed by the star-shaped cut should be pressed snugly nbout the stem. It is essential that the ground be smooth when the cabbage plants are transplanted, and the discs must be pressed close to the ground, leaving no chance for the flies to crawl under them.

As a preventive measure would only cause the flies to nbandon the cabbage

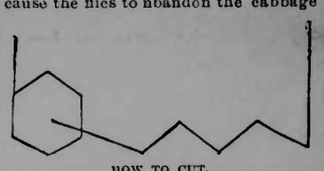

HOW TO CUT.

or cauliflower crops for some other plant, the Geneva station recommends that a direct remedy be used in conjunction with it. Carbolic acid in the form of an emulsion is the most feasible. The proportious are, one pound hard soap or one quart soft soap dissolved in one gallon boiling water, one pint crude carbolic acid; the whole should be well churned to form an emulsion, when thirty parts water should be added to one of the mixture. It should be applied in a solid stream.

When the maggots have worked their way into the roots of the plant a short distance the only remedy is carbon bisulphide. This must be applied carefully below the roots, and not on them, as the liquid will kill ell the roots with which it comes in contact. The requisite proportion is one teaspoouful to each plnnt.—N. Y. World.

NEW BORDEAUX MIXTURE.

Better Than the One Now so Largely Used in This Country.

At a meeting of the National Agricultural society of France an improved Bordeaux mixture was suggested with the object of removing certuin objections to the one now so largely used in this country. It has the advantage over the old mixture in being less injurious to foliage, less linble to be washed away by rains, and less liable to choke the nozzle of the spraying machine. The new formuia is as follows: Quicklime, 4 pounds 6 ounces; molasses, 4 pounds 6 ounces; sulphate of copper, 4 pounds 6 ounces; water, 22 gallons. The essential difference between the new andold formulas is the presence of the molasses, which has a greater influence than would at first be expected. The method of mixing is to add the molasses to thirteen gallons of water, then slack the lime and add four and one-half gallons of water to form a milk of lime. Pour this slowly into the sweetened water, stirring briskly in order to mix intimately. Next, in a third (wooden) vessel dissolve the bluestone and pour this into the previous mixture, stirring well. In this blending of materials chemical changes are taking place. When the milk of lime and sweetened solutiou are intimately mixed together, then saccharate of lime is formed. Next, when to this is added the solution of sulphnte of copper, a double decomposition takes place; suphate of lime is formed on the one hand and soluble saccharate of copper on the other. This seccharate of copper is only formed in presence of an excess of lime, and its formation is indicated by the mixture assuming a beautiful greenish tinge. Thus the mixture is rendered alkaline, and the acid is neutralized by the lime.

Level Culture for Potatoes.

Almost everybody now agrees that level culture produces the largest and best crops of potatoes. But it is impossible to have level culture unless the seed potatoes are planted deep enough for the tubers to form under the soil. The constant tendency of the tubers is to rise as they grow. This, if the seed has been planted only one or two inches deep, makes it necessary to draw dirt around the hill, making a mound which sheds the water on either side. This also cuts the potato roots in the middle of the row. It requires dry and rich ground to make successful deep planting and level culture possible. But soil without stagnant water near the surface is always necessary for the potato crop. If the subsoil is filled with water through winter and spring it is impossible to grow good potato crops on such land the following season by any method.

Causes of Impure Milk.

The principal causes of impure milk are: Impure air in the milking place, bad food, foul water and filth; and as they are all causes readily controlled, they are inexcusable. The farmer who exposes his cows to such conditions has no right to complain of low prices and lack of customers. On the contrary, he should be fined for imperiling the public health by attempting to place on the market a tainted article which is liable to spread disease. If farmers would only unite and bind themselves to observe scrupulous cleanliness in all the branches of milk production they might readily double its consumption. The "cowy" odor and the black sediment are the greatest hindrances to the rapid development of the industry.—Farmer's Voice.

When Napoleon Became a "Personage."

Augereau, who had fondly hoped to enter the directory, was made commander, in Moreau's place, of an army whose campaigns were over. The premature death of Hoche about the same time quenched the only military genius in France comparable to that of Bonaparte, and removed a political rival as well. The army of the Alps wes then combined with that of Italy, and with this simplification of the military machine he who until peace was made would be virtually its mover could well say to his enemies: "I speak in the name of 80,000 men. The time is past when scoundrelly lawyers and mere talkers can guillotine soldiers." Napoleon, in his intimate conversations with Mme. de Remusat, said that at this time he "became a personage in Europe. On one side, by my orders of the day, I supported the revolutionary system; on the other, I secretly dealt with the emigrants, permitting them to cherish some hope. It is easy to deceive that party, for it always sets out not from what actually is, but from what it wishes there were. I received splendid offers in case I were willing to follow the example of Gen. Monk. The pretender himself wrote me in his halting, florid style. I conquered the pope more completely by keeping away from Rome than if I had burned his capital. At last I became influential and strong."—Prof. W. M. Sloane, in Century.

Where to Locate in the South.

Of the thousands and thousands of Northern families who contemplate locating in the South this fall, in the hope of improving their health and bettering their financial status, the vital question is which point in the South is the best to locate in. The three important questions to a farmer, as far as location is concerned, are

1. Soil capable of growing all the cereals he is accustomed to cultivating.
2. A healthy climate.
3. A point where a ready market can be found for everything he raises.

These requisites can be separately found in any of the Southern States, but in the great mineral belt of North Alabama they are all found together.

It was this belt that originally attracted the eyes of the world to the South. It is about fifty miles wide and two hundred miles long, and reaches from the Northeast corner of the State as far south as Tuscaloosa. Within the mineral belt lie all the coal, iron, limerock and other mines; all the furnaces and most of the manufactories of the State, thus providing employment for immense numbers of operators of all kinds, which create a market for every pound of produce raised by the farmer within this region at a high price, and practically at his door. In fact, the consumption of the products of the farm is so great within this mineral belt that the farmers located therein are unable to supply one-twentieth of the demand, and this cannot be said of any other point in the South.

The increase in the value of lands within the mineral belt of North Alabama is more certain than any other point in the South, hence no mistake can be made in locating there.

The land throughout the mineral region is high and dry, though watered by many pure and limpid streams. Its elevation is such that it enjoys the luxury of a pure atmosphere derived from its altitude, thus giving to all this region the uniform climate of the South with the benefit of the seasons.

Birmingham is the center of this mineral belt, with the beautiful city of Fort Payne, on the Alabama Great Southern R. R., at the North and Tuscaloosa at the South.

SHE—"This is so sudden! You must ask mamma." He—"Oh, that's all right. She has given me several hints already."—Puck.

Ten Thousand Miles or Thirty.

It matters not which, may subject you to sea sickness on the "briny deep." Whether you are a yachtsman, an ocean traveler, out for a day or two's fishing on the salt water, or even an inland tourist in feeble health, you ought to be provided with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a valuable remedy for nausea, colic, biliousness, acidity of the stomach, malaria, rheumatism, nervousness and sick headache. Lay in an adequate supply.

IF fun is good, truth is still better, and love best of all.—Thackeray.

FAITH without works is a sign over the door of an empty shop.—Ram's Horn.

ALL are born to observe good order, but few are born to establish it.—Joubert.

THE devil will keep on calling as long as we answer his knock.—Ram's Horn.

SOME of the dogs with the longest coats have the shortest pants.—Philadelphia Record.

MAGISTRATE—"Why did your father whip your mother?" Boy—"Duno, 'cept ma was overtrained."—Puck.

WAGGS—"Did you have a fine time last night?" Jaggs—"No, I had it this morning, ten dollars fine, three dollars costs."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

BEAUTY, devoid of grace, is a mere hook without the bait.—Talleyrand.

GOING TO.—She—"Where are you going this summer?" He—"Going to stay at home."—Detroit Free Press.

"THERE'S nothing like poached eggs," as the man said when he robbed his neighbor's fowl house.—Tit-Bits.

"DO YOU think that Blickens would deceive a friend?" "Of course not. None of his friends would believe a word he says."—Washington Star.

IF the wicked flourish, and thou suffer, be not discouraged. They are fatted for destruction; thou art dieted for health.—Fuller.

THE JESTER—"You broke all the good resolutions you made last year." The Fool—"Yes, but I shall make others quite as good."—Life.

"WELL," said the monkey to the organ-grinder as he sat on top of the organ, "I'm simply carried away with the music."—Philadelphia Record.

ON THE ROAD

to recovery, the young woman who is taking Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. In maidenhood, womanhood, wifehood and motherhood the "Prescription" is a supporting tonic and nervine that's peculiarly adapted to her needs, regulating, and strengthening the system and curing the derangements of the sex. Why is it so many women owe their beauty to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription? Because beauty of form and face radiate from the common center—health. The best bodily condition results from good food, fresh air and exercise coupled with the judicious use of the "Prescription."

It reaches the origin of the trouble and corrects it

Royal Baking Powder

Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Government Food Report.

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Something to Be Proud Of.

"This box isn't the regular size," said the women who had purchased some strawberries.

"That box, ma'am," replied the vender, impressively, "is an achievement of statesmanship."

"What do you mean?"

"It's a compromise measure."—Washington Star.

He Lacked the Nerve to Make Her Happy.

Upon receipt of your address we will mail free a package of beautifully illustrated transparent cards, picturing and explaining just how and why men frequently suffer from nervous troubles that prevent their doing the *right thing* at the *right time*. Edition limited. Ad., mentioning this paper, Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

"WILLIE, have you been in another fight?" "No, mamma. This fellow outclassed me and I wasn't in it."—Brooklyn Life.

Queen & Crescent Route to the Atlanta Exposition.

It will be one of the greatest fairs ever known in America.

Many features of the Chicago World's Fair and many additional and new ones.

Exposition open September 18th to December 31st, 1895.

Do you want to go?

Write to W. C. RINEARSON, G. P. A., Cincinnati, O., for printed matter.

"WHAT'S that terrible cry I hear?" "Oh, that's our college yell!" "It must be a college of dentistry."—Puck.

SAFETY to mother and child and less unpleasantness after confinement, result from use of "Mother's Friend." Sold by druggists.

TRAIN up a hired girl in the way she should go, and the first thing you know she will go.—Rockland Tribune.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Summer Tourist Rates.

The North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y) is now selling excursion tickets at reduced rates to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Ashland, Bayfield, Marquette, Deadwood, Dakota, Hot Springs, Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Salt Lake City, and the lake and mountain resorts of the west and northwest. For rates and full information apply to Agents of connecting lines. Illustrated pamphlets, giving full particulars, will be mailed free upon application to W. B. Kaiskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago & North-Western R'y, Chicago, Ill.

"MY big brother belongs to the Seventh regiment," said little Nell, proudly, "en' my, how nohlo he looks when he's all dressed up in his unicorn!"—Harper's Round Table.

Hamilton-Brown Shoe Co.'s Sales.

Sales for June, 1895	$518,697.12
" " " 1894	455,693.28
Gain for June, 1895	$63,003.84
Total sales for 1895 up to July 1	$2,574,765.00
" " " 1894 " " " 1	2,387,643.54
Gain for 1895 up to July 1	$187,121.46

PRECEPTS are like seeds; they are little things which do much good.—Seneca.

WE think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs.—JENNIE PINCKARD, Springfield, Ills., Oct. 1, 1894.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT

The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.

At Druggists, 50c & $1. Advice & Pamphlet free.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, etc., when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Go by the book. Pills 10c and 25c a box. Book FREE at your druggist's or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal Street, New York.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.

Hear Him Fuss

For the love of peace buy him Yankee Shaving Soap

Sold everywhere. Made by The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

LEWIS' 98 % LYE

POWDERED AND PERFUMED. (PATENTED)

The *strongest* and *purest* Lye made. Unlike other Lye, it being a fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. Will make the *best* perfumed Hard Soap in 20 minutes *without boiling*. It is the best for cleansing waste pipes, disinfecting sinks, closets, washing bottles, paints, trees, etc. PENNA. SALT M'F'G CO. Gen. Agents, PHILA., Pa.

FARMERS SAW MILLS, Corn and Feed Mills, Hay Press and WATER WHEELS. DE LOACH MILL MFG. CO., 874, ATLANTA, Ga. MENTION THIS PAPER every time you write.

EIGHT PAPER DOLLS

. . . FOR ONE WRAPPER OF . . .

ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI

Send us two two-cent stamps for postage. These dolls have changeable heads. No two dolls dressed alike.

ADAMS & SONS CO., Sand Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y., Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

GO TO

the most delightful country in America, next Summer, to spend your vacation. There is no place in the world like Colorado, with its perfect climate, dry, pure and cool, its snow-capped mountains, its streams full of trout and its glorious scenery, both grand and pastoral. Colorado probably has no equal as a health resort. For the man or woman who has been in the whirl of a busy life, and who needs and longs for a change of air and scene, Colorado is the place. Pure air, pure water and the best of hotel accommodations are the three essentials that will be found there in perfection. On July 5th to 12th, 1895, the meeting of the NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION will be held in

DENVER

and the BURLINGTON ROUTE, which is the best line from Chicago and St. Louis to that point, has arranged to sell Excursion Tickets for the occasion, at very low rates. These tickets will be good for return until September 1, and will be sold to anyone applying for them, not merely to members of the Association, so that this opportunity to take a trip to the mountains, at a very low cost, will be open to everyone. Naturally, during this time, low excursion rates will be made from Denver to all of the famous Colorado resorts, such as Estes Park, Colorado Springs, Manitou, The Garden of the Gods, Glenwood Springs, etc. If you would like a circular giving the details of the excursion, rates, routes, train service, write to P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill., but, anyway, make up your mind to go to Colorado

In July, 1895.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

THE REPUBLICAN is published every Thursday morning at the following rates:

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One copy six months	.75
One copy three months	.40
One copy one month	.15
Single copies	.05

ADVERTISING RATES.

First insertion for square of ten nonpariel lines $1; each additional insertion after first 40 cents per square of ten nonpariel lines. Positively no deviation will be made from the above rates.

REMITTANCES:

Remittances made by money order, postal note, registered letter or bank draft will be at our risk, if made otherwise, at the risk of the sender. Address,

THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1895.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first insertion* of the same:

Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $3; House of Delegates, $3; County Commissioner, $2.50; Register of Wills, $2.50; County Surveyor, $1.50.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

By the request of friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer of Garrett County, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

JACOB S. MEYERS,
District No. 2. Selbysport, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. M. LOHR.
Cove, March 11, 1895.

FOR SHERIFF.

At the request of my many friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Garrett County, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention. AUSTIN BROWN.
Selbysport, Md., May 31, 1895.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. Don't slight the old soldiers.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND.
Oakland, Md., May 27, 1895.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. GEORGE J. WALTER.
District No. 1. P. O., Thayerville, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party GEORGE D. WHITE.
Oakland, Md.

FOR SURVEYOR.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Surveyor of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention. F. P. GREEN.
District No. 11.

Attention, Republicans!

The Republican voters of Garrett county are requested to assemble in Primary Meeting in the several districts of the county, on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1895,

for the purpose of electing five delegates from each election district to attend a County Convention to be held in Oakland, Md., on

TUESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1895,

to select three delegates to represent Garrett county in the Republican State Convention to be held in Cambridge, Md., on

THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1895,

to nominate a candidate for Governor, Comptroller and Attorney General.

By order of the Republican State Central Committee for Garrett county.

ANDREW SHARTZER, Chairman.
C. J. OTTO, Secretary.

FOR GOVERNOR,

Lloyd Lowndes,

OF ALLEGANY COUNTY,

Subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

THE Lowndes boom is still growing, and it is a healthy growth.

Jefferson And Jackson.

It is absurd, if not ridiculous, the way in which present day Democrats in their convention platforms express devotion to the principles of Democracy as expounded by Jefferson and Jackson, and at the same time advocating measures and things which those two Americans were never known to support.

Jefferson and Jackson may have been worthy pioneers of American Democracy in their day, but those who are intelligently informed as to their lives and character, are bound to admit that if living to-day Jefferson and Jackson would both be Republicans. They were firm believers in the doctrine of a protective tariff and were thoroughly American in all matters which distinguished broad-minded statesmanship from the humiliating sort as set up by the present Democratic regime.

If Democratic platforms all over this country must have a Jefferson and Jackson banner inscribed therein to call attention to those dead patriots (we don't know for what else) let the platform have it; but when these platforms continue to enumerate or set forth matters and things which are ascribed to those two distinguished men in American history — Democratic heresies of the past and present, which neither Jefferson nor Jackson ever favored or supported, then mention of them at all is either to be a matter of humor or else stultify their memory and deceive those who are less informed.

The Colorado Democrats held their silver convention in Denver recently and passed a platform which opened with a proclamation of "devotion to the principles of Democracy as expounded by Jefferson and Jackson, among which is the belief in an honest, stable and sound currency, the basis of which shall be silver and gold," etc.

This Jefferson who is mentioned in this connection is the very Jefferson who, when President, determined to have a gold currency, closed the mints against silver dollar coinage in 1805, and they remained closed until 1836. The Jackson who is named is the very Jackson who, in 1834, at the time of the change of the ratio, employed the influence of the administration against silver and in the interest of gold coinage. This Jackson, who hated fiatism and deception of all sorts in finance would have fought the silverite bossess as savagely as he did Nicholas Biddle, the President of the United States Bank. Men attempting to pass 50 cents' worth of silver on the country for 100 cents' worth, as the silver Democrats of 1895 want to do, Jackson would think were as bad enemies of the country as were the South Carolina nullifiers of 1832. He would have been as strongly tempted to hang Bland and Stewart if they had been active in his time as he was to hang Calhoun.

The Jefferson and Jackson of reality were widely different persons from the creatures of their imagination. The committee which drew up the Colorado utterance and the balance of the Democratic convention which supported it, could have had no fellowship with Jefferson's party had they been at the front in Jefferson's day. And they would have taken especial pains to keep out of Jackson's reach had they been active in Jackson's time. Jackson sometimes saw monsters where none existed, as he did in the National Bank affair, but he would have quickly detected the villainy of the silver swindle as advocated by the Democratic party in many States of the Union to-day, and he would have assailed it bitterly.

Jefferson and Jackson have been dead many years, but the reputation or these illustrious Democrats has some rights which Democratic conventions should be compelled to respect.

The Call For Lowndes.

The response of Hon. Lloyd Lowndes in reply to the letter signed by five hundred of the most prominent Republicans of Baltimore soliciting him to become a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor of this State, appears in another column this morning. It is a very graceful and modest paper, strictly in line with the attitude assumed by Mr. Lowndes at the time when his name was first mentioned in connection with this high honor. He will take no step toward pressing his claims to the nomination; he will do nothing that would indicate a purpose to seek the office, but if a harmonious convention tenders him the distinguished honor of a nomination he will accept the trust, and enter vigorously into the prosecution of the campaign.

While the Republican party has an abundance of material from which to select a winning candidate in the approaching contest, we believe Mr. Lowndes is better equipped for the arduous work incident to the present political crisis than any of the distinguished gentlemen who have been named in connection with the nomination. We say this, without the remotest intention of disparaging the merits or belittling the claims of any of the other prominent aspirants for the honor.

They are all equally worthy of every honor that the Republican party has to bestow. But it ought not to be forgotten that western Maryland, and especially Allegany county, has never surrendered the field to the domination of the Democratic State machine; that it has ever remained steadfast to the principles of the Republican party, and always maintained the unequal contest with undaunted courage and indomitable resolution. And now, when a weak point has been discovered in the Democratic position when a breach has been made, it is but a timely recognition of her past loyalty to assign to Allegany the honor of leading the final assault that is to terminate in the capture of the Democratic stronghold of Maryland.

For the duties of leadership in such a campaign as lies before us there are few gentlemen so thoroughly equipped as as Mr Lowndes. He is a capable organizer; he possesses the confidence of the business public in the fullest sense; he has splendid executive ability, and is safe, cool, and conservative. His business and political acquaintance extends into every county of the State, and he is almost as well known in Baltimore city as in Allegany county. In fact there is not a single qualification lacking, and if the Cambridge convention honors him with the nomination the next governor of the State of Maryland will be a Republican from the great and growing county of Allegany.—Cumberland News.

Communicated.

To the Editor of the Republican.

Reassessment and revision of the manner of distributing the school fund will be the issue in Garrett county in the coming campaign.

Mr. Wellington, of Allegany county, will take a seat in the lower house of Congress in December next and represent the Sixth Maryland District, whose interests will have the closest attention, as he is a man of broad views and an exponent of protection to American industries and American labor.

Leaving this line of thought on National issues and returning to that of State issues upon which a Governor and Legislature will be elected this fall I wish to say to my many friends throughout the county that THE REPUBLICAN did the right thing in its issue of June 27th when it placed the name of Hon. Lloyd Lowndes at the head of its editorial page as a candidate for Governor, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, which I most heartily endorse.

First, because Mr. Lowndes makes no claims to the Governorship and is worthy and capable of the high and exalted position of Governor of the commonwealth of Maryland.

Second, because I had the pleasure of placing his name in nomination in Republican caucus for United States Senator in the Senatorial contest to succeed the Hon. A. P. Gorman in 1892. He was then known throughout the whole state and command the greatest respect, even by the most bitter partisans of the dominant party at Annapolis.

Third, because he is one of the people of the state, is being brought forward by the people of the state, and merits the confidence and esteem of the entire populace as a business man of large interests and influence and a man of affairs in the broadest sense of the word.

Fourth, because Mr. Lowndes is not "stuck up". With all his wealth, influence and popularity he treats the poor man with the same consideration as the rich one, the low the same as the high and making his interests the interests of the whole people.

Fifth, because he is identified with many of the interests of Western Maryland; is honored and liked by all who have the pleasure of meeting him in business or social relations.

Sixth, because we can trust him to carry out the wishes of the people of the state.

GEO. L. MICHAELS.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

LOWNDES FOR GOVERNOR

Five Hundred Citizens of Baltimore Unite in a Call.

The Baltimore papers of Saturday contain the following correspondence, which is self explanatory:

BALTIMORE, July 3, 1895.

Hon. Lloyd Lowndes:

DEAR SIR:—As Republican voters and citizens of Baltimore, we, the undersigned, request that you will permit the use of your name as a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination upon the part of the Republican party.

The present juncture in the affairs of our State is peculiar. There are questions of vast moment to all our citizens to be acted upon at the next session of the Legislature and administered by the governor who shall be chosen this fall, and the demand is universal that there shall be placed at the head of the government of Maryland one who is familiar with its great and growing industries, their need and how their further activity may best be stimulated. We feel that you meet all the requirements of the people in an unusual degree, and your long and honorable public service in the Republican party would make your selection as our candidate especially appropriate.

While your name has appeared in the papers of this city as a possible candidate, it has not been in such a manner as to give assurance that you would accept the nomination if tendered you. We, therefore, address you to ascertain your disposition, and trust that we may be favored with an early reply.

Yours respectfully, &c.

The letter is signed by Maj. Alex. Shaw, Enoch Pratt, E. L. Bartlett, Wm. M. Marine, Jos. A. McKellip, C. C. Isaacs, Wm. F. Airey, Geo. R. Gaither, Jr., Henry Stockbridge, Jr., Jno. C. Rose, and nearly five hundred others, and elicited from Mr. Lowndes the following modest response:

CUMBERLAND, MD., July 9, 1895,

Messrs. Alexander Shaw, William G. Strange and Others:

GENTLEMEN—I am obliged to you for your valued favor of the 3d instant. It is very gratifying to know that you gentlemen consider me a suitable candidate for the gubernatorial nomination of the Republican party in the State of Maryland.

I conceive it to be the duty of every good and patriotic citizen when the sentiment of his party demands of him a service, willingly to render that service, even at a sacrifice to himself.

The principles of the Republican party are well known, and have received the endorsement of the people of the nation. Its mission in this State has been, and is, to exemplify those principles in the administration of State affairs, and as a part of this policy to reform the many abuses that have gradually crept into our State government.

In advance of the formation of a platform by the State convention, no one person has a right to speak for our party, but at least I may say that I am heartily in sympathy with the desire of the people to have an honest and economical administration of State affairs.

While I am in no sense a candidate seeking this office, and am more anxious for the success of our party than for any personal advancement, it is an honor that any one may desire, and if there shall be a general wish on the part of the Republicans of our State that I serve them as their candidate, I will accept the trust thus reposed in me, and undertake the leadership in the coming contest.

Yours truly,
[Signed] LLOYD LOWNDES.

Excursions to Atlantic City and Other Seashore Resorts.

Before deciding where you will spend your summer vacation, consult the dates of the B. & O. series of trips to the Atlantic coast resorts. Round trip tickets are sold at remarkably low rates, making it possible to spend a week or ten days by the sea at trifling cost.

The next excursion of the series is announced for Thursday, July 25th, when the admirable arrangements of the previous excursion will be carried out. The tickets will be sold for all trains of the 25th, valid for return trip twelve days, including day of sale, allowing a stop-off at Washington on the return journey. Similar excursions are announced for August 8th and 22d.

We give below a list of stations in this vicinity, showing time of trains and rates of fare:

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	RATE.
Oakland	6.37	10.01	12.21	6.04	5.12		$8.50
Mt. Lake Pk	6.43	10.08	12.30	6.12	5.17		8.50
Deer Park	6.50	10.17	12.46	6.20	5.25		8.50

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

For more detailed information apply to nearest B. & O. agent.

For Sale.

Lot No. 74, Center street, with improvements. Also 10,000 feet lumber and 10,000 shingles. The above will be sold at a sacrifice. Apply to M. L. King or W. F. King, Oakland, Md. 18-2t.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending July 20, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

D. Grahum	Geo. L. Giberson
Jos. Horner	Fine & Winburg
Mrs. Maria Cohens,	Miss Emma Duckett
Miss Martha Snider	Miss Blackwell

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Bids will be received by the Mayor and Town Council of Oakland for the construction of the wood work and also for the furnishing of the lumber and doing the wood work on the Helbig Bridge. Bids closed on July 25th. Specifications of lumber can be seen by applying to the clerk.

19-1t. L. E. TOWNSHEND, Clerk.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

OF VALUABLE

Real Estate,

In Garrett County, Md.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, passed on the 16th day of July, A. D. 1895, in a cause in said court depending, wherein John Hetrick et al. by Henry Feik *pro chem ami* are plaintiffs and Charles W. Hetrick is defendant, it being No. 705 on the Equity docket of said court, the undersigned trustee will sell at public auction in front of John E. Gnagey's store in the town of Accident, Garrett county, Maryland, on

Saturday, August 10,

1895, at 1 o'clock p. m., all the real estate in the proceedings mentioned, to-wit:

All of the following described lots, pieces or parcels of land, lying westward of Fort Cumberland in Garrett county, Maryland, and known and designated as

Military Lot No. 3227,

Containing 40 Acres, and

LOT NUMBER 3229,

Containing 37½ Acres,

and being the same property described in a deed from Martin Hetrick to Rachel Hetrick dated the 31st day of May, 1890, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, folio 43, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and comprises what is commonly known as

"The Timothy Miller Place,"

located about two and one-half miles southeast of Accident.

The entire farm is under fence and about 70 acres are cleared and under cultivation. The other improvements consist of a two story log house containing five rooms; a log barn shedded, and other necessary outbuildings, and a good orchard in bearing.

TERMS OF SALE:

As prescribed by the decree—One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash, one-third in 6 months and one-third in 12 months from the day of sale, or the entire purchase money may be paid in cash at the option of the purchaser, the deferred payments to be secured to the satisfaction of the trustee.

EDWARD H. SINCELL, Trustee.

19—td

ORDER NISI.

Samuel Lawton, Late Treasurer of Garrett County, vs. Thomas Nethkin.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County. No. 57 Trials to July Term, 1895.

It is ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 9th day of July, 1895, that the tax sale as made and reported by Samuel Lawton, late Treasurer, in the above entitled cause, and made to the County Commissioners of said county, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 2nd day of August, 1895; provided that a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett county, Md., once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 2nd day of August, 1895.

EDWARD STAKE.

True Copy, Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

TRUSTEES' SALE

—OF—

Real Estate

—IN—

Garrett County, Md.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, passed on the 28th day of March, 1895, in a cause in said court depending, wherein Margaret Miller is plaintiff and Frederick Mertens et al. are defendants, it being No. 687 on the Equity docket of said court, the undersigned trustees will sell at public auction in front of Mayers' Drug Store, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, on

Saturday, Aug. 24th,

1895, at 1 o'clock p. m., all the real estate in the proceedings mentioned, to-wit:

All that real estate which was conveyed by George Ritzer et al. to Frederick Mertens, Richard J. West and Albert L. Miller by deed dated June 21, 1873, and recorded among the Land Records of Garrett county in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 1[illegible]; the undivided one-third of which was conveyed by the said Richard J. West and wife to the said Frederick Mertens and Albert L. Miller by deed dated July 27, 1874, and recorded among said Land Records in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folios 462, etc.

Said property comprises

822 ACRES,

more or less, and consists of a tract of land called

MUCH TO DO ABOUT NOTHING,

CONTAINING 612 ACRES,

more or less, described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a stone planted in a glade at the end of the second line of a tract of land surveyed for Lord Baltimore, called "Green Glade Manor," said stone standing North 81 degrees East 22 perches, from a double pine, marked with nine notches each, and the letters W. C., and running thence South 79 degrees East 5 perches to a stone, thence North 33 degrees East 100 perches, to a bounded pine, thence North 46 degrees West 70 peaches to a stone, thence North 61 degrees East 160 perches to a bounded service and white oak, thence North 87 degrees West 237 perches to a bounded white oak, thence South 28½ degrees West 183 perches to a bounded pine, and thence with a straight line to the beginning.

And also another tract called

"ELK LICK,"

CONTAINING 210 ACRES.

more or less, described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at two bounded pines standing at the end of eighteen perches on the first line of Lot No. 1878, and running thence North 57 degrees West 18 perches, North 33 degrees East 78 perches to a bounded pine, South 57 degrees East 240 perches to the end of the first line of Lot No. 1858 (marked Oct 31, 1855, by a triple pine on the east side of the "Green Glade,") South 89 perches, West 109 perches, South 64 perches, West 160 perches, North 5 perches, North 55 degrees East 72 perches, to the end of the first line of the original Lot No. 1880, North 25 degrees West 195 perches, North 31 degrees East 11 perches, to the beginning of Lot No. 1878, and then by a straight line to the beginning.

Said land is well adapted for

Farming Purposes,

but is unimproved.

TERMS OF SALE:

As prescribed by the decree—One-half cash and the balance in one year; the deferred payment to bear interest from day of sale, and to be secured with security satisfactory to the trustees.

J. W. S. COCHRANE,
DAVID W. SLOAN,
Trustees.

(For further information apply to either of the Trustees at Cumberland, Md.) 19—6t

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

EIGHTH YEAR.

A MODERN, HIGH GRADE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.

Reopens Sept. 25, 1895 (D. V.) A department for boys and young men embracing thorough preparatory work for college, business or scientific school will be inaugurated under the charge of Maj. C. A. Bolton, of the Virginia Military Institute. Stenography, type-writing, book-keeping, besides full courses in English and Latin, etc. Send for catalogue to

E. B. SWAN, Principal and Proprietress,
18 1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

MOUNT UNION COLLEGE,

ALLIANCE, OHIO.

DEPARTMENTS:—**Preparatory, Collegiate, Normal, Commercial** (including Short-hand and Type-writing) **Music, Art, Military, Biblical, Post-graduate.**

EXPENSES LOW.

Send for Catalogue to PRESIDENT MARSH.

D. E. OFFUTT & SON

Invites the attention of those interested in the purchase of vehicles of any style. The Kramer, Milburn and Jackson farm wagons always on hand. Prices and terms given on application.

Your Appearance
MAY BE MARRED,
Your Health
MAY BE AFFECTED,
Your Comfort
MAY BE DISTURBED
by humiliating, annoying and disfiguring eruptions or humors of the skin, known in their various forms as
ECZEMA, SALT RHEUM, TETTER, PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, RING WORM AND ITCHING PILES.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

IS THE
CERTAIN AND PERMANENT
REMEDY
FOR THESE AND
ALL SKIN DISEASES.

Hundreds of cases CURED attest its wonderful efficacy. SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.
Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents.
FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

For CATARRH, HAY FEVER, COLD IN THE HEAD and all inflammatory conditions of the Nasal Passages, use FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE. It is a positive remedy.

A Strong Fortification.
Fortify the body against disease by Tutt's Liver Pills, an absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, malaria, constipation, jaundice, biliousness and all kindred troubles.
"The Fly-Wheel of Life"
Dr. Tutt; Your Liver Pills are the fly-wheel of life. I shall ever be grateful for the accident that brought them to my notice. I feel as if I had a new lease of life.
J. Fairleigh, Platte Cannon, Col.
Tutt's Liver Pills

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 1, on Frout Street, in Bayard, West Va.
Lot containing four acres with house on it, at Swanton, Md.
A mortgage on property worth more than double, at Loch Lynn Heights, Md.
WILLIAM W. SWEET,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

WE LOAN MONEY
to buy, build and improve your home and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.
ASSETS NEARLY $200,000,000.
For full particulars and terms apply to
ISAAC A. RINKER,
Wilson, Grant Co., W. Va.
P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above. 4-1yr.*

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.
LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.
Partienlar attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 38 26t*

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.
Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.
Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.
Shop opposite depot.
W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.
7—26t.

Estate of Rachael Hetrick, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of
RACHAEL HETRICK,
late of Garrett County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 1st day of Dec. next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.
Given under our hands this 25th day of May, 1895.
JACOB FEIK, Adm'r,
12 Accident, Md.

MOUNT POMONA.
NURSERY AND FRUIT FARM.
Address Swanton, Md., for Fruit and Mushrooms.
Address Mt. Lake Park concerning Nursery, Greenhouse or Vegetable Products.
Agents wanted on salary.
SWEET & SHACKLEFORD.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, July 15, 1895.

Wonders never cease. Although Mr. Reed probable has as yet given little attention to, and has certainly not made up his mind in any particular policy to be followed when he becomes Speaker of the House, a Democratic newspaper published in Washington has found out all about it and has taken the public into its confidence. If there ever was more gall displayed, even in these days of "enterprising" newspaper it has escaped your correspondent's attention, and he devotes his entire time to trying to keep up with the procession. It is unnecessary to mention the programme outlined by this knowing newspaper further than to say that it begins with the absurd statement that the Republicans will be afraid to touch the tariff. That is false enough, as time will show, to stamp the whole story as a Democratic office-made fake. It is the Democrats who are afraid. One of the certainties of the next session of Congress is that the House will revise the tariff in a number of important particulars, and it is probable that the revision will be accepted by the Senate although that body will not have a Republican majority. As Josh Billings used to say, "Tis better to be ignorant than to know so darn much that aint so."

It has leaked out that Mr. Cleveland would like to remove Ambassador Eustis for his recent indiscretions in the way of jingo speeches and newspaper interviews, but is afraid that if he does so he will make Eustis the Democratic candidate for president. He recognizes that however indiscreet the utterances of Mr. Eustis may have been as a diplomat his opinions have voiced the sentiments of many Americans and that his removal from office for such an offence would make him very popular. That being the case it is probable that Mr. Eustis will remain in Paris, unless he gets mad at being reprimanded and resigns, as he may do. It has been whispered ever since that London speech that Mr. Eustis has presidential aspirations.

Oh humbug! one of thy other names is certainly Hoke Smith. A New York newspaper has started a popular subscription for the benefit of Miss Elizabeth Key, grandaughter of the author of "The Star Spangled Banner," who was on the first of July dismissed without cause from the petty clerical position she had filled for fourteen years in the Pension Bureau, and her aged and invalid mother. Among the Washington contributors to this fund appears the name of Secretary Hoke Smith, the man who has it in his power to restore Miss Key to the position from which she was so mercilessly and cruelly dismissed with his approval, thus enabling her and her crippled mother to live independently, instead of having to eat the bread of charity. Mr. Hoke Smith would find it difficult to convince any unprejudiced person that any feeling accompanied his donation to the Key charity fund; it was merely a conscience contribution. If he had either feeling for the Keys or the patriotism which every American should have, he would reinstate Miss Key and save her the humiliation of accepting support for herself and mother from the newspaper charity fund donated by the public.

Agricultural Department officials cannot brush away the accusation, that speculators get advance information of the department's official crop report, by referring to them as "old stories." Old or new, it does seem strange that certain big speculators should always be able to lay their bets in the market just before those reports are issued in a way to make money and to make it appear to other people that they were acting upon actual knowledge. Perhaps these speculators only guess, but it seems a little odd that they should always guess right, while others just as intelligent continue to guess wrong right along.

Members of the administration are having a difficult task to reconcile the promise that a Democratic tariff would open the markets of the world to the producers and manufacturers of the United States with the cold, hard figures contained in the official report of the Bureau of Statistics—figures compiled by Democratic officials. During the eleven months ending May 31, 1895, exports from the United States fell off, as compared with the same period ending May 31, 1894, when the McKinley law was in force, nearly $75,000,000 in value—to be exact, the exportations for eleven months under the McKinley tariff amounted to $812,547,866, while the exportations for the same period under the Democratic tariff amounted only to $739,651, 865. These are the sort of facts which have convinced those who control the great business interests of the country that it is not safe to have the Democratic party in control of the national government, and which will not soon be forgotten, but will stand like a stone wall over which the Democratic party cannot hope to get during the life of the present generation.

Mountain Lake Park.

Mountain Lake Park never enjoyed such prosperity as it is passing through now. The many new cottages are occupied by delighted tenants. The boarding houses and hotels are enjoying a good business. Everybody seems happy. Our streets are the scene of much pleasure. Buggies, carriages carts, etc., are many. Notwithstanding we have several new livery stables, all seem to be doing a fine business. Very many of the cottagers have their own teams. The beautiful drives and excellent road beds make driving very delightful. Then the "cycle" is numerous. How they seem to fly over the smooth roads! The people—where do they come from? Everywhere. Almost every state in the Union is represented. A company of pleasant people enjoying the cool evenings and delightful days of this gem city of the Alleghanies.

The camp meeting which closed Monday night was one of the largest attended and most satisfactory meetings held on this mountain summit. Day after day great crowds of people gathered in the auditorium to hear some of the best preachers of two continents. The meetings were full of interest from the commencement to the close. Many unconverted people were led to God. More than the writer has ever known to be converted during a camp meeting held at this place. The preaching was profitable. How could it be otherwise? Were not the ablest divines of the land present? Scores of evangelists as well as pastors were present to take part in the service. Long will the sermons of Spencer, Smith, Naylor and others be talked about. Words of power and of joy.

A great treat is in store for our people. The National School of Methods, which opens July 26th, has a program of unusual interest. It will be a rare treat. Nothing better during the whole summer. Among the speakers is Miss Eva Shontz, who will give a dramatic reading. She is, without exception, the best reader before the public. Mr. Wooley, the Daniel Webster of the temperance movement, will speak once or twice. No one can afford to miss hearing him. He is an orator—a mighty giant on the platform. One can afford to travel a hundred miles to hear him. A native Hindoo will take part in the program. The daily program is a strong one.

If your correspondent was to undertake to furnish a list of "personals" a column or two of your space would be required to tell of the old friends one meets on the streets and drives. From Indiana come some sixty people. The city of Louisville, Ky., furnishes fifteen persons to one boarding house. From Texas, Kansas and the "region beyond" come a number of people. They come and go away to sound the praises of this mountain region.

The work on the lake dam is nearing completion. No better piece of masonry can be found in the country; the work reflects credit upon the Mountain Lake Park Association. It is permanent, and shows that Mountain Lake Park is here to stay. When completed Mt. Lake will be one of the prettiest sheets of water in the state. The new boats will be here in about ten days. The lake house will be ready for its inmates inside the next ten days. It is a neat two story eight room house. The many new buildings has the effect of making an impression on the minds of the public "that the Park is a grand success." Of course it is. New buildings are being planned for next year. Hotel Dennett is to be enlarged to double its capacity.

A company of a dozen or more leave in a day or two for Ocean Grove. Daily excursions are made to the neighboring mountain peaks. Life is greatly enjoyed just now. The weather is all that a person could ask for.

Notwithstanding that there were about forty new cottages built this summer there are only four or five for rent at this date.

The dates for Dr. Talmage have been positively settled. He will be a drawing card.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

McComas' Calmative Konseals, 10 cents. Try them. 5-tf

For satisfactory barbering try Liller and you will call again.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures scalds, burns, indolent sores and never fails to cure piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Sick headache, constipation and indigestion are quickly cured by DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

W. Grant Martin, scientific optician, will be in Oakland the last week in each month. Office in Pritchard building. 13-13t.

La Grippe is here again with all of its old time vigor. One Minute Cough Cure is a reliable remedy. It cures and cures quickly. Oakland Pharmacy.

Our patrons will find DeWitt's Little Early Risers a safe and reliable remedy for constipation, dyspepsia and liver complaints. Oakland Pharmacy.

W. T. Stanford, Station Agent of Leeper, Clarion Co. Pa., writes: I can recommend One Minute Cough Cure as the best I ever used. It gave instant relief and a quick cure Oakland Pharmacy.

We have something new, effective, pleasant to take and perfectly harmless and a positive cure for nervous headache, sick headache, dizziness and neuralgia. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

McComas' Calmative Konseals contain all that is required to cure the worst case of headache or neuralgia in a very few minutes and are safe, sure, inexpensive. Manufactured by Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf.

HAULING AND EXPRESS.—I have located at Mountain Lake Park and am prepared to do hauling of all kinds at short notice. Baggage a specialty. A share of the public patronage solicited. Harry Thayer.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

J. A. Richardson, of Jefferson City, Mo., chief enrolling force 38th general assembly of Missouri, writes: I wish to testify to the merits of One Minute Cough Cure. When other so-called cures failed, I obtained almost instant relief and a speedy cure by the use of One Minute Cough Cure. Oakland Pharmacy.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper, under the caption "We Loan Money." The Granite State Provident Association, which he is representing, is one of the strongest financial institutions in the country, and the largest building and loan association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management have developed it from nominal assets in 1889 to nearly $200,000,000 in 1895. Its style of doing business is such as to cause the U. S. Examiner, C. W. Thompson, who has for years been assigned to especially investigate loan and mortgage companies, to state that "For comprehensiveness, thoroughness, neatness and accuracy, its accounts are far superior to anything I ever saw or supposed possible." Those desiring to borrow, will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars. 4-1yr.*

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

GREAT VALUE FOR LITTLE MONEY. WEEKLY NEWS OF THE WORLD FOR A TRIFLE.

The New York Weekly Tribune,

a twenty-page journal, is the leading Republican family paper of the United States. It is a **National Family Paper** and gives all the general news of the United States. It gives the events of foreign lands in a nutshell. Its Agricultural department has no superior in the country. Its Market Reports are recognized authority. Separate departments for "The Family Circle," "Our Young Folks," and "Science and Mechanics." Its "Home and Society" columns command the admiration of wives and daughters. Its general political news, editorials and discussions are comprehensive, brilliant and exhaustive.

A SPECIAL CONTRACT enables us to offer this splendid journal and "THE REPUBLICAN" for

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CASH IN ADVANCE.
(The regular subscription for the two papers is $2.50.)
SUBSCRIPTIONS MAY BEGIN NOW.
Address all orders to
THE REPUBLICAN.

Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to Geo. W. Best, Room 2, Tribune Building, New York City, and sample copy of The New York Weekly Tribune will be mailed to you.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT
C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,
PLANING MILLS,
AND DEALERS IN
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES, BRACKETS, Mouldings, Flooring, Lath, Shingles, Weatherboarding, Brick, Lime, Builders' Hardware, Etc.,
MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.
38 13*

DR. HENRY W. M'COMAS,
—PROPRIETOR OF—
OAKLAND PHARMACY,
OAKLAND, MD.
Pure Drugs, Fancy Stationery, Soaps and Toilet Articles.
PRESCRIPTIONS
Carefully and Accurately Compounded
DAY OR NIGHT.
PRICES REASONABLE.
We invite a liberal share of your patronage.
JOS. E. HARNED, Manager.

Slate Roofing.
Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.
I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.
All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.
I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.
Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.
For prices apply to or address,
C. M. BEACHY,
47—1yr. Grantsville, Md

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.
A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 1-12

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—	Daily	2.48 A. M
No. 3—	Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 71—	Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 47—	Daily except Mon	10.49 A. M
No. 15—	Accommodation daily	6.24 P. M
No. 1—	Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—	Daily	6.01 A. M
No. 2—	Daily	6.57 A. M
No. 14—	Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 72—	Accom daily except Sun	4.32 P. M
No. 46—	Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4—	Daily	12.20 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

PATENTS
Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.
OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,
C. A. SNOW & CO.
OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

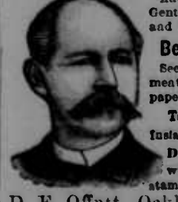

And other specialties for Gentlemen, Ladies, Boys and Misses are the
Best in the World.
See descriptive advertisement which appears in this paper.
Take no Substitute.
Insist on having W. L. DOUGLAS' SHOES, with name and price stamped on bottom. Sold by D. E. Offutt, Oakland, and Wm. Ryland, Friendsville.

The Horticultural Supply Co.,
Growers of and dealers in fruit and ornamental stock especially adapted to the Allegheny Mountains.
All the worthy old and promising new varieties.
Landscape gardening a specialty.
Address, MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

THE REPUBLICAN

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND. GARRETT CO., MD.

A FIRM DISSOLVED.

BY ROBERT BARR.

Even a stranger to the big town walking for the first time through London sees on the sides of the houses many names with which he has long been familiar. His precognition has cost the firms those names represent much money in advertising. The stranger has had the names before him for years in newspapers and magazines, on the hoardings and on boards by the railway side, paying little heed to them at the time; yet they have been indelibly impressed on his brain, and when he wishes soap or pills his lips almost automatically frame the words most familiar to them. Thus are the lavish sums spent in advertising justified, and thus are many excellent publications made possible.

When you come to ponder over the matter, it seems strange that there should ever be any real man behind the names so lavishly advertised; that there should be a genuine Smith or Jones whose justly celebrated medicines' work such wonders, or whose soap will clean even a guilty conscience. Granting the actual existence of these persons and probing still further into the mystery, can anyone imagine that the excellent Smith to whom thousands of former sufferers send entirely unsolicited testimonials, or the admirable Jones whom prima donnas love because his soap preserves their dainty complexions—can anyone credit the fact that Smith and Jones have passions like other men, have hatreds, likes and dislikes?

Such a condition of things, incredible as it may appear, exists in London. There are men in the metropolis, utterly unknown personally, whose names are more widely spread over the earth than the names of the greatest novelists, living or dead, and these men have feeling and form like unto ourselves.

There was the firm of Danby & Strong, for instance. The name may mean nothing to any reader of these pages, but there was a time when it was well known and widely advertised, not only in England, but over the greater part of the world. They did a great business, as every firm that spends a fortune every year in advertising is bound to do. It was in the old paper collar days. There actually was a time when the majority of men wore paper collars, and, when you come to think of it, the wonder is that the paper collar trade ever fell away as it did, when you consider with what vile laundries London is and always has been cursed. Take the Danby & Strong collars, for instance, advertised as being so similar to linen that only an expert could tell the difference. That was Strong's invention. Before he invented the Piccadilly collar, so-called, paper collars had a brilliant glaze that would not have deceived the most recent arrival from the most remote shire in the country. Strong devised some method by which a slight linen film was put on the paper, adding strength to the collar and giving it the appearance of the genuine article. You bought a pasteboard box containing a dozen of these collars for something like the price you paid for the washing of half a dozen linen ones. The Danby & Strong Piccadilly collar jumped at once into great popularity, and the wonder is that the linen collar ever recovered from the blow dealt by this ingenious invention.

Curiously enough, during the time the firm was struggling to establish itself, the two members were the best of friends, but when prosperity came to them causes of differences arose, and their relations, as the papers say of warlike nations, became strained. Whether the fault lay with John Danby or with William Strong, no one has ever been able to find out. They had mutual friends who claimed that each of them was a good fellow, but each of those friends always added that Strong & Danby did not "hit it off."

Strong was a bitter man when aroused, and could generally be counted upon to use harsh language. Danby was quieter, but there was a sullen streak of stubbornness in him that did not tend to the making up of the quarrel. They had been past the speaking point for more than a year when there came a crisis in their relations with each other that ended in disaster to the business carried on under the title of Danby & Strong. Neither man would budge, and between them the business sunk to ruin. Where competition is fierce no firm can stand against it if there is internal dissension. Danby held his ground quietly but firmly, Strong raged and cursed, but was equally steadfast in not yielding a point. Each hated the other so bitterly that each was willing to lose his own share in a profitable business, if by doing so he could bring ruin on his partner.

We are all rather prone to be misled by appearances. As one walks down Piccadilly, or the Strand, or Fleet street and meets numerous irreproachably dressed men with glossy tall hats and polished boots, with affable manners and a courteous way of deporting themselves towards their fellows, we are apt to fall into the fallacy of believing that these gentlemen are civilized. We fail to realize that if you probe in the right direction you will come upon possibilities of savagery that would draw forth the warmest commendation from a Pawnee Indian. There are reputable business men in London who would, if they dared, tie an enemy to a stake and roast him over a slow fire, and these men have succeeded so well, not only in deceiving their neighbors, but also themselves, that they would actually be offended if you told them so. If law were suspended in London for a day, during which time none of us would be held answerable for any deed then done, how many of us would be alive next morning? Most of us would go out to pot some favorite enemy, and would doubtless be potted ourselves before we got safely home again.

The law, however, is a great restrainer, and helps to keep the death rate from reaching excessive proportions. One department of the law crushed out the remnant of the business of Messrs. Danby & Strong, leaving the firm bankrupt, while another department of the law prevented either of the partners taking the life of the other.

When Strong found himself penniless, he cursed, as was his habit, and wrote to a friend in Texas asking if he could get anything to do over there. He was tired of a country of law and order, he said, which was not as complimentary to Texas as it might have been. But his remarks only go to show what extraordinary ideas Englishmen have of foreign parts. The friend's answer was not very encouraging, but, nevertheless, Strong got himself out there somehow, and in course of time became a cowboy. He grew reasonably expert with his revolver and rode a mustang as well as could be expected, considering that he had never seen such an animal in London, even at the Zoo. The life of a cowboy on a Texas ranch leads to the forgetting of such things as linen shirts and paper collars.

Strong's hatred of Danby never ceased, but he began to think of him less often.

One day, when he least expected it, the subject was brought to his mind in a manner that startled him. He was in Galveston ordering supplies for the ranch, when in passing a shop which he would have called a draper's, but which was there designated as dealing in dry goods, he was amazed to see the name "Danby & Strong" in big letters at the bottom of a huge pile of small card-board boxes that filled the whole window. At first the name merely struck him as familiar and he came near asking himself: "Where have I seen that before?" It was some moments before he realized that the Strong stood for the man gazing stupidly in at the plate glass window. Then he noticed that the boxes all were guaranteed to contain the famous Piccadilly collar. He read in a dazed manner a large printed bill which stood beside the pile of boxes. These collars, it seemed, were warranted to be the genuine Danby & Strong collar and the public was warned against imitations. They were asserted to be London made and linen faced, and the gratifying information was added that once a person wore the D. & S. collar he never afterwards relapsed into wearing any inferior brand. The price of each box was fifteen cents, or two boxes for a quarter. Strong found himself making a mental calculation which resulted in turning this notation into English money.

As he stood there a new interest began to fill his mind. Was the firm being carried on under the old name by some one else, or did this lot of collars represent part of the old stock? He had had no news from home since he left, and the bitter thought occurred to him that, perhaps, Danby had got somebody with capital to aid him in resuscitating the business. He resolved to go inside and get some information.

"You seem to have a very large stock of those collars on hand," he said to the man who was evidently the proprietor.

"Yes," was the answer. "You see we are the state agents for this make. We supply the country dealers."

"Oh, do you? Is the firm of Danby & Strong still in existence? I understood it had suspended."

"I guess not," said the man. "They supply us all right enough. Still, I really know nothing about the firm, except that they turn out a first-class article. We're not in any way responsible for Danby & Strong; we're merely agents for the state of Texas, you know," the man added, with sudden caution.

"I have nothing against the firm," said Strong. "I asked because I once knew some members of it and was wondering how it was getting along."

"Well, in that case you ought to see the American representative. He was here this week—that's why we make such a display in the window, it always pleases the agent—he's now working up the state and will be back in Galveston before the month is out."

"What's his name? Do you remember?"

"Danby, George Danby, I think. Here's his card. No, John Danby is the name. I thought it was George. Most Englishmen are George, you know."

Strong looked at the card, but the lettering seemed to waver before his eyes. He made out, however, that Mr. John Danby had an address in New York, and that he was the American representative of the firm of Danby & Strong, London. Strong placed the card on the counter before him.

"I used to know Mr. Danby, and I would like to meet him. Where do you think I could find him?"

"Well, as I said before, you could see him right here in Galveston, but if you are in a hurry you might catch him at Broncho Junction on Thursday night."

"He is traveling by rail then?"

"No, he is not. He went by rail as far as Felixopolis. There he takes a horse, and goes across the prairies to Broncho Junction; a three days' journey. I told him he wouldn't do much business on that route, but he said he was going partly for his health, and partly to see the country. He expected to reach Broncho Thursday night." The dry-goods merchant laughed as one who suddenly remembers a pleasant circumstance. "You're an Englishman, I take it."

Strong nodded.

"Well, I must say you folks have queer notions about this country. Danby, who was going for a three days' journey across the plains bought himself two Colts revolvers, and a knife half as long as my arm. Now I've traveled all over this state, and never carried a gun, but I couldn't get Danby to believe his route was as safe as a church. Of course, now and then in Texas a cowboy shoots off his gun, but it's more often his mouth, and I don't believe there's more killing done in Texas than in any other bit of land the same size. But you can't get an Englishman to believe that. You folks are an awful law-abiding crowd. For my part I would sooner stand my chance with a revolver than a lawsuit any day." Then the good-natured Texan told the story of the pistol in Texas; of the general lack of demand for it, but the great necessity of having it handy when it was called for.

A man with murder in his heart should not hold a conversation like this, but William Strong was too full of one idea to think of prudence. Such a talk sets the hounds of justice on the right trail, with unpleasant results for the criminal.

On Thursday morning Strong set out on horseback from Broncho Junction with his face towards Felixopolis. By noon he said to himself he ought to meet his former partner with nothing but the horizon around them. Besides the revolvers in his belt, Strong had a Winchester rifle in front of him. He did not know but he might have to shoot at long range, and it was always well to prepare for eventualities. Twelve o'clock came, but he met no one, and there was nothing in sight around the empty circle of the horizon. It was nearly two before he saw a moving dot ahead of him. Danby was evidently unused to riding and had come leisurely. Some time before they met, Strong recognized his former partner and he got his rifle ready.

"Throw up your hands!" he shouted, bringing the rifle butt to his shoulder.

Danby instantly raised his hands above his head. "I have no money on me," he cried, evidently not recognizing his opponent. "You may search me if you like."

"Get down off your horse; don't lower your hands, or I fire."

"I assure you I have only a few dollars with me, which you are quite welcome to," said Danby.

Danby did not answer. Seeing that the shooting was to be at short range, he selected a six-shooter from his belt, and, cocking it, covered his man, throwing the rifle on the grass. He walked up to his enemy, placed the muzzle of the revolver against his rapidly beating heart, and leisurely disarmed him, throwing Danby's weapons on the ground out of reach. Then he stood back a few paces and looked at the trembling man. His face seemed to have already taken on the hue of death and his lips were bloodless.

"I see you recognize me at last, Mr. Danby. This is an unexpected meeting, is it not? You realize, I hope, that there are no judges, juries nor lawyers, no mandamuses and no appeals. Nothing but a writ of ejectment from the barrel of a pistol and no legal way of staying the proceedings. In other words, no cursed quibbles and no confounded law."

Danby, after several times moistening his pallid lips, found his voice:

"Do you mean to give me a chance, or are you going to murder me?"

"I am going to murder you."

Danby closed his eyes, let his hands drop to his sides, and swayed gently from side to side as a man does on the scaffold just before the bolt is drawn. Strong lowered his revolver and fired, shattering one knee of the doomed man. Danby dropped with a cry that was drowned by the second report. The second bullet put out his left eye, and the murdered man lay with his mutilated face turned up to the blue sky.

A revolver report on the prairies is short, sharp and echoless. The silence that followed seemed intense and boundless, as if nowhere on earth there was such a thing as sound. The man on his back gave an awesome touch of the eternal to the stillness.

Strong, now that it was all over, began to realize his position. Texas, perhaps, paid too little heed to life lost in fair fight, but she had an uncomfortable habit of putting a rope round the neck of a cowardly murderer. Strong was an inventor by nature. He proceeded to invent his justification. He took one of Danby's revolvers and fired two shots out of it into the empty air. This would show that the dead man had defended himself, at least, and it would be difficult to prove that he had not been the first to fire. He placed the other pistol and the knife in their places in Danby's belt. He took Danby's right hand while it was still warm and closed the fingers around the butt of the revolver from which he had fired, placing the forefinger on the trigger of the cocked six-shooter. To give effect and naturalness to the tableau he was arranging for the benefit of the next traveler by that trail, he drew up the right knee and put revolver and closed hand on it as if Danby had been killed while just about to fire his third shot.

Strong, with the pride of a true artist in his work, stepped back a pace or two for the purpose of seeing the effect of his work as a whole. As Danby fell, the back of his head had struck a lump of soil or a tuft of grass which threw the chin forward on the breast. As Strong looked at his victim his heart jumped, and a sort of hypnotic fear took possession of him and paralyzed action at its source. Danby was not yet dead. His right eye was open, and it glared at Strong with a malice and hatred that mesmerized the murderer and held him there, although he felt, rather than knew, that he was covered by the cocked revolver he had placed in what he thought was a dead hand. Danby's lips moved, but no sound came from them. Strong could not take his fascinated gaze from the open eye. He knew he was a dead man if Danby had strength to crook his finger, yet he could not take the leap that would bring him out of range. The fifth pistol shot rang out and Strong pitched forward on his face.

The firm of Danby & Strong was dissolved.—Black and White.

SAW SHOULDER STRAPS.

Story of Lieut. Preston's Heroism at Standing Rock.

"Do you know Lieut. Guy Preston?" asked an army officer stopping at the Windsor. "No? Well, he's a good fellow. You want to cultivate him if he ever strays this far away from his station at Fort Robinson.

"I know a fairly good story about him, if you care to have it.

"He was one of the younger class of second lieutenants that came into the northwest just before the Indian troubles which culminated in the fight at Wounded Knee. Preston had been assigned to duty in the Ninth cavalry, the 'black regiment,' you know, and those negro soldiers had a pretty strong doubt about his heroic qualities.

"But he gathered his men, according to orders, when the hostiles were rounded up there at Standing Rock, and held one side of the square which inclosed the warlike and dangerous band of savages. The Indians had come out of their tents with their blankets around them, and their leaders declared that they were unarmed, and that they wanted to 'talk.' The negro cavalrymen dismounted, and, 'resting-at-will,' were inclined to wander about rather more than was agreeable to Preston's tidy West Point ideas, and he hauled them back into line. They looked at his jaunty uniform, and almost wished they might see him in real trouble, just for the pleasure of testing him.

"Well, the Indians got to the middle of the horseshoe-like inclosure of troops, and then at a given signal by their chiefs they threw off their blankets, and each one was seen armed with a rifle, hatchet and scalping-knife. They fired point blank at close range and with deadly effect at the soldiers. Of course you know the story of the battle. That is a tale that is told.

"The attack was so sudden and unexpected that the soldiers were thrown into confusion, and they turned and ran to cover. It was the worst possible thing, but the first thing that suggested itself to the imperiled men.

"Only Lieut. Guy Preston, the youthful West Pointer, looking around at that savage band of murderers, caught sight of the gold bars on his shoulder straps—the insignia of a rank in the army of the nation. And the thought came to him: 'I can't run away carrying that.' And he halted, turned, called back his men and formed the first line, which repulsed the Indians and finally conquered them.

"Maybe it isn't as much of a story as it seemed at the beginning, and yet I have always thought it was well illustrative of the view an army officer must take of his position. He cannot carry the proofs of that position—the evidences of a trust reposed in him by his country—he cannot carry that insignia to dishonor."—N. Y. Herald.

GRACE IN NOTE WRITING.

An Art That Has a Poor Following, Even Among Bright Women.

Note writing should belong particularly to modern times, and ought to reach its highest degree of perfection in these days, when a couple of hastily written pages take the place of the old-fashioned letter, which, it must be confessed, was sometimes just a little wearisome to read—especially when the writer felt a conscientious obligation to fill a certain number of sheets. "I will now," said a dear, old-fashioned letter-writer, after she had imparted all the news she could think of, and had still several pages to write to fill up her quota, "proceed to make a few remarks about 'patience,'" and we can fancy what good, sound moral advice she gave, and the praises she bestowed upon that excellent virtue. Children's notes are sometimes very funny in their directness. "I do not want to go to your party, thank you," was the answer written by a little girl to her friend's invitation, expressed, as she thought, with perfect politeness; and the mother, rather than tamper with the child's sense of honesty, by an explanation which she was too young to understand, let her send the note uncorrected. Facility of expression and readiness of diction should receive particular attention in a school's curriculum, and practice notes on every imaginable subject should be constantly written.

The fashionable handwriting of the day appears also to be in a transition period. The sharp English hand of a decade or two ago has given place to a masculine-looking, round chirography, that in many cases remains unformed and childish-looking; and perhaps it is for that reason that so many of the notes of to-day look uncultured. A lady who gave an informal dinner to a number of debutantes last winter said that with the exceptions of a few really nice-looking and well-expressed answers, the notes she received were, according to her old-fashioned ideas, really "melancholy," as she expressed it. "Such results of a higher education make one prefer the days of a good English governess and home-training," was her verdict on the modern system which produced such unsatisfactory results.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

One Fact More.

The class had a talk on doves the day before, and now they were telling all they knew about that bird of peace. One little fellow, however, who had been absent for some days, had no word to contribute, and deeply did he feel the humility of his position.

A great deal had been said, and yet no one had mentioned the dove's plumage, and the teacher began to lead up to that topic.

"Can the dove bear cold weather?" she asked.

"Yes'm! yes'm!" shouted an eager chorus.

"I don't see how it can, if it isn't any better provided for it than you have told me. Now, raise your hands and tell me what the dove is covered with."

The little boy who had been absent eagerly put up his hand.

"Yes, Freddy?" said the teacher, encouragingly.

"Lice!" piped up Freddy.—Youth's Companion.

OUT OF THE RUT.

The Strange but Successful Departure of a Southern Planter.

A young farmer in the southwest, having come into possession of a small plantation through the death of his father, determined to introduce some radical changes. The farm had not been profitable for several years. His father had borrowed money of merchants and put every acre into cotton, buying his food supplies every year and running every year more deeply into debt. The son was anxious, as he said, "to get out of the rut."

He decided to abandon cotton-planting, and to raise strawberries and other fruit on a large scale, and, so far as possible, to make a living from his farm by producing his own food supplies. He began with a few acres of strawberries, and put the remainder of his land in corn, oats, grass, potatoes and vegetables, increasing his supply of poultry and pork.

All his neighbors remonstrated with him. A southern planter, they said, who did not raise cotton, but who devoted his energies to small fruit and "trucking," would be of no account socially, while inviting financial ruin. The young farmer was warned that in breaking away from the customs and traditions of the cotton belt he was lowering his dignity and degrading himself to the level of "the poor white trash."

One critic was even more outspoken. He was the father of the young woman whom the young farmer had been courting, and who was engaged to him.

"You are acting like a lunatic!" growled this veteran. "What can you do without a cash crop like cotton? Where can you find a market for your strawberries? You are as mad as a March hare!"

"The finest varieties of berries will grow here to perfection. I can make arrangements to send them by rail north, where I shall be ahead of the season, and also south for the latest varieties when the home crop is exhausted. As for cotton, it is impoverishing the planters here, as you well know. Why should I raise cotton without profit for the sake of what you call social prestige?"

"Well, sir," was the angry reply, "if you are bent upon going on with your crazy schemes, you shall not drag down my daughter with you. She is a cotton planter's daughter, and shall not be a truck farmer's wife."

As the daughter sided with the father, the engagement was broken off. The young man, undismayed by the disapproval of his neighbors, carried out his plans with resolute determination. The experiment was successful.

He was obliged to be patient as well as determined, and the result was that he was soon obliged to double his strawberry acreage. He then introduced raspberries as a crop to follow the strawberries. The result has been that he found his profits warranted the purchase of another farm, and the enlargement of his fruit business.

Meanwhile the planters around him were many of them impoverished by low prices for cotton. The veteran who had called him a lunatic was reduced to such straits that one or two of his children went into the fruit-farmer's fields to pick strawberries in their season for the wages they might receive. Everyone now is convinced that there was method in the young planter's madness. — Youth's Companion.

NAPOLEON'S DREAM.

He Longed to Follow in the Footsteps of Alexander the Great.

Bonaparte was a child of the Mediterranean. The light of its sparkling waters was ever in his eyes, and the fascination of its ancient civilizations was never absent from his dreams of glory. His proclamations rang with classic allusions, his festivals were adorned with classic ceremony. In infancy he had known of Genoa, the tyrant of his island, as strong in the splendid commercial enterprises which stretched eastward through the Levant, and beyond into the farther orient; in childhood he had fed his imagination on the histories of Alexander the Great, and his conquest of oriental empires; in youth he had thought to find an open door for his ambition, when all others seemed closed, by taking service with England to share the renown of those who were building up her eastern empire. Disappointed in this, he turned with the same lack of success to Russia, already England's rival on the continent of Asia.

It is perfectly comprehensible that throughout his early manhood his mind should have occasionally reverted to the same ideals. The conqueror of Italy and Austria might hope to realize them. Was he not master of the two great maritime commonwealths which had once shared all eastern trade between them? England's intrusion upon the Mediterranean basin was a never-ceasing irritation to all the Latin powers. Her commercial prosperity and her mastery of the seas aggravated the exasperation of France, as threatening even her equality in their ancient rivalry. From the days of the first crusade all Frenchmen had felt that leadership in the reconstruction of Asia belonged to them by virtue of preoccupation. Ardent republicans, moreover, saw France's mission incomplete in the liberalizing of the continent, and the department of marine under the directory stamped its paper with the motto: "Liberty of the Seas."

Imaginative forces, the revolutionary system, and the national ambition all combined to create ubiquitous enthusiasm for the conquest of the Mediterranean. To this the temperament and training of Bonaparte were as the spark to the tinder. It was with willing ears that the directory heard his first suggestions about the Venetian isles, and subsequently his plans for the capture of Malta, which was to be followed by a death-blow to England's supremacy in the seizure of Egypt and the dismemberment of Turkey.—Prof. W. M. Sloane, in Century.

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CONSUMPTION

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

THE SAD OLD STORY.

The demon that lurks in the wine-cup—
That fury of evil and woe,
Hath entered the portals of one loved home more,
And fair-builded castles lie low;
One more woman's heart hath been broken;
One more cherished idol in dust;
One more soul hath cried in its seeming great doom.
"Fallen! Shattered! My faith and my trust."

"Oh God! In Thy wisdom and mercy,
Canst Thou from Thy Kingdom above
Look down on such anguish and misery as this,
Saying: 'Whom most I chasten, I love?'
Through my heart there is thrust deep, a dagger;
Another has crushed through my brain;
My soul's in death's throes, from the burden of woes;
My heart's crushed with bitterest pain.

"Years only, since a fair happy bride,
With glad promise the world all aglow,
I stood at Thine altar, my lover beside.
How happy! Thou only canst know.
But to-day doth my idol lie shattered.
Canst Thou wonder my soul is athirst
With a fury of grief that seeketh relief?
For my home and my life are accursed.

"And yet, oh my God, Thou'lt forgive me?
My brain reeled; my heart was aflame
With that passion of love, desperation and woe.
When, frenzied, I spurned almost Thy name.
Oh, forgive me, my Father in Heaven,
Thy ways are all perfect and just;
'Twas in weakness I fled from the ways Thy hand led,
Oh, forgive! and once more I will trust."

—Nellie Hawks, in Banner of Gold.

CONDEMNATION OF BEER.

Results of Scientific Research Give Irrefutable Evidence Against Its Use.

The highest authorities are of the opinion that beer is an injurious drink, and many of them think that it is more pernicious than whisky itself—taken in what they call "moderation." The Christian Advocate treated a phase of this subject editorially in two or three articles some years ago, and will not repeat the authorities then quoted; but Prof. Oertel, of Germany, published a work in 1885 that sets the matter in so clear and strong a light as to establish the belief that the old idea that beer is healthful—or at least harmless—is utterly false. Before Prof. Oertel's time many physicians who studied in Germany had the idea that beer was a most beneficial drink, and recommended it in some cases in this country, and gave testimonials that the working people in the breweries who drank a great deal of beer were robust, strong and long-lived. But Prof. Oertel and his two friends, Drs. von Pettenkofer and von Voit, who lived where the beer is brewed and the most beer drunk—the professor having a hospital at his disposal where post-mortem examinations are properly and scientifically made, and the consequences of the large amount of beer consumed have been fully studied—have produced a work of such importance that Dr. Schweninger has adopted his conclusions, and applied them in the treatment of Prince Bismarck.

He quotes Dr. Ballinger, who examined two thousand persons in the hospital at Munich, and found that eight per cent. of them died of excessive beer-drinking. This life-insurance medical examiner says that while some men in the English statistics have reached one hundred years of age who indulged in wine, whisky and tobacco, so far as he knows none were found who were habitual beer-drinkers. In Munich it is not uncommon for people to take from six to eight pints of beer in three hours, and during the day from twelve to twenty. Working brewers take sometimes thirty-six pints, and even forty. The strain of expelling this from the system at the last analysis depends upon the heart.

After a full examination of the subject this medical officer recommends that, as the disorders in consequence of beer-drinking increase every year and shorten life, it is advisable for life insurance companies to take the risks of such men on short endowments, and not to take them over fifty years of age. There are, of course, some exceptions to this rule, that must depend upon the honest report of the physician and agent.

We have for years made it a practice to converse with hospital and general practitioners, and their uniform testimony is that diseases make rapid destruction of the fat of the beer-drinker, and that they do not recover from surgical operations easily or well. This was also the opinion of Sir Astley Cooper, who said that they sank away so often without adequate cause that he was always afraid of the results.—Christian Advocate.

ITS INJURIOUS QUALITIES.

Points About the Cigarette Which Utterly Condemn It.

The question is asked why the smoking of cigarettes is so much more injurious than the smoking of cigars or of tobacco in the pipe, and, in reply, the New York Tribune says:

1. The cigarette is smoked by many thousands of boys, few of whom would indulge in the pipe or cigar. The one is too clumsy and the other is too costly for the average boy. The use of tobacco in any form does far more harm to the person who has not completed the growing process than to the adult. It tends to stunt the growth of the boy, even affecting the texture of the bones as well as of the muscles and skin, and seems to take hold of the system in direct proportion to the activity of the assimilating processes of the frame, which are most rapid in youth and most feeble in old age. Hence the constitution of the growing boy may be ruined by the smoking of the same amount and same kind of material that could be used with impunity if the stuff were let alone till an age which varies with the individual from twenty-two to near thirty years.

2. Cheapness being an essential to large patronage by the juvenile, the poorest kinds of tobacco are used in their manufacture, and the taste and smell have to be disguised by the use of drugs, added to which the juvenile appetite for sweets has to be catered to. Hence the employment of sugar and glycerine, perhaps harmless apart, but forming a noxious coalition when smoked together into the system. Hence, also, the sprinkling of the tobacco with opium infusions to an enormous extent, while the doctoring of cigars with opium is comparatively slight. In the cigarette, also, the fumes are drawn directly into the system, while a portion is arrested by the more closely wrapped mouth end of the cigar and in the stem of all but the shortest pipes of the "dudeen" class.

3. The peculiar fashion in smoking the cigarette is to blow the smoke through the nose, and whatever the practiced adult may do, the average boy can not accomplish this without taking the nasty stuff into his lungs, where it mingles with the air that ought to be pure, and after having had a chance to poison the blood contents of the lung cells is expeled along with the carbonic acid gas, the formation of which is essential to the life of the frame which the carbon is eliminated. This fact may in part account for the greater damage done by the cigarette to the growing boy than to the average man, but the whole of the greater injury to the juvenile frame can not be explained without reference to the statement of the case in the first paragraph.

RAISING SPIDERS TO SELL.

A Queer Industry that Recalls the Saw, "There Are Tricks in All Trades."

There is but one spider farm in the United States. Here and there a spider has been made a pet of by some lonely prisoner of Chillon or the Tombs; but spider farming as a money-making industry is yet in its infancy. The Philadelphia Press says: "One has only to go four miles from Philadelphia on the old Lancaster pike, and ask for the farm of Pierre Grantaire, to see what can be found nowhere else in this country, and abroad only in a little French village in the department of the Loire. Pierre Grantaire furnishes spiders at so much per hundred for distribution in the wine vaults of the merchant and the *nouveaux riche*. His trade is chiefly with the wholesale merchant, who is able to stock a cellar with new, shining, freshly-lubeled bottles, and in three months see them veiled in filmy cobwebs, so that the effect of twenty years of storage is secured at a small cost." Pierre Grantaire says: "I ship them in a crate, with many holes for air. Maybe I send two, three, four hundred spiders. For them I ask half a franc each, ten for every hundred. In two months you would think his cellar was not disturbed for the last fifty years. It has cost him forty dollars or fifty dollars maybe, but he may sell the wine for one thousand dollars—yes, more than that—above what they had brought without my pets had dressed the bottles in the robes of long ago."

Why He Is a Strong Temperance Man.

Mr. Froome Talfourd, now in his eighty-eighth year, states that from a record kept by him till the year 1868 he found that not fewer than twenty personal friends and acquaintances had come to an untimely end through indulgence in strong drink. Of these five committed suicide, three were frozen to death when drunk, four were drowned while drunk, two died in delirium tremens, three who drank hard died young and three who drank hard died at home. Mr. Talfourd sometimes recites these facts to friends who ask him why he is such a strong teetotaler. —London Christian.

Not Fit for Matrimony.

"Beer their favorite beverage." "One-half of the class do not intend to marry." Such are the statements made concerning the Yale seniors in their class book. If the first statement is true it is certainly to be hoped the second is also. —Lever.

VARIOUS NOTES.

TIMES have never been dull in hell since rum was invented.—Ram's Horn.

IF fewer fathers were moderate drinkers, fewer sons would become immoderate drunkards.—Ram's Horn.

A PHYSICIAN declares that one-half the consumptive patients received into hospitals in Paris owe their condition to spirit drinking.

A NEW law for the better observance of Sunday in Russia will probably close all the dram shops throughout the empire on that day.

THE W. C. T. U. of Bondurant, Ia., have had five acres of ground given them for five years rent free, and will farm it for the benefit of their work.

REV. J. HUDSON TAYLOR says that the number of opium smokers and their families in China who are suffering directly from this evil is 150,000,000.

SUPT. RUSSEL of the Ohio Anti-Saloon league reports that over one hundred saloons in various towns have been closed already through the efforts of the league.

THERE is at least one way in which whisky has done good. "Pins," says Johnny's composition, "have been known to save people's lives by not swallowing them.

IN London there are no less than thirty whisky dealers who make use of the royal arms on their labels and trade marks. They have been appointed "Purveyors to the Queen."

DOG LAW.

Statutes Regulating the Keeping of the Animals.

It is not easy to understand why the dog, whose intelligence and strength have been utilized so generally by savage as well as by civilized nations, should have been regarded by the law as among the basest of animals. The statute law of England, even down to the early part of the present century, made the stealing of fish, swans or hawks, crimes punishable by severe penalties; and the stealing of swine, or poultry, at common law, was larceny; but a dog, which was considered to have no value and to be kept merely to gratify a whim or fancy of its owner, could not be the subject of that crime.

The laws of some of our states still cling to the idea that there can be no actual property in a dog; but the more recently approved doctrine seems to be that a dog is property, in the fullest sense, and may be the subject of larceny, where the statutes bring all "personal property" within scope of the definition of that crime.

Attached to the right of property which one may acquire in an animal, are certain responsibilities for its acts, which the owner or keeper incurs.

One who knows a dog to be vicious, yet keeps, harbors or allows it to resort about his premises, is responsible for any injury it may do to another's person or property; but if the dog's evil habits have not been brought to his knowledge or notice, he is not liable for such injury.

A person who employs a watch-dog to guard his premises against trespassers is negligent if he allow it to be at large; and even the keeping of a dog, known to be of a savage and ferocious nature, is, in itself, an act of negligence, as it would be to keep a lion, a tiger or other fierce beast.

When one has been bitten by such a dog, the purpose for which the animal is employed, and the manner in which it is restrained, are circumstances tending to show knowledge by the keeper of the dog's propensities, without the fact appearing that it has before bitten anyone.

A dog accustomed to bite persons is a public nuisance, and public safety demands that, whenever running at large, it may lawfully be killed by anyone. It is, in fact, the owner's duty to kill it, as soon as he knows its habits. It is presumed that every dog running at large is peaceable. The owner of a dog, who has been notified of its habits of biting, is liable if the dog, running at large, bites a person who, not knowing its evil disposition, uses ordinary familiarities with it.

A person who knows the vicious tendencies of a dog, yet wantonly provokes it, or of his own accord and unnecessarily puts himself in the way of such an animal and in that way suffers injury, is himself at fault and no liability falls upon the owner.

The dogs of different persons are sometimes caught killing sheep or doing some other sort of mischief together. Each owner in such a case can be held responsible for the injury done by his own dog, and for no more.

If a dog chases and kill one's domestic animal on one's land, one has the right to kill the dog; but if it merely chases or bites an animal, then, in order to justify killing the dog, it must be shown that it could not otherwise be separated from the animal it was pursuing.

In addition to the rules of the common law, there are in many states statutes and in most large cities ordinances regulating and licensing the keeping of dogs.—Youth's Companion.

HUNTING THE DAUBER.

An Exciting Chase After an Escaped Fishline Float.

Few people know what a dauber hunt is, and yet it is an exciting chase, although the hunters seldom start out with the intention of hunting. For the instruction of all who are wretchedly ignorant of the science of angling it may be well to state frankly that a dauber is the mysterious name which New York fishermen give to a float, that painted piece of cork which they watch so patiently. It is said that the word comes from the language of the natives of New Jersey, and probably that accounts for its bewildering etymology. The strangest thing about a dauber is the fact that its charm consists not so much in its graceful appearance as in its sudden disappearance. It is perfectly delightful when it goes out of sight.

But a dauber hunt can perhaps be best described by a simple report of an incident that occurred the other day in the Great Kills of Staten Island. An Italian hired a boat and rowed out to the mouth of the kills, where he anchored and began to fish. With high hopes beaming in his eyes he steadily watched his dauber. It floated around lazily for some time, and then stood still suspiciously, as if hesitating before taking a plunge. In another second it was gone. The angler struck his game, and discovered immediately that he had a hard struggle on hand. He had hooked two large weakfish; but he placed too much confidence in his line, and stubbornly refused to give the game an inch. The line parted just above the float. Away went the dauber at a lively rate, acting somewhat like the duck which the islanders call a hell diver. The Italian pulled up his anchor, grabbed his oars, and started after it.

Big Joe Gillis, the proprietor of the Excelsior hotel, was near by in another boat. He, too, broke out his anchor and joined in the chase. Capt. Wince Decker, a well-known boatman of the kills, also started after the runaway. Three or four more boats started after the game, and soon the dauber hunt was in full blast.

A noisier crowd it would be difficult to find, at least on the water. The wiles of that dauber were wonderful. It would sometimes remain quietly on the surface, and then, when some hunter would have his hand almost upon it, it would suddenly disappear and bob up again probably fifty or sixty feet away. Decker made several good attempts to catch it, but failed. At one time it came up almost alongside of Joe Gillis' boat. The big fellow made a savage grab for it, and came near going headforemost out of the boat.

The roar of laughter which followed his exploit brought all the old skippers out of the cabins of their oyster sloops, and they soon became interested spectators of the sport. At last Decker played a mean trick upon the dauber. He let his boat drift down toward it and he grabbed it and brought in the two fine fish. Cheers and laughter were in order, and Decker presented the fish to the man with the first mortgage on them, the delighted Italian.—N. Y. Sun.

A CHEERFUL GIVER.

Novelist Howells Describes His Tribulations.

Some months ago, as I was passing through a down-town street on my way to the elevated station, I saw a man sitting on the steps of a house. He seemed to be resting his elbows on his knees, and holding out both his hands. As I came nearer I perceived that he had no hands, but only stumps, where the fingers had been cut off close to the palms, and that it was these stumps he was holding out in the mute appeal which was his form of begging. Otherwise he did not ask charity. When I approached him he did not look up, and when I stopped in front of him he did not speak. I thought this rather fine, in its way; except for his mutilation, which the man really could not help, there was nothing to offend the taste; and his immobile silence was certainly impressive.

I decided at once to give him something; for when I am in the presence of want, or even the appearance of want, there is something that says to me: "Give to him that asketh," and I have to give, or else go away with a bad conscience—a thing I hate. Of course I do not give much, for I wish to be a good citizen as well as a good Christian; and as soon as I obey that voice which I cannot disobey I hear another voice reproaching me for encouraging street beggary. I have been taught that street beggary is wrong, and when I have to unbutton two coats and go through three or four pockets before I can reach the small coin I mean to give in compliance with that imperative voice, I certainly feel it to be wrong. So I compromise, and I am never able to make sure that either of these voices is satisfied with me. I am not even satisfied with myself; but I am better satisfied than if I gave nothing. That was the selfish reason I now had for deciding to yield to my better nature, and to obey the voice which bade me "Give to him that asketh;" for, as I said, I hate a bad conscience, and of two bad consciences I always choose the least, which, in a case like this, is one that incensed political economy gives me.

I put my hand into my hip-pocket where I keep my silver and found nothing there but half a dollar. This at once changed the whole current of my feelings; and it was not chill penury that repressed my noble rage, but chill affluence. It was manifestly wrong to give half a dollar to a man who had no hands, or to any sort of beggar. I was willing to commit a small act of incivism, but I had not the courage to flout political economy to the extent of fifty cents; and I felt that when I was bidden: "Give to him that asketh," I was never meant to give so much as a half-dollar, but a cent, or a half-dime, or at the most a quarter. I wished I had a quarter. I would gladly have given a quarter, but there was nothing in my pocket but that fatal, that inexorably indivisible half-dollar, the continent of two quarters, but not practically a quarter. I would have asked anybody in sight to change it for me, but there was no one passing; it was a quiet street of brownstone dwellings, and not a thronged thoroughfare at any time. At that hour of the late afternoon it was deserted, except for the beggar and myself; and I am not sure that he had any business to be sitting there, on the steps of another man's house, or that I had the right to encourage his invasion by giving him anything. For a moment I did not know quite what to do. To be sure, I was not bound to the man in any way. He had not asked me for charity, and I had barely paused before him, I could go on, and ignore the incident. I thought of doing this, but then I thought of the bad conscience I should be certain to have, and I could not go on. I glanced across the street, and near the corner I saw a decent-looking restaurant; and "wait a minute," I said to the man, as if he were likely to go away, and I ran across to get my half-dollar changed at the restaurant.

I was now quite resolved to give him a quarter, and be done with it; the thing was getting to be a bore. But when I entered the restaurant I saw no one there but a young man quite at the end of a long room; and when he had come all the way forward to find what I wanted, I was ashamed to ask him to change my half-dollar, and I pretended that I wanted a package of Sweet Caporal cigarettes, which I did not want, and which it was a pure waste for me to buy, since I do not smoke, though doubtless it was better to buy them and encourage commerce than to give the half-dollar and encourage beggary. At any rate, I instinctively felt that I had political economy on my side in the transaction, and I made haste to go back to the man on the steps, and secure myself with Christian charity too. On the way over to him, however, I decided that I would not give him a quarter, and I ended by poising fifteen cents on one of his outstretched stumps.—W. D. Howells, in Century.

—California wines are making a market in many parts of Europe. Some days ago sixty barrels of assorted wines were shipped from one district to Switzerland, and the California wine people think this is an especially promising point, because of the proximity of Switzerland to the great French wine-growing regions.

THE GERMAN TROUT.

It Has Thriven Since Its Introduction in American Streams.

The first specimens of the Von Behr or brown trout were planted about ten years ago in New York state streams after prolonged opposition and with considerable misgivings on the part of the most enthusiastic friends of the fish. From their native land in continental Europe came reports of the cannibalistic inclinations of these trout, how they killed and ate other species and their own young, how fish eggs were their favorite diet, how sluggish they were at maturity, and how unwilling to rise at a fly. In spite of discouraging reports, the late Prof. Baird secured a shipment of twenty-five thousand eggs from Germany. About ten thousand of these fell to the share of New York state and were planted in streams at Caledonia. The same year some of the fry were liberated in the Pere Marquette river in the far northern part of Michigan.

From the first the introduction of these trout was a marked success. The specimens caught within two years after planting proved at least three of the qualities claimed for the Von Behr; that it grew with marvelous rapidity, throve on the food in American waters, and was a quick-rising, savage-fighting fish. In general shape the German trout resembles S. fontinalis very closely, but it is not so deep from back to belly, and its tail is not so square, being well rounded at the corners. With its greenish brown bronzed back, boldly dotted with black, it is a handsome if not a brilliantly colored fish. One at least of its bad qualities seems to have been proved; that it will in a short time exterminate the native brook trout from any stream in which both are found. One reason for this is that the Von Behr grows to a far greater size and weight than the S. fontinalis, full-grown specimens sometimes reaching a weight of thirty pounds. Twelve pounds is the weight of the biggest yet caught in this country. Clear, fast-growing, cool streams are the natural haunts of this trout, and preferably such as have their outlet in a deep-water lake. It is a swift swimmer, powerful and very bold in pursuit of prey. In its high leaps over rifts or log obstructions it resembles the salmon, though far less venturesome than the latter. During the early hours of morning and the twilight time all its feeding is done, and at noon it lies, seemingly dormant, hidden under overhanging banks and rocks. Like the native trout, it feeds on insects and their larvæ, worms, small fish and tiny crustaceans.

From April to October the fishing season extends, and May, June and September are the best months. The fish rise freely to fly, small spoons, worms and minnows and are not fickle. Unless the river be too high or low or too muddy or a violent storm is on you may always depend on a fair creel of brown trout. They love the shadows of overhanging trees and seem never to be at home in an open treeless meadow creek. They bite eagerly and must be hooked on the instant. A moment's delay and it is an empty strike, but the fish will try for the bait again and again where S. fontinalis would bid you a scornful farewell.

For stocking preserves these trout are growing more and more in favor each year. In spring-fed ponds and streams (running water is best), having a temperature not higher than 60 degrees Fahrenheit, they are sure to thrive. They must not be put in with the native brook trout, but they seem to get along on good terms with the big rainbow trout. To show how popular the Von Behr trout have become in the few years since their arrival, one has only to scan the list of states in which they are now found: New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Missouri, Michigan, Maryland, Virginia, Nebraska, Wisconsin and Colorado have streams stocked with them, and several other states are experimenting with them. As a food fish the Von Behr has no superior. Its flesh is firm and very digestible and nourishing, and its flavor, when insect-fed, even more delicate than that of salmon. Its meat is a deeper red than salmon, and being firmer keeps longer after killing.—N. Y. Sun.

Value of Family Records.

It is the omission of some of the simplest duties in life that frequently causes the most trouble and expense. Among other things, the common failure to keep and preserve family records is a most prolific source of regret and annoyance to many generations. The fact that the simple dates of births, deaths and marriages can be found for only a limited number of years in thousands of families throughout the country bothers courts, lawyers, fraternal societies, genealogists, heirs at law, pension claimants and many other classes. While the information concerning the past can be gleaned only in part, and then through the expenditure of considerable money, the present and future should witness a change in this direction. Family records should not only be kept, but they should be preserved by all the members, because in a few years the nearest relatives become separated forever. By a slight correspondence these records could be kept up, and the descendants of the present generation would be very thankful therefor. The past neglect in this matter is excusable to a large degree, considering the vicissitudes in the lives of the settlers of this country, but there does not appear to be any reasonable excuse for the present generation to overlook it. Let such records be kept fully, and they will be of great value in the future, and save much needless and fruitless outlay of money.—Boston Globe.

—Five-year-old Freddy was showing the young minister about the place. His eyes frequently glanced up at the kind face and then rested with a look of troubled inquiry on the pointed toes of the piccadilly boots. Finally he blurted out his anxiety in the question: "Ain't you got but one toe?"—Babyhood.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—In 1890 Colorado was the leading silver state, the output of the Colorado mines in that year being $24,000,000; Montana was second, with the production of $20,000,000, while the mines of Nevada had almost ceased to yield, the total output of that state being but $5,750,000.

—Dr. Alexander, the officer of health of the poplar district, states that several recent cases of typhoid fever have been traced to the eating of watercress which has been grown in polluted water. Everybody should see that watercress and celery are well washed before being eaten.

—Citric acid, the active principle of limes and lemons, was first extracted by Scheele. It is found in considerable quantities in many other fruits besides these, the acid of commerce being, it is said, extracted from almost any fruit, the cheapness being the main factor in selection.

—A correspondent of the Scientific American living at Denver observed that soapbubbles sent adrift when the temperature was about 14 degrees below zero Fahrenheit froze and fell to the ground hollow spheres of ice. When the temperature rose to zero the bubbles would not freeze, "whether from change of temperature or change of air could not be ascertained."

—Ninety-three was a great claret year, not only in quantity, which was the greatest since 1875, but in quality. The wines are soft and sweet, with good color and body and a remarkably attractive flavor, which will mark the year. As they ripen they resemble more the wines of famous years. This is true, especially of the Graves, St. Estephe, St. Pauillac, and St. Julien, but applies to nearly all the vintages. A great deal has been bought by Germany, whose importations have doubled already, and by Russia and Scandinavia. The originally moderate prices have become comparatively high, and are rapidly rising.

—There were 17,864,714 bunches of bananas consumed in the United States last year. Jamaica, Cuba, Honduras, and Colombia supply most of the fruit, and its transportation has become an important item in the business of various steamship companies. It is within the easy memory of people of middle age when a banana was a great rarity. But now unquestionably the consumption of this one tropical fruit in this country has become large enough to affect to some extent the demand upon the wheat supply.—Springfield Republican.

—The idea that children should have some diseases when young is an error, according to the Reflector. "There is not one of the so-called children's diseases, except perhaps chicken pox, but is liable to be followed by serious consequences, besides being sometimes fatal. In every way it is better to avoid all contagious maladies, and it is quite possible that in adult life persons may escape these diseases altogether, or, if they have them, it may be in a lighter form. The popular idea that grown persons have these diseases harder than children is fallacious. Adults are better developed and have the judgment necessary to cooperate in the treatment, which is lacking in children."

NOT AN ATTRACTIVE PEOPLE.

The Purest Bred White Americans to Be Found In This Country.

The people who live in northern Georgia, eastern Tennessee and western North Carolina declare that in the population of the mountains of those regions are to be found the purest bred Americans in the United States. For two or three hundred years, they assert, no strain of foreign blood has been instilled into the blood of the mountaineers who settled that wild, rugged country, and who have intermarried for generations, thus producing from the original Anglo-Saxon stock a population of absolutely pure blood. But Tennessee, Georgia and North Carolina do not hold up this blood as the best on earth, by any means.

In answer to the question: "What sort of people are these mountaineers?" the reply was: "They are of a low order of intelligence, intensely jealous and cunning in the extreme. They associate very little with outsiders, although when brought into the employ of others they are industrious workmen. They are, from a social standpoint, not attractive. The mills of the south, especially in the states mentioned, are largely filled up with the sons and daughters of the mountaineers. They learn to run the looms and the spindles of the cotton and woolen mills and do their work well. They are always on hand at their work, never strike, and cause little trouble; but they confine themselves to themselves and show absolutely no disposition to develop their intellect and have little idea of bettering their social status. While some authors have written interesting accounts of the people of the great Smoky mountains, and have woven many romances among them, it would be very difficult for any man or woman without poetry in his or her temperament to discover anything like a romance in the lives of these commonplace, sturdy American people, who are without folk lore or literature of any kind."—Troy Press.

His Big Bite.

"Speaking of fishing experiences," said the man in the negligee shirt, "I shall never forget the day when Bob White and I—you know Bob?—were trying our luck on Lake Squam. We had fished for an hour or more and had only caught a few little fellows, when suddenly I had an awful bite—"

"And you pulled in your line, hand over hand, only to lose a ten-pound pickerel just as you were about to land him," interrupted the fat man sitting on the flour barrel.

"I had an awful bite," the fisherman resumed without noticing his interrupter, "and I mashed the fellow as flat as a doormat. It was the biggest mosquito I ever encountered."—Boston Transcript.

THE SOUTHERN MENU.

Guinea Squash, Corn Fritters, "Hopping John" and Other Palatables.

The average northerner who attempts to compile a menu to tickle the southern palate usually makes a mess of it. Some of the bills of fare from northern sources that are from time to time to be seen in southern publications are well calculated—not designedly, however, it is to be hoped—to make the southern housekeeper drop and expire from "that tired feeling." About nine times in ten the alleged southern dishes in the bills of fare are pure fictions, and almost without a single exception the menu is unsuited to this latitude and to the palates of people who know better

No southerner in good health and in his right mind ever eats "hominy with milk and sugar" for breakfast, notwithstanding the dish is undoubtedly safer than "salmon, with egg sauce" for supper. Hominy in this part of the country is dressed with butter or a little of meat gravy and is eaten with a chop or a steak or bacon and eggs or broiled ham, etc. Hominy thus served is a standard breakfast dish in the south and is fit for a king. It needs no sugar or cream or nutmeg, and to put either on it is to commit a crime against gastronomy. The same observations apply to rice, the standard dinner dish of the south, which the nothern menu makers tell us to serve with cream and sugar.

The cooking of rice, by the way, is an art which has not yet been acquired in the north. Properly cooked, each grain of rice stands firm, dry and separate from its fellows, yet is as soft as a dead ripe fruit and the whole mass as white as snow. In the north they boil the grains into a glutinous mass, utterly destroying its beauty and individuality, and then sweeten it. Sometimes southern folks sweeten rice for sick people or ailing children and call it rice pudding. Again they make a pillau of rice and peas. This they call "hopping john," and it is a food for all upright and healthy men. Other pillaus, made of rice and chicken, or okra and bacon or birds, are distinctively southern dishes, and the person who sits down to either dish with an appetite has reason to thank heaven for his good fortune. Rice is also used in soups and gumbo. But sodden rice, dressed with cream and sugar, for breakfast—bah! Out upon the infidel who suggests it!

There are dozens and dozens of real southern dishes that delight the souls of those who eat them when prepared properly—sugared sweet potatoes, guinea squashes, corn fritters, etc.—but the northern built menus seldom or never mention them. They tell us to eat hominy with sugar for breakfast and salmon, with egg sauce, for supper! One may well wonder how he would get through the night and where he would be the next morning after following such directions. He would need, like some of the papers that publish such bills of fare, to have a "patent inside" to stand the ordeal.

There are in the south, however, people who pretend to like the northern bills of fare. It is all pretense. They affect oatmeal because the northern people eat oatmeal. The northerners eat it merely because they do not know anything about hominy and rice properly cooked, and their southern mimics eat it because they think it is more tony. Such people, we feel constrained to say, sacrifice both their brains and their stomachs to "style."—Savannah News.

The Crab as a Fisherman.

The crab sometimes catches a fish, and it catches it without hook and line. It lies in wait, perhaps in some creek, with its jaws extended in front and open. Perhaps a school of killies comes along, and it may be that a killie on the outskirts of the school may swim unsuspectingly along through the clear water between the upper and lower parts of one of the motionless open claws of the crab. When it is well within them, the claw suddenly snaps together, and that particular killie goes no farther.—New York Sun.

The Western View.

"It it horrible the way you have treated the red man," said the eastern lady. "Why don't you make some attempt to civilize him?"

"Tain't no use," responded the gentleman from Kansas. "Ain't much use in tryin to civilize a critter that can't raise a beard."

And then he had to put in 15 minutes making it clear that white members of the sex feminine were not included in his sweeping condemnation.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Saturnalia.

The Saturnalia was a midwinter feast of the Romans in honor of Saturn, beginning on Dec. 17. On this occasion great license was given to every one to do what he pleased, and even the slaves were permitted much liberty of speech and action. All work was suspended, the houses and temples were decorated, congratulations were exchanged and presents sent as with us at Christmas.

LAST CUT SALE

AT

SINCELL BROS.

Having decided to retire from business on account of ill health, we will close out our entire stock of goods at actual cost.

CLOTHING.

MEN'S CLOTHING.					BOYS' CLOTHING.				
$16.00	Suits	reduced	to	$8.50	$12.00	Suits	Reduced	to	$7.50
14.00	"	"	"	7.50	10.00	"	"	"	6.00
12.00	"	"	"	6.50	8.00	"	"	"	5.00
10.00	"	"	"	5.75	6.00	"	"	"	4.00
8.00	"	"	"	4.75	5.00	"	"	"	3.50
7.00	"	"	"	4.00					

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING,				
$5.00	Suits	Reduced	to	$3.00
4.00	"	"	"	2.00
3.00	"	"	"	1.75
2.50	"	"	"	1.65

SHOES.

LADIES' SHOES.				
$5.00	Shoes	Reduced	to	$3.75
4.00	"	"	"	3.00
3.50	"	"	"	2.75
3.00	"	"	"	2.25
2.50	"	"	"	1.75
2.00	"	"	"	1.50
1.75	"	"	"	1.15
1.50	"	"	"	1.00
1.25	"	"	"	90
1.00	"	"	"	80

MEN'S SHOES.				
$4.00	Shoes	Reduced	to	$3.00
3.00	"	"	"	2.65
2.50	"	"	"	1.75
2.00	"	"	"	1.50
1.50	"	"	"	1.00
1.25	"	"	"	90

DRY GOODS.

25 Yards Muslin for $1.00
15 cent muslin for 12 cents
12½ cent muslin for 10 cents
10 cent muslin for 7½ cents
8 cent muslin for 6 cents
7 cent muslin for 5 cents
6 cent muslin for 4¾ cents
15 cent French gingham for 10 cents
12½ cent French gingham for 9 cents
10 cent gingham for 7 cents
8 cent gingham for 6 cents
7 cent gingham for 4¾ cents

We will also sell our full line of

Dress Goods, Silks, Trimmings, Embroideries, Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbons, Draperies, Towels, Ladies' Summer Undervests

White Goods, Novelties, Hats, Trunks, Etc.,

At the ACTUAL COST of them.

This we consider a rare bargain for the buyers of this line of goods.

Respectfully,

SINCELL BROS.

Cleaning, Repairing, Altering and Pressing at Moderate Prices and Done at Shortest Notice.

Ladies Work Cleaned, Colored and Altered.

Acme Tailoring Co.,

M. COHEN, Proprietor.

RAILROAD STREET, NEAR DEPOT,

OAKLAND, MD.

A Fine Line of Imported Goods

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Branch of 1315 Penna. Ave., Washington.

We are recommended by many of the leading people of Oakland.

ORDER NISI.

Samuel Lawton, Late Treasurer of Garrett County, vs. George T. Wilt.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County. No. 36 Trials to July Term, 1895.

It is ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 9th day of July, 1895, that the tax sale as made and reported by Samuel Lawton, late Treasurer, in the above entitled cause, and made to the County Commissioners of said county, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 2nd day of August, 1895; provided that a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 2nd day of August, 1895.

EDWARD STAKE.

True Copy. Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Proposals for Building a Bridge.

Notice is hereby given that the Mayor and Town Council of Oakland, Md., will receive sealed proposals until July 15th, 1895, for the construction of an iron bridge, crossing the Little Yough River in Oakland, according to the following specifications: Length of span, 60 feet, approaches on each side, 18 feet, roadway, 18 feet wide, capacity, 100 pounds to the square foot, with factory safety of 4. They will also receive proposals for oak lumber and for stone work.

The Council reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Specifications may be seen by applying to the Town Clerk.

17-2t L. E. TOWNSHEND, Clerk.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett County, to view the lands through which the petitioner engage in the county road, beginning at a point on the old location at the corner of Mrs. Annie Ward's property and running a westerly direction through the lands of Mary F. Goldsborough, commonly known as "Highland Park," and intersecting new road running from the end of Green street to Deer Park and Oakland road at a point directly opposite where the street ends at Michael Muroney's livery stable, and examine whether the said change should be made, will meet on the

27th Day of July, 1895,

for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change of said county road, and also, to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

WILLIAM WHITE,
E. E. SOLLARS,
JOHN HARNED, } Examiners.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned either in person or by deputy, will be in each of the election districts in said county, to collect and receive taxes at the time and places following:

July 15, McHenry,
" 16, Hoyes,
" 17, Friendsville,
" 18, Selbysport,
" 19, Accident,
" 22, Cove,
" 23, Grantsville,
" 24, Johnson's,
" 25, T. H. Laymon's,
" 26, Avilton,
" 27, Gregg's,
" 29, C. J. Otto's,
" 30, Bittinger,
" 31, "
August 5, Bloomington,
" 5, Floyd,
" 6, Swanton,
" 6, Wilson,
" 7, Deer Park,
" 7, Altamont,
" 8, Gorman,
" 8, Red House.

Office in Oakland will be closed from July 15th to August 8th, inclusive.

N. B. By an act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed at January session, 1890, being Chap. 561, it is provided that "All county taxes shall be due and payable on the first day of September succeeding the date of levy, and on all county taxes paid on or before said day a discount of 3 per cent shall be allowed; and after the first day of January all taxes shall bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until paid. The Treasurer shall take the discount and charge interest on the tax bills for county purposes regularly in the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same on his books and upon the receipt given for taxes so paid; but this discount shall not be allowed unless the whole amount of State and county taxes due for the current year be paid when the same is made."

E. E. SOLLARS, Treasurer.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county upon a judgment in said court, recovered by Charles R. Savage and Cora V. Savage, his wife, against John Barnes at the March Term of said court, held in the year 1895, and to me directed, I have seized and taken in execution and will offer at public sale in front of W. C. Jones' store in Deer Park, Md., on

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1895,

at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., to satisfy said execution, I will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, and near the town of Deer Park, known and described as Military Lot No. 1869, containing fifty acres of land, more or less.

All of said land, except about ten acres, is cleared and under cultivation. It is improved by a comfortable dwelling, barn, cow stable and sheep house. There is also fruit. This is the same property which was conveyed by W. E. George to John Barnes.

CHARLES WEGMAN, Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county the 30th day of May, 1895, at the suit of Alexander Baenfilling against Adam Fox, the undersigned Sheriff will, on

Saturday, the 3d Day of August, 1895,

at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., of said day, in front of the store house of Smith & Callis in Johnstown, in Garrett county, sell to the highest bidder for cash on that day, all of the following described real estate belonging to the said defendant Adam Fox, to-wit: All those lots of ground situated in Garrett county, Maryland, which are known and described as Military Lots Nos. 3243, 3244 and 4138, and containing fifty acres of land each. Said lots of ground will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs.

CHARLES WEGMAN, Sheriff.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

are good for sick headache, constipation, sour stomach, biliousness, fever and ague, dyspepsia, rheumatism, bronchial complaints, nausea, pain in the side, sour stomach, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general debility. They will positive y cure all disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. 25 cents a box.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

helps babes over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, controls the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no stupefying drugs and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good—25 cents a bottle

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23-1yr.

FOR SALE.

Three acres of land, being a part of the old Kennedy farm, lying in the eastern suburbs of Oakland on either side of the road leading to Mt. Lake Park. Will be sold in lots of ¼ acre each, or as a whole.

For full particulars call on or address

MRS. LIZZIE BUZZARD,
Elkins, W. Va.

22-6m

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

11 1y

Estate of George Ault, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

GEORGE AULT,

late of Garrett County, Maryland, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 1st day of January next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 18th day of June, 1895.

JOHN AULT, Executor,
15-3t Oakland, Md.

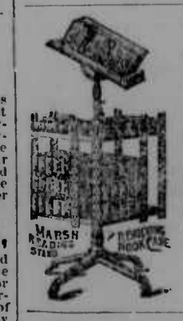

34 inches high. Top can be adjusted to any angle or height. Revolving Case 15 x 15 x 12 inside. Holds about 80 vols Law size. Strong well finished Metal Base and Sides with Solid Oak Shelves and Top.—100,000 now used. Sent knocked down (30 lbs). On approval. Address Marsh Mfg. Co. CHICAGO.

Agents Wanted.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, 14 old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments.

Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

4198.yr—8

Cæsar's Tablules relieve nausea.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED, SURVEYING, Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. S. BERKELEY.

Drs. McLane & Berkeley,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
FROSTBURG, MD.

Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.

See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Myers building.

Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.

Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by turning or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.

Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention. 50-13t.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 300 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty., Oakland, Md.

--WANTED--
WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER
Also White Oak Timber Land.
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.
Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
221f 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

The Wesleyan Female Institute,

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.

For girls and young women. Established 1843. Full corps of experienced teachers. Location healthy, central and accessible. For catalogues and particulars apply to

REV. HENRY P. HAMILL,
13-15t President.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1895. NUMBER 20.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings In and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

Miss Grace Loar is visiting her brother in Grafton this week.

Mr. Joel Diehl, of Cove, was here on Saturday and made this office an agreeable visit.

Mrs. John M. Jarboe entertained a few of her friends at tea on last Thursday evening.

MissEdith Offutt,of Cumberland, is here as the guest of her cousin, Miss Nellie Offutt.

Mr. G. A. Boldeu, of Terra Alta, West Va., was in the city a few hours Tuesday evening.

Mr. E. Aronhalt, of Gormania, W. Va., was here on business yesterday for a short time.

Mrs. Henry Knoch, of Washington, D. C., is here as the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Benj. Ison.

Justice Wm. D. Hoye, of Deer Park, was in the city last Friday evening for a short time.

Miss Bertha West, of Martiusburg, West Va., is here on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Felty.

Miss Rodeuheiser, of Cumberland, is in Oakland visiting Miss Nellio Browning and other friends.

Mr. Charles Bolden has been confined to his bed for several days suffering with an attack of heart trouble.

Severe griping pains of the stomach and bowels instantly and effectually stopped by DeWitt's Colic and Cholera Cure.

Rev. John Thompson, of Philadelphia, preached to a very large congregation in St. Paul's church, Oakland, Sunday morning.

Mr. Newton Calvert, of Kingwood, West Va., was in the city Tuesday and yesterday visiting his sister, Mrs. S. K. Arbuthnot.

WANTED AT ONCE.—A good stylish driving horse, bay or black, three to five years old. John Ault, Oakland, Md. 20-1t*

His Honor Judge Edward Stake came up to Oakland Tuesday morning and remained here a day or two transacting court business.

Mr. C. A. Bolden has received the boiler and fixtures with which to heat the new residence recently built for Mrs. Annie Loewenstein.

There is no doubt, no failure, when you take DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure. It is pleasant, acts promptly, no bad after effects.

One of Mr. William H. Malette's horses kicked another last Monday afternoon, and from the effects of the kick it died the same night.

A party of sixty ladies and gentlemen arrived at the Oakland in a special car from Cincinnati, Ohio, Monday morning and will stay a week or ten days.

Stomach and Bowel Complaints are best relieved by the timely use of DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure. Insist on having this preparation. Don't take any other.

Smith's Military Band will go to the Park to-night and give a musical concert at the Columbian Hotel where they will be the guests of the host, Mr. Adam Howell.

Cholera Morbus is a dangerous complaint, and often is fatal in its result. To avoid this you should use DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure as soon as the first symptoms appear.

Easy to take, sure to cure, no pain, nothing to dread, pleasant little pills. DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Best for Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach and Constipation.

B. H. Bowman, Pub. Enquirer, of Bremen Ind., writes: Last week our little girl baby the only one we have was taken sick with croup. After two doctors failed to give relief and life was hanging on a mere thread we tried One Minute Cough Cure and its life was saved. Oakland Pharmacy.

STRAYED, On June 22, 1895, from my farm near Oakland, a yearling mare colt, bay, star on face. Reasonable reward will be paid for information leading to recovery of same. John Mackin, Oakland, Md.

Mrs. Samuel Bird Bootes, of Zanesville, a student of the Boston and Baltimore Decorative Art Societies, will give an exhibition of needle work, linens, silks, etc., at the Oakland on Saturday next.

The new Masonic hall in Mr. John Shartzer's building on Second street has been completed and furnished. The first session of the lodge will be held there to-night, to which all regular Masons are invited.

The Round Table society of Oakland will have on exhibition at Sturgiss' Hall, from the 6th to the 9th of August, original manuscripts of many prominent literary men and women of America and Europe.

Mrs. Samuel B. Johns, who was here several weeks on a visit to relatives, departed for Indianapolis, Ind., Monday night to join her husband, who is engaged in business in that city.

Dr. E. J. M. Button, of the Naval Academy, Annapolis, after spending a month in town as the guest of his daughter, Mrs. E. H. Sincell, returned to his duties last Saturday morning.

On Tuesday morning Messrs. J. C. Peddicord and E. H. Sincell, attorneys, accompanied by Surveyor A. C. Mason, went to Wilson to make a survey of some land which has been in litigation for some time.

Children, especialy infants are soon run down with Cholera Infantum or "Summer Complaint." Don't wait to determine, but give DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure promptly, you can rely on it. Use no other.

Attorney John T. Mitchell is down at Lake Cleveland this week recuperating. If the weather remains favorable he will drive to his home in Pennsylvania and remain there some time visiting friends and relatives.

Diarrhoea should be stopped promptly. It soon becomes chronic. DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure is effective, safe and certain. Hundreds of testimonials bear witness to the virtue of this great medicine. It can always be depended upon, its use saves time and money.

Mr. A. A. Snyder, Supt. Poor Farm, Winnesheik Co., Ia., says:—Last winter Mr. Robert Leach used two boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve and cured a large running sore on his leg. Had been under care of physician for months without obtaining relief. Sure cure for Piles.

What might have resulted in a very disastrous fire occurred on last Friday night at the residence of Postmaster Bartlett. The roof of the kitchen caught from a spark and had burned a space about ten feet square before it was discovered and put out by the doctor's family.

Robert Davenport, the facial artist, is advertised to appear at Offutt's Hall in Oakland to-morrow night. He has been spoken of by the press as a gentleman of rare talent in his line and his entertainment as one of the highest literary order. The entertainment will be under the auspices of the K. of P. lodge of Oakland.

A number of boys were arrested at Mountain Lake Park Monday night for jumping on trains and disorderly conduct. Two of them, both colored, were brought to Oakland and given a hearing before Justice Gonder, who fined one $1 and costs in two cases and the other $5 and costs and committed them to jail in default of payment.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES,
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. TRY
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite.

Chamberlain's is the best of all. Vincent J. Barkl, of Danbury, Iowa has used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy whenever in need of a medicine for coughs and colds, for the past five years and says: "It always helps me out. If anyone asks me what kind of cough medicine I use, I reply, Chamberlains that is the best of all. 25 and 50c bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

In a letter received from Rev. Wm. L. Leisher, former pastor of St. Mark's church, Oaklaud, he states that the congregation of which he is now pastor in Akron, O., are engaged in building a new chapel, the cost of which will be about four thousand dollars, which contains an assembly room 33 feet square, several class rooms, library, etc.

Turnkey Walter Meyers had a very narrow escape from being burned to death on Saturday night. He had gone into the jail to lock the prisoners up for the night and was carrying a lamp in his hand which exploded and scattered the oil over his person setting his clothes on fire and burning his arms and hands very seriously. The oil also set the jail on fire but the flames were extinguished by Sheriff Wegman without doing much damage.

The attention of our readers is called this week to the advertisement of the sale of building lots at Highland Park, on the eastern outskirts of Oakland. This property has been tastefully platted and laid out in beautiful lots with wide streets and alleys running through it. The majority of the lots are shaded, situated high, the view is unsurpassed and the location all that could be desired. The surroundings are cleanly and healthful and makes an ideal place for a home. Attend the sale on the 15th of August and purchase a lot.

Rev. Ernest R. McCauley, of Salem, Va., who very acceptably filled the pulpit in St. Mark's church in Oakland during last summer, was here on Sunday and preached two excellent sermons and assisted the pastor, Rev. Butler, in administering communion Sunday morning. This morning Rev. McCauley departed for Cedar Rapids, Iowa, where he will become pastor of Rev. O. C. Miller's church, the largest in that city.

A horse kicked H. S. Shafer, of the Freemyer House, Middleburg, N. Y., on the knee, which laid him up in bed and caused the knee joint to become stiff. A friend recommended him to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which he did, and in two days was able to be around. Mr. Shafer has recommended it to many others and says it is excellent for any kind of a bruise or sprain. This same remedy is also famous for its cures of rheumatism. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

W. H. Nelson, who is in the drug business at Kingville, Mo., has so much confidence in Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy that he warrants every bottle and offers to refund the money to any customer who is not satisfied after using it. Mr. Nelson takes no risk in doing this because the remedy is a certain cure for the diseases which it is intended and he knows it. It is for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

We are pleased to note that the Mountain Home Company will have another public sale of lots at Loch Lynn Heights on August 9th and 10th, which we have reason to believe will prove more successful than the sale last year when over two hundred lots were sold in two days. As the establishment of Loch Lynn Heights, next to Mt. Lake Park, has done more to afford a market for our home products, to enhance the value of real estate, and develop the material interests of Garrett county than any other enterprise ever established in this section, we hope every citizen of Garrett county will take a deep interest in assisting Major Alderson in developing Loch Lynn Heights. Whatever helps Loch Lynn Heights and Mountain Lake Park, helps Oakland, as it gives employment to the mechanics, a market for the products of the farmer and the goods of our merchants. A deed in fee simple will be given for every lot purchased with a perfect title to same. We hope every citizen of the county will attend the sale.

Lost—From Deer Park Hotel, a fox terrier dog; black spots on head and back. Liberal reward if returned to Mrs. James Sloan, Deer Park Hotel. 20-1t*

Last Week Dick Crawford brought his two month-old child, suffering from infantile diarrhoea, to me. It had been weaned at four months and had always been sickly. I gave it the usual treatment in such cases but without benefit. The child kept growing thinner until it weighed but little more than when born, or perhaps ten pounds. I then started the father to giving Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Before one bottle of the 25 cent size had been used a marked improvement was seen and its continued use cured the child. Its wakness and puny constitution disappeared and its father and myself believed the childs life was saved by this remedy. J. T. MARLOW, M. D., Tamaroa, Ill. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the firm of Miller Bros. are requested to call and settle at once. All accounts not paid by the first of August will be given to an officer for collection.

Deer Park, Md. 19-2t.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 142, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 143, lying near Sang Run—also 1544, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1133, 406 and 305. Also two tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

Deed Letter List.

List of matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending July 27, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

John R. White (2)	W. C. Wilson
Edward Royson	James Martin
Frank Sowers	F. L. Rainbow
Edd Pringle	Mrs. Lizzie Smith
Mrs. Mary Mason	Mrs. Mary Estella Bell
Mrs. Rev. W. J. Fee	Miss Jennie Beatty

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Placed Behind the Bars.

Yesterday morning Walter Ashfield, charged with burglary and other crimes committed in this and other counties and States, was brought to this city and lodged in jail. He was charged with the robbery of M. T. Gannon's store at Franklin Mines, and other stores in Piedmont and Westernport. He has been out of the penitentiary about a year, and has been looked upon as a man who would need watching for the past four or five years. He was arrested at Bayard on the West Virginia Central road, by town sergeant R. E. Donovan, and his deputy, E. T. Sullivan. When he was brought to this city it was impossible for him to walk, as he was shot in both legs. It could not be found out who did the shooting, as no one would tell. The county physician, Dr. Twigg, was summoned as soon as the man was lodged in jail. — Tuesday's Cumberland News.

Rogers' Sarsaparilla.

A specific for all. 100 doses for 75 cents. Rogers' Little Liver Pills, best on the market; Cough Cure, Liniment, Appetine and Worm Syrup, sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland; Cuppett Bros., McHenry; J. A. DeBerry, Corinth; C. F. White, Hutton; P. T. Garthright, Hayden & Eckles, Mt. Lake Park; Dr. Langhlin, Deer Park; Wm. Frederick, Friendsville; Yough Store Co., Jonas Frazee, Robert Liston, Selbysport; W. Wass, Mineral Springs; J. E. Gnagey, Accident; Smith & Callis, Hoyes, and by all general dealers.

THE NEW RAILROAD.

It will be Built Without Fail Next Spring.

We have been reliably informed by those who are in a position to know that the new railroad leading from Friendsville to Oakland will be completed before this time next year.

The road will be known as the Deer Park and Pittsburg Connecting Railroad and will have a terminus at Oakland. The charter has been applied for and engineers will be put to work at once to survey the route and secure the right of way.

What the Talking Horse said Don't check my head too high.

Don't cut off my tail and then expect me to stand easy without a fly net.

Don't clip the hair off my ankles and legs.

Don't burn my feet when I am shod.

Don't yank the bit in my mouth.

Don't say back when you mean stand still.

Don't expect me to eat when I have a bad tooth.

Don't hitch me out in the cold with the wind blowing hard.

Don't leave a shoe on me more than four weeks.

Don't trot me down hill.

Don't be afraid to water me when I am warm. Do you ever drink when you are warm?

Don't whip me if I am afraid.—American Cultivator.

Excursions to Atlantic City and Other Seashore Resorts.

Before deciding where you will spend your summer vacation, consult the dates of the B. & O. series of trips to the Atlantic coast resorts. Round trip tickets are sold at remarkably low rates, making it possible to spend a week or ten days by the sea at trifling cost.

The next excursion of the series is announced for Thursday, July 25th, when the admirable arrangements of the previous excursion will be carried out. The tickets will be sold for all trains of the 25th, valid for return trip twelve days, including day of sale, allowing a stop-off at Washington on the return journey. Similar excursions are announced for August 8th and 22d.

We give below a list of stations in this vicinity, showing time of trains and rates of fare:

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	RATE.
Oakland	6.37	10.00	12.20	6.00	5.12	$8.50
Mt. Lake Pk	6.51	10.08	12.36	6.12	5.17	8.50
Deer Park	6.50	10.17	12.45	6.20	5.25	8.50

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

For more detailed information apply to nearest B. & O. agent.

Mountain Lake Park.

Sabbath was a delightful day at the Park. How we did enjoy the shade and pleasant breeze. The services in the auditorium were of unusual interest. At the morning service there were present, Rev. Dr. Fee, of Cincinnati; Rev. Callahan, of Kentucky; Rev. Stratton, of Erie; Rev. McKee, of Pittsburg; Rev. McLarin, of Washington, and Rev. Whitehead, of East Liverpool, Ohio. Dr. Fee preached at 11 a. m. and Rev. McKee at night.

The program for this week was and is full of interest. Tuesday night we had an illustrated temperance lecture by Dr. Tracy, of Kansas; Wednesday night Dr. Tracy gave his popular illustrated lecture "Ben-Hur." To-night we have the unique Robt. Davenport with his laughable and restful program which has made him so popular; Friday, 3 p. m., the National W. C. T. U. School of Methods will open with one of the best programs ever given to a Mountain Lake Park audience. An idea of the program may be had from the following: Saturday night the Hon. G. Wooley will address the convention. He will also speak on Sabbath morning and Monday night. Mr. Wooley is the Daniel Webster of to-day. He has but few equals as a platform speaker. One can afford to travel five hundred miles to hear him. He will fill the auditorium with a great crowd every time he speaks. Then on Monday night, the 29th, Miss Eva Shontz, of Chicago, will give dramatic readings and recitations. All who have heard her speak in most flattering terms about her. She is without exception the best dramatic reader now before the public. The officers of the National Union deserve much praise for the program they have prepared for this convention.

Never before in the history of the Park have such crowds of people gathered as have so far this season filled our auditorium. Thirty-one states were represented at the camp meeting.

The lake will be completed this week. The contractors will finish the weir Wednesday morning when the large iron valve will be closed and the water allowed to accumulate in the lake. The "keeper's lodge" is about finished. The boat house is under full headway and the handsome new boats from Racine, Wis., will be here in a few days. Much work is being done about the lake which is adding daily to the beauty of the surroundings. Mountain lake will be a handsome sheet of water. The stone work, built under contract by Halleck Bros., of Wheeling, is one of the finest specimens of masonry one meets in their travels.

Everything that can is being done to make the Park one of the most attractive places in the land.

The fact that the lot sales last summer reached $12,000 and that thirty new houses were built for this summer, shows that the public appreciates the situation and intends to back up the energy of the manager.

Miss Jennie Smith is slowly recovering. She will be able to be out again in a few weeks.

Reduced Rates to Baltimore.

The B. & O. R. R. Co. announces that round trip tickets will be placed on sale from all points on its lines east of the Ohio River to Baltimore and return at one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be sold July 16th and 17th, valid for return passage until August 5th. For time of trains and full details, call on or write nearest B. & O. Agent.

Tarrant's
Needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints.

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

EIGHTH YEAR.
A MODERN, HIGH GRADE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.
Reopens Sept. 25, 1895 (D. V.) A department for boys and young men embracing thorough preparatory work for college, business or scientific school will be inaugurated under the charge of Maj. C. A. Ballon, of the Virginia Military Institute. Stenography, type-writing, book-keeping, besides full courses in English and Latin, etc. Send for catalogue to E. B. SWAN, Principal and Proprietress, 18 1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

Just Received.

A Car Load of Watermelons, Canteloupes, Bananas, Potatoes and Apples and will sell you at your own price.

Fruit and Vegetables received daily.

We will sell you Groceries at the lowest possible price.

Just received, a fresh line of Marvin's crackers. They are the best and cheapest.

We are still in the Jewelry business and will sell you good goods at a low figure. What we have not in stock we will get you on short notice.

Anything in our line we will gladly sell you as cheap as you can buy elsewhere. Give us a call.

W. H. MALETTE,
Fancy Grocer and Jeweler.

P. S.—When in Mt. Lake Park try our Ice Cream, Meals and Lunches, "Auditorium Restaurant."

THE REPUBLICAN

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

THE LAST PESSIMIST.

There was once a queer little wizened man,
With a burning and baleful eye,
Whose heart was sore with the hate it held
For the lights that blaze on high.
And when at evening the sun went down,
And the planets in glory shone,
He would dance about in a frenzied way
And mutter and curse and groan.
One night when his soul was a fiery thing
Of hatred and discontent,
He put out a star that winked at him—
His passion had found a vent.
And night after night, as time went by,
The hour of his rapture came;
And star after star was turned as black
As the coals that follow flame.
Then darker and darker grew the sky,
And madder the weird man's mood,
He swallowed the glories that passed away
As a hungry imp his food.
Some nights his horrible fantasy
Would ruin a thousand stars;
Where once had glittered the gems of light
Gaped nothing but bald, black scars.
And ever and ever, as time went by,
His hunger for gloom increased;
He wiped the diaper from off the sky—
That night he had had a feast.
Then once when his soul was unsatisfied,
And he hated the thought of day,
This madcap man in his misery
Made ink of the milky way.
And still the sun and the moon came up,
Though dim at the ends of space,
While he swore the universe should not bear
One smile upon its face.
And ever his power increased and grew,
Till the moon became his prey,
And with one fell swoop he swamped the sun
And ended the final day.
And all men died, save the little fiend,
Who groveled in sore affright;
Then he, too, perished, and dying cried:
"Oh, God! for a ray of light!"

—Edward S. Van Zile, in Once a Week.

COWSLIP GREENS.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"WHEN I enjoyed my victuals there wa'n't nothin' that I thought so much of as a mess of cowslip greens," said Mrs. Tibbetts, plaintively, surveying a huge pan filled with tropical-looking leaves and brilliant yellow blossoms. "And the blows carry me right back to East Macedony and the pretty smells there used to be there in the spring of the year. Seems as if spring hadn't a fair chance here in Potiphar City. Your father used to like a mess of pork and greens—"

"Oh, ma, I wish you wouldn't want such dreadfully vulgar things!" Addie Luella, who was sixteen, had tears of vexation in her pretty blue eyes. "And I wish you could get over East Macedonia. The Parkhursts came from there, too, but who would think it? They're the very first people in Potiphar City and—and Augusta wouldn't invite me to the Charity club tableaux."

The reason for the little fine puckers that had been all day between Addie Luella's brows had come out now. Mrs. Tibbetts looked vaguely perplexed and troubled; she dimly comprehended that to have a mother obnoxious of grammar and of social aspirations made life full of pin pricks for Addie Luella.

In Potiphar City one was nothing if not stylish. Fifteen years before, the city had been a strip of unreclaimed prairie; now it was a great lumber town with most of the appliances of civilization and all the fashions. Hiram Tibbetts, coming from East Macedonia, in Maine, did his share in reclaiming the prairie and made a fortune in lumber. "Pa" was quite a magnate of Potiphar City; but of what use was that, demanded Addie Luella, with tears, if ma would be so common and old-fashioned.

"I guess you'll have to do your social climbin' without your ma," said good Hiram Tibbetts, gazing with pride upon his pretty daughter. "Pa" did understand a little.

"It don't seem a mite like Adeline Parkhurst to get so stuck up," said Mrs. Tibbetts, reflectively. "When we was girls to East Macedony, there wa'n't nobody so intimate as Adeline and me; and I named you for her and she named Augusty for me. Enoch Parkhurst and your father are second cousins, too, and it's a dretful clannish family; they stick to one 'nother through thick and thin. But your father and Enoch had difficulty about some rail-

"COWSLIP GREENS!"

road stocks and hain't never spoke to each other sence; and then their goin' to another meetin', and Adeline gettin' so kind of high flyin'; not but what she's a real good woman and gives away a sight—"

"She isn't likely to have much to give away if what I've heard is true." This was Hiram Tibbetts, Junior, a boy of seventeen, who had just come in with the importance of a possessor of news. "It's a secret; I overheard pa and another man talking about it. Parkhurst is in an awfully tight place; they think he'll fail; then his mills will be closed; they say he's made an awful struggle to keep 'em open all winter and—don't you breathe it to anybody—but they're afraid there'll be a run on the bank that he's president of; he hasn't done anything wrong, but he lost his head when he began to get into trouble, and there are doubts about the way some of the bank's money is invested."

"Do you suppose there won't be any tableaux, Hi?" asked Addie Luella, breathlessly.

"Oh, 'Gusta don't know anything about it yet, of course, nor her mother either. I saw them driving around this morning with that pair of spanking bays and a new carriage. I suppose he thinks he must keep up appearances."

"I'm glad we don't have to," said Mrs. Tibbetts, drawing a long breath. "I declare, if we have gone such difrunt ways I feel a nearness to Adeline when she's in trouble. Kind of queer that I was thinkin' of her this mornin'. I expect 'twas because seein' them cowslips in a peddler's wagon fetched old times right back to me. I run right out and bought all he had—and now I don't know as I know exactly what to do with 'em all. Your father used to like a mess of pork and greens."

Addie Luella sighed heavily; but she helped herself to all the blossoms, and made of her boudoir what her friend, Trixy Wainwright, called a symphony in yellow with them, and filled a great punch bowl with them to decorate the dinner table. "Ma" said she loved to smell posies when she was eating; but she didn't like the candles with which Addie Luella persisted in lighting the table; she said candles were "old-fashioned in East Macedony when she was a girl, and what was the sense of havin' 'em when they had electric lights?"

"Pa" looked askance at the cowslip greens; he said he used to like 'em when he was a boy; but he guessed with his dyspepsy he wouldn't resk it. Mrs. Tibbetts looked at the neglected dish of greens and had an inspiration (she kept it private, as she did many of her inspirations, lest they should be frowned upon by Addie Luella). She put some of the greens, with a slice of pork on the top, into a dish of the old clover-leaf china that was her mother's—they seemed to belong in something old-fashioned—and sent them to Miss Lucretia Lund, who had come from Maine to keep house for her brother. She placed the dish in a dainty basket and slipped a card inside conveying her compliments; that would impart a little air of style to the affair, which was desirable in view of the fact that Addie Luella might find it out.

"Cowslip greens from Mrs. Hiram Tibbetts; that's what the servant said." Miss Lucretia Lund took the clover-leaf china cover off the dish and sniffed daintily. Then she looked across the table at her brother—for the basket had been brought in while they were at dinner—and made a wry face. "Of course it's very kind of her, but what queer messes these western people do have!" she said. For Miss Lucretia was only about thirty, had lived in a Maine city, and never in her life had heard of cowslip greens. "We can't eat them—pork, just think of it; But it seems they're a delicacy; and I think I'll send them around to Mrs. Parker, who sent me that delicious pineapple preserve; it is so much the fashion here to send dainties about."

"Cowslip greens, with my compliments to Mrs. Parker, Mike," she said to her servant, and dispatched the basket, all unwitting of the card which Mrs. Tibbetts had slipped into it.

The Parkers were dining when the basket arrived; but the meal was a hurried one, because one of the children had been taken suddenly ill with tonsilitis.

"Cowslip greens? dear me, I don't know what they are," said Mrs. Parker; "but I am sure they must be very nice, for Miss Lund is a fine housekeeper. We don't care for greens at all; I think I'll send them around to Mrs. Parkhurst. Her mother, a very old lady from Maine, is visiting her, and pork and greens are so old-fashioned."

Mrs. Parker didn't see Mrs. Tibbetts' card in the basket, and her messenger, who was sent for the doctor at the same time, gave the basket to one of the Parkhursts' maids without any explanation. The Parkhurst family had got to their after-dinner coffee by the time the basket reached them. As it had come mysteriously, Mrs. Parkhurst looked for some token of the donor, and found the card.

She uttered an exclamation of surprise, and her face flushed as she read the name aloud.

"Augusty Tibbetts! why Adeline—why Adeline! and cowslip greens, in the clover-leaf chiny that was her mother's—the chiny that Augusty Pritchard had when he married Nahum French! It's just as if 'twas yestidday." The wrinkled hands that lifted the clover-leaf china cover trembled visibly, and a tear came near falling upon the pork and greens. Grandma was childish, the Parkhurst children thought.

"I don't see how she came to do it," murmured Mrs. Parkhurst.

"It's holdin' out the olive branch, Adeline, and it ain't Christian not to take it so!" said the old woman, brokenly. "Life is too short for lastin' bitterness; we was young together, and like own folks! Why, Enoch and Hiram Tibbetts are own folks."

"Sh!" Mrs. Parkhurst laid her hand on her mother's, and glanced warningly at her husband.

"They're the kind that hold a grudge—both of them," she said, in a low tone. Enoch Parkhurst arose and left the table silently. He was a taciturn man by nature, and of late the habit of silence had grown upon him. The old lady said she thought Enoch was burdened; old eyes are dimmed to some things only to be opened wider to others; his wife and the children said he was always so; he had so many business cares.

As he closed the dining-room door behind him Enoch Parkhurst put his hand to his head.

"Hiram Tibbetts! he could save me," he murmured; "he would have done it once—now it is impossible."

"Adeline, you'll take me to-morrow to see Augusty Tibbetts, won't you?" grandma was saying as the door closed. "When Augusty has come more'n way so, seems as if 'twas the lea could do!"

"We haven't spoken for so lon she is—is in such a different faltered her daughter.

"I would really have liked to Addie Tibbetts in the tableaux," Augusta Parkhurst, a seventeen- old girl, whose very plainness stylish, Addie Luella said. " would make a beautiful Bluebea wife—with her head hung up, know, her hair is so long and lig but she isn't in our set."

"I don't know how Augusta wou take it," pursued Mrs. Parkhurst, m itatively.

"I should think she had shown how she would take it, sendin' cowslip greens on her mother's clo leaf chiny," insisted grandma.

The next day the prancing bays and the new carriage stopped at Tibbetts' door. There had been some anxious and angry looks cast after them, as they passed the mill, by workmen who had heard that the bread was soon to be taken from their children's mouths; but the two occupants of the carriage were quite oblivious of such troubles. Grandma, radiant with delight, holding the basket containing the precious china on her knee, and Adeline Parkhurst, wondering whether all her acquired society manner would enable her to be quite at her ease with "poor Augusta," who had never acquired any manner at all.

"They are—they are coming ma'" cried Addie Luella, in of delight, and earnestly hoping that everybody was looking. "Oh, ma, ma, won't you wait till Jenkins gets the door!" she wailed.

But Augusta Tibbetts' simple soul and kindly heart had, in a instant, dropped into oblivion the coldness and social slights of years; she threw her large white apron (trimmed with home-made lace, Addie Luella's despair) over

NOTHING LESS THAN A SIDEWALK WELCOME WOULD DO.

her shoulders and hurried down the steps; nothing less than a sidewalk welcome would do for Adeline and gran'ma'am.

She was a simple soul, but after all she showed herself quick of wit; she felt only a moment's perplexity about the cowslip greens and of that she made no sign.

"I won't tell 'em it's all a mistake about my sendin' 'em—I won't to," she said to herself. "And if I can make Lucretia Lund keep still I dou' know as I ever will!"

And it may as well be here recorded that Mrs. Tibbetts managed the affair with such truly Machiavellian diplomacy that the little comedy of errors was never discovered by the final recipient of her cowslip greens.

It was a delightful call. Adeline Parkhurst forgot that she had acquired a society manner, and Augusta Tibbetts forgot that Addie Luella was being mortified by her bad grammar. They talked of "far away and long ago," and the broken friendship was cemented by laughter and tears.

Hiram Tibbetts listened in silence to his wife's story of Adeline Parkhurst's visit and the renewal of the old friendship; she had felt a little uncertain how pa would take it, he was one to hold a grudge; but her delight had to have vent.

"Mebbe I shouldn't have felt quite so pleased if I hadn't been thinkin' considerable of East Macedony—as I do, come spring o' the year," she murmured, apologetically.

"And Augusta has sent me an invitation to take part in the tableaux! I'm to be Bluebeard's last wife—not just one of the heads hung up in a row!" cried Addie Luella joyously.

Her father's rugged features reflected Addie Luella's joy.

"He's felt her little slights if he is a man. She takes after him in thinkin' so much of them kind of things," thought Addie Luella's mother.

"I've been thinkin', ma," said Hiram Tibbetts, huskily, and a little shamefacedly, to his wife the next morning—"I've been thinkin' that mebbe I'd better help Enoch Parkhurst a little. It's so's I can about as well as not."—

"I was hopin' you would, pa!" Mrs. Tibbetts, joyfully. "It ain't worth the while to hold grudges and—mebbe you was some to blame."

There were only a few who ever knew how Enoch Parkhurst weathered his financial storm; but the mills did not close and there was no run upon the bank; instead of those catastrophes he seemed to be entering upon a new era of prosperity, and Potiphar City felt renewed confidence in the soundness of its rich men.

And Addie Luella really was Bluebeard's last wife in the tableaux. Being a simple soul, to whom it is natural to share her experiences, Augusta Tibbetts has sometimes wanted to tell, but she has so far contented herself by saying aloud, when she was quite alone:

"'Twas all an overrulin' Providence—and them cowslip greens!"—N. Y. Independent.

—Pursue not a victory too far. He hath conquered well that hath made his enemy fly; thou mayest beat him to a desperate resistance, which may ruin thee.—George Herbert.

WOMEN TRADE-PERSUADERS.

"Pullers-In" for the Milliners in Certain New York Streets.

Among the characteristic sights of the lower East side, "Milliners' row" is an interesting example. The "row" consists of that part of Division street which lies between Market street and the Bowery. Every store in the row on the north side of the street is occupied by a milliner, whose trusty "puller-in" stands guard in front ready for the unwary woman who may glance at a bonnet. There are a few millinery stores scattered farther along Division street which act as a sort of skirmish line. The real business, however, begins when Market street is reached.

The women "pullers-in," although more gentle in their methods, are just as persuasive in manner and glib of tongue as their male brethren on Baxter street. Their scent for a customer is just as keen, though their voices are not so loud. When a "puller-in" sights a prospective customer she darts out of the doorway; places a hand upon the arm of her quarry, throws her head persuasively on one side, and proceeds to sing the praises of her mistress' wares.

"Vant to buy a nice, cheap hat? Ve have de best goods and de cheapest. Step inside and look them ofer. You needn't buy if you don't vant to."

Nearly all the milliners and "barkers," too, are Jewesses, as their faces and names proclaim, with no uncertain voice. The "pullers-in" present an endless variety as to age, attractiveness and costume. Some are old, some are young, some pretty and tender-eyed as Leah, others hideous as a Welsh rabbit nightmare. They are all alike in one respect, however, in that they wear no headgear. The very thing they want to sell is strictly tabooed among themselves when on duty. This gives a fine opportunity for the display of artistically coiffured locks, which are, as a rule, glossy and raven-hued, like the heads of most of the children of Israel.

Their business methods do not call for quite as much perspicuity as the duties of a Baxter street "barker." He has to distinguish between man and man, and only accosts men who, in his judgment, are likely customers. Out of fifty passersby he probably only tries his wiles on half a dozen. Not so the sentinels of Division street. Every woman, old or young, who passes Milliners' row is held up, not by one "puller-in," but by all of them. After witnessing half a dozen women stopped by every "puller-in" along the line, whom even the reporter's poor masculine judgment considered as extremely unlikely customers, he asked one olive-skinned Rebecca the reason for so much waste of persuasive arguments. The reason she gave was of as distinctly a feminine nature as the goods she was trying to sell.

"Vell," she said, with a shrug, "if they do not vant to buy, vat are they doing down here, anyvay?"

Some of the women get angry when importuned, and impatiently shake off the hand of the "puller-in." This does not in the least deter the others, however, who, if anything, increase their efforts to send a customer inside. Even men are not safe from the importunity of the girls, who entreat them to purchase a "nice hat for your vife." Once inside, a male customer is absolutely certain to become a purchaser unless he is possessed of unusual strength of mind.

The hats displayed are all very much the same in every window. There are a few black, a few white, and a good many colored ones, with always a chef d'oeuvre, generally a huge white hat, in the middle. The prices range from one dollar to five dollars, or higher for hats made to order.

As a rule, the girls of rival stores seem to be very good friends, although the proprietress does not encourage friendship between her girl and the one next door. Two girls will be seen cozily chatting together until the "boss" puts her Semitic nose out of the door, when they will shoot apart with great celerity.

Among the Baxter street "barkers" one or two men are always looked up to by the rest as being facile princeps among them. There has always been a "king" of the "barkers," but you cannot find a "queen" among Milliners' row "pullers-in." Apparently there are just as many "queens" as there are girls, for none of them will admit the superiority of any of her sister workers.

Altogether, the women "pullers-in" are quite an institution in their way, and contribute largely to the local color of the great East side.—N. Y. Tribune.

When Two Generals Kissed.

The two allied commanders in chief, Simpson and Pelissier, were of very different character and appearance. The one was a tall, thin Scotchman; the other a short, stout, thick-set Norman. The first time they met after the capture of the city Pelissier rushed up to the English general and embraced him with great fervor, having almost to climb up to reach his cheek. The English staff were amused at this demonstration, and said to Simpson: "Why, Gen. Pelissier kissed you!" And his reply, with a strong national dialect, was: "Well, it was a great occasion, and I could na' resist him."—Recollections of a Military Life, by Gen. Sir John Adye.

Went Over to the Minority.

At a certain assize, held recently in the south of England, the jury could not agree, and were locked up. After a long and animated discussion a division was taken, when ten were found to be for conviction and two for acquittal. Another long and acrimonious debate followed, and eventually a big, burly farmer, who was leading the majority, went over to the diminutive individual who, with a companion, formed the minority, and, assuming his most aggressive attitude, said: "Now, then, are you two going to give in?" "No!" defiantly replied the small man. "Very well," was the answer, "then us ten willl!" And they did.—Tid-Bits.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Glace Cherries.—Beat very stiff the white of the egg reserved from the popovers, dip the cherries—which should be very cold—first into the beaten white and then lightly into fine powdered sugar.—Chicago Record.

—Banana Pudding.—Prepare the same custard, only use the yolks of four eggs and reserve the whites. Pour over the foundation, which is alternate layers of sponge cake and bananas (both sliced) arranged in a pudding dish. Beat the whites with two tablespoonfuls of sugar as stiff as possible and pile on top. Set in cold water or on ice until wanted.—Ohio Farmer.

—Cold Lemon Pudding.—One-half box of gelatine soaked in four tablespoons of water for ten minutes, add a pint of boiling water, piece of two lemons, one cup of sugar. Strain and set away to cool. When cold stir in the whites of three well-beaten eggs. A thin, boiled custard can be used to pour over this pudding, or thick sweetened cream.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—French Dressing.—This is simply two-thirds oil and one-third vinegar, seasoned with pepper and salt to taste. Pour out the vinegar; add the oil slowly, stirring constantly. After the pepper and salt are in cut a small onion in four pieces and leave it in the mixture to soak for half an hour, stirring it occasionally. This imparts a sufficient flavor of the pungent bulb. About six tablespoonfuls of dressing are sufficient for an ordinary salad.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Ivory-handled knives may be whitened considerably, and kept so, if they are occasionally soaked in alum water. The alum water must boil first, and then cool before the knives are placed in it. Let the knives remain in the water an hour, then remove, and brush with a nail or tooth brush; take a clean linen towel, wet with cold water, wring it as dry as possible, wrap the knife handles in this, and let them dry slowly. If they are allowed to dry too quickly from the alum water they will not be satisfactory, but if these directions are carefully followed they will be nice and white.—Leeds Mercury.

—For Roast Soft Clams.—Roast in the oven until the shells open wide and then put a small piece of butter and a little salt and pepper on each clam and serve while piping hot. Hard-shell crabs are always in season, and they are best when boiled. Soft-shell crabs are considered a great luxury. The finest flavored ones come from Shrewsbury river, and are most delicious when breaded and fried. Many people prefer them broiled. Scallops can be stewed in milk, breaded and fried or boiled with melted butter sauce. Mussels should be cooked in boiling water until their shells begin to open. Sometimes a poisonous one may be in the lot. The only way to find out is to dip a silver spoon in the water as the mussels are boiling; if it turns black the whole must be thrown out. Shrimps are generally boiled until tender, then chopped up and served in salad.—N. Y. World.

GREEK SCHOLAR AS A MODEL.

What the College Graduate Sometimes Comes To.

Fat, prosperous people, who have never felt the pinch of poverty and chronic laziness, can hardly believe it possible for a university man, a fine Latin and Greek scholar, to ever get down in the world to the occupation of a model, for "Belisarius taking alms," "Moses breaking the tablets of the Commandments," "Socrates about to take poison," and all the other innumerable historical paintings in which well-cut features, venerable appearance, his semi-bald head, and full iron-gray beard, and large melancholy eyes are valuable as properties—stock in trade, needed in the business, yet sometimes sickness, poverty, and worse still, drink, furnishes too many Belisarius, Moses, Socrates. Art claims them, society loses them. The lack of self-control long enough to keep Latin, Greek and mathematics, force the poor soul to pose for pictures of his classical favorites. It seems odd to see an old man posing as "Jupiter Arranging His Thunderbolts" perfectly happy and content. You make a classical allusion, instantly his face lights up and he launches out:

"When I was at the university my great fear was that I would be plucked. But instead of that I took the first honors, and mastered the whole course of study, and taught in a high-grade academy in Missouri for many years. I married young, lost my wife (here Jupiter wipes his dim old eyes with the hem of his Olympian robe), went into the war, got wounded, came out, then drink found me, and now I must have my spree no matter how much I suffer. Then I brace up for awhile and pose. I eat all over town odds and ends. Sleep anywhere from a woodshed to the lockup, and it seems to me that I can't get on my feet, try as I may."

Then the artist says "that will do," and Jupiter goes out for a beer and a sandwich.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

Napoleon and Wellington.

"If it hadn't been for you," observed the shade of Napoleon, accosting the shade of the duke of Wellington, "the world might have been mine." "That is true," the shade of the iron duke complacently replied. "I must confess that I was too many for you." "And yet," the emperor continued, "look here." Together they leaned over the cloudy battlements. "Observe," Napoleon said, with a broad downward sweep of his arm, "thousands of books, millions of magazines, portraits my own mother wouldn't recognize—the whole world talking Napoleon." "And what of me?" the duke said. "Well," Napoleon patronizingly returned, "now and then you are mentioned—in a footnote, maybe." Reflectively stroking his high-shouldered proboscis, the duke of Wellington turned sadly away. "And to think," he muttered bitterly, "that I should be responsible for this man's greatness. Waterlooloo I was!"—Rochland Trib·

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He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

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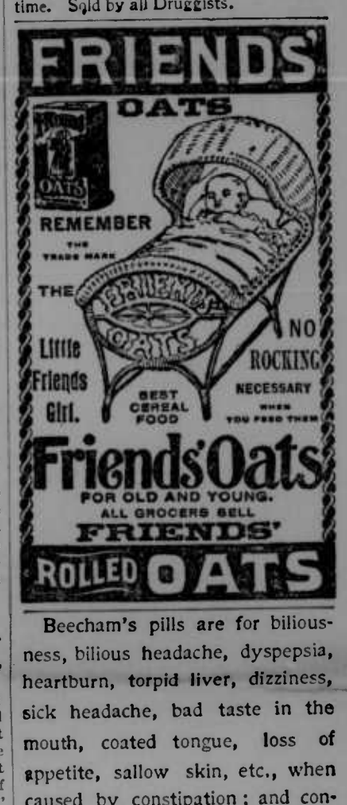

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, etc., when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

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Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.

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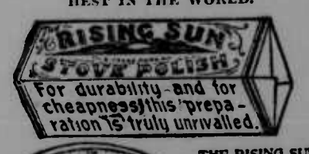

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TEMPERANCE NOTES.

HIS WIFE AWAITED HIM.

A Scene Which Was Better Than a Temperance Lecture.

A drunken man is an object of terror to most women, and I don't wonder at it, says a woman writer in the New York Recorder.

My lot has never been cast in the vicinity of one, and I am very glad of it, for I don't think my stock of patience could hold out very long.

One of the wretched creatures was occupying a seat—in fact, several seats—in an "L" train the other day near mine, and every time he yawned or stretched out his feet or hands I made myself as small as I could, for he was all over the place.

He fell asleep at last, and his hat went into the aisle.

The guard picked it up, rammed it on the slumberer's head, and then shook him so hard that I expected to see his teeth drop out.

But there was no response.

Then the guard gave the poor wretch several sharp slaps in the face, at which I protested.

AROUSING THE DRUNKEN PASSENGER.

"I gotter wake him up, ain't I?" demanded the official, surlily, "an' I dunno where he gets off."

So the shaking and slapping were renewed until the sleeping one arose in awful wrath, squared off at his tormentor and gave vent to a string of profanity that was awful to hear.

"What d'ye think you're a doin' ?" he screamed.

"Say, you stop swearin' an' tell us where you get off," replied the official.

"I get off at Chatham square, and me wife's waitin' for me there. If you wanter fight, come outside."

But the guard thought better of it, and the inebriate resumed his seat, leering and muttering.

At Chatham square he had to be assisted out of the car, striking wildly right and left and getting blows in return.

On the platform stood a white-faced, poorly-dressed woman, scanning each car eugerly.

As she saw the drunkard her pale cheeks became crimson. She rushed to him, took him by the arm and guided him, swearing and gesticulating, to the stairway, with an expression on her face that I shall never forget.

Talk about your temperance lectures.

ASTONISHING IGNORANCE.

The Public Generally Little Understands the True Nature and Effects of Alcohol on the Human System.

It is a rather curious fact that in this enlightened age, when the arts, sciences and general literature are receiving so much attention, and people are so actively alive to the various phases of advanced civilization, that there should be so much doubt and diversity of opinion about the nature and effects of so common an article as alcohol. The truth is, that, notwithstanding no other article or product has had such universal, every-day consumption in all the various forms of alcoholic drink, and notwithstanding its use has been tolerated for centuries, its true nature and its ultimate effects on the human system are but little understood by the public generally.

But when we come to consider to what an awful condition the human mind and body are brought by the use of this poison, the misery, the heart-rending and horrible scenes of violence that are instigated by this poison of alcohol, we are struck dumb with wonder and are compeled in shame to ask why this vile concoction of decayed vegetable poison should have any toleration in a civilized community, much less be cherished as a beverage for sensible, intelligent men and women.

But there is a tendency in the human system, which, when encouraged, craves more stimulant than that obtained from ordinary food, and this unnatural excitement or exhilration being gained through the use of alcohol, its use has become a terrible curse to our whole civilization, so formidable as to make all other evils or causes of a degraded condition of society of little importance when compared to it.

Alcohol is so insidious and so deadly in its character that there is no other article or material in nature that is so well calculated to produce disease, and consequent crime and misery. Its acrid, poisonous nature is also attested by the most eminent scientists as the most virulent poison. One half ounce of pure alcohol taken into the system will paralyze the nerve centers and kill just as surely and as quickly as a stroke of lightning; and the same poison when taken in the form of whisky, beer, wine, brandy, or other alcoholic beverage, is so antagonistic to the vitality of the system that its effects can not be entirely eliminated even by total abstinence, but will remain in the system, more or less, making it less able to resist attacks of rheumatism, diphtheria, pneumonia, or other dangerous diseases.

But the ruinous results from the use of these poisonous beverages are most prominent in the riotous outrages which are so common in the slums of all our large cities, and in the degradation and misery that are brought into many of our otherwise happy homes all over the land.

Pitiable distress and loss of character, and an awful drain on the resources of labor, are among the many shocking consequences that are always sure to follow the use of alcoholic beverages; and these consequences are so widespread as to make it quite impossible to form an adequate idea of their magnitude or atrocity.—The late W. Jennings Demorest, in Demorest's Magazine.

A LIVE TOPIC.

The Drink Problem Demanding Increased Attention in France.

In France, as in every other country, the drink curse is demanding the increased attention of the thoughtful. A noticeable feature of the French press is the discussion of temperance and allied questions. The Cosmos, perhaps the ablest scientific journal in France, says: "The question of alcoholism is still the order of the day." To show the evil results of the liquor traffic in one phase alone, it says: "In the insane asylum the intellectual decadence of sixteen per cent. of the inmates is attributable to drunkenness; the number several years ago was but eleven per cent." Dr. Legrain, head physician at the Ville-Evrard asylum, in an address before the congress of the French Public Morality league, recently held in Lyons, spoke strongly on what he called collective alcoholism; that is, the action of intemperance on all social and political life. As proving that he referred to the fact that in public houses (saloons), public meetings were held, and alcohol seemed to be a necessary adjunct of all discussion. It was the publican (saloonkeeper), who played an inauspicious part in elections, and thus interfered with the duty of French citizens. His influence was also found in the strikes which occurred, and thus drink held in check not only individuals, but also the government. The same is true in America. M. H. de Rershaut, who spoke for the press, said that "it (alcohol) is in a fair way of brutalizing the French race, and will finish by annihilating it if measures of public safety be not taken against it." The same is true of America, and the remedy it prescribes for France is the only remedy for America—to kill it, to forbid its manufacture and traffic.—National Temperance Advocate.

AFFECTED BY TOBACCO.

Distressing Condition of Children Employed in Cigar Factories.

Reclaiming children from a slow death by nicotine poisoning is a work which Mrs. Florence Keeley, the Illinois state factory inspector, has undertaken. She has discovered that over one thousand boys and girls are employed in cigar factories and tobacco packing establishments in Chicago. Without exception, where the child has worked in the factory for any length of time, his physical condition has been found most lamentable. The tobacco has affected his eyes; the skin is yellow, almost green, from the effect of the nicotine, and there are disorders which medical examination has shown to prevail in eight cases out of every ten.

"The rooms in which they work," said Mrs. Keeley, "are almost stifling with the strong smell of tobacco. Girls who strip the stems from the leaf bend over their work with their faces close to the tobacco. In long rows at tables, divided into scores of compartments, sit girls who are rolling cigars. Some are employed in packing the goods. Most of those who have been employed in factories for two months or over have sore eyes. This is explained by the fact that when the children are tired and their eyes are weary, they habitually rub them with their hands stained with the nicotine, which causes irritation. For the most part the children are weak and puny. There is a noticeable depression of energy. The constant inhalation of tobacco causes dyspepsia, the action of the heart is affected, and the general physical condition of the tobacco-working children is far below the average."—Reformatory Record.

The Saloon a Parasite.

The saloon is nothing more nor less than a parasite on society. It should be classed with the bed bug. Now, I have nothing against the bed bug, only I don't like the way he gets his living. They get their living in the same way. Both are blood-suckers. The only difference, as I see it, is in favor of the bed bug; for one bed bug will never suck blood from another bed bug. But the saloon-keeper thrives off of the blood of his fellow-men. I love the saloon-keepers, for Jesus' sake. I hate the saloon business, because it ruins the men who engage in it and the men who patronize it.—Chas. W. McCrossen, in Chicago Lever.

BITS AND BREVITIES.

A BLOW at the saloon always hits the devil square in the face.—Ram's Horn.

OF the 317 students in the British Congregational theological schools, 304 are total abstainers.

THE amount of New England rum sent from the port of Boston to Africa has decreased in two years from 1,025,226 gallons to 561,265.

OVER thirty thousand railroad men in this country are wearing a little button upon the lapels to their coats bearing the letters "R. T. A.," which means Railroad Temperance association.

NORTH DAKOTA stands in the very forefront of the movement against the saloons. The law is well enforced in most parts of the state, and is being better enforced as the months go by.

WHY do not the liquor men hold public meetings with speakers to point out the beauty, purity and righteousness of their business of making drunkards and destroying homes?—Norfolk (Va.) Daily Pilot.

FINLAND has demonstrated that spirits are not necessary in cold countries, having become practically a abstinence country. This change has been effected under local option and woman suffrage.

CHLOROFORMING A TURTLE.

An Old Snapper Put to Sleep for a Short Time.

I decided to chloroform a large snapper and endeavor to learn something of the action of the lungs, and whether it could resist death in this form. At the first application of the saturated sponge to the snapper's nose, he darted and seized it in his strong mandibles and jerked it into his shell. Then I had him, and in due time, by constant attention, and with an outrageous expenditure of chloroform, I completely subdued the old fighting mossback. At last the ludicrous sight of a thoroughly anæsthetized snapping turtle was presented. It was an amusing spectacle—this savage turtle lying limp and apparently lifeless. I opened its sharp, hooked jaws, and freely handled his powerful, but now nerveless legs. This fellow, anæsthetized, with his flabby legs and lolling head, looked much like the old dead mossbacks which are found about the margins of ponds each spring.

Finally, after the application of the chloroform was discontinued for a length of time, his serviceable but ill-looking flippers began to vibrate spasmodically, very soon one of the closed eyes was exposed, and then the other, much after the manner of the opossum in emerging from one if its voluntary lethargic spells. In time it perfectly recovered, and again gave evidence of its innate viciousness by savagely biting at everything as before. It is probable that a snapping turtle could be ultimately killed by constant application and the expenditure of large quantities of chloroform, but it is not readily done, as I convinced myself. The reason for this is evident. As soon as the turtle comes under the influence of the drug it lapses into a state not inaptly comparable to the condition in which it passes the cold months. In hibernation it probably breathes much less frequently, and, also, when under the influence of chloroform ceases to breathe to a large extent. This the turtles and other reptiles can do, as they are cold-blooded and do not require the constant supply of fresh air that is indispensable to birds and other warm-blooded creatures.

We may say that the voluntary act of stopping the respiration when below the surface of the water corresponds to the involuntary cessation which spasmodically results from anæsthesia. Therefore, whether confined at the bottom of a pool or subjected to the continued effects of an anæsthetic, it is reasonable to suppose that a water turtle—either the snapper or leather-back—would resist death for a long time. If the snapper and soft-shell spend the colder months in the mud and water, and this is stated as a fact by many writers, then the creatures must surely cease breathing during their hibernation, or else adopt an entirely different form of respiration from the one made use of when on land. Interesting experiments might be made to ascertain whether the snapping turtle takes his winter sleep in the mud, dry earth or water.—American Field.

BRYANT'S MARRIAGE.

It Was an Ideal Union Between the Poet and His Wife.

Allusion has already been made to his marriage. None could have been happier; no union more nearly an ideal one. Miss Fanny Fairchild was a young lady whose parents had lived on the Seekonk, a stream tributary to the Green river, not far from Great Barrington. Early left an orphan, she made her home alternately with her married sisters in that place, and there it was that Bryant met her. Charming in person, sweet in disposition, lovely in character, she drew him to her through his sympathy with her orphanage, his admiration of her beauty, and his appreciation of her worth. For forty-five years she was the stay and blessing of his life. What that marriage was to him they knew best who knew him best. Reserved on the subject to the world at large, he allowed only those who were nearest him to know the wonderful depth and tenderness of his affection. Their sympathy was perfect, their dependence mutual.

He said at her death: "I never wrote a poem that I did not repeat it to her and take her judgment upon it. I found its success with the public to be precisely in proportion to the impression it made upon her." A dear friend of them both has said: "The union between Mr. and Mrs. Bryant was a poem of the tenderest rhythm. Any of us who remember Mr. Bryant's voice when he said 'Frances' will join in his hope that she kept the same beloved name in Heaven. I remember alluding to those exquisite lines: 'The Future Life,' to Mrs. Bryant, and her replying: 'Oh, my dear, I am always sorry for anyone who sees me after reading those lines; they must be disappointed.' Beatrice and Laura have not received such tributes from their poets, for Mrs. Bryant's husband was her poet and lover at seventy as at seventeen."—Arthur Lawrence, in Century.

The Ruling Passion.

Holding his elegant open-faced gold watch in one hand the high-priced society physician grasped his patient's wrist gently with the other.

"She has a severe case of low fever, but"—

He nodded his head encouragingly—

"The chances are that she will recover." The sufferer stirred.

"A low fever? Well, I guess"—

The memories of her struggles for social recognition came back with vivid force—

"I will."

Setting her face into an imitation of that proud repose that marks the caste of Vere de Vere that could hardly be detected from the genuine, Mrs. Stryver-Newriche proceeded to convalesce in a manner that astonished all present.—N. Y. World.

—South Dakota employs 2,422 hands in her factories, with $3,682,748 worth of product.

BONAPARTE'S ALARM.

He Feared He Was to Be Arrested at the House of Talleyrand.

A sufficient military force having been made ready, it was determined at a secret meeting of the Bonapartists, held on 15 Brumaire (November 7), that the blow should be struck three days later. To that end the Ancients were to meet, according to the programme, on the morning of 17 Brumaire, and then both assemblies to hold a session on 18 Brumaire at St. Cloud. Under a provision of the constitution, never an amendment to that document was to be considered, the two bodies were to sit outside the walls of Paris. This move would naturally excite considerable suspicion among the uninitiated; and although there might be no disorder, there would certainly be much heated discussion in the streets. Still greater was the danger which lay in the temper of the troops. Enthusiastic for what they felt to be still the republic, every appearance of offering violence to any and all avowed republicans like those who sat among the Five Hundred must be avoided. The solution of this latter problem was left entirely to the whole combination would depend entirely upon the sentimentary instinct of plain, honest republican soldiers taken unawares.

Other troubles there were also. Talleyrand, sensitive under the evident determination of Bonaparte to use him only as long as he was necessary, became restive, and it required the nicest balancing of interests to keep him temporarily in the traces. It was a time of terrible anxiety to the conspirators. Talleyrand never forgot a scene which took place at his house in the Rue Taitbout a few nights antecedent to the crisis. He and Bonaparte were still deep in conversation about one in the morning, when they heard the rumbling of carriage wheels and the ring of cavalry hoofs in the street. Suddenly both ceased; they had passed at the door. Bonaparte turned pale, and Talleyrand also, as they paused and listened, fully convinced that both were to be arrested. The latter blew out the candles, and hurried through a passageway to gain a view of the street. After some delay he discovered that the carriage of a gambling-house keeper, returning under police escort from the Palais Royal with his spoils, had broken down. His fears relieved, he returned to joke with Bonaparte about the scare.

Before the appointed day, however, everything which master-schemers could foresee was carefully adjusted and in equilibrium. The apparent resurrection of Jacobinism was actually the last appearance of its ghost; for the directory, shorn of all prestige, was divided and shaky; the army, republican to the core, was weary with its inefficiency and furious with its bankruptcy; the mass of the nation, conservative and royalist, despaired of a restoration, and, sick of war, were for the moment in a humor to accept any strong government. The majority of the administration, the nation, and the army were, therefore, in readiness, and the numerous malcontents in each were at least temporarily silenced. Every little hidden wire of private interest was in hand, and plans were ripe to coerce those who could not be cajoled.—Prof. W. M. Sloane, in Century.

MEAT AMONG THE DANES.

Regulations Governing the Slaughter and Sale of Animals.

The cattle, sheep and swine in Denmark have to undergo a rigid veterinary examination both before and after they are slaughtered. Before meat can be removed from the slaughter house it must be officially stamped as "first or second class food." Some unscrupulous butchers tried to efface this stamp by cutting it out, or chemically removing it, and replacing "first" for "second class;" but they were summarily dealt with, and a fine of £110 imposed, which has effectually put a stop to their tricks.

It is not only in Denmark that they mark meat, (although it is done there for quality) but in Italy, the United States, the Netherlands, Belgium and Germany. A select committee in the house of lords is beginning to see the advisability of the plan, (which at present is only used to distinguish the meat killed for the use of the Jews,) to enable the buyer to ascertain whether it is English, foreign or colonial meat his unscrupulous butcher passes off as "the best English" at the best English prices. Perhaps, in time, our government will superintend the slaughter house, and mark the meat as "first or second class," as the Danes do. This little country is now beginning to send us large supplies of butchers' meat, and a bill was brought forward in November, 1893, by the minister of the interior, in the "Folkthing," authorizing him to direct official veterinary inspection to be made of all the consignments before they are packed for England, in order to secure the export of none but the best quality. The Danes are very careful of their food supplies, and proportionally successful in their gains.—Fortnightly Review.

Poor Frank.

When the class in geography was called up, it was noticed that one of the boys, Frank by name—and rather dull by nature—was looking uncommonly well pleased with himself.

"Well, Frank," said the teacher, "do you know your lesson to-day?"

"Yes, ma'am," he answered. "The answer to the first question is 'South,' and the next is 'Africa,' and the next is 'South America,' and the next is 'Peninsula.'"

"But, Frank, that isn't the way to learn a lesson. You must skip about. That's the way I shall do in asking the questions."

Frank's countenance fell. His great discovery was of no use.

"But, Miss Gray," he said, "I might not skip round the same way you do."—Youth's Companion.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Teddie—"What are woman's rights, pa?" Pa—"Everything they want, my boy; always remember that."—Boston Courier.

—Nell—"I wouldn't be in your shoes for anything." Belle (sweetly)—"You couldn't get into them, my dear."—Somerville Journal.

—Mrs. Hazeum—"How in the world did your husband get so terribly choked?" Mrs. Snapper—"Eatin' boneless codfish."—Boston Courier.

—A.—"She is the occasion of lots of talk wherever she goes." B.—"Indeed!" A.—"Yes; she always plays the piano, you know."—Harper's Round Table.

—"It seems to me," observed Critiens, "that Scribbler's book reads as though he were addicted to the bottle." "Yes," assented Wagg. "To the mucilage bottle."—Harper's Bazar.

—"Mr. Triolet," said Mr. Snaggs, with facetious air, "how is the poetic license paid?" "With postage stamps, generally," replied the maker of verses with a sigh.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

—Husband (after the ball)—"The deuce!" Wife—"Well, what's the matter now?" Husband—"It all comes of your being in such a precious hurry to get away. Why, hang it all, I've got my own hat!"—Pick-Me-Up.

—Fogg—"Riches, after all, are but a relative matter. There's Squeezepenny, for instance—" Figg—"Surely, you don't call him a rich man! He hasn't more'n ten dollars to his name." Fogg—"Very likely; but just think how highly he values it!"—Boston Transcript.

—Not So Well.—"No," said the old farmer, in reply to the query of a summer boarder as to how his son from college was getting on. "I don't calculate he's getting on so well. He was home t'other day, and had on a colored shirt and a white collar. I rather suspect he's behind with his washerwoman!"—Harlem Life.

—Lover (in whisper, 'neath window)—"Are you ready to lower yourself down, darling?" Isabel E. Loper—"Quite ready." Lover—"Have you got everything?" Isabel E. L.—"Yes; everything but papa's pocketbook; I couldn't find it anywhere." Lover (dejectedly)—"Alas! For obvious reasons we shall be obliged to postpone our departure."—Boston Courier.

—Who's Afraid?—A newspaper funny man has invented not an absolutely fresh, but a comparatively new joke upon a very old subject. Miss Tiuid was talking about her own nervousness and her various night alarms. "Did you ever find a man under your bed, Mrs. Bluff?" she asked. "Yes," said that worthy woman. "The night we thought there were burglars in the house I found my husband there."—Youth's Companion.

A WONDERFUL STONE.

That Is, It Would Be Wonderful If the Story Were True.

One of the most recently discovered inexplicable phenomena is an immense electrical stone which crops out above ground in an almost inaccessible mountain pass some fifty or sixty miles north of The Needles, in Arizona.

The stone is described as being a rough, jagged outcropping, bursting up through the shale of its surroundings, reaching up the mountain side to the height of about seven feet, when a sharp projection shelves over again, making a three-sided tunnel, perhaps nine feet long and five feet wide. Ordinarily the rock is of blue metallic luster, and shows traces of volcanic action, being seamed and ribbed as if melted by lava. In the heat of the day, when the sun shines squarely upon it, the stone assumes a faded pale-blue hue, at which times the Indians declare it to be perfectly harmless. As the sun leaves the gorge, however, the stone begins gradually to deepen in color, and when night comes and there is no moon it glows with all the brilliancy of a molten mass. This lumination may be distinctly seen for a great distance when there are no intervening mountains to obstruct the view.

Now, as to the peculiar death-giving power of the stone. It is said that nothing great or small can set foot upon it and live. So powerful are the volts which it gives out at even the slightest contact that it is impossible for even the largest animals to withstand their strength.

Recently a party of hunters ventured without a guide into some of the more dangerous mountain passes in the up country, and by chance found their way into a narrow gorge, having come in hot pursuit after a little fleet-limbed mountain goat which they managed to start from the rocks below. Suddenly, when they were all seventy or eighty feet away, they were astonished beyond measure to see the goat fall dead in his tracks, although a shot had not been fired. They were making ready to climb up the ledge and secure the little creature when an old Indian high up on the cliff behind called on them to stop. So frantic was his manner and so persistent his admonitions that they waited till he scrambled down to them, and then for the first time came to light the story of the electrical wonder.

The goat had fallen within the death trap, the Indian explained, and had the hunters followed after him they, too, would have shared his fate. There was ample evidence at hand to prove to the hunters the truth of the old man's statement, for the little gorge surrounding the stone has been turned into a perfect charnel house full of the whitening bones of its victims. And if this were not enough to convince the most skeptical, while they stood within thirty feet of the stone a big rattlesnake crawled up the precipice and out upon the stone, only to coil and writhe and finally die in the intensest agony.—Philadelphia Times.

In Doubt.

Fred (to grandpa, who has been out for a walk) — How's the weather, grandpa?

Grandpa—How should I know? I hain't seen the paper yet.—Judge.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A pair of wrought iron tongs, or a piece of hoop heated and bent until the ends form a circuit like the feet of tongs, will magnetize a knife blade laid upon them and rubbed with another piece of steel. The cause is not yet satisfactorily explained.

—The United States furnished, in 1890, 28 per cent. or nearly one-third of the total amount of gold produced by the world. Its leading competitors are Australia and Russia, the former in the same year producing about $30,000,000 and the latter producing about $21,000,000.

—On January 18 the seismometrograph at the observatory in Rome measured five complete pulsations of slow period characteristic of earthquakes at a great distance. On the same day, forty-nine minutes earlier, a severe earthquake was felt on the east coast of Japan, nearly 6,000 miles away. The pulsations traveled at the rate of 1,987 miles a second.

—Recently a solid trainload of strawberries were shipped via the Atlantic coast line to New York from points in North Carolina. The train consisted of 18 cars, loaded with 5,500 crates, or 176,000 quarts of berries. Two other cars were also forwarded the same day, making a total shipment for the one day of 208,000 quarts of strawberries, valued at $31,200.

—Value of Coal-Tar Dyes.—In the years 1882 and 1883 nine factories for making dye from coal-tar were established in this country. The business flourished until the tariff act abolished the specific duty and took away the profits, then half of the factories went out of business. Others kept along as best they could, but were unable to compete with foreign labor. In 1874 Germany produced $6,000 worth of aniline, 1878 $8,000 and in 1882 $72,500 worth of dye. This is only one of the many products of coal-tar, which is, indeed, a most remarkable substance.

—The sardine season in Brittany lasts about five months, and 2,500 boats manned by 15,000 sailors are engaged in the work. The employes in the factories number about 10,000 women and several thousand men and children. The industry originated in Nantes, France, in 1834, and the best brands in the world still come from there. Spain and Portugal send out a cheaper grade. Of late years a great many sardines are being caught and canned along the Pacific coast of this country. Japan and New Zealand catch and pack a good many sardines.

—The plant from which arnica is produced appears to be indigenous to the mountain districts of Europe and Asia. It is found growing wild in the Pyrenees, Apennines, Swiss and German Alps, Carpathian mountains, in the mountains of Armenia, in the Urals, and the Himalayan range. It is said that the plant has also been found in the mountain districts of the United States west of the Mississippi river, but whether a native or an importation cannot be ascertained. The medicine is chiefly prepared from plants artificially grown in the medicinal gardens of France and Germany.

IN A ROTHSCHILD STRONG BOX.

The Custodian of Bonds in Shipment Tells What He Saw.

The largest shipment of United States bonds to Europe, so far as I can remember, said Mr. J. K. Upton, former assistant secretary of the treasury, was made in 1875, and consisted of twenty million coupon fours. It was made under my charge, and I presume my experience was about the same as others serving in like capacity. The bonds were in five steel boxes, weighing when packed about four hundred pounds each, all fastened by combination locks, of which we had no key.

We rode with the boxes to New York in a postal car. At the Jersey City station we were met by the superintendent of the subtreasury of New York, who had secured for us the necessary transportation to the boat, where the bonds were deposited in the specie vault, under the immediate control of the purser, but until the boat left the pier some one of our party kept an eye on the boxes. Once at sea, however, we relaxed our vigilance, and renewed it only when again approaching land. At Liverpool, where we arrived after a pleasant passage, I had some trouble in getting the boxes through the custom house, not being able to declare under oath that I personally knew their contents, and there being no way to open them. A compromise was finally effected by my taking with me a customs official, who should see that the boxes reached the consignees undisturbed, and when opened contained the bonds as alleged, his expenses to be paid by the syndicate. This delay caused us to remain all night in Liverpool. We had the boxes taken to our rooms, and there we took turns in watching them through the night. The English official, however, had no relief from his vigils. In the morning, through a little British gold, I obtained the practical control of a passenger car, into which we put our personal baggage and the five boxes, for which we paid as for extra-weight baggage. The exclusive use of the car was deemed important, the bonds representing such an enormous amount of wealth.

At London we were met by other treasury officials temporarily employed at the headquarters of the syndicate, Messrs. Rothschild & Sons, in scheduling and counting bonds and coupons received in payment of the new bonds. We went with our boxes to the office of the firm mentioned, and in its money vaults our bonds were counted, found correct, and a receipt given showing that our duty had been performed, much to my relief.

This money vault, as I remember it, opened only at the top, through the floor of the room above, and we descended by a little "lift." It was not an imposing sight, but it contained an enormous amount of securities issued by nearly every nation in Europe. Two men were employed there all the time receiving and sending out securities or in cutting off the coupons.—Washington Star.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

THE REPUBLICAN is published every Thursday morning at the following rates:

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One copy six months	.75
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First insertion for square of ten nonpariel lines $1; each additional insertion after first 50 cents per square of ten nonpariel lines. Positively no deviation will be made from the above rates.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1895.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first insertion* of the same:

Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $3; County Commissioner, $2.50; Register of Wills, $2.50; County Surveyor, $1.50.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

By the request of friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer of Garrett County, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

JACOB S. MEYERS,
Selbysport, Md.
District No. 2.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. M. LOHR.
Cove, March 11, 1895.

FOR SHERIFF.

At the request of my many friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Garrett County, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

AUSTIN BROWN.
Selbysport, Md., May 31, 1895.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. Don't slight the old soldiers.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND.
Oakland, Md., May 27, 1895.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

GEORGE J. WALTER,
P. O., Thayerville, Md.
District No. 1.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party

GEORGE D. WHITE,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SURVEYOR.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Surveyor of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

F. P. GREEN.
District No. 11.

Attention, Republicans!

The Republican voters of Garrett county are requested to assemble in Primary Meeting in the several districts of the county, on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1895,

at the time of electing five delegates from each election district to attend a County Convention to be held in Oakland, Md., on

TUESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1895,

to select three delegates to represent Garrett county in the Republican State Convention to be held in Cambridge, Md., on

THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1895,

to nominate a candidate for Governor, Comptroller and Attorney General.

By order of the Republican State Central Committee for Garrett county.

ANDREW SHARTZER, Chairman.
C. J. OTTO, Secretary.

FOR GOVERNOR,

Lloyd Lowndes,

OF ALLEGANY COUNTY,

Subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

SOVEREIGN, Grand Master Workman of the K. of L., has done several wonderful things since he took hold of the wheel of the organization but probably the most remarkable is his call upon members of the order to refuse bank notes in payment for work. We don't imagine that Sovereign will find many members of the order who are sufficiently fanatical to listen to such advice. If the order can live under the guidance of a man with Sovereign's peculiar conception of social conditions it must be builded upon the rock.

IT does not require much penetration to discover that there will be more at stake this fall than the mere question of political supremacy between the two great political parties.

For twenty-eight years one set of individuals has held absolute political power in this State. Governors have come and gone, and Legislatures have passed away, but the rule of Gorman, Rasin & Co., remained. What is the question that is distracting the Democracy of Maryland to-day? Is the quarrel over the merits of any particular individual for gubernatorial honors? No! Neither of the factions have a candidate. Candidates cut no figure in the quarrel. The question is one of power. There is no revolt within the ranks of the Democracy against Mr. Jones, or Mr. Hayes, or Mr. Smith, or Mr. Robinson. They are opposed because they are supposed to represent the men against whose domination a large portion of the Democracy is in open and more or less violent revolt.

The old leaders are now searching for a candidate behind whom they can hide until after the election. But masses are not likely to be deceived. They are going to strike a blow at the domination of the old coterie of political bosses. They intend to have a new order of things, once in a generation, even though they be compelled to seek it at the hands of the Republican party. The revolution is at hand.—Cumberland News.

Bicycle Improvements.

It was an Indian who said, when he first saw a bicycler, that the wheelman was a "heap lazy man—walk sitting down." But there are bright prospects ahead for the lazy bicycler. Mr. Edison has them in his mind's eye. He believes that the system of driving tricycles by storage batteries and electric motors will undoubtedly be in use in a short time, perhaps two or three years. "Storage batteries have not yet been devised that would be light enough and small enough to be carried on bicycles," said he, "but I believe that batteries powerful enough to send a tricycle twenty or twenty-five miles and return, on good roads, could be made to weigh not over sixty pounds. A motor weighing twenty pounds would probably be sufficiently large to attain with this size battery a fair speed on a level road. A few years will probably see the system applied to trucking goods in city streets. I believe that it is a matter of only a few years at most before hundreds of miles of special bicycle roads will be built with single-line trolley wires overhead. Riders will have motors on their wheels, which can receive current from the wires by trolleys so that quick spins may be taken."

This would open a new field of pleasure and usefulness to the devotees of the wheel, and string more overhead wires. This portion of the prospect is not so pleasing.

Wool.

In the revision of the tariff last winter which was accomplished by a Democratic president supported by a party in sympathy with his views, there was a marked discrimination against the North and West. Along with many other articles raw wool was made the great hue and cry of the Democratic party in their determination to afford this country free raw materials.

Ohio, the great wool state, protested in vain and wool was put on the free list. True, there was a drop in the price of clothing, but along with it the sheep industry dropped out of existence. The prices of wool became so low that the great sheep raisers of Ohio disposed of their flocks, the price of lamb and mutton alone not being sufficient to make sheep raising pay. The consequence of this will be that Australia, the country from which we import the free raw material, will put up prices on us, when we are entirely at her mercy. The wool industry will then be where it was years ago, in its infancy, and before many years our woolen mills will close, unable to pay for foreign free raw material and compete with foreign labor. Our workmen will lie idle while the foreign manufacturer will reap his harvest. The wool industry is an example of what the Republican party desires to accomplish by protection. A foreign country brings its products to our door. Protection says, "pay for the privilege and you may sell." Does not every city in the land say the same to those who desire to enter her borders with their wares? Our home market is an example of the same law of protection. Protection to wool means that while the raising of sheep and the manufacture of woolen goods is undeveloped, such tariff laws should govern it as will tend to aid and increase the industry.

Since the passage of the present law the imports of free raw wool have increased 67 per cent. This illustrates that our mills cannot purchase it at home. The money paid for this wool goes to [illegible] for cheap foreign labor. Unless something is done to encourage sheep raising in this country there will be high priced clothing before many years.

Mountain Lake Park and Loch Lynn Heights.

A correspondent in the *B. & O. Field*, writing of Mt. Lake Park and Loch Lynn Heights, under date of June 13th, says:

"In the fall of 1881, when Major J. C. Alderson, in connection with Drs. C. P. Masden and E. W. Ryan, purchased 800 acres of beautifully shaded land and organized the Mt. Lake Park Association, there was scarcely a house for six miles, between Oakland and Deer Park. Many wiseacres laughed and ridiculed the idea of establishing a Mountain Chautauqua here where the religious and literary could mingle together and the weary rest, and looked upon it as a visionary scheme. The traveler in passing over the main line of the *B.* & O. R. R., was told that this high plateau, 2,800 feet above tide-water, was known as the "Glades of the Alleghanies." He saw nothing but the thick alder bushes covering the glades, and the receding hills clothed with a heavy undergrowth of scrub oak, with the blue mountains towering above him on every side in the distance; he now sees the beautiful glades carpeted with green grass, vegetables and flower gardens; and hundreds of handsome cottages and summer hotels erected on attractive eminences on either side of the railroad for twenty miles, from Altamont to Terra Alta. The traveler of 1881, returning now, would not recognize this as the same country he saw then. Time has proven the foresight of the founders of this most delightful mountain resort, and the prophecy the day before the purchase of this property, made by the old and honored President of the B. & O. R. R., Hon. John W. Garrett, when he said that 'he had visited almost every summer resort in Europe and America, and had never found any place where the tired man could rest, and the air and water [illegible] life-giving and restorative qualities equal to this,' and predicted that 'within twenty years the whole of this mountain top along the line of the B. & O. R. R. would be dotted with summer hotels and cottages.'

"The thousands who have visited here during the past twelve years have been captured by the beautiful scenery, the delightful drives, the hunting, and fishing for mountain trout, the pure air, cold, clear, crystal water, the moderate temperature of even the warmest days, and the cool nights have gone home singing their warmest praises in every city throughout the land, thus proving the wisdom of the fathers of this place, and fulfilling President Garrett's prophecy. Many prominent individuals are purchasing land and erecting summer houses all over the top of this mountain, and every year property is enhancing wonderfully in value.

"A real sultry night is unknown, the heat of noonday is tempered by cool shade and mountain breezes. One always sleeps comfortably under two or more blankets, and rises invigorated for work or pleasure. Here are climatic conditions that cannot be surpassed anywhere; asthma, hay-fever, malaria and mosquitoes are unknown. The mercury rises only to about eighty-five degrees at midday, when it is 100 degrees or over in Washington and Cincinnati.

"Major Alderson, realizing the necessity of establishing an attractive place near the Park where the young as well as the old could enjoy themselves in all innocent pleasures, organized the Mountain Home Company on the 29th of June, 1894, and established Loch Lynn Heights adjoining, opposite and overlooking Mountain Lake Park, where they have platted over 300 acres of beautifully shaded parks, lots and villas, with graded drives and boulevard. On the 9th and 10th of last August the company had a public lot sale, and disposed of over 200 lots and villas to prominent parties from Chicago to Philadelphia, the largest purchaser being the distinguished Dr. D. A. Moxey, of the University of Scotland. Over 100 desirable lots and villas have been sold since. Thirty cottages have and are now being erected on these lots. Many more will be built this season. Another public sale of lots will take place on the grounds on August 9th and 10th, when most attractive building lots and villas will be sold to the highest bidder on terms to suit the purchaser.

"The Loch Lynn Heights Hotel has been erected on a beautiful eminence opposite, and one hundred feet above the Mountain Lake Park depot, with a veranda sixteen feet wide surrounding same, and a high observatory, from which the blue mountains are seen towering one above another in the dim distance for miles in every direction, in Maryland, Pennsylvania and West Virginia. This is one of the finest hotels and the most attractive location along the entire line of the B. & O. railroad. It contains 104 bed rooms and bath rooms on the second and third floor, large ball and billiard rooms, parlors, reception rooms, public and private dining rooms, reading room and barber shop on first floor, and equipped with all modern improvements. It is now being furnished by one of the most popular caterers in this country. Aside from the many attractions in this hotel, there are large enclosed base-ball grounds, lawn tennis, croquet, ten-pins, swings, etc.

"Those caring for the Mountain Chautauqua, with its many religious and literary entertainments, will find Mountain Lake Hotel, with an excellent caterer, a pleasant place to tarry. It is in the first grove near and opposite the depot. There is also Grace Cottage, where so many in past years have found health and rest for body and soul, controlled by God's handmaid, Miss Jennie Smith, the noted railroad evangelist, whom everyone loves and honors. Not far away is the handsome Faith Home, controlled by faithful Miss Sarah Harris; and just across the way is the noted Dennett House, where Christian workers are entertained free of charge by that great restaurateur who is known in all large cities in the country. Still nearer the depot is the new Columbian Hotel, where everything is done to please and entertain by the genial Mr. Adam Howell. Oak Hall, a delightful summer hotel, is situated on a beautiful eminence on the main drive, midway between the Park and Oakland, where persons desiring rest and quiet can find it to perfection, and at the same time be in easy reach of the auditorium, depot, postoffice, telegraph and express offices.

"There are many other hotels and boarding houses both at Loch Lynn and the Park, where persons can find pleasant summer homes at a very reasonable price. A few desirable cottages can yet be had on either side of the road for the summer. No spirituous liquors are permitted to be sold within one mile of these grounds.

"From present indications the hotels at Oakland and Deer Park will be crowded as well as those here this season. An electric railroad will soon be constructed between Oakland and Deer Park, passing through Loch Lynn Heights and Mountain Lake Park.

"Right of way is being secured and the connecting link of the Confluence and Oakland R. R. will soon be built, which will connect Loch Lynn Heights, Mountain Lake Park Deer Park and Oakland with Pittsburg and the Monongahela Valley, and place us within three hours ride of a million and a half of people.

"Next season at which time this road is expected to be completed more persons will find health and rest on those mountain tops than any other place in America.

"A half-dozen express trains, with sleepers, chair and observation cars pass here daily, placing us within easy reach of Baltimore, Philadelphia and Washington on the east, Pittsburg on the north, and Cincinnati and Louisville on the west. Tickets at greatly reduced rates will be sold by all agents of the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. and connecting lines from June 1st to September 30th, good to return until the 31st day of October, and at one fare for the round trip for the camp meeting and other special meetings. For information apply to ticket agents.

"TOURIST."

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Bids will be received by the Mayor and Town Council of Oakland for the construction of the wood work and also for the furnishing of the lumber and doing the wood work on the Helbig Bridge. Bids closed on July 25th. Specifications of lumber can be seen by applying to the clerk.

19-1t. L. E. TOWNSHEND, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

Samuel Lawton, Late Treasurer of Garrett County, vs. Thomas Nethkin.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County. No. 57 Trials to July Term, 1895.

It is ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 9th day of July, 1895, that the tax sale as made and reported by Samuel Lawton, late Treasurer, in the above entitled cause, and made to the County Commissioners of said county, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 2nd day of August, 1895, provided that a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett county, Md., once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 2nd day of August, 1895.

EDWARD STAKE.

True Copy, Test: F. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

JOHN H. TARBELL,
OF NEW YORK CITY,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
Headquarters at
MR. E. F. DROEGE'S,
DEER PARK, MD.

VIEWS FOR SALE.
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Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

PUBLIC SALE
OF
BUILDING LOTS
IN
HIGHLAND PARK,
A Suburb of Oakland, Maryland, and Adjacent to Oakland, Containing 50 Acres, More or Less.

LOVELY SHADE.
HIGH ALTITUDE.
CHARMING VIEW.
Beautifully Located.

Healthful AND Cleanly Surroundings.

AN IDEAL PLACE FOR A HOME.
COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.

Tuesday, August 15th,
AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK,

If not fair, next fair day, there will be a sale of said Lots on the premises.

For further Particulars, address
PEDDICORD & PEDDICORD, or
DR. E. K. GOLDSBOROUGH,
Oakland, Maryland.

N. B.—The Park has been tastefully platted and will have FIVE fifty-foot avenues.

MOUNT UNION COLLEGE,
ALLIANCE, OHIO.

DEPARTMENTS:—Preparatory, Collegiate, Normal, Commercial (including Short-hand and Type-writing) Music, Art, Military, Biblical, Post-graduate.
EXPENSES LOW.
Send for Catalogue to PRESIDENT MARSH.

D. E. OFFUTT & SON

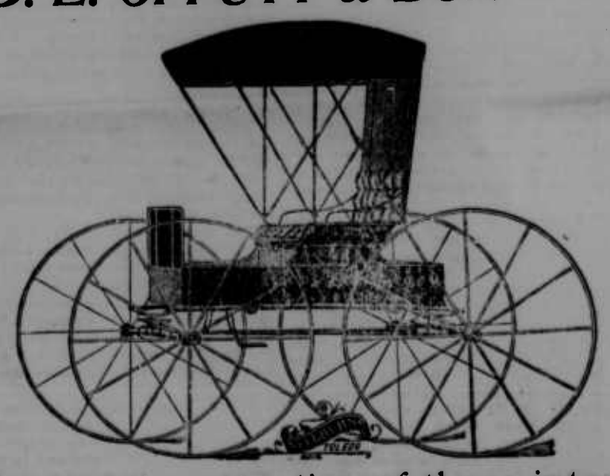

Invites the attention of those interested in the purchase of vehicles of any style. The Kramer, Milburn and Jackson farm wagons always on hand. Prices and terms given on application.

POTENT—PRICELESS

For ALL SKIN DISEASES

Prompt
AND
Unfailing.

Will permanently heal Eczema, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Rebon Oak, Ring Worm, Pimples, Dandruff, Itch, Itching Piles and every kind of eruption. It softens the skin and effectually removes all blemishes. Eminently superior in restoring and beautifying the complexion. It has been tested in innumerable cases with unvarying success.

Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, MD.

☞ FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY BLOOD BITTERS will cleanse the system and drive out all impurities. It is both a purifier and an invigorator. Pleasant to the taste. Effect Immediate. In large bottles, $1.00, at all druggists.

A Strong Fortification.

Fortify the body against disease by Tutt's Liver Pills, an absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, malaria, constipation, jaundice, biliousness and all kindred troubles.

"The Fly-Wheel of Life"

Dr. Tutt; Your Liver Pills are the fly-wheel of life. I shall ever be grateful for the accident that brought them to my notice. I feel as if I had a new lease of life.
J. Fairleigh, Platte Cannon, Col.

Tutt's Liver Pills

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 1, on Front Street, in Baynrd, West Va.
Lot contnining four acres with house on it, at Swnnton, Md.
A mortgage on properly worth more than double, at Loch Lynn Heights, Md.
WILLIAM W. SWEET,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

WE LOAN MONEY

to buy, build and improve your home and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS NEARLY $200,000,000.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. RINKER,
Wilson, Grant Co., W. Va.

P. S.—Anynne wishing an agency for this association will address us above. 4-1yr.*

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including trnm ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by anernid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26†*

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL

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W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,
W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

Estate of Rachael Hetrick, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

RACHAEL HETRICK,

late of Garrett County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 1st day of Dec. next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 25th day of May, 1895.

JACOB FEIK, Adm'r,
18 Accident, Md.

MOUNT POMONA.

NURSERY AND FRUIT FARM.

Address Swanton, Md., for Fruit and Mushrooms.
Address Mt. Lake Park concerning Nursery, Greenhouse or Vegetable Products.
Agents wanted on salary.
SWEET & SHACKLEFORD.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, July 22, 1895

Ceasar, Cromwell and Napoleon were in their day considered powerful, but the power exercised by them over the expenditures of their respective nations was not greater than that now claimed for a subordinate official of the U. S. Treasury. According to this claim, the Comptroller has the authority to refuse payment of appropriations made by Congress and approved by the President, whenever he believes, or makes a pretense of believing, that said payment would be unconstitutional, and the claimant has no redress or appeal, except to enter suit for the amount claimed in the Court of Claims. The first notice of this remarkable claim of authority was given several days ago when a voucher for about $12,000, in favor of the Oxford Company of Nebraska, manufacturers of beet sugar, was held off by the Comptroller, and the company notified that the Comptroller would hear argument as to the constitutionality of the Act of Congress appropriating $238,000 to pay for the bounty on the beet sugar manufactured before the repeal of the bounty clause of the McKinley law. The Comptroller says he believes the sugar bounty law to have been unconstitutional, which is a little queer, in view of his having allowed $12,000,000 or thereabouts, to be paid out under that law during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1894, without a protest. The real facts of this business are well known. Comptroller Bowler is merely a figure head, who repeats his lesson just as it is taught to him. In addition to the money appropriated for the beet sugar makers, there was $5,000,000 appropriated by the last Congress to pay deferred sugar bounties—they will be deferred sure enough it seems. This money the administration doesn't wish to pay out until a Republican Congress shall have put more money in the National Treasury. Comptroller Bowler has been swelled up by praise and made the tool of smarter men to carry out this idea. The same tactics are, according to current report, to be used to defer payment on the contract made with the International Steamship Company for the transportatson of mails to Enrope. This contract was made by Mr. Wanamaker, when he was Postmaster General, under an act of Congress, and includes the use of the steamships owned by the Company as government cruisers in time of war.

That mysterious Cabinet meeting has naturally been the subject of much gossip and of numberless rumors. That the Spanish minister who came to Washington about the same time that Secretary Olney did, if he did not accompany him, was the cause of this Cabinet meeting is certain, and that it discussed the Cuban revolution. All else is conjecture, owing to the air of mystery with which those who attended the meeting have since surrounded themselves, although it is difficult to imagine any good reason why there should be any secrecy as to the position this government occupies towards either Spain or the revolting Cubans. Rumor says the Spanish minister went so far as to ask that those American editors who are disposed to sympathize with the Cubans should be muzzled by the Secretary of State. The administration would seem to have about all the muzzling it can attend to, in trying to shut the mouths of the Silver Democrats without tackling the editors of the country, although Secretary Olney is probably fully in accord with the idea of a press censonship.

The Populists are much chagrinned over the latest phrase of the reorganization of the Senate at the beginning of the coming session of Congress. They have been confidently counting upon being asked to join the Republicans in the reorganization and, of conrse, receiving a liberal sharo of the Committee chairmanships and of the Senate patronage. It has lately come out that many of tho Republican Senators would much rather not reorganize the Senate than to do it with the assistance of the Populists. This wasn't pleasing to the Democrats, who do not wish to retain control of the committees without the power to control votes enough to carry anything through, and some of them have intimated to the Republicans their willingness to vote for a reorganization that will divide the chairmanship and the patronage between the Republicans and the Democrats leaving the Populists out altogether. No one has authority to accept this or any other proposition concerning reorganization until it shall have been submitted to a caucus of Republican Senators, but all the same its consummation is probable enough to have destroyed the extensive air castles which the Populists have been building on the belief that they would hold the balance of power and could dictate their own terms for the reorganization of the Senate.

Preserve the Roads.

The very best way to make and keep good roads is to have wide tired wagons. A graduated tax on narrow tires would in time cause them to disappear, says John A. Pearsons in *Good Roads*. If every farmer who is going to get a new wagon would have his fellies and tires four inches wide, and others who have new vehicles have them altered to four inches (and it is the opinion of your correspondent that it will pay them to do it), they would find it much easier to draw loads either on the roads or on their farms. Some doubtless would object to wide tires in the spring on account of mud and ruts, but it is a very narrow road where one cannot avoid the ruts and make another track.

I was born in Bradford, Vt., and lived there till I was 32 years old. The Connecticut river valley was always noted for its good roads. The farmers all through that part of the country east of the Green mountains had wide tired carts and wagons, from three to six inches wide, and the four to eight horse teams that ran to and from Boston had five and six inch tires.

West of the Green mountains and in "York state" they used the narrow tires. The farmers on the east side of the mountains could not be induced to use them, they called them the "York state wagons."

One farmer in Fairlee, Vt., had twelve inch fellies and tires on his carts, and he had a smooth farm. Some parts of the highways were made of clay soil and turnpiked up. In the spring when frost is coming out of the ground it would be soft and springy, and a narrow tire would cut through and go down, when a wide tired wagon would run over them.

I have many a time taken two or three yoke of oxen to pull out those narrow tired wagons; we could not use horses for they would get mired and we had to take oxen to get them out. The fact is, a team will draw one-third to one-half more weight on a four inch than they can on one and a half inch tired wagons, either in sand or mud. I have known farmers to have two sets of wheels, one set wide, to use on the farm, and a set of narrow tires to go on the road, when the wide tires are the best for all purposes.

Swanton.

The late showers were very refreshing although the thermometer still continues abont the same.

The hay crop in this vicinity is very light. Other crops are looking well.

L. H. Friend is kept very busy in the country setting up Osborne machines for which he is agent. From all reports he meets many of the fair sex on his journeys.

C. S. Friend and C. M. Glass took a trip to Johnstown Sunday.

Truman Mosser is the happy father of a bouncing boy.

The U. B. Sunday school will hold a basket picnic in L. H. Friend's grove near Lake Lillian, one-half mile from Swanton, on Thursday, Aug. 1st. The different schools of the neighborhood will join them and take part in the exercises of the day. A very interesting programme has been made out consisting of recitations, singing by the school, music by the Swanton orchestra, addresses by the pastors, superintendents and other very able speakers. The schools will meet at the church at 10 o'clock a. m. and march to the picnic ground. Lunch will be served at 12 o'clock m., speaking at 2 o'clock p. m. All are cordially invited to come and bring your baskets and enjoy the day with us.

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Has the finest and largest stock between Washington and Cincinnati. New goods in every day. Fine stock of spectacles and eyeglasses; can fit any age from a child up to the age of one hundred years. Look for the change in show window; it will pay you to walk one hundred miles to see it. This is no grocery store, but one that anybody might be proud to enter. When I add rotten vegetables I will be ready to go to Weston and I want my friends to see that I get there. Snake hunters and skinned eels don't cut much figure in my case. He has to have rattles before he can scare me.

Respectfully,
F. G. HYDE,

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Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

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THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

W. Grant Martin, scientific optician, will be in Oakland the last week in each month. Office in Pritchard building. 13-13t.

LOST. Two small account books on road between Oakland and Mt. Lake Park. Reward if returned to W. H. Malette, Oakland.

FOR SALE—Two riding or driving horses; also one two horse farm wagon. Will sell cheap. Apply to James O. Hinebaugh, Oakland, Md. 19-3t

We have something new, effective, pleasant to take and perfectly harmless and a positive cure for nervous headache, sick headache, dizziness and neuralgia. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

Prof. S. S. Little, scientific optician of Cumberland, will be at Dr. Henry W. McComas' office in Oakland Thursday, July 25th. Eyes examined free for the perfect adjustment of glasses. 19-2t.

FOR SALE.—One hundred acres of unimproved land adjoining Mt. Lake Park Association grounds on the north. A good chance for an investment. FRED. A. THAYER,
19-3 Attorney.

McComas' Calmative Konseals contain all that is required to cure the worst case of headache or neuralgia in a very few minutes and are safe, sure, inexpensive. Manufactured by Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf.

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Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Try McComas' Calmative Konseals to drive away sharp pains in muscular and acute rheumatism. One or two Konseals have shown marvelous results. 10 cents per box. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper, under the caption "We Loan Money." The Granite State Provident Association, which he is representing, is one of the strongest financial institutions in the country, and the largest building and loan association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management have developed it from nominal assets in 1889 to nearly $200,000,000 in 1895. Its style of doing business is such as to cause the U. S. Examiner, C. W. Thompson, who has for years been assigned to especially investigate loan and mortgage companies, to state that "For comprehensiveness, thoroughness, neatness and accuracy, its accounts are far superior to anything I ever saw or supposed possible." Those desiring to borrow, will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars. 4-1yr.*

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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
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"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."
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Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion,
Without injurious medication.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."
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125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

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a twenty-page journal, is the leading Republican family paper of the United States. It is a **National Family Paper** and gives all the general news of the United States. It gives the events of foreign lands in a nutshell. Its Agricultural department has no superior in the country. Its Market Reports are recognized authority. Separate departments for "The Family Circle," "Our Young Folks," and "Science and Mechanics." Its "Home and Society" columns command the admiration of wives and daughters. Its general political news, editorials and discussions are comprehensive, brilliant and exhaustive.

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Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.

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All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.48 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 7	—Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 45	—Daily except Mon	10.49 A. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	5.24 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	—Daily	6.06 A. M
No. 2	—Daily	6.37 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	4.32 P. M
No. 46	—Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	12.29 A. M

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Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
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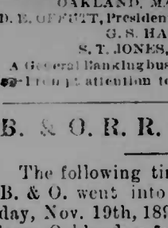

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All the worthy old and promising new varieties.
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BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

A KIDNAPING.

BY MARY L. PENDERED.

AUNT BARBARA says I am an unnatural boy because I don't care for Sir Walter Scott's books. As if any natural boy would like anything she did! Ivanhoe and the Talisman aren't so bad, but there's a good deal too much tommyrot about love, and all that sort of thing, in them; besides yards on yards of what they call scene-painting, or word-painting, which is perfectly sickening. Who wants to be told that the sky is blue or the grass is green? I always skip all that, of course; so does everybody—with any sense.

But that wasn't what I was going to say. It was about a lark we had once with old Marston, the chap whose school-house we board in — Blathers and me—and a fine spree it was, only it was spoilt at the finish by—but I'll tell you all about it, so's you can see for yourself.

Marston's wasn't a bad place to live in at first. He had just gone and got married, and he was that treacly sweet you couldn't get his hair up hardly He and Mrs. Marston used to look at each other fit to make a cat laugh, they were so spooney; and, so long as us fellows kept a bit up to the mark he never found fault. But all that was before the "Squaller" came, a horrid little brat of a baby that did nothing but howl from morning till night. It must have kept old Marston awake half the night, for he got so beastly waxy there was no pleasing him. We all hated that kid, and didn't we just pity Mrs. Marston, with a crabby husband and a constant screamer to mind! She wasn't half a bad sort, herself, and often took us fellows' parts when there were rnctions; so she didn't deserve to be worried as she was.

Well, I was going to tell you about our cave—Blathers' and mine—and that was what made me start about Scott, because it was through reading we went in for the cave. Blathers took a paper called The Boy's Own Adventurer, and there was a splendid tale in it, much better than anything Scott ever wrote, about a chap who lived by smuggling; and rare larks he had! We often talked of running away and taking up the smuggling trade, which must be a glorious life for a fellow with any go in him, but we never could save up enough money to pay our railway fares to the sea. We were in the midlands, you see, and when we got our screws there were always some 'eks to pay up at the school tuckshop. But one day Blathers said:

"I say, Jonesie, I don't see why we shouldn't have a smuggler's cave here, in a small way;" and, when I asked whereabouts, he pointed to the woodpile that was in a corner of the paddock leading out from Marston's garden. It was a great heap of faggots and clumps stored for firewood, I suppose, ready for winter. It took us some time to burrow it out and stow the wood away, without anybody seeing us, and sneaking; but when it was done it really make quite a decent sort of cave, and we smuggled no end of things into it.

It was a great satisfaction to have a place where we could go and smoke when we liked, and we used to smuggle tobacco and cigarettes whenever we got half a chance. The cave had quite a store of tobacco in it at last. We never told a soul, though we wanted to take a rise out of some of the other chaps over it; but it wouldn't have done.

One day Blathers said:

"We ought to kidnap some one—a

WE USED TO SMUGGLE TOBACCO AND CIGARETTES.

girl, if possible, and carry her off. They always do."

"Not a girl, Blathers," I said.

He laughed in an awful ruffianly manner, and puffed at his pipe.

"Why not?"

"Oh, they're silly, and take up so much room. Besides, there isn't a girl worth looking at about here—unless Jane would do."

Jane was the "Squaller's" nurse. She wasn't bad-looking, so far as I had noticed.

"Jane!" said Blathers, in disgust. "I've not come down to servant girls, thanks."

(I forgot to mention that Blathers is older than me; he's nearly fifteen.)

There was, as the novels say, "a prolonged pause." Then, suddenly, old Blathers said:

"Tell you what—why not the 'Squaller' itself?"

I was staggered.

"What, kidnap the 'Squaller?'" I cried.

"Exactly. It wouldn't take up much room, and there'd be no end of sport."

I agreed that it was a good idea, but had my doubts about the future.

"Suppose anything happened to it. Don't babies' heads roll off when they ain't properly held together? They always seem as if they're not on very tight. I remember my sister had one, and when I tried to hold it—"

"Shut up!" said Blathers, contemptuously; "I don't want to hear about your sister's kid. There's no fear, Jonesie; babies have nine lives, like cats; and if it did croak, I should think they'd be thankful to get rid of it."

That settled the matter.

The "Squaller's" doom was sealed!

We laid our plans artfully. Two days later, when Jane was wheeling the "Squaller" up Gypsy Lane in the perambulator (for a wonder it was asleep—the baby, I mean, not the perambulator), she heard an awful yell!

She was walking along as if to-morrow was a year off, and sort of chewing the cud, when she saw us fellows coming down the lane as if Old Nick was after us.

"Mad dog! mad dog!" shrieked Blathers, and I hollooed: "Run for your life! Run—run—run!"

Jane gave one awful yelp, and bolted before you could say Jack Robinson.

When we could see for laughing, Blathers snatched up the "Squaller," and we both tore off to the cave as fast as we could pelt. Of course, the little brute woke up and began to squall, but we got it safe in, and nobody saw us.

"You must go and smuggle a bottle or something, or I shall never stop it," said Blathers, who was waving the bundle of clothes up and down, till it was a wonder the kid inside wasn't shaken to a jelly. Lord! how it did yell.

I sneaked round to the house, and collared a bottle full of milk that was standing in the nursery. If it hadn't been for that I don't believe we ever should have shut it up; but it gurgled and gurgled itself to sleep at last, and weren't we thankful!

We made it up a sort of bed with rugs and things, and then went back to the house to hear the fun.

Several of the fellows were talking together. "What's up?" asked Blathers, carelessly. "Anything the matter?"

IT WAS IN ITS MOTHER'S ARMS.

"Rather," was the answer. "The baby's lost."

"What, the 'Squaller?'"

"Yes. There was a mad dog careering round, so Jane ran away and left the 'Squaller' to it, like a bold female."

"There's an awful rumpus inside," said Thompson, who we always called "Mumps," because of his pudding face. "Mrs M.'s nearly out of her mind, and the guvnor's gone for a detective."

"Why? Did the mad dog eat up the 'Squaller?'" asked Blathers, innocently.

"Nobody knows. It's disappeared, anyhow," said "Mumps."

I daren't say a word for fear of laughing.

"Is anybody looking for the poor little thing?" inquired Blathers, solemnly

I nearly burst!

"No end of people; all the place, I should fancy," said another fellow.

"I think we'd better go and offer our services, Jones, don't you?" remarked Blathers to me, with the most awful wink you ever saw. "I always was fond of that baby, and who knows but we might find it. Come along."

We went down the corridors to Mrs. Marston's sitting-room and knocked at the door. There was no answer, so we walked in.

"Oh, if you please, Mrs. Marston," began Blathers and stopped.

She looked up and the sight of her face was a caution. I declare I shouldn't have known her! Her eyes were all red and wild, with black marks under them, and her face was quite old-looking and awful.

She pressed her hads together, and said:

"Oh, boys, boys, I've lost my baby, my darling!"

Without a word Blathers and I got out of that room as fast as ever we could scuttle. We ran like hares to the cave. I got there first, and snatched up that wretched baby. In five minutes it was in its mother's arms.

You should have seen her face.

I never heard anything like the way she went on over that blessed infant.

All that fuss about a squalling baby!

However, it was a good lark at the start, and I shouldn't so much have minded the finish, only—what do you think she did?

She said: "You dear boy!" put her arms round my neck, and actually had the cheek to kiss me—right before Blathers, too. I did feel a fool!

Blathers roasts me about it to this day. He says she daren't have kissed him, but I know better. She'd have kissed the most blackguardly looking ruffian of a smuggler that ever pirated on the high seas, if he'd brought her back her precious "Squaller"!—Idler.

The Girls Took It All.

Marie—I never could understand how it is people say the Franklin girls got all their beauty from their mother.

Fred—I dare say it's true. They certainly haven't left her much.—Illustrated Bits.

—The most harmonious and cultivated Indian language is said to be the Araucanian. Such pains are taken to preserve its purity that even a preacher will be rebuked by his audience for solecisms in his sermons

ODD FACTS ABOUT BAL[illegible]SS.

Hair as a Sign of Intellectuality—Curious Facts About Men with Shining Pates.

A French doctor who has been [illegible]ndying the subject for many years says that out of one hundred people [illegible] from twenty to thirty years of age, [illegible]en at hazard, twenty-seven will be [illegible]d to be bald.

Women conceal such a defi[illegible]ency with great cleverness, and [illegible] not often detected, but while the [illegible]oss of hair is not so prevalent among t[illegible]em as among men, yet if the proport[illegible]on of the fair sex whose heads are as [illegible]ooth as door-knobs could be accu[illegible]rately learned the results would undou[illegible]ptedly be startling.

Between the ages of thirty-[illegible]x and forty the percentage of bald [illegible]eads rises to forty-seven.

The critical period, however, is between forty and fifty years. Out of one hundred chance subjects but twenty-five had a fairly good growth of hair, while the other seventy-five were almost entirely destitute of capillary covering. When the sixtieth year is past, this French doctor asserts, it is rare to find a man who has hair enough on the top of his head to make parting possible.

It is consoling to know, however, that this affliction is an almost certain sign of intellectual activity, for brain workers are most liable to [illegible]. On the other hand, people of the laboring classes who gain their bread with their hands, are generally exempt from baldness until they have passed beyond the sixty year mark. Why the average workingman, who takes no particular care of his head that ch, should be able to preserve it longer than the man who spends much time in having it brushed and shampooed is a mystery not yet explained.

Among horses it has been remarked that the mane of the thoroughbred is thinner than that which ornaments the neck of his humbler brother who drags a dray or a horse-car.

Another curious thing is that a strong growth of hair is generally indicative of longevity. Most centenarians have extraordinary heads of hair. There is no rule without its exception, however. Bismarck is an octogenarian of wonderful vitality, but almost utterly bald. For some years European caricaturists have been exaggerating and making fun of the three hairs which he has left. This did not deter an enthusiastic admirer of his—an American—who had been much interested in reading of the iron chancellor's birthday fetes, not long ago, from writing him for a lock of hair, which he said he would hand down as a precious relic to his heirs. In due time his letter came back with Prince Bismarck's marginal notation: "Entirely impossible."

In London there is a baldheaded club, every member of which must have a smooth and shiny pate. One of their favorite amusements is to attend in a body music halls and theaters where the ballet is a feature. The attention of the audience, however, is always riveted on the array of bald heads as their owners file down the aisle and seat themselves in the front rows, and throughout the performance they receive more or less noticeable the way of friendly remarks from the gallery.

Not many years ago there was a Parisian wit and boulevardier named Sirandin, who would have been eligible to the presidency of the London club, for his head was absolutely destitute of hair. One hot day he was sitting bareheaded at one of the tables out of doors on the boulevard, with a number of friends about. He noticed a hair on his coatsleeve and carefully picked it up and placed it on top of his head amid the laughter of his companions. Suddenly he began to mop his face with his handkerchief and show every sign of excessive suffering from the heat.

"Dieu! How warm I am," he exclaimed, exhaustedly, a couple of times. Then the reason for it occurred to him, and he cried as he raised his hand to his head:

"Ah! I know what makes me so warm. It's my hair," and he carefully removed it and placed it on the table as he would a wig.—N. Y. World.

A MYSTERY OF THE AGES.

Counterfeit Maid of Orleans Foremost of All Historic Impostors.

In the long array of historic impostors the foremost place is due to the false Pucelle. That false Pucelles should arise indeed was not strange; rather it would have been strange had they not arisen. Through the middle ages the common policy of secretly murdering political prisoners was always dogged by the nemesis of pretenders. When one was put down another arose. These shadows played their parts with varying success, but not one of them had so hard a part to play, nor one of them played it with such spirit and unparalleled success as the false Pucelle.

Let us consider the difficulties which attended her enterprise. She was obliged to represent a character unique in the history of the world, a maiden warrior, whose face, whose ways and "noble manners" were intimately familiar to her kinsfolk, to the court, to the army, to the companies, to the clergy, and to many of the cities of France.

She had to deceive or make accomplices of the brothers, and probably of the cousins, of Jeanne d'Arc. Now, if the brothers may have had something to gain by the resurrection of their sister, the cousins gained nothing, but were at the expense of "much good cheer." Again, this shadow was obliged to beguile the whole town of Orleans, where Jeanne d'Arc was intimately well known to everybody above the age of twelve. The impostor was welcomed by gentlemen who had seen the true maid at the coronation in Rheims. Finally, she rode "boot to boot" beside Marechal de Rais, as Jeanne d'Arc had often ridden six years before.

For this imposter, unlike Perkin Warbeck, enjoyed no advantage from long lapse of time and confusion of memories. The maid's brother had charged beside her at Compiegne in 1430; the town of Orleans had entertained the maid in 1430, yet both the city and the brothers accepted the shadow in 1436! The burning of the true maid had been witnessed by tens of thousands of people on May 30, 1431; nevertheless the autumn of 1433 saw the false maid accepted by the very people who knew the true maid best. Mysterious in her origin, the false Pucelle evades us in her decline.

We lose sight of her forever in 1457. It is only certain that all domestic and official belief in her must have expired with the reversal of the judgment of the court of Rouen, by the inquisition, in the previous year. The whole affair is the most inscrutable of historical romances, and is complicated by some slight inaccuracies and confusions of learned modern French historians. To them and to their diligent researches in archives we owe all our information, yet it must be said that they occasionally mislead or perplex us by making errors not very difficult to avoid.

M. Vignier says that Duc de Grammont has been surprised by his maintaining that Jeanne was not burned. His authority for his skepticism is the extract from the Metz Chronicle discovered by his brother, Pere Vignier, and copied out for him by a notary royal, as early as March, 1645. This famous extract may be abridged to the following effect: On May 20, 1436, la Pucelle Jehanne arrived at La Grange aux Ormes, near St. Privay. Thence she was taken to see some noblemen at Metz, "et se faisoit appeler Claude."

That same day came two of the maid's brothers, Pierre du Lys, a knight, and Petit Jehan, an esquire. They thought that their sister had been burned, but as soon as they saw this woman they recognized her, as she did them. Presents of arms, horses and jewels were conferred on this false Pucelle, who passed into Luxembourg, where she was entertained at Arlon, by Mme. de Luxembourg—Elizabeth of Corlitz. Thence the count of Warnonbourg (Wurtemberg) led her to Cologne; he loved her much, and gave her a very fair cuirass. (Some of the gentlemen who welcomed this false maid had seen Jeanne d'Arc at Rhelms, says M. Lecoy de la Marche.) From Cologne she returned to Arlon, and married the knight Robert des Armoises, or des Hermoises. The bride and bridegroom retired to Metz, "and lived, as long as they pleased, in Robert's house before the church of Saincte Segoleine."—Nineteenth Century Review.

ALBERT EDWARD'S JOKE.

How He Smashed the Crockery and Furniture of an Elderly Countess.

Albert Edward, prince of Wales, is perhaps the most popular man in England. This popularity is due to his love of sports and all manly traits which are particularly commendable in the eyes of the average Britisher. As a youth, his audacity and appreciation of a joke, either as a perpetrator or victim, were well known.

One of his early escapades resulted in her majesty the queen footing a bill for broken crockery and wrecked furniture which the young prince caused in the house of one of the lesser members of the nobility. A rather elderly countess, whose quick temper and sharp tongue drove even her servants away from her, advertised for a footman. The prince, to whose ears tales of the peculiarities of the old lady had come, resolved to teach her a lesson. He therefore presented himself in disguise at her ladyship's house and applied for the position of footman.

The countess had just finished her breakfast, and, pushing her chair back from the table, instructed the servant to bring before her the applicant. The prince was thereupon ushered into the room. The countess looked him over from his feet up.

Apparently pleased with the appearance of the prince, she said: "Let me see you walk."

Albert Edward did as commanded and walked backward and forward several times across the floor from one end of the room to the other, now walking briskly at the request of the old lady and then pacing slowly, as she wished to obtain points on this score.

This performance over, the countess ordered him to trot. The dining-room still the theater of action, the prince trotted around it several times. When this exercise was completed he again came to a standstill near the head of the table, where the countess was seated. Her ladyship seemed pleased, and was just on the point of asking the young man some questions about himself when he shouted:

"Now see me gallop!"

Grasping a corner of the tablecloth firmly in one hand, the prince rushed around the room, pulling the crockery off on the floor in a heap, knocking over the furniture and finally winding her ladyship up in the folds of the cloth. He then bolted for the door, leaving the countess spluttering and shouting and the servants running about in a distracted way to liberate their mistress and quiet her rage.

In the hubbub and confusion the prince escaped. The next day a check from the keeper of the privy purse settled the amount of damages, and likewise established the identity of the mischief maker.—N. Y. Herald.

Hospitality.

Dumas, the elder, had a dog as hospitable as his master; and this dog once invited twelve others to Monte Cristo, Dumas palace, named after his famous novel. Dumas' factotum-in-chief wished to drive off the whole pack.

"Michael," said the great romancer, "I have a social position to sustain; it entails a fixed amount of trouble and expense. You say that I have thirteen dogs, and that they are eating me out of house and home. Thirteen! what an unlucky number!"

"Monsieur—if you will permit—there is but one thing left to do. I must drive them all away."

"Never, Michael!" replied Dumas. "Never! go at once and find me a fourteenth dog."—Youth's Companion.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The Big Sandy, in Kentucky, was so called on account of its sandbars. The Indian name Chatteroi has a similar meaning. One tribe called it We-pe-po-co-ne-ee-pe-we; another the Si-ke-a-ee-pe, or "Salt river."

—As a flower giving greatest diversity in shades of color the carnation is perhaps unique, having flowers of a self or single color in pure white, lemon, yellow, buff, terra cotta, pink, rose, crimson, brilliant scarlet, red, maroon, brown, bluish purple, grey and all intermediate shades.

—A woman moonshiner from the mountains of Polk county, N. C., was brought before the United States court at Charlotte some time ago. It was shown that she had been doing an extensive business in distilling and selling moonshine whisky. She was fined one hundred dollars and sent to jail for three months.

—Boston ladies leaving the city for the summer have keenly felt the need of a place where they could, as it were, store their husbands. Now comes a "refined widow lady," who can give the highest references, who offers for a consideration to "lodge and board respectable husbands, look after their linen and give them a mother's care if ill."

—Hicksville, O., boasts of having the oldest bicycle rider of any town in the state in the person of Joseph Boulton. Although in his seventieth year he is as spry as a cricket and an all-around athlete, and can easily out-distance many riders one-third his age. Mr. Boulton has never entered a race, but would gladly do so if he could find anyone eligible to his class.

—Under a new ordinance in Griffin, Ga., a barroom in that town may not connect with another room, and must have but one doorway, for entrance and exit. Even if the proprietor of the bar lives in the building in which it is situated, he must have a separate entrance to his house, and from his bar must go out into the street in order to get into his home. The object of the ordinance is obvious.

—Little Flossie Slosoco, the eight-year-old daughter of the turnpike superintendent of Yonkers, who saved the life of the infant son of Millionaire Doolittle by pushing him off the railroad track, where he had wandered while his nurse was shopping, has just received the odd reward she asked for. It consists of a white pony, a white goat, a white dog, a white cat, a white rat and a white mouse.

—Proceedings have been instituted to condemn two strips of land belonging to the Gettysburg Electric Railway company which are wanted by the government as an addition to the Gettysburg Battlefield park. The judgment in the condemnation proceedings that were once before instituted was set aside by the United States supreme court on the ground that no authority had been given by congress for the condemnation of the land.

—The Chicago & Northern Pacific road, having tried for several years to build up a paying suburban business between Chicago and frequent stations on its three or four lines to the west and south, is now going to see if extremely low fares will do what ordinary rates have failed to accomplish. Under a new schedule one-way and round-trip fares have been cut in two and corresponding reductions have been made in commutation tickets.

—George Dunbar killed a tree snake five and one-half feet long and five inches in diameter not long ago in Willow Springs, Wis. George's younger brother was with him and had climbed a tree to rob a crow's nest, when a limb broke and the commotion caused the reptile to poke its head out of its hole in such close proximity to the boy's face that he changed his plans and slid down the tree in less than half the time he expended in going up. Then George raised his rifle and fired a bullet through the snake's head and it dropped to the ground. The snake was sold to a Darlington jeweler, who turned it over to a taxidermist for preservation.

A PICKPOCKET IN LOVE.

Curious Story from One of the Chicago Police Courts.

An aged pickpocket in love is so uncommon a spectacle in the police courts as to attract some notice. Chicago, the city of curiosities, had such a case lately. A veteran pocketbook snatcher of sixty-two summers was sentenced in one of the police courts of that town to three months of durance vile.

The old fellow was in love; a fact that may account for his not seeming to have possessed the usual cunning of of his kind. For had he been a little less absorbed in the contemplation of the charms of his "darling pet"—as he styled his inamorata—he would certainly not have disclosed quite as much as he did. This disclosure was contained in a letter to his lady-love, which was found upon his person when searched at the police station. After landing her beauty and stating how hard he was working to obtain "something that would make her look prettier than ever," he said that the reason that he was in Chicago was that he had "a hot tumble" in Indianapolis.

"There are more depots here than in Indianapolis," he went on to say, "and one of little means has a better chance here. In my whole life I have never seen so many women carrying their pocketbooks in their hands. They don't seem to like to trust them in satchels, anyhow. Love to Polly, Lilly, Lou and Mollie, and am ever yours affectionately."

A well-known lady—an actress—once said that "it is a very good idea for a woman to have work that identifies her thoroughly with her husband's life." Does the remark hold good in the case of lovers—when one of them is a pickpocket? Whether it does or not, the comment of the old thief on the mania of carrying pocketbooks in the hand contains a timely moral, and the sooner fashion—usage—or whatever it may be termed—profits by it the better for those ladies who are addicted to the habit.—Baltimore News.

AT THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

Brother Pullback Called Down on His Biblical Views.

"If Brudder Trustee Pullback am in de hall dis eaveuin' I should like him to step for'd," said Brother Gardner, as the regular business of the meeting was concluded.

Brother Pullback had just crowded in between the stove and the woodbox to peel and eat an onion he had brought along to stay his stomach with, and it was with considerable hesitation that he made his appearance.

"Brudder Pullback," continued the president of the Lime-Kiln club, "on de way home from church last Sunday yo' declar'd to Brudder Pickles Smith dat yo' didn't dun believe de whale swallered Joner."

"Y-yes, sah."

"Dat same eavenin', when Elder Toots cum ober to yo'r cabin, yo' told him yo' didn't dun believe dar was any whale around at de time."

"I was jest talkin,' sah."

"Next day, when yo' met Brudder Samuel Shin, yo' dun said yo' didn't believe dar' was any sich pusson as Joner."

"Dat was only argyment, sah."

"Brudder Pullback," continued the president, as he grew more earnest, "yo' has sot right here an' heard me read de bylaw agin religus disenshuns. Yo' has seen members fined an' suspended bekase dey broke de bylaws. Yo' am one of de oldest members, an' yit yo' walk ober der rules an' regulashuns as if dey war straws on de airth! Fustly, why didn't de whale swaller Joner? Answer me dat!"

"I dunno, sah."

"Secondly, why wasn't de whale around when Joner was frowed into de sea?"

"Dunno."

"Thirdly, why wasn't dar a pusson named Joner, jist de same as dar' am a pusson named Pullback?"

"Dunno."

"Brudder Pullback, I has met up wid jest sich pig-headed pussons as yo' am befo! Yo' believe in ghosts, but yo' doan' believe in de whale. Yo' believe in dreams but yo' doan' believe in Joner. If somebody dun told yo' dat a house blowed down in Chicago yo'd take it for gospel troof, but when de Bible tells yo' 'bout Joner yo' declar' it's a yarn. Bekase yo' wasn't right dar' an' seed it wid yo'r own eyes you' argy dat it couldn't hev happened."

"I wasn't in airnest, sah," humbly protested Pullback.

"Den so much de wuss fur yo'! Do man who starts an argyment fur de sake of listenin' to his own gab libs next doah to a fule! Hev yo' searched de records an' failed to find dat dar was sich a pusson as Joner?"

"No, sah."

"Hev yo' looked up de whalin' bizness an' failed to diskiver dat dar was a whale on hand at de proper time an' place?"

"No, sah."

"I thought not! Hev yo' got any proofs lyin' around de house dat de Bible ain't true?"

"No, sah."

"Den how does it happen dat yo' am steppin' high wid yo'r hat on yo'r ear an' declarin' dat yo' don't believe in dese stories?"

Brother Pullback was silent.

"I hev a few mo' words to say to yo', sah!" continued the president, as he approached the end of the platform. "De quickest way to let yo'r feller-men know dat yo' am a fule is to argy on a mattah yo' doan dun know nuffin 'bout. Yo' may believe in the hull Bible, in half of it or in none of it 'tall, but yo' must gin odder folks de same show. Dar may be sumthin' powerful wrong 'bout Dan'l in de lion's den, de passago of the Red sea, an' de whale wot swallered Joner, but it looks mighty quare dat it should be left to a hump-backed, knee-sprung old man like yo' to find it all out. Yo' am de pusson, I believe, who took Brudder Watkins out behind a lumber-pile an' shook yo' fists in his face bekase he said he believed dat Adam was seben feet high?"

"How did he know 'bout it?" said Brother Pullback.

"An' how did yo' know 'bout it! Yo' said Adam was eight feet high, an' he said seben. Dar' am no figgers to be had as to Adam's height, weight or how fur he could jump. Bouf of yo' jess guessed at his tallness, an' Brudder Watkins was as liable to be right as yo' was. It wasn't ober fo' weeks ago dat yo' was gwine to thump Brudder Johnson at his own gate of a Sunday evenin' bekase he differed wid yo' 'bout Noah's ark. Yo' said it was painted red an' he said it was painted blue, an' yo' reached out fur his neck. Whar-abouts did yo' find out de color of de ark? In what part of de Bible did yo' strike de redness of it?"

Brother Pullback hung his head and scraped at the floor with his foot, and the president raised his voice a note higher as he continued:

"Go an' sot down, Brudder Pullback! I'ze gwine to examine yo'r case for another week or two! At de next meetin' mebee yo'll cum around an' tell us dat you' has concluded dar' was a Joner an' a whale, an' dat yo' feel a heap better to git it off yo'r mind. If yo' doan' do so den we'll know dat yo' hev decided to resign from dis Lime-Kiln club, an' jine wid de 'Ancient Order of Disbelievers,' an' we'll bid yo' good-by an' let yo' go! Let us now blow out de lights an' perambulate to our homes."—M. Quad, in Detroit Free Press.

Stub Ends of Thought.

Cupid is the most reckless shooter that ever pulled a trigger.

The ordinary courtship is a perilously fluffy foundation for such a solid superstructure as matrimony.

A frank woman is either very shallow or very deep.

Bachelors do not improve with age.

Love is the great unrest.

Art is the creation of the non-existent.

We want to find in novels what we do not find in real life.

Women love compliments as the bees love flowers.—Detroit Free Press.

FARM AND GARDEN.

BEES FORM FRIENDSHIPS.

Experience of a Young Man to Whom They Took a Liking.

"I always loved bees," said the young man in gold-bowed glasses behind the dniry counter as he handed down a honeycomb for the inspection of an idle customer. "When I was on the farm," he continued, "I could go all about the hives and not get stung, and none of the others dared go near the bees. We used to have an old farmer come around and tend to the swarms, but one day when I was a boy working in the fields I heard a great humming noise up in the air and saw a swarm a-coming. Well, I picked up a tin pan that was there and hammered on it till the bees settled on the end of a fence rail. Then I thought I could tend to the swarm as well as the old farmer, so I got an old hive, washed it out with honey and water, rubbed my hands and arms with burdock juice and honey water and went at the bees. I got them off that rail by the handful and they never stung me.

"After that I regularly tended to the bees. Whenever there was a swarm I rolled up my sleeves, took off my shoes and hat and went at them. I have taken them from all sorts of places, but I was stung only once. They'd light on my head by the dozen and crawl through my hair. That used to send cold chills down my back. Sometimes my arms were so covered with bees that from wrist to elbow you couldn't see the flesh. The one time when I was stung I had found a swarm on a high limb and was sawing it off and at the same time holding on to it so that it should not fall to the ground with the bees. In doing this I squeezed one of the bees and it flew straight at my temple and stung me just above the eye. Since I left the farm the folks have given up the bee business. There's no doubt about it, bees like some folks and hate others, and I don't know any reason for the difference."—N. Y. Sun.

SHEEP FOR BEGINNERS.

Best Time to Buy, According to This Writer, Is in the Fall.

It is easy to muddle the novice with a variety of advice, and to get away from the possibility of doing that I wish to offer the following hints as the most valuable and concise that occur to me. Study your farm conditions and learn exactly what sheep will thrive best upon it. If you are not able to purchase even a small flock of pure bred or high grade sheep, then put all you can advantageously in a pure bred ram, and after that do the best you can in buying ewes. Start right, even upon a small scale. The sheep will rapidly increase. In purchasing a ram get one fully developed, strong in bone, straight shaped and thoroughly typical of his breed and sex. I have always had an intuitive liking for the lamb that will leave a group of his fellows in the field and boldly front you. Do not purchase sheep that you have no trust in for proper development. It is only the experienced breeder who can forecast development. Never take an ill-doing sheep, even if it is cheap, with the expectation that it will become right. In selecting sheep, handle them so that you may know how much of their form is due to themselves and how much to the shears. Select as critically as you can to a chosen type. Uniformity is a cheap feature for you to buy and yet a valuable one in a flock. There is no sheep that embodies perfection in sheep qualities. Judging between different sheep is a checking of weakness and a balancing of qualities. Be inclined toward the sheep that appears better every time it catches your eye. The purchaser will find it to his interests to select from the field fitted for show. The best time to buy is usually in the fall. Provision may be made with the seller to have the ewes served by a ram of different breeding from the one you buy, and thereby you add another season's use to the ram of your flock.—J. A. Craig, in Colman's Rural World.

A PRACTICAL COOP.

Can Be Made in a Few Minutes from a Dry Goods Box.

The chicken coop illustrated herewith is both practical and easily made. It is a dry goods box, which can be purchased anywhere for a few cents, with a roof of light boards, the gable-ends of the roof being simply slatted

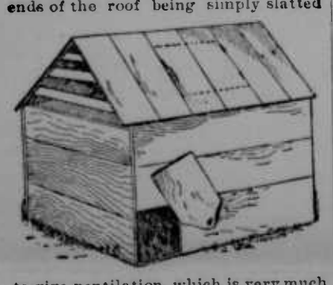

to give ventilation, which is very much needed in a chicken coop in warm weather. Two of the boards on one side of the roof are arranged as a door to give access to the interior. The coop can be cleaned by scraping the litter on the floor out through the little door in the corner. Such coops are easy to make, cheap, easy to keep clean, and afford healthy quarters for the chicks.—Webb Donnell, in Country Gentleman.

THERE is a horsemeat war in Paris. The pork butchers are demanding the labelling of sausages in which this meat has been used, and it is probable that a law on this subject will soon be passed. The importance of the industry can be realized from the fact that in 1892 20,000 horses were slaughtered in Paris, three-fourths of which went into sausages.—N. Y. World.

CARELESSNESS and its twin brother, illee, are the worst enemies of the poultry yard.

THE practice of washing sheep before shearing is fast dying out.

THE BOAR'S TUSKS.

Removal with the Saw Is the Only Proper and Humane Method.

One of your correspondents some time since asked how to take the tusks out of a boar, and said he had heard they could be knocked out. Your advice was to saw them off, and it is the only right way to do.

Last fall I lost a boar, and to examine the jaw and teeth I sawed it off just back of the fourth double tooth. Then I boiled all flesh off, and allowed it to dry perfectly. I was well repaid for my trouble, for I had no idea of the strength, size and weight—and so very different from a barrow pig or sow's jaw!

The jawbone was 5 inches long to back of fourth tooth; width at fourth tooth, 4 inches outside of jaws; depth, 2½ inches; thickness of each side of jaw, 1¼ inches; weight (perfectly dry), 1½ pounds. The tusks are solid over half their length and very strong, and so constructed as to be very powerful in an upward movement. In shape, three-sided, the outsides, which are almost at right angles, bracing the inside, which is convex.

The tusks of an ordinary boar two years old will project out of jaw 1¼ inches and will be imbedded in jawbone 6 inches. The dry tush will weigh 1¼ to 1½ ounces, and is as pretty ivory as an African elephant's. The front teeth, four in number, are about 2¼ inches long, almost straight, and a hard blow with a heavy hammer will have no ef-

SIDE VIEW. 1-3 natural size. 1. Front outside tooth; goes behind tusk; about 1-16 inch bone separates them. 2. Tusk in left side as you face hog. 3. Line where I sawed through jaw at the 4th double tooth and cut end of tusk. 4. Front teeth about 2¾ inches long. Weight of jaw as above, boiled perfectly, 1 lb. 8 oz.

fect on them. The tusk in the upper jaw shuts over the under tusk in so peculiar a manner as to keep it sharp. The upper tusk projects out about 1½ inches, and is solid and much more strongly made than the under one. I have the tusks of a boar 26 months old; weight, 1¼ oz. each; 8 inches long, 2¼ inches in circumference, and as sharp as if rubbed on a stone.

Now the question rises, how any man can deliberately try to hammer the teeth out of a hog and yet lay claim to being human? I cannot see how it is possible to knock the tusks off and not break or crack the jaw. It is very easy to saw the tusks off. Chloroform is perhaps the nicest, but ropes properly fixed make it is easy and safe.—Cor. Country Gentleman.

SWEET POTATOES.

Some Interesting Facts About Their Cultivation and Use.

The sweet potato is most commonly propagated by means of buds from roots planted in hotbeds, and the shoots as they develop are planted in the field. Cuttings from these vines are often rooted and transplanted for the main crop. The plant rarely matures seed in the United States. Ninety days after the sets are transplanted early varieties will be ready to dig for use. The best growth is made in warm, sandy, well-drained, and even dry soil. The greatest care in harvesting is necessary to prevent bruising the roots in handling, for the skin is very tender and wounded roots are sure to decay. They are best preserved by being kept in a temperature of seventy-five degrees for a fortnight after digging, and then lowering the temperature and keeping it during the winter at from fifty to sixty degrees in a dry atmosphere.

Rather more than two-thirds of the weight of the sweet-potato root is water. Three pounds of the roots afford as much dry matter as one pound of corn, but only about half as much protein. On sandy soil, however, more dry matter to the acre can be secured with a crop of sweet potatoes than with a crop of corn. The young leaves and tender sprouts of the plant are sometimes prepared and eaten like spinach, and the vines, although they are usually left to decay in the field can be profitably used as food for cattle. They are better fed green than cured into hay, and they cannot be successfully made into ensilage.—N. Y. World.

ABOUT INSECTICIDES.

What to Use for Different Orchard and Garden Pests.

Paris green and kerosene emulsion are still the best insecticides. The Paris green is valuable for those insects which chew, and has the great recommendation that when fungi and insects are both to be fought it may be applied with the Bordeaux mixture. The kerosene emulsion is valuable for those insects which suck. The great objection to it, the bother of preparing an emulsion, has been done away with by a recent invention which forms a mechanical mixture of the oil and water.

In this connection it is well to remember the following points: It is fungi that causes apples to drop when small. Spraying will make them hold on. The quince grower can have fair fruit and healthy trees if he will use the sprayer. Pear trees will not lose their leaves in August if sprayed in the early summer. Cherry, plum and grape rot; black knot in cherry and plum; raspberry and blackberry rust; strawberry leaf blight; apple scab; cracking of the pear; quince scab; premature fall of the leaf of the apple, pear, quince, cherry and currant—all these are lessened or prevented by spraying. Cherries, plums and peaches have tender foliage, and the mixture must be diluted.

THE greater growth of the potato vines the better shade they make, and this keeps the soil cool and moist, and beneficial to the crop

THE MAELSTROM'S SECRET.

A French Scientific Party to Investigate the Whirlpool.

The theory that the great maelstrom whirlpool, off the coast of Norway, is subterraneously connected with the Gulf of Bothnia has found many believers, among the celebrated Kirchner, who prepared the architectural plans of what the Tower of Babel was like. Yearning for something definite as to the mystery of nature, however, the French government has nominated a scientific commission to study the celebrated whirlpool, to investigate its suggested connections with the Gulf Stream and to rectify existing charts of its currents.

All the poetry of Scandinavia centers around the terrible gulf which expresses the supreme horror of nature. But we live in a more positive age. The whirlpool is in the vicinity of the wildest rock-bound coast of Norway, the black cliffs of which have been called "ramparts of the world." Still there are times when the pool is so calm that a small boat can sail across its presumed mouth. No ship has ever been sucked down—mariners know the currents by their charts—save that described by Edgar Allan Poe, so full of "creepiness," and where the vessel is converted into matchwood. Of its crew one alone was rescued, a youth of 22, who, after some corkscrew tossing in the funnel, was thrown up on a beach some miles away, his hair having become as white as snow and he himself a wizzened old man.

During periods of storm the maelstrom is said to resemble a funnel, the water whirling inside a ring of foam; but the eye can see the descending liquid wall to be all jet-black water. Trunks of trees have been thrown up to split that the natives say they have become "mermaids' hair." Of course there are legends of whales having been drawn into the great mill race, and that their cries have been heard above the storm.

What will accrue to science from the result of the French commission is naturally impossible to predict. As was evidenced by the late expedition of a Frenchman to the depths of the Red sea to recover traces of Pharoah's lost hosts, the Gauls of to-day have a decided fondness for peering into matters the investigation of which seems to be contrary to the decrees of both Time and Nature. But an outside observer might plausibly allege that a descent into a volcano to ascertain whence came the fiery scoria, as well as observations as to the effect of the ejected molten lava upon the circumjacent air, would be quite as easy and of equal advantage to the world of science as the proposed effort to fathom the mysteries of the Maelstrom. The fascination for diving into the unknown is, however, so great that as long as mysteries shall exist somebody will be found to spend valuable time, valuable life and valuable means upon their solution.—Philadelphia Record.

THROAT PARALYSIS.

(From the Courier-Herald, Saginaw, Mich.)

It was publicly talked all over Clare County, Mich., for some time before the *Courier-Herald* sent a reporter to Dover to fully investigate the Coulter matter. He finally went, and we publish to-day his full report. The Coulters are prominent people, though Mrs. C. in response to the question whether she objected to being interviewed, said: "Certainly not." Her story follows:

"About 14 years ago we decided to take up our abode in Dover and everything went along smoothly for several years, business progressed and being of a saving temperament we accumulated quite an amount. Our family increased as the years rolled by and we now have 5 children living, the oldest 15, youngest 3, but sickness made its way into our household, and doctors' bills flooded upon us, until we have nothing left but our home, and these sweet children. Everything else went to satisfy the claims of physicians.

"About 3 years ago I had a miserable feeling at the back of my ears, my right hand became paralyzed and the paralysis extended to my arm and throat, and would affect my head and eyes, sometimes for days I would lose my sight, my face was deformed, lifeless, as it were, my nose was drawn to one side and I presented a pitiable appearance and never expecting to regain my natural facial expressions. I employed the best physicians that could be procured, expending thousands of dollars for their services but could not obtain relief. At last, they stated my case was beyond the reach of medical skill, and it would be but a short time until the end would come. This certainly was not very encouraging to me, but I never gave up hope. In connection with receiving the attendance of physicians I have tried every medicine known to the apothecary but never received any relief until Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People came to my assistance. Before I had taken half of the first box the deformity in my face had left me, and before four boxes had been consumed the paralysis had disappeared entirely and much to my surprise I felt like a new woman, I have not taken any medicine since last spring, just about a year ago and my trouble has not appeared since. I owe my health, my life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"A short time since my little boy John was afflicted with St. Vitus' dance. He could not walk across the room without assistance, in fact he would fall all over himself, but after taking a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, St. Vitus' dance entirely left him, and no trace of the affliction is left. These pills are worth their weight in gold. You may say in this connection that I am willing at any time to make affidavit to the truth of these statements, and furthermore I will answer any communication concerning my case, as I consider it nothing more than right and just that I should assist suffering humanity."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

The Cause of the Trouble.

The Physician—Great Scott! young lady, you say you had eleven dishes of ice cream, four soda waters and a ham sandwich. Can you wonder why you're sick?

The Young Lady (feebly)—It must have been the ham sandwich, I suppose.—Chicago Record.

Sackcloth Before Stripes.

Rev. Goodall—My friend, if you are sorry you embezzled the money why not return it now?

Badun—Because then they'd be able to hire a good lawyer to prosecute, and I couldn't pay one to defend me.—Puck.

DE[FAU]LTING POSTMASTERS.

A Source of Much Trouble to the Government Treasury.

Beca[use] there is an annual deficit in the po[st] office department it must not be take[n] for granted that the postal service [of] the country can never be made [self]-sustaining, said a representative o[f] the department of justice, who was on [his] way west to collect on a judgm[ent] against a defaulting postmaste[r] on the Pacific coast. The main cause [of] the deficit is the number of postm[as]ters in small places who default [and] leave worthless bonds against whic[h] practically nothing can be collected. They are usually for petty amoun[ts], and more often than not are the res[ult] of ignorance and bad bookkeepin[g]. As soon as a postmaster stops s[end]ing in his report it is taken for gra[nted] that something is wrong, and an [in]spector is sent to go over the books. When the accounts are straightened o[ut] the post office authorities get judgm[ent] against the postmaster's bondsm[en]. These judgments are then turned [ov]er to the department of justice for [col]lection. In nine cases out of ten [the] amount defaulted is not worth [all] this trouble and expense, but the m[en] have to be prosecuted for the sake o[f] policy, for if postmasters were allowed [to] default with impunity the postal [ser]vice, as far as the smaller offices [are] concerned, would soon grow demoralized and all discipline would be at an end. These claims are prosecuted with the utmost formality, and a special agent for the department of justice is sent to the scene of action, armed with authority to levy on everything in sight. The department clerks look upon these trips as soft snaps, and the fellows who stand in well with their superiors can have as many as they wish. The soft snap part consists in traveling all over the country with first-class accommodations at the expense of the government.

The postmaster in a small town is generally the owner of a store. While a big man politically, he is usually a mighty small one financially. His bondsmen are often just as irresponsible. It is looked upon as a mere matter of form to go upon a postmaster's bond, and many qualify when they have no property. When the bonds prove worthless nothing of course can be done at the time. In such a case we transfer the judgments and trust to luck that the boudsmen will some day strike it rich and have something to levy on. The postmaster got behind in his accounts. There was probably no fraud intended, but the man had a supreme ignorance of bookkeeping and got all mixed up. He was under one thousand dollars bond, the funny thing being that ten men had qualified in one hundred dollars each for him. When I went to levy on the judgments I found that not one of the men was worth over fifteen dollars in tangible property. All the postmaster himself really owned was a pair of mules. When these were put up at auction by the sheriff no one in the place would bid on them, and the postmaster laughed at me as he bought them in himself for a trifle.

But there is often danger as well as profit and amusement in these trips. Some months ago I was sent to a little place in Georgia. As soon as I arrived the news was circulated that a United States marshal had come down after the postmaster. The man's friends held a secret meeting. When it was over they armed themselves with Winchesters and formed a bodyguard around the postmaster. Then they all marched to the hotel where I was stopping and called me out. I tried to convince them that I was a chance visitor and had no designs on their chief citizen, but it would not work. They gave me till train time to get out. I got. The government never collected anything on judgments.—N. Y. World.

"CHARLEY," she asked, as they sat looking at the game, "how many balls make a but?" He looked long and suspiciously at her, then averted his face and slipped into it another clove.—Cincinnati Tribune.

TO SETTLE THE BABY.—Hicks—"Got any knock-out drops?" Druggist — "What! What do you want them for?" Hicks—"Baby's got the colic."—N. Y. World.

GREAT joy, especially after a sudden change of circumstances, is apt to be silent, and dwells rather in the heart than on the tongue.—Fielding.

WIFE—"Do you think our cook is in Heaven, John?" Husband—"What, now? Why, she's been dead over a week, my dear."—Life.

THE love of Heaven makes one heavenly. —Shakespeare.

THE man who hates light will run from a shadow.—Ram's Horn.

"WHY doesn't the clock strike thirteen, pa?" "Because, Bobby, it hasn't the face to do it."

WHEN one is unable to meet his obligations they meet him at every turn.—Galveston News.

THE wise man can learn something from the mistakes of a fool.—Ram's Horn.

HE shall be immortal who liveth till he be stoned by one without fault.—Fuller.

[Pa]rsimony often costs too much, and power and [pl]easure are not cheap.—Emerson.

When a married man falls sick his mother always blames his wife.—Burlington Hawk-Eye.

OFTENTIMES excusing of a fault doth make the fault the worse by the excuse.—Shakespeare.

THE wheelbarrow dealer has no trouble in keeping his goods before the people.—Chicago Mail.

TALK what you will of taste, my friend, you will find two of a face as soon as of a mind.—Popo.

ALL great nations delight in stability; all great men find eternity affirmed in the very promise of their faculties.—Emerson.

IF there is any dog in a man, it is sure to growl when his food is not to his taste.—Ram's Horn.

"MY son, you ask who or what a 'nobody' is. Well, my dear boy, a 'nobody' is a prominent woman's husband."

THE roast beef of old England seems to be yielding to the canned beef of young America.—New London Telegraph.

Royal Baking Powder

Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Government Food Report.

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Talking Shop.

"Is my proposal accepted?" he asked of the daughter of the naval constructor.

"It is received and filed," she responded, "but I expressly reserve the right to reject any or all bids."—Judge.

THE end of a novel (compressed by the editor owing to lack of space) "... Ottokar took a small brandy, then his hat, his departure, besides no notice of his pursuers, meantime a revolver out of his pocket, and lastly his own life."—Deutsche Leschulle.

IF you try t' find out what women dey do or don't do things for, you're worse off your base dun before. See? De best way is t' take 'em as you find 'em, and try not to go crazy thinking 'bout it. Dat's right.—Chimmie Fadden.

"EBEN de wukman dat tuhns out er po' job," said Uncle Eben, "am a heap mo' respectable dan de man dat doan' do nuffin' but look on an' make remahks."—Washington Star.

DIFFICULT.—Mistress—"Bridget, I have a new bell that I want you to ring at meal times." Bridget—"Shure, ma'am, how kin Oi, when Oi have to wait on the table?"—Brooklyn Life.

A BRIGHT IDEA.—Lady of the House—"For goodness' sake, what are you smearing on that sofa, Maria?" Servant—"Mustard, please 'm, to keep the cat from getting on it."—Alterlei Heiteres.

Summer Tourist Rates.

The North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y) is now selling excursion tickets at reduced rates to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Ashland, Bayfield, Marquette, Deadwood, Dakota, Hot Springs, Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Salt Lake City, and the lake and mountain resorts of the west and northwest. For rates and full information apply to Agents of connecting lines. Illustrated pamphlets, giving full particulars, will be mailed free upon application to W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago & North-Western R'y, Chicago, Ill.

THE quiet tenderness of Chaucer, where you almost seem to hear the hot tears falling, and the simple, choking words sobbed out.—Lowell.

Tobacco User's Sore Throat.

It's so common that every tobacco user has an irritated throat that gradually develops into a serious condition, frequently consumption, and it's the kind of a sore throat that never gets well as long as you use tobacco. The tobacco habit, sore throat and lost manhood cured by No-To-Bac. Sold and guaranteed to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book, titled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

LITTLE GLADYS—"Granny, go down on your hands and knees for a minute, please." Fond Grandmother—"What am I to do that for, my pet?" Little Gladys—"'Cause I want to draw an elephant."

Queen & Crescent Route to the Atlanta Exposition.

It will be one of the greatest fairs ever known in America.

Many features of the Chicago World's Fair and many additional and new ones.

Exposition open September 18th to December 31st, 1895.

Do you want to go?

Write to W. C. RINEARSON, G. P. A., Cincinnati, O., for printed matter.

MRS. SNAGGS (reading the fashion news)—"Yellow is to be a very fashionable color." Mr. Snaggs—"Then our baby is right in style. He's a yeller."

Old Heads and Young Hearts

You sometimes see conjoined in elderly individuals, but seldom behold an old man or woman as exempt from infirmities as in youth. But these infirmities may be mitigated in great measure by the daily and regular use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an invigorant, anti-rheumatic and sustaining medicine of the highest order, which also removes dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness and kidney trouble. It is adapted to the use of the most delicate and feeble.

IF you would succeed learn how to do something useful better than anybody else can do it.—Galveston News.

The True Laxative Principle.

Of the plants used in manufacturing the pleasant remedy, Syrup of Figs, has a permanently beneficial effect on the human system, while the cheap vegetable extracts and mineral solutions, usually sold as medicines, are permanently injurious. Being well informed, you will use the true remedy only. Manufactured by California Fig Syrup Co.

THERE is something in the shape of harps as though they had been made by music.—Bailey.

I BELIEVE Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. ALLIE DOUGLASS, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 20, '94.

HARD times do not affect counterfeiters. They always make money.—Truth.

MERCURIAL POISON

Is the result of the usual treatment of blood disorders. The system is filled with Mercury and Potash remedies—more to be dreaded than the disease—and in a short while is in a far worse condition than before. The common result is

RHEUMATISM

for which S.S.S. is the most reliable cure. A few bottles will afford relief where all else has failed. I suffered from a severe attack of Mercurial Rheumatism, my arms and legs being swollen to twice their natural size, causing the most excruciating pains. I spent hundreds of dollars without relief, but after taking a few bottles of S.S.S. I improved rapidly and am now a well man, completely cured. I can heartily recommend it to any one suffering from this painful disease. W. F. DALEY, Brooklyn Elevated R. R.

Our Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free to any address. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

RYE, 60 BUSHELS PER ACRE.

Do you know Winter Rye is one of the best paying crops to plant? Well it is. Big yields are sure when you plant Salzer's Monster Rye. That is the universal verdict. Winter Wheat from 40 to 60 bushels. Lots of grasses and clovers for fall seeding. Catalogue and samples of Rye, Winter Wheat and Crimson Clover free if you cut this out and send it to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. [K]

STILL DISSATISFIED.—The man who sighs
For the happy day
When a barefoot boy he ran,
Is the same old boy who used to say:
"I wisht I was a man."
—Philadelphia Record.

No SPECIFIC for local skin troubles equals Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

"WHAT'S that terrible cry I hear?" "Oh, that's our college yell!" "It must be a collogo of dentistry."—Puck.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

WHAT is the legal expression for a love-letter?—A writ of attachment.

You can carry the little vial of Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets right in the vest-pocket of your dress suit, and it will not make even a little lump. The "Pellets" are so small that 42 to 44 of them go in a vial scarcely more than an inch long, and as big round as a lead pencil.

They *cure* constipation.

One "Pellet" is a laxative; two a mild cathartic. One taken after dinner will stimulate digestive action and palliate the effects of over-eating. They act with gentle efficiency on stomach, liver and bowels. They don't do the work themselves. They simply stimulate the natural action of the organs themselves.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT

The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.

At Druggists, 50c & $1. Advice & Pamphlet free.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

SUMMER VACATION TOURS

Special Car Parties, Personally Conducted

To COLORADO AND THE YELLOWSTONE PARK

FIRST TOUR

Twenty Days; Cost $140.00

Leaving Chicago Wednesday, June 26

To the Yellowstone Park via Colorado, Marshall Pass, Glenwood Springs, Salt Lake City. Six days' tour of Yellowstone Park. Returning through the Black Hills, via the Custer Battlefield and Hot Springs, So. Dak.

SECOND TOUR

Seventeen Days; Cost $160.00

Leaving Chicago Wednesday, Aug. 7

To the Yellowstone Park by way of Kansas City, Mo., and Lincoln, Neb. Through the Black Hills via Hot Springs, Deadwood and Custer Battlefield. Six days' tour of Yellowstone Park. Returning via Minneapolis and Lake Minnetonka.

THIRD TOUR

Fourteen Days; Cost $130.00

Leaving Chicago Wednesday, Aug. 14

Through Scenic Colorado by way of Denver, Manitou, Pike's Peak, Colorado Springs, Royal Gorge, Marshall Pass—Around the Circle—Mount Ouray stage ride, Rico, Durango, Glenwood Springs and Leadville.

The cost of tickets for these Tours includes railroad transportation, sleeping-car fares, meals and lodging, carriage and side trips—everything save the incidental expenses.

THE SERVICE IN ALL RESPECTS WILL BE FIRST CLASS IN EVERY PARTICULAR.

Consult your nearest ticket agent in regard to these parties, or send for a descriptive pamphlet to

T. A. GRADY, Manager Burlington Route Tours, 211 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

LOOK FOR THIS LOCK!

—IT IS ON—

The BEST SCHOOL SHOE Made

HAMILTON BROWN SHOE CO. SECURITY SCHOOL SHOE SEE THAT THE LOCK IS STAMPED ON THE BOTTOM OF EACH SHOE

PRICES FOR CASH

5 to 7½—$1.00 11 to 13½—$1.50

8 to 10½— 1.25 1 to 3 — 1.75

IF YOU CAN'T GET THEM FROM YOUR DEALER WRITE TO

HAMILTON-BROWN SHOE CO., ST. LOUIS.

MILLIONS NOW USE PEARLINE

POPULAR NOVELS.

ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI

packages contain a list of novels by the most popular Authors. Five Cents in stamps will procure any one of them delivered FREE.

ADAMS & SONS CO., Sands St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

OF VALUABLE

Real Estate,

In Garrett County, Md.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, passed on the 15th day of July, A. D. 1895, in a cause in said court depending, wherein John Hetrick et al. by Henry Felk *pro chein ami* are plaintiffs and Charles W. Hetrick is defendant, it being No. 703 on the Equity docket of said court, the undersigned trustee will sell at public auction in front of John E. Gungey's store in the town of Accident, Garrett county, Maryland, on

Saturday, August 10,

1895, at 1 o'clock p. m., all the real estate in the proceedings mentioned, to-wit:

All of the following described lots, pieces or parcels of land, lying westward of Fort Cumberland in Garrett county, Maryland, and known and designated as

Military Lot No. 3227,

Containing 40 Acres, and

LOT NUMBER 3229,

Containing 37½ Acres,

and being the same properly described in a deed from Martin Hetrick to Rachel Hetrick dated the 31st day of May, 1880, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 18, folio 93, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and comprises what is commonly known as

"The Timothy Miller Place,"

located about two and one-half miles southeast of Accident.

The entire farm is under fence and about 75 acres are cleared and under cultivation. The other improvements consist of a two story log house containing five rooms; a log barn sheded, and other necessary outbuildings, and a good orchard in bearing.

TERMS OF SALE:

As prescribed by the decree—One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash, one-third in 6 months and one-third in 12 months from the day of sale, or the entire purchase money may be paid in cash at the option of the purchaser, the deferred payments to be secured to the satisfaction of the trustee.

EDWARD H. SINCELL, Trustee.

19—td

TRUSTEES' SALE

—OF—

Real Estate

—IN—

Garrett County, Md.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, passed on the 28th day of March, 1895, in a cause in said court depending, wherein Margaret Miller is plaintiff and Frederick Mertens et al. are defendants, it being No. 687 on the Equity docket of said court, the undersigned trustees will sell at public auction in front of Mayers' Drug Store, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, on

Saturday, Aug. 24th,

1895, at 1 o'clock p. m., all the real estate in the proceedings mentioned, to-wit:

All that real estate which was conveyed by George Ilzer et al. to Frederick Mertens, Richard J. West and Albert L. Miller by deed dated June 21, 1872, and recorded among the Land Records of Garrett county in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 135, the undivided one-third of which was conveyed by the said Richard J. West and wife to the said Frederick Mertens and Albert L. Miller by deed dated July 27, 1874, and recorded among said Land Records in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folios 462, etc.

Said property comprises

822 ACRES,

more or less, and consists of a tract of land called

MUCH TO DO ABOUT NOTHING,

CONTAINING 612 ACRES,

more or less, described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a stone planted in a grade at the end of the second line of a tract of land surveyed for Lord Baltimore, called "Green Glade Manor," (said stone standing North 81 degrees East 22 perches, from a double pine, marked with nine notches each, and the letters W. C.), and running thence South 79 degrees East 5 perches to a stone, thence North 33 degrees East 109 perches, to a bounded pine, thence North 46 degrees West 79 perches to a stone, thence North 81 degrees East 180 perches to a bounded service and white oak, thence North 87 degrees West 257 perches to a bounded white oak, thence South 26½ degrees West 183 perches to a bounded pine, and thence with a straight line to the beginning.

And also another tract called

"ELK LICK,"

CONTAINING 210 ACRES.

more or less, described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at two bounded pines standing at the end of eighteen perches on the first line of Lot No. 1878, and running thence North 57 degrees West 18 perches, North 33 degrees East 73 perches to a bounded pine, South 57 degrees East 210 perches to the end of the first line of Lot No. 1858 (marked Oct 31, 1855, by a triple plac on the east side of the "Green Glade,") South 89 perches, West 100 perches, South 84 perches, West 100 perches, North 5 perches, North 55 degrees East 72 perches, to the end of the first line of the original Lot No. 1881, North 35 degrees West 195 perches, North 53 degrees East 11 perches, to the beginning of Lot No. 1878, and then by a straight line to the beginning.

Said land is well adapted for

Farming Purposes,

but is unimproved.

TERMS OF SALE:

As prescribed by the decree—One-half cash and the balance in one year; the deferred payment to bear interest from day of sale, and to be secured with security satisfactory to the trustees.

J. W. S. COCHRANE,
DAVID W. SLOAN,
Trustees.

(For further information apply to either of the Trustees at Cumberland, Md.) 19—6t

For satisfactory barbering try Liller and you will call again.

LAST CUT SALE

—AT—

SINCELL BROS.

Having decided to retire from business on account of ill health, we will close out our entire stock of goods at actual cost.

CLOTHING.

MEN'S CLOTHING.				BOYS' CLOTHING.			
$16.00	Suits reduced to		$8.50	$12.00	Suits Reduced to		$7.50
14.00	" " "		7.50	10.00	" " "		6.00
12.00	" " "		6.50	8.00	" " "		5.00
10.00	" " "		5.75	6.00	" " "		4.00
8.00	" " "		4.75	5.00	" " "		3.50
7.00	" " "		4.00				

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

$5.00	Suits Reduced to			$3.00
4.00	" "	"		2.00
3.00	" "	"		1.75
2.50	" "	"		1.65

SHOES.

LADIES' SHOES.				MEN'S SHOES.			
$5.00	Shoes Reduced to		$3.75	1.00	" "	"	80
4.00	" "	"	3.00				
3.50	" "	"	2.75	$4.00	Shoes Reduced to		$3.00
3.00	" "	"	2.25	3.00	" "	"	2.65
2.50	" "	"	1.75	2.50	" "	"	1.75
2.00	" "	"	1.50	2.00	" "	"	1.50
1.75	" "	"	1.15	1.50	" "	"	1.00
1.50	" "	"	1.00	1.25	" "	"	90
1.25	" "	"	90				

DRY GOODS.

25 Yards Muslin for $1.00
15 cent muslin for 12 cents
12½ cent muslin for 10 cents
10 cent muslin for 7½ cents
8 cent muslin for 6 cents
7 cent muslin for 5 cents
6 cent muslin for 4¾ cents
15 cent French gingham for 10 cents
12½ cent French gingham for 9 cents
10 cent gingham for 7 cents
8 cent gingham for 6 cents
7 cent gingham for 4¾ cents

We will also sell our full line of

Dress Goods, Silks, Trimmings, Embroideries, Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbons, Draperies, Towels, Ladies' Summer Undervests

White Goods, Novelties, Hats, Trunks, Etc.,

At the ACTUAL COST of them.

This we consider a rare bargain for the buyers of this line of goods.

Respectfully,

SINCELL BROS.

Cleaning, Repairing, Altering and Pressing at Moderate Prices and Done at Shortest Notice.

Ladies Work Cleaned, Colored and Altered.

Acme Tailoring Co.,

M. COHEN, Proprietor.

RAILROAD STREET, NEAR DEPOT,

OAKLAND, MD.

A Fine Line of Imported Goods

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Branch of 1315 Penna. Ave., Washington.

We are recommended by many of the leading people of Oakland.

ORDER NISI.

Samuel Lawton, Late Treasurer of Garrett County, vs. George T. Will.
In the Circuit Court for Garrett County. No. 36 Trials to July Term, 1895.

It is ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 9th day of July, 1895, that the tax sale as made and reported by Samuel Lawton, late Treasurer, in the above entitled cause, and made to the County Commissioners of said county, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 2nd day of August, 1895; provided that a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 2nd day of August, 1895.

EDWARD STAKE.

True Copy. Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Proposals for Building a Bridge.

Notice is hereby given that the Mayor and Town Council of Oakland, Md., will receive sealed proposals until July 15th, 1895, for the construction of an iron bridge, crossing the Little Yough River in Oakland, according to the following specifications: Length of span, 60 feet, approaches on each side, 18 feet, roadway, 16 feet wide, capacity, 100 pounds to the square foot, with factory safety of 4. They will also receive proposals for oak lumber and for stone work.

The Council reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Specifications may be seen by applying to the Town Clerk.

17-2t L. E. TOWNSHEND, Clerk.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett County, to view the lands through which the petitioner change in the county road, beginning at a point on the old location at the corner of Mrs. Annie Ward's property and running a westerly direction through the lands of Mary F. Goldsborough, commonly known as "Highland Park," and intersecting new road running from the end of Green street to Deer Park and Oakland road at a point directly opposite where the street ends at Michael Maroney's livery stable, and examine whether the said change should be made, will meet on the

27th Day of July, 1895,

for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said change of said county road, and also, to locate the same and perform their duty in the premises.

WILLIAM WHITE,
E. E. SOLLARS,
JOHN HARNED, } Examiners.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned either in person or by deputy, will be in each of the election districts in said county, to collect and receive taxes at the time and places following:

July 15, McHenry,
" 16, Hoyes,
" 17, Friendsville,
" 18, Selbysport,
" 19, Accident,
" 22, Cove,
" 23, Grantsville,
" 24, Johnson's,
" 25, T. B. Layman's,
" 26, Avilton,
" 27, Gregg's,
" 29, C. J. Otto's,
" 30, Bittinger,
" 31, "
August 5, Bloomington,
" 5, Floyd,
" 6, Swanton,
" 6, Wilson,
" 7, Deer Park,
" 7, Altamont,
" 8, Gorman,
" 8 Red House.

Office in Oakland will be closed from July 15th to August 8th, inclusive.

N. B By an act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed at January session, 1896, being Chap. 256, it is provided that "All county taxes shall be due and payable on the first day of September succeeding the date of levy, and on all county taxes paid on or before said day a discount of 3 per cent shall be allowed; and after the first day of January all taxes shall bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until paid. The Treasurer shall take the discount and charge interest on the tax bills for county purposes regularly in the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same on his books and upon the receipt given for taxes so paid; but this discount shall not be allowed unless the whole amount of State and county taxes due for the current year be paid when the same is made."

E. E. SOLLARS, Treasurer.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county upon a judgment in said court, recovered by Charles R. Savage and Cora V. Savage, his wife, against John Barnes at the March Term of said court, held in the year 1895, and to me directed, I have seized and taken in execution and will offer at public sale in front of W. C. Jones' store in Deer Park, Md., on

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1895,

at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., to satisfy said execution, I will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder for cash, all that lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, and near the town of Deer Park, known and described as Military Lot No. 1863, containing fifty acres of land, more or less.

All of said land, except about ten acres, is cleared and under cultivation. It is improved by a comfortable dwelling, barn, cow stable and sheep house. There is also fruit. This is the same property which was conveyed by W. E. George to John Barnes.

CHARLES WEGMAN, Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county the 30th day of May, 1895, at the suit of Alexander Haenftling against Adam Fox, the undersigned Sheriff will, on

Saturday, the 3d Day of August, 1895,

at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., of said day, in front of the store house of Smith & Callis in Johnstown, in Garrett county, sell to the highest bidder for cash on that day, all of the following described real estate belonging to the said defendant Adam Fox, to-wit: All those lots of ground situated in Garrett county, Maryland, which are known and described as Military Lots Nos. 3213, 3211 and 4138, and containing fifty acres of land each. Said lots of ground will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs.

CHARLES WEGMAN, Sheriff.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

are a specific for Headache, Constipation, Piles, Biliousness, Fever and Ague, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Female complaints, Dizziness, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Loss of appetite, Sleeplessness and general debility. They will positive y cure all disorders of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. 25 cts a box.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

helps babes over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, controls the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no strong drugs and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good—25 cents a bottle

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

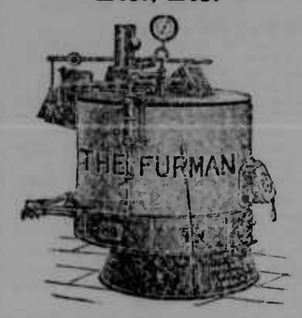

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23-1yr.

FOR SALE.

Three acres of land, being a part of the old Kennedy farm, lying in the eastern suburbs of Oakland on either side of the road leading to Mt. Lake Park. Will be sold in lots of ¼ acre each, or as a whole.

For full particulars call on or address

MRS. LIZZIE BUZZARD,
22-6m Elkins, W. Va.

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

11 1y

Estate of George Ault, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

GEORGE AULT,

late of Garrett County, Maryland, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 1st day of January next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 18th day of June, 1895.

JOHN AULT, Executor,
15-3t. Oakland, Md.

34 inches high. Top can be adjusted to any angle. Revolving Top 15 x 15 x 1 inches. Holds about 20 volumes. Law size. Strong well finished Metal Base and Sides. With Solid Oak Shelves and Top.—150,000 now used. Sent knocked down (30 lbs.). On approval. Address Marsh Mfg Co. CHICAGO. Agents Wanted.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ¼ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments. Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe WITH J. B. WILLIAMS

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

4193.yr—8

Ripans Tabules relieve nausea.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OALLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate.
CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING.
Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.

Drs. McLane & Berkeley,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
FROSTBURG, MD.

Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.
See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13t.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.

E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

--WANTED--

WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER

Also White Oak Timber Land.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.

Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
221f 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

The Wesleyan Female Institute,

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.

For girls and young women. Established 1842. Full corps of experienced teachers. Location healthy, central and accessible. For catalogues and particulars apply to

REV. HENRY P. HAMILL,
13-15t President.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1895. NUMBER 21.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings In and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

Attend the sale of lots at Loch Lynn Heights on the 9th and 10th insts.

Mr. James M. Litzinger attended the Democratic convention in Baltimore yesterday.

Miss Robinson, of Baltimore. is here on a visit to Dr. M. C. Hinebaugh and wife.

Mrs. J. S. Spedden has gone to McKeesport, Pa., to visit relatives and friends for a few weeks.

Miss Lula Murphy, of Keyser, is in Oakland on a visit to Mrs. W. M. Coddington and other friends.

Probably the happiest boy in Oakland is Joe Pendleton. Cause: His mother presented him with a bicycle.

Mr. Perry E. Kimmell has been confined to his room for several days on account of an attack of illness.

One of the diversions at the Oakland Hotel this week was a phantom party given last night by the management.

The service in the Garrett Memorial church on next Sabbath will be in the morning at 11 o'clock. All welcome.

Severe griping pains of the stomach and bowels instantly and effectually stopped by DeWitt's Colic and Cholera Cure.

There is no doubt, no failure, when you take DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure. It is pleasant, acts promptly, no bad after effects.

Messrs. James Mencar and William Wotring, both Kingwood, West Va., lads, were among Oakland's visitors last Thursday afternoon.

Those who attended the Democratic convention in Baltimore from Oakland were Messrs. D. M. Mason, P. A. Chisholm and Henry J. Mayers.

Stomach and Bowel Complaints are best relieved by the timely use of DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure. Insist on having this preparation. Don't take any other.

Cholera Morbus is a dangerous complaint, and often is fatal in its result. To avoid this you should use DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure as soon as the first symptoms appear.

Miss Nellie Sturgiss entertained a few of her friends last Monday evening. Among those present were Misses Nellie Offutt, Sadie Offutt, of Cumberland, Nettie and Nellie Michaels.

Congressman-elect A. G. Dayton, of West Virginia, was here a few hours last Saturday, accompanied by his family who were on their way to Mountain Lake Park to spend the summer.

Easy to take, sure to cure, no pain, nothing to dread, pleasant little pills. DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Best for Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach and Constipation.

Early risers in Oakland on Wednesday morning report seeing a heavy frost on the pavements. We won't vouch for the frost but we do know that a fire was a necessity all that day.

It having been discovered that German carp live almost entirely upon the spawn of other fish, the New Jersey fish commissioners have decided to make an effort for their extermination.

The young ladies of Oakland are preparing to give a festival for the benefit of Smith's Military band. The festival will be held in Offutt's Hall on Friday and Saturday nights, August 2nd and 3rd.

The auditors of the different counties of Ohio who spent last week here as the guests of the Oakland hotel management, left on last Saturday morning in a special Pullman car for their homes.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sweeney and little child, of Cincinnati, Ohio, are here on a visit to Mr. Sweeney's parents. Tom left Oakland about eight years ago, this being his first visit home since that time.

Mrs. D. Tasker's cottage on Liberty street, occupied by the Rev. S. M. Engle, has been handsomely painted. Mrs. Tasker will not return to Oakland as usual but will spend the summer in Texas.

Mr. William M. Lohr, of the Coye, was here last Saturday and paid his respects to this office. Mr. Lohr is making an aggressive canvass for the nomination for Treasurer this fall on the Republican ticket.

STRAYED, On June 22, 1895, from my farm near Oakland, a yearling mare colt, bay, star on face. Reasonable reward will be paid for information leading to recovery of same. John Mackin, Oakland, Md.

Eyes examined free by Prof. Little, the graduate optician, for glasses, easy on the eyes, nose and nerves. At Mt. Lake Park drug store Friday and Saturday, Aug. 9 and 10, 16 and 17, 23 and 24.
21-3.

Children, especialy infants are soon run down with Cholera Infantum or "Summer Complaint." Don't wait to determine, but give DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure promptly, you can rely on it. Use no other.

The corps of engineers to survey the route for the new railroad from Friendsville to Oakland, arrived here this morning and will begin work at once. We shall give a full account of the progress made in our next issue.

Diarrhœa should be stopped promptly. It soon becomes chronic. DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure is effective, safe and certain. Hundreds of testimonials bear witness to the virtue of this great medicine. It can always be depended upon, its use saves time and money.

One night last week the penny-in-the-slot weighing machine at Mountain Lake Park was broken open by unknown parties and the bag containing the money extracted therefrom. The amount contained in the bag is not known.

In order to introduce Chamberlain's Cough Remedy here we sold several dozen bottles on strict guarantee and have found every bottle did good service. We have used it ourselves and think it superior to any other. W. I. Mowrey, Jarvisville, W. Va. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. A. A. Snyder, Supt. Poor Farm, Winnesheik Co., Ia., says:—Last winter Mr. Robert Leach used two boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve and cured a large running sore on his leg. Had been under care of physician for months without obtaining relief. Sure cure for Piles.

We regret exceedingly to state that on Tuesday evening Mr. L. E. Townshend was stricken with paralysis, which affected the whole of his left side. At this hour he is in a very precarious condition with little hopes of his recovery. He has been in ill health for a long time.

B. H. Bowman, Pub. Enquirer, of Bremen Ind., writes: Last week our little girl baby the only one we have was taken sick with croup. After two doctors failed to give relief and life was hanging on a mere thread we tried One Minute Cough Cure and its life was saved. Oakland Pharmacy.

Kenneth Bazemorn had the good fortune to receive a small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy when three members of his family were sick with dysentery. This one bottle cured them all and he had some left which he gave to Geo. W, Baker, a prominent merchant of the place, Lewiston, N. C., and it cured him of the same complaint. When troubled with dysentery, diarrhoea, colic or cholera morbus, give this remedy a trial and you will be more than pleased with the result. The praise that naturally follows its introduction and use has made in very popular. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

The members of the A. M. E. church of Oakland have arranged to hold a camp meeting in the lot adjoining the court house which will begin on next Saturday night. Many prominent ministers of the church will be present and assist in the services.

We have been requested to announce that a meeting will be held in Sturgiss' Hall, Oakland, on Sunday, August 11, by the German Baptist Brethren. We have not been informed as to the intent of the meeting or the individuals having charge of it.

The ladies of the Presbyterian congregation will hold a lawn fete in the church yard of the Garrett Memorial church Tuesday next between the hours of 4 and 8 o'clock p. m. All the delicacies of the season will be served. A cordial welcome to all. Good music. Best of order.

Mr. G. A. Bolden, of the *Oracle*, dressed himself in his new bicycle suit on last Saturday and started on his wheel for Meyersdale, Pa. He had gone but a few miles when a rain storm overtook him, in consequence of which he walked back home plowing through the mud and dragged his wheel behind him.

The W. C. T. U. ladies of the Park will give an ice cream social there to-night. Miss Short, the elocutionist, is at the Park and will amuse and entertain those who attend the social. She is well known all over the country as an elocutionist of rare talent and ability.

The commission appointed by the Grand Lodge, Knights of Pythias, of West Virginia, composed of Col. W. H. Baker, Hon. E. S. Bland and Col. Maner Jenkins to revise the constitution and laws of the order, are now at work at Mountain Lake Park and will soon submit the revised work to the different lodges in that grand jurisdiction.

When moving into our present home I found a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm left by a former tenant. On the label I found the statement that it was good for cuts and burns. I can testify to the truth of this. Nothing in all my experience has found its equal for treating blisters or burns. F. E. Barrett, manager Le Sueur Sentinel, Le Sueur, Minn. Pain Balm is also a sure cure for rheumatism. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

My boy was taken with a disease resembling bloody flux. The first thing I thought of was Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Two doses of it settled the matter and cured him sound and well. I heartily recommend this remedy to all persons suffering from a like complaint. I will answer any inquiries regarding it when stamp is enclosed. I refer to any county official as to my reliability. Wm. Roach, J. P., Primroy, Campbell Co., Tenn. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

The Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen gave their annual picnic here yesterday. Several excursion trains were run both from the east and west, bringing crowds of people to town. Those who desired to dance were accorded that privilege, a dancing platform having been erected at the Washington spring. At night the dance was continued at Offutt's Hall. It is estimated that a thousand strangers were in town.

The County Commissioners held a special meeting last Thursday to consider the advisability of erecting a new bridge over the Yough at Crellin, the present structure being wholly unfit and dangerous for travel. Messrs. Friend, Abernathy and Layman were present and they decided to have a wooden structure erected at once. The cost will be about $700. An iron bridge at this point would cost at least $3,000 and could not be finished in less than three months.

An entrance to the tailoring shop of M. M. Cohen on Railroad street was effected by robbers last Thursday night by removing a pane of glass from a back door and unlocking it from the inside. The thieves secured three pairs of pantaloons and two coats besides a valuable piece of cloth. The loss amounted to about fifty dollars.

George Vincent, who recently served a term in the Maryland penitentiary for larceny, and who went to Grafton soon after he was discharged from the Maryland institution and burglarized a store there, was arrested and placed in jail a few weeks ago. He made his escape on last Thursday and came back to Oakland. He was followed by an officer, arrested and taken back for trial on last Saturday.

No doubt rare bargains in real estate can be secured by attending the lot sale at Loch Lynn Heights on the 9th and 10th. All lots will be sold publicly and closed out to the highest bidder. A deed in fee simple will be executed to the purchaser. The terms upon which the sales will be made have been arranged so that those in very moderate circumstances can well afford to purchase one or more lots.

We have been informed by the management that the Loch Lynn Heights hotel has at present nearly one hundred guests and that by the middle of the present month the hotel will be filled. Two hundred persons can be accommodated. It is said upon good authority that the bill of fare, as well as the other accommodations, cannot be excelled.

The musical organization from Elizabeth, Pa., known as the Zelo Orchestra, which furnished music at the Columbian Hotel, Mountain Lake Park, last week, very regretfully departed for home Saturday. The leader of the orchestra, Prof. W. J. Cassedy, was at one time superintendent of the public schools of Elizabeth and nearly all the members were his scholars. Mrs. Cassedy is the first cornetist and has rare ability as a musician. The orchestra plays a fine grade of music and is composed of the first people of Elizabeth. They made many friends whilst at the Park and their departure is regretted.

The members of Smith's Military Band were the guests of Mr. Adam Howell at the Columbian Hotel, Mountain Lake Park, on last Thursday night, at which time and place they gave one of their delightful open air concerts and had for an audience several hundred persons from all over the country who applauded every selection rendered and were unwilling for the band to stop playing when the boys were invited to the dining room by the host to partake of refreshments. They made a great hit and many compliments were paid them for their excellent playing.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

Rogers' Sarsaparilla.

A specific for all. 100 doses for 75 cents. Rogers' Little Liver Pills, best on the market; Cough Cure, Liniment, Appetine and Worm Syrup, sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland; Cuppett Bros., McHenry; J. A. DeBerry, Corinth; C. F. White, Hutton; P. T. Garthright, Hayden & Eckles, Mt. Lake Park; Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park; Wm. Frederick, Friendsville; Yough Store Co., Jonas Frazee, Robert Liston, Selbysport; W. Wass, Mineral Springs; J. E. Gnagey, Accident; Smith & Callis, Hoyes, and by all general dealers.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, July 29, 1895.

Has Joe Blackburn made a deal with the administration? A gentleman who is usually well informed upon inside Democratic happenings assured me that he had. The deal, according to this gentlemen, provides that Blackburn shall not talk free silver during the remainder of the Kentucky campaign, and in return for his assistance in keeping the silver question in the backgroud the administration promises that it present no candidate for the Senate against Blackburn, if the Democrats retain control of the legislature. While not pretending to vouch for the accuracy of the story, I will say that many tips received from the same source have proved to be straight. There are also corroborative circumstances, as the lawyers say. First, Blackburn's coming to Washington in the midst of the campaign; second his refusal to talk; third, the talk of administration Democrats about Blackburn being re-elected to the Senate, if the Democrats carry the legislature, because of his personal popularity, regardless of the silver question. To take in the full significance of the last it must be remembered that a few weeks ago that these same administration Democrats were shouting "anybody to beat Blackburn." They do not love Blackburn now any more than they did then, but they fear Republican success in Kentucky more. Secretary Carlisle wishes to have his name presented to the Democratic convention as Kentucky's candidate for President and he knows his last chance would go glimmering—he scarcely has one out of a possible one hundred, anyway—the day Kentucky was carried by the Republicans. Some of Blackburn's friends have not hesitated to say that they would rather a Republican be elected to succeed him than a Cleveland Democrat. Maybe that was only a bluff, but it frightened the other fellows. It was evident to Mr. Garlisle, if not to the rest of the administration, that with Blackburn and his friends doing their level best, the Republicans would have an even chance to win, and that with Blackburn and his friends indifferent the Republican success was certain; hence the necessity for making a deal of some sort.

The Louisiana Senators having failed in their appeals to Caesar's men, Carlisle and Bowler, to let their sugar growing constituents have the money Congress appropriated for them, have taken their appeal to Caesar Cleveland himself. These Senators know just as well as everybody else does that their appeal will be useless, the holding up of that sugar bounty money having been sanctioned by Mr. Cleveland long before little Bowler set himself up as a sort of one-man Supreme Court, to decide the constitutionality of Acts of Congress appropriating money; but having made Secretary Carlisle put himself on record in Bowler's support they wish to compel Mr. Cleveland to do the same. Little Bowler's action is a foregone conclusion, although he will, on August 7th, go through the farcical proceeding of listening to arguments in favor of the constitutionality of the sugar bounty law. He has been ordered to hold up that money and he will do it.

It is somewhat difficult to understand Democratic ideas of economy. One member of the Cabinet—Secretary Morton—has, he says, as a measure of economy abolished the distribution of seeds to the farmers of the country, in defiance of Congress, which appropriated the money to buy the seeds and to pay for their distribution. Another member of the Cabinet—Secretary Herbert—has started on a six weeks tour of the Atlantic Coast summer resorts, on board of the U. S. Dispatch Boat Dolphin, at public expense. He didn't say that his pleasure trip was also a measure of economy, but he tries to disguise its real nature by pretending that it is made for the purpose of inspecting the Government Navy Yards on the Atlantic.

The nations of the world seem to know the timid nature of the Cleveland administration quite at well as Americans do. Months ago France was asked to furnish a copy of the paper in the case of Ex-Consul Waller, who is now in a French prison, and it refused, an unprecedented thing to do. Another demand has since been made for the papers, and State Department officials express the opinion that another refusal will in due course be made. Meanwhile an American citizen is languishing in a French prison, on what he claims to be trumped up charges and an unfair trial. This administration seems to be opposed to protection for Americans either at home or abroad.

The Wm. D. Moffat Chapter of Harper's Order of the Round Table will exhibit at Sturgiss' Hall on August 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th, a collection of original manuscripts and drawings. These number about one hundred and are by some of the greatest artists and literateurs of England, France and America. All are originals—that which was really written or drawn by the famous persons themselves. They are known to be genuine. All are neatly mounted and plainly labeled. The collection includes original manuscripts by Wilkie Collins, Miss Muloch (author of John Halifax, Gentleman), Wm. D. Howells, E. P. Roe, Charles Reade, Thomas Hardy, Walter Besant, A. Conan Doyle, George Wm. Curtis, Wm. Black, Captain Charles King, Kirk Monroe, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Thomas Nelson Page, Mary E. Wilkins, Charles Dudley Warner, Charles Egbert Craddock, James Payn, Mark Twain, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Constance Fenimore Woolson, Frank R. Stockton, Richard Harding Davis, and the original in manuscript of Du Maurier's "Trilby." Besides these there are originals of poems, autograph letters written by Sir Walter Scott, Thackery, Dickens, Alexander Hamilton, Daniel Webster, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Emerson, Victor Hugo, General Lew Wallace, Henry M. Stanley, Louis XV, of France, Emperor Napoleon I, and others.

Doors open from 9 a. m. to 6. p. m. Admission only ten cents.

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

EIGHTH YEAR.
A MODERN, HIGH GRADE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.

Reopens Sept. 25, 1895 (D. V.) A department for boys and young men embracing thorough preparatory work for college, business or scientific school will be inaugurated under the charge of Maj. C. A. Ballon, of the Virginia Military Institute. Stenography, type-writing, book-keeping, besides full courses in English and Latin, etc. Send for catalogue to E. B. SWAN, Principal and Proprietress, 18-1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

Just Received,

A Car Load of Watermelons, Cantelou es, Bananas, Potatoes and Apples and will sell you at your own price.

Fruit and Vegetables received daily.

We will sell you Groceries at the lowest possible price.

Just received, a fresh line of Marvin's crackers. They are the best and cheapest.

We are still in the Jewelry business and will sell you good goods at a low figure. What we have not in stock we will get you on short notice.

Anything in our line we will gladly sell you as cheap as you can buy elsewhere. Give us a call.

W. H. MALETTE,
Fancy Grocer and Jeweler.

P. S.—When in Mt. Lake Park try our Ice Cream, Meals and Lunches, "Auditorium Restaurant."

AN M. P.'S INFATUATION.

A DOMESTIC DIFFERENCE.

The general impression among Jim Percival's friends was that he might have done a good deal better for himself than he did in his matrimonial venture.

An M. P., with a safe seat and decided abilities, young, good-looking, well connected, but having only a limited income, he was just the man who should have married money, and this is exactly what he had not done. He met his wife in Paris during a holiday trip. She was a pretty, vivacious Irish woman, lady-like and attractive, but she had no fortune, and was of no particular family. The M. P.'s friends shook their heads over the match, and all felt convinced that before long he would find out what a mistake he had made.

There could be no doubt that under the circumstances his marriage was an imprudent one. With his eight hundred pounds a year Percival had subsisted comfortably enough as a bachelor, but as a married M. P. he found that his income went simply no way at all. To cut himself off from society and to live with his wife in economical seclusion was, of course, out of the question. It would have made him unpopular with his constituents, as well as with certain influential friends in town, to whose good offices he looked for securing some post in the government when his party came back to power. And as he had no profession, but had launched himself for good or ill upon a parliamentary career, it would have been madness in him to prejudice his chances of political preferment.

The natural consequence followed. Percival got into debt. He consoled himself first of all for outrunning the constable by the consideration that his party must soon return to power, and then he should be able to recoup his present expenditure. But the radicals remained "in" session after session; the looked-for general election came no nearer, and Percival began to feel very lugubrious indeed. He already owed nearly one thousand pounds—a crushing liability to a man with a small income and no capital; indeed, he did not attempt to disguise from himself that unless something very unexpected turned up he must soon be hopelessly insolvent. His wife had long been urging immediate and rigid retrenchment, but each time she mentioned it Percival shook his head.

The house was in committee on a bill which was being fought tooth and nail by the opposition, and urgent whips had been issued to the members of both parties to be as frequently as possible in their places. But there were many dreary intervals of debate, when no big division was imminent, and during those intervals Percival did not always remain in the precincts of the house.

He might no doubt have spent them at home or in escorting his wife to one or other of the numerous social functions which, for his sake, she so religiously attended. But in his worried state of mind the dullness of a domestic evening, or the yet deadlier boredom of a political conversazione, was uninviting. He preferred to forget his troubles in more enlivening scenes. Within a mile of the Palace of Westminister there is, as all the world knows, a famous theater of varieties. It is under unexceptionable management; it puts forward the strongest and most enterprising programme of the kind in London. One evening during a particularly drowsy debate a fellow M. P. had suggested to Percival that they should run across to the X. and see the Rainbow dansense. Percival had complied. After that night he went to see her pretty regularly.

Just before the dance the stage was darkened; behind loomed a background of murky clouds, gloomy as the sky before an impending thunderstorm; then a brilliant blaze of sunlight burst upon the shadowed scene, and whirling wildly in its dazzling rays appeared the famous Rainbow dansense. What a sight that was! How dexterously she managed her mass of gorgeous draperies, which floated all about her, and swirled and spun like a revolving wheel. At times nothing but the flashing hues of these robes was visible; at other times a lovely face, crowned with golden yellow locks, stood out among them, radiant, spiritual, superb—and then, while this entrancing apparition smiled and the audience clapped and shouted, rumblings of thunder rolled upon the air; clouds overcast the sunlight; and, amid their gathering gloom, the Rainbow goddess faded slowly from the scene.

If it had ended with his merely admiring this ravishing beauty from a distance, all might have been well. But such infatuation as Percival's was not satisfied to confine itself within those modest limits. A strong desire came over him to make her personal acquaintance. He ought, of course, to have withstood it. It should have been perfectly obvious to him that, in giving way to his desire, he was voluntarily thrusting himself into the path of danger.

But he gave way, nevertheless. He went farther. He actually addressed one or two letters to the young lady. To his great chagrin she sent him no reply. At last, in desperation, he procured an introduction to the manager of the X., and besought that gentleman's aid in his foolish and culpable project.

"Just so," said the manager, rather coldly. "Well, Mr. Percival, I will communicate your wish to the young lady, and will then let you know her reply. I cannot hold out hopes that it will be favorable, for a number of other gentlemen have desired introduction to her, and have all been refused. You see, she is a simple, modest girl, who is merely using her talent to support her family, and has no desire for a circle of male admirers. However, as I said, I will tell her that you wish to be introduced."

The following night when he ought to have been in his place in the house, listening to the ministerial leader's statement, he was hovering near the stage door of the X. He had made up his mind to follow his goddess home, and so find out her private address.

Percival had a cab waiting for him at the corner. He noticed another cab drawn up opposite the stage door. He strolled up and accosted the driver.

"You're a lucky man to have such a charming fare," said Percival carelessly.

"Do said I 'ad a charmin' fare?" retorted the man, suspiciously. Then he added: "If that's your sort, young feller, you may save yourself the trouble of doin' the civil to me. For she's a thoroughly good young 'oman, I can tell yer, and won't stand no followers foolin' around—not she!"

Percival affected to laugh and strolled away. In a few minutes he saw the girl hurry out and get into her cab. Then he jumped into his own—having instructed the driver to follow the other vehicle and keep it carefully in sight.

When they had driven about a mile his cab stopped. The M. P. got out. He saw the young lady alighting from her cab about a hundred yards ahead. She turned and walked rapidly away. With a beating heart and trembling steps, he followed her, keeping an interval of seventy or eighty yards between them.

She had not alighted at her own door, but at the end of a street of private houses, down which she was now walking. Percival realized with a certain thrill of uneasiness that it was P—— street, the street in which his own house was situated. But something worse was in store. The young lady stopped, appeared to be carefully scrutinizing the numbers, then, after some evident hesitation, she walked straight up to the door of Percival's house and rang the bell. A minute later she was admitted.

All at once the truth flashed upon the unhappy M. P. There could, of course, be no doubt upon the subject. This young lady, annoyed and frightened by his persistent attentions, and seeing that silent disdain had no effect in stopping them, had taken the ready and effective method of reporting him to his wife!

Percival leaned against some iron railings, near which he stood and wiped his clammy forehead with his handkerchief. His dismay was altogether beyond words. If he had been on bad terms with his wife—if love on either side had ceased between them—if she had not been perfectly fond and trusting toward him he could have stood the thing better. But as it was he felt like a man who had suddenly received a knock-down blow. His knees were trembling violently; a sense of sickness, of faintness, stole over him; in the face of this fearful exposure his infatuation for the danseuse seemed to die; for the first time he seemed to realize what an abject idiot he had been.

It was a long time before he could make up his mind how to act. He patrolled the street for more than half an hour before he had decided—and a bad half hour he found it. Then he took a sudden resolution. He would go in and make a clean breast of the whole affair to his wife. That, after all, was the most honest, and, probably, the most prudent course. She might, or she might not believe him; but he would tell her all the truth, express his sincere penitence, and throw himself upon her mercy.

He nerved himself to the effort. He went in. He entered the drawing-room. His wife was now alone. She looked up at him with a cold, altered expression, that made him wince. But he persevered. He spoke. He told her all. She averted her face, and heard his confession to the end in ominous silence.

"And so, Jim, my make-up, my golden wig, and my wedding draperies—to say nothing of the shifting lights and the shadows thrown upon one, baffled even your penetration, eh, sir?"

Jim was staring at his pretty wife, who had now risen and stood before him, smiling archly, in evident enjoyment of his obvious relief and astonishment.

"And you fell in love with my make-up. For that is what it comes to, doesn't it, Jim?"

"By Jove!" he exclaimed with emphasis, "that explains it. It was your eyes that did it, little girl. They drew me to the theater night after night to worship you. I could not resist their spell. I could not explain it to myself. Yet I felt there was something half familiar in their magnetic influence upon me. To think I never guessed. By Jove! I was a duffer. I ought to have known that no such other eyes were to be found in all England!"

"Or in all America, either?" questioned the Rainbow dansense, playfully. Jim's explanation was, unconsciously, the most diplomatic that he could have devised. Those incomparable eyes beamed upon him with tenderness and loving humor.

"But, I say," asked Jim, an idea striking him, "these social functions which you have been attending so assiduously for the past few months—have they been simply blinds to dupe your unsuspicious husband—eh, Jennie?"

"Not at all, sir. I went to them all. But as my 'turn' at the theater lasted only ten minutes or so, I was able to go there as well. Besides," she added, with the slightest tinge of playful reproach in her tone, "you have not been at home enough lately to miss me very much, have you, Jim?"

"By Jove!" he cried, "I'll turn over a new leaf in that respect to-night."

He went up, placed his arm round his wife, and kissed her fondly. She leaned her head upon his shoulder and held up a pink slip of paper to his eyes.

"There! Dear old Jim!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Y—— has paid me—what do you think? Fifty pounds a week. That is a check for ten weeks' salary. At this rate your Rainbow goddess will soon dance you clear out of debt—won't she, Jim?"

And she soon did.—London Truth.

SEEKING SUMMER HOMES.

Efforts of the City People to Secure Country Comfort.

To the student of modern industrial conditions few tendencies of the time are more striking than the growth of cities at the expense of the country districts, not only in America but all over the world. The congestion of population in the greater cities has given rise to some of the most perplexing of social problems. Overcrowded tenement houses and generally unsanitary conditions of life are among its results.

It is therefore encouraging to note that the exodus of city people into the country during the summer months becomes larger year by year. Overcrowding is bad at all times, but it is worst of all during the heated season. Just how many people from New York and Philadelphia and Chicago and Boston seek the mountains and the sea-shore at the approach of July and August it is, of course, impossible to say. But the shuttered windows along a fashionable street during those months indicate that practically every inmate of the costly houses is "out of town."

Other reasons besides the search for comfort justify the flight. A thoughtful writer attributes the remarkable physical and mental soundness of the upper classes in England in large measure to the fact that they spend so much of their time at their country seats.

The rich American who divides his time between two homes follows the example not only of the great families of England, but of the ancient Roman also, who fled to his villa in the Apennines at the first approach of the summer heats. Whatever relieves the strain and tension of our eager American life is desirable; and nothing could accomplish this purpose better than a few weeks' quiet sojourn in the country every year.

But what of those who cannot afford such a sojourn? While the great houses on the fashionable thoroughfares are empty it seems cruel that the cramped dwellings in the narrow streets and alleys should be as crowded as ever.

Of course, this is but one of the incidents of poverty; but with the constantly growing facilities for rapid transit, it is hard to understand why workingmen do not generally live in the suburban regions rather than in the heart of the cities.

The moderately well-to-do are fast learning the advantages of such a location for their homes, as is attested by the rapid territorial expansion of cities like London and Chicago.

It is surprising that in one respect we are so far behind European cities. In summer the inhabitant of Berlin or Paris is out of doors practically all the time that is not spent in sleep or work. Meals are taken out of doors; concerts and other forms of amusement are enjoyed in the open air.

The parks are utilized much more fully than with us, notwithstanding our liberal appropriations for such purposes. Municipal governments could hardly spend their money in a better way than in tempting people out of their houses as soon as winter relaxes its hold upon doors and windows.

To turn the tide of population—especially of foreign-born population—back to the country would doubtless be better than any device for ruralizing the city. But efforts in this direction do not seem to meet with much success. The fortune-seeker is apt to go cityward; only those who have made their fortunes are apt to go back to the country to enjoy them. The two streams are naturally far from equal.

It is worth while to note, however, that the summer migration of city folk has resulted in keeping a certain number of country people at home. The regions frequented by the "summer people," as they are called, are not apt to be filled with abandoned farms. The native population have found a new occupation in providing for their visitors. The city market is brought to their doors.

In several of the New England states, particularly Maine and New Hampshire, many people obtain a livelihood in this way who might otherwise have helped to crowd the already overfilled tenement houses of Boston and New York.—Youth's Companion.

DEACON PENGUIN AND BILLY.

A Struggle That for a Time Interested All Yorkville Center.

"Deacon Penguin," said Col. Calliper, "had a farm on the outskirts of Storkville Center, Vt. He raised considerable truck, and he was at the Center 'most every day; in fact, he and his horse and wagon were about as familiar as any objects in Main street, and in 1852 something happened that drew attention to them more than ever.

"In that year the deacon bought a new horse, a big gaunt gray horse, which he called Billy. The gray wasn't a handsome horse, but he was good and strong, and the deacon got him pretty cheap, so he was satisfied. But the second day he drove him to the village something disagreeable happened. When the deacon came out of a store where he had been leaving some vegetables he found Billy lying down. That was unpleasant; it isn't nice to have a horse that lies down when you are driving him. Deacon Penguin got him up after a good deal of trouble and drove him home. The next day the horse lay down again, and the next, and then it was discovered that he had a habit of lying down, which the horse dealer of whom Deacon Penguin had bought him had forgotten to mention when he sold him to Deacon Penguin.

"The next day when the deacon drove along Main street the people saw around the body of the big gray horse a broad canvas belt, and when the deacon drew up by the curbstone at the store where he generally stopped first, they saw sticking up from the top of this belt alongside the saddle of the harness a stout iron ring. Sticking out of the rear of the deacon's wagon were three or four timbers; and what these things were for was very soon seen. The deacon hadn't much more than got into the store before the horse lay down, as usual. When the deacon came out he went around to the rear of the wagon and pulled out the timbers. He set them up over the horse. They made a sort of gallows frame—two uprights with a crossbeam between. Right in the middle of the crossbeam on the under side there was a stout iron eye. The deacon went back to the wagon after he had set up this derrick and reached under the seat and pulled out a tackle, one block of which he hooked to the eye set in the crossbeam, while the other block he hooked into the ring in the belt. Then he carried the free end of the rope from the under block along to a block attached to one of the uprights and then down to and around a drum, to which was attached a handle.

"By the time the deacon had got this derrick rigged, it seemed as though all Storkville Center and the surrounding population were standing on the sidewalk and in the street watching him, and when he set taut on the tackle, and the frame began to creak with the horse's weight, the interest was something tremendous. Slowly but surely he raised the big gray horse until he had him on his feet again. When Billy's feet touched the ground he gave up. The deacon unhooked the tackle and carried it back and put it under the seat again, and then he took down the derrick and stowed it in the wagon.

"But the next day the same performance was all gone through with again. It would seem as though Billy ought to have known better. Of course, he knew that the deacon was bound to get him every time, but he was mulish about that one habit. He wouldn't give it up. And some people said the deacon was mulish, too; he was certainly a very persistent, patient man. He kept the derrick in his wagon always; never unloaded it. He was ready for Billy any time, and whenever he came to town Billy was sure to lie down, and the deacon to raise him.

"For a week or ten days the deacon's derrick was the most interesting thing in Main street; a crowd gathered every day to see him lift Billy up; and I suppose that, all things considered, the lifting of Billy, which was continued in that way for eight years, was really the most astonishing thing that ever happened in Storkville Center. But after a week or two people scarcely paid any more attention to it. The deacon got to be very expert in getting the horse on his feet, and people, that is the Storkville Center people, paid no more attention to it than they would to a man rolling a barrel of flour into a wagon on a pair of skids. But it was always of interest to strangers; the stranger who happened to see Deacon Penguin getting old Billy on his feet again was pretty sure to think and to say that it was the most curious thing he'd ever seen.

"Well, this went along until the fall of 1860, which was the year they had the great flood in Storkville Center. There was a little brook running through Deacon Penguin's farm, right back of the barn in which old Billy was stabled. Nobody ever dreamed of this little stream ever being anything more than a brook in any kind of weather, but in the great flood it rose to be a torrent, and it carried away the old barn and old Billy down into the larger stream that runs through Storkville Center. The big gray was never heard of in Storkville Center again, and so nobody could tell how the struggle between him and the deacon might finally have ended."—N. Y. Sun.

A Correct Gauge.

Adam Smith, the noted Scotch author and professor, in delivering his lectures, trusted almost wholly to his power of ready speech. His manner was plain and unaffected, and as he seemed to be always interested in the subject, he never failed to interest his hearers. His biographer says: One little peculiarity in his manner of lecturing was mentioned to the late Archdeacon Sinclair by Archibald Alison, the elder, apparently as Alison heard it from Smith's own lips. He used to acknowledge that in lecturing he was more dependent than most professors on the sympathy of his hearers, and he would sometimes select one of his students, who had more mobile and expressive features than the rest, as an unsuspecting gauge of the extent to which he carried with him the intelligence and interest of the class. "During one whole session," he said, "a certain student, with a plain but expressive countenance, was of great use to me in judging of my success. He sat conspicuously in front of a pillar; I had him constantly under my eye. If he leaned forward to listen, all was right, and I knew I had the ear of my class; but if he leaned back in an attitude of listlessness, I felt at once that all was wrong, and that I must change either the subject or the style of my address."—Youth's Companion.

Met Her Match.

They tell a story about a pretty girl, recently married, who used to be famed for one conspicuous talent and a habit of hinting for whatever she wanted. A young man went up to her home to call one evening. He had hardly seated himself before she remarked that it was so tiresome to spend a whole evening at home, and wondered what was playing at the theaters. Upon that he spoke and invited her to go to the theater. She went. As they came out, she ingenuously remarked that Mr. Blank had taken her to the theater the week before, and they had had such a jolly little supper afterward. He was politely interested. Then she said: "Oh, wasn't it dreadfully warm in the theater? It made me just as thirsty as can be, didn't it you?" He admitted that he, too, was suffering from thirst. "Let's go and get something to quench our thirst," he said. She coyly agreed, so he took her into the waiting-room at Willard's and gave her a glass of ice water. But I really don't think he ought to have told the story, which he did—to me.—Washington Post.

THE IDEAL INDIAN WARRIOR.

Spirited Description of One in a Frontier Fight.

As Roman Nose dashed gallantly forward, and swept into the open at the head of his superb command, he was the very beau ideal of an Indian chief. Mounted on a large, clean-limbed chestnut horse, he sat well forward on his barebacked charger, his knees passing under a horse-hair lariat that twice loosely encircled the animal's body, his horse's bridle grasped in his left hand, which was also closely wound in its flowing mane, and at the same time clutched his rifle at the guard, the butt of which lay partially upon and across the animal's neck, while its barrel, crossing diagonally in front of his body, rested slightly against the hollow of his left arm, leaving his right free to direct the course of his men. He was a man over six feet and three inches in height, beautifully formed, and, save for a crimson silk sash knotted around his waist, and his moccasins on his feet, perfectly naked. His face was hideously painted in alternate lines of red and black, and his head crowned with a magnificent war-bonnet, from which, just above his temples and curving slightly forward, stood up two short black buffalo horns, while its ample length of eagles' feathers and herons' plumes trailed wildly on the wind behind him; and as he came swiftly on at the head of his charging warriors, in all his barbaric strength and grandeur, he proudly rode that day the most perfect type of a savage warrior it has been my lot to see. Turning his face for an instant towards the women and children of the united tribes, who literally by thousands were watching the fight from the crest of the low bluffs back from the river's bank, he raised his right arm and waved his hand with a royal gesture in answer to their wild cries of rage and encouragement as he and his command swept down upon us; and again facing squarely towards where we lay, he drew his body to its full height, and shook his clinched fist defiantly at us; then throwing back his head and glancing skywards, he suddenly struck the palm of his hand across his mouth and gave tongue to a war-cry that I have never yet heard equaled in power and intensity. Scarcely had its echoes reached the river's bank when it was caught up by each and every one of the charging warriors, with an energy that baffles description, and answered back with blood-curdling yells of exultation and prospective vengeance by the women and children on the river's bluffs and by the Indians who lay in ambush around us. On they came at a swinging gallop, rending the air with their wild war-whoops, each individual warrior in all his bravery of war-paint and long braided scalp-lock tipped with eagles' feathers, and all stark naked but for their cartridge belts and moccasins, keeping their line almost perfectly, with a front of about sixty men, all riding bareback, with only a loose lariat about their horses' bodies, about a yard apart, and with a depth of six or seven ranks, forming together a compact body of massive fighting strength, and of almost resistless weight. "Boldly they rode, and well," with their horses' bridles in their left hands, while with their right they grasped their rifles at the guard, and held them squarely in front of themselves, resting lightly upon their horses' necks.

Riding about five paces in front of the center of the line, and twirling his heavy Springfield rifle around his head as if it were a wisp of straw (probably one of those he had captured at the Fort Fetterman massacre), Roman Nose recklessly led the charge with a bravery that could only be equaled but not excelled, while their medicine man, an equally brave but older chief, rode slightly in advance of the left of the charging column. To say that I was surprised at this exhibition of pluck and discipline is to put it mildly, and to say, further, that for an instant or two I was fairly lost in admiration of the glorious charge is simply to state the truth, for it was far and away beyond anything I had heard of, read about, or even imagined regarding Indian warfare.—Gen. G. A. Forsyth, in Harper's Magazine.

The Way Your Boys Work.

When Mr. Dumley came home and found the lawn unmowed he was mad.

"Where's that lazy, good-for-nothing boy?" he called, charging into the house. "I set him to work mowing the yard 'fore I left home this morning, and he hasn't cut two streaks. Where's he been?"

"William has been very busy, indeed," Mrs. Dumley sweetly answered. "Shortly after you left he went over and helped the McIntyre boys weed their garden, then he ran four errands for Mrs. Williams, and since then he has been assisting the Levensaler children pile wood. I think, from all accounts, that he is the hardest working boy on the street."

And William sat there swallowing his pie, feeling the cold glare of his father sinking into his vitals. Or victuals. Either way will answer.—N. Y. Recorder.

Stub Ends of Thought.

A pretty woman is never quite without hope.

When a woman is firm in her convictions it isn't wise to call her stubborn.

When a man has more money than he knows what to do with, he very soon learns what.

Some people's fine clothes are no more than the pretty label on the empty can.

Many a corn may lurk behind a polished shoe.

A woman's tact will buy more than a man's dollar.

The eye can lie more in a minute than the tongue can correct in a week.

It takes less courage to marry a woman than it does to be a husband to to her afterwards.

Not every woman is glad she is wife, albeit the world doesn't know it.—Detroit Free Press.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—In 1825 the United States became prominent as a lead producer, and has since enormously increased the world's supply.

—The first corn-producing state is Iowa, with an acreage of 7,585,522 and 313,130,782 bushels; next comes Illinois, with 7,863,025 acres and 289,697,256 bushels; the third being Kansas, with 7,314,765 acres and 259,547,568 bushels.

—Two thousand million gallons or six million tons of petroleum is the annual output of the world; half of this is supplied by the United States, nearly a quarter comes from the Caspian, 26,000,000 gallons from Galicia, 25,000,000 from Canada, and 7,000,000 from Burmah. The working of the wells in Burmah and Galicia is only just beginning, while the petroleum basin of the Mackenzie river is probably the richest in the world.

—Welding of Iron.—Some experiments made on the welding of iron bring out a number of points of resemblance between the action of iron and ice. Both expand while passing from the liquid to the plastic state, and both contract in the solid state. Some investigations recently made at the mint prove that wrought iron at a welding temperature possesses the same property of cooling under pressure which exists in freezing water.

—The amount of fruit which a single tree can produce year after year, is a question of interest to biologists. At Hampton Court, in England, is a grapevine which has been permitted to occupy the whole glass house. This one grape vine has been bearing grapes for nearly a century, and occupies an area of 2,250 square feet. It is estimated that during the vine's existence there at least 120,000 pounds of ripe grapes have been gathered from it.

—Scientific methods of measuring the rainfall are as follows: The simplest form of rain gauge consists of a funnel with a definite area, say twelve inches, which fits the mouth of a bottle. The rain that falls into the funnel runs down into the bottle, of course, and the quantity is measured by means of a graduated glass. Suppose, for example, that in twenty-four hours the quantity collected measured two and three-tenths fluid ounces. This is equal to four cubic inches, and if the area of the funnel be twelve inches, it follows that there has been a fall of one-third of an inch.

—According to the latest reports upon the coal industry, England is the largest producer in the world, her output during 1894 having been 188,277,525 tons. This was mined by 705,244 persons. The United States comes second in the list with 164,000,000 tons. Germany produced during the same year about 73,000,000 tons, exclusive of lignite. The other coal-producing countries mine practically the same amount from year to year, as follows: Austro-Hungary, 10,700,000 tons; France and Russia, 6,250,000 tons each; Australasia, 4,000,000; Japan, 3,250,000; Nova Scotia, 2,250,000; Spain, 1,300,000; British Columbia, 1,200,000; Italy, 300,000; Sweden, 200,000.

WOMEN PHYSICIANS.

Their Scope and Influence Is Growing Rapidly in America.

The first medical diploma conferred upon a woman in modern times was given by the Medical college of Geneva in 1849. At the present time there are nearly three thousand women engaged in medical practice throughout the country. Through the north and west they are to be found in every large city and in many country towns. South of Maryland they are rarely to be found. For many years, says Emily Blackwell, M. D., women could only study in three colleges established for them in Boston, Philadelphia and New York. Now, not only have these grown largely in means and opportunity, but others have been established in Chicago, Baltimore and other places. Women, however, are no longer confined exclusively to their own schools. The medical departments of almost all the state universities in the west admit women as well as men. The State University of Michigan at Ann Arbor was the first thus to recognize the claims of women to a share in education in state institutions, and has a large class of women in attendance. The last and a very important step in the direction of co-education is the admission of women to the new Johns Hopkins Medical school in Baltimore. This valuable opening is due largely to the condition of the liberal endowment given to the college by Miss Garrett, of Baltimore.

In connection with medicine women show the same interest in benevolent work that they do outside of the profession. In New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco and some other places they have established hospitals and dispensaries in which the service is exclusively conducted by women physicians. In the work of private societies and institutions they are often active helpers. As a rule women are precluded from taking any part in public institutions, hospitals, dispensaries, asylums, etc. In these, with few exceptions, they are not eligible as attending physicians. By a recent enactment there must be one assistant woman physician in all the state hospitals for the insane in the state of New York. A few other states have followed that example. They may serve as internes in the almshouse near Philadelphia. In New York city women physicians have served in the summer service for the poor, established by the board of health, as physicians and inspectors. One woman physician is employed in the bacteriological service of the New York board of health. But with them and a few similar exceptions women physicians are not yet admitted to any share in the medical service of public institutions.

This exclusion is one of the greatest obstacles to the professional success of women, since it is in this great field of observation and wide experience that men obtain eminence in practice.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A CERTAIN FAIRY.

There's a dear little fairy with very bright eyes
Who lives in the schoolroom and sleeps on the shelves,
Where they shut up the books which, to make children wise,
The children must look at and handle themselves.

And morning by morning, at nine of the clock,
The small fairy wakes and springs down to the floor,
For the lad and the lassie in jacket or frock
Will need her to aid them ere task time is o'er.

Be the problem vexatious, or stubborn the verb,
Depend on this friend to give help quite worth while;
The sternest of masters she'll never disturb,
Her presence has ever been met with a smile.

The Fairy "Attention!" Present you? Of course,
The dear little fairy with very bright eyes,
Who lives in the schoolroom for better, for worse,
And knows every secret that makes children wise.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Young People.

NEW SERPENTINE RACE.

Latest Game That Has Been Adopted for Amateur Exhibitions.

For a race of one hundred yards, place ten flagstaffs in line, the first ten feet from the starting point and the others ten feet apart, the last being ten feet from the goal. Each pole should be surmounted by a small flag, which will add to the beauty and interest of the scene.

Now for the manner of running. Supposing the runners to have toed the starting line with their left foot, the left knee should be bent, the body inclined forward, and the right hand raised above the level of the right shoulder. When the start is given, bring the right arm smartly downward;

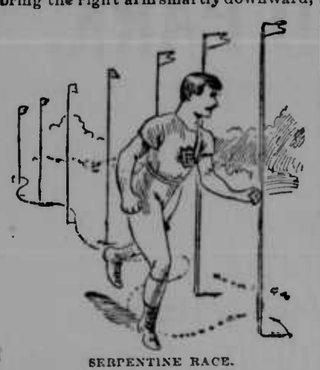

SERPENTINE RACE.

it will give you an impetus to make off. Pass the first staff on your left side, the second on your right, the third on your left, the fourth on your right, the fifth on your left, the sixth on your right, the seventh on your left, the eighth on your right, the ninth on your left, and, finally, the tenth on your right. From here make the best of your time in getting to the winning post. This finishes the ordinary serpentine race.

A variation of the game is known as the rotary serpentine race, the object of which is to make a complete circle around each flagstaff. This, performed in an ordinary way, would make you giddy—a thing to be avoided. Observe, therefore, the directions laid down, and the result will be, instead, a pleasurable one.

Start as before, passing the first staff on the left, encircle it by passing to the front of it, then retreating backward, pass it on the left again.

Running diagonally across, pass the second staff on the right, encircle it by retreating backward when at the front again. Run across to the third staff and pass it on the left, encircling the staff backward as before, and then run across to the fourth staff. Pass it on the right. Follow out these directions with the remaining flagstaffs, taking care to encircle each backward and, in addition to the above directions, passing the fifth staff on the left side, the sixth on the right, the seventh on the left, the eighth on the right, the ninth on the left, the tenth and last on the right. Then sprint to the winning post.

THE ENGLISH CUCKOO.

A Selfish Bird Wanting Everything All for Itself.

The English cuckoo "sings as she flies," and the English people are glad to hear its voice, "Cuck-oo! cuck-oo!" because it tells them that the spring has come; but no good children can like its mean, ugly ways.

The mother does not build a nest of her own, as all respectable birds should do, but lays her eggs in the nest of some other bird much smaller than herself.

When the young cuckoo is hatched, before it has feathers, or even gets its eyes open, it feels around to see if there is anything else in the nest; if it finds eggs, it manages to push them over the side of its stolen home. If a young bird is there, perhaps its own sister or brother, the naughty cuckoo works its body under the helpless creature, and by dint of backing and pushing, contrives to get the poor thing out of the nest; down it goes on the ground and is killed, unless the nest is low; then it becomes chilled and dies. Over and over again the murderer slaughters its victims until it is left alone in the nest. "Such a mean, selfish, disagreeable bird!" you say. I agree with you, but there are children who would like to keep everything for themselves, too.—Our Little Ones.

Little Man Mercury.

Down in his cellar hidden away,
Little Man Mercury sits while he may.
Up from his dwelling a tall ladder shows;
Why it is put there wee Mercury knows.
When the weather is warm he skips up to the top,
And when it grows colder, downstairs he must stop

She Had Heard.

A little girl was writing her geography lesson on the Arctic ocean. Among other things she said: "The Arctic ocean is used principally for purposes of exploration."

THE STORY OF DUKE.

He Was a Good Duke and Possessed Rare Musical Gifts.

Duke was not really beautiful from an æsthetic standpoint, but he was both clever and good, and that, you know, is really a rare combination.

Duke's legs, some way, did not seem to be set on quite symmetrically, and when he ran along ahead of the carriage, one always felt a little anxious lest his hind legs should turn off on a separate journey at every crossrond. Then he hurdly ever had the free use

DUKE SINGING.

of all four legs at once. First he would come in from some of his private excursions holding up an injured front paw for attention, and when that would get well he would appear some morning with one of the hind ones ready for repairs. At first we used to incase the afflicted members in bandages, but as he was so careless about dropping them broadcast all over the lawn we contented ourselves with the application of witch-hazel alone. But no matter how lame Duke was he could never see the horses brought to the door without feeling that it was his duty to accompany them to town, and where duty or danger led, there was Duke, legs or no legs.

Birds and squirrels were the most fascinating objects in existence to Duke. A bird could not fly across the sky above him even without his starting after it, each leg prancing wildly by itself, and barking shrilly.

Once he became so much interested in a mad chase after a bobolink that was flying over the Hudson that he plunged into the river and swam half way across. Fortunately there was a boat near at hand, which came to his rescue, or Duke might never have lived to display the rare musical gifts which became eventually the pride of the house and the countryside.

He had never manifested any special ability in this direction until a gentleman came who played the cornet; then all Duke's long repressed talents came to the surface at once, and we realized that we had a genius in the family.

The gentleman who awakened this dormant gift in Duke used to play the reveille every morning to arouse the family—and also as a call to meals. Duke evidently decided that the cornet was nothing without an accompaniment, so at the first note of the call he was invariably on hand at the side of the cornetist, head well up, chest expanded, and following the call in an exceedingly well modulated voice, considering his advantages. When the notes of the reveille ran up, there was Duke's shrill treble after it, and when they went down, Duke was there, too. Boats going by on the river stopped to listen to this curious duet, neighboring families marveled at the strange phenomenon until the mystery was explained, while to guests and children it was a source of never-failing delight. But alas!

Death cuts down all,
Both great and small,

as the old New England reader used to say, and death came to Duke, though not in the heroic guise we could have wished for one of his genius.

After the guests went away in the fall and his friend the cornetist packed his cornet and returned to the city Duke seemed to be very lonely, and to relieve the tedium of the quiet days he took to wandering about in search of amusement.

One day a drover in charge of a large flock of sheep came along, and Duke joined a number of his friends in following along after the procession, keeping up meanwhile a canine commentary that was evidently displeasing to the drover, for he drew his pistol and shot into the ranks of the accompanying dogs. Poor Duke! Although innocent of all intent to do mischief, he was in bad company, and, like old dog Tray, he was forced to pay the penalty for it with his life. Never again shall we hear his doggish notes, like a "running vine," through the reveille. On a sunny slope overlooking the Hudson lies all that was mortal of our poor Duke; and over his grave the birds sing, the squirrels chatter, and the clover and daisies bend softly in the summer breeze.—N. Y. Times.

Pleasant Kind of a Joke.

A joker to whom no one objects has turned up in a Pennsylvania town. The mania of this individual is to surprise people by sending them two-dollar bills. Within one week fourteen people received envelopes containing a two-dollar bill and nothing more. The envelopes are all in the same handwriting, but there is no clew to the sender. Since the facts have become known the post office callers have been steadily increasing, and the fortunate ones are viewed with envy by the people who are waiting for their turn.

The Strength of a Lion.

When a young lion reaches the age of two years he is able to strangle or pull down a horse or an ox, and so he continues to grow and increase in strength till he reaches his eighth year, when he grows no more. For twenty years after his fangs and talons show no signs of decay, but after that he gradually becomes feeble and his teeth fall him.

FARM AND GARDEN.

SIMPLE WIRE FENCE.

The One Here Illustrated Was Made by an Eastern Farmer.

The trouble with all woven-wire fences is that they will wrinkle in going over hills or through hollows. I use No. 9 annealed galvanized wire, strung the distance apart I wish the wires to be. I use on the end of each wire an iron spool. The wires go through the end post and are wound on the spool. I use long, broad staples, but I do not drive them home, so that the wire is loose from one end to the other end. To keep the wires from spreading so that animals can crawl through, I fasten them together with pieces of the same wire cut three inches longer than I wish the wires in the fence to be apart. One end of these wires is bent in the shape of a letter U, by bending it in a hole bored one and one-half inch deep, in a one-half inch round iron. Unless one use something to keep the wires in place when these tie-pieces are fastened on, the fence wires will be drawn together. I use a piece of hardwood board, one-half by one inch, four feet long, with a flat piece of iron screwed to one side of it. This stick has notches filed three-eighths inches deep in the wood and iron, to correspond with the wires, so that when I place the stick against the fence, one wire goes in each notch. My stick is four feet long, and has notches cut in it every six inches. Where I wish my fence wires to be tied together, I place my notched stick, and hung a tie with a hook on the other side of the fence from me, and the lower end of the tie hanging

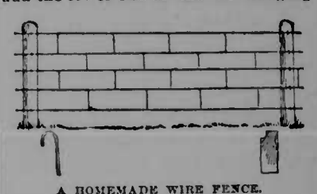

A HOMEMADE WIRE FENCE.

on the other side of the lower wire to be tied. If one wish his fence wires to be tied every six feet, begin three feet from the post, and tie the two top wires; then skip one space, and fasten the next wires, and so on until the ground is reached. The stick may be moved over three feet, and the two wires skipped the first time be fastened as in cut. These tie pieces are fastened to the wire with a piece of flat steel six inches long and one inch wide, bent and filed hook shaped. To fasten the top of the tie, I hang it close to the notched stick (have the wires drawn tight), take this piece of steel in my right hand, hang it on the fence wire to the right of the tie, turn it over the fence wire until the notch in the steel catches in the short end of the tie, and wind it around the fence wire without any trouble. The lower end hangs on the other side of the lower wire. Catch the end of the tie that hangs below the wire in the bend of the steel, with the notch in the steel against the fence wire; give the tie a bend around the wire, and finish the job the same as for the upper end of the tie. This makes the best and cheapest fence of which I know without any exception. I use a 2-inch staple one half inch wide, and when I fasten the wire, I am careful to place the points of the staple so that they will not split the post. It will give a half stronger job than staples of the same length bent for round wire. Outside of my own work on my tools for my fence, I paid 10 cents to a blacksmith. I have put on the ties of a five-wire fence 45 rods long in a half day.—Rural New Yorker.

THIS IS PLAIN ENOUGH.

Practical Advantages of Good Roads Strikingly Set Forth.

The practical advantages of good roads are strikingly set forth by a writer in Lippincott's Magazine, the vicinity of Moorestown in New Jersey, being selected as an illustration. This is in Burlington county, ten miles from Philadelphia. Radiating from Moorestown are twenty-four miles of good macadamized roads, built by an issue of town bonds and by means of the state aid law of 1891. Before these roads were constructed real estate in the neighborhood of Moorestown was absolutely dead; since they were built it is much in request, and near the town almost city prices have been paid for land. The contrast in this respect between Moorestown and other towns possessing equal natural advantages is great. Furthermore, instead of four-horse wagons built to carry 50 ¾ bushel baskets, farmers thereabouts now use two-horse wagons carrying 125 baskets of the same size. Arguments of this kind cannot fail to make an impression on the minds of people in all farming communities. Just the same results as at Moorestown might not follow everywhere, but something approximating to them surely would, if good roads were provided. The long and short of the matter is that good roads pay. This is now a matter of absolute demonstration.—N. Y. Tribune.

Experiments with Butter.

The officials of the agricultural department are satisfied with the general results of the experiments made at Cornell university, which have shown the possibility of making butter from the whey left after the manufacture of cheese. The only other question to be determined is whether butter can be made in such quantities as to pay. It is said to be good butter, qualified judges being unable to detect it from that made from milk in the first place.

The Bicycle Rider's Mission.

One of the main elements in bringing about the better condition of roads has been the bicycle rider. He has been a constant grumbler over the poor condition in which the roads are allowed to remain. This is natural, for he furnishes the muscle, while one who drives scarcely ever notices how hard his horse works.—Foster's Democrat, Dover, N. H.

FIGHTING THE GOUT.

The Art of Living and the Diet to Prevent Its Coming.

As it requires some years of carelessness and abuse to possess this disease in perfection, we must give an equal amount of time to its cure. Where the tendency has been inherited, the disease is very stubborn, and sometimes, indeed, incurable, but can in any case be palliated. Cures can only be effected by a rigid diet and the general everyday manner of living must be in harmony. We must never lose sight of the fact that a miserable old age is awaiting those who dissipate, in the smallest degree, when tendencies toward the disease are present.

The rules to be followed are quickly and easily written; would they might be as promptly followed. If you reside in the city, get as near its borders as possible; the country is best for all. Take regular exercise in the open air. Go in and out to your daily task on a bicycle. If this is out of the question, take a walk or ride every day. Exercise must be taken and gradually increased as the system will allow. Never ride or walk until fatigue comes on. Stop when you feel that perhaps another hundred yards would be tolerated. Establish and adhere to regular hours for retiring and rising, and for meals. Cold (not iced) water should be the only beverage.

Whole wheat bread, toasted, or bread sticks should be the only bread used, and that in moderation. Mutton twice a week, chicken twice, sweetbreads once, tripe once, and the remaining days fish, and let meat at all times be used only once a day. A lettuce of pure salad, with a French dressing of pure olive oil, should be eaten at every dinner. No sweets, pastry or cakes must ever be taken. A few almonds, say six, and one Brazilian nut, may be the dessert at dinner. Spinach, cabbage (raw or lightly cooked), squash, onions, asparagus, celery, Brussels sprouts and kale, are admissible; rice, too, plainly boiled, may be used as a vegetable every day, or, cooked in milk, as a dessert. Milk may be taken as food, but not at the same meal with meat. Buttermilk, with a slice of toast, may form the lunch two or three times a week. No spices or pepper should be used, and but little salt, and, above all, no vinegar. Vegetables must be taken in greater quantities than animal food, and both in much less quantities than is usually ingested in health. Should too great a loss of weight occur, increase gradually the amount of food. Stewed dates and figs, without sugar, served with whipped cream, are admissible.

The relation of gout to dyspepsia is that of cousins, so be very careful not to eat that which is not easily digested. No medicine can effect a permanent cure, unless this rational dietary is followed. The clothing must be worn in harmony, also. If flannel is worn, let it be light—silk is preferable; further, the garment worn in the day must not be worn at night. The night "set" may be of lighter texture. A tepid bath should be taken before breakfast each morning. The abdomen, too, may be well rubbed with olive oil and glycerine before retiring.

Sleep at least eight hours, ten are better, in a well-ventilated room.

Live as much of the day as possible in the open air.

Remember, too, that gout has many stages before it reaches the acute. It is steadily becoming the bane of America. If you are taking little exercise and partaking of too much rich food; if you feel drowsy after family meals and nod in the family pew (though in God's house there is often a wicked want of ventilation), then you may reasonably suspect gout and govern yourself accordingly.—Household News.

A Bad Mistake.

Dr. Workum (wrath)—Where is the blooming chump who put up that last prescription for Mr. Shaker?

Druggist (humility)—The head clerk, sir; he has gone to dinner. I trust there is nothing wrong.

Dr. Workum (more wrath)—Nothing wrong? Well, I guess. Why, the ass put up quinine in those capsules by mistake for sugar of milk and Shaker has got rid of that ague.—Texas Siftings.

—The true epic of our times is not arms and the man, but tools and the man—an infinitely wider kind of epic.

One woman can live together and not quarrel.—N. Y. Recorder.

The widow's mite is a favorite form of charity—with those who have plenty.—Puck.

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather.—Franklin.

Happiness is like the statue of Isis, whose veil no mortal ever raised.—L. E. Landon.

A politician must have a genius for explanation.—Puck.

Why is a tear like a potato?—Because it springs from the eye.

The child's mind can grasp with ease the delicate suggestions of flowers.—Chapin.

A sharp tongue is the only edge tool that grows keener with constant use.—Irving.

"So dark and yet so light," as the man said as he looked at his last ton of coal.

When I tell him he hates flattery, he says he does, being then most flattered.—Shakespeare.

"I love, and I am loved." "Then you must be perfectly happy." "But it isn't the same man!"—Life.

Visiting New Yorker—"Have you read 'Trilby' yet?" Philadelphian—"No, but I have heard of it."—Somerville Journal.

Some men do not seem to know a patriotic impulse from a pain in the stomach.—Galveston News.

Talent, like beauty, to be pardoned, must be obscure and unostentatious. — Lady Blessington.

The greatest events dawn with no more noise than the morning star makes in rising.—Beecher.

She—"Tell me, when you were in the army were you cool in the hour of danger?" He—"Cool? I actually shivered!"—Boston Transcript.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Cumso—"What do you think of the coming woman?" Cawker—"She is not worrying me. If she waits to button her gloves she will not arrive in your lifetime or mine."—Judge.

Mary had a little lamb;
With her it used to stray,
But it fled when Mary read her piece
On graduation day.
—Washington Star.

WINTER WHEAT, 80 BUSHELS PER ACRE.

Did you ever hear of that? Well! there are thousands of farmers who think they will reach this yield with Salzer's new hardy Red Cross Wheat; and Rye 60 bushels per acre! Crimson Clover at $3.60 per bushel. Lots and lots of grass and clover for fall seeding. Cut this out and send it to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., for fall catalogue and sample of above wheat free. [K]

Mother—"Frank, what is baby crying about?" Frank—"I guess because I took his cake and showed him how to cut it."—Harper's Round Table.

Nicotinized Nerves.

Men old at thirty. Chew and smoke, eat little, drink, or want to, all the time. Nerves tingle, never satisfied, nothing's beautiful, happiness gone, a tobacco-saturated system tells the story. There's an easy way out. No-To-Bac will kill the nerve-craving effects for tobacco and make you strong, vigorous and manly. Sold and guaranteed to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book, "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

A little girl being asked who was the greatest man in the country hesituted a minute and then falteringly replied "Great Scott."—Schenectady Union.

Open the Safety Valve

When there is too big a head of steam on, or you will be in danger. Similarly, when that important safety valve of the system, the bowels, becomes obstructed, open it promptly with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and guard against the consequences of its closure. Biliousness, dyspepsia, malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaint, nervousness and neuralgia are all subjugated by this pleasant but potent conqueror of disease.

Heading Him Off.—Jaspar—"Children often say very funny things." Jumpuppe—(guardedly)—"Yes; but never funny enough to be repeated."—Puck.

Queen & Crescent Route to the Atlanta Exposition.

It will be one of the greatest fairs ever known in America.

Many features of the Chicago World's Fair and many additional and new ones.

Exposition open September 18th to December 31st, 1895.

Do you want to go?

Write to W. C. Rinearson, G. P. A., Cincinnati, O., for printed matter.

A little religion is hard to keep.—Ram's Horn.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

A room hung with pictures is a room hung with thoughts.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Old Rip Van Winkle went up into the Catskill mountains to take a little nap of twenty years or so, and when he wakened, he found that the "cruel war was over," the monthly magazines had "fought it over" the second time and "blown up" all the officers that had participated in it. This much is history, and it is also an *historical fact* that, it took the same length of time, for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to become the most celebrated, as it is the most effective, Liver, Blood and Lung Remedy of the age. In purifying the blood and in all manner of pimples, blotches, eruptions, and other skin and scalp diseases, scrofulous sores and swellings, and kindred ailments, the "Golden Medical Discovery" manifests the most *positive* curative properties.

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Truth is hid in great depths—the way to seek it does not appear to all the world.—Goethe.

Those who for the first time are to become mothers should use "Mother's Friend." Much suffering will be saved. Sold by druggists.

Let us teach ourselves that honorable step, not to outdo discretion.—Shakespeare.

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—Mrs. E. C. Moulton, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, '94.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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To the Yellowstone Park via Colorado, Marshall Pass, Glenwood Springs, Salt Lake City. Six days' tour of Yellowstone Park. Returning through the Black Hills, via the Custer Battlefield and Hot Springs, So. Dak.

SECOND TOUR
Seventeen Days; Cost $180.00
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A. N. K.—G. 1502

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PENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, AUG. 1, 1895.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first insertion* of the same:

Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $3; County Commissioner, $2.50; Register of Wills, $2.50; County Surveyor, $1.50.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

By the request of friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer of Garrett County, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

JACOB S. MEYERS,
District No. 2. Selbysport, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. M. LOHR.
Cove, [illegible], March 11, 1895.

FOR SHERIFF.

At the request of my many friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Garrett County, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

AUSTIN BROWN.
Selbysport, Md., May 31, 1895.*

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. Don't slight the old soldiers.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND.
Oakland, Md., May 27, 1895.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

GEORGE J. WALTER,
District No. 1. P. O., Thayerville, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party

GEORGE D. WHITE,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SURVEYOR.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Surveyor of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

F. P. GREEN.
District No. 11.

Attention, Republicans!

The Republican voters of Garrett county are requested to assemble in Primary Meeting in the several districts of the county, on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1895,

for the purpose of electing five delegates from each election district to attend a County Convention to be held in Oakland, Md., on

TUESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1895,

to select three delegates to represent Garrett county in the Republican State Convention to be held in Cambridge, Md., on

THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1895,

to nominate a candidate for Governor, Comptroller and Attorney General.

By order of the Republican State Central Committee for Garrett county.

ANDREW SHARTZER, Chairman.
C. J. OTTO, Secretary.

FOR GOVERNOR,

Lloyd Lowndes,

OF ALLEGANY COUNTY,

Subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

THE Wilson Gorman Tariff, which was to throw open to American producers "the markets of the world" is making its record. For the ten months ending in April the exports were valued at $676,820,337, while for a corresponding period under the McKinley law they were $724,499,072. This record was made while the hard times at home were so severe that Americans were economizing in every way, and the producers were forced to seek every outlet they could for their wares and were willing to dispose of them at a minimum of profit. Wages, too, were nearer those of the pauper labor of Europe than for many years before, and yet the exports fell off. The Democratic orators certainly do well to leave the Tariff question alone.

Mr. Gorman's Convention.

The Democratic State Convention met in Baltimore yesterday and nominated John E. Hurst for Governor, Charles C. Crothers for Attorney General and Marion DeKalb Smith for Comptroller.

Mr. Gorman absolutely controlled the convention and dictated the nominations. The champion of re-assessment, Senator Thomas G. Hayes, received but two votes.

Mr. Hurst was the treasurer of the funds which was raised two years ago to fight and put down the Hayes bill. In recognition of the valuable services rendered at that time he has been rewarded with the Gubernatorial nomination.

Mr. Hurst is Mr. Gorman's candidate. "The Boss" named him and the Democratic voters of Maryland are supposed to march up to the ballot box and ratify his selection.

The hold of Gormanism upon the Democratic party is more firmly riveted than ever, and the ring has again triumphed. Gormanism is the issue and it remains for the people to say whether or not it shall continue to hold undisputed and despotic sway over the destinies of the great State of Maryland. "Down with Gormanism," will be the slogan of the Republican party this fall, and if the independent Democrats honestly desire to get rid of this incubus which has hung like a pall upon their hopes for better government and purer politics they will assist us in electing the Republican ticket.

The Republican Nominee.

As the time approaches for holding the Republican State Convention it becomes more apparent that Hon. Lloyd Lowndes will undoubtedly secure the nomination for Governor on the first ballot.

The eminent fitness of Mr. Lowndes for this responsible position is well known. The strong hold which he has upon the affections of the people of Western Maryland will be attested by the unanimity with which they will support his candidacy.

Allegany, Washington and Frederick have already declared for him in the Sixth District and Garrrett and Montgomery will do likewise when their conventions meet.

Mr. Lowndes will make an ideal candidate. He is heartily in sympathy with the wishes of the people for purer politics, fair elections and a fair and equitable revaluation and assessment of property. He is, however, opposed to any assessment on the lines of the Hayes bill, as is every fair and honest minded citizen of this State.

Mr. Lowndes will stand upon the platform of his party and the pledges the party makes will be carried out by him.

His election will be a victory over bossism, ring rule and dirty politics.

He will be the Governor of the whole people and not the tool of any set or band of politicians. He will carry out the wishes of the people and their commands will be his law.

Lloyd Lowndes, in view of the action of the Democratic convention yesterday, will undoubtedly be the next Governor of Maryland.

A Democrat on Protection.

Mr. L. Z. Leiter, the retired merchant who amassed so much wealth in trade at Chicago, says, like Senator David B. Hill: "I am a Democrat." But he is at the same time a firm Protectionist, and one who recently expressed some home truths that we recommend to the careful consideration of his fellow Democrats. He has not a high opinion of Congressman, now Postmaster-General Wilson. But who has? Mr. Leiter observed:

I look upon Mr. Wilson as foolish. A man must be foolish to have made such a tariff bill, as he originally passed, and which the President approved of. It would have made widespread ruin. No public enemy could have done more harm than the Wilson Tariff bill if passed.

This is strong language from a Democrat and ought to cause concern to the Congressmen, now mostly ex-Congressmen, who voted for the Wilson Tariff bill. There were among them men who knew, as well as Mr. Leiter, the pernicious character of that measure. But from lack of moral courage they voted for it, expecting that the Senate would amend it in the interests of home industries. Mr. Leiter thus explains why Mr. Wilson is "foolish:"

Mr. Wilson wanted coal made free, and Mr. Cleveland would not sign the bill from vexation that coal was not made free. Now coal in West Virginia is worth five cents a ton. The coal is worth in New York $3.60. What makes the difference? Labor. The transportation is labor, too. Therefore the employment of labor enough to make the vast aggregate of the sale of coal Mr. Cleveland proposed to transfer to Nova Scotia, where coal is almost at the waterside and labor is so little employed, or so poorly paid, that inevitably our army of miners and transporters would have lost their last product to keep the railroads alive. Was not this a murderous blow struck at the railroads by their President? For aiming it Mr. Wilson receives the President's decorations.

The murderous blow did not happily strike with the effect that was intended, but the attempt has served to warn the country what it has to expect when the people put Free-Traders in power.

It is noteworthy also that what Mr. Lieter says in regard to coal applies to other products that the Wilson bill would have admitted free. When foreign materials are allowed to displace home products in our markets then we are listening that "widespread ruin" to which Mr. Lieter refers.

It is notable also that Mr. Lieter, who has paid millions of dollars of import duties, upholds Protection and speaks of "manufacturers, agriculture and transportation" as "the three great elements" of national prosperity.

From the Lone Star State.

To the Editor of the Republican.

Undoubtedly Texas is a great state. Great in area, in possibilities, scenery, climate and resources. While no hotter than New York or Washington, the heat is tempered by delightful gulf breezes and a case of sunstroke is seldom known. To see the sun sink to rest on the vast rolling prairies is worth a trip to Texas, to those who love to travel.

The cotton fields are lovely now—such lovely blossoms. There are two kinds, white and purple, live only one day and die to give place to the tiny germ of cotton. Some were discouraged over the low price, but cotton will command a better remuneration this year. The wild flowers, as well as the tame ones, are with us. Here are trees full of blossoms.

The mocking birds make sweet melody and on moonlight nights sing all night. Vegetables and fruits are in such profusion as to be wasted. There has been an unusual rainfall. People enjoy life here. They drive and ride horseback, give little parties and musicales, swing in hammocks and read, yet many of them possess both energy and push.

Texas is not the wild "cowboy state" that some imagine it. There are many refined, cultivated communities and considered quite healthy. Notwithstanding all this, my heart still clings to "Maryland, my Maryland."

MRS. D. TASKER.
Denison, Tex., July 26, 1895.

New Coal Mines.

Black, Sheridan and Wilson and Lloyd Lowndes have purchased the property of the Frostburg Mining Company, known as the "Wither's" place. This tract of land is a mile east of Frostburg, on the line of the Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad. It comprises three hundred acres of farming land and is underlaid with one hundred and sixty acres of big vein coal. It is not known when this deposit of coal will be operated, but it is improved by a new opening, train road and dump and will be one of the nearest mines to market in the George's creek region.

On the 1st of August the same firm will resume operations (suspended last spring) on their New York property of seven hundred acres of big vein coal, which is on the opposite side of the valley from the "Withers" property, and on the line of the Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad. When in operation these two new mines will greatly increase the business of Frostburg.

Married.

HARVEY—WALTERS.—On July 24th, 1895, at the residence of the officiating minister, Dr. Benj. Ison, in Oakland, Benjamin Whitefield Harvey and Fannie Grace Walters, both of Garrett county.

HAGER—HOOVER.—At the same place and by the same minister, on July 29th, 1895, William Hager and Nora Hoover, both of Fayette county, Pa.

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice

Mountain Lake Park.

The past week at the Park was one of much interest. The National W. C. T. U. School of Methods was opened Friday afternoon and closed Tuesday night. The workers were a noble band of men and women—refined, cultured and social. As one came in contact with them he or she felt better. The meetings were full of interest and did much good. Mrs. L. M. Stevens, of Portland, Me., presided. She was assisted by Mrs. K. L. Stevenson, of Chicago; Mrs. A. S. Benjamin, of Michigan; Mrs. W. C. Morrow, of West Virginia; Mrs. M. A. Halsup, of Maryland; Mrs. F. E. Beauchamp, of Kentucky; Mrs. M. E. Griffith and Mrs. Lee Letra, of Washington, D. C.; Miss Palmer and Miss Sarah Harris, of Virginia; Mr. and Mrs. S. C. K. Putnam, of Bombay, India. Mrs. Belle C. Harmison, of West Virginia, had charge of the music. Mrs. J. A. Hayden, of the Park, made herself very useful and did much for the pleasantness of the occasion. The three addresses of Hon. J. G. Wooley were magnificent and full of truths very pointedly expressed. The school was a success in every particular.

Saturday the 3rd, at 3 p. m., the W. F. M. S. Convention meets. Mrs. Nathan Sites and Mrs. Emma M. Scott, returned missionaries, will attend these meetings and take part in them.

Have you seen the lake? Isn't it a pretty sheet of water? "Beautiful," is what the visitors say. Indeed it is. We feel proud of it. We have a right to do so. No other mountain summit in Maryland, West Virginia or Pennsylvania has such a large or pretty lake. What a change has taken place. The new boat house for storing the new pleasure boats; the waiting room, the post bridge from the shore to the waiting room are neat as a pin. The keepers home, known as "Oakcroft," is occuped by Levi Hewitt and family. Mr. Hewitt will have charge of the lake, boats, ice houses and surrounding grounds. The driveway across the dam and the new bridge are in keeping with the delightful surroundings. The new drive to Crystal Springs is in good shape. Hurrah for our lake! A real lake. The new boats are beauties, from one of the best factories of Racine, Wis. They were built expressly for us.

Mr. McKee, of Pittsburg, has opened a confectionery and ice cream rooms in the new home.

Everything is being done to make this the attractive place of the Alleghenies. What next? Well, there is more to follow. He who invests at Mountain Lake Park acts wisely.

Crop Reports.

The weekly bulletin of crop reports for this State contained the following for Garrett county this week:

Grantsville.—Weather favorable to all growing crops. Haymaking well under way, and nearly an average crop. Oats crop will be the heaviest for years. Buckwheat and potatoes extra.

J. S. MILLER.

Thayerville. — 21st, rain; 22d, and 24th, rain, warm; 25th, cold. Prospect for fair weather. Grass growing finely. Everything in the farm line is doing finely. More sunshine needed. R. BECKMAN.

Sunny Side.—The fore part of the past week was rainy and consequently unfavorable to harvesting, but started the new mown meadows. Wheat is about all cut, but none has been threshed yet. Early-sown buckwheat is in full bloom; it is looking well. The few apples that are found in this section are small and wormy. Potatoes are looking well and a large crop is expected.

JOHN G. KNAUER.

Mt. Lake Park.—The frequent rains this week, together with warm weather, has advanced crops very much, and especially corn. There is an enormous crop of string beans between this place and Grafton, and no home market for them at any price. There is a heavy crop of pears and plums, and also apples, where not killed by late frost. Cauliflower now making fine heads, and finds a ready market.

MRS. W. SWEET.

Notice to Builders and Contractors.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., July 30, 1895

The Board of School Commissioners of Garrett County will received sealed proposals for the erection of two school houses, one in North Glade school district, in Election District No. 1, and one in Mason School district in Election District No 8, according to plan and specifications to be seen in the office of the Board of School Commissioners. Bids to close and be left with the secretary by the 9th day of August, 1895 at 12 m.

The board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the Board,
21—1t. WM. HINEBAUGH, Secy.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, low old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
T. R. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS,
MATTING, OIL CLOTH,
WINDOW SHADES
WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.
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Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

PUBLIC SALE

OF

BUILDING LOTS

IN

HIGHLAND PARK,

A Suburb of Oakland, Maryland, and Adjacent to Oakland, Containing 50 Acres, More or Less.

LOVELY SHADE.
HIGH ALTITUDE.
CHARMING VIEW.
Beautifully Located.

Healthful AND Cleanly Surroundings.

AN IDEAL PLACE FOR A HOME.
COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.

Tuesday, August 15th,

AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK,

If not fair, next fair day, there will be a sale of said Lots on the premises.

For further Particulars, address
PEDDICORD & PEDDICORD, or
DR. E. K. GOLDSBOROUGH,
Oakland, Maryland.

N. B.—The Park has been tastefully platted and will have FIVE fifty-foot avenues.

MOUNT UNION COLLEGE,

ALLIANCE, OHIO.

DEPARTMENTS:—Preparatory, Collegiate, Normal, Commercial (including Short-hand and Type writing) Music, Art, Military, Biblical, Post-graduate.
EXPENSES LOW.

Send for Catalogue to PRESIDENT MARSH.

D. E. OFFUTT & SON

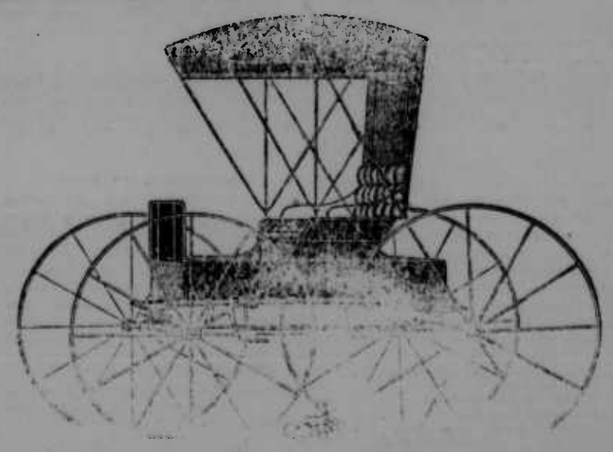

Invites the attention of those interested in the purchase of vehicles of anv style. The Kramer, Milburn and Jackson farm wagons always on hand. Prices and terms given on application.

Perfect Health.

Keep the system in perfect order by the occasional use of Tutt's Liver Pills. They regulate the bowels and produce

A Vigorous Body.

For sick headache, malaria, biliousness, constipation and kindred diseases, an absolute cure

TUTT'S Liver PILLS

Piles.

Piles is so common that every other person you meet is troubled with it more or less. It seems to be a little thing and usually gets little attention. It may not be serious at first, but it makes a man sick—makes him nervous, cross, irritable—unfit for business. It robs him of sleep, takes his appetite—cuts down his flesh—and yet he is careless about it.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

will cure Piles. It will cure other things, too, but it is particularly good for Piles. It stops the itch and the ache at once. It may take several days to wholly allay the inflammation and reduce the swelling, but it will do it—sure. Has done it in innumerable cases. Never has failed.

Good for Eczema, Ring Worm, Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Dandruff, Pimples, and all Skin Diseases.

50 Cents--Drug Stores.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, MD.

☞ FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head and all Inflammation of the Nasal Passages. 50 Cents.

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 1, on Front Street, in Bayard, West Va.

Lot containing four acres with house on it, at Swanton, Md.

A mortgage on properly worth more than double, at Loch Lynn Heights, Md.

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Mt. Lake Park, Md.

WE LOAN MONEY

to buy, build and improve your home and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS NEARLY $200,000,000.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. RINKER,
Wilson, Grant Co., W. Va.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above. 4-1yr.*

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including train ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by anerold barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48-26tf

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ROOFING,

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best grands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

Slate Roofing.

Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.

I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.

All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.

I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.

Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.

For prices apply to or address,

C. M. BEACHY,
47—1yr. Grantsville, Md

JUDGE HOFFMAN DEAD.

An Eminent Jurist Passes Peacefully Away.

From Cumberland News, Monday.

Henry W. Hoffman, Associate Judge of the fourth judicial circuit of this State, died at his residence on Washington street, in this city, at five o'clock yesterday morning in his seventieth year. Judge Hoffman had been in delicate health for some time but it was only during the last few days that his illness assumed such a form as to occasion his friends any degree of uneasiness. There were times during the past year or two when the judge would appear to be rapidly failing in health but from these spells there would always be a wonderful rally, and his death came rather as a shock to the community than as an occurrence to be expected at any moment.

Henry W. Hoffman was born in this city in Nov. 1826, and in early life learned the trade of a tinner, which he soon afterwards abandoned for the more congenial study of the law, in the practice of which he soon acquired a high degree of eminence.

Judge Hoffman made his appearance in public life in 1855, when, as the candidate for Congress of what was then called the American party his commanding oratory and power as a public speaker attracted and won for him a high position among the great orators of the day. His competitor in this memorable contest was Hon. Wm. T. Hamilton, whom he defeated in one of the most hotly contested political campaigns of the time. In 1859 he was again a candidate for Congress, but was defeated by Hon. Jacob M. Kunkel, of Frederick.

During his term in Congress an event occurred on the floor of the Senate, while that body was not in session, which caused a hot wave of indignation to roll over the entire north.

This was the assault made upon Senator Charles Sumner by Preston S. Brooks, a member of the House from South Carolina. Senator Sumner had sharply criticised the political course of Senator Butler, an uncle of Congressman Brooks, and in revenge Brooks walked into the Senate chamber when Sumner was seated at his desk, and assaulted him with a cane, inflicting injuries from which the Senator did not recover for months. This act did more to intensify the growing feeling of animosity between the North and South that any event of the times.

A resolution calling for the expulsion of Brooks from the House brought on a discussion that still further embittered the feeling, and Judge Hoffman had the moral courage to cast his vote for the resolution. Brooks was expelled, but was re-elected and was back in his seat within thirty days.

Judge Hoffman was elected sergeant-at-arms of the next House of Representatives, and when President Lincoln came into office in 1861 he was appointed Collector of the port of Baltimore. It was Judge Hoffman's fortune to obtain the confidence of the martyr President to a wonderful degree, and was frequently consulted by him concerning matters of national as well as State policy. On his retirement from office he returned to Cumberland and at once resumed the practice of the law.

In 1872 he supported Greeley for President, and his speeches for that campaign were noted for their power and brilliancy. The only other office he ever held, except the judgship, was that of city attorney under the administration of Mayor Walton in 1880-1.

In 1883 he was nominated by the Republicans for the position of associate judge of this judicial district made vacant by the death of Judge George A. Pearre. His competitor was Hon. Josiah H. Gordon, whom he defeated.

Judge Hoffman was a perfect type of the just and merciful administrator of the law. All his decisions were rendered after the most careful and deliberate examination of the law applicable to the case, and his judgments were seldom reversed by the higher courts. He would have reached the age of seventy years in November next, at which time he would have been compelled, under the constitution, to retire from the bench, had not the Legislature last winter by a joint resolution removed the age disqualification, and invested him with the right to serve out the term for which he had been elected. Had not death intervened he would have graced the bench three years longer.

Judge Hoffman married a Miss Osborne, who preceded him to the better land many years ago. Of this union there were three children, Miss Effie, Miss Bessie, who died several years ago, and William O. the deputy clerk of the circuit court for this county.

THE FUNERAL.

[From the Cumberland News of Wednesday.]

At 12 o'clock Tuesday the mortal remains of the late Judge Henry W. Hoffman, were taken to their last resting place in beautiful Rose Hill cemetery. The cortege left the residence of the late judge on Washington street, at 1 o'clock, Rev. Moffatt, of this city, assisted by Rev. Butler, of Washington, D. C., officiating.

Dr. Moffatt delivered an eloquent sermon on the life of the departed jurist extolling the many great and good deeds of the deceased, the consistency of his life, the great esteem and honor in which he was held and lastly of the unstained and unturnished life which the deceased had at all times lead, both as a lawmaker in the halls of Congress and an honest and conscientious judge on the bench. Dr. Moffatt was followed by Rev. Dr. Butler, a cousin of the deceased, and who also was chaplain in Congress while Mr. Hoffman was a member of that body. Dr. Butler set forth the good traits of the deceased both in public and private life, and many were the moistened eyes as the venerable doctor closed his eulogy. The large porch and commodious grounds surrounding the residence, as well as the streets for several blocks in the immediate neighborhood, were crowded with those that had come to pay their last respects to their departed friend. The cortege was no doubt the largest ever seen in this city.

After all the vehicles, of which there were a large number, had been filled, the large number of people that had gathered fell in line, and marched quietly to the cemetery.

The attending bodies were: The Bar Association of Allegany county, Board of County Commissioners for Allegany county, judges and clerks of the Orphans' court, clerks of the Circuit Court and the Pioneer Hose Company, of which the deceased was an honorary member, and for three years was its president. As the cortege reached the open grave in the cemetery which was to receive the mortal remains of the late judge, the hundreds of friends stood with uncovered heads while the active pall-bearers, Messrs. B. A. Richmond, Ferdinand Williams, J. A. McHenry, R. H. Gordon, A. A. Wilson, R. R. Henderson, Judge A. Hunter Boyd, Judge Edward Stake, Judge of the Orphans' Court, O. C. Gephart, R. D. Johnson, sr., Theodore Lumar, Robers Shiver, Gen. H. Kyd Douglas, Hon. George Smith, of Hagerstown, Gilmor S. Hamill, Oakland, Hon. H. G. Davis Davis, W. Va., Hon. James M. Sloan, Lonaconing, H. B. Shafer, Frostburg, J. S. Jamisson, Westernport, J. J. McHenry, Jacob Brown, of this city, took the handsome black casket, in which the deceased was sleeping his last sleep from the hearse and deposited it in the grave.

Rev. Dr. Moffatt repeated the Presbyterian burial service, and the ceremonies closed with a fervent prayer by Rev. Dr. Butler.

During the services at the residence a selected choir, composed of Misses Annie Roberts, soprano, Florence Dowden, alto, Messrs. W. F. Troxell, tenor, and Wm. L. Morgan, bass, rendered the two favorite selections of the deceased, "Jesus Lover of My Soul," and "Lead Kindly Light."

A large design representing a scroll, of white roses and bridal wreath, with three broad white satin ribbons running diagonally across it upon which was stamped in three words, "Law, Justice, Equity." was presented by the Bar Association.

Among those who attended the funeral from Hagerstown were Clerk of the Court Geo. B. Oswald and Attorneys Geo. W. Smith, Jr., Daniel Daub and Norman B. Scott, Jr., and the following Garrett county officials and members of the bar: States Attorney G. S. Hamill, E. H. Sincell, J. C. Peddicord and Sheriff Wegman.

Immediately after the news reached Oakland of the death of Judge Hoffman, a meeting of the members of the bar was held and a committee appointed to draft resolutions of respect, which we append below:

WHEREAS, The members of the Garrett county bar have learned of the death of the Honorable Henry W. Hoffman, Associate Judge of the Fourth Judicial Circuit of Maryland, with feelings of deepest sorrow and regret, and in order to give expression to our appreciation of his merits, learning, judicial ability and pure life, *be it resolved:*

1st. That in the death of the Honorable Henry W. Hoffman the bench of this circuit is bereft of a judge who was esteemed for his integrity, uprightness and ability.

2nd. That as a lawyer the bar will keenly feel his death, for we recognize the loss of a true friend and an able counsellor, whose elevation to the bench was a fitting recognition of his skill; that not only did he command the respect of his associates upon the bench and at the bar, but his kindness of heart, his good fellowship and brotherly feeling endeared him to us all.

3rd. That as an orator he was the embodiment of all that term implies: Forceful, brilliant, polished, and accomplished. His forensic ability is of the highest order and his power before the people was unbounded.

4th. That our sincere sympathy is hereby extended to his bereaved family.

5th. That a copy of these resolutions be properly engrossed and forwarded to his family, be spread upon the minutes of this court, and that they be published in the newspapers of Garrett county.

ANDREW B. GORDEN,
GILMOR S. HAMILL,
EDWARD H. SINCELL,
Committee.

Died.

BOUGHNER.—On last Saturday morning at an early hour, Mrs Louisa Boughner at her home in Morgantown, W. Va., after an illness of several months. The deceased lady was well known by a great many of the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. She was seventy years old and was buried Tuesday. Her daughter, Mrs. M. L. Howe, of the Park, attended the funeral.

Oakland's Opera House.

Mr. John Ault, architect, completed the plans Tuesday for Oakland's opera house, the front elevation of which can be seen at Messrs. Shartzer & Bolden's furniture store.

The building will be of brick, three stories high, and have a frontage of forty feet on Second street and adjoining THE REPUBLICAN building. It will be one hundred feet deep, heated throughout with steam—in fact be a thoroughly modern building both within and without. It will be erected this fall.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending August 3, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Albert Welch	J. J. Thompson
C. H. Shaffer	James D. Rose
Raddolph Riley	A. J. Meyers
C. L. Harrison	Wm. Haring
A. V. Hargett	August Grayes
Eain Worsland	Mrs. Lucy Gray
Mrs. D. V. Grubb	Miss Bertha Martine
Miss Mary Kertile	Miss Nin Newman
Miss Lizzie Hunter	Miss Ella Gibson
Miss Annie Conner	Miss Jinnie Bosley
Miss Any Pritcher	Miss Laura Weimer

Mr. Giuseppi Cavallaro Di Vincenzo.

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

North Glade.

Mrs. H. B. Furguson, of Mt. Lake Park, paid us a visit recently.

Miss Etta Howell is visiting at Hartmansville, W. Va.,

Elijah Moon has the best corn in this section.

A new daughter arrived at J. W. Hardesty's last week.

Rev. Lloyd preached us a splendid sermon on education Sunday.

Rev. E. Browning, of Roanoke, Va., will preach for us Sunday morning, August 4th.

GREAT VALUE FOR LITTLE MONEY.

WEEKLY NEWS OF THE WORLD FOR A TRIFLE.

The New York Weekly Tribune,

a twenty-page journal, is the leading Republican family paper of the United States. It is a **National Family Paper** and gives all the general news of the United States. It gives the events of foreign lands in a nutshell. Its Agricultural department has no superior in the country. Its Market Reports are recognized authority. Separate departments for "The Family Circle," "Our Young Folks," and "Science and Mechanics." Its "Home and Society" columns command the admiration of wives and daughters. Its general political news, editorials and discussions are comprehensive, brilliant and exhaustive.

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Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to Geo. W. Best, Room 2, Tribune Building, New York City, and sample copy of The New York Weekly Tribune will be mailed to you.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

McComas' Calmative Konseals, 10 cents. Try them. 5-tf

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

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The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7—	Daily	2.18 A. M
No. 3—	Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 71—	Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 17—	Daily except Mon	10.49 A. M
No. 15—	Accommodation daily	6.24 P. M
No. 1—	Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—	Daily	6.01 A. M
No. 2—	Daily	6.37 A. M
No. 14—	Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 72—	Accom daily except Sun	4.32 P. M
No. 46—	Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4—	Daily	12.20 A. M

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THE REPUBLICAN

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND. GARRETT CO., MD

THE OLD ROCKING-CHAIR.

It stands over there in the corner alone;
The varnish is cracked and one rocker is gone;
What's left of its tidy is dusty and brown,
And scattered and silent its fringes hang down;
No songster appeareth to warble its praise:
When we were but children it saw its best days,
And many a face that was rosy and fair
Reposed after play in the old rocking chair.

How often from it in the winter night's cold
The tale of the fairies by nurses was told!
How often we listened with kiss-bedewed brow
To a lullnby strain which I hear even now;
Ay, back from the past with its sunshine and shade
I hear the sweet sound that the old rockers made:
And now while I listen I willingly share
The love of the years with the old rocking-chair.

She rests where the roses their love-vigils keep,
Who fondly and tenderly rocked me to sleep;
But still when I look in the corner, I trace
Within the old rocker a well-cherished face;
The years that have vanished no more to return
But deeper the joys of a childhood inurn;
And thus doth the past with a halo most fair,
Recrown with its beauty the old rocking-chair.

No longer to music, now fast and now slow,
At morning and evening it rocks to and fro:
No more from its depths where sweet memories throng
With an angelic touch comes a lullaby song;
It is covered with dust, but the dust cannot hide
The prints of the hands that will ever abide
Upon the old arms so reposeful and fair,
When memory turns to the old rocking chair.

—T. C. Harbaugh, in Good Housekeeping.

AT DINNER.

BY LUE ELLEN TETERS.

ASSUREDLY, Mrs. Montbeck, that was the most natural question in the world for you to ask, in face of my hitherto confirmed bachelorhood and misanthropic stand against matrimony. 'Why did I marry?' Yes, you indeed do behold before you now a veritable 'Benedict, the married man'—How delicious this consommne in this cold night! Just one more cracker, please, Mrs. Montbeck.

Yes, it is true; every day we hear why a man does not marry, but not one yet has explained why he does. There is as much romance in the one as in the other, only the one resolves into a practical turn, which the illusions of the other forever forbid. As my grandfather was wont to say—he was a most considerate man, Mrs. Montbeck. Ah, pardon my digression, I will resume my narrative first. I was about to remark that one of our French savants admitted but of one inviolable rule for every affair, and that was: 'Woman is at the bottom of all mischief.' '*Cherchez la femme*,' he warned us; and, under the voluminous cloak of his precedent in so boldly asserting the aggressive statement, I have the honor to take refuge also.

"When a man becomes averse to the charms of matrimony rest assured that some woman is at the bottom of it; and so it is on the other hand. You will doubtless recall how I 'loved, not wisely, but too well,' the beautiful Miss La Farge, and my distressing misfortunes attendant on that overwhelming affection—misfortunes which even 'adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,' failed to 'comfort.'

"You will also, I dare say, remember the divers consecutive accidents visited on me always in her presence; but upsetting soup-plates, breaking pots of flowers, having payment stopped on a check, which I had sent as a charity offering, and the crashing of Venetian lamps are 'trifles light as air' compared to the major torments I have endured since then. And yet, dear lady, throughout it all, with miraculous escapes that border on Buddhistic spells, I have come unscathed, unhurt, to matrimony.—May I not serve you with some of this delicious salad, for which our hostess is so justly famed?

"Now my grandfather—truly he was a most considerate man, Mrs. Montbeck; indeed, of such forethought was he that it is said on coming home from his club at night he would considerately put his umbrella to bed, and himself

"IN WILD DESPERATION BOLTED TOWARD A FENCE."

stand in the umbrella rack all—er—night. He often said — No more salted almonds, Mrs. Montbeck? 'No?' Ah, really, I insist on company.

"To resume my 'complaint.' After the Venetian lamp incident, naturally I did not care to meet Miss La Farge for an indefinite length of time, at least. The 'cankers of a calm world' had so preyed on my mind that I became the victim of morbidity to the extent that I grew misanthropic and firmly believed that, according to fates and destinies, hoodooism and my own superlative idiocy, I was predestined to exist in single blessedness, as Shakespeare has so ungeneronsly put it.

"You can't patch grief with proverbs, so I determined to try change of scene, that panacea for all ills, from gout to a broken heart. I satisfactorily adjusted all matters in regard to that fatal cheek, and dispatching, with some roses, a note to Miss La Farge, in which I thanked her for recent kindnesses, *et cetera*, I prepared to go away for the summer. I had sent my valet off to the country to secure for me a quiet spot 'far from the madding crowd,' where I might enjoy all privileges, from drinking real milk to blowing out the gas, did I so desire, with no questions asked. He found the exact place; and as the heat of June was approaching with all the speed of an international bicycle race, I set forth. I equipped myself with only three suits and my shooting jacket, in which to kill time. You will be impressed, my dear Mrs. Montbeck, with the seriousness of my desire to seek solitude, only, in this Arcady, when I inform you that I religiously left my tennis-suit at home, too.

"I found my quarters to be in one of two cottages overlooking a most soulful Millet of hill, lake and trees. But there was one fact I deplored: the houses were, to a man of my unfortunate propensities, dangerously alike; so similar, my dear lady, were they, that when I entered one I was instantly seized with the thought that it should have been the other. For that reason I spent most of the time in the yard wondering to which I belonged; but the presence of my man served, in the one house, to direct me faithfully to the right place.

"I was wont, after a late breakfast, to arm myself with a book, and with my stick set out for a jaunt. Now, my revered grandfather— Some more Apollinaris, Mrs. Montbeck? Shakespeare has said that 'good wine needs no bush;' permit me to corrupt it to 'good water needs no stream.'

"Well, to continue. One sultry morning, as usual, I started out. The day was as other June days—you can supply the 'coloring.' I was leisurely walking down the bosky country way, when all at once I espied two ladies ahead of me, and as I looked, a bull, which was placidly grazing near, saw them, and, being very tame, started toward them—in all kindness, I assure you, Mrs. Montbeck. With shrill feminine shriek, they ran thither and yon, and in wild desperation bolted toward a stubborn country fence. You can imagine what a rapid exit they made.

"In one minute I had grasped the situation, rushed forward, and tried the Samson act. I have remarked before on the imbecilic equanimity of the animal in question, and I congratulated myself that the late Booth could have found no criticism in my acting. Apparently, we had a fierce tussle; but, finally, I, victor, drove him vanquished off into a fenced inclosure, from which he had doubtless strayed. Then I directed my attention to the ladies, who in sheer fright had witnessed my 'terrible fight for life.'

"Ye gods! Propitious fate was mine; for the regal beauty of Miss La Farge, with a fitting background of her portly, aristocratic mother, met my eyes. Their thanks were more than the conventional expression of gratitude, and I received them with a modesty becoming a man who had passed through such ordeals as had been mine.

"I discovered that they had come down from town the previous evening, and—again luck smiled on me—they were domiciled in the cottage adjoining mine. Proudly I walked with them down the village street, the happy escort of the lovely girl at my side. My pulse was thumping at an apoplectic rate, and I was slowly beginning to dream that my hoodoo was emerging from its chrysalis. Even as I was congratulating myself on my good fortune, a huge dog, panting, with lolling red tongue, came tearing up the street, towards us. The people ran hither and thither in wildest alarm, and screams of 'mad dog' filled the air. My companions were deathly pale, and Miss La Farge's pallor frightened me. The animal was making directly for us, and, suddenly espying an open door, by which we were passing, like lightning I shoved the ladies within, and endeavored to follow them; but, with one helpless cry, I perceived that the dog was on me.—These cheese straws are indeed excellent. Won't you have another, Mrs. Montbeck?

"My grandfather always declared, and I, too, became finally convinced of the veracity of his statement, that—Oh, pardon me; I am digressing, I admit.—The dog? Yes; well, you see, I ran around trying to evade him, describing all sorts of geometrical circles—indeed, my dear Mrs. Montbeck, my speed was such that I found myself looking at the back of my own neck all of the time.

"The dog finally grabbed me—well, under my coat—and tore out a voluminous sample of my tailor's latest goods. I was still going around in a dizzy vortex, but throughout all the pursuit the agonized faces of my recent companions met my eyes. It seemed to me that the windows were lined with the La Farge countenances.—What delicious patties! Fowl is most appetizing this way!

"Well, to this day they think that I had a most miraculous escape from a rabid dog. I let them delude themselves with the thought that it was hydrophobia and not a mild dose of poison from which the animal suffered that day. Cautiously keeping my face towards them, I finally bolted for the door of the shop in which my friends were, and quickly shut the door in the dog's face; and after awhile he slunk off. Again imagine their thanks. I was quite a hero now, in their eyes.

"It was then that the elegant carriage of Papa La Farge rolled up, and alarmed at the fright of his family the good man insisted on their driving home. They begged me to occupy the one remaining seat in the vehicle; but for reasons of my own I was forced to decline, and after bidding them 'Good day,' I stealthily took a short cut home through the woods.

"I have spoken before of the confusing similarity of the two cottages. After dinner, that night, I was pondering over the unexpected contretemps which always marked my meetings with Miss La Farge. Finally, when I went to my room at eleven, to retire, I found it was not to sleep, nor any 'pers chancing' to dream; so, with a choice cigar to solace me, I decided to walk down by the lake, and in some hitherto undiscovered manner assiduously court sleep.

"It must have been almost one o'clock when I returned to the house, anxious for my bed. I plied my latchkey carefully in the keyhole, but the plagued thing wouldn't work; but it made up for it in a noise, equal, at that silent hour of the night, to the report of a Gatling gun at twelve o'clock on the Fourth of July. It set all the dogs within a radius of three leagues barking.

"Finally, growing desperate, I bethought me of the buttery window, which was always open, so, like a thief in the night, I cautiously stole around, and after numerous scratches, dislocations of sundry bones, and concussions of my entire anatomy, I manged to gain the sill, and with one plunge into the impenetrable darkness I heroically jumped. There was a tremendous crash!—How delicious this ice is! Try another macaroon, my dear Mrs. Montbeck.—Yes, it was indeed a tremendous crash; the Venetian lamps, the breaking pot of flowers at the banquet of the Spanish ambassador, were as nothing to the noise.

"It seems that the window was only half up, and the impetus of my plunge broke the frame, glass and all. But that was not half of the damage. There were several glasses of strawberry jelly cooling there; of course, they went with me into the flour bin, which some fool servant had left open.

"Then it grew, a veritable bedlam of screams, burglar alarms, more barking of dogs—I have never cared for that animal since, my dear lady—and

"THE DOG GRABBED ME AND TORE OUT A SAMPLE OF MY TAILOR'S GOODS."

eries of 'Burglars!' And out of the dense gloom, a la Lady Macbeth, with candle aloft, shining on his polished pate, advanced Papa La Farge, followed by his portly wife and the beautiful Miss La Farge, in charming negligee. I had entered the wrong house.—What appetizing 'dough' this cake is! Mrs. Ponceliot must indeed have a chef of the old Delmonico school.

"It was the remark of my grandfather—he was a most considerate man— Oh! What did I do? Well, I am waiting for some new fictionist to diagnosticate such feelings as surged through me at that critical moment. I glanced apprehensively around for some method of escape before they should have discovered my presence. I knew I was safe from their recognition, for awhile, under my masquerade of flour and strawberry jelly. Then my eyes fell on a tiny red flame starting up in the buttery. You will doubtless remember that I had a cigar with me? It was between my teeth as I fell in the window, but was knocked out as I struck the flour bin. I had set fire to the scrim curtains at the window, and even now the cotton was a mass of angry flames.

"'Fire! Fire!' I screamed, and madly tore through the smoke, someway gained the sill again, and rolled out on the ground beneath. It took me but three minutes to wash off the jelly and flour; then, wild and breathless, I presented myself at the La Farge door, to inform them that I had discovered a burglar escaping from the buttery window, and also proffering my further services to quench the fire. This I did with one bucket of water, and then, modestly—I felt that I had rescued them enough for one day—and under cover of their profuse gratitude, with the tearful eyes of Miss La Farge intoxicatingly before me, I turned to go. But Papa La Farge was not content to have it thus. He pulled me, reluctant, before him, and with one hand on my shoulder said:

"'At one time, sir, I mistook you for that incarnation of the demons, a hoodoo; but in exactly twenty hours you have saved my family from the rage of an infuriated bull, the rabid poison of a mad dog, a troop of unscrupulous burglars, and the ravages of a seething fire. My former theory, under these miraculous escapes, has been entirely dissipated. I can make but feeble return of our gratitude, sir; but as a slight proof, accept this;' and he placed in my hand— Dear Mrs. Montbeck, have just one more macaroon with which to finish your ice. Permit me— Yes, my dear grandfather was wont to say, and he was a most considerate—Oh! What was it Mr. La Farge placed in my hand? My dear Mrs. Montbeck, it was a one-cent piece! And Miss La Farge's snowy wonder of a hand he placed in the rough one of my valet, who had followed me thither.

"He was laboring under great excitement, therefore I forgave him; and bestowing the penny—which the good old man had thought was a twenty—on my man, I boldly seized the hand of my divinity, and—

"Well, that is why I married. Now my grandfather used to remark— Just a last almond together, my dear Mrs. Montbeck—Ah, there is your hostess rising. I will see you in the drawing-room, later.

"Oh! What did my grandfather say, anyway? Why, simply this: He—er—he—why pshaw!—the mischief! My dear Mrs. Montbeck, I have forgotten myself."—Demorest's Magazine.

LOVE ON THE WHEEL.

They Will Hereafter Ride on a Bicycle Built for Two.

"Then you wish me never to return?"

"Never," she answered, with an effort that cost her much. There was now no doubt in her mind that she loved him. If she had ever questioned the fact in those hours of solitude when she subjected her heart to the severe scrutiny of her reason, now in the cold moment of parting she did not doubt. He was going at her bidding, but how could it be otherwise? She was a woman of spirit and would not be dictated to, and when he said she must not ride a bicycle, her womanhood rebelled. Love will sacrifice much, but not all. The duties of a fiancee she was happy to meet and to perform; the responsibilities of wifehood, soon to be assumed, she was ready to assume, but how long can love last when it yields itself up a slave to tyranny? Not long in very truth.

"You must not ride a bicycle," he had said.

"Must not!" she cried, springing from his arms in which she had for the moment nestled.

"That's what I said," said he, petulantly. "It will make you round-shouldered."

She eyed him angrily for a moment.

"Round-shouldered!" she cried. "Oh, you men, you men! Had I married you and grown round-shouldered making my own dresses you would not have murmured. Had we gone hand in hand into poverty, and my shoulders grown round from bending over a laundry stove, you would have permitted it; but because I choose to acquire a hump-back riding a wheel for pleasure, you use that word—that wicked word must to me—who have loved you, declined to dance and drive with others for you—oh, George, George, George!"

"Well, I mean it," said he, calmly. "Choose between us—me or the bicycle—which is it to be?"

She made no answer, but walking to the porch, rang the bell of her wheel. It was his answer, and he realized it.

"I do not care for bicycling," she said, "but I can have no musts nots in my life. Leave me."

He walked out into the night, and Parthenia, throwing herself limply upon her wheel, pedaled weepingly in the other direction, forgetting to light her lamp.

George Washburne walked moodily down the road, which one short hour before he traversed with so light a heart.

"Heigho!" said he. "All my life shattered in a moment. If she knew but how I loved her—if she could only have guessed my motive in speaking as I did—that I wished always to be at her side, and that, if she rode, I could not, since, try as I will, I cannot myself ride a wheel. It is beyond me, and yet I have not dared to confess to her that I have tried to learn and cannot. In his wife's eyes a man should be a hero, capable of all things. Supposing I had told her of the lessons I have taken in secret at the academy, of the dents my head has made in the hardwood floor, of the attendants I have run over and crippled, and the wheels I have shattered, until the manager of the place has told me—even as she has—never to return. It would have lowered me in her esteem. I cannot, cannot tell her, and shatter her respect for her former fiance."

As he spoke he reached his own front door, and was about to enter when his heart grew too full. "I cannot go in yet," he said. "I will at least walk back and gaze upon the light in her window."

Prey to melancholy, the unhappy man fulfilled his destiny. Back he walked, gloomily ruminating over the future, now so black. Deep in his thoughts he did not notice where he was going; he did not notice that he was passing Parthenia's house; he did not observe that he was ascending Coaster's hill a half mile beyond; he did not even hear a rumbling noise in the distance which should have taught him caution. Alas! thoughtless mortal; and yet how happily all transpired There came a crash, a thud, and a moan.

George Washburne lay unconscious in the road.

Parthenia Hicksworthy stood, having landed on her feet ten yards distant.

Pressing the prostrate man to the earth were the shattered remains of her wheel, its cyclometer resting on his vest pocket and its left pedal grasped firmly in the unconscious victim's hand.

It was spring. George Washburne, who had lain for three weeks delirious, opened his eyes. Reason had returned and his arm had knit.

"At last," sobbed a fair girl, who, with his sister, sat at the sick man's side.

"Where am I?" he gasped.

"Here, George," said Parthenia, for it was she. "Here. I'll never ride again."

"Sweetheart, was it you?" he murmured.

"It was, George," she answered, with a sob. "I had not lit my lamp—and I was coasting—and then—then it happened. But never mind, my darling, I shall never bike again."

"Oh, my love," he said, grasping her hand and lifting it to his lips, "do not say that. Bike as much as you will; the wheel that I maligned brought us together again. We owe it much. I will tell you why I objected."

And then he told her all; how he had tried to learn, and could not; and how the desire to be with her always had led him to speak as he had. And she, imprinting a kiss upon his forehead, comforted him.

"You are right, darling," she said. "We will get a bicycle built for two, and I will work the pedals, while you can sit on the hind seat and whisper words of love in my ear."

His answer was a smile, and happiness once more dawned for George Washburne and Parthenia Hicksworthy. They were wed last week, and the groom's gift to the bride was a nickel-plated safety for two, with a russet leather tool chest and gold wire guards to keep her skirts free from the wheel.—Harper's Bazar.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Chocolate Filling.—One-half cake sweet chocolate, one-half cup sweet milk, one-half cup powdered sugar, yolk of one egg, one tablespoonful vanilla. Stir chocolate in, add egg, sugar and vanilla. Set in vessel of boiling water and stir until stiff jelly. When cold spread between the layers and on top.—Ohio Farmer.

—Suet Indian Pudding.—One pint corn meal, one pint boiling water, half pint cold milk, quarter pound suet, well chopped, two teaspoonfuls each of ginger and cinnamon, half cup of molasses and a half teaspoonful of salt. Mix the meal with the cold milk, stir into that which is boiling, and add the other ingredients.—City and Country.

—Mixed Ketchup.—Take equal quantities of green tomatoes, white onions and cabbage; grind in a sausage mill. Sprinkle with salt, turn into a bag and hang up to drain all night. Put in a jar with one ounce each of white mustard seed, powdered mace, ground cloves and allspice; chop two pods of red pepper and add. Cover with strong cold vinegar.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Some people prefer iced coffee or chocolate to anything else, and they are quite harmless, but of all unhealthy drinks ever invented for the destruction of the digestive organs of the fair sex ice cream soda water is the worst. It has not a redeeming virtue from a hygienic point of view, but the dear creatures love it, and it will therefore probably remain the most popular drink of the summer girl.

—Raspberry Vinegar.—Over eight quarts of raspberries well mashed pour one quart of good vinegar and allow them to stand for three days, stirring frequently. Then add one pound of sugar for every pint of liquid and boil all together, for half an hour. Strain twice through a flannel bag, put up in bottles and cork tightly. A tablespoonful of raspberry vinegar in a glass of ice water makes a refreshing drink in warm weather.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Windsor Consomme. — Cut four pounds of beef into small slices; place a slice of lean undressed bacon on the bottom of the stewpan; lay the meat over it, with a few bits of butter or a cupful of fresh gravy. Slice over this a carrot, two onions, a little shallot, a stalk of celery, two bay-leaves and some sweet herbs. Use a deep pot. Place over the fire, and shake occasionally to prevent the meat from sticking. When the meat is browned on both sides, and the juice partly drawn, add the necessary amount of water, allowing for waste. Skim well, check the boil with cold water, and skim it again and again. Let it simmer for three hours; strain and place in a cool dry place.—Harper's Bazar.

QUEER ANSWERS.

They Came From Children of the City of Wisdom.

Since wit has been defined by Noah Webster as "the felicitous association of objects not usually connected, so as to produce a pleasant surprise," may not the pupils of some of Boston's public schools, who gave the following answers to their examination questions, lay claim to it? The record as here given is bona fide, having been read during the past week at the graduation exercises of one of the leading grammar schools of this city.

1. Who were the Pilgrims? A dirty, filthy set who lived under the ground.

2. Name a domestic animal useful for clothing and describe its habits. The ox. He don't have any habits, because he lives in a stable.

3. If you were traveling across the desert, where would you choose to rest? I would rest on a stool.

4. Mention five races of men. Men, women, children and babies.

5. Describe the white race and show that it is superior to the other races. A white man will nod at you when he meets you on the street.

6. Of what is the surface of the earth composed? Dirt and people.

7. Name a fruit that has its seeds on the outside. A seed cake.

8. Name five forms of water. Hot water, cold water, faucet water, well water and ice water.

9. Name and locate the five senses. The eyes are in the northern part of the face and the mouth in the southern.

10. Who were the mound builders? History cannot answer these questions. Science only can.

11. Define flinch and use it in a sentence. Flinch, to shrink. Flannel flinches when it is washed.

12. By what is the earth surrounded, and by what is it lighted? It is surrounded by water and lighted by gas and electricity.

13. Name six animals of the Arctic zone. Three polar bears and three seals.

14. What is yeast? Yeast is a vegetable flying about in the air, and hitching itself on to anything.

15. Why do you open the dampers in a stove when lighting a fire? To let the oxygen in and the nitrogen out.

16. What did the constitution do for the country? It gave the president a head.

17. What are the last teeth that come to man? False teeth.—Boston Budget.

Out for a Ride.

A well-known Irishman, who is now dead, was more than likely to be seen at the funeral of any of his acquaintances, or even at that of any prominent Hibernian though he might not chance to know the deceased personally. Walking to his place of business one morning he met a funeral procession which, by its length, proclaimed itself to be that of a fellow countryman. As he waited for the carriages to creep by some delay stopped its slow progress, and seeing that the hack opposite him had but one inmate, he stepped in. Soon after the carriage had again started he said to his companion: "Whose funeral is this, sir?" The man looked up in surprise. "Sure, I don't know," he replied: "O.'m only out for a roide like yesilf."—Boston Budget.

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TEMPERANCE NOTES.

A VICTIM OF STRONG DRINK.

Picture of a Wrecked Life and a Contrast of What Might Have Been.

"They have secured a jury in the Welles case, and the trial will go on," said Mr. Osborne to me.

"I can not see reason for other than a short trial and a capital sentence," I replied; "it was a most cruel, outrageous murder."

"Hostility to an execution is so great in this state," said Mr. Osborne, "that sentence will be to the penitentiary. It should be for life, but I suppose fifteen or twenty years will cover it."

"That will be a life sentence for James Welles," I said; "yes, and to think, five years ago I voted to send that man to the legislature!"

"How could you do it? He was a hard drinker, violent when drunk. When he lived by the lake he often came home insane from liquor and turned all his family out of doors; often in snow and storm."

"Yes; it was horrible. Fact is, I should not have voted at all, when there was not a decent candidate before us. Jim Welles came of a good family; was fairly well educated; a fine, easy, fluent speaker; a popular man when himself; a man of some property, and anxious to educate those very children whom he drove, half naked, from the house, when the demon possessed him. He had them all in turn in schools or colleges. The other candidate at that time was just as drunken, was ignorant and vile to a degree. Still there was no excuse for my helping to get Jim Welles into the legislature, and I'm ashamed of it. He went, and served his two winters. Kept himself pretty straight during that time, too. I think the death of his wife sobered him for awhile. Poor soul, she was worn out with the unrest and terrors of her life, and finally died, leaving a grown son, three girls just on the verge of womanhood, and a pair of boys almost babies."

"In the care of such a father!"

"And in just eleven months a thoroughly respectable woman, of middle age, married him," said Mr. Osborne.

"How could she do it, knowing the lot of her predecessor?"

"It was strange; yet Jim Welles always had a way of propitiating people, and holding friends. He is a fine-looking man, of good address, and his family, after all his outbreaks and scandals, were fond of him. You see it has gone in this way with Jim—years of hard drinking, but with weeks or even months of sobriety; sober-time getting less and less; and finally all his power of resistance going with a rush like an undermined dike. About two and a half years ago, he just sat down to steady drinking. He paid no attention to his farm—it was a fine farm, but he left it all to the inexperience of his son. He had already laid a mortgage on the farm, and now, instead of paying the interest, he only tried to add more to the original loan. He sat all day drinking and gambling; his affairs went to ruin.

AN AGONY OF MEMORY.

"About a year ago I was in the county clerk's office, when Jim Welles came in. I never saw such a horrible expression in any face; his eyes were deep red all over, like those of a ravening wolf; when he spoke, instead of his former fluent tongue, he had a haggling, harsh, stammering speech. He seemed morose, unwilling to talk. When he went out I said to the clerk: 'Woolsey, mark my words, within a year that man will commit either suicide or murder. There is blood in his eye, he will have blood on his hands soon.' It was only three months before he committed a wanton murder."

"Yes," I said, "followed the man to whom he owed money into a hotel and shot him through the head—a man his neighbor, his benefactor, the friend of his family, whose only crime had been that he had loaned him money, and now wanted the money paid, or at least the interest on it. His victim, Louis Bayliss, was a good man."

"And that cruel shot did not end it," said Mr. Osborne. "Perhaps you do not know that the eldest son of Bayliss lay sick of typhoid fever; the news of his father's death occasioned a relapse, and he died. Jim Welles' eldest girl had been married a year. The news of the murder somehow reached her, when her baby was two days old. In three days she was dead, and the baby soon followed her. That makes four deaths from that one shot of a drunken man. When I saw him in the clerks office, he recalled me to the story in the Gospel, of the man possessed of a legion of devils. I saw him two months ago; he has become wasted by remorse and long imprisonment; cut off from drink, his life is divided between an agonized craving for liquor, and a horrible agony of memory, as he recalls his dead wife, his murdered friend, and his ruined family."

"The eldest daughter, as I told you, died; the son is hired out as farmer, to a neighbor; the two young girls went to work with a cousin of their mother, a dressmaker, the two little boys were taken by compassionate friends; Jim Welles sold his farm and all that he possessed, to secure money for his lawyers, after the Bayliss claims were satisfied."

"And what about the Bayliss family?"

"You can imagine the state of Mrs. Bayliss: her husband and eldest son dead, seven children under sixteen to provide for. All this wreck from one man's drinking."

"Let us see what might have been. Jim Welles started in life with good health, good education, good family, a fair property, an excellent wife, healthy bright children. What might he have been?

"I can tell you, if Welles had lived up to his opportunities he would have surely been sent to congress from our district. It is within the probabilities that he might have been governor of the state. He stood fair, by a good use of his popular parts, his easy oratory, to become a party idol hereabouts. Instead—a criminal; a week from now a convict; soon, one of the penitentiary dead, and all from drink."

"Tell me, is it true that he had two brothers who went much the same ways: drink, quarrels, manslaughter?"

"It is true. One is now a fugitive from justice, one died awaiting trial. It is the curse of strong drink that has ruined that family."

How art thou fallen!—Mrs. J. MacNair Wright, in National Temperance Advocate.

INFLUENCE OF A MOTHER.

How It Extended Through the Son to His Thoughtless Friends at the Banquet Board.

"Boys, I can not pledge myself with you in wine," said a young man at a banquet, when urged by his companions to drink to the success of some pet scheme; "and this is my reason for refusing: I once had an idolized mother whose temperance principles were of the strongest. Before she went out into the great unknown I promised her to always abstain from the intoxicating cup and the promise is as binding to-day as when first given."

The raised glasses were set down again, the wine untouched, for somehow that mother's influence extended beyond her boy and all present were touched by the words so impressively spoken. The mother's influence, beautiful and strong, reached out from the grave, and was a power in that gathering. It had not only molded the young man's character, making him strong of purpose, but it set his friends to thinking, awakening them to a sense of their duty—the result a glorious victory.

Oh, these blessed influences that loyal, loving mothers all over the land weave around their children, strengthening and rounding out their lives into a noble manhood and true and tender womanhood! How often the remark is heard: "All that I am; all there is good and true in me I owe to my mother, who first taught me to lisp, 'now I lay me down to sleep.'" How many of us looking back to those early days, can thank God for a patient, Christian mother, who guided our steps aright and whose loving influence shielded us from many a temptation. Some of these noble, self-sacrificing mothers have passed on before to the glad rest in Christ's kingdom, but their influence is still with us—a help and a blessing, a comfort in many a trying hour.—A. A. Truesdell, in Chicago Lever.

THE PARENTS WERE DRINKERS.

Statistics Showing the Effect of Intoxicants on Children.

A distinguished specialist has carefully noted the difference between twelve families of drinkers and twelve families of temperate persons during twelve years, with the result that he found the twelve drinking families produced in those years fifty-seven children, while the temperate ones were accountable for sixty-one. Of the drinkers, twenty-five children died in the first week of life, as against six on the other side. The latter deaths were from weakness, while the former were attributable to weakness, convulsive attacks, or oedema of the brain and membranes. To this record is added five who were idiots; five were so stunted in growth as really to be dwarfs; five when older became epileptics; another boy ended in idiocy; five more were diseased and deformed, and two of the epileptics became by inheritance drinkers. Ten only of the fifty-seven showed during life normal disposition and development of body and mind. Fifty of the children of the temperate families were normal in every way.—American Practitioner.

The Youth of Our Land.

"In a recent table made from personal investigation it was found that fifty-five per cent. of boys between the ages of ten and twenty-one used tobacco, thirty per cent. used liquor and forty-three per cent. used profane, vulgar or indecent language."

Evil Use of Phonographs.

A friend of purity warns against the wandering phonograph operator who has cylinders containing obscene stories and songs, which are ground out into the ears of our boys when occasion for such corrupting entertainment is offered.

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

ISN'T it strange that the man who can drink or let it alone never does.—Ram's Horn.

THE drunkard is a drunkard, not from choice, but because the devil won't let him be anything else.—Ram's Horn.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET was recently re-elected president of the British Woman's Temperance association.

QUEEN VICTORIA has such a deep-rooted objection to the smell of a cigarette or a cigar that smoking is strictly forbidden at Windsor castle, at Balmoral, and at Osborne.

"DEY is a mighty good temperance sermon in a freight train," says Uncle Mose. "No matter how much de cars dey gets loaded, de engine what does de work gits along strictly on water."—Youth's Temperance Banner.

THE annual parliamentary return of England relating to brewing shows that over 900 breweries were closed last year, and that the number of them has fallen from 10,000 to a little over 9,000 in twelve months.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—In the year 1891 there were circulating in the United States $1,175,000,000. The gold, silver and currency held in the United States treasury at the same time would increase the nominal sum to over $2,000,000,000.

—The first in the list of wheat-producing states is Minnesota, having 3,372,627 acres, which yielded 52,300,247 bushels of the grain; next comes California, with 2,840,807 acres and 40,869,337 bushels; the third being North Dakota, with 2,709,421 acres and 26,403,365 bushels.

—As a result of a suit the Pennsylvania Railroad company recently paid $12,532 damages allowed for failure to furnish cars to transport grain. In this case the grain was delayed at initial point, but the offense would not be different if it had been delayed in transit.

—The days of chivalry were not really days of profound respect for women. Young women were kept locked up in a convent until they were married, and locked up in their husbands' castles the rest of their lives, with severe duennas to watch every movement.

—Medieval penance is performed under difficulties in Rome nowadays. Two women, a Hungarian and a Spaniard, undertook lately to cross the square of St. Peter's on their knees, kissing each stone as they advanced. The street boys gathered about them and hooted at them till the police had to interfere and take the women to the police station. They were sent home as religious monomaniacs.

—A famous old steamer, the Forest City, which was built in 1854, and with the exception of some stirring diversions during the war of the rebellion has plied between Portland, Me., and Boston during forty years, made her last trip recently. She went from Portland to Boston to be turned over to the junk dealers. She was used as a transport in the union service, and was the boat armed by Portland citizens for the pursuit of the rebel privateer Tacony, which captured the Caleb Cushing just outside of Portland harbor.

—Among the Armenians living in New York there are some very sharp traders. In Asia Minor it is said that the Armenians are the only ones who are sharper than the Jews in a trade. Here is an old saying that is current there: "If you bring twelve men together, one of them an Armenian and all the rest Jews, the Armenian will have all the money of the eleven Jews in his wallet before he parts from them, and not one of the Jews will have a piaster in his pouch." A New York Armenian declares positively that this statement is not always true.

—Adulterated Cheese.—Long ago we found out that many of our food products were made with cheap and unwholesome materials, and now the readers of an English publication are told that cheese has been examined and found to be filled with a composition in which oleomargarine plays a prominent part. The mania for substituting cheap articles for good, with an enormous profit resulting therefrom, has extended to almost all sorts of productions. Butter is adulterated; milk, unless one knows exactly where it comes from, is scarcely safe to drink.

BLUFFING "BARKERS."

An Exchange of Unfriendly Discourtesies Between Steamboat Steerers.

The rivalry between the numerous lines of steamboats running from New York to Coney Island has become so lively that "barkers" are now employed to capture trade. The barker is a strange mixture of the hotel "runner" and the clothing store "puller-in." He solicits patronage with more or less vigor, and when a score or more of these fellows are at work there is plenty of fun except for the victims. Three of them stood at the foot of the "L" railroad stairs Sunday and chorused in unison: "All aboard to Coney Island, ladies and gents. The beautiful an' palatial steamboat Warden is now strainin' at her hawsers. She's off in a minute, ladies an' gents. Get your tickets right here." "Iron Steamboat company's floating palace Seefuse at Pier 1. The finest, elegantest, swiftest line runnin' to the island. Don't be deceived into takin' no other. Buy yer tickets here. Fifty cents round trip. Swept by o-shine breezes." "Here yarr! Here yarr! Just a step to the left. Most convenient line to Coney Island. Cheap, elegant, easy-going, safe. All the comforts of home. Tickets right here. Here yarr! Here yarr!"

A little man walking between two children came along about the middle of the afternoon and was pounced upon by two rival runners, each of whom appropriated one of the children. "Here's yer tickets, sir," shouted the thin runner, thrusting a package of them under the little man's nose. "Iron Steamboat comp'ny. Just got time to catch the boat. Finest, best, easiest goin'—" "Steamboat Warden goin' now, sir," broke in the fat runner, waving his bunch of tickets frantically in the man's face. "Aw, git away," put in his rival. "The gent don't wanter take them sweet kids by that bum line of yourn." "G'wan yerself," shouted the other. "I seen 'm first. Right this way, gent." "Doneher run no risks, sir," warned the Iron Steamboat barker. "Come right over to our dock. I'll show you the way. Them other boats is dangerous." "Doneher believe him, gent. They's two life preservers to every passenger on our boats." "Yes, an' there's a free fight every five minutes. You carry a mixed ale crowd." "You don't carry no crowd at all; they won't go near yer boats." "Who says so?" "I say so." "Aw, yer a liar." "Aw, yer can't back it." "Who can't back it?" "You can't back it." "Ahrrrr!" "Ahrrr!" And just as things began to look ripe for a fight the object of contention asked mildly: "Could you tell me which is the boat to Bedloe's island? I was going there to let the children go in swimming."—N. Y. Sun.

AN UNKNOWN HEROINE.

Her Nerve Was Not Lacking at the Right Moment.

A gentleman who has traveled all over the world says that the coolest act of heroism that he ever witnessed was performed by a woman. He was driving on a hot summer day up a road cut from the side of a mountain. On one side of him was a wall of rock; on the other side a precipice falling off to a valley, which was perhaps half a mile wide. Across the valley another road wound up another mountain, and on it, toiling upward, he saw another team with a solitary occupant—a woman. Such mountain paths are not only steep, but are rarely wide enough for two teams to pass, except in carefully prepared spots.

The two teams were crawling slowly upward. In the peculiar clearness of the atmosphere and the utter stillness of a California canyon, both sight and sound carry far.

All at once the gentleman's ear was struck by a strange noise falling upon the quiet—quick and sharp. He listened; it came from across the canyon; and turning, he saw to his horror, tearing down the steep ascent at full gallop, a pair of powerful horses attached to a heavy wagon, such as the Mexicans use to draw wood in.

Down they came, straight in the path up which the woman was driving. A moment more and sudden destruction would be upon her.

The gentleman opened his lip to cry out. Half a mile of valley separated him from the woman. He could only sit frozen with horror, and with eyes glued to the opposite hill awaiting the end.

The woman had stopped her team, and sat as if petrified. It was impossible to turn round, or even to turn out. If she did nothing, it was because there was nothing to be done.

Suddenly, to his unutterable amazement, the watcher saw the woman rise deliberately in her seat, raise her arm, and fire. There was a flash, a puff of smoke, a report, and simultaneously the outer of the two frenzied horses stumbled, fell, and pitched headlong, dragging his companion and the wagon over into the gorge below.

All this had passed in a flash. The watcher, stupefied and gasping, sat gazing at the valley, into the depths of which the mad vision had disappeared.

Then he looked at the mountain opposite. The narrow road was perfectly free, the air was still as before, the silence unbroken, and the team with the solitary woman was quietly winding up the road again.

The man, too, resumed his climb, but with an indelible picture burnt in upon his brain. Who the woman was he never knew. A pioneer and a mother of pioneers probably, whose frontier life had made her familiar with danger and swift in emergencies.

An instant's indecision, the trembling of a hand, would have been fatal; but both brain and hand were under absolute control. In nine cases out of ten it is not the danger which kills us, but, we, who—cowardly commanders of ourselves—lay down our arms and succumb without a struggle.—Youth's Companion.

SAVED HIS NEW HAT.

How the Late Dr. Duncan, of New York, Outwitted the Rain.

There is a good story told of the late Dr. Matthews Duncan, the specialist, when he was a struggling young practitioner who was just beginning to be taken notice of by the world. He was called in consultation with several eminent men of the profession and, for the occasion, he donned his best silk hat. Being poor, he could not go in his carriage, nor could he afford a cab, and as the day was fine he left his umbrella at home, for the double reason that he did not think he should need it and that it was a particularly shabby one, and walked. The consultation lasted a long time, and when at last it was over, Matthews Duncan saw with consternation that it was raining, and remembered that his umbrella was at home. What was to be done? A new hat meant something considerable to him in those days, and so did even a cab fare.

Suddenly a thought struck him. Making an excuse to the effect that he had an appointment, he left the big medical guns, and, proceeding downstairs, took the hat of one of them whom he knew to have come in a carriage, leaving his own new silk hat in its place. Then he walked home in the rain. When the owner of the hat finally came down and saw the exchange, he congratulated himself on his luck, and putting it on, drove home in his carriage, and so kept it dry. His exultation, however, was next morning turned to grief, for Dr. Duncan sent him his hat, with a note full of apologies for having made the mistake, and asked him to give to his servant the hat which he had taken home in his carriage.

Of course, under the circumstances, there was nothing for the great man to do except to return Matthews Duncan his new and undamaged hat, and to receive in exchange his own, which had been made a kind of scapegoat for it, with as much grace as the circumstances permitted of.—N. Y. Post.

Somewhat Startling.

An English clergyman who was suddenly called on to preach to a congregation of college students was unable to speak without notes, and had only one written sermon with him, which was on the duties of the married state. The topic was hardly one that he would have chosen for the occasion, but he hoped that it would pass muster as being appropriate by anticipation. But unfortunately he did not read the sermon over, and so before he knew it he had uttered this appeal: "And now, a word to you who are mothers."—N. Y. Tribune.

—Machinists, including under this designation those who repaired as well as those who manufactured machines, numbered 101,130 when the tenth census was taken.

DECEIVED BY APPEARANCE.

The Surprising Result of a Dog Fight at Sitka.

"Up in Alaska," said Col. Ainsworth, "the Indians have a native dog, large, savage and shaggy, which goes by the name of 'coyote.' These dogs are much larger than the prairie wolves of that name and look much more like the big wolves of the plains. They are, however, and very plainly, nothing but dogs, and you can see hundreds of them around any of the Indian villages. In the dullness of Alaskan life, every method of amusement is resorted to. Dog fights are common, and I might say very popular. Everybody but the chaplain always goes to a dog fight, and the mere intimation that a dog fight is pending is enough to hurry everybody through his business, so that he may be foot-loose to attend. On one of the steamboats which used to ply up and down the Alaskan coast the officers had a bulldog that weighed about thirty-five pounds, and whose mission it was to drive away dull care. Whenever the boat stopped they would let Jack—that was the dog's name—out of the wharf, and Jack would tackle the first dog he came to, and then there would be a fight. Jack was a great warrior and won all his battles. And so fond was he of these martial affairs that whenever the steamer began nearing its pier Jack always crowded very anxiously to the front at the gangway, and was the first one down the plank and onto the wharf. Jack was always looking for a fight, and if he couldn't find one he felt pained and discontented.

"One day I was lying asleep in my stateroom. The boat was at Sitka. One of the officers came down and awakened me.

"'There's a dog out on the wharf that looks like a wolf,' he said. 'One of the deck hands has tied him up, and as soon as the work is over we're going to turn Jack loose and let him lick him.'

"This was very inspiring as information, and I at once arose to be present at the ceremony. Jack was aboard the boat and hadn't yet heard of the foe. I took a look at the victim, which the men had roped up, and found him a sad, taciturn dog; in fact, one of those Indian dogs which we called coyotes.

"There were no preliminaries when Jack's time came. When he was turned loose he started in at the coyote with the greatest ardor. The battle didn't last over thirty seconds, but was the most savage thing of the kind I ever beheld. At the end of thirty seconds that despised slouch of a coyote had simply cut the bulldog to pieces, and he was too dead to skin. The boat almost went into mourning about it. Some of the bereaved officers who had been warm friends of Jack wanted to mete out death to the coyote. But a fairer sentiment prevailed. He had won his battle on the square, and there was a nine-tenths vote in favor of his being liberated. He was thrown loose and lurked off with a sort of hang-dog expression, with his tail between his legs, as if there wasn't an ounce of real fight in him. But we looked at our dead comrade and knew better."—Washington Star.

A CHILD OF SORROW.

He Was a Mark for the Flings and Arrows of Outrageous Fortune.

As I approached the place I thought it deserted. One corner of the log hut sunk down, no doors or windows were to be seen, and the space around it had grown up to weeds and bushes. I stood looking at the scene of desolation when a bare-headed, bare-footed man came out with a pipe in his mouth and saluted:

"Howdy, stranger! Won't yo' climb down and come in?"

"But I thought the place was abandoned," I replied.

"Yes, most folks think that way, but it isn't. I'm still livin' yere."

"You are evidently in hard luck."

"Stranger," he said, as he sat down on a stump with tears filling his eyes, "I wasn't goin' to say anything about my hard luck, but bein' you've mentioned it, I will say to yo' that few critters hev suffered as I hev. Fur seven straight y'ars my crops failed on me."

"What crops?" I asked, as I noticed that the clearing did not comprise over an acre in extent.

"Wall, co'n and 'taters and melons and coons and woodchucks and 'possums and roots and so on," he replied. "Luck was right agin me every time. Arter the crops failed the ole woman took sick and died."

"That was bad."

"Then the cabin sunk down as yo' see it, and fur two y'ars I've had to sleep with my feet higher'n my head. Arter the cabin sunk my dawg died. Then I lost my mewl on a mortgage. Then I took sick and couldn't work fur a y'ar. I tell yo' I've had to hoe a row which would hev killed most men!"

"But you have probably reached the end of your bad luck?"

"No, I don't think so. Look up the side of the hill to that big rock. I'm jest expectin' a landslide every minit."

"Then you must excuse me for moving on," I said. "I'll cross the creek to the high ground."

"And I'll go along. I orter stay and be killed by the landslide, I reckon, but mebbe I'll git back in time. Thar' hain't no use in a man's livin' along when he knows luck's agin him. Stranger, did yo'ever meet up with—?'

There was a sudden crash which drowned his words. The big rock on the hill had started. The slide took in a strip of earth and trees about forty rods wide, and it rushed down the steep, swept the old cabin out of sight and spread over that acre of ground ten feet deep. It was over in a minute. Then the man turned and looked into my eyes and tried to gasp out something. I couldn't say a word to console him. We looked and looked, and then turned away and walked on. Luck was again him.—M. Quad, in Detroit Free Press.

—We can get out of certain errors only at the top; that is, by raising our minds above human things.—Joubert

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Ah, old man! What are you doing these days?" "A street car company," rejoined the corporation lawyer, absently.—Detroit Tribune.

—"I—I suppose," said the fair customer hesitatingly, "you can warrant this hammock?" "Yes, ma'am," briskly replied the salesman. "It's built for two."—Chicago Tribune.

—He—"I'm tired of sitting here fanning you and getting none of the coolness myself." She—"We might put our heads together and find a way out of the difficulty."—Scribner's Magazine.

—He (meaning to be complimentary)—"How becoming that veil is to you, Miss Fannie. Why don't you wear it oftener?" And now he is trying to tell why she treats him so coldly.—N. Y. World.

—Practical Aid.—"Frau Mockel, why do you always play the piano when your husband is busy writing?" "There's no help for it. He is at work on a tragedy, and I have to make him savage."—Buntes Allerlei.

—The Way You Take It.—Heardso—"They say every hearty laugh adds a day to one's life." Saidso—"That depends; I had at least a week kicked out of me for laughing at a man who fell in the mud."—Pearson's Weekly.

—Mrs. Lumkins—"Joshua, I am going to the dentist's to have a tooth pulled out. You mind the baby while I'm gone." Mr. L. (with alacrity)—"You mind the baby, Jennie; I'll go and get a tooth pulled out."—Tit-Bits.

—Editor—"Well, did you interview Mrs. Twuddle, of the Woman's Rights club?" Reporter—"I saw her, and she said she had nothing to say." Editor—"Well, squeeze it down into a column; we're crowded to-day."—Yonkers Statesman.

—Farren—"How much wealth do you think a man ought to accumulate before he can safely ask a girl to marry him?" Kooler (inspecting him)—"It depends on the man. You will probably have to accumulate a million."—Chicago Tribune.

—Magistrate—"And why did you roam about in the streets during the night?" Defendant—"I was afraid to go home." Magistrate—"Are you married?" Defendant (joyfully)—"Oh, your worship, I suppose you know what it is, too."—Tit-Bits.

—He—"That's just like a woman. She can't view any question impartially. All on one side, just as she is on horseback." She—"Yes, John, and haven't you been on every public question the same way you ride horseback?"—Boston Transcript.

—Pleasure Under Difficulties.—"Gosh!" said Mr. Jason, stopping on the corner and turning to get another look at the woman passing by. "Kissing a girl with them sleeves on must be nigh the same as funneling into a gingham sunbonnet, like a fellow had to do when I was a boy."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"It's a great pity," said Mrs. Hunnimune, as she turned from the door with a sigh. "Things do not seem to be evenly regulated in this world." "What's the matter?" inquired her husband. "I was thinking of how nice it would be if the berries we get were as fresh as the men who sell them."—Washington Star.

SPIDER AT WORK.

Prodigious Feats Performed by the Pertinacious Insect.

"Sitting on a bench under a pear tree, I saw a spider drop down from a leaf fully nine feet above the ground, and disappear in the grass, leaving a slender rope of web, attached at the upper end to a leaf and at the lower to a fallen pear. In a few moments a small, white caterpillar, barely an inch long, began to climb this rope. It grasped the thread in its mouth and drew up its body about a sixteenth of an inch at a time, then held tight with the two fore feet, and, lifting its head, seized the rope a sixteenth higher; repeating this operation incessantly, the rest of the body swinging in the air. Never pausing, without haste and without rest, this creature patiently worked its way upward, as a man might up a rope. Let anyone seize a beam overhead and attempt to lift the chest up to a level with it, the expenditure of strength is very great; even with long practice, to "swarm" up a pole or rope to any distance is the hardest labor the human muscles are capable of. This despised "creeping thing," without the slightest apparent effort, without once pausing to take breath, reached the leaf overhead in rather under half an hour, having climbed a rope fully one hundred and eight times its own length. To equal this a man must climb six hundred and forty-eight feet, or more than half as high again as St. Paul's.

The insect, on reaching the top, at once commenced feeding, and easily bit through the hard pear leaf; how delicately, then, must it have grasped the slender spider's web, which a touch would destroy. The thoughts which this feat call forth do not end here, for there was no necessity to go up the thread; the insect could, to all appearances, have traveled up the trunk of the tree with ease, and it is not to be supposed that its mouth and feet were especially adapted to climb a web, a thing which was to all appearances merely the result of the accident of the insect coming along just after the spider had left the thread. Another few minutes and the first puff of wind would have carried the thread away, as a puff actually did soon afterward. I claim a wonderful amount of original intelligence—as opposed to the ill-used term instinct—of patience and perseverance for this creature. It is so easy to imagine that, because man is big, brain power cannot exist in tiny organizations; but, even in man, the seat of thought is so minute that it escapes discovery, and his very life may be said to lie in the point of contact of two bones of the neck. Put the mind of man within the body of the caterpillar—what more could have done? Accustomed to bite and eat its way through hard leaves, why did not the insect snip off and destroy its rope?—Longman's Magazine.

Grantsville.

Thinking a few news items from here might be acceptable we will try our hand.

Grantsville is having a boom just now, our town being full of strangers, there being a large crew of men renewing the Western Union telegraph line, also a number on the Standard Oil company's pipe line.

One of the telegraph men had a very narrow escape from death the other day. One of the old poles fell while the young man was on the top, throwing him about forty feet. Dr. Liehty, however, pronounces him on a fair way to recovery.

Mr. Geo. Collins, the well-known sawyer, has removed his family to this place and hereafter will be found on Wagner & Folk's mill as head sawyer.

Among the several names already announced for the sheriffalty nomination, we hear that of Mr. George Walters, of No. 1, very favorably mentioned. We know him to be a man well fitted to successfully fill that important office.

NEWCOMER.

Mount Zion.

Farmers are busy putting away their hay in the rain. Hay is a very light crop this year, but prospects are good for oats. Corn in some places is very poor.

Mr. R. T. Layman is working for Mr. Thomas Frost.

George Pope is harvesting for Albert Michael.

Quite a number of the young folks attended children services at the Beall school house last Sunday and report a large crowd.

George L. Pope, Miss Maud Pope and Miss Jennie Turner spent Sunday in Frostburg.

Mount Zion Epworth League is in progress with about twenty members enrolled. B. F. Michael was the leader last Sunday and gave quite an interesting talk. The topic was the feeding of the five thousand. Albert Michael is the leader for next Sunday. We would be glad to see the church crowded.

The talk is now, are you going to camp meeting?

The shingle mill is booming.

Rev. J. H. Enlow preaches here next Sunday.

Thomas Layman made a trip to Oakland.

We notice James Layman around again, and glad to meet him.

We would like to hear from some of the other correspondents of this neighborhood.

Always Cool At The Seashore. Low Rates Via B. & O.

If you want to spend a delightful week and get a new set of nerves, go to Atlantic City, August 8th, via B. & O. The best train service the B. & O. has is at your service. The tickets are good going on all trains of August the 8th, and valid for return trip 12 days, including day of sale, with the privilege of stopping off at Washington on the return journey.

We give below a list of stations in this vicinity, showing time of trains and rates of fare:

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	RATE
Oakland.....	6 37	10.09	12 29	6 01	5 12	$8.50
Mt. Lake Pk	6.43	10.08	12.30	6 12	5.17	8.50
Deer Park...	6.50	10.17	12.45	6.29	5.25	8.50

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

For more detailed information apply to nearest B. & O. agent.

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments.

Headstones,

AND

Chimney Pipe

WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS.

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

4193.yr—4

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county the 30th day of May, 1895, at the suit of Alexander Hnentlling against Adam Fox, the undersigned Sheriff will, on

Saturday, the 3d Day of August, 1895,

at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., of said day, in front of the store house of Smith & Callis in Johnstown, in Garrett county, sell to the highest bidder for cash on that day, all of the following described real estate belonging to the said defendant Adam Fox, to-wit: All those lots of ground situated in Garrett county, Maryland, which are known and described as Military Lots Nos. 3243, 3244 and 4138, and containing fifty acres of land each. Said lots of ground will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs.

CHARLES WEGMAN, Sheriff.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

OF VALUABLE

Real Estate,

In Garrett County, Md.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, passed on the 16th day of July, A. D. 1895, in a cause in said court depending, wherein John Hetrick et al. by Henry Felk *pro chein ami* are plaintiffs and Charles W. Hetrick is defendant, it being No. 703 on the Equity docket of said court, the undersigned trustee will sell at public auction in front of John E. Gnagey's store in the town of Accident, Garrett county, Maryland, on

Saturday, August 10,

1895, at 1 o'clock p. m., all the real estate in the proceedings mentioned, to-wit:

All of the following described lots, pieces or parcels of land, lying westward of Fort Cumberland in Garrett county, Maryland, and known and designated as

Military Lot No. 3227,

Containing 40 Acres, and

LOT NUMBER 3229,

Containing 37½ Acres,

and being the same property described in a deed from Martin Hetrick to Rachel Hetrick dated the 31st day of May, 1890, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, folio 43, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and comprises what is commonly known as

"The Timothy Miller Place,"

located about two and one-half miles southeast of Accident.

The entire farm is under fence and about 70 acres are cleared and under cultivation. The other improvements consist of a two-story log house containing five rooms; a log barn sheded, and other necessary outbuildings, and a good orchard in bearing.

TERMS OF SALE:

As prescribed by the decree—One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash, one-third in 6 months and one-third in 12 months from the day of sale, or the entire purchase money may be paid in cash at the option of the purchaser, the deferred payments to be secured to the satisfaction of the trustee.

EDWARD H. SINCELL, Trustee.

19—td

TRUSTEES' SALE

—OF—

Real Estate

—IN—

Garrett County, Md.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, passed on the 28th day of March, 1895, in a cause in said court depending, wherein Margaret Miller is plaintiff and Frederick Mertens et al. are defendants, it being No. 687 on the Equity docket of said court, the undersigned trustees will sell at public auction in front of Mayers' Drug Store in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, on

Saturday, Aug. 24th,

1895, at 1 o'clock p. m., all the real estate in the proceedings mentioned, to-wit:

All that real estate which was conveyed by George Rizer et al. to Frederick Mertens, Richard J. West and Albert L. Miller by deed dated June 21, 1873, and recorded among the Land Records of Garrett county in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 135; the undivided one-third of which was conveyed by the said Richard J. West and wife to the said Frederick Mertens and Albert L. Miller by deed dated July 27, 1874, and recorded among said Land Records in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folios 402, etc,

Said property comprises

822 ACRES,

more or less, and consists of a tract of land called

MUCH TO DO ABOUT NOTHING,

CONTAINING 612 ACRES,

more or less, described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a stone planted in a glade at the end of the second line of a tract of land surveyed for Lord Baltimore, called "Green Glade Manor," (said stone standing North 81 degrees East 22 perches, from a double pine, marked with nine notches each, and the letters W. C.), and running thence South 79 degrees East 5 perches to a stone, thence North 35 degrees East 100 perches, to a bounded pine, thence North 46 degrees West 70 perches to a stone, thence North 61 degrees East 190 perches to a bounded service and white oak, thence North 87 degrees West 537 perches to a bounded white oak, thence South 26½ degrees West 183 perches to a bounded pine, and thence with a straight line to the beginning.

And also another tract called

"ELK LICK,"

CONTAINING 210 ACRES.

more or less, described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at two bounded pines standing at the end of eighteen perches on the first line of Lot No. 1878, and running thence North 57 degrees West 18 perches, North 35 degrees East 73 perches to a bounded pine, South 57 degrees East 240 perches to the end of the first line of Lot No. 1884 (marked Oct 31, 1855, by a triple pine on the east side of the "Green Glade,") South 81 perches, West 100 perches, South 64 perches, West 160 perches, North 5 perches, North 55 degrees East 72 perches, to the end of the first line of the original Lot No. 1886, North 35 degrees West 105 perches, North 34 degrees East 11 perches, to the beginning of Lot No. 1878, and then by a straight line to the beginning.

Said land is well adapted for

Farming Purposes,

but is unimproved.

TERMS OF SALE:

As prescribed by the decree—One-half cash and the balance in one year; the deferred payment to bear interest from day of sale, and to be secured with security satisfactory to the trustees.

J. W. S. COCHRANE,
DAVID W. SLOAN,
Trustees.

(For further information apply to either of the Trustees at Cumberland, Md.) 19—6t

For satisfactory barbering try Liller and you will call again.

LAST CUT SALE

—AT—

SINCELL BROS.

Having decided to retire from business on account of ill health, we will close out our entire stock of goods at actual cost.

CLOTHING.

MEN'S CLOTHING.					BOYS' CLOTHING.				
$16.00	Suits	reduced	to	$8.50	$12.00	Suits	Reduced	to	$7.50
14.00	"	"	"	7.50	10.00	"	"	"	6.00
12.00	"	"	"	6.50	8.00	"	"	"	5.00
10.00	"	"	"	5.75	6.00	"	"	"	4.00
8.00	"	"	"	4.75	5.00	"	"	"	3.50
7.00	"	"	"	4.00					

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING,

$5.00	Suits	Reduced	to	$3.00
4.00	"	"	"	2.00
3.00	"	"	"	1.75
2.50	"	"	"	1.65
1.00	"	"	"	80

SHOES.

LADIES' SHOES.				
$5.00	Shoes	Reduced	to	$3.75
4.00	"	"	"	3.00
3.50	"	"	"	2.75
3.00	"	"	"	2.25
2.50	"	"	"	1.75
2.00	"	"	"	1.50
1.75	"	"	"	1.15
1.50	"	"	"	1.00
1.25	"	"	"	90

MEN'S SHOES.				
$4.00	Shoes	Reduced	to	$3.00
3.00	"	"	"	2.65
2.50	"	"	"	1.75
2.00	"	"	"	1.50
1.50	"	"	"	1.00
1.25	"	"	"	90

DRY GOODS.

25 Yards Muslin for $1.00
15 cent muslin for 12 cents
12½ cent muslin for 10 cents
10 cent muslin for 7½ cents
8 cent muslin for 6 cents
7 cent muslin for 5 cents
6 cent muslin for 4½ cents
15 cent French gingham for 10 cents
12½ cent French gingham for 9 cents
10 cent gingham for 7 cents
8 cent gingham for 6 cents
7 cent gingham for 4½ cents

We will also sell our full line of

Dress Goods, Silks, Trimmings, Embroideries, Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbons, Draperies, Towels, Ladies' Summer Undervests

White Goods, Novelties, Hats, Trunks, Etc.,

At the ACTUAL COST of them.

This we consider a rare bargain for the buyers of this line of goods.

Respectfully,

SINCELL BROS.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

are good for sick headache, constipation, piles, biliousness, fever and ague, dyspepsia, rheumatism, female complaints, dizziness, sour stomach, loss of appetite, general debility. They work positively cure all disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. 25 cents a box.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

helps babes over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, controls the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no opium, drugs and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good. 25 cents a bottle

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

JOHN C. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

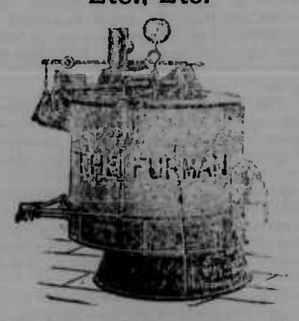

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23—1yr.

ORDER NISI.

Samuel Lawton, Late Treasurer of Garrett County, vs. Thomas Nethkin.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County. No. 57 Trials to July Term, 1895.

It is ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 9th day of July, 1895, that the tax sale as made and reported by Samuel Lawton, late Treasurer, in the above entitled cause, and made to the County Commissioners of said county, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 2nd day of August, 1895; provided that a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett county, Md., once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 2nd day of August, 1895.

EDWARD STAKE.

True Copy, Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

34 inches high. Top can be adjusted to any angle or height. Revolving Case 15 x 15 x 12 inside. Holds about 30 vols Law size. Strong well finished Metal Base and Sides With Solid Oak Shelves and Top.—130,000 now used. Sent knocked down (20 lbs). On approval. Address Marsh [illegible] CHICAGO. Agents W[illegible]

Cleaning, Repairing, Altering and Pressing at Moderate Prices and Done at Shortest Notice.

Ladies Work Cleaned, Colored and Altered.

Acme Tailoring Co.,

M. COHEN, Proprietor.

RAILROAD STREET, NEAR DEPOT

OAKLAND, MD.

A Fine Line of Imported Goods

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Branch of 1315 Penna. Ave., Washington.

We are recommended by many of the leading people of Oakland.

ORDER NISI.

Samuel Lawton, Late Treasurer of Garrett County, vs. George T. Wilt.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County. No. 36 Trials to July Term, 1895.

It is ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 9th day of July, 1895, that the tax sale as made and reported by Samuel Lawton, late Treasurer, and made to the County Commissioners of said county, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 2nd day of August, 1895, provided that a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 2nd day of August, 1895.

EDWARD STAKE.

True Copy, Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Proposals for Building a Bridge.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, Md., July 31, 1895.

Sealed proposals will be received by the County Commissioners until Wednesday, September 11, 1895, (no bids received after 11 o'clock), for the construction of a wooden bridge across Yough River at Crellin. Bridge is 150 feet long, to be constructed after plans and specifications found in the commissioners' office. The material used is to be of sound, live oak. Further information can be obtained by applying to the clerk.

By order of the Board,

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING. Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.

Drs. McLane & Berkeley,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
FROSTBURG, MD.

Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.
See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Residence and P. O. Address,

2-25 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13t.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty., Oakland, Md.

--WANTED--

WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER

Also White Oak Timber Land.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.

Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50 00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
21tf 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

The Wesleyan Female Institute,
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.

For girls and young women. Established 1843. Full corps of experienced teachers. Location healthy, central and accessible. For catalogues and particulars apply to

REV. HENRY P. HAMILL,
13-15t President.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1895. NUMBER 22.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Mr. E. H. Sincell made a professional trip to Philadelphia Monday.

Hon. A. F. George, of Swanton, was here Tuesday for a short time.

Mrs. Frank B. Wolf, of Piedmont, is here on a visit to the Misses Hart.

Mr. Ed. Sharpes, of Wheeling, is spending this week in Oakland with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Conneway, of near Gorman, were Oakland visitors last Friday.

Mr. Joseph Lashorn, of Deer Park, made this office a pleasant call Saturday.

Mr. John J. Whetstone, of Friendsville, was an Oakland visitor last Friday.

Mr. Frank Hagans, of Uniontown, Pa., is here on a visit to his brother Mr. W. H. Hagans.

We are pleased to state that Mr. Perry E. Kimmell has recovered from his recent illness.

Miss Carrie Henderson, of Harrisville, Ohio, is here as the guest of Mrs. Henry J. Mayers.

Mrs. Amanda Hyde, of Brandonville, West Va., is here on a visit to her son, Mr. F. G. Hyde.

Mrs. M. L. Snyder, of Allegany City, Pa., is the guest of her sister, Mrs. M. M. Ashby, near Oakland.

Mr. G. H. Pritchard was in Cumberland last Sunday attending the campmeeting at Allegany Grove.

Mr. James A. Peddicord, of Howard county, is here on a visit to his brother, Mr. Thomas J. Peddicord.

Mr. Percy Veitch, of Hyattsville, Md., is here on a visit to Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Bartlett and other friends.

Mrs. Clara Slice, of Martinsburg, West Va., was the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Helbig a few days last week.

Miss May Keller, daughter of Dr. B. T. Keller, of Bloomingburg, Ohio, was here last week on a visit to friends.

Mr. Camden Lantz, of Terra Alta, representing J. W. Rigg & Son, was here last Saturday for a short time.

Miss Mary Tavenor, of Parkersburg, West Va., was here a few days this week visiting the family of Dr. Benj. Ison.

Mr. Chas. Bolden, who was confined to his home for several weeks with an attack of illness, is able to be out again.

The frame work for Mr. David G. Smith's house has been erected. The building will contain eight rooms and a hall.

Dr. and Mrs. Loughrey, of Waynesburg, Pa., are in Oakland visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Bolden and other relatives.

Miss Nora Robinson, of Baltimore, who visited Dr. and Mrs. M. C. Hinebaugh last week, departed for her home Monday night.

Messrs. William, John and Isaac Stephens, of Baltimore, came up to Oakland last Friday to attend the funeral of their father.

Messrs. G. S. Hamill and E. H. Sincell were at Selbysport Tuesday and yesterday making a survey of some land in litigation.

Messrs. P. A. Chisholm, Henry J. Mayers, D. M. Mason and E. M. Spedden returned from Baltimore last Saturday morning.

Severe griping pains of the stomach and bowels instantly and effectually stopped by DeWitt's Colic and Cholera Cure.

There is no doubt, no failure, when you take DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure. It is pleasant, acts promptly, no bad after effects.

Mr. Ezra B. Hook, of Krug, was here a few days last week making a contract for the erection of a building on his lots at Loch Lynn.

Quite a large number of people attended the picnic at Aurora on last Saturday. Some went in wagons, on horse back and a few on bicycles.

Our old friend, Mr. J. Ed. Kildow, of Beverly, West Va., spent two or three days in Oakland last week visiting his mother and other relatives and friends.

Senator R. A. Ravenscroft drove up from Accident Tuesday morning to meet his mother, who arrived from Cumberland, and who accompanied him home on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mitchell, of Benwood, W. Va., after spending a few days in Oakland as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Helbig, departed for their home Saturday last.

Miss Bernetta Gunning, Mr. Jay Connell, of Cumberland, and Mr. Harry A. Prober, of Washington, were here several days recently as the guests of the Misses Stanton on Fourth street.

Primaries in almost all the districts in Garrett county were held on last Saturday and the delegates elected to the county convention to be held in Oakland on Tuesday are staunch Lowndes men.

The programs and invitations for the entertainment to be given at the Oakland Hotel on the 10th inst., were not printed in New York as stated by one of our contemporaries, but were gotten out in this office.

Mr. John T. Mitchell has moved his law office from the Central hotel building to the new office building on Second street recently erected by Mr. John Shartzer where he has a handsome suite of rooms.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot was thrown from his wheel while descending the river hill west of town Tuesday afternoon and considerably bruised. His injuries, however are more painful than serious.

The colored camp meeting will continue all this week and close on Sunday night with appropriate singing and praise. Mrs. Annie E. Brown, a colored evangelist of Washington, will be present on Sunday and conduct the services.

The directors of the Garrett County Bank made a contract with a firm in the west to supply the building with hot water heaters. The materials for the plant have arrived and work on installing it will be commenced in a short time.

The lawn fete advertised to be held in the church yard of the Garrett Memorial church Tuesday afternoon and evening was held in Offutt's Hall instead because of the rain. It was a success financially.

In order to introduce Chamberlain's Cough Remedy here we sold several dozen bottles on strict guarantee and have found every bottle did good service. We have used it ourselves and think it superior to any other. W. I. Mowrey, Jarvisville, W. Va. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Mrs. L. Stoddard departed yesterday morning to visit her former home at Stoddardstown, Pa. She was accompanied by her daughter, Miss Mollie, who will enter the New York Conservatory of Music, where she will finish her musical education.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Henderson, of Corinth, West Va., were in Oakland last Monday on a shopping expedition. Mr. Henderson has rented the Oak Grove hotel at Corinth and will operate it for the accommodation of the traveling public. He will add many improvements and make it a first-class stopping place.

Dr. Talmage Will Not be at the Park Friday and Saturday.

Owing to the death of Mrs. T. DeWitt Talmage, which occurred in Brooklyn on last Tuesday morning, Dr. Talmage has cancelled the date which he had with the Chautauqua managers at Mountain Lake Park for Friday and Saturday of this week, but will be at the Park later during the Assembly.

The management of the Chautauqua has made every endeavor to have a speaker of National reputation there on those two days and in all probability the Rev. Sam Small will be present, although it has not as yet been definitely decided. If Mr. Small does not come some other person of equally fine oratorial power will entertain the crowds expected on those days.

Garthright has just received the largest, cheapest and best stock of men's clothing and ladies' dress goods that ever came to Garrett county. Everything good and cheap. 22-2t.

An excursion party from Somerset and Meyersdale, Pa., numbering five hundred, made a trip to Friendsville on last Thursday and spent the day among the hills about that town.

Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, of Frederick, relict of the late John J. Smith, editor of the *Democrat*, and her father, Mr. Greshon, are here as the guests of Mr. E. I. West at the Glades.

The band festival, which was held in Offutt's Hall last Friday and Saturday evenings was quite a financial success and those young ladies having charge of it are to be commended for the manner in which they conducted the affair.

B. H. Bowman, Pub. Enquirer, of Bremen Ind., writes: Last week our little girl baby the only one we have was taken sick with croup. After two doctors failed to give relief and life was hanging on a mere thread we tried One Minute Cough Cure and its life was saved. Oakland Pharmacy.

Rev. J. J. Young and daughter of New York, are registered at the Central. Rev Young was at one time pastor of the Lutheran congregation at Accident and is remembered by many of his old parisioners as a man of extraordinary force and ability as a minister.

Don't you wonder what the farmers did with their produce before Mt. Lake Park and Loch Lynn Heights were established? The building up of these places have more than doubled the value of property in Garrett county, besides offering a home market for nearly all the products raised in this county and part of Preston and Grant counties, W. Va.

The Camp Jamesson party of young ladies and gentlemen from Piedmont and Westernport will go into camp on the W. T. Jamesson farm near Mountain Lake Park this week. A second party from the same places will also go into camp on the Mountain Lake Park side of that town.

Revs. Thomas J. Stanton, of St. Mary's church, Lonaconing, and Joseph A. Foley, of St. Paul's, Washington, were here Sunday and Monday on a visit to Father Stanton's parents. Monday night they departed for New York where Father Stanton goes as a delegate to the Catholic Total Abstinence convention, which met in that city yesterday.

When moving into our present home I found a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm left by a former tenant. On the label I found the statement that it was good for cuts and burns. I can testify to the truth of this. Nothing in all my experience has found its equal for treating blisters or burns. F. E. Barrett, manager Le Sueur Sentinel, Le Sueur, Minn. Pain Balm is also a sure cure for rheumatism. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

The Preston Lumber Co.'s office has been moved from the Pritchard building on Third street to the Shartzer building on Second steeet. The company occupies the front room in the second story. Mr. Samuel Lawton has moved his stock of plumbing goods, etc., from the old REPUBLICAN building to the first floor of the Shartzer building, where he has a fine room for the display of his goods.

The finest and prettiest hotel along the line of the B. & O. railroad and thirty new and attractive cottages have been completed this season and several more contracted for. Loch Lynn Heights. The building lots will be advanced from 50 to 100 per cent. after the public sale of lots Friday and Saturday of this week. This will be done to protect those who have already purchased. This is positively your last chance to secure a cheap lot.

Gov. Brown is reported as saying he will appoint a successor to the late Judge Hoffman some time during the latter part of the present week. Capt. Gordon and Mr. Williams having decided not to accept the appointment the honor is supposed to rest between Wm. C. Devecmon, D. J. Blackiston and DeWarren H. Reynolds. No Republican need apply, at least so says Gov. Brown, and he ought to know. —Cumberland News.

My boy was taken with a disease resembling bloody flux. The first thing I thought of was Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Two doses of it settled the matter and cured him sound and well. I heartily recommend this remedy to all persons suffering from a like complaint. I will answer any inquiries regarding it when stamp is enclosed. I refer to any county official as to my reliability. Wm. Roach, J. P., Primroy, Campbell Co., Tenn. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

One day last week Mr. John T. Ashby had a narrow escape from death whilst engaged in hauling logs for the Preston Lumber Co. near Crellin. During the day a party of choppers had hewn down a number of trees and allowed them to lodge in a bunch. Mr. Ashby drove his team under these and in attempting to pull a log from among the underbrush the lodged logs came down, striking and killing one of his best horses and injuring Mr. Ashby's person very painfully.

On Thursday of next week, Mr. John Shartzer, the wide awake real estate man, will offer at public sale a number of lots and parcels of land suitable for building purposes situated in and near Oakland. These lots are all large and everyone who desires can secure a building site at a very moderate cost. Attend the sale and purchase a lot at your own figure. He will also offer for sale the same day the furniture now in the old Commercial hotel in Oakland. See colored posters for particulars or call on or write to Mr. Shartzer. 22-1.

Kenneth Bazemorn had the good fortune to receive a small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy when three members of his family were sick with dysentery. This one bottle cured them all and he had some left which he gave to Geo. W. Baker, a prominent merchant of the place, Lewiston, N. C., and it cured him of the same complaint. When troubled with dysentery, diarrhoea, colic or cholera morbus, give this remedy a trial and you will be more than pleased with the result. The praise that naturally follows its introduction and use has made in very popular. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Knights Templar Conclave, Boston.

For the Triennal Conclave Knights Templar at Boston, Mass., August 26th-30th, the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets at one fare for the round trip from all points on its line east of the Ohio River for all trains August 23d to August 26th, inclusive, valid for return passage until September 10th inclusive. Tickets can also be purchased going one route and returning another at slight advance in rates. 22-3t.

A Reported Paper Trust.

The reported plan to reorganize in New York a paper trust on a capitalization of $35,000,000 to absorb all important paper manufacturing plants and get control of the entire supply of paper for newspapers is hardly in the public interest, if its effect is to be to increase the price of paper. Paper and the journals printed on it have become necessaries of life to our people, and it will not do to try to artificially enhance their price. The trust, according to the story, is to be formed toward the end of the present year and is to embrace only the mills in the Central and Eastern portion of the Union this side of the Mississippi.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

This is to give notice that the co-partnership heretofore existing between John Speicher and Howard Nethken, doing a general merchandise business at Deer Park, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, Mr. Speicher retiring. The business of the firm will be carried on by Messrs Nethken Bros.

JOHN SPEICHER,
HOWARD NETHKEN.

Deer Park, Md., Aug. 1, 1895.

Died.

PETERS.—Mr. John A. Peters, of Oakland, died Thursday afternoon, August 1, 1895, at his home. He was born at Romney, Hampshire county, W. Va., and was aged 67 years and 5 months. He had many friends in this as well as other counties. His remains were interred at Terra Alta Saturday morning.

Oats.

One day last week Mr. A. J. Harne brought to this office a quantity of oats which he raised on the Bradley farm near town. From the roots to the top of the oats they measured just six feet. Mr. Harne is an old Washington county farmer and evidently knows how to get a good crop of grain.

Justice James A. Delawder also exhibited to us a bunch of oats raised on Mr. W. T. Jamesson's farm opposite Mountain Lake Park. These oats are very heavy and will thash at least seventy-five bushels to the acre. The stalk to the top of the heads measures sixty inches, forty inches straw and twenty inches grain.

Death of M. W. Lambert.

Many of the people of Oakland will remember Mr. Michael W. Lambert, whose suicide at Atlantic City on Sunday last has been announced. Mr. Lambert was at one time manager of the Queen City hotel in Cumberland. He was also in charge of the B. & O. hotel at Oakland, and after leaving the employ of the railroad company managed the old St. Nicholas in Cumberland for awhile. He was widely known, and had a host of friends.

He became the victim of misfortune, and in a fit of despondency at losing his position as night clerk at a hotel in Atlantic City, took a dose of laudanum and ended his life at the age of fifty-seven years. He was originally from New York.

Attention.

Attend the big lot sale on Friday and Saturday of this week at Loch Lynn Heights, and secure some lots at your own price which will double or treble in value before next season. When you help build up Loch Lynn Heights you are helping yourselves and every citizen in Garrett county.

Rogers' Sarsaparilla.

A specific for all. 100 doses for 75 cents. Rogers' Little Liver Pills, best on the market; Cough Cure, Liniment, Appetine and Worm Syrup, sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland; Cuppett Bros., McHenry; J. A. DeBerry, Corinth; C. F. White, Hutton; P. T. Garthright, Hayden & Eckles, Mt. Lake Park; Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park; Wm. Frederick, Friendsville; Yough Store Co., Jonas Frazee, Robert Liston, Selbysport; W. Wass, Mineral Springs; J. E. Guagey, Accident; Smith & Callis, Hoyes, and by all general dealers.

A Great Program.

The following is the program to be rendered at the Oakland Hotel seventh annual literary, musical and dramatic entertainment on Saturday, August 10th:

Overture.....Prof. Zimmerman's Orchestra.
Song.....Little Lola Dean Dryden.
"Won't You Come to My Tea Party."
Cornet Solo.....Casey.
Recitation.....Mr. Geo. V. Hobart.
Piano Solo.....Miss Stella Lipman.
Reading.....Mr. David Beiaseo.
Song.....Miss Nellie Shirelliff.
Character Sketch.....Mr. J. H. Hazelton.
Piccolo Solo.....Hartman.
Reading.....Miss Leslie Carter.
Overture.....Orchestra.

The evening's entertainment to conclude with the one act dramatic gem entitled, "A Noble Sacrifice," with the following caste:

Mabel.....Miss Margaret Dale.
Cyril.....Mr. G. V. Hobart.
Jack.....Mr. J. H. Hazleton.
Dancing in Ball Room.
Stage Director.....Mr. H. E. Bostwick.

It would be advisable for those wishing seats to secure them without delay as they are being rapidly taken.

Married.

FRIEND—MEYERS—At the residence of the officiating minister Dr. B. Ison, Horace Resley Friend and Minnie Belle Meyers, both of this county.

A New Church.

On Tuesday last, in the presence of a large concourse of people, the new Catholic church at Gormania was opened for divine worship. Father Kelley, of Harpers Ferry, W. Va., conducted the service, assisted by Fathers McKeefey, of Martinsburg; Stanton, of Lonaconing; Heiman, of Thomas, and Drake, of Keyser.

The sermon was delivered by Father McKeefey in his usual happy and pleasing style. Father Stanton, at the request of the pastor, spoke briefly and earnestly on the virtue of temperance as exemplified in the life of the patron of the new church—St. John the Baptist.

St. John's is one of the neatest and most convenient churches on the Potomac above Piedmont. Gormania is a beautiful town at the junction of North West Grade and the West Virginia Central railroads.

Plenty of lumber, bark, coal and farming land in its vicinity insure it a prosperous future. The Messrs. Hoffman & Sons have one of their extensive tanneries here and give steady employment to many skilled tanners, whose houses dot the hillsides in this beautiful mountain settlement.

FOR SALE!

—AT—

DEER PARK, MARYLAND,

Less than half a mile from postoffice and railroad station, a

FARM of ABOUT 175 ACRES.

It is well watered and wooded and contains seven very desirable building sites. Within the enclosure is some three miles of excellent driving roads, arranged with a view to reach the several sites. The dwelling contains:

1st Floor—Billiard room, large hall, dining room, library, pantry, laundry (with stationary washtubs, hot and cold water in each) and kitchen upon the porch of which stands a Ridgway refrigerator 8x7x4, with ice house twenty feet off never exhausted in ten summers.

2nd Floor—Eight chambers, 2 baths, closets and back stairs.

3rd Floor—Two chambers and 2 large store rooms.

There is an ample cellar in which are furnace, wine closet and gas machine, supplied by onlside gasometer, which furnishes every room.

Ten rooms have open fire places; six have registers as well.

The stable has stalls for six horses and room for eight carriages. There is a tenant's house, sheep barn and cow stable, together with sheds and lean-tos. A tank of capacity of 1500 gallons surmounts the stable. It is supplied from springs rising on the place, whose contents have been proved perfect by chemical analysis. To the tank the water is pumped by two separate systems, from different sources. All the plumbing and drainage are perfect and the premises are in excellent repair.

This property is offered as a whole.

It is without incumbrance, and possession can be given November 15th, 1895.

Address,

JOHN W. WILLIAMS,
Deer Park, Maryland.

22-3*

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

EIGHTH YEAR.

A MODERN, HIGH GRADE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.

Reopens Sept. 25, 1895 (D. V.) A department for boys and young men embracing thorough preparatory work for college, business or scientific school will be inaugurated under the charge of Maj. C. A. Ballou, of the Virginia Military Institute. Stenography, type-writing, book-keeping, besides full courses in English and Latin, etc. Send for catalogue to

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THE REPUBLICAN

BENJ. B. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND. GARRETT CO., MD.

A GIRL'S STRATAGEM.

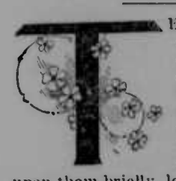

TERRIBLE were some of the scenes enacted during the sanguinary contest of our revolution. History tells us of the great battles, the great events, but touches upon them briefly, leaving the details, all that made up the real life of the actors, almost wholly unrecorded. And yet it is only by these details of personal adventures—the trials, sufferings, sacrifices, perils and heroic exploits of individual men and women—that we can form anything like a correct idea of those troublous times, which developed all the noblest emotions and basest passions of the human heart.

After the British army became established in the south, the states of Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina were literally overrun with organized bands of foragers, marauders and plunderers, composed in many instances of desperadoes of the vilest description. Tories and British soldiers united in preying upon the weak and defenseless, and crimes of every enormity marked their desolating progress. Houses were seized and plundered, and frequently burned afterward; cattle were killed or driven away; old and young were tortured to make them reveal some hidden treasure; females were kidnaped and treated in the most outrageous manner; slaves were captured or armed against their masters, and all classes were shamefully abused and even murdered with impunity. Opposed to these merciless marauders were a few badly-clothed, ill-fed militia and roving bands of whigs, who fell upon them wherever they could, and often inflicted the most terrible retribution, so that the whole country literally became a field of ravage, plunder, skirmish, battle and desolation.

About fifty miles north of Charleston, in the state of South Carolina, on a branch of the Santee, lived a family by the name of Crofts. Isaac Crofts, the senior, with his two sons, John and James, lads yet in their teens, had joined the brigade of Marion in defense of their country, leaving the plantation in charge of Mrs. Crofts, her two daughters, and a few negroes of both sexes. Two months had passed away without any unusual alarm to the household, when one dark, cloudy evening, as the matron and her two daughters were seated at supper, they were startled by the heavy tramping of a body of horse, which shortly drew up in front of the dwelling. The next moment there were several heavy knocks upon the door, as if struck with a sword or musket, and a hoarse voice thundered out:

"Open, you infernal rebels, in the king's name, or we'll stave our way in!"

"Heavens! We are lost—we are lost!" exclaimed the mother, clasping her hands with all a mother's anguish as she thought what might be the fate of her beautiful daughters, of sixteen and fourteen—the elder a dark-eyed brunette, and the younger a blue-eyed blonde. "Oh! what shall we do? What shall we do?" she pursued, looking from one pale face to the other of the two girls who sat at the table with her.

"Let them in at once, since they will break in if we delay," said Mary, the elder of the sisters, with that calmness, firmness and dignity which bespoke her no ordinary girl. "Open the door, Hector, and do not stand there shivering. Surely the weather is not so cold," she continued, addressing a stout negro who stood trembling by the fireplace, with two wenches clinging to him, the eyes and faces of the whole three expressing the most abject and paralyzing terror.

As the negro paid no heed to the command of his young mistress, the girl started up and ran to the door herself, reaching it just as it was on the point of being forced open by the angry men outside.

"I beg your pardon, gentlemen," said Mary, as she hastily drew back the bolts and threw the door open, revealing her graceful and symmetrical figure to the rude gaze of some twenty dissipated, cutthroat-looking fellows, in the undress uniform of British soldiers. "I have kept you waiting; it was not intentional; it was all the fault of my stupid servant. Walk in,

"WALK IN, GENTLEMEN."

gentlemen. We have just done supper, but will have another prepared for you in the shortest possible time. Oh, yes, your horses—I see—you doubtless wish to have them attended to first. Hector, you dolt, come here, quick, and show these gentlemen the way to the stables. Or, I beg your pardon again—will you not come in at once, and let my servants attend to the beasts?"

This was not said hurriedly, as one in the least excited and alarmed, and anxious to curry favor with ruthless foes—but calmly, quietly, in the most matter-of-fact tone, as if the speaker regarded the occasion as a very ordinary one, and was merely desirous of appearing polite and hospitable to welcome guests. The officer in command, who had summoned the rebels to open the door, and who intended to knock down the first person he should see, was so taken by surprise by the cool assurance of Mary Crofts that he never moved or said a word till she had ceased speaking. Then rubbing his eyes, he ripped out a tremendous oath, and exclaimed:

"What's all this, wench? What's all this?"

"You forget, sir," returned Mary, with dignity, "that I am a lady, and yourself a gentleman and a British officer, and that we are friends to the right cause. You certainly would not like me to report any rudeness of yours to Lord Rawdon."

"Lord Rawdon—ho! ho!" laughed the sergeant—for such was his rank—as he rudely threw his arm around the waist of the girl and pressed his foul lips to her blood-tingling cheek. "That gammon won't go down, my pretty one—oh, no! Isn't this the dwelling of Isaac Crofts, the old rebel hound, who, with his two cursed pups, have lately commenced to bark at us? You're a deep one, and so am I—both wide awake, d'ye see—and so don't try to wheedle me—oh, no! Come, another kiss, lass, for a taste has given me an appetite in this way, d'ye see!"

Contrary to the expectation of the sergeant, Mary, instead of seeming offended or offering any resistance, quietly drew the officer aside and whispered:

"If you will not appear so rude and bold before your men, I will presently arrange matters so that you shall have as many kisses as you can take. Of course you will remain with us all night, and we will treat you to the best of everything we have. No one knows better than myself what a brave soldier loves; good eating, good drinking, and—"

"Pretty women!" added the enraptured sergeant, as the fair speaker hesitated and lightly tapped him under the chin.

"Hush!" she said, playfully, putting her soft hand over his mouth. "We understand each other. It is true, my father and brothers (God help them) are in arms against the crown, but it does not follow that myself and sister are rebels, too, especially when there are good-looking English officers about. I see you understand. Come, I have a beautiful sister within, who is a good deal frightened for fear of rudeness; but a word or two with her, to convince her that she has nothing to fear, will set matters all right, and then we will have a pleasant time. Now I will tell you what I want you to do. Do not let your men come in and insult us; but select one or two of your friends for companions, and order the rest to the stables, where they will find good quarters for soldiers, plenty of hay and grain for the horses, and we will take care that they have a good supper and as much liquor as you think prudent. And, hark you—there is a sum of gold in the house, which I know you will find if you search for it, so I may as well make a virtue of necessity and tell you, and then you can divide it or not, as you think proper. In the morning, of course, you will take whatever you need; but I trust our civility and hospitality will not be abused by the destruction of any property you may not choose to carry away. I believe I am speaking to an English officer, and English officers have the reputation of being gentlemen."

"Well!" exclaimed the surprised and flattered sergeant, making use of an oath: "You're the strangest being I ever met. But see here, girl, there's no trick in this, now?"

Mary gave a light laugh as she rejoined:

"What! Do you fear two or three harmless women? I acknowledge I am thus free from necessity; but still, as your purpose will be equally served, why object to the most quiet manner of obtaining all you wish?"

"I don't, girl. I'll be satisfied if you'll do all you say; but let me tell you this as a warning—that I'm not the man to be trifled with, and if I discover any sign of treachery, I'll have your heart's blood if I die the next minute myself!"

Then turning to his men, who, crowding close up to the door, were beginning to grumble curses upon the long dalliance of their leader with a slip of a girl, instead of leading them in to plunder the dwelling, as he had promised, he ordered a sentry to be posted at each outer door of the house, and changed once during the night, and the rest to betake themselves to the stables, see their horses well cared for, and then make such disposition of themselves as would enable them to act promptly on the slightest alarm, adding that a good supper and a reasonable amount of liquor should be sent to them.

"I'm not going to quarter you in the house," he concluded, "because there's nobody but females here, who're good and loyal, and don't want to be disturbed; and I've the promise that in the morning we shall have all we want of everything; so mind you keep quiet to-night, unless you find out there's some trick being played on us, and then riddle out the whole concern!"

There was some demurring at this unexpected change in operations; but the sergeant was a determined fellow, and soon settled matters his own way.

Meantime Mary Crofts hurried back to her trembling mother and sister and in a few words explained her ruse.

"Be civil and obedient, Lucy, and bear insults as the stoic does pain," she said to her sister; "our lives depend on it. Leave me free to act—question nothing I do. Hector, light the horn lantern this moment and show these gentlemen to the stables. And you, girls," addressing the blacks, "if you ever want to see the light of another day, make haste and prepare supper for thirty men."

When the sergeant came in he looked a little shamefaced; but modesty was not his failing, and he soon made himself quite at home. Nothing of special moment occurred during the next two hours, by which time all parties had been served with a supper that would have gladdened the heart of an epicure. The sergeant then went out to his men, gave them a reasonable amount of spirits, cautioned them to be on their guard against surprise, saw that the sentries were properly posted and then returned into the house.

"Now, my beauty," he said, "I s'pose you are ready to give me all the kisses you promised?"

"Or let you take them, which is about the same thing," laughed Mary. "One minute," she added, pointing to her mother and sister, who, with the two black girls, now left the room, bidding the officer good night. "Now," continued Mary, "just be a little patient till I give you a taste of some very choice wine, of which beverage I know you are a judge. Here it is," she continued, producing a bottle which had the damp and dirty appearance of having recently been taken from the earth. "Try it, my friend," and she handed him a corkscrew.

He drew the cork, filled a glass, said, with a significant look, clearly proclaimed his suspicions:

"After you, my love!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" rang out the clear laugh of Mary; "you should have seen your shadow on the wall when you said that." She put the glass to her lips and added: "Look there—if you could but see it!"

The sergeant turned his head for a moment, and when he looked back Mary was taking the empty glass from her mouth, which not a drop of the liquor had entered, the bosom of her dress having received the whole of it.

HE BEGAN TO DRINK FREELY.

The suspicions of the officer were allayed, however, and he forthwith began to drink freely, the girl remaining by his side and carrying her purpose by a most wonderful piece of acting. In less than an hour Sergt. Hodge was oblivious of all earthly things. The wine had been drugged.

Then you should have seen the knit brow, compressed lips, dilated nostrils and flashing eyes of that naturally proud, haughty girl, as she turned away to perform work of which no one dreamed. A sentry was at each outer door, slowly pacing up and down; but she left the house by a window opening upon some shrubbery, and in her hand she bore a bridle. Stealing softly away, and favored by the darkness, she escaped observation, and soon reached a field some quarter of a mile distant. Here she caught a horse, led him into the road, mounted him, and rode for life—for more than life—the lives and honor of her family. Ten miles over a rough road brought the foaming beast and its beautiful rider to the welcome challenge of a sentry.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"Advance and give the countersign."

"The scourge of knaves."

"Right. Pass, friend."

As Mary Crofts rode up to the sentry, she spoke in a low tone the name of Alfred Wharton.

"Good Heaven, Mary! is it you? What has happened?"

In a few words she told him all.

"Quick!" he rejoined. "Ride forward and inform Col. Harry. I cannot leave my post. God bless you for a brave girl, and may we soon meet again."

Mary quickly exchanged adieux with her lover, who, having been out on a scout that morning, had seen and informed her where his bivouac would probably be for the night, at the same time giving her the countersign, in case she or any of her friends should wish to visit the camp. This knowledge, it seems, she had turned to good account.

In a quarter of an hour from parting with the sentry, Mary was riding swiftly back to her home, at the head of more than twenty well-armed, gallant fellows. About a quarter of a mile from the dwelling they left their horses, and stole down in the darkness upon their foes. They surrounded the barn and suddenly demanded the surrender of the sleeping inmates. The soldiers started up, grasped their arms, and attempted to escape. Ten of them were shot, and all their horses and many valuable articles were captured by the Americans. The sentries fired their muskets and fled. The sergeant came staggering and swearing to the door, and was killed on the threshold. The country was scoured in the morning, and only three of the British ever got back to tell the tale of their miraculous escape. They had been outwitted by a brave and noble girl, and Mary Crofts became the toast of the patriots far and near. It was a proud and happy moment for Alfred Wharton, when, after the close of the war, he clasped her as his bride.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Blobbs—"I hope we have clear weather for our trip." Slobbs—"Oh, we will." Blobbs—"How do you know? Been reading the weather predictions?" Slobbs—"No; but I have just bought a new umbrella and mackintosh."—Philadelphia Record.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Consomme of Veal.—Take a knuckle of veal, a fowl, four shank bones, three blades of mace, a few peppercorns, an onion, and boil in three quarts of water. When it boils skim it till the scum ceases to rise, cover the vessel and allow it to simmer for four hours. Place on the ice to cool.—Harper's Bazar.

—Calf's Liver.—Cut the liver in thin slices and pour boiling water over and let stand about five minutes, then drain and put in a dripping pan with a few thin slices of salt pork, pepper and salt and put in the oven, letting it cook until thoroughly done; then serve with cream or milk gravy poured over it.—Farm and Home.

—Quick Sally Lunn.—One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, stir well together and then add one or two eggs; put in one good pint of sweet milk, and with sufficient flour to make a batter about as stiff as cake; put in three tablespoonfuls of baking powder; bake and eat hot with butter for tea or breakfast.—Western Rural.

—Bouille.—Put two tablespoonfuls of flour, a dessertspoonful of sugar and a teaspoonful of salt into a double boiler and mix it to a smooth paste with a little milk. When this is perfectly smooth add enough extra milk to make a quart. Boil for fifteen minutes, stirring frequently. Serve with little sippets of well-browned toast and a dash of red pepper.—Boston Budget.

—Mushroom Catsup.—Take half a bushel of freshly-gathered mushrooms; wipe them carefully with a damp cloth; put a layer in the bottom of a large stone jar; sprinkle with salt; add more mushrooms and salt until all are used. Let stand over night; mash them and strain off the juice. To every pint add half a teaspoonful of black pepper and half a dozen whole cloves; put into a preserve kettle and boil slowly until thick. Strain and thin with two tablespoonfuls of vinegar to every pint. Put in bottles and seal.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Two Substitutes for Coffee.—Take a quantity of rolled oats and put in a pan; let set in the oven until slightly brown. It is ready for use as soon as it seems brittle when taken between the teeth. Have a quart of milk placed in a pan of water, unless you have a double boiler. When the milk is thoroughly hot put in five tablespoonfuls of the oats, salt to taste. Stir the oats for a few moments, when it will be ready to serve. The other substitute is to brown some whole wheat flour, taking care that it does not burn. To one coffee cupful of hot milk, prepared as in the first recipe, use a tablespoonful of flour. Cream this with a little milk or water before adding to the milk. Let the milk boil for a moment or two, if you can do so without burning it. If the fire is too hot set it back on the stove, stirring it frequently.—Farm and Fireside.

AN ANTELOPE HORSE.

Trained for the Sport and Knew All the Fine Points.

"I had a horse," said an old army man, "that had belonged once to the Seventh cavalry, but he had the 'I. C.' brand under his mane, so he was out of the service. Inspected and condemned. He was a regular old plug, but he was all I could get to go hunting on, so I took him. I rode away out into the plains from the fort and I saw a bunch of antelope finally. I got off the horse and dropped the reins on the ground, expecting the horse to stand there till I came back. I started off toward the antelope, and was sneaking along to get a shot, when I looked round, and I'll be blamed if that brute of a horse hadn't started off as tight as he could lope.

"'Well,' says I, 'I guess I'm in for a six-mile tramp home.' I cursed that horse to myself for awhile, and then I went on. Pretty soon I looked up, and I'm blessed if there wasn't that horse over on the other side of that bunch of antelope. 'Well, now,' says I, 'I like to know what that horse thinks he's up to, anyhow.' Pretty soon he began to circle around on the other side and the antelope saw him and started off toward me. I caught on at once, and I lay down and waited. That old horse cut up the most surprising antics out there and all the time he kept working those antelope toward me. By and by they got in range and I got two; darned good luck it was, too. You see that horse was an old Indian hunting pony, and he had been trained to do that way. Well, I went back to the post and everybody wanted to know how it happened I had such good luck. But I didn't tell 'em. Not then.

"A few days after I took that same horse out after prairie chickens. It was the time of the year when the chickens were flying, and I was riding along, when all of a sudden the critter stopped short, braced himself up and waited—for what I didn't know. But in a second a couple of chickens flew up ahead of me, and I was so surprised I didn't shoot. 'Well,' I says, 'I'll be switched. Here's a horse that's not only a hunting horse, but is a regular pointer dog, too.' And he was. I got my gun ready, and the next time he stopped I was right on hand and dropped a bird. Well, now, no sooner did that horse see that bird fall than he galloped off right to where it fell, and all I had to do was to reach off and pick it up. He was a great horse, I tell you, and I got lots of good hunting with him."—Denver Field and Farm.

His Departure.

"I guess," said the man with the political boom, "that it's time for me to attract some attention; to show a little originality and bring myself into the popular mind on a conspicuous footing."

"How are you going to do it?" inquired his wife.

"I'll go away from home and admit to the newspaper men that my visit has some political significance."—Washington Star.

ONE FOE TO MARRIAGE.

Fear of Poverty Deters Many Men from Taking Wives.

Concerning long engagements and whether they should be encouraged or vice versa, Anna S. Swan says:

"The question appears to press for an answer. It is one which weighs upon the minds of many people, and it may be well for us to consider briefly all it involves. We may take for granted that it is one which affects more nearly the middle and poorer classes, since among the rich straitened means, the general 'wherefore' of long engagements, are unknown. It has been proved that the marrying age grows yearly a later one. This we suppose to be inevitable, owing to the conditions of life daily growing harder and more difficult to deal with. Competition in every walk of life is so pitifully keen that remuneration seems to have reached the lowest possible ebb, and there is no doubt that it is poverty alone which prevents many men making a home for themselves; and, while it is a matter of regret that so many admirably suited for the requirements and obligations of family life should thus be debarred, one cannot dispute the wisdom which prefers to fight the battle single-handed rather than incur additional responsibilities which resources may not cover.

"This very decision costs many a dear and may, nay, does, involve an amount of self-sacrifice and heroism which is not always recognized. Men are often accused of selfishness and blamed because they prefer rather to spend on self than share meager means with wife and child. While there is something no doubt to be said for this side, I am inclined to give more credit than blame.

"It is no doubt this fear which keeps many a man hanging on, prolonging an engagement from year to year, until his first youth is past. The question now arises: Is a man justified in asking a woman to become his wife unless he has a fair prospect of offering her a home within a reasonable time? It is obvious that no hard or fast rule can be laid down. It is hard for a man who may have learned to love to hold his tongue forevermore because straitened means forbid immediate marriage. And yet there is no doubt that a matrimonial engagement prolonged unduly is undesirable from many points of view. It always seems to me that anything is preferable, and certainly safer, than hasty marriage, without proper knowledge of the tastes, habits and principles of the contracting parties. Such ill-considered unions are productive of half the woes of life. During a long engagement, especially if the parties have frequent opportunities of meeting, there is ample room for acquiring that thorough acquaintance with each other which is likely to prevent disappointment or heartache afterwards. I think this is the very strongest argument in favor of the long engagement, especially in the case of young people whose views of life are not matured, and whose characters have not been disciplined by experience. And here it may be urged that the fickle and unstable have a chance to break faith and to fix the wandering star of their affections on every newcomer. I can only say to those who may have suffered disappointment and heartache from such a cause that they ought to be thankful for the disillusionment which came in time to save them from the misery of life-long union with a companion so undesirable and so likely to prove unsatisfactory.

"Breach of promise cases are pitiful reading at any time, and seldom redound to the dignity or credit of those who bring them forward; and it has always been to me a source of wonder that the jilted ones had room for any feeling but that of gratitude for their escape from the misery of a loveless marriage.

"Of course there are cases which are intolerably hard, when a girl's prospects, health, and even character, may have been affected by a man's failure to fulfill the engagement he sought; but in the main the woman who thus suffers is to be congratulated on her escape from such a husband.

"The conclusion that I would offer is that an engagement of moderate length (except in the case of long previous acquaintance, which gives a stability and confidence that nothing else can afford), is the surest guarantee of happiness. How far a man is justified in seeking to bind a girl, though he knows perfectly well he may not be able to offer her a home for years, I should not like to say. In some instances the certainty of being loved, and the absolute trust such love can bring, is sufficient reward for the long waiting, and most women would prefer it to being left in a state of uncertainty. It is for the woman herself to decide whether she is prepared to wait, and in the interval to let other chances pass her by.

"Anything, I repeat, is preferable to hasty marriage without due acquaintance. Wedlock is too serious and solemn an engagement, and too far-reaching in its consequences, to be undertaken lightly. The happily married, I feel sure, are as earnest and insistent upon this precaution as those who are unhappy. Their very happiness makes them tremble for others, who, through haste or thoughtlessness, or some other sad combination of circumstances, have made shipwreck of their lives."—Woman at Home.

It Looked That Way.

"Spillman's bill came back to-day," said the bookkeeper.

"What did he have to say?" asked the merchant.

"He didn't have anything to say. It was his widow who did the saying. She writes: 'Don't you think, that in sending a bill to a man who has been buried three months, you are rather running it into the ground?'"—Indianapolis Journal.

—Hannah More made a collection of educational works and read extensively on the line of female education.

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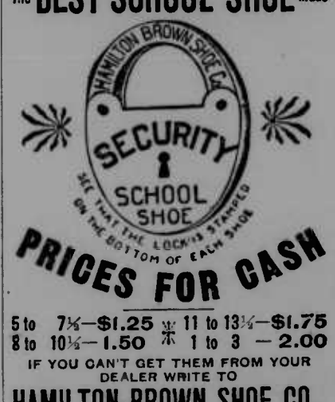

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TEMPERANCE NOTES.

THE STEPS TO RUIN.

DECISION OF A YOUNG MAN.

Why the Offer of a Liquor Selling Uncle Was Not Accepted.

Not long since I perused some temperance literature solely to please a bosom friend, who is a great advocate of total abstinence. I confess I was not interested in it, nor have I troubled to analyze my feelings in regard to the question; but now, my uncle, who is a wine and spirit merchant, comes to me and tells me he has decided to retire from business, and has made arrangements for me to carry on that well-paying concern. It is time I came to some decision, and while I pace this room let me now compare my preconceived ideas respecting moderate drinking and total abstinence with what I have lately learned, and let me try to put into words the thoughts which, quite unheeded, have been simmering in my brain of late.

The words of Dr. B. W. Richardson often occur to me. He says: "I am recording a matter of personal history when I say that I for one had once no thought of alcohol except as a food. I thought it gave additional strength. I thought it cheered the heart, and lifted up the mind into greater activity. I learned, step by step, that the true action of alcohol is to create paralysis of nervous power."

What have I thought, and what have I learned?

I thought (and thousands are under the same impression to-day) that alcohol gave energy and strength.

I have learned that the secret of the delusion is in its power to paralyze. People mistake dulled perceptions and temporarily eased nerves for strength. Experience shows that athletes, explorers in cold regions or workers in the sun have proved the advantage of abstinence.

I thought every robust, healthy-looking moderate drinker was a proof of the strength-giving properties of alcohol.

I have learned that, thanks to his constitution, he is hearty in spite of, and not on account of, the alcohol, and that insurance companies have proved abstainers' lives to be longer and healthier.

I thought the Bible commended the use of alcohol when it said "For every creature of God is good."

I have learned that alcoholic drinkers can not be reckoned God's good creatures. The grain, grapes, etc., are good, but the drinks are man's concoctions, and he does not hesitate to destroy the nutriment in obtaining strong spirit.

I thought the Bible commended the use of all alcoholic drinks, because it spoke of wine cheering the heart of man.

I have learned that the wines of Scripture times were very different to the alcoholic liquors of to-day; distillation was unknown, and there was not the craving for drink then nor the necessity for total abstinence.

I thought it was not right to abstain from alcoholic liquors simply because they were taken to excess by many persons.

I have learned that it is only humane that men should abstain for the sake of their tempted brethren; for the sake of trying to make this land—so blighted by drink—a little brighter.

I thought it was only the drunkard who should become an abstainer, if he could not drink moderately, and that he was to be despised as a most ignorant and worthless creature.

I have learned that others should abstain, that the drunkard might follow their example. I have also learned that, in these days, there are men and women — educated as well as ignorant—with whom drunkenness is a disease, in many cases inherited; they can not even sip an intoxicant without placing themselves in the most terrible peril. Entire abstinence is their only safeguard.

I thought the immense traffic in alcoholic liquors must be beneficial to the trade of the country.

I have learned that an incredibly small number of hands is required for the manufacture and sale of drink as compared to that needed to produce the same amount of value in other employments; and of course, a much larger quantity of other manufactured goods would be required if it were not for the very large expenditure on alcohol.

In the face of these facts, I can not accept my uncle's offer.—National Temperance Advocate.

CHAPLAIN BRADSHAW, of the Allegheny county (Pa.) workhouse, testifies in his annual report that in the four years of his chaplaincy less than six per cent. of those sent to the workhouse, including women, were abstainers.

FRANCE AND ALCOHOLISM.

Awakening of Some to the Terrible Peril Which Threatens the Country.

A congress recently held at Lyons, for the consideration of questions of public morality, devoted much time to alcoholism. Le Temps devotes a long article to the matter, and quotes from the address of Dr. Legrand. It says:

France runs to its ruin; this frightful thesis is proved by a superabundance of arguments which leave no doubt. It was time to pull up on a fatal slope. But what was most interesting was the idea of the organizers to let the public take part in its deliberations. Two large meetings were called, and in the one devoted to alcoholism several speakers of high and special competence gave addresses before an audience of more that eight hundred persons. The chair was taken by M. Beranger, senator and formerly deputy for Lyons. After a brief address, in which he presented the gentlemen who surrounded him, he gave way to Dr. Perret, head physician of the Brou asylum, and professor of mental clinics. M. Perret gave an original and tragic picture of the "unconcious alcoholic," who never got drunk, but who, each day exceeding the quantity of spirits tolerated by the organism, finished by expiating his fatal error by the successive putting out of order of the most important of his organs, and by the intellectual and moral troubles resulting therefrom. Dr. Motet, the celebrated criminal doctor of Paris, followed on. He had come specially to speak, and he showed the series of disorders produced in mind and conscience by alcohol, illustrating each case by the recital of crimes sufficient to make the hair stand on end. Dr. Rey, head physician of the Marseilles madhouse, referred to the extension of the plague in all countries, in villages as in towns, and referred to the example of Marseilles, which was long known for its sobriety. Among the facts which he quoted was the following: The madhouse to which he was attached was sufficient twenty years ago for the four departments of Bouches du Rhone, Var, Gard and Corse, and now it was actually filled by the single arrondissement of Marseilles. The sons of the alcoholics of that district owed little gratitude to their fathers; there were in the schools of the town more than three hundred children, debilitated in mind and body, and unfit to profit by the teaching, and there were outside those schools a proportion at least equal, which it was impossible to admit. If an end was not put to that state of things, they would eventually become a race of idiots.

THE FOUR DRUMMERS.

They Meet and Introduce Themselves with Singularly Startling Results.

The following true story is related by one of the participants in the remarkable incident:

Not long since in a certain New England city four commercial travelers met for the first time at the table. With the genial bonhomie peculiar to the craft they were soon engaged in conversation. In a few moments one of them said:

"Gentlemen, suppose we begin, being all strangers, with the gentleman opposite me, to introduce ourselves and our firms' business."

This was unanimously agreed to.

Said No. 1: "I am ——, and I represent the house of X. Y. Z. selling glass bottles."

Said No. 2: "Well, gentlemen, perhaps it is no chance that I come next, for I represent P. D. Q. I am ——, and I sell the stuff that goes into the bottles. I sell wines and liquors."

There was a moment's silence as No. 3 said: "That, gentlemen, does seem a little strange, but perhaps there is a fatality about this. I am ——, of the firm of W. U. S., dealers in undertakers' goods."

No. 4 now remained silent, and suggested that it would be well not to pursue the subject further, and that it had been well never to have started it.

After much urging to complete the chain, he said: "Gentlemen, it is indeed a fatality. I am ——, of D. B. E., and I am taking orders for gravestones." Was there ever a temperance lecture compressed into so few lines?

Brain Disease and Alcohol.

A form of brain disease which may be described as a breaking down of the great centers of mind and motion in the brain is increasing with alarming rapidity, we are told by an English authority on insanity. From a collation of facts in various lunatic asylums he draws the conclusion that the most frequent of all causes of the malady is the use of alcohol. There seems to be no cure for this dreadful mental paralysis, and the brain-worker can only prevent its approach by taking into his system nourishment which is food for the brain, instead of stimulants which are fatal to it, and by keeping a proper balance between his physical income and resources and his mental expenditure.

GENERAL GLEANINGS.

PHILADELPHIA has forty more saloons this year than last.

THE price of the first drink is often the value of the character.

THE devil and whisky are two of the best friends in this world.—Ram's Horn.

MORE than three millions of dollars pass daily into the coffers of the liquor traffic of this country.

IN the workhouses of London during 1893, £6,192 were spent on beer, £1,995 upon wine and £4,767 upon spirits.

IN Arkansas, if a physician is proved to be an habitual drunkard, the state board of health is empowered to revoke his license.

A UNITED Christianity against the drink traffic, and then the "Throne of Iniquity" would not only fear and tremble, but utterly fall.

IN Washington, D. C., there 605 licensed bar-rooms, one for each 445 people; deducting women and children and temperance people, and there are less than 100 drinkers to support each saloon.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Mississippi from being one of the poorest, has attained excellent rank among the southern states. Its wealth is valued at $110,628,129.

—The total amount of gold coined at our mints from 1793 to 1892 was $1,582,000,000; of silver, during the same period, there have been $657,000,000; and of subsidiary coinage of all denominations, $24,000,000.

—The report that the use of bicycles has become so common as to seriously diminish the income of street railroads now comes from San Francisco and Oakland as well as from Denver and other places. The president of a street railroad in Oakland says that only one street line in that city is earning more than its expenses.

—Trilby's latest appearance is in the role of defendant in a criminal court. Her name was used by a San Francisco lawyer a few days ago to cover the exigencies of legal requirements as a designation for a defendant whose real name he did not know, just as John Doe figures in the police courts. The case in which she is thus mixed up is the notorious Pacific bank scandal.

—The memory of Mrs. Betsy Ross, the maker of the first American flag, was appropriately honored on Flag day, June 14, the one hundred and eighteenth birthday of the national emblem, by a profuse decoration of the house in Philadelphia in which Mrs. Ross lived. Thousands of public school pupils and many other persons visited the little house on Arch street in the course of the day.

—Two quarts of whisky is a pretty fair record for a weak woman. That is the average capacity of Marion M. Davis, as sworn to by numerous witnesses who appeared against her in a Philadelphia police court the other day for securing board and whisky under false pretenses. One man testified that she drank two pints and a quart in one afternoon and evening, and maintained this average during the several days she was at his house, waiting remittances from wealthy relatives.

—A Hungarian inventor asserts that he is able to spin ordinary wood pulp or cellulose into yarn, from which all sorts of textile tissues can be made in the ordinary way—equaling in appearance, durability and fastness of color the best cotton goods. The method is applicable not only to cellulose, but also to every sort of short, fibrous material—for instance, rags, cotton, etc. The fiber, whether paper pulp or textile refuse, can be dyed before being spun into yarn, so that the dyeing of the woven material is not necessary.

—A souvenir craze in connection with the new yacht Defender was started some little time since by the workmen selling the round pieces of iron clipped out of the rivet holes. These, however, were soon exhausted, and the latest development of the craze is the sale to a novelty manufacturing concern of all the scraps and chips of aluminum from the yacht. A policeman was on guard at the yard all the time to see that every fragment of the white metal that came from the yacht's plates was gathered up for this firm. The form the souvenirs will take is not yet decided.

—Edward III. of England assumed the title "king of France" in 1340. He claimed the French crown in right of his mother, Isabella, daughter of Charles IV. of France, as against Philip VI., cousin of Charles IV. The title was discarded by George III. on January 1, 1801, when the present title was assumed: "Of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland king (queen)," etc. Calais, the last British possession in France, had been lost to the British in 1558, and there was and is no sense in maintaining the empty title "king of France." Edward III. had no legal claim to the French crown anyway.

ROUTED BY FLIES.

The Pests Were Not Particular as to Color of Skin.

The pioneer openings in the woods regions have their practical jokers, as well as places more in touch with the world. As might be expected the jokes often take on a form peculiar to the locality. In a remote Piscataquis settlement we noticed an opening grown up to weeds and bushes and a log house partly completed but long since abandoned. Such places are no uncommon sight along the margin of the great woods. But, as humanity always has an interest, we were moved to inquire something about the man who made so unsuccessful an attempt to establish a home. Our host removed his pipe from between his bearded lips, looked queerly at his wife a moment, and then they both had a good-natured laugh. "Why, you see," said the man, "that was done by a Frenchman; a little fellow, with a skin nearly as dark as a negro's. He thought he could come in here and make a farm. He talked with Neighbor B—— over yonder, and was particularly anxious about the flies and midges. Neighbor B——'s a joker, that's what he is, and to encourage the Frenchman he told him that the varmints wouldn't bite a dark-complexioned man. So he came in early in the spring and made a chopping, and, as soon's the snow was off, begun to put up a house. Then the warm weather came and the flies. The way they worked on that Frenchman was just a wonder. Seem's if they knew what he'd been told and put upa job on him. They hung around him in swarms and got inside his clothes and bit him till he was nearly raw. It made him perfectly wild. 'Sacre fly, no bite dark skinned man!' he yelled, wrathfully, as he danced about, trying to shake them off. 'By gar, that's lie. Zey like good French blood, if skin is black. See here!' He pulled open his flannel shirt, showing what they had done. 'Look that, an' see whether they like Frenchman or not!' He had endured it as long as he could, and, shaking a savage fist over Neighbor B——'s way, he picked up his traps and abandoned the ranch."—Lewiston Journal.

KISSING CASES.

Legal Proceedings Brought About by Some Osculation.

The grave and dignified members of the legal profession appear to derive much amusement from the subject of kisses, which comes before them most frequently in the form of a superabundant supply of crosses in the letters of lovers, when these are being read—as they never were intended to be—in court, in breach of promise cases. The learned gentleman who has at the moment the business in hand of reading aloud one of these wonderful productions generally pauses when he comes to the first stop in the gushing effusion, where the enamored swain has found words too weak to express his sentiments, supplying their place with a string of symbolic osculations, and, with a well-feigned look of innocence, asks there is here a gap in the letter, which the defendant "has filled in with a lot of x's," regarding the meaning of which some brother, more learned in these weighty matters, may perhaps be able to enlighten him.

This some "brother" never fails to do, saying that if he is rightly informed—he has, of course, no personal knowledge of the matter—(winks all round) these mystic signs signify kisses in the language of Cupid. Thereupon this mighty, time-honored joke is greeted with the usual chorus of guffaws, and the interrupted reading proceeds.

Kisses sometimes make their appearance in law courts in other circumstances, though they never fail to be made the subject of numerous legal witticisms. The judge may have been in a jesting humor—and yet, who knows but he may have been laying down, with all due solemnity, some fundamental principle of justice and equity—who once asked the plaintiff who was suing his former sweetheart for the return or the value of certain articles of jewelry which he had presented to her in the happy days of their courtship, whether he "had ever kissed the young lady?" "Certainly," was the reply, as was to be expected. Whereupon the judge dismissed the action, declaring that kisses and caresses were full legal payment for presents given in such circumstances.

In British law courts it has been frequently brought home to offenders that it is rather an expensive amusement to kiss a lady against her will. But in Holland it appears that a rather different view prevails in judicial circles. A young man who had assaulted a young lady in this way on the streets of a village near Utrecht was brought before the burgomaster, who took the matter up, demanding that the offender should be fined one florin, or, in default, be imprisoned for one day. But the Utrecht court, and finally the appeal court at Amsterdam, both dismissed the case, the judge declaring: "That to kiss a person cannot be an offense, as it is in the nature of a warm mark of sympathy!" This is pretty much like the Yankee judge who dismissed a similar offender, remarking that the plaintiff was so temptingly pretty that during the trial he had to keep himself down in his chair with both of his hands he felt so much inclined to get up and kiss her himself.

A certain Senor Talca, of Valparaiso, however, had a very different experience, and paid heavily for his momentary freak of kissing a lady on the plaza without her permission. She prosecuted him, and the magistrate, as indignant as the lady, sentenced him to sixty days' imprisonment. This severe penalty Senor Talca considered himself justified in appealing against, but the higher court, so far from bestowing sympathy on the offender, sentenced him to an additional thirty days' imprisonment. The amusing part of the affair is that the higher court took two hundred days to consider the appeal, and during the whole of that time the senor had to remain in jail.—St. Louis Republic.

WINDMILLS AND METEOROLOGY

The Miller Makes a Study of the Formation of the Clouds.

Besides looking into the nature and meaning of the cirrus and the cirro-cumulus, the miller tried to calculate the force of the wind in distant storms; he observed the direction and velocity of the lower clouds; he estimated at sight the volume and density of the storm clouds; and if the wind fell off before the rain came, he recollected the old saying: "A calm comes before a storm."

He especially displays extraordinary vigilance in times of heavy showers. He observes, among other things, if the mills farthest away in the direction of the rain have kept their sails unfolded; if they have, it is a good sign. He scrutinizes the sky at every moment, from the zenith to the horizon; he measures the curvature of the forward part of the precipitation or of the storm. The lines of rain or hail that escape from it show him by their length and their approach to the perpendicular how intense the precipitations are. If the lines run obliquely, he is shown the direction of the dominant wind in the squall—in short, no sign indicating the force and direction of the wind passes unperceived by him. He knows likewise that these showers are often accompanied by tempestuous, plunging gusts which seem to come out of the clouds; and frequently, before the most advanced flecks of the storm cloud have reached the zenith, the sails of the mill are rolled up all around the arms so as to give the squall free passage.—P. d. De Ridder, in Popular Science Monthly.

When Grabbles Is Gracious.

"Grabbles doesn't seem to get any amusement at all out of life."

"Oh, I guess he has his fun in his own way."

"But he never indulges in any diversion, and he never exerts himself in the way of hospitality."

"Not in the ordinary sense. But you ought to see how happy he is when he is entertaining a business proposition."—Washington Star.

WHY WOMEN FALL IN LOVE.

Hatred of a Man Often Precedes Admiration and Affection.

A little conversation that the writer once overheard between two ladies it was that suggested the subject of this short article.

"Why," asked one lady of the other, "did you marry your present husband?"

"Because I loved him," came the natural answer.

"And why did you love him?"

The lady addressed hesitated a moment and then gave the eminently womanly reply: "Because I did love him."

And in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred the responses to the queries of this little catechism would probably be found to be the same; and, therefore, an additional interest attaches to those exceptional instances where a woman is able to confess what personal trait of character—speech, manner, or what not—it was that caused her to fall in love.

"If it is not a too impertinent question, might I inquire why you, who have become quite famous locally for your beauty, married the defendant, whose ill looks are notorious?" asked an examining counsel of a comely witness in a certain continental lawsuit.

"Well, you see, it was like this," was the candid reply of the fascinating giver of evidence. "I am by nature terribly jealous, and when I met my present husband, and saw he was so ugly that no one else was likely to run after him, I fell in love straightway."

Probably this example of affection inspired by lack of beauty may be regarded as unique, for in many cases the mere observation of the effect upon other women of a man's good looks and charm of manner has been instrumental in winning him one woman's love; albeit the fact of her regard for him being so inspired affords a very poor guarantee for the tenacity of such affection.

In a court devoted to the unhappy task of dissolving ill-assorted matrimonial unions, the following evidence by the lady petitioner, affording a case in point, was given:

"My husband went out a great deal into society, and it was the very fact of noticing what a favorite he was that caused me to love him. It seemed a very proud thing to me then, seeing his popularity, to be able to say he belonged to me."

Humiliating as are such confessions, wrung from unwilling victims on the rack of cross-examination, disclosures involving the confiding and yet dearer personal secrets are sometimes more cheerfully made.

"No; Tom ain't no beauty. His glass eyes spoils him," declared a lady moving in the lower ranks of life once to the writer. "But then, if he hadn't had that we should never have been married.

"You see, some years ago I met with an accident; and, though perhaps you'd never have guessed it if I hadn't told you, I've got a cork leg. Well, when I got my little bit of compensation, there was plenty of young fellows as heard about the money and not the operation as would have married me there and then, but it always used to trouble me, thinking how they'd laugh at me when I told them all. And then I met Tom, and, feeling sure as a man that had got a glass eye couldn't sneer much at a woman with a cork leg, I felt drawn toward him, and in the end we were spliced."

And to the writer's knowledge the union thus oddly brought about was in every way satisfactory.

Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless an ascertained fact that when a man at first acquaintance inspires a woman with dislike, and even hatred, it is very frequently a preamble to her loving him; a startling assertion, the accuracy of which is instanced by the well-known case of our foremost queen of song, whose aversion to the gentleman to whom she is now married was at one time so strong that she insisted upon a condition being put into her contracts stipulating that this singer should never be engaged in the same company as herself.

Another interesting axiom, the truth of which will early make itself apparent to the student of human nature who turns his attention to the present subject, is that in very few cases do a man's mere good looks prompt that sincere affection that ends in happy marriage; and while it cannot be denied that unions contracted on a purely mercantile basis are by no means infrequent, it is consolatory to observe that, though facial beauty will ever win admiration, it is the sterling heart alone that prompts the truest love.

With one more personally collected anecdote, culled from the unromantic regions of the east end, we will conclude.

Prosecuting inquiries into the manner of living of a troupe of humble public entertainers, whose swings and roundabouts and shooting galleries were pitched on a vacant waste of ground, the writer encountered a young woman who had married a great, uncouth lout of a fellow previously known to him and, wondering what strange cause had brought about a union between this comparatively gentle girl and her lumbering savage of a husband, he had the curiosity to question her on the subject.

"Oh, I dunno," said she. "I think it begun like this. His people and our'n have worked the same round ever since we was kids, but I never thought nothin' of him, till one day, when we was pitched outside a town, a chap arst me to go to the fair with him. I was goin' right enough, but all of a sudden Bill says in my ear:

"'I'll punch yer head if yer do,' and somehow, from then I felt gone on him, and now, you see, we've got a show of our own."—N. Y. Advertiser.

Equipped.

Proprietor—Our new society editor is evidently a walking blue-book. Where did you discover her?

Manager—She used to be employed at Bradstreet's agency.—Brooklyn Life

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Her Query.—He—"I have a very level head." She—"Ah, whose?"—Detroit Free Press.

—He—"You say they were both wealthy, and married quietly?" She—"Yes, you see it was simply a love affair."—N. Y. Recorder.

—Dain (who has been very ill and suddenly awakens)—"Am I in Heaven, mamma?" Mother—"No, dear, we are still with you."—Tammany Times.

—Miss Parique—"In New York do the prominent social lights smoke?" Miss Caustique — "Yes, particularly after they have been turned down."—N. Y. World.

—"I trust," began the seedy customer, argumentatively. "I don't," responded the grocer, decisively. Somehow the conversation languished after that.—Albany Argus.

—Bacon—"Did you see Hooker when he came from fishing?" Egbert—"Yes; I was on the float." "Was there any fish lying about him?" "No; he was lying about the fish."—Yonkers Statesman.

—He—"You can tell a woman's character even by the arrangement of the tidies on the chairs in her parlor." She—"But, suppose there are no tidies?" He—"Then she is considerate."

—Husband—"I'm sorry that burglar got your watch last night, my dear; but there's one thing to be thankful for." Wife—"What's that?" Husband—"He didn't wake up the baby."—Tid-Bits.

—Mamma—"What are you shaking the life out of that poor cat for?" Willie—"I heard pa say that the kitty had twenty dollars in her last night. I was only trying to shake some of it out."—Current Literature.

—"Deuh me!" said Chappie. "I weally don't know what to do. The Michaux club is to have a run after eight o'clock to-night, and I don't know how the deuce I'll look on a bicycle in a dress suit."—Harper's Bazar.

—Young Mother (exhibiting infant)—"Do you think he looks like his father, Mr. Oldboy?" Mr. Oldboy—"Well, ye-es, there is a family resemblance, but it isn't striking enough to worry about."—Harlem Life.

—Kansas Farmer—"Yes, sir; that well is seventy-five feet deep. Had to dig down all that distance to get water." Visitor (from Kentucky)—"And you dug seventy-five feet for it? Great Scott!"—Chicago Tribune.

—The Commander in Chief (gloomily)—"The enemy have captured all our cannon. What shall we do?" Staff Officer—"Fall back to the next town." The Commander—"There are no arms in the next town." Staff Officer—"No, sir; but it is full of trolley cars."—Chicago Record.

—Unutterable.—"Do you not sometimes have soulful yearnings which you long to convey in words, but cannot?" asked the sentimental girl. "Yes, ladeed," replied the young man. "I was once dreadfully anxious to send home for money and I didn't have the price of a telegram."—Washington Star.

CORRECTED THE MESSAGE.

But the Sender Turned Out to Be a Sagacious Sleuth.

Several years ago a young man, whom we will call H——, was employed as night operator at a small town in Indiana.

The second night of his service a circus arrived in town, and with it a great many farmers from the surrounding country. H—— went on duty at seven in the evening. About an hour later a stranger came in to send a telegram. As soon as he had written and paid for the message the operator sat down to the instrument and proceeded to tick off the telegram, not including address and signature.

"Have seen the party send meee the money."

When the operator had nearly finished sending the message the receiving operater telegraphed back: "What you givin' us?" referring to the spelling in the message.

The rules of the Western Union company prohibit any conversation on the wire between operators, but nevertheless this rule is frequently broken. It is also a strict rule that messages shall always be sent and words spelled as they are written, even if, as is often the case, the words are spelled wrongly.

But at the time H—— took the job he was as ignorant of these rules as an Indian, so to the operator's query as to what he was "giving him," he replied thusly: "Make it read: 'Have seen the party; send me the money.'"

"That's more like it," said the receiving operator.

"I guess the bloke that wrote it never saw the inside of a school," said the sending brass pounder.

The next moment he was chilled to the marrow by the soft words that wafted o'er his shoulder:

"Young fellow, that was a cipher message. I am a detective and also an operator. I heard your remarks on the wire, and if you don't send that message the way I wrote it I shall sue your blamed company for fifty thousand dollars. And, further, if you don't take back and apologize for the remarks you made about my schooling, I will pound your head off." These words came from the "bloke" that wrote the message.

It is superfluous to add that the apology was forthcoming and the telegram sent again according to the "bloke's" rules for spelling.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Strategy.

"Aha," exclaimed the king of Dahomey, imperiously waving his hands, "you will observe that our Amazons never retreat any more."

The potentate touched his brow significantly.

"Oh, yes," he proceeded, "our head is omething larger than a peanut. We knew what we were doing when we had our soldiery fitted with uniforms that wrinkle in the back. Yes."—Detroit Tribune

The Republican.

BENJ. B. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, AUG. 8, 1895.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first insertion* of the same:

Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $3; County Commissioner, $2.50; Register of Wills, $2.50; County Surveyor, $1.50.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

By the request of friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

JACOB S. MEYERS.
District No. 2. Selbysport, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. M. LOHR.
Cove, March 11, 1895.

FOR SHERIFF.

At the request of my many friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Garrett County, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention. AUSTIN BROWN.
Selbysport, Md., May 31, 1895.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. Don't slight the old soldiers.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND.
Oakland, Md., May 27, 1895.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. GEORGE J. WALTER.
District No. 1. P. O., Thayerville, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party GEORGE D. WHITE.
Oakland, Md.

FOR SURVEYOR.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Surveyor of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention. F. P. GREEN.
District No. 11.

Attention, Republicans!

The Republican voters of Garrett county are requested to assemble in Primary Meeting in the several districts of the county, on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1895,

for the purpose of electing five delegates from each election district to attend a County Convention to be held in Oakland, Md., on

TUESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1895,

to select three Delegates to represent Garrett county in the Republican State Convention to be held in Cambridge, Md., on

THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1895,

to nominate a candidate for Governor, Comptroller and Attorney General.

By order of the Republican State Central Committee for Garrett county.

ANDREW SHARTZER, Chairman.
C. J. OTTO, Secretary.

FOR GOVERNOR,

Lloyd Lowndes,

OF ALLEGANY COUNTY,
Subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

No Democratic ticket or platform is recognized in Maryland unless the name Arthur Pue Gorman is printed on the wrapper or blown in the bottle.

THIS IS the last issue of THE REPUBLICAN before the nomination of a candidate for Governor of Maryland shall have been made. That Mr. Lowndes will receive the nomination has been practically settled. He has an inalienable claim upon the Republicans of the State, but more especially upon those Republicans of Garrett and Allegany counties. Here he has spent his whole life and as a public benefactor he stands without a peer. He has always been a staunch Republican and stood by and helped the party at all times.

THE report that Hon. Lloyd Lowndes accompanied Mr. Hurst in his now celebrated anti-reassessment journey to Annapolis is denied by the Westminister *Sentinel*. It is claimed that when the Hurst objectors visited Annapolis Mr. Lowndes was there, engaged in urging the passage of the bill to pay the wages due workmen on the Chesapeake and Ohio canal. He "went to Annapolis at his own cost to urge an act of justice to men who could not afford to employ and pay counsel to present their claims. Mr. Lowndes is outspoken in his advocacy of a just reassessment measure."

Economy of Good Roads.

The economy in good roads seems fully appreciated in Massachusetts, where of 353 towns, more than 200 have petitioned the State highway commission for immediate improvements in their environments. The money invested in these improvements the interested towns find yields a speedy return. One Massachusetts coal dealer has calculated that he saves at least 66 per cent. of the cost of hauling coal by improved roadways. It is estimated that the State will save from two to four millions annually by the scheme of better roadways, a saving which goes directly into the pockets of the people. For this reason the work of making smooth those thoroughfares of the State not yet improved is being rapidly pushed. Meantime, Maryland is pushing along through the mud.

THE Washington correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* wires to his paper an interview with Mr. Hayes, in which the State Senator is made to say:

"I will devote the remainder of my life—and I am not an old man yet—to pulling down this dictator from his throne. He has been false to me, as he has been false to others who gave their time, money and ability to his upbuilding. I have been told that I may share the fate of Samson when he pulled down the temple. I welcome such a fate, but mark you, the temple of Gorman's greatness will fall."

The most interesting part of the dispatch, however, concerns Col. H. Kyd Douglas. The *Traveller's* correspondent adds:

"When I tell you that these sentiments are shared by Gen. Henry Kyd Douglas, a man whose family connections are powerful in Maryland who was also betrayed by this political Judas, you will see that Senator Gorman has a hard row to hoe to carry his ticket to victory, for it is his ticket from top to bottom."

The Gorman-Rasin Ticket.

From the Baltimore News, (Dem.)

It would have been difficult to conceive a week ago how the condition of the Democratic party in Maryland could be made any worse, and yet the ring managers have found a way to do that very thing. After gaining control of the State Convention by the pretense that the great issue was a reassessment of property on the lines of the Hayes bill, they used that control to nominate for Governor one of the men most prominently identified with opposition to the Hayes bill. "Let the people nominate!" has been the cry of the managers. Yesterday they chose a man whom the people had never seriously considered as a Gubernatorial candidate. We do not reflect upon the character of Mr. John E. Hurst, who happened to be the piece moved by the bosses in this game of politics. He is one of the very foremost business men in Baltimore. He has been eminently successful in all his undertakings, and he is a man of sound views and unquestioned integrity. Under different conditions, he would no doubt be an acceptable candidate, and would, if elected, make an admirable officer. It is unfortunate for him that his good name and character should be made use of in so bad a cause.

There is no room for doubt as to what the action of the Convention means, or as to what the ticket typifies. It is Gorman, with a strong admixture of Rasin. Whatever Democracy there is in it is the Democracy of Gormanism. The Democracy of Cleveland, of tariff reform, the Democracy of principles is conspicuous by its absence. The ticket deserves and will receive the support of the Gorman-Rasin bread-and-butter brigade; but what about the rest of the Democrats—the hundred thousand or more who do not hold or expect office, who are Democrats from principles alone? What about those who want a reassessment of property? What about those who are determined to put an end to Gormanism in this State?

The platform adopted by the Convention yesterday is not worthy of serious comment. The indorsement of Cleveland and the declaration for tax reform were of a piece with the nomination of Mr. Hurst at the end of a reassessment campaign. It would all be very fine opera bouffe if there were not such tragic consequences looming up behind it.

It is too early for Democrats to determine what they are to do in November. It is true that Gormanism has at last presented itself to them in such shape they can get at it and crush it once and forever. There is no national Democratic policy or principles at stake in this campaign. The most unscrupulous and most dangerous political trickster of his day has impudently put himself forward for indorsement by the people he has misrepresented and betrayed. There is no reassessment drapery, no Force bill halo to conceal him. He and his pal Rasin stand bold and bare before an outraged people.

The alternative of Republican rule is one from which the Democratic State of Maryland shrinks, and yet it would now seem that only some horrible blunder at Cambridge on the 15th of this month can avert the defeat to the verge of which the party has been brought under the corrupt and shameless management of Gorman and Rasin.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 5, 1895.

The Americans who can hear the Treasury officials talk about the gold reserve without experiencing a sense of humiliation has a queer make up. These officials never refer to the Secretary of the Treasury nor the administration, as having the power to keep the gold reserve intact, but always to their reliance upon the power of the foreign bond syndicate to protect the gold reserve. When asked about last week's heavy withdrawal of gold from the Treasury these officials say "oh, that's of no importance." They then proceed to inform you that the foreign bond syndicate would have prevented the withdrawal of that gold had it deemed it necessary to do so, and have the gall to add that the foreign bond syndicate has since last February lived up to its contract and protected the gold reserve. Do you understand what the statement means? Humiliating as it is, it means that the Democratic administration, convinced of its own lack of financial ability, paid the foreign bond syndicate $10,000,000—the profit on the bonds sold to the syndicate—to gurantee the protection of the gold reserve in the U. S. Treasury from February to October and, instead of being heartily ashamed of his disgraceful deal, Democratic officials actually gloat over it and constantly express their satisfaction over the bought protection they are enjoying. Secretary Carlisle felt to secure that he has with his own and one of his son's families gone on a junket through the Great Lakes, on a government light house tender. It is fortunate for the country that only two months will elapse from the expiration of this dearly bought and disgraceful protection of the U. S. Treasury and the meeting of the Republican Congress. Republicans have never found it necessary to pay foreigners to maintain the credit of the U. S., and never will.

The Allison boom was brought to Washington a day or two ago by Hon. J. T. Baldwin, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, who is a good talker and who has it all fixed, in his own mind. He said: "I expect to see Senator Allison nominated and elected President. His 35 years experience in Congress; his thorough knowledge of economic questions, his familiarity with tariff and finance; his broad gauged ideas and conservative stand on all the great issues of the day pre-eminently fit him for the great office." Up to this point any good Republican will agree with Mr. Baldwin, but in what follows many will not: "Mr. Reed is too far east; Gov. McKinley represents a too extreme view of protection; Gen. Harrison has had his turn and acquitted himself nobly but it isn't in the book of destiny for him to inhabit the White House again. So it is apparent that of all the distinguishsd men mentioned Senator Allison takes precedence by reason of his superb qualifications and his availability." No Republican would, judging from what those who come to Washington have said, object to Senator Allison as the party's candidate, but with the exception of Mr. Baldwin none of them have credited him with any chance for the nomination, except in the event of a deadlock between those who will enter the convention with more votes. His whole strength lies in his being an ideal compromise candidate; but suppose no compromise is needed?

That deal between the administration and Joe Blackburn is off, very much off. Blackburn broke it up, but his friends say that it was because he found out that the administration was trying to keep his mouth shut by trickery, while it was steadily plotting to prevent his being returned to the Senate. According to the best obtainable information it is to be war to the death from this time on. Blackburn is bitterly denouncing the administration from the stump, and more determined, his friends say, than ever in his preference for a Republican rather than a Cleveland Democratic senator from Kentucky.

The Democrats are becoming as much alarmed about Maryland as they have been for some time about Kentucky. The Cleveland Democrats are disgruntled over the knock down that Senator Gorman has given them, and so far they have refused the soft soap given the administration in the resolutions adopted by the Gorman State Convention as an equivalent for the nomination of an entire Gorman ticket. Members of the administration are trying to bring pressure to bear upon the Maryland Cleveland Democrats to make them work for the Gorman ticket, not that they love Gorman, but because they fear the capture of the state by the Republicans. Some of the Maryland anti-Gorman Democrats have openly said that they would be glad to see Maryland carried by the Republicans because it would not only kill Gorman as a presidential candidate, but would destroy his influence, both at home and in the Democratic National Convention. The Maryland Republicans are not disdaining any assistance from the anti-Gorman Democrats, although they are confident of carrying the State.

A Suicide.

The remains of Matthias Bowser who died last Tuesday night were interred on the Bowser homestead about five miles south of town on Thursday. Mr. Bowser had engaged in the mercantile business here for a number of years (exact length of time is not known to your correspondent) was unmarried and generally lodged and boarded himself. He was quite eccentric and would sometimes absent himself from town several days at a time and when he did not open his store last Monday morning it was not regarded as unusual; when an investigation was made he was found lying on his bed in the second story of his store building, slowly but surely dying from an overdose of laudamun, such the physicians pronounced it and when great efforts were made to arouse him from his stupor he was asked what he had taken and he responded "landanum"; he was also asked whether he had had pain? and he said "yes." As may be expected various persons have various opinions concerning the matter and the occurance will doubtless remain shrouded in mystery until the final bringing of the secrecies of the world to light.—Grantsville Cor. Meyersdale Commercial.

Found Dead.

On last Friday morning a fisherman, whilst engaged in sport along the Big Youghiogheny, was horrified to discover the body of a dead man and immediately gave information of his discovery.

A party of men from Oakland went to the scene and there recognized the body as that of Mr. William Stephens, who so mysteriously disappeared from his home near Oakland several weeks ago, a full account of which appeared in these columns at the time.

The body was very badly decomposed and was placed in a coffin, brought to Oakland and interred in the Odd Fellows cemetery on Saturday morning.

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Aug. 6, 1895

A competitive examination will be held in the Oakland school building on

Saturday, August 17th, 1895,

to fill one vacancy in St. Mary's Female Seminary, four vacancies in the State Normal School and one in the Maryland Institute of Art and Design. Examinations commence at 9 o'clock a. m.

WM. HINEBAUGH, Examiner.

STRAWBERRIES.

Best varieties, early, medium and late. Our pot grown plants set now will produce a full crop next June. Sent by mail prepaid, 60 cents per dozen; express unpaid, $3 per hundred.

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For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

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LOVELY SHADE.
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CHARMING VIEW.
Beautifully Located.

Healthful and Cleanly Surroundings.

AN IDEAL PLACE FOR A HOME.
COME AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.

Thursday, August 15th,

AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK,

If not fair, next fair day, there will be a sale of said Lots on the premises.

For further Particulars, address
PEDDICORD & PEDDICORD, or
DR. E. K. GOLDSBOROUGH,
Oakland, Maryland.

N. B.—The Park has been tastefully platted and will have FIVE fifty-foot avenues.

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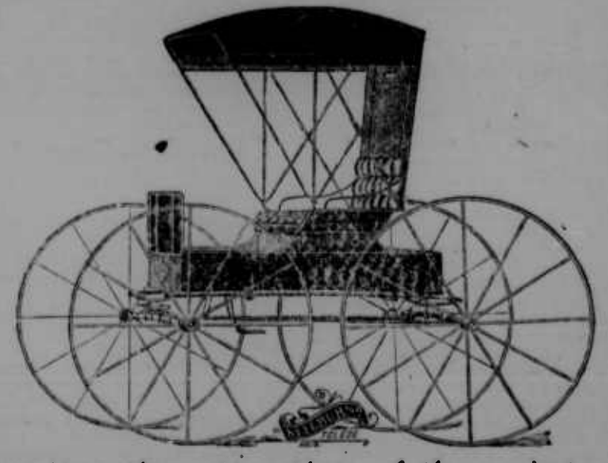

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is health. The secret of health is the power to digest and assimilate a proper quanity of food. This can never be done when the liver does not act it's part.

Do you know this?

Tutt's Liver Pills are an absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, malaria, constipation, torpid liver, piles, jaundice, bilious fever, biliousness and kindred diseases.

Tutt's Liver Pills

Scratching and Swearing

only increase the irritation and heat the blood. What the skin needs is a cooling, healing application that brings comfort to body and mind, and which at the same time has strength enough to penetrate a clogged skin and to dissolve the scales of Eczema and Dandruff.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

is the only perfect preparation of this kind. It will cure Eczema, Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Dandruff, Itching Piles, Ring Worm, Pimples, Blotches and other diseases of the skin. Sometimes it will cure in a few days—sometimes it takes longer—but the cure is certain and permanent. There is no question about it. It has been proven times without number.

50 cents—all drug stores.

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FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head and all inflammation of the nasal passages—50c.

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Lot containing four acres with house on it, at Swanton, Md.

A mortgage on property worth more than double, at Loch Lynn Heights, Md.

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SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md 48-26*

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL ROOFING, SPOUTING, ETC.

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TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
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Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

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Slate Roofing.

Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.

I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.

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47—1yr. Grantsville, Md

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C. M. Beachy and crew of workmen returned from the vicinity of Oakland last week, where they had put a slate roof on a barn.

John O. Getty's family has become a trio since the recent addition in the person of a *young* young lady.

The Republican primary met last Saturday and organized with S. J. Beachy as presiding officer and Dr. Bruce Lichty secretary. The following named persons were elected as delegates to represent this district in the county convention: Chas. Wegman, C. J. Otto, Aug. Reichelt, Geo. Brew and Baker Johnson. If the Republican party nominates a man for gubernatorial office who is honorable, esteemed as such, and who upholds fairly and candidly the reassessment policy, victory will doubtless perch on its banners this fall; if, on the other hand, they play ditto to the Democratic drop-a-nickle-in-the-slot-and-out comes-a-candidate manœuver, both should be exiled to Siberia or be tendered some other equally frigid reception.

Sunday School Convention.

There will be a district Sunday school convention held in the church at North Glade, near Swanton, Saturday and Sunday, August 24th and 25th. Rev. George H. Nock, State organizer of the Maryland Sunday School Union, will be present, also other prominent Sunday school workers. Everybody cordially invited, especially Sunday school workers of the district should attend. A profitable time can be expected. An interesting program is being arranged which will be published next week.

Friends of the Sunday school work are cordially invited to come and help make the convention a success.

A. F. GEORGE,
Vice President.

Excursions to Atlantic City. Last of the Season via B. & O.

The last of the series of trips to the Seashore via the B. & O. is announced for Thursday, August 22nd. The excellent train arrangements that have been so satisfactory on the previous occasions will be repeated.

Tickets to Cape May or Sea Isle City can be purchased at same rate and under same conditions.

Don't forget the date, August 22nd.

We give below a list of stations in this vicinity, showing time of trains and rates of fare:

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	RATE
Oakland	6.37	10.01	12.21	6.04	5.12	$8.50
Mt. Lake Pk	6.44	10.08	12.30	6.12	5.17	8.50
Deer Park	6.50	10.17	12.45	6.20	5.25	8.50

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

For more detailed information apply to nearest B. & O. agent.

A Sunday School Picnic.

A largely attended Sunday school picnic was held at DeBerry's grove Aug. 3. The day was a beautiful one for the occasion, but the harvest field kept a great many from attending. Mr. John Garrett had charge of the affair and the program was opened by singing, which was selected for the occasion, followed by prayer by Rev. Lloyd. Mr. John Shartzer, of Oakland, made quite a lengthy address to the boys and girls. Rev. Butler was next called to the stand and illustrated a beautiful story of our Heavenly King, which seemed to please the children.

Dinner was next, which they all seemed to enjoy, judging from the way the good things disappeared from view. After dinner was over the crowd was again called to order by the presiding officer. Rev. Lloyd delivered an excellent address, followed by our genial school superintendent, Mr. Hinebaugh, who said there was a great many things he could not do, and one of them was he could not make a speech, but we think he surprised himself, for he made quite a lengthy and excellent one. Rev. Wagner gave a very appropriate address, which was followed by a beautiful selection by the choir.

At last the day of pleasure drew to a close, and everybody seemed to be overjoyed with their day's pleasure and report a very pleasant day spent.

OBSERVER.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending August 10, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

E. W. Watson	Job Bamor
Peter H. Fickey	George W Daily
William Bullett	J. A. Bell
T. A. Burch	Mrs. Nancy Keen
Mrs. Nellie T. Harbor	Mrs. Lizzie Butler
	Miss Ora Boyd

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Apenta Tablets relieve nausea

BUSINESS LOCALS.

McComas' Calmative Konseals, 10 cents. Try them. 5-tf

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

W. Grant Martin, scientific optician, will be in Oakland the last week in each month. Office in Pritchard building. 13-13t.

Stomach and Bowel Complaints are best relieved by the timely use of DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure. Insist on having this preparation. Don't take any other.

Cholera Morbus is a dangerous complaint, and often is fatal in its result. To avoid this you should use DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure as soon as the first symptoms appear.

We have something new, effective, pleasant to take and perfectly harmless and a positive cure for nervous headache, sick headache, dizziness and neuralgia. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

Easy to take, sure to cure, no pain, nothing to dread, pleasant little pills. DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Best for Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach and Constipation.

McComas' Calmative Konseals contain all that is required to cure the worst case of headache or neuralgia in a very few minutes and are safe, sure, inexpensive. Manufactured by Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf.

Children, especialy infants are soon run down with Cholera Infantum or "Summer Complaint." Don't wait to determine, but give DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure promptly, you can rely on it. Use no other.

Eyes examined free by Prof. Little, the graduate optician, for glasses, easy on the eyes, nose and nerves. At Mt. Lake Park drug store Friday and Saturday, Aug. 9 and 10, 16 and 17, 23 and 24. 21-3.

HAULING AND EXPRESS.—I have located at Mountain Lake Park and am prepared to do hauling of all kinds at short notice. Baggage a specialty. A share of the public patronage solicited. Harry Thayer.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Diarrhœa should be stopped promptly. It soon becomes chronic. DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure is effective, safe and certain. Hundreds of testimonials bear witness to the virtue of this great medicine. It can always be depended upon, its use saves time and money.

Mr. A. A. Snyder, Supt. Poor Farm, Winnesheik Co., Ia., says:—Last winter Mr. Robert Leach used two boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve and cured a large running sore on his leg. Had been under care of physician for months without obtaining relief. Sure cure for Piles.

Try McComas' Calmative Konseals to drive away sharp pains in muscular and acute rheumatism. One or two Konseals have shown marvelous results. 10 cents per box. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper, under the caption "We Loan Money." The Granite State Provident Association, which he is representing, is one of the strongest financial institutions in the country, and the largest building and loan association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management have developed it from nominal assets in 1889 to nearly $200,000,000 in 1895. Its style of doing business is such as to cause the U. S. Examiner, C. W. Thompson, who has for years been assigned to especially investigate loan and mortgage companies, to state that "For comprehensiveness, thoroughness, neatness and accuracy, its accounts are far superior to anything I ever saw or supposed possible." Those desiring to borrow, will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars. 4-1yr.*

Attention.

Four choice lots will be given away at the public lot sale on Friday and Saturday of this week, at Loch Lynn Heights, Maryland. First, to the party securing the most purchasers; second, to the party purchasing the greatest number of lots; third, to the party paying the highest price for a lot; fourth, to the party building the finest cottage within twelve months after the sale. Auction will begin promptly at 10.30 o'clock Friday morning, August 9th. All lots will be knocked down to the highest bidder after the first bid. General warrantee deeds in fee simple will be given to purchasers. Monthly payments of $5 will be accepted for lots, or one-fourth cash, and balance in 6, 12 and 18 months, or 6 per cent. off for cash.

Now is your last chance to secure a cheap lot on your own terms. Bring your families and baskets and spend the day.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

C. M. RATHBUN. F. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M RATHBUN & CO., PLANING MILLS,

AND DEALERS IN

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES, BRACKETS, Mouldings, Flooring, Lath, Shingles, Weatherboarding, Brick, Lime, Builders' Hardware, Etc.,

MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DR. HENRY W. M'COMAS,

—PROPRIETOR OF—

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

Pure Drugs,
Fancy Stationery,
Soaps and
Toilet Articles.

PRESCRIPTIONS
Carefully and Accurately Compounded
DAY OR NIGHT.
PRICES REASONABLE.

We invite a liberal share of your patronage.

JOS E. HARNED, Manager.

The Horticultural Supply Co.,

Growers of and dealers in fruit and ornamental stock especially adapted to the Allegheny Mountains.

All the worthy old and promising new varieties.

Landscape gardening a specialty.

Address, MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	Daily	2.48 A. M
No. 3	Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 71	Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 17	Daily except Mon	10.19 A. M
No. 15	Accommodation daily	6.24 P. M
No. 1	Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	Daily	6.05 A. M
No. 2	Daily	6.37 A. M
No. 14	Accommodation daily	10.39 A. M
No. 72	Accom daily except Sun	1.42 P. M
No. 16	Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4	Daily	12.20 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.

C. F SCHROEDER, Agent.

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.
OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.

Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

IF YOUR BACK ACHES,
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. TRY
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS,
It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite.

Secret of Beauty

is health. The secret of health is the power to digest and assimilate a proper quanity of food. This can never be done when the liver does not act it's part.

Do you know this?

Tutt's Liver Pills are an absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, malaria, constipation, torpid liver, piles, jaundice, bilious fever, biliousness and kindred diseases.

Tutt's Liver Pills

Scratching and Swearing

only increase the irritation and heat the blood. What the skin needs is a cooling, healing application that brings comfort to body and mind, and which at the same time has strength enough to penetrate a clogged skin and to dissolve the scales of Eczema and Dandruff.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

is the only perfect preparation of this kind. It will cure Eczema, Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Dandruff, Itching Piles, Ring Worm, Pimples, Blotches and other diseases of the skin. Sometimes it will cure in a few days—sometimes it takes longer—but the cure is certain and permanent. There is no question about it. It has been proven times without number.

50 cents—all drug stores.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head and all inflammation of the nasal passages—50c.

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 1, on Front Street, in Bayard, West Va.

Lot containing four acres with house on it, at Swanton, Md.

A morigage on property worth more than double, at Loch Lynn Heights, Md.

WILLIAM W. SWEET,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

WE LOAN MONEY

to buy, build and improve your home and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS NEARLY $200,000,000.

For full particulars and terms apply to

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Sheriff Wegman was in town several days last week.

C. M. Beachy and crew of workmen returned from the vicinity of Oakland last week, where they had put a slate roof on a barn.

John O. Getty's family has become a trio since the recent addition in the person of a *young* young lady.

The Republican primary met last Saturday and organized with S. J. Beachy as presiding officer and Dr. Bruce Lichty secretary. The following named persons were elected as delegates to represent this district in the county convention: Chas. Wegman, C. J. Otto, Aug. Reichelt, Geo. Brew and Baker Johnson. If the Republican party nominates a man for gubernatorial office who is honorable, esteemed as such, and who upholds fairly and candidly the reassessment policy, victory will doubtless perch on its banners this fall; if, on the other hand, they play ditto to the Democratic drop-a-nickle-in-the-slot-and-out-comes-a-candidate manœuver, both should be exiled to Siberia or be tendered some other equally frigid reception.

Sunday School Convention.

There will be a district Sunday school convention held in the church at North Glade, near Swanton, Saturday and Sunday, August 24th and 25th. Rev. George H. Nock, State organizer of the Maryland Sunday School Union, will be present, also other prominent Sunday school workers. Everybody cordially invited, especially Sunday school workers of the district should attend. A profitable time can be expected. An interesting program is being arranged which will be published next week.

Friends of the Sunday school work are cordially invited to come and help make the convention a success.

A. F. GEORGE,
Vice President.

Excursions to Atlantic City. Last of the Season via B. & O.

The last of the series of trips to the Seashore via the B. & O. is announced for Thursday, August 22nd. The excellent train arrangements that have been so satisfactory on the previous occasions will be repeated.

Tickets to Cape May or Sea Isle City can be purchased at same rate and under same conditions.

Don't forget the date, August 22nd.

We give below a list of stations in this vicinity, showing time of trains and rates of fare:

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M	A. M.	RATE
Oakland.....	6.37	10.05	12 29	6.01	5 12	$8.50
Mt. Lake PK	6.46	10.08	12.36	6 12	5.17	8.50
Deer Park...	6.50	10.17	12 45	6 20	5.25	8.50

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

For more detailed information apply to nearest B. & O. agent.

A Sunday School Picnic.

A largely attended Sunday school picnic was held at DeBerry's grove Aug. 3. The day was a beautiful one for the occasion, but the harvest field kept a great many from attending. Mr. John Garrett had charge of the affair and the program was opened by singing, which was selected for the occasion, followed by prayer by Rev. Lloyd. Mr. John Shartzer, of Oakland, made quite a lengthy address to the boys and girls. Rev. Butler was next called to the stand and illustrated a beautiful story of our Heavenly King, which seemed to please the children.

Dinner was next, which they all seemed to enjoy, judging from the way the good things disappeared from view. After dinner was over the crowd was again called to order by the presiding officer. Rev. Lloyd delivered an excellent address, followed by our genial school superintendent, Mr. Hinebaugh, who said there was a great many things he could not do, and one of them was he could not make a speech, but we think he surprised himself, for he made quite a lengthy and excellent one. Rev. Wagner gave a very appropriate address, which was followed by a beautiful selection by the choir.

At last the day of pleasure drew to a close, and everybody seemed to be overjoyed with their day's pleasure and report a very pleasant day spent.

OBSERVER.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending August 10, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

E. W. Walson	Job Ramor
Peter H. Fickey	George W Daily
William Bullett	J. A. Bell
T. A. Burch	Mrs. Nancy Keen
Mrs. Nettie T. Harbor	Mrs. Lizzie Butler
Miss Ora Boyd	

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Asperin Tablets relieve nausea.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

McComas' Calmative Konseals, 10 cents. Try them. 5-tf

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

W. Grant Martin, scientific optician, will be in Oakland the last week in each month. Office in Pritchard building. 13-13t.

Stomach and Bowel Complaints are best relieved by the timely use of DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure. Insist on having this preparation. Don't take any other.

Cholera Morbus is a dangerous complaint, and often is fatal in its result. To avoid this you should use DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure as soon as the first symptoms appear.

We have something new, effective, pleasant to take and perfectly harmless and a positive cure for nervous headache, sick headache, dizziness and neuralgia. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

Easy to take, sure to cure, no pain, nothing to dread, pleasant little pills. DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Best for Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach and Constipation.

McComas' Calmative Konseals contain all that is required to cure the worst case of headache or neuralgia in a very few minutes and are safe, sure, inexpensive. Manufactured by Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf.

Children, especially infants are soon run down with Cholera Infantum or "Summer Complaint." Don't wait to determine, but give DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure promptly, you can rely on it. Use no other.

Eyes examined free by Prof. Little, the graduate optician, for glasses, easy on the eyes, nose and nerves. At Mt. Lake Park drug store Friday and Saturday, Aug. 9 and 10, 16 and 17, 23 and 24. 21-3.

HAULING AND EXPRESS.—I have located at Mountain Lake Park and am prepared to do hauling of all kinds at short notice. Baggage a specialty. A share of the public patronage solicited. Harry Thayer.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Diarrhœa should be stopped promptly. It soon becomes chronic. DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure is effective, safe and certain. Hundreds of testimonials bear witness to the virtue of this great medicine. It can always be depended upon, its use saves time and money.

Mr. A. A. Snyder, Supt. Poor Farm, Winnesheik Co., Ia., says:—Last winter Mr. Robert Leach used two boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve and cured a large running sore on his leg. Had been under care of physician for months without obtaining relief. Sure cure for Piles.

Try McComas' Calmative Konseals to drive away sharp pains in muscular and acute rheumatism. One or two Konseals have shown marvelous results. 10 cents per box. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper, under the caption "We Loan Money." The Granite State Provident Association, which he is representing, is one of the strongest financial institutions in the country, and the largest building and loan association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management have developed it from nominal assets in 1889 to nearly $200,000,000 in 1895. Its style of doing business is such as to cause the U. S. Examiner, C. W. Thompson, who has for years been assigned to especially investigate loan and mortgage companies, to state that "For comprehensiveness, thoroughness, neatness and accuracy, its accounts are far superior to anything I ever saw or supposed possible." Those desiring to borrow, will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars. 4-1yr.*

Attention.

Four choice lots will be given away at the public lot sale on Friday and Saturday of this week, at Loch Lynn Heights, Maryland. First, to the party securing the most purchasers; second, to the party purchasing the greatest number of lots; third, to the party paying the highest price for a lot; fourth, to the party building the finest cottage within twelve months after the sale. Auction will begin promptly at 10.30 o'clock Friday morning, August 9th. All lots will be knocked down to the highest bidder after the first bid. General warrantee deeds in fee simple will be given to purchasers. Monthly payments of $5 will be accepted for lots, or one-fourth cash, and balance in 6, 12 and 18 months, or 6 per cent. off for cash.

Now is your last chance to secure a cheap lot on your own terms. Bring your families and baskets and spend the day.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

C. M. RATHBUN. F. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M RATHBUN & CO., PLANING MILLS,

AND DEALERS IN

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES, BRACKETS, Mouldings, Flooring, Lath, Shingles, Weatherboarding, Brick, Lime, Builders' Hardware, Etc.,

MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DR. HENRY W. M'COMAS,

—PROPRIETOR OF—

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

Pure Drugs,
Fancy Stationery,
Soaps and
Toilet Articles.

PRESCRIPTIONS
Carefully and Accurately Compounded
DAY OR NIGHT.
PRICES REASONABLE.

We invite a liberal share of your patronage.

JOS E. HARNED, Manager.

The Horticultural Supply Co.,

Growers of and dealers in fruit and ornamental stock especially adapted to the Allegheny Mountains.

All the worthy old and promising new varieties.

Landscape gardening a specialty.

Address, MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.48 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 17	—Daily except Mon	10.40 A. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	6.24 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	—Daily	6.07 A. M
No. 2	—Daily	6.37 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	10.10 A. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	4.32 P. M
No. 16	—Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	12.20 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F SCHROEDER, Agent.

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.
OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.

Prompt attention to collections. 1-12

IF YOUR BACK ACHES,
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. Try
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite.

KANGEGATSUK.

BY RALPH GRAHAM TABER.

It was the springtime of the year, but at Kikkertaksoak there were no soft May breezes, no blossoming flowers, no buds of delicate green. The season's heralds were the shrieking wind, the rushing torrents fed by melting snow, the crashing avalanches from the ice-bound heights, the surgings of the mighty sea, which stretched its arms and breathed with sullen sighs, like some sound sleeper slowly wakening, and cracked and ground its covering of white, tossing huge fragments upon end, and filling the snowy ocean plain with hills and knolls, which scintillated with dazzling luster beneath the bright morning sun.

In the shadow of a lofty cliff, upon a bank of deeply drifted snow, were six white mounds, which might have attracted no attention except, perhaps, by their regularity of form.

From one of these there emerged, upon all fours, the short, squat figure of an aged man, who rose erect, tossing the long, grizzled hair back from his eyes impatiently, and turned to address another following him.

"'Twas I who said it, Kupa, did I not?" he demanded.

His companion, scrambling to his feet, grunted an assent, and proceeded to envelope his head in the fox-trimmed hood which made one piece with his loose fitting upper garment.

Both men were clothed alike in heavy furs, the spotted hairy skins of the ranger seal; each carried a long, old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifle, and a heavy spear tipped with walrus tusk, attached to which was a long thong of walrus hide swinging in loose coils from his mittened hands.

Their full, broad, brownish faces, straight black hair, piercing eyes, flat noses and short statures proclaimed their race, if their dress and equipment would not have been sufficient.

"The foolish boy has not returned," continued the elder, in the Esquimau tongue. "The time was ill and nothing could be gained. I said it, but the stripling mocked at me—me, Mauterjek—the oldest of the tribe! Was I not shaman before this cub was born?"

"Softly, master; we must be off to find the meat to-day, so let the trouble lie. It is not good to feed the empty stomach on idle thoughts; so thou thyself hast said. Thou art my mother's husband, the never-failing hunter, the true of aim. Our time will come. Shall we let our people starve while teektoe (the deer) yet may roam the hills? Sikeepa may have found him while we talk—"

"That he will not!" the shaman cried. "Take which way thou wilt—the deer is mine, if any may be found."

And swinging his long gun to his shoulder he started off, with agility surprising in one so old, and soon was lost to sight among the drifts.

Sikeepa had started out the day before, in spite of storm of driving wind and biting hail, in search of anything that might be found for food.

The deer had disappeared across the land, the seals become exceptionally scarce; disease had visited the camp and robbed him of his father, the chieftain of the tribe, whose native judgment and instinctive knowledge of right and wrong, combined with strong will power and a kindly disposition, had made his wish a law with those he ruled, enabled him to settle all disputes and yet retain the loving veneration of his people.

The dying chief had let them understand that Sikeepa, though yet a youth in years, had met and slain Nanuk, the water bear, and earned his right to be their Kangegatsuk.

The father had then cautioned and advised him: "My son, thou'lt have short time to mourn my death. Sickness and famine, twin-born, are upon us. Thou wilt be envied, and thy actions watched that some cause may be found for thy displacement.

"Go, if thou canst, and fill the camp with food; so shalt thou prove thy worth and earn affection. Take on thyself the burdens of the whole; nor seek to rule thy elders; but advise them.

"Cross not the shaman. Pay him his tribute as a gift deserved by reason of the mysteries he knows; but be not ruled thyself by lesser ones. When thou dost know the right way, hold it fast, and be not turned aside though every man's hand should uplift against thee."

Thinking of these, his father's dying words, Sikeepa forced his way against the wind, narrowly watching for some sign of game, and clambering over the hummocks of rough ice which filled the broad channel round his island home and bound it to the distant Labrador main.

Khimik, his father's favorite hunter, gaunt leader of the team, trotted beside him, safely in leash.

So hour by hour they plodded on until the sun was low. Then Sikeepa, halting before a drift of snow, drew a broad knife out from its sheath, and with practiced skill slashed from the mass a number of wedge-like pieces, piling them in a circle as he worked, which swiftly shaped itself into a hut.

A remarkably short time sufficed to complete his simple preparations for the night; and, once within the tiny Ingloo, he pillowed his head on Khimik's shaggy back and slept.

The morning dawned bright and fair; the wind still blew with wild persistency, but the sky was clear; and Sikeepa, drawing forth a small skin bag part filled with oil, shaved the meager contents with his dog; then slit the bag and shared that morsel also, and started again upon the search for game, chewing the bit of sealskin as he went.

It might have been near noon when Khimik stopped, cocked up his ears and keenly sniffed the air.

Sikeepa's heavy heart grew light with joy, and, giving the dog more leash, he urged him on.

Khimik turned sharply toward the wind and ran a pace or two, halted, and then tugged fiercely at the leash, with head erect and tightly curling tail.

Sikeepa looked carefully to the priming of his gun, then gave the dog his will and followed noiselessly.

Presently the animal stopped and nosed the hard frozen surface of the snow-covered ice. Sikeepa, kneeling, saw a few faint scratches there and rose with glowing cheeks and flashing eyes.

"It is Nanuk!" he whispered, breathlessly. "Good dog, good Khimik, keep on!" And cautiously they followed up the trail.

Upon a cluster of rugged hummocks they found the bear lazily dozing in the noontide sun, and, keeping well to leeward, stole upon him with such silent tread that Nanuk took no note of their approach, nor dreamed an enemy shared the field with him, until a well-aimed bullet pierced his side and the red blood spurted forth. Then with a roar of mingled rage and pain the great beast rose and faced the daring boy—who now was hastily reloading his clumsy weapon—paused a moment and flung himself at his foe; but ere he reached his aim the gun was poised and two shots rang out simultaneously.

The monster staggered blindly, turned and beat the air with his huge forepaws, then fell on his side, and, drawing his knife, Sikeepa leaped upon him.

"Be not so fast!" a harsh voice called out, angrily. "Nanuk is dead, but 'tis because of me. And were I not still young enough to hunt, thy carcass would need skinning, not the bear's." And Mauterjek, the shaman, stood beside him.

"Look! Here thy bullet sped—and here again. This is the killing blow, here in the neck. It is the place to strike. None but a foolish boy would aim so low. What! do you still dispute me? Be off at once and send the team and sledge; if nothing else, thy limbs know how to run. And tell no lying tales how thou didst kill."

Sikeepa, knife in hand, remained erect. His color came and went throughout this speech, but otherwise he seemed unmoved by it. Then, stooping quickly, he severed one big forepaw, slung it in a noose of sealskin thong, and with it on his shoulder strode away, nor answered Mauterjek by a single word.

Khimik hungrily lapped the warm, red blood; but the shaman drove him off with vigorous blows, and, whining, he limped away on the road his master was pursuing with nervous steps.

That night, when all had feasted and hunger was a memory fading fast, Sikeepa called the people to assemble and in a few words told them of the hunt.

"Mauterjek claims the killing blow as his; yet you all saw the wound in Nanuk's neck. The bear was facing me, its side to him; say, then, whose bullet was it did the work? He has reviled me in terms unjust, unfit. Had he been younger he would have heard from me. I do not war with age, nor bandy words. Is he to be your chieftain, or am I?"

The people looked anxiously at one another.

The shaman rose with brows darker as night; his teeth were ground together and his bronzed features twitched. A moment passed before he could control his rage sufficiently to speak in measured tones, and then he said:

"Children, this upstart boy, this lying cub, would have you say that he had slain the bear; that he alone had found the camp this food; that he alone was fit to rule the tribe!"

Then swaying his body slowly to and fro, beginning in a low voice, but gradually gaining force with eloquence:

"Who is it drives away your aches and pains; restores your health and heals your wounds; charms the wild things which furnish us with food, brings buiyea (the seal) to your spears, draws fleet-foot tooktoo from the inland wastes?

"Who weaves the spell to keep our ancient foes, the mountain folk, from spreading out upon our hunting ground to kill our deer and seals, to steal our wives, to trap our men like foxes in their holes?

"If this young crow should set him over us, look not to Mauterjek again when food is gone; look not to Mauterjek when illness comes.

"War with the tribes, and worse; disease, and worse; famine, and worse; ay, death, and worse shall come; for none shall be left to build you burial cairns; the wolves shall end it! This I prophesy, I, Mauterjek! Oh, people, hear and heed your Mauterjek!"

And the harsh voice of the shaman rose to shrieking pitch, the people swayed to the rude rhythm of his speech; and Kupa threw himself, face downward, moaning: "Allah! 'Tis thou hast said it. Ahaillah! thou art our shaman and our chief; Allah!"

The morning star shone brightly overhead when a solitary figure appeared before the group of icy huts, and a low voice called: "Khimik, come. Hauk! hauk!"

A whine responded as the dog thrust his sharp muzzle against Sikeepa's hand; and slowly, but without hesitation and with not one backward look, the youth and his mute comrade faced the south and left the camp behind.

"Khimik, I have heard them tell," he said, "of strange, good men, with faces like the snow, who come to teach the people wondrous truths.

"They worship something which they call a 'Book,' a package made of wafers, like crisp, dry leaves from off the berry vines, and covered with strange marks, at which they look and tell of many things; that some believe.

"'Tis many days and in a warmer land; but we will go to them and see if there be place for you and me."—N. Y. Independent

—The difference in valuation of property at the last census was very remarkable. In some states the assessment was no more than twenty-five per cent. of the real value of the property, while in other cases it is believed to have been as high as the selling price.

NEW YORK'S SUMMER VISITORS.

Tourists from the Country Who Have Their Value Though They May Be Odd.

Beginning in the middle of June there is for four weeks an influx of country folk to New York, as may be seen by the inspection of the hotel registers or by observation in the cars or roof gardens. The country folk come from the various towns of the interior, combining business with pleasure on a jaunt to New York, during which they devote some of the time to seeing the sights, but a larger part to riding around and being looked at. You can generally pick out a summer visitor in New York—a male visitor, that is—by the size of his hat, which, as a rule, seems to be several sizes too large. The hat of the average male summer visitor in the early days of sultry July fits his head not like a glove, but rather like a mitten. He wears a soft hat, too, and is strongly addicted to black broadcloth and low-cut waistcoats. It may be inhospitable to draw attention to such things, but the feet of the male summer visitor are usually large, and tight shoes are not a besetting weakness with him. He usually carries a valise or carpet bag, and his inquiries of the conductor of a car or the usher of a theater or the elevator attendant of a large building have a varied range. One question which he is sure to ask is this:

"Where does Broadway stop?"

The women country folk who come to town at this season have a strong partiality for bright colors in their dress, and for hats or bonnets which were at one time at the height of fashion, but are so no more. One peculiar thing about these visitors is that there seems to be more women in each party of tourists than there are men. It is no uncommon thing in the early weeks of July to see one countryman escorting three or perhaps four women, and the latter do not depend upon the escort for showing them the way about and for making such inquiries as may be a necessary part of the tour, but they ask questions upon their own account—sometimes simultaneously with their escort. Some unthinking New Yorkers seem inclined at the beginning of the summer season to criticise the newcomers who arrive in New York in a steady stream from the railroad stations and ferry slips, but more intelligent and appreciative residents of the town which enjoys the distinction of being surrounded by one ship canal and three rivers know that but for its summer visitors many parts of New York would be a great deal quieter in summer than they are, and that languor would rest upon many sections of the city but for the oddly-cut clothes and ill-assorted head-gear of some of New York's summer tourists. The hotels and roof gardens especially prosper on account of these visitors, and it is, perhaps, to them rather than to the resident New Yorkers that the roof gardens owe so much of their success. Indeed, the roof garden has come to be regarded in many parts of the east as being as much of a New York institution as terrapin is of Baltimore, Girard college of Philadelphia, the Common of Boston or the stock yards of Chicago. Very few of these country folk who come to New York leave the city without making some expenditures, and they are welcome visitors at the dry-goods stores, which might otherwise suffer from a dearth of trade. They also add materially to the receipts of the railroads of the city, particularly the through lines.—N. Y. Sun.

PHILADELPHIA'S TOLL GATE.

Archaic Survivals That Testify the Quaker City's Backwards Slowness.

Toll roads in a great city like Philadelphia cannot be considered other than as gross anachronisms and real barriers to civilization, but a few do exist and linger on as interesting survivals of a different generation from this.

In the days of stage coaches and the infancy of railroads the turnpike was a well-established institution, treated with respect and looked upon as a public convenience. To travel with comfort in almost any given direction was impossible without the payment of toll, as the free roads were full of ruts and washouts, making driving a difficult and dangerous task. The turnpikes, which received their names from the turnstiles that barred them at stated intervals, were kept in condition by the companies that built them, and that in return for their labor exacted toll from those who used the road.

This was considered just and fair in the old days, but now the toll gate is looked upon either as a curiosity or as a nuisance, according to the temperament of the man who must pay to pass it. A pedestrian is a favored individual, he can pass without paying; so can a funeral procession, but all others who drive, ride or bestride a bicycle must give up their pennies, and a special tax is levied upon droves of cattle, sheep and hogs.

There are six toll-houses on the Old York road, which cover a distance of about ten miles. That the road does a paying business is shown by the fact that the revenue derived from one gate alone is said to be from four to five thousand dollars a year. This, however, is the busiest gate of the lot, known as gate No. 2. It is situated at Tabor road, near the Jewish hospital. Gate No. 1 is at Nicetown lane; No. 3 at Haines street; No. 4 at Spring avenue, Montgomery county; No. 5 at Washington lane, and No. 6 at Susquehanna street, Willow grove. The toll charged is one and one-quarter cents a mile for each horse driven, three-fourths of a cent a mile for bicycles and one-half cent a mile for a horse led or ridden. Mules or oxen harnessed are charged the same rate as horses. Sheep or hogs are taxed two cents a score a mile, and cattle five cents a score.

The penalty for dodging the payment of toll is legally fixed at ten dollars, and placards advising the traveler of that fact are fixed in prominent places at every gate. The majority of the toll-houses along the Old York road are being replaced by modern two-story structures, built in colonial style, with inset porches, yellow walls and white trimmings. Very ornamental they look, but they lack the old-time appearance of those they have replaced.

An example of the older sort is at gate No. 1, at Nicetown lane. It is a long two-story wooden house, dating from the first half of the century. Part of the second story projects beyond the building line, and the doorway is inclosed in a structure resembling a sentry box. Next to this is a news stand, furnished not only with the daily papers, but with a supplementary stock of cheap candies, pretzels, cakes and popular brands of smoking and chewing tobacco.

Creeping vines cluster about one corner of the house, and an old-time pump furnishes its inmates with all the cool, pure water they can drink or use. Directly in front of the doorway stands a bar that may be let down across the road, effectually blocking all passage, and upon this is written, in large black letters:

STOP AND PAY YOUR TOLL.

From the yard in the rear of the house comes the familiar chirping of chickens and the self-satisfied cluck of ducks, while a sign on the garden gate warns passers to beware of a mild-looking dog, whose appearance belies the character thrust upon him by the placard. Past this picture of country life runs every few minutes a trolley car with clanging bell and a load of passengers bound for Jenkintown and Willow Grove, in strange contrast to the bucolic aspect of the tollhouse.

The many drivers over the Old York road dislike exceedingly paying tolls, and the cycling fraternity are particularly averse to taxation of this kind. As long, however, as the road remains the property of a private corporation they must continue to pay for its use, and it is only when the city shall have become the owner of all roads within its limits that the tollgate will pass out of existence.—Philadelphia Record.

JUMPING FOR A DINNER.

There Is No Wonder Horace Vernet Lost His Bet.

Horace Vernet, the famous son of a famous father—both artists of brilliant quality—was fond of telling a good joke at his father's expense. The story, for which the son is the authority, is related by Mme. Ducrest, a lady-in-waiting to Empress Josephine, in her recently-published volume of reminiscences.

The elder Vernet was traveling from Marseilles by the voiturin, a clumsy vehicle, so slow in its motions that the journey to Paris took twenty-two days. Among the passengers Vernet observed a fat, red-faced man, who seemed to be as dull in intellect as he was heavy in person.

With a view to amusing himself at the expense of this comical figure, Vernet began to address him in a strain of polite compliment, to which the other replied with awkward good nature. The travelers alighted to walk up a steep hill in order to relieve the horses. On their way they encountered a ditch of some width, and Vernet, who was a famous leaper, wagered that he would jump clean over it.

"You jump over it?" exclaimed the stout gentleman.

"Certainly; it is narrow enough."

"Narrow as it is, I should like to see you do it."

"Here I go, then," said Vernet, as he bounded lightly over the ditch.

"That's well done, indeed," said the person whom Vernet had singled out as his victim, "but it strikes me that I could do it myself. Your example has wound up my courage and I'll try."

"You!" exclaimed the painter, bursting into a fit of laughter. "I should like to see you do it. I'll wager a dinner you will fall into the water."

"Don't frighten me beforehand. Let's see, a dinner. How much will that cost?"

"About a crown, I suppose."

"That's a good deal; but no matter, I'll try my luck."

After a thousand wry faces the fat gentleman leaped and fell like a heavy load about a foot beyond the point which Vernet had reached.

"I will have my revenge," said the latter, a little piqued. "You will not refuse me that, I hope?"

"Oh, certainly not. What has happened by chance may not happen again and to-morrow we will decide who shall pay for the dinner."

Accordingly the next day they had a new trial of agility. The fat gentleman was again the winner and he congratulated himself on the good fortune that favored him. Vernet, who was deeply mortified at the triumph of his adversary, repeatedly renewed the wager and always lost it. At length they reached the last relay and the clumsy traveler said:

"I return a thousand thanks for the handsome way in which you have paid for my dinners almost all the way to Marseilles. I am anxious to offer some little proof of my gratitude. If a few tickets for Nicolet's would be acceptable I shall feel much pleasure in offering them. I am engaged there as a clown and am to make my first appearance in a day or two."

Vernet had been jumping against a professional and it was no wonder he had lost.—Chicago News.

The Time When.

The tailor knew the young man who was looking over the samples.

"What's the price of that?" said the customer, picking up the best thing in the lot.

"Seventy-five dollars."

The young man snapped it through his fingers as if mentally calculating.

"Well," he asked, "if I order it now when can I get it?"

"When you pay for it!" responded the tailor with a confidence that almost unbalanced the young man.—Puck.

—Chrysolites have been unearthed in the Cumberland mountains.

LINES DRAWN IN THE NAVY.

Features of the Service That Suggest an Aristocratic Organization.

Although the United States navy is by far the most democratically constituted military body in the world in its personnel, it does not lack the distinction of appearance and manners commonly supposed to be confined to aristocracies. This is true of staff as well as line, of the men who have obtained their commissions after a course of education at the Naval academy, and as well of those that have entered the navy immediately from civil life. Yet, while the method of getting into the navy is constantly becoming more democratic, the service is organized in aristocratic fashion. The navy was formed at a time when this country was much less of a social democracy than it now is, and when European social traditions brought over by the early colonists still had considerable force.

No navy draws a sharper line between the commissioned officer and the enlisted man. The phrase "officer and gentleman," as expressed in the rules and regulations of the service, mean something different, as far as the latter member is concerned, than the popular conception of the word gentleman. The youth who enters the ward room from a home where he has been accustomed to a few luxuries and little attendance, finds himself in a place where dinner is conducted after a somewhat formal fashion, and where he may demand when he will the personal service of one or more attendants. It is a favorite theory in the service that the men most exacting toward the ship's "boys" are those who were brought up with little or nothing in the way of attendance at home. Be this as it may, the ward room denizens look like a company of well-bred, well-dressed men, and speak as one would expect such men to speak. Doubtless the simple and tasteful uniform is responsible for part of this, and certainly the average naval officer is better dressed in uniform than in citizen's attire.

Although the navy register shows a strong preponderance of English names, the navy is not largely recruited from old American families, nor does it include many sons of rich men or many youths from fashionable urban society. It represents American society, as a whole. Even the names that have been in the navy in times past are not largely represented in the navy of to-day. There is no Decatur, or Bainbridge, or McDonough, or Farragut.

The navy does not attract the gilded youth, because the pay is insufficient to meet the needs of lads brought up to love luxury. It does attract, however, the sons of the poor and of those that have moderate means. As American fathers do not ordinarily leave the bulk of their fortunes to their eldest sons, there are no cadets of rich families to crowd into the service, as is the case in foreign navies. The American farmer boy or mechanic's son, after a long course of study and discipline, goes forth, commission in hand, to meet on equal terms the aristocrats of foreign navies, and to take a part, as at Kiel, in royal receptions and like ceremonials.

There is in the navy a considerable number of officers of German descent, many of French descent, perhaps as many of Irish descent, though Irish names are not common; a good many of Dutch, and a few of Spanish and Italian. With all this mixture the navy has few names of outlandish sound to European ears. Perhaps the most foreign-sounding name is that of Cipriano Andrade, an engineer officer. Dr. Dismukes, also of the engineer corps, bears a name very close to that of a distinguished person. A few of the other odd names in the service are Colvocoresses, Brannerstauther and Hoogewerff. The number of Hebrew names is extremely small.—N. Y. Sun.

The Lawyer and His Client.

The extent to which lawyers can exercise their imagination when pleading in behalf of their clients is almost beyond belief; but sometimes the tables are turned in a very unexpected fashion.

On one occasion Mr. S—— was engaged in presenting the case of a woman who petitioned the court to grant her a judicial separation from her husband, a workingman, and urged that as she was in extreme poverty, she was entitled to alimony according to her husband's means.

With a voice broken in its pathos the lawyer dilated on the imperative necessity of the case, declaring that his client was utterly destitute, not having a mattress to lie upon, and not possessing the means to purchase a crust of bread.

When the evidence had been heard the judge, who well knew the counsel's unlimited powers of exaggeration, turned to the appellant and addressed to her a few questions.

"Have you, then, no occupation?"

"Yes, my lord; I am a nurse," was the incautious reply.

"And where are you employed?"

"I am at Mr. S——'s," she unwittingly rejoined, pointing to her counsel.

It was with the greatest difficulty that the judge refrained from joining in the shout of laughter with which this admission was hailed.—St. Louis Republic.

He Bluffed the Barber.

Old Blobbs entered the barber's and called for a shave. As usual, the barber began to badger the customer about "hair restorers, shampoos," and other knick-knacks. The old man withstood the siege bravely. Then the barber tried him for a hair cut in the usual strain.

"Hair's a little ragged, sir."

"Yes; like it that way."

"Longer than you usually wear it, ain't it, sir?"

"Think not."

"Looks as if it hadn't been cut for an age, sir."

"It hasn't."

At this point the old man rose and very politely drew off a wig, disclosing a pate underneath as bald as an ostrich's egg.—Liverpool Porcupine.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—How hot our clothes are has just been determined by a Dr. von Bebber, a German meteorologist. When the outside temperature is 50 degrees Fahrenheit, the temperature on the coat is 71.2 degrees, that between the coat and the waistcoat 78.6 degrees, between waistcoat and shirt 75.9 degrees, between shirt and undershirt 77.4 degrees, and between the woolen undershirt and the skin 90.9 degrees.

—The oil fields of Pennsylvania have produced during the year 1894 about 30,000,000 barrels of oil. During the year 1893, the total product was 31,000,000 barrels. The oil was sold during 1893 for 64 cents, and last year for 84 cents a barrel. In all about 3,900 new wells were drilled in 1894, while in the previous year only 2,000 new wells were prepared. The demand for Pennsylvania oil showed no diminution during the year.

—In a paper by T. Wrightson, read before the Royal society recently, evidence is brought forward to show that the welding of iron and steel is similar in character to the relegation of ice. Iron has been found to expand in passing from the liquid to the plastic state and then contracts to the solid form. Experiments at the mint have also shown that at the welding point iron cools under pressure. Welding differs from melting pieces together in that in the former case the union takes place below the temperature of fusion.—Engineering and Mining Journal.

—The normal wheat area of India is about 26,000,000 acres, against our own 33,500,000 acres. Its rice crop covers almost as much area as our corn crop, standing 69,000,000 of acres for Indian rice and 72,000,000 acres for American corn. About 16,000,000 acres are planted in cotton to our 20,000,000. India produces about 120,000,000 pounds of tea, which sells above 20 cents a pound. Indian tea is making great headway in England. Indigo is one of the few products that increases in value under modern conditions of production; 127,000 hundredweight of this product is worth more to-day by $1,000,000 than 175,000 hundredweight was a few years ago.

—One of the most remarkable things about the heart is the amount of work it does. Considering the organ as a pump, whose task it is to deliver a known quantity of blood, against a known "head," it is easy to show that in twenty-four hours a man's heart does about one hundred and twenty-four foot tons of work. "In other words," says a contemporary, "if the whole force expended by the heart in twenty-four hours were gathered into one huge stroke, such a power would lift one hundred and twenty-four tons one foot from the ground. A similar calculation has been made respecting the amount of work expended by the muscles involved in breathing. In twenty-four hours these muscles do about twenty-one foot tons of work."

MEXICAN PULQUE.

It Is the National Beverage of the Poor People.

The picturesque maguey plant, of which our century plant is a diminutive species, is found almost everywhere in Mexico. It looks so royal, even amid the foliage of the tropics, that it would seem to belong to the gardens of the dons and grandees; but it is cultivated chiefly by the Mexican Indian races, and is regarded as the poor man's cow. It is of slow growth, and when it reaches maturity it is milked until it dies, and a young plant is set in its place.

The juice of the maguey plant is called pulque—pronounced poolkay—and is a national beverage among the poor people of Mexico. When fermented it tastes like sour milk, and it is in this condition that it is commonly used. It is slightly intoxicating when drank in large quantities, and of late the same moral objection has been brought against it as against light wines, ale and common beer. It is said to make people dull, sleepy and lazy.

It has become a somewhat famous remedy for diseases of the kidneys, as people who use it are said to be exempt from such weaknesses. A like claim has been made for sour milk and buttermilk. Many Americans go to Mexico to drink pulque as a medicine. What its real value is in such cases remains to be determined. We can see how the pulque habit, once formed, might lead to other habits which might prove seriously detrimental.

It is a curious sight in the City of Mexico to see the pulque venders come down from the hills of the country with sacks of the milk on their backs. Their bronze faces are not devoid of beauty, but are so serious as to indicate a hard life. They look like packhorses.

"Let us go out and see an Indian milk his cow," said a Mexican gentleman to an American boy visiting his hacienda.

The Indian went to a large pulque plant and cut out the main stem. He then inserted a gourd-like object, exhausted the air in it, and so drew into it the sweet milk, which he poured into his sack. He then put back the main stalk.

"He will not have to milk his cow again," said the Mexican. "Milk will gather in the cavity for months. So you see he has the advantage over you Americans."—Youth's Companion.

A City Built in a Cherry Seed.

At the time of the French Crystal Palace exposition a Nuremberg toymaker exhibited a cherry stone within the cavity of which he had built a perfect plan of the city of Sebastopol, streets, railway approaches, bridges, etc. A powerful microscope was used in exhibiting this wonderful miniature city, and it is estimated that not less than five hundred thousand people took a peep at the results of the toymaker's toil. Each of these five hundred thousand sight-seers deposited a one-franc piece in the hands of the ingenious workman, the total of the cash thus taken in netting him a snug little fortune.—St. Louis Republic.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE WEARY WOODEN SOLDIER.

My wooden head is cracked across,
I've lost my youthful charms;
I've lost, alack, one wooden leg,
And both my wooden arms.

Full many a fight have I been in
'Twixt Fred and brother Hugh;
I've been officer and private
(I've been ammunition, too).

I've been used to poke the fire with;
I've been dipped into the ink;
And I've made a perilous journey
Adown the kitchen sink.

I've been drowned, and I've been married;
I've been buried, and dug up;
I've been "worried" round the garden
By that seven-months'-old pup.

In short this mortal life is such
That, though I'm truly brave,
I long, with all my wooden heart,
For just a quiet grave.

—Theo Bernard, in Harper's Young People.

EVERYBODY LAUGHED.

Huge Crowd Amused by a Terrier and an Indestructible Rat.

A rat, a terrier and a small boy caused thousands of people to congregate on West Madison street about nine o'clock the other night, and it was not a real rat, either. The rat, which was a most natural-looking rubber affair, was connected with a long, thin pipe and a bulb. Every time the boy squeezed the bulb the rat would leap forward in a most lifelike manner and the ladies on the street would shriek with terror and gather up their skirts. This delighted the crowd, which surged down on the boy and the rat from every direction.

The fun was kept up for an hour or more, even the policeman on the beat stopping now and then for a good laugh. Suddenly, however, a sleek-looking rat terrier sprung through the crowd and made for his mortal enemy. Down he pounced. The boy gave the bulb a jab and the rat leaped about six feet. Again the dog made a spring. This time he caught the rat in his teeth and the pressure caused it to give out a most lifelike squeak, which delighted the dog and audience alike.

By this time the street was packed. Time after time the dog would shake the rat and put it down, only to see it leap again, to the wild delight of the crowd. For the first half hour it was mere play to the plucky little terrier, but after awhile things began to grow monotonous. The dog lay down for a rest and the rat jumped over him. This was too much for canine flesh and blood to stand; he leaped up again, and now the contest kept up until the dog fell from sheer exhaustion. Panting and with eyes protruding, he made a few more ineffectual snaps at the rubber rat, then turned over on his side and laid his head on the pavement. His owner worked his way through the crowd, picked up his pet in his arms, uttered a few remarks, and offered to lick the man who had killed his dog. The crowd jeered and dispersed, while the small boy strolled down the street in search of another ambitious rat terrier.—Chicago News.

THE QUEEN'S DONKEY.

Why Its Former Owner Wished He Had Sold Himself.

Queen Victoria, during her recent sojourn at Cimiez, on the French Mediterranean coast, was often seen to drive, on pleasant afternoons, a very sleek and comfortable-looking donkey. The aged queen, holding the reins herself, seemed greatly to enjoy her drive,

THE QUEEN'S EQUIPAGE.

and the complacency of the donkey suggested that he almost understood the honor which was being done him. The donkey, whose name is Jocko, has an interesting history.

During a previous sojourn in the same district, the queen was one morning enjoying herself incognita, in the open air at Acquisgrana, when she saw a peasant leading along by the bit a donkey which looked as though it had once been a fine animal of his kind, but now seemed to be almost starved. He was lean, languishing, evidently suffering.

The queen asked him if his donkey was for sale.

"That depends, signora," said the man. "If I were to sell him, now, how should I get my living?"

"How much did you pay for him?"

"A hundred francs."

"I will give you two hundred, and you can buy another donkey."

The man sold him to the unknown "signora," and poor Jocko at once began a new life. Abundantly fed and carefully groomed, he blossomed out as a royal favorite. The story spread, and the queen could take no more promenades with convenience, for she was certain every day to encounter several peasants who tried to sell her decrepit and half-starved donkeys. She bought none of them.

During her late visit the queen drove through Acquisgrana with Jocko, and his former owner, the peasant, saw the equipage go by. The donkey was fat, glossy and glittering with buckles of silver and gold.

"Alas!" exclaimed the peasant. "When I sold my donkey, why didn't I throw myself in?"—Youth's Companion.

Angelina's Help.

Said little Angelina: "My mamma fastens strings
Around her finger so that they will help her think of things.
So I thought I'd put a few around my fingers—so—
Just to keep me from forgetting my lessons, don't you know."—N. Y. World.

George Was All Right.

Her Mother—I abhor kissing. The idea of placing your lips to the lips of a man!

Herself — But I don't, mamma. George's mustache always prevents it.—Brooklyn Life.

LEARNING TO RUN.

One of the Most Healthful Exercises a Boy Can Take Up.

Running is one of the best of exercises for the whole body. It rounds out a hollow chest, drives the oxygen into the farthest air cells of the lungs, wonderfully increases their capacity, and develops the leg, thigh, stomach and waist muscles. But it must be learned, just as skating, swimming and bicycling have to be learned, and there are two things that must be kept in mind by the learner. The first is—whether in sprinting, distance or cross-country running—to run entirely on the ball of the foot, or, as they say on the track: "Get up on your toes!" By striking on the ball of the foot, which is a sort of a natural spring board, the runner takes a long stride and the

OUT FOR AN EARLY SPIN.

spring that he gets enables him to lift his foot more rapidly and repeat the stride more quickly than the runner who goes flat-footed. As length and rapidity of stride are what give speed in running, it follows that a flat-footed runner can never be a fast one. Another reason against pounding away flat-footed is that the delicate mechanism of the ankle, knee and hip is jarred and may in time be injured.

The second point for a runner to observe is his method of breathing. Breathe through both the nose and mouth. Nearly every boy when he first begins to run has the insane idea that all the breathing must be done through the nose. There was never a greater mistake. When a boy runs his heart beats much faster than it does ordinarily, and pumps out just so much more blood. All this must be aerated or purified by air from the lungs. The oppression that one feels when beginning to run is due to the lungs demanding more air for the extra quantity of blood which the heart is sending out. Nature has looked out for this, and provided a way by which air can be furnished to the lungs very rapidly. It is a very simple way, and consists of merely opening the mouth. Breathe, then, through the nose in ordinary life as much as possible, but when you are running or exercising violently open the mouth and take in air in deep, rapid breaths, not gulping it in through the mouth alone, but letting the mouth and nose have each their share.

Take a long a stride as possible, but without overbalancing the body. Bend the body slightly from the hips; for if it be held too erect the stride will be shortened. Let the bent arms swing easily and naturally a little above the level of the hips, swinging out and back with every stride. This keeps the muscles loose, prevents them from becoming tired so easily as they would if held rigid, and balances the body better. Take especial pains to keep the body from being stiff; let it swing as easily and lithely as possible. In sprinting the stride is shorter and more rapid than in long-distance running, and a sprinter usually runs with body thrown further back, in quite different form from the long, easy lope of the distance runner.—S. Scoville, Jr., in St. Nicholas.

PINNED TO THE GROUND.

How an Enraged Cow Managed to Whip a Grizzly Bear.

"Usually a cow does not stand much chance when she engages in a hand-to-hand conflict with a grizzly bear," said a Colorado stockman to a writer for Dumb Animals, "but several years ago one of my cows killed one of these animals and came out of the struggle without a scratch. The cow had recently had a calf. It being her first-born, the mother was exceedingly vicious, and it was unsafe for a stranger to approach her, as her horns were long and pointed. The cattle-shed had a thatched roof, and was scooped out of the hillside a short distance from the house.

"One night a bear, having smelled the presence of a cow and calf, mounted the roof of the shed and proceeded to force an entrance by scratching through the thatch. The cow at the same time detected the presence of the bear and held herself in readiness to receive the intruder. The noise of a terrible struggle aroused me, and grabbing a lantern I rushed from the house, and opening the shed door found the cow in a frantic state, hunting and tossing to and fro some large object, which evidently had lost all power of resistance.

"It turned out to be a good-sized grizzly, which had been run through and through the body by the courageous mother. The little calf was nestled in a corner, sleeping peacefully, and seemed unmindful of the maternal struggle. I suppose as soon as the bear gained an entrance through the roof it was pinned to the ground by the cow's horns before it had time to do any damage."

Boys Have Their Uses.

When Marquis De Lafayette was received in great state in Alexandria, the tiny market and church town of Washington in 1824, an eagle, obligingly loaned by a museum man, was perched upon the floral arch of welcome. At precisely the right moment the royal bird flapped his wings and uttered a scream of victory, being impelled thereto by a bright boy with a pin.

FARM AND GARDEN.

TIMELY BEE NOTES.

The apiary should be kept clean, neat and tidy—clear of high grass, weeds and rubbish.

Dampness in hives is the most damaging thing to bees during the winter that can befall them.

A sufficient number of drones is necessary, but an overproduction of them should always be prevented.

Natural swarming is not to be compared with artificial swarming, or dividing up, in securing numbers, if the proper plan is followed.

There is nothing gained on either side by robbing. It is an injury not only to the colony robbed, but also to the one doing the robbery.

Dividing may be continued in safety as long as the honey flow lasts, and if afterwards we desire more increase, it may readily be secured by feeding.

One of the first steps is to give an abundance of room for storing honey. This will arrest the first cause of swarming to a considerable extent.

All surplus boxes should be arranged so that they can be inspected daily and removed as soon as they are completed, occupying the space with empty ones, and in this way giving plenty of room at all times.

Much greater success is obtained in securing straight combs by the use of foundations, either by using full sheets, or starters of the same. But by proper management success can be secured to some extent, without either.

A colony selected for queens should not be the one in which drones are produced, as this will bring them too near akin, which should always be avoided. We should infuse new blood in the apiary every year or two.

Empty combs are valuable. They deserve the best of care, and can be made to last several years, doing good service six months out of the year. Combs that are new and bright are not nearly so liable to become infected with worms as those of a dark color.

In managing surplus boxes, use but one tier at a time, and after they are about half full of comb add another, but never put in on top of the one being filled. Raise the full one out and place the empty one under it. In this way the bees will occupy the whole double tier at once.

Care must be taken to remove all section boxes as soon as they are completed and add empty ones, always keeping the ones nearest full in the the upper tier. If the colony becomes so strong that two tiers of boxes will not accommodate them, add a third, or as many as will give the bees working room.—St. Louis Republic.

TROUGH FOR POULTRY.

Devices Which Secure Cleanliness and Keep the Birds Healthy.

Soft poultry food thrown on the ground or on a board is quickly trampled and befouled so that it is unfit to eat. Placing it in a shallow pan or trough helps the matter little, if any. The best way of feeding is to use covered pans or troughs which permit poultry to obtain food and at the same time keep them out of it with

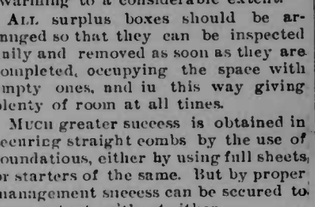

FIG. 1.—TROUGH FOR SMALL CHICKS.

their feet. For small chicks, a double trough is made of tin as shown in Fig. 1. It is 28 inches long and 4 inches wide, each half being 2 inches wide and 1¾ inches deep, with square ends soldered on. Tin is best as it is easily washed and kept clean. This trough is set inside of the box, seen in Fig. 2, the same in width and length, inside, and 8 inches high. It has a hinged cover fastened down with a hook and handle to lift by. Each side is open and fitted with wire oars placed ½ inches apart, each end of these wires

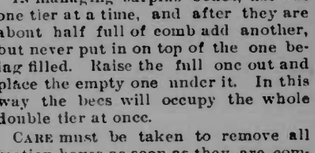

FIG. 2.—BOX FOR TROUGHS.

being bent at right angles, driven through the strips of wood and clinched. The food is placed in the trough by raising the cover of the box. A tight cover is necessary to protect the food from their droppings when they jump on the box and make a roost of it, which they are certain to do. Feed at one time only what will be eaten clean and keep the trough well washed out. Nothing is more productive of mouth, throat and bowel diseases in chicks than soured and musty food or a filthy feed trough.—Farm and Home.

Profit from an Acre of Hens.

It is a progressive farmer who can succeed in making one acre support a cow, and he is then perfectly satisfied with a profit of $50 from her. If an acre of land can be made to yield any kind of crop that will pay a profit of $50, the success attending such a result will be considered worthy of notice. Profit means, of course, all that portion of the gross receipts which remains after the full expenses are paid, and a profit of $50 an acre is very large. It is easy to figure (on paper) the possibilities of an acre of land, but there are facts abundant to demonstrate that $50 is but a small sum to derive from one acre of land devoted to poultry. It is rare to find a case where a large flock of poultry has been given the space of one acre that the hens did not pay well, although due credit is not always allowed for the "home" market, which calls for poultry and eggs, accounts not being kept with the family table.—Farm and Fireside.

HELP FROM MICROBES.

They Play an Important Part in the Digestion of Our Food.

Ordinary digestion is performed in the stomach and the intestines by means of soluble ferments secreted by the organic cells, which attack alimentary substances, dissociate them and render them assimilable; and this is perceived to be a function very similar to that of microbes. The digestive passages, however, contain immense quantities of microbes continually brought in with the food, multiplying infinitely and performing exceedingly complex offices. Even if we take up only a few of these offices we are compelled of necessity to assume that they intervene in digestive operations, either as aids to the organic diseases or as themselves effective agents. M. Duclaux, insisting on this point, has remarked that some celluloses are capable of being attacked only by microbes, no organic juice having sufficient strength to affect them. M. Pasteur does not believe in the possibility of digestion in a medium deprived of microbes.

Of the chemical activity of microbes, what we know is as nothing in comparison with what it may be. Every species, every race, every variety of microbe is charged with a special function; the division of labor is carried among them to its extreme limits, so much so that in any chemical reaction each microbe takes its part in producing the process at different stages. Each variety has its duty in the work, determines a partial dissociation of the material which another species completes, and so on to the extreme simplification of organic matter, reduced to its elementary constituents, or to such conditions as to be assimilable by the plant.—L. Capitan, in Popular Science Monthly.

He Will Not Drown Himself.

(From the Troy, N. Y., Times.)

R. W. Edwards, of Lansingburg, was prostrated by sunstroke during the war, and it has entailed on him peculiar and serious consequences. At present writing Mr. E. is a prominent officer of Post Lyon, G. A. R., Cohoes and a past aide do camp on the staff of the commander-in-chief of Albany Co. In the interview with a reporter, he said:

"I was wounded and sent to the hospital at Winchester. They sent me together with others to Washington—a ride of about 100 miles. Having no room in the box cars we were placed face up on the bottom of flat cars. The sun beat down upon our unprotected heads. When I reached Washington I was insensible and was unconscious for ten days while in the hospital. An abscess gathered in my ear and broke; it has been gathering and breaking over since. The result of this 100-mile ride and sunstroke was heart disease, nervous prostration, insomnia and rheumatism. A completely shattered system which gave me no rest night or day. As a last resort I took some Pink Pills and they helped me to a wonderful degree. My rheumatism is gone, my heart failure, dyspepsia and constipation are about gone, and the abscess in my ear has stopped discharging and my head feels as clear as a bell when before it felt as though it would burst, and my once shattered nervous system is now nearly sound. Look at those fingers," Mr. Edwards said, "do they look as if there was any rheumatism there?" He moved his fingers rapidly and freely and strode about the room like a young boy. "A year ago those fingers were gnarled at the joints and so stiff that I could not hold a pen. My knees would swell up, and I could not straighten my leg out. My joints would squeak when I moved them. That is the living truth.

"When I came to think that I was going to be crippled with rheumatism, together with the rest of my ailments, I tell you life seemed not worth living. I suffered from despondency. I cannot begin to tell you," said Mr. Edwards, as he drew a long breath, "what my feeling is at present. I think if you lifted ten years right off my life and left me prime and vigorous at forty-seven, I could feel no better. I was an old man and could only drag myself painfully about the house. Now I can walk off without any trouble. That in itself," continued Mr. Edwards, "would be sufficient to give me cause for rejoicing, but when you come to consider that I am no longer what you might call nervous and that my heart is apparently nearly healthy, and that I can sleep nights, you may realize why I may appear to speak in extravagant praise of Pink Pills. These pills quiet my nerves, take that awful pressure from my head, and at the same time enrich my blood. There seemed to be no circulation in my lower limbs a year ago, my legs being cold and clummy at times. Now the circulation there is as full and as brisk as at any other part of my body. I used to be so light-headed and dizzy from my nervous disorder that I frequently fell while crossing the floor of my house. Spring is coming and I never felt better in my life, and I am looking forward to a busy season of work."

The language of flowers—$, $, $, $, $.—Puck.

If you would shine in the world, be a bootblack.

What is there that is illustrious that is not also attended by labor?—Cicero.

The success of a church-choir singer is, after all, a matter of chants.

"Did you go to church yesterday?" "No, but I did the same thing. I took a nap."—Life.

A loving heart incloses within itself an unfailing and eternal Eden.—Richter.

A medical writer says children need more wraps than adults. They generally get more.

If you want to learn just where a man stands, follow him into a crowded street car.—Texas Siftings.

"I conclude that's a fly," said a young trout. "You are right, my dear," said its mother, "but never jump at conclusions."—Household Words.

Circus men turn everything to their own advantage—even a handspring.

Liberty is a principle; its community is its security—exclusiveness is its doom.—Kossuth.

A rich St. Louis girl is about to marry an Indian. Fortune seems to favor the brave.—Texas Siftings.

He—"I've a good mind to kiss you." She—"You'd better mind what you're about."—Boston Transcript.

Literary men are a good deal like hens. The author lays a plot and then the editor sits on it.—Texas Siftings.

If Solomon lived in these days the bright young men would ridicule him unmercifully.—Atchison Globe.

Would they could sell us experience, though at diamond prices, but then no one would use the article second-hand.—Balzac.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Fair Inquiry.

Mother—I am not whipping you because you went in swimming, but because you told me a story about it.

Boy (blubbering)—Well, if you didn't want to whip me anyhow, what did you ask me about it for?—Detroit Free Press.

Cholly—"Why do so many of the girls get married in June? 'June brides,' you know." Polly—"That's easy. It's because they're asked."—Chicago Record.

THE FARMER IS HAPPY!

The farmer reporting 60 bushels Winter Rye per acre; 6 tons of hay and 52 bushels of Winter Wheat has reason to be happy and praise Salzer's seeds! Now you try it for 1896 and sow now of grasses, Wheat and Rye. Catalogue and Samples free, if you write to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and send this slip along. [K]

An Alibi—"Where were you when the assault occurred?" asked the judge of the victim. "Sure'n O'i dun' no', yer honor. He hit me so hard O'i couldn't say."—Harper's Bazar.

Tobacco Stinking Breath.

Not pleasant to always carry around, but it don't compare with the nerve-destroying power that tobacco keeps at work night and day to make you weak and impotent. Dull eyes, loss of interest in sweet words and looks tell the story. Brace up—quit. No-To-Bac is a sure, quick cure. Guaranteed by Druggists everywhere. Book, titled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

Ladies in stockholder's box (who are being hissed for talking loudly)—"As if we hadn't heard the 'Tell' overture before!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Laugh and Grow Fat!

You shall do both, even if you are a slab-sided, pallid, woe-begone dyspeptic, if you reinforce digestion, insure the conversion of food into rich and nourishing blood, and recover appetite and sleep by the systematic use of the great renovator of health, strength and flesh, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which also remedies malarial, kidney and rheumatic trouble, nervousness, constipation and biliousness.

She—"Do you still treasure my photograph?" The Colonel—"Do I? I've had it set in my pocket flask."—Life.

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—Mrs. W. Pickert, Van Sielen and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, '94.

We speak of some men as all wool, probably because they shrink at nothing.—Boston Transcript.

Rheumatic Pains are greatly relieved by Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say.—Colton.

SCROFULA

Miss Delia Stevens, of Boston, Mass., writes: I have always suffered from hereditary Scrofula, for which I tried various remedies, and many reliable physicians, but none relieved me. After taking 6 bottles of S.S.S. I am now well. I am very grateful to you, as I feel that it saved me from a life of untold agony, and shall take pleasure in speaking only words of praise for the wonderful medicine, and in recommending it to all.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free to any address.

SSS CURED

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

No Failure of Crops! A Sure Thing!

GARDEN, FRUIT AND TRUCK FARMS.

10 ACRES will give a family a good living. 40 ACRES will place you in a few years in an independent position.

WHY SLAVE ALL YOUR LIVES!

When Georgia and South Carolina offer such grand inducements for the frugal, thrifty man and woman—climate, soil and surroundings unsurpassed. FREE RAILROAD FARE. Free moving of all your effects, from the time you reach our road. Call or address LAND DEPARTMENT, Augusta Southern R. R., Carolina Midland R. R. Walter M. Jackson, Commissioner of Immigration, Augusta, Ga. F. S. Morbaunt, General Agent, 225 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root

The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.

At Druggists, 50c & $1. Advice & Pamphlet free.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Franklin College, New Athens, O. Total cost, $140 a year. Best cheapest. Catalog free.

THE ADVICE OF A FRIEND.

"Breakfast over! And the work all done?
What is the secret of your success?
And your children so happy and full of fun:
Show me the charm that you possess."

"Thee lives to high," the Friend replied.
"Eat our simple meal and thee will boast,
The charm is thine when thee has tried
"FRIENDS' OATS" and cream and buttered toast."

In Europe, England and the States,
"FRIENDS' OATS" have reached the goal;
And each new customer relates,
A trial placed him on the roll.

"You will notice that I have you on the string," said the boy to the kite. "Yes," answered the kite. "And that is what makes me soar."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Most Pleasant Way

Of preventing the grippe, colds, headaches, and fevers is to use the liquid laxative remedy Syrup of Figs, whenever the system needs a gentle, yet effective cleansing. To be benefited one must get the true remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all druggists in 50c. and $1 bottles.

"What must precede baptism?" asked the rector, when catechising the Sunday-school. "A bathy," exclaimed a bright boy, with the air of one stating a self-evident truth.—Ex.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

Correction does much, but encouragement does more.—Goethe.

LEAVES ITS MARK

—every one of the painful irregularities and weaknesses that prey upon women. They fade the face, waste the figure, ruin the temper, wither you up, make you old before your time.

Get well: That's the way to look well. Cure the disorders and ailments that beset you, with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It regulates and promotes all the womanly functions, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH in cakes for general blacking of a stove.

THE SUN PASTE POLISH for a quick after-dinner shine, applied and polished with a cloth.

Morse Bros., Props., Canton, Mass., U.S.A.

Burlington Route

SUMMER VACATION TOURS

Special Car Parties, Personally Conducted

To COLORADO AND THE YELLOWSTONE PARK

FIRST TOUR

Twenty Days; Cost $100.00

Leaving Chicago Wednesday, June 26

To the Yellowstone Park via Colorado, Marshall Pass, Glenwood Springs, Salt Lake City. Six days' tour of Yellowstone Park. Returning through the Black Hills, via the Custer Battlefield and Hot Springs, So. Dak.

SECOND TOUR

Seventeen Days; Cost $130.00

Leaving Chicago Wednesday, Aug. 7

To the Yellowstone Park by way of Kansas City, Mo., and Lincoln, Neb. Through the Black Hills via Hot Springs, Deadwood and Custer Battlefield. Six days' tour of Yellowstone Park. Returning via Minneapolis and Lake Minnetonka.

THIRD TOUR

Fourteen Days; Cost $130.00

Leaving Chicago Wednesday, Aug. 14

Through Scenic Colorado by way of Denver, Manitou, Pike's Peak, Colorado Springs, Royal Gorge, Marshall Pass—Around the Circle—Mount Ouray, stage ride, Rico, Durango, Glenwood Springs and Leadville.

The cost of tickets for these Tours includes railroad transportation, sleeping-car fares, meals and lodging, carriage and side trips—everything save the incidental expenses.

THE SERVICE IN ALL RESPECTS WILL BE FIRST CLASS IN EVERY PARTICULAR.

Consult your nearest ticket agent in regard to these parties, or send for a descriptive pamphlet to

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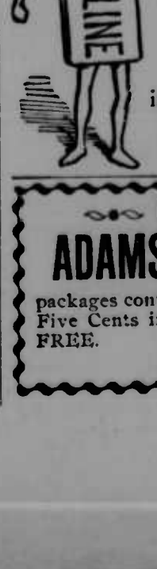

with Pearline. 'Twould be absurd. It isn't necessary. Pearline contains everything of a soapy nature that's needed or that's good to go with it. And Pearline is so much better than soap that it has the work all done before the soap begins to take any part.

You're simply throwing away money. It's a clear waste of soap—and soap may be good for something, though it isn't much use in washing and cleaning, when Pearline's around. 491

Millions NOW USE Pearline

POPULAR NOVELS.

ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI

packages contain a list of novels by the most popular Authors. Five Cents in stamps will procure any one of them delivered FREE.

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ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

Moses Wensel, et al., vs. William Haun, et al
No. 708 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

The object of this suit is to procure a sale of the real estate of John Haun, late of Garrett county, deceased,

The Bill of Complaint alleges that the said John Haun departed this life about the 12th day of March, 1892, seized and possessed of certain real estate in said county as shown by Exhibit A., leaving surviving him as his only representatives and heirs at law the following persons, to-wit: Jane Haun, his widow, who has since departed this life, to-wit, on the 29th day of April, 1895; Valinda H. Hann, who intermarried with Moses Wensel; Sarah R. Haun, who intermarried with Geo S. Biggs; Lydia M. Haun, who intermarried with George W. Poland, George Haun, William Haun, Thomas J. Haun, Isaiah Haun and W. Scott Haun, his children.

That said John Haun now deceased was indebted unto the plaintiff, Moses Wensel, in a very large sum of money, for money loaned, for labor performed and materials provided, for money paid for the said John Haun by the said Moses Wensel, at his request, and for services rendered to the said decedent by said Moses Wensel and family for the period of about twenty years, during which time the said decedent and his wife resided with Moses Wensel upon the said real estate described in the said Exhibit A.; the said Jane Haun, wife of said John Haun being an invalid and confined to her bed the greater portion of her time, requiring the constant attention of the said Moses Wensel and family in caring for, nursing, maintaining and providing for the wants and necessities of the said John Haun and Jane Haun, his wife.

That while living on said real estate and caring for said decedent and his wife, the plaintiff, Moses Wensel, at great expense to himself made many valuable improvements upon said real estate, far exceeding the rental value of the same for said period of twenty years.

That said John Haun, deceased, left no personal property of any character upon which administration could be had or out of which said claims could be paid, and that the plaintiffs are advised that they are entitled to have said real estate sold under a decree of this court, the claims of the various creditors paid out of the proceeds of said sale, and the balance, if any, distributed amongst the persons entitled thereto according to their respective interests therein.

The Bill then prays for a decree for sale of said real estate and proceeds distributed as aforesaid, and for a writ of subpoena against resident defendants and an order of publication against non-resident defendants as follows: George Haun, whose residence to your plaintiffs is unknown; Thomas J. Haun and W. Scott Haun, who reside in the State of Pennsylvania.

It is thereupon ordered, this 7th day of August, A. D. 1895, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county in equity, that the plaintiffs cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the Bill to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 7th day of September next; giving notice to the said George Haun, Thomas J. Haun and W. Scott Haun and warning them to appear in person or by solicitor in this court on or before the 2d day of September next to show cause, if any they have, why a decree shall not pass as prayed,

H. HUNTER BOYD.

True copy, Test:—
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ¼ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
T. R. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county the 12th day of April, 1895, at the suit of Thomas A. Netzkin against Adam S. Sell, the same being No. 7 Judgebts to July term, 1894, the undersigned Sheriff will, on

Saturday, the 31st Day of August, 1895,

at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, on the premises of the said Adam S. Sell in Garrett county, sell to the highest bidder for cash on the day of sale, all of the following described real estate and personal property belonging to the said defendant Adam S. Sell: First, all that part of a tract of land situated in Garrett county, Maryland, which is known and designated as a part of a tract of land called "Good Hope," and being the same lot of ground that was conveyed to the said Adam S. Sell by deed from Francis R. Netzkin and wife dated the 27th day of April, 1892, and duly recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No 19 folio 467, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett County and containing the quantity of one hundred and twenty-six and a half acres.

Second, all the following personal property: One two horse wagon, one white mule fourteen years old, one bay horse eleven years old, one sorrel mare, one red cow eight years old, one spotted cow seven years old, one bull calf and one heifer calf. Said real estate and personal property will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs.

CHARLES WEIGMAN, Sheriff.

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments.
Headstones,
AND
Chimney Pipe
WITH
J. B. WILLIAMS.
FROSTBURG, MD.
AGENTS WANTED.
4193.yr—8

Just Received,

A Car Load of Watermelons, Canteloupes, Bananas, Potatoes and Apples and will sell you at your own price.

Fruit and Vegetables received daily.

We will sell you Groceries at the lowest possible price.

Just received, a fresh line of Marvin's crackers. They are the best and cheapest.

We are still in the Jewelry business and will sell you good goods at a low figure. What we have not in stock we will get you on short notice.

Anything in our line we will gladly sell you as cheap as you can buy elsewhere. Give us a call.

W. H. MALETTE,
Fancy Grocer and Jeweler.

P. S.—When in Mt. Lake Park try our Ice Cream, Meals and Lunches, "Auditorium Restaurant."

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
Real Estate,
In Garrett County, Md.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, passed on the 16th day of July, A. D. 1895, in a cause in said court depending, wherein John Hetrick et al, by Henry Folk *pro chein ami* are plaintiffs and Charles W. Hetrick is defendant, it being No. 703 on the Equity docket of said court, the undersigned trustee will sell at public auction in front of John E. Guagey's store in the town of Accident, Garrett county, Maryland, on

Saturday, August 10,

1895, at 1 o'clock p. m., all the real estate in the proceedings mentioned, to-wit:

All of the following described lots, pieces or parcels of land, lying westward of Fort Cumberland in Garrett county, Maryland, and known and designated as

Military Lot No. 3227,
Containing 40 Acres, and
LOT NUMBER 3229,
Containing 37¼ Acres,

and being the same property described in a deed from Martin Hetrick to Rachel Hetrick dated the 3rd day of May, 1890, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, folio 23, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and comprises what is commonly known as

"The Timothy Miller Place,"

located about two and one-half miles southeast of Accident.

The entire farm is under fence and about 70 acres are cleared and under cultivation. The other improvements consist of a two story log house containing five rooms; a log barn shedded, and other necessary outbuildings, and a good orchard in bearing.

TERMS OF SALE:

As prescribed by the decree—One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash, one-third in 6 months and one-third in 12 months from the day of sale, or the entire purchase money may be paid in cash at the option of the purchaser, the deferred payments to be secured to the satisfaction of the trustee.

EDWARD H. SINCELL, Trustee.
19—td

TRUSTEES' SALE
—OF—
Real Estate
—IN—
Garrett County, Md.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, passed on the 24th day of March, 1895, in a cause in said court depending, wherein Margaret Miller is plaintiff and Frederick Mertens et al. are defendants, it being No. 687 on the Equity docket of said court, the undersigned trustees will sell at public auction in front of Mayers' Drug Store in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, on

Saturday, Aug. 24th,

1895, at 1 o'clock p. m., all the real estate in the proceedings mentioned, to-wit:

All that real estate which was conveyed by George Elzer et al. to Frederick Mertens, Richard J. West and Albert L. Miller by deed dated June 21, 1873, and recorded among the Land Records of Garrett county in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 138; the undivided one-third of which was conveyed by the said Richard J. West and wife to the said Frederick Mertens and Albert L. Miller by deed dated July 27, 1874, and recorded among said Land Records in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folios 462, etc.

Said property comprises

822 ACRES,

more or less, and consists of a tract of land called

MUCH TO DO ABOUT NOTHING,
CONTAINING 612 ACRES,

more or less, described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a stone planted in a glade at the end of the second line of a tract of land surveyed for Lord Baltimore, called "Green Glade Manor," (said stone standing North 81 degrees East 22 perches, from a double pine, marked with nine notches each, and the letters W. G. L., and running thence South 79 degrees East 5 perches to a stone, thence North 31 degrees East 160 perches, to a bounded pine, thence North 40 degrees West 70 peaches to a stone, thence North 61 degrees East 180 perches to a bounded service and white oak, thence North 87 degrees West 357 perches to a bounded white oak, thence South 20½ degrees West 183 perches to a bounded pine, and thence with a straight line to the beginning.

And also another tract called

"ELK LICK,"
CONTAINING 210 ACRES.

more or less, described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at two bounded pines standing at the end of eighteen perches on the first line of Lot No. 1878, and running thence North 57 degrees West 18 perches, North 33 degrees East 73 perches to a bounded pine, South 57 degrees East 240 perches to the end of the first line of Lot No. 1858 (marked Oct 31, 1855, by a triple pine on the east side of the "Green Glade,") South 89 perches, West 109 perches, South 61 perches, West 100 perches, North 5 perches, North 35 degrees East 72 perches, to the end of the first line of the original Lot No. 1880, North 35 degrees West 195 perches, North 33 degrees East 11 perches, to the beginning of Lot No. 1878, and then by a straight line to the beginning.

Said land is well adapted for

Farming Purposes,

but is unimproved.

TERMS OF SALE:

As prescribed by the decree—One-half cash and the balance in one year; the deferred payment to bear interest from day of sale, and to be secured with security satisfactory to the trustees.

J. W. S. COCHRANE,
DAVID W. SLOAN,
Trustees.

(For further information apply to either of the Trustees at Cumberland, Md.) 19—6t

For satisfactory barbering try Liller and you will call again.

LAST CUT SALE
—AT—
SINCELL BROS.

Having decided to retire from business on account of ill health, we will close out our entire stock of goods at actual cost.

CLOTHING.

MEN'S CLOTHING.					BOYS' CLOTHING.				
$16.00	Suits	reduced	to	$8.50	$12.00	Suits	Reduced	to	$7.50
14.00	"	"	"	7.50	10.00	"	"	"	6.00
12.00	"	"	"	6.50	8.00	"	"	"	5.00
10.00	"	"	"	5.75	6.00	"	"	"	4.00
8.00	"	"	"	4.75	5.00	"	"	"	3.50
7.00	"	"	"	4.00					

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

$5.00	Suits	Reduced	to	$3.00
4.00	"	"	"	2.00
3.00	"	"	"	1.75
2.50	"	"	"	1.65

SHOES.

LADIES' SHOES.				
$5.00	Shoes	Reduced	to	$3.75
4.00	"	"	"	3.00
3.50	"	"	"	2.75
3.00	"	"	"	2.25
2.50	"	"	"	1.75
2.00	"	"	"	1.50
1.75	"	"	"	1.15
1.50	"	"	"	1.00
1.25	"	"	"	90
1.00	"	"	"	80

MEN'S SHOES.				
$4.00	Shoes	Reduced	to	$3.00
3.00	"	"	"	2.65
2.50	"	"	"	1.75
2.00	"	"	"	1.50
1.50	"	"	"	1.00
1.25	"	"	"	90

DRY GOODS.

25 Yards Muslin for $1.00
15 cent muslin for 12 cents
12½ cent muslin for 10 cents
10 cent muslin for 7½ cents
8 cent muslin for 6 cents
7 cent muslin for 5 cents
6 cent muslin for 4¾ cents
15 cent French gingham for 10 cents
12½ cent French gingham for 9 cents
10 cent gingham for 7 cents
8 cent gingham for 6 cents
7 cent gingham for 4¾ cents

We will also sell our full line of
Dress Goods, Silks, Trimmings, Embroideries, Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbons, Draperies, Towels,
Ladies' Summer Undervests
White Goods, Novelties, Hats, Trunks, Etc.,
At the ACTUAL COST of them.

This we consider a rare bargain for the buyers of this line of goods.

Respectfully,

SINCELL BROS.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

are good for sick headache, constipation, piles, bilious colic, fever and ague, dyspepsia, rheumatism, female complaints, dizziness, flatulence, sour stomach, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general debility. They will positively cure all disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. 25 cents a box.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

helps babes over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, controls the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no strong drugs and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good—25 cents a bottle.

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours has'n't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.
JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

SAMUEL LAWTON,
—DEALER IN—
Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

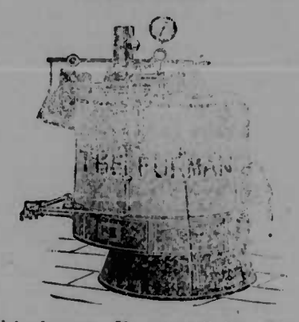

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle
23—1yr. Repairing.

ORDER NISI.

Samuel Lawton, late Treasurer of Garrett County, vs. Thomas Nethkin.
In the Circuit Court for Garrett County. No. 57 Trials to July Term, 1895.

It is ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 9th day of July, 1895, that the tax sale as made and reported by Samuel Lawton, late Treasurer, in the above entitled cause, and made to the County Commissioners of said county, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 2nd day of August, 1895; provided that a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett county, Md., once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 2nd day of August, 1895.

EDWARD STAKE.

True Copy, Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

84 inches high. Top can be adjusted to any angle or Light Revolving Case 15 x 15 x 12 inches. Holds about 20 vols Law size. Strongly well finished Metal Base and Sides With Solid Oak Shelves and Top,—160,000 now used. Sent Knock'd down (20 lbs). On approval. Address March Mfg Co CHICAGO Agents ...

Cleaning, Repairing, Altering and Pressing at Moderate Prices and Done at Shortest Notice.
Ladies Work Cleaned, Colored and Altered.

Acme Tailoring Co.,
M. COHEN, Proprietor.
RAILROAD STREET, NEAR DEPOT
OAKLAND, MD.
A Fine Line of Imported Goods
ALWAYS ON HAND.
Branch of 1315 Penna. Ave., Washington.
We are recommended by many of the leading people of Oakland.

ORDER NISI.

Samuel Lawton, Late Treasurer of Garrett County, vs. George T. Wilt.
In the Circuit Court for Garrett County. No. 36 Trials to July Term, 1895.

It is ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, this 9th day of July, 1895, that the tax sale as made and reported by Samuel Lawton, late Treasurer, in the above entitled cause, and made to the County Commissioners of said county, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be show on or before the 2nd day of August, 1895; provided that a copy of this order be published in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks prior to the 2nd day of August, 1895.

EDWARD STAKE.

True Copy. Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Proposals for Building a Bridge.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., July 31, 1895.

Sealed proposals will be received by the County Commissioners until Wednesday, September 11, 1895, (no bids received after 11 o'clock), for the construction of a wooden bridge across Yough River at Crellin. Bridge is 150 feet long, to be constructed after plans and specifications found in the commissioners' office. The material used is to be of sound, live oak. Further information can be obtained by applying to the clerk.

By order of the Board,
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have restored the practice of law; office in the Feltz Building opposite the postoffice where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

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CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING.
Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OFFICE ON ALDEN STREET,

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OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.
Drs. McLane & Berkeley,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
FROSTBURG, MD.
Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.
See date of visit to Oakland in local columns. 2—26t

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8:30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
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JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent.
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-1st.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 160 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

--WANTED--
WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER
Also White Oak Timber Land.
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.
Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
22tf 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

The Wesleyan Female Institute,
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.
For girls and young women. Established 1842. Full corps of experienced teachers. Location healthy, central and accessible. For catalogues and particulars apply to
REV. HENRY P. HAMILL,
13-15t President.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1895. NUMBER 23.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings In and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

Mr. P. P. Lohr, of Bittinger, was in the city Monday.

W. A. Smith, of Hoyes, was an Oakland visitor on Saturday.

Mrs. G. A. Bolden and little son, of Terra Alta, are here visiting relatives.

Mr. Wm. R. Michaels, of westernport, was in town to-day and called on us.

Mr. G. E. Bishoff, of Hoyes, was calling on friends in Oakland last Friday.

Mr. Nimrod Glotfelty, of Accident, was here last Saturday and visited us.

Rev. Father Stanton, of Lonaconing, was here Tuesday visiting his parents.

Miss Madge Veith, of Hyattsville, Md., is visiting Miss Gracia Walker, of this place.

Mr. M. N. Wilson, of Wilson, W. Va., was an Oakland visitor Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Rebecca Firestone, of Frederick, Md., is here visiting Mrs. Leah F. Sincell.

Mrs. and Miss Zimmerman, of Terra Haute, Ind., are registered at the Glades.

Mr. H. J. Metheney, a former employee of this office, is visiting friends in town.

Mrs. Van Buskirk drove from Elkins yesterday, and is the guest of Miss Mattie Porter.

Mr. W. T. Robertsou, of Clarksville, Ohio, is the guest of C. J. Newman on Third street.

Mr. John L. Harne, of Clarksburg, West Va., is here on a few days' visit to his parents.

Mr. G. A. Spedden went to Cambridge, Md., yesterday on a two week's visit to friends.

Mrs. Edith Glover, of Keyser, spent two or three days in Oakland this week visiting relatives.

Mrs. S. S. Boggs and daughter, of Baltimore, are here on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Offutt.

Mr. H. P. Tasker came up from Cumberland on Saturday and remained a few days with friends.

Miss Kate Spedden went to Parson, W. Va., Monday to attend teacher's institute and examination.

Our old friend Jonas Frazee, of Pittsburg, was shaking hands with friends and acquaintances in town.

The Uniform Rank, K. of P. are preparing to attend the union picnic at Terra Alta on next Thursday.

Mrs. E. M. Spedden and little son are at Davis, W. V., as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Tillson.

LOST.—An account book. A reward of $5 will be paid for its return to William Wharton, Oakland.

Mr. Newton Calvert, of Kingwood, W. Va., was visiting his sister, Mrs. Rev. Arbuthnot, the first of this week.

Mr. J. Alvin Friend, of Sang Run, was here several days last and this week visiting friends and transacting business.

Miss Bessie Cody, of Cumberland, who visited Miss Nellie Offutt a few days last week, returned to her home Saturday.

Dr. Ravenscroft has purchased a lot in Crook's addition to Oakland and commenced the erection of a dwelling house thereon.

Mrs. R. B. Waddle and Miss Lizzie Riley, of Brandonville, W. Va., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Coddington this week.

Miss Annie Spedden, who spent the winter in Statesboro, Georgia, arrived here Saturday night and will remain during the summer.

Mr. G. A. Smith, of Buckhannon, W. Va., leader of the Buckhannon band, is stopping at the Central hotel.

Severe griping pains of the stomach and bowels instantly and effectually stopped by DeWitt's Colic and Cholera Cure.

There is no doubt, no failure, when you take DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure. It is pleasant, acts promptly, no bad after effects.

A garden party will be given at Dr. E. K. Goldsborough's residence on next Thursday evening for the benefit of St. Matthew's church.

H. F. Killen, a former tonsorial artist of this place, but lately of Rowlesburg, W. Va., is now holding a chair in Crim's barber shop.

On last Saturday Mr. E. H. Sincell, trustee, sold at public auction the real estate belonging to the estate of Martin Hetrick, deceased, to Mr. Jacob Feik, for $1,000.

Mr. Ed. Miller lost a pocketbook at Mt. Lake Park. The finder will be rewarded by returning same to Mr. Miller at the Commercial Hotel.

Rev. M. A. Ryan of the Immaculate Conception church, Washington, has been spending a short vacation with the family of Lawrence Stanton.

Mr. J. H. Sadler, the eastern shore fish commissioner, accompanied by his wife, spent several days at Lake Brown last and this week as the guests of ex-Senator Browning and wife.

Mrs. Harry W. Dowling and little daughter, Agues, of Brookland, Washington. D. C., are visiting the Misses Stanton, also Miss Margaret Gilmore, of Piedmont.

A lady's gray waterproof ulster was lost between Aurora and Oakland on Thursday, Aug 8. The finder will be suitably rewarded by returning it to Mr. Percy Procter, Oakland, Md. 23-1t

Garthright has just received the largest, cheapest and best stock of men's clothing and ladies' dress goods that ever came to Garrett county. Everything good and cheap. 22-2t.

Miss Florence Parks, of Kingwood, W. Va., and Miss Cora Jones, of Terra Alta, have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Jones since our last issue.

We are sorry to report the dangerous illness of Mrs. J. C. Alderson, of Mt. Lake Park. The physicians reported last evening that she could not live through another night.

Tuesday evening near the Bosley house, Mr. M. Boyle's buggy collided with Mr. W. Y. Waltz's delivery wagon, breaking the buggy and hurting Mr. Boyle's little son, who was with him in the buggy at the time.

By action of the Council at the meeting on last Monday night a committee was appointed to secure a street sprinkler, which was done and on Saturday it was put in operation, but not being arranged properly it did not do very satisfactory work.

Mr. Andrew Sollars, of Emory, West Va., was here on last Saturday and left with us the names of all parties whom Rev. William Welch, deceased, officiated as minister at their marriges. The list contains about fifteen hundred names and will be printed in book form by us for Mr. Sollars.

A Republican and Democratic newspaper are published simultaneously on Wednesdays, from the same printing press in the town of Milton, Cabell county, W. Va. The Democratic editor occupies one corner and the Republican quill pusher the other of the same room. This truly, is one instance where the Democratic lion and the Republican lamb slumber together.—State Times.

Why do without a wagon or buggy when you can get one from A. D. Naylor at nearly your own price and terms? Vehicles on hand this week. For sale at A. D. Naylor's one canopy top 3-seated platform wagon. one pheaton, two carts, two delivery wagons, four top buggies, two open buggies, two buck wagons, two spring wagons, two seats; one dayton and two one-horse road wagons and a fine lot of buggy and wagon poles from $6 up. 23-1t

In order to introduce Chamberlain's Cough Remedy here we sold several dozen bottles on strict guarantee and have found every bottle did good service. We have used it ourselves and think it superior to any other. W. I. Mowrey, Jarvisville, W. Va. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

B. H. Bowman, Pub. Enquirer, of Bremen Ind., writes: Last week our little girl baby the only one we have was taken sick with croup. After two doctors failed to give relief and life was hanging on a mere thread we tried One Minute Cough Cure and its life was saved. Oakland Pharmacy.

American newspaper readers are sharp. They do not read advertisements for amusement; they seek news of goods and prices as well as of current events. Ads may be made newsy and attractive without any labored efforts to tickle the risibilities. Wise merchants are arriving at a better understanding of these facts.—Printer's Ink.

A beautiful little illustrated souvenir of the Alleghenies has recently been circulated by Messrs. Garges & Bartlett, two of Garrett county's enterprising young men. The book is illustrated with views of residences and business places of Oakland, Deer Park and Mountain Lake Park together with a large number of glimpses from the numerous elevated points around the above mentioned towns. The book sells for 50 cents.

The preliminary survey on the extension of the Oakland and Confluence railroad has been completed, but as yet we have not been informed what those interested have determined to do in connection with the completion of the road, although it has been reported that work will be commenced on the extension at some early day. The route as surveyed will follow the river from near Oakland to the Club House near Friendsville.

Prof. J. S. Robinson, of the house of Messrs. Sanders & Stayman, of Baltimore, agents for the celebrated Estey organs, Weber, Decker Bros., Ivers & Pond, Fischer, Estey and other pianos, will be the guest of Dr. Mahlon Hinebaugh for a season, where he will be pleased to see any person who may contemplate purchasing instruments. He will also be prepared to tune or repair either organs or pianos during his stay, and will promptly attend to all orders left with Dr. Hinebaugh or his son, Dr. Jno. G. Robinson. 23 tf

The colored campmeeting closed on Sunday night, after a week's services. Sunday at 11 a. m. the services were conducted by Rev. W. T. H. Addison, of Cumberland. At 3 p. m. Annie E. Brown, of Washington, D. C., despite the rain, gave quite a good talk. At night Rev. Addison delivered an excellent sermon, followed by Mrs. Brown, who gave a short and very impressive talk and closed by singing "God be With You till We Meet Again."

Kenneth Bazemorn had the good fortune to receive a small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy when three members of his family were sick with dysentery. This one bottle cured them all and he had some left which he gave to Geo. W. Baker, a prominent merchant of the place, Lewiston, N. C., and it cured him of the same complaint. When troubled with dysentery, diarrhoea, colic or cholera morbus, give this remedy a trial and you will be more than pleased with the result. The praise that naturally follows its introduction and use has made in very popular. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. James Barrick, of Keyser, was visiting the family of Mr. Godfrey Felty the first of this week.

When moving into our present home I found a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm left by a former tenant. On the label I found the statement that it was good for cuts and burns. I can testify to the truth of this. Nothing in all my experience has found its equal for treating blisters or burns. F. E. Barrett, manager Le Sueur Sentinel, Le Sueur, Minn. Pain Balm is also a sure cure for rheumatism. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

My boy was taken with a disease resembling bloody flux. The first thing I thought of was Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Two doses of it settled the matter and cured him sound and well. I heartily recommend this remedy to all persons sufferiug from a like complaint. I will answer my inquiries regarding it when stamp is enclosed. I refer to any county official as to my reliability. Wm. Roach, J. P., Primroy, Campbell Co., Tenn. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

A new counterfeit ten dollar national bank note has been discovered by the secret service bureau at Washington. The notes are photographic productions of brownbacks, series of 1892, check letter "C." It is printed on two pieces of paper, pasted together, between which red silk threads are placed. The numbering and seals have been colored by brush. The printing of the notes is so badly blurred that discrepencies between them and the genuine cannot be shown. The notes bear the large scalloped seal printed in dark red instead of chocolate.

An editor on being asked if he ever saw a bald-headed woman, replied in the following veiu: No, we never did. Nor did we ever see a woman waltzing 'ronnd town in her shirt-sleeves with a cigar between her teeth and run into every saloon she saw. We have never seen a woman go a-fishing with a bottle in her hip-pocket, sit on the damp ground all day and go home drunk at night. Nor have we seen a woman take off her coat and say she could lick any man in town. No, God bless her, she isn't built that way.

Think of your faithful horse these hot days and give him a drink often. He requires it every hour when working in the fields or driven on the roads. How refreshing is a draught of cool water to your famishing lips when tired and weary. It is none the less so to the animals that serve you. A horse can do much better for a whole day of work or even a long journey without food than without water. If this little item of watering was more carefully attended to there would be better and more enduring service from our horses.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending August 17, 1895, the parties addressed being unknowu to the postmaster.

Charles Thomson	Samuel H. White
Chas. W. Thirley	T. A. Smith
Howard Smith	John Thisner
Georgie Cummingham	Williams Brown
William Brown	F. H. Brown
C. A. Fegley & Bro.	Mrs. Nancy S. Smith
Mrs. J. Hurst Ifefford	Miss Reb White
Miss Ada Pysell	Miss Mary Burbee

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter. will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

This is to give notice that the copartnership heretofore existing between John Speicher and Howard Nethken, doing a general merchandise business at Deer Park, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, Mr. Speicher retiring. The business of the firm will be carried on by Messrs Nethken Bros.

JOHN SPEICHER.
HOWARD NETHKEN.

Deer Park, Md., Aug. 1, 1895.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

The Republican Convention.

On Tuesday afternoon the Republicans of Garret county assembled in convention at Oakland for the purpose of electing delegates to attend the State convention which meets at Cambridge to-day to select a candidate for governor of Maryland on the Republican ticket.

All the districts in the county except No. 11 was represented.

Col. A. G. Sturgiss was made chairman and Hon. A. F. George secretary.

A committee on credentials, permanent organization and resolutions, composed of one delegate from each district, was appointed and retired and after an absence of a short time returned and submitted the names of those entitled to seats to the convention as follows:

District No. 1—A. F. George, Wm. Junkins, J. L. Fitzwater, George Walters.

No. 2—E. J. Stuck, Austin Brown, G. J. Kolb, J. M. Kester, John W. Frazee.

No. 3—H. Reichelt, C. J. Otto, G. T. Brew, Baker Johnson, Chas. Wegman.

No. 4—A. C. Duckworth, C. C. Moody, George Warnick, Otto Barnard.

No. 5—Dr. R. A. Ravenscroft, Jos. Bowman, Wm. Englehart, Lewis Camp, C. C. Speicher.

No. 6—A. S. Sell, W. A. Smith, H. R. Dewitt, Alvin Friend, Brison Welch.

No. 7—Geo. D. White, E. E. Sollars, A. G. Sturgiss. A. Shartzer, J. C. Peddicord.

No. 8—Chas. E. Hilleary, Merritt Wilson, W. P. Lee, Owen Brinegar, W. I. Brown.

No. 9—T. H. Layman, Norman Wilhelm, Bradford Blocker, D. B. Layman.

No. 10—W. B. Miller, Allen Paugh, W. H. Chadderton, T. P. Lipscomb, A. M. Jeffreys.

No. 12—C. J. Brenneman, Joel Orendorf, Jonas Bittinger, Geo. W. Engle, T. B. Wiley.

The following resolutions wer adopted:

First, That we, the Republicans of Garrett county in convention assembled, declare and re-affirm our allegiance to the principles to the National Republican platform as adopted by the National Republican party at Minneapolis.

Second, That we further declare that we are in favor of and demand a just and equitable new assessment of property both real and personal, and we declare that no man will be supported for the House of Delegates by the Republicans of Garrett county unless he publicly annonnees himself in favor of reassesssment.

Third, That we deem it of great importance that the rising generation of this great land of ours should receive a good common school education; that the Republican party being the friend of the public school we demand that the next Legislature of Maryland pass a law giving the children of the State free school books; that we also favor a re-distribution of the public school fund of Maryland upon a fair and just basis.

Fourth, That we arraign the Democratic party of Maryland for them misgovernment of the State, for the extravagant expenditure of public money, for taking from the people of the counties the power to elect their public officers; we declare in favor of home rule, the election of our School Commissioners and all other public officers.

Fifth, That the delegates elected to the State Convention be requested to use their best efforts for the nomination of the Hon. Lloyd Lowndes, of Allegany county, for Governor of the State.

Immediately after the resolutions were read the balloting for delgates to the State Convention begun resulting in the election of the following:

F. A. Thayer, Merritt Wilson and Senator Ravenscroft, as delegates, and C. C. Moody, C. E. Hilleary and J. Alvin Friend as alternates.

The convention then recommended the following gentlemen as members of the new State Central committee: C. J. Otto, J. C. Peddicord and J. G. Kolb.

The convention then adjourned.

Warnings That Ought Not To Be Neglected.

The destruction by fire of an extensive organ manufacturing establishment in Hagerstown following so quickly on the burning of Berlin, in Worcester county, enforces the need of having the fullest water supply that can be obtained by every town in the State not already provided for satisfactorily. In the case of Berlin the only water supply was from wells, and these soon gave out, while the fire apparatus, an old hand engine, was left to burn up in the street. Hagerstown has water works but the system needs enlarging and extending. This deficiency was keenly felt by the firemen, who, though amply provided with engines and enthusiastic in their work, could do but little toward subduing the fire, which destroyed a large and prosperous industry and deprived a large number of workman of their occupation. Hagerstown is one of the most prosperous towns in Maryland. It is the seat of many important manufacturing industries, but is not up to the times with its water system, which should not only be extended, but the works ought to be greatly enlarged and the supply augmented from some large stream so as to meet future as well as present wants.

We feel that this important subject cannot be too often impressed upon the inhabitants of all the towns of the State. It is their first duty—in self-defense—to provide proper water supply for health as well as for protection. During the past few years the towns of Centreville, Cambridge, Cristield, Easton, Hillsborough, Pocomoke, Royal Oak, St. Michael's, Snow Hill and Berlin have had fire experiences which should convey a warning that ought to be heeded. We are glad to notice, as stated by the Sun's Berlin correspondent, that in rebuilding there it is the intention to use bricks extensively for the business houses. This was done at Salisbury and at Snow Hill, greatly to the improvement of both of these places and to the betterment of conditions. There is no doubt, if things go on as they have been going, it will be after a while impossible to place insurance on unprotected wooden towns. A warning to this effect, we notice, has just been served by an insurance company on Denton, where the county is now building a new courthouse. But there have been warnings enough; they ought not to be neglected.—Balto. Sun.

The Lot Sale at Loch Lynn Heights.

The sale of lots at the popular resort of Loch Lynn Heights was a grand success. Over $7,000 worth of lots were sold to parties from Baltimore, Washington, Cumberland, Fairmont, Morgantown, Mannington, and Terra Alta, besides to a great number of Garrett county people. Owing to the extreme illness of Mrs. J. C. Alderson, wife of the general manager, the sale was not advertised as extensively as would have been, and consequently was not so great a success. We predict a bright and prosperous future for this rapidly increasing summer resort.

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

Needing a tonic, or children who want building up should take
It is pleasant to take, cures Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
LADIES

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

THE REPUBLICAN

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND. GARRETT CO., MD

THE LATIN SCHOLARSHIP.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE sunshine of mid May streamed alluringly into the great stone portico of the old college of X. The wide-winged gray edifice stood on a high terrace just under the crest of the hill, its ample windows looking down over the topmost boughs of ash and elm and maple, over the roofs and spires of the little university town of X., and out to the broad, blue curve of the threshold river. On the steps, basking in the clear, warm light, lounged a group of students, members of the senior and junior years. Several of the loiterers stood close to the open, arched door, and from time to time glanced expectantly into the hall. A large black dog, a cross between Spitz and Newfoundland, lay in the center of the hall assiduously licking at a small but angry wound on his leg.

At the further end of the hall now appeared one of the professors. He stepped in front of the notice board and pinned a strip of white paper to the green baize-covered surface. In a moment the portico was cleared, and the men crowded in to read the announcement. They did not rush noisily, as freshmen, or even sophomores, might have done, but their eagerness was tempered with dignity. The seniors, in particular, were careful to be properly deliberate; for announcements were expected by both classes, and this might prove to be merely a junior list!

It was a junior list. Leaning on each other's shoulders the juniors clustered around the board, while the seniors lingered on the outskirts and inquired with polite interest about the results. They were mindful that these juniors would very soon be seniors, and were therefore to be treated with a good deal of consideration. Then they dropped away in twos and threes, while the juniors remained to take down the marks in their notebooks.

The marks which excited so much interest were those of the third terminal examination in Latin. A Latin scholarship, of the value of one hundred dollars, was dependent on the results of three terminals compulsory for all the Latin students of the junior class, and on a special examination to be held at the very end of the term. This examination was open only to those declaring themselves competitors for the scholarship. It was generally expected throughout the college that the winner would be Bert Knollys, who, without effort, had gained a slight lead in the first two terminals, and whose ability in classics was unquestioned.

At the top of the present announcement stood Knollys' name with percentage of eighty-six. The second name on the list was that of J. S. Wright, with eighty-three to his credit.

"Wright's pulling up! Five more points will put him ahead!" was the remark of one man who had been figuring on his pad.

Wright, a sharp-featured, sandy-haired fellow in the center of the group, nodded his approval of this calculation. At the same moment a slim youth of barely middle height, with laughing gray eyes and crisply-waving hair, ran up and peered eagerly through the throng of his comrades. Having deciphered his standing he was turning away as abruptly as he had come, when some one said:

"You'd better look out, Knollys. Wright is after you with a sharp stick."

"I don't doubt Jack can beat me if he tries," responded Knollys.

"Hold on a minute, Bert. I want to talk to you a bit," exclaimed a tall junior by the name of Will Allison, extricating himself quickly from the crowd.

"Next hour, old man!" cried Knollys, darting away. "I've got to catch Dawson in the laboratory right off and can't wait a second."

"I DON'T THINK WRIGHT IS REALLY SUCH A BAD LOT."

Allison, who was Knollys' most intimate friend, crossed the hall and joined a senior who was lounging in a window overlooking the terrace.

"It's my firm belief, Jones," said he, discontentedly, "that that cad Jack Wright is going to play Bert false."

"How so, pray?" inquired the senior, in a tone of very moderate interest.

"Why, by going into the special exam., of course," replied Allison.

"And why shouldn't he as well as Knollys go into the special examination?" asked Jones.

"Oh, I thought every one knew about that!" exclaimed Allison, somewhat impatiently. "But it's this way, since you inquire. Wright took the scholarship for our class last year—the second year Greek, you know. Well, Knollys was way ahead on the average of the terminals, and would have had a walk-over. As every man in the class knows, he can wipe out all the rest of us in classics without half trying. But Wright went to him and made a poor mouth about being so hard up that he'd have to leave the college if he didn't get the scholarship. Bert has none too much cash himself, but in his generous way he agreed not to go in for the special exam. So Wright, of course, got the scholarship. In return he promised Knollys that he would not go in for the junior Latin the following year. This suited Bert very well, as he wanted to put his hard work on his readings for the science medal. Under these circumstances, you see, he has been taking it rather easy in the Latin; and I have reason to believe that Wright has been working extra hard at it. Mark my words, he'll go in at the last moment, and catch Bert napping. But there's not another man in college that I would suspect of such a snddish trick."

"Well, for my part," said the senior, "I don't greatly care which of them gets it. I grant you that Wright's a cad; but I'm disappointed in Knollys!"

"Indeed! Poor Knollys!" murmured Allison.

"Yes," continued the senior, loftily, ignoring the sarcasm; "in my opinion Knollys funks."

"It seems to me, Jones," retorted Allison, "you forget certain incidents that took place when Bert Knollys was a freshman and you a sophomore!"

At this moment Jack Wright, chancing to stroll past the big black dog, gave the animal a careless kick. The dog sprang at his assailant with a ferocious snarl. Much startled, Wright evaded the attack by dodging into a knot of his classmates; and the dog lay down again, growling angrily.

"Bran doesn't seem to be quite himself!" remarked a senior, eying him narrowly.

"He'd be an ugly customer to handle if he started to run amuck," commented another senior, chuckling at Wright's discomfiture. "I wonder where he got that bite on his leg!"

As soon as Knollys came out of the laboratory Will Allison told him his suspicions in regard to Wright, and urged him to put his energies upon the Latin. But Knollys was always slow to believe that a comrade could be guilty of treachery.

Just three days later appeared on the notice board the announcement that B. Knollys and J. S. Wright were competitors for the junior Latin scholarship! The examination was to take place on the following morning. Bert Knollys was hurt and indignant, his friends were furious, and Wright looked craftily triumphant over the prospect of so neatly getting ahead of a rival.

Knollys was by no means prepared for such a contest as he knew Wright was capable of giving him, but his anger nerved him to the utmost effort. Returning in hot haste to his home in the outskirts of the town, he shut himself into his little study. All through the afternoon he toiled mightily over book and lexicon. About teatime he took a short walk, and then settled down for a night of solid "grind." He was bound that he would win if it was in him.

Toward two o'clock, however, eyes and brain alike grew dim, and the meanings began to mix themselves most vexatiously. He sprang up, snatched his cap, let himself out of the house noiselessly, and set forth to wake his wits by a brisk run.

For the sake of the freer air he took a path traversing the hilltop toward the college. The path ran through the open pastures and reached at length a rocky ridge just back of the cottage of Dr. Adams, the professor of classics. Here Jack Wright was boarding. As Knollys swung past along the ridge he glanced downward to the professor's study window; and as he did so a light appeared therein. He halted instinctively—and the next moment his lip was curling with astonished contempt as he saw Jack Wright seat himself before the study table, and stealthily search the drawers. The top of the ridge was so near the window that Knollys, where he leaned against the fence, could see all that went on as if he had been in the room. At last, after going through almost every drawer, with frequent guilty, listening pauses, Wright found what he wanted—an examination paper! After making a hurried copy of it he returned it to its place; and then, with his lamp turned very low, he stole out of the room.

Bert Knollys' first thought was to go at once to Dr. Adams, lay his complaint, and have Wright's room searched before he could have time to destroy the stolen copy. Then it occurred to him that this would lead inevitably to Wright's expulsion, and not improbably to his ruin. He therefore dismissed the idea. He hastened back home; tried to study, but found the effort vain; went to bed and fell asleep without having arrived at any solution of the problem. In the morning he was equally undecided. Perhaps his best course would have been to go to the professor, declare a suspicion that the paper had been tampered with, and ask that a new paper be set. But he failed to think of this way out of the difficulty; and at last, tired of worrying over it, he made up his mind to do nothing. He went in to the examination, wrote an unusually good paper, and came out feeling that there was yet a chance for him in spite of Wright's previous knowledge of the questions. But on the day following was posted the announcement that Wright was the winner, by a lead of three marks on the average for the four examinations.

The affair was a grievous disappointment to Bert Knollys, and meant the upsetting of all his plans for the summer. He had counted on the scholarship money to enable him to take a long vacation trip with Will Allison. This scheme he had now to abandon; and Allison could not refrain from reproaching him for his misplaced confidence in Jack Wright. Furthermore, he was accused of petty jealousy by many students outside of his own class; and his popularity, undermined by Wright's skillful insinuations, rapidly dwindled away. Smarting under the injustice, and seeing no satisfactory way to remove the misunderstanding, Knollys grew moody and depressed.

The days slipped by quickly and commencement was close at hand. One warm afternoon a number of the students were in the baseball field where a practice match was in progress. The college nine was strenuously preparing for the great commencement day match. Knollys, Allison, Jones and a few others were lying under the fence on the further side of the field, while most of the spectators were grouped as close as possible to the players. Jack Wright was at the bat.

Suddenly in the gate of the college barnyard above the ball field appeared Bran, the dog. The hair lifted along his backbone and on his neck, and a light froth showed about his half-bared teeth. He was a sinister and menacing figure as he stood there, a strange trouble in his wild, red eyes. After glaring unensily from side to side for several minutes he gave utterance to a yelping snarl and dashed down the hillside toward the field. The group under the fence observed him at once.

"What's the matter with the dog?" exclaimed Jones, in a tone of apprehension; and "Look at Bran!" shouted some one else. The pitcher stopped in the very act of delivering the ball and every eye went in one direction. The dread truth was evident at once. On all sides rose the appalling cry "He's mad! Mad dog! Mad dog!" and players and spectators scattered in sickening panic. As it were, in the twinkling of an eye the field was empty.

But no! It was not quite empty! Turning in wild terror, and starting to run as he turned, Jack Wright tripped, fell and snapped his ankle. He got up, and saw himself alone in the wide, sunny field. The dog had just entered the gate and was making straight for him with foaming, snapping jaws. He strove to flee, but the shattered ankle gave way beneath him, and, with a piercing cry of horror, he dropped in a heap, burying his face in his hands.

HE COULD SEE ALL THAT WENT ON.

Knollys, like all the rest, had sprung over the fence at the first alarm; but at that despairing cry he sprang back again. There was no hesitation, no waiting to see what the others would do. Swift as a deer he sped out across the shining and deadly expanse. As he ran he stooped to snatch up a bat which lay in his path. It was a question which would win in the awful race; and the crowd of fugitives, checking their flight, watched in spellbound silence.

The dog arrived first, but only by a foot or two. As it sprang upon Wright's prostrate body Knollys reached out with a fierce lunge and caught it between the jaws with the end of the bat. Biting madly at the wood, the animal rose on its hind legs, and in a flash Knollys had both hands clenched in a grip of steel about its throat.

For a few seconds the struggle was a desperate one. The animal's strength was great, and Knollys had all he could do to hold him at arm's length. Then Will Allison arrived, panting, and conscience-stricken for his tardiness. He was followed by two or three others who had broken the spell of their panic. A couple of well-directed blows from the bat in Allison's hands stunned the dog, and it was then speedily dispatched.

Breathing somewhat quickly, but otherwise quite cool, Knollys looked down upon Jack Wright's ghastly face.

"Glad I was in time, Wright!" said he.

"Bert," cried Wright, in a shaking voice, "you won that scholarship! I just cribbed the whole paper!"

To thank his rescuer he felt was not within the power of words; but reparation was in part possible, and his one thought was to make it.

"We won't talk of that now," answered Knollys. "I know all about it, Jack! I saw the whole thing; and we just won't say anything more about it, old fellow!"

The next day a letter went from Wright's sick bed to the president of the college. Wright wanted to tell everything; but on Bert's advice he merely confessed that he had cribbed, without saying how, and resigned his claim to the scholarship. At commencement, therefore, it was announced by the president that the Latin scholarship had been won by B. Knollys. Many conflicting rumors, of course, went abroad among the students; but to no one except Will Allison was the whole truth told. As for Wright, a new point of view seemed all at once to have opened before his eyes. The loftier standard which he now learned to set himself he adhered to throughout the rest of his course, and then carried forth with him into what have proved most creditable and successful relations with the world.—N. Y. Independent.

CONSIDER THE DOG.

Man's Faithful Friend Would Be Better Treated If Man Knew Him Better.

So great is the popular dread of hydrophobia that a slight derangement of the dog's nervous system is often mistaken for symptoms of rabies, while a dog in convulsions, in an epileptic fit, or stricken with apoplexy may be shot as mad—particularly if it be hot weather—before there is a chance of determining the nature of his disease. The principal centers of the nervous system are the brain and the spinal cord. These Stonehenge compares to the electric telegraph. The brain he calls the central office. From that station are issued messages to all parts of the body, and the wires which carry those messages are the nerves of motion, the nerves of sensation, and the nerves of organic life, all of which have their separate ganglia, or the lesser station masters. The normal movements of the body are the result of harmonious, coordinated functional activity of the neuro-muscular mechanism, i. e., of the nerve centers, nerves and muscles. In convulsions the movements are purposeless and irregular, and are, of course, wasteful of the animal energies. A dog may have a fit from overexertion in the heat of the sun, from neuralgic pains, or from disease, from meningitis, excessive fright, parasites in the nose or brain, acute ear disease, or from the distress of being lost in a big city; or, if a female, of being deprived of her whelps. Recently it has been shown that mental distress has the power to give a dog diabetes. It stands to reason that so sensitive an animal should never be unduly excited.

On no account allow one dog to see another in a fit. The suffering dog should have his head wet, and should be kept for a time in a dark, quiet place, free from all excitement. In most cases of convulsions a small dose of bromide of potassium will do great good. Hydrophobia, considered as a canine disease, is decidedly a misnomer. The proper name for canine madness is rabies. The rabid dog has "no fear of water." On the contrary, he craves it, and, unless paralyzed, he has no difficulty in swallowing it. Rabies is a specific disease of the nervous system. In all cases there is an intense inflammation of the brain and spinal marrow, ending in a loss of function, which is a result common to inflamed glands. The mucous glands of the stomach and bowels, the liver, the pancreas and the kidneys are all more or less injected with blood; but the salivary glands are especially affected, and the secretion of saliva is greatly increased. There is the furious or maniacal form of rabies and the paralytic. The paralytic is known as dumb rabies. Absolutely typical cases of either form are as rare as is the disease. Death, however, usually results in from two to ten days in the furious form, while in dumb rabies the period is much shorter.

The howl or bark of a mad dog is very remarkable. It is totally unlike his ordinary voice, and is sonorous and melancholy to an extreme. No one need mistake it. The dog's appetite is so perverted that he will swallow stones, sticks, straws, and almost any filth. His biting and snapping are reflex actions; they should not be regarded as deliberate. It is then that he is really dangerous. Irritability is an advanced stage of rabies. In the earlier stages the animal is sullen and inclined to hide away in corners. His eyes grow wild and suspicious. If at large he will roam over wild tracts of country at a jog trot, with his head down and his tongue out. In dumb rabies there is an entire absence of excitement. The muscles of mastication are paralyzed so that the lower jaw is dropped; there is no maniacal stage at all.

Epileptiform convulsions are due to an irregular discharge of the nerve cells. They occur unexpectedly, are of variable duration, and the spasms are of two kinds. A prolonged muscular contraction is called a tonic spasm. Following the tonic spasm are the chronic spasms, which consist of alternate contraction and relaxation. The dog, like the human subject, will froth at the mouth and bite the tongue. Epilepsy may be hereditary, or may be due to teething and worms.

Apoplexy differs greatly from epilepsy. The convulsions are not prominent; the pupils of the eyes are either contracted or dilated; there is long continued unconsciousness and more or less paralysis.

Meningitis, so often mistaken for rabies, is yet very different. The temper is very much elevated, which it is not in rabies; the dog snaps, but shows no tendency to bite, and there is no particular bark and howl combined, although the dog's voice is high pitched.

Phrenitis is a simple inflammation of the brain. It is sometimes a complication of distempers and is the only disorder which resembles rabies. It generally occurs in the hottest weather. The dog cannot propagate phrenitis by salivary inoculation.

"Hydrophobia in human beings," says a writer, "results from accidents of a nervous order, sometimes mortal, sometimes curable, according as they derive from disorders analogous to tetanus (lockjaw) produced by a wound or from purely mental disorders." According to Dr. Caffe, "spontaneous rabiform hydrophobia is the only rabies that exists, and that is a moral rabies." Before M. Pasteur's system was invented about nineteen persons annually were officially reported to have died of hydrophobia. Now, strange as it may seem, the number of persons who annually report themselves bitten by rabid animals averages from fifteen hundred to two thousand. Rabies is a rare disease, rarer to-day than in the past, and hydrophobia is more or less a form of hysteria. Were there less talk about it it would be better for the community. A little more knowledge of our own nervous system, a little less ignorance of the dog's, and we shall be far more likely to escape hydrophobia entirely than to die from it or to be saved by inoculation.—Our Animal Friends.

COULDN'T CORRECT MISTAKES.

So This Smart Bank Clerk Was Just Ten Dollars Out of Pocket.

There is a popular tradition that bank clerks are infallible. If the axiom that practice makes perfect could be taken literally this would be true, but it is only relative after all. A man who spends his days in adding and subtracting ought, if such a thing were possible, to reach a point where he would make no more mistakes, but although constant practice and eternal vigilance reduce these mistakes to a minimum they are not disposed of entirely.

A teacher in one of the North side schools had an illustration of this fact the other day. She got a draft from a friend in the east and took it to one of the downtown banks to be cashed. This thing hadn't happened to her many times in her life and she was a little confused as to the method of procedure. She inferred, not without some show of reason, that the gentleman whose desk was labeled "Cashier" was a proper person from whom to obtain cash, although she noted that there were no piles of greenbacks nor rows of coin such as a bank clerk usually has within easy reach. The cashier told her politely to take her draft to the paying teller. She remembers distinctly that he was polite about it because he was the only polite man she came across in the whole establishment. She afterward understood that haughtiness of demeanor in banks and other large institutions is found to exist in direct proportion to humbleness of rank, and that the cashier was polite because he was an officer and a large stockholder in the bank, while the spruce young men behind the windows had no stock and drew comparatively small salaries.

In her embarrassment at mistaking the cashier for a clerk, her idea as to the direction he gave her was not very clear. She caught the word "teller," and turned to a window marked: "Receiving teller, A to L." She didn't know what "A to L" stood for, but thought it probable that one of a receiving teller's functions was to receive drafts, so she handed hers to him. He was doing some figuring, and, without looking up, said:

"Next window, please."

There were two "next" windows; one of which was marked "Paying Teller" and the other "Receiving Teller, M to Z." It occurred to her for a moment that the paying teller might be the one she wanted, but she decided that as she had started in on the receiving tellers she might as well finish them up. So she approached Mr. Teller from M to Z and made another proffer of the pink slip. He seemed to have some figuring on hand, too, and he also said:

"Next window, please."

He said "please" just as the other teller did, as if he had been saying it to stupid people with bothersome drafts for years. As there were only three windows she turned to the third with that feeling of satisfaction which one always experiences at the successful ending of a long search. She had been a good deal confused, but up to this point had experienced no sense of resentment. When, however, her poor little draft which had made all these vain efforts to find rest for the soles of its feet was handed back she began to feel annoyed, and said to the young man at the window:

"Well, what's the matter now?"

"Write your name on the back, please."

A friend who deposited in this bank had indorsed it and told her that she must indorse it also, but she had overlooked this formality. She went to one of the little desks against the wall, wrote her name as directed, and went back to the window. The teller glanced at the back, then at the face, and impaled it on a long spike already loaded with similar slips of paper of varying size and color. He seized a pile of greenbacks with one hand, ran the thumb of the other hand over a wet sponge, and counted off a number of bills; he did it so fast she couldn't tell just how many. Then he laid the bills down on the counter, wet his thumb, and ran them over again, making a little thumping noise every time he turned up the corner of a bill. Then he shoved the bunch through the little opening under the bars in the window.

The little woman stuffed the bills in her pocketbook with a long inward sigh of relief that it was all over, and went home. When she got there she counted the bills and found they footed up sixty dollars. Then she counted them again with the same result. The draft only called for fifty dollars. She immediately took a car and went back to the bank. Perhaps, she thought, this bank clerk had better manners than he displayed after all, and he might be supporting a widowed mother, so that the loss of ten dollars would be a very serious matter.

She approached the window and said pleasantly:

"You made a mistake in paying my draft."

"We don't correct any mistakes after you leave the bank," replied the young man in a tone so frigid that his former air had been balmy by comparison.

"Very well," said the little woman, "you paid me ten dollars too much," and walked out.

And the bank clerk said never a word. How could he?—Chicago Tribune.

Unanimous Parrots.

An old maid once owned a parrot which gave her a great deal of trouble owing to its profanity and disagreeable remarks. She decided to ask her minister to lend her his parrot, which erred in being almost too religiously disposed in its conversation. The minister consented, so Polly the good went to visit Polly the bad. Some days later, upon entering the room where the parrots were, the maiden lady was greeted with the remark: "I do hope the old woman may die!" while the clergyman's parrot added: "We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord."—St. Louis Dispatch.

Impure Blood

Manifests itself in hives, pimples, boils and other eruptions which disfigure the face and cause pain and annoyance. By purifying the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cures these troubles and clears the skin. Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes that tired, drowsy feeling so general at this season and gives strength and vigor.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye to-day. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25 cents.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

A WRECKED LIFE.

Behold at manhood's massive portal standing,
A noble youth, with earnest, eager face,
Who knocks with quick, insistent touch demanding
An entrance to the place.

We see him enter, all his pulses leaping
To join the stirring strife for power and place,
Ambition, Pride, the spurs, while Caution sleeping
Deserts him in the race.

Hope beckons from afar, a radiant brightness
The untried future gilds, his bounding heart
Leaps to its fate, no ballast to its lightness
Till pain has done its part.

Alas! Temptation subtle and ensnaring
With luring wile at every corner set,
Her victim lulled with wine and song despairing
Awakes withip her net.

How should he know the wine-cup simply tasted
Through custom-friendship, would on fire set
The evil spark within, till life all wasted
He drinks to drown regret?

Where now those roseate visions of the morning?
The darkling sky with clouds of vain regret
If shadowed o'er—no hint of Hope's adorning
That sun of life has set!

Must greed of gain destroy our fairest flowers?
Should Hope but rise to set in dark despair?
How long shall Evil triumph and the powers
Of Darkness rule the air?

No good was ever gained without endeavor
No wrong was ever righted without pain!
Was ever foe so cruel—crafty? Never!
No quarter should he gain.

—Anna H. Woodruff, in Union Signal.

SERVICE FOR OTHERS.

How a Little Girl Wrought a Reform Among a Gang of Laborers.

The city was putting water pipes through the street in front of a modern suburban home, and the little daughter of the house became very much interested in the process. The ground was torn up, and muddy coats and grimy shirts disfigured the trim fence. The gang on duty were a hard working, harder talking and an exceedingly thirsty lot of men.

A little girl, Hetta by name, watched them from the house with absorbing attention. It was cold autumn weather, and their voices were sharp upon the still air. One noon the child came to her mother in great distress.

"They are passing a black bottle around, and one man is talking very loud and saying wicked things."

"Perhaps they are drinking; you had better keep away," replied the cautious mother.

Hetta's face grew quite sad, and that night her mother noticed that she prayed for the "poor man who drank while laying the water-pipe." A little before noon the next day she approached her mother timidly.

"What no you wish, my dear?"

"Please, do you think I may make some coffee for the men, mother? I think they would like it."

Then the thought flashed through the lady's mind: "There are many to sell them beer, and none to sell them coffee."

"Why, there are nearly thirty of them," she said aloud. "I don't think I can afford to give all of them coffee."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed the disappointed girl.

"Well, if you are disappointed, you have enough money in your bank," said the mother. "You can go to the grocery store and buy coffee, and sell it to the men at two cents a cup. If they want coffee at all, they would rather pay for it."

To the grocer's then the child flew. "It isn't any use," said the grocery man, promptly. "The men will have their beer. They wouldn't take coffee if you gave it to them."

"I shan't give it," said Hetta. "I'm going to sell it."

And sell it she did. At first the rough men were greatly surprised at the girl's steaming pail and her pretty, business-like manner; but soon they bought and drank, and smacked their lips. Some of them declared that hot coffee like this was "better than beer."

The girl-peddler soon had all she could do. She took another girl as a partner next day, and was successful beyond her most sanguine hopes. The neighborhood was all alive with interest in the new venture; but the most surprising thing of all was that the oaths and rude language were now seldom heard upon that street. A new gentleman seemed to have been born in the spirit of these rough men. Their foreman declared that from the time the little miss came he never had a better gang of laborers under him. He, too, had found it possible not to swear at his men.

But, too soon, the men passed on up the street, and Hetta could no longer serve them; but the incident, which took place in an eastern town, recalls the fact that we, all of us, by thoughtfulness and attention, can find little ways of serving and benefitting others that will make both them and us happier. It is because of our indifference that it is not done.—Youth's Companion.

"Well, you take something?" said a teetotaler to a friend standing near a tavern. "Well, I don't mind if I do." "Come," said the teetotaler, "then, let's take a walk."

MODERATE INDULGENCE.

An Important Phase of the Temperance Question—Fixing the Responsibility for Ills of Drunkenness.

The word temperance, in these days, is coming to signify abstention from intoxicating drinks—a special, rather than its broader and more general and accurate meaning. It is in this more limited sense that we use it.

There are in the world all shades of thought on the subject, and perhaps it would be entirely accurate to say that no two persons hold precisely the same opinions about it. Not long since a very eminent divine went before the young men of one of our leading institutions of learning and advocated the use of wine and beer in moderation. He denounced as fanatics those who advocate the entire exclusion of these articles from use; but it was notable that he condemned alcoholic or distilled liquors in very strong terms.

He said there was a vast difference between the two, and probably no one who advocates prohibition or total abstinence would dispute him on this point. But the difference is only in degree.

Beer and wine derive their pleasurable and enticing qualities from precisely the same sources—the alcoholic, stimulating qualities, and the so-called social surroundings and developments which have been connected with each.

These are verily the beginnings of evil. Without these "inoffensive," fashionable, genteel practices of moderate indulgence there would be and could be done of the horrors of drunkenness, degradation and misery. Without the seed there would be no tree. It is the moderate drinker solely who makes drinking in any way endurable. It is the countenance which he gives to his weaker brother which causes that brother to go down the way which leads to countless woe. And even he should take heed to himself even in his vaunted strength lest he fall, for many as strong and proud have suddenly wakened from the dream of security and found themselves in the snare of the fowler.

The Master said: "Straight is the gate and narrow is the way," if we seem to be walking just beside the "way," we are as entirely off the right road as though we were out of sight of it. There is only the one "way."

Paul reached the true solution of the matter when he wrote to the Corinthians concerning the eating of meat, which had been offered to idols, and about which there had been much feeling. "Neither if we eat are we the better, neither if we eat not are we the worse;" and after further consideration declared that: "if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend." To this there is no reply except that so often heard, which, translated, always means, "I have nothing to do with him," an answer derived from the questioning response of Cain: "Am I my brother's keeper?" We *are* our brother's keepers, for "none liveth or dieth to himself," and there is not an individual without an influence on those around him; and to just the extent and nature of that influence is he responsible.—Aunt Lizzie, in Boston Budget.

NEW DROWNING BUSINESS.

Facetious Advertising Circular of a Wine Concern That Tells the Solemn Truth.

The Lever publishes the following: A remarkable circular has just been mailed by a big wine company. In wet literature there has been nothing to equal it for the surprising admissions relative to their business. They come nearer telling the truth than they realize, and that a saloon needs direct communication with the coroner's office is not doubted. Here is the circular, a copy of which, unfortunately for them, was mailed to a prominent prohibitionist:

CHICAGO, May 10, 1895.

DEAR SIR—We have give our business much prayerful consideration, and from all we can gather on the subject we are convinced that every insurance man in town has good and sufficient cause to drown his sorrows at least once every day. We have opened a drowning establishment (wholesale, with a retail end to it) at ——— La Salle street, where the needful may be had and the deed consummated with neatness and dispatch. Please consider this communication as strictly confidential and don't let your friends know that we are in the neighborhood. Yours truly,

——— WINE CO.

P. S.—Direct telephone communication with ambulance corps, life-saving station and coroner's office.

Habitual Inebriates in Scotland.

The report of the Scottish departmental committee appointed to inquire as to the further legislation necessary to deal with habitual inebriates treats the inebriate as a criminal or a baby, or both, denies his right to administer his property, says he ought not to be allowed to discipline his family, and recommends legislation for him based upon the assumption that he is a lunatic who ought to be placed under restraint whether he likes it or not.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

NO YOUNG man takes his first drink alone.—Ram's Horn.

THE legislature of New Mexico has passed a law prohibiting the sale of tobacco to minors under eighteen years of age.

BETWEEN the ages of twenty-five and thirty, where ten total abstainers die, thirty-one moderate drinkers die.

IN a town in Japan this motto is found over each house: "Frugal in all things; liquor prohibited."

STATISTICS show that the entire results of the labor of the people for one day in every nine go to support the liquor traffic.

THE synod of Reformed Presbyterians in session at Denver adopted very strong resolutions against the use and sale of liquors and tobacco.

THE W. C. T. U. of Fremont, Neb., are said to have paid in full for their Temperance temple, which was built at a cost of $10,000.

WANTED—Twenty thousand boys in New York and Chicago who do not smoke cigarettes. The business men have decided to give such the preference.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The word influence at first had an astrological meaning. It referred to the subtle energy supposed to emanate from the sun, moon and stars, and to exercise some mystic power over the human race.

—The first state in flax seed is Minnesota, the fields of that commonwealth yielding 2,721,987 bushels of seed and 8,609 pounds of fiber; the second in rank is Iowa, with 2,282,359 bushels of seed and 6,281 pounds of fiber; the third being South Dakota, with 1,801,114 bushels of seed and 3,273 pounds of fiber.

—The French are experimenting with a single track temporary railroad that can be laid on a country road or across the fields. They expect to use it in military operations and in harvesting crops. The barrows and cars used are on the bicycle principle, and they can be operated either by hand or horse power.

—A beetle which feeds on the larvæ of the potato bug has been discovered in Japan by Prof. Koebele, of the California horticultural commission, who recently discovered the Australian ladybird, which is fast clearing California orchards of scale pests. He has not communicated any details concerning the new discovery, but says he believes the beetle will exterminate the potato bug, which has cost American farmers so many millions of dollars.

—The Latin word from which pagan is derived originally meant a fountain or spring; then the village which sprang up around it, and finally the residents in the village. As Christianity took strong root at first in the large centers of population and the worship of the pagan deities lingered longest in the country and among the country villages, it came to be understood that a pagan or villager was, in virtue of his residence, a worshiper of the old gods, and thus the term acquired its present significance.

—Some bicyclers when out riding like to do queer things for the sake of show. There is one in New York, and she is said to be cross-eyed, who whirls along like mad behind a very big pair of green goggles, which attract everybody's notice. There was one who was seen with a newspaper in front of him, which he bent over and read, or pretended to read, as he wheeled. There is one who rides out in the country with a big spotted dog running beside his machine. Many of them like to play antics of one kind or another. There are wheelmen who smoke cigars or cigarettes on the wheel, and there are wheelwomen who chew gum on it.

—New Gold Fields.—North America is likely to find a powerful rival in South Africa in the item of gold production. According to the most reliable figures, the product in 1893 was about twenty-eight and a half millions, while in 1894 it was nearly thirty-nine millions of dollars. Experts who have studied the gold fields of South Africa announce that that country is becoming one of the most important factors in monetary matters. The ore is in many places exceedingly rich, and forms pockets, streaks and veins, and abounds in pudding stone. Pyrite pebbles are mixed with the gold, and there are large veins of gold-bearing quartz. Very quietly and without attracting more attention than is necessary, mining partnerships are being made up, and preparations are in progress by means of which the product of these rich fields will furnish the basis for important and extensive mining operations.

FASHIONABLE ODDS AND ENDS.

New Notions in the Department of Woman's Dress.

Dust cloaks of glace silk are among the novelties for racing wear. They are made with Watteau backs with very deep collars cut square across the shoulders and trimmed with heavy applique lace. Sometimes there is a wide ruffle of fancy or satin-striped silk muslin and a long scarf of the same material to loop across the front.

Scarf-shaped waist trimmings are coming into favor. A stylish model has a breadth of crepon plaited into each shoulder seam. These breadths cross in folds over the bust, the left side finishing at the waist line; the right is caught into the left by an ornamental buckle and a sash end covers the side of the skirt.

A dress of dark-blue suiting has immensely large leg-o'-mutton sleeves of moire. The bodice is made of suiting with a vest front of the moire; a high collar with turned-back points is of the moire, and a velvet belt makes an appropriate finish.

A favorite bonnet has a little skull-cap shaped body with a trimming of butterfly-shaped feathers and loops of lace that are wired to keep them in place.

Blouse waists of accordion-plaited chiffon in black over pale yellow, red or light blue satin are liked for dressy wear.

A shoulder cape made of five rows of embroidered cloth with a collar of passementerie is a pretty novelty.

Wide-brimmed hats with aggressive-looking bows and loops and an abundance of blossoms are the rule.—N. Y. Ledger.

Sachets of Sweet Clover.

Everyone who has spent a childhood in what is called "the real country," or anyone who is fortunate enough to return hither for the summers of later life is familiar with the delicious odor of sweet clover. It is pleasant to learn that the herb will keep away moths if strewn among woolen garments when they are put away for the hot months. Sweet clover makes delightful sachets for any bureau drawers, and has a fresh and wholesome scent, like the lavender which English housewives spread in the linen closet. By the way, it may not be generally known that one may slightly perfume water by holding in a damask rose, head downward, for a few moments. This is thoroughly luxurious good taste to do, with finger bowls, and with water in the pitcher in a sleeping apartment.—Philadelphia Press.

THE BUTCHER BIRD.

A Brave Fellow That Has Been Greatly Slandered.

The manners of the shrike are as fine as one would expect from so distinguished-looking a personage, dignified, reposeful and unusually silent. I have seen him, once or twice, flirt his half-opened tail and jerk his wings, but he rarely showed even so much impatience or restlessness. He sat on the fence and regarded me, or he drove away an intrusive neighbor, with the same calm and serious air with which he did everything. I have heard of pranks and fantastic performances, of strange, uncouth and absurd cries, and, of course, it is impossible to say what vagaries he might have indulged in if he had thought himself unobserved, but in many hours and days of close study of this bird I saw nothing of the kind. The only utterance I heard from him, excepting his song, of which I will speak presently, was a rattling cry with which he pursued an intruder, and a soft, coaxing "yenp" when he came to the nest and found his mate absent.

One of the most prominent traits of this bird, as we find him depicted in the books and the popular writings, is his quarrelsome and cruel disposition; and "brigand," "assassin," "murderer" and "butcher" are names commonly applied to him.

I watched the shrike several hours daily for weeks, and from the first I was every moment on the alert for the slightest manifestation of these characteristics; and what did I find out? First, as to his quarrelsome disposition, his unfriendliness with his own species. I have already spoken of the amiable association, in the very nesting tree, of half a dozen of the birds, as reported by a trustworthy and experienced observer. On one occasion, somewhat later, I saw an exhibition of a similar friendliness among four adult shrikes. They were frolicking about another thorn tree in the same pasture, in the same peaceful manner; and while I looked one of them picked up a tid-bit from the ground and flew to the nest I was watching, thus proving that the nesting bird was one of the group. At least twice afterward, when silently approaching the nest, I found two other shrikes hopping about with the one I was studying, on the ground, almost under the tree. On my appearing the strangers flew, and the nest owner went up to his mate with an offering. We do not think of calling the robin or bluebird particularly quarrelsome, yet fancy one of these birds allowing another of his species to come to his home tree! Every close observer of bird ways knows that it is apparently the first article in the avian creed to keep every other bird away from the nest.

And how did the terrible "brigand" treat his neighbors? The robin, indeed, he drove away, but meadow larks sang and "sputtered" at their pleasure, not only beside him on the fence, but on his own small tree; goldfinches flew over, singing and calling, and no notice was taken of them; sparrows hopped about among the branches of the thorn at their discretion; a chickadee one day made searching examination of nearly every twig and leaf, going close to and over the nest, where the sitting bird must have seen him, yet not a peep arose. Sometimes, when madam left her nest for refreshments, she would sweep by a bird who happened to be on the tree, thus making him fly, but she never followed or showed any special interest in him. Whatever other shrikes may be or do, at least this pair, and the three or four others who visited them, were amiable with their neighbors, small as well as great.

If bravery is a virtue—and why is it not, in feathers as well as in broadcloth?—the shrike should stand high in our estimation, for he does not hesitate to attack and make his prey animals which few birds of his size dare touch; not only mice, but creatures as well armed as gophers and others.

I was particularly desirous to hear the song of the shrike. He is not classed with singing birds, and is not, I think, usually credited with being musical. But Thoreau speaks of his song, and others mention it. John Burroughs tells of a shrike singing in his vicinity in winter, "a crude broken warble"—"saluting the sun as a robin might have done." Winter, indeed, seems to be his chosen time for singing, and an ornithologist in St. Albans says that in that season he sings by the hour in the streets of the town.

Therefore did I sit unobtrusively on the near side of the thorn tree, leaving the birds their screen, to encourage them to sing; and at last I had my reward. One very hot day I did not reach my place under the maple till after nine o'clock, and I found the shrike, as I frequently did, on the fence, on guard. In a few moments, when I had become quiet, he went to the nest, and sitting there on the edge, hidden from my distinct view, he condescended to sing, a low, sweet song, truly musical, though simple in construction, being merely a single clear note, followed by a trill several tones higher. After delivering this attractive little aria a dozen or more times, he flew out of the tree and over my head, and sang no more.—Olive Thorne Miller, in Atlantic.

Pensions in Germany.

Germans wish to have the pensions of the wounded and widows of the war of 1870 increased; a general's widow now receives three hundred and sixty dollars a year, and a private's forty dollars a year. Prices have increased greatly, and what is worse, by a treaty of peace with France, Germany, having agreed to pay the pensions of French soldiers living in Alsace-Lorraine on the scale in force in France before the war, pays to a French general's widow one thousand dollars, and to a private's or non-commissioned officer's from sixty to one hundred dollars.—San Francisco Argonaut.

—According to the statistics of the tenth census, the agricultural laborers of this country numbered 3,323,870.

WHY THEY PARTED.

Touching Story of the Severance of Two Fond, Young Hearts.

They stood beneath a giant elm, through the leaves of which the red sun's slanting rays were sifted in a thousand dancing spots of light. Genevieve Hammersmith's beautiful fawn-like eyes were downcast, and there was a sad expression upon her rich, red lips. Slowly she withdrew her little white hand from Trevelyan Onderdonk's grasp and permitted the tapering fingers to fall against the soft, rich folds of her gown.

The handsome young man sighed, and then impatiently tapped the sidewalk with his foot. At length he spoke, and his voice was husky with emotion.

"Tell me, Genevieve," he said, "what has caused you to come to this sudden determination?"

She raised her eyes; their glances met; her sweet lips parted, as if she were about to speak—and then her glance fell again and she was silent.

Trevelyan Onderdonk's breast heaved convulsively as he cried out:

"You must tell me, Genevieve! I will not let you go without an explanation."

"Oh, I cannot!" she replied, without looking up.

There was a long silence, broken only by the hum of a distant motor and the chirping of a chippie in the branches above them.

At last the young man drew himself up proudly and, speaking with an effort, said:

"Genevieve, you are cruel. Some one has wronged me and you will give me no chance to defend myself. You know that I have loved you ever since the first time we met; that I would sacrifice everything for you; that it will break my heart to give you up. But so be it! If you do not choose to let me even know why you renounce me I must stand it. You will love some one else—perhaps you do so already! But I—I must go through life wretched, doubting and alone!"

As he finished his strong frome shook convulsively; he turned and was about to leave her. With a soul-piercing cry Miss Hammersmith flew to his side, caught his hands and sobbed:

"No, no, Trevelyan; it is not that! Do not wrong me by supposing for a moment that I have been unfaithful in my love for one moment since first we met out there in the moonlight so many happy, happy months ago. No one has said aught against you. I love you with all my heart and will always love you, but it cannot be!"

She wept upon his shoulder and he kissed her where a sunbeam fell upon the rich tresses, turning them into tiny bars of gold.

"Then tell me," he said at last, "what it is, and even if we cannot have each other I will go through life with the memory of your love to sustain me."

With her beautiful face hidden against his sleeve, she at last said, between her sobs:

"Ah, dearest, an impassable social gulf separates us. I live on Bolton avenue. You live on Bell. We have two hired girls and your mother has only one! We must part!"

For a moment Trevelyan Onderdonk's breath almost stuck in his mustache, but he caught it at last and strode away, while the sunlight continued to sift through the leaves of the elm and the chippie kept on chirping in the branches above the beautiful girl's head.—Cleveland Press.

A MANDARIN EN ROUTE.

An Important Personage Among the Rabble of a Chinese City.

Zoom — crash — zoom! sounded a mighty gong. Then again, crash—zoom! "What on earth is that?" The boy Ananias made answer: "That belong China mandalin—look! see!" We looked, saw, and lo! there came along an enormous boat, with a piano polish all over it—long, wide, low, with a great cabin in the middle, and a roof over each end. In front was the gong, that sounded like the crack of doom, and some sailors lounging near it. In the middle, behind plateglass framed with carved and gilded arabesquerie, was his excellency a governor, mustachioed, with many women. They were his wife, his mother, his No. 2 wife, and their maids; the ladies in their best—exquisite as to their bejeweled hair, their complexions of thick white powder, and their silks and satins. Next came the kitchen shed, with a cook and a woman among the pots and pans, while over the stern and far away floated a big red banner hung on a sort of fishing rod. Crash—zoom—zoom! went the mandarin, curving grandly among the smaller fry, with a dignity and stateliness we flatte folk know not how to produce, except it be where men bowl along on elephants' backs, or sway in palanquins, or glide in such barges as this.—Julian Ralph, in Harper's Magazine.

Hunting the Antelope.

On the prairie, successful antelope-hunting is no child's play. The game nearly always sees you first, and retires in good order, but on the double-quick, to some high knoll a long mile away, from which safe distance you are carefully surveyed by the keenest of eyes. As you try to steal up within long rifle-range, the band suddenly glides down the side of the knoll, seemingly without effort, scurries across the next flat, and presently halts on another high point at the end of another mile. The time was when antelope had so much curiosity and so little sense they could be brought up within gunshot by waving a rag or ramrod, or wriggling a No. 10 foot in the air; but that period has gone by, at least in Montana. We tried it repeatedly, but found the Pronghorn was not half the fool he had been represented. In the broken bad lands, where coulees are deep and sharp ridges numerous, it is an easy matter to stalk antelope, and to shoot them also—provided you are a good shot, don't get the buck-ague, and can judge distances reasonably well.—William T Hornaday, in St. Nicholas.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Jack—"I proposed to May last night." Tom—"How did you come out?" Jack—"Head first."—Town Topics.

—"They say Hambsy is generous to a fault." "Yes, he is, if it happens to be one of his own faults."—Buffalo Express.

—Hero—"Why are some foolish men like the footlights?" Villain—"I don't know; why?" Hero—"They go out between the acts."—Boston Courier.

—Josie—"Does a man cease to play the part of a tender lover after you have married him?" Edyth—"Not if you have any pretty girl friends."—Chicago Tribune.

—No Change of Heart.—"What's your opinion of the coming woman?" He—"I can't tell, but I suspect she will keep us waiting just like the others."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—First Horse—"Well, they took poor old Dobbin to the slaughter house today." Second Horse—"That's too bad." "It is bad, but worse remains. They mean to make his hide into bicycle saddles."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Getting It.—"Fact is," said the one man, "I married because I was lonely, as much as for any other reason. To put it tersely, I married for sympathy." "Well," said the other man, "you have mine."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Mrs. Grey—"Have you heard the news? Sarah Black, who went abroad in the spring, has married a peer!" Mrs. White—"It seems to run in the family, doesn't it? Her sister Jane married a wharfinger, you remember."—Boston Transcript.

—"It may be all right to joke," said the small boy, crawling through a hole in a fence, as his mother, with a stick in her hand, came running down the street in his direction, "but dis comin' woman business is a serious matter ter me."—Syracuse Post.

—Unhealthy.—Mr. Huggins—"What do you think of the latest medical dictum that kissing is unhealthy?" Mr. Hunker—"It is quite true. Mr. Munney caught me kissing his daughter, and I was laid up a whole week."—Pittsville (Pa.) Review.

—"Doctor, I have an important physiological question to ask you. When I stand on my head the blood rushes into my head. Now, when I stand on my feet, why does it not rush into my feet?" "Because your feet are not hollow."—N. Y. World.

—A Happy Thought.—She (on the evening of the wedding day)—"Oh! Harry, just look what a large piece of wedding cake has been left! Whatever shall we do with it?" He—"I tell you what, my dear. I'll send it to the night watchman at our works, then I shall be sure he won't sleep to-night."—Staatsanzeiger.

—May—"You seemed to be so in love with your art that you would never marry, and yet here you have eloped with a man old enough to be your grandfather." Ethel—"Ah, my dear, you have no idea how difficult it is to find an old master in this country—particularly one worth thirty thousand a year."—Connoisseur.

—"And the new man—" began Jones. "What of him?" snapped Mrs. Jones. "Well, I'm afraid the feminine traits will go to him, the conditions be reversed, and—" "Jones, what do you mean?" "Oh, that man will be embarrassed, bashful, ashamed in the presence of woman—" "Good heavens! He ought to be now!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE SULTAN AT DINNER.

Eats Alone and His Table Expenses Foot Up Almost Two Millions a Year.

By far the most extravagant diner in the world is the sultan of Turkey. His table expenses foot up to five thousand dollars a day, or one million eight hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year. It is the most expensive table and household, in all probability, that any country has ever seen. The old Romans used to spend vast sums on single meals, the equivalent of fifty thousand dollars being a drop in the bucket when their emperors used to dine foreign potentates, but the sultan expends all this money on himself. He is not a social man and very rarely has guests or visitors.

He does not even have a dining-room or dining-hall. Turkish custom among the higher classes is for servants to bring the meals to wherever the diners may be, and in the palace of Stamboul the menials at the dinner hour first search out his majesty and then in long procession bring the banquet, table and all.

The table is a silver one, and perhaps the most exquisite table that has ever been made. It precedes the procession, borne in upon the shoulders of lower grade servants. Following came a long line of jublakiars, who are cook's assistants. On the heads of these orientals are large tablets on which the platters are placed. Such a perfect balance do the jublakiars keep that an accident, the breaking of a dish, has never been known.

The waiters (sofladgis) lift the platters from the tablets and present each dish to his majesty, bowing low. The dishes are covered and sealed with the imperial seal, which is put on in the kitchen by the grand vizier, the idea being that the sultan may be certain that his food has not been poisoned or tampered with.

All at once the dishes are set upon the table, vegetables, meats, ices and confitures being arranged in front of his royal highness without any regard to courses or ordinary dinner regulations. The whole repast is before his majesty. He runs his eye over the many viands. Then he picks and chooses, eating the whole simultaneously, a pick here and a bite there, a mouthful of meat, a spoonful of ice, a sweet cake and a tiny ball of fish.

It all seems strange to a man who finishes his soup before he tackles anything else, but the sultan seems to enjoy it. He is a total abstainer, and never has wine set on the table at any time. At state dinners the people that get a chance to drink the rare vintages provided are those seated at other than the imperial board.—N. Y. World.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, AUG. 15, 1895.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first insertion* of the same:

Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $3; County Commissioner, $2.50; Register of Wills, $2.50; County Surveyor, $1.50.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

By the request of friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer of Garrett County, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

JACOB S. MEYERS.
District No. 2. Selbysport, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. M. LOHR.
Cove, March 11, 1895.

FOR SHERIFF.

At the request of my many friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for Orcoller o Sheriff of Garrett County, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention. AUSTIN BROWN.
Selbysport, Md., May 31, 1895.*

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. Don't slight the old soldiers.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND.
Oakland, Md., May 27, 1895

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. GEORGE A. WALTER.
District No. 1. P. O., Thayerville, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party GEORGE D. WHITE.
Oakland, Md.

FOR SURVEYOR.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Surveyor of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention. F. P. GREEN.
District No. 11.

FOR GOVERNOR,

Lloyd Lowndes,

OF ALLEGANY COUNTY,
Subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

THE TELEGRAM announcing the nomination of Hon. Lloyd Lowndes for the high position of governor of the State of Maryland, by the Republicans assembled at Cambridge, comes not unexpectedly to us, but for that reason is none the less gratifying.

Ever since the result of last fall's election was made known, we have thought, and so contended, that Mr. Lowndes was the logical candidate for this position; the man who would lead the Republican hosts to victory, and free the grand old commonwealth of Maryland from the galling yoke of bossism, official corruption and duplicity. As time rolled on and the date for holding the convention drew near, we were more and more convinced of the correctness of this conclusion, and we now firmly believe that the wisdom of the convention in placing Mr. Lowndes' name at the head of the ticket, will be ratified by the voters of this State irrespective of previous political affiliations, by his triumphal election.

Mr. Lowndes possesses ability, is conservative, is free from the influences of any ring, boss, or political faction; is sound on all questions affecting the interests of the State or its people, and therefore should command the hearty support, not only of every Republican voter within its borders, but of all others, of whatever political faith, who have the interests and welfare of the State at heart.

THE clip of American wool for the year ending June 30, 1893, was 364,000,000 pounds; for the year ending June 30, 1895, it was 264,000,000 pounds, a difference of just 100,000,000 pounds and a decrease of about 27½ per cent. At that rate of decrease how long will it take to entirely destroy the American wool industry under free trade in this staple? Importations of foreign wool have increased nearly 150,000,000 pounds and the chances are that well nigh our entire supply will soon be derived from foreign sources.

ON LAST Friday Governor Brown appointed Mr. Robert H. Gordon, of Cumberland, and a prominent member of the Allegany county bar, associate judge of the fourth judicial circuit, to fill the vacany caused by the death of the late Hon. Henry W. Hoffman.

EVERY farmer in Garrett county should wear woolen clothes. Every person who owns a horse in Garrett county should have a woolen blanket for it. Every bed in every home in Garrett county should have at least one pair of woolen blankets. All of which should be manufactured in Garrett county. We produce the wool in ample quantity, now let us provide for its manufacture.

For Boss or People—Which?

The Baltimore Sun, the leading Democratic paper of Maryland, which has been making a fight against Mr. Gorman and his henchman in this State for a number of months, is out in an editorial that shows up the true status of affairs as now existing in the State in the Democractic camp. Following we give the article in full:

"Democratic legislative candidates would do well to understand at the outset of this campaign that perfect frankness and honesty on the subject of Gormanism is the best policy from every standpoint. The great issue in this contest is Gormanism, and the position of legislative candidates on that issue must be clearly and emphatically defined. It will be the height of impolicy to attempt any other course. It will not add to their strength with machine voters from the Democratic masses who oppose Mr. Gorman. The contestants for these honors cannot do battle for them in masks or visors. They must throw off all concealment and disguise and come out like men before the people and state frankly and explicitly whether they are for Gorman or against him, and whether, if elected, they will support him or his candidate for the United States Senate.

"It is not enough simply to say that they will not vote for the re-election of Senator Gibson. It is believed by many persons that the passing of Senator Gibson has already been resolved upon and that when the proper time comes he will be sent to join Mr. Hayes, if Mr. Gorman controls the Legislature. But this is an immaterial point. The people are not fighting Gibson, but Gorman, and all that he stands for, as well as all who stands with him. What legislative aspirants should do is to tell the people where they stand in regard to any candidate whom Mr. Gorman may put up, whether he be Senator Gibson or any other man who is in line with Mr. Gorman in this struggle.

"This is the people's fight, the fight of the Democratic masses against boss tyranny, and it will not do to attempt to play any tricks on them. They will not be deceived by diplomatic or half-way talk. They have heard this sort of talk from Messrs. Gorman and Rasin for so long that the men who resort to it now will be objects of suspicion. The people have a right to demand from every Democratic candidate for the Legislature straightforward answers to these question: Are you for Gorman or against him? If elected to the Legislature will you support him or any candidate under his control or in sympathy with him?

"The people can't be fooled this year, and candidates might as well demonstrate that they have the courage of their convictions. Double-dealing, dodging, carrying water on both shoulders will not be successful. Every Democratic candidate for the Legislature has got to face the music on this issue. Every dodger will be set down by the people as a Gorman man, because political dodging is the badge of all his tribe. Come out into the open, gentlemen, and have the manhood to tell the people on what side your are in this struggle—their's or Mr. Gorman's."

Send your job work to THE REPUBLICAN office.

LOWNDES NOMINATED.

The Man of Allegany Secures the Honors

AMID A BURST OF ENTHUSIASM.

A Sketch of His Life From Boyhood.

Special telegram to the REPUBLICAN.

CAMBRIDGE, MD., Aug. 15.

Lowndes nominated by acclamation on first ballot.

Hon. Lloyd Lowndes, the President of the Second National Bank of Cumberland, Md., is a descendant of a distinguished Maryland family. Richard Lowndes, of Bostock House, Cheshire, England, was his great-great-grandfather. His great-grandfather, Christopher Lowndes, came from England, and was a successful merchant at Bladensburg before the national capital was located at Washington. He married Elizabeth Tasker, daughter of Governor Tasker, one of the prominent early colonial Governors of the State. His grandfather, Charles Lowndes married Elizabeth Lloyd, daughter of Governor Edward Lloyd, one of the most distinguished of early Governors of Maryland. Charles Lowndes was in early life a merchant at Georgetown, D. C., but husbandry being more to his tastes, he retired upon a neat estate in Jefferson county, the eastern outpost of the Valley of Virginia. On the 4th of July, 1800, before this event, Lloyd Lowndes, the father of the present Lloyd Lowndes, was born at Georgetown, D. C. When twenty-four years of age he and his younger brother, Richard T. Lowndes, settled in Cumberland, Md. They followed the family traditions and engaged in mercantile business. Very soon the firm of L. & R. T. Lowndes became one of the strongest in the State.

In 1831, Lloyd Lowndes moved to Clarksburg, Harrison Co., Va., and there established a branch house, under the name of Lowndes & Co. He gave to the new enterprise in this comparatively primitive section of the country the force of his best exertions and vigorous business ability. The twin houses acting in conjuction, controled by the same business sense and integrity, became very prosperous. In 1840, Mr. Lowndes married Marie Elizabeth Moore, daughter of Thomas Moore, of Clarksburg. Four sons were the issue of this marriage, three of whom grew to manhood. Mr. Lowndes died on the 14th of March, 1879, in Clarksburg, after a remarkably successful career of more than half a century. It can be said of him that he was one of the most careful business men, successful merchants and valuable citizens of the State. He left a large fortune as the fruit of his industy and business tact. His name occupies a conspicuous place in the history of this section of West Virginia, not more for the successful monuments of his life's work than for the liberality, kind-heartedness, and untiring zeal with which he lent his name and force to the advancement of the section in which he lived.

Commodore Charles Lowndes was the only one of his direct family to leave the avenues of his business. He served with distinction in the United States navy, and resides on his beautiful estate on Miles River, Talbot Co., Md.

Hon. Lloyd Lowndes, the subject of this sketch, was born in Clarksburg, February 21, 1845. He laid the foundation of his early education at the academy in his native town. In early life he developed those qualities of mind and character which have since given him marked success at the bar, in politics, in business, and in social life. When sixteen years of age he entered Washington College, at Washington, Pa., where he remained for two years. He finished his education at Alleghany College, Meadville, Pa., graduating with distinction in 1865, when only twenty years of age. As he had chosen the profession of law, he set about preparing himself for the bar. Richard L. Ashurst, of Philadelphia, was his preceptor. While pursuing his legel studies with this distinguished lawyer he attended the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania, and graduated therefrom in 1867. He at once settled in Cumberland, Md., where his father had begun business. He married Elizabeth T. Lowndes. His force of character, energy, talents and probity won him almost immediate recognition and success. In the midst of a practice which almost immediately demanded a great part of his time, his ambition and tastes lead him to the broader field of politics and state-craft. Public affairs tending to the advancement of the community in which he lived secured his early and eager attention, and gained him the opportunity for that distinction which he has since achieved.

In politics as well as in business life he soon took a prominent part. He is a Republican of earnest convictions, and forcible and aggressive in their expression. In 1872 he was nominated for Congress, his district at that time being largely Democratic, with but a single Republican county. So rapidly had he advanced in public favor that he carried the district by 1,700 majority against the Hon. John Ritchie, of Frederick county, who had carried it by over 1,500 majority two years before. A very spirited canvass followed Mr. Lowndes' nomination, and in his election he was the first to change its political complexion since the Hon. Francis Thomas had represented the district.

Mr. Lowndes was only twenty-eight years of age when he entered the Forty-third Congress and was at the time its youngest member. He served on some of its most important committees during the session of that Congress, and in his congressional career he advanced as rapidly as in the other pursuits in which he had met with such signal success, winning distinction as an active, energetic worker, while his social qualities made him exceedingly popular with his fellow-members, and his untiring industry in all matters relating to the affairs of his district won him the respect and admiration of his constituents.

He was re-nominated in 1874, his opponent being the Hon. William Walsh, who was elected by a small majority.

Since that time Mr. Lowndes has not been in public life, although he has never ceased to take an active part in politics.

In 1879, he was strongly urged for the Governship, and was a delegate at large from his State to the Republican National Convention at Chicago.

In addition to his successful public life he has filled, and now fills, various positions of trust and honor in the business world. Since 1873, he has been President of the Second National Bank of Cumberland, one of the largest financial institutions of Western Maryland.

He is also President of the Frostburg Gaslight Company, President of the Union Mining Company, and President of the Potomac Coal Company. He is a director in the Cumberland and Elk Lick Coal Company; in the Black, Sheridan Wilson Company; in the New York Mining Company; in the Barton and George's Creek Valley Coal Company; in the Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland, and a number of other corporations. Was formerly President of the Bar Association of Allegany county.

He has been for many years, and is now a member of Emmanuel Protestant Episcopal church of Cumberland; is one of the vestrymen and has frequently been a delegate to the Diocesan conventions, and no man in his section of the State has contributed more generously to public and private enterprises than Mr. Lowndes.

His means are very large, and are freely expended in developing the industrial enterprises of the city of Cumberland and Allegany county.

Besides his large financial, coal and mining interests, he has one of the most fertile farms in the county, which is devoted to a general system of progressive farming, and includes the raising of choice breeds of cattle; he is thus closely identified with the agricultural interests of his section, and particularly with the efforts which have been made for the establishment and maintainance of a system of good roads.

He is now fifty years of age, and has a position, and social popularity, which make him one of the foremost men of his State, and one of the ablest and best representatives of the Republican party of Maryland.

Just Received,

A Car Load of Watermelons, Canteloupes, Bananas, Potatoes and Apples and will sell you at your own price.

Fruit and Vegetables received daily.

We will sell you Groceries at the lowest possible price.

Just received, a fresh line of Marvin's crackers. They are the best and cheapest.

We are still in the Jewelry business and will sell you good goods at a low figure. What we have not in stock we will get you on short notice.

Anything in our line we will gladly sell you as cheap as you can buy elsewhere. Give us a call.

W. H. MALETTE,
Fancy Grocer and Jeweler.

P. S.—When in Mt. Lake Park try our Ice Cream, Meals and Lunches, "Auditorium Restaurant."

High-class Tailoring

AT MODERATE PRICES

The finest line of goods west of Washington to select from.

We are ready for fall work.

Cleaning, Dyeing, Repairing

Done by our expert workmen.

WASHINGTON BRANCH TAILORING CO.,
M. COHEN, Proprietor.
RAILROAD STREET, NEAR DEPOT
OAKLAND, MD.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

Moses Wensel, et al., vs. William Haun, et al; No. 708 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

The object of this suit is to procure a sale of the real estate of John Haun, late of Garrett county, deceased,

The Bill of Complaint alleges that the said John Haun departed this life about the 12th day of March, 1894, seized and possessed of certain real estate in said county as shown by Exhibit A., leaving surving him as his only representatives and heirs at law the following persons, to-wit: Jane Haun, his widow, who has since departed this life, to-wit, on the 29th day of April, 1895; Valinda H. Haun, who intermarried with Moses Wensel; Sarah E. Haun, who intermarried with Geo. S. Higgs; Lydia M. Haun, who intermarried with George W. Pelmal, George Haun, William Haun, Thomas J. Haun, Isaiah Haun and W. Scott Haun, his children.

That said John Haun now deceased was indebted unto the plaintiff, Moses Wensel, in a very large sum of money, for money loaned, for labor performed and materials provided, for money paid for the said John Haun by the said Moses Wensel, at his request, and for services rendered to the said decedent by said Moses Wensel and family for the period of about twenty years, during which time the said decedent and his wife resided with Moses Wensel upon the said real estate described in the said Exhibit A; the said Jane Haun, wife of said John Haun being an invalid and confined to her bed the greater portion of her time, requiring the constant attention of the said Moses Wensel and family in caring for, nursing, maintaining and providing for the wants and necessities of the said John Haun and Jane Haun, his wife.

That while living on said real estate and caring for said decedent and his wife, the plaintiff, Moses Wensel, at great expense to himself made many valuable improvements upon said real estate, far exceeding the rental value of the same for said period of twenty years.

That said John Haun, deceased, left no personal property of any character upon which administration could be had or out of which said claims could be paid, and that the plaintiffs are advised that they are entitled to have said real estate sold under a decree of this court, the claims of the various creditors paid out of the proceeds of said sale, and the balance, if any, distributed amongst the persons entitled thereto according to their respective interests therein.

The Bill then prays for a decree for sale of said real estate and proceeds distributed as aforesaid, and for a writ of subpoena against resident defendants and an order of publication against non-resident defendants as follows: George Haun, whose residence to your plaintiff is unknown; Thomas J. Haun and W. Scott Haun, who reside in the State of Pennsylvania.

It is thereupon ordered, this 7th day of August, A. D. 1895, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county in equity, that the plaintiffs cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the Bill to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 7th day of September next; giving notice to the said George Haun, Thomas J. Haun and W. Scott Haun and warning them to appear in person or by solicitor in this court on or before the 23d day of September next to show cause, if any they have, why a decree shall not pass as prayed.

A. HUNTER BOYD.

True copy. Test:—
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

FOR SALE!

—AT—

DEER PARK, MARYLAND.

Less than half a mile from postoffice and railroad station, a

FARM of ABOUT 175 ACRES.

It is well watered and wooded and contains seven very desirable building sites. Within the enclosure is some three miles of excellent driving roads, arranged with a view to reach the several sites. The dwelling contains:

1st Floor—Billiard room, large hall, dining room, library, pantry, laundry (with stationary washtubs, hot and cold water in each) and kitchen upon the porch of which stands a Ridgway refrigerator 8x7x4, with ice house twenty feet off never exhausted in ten summers.

2nd Floor—Eight chambers, 2 baths, closets and back stairs.

3rd Floor—Two chambers and 2 large store rooms.

There is an ample cellar in which are furnace, wine closet and gas machine, supplied by outside gasometer, which furnishes every room.

Ten rooms have open fire places; six have registers as well.

The stable has stalls for six horses and room for eight carriages. There is a tenant's house, sheep barn and cow stable, together with sheds and lean-tos. A tank of capacity of 4500 gallons surmounts the stable. It is supplied from springs rising on the place, whose contents have been proved perfect by chemical analysis. To the tank the water is pumped by two separate systems, from different sources. All the plumbing and drainage are perfect and the premises are in excellent repair.

This property is offered as a whole.

It is without incumbrance, and possession can be given November 15th, 1895.

Address,

JOHN W. WILLIAMS,
Deer Park, Maryland.

22-3*

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

D. E. OFFUTT & SON

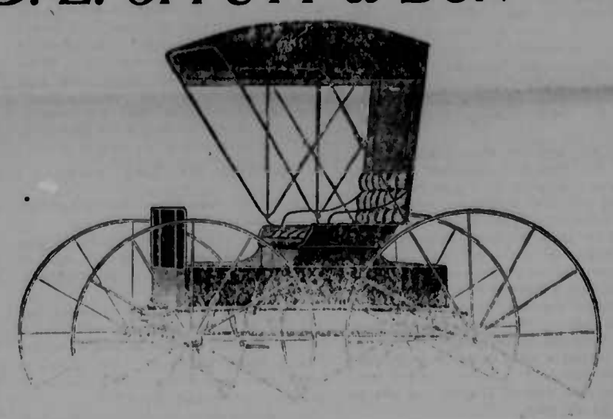

Invites the attention of those interested in the purchase of vehicles of any style. The Kramer, Milburn and Jackson farm wagons always on hand. Prices and terms given on application.

Prevention
better than cure. Tutt's Liver Pills will not only cure, but if taken in time will prevent

Sick Headache,
dyspepsia, biliousness, malaria, constipation, jaundice, torpid liver and kindred diseases.

TUTT'S Liver PILLS
ABSOLUTELY CURE.

Catarrh Is Common.

Few realize just how common it is. Very many people have Catarrh, or at least Catarrhal symptoms, who would laugh at the idea. It is an unpleasant disease—one of those which make others uncomfortable as well as the one who has it. The first symptoms are: A heavy feeling between the eyes, profuse and offensive mucous discharge from the nostrils, headache and foul breath.

Tutt's German Army and Navy Cure

is recommended for both slight and aggravated cases. It will cure the worst case of CATARRH, and is good for a mere Cold—an inflamed condition of the nasal passages is the cause of both. It is also good for HAY FEVER. It is a sure cure. There is nothing marvelous about it. It is not an accidental, magical discovery, but a perfectly sensible, scientific preparation, intended to do just exactly the thing it does, and nothing else.

It costs 50 cents—druggists.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, MD.

FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY SKIN CURE is the best thing for ECZEMA, TETTER, RING WORM, SALT RHEUM, ITCH, DANDRUFF, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES and ITCHING PILES. Designed to cure permanently, and does it. It's 50 cents, too.

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 1, on Front Street, in Bayard, West Va.
Lot containing four acres with house on it, at Swanton, Md.
A mortgage on property worth more than double, at Loch Lyn Heights, Md.
WILLIAM W. SWEET,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

WE LOAN MONEY

to buy, build and improve your home and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS NEARLY $200,000,000.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. RINKER,
Wilson, Grant Co., W. Va.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above. 4-1yr.*

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including farm ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26:*

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL
ROOFING,
SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,
W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

Slate Roofing.

Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.

I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.

All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.

I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.

Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.
For prices apply to or address,
C. M. BEACHY,
47—1yr. Grantsville, Md

A Big Picnic.

Alpine Lodge No. 35, Knights of Pythias, and Terra Alta Lodge No. 58, Independent Order Odd Fellows both of Terra Alta, are preparing to give a grand picnic at this place, on Thursday, August 23d. The Lodge of Odd Fellows appointed a committee at the last meeting which will confer with the committee appointed by the Knights of Pythias, at their meeting last night, and all arrangements will be at once made for the successful carrying out of the affair. Invitations to attend will be sent to every Lodge of Odd Fellows and Knights of Pythias in the State. Excursion rates on the B. & O. railroad will be secured, cutting the fare from all points down to the lowest possible notch. The programme for the day will contain a big parade of the secret organizations and many sources of amusement to be hereafter decided upon by the committees. The picnic will be held in Mr. L. P. White's beautiful grove, a short distance west of town. Hon. Gordon Dayton has promised to be present and deliver an address. Other speakers of like note will be secured for the occasion. The affair promises a big gala day for Terra Alta.—Terra Alta Oracle.

Sunday School Convention.

The following program has been prepared by the Garrett county Sunday school association for the convention to be held at North Glade, near Swanton, on Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 24 and 25, 1895:

FIRST DAY.

Saturday afternoon—2:00—Convention called to order by the District President, Rev. A. F. George.

Devotional exercises conducted by Rev. H. A. Hardesty.

Address of Welcome by Rev. W. G. Loyd. Responses by Rev. Geo. H. Nock, Wm. Hinebaugh and others.

Topics for Discussion—"The Teacher and His Work," discussed by C. J. Otto, Wm. Hinebaugh and Rev. Geo. E. Bishoff.

2d Topic—"The unreached Masses, what to do to reach them," by Rev. W. G. Loyd, Wm. D. Hoye and F. A. Thayer.

Evening session—7:00—Devotional exercises by C. J. Otto.

Topics for Discussion—"What can the Sunday school do to assist in the overthrow of the saloon," by John Shartzer, Rev. J. C. Rodeheaver, Rev. Geo. H. Nock—general discussion.

3d Topic—"How can we get the parents to attend and take a greater interest in the Sunday school," discussed by C. M. Miller, Revs. James Enlow, H. Friend—general discussion.

Question Box.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Sunday morning—9:30—General Sunday School Experience Meeting conducted by Rev. A. F. George.

10:30—Rev. W. G. Loyd will preach his last sermon for this Conference year.

Afternoon session—2:00—Children's Mass Meeting, conducted by Rev. Geo. H. Nock, State Organizer, Md. S. S. Union.

Evening session—7:00—Topic, "What can be done to keep our schools open and hold our scholars the whole year," by G. W. Moon, George Bishoff and H. A. Hardesty.

Excursions to Atlantic City. Last of the Season via B. & O.

The last of the series of trips to the Seashore via the B. & O. is announced for Thursday, August 22nd. The excellent train arrangements that have been so satisfactory on the previous occasions will be repeated.

Tickets to Cape May or Sea Isle City can be purchased at same rate and under same conditions.

Don't forget the date, August 22nd.

We give below a list of stations in this vicinity, showing time of trains and rates of fare:

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	RATE
Oakland.....	9.37	10.00	12.29	6.01	5.12	$8.50
Mt. Lake Pk	9.43	10.08	12.36	6 12	5.17	8.50
Deer Park...	9.50	10.17	12.45	6.20	5.25	8.50

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

For more detailed information apply to nearest B. & O. agent.

We have something new, effective, pleasant to take and perfectly harmless and a positive cure for nervous headache, sick headache, dizziness and neuralgia. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

Your Town.

If you have made up your mind to live in a town then stand up for it, say all the good things you can about it, and if you know positively no good, then silence in regard to its merits is considered golden. Do what you can to help along every man who is engaged in a legitimate business. Don't send away for everything nice you want, and still expect the home men to keep a stock to suit the whim of one or two possible customers. The success of your fellow townsmen will be your success. No man liveth to himself no man dieth to himself, and no man does business independent of his fellow business men. Take your home paper. Don't imagine that big dailies fill up all the space; there are many little crevices of good cheer social sunshine, personal mention in a home paper that the big dailies do not care for and do not print. Don't abuse your neighbor; the main difference in the number of his faults and your own is that you see his thro' a magnifying glass as criticism and yours in a glass darkly. The ill-omened bird, the croaker, can do a town more harm in a minute than two good citizens can repair in a month.

Odds Against The Kicker.

This is the way a country editor sizes up a kicker and offers odds on his probable relations to the paper:

"Whenever you find a man finding fault with a local paper, open it up and ten to one he hasn't an advertisement in it; five to one he never gave it a job of work; three to one he does not take the paper; two to one that if he is a subscriber he is delinquent; even odds he never does anything that will assist the publisher to run a good paper, and forty to one that if the paper is a good one and full of life, he is the most eager to see the paper when it comes out."

A Card.

The members of Smith's Military Band extend their many thanks to the people of Oakland and vicinity for their liberal patronage on behalf of the band, and especially to those who rendered assistance in getting up the festival. Our special thanks are due Mr. R. S. Jamesson for the donation of a watch, the largest donation the band ever received from one person, and also to Misses Lucy Coddington and Sadie Browning for their untiring energy in soliciting subscriptions. Miss Coddington received the largest amount and consequently received the watch and Miss Browning was presented with a handsome diamond ring.

COMMITTEE.

Good Political Plank.

At the recent convention of one of the political parties in Baltimore county, one of the planks of the platform adopted was: "That the roads used by the farmers and other citizens of the country should receive proper and adequate attention, and also that the special tax belonging to roads and collected on over $7,500,000 annually from stocks and spent by the commissioners on roads should be justly distributed according to law, and not placed for the benefit of a few in favored localities."

This will meet with the approbation not only of the farmers, but of every cyclist in the State. Maryland roads are notoriously bad, but with systematic and proper attention could be put into condition in a very short time. There are enough wheelmen in the State to make their influence felt and if they combine to elect officials pledged to road improvement a few years would see a great change in Maryland's highways.

Rogers' Sarsaparilla.

A specific for all. 100 doses for 75 cents. Rogers' Little Liver Pills, best on the market; Cough Cure, Liniment, Appetine and Worm Syrup, sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland; Cuppett Bros., McHenry; J. A. DeBerry, Corinth; C. F. White, Hutton; P. T. Garthright, Hayden & Eckles, Mt. Lake Park; Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park; Wm. Frederick, Friendsville; Yough Store Co., Jonas Frazee, Robert Liston, Selbysport; W. Wass, Mineral Springs; J. E. Gnagey, Accident; Smith & Callis, Hoyes, and by all general dealers.

McComas' Calmative Konseals, 10 cents. Try them. 5-tf

WARDWELL ASSAULTED.

The Gallant Colonel of the Second Battalion Whacked Over the Head.

In the twenty-second ward of Baltimore city—the home of Mr. Malster—it was determined to elect the delegates to the Republican city convention by a ward meeting instead of a primary. A compromise ticket, consisting of five Malster and four Lowndes delegates, had been previously agreed upon, but when the meeting took place there was considerable trouble.

Colonel Wardwell, secretary of the Columbian Club, got up to speak when Mr. Alexander Stewart objected, and said Colonel Wardwell was not a registered voter. Colonel Wardwell said he was sick at the time of the last registration and could not get registered, but that he had never voted anywhere but in the twenty-second ward. He added that "It was very peculiar that a gentleman who got up to speak could be called down by such a man as that."

Mr. Stewart took offense at this remark and said that he could prove that he was as good a man as Colonel Wardwell. With this remark he grabbed the Colonel's cane from his hand and struck him a blow on the right side of the forehead. In an instant the entire room was in a commotion. Friends rushed between the two men and prevented any further blows. Colonel Wardwell's temple bled a good deal, but he put a piece of court plaster on it and was shouting for Malster at a lively rate late in the night.

The meeting then proceeded to business, and after a long discussion the compromise was agreed upon by a large vote.

The State of Trade.

The business world is in a healthy and prosperous condition, although the dullness in some lines incident to midsummer previously noted continued during the past week. There was, however, increased activity in other directions.

The prospects for a large yield of corn continued favorable and this was again a factor in promoting purchases of merchandise by interior merchants for the early fall trade and also in sustaining the improvement previously established in the iron and steel trade.

The market for dry goods was strong and active, and both cotton and woolen fabrics have shown a hardening tendency with a number of advances in bleached and brown cotton. It is now positively asserted that stocks generally are low from the primary market down to the smallest tradesmen, and a heavy shortage is predicted. Jobbers are endeavoring to place orders for supplimentary stocks at old prices, but find manufacturers obdurate and unwilling to consider any bid under a 10 to 50 per cent. advance over opening prices. The fact of the matter is that in majority of quarters assortments make a very poor showing, the best goods having been secured. Sharp advances in prints, sheeting and shirting are a fixture of the near future.

Cotton advanced ⅛ cent a pound on increased consumption both at home and abroad. Wheat remained about stationary with a firm undertone. Corn is unchanged and flour 5 to 10 cents a barrel lower.

In financial circles the exports of gold attracted some attention, but created no alarm. Dealings in stocks and bonds were light, but values held steadily to firm. Money ruled easy and dull at unchanged rates.

R. G. Dun & Co., in their weekly review, say: Business continues unusually active for midsummer, and though there is perceptible relaxation, there are no signs of reaction. The one change of importance which the past week has brought is eminently helpful—the amicable settlement between coal miners and employers in Western Pennsylvania, Ohio and Indiana. It is said that about 100,000 men will have their wages increased after October 1 by this adjustment, and while the enlargement of purchasing power is of consequence, it seems even more important that a chronic cause of controversy has been removed by the new agreement as to company stores. There is no important change in crop prospects, and at this time no news is eminently good news. Speculation has been more successful in cotton than in any product during the past week, and has lifted the price an eighth.

EUSINESS LOCALS.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

W. Grant Martin, scientific optician, will be in Oakland the last week in each month. Office in Pritchard building. 13-13t.

Stomach and Bowel Complaints are best relieved by the timely use of DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure. Insist on having this preparation. Don't take any other.

Cholera Morbus is a dangerous complaint, and often is fatal in its result. To avoid this you should use DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure as soon as the first symptoms appear.

Easy to take, sure to cure, no pain, nothing to dread, pleasant little pills. DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Best for Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach and Constipation.

McComas' Calmative Konseals contain all that is required to cure the worst case of headache or neuralgia in a very few minutes and are safe, sure, inexpensive. Manufactured by Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf.

Children, especialy infants are soon run down with Cholera Infantum or "Summer Complaint." Don't wait to determine, but give DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure promptly, you can rely on it. Use no other.

Eyes examined free by Prof. Little, the graduate optician, for glasses, easy on the eyes, nose and nerves. At Mt. Lake Park drug store Friday and Saturday, Aug. 9 and 10, 16 and 17, 23 and 24. 21-3.

HAULING AND EXPRESS.—I have located at Mountain Lake Park and am prepared to do hauling of all kinds at short notice. Baggage a specialty. A share of the public patronage solicited. Harry Thayer.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Diarrhœa should be stopped promptly. It soon becomes chronic. DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure is effective, safe and certain. Hundreds of testimonials bear witness to the virtue of this great medicine. It can always be depended upon, its use saves time and money.

Mr. A. A. Snyder, Supt. Poor Farm, Winnesheik Co., Ia., says:—Last winter Mr. Robert Leach used two boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve and cured a large running sore on his leg. Had been under care of physician for months without obtaining relief. Sure cure for Piles.

Try McComas' Calmative Konseals to drive away sharp pains in muscular and acute rheumatism. One or two Konseals have shown marvelous results. 10 cents per box. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper, under the caption "We Loan Money." The Granite State Provident Association, which he is representing, is one of the strongest financial institutions in the country, and the largest building and loan association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management have developed it from nominal assets in 1889 to nearly $200,000,000 in 1895. Its style of doing business is such as to cause the U. S. Examiner, C. W. Thompson, who has for years been assigned to especially investigate loan and mortgage companies, to state that "For comprehensiveness, thoroughness, neatness and accuracy, its accounts are far superior to anything I ever saw or supposed possible." Those desiring to borrow, will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars. 4-1yr.*

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

EIGHTH YEAR.
A MODERN, HIGH GRADE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.

Reopens Sept. 25, 1895 (D. V.) A department for boys and young men embracing thorough preparatory work for college, business or scientific school will be inaugurated under the charge of Maj. C. A. Ballou, of the Virginia Military Institute. Stenography, type-writing, book-keeping, besides full courses in English and Latin, etc. Send for catalogue to
E. B. SWAN, Principal and Proprietress.
18-1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

Knights Templar Conclave, Boston.

For the Triennal Conclave Knights Templar at Boston, Mass., August 26th-30th, the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets at one fare for the round trip from all points on its line east of the Ohio River for all trains August 23d to August 26th, inclusive, valid for return passage until September 10th inclusive. Tickets can also be purchased going one route and returning another at slight advance in rates. 22-3t.

ORDER NISI.

John Hetrick, et. al. by Henry Felk *pro chien ami* vs. Charles W. Hetrick.
No. 703 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 12th day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-five, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Edward H. Sincell, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 7th day of September, 1895, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 7th day of September, 1895.

This report states the amount of sale to be $1850 00.
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
True Copy, Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.18 A. M
No. 1	—Daily	7.05 A. M
No. 51	—Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 47	—Daily except Mon	10.10 A. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	6.24 P. M
No. 3	—Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	—Daily	6.07 A. M
No. 2	—Daily	6.37 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 52	—Accom daily except Sun	4.32 P. M
No. 46	—Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	12.20 A. M

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Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
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THE ADJUTANT'S GRAVE.

It was at the taking of Rangoon.

From the Irrawaddi the crashing batteries of a dozen steam frigates had leveled the stockades on the river side. Black masses of naked, smoke-stained Burmese, exposed at their guns or in shallow trenches, when the teak walls fell or were burned, were mowed down like grass by a hailstorm of grape. Our artillery was landing. The Eighteenth Royal Irish were already in the breaches and at the water gate. The Burmese dropped their cumbrous shields and lances and dhars and fled, yelling, back toward the great pagoda. Those wild Irish, possessed of the same devil that dashed and slashed and stabbed and hacked and hurrahed in the Enniskilleners at Waterloo, went off in hot chase. Only one regiment!—for they would not wait for the slow boats that were bringing the guns, and the Eightieth and the Sepoy Rifles, but broke away in pursuit, in spite of the almost frantic officers, who, weak and hoarse with ineffectual efforts to check their mad command, were forced to follow at last, all chasing the bubble reputation together—one regiment, at the heels of ten thousand panic-stricken savages!

One of the glorious fellows of the crack Eighteenth in this tempestuous hurley-burley was Fallon, the adjutant. He was the equipped model of a gentleman and a soldier, according to the standard of his proud regiment; a jovial boon companion, generous comrade, fast friend, frank and fearless enemy; in sport a child, in taste a scholar, impetuous in fight, pitiful in victory.

As his disordered party charged, shouting, up the broad Dagon road, between the long lines of the inner stockade, over bamboo bridges thrown across trenches, and past grim, gigantic idols and ponghee houses fantastically carved, the adjutant who had lingered behind the rest, striving to the last, in his habitual devotion to discipline, to restrain the men, happened to be in the rear of all.

"How now?" jestingly cried Clark, an English ensign of the adjutant's mess, who was running just before him, "our plucky Fallon at the back of us all! This is bad enough for me, old fellow, who have my medals to win; but it will never do for you, with those red ribbons to answer for."

"I am doing my best, Clark, my boy," Fallon replied, "and shall be up with that crazy sergeant presently. You know I am good for a short brush of foot race; fast running is one of my accomplishments—thanks to my bog-trotting education and the practice Lord Gough gave us."

Hardly were the words done ringing in his comrade's ears when the gallant Fallon, the pride of his corps, received in his generous breast a dozen musket balls, as he sprang up the broad staircase of the Golden Dragon pagoda—first of them all, and quite alone. He fell on his face, stone dead, on the stairs, sword in hand, and smiling.

When all was over, and his regiment held the post of honor on the very throne of the Boodh, they gave him a soldier's most distinguished obsequies, burying him in a grove of talipot trees, behind a ponghee house of the most most grotesque architecture, and just outside of what were afterward the Sepoy lines of the Eightieth. His faithful orderly planted a rude cross at his grave's head and set an English white rose there. An American missionary gave it to him.

In Calcutta Norah Fallon—beautiful, accomplished, witty, altogether radiant with rare charms of mind and person—waited with her young child for news from her soldier husband, who had her heart in his keeping within the stockades of Rangoon. When they told her he was dead, she fell, uttering only a sharp cry, and lay as one dead for many days. But when she awoke to the consciousness of her profound bereavement, and her eternal widowhood, she shed not a tear nor spoke a word, but took her boy and went aboard a troopship that sailed on the morrow for Rangoon.

On the voyage still she spoke not, nor ever wept; the silence of her sorrow had something sacred, almost awful, about it, that commanded a delicacy of consideration, which was a sort of worship, from the rudest about her.

Arrived at Rangoon, no sooner had the ship dropped anchor off the king's wharf than Norah sent her chaprassey, her Hindoo errand goer, with a note to Gen. Godwin, commanding the company's forces in Burmah: "The wife of Maurice Fallon, adjutant in the Eighteenth of her majesty's Royal Irish, would be permitted to see her husband's grave; she awaits the expression of the general's wishes on board the Mahanuddy."

She waited long. At last the answer came:

"It was with unfeigned sorrow that Lieut. Gen. Godwin found himself constrained, by the exigencies of his position, to refuse the widow of one of his best officers, whose loss was felt by the whole Anglo-Indian army, the sad privilege of visiting the spot where his comrades consigned him to a brave soldier's grave. But the general's footing in Rangoon was precarious; hourly apprehensions of attack by a strong body of the enemy were entertained.

"It was known that a Burmah chief was approaching with a numerous and well-armed force, and had already arrived in the neighborhood of Kemmendine. Therefore, for the present, the lieutenant general must forbid the landing of his countrywoman from the shipping on any pretext. He hoped to be forgiven by the dear lady, whose grief he humbly asked to be permitted to share; but in this case he was not left in the exercise of the least discretion. Such were the regulations."

When Norah Fallon had read these lines she retired to her cabin in silence and was not seen again that day. On the next she was observed in frequent and eager conference, in whispered Hindoostanee, with an old and faithful bearer, grey-bearded, and of grave and dignified demeanor, who had long been in the confidence of her husband—indeed, a sort of humble but fatherly guardian to the young, inexperienced and perhaps imprudent pair, who, with their darling between them, were all in all to each other, and heedless of all beside.

The old Hindoo had formerly lived several years at Prome, whither he had gone in the capacity of bearer to an English commissioner; he therefore knew the Burmese character well, and could speak the language with tolerable fluency.

There were many "friendly" Burmese at Rangoon at this time, deserters from Dallah, shrewd fellows who had foreseen safety in British ascendancy, and, being mostly fishermen, had offered themselves for "Inglee" muskets for the nonce, with a sharp eye to profitable nets thereafter. Indeed, not a few of these calculating traitors had taken to their old trade already, and were busy plying their poles and hooks from crazy canoes at the mouth of Kemmendine creek. It was not long before some of them, hailed by old Buxsoo, the bearer, came alongside with, as he said, fish for the Mem Sahib, his mistress. On these occasions he conversed with them in Burmese, and whoever watched narrowly the astonished and anxious faces of the fishermen must have observed that neither the freshness nor the price of their finny prizes formed any part of the discussion.

It was a dark night, no moon and a cloudy sky; all hands had gone below and "turned in" some hours since. The officer of the deck, night-glass in hand, paced the "bridge," or leaned over the rail and watched the lights ashore, while the quartermaster patrolled the gangways. But these were not alone on deck; on the bullring of the after-gun the pale and tearless widow sat, still as a shadow, and peered through the darkness shoreward towards where the Eighteenth's lights gleamed from the Golden Dragon. Such was her nightly wont, and officers and men had become so accustomed to it that she sometimes sat there till after midnight, unheeded and forgotten.

The young officer still chased with his eyes the restless lights, and dreamed dreams the while of home and of a sweetheart; the gruff old quartermaster paced up and down, and thought of prize-money and the "old woman." Neither had eye nor thought for the poor lady, they were so used to her lonesome ways, d'ye see, else they might have found something unusual in the anxiety with which she watched a singular object in the water astern—only an empty canoe drifting toward the ship! Not drifting, either; for now that I point them out to you, you can see two black heads, with long hair twisted in a barbaric knot behind, peering warily above the water in front of the boat, which seems to follow them.

The love-lorn youngster, or the gruff old quartermaster on prize money intent, did look toward the bullring a little later, and saw—nothing: the lady was gone. Whither? To her cabin? No; she could not have passed them unobserved. But that was easy to decide; her light still burned; her state room was open and unoccupied. Where then was she? Good heavens! It could not be; and yet it must—poor lady! Poor baby! They gave the alarm; they roused the ship; a gun was fired; a search was made, in vain; alas! it must be so. "She has gone to join her husband."

True! but not that way, gruff old quartermaster's mate. Stop thinking about her, have ears and brains for your duty. What was that shot on shore? And, hark, now! another, and another, and another! the alarm is given in the British lines; the sentries have discharged their pieces and run in! See! the place is all ablaze with lights; every ponghee house is illuminated; you can discern the great porch of the Golden Dragon, with its griffin warders, from here. They are beating to arms; the trumpet sounds the "assembly." What could that first and solitary shot have been?

Ah! my nautical friends, while your sapient pates were busy guessing, that pair of barbaric black heads have drifted under the stern again, and the same canoe has drifted with them—nor empty this time; for, look again, and you will see that her light is no longer burning, and her stateroom door is closed, though the window is open; and—yes, you do hear her breathing. Wait! spare your heads the guessing; it will all be cleared up for you one day. Wait till you dare to ask Norah Fallon why she makes so much of that withered white rose.

Gen. Godwin's next dispatch to the governor general contained a curious passage: "On the night of the 15th the cantonments were thrown into disorder by a false alarm, caused by the mysterious discharge of a pistol in the talipot grove, which inclosed the grave of the late Adjt. Fallon, who fell gloriously in the attack of the Dragon pagoda; the spot is close to the Sepoy lines of H. M. Eightieth. My men maintained good order, answering the assembly call with remarkable celerity, and in complete equipment.

"At daybreak a Sepoy of Maj. Alnslie's picket found a dead boa of great size, and evidently just killed, lying across young Fallon's grave; also, suspended to the cross by a ribbon, a gold locket containing two locks of hair—a lady's and a child's; and fastened to the cross by a short Burmese poniard through the paper the inclosure, marked X."

Inclosure X contained the following: "There are no 'Regulations' for the heart of an Irish soldier's wife."—Romance.

—Of the professional classes of this country, such as doctors, lawyers, teachers, journalists and clergymen, 40 per cent. have less than $1,000 capital; 50 per cent. rejoice in a capital of from $1,000 to $10,000; 9 per cent. have from $10,000 to $100,000, and only 1 per cent. enjoy the possession of more than $100,000.

—The Reformed Jewish congregations in the United States number 217. They own 179 churches and use 38 halls. Their membership is set down at 72,809.

CURIOUS VOCAL STUDIES.

The Character of the North American Indians as Revealed by the Voice.

The idea that one could read the character of an individual from the tone of his voice was advanced by me in a magazine article two or three years since. In the article I classified the various types of voice, not from their musical pitch or pleasant quality, but, instead, from the mental characteristics heard in the tones. I proved the idea to be correct by experiments carried on between two and three hundred students of elocution in this city.

The subject of the Indian voice has interested me whenever opportunity was afforded for hearing the "red men" speak. Having lived among the Cherokee Indians in the south, and relying upon the voice as an index of character, certain qualities possessed by the Indian voices at once interested and surprised me. Prior to 1880 I spent four weeks in a camp of Cherokees. There were some four hundred and fifty in the tribe, their ages ranging from infancy to ninety-one years. Pleased with the result of my investigations with this tribe, I pursued my studies farther, with the Blackfoot tribe, the Seminoles and Sioux. I found a typical Indian voice, notwithstanding the fact that they vary very much in pitch and quality. Their emotional lives being necessarily simple, the tutorage of civilization has not taught them to conceal the real state of their feelings, and their ordinary mental habits were accurately revealed in the tones of their voices, particularly when they spoke the languages peculiar to their tribes. The voice of the Indian is usually sad and reticent. It is indicative of a mind given to marveling rather than reasoning. The voices of the women are generally mezzo-soprano, clear, and resemble somewhat those of the Spanish women. The voices of the men vary with age; the older having a weird, strange sound, which reminds one of the voices heard among a certain class of patients in hospitals for the insane. It is the voice of the early state of paralytic dementia. The voices of the Indian children resemble much the voices of negro children. They are, however, less musical and much more quiet. Even in childhood mirth seems wanting in the Indian character. They seldom laugh with that hearty merriment for which the negro is famed. The Indian voices are dreamy in ordinary conversation. When angry they usually shriek without articulating words. One hears among the Indians very few characteristically individual voices. Comparing them with their more civilized brethren, we find that the French voices show complex emotional lives. Those of the Englishmen vary in pitch a great deal, as do those of the American people. With the Indian voices there is less variety both in register and pitch, and the undertones reveal similar emotional states. Comparison with the Indian voices with those of the Chinese is rather favorable to the latter. The voices of the educated Chinese are flexible, and indicative of great shrewdness. The voices of the educated Indians, of which I have known between twenty and thirty, are whining and uninteresting.

Through the courtesy of Hon. William Cody I had the opportunity of listening recently to the voices of some of the Indians in his famous company. I wished to delineate their characters by their voices, so did not know anything of the history of those presented to me previous to hearing them speak. I also requested that they speak in their own language, as I could not then judge of their character by what they said.

The first Indian, named Rocky Bear, had a rich baritone voice. It was musical, and indicated a greater degree of intelligence than is possessed by the average Indian. The agent was much surprised when I told him, knowing nothing of Rocky Bear's history, that his voice indicated a man brave, quick in action and clear in his logical deductions, of kindly temperament and naturally affectionate. He informed me that my estimate of Rocky Bear's character was quite correct, and added that he had always been friendly to the whites, rendering valuable assistance to the United States government at one time.

The next Indian presented had the voice of an old man. I told the agent that I thought him about sixty-nine. He informed me that he was between seventy and seventy-one. His voice was singular, of rather low pitch, and revealed a very fanatical type of mind, together with an unsuitable and irritable nervous system. I stated to the agent that Flatiron, which was the name of the second Indian, was moody and mercurial, and withal not to be trusted. The agent confirmed my opinion of the man's voice and told me that he had made a great deal of trouble during his younger days, and that he was prominent in the famous ghost dances, so well remembered.

The next Indian brought to me had the remarkable name of Last Horse. His voice was interesting. Of a tenor baritone quality, it was frank and kindly, but there lurked in its tones caution, shrewdness and executive ability. I told the agent that I thought he had excellent executive ability, and he replied that Last Horse was the chief of police in the camp.

Two Indian women were next presented, and were introduced as Mrs. Highbear and Mrs. Redbear. The latter held her little child's hand in her own. Her voice was tender and affectionate when speaking to her little one, but when speaking to me it was girlishly shy. Its tones were warm, and the voice itself was flexible. Mrs. Highbear's voice was stern and cold, and indicated considerable temper. My judgment of the women was confirmed promptly by the agent.

The voice of little Alice, the Indian girl, five years old, was musical, and reminded me in some ways of the chirp of a bird, as she spoke her native tongue to her mother.

I also studied the voice of Spotted Weasel, and found him of a low order of intellect, but kindly and good tempered.

The Indian voice reveals accurately their lives; so, too, do the voices of their more civilized neighbors. The dominant impulses of our emotional lives stamp themselves indelibly upon our every manifestation of consciousness. All are familiar with the tones of love, of hatred, anger and disgust, but few realize how all the complex emotional states are revealed in the tones of the voice. If I used the words overtones or undertones, my meaning would be expressed perhaps more clearly, for the character is not revealed in the pitch of the voice, or in its loudness; neither does the accent of the spoken word tell the tale. It is in the subtle indescribable modulations that one hears the true man speaking. An eminent instructor at Harvard has said that "words express the immaterial realities of thought." Those immaterial realities are best heard, not in the spoken word, but rather in that subtle thing we call tone.—Dr. J. R. Cocke, in Boston Transcript.

GO INTO BANKRUPTCY.

That Was Jay Gould's Answer to His Son George's Friend.

Among the friends of George Gould was a graduate of —— college, as fine a fellow as ever walked Broadway. The two used to knock about town together, and George seemed proud to be in his friend's company.

The college man was in Wall street for business. He organized a company for the purchase of a small and apparently insignificant railroad, through which he saw an opportunity to secure control of a great property. It was something like the control of the vast Richmond & Danville system through the Richmond Terminal. He put in the enterprise every dollar he had and all that he could borrow. He proved easily to anyone who would listen that he had a good thing. There was millions in it. After going as far as he could in his own quiet way, he determined to appeal to his intimate friend, George Gould, for financial assistance. On board the Atalanta they discussed the plan from every point of view, and George admitted that the prospects were certainly brilliant. But he could not think of taking hold without the consent of his father. It was a great opportunity, and would surely enrich his intimate friend, but he preferred to leave it to his father. The friend told George that he would be ruined if he could not find help in a short time. His options would expire and he would be wiped out. But still George was obdurate. "See father," was all he would say.

The young man spent that night at the Gould mansion, on the river, breakfasted with the family and came down to the city next morning on the Atalanta in company of Jay Gould himself. He thought he had found the right time to tackle the old man. Jay was feeling good. He was in a mood that for him was almost jovial. His spirits were exuberant. He admired nature—a rare thing for him to do—and pointed out new objects of interest along the majestic Hudson. Cautiously and carefully the young man led up to the subject nearest his heart. Mr. Gould saw what was coming. He could smell a thing of that kind. At first he tried to change the subject, but finally submitted to the inevitable and heard what was to be said. The whole scheme was outlined to him. Every detail was gone into. The young man convinced him that he would go into bankruptcy unless he had assistance. He had held on as long he could, and to turn loose now would be ruin. He appealed to Gould indirectly to help him out, and take whatever share of the enterprise he wanted. He referred modestly to his warm friendship with George and hinted that George would help him out but for his dutiful regard for his father, to whom he liked to leave every question of investment. Jay sat still and listened to it all. The Atalanta was nearing Thirty-fifth street, where she dropped anchor every morning, and the young man determined to clinch the matter before he left the boat. Mr. Gould had said no encouraging word. He pulled his beard and was silent. Finally, just as the anchor chains began to rattle, George's friend said, with desperation:

"Now, Mr. Gould, if you were in my place what would you do?"

Jay Gould arose and walked to the gangway. With one foot on the ladder he replied:

"If I were in your place I should go into bankruptcy at once."

He stepped into the launch and went ashore. And George's friend went into bankruptcy.—N. Y. Press.

Provincialisms.

It is not necessary to go to the far south or west to find provincial customs or hear peculiar dialect. There are some very primitive people not further off than the Rhode Island border of Connecticut. In this thin line of little villages the grave-faced men and women still live as simply and take life as seriously as a Massachusetts Puritan. They solemnly make two strangers known to each other by: "Mr. Smith, here's Mr. Brown to you." "Mr. Brown, here's Mr. Smith at you." They confess to an interrupted state of good health by saying they "Feel mauga the duy;" to a contrary state of well being by: "I am feeling kidge the day." The writer finds "mauga" good Shakespeare, but "kidge" is as yet beyond him.—Boston Budget.

One of President Van Buren's Stories.

My only other personal recollection of Mr. Van Buren dates some years later, after his presidency and before his free-soil candidacy. His stories were more entertaining than his state papers, and I was delighted by his account of the description, drawn by a rival candidate for office, of a certain western judge who swore like "my Uncle Toby," and was famous for what Yankees call "cussedness." The diatribe ended as follows: "He sat before the fire, squirting tobacco juice a gallon a minute, denouncing everybody except his Creator, and thinking —— hard of him."—Henry Dwight Sedgwick, in Century.

THE NEW WOMAN—FORCE OF HABIT.

Theological.

Bessie—Papa, what is a unit?

Papa (reflectively)—Well, one is a unit.

"Then Kate's young man is a Unitarian, isn't he?"

"How so?"

"Because you said he was looking out for number one all the time."—Texas Siftings.

JUST WHAT HE NEEDED.

Miss Model—Do you need a model, sir?

Old Persimmons—No, I only paint flowers and fruit.

Miss M.—Well, I'm a peach, see!—Truth.

On the Installment Plan.

"I have come to ask for your daughter's hand, Mr. Herrick," said Waller, nervously.

"O, well, you can't have it," said Herrick. "I'm not doling out my daughter on the installment plan. When you feel that you can support the whole girl you may call again."—Harper's Bazar.

The New Woman.

She can wear our shoes and jackets,
Our collars and cravats;
She can wear our trousers,
And the latest styles of hats.
Each mannish fad and fancy
She copies, if she can,
But she cannot raise a mustache
Or grow whiskers like a man.
—N. Y. World.

Knew His Business.

Wife—You told that gentleman you'd charge by the day for movin' his furniture. Why don't you charge by the load, like you used to?

Husband (a furniture mover)—That new horse is balky.—N. Y. Weekly.

Madam Was Not at Home.

"Who is the master of this house?" asked the agent of the man who answered his ring.

"Well," was the cautious response, in a resigned tone, "I am the husband and father."—Life.

Perhaps.

How happy it would make us,
No needful thing we'd lack,
If we could but look forward
As easily as back.
—Truth.

BEFORE LEAVING FOR THE SEASIDE.

Wife—Good-by, Charlie dear. Write often. Whenever I need money, I'll write, too.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Summer Love.

Marjorie—That young man staying at the other cottage seems awfully nice.

Madge—But he's so slow. You would hardly believe it, but he has been out with me twice, and we're not engaged yet.—Judge.

Daddy's Fishing Days Over.

"Is your daddy doin' much fishin' these days?"

"No; he's paralyzed an' he can't fish like he used to."—Atlanta Constitution.

Thought It Was Hubby.

Police Inspector—It was very plucky of you, ma'am, to have set upon the burglar and so ably captured him, but need you have injured him to the extent of necessitating his removal to a hospital?

Lady—How did I know it was a burglar? I'd been waiting up for three hours for my husband. I thought it was him!—Comic Cuts.

Up to Date.

The fly that once through Tara's halls
Went buzzing sad and lone
Now has a myriad of friends,
A family full grown!
And when old Tara falls asleep,
On each warm summer day,
They meet on his bald pate and dance
Ta-ra-ra boom-de-aye.
—Pittsburgh Telegraph.

It Looked That Way.

Nodd—I've had plumbers in my house for a week.

Todd—What are they trying to do?

Nodd—Judging from appearances, I should say they were trying to make my cellar over into an aquarium.—Puck.

Reassured.

He—I would love to go aboard on our wedding trip, dearest, but the very thought of seasickness unmans me.

She—Don't let it disturb you a bit, darling. I am never seasick.—Brooklyn Life.

The Coveted Effect.

The Lady Cycler—George, how do I look in my new bloomers?

George (promptly)—Hideous.

The Lady Cycler (with joy)—George, dear, how good of you to say so!—Chicago Record.

Accounting for It.

De Sappy—I don't understand why some people require so much sleep. I can get along with four hours.

Miss Redbud—The body doesn't require nearly so much rest as the brain.—Brooklyn Life.

A NEW CHAMPION.

"Who is it, Rosy?"

"That's the gal wot wun a medal for chewing a bit er gum fer twenty-four hours without a stoppin'. She's got a sweater on and is a-trainin' to eat fifty sponge cakes widout drinkin' a drop o' water."—Life.

A Lover's Eyes.

Groom—I guess that man we just passed is married.

Bride—Why do you think so?

Groom—He merely glanced at you.—N. Y. Weekly.

Proof Positive.

Little Tommy—Mamma, papa has been drinking.

Mother—What makes you think so?

Tommy—He said that you were an angel.—Texas Siftings.

Fond of Some Pets.

She—Yes, I am very fond of pets.

He—Indeed! What, may I ask, is your favorite animal?

She (frankly)—Man.—Illustrated Fashion Review.

Fortunate Papa.

"I would send you a kiss, papa," wrote little Lucy, who was away on a visit, "but I have been eating onions."—Chicago Tribune.

Necessary to Specify.

Mrs. McBride—George, dear, what sort of game do pot-hunters go after?

Mr. McBride—Do you mean jackpot hunters, love?—N. Y. World.

By the Doctor.

The man who says that "talk is cheap"
Perchance forgets the price
That he has often had to pay
For medical advice.
—N. Y. Recorder.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE IDOL OF HER HEART.

"I've got a whole menagerie
And a big, fat lot of toys;
I've got a little rubber dog
That squeaks and makes a noise,
I've got a little wooden horse
And a little wooden cart,
But my dear, old busted dolly
Is the idol of my heart!"
—N. Y. Recorder.

SOME PECULIAR PETS.

A Fierce-Looking Lion Is the Mascot of a French Regiment.

In Algeria, North Africa, the officers of the Third Chasseurs d'Afrique have a pet lion which they took, when very young, from the African desert. It is a great pet and very gentle. As a rule it lies outside the officers' mess on the veranda, and looks just like an artificial one. Many have been the visitors who took to flight on beholding his majesty rise to greet his guests. The lion by way of assuring them that he was harmless, or perhaps as a sign of his disapproval of their impolite actions, would generally send a gentle roar after them, which, instead of having the desired effect of recalling them, would make them increase their pace, if it were possible to do so.

In the British army several regiments have pets. For instance, the Twenty-third Welsh Fusileers have a pet goat that marches in front of the regiment. The Seventy-fourth Highland Infantry, the Seventy-eighth Seaport Highlanders and other corps have pet deer that also march in front.

In India the soldiers make many pets, such as monkeys, parrots, owls, crows, hawks and squirrels, but their greatest pet is the minot, a bird like a starling, but larger. This bird, after having its tongue split, will talk quite well, and will follow its master about constantly. Often it will follow a dragoon regiment for four or five miles on a field day, and will fly round and round the regiment until he finds his master, on whose shoulders he will settle, even though the horses are going along at full gallop.

A trooper in the Cape Mounted rifles in South Africa had a green water snake for a pet, which would follow its master through the grass to the river and go in bathing with him. The trooper, who was an expert swimmer, would worry the snake by diving under water and coming up a dozen yards away. He fed it on frogs, raw meat and little fish. It slept in his jack boot at night. He, however, was not doomed to have it long, as before he had it quite five months a hawk carried it off before anybody could rescue the poor little thing.

THE CARD SKIMMER.

A Simple Toy That Affords Lots of Harmless Amusement.

The simple toy illustrated here can send a card whirling like a boomerang to a height of fifty to a hundred feet. Its construction is simple, but very ingenious. The general make-up is shown in Fig. 1. A slotted handle receives a pivoted slip of wood. Around the handle and notched inner end of the slip a strong rubber band is sprung. If the slip is drawn out of position, as shown in Fig. 1, and released, the rubber band jerks it violently back. On the end of the slip is a short, sharp pin and a slight cone, shown in Fig. 2. In use the card is stuck on the pin point, the pivoted piece is drawn back, as shown in Fig. 1, and released. It springs forward, carrying the card with it. As soon as it is in line with the handle, or just passes such position, its motion is arrested

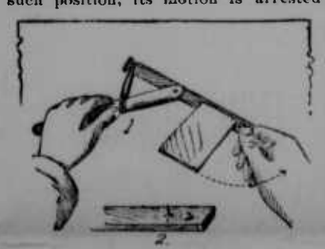

THE CARD SKIMMER.

by the band. The card then swings around on the pin point, its edge mounts up the side of the cone as it does so and it is lifted off the point and flies whirling through the air to an astonishing distance. For band an umbrella ring may be used. Excellent effects are got by using little boomerangs instead of square cards.—Scientific American.

An Amateur Plumber's Mistake.

A story which is almost too good to be true is told of an Englishman who prided himself upon his ability as an amateur plumber. He decided to put gas connections into his house, and do it himself. He went to work with a great flourish, hammered and soldered and fitted away, and at last came the hour of final triumph. He called the family into the parlor, beneath the great chandelier. He turned the taps, with taper in hand, and vigorous showers of water gushed forth over them all. He had made the mistake of connecting with the water pipe instead of the gas pipes.

He Appreciated the Kindness.

Mrs. Hushmore—You'll have to settle up or leave.

Summer Boarder—Thanks, awfully. The last place I was at they made me do both.—Life.

UNDERNEATH THE SEA.

A Professional Diver's First Trip in Search of Pearls.

Pearl fishing means not only fishing for pearls, but also for the mother-of-pearl shells in which they are found. The shells, which are worth about fifty cents each in the London market, are really the principal source of the pearl diver's income, says a writer in the Youth's Companion.

Not many years ago fortune and a little bark named the Day Dawn stranded me in the almost unknown port of Cossack, at that time the headquarters of the pearling fleet. It was here that I first became interested in pearl diving, and finally decided to enter the business.

In Cossack I bought a smart seven-ton lugger called the Vera, put aboard her six months' provisions, secured a good crew, hoisted the sails of my little craft and steered for the pearling grounds, two hundred miles to the northward. Having no knowledge of diving, I hired a regular diver—a white man, known as "Cockney Joe." Within three days we dropped our anchor amid the pearling fleet.

Let me picture this place to you. Hundreds of miles from the abode of white men stretches a long, sandy coast, almost destitute of animal life or vegetation. To the south and east is one vast yellow desert; to the north and west roll the blue waters of the Indian ocean. Beyond that sand roams the wild bushman of Australia; beneath the sea sweeps the savage tintorea—the man-eating shark of the orient—and in depths are sought the pearls for future diadems.

For a week all went well—we were on a good "patch," and Joe was sending up many shells. Then, to my dismay, the Vera began to leak so badly that we were obliged to run into the nearest creek for repairs. It was a fortnight before we were ready to sail again, and in the meantime Joe took to drinking.

The high tide upon which the Vera was to float out of the creek crept over the twisted roots of the mangroves. I called to Joe, who was ashore, to "hurry up;" but, to my surprise, he refused point blank. Knowing that I could do nothing without him, he coolly told me he wanted a few days more to finish his spree. With expenses going on and nothing coming in, I was anxious to get to work again.

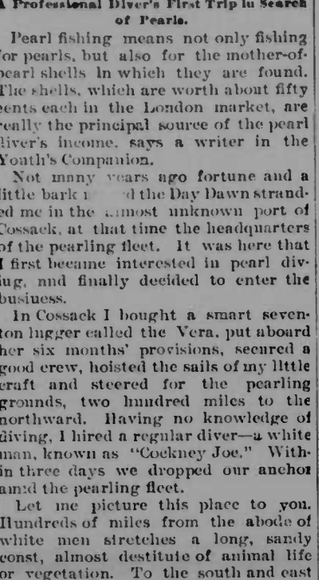

UNDERNEATH THE SEA.

I had a few hot words with Joe, and finally I left the creek without a diver, determined to try to dive myself.

To describe my feelings as I sank rapidly to the bottom I should have had a phonograph, for I yelled all the way down. In the first place the pain in my ears caused by the unusual pressure of air in my eardrums, was excruciating, and in the second place I lost my hold of the rope and literally tumbled down.

I remember tumbling one graceful somersault on the way, and wondering how far it was to the bottom. Fortunately, like a good acrobat, I landed on my feet. Instantly all pain stopped, and I looked around with eager curiosity.

From the monotony of sea and sky above I had dropped through a few fathoms of crystal water into the gardens of a summer sea, where coral and sponge growths, flowers and ferns, shells and sea fans in curious forms and vivid colors lay undisturbed by storms, and made a very fairyland. It was like a page from the "Arabian Nights."

Cowardice of a Large Eagle.

The claim of the eagle to the title of king of birds seems to be slightly clouded by an incident reported from Stafford county, Va. A gentleman down there was watching an unusually fine bald eagle grandly sailing around in the air a few days ago, when he noticed a little bee martin rise in the air and make straight for the eagle. He wondered what the martin's object could be, and was surprised to see it sail in boldly to tear the feathers out of the big eagle. But he was amazed to see the eagle, after a few moments of effort at beating off the little bird, sail away in full flight, making every effort to escape from the martin. The martin followed up closely for awhile, making a savage jab at the eagle every few yards, but was finally left behind through the superior retreating powers of the big eagle.

Try to Say These Rapidly.

The popularity of Peter Piper's celebrated peck of pickled peppers will probably never wane as a snare to catch the tongue that would fain be agile, but the test has formidable rivals.

The following short sentences, as their authors maintain, do wonders in baffling the ordinary powers of speech:

"Gaze on the gay brigade."

"The sea ceaseth and it sufficeth us."

"Say, should such a shapely sash shabby stitches show?"

"Strange strategic statistics."

"Give Grimes Jim's gilt gig whip."

"Sarah in a shawl shoveled soft snow softly."

"A cup of coffee in a copper coffee cup."

FARM AND GARDEN.

WIDE-TIRED WAGONS.

Conditions in Which They Can Always Be Used to Advantage.

A prominent manufacturing concern has instituted a series of experiments lately to find out the conditions under which the broad and narrow-tired wheels could be used to advantage. In the experiment to ascertain the difference in draft between wide and narrow tire upon grass sod, the figures arrived at were:

Weight of wagon and load	4,590 pounds
Draft to start load with 1½-inch tire, cutting into sod 1½ inches deep	1,250 pounds
Draft to move at dead pull	650 pounds
Draft to start same load on good, hard roads	850 pounds
Draft to draw load on good, hard roads	350 pounds
Draft with tire 3 inches wide on same sod	1,200 pounds
Draft to move load at dead pull—same sod	550 pounds
Draft to start load with 3-inch tire on hard roads	700 pounds
Draft to move at a dead pull on hard roads	350 pounds
Draft at a dead pull on hard pavement	125 pounds

Another experiment was with four-inch and one-and-one-half-inch tires respectively on block pavement, good, hard, sandy road, good, level, gravel road, and in each soft and deep mud.

The conclusions arrived at by the committee were:

1. On hard roads, block pavements and other permanent and substantial roads, there is no argument, so far as actual draft is concerned, in favor of the wide tired, the effect being rather against the wide tire.

2. In their effect upon hard roads, the wide tire have the advantage, and that this benefit is not sufficiently appreciated by turnpike and macadam road companies.

3. In soft mud, slush, and under similar circumstances, under which even the wide tire cuts in, the advantage is against the wide tire and in favor of the narrow.

4. On soft sod and soft ground, where the wide tire does not cut in, and the narrow does, the advantage is on the side of the wide tire.

5. In loading a team, a draft of 650 pounds steadily applied is as much as should be expected for a day's work, and that on soft sod this may mean, when a dead pull has to be taken, an increase in the draft of 1,200 pounds.

6. The difference in the latter case between the regular draft of 650 pounds and the increase of 1,200 pounds is equivalent to an addition of 4,980 pounds to the load.

7. Or, in other words, the draft of the load being 650 pounds may be considered as equivalent to a load of 4,980 pounds, and the difference from the steady draft of the load in fair motion, and that of the same load started at a dead pull, is equivalent to doubling the load.

The committee closed their report with: "We advocate wide tire for farms, and narrow tire for good roads and pavements."

Experiments at the Utah experiment station demonstrated that a given load on 1¼-inch tire drew 41.6 per cent. heavier than when on a 3-inch tire, the draft being on a fairly stiff grass sod; on a moist but hard road the 1¼-inch tire drew 12.7 per cent. heavier than the 3-inch.

TOO MUCH PRUNING.

How Thousands of Fruit Trees Are Ruined Every Year.

The very best judgment must be used in pruning trees. There is too much pruning, and yet pruning is often necessary. The injuries to fruit trees and the losses to fruit growers from vicious and altogether unnecessary pruning cannot be estimated. The popular idea that trees must be pruned in order that they should exist, and especially if fruit bearing trees, so that they should bear fruit, is one of the most persistent of all prejudices. He is looked upon as a careless fruit grower who neglects to visit his orchard at least once during the year, armed with knife and chisel, saw and ax, and to strew the ground with twigs and branches is deemed evidence of skillful treatment by those who, like the operator, are ignorant of the laws which govern vegetable growth. Some years ago there was on the grounds of an experimental station a pear orchard which was planted and maintained for the especial purpose of illustrating the best methods of management for the production of fruit. They were all standard trees, and at the time of planting were deprived of nearly all the growths of the previous year; they looked very much like walking canes After the summer growth was matured some of the shoots were cut back in order to establish a proper disposition of branches. From that time they were untouched by the pruning knife. They commenced to bear the fourth year after planting and continued to yield heavy crops of fine fruit until it became necessary to remove them.—Farmer's Voice.

Bees That Make Bad Honey.

"Lovers of the product of the busy bee will find it a wise precaution to have their honey tested as to its purity before they eat it, or use it in a culinary way." Prof. Remington gave a warning something like this at a recent meeting of pharmacists, and at the same time told of a German who was extensively engaged in bee culture, and who had his apiary close to a sugar refinery. A lot of rank molasses was accessible to the bees, and they gorged themselves on it. The result was their honey was equally rank, and unfit for use. On another occasion the bees fed on blooming digitalis, and their honey proved to be poisonous. Natural honey, therefore, is liable to vary very much, and occasionally, when it looks best and is sweetest, it may be loaded with poison. Unscrupulous bee-farmers are accustomed to forcing their bees to increase their output by feeding them sweetened water. The honey, of course, is scarcely fit for use.—Philadelphia Record.

Ropy cream is the result of an imperfect physical condition of the cows.

FISH ATE FIREFLIES.

The Flies Were Alive and Continued to Furnish Light for the Fish.

A New York doctor was at Lake Denmark, New Jersey, recently studying the fauna and flora of that wild and beautiful section of Morris county. While strolling around the shallow shore of the lake one evening, he discovered a marvelous thing, which made his blood tingle with the hope that he was about to add to the entomological knowledge of the country.

He saw in the clear water near the shore some bright objects flashing with phosphorescent fire. The doctor knew of phosphorescent fish in salt water, and was aware, also, that nothing of the kind had ever been noted as inhabiting fresh water. Consequently he believed that he had discovered a new species, and he made haste to get his minnow net and capture one of the lively little creatures. It was no easy matter to do this, but after trying for an hour he succeeded in catching two of the fish in one scoop of the net.

Delighted with his great luck, he hurried to the house and examined his prizes by the light of a kerosene lamp. They were each two and three-quarter inches long, and almost transparent, with a stripe of silvery sheen down each side from gills to tail. Under the lamp the phosphorescence could not be seen, but this did not deter the doctor from going on with the examination. He dissected one of the fish carefully, and then removed the lamp from the room. There was the phosphorescent glow upon the card where he had placed the viscera of the little fish; moreover, they seemed to be imbued with life. Sticking a pin through the center of the glowing sac he brought the light back, and, opening the sac, disclosed four or five of the large fireflies which abound at the mountain lake. Two of them were still alive.

The doctor's disappointment was keen, but he could not refrain from laughing at the simplicity of the solution of the matter. The glowing insects had been taken in by the lively little fish as they struggled upon the surface of the water, and their strong incandescence shone through the translucent sides of their captors.—N. Y. Sun.

A JAPANESE MOTHER.

Pretty Picture of Domestic Life by a Native Writer.

Without knowing why, my heart was full of such love and confidence toward her, that I did not seem able to live without her. While I was still too young to attend any school, this loving little lady took such a deep interest in me that she was always ready to play with me, using all her influence to keep me away from the band of small urchins whose chief delight was in playing war, or wrestling, when they were not engaged in "frog hunting," or the execution of the black cat condemned without process of law. Whenever those young samurai (knights) would call on me to enlist me in their dark plots of mischief, the same little lady used to come in with dainty sweetmeats, pictures and toys, and in the most fascinating way persuade us to give up such expeditions, and to sit close around her while she would tell us stories. O, what blissful days were those in the old home, and how well I remember those stories! Old, old tales of "Prince Peachling" and the like, yet so fresh and interesting, especially when told by this lady of mine! What was there in them to make us feel ashamed of killing frogs and persecuting black cats? It was surely only the charm of her exquisite tact which made us feel as though we were good, big and strong men—chivalrous defenders willing to be kind to everyone—Taizo Shimidza, in Chautauquan.

The Trust After No-To-Bac.

Chicago Special.—Reported here to-day that a large sum of money had been offered for the famous tobacco habit cure called No-To-Bac, by a syndicate who want to take it off the market. Inquiry at the general offices revealed the fact that No-To-Bac was not for sale to the trust at any price. No-To-Bac's success is marvelous. Almost every Druggist in America sells No-To-Bac under guarantee to cure tobacco habit or refund money.

He (smoking)—"And what is your opinion of the deadly cigarette?" She (looking him over)—"They are not half as deadly as they ought to be."—Detroit Free Press.

A New Orleans lady has started a conversation class among the ladies of Chicago, to teach them how to talk. Now, let some public-spirited citizen get up a class of ladies and teach them how to listen.—Baltimore Sun.

The carriageless horse bears no malice to the horseless carriage.—Nashville American.

The first and last thing required of genius is the love of truth.—Goethe.

Genuine simplicity of heart is a healing and cementing principle.—Burke.

A reader can be pleasant to pleasant people, but it takes grace to be pleasant to unpleasant people.—Ram's Horn.

Employer—"How did your brother clear himself of the charge?" Nurse Girl—"Sure, I think it's a lullaby they do call it, he proved."—Puck.

"Wretch!" "Brute!" And so they were divorced and lived happily to the end of their lives.—Detroit Tribune.

Poets are born, not made. The present state of the market would not warrant their manufacture.—Rogersville Review.

A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore, let him seasonably water the one and destroy the other.—Lady Gethin.

Bound to Have a Mash.—A young woman has invented a car fender. If she can't catch her man one way she will another.—Augusta Chronicle.

"They say Cholly has more money than brains." "Then why don't you set your cap for him?"—Life.

The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station, in a human figure.—Addison.

Cholly—"Miss S. is the sharpest girl I know." Chumley—"Yes; she cuts me every time I meet her."—World's Comic.

"Thank goodness," exclaimed the proprietor of the livery stable, "they can't use bicycles for funerals."—Chicago Tribune.

God governs the world, and we have only to do our duty wisely and leave the issue to Him.—John Jay.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Seal That Would Not Be Cast Adrift.

A Portland man captured a young seal a short time ago and took it to his fishhouse on Portland pier. After feeding the animal a few days the captor finally decided to release it. The seal would not swim away when put in the harbor, and cried to be taken back. Afterward it was taken down the harbor and dropped overboard, but swam alongside a vessel and cried so piteously that it was taken on board and brought back to its owner. Now it goes out to swim, but invariably returns for rations of milk, and is as intelligent as the most "knowing dog."

In August.

The most charming Summer Resorts, of which there are over three hundred choice locations, are to be found in Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota and the Peninsula of Michigan, along the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. Nearly all are located on or near lakes which have not been fished out.

These resorts are easily reached by railway and range in variety from the "full dress for dinner" to the flannel-shirt costume for every meal.

SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER.

The finest shooting grounds in the Northwest are on and tributary to the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. The crop of Prairie Chickens promises to be exceptionally good this year; also Ducks and Geese. In Northern Wisconsin and the Peninsula of Michigan splendid deer shooting is to be had.

The Game laws were changed in several of the Western States this year.

Full information furnished free. Address Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

If a bicycle's known as a "bike,"
A tricycle must be a "trike,"
And when winter comes round
It will doubtless be found
That an icycle goes as an "ike."
—Washington Star.

A Ghastly Spectre

Discloses ever, but in no form is it more to be dreaded than in that of the formidable maladies which attack the kidneys and bladder. Bright's disease, diabetes and gravel may alike be prevented. If inactivity of the kidneys is rectified in time with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, sovereign also in cases of rheumatism, dyspepsia, constipation, malaria, biliousness and nervousness.

Touching the question of antiquity of man how comes it that even the scientists fear to discuss, the antiquity of woman?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Do You Desire to Adopt a Child?

Address the International Children's Home Society, 234 La Salle St., Chicago, Illinois, Rev. Dr. Frank M. Gregg, General Manager. Such a child as you may desire, of any age, will be sent you on ninety days' trial.

Simplicity—"Wifey, dear, the eggs are not exactly fresh!" "How can you talk like that, hubby? The cook fetched them from the shop only a quarter of an hour ago."—Zeitgeist.

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Mrs. Frank Mobbs, 215 W. 22d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1894.

The Little Trials of Life.—Carrie—"Of course, I couldn't avoid hearing part of the conversation—" Clara—"No: and what a pity you were not able to hear the rest of it!"—Puck.

Nothing so completely robs confinement of the pain and suffering attending it as the use of "Mother's Friend." Sold by druggists.

He who would pry behind the scenes oft sees a counterfeit.—Dryden.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT
Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.
The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.
At Druggists, 50c. & $1. Advice & Pamphlet free.

WHEAT, 48 BUSHELS; RYE, 60 BU.

Those are good yields, but a lot of farmers have had them this year. You can have them in 1896 by sowing Salzer's Red Cross of the North Winter Wheat, Monster Rye and Grasses. Sow now! John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., send catalogue and samples of above free, if you send this notice to them. [K]

Sag—"There's no use in talking, it's the small things that annoy one most." He—"Yes. Even a little mosquito bores me frightfully."

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

I quit the country unwillingly because I must part from myself.—Joubert.

GREAT BOOK FREE.

When Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., published the first edition of his work, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, he announced that after 680,000 copies had been sold at the regular price, $1.50 per copy, the profit on which would repay him for the great amount of labor and money expended in producing it, he would distribute the next half million *free*. As this number of copies has already been sold, he is now distributing, *absolutely free*, 500,000 copies of this most complete, interesting and valuable common sense medical work ever published—the recipient only being required to mail to him, at the above address, this little COUPON with twenty-one (21) cents in one-cent stamps to pay for postage and packing *only*, and the book will be sent by mail. It is a veritable medical library, complete in one volume. It contains over 1000 pages and more than 300 illustrations. The *Free Edition* is precisely the same as those sold at $1.50 except only that the books are bound in strong manilla paper covers instead of cloth. Send NOW before all are given away. They are going off rapidly.

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To the Yellowstone Park via Colorado, Marshall Pass, Glenwood Springs, Salt Lake City. Six days' tour of Yellowstone Park. Returning through the Black Hills, via the Custer Battlefield and Hot Springs, So. Dak.

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Through Scenic Colorado by way of Denver, Manitou, Pike's Peak, Colorado Springs, Royal Gorge, Marshall Pass—Around the Circle—Mount Ouray stage ride, Rico, Durango, Glenwood Springs and Leadville.

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STORE IS IN GOOD LOCATION, HAS FAVORABLE LEASE, AND TRADE CAN BE STEADILY INCREASED.

Owner is not a druggist and has other business which demands all his time. Small cash payment with good security for balance, 6 per cent. interest, would be accepted. Price of store, $8,700. Address MYERS, Druggist, Ellis Ave. and 55th Street, Chicago, Ill.

FREE SAMPLE SURE CURE for Piles to any address. MOSH MEDICINE COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Send us two two-cent stamps for postage. These dolls have changeable heads. No two dolls dressed alike.
ADAMS & SONS CO., Sand Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y., Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Aug. 12, 1895.

The anti-Cleveland Democrats are once more saving cuss-words in connection with what they call "Cleveland luck." They say that the death of Justice Jackson has given Mr. Cleveland another lever to pull in his efforts to control the next democratic national convention, and every man at all familiar with national politics knows what a powerful lever a vacancy upon the U. S. Supreme Court can be made by an ambitious president, and Napoleon was never more ambitions of obtaining personal power for himself that is Mr. Cleveland. There is logic, too, in the ravings of these mad Democrats. Of course it isn't either right or decent to use the word "luck" in connection with the death of an eminent jurist like Justice Jackson; but there can be no denial that this vacancy in the Supreme Court has added to Mr. Cleveland's power; nor that he will make use of it, as he does of everything else, to help him control the Democratic convention. Circumstances will favor him, too. Nobody will expect the vacancy to be filled until after Congress meets, although the next term of the Supreme Court begins in October, because the nomination could not be acted upon by the Senate until then, and there is an unwritten law, which has very seldom been ignored, against a justice taking his seat upon the bench of the Supreme Court before his nomination has been confirmed by the Senate. This being the situation, Mr. Cleveland is at liberty to dangle this tempting bait in front of every Democrat he wishes to control, and he will not fail to do so, although in the end the place will probably go to some one of his creatures like Wilson, Olney, or Bissell. It is not surprising under the circumstances that the anti-Cleveland Democrats should be hot in the collar from other causes than the sweltering weather.

Washington's G. A. R. men are making preparations for sending a big delegation to the coming National Encampment at Louisville, Kentucky, September 11-13. Corporal Tanner is very enthusiastic about it. He says: "Everything conspires to make the assemblage one of the largest and most inspiring ever gathered together in this county. It will be held at a point that may be said to be central, so far as veteran organizations, both Union and Confederate are concerned. On the south will be Knoxville, Chattanooga, Atlanta, New Orleans and other cities, and on the north and west are Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and other states which are just alive with Union veterans. In addition to all these favorable circumstances the dedication of the battle field of Chattanooga, which takes place only a day or two before the opening of the encampment, will tend to greatly increase the attendance at the latter."

Public opinion can affect even a Democratic administration. After saying that this government had no fund from which money could be taken to help the wife and children of ex-U. S. Consel Waller (who is in prison in France under a court-martial sentence believed to be unjust), who are stranded at Port Louie, Mauritins, the State Department changed front, after learning from the newspapers what the public thought of such inhumanity, and directed the U. S. Consul at the place named to secure transportation for Mrs. Waller and her children on the French steamer which sails for Marseilles, France, on August 20. The same power may eventually compel the administration to do something for Waller even though he be only a colored man. He is an American citizen.

It is regarded as significant that the manipulators of the Whitney boom should have passed the word around to the Whitney Democrats not to allow Mr. Whitney to be spoken of as a Cleveland candidate without contradicting it. This means, if it means anything, that Whitney's managers, who are among the shrewdest Democrats in the country, consider Mr. Cleveland,s friendship a detriment rather than a help. Anotner significant thing was the statement of a close friend of Senator Hill, that Whitney would not be able to get the New York delegation to the nominating convention. He said that Hill had never forgiven Whitney for nominating Cleveland in '92, and would use his influence against him. It is well known that Hill controls the Democratic machinery of New York, but it has heretofore been claimed that he would support Whitney.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

TRUSTEES' SALE

—OF—

Real Estate

—IN—

Garrett County, Md.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, passed on the 28th day of March, 1895, in a cause in said court depending, wherein Margaret Miller is plaintiff and Frederick Mertens et al. are defendants, it being No. 687 on the Equity docket of said court, the undersigned trustees will sell at public auction in front of Mayers' Drug Store in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, on

Saturday, Aug. 24th,

1895, at 1 o'clock p. m., all the real estate in the proceedings mentioned, to-wit:

All that real estate which was conveyed by George Kizer et al. to Frederick Mertens, Richard J. West and Albert L. Miller by deed dated June 21, 1873, and recorded among the Land Records of Garrett county in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 155; the undivided one-third of which was conveyed by the said Richard J. West and wife to the said Frederick Mertens and Albert L. Miller by deed dated July 27, 1874, and recorded among said Land Records in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folios 162, etc.

Said property comprises

822 ACRES,

more or less, and consists of a tract of land called

MUCH TO DO ABOUT NOTHING,

CONTAINING 612 ACRES,

more or less, described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a stone planted in a glade at the end of the second line of a tract of land surveyed for Lord Baltimore, called "Green Glade Manor," (said stone standing North 81 degrees East 22 perches, from a double pine, marked with nine notches each, and the letters W. C.), and running thence South 79 degrees East 5 perches to a stone, thence North 33 degrees East 100 perches, to a bounded pine, thence North 46 degrees West 70 peuches to a stone, thence North 61 degrees East 180 perches to a bounded service and white oak, thence North 87 degrees West 557 perches to a bounded white oak, thence South 20½ degrees West 183 perches to a bounded pine, and thence with a straight line to the beginning.

And also another tract called

"ELK LICK,"

CONTAINING 210 ACRES.

more or less, described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at two bounded pines standing at the end of eighteen perches on the first line of Lot No. 1878, and running thence North 57 degrees West 18 perches, North 33 degrees East 73 perches to a bounded pine, South 57 degrees East 240 perches to the end of the first line of Lot No. 1878 (marked Oct 31, 1885, by a triple pine on the east side of the "Green Glade,") South 80 perches, West 100 perches, South 61 perches, West 100 perches, North 5 perches, North 35 degrees East 73 perches, to the end of the first line of the original Lot No. 1880, North 35 degrees West 195 perches, North 33 degrees East 11 perches, to the beginning of Lot No. 1878, and then by a straight line to the beginning.

Said land is well adapted for

Farming Purposes,

but is unimproved.

TERMS OF SALE:

As prescribed by the decree—One-half cash and the balance in one year; the deferred payment to bear interest from day of sale, and to be secured with security satisfactory to the trustees.

J. W. S. COCHRANE,
DAVID W. SLOAN,
Trustees.

(For further information apply to either of the Trustees at Cumberland, Md.) 19—6t

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county the 12th day of April, 1895, at the suit of Thomas A. Nethkin against Adam S. Sell, the same being No. 7 Judgments to July term, 1895, the undersigned Sheriff will, on

Saturday, the 31st Day of August, 1895,

at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, on the premises of the said Adam S. Sell in Garrett county, sell to the highest bidder for cash on the day of sale, all of the following described real estate and personal property belonging to the said defendant Adam S. Sell: First, all that part of a tract of land situated in Garrett county, Maryland, which is known and designated as a part of a tract of land called "Good Hope," and being the same lot of ground that was conveyed to the said Adam S. Sell by deed from Francis R. Nethkin and wife dated the 27th day of April, 1882, and duly recorded in Liber L. Z. T. No. 19 folio 167, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett County and containing the quantity of one hundred and twenty-six and a half acres.

Second, all the following personal property: One two horse wagon, one white mule fourteen years old, one bay horse eleven years old, one sorrel mare, one red cow eight years old, one spotted cow seven years old, one bull calf and one heifer calf. Said real estate and personal property will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs.

CHARLES WEGMAN, Sheriff.

LAST CUT SALE

—AT—

SINCELL BROS.

Having decided to retire from business on account of ill health, we will close out our entire stock of goods at actual cost.

CLOTHING.

MEN'S CLOTHING.				BOYS' CLOTHING.			
$16.00	Suits reduced to		$8.50	$12.00	Suits Reduced to		$7.50
14.00	" " "		7.50	10.00	" " "		6.00
12.00	" " "		6.50	8.00	" " "		5.00
10.00	" " "		5.75	6.00	" " "		4.00
8.00	" " "		4.75	5.00	" " "		3.50
7.00	" " "		4.00				

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

$5.00	Suits Reduced to			$3.00
4.00	" " "			2.00
3.00	" " "			1.75
2.50	" " "			1.65

SHOES.

LADIES' SHOES.					MEN'S SHOES.			
$5.00	Shoes Reduced to		$3.75	1.00	" " "		80	
4.00	" " "		3.00					
3.50	" " "		2.75					
3.00	" " "		2.25	$4.00	Shoes Reduced to		$3.00	
2.50	" " "		1.75	3.00	" " "		2.65	
2.00	" " "		1.50	2.50	" " "		1.75	
1.75	" " "		1.15	2.00	" " "		1.50	
1.50	" " "		1.00	1.50	" " "		1.00	
1.25	" " "		90	1.25	" " "		90	

DRY GOODS.

25 Yards Muslin for $1.00
15 cent muslin for 12 cents
12½ cent muslin for 10 cents
10 cent muslin for 7½ cents
8 cent muslin for 6 cents
7 cent muslin for 5 cents
6 cent muslin for 4½ cents
15 cent French gingham for 10 cents
12½ cent French gingham for 9 cents
10 cent gingham for 7 cents
8 cent gingham for 6 cents
7 cent gingham for 4½ cents

We will also sell our full line of

Dress Goods, Silks, Trimmings, Embroideries, Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbons, Draperies, Towels, Ladies' Summer Undervests

White Goods, Novelties, Hats, Trunks, Etc.,

At the ACTUAL COST of them.

This we consider a rare bargain for the buyers of this line of goods.

Respectfully,

SINCELL BROS.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

are good for sick headache, constipation, piles, bilious colic, fever and ague, dyspepsia, rheumatism, female complaints, dizziness, flatulence, sour stomach, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general debility. They will positively cure all disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. 25 cents a box

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

helps babes over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, controls the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no strong drugs and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good. 25 cents a bottle

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

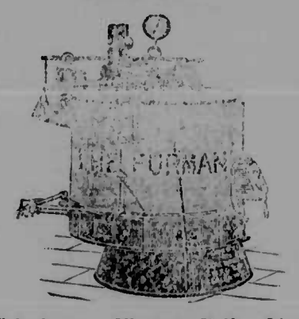

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23-1yr.

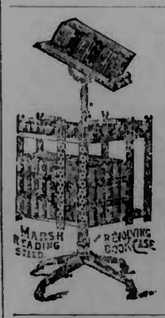

34 inches high. Top can be adjusted to any angle or height. Revolving Case 15 x 15 x 12 inside. Holds about 20 vols Law size. Strong well finished Metal Base and Sides With Solid Oak Shelves and Top.—100,000 now used. Sent knocked down (60 lbs). On approval. Address: Marsh M'f'g Co. CHICAGO. Agents Wanted.

STRAWBERRIES.

Best varieties, early, medium and late. Our pot grown plants set now will produce a full crop next June. Sent by mail prepaid, 60 cents per dozen; express unpaid, $3 per hundred.

THE HORTICULTURAL SUPPLY CO.,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

Proposals for Building a Bridge.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, Md., July 31, 1895.

Sealed proposals will be received by the County Commissioners until Wednesday, September 11, 1895, (no bids received after 11 o'clock), for the construction of a wooden bridge across Yough River at Crellin. Bridge is 159 feet long, to be constructed after plans and specifications found in the commissioners' office. The material used is to be of sound, live oak. Further information can be obtained by applying to the clerk. The commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the Board,
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

11 1y

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments. Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe WITH J. B. WILLIAMS.

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

4193.yr—8

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ½ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

For satisfactory barbering try Liller and you will call again.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate.
CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING.
Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.
Drs. McLane & Berkeley,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
FROSTBURG, MD.
Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.
See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,
Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8:30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13t.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $100; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

--WANTED--

WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER

Also White Oak Timber Land.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.

Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Ilest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
22tf 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

The Wesleyan Female Institute,

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.

For girls and young women. Established 1858. Full corps of experienced teachers. Location healthy, central and accessible. For catalogues and particulars apply to

REV. HENRY P. HAMILL,
13-15t President.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1895. NUMBER 24.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Mr. W. D. Hoye, of Deer Park, was in the city Tuesday.

Mr. Geo. A. Spedden is on a visit to friends at Cambridge, Md.

Mr. L. H. Friend, of Swanton, was an Oakland visitor Monday.

Mr. Jas. Weir, of near Lonaconing, was here Friday for a short time.

Hon. A. F. George, of Swanton, was in Oakland Monday for a few hours.

Mr. Victor Albright, of Cranesville, W. Va., was in town Saturday last on business.

Mr. George F. Richardson, of Pittsburg, is in Oakland visiting relatives and friends.

The fourth quarterly meeting of Oakland District M. E. church will be held on Sept. 18th.

There will be a social picnic at Kearney, Md., Saturday, Aug. 31st, and a festival at night.

A lawn fete will be given at the Loch Lynn Hotel to-night for the benefit of a hospital ward.

Prof. G. J. Robinson, of Baltimore is in Oakland visiting his daughter, Mrs. M. C. Hinebaugh.

Mr. Courtney Merrifield, who has been confined to his bed for a number of days is able to be out again.

Dr. W. H. Ravenscraft has purchased a lot in Dailey's addition and is preparing to erect a dwelling thereon.

A big crowd is expected at the Sunday school convention to be held at North Glade on Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. James Aronhalt, of Wilson, was in the city a few hours on last Friday and favored this office with a pleasant call.

Severe griping pains of the stomach and bowels instantly and effectually stopped by DeWitt's Colic and Cholera Cure.

There is no doubt, no failure, when you take DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure. It is pleasant, acts promptly, no bad after effects.

Miss Mayme Gesner, of Annapolis, arrived in Oakland Monday evening and will remain here a few weeks visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sincell.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Dunlap, formerly of Oakland, but now residing in Cumberland, are here visiting Mrs. R. J. West and other relatives.

Misses Mary and Edith Morrison, and May Hamill, all of Westernport, Md., are here visiting Miss Belle Browning at the residence of her grandmother, Mrs. Judge Hamill.

Miss Georgia A. Albright, daughter of Mr. Edward Albright, of Cranesville, W. Va., returned home Sunday last, from a long sojourn in Florida, where she was the guest of her sister.

Messrs. W. T. Jamesson and Edward E. Sollars, both progressive Garrett county farmers, have each purchased harvesting machines and are now engaged with them in harvesting the oats crop.

Mr. Alexander Tabb, of Jefferson county, W. Va., is in Oakland with friends. Mr. Tabb, many years ago, was one of Oakland's foremost business men and will be remembered by many of our older citizens.

My boy was taken with a disease resembling bloody flux. The first thing I thought of was Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Two doses of it settled the matter and cured him sound and well. I heartily recommend this remedy to all persons suffering from a like complaint. I will answer any inquiries regarding it when stamp is enclosed. I refer to any county official as to my reliability. Wm. Roach, J. P., Primroy, Campbell Co., Tenn. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Hon. Chas. M. Bishop, of Kingwood, was in the city yesterday as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Gilmor S. Hamill.

Mr. James C. Peddicord went to Baltimore yesterday morning to attend the meeting of the Republican State Committee which convenes there to-day.

A number of the members of Lily Division, K. of P., will go to Terra Alta this morning to participate in the picnic held there to day under the auspices of the secret organizations of that town.

"Farmer" Stemple brought a sheaf of oats to this office last night which are the heaviest we have seen this season. Mr. Temple stated that he harvested five acres of oats and expects to thresh two hundred bushels.

Rev. J. H. Moore, of Keyser, will be invited to preach in Garrett Memorial church and to moderate the congregational meeting to be held at that church next Sunday evening for the purpose of electing a pastor. Let all the members be present.

In order to introduce Chamberlain's Cough Remedy here we sold several dozen bottles on strict guarantee and have found every bottle did good service. We have used it ourselves and think it superior to any other. W. I. Mowrey, Jarvisville, W. Va. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

B. H. Bowman, Pub. Enquirer, of Bremen Ind., writes: Last week our little girl baby the only one we have was taken sick with croup. After two doctors failed to give relief and life was hanging on a mere thread we tried One Minute Cough Cure and its life was saved. Oakland Pharmacy.

George Carrington, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Bolden, of this place, has been ill since last Saturday, of cholera infantum, at Mrs. B.'s old home in Oakland. We are glad to state that at this writing the child is growing better. —Terra Alta Oracle.

Mr. M. M. Best, of near Sunnyside, has finished his oats harvest and on Tuesday was in Oakland and reported that by measurement the grain stood 6 feet, 8½ inches high and from two heads of it he extracted four hundred and fifty grains.

The new firm of Nethken. Bros. at Deer Park, composed of Messrs. Howard and Freeman Nethken, are now permanently located in their new and handsome building at the above place. These two young men are deserving of the patronage of the citizens of Deer Park and we bespeak for them a good trade.

Those who attended the State convention at Cambridge last Thursday from Garrett county were Senator Ravenscroft, Sheriff Wegman, Merritt Wilson, C. C. Moody, E. H. Sincell and Benj. H. Sincell. They all returned home Friday evening except Mr. Moody, who will visit friends in Baltimore for a number of weeks.

Mr. F. P. Green, of Dist. No. 11, who has been prominently mentioned as a candidate on the Republican ticket for County Surveyor, was in the city last Friday and made this office a very pleasant call. Mr. Green is a son of Robert Green, Esq., one of Garrett's oldest and best citizens and should he receive the nomination we have no doubt that he would make an efficient officer.

When moving into our present home I found a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm left by a former tenant. On the label I found the statement that it was good for cuts and burns. I can testify to the truth of this. Nothing in all my experience has found its equal for treating blisters or burns. F. E. Barrett, manager Le Sueur Sentinel, Le Sueur, Minn. Pain Balm is also a sure cure for rheumatism. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Ripans Tabules relieve nausea.

Garrett's Eastern Boundary.

The following telegram appeared in the Baltimore Sun on last Thursday relative to the disputed boundary line between this and Allegany counties:

"The tax-payers in Garrett county are very much concerned about the passage of a law by the Legislature this winter authorizing the county commissioners to have the boundary line between Allegany and Garrett counties plainly marked from 'the mouth of Savage river to the summit of Savage mountain,' where it is crossed by Mason and Dixon's Line.' This line of Garrett county passes the western edge of the George's creek coal region, where land, underlaid with the 'Big Vein,' sells for upward of two thousand dollars an acre. It is estimated that upward of two millions of dollars' worth of coal lands lying along this line in Garrett county are not assessed owing to the dispute growing out of the bungling manner in which this line was said to have been run. The trouble originated in this way: The projectors of the new county, which was formed in 1872, went along with the surveyor, who started from the mouth of Savage river and ran north 26° east to Mason and Dixon's Line, but missed 'the summit of Savage mountain, where it is crossed by the Mason and Dixon's Line,' the point called for in the act authorizing the division of Allegany county, by over three-quarters of a mile. The surveyor then measured the distance east to said summit, intending to correct his bearing back to the mouth of Savage river, but when the politicians who had the matter in charge found that the corrected line would run in sight of Frostburg and cut a big slice out of the George's creek coal region they became alarmed because the citizens of this section were so bitterly opposed to the division of Allegany county they might vote it down.

"Hence, after consultation, the politicians ordered the surveyor not to trace the correct line on the ground, but to 'plat it out' and 'make his report on the plat' for the avowed purpose of deceiving the voters in the belt with the idea that the first experimental but erroneous line was the true one. The trick worked; the report was made; the vote taken resulting in a very small majority for the division, and most of the land in this disputed territory remains untaxed to this day.

"In view of this and other vital questions affecting the interests of the overtaxed people of Garrett county they are urging the Republicans to nominate not only such men for the Legislature as will pledge themselves to use all honorable means possible to secure the passage of such laws as will relieve them from one-third of the present rate of taxation. The Democrats have about conceded that this is an 'off year' for them, hence their anxiety that the Republicans may be careful in selecting suitable men as their candidates."

Who Remembers It?

One day last week while Mayor Charles Crawford and a force of hands were engaged in excavating the large spring on W. T. White's land, above the White Grove where the picnic and the soldiers' reunion will be held, preparatory to enlarging the spring and laying pipes from it to the picnic grounds, an old dam or "water wall" was uncovered at a considerable distance from the top of the ground. The wall extended clear across the hollow, being about 18 or 20 feet wide and 8 or 10 feet deep. The stones were cut to fit and were placed together in a very workmanlike manner. Mr. Crawford pronounced it an exceedingly good piece of stone work. As soon as the discovery was made inquiries were sent forth concerning it to past owners of the land, but so far not a soul can be found who remembers of there ever being a dam or wall on the premises. The oldest residents of the town say that when they first came here they were all over the land in question, but there was no stone wall to be seen at that time. In the opinion of many it was placed there years ago for the formation of some kind of a pond or dam, but this is only supposition, and so far the origin of the wall remains a mystery which is puzzling the brains of our very oldest residents. It will pay anyone to walk out and take a look at the silent stranger.—Terra Alta Oracle.

Sunday School Convention.

The following program for a Sunday school convention to be held at Selbysport Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 6th, 7th and 8th, has been arranged by those having the matter in charge:

FIRST DAY.

Friday evening, 8 o'clock—Prayer and song service.

Convention called to order at 8 p. m. by president C. J. Otto.

Address of welcome, by Rev. C. W. Cox.

Respopses by members of the convention.

Question, Our difficulties and how to overcome them, by John Shartzer and Thomas B. Welch.

SECOND DAY.

Saturday, 9 a. m. Prayer service.

Convention called to order at 9.30 a. m.

Second topic — The unreached masses and how to reach them, by Rev. G. H. Nock and George W. Dunham.

Third topic—Teachers' meetings, their troubles and how to overcome them, by George E. Bishoff and H. M. Frazee.

Appointing committees.

Saturday afternoon, 2 o'clock, devotional exercises.

Convention called to order at 2.30. Reports of committees.

Fourth topic—The perils of young people and the Sunday school as a remedial agency, Rev. D. H. Leader, Wm. Hinebaugh and J. A. Enlow.

Fifth topic—How far should secular methods of teaching be applied to Sunday school, by Rev. C. W. Cox and Daniel Hinebaugh.

Saturday evening, 7.30, song service. Convention called to order at 8.

Fifth topic—The superintendent and his work, opened by J. M. Davis, Asa E. Riley and W. D. Hoye.

Sixth topic — The unreached masses, what to do with them after you reach them, by C. M. Miller and G. S. Hamill.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Sabbath, 9.30 a. m. — Teachers' and Sunday school workers' experience meeting.

10.30—Sermon by Rev. J. W. Butler.

2 p. m.—Children's mass meeting.

7.30.—Praise service and parting words.

Query box open at all sessions.

Bring your Gospel Hymns Combined.

Accompanying the programs sent to the superintendents will be found a statistical blank. They are requested to fill up and mail to Rev. J. A. Enlow, Selbysport, Md.

It is desired that this convention shall be a great success and a recognized benefit to the Sunday school interests of the county. All Sunday school workers in the county, or residing in adjacent sections, are invited and urged to participate. It is needful that the workers of Garrett should throw aside indifference and denominational prejudice, and stand together, and work together, and pray together for the salvation of the children.

Communicated.

To the Editor of the Republican.

The nomination of Hon. Lloyd Lowndes for governor gives entire satisfaction to the Republicans of this district. He will receive the entire Republican vote and also of those Democrats who are tired of the dictation of Boss Gorman. Our people want a reassessment of property, one that will assess, and know that it will come from the Republicans if we succeed in electing a majority of the legislature, of which we think there is no doubt. Let every Republican register and work hard for the success of the ticket. The election of Mr. Lowndes means much for the people of Maryland and especially to the people of Garrett county—assessment, election of school commissioners, home rule, redistribution of the school fund, the abolition of useless offices, longer term of school, free school books and many other reforms. Let every Republican do his whole duty, and we will be aided by many honest Democrats who love their State and honest government more than the success of A. P. Gorman, for the election of Hurst means the further dictation of Gorman and Raisin.

The time is drawing nigh when the Republicans of the Fourth Judicial district will be called upon to nominate a candidate for judge. We should be careful to nominate a candidate who can poll the vote of the Republicans and many of the Democrats. After looking carefully over the ground we think the strongest man to nominate is the Hon. D. W. Sloan, of Allegany county. He is a man eminently fitted for the office. For a number of years he has performed the duties of State's Attorney of Allegany county. With signal ability those duties have been performed, and the law enforced without regard to fear or favor, a hard student, well read in the law; a close observer of men; a man of integrity; a safe man; one if elected judge would enforce the law with ability and would be a judge of whom Western Maryland might well be proud. Give us David W. Sloan for our candidate for judge, and we can elect him by a good majority, and the people generally will be pleased by the choice.

HOOSIER.

Swanton, Md., Aug. 20th.

Crop Reports.

Grantsville.—Weather favorable for all crops, especially corn, which promises a large crop. Oats are above the average and are being harvested. Buckwheat promises well and is beginning to blossom.

THOS. H. BITTINGER, P. M.

Mountain Lake Park.—The very hot weather of the past week is telling unfavorably on celery and cauliflower, and unless irrigation is resorted to celery will be almost a failure. I have seen the finest corn while traveling through the South Branch Valley this week I have ever seen, not excepting the Illinois corn fields. WM. W. SWEET.

Bittinger.—Weather very hot and dry; drought is getting serious; buckwheat bloom is being killed by hot sun and corn is wilted and looks bad and pastures drying up. Oats all on shock and hauled in; crop very fair. Farmers plowing for wheat, but ground too dry and hard to make much progress.

P. P. LOHR.

Grantsville.—The past week has been remarkably warm and fine. Too dry for all crops except corn, which is doing well. Oats about all cut; much was down and had to be cut one way. J. S. MILLER.

Sunny Side.—Weather the past seven days hot and dry, favorable for harvesting. Oats about all cut and in shocks. All growing crops are suffering for want of rain.

JOHN G. KNAUER.

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

"Oakland Polka."

Prof. Thiede, of Baltimore, a musician of ability who has summered here for many years, has composed a piece of band music entitled "Oakland Polka." Yesterday afternoon Prof. Zimmerman's band rendered the composition for the first time, and judging from the words of commendation heard on all sides the piece will become popular, in this section of country at least.

Prof. J. G. Robinson, of the house of Messrs. Sanders & Stayman, of Baltimore, agents for the celebrated Estey organs, Weber, Decker Bros., Ivers & Pond, Fischer, Estey and other pianos, will be the guest of Dr. Mahlon Hinebaugh for a season, where he will be pleased to see any person who may contemplate purchasing instruments. He will also be prepared to tune or repair either organs or pianos during his stay, and will promptly attend to all orders left with Dr Hinebaugh or his son, Dr. Jno. G. Robinson. 23 tf

Mr. John Blambel, of Gormania, was here Tuesday for a few hours on business.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending August 17, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

J. W. Cogey	Elmer Beaver
J. Lawler	B. B. Lavage
Wm. G. Riley	James Kisner
Louis Fine & Winburg	Mrs. Aaron Walhelm
Mrs. Charles Layles	Mrs. Anna M. Smith
Mrs. John Shaffer	Mrs. J. W. Richardson

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

G. A. R. National Encampment, Louisville, Ky. Reduced Rates via B. & O.

The B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to Louisville and return at all ticket stations on its lines east of the Ohio river, at rate of one cent per mile each way for the round trip, for all trains September 7th to 10th, inclusive, valid for return journey until October 6th inclusive. Tickets will be placed on sale, via B. & O., at offices of all connecting lines. Stop overs will be allowed on the return trip.

Veterans will bear in mind that all B. & O. trains run via Washington and Harper's Ferry.

Kenneth Bazemorn had the good fortune to receive a small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy when three members of his family were sick with dysentery. This one bottle cured them all and he had some left which he gave to Geo. W. Baker, a prominent merchant of the place, Lewiston, N. C., and it cured him of the same complaint. When troubled with dysentery, diarrhoea, colic or cholera morbus, give this remedy a trial and you will be more than pleased with the result. The praise that naturally follows its introduction and use has made in very popular. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

Rogers' Sarsaparilla.

A specific for all. 100 doses for 75 cents. Rogers' Little Liver Pills, best on the market; Cough Cure, Liniment, Appetine and Worm Syrup, sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland; Cuppett Bros., McHenry; J. A. DeBerry, Corinth; C. F. White, Hutton; P. T. Garthright, Hayden & Eckles, Mt. Lake Park; Dr. Langhlin, Deer Park; Wm. Frederick, Friendsville; Yough Store Co., Jonas Frazee, Robert Liston, Selbysport; W. Wass, Mineral Springs; J. E. Gnagey, Accident; Smith & Callis, Hoyes, and by all general dealers.

Needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints.

MY RIVAL.

BY LEON ARBY.

I was sure Jack loved me. He had, in an intermittent sort of way, ever since we were married three years before. But, after the noble fashion of men, having gotten possession of the desired object, and being sure that the heart of that object belonged entirely and wholly to him, he had ceased to make much effort to show his affection, or even keep it up to normal heat. Occasionally there was a relapse to the old loverlike devotion, a little anxiety on his part to give me some of his society, a little recreation, a bit of fun in the shape of an old-time jaunt that used, alas! to be so many and now were so rare.

But, on the whole, things moved on in a jog-trot way, varied once in awhile by a burst of tears and sobs from me, that at first he tried to soothe and from which at last he rushed away. Some of my older friends told me my experience was the usual one. "Men, my dear," said my Cousin Theo, a pretty matron ten years my senior, "men are not put up as we are, unfortunately no. In proportion as a woman grows fond they grow cold. Never were words more truly written than Byron's 'Love is of man's life a thing apart, etc. I had to get used to it myself and I shed buckets of tears the first year Tom and I were married. The first night he staid at the club till one and smelled frightfully of wine when he got home. I nearly had a fit. I cried and vowed I should go back to dear mamma. But I didn't, and now we get on comfortably. The bills are my greatest sorrow, and nothing short of the sight of Tom actually kissing the cook or eloping with an opera singer would arouse my indignation."

I thought Theo heartless; the future she pictured seemed a dreary one, but I gradually fell into that very state of mind. I grew to be servilely grateful for the crumbs of old-time tenderness that fell to my lot, and even sometimes congratulated myself that Jack refrained from actually being unkind. Such is the humility of women and dogs.

But there came a change. I thought I was hardened to almost as much as Cousin Theo, but I found that things had not been so bad that they could not be worse.

Jack grew more and more distrait. When he had read the paper, instead of his usual polite inquiries after my health, occupations, etc., he relapsed into deep fits of reverie. Something was certainly troubling him. I was sorry for him; even ventured to put a caressing hand on his soft brown hair, and ask if business was going wrong. He would rouse himself, answer hastily, and, getting his hat, go off hurriedly. There were many little sermons preached on economy about this time; the duty of a woman to save (our income was a very moderate one). When I spoke of a trip to the country, the proposition met with ominous silence at first. Then "could I go alone this year." Didn't I think it was about as pleasant at home as anywhere. Now, in our little country trips Jack had seemed more like the dear old fellow who had wooed and won me in the sweet past. I was loath to give it up. But my heart had taken in these oft-repeated lessons as to woman's duty. Visions of selfish wives flaunting gayly at seashore and mountain resorts while their dear lords at home were submerged by waves of care, loaded down by bulk of work, rose before me. No. I would not be selfish, I said bravely; I would stay at home, and was rewarded by an old-time kiss.

But the atmosphere did not clear. Jack tossed restlessly in his sleep. He groaned and muttered almost unintelligible words. Leaning over him with visions of delirium in my mind I was sure I caught an occasional word, even a phrase: "She is a beauty." O, I am sure he said that, and then "Ariel is a stunner." I woke him, but he denied having said a word. Growled at being waked and was distinctly cross. But life lost even its calm content for me. Yes, to be sure I had gotten accustomed to dull, gray days, to weeks of monotony, but I was not prepared for this keen pain, this frightful jealousy that took possession of me. Jack was in love. There was no manner of doubt of it. Did he have all the signs—abstracted, silent, troubled, with dreams of the beloved, unattainable object, whoever she was? He was very busy in the office, I knew, but there were the evenings, the cool, scented summer nights that had once been so sweet. Jack would bolt his dinner, kiss me perfunctorily, and rush off. He had to meet a man at the club or he was going to father's. Father lived at the other end of town, but one evening I found my way out there. I was ashamed of myself. I hated the idea that I could not trust my husband. I would not watch him. Still in spite of it all my feet turned in that direction. Mechanically I took the car that led to the door of Jack's parental abode. I walked up to the veranda, on which sat a merry group of young people. They greeted me cordially. "Where's Jack? Isn't he here?" I asked, with that sickening feeling at my heart that all jealous women know. "No, he hasn't been here for weeks." For weeks! And twice in the last week he had gone to "father's." I controlled myself bravely, laughed with the rest, and brother Will took me home. Ah! cruel mockery to call that abode of tears and sorrow home! It was home no longer. With a good-night I let myself into the silent house and threw myself on my bed in a fit of hysterical sobbing. Why, why did men make women love them only to neglect them, betray them! Why had Jack—my handsome, darling Jack—come into my happy life and taken me away only to forsake me so! Suddenly I heard the well-known step upon the pavement below. I sprang to my feet and put out the light, then speedily disrobed and got into bed before he had locked the doors and made all secure downstairs. He was very slow, I thought. His step seemed to have lost its elasticity. My heart contracted painfully as I thought of his long hours of absence. Where had he been? With whom had he spent those hours? I resolved I would be brave and cunning. I would not annoy him by any more useless tears. He hated tears. But I must be wise; I would not play the role of neglected, deceived wife any longer; I hated deceit and treachery, but I would watch him; I would surprise his secret and then act. Jack came upstairs slowly, stillly, it seemed to me. He fell over a chair that in my hurry I had left near the door. It must have hurt him frightfully, for I am sure he said a bad word. Then he lighted the gas, and coming to the bed looked at me closely. I was sleeping quietly, serenely; not a line on my face nor a hurried breath betrayed the seething tumult within me. He was satisfied, apparently, and turned away. I looked at him through half-closed eyes and could scarcely restrain myself. On his white brow a cruel mark. His clothing was muddy and disarranged. He drew off his coat slowly and painfully and sank into a chair. I almost screamed, but my pride kept me still. Something terrible had happened to my husband. What could it have been? Had he met some relative of his inamorata's and one of those horrible scenes taken place with which the columns of our papers are full? Was it thus he returned to his wife, the woman he had sworn to love and honor? As he sat sadly and disfigured in the armchair, seemingly too worn even to attempt to undress, I heard him mutter between clenched teeth: "I will win yet; I will not be conquered by such a —" I lost the rest, but the dreadful tragedy was clear. It had been easy enough to win me—I was a confiding fool—but this other one was not so lightly won. He had to encounter difficulties there. I made up my mind then and there to my course of action.

Next day—even so soon as that my time came. I had been kind, but, as usual, I had hidden my grief and pain. I would not have thought that I, innocent, trusting girl that I was but a few short months ago, could have developed into a watchful, double-faced woman; but sorrow is a thorough teacher. When Jack came to dinner that night he had his fidus Achates with him, Harry Fleming, a gay bachelor, and who, I felt sure, was Jack's confidant; of whom, indeed, I had been a little jealous once, but now I hardly knew whether to join hands with him as one who betrayed, or to look on him as a confederate of my faithless husband. His greeting was as warm and cordial as of yore, and as he held my hand I felt a little bit of warmth steal into my poor, cold heart. After dinner the gentlemen smoked their cigars on the veranda. I sat just inside the long windows and touched the keys softly. How often I had sat so, just where I could see Jack's curly head, his beautiful profile, and have been sure that when I struck some familiar chord he would turn and smile. Ah, then and now! He was oblivious of me, of my music. I stopped playing. I caught snatches of conversation. Harry's voice fell on my ear: "Well, old fellow, how are you getting on with—" The hateful word was lost as an electric car dashed by. Then Jack said: "Slowly. I am almost discouraged, I will admit. Would you like to go and see her?" Then he glanced into the shadowy room. "You there, Nell?" I made no answer. I stooped to eavesdrop. Was I not justified? They arose. I went from the back door into the hall, and as Jack called out: "Nell, we're going to the club," I answered calmly; but as they went to the gate I sprang to the closet, snatched a long cloak and hat and veil, and when the men got on the car a woman followed them to whom they gave not even a glance.

The car dashed on. The veiled woman in the corner shivered with excitement. Down in the heart of the city the two men stepped off and made their way, closely followed by their fellow passenger, to a long, low building now lighted up, and from whence sounds of music issued. I recognized the place. It was the armory, where our brave militia were wont to gather, and which was more often the scene of a concert, fair, dog show, or some such exhibition. I had forgotten in my excitement to glance at the sign that was wont to show to outsiders the nature of the scene within. I passed close behind Jack and his friend, still unobserved. The big doors swung behind us. My heart beat wildly. Was the mystery to be cleared up? Was she here or was I still to be the victim? When I had got accustomed to the light I saw a group of men and women sitting around the hall watching intently. I paused, as did my escorts (?). My eyes followed theirs. Slowly circling round and round to the music of the band went men and women on their airy steeds. I hardly took them in, for the men turned to a fourth standing near and Jack said in tones of authority: "Bring her out, Joe." Then turning to Harry he went on: "I am ashamed of myself. I thought I was something of an athlete, but this creature has almost mastered me. Last night I got a terrible fall that about decided me to give up the effort, but you know I hate to be beaten at anything. I was so bruised and stiff after my header that I was almost afraid to go home. Fortunately Nell, dear girl, was asleep. I had a mark under my eye equal to a prize fighter's. I bathed it and luckily for me, with the aid of a little of Nell's powder, it was hardly visible in the morning and I was spared any embarrassing questions. I don't think Nell suspects. I have tried to keep it from her, for I imagined she would make fun of me for getting the fever, but, by Jove, it's been a hard thing to do. You know, Harry, it's the first secret I've had from my wife—O, here is Joe—" and Joe came leading my rival. She was a beauty; how beautiful the curves of the lovely wheels; how bright the silvery handles; how graceful every motion of Jack's new bicycle—my first and last rival.—Chicago Tribune.

BANKING IN IRELAND.

Instances of Roguery Are Rare—An Exceptional Case.

Ireland has good reason to be proud of her banks, and their system of banking is perhaps as perfect as any that can be devised. The small local banks and private banking firms which are so numerous in England do not exist in the Emerald isle, and their absence gives an air of stability to Irish banking which it might not otherwise possess. Instead, Ireland has nine great banks, and these have so spread a network of branches over the country, that every little town and village is provided with banking accommodation.

The Irish peasant is, as a rule, honest in his dealings with the bank. Of course he is no better than anyone else in this respect: He will take all the money the bank is willing to lend him, without considering whether he is ever likely to be able to return it. Further, if hard pressed, he will resort to every means in his power to defeat the bank's process. But all this is, in his opinion, fair and above board. He has also a disposition to keep anything he is overpaid, and to look on it as a sort of godsend, which it would be unlucky to return. With these exceptions, however, he is fairly straight, and during an experience of twenty-three years I have met with but one case of downright roguery. This happened on a busy fair day, when I had a large crowd before me waiting to be paid. I was cashing a check for a respectable cattle dealer, and while he was counting the money I had turned to attend somebody else, when I heard him say: "I think this is a pound short, sir." "Perhaps so," I said; "let me see." I took the notes, counted them, found it was as he had stated, and handed him another pound. Some fifteen minutes afterward a man to whom I had just given some five-pound notes, called out: "This is five pounds short." I knew this could not be, for the first mistake had made me particularly careful. I told the man to count his money again. He did and then threw the notes back to me, saying he would like to see me make them more. I reckoned them. They were certainly five pounds short; yet I felt as positive as I had ever felt about anything that the money was correct when I gave it to him.

I deliberated for an instant what I should do. No use to tell him to come back in the evening after I had balanced my cash, for I suspected he had the money, and I knew that if he once left the office I would never see it again. I recollected now having seen him near the counter when I was paying the cattle dealer the pound his money was short, and felt convinced that I had a rogue to deal with.

Accordingly, I passed round to the public part of the office, and examined the floor under the counter; but the note was not there. There was a big crowd looking on, and the fellow pretended to be very indignant at being doubted. I asked him if he had any objection to turn his pockets inside out, and he immediately emptied their contents on the counter. He also opened his waistcoat, permitted me to examine his sleeves, and expressed his willingness to undress himself altogether if I wished. I was fairly puzzled, and was about to give it up, when it occurred to me to look under his boots. When I asked him to move his feet, however, he emphatically declined to do so, and I knew at once his reason for refusing. I half turned to request the manager to send for a policeman, and as I did so I saw the fellow give his leg a sudden kick back, which sent the note flying from under his boot across the floor. I should have liked to prosecute this man for attempted fraud, if only for the sake of example, but my superiors advised to let the matter drop. So he got off. —Chambers' Journal.

STAMBULOFF'S BRAVERY.

Courageous Deeds of the Murdered Bulgarian Statesman.

They are telling in these days many stories about Stambuloff's personal courage. One of these relates to the time when he was an exile in Bucharest. A journal of that place printed an article in which he was loaded with abusive epithets. It was also intimated that he and certain of his compatriots had left their country for their country's good. Personally he did not mind this attack, but he felt that for political reasons he must take notice of it. To ignore it would injure the cause for which he was fighting. So he waited upon the editor, found him alone and demanded a retraction. The editor promised that he should have it, adding: "Meet me to-night at —— (naming a cafe in the city) and I will show you a draft of it for your approval."

When Stambuloff entered the cafe at the hour agreed upon he found the editor surrounded by a dozen of his friends—Russian bravos. As Stambuloff approached the group the editor laughed in his face and bade him go to the devil. Stambuloff quietly said: "I shall not challenge you to fight me, for you are a coward and would decline. But I will force you to challenge me, or show yourself a greater coward than I suppose even a Russian can be."

With that he forced his way through the ring of ruffians, struck the editor three times in the open face with his open hand, then spat upon him, turned upon his heel and walked away. The editor did not dare to challenge, nor did one of his friends express a desire to take up the pistol or rapier in his behalf.

At a later day he broke up a conspiracy against Prince Alexander by arresting the ringleader when nobody else could be intrusted with the somewhat delicate task. This was a plot headed by Maj. Panitza. Its ramifications extended, for all anybody knew, throughout the army and the police. Even if those sent to arrest Panitza were honest, it was known that he always went armed to the teeth, and Bulgarian police are not fond of going on such errands. Stambuloff settled the matter by setting out to make the arrest himself. Just at midnight, alone, unarmed (though why unarmed does not appear) and undisguised, he knocked at Panitza's door. The major's wife, with a loaded pistol in her hand, admitted him. She recognized him and raised her arm to fire. He looked at her and her arm fell. She turned away, longing but fearing to shoot.

Stambuloff ascended to Panitza's room. He found him in bed, a loaded revolver by his side. "Maj. Panitza," said Stambuloff, coolly, "get up, dress yourself and come with me."

The desperado grasped his pistol. Stambuloff folded his arms and looked at him. Panitza quailed under that glance and rose and dressed himself and followed Stambuloff to prison.

Many other stories of this kind are told of this remarkable man, who, like most men of strong and commanding character, had a host of bitter, and, as it turned out, murderous enemies.—Buffalo Courier.

THE MARRIAGEABLE AGE.

Sensible Suggestions Regarding the Education of Girls.

Taking it for granted, which all sensible, clear-headed, right-minded and good-hearted people do, that marriage in the average is anything but a failure, the question arises: What is the best marriageable age?

There is very much to be said in favor of both late and early marriages. Those who start out in life early may have the satisfaction of gathering a large family of grandchildren about them, and spending the latter portion of their lives in comparative freedom from care and anxiety. Having brought their children up in the way they should go, and established them comfortably in prosperous occupations, they may feel relieved from the immediate responsibilities of everyday life, and feel that all the children will have an interest in their happiness and welfare. Of course, where youngsters begin life together, they usually do so with small means, and if the little ones arrive in rapid succession there may, and almost inevitably will, be more or less hardship in making both ends of the year meet, and in providing food and clothes and education for the fast-growing brood; but if parents will only take a rational view of the situation, and understand that simple food is not expensive, that plain clothes are quite as good as fine ones, and that education and knowledge is the one thing of all others to give the children in order to furnish them with working capital, they will have simplified life to a great extent, and can pave the way to prosperity and a peaceful and plentiful old age.

People who marry when quite young are likely to live together more harmoniously than those who enter into this relation after their ideas, minds and methods are fully settled. It has often been remarked that people get along better under such circumstances, but if one will take the trouble to investigate the subject a little it will be seen that they get along better because the woman has too little character and will-power to do anything but submit to her husband's dictation. The younger a woman marries the less likely she is to set up her will in the household. For this reason many men prefer very young wives; indeed, they sometimes say that they would choose a very young girl and bring her up, so to speak, to their liking. Mature women have their own ideas, and these are very frequently not specially in accord with the views of the average man.

Physiologically there is a good deal to be said in favor of early marriages, provided the family does not increase too rapidly. If women would observe all the laws of health, they could marry later in life with much greater safety than at present; but health is usually the last thing to be thought of until it is gone perhaps forever.

Marriage is the only proper state for rational beings to live in; and if it is a failure, it is not so from general laws, but from the caprices and wrong methods of those who enter into it. From twenty to twenty-two is a good age for young women, and men would do well to marry before they are twenty-five. If young people are properly educated, and not allowed to fritter away their time in senseless follies and idleness, by the time they have reached the age of twenty to twenty-five they will have acquired the rudiments of an excellent mental and physical training, and will be so familiar with the ground principles of much that is desirable for them to know that interested reading and that investigation that all well-balanced minds crave will keep them abreast with the times.

An abundance of good literature is as important in the household as good food, if one would have the best physical and mental development. If women were as physically able to assume the most important duties of the marriage relation at twenty-five or thirty as at twenty, there would be an excellent reason for delay; but all physiologists are aware that the responsibilities of motherhood are attended with much greater risk after twenty-five years, and after thirty the dangers are increased tenfold.

There is one serious defect in the education of the average girl: She begins her training for the most important duties of her existence at the wrong time. She only learns how to avoid suffering after she has borne pain. Instead of being taught to put herself in perfect physical trim from her girlhood, and being able to meet the contingencies of life with calmness, confidence and the certainty of a successful outcome, she is left to profound ignorance of those things that she has the most need to know. At twenty-five or thirty a woman has more intelligence to guide her, but less favorable physical conditions. As health is the most important of all things, it would seem wise to so arrange our life that its most taxing cares come with as little injury to the physical system as possible.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Missouri in 1890 had 1,504 acres planted in barley, which produced 34,803 bushels.

EIGHTY-FOUR YEARS OLD

Harriet Beecher Stowe Has Now Reached This Age.

Her "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Did More for the Freeing of the Slave Than Any Other Single Agency—Characters in the Great Story.

It reads almost like some chapter of forgotten history—the story of Harriet Beecher Stowe, who did more to free the slaves than any other one of the half-dozen causes. It may not be generally known that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was written when Mrs. Stowe was a resident of Walnut Hills, a suburb of Cincinnati, and her husband, Prof. Calvin Stowe, was connected with Lane theological seminary. That was before the war, when Cincinnati, in slavery days, was an important station on the "underground railroad." The Ohio river was easily crossed at this point, and numerous runaways made their way over from Kentucky and were met in Cincinnati by friends who assisted them in various ways to make good their escape.

Among those more or less active in this movement were the Beechers, Mrs. Stowe being a daughter of Lyman Beecher, president of the seminary. There she first imbibed her hatred of slavery, and began work on a newspaper story depicting life among the lowly, that was afterward enlarged to "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The house in which she wrote the historic work still stands on Walnut Hills, a modest little home, at which no passer would glance a second time, and all the characters were taken from the experience of Mrs. Stowe, who saw much of the evils of slavery at that time. The "Eliza" house that gave refuge to the escaped slave girl who afterwards figured in the story as Eliza, stands upon a hill near the village of Glendale, the Van Tromp of the narrative being John Van Zandt, a member of the Society of Friends, who settled on a farm and made it an underground station. The Eliza was Eliza Harris, a Kentucky slave, owned by a man near Ripley, O., but on the slavery side of the river. She ran away from her master with her child, as told in the story, crossing the river on the ice, and afterward sheltered in the house of Rev. John Rankin, whose family still lives in Ripley.

Another young girl who gave much to the construction of the character of

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Eliza was a seamstress in the employ of Mrs. Stowe. She came from Kentucky with the consent of her mistress, her brother being held as hostage for her return. The girl was legally free by her presence in Ohio by consent of her mistress. Shortly after her arrival the brother escaped, and she resolved not to return. In this she was encouraged by her friends, and also by Mrs. Stowe, in whose family she had found employment. "Free papers" were obtained for her to make her condition doubly legal. There were many people in Cincinnati, however, who were ready to serve the slaveholders by kidnaping fugitives, and when Prof. Stowe learned that the former master of Eliza was in the city, and a friend told him there was a plan to take the girl at night, it was determined to put her in a place of safety. Accordingly Prof. Stowe performed the part of Senator Bird. Procuring a horse and wagon, accompanied by Henry Ward Beecher, he drove the girl ten miles along a lonely road and over a dangerously flooded ford to the house of John Van Zandt. The fireplace is still shown where Eliza is said to have been confined during one of the visits of the slave hunters to the place in their pursuit.

Another character in the story is Richard Billingham, a young Quaker from Morrow, O., who came to Cincinnati to teach the negroes, and whose enthusiasm led him to Nashville in behalf of a slave, where he was imprisoned and died before his release. So far as known, only one of the originals of the characters of the story is now living, a very old man, and whose adventures are recorded in this story as the experiences of George Harris. He is now living a very old man, and for years resided at Oberlin, O. He crossed the Ohio at Ripley, and had refuge for several days with the Rankins. He was afterwards conducted north into Clinton county, where he found safety and a home for years among the Quakers of that part of the state. A son of Rev. John Rankin, William Rankin, was Harris' guide, and tells with relish the incidents of the escape of Harris and Eliza.

Such are some of the scenes and incidents and people upon which was founded the story of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a book which has been read in every quarter of the globe, over which millions have wept, and which brought freedom to the captive and enduring fame to the woman who celebrated in a quiet way her eighty-fourth birthday recently.

Counties Named for Presidents.

Out of the total of over 1,000 counties, 27 bear the name of Washington, 43 that of Jefferson; 21, Jackson; 17, Lincoln, and the same number each for Madison and Monroe; 12, Polk; 10 Grant; 9, Adams and Harrison, and 4 are named each for Garfield, Pierce and Van Buren.

MISS WILLARD'S ROMANCE.

Was Courted by a Young Minister Who Used Tobacco.

The recent rumor regarding the engagement of Miss Frances E. Willard, president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance union, to an elderly English gentleman of means, who uses a large part of his annual income in the furthering of reform movements, has recalled to the minds of many of Miss Willard's friends in this country the romance of her early womanhood.

Miss Willard's devotion to the temperance cause is by no means coeval with the great crusade of the early seventies, whose outcome was the organization of hundreds of Woman's Christian Temperance unions. Miss

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Willard's parents were among the pioneers of the great northwest, and brought up their daughter with very strict, not to say narrow, views as to the use of liquor and tobacco. Miss Willard prepared herself for teaching, and while pursuing her studies met a young man who was studying for the ministry and who gave promise of attaining great prominence in his chosen calling. Their common love of study attracted them to each other, and the young man felt that in Miss Willard he had found the one woman who, as his wife, would help him upward and would gracefully share the honors of the lofty position at which he was aiming. Nor was Miss Willard's heart untouched, and the young man's matrimonial hopes might have been realized but for the discovery that he was addicted to the use of tobacco, says the New York World. She very promptly told him he could choose between tobacco and herself, and to all his pleadings opposed the one cry:

"If you love tobacco more than you do me find some other woman who will tolerate such a habit."

At length he ceased to urge her, and they went their separate ways, she to remain single and become president of the National Woman's Christian Temperance union, and one of the best parliamentarians in the United States, and he to marry some one else and become one of the most prominent bishops of the Methodist Episcopal church.

BABY PRINCE EDWARD.

Heir to Britain's Throne Reported to Be Deaf and Dumb.

A report has been circulated for several days that Prince Edward, the only child of the duke and duchess of York and the heir to the throne of Great Britain, is deaf and dumb. It has been impossible to ascertain the source of the report, writes a London correspondent, but there is no doubt that it is in a circle fairly near the court. The pictures of the queen's great-grandson are displayed all over London, one of them but a few weeks old, and they all show a clear-eyed, intelligent looking little fellow, with plump arms and wavy hair.

There is nothing in the expression of his face or in the attitude to indicate the slightest mental defect. It is regarded as a little remarkable that, in

PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK.

case the boy be deaf, the infirmity was not discovered some months ago, as he is now more than a year old.

The duchess of York has not been seen often in public recently, and those circulating the report regarding the prince say that her reclusiveness is due to her grief. This, however, is bare supposition.

As yet no effort has been made to correct the story of the prince's infirmity, although the current gossip must have reached the ears of his highness' parents and grandparents.

Two Queer Illinois Wells.

Near Augusta, Ill., there are two peculiar wells, each of which deserves special mention. The first is a "bottomless well"—one which was sunk down until the immense rushing, underground river was struck. The second is a well in which the water remains frozen winter and summer. These two wonders, each of which may properly be referred to as "combined natural and artificial curiosities," are located at a distance of about a mile and a half apart. The frozen well is only about ten feet in depth; that of the other is not stated.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE WAY IT HAPPENED.

Said Toddlekins to Waddlekins,
A very homely pup:
"See, there's a sleeping pussy cat,
Suppose we eat her up."

They ne'er had seen the like, I ween;
But then they thought, you see,
That such a soft and sleepy thing
No fearful foe could be.

But something strange, an awful change,
Came o'er that furry ball:
And what it was that happened next
They never knew at all.

Ah! how they flew, those noble two,
That most heroic pair.
Said Toddlekins to Waddlekins:
"It must have been a bear!"
—J. B. Sherman, in Churchman.

THE ARCTIC MUSK-OX.

One Big Animal Which Is Not Likely to Become Extinct.

There is one large bovine animal on our continent which is not destined to be snuffed out of existence like the unfortunate bison, and that is the musk-ox. He is under the protection of the Frost King, whose game pastures are seldom penetrated by white poachers. On the map of Arctic America you can put your finger down almost anywhere, so that it be on land north of the Great Slave lake and east of the Mackenzie river, and say: "There lives the musk-ox," without fear of successful contradiction.

Just beyond the limit of trees and bushes, even the smallest and scantiest, on the silent, desolate and awful Barren Grounds northeast of Great Slave

HEAD OF A MUSK-OX.

lake, at 64 degrees north latitude, the musk-ox draws the line marking his farthest south.

A man who can endure cold like an Eskimo, travel like a caribou, live for weeks on frozen caribou meat, starve as cheerfully as a Yellow Knife Indian, and endure the companionship of vermin-covered natives, can reach the southern borderland of the musk-ox, and possibly get back alive with two or three skins. Mr. Warburton Pike, Englishman, can do and did do all those things no longer ago than 1890; and his book on "The Barren Grounds of Northern Canada" is a most interesting and valuable contribution to our knowledge of that very desolate country.

The musk-ox is perhaps the rarest, and to white men the most difficult to secure, of all our land quadrupeds. Robes are by no means uncommon, and often sell for as little as fifteen dollars each; but of mounted skins there are in our country exactly seven. Three of these constitute a group in the National museum; two are at the American Museum of Natural History in New York; and the museums of Philadelphia and Cambridge have one each. Although during their long sojourns in high latitudes Gen. Greely and the members of his expedition party killed many musk-oxen, you will notice that they were unable to bring back even so much as a single horn.

The appearance of the musk-ox is so odd and striking that when once seen it is seldom forgotten. You see an oblong mass of tremendously long brown hair, four and a half feet high by six and a half long, supported upon wide hoofs and very short, thick legs, almost hidden by the body hair. There is also a blunt and hairy muzzle, a pair of eyes, a pair of broad, flattened horns that part like a woman's hair and drop far downward before they curve upward—and that is all. The mass of hair is so thick that as the robe lies on the floor it is about as easy to walk over as a feather bed. Over the loins you will find, if you look closely, a broad "saddle-mark" of dirty-white hair, shorter than the rest of the coat.

Next to the body is a matted mass of very fine and soft hair, like clean wool so dense that to snow and fog it is quite impenetrable. Over this lies a thick coat of very long, straight hair, often twelve inches in length and sometimes twenty, like the grass raincoat of a Japanese soldier. Sometimes it actually touches the snow as the animal walks.—W. T. Hornaday, in St. Nicholas.

The Lost Pocketbook.

A lady got out of her carriage and went into a store in the little town where she had gone for the summer. After buying some things, she discovered that her pocketbook was lost. She left the store, got into her carriage and drove away. After a time her horse grew lame. She stopped and looked at his foot; there, firmly fixed in his hoof, was her pocketbook. She had dropped it, and the horse had stepped on it carefully, carrying it along.

An Expensive Egg.

In a glass case at the Academy of Natural History in Philadelphia is an egg little smaller than a goose egg. It is dark olive green in color, spotted with black and brown spots. This is the egg of the great auk, a species of bird which belongs to Iceland and has not been seen in fifty years. In the same case with the egg is a great auk mounted, and it and the egg are valued at three thousand dollars. An auk egg was sold in London years ago for fifteen hundred dollars.

BUILDING A SAILBOAT.

How Boys Can Construct a Modified Sharpie with Centerboard.

The amateur boat builder and the fast sailing boat are two poles rather far apart. But as there can be no harm in trying an experiment which may after several essays bring success, here are the directions as clearly as can be given in black and white.

The easiest and fastest boat to build is a modification of the "Skip Jack," or sharpie. The dimensions should be: Length over all 17 feet, greatest beam (which should be placed at 11 feet forward) 4 feet 6 inches; the sail yard or boom should be 13 feet long and the mast 10 feet 6 inches, stepped 18 inches from the stem.

This boat will have a mean depth from gunwale to keel of about 24 inches. The keel should be of oak, 10 inches wide and 1¼ inches thick, the side planks being 18 inches wide and ⅝ of an inch thick, 18 feet long.

Lay the keel on its broad side on two carpenter's horses, and brace it by blocks to hold it firm, and then proceed as if to make a rowboat.

Mortice on to the keel the stem, which should be of oak, cut out of a "knee" and "lapped" on to the keel, strengthening it by inside braces of deadwood.

Then make three temporary frames of 1-inch pine and nail them at the greatest beam and other equal distances toward the stern, marking on each the middle line of the boat to correspond with center of keel.

Hold these in place by a strip of wood nailed from the stem to the stern piece, which latter should be of 2-inch oak cut into the accepted shape for a boat's stern. Then start the planking process, which is where the test of ability comes in.

Mark off on the stem, the three molds, and the stern, the number of planks which must be used to raise the sides the 21 inches from the keel, and then take them one by one and grade their width in the proportion required to fit snug, which will leave them narrowest at the stem, widest amidships, and again tapering at the stem.

Take the first plank and fit it into a groove made in the keel, then nail it to stem and stern, following with another plank which should be closely morticed into the first one; then another and another, gradually sloping them upward round the curve of the frame molds, so that the curve should be gradual like the rounded bottom of a bowl.

A very little practical knowledge will be sufficient for a person of ordinary ability to shape the planks to fit. Continue in this manner until the height of the "gunnel" is reached, and then commence to put in the ribs.

These should be of inch-square oak, steamed to the shape required, and these should be placed inside the boat and each plank carefully tightened in the mortices and then nailed with copper nails to them. The shell is then complete.

Nail a narrow strip along each side just where the upward curve of the bottom commences, and put in the flooring, leaving space for the centerboard, the slot for which should be cut in the keel, and the walls or trunk built of two-inch square oak uprights and half-inch planks, the trunk rising to a trifle lower than the gunwale streak.

The centerboard should be of one-and-one-half-inch or two-inch oak, with a maximum depth of thirty inches, and care should be taken to have the hole

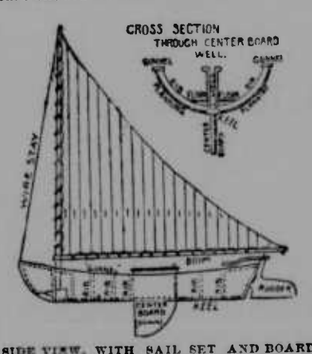

SIDE VIEW, WITH SAIL SET AND BOARD DOWN.

in which it swings on the bolt plenty large enough and that the bolt is large rather than small.

The place for the trunk starts at the greatest beam and runs aft.

Half deck the bow and step the mast through into a stout foot block on the keel, using a bobstay of good stout wire.

Run a ten-inch flush deck round the sides to the stern, which should also be half-decked, with the rudder post projecting well through. Directions for the rudder and the seating of the boat should be unnecessary to anyone who can build a boat far enough to require them.

The yard or boom should be of stout pine, well smoothed and of well-seasoned wood; the sail should be of light sailcloth, sewn in eight-inch strips to the shape desired, the best shape being as shown in the illustration, this giving the same or nearly the same speed as the gaff sail, and is infinitely safer, as placing the pressure right down where it is most under control.

The ropes should be of the best quality procurable, as they come the cheapest in the end. Do not be persuaded to use any lime, or in fact anything to your sails to keep them white. It only provokes mildew, and if properly cared for and cleaned off as they get soiled with fuller's clay, they will keep a good color for years.

This type of boat in a light to moderate breeze will outsail any other rig in existence, if well handled. It is impossible to give the cost of this boat; it would vary from thirty dollars up for actual material.

Speed is not always the one essential for a boy's boat, although every boy desires it. Speed means more or less increased crankiness, and a safe boat, if properly handled and well sailed, will beat nine out of ten of the faster boats handled by boys who do not know how to get the most out of a boat.—Boston Globe.

FARM AND GARDEN.

PROTECTING MANURE.

Webb Donnell, of Maine, Describes a New England Method.

I call it a "New England method," for, though it may be practiced elsewhere, I have not in other places observed its use to anything like the extent that is to be seen in New England. This matters little, however. The main point is to bring the value of the plan to the attention of farmers that now permit their manure piles to be leached by every rain and by the melting snows of winter, such manure heaps being usually situated alongside the barn and directly under the eaves which may or may not have gutters to carry off the rain that falls upon the roofs. Of course, those who leave their stable dressing exposed to such conditions do not fully realize the loss they are suffering, for it seems hardly credible that anyone would be so extravagantly wasteful if he realized the truth about the matter. I have in mind now one farm where for sixty years or more the dressing of from ten to twenty head of stock has been thus thrown out under the gutterless eaves, and after every heavy rain during all that time a thick brown stream has run down from the barnyard and coursed along through a ravine till it emptied into a river. Fully one-half of the value of all the dressing made on that farm for sixty years has thus run down into the ocean. As a matter of fact, I presume that much more than half of the value has been lost, for on this same farm the liquid portion of the manure (50 per cent. at least in value of the whole) has been allowed to run down through the "tie-up" floor, instead of being saved by a tight manure gutter and the use of absorbents. It is just such wretched management as this which keeps so many of our farms "run out" and so many of our farmers discouraged. There is little enough stable dressing made on any place, and when this is leached of from 50 to 75 per cent. of its fertilizing qualities, it is small wonder that the crops are meager and that one crop seems to use up nearly all the dressing put upon the land, leaving little for subsequent crops of grain or grass.

Some barns have manure cells where all the dressing made, including the liquid portion, can be saved; but such barns are the exception and not the rule. Barnyards entirely covered by one or more roofs are excellent where they can be afforded, but it is useless to urge the great body of farmers to roof over their entire yards for the protection of both stock and manure.

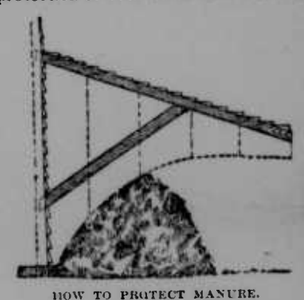

HOW TO PROTECT MANURE.

A simple and inexpensive protection for the manure, such as is illustrated herewith, is not out of the reach of anyone, however, and with its use the manure can be kept safe from all leaching. The manure is usually thrown out in heaps by the side of the barn. A shed roof can be built over these at small expense. The cut shows the method of framing, the dotted lines showing the boarding of the ends. The only mistake likely to be made is in getting the roof too narrow, with the result that rains accompanied by wind may beat in and wash the outer part of the piles, which will spread out upon the ground more or less, even with careful management. The outer edge of the roof need be only high enough that a cart can be backed under it, and being thus low will aid not a little in keeping out the rain; but even with a low roof I should want a width of at least twelve feet, and a good gutter upon the outer edge. Let the ground be level under such a shed roof, or, at most, but slightly sloping, else the manure will be continually rolling out from under the shelter of the roof when thrown out of the windows.

Where such an arrangement is used, care must be taken to have the cattle stalls well lighted from the ends of the barn.—Webb Donnell, in N. Y. Tribune.

ALL AROUND THE FARM.

OUR export horse trade is rapidly increasing.

SOLITARY confinement in a dark stable will make a horse vicious.

BREED to suit your market, and not according to your individual taste.

SEE that the collars fit the shoulders and that the hames fit the collars.

IT is estimated that in Oregon, Washington, Montana, Nevada and Idaho there are at present 2,000,000 of half-breed wild horses, for which no market can now be found.

THERE being no law in this country against selling or eating the meat of a horse, the department of agriculture has decided to prevent deception being practised by sellers, and has issued regulations regarding the exposure and sale of horseflesh.

HORSES are multiplying in Australia almost like rabbits, living entirely upon grass, and never under cover from birth to breaking. In fifteen years a few hundred have become a million. More than three-fourths of them are fit for the saddle or light harness.

CROSS-BREEDING of cattle and sheep is tolerable and is largely practised, because, though the progeny may be lacking in trueness to type and may be very rough specimens, the meat value is always a considerable asset. A misfit in horse-breeding is, however, an absolute loss.—N. Y. World.

THE ATMOSPHERE OF MARS.

Prof. Campbell Declares There's Very Little of It.

No observations of the planet Mars, made while it was in an advantageous position for study last summer and autumn, excited quite as much interest as those announced by Prof. W. W. Campbell, of the Lick observatory staff. The astronomer's spectroscope scrutiny led him to conclude that the ruddy orb in question possessed less of an atmosphere than had previously been supposed; in fact, only about as much as our moon has, which is generally supposed to be very little indeed. The results obtained by the Californian were at variance with the findings of experts like Huggins, Seechi and Vogel, to say nothing of younger and less eminent authorities; and as soon as he had told his story several of these astronomers made fresh investigations, which, though confessedly inadequate owing to the lateness of the season, seemed to corroborate their original verdict. In the Astrophysical Journal Prof. Campbell returns to the subject, and his treatment of it is calculated to inspire confidence in his accuracy.

Repeated comparison of the spectrum of the sun when that body is seen at a low elevation (and hence through a greater thickness of air) with that obtained when it is much higher up, shows that in the former situation there are lines and bands which either disappear or become much fainter in the latter case. But certain other lines remain equally strong. The latter, therefore, are held to be true solar lines, while the others are attributed to impurities in the earth's atmosphere. These are called "telluric" lines and bands. A planet's spectrum is simply that of the sun, with some trifling modifications, inasmuch as its light is not its own, but is merely reflected sunlight. If the planet has an extensive atmosphere with a good deal of water in it, this will introduce some additional lines into its spectrum; but if it is almost entirely devoid of such an envelope, like the moon, it will give back a spectrum like the sun's; and any additional lines perceived can probably be identified as purely terrestical. Now Prof. Campbell, in a careful review of all the best known spectroscopic observations of Mars, shows that the majority of them were made under unfavorable conditions, or give very indistinct indications, or else—and this is his main point—were affected by greater atmospheric humidity than his own were. At the expense of a good deal of trouble, doubtless, he has obtained data showing the moisture of the air at the time and place of Huggins', Maunder's and Vogel's latest observations, and shows that it greatly exceeded that on Mount Hamilton, when he studied Mars himself. He not only had the advantages of greater altitude and a superior spectroscope, but he scrupulously selected nights when the psychrometer indicated a particularly dry air. His repeated failure, under such circumstance, to find the various bands and lines which the foreign spectroscopists saw, or thought they saw, suggests the probability that these markings, if really perceived, were assignable to the aqueous vapor in our own atmosphere. Prof. Campbell does not insist that the question is settled. He graciously observes that further study is requisite. But he makes out a strong case. And if subsequent observation confirms the position he took last summer, his correction of scientific opinion about the extent of the atmosphere of Mars will reflect great credit upon him personally, upon the institution with which he is connected, and upon his country.—N. Y. Tribune.

A SLAVE FROM BOYHOOD.

(From the Red Wing, Minn., Republican.)

"I am now twenty-four years old," said Edwin Swanson, of White Rock, Goodhue county, Minn., to a *Republican* representative, "and as you can see I am not very large of stature. When I was eleven years old I became afflicted with a sickness which baffled the skill and knowledge of the physicians. I was not taken suddenly ill, but on the contrary I can hardly state the exact time when it began. The first symptoms were pains in my back and restless nights. The disease did not trouble me much at first, but it seemed to have settled in my body to stay, and my bitter experience during the last thirteen years proved that to be the case. I was of course a child, and never dreamed of the suffering in store for me. I complained to my parents and they concluded that in time I would outgrow my trouble, but when they heard me groaning during my sleep they became thoroughly alarmed. Medical advice was sought but to no avail, I grew rapidly worse and was soon unable to move about and finally became confined continually to my bed. The best doctors that could be had were consulted, but did nothing for me. I tried various kinds of extensively advertised patent medicines with but the same result.

"For twelve long years I was thus a sufferer, in constant agony without respite, abscesses formed on my body in rapid succession and the world indeed looked very dark to me. About this time when all hope was gone and nothing seemed left but to resign myself to my most bitter fate my attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Like a drowning man grasping at a straw, in sheer desperation I concluded to make one more attempt—not to regain my health (I dare not to hope so much) but if possible to ease my pain.

"I bought a box of the pills and they seemed to do me good. I felt encouraged and continued their use. After taking six boxes I was up and able to walk around the house. I have not felt so well for thirteen years as during the past year. Only one year have I taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I am able now to do chores and attend to light duties.

"Do I hesitate to let you publish what I have said? No. Why should I? It is the truth and I am only too glad to let other sufferers know my experience. It may help those whose cup of misery is as full to-day as mine was in the past."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Case in Point.

"Do you think that an indifference to popular opinion will make a man great?" she inquired.

"I don't know," he answered, thoughtfully. "Would you call a baseball umpire a great man?"—Washington Post.

GRASS IS KING! 6 TONS PER ACRE.

Sow Grass, that is the foundation of all successful farming. Sow this fall! Did you ever hear of six tons per acre? Salzer's seeds produce such yields; Wheat 60 to 80 bushels! Rye 60 bushels! Cut this out and send for free sample Winter Wheat and Grass and Fall catalogue to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. [K]

His tongue dropped manna, and could make the worse appear the better reason to perplex and dash maturest counsels.—Milton.

The Most Pleasant Way

Of preventing the grippe, colds, headaches, and fevers is to use the liquid laxative remedy Syrup of Figs, whenever the system needs a gentle, yet effective cleansing. To be benefited one must get the true remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all druggists in 50c. and $1 bottles.

EVERY other sin hath some pleasure annexed to it, or will admit of some excuse, but envy wants both.—Burton.

HALF-CURED eruptions will return. Eradicate them with Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

WHAT reason, like the careful ant, draws laboriously together, the wind of accident sometimes collects in a moment.—Schiller.

FOR Whooping Cough, Piso's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. P. DIETER, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, '94.

MAN must be disappointed with the lesser things of life before he can comprehend the full value of the greater.—Bulwer.

KEEP an eye on the man under your own hat.—Irrigation.

"I GUESS I know why they call Idols idols," said Bobbie. "It's because they sit still all the time and do nothing."—Harper's Bazar.

SO MUCH is the bicycle supplanting the steed, in time his only representative may be the convention dark horse and the nightmare.—Springfield News.

OUR cares are the mothers not only of our charities and virtues, but of our best joys, and most cheering and enduring pleasures.—Simms.

"THE coming woman doesn't seem to arrive," said Binks. "No," said Tubley. "She's probably putting on her hat."—Harper's Bazar.

"HOW MUCH was that diamond garter buckle you had stolen worth?" inquired the theatrical interviewer. "Seventeen columns," was the actress' absent-minded reply.

LONDONER has asked Scottish visitor to have a parting glass, and is about to pay. Sandy—"Na, na, ye've been payin' for a' thing a' the fortnicht. We'll toss up for this drink."—Household Words.

"YOU, Mose, you brack rascal!" "Yes, pap!" "Quit wahin' yo' s'penders crossed in front; half de time I duuno whedder yo's comin' or gwine."—Chicago Record.

THERE are many troubles which you cannot cure by the Bible and the hymn book, but which you can cure by a good perspiration and a breath of fresh air.—Beecher.

How fishers differ as they wait
And for a nibble beg;
Some use na old tin can for bait
And others use a keg.
—Washington Star.

A.—"I HEAR that your friend X has gone to South America. Was it upon his physician's advice?" B.—"No; his lawyer's."—

BEFORE I could get relief from a most horrible blood disease I had spent hundreds of dollars trying various remedies and physicians, none of which did me any good. My finger nails came off and my hair came out, leaving me perfectly bald. I then went to

HOT SPRINGS

Hoping to be cured by this celebrated treatment, but very soon became disgusted and decided to try S.S.S. The effect was truly wonderful. I commenced to recover at once, and after I had taken twelve bottles I was entirely cured—cured by S.S.S. when the world-renowned Hot Springs had failed.

WM. S. LOOMIS, Shreveport, La.

S.S.S.

Our Book on the Disease and its Treatment mailed free to any Address. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

CORRECT! GO TO THE HEAD.—Professor of Dentistry—"What are the last teeth that come?" Brilliant Student—"False teeth."—Life.

In August.

The most charming Summer Resorts, of which there are over three hundred choice locations, are to be found in Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota and the Peninsula of Michigan, along the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y. Nearly all are located on or near lakes which have not been fished out.

These resorts are easily reached by railway and range in variety from the "full dress for dinner" to the flannel-shirt costume for every meal.

SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER.

The finest shooting grounds in the Northwest are on and tributary to the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y. The crop of Prairie Chickens promises to be exceptionally good this year; also Ducks and Geese. In Northern Wisconsin and the Peninsula of Michigan splendid deer shooting is to be had.

The Game laws were changed in several of the Western States this year.

Full information furnished free. Address GEO. H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

DON'T go into ecstasies, my son, over a young woman who "has a secret charm about her." She won't keep it any more than any other secret.—Boston Transcript.

Does He Chew or Smoke?

If so, it is only a question of time when bright eyes grow dim, manly steps lose firmness, and the vigor and vitality so enjoyable now, will be destroyed forever. Get a book, titled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," and learn how No-To-Bac without physical or financial risk, cures the tobacco habit, brings back the vigorous vitality that will make you both happy. No-To-Bac sold and guaranteed to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

SUE — "Oh, gracious! My Trilby is Svengalied." He—"What!" She—"My foot is fast asleep."—Philadelphia Record.

Do You Desire to Adopt a Child?

Address the International Children's Home Society, 234 La Salle St., Chicago, Illinois, Rev. Dr. Frank M. Gregg, General Manager. Such a child as you may desire, of any age, will be sent you on ninety days' trial.

TO MAKE knowledge valuable, you must have the cheerfulness of wisdom. Goodness smiles to the last.—Emerson.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

LOOK out for Number 2—your wife.—Irrigation.

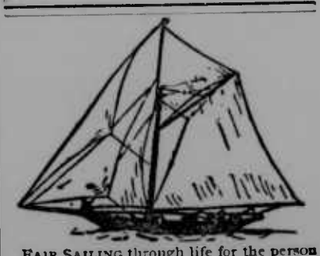

FAIR SAILING through life for the person who keeps in health. With a torpid liver and the impure blood that follows it, you are an easy prey to all sorts of ailments. That "used-up" feeling is the first warning that your liver isn't doing its work.

That is the time to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, to repel disease and build up the needed flesh and strength, there's nothing to equal it. It rouses every organ into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, braces up the whole system, and restores health and vigor.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH in cakes for general blacking of a stove.

THE SUN PASTE POLISH for a quick after-dinner shine, applied and polished with a cloth.

Morse Bros., Props., Canton, Mass., U.S.A.

No Failure of Crops! A Sure Thing!

GARDEN, FRUIT AND TRUCK FARMS.

10 ACRES will give a family a good living. 40 ACRES will place you in a few years in an independent position.

WHY SLAVE ALL YOUR LIVES!

When Georgia and South Carolina offer such grand inducements for the frugal, thrifty man and woman—climate, soil and surroundings unsurpassed. FREE RAILROAD FARE. Free moving of all your effects, from the time you reach our road. Call or address LAND DEPARTMENT, Augusta Southern R. R., Carolina Midland R. R., WALTER M. JACKSON, Commissioner of Immigration, Augusta, Ga. F. S. MORDAUNT, General Agent, 225 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

A. N. K.—C. 1565

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

How it looks,

to the women who wash with Pearline, when they see a woman washing in the old-fashioned way with soap—rubbing the clothes to pieces, rubbing away her strength, wearing herself out over the washboard! To these Pearline women, fresh from easy washing, she seems to "wear a fool's cap unawares."

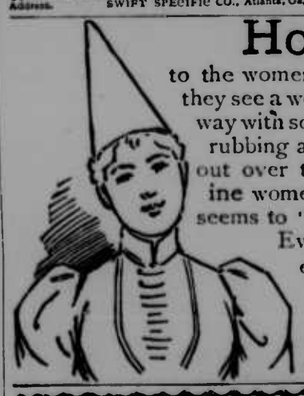

Everything's in favor of Pearline—easier work, quicker work, better work, safety, economy. There's not one thing against it. What's the use of washing in the hardest way, when it costs more money? 480

POPULAR NOVELS.

ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI

packages contain a list of novels by the most popular Authors. Five Cents in stamps will procure any one of them delivered FREE.

ADAMS & SONS CO., Sands St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

THE REPUBLICAN is published every Thursday morning at the following rates:

One copy one year	$1.50
One copy six months	.75
One copy three months	.10
One copy one month	.15
Single copies	.05

ADVERTISING RATES.

First insertion for square of ten nonpariel lines $1; each additional insertion after first 50 cents per square of ten nonpariel lines. Positively no deviation will be made from the above rates.

REMITTANCES:

Remittances made by money order, postal note, registered letter or bank draft will be at our risk, if made otherwise, at the risk of the sender. Address,

THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md

THURSDAY, AUG. 22, 1895.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first insertion* of the same:

Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $3; County Commissioner, $2.50; Register of Wills, $2.50; County Surveyor, $1.50.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

By the request of friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer of Garrett County subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

JACOB S. MEYERS.
District No. 2. Selbysport, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. M. LODE.
Cove, March 11, 1895. *

FOR SHERIFF.

At the request of my many friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Garrett County, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

ALPSIN BROWN.
Selbysport, Md., May 31, 1895 *

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. Don't slight the old soldiers.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND.
Oakland, Md., May 27, 1895. *

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. GEORGE J. WALTER.
District No. 1. P. O., Thayerville, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party GEORGE D. WHITE.
Oakland, Md.

FOR SURVEYOR.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Surveyor of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention. F. P. GREEN.
District No. 11. *

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR,
LLOYD LOWNDES,
OF ALLEGANY.

FOR COMPTROLLER,
R. P. GRAHAM,
OF WICOMICO.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
HARRY M. CLABAUGH
OF BALTIMORE.

THE FIGHT all over the State of Maryland this fall will not be one of Republicans arrayed against Democrats, but one of good government against that of Gormanism, ring rule and one man power.

TO-DAY we place at the head of THE REPUBLICAN'S editorial page the names of the candidates who were nominated for the State offices at Cambridge last Thursday. Of Mr. Lowndes we spoke at length last week. Of the other two gentlemen on the ticket we speak this week. A short sketch of the lives of each will be found elsewhere. We, as well as all good Republicans, believe that the ticket will be elected and that Garrett county will give a majority far exceeding any ever before given.

The Ticket.

Two days after the election of 1894, when it was found that upon the popular vote Maryland had taken her place among the States which gave Republican majorities, THE REPUBLICAN placed in nomination as the next Governor of Maryland the Hon. Lloyd Lowndes. It is with feelings of pardonable pride that we can say our lead in this matter was followed with a surprising unanimity on the part of the people and Republican press of the State. On Thursday last the sentiment for Mr. Lowndes, which started here, culminated in his triumphant and unanimous selection by the Cambridge convention.

The convention placed beside him on the ticket two able and fearless young Republicans whose nominations have been received with a degree of enthusiasm second only to that accorded the head of the ticket.

Harry M. Clabaugh will bring to the discharge of the duties of the Attorney-Generalship ripe experience and profound legal knowledge. Robert P. Graham, the candidate for Comptroller, is a young man of ability, tact, and great business capacity. The finances of the State will be ably looked after by him.

Our own people of Garrett are themselves well acquainted with Mr. Lowndes. He will make an ideal Governor. The stand which he has always taken for advancement and improvement in the condition of the affairs of Allegany county is an earnest of what he will do when called to preside over the destinies of the Commonwealth.

The ticket everywhere meets with hearty approval and the commendations which have been showered upon it since the day it was made bespeak a happy result at the polls.

It is a ticket of which any Republican may be proud and which it will be the pleasure of thousands of Democrats all over the State to support. It is a winning ticket. It combines within itself all the elements of victory. It is a ticket made by the people and for the people. It is a ticket which owes allegiance to no boss, no ring, or no set of unscrupulous politicians, but it is the result of wise deliberation on the part of the delegates who made it and in every particular it represents the best thought, the manhood and the intelligence of the Republican party in Maryland.

The Issue

The question for decision by the people of Maryland this fall is whether or not Gormanism shall retain its hold upon the affairs of this State for the next four years.

We recognize the fact that Maryland is a Democratic State, but the dissentions now existing in the ranks of that party give hope and strong hope that the people will rise up and endeavor by one united effort to rid themselves of the tyrannical hold the machine has upon them. The storm which has been brewing for years past appears to be about to burst with a fury so relentless, so destructive in character and so violent in form as to sweep out of existence the political despots and bosses who have run the State for their own aggrandizement without regard for the rights of the people. To secure this result Democrats must unite with Republicans; party lines must be obliterated and the people without regard to past affiliations must join together and effect the downfall of Gorman and Rasin.

It will be contended by the subservient and time serving ring press that the success of the Republican ticket means the final and complete overthrow of Democracy in Maryland. Whenever these ringsters have had cause to fear the result of an election they have used this same cry to bring independent and thoughtful Democrats back to the support of the tottering citadel of their power. Heretofore they have been signally successful in this direction but we believe that the time has at length arrived when the people will take this monster, Gormanism, by the throat and not relax their hold until they have rung out of its miserable body its very last breath.

Nowhere in Maryland have the people felt the clutch of the ring upon their rights more than in Garrett county. The privileges guaranteed by the Constitution have little by little been taken away until to-day only a few offices are elective and no one can say where the encroachments of Gormanism will end.

We pride ourselves upon our freedom of thought, word and action, but unless Gormanism is driven out of Maryland this fall we predict that it will not be long before the people of this State will be compelled to bow in utter humility and subserviency to the dictates of the ring, and our boasted privileges will only rise up to mock us in their hollowness.

Keep the issue before you; it is Gormanism with all its attendant evils.

The Dual Despotism of Gorman and Rasin.

Baltimore Sun.

Personal dictatorships are incompatible with true Democratic government. One-man power is absolutism, and when it fastens itself upon a State or a city the substance of political freedom is gone, though the forms may remain.

It makes no essential difference to the mass of people under what party name a personal dictatorship is established over them. The autocrat who cheats them of their American birthright of self-government may decorate his band wagon with the Democratic or Republican colors, but in either case their political liberties are gone and the autocrat does with them as he pleases. Party names and party organizations, once they become the mere masks and tools of a personal dictatorship, have no claim upon the honest citizen's support. The boss is everywhere the Ishmaelite of American politics—his hand is against every good citizen, and the hand of every good citizen is against him.

Maryland as a State and Baltimore as a city are to-day under the galling yoke of two personal dictatorships. Gorman is the autocrat of the State and Rasin the autocrat of the city, and the Democratic party under their domination—selfish, corrupting and tyrannical beyond the tolerance of self-respecting Democrats—is a misnomer. They have turned its grand old name into a cover for exactly the kind of despotism of which true Democracy is the eternal foe. They have made the temple of our Democratic fathers a house of merchandise, turned it into a bargain shop, in which the honors and rewards of public life are made the basis of trades and dickers and parceled out in payment to those who have bowed their knees lowest to them and done their bidding with the readiest servility and the fewest scruples. They have brought the public life of Maryland and Baltimore—for the debasing influence of their dictatorships has grown beyond the pale of the Democratic party and eaten like a cancer into the life of the entire body politic—to that point where manly men, who value their own integrity and reputations, feel that, as Addison said of England under the rule of base men, "the post of honor is a private station."

The Gorman-Rasin despotism has been carried to a point where its overthrow is not only necessary for the Democratic party, but indispensable for the restoration of health and wholesomeness to the social as well as the political life of this State and city. The miasmatic and deadly blight of their evil ascendancy is felt in the very homes of all the people. Their sinister sway is depraving the general conscience, setting up false standards of success before our young men, and teaching them that they must not hope for public service, aspire to public position or seek any sort of public employment, except through the narrow avenue of personal submission and service to the bosses and their machines. The broad highway of merit, character and competency, except when it serves the uses of our bosses, leads no longer in Maryland or in Baltimore to any public distinction or employment. There is no place in State or city, from the highest to the humblest, which is not in the gift of Boss Gorman or Boss Rasin. Without their approving nods there is no entrance, however small, into political or official life for any young man in Maryland. Subserviency to them, abject and complete, is the price of admission to the stage of public affairs in this State.

No man, with but few exceptions, has dared aspire to a seat in the Legislature unless he has first decorated his button-hole with the badge of servitude to Gorman. No man has presumed to seek any employment in the city of Baltimore, whether as a member of its common council, or a scavenger of its streets, unless he has first "seen" the local bosses and given pledges of fealty to the master of the municipal ring. Every branch alike of the State's and the city's business service is pervaded with an atmosphere of cringing sycophancy. The branding iron of the two bosses is everywhere in evidence. The dumb, driven cattle on the plains of the far West do not carry more clearly on their flanks the indelible marks burned in by the ranchmen to certify their ownership than the henchmen of these two political cattle kings carry the signs of their vassalage in all the official services of this State and city. They have made public employment a personal serfdom—and have the brass to call it Democracy.

Such a state of affairs is infinitely degrading to the sovereign State of Maryland, and equally so to the great city of Baltimore. It is unworthy of the history and traditions of a State that was one of the original thirteen, on whose soil the spirit of independence, which has its root in individual liberty of thought and action, or else is a mockery, first drew breath in this land. It is not only a debasing condition of things, but it is dangerous to the last degree to everything that lies at the foundation of sound Americanism. It constitutes a slavery that fastens its fetters on public spirit, puts individual manhood under the ban of political proscription, corrodes the conscience of the community, saps personal character and puts a premium upon all that is ignoble, selfish and mean in human nature.

If the twofold tyranny of Gorman and Rasin is not terminated, then there is an end in our State and city to all honorable aspiration based upon worthy motives, and our young men must abandon all ambition to enter the service of their country, their State or their city except through doors under which they must stoop low and leave honor, rectitude and self-respect behind as they go in. The nominal supremacy of a party kept at such a price is not worth what it would cost. Nothing can compensate an American community for the loss of the saving salt of public decency and clean standards of political preferment. One man Democracy is no Democracy at all. Maryland under Gorman and Baltimore under Rasin have lost the vital virtue of self-governing communities, which is manly independence and equality of opportunity for the individual citizen. The time has come and the occasion is altogether auspicious for ending the dual dictatorship that has put Maryland in manacles and ostracized her truest Democrats from service under the Democratic banner.

There must be a change, and now is the time to make it. The bosses must be destroyed in order that the party may live. The Democratic rank and file must recover that free control over their own party's action, without which popular government through parties totally fails of its purpose. The Democrats of this State and city must unload their twin dictators, or Democracy in this part of the country will be suffocated in the choke-damp of mercenary and machine-ridden politics.

Mr. Gordon Declines.

Capt. R. H. Gordon, of Cumberland, last Saturday morning forwarded to his honor Governor Brown, his letter declining the appointment of associate judge for the fourth judicial district, which vacancy was caused by the death of the late Judge Henry W. Hoffman.

When interrogated as to his reasons for declining the appointment, Mr. Gordon said that his private interests were of such a nature, that it would not justify him in accepting the honor. Mr. Gordon made no prediction as to who would likely be appointed since his refusal of the honor.

Mr. Williams Appointed.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 18.—Gov. Brown to-day appointed Mr. Ferdinand Williams, of Cumberland, as associate judge of the fourth judicial circuit, in place of the late Henry W. Hoffman. Mr. Williams is one of the leading lawyers of Western Maryland. Last year he was the Democratic candidate for Congress from the sixth district, but was defeated by Mr. George L. Wellington. Mr. Williams is a strong Cleveland Democrat, as distinguished from the Gorman faction in the State.

Died.

PORTER.—On Thursday night, Aug. 15th, at the home of her parents, near Oakland, Hazel, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Porter. The funeral services were conducted at the house by Revs. S. K. Arhuthnot and John Thompson. She was about three years old. The interment occurred Friday evening in the Odd Fellows' cemetery.

Diarrhœa should be stopped promptly. It soon becomes chronic. DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure is effective, safe and certain. Hundreds of testimonials bear witness to the virtue of this great medicine. It can always be depended upon, its use saves time and money.

Just Received,

A Car Load of Watermelons, Canteloupes, Bananas, Potatoes and Apples and will sell you at your own price.

Fruit and Vegetables received daily.

We will sell you Groceries at the lowest possible price.

Just received, a fresh line of Marvin's crackers. They are the best and cheapest.

We are still in the Jewelry business and will sell you good goods at a low figure. What we have not in stock we will get you on short notice.

Anything in our line we will gladly sell you as cheap as you can buy elsewhere. Give us a call.

W. H. MALETTE,
Fancy Grocer and Jeweler.

P. S.—When in Mt. Lake Park try our Ice Cream, Meals and Lunches. "Auditorium Restaurant."

High-class Tailoring

AT MODERATE PRICES

The finest line of goods west of Washington to select from.

We are ready for fall work.

Cleaning, Dyeing, Repairing

Done by our expert workmen.

WASHINGTON BRANCH TAILORING CO.,
M. COHEN, Proprietor.
RAILROAD STREET, NEAR DEPOT
OAKLAND, MD.

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

Moses Wensel, et al., vs. William Hann, et al; No. 708 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

The object of this suit is to procure a sale of the real estate of John Hann late of Garrett county, deceased,

The Bill of Complaint alleges that the said John Hann departed this life about the 12th day of March, 1892, seized and possessed of certain real estate in said county as shown by Exhibit A., leaving surving him as his only representatives and heirs at law the following persons, to-wit: Jane Hann, his widow, who has since departed this life, to-wit, on the 29th day of April, 1894; Vallnda R. Hann, who intermarried with Moses Wensel; Sarah R. Hann, who intermarried with Geo. S. Biggs; Lydia M. Hann, who intermarried with George W. Poland, George Hann, William Hann, Thomas J. Hann, Isaiah Hann and W. Scott Hann, his children.

That said John Hann now deceased was indebted unto the plaintiff, Moses Wensel, in a very large sum of money, for money loaned, for labor performed and materials provided, for money paid for the said John Hann by the said Moses Wensel, at his request, and for services rendered to the said decedent by said Moses Wensel and family for the period of about twenty years, during which time the said decedent and his wife resided with Moses Wensel upon the said real estate described in the said Exhibit A; the said Jane Hann, wife of said John Hann being an invalid and confined to her bed the greater portion of her time, requiring the constant attention of the said Moses Wensel and family in caring for, nursing, maintaining and providing for the wants and necessities of the said John Hann and Jane Hann, his wife.

That while living on said real estate and caring for said decedent and his wife, the plaintiff, Moses Wensel, at great expense to himself made many valuable improvements upon said real estate, far exceeding the rental value of the same for said period of twenty years.

That said John Hann, deceased, left no personal property of any character upon which administration could be had or out of which said claims could be paid, and that the plaintiffs are advised that they are entitled to have said real estate sold under a decree of this court, the claims of the various creditors paid out of the proceeds of said sale, and the balance, if any, distributed amongst the persons entitled thereto according to their respective interests therein.

The Bill then prays for a decree for sale of said real estate and proceeds distributed as aforesaid, and for a writ of subpoena against resident defendants and an order of publication against non resident defendants as follows: George Hann, whose residence to your plaintiff is unknown; Thomas J. Hann and W. Scott Hann, who reside in the State of Pennsylvania.

It is thereupon ordered, this 7th day of August, A. D. 1895, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county in equity, that the plaintiffs cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the Bill to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 7th day of September next; giving notice to the said George Hann, Thomas J. Hann and W. Scott Hann and warning them to appear in person or by solicitor in this court on or before the 23d day of September next to show cause, if any they have, why a decree shall not pass as prayed.

A. HUNTER BOYD.

True copy, Test:—
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

FOR SALE!

—AT—

DEER PARK, MARYLAND,

Less than half a mile from postoffice and railroad station, a

FARM of ABOUT 175 ACRES.

It is well watered and wooded and contains seven very desirable building sites. Within the enclosure is some three miles of excellent driving roads, arranged with a view to reach the several sites. The dwelling contains

1st Floor—Library room, large hall, dining room library, pantry, laundry (with stationary washtubs, hot and cold water in each) and kitchen upon the porch of which stands a Kelvinway refrigerator 8x7x4, with ice house twenty feet off never exhausted in ten summers.

2nd Floor—Eight chambers, 2 baths, closets and back stairs.

3rd Floor—Two chambers and 2 large store rooms.

There is an ample cellar in which are furnace, wine closet and gas machine, supplied by outside gasometer, which furnishes every room.

Ten rooms have open fire places; six have registers as well.

The stable has stalls for six horses and room for eight carriages. There is a tenant's house, sheep barn and cow stable, together with sheds and lean-tos. A tank of capacity of 1650 gallons surmounts the stable. It is supplied from springs rising on the place, whose contents have been proved perfect by chemical analyses. To the tank the water is pumped by two separate systems, from different sources. All the plumbing and drainage are perfect and the premises are in excellent repair.

This property is offered as a whole.

It is without incumbrance, and possession can be given November 15th, 1895.

Address,

JOHN W. WILLIAMS,
Deer Park, Maryland.

25-3*

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

D. E. OFFUTT & SON

Invites the attention of those interested in the purchase of vehicles of any style. The Kramer, Milburn and Jackson farm wagons always on hand. Prices and terms given on application.

Doctors Say;

Bilious and Intermittent Fevers which prevail in miasmatic districts are invariably accompanied by derangements of the Stomach Liver and Bowels.

The Secret of Health.

The liver is the great "driving wheel" in the mechanism of man, and when it is out of order, the whole system becomes deranged and disease is the result.

Tutt's Liver Pills
Cure all Liver Troubles.

Your Appearance MAY BE MARRED,
Your Health MAY BE AFFECTED,
Your Comfort MAY BE DISTURBED

by humiliating, annoying and disfiguring eruptions or humors of the skin, known in their various forms as

ECZEMA, SALT RHEUM, TETTER, PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, RING WORM AND ITCHING PILES.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

IS THE CERTAIN AND PERMANENT REMEDY FOR THESE AND ALL SKIN DISEASES.

Hundreds of cases CURED attest its wonderful efficacy. SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.

Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

For CATARRH, HAY FEVER, COLD IN THE HEAD and all inflammatory conditions of the Nasal Passages, use FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE. It is a positive remedy.

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 1, on Front Street, in Bayard, West Va.
Lot containing four acres with house on it, at Swanton, Md.
A mortgage on property worth more than double, at Loch Lyn Heights, Md.
WILLIAM W. SWEET,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

WE LOAN MONEY

to buy, build and improve your home and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly instalments.

ASSETS NEARLY $200,000,000.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. RINKER,
Wilson, Grant Co., W. Va.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above. 1-1yr.*

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md 18 26*

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL
ROOFING,
SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
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Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

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7-2y.

Slate Roofing.

Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.

I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.

All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.

I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.

Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.

For prices apply to or address,

C. M. BEACHY,
47—1yr. Grantsville, Md

THE CANDIDATES.

Short Sketches of Messrs. H. M. Clabaugh and H. P. Graham.

The nominee for Attorney General, Mr. Harry M. Clabaugh, though not yet forty years of age, has already gained a name for himself in politics and at the bar. He was born at Cumberland, July 16, 1856, and lived there until 1862, when his father, the late G. W. Clabaugh, moved his family to Baltimore city, and then, in 1873, to Carroll county.

Mr. Clabaugh's connection with the legal profession began after his graduation from Pennsylvania College, in 1877. He read law in the office of Mr. Bernard Carter and was graduated from the law school of the University of Maryland in 1878. For two years he practiced in Baltimore as the partner of Mr. Robert S. Roger[illegible] but the larger part of his practic[illegible] has been in the courts of Carroll county, between the years of 1880 and 1894. For the past eight or ten years he has been retained in nearly every case of prominence in the county.

About one year ago Mr. Clabaugh formed a partnership with George R. Gaither, Jr., and returned once more to Baltimore.

For some years Mr. Clabaugh has been active and prominent on the Republican side of politics in Maryland. He was a delegate to the national convention at Chicago, in 1884, which nominated James G. Blaine for the presidency. A year or two later he was the nominee for the State Senate from Carroll county, but was defeated by Pinkney J. Bennett.

When the Republican State convention met at Ocean City in 1891, to nominate a candidate for governor, it is said that a majority of the delegates were in favor of the nomination of Mr. Clabaugh, but he declined to permit his name to go before the convention. After the selection of Hon. William J. Vannort, Mr. Clabaugh was unanimously chosen chairman of the Republican State central committee of Maryland. He was re elected two years ago and has had an active share in directing the movements of the party leading up to Thursday's convention.

ROBERT P. GRAHAM.

Mr. Robert P. Graham, the nominee for comptroller, is only twenty-eight years of age, but his bright intellect, unassuming manner and cheerful disposition has already made hosts of friends in his law practice on the Eastern Shore. He has held no public office, but has been actively identified with the Republican party. Salisbury was the place of his birth, which occurred on April 7, 1867.

Before his graduation from the law school of the University of Maryland, in 1888, he was for two years a student at the Johns Hopkins University. For two years after he entered upon the practice of law in Wicomico and adjoining counties. He was the partner of his father, Samuel A. Graham.

After his father's death, in 1890, he was associated with Henry L. D. Standford, who is at present in partnership with Congressman Miles of Princess Anne. Mr. Graham is the attorney for the Baltimore, Chesapeake and Atlantic Railroad.

Selbysport.

Messrs. E. J. Frantz, E. D. Shaw, Albert Lint and Thos. J. Moyer attended the circus at Markleysburg, Pa., Friday evening last.

"Dad" Frazee and Mr. Henderson, the latter an efficient agent for Aultman, Miller & Co., Akron, Ohio, visited David Morrison, of Bidwell, Fayette county, Pa., last Sunday. They say that David has five hundred bushels of apples.

W. E. Crow, Esq., a Uniontown, Pa., law student and an ex-pedagogue and newspaper correspondent, is spending a few days at Friendsville to recuperate declining health and to meditate upon the great legal questions that will confront him in his future field of labor.

Jonas Frazee returned from Pittsburg, Pa., recently. He said that that matchless leader, soldier and patriot, Mr. S. Quay, will defeat the hog combine of the Keystone State. Amen.

The festival held at the M. E. church Friday and Saturday last was a finaucial success and netted a nice sum for the church.

Miss May White, of Friendsville, who has been sick for some time, passed into the great beyond last Saturday. She was a highly esteemed lady. A few minutes before her death she arose to her feet by the aid of sympathizing friends, and sang her favorite hymn. All things work for good—what has been our loss is the great Creator's gain.

"Then let our sorrow cease to flow
God has recalled his own,
But let our hearts in every woe
Still say Thy will be be done."

"Still one in life and one in death,
One in our hope of rest above,
One in joy, our trust, our faith,
One in each others faithful love."

"Yet must we part, and parting weep;
What else has earth for us in store?
Your farewell pangs, how sharp and deep.
Our farewell words, how sad and sore!"

"Yet shall we meet again in peace,
To sing the song of festal joy,
Where none shall bid our gladness cease,
And none our fellowship destroy."

"Where none shall beckon us away.
Nor bid our festival be done;
Our meeting time the eternal day.
Our meeting place the eternal throng."

"There, hand in hand, firm linked at last,
And heart to heart, enfolded all,
We'll smile upon the troubled past,
And wonder why we wept at all."

Two ball teams were organized here Saturday last—one in East and one in West Selbysport—and several spirited games were played on the home grounds. Several persons were injured badly but Isaac Welch, the efficient catcher for our own, met with two injuries. The ball passed through his hands, taking an upward course, landed heavily on his nose, and at the present time it is in a distorted manner. Later in the game he met with a more serious accident, the forefinger of his right hand being dislocated. Surgeon Liston acted immediately and succeeded in relieving his patient's sufferings at once and the game went on. Walter Riley, the renown twirler of the "Dare Devil Yough," in the fourth inning, to prevent William Frazee from making first threw the ball to first baseman, E. D. Show, who succeed in capturing it. Mr. Frazee succeeded in catching it on his left temple but the surgeon was summoned at once and by the aid of smelling salts and perfumes Mr. Frazee was enabled to finish the game. James Kessler, better known as the "giant" of the team, tried to make first base but all of his effort were vain. James wasn't to be out done in this manner but resorted to strategy and finally accomplished his great feat. He hit the ball, started for first, fell down, threw out his hand and landed safely upon first amid the plaudits of his team and the jeers of his opponents. The game resulted in a victory for East Selbysport to the tune of 12 to 9. The boys are greatly elated over there success and will try larger game next time. Challenges will be sent to neighboring towns where ball teams have been organized. You will hear of some great acts from these teams in the future.

FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.

The farmers are all nearly done harvesting their oats crop and are very busily engaged in plowing for fall crops. The oats crop is very good in our section.

J. R. Henderson, of Pittsburg, Pa., passed through our town on the 19th inst.

A number of people of Uniontown are bass fishing in the Yough at this time.

J. R. Henderson and Jonas Frazee are up in the neighborhood of Deer Park, McHenry and Oakland setting up their famous Buckeye binders, manufactured by Aultman, Miller & Co., of Akron, Ohio.

Mr. Wm. Trickett, of Deer Park, Md., paid his many friends of Selbysport a visit on the 16th inst.

The Misses Jolly and Boobe Frazee, of our town, are visiting friends in Pittsburg.

The Selbysport M. E. church held a festival in the church yard the 16th and 17th of this month, and reported good financial returns and large attendances

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Lint, of Sand Patch, Pa., who have been visting frjends in this section for the last two weeks, returned home on the 19th.

It is thought that District No. 2 will have a candidate for the judge of the Orphans' Court this coming campaign. We would like very much in our district to see the Hon. Benjamin A. Richmond, of Cumberland, Md., on our ticket for judge of the Circuit court.

Chas. H. Stuck, of our town, is visiting Wm. Trickett near Deer Park.

Its said here that Jonas Frazee has traded his store property to Wm. M. Trickett, of near Deer Park, for his farms. We want to see Mr. Trickett in our town.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

W. Grant Martin, scientific optician, will be in Oakland the last week in each month. Office in Pritchard building. 13-13t.

Stomach and Bowel Complaints are best relieved by the timely use of DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure. Insist on having this preparation. Don't take any other.

Cholera Morbus is a dangerous complaint, and often is fatal in its result. To avoid this you should use DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure as soon as the first symptoms appear.

We have something new, effective, pleasant to take and perfectly harmless and a positive cure for nervous headache, sick headache, dizziness and neuralgia. Oakland Pharmacy. Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

Easy to take, sure to cure, no pain, nothing to dread, pleasant little pills. DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Best for Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach and Constipation.

McComas' Calmative Konseals contain all that is required to cure the worst case of headache or neuralgia in a very few minutes and are safe, sure, inexpensive. Manufactured by Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf.

Children, especialy infants are soon run down with Cholera Infantum or "Summer Complaint." Don't wait to determine, but give DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure promptly, you can rely on it. Use no other.

HAULING AND EXPRESS.—I have located at Mountain Lake Park and am prepared to do hauling of all kinds at short notice. Baggage a specialty. A share of the public patronage solicited. Harry Thayer.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Mr. A. A. Snyder, Supt. Poor Farm, Winnesheik Co., Ia., says:—Last winter Mr. Robert Leach used two boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve and cured a large running sore on his leg. Had been under care of physician for months without obtaining relief. Sure cure for Piles.

Try McComas' Calmative Konseals to drive away sharp pains in muscular and acute rheumatism. One or two Konseals have shown marvelous results. 10 cents per box. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper, under the caption "We Loan Money." The Granite State Provident Association, which he is representing, is one of the strongest financial institutions in the country, and the largest building and loan association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management have developed it from nominal assets in 1889 to nearly $200,000,000 in 1895. Its style of doing business is such as to cause the U. S. Examiner, C. W. Thompson, who has for years been assigned to especially investigate loan and mortgage companies, to state that "For comprehensiveness, thoroughness, neatness and accuracy, its accounts are far superior to anything I ever saw or supposed possible." Those desiring to borrow, will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars. 4-1yr.*

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

This is to give notice that the co-partnership heretofore existing between John Speicher and Howard Nethken, doing a general merchandise business at Deer Park, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, Mr. Speicher retiring. The business of the firm will be carried on by Messrs Nethken Bros.

JOHN SPEICHER.
HOWARD NETHKEN.

Deer Park, Md., Aug. 1, 1895.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

Registration Notice.

September and October Sittings.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned officers of Registration of Voters in and for their respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county, at the places hereinafter designated for three successive days in the months of September, commencing with and including the third Monday of September, that is to say the

16th, 17th and 18th Days of September, 1895,

and four successive days in the month of October, commencing with and including the first Monday in October, that is to say on the

7th, 8th, 9th and 10th Days of October, 1895,

from the hour of 8 o'clock a. m., until 5 o'clock p. m., on each of said days for the purpose of ascertaining and registering the proper registries of voters the persons qualified to vote in their respective Election Districts who shall present themselves for registration, and for the further purpose of revising and correcting the registries of voters for their said respective Election Districts, and the striking therefrom the names of all voters entered therein who shall have died or become for any reason disqualified or who for any cause shall have ceased to be entitled to remain on said registries of voters.

And on the Monday next succeeding the second Monday in October, that is to say on the

21st Day of October,

in said year 1895, from the hour of 8 o'clock a. m. until 5 o'clock p. m., on said day, the said officers of Registration will sit in their respective Election Districts for the revision of and for the hearing of applicants for reinstatement by persons whose names shall have been stricken off the registries of voters for said Election Districts in said county as provided in Article 33, Section 11 to 33, of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, title "Elections," sub title "Registration of Voters" as amended by Chapter 53 of the Acts of 1890.

The places of sitting of each of said officers of Registration for their respective Election Districts on the days named and hours stated is as follows, to-wit:

District No. 1. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days will sit at Swanton. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Swanton. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Swanton.

District No. 2. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Friendsville. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Friendsville. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st days, will sit at Friendsville.

District No. 3. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Grantsville. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Grantsville. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Grantsville.

District No. 4. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Bloomington. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Bloomington. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Bloomington.

District No. 5. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Accident. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Accident. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Accident.

District No. 6. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Swanton. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Johnsons. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Johnsons.

District No. 9. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Deer Park. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Deer Park. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Deer Park.

District No. 11. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Elbow. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Bittinger's Mill. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Garlitz's Mill.

District No. 12. During the September Sitting 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Bittinger. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Bittinger. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Bittinger.

All naturalized citizens applying for registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the officers of Registration.

Signed,

H. G. HAMILL, Registration Officer District No. 1.
R. E. FRIEND, Registration Officer District No. 2.
ISAIAH FULLER, Registration Officer District No. 3.
JOHN COLLINS, Registration Officer District No. 4.
JOHN L. RICHTER, Registration Officer District No. 5.
N. C. BROWNING, Registration Officer District No. 6.
JOHN A. HUGHES, Registration Officer District No. 7.
HENRY V. SHAFFER, Registration Officer District No. 8.
SAMUEL JOHNSON, Registration Officer District No. 9.
SEBASTIAN HINEBAUGH, Registration Officer District No. 10.
ADAM S. BARLITZ, Registration Officer District No. 11.
JOSEPH BECKOFF, Registration Officer District No. 12.

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

EIGHTH YEAR.

A MODERN, HIGH GRADE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.

Reopens Sept. 25, 1895. Primary Department for boys and young men entering thorough preparatory work for college business or scientific school will be conducted under the charge of Maj. C. A. Bahm, of the Virginia Military Institute. Stenography, typewriting, book-keeping, lessons and courses in English and Latin, etc. Send postal message to C. A. SWAN, Principal and Proprietress, 18 1y.c. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county the 12th day of April, 1895, at the suit of Thomas A. Nethken against Adam S. Sell, the same being No. 7 Judicials to July term, 1895, the undersigned Sheriff will, on

Saturday, the 31st Day of August, 1895,

at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, on the premises of the said Adam S. Sell in Garrett county, sell to the highest bidder for cash on the day of sale, all of the following described real estate and personal property belonging to the said defendant Adam S. Sell: First, all that part of a tract of land situated in Garrett county, Maryland, which is known and designated as a part of a tract of land called "Good Hope," and being the same lot of ground that was conveyed to the said Adam S. Sell by deed from Francis R. Nethkin and wife dated the 27th day of April, 1882, and duly recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No 10 folio 467, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett County and containing the quantity of one hundred and twenty-six and a half acres.

Second, all the following personal property: One two horse wagon, one white mule fourteen years old, one bay horse eleven years old, one sorrel mare, one red cow eight years old, one spotted cow seven years old, one bull calf and one heifer calf. Said real estate and personal property will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs.

CHARLES WEGMAN, Sheriff.

Knights Templar Conclave, Boston.

For the Triennal Conclave Knights Templar at Boston, Mass., August 26th-30th, the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets at one fare for the round trip from all points on its line east of the Ohio River for all trains August 23d to August 26th, inclusive, valid for return passage until September 10th inclusive. Tickets can also be purchased going one route and returning another at slight advance in rates. 22-3t.

ORDER NISI.

John Hetrick, et. al. by Henry Felk *pro chien ami* vs. Charles W. Hetrick.

No. 781 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 12th day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-five, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Edward H. Sinnett, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 7th day of September, 1895, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 7th day of September, 1895.

This report states the amount of sale to be $1983.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True Copy, Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,
PLANING MILLS,

AND DEALERS IN

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES, BRACKETS, Mouldings, Flooring, Lath, Shingles. Weatherboarding, Brick, Lime, Builders' Hardware, Etc.,

MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

38 tf

DR. HENRY W. M'COMAS,
—PROPRIETOR OF—
OAKLAND PHARMACY,
OAKLAND, MD.

Pure Drugs,
Fancy Stationery,
Soaps and
Toilet Articles.

PRESCRIPTIONS
Carefully and Accurately Compounded
DAY OR NIGHT.
PRICES REASONABLE.

We invite a liberal share of your patronage.

JOS E. HARNED, Manager.

The Horticultural Supply Co.,

Growers of and dealers in fruit and ornamental stock especially adapted to the Alleghany Mountains.

All the worthy old and promising new varieties.

Landscape gardening a specialty

Address, MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 3	—Daily	2	A M
No. 5	—Daily	9	A M
No. 7	—Accom. daily except Sun	11	A M
No. 9	—Daily except Mon	6	P M
No. 11	—Accom. Cumberland only	11	P M
No. 13	—Daily	7	P M

GOING EAST

No. 2	—Daily	6	A M
No. 4	—Daily	8	A M
No. 6	—Accommodation daily	10	A M
No. 8	—Accom. daily except Sun	2	P M
No. 10	—Daily except Monday	5	P M
No. 12	—Daily	9	A M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.
OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASH'N

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 1 42

IF YOUR BACK ACHES.

Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. Try BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite.

THE REPUBLICAN

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

WHEN I AM GONE.

Will grieving friends, when I am cold,
Beside my narrow bedside stand,
And softly touch the withered hand,
And speak the name I bore of old,
When I am cold?

Will loving feet when I am dead,
At fond affection's bidding come,
And follow to its silent home
My lifeless form with gentle tread,
When I am dead?

Will tender hands, when I am gone,
Caress the form so silent now,
And softly touch the marble brow,
And deck with flowers the simple stone,
When I am gone?

When life is over and I am dead,
Will loving eyes their brightness dim
With tender tears at thought of him
Who lies so still upon his bed—
When I am dead?

Will kindly lips, when life has flown,
Recall the dear and olden days,
And cover all my faults with praise,
And tell the good I did alone,
When life has flown?

O, friends of mine, while I am here
Imprint your kiss upon my brow;
I need your true affection now;
O, let me feel your presence near,
While I am here.

Let loving feet, while shines the day,
Keep faithful march beside my own,
Nor let me go my way alone;
Attend me as I tread the way
While shines the day.

And let me feel the willing clasp
Of helping hands to cheer and aid;
Of what avail, when I am dead,
Their tender touch and lingering grasp—
Their thrilling clasp?

And cheer me with your gentle light,
And with your fond affection beam,
O, loving eyes, ere ends the dream;
I cannot see when falls the night,
Your tender light.

O, do not wait till I am gone,
But speak the cheering words to-day,
And chide me when I go astray;
I cannot hear the chilling tone
When I am gone
—E. A. Marshall, in Christian Standard.

FROM FOUR TO FIVE.

It the afternoon, it had rained, steadily, gustily, drizzlingly, as the moody skies dictated. Now, at four o'clock, the clouds lifted. Against the mist the near outlines of the houses showed themselves with a dream-like distinctness.

Olive had pushed up her window, and the indescribable odor of the great city mingled itself with the thick scent of tobacco smoke within. The office people looked dull and uninteresting and jaded. They struck her as all looking alike in this—a sort of family resemblance. It was one of her gloomy afternoons. She was oppressed by the terrible ineffectiveness of life; all the dreary fragmentary days leading nowhither, the dead motives, the unfilled longing, the blindness and stupidity. She had meant to do so much. Her artistic career was to have been so brilliant, so unparalleled; and here, at twenty-two, a newspaper artist on a salary of eight dollars a week, she drew fashions and copied photographs and was cravenly afraid of losing her position.

A little silence had fallen upon the office, in which she enjoyed the effect of solitude. It was broken by one of the artists.

"Where's Maurice to-day?" he said, addressing nobody in particular and without looking up from his work. Olive glanced at the empty chair in front of her desk and tried to look preoccupied. The color had risen in her cheeks. The air, the mental air, seemed suddenly cleared, as if his name had been a little whiff of fresh wind.

Nobody seemed informed as to the whereabouts of Maurice, and he was presumably out sketching. He appeared on the next elevator, and as he stopped to speak to one of the men Olive slowly lifted her eyes and swept his figure with a wistful glance. Then she again tried to look preoccupied.

He came hurrying over to his desk the next moment and sat down to work up his sketch, forgetting to speak to her. It was one of the things she so much liked in him—this ignoring of herself. Olive knew that she had a beautiful face, and a young man artist so absorbed in his

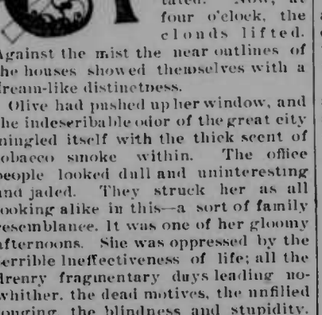

"WILL YOU BE HERE AFTER SIX O'CLOCK, MISS LANGDON?"

work that he forgot to look at her was naturally different from other young men artists, and infinitely more interesting. He was such a thoroughgoing artist; he never loafed. In his leisure moments, which were few, he was always sketching something. His work seemed to Olive beyond criticism, and indeed she never heard the other artists give it anything but praise. She had been told that his salary was at least fifty dollars a week, and probably more. After she heard this her liking for him was mingled with a certain awe. She wondered what he could do with so much. He certainly didn't spend it on his clothes; his overcoat had a shiny look across the shoulders—it gave her a little sad feeling whenever she noticed it—and he wore an unfashionable soft hat. It was perhaps part of his charm, that air of shabbiness, of not minding about his clothes.

"There is something so mental and spiritual about Mr. Maurice," Olive had once recorded in her journal; "as if he wasn't interested in food and clothes, as if he cared only for the things of the mind."

Certainly one could not look at him without receiving an impression of a brilliant mind, keenly alert and alive. He was evidently a very clever young man. Olive imagined that he must be very fond of books. She had the clearest vision of his long studious evenings, a vision which she loved to contemplate as she spent one of her long evenings in making over an old dress. This vision was partly dispelled by seeing some poker chips on his desk one morning. Though of course they might be there quite circumstantially and without reference to the young man in question, they yet gave a new direction to her imaginings. It was quite possible that Mr. Maurice, with his intellectual face, spent those studious evenings in playing poker; and the ease with which her mind accustomed itself to this idea, and the certainty she felt that she should like him just the same anyway, rather frightened her.

To-day, as he sat in front of her, bending over his drawing, the mere fact that he was there was enough to keep memories and longings and the general stupidity of life from disturbing her in the least degree. She felt an infinite content. This was succeeded by a feeling more agitated, but not less pleasurable, when he rose and went downstairs with his drawing; there was always a chance when he came back to his desk that he would stop and make a remark before he sat down. When he came running up again, preceded by his remarkably clear whistle, she stole another swift glance in his direction. It struck her that he looked pleased, excited. His fair complexion was flushed. He came over to his desk again, and took down his hat and coat. Then he paused a moment, and she felt his eyes upon her. In her acute consciousness of this, she coquetted with her happiness, delaying for an instant her own upward glance. He turned immediately and walked away.

Of course it was not the end of life, and presumably not her last chance on earth of speaking to Mr. Maurice; but the moment, as a moment, had the bitterness of death.

She heard him go over to the elevator and come back to speak to one of the artists; then his footsteps once more approached her desk. She looked up

SHE HAD SEEN POKER CHIPS ON HIS DESK.

quickly enough this time, and met his quick smile, his little formal bow.

"Miss Langdon," he said, "you're not here after six, are you?"

"No," said Olive, feeling her usual surprise that his eyes should be so kind; one always imagined them satirical, inscrutable, and then, meeting them, found them the gentlest in the world.

"Then I believe I'll not see you again," said the young man. "I'm not here to-morrow, and the next day's Sunday. I'm off on Monday—for Paris."

His smile as he said this did not seem to be intentional, and it continued to hover about his face as he went on speaking.

"I'm going to study," he said, looking out hopefully into the grey mists.

"But you draw so beautifully now, Mr. Maurice," said Olive, vaguely, also looking out. She had grown very white.

"It's awfully kind of you to say so. But this isn't what I care about. It's painting I'm going to study. I've been scheming to go for a long time—saving up. One loses such a lot of money at cards."

He looked at her with a smile in his eyes as he said this, and she returned it with her lips.

"I don't," she said.

He leaned forward suddenly and pulled down her window.

"You oughtn't to sit here in this draught, Miss Langdon," he said. "Didn't you notice how cold it is getting?"

There was a pause, during which he searched for something among his papers; it was a newspaper cutting, and he stood a moment looking at it, with his hand resting on Olive's desk. Olive looked at his hand. Her lips were quivering.

He put the little cutting in his pocket.

"Well, good-by, Miss Langdon," he said, beaming on her with absent-minded cordiality. "I suppose I'll see you over there some of these days."

He pressed the hand she gave him, in the warmth of his general good-will; and the prosaic elevator assumed a sudden tragic importance in Olive's eyes as it carried him forever from her sight. The air grew thicker and thicker with tobacco smoke, but she did not lift the window which he had closed. His wisdom in doing so was apparent, for the rain presently began to beat against it in little blind gusts.
—Lippincott's Magazine.

SALT BATHS FOR FISH.

Sickly Black Bass Under Treatment at the Castle Garden Aquarium.

A dozen small-mouthed black bass were recently received at the New York aquarium at Castle Garden. They were handsome fish, ranging from eight to fourteen inches in length and from three-quarters of a pound to two pounds in weight. They were divided between two tanks to give them plenty of room. Soon one of the larger bass developed a tendency to bully the smaller fish in its tank, chasing them about and biting at them if they didn't get out of its way. The smaller fish were therefore removed to another tank. One of them turned out to be a fighter, and it was put back into one of the tanks of larger bass. This experience shows one of the difficulties encountered in keeping black bass in an aquarium. While it may be overbearing among its kind it is nevertheless shy, sensitive and easily frightened, and, naturally very active, it is a fish to which captivity is extremely irksome. It is difficult to give it in captivity the variety of food to which it has been accustomed and the exercise which it needs, and which in its native element it would get in its search for food. Under such conditions it is especially liable to disease. It is often attacked by infusoria, minute parasitic animals which get into the skin of the bass and cause inflammation. Fungus also generally attacks fish that have been injured in some way, though it may attack sound and healthy fish as well. It grows from a spore which floats in the water, settles upon the fish, and then grows rapidly. It may throw out filaments or threads or it may grow in tufts. It is generally a short, fine, cottony mass.

Some of the bass at the aquarium had infusoria when they were received, and several had fungus on the dorsal fin. After a week or so they all developed infusoria to a greater or less extent. All were therefore subjected to salt water treatment, the recognized cure in such cases. The bass are in tanks in which a constant circulation is maintained. When the treatment is given the flow of fresh water from the regular intake is cut off entirely and the flow of salt water is started. Salt and fresh water being of different densities and not mixing readily, the gradually expanding body of inflowing salt water is for some minutes easily discernible, as though it were a fine smooth oil. It appears slightly darker in color than the surrounding body of fresh water, though a tank of undiluted salt water would be made whiter than a similar tank of fresh water. All the time a stream of fresh water is kept flowing into the tank at the top from a hose raised a few inches above the surface. The water is thus aerated, and it helps slightly to aerate the waters of the tank. The inflow of salt water is continued for about an hour and a half. At the rate at which it flows in this is sufficient to make the water about half salt. The water is more salty at the bottom than at the top. When the salt water is cut off the fresh-water intake is reopened, and the tank then returns to its ordinary condition of a circulating tank. The fresh water intake is twice as large as the salt water, and in from half to three-quarters of an hour the water in the tank is again practically fresh. The salt water treatment is given usually every other day.

The bass that are taking the salt-water treatment show no aversion to the salt water, though they are fresh-water fish. They swim slowly and easily through it, often close to the hose that supplies it, as though they were letting the salty bath wash their backs. One or two of the bass have had inflammation of the gills. These open their gills in the healing water as though they realized the benefits to be derived from it. As the water becomes more salty below the bass are likely to seek the top, where it is fresher. They are also influenced in this doubtless by the incoming there of the little aerating stream.

The salt-water treatment has proved beneficial. The day after taking their first salt bath the bass having fungus looked cleaner and brighter; they were more active, and they showed more inclination to rub themselves against the gravel to remove foreign substances in that manner. One bass that had fungus is now entirely free from it. There are now upon the bass fewer marks of the infusoria, and from one the affection has wholly disappeared. The fish are lively and their general condition has improved.—N. Y. Sun.

ENGLISH FLAT BUILDINGS.

John Bull Fears That They Will Change His National Character.

It is maintained by some sociologists that the custom of living in flats instead of in separate tenements will, if universally adopted, create an entirely different type of national character. They point to the well-known instance of the Kentucky cave fish, a species in which, as a result of many generations spent in darkness, the organ of sight has entirely perished; and they urge that the English "flat fish," if without offense we may so describe him, will ultimately be affected in some equally marked manner by his surroundings. Possibly the muscles which we at present employ in the ascent and descent of the stairs will, in the course of centuries, dwindle and become "aborted" through the constant use of the lift; while it is not impossible that the tendency to early marriages among the class of female domestics may be profoundly modified by the practice of carrying on flirtations with the baker through a speaking tube.

These, however, are remote speculations. Evolutionary processes, much speedier in their action, may, and, indeed, must, be set on foot under the conditions of life in a flat. For one thing, it tends inevitably to promote the tacit formation of a new code of social manners. The practice of piling up human abodes, one on the top of another, instead of side by side, and the consequent necessity imposed upon their occupants of employing some common means of ingress to and egress from their respective dwellings, almost compel them to establish conventions of their own. There arises, so to speak, a "vertical" etiquette of social life, which differs from the lateral form prevailing among the inhabitants of detached, semi-detached or even doubly attached houses. What, for instance, is the "true inwardness" of the lift? Is it to be regarded as a common apartment, like the coffee room of a railway carriage or an omnibus? For, according as it is one or the other, so may the intimacy which it creates or implies, as between those who are continually meeting each other therein, be held to vary in amount.

Then, again, there is the burning question of the piano, which, indeed, has already engaged the attention of the law courts. It is obvious that the use of this instrument on a flat, where the performer is usually nearer, though not on that account dearer, to his, or more often her, audience than is the case with separate houses, requires stricter regulations than is needed elsewhere. It is a question in which the excellent maxim of the Roman law, "so use thy own property as not to injure that of others," does not help so much. It is difficult to say at what hour in the morning or to what time of night the pianist may begin or may continue his disturbing piece of property without detracting from the amenities of a neighbor's abode. One thing seems pretty clear—that in this, as in other like matters, the etiquette observed among flat-dwellers should be of a more rather than of a less ceremonious description than that to which people living next door to each other need conform. And among what may be called the aristocracy of flatland there is reason to believe that this obligation is sufficiently recognized.—London Telegraph.

A VAST GRAVEYARD.

The Whole of China Thickly Studded with Mounds of the Dead.

The face of all nature is dimpled with graves. No farm is so small that it cannot afford at least one; no hill is so high (I speak of the garden provinces of China) that it is not dotted with them to the top. No city lacks them, within and without its walls; only the compactest parts of the compact cities are without them. They vary in shape and form, as everything varies in China. The saying is that "in ten miles everything is different," and it certainly is so with the graves. Near Shanghai this eruption on the face of nature took the form of shapeless mounds of earth, perhaps six feet long by three feet wide and three or four feet high. There the coffins had been put on the ground and covered over with dirt. Farther along toward Soochow and the Grand canal the graves were brick affairs, round-topped and square at the ends. In the other direction, at and near Cha-pu, on the coast, they were often vaults of earth faced with stone and surrounded by a horseshoe or broken circle of earthwork. Some of these had three doorways, and looked like triple bake-ovens. But down Cha-pu way many of the graves were perfect little houses of brick, with tile roofs, and even with roofs whose corners were bent up in grand style. There are graveyards in China, family or village graveyards, that look like mere disturbances of the earth, where acres have been turned up into mounds or covered with brick ovens, and there are graveyards that are solemnly planted with rows of trees. But, as a rule, the farmers bury their dead in their rice or cotton fields or among their mulberry trees, and the poor buy or lease a resting place for their departed upon the acres of some wealthier man. I don't know whether it be true or not, but I was told that the graves are kept, or let alone, until a change of dynasty occurs, when they are razed, and China begins over again to preempt a great fraction of her surface for her dead. If so, it is time for a change of dynasty, because a vast portion of the soil is lost to the farmers, who otherwise cultivate almost every foot of it. And the graves are in all stages of rack and ruin and disorder. At one time you see scores of tombs whose ends have been worn down by the elements or have fallen out so as to show the coffin ends or an outbreak of skulls and bones. There is nothing that is possible that you do not see, even to disclosures of great earthern jars full of bones, where the original graves and coffins have worn away. There the bones have been reinterred in pots, and these in turn have been exposed by the careless hand of time. You see bare coffins set out in the rice fields because the mourners were too poor to brick them over, and you see tens of thousands of coffins merely covered over with thatched straw. You see the grand tombs of mandarins taking up half a mile of the earth. First there are the granite steps leading to a splendid triple arch all beautifully carved. Then follows the stately approach to the tomb—a wide avenue bordered by trees and set with lions and warriors, horses and sages, all hewn out of stone. Finally the tomb itself, on a hillside if possible, stares down the avenue at all these costly ornaments. But it must be that most of these monuments are to men long dead perhaps to men of distant ages. Therefore most of them are falling to pieces. Some of them are merely beginning to crumble, some are waste places with broken suggestions of what they were, and some have been invaded by farmers and by the populace, with the result that you see portions of the once grand arch set in a near-by bridge or used as steps to a waterside tea house.—Julian Ralph, in Harper's Magazine.

—The Mormons received this name from the book of Mormon, which was claimed by Joseph Smith to be a revelation to himself. They themselves reject the name, and call themselves "The Church of the Latter-Day Saints of Jesus Christ."

JOURNALISM IN JAPAN.

Growth of the Newspaper Business in Modern Times.

The daily newspaper in Japan springs naturally from the conditions of the country's modern life. After the revolution of 1868 a gazette, the Daijokuan Nisshi, was issued by the government, but it was made up of official notices, and its only readers were the official classes.

It was the custom, too, when any unusual event occurred to make it known by "extras"—small sheets, rudely printed from engraved wooden blocks, and sold in the streets.

In 1871 a small weekly newspaper appeared in Tokyo, followed later by two daily papers, the Nichi Nichi Shimbun and Mainichi Shimbun. These papers were, however, mainly advertising sheets, and "their columns were defaced by filthy paragraphs." Their editors did not yet dare to make comments on current events, and the people scarcely understood as yet what a daily newspaper was. This lesson was taught them a year later by an Englishman, Mr. J. R. Black, who commenced to issue in Yokohama the Nisshin Shinjisshi (Reliable Daily News). It was printed in Chinese character, and its first font contained 1,200 characters, which grew day by day, as some new one was needed, until it reached 12,000 separate and distinct characters. Several men were employed in the office cutting these additions in wood-type size. These were soon afterwards replaced by metal type, and as new characters were required the editor would send to the foundry and buy one or two, or the number needed, at one cent each.

In the columns of the Nisshin appeared comments on abuses and on Japanese customs not in accord with foreign ideas. The criticisms were all made in a temperate spirit, and their influence on the government was seen by the abolition of the abuses and customs. This was the first real newspaper published in Japanese.

In the two years following about fifty papers were started, and, according to the latest available statistics (1893), 767 newspapers and magazines are published in Japan, which are divided as follows: General topics, 347; scientific, 170; religious, 68; sanitary, 45; educational, 79; legal, 13; governmental ordinances, 39; miscellaneous, 6. The avidity with which the people have seized upon this means of popular education and information is vividly shown by the postal statistics. The number of newspapers and magazines carried in the mails increased from 18,248,305 in 1887 to 49,081,972 in 1891.

In all the large cities the papers are issued daily, except on holidays, and in the country they appear several times a week and weekly. The press of Tokyo is the most influential, and its issues find their way into the most remote parts of the empire. Every shade of political opinion is represented. The best-known journals are the Nichi Nichi Shimbun (literally Day-by-Day newspaper), the Jiji Shimpo (Times News), the Mainichi Shimbun (Daily Newspaper), the Tokyo Koron (Tokyo Public Opinion) and the Choya Shimbun (Court and Country News). There are many others besides these. —Harper's Weekly.

Pawned the Guillotine.

The house in Paris of the famous Sanson family, who were from generation to generation for so many years what the French grandiloquently call the executors of high works—in plain language, the public executioners—is, it is said, about to be demolished. The Sansons have a place in French history, not only because they continued so long to hold their odious office, but because two of their number, a father and son, held office during the evil days of the reign of terror, when they were kept so busily engaged with their guillotine. The last of the Sanson dynasty was dismissed from his post in the reign of Louis Philippe, in 1847, under remarkable circumstances. Although he had inherited a comfortable fortune from his father, the executioner of the revolution, he got into pecuniary difficulties, and was guilty of pawning his guillotine—surely the most lugubrious pledge ever taken by mortal pawnbroker. An order came from the procurator general for the execution of a criminal, and the necessary apparatus was not forthcoming. The prison authorities had perforce to get it out of pawn, and the execution took place. But the last of the Sansons was informed that his services would no longer be required. What became of him afterward does not appear to be known.—London News.

Small Salary.

In former times Presbyterian congregations in the north of Ireland were not, as a general thing, very liberal in their payments to their ministers. In one such congregation there was a well-to-do farmer, who cultivated several acres of ground and was the owner of numerous flocks and herds. This man was in the habit of contributing two-and-six-pence a year toward the support of his church, and even that he paid with a grudge. One year, when he was asked for it, he grumbled as usual, and finished by saying: "This preachin' ought to be unco' good, for it's unco' dear!" Even the small sums that were promised were by no means always paid. An annual stipend of less than two-and-six-pence has been known to be twelve years in arrears. The following entry occurs in the diary of one of the hard-worked ministers of those days: "Settled with the treasurer of my congregation for my annual stipend. Amount under ten pounds. Providence has cast my lot among a peculiar people; they promised me little, and they pay me less."—Youth's Companion.

Practical Education.

Professor—Now what is understood by "the logical candidate?"

Young Smartley—The man who consents to illustrate the logic of politics."

"But what do you mean by that?

"Receives all of the promises and none of the votes!"—Indianapolis Journal.

The Sworn Tormentors

Of the Spanish Inquisition never inflicted tortures more dreadful than those endured by the victim of inflammatory rheumatism. The chronic form of this obstinate malady is sufficiently painful. Arrest it at the start with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and avoid becoming a lifelong martyr. The Bitters will remove malaria and kidney complaints, dyspepsia, constipation, nervousness and neuralgia, remedy debility and hasten convalescence.

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TEMPERANCE NOTES.

LITTLE JOE'S PLEDGE.

Reform Wrought in a Lumber Camp by a "Standing" Up for Principle.

The rain poured in torrents and the wind blew cold as it whistled around the little log shanty which served as a saloon in the lumber camp.

A group of lumbermen drew up around the open fire, and in their midst was a bright boy of ten years named Joe. The men always called him "Jim's boy." Jim Lane had been caught in a terrible storm a few weeks before, and had been frozen to death.

With the good-nature often found under rough exteriors these men had shown the greatest kindness to little Joe, and had tried to make him forget his father's death. In spite of all their kindness Joe was often very homesick. His mother lived fifty miles away, and Joe had come with his father to spend the winter in the camp and return in the spring as soon as the roads became passable.

As the men sat around the fire, good-natured stories were told, jokes cracked and yarns spun. After awhile mugs of hot whisky punch, which one of the men had been mixing, were passed around.

At last one of the men offered Joe a drink, whereupon the boy refused and pushing his chair back, stood up straight and still before them.

How the men laughed at his earnest, resolute look.

"What's happenin' to the boy?" said one.

"Hev a cheer?" said another. But still Joe refused to be seated.

The men set their mugs of toddy down on the table and poked fun at Joe who remained standing and did not speak.

"Hold on there, boys, quit your fooling, 'nough's 'nough." said a big, burly fellow, touched at seeing a tear glisten in little Joe's eye. "Let the little feller speak out and say what's the matter."

Joe brushed the tear away. "You see, men," he said, "that when I came away from home mother told me about how you sometimes drank things that hurt you, and she made me sign the pledge and promise not to drink liquor, and she told me always to stand up for my principles, and so when I saw you were all going to drink I thought I'd do as mother said, and that was why I stood up, because I was standing up for my principles."

This little speech of Joe's was greeted with laughter and long applause. It seemed as if the little shanty would tumble down with the stamping and cheering.

It was now "Burly Ben" who brushed away a tear. He raised his hand as a signal for the noise to stop.

"Look a-here, boys," he said, "that youngster's got the right of it. I've been forgettin' all about my mother, but them's the very words she said to me when I left home ten years ago. 'Ben,' says she, 'I've brung you up right, don't drink nor don't swear, but stand up for your principles.' Them's her very words."

The mugs remained untouched and silence reigned. Ben was doing some hard thinking and a struggle was going on within; at last he spoke in a subdued tone. "'Taint easy to do's as you'd orter do always, but I'm bound to do the square thing if *'tis* hard. Drink don't do us no good, 'n I've quit. I'm goin' to stand up with Joe for my principles, and here's my last drink."

Ben pushed open the door of the shanty and threw the contents of his mug out into the darkness and took his stand by the side of little Joe.

BEN TOOK HIS STAND BY LITTLE JOE.

"Who's goin' to jine the recruits for standin' up for principles?" said Ben, good-naturedly, but with determination. "Nimble Dick" pushed open the door and following Ben's example, threw the contents of his mug out into the rain.

One after another the half-dozen men took up their mugs and threw the whisky out of doors, where it mingled with the torrents of rain and coursed rapidly down the hill.

Then the men shuffled over to where Ben and Joe were standing and took their places beside them. This seemed to affect them all as rather ludicrous, and they burst into a hearty laugh, and seizing little Joe, mounted him on their shoulders and marched around the room. Someone struck up "Amerlea," and they sang it with a will. This was followed by other patriotic songs, and ended with a grand handshaking.

"Look a-here, sonny," said Ben to Joe, not quite satisfied that the handshaking was voucher enough for future good order, "how did that ere pledge read what your mother got you to sign before you come away from home?"

"Let me think," said Joe; "it began 'I promise.'"

"That's good; go on," said Ben. "I'll write it down so's we shan't forgit it."

"I seen one of them pledges once," said Nimble Dick, "and it said, 'so help me God,' in it. I remember that much."

"Oh, yes," said little Joe, "now I guess I remember it. You write it down as I say it."

So Ben wrote while little Joe dictated as well as he could remember. The writer was his own authority for grammar and spelling, and this pledge was the combined result of their efforts:

"I promis so help me God that I wont drink no whisky gin sider nor nothin that maxes folks drunk, and no alkohol nuther."

Ben had written upon a leaf torn from his account book, and now surveyed his work with much satisfaction.

"It says something about smoking and swearing, too," said little Joe.

"Hold on there; you're asking too much all 'to once," said one of the men who was fond of his pipe and a great swearer.

Ben took no notice of the man's remark, but to little Joe he said: "Let's have all of it; what's the rest?" Now that Ben had set out to reform he wanted no half way work about it. He would make a clean breast of it.

"The pledge said: 'I won't swear or smoke,'" said little Joe.

As for himself Ben had made up his mind what he should do, but he was not quite sure that the men would follow him in this.

He tore another leaf from his account book and wrote a separate pledge thereon, which was: "I promis I wont Smoke nor chew Tobako nor swear."

His hands were stiff and the pencil was only a stub, and he screwed and twisted his mouth, which worked in sympathy with his hand; but at last his name appeared in full on both pledges.

"There!" he fairly shouted, "there's no backing out now for Benjamin Graut Alexander. Who's goin' to come and do likewise?"

One after another the men signed the first pledge, but at the thought of giving up tobacco the rest demurred.

Ben thought, as one victory had been gained, it might not be best to push the matter any further, so he said: "Well, boys, you think about it. You'll find the pledges pinned to the wall in my palace, and you can step in and give us a specimen of your penmanship, any time. It's about time Jim's boy was abed, so we'll now seek our luxurious couches."

With such a staunch leader as Burly Ben the first pledge held good, and swearing was also tabooed. The rest may follow.

"A little child shall lead them."—Mary L. Wyatt, in Union Signal.

CURIOUS INCONSISTENCY.

Total Abstinence Enforced on the Employes of a Distillery by the Owner.

The Michigan Christian Advocate says: "With curious inconsistency the largest manufacturing firm of whisky in this hemisphere refuses to allow an employe to drink, and has been fighting in the courts to prevent a man from having a license to sell whisky in the town. In Walkerville, Ont., near Windsor, where a million barrels of this liquor are constantly in stock, there is no chance to buy, beg or steal a drink. The motto of the firm of Walker is: "We make whisky to sell and not to drink." The result is a practically temperance town where the central and chief industry is to prepare the way for intemperance. The owner of the distillery and builder of the town discovered years ago that drinking was hurtful to his employes and to the community, and put his iron will to the task of preventing it; but, strangely enough, he did not allow himself to see or to feel that the abstinence which his men and the inhabitants of his town needed was needed elsewhere, and he kept on making what he would discharge his men for using. In earlier days he kept a barrel of liquor open for all his men to drink from freely as they chose; but the blighting effects became too apparent, and hence the prohibition *regime* was inaugurated, and has been enforced for years.

A Judge's Strong Testimony.

In a recent article Judge Daniel Agnew, of Beaver, Pa., gives this testimony: "If a life of eighty-six years can confer experience, and give some knowledge, perhaps mine in and out of courts of justice and public affairs may entitle me to a small share. Mine is not the gush of sentiment or erratic effusion. The first homicide case tried before me was that of a brother who killed a brother in a drunken quarrel while driving cattle. The second, of a college student, fresh from a whisky chicken roast, killing a poor young man. The third, that of an Englishman stabbed in a drunken broil in the street of a village, and the heart of the victim produced in court to show the cut the knife had made. So the calendar of crime in the daily press will show a homicide from drunkenness for every day in the year. All judges testify that nine-tenths of the crimes of violence and bloodshed have their origin in drunkenness."

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

THE devil stands the best chance between a bright saloon and a dreary home.—Ram's Horn.

BY a vote of three to one the English parliament decides that the opium traffic may go on.

THE beer consumed in the United States last year would fill a canal ten feet deep, fifty feet wide and fifty miles long.

WHERE the money goes: $1,200,000,000 for drink; $500,000,000 for the national government; $85,000,000 for public education.

MICHIGAN has passed a law fixing a heavy penalty upon railroad companies for the employment of persons addicted to the use of intoxicants.

THE British government enforces strict prohibition in Matebeland and Mashonaland, fining and imprisoning any person selling or giving liquor to the natives.

IN Chicago, while there is one baker to every seventy families, and one grocer to every eighty-nine families, there is a liquor saloon to every thirty-five families.—Gospel Messenger.

THE clover plant sends its roots down into the subsoil and brings up wealth and beauty. The saloon plant sends its roots down into the lusts of human nature and brings up sin and destruction. —The Pilot.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—All of the states, kingdoms, principalities, empires, etc., of Europe (except Russia) and all of the United States, including Alaska, could be placed side by side in Siberia, and yet but little more than cover that immense country.

—A Detroit dispatch says that for a consideration of $415,000 the Mergenthaler Linotype company has secured all the rights, title and interest in the patents on the machines of the Rogers Typographic company, thus ending the long pending litigation.

—A cup of coffee is thus used to foretell the weather: Drop two lumps of sugar carefully into the middle of the cup; if the air bubbles remain in the center of the cup, the weather will be fine; if they rise rapidly and go at once to the sides, it will rain all day; if they gather in the center and then go in a cluster to one side, prepare for showers.

—Two burglars who broke into a confectioner's store on North Gay street, Baltimore, the other day, after emptying the money drawer and gathering together all the small articles of value in the place, sampled all the kinds of ice cream in stock, and then sat at a table and ate about two quarts of assorted cream before leaving with their plunder.

—Intense cold, as is well known, burns—if we may use the term—like heat. If a "drop" of air at a temperature of one hundred and eighty degrees below zero were placed upon the hand, it would have the same effect as would the same quantity of molten steel or lead. Every one who has the care of horses ought to know the pain inflicted by placing a frosted bit in a horse's mouth. It burns like hot iron.

—Spiders are met with in the forests of Java whose webs are so strong that it requires a knife to cut through them. A spider weighing four pounds, which has taken up her residence in a cathedral at Munich, regales herself with a large supply of lamp oil. A Texas spider weaves a balloon four feet long and two feet wide, which she fastens to a tree by a single thread, then marches on board with her half dozen little ones, cuts the thread and away goes the airship to some far distant point on the prairie.

—A rope of Cradock's improved crucible steel, an inch in diameter, after fourteen years' constant use, during which it was never repaired, though it has hauled 1,500,000 tons, has been taken out of a Nottingham colliery; another steel rope, 3,400 yards long and 2¼ inches in circumference, was used continuously in a Sheffield colliery for eleven years and eight months; a third rope, 392 yards long and five inches round, was used on the under side of a drum, near Barnsley, for three years and ten months, lifting 735,679 tons of coal in that time.

—Cheshire, Conn., held the palm for several years for having the largest apple tree in the country. It fell a few years ago, but a correspondent has found another to take its place. "On the farm of Walter Brooks, in the east part of the town, stands an apple tree which we feel sure has few, if any, rivals. The spread of the branches is about eighty feet and the trunk is from four to four and one-half feet in diameter. Several huge limbs in a variety of shapes grow from the trunk. This tree has borne over 120 bushels of apples in a season and is adjudged to be about 150 years old."

FURNISHING THE NURSERY.

Frills and Fluffs Tabooed by the Hygienic Mother.

There is no room which the heart of woman so longs to decorate with fluffs and frills as the nursery. She yearns to make it a care worthy of her rare jewel of a baby. She has visions of a rosebud face pillowed in a rosebud pillow. She dreams of waxen-white fingers playing among embroidered spreads and lace ruffles. She likes to think of little pink toes sinking into soft carpeting. Then she goes to work and makes her nursery into an apartment which rivals her drawing-room for ornate adornment and for its generally unhygienic fittings.

If there is a room which should be furnished with more regard to health than another it is the nursery. Air and light should be the first consideration. A room with plenty of windows and the most approved appliances for ventilation and heating should be chosen for the nursery. It is of comparatively little importance that the drawing-room should have a southern exposure or the dining-room an open fireplace, for these rooms are given over to persons old enough to stand darkness and furnace gas without difficulty. But the baby's domain should be as nearly perfectly hygienic as modern arrangements will permit.

The furniture in the baby's room should be of the simplest sort. Reed, willow and rattan are all light, cool and clean, and should be the principal materials used in furnishing. The cradle is banished nowadays from the properly-equipped nursery. The baby is no longer shaken into a state of semi-seasickness before he is allowed to go to sleep. The little iron bedstead should be furnished with a wedge-shaped mattress made of hair or moss. Pillows are not a part of the modern infant's bed belongings. He is expected to cultivate a proper carriage for his head and a proper breadth of chest by sleeping with his head almost on a level with the rest of his body. Feathers either in pillows or mattresses are no longer used. They are regarded as heating and irritating. Soft woolen blankets or light comforters are used for coverings. Draperies are considered an abomination by hygienists, who declare that nothing should interfere with the free passage of air to the small sleeper.

The other necessaries of a nursery are simple in the extreme. A chest of drawers for baby's belongings, a couple of rattan chairs with movable cushions for nurse and mother, and a screen to protect the child from possible draughts will complete the furnishings.—Chicago Tribune.

NAPOLEON'S INDUSTRY.

He Had Almost Superhuman Powers of Endurance and Labor.

Before the time when the campaign could open in the spring of 1800 all these parts were intended to be, and actually were, running smoothly; but they were running by the inspiration and activity of a single man. The council of state was his greater self, the senate his instrument of governing; the legislative body was as silent as the tribunate was noisy—neither was a serious check on his plans. Legislation of the greatest importance was under way; it was all devised for purposes of centralization and was studied in detail by the first consul. Administration was proceeding with scarcely any friction whatsoever; but this was because Bonaparte kept his eye on each separate office and carefully superintended its working. By special arrangement foreign relations were considered and settled in secret consultation by the chief of state and Talleyrand; but the latter never pretended that in unraveling the threads of so tangled a web, or in their skillful rearrangement, the initiative was his.

Carnot, at his old work, with his old genius unimpaired, needed little encouragement; but even in his department every corps, every battalion, every regiment, every company of all the arms—cavalry, infantry or artillery of every class, conscript, soldier, reserve or home guard—each and all were known to the first consul. Incredible and exaggerated as such statements must appear, the testimony to their truth is so abundant and unimpeachable that it seems to the reader as if at this crisis there had appeared in Europe a being neither human, demoniac nor celestial, but a man with superhuman powers of endurance, apprehension and labor, an angel without perfection, a demon without malevolence. For, on the whole, Bonaparte's work, while replete with dangerous expedients, and, as the future conclusively proved, inspired by self-seeking, was beneficent, constructive and permanent in regard not merely to France, but to Europe and the world.—Prof. Sloane, in Century.

MODERN METALLURGY.

Beautiful Play of Colors in the Electrical Furnace.

One of the most beautiful processes in modern metallurgy is the melting of certain metals in the electric furnace, and it is now possible to project upon a screen every phase of such an operation. Some idea of the wonderful play of colored light which thus becomes so toned down as to be tolerable to the naked eye may be formed by a description lately given by Prof. Roberts-Austen of the projection of an electric furnace during the melting of metallic chromium. As the current is turned on the interior of the furnace appears as a dark crater, the dull red poles revealing the metallic luster and gray shadows of the metal beneath them. Soon these poles are tipped with dazzling white, and in the course of a few minutes the temperature has risen to about five hundred degrees C. A lambent halo of green-blue now encircles each pole, the central band of the arc changing rapidly from peach blossom to lavender and purple. As it becomes necessary to lengthen the arc, and the poles are drawn further and further asunder, the regular masses of chromium fuse in silver droplets in the midst of light, changing from intense blue to green of lustrous emerald. Then the last fragments of chromium dissolve into a shining sheet, which reflects the glowing poles in green and gold, shot with orange hues. Prof. Roberts-Austen adds: "Still, a few minutes later, as the chromium burns, a shower of brilliant sparks of metal are projected from the furnace, amid the clouds of russet or brown vapors which wreathe the little crater; while, if the current is broken, and the light dies out, you wish that Turner had painted the limpid tints and that Ruskin might describe their loveliness. The effect when either tungsten or silver replaces chromium is much the same, but in the latter case the glowing lake is more brilliant in its turbulent boiling, and blue vapors rise to be condensed in iridescent beads of distilled silver, which stud the crater wall."—St. Louis Republic.

Bound to Have a License.

A bewhiskered man who didn't look as prosperous as some of those behind him pushed himself to the front of the line in the city comptroller's office recently and stood at the license window.

"Is this where they get wagon licenses?" he asked the clerk.

"Yes, this is the place; pay your money upstairs, and bring the receipt down here," was the reply.

"Lem'me see. How much is a wagon license?" inquired the unprosperous man, as he fingered his pocket.

"It will cost you three dollars."

"No les'sen that?"

"No, that's the price regulated by law."

"How much for an express license?"

"That will cost you one dollar and twenty-five cents."

"Well, I can't afford it. I'll run my old wagon in the shed and turn my hosses out to pasture. I ain't got enough money and can't borrow it."

"Well, I'm sorry—"

"Say, how much is a dog license?"

"One dollar."

"Well, gim'me one. That's all I can afford."

Influence of Dr. Holmes.

Among his varied gifts, Holmes had also a very abundant humor, and this helped to sweeten his life and broaden his influence. To the whole United States he set an example of kindliness and of gentleness, associated with sagacity and with strength. He was the last to survive of the great New England group of authors—Emerson, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Whittier, Holmes and Lowell, which followed, and in some ways surpassed, the earlier New York group—Irving, Cooper and Bryant.—Prof. Brander Matthews, in St. Nicholas.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Over one-half the population of Rhode Island and nearly one-half that of Connecticut is employed in the mills.

—In 1890 the United States took the lead in iron production over Great Britain, in that year producing 9,202,703 long tons of pig iron, while Great Britain produced only 7,904,214.

—Last year the world produced 553,700,000 tons of coal. To this total Great Britain contributed 185,000,000 tons; the United States, 170,000,000; Germany, 74,000,000; France, 22,250,000; Belgium, 19,500,000, and Austria-Hungary, 10,250,000 tons. Five million tons were raised in Australia, 4,000,000 in Canada and 3,000,000 in British India.

—The dangers of watching solar phenomena, even with the partial protection of colored glasses, have been pointed out by Dr. George Mackny, of Edinburgh. Galileo lost his vision in this manner. Sir Isaac Newton's retina was permanently injured, and Dr. Mackay has himself met with not less than seventeen cases of impaired sight as a result of viewing with unprotected eye the eclipses of 1890 and 1891.

—Sir John Herschel has pointed out that the so-called "running uphill" of the gulf stream is a "strange perversion of language." The warm water of the gulf stream is more buoyant than the cold water of the North Atlantic and floats on its surface. It spreads out as it moves northward and necessarily forms a layer, becoming thinner and thinner. Some portion of it, it is true, rises to a higher level, but this is not motion against gravity.

—The following simple formula will purify ordinary water, especially in reservoirs and filtering basins: Calcium permanganate, one part; aluminum sulphate, ten parts; fine clay, thirty parts. These are thoroughly mixed and one part is added to about 10,000 parts of water. It is said that even sewer drainage is almost completely purified by this mixture. It precipitates all of the impurities and living organisms, and the clear portion may be drawn off and used with perfect safety.

—Arsenic has been known from very early times as a deadly poison. It is believed to have been the means employed by Nero to remove his enemies, and there is little doubt that it was also known to and employed by Messalina and Agrippina. During the middle ages it was extensively used as a secret poison, being sold by alchemists and poisoners of Italy under the name of "widow's powders" or "succession powders." Its properties were definitely ascertained and made public by Brandt in 1733.

—The remarkable change for the better in the iron trade is shown in the official statistics for the first half of 1895. The production of pig iron in the United States for the period named reached a total of 4,087,568 gross tons, against 2,717,983 tons in the first half and 3,939,405 tons in the second half of 1894. According to the present outlook it is safe to estimate that the production in the last six months of 1895 will be over 5,000,000 tons and that the output for the year will equal that of 1890, which was the banner year in the history of the trade. The stocks of pig iron on hand June 30 showed a reduction for the six months of 158,398 tons, which affords another evidence of the increased activity in this industry.

THE BOY GOT IT.

In Fact He Clutched His Fingers on It and Joy Was General.

Among the passengers on a western train recently was a woman very much overdressed, accompanied by a bright-looking nurse girl and a self-willed, tyrannical boy of about three years.

The boy aroused the indignation of the passengers by his continual shrieks and kicks and screams and his viciousness toward his patient nurse. He tore her bonnet, scratched her hands and finally spat in her face, without a word of remonstrance from the mother.

Whenever the nurse manifested any firmness the mother chided her sharply. Finally the mother composed herself for a nap, and about the time the boy slapped the nurse for the fifth time a wasp came sailing in and flew on the window of the nurse's seat. The boy at once tried to catch it.

The nurse caught his hand and said, coaxingly:

"Harry, mustn't touch. Bug bite Harry."

Harry screamed savagely and began to kick and pound the nurse.

The mother without opening her eyes or lifting her head cried out sharply:

"Why do you tease that child so, Mary? Let him have what he wants at once."

"But, ma'am, it's a—"

"Let him have it, I say."

Thus encouraged, Harry clutched at the wasp and caught it. The scream that followed it brought tears of joy to the passengers' eyes.

The mother woke again.

"Mary," she cried, "let him have it."

Mary turned in her seat and said, confusedly:

"He's got it, ma'am."—Redoboth Sunday Herald.

Doubled the Gift.

"Well, deacon," said the preacher, "how did you like the little story I told about the sick girl whose penny started the fund for a new church? Do you think it will help along our movement for a new edifice?"

"Ah, it was very touching, I assure you, Dr. Boogles; let me give you these to start two new churches."

And he doubled the sum the sick girl gave.—Philadelphia Call.

Always Mentioned.

Little Girl—Did the newspaper reporters notice your papa was at the great banquet last night?

Little Boy—Yes.

"Mamma said she couldn't find your papa's name in the list."

"No, but the list ends up with 'and others.' That means papa. They always mention him that way."—N. Y. Weekly.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—It is an easy thing for a lazy man to overwork himself.—Irrigation.

—Outsider—"I hear Jones is a mighty useful man in your club." Clubman—"Yes, he often helps make up a quorum."—Hardware.

—Little fishes in the brook—
That's no cause to flout 'em:
They'll be whales as like as not
When he tells about 'em.
—Washington Star.

—As the sword of the best tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior to their inferiors.—Fuller.

—"Hit doan' pay ter min' de tongue ob envy," remarked Uncle Eben. "Yoh kin make a lot of folks jealous by jest keepin quiet an' bein' decent."—Washington Star.

—Apparently a Novice.—She—"Don't you think he is a good dentist?" He—"I'm afraid he hasn't had much experience. I knew I had two cavities in my teeth, and that's all he could find."—Puck.

—"Young man," said the near-sighted passenger, "would you mind getting up and giving this old gentleman a seat?" "Sir!" exclaimed the bloomer girl and the bearded lady simultaneously.—Chicago Tribune.

—The Soulful Girl—"What is the true test of poetry?" The Poet—"Well, if one can get a poem accepted that is written on both sides of the paper, he may rest assured that it is a good thing."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Be gob," said Mrs. Dolan, "that b'y Pat of ours'll sooo be knowin' more than his father does." "Oi'll never moind that," replied Dolan, "if he'll go ahead an' know it for sure instid av only thinkin' he does."—Washington Star.

—At Covent Garden.—"Yes," said she, "I like opera, although there is certainly a great deal of mental fatigue about it." "In following the music?" "No; in learning to pronounce the names of the singers."—Tit-Bits.

—Miss Mildmay—"I am sure that there is good in Mr. Spooner. He certainly is very tender-hearted." Miss Frost—"Yes, he has a heart that has been tendered to about every unmarried woman in town, if that is what you mean."—Boston Transcript.

—Out of the gloom surrounding the porch across the street, the other evening, we heard a dull thud as of falling bodies. "Hang that hammock!" we heard a masculine voice exclaim. "Hang it yourself!" was the quick reply, in a feminine voice.—Yonkers Statesman.

—They were seated in the parlor conversing on the uncertainty of life. She—"The future is a vast unfathomable mystery to us, isn't it?" He—"Yes; all we know is that we have to go some time." Voice from the library—"It would suit the convenience of this household if you'd make it a little sooner than that."—Richmond Despatch.

BEREAVEMENT TELLS.

The Wish of the Tormented Mother and the Sequel.

When the well-to-do boarder's little baby died she called in the woman who swept and scrubbed halls, attended to the furnace, and did scullery work in general about the place and showed her the little fellow as he lay in his flower-decked coffin, so sweet and pretty in his last peaceful sleep.

The scrubwoman had a boy of her own just a few weeks younger than the dead child and when the well-to-do boarder's message came she hastily wiped the suds from her arms and grabbed up her baby and took him in with her.

The two women stood over the tiny casket for a time in silence. At last the mother's self-control gave way and she bowed her head over the boy and bathed the little cold face with tears that blinded her aching eyes and scalded her thin, care-worn cheeks.

The scrubwoman set her baby on the floor and folded her arms stoically.

"Don't, mum'um," she said, without a quiver in her coarse, strong voice. "You ought to give thanks with all your soul. I wish to God it was my boy lying there instead of yours."

The boarder laid her hand over the woman's mouth and interrupted the impassioned speech.

"Don't say that," she cried. "You don't realize the meaning of your words. It might come true. Your boy might die."

The scrubwoman smiled.

"There's no such good luck as that," she said, bitterly. "It's always such as yours that goes and such as mine that stays. He's never been well, and he never will be well. He's a torment to himself and to me and to everybody about the place. It's a continual scratching to keep body and soul together, and if I should die what would become of him then? It ain't that I'm unnaturally hard hearted, but pinching and scraping along makes brutes of anybody. Anyway, he'd be better off."

"You'll be sorry some day," the other replied, turning again to her own little one.

The boarder moved away, and it was three years before the two women met again. A few days ago the well-to-do woman was going through a locality the ins and outs of which had not been familiar to her for many months, and among the scrubwomen on the steps of a large building she saw her former charwoman of the boarding house.

"How is Freddy?" she asked, the first greeting over.

The woman's lips trembled.

"Freddy's dead," she said, putting down her brush and drying her eyes on the corner of her apron.

The boarder grasped her hand in ready sympathy. "I am so sorry," she said simply.

"It just happened last week," the scrubwoman went on between sobs. "I've remembered a thousand times what you said about being sorry. It was all true. There's not an hour that I don't want him with me again. If I only hadn't said it! My poor little boy!"—Chicago Tribune.

Mt. Lake Park.

The first two weeks of the Chatauqua have passed away—weeks full of rich thought, pure humor and enjoyable song. Nine more days remain to be enjoyed—days filled by the best platform talent of the land. Thursday next Bishop Foss is to lecture. He will also preach Sabbath morning. Friday 8 p. m., Hon. T. R. Sovereign, master workman of the Knights of Labor, will lecture. The Chatauqua will close on Tuesday, the 27th, which is G. A. R. day, with a great big program and special excursions.

The Park never had so many visitors as now. At least 1,000 people are here, and still they come.

Death cast a gloom over us last Thursday. Mrs. J. C. Alderson, a noble, true and kind woman, was his victim. For some weeks she suffered. She is gone. Her life was well lived. We will miss her. The afflicted family has the sympathy of the community.

The nomination of the Hon. Lloyd Lowndes for Governor, has given much pleasure to the Republicans of this section. They seem to be delighted and predict his election. Garrett county will roll up a big majority for him.

The superintendent of the park reports the sale of a large number of lots, by that at least ten cottages will be erected this fall. The Park certainly is becoming more popular as the years go by.

It is supposed that more than half a hundred of people from Fairmont, W. Va., are summering here. The same may be said of the city of Wheeling.

Congressman Dayton, of West Virginia has been enjoying a rest, a guest of the Masden cottage.

Hotel Dennett is to have its capacity doubled. The contract is let. W. R. Johnson is the happy contractor. The building will be completed for next season.

The National Association of Local Preachers is to convene here August 31 and September 3. A large number of local preachers are expected to be in attendance. A good program has been arranged for the meeting. Prof. Hudson, of Alliance, Ohio, will have charge of the music. A special rate of board is offered for these dates, viz. $5 a week, by several of our hotels and boarding houses. It is expected that at least 300 delegates will be present.

A Word To Republicans.

We take the following very timely words from last Sunday's American:

Everyone familiar with the political situation in this State knows that a crisis has been reached in the history of both parties. The corrupt, expensive and burdensome rule of Gorman and Rasin will be brought to an end if the present temper of the people continues until November, and we have no reason to suppose that there will be a change in sentiment. The Republican ticket and platform will gain strength as time goes on, provided no blunder is made in future nominations. The Democratic bosses will, doubtless, attempt to bolster up their strength by endeavoring to secure good men for Legislative and city candidates. But no matter how respectable a man is, or how good his previous record may be, the taint of Gormanism will prove fatal to his political aspirations in this campaign.

Now, one word to the Republicans. It is admitted that the nominations made at Cambridge are strong and the platform adopted an admirable one. But it must not be supposed that the work is over. It is possible for the Republicans to weaken their ticket by the nomination of inferior men to the Legislature. Mr. Lowndes will not be able to carry any dead timber. The men selected to run for the General Assembly must be above reproach in every particular. It is especially necessary that they should be enthusiastic supporters of the platform, and realize that the civil service plank is not a vote-catching device, but a reform demanded by the people and a pledge made to be kept.

Send your job work to THE REPUBLICAN office.

The Jury Drawn.

On last Friday morning Judge A. Hunter Boyd came up from Cumberland and drew the jury for the September term of the Circuit Court, which meets in Oakland on Monday, Sept. 9th.

District No. 1.—George J. Walters, Perry M. Stemple, Robert C. Wilson, Wm. H. Wright, Elijah Moon.

No. 2.—Andrew J. Umbel, George D. Frantz, James Guard.

No. 3.—Thomas W. Frost, Eli Stanton, Sylvester H. Ryland, Francis Spicer, Michael Nathan, James A. Ross.

No. 4.—Otto H. Frazenbaker, Elijah Kemp.

No. 5.—Jacob Beeket, Asa B. Friend, Aaron Boyer, Joseph Groer.

No. 6.—Edward N. Casteel, Thomas H. Cuppett.

No. 7.—George C. Kildow, Edward I. West, Marshall M. Ashby, George W. Legge, S. J. K. P. Shipley, Alexander Fleckenstine, Decoursey E. Bolden, George W. Merrill, Singleton Townshend, John Shartzer, George B. M. Friend, Robert Lathrum.

No. 8.—David S. Arnold, Thomas R. Everts, Adam E. Mosser, William R. Mason, Henry Sisler.

No. 10.—George W. Moon, John R. Browning, Daniel B. Harvey, Thomas J. Garrett, Emil F. Droege, Wm. H. Chadderton.

No. 11.—John F. Robeson, Franklin P. Green.

No. 12.—Perry Broadwater.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the late firm of Speicher & Nethken are hereby requested to settle same, on or before Sept. 1st unless arrangements have been made otherwise.

All accounts not settled by that date will be placed for collection.

25-2t. SPEICHER & NETHKEN.

TRUSTEES' SALE

—OF—

Real Estate

—IN—

Garrett County, Md.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, passed on the 28th day of March, 1895, in a cause in said court depending, wherein Margaret Miller is plaintiff and Frederick Mertens et al. are defendants, it being No. 687 on the Equity docket of said court, the undersigned trustees will sell at public auction in front of Mayers' Drug Store in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, on

Saturday, Aug. 24th,

1895, at 1 o'clock p. m., all the real estate in the proceedings mentioned, to-wit:

All that real estate which was conveyed by George Rizer et al. to Frederick Mertens, Richard J. West and Albert L. Miller by deed dated June 21, 1875, and recorded among the Land Records of Garrett county in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 135; the undivided one-third of which was conveyed by the said Richard J. West and wife to the said Frederick Mertens and Albert L. Miller by deed dated July 27, 1874, and recorded among said Land Records in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folios 462, etc.

Said property comprises

822 ACRES,

more or less, and consists of a tract of land called

MUCH TO DO ABOUT NOTHING,

CONTAINING 612 ACRES,

more or less, described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a stone planted in a glade at the end of the second line of a tract of land surveyed for Lord Baltimore, called "Green Glade Manor," (said stone standing North 81 degrees East 22 perches, from a double pine, marked with nine notches each, and the letters W. C.), and running thence South 79 degrees East 5 perches to a stone, thence North 34 degrees East 100 perches, to a bounded pine, thence North 46 degrees West 70 peaches to a stone, thence North 61 degrees East 180 perches to a bounded service and white oak, thence North 87 degrees West 537 perches to a bounded white oak, thence South 26½ degrees West 181 perches to a bounded pine, and thence with a straight line to the beginning.

And also another tract called

"ELK LICK,"

CONTAINING 210 ACRES.

more or less, described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at two bounded pines standing at the end of eighteen perches on the first line of Lot No. 1878, and running thence North 57 degrees West 18 perches, North 33 degrees East 73 perches to a bounded pine, South 57 degrees East 240 perches to the end of the first line of Lot No. 1858 (marked Oct 31, 1855, by a triple pine on the east side of the "Green Glade,") South 89 perches, West 100 perches, South 64 perches, West 100 perches, North 5 perches, North 55 degrees East 72 perches, to the end of the first line of the original Lot No. 1880, North 35 degrees West 195 perches, North 83 degrees East 11 perches, to the beginning of Lot No. 1878, and then by a straight line to the beginning.

Said land is well adapted for

Farming Purposes,

but is unimproved.

TERMS OF SALE:

As prescribed by the decree—One-half cash and the balance in one year; the deferred payment to bear interest from day of sale, and to be secured with security satisfactory to the trustees.

J. W. S. COCHRANE,
DAVID W. SLOAN,
Trustees.

(For further information apply to either of the Trustees at Cumberland, Md.) 19—6t

LAST CUT SALE

—AT—

SINCELL BROS.

Having decided to retire from business on account of ill health, we will close out our entire stock of goods at actual cost.

CLOTHING.

MEN'S CLOTHING.

$16.00	Suits reduced to			$8.50
14.00	"	"	"	7.50
12.00	"	"	"	6.50
10.00	"	"	"	5.75
8.00	"	"	"	4.75
7.00	"	"	"	4.00

BOYS' CLOTHING.

$12.00	Suits	Reduced	to	$7.50
10.00	"	"	"	6.00
8.00	"	"	"	5.00
6.00	"	"	"	4.00
5.00	"	"	"	3.50

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING,

$5.00	Suits	Reduced	to	$3.00
4.00	"	"	"	2.00
3.00	"	"	"	1.75
2.50	"	"	"	1.65

SHOES.

LADIES' SHOES.

$5.00	Shoes	Reduced	to	$3.75
4.00	"	"	"	3.00
3.50	"	"	"	2.75
3.00	"	"	"	2.25
2.50	"	"	"	1.75
2.00	"	"	"	1.50
1.75	"	"	"	1.15
1.50	"	"	"	1.00
1.25	"	"	"	90
1.00	"	"	"	80

MEN'S SHOES.

$4.00	Shoes	Reduced	to	$3.00
3.00	"	"	"	2.65
2.50	"	"	"	1.75
2.00	"	"	"	1.50
1.50	"	"	"	1.00
1.25	"	"	"	90

DRY GOODS.

25 Yards Muslin for $1.00
15 cent muslin for 12 cents
12½ cent muslin for 10 cents
10 cent muslin for 7½ cents
8 cent muslin for 6 cents
7 cent muslin for 5 cents
6 cent muslin for 4½ cents
15 cent French gingham for 10 cents
12½ cent French gingham for 9 cents
10 cent gingham for 7 cents
8 cent gingham for 6 cents
7 cent gingham for 4½ cents

We will also sell our full line of

Dress Goods, Silks, Trimmings, Embroideries, Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbons, Draperies, Towels, Ladies' Summer Undervests

White Goods, Novelties, Hats, Trunks, Etc.,

At the ACTUAL COST of them.

This we consider a rare bargain for the buyers of this line of goods.

Respectfully,

SINCELL BROS.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

are good for sick headache, constipation, piles, bilious colic, fever and ague, dyspepsia, rheumatism, female complaints, dizziness, flatulence, sour stomach, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general debility. They will positively cure all disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. ... cents a box

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

helps babies over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, controls the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no narcotic drug—and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good. 25 cents a bottle.

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours doesn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

JOHN C. McVAY & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23-1yr.

84 inches high. Top can be adjusted to any angle or height. Revolving Case 15 x 15 x 12 inches. Holds about 80 volumes Law size. Strong well finished Nickel Base and Sides With Solid Oak Shelves and Top.—130,000 now used. Sent knocked down (20 lbs.) for approval. Address March [illegible] CHICAGO

Agents Wanted.

STRAWBERRIES.

Best varieties, early, medium and late. Our pot grown plants set now will produce a full crop next June. Sent by mail prepaid, 60 cents per dozen; express unpaid, $3 per hundred.

THE HORTICULTURAL SUPPLY CO.,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

Proposals for Building a Bridge.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.
OAKLAND, MD., July 31, 1895.

Sealed proposals will be received by the County Commissioners until Wednesday, September 11, 1895, (no bids received after 11 o'clock), for the construction of a wooden bridge across Yough River at Crellin. Bridge is 150 feet long, to be constructed after pinus and specifications found in the commissioners' office. The material used is to be of sound, live oak. Further information can be obtained by applying to the clerk. The commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the Board,
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

11 1y

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments. Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS.

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

4193.yr—8

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, 14 old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

For satisfactory barbering try Liller and you will call again.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

☞Special attention given to real estate.

CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED. ☞SURVEYING.

Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.

Drs. McLane & Berkeley,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
FROSTBURG, MD.

Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

☞EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.

See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

☞Office in Mayers building.

Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.

☞Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate

P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md-Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.
CHAS. A. WILT, Agent.
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.

Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention. 50-13t.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $100; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.

E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

--WANTED--

WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER

Also White Oak Timber Land.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.

Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
22tf 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

The Wesleyan Female Institute,

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.

For girls and young women. Established 1848. Full corps of experienced teachers. Location healthy, central and accessible. For catalogues and particulars apply to

REV. HENRY P. HAMILL,
13-15t President.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1895. NUMBER 25.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Mrs. Chris. Felty is seriously ill at her home on Alder Street.

Mrs. Belle Newlon, of Cambridge, Ohio, is visiting friends in and about town.

Miss Cora Jones, of Terra Alta, is here as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Jones.

Miss Grace Perry, of Baltimore, is here on a visit to the family of Dr. Bartlett.

In another column Mr. T. W. Casteel advertises some valuable stock for sale.

Messrs. D. E. Offutt and G. S. Hamill made a business trip to Ohio last Monday.

Dr. Cranston, of Cincinnati, preached in St. Paul's M. E. church on Sunday evening.

Mrs. H. J. Frear and son went to Scranton, Pa., yesterday to visit relatives and friends.

Mr. Chas. E. Dryden, of Snow Hill, Md., is here for a few days as the guest of the Oakland.

Mr. George E. Bishoff, of Hoyes, accompanied by his wife, was here and at the Park on Tuesday.

Messrs. Owen Brinegar and M. N. Wilson, of Wilson, W. Va., were here Tuesday for a few hours.

Mr. Samuel Jones, of Swanton, was here on Tuesday and paid his respects to THE REPUBLICAN office.

Commissioner Isaac W. Abernathy, of Wilson, was here looking after the county's interests Tuesday.

Mr. John Kepner, with a party of friends from Terra Alta, drove to Kingwood Sunday and spent the day.

Messrs. W. S. Wolfe and R. A. Orentt went to Atlantic City last Thursday to spend a week or ten days.

Senator William G. Worley, of Kingwood, W. Va., was here last Saturday shaking hands with friends.

Mr. S. J. Beachy, one of Grantsville district's best citizens, was a pleasant caller at this office Monday morning.

WANTED.—A saleman and collector for the Singer Sewing Machine Co. Address, Harry Clayton, Grafton, W. Va. 26–3t.

Miss May McKinght, of Philadelphia, who visited the Misses Weber for several days recently, returned to her home Monday.

Severe griping pains of the stomach and bowels instantly and effectually stopped by DeWitt's Colic and Cholera Cure.

Mrs. S. M. Engle and little children departed for eastern West Virginia yesterday morning to spend a short time with relatives.

Mr. Fred Fickey, jr., of Baltimore, who spent several days at the Oakland, returned to his home in Baltimore yesterday morning.

There is no doubt, no failure, when you take DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure. It is pleasant, acts promptly, no bad after effects.

Messrs. H. J. Mayers and Perry E. Kimmel made a business trip to Cumberland last Monday, presumably to see Hon. Lloyd Lowndes.

A shower here on Saturday evening, though long delayed, had the effect of settling the dust and cooling the atmosphere to some extent.

Mr. and Mrs. Boggs, of Baltimore, who spent a week or two in Oakland visiting Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Offutt, have returned to their home.

Messrs. Daniel, James H. Wilson, of Blaine, were Oakland visitors Tuesday. They also attended the closing exercises at the Chautauqua that day at the Park.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Snyder, of Allegheny City, Pa., who visited Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Ashby, of near town, for two weeks, returned home this morning.

Mrs. Oliver Young and daughter, of Frederick City, Md., who visited Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Schroeder in Oakland several days recently, have returned to their home.

Mr. Percy Veitch, of Hyattsville, Md., who spent two or three days in Oakland last week visiting Dr. E. H. Bartlett and family, returned to his home last Friday.

Mr. John H. Riley, ex-Sheriff of Garrett county, who has been residing in Elkins, W. Va., for a number of years, is in town this week visiting relatives and friends.

Rev. and Mrs. W. C. Davis and little daughter, who were the guests of relatives in town for several days, departed for their home in Brownsville, Pa., yesterday morning.

Mr. George F. Richardson, of Pittsburg, who spent several days here last week with relatives and friends, went to Frederick county last Saturday to visit relatives.

Mr. John E. Gnagey, of near Accident, recently sent to this office a sample of oats that measured seven feet six inches in height, it being the largest we have seen this year.

Messrs. David W. Sloan and J. W. S. Cochrane, of Cumberland, were in Oakland making sale of some timber land on last Saturday. The land was sold for two thousand dollars to Mrs. Margaret Miller.

Mrs. Willia Sparrow and Misses Ether and Leoria Sparrow, of Baltimore, are here as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Fraley on Oak street. Miss Jennie Shawen, of Grafton, is also a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fraley.

Mr. Chas. Stewart, of Baltimore, spent last week with Mr. Samuel Rodcheaver at the latter's home on the Deer Park and Accident road. Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Feather, of Lenox, West Va., were also guests of Mr. Rodcheaver last week.

In remitting her subscription for another year, Mrs. Alfred H. Turner, *nee* Miss Lillie A. Brown, who has recently moved Honolulu to Kipukai, on the island known as Kauai of the Sandwich group, says: "I enjoy receiving your paper and keeping in touch with Oakland news very much indeed."

Go to Garthright's for your fall goods, also flour and feed. Sweeping reductions in dress goods, clothing, boots and shoes. Lots of goods at cost. Want ten tons buckwheat flour as soon as can be made. Will soon have good market for potatoes. 26–2t

Mr. A. S. Mosser, manager of the Mosser mills near the Red House, met with a very painful accident one day last week by coming in contact with a saw which cut off his thumb and two fingers of the right hand and lacerated another finger very badly. Dr. Koon, of Eglon, rendered surgical aid.

Grace Hotel, at Mountain Lake Park, which enjoyed an unusual run of patronage this season under the management of Mr. John Dunhill, is no more, the name having been changed from Grace Hotel to Hotel Chautauqua at a meeting of the stockholders held on last Monday.

My boy was taken with a disease resembling bloody flux. The first thing I thought of was Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Two doses of it settled the matter and cured him sound and well. I heartily recommend this remedy to all persons suffering from a like complaint. I will answer any inquiries regarding it when stamp is enclosed. I refer to any county official as to my reliability. Wm. Roach, J. P., Primroy, Campbell Co., Tenn. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

B. H. Bowman, Pub. Enquirer, of Bremen Ind., writes: Last week our little girl baby the only one we have was taken sick with croup. After two doctors failed to give relief and life was hanging on a mere thread we tried One Minute Cough Cure and its life was saved. Oakland Pharmacy.

An exciting game of base ball was played at Mountain Lake Park between the Deer Park and the Mt. Lake nines on Tuesday last. The latter won by a score of 12 to 0. Harry Beck and Allan were the winning battery. Beck pitched a magnificent game, holding the Deer Park nine down to two hits and striking out eight men.

This week we send out quite a large number of sample copies of THE REPUBLICAN to different sections of the county. Persons to whom these papers are addressed need have no fear of taking them from the postoffice as no bill will be sent them.

Mr. George Smouse, of Pittsburg, Pa., accompanied by his mother, visited Capt. and Mrs. John M. Jarbor in Oakland several days since our last issue. Mr. Smouse was at one time a compositor on THE REPUBLICAN and is now operating a type-setting machine in the *Chronicle-Telegraph* office in Pittsburgh.

The thirty-eight annual meeting of the National Association of Local Preachers of the United States will be held at the Park August 31st to September 3d, inclusive. The convention promises to be one of unusual interest to the local preachers of the country. An interesting program has been arranged for the meeting. The singing will be in charge of Prof. Hudson, of Ohio, assisted by his daughters. Board can be secured at several hotels in the Park for seventy-five cents a day.

Probably the largest output of timber from one mill in a day of less than ten hours was that at the Preston Lumber Co.'s plant at Crellin one day last week when the cut amounted to ninety-two thousand feet. The logs used were taken from the pool as they came and were not picked over. This company has the best lumber manufacturing plant in the country. The logs are not touched by the men from the time they are placed on the carriages until they are manufactured into finished lumber, all the work being done by automatic machinery.

One night last week Dick Grant, a colored man of Oakland, who has gained some local notoriety as a pugilist, hired a team from Mr. Thomas Martin with the intention of going to Deer Park. It is charged that he ill-treated the horses and when he was remonstrated with for so doing by Jas. Gower, he (Gant) assaulted Gower and beat him unmercifully, breaking his jaw and fracturing several ribs. Gant was arrested and on Monday the preliminary hearing was to have been held, but Gower was in such condition that he could not appear and Gant was again sent to jail.

Professor F. M. Noa, S. B., a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and a teacher of ten years' experience, has been engaged to teach the ancient and modern languages in Briar Bend Seminary. Besides Mr. Noa's scientific training he enjoyed under his father (Prof. L. Noa, formerly professor of ancient and modern languages at Washington University, St. Louis, Mo.) a fine classical, linguistic and literary education. We congratulate Miss Swan upon securing such talent for our community. Our young people can now be prepared for business, college or university at Briar Bend Seminary.

Send your job work to THE REPUBLICAN office.

A Monster Picnic at Accident.

Arrangements have about been completed to hold a monster basket picnic at Accident on Friday, September 6th, to which all are invited. It is expected that four bands will be present, namely, Smith's Military, of Oakland, the two Accident bands and the Friendsville band. Hon. Lloyd Lowndes, candidate for Governor; Harry M. Clabaugh, candidate for Attorney-General; Hon. Geo. L. Wellington, of Cumberland, and several others, will be present and address the people.

In order to introduce Chamberlain's Cough Remedy here we sold several dozen bottles on strict guarantee and have found every bottle did good service. We have used it ourselves and think it superior to any other. W. I. Mowrey, Jarvisville, W. Va. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Jean Binkley, whose mother is one of the valuable additions to Mt. Lake Park's winter residents, will be a student at Briar-Bend Seminary this fall to prepare for entrance into Connell University next year.

Hon. A. C. Scherr, of Maysville, Grant county, has met with a sad bereavement in the death of his estimable wife, Catherine Scherr, who died at her home on Sunday morning last, after a stroke of paralysis received on Friday preceding. Mrs. Scherr had been spending some time at Mt. Lake Park, and had just returned to her home the day before. She was a lady of refinement, and gentleness of manner that made her very attractive to those who met her. She was a member of the Lutheran church, and was a native of Cumberland. Six children beside the devoted husband mourn the loss.

Mr. and Mrs. Thornton White and Mr. and Mrs L. P. White went to Oakland, last Sunday, and from there to the old White homestead, about two and a half miles from Mt. Lake Park, where they were joined by about thirty members of the White family. On the farm is the old burying ground of the family, and the object of their visit was to endeavor to locate and distinguish the graves of every one who had been buried therein. There are thirty-eight graves in all, and of these, thirty-five were located and named. The remaining three were unknown to all of the visitors. During the day the family visited all points of interest on the farm, had dinner in a convenient spot and hunted up many recollections of generations past. The present generation will greatly improve the burial place by new fences, head stones, etc., as soon as possible. Mr. Beckman, the present owner of the old homestead, was found to be a very agreeable and pleasant gentleman, and gave the visitors a cordial welcome and privilege to do as they pleased on the lands belonging to the farm. This is the second visit the Whites of the present time have paid the old place this summer, both of which have been very enjoyable and pleasant.—Terra Alta Oracle.

Kenneth Bazemorn had the good fortune to receive a small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy when three members of his family were sick with dysentery. This one bottle cured them all and he had some left which he gave to Geo. W. Baker, a prominent merchant of the place, Lewiston, N. C., and it cured him of the same complaint. When troubled with dysentery, diarrhoea, colic or cholera morbus, give this remedy a trial and you will be more than pleased with the result. The praise that naturally follows its introduction and use has made in very popular. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

G. A. R. Day at Mt. Lake Park.

Tuesday was Grand Army day at the Mountain Chautauqua and one of the largest crowds that has yet been in attendance was present. Excursion trains over the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, from both east and west, were run. The exercises were among the most interesting of the whole session of twenty-one days. Dr. Earl Cranston, of Cincinnati, delivered a lecture, entitled, "When We Were Soldiers."

In the afternoon war songs were sung by the old soldiers, after which a grand rally and general hand shake took place. Following this Col. Nicholas Smith, of Milwaukee, delivered an eloquent lecture, using as his subject "The Songs of Patriotism and What They Did."

At 8 o'clock p. m. the grand closing concert was given by Professor Pontius and his chorus, assisted by the full strength of the assembly talent, which was one of the most delightful ever given at Mountain Lake Park, at the conclusion of which words of good-bye were said.

Burned to Death.

A sad accident occurred near Crellin last week in which a man and two horses lost their lives by burning to death. Mr. Isaiah Bowman was engaged in hauling tan bark to Crellin, and while passing a patch of old pine tops that had been cut down discovered that they were on fire. His horses became blinded by the dense smoke so that they were unmanageable. They ran down an embankment by the roadside right in the midst of the fire and in trying to extricate them Mr. Bowman's clothes caught on fire and before he could get the flames extinguished his flesh was burned to the bones, so that he died in a few hours.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the late firm of Speicher & Nethken are hereby requested to settle same, on or before Sept. 1st unless arrangements have been made otherwise.

All accounts not settled by that date will be placed for collection.

25–2t. SPEICHER & NETHKEN.

Trespass Notice.

All persons are warned not to gun or trespass in any manner upon the tract known as "Bucks Bones," near Oakland. All such will be prosecuted to the extent of the law.

FRED FICKEY, JR.
FRED A. THAYER, Att'y.
26–3t*

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19–tf.

Rogers' Sarsaparilla.

A specific for all. 100 doses for 75 cents. Rogers' Little Liver Pills, best on the market; Cough Cure, Liniment, Appetine and Worm Syrup, sold by A. G. Sturgiss, Oakland; Cuppett Bros., McHenry; J. A. DeBerry, Corinth; C. F. White, Hutton; P. T. Garthright, Hayden & Eckles, Mt. Lake Park; Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park; Wm. Frederick, Friendsville; Yough Store Co., Jonas Frazee, Robert Liston, Selbysport; W. Wass, Mineral Springs; J. E. Gnagey, Accident; Smith & Callis, Hoyes, and by all general dealers.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending August 31, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Andrew Washington, Charles M. White, James Lowdermilk(2), Harris J. Dewitt, N. C. Baker, William Brown, Miss Mabel Robinson.

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Married.

INALES—CONNELL.—On August 21st, 1895, at the home of the bride in North Baltimore, Ohio, Mr. F. M. Inales and Miss Alice Connell, by Rev. J. W. Swinehart. The bride is a danghter of Mr. P. W. Connell, formerly of Deer Park.

Married in Honolulu.

THE REPUBLICAN is in receipt of the following announcement, which is self explanatory:

Mr. Alfred H. Turner,
Miss Lillie A. Brown,
Married
Tuesday, July Twenty-third,
Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-five,
Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

Prof. J. G. Robinson, of the house of Messrs. Sauders & Stayman, of Baltimore, agents for the celebrated Estey organs, Weber, Decker Bros., Ivers & Pond, Fischer, Estey and other pianos, will be the guest of Dr. Mahlon Hinebaugh for a season, where he will be pleased to see any person who may contemplate purchasing instruments. He will also be prepared to tune or repair either organs or pianos during his stay, and will promptly attend to all orders left with Dr. Hinebaugh or his son, Dr. Jno. G. Robinson. 23 tf

One Cut, Another Shot.

On last Monday evening Mr. Chas. Cropp and a German he had employed as a baker got into a quarrel at the residence of the latter on the outskirts of town. The German had been drinking and was in a quarrelsome mood. Cropp was engaged in repairing a fence at his house at the time and had a hatchet in his hand, with which, it is charged, he struck the baker on top of the head making a very serious wound, and the baker in turn, drew his revolver, a small twenty-two calibre, and shot Cropp in the back as he was retreating into the house.

The German then mounted a horse and started for town but at the intersection of the Oakland and Accident roads he fell from the horse and was later discovered by Justice Gonder who assisted him to remount the animal and he came on to Oakland for medical aid.

In the meantime Mr. Cropp, who was more frightened than hurt, had made a circuit of the neighbors for aid and relief, and finally came also to town when he swore out a warrant for the arrest of the German on the charge of assault with intent to kill. The warrant was served and the German taken to jail, although it is alleged that Mr. Cropp made the first assault.

The preliminary hearing will be held as soon as the parties are able to appear.

Forged A Signature.

H. Emile Knipper, a young man who has been residing in Cumberland for some time past, was arrested at Deer Park at 10:30 o'clock last Friday night on the charge of forging the name of his uncle, August Knipper, on a negotiable note.

Mr. Knipper knew nothing of the forgery until Thursday, when he was notified by the bank officials that the note was due, and upon his looking at the signature he at once pronounced it a forgery. The amount of the note was for $75 and was negotiated about six months ago.

Mr. W. D. Paisley, of Cumberland, who advanced the money, conducted the entire investigation by himself, and located Knipper within 24 hours after he knew the signature was a forgery.

He was taken before Magistrate Hoye, of Deer Park, and in default of bail was committed to the Oakland jail for action of the grand jury. Knipper has a wife and one child, and for them the occurrence is a very serious one.

Important Notice.

All members of the Oakland Fire Department are requested to be present at the regular monthly meeting Monday, Sept. 2, 1895, when business of importance will be transacted.

R. C. TOWNSHEND, Pres.

THE REPUBLICAN

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

MRS. ARLINGTON.

BY VIRGINIA R. CONE.

THEY came up on the two-forty-five boat, and brought more luggage and traps than anybody who had come to Beachport that year. First came Mr. and Mrs. Arlington with their friend Clairmont, then followed a procession made of a maid, two men servants, a pair of French poodles, and an under groom leading a magnificent St. Bernard whose size made children scatter and whose beauty made men and women stare in admiration. Of course, canes, wraps, satchels and a big, half-faded bouquet accompanied this melange, and it was quite a little time before the people were escorted to their rooms and the servants and animals were consigned to their proper quarters.

"Who are they, I wonder?" ran like a ripple from one month to the other as people paused in the promenade to stare and inspect the newcomers.

Remaining on the hotel piazza after luncheon to watch the boat come in was one of the innocent pastimes at Beachport; criticising and condemning the passengers it brought was one of the favorite amusements. We had sit in judgment so many weeks our wits were sharpened, and we had come to be quite knowing, divining at once how the arrivals should be classed and seldom erring in our disposition of them. Stray couples were beneath our notice; people with a baby and one nurse sent our noses heavenward; children who dressed well and were followed by a couple of maids were tolerated; a family who brought their horses and a retinue of servants received our undivided attention, and there was nothing in their lives which we could not resurrect and discuss in all its details. We also made it our business to keep an eye upon the flirtatious element of Beachport and see that it behaved well; and when Mrs. Horton dubbed our select coterie a "scandal shamble" we exhumed from its grave an old tale about her husband that the family have been trying to keep buried for twenty years.

Our interest in the strangers was intensified—sent to fever heat—when the rest of their belongings were led up from the boat: Four driving horses, a pair of saddle horses, a victoria, a gladstone, a dogcart and a drag.

"They have registered 'Mr. and Mrs. Egbert Arlington, of Boston, and Mr. J. C. Clairmont, of New York,'" announced Mrs. Stanley, who was colossal, sharp-nosed, spectacled, and who kept as close a guard on the hotel register as though she had been St. Peter inspecting applicants for Heaven. "They have eight rooms, and I heard the tall blond man say that they wanted a table to themselves in the dining-room."

"'Arlington?' That is a good name," chimed in Mrs. Latimer, who was fat, hypercritical and from Boston. We always accepted her opinions and assertions because she resided on Commonwealth avenue and had the position of each clique arranged like the alphabet in her mind. We learned afterwards that she was on the outskirts of society and spent her life trying to cross the line. "I wonder if they belong to *the* Arlingtons?"

"Oh! no doubt of it," assumed Mrs. Burke, who either crowned or deposed every newcomer. "They must be good people, they look so noblesse."

"I think I shall call," announced Miss Philips; "all the Arlingtons attend my uncle's church, and he would wish me to pay them some attention." Miss Philips' uncle was rector of the most aristocratic church in Boston, and his flock composed the creme de la creme of society; but his niece's visits to "the hub" were so few that she knew these people more by reputation than otherwise.

"Nice-looking man, that blond," commented Mrs. Floyd Brown, looking up from her vestment embroidery. She had two marriageable daughters and kept a sharp eye upon the new men. "I suppose he is Mr. Clairmont. Is he married, do you know?"

By noon the next day we were bubbling with enthusiasm and admiration and felt so amicably inclined toward Mrs. Arlington we all agreed to be presented and take her into our charmed set. We had seen them driving in gorgeous style down the principal avenue, with Clairmont handling the reins and Mrs. Arlington on the box seat beside him; we had seen them come in to dinner in the most faultless of evening toilets and seat themselves at a table that was brilliant with fragrant blossoms, and held the daintiest of viands, while the head waiter and his assistants bent in low obeisance such as the Beachport waiters never indulged in unless there was plenty of money to induce those bows. We had watched them promenading the piazza when the band played, looking as unconscious of the presence of others as though they were the only people on earth; and—joy of joys!—we had seen them snub the dude of the place when some one presented him, and Mrs. Arlington coldly but politely turn away from the Smockly family when they attempted, on the strength of once crossing the Atlantic with her, to renew the acquaintance.

Mrs Arlington was a plump, shapely little woman, whose claim to beauty was circumscribed; therefore the women were ardent in their praise of her. As a rule, when one woman abuses another you may feel assured that the "other" possesses some charm of person or manner that is indisputable; and the plainer a woman is, the more popular she is among her own sex. So Mrs. Arlington, not being a beauty, was destined to become popular; one half seeking her on account of her social position, the other half—the matrimonially inclined element—on account of the handsome Clairmont who came with them. She dressed well, talked well, greeted us, when we were presented, in a manner that showed she was a thoroughbred, and received us with ceremonious courtesy when we stopped in her parlor one morning for a call, hoping to encourage her to be more sociable. Mrs. Latimer invited her to a tea in her rooms—which invitation was declined with an excuse; Mrs. Stanley asked them all to join a sailing party she had organized for her niece—declined without an excuse; Mrs. Floyd-Brown pressed them to attend a cotillion she was giving for her daughters—declined on plea of ill-health; and when she left our circle, after a ten minutes' chat on the piazza, and joined Clairmont, who was smoking a cigar under the trees, it dawned upon us that Mrs. Arlington was not as friendly as we had expected her to be. Not only were our overtures repulsed, but their selfishness and reserve seemed to erect an impenetrable wall around them. They never asked anyone to drive, and the launch lay idle in the bay, although Mrs. Burke had presented the Floyd-Brown girls and two dozen others to Clairmont, who took us much notice of them as though they had been so many figures out of the Eden musee. He danced, but only with Mrs. Arlington, in spite of the painful fact that girls lined the ballroom walls and each one watched him with hungry eyes. He was too dignified to row on the river or bathe in the sea, but he rode or drove from morning until night, and always with Mrs. Arlington, who sat a horse as well as she graced the box-seat of his drag.

And we—we were incensed! For a lot of pretty girls had been thrown into a perfect flutter of expectancy by the arrival of a man whose dreamy eyes and stately manner were enhanced by the knowledge that he owned four horses and a launch, and he, who could have made his selection from this bouquet of buds and roses—barbarian that he was!—ignored the sweetness before him and devoted himself to a married woman. Disgusting! All our plans had miscarried, for we expected to take her into our set, and allow the girls to appropriate him as an attendant and cavalier.

"What a bold woman!" exclaimed Mrs. Floyd-Brown, one morning, as a victoria dashed by with Clairmont and his friend lolling lazily back among the soft cushions.

"'Bold!' I should think so! Her conduct is audacious! No regard for what others think," commented Mrs. Latimer, taking up the thread of her friend's criticism. "One does meet such very strange, suspicious people in hotels; that is why I prefer cottage life."

"Frightful example to have before young girls day after day," put in Mrs. Stanley. "Really, it should be stopped. What is her husband about that he does not notice?"

"And to think how near she came getting into our set," sighed Mrs. Burke, in a tone that implied we all had escaped some dreadful contamination or disaster.

"Her behavior is a discredit to the hotel," snapped Miss Philips; "I am going to write to uncle about it." Miss Philips had been the first to call, had flattered and made eyes at Clairmont in the fond hope of "bagging" him; and he had looked bored, stroking his long, yellow mustache while the faintest smile hovered in his eyes, but that was the nearest she got to a flirtation with him.

We all stiffened ourselves up when she walked past us that morning; but Mrs. Arlington never gave us a glance—heavens! had she heard our verbal missiles?—and Clairmont only vouchsafed a grudging little tip of his hat. We did not care to declare war just then, because they had given Miss Deering fifty dollars for some foreign mission, and we were going to beg

HE DANCED, BUT ONLY WITH MRS. ARLINGTON.

them to contribute to the slender fund that would some day blossom into a chapel where Beachport souls could be purified and saved. But the minute she passed out of hearing two accusations were brought against her. Mrs. Stanley had heard her call Clairmont "James," and Mrs. Floyd-Brown made us all draw our chairs closer while she imparted a shocking thing she had seen only the night before. Mrs. Arlington had actually tapped him on the shoulder while drawing his attention to something on the bay!

"Scandalous!" we exclaimed in chorus; such deportment would ruin the hotel's spotless reputation. It was unjust that high-minded, pure women should have to witness such indecorum day after day!

"She cannot belong to the Arlingtons," condemned Miss Philips. "No member of that family would ever be so unprincipled and bold-faced."

One day the news wandered down the piazza that Mrs. Arlington was ill—so ill she was confined to her bed, and, as it happened, Mr. Arlington was absent in the city.

"I shall go to her," heroically announced Miss Philips. "I belong to the King's Daughters, and we hesitate at nothing when there is sickness—not even a person's character."

In less than five minutes she returned, or rather precipitated herself among us, looking white, agitated, ready to burst into tears.

"It is shameful!" she began, almost hurling the words at us, "infamous! and I dislike to make trouble; but I feel it my duty, as a Christian, to report to the proprietor what I have seen and heard. Oh, dear, it is dreadful! too shocking to tell!" We dropped work, books, everything, and gathered around to hear the spicy news.

"What is it, dear?" asked Mrs. Latimer. "Tell us about it." Any woman who had a piece of scandal locked in her heart was endeared to Mrs. Latimer until she, too, possessed it.

"I went to her parlor," continued Miss Philips, in gasps,—she was a heroine in that minute and knew it—"and the maid asked me to be seated while she inquired if her mistress could see anyone. She left the bedroom door ajar, and I saw—oh, how can I tell it!—Mr. Clairmont in there with her—in her bedroom! actually seated in a chair by the lounge where she was lying."

"Are you positive it was he, dear?" queried Mrs. Burke.

"Oh, positive! I heard him talking. I think he was holding her hand! Is it not shocking that one whom we

"YOU HAVE DECEIVED YOURSELVES."

came so near taking among us should be so bold and shameless in her conduct?"

"Astounding! Disgraceful!" aspirated the crowd.

"I did not wait a minute," continued Miss Philips, "but ran out of the door, down the corridor, as fast as I could. What shall we do?"

"Go in a body to Mr. Lawton and demand that these people be ordered to leave the hotel. We have stood enough, and he can no longer expect virtuous ladies like ourselves to sleep under the same roof with a woman of that character." When Mrs. Latimer delivered this speech she looked like an old picture of Gen. Washington that we used to have in our "History of the Revolution."

We went, we lassoed Mr. Lawton; we related our story of offended dignity with heads up in the air, and demanded that these people be ordered from the house. Of course he was obstinate, said that they paid better than anyone else, that he could not afford to lose them, thought there must be some mistake, etc.; but when Mrs. Stanley, Mrs. Latimer, Mrs. Burke, Mrs. Floyd-Brown, Miss Philips and I assured him we would leave in a body, he realized what a loss six families would be, and consented to obey. He walked slowly and reluctantly to the Arlington apartments, while we followed to hear the result. Heavens! what peals of laughter came from that room in a short time after Lawton, trembling with fear, entered. Peal after peal from Mrs. Arlington, and actually a big "Ha! ha! ha!" from Clairmont, who had never been caught indulging in anything but a smile. Then the laughter subsided, and the tones that represented Mrs. Arlington's and Clairmont's voices seemed to be full of wrath and indignation, while Lawton's apologies arose loud and humble above everything else. At last he came out, and I never shall forget his glance as he exclaimed:

"Ladies, you have made an egregious error and put me in an embarrassing position this day, and the harm I have done cannot easily be smoothed over. You have deceived yourselves; allowed your over-prudent natures to misinterpret a very innocent thing. Mr. Clairmont is Mrs. Arlington's brother. She has been abroad for three years, and he has not seen her in all that time until just a few days before they came up here. Now you can comprehend his devotion." And he went down the staircase, leaving us standing in the hall, feeling—can you imagine how?

That evening Miss Philips received a letter from her uncle, Rev. Maudeville Philips, which ran:

"BOSTON, Mass.

"MY DEAR MARGARET: I hear that Mrs. Egbert Arlington is spending some time at Beachport, and I wish you to call as speedily as possible, as it will be to your advantage to know her when you come to Boston. She was Miss Clairmont, of New York, and comes from the best, and has married into one of the best families in the land. The world knows her as a brilliant social leader, but I can commend her as one of the noblest, truest-hearted women I have ever met. Her brother is traveling with them, I believe. Your affectionate uncle,

"M. W. T. PHILIPS."

—Demorest's Magazine.

Couling Courtship.

Courting as it will be when the new woman is in the majority:

"I love you."

"Do you?"

"Yes."

"Have you wheels?"

"Yes."

"For two?"

"Yes."

"Take me, I am yours."—Buffalo Times.

DRESSING FOR THE NECK.

Suggestions for Ladies on an Important Item of Dress.

It has been for some time impressed upon us that a well-dressed man has an objective point from which to start his whole costume—namely, his necktie; and it would be well if women could realize that the way in which they dress their neck makes all the difference in the world as to whether they look well or ill. Simply because Dame Fashion says that buckles are to be worn at the throat, and because one woman with a long neck appears in a big curved steel affair which gives a smart effect, it by no means follows that all the women in the world are going to look well with the same thing. On the contrary, if they have short necks, they are going to look most hideous, and as though about to be guillotined. The severe effect about the neck is becoming to the generality of women before they become middle-aged, and some women who retain their freshness until late in life can wear a mannish collar and tie and look exceedingly smart; but the same idea must be carried out all through the gown, or else it is extremely unbecoming.

Black ribbon or black material of any kind against the throat is not universally becoming, and yet for the past year nine women out of ten have constantly worn it. Bright-colored ribbons of any kind are also trying worn close against the throat, and yet this city and country have swarmed with women with the sallowest of complexions who have tied themselves up with bright red or bright blue ribbon collars and stiff bows. White is the most universally becoming of anything against the skin, and can be put merely as a narrow line above any other color used. Of course at present it is rank heresy to advocate this theory, but it will not be long before once again it is realized by everybody. All ribbons to be worn about the neck must be immaculately fresh and clean. A soiled collar is never permissible, and the rule applies to ribbon as well as to linen. Soiled and faded ribbon is the most untidy thing a woman can wear, and the handsomest buckle ever made can never make an ugly ribbon band look well.

It is very hard to know just how to dress one's neck when a low-cut waist is worn. If a woman is fortunate enough to have a pretty throat and neck she should never wear any ornaments or ribbon on it, for the natural lines are the greatest beauty she can have. When the throat is thin, and it is sometimes the case that the cords of the throat stand out in an ugly fashion even when the neck itself is smooth and pretty, it should be well covered, and this can best be done by wearing a broad band of satin or velvet ribbon, which can be perfectly plain, or else worn with diamonds or other jeweled ornaments. Of course it makes the throat look thinner, but it gives an air of distinction to the head and shoulders which quite makes up for its other drawbacks.—Harper's Bazar.

THE INDIVIDUAL STANDARD.

Independence of the American in the Use of His Abilities.

What a man can spend on his life depends upon the wages that have been fixed for the line of work in which he is engaged. For instance, in Constantinople a carpenter receives seventy-five cents a day; in Florence, about one dollar; in Athens, sixty-six cents; in London, one dollar and sixty cents. Masons for laying stone and brick walls for houses and business establishments receive about the same wages in the cities named. In this country these people receive from one and a half to three dollars a day, so that one may be satisfied in America, because labor receives higher wages here than it does in any other country in the world, and the purchasing power of that money is a little better here if a correct judgment mixed with prudence regulates the individual in buying. This is the question that statesmen have been wrangling over for a great many years and that political economists have said a great deal about in their books and in the magazines. But we need not worry. Our home is in the United States and we expect to live here through our natural life. We can have a higher standard of living here because the things we need are cheaper than abroad and we can earn the wages which will buy them. We can have more of the necessities of life and more of its luxuries than business men are permitted to enjoy in any other part of the world, so that we ought to be content with our lot as Americans living under the stars and stripes, having the protection of the best government in the world, favored with the best opportunity of living that men and women can have: liberty to be in business, to be educated and to make the most of our talents and opportunities to get on in the world.

There is little excuse for failure on the part of any boy or girl, in view of the openings for business, the vast number of towns and cities scattered all over the land, and the ease with which one may get hold of land, and establish one's self on a farm where a comfortable and even luxurious living may be enjoyed. By beginning with industry, by practicing economy, and by being ready to learn by observation and experience, every one may enjoy the fruits of his own labor and find that a successful life is his reward.—Harvey L. Biddle, in Chatauquan.

A Misfortune.

Wife—You do not tell me that Prof. A. has been struck dumb?

Husband—Yes, last night. He was master of seven languages.

Wife—Is it possible? and was struck dumb in all seven?—Texas Siftings.

Rather Indefinite.

City Youth—Where was it you said you lived?

Mountain Maid—I told you I lived in "The Switzerland of America."

City Youth—Y-e-s, I know; but which one?—N. Y. Weekly.

WASHING UNDERWEAR.

Some Fresh Laundry Information for the Housewife.

The passing fancy for the use of color in the underwear is hardly worthy of note. The vast majority of sensible women will always prefer pure white cotton or linen in place of any color or any silken weave. The undervest is the only exception to this rule. This may be of wool, silk, cotton and wool, or merino, or of pure cotton. It is generally a stockinette garment that is capable of absorbing the perspiration. The most sensible people vary the material with the weather, using wool in the depth of winter, cotton and wool for the demi-season wear, and pure cotton or a wool gauze in midsummer. Some persons of delicate physique find an absolute benefit from the use of a comparatively heavy garment of pure wool all summer as well as in winter, spring and fall. All these garments, of whatever texture, need peculiar treatment in washing, on account of the perspiration stains. They should be immersed in lukewarm water at first, and washed with a white soap, devoid of alkali, under the arms and wherever perspiration may be present. If they are allowed to pass through the wash without this care, the gelatinous element of the perspiration becomes toughened and turns brown, and the matter is not easily eradicated. Of course, it is a mistake to rub any wool goods between the hands or on the board. Such goods ought to be rubbed with a little scrubbing brush if there are soiled spots that do not come out with ordinary washing or with sousing the goods up and down in warm soapsuds. The advantage of cotton stockinette is that it is very easily washed after the perspiration stains are removed. Like woolens, it needs no scalding.

In laundrying fine cambric and other sheer cotton garments, the first care is to remove the perspiration stains thoroughly, and then rub the garments in hot soapsuds, using a nice alkali soap. No hot water and no alkali, like borax or soda, and no soap containing either, should be used until these stains are washed out. Stains of iron rust and almost any other stain may be removed by laying the spot in a strong sunlight with common salt spread over it and lemon juice squeezed over all. This is better than any preparation of oxalic acid or Javalle water, which latter is liable to remove the stain at the sacrifice of the strength of the goods. When the spot disappears, wash the lemon juice and salt carefully out, and put the garment through the boiler.

There are a great many laundresses to-day who simply immerse their clothes in boiling water a few moments, so as to thoroughly scald them, instead of boiling them in the old-fashioned way. Both methods have good results. The practice of careless washerwomen, who allow their clothes to continue boiling after they have fairly come to the point, is certainly to be condemned. As soon as clothes have fairly reached the boiling point they should be taken up and immersed in their first rinsing water. Fine cotton underwear should always be washed and boiled by itself—never with bed linen and other coarser cottons. Let these fine garments be dried in the strongest sunshine. If they have a yellowish cast, bleach them on the grass until they are snowy white. The chief objection to silk underwear, aside from the fact that it does not feel as pleasant as cotton, is the difficulty in the way of washing it. It is perfectly true that there are wash silks that present a good appearance after passing through the laundress' hands, but it is impossible to put silk underwear through boiling suds, and bleach and disinfect it in the sunshine as you do cotton, and as you should any garment worn next to the flesh.—N. Y. Tribune.

The Balloon Sleeve Must Go.

Much interest attaches to the rumor which comes from London that the princess of Wales and her daughters have been lately seen in public in gowns with small sleeves and narrow skirts. This bit of intelligence does not necessarily clinch the doom of the balloon sleeves and the letter A skirts, but it will tend to make prudent investors weary of locking up much capital in those varieties. Of course the balloon sleeves must go presently. When fashionable mothers began to put them on little boys' legged nightgowns it became apparent that the taste for them had come to be an extravagance, and could not last. But it will be a shock to miss them. Doubtless we will find our friends much changed when we get down to their real selves again. Some who have grown stout won't shrink as much as we expect, and others who wore away in the hard times perhaps will shrink much more. But let us have the facts at any cost, especially as there must be material enough in the present sleeves and skirts to cut over into anything conceivable, and have enough left over to clothe a child.—Harper's Weekly.

Airy Fabrics.

Scrim is as dear as ever to the heart of the summer cottager who manages to make an unplastered little dwelling in a pine wood habitable and almost luxurious. It is lace-like and dainty, and costs only three and three-quarters cents a yard. The art mulls are exquisite. They cost from eight to fifteen cents a yard. Ivy leaves meander in cool green prettiness down the length of some samples. Marguerites blossom on others; clovers nod and pinks sway on others. They may be had in color effects to match almost any room. Denim is as delightfully cheap as ever, and more delightfully varied in color and design. For eighteen cents a yard, one may purchase dull-colored, esthetic-looking material stamped with designs that bear a striking resemblance to those of the expensive brocaded damask. The denim is particularly desirable for divan coverings, sofa cushions and the like.—Philadelphia Record.

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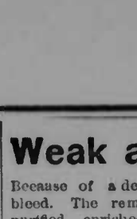

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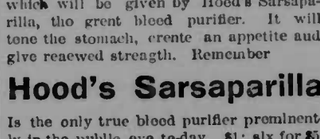

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TEMPERANCE NOTES.

MY BOY, STOP AND THINK.

My boy, when they ask you to drink,
  Stop and think.
Just think of the danger ahead;
Of the hearts that in sorrow have bled
O'er hopes that were drown'd in the bowl,
Filled with death for the body and soul.

Yes, when you are tempted to drink,
  Stop and think
Of the danger that lurks in the bowl,
The death that it brings to the soul,
The harvest of sin and of woe,
And spurn back the temper with "No!"

—E. E. Rexford.

ANGLING FOR MEN.

The Saloon Uses a Magnetic Bait, Why Not Have It Also in the Home?

"Come and play fish-pond!" cried a little girl, and in a few moments the children had gathered around the miniature pond, while with eager eyes they watched the poles as they were drawn up. Some brought up one, some two, some three, of the tiny toy fishes. Then the number of pounds, marked on each, was examined, and she who had caught the heaviest laughed the loudest. It was great fun, and we older people joined in the innocent game. The line was again and again let down. The bait was a magnet.

Have you ever been out with a fishing party, and as the line was cast in shallow water, did you notice the minnows playing around the hook? They glided slowly up, touched their noses, and turned away. This was repeated several times, until one foolish fellow was caught.

Some years ago, I was troubled by a little marauder in the form of a mouse who exercised great care that he should not be caught. In vain the trap was set for him, but he carefully avoided it. At night, I could hear him cracking the seeds that had fallen from the cage of the canary bird. If through forgetfulness anything worth his notice was left out, there were marks, in the morning, showing that the midnight traveler had been diligent in his circuit.

One day, while resting on my sofa, just recovering from illness, the little scamp slyly crept out from beneath my resting place. "You daring rascal!" I exclaimed, "I will have you now." So carefully placing the trap, I awaited breathlessly his return.

Slowly he crept out. Cautiously he drew himself up to the spot, sniffing the toasted cheese as he came. Then he became singularly elongated, just like a cat before seizing her prey. Having stretched himself to his full length, he waited one moment, again sniffed the cheese, gave one shrill squeak and with a sudden spring flew back to his hole. I was duped! He was not. There was not magnetism enough for him.

As I descended the stairs from one of the stations on the elevated road, I saw a man coming out of a door-way. He was just finishing some delicious bite.

"Free lunch." Ah, yes, he saw the bait, and he seized it. I wonder what is to be the future of that man. He was caught by the magnet.

A fisherman, when he finds that something is nibbling at his hook, smiles, holds the pole cautiously, then giving a sudden jerk, up it comes. It may be a fine trout, or it may be a very inferior kind of fish. In the latter, overboard it goes, as the fisherman says: "I don't want *you*."

Watch the man at the bar. (No, sister, you and I can't see him, we only imagine this.) He is trying to get a fat pocket-book. He smiles. He holds out all sorts of inducements. The magnetism is powerful. See those dazzling lights! Hear the merry voices! You and I must not peep through the door. We are not wanted there, because we are not in sympathy. Wives and mothers, begone! Children and sisters, this is no place for you. The doors of the grocer, the druggist, the dry-goods merchant may stand wide open, but close that door! Father, brother, son, your family must not see you! Your neighbors and your church members hide away from them! The liquor-dealer must shield you from their gaze. No! No! They are too insignificant! Throw them overboard! But that closed door opens suddenly! Suddenly it is shut.

NO MONEY TO PAY FOR HIS DRINK.

Who was that forlorn-looking creature that was tossed ruthlessly into the street? A man! Well, he had no money to pay for his drink. Having drank all his earnings, he was hungry and so came for a glass and a free lunch. Throw him overboard! He was caught, it is true, but he was not a fat trout. He is bleeding and torn! He is struggling to free himself! He cries for pity! Ah! he was caught by the hook, and then being a worthless thing, he was flung into the raging waters.

The magnetic bait! Why not have it in the home, like the children's toy. Let me whisper a word to the women. Wife, can't you remember a time, when you were very busy, and had no time for cooking? You asked your husband to go just once to a restaurant and get his dinner. I remember two such cases, and both husbands died drunkards. They were tempted by seeing a glass of liquor added to the menu. This led them to repeating the same act when their wives were busy. You, perhaps, are glad to be released for a day or days, but it may bring to you years of countless misery.

Perhaps the son or brother would have more enjoyment in home if that snappish word were withheld. It is so easy to give such a tone of voice as will bring a pang of pain to the heart, and you have forgotten all about it; but it comes so often, that finally a magnetic bait caught the man in a merry saloon. Oh, what a sad thing it is, that sometimes the loveliest Christian women forget the injury done by this habit! I am not excusing the drunkard, but I do say, that a lack of interest, an unlovely temper, an untidy home, buttonless clothes, are strong incentives to drink, and I would urge upon wives, mothers, daughters and sisters, that they use all the magnetism that earth can give, in order that the magnetism of the saloon may be counteracted." Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season, ye shall reap if ye faint not.—Emily H. Stryker, in National Temperance Advocate.

SUICIDE BY SMOKE ROUTE.

Earnest Words of a Pastor Against the Use of Tobacco by Young Men.

There are multitudes of young men smoking themselves to death. Nervous, cadaverous, narrow-chested and fidgety, they are preparing for early departure or a half-and-half existence that will be of little satisfaction to themselves or little use to others. Quit it, my young brother. Before you get through this life you will want stout nerves and a broad chest and a brain unclouded with tobacco smoke. To get rid of the habit will require a struggle, as I know by bitter experience. Cigars and midnight study nearly put an end to my existence at twenty-five years of age. I got so I could do no kind of study without a cigar in my mouth—as complete a slave was I as some of you are. About to change pastorates from one city to another, a wholesale dealer offered as an inducement to my going to Philadelphia that he would give me all my cigars, and the best cigars in the country, free of charge, all the rest of my life. He was a splendid man, and I knew he would keep his promise; then I reasoned thus: If, now, when my salary is small, and cigars are high, I smoke up to my full endurance, what would become of my health if I got all the cigars for nothing?

Well, I have never touched the infernal weed since. From that time I was revolutionized in health and mind, emancipated by the grace of God. I ask young men to strike out for the liberation of their entire nature from all kinds of habits. I see that now in our elevated railroads they have introduced that pig pen on wheels, the smoking car, and it's being made easier all the time to sacrifice physical health. All those who break down their health through indulgence and go into graves sooner than they would otherwise have gone are suicides, and the Day of Judgment will so reveal it. —Record of Christian Work.

FROM A BREWER'S STANDPOINT

Root Beer Declared by them an Alcoholic Beverage.

"We often hear of 'temperance drinks,' all of which, when examined, turn out to be devices for affording the total-abstainer a mode of obtaining the stimulus which his system craves, without incurring the reproach that he has broken his pledge. One of these is known as root beer. It is nothing more nor less than a mixture of molasses and water, flavored by extracts of roots and barks fermented with yeast. The sucrose, which is in the form of inverted sugar, gradually changes the proportion of its constituents until it becomes glucose, when the yeast induces the fermentation which splits it into carbonic acid gas and alcohol. It is nearly the same beer as would result if the brewer were to use entirely prepared glucose instead of that in malt, and substitute a bitter extract for hops. If well fermented, and given a sufficient age before use, *it contains some five to eight per cent. of alcohol*—about twice as much as in lager-beer; but has no nutritive extract, or nitrogenous matter. *It is purely and simply an alcoholic stimulant*, but is by no means unwholesome unless used in immoderate quantities. But it is usually drank while still sweet, and when the fermentation is imperfect, and apt to derange the stomach. The extracts, if it undergo perfect fermentation, give it some alternative properties, and also some tonic power; but less of the latter than well-hopped beer."—Beer Handbill No. 30.

VARIOUS NOTES.

ONE of the greatest enemies the saloon has is the mother who teaches her boy to pray.—Ram's Horn.

IN the Argentine Republic when a man is caught drunk he is made to sweep the streets for eight days.

DRINKING makes thinking possible. Thinking will yet make drinking impossible.—People.

THE twin villages of Plymouth and Terryville, Conn., have had "no license" for nineteen years.

TEN bishops of the Methodist Episcopal church in the United States affixed their names to the Polyglot petition.

IN one year over a million dollars' worth of property was destroyed by the failures of beer-drinking engineers and switchmen.

THE amount of New England rum sent from the port of Boston to Africa has decreased in two years from 1,025,226 gallons to 561,265.

THE saloon begets the drunkard, the drunkard begets drunkenness, and drunkenness begets the whole shameless progeny of crime and squalor under which society staggers to-day.—Rev. Dr. F. M. Ellis.

IN a recent table made from personal investigation it was found that 55 per cent. of the boys between the ages of 10 and 21 used tobacco, 30 per cent. used liquor and 43 per cent. used profane, vulgar or indecent language.—Iowa Commonwealth.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The total number of applicants for pensions from 1861 to 1891 was 2,074,843. Of these the number of claims allowed was 1,397,006; the total amount of disbursements during that time was $1,717,275,718.29.

—The Apache, Navajo and Ute war began in 1849, and ended in 1855. The total number of regular troops employed during this war was 1,300, while the volunteers and militia numbered 1,961, the grand total being 3,561.

—The men of our army are believed to be, physically, the best chosen body of soldiers in the world. At a recent examination of applicants for enlistment in a western city 200 presented themselves, and all but four were rejected.

—Each state is supposed to have a militia, composed of men from eighteen to forty-five, capable of bearing arms, but in nearly all the states the militia organization is very incomplete. The number of militia actually organized is not far from 100,000.

—Many women in Lewiston and Auburn are, and have been for some time, wearing "rainy day costumes" with skirts which reach only to the tops of their shoes. The townsfolk have become accustomed to the innovation and the dress does not now attract any attention, except in the way of commendation for the common sense features of the costume.

—A man in Morgantown, W. Va., has trained his dog to act as a cash boy. The animal carries in his mouth letters, written orders to the butcher and baker and money to pay bills. He has only one weakness. Whenever he meets another dog he swallows whatever is in his mouth and proceeds to fighting. Thus far the owner has lost seven dollars and fifty cents, but still perseveres.

—Mrs. Jonathan Rowe, of South Atkinson, Me., who has been totally blind for twenty years, experienced an odd partial recovery of her sight a few days ago. She suddenly became able to see quite distinctly one afternoon about two o'clock, but her vision was totally obscured again in two hours. Since then she has been able to see every day between about two and four o'clock in the afternoon, but during the rest of the twenty-four hours is as blind as formerly.

—While conducting a series of tests with a one hundred-ton testing machine at the Yorkshire college, in England, which included the testing of a steel wire rope, Prof. Goodman stated that such ropes were not a modern invention, and that he had recently seen a bronze wire rope, one-half inch in diameter and from twenty to thirty feet long, which had been found buried in the ruins of Pompeii, and which must have been at least nineteen hundred years old.

—The battle of San Jacinto was fought on April 21, 1836, resulting in a victory which was one of no ordinary character, for it struck the fetters forever off the hands of Texas, deciding at once a contest between an empire numbering eight million inhabitants and one of its small provinces containing a handful of men. The first result of the battle was to drive back the standard of Mexico, compelling it to retire beyond the Rio Grande, never to return except in predatory and transient incursions. The victory opened the way for American progress toward the south.

SAPIENT SAYINGS.

Said Seriously But Smacking Somewhat of the Humorous.

It seems strange that women who do not fancy work often do fancy work.

There are lots of folks who have an aversion to ghosts, but those who like spirits are in the majority.

It is a well-known fact that oil and water will not mix. If this were only true of milk and water how happy we would be.

Everything goes at a rapid pace these days. Even the makers of stockings boldly assert that the colors are fast.

A slipper used judiciously will often make a dull child smart.

A man who tries to reform his life on the installment plan generally gets behind in his payments.

A dentist may be a jolly good fellow, but he has a way of looking down in the mouth that is contradictory.

A photographer has a way of taking things that would not be tolerated in any other line of business.

A musician never knows how much his efforts are not appreciated until the folks in the next flat complain to the janitor.

There is no easier way in the world for one to lose a good name than to have it engraved on the handle of an umbrella.

When men are taken to prison they are treated like clothes in a laundry—they are washed and then ironed.

There are some things a dwarf cannot do, but when it comes to taking cold he can catch one as big as a giant's.

The law permits a man to use his wife's name to rob his creditors, yet it is argued by some that marriage is a failure.

Tell a man he's level-headed and he'll feel flattered; tell him he's flat-headed and he'll hit you with a club.—N. Y. World.

Dangers of Gasoline and Benzine.

An open can of gasoline or an uncorked bottle of benzine in a room where there is a flame of any kind is about as dangerous for the occupants of that room as would be a keg of gunpowder, possibly a little more dangerous, for the vapor escapes from the fluids named that may lay a train from the flame to the can or bottle. The powder must be touched by the flame before there is an explosion. Notwithstanding these oft-repeated facts, users of these two highly dangerous fluids, because they have long stood over a Vesuvius and not been hurt, grow more and more careless until finally the undertaker is called in. Pity that some substitute for these two destroyers cannot be found.

LOOK OUT FOR THESE PLANTS!

Poison Comes from the Touch and Often from the Air That Has Swept Them.

One thing that the wise man does not do when on his summer vacation is to handle indiscriminately wild plants and flowers which he may find in his woodland wanderings. For the botanist, and to the average countryman, certain plants hang out their own danger signals, but the average city man on his vacation doesn't recognize these signals until he has learned by bitter experience that soft and fuzzy tufts of vegetation may be as uncomfortable to handle as red-hot stove lids, and that the most velvety of green things is the one which biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

This year has been remarkably prolific of cases of plant poisoning in this neighborhood, and every country drug store has done a big business in cooling lotions. Perhaps it is because wild vegetation has grown more freely this year than in most summers, fostered by the early summer warmth and sunshine, or perhaps the condition of the soil has been such as to infuse in the plants a peculiarly poisonous quality. That is one of the things that scientific men are unable to say, just as they fail to tell why one man can handle poison ivy with impunity, while another, of his own family, brought up under similar conditions, will suffer a bitter penalty for merely passing near it. This is true of all poison plants in this region. One of these plants, which show great luxuriance this year, is the poison sumach, whose scientific name is Rhus venenata. Country boys know it as swamp dogwood, poison dog, poison elder and swamp sumach, while in one locality in Pennsylvania it is known as "Jones' cuss," probably from some local legend. It is found in swampy regions all over the United States, and in this state it is thick where the valley streams spread into streams and marshes. In appearance it is much like the ordinary red sumach, the "shoe-make" of the farmer, except that its tufts are pale yellow instead of red. Its berries, too, are greenish yellow, but the tawny tufts form the most conspicuous warning. They mean more than a simple "Hands off!" "Danger; keep away!" is the safest interpretation that can be given to them, for contact is not essential to being poisoned by this plant. A curious instance of the varying susceptibilities of different persons to the poison sumach was afforded recently by a party of fishermen who went after black bass in one of the streams that flow down from the Shawangunk mountains. On the way to the stream they passed through a low cornfield fringed with thickets of small shrubs and trees. One of the party, who was versed in woodcraft, was about to caution his companions against noxious plants when his attention was called by a young New Yorker, well ahead, who called:

'Look at the yellow, plumy stuff growing on this tree."

"Look out! Don't touch that!" cried the other. "It's poisonous."

But the young man had already picked a tuft and was holding it to his nose, sniffing for its odor. From the broken end there "bled" a few drops of sap which fell upon his light coat. Upon the advice of the woodsman the New Yorker hurried over to the stream and washed his face and hands thoroughly. The others followed him, carefully avoiding the sumach. That night before the party got home the woodsman's face had blistered and swollen terribly, as had the faces of two others of the party, although none of the three had come in contact with the plant. The young man who had experimented so rashly had one small blister on the end of his nose, and that was all he suffered. The juice from the broken end had burned black where it fell on his clothing, however, and all efforts to wash out the spots proved futile. The poisoned men were laid up for several days in great pain. They thought they had been poisoned because a lively breeze was blowing from the sumachs to the spot at the creek where they stood while the young New Yorker was washing his face and hands.

Bandages soaked in lead water are the regular remedy of the farmer's wife for swamp sumach, or poison ivy, poisoning. In very severe cases salt purgatives are given to clear out the system. Poison ivy is by no means so virulent as the sumach, nor is it so likely to be handled, as it grows lower than the sumach, clambering along the ground or climbing on fences or walls. Some persons are so susceptible to it that walking near a bed of it will affect them severely. Its blisters itch much as do mosquito bites, while the swamp sumach burns like fire. There are many varieties of poison ivy, but in this region it is a safe rule to avoid light-green three-leaved ivies, and a safer one to shun three-leaved ivy of any color. The effects of the ivy usually pass away in two or three days, except in cases of great susceptibility. Some persons can handle the ivy with impunity, and it is said that Indians suffer no consequences from contact with it. This ivy, which is also a form of sumach, is called in some regions poison oak. A number of children in a charitable institution near Tarrytown ate a quantity of poison oak root last summer, thinking it was sweet flag, and before medical aid could be secured five of them were dead.

Least poisonous of the poison plants hereabout is the stinging nettle. It is a velvety green plant, with broad leaves projecting from a stock about two feet in height. The leaves are lined with small spines, which are the things to be avoided. Its sting is much like that of the ordinary bumble bee and not as severe as a hornet's sting. Still, it is sufficient to cause a few moments' unpleasantness.—N. Y. Sun.

—Our army does more traveling than any other on the globe. When troops are moved in France or Germany is only a short distance, but shifting the position of a regiment in this country sometimes involves thousands of miles of travel.

FREE AND EASY.

Familiar Reception Accorded to a United States Senator on His Return Home.

"Last month," said a far northwestern senator, "I was back in my state. Something occurred to illustrate the easy, old-shoe methods of those parts and the calm familiarity of the inhabitants with even so tremendous an engine of state as a senator. I wouldn't, however, for the world have such monuments of dignity as some of our eastern statesmen hear of this. I'm afraid it would give them a profound nervous shock. Well, this is the story:

"I'd come to town that noon and had been busy with affairs until late into the night. It was about one o'clock in the morning and I'd just finished up a dinner.

"Having, as it were, exhausted what might be called the better element, and not feeling at all like sleep, I concluded to hunt up a few near friends who belonged to the fringe of society.

"It was perhaps half-past one o'clock when I steered into a saloon known locally as the Tub of Blood. It was conducted under excellent influences, and I was a warm friend of the proprietors.

"The Tub of Blood was wide open as I turned in, but there weren't many people there; possibly seven in all.

"These, five white men and two Chinese, were at the rear of the saloon bending zealously to a game they call American tan. You must know that about the only people out my way in these gold-bug days who have any money are the Chinese. The impoverished Americans have invented a particular tan game to get some of this Chinese wealth. At Chinese or fan tan the Mongols are too many for my constituents. So they have been driven to construct this Caucasian tan to make headway against the saffron invader.

"I walked down the Tub of Blood until I came up to where the tan game was raging. The dealer—friend of mine—looked up.

"'Hello, Billy, old stocking, how are you?' he said, and a look of genuine pleasure came into his face. He was glad to see me.

"'I'm first rate, Hunter,' I replied. 'How are you? Taking your hemlock right along?'

"'Sure,' said Hunter, all the time continuing to slowly deal the tan game. 'How soon you goin' back to Wash'nton, Billy?—Here, you Chinese, you can't play your money on that. You know that as well as I do, you almond eyed horse thief—As I was sayin, when you goin' back east again, Billy?'

"'I'll be here about a week,' I replied. 'All the boys doing well, Hunter?'

"'Tolerable,' said Hunter. 'Say, you soap-consoomin' son of a thief, you didn't win that bet. Set them chips right back on the card or I'll have your laundry in flames in a second. Yes, Billy, boys doin' well enough. You heard about Caribou Pete marryin' Big Liz?'

"'No!' I replied. 'You know I've been pretty busy in the senate. Don't hear much real news back east, Hunter.'

"'No, I allow not,' said Hunter. 'Before you leave Ca——. By the three Tetons, don't you short horns know how to play tan yet? Get your stuff up, an' get it quick. D'ye think I'm turnin' these kyards out o' idle cur'osity to see whatever's onto 'em? No! I s'pose, Billy, you all back in Wash'nton don't hear much news till some of us jump in on you now an' then? Yes, Caribou married Big Liz, an' they're keepin' house over on the edge of camp some'ers. All they had, Caribou tells me, to begin life on is a string of beads an' a buffalo robe. That's what I call lettin' each other in on the ground floor; them nuptials was——. Here, you pig-tailed stiff; pick y're money up thar or I'll take it away from you. You're gettin' blessed lethargic settin' over thar. What's the matter of ye? Dreamin' of China? But do you know, Billy, now I'll make a bet, even up. Caribou an' Liz'll do all right. Caribou's at work every night, an' Liz's took a brace an' says she's goin' to live down the past, an' I'm allowin' she'll do it.'

"'Big Liz has shore lived down a heap of whisky in her time,' interjected one of the Americans who was playing the game, as he meditatively placed a bet.

"'Well, I should kiss a pig,' remarked Hunter, in affirmation of the last statement. 'Big Liz has soaked more booze than Luncoed Charlie, and he's gone crazy at it. See here, my tub thumpin' friend; do you take me for a sucker? Now, get your chips off that card or I'll be on your neck. Next time you do that I'll hang your cue up back of the bar, just to show what happens to a Chink when he gets funny. Well, the deal's about through, Billy; won't you take a drink?'

"'Let's make it on me, Hunter?' I said; 'that's what I came in for.'

"There were the four Americans and two Chinese sitting in the tan game, besides my friend Hunter, who dealt it. As we started for the bar I said to the Americans: 'Come on, boys.'

"'Me, too?' said one of the Chinese, hopefully pointing to himself.

"'Yes,' I replied, 'get in.'

"So there we were, Chinese and all, drinking harmonious whisky in the Tub of Blood. I had to smile at the thought of what Senator Hoar would probably experience in the line of sensations if he had beheld the spectacle. But that's about the way they do things in my country, and if you can't conform to local customs you might better go back east.

"'Go over an' see Caribou, Billy,' said Hunter, as I turned to leave. 'You'll find him rollin' Stud over in the Bank exchange. He'll be tickled to death to see you. Now, you murderers, if you want another whirl at tan, come back here an' I'll turn the clothes off your back.'"—Washington Post.

—"They say this railroad is losing money." "They're right; it is always losing time, and there is reason to believe that the philosopher was right who said that time was money."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Patron—"This set of teeth you made me is too big." Dentist—"Yes, sir. Sit down in the chair and I will enlarge your mouth a little."

—"Guy, do be quiet," said mamma; "you are so noisy." "I'm obliged to make a noise, mamma; somebody might take me for a girl."—Philadelphia Times.

—A Desirable Forfeit.—"Will you eat a philopena with me, Miss Emily?" "What if I lose?" "Then I win a kiss." "And if I win?" "Then I have to kiss you."—Fliegende Blatter.

—Something About Marriage.—Young Man—"What do you think is the best day to get married on, Mr. Henpeck?" Mr. Henpeck (decidedly)—"On the 29th of February."—Yankee Blade.

—Van Pelt—"Isn't four dollars a day rather high for a hotel in the mountains?" Landlord—"But, my dear sir, you should think of the scenery." Van Pelt—"How much do you charge for that?"—N. Y. World.

—"What's the matter with that horse?" said the animal's owner at the race track. "He's fast asleep," replied the stable boy. "Well, leave him that way. It's the only time he is ever fast."—Washington Star.

—Stout Lady—"Sir, I beg that you will desist from following me, or I shall call a constable." Perspiring Stranger—"Pray don't do so. It's the only bit of shade in the whole park. I'd do as much for you, but my shadow isn't worth mentioning."

—Captain (who is questioning his company on different subjects)—"Now, then, Sniffpowder, why should a soldier never lose his head in a battle?" Private Sniffpowder (mistaking the question)—"Why, sir, because he wouldn't have no place for to stick his bloomin' hat on, sir!"—London Chips.

—"What's the matter?" asked the policeman; "haven't you any place to go?" "Any place ter go!" replied Meandering Mike, with contempt. "I've got the whole United States before me. I've got so many places ter go to dat it's worryin' me dizzy makin' up me mind which way ter start."—Washington Star.

—A pious old citizen of Carrollton went to the cars the other day to see his daughter off. Securing her a seat, he passed out of the car and went around to the car window to say a parting word. While he was passing out the daughter left the seat to speak to a friend, and at the same time a grim old maid took the seat and moved up to the window. Unaware of the important change, he hurriedly put his head up to the window and said: "One more sweet kiss, pet." In another instant the point of a cotton umbrella was thrust from the window, followed by the wrathful injunction: "Scat, you grayheaded wretch!" He scatted.—Newman Herald.

IN THE FLORIDA PINES.

A Country Where Legal Restraint Is Not Very Irksome.

The courts in that locality were but the faint and sickly flame of a taper offered at the shrine of a justice which was traditional only, it seemed. Moral forces having ceased to operate, the large owners began to brand everything in sight, never realizing that they were sowing the wind. This action naturally demoralized the cowboys, who shortly began to brand a little on their own account—and then the deluge. The rights of property having been destroyed, the large owners put strong outfits in the field, composed of desperate men armed to the teeth, and what happens in the lonely pine woods no one knows but the desperadoes themselves, albeit some of them never come back to the little fringe of settlements. The winter visitor from the north kicks up the jacksnipe along the beach or tarpon-lizes in the estuaries of the gulf, and when he comes to the hotel for dinner he eats Chicago dressed beef, but out in the wilderness low-browed cowfolks shoot and stab each other for the possession of scrawny creatures not fit for a pointer dog to mess on. One cannot but feel the force of Buckle's law of "the physical aspects of nature" in this sad country. Flat and sandy, with miles on miles of straight pine timber, each tree an exact duplicate of its neighbor tree, and underneath the scrub palmettoes, the twisted brakes and hummocks, and the gnarled water oaks festooned with the sad gray Spanish moss—truly not a country for a high-spirited race or moral giants.

The land gives only a tough wiregrass, grass, and the poor cattle, no bigger than the donkey, wander half starved and horribly emaciated in search of it. There used to be a trade with Cuba, but now that has gone; and beyond the supplying of Key West and the small fringe of settlements they have no market. How well the cowboys serve their masters, I can only guess, since the big owners do not dare go into the woods, or even to their own doors at night, and they do not keep a light burning in the houses. One, indeed, attempted to assert his rights, but some one pumped sixteen buckshot into him as he bent over a spring to drink, and he left the country. They do tell of a late encounter between two rival foremen, who rode on to each other in the woods, and, drawing, fired, and both were found stretched dying under the palmettoes, one calling deliriously the name of his boss.

The unknown reaches of the Everglades lie just below, and with a half-hour's start a man who knew the country would be safe from pursuit, even if it were attempted, and, as one man cheerfully confided to me: "A boat don't leave no trail, stranger."

Of course each man has adjusted himself to this lawless rustling, and only calculates that he can steal as much as his opponent. It is rarely that their affairs are brought to court, but when they are the men come en masse to the room, armed with knives and rifles, so that any decision is bound to be a compromise, or it will bring on a general engagement.—Frederic Remington, in Harper's Magazine.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, AUG. 29, 1895.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first insertion* of the same:

Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $3; County Commissioner, $2.50; Register of Wills, $2.50; County Surveyor, $1.50.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

By the request of friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer of Garrett County, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

JACOB S. MEYERS,
District No. 2. Selbysport, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. M. LOHR.
Cove, March 11, 1895.

FOR SHERIFF.

At the request of my many friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Garrett County, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention. AUSTIN BROWN.
Selbysport, Md., May 31, 1895.*

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. Don't slight the old soldiers.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND.
Oakland, Md., May 27, 1895.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. GEORGE J. WALTER,
District No. 1. P. O., Thayerville, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party GEORGE D. WHITE.
Oakland, Md.

FOR SURVEYOR.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Surveyor of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention. F. P. GREEN.
District No. 11.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR,
LLOYD LOWNDES,
OF ALLEGANY.

FOR COMPTROLLER,
R. P. GRAHAM,
OF WICOMICO.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
HARRY M. CLABAUGH,
OF BALTIMORE.

REPUBLICANISM vs. Gormanism!

IT IS a fight of good government against Gormanism, ring rule and all the curses that follow in their train.

THE Washington *Post* has become the Gorman organ for Maryland and copies of the paper containing editorials written to order and marked with a blue pencil, are being freely circulated. The ring has no daily organ in Baltimore.

HURRAH for the Maryland Republicans! When they choose for their standard bearer a native of West Virginia they are entitled to, and shall receive, renewed assurance of our distinguished consideration.—Wheeling Intelligencer.

IT IS amusing to read the *Democrat* and the Cumberland *Times* these days of political turmoil. Both seem to be smitten with the idea that this is a campaign of political filth, mudslinging and vituperation, but in our opinion it is a campaign of intellect against that of Gormanism and one man power.

THE Democratic ring of Maryland, headed by Senator Arthur P. Gorman, has been compelled to go outside of the State for a daily organ and has taken up the Washington *Post*. That paper is grinding out the tunes with a vengeance. It is a sad thing when the good old Democratic party in the good old Democratic Maryland is compelled by circumstances to go outside of the State's borders and into a section where the right of suffrage is denied for an organ to further the ambitious desires of Boss Gorman and his henchmen.

Will it be ever thus?

The Maryland Revolts.

The governor of Maryland is another man who "didn't know it was loaded." He talked about the Gorman ticket, said the nominee for governor should withdraw and that another convention should be called; but he spoke "jocularly" and did not know that his entertaining remarks were going into print. It may be that somebody has taken unfair advantage of Governor Brown, which would be reprehensible; but this does not alter the fact that he jumped on the Gorman ticket.

At the same time comes ex-Governor Jackson, who says that the protest in the Democratic ranks against the Gorman machine is a natural one and will have a healthy effect. The significance of this utterance is that it comes from a Democratic ex-governor who is a candidate for the state senate and will be a candidate for the United States senate if the Democrats carry the legislature. If Gorman wins there will be no chance for Jackson.

The *Sun* and the *News*, both Democratic newspapers, advise Democrats to enter their protests at the polls by voting against the Gorman ticket. Every sign points to the destruction of the machine and the election of the Republican ticket. This would be an enormous gain for the good old State of Maryland.

The Differenee.

Perhaps our friend of the Oakland *Democrat* will agree, when he gives the matter proper consideration, that there is a vast amount of difference between a political boss and a political leader.

The leader will go before the people in the character of a public speaker as well as a candidate, whenever the interests of his party require it. The boss will do neither. He is always behind the masses, plotting and planning to profit by the popularity and intellectual capacity of some one else.

The people look to the political leader for guidance. They expect him to be able to defend the measures and to expound the doctrines of his party from the stump or the platform. In a broad sense he is a teacher, but he must likewise be able to meet the requirements of a champion and a defender. The boss has no such aspirations. He skulks in the rear with his eye always on the supply train. He depends upon intrigue and combination. He puts more faith in platform straddles and delusive promises than in an open avowal of honest opinion upon any public question. With him success means only office and patronage. He is seldom or never possessed of the capacity to defend his party or explain its attitude. He is never a candidate before the people, and therefore takes no risks in his own person, but may always be found hidden under the cover of some respectable figure head whose success will bring him glory and profit but whose defeat will neither affect his prestige nor disturb his selfish equanimity.

The duties of the political leader lie along the higher, broader and more reputable paths of statemanship. The work of the boss is confined to the byways, the crooked lanes, and narrow purlieus of practical, office trafficking politics. Mr. Wellington is a political leader. Mr. Gorman is a political boss.—Cumberland News.

THE Republicans throughout Western Maryland are particularly pleased with the flattering manner in which the appointment of Hon. George L. Wellington as Chairman of the Republican State Committee has been received by the press and public throughout the State. With one accord they accept Mr. Wellington as the man to lead the Republicans to victory this fall, and his appointment has inspired the party with courage from one end of the State to the other. In referring to the management of the campaign the Baltimore *American* of Sunday has the following:

"The election of Congressman George L. Wellington last week to the chairmanship of the Republican State Central Committee was received everywhere by the Republicans of Maryland with expressions of satisfaction. 'He is the right man for the right place.' That is the universal verdict. Those who know Wellington best and who have followed his course from the time when he first appeared in a State convention ten years or so ago in Baltimore and made himself both heard and felt with a vigor that occasioned remark, realize that he is an intrepid fighter, in whose vocabulary cannot be found the word 'fail.' His valiant interests in Western Maryland have earned for him the title of 'hustler.' He is not a hustler without purpose. He has always manifested the wisdom of husbanding his strength and resources until the proper time for calling them into service. He never wastes his ammunition, a forbearance and restraint that proves most effective in the political struggle as well as upon the gory field of battle. As an organizer of political forces, Mr. Wellington is recognized as a master. The results of the battles he has fought in Western Maryland, which eventually elected him to the federal Congress, is the best proof of that fact could be produced. 'We know the tree by its fruit.'

"Mr. Wellington is the happy possessor of a most robust constitution and powerful physique, as well as a vigorous mentality, all of which are essential to the strain of bearing the blunt of a great political campaign.

"Mr. Wellington proposes to enter upon active work immediately. He proposes to leave no stone unturned, and from now until the polls close next November, when the election of Lloyd Lowndes and the entire Republican ticket shall be announced, he will know no rest."

Leave the County.

R. H. Gordon, stampeded by the Democratic bolt to Lowndes, declined the governor's appointment to the judgeship.

And now Ferdinand Williams has gone to join Gordon.

It is clear that the average private business in Cumberland is much too big, and the governor should punish legal prosperity there by bestowing his next appointment on some less fortunate legal genius in Oakland.—Mining Journal.

Campaign Button.

The Republicans have made a nice selection for their campaign buttons. The design as suggested by Capt. Griffith was the Oriole colors. The buttons are orange and black, thus forming the Maryland colors. The background is orange, with Mr. Lowndes' portrait and his name in black over the picture, thus making it a distinctive button and one which can be recognized from all others.

Eclipse of the Moon.

The second total eclipse of the moon of the present year will take place Tuesday night, Sept. 3d, and will last until after midnight. The former eclipse was total and occurred the night of March 10th, beginning at 8.35 o'clock in the evening and lasting until 12.25 o'clock a. m. Its magnitude was 1,627, the moon's diameter being 1. The total eclipse lasted from 8.51 o'clock to 11.27 o'clock. It was visible in Europe, Africa and North and South America.

The coming eclipse will be visible all over North and South America and in Western Europe and Africa and on the Atlantic ocean. Its magnitude will be 1,557. The moon will enter the shadow at 11 o'clock. At 6 minutes after midnight the total eclipse will begin and will continue until 47 minutes past 1 o'clock. Besides the two eclipses mentioned, the year 1895 has had two eclipses of the sun, and will have another on September 18th on the same orb. They were all partial eclipses, and none of them were visible in the United States. The two previous sun eclipses were on March 25th and August 20th.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership.

This is to give notice that the co-partnership heretofore existing between John Speicher and Howard Nethken, doing a general merchandise business at Deer Park, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, Mr. Speicher retiring. The business of the firm will be carried on by Messrs Nethken Bros.

JOHN SPEICHER.
HOWARD NETHKEN.
Deer Park, Md., Aug. 1, 1895.

THE ISSUE IS GORMANISM.

The Situation From an Independent Standpoint.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Ever since the Democratic party of Maryland came under the malign influence of Boss Gorman earnest and patriotic Democrats in the city and in every county of the State have struggled for reform. "Reform within the party" has been their cry. These men have contended that by attending primaries and doing their full duty as citizens proper nominations could be made by the people themselves independent of and against boss diction and the ring could be smashed. For more than twenty years this contest has gone on. Year after year the people have been cheated and cozoned at the primaries and defied at the conventions. Nominations were made in defiance of and against the will of the people and then the question would be asked in the words of Boss Tweed, "What are you going to do about it?" Are you going to turn the State over to the Republicans and submit to negro domination? Or else, when the people become more than unusually restive there were cries for "harmony" or pleas for the life of the Democratic party. Men of personal respectability and standing have nearly always been selected as candidates, but with a few honorable exceptions they have worn the yoke of the bosses and submitted to boss dictation in making appointments and in their general policy.

The question has now come up for decision at this election whether this state of things is to continue indefinitely. Whether the people are to make their own nominations and rule the State, or whether that matter is to be left solely to a selfish boss, who is influenced by selfish motives and not by the demands of public welfare or of party success.

It is now apparent to the dullest intellect that if the Democratic people keep on ratifying the choice of the managers, the managers will keep on selecting the candidates and dominating the State. If Samuel J. Tilden and the Democrats who followed him had made their fight against the Erie canal ring and the Tweed ring within the party, Tweed would have continued to rule and plunder New York to the end of his life, and his successors would have reigned in his stead. With the selection of election officials in the hands of the ring, people have no confidence in the results of a primary, and they will not attend them.

Here in Baltimore city the primaries are merely a method of ratifying the choice of delegates which has already been made by a boss, and no honest contest is ever contemplated. And even if a contest in the city were possible, as in the counties, the unorganized and undisciplined masses of the party cannot compete in these contests with men who make a trade of politics and are reinforced with patronage and the money contributed by officeholders. Delegates not elected by the people cannot be trusted. At the recent State convention not one delegate was elected to vote for the nominee. Most of them were elected to vote for other men, but at the order of the boss they abandoned the men to whom they were pledged and voted to ratify the choice of their manager.

The possession of the party machinery counts for everything with the boss and the possession of the boss's favor is essential to the man who has any political aspirations. And so it has come to pass that there is no longer any room for honorable political ambition. No man need to aspire to serve the State unless he is prepared to bow the knee to Baal and bend his neck to the yoke. There is no room for independent manhood. No one who is his own man need aspire ordinarily for office. If he is by chance nominated he is defeated at the polls by the men who set themselves up for "regulars," but who are merely camp followers and bushwhackers, who live upon the spoils of battle won by others.

Is this to continue forever? Must the strong, intellectual, manly young men of Maryland be ruled out of public service? In short, must Mr. Gorman and his chum, Mr. Raisin, continue to rule the party? Mr. Gorman, who defeated the party last year, assaulted the president, trampled the party principles under foot and repudiated its platform—must he continue to rule the party and select its candidates, or will the people take a turn of governing themselves? That is the question to be decided at the polls in November.

This issue has been forced upon the party by Mr. Gorman himself. He made his decision with his eyes open and after full notice. His decision was deliberate. He must rule or ruin. If he cannot dominate the party, the party may be defeated. The personality of Mr. Hurst and Mr. Lowndes does not enter into this election. The question of Democratic rule or Republican rule in Maryland does not arise. The thing to be decided is whether there is to be a Democratic party or whether there is to be simply a Gorman party in Maryland, opposed to the national Democratic party and the Democratic president, and leading a contemptible existence for the private emolument of Mr. Gorman and its members, not free men, but slavishly doing the bidding of the boss and ratifying his decrees.

That is the question!

When moving into our present home I found a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm left by a former tenant. On the label I found the statement that it was good for cuts and burns. I can testify to the truth of this. Nothing in all my experience has found its equal for treating blisters or burns. F. E. Barrett, manager Le Sueur Sentinel. Le Sueur, Minn. Pain Balm is also a sure cure for rheumatism. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Just Received,

A Car Load of Watermelons, Canteloupes, Bananas, Potatoes and Apples and will sell you at your own price.

Fruit and Vegetables received daily.

We will sell you Groceries at the lowest possible price.

Just received, a fresh line of Marvin's crackers. They are the best and cheapest.

We are still in the Jewelry business and will sell you good goods at a low figure. What we have not in stock we will get you on short notice.

Anything in our line we will gladly sell you as cheap as you can buy elsewhere. Give us a call.

W. H. MALETTE,
Fancy Grocer and Jeweler.

P. S.—When in Mt. Lake Park try our Ice Cream, Meals and Lunches, "Auditorium Restaurant."

High-class Tailoring

AT MODERATE PRICES

The finest line of goods west of Washington to select from.

We are ready for fall work.

Cleaning, Dyeing, Repairing

Done by our expert workmen.

WASHINGTON BRANCH TAILORING CO.,
M. COHEN, Proprietor.
RAILROAD STREET, NEAR DEPOT
OAKLAND, MD.

(F. A. Thayer, Solicitor.)

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

Moses Wensel, et al., vs. William Haun, et al; No. 708 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

The object of this suit is to procure a sale of the real estate of John Haun, late of Garrett county, deceased.

The Bill of Complaint alleges that the said John Haun departed this life about the 12th day of March, 1892, seized and possessed of certain real estate in said county as shown by Exhibit A., leaving surving him as his only representatives and heirs at law the following persons, to-wit: Jane Haun, his widow, who has since departed this life, to-wit, on the 29th day of April, 1895; Vallinda H. Haun, who intermarried with Moses Wensel; Sarah R. Haun, who intermarried with Geo. S. Biggs; Lydie M. Haun, who intermarried with George W. Poland, George Haun, William Haun, Thomas J. Haun, Isaiah Haun and W. Scott Haun, his children.

That said John Haun now deceased was indebted unto the plaintiff, Moses Wensel, in a very large sum of money, for money loaned, for labor performed and materials provided, for money paid for the said John Haun by the said Moses Wensel, at his request, and for services rendered to the said decedent by said Moses Wensel and family for the period of about twenty years, during which time the said decedent and his wife resided with Moses Wensel upon the said real estate described in the said Exhibit A.; the said Jane Haun, wife of said John Haun being an invalid and confined to her bed the greater portion of her time, requiring the constant attention of the said Moses Wensel and family in caring for, nursing, maintaining and providing for the wants and necessities of the said John Haun and Jane Haun, his wife.

That while living on said real estate and caring for said decedent and his wife, the plaintiff, Moses Wensel, at great expense to himself made many valuable improvements upon said real estate, far exceeding the rental value of the same for said period of twenty years.

That said John Haun, deceased, left no personal property of any character upon which administration could be had or out of which said claims could be paid, and that the plaintiffs are advised that they are entitled to have said real estate sold under a decree of this court, the claims of the various creditors paid out of the proceeds of said sale, and the balance, if any, distributed amongst the persons entitled thereto according to their respective interests therein.

The Bill then prays for a decree for sale of said real estate and proceeds distributed as aforesaid, and for a writ of subpoenn against resident defendants and an order of publication against non-resident defendants as follows: George Haun, whose residence to your plaintiff's is unknown; Thomas J. Haun and W. Scott Haun, who reside in the State of Pennsylvania.

It is thereupon ordered, this 7th day of August, A. D. 1895, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county in equity, that the plaintiffs cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the Bill to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 7th day of September next; giving notice to the said George Haun, Thomas J. Haun and W. Scott Haun and warning them to appear in person or by solicitor in this court on or before the 23d day of September next to show cause, if any they have, why a decree shall not pass as prayed,

A. HUNTER BOYD.

True copy, Test:—
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

FOR SALE!

—AT—

DEER PARK, MARYLAND,

Less than half a mile from postoffice and railrond station, a

FARM of ABOUT 175 ACRES.

It is well watered and wooded and contains seven very desirable building sites. Within the enclosure is some three miles of excellent driving roads, arranged with a view to reach the several sites. The dwelling contains:

1st Floor—Billiard room, large hall, dining room, library, pantry, laundry (with stationary washtubs, hot and cold water in each) and kitchen upon the porch of which stands a Ridgway refrigerator 8x7x4, with ice house twenty feet off never exhausted in ten summers.

2nd Floor—Eight chambers, 2 baths, closets and back stairs.

3rd Floor—Two chambers and 2 large store rooms.

There is an ample cellar in which are furnace, wine closet and gas machine, supplied by outside gasometer, which furnishes every room.

Ten rooms have open fire places; six have registers as well.

The stable has stalls for six horses and room for eight carriages. There is a tenant's house, sheep barn and cow stable, together with sheds and lean-tos. A tank of capacity of 4500 gallons surmounts the stable. It is supplied from springs rising on the place, whose contents have been proved perfect by chemical analysis. To the tank the water is pumped by two separate systems, from different sources. All the plumbing and drainage are perfect and the premises are in excellent repair.

This property is offered as a whole.

It is without incumbrance, and possession can be given November 15th, 1895.

Address,

JOHN W. WILLIAMS,
Deer Park, Maryland.

23-3*

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

D. E. OFFUTT & SON

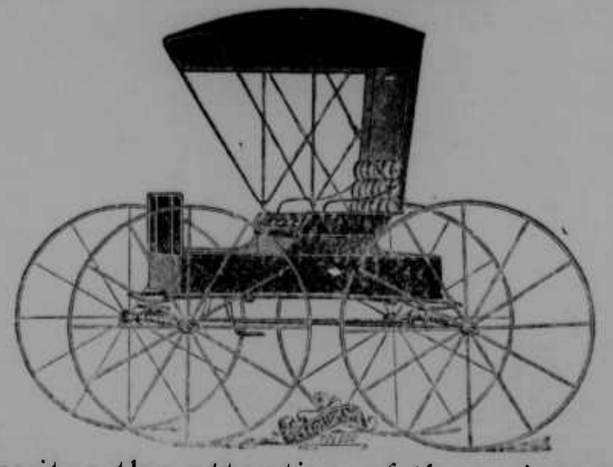

Invites the attention of those interested in the purchase of vehicles of any style. The Kramer, Milburn and Jackson farm wagons always on hand. Prices and terms given on application.

Tried Friends Best.

For thirty years Tutt's Pills have proven a blessing to the invalid. Are truly the sick man's friend.

A Known Fact

For bilious headache, dyspepsia sour stomach, malaria, constipation and all kindred diseases.

TUTT'S Liver PILLS

AN ABSOLUTE CURE.

POTENT—PRICELESS.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

For ALL SKIN DISEASES

Prompt

AND

Unfailing.

Will permanently heal Eczema, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Poison Oak, Ring Worm, Pimples, Dandruff, Itch, Itching Piles and every kind of eruption. It softens the skin and effectually removes all blemishes. Eminently superior in restoring and beautifying the complexion. It has been tested in innumerable cases with unvarying success.

Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, MD.

FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY BLOOD BITTERS will cleanse the system and drive out all impurities. It is both a purifier and an invigorator. Pleasant to the taste. Effect immediate. In large bottles, $1.00. at all druggists.

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 1, on Front Street, in Bayard, West Va.

Lot containing four acres with house on it, at Swanton, Md.

A mortgage on property worth more than double, of Loch Lynn Heights, Md.

WILLIAM W. SWEET,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

WE LOAN MONEY

to buy, build and improve your home and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS NEARLY $200,000,000.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. RINKER,
Wilson, Grant Co., W. Va.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above. 4-1yr.*

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,

SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by anerold barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26t*

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL

ROOFING,

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W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

Slate Roofing.

Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.

I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.

All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.

I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.

Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.

For prices apply in or address,

C. M. BEACHY,
47—1yr. Grantsville, Md

Mrs. Mary Alderson Dead.

Mrs. Mary Alderson, wife of Major J. C. Alderson, died at Mt. Lake Park Thursday night, August 15, 1895, of brain trouble, aggravated by an attack of apoplexy.

She was the oldest daughter of ex-Governor Samuel Price, was born in Lewisburg, W. Va., April 22, 1840, and was carefully and thoroughly educated at the best institutions of learning in Virginia. She was married February 25, 1874, to Major J. C. Alderson.

Mrs. Alderson was a woman of remarkably strong character, intelligent and attractive, and had a peculiar power of stimulating to thought and nobler deeds all who came in contact with her. She was an earnest and consistent Christian, rarely speaking ill of others and ever ready to excuse their weakness. Her greatest pleasure was in helping those who helped themselves.

Her Christian character and judicious advice inspired many to nobler lives. Her generous deeds will be increased in splendor when marble tombs and brass columns shall have crumbled into dust.

She was buried in the old family burying ground near Lewisburg, W. Va., on Sunday at 3 p. m.

Her death caused much sincere sorrow in Mt. Lake and Oakland, where her many fine qualities of mind and heart had won her universal respect.

The following notice of the life and burial of Mrs. Alderson, is taken from the *Greenbrier Independent* of Aug. 22nd, 1895.

"Mrs. Mary Price Alderson, wife of Major J. C. Alderson, of Wheeling, died at their summer residence at Mountain Lake Park, last Thursday, the 15th, from cerebral conjestion. Her remains reached Lewisburg last Sunday morning accompanied by Major Alderson, Rev. Herman Stoetzer, Miss Nellie Alderson, Miss Jennie Price and Dr. Robert McChesney. The funeral services were held in the Presbyterian church at 11 o'clock, Revs. W. McC. White and R. L. Telford officiating, and the remains were afterwards taken to the Stuart burying ground, four miles below town, where she was laid to rest by the side of her ancesters.

"Mrs. Alderson was the eldest daughter of the late Gov. Samuel Price, of this town, and her mother was a granddaughter of Col. John Stuart, the pioneer of Greenbrier. She was born in Lewisburg, April 22, 1840, and was married to Major Alderson February 26th, 1874.

"Mrs. Alderson was a person who possessed all the graces that crown womanhood. She was a lady of rare culture, a strong, intellectual face, combined with a refinement that made her one of Nature's noble women, and her life was a daily illustration of the charm of a Christian character. She was noted for her charitable work, that was always done without ostentation.

"The esteem in which Mrs. Alderson was held in this community was manifested by the large attendance at the funeral. The body rested in a metal lined casket, the outside of which was covered with black broad cloth, with elegant silver mountings. On the lid was a large silver plate inscribed with her name, and dates of birth and death of the deceased, and above it a silver sheaf of wheat with the inscription, "And they shall bring their sheaves with them." The opening hymn was, "My Days are Gliding Swiftly By," after which the Rev. Mr. White read selections from the 21st and 22nd chapters of Revelations, and then offered a feeling prayer. The second hymn was "My Faith Looks up to Thee." Rev. Mr. Telford delivered an appropriate discourse, when the ceremonies at the church concluded by singing her favorite hymn "Jesus Lover of My Soul." The casket, that had been covered with floral tributes of beautiful designs, was then conveyed to the old Stuart burying ground followed by a long procession of carriages. The pall bearers were Maj. B. F. Eakle, Capt. W. M. Tyree, Judge A. C. Snyder, Thos. H. Dennis, J. W. Arbuckle, E. D. Withrow, Dr. Sam'l C. Beard, C. B. Buster, R. P. Rittenhouse, S. B. Mason, Geo. T. Argabrite and C. P. Sydenstriker.

The North Glade S. S. Convention.

The Sunday school convention as announced began at North Glade last Saturday afternoon, the 24th, at 2 p. m.

The first topic, "The Teacher and his Work," created a lively discussion which was prolonged until evening.

Owing to the refreshing rain in the evening several were kept away, but a very earnest consideration was had of the following topics: "The Unreached Masses;" "What can the Sunday School do to Assist in the Overthrow of the Saloon," and "How can we get Parents to Attend and take a Greater Interest in the Sunday School Work."

Sabbath morning a most excellent experience meeting was held. Then at 10.30 the pastor, Rev. W. C. Lloyd, preached a most excellent sermon. In the afternoon a delightful children's mass meeting was held.

In the evening the last topic was taken up, "What can be Done to Keep our Schools Open, and Hold our Scholars the Whole Year," was ably discussed. After the close of this discussion resolutions of thanks and high appreciation of the efficient and noble work of Rev. Geo. H. Nock were adopted by a rising vote. Also one to the kind and hospitable people, and one to the other faithful and earnest workers in attendance.

Rev. Nock offered a very touching resolution of condolence to one of our co-workers, Miss Jennie Smith, which was adopted by a rising vote.

Thus closed another very interesting and instructive convention.

J. A. E.

Deer Park.

Miller Bros. have sold their tools and stock to Messrs. Hogge & Nethken. W. B. and Ed. Miller are now in Sistersville, Ohio.

A house belonging to Herman Beckman and occupied by Henry Smith, was burned to the ground one day last week, together with most of its contents.

The large and beautiful store building of Nethken Bros. is about completed.

Our town is full of people from all over the country.

Mr. E. G. Miller has purchased a new reaper and binder.

The three gentlemen now on the Republican ticket give the best of satisfaction to our voters.

W. H. Chaddeoton has been on the sick list, but is now attending to business again.

Mr. George Truesdale, of Washington, has a large number of men at work on his farm near this place, clearing and preparing to do extensive building in the near future.

The oats crop is very large and most of it is harvested. Buckwheat is suffering for want of rain. Potatoes and corn will be a good crop.

Crop Reports.

Thayerville.—August 18th, frost. Hot days and cool nights. 19th, 20th, hot days and cold nights. 21st, frost. A severe drought has set in; everything suffering for rain. Corn and buckwheat will hardly make half crop. Potatoes are all dug, but half a crop expected. Oats very good—all in. Pasture all killed. Weather continues hot with cool nights.

R. BECKMAN.

Grantsville.—Days warm; nights cool. Buckwheat suffering for want of rain; Some oats thrashed that yield sixty bushels per acre. Oats mostly in the barns, and in the very best condition.

J. S. MILLER.

Sunny Side.—Very cool 19th and 20th, reminding one of fall; frost on the 20th and 22d in low places. Early buckwheat does not promise well, apparently being scorched. Pastures are becoming very short, owing to the lack of rain; other crops are also suffering from the same cause. Thashing will begin next week.

C. W. SLABACH.

Grantsville.—Oats nearly all in the barns, and some already thrashed. Some fields have averaged sixty bushels per acre. Corn doing well. Potatoes above the average. Pasture short, on account of the dry weather. Rain needed badly.

THOS. H. BITTINGER, P. M.

Bittinger.—Weather continues hot and dry, but slightly cooler than last week. No rain for two weeks, and then only enough to lay the dust. Everything needing rain. Farmers getting ready for wheat seeding, which will commence next week. Early buckwheat getting ripe, but won't be a fair crop, being badly damaged by hot sun.

P. P. LOHR.

Church Note.

On Sunday evening last, after the regular preaching service and pursuant to call the Oakland Presbyterian church held a congregational meeting for the purpose of electing a pastor. No doubt existed in any mind as to who the incumbent would be, for Rev. Engle has won all hearts during the period of his temporary supply by his sincerity and single-mindedness, his earnest and courteous affability and his faithful conscientious work for the upbuilding of the church and the glory of the Master. Happily, Rev. John A. Scott, the first pastor of the church was present and was chosen moderator. Rev. S. M. Engle received the nomination for pastor and on motion was unanimously elected by acclamation. The call was then prepared and signed by the elders and deacons, read before the meeting and handed to the delegate elect to be presented by him to the Winchester Presbytery at its next meeting. The church at Falling Waters, Va., of which Mr. Engle was formerly pastor, expressed their regrets at parting with him and their congratulations to the Oakland church upon selecting and securing him, in a paper read by the clerk of the session.

A Brilliant Ball at the Oakland.

"One of the most brilliant and delightful affairs that has ever taken place in this section of the Allegany mountains was the annual full dress ball given by Major George D. DeShields, the superintendent of the Deer Park and Oakland Hotels, to the guests of the Oakland Hotel last Friday night. All day long the guests arrived and by the time the ball opened there were two hundred present. At 9 o'clock the doors of the ballroom were thrown open when the strains of the music of Professor Zimmerman's Naval Academy Orchestra in rendition of the grand march, entitled "Oakland Souvenir," dedicated to the ladies of the Oakland Hotel, gave notice that the ball had opened, and soon the floor was covered with dancers of both young and mature years. The scene when the ball was at its heighth was one of magnificent splendor and one which nothing else but beautiful women, handsome men and superb decorations could make, and, indeed, seldom has there ever been seen such a sight at this resort. Sixteen dances were on the program.

The costumes of the ladies were exceedingly pretty. About one hundred couples were present.

A Bad Wreck.

Sunday night at 10:30 o'clock an esatbound freight train broke loose at the crossing at Corinth. The front end of the parted train stopped at once and a flagman was sent out. Before the flagman could get back far enough, the following train (a heavily loaded freight) rounded the "Snowy Creek" bend and with terriffic force crashed into the cab of the front train. The effect was terrible. The cab was completely demolished and a cattle car just ahead of the cab derailed, also a lumber car, and together with the engine, No. 566, were thrown down an embankment thirty feet deep, on the south side of the track. The engineer saw that a wreck was inevitable and jumped from the cab down the embaukment. He was struck by a piece of flying timber and painfully, but not seriously, injured. The fireman stuck to his post and rode the engine over the embankment, escaping without a scratch. The cattle car was turned completely over and lodged on the top of the embankment. When the car was broken open ten fine young steers was found to be dead, all the others, about fifteen in number, escaping uninjured. Not a scar or mark of any kind could be found on the cattle that were killed.

Had the wreck occurred a hundred yards further west, the State line stone would probably have been uprooted, and thus for the time being, West Virginia's and Maryland's disputed boundary would have been settled. It was a miracle that the engineer escaped. Trains were delayed several hours.

Cows For Sale.

The undersigned will offer at public auction at his farm near Oakland on Saturday, September 7th, 1895, at the hour of two o'clock p. m., his entire herd of milk cows, consisting of sixteen fine Jersey and Durham stock, 1 gray horse five years old, 1 spring wagon, 1 mowing machine, 30 head of ewes.

Terms of sale.—Nine months credit, with approved security, with interest from date.

26-2t* T. W. CASTEEL.

Registration Notice.

September and October Sittings.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned Officers of Registration of Voters in and for their respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county, at the places hereinafter named, for three successive days in the month of September, commencing with and including the third Monday of September, that is to say the

16th, 17th and 18th Days of September, 1895,

and four successive days in the month of October, commencing with and including the first Monday in October, that is to say on the

7th, 8th, 9th and 10th Days of October, 1895,

from the hour of 8 o'clock a. m., until 8 o'clock p. m., on each of said days for the purpose of ascertaining and registering in the proper registries of voters the persons qualified to vote in their respective Election Districts who shall present themselves for registration, and for the further purpose of revising and correcting the registries of voters for their said respective Election Districts, and the striking therefrom the names of all voters entered therein who shall have died or became for any reason disqualified or who for any cause shall have ceased to be entitled to remain on said registries of voters.

And on the Monday next succeeding the second Monday in October, that is to say on the

21st Day of October,

in said year 1895, from the hour of 8 o'clock a. m., until 8 o'clock p. m., on said day, the said Officers of Registration will sit in their respective Election Districts for the revision of and for the hearing of applicants for reinstatement by persons whose names shall have been stricken off the registries of voters for said Election Districts in said county as provided in Article 33, Sections 1 to 20ll, of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, title "Elections," sub-title "Registration of Voters" as amended by Chapter 573 of the Acts of 1890.

The places of sitting of each of said Officers of Registration in their respective Election Districts on the days named and hours stated is as follows to-wit:

District No. 1. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days will sit at Swanton. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Swanton. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Swanton.

District No. 2. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Friendsville. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Friendsville. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Friendsville.

District No. 3. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Grantsville. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Grantsville. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Grantsville.

District No. 4. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Bloomington. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Bloomington. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Bloomington.

District No. 5. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Accident. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Accident. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Accident.

District No. 6. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Sang Run. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Sang Run. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Sang Run.

District No. 7. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Oakland. During the first October Sitting, 1895, will sit at Huttons, on the 7th day and at Oakland on the 8th, 9th and 10th days of October. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Oakland.

District No. 8. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Gorman. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Red House. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Red House.

District No. 9. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Johnsons. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Johnsons. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Johnsons.

District No. 10. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Deer Park. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Deer Park. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Deer Park.

District No. 11. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Elbow. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Garlitz's Mill. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Garlitz's Mill.

District No. 12. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Bittinger. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Bittinger. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Bittinger.

All naturalized citizens applying for registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the Officers of Registration.

Signed,

H. O. HAMILL, Registration Officer District No. 1.
R. E. FRIEND, Registration Officer District No. 2.
ISAIAH FULLER, Registration Officer District No. 3.
JOHN COLLINS, Registration Officer District No. 4.
JOHN L. RICHTER, Registration Officer District No. 5.
N. C. BROWNING, Registration Officer District No. 6.
JOHN A. HUGHES, Registration Officer District No. 7.
HENRY A. SHAFFER, Registration Officer District No. 8.
SAMUEL JOHNSON, Registration Officer District No. 9.
SEBASTIAN HINEBAUGH, Registration Officer District No. 10.
NOAH S. GARLITZ, Registration Officer District No. 11.
JOSEPH BUCKLE, Registration Officer District No. 12.

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

EIGHTH YEAR.

A MODERN, HIGH GRADE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.

Reopens Sept. 25, 1895 (D. V.) A department for boys and young men embracing thorough preparatory work for college, business or scientific school will be inaugurated under the charge of Maj. C. A. Ballon, of the Virginia Military Institute. Stenography, type-writing, book-keeping, besides full courses in English and Latin, etc. Send for catalogue to E. B. SWAN, Principal and Proprietress, 18-1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county the 12th day of April, 1895, at the suit of Thomas A. Nethkin against Adam S. Seil, the same being No. 7 Judicials to July term, 1895, the undersigned Sheriff will, on

Saturday, the 31st Day of August, 1895,

at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. of said day, on the premises of the said Adam S. Seil in Garrett county, sell to the highest bidder for cash on the day of sale, all of the following described real estate and personal property belonging to the said defendant Adam S. Seil: First, all that part of a tract of land situated in Garrett county, Maryland, which is known and designated as a part of a tract of land called "Good Hope," and being the same lot of ground that was conveyed to the said Adam S. Seil by deed from Francis R. Nethkin and wife dated the 27th day of April, 1892, and duly recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 19 folio 467, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett County and containing the quantity of one hundred and twenty-six and a half acres.

Second, all the following personal property: One two horse wagon, one white mule fourteen years old, one bay horse eleven years old, one sorrel mare, one red cow eight years old, one spotted cow seven years old, one bull calf and one heifer calf. Said real estate and personal property will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs.

CHARLES WEGMAN, Sheriff.

ORDER NISI.

John Hetrick, et. al. by Henry Felk *pro chien ami* vs. Charles W. Hetrick.

No. 703 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 12th day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-five, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Edward M. Sincell, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 7th day of September, 1895, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 7th day of September, 1895.

This report states the amount of sale to be $1080.00. E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True Copy, Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,

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JOS. E. HARNED, Manager.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 19th, 1893. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.48 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 47	—Daily except Mon	10.49 A. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	6.24 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	—Daily	6.06 A. M
No. 2	—Daily	8.37 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	4.32 P. M
No. 46	—Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	12.29 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.

C. F SCHROEDER, Agent.

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President.
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.

Prompt attention to collections. 112

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Aug. 28, 1895

The annual examination of teachers for Garrett county will be held at Grantsville, September 5th and 6th; Accident, 10th and 11th, and at Oakland, 13th and 14th.

Examination of both 1st and 2nd grade applicants will be conducted at the same time.

All teachers present, and expecting to teach the coming winter will be required to take the examination.

Applicants will provide themselves with a small pencil tablet, pen and ink. Examination paper will be furnished free.

WM. HINEBAUGH, Examiner.

25—2t

ORDER NISI.

Margaret Miller vs. Frederick Miller, et. al. No. 687 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 24th day of August in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-five by the Circuit Court sitting in Equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by J. W. S. Cochrane and David W. Sloan, trustees, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 20th day of September, 1895 provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 20th day of September, 1895.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2025.00. E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True Copy, Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

THE STEPMOTHER.

Oh! Mother Toil, stepmother true and sweet,
Lead in the narrow path, my wandering feet,

And though I miss the milder joys of life,
Teach me to gird my heart for noble strife.

While I was still a wayward, fretful child,
How didst thou lure me to thy bosom mild;

With what quaint quibs and with what jocund ways
Thou didst beguile me in those far off days,

Holding a mask before thy solemn face,
And hiding years beneath a youthful grace.

Now drop thy mask. I know thee as thou art,
Grave and severe, teaching the harder part,

With worn and knotted hands, and weary eyes,
Yet thou alone canst teach where Heaven lies.

—Katharine Pyle, in N. Y. Independent.

A HOLIDAY TRAGEDY.

All my life I have been—well, not exactly a woman hater, but a firm believer in the idea that man is the lord of creation, and that woman is not an absolute necessity. For many years it was my proud boast that I was able to dispense with feminine aid and yet live a very enjoyable life, as, with clockwork regularity, I went from my bachelor lodgings to business each morning, returning in the afternoon, and spending the evening at the club or some place of amusement. The idea of having a lady companion in my rambles never entered my head.

True, my landlady (good old soul!) prepared my meals and cleaned my rooms, but that was because I had not time to do it myself, and a man-servant was beyond my means. But in all else I dispensed with woman's aid. Boot cleaning, sewing buttons on, lighting the fire, etc., were all done with my own hands—nay, at a pinch, I have even washed a pocket handkerchief.

I desired to stand forth as a living example of the original Adam, and a proof of the superfluity of the modern Eve. But my misguided companions refused to profit by my teachings or to follow my example. One by one they fell under female influence, one by one they married, and then—I cut them dead. Ah, me! Those free Bohemian days were happy ones, as year after year I pursued my adopted course, in spite of the continual falling off of my comrades. Then came a time when my circle of acquaintances had decreased so considerably that I began to feel lonely. Bachelor chums were more difficult to find than ever. To loneliness succeeded melancholy, and I grew miserable and pessimistic.

One friend, to whom I laid bare my woes, said:

"You keep to yourself too much. What you ought to do is to lodge with some family where there are two or three grown-up daughters. They would wake you up a bit."

This, to me, the hitherto ideal advocate of an Eveless Eden! And yet, after the advice had been tendered several times, I began to think that such a change might be beneficial. Such a course need not involve the rendering up of my tenets; but, as woman still formed a part of the world, she might at least contribute to my amusement. So, after very serious consideration, I decided to seek fresh apartments, with light society thrown in.

Now my troubles commenced. I could not make the direct inquiry: "Have you any grown up daughters?" So I generally viewed the rooms, listening to the landlady's verbiage, settled the rent, and then casually asked: "Have you any children?" and the reply would be: "Yes, 'four,' 'five' or 'six'" (as the case might be); "the eldest is ten years old and the youngest two months. But they are as good as gold, and never make a bit of noise."

The numberless journeys I made and the many desultory conversations I listened to were all to no purpose. No one appeared to possess grown-up daughters—the eldest was always ten. Just when I was about to abandon my search fortune—or was it fate?—led me to Myrtle Villa, Paradise Gardens, Upper Dulwich. The door was opened by a vision of loveliness, faultlessly dressed, and with bright blue eyes and golden hair. "Newly married," thought I. "Well, here at least, the oldest won't be ten!" She invited me in and then disappeared; a middle-aged lady entering directly after, we proceeded to discuss terms. Then came the inevitable inquiry as to children.

"I have two grown-up daughters, the younger of whom opened the door to you."

At last! Need I say that within a week I was installed in Myrtle Villa? The landlady (a widow) was a genial, homely woman, and the youngest daughter, Annie, aged twenty-five, I have already described, but the other daughter, Julia, did not impress me favorably. She was neither good looking nor pleasing, and, without being exactly bad-tempered, always insisted upon having her own way.

I now seemed to be in a new world. My boots bore a brilliant luster each morning without my aid, and my slippers were laid ready for me in the evening, and, as for lending me a needle and cotton—the idea!—if I would only leave them outside they would only be too happy.

I no longer needed to seek relaxation at the club after the labors of the day. Julia played the piano well (her only accomplishment), while Annie sang divinely, and thus the evenings passed altogether too quickly. Male acquaintances they did not seem to possess—yet, stay, there was one—a Mr. Malcolm, whose name I frequently heard mentioned, but as his calls were always made in the daytime I never saw him. I had rapidly passed into that condition of mind which raised a feeling of jealousy on his account, so one day I questioned my landlady on the subject.

"Oh, he's a very old friend of ours. Once we thought he would have proposed to Julia, but nothing came of it."

What a relief! Only Julia!

So time went pleasantly on, and then—how can I can confess it?—my lifelong creed was thrown to the winds, my proud ambition humbled in the dust, and I became a willing slave to the sex I had so long despised and ignored. My only thought now was how and in what words I should beseech my darling Annie to become my wife. Time after time I was on the point of speaking, but Julia always turned up at the critical moment.

One evening Julia announced that a week thence she had an engagement to play at a concert. Then burst upon me a brilliant inspiration. I purchased two stall tickets for the Lyceum for that same evening; and, making pretense that I had them given to me, I persuaded Annie to promise to accompany me. This time Julia would not be able to intrude, and I should know my fate. In two months' time I should be taking my summer holiday, which would fit in just nicely for the honeymoon.

On the eventful day I hastened homeward with a queer fluttering in my heart and a flower-spray for Annie in my hat. Julia opened the door, and hardly permitted me to enter before she informed me that Annie had been out in the hot sun and had been obliged to go to bed with a very bad sick headache. My fluttering heart gave one huge bound and then seemed to stand still. However, to disguise my feelings I said:

"I am sorry; and you have to play at the concert?"

"No," she replied, "the concert has been postponed."

"Then may I beg the pleasure of your company? I did not ask you before because of the concert engagement."

"Thanks. I shall enjoy it immensely."

What a miserable failure that evening proved to be. I do not even know what the play was called. I was thinking all the time of my poor sick darling, and not of the acting or the woman who sat by my side wearing the flower-spray that was meant for Annie.

The words were still unspoken when my holidays arrived, and tearing myself away from the two sisters, who stood at the gate and waved their handkerchiefs as long as I remained in sight, it was with no feelings of joyful anticipation that I betook myself to Hastings for rest and recreation.

Rest! Where could I find it? Not on the parade or pier, amid hundreds of couples promenading, as I had pictured Annie and myself doing; not on the beach, where the Ethiopian musicians were eternally playing "Annie Laurie," "Sweet Annie Rooney" and "Annie, Dear, I'm Called Away."

For a whole week I wandered aimlessly hither and thither. Then I could stand it no longer. So I wrote a long letter commencing "Darling," and pouring out the impassioned, pent-up love that comes but once in a man's lifetime. I besought and beseeched her to take pity upon me, or my lifeless body should surge in the billows that beat relentlessly on the rocks of Beachy Head.

When I had finished I happened to catch sight of a photograph which I had purchased the previous day, representing one of the yachts preparing to start on her morning trip, with my own figure in a prominent position in the bows.

"Ah!" thought I, "I'll send that to Julia."

If it were possible I had now less rest than before, night or day, while waiting for the answer. Rising in the morning with haggard looks and burning brow, the other boarders would remark that the sea air did not seem to agree with me, while under the mask of assumed indifference there raged within me the fiercest volcano that ever burned in the heart of man.

At last the reply came, and bounding up to the privacy of my own room with trembling fingers I tore open the envelope which hid from me—life or death?

"Dearest, I am yours forever. I cannot say your proposal was unexpected, for I have felt that you could mean nothing less, ever since that evening when you so openly expressed your preference by taking me to the theater—"

What! whew!! where!!! I looked at the signature—"Julia." Oh, heavens! I saw it all. I had placed them in the wrong envelopes, and sent the letter to Julia and the photograph to Annie! How I raged and fumed and tore my hair, until at last, in sheer exhaustion, I sank into a chair and endeavored to finish reading the letter.

"Annie thanks you very much for the photo., and she desires me to tell you that yesterday Mr. Malcolm proposed to her and was accepted. We will have the two weddings on the same day. Won't that be nice, dear?"

Nice? This was the last straw. Nice, indeed, for me to be married to a woman I did not care for, and at the same time to see the one I loved given to another man. I cannot remember what I did for the next hour or two beyond cursing my foolishness, and swearing I wouldn't marry Julia. Then, when I became calmer, I saw an action for breach of promise looming. I thought of all my hard-earned savings of years being swept away by a sympathetic jury to heal Julia's broken heart. There was no escape for me.

She had my letter which simply commenced: "Darling," and as no name was mentioned in it from beginning to end, was it possible that any body of intelligent men could be brought to believe that I intended it for Annie when I addressed the envelope to Julia? No, no. I must go through with it—I would marry Julia. Yes, and I would teach her that man is the lord of creation, and that woman is but a helpmate but not an equal, and so, in my married life, triumphantly assert those principles which I had held so long.

Julia married me at the same time and place as Annie became Mrs. Malcolm. I now spend my evenings endeavoring to solve a difficult problem, and that is—why do they call woman the weaker sex?—Tit-Bits.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Idaho has 774 persons engaged in the manufacturing business, the annual output being $1,396,096.

—Native-born American traders constitute 2.5 per cent. of the population; those of foreign birth are more numerous, forming 1 per cent.

—Among the barley-producing states California stands first, having 815,995 acres, yielding 17,548,386 bushels; the second is Iowa with 548,729 acres and 13,406,122 bushels; the third being Wisconsin with 474,914 acres and 15,225,872 bushels.

—G. K. Gilbert, of the United States geological survey, has discovered three valuable deposits of fireclay in Pueblo county, Col. The find is likely to prove of great importance to Colorado, as the furnaces connected with the smelting of silver ore and the making of iron require a large annual supply of this substance.

—Preparations are making to include an exhibition of aeronautical apparatus in the Paris exposition in 1900. The exhibit promises to be of unusual interest. It will include samples of balloons of various designs and all kinds of flying machines and soaring apparatus. A number of prizes and medals will be awarded for the most successful designs, and all foreigners will be able to compete upon equal terms with French inventors.

—The world has 85,000,000 cotton spindles, one-half of which are in Great Britain alone. This country has about 16,000,000, and the south has nearly one-fifth of these, or 3,000,000. And yet the south raises over 60 per cent. of the world's total cotton supply. The field for an increase in southern cotton mills is unlimited. It would take an investment of over $1,200,000,000 to build mills enough to consume the entire cotton crop of the south, and when manufactured this cotton would command for the south over $1,000,000,000 a year instead of selling for about $350,000,000, as it does now in its raw state.

—We don't know that a very definite idea can be conveyed to the mind of the magnificent distances of the universe by statements of the time it would take to travel or send messages from earth to the various solar stations; but there is a fascination in the vagueness of the impression given. Thus, according to Sir Robert Ball, a telegram sent at the usual rate—that is, 186,000 miles a second—would require seventy-eight years to reach the most distant telescopic stars. But the camera has revealed stars far more distant than these, some of which, if a message had been sent in the year A. D. 1, that is to say, 1,895 years ago, the message would only just have reached some of them and would be still on the way to others, going at the rate of 186,000 miles a second.

A MATRIMONIAL RUSE.

The Subterfuge of a Russian Maiden to Escape Home Ties.

When Sonya was eighteen and Aniuta was twenty-three the first crisis in Sonya's life arrived. They were again in St. Petersburg. All their intimate friends were imbued with the "advanced" ideas, and longed for more knowledge, in order that they might in some undefined manner serve their beloved country. But parents in the higher ranks of life would not allow their daughters to go abroad to the foreign universities to study, and the higher courses of instruction for women connected with the universities of St. Petersburg and Moscow were not yet established. In this difficulty the young girls had recourse to the famous "fictitious marriages," which are usually incorrectly represented as having been adopted for the purposes of revolution and anarchy only. An "advanced" young man and girl went through the marriage ceremony; the young husband escorted his bride to the foreign university of her choice and left her there or remained to study; but the marriage remained a mere form.

Sonya's sister had that sister's friend resolved to escape from parental "tyranny" by this means. They made their choice of a young professor in the university, whom they knew by reputation only, called on him (in company with the ever-present and admiring Sonya), and proposed that he should marry one of them at pleasure, in order that they might acquire freedom. The girls had made the compact that whichever of them was chosen should take the other abroad for study under the guise of a pleasure trip, to which the obdurate parents would make no objection. The professor gravely declined, and courteously bowed them out. Sonya met him in society fifteen years later, and they had a hearty laugh over the memory of this extraordinary scene.

The next venture of these undaunted girls was, in a way, more successful, though it also had a surprise in store for them. They proposed to a talented young student of great promise, but the proposal was made in society, with far less solemnity than on the previous occasion. To their satisfaction—and horror—he agreed, with a slight change in the programme, which was that he should marry Sonya. As they at once foresaw, Gen. Krukovsky sternly refused to allow his younger daughter to marry while her elder sister was still unmarried.

But Sonya was capable of desperate deeds. One evening, just before the arrival of the guests for a dinner party, she stole out of the house, aided by Aniuta, and went to the lodging house of Vladimir Kovalevsky, the young student, and there awaited results. Gen. Krukovsky discovered the absence of his daughter just as the company was about to sit down at table, and in answer to his inquiries Aniuta told him that Sonya had gone out alone (an unheard-of thing, especially at that late hour, in that land and class), and had left a note on her dressing table. Half an hour later Gen. Krukovsky led his daughter and Vladimir Kovalevsky into the dining-room, and presented them to his guests as betrothed bride and groom.—Isabel F. Hapgood, in Century.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Frozen Peaches.—One can, or twelve large peaches, two coffee cups of sugar, one pint of water and the beaten whites of three eggs; break the peaches and stir all ingredients together. Freeze like ice cream. Delicious.—Prairie Farmer.

—Baked Salmon.—Place the fish in a deep pan; put bits of butter over it; season with allspice, mace, salt and paprika; rub a little of the seasoning on the inside. Baste occasionally with the gravy that collects in the baking-pan. Serve cold; garnish with parsley.—Harper's Bazar.

—Pickled Eggs.—Boil a dozen eggs hard for fifteen minutes; then remove shells, and stick about half a dozen cloves in each egg. Have heating to a boil one quart of good vinegar (the whitest procurable), half cup sugar, small bag spices. When eggs are ready pour this over them and cover closely. They will be ready for use in a few days, but will keep for a week or two.—Farmers' Review.

—Vegetable Hash.—Chop two small carrots rather fine, one onion (Bermuda) and half a small head of cabbage. Put these in a saucepan; cover with boiling water; add a teaspoonful of salt and simmer gently one hour. Then add one potato chopped fine, one cucumber, also chopped, and simmer thirty minutes; then add a tablespoonful of butter. Moisten one tablespoonful of cornstarch in a little cold water; add it to the hash; add a half teaspoonful of pepper and serve smoking hot. Curry may be added and hash served in rice border.—Home.

—Potatoes Viennoise. — Boil eight peeled potatoes with one tablespoonful of salt in one quart of water; when done drain and press through a potato press; mix with one even teaspoonful of salt, one-half even teaspoonful of pepper, two ounces of butter, the yolks of three eggs, one-half gill of cream and four ounces of grated Parmesan cheese. Mix well, and form the mixture into round balls the size of an egg. Sprinkle some flour on a pastry-board, roll the potatoes into long shapes, thick in the center and pointed at the ends; brush them over with beaten egg; make two slanting incisions on top of each; lay them in a buttered pan; brush over again with egg and bake to a fine golden color in a hot oven.—Western Rural.

—Mock Birds.—Cut thin slices of rather lean, boiled salt pork; spread with the following dressing: To one cup of bread crumbs add one egg, one teaspoonful of sage, one tablespoonful of minced onions, salt, pepper and butter to season. Soak the bread and squeeze dry, then add the seasoning; spread over slices of meat, roll together, fasten the ends firmly and brown in a frying pan; take out the meat, add to the fat in the pan two tablespoonfuls of flour and one minced onion; stir, then add one quart of water. Season to taste, with salt, pepper and a little sage; add the meat and stew two hours. Place the meat on a platter, garnish with lettuce, celery leaves or crisp, white cabbage, and serve. Send the gravy to the table in a boat and serve with the meat.—Boston Budget.

REFRESHING BATHS.

Lavender for the Morning Sponge and Milk of Roses for the Face.

Here is an English recipe for lavender water, which the writer can recommend as delightful and refreshing, quite a necessary adjunct to the bath on a warm day:

Take two and one-half quarts of rectified spirits, two and one-half ounces of essential oil of lavender, one ounce of oil of bergamot, four drops of essence of ambergris and one-half ounce of orris root digested with it.

There is also another recipe quite similar—three drams each of oil of lavender and oil of bergamot, six drops each of oil of cloves and attar of roses, one dram of true oil of rosemary, one ounce of honey, three scruples of benzoic acid, one pint of rectified spirits and three ounces of distilled water.

Still another recipe also English in origin requires four drams of oil of lavender, twenty drops each of essence of bergamot, essence of lemon, attar of roses, one dram of essence of ambergris, three pints rectified spirits, four ounces of orange flower water, twelve ounces of rose water and twenty grains of burnt alum. Shake frequently and then put in a cool place for some days before filtering, when you will have lavender water both delightful and refreshing.

Milk of roses is a perfectly harmless preparation for the skin, which is well worth trying upon occasions, when, for instance, the skin is dry, or has been tanned by exposure to the sun and wind.

Almond oil, as every one knows, can never harm any skin, and this with sweet and bitter almonds constitutes a good share of the mixture, which is made in the following way:

Blanch five ounces of sweet almonds and one ounce of bitter almonds; beat them until quite smooth, with one-half ounce of white curd soap and one-half pint of rose water. Melt one-half ounce oil of sweet almonds, two ounces of white wax, one-half ounce of spermaceti and mix with the other preparations until all is like cream, and strain through muslin. Then add gradually two pints of rose water, twenty drops each of oil of lavender and attar of roses dissolved in one pint of rectified spirits.

This recipe makes a large quantity, so if you are generous you can share it with your neighbor who has a complexion she is cherishing.—Detroit Free Press.

Odd Prizes for Babies.

The Great Northern Steamship company, whose vessels ply on the great lakes, has announced that it will give a prize of $250 in gold for all babies born aboard its steamers Northland and Northwest this season, $500 for twins and $1,000 for triplets. The only condition is that the officers of the company name the babies.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

CROSS LITTLE SUE.

Did you ever hear tell of a girl named Sue,
Who pouts and frets the whole day through,
Whose face has the look of a thunder cloud,
Whose voice in whining, and cross, and loud?

She's a small-sized girl, with a sweet little brother,
The dearest papa, and a fond, loving mother
To love and make glad; but more than all these
She loves her ill-temper, and it tries to please.

Sometimes her poor mother is quite in despair,
And the father and brother her feelings both share,
And the home wears a gloom; when instead the whole place
Should be brightened by Susie's bright laughter and face.

Now, children, dear children, don't look cross and pout,
Keep that side within and the bright side without,
Be cheerful and merry; on your face wear a smile,
And the whole world will love you, as it does every sweet child.

—Nellie Burns, in Housekeeper.

JACK'S GREAT SLIDE.

How He Recovered a Snowshoe and Saved His Life.

Jack Gladwyn Jebb, known by his friends as Jack, was a young Englishman who had lost his patrimony and had gone to Colorado to seek his fortune in mining. Winter had set in, and he was living in a log cabin, from which, on snowshoes, he went along to visit the three mines of which he had the charge. He usually traveled at night, partly to get an extra day at the mine, and partly because the snow was then in a better condition, with fewer chances of an avalanche above timber-

SLIDING AFTER A SNOWSHOE.

line. One of the liveliest of these solitary adventures is thus described by his biographer:

Jack started at one o'clock in the morning, and blessed with a good moon made capital time, so that he reached the crest of the range by daylight. The snow was in excellent condition, just soft enough to make his twelve-foot Norwegian shoes bite well. All the lower branches of the pines were covered, and in the gulches the snow must have been twenty feet deep.

On the crest the wind had swept the ridges clear, and Jack had to carry his shoes for half a mile or so, till he came to a long valley. Here he fastened them on again, and started downward; slowly at first, then faster and faster as the grade grew deeper.

Suddenly, at the top of his speed, he found himself in the air, and came down with a force that nearly stunned him. He had struck a sheet of ice, his shoes had lost their hold, and down he had gone on his back.

Both shoes came off. He clutched at them instinctively, but caught only one. The other was instantly beyond reach, sliding down the mountain side. As Jack watched it disappear he felt sick. If the shoe was gone, he might reckon on his fingers the number of hours he had to live. There were four or five miles of snow, from ten to thirty feet thick, between him and his destination. To wade through it was impossible.

Before him were twenty miles of mountain and valley to the nearest camp. To stay where he was meant to be frozen to death in a few hours. He must recover that shoe, or he was lost. It would of course slide down the steepest grade, and would pass into the lower valley by the way of a rocky gorge, which Jack could see from where he stood, and which was a break-neck place, with mountains of snow in and around it, whence it would be impossible to climb, should the search be unsuccessful.

Any chance was worth trying in so desperate a case, and Jack thought that, as the shoe he still had would naturally follow its mate if placed on the same grade, his best plan was to lie down upon it, start sliding, and trust to its being stopped by whatever had arrested its fellow.

Of course, the odds were that the first shoe had gone over a precipice, or splintered on a point of rock, and that the same fate would overtake the second, together with its burden; but, if a man must die, a quick death is better than slow torture, and Jack decided to risk his fate. He found the spot where the accident had happened, put the remaining shoe on the track, lay down along it, rounding his chest as much as possible, and steering with his elbows. Down they went, sometimes sliding along smoothly, sometimes plowing through the soft drift, on and on, it seemed to the anxious traveler, interminably. He kept a sharp lookout for any trace of the lost shoe, and also for any ghastly header that might be in front of him.

At last he came to a turn in the gully, and could scarcely believe his eyes. There was the lost shoe sticking out of a drift in front! Slowly and anxiously he extricated it, fearing to find that the toe had struck a rock and splintered. No, it was all right; and in a moment more he was safe, and sweeping down into the timber.

Distinguished.

Father (in disgust)—You are always the last boy in your class. Why don't you make an effort and distinguish yourself?

Son — Distinguish myself? Why, father, everybody knows I am the dumbest boy in school!—Puck.

ARIZONA'S ROAD RUNNER.

Bird with Tireless Legs and a Deadly Hatred of Rattlesnakes.

"There's a bird down in my country," said Maj. Rausom, of Arizona, to a Denver reporter, "which we call the road runner. It is an interesting fellow, this bird, with long legs that never give out and which devour distance with an appetite that never seems appeased. Generally two road runners go together—for company's sake, no doubt. They seem to be great gossipers and do a vast sight of talking to each other. They will chase ahead of your horse as you ride along the trail, and keep up the stride for miles and miles and hours and hours with a steady side-to-side motion much like the gait of a packing horse. Why they run along ahead of one in this insane fashion can only be guessed at. It would seem to be for fun and exercise.

"They are gifted with a great deal of sagacious malevolence toward the rattlesnakes, with which crawling brood the runner has deadly feud. I suppose the rattlesnake pounces upon the road runner's eggs and makes omelets of them; or gobbles up their young on a spring chicken theory. Whatever the cause of hate, however, the road runner is the deadly enemy of the rattlesnake. They wreak vengeance on it in this way: They espy a a rattlesnake asleep in the sun. 'Mum' is the countersign with your road runner; he never says a word. He and his fellow road runner go about in discreet silence and collect the dried, dead joints of the flat cactus, which abounds in the southwestern deserts. They build a corral about the dozing serpent with them.

"These pieces of cactus bristle with thorns as sharp and keen as needles. When they have their snake corraled the two road runners arouse it with yells and the flapping of their little jimerow wings. They revile it and scold it and appear to apply all kinds of hard epithets to it. The snake gets frightened and its rattles buzz. But they don't come near it. They stand at a safe distance and rail at it. At last the snake tries to crawl away, but can't cross the cactus fence which the road runners have built. The spines prick the snake and it draws back. Meanwhile the road runners keep up their derisive racket. With each prick of the cactus the rattlesnake's wrath increases. At last, in desperate, brainless fury it begins to bite itself. Its poison is as deadly to itself as to everybody else, and in a short time it dies. Great, then, is the mad triumph of the road runners, which taunt it until its last gasp and exult over the corpse like savages. After the snake is surely dead they walk off with airs of cockney satisfaction, and, as it were, arm in arm."

DONKEYS IN EGYPT.

How One of Them Earned the Sobriquet of "Musical Moke."

The Egypt of the Pharaohs might still be a land of plenty for the agriculturist and a heaven of research for the archaeologist and Egyptologist, but it could never be the happy hunting ground of the average tourist without the assistance of the meek but hard-working ass! We read and hear so much of him nowadays that he will surely soon be of as much importance as the workman. But who cares to say a word for his prototype and ever-faithful companion, the Egyptian donkey?

Who does all the work, from carrying a lordly pasha on his violet velvet saddle, to creeping home at sunset so laden with berseem (clover) that nothing is visible but his head and his tail, with a full-grown man and child perched on top of the load? There are

A LESSON IN MUSIC.

donkeys of all sorts to be found in Egypt. The little kittenish, fluffy beast of a few weeks old takes the cake for charm and good spirits, especially if he be a white one, with black points. Perhaps the most curious donkey was one that would always sing when requested. He was dubbed the "Musical Moke." But the adjective was questionable, and he sang the same tune on all occasions, sometimes accompanied by the banjo, sometimes having to read from notes which he would hardly recognize, and certainly the joke contained in them could never have entered his asinine head.

But he did his best, and none of us can do more. He may not have enjoyed it, but I doubt if donkeys can ever be said to enjoy anything; they take life from a philosophical point of view, bearing the kicks and half-pence with the same placid equanimity and patience.—London Daily Graphic.

How a French Bank Is Guarded.

The treasures of the Bank of France are said to be better guarded than those of any other bank in the world. At the close of business hours every day, when the money is put into the vaults in the cellar, masons at once wall up the doors with hydraulic mortar. Water is then turned on and kept running until the cellar is flooded. A burglar would have to work in a diving suit, and break down a cement wall before he could even start to loot the vaults. When the officers arrive the next morning, the water is drawn off, the masonry is torn down, and the vaults opened.

The Gospel of Art.

Work thou for pleasure; paint or sing or carve
The thing thou lovest, though the body starve.
Who works for glory misses oft the goal;
Who works for money coins his very soul.
Work for the work's sake, then, and it may be
That these things shall be added unto thee.
—Kenyon Cox, in Century.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

BECOMING A NECESSITY.

The Demand for Good Roads Is No Longer a Mere Fad.

Good roads, good country ronds, are becoming more and more n necessity of the nay and nge. The advent of the bieyele has created a demand for good roads nmong a clnss which before its advent had little care for country roads. The probable early advent of horseless carriages will tend to emphasize that demaud and will ndd to the fast growing good-roads army. To the farmer good roads ever have been n necessity, which, nlas, he has had in too many instances to get nlong without. In 1893 the agricultural department of the federal government made an investigation lnto the road question. The object of that investigation was to secure some reliable information concerning the cost of motive power to farmers and how affected by country roads. The first thing learned was that there were on United States farms 53,393,888 draught animals, of which 14,213,837 were horses, 2,331,627 mules and 36,849,021 oxen, having a total value of $1,721,535,798. In other words, to do their huuling the

A FALLACIOUS ARGUMENT.

"Our Taxes Are High Enough Now, and We Farmers Don't Propose to Build Roads for Them Bysicle Feilers to Ride Over."

farmeie of the United States had invested in round nnmbers, $1,750,000,000. That is n pretty large snm; if invested at 5 per cent. interest it would produce nearly $1,750,000 each week. Of these draught animals more than 16,500,000 are horses and mules, worth at a modest estimate more than $100,000,000. Now, lt costs to feed them on nn avernge, one year with another, about $4,000,000 a dny, but what is of greater interest, is the estimate that bad roads cost the farmers $15 a year for each horse and mule in his service. Taking this estimate as a basis it will be seen that the farmers pay each year for bad roads $248,182,460. That is, if Prof. Latt's, of Perdue university, estimated cost of reconstructing bad roads over into good ones is to be taken as a basis, the bad roads of the country cost the farmers enough each yenr to build 216,564 miles of good roads. If built in a straight line that number of miles of road would encircle the world nearly nine times, and would eross and recross the United States about fifty times. Bicyelists must have good roads if they would have the full enjoyment of their wheels, the horseless carriages must have good roads, nnd over and nbove all the farmer more than either must have good roads; therefore if these elements would unite as one insistent and intelligent whole for good roads, no state legislnture would dare to ignore so universal a request.—Grand Rapids (Mich.) Herald.

WOMEN AND GOOD ROADS.

Grand Work Done by Twenty Pretty New England Girls.

Ten years ago no one dreamed that the time would ever come when women would be directly interested concerning the condition of the public thoroughfares. But the bicycle which is responsible for such a general stirring up of old conclusions has really set them to thinking on this very topic. And when a woman thinks she's very likely to act. Just one weak little woman's momentary impulse will often result in more real purpose being accomplished, than will a three days' convention of wise old professors whose excessive prudence is a positive prohibition to progress.

It is said that twenty pretty bicycle girls of East Lynn, disgusted by the disgraceful condition of the public roads in those parts, determined to institute a radical reform. They turned out in full force with picks, shovels and rollers, and repaired the worst of the road. When the bloomered beauties finished their week's work they pointed with pride to several miles of road which they had made fit for wheeling.

In Cincinnati recently one hundred women armed with brooms, hoes, wheelbarrows and shovels began early one morning to clenn the streets. From enrly in the morning until sunset the women toiled and one of the principal streets of the city was cleaned ns bright as a new dish pan. Whenever n street-cleaning official came nlong that way he was loudly hissed. It was nn object lesson which it would seem can hardly fail to have its effect.

If the women of this broad land seriously take up the matter of good roads and clean streets something definite nnd immndiate will be the result, because woman is a determined creature and "if she will, she will; and there'a an end on't."—Good Roads.

Wide Tire Legislation.

The extent to which the value of wide tires has come to be recognized is shown by the fact that during the last twelve months the legislature of nearly every state has been asked to pass a bill providing for their compulsory adoption. The state of New Jersey has alrendy adopted a law of this kind, and it is reaping the benefit in the possession of the best roads in the country. With wide tires in use even the present country ronds will improve, for tires serve ns rollers to make the road-bed compact instead of cutting deep ruts as do heavily loaded wagons on narrow tires.

Cows do well on pumpkins, but they should not be fed too freely. Cut them in pieces with a corn cutter and feed mixed with wheat bran.

CIGAR-CASE BEARER.

Danger to the Orchards of the Country from a New Pest.

A comparatively new pest of fruit trees is the insect called the cigar-case bearer, which last year probably ranked next to the bud-moth in New York in destructiveness. Owing to its small size and peculiar habits, the insect in any stage will be rarely noticed by a fruit-grower, and yet the second one of the curious suits or cases which the little caterpillar wears is conspicuous enough to reveal its presence to the casual observer. It appears as a moth from about the middle of June until about the middle of July, and lays its eggs on the leaves of fruit trees. After a couple of weeks these hatch to minute caterpillars, which at once eat through the skin of the leaf and mine in the tissue, leaving a tiny transparent line behind them. After a couple of weeks or more they cut small bits out of the leaves and roll them into minute tubes or cases within

CIGAR-CASE BEARER.

which they pass the winter. They cease to feed about the middle of September and do not begin again until about the middle of April, having passed the winter attached to the twigs of the tree. After feeding awhile they make a second and larger case, shaped like a diminutive cigar, and from which they can stretch forth the forward part of the body and, eating a circular hole large enough to admit the body, commence to eat out the substance of the leaves, leaving the lower and upper skins intact. It still retains its cigar-shaped home and retires into it when at rest or disturbed. In June they cease to feed, fasten themselves to the leaf and in a short time enter the chrysalis stage, from which the moths issue.

These cigar-like objects can be seen moving over the leaf of a plant, although scarcely more than one-fifth of an inch in length, and when disturbed the little creatures retreat into them. The first indication of the insect's presence occurs on the swelling buds of apple, pear or plum trees. Two or three have often been seen on a single bud busily at work eating holes in them no larger than a pin. The work on the expanded foliage is seen in skeletonized dead areas, which have near their center a clear cut round hole through one skin, usually on the under side of the leaf. The caterpillars also often attack the growing fruit.

The Cornell station says that the insect can probably be kept in check by two or three thorough sprayings with paris green, if used at the rate of one pound to two hundred gallons of water. The first application which may be effectively combined with the Bordeaux mixture for the apple scab fungus, should be made as soon as the little cases are seen on the opening buds. A second and perhaps a third application may be necessary at intervals of from four to seven days on badly infested trees. These sprayings will also check the bud moth. It has also been found in Canada that a kerosene emulsion spray applied at the same time as directed for paris green is a still more effective check upon the case-bearer, and will probably be so on the bud moth. In pear orchards this insect and the psylla can be checked by a spray of the same emulsion when the leaves are opening. It should be remembered that a fruit tree ought never to be sprayed when in blossom, and that success in any case will depend almost entirely upon the thoroughness with which the work is done. —N. Y. World.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

THE skin of the banana makes a beautiful fiber from which fine cloth may be manufactured and the juice of the banana makes good vinegar.

HOW MANY bushels per acre will blackberries yield, we are asked. They can be made to yield 100 bushels under favorable circumstances, as we recently stated.

THE fruit growing possibilities of this country are immense, and it may almost be said that no section has yet fully reached its limit of fruit growing possibilities.

PEOPLE sometimes write us that spraying for apple scab has not been effective, and in some instances we have ascertained, upon investigation, that the spraying was not thorough enough. The tree should be thoroughly drenched with the Bordeaux mixture.—Farmer's Voice.

Butter Fats from Whey.

A new source of butter has been discovered by the Cornell college of agriculture. It is found in the whey, a waste product in cheese making, which has heretofore been only fed to hogs, and not thought very good food for them. The discovery is a method by which the butter fats, always present in the whey, can be separated and used in making butter. The separator machine is used. The saving will be sufficient in a large cheese factory to pay for a separator in a short time. It means a saving to New York dairymen of fully $1,000,000 worth of butter per year. The butter made by this process is said to be of excellent quality.

CONDITIONS IN NEBRASKA.

Corn Promises a Large Yield, Except in the State's Garden Spot.

A recent McCook (Neb.) dispatch says: On crossing the Missouri river running to Lincoln, the Burlington land agents' party found a prospect which, from an agricultural standpoint, could not be excelled. Corn is luxuriant and sturdy and every stalk shows large-sized ears sticking out from it. It is so far advanced that the uninitiated could be made to believe very readily that it is past all harm from any source. Notwithstanding its fine appearance, however, it is not yet out of danger of frost, and will not be for at least two weeks.

A fine crop of oats has been reaped in this section. Much of it is still in the shock and a good deal of it has been stacked. It is thrashing out from thirty to fifty bushels to the acre and will average about forty. The wheat crop has all been harvested, and farmers are now busy plowing their land preparatory to putting in another crop of winter wheat.

Leaving Lincoln the outlook is much less promising. Between Waverly and Fairmont, a distance of sixty miles, is a stretch of country which has usually been described as the garden spot of Nebraska. Crops have always been abundant here, however poorly they may have been in other parts of the state. Last year and this year have been the only known exceptions to this rule. Somehow this belt has suffered severely this year. It has rained copiously on all sides of it and all around it, but the clouds refused to give it a drop of moisture until too late to save the corn crop. For a stretch of country sixty miles long and sixty miles wide the corn crop is a comparative failure. It will only run from a quarter to half a crop, averaging as a whole about one-third an ordinary crop.

Oats have not fared so badly. They are thrashing out from thirty-five to forty bushels an acre. Heavy rains fell over this section at the end of last week. They came too late, however, to save the bulk of the corn. Very much of it wilted beyond redemption and a good deal of it has already been cut for fodder. Wheat in this section is thrashing out fifteen bushels to the acre.

West of Fairmont the scene again changes and an ocean of waving corn, strong and luxuriant, is to be seen as far as the eye can reach in every direction. The crop from Hastings to the western boundary of the state is practically made, and nothing but a killing frost can now blight it. It will average not less than sixty bushels to the acre, and very many large fields will yield fifty bushels.

Around McCook is where the disasters of last year were most severely felt. The gains of this year have more than made up for the losses then sustained. The whole section of country looks like a veritable garden, and the people feel buoyant beyond expression. Winter wheat is thrashing out about twenty bushels to the acre and the best fields are yielding thirty bushels. Spring wheat is running from twelve to eighteen bushels to the acre. Oats average from fifty to sixty bushels, the best fields thrashing out one hundred bushels.

Alfalfa is a new crop here with which the people are delighted. All kinds of live stock eat it with relish, and it is proving to be fattening fodder. The first year it yields one ton to the acre, but after the third year it yields three crops a year, which foot up seven and one-half tons to the acre. It is worth in the market five dollars per ton, but to feed cattle the results have shown it to be worth seventy dollars per acre. It is the coming crop all along the flats of the Republican valley.

Paying a King's Doctor, 1540.

The first notice we find of royal payments to a physician was when Nicholas de Fernehan was called to the court of Henry III. at a salary, until he became bishop of Durham. In the accounts for the royal household, which date from the thirty-third year of Henry VI., and continue during the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., we find no regular allowance was made to the royal physicians—they were given a "reward," i. e., honorarium; the royal apothecaries, however, were paid as in the form of a legal demand. Among the Cottonian manuscripts in the British museum are the accounts of Henry VIII. On May 16, in the twenty-first year of his reign we note: "To Cuthbert, the King's Apothecarie, in full; xxx.l. xii.s vi.d."

On October 13: "To the Sargeant Apothecary, his bill xxviii. li. ii.s x.d."

In the twenty-third year of his reign, on February 1: "In reward to Dr. Yukesley and another physitian, iiiii li."

On March 30: "Paid to my Lady Princess phisitinn, in reward, xxvi. li. xiii. s."

On October 5: "To Dr. Butts, phisitian for ye use of Dr. Thurleby, Bishop of Ely, by King's command, x li."—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Bear's Queer Memento.

A big bear killed recently in the Dead Indian country, Oregon, was found to be carrying an odd memento of a previous episode with hunters, in which he came off victorious, though not unscathed. In the stifle joint of one of his hind legs was an unusually large tusk of a dog which the hunters said must have belonged to a big bear dog. The tusk was well overgrown with skin, and apparently had been in the bear's leg many years.

BEE farming has become a nuisance to the sugar refiners at Gennevilliers, near Paris. The bees swarm in the refineries and alight on the workmen. Every hive, the manufacturers assert, carries off five dollars' worth of sugar a year; that they can endure, but not the incessant buzzing and the irritation of the workmen.

PRINCESS has come to be commonly pronounced with the accent on the second syllable in England.

IN London now there are eleven district post offices, 101 branch offices and 877 town suboffices.

THE DUCK FARMS OF CHINA.

Some Queer Sights on the Rivers of Soo-Chow.

We expected to see something wonderfully fine when we reached Soo-chow; for does not the ancient proverb read: "Above are the halls of Heaven: below are Soo-chow and Hang-chow?" But we only saw what afterward seemed to us a typical Chinese city, and it is not to the cities that I would especially recommend sight-seers to go. The fame and splendor of a Chinese city lie not upon its being any cleaner than others, or upon its having wider streets, but upon the wealth of its merchants, the number of its pagodas, the gorgeousness of its temples, the beauty of its tea gardens, and the like. Thus Soo-chow is great, and its women are called the belles of the world. There the floating duck farms and the multitudes of river craft interested us most. In a quiet reach of water beside the walls we saw many flocks of ducks, each containing five hundred to a thousand birds. The shores were covered and the water was alive with them. The herders sat idly in small boats, while the ducks swam freely about, each flock making a tremendous brown spot upon the water. We watched to see one flock join another, and see how the owners would separate them afterward, but they did not join forces, and I doubt whether they ever would. The drakes led their followers away whenever two herds came too near. On another day, near Soo-chow, we saw a duck farm bigger than all these put together.

What would the reader think of seeing a farmer traveling to market with as many ducks as could be crowded into more than the space of the park between the city hall and the post office in New York City—a mass of perhaps two city blocks of duck flesh and feathers? That was what was driven past us on the Grand canal one day. Two men in two boats were driving the ducks before them, all as thick upon the water as they could swim. Each man carried a long slender bamboo rod with the heart of a palm leaf on the end of it. With this he kept the red and gray squawking mass in order. He whipped back into its place every duck that sagged out of the mass, or that lagged behind, or showed a disposition to make for the shore. Suddenly several boats came along in the opposite direction—a big chop boat and two or three smaller vessels. They were sailing swiftly before a fresh breeze directly down upon the acre or two of ducks. There seemed no way to prevent a terrible slaughter of poultry. The big chop boat, like a house blown before the gale, sped toward the advancing feathered host, and at last the birds that were in the way were almost under her bows. Then a flutter seized many square yards of ducks, the immense flock broke apart, a crack in it opened before the chop boat and widened until the boat swept through a canal that divided the flock. Not one duck was run over.—Julian Ralph, in Harper's Magazine.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

HUMOR is wit and love.—Thackeray.

TO PROCLAIM our faults to the world is pride.—Confucius.

CHILDREN have more need of models than of critics.—Joubert.

HUMILITY is to have a right estimate of one's self.—Spurgeon.

TO BE angry is to revenge the faults of others on ourselves.—Pope.

TO CARRY care to bed is to sleep with a pack on your back.—Haliburton.

IT is another's fault if he be ungrateful; but it is mine if I do not give.—Seneca.

A PROPENSITY to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow is real poverty.—Hume.

ACTION may not always bring happiness; but there is no happiness without action.—Disraeli.

HE who loves goodness harbors angels, reveres reverence, and lives with God.—Emerson.

OUR grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance; but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Carlyle.

Doubtful.

"Is your son coming back to the farm when he completes his college course?" asked the minister.

"I dunno," said the old man. "I dunno. The money he has to spend fer books an' board ain't goin' to leave no farm fer him to come back to, I'm afeerd sometimes."—Indianapolis Journal.

"SUHE, sorr, Oi'd loike t' git me name on the pinsion list." "Were you in the army?" "No, sorr, but mol sympaties was enlishted all troo th' war."—Harper's Bazar.

A HOME ILLUSTRATION.—She—"Do you think it is true that marriage delights in contrasts?" He—"Certainly! You know you are continually contrasting me with the man you supposed me to be before we were married."—Puck.

THAMP—"Say, boss, could yer give a feller a dime for n squnre meal?" Kind Gentleman—"Certainly. If the meal is a good one. Where is it?"—Harper's Bazar.

WIFE—"What do you think of Bridget's cooking?" Husband—"I think if she tried to boil water she'd burn it."—Truth.

"WOOGLES had a lot of money at one time. What became of it?" "He blew it in." "How?" "Invested it in a pneumatic railway scheme."—Washington Star.

DOTING Mamma (to Alfred, who is strutting about in his first trousers)—"Alfred, come over here and kiss me." Alfred (firmly)—"No mamma, I can't love you any more. I'm too old."

MANHOOD has a contempt for cowardice. That is why you get angrier when you see the other fellow isn't going to fight.—Plain Dealer.

"HICKS has married an armless woman." "Did he tell you his reasons?" "Yes; he said that he would never be under any woman's thumb."—Syracuse Post.

FORTUNE is ever seen accompanying industry, and is as often trundling in a wheelbarrow as rolling in a coach and six. —Goldsmith.

DENTIST—"The nerves are dead; that's what's the matter." Ceitic Patient—"Thin, be the blessid Virgin, th' dom tooth must be houldin' a wake over thim!"—Puck.

FATHER—"What was your mother talking about awhile ago?" Son—"I don't know." Father—"Why, you sat and heard it all!" Son—"Yes, but she was talking to the baby."—Chicago Record.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

NEWSPAPER WAIFS.

"WON'T you please take off your hat so that I can see the play?" "Yes, if you'll stop talking to your escort so that I can hear it."—Life.

MRS. BRAY—"I thought you said it was that little boy next door who was making all the noise." Little Johnnie—"So it was, ma. I was beating him with a stick."—Tit-Bits.

THE HUSBAND (seeing his wife off)—"You must promise not to ask for money every time you write." The Wife—"But that would necessitate my writing so much oftener."—Life.

CUSTOMER—"Why this is a new shade of red." Assistant—"Yes, madam. That is the anarchist tint." Customer—"How did it come to get that name?" Assistant—"It don't wash."—Louisville (Ky.) Post.

TEACHER—"Now, girls, you all know what liquid measure is. Little Alice may tell me what measure treats of inches, feet and yards." Little Alice—"Tape measure, teacher."—Harper's Round Table.

MARRIED—"How do you like these photographs of my mother-in-law?" Single—"They are very good of her; I prefer this one." Married—"Yes, so do I. She always looks well in a traveling dress."—Humoristische Blatter.

COBBLE—"I don't think the landlord of the Ocean Bar house liked what I said to him before I went in bathing." Stone—"What was that?" Cobble—"I asked him if there were any other sharks around."—Harper's Bazar.

FIGG—"It's a mighty good thing to have a retentive memory." Fogg—"That depends. If the memory is yours it is a mighty good thing, as you say; but if it happens to be the property of your wife, that's another matter." —Boston Transcript.

Climbing the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone.

The Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone is from 700 to 1200 feet deep. A general average is perhaps 1000 feet. At many points the walls are absolutely vertical and are embellished with gigantic buttiugs and pinnacles. Architectural forms of great variety are seen. These combine with the vivid coloring to form a scene of beauty and grandeur.

Interspersed among the vertical declivities are smooth slopes, set at various angles. Many of these can be climbed, some with much difficulty, others with moderate exertion. Care must be exercised as regards footing, but for good muscular exercise and lung development the feat is worth trying.

To stand in the bottom of this huge trench and gaze upward at the Philistinic walls, touched with beauty by the hands of God; to watch the emerald stream rushing through its narrow prison in foamy rapids and vertical leaps; to see the flashing of the sunlight athwart the walls, are well worth the effort required to climb them.

There is no danger in the attempt if care is exercised. The climb into and out of this wonderful place where naught of life is seen, save the circling eagles far overhead, is a profound experience.

If you send six cents to CHAS. S. FEE, General Passenger Agent, Northern Pacific Railroad, St. Paul, Minn., he will send a finely illustrated book telling about Yellowstone Park and a climb into the Canyon.

TEACHER—"Who was president of the first French republic?" Scholar—"Napoleon." Teacher—"And who was his wife?" The Class (vociferously)—"Trilby."—Brooklyn Life.

Tobacco-Twisted Nerves.

Millions of men keep asking for stimulants because the nervous system is constantly irritated by nicotine poison. Chewing or smoking destroys manhood and nerve power. It's not a habit, but a disease, and you will find a guaranteed cure in No-To-Bac, sold by Druggists everywhere. Book free. The Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

HE—"Do you really think kissing is wicked?" The New Woman—"It is worse than wicked. It is insanitary."—Indianapolis Journal.

Do You Desire to Adopt a Child?

Address the International Children's Home Society, 234 La Salle St., Chicago, Illinois, Rev. Dr. Frank M. Gregg, General Manager. Such a child as you may desire, of any age, will be sent you on ninety days' trial.

ALEXANDER received more bravery of mind by the pattern of Achilles than by hearing the definition of fortitude.—Sir P. Sidney.

SAFETY to mother and child and less unpleasantness after confinement, result from use of "Mother's Friend." Sold by druggists.

HE is always a slave who lives beyond his means.—Irrigation.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

DO YOU EXPECT **To Become a Mother?** If so, then permit us to say that Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription is indeed a true **"Mother's Friend,"** FOR IT MAKES **Childbirth Easy** by preparing the system for parturition, thus assisting Nature and shortening "Labor." The painful ordeal of childbirth is robbed of its terrors, and the dangers thereof greatly lessened, to both mother and child. The period of confinement is also shortened, the mother strengthened and an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child promoted.

Send twenty-one (21) cents for The People's Medical Adviser, 1000 pages, over 300 illustrations, giving all particulars. Several chapters of this great family doctor book are devoted to the consideration of diseases peculiar to women with suggestions as to successful home treatment of same. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Most Sensitive Thing on Earth

Is a human nerve. This in a state of health. Let it become overstrained or weakened, and the sensitiveness is increased tenfold. For weak or overwrought nerves, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best tonic in existence, since it invigorates and quiets them at the same time. It also possesses superlative efficacy in dyspepsia, constipation, malarial and kidney complaints, rheumatism and neuralgia.

He drew the sword, but not, alas!
His country's foes to baffle,
He drew the sword because he held
A ticket at a raffle.
—Philadelphia Record.

I USE Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—DR. G. W. PATTERSON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

LOOK FOR THIS LOCK

IT IS ON

The BEST SCHOOL SHOE Made

HAMILTON BROWN SHOE CO. SECURITY SCHOOL SHOE SEE THAT THE LOCK IS STAMPED ON THE BOTTOM OF EACH SHOE

PRICES FOR CASH

5 to 7½—$1.25 ✱ 11 to 13½—$1.75
8 to 10½—1.50 ✱ 1 to 3 — 2.00

IF YOU CAN'T GET THEM FROM YOUR DEALER WRITE TO

HAMILTON-BROWN SHOE CO., ST. LOUIS.

No Failure of Crops! A Sure Thing!

GARDEN, FRUIT AND TRUCK FARMS.

10 ACRES will give a family a good living. 40 ACRES will place you in a few years in an independent position.

WHY SLAVE ALL YOUR LIVES!

When Georgia and South Carolina offer such grand inducements for the frugal, thrifty man and woman—climate, soil and surroundings unsurpassed. FREE RAILROAD FARE. Free moving of all your effects, from the time you reach our road. Call or address LAND DEPARTMENT, Augusta Southern R. R., Carolina Midland R. R.; WALTER M. JACKSON, Commissioner of Immigration, Augusta, Ga. F. A. MORDAUNT, General Agent, 305 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

DRUG STORE IN CHICAGO FOR SALE OR MIGHT TRADE FOR GOOD FARM.

STORE IS IN GOOD LOCATION, HAS FAVORABLE LEASE, AND TRADE CAN BE STEADILY INCREASED.

Owner is not a druggist and has other business which demands all his time. Small cash payment with good security for balance, 6 per cent. interest, would be accepted. Price of store, $2700. Address M. YEILS, Druggist, Ellis Ave. and 36th Street, Chicago, Ill.

DROPSY Treated free. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases pronounced hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE. TEN DAYS TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE by mail DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Specialists, Atlanta, Ga. NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

FREE SAMPLE SURE CURE for Piles to any address. RIDER MEDICINE COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y.

A. N. K.—C. 1566

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

EIGHT PAPER DOLLS

. . . FOR ONE WRAPPER OF . . .

ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI

Send us two two-cent stamps for postage. These dolls have changeable heads. No two dolls dressed alike.

ADAMS & SONS CO., 52nd Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y., Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

Fearer.

Since the rain Saturday evening the weather has been more agreeable.

Benj. Lewis, who has been here for some time, left for home at Pittsburg last week.

Miss Lizzie Donald, of Lonoconing, is here visiting relatives at this place.

Noah Fearer is now attending normal at Friendsville.

Frank Brown and wife are here on a health and pleasure trip.

Freeman Savage made a business trip to Harnedsville, Pa., the 24th.

Mr. Edward Evans is home from the west. He arrived the 24th.

Mrs. John Fearer, who had been visiting her daughter at the Cove, returned yesterday.

Messrs. Brown and Evans were entertained last week by some of our boys with a coon hunt. They traversed the western part of Garrett and the whole of Preston counties, reaching the Morgantown road a few miles this side of Morgantown. The coons they caught were immense and they returned in a state of exhiliration.

North Glade.

The District Sunday school convention held here the 24th and 25th insts. was a decided success. Rev. Geo. H. Nock, Wm. Hinebangh, John Shartzer, Geo. E. Bishoff, C. M. Miller, W. D. Hoye, Jas. A. Enlow and others discussed the various questions in a highly interesting manner. Quite a number from a distance were present among whom we noticed, Mr. I. I. Thompson, Mrs. C. E. Hilleary, Miss Minnie Chisholm and Miss Nettie Jones, of Ryans Glades; also J. A. Friend, Chas. Hoye and R. Frantz, of Sang Run.

Rev. Lloyd preached his last sermon for us on Sunday morning. He has been very successful in his work among us the past year and is a young man with bright prospects before him.

We have had very dry and hot weather for some time—a good opportunity for harvesters. Buckwheat will not be good, but a fair prospect for other crops.

Mr. George White, of Oakland, has been with us looking up political friends.

Mr. Geo. J. Walter is busily engaged, part of the time at least, looking after his politicial interests. Mr. W. is our prospective candidate from No. 1, for Sheriff. He is an upright honorable man, and we believe his chances are good both in convention and at the polls.

Grantsville.—Delayed.

Lowndes gained a glorious victory at the Republican state convention contrary to predictions of certain political sages and wiseacres, especially those of Germanic persuasion. We trust that at the polls the party's choice will be endorsed by a majority of the commonwealth's voters and that in the event of election as executive of the state Mr. Lowndes will discharge his duties with integrity and in justice and equity to all.

Mrs. Emma Voeht, little boy and girl and Mrs. Loewenstein, of Johnstown, Pa., are visiting in this vicinity.

The recent report in circulation here that Ross Compton had nearly shot his daughter by the accidental discharge of a revolver, was grossly exaggreated, but he accidentally did fire a revolver which was supposed to be unloaded, though not nearly hitting his daughter. Moral, Always handle a fire-arm cautiously as though it were loaded.

Last Thursday Miss Kate Saussman died of consumption. The remains were interred in the Grantsville cemetery on Saturday. Funeral services were held by Rev. Hassler, pastor of the German Reformed congregation here, of which the deceased had been a member. Her age was 20 years, 2 months and 2 days.

The infant child of Baker Johnson is very seriously ill with scarlet fever.

Mt Lake Park.

The Chautauqua closed its most interesting session Tuesday last. A great crowd of people was in attendance.

Friday, 8 p. m., the annual meeting of the National Association of Local Preachers will convene. The convention will be in session until Sept. 3rd. About two hundred delegates are expected from all parts of the land. There will be old time preaching and old time singing. On Sabbath next the pulpit will be supplied by able divines.

Rev. Wm. Frysinger and wife, old friends of the Park, are here for a few weeks.

Hay fever victims are beginning to arrive. We are glad to meet many old friends among friends.

Rev. Whitehead, of East Liverpool, Ohio, has given the contract for the erection of a 7 room cottage.

The new addition to Hotel Dennett will have 60 rooms. W. R. Johnson has the contract.

"Things do move" at the Park. One sees changes and improvements every day. "Old things pass away and behold all things become new."

The drive to Crystal Springs is a thing of beauty.

The Park management keeps at it, hence the growth of the place.

The Park Improvement Co. has been chartered. J. A. Hayden is the president, C. W. Hopkins, secretary and J. Howard Eckles is treasurer. The board of directors are J. A. Hayden, C. W. Hopkins, J. Howard Eckles, Levi Hewitt and L. A. Rudisill.

Hon. J. D. McKey, of Philadelphia, with his wife, are guests of Mt. Lake Hotel.

Rev. J. A. Enlow has given out a contract for a cottage on the corner of E and Oak streets.

The lake is well patronized. The boats are all that could be asked for and the ride simply grand.

Elder.

The farmers are all busy with their harvest and report excellent crops.

Mr. Chas. Frazee, who cut his foot a few weeks ago, is still confined to the house but we hope to see him around again in a few days.

Mr. Arthur DeWitt and sisters, of Hoyes, were calling on Miss Loudien Friend Sunday.

Rev. N. Hart preached two inspiring sermons to large and attentive audiences Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Frazee, who has been very sick for several weeks, is slowly improving.

Miss Mollie Friend is on the sick list at present but we hope she will soon be well again.

Mr. W. H. Savage, of Krug, was the guest of Mr. Robert Sterling Sunday.

Messrs. Geo. Glotfelty and Fred. Meese, of McHenry, were pleasant callers at the residence of Mr. S. F. Cuppett Sunday evening.

Mrs. Harriet Frazee is sick at this writing and has our sincere hopes that she may soon recover.

If Dame Rumor is correct we will have a wedding in our community before long, but as we do not know just who it is we will not give any names.

Mrs. Elizabeth Sterling is on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. D. O. DeWitt, of Hoyes, were the guests of Mr. Isaiah Friend Sunday.

Mr. Thos. Bishoff and Miss Mollie Londermilk, of near Hoyes, were calling on Isaiah Friend the 25th inst.

We learn with much pleasure that we are to have a new schoolhouse at this place and we feel the pleasure in it more because we should have had one several years ago but it is better late than never.

We think our County Commissioners should give us more money for our roads next year than we had this because the roads are in a wretched condition and will never be any better until the commissioners do give more money. The present methods of using the money is about the same as throwing it in the fire. Make the roads good and they will not be very hard to keep good.

Easy to take, sure to cure, no pain, nothing to dread, pleasant little pills. DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Best for Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach and Constipation.

McComas' Calmative Konseals contain all that is required to cure the worst case of headache or neuralgia in a very few minutes and are safe, sure, inexpensive. Manufactured by Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf.

LAST CUT SALE

AT

SINCELL BROS.

Having decided to retire from business on account of ill health, we will close out our entire stock of goods at actual cost.

CLOTHING.

MEN'S CLOTHING.					BOYS' CLOTHING.				
$16.00	Suits	reduced	to	$8.50	$12.00	Suits	Reduced	to	$7.50
14.00	"	"	"	7.50	10.00	"	"	"	6.00
12.00	"	"	"	6.50	8.00	"	"	"	5.00
10.00	"	"	"	5.75	6.00	"	"	"	4.00
8.00	"	"	"	4.75	5.00	"	"	"	3.50
7.00	"	"	"	4.00					

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING,

$5.00	Suits	Reduced	to	$3.00
4.00	"	"	"	2.00
3.00	"	"	"	1.75
2.50	"	"	"	1.65

SHOES.

LADIES' SHOES.				
$5.00	Shoes	Reduced	to	$3.75
4.00	"	"	"	3.00
3.50	"	"	"	2.75
3.00	"	"	"	2.25
2.50	"	"	"	1.75
2.00	"	"	"	1.50
1.75	"	"	"	1.15
1.50	"	"	"	1.00
1.25	"	"	"	90
1.00	"	"	"	80

MEN'S SHOES.				
$4.00	Shoes	Reduced	to	$3.00
3.00	"	"	"	2.65
2.50	"	"	"	1.75
2.00	"	"	"	1.50
1.50	"	"	"	1.00
1.25	"	"	"	90

DRY GOODS.

25 Yards Muslin for $1.00
15 cent muslin for 12 cents
12½ cent muslin for 10 cents
10 cent muslin for 7½ cents
8 cent muslin for 6 cents
7 cent muslin for 5 cents
6 cent muslin for 4¾ cents
15 cent French gingham for 10 cents
12½ cent French gingham for 9 cents
10 cent gingham for 7 cents
8 cent gingham for 6 cents
7 cent gingham for 4¾ cents

We will also sell our full line of

Dress Goods, Silks, Trimmings, Embroideries, Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbons, Draperies, Towels, Ladies' Summer Undervests

White Goods, Novelties, Hats, Trunks, Etc.,

At the ACTUAL COST of them.

This we consider a rare bargain for the buyers of this line of goods.

Respectfully,

SINCELL BROS.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

are good for sick headache, constipation, pimples, biliousness, liver and ague, dyspepsia, rheumatism, female complaints, dizziness, thick coated stomach, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general debility. They will positively cure all disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. Price 25 cents a box.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

helps babes over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, controls the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will cure any summer complaint, dysentery, cholera and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no strong drug and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good. 25 cents a bottle.

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23-1yr.

34 inches high. Top can be adjusted to any angle or height. Revolving top is 15 x 15 x 12 inside. Holds about 200 vols Law size. Strong well finished Metal Base and Sides With Solid Oak Shelves and Top.—100,000 now used. Sent knocked down (60 lbs). On approval. Address: Marsh Mfg. Co. CHICAGO.

Agents Wanted.

STRAWBERRIES.

Best varieties, early, medium and late. Our pot grown plants set now will produce a full crop next June. Sent by mail prepaid, 60 cents per dozen; express unpaid, $3 per hundred.

THE HORTICULTURAL SUPPLY CO.,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

Proposals for Building a Bridge.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., July 31, 1895.

Sealed proposals will be received by the County Commissioners until Wednesday, September 11, 1895, (no bids received after 11 o'clock), for the construction of a wooden bridge across Yough River at Crellin. Bridge is 150 feet long, to be constructed after plans and specifications found in the commissioners' office. The material used is to be of sound, live oak. Further information can be obtained by applying to the clerk. The commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the Board,
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

11 1y

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments. Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe WITH J. B. WILLIAMS.

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

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SHEEP

Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, at old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
Keyser, W. Va.

19—1yr.

For satisfactory barbering try Liller and you will call again.

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FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
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CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED.
LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING.
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EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

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DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.
Drs. McLane & Berkeley,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
FROSTBURG, MD.
Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.
See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8:30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.
CHAS. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,

Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13t.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 100 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

--WANTED--

WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER

Also White Oak Timber Land.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.

Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50 00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
22tf 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

The Wesleyan Female Institute,

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.

For girls and young women. Established 1843. Full corps of experienced teachers. Location healthy, central and accessible. For catalogues and particulars apply to

REV. HENRY P. HAMILL,
13-15t President.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1895. NUMBER 26.

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A boating party went from Oakland to Mountain Lake Park last night and spent an hour very pleasantly rowing on the lake, returning on train No. 1. Among those in the party were Miss Gesner and Miss Buttou of Annapolis; Miss Morrison, of Piedmont; Misses Lizzie Weber, Belle Browning and Hattie Bartlett and Mrs. H. C. Sincell; Messrs. George and William Weber, D. E. Offutt, jr., Fred Wallace and H. C. Sincell.

John G. Mauger editor of the *Sunbeam*, Seligman, Mo., who named Grover Cleveland for the Presidency in Nov., 1882, while he was Mayor of Buffalo, N. Y., is enthusiastic in his praise of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and diarrhoea Remedy. He says: "I have used it for the past five years and consider it the best preparation of the kind in the market. It is as staple as sugar and coffee in this section. It is an article of merit and should be used in every household. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

We have been informed through the mails by a letter received on Tuesday morning from the firm that a man representing himself as being a salesman for Messrs. Morrell & Shafenberg, of Meyersdale, Pa., is traveling through Garrett county collecting money and taking orders for goods. After he gets the money he is seen no more by those who confide in him. He is described as being a man five feet six inches high and lame in the left leg. Be on the lookout for him.

While in Chicago, Mr. Charles L. Kahler, a prominent shoe merchant of Des Moines, Iowa, had quite a serious time of it. He took such a severe cold that he could hardly talk or navigate, but the prompt use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cured him of his cold so quickly that others at the hotel who had bad colds followed his example and half a dozed persons ordered it from the nearest drug store. They were profuse in their thanks to Mr. Kahler for telling them how to cure a bad cold so quickly. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Ripans Tabules relieve nausea.

On last Sunday the editor accompanied by Miss Gesner, of Annapolis, and Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sincell, went over to the home of the late George W. Wilson, where they were elegantly entertained by Mrs. Wilson and her sons. A visit was made to the mill owned by the estate of Mr. Wilson, where one was surprised at the immensity of the plant. Everything is in good order and shows a degree of prosperity seldom seen about works of the class. The editor also visited the spot where the remains of Mr. Wilson rest, which is upon an elevated piece of ground overlooking the valley of the Potomac and also the town of Wilson. Here a magnificent marble shaft has been erected to his memory by those whom he loved, and it was with a degree of reverence the spot was approached.

Communicated.

To the Editor of the Republican.

From a careful perusal of the *Mountain Democrat* wo would very naturally supposo that the issue in this campaign was the overthrow of the Baltimoro *News*, and of that paper by which so many staunch Democrats used to swear in by-gone days, the *Sun*. Column after column of valuable space is devoted to paying respects to those two Democratic papers whose great crime is that they will not wear the collar of that man whom Senator Hill called "the lean and hungry Cassius," better known in common parlance as Boss Gorman. If the *Mountain Democrat* is a specimen of the Gorman Democratic press, and we suppose it is, thon the principal fight seems to be against those papers. We have nothing to say in defense of the *Sun* and *News*, they need no defense, only to point to Gormanism in this State and they aro well able to take care of themselves in their noble fight in trying to redeem their party from the clutches of A. P. Gorman, and many of the best Democrats of Maryland, who know how things have been conducted by Gorman for his own selfish interests; remembering how Hayes, the choice of the Democratic masses for governor, was told by Gorman that no man but Mr. Hurst could be nominated; how the nomination was made regardless of the people's wishes, realizing that the people have vital interests at stake, will do their utmost for the overthrow of Gorman, who cares far more for self than for the interests of the people of Maryland. We would like to see the principles at issue discussed. It may be very soothing to the nerves of the Gorman-Democrat editors to tell us that Wellingtou is a "Great Boss." It may be very consoling to them, but we are very proud of Wellington because he is not a dictator, but a man of the people, who to-day in the great contest being waged in this State for the best interests of the people, is doing his duty as a man to force his native State from Gorman ring rule.

After a careful reading of the Democratic state platform we are struck by the absence of the regular plank on Democratic economy, Why leave out this important plank? It has been there so long that we have learned to look for it as a certainty; but no, it is not there. Why? Was it because of the record of the party in State and Nation? In the last gubernatorial campaign we were told in the Democratic platform of the awful extravagance of the Republican congress; of how "that the 51st Congress had appropriated in money and credit of the people more than a billion dollars," etc., etc., but why not tell us of the record you have made along this line? Why not boast of your economy under a Democratic administration? Is it because it would be as great a farce as for you to declare in favor of a re-assessment of property in this State? Was it because you remember the record of the Democratic congress for extravagance which exceeded the appropriations of the Republicans to such an extent that even Boss Gorman thought an excuse should be made, and he said that this had "become a billion dollar country." Nothing about economy! Was it because of the record in this State — one hundred and thirty-three thousand dollars stolen from the people by the Democratic State Treasurer and chairman of the State Central Committee, Stevenson Archer? Was it left out because of the record of the party in this State? A little boy was asked, "Is your father a Christian," replied, "Yes, sir, but he is not working at it much now." Was the usual plank on economy left out of the Democratic platform because the party is not working at it much now?

We are told of the repeal of the Sherman Act of 1890, but while you are boasting about this great achievement, why not tell the people that a majority of the Senators who voted for the bill were Republicans? But one solitary plank in the whole platform bears upon an important State issue—that of re-assessment—a pledge made and broken so many times that it has become a farce, a sham and fraud to see it in a Democratic platform. Are there no other questions in this campaign in which the people are interested? A Democratic promise of reassessment is not worth the paper it is written upon. Is it then only the continuation of Gorman's power for which you contend?

What of our public schools and the important reforms needed in our present system? What of home rule, the election and election of our officials by the people and not by the political boss? How about the oyster police force, and many other questions of vital importance to the people? The Democratic platform is as silent upon these questions as it is useless to expect an assessment from the Democratic party. The time has come when the people have a chance to redeem Maryland from Gormanism and strike a blow for the true independence of the State, principles which will prove a blessing for generations to come. Men of Garrett, think carefully of the importance of this campaign. Rise above party and vote for the best interests of the children around your firesides. The election of Lowndes means the overthrow of Gormanism and will give us many important reforms which we so badly need.

HOOSIER.

Swanton, Md., Aug. 31, 1895.

The Lownds Button.

The Lowndes button has made its appearance on the streets. It is of celluloid strongly backed with metal. Its color is yellow and in black ink a well executed vignette of the Republican Gubernatorial candidate and the single word "Lowndes" is printed upon it. The colors of the button are those of the State of Maryland, and the idea the button is supposed to convey is that the present fight is being made upon State issues alone, and that Mr. Lowndes' candidacy represents this view of the case. Several thousand of the buttons have already been distributed and many more are in demand.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending September 7, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

D. E. Parsons, M. D.	John Maroney
Ambrose Mattingly	Jacob Friend
John T. Williams	John Widgeon
Mrs. Frank West (2)	Mrs. John Mason
Mrs. Emma F. Shipley	(2) Miss Maud West
Miss Effie Teals	Miss Hannah A. Poland

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

SECURE THIS COURSE

To advertise our College we will give a thorough course of instruction in Double and Single Entry Book-keeping and Commercial Arithmetic, by mail, at

One-Fourth Regular Price

to a limited number of persons. This course will be completed in 40 lessons. No charge for diplomas.

ADDRESS,

CAPITAL CITY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,

116 WEST SIXTH STREET,

TOPEKA, - KANSAS.

26—1yr.

F. G. Hyde

Will have low prices during court. This is for everybody, whether courting or not. Have added the White sewing machines to my stock —the best and finest made in the world, also oil, needles, etc. (soft brains and Irish potatoes not in stock.) Come in; a little cash will go a great ways now. I need one hundred thousand dollars, but a little less will do. There will be no trouble to make a bargain if you have the stuff. I have a fine stock of everything in my line.

Thanking you for past favors and for those to come, I am

Yours respectfully,

F. G. HYDE,

Jeweler, Music Dealer and Optician,

106 Alder St., Oakland, Md.

P. S.—I have something new for the ladies in the way of a patent belt pin. The finest thing on earth. Invisible and inexpensive. Call and see them. 26-tf.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

Trespass Notice.

All persons are warned not to gun or trespass in any manner upon the tract known as "Bucks Bones," near Oakland. All such will be prosecuted to the extent of the law.

FRED FICKEY, JR.
FRED A. THAYER, Att'y.
26-3t*

The Judgeship.

Governor Brown has decided not to select a judge to fill the vacancy in the fourth judicial circuit until a candidate for the new term is chosen by the Democratic convention. It is likely that the Governor will appoint the candidate selected to fill out the present term.

G. A. R. National Encampment, Louisville, Ky. Reduced Rates via B. & O.

The B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to Louisville and return at all ticket stations on its lines east of the Ohio river, at rate of one cent per mile each way for the round trip, for all trains September 7th to 10th, inclusive, valid for return journey until October 6th inclusive. Tickets will be placed on sale, via B. & O., at offices of all connecting lines. Stop overs will be allowed on the return trip.

Veterans will bear in mind that all B. & O. trains run via Washington and Harper's Ferry.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the late firm of Speicher & Nethken are hereby requested to settle same, on or before Sept. 1st unless arrangements have been made otherwise.

All accounts not settled by that date will be placed for collection.

25-2t. SPEICHER & NETHKEN.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Go to Garthright's for your fall goods, also flour and feed. Sweeping reductions in dress goods, clothing, boots and shoes. Lots of goods at cost. Want ten tons buckwheat flour as soon as can be made. Will soon have good market for potatoes. 26-2t

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The preliminary hearing of Chas. B. Cropp and his baker, Gus Paraker, who had a lively setto on last Monday night, was heard Monday afternoon by Justice Delawder, who held both parties for the action of grand jury in the sum of three hundred dollars. Bail was furnished by Cropp, but Paraker, who has no friends in town, was sent back to jail.

A. M. Bailey, a well known citizen of Eugene, Oregon, says his wife has for years been troubled with chronic diarrhoea and used many remedies with little relief until she tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and diarrhoea Remedy, which has cured her sound and well. Give it a trial and you will be surprised at the prompt relief it affords. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

A boating party went from Oakland to Mountain Lake Park last night and spent an hour very pleasantly rowing on the lake, returning on train No. 1. Among those in the party were Miss Gesner and Miss Button of Annapolis; Miss Morrison, of Piedmont; Misses Lizzie Weber, Belle Browning and Hattie Bartlett and Mrs. H. C. Sincell; Messrs. George and William Weber, D. E. Offutt, jr., Fred Wallace and H. C. Sincell.

John G. Mauger editor of the *Sunbeam*, Seligman, Mo., who named Grover Cleveland for the Presidency in Nov., 1882, while he was Mayor of Buffalo, N. Y., is enthusiastic in his praise of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and diarrhoea Remedy. He says: "I have used it for the past five years and consider it the best preparation of the kind in the market. It is as staple as sugar and coffee in this section. It is an article of merit and should be used in every household. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

We have been informed through the mails by a letter received on Tuesday morning from the firm that a man representing himself as being a salesman for Messrs. Morrell & Shafenberg, of Meyersdale, Pa., is traveling through Garrett county collecting money and taking orders for goods. After he gets the money he is seen no more by those who confide in him. He is described as being a man five feet six inches high and lame in the left leg. Be on the lookout for him.

While in Chicago, Mr. Charles L. Kahler, a prominent shoe merchant of Des Moines, Iowa, had quite a serious time of it. He took such a severe cold that he could hardly talk or navigate, but the prompt use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cured him of his cold so quickly that others at the hotel who had bad colds followed his example and half a dozed persons ordered it from the nearest drug store. They were profuse in their thanks to Mr. Kahler for telling them how to cure a bad cold so quickly. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Ripans Tabules relieve nausea.

On last Sunday the editor accompanied by Miss Gesner, of Annapolis, and Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sincell, went over to the home of the late George W. Wilson, where they were elegantly entertained by Mrs. Wilson and her sons. A visit was made to the mill owned by the estate of Mr. Wilson, where one was surprised at the immensity of the plant. Everything is in good order and shows a degree of prosperity seldom seen about works of the class. The editor also visited the spot where the remains of Mr. Wilson rest, which is upon an elevated piece of ground overlooking the valley of the Potomac and also the town of Wilson. Here a magnificent marble shaft has been erected to his memory by those whom he loved, and it was with a degree of reverence the spot was approached.

Communicated.

To the Editor of the Republican.

From a careful perusal of the *Mountain Democrat* we would very naturally suppose that the issue in this campaign was the overthrow of the Baltimore *News*, and of that paper by which so many staunch Democrats used to swear in by-gone days, the *Sun*. Column after column of valuable space is devoted to paying respects to those two Democratic papers whose great crime is that they will not wear the collar of that man whom Senator Hill called "the lean and hungry Cassius," better known in common parlance as Boss Gorman. If the *Mountain Democrat* is a specimen of the Gorman Democratic press, and we suppose it is, then the principal fight seems to be against those papers. We have nothing to say in defense of the *Sun* and *News*, they need no defense, only to point to Gormanism in this State and they are well able to take care of themselves in their noble fight in trying to redeem their party from the clutches of A. P. Gorman, and many of the best Democrats of Maryland, who know how things have been conducted by Gorman for his own selfish interests; remembering how Hayes, the choice of the Democratic masses for governor, was told by Gorman that no man but Mr. Hurst could be nominated; how the nomination was made regardless of the people's wishes, realizing that the people have vital interests at stake, will do their utmost for the overthrow of Gorman, who cares far more for self than for the interests of the people of Maryland. We would like to see the principles at issue discussed. It may be very soothing to the nerves of the Gorman-Democrat editors to tell us that Wellington is a "Great Boss." It may be very consoling to them, but we are very proud of Wellington because he is not a dictator, but a man of the people, who to-day in the great contest being waged in this State for the best interests of the people, is doing his duty as a man to force his native State from Gorman ring rule.

After a careful reading of the Democratic state platform we are struck by the absence of the regular plank on Democratic economy. Why leave out this important plank? It has been there so long that we have learned to look for it as a certainty; but no, it is not there. Why? Was it because of the record of the party in State and Nation? In the last gubernatorial campaign we were told in the Democratic platform of the awful extravagance of the Republican congress; of how "that the 51st Congress had appropriated in money and credit of the people more than a billion dollars," etc., etc., but why not tell us of the record you have made along this line? Why not boast of your economy under a Democratic administration? Is it because it would be as great a farce as for you to declare in favor of a re-assessment of property in this State? Was it because you remember the record of the Democratic congress for extravagance which exceeded the appropriations of the Republicans to such an extent that even Boss Gorman thought an excuse should be made, and he said that this had "become a billion dollar country." Nothing about economy! Was it because of the record in this State — one hundred and thirty-three thousand dollars stolen from the people by the Democratic State Treasurer and chairman of the State Central Committee, Stevenson Archer? Was it left out because of the record of the party in this State? A little boy was asked, "Is your father a Christian," replied, "Yes, sir, but he is not working at it much now." Was the usual plank on economy left out of the Democratic platform because the party is not working at it much now?

We are told of the repeal of the Sherman Act of 1890, but while you are boasting about this great achievement, why not tell the people that a majority of the Senators who voted for the bill were Republicans? But one solitary plank in the whole platform bears upon an important State issue—that of re-assessment—a pledge made and broken so many times that it has become a farce, a sham and fraud to see it in a Democratic platform. Are there no other questions in this campaign in which the people are interested? A Democratic promise of reassessment is not worth the paper it is written upon. Is it then only the continuation of Gorman's power for which you contend?

What of our public schools and the important reforms needed in our present system? What of home rule, the selection and election of our officials by the people and not by the political boss? How about the oyster police force, and many other questions of vital importance to the people? The Democratic platform is as silent upon these questions as it is useless to expect an assessment from the Democratic party. The time has come when the people have a chance to redeem Maryland from Gormanism and strike a blow for the true independence of the State, principles which will prove a blessing for generations to come. Men of Garrett, think carefully of the importance of this campaign. Rise above party and vote for the best interests of the children around your firesides. The election of Lowndes means the overthrow of Gormanism and will give us many important reforms which we so badly need.

HOOSIER.

Swanton, Md., Aug. 31, 1895.

The Lownds Button.

The Lowndes button has made its appearance on the streets. It is of celluloid strongly backed with metal. Its color is yellow and in black ink a well executed vignette of the Republican Gubernatorial candidate and the single word "Lowndes" is printed upon it. The colors of the button are those of the State of Maryland, and the idea the button is supposed to convey is that the present fight is being made upon State issues alone, and that Mr. Lowndes' candidacy represents this view of the case. Several thousand of the buttons have already been distributed and many more are in demand.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending September 7, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

D. E. Parsons, M. D.	John Maroney
Ambrose Matlingly	Jacob Friend
John T. Williams	John Widgeon
Mrs. Frank West (2)	Mrs. John Mason
Mrs. Emma F. Shipley	(2) Miss Maud West
Miss Effie Teats	Miss Hannah A. Poland

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

SECURE THIS COURSE

To advertise our College we will give a thorough course of instruction in Double and Single Entry Book-keeping and Commercial Arithmetic, by mail, at

One-Fourth Regular Price

to a limited number of persons. This course will be completed in 40 lessons. No charge for diplomas.

ADDRESS,

CAPITAL CITY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,

116 WEST SIXTH STREET,

TOPEKA, - KANSAS.

26–1yr.

F. G. Hyde

Will have low prices during court. This is for everybody, whether courting or not. Have added the White sewing machines to my stock —the best and finest made in the world, also oil, needles, etc. (soft brains and Irish potatoes not in stock.) Come in; a little cash will go a great ways now. I need one hundred thousand dollars, but a little less will do. There will be no trouble to make a bargain if you have the stuff. I have a fine stock of everything in my line.

Thanking you for past favors and for those to come, I am

Yours respectfully,

F. G. HYDE,

Jeweler, Music Dealer and Optician,

106 Alder St., Oakland, Md.

P. S.—I have something new for the ladies in the way of a patent belt pin. The finest thing on earth. Invisible and inexpensive. Call and see them. 26–tf.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19–tf.

Trespass Notice.

All persons are warned not to gun or trespass in any manner upon the tract known as "Bucks Bones," near Oakland. All such will be prosecuted to the extent of the law.

FRED FICKEY, JR.
FRED A. THAYER, Att'y.
26–3t*

The Judgeship.

Governor Brown has decided not to select a judge to fill the vacancy in the fourth judicial circuit until a candidate for the new term is chosen by the Democratic convention. It is likely that the Governor will appoint the candidate selected to fill out the present term.

G. A. R. National Encampment, Louisville, Ky. Reduced Rates via B. & O.

The B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets to Louisville and return at all ticket stations on its lines east of the Ohio river, at rate of one cent per mile each way for the round trip, for all trains September 7th to 10th, inclusive, valid for return journey until October 6th inclusive. Tickets will be placed on sale, via B. & O., at offices of all connecting lines. Stop overs will be allowed on the return trip.

Veterans will bear in mind that all B. & O. trains run via Washington and Harper's Ferry.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the late firm of Speicher & Nethken are hereby requested to settle same, on or before Sept. 1st unless arrangements have been made otherwise.

All accounts not settled by that date will be placed for collection.

25–2t. SPEICHER & NETHKEN.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Go to Garthright's for your fall goods, also flour and feed. Sweeping reductions in dress goods, clothing, boots and shoes. Lots of goods at cost. Want ten tons buckwheat flour as soon as can be made. Will soon have good market for potatoes. 26–2t

A THRIPPENNY TOKEN.

BY THOMAS WHARTON.

THE custom of splitting sixpences or other small coins between lovers is useless, superfluous and dangerous. Useless because a halfsixpence does not preserve love, or you are very weak-minded if you need such a preservative; superfluous because it does not express love—nobody will argue about that—and dangerous—well, dangerous because everything useless and superfluous is dangerous, and particularly because everything sentimental is dangerous.

It was not a sixpence that I split with Marian, but a silver three-centpiece—one of the old silver bits, with a III and a big C. I found it in a handful of change one day, one of the early days of our acquaintance, and though it was then a very presumptuous step to take I had it cut in half, bored with two little holes and fitted (the halves) with two little gold rings. Then I gave one half to Marian and when she accepted it my heart punched me joyfully in the ribs. Goose that I was! I believe geese are myopic.

I affixed my half of that three-centpiece to the key-ring of my watch-chain. At first I regarded it as a veritable charm against all the evils, cares and mortalities of this sinful world. Later I grew more accustomed to it, but I never quite ceased to consider it a fetish. Marian's half disappeared for a time, and though mortified I did not dare ask after it. Later—oh, much later—it reappeared once more.

I could make a separate story out of the later reappearances of that dear little bit of silver. The first time I saw it again it slipped down, unobtrusively and unconsciously, attached to a thin gold bracelet, out of a soft sleeve. I did not dare to seem to notice it, but I could not manage to look unconcerned, and all at once there was a blush and the bracelet was suddenly and hastily restored to its hiding place up the sleeve. After that the half-threepence grew bolder; it showed itself on a watchguard and on other bracelets; for a time it seemed to possess barometric properties and would indicate what the weather had been and was going to be; but at last it finally returned to the gold bracelet and was left to exhibit itself or no without diffidence as chance might direct.

It was one day during this period that Marian requested it to be demonstrated to her that I was still in possession of my half of the threepence. I pulled it out of my pocket, and it was then, as the little silver thing lay in her soft white palm, that she swore me never to part with it and to cherish it as the one indissoluble bond between us. I took it quite as seriously as she could have wished and entered fully into the solemn spirit of the ceremony, for you may guess whether I was not flushed with happiness. I had not believed that she set such store by my first gift to her.

"While you wear it," she said, "I shall always keep my promises to you. But if you part with it in any way I shall never forgive you—and I will not not—I will not care for you as you wish me to. Remember, I have warned you."

That is the first half of the story.

Anybody can guess how the second half begins. I lost that wretched, ill-fated bit of silver. How, I don't know; nor can it matter now. Marian begged me to have it riveted to my key ring. I meant to take her advice but neg-

THERE BEFORE MY EYES LAY THE OBJECT I WAS SEEKING.

lected the matter, until one day, on passing a jeweler's shop, the half-threepence popped into my head. "I will have it riveted at once!" I said to myself. I entered the shop well satisfied with my diligence. My excitement and pallor when I discovered my loss created a sensation among the salesmen and customers. The impression gained that I had been robbed of diamonds at least, and I did not dare to correct it. I scratched myself then and there before them all to the verge of impropriety, and subsequently subjected my office and my bedroom to a scrutiny which would have made the Russian police turn pale with envy; but might as well have been looking for the ten lost tribes. Do what I might I could not find that fatal fifteen mills' worth of white metal, and I do not expect that I shall ever see it again. I may add that I do not wish to.

Having at least nerved myself to face my loss, what next?

There was one alleviating circumstance—just one. Marian had gone on to Boston to stop with the Miles-Standishes, who were giving dinners, and after that with the Cotton-Mathers, who were giving dances for her. Consequently I should have a respite of at least a week before detection was possible. During that time she would be most unlikely to read the lost and found columns in the New York newspapers (oh, yes, I advertised—on principle), and I should be able to carry out the felonious subterfuge which immediately suggested itself to me, with comparatively little fear of detection.

The subterfuge was to procure another three-cent piece, have that cut in half, hang the substituted token on my watch chain (rivet it, this time), and present a virtuous and undisturbed brow to the world.

If I were permitted I could easily write a novel on my experiences during the next three days while I was seeking for that threepence. I am not permitted. All I may do is to strive to convey the impression of haste, despair, constant movement, confusion as to time and place, sense of oppression, bewilderment, noise, bustle, oblivion of identity—to dash these in with a few strong strokes, so to speak. I tried all the means suggested by my numismatic (and philatelic) counselor. I believe I even addressed a letter to the Philadelphia mint, which respectfully referred me to somebody—or somewhere—else. The bridge and the elevated railroads I expanded into banks, savings banks, ferry companies and street car railways; and goodness knows what other incorporated metods of gathering up the small change of a people, their treasurers and cashiers, did I visit modestly, deprecatingly, anxiously, one after the other. I don't suppose I shall be believed, but there did not seem to be in the city of New York one single three-cent piece in circulation or on deposit.

I will give, simply by name, other places or persons included in my quest: Newsboys, bootblacks, newsboys' homes, apple women, river-front restaurants, telegraph offices, soup-houses, candy

I TOLD HER EVERYTHING.

stores, drug stores, exchange brokers, curiosity shops, pawnbrokers, dime museums and bootlace venders. I was everywhere unsuccessful, and finally another numismatist said to me: "You see, when people get hold of those coins they keep them for pocket pieces or have them cut in half for tokens." I began to believe him.

None the less, however, shall I ever remember with gratitude the sympathy of the proprietors of the nickel-in-the-slot machines. They begged me to wait. It could not be long before a silver three-pence was passed for a nickel. Alas! fate was against me. At last Sunday came. Weary and broken in spirit I went to church (a promise to Marian). The collection was taken up. I sit directly behind the venerable Edward Edwards. His venerable purple hand trembled over the velvet-lined plate. When the vestryman moved on to me, there before my eyes lay the object I was seeking. It was old, it was worn and shiny, its edges were scalloped—it was the very twin of my own.

After service I visited the vestry and effected an exchange. I leave the casuistry of my action to others; but it is a fact that gratitude for the providential assistance I had received toward my contemplated subterfuge impelled me to a thank offering, and the heathen were spiritually richer to the extent of one dollar and ninety-seven cents after the exchange was completed.

The next morning I took the three pence to the jeweler's shop to be cut in half. I still had my tremors, for suppose Marrian took a fancy to compare the supposed halves and they did not fit? However, this was a remote contingency; I could even devise means to provide against it. On the whole, I felt like an esoteric Buddhist just relieved from an underground fast.

There is only one way to cut a coin in half—from top to bottom. Mine was the right-hand half; the jeweler riveted it on my chain after rubbing the edges a little to make them seem not so freshly cut. Marian was to return the next day—Tuesday. It had been a narrow escape.

And now I know what you think happened. You think that when Marian returned my apprehensions were once more aroused by the peculiar manner in which she questioned me on the subject of my half of the threepence; that her manner convinced me that I was not only suspected but found out; and that, at last, after enduring untold agonies, I discovered that she had lost her own half—that is your supposition. How little you know Marian.

What happened was this:

I wore my counterfeit pledge for twenty-four hours with great satisfaction to my soul. But when my dear girl came home and sat smiling beside me, the depths of my baseness were opened unto me, and I saw how mean and black they were. I could not look into her eyes and deceive her. Without hesitating I told her everything.

She heard me to the end without a word. Then she lifted her eyebrows slightly.

"If you have lost your half," she said, disengaging her hand from mine, "it is absurd for me to go on wearing mine," and she pushed up her sleeve, drew off the bracelet and dropped it into a big Cloisonne bowl full of visiting cards.

"Jim," she went on, "did you really miss me?"—Ladies' Home Journal.

MASS FOR THE SLAIN.

A Peculiar Japanese Service in the Great Temple of Ikegama.

The temple proper covers perhaps an acre of ground, a low, rambling building with a massive roof covered with heavy tiles that curl up at the corners, as you always see them in Japanese pictures. The roof covers accommodations for three hundred monks, with reception room, libraries, refectories, treasure houses, apartments for the priests, kitchens, wardrobes, perhaps five hundred rooms in all, which are arranged in the Japanese style and separated by sliding partions. Some of them are of beautifully polished wood and others of small panels, in which paper is pasted instead of glass. The great chamber of worship is perhaps two hundred feet square, with frequent pillars handsomely carved and painted red. The interior is a mass of lacquer, gilding, banners, streamers and bronzes, with immense lanterns of brass and copper filigree, bronze images and lotus leaves, gongs and drums placed upon pedestals or hanging from the roof, gilded streams, portraits of famous priests, and quaint pictures in the Japanese style representing scenes in the life of Buddha and Nicherin, who is said to have been a sort of St. Peter.

The altar was a pyramid of rather gaudy decorations, candlesticks, and paper flowers, with myriads of candles, burning incense sticks and bundles of paper prayers before the images of different gods. On the summit and in the center of the altar is a massive effigy of Buddha, wearing the invariable complacent smile. The peasants think it is a solid mass of gold, but it is only a block of wood gilded. At the right of the altar, behind gilded doors, is a similar image of the sainted Nicherin.

The priests came from their retiring rooms in a long procession, marching awkwardly and unevenly, some with long strides and some with short, and their faces furnished a most interesting study for a physiognomist. Some were gross and gluttonous; others wore a sanctified expression, as if they had acquired the supreme ambition of every Buddhist, which is the entire suppression of the passions and the enjoyment of a holy calm. Some were old and toothless; others were young, almost boyish. Several had strong, intellectual faces, others were almost idiotic in their expression, and it did not require a Lavater to decide that all sorts of characters have found their way into the Buddhist priesthood.

The procession was led by priests who wore robes of a distinctive color and fashion, handsomely embroidered. Then came two acolytes bearing trays that were covered with napkins, which they afterward placed on the altar. Following them was the high priest, who wore a long white beard and looked like a patriarch. He is the bishop of the largest Buddhist diocese in Japan, and is reputed to be a man of proper life, profound learning and great influence in public affairs. His robes were gorgeous brocades, scarlet and purple and gold. He carried an elaborate lacquer staff like a crozier and a horse-tail switch, which is used in the distribution of blessings. It is waved before the image of Buddha and then over the heads of the worshipers to distribute the beneficent influence of the god through the atmosphere. The other priests wore robes of different colors, which seemed to indicate their rank — white, yellow, green, purple, blue and scarlet. Some were embroidered and some were plain, and every priest carried in his hand a folding fan, which he used frequently through the service. We counted two hundred of them, and there were many more.

The high priest knelt in front of a reading desk before the altar and muttered a prayer, switching his horsehair wand to and fro at intervals, while the other celebrants took their places in long rows at either side of the altar, facing each other and squatting upon their heels in front of low lacquer tables covered with boxes. I noticed that the tables corresponded in color with the robes of the priests. There was a strong odor of incense as the high priest led a chanted service from a parchment roll spread out before him, and a muscular monk over in a corner beat a suspended drum about the size and shape of a whisky barrel with an instrument that looked like a baseball bat. Whenever he struck the drum the priests chanted the sacred formula of Nicherin: "Namu mio oho renge kyo," which literally means: "Glory to the Book that brought salvation, the blossom of religion."

The high priest then arose from his reading desk and, followed by the acolytes bearing something on lacquered trays that was concealed under embroidered covers, took his place at the other end of the aisle under an immense red umbrella. His attendants threw over his shoulders a scarlet robe, and then, as he touched a gong, all of the priests lifted the covers from their little lacquer tables and disclosed piles of books—the sacred gospels of Buddha. Then, under the leadership of the high priest, they commenced to intone the contents of these volumes in concert, while two or three priests struck gongs occasionally, first one and then another, without any apparent regularity or order, but I suppose they understood their business.

As the gong would strike, the monotonous intonations would swell in volume, as if the sleepy ones were aroused to more zeal in the tedious service. Then the muscular monk with the baseball bat would go over and pound the big drum awhile with an energy that showed that he was in earnest. They told us that the terrific racket which he made was intended to attract the attention of the gods, and he did his best to keep them awake. Occasionally an attendant brought the high priest tea, which he drank in a swallow, while the sing-song, sing-song of the service went on. It lasted for five hours continuously. We got enough of it in two.

This is said to have been one of the most solemn and momentous ceremonies that have ever occurred in Japan, and is believed to have brought into the Buddhist paradise the wandering souls of all the soldiers who fell in the war.

Another remarkable service was held in this same temple in 1889, when the same priests chanted a similar litany for the repose of the souls of the sailors of the American man-of-war Oneida, which was sunk with her officers and crew near the mouth of Yeddo bay in 1870. The bones of many of the lost were afterward recovered by wreckers and buried in the grounds that surround the temple at Ikegama. At the service five years ago the American admiral and his staff attended, with one hundred sailors from the fleet, including one from the solitary boat's crew that escaped the disaster.—Chicago Record.

INDUSTRIOUS SOVEREIGNS.

How Some of the Queens Spend Their Time in Private.

Though it may be thought that the royal ladies of Europe are very superior personages a near acquaintance with them reveals the fact that they are after all very human, and women before all. A man who had traveled very extensively over the continent took pains not very long ago to find out what the favorite amusements of the women at the head of the great European governments were. He managed to unearth some little known peculiarities which are the more especially interesting for the reason that they find mention in the court circulars or the letters of foreign correspondents.

Queen Victoria has two hobbies which she pursues even now despite her feebleness. One is music, the other languages. As a young princess the monarch of England was noted for her sweet voice and her elegant touch upon the piano. It is not at all exaggerating to say that in both these respects she was more than an extraordinarily good musician. Though rheumatism prevents her playing now, and she seldom sings, she still retains her love for harmony and enjoys nothing more than a quiet musical morning in the halls of Windsor.

A half dozen of the European languages have been at her tongue's end for many years, but the one in which she has taken the most pride has been Plattdeutsch. She has a very thorough knowledge of this difficult dialect, and has read through many of the romances written in it, which are remarkably fine, but which have seldom been translated owing to the fact that their beauty and pith are lost in the change from one language to another.

Like her royal mother, Victoria Adelaide, now dowager empress of Germany, is a fine musician, and she has made use of the melodies of her childhood to assuage the sorrows that the years have brought her. Not only has she been interested in musical matters ever since her girlhood, but she is also a very fair artist, and had she not been born to the purple there is little question but that her paintings would have brought name and fame.

Turning to Russia, the dowager empress Dagmar is an expert needlewoman and spends all of the time she can spare embroidering. There is hardly a family connected with the Russian royal house by marriage or kingship that has not some specimens of her handiwork. Her daughter-in-law, the reigning Empress Alix, a very young woman, has developed no particular tastes as yet, nor for that matter has the present empress of Germany, who has been absorbed ever since her marriage in her maternal duties.

Margherita, the queen of Italy, is a keen theatrical critic and the patroness of everything relating to the stage. She also takes much interest in linguistic matters, and it is a point of etiquette with her to always address her visitors in their own tongues.

Cooking is the fad of the crown princess of Sweden and Norway, and there is a pleasing story to the effect that some years ago this royal young woman, while on a visit to Berlin, went down into the great kitchens of the old palace, tucked up her dainty sleeves and started in making various concoctions for the old kaiser, her grandfather, who was mightily tickled at the attention and enjoyed his meals during her visit more than he had for a long time previously.

Louise, of Hesse-Cassel, reigning queen of Denmark and the mother of the princess of Wales and of the dowager empress of Russia, could easily become a professional milliner and make a great deal of money out of it. The innate taste of poking up a small bunch of ribbon and a sprig of flowers together so as to make what women call a "confection" of a hat is hers, and has been for a good half century. All her daughters have to a certain extent inherited this taste, and the princess of Wales in particular is indebted to her royal mother for the admirable taste she has always had relating to matters of personal adornment.

Years ago the empress of Austria used to hunt unceasingly, and she kept it up until her health broke down. What was even more remarkable, she "broke" her own horses, and did it to such good effect that she became very nearly the best-mounted woman in all Europe. Since her health has failed she has devoted her energies largely to traveling and to studying modern Greek. The practical end of this latter is hardly evident, but it is certain that the empress takes keen delight in it.—N.Y. World.

—History gives no definite information as to when the observance of the first day of the week was substituted by the Christians for the seventh day, the ancient Jewish Sabbath. It undoubtedly arose among the earliest practices of the Christian church, and was regarded as the fittest day to be held sacred, because, in the words of one of the fathers: "It is the first day in which God changed darkness and matter and made the world; and on the same day also Jesus Christ, our Saviour, rose from the dead." Various additional reasons taken from the Old Testament were advanced by others of the early fathers in the support of the observance of this day.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—A man named William Hare Skaggs has been in jail at Brownsville, Ky., several months charged with the murder of a missing citizen of that place. A few days ago the missing man returned to Brownsville in the best of health, and naturally was amazed at hearing of the jeopardy Skaggs had been in on his account. How Skaggs and the police feel about the case is not related.

—Alaska papers tell of a traveler named Clifton who a few weeks ago was making preparations in Juneau for a journey up the Yukon river, which he intends shall extend 1,000 miles further into the mysterious northern region than any white man has yet reached. He had hired twenty Indians to accompany him, and had bought several packs of dogs for use in sleighing. It is said his expectations as to the results of his trip run to great gold discoveries as much as to geographical glory.

—Malaria is declining in Italy, says Dr. Raseri, director of the hygienic institute in Rome, the deaths from it in five years from 1887 to 1893 being 3 in 1,000, while for the five years preceding they were 5 in 1,000. All places 1,500 feet above the sea are free from it. In the valley of the Po the rate is 1 to 2 to 1,000, at Rome it is 3, in the country south of Rome 8; the Adriatic coast north of Mount Gargano is healthier. It is a curious fact that malaria is most prevalent in the parts that were most thickly populated in ancient times.

—A decided change was made in our national flag in 1794. On January 13 of that year a law was passed that after May 1, 1795, the flag should be composed of fifteen red and white stripes and fifteen stars in the blue field. This was the flag of the war of 1812. The change was due to the admission to the union of Vermont on March 4, 1791, and Kentucky on June 1, 1792, making fifteen states in the union. The act originated in the senate and when it went to the house it provoked great discussion, but the bill was passed.

—A slight epidemic of gold fever is sweeping over Cleburne county, Ala., induced by the recent rediscovery of a gold deposit at Arbacoochee, thirty miles from Anniston. The deposit was worked prior to 1849, but the California gold craze which became virulent at that time took all the prospectors and miners from the Alabama field, and the existence of gold in the region was almost forgotten and the location of the deposit preserved only in the form of a legend. A week or so ago the ledge was rediscovered. Samples of the quartz have been submitted to experts, and there seems a probability of the mine becoming profitable property, and leading to considerable prospecting in the region.

—The regimental colors of the United States infantry are of blue silk and bear in the center the arms of the United States. Below the eagle is a red scroll, with the number and the name of the regiment in white. The United States artillery has scarlet regimental colors, with two cannon crossed in the center, with "U. S." in yellow above and the regimental number below. The cavalry regimental standard is a beautiful seamless yellow silk with a four-foot fly and three feet on the lance. The arms of the United States are in blue in the center, and beneath the eagle a red scroll bears the name and number of the regiment in yellow. The United States engineers carry scarlet colors, bearing in the center a castle with "U. S." above and "Engineers" below, castle and lettering being in silver.

HAPPINESS.

It Does Not Always Come with the Acquirement of Riches.

Happiness is a quality of the mind which is very difficult to define correctly. What is happiness to one man is the reverse to another.

There are some individuals whose highest idea of bliss is to sit comfortably in the house and look out of the window at others stuck in the mud.

There is much truth in the remark of Talleyrand, or some other cynical Frenchman, that in order to be happy a man has to have a hard heart and a good digestion. It is almost impossible for sensitive people to be very happy for any length of time, for mosquitoes and fools will annoy them in spite of all they can do, to say nothing of other complications.

The only man who is to be envied is the man who is contented, but where is he? It is useless to attempt to defeat him, for the man who does not want anything except what he has already got is absolutely invincible.

Incidentally we may remark that no such man exists.

It is a mistake to suppose that the rich society people are happy. These spoiled children of the world, like their juvenile namesakes, are generally a source of unhappiness to others without being happy themselves.—Texas Siftings.

A Man and His Wife.

On the Underground railway, a little while ago, a man and woman got into the carriage. He was snarling at everyone—the guard, the porters, the newspaper boy and a passenger whose foot he kicked getting into the carriage. The woman was a little thin and pale, and I fancy all the passengers were sorry for her, and thought she must have a very bad time of it. Presently she spoke to the man; she said: "When shall we reach Richmond?" He said: "We shall be home inside of forty minutes." That was all; but voice, look, manner, were absolutely kind and tender; the whole man changed when he spoke to his wife; a brute to everyone else, he was a lover to her. Lucky woman! Everyone would hate her husband but herself, and he hated everyone but her. What more could she want? As for the other passengers, I think they went home singing, because they had seen love.—London News.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Spiced Gooseberries.—Six quarts of gooseberries, nine pounds of sugar, cook one and one-half hours, then add one pint of vinegar, one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and allspice. Boil a few minutes. When cold they should be like jam. Boil longer if not thick enough.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Squash Custard.—Boil one summer squash about thirty minutes until tender; drain perfectly dry; press through a colander; add to it two eggs well beaten, a quarter of a cup of sugar, and four tablespoonfuls of milk. Flavor with either lemon or vanilla. Line a pie dish with plain paste, pour in the custard, and bake thirty minutes.—Home Queen.

—Tomato Soup.—Cook thoroughly a dozen ripe tomatoes, and add a pinch of salt, a half teaspoon of baking soda, and a tablespoon of butter. Strain through a colander. (They should be cooked in granite or porcelain. Tin or iron should never be used for acid fruits or vegetables.) Heat two quarts of milk, to which add a teacup of bread or cracker crumbs. Serve in hot dishes, with buttered toast. This will serve eight people.—Boston Budget.

—Removing Stains and Grease Spots. —1. For taking all stains out of fine clothing, benzine applied in a circle around the spot, working to the center and sponging off. 2. Take out paint from a garment by wetting with benzine, rubbing with a woolen cloth, then wetting and rubbing again. 3. Take a grease spot out of delicate fabric by touching the spot with the yolk of egg, then laying a piece of white ribbon over the spot, repeating with fresh water several times. 4. Rub a fruit stain with yellow soap, putting on wet starch, and hanging in the sun several days.—Housekeeper.

—Potato Croquettes. — Potato croquettes make a pretty dish to serve with cold meat of any sort. They are made from finely mashed potato whipped with the yolks of eggs until very light, then seasoned with pepper, salt, a little onion juice, some finely-chopped parsley and further moistened with a little cream. When thoroughly mixed heat in a double boiler, and when cool enough to handle form into croquettes, dip in egg yolk and cracker crumbs, and drop into boiling lard. When brown remove with a skimmer, place for a moment on a sheet of brown paper and then remove to a hot platter; garnish with parsley and serve.—Farmer's Review.

BATHING BABIES.

Use a Kitchen Table If You Want to Have Ease.

Purchase a kitchen table at any of the shops where they deal in household goods. These tables may be found in three sizes, ranging in price from fifty to seventy-five cents. They are well made pine tables, fitted with substantial legs and a spacious drawer. The second size should be chosen for our purpose. A carpenter will readily saw off the legs to a height of twelve inches, for the table is to serve as a platform to elevate the bathtub when placed upon its top up to just an easy, comfortable height, for the mother when seated in a chair to manipulate the baby, without stooping, lifting or strain.

In the drawer should be a center piece for wash rags, while the side spaces may be subdivided into several compartments. These may contain powder boxes and bags, and any other thing in baby's toilet. These spaces provided, and the table set down to the proper height, the whole is in readiness to receive the embellishment of paint. A coat of ordinary white paint should be applied first, followed with one of English enamel. This last will bear many washings off and much wear without showing defacement.

White porcelain rollers may be easily adjusted beneath the four legs, and the little platform is complete for service. The bathtub placed upon its top will leave a space of eight inches or more all around, whereon may be set soap dish, powder box and all the needful close at hand, which is an item of immense importance to mother or nurse, for the experienced know that baby's bath is a process of emergencies.

A useful and needed article is a combination towel rack and screen.

A small wooden clothes-horse, also to be purchased for half a dollar in the house-furnishing depot, painted after the direction given above, forms the frame work. Each panel should be fitted with a dainty dimity curtain, made adjustable with tiny tapes, so that they may not infrequently have recourse to the laundry. This quaint little screen will serve to protect the bath from draughts, and its lower rungs will be found a useful towel rack, and may also hold baby's fresh clothes in readiness for the immediate dressing that is to follow the bath. Every well-ordered layette should count at least four bath robes, simply large squares of the very softest Turkish toweling, bound about the edges with tapes.—St. Louis Republic.

For Another's Greatness.

"If it hadn't been for you," observed the shade of Napoleon, accosting the shade of the duke of Wellington, "the world might have been mine."

"That is true," the shade of the Iron Duke complacently replied. "I must confess that I was too many for you."

"And yet," the emperor continued, "look here."

Together they leaned over the cloudy battlements.

"Observe," Napoleon said, with a broad, downward sweep of his arm, "thousands of books, millions of magazines, portraits my own mother wouldn't recognize — the whole world talking Napoleon."

"And what of me," the duke said.

"Well," Napoleon patronizingly replied, "now and then you are mentioned—in a foot note, maybe."

Reflectively the duke of Wellington turned sadly away.

"And to think," he muttered, bitterly, "that I should be responsible for this man's greatness. Waterlooloo I was!"—Rockland (Me.) Tribune.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BIRDIE'S TROUBLES.

Oh, dear! I am nearly distracted to-day,
My family worries me so:
For sweet Angelina, my very best doll,
Has quarreled with Benjamin Joe.

Poor Margaret Mabel has torn her best dress
And Jane has cracked three of her toes;
Jemima has hurt her right arm and been scalped,
And Daisy has broken her nose.

Then Eleanor Rose has got a sore mouth
Just while she was learning to talk;
Dear Bessie has lost both shoes and her hat;
And so I can't take her to walk.

The twins, Jack and Jill, have got such a bad cold,
And Elsie has measles; and I
Have sent for the doctor, who hasn't come yet,
And I fear they will certainly die.

My kitty has scratched; my mamma's asleep;
I can't find my slate when I look;
My tea-set is broken and sister is cross,
And Johnny has hidden my book.

If papa was here he would sing me a song,
Or tell me a story, I know,
And if he would ride me downstairs on his back
I believe all my troubles would go.

I do feel so bad; do you s'pose it's my nerves?
And do you know what will relieve?
But there; I heard somebody open the door;
It's papa—I really believe!

—Presbyterian Journal.

THE AMERICAN BISON.

Only Two Hundred Wild Buffaloes Still Alive in the United States.

In a wild state, the American bison, or buffalo, is practically, though not quite wholly, extinct. At the present moment there are about 200 wild buffaloes alive and on foot in the United States. To obtain these high figures we include the 150 individuals that the white head hunters and red meat hunters have thus far left alive in the Yellowstone park, where the buffaloes are fondly supposed to be protected from slaughter. Besides these, there are only two other bunches; one of about 20 head in Lost park, Col., protected by state laws, and another, containing between 30 and 40 head, in Val Verde county, Tex., between Devil's river and the Rio Grande.

Four years ago there were over 300 head in the Yellowstone park, thriving and increasing quite satisfactorily. Through them we fondly hoped the species would yet be saved from absolute extinction. But, alas! we were reckoning without the poachers. Congress provides pay for just *one* solitary scout to guard in winter 3,575 square miles of rugged mountain country against the horde of lawless white men and Indians who surround the park on all sides, eager to kill the last buffalo! The poachers have been hard at work, and as a result our park herd has recently decreased more than one-half in number. It is a brutal, burning shame that formerly, through lack of congressional law adequately to punish such poachers as the wretch who was actually caught red-handed in January, 1894, while skinning seven dead buffaloes! and now, through lack of a paltry $1,800 a year to pay four more scouts, the park buffaloes are all doomed to certain and speedy destruction.

Besides the places mentioned, there is only one other spot in all North America that contains wild buffaloes.

Immediately southwestward of Great Slave lake there lies a vast wilderness

AN ANCIENT BISON.

of swamps and stunted pines, into which no white man has ever penetrated far, and where the red man still reigns supreme. It is bounded on the north by the Liard and Mackenzie rivers, on the east by the Slave river, on the south by the Peace river, and on the west by the Rocky mountains. Mr. Warburton Pike says it is now the greatest beaver country in the world, and that it also contains a few bands of the so-called wood buffalo. "Sometimes they are heard of at Forts Smith and Vermillion, sometimes at Fort St. John, on the Peace river, and occasionally at Fort Nelson, on the Liard; * * * but it is impossible to say anything about their numbers." At all events, in February, 1800, Mr. Pike found eight buffaloes only four days' travel from Fort Resolution, on Great Slave lake, and succeeded in killing one. The Canadian authorities estimate the total number in that region at three hundred. — W. T. Hornaday, in St. Nicholas.

Humming Birds and Flowers.

It has long been known that insects assist plants by carrying the fertilizing pollen from flower to flower, but the fact has only recently been prominently brought forward that humming birds are just as effective distributors of pollen as insects are. It has been shown that these little birds, which are as fond as bees of the honey of flowers, carry the pollen grains in great quantity, not only on their feathers but on their long bills also. Indeed, so well suited is the humming bird to do this work of distribution, without any intention of its own, that the question has been raised whether it may not be the most beneficent of all the unconscious friends that the flowers have in the animal world.

Dolly's Feat.

A little girl was overheard talking to her doll, whose arm had come off, exposing the sawdust stuffing: "You dear, good, obedient dolly, I knew I told you to chew your food fine, but I didn't think that you would chew it so fine as that."—Home and Country.

A BAD BOY'S PRANK.

How He Made a Big Pelican Struggle with a Rubber Band.

Several hundred people were intensely amused at the queer antics of the usually dignified pelican who swims around in Stow lake at Golden Gate park.

Of course, a small boy was at the bottom of it, and the bird is undoubtedly still wondering how it all happened.

The pelican's enormous bill with its membranous sack has made the bird an object of more than ordinary interest to visitors.

So much bread was thrown to it for the sake of seeing the big bill open and

HAD A RUBBER BAND IN HIS HAND.

close that the pelican grew quite tame and a few days ago it swam up to take a piece of bread from the hand of a small boy on the bank.

The youngster had a rubber band in his hand. This he slipped over the big bird's bill.

The pelican at once felt something decidedly unusual had happened. He tried to shake the band off.

The band didn't move; then the bird opened its bill, but as it gave its head an impatient shake the muscles relaxed. "Snap," the rubber band got in its work and the mandibles came together with a noise like the slapping of slats.

The big bird looked surprised. Its round eyes were focused on its bill, which it again essayed to open.

But the rubber band, being near the end, had too great a leverage and the mandibles could be separated but four or five inches, only to audibly snap together.

A most amusing struggle ensued. The bird's bill opened, only to snap shut. Each time the pelican was more surprised than before.

It tried to rub the hand off on its back. Then it stuck its bill under water and in the mud. Still the band stuck.

Then the unhappy fowl made for the land.

As it walked, it lifted its big, broad feet unnaturally high, and after going a short distance brought its right foot down on its left. Then it couldn't pick the left foot up.

The ungainly bird, with its big bill stuck heavenward, teetered for awhile and then lost its balance and fell over.

This released the foot, and the pelican started for the water, where it continued to struggle with the tenacious band while the crowd fairly shrieked its applause.—San Francisco Call.

HOUSES IN TREES.

Travelers Have Seen Them in All Portions of the Earth.

Not many years ago the custom of building houses in the branches of trees was a common one among many of the savage peoples of the Pacific islands, but latterly the custom has become less general. Tree houses have also been seen by travelers in three districts of Africa—by Nachtigal, near the Shari river in the Soudan; by Greenfell, on the Mobangi, and by Wolf, on the Lomami.

The natives whom Nachtigal and Greenfell saw in their little houses, perched high up among the branches, appear to use these elevated structures only as places of refuge in time of danger; but Dr. Wolf, on the Lomami, discovered tree-dwellers who prefer to live always among the branches, out of the easy reach of their enemies and of the freshets that frequently inundate their lands.

We have heard more of the tree-dwellers in Borneo than of those in any other part of the world. But these buildings are also found in considerable numbers in New Guinea and the Solomon islands.

Some tribes there have long been in the habit of building houses fifty or sixty feet from the ground. When their lookouts report the approach of the enemy in their rowboats the danger signal is communicated by a peculiar cry. Then the women and children climb into the tree-houses by means of rough ladders, and watch, safe from harm, the conflict which ensues.

Firearms are responsible for the abandonment of these tree-houses for ground dwellings. It is against the law to sell firearms to these Pacific savages, but in one way or another they are able to secure a considerable quantity. When they are used the natives find the perches ineffectual refuges for the women and children against guns and rifles. The poor creatures prefer to take their chances of being shot on the ground, and so the practice of building tree-huts has come to be abandoned.—Golden Days.

Good Story from the South.

According to a southern correspondent, a great, gaunt, colored man entered the express office in a small town and asked if there had been anything received for George Washington. The clerk gave him a knowing look, and said, sharply: "What game are you trying to work on me? Washington died long ago!" This is a companion to the story of the congressman who began an address by saying: "As Daniel Webster says in his great dictionary—" "It was Noah who wrote the dictionary," whispered a member at the next desk. "Noah?" replied the speaker, contemptuously. "Nonsense! Noah built the ark!"

FARM AND GARDEN.

PRESERVING EGGS.

Old Methods Which Have Been Tried and Never Found Wanting.

There is no known method by which eggs can be kept to be equally good as fresh eggs, but there are many ways of preserving them so as to make a fair substitute for use in the kitchen. The great object to be attained is to prevent evaporation. Cutting off the air from the contents of the shell preserves them longer than any other treatment. At present cold storage is considered the best method of preserving eggs, but few have the necessary facilities, and where the amount is small one of the following recipes will be found acceptable:

Eggs may be preserved by packing small end down in salt, sand or dry bran, care being taken that they do not touch each other. They must be well covered with the packing material and kept in a cool place. If preferred, they may be wiped before packing with vaseline, to which salicylic acid has been added, or given a coating of salt butter, or covered with spirit varnish made by dissolving gum shellac in alcohol.

For preserving in lime a pickle is made in the following way: Take twenty-four gallons of water, twelve pounds of unslacked lime and four pounds of salt, or in that proportion, according to the quantity of eggs to be preserved. Stir several times daily and then let stand until the liquor has settled and is perfectly clear. Draw or carefully dip off the clear liquid, leaving the sediment at the bottom. Take five ounces each of baking soda, cream of tartar, saltpeter and borax and an ounce of alum. Pulverize and mix these and dissolve in a gallon of boiling water, and add to the mixture about twenty gallons of pure lime-water. This will about fill a cider barrel. Lower the eggs in carefully in a basket or colander, so as not to crack any of the shells, letting the water always stand an inch above the eggs, which can be done by placing a barrel head a little smaller upon them and weighting it. The eggs should remain in the brine until ready for use. If it evaporates more water may be added, but the pickle should never be used more than once. These proportions will give brine enough to preserve about one hundred and fifty dozen eggs.

ARE SPLENDID LAYERS.

White Crested Black Polish Said to Be a Very Profitable Breed.

Polish fowls are naknown in Poland. It is conjectured that the name comes from the peculiarity of the head, or poll, and that the pollish or polled has been shortened to Polish.

All the varieties of this breed have a large top knot or crest, shown in the illustration, which represents the white crested black. This is one of the oldest varieties of the Polish fowls.

When well bred the plumage is a deep black with beautiful iridescent tints on the hackle, saddle and tail

WHITE CRESTED BLACK POLISH.

feathers of the mate, the crest alone being pure white. There will generally be a few dark feathers in the crest, but the fewer the better.

As may be supposed, this combination gives these birds a striking appearance and they are much admired when on exhibition.

The Polish fowls are unexcelled as layers, but their eggs are not large. They are classed as non-sitters. In size they are small to medium, the mature hens weighing from four to five pounds and the cocks five to six. In favorable situations they are profitable to keep, but are not considered to be capable of enduring exposure to rain, wind and cold like some other breeds.—Farm Journal.

CARING FOR TURKEYS.

It Pays to Provide the Birds with a Secure Roosting Shed.

The turkey usually seeks a high roosting place, as a matter of protection from enemies, but the jumping from the tree limbs often causes lameness. They are also exposed in winter, which causes roup. A cheap shed, open on one side, with a high roost, will protect them from winds, and at the same time give them all the ad-

vantages of being in the open air. Such a shed will cost but little, but care must be taken that no holes or cracks are in the walls, as small currents of air are more injurious than exposures outside. The walls may be lined with tough paper of some kind, which may be tacked on. By this arrangement more turkeys can be raised, and they will be less liable to disease. They can be easily taught to go under the shed by placing wire mesh along the front and confining them therein for a few days. The house should face the south.—Farm and Fireside.

If your pasturage is short, feed corn fodder and help out the corn with some fall pasturage; barley, for instance, or winter rye. Sow these now where the earlier grains have been taken off and you will get well paid.

LINCOLN'S SELF TRAINING.

He Studied Ways to Express Himself in Plain English.

The following account of Lincoln's early struggle for mastery of thought told in his own language, may be of use to many young people. It gives the secret of the power of his simple style. In 1860 Mr. Lincoln delivered a campaign address in Norwich, Conn. Rev. John Gulliver, late of Andover Seminary, said that he learned more of the art of public speaking in listening to that speech than he could have learned from a whole course of lectures on rhetoric. He was so much interested in the masterly address that he asked Mr. Lincoln later where he was educated. We give the reply in Mr. Lincoln's own words:

"Well, as to education, the newspapers are correct. I never went to school more than six months in my life. I can say this, that among my earliest recollections I remember how, when a mere child, I used to get irritated when anybody talked to me in a way I could not understand. I do not think I ever got angry at anything else in my life; but that always disturbed my temper, and has ever since.

"I can remember going to my little bedroom, after hearing the neighbors talk of an evening with my father, and spending no small part of the night walking up and down, and trying to make out what was the exact meaning of some of their, to me, dark sayings.

"I could not sleep, although I tried to, when I got on such a hunt for an idea, until I had caught it; and when I thought I had got it, I was not satisfied until I had repeated it over and over; until I had put it in language plain enough, as I thought, for any boy I knew to comprehend. This was a kind of passion with me, and it has stuck by me; for I am never easy now, when I am handling a thought, till I have bounded it north, and bounded it south, and bounded it east, and bounded it west.

"But your question reminds me of a bit of education which I am bound in honesty to mention. In the course of my law reading I constantly came upon the word demonstrate. I thought, at first, that I understood its meaning, but soon became satisfied that I did not. I said to myself: 'What do I mean when I demonstrate, more than when I reason or prove?'

"I consulted Webster's dictionary. That told of 'certain proof;' 'proof beyond the possibility of doubt;' but I could form no idea what sort of proof that was. I thought a great many things were proved beyond the possibility of doubt, without recourse to any such reasoning as I understood demonstration to be.

"I consulted all the dictionaries and books of reference I could find, but with no better results. You might as well have defined blue to a blind man. At last I said: 'Lincoln, you can never make a lawyer if you do not understand what demonstrate means;' and I left my situation in Springfield, went home to my father's house, and stayed there until I could give any proposition in the six books of Euclid at sight. I then found out what demonstrate meant, and went back to my law studies."—Youth's Companion.

A HIGH TRIBUTE.

A Cincinnati Business Man Praises Pink Pills.

From the Cincinnati, Ohio, Enquirer.

A well-known and popular citizen of the east end of Cincinnati is Robert Nimmo, who for the past nine years has been the general manager of the Gholson Fence Company. Mr. Nimmo lives at 64 East Fourth Street with his wife and family. He is a man of force of character and is an expert in poultry foods, having devoted considerable attention to that subject.

A few months ago the many friends of Mr. Nimmo were seriously alarmed about his health. Mr. Nimmo tells an interesting story in connection with his illness that may prove beneficial to others who are suffering from nervous and stomach troubles. He said:

"Last October I caught a severe cold. It brought on dyspepsia and I had violent fits of coughing. My stomach became badly disordered, and to add to my trouble, I was so nervous that I could do nothing, and not only was afraid that I would be compelled to give up business, but that I would not live long. Several remedies were suggested to me and I tried three or four, but they didn't help me a particle. Some one called my attention to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I bought a box of them and I commenced to improve almost immediately. They not only drove away the feeling of misery in my stomach, but toned my system to such an extent that I am now a well man. Recently, however, I have not felt well, and I told my wife to-day that I would buy four more boxes of the Pink Pills, that they had cured me before and that they were a good thing to have in the house in case of sickness. I can recommend these Pink Pills in the highest terms. Some of the things I took when I contracted the cold seemed to do me good for a day or two, but the effect was not lasting. The benefit I derived from the Pink Pills was permanent. I deem it a privilege and a duty to pay tribute to the excellent qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They did me so much good that others ought to try them. I am fifty-eight years of age, was born in Canada, and have resided in Cincinnati for about fourteen years."

He is one of thousands in this city who can testify that Pink Pills have given them new life and strength whether suffering from nervous or stomach disorders.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

The poet we call a phenomenon rare,
Who defies all analysis rash;
But we know the longer his verse and his hair
The shorter we oft find his cash.
—Washington Star.

No flattery, boy! An honest man can not live by it; it is a little sneaking art, which knaves use to cajole and soften fools withal.—Otway.

The man who carries a single state
Is accounted now of worth;
But in early days old Atlas was
The man who carried the earth.
—Indianapolis Journal.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE CORN IN THE GREEN.

A Pretty Bit of Sentiment Drawn from Its Delicate Tint.

Pure color almost always gives the idea of fire, or rather it is, perhaps, as if a light shone through as well as the color itself. The fresh green blade of corn is like this—so pellucid, so clear, and pure in its green as to seem to shine with color. It is not brilliant—not a surface gleam nor an enamel—it is stained through. Besides the moist clods the slender flags arise, filled with the sweetness of the earth. Out of the darkness under—that darkness which knows no day save when the plowshare opens its chinks—they have come to the light. To the light they have brought a color which will attract the sunbeams from now till harvest. They fall more pleasantly on the corn, toned, as if they mingled with it.

Seldom do we realize that the world is practically no thicker to us than the print of our footsteps on the path. Upon that surface we walk and act our comedy of life, and what is beneath is nothing to us. But it is out from that under world, from the dead and the unknown, from the cold, moist ground that these green blades have sprung. Yonder a steam plow pants up the hill, groaning with its own strength, yet all that strength and might of wheels, and piston, and chains cannot drag from the earth one single blade like these. Force cannot make it; it must grow—an easy word to speak or write; in fact, full of potency. —The late Richard Jeffries, in Longman's Magazine.

LOW-RATE HARVEST EXCURSIONS

Via Missouri Pacific System.

August 29th, September 10th and 24th and October 4th, 1895, the Missouri Pacific Railway and Iron Mountain Route will sell tickets at half rates (plus $2) for the round trip from St. Louis and its Mississippi River gateways, as well as from Kansas City, Leavenworth, Atchison, St. Joseph and Omaha, to points West and Southwest. Tickets limited to fifteen days from date of sale, and good to stop over on going trip. For copies of land pamphlets, descriptive of the resources, soil and climate of the several Western and Southwestern States, address company's agents, or H. C. Townsend, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

Weep it Is Folly to Trust.—"Don't you think the man who marries for money is a fool?" "He is, unless he gets it in advance."—Indianapolis Journal

A Golden Harvest

Is now assured to the farmers of the West and Northwest, and in order that the people of the more Eastern States may see and realize the magnificent crop conditions which prevail along its lines, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y has arranged a series of three (3) Harvest Excursions for August 29, September 10 and 24, for which round trip excursion tickets (good for return on any Friday from September 13 to October 11 inclusive) will be sold to various points in the West, Northwest and Southwest at the low rate of about One Fare.

For further particulars apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent or address Geo. H. Heafford, Gen'l. Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y, Chicago.

She says she does not love me yet,
But I'd not be surprised
To learn she fibs; because you see
That yet is emphasized.
—Life.

Baggsly—"Does Bowser belong to your club?" Waggsly—"No, my club belongs to Bowser. He's chairman of the house committee."—Brooklyn Life.

The true joy of reward is in the labor which wins it. —Irrigation.

AUTOMATIC COURTESY.

A Habit That Helps to Smooth the Path of Life.

The habit of being courteous under all circumstances to those with whom one is thrown is always a wonderful advantage to a man or woman. It so smooths the way for one. It makes the machinery by which society moves run so evenly, without jars and wearing friction. It helps one to accomplish his work with so much more ease, by making those with whom he has to deal eager and willing to help him in whatever way they can.

There is the greatest difference in the way people go about their business. One man is anxious and worried, and resolved to accomplish everything he attempts, and he forgets that those about him also have their work to do, and treats them with scant courtesy.

It is not because he means to be disagreeable or does not care whether he is disagreeable or not. It is simply that it does not occur to him that there is necessity to be courteous in business. It is well enough to be polite after business hours, but during them he has no time to waste. It follows that this person is continually having little tilts with the people he meets. Men do not move quickly enough for him, or somebody's clerk overlooks him, and takes up the business of another when his should have had the precedence. He frets and fumes. His attitude is antagonistic, and those who meet him quickly feel it, and are themselves immediately put upon the defensive. This, of course, does not tend to make his business transactions run as smoothly as they might, and things get into the way of going wrong—

Tobacco-Weakened Resolutions.

Nerves irritated by tobacco, always craving for stimulants, explains why it is so hard to *swear off*. No-To-Bac is the only guaranteed tobacco habit cure because it acts directly on affected nerve centers, destroys irritation, promotes digestion and healthy, refreshing sleep. Many gain 10 pounds in 10 days. You run no risk. No-To-Bac is sold and guaranteed by Druggists everywhere. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

The fruition of what is unlawful must be followed by remorse. The core sticks in the throat after the apple is eaten, and the sated appetite loathes the interdicted pleasure for which innocence was bartered.—Jane Porter.

Splitting Shackles Asunder

By merely flexing the muscles of his arms is an easy task for Sandow, that superlatively strong man. You will never be able to do this, but you may acquire that degree of vigor which proceeds from complete digestion and sound repose, if you will enter on a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and persist in it. The Bitters will invariably afford relief to the malarious, rheumatic and neuralgic, and avert serious kidney trouble.

"What is the matter here?" asked a stranger of a small boy, as he noticed a large wedding party coming out of a church on Fifth avenue. "Nawthin' but the tied goiag out," was the reply.—Texas Siftings

An Important Difference.

To make it apparent to thousands, who think themselves ill, that they are not affected with any disease, but that the system simply needs cleansing, is to bring comfort home to their hearts, as a costive condition is easily cured by using Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

A history will live, though written ever so indifferently; and it is generally less suspected than the rhetoric of the muses.—Shenstone.

Pimples are inexpressibly mortifying. Remedy—Glean's Sulphur Soap.
Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

Teacher—"Why did you have your hair cut so short, Bobby?" Bobby—"So that you couldn't pull it, ma'am."—Harper's Bazar.

Piso's Cure cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. Cudy, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1895.

"Well," said the monkey to the organ grinder, as he sat on top of the organ, "I'm simply carried away with the music."

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

In Our Great Grandfather's Time,

big bulky pills were in general use. Like the "blunderbuss" of that decade they were big and clumsy, but ineffective. In this century of enlightenment, we have Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which cure all liver, stomach and bowel derangements in the most effective way.

If people would pay more attention to properly regulating the action of their bowels, by the use of these little "Pellets" they would have less frequent occasion to call for their doctor's services to subdue attacks of dangerous diseases. The "Pellets" cure sick and bilious headache, constipation, indigestion, bilious attacks and kindred derangements of liver, stomach and bowels.

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, etc., when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Go by the book. Pills 10c and 25c a box. Book FREE at your druggist's or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal Street, New York.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.

DRUG STORE IN CHICAGO FOR SALE OR MIGHT TRADE FOR GOOD FARM.

STORE IS IN GOOD LOCATION. HAS FAVORABLE LEASE, AND TRADE CAN BE STEADILY INCREASED.

Owner is not a druggist and has other business which demands all his time. Small cash payment with good security for balance, 6 per cent. interest, would be accepted. Price of store, $2,700. Address MYERS, Druggist, Ellis Ave. and 35th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root — The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE. At Druggists, 50c & $1. Advice & Pamphlet free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION. 25 CTS.

A. N. K.—C. 1567

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packages contain a list of novels by the most popular Authors. Five Cents in stamps will procure any one of them delivered FREE.

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The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 5, 1895.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR,
LLOYD LOWNDES,
OF ALLEGANY.

FOR COMPTROLLER,
R P. GRAHAM,
OF WICOMICO.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
HARRY M. CLABAUGH,
OF BALTIMORE.

REPUBLICANS ATTENTION!

The Republican voters of Garrett County are hereby requested to assemble in Primary Meetlugs in their respective districts on Saturday, the 21st dny of September, 1895, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, for the purpose of electing five delegates from each election district to attend a County Convention to be held in Oakland on Wednesday, September 25, 1895, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, to nominate candidates as follows:

Two candidates for House of Delegates.
A candidate for Sheriff.
A candidate for County Surveyor.
A candidate for County Treasurer.
One candidate for County Commissioner to serve four years.
Three candidates for Judges of Orphans Court.
A candidate for States Attorney.
A candidate for Register of Wills.

Also to elect three delegates to represent Garrett County in the Republican Judicial Convention to be held in Oakland, Md., on hursday, September 26th, 1895.

The voters are also requested to select five ersons from each district in the county to act as district committee, whose names will be handed in by the delegates to the County Convention.

JAMES C. PEDDICORD.
C. J. OTTO,
J. G. KOLB,
State Central Committee for Garrett County.

"A GOD-FEARING man, who for twenty years has served in the vestry of the Protestant Episcopal church of his town, the Christian people of this State are assured that no wrong-doing in matters of State will pass by without rebuke from him."—D. W. Sloan in Nominating Speech at Cambridge Convention.

ANY man can take a newspaper. It is the cheapest thing he can buy. It instructs you and your wife and teaches your children; it comes to you every week, rain or shine, calm or storm, bringing you the best news of the neighborhood. No matter what happens, it enters your door as a welcome friend, full of sunshine cheer and welcome news; it shortens the long summer days, and enlivens the long winter nights. It is your advertiser, your gossip and friend. No man is just to his wife and children who does not give them a home paper to read.

Mr. Hurst as an Independent.

Mr. John E. Hurst, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Maryland, has barred himself from all criticism of the conduct of those Democrats who propose to bolt his nomination by the course he outlined for himself in the campaign of 1883. In an interview that year he declared that he and an organization of good Democrats, of which he was then president, would bolt if candidates satisfactory to them were not nominated. "In such an emergency we would not hesitate to vote for Republicans," were their own words. Now, twelve years later, Mr. Hurst himself is an unsatisfactory candidate and his Democratic opponents propose to administer to him a dose of his own medicine. And it is that staunch Democrat, Ex-Governor Whyte, who resurrects this statement with which to plague Mr. Hurst, and who says: "Such was Mr. Hurst's view of Democratic duty in 1883. Will he blame others for the exercise of similar privileges in 1895?"

A Strong Nomination, Strongly Made Strongly Accepted.

Hon. Lloyd Lowndes last Wednesday accepted the anti-Gorman nomination for the Governorship in a letter which is wholly satisfactory to the thousands who are supporting him in this campaign,

The nomination of Mr. Lowndes is a strong nomination, strongly made. His letter is strong in its simple clearness and in its evident sincerity. The candidate takes up the pledges of the platform one after the other and gives his personal indorsement to them.

The people of Maryland trust Mr. Lowndes and they believe that he will keep his promises. Mr. Lowndes, like Mr. Hurst, is a man of the highest integrity. But unlike Mr. Hurst, he stands on a platform declaring for imperatively needed reforms, concerning which the Gorman-Rasin platform is significantly silent. And, again unlike Mr. Hurst, Mr. Lowndes, if elected, will be in position to command the support of his party in the fulfillment of the pledges which it and we have made.

The record and personality of the Cambridge nominee, the platform of the Cambridge Convention, which in its civil service reform and fair elections planks is more democratic than the Democratic platform, supplemented by the letters of Messrs. Lowndes and Graham and the manner in which the campaign has been managed up to date, all combine to reassure those Democrats who have determined to carry the fight against Gorman and Rasin outside of party lines.

The Old National Highway.

In a recent letter to the Oakland REPUBLICAN Mr. Charles Brown calls attention to the condition of that portion of the old national turnpike road lying in Garrett and Allegany counties. The road was built by the federal government from Cumberland westward before the days of railroads, and was maintained as a free road, the government making all repairs. Since that care was withdrawn the portion of the road lying in Maryland has been neglected, and Mr. Brown says it is fast going to ruin. He calls especial attention to the bridge that spans the Casselman creek in Garrett county. This is a fine bridge, being an arch, having the longest single span of any bridge on the road from Baltimore to St. Louis. It is rapidly falling into a state of dilapidation. The long and massive wing walls have nearly disappeared, and the magnificent arch is threatened with destruction.

It is not encouraging to those who are moving for good public roads that a splendid road, probably the best made road of any considerable length in the United States, is allowed by a Maryland county to go to ruin for lack of a little repair and care, when is has been in effect given to it free of cost. Mr. Brown talks about an appeal to congress and to the state, and these failing for Garrett county to rely upon itself. The last would be best. It is entirely unlikely that the congress will make any appropriation, and it is not certain that the legislature could constitutionally do so, even if it has the disposition. The road is in Garrett, and is a most important highway for the people of that county, and they surely ought to see to it that it goes not to ruin.

The portion of the old highway lying east from Cumberland was constructed by corporations, the stock being principally held by the old state banks and some by the state of Maryland. Not long ago, after a freshet had damaged the road and washed a number of bridges away, a long stretch of road lying in Washington county, between the Conococheague and Sideling Hill creeks, some 20 miles, was surrendered by the company owning it to Washington county. That county now maintains it, free of toil as one of the public roads.—Baltimore Sun.

There is no doubt, no failure, when you take DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure. It is pleasant, acts promptly, no bad after effects.

Hon. Lloyd Lowndes' Letter of Acceptance.

Mr. Lloyd Lowndes, the Republican candidate for Governor, was formally notified at the Carrollton Hotel shortly before 6 o'clock last Wednesday of his nomination by the committee appointed for that purpose. Mr. Lowndes responded by reading the following letter of acceptance:

Cumberland, Md., Aug. 28.

Gentlemen—I thank you for the courteous manner in which you have conveyed to me the official notification of my nomination for the office of Governor of Maryland by the Republican State Convention at Cambridge.

I appreciate the unusual unanimity which the selection was made, and the confidence thus shown inspires me with profound gratification.

I accept this nomination, and pledge myself, if elected, to carry out the promises of the platform made by that convention.

I wish now to emphazie the declaration I made before the convention assembled, that, in my judgment, the contest at the election should be conducted not so much upon the lines of national issues as upon the vital principles of local self-government and good citizenship. This campaign is a supreme movement for political liberty and progressive government, and yet, I may be permitted to say in this connection that I believe in the well-recognized principles of our party, which, upon the living issues of the day, has always been in the vanguard of public sentiment and thought, and am in favor of such a system of finance as will give to the people of our country a sound national currency, redeemable at the pleasure of the holder in that coin which is the standard of value of the great commercial nations of the world.

DISHONORED PROMISES.

A party that has thrice dishonored its explicit promises has no more right to demand the popular support than the drawer of a thrice dishonored bill of exchange has to expect its acceptance by a prudent business man.

The Republican party makes promises, not to break, but to perform them; our platform declares for the prompt passage of a reassessment law. If elected, I shall urge upon the Legislature at the beginning of its session the enactment of a law for the immediate reassessment of all property in this State, real and personal, a law which will recognize the depreciation in value of our farming lands and the diminisbing values of our farm products.

THE BURDEN TOO HEAVY.

In Maryland we are trying to progress encumbered with an assessment a generation behind the age, and the burden is too heavy for the people to carry. It is time for us to recognize changed conditions and adopt modern methods. In the enforcement of such a law, if the duty were imposed upon me by the Legislature, I should use my best endeavors, appointing none but honest and intelligent officials, and considering only their personal worth and fitness for the discharge of their several duties; but in my opinion the appointment of such officers should be committed to the local authorities of the several counties and the city of Baltimore, as being in line with the policy of the Republican party favoring local self-government.

DEBT LIMIT NECESSARY.

The large increase in the bonded and floating indebtedness of our municipalities and the growing tendency to incur liabilities for municipal and county improvements beyond the ability of the present generation to discharge renders it imperative, in my judgment, that by an appropriate constitutional amendment the power thus to pledge the public credit should be limited, and I would favor such an amendment.

FAIR ELECTIONS.

Fair elections are the bulwark of a free people. So long as they can exercise the right of the ballot, and are assured a fair count, they have self-government; when they come short of this, self-government has ceased, and the State passes into the hands of self-constituted rulers. Therefore the recommendations regarding the reform and improvement of the election laws have my heartiest recommendation. Thanks to the reformers of all parties in the State, valuable advances have been made toward electoral purity, but there are loopholes which should be closed, and the platform clearly points out the ones that need the earliest attention.

The right to vote and have his vote properly counted should be secured to every citizen of the State, and one great help to this end would be such a revision of our laws as would give us an annual registration in Baltimore city, and at least quadrionnial in the counties, with an annual revision of the lists.

A few years' experience with the Australian ballot proves that above the statute is the machinery which it creates. Fair registration, fair elections, are only possible when the officials are honest and faithful to the extent of being tolerant to all and giving advantage to none.

INDEPENDENT CANDIDATES.

Independence in politics is the corrective of the failures of the primary, and the candidates of independent citizens should have a place upon the official ballot.

When the control of the school system of Maryland was taken away from the people it was placed in the hands of the judiciary, and thence passed under the control of the Executive. Believing that in the education of the young lies the future safety and prosperity of the State, I should strongly urge that our public schools be at once placed under local control; removed entirely from political influences, and the great benefits of a free and liberal education brought within the reach of the humblest child, and in order that every impediment might be removed I would cheerfully sanction a law providing for free books, so that the end and aim of our whole system of free public schools might be the more effectually accomplished.

FAVORS CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

I believe the better sentiment of our people will favor the appointment to the Police, Fire and other City Departments of the public service, according to the merit system, which has been so greatly extended in the Federal service under Presidents Arthur, Cleveland and Harrison. The State of New York has adopted it in its Constitution and the city of Chicago has also adopted it by an overwhelming majority.

Such appointments, by merit and service during good behavior, will help to scale down the tax rate and show the people that in these departments the public money is spent with good results.

I now pledge myself in favor of civil service reform, and will not forget that I am so pledged to extend the merit system and to recommend the enactment of such legislation as will permit the people of the several counties and municipalities to pass upon this question.

THE OYSTER BEDS.

I have confidence in the action of the convention in interpreting the needs of our people in regard to the public oyster beds, and if elected I will conform my actions to the same. The management of the Oyster Police Force has been frequently and, I think, justly criticised, and it would be my earnest effort, so far as in my power, by the judicious appointment of competent officers and men, to remedy the abuses which have crept into the service.

With a high sense of the demands and responsibilities of the office of Governor of Maryland, and fully realizing and appreciating the lofty public sentiment which has so promptly and favorably responded to my nomination for that great office, I promise, with a firm reliance on Divine Providence, if elected, to execute its duties as a sacred trust, for the benefit of the whole people of our State. I am very respectfully,

LLOYD LOWNDES.

Severe griping pains of the stomach and bowels instantly and effectually stopped by DeWitt's Colic and Cholera Cure.

Easy to take, sure to cure, no pain, nothing to dread, pleasant little pills. DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Best for Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach and Constipation.

Just Received,

A Car Load of Watermelons, Canteloupes, Bananas, Potatoes and Apples and will sell you at your own price.

Fruit and Vegetables received daily.

We will sell you Groceries at the lowest possible price.

Just received, a fresh line of Marvin's crackers. They are the best and cheapest.

We are still in the Jewelry business and will sell you good goods at a low figure. What we have not in stock we will get you on short notice.

Anything in our line we will gladly sell you as cheap as you can buy elsewhere. Give us a call.

W. H. MALETTE,
Fancy Grocer and Jeweler.

P. S.—When in Mt. Lake Park try our Ice Cream, Meals and Lunches, "Auditorium Restaurant."

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first insertion* of the same:

Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $3; County Commissioner, $2.50; Register of Wills, $2.50; County Surveyor, $1.50.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

By the request of friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer of Garrett County, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

JACOB S. MEYERS.
District No. 2. Selbysport, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. M. LOHR.
Cove, [illegible], March 11, 1895.

FOR SHERIFF.

At the request of my many friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Garrett County, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

AUSTIN BROWN.
Selbysport, Md., May 31, 1895.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. Don't slight the old soldiers.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND.
Oakland, Md., May 27, 1895.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

GEORGE J. WALTER.
District No. 1. P. O., Thayerville, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party

GEORGE D. WHITE.
Oakland, Md.

FOR SURVEYOR.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Surveyor of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

F. P. GREEN.
District No. 11.

(F. A. Thayer, Solicitor.)

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

Moses Wensel, et al., vs. William Haun, et al.; No. 708 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

The object of this suit is to procure a sale of the real estate of John Haun, late of Garrett county, deceased.

The Bill of Complaint alleges that the said John Haun departed this life about the 12th day of March, 1892, seized and possessed of certain real estate in said county as shown by Exhibit A., leaving surving him as his only representatives and heirs at law the following persons, to-wit: Jane Haun, his widow, who has since departed this life, to-wit, on the 29th day of April, 1894; Valinda R. Haun, who intermarried with Moses Wensel; Sarah R. Haun, who intermarried with Geo. S. Biggs; Lydia M. Haun, who intermarried with George W. Poland, George Haun, William Haun, Thomas J. Haun, Isaiah Haun and W. Scott Haun, his children.

That said John Haun now deceased was indebted unto the plaintiff, Moses Wensel, in a very large sum of money, for money loaned, for labor performed and materials provided, for money paid for the said John Haun by the said Moses Wensel at his request, and for services rendered to the said decedent by said Moses Wensel and family for the period of about twenty years, during which time the said decedent and his wife resided with Moses Wensel upon the said real estate described in the said Exhibit A.; the said Jane Haun wife of said John Haun being an invalid and confined to her bed the greater portion of her time, requiring the constant attention of the said Moses Wensel and family in caring for, nursing, maintaining and providing for the wants and necessities of the said John Haun and Jane Haun, his wife.

That while living on said real estate and caring for said decedent and his wife, the plaintiff, Moses Wensel, at great expense to himself made many valuable improvements upon said real estate, far exceeding the rental value of the same for said period of twenty years.

That said John Haun, deceased, left no personal property of any character upon which administration could be had or out of which said claims could be paid, and that the plaintiffs are advised that they are entitled to have said real estate sold under a decree of this court, the claims of the various creditors paid out of the proceeds of said sale, and the balance, if any, distributed amongst the persons entitled thereto according to their respective interests therein.

The Bill then prays for a decree for sale of said real estate and proceeds distributed as aforesaid, and for a writ of subpoena against resident defendants and an order of publication against non-resident defendants as follows: George Haun, whose residence to your plaintiffs is unknown; Thomas J. Haun and W. Scott Haun, who reside in the State of Pennsylvania.

It is thereupon ordered, this 7th day of August, A. D. 1895, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county in equity, that the plaintiffs cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the Bill to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 7th day of September next; giving notice to the said George Haun, Thomas J. Haun and W. Scott Haun and warning them to appear in person or by solicitor in this court on or before the 23d day of September next to show cause, if any they have, why a decree shall not pass as prayed.

A. HUNTER BOYD.

True copy, Test:—
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

We must get your trade

No matter what it costs us, so we will make you a suit of the finest imported cheviots for $15. They come in blue, black, plain and diagonal. We have got $18 and $20 for 'em till now, and if we make them for you we guarantee them to be first-class in workmanship and fit and as to the cloth, it speaks for itself.

Come in and look at it.

You can have that old suit of yours cleaned, dyed and repaired at small expense to look like new by our expert workmen.
We also do ladies' work.

M. COHEN, Xpert Workman,
Railroad Street, Near Depot, OAKLAND, MD.

D. E. OFFUTT & SON

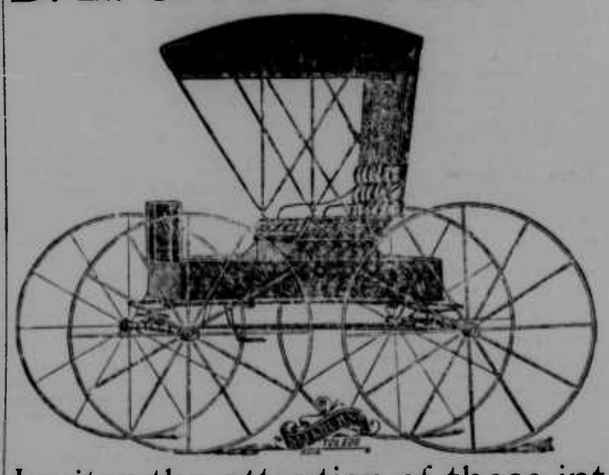

Invites the attention of those interested in the purchase of vehicles of any style. The Kramer, Milburn and Jackson farm wagons always on hand. Prices and terms given on application.

Piles.

Piles is so common that every other person you meet is troubled with it more or less. It seems to be a little thing and usually gets little attention. It may not be serious at first, but it makes a man sick—makes him nervous, cross, irritable—unfit for business. It robs him of sleep, takes his appetite—cuts down his flesh—and yet he is careless about it.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

will cure Piles. It will cure other things, too, but it is particularly good for Piles. It stops the itch and the ache at once. It may take several days to wholly allay the inflammation and reduce the swelling, but it will do it—sure. Has done it in innumerable cases. Never has failed.

Good for Eczema, Ring Worm, Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Dandruff, Pimples, and all Skin Diseases.

50 Cents--Drug Stores.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, MD.

FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE cures Catarrh, [illegible] Cold in the Head and all Inflammation of the Nasal Passages. 50 Cents.

Twenty Years Proof.

Tutt's Liver Pills keep the bowels in natural motion and clean the system of all impurities. An absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, constipation and kindred diseases.

"Can't do without them"

R. P. Smith, Chilesburg, Va. writes I don't know how I could do without them. I have had Liver disease for over twenty years. Am now entirely cured.

Tutt's Liver Pills

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 1, on Front Street, in Bayard, West Va.
Lot contaiuing four acres with house on it, at Swanton, Md.
A mortgage on property worth more than double, at Loch Lynn Heights, Md.
WILLIAM W. SWEET,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

WE LOAN MONEY

to buy, build and improve your home and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS NEARLY $200,000,000.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. RINKER,
Wilson, Grant Co., W. Va.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above. 4-1yr.*

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,

SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26t*

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ROOFING,

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W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
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Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

Slate Roofing.

Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.

I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.

All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.

I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.

Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.

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C. M. BEACHY,
47—1yr. Grantsville, Md

BRAVE OLD GOV. WHYTE.

To Support Hurst He Thinks Would be Treason to Democracy.

From the Baltimore Sun of Thursday.

"Have you seen the open letter addressed to you in the *Sun* by 'A Merchant,' and what do you think of it?" said a reporter to ex-Governor Whyte yesterday.

"Yes, I have seen it." he replied "and I regret that it has not fallen to my lot to keep within the political retirement which I had intended after the transactions of July 31.

"Grateful to the Democracy of Maryland for all the honors which they have showered on me, I consider it due to them not 'to withhold my views on the political situation' of to-day. Silence, under the circumstances, would be treason to the Democratic party.

"The time has arrived when manhood demands of those who are Democrats from principle that they should not be led like sheep to the slaughter by those who 'leap into the saddle' and constitute themselves 'leaders.' I do not recognize the nomination of John E. Hurst as made by the Democratic party, and I shall not support it.

"I have publicly, again and again, warned the Democracy of Baltimore that the masses of the party organization, so that the views and wishes of the majority of that party might find expression in the nominating bodies. Conventions and caucuses were originally resorted to for conference as to the fittest and most popular candidate to secure the largest support from the mass of the voters.

"As far back as February, 1889, I urged the people to take the party management into their own hands, and I have continued to plead with them not to bow the neck to any political magnate, State or city.

"The public understands how this gubernatorial nomination was made, how little the voters had to do with it and how far short of duty the convention fell, when, without conference or consideration, it obeyed orders and called upon the party to ratify the outcome of such a *deliberative* body!

"The situation is a serious one for the Democracy, but now is the acceptable time, when every man of brave instincts and honorable aspirations feels that this political yoke is no longer bearable.

"It was hoped that we could find some way 'out of the wilderness,' but freedom from political 'one man' domination or slavery to high handed usurpation has been defiantly thrust upon us as the issue of this contest.

"To allow the State government to be transferred to the Republicans is painful to true Democrats, but so is the loss of an arm, when its decay and corruption compels a patient to submit it to the surgeon's knife. Under a new organization and better spirit, with the overwhelming natural majority of our party, it can be recovered.

"But to submit tamely to the tyrannical dictation of one or two men, actuated only by selfish motives, is unworthy of the sons of men who rose up against Great Britain for daring to put upon them governors not of their own selection. Our fathers laid down their lives in such a cause, and are we to be deterred from emancipating ourselves from the meanest political slavery by the fear of Republican misgovernment.

"'As for me and my house' we will serve the living principles of Democracy and not the pinchback glitter masquerading in its name.

"Republican ascendancy had no fears for Mr. Hurst in 1883, for he was in an organization of young Democrats, into whose presidency he glided without the votes of his constituents, and which organization was then arrayed against the 'regular' Democracy. In an interview with a reporter, the latter asked him:

"Was your election as president unanimous?"

Mr. Hurst replied: "We had no meeting to elect officers. The gentlemen identified with the movement held private consultations at their residences, when the names of the officers were talked over. I held the acceptance of the office under consideration for several weeks, and at length consented to accept it. We expect to exert a moral force on the regular Democracy, and will compel them to select good judges in the primaries and good candidates for public office. This is what the organization was formed for. But if we don't accomplish if we will resort to other means. *In such an emergency we would not hesitate to vote for good Republicans.*

"Such was Mr. Hurst's view of Democratic duty in 1883. Will he blame others for the exercise of similar privileges in 1895?"

Grantsville.

Weather was hot and sultry and generally dry interspersed with a few refreshing showers until last Saturday night when it suddenly became cooler. The nights have been very cool since. On Monday morning we had frost and the thermometer registered 38½ degrees.

Farmers are sowing and getting ready to sow wheat.

Sheriff Wegman paid this region several official visits last week.

Mrs. Elizabeth Beachy, wife of the late Rev. Joel Beachy, disposed of her personal effects at public sale Thursday, the 29th ult.

Mrs. Eliza Gnagey is visiting in this vicinity with the intention of departing in about four weeks, to return to California, in which state she intends to make her future home. She was accompanied to this place by her son, John E. Gnagey and wife, of Accident.

Baker Johnson's infant child died of scarlet fever last Sunday night. The bereft parents have cause for profound comfort and consolation in the assurance of the well being of their departed child.

Dr. Lichty, who had had a very sore throat from scarletina, is nearly well again.

Dr. Bevans' younger children, who were suffering from a relapse of scarlet fever, are convalescing.

Bruce against Hurst.

State Senator William Cabell Bruce's announces that he will not vote for Mr. Hurst was the latest food for gossip in political circles Monday. Mr. Bruce is a hold-over Senator from the Second Legislative district of Baltimore, and was elected as an Independent Democrat. In making this announcement, Mr. Bruce says:

"Speaking for myself as a Democrat, I shall not support Mr. Hurst. It is his misfortune to have been nominated under such circumstances as to render it impossible for any Democrat to support him without helping to return Senator Gorman to the United States Senate in 1898 and to prolong for an indefinite period the baleful influence that Senator Gorman has exercised over the fortune of the Democratic party and the political and material welfare of the entire people of the State of Maryland.

"Such a nomination inevitably makes a candidacy of Mr. Hurst for the Governorship, the candidacy of Mr. Gorman for continued autocracy and re-election to the seat in the United States Senate, to which I, for one, assert that it were a thousand times better for the higher interests of the Democratic party that an outright Republican should be elected than a man whose morganatic union with the National Republican party seems to be as close to its affections as its legitimate relations with McKinley."

Public Sale.

The undersigned will sell at public auction on Saturday Sept. 21, 1895, at his farm six miles south of Oakland, the following property: 35 colonies of fine Italian bees, 1 cow, 1 bay mare, 6 head hogs, 1500 pounds honey, 1 honey extractor, bee supplies, 1 cooking stove, 1 heating stove, 1 bureau, a lot of corn, buckwheat, potatoes and numerous other articles.

Terms of Sale—all over $5 a credit of four months will be given purchaser giving note with approved security.

26-2t* M. H. DEWITT.

Cows For Sale.

The undersigned will offer at public auction at his farm near Oakland on Saturday, September 7th, 1895, at the hour of two o'clock p. m., his entire herd of milk cows, consisting of sixteen fine Jersey and Durham stock, 1 gray horse five years old, 1 spring wagon, 1 mowing machine, 30 head of ewes.

Terms of sale.—Nine months credit, with approved security, with interest from date.

26-2t* T. W. CASTEEL.

ttern GLADES OF GARRETT.

Cheap and Good Lands for Settlers Desiring Homes.

A special dispatch to the Baltimore *Sun* from Oakland, dated Aug. 29th, descriptive of Garrett county, says:

"There is probably no other spot in the whole country that offers greater inducements to farmers of limited means than "the glades" of Garrett county, Md. Here is a most beautiful valley or plateau about 2,500 feet above tidewater, lying between the Backbone mountains on the southeast and Meadow mountain, etc., on the northwest. This fertile valley is about five miles broad and twenty miles long, extending from the head waters of Deep Creek at a point three miles northeast of Swanton Station, Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, to Brookside and Aurora, summer resorts in Preston county, W. Va., near the disputed boundary line between Maryland and West Virginia. This vast area of 100 square miles is composed of glades and gently undulating ridges, groves and gleus, like those seen at Mountain Lake Park, and Oakland, where the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad leaves this valley.

"Before the Revolutionary war this region was designated as "The Reserved Lands lying to the westward of Fort Cumberland." Lord Baltimore had 17,000 acres of the Deep creek glades surveyed and called it "The Green Glade Manor." After the war this "manor" and all other lands claimed by British subjects were confiscated, and in 1788 and 1789 some 200,000 acres were divided up in fifty-acre lots, and four lots awarded to each officer and one lot awarded to each soldier who served in "The Maryland Line during the Revolutionary war." It is fortunate that they were so divided, because fifty-acre lots can now be bought on easy payments for from $100 to $500 a piece. The land is peculiarly adapted to such crops as grass, wheat, Irish potatoes, buckwheat, vegetables and fruits, especially apples. Churches and schoolhouses are already built at convenient distances throughout this healthy mountain region.

"Sparkling springs of pure, ice-cold water are abundant in all directions. The healthfulness of the climate is attested by the thousands who flock here every summer. Good roads are already located in all directions and in many places the woods are so open that one can ride or drive without any road at all. Strange as it may appear, where a little lime is applied to these glade lands, they produce as much corn to the acre as river bottom lands worth $100 an acre. German and Pennsylvania farmers have already settled up Grantsville and Accident districts, lying ten miles north of this neglected valley, and their farms are among the best in the State. An effort will be made in the Legislature this winter to formulate some plan by which these cheap but fertile lands can be brought to the notice of desirable settlers, who in thousands rush past and through them every year to regions much less favored in the far West."

Mt. Zion.

Hurrah for Lowndes.

Mr. Robert Masteller, of this place, who has been visiting friends in Columbia county, Pa., for some time, returned last week.

Miss Alice Phenicity, of Garrett, Pa., is visiting friends in this section.

Nesbitt Bros. have moved their lumber camp from this section to near Barnum.

Mr. David Clark, formerly of Perry county, Pa., but now of this place, will start to Tacoma, Washington, next week.

Miss Annie Wilson, of Elk Garden, has been visiting friends in this section the past week.

Mr. G. L. Harvey expects to move to Corinth soon.

Mrs. Ellen Barnard, of North Glade, was among us one day last week.

Mr. Truman Turner is quite ill at present but we hope he will be out soon.

Mr. James Thornton, who has been working for Nesbitt Bros. for some time, will start for his home in Perry county, Pa., next week.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

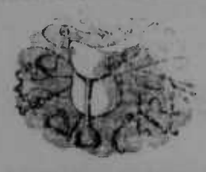

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Alder Street, opposite G. S. Hamill's office.

TRUMAN WEST, Manager.

26—26t.*

Reqistration Notice.

September and October Sittings.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned Officers of Registration of Voters in and for their respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county, at the places hereinafter named, for three successive days in the month of September, commencing with and including the third Monday of September, that is to say the

16th, 17th and 18th Days of September, 1895,

and four successive days in the month of October, commencing with and including the first Monday in October, that is to say on the

7th, 8th, 9th and 10th Days of October, 1895,

from the hour of 8 o'clock a. m., until 8 o'clock p. m., on each of said days for the purpose of ascertaining and registering in the proper registries of voters the persons qualified to vote in their respective Election Districts who shall present themselves for registration, and for the further purpose of revising and correcting the registries of voters for their said respective Election Districts, and the striking therefrom the names of all voters entered therein who shall have died or became for any reason disqualified or who for any cause shall have ceased to be entitled to remain on said registries of voters.

And on the Monday next succeeding the second Monday in October, that is to say on the

21st Day of October,

in said year 1895, from the hour of 8 o'clock a. m., until 8 o'clock p. m., on said day, the said Officers of Registration will sit in their respective Election Districts for the revision of and for the hearing of applicants for reinstatement by persons whose names shall have been stricken off the registries of voters for said Election Districts in said county as provided in Article 33, Sections 1 to 36½, of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, title "Elections," sub-title Registration of Voters" as amended by Chapter 573 of the Acts of 1890.

The places of sitting of each of said Officers of Registration in their respective Election Districts on the days named and hours stated is as follows to-wit:

District No. 1. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th, 18th days, will sit at Swanton. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Swanton. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Swanton.

District No. 2. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Friendsville. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Friendsville. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Friendsville.

District No. 3. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Grantsville. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Grantsville. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Grantsville.

District No. 4. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Bloomington. During the first October Sitting, 18.5, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Bloomington. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Bloomington.

District No. 5. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Accident. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Accident. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Accident.

District No. 6. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Sang Run. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Sang Run. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Sang Run.

District No. 7. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Oakland. During the first October Sitting, 1895, will sit at Huttons, on the 7th day and at Oakland on the 8th, 9th and 10th days of October. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Oakland.

District No. 8. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Gorman. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Red House. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Red House.

District No. 9. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Johnsons. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Johnsons. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Johnsons.

District No. 10. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Deer Park. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Deer Park. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Deer Park.

District No. 11. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Sloow. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Garlitz's Mill. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Garlitz's Mill.

District No. 12. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Bittinger. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Bittinger. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Bittinger.

All naturalized citizens applying for registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the Officers of Registration.

Signed,
H. C. HAMILL, Registration Officer District No. 1.
R. E. FRIEND, Registration Officer District No. 2.
ISAIAH FULLER, Registration Officer District No. 3.
JOHN COLLINS, Registration Officer District No. 4.
JOHN L. RICHTER, Registration Officer District No. 5.
N. C. BROWNING, Registration Officer District No. 6.
JOHN A. HUGHES, Registration Officer District No. 7.
HENRY A. SHAFFER, Registration Officer District No. 8.
SAMUEL JOHNSON, Registration Officer District No. 9.
SEBASTIAN HINEBAUGH, Registration Officer District No. 10.
NOAH S. GARLITZ, Registration Officer District No. 11.
JOSEPH BUCKLE, Registration Officer District No. 12.

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

EIGHTH YEAR.

A MODERN, HIGH GRADE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.

Reopens Sept. 25, 1895 (D. V.) A department for boys and young men embracing thorough preparatory work for college, business or scientific school will be inaugurated under the charge of Maj. C. A. Ballou, of the Virginia Military Institute. Stenography, type-writing, book-keeping, besides full courses in English and Latin, etc. Send for catalogue to E. B. SWAN, Principal and Proprietress.

18-1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

WANTED.—A saleman and collector for the Singer Sewing Machine Co. Address, Harry Clayton, Grafton, W. Va. 26-3t.

ORDER NISI.

John Hetrick, et. al. by Henry Felk *pro chien ami* vs. Charles W. Hetrick.

No. 703 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 12th day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-five, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Edward H. Sincell, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 7th day of September, 1895, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 7th day of September, 1895.

This report states the amount of sale to be $1080.00. E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True Copy, Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT

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JOS. E. HARNED, Manager.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, May 19th, 1895. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.	—Daily	2.48 A. M
No. 3.	—Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 71.	—Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 47.	—Daily except Mon	10.49 A. M
No. 15.	—Accommodation daily	6.24 P. M
No. 1.	—Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8.	—Daily	6.06 A. M
No. 2.	—Daily	8.37 A. M
No. 14.	—Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 72.	—Accom daily except Sun	4.32 P. M
No. 46.	—Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4.	—Daily	12.29 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F SCHROEDER, Agent.

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.

Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Aug. 28, 1895

The annual examination of teachers for Garrett county will be held at Grantsville, September 5th and 6th; Accident, 10th and 11th, and at Oakland, 13th and 14th.

Examination of both 1st and 2nd grade applicants will be conducted at the same time.

All teachers present, and expecting to teach the coming winter will be required to take the examination.

Applicants will provide themselves with a small pencil tablet, pen and ink. Examination paper will be furnished free.

WM. HINEBAUGH, Examiner.

25—2t

ORDER NISI.

Margaret Miller vs. Frederick Miller, et. al. No. 687 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 20th day of August in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-five by the Circuit Court sitting in Equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by J. W. S. Cochrane and David W. Sloan, trustees, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 20th day of September, 1895; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 20th day of September, 1895.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2625.00. E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True Copy, Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

THE REPUBLICAN

BENJ. M. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD.

RUBBING OFF THE GREEN.

BY MYRON B. GIBSON.

I had never been out of my native state, and was as green a young fellow, I presume, as ever went west to grow up with the country, when the dilapidated bus dropped me at the door of Silver Pete's, the only public house in the played-out mining camp of Pay Dirt.

The proprietor came out to greet me like a long-lost brother; so cordially, in fact, that I did not dream that the grin which I saw him exchange with the driver, as the latter tumbled my red-and-yellow carpet bag out of the boot, was meant for me.

"So you're a state of Maine man," he said with much friendliness, as he glanced over my shoulder while I wrote my name and address in his dingy register. "A good state to hail from, I can tell you," he continued. "Many a Maine man has made his fortune in these parts. The west is the place for plucky young fellows every time, and you couldn't have struck a better camp if you'd hunted the country over. Pay Dirt's goin' to boom, my boy—boom! I say—and you're here just in time to hold you hat for the newcomers to drop their money into. Have a drop of something before you go into supper?" he asked, as he reached toward a row of bottles. "Cider, did you say? H'm! I'm just out of cider. But here's some prime old Kentucky. What? You won't take nothing? Well, have a cigar to smoke after supper, anyway. Here's a real Havana; cost me seventeen dollars a hundred in Denver; and if you don't call it a good smoke, I'm the biggest liar in the west." A distinction I was afterward quite willing to concede.

The cigar was a good one; so was the supper; and the two, with the air of good fellowship that pervaded the place, put me in better spirits than I had known since leaving home. I had been a little homesick, but my reception in Pay Dirt chirped me up wonderfully. I didn't expect to find things as I had been used to them; but if this was the rough-and-ready style of the west, I liked it immensely. Of Pete's boarders every man seemed my friend, even before he knew my name. I had flattering offers of partnerships in mines and cattle ranges before a week passed, and, singularly enough, the consideration asked was seldom more than the five hundred dollars I had placed in Pete's hands for safe keeping the night I arrived.

It was very flattering to have these rough, western fellows take such a fancy to me, but I hadn't quite made up my mind whether I wanted to be a cattleman or a miner. Then Bill Shanks took me up the gulch to see a gold mine he was developing for us, as he told me in the greatest confidence. He had a man sinking a shaft, and expected to strike it rich any day. The shaft I found to be a hole in the side hill as big as a Maine well, out of which Bill's man was lazily throwing shovelfuls of clay and gravel.

"I don't want to talk you into anything against your will," said Bill, as we sat down on the brink of the shaft, "but if you've made up your mind to the cattle business, I ain't goin' to say a word against it."

But, after all, mining was the thing, he said. The returns were so much bigger and quicker than stock raising. He didn't want me to take any chances of losing my little stake, either, and shouldn't ask me to put a cent into the mine until we saw how it was going to pan out.

We talked for an hour, while my prospective partner pointed out the old shafts and tunnels along the hillside and named the fabulous amounts their owners had taken out of them. I thought it a little queer that none of them were being worked at the time, and meant to ask my companion about it, but his talk of leads, drifts, pockets, pinching out and other mining mysteries put it out of my mind. Bill's knowledge of mining fascinated me while his frank, honest manner and brotherly regard won my confidence completely. I shook his hand warmly when I left him in Pete's barroom and went up to my own room.

As I entered a letter that some one had poked through the crack over the door dropped on the floor. I saw it was addressed to me and tore it open. It was written on a telegraph blank, without date or signature, and read:

"Look out. They're playing you for a sucker."

If a hand had reached out of the bare wall and pulled my nose I could not have been more astonished, nor more angry or insulted. As if I didn't know enough to take care of my own affairs! It was that tenderfoot station agent, I knew very well—a newcomer, like myself, but lately from the east, and not at all popular at Silver Pete's. We were about the same age, and had been quite friendly until he noticed how "chummy" I was getting with the habitues of the place, with whom he had very little to do.

I thrust the letter in my pocket and started off to give the fellow a piece of my mind.

"What do you mean by that?" I demanded, as I strode into the little station and threw the letter on his desk.

He looked at me quietly, sneeringly, I thought, for a moment.

"Just what it reads," he replied.

"Well, see here," I spouted, "I'm not quite a fool, and I'll thank you to mind your own business after this and let mine alone."

"Very well," said he, with a smile, as he turned to his work. "It was only a hint. Take it or leave it, just as you please. Good-by."

His humor vexed me all the more, but in spite of my anger his words set me to thinking, and I lay awake for some time that night reasoning with myself. There was something about Silver Pete's patrons that I could not reconcile, even with my book-formed ideas of the west. They all claimed to be miners or stockmen, and had plenty of money, yet not one of them did a day's work himself. This puzzled me a good deal, but I went to sleep at last, comforted by the prospect of a business that would enable me to live like a gentleman, and hire all the work done.

There was great excitement in Pay Dirt next day. Bill's hired miner had hardly begun work when he came whooping down the mountain side with a hatful of dirt that fairly bristled with little flakes of bright gold. He had struck the pocket Bill was hoping for. The ground seemed full of the yellow metal, and Bill's fellow-miners were eager to buy in with him.

"No," said Bill, "I've promised this young fellow I'd take him in. I hadn't expected to strike it like this, though, and I'm most afraid I'll have to ask more than he's got to invest, but if he can raise a couple of thousand dollars besides his five hundred, half the mine's his'n. You needn't make no offers till he's had his say about it."

I was wild with delight. My only fear was that I could not get the money, but I was pretty sure an older brother would advance the amount out of savings that I knew he had in bank. I was to write for it by the next mail.

At dinner that day I chose a seat at the little table in one corner that I usually occupied, so taken up with my own thoughts that I hardly noticed the station agent until he was seated opposite me. My great fortune made me good-humored enough to forget what had passed. We chatted for awhile, but nothing was said about the mine until I mentioned it. I wanted to crow over him a little, and could not help it.

"What do you think of Bill's strike?" I asked.

He sat with his back to the rest of the room. No one else could see his actions or hear his words. He did not answer, but took up a salt cellar, and tipping it over his steak, began tapping the bottom. I waited for his reply, but he looked me curiously in the eye and kept on tapping, tapping, tapping, until his plate was covered, loaded, deluged with salt. I thought he had gone crazy.

"Man alive, what are you doing?" I gasped.

"Just what Bill did to the mine," he replied, quietly, still tapping away. "Didn't you ever hear of a salted mine?"

I had not; but if I did not understand his words, I did comprehend his look and tone. I lost my appetite at once, and felt as limp and weak as a man who suddenly arrests himself on the brink of a precipice. I had too much silly pride to ask for an explanation. The agent scraped the salt to one side, and went calmly on with his dinner, while I hurried through mine and to my room. Before I came down again I had made up my mind to put Bill off until I had investigated the mine for myself. When I went up to the shaft he was helping his man rig up a bucket and windlass.

I thought Bill and his man rather awkward for practical miners. I believe I could have rigged up that windlass alone in half the time. It was nearly night before we were ready to haul up dirt, but out of the few bucketfuls that we did have time to wash in pans at the creek in the bottom of the gulch we got no less than an ounce of pure gold. Bill was elated. He vowed we could take out a hundred apiece every day when we got things in proper shape. The sight of that gold that I had helped to take out of the ground with my own hands was very convincing. I was satisfied that Bill and the mine were all right, and that the station agent was either a meddlesome fool or was trying to make game of me. I wrote to my brother that night, explaining the good fortune I had met with, and asking for the loan of two thousand dollars. I had little doubt that the offer of one-half of what I made out of the mine would induce him to send me the money.

I retired early that night, but could not sleep. Thinking a walk might quiet my nerves, I dressed and came downstairs. I looked into the smoky bar and gambling-room. Things were humming at Pete's that night, and no one noticed me as I slipped out at a side door. Naturally enough, my steps turned up the gulch toward the mine. It was a warm, starlit night, but not light enough to distinguish objects at a distance. I had walked half a mile and was nearing the mine when a loud report, followed quickly by another, sounded straight ahead.

Curious and excited, I crept near enough to see two men standing over the shaft. One held a lantern, which he shielded carefully from view, while the other seemed to be loading a gun. Yes, that was it, for a moment later two more reports echoed across the gulch, and I crouched behind a bunch of sagebrush as the men came along the trail toward me.

They seemed bursting with suppressed laughter, and I heard one say:

"That'll fix it for another day's run. We've got him hooked, and he's our fish if some one don't give him the tip."

It was my partner's voice, plain as day, while that of Silver Pete replied:

"No danger of that. I've fixed it with the boys. But come, I must hurry back or they'll have the house torn down."

Dumb with astonishment, I waited till they were well away, then ran to the shaft. The fumes of burned powder were still in the air. Lowering the bucket, I made the rope fast and slid to the bottom. The first match I lighted showed specks of gold dust blown everywhere into the loose dirt and gravel. I knew then what a salted mine was, and berated myself for a witless fool all the way back to my room and during most of the night.

The next morning Bill asked me to pay over my five hundred dollars to bind the bargain. I declined, telling him that I could no[t] to lose what little I had, as I [s]o if my brother failed to advance [r]est of the money to complete the [a]de. Impatient at my caution, Bill [g]ot angry and threatened to leave me out and take in one of his friends. I saw the chance I was longing for, and told him hotly that he might do so as quick as he pleased; that I didn't believe we should agree anyway. Dropping his tools with an oath, he strode down the hill to Pete's.

Scowls greeted me on all sides when I came in to dinner. I was afraid I was in for a fuss, after all; and thinking I might as well have it first as last, I came down with my carpet-bag, packed in time for the afternoon train east. I laid a greenback on the bar, asked Pete to take my bill out of it and hand me my wallet out of his safe.

"Goin' to leave, be you?" he grunted. "Well, I guess nobody's sorry."

He took up the bill, turned it over and held it up to the light scrutinizingly. I never saw more hate and revenge concentrated in a look than in the one he turned on me.

"So that's your game, is it, young fellow?" he sneered. "Well, you'll find it won't work on me. Here, Brown!" he call to a man in the farther end of the room, and whom I knew to be Pay Dirt's constable—"here's just the man you're looking for. Some one's been shovin' the 'queer' all over these parts lately, and if this isn't the chap, I'm mightily mistaken. Look at that bill."

Brown did so.

"Did you pass this?" he asked me.

"Of course I did," said I, "but I didn't know it was bad."

"Likely enough!" sneered Pete. "Here," he continued, taking my wallet out of his safe, "he's got a roll in there; better take a look at 'em."

Brown opened the wallet. It looked as it did when I gave it to Pete, and the exact amount was there, but, alas! every one of the bills was spurious. I could see it myself. I was speechless with dismay at the villainy of the trick and my own helplessness. I could not say a word in defense, and felt it would be useless if I did.

Pete leered like a fiend and the crowd grinned, while the officer pocketed the money and hustled me back to my room, locking me in. There was no jail within forty miles, and Pete said I'd be safe there until Brown could send word to the United States marshal at Denver to come and get me. I threw myself on the bed and suffered a world of agony and chagrin during that afternoon. The constable brought my supper at nightfall, but I could not eat a morsel.

"Say, young fellow," said he, sitting down on the bed beside me, "you're in a mighty bad fix and I'm sorry for you, hanged if I ain't. With all that stuff and what Pete and his crowd'll swear against you, you'll go to state prison sure as fate. For my part, I don't more'n half believe you're guilty, and if you'll agree not to squeal on me, for five hundred dollars I'll get you out of this."

I wanted to fly at the rascal and throttle him. I had suspected it before, now I knew that, though an officer of the law, he was but another confederate of Pete's. But I caught suddenly at an idea his proposition suggested, and quickly accepted it, telling him I would telegraph home for the money at once if he would take me to the station. The agent was busy when we came in, and, taking a tablet of blanks, I began penciling the dispatch. Though really a swift penman, I feigned awkwardness, and after much fumbling of the paper and many erasures, I wrote this on the top sheet:

"DEAR BROTHER: I am in a bad fix, and unless you send me five hundred dollars, will be sent to prison. Am innocent but can't prove it. Telegraph money to Denver bank to be expressed to me here."

While on the sheet underneath I had swiftly scratched, when my captor was off his guard:

"U. S. MARSHAL, DENVER: Send men enough here by next train to arrest the biggest gang of crooks out of jail. Find them at Silver Pete's."

"How'll that do?" I asked, holding up the tablet.

"All right!" answered Brown, as he read the words in sight.

I tore off the two sheets together, crumpling the top one in my hand as I did so, and handed the other to the agent. He started, and gave me a sharp, swift glance as he read it. I tossed him the dollar the message cost. He flipped it mechanically on the desk. It was bad; I knew by his face; but he caught my imploring look, and said nothing. The rascals had piled me so thoroughly with their counterfeits that I hadn't enough honest money in my pocket to pay for a meal of victuals.

Brown took me back and locked me up for the night. I was so excited I could hardly hold myself until I heard the whistle of the midnight train, and could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw, from my window, a file of men come marching quietly but swiftly down from the station. Not once in a thousand times would such a wild, desperate throw amount to anything but the merest folly, but it happened that the federal authorities had been working for months to locate this very band of counterfeiters. Pete and his crowd of toughs at Pay Dirt had long been suspected, and my crazy telegram was all that was needed to bring the marshal and his deputies down upon them.

I'd had enough of Pay Dirt, and when the marshal started back to Denver with his prisoners I was glad to go along as a witness against them, but not until I had begged that station agent's pardon and thanked him, with tears in my eyes, for his kindness. Fortune gave me the opportunity afterward to repay him in something better than words. Nine of the gang, including Pete, Bill and the constable, were convicted, and I recovered my five hundred dollars. I own half of this range now, with ten thousand head of cattle, and that station agent is my partner. It humiliated me terribly at first, but the way it turned out I've never been sorry that I had the green rubbed off me in just the way I did.—N. Y. Ledger.

TOOK IT OFF HIS LIST.

Why the Book Agent Tabooed a Michigan Town Long Ago.

Some time ago in the state of Michigan a young and enterprising American book agent was in the country, traveling from town to town, selling a work called "The Early Christian Martyrs," which he sold at five dollars a copy, delivering the books and collecting the money as he went along.

He had been two days in a certain town, and had taken a fair number of orders there, when a little before noon he called in a grocery store, where he found the proprietor alone. The old grocer asked him what he had, seeing from his sample that he was an agent of some kind. He replied: "I am taking orders for a work called 'The Early Christian Martyrs,' and have only a few copies left."

The old man's eyes beamed with delight as he said: "Is that so? Why, it was only a few nights ago my wife and I were talking about that book, and wondering how we could get it. She wants the book bad, and so do I." The agent delivered him a copy, and as the old man gave him a five-dollar bill in payment he said: "Now, look here, don't you go over to the house and sell a copy to my wife, because we only want one in the family."

"Certainly not," said the book agent; "I wouldn't think of such a thing," and bidding the old man good morning, he left the store. It was then about a quarter to twelve, and the train which was to take him to Chicago started at a quarter past twelve p. m. He said to himself: "I have just time to sell a copy to the old lady and get on that train."

So he entered the nearest drug store and getting the home address of the old man from a directory, he at once hurried there. Of course, he had no difficulty in making the sale, as she was anxious to get the work, and, having received the five dollars, he made all haste to catch his train.

The old man came home for dinner at twelve o'clock, reaching there not long after the book agent had gone. His wife came toward him smiling and congratulating herself upon having secured what she had for so long wished to possess, a copy of "The Early Christian Martyrs." He did not smile, however, but swore angrily and muttering something about he would fix him, hurried out (not stopping for his dinner) in the hope of reaching the station before the train started for Chicago, thinking that the book agent would be sure to leave town as soon as possible after this.

When he came within two hundred yards of the station he saw from the top of the hill which sloped down to the station that the train was on the point of starting, so recognizing a friend of his who was nearly at the bottom of the hill and consequently close to the train, he began gesticulating and shouting to him to stop the book agent. His friend could only catch the word book agent, so he approached the book agent, who was smoking a cigar on the rear platform of a car, and asked him what the old man on the hill wanted. The book agent pretended to scrutinize the figure in the distance, of course knowing full well who he was and what he wanted. In a few moments he said as an idea seemed to strike him:

"I know, I know now; that is a customer of mine. He wants a copy of 'The Early Christian Martyrs,' and like a fool I never called on him; I forgot him. If you want to do him a good turn," he added, just as the train was going to move out, "you had better take the book from me and give it to him so he won't be disappointed. The price is five dollars."

The man gave the book agent five dollars for his friend and took the book, and the train started for Chicago. As the book agent leaned back in his seat he took a small book containing a list of towns and wrote opposite this town the words: "Not to be visited again."—N. Y. Tribune.

A VICEROY'S TRICK.

The Wily Turk Plays a Prank on De Lesseps.

Oriental rulers, even those who have great qualities, are in many respects like children. A striking instance is found in a story which M. de Lesseps used to be fond of relating about his friend, the viceroy of Egypt. The viceroy had taken a great fancy to the big and happy Frenchman. He loaded him with attentions and gifts, and finally proposed to go with him to visit the Suez canal, on which M. de Lesseps was then engaged.

Before starting, the viceroy made M. de Lesseps a present of a beautiful Sevres dinner service, exactly like one that he himself carried. At the end of a few days' travel across the desert, several pieces of the viceroy's service were broken and others were chipped, while the Frenchman's set was quite intact.

"How in the world do you manage to preserve all your cups?" asked his highness.

M. de Lesseps put on a proud air. "It is easy enough," he said. "I take care of them myself. Nobody else touches them."

The two men were about setting out for another day's march when the viceroy said:

"Lesseps, they tell me that the dromedary that carries your baggage is pretty well knocked up. I have given orders to have a stronger one provided."

True enough, a superb animal of majestic height was brought, and on it was placed the Frenchman's baggage, including the precious service. But alas! the dromedary was a wild beast, and no sooner felt the load on his back than he began to kick and run. Off tumbled his load, and cups, saucers and sugar-bowls lay broken on the ground.

The Frenchman was almost ready to weep, while the viceroy was doubled up with laughter.

"Nobody touches them but yourself, Lesseps?" he managed to say. "No matter! no matter! I will lend you my broken ones!"—Youth's Companion.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"I ate a piece of pie for supper last night." "How did you feel when you awoke this morning?" "I haven't been to sleep yet."—Once a Week.

—Mack—"My wife made me a present of a fifty-dollar bill yesterday." Wyld—"You're in luck." Mack—"I don't think so. I have to pay it."—Brooklyn Life.

—Bragg—"Oh, you can't get ahead of me." Synnex—"I don't know as I care to get ahead of you if the one you exhibit is a fair sample of your stock in trade."—Boston Transcript.

—Bolton—"What is the difference between a specialist and an ordinary physician?" Colton—"You'll know quick enough when the specialist sends in his bill."—Somerville Journal.

—Dukane—"So young Timberwheel has succumbed to Cupid and married the ugly Miss Roxgalore." Gaswell—"You mean he has succumbed to cupidity."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

—Visitor—"Life must be very monotonous to you." Convict—"Yes, sometimes." Visitor—"When does it seem more tiresome to you?" Convict—"Just now, for instance."—Philadelphia Record.

—Betsey, an old colored cook, was moaning around the kitchen one day, when her mistress asked her if she was ill. "No, ma'am, not 'zactly," said Betsey. "But the fac' is, I don't feel ambition 'nough to git outer my own way."—Crypt.

—Stern Father—"Do you realize, young man, that up to the present time it has cost me at least $20,000 to bring up and educate that girl?" Fond Lover—"Yes, sir; and from my point of view I should say, sir, that she is fully worth it."

—George Took the Hint.—"That makes thirteen times I've kissed you, darling," he said as he put on his hat in the doorway at eleven p. m. "Oh, George, thirteen is an unlucky number," she answered, thoughtfully.—Detroit Free Press.

—"You'll have to hurry up on this building," said the boss of a gang of laborers. "We're ahead of time now, ain't we?" suggested one of the men. "Yes. But the contractor wants to hurry and get it all up before it falls down."—Washington Star.

—Figg—"Have I ever told you the story about what my little boy said when he saw his aunt on a bicycle for the first time?" Briggs—"No, old man, you never have. And I wish to say to you that I fully appreciate your forbearance."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Seemed Too Extortionate.—A middle-aged man of tall, slender build and earnest east of countenance stepped into a hatter's shop and removed the wrapping from a soft felt hat he carried in his hand. "How much will it cost to have this dyed a light gray, to match my hair?" he inquired. "It will cost you at least one dollar," replied the hatter. The caller wrapped it up again. "I won't pay it," he said decidedly. "For thirty-five cents I can get my hair dyed to match the hat. Good day, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

TRICKS OF TRADE.

What Becomes of Furniture Sold at Auction.

There are many tricks in the auction business, the same as there are in every other trade, says the Detroit Tribune. A woman has household goods which she wishes to sell and, being ignorant of the ways of doing business, decides to call some one in the second-hand furniture trade, who wishes her to hold a "sale" at the house.

The fact is duly advertised, the red flag is swung from the porch, the neighbors call and walk curiously through the rooms, eying, spying and whispering. Their gossip concerns the sadness of the thing, the shoddy furniture, the nice things, how bad it is, how kind they are, how sorry they are, until the whole range of human love and hate has been manifested at this, the breaking up of another household and the exposure of the family idols.

The poor woman is there herself, telling how much she paid for this or for that and what a shame it is to sell these nice things at such a great loss.

The auctioneer cuts short further moralizing by rapping with his hammer in the parlor and announcing that the sale has begun.

When it is ended the woman finds that articles of household virtu which cost not less than one thousand five hundred dollars have brought her less than one hundred and fifty dollars.

Who bought the goods? In her excitement, in her commotion at the sight of her disrupted home, in the midst of the wild alarms of the auctioneer, the pressure of the people and the presence of strange faces, she did not observe and she may not know until she reads this article, that nearly all of her property was bought by a dealer, the friend and confidant of the selling agent; in fact, by the auctioneer's own silent partner, to whom, at the very lowest rates, a rascally auctioneer "knocked down" the goods. Maybe, walking along one of the avennes some weeks later, she will see the furniture she formerly owned displayed in the identical second-hand shop from which the auctioneer came and directed her "sale."

Gaining.

Judge Andrews, of Georgia, used to tell an amusing story of the way in which he was once "taken down" by one of his audience during a political address. He was a candidate for governor of his state, and was explaining to the crowd of people that had assembled to hear him how his friends had pressed him to be a candidate, and that the office was seeking him; he was not seeking the office. "In fact," he exclaimed, "the office of governor has been following me for the last ten years!" At this point a tall countryman to the rear of the audience rose, "But here's your consolation, judge!" he shouted. "You're gainin' on it all the time! It'll never catch you!"

This cheering prophecy proved to be quite correct, in spite of the mirth it provoked at the time of its utterance. —Youth's Companion.

CAPRICES OF FASHION.

MORE novel than one box plait down the front of the skirt is one down each side.

THE fashion of wearing white at the throat is not so prevalent as it was in the spring.

IT is quite safe to have any silk gown, or a light wool designed for early autumn wear, made with ruffled skirt.

SOME very elegant plaid silk blouses are being devised by fashionable modistes to wear with tailor-made costumes.

PLAIDS are very fashionable, and will be all the fall. They are made now in cottons and silks and every variety of gauze.

PRETTY dresses for afternoon and evening wear at fashionable resorts are made of the soft, light pineapple silks so popular this season.

THE new skirts are not especially heavy. They are interlined with hair cloth for several inches, and some of them have a light, flexible wire inserted in the hem.

A BLACK-CLOTH suit is novel and handsome, and the skirt is original if it shows some attempt at draping—very slight, it is true, but conspicuous because of its novelty.

I Can't Sleep

Is the complaint of many at this season. The reason is found in the fact that the nerves are weak and the body in a feverish and unhealthy condition. The nerves may be restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which feeds them upon pure blood, and this medicine will also create an appetite, and tone up the system and thus give sweet refreshing sleep and vigorous health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye to-day. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

FRIENDS' OATS

Friends' Oats

FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

ALL GROCERS SELL

FRIENDS'

ROLLED OATS

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH in cakes for general blacking of a stove.

THE SUN PASTE POLISH for a quick after-dinner shine, applied and polished with a cloth.

Morse Bros., Props., Canton, Mass., U.S.A.

★ HIGHEST AWARD ★
WORLD'S FAIR.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

IS

★ THE BEST ★
PREPARED
FOOD

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

★ JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York. ★

No Failure of Crops! A Sure Thing!

GARDEN, FRUIT AND TRUCK FARMS.

10 ACRES will give a family a good living, 40 ACRES will place you in a few years in an independent position.

WHY SLAVE ALL YOUR LIVES!

When Georgia and South Carolina offer such grand inducements for the frugal, thrifty man and woman—climate, soil and surroundings unsurpassed. FREE RAILROAD FARE. Free moving of all your effects, from the time you reach our road. Call or address LAND DEPARTMENT, Augusta Southern R. R., Carolina Midland R. R. WALTER M. JACKSON, Commissioner of Immigration, Augusta, Ga. P. S. MERPAUNT, General Agent, 205 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

SAVED BY A BABY'S PRAYER.

"That night I come home sober—'twas a rare
thing, you must know
As I stumbled through the kitchen—'twas about
two years ago—
The bedroom door was open, an' I couldn't help
but see
My little chap a-prayin' at his mother's knee.

"I drew back in the shadder—they both looked
sorter beat—
I knew they didn't ever have more 'n half
enough to eat.
He clasped two little scrawny hands, desp'rit
white and slim.
As if to show 'em up in Heaven how I treated
him.

"He's purty yeller hair, that I called his golden
crown,
Over an old patched nightgown floated softly
down.
An' there side of his ragged frock lay a little
shoe,
An' because I was his father, that was ragged,
too.

"As I stood there a-listenin', this is what I
heard him say:
'Bless dear papa, an' bring him home to us, I
pray.
Tell him how we want him an' how we love
him;' then,
'Make poor mamma stop cryin', for Jesus' sake,
amen.'

"'Amen!' She said it, too; how she could I
can not tell.
I promised square to cherish her, then made
her home a hell;
I hadn't said a lovin' word to her for many a
day;
I swore at her that mornin' before I went
away.

"'Amen!' She kissed the boy an' tucked him
into bed.
Then laid her face on the piller close to his
curly head;
I heard a sob and some stifled words—I tell you
I got a scare;
I seemed to see the bottomless pit yawn for me
right there!

"I slunk out o' the house an' into the garden
patch.
With God on their side them helpless ones
was a good deal more'n my match.
Down there among the cabbage an' the squashes
I dropped on my knee
An' begged the merciful Lord to have mercy on
me.

"There's somethin' up above us that pulls
when we hitch on;
It drawed me out o' the mud an' mire when I
was nigh clean gone;
An' tell ye what 'tis, fellers, if I've turned out
middlin' fair,
'Tis all along o' that boy o' mine namin' me in
his prayer."

—Mary Frances Butts, in Demorest's Magazine.

THE VOICE OF THE BIBLE.

A Strong, Conclusive Argument in Favor of Total Abstinence.

Let none pretend that Scripture does not warn us of the peril and curse of drink. Scripture lays down principles; it leaves it to the manhood and integrity of the wise and good to apply those principles in their details. Let no man commit the awful blasphemy of making Christ the minister of sin by pretending to find from His Word any sanction for the existing conditions of our prevalent drink system with its horrors and enormities. Remember, in days when Scripture was written they had none of the stupefying and maddening, the soul-clogging and body-destroying compounds which are sold among us in every street, and yet for one word in Scripture which permits wine I will quote you a score on the other side, like that of the proverbs: "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath complaining? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it goeth down smoothly; at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like a basilisk." You sneer at total abstainers from the enormous altitude of your worldly superiority, but the scripture gives them its heartiest approbation. God commanded His prophets to pronounce on the Rechabites a conspicuous blessing because they abstained from wine. Jeremiah speaks of the health and happiness of the Nazarites as the flower of the youth of Jerusalem for their strength and their beauty. Samson was a total abstainer, whose drink was only from the living brook, and was the strongest man time records. John the Baptist, whom Christ calls the greatest among those born of women, was also a total abstainer. So were many of the most eminent Christian thinkers. Total abstainers never dream of priding themselves on so commonplace and simple a self-denial undertaken for the love of others; but do not you pride yourselves on the excessively cheap and easy virtue of indulging in what you like? We are all perfectly free in this matter to follow what we regard as the call of God and the guidance of our consciences Do not believe, as men will try to make you believe, that total abstainers are all sour fanatics who would fain eclipse the gaiety of nations. Some of the brightest spirits I have known were total abstainers. Sidney Smith is not usually regarded as a morose fuddist, yet when he became a total abstainer, as far back as 1820, he wrote to his daughter, who was anxious about his health: "Many thanks for your kind anxiety about my health. Not only was I never better, but never half so well. I sleep like a baby or a plowboy. If I wake no needless terrors, no black visions of life, but pleasing hopes and pleasing recollections. I can now make greater exertions without fatigue, my understanding is improved, only one evil ensues from my total abstinence: I am in extravagant spirits," and he added: "Pray leave off wine."

For ninety-nine out of every hundred persons it would probably be a happy and blessed thing if by way of experiment, as a Lenten self-denial for their own sake and also to have more to give to others, they abstain these forty days from every form of intoxicating drink. This applies even to the wealthier classes, in which the temptations to drunkenness are infinitesimal compared with those among the working classes, and I am sure there is not a single man or woman, boy or girl, among the working classes, who in the existing state of society would not have a tenfold better chance of a happy, prosperous and self-respecting life by becoming a total abstainer. To multitudes total abstinence would make all the difference between health and disease, self-respect and self-loathing, noble manhood and a doom worse than the gallows; between a home that is bright and clean and a lair of filth and squalor; between domestic happiness and the fire of hell bursting upwards from the hearth; between the life of a human being with God's image upon him, and the life of a pig with his nose in the swine-trough; between honor and uprightness, and the dirty slovenliness and terrible torture of the drunkard's shame; between childhood and brightness, a youth of strength, a manhood of honor, an age of peace, and a childhood that is cankered, a boyhood that is polluted, a manhood that wears the hangdog look of infamy, and the workhouse deathbed, and the pauper grave. To all those who are young, I, as an elder, would say: "Take your choice between what would certainly be for most of you the difference between the river of the water of life, pure as crystal, and the blasting cup which the visage quite transforms of him who drinks, and the inglorious likeness of a beast fixes instead, unmolding reason's image self-characters in the face. Take your choice, and be sure that we who have become total abstainers for your sakes have done so only because St. Paul says: 'We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves.' 'All things are lawful for me'—yes, 'but not all things are expedient.'"—Archdeacon Farrar.

AN AWFUL JOKE.

Story Showing the Sad Fruitage of an Inherited Taste for Rum.

A sad story showing how the drink curse is hereditary is told by Dr. F. Horton, of England, in the Christian Herald:

A bright little girl joined a juvenile temperance society, and was very earnest in getting her young friends to join. But her crowning achievement on which she had set her heart, was getting her father to sign the pledge. He was a confirmed tippler, but he loved his child, and to please her he signed. The man went away and broke the pledge, but the little maid would not be discouraged, and in a few weeks she induced him to sign again, and this time he kept it.

When this child grew to be a girl of seventeen, she was one day invited to tea by some of her friends, who thought her a fanatic on the subject of intemperance, and had concocted a plot to have a joke on her. When the first cup of tea was passed around and she had tasted it, she burst into laughter, which was almost maniacal. They asked her how she liked it. She said, "Very much." "Do you know what was in it?" they said. "No," she answered, "but whatever it was I will have some more."

They had put rum in the tea, and the girl took some more, and that night she was carried home drunk, and from that night she never could be kept from the drink. She wandered away to Portsmouth, and there she ultimately died an outcast on the street. The little maid had saved her father, but the virus of the father's sin was in the child's blood, and she perished through that taint.

What Paris Drinks.

Paris is mainly a wine-drinking town, but, like Marseilles and Lyons, does not consume so much as many of the smaller towns; though, when examined in detail, the provision seems to be on a sufficiently generous scale. In Paris the annual rate per head is 340 pints of wine, 16 of cider, 21 of beer, and rather over 12 pints per head of spirits.

The Beer Drunkard.

The Scientific American declares "that beer drinking in this country produces the very lowest forms of inebriety, closely allied to criminal insanity. The most dangerous class of tramps and ruffians in large cities are beer drinkers."

Are Total Abstainers.

The annual report of the Scottish Baptist Total Abstinence society states that more than 60 per cent. of the Baptist ministers in Scotland are total abstainers, and the theological students are without exception abstainers.

BITS AND BREVITIES.

AMERICA has 240,000 saloons and 5,000,000 Christian workers.

THE devil agrees with the moderate drinker who says he can drink or let it alone.—Ram's Horn.

WE need a revival, no doubt. A revival of courage such as moved the temperance party in Boston years ago.—Independent Citizen.

THE home must come to the rescue. One-fourth of the drunkards form the habit of drinking from the use of alcohol in cooking.

THE liquor dealers in Lynn, Mass., have received orders to at once remove all screens from their windows under penalty of forfeiting their licenses.

ONE of the greatest obstacles in the way of the temperance reform is the use of wine and brandy on the tables of the well-to-do. Drinking is a sin, not in degree, but in itself.

THE digestive troubles attributed to tobacco more often owe their origin to alcohol, the boon companion of nicotine, for few inveterate smokers observe an exemplary sobriety.

SOUTHERN QUILTING BEES.

They Were Decidedly the Social Feature of the Long Ago.

To quilt well and rapidly was considered a fine art in the old south, and, strange as it may seem, the housewife's station in life was fixed among the negroes and "poor white trash" by the number of bed quilts that she possessed. The family that owned a dozen was considered well to do, while one whose calico bed coverings, of as many hues as Joseph's coat, ran into the thirties was thought to be "quality" and treated with the utmost deference.

The making of the quilts was decidedly the social feature of the long ago. It was common to see a half-grown negro boy ride up to the front gate of a country home and hear him shout: "Hello!" His livery usually consisted of tight jeans trousers genred up well under his arms by means of cotton home-made "gallises," and rolled nearly up to the knees; a blue and white plaid shirt, and a crownless straw hat in summer, or a felt with broad, flapping brim at other seasons. If the hello was not answered at once, the lad would lazily flick the flies away from his horse with a peach tree switch and finally call again without dismounting. He would say to whoever appeared: "Mistess sont dis," which usually proved to be an invitation to a quilting party worded thus:

"Mrs. Mary Jane Smith and family are requested to attend the quilting at Mrs. Susan Brown's on next Thursday."

Every family of the same rank and station for miles around would receive a similar invitation, and by ten o'clock on the appointed day the home of the hostess would be filled with matrons, maidens and children galore. Two or three quilts would be framed and lined off in straight lines or fancy patterns ready for quilting. The matrons would assemble around one, the young women around another, and those who were most expert in the art would undertake to finish one of the fancy designs.

The frames were generally of home manufacture, and consisted of four boards, each about three inches wide and one inch thick; two were from eight to nine feet in length, and two from three to five feet. All were bound over with stout lasting cloth, and the frame was either built to set up or be suspended from the ceiling, usually the latter. The quilt was tacked upon the frame, and after all four sides were quilted as far as the quilters could reach, it was rolled as far as quilted, and work was resumed on a smaller square. It was customary to line off the quilts with cord dyed in pokeberry juice of a brilliant purplish red.

The quilting would go on very bravely until the old men and swains of the families invited began to drop in for the midday dinner, which was no small part of the occasion. The hostess usually spent days preparing for the feast, and the menu generally consisted of roast pig and mutton, turkey, fried chicken, chicken pie, vegetables, pickles of infinite variety, and as for sweets, there were cakes, puddings, pies, tarts, jellies, creams and preserves innumerable, all served in a heterogeneous mass on a long table.

Dinner over, the quilters would go back to their work, but amid many trials and tribulations, for the men delighted in teasing them, and the young men, in order to make the young women quit work, would resort to such strategic means as stealing spools of thread, scissors and thimbles. The girls enjoyed this and didn't try very hard to stop it, because a quilting to them meant very little work and a great deal of play.

One quilt was always finished by mid-afternoon and taken from the frame. Then the fun began in earnest. Amid much merriment it was announced that the fortunes of the young women would be tried. They gathered together in the center of the hall, and the young men threw the quilt up. It was firmly believed that the fortunate girl upon whose head it descended would be the first of the party to be married.

One of these parties given at the ancestral home of a famous old southern family ended with a tragic event. A young man rushed into where the women were quilting, holding a snake by its tail. He threw the reptile in the middle of the quilt, and, of course, a stampede among the quilters followed. Each time as the snake crawled to the edge the reckless fellow would seize it by the tail and throw it back into the middle. The women warned him of the danger, and many of them pleaded with him not to be so foolish, but he persisted until the snake bit him. The hostess wanted to send for a doctor, and to give him whisky, but he declined to let her do either. In an hour he became violently ill, and died before a physician could get to him. For many months after that the mere mention of a quilting would send cold chills through the women who were present.

No woman ever got too old to go to a quilting, and the older they were the more they seemed to enjoy it. There was one little woman, quite famous in her state for her eccentricity in dress, who boasted that she had been to one thousand five hundred quiltings in her time. She always wore a short waisted handsome black silk gown, a long gold chain, and a watch on the outside, and rings on both hands knuckle deep, and never went without a black satin reticule hanging at her side. Although eighty-five years old she refused to wear glasses, and when some thoughtless young person remarked that she could not follow the lines in quilting without them the hostess would always chide the youngster in an undertone saying:

"Let it be; let it be, child. We can take out what she puts in." So all day long the old woman would put in stitches only to be taken out.

The old people went home at the close of the day, but the young remained for the evening. After a big supper the plantation fiddler was called in, and dancing would begin. Such merry quadrilles and fancy dances as were indulged in are never seen now. The negro fiddler called out the figures in a voice that could be heard half a mile away. Tired of dancing, the young people played kissing games and games of forfeits, but the frolic invariably ended with the Virginia reel.

Fancy quilts such as the Rocky mountain, the Irish chain, and others made up of thousands of pieces cut after certain patterns, requiring months and months of tedious work to get them together, were never put up at quiltings, but were reserved for experts. The plainer quilts, such as the log cabin, the long bar and the block, were the regulation quilting stock.

People often quilted by the light of tallow candles, and in the back woods by torch light. So this form of amusement was not confined to fashionable folks. In some communities it was required that the quilts be finished, that is, hemmed and bound, but this was not usually the case. The only help that men ever gave at these social functions was in rolling the quilts and tacking the frames again, though they were always conspicuous figures, and the quiltings where there were no men were considered very dull affairs.—N. Y. Sun.

THE JAPANESE FACE CRAB.

Many Strange Legends Connected with the Curious Creature.

Nothing could be more thoroughly Japanese than this tiny creature, and it would seem out of place if found in any other part of the world. By some it is called the Dorippe, but I believe by the mass of the people generally, especially by the fisher folk, it is known as the Heieke crab. In size it is quite diminutive, its little back not measuring much more than an inch across.

Its great attraction, however, and the one which gives it so unique a celebrity among animal creations, is the face which is carved on its back. This is no fanciful or imaginative face that can only be seen by one who has a ludicrous sense of twisting things about, but a real face—in form—and, what is more remarkable, a human face. It has eyes, nose and mouth, and all beautifully modeled and drawn. As though the form itself were not enough to astonish the most expectant of us, added to this modeling and drawing is a most exquisite coloring—not bold or vulgar color, but dainty and delicate. Nature seems to have shown us in this quaint conception that, besides creating forms, she could also fashion some materials after forms already created, and, adding to sculpture, she showed what she could do in the way of color, and produced a gem. Then she put a tiny crab into it, and looking for waters into which to place her artistic production, where should she go in all this wide world but to beautiful, poetic, artistic Japan?

If we examine this face carefully we will see that the eyes slant upward, as do those of a Japanese native. The nose is quite large, fat and bulbous in appearance—and shaded red; the high cheek-bones are also reddish, while the mouth is a masterpiece both in form and color. Two little claws on each side of the mouth represent a very fierce mustache, such as is often seen on Japanese armor.

There are many legends connected with this crab, one of the most common being the following: During the year 1185 was fought the greatest sea-fight in Japanese annals. In this bloody contest the Heieke, as a clan, were annihilated and their fleet destroyed. Many of the captives were slain. This disastrous battle, with its awful results, made a most powerful impression on the fishermen and sailors who lived in the region where the event occurred, an impression that has lived down through all the centuries, so that to this day in some of the temples may still be found pictures of the frightful struggle.

The Buddhist doctrine teaches that the ghosts of the slain have taken the form of shellfish, and these shellfish are the Heieke crabs. To those who accept this story, the faces on the crabs' backs resemble those of the ancient warriors who died hundreds of years ago. At stated times of the year these little crabs swarm over the beaches and rocks by the thousands, and are said to gather in great numbers at the scene of their defeat at its every anniversary.

Another story pertaining to this little crab—and one that is entirely different—makes no reference to the famous battle at all, but simply deals with the fate after death that is in store for all drunkards. The believers in this story do not see in the remarkable face any of the characteristics of the soldier or sailor, but only those of a hopeless drunkard. To these the whole aspect of the face is that of a man ruined by drink. From their point of view, the face is swollen and heavy, the cheeks flabby and sunken, the nose such a red as only strong drink can produce, and the lips leery in expression. They believe that all drunkards, when they die, are turned into these little crabs and remain in that form until they have been sufficiently punished.

Whatever division of opinion there may be regarding the meaning of the face, there can be but one opinion, and that only of admiration, for the face itself. It is a gem from an artist's and a sculptor's standpoint, to say nothing of it as a wonder from a naturalist's.—Meredith Nugent, in N. Y. Ledger.

—A San Francisco photographer claims to have completed a device by which every railroad ticket may be made to bear the photograph of the original purchaser, as a preventive of scalping. The whole process of taking the picture, developing the negative, and printing the portrait on a portion of the ticket can be done, he says, while the purchaser is paying for his ticket, or in one minute at the longest. The apparatus is elaborate, but the inventor thinks that it is infallible, and that railway companies ought to be willing to pay a good price for a perfect method of preventing scalping by making tickets absolutely non-transferable.

SAND HILLS OF ONTARIO.

A Peculiar Formation Two Hundred Feet High Near Lake Erie.

An interesting and wonderful feature of the natural scenery of Lake Erie shores are two immense conically shaped sand formations, in the township of Houghton, Norfolk county, Ont., just west of Long Point.

These hills are composed of the light silvery sand peculiar to the shores of the lake, with the one dissimilarity that it appears lighter in bulk than the shore sand, and drifts more readily with the wind. They are situated about a mile apart, the one to the east being the larger. It measures about two hundred feet in height from the water level, one thousand feet in length, and three hundred feet in width. When viewed from the surrounding country, it appears like a vast symmetrically formed giant's grave, erected on the lofty promontory, which lies high above, and whose precipitous cliffs wall in the lake for miles. The perfect and clear-cut outlines and gracefully rounded summit, which towers nobly high, excite in one a desire to ascend the steep activity, notwithstanding the difficulty of a climb upon an incline of nearly sixty degrees from the horizontal, made even more laborious by the looseness of the sand, which the climber sinks into above his shoetops at every step. But he is right generously rewarded when the summit is reached, for the prospect is beautiful. Looking inland, the country unfolds itself, with its delectable meadows and fields of grain, for miles and miles; while in the opposite direction the magnificent view of Erie's broad expanse stretches to the horizon.

These hills, besides their present interest, have a strange evolutionary history ascribed to them, as recorded by some of the early settlers in the vicinity. At one time the summit of the large hill presented a circular plateau with a crater opening into a vast, funnel-shaped chasm, with sides nearly vertical, which extended down to a great depth. The bottom of this great amphitheater was eighty feet in diameter, and upon this natural arena the pioneer youths of many years ago played the game of baseball, with the advantages of requiring no fielders, for, no matter where the ball was thrown or batted, upon striking the sides it would fall to the feet of the players. No trace whatever is now left of the crater. Many are the forms the hill has assumed since then.

If it is the action of the strong southwesterly gales, which for one hundred and fifty miles have an uninterrupted sweep down the lake, upon the loose sand of the cliff, why are other hills not thus formed by the same force all along the shore in this locality, where the sand appears the same as here? There is a sand mound close to the large hill nearly forty feet high, which has the appearance of growing similar to the others. It is inclosed on three sides with a thick growth of large trees, which it is gradually covering up.

These hills slowly but really change their positions, ever retaining some graceful and strange shape. The old trees that form a dense growth near by are gradually swept over and completely buried in sand. In many places their utmost branches only protrude above the surface of the sides of the ruthless sand monster that smothered and settled upon them. In time, as the hill moves on, these trees are again revealed, broken and dead, of course, with whitened trunks and maimed limbs.

Some twenty years ago the summit of the large hill was crowned by the observatory of the United States lake survey. From this observatory, one in the highlands of Pennsylvania and another on Long Point, a triangle was formed, and the most accurate chart of the lake at that time was issued. At present a beacon is the only structure on the hill, having been erected in connection with the survey now being made of the lake by the Canadian government.—Buffalo Express.

A Greek Judge's Sentence.

A curious judgment was pronounced the other day by a judge in a court of law at Volisso, in the Island of Scio. An action for damages was brought by two persons against the local railway company for losses sustained by a collision. It appeared that a man had lost an arm and a young woman had lost her husband. The judge—a Greek—assessed the damages thus: He gave six thousand piasters to the man for the loss of his arm and two thousand piasters to the woman for the loss of her husband. At this there were loud murmurs, whereupon the judge gave his reasons in these terms: "My dear people, my verdict must remain, for you will see it is a just one. Poor Nikola has lost his arm, and nothing on earth can restore that priceless limb. But you (turning to the woman), you are still young and pretty. You have now some money; you will easily find another husband, who possibly may be as good—perhaps better—than your dead lord. That is my verdict, my people. And so it must go forth." So saying, the judge left the hall. The people cheered him, and congratulated themselves on having such a judge.—London News.

"Say 'Your Grace,' Boy."

The duke of Hamilton's harriers hunt during the season in this neighborhood and the "meet" is a welcome relief from the monotony of rural life. On one of these occasions, not long ago, when the duke himself was present, the services of a bright Suffolk youth were requisitioned to hold his grace's horse. The duke addressed some kindly remark to the boy, who promptly replied: "Yes, sir!" "Why don't you say 'Your grace'?" interposed one of the attendant horsemen: "Say 'Your grace,' boy!" Whereupon the youngster reverently put his hands together, and audibly recited the words: "For what we are about to receive," etc. Not so bad for silly Suffolk! It need scarcely be said that he presently had due cause for thankfulness.—Gentleman's Magazine.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Our product of salt, in 1890, was 8,776,991 barrels, the supply coming largely from Michigan and Western New York.

—Of the total American population born of native parents, thirty-two per cent. were earning wages when the tenth census was taken. The proportion of bread-winners among our immigrants is larger than among the native population.

—In 1890 the capital invested in the United States in various manufactures exceeded $6,000,000,000, while the wages paid the employes of manufactories had risen from $273,000,000 to $2,000,000,000, the material employed had increased from $550,000,000 to nearly $5,000,000,000, and the value of the product from a trifle over $1,000,000,000 to nearly $9,400,000,000.

—The aeration of the water of a large storage reservoir is to be done by means of compressed air, to be furnished from an air-compressor on a small steamboat to be placed on the reservoir. The work is to be carried on only during the hot weather, the idea being to prevent the development of unpleasant odors or tastes from stagnation and the growth of minute organisms.

—Dr. Paul Brisson, of Paris, claims to have discovered the microbe of old age. He says that it exists only in the blood of old and decrepit men, and when injected into the circulation of a young and healthy individual it produces all the signs of advanced age. Dr. Brisson further announces that by the injection of a certain serum into the blood, these microbes can be destroyed, and he says that man may live indefinitely, provided the propagation of the microbe be prevented and accident be avoided.

—An interesting experiment in turning large farms into small holdings, which may help to solve the agricultural problem in England, was recently completed in Dorsetshire. Sir Robert Edgecombe, seven years ago, bought a farm of 343 acres, spent money in building roads and walls, divided it up into 25 holdings of from 2 to 33 acres, and offered them for sale, payment to be made in ten equal annual installments. Purchasers were readily found of all trades and classes, eight only being agricultural laborers, and all the installments, with slight exceptions, have already been paid off. Instead of a farmer and three laborers, there are now 25 families of 75 persons on the land, which has increased in value from £170 to £313 a year.

—Gas from Condensed Chemicals.—Among the promised blessings is light produced by the decomposition by air and moisture of certain chemicals that are compressed into tiny rolls or rods. Upon being exposed to damp air, the end of the rod slowly dissolves, generating a powerful, clear and not unwholesome gas that can be piped through a dwelling and used after the ordinary fashion. There is nothing in the range of average wants that is more needed than this. The lighting problem, especially in suburban localities, is a stupendous one to struggle with. Small towns where gas is used make the cost of such lighting almost prohibitive. When one can have the material for gas supplies as one of the regular needs in an ordinary rod or tube at so much per yard or pound, the question of lighting will be robbed of many of its unpleasant features.

ULSTER WIT.

Some Sharp and Shrewd Sayings About the Clergy.

Some of the ministers of Ulster have possessed a large supply of genuine Irish wit, and many stories are told of their bright sayings and doings.

Those who have seen an Irish jaunting car know that the passengers sit on opposite sides, and that it is a matter of considerable importance, both to the springs of the vehicle and to the horse which draws it, that the car should be as evenly balanced as possible. One Ulster minister always asked clerical brethren seriously, before seating two of them in the jaunting car: "Now which of you is the heavier preacher?"

At one time the Presbyterians of Ulster were discussing the ignorance and stupidity of one of their number, whose blunders were constantly getting other people, as well as himself, into trouble.

"And what a notion he has in his head now!" exclaimed one of the elders, in dismay.

"His head!" echoed one of the ministers. "He has no head! What you call a head is only a topknot that his Maker put there to keep him from raveling out!"

In one case a minister who had a very strong will usurped the functions of sessions and committee, much to the displeasure of his parishioners. One Sunday morning, as this minister was trotting up to the meeting house on his little pony, one of his elders said to another:

"It's a fine wee pony the minister rides."

"Yes," responded the other, meditatively; "and it's a strang one, too. It can carry minister, session and committee without turnin' a hair."—Youth's Companion.

Mixed Metaphors.

The following choice bits of journalism are credited to a Tennessee newspaper. Perhaps it is better not to specify more particularly. "We will not enter into a controversy with the slimy, hissing wolf who tries to spit venom from his forked tongue on the editor of the ——. The way to treat such crawling vermin is to just let them bellow." "Miss Jennie Harlow, who has been visiting friends in our midst, he returned home. We are always glad to see her welcome presence. She comes like a ray of sunshine to sweeten ye editor's cup of gloom. Come again, Miss Jennie." "These pension vampires are sucking life-blood from the ship of state. The pale hand of death stalked into our midst last week, and fastened its cruel eyes on little Mary Pudley."—Youth's Companion.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

SAVED BY A BABY'S PRAYER.

"That night I come home sober—'twas a rare
thing, you must know
As I stumbled through the kitchen—'twas about
two years ago—
The bedroom door was open, an' I couldn't help
but see
My little chap n-prayin' at his mother's knee.

"I drew back in the shadder—they both looked
sorter beat—
I knew they didn't ever have more 'n half
enough to eat.
He clasped two little scrawny hands, despite
white and slim.
As if to show 'em up in Heaven how I treated
him.

"The purty yeller hair, that I called his golden
crown,
Over an old patched nightgown floated softly
down.
An' there side of his ragged frock lay a little
shoe.
An' because I was his father, that was ragged,
too.

"As I stood there n-listenin', this is what I
heard him say:
'Bless dear papa, an' bring him home to us, I
pray.
Tell him how we want him an' how we love
him;' then,
'Make poor mamma stop cryin', for Jesus' sake,
amen.'

"'Amen!' She said it, too; how she could I
can not tell.
I promised square to cherish her, then made
her home a hell;
I hadn't said a lovin' word to her for many a
day;
I swore at her that mornin' before I went
away.

"'Amen!' She kissed the boy an' tucked him
into bed.
Then laid her face on the piller close to his
curly head;
I heard a sob and some stifled words—I tell you
I got a scare;
I seemed to see the bottomless pit yawn for me
right there!

"I slunk out o' the house an' into the garden
patch.
With God on their side them helpless ones
was a good deal more'n my match.
Down there among the cabbage an' the squashes
I dropped on my knees
An' begged the merciful Lord to have mercy on
me.

"There's somethin' up above us that pulls
when we hitch on;
It drawed me out o' the mud an' mire when I
was nigh clean gone;
An' tell ye what 'tis, fellers, if I've turned out
middlin' fair,
'Tis all along o' that boy o' mine namin' me in
his prayer."

—Mary Frances Butts, in Demorest's Magazine.

THE VOICE OF THE BIBLE.

A Strong, Conclusive Argument in Favor of Total Abstinence.

Let none pretend that Scripture does not warn us of the peril and curse of drink. Scripture lays down principles; it leaves it to the manhood and integrity of the wise and good to apply those principles in their details. Let no man commit the awful blasphemy of making Christ the minister of sin by pretending to find from His Word any sanction for the existing conditions of our prevalent drink system with its horrors and enormities. Remember, in days when Scripture was written they had none of the stupefying and maddening, the soul-clogging and body-destroying compounds which are sold among us in every street, and yet for one word in Scripture which permits wine I will quote you a score on the other side, like that of the proverbs: "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath complaining? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it goeth down smoothly; at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like a basilisk." You sneer at total abstainers from the enormous altitude of your worldly superiority, but the scripture gives them its heartiest approbation. God commanded His prophets to pronounce on the Rechabites a conspicuous blessing because they abstained from wine. Jeremiah speaks of the health and happiness of the Nazarites as the flower of the youth of Jerusalem for their strength and their beauty. Samson was a total abstainer, whose drink was only from the living brook, and was the strongest man in the records. John the Baptist, whom Christ calls the greatest among those born of women, was also a total abstainer. So were many of the most eminent Christian thinkers. Total abstainers never dream of priding themselves on so commonplace and simple a self-denial undertaken for the love of others; but do not you pride yourselves on the excessively cheap and easy virtue of indulging in what you like? We are all perfectly free in this matter to follow what we regard as the call of God and the guidance of our consciences. Do not believe, as men will try to make you believe, that total abstainers are all sour fanatics who would fain eclipse the gaiety of nations. Some of the brightest spirits I have known were total abstainers. Sidney Smith is not usually regarded as a morose faddist, yet when he became a total abstainer, as far back as 1820, he wrote to his daughter, who was anxious about his health: "Many thanks for your kind anxiety about my health. Not only was I never better, but never half so well. I sleep like a baby or a plowboy. If I wake no needless terrors, no black visions of life, but pleasing hopes and pleasing recollections. I can now make greater exertions without fatigue, my understanding is improved, only one evil ensues from my total abstinence: I am in extravagant spirits," and he added: "Pray leave off wine."

For ninety-nine out of every hundred persons it would probably be a happy and blessed thing if by way of experiment, as a Lenten self-denial for their own sake and also to have more to give to others, they abstain these forty days from every form of intoxicating drink. This applies even to the wealthier classes, in which the temptations to drunkenness are infinitesimal compared with those among the working classes, and I am sure there is not a single man or woman, boy or girl, among the working classes, who in the existing state of society would not have a tenfold better chance of a happy, prosperous and self-respecting life by becoming a total abstainer. To multitudes total abstinence would make all the difference between health and disease, self-respect and self-loathing, noble manhood and a doom worse than the gallows; between a home that is bright and clean and a lair of filth and squalor; between domestic happiness and the fire of hell bursting upwards from the hearth; between the life of a human being with God's image upon him, and the life of a pig with his nose in the swine-trough; between honor and uprightness, and the dirty slovenliness and terrible torture of the drunkard's shame; between childhood and brightness, a youth of strength, a manhood of honor, an age of peace, and a childhood that is cankered, a boyhood that is polluted, a manhood that wears the hangdog look of infamy, and the workhouse deathbed, and the pauper grave. To all those who are young, I, as an elder, would say: "Take your choice between what would certainly be for most of you the difference between the river of the water of life, pure as crystal, and the blasting cup which the visage quite transforms of him who drinks, and the inglorious likeness of a beast fixes instead, unmolding reason's image self-characered in the face. Take your choice, and be sure that we who have become total abstainers for your sakes have done so only because St. Paul says: 'We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves.' 'All things are lawful for me'—yes, 'but not all things are expedient.'"—Archdeacon Farrar.

AN AWFUL JOKE.

Story Showing the Sad Fruitage of an Inherited Taste for Rum.

A sad story showing how the drink curse is hereditary is told by Dr. F. Horton, of England, in the Christian Herald:

A bright little girl joined a juvenile temperance society, and was very earnest in getting her young friends to join. But her crowning achievement on which she had set her heart, was getting her father to sign the pledge. He was a confirmed tippler, but he loved his child, and to please her he signed. The man went away and broke the pledge, but the little maid would not be discouraged, and in a few weeks she induced him to sign again, and this time he kept it.

When this child grew to be a girl of seventeen, she was one day invited to tea by some of her friends, who thought her a fanatic on the subject of intemperance, and had concocted a plot to have a joke on her. When the first cup of tea was passed around and she had tasted it, she burst into laughter, which was almost maniacal. They asked her how she liked it. She said, "Very much." "Do you know what was in it?" they said. "No," she answered, "but whatever it was I will have some more."

They had put rum in the tea, and the girl took some more, and that night she was carried home drunk, and from that night she never could be kept from the drink. She wandered away to Portsmouth, and there she ultimately died an outcast on the street. The little maid had saved her father, but the virus of the father's sin was in the child's blood, and she perished through that taint.

What Paris Drinks.

Paris is mainly a wine-drinking town, but, like Marseilles and Lyons, does not consume so much as many of the smaller towns; though, when examined in detail, the provision seems to be on a sufficiently generous scale. In Paris the annual rate per head is 340 pints of wine, 16 of cider, 21 of beer, and rather over 12 pints per head of spirits.

The Beer Drunkard.

The Scientific American declares "that beer drinking in this country produces the very lowest forms of inebriety, closely allied to criminal insanity. The most dangerous class of tramps and ruffians in large cities are beer drinkers."

Are Total Abstainers.

The annual report of the Scottish Baptist Total Abstinence society states that more than 60 per cent. of the Baptist ministers in Scotland are total abstainers, and the theological students are without exception abstainers.

BITS AND BREVITIES.

AMERICA has 240,000 saloons and 5,000,000 Christian workers.

THE devil agrees with the moderate drinker who says he can drink or let it alone.—Ram's Horn.

WE need a revival, no doubt. A revival of courage such as moved the tea-party in Boston years ago.—Independent Citizen.

THE home must come to the rescue. One-fourth of the drunkards form the habit of drinking from the use of alcohol in cooking.

THE liquor dealers in Lynn, Mass., have received orders to at once remove all screens from their windows under penalty of forfeiting their licenses.

ONE of the greatest obstacles in the way of the temperance reform is the use of wine and brandy on the tables of the well-to-do. Drinking is a sin, not in degree, but in itself.

THE digestive troubles attributed to tobacco more often owe their origin to alcohol, the boon companion of nicotine, for few inveterate smokers observe an exemplary sobriety.

SOUTHERN QUILTING BEES.

They Were Decidedly the Social Feature of the Long Ago.

To quilt well and rapidly was considered a fine art in the old south, and, strange as it may seem, the housewife's station in life was fixed among the negroes and "poor white trash" by the number of bed quilts that she possessed. The family that owned a dozen was considered well to do, while one whose calico bed coverings, of as many hues as Joseph's coat, ran into the thirties was thought to be "quality" and treated with the utmost deference.

The making of the quilts was decidedly the social feature of the long ago. It was common to see a half-grown negro boy ride up to the front gate of a country home and hear him shout: "Hello!" His livery usually consisted of tight jeans trousers geared up well under his arms by means of cotton home-made "galluses," and rolled nearly up to the knees; a blue and white plaid shirt, and a crownless straw hat in summer, or a felt with broad, flapping brim at other seasons. If the hello was not answered at once, the lad would lazily flick the flies away from his horse with a peach tree switch and finally call again without dismounting. He would say to whoever appeared: "Mistess sont dis," which usually proved to be an invitation to a quilting party worded thus:

"Mrs. Mary Jane Smith and family are requested to attend the quilting at Mrs. Susan Brown's on next Thursday."

Every family of the same rank and station for miles around would receive a similar invitation, and by ten o'clock on the appointed day the home of the hostess would be filled with matrons, maidens and children galore. Two or three quilts would be framed and lined off in straight lines or fancy patterns ready for quilting. The matrons would assemble around one, the young women around another, and those who were most expert in the art would undertake to finish one of the fancy designs.

The frames were generally of home manufacture, and consisted of four boards, each about three inches wide and one inch thick; two were from eight to nine feet in length, and two from three to five feet. All were bound over with stout lasting cloth, and the frame was either built to set up or be suspended from the ceiling, usually the latter. The quilt was tacked upon the frame, and after all four sides were quilted as far as the quilters could reach, it was rolled as far as quilted, and work was resumed on a smaller square. It was customary to line off the quilts with cord dyed in pokeberry juice of a brilliant purplish red.

The quilting would go on very bravely until the old men and swains of the families invited began to drop in for the midday dinner, which was no small part of the occasion. The hostess usually spent days preparing for the feast, and the menu generally consisted of roast pig and mutton, turkey, fried chicken, chicken pie, vegetables, pickles of infinite variety, and as for sweets, there were cakes, puddings, pies, tarts, jellies, creams and preserves innumerable, all served in a heterogeneous mass on a long table.

Dinner over, the quilters would go back to their work, but amid many trials and tribulations, for the men delighted in teasing them, and the young men, in order to make the young women quit work, would resort to such strategic means as stealing spools of thread, scissors and thimbles. The girls enjoyed this and didn't try very hard to stop it, because a quilting to them meant very little work and a great deal of play.

One quilt was always finished by mid-afternoon and taken from the frame. Then the fun began in earnest. Amid much merriment it was announced that the fortunes of the young women would be tried. They gathered together in the center of the hall, and the young men threw the quilt up. It was firmly believed that the fortunate girl upon whose head it descended would be the first of the party to be married.

One of these parties given at the ancestral home of a famous old southern family ended with a tragic event. A young man rushed into where the women were quilting, holding a snake by its tail. He threw the reptile in the middle of the quilt, and, of course, a stampede among the quilters followed. Each time as the snake crawled to the edge the reckless fellow would seize it by the tail and throw it back into the middle. The women warned him of the danger, and many of them pleaded with him not to be so foolish, but he persisted until the snake bit him. The hostess wanted to send for a doctor, and to give him whisky, but he declined to let her do either. In an hour he became violently ill, and died before a physician could get to him. For many months after that the mere mention of a quilting would send cold chills through the women who were present.

No woman ever got too old to go to a quilting, and the older they were the more they seemed to enjoy it. There was one little woman, quite famous in her state for her eccentricity in dress, who boasted that she had been to one thousand five hundred quiltings in her time. She always wore a short waisted handsome black silk gown, a long gold chain, and a watch on the outside, and rings on both hands knuckle deep, and never went without a black satin reticule hanging at her side. Although eighty-five years old she refused to wear glasses, and when some thoughtless young person remarked that she could not follow the lines in quilting without them the hostess would always chide the youngster in an undertone saying:

"Let it be; let it be, child. We can take out what she puts in." So all day long the old woman would put in stitches only to be taken out.

The old people went home at the close of the day, but the young remained for the evening. After a big supper the plantation fiddler was called in, and dancing would begin. Such merry quadrilles and fancy dances as were indulged in are never seen now. The negro fiddler called out the figures in a voice that could be heard half a mile away. Tired of dancing, the young people played kissing games and games of forfeits, but the frolic invariably ended with the Virginia reel.

Fancy quilts such as the Rocky mountain, the Irish chain, and others made up of thousands of pieces cut after certain patterns, requiring months and months of tedious work to get them together, were never put up at quiltings, but were reserved for experts. The plainer quilts, such as the log cabin, the long bar and the block, were the regulation quilting stock.

People often quilted by the light of tallow candles, and in the back woods by torch light. So this form of amusement was not confined to fashionable folks. In some communities it was required that the quilts be finished, that is, hemmed and bound, but this was not usually the case. The only help that men ever gave at these social functions was in rolling the quilts and tacking the frames again, though they were always conspicuous figures, and the quiltings where there were no men were considered very dull affairs.—N. Y. Sun.

THE JAPANESE FACE CRAB.

Many Strange Legends Connected with the Curious Creature.

Nothing could be more thoroughly Japanese than this tiny creature, and it would seem out of place if found in any other part of the world. By some it is called the Dorippe, but I believe by the mass of the people generally, especially by the fisher folk, it is known as the Heicke crab. In size it is quite diminutive, its little back not measuring much more than an inch across.

Its great attraction, however, and the one which gives it so unique a celebrity among animal creations, is the face which is carved on its back. This is no fanciful or imaginative face that can only be seen by one who has a ludicrous sense of twisting things about, but a real face—in form—and, what is more remarkable, a human face. It has eyes, nose and mouth, and all beautifully modeled and drawn. As though the form itself were not enough to astonish the most expectant of us, added to this modeling and drawing is a most exquisite coloring—not bold or vulgar color, but dainty and delicate. Nature seems to have shown us in this quaint conception that, besides creating forms, she could also fashion some materials after forms already created, and, adding to sculpture, she showed what she could do in the way of color, and produced a gem. Then she put a tiny crab into it, and looking for waters into which to place her artistic production, where should she go in all this wide world but to beautiful, poetic, artistic Japan?

If we examine this face carefully we will see that the eyes slant upward, as do those of a Japanese native. The nose is quite large, fat and bulbous in appearance—and shaded red; the high cheek-bones are also reddish, while the mouth is a masterpiece both in form and color. Two little claws on each side of the mouth represent a very fierce mustache, such as is often seen on Japanese armor.

There are many legends connected with this crab, one of the most common being the following: During the year 1185 was fought the greatest sea-fight in Japanese annals. In this bloody contest the Heicke, as a clan, were annihilated and their fleet destroyed. Many of the captives were slain. This disastrous battle, with its awful results, made a most powerful impression on the fishermen and sailors who lived in the region where the event occurred, an impression that has lived down through all the centuries, so that to this day in some of the temples may still be found pictures of the frightful struggle.

The Buddhist doctrine teaches that the ghosts of the slain have taken the form of shellfish, and these shellfish are the Heicke crabs. To those who accept this story, the faces on the crabs' backs resemble those of the ancient warriors who died hundreds of years ago. At stated times of the year these little crabs swarm over the beaches and rocks by the thousands, and are said to gather in great numbers at the scene of their defeat at its every anniversary.

Another story pertaining to this little crab—and one that is entirely different—makes no reference to the famous battle at all, but simply deals with the fate after death that is in store for all drunkards. The believers in this story do not see in the remarkable face any of the characteristics of the soldier or sailor, but only those of a hopeless drunkard. To these the whole aspect of the face is that of a man ruined by drink. From their point of view, the face is swollen and heavy, the cheeks flabby and sunken, the nose such a red as only strong drink can produce, and the lips leery in expression. They believe that all drunkards, when they die, are turned into these little crabs and remain in that form until they have been sufficiently punished.

Whatever division of opinion there may be regarding the meaning of the face, there can be but one opinion, and that only of admiration, for the face itself. It is a gem from an artist's and a sculptor's standpoint, to say nothing of it as a wonder from a naturalist's.—Meredith Nugent, in N. Y. Ledger.

—A San Francisco photographer claims to have completed a device by which every railroad ticket may be made to bear the photograph of the original purchaser, as a preventive of scalping. The whole process of taking the picture, developing the negative, and printing the portrait on a portion of the ticket can be done, he says, while the purchaser is paying for his ticket, or in one minute at the longest. The apparatus is elaborate, but the inventor thinks that it is infallible, and that railway companies ought to be willing to pay a good price for a perfect method of preventing scalping by making tickets absolutely non-transferable.

SAND HILLS OF ONTARIO.

A Peculiar Formation Two Hundred Feet High Near Lake Erie.

An interesting and wonderful feature of the natural scenery of Lake Erie shores are two immense conically shaped sand formations, in the township of Houghton, Norfolk county, Ont., just west of Long Point.

These hills are composed of the light silvery sand peculiar to the shores of the lake, with the one dissimilarity that it appears lighter in bulk than the shore sand, and drifts more readily with the wind. They are situated about a mile apart, the one to the east being the larger. It measures about two hundred feet in height from the water level, one thousand feet in length, and three hundred feet in width. When viewed from the surrounding country, it appears like a vast symmetrically formed giant's grave, erected on the lofty promontory, which lies high above, and whose precipitous cliffs wall in the lake for miles. The perfect and clear-cut outlines and gracefully rounded summit, which towers nobly high, excite in one a desire to ascend the steep activity, notwithstanding the difficulty of a climb upon an incline of nearly sixty degrees from the horizontal, made even more laborious by the looseness of the sand, which the climber sinks into above his shoetops at every step. But he is right generously rewarded when the summit is reached, for the prospect is beautiful. Looking inland, the country unfolds itself, with its delectable meadows and fields of grain, for miles and miles; while in the opposite direction the magnificent view of Erie's broad expanse stretches to the horizon.

These hills, besides their present interest, have a strange evolutionary history ascribed to them, as recorded by some of the early settlers in the vicinity. At one time the summit of the large hill presented a circular plateau with a crater opening into a vast, funnel-shaped chasm, with sides nearly vertical, which extended down to a great depth. The bottom of this great amphitheater was eighty feet in diameter, and upon this natural arena the pioneer youths of many years ago played the game of baseball, with the advantages of requiring no fielders, for, no matter where the ball was thrown or batted, upon striking the sides it would fall to the feet of the players. No trace whatever is now left of the crater. Many are the forms the hill has assumed since then.

If it is the action of the strong southwesterly gales, which for one hundred and fifty miles have an uninterrupted sweep down the lake, upon the loose sand of the cliff, why are other hills not thus formed by the same force all along the shore in this locality, where the sand appears the same as here? There is a sand mound close to the large hill nearly forty feet high, which has the appearance of growing similar to the others. It is inclosed on three sides with a thick growth of large trees, which it is gradually covering up.

These hills slowly but really change their positions, ever retaining some graceful and strange shape. The old trees that form a dense growth near by are gradually swept over and completely buried in sand. In many places their utmost branches only protrude above the surface of the sides of the ruthless sand monster that smothered and settled upon them. In time, as the hill moves on, these trees are again revealed, broken and dead, of course, with whitened trunks and maimed limbs.

Some twenty years ago the summit of the large hill was crowned by the observatory of the United States lake survey. From this observatory, one in the highlands of Pennsylvania and another on Long Point, a triangle was formed, and the most accurate chart of the lake at that time was issued. At present a beacon is the only structure on the hill, having been erected in connection with the survey now being made of the lake by the Canadian government.—Buffalo Express.

A Greek Judge's Sentence.

A curious judgment was pronounced the other day by a judge in a court of law at Volisso, in the Island of Selo. An action for damages was brought by two persons against the local railway company for losses sustained by a collision. It appeared that a man had lost an arm and a young woman had lost her husband. The judge—a Greek—assessed the damages thus: He gave six thousand piasters to the man for the loss of his arm and two thousand piasters to the woman for the loss of her husband. At this there were loud murmurs, whereupon the judge gave his reasons in these terms: "My dear people, my verdict must remain, for you will see it is a just one. Poor Nikola has lost his arm, and nothing on earth can restore that priceless limb. But you (turning to the woman), you are still young and pretty. You have now some money; you will easily find another husband, who possibly may be as good—perhaps better—than your dead lord. That is my verdict, my people. And so it must go forth." So saying, the judge left the hall. The people cheered him, and congratulated themselves on having such a judge.—London News.

"Say 'Your Grace,' Boy."

The duke of Hamilton's harriers hunt during the season in this neighborhood and the "meet" is a welcome relief from the monotony of rural life. On one of these occasions, not long ago, when the duke himself was present, the services of a bright Suffolk youth were requisitioned to hold his grace's horse. The duke addressed some kindly remark to the boy, who promptly replied: "Yes, sir!" "Why don't you say 'Your grace'?" interposed one of the attendant horsemen: "Say 'Your grace,' boy!" Whereupon the youngster reverently put his hands together, and audibly recited the words: "For what we are about to receive," etc. Not so bad for silly Suffolk! It need scarcely be said that he presently had due cause for thankfulness.—Gentleman's Magazine.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Our product of salt, in 1890, was 8,770,991 barrels, the supply coming largely from Michigan and Western New York.

—Of the total American population born of native parents, thirty-two per cent. were earning wages when the tenth census was taken. The proportion of bread-winners among our immigrants is larger than among the native population.

—In 1890 the capital invested in the United States in various manufactures exceeded $6,000,000,000, while the wages paid the employes of manufactories had risen from $273,000,000 to $2,000,000,000, the material employed had increased from $550,000,000 to nearly $5,000,000,000, and the value of the product from a trifle over $1,000,000,000 to nearly $9,400,000,000.

—The aeration of the water of a large storage reservoir is to be done by means of compressed air, to be furnished from an air-compressor on a small steamboat to be placed on the reservoir. The work is to be carried on only during the hot weather, the idea being to prevent the development of unpleasant odors or tastes from stagnation and the growth of minute organisms.

—Dr. Paul Brisson, of Paris, claims to have discovered the microbe of old age. He says that it exists only in the blood of old and decrepit men, and when injected into the circulation of a young and healthy individual it produces all the signs of advanced age. Dr. Brisson further announces that by the injection of a certain serum into the blood, these microbes can be destroyed, and he says that man may live indefinitely, provided the propagation of the microbe be prevented and accident be avoided.

—An interesting experiment in turning large farms into small holdings, which may help to solve the agricultural problem in England, was recently completed in Dorsetshire. Sir Robert Edgecombe, seven years ago, bought a farm of 343 acres, spent money in building roads and walls, divided it up into 25 holdings of from 2 to 33 acres, and offered them for sale, payment to be made in ten equal annual installments. Purchasers were readily found of all trades and classes, eight only being agricultural laborers, and all the installments, with slight exceptions, have already been paid off. Instead of a farmer and three laborers, there are now 25 families of 75 persons on the land, which has increased in value from £170 to £313 a year.

—Gas from Condensed Chemicals.—Among the promised blessings is light produced by the decomposition by air and moisture of certain chemicals that are compressed into tiny rolls or rods. Upon being exposed to damp air, the end of the rod slowly dissolves, generating a powerful, clear and not unwholesome gas that can be piped through a dwelling and used after the ordinary fashion. There is nothing in the range of average wants that is more needed than this. The lighting problem, especially in suburban localities, is a stupendous one to struggle with. Small towns where gas is used make the cost of such lighting almost prohibitive. When one can have the material for gas supplies as one of the regular needs in an ordinary rod or tube at so much per yard or pound, the question of lighting will be robbed of many of its unpleasant features.

ULSTER WIT.

Some Sharp and Shrewd Sayings About the Clergy.

Some of the ministers of Ulster have possessed a large supply of genuine Irish wit, and many stories are told of their bright sayings and doings.

Those who have seen an Irish jaunting car know that the passengers sit on opposite sides, and that it is a matter of considerable importance, both to the springs of the vehicle and to the horse which draws it, that the car should be as evenly balanced as possible. One Ulster minister always asked clerical brethren seriously, before seating two of them in the jaunting car: "Now which of you is the heavier preacher?"

At one time the Presbyterians of Ulster were discussing the ignorance and stupidity of one of their number, whose blunders were constantly getting other people, as well as himself, into trouble.

"And what a notion he has in his head now!" exclaimed one of the elders, in dismay.

"His head!" echoed one of the ministers. "He has no head! What you call a head is only a topknot that his Maker put there to keep him from raveling out!"

In one case a minister who had a very strong will usurped the functions of sessions and committee, much to the displeasure of his parishioners. One Sunday morning, as this minister was trotting up to the meeting house on his little pony, one of his elders said to another:

"It's a fine wee pony the minister rides."

"Yes," responded the other, meditatively; "and it's a strang one, too. It can carry minister, session and committee without turnin' a hair."—Youth's Companion.

Mixed Metaphors.

The following choice bits of journalism are credited to a Tennessee newspaper. Perhaps it is better not to specify more particularly. "We will not enter into a controversy with the slimy, hissing wolf who tries to spit venom from his forked tongue on the editor of the ——. The way to treat such crawling vermin is to just let them bellow." "Miss Jennie Harlow, who has been visiting friends in our midst, he returned home. We are always glad to see her welcome presence. She comes like a ray of sunshine to sweeten ye editor's cup of gloom. Come again, Miss Jennie." "These pension vampires are sucking life-blood from the ship of state. The pale hand of death stalked into our midst last week, and fastened its cruel eyes on little Mary Pudley."—Youth's Companion.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2, 1895.

Perhaps those who pooh-pooh the idea that Mr. Cleveland is seriously working for a renomination for a third term for himself are right, but so far as indications can be trusted they are wrong. The following summary of the situation is made by a Democratic Ex-Congressman—Conn, of Indiana: "The administration was never before so much in politics. Democratic dissension in Kentucky, Maryland and Ohio has aroused the turgid partisanship of President Cleveland and instead of breaking out in choleric platitudes he is using the machinery of the administration to bring sweet peace to warring Democratic factions, in the interests of his third term. Gorman, with his sugar trust record; Brice, the champion of senatorial corporate rings, and Blackburn, the free silver idol, have suddenly become endowed with angelic qualities, and, because they are supposed to control the party majority in their states, they are being held to the President's heart to be warmed into Cleveland Democratic life. To Secretary Carlisle is entrusted the conversion of Kentucky Bourbonism. His voice will soon be mingled in unison with that of Free Silver Joe in behalf of party harmony, whether it comes from a 16 to 1 calamity organ or a gold mounted corporation concert grand, just so it is equipped with a sub-bass attachment. If the Democratic deed of trust which Senator Brice carries in his inside pocket can also be franked with the Cleveland cuckoo crest, Ohio will be as safe for a third term as if counted among the heavenly host. But in Maryland the situation is somewhat different. Senator Gorman's pull is only a three finger hold, and it is doubtful if even President Cleveland's magnetic influence will mesmerize enough Democrats to elect the ring ticket. To complete the circuit and turn a third term current into the next national convention it will also be necessary to capture New York, Indiana and another important state or two. New York has its Democratic troubles, for which Senator Hill holds the panacea, and the next effort of President Cleveland will probably be to secure control of the Senator's medicine box. Indiana is considerably wrought up over the silver question and it will be necessary to proselyte Senator Voorhees in order to vote that delegation. This was done once before and perhaps the same charm can be worked again. In any event an extraordinary effort is being made to wheel the Democracy into line for Cleveland, a third term and a continuation of the national fishing club at Buzzard's Bay."

The publication of Secretary Lamont's very generous offer to advance $50,000 from his own pocket to be used in paying soldier's salaries, Congress having failed to appropriate enough for that purpose, while it could not be legally accepted served to draw attention to the difference between Dan Lamont's financial circumstances when he made his debut in Washington as Mr. Cleveland's Private Secretary and at this time. Then he was so poor that Mr. Cleveland paid him $1,000 a year in addition to the salary of Private Secretary, in order that he might be able to keep up with his family a respectable social appearance. Now he talks of advancing $50,000 as nonchalently as he would then have asked a friend to take a beer with him. Dan isn't the only one of the crowd who has got rich. Mr. Cleveland has become a multi-millionaire and a number of others, then poor, are now wealthy.

Nobody seems able to say just how or when the idea began to take root but it is certainly very prevalent among Republicans in Washington that General Harrison will in the near future let it be thoroughly understood that he does not desire his name to go before the National Convention as a candidate for the presidential nomination.

It has come to my knowledge that the Democratic managers in Kentucky and Maryland in their desperation are preparing to revive the dodge they have worked so success fully in all the Southern states for many years—to arouse race prejudice.

Hon. Lloyd Lowndes, the Republican candidate for governor of Maryland, was a guest at its last meeting of the Union Republican Club of this city. He made a speech that made an excellent impression upon those who heard it. No bluster or brag, just a quiet, gentlemanly expression of confidence in his election. He said if the election were to be held this week the State would, he believed, go Republican by more than 15,000 majority.

Crop Reports

Mountain Lake Park.—Oats are substantially harvested and show remarkably large yield of both grain and straw. They were harvested in the very finest condition. Buckwheat has been injured by frosts somewhat, but with the several showers of this week will show a pretty good yield. Some fields have put out new bloom after the first was injured by frost.

WM. W. SWEET.

Sunny Side.—Weather the past week continued dry and hot. On the 29th vegetation was refreshed by a light shower, .38 of an inch. Corn about two-thirds of a crop; late buckwheat one-third. Oat threshing in progress; crop the best that has been raised for the last twenty years.

JOHN G. KNAUER.

Grantsville.—Warm and showery extra corn weather. Buckwheat apparently filling well. Pasture fair and stock doing well. About one inch of rain fell the past week. Most of the wheat will be sown next week. J. S. MILLER.

Bittinger.—Weather the past week favorable for farm work. Wheat is being seeded and buckwheat cut. We are having fine showers of rain this latter part of week, and grass is growing nicely. Meadows and pasture fields getting quite green again, but the rain came too late to save corn and buckwheat; it will, however, give the new wheat a good send off. The chestnut crop will be an entire failure here. P. P. LOHR.

Deer Park.—Weather hot and dry. Pasture burning up. Light local showers on 31st; not enough to do much good. Oats all in; an extra crop 40 to 45 bushels per acre. Too hot and dry for buckwheat. Early potatoes very large and good yield; too dry for late ones and corn. S. P. SPECHT.

Captain Thomas White.

The death of Captain Thomas White, which occurred at his residence in Wellsburg, on the morning of Thursday, August 15, at the ripe old age of over 90 years, removes a prominent landmark. He came to Wellsburg at a very early date and lived here most of his long life, one of our best and most respected citizens. He was an old time shoe manufacturer and dealer and for many years did quite an extensive business, but for a number of years past has been living retired and for several years pretty much unable to leave his room. In August 1862, he occupied himself in enlisting recruits for Company K, 12th West Virginia Infantry, and shortly after the organization of the company, he was elected captain. His military service was very creditable, but his age, 57 at the time, was against him. His health afterward failed and during his latter years he was sorely afflicted, which affliction he bore with a resignation truly Christian. He was since his early manhood a member of the M. E. church at Wellsburg, and always lived a consistent Christian. He leaves quite a family of grown up children, his wife having preceded him, April 27, 1886, aged 82. Deceased was a brother to the late Richard White, of Selbysport, this county, where a number of his descendants now reside. He was also a great-uncle to Mrs. J. A. Hayden and Mrs. C. C. Michaels, of Mt. Lake Park, Md.

McComas' Calmative Konseals contain all that is required to cure the worst case of headache or neuralgia in a very few minutes and are safe, sure, inexpensive. Mannfactured by Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf.

LAST CUT SALE

AT

SINCELL BROS.

Having decided to retire from business on account of ill health, we will close out our entire stock of goods at actual cost.

CLOTHING.

MEN'S CLOTHING.					BOYS' CLOTHING.				
$16.00	Suits reduced to			$8.50	$12.00	Suits Reduced to			$7.50
14.00	"	"	"	7.50	10.00	"	"	"	6.00
12.00	"	"	"	6.50	8.00	"	"	"	5.00
10.00	"	"	"	5.75	6.00	"	"	"	4.00
8.00	"	"	"	4.75	5.00	"	"	"	3.50
7.00	"	"	"	4.00					

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING,

$5.00	Suits Reduced to			$3.00
4.00	"	"	"	2.00
3.00	"	"	"	1.75
2.50	"	"	"	1.65

SHOES.

LADIES' SHOES.									
$5.00	Shoes	Reduced	to	$3.75	1.00	"	"	"	80
4.00	"	"	"	3.00					
3.50	"	"	"	2.75	MEN'S SHOES.				
3.00	"	"	"	2.25	$4.00	Shoes	Reduced	to	$3.00
2.50	"	"	"	1.75	3.00	"	"	"	2.65
2.00	"	"	"	1.50	2.50	"	"	"	1.75
1.75	"	"	"	1.15	2.00	"	"	"	1.50
1.50	"	"	"	1.00	1.50	"	"	"	1.00
1.25	"	"	"	90	1.25	"	"	"	90

DRY GOODS.

25 Yards Muslin for $1.00
15 cent muslin for 12 cents
12½ cent muslin for 10 cents
10 cent muslin for 7½ cents
8 cent muslin for 6 cents
7 cent muslin for 5 cents
6 cent muslin for 4½ cents
15 cent French gingham for 10 cents
12½ cent French gingham for 9 cents
10 cent gingham for 7 cents
8 cent gingham for 6 cents
7 cent gingham for 4½ cents

We will also sell our full line of

Dress Goods, Silks, Trimmings, Embroideries, Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbons, Draperies, Towels, Ladies' Summer Undervests

White Goods, Novelties, Hats, Trunks, Etc.,

At the ACTUAL COST of them.

This we consider a rare bargain for the buyers of this line of goods.

Respectfully,

SINCELL BROS.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

are good for sick headache, constipation, piles, bilious colic, fever and ague, dyspepsia, rheumatism, female complaints, dizziness, flatulence, sour stomach, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general debility. They will positively cure all disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. 25 cents a box.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

helps babes over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, controls the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no strong drugs and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good—25 cents a bottle.

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

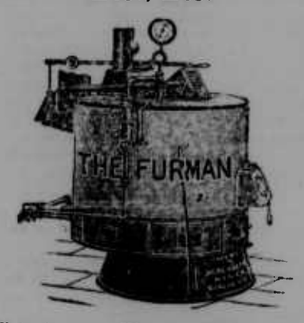

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23-1yr.

84 inches high. Top can be adjusted to any angle or height. Revolving Case 15 x 15 x 12 inside. Holds about 200 vols Law size. Strong well finished Metal Base and Sides. With Solid Oak Shelves and Top.—100,000 now used. Sent knocked down (20 lbs). On approval. Address Marsh Mfg. Co. CHICAGO. Agents Want...

STRAWBERRIES.

Best varieties, early, medium and late. Our pot grown plants set now will produce a full crop next June. Sent by mail prepaid, 60 cents per dozen; express unpaid, $3 per hundred.

THE HORTICULTURAL SUPPLY CO., Mt. Lake Park, Md.

Proposals for Building a Bridge.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., July 31, 1895.

Sealed proposals will be received by the County Commissioners until Wednesday, September 11, 1895, (no bids received after 11 o'clock), for the construction of a wooden bridge across Yough River at Crellin. Bridge is 159 feet long, to be constructed after plans and specifications found in the commissioners' office. The material used is to be of sound, live oak. Further information can be obtained by applying to the clerk. The commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the Board.

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

11 1y

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments. Headstones,

AND

Chimney Pipe

WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS.

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

4198.yr——e

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ½ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON, Keyser, W. Va.

39—1yr.

For satisfactory barbering try Lillie and you will call again.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED, SURVEYING. Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. jel4-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building. Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.

Drs. McLane & Berkeley, PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, FROSTBURG, MD.

Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.

See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building. Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street. Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.*

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Residence and P. O. Address, 2-25 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate. Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE, AUCTIONEER! *Will sell Real or Personal Property*

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent, 9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING, Carriage, Sign and House Painter, OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street. Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention. 50-1yr.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty., Oakland, Md.

--WANTED--

WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER

Also White Oak Timber Land.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO., Cumberland, Md.

Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE, 22tf 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

The Wesleyan Female Institute,

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.

For girls and young women. Established 1846. Full corps of experienced teachers. Location healthy, central and accessible. For catalogues and particulars apply to

REV. HENRY P. HAMILL, 13-15t President.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1895. NUMBER 27.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

McComas' Calmative Konseals, 10 cents. Try them. 5-tf

Mr. G. A. Bolden, of Terra Alta, was here Monday for a short time.

Mr. Hezekiah Low, of Corinth, has been granted an original pension.

Mr. James M. Litzinger, of the *Democrat*, has been seriously ill this week.

FOR SALE. — Four heavy work horses. Apply to D. S. Martin, Oakland, Md. 26-3t.

Mr. Orlando Crane, of Terra Alta, was an Oakland visitor last Saturday afternoon.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Mr. Perry Rock went to his home in Sherwood, Ohio, last Sunday to visit his parents for a few days.

The firm of Sincell Bros. is taking stock preparatory to selling out to Messrs. George O. Miller & Co.

Mr. A. B. Friend, of Hoyes, one of the grand jurymen, paid his respects to this office yesterday morning.

Messrs. Stephen Macgruder and Robert Russell, both of District No. 11, were Oakland visitors Tuesday.

Messrs. R. T. Semmes and Benj. A. Richmond, of the Cumberland bar, are here this week attending court.

Mr. George Crim returned from a visit to relatives and friends in Cincinnati and Wheeling yesterday afternoon.

Mr. Chas. Wegman went to Frostburg Tuesday night to see his sister-in-law who is there on a visit from Chicago.

Severe griping pains of the stomach and bowels instantly and effectually stopped by DeWitt's Colic and Cholera Cure.

We regret to state that Mr. Henry J. Mayers has been confined to his bed for a number of days with an attack of sickness.

Mr. W. W. Ferguson, of Thomas, W. Va., is here this week visiting his father, Mr. Samuel Ferguson and other relatives.

There is no doubt, no failure, when you take DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure. It is pleasant, acts promptly, no bad after effects.

Miss Maggie L. Layman, daughter of Commissioner Thomas Layman, and Miss Lanra Durst, of Frostburg, are Oakland visitors this week.

Mr. William Culp, of near Dobbin, departed from Oakland on last Saturday night for Tennessee City, Tenn., where he will enter school.

The will of Susan W. Talmage, wife of Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, has been admitted to probate. The estate, valued at $166,000, is left to her husband.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Sweeney, jr., arrived in Oakland from St. Louis, Mo., last Thursday night and will remain here a short time visiting relatives and friends.

Masters Semmes and Stewart Hamill went to Cumberland Tuesday where they will become students in the Central Commercial Bnsiness College in that city.

Mrs. Josie Chindler and little daughter, of New York City, who were here during the summer as guests of Miss Lou Thayer, departed for their home yesterday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Crane and son, of Kingwood, W. Va., who were here several days last and this week visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Hyde, returned to their home on Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. Joseph E. Harned, the efficient manager of the Oakland Pharmacy, is off on his annual vacation. He will visit Niagara and other points of interest before returning to Oakland.

Garthright is offering the best all wool winter suits ever brought to county for $8; will take buckwheat grain, buckwheat flonr, oats or potatoes. Also a large stock of ladies heavy dress goods at very low prices. 26-2t.

Mr. John Kepner, who was here for several weeks this summer clerking for Mr. W. H. Malette, went to Streator, Ill., Monday morning, where he has secured a a position in a glass factory.

Cholera Morbus is a dangerous complaint, and often is fatal in its result. To avoid this you shonld nse DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure as soon as the first symptoms appear.

We have something new, effective, pleasant to take and perfectly harmless and a positive cnre for nervous headache, sick headache, dizziness and neuralgia. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

Garthright is offering 50 men's winter suits at $8.50, worth $12.50; overcoats at $7.75, worth $10.50; boys' overcoats at cost; ladies' long coats at half price. Wanted, ten tons buckwheat flour for cash or trade. 26-2t.

Stomach and Bowel Complaints are best relieved by the timely use of DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure. Insist on having this preparation. Don't take any other.

Mr. Isaac A. Rinker, one of the wide awake young business men of District No. 8, recently purchased a Garr-Scott steam threshing engine and machine, which will put into service in his section of the country upon its arrival from the manufacturers.

Try McComas' Calmative Konseals to drive away sharp pains in muscular and acute rheumatism. One or two Konseals have shown marvelous results. 10 cents per box. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

This evening has been designated as Editors' Evening at the Park by the management. The editors and their friends will be met at the railroad station at 5 o'clock and conveyed to the lake in carriages where an hour or two will be spent it boating. Lunch will be served at 7 p. m. Rooms and breakfast tho following morning will be served at the West Virginia Cottages.

Children, especialy infants are soon run down with Cholera Infantum or "Summer Complaint." Don't wait to determine, but give DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure promptly, you can rely on it. Use no other.

HAULING AND EXPRESS.—I have located at Mountain Lake Park and am prepared to do hanling of all kinds at short notice. Baggage a specialty. A share of the public patronage solicited. Harry Thayer.

Notice is hereby given to all persons in debt to me that on and after the 1st day of October all unsettled claims will be put in the hands of Messrs. Peddicord & Peddicord for collection. Plenty goods cheap for cash.
27-2t. P. T. GARTHRIGHT.

A. M. Bailey, a well known citizen of Eugene, Oregon, says his wife has for years been troubled with chronic diarrhoea and nsed many remedies with little relief until she tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and diarrhoea Remedy, which has cured her sound and well. Give it a trial and you will be surprised at the prompt relief it affords. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

It is estimated that if the people who are in debt to newspapers through the United States would pay said indebtedness it would place an additional $35,167,748,73 in circulation, as the editor would immediately use the money to pay their more pressing obligations. This, then is the way to do away with hard times—pay the printer what you owe him.—Morgantown Post.

Diarrhœa should be stopped promptly. It soon becomes chronic. DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure is effective, safe and certain. Hundreds of testimonials bear witness to the virtue of this great medicine. It can always be depended upon, its use saves time and money.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Mr. A. A. Snyder, Supt. Poor Farm, Winnesheik Co., Ia., says:—Last winter Mr. Robert Leach used two boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve and cured a large running sore on his leg, Had been under care of physician for months without obtaining relief. Sure cure for Piles.

This office has just received from the manufacturers sixty thousand envelopes of different qualities which will be printed and sold at a low price, notwithstanding the recent rise in this class of goods. We have the facilties of turning out a better class of work than any office between Baltimore and Wheeling, which is undisputed even by our competitors in the trade. We don't do *cheap work* but we do work consistent with the prices we ask and receive. For proof of this assertion call and see us before going elsewhere.

John G. Mauger editor of the *Sunbeam*, Seligman, Mo., who named Grover Cleveland for the Presidency in Nov., 1882, while he was Mayor of Buffalo, N. Y, is enthusiastic in his praise of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and diarrhoea Remedy. He says: "I have used it for the past five years and consider it the best preparation of the kind in the market. It is as staple as sugar and coffee in this section. It is an article of merit and should be used in every household. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Irving W. Larimore, physical director of Y. M. C. A., Des Moines, Iowa, says he can conscientiously recommend Chamberlain's Pain Balm to athletes, gymnasts, bicyclists, foot ball players and the profession in general for bruises, sprains and dislocations; also for soreness and stiffness of the muscles. When applied before the parts become swollen it will effect a cure in one half the time usually required. For sale at the Oakland Pharmacy.

The *News* a few week ago reprinted from the Hagerstown *Herald and Torchlight* an article giving the credit of inventing the reaper to one Obed Hussey, who in the thirties manufactured reapers in Hagerstown. The article has been extensively copied by our exchanges, and a Talbot writer informs the *Sun* that the reaper was the invention of Fayette Gibson of that county. Mr. Hussey is alleged to have seen Mr. Gibson's model on the fair grounds at Easton, and to have profited by his idea. The Ellicott City *Democrat* comes forward with the statement that Mr. Owen Dorsey of Howard "invented and perfected the first successful self-raking reaper." Mr. Dorsey is now living in Baltimore, and is almost a centenarian.

Saturday of last week Oakland was alive with old soldiers on their way to Louisville, Ky., where they will attend the annual re-union. Needham Post No. 39, of Lawrence, Mass., numbering seventy-five members, with their families, stopped over here on that day as guests of the Glades. The day was spent in driving over our excellent roads and in sight-seeing here and at the Park. The evening was given up to speech making in the parlors of the Glades, where a happy speech was make by Capt. Carlton Morgan, an ex-Confederate and brother of General Morgan, of the Southern army. Capt Morgan was greeted with long and lond cheers and his speech was quite a happy effort. He was followed by others, members of Needham Post. The post departed for the west Sunday morning on train No. 3.

ACCIDENT'S BIG DAY.

The Picnic Announced a Big and Enthusiastic Success.

On last Friday morning the streets of Oakland were alive with teams and men preparing to depart for Accident to participate in the big basket picnic advertised to take place there that day.

At about eight o'clock most of the conveyances had departed bearing Hon. Lloyd Lowndes, Hon. Harry M. Clabaugh, Mr. D. W. Sloan, Mr. Wm. J. Read, Mr. A. H. Dowden, Mr. F. S. Kurtz, and many others, besides Smith's Military Band of Oakland. Accident was reached about noon and immediately the hungry travelers sat down to enjoy the good things to eat which were plenty and to spare.

Shortly after lunch the throng of people, numbering about fifteen hundred, was called to order by Senator Ravenscroft, who introduced Mr. E. E. Sincell as chairman of the meeting. Mr. Sincell made a few remaks upon the issues of the day and then introduced Mr. Lowndes as the first speaker. Mr. Lowndes, in a quiet, unassuming manner said:

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and friends of Garrett County—When I agreed to be here to-day I did not intend or expect to make a speech. I wanted to renew the acquaintance of twenty years ago, when I was a candidate for office, and when your county was first formed. I wanted to meet these people and their sons. I am, however, in the hands of the committee, and will do as it asks, but what I shall say will be brief. I am glad to see so many ladies here. I wish that we could have them with us for the next eight weeks. If we could have them we would keep these meetings up to the proper tone, as we will endeavor to do. While at Claiborne on my way from the Eastern Shore I was met by a little girl, who told me her people would vote for me. She then sang some sweet songs, wonderfully well for one so young, and I told her if I had her through my campaign I could sing myself into the governor's chair.

"The issues of this fight are State issues, not national. They are good citizenship, good government and, I will add good roads, for without good roads their cannot be good citizenship. Grave questions involved are also those of reassessment and free schools. If elected I will favor a reassessment bill that will assess both real and personal property equitably. I am also in favor of a reassessment bill that will allow the people of Garrett county to name their own assessors. I want that power to be taken from the governor and placed in the hands of the people. They know their neighbors better than the governor does. If the Republicans should come into power they will give satisfaction in this respect. We want new registration laws. We want one in Baltimore city especially. When a vote is cast we want it counted. We hear much of the danger of turning over the State and giving its machinery to the Republicans. If this machinery is honest, why the objection? There has been much criticism of the machinery of this State. The Republicans promise to give a bi-partisan registration—that is, we will give honest Republicans and Democrats as registrars. This will give you pure registration in Garrett, and honest judges and clerks to conduct your elections. If this is a Republican State, let it be Republican; if Democratic then let it be Democratic. But all we want is fair play. I believe in local self-government so far as assessors are concerned, and also in reference to the conduct of our schools. Now the governor appoints your school commissioners. Those commissioners, appointed by a Democratic governor are Democrats; and they in turn appoint Democratic teachers. I want that power taken away from the governor and, if elected, will favor a bill to put this power back in the hands of the people, to whom it rightly belongs. You are most interested in the schools, and you know best their needs. The governor does not—cannot know. The judges did not know when the power of appointing commissioners was vested in them. The campaign has not yet opened. I am yet in the hands of the State central committee, and it has not yet informed me that I am to proceed to stump the counties. This is, I take it, purely a social gathering, and I hope to be with you again before the campaign shall have closed. All I ask now is that if you should think me a safe man to entrust the government of the State to that you shall give me your suffrages and I promise you to give you an economical and good administration—fair aliko to all, no matter what may be his politics or race."

During the delivery of the above Mr. Lowndes was frequently interrupted by cheers. He was followed by Mr. Clabough, who made a very forcible argument for better government and was in turn followed by Senator James M. Sloan, of Allegany, and Mr. F. S. Krutz, of Baltimore.

After the speech-making the several bands present gave a concert.

The journey back to Oakland was resumed at six o'clock and the party arrived here at about ten. Mr. Lowndes remaining in Oakland over night.

Died.

SCHROCK.—On Thursday of last week, Benjamin Schrock, aged 39 years, at his home near Eglon, West Va. The deceased was a brother-in-law of Messrs. John E. Gnagey, of Accident, and Jonas E. Gnagey, of Grantsville. The interment took place on Sunday.

MADIGAN.—On Saturday last at her home in Deer Park, Mrs. Michael Madigan, an aged lady. She was ill only a few hours her death resulting from a fall which produced paralysis. Her remains were brought to Oakland and interred in the Catholic cemetery, the funeral being conducted by Rev. Father Mattingly.

MCCROBIE.—On last Saturday the twelve year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McCrobie, at Almont. The funeral took place on Monday.

From the Terra Alta Oracle.

Two kids from Oakland walked to this place, Tuesday morning, stating to the editor that they had ran away from home. With little persuasion they were induced to return on the afternoon accommodation. Better be careful, boys; the next time you come our policeman may collar you, and then you will find how comfortably a night can be passed in our town lock-up, which is located in the woods, where the owl hoots through the live-long night and where bugaboos abound.

The many friends of Miss Kate C. Spedden, who attended normal school here this season, and who received a No. 1 certificate in the examination, will be pleased to learn that she also received a No. 1 in Tucker county, her's being the second best examination paper in the county. Miss Spedden's school opened in Davis Monday morning of this week.

Mrs. Silas Shirer and two daughters, of Oakland, spent Monday in Terra Alta, the guests of Mrs. G. A. Bolden.

Mr. Chas. W. Bolden, father of "ye editor," came up and spent Saturday and Sunday of the Reunion. Mr. Bolden is an old veteran of Co. O, West Virginia Volunteers under Capt. J. M. Godwin, of Kingwood. He returned home Sunday evening.

Messrs. Henry Kahl and Ernest Coladean, of Oakland, spent Tuesday evening in Terra Alta the guests of lady friends.

SECURE THIS COURSE

To advertise our College we will give a thorough course of instruction in Double and Single Entry Book-keeping and Commercial Arithmetic, by mail, at

One-Fourth Regular Price

to a limited number of persons. This course will be completed in 40 lessons. No charge for diplomas.

ADDRESS,

CAPITAL CITY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,

116 WEST SIXTH STREET,

TOPEKA, - KANSAS.

26—1yr.

Crop Reports.

Sunny Side.—Weather continues warm with an occasional shower, which so far has been of no practical benefit. Pastures are getting very short. A heavy frost on the 2d damaged corn and buckwheat in places. Threshing is in full blast; except oats crop which is immense.
C. W. SLABACH.

Grantsville.— Weather the past week has been warm and dry. Pasture shows the effect of the drouth. East wind for last three days, and still no rain. No chestnuts this fall. Rain would be beneficial to winter apples. J. S. MILLER.

Proceedings of the Circuit Court.

On Monday morning last the September term of the Circuit Court for this county commenced with Associate Judge Edward Stake on the bench. Mr. John Shartzer, of Oakland, was appointed foreman of the grand jury. The other members of the grand jury were drawn and charged by the court. The charge, like all Judge Stake does, was practical and to the point. If the grand inquest follows the charge there will be no improper indictments nor unnecessary expenses piled upon the county. The docket is the smallest we have had in a long while and the term will probably not last more than two weeks.

Under the rules of court no case can be called for trial on the first day of the term. The several civil dockets were called over and judgments entered in uncontested cases.

TRIAL DOCKET.

No. 29. Slingluff, Johns & Co. vs. L. H. Friend; judgment by confession for $119.41.

No. 27. Charles Kelly vs. Wm. Carter; judgment on the rule for $354.

No. 39. E. Thomas vs. W. N. Myers; judgment for $168.18.

No. 41. G. S. Hamill, executor, vs. S. C. Cassiday et al.; judgment for $113.92.

No. 42. Second National Bank of Cumberland vs. L. Nydegger; dismissed.

No. 43. H. B. Lewis vs. A. S. Teats; settled.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

Trespass Notice.

All persons are warned not to gun or trespass in any manner upon the tract known as "Bucks Bones," near Oakland. All such will be prosecuted to the extent of the law.
FRED FICKEY, JR.
FRED A. THAYER, Att'y.
26-3t*

Go to Garthright's for your fall goods, also flour and feed. Sweeping reductions in dress goods, clothing, boots and shoes. Lots of goods at cost. Want ten tons buckwheat flour as soon as can be made. Will soon have good market for potatoes. 26-2t

THE FOURTEENTH GUEST

MR. BANKS—My dance, I believe, Miss Waddington. Do you care to—

Miss Katie Waddington, her pretty roguish face flushed with indignation—I'm astonished that you venture to speak to me—you know I couldn't refuse, with that horrid Lady Houghton introducing you, and looking over my shoulder at my card.

He (pulling his waistcoat a little, because his shirt front pointed too much)—Is that why you waited for me in the conservatory? No, please don't go—let's sit it out.

Miss Katie sits down again and begins pulling a rose to pieces. "You've treated me shamefully, haven't you?"

"Not a bit."

"Indeed you have; and don't fidget with your necktie."

"Now, which of your pretty white teeth have you against me?"

"Can't you speak in plain English, instead of using your French phrases? Come, now, didn't we meet at Devonshire park? Oh, it's just like you to hint that we weren't properly introduced; but we were afterward."

"Never mind the fashion of the introduction," said he, hiding a smile behind his glove.

"You know such introductions are almost the fashion at the seaside."

"You mean such almost introductions are quite the fashion?" he observed; "but suppose we did, and suppose we took walks together, and dances together, and went fishing together, and I put on the—, and suppose I was in earnest?"

"Never mind what you suppose," she said, sharply. "You know quite well that at the seaside—"

"By the sea a maiden's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of—flirtation."

"I shall leave you at once if you're so flippant and rude," said Miss Katie, and she got up and then sat on another seat with the light at the back—a very pretty white back—not the seat's. "Didn't you pretend you were a barrister?"

"No, certainly not."

"How can you tell such a—"

"It isn't a—. I didn't pretend I am a barrister."

"Well, even if you are, you needn't quibble, and, besides, there are lots of barristers who don't earn as much—"

"As much as a shoeblack. There's your Cousin Jack—but he plays billiards splendidly—you should see him at Carr's during term time."

"Bother Jack! And besides he is a good sort, and I like him much better than you! Oh! how could you deceive me so? Why, that horrid Glendower girl who drove me home in her brougham—I know it's only hired—the moment we got in said: 'Really, dear, that man you so afflicted yourself with at Eastbourne is quite decent for one of Whiteley's young men! Ugh! a hired guest.'"

"But I assure you, I—"

"Now, isn't it true you came to Mrs. Hooper's as a hired guest? Weren't you sent for because at the last moment there was a man short, and she was afraid of thirteen at dinner? There, I knew you couldn't deny it. Why anyone should ask so many people to dinner goodness knows—it's barbarous—it's not a dinner; it's a meal. And you called yourself Howard—is that the name you're called? And got a guinea and instructions in the hall not to talk politics, theology, or school boards, or new woman."

"A guinea wasn't the price," said Mr. Banks, gloomily, biting one of his gloves, "and I wasn't paid; it was sent direct to Whiteley, and we aren't trusted with the money, and I'm really a barrister with a good practice, and you're cruel. Even if it were all true, you need not hit so hard."

Miss Katie sat silent for a moment and listened to a few bars of "Le Reve de Mon Coeur" waltz, that sounded de-

"I DON'T WANT MONEY."

lightful in the distance. She remembered how often she had danced to it with him at Eastbourne, and how well their steps were matched. She looked at the young man, and he really was so handsome and "such good form" that in her next remark she used a gentler voice. "You know I shouldn't have minded so much if it had been abroad, but everyone will make fun of me." Then she spoke earnestly: "Surely you couldn't have been such a—such a—and you can't be telling falsehoods."

"I assure you," he said, eagerly, "it's not quite as you think. I—" he stopped abruptly and rose and walked up and down the few yards of the conservatory.

"Oh, there is a mystery!" cried Miss Katie. "A mystery, do say so, isn't there? Was it a bet? That would be rather bad form. Still I might—or was it—oh! do tell—anything but the horrible thing I must think? I shouldn't care about you being poor, but a hired guest, a sort of waiter with a clean shirt front and unspotted clothes—that's too—oh! I'm sorry to speak so cruelly if it's true, but it isn't?"

He had pulled off his gloves—and the buttons—on a chair and came close to her. He gave a little throat-clearing cough, and then seemed choked by the words that stuck in his throat. Really he looked very handsome, and quite a gentleman. Miss Katie's eyes dwelt kindly on his fine hair and well-cut features.

"There's a mystery," he started at last. She dropped her fan, and as both stooped to pick it up their hands came in contact. "There's a mystery, but—"

"You must—I insist—remember that as the matter stands you, in my eyes, are an impostor—a dishonorable man; surely you will explain for my—for your own sake."

"There's a mystery," he began again, "but it's not my secret. I must keep it—it's better, you know, to be a gentleman than to seem one, even in your eyes; yet remember the poet's words: 'I could not love thee, dear, so well, loved I not honor more.'" He spoke avec intention, to use Loiotte's term.

"How dare you?" she said, sharply, and then added, with a faint smile: "I believe it's a misquotation, too."

Horace Banks looked at her very carefully, and her eyes fell and seemed to interest themselves in her fan. A smile came into his face—a rather rougish smile. "Miss Waddington," he said, as he sat down in a seat close to hers, "it really is a secret, and I am pledged in honor to tell but one person—my wife or my"—a long pause—"or my betrothed."

"That may very well be to two or even more persons," she answered, desperately.

"Only one, I believe," he said. "If I loved well enough to be engaged, and nothing came of it, I'm sure I should never try again."

"Have you never been engaged?" she asked.

"Just now you seemed very anxious to know my secret. Are you prepared to pay the price? Believe me, you cannot be half as anxious to hear it as I to tell it."

Miss Katie felt thankful that the red in her cheeks might seem due to the ruby glass of the fairy light. She gave a half-hearted little laugh and answered: "It's too absurd, really—we women may be inquisitive—though not so much as you men."

He looked very grave. "But," he answered, "I will tell it to no one save my wife or betrothed. You know that

"NOW ISN'T IT TRUE YOU CAME TO MRS. HOOPER'S AS A HIRED GUEST?"

I love you; I ask no question, only say that if you will promise to be my wife then I can tell you; if afterward you are dissatisfied, or if your people find my position insufficient, well, I should hardly sue you for breach of promise."

"Well, then, I accept, but, of course, if—"

"Kate," he said, and as he spoke put his arm around her waist.

"I am Miss Waddington still," almost roughly she put his arm away.

"But Ka—Miss Waddington, we are engaged."

"Perhaps you expect me to fall in your arms like a girl in a love story, or begin kissing you like the vulgar creature in 'The Professor's Love Story.'"

"Come, but I shall call you Kate, even if—"

"You may take my hand—I didn't say kiss it."

"The whole thing is so absurd. On Tuesday evening I was with Howard Jones, a very good fellow and an old school chum of mine."

"Oh, I know him; he plays so funnily in charades. Doesn't he paint or do something?"

"He is one of our most brilliant young artists. I was at his studio and a man we had both known in Paris, who had a studio in the Rue de Vangirard, but wouldn't work and had sunk to being a model, came in. 'Howard,' he said, 'do me a service.'

"'Up to half a crown. I've promised to go no further.'

"'I don't want money—at least—you see Whiteley gives me odd jobs—sends me out as dancing man sometimes, or to fill up a place at dinner if people find suddenly they are thirteen. To-night I've a dinner engagement, and—'

"'I don't think my dress clothes would fit you,' said Jones.

"'Oh, it isn't that. I've a decent suit. But the engagement is for the Browns, Holland Park, and I know them, so—'

"'What do you want me to do? Go in your place? Well, you've a nerve! It would be rather a lark, but I can't. I'm going to the Langham Sketching club; it's their exhibition.'

"The poor fellow looked at me pitifully, and said: 'I may lose my place if I don't go—it's too late to make other arrangements.'

"I'm not so staid and sober as my clients think," said Mr. Banks, "and the idea of going as a hired guest tickled me, so I offered. He jumped at it, but made me promise to tell no one, because if I did he would get into trouble. You can guess what I felt when I found you in the drawing-room. I thought you were still in Switzerland."

"We came back sooner than we expected," said Miss Kate; "and you give me your word of honor?"

"Yes."

"Then you may kiss my hand—it's no use trying to get the size of my finger—till I've taken off my glove."—Washington Budget.

A TITLED POACHER.

The Ludicrous Predicament of a Guest of Napoleon III.

Among the curious incidents of the court of Napoleon III. recently brought to light, there is an amusing one connected with the visit of an Italian general, Prince Caprici, to the imperial residence at Fontainbleau. It was in summer, and the weather was extremely hot. The apartment occupied by the Italian general was directly above the cabinet, or working-room, of the emperor; and beneath the windows of both rooms lay a pond, its waters washing the walls of the palace.

The general had been taking a bath in a great tub brought in by servants. After his bath he leaned out of the window, gazing at the pond below. There, in the transparent waters, he noticed a great number of fine carp swimming about, and gathering beneath the window as if expecting to be fed.

Prompted by an idle impulse, the general took a large pin, bent it into a hook, and attached to it a long, stout string, that he had in his personal belongings. Then he baited the hook with a bit of bread left from his breakfast, which had been brought to his room, and dropped it into the water. An immense carp seized it, and the general, with a fisherman's impulse, jerked the line so adroitly that he hooked the fish.

He drew it up to his window, and thoughtless of what might result, landed it into the room. Instantly the carp began to flounder heavily about the floor. The general, realizing the situation, bounded after it. The fish was active and slippery, and the general upset a chair in his efforts to catch it.

The emperor, at work at his desk in the room below, heard the tumult over his head, and wondered; but kept on with his work.

Meantime the general, getting the fish against the bathtub, had a happy thought. He would put the fish in the tub. He got his arms under it lifted and pushed, and the carp splashed into the tub.

For an instant it seemed quieted by being back in its native element. But the water was warm and soapy. In another instant the creature was in agony, and began to splash and flounder about madly. The water overflowed the tub and covered the floor. The general struggled to get the fish, but could not seize or hold it. He merely succeeded in spilling a great deal more water.

The emperor, glancing up at the ceiling as the noise went on, saw a wet spot, and presently drops of water began to fall on his table. He called the chamberlain.

"Who is in the room above?" he asked.

"It is the room occupied by the general, Prince Caprici."

"Please go up and see what is the matter with him. He must be in some trouble."

The general had just succeeded in seizing the fish when there came a rap at his door. He turned pale. He fancied that the emperor himself was coming after him.

"In a moment! in a moment!" he gasped.

Then, seeing his bed open, he had another "happy thought;" he thrust the big fish into the bed and covered it with the clothes. Then he rushed and opened the door.

"The emperor wishes to know what is the matter," said the chamberlain; "are you in any trouble?"

"Oh, no trouble at all! In taking a bath I accidentally spilled some water, and—"

Just then the chamberlain, glancing into the room, saw the bed covers violently agitated, and in utter astonishment the next moment he saw a gigantic carp flounder out of the bed. This time the general rushed upon the fish to some purpose, seized it, and hurled it out of the window into the pond.

The general did not dare to appear at breakfast that day. Noting his absence, the emperor—to whom his chamberlain had gravely made his report of the circumstances—gave this order to a servant:

"You will take Prince Caprici's breakfast up to his room; and you will take him, as a part of it, a broiled carp. I believe the general is fond of carp!"—Youth's Companion.

PETE LEACH'S ODD CHECK.

It Was Written on an Old Paper Collar But Was Good at the Bank.

This was one of the many stories told us by Doc Reister, that composite character, philosopher, cowboy and hermit. Doc had been relating his experience of having held up Texas Jack, attending a Rocky mountain funeral in the dual capacity of undertaker and preacher, and his hunting mountain lion. When we asked him if he had ever been in Wyoming he told us the story of the famous check. Doc started by stating that he had been employed by an eastern syndicate as herder to a bunch of cattle, which were ranging along the Powder river in Wyoming. "Them was warm days," said Doc. "Between the Indians and the drought we had a terror of a hustle. Every spring after the round-up I drove a bunch of cattle down to Cheyenne for shippin'. I think it was in the spring of '88 I left with about two hundred head of cattle, and had crossed the north fork of the Sweetwater and had traveled over the Black hills when I saw an outfit headed by old Pete Leach, one of the dirtiest and richest herd owners in that there territory. He didn't know me, but I knowed him the minute I clapped my eye on him. He'd been down to Cheyenne shippin', and I know'd he'd made a pretty good deposit in the First national bank there. After we had grubbed together I noticed he had his eye on six of my ponies, but I never let on I'd catched on, an' when he mentioned, careless like, that they wasn't such a bad lot, I just praised 'em like they was dropped right down from the heavenly chariots—an' I drove a pretty stiff bargain. When I told him I'd take one hundred and fifty dollars for 'em the old man kicked like a steer, but I never weakened.

"Well, when he offered me one hundred and twenty-five dollars, as a kind of compromise, I started to move over to our corral, and then the old skin called me back and said it was a go. Then come the stickin' point—we didn't carry greenbacks loose in our clothes no more'n we did ink—an' when the old man suggested makin' out a check, which I knowed was good as gold, I near had a fit. Well, he smoothed me down an' at last I told him to fork over his check. Of course he didn't have none an' he said he'd left his check book at Rockville, but that he'd give me something just as good. Well, sir, we had the toughest time you ever saw huntin' a pencil and a bit of paper. At last we did scratch up a pencil, but there wasn't no paper in the whole outfit, them cowboys not bein' of a literary turn of mind an' no mail carriers passin' that way. There wasn't much use o' writin' letters. Old Pete wasn't done up so easy—so, seein' a tenderfoot among his herders what was sporting a paper collar, he ordered him take it off immejiet, an' said he wasn't a-goin' to have no blasted dudes among his men. When the feller was out of sight, he sat down an' writ his order on that collar, like this:

"Cashier of the First National Bank, Cheyenne: Pay to Doc Reister within the next six days one hundred and fifty dollars for six ponies traded for near Laramie Park, Wyoming. Reister is a short skinny man, about six feet six, with a long hook nose.

"PETE LEACH."

"This was writ on the paper side of the collar, an' I remember the old man tearing the cloth backin' off an' sayin': 'If that didn't go to write him at Rockville.' Three days after that we was in Cheyenne, an' I tell you I had a time tryin' to make that dude back of them bars in that there bank give me my one hundred and fifty dollars. They kep' me standin' up there 'bout half an hour, an' a lot of men come an' looked at me like I was some wild animal escaped from a show. At last, when I was gettin' red hot, they showed me into a back room where six or seven gents were sittin', an' they asked me to swear all kinds of swears that I was myself. Then an old gent with white hair, lookin' for all the world like a Sunday-school superintendent, who 'peared to boss the whole shootin' match, stood up an' speechified 'bout my probably bein' the right party, an' then he kind o' winked at the cashier, an 'remarked that my features were pretty good proof. Then he picked up that dirty paper collar with two fingers, like it was goin' to bite him—an' it hadn't got any cleaner in my jeans—an' he said:

"'We have warned Mr. Leach about makin' out checks like this, and have told him we would not honor them. This once we will make an exception, but it must be the last.'

"Then he nodded to the cashier, an' he planked out the one hundred and fifty dollars.

"The next spring I went back to that there bank in Cheyenne, an' there was that dirty old greasy paper collar check with a nice white paper border an' a fine wooden frame around it, a-hanging over the desk where they kep' the pens and ink, 'long with the real decent checks.

"That payin' teller knowed me, an' he nodded up toward that there frame an' said somethin' about it having been honored an' 'bout the man what had writ it havin' two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to back it right in their safe.

"I s'pose that laundried dude thought he was tellin' me somethin' I didn't know, but I had drove cattle myself for old Pete Leach five years before, an' I think I ought a know'd what his check was good for if it was writ on an old paper collar."—Philadelphia Times.

SPORT OF AN ACTOR.

He Was So Good a Mimic That He Could Fool the Small Boy.

Charles Mathews, the celebrated comedian, was probably one of the best mimics the world ever produced. Born June 28, 1776, after a successful career he died on the same date, 1835, fifty-nine years later.

One of his favorite amusements was that of mimicking children. One day in Suffolk, England, he walked up to a group of boys all about eight years of age, who were playing marbles, and adopting their actions and tone of voice he asked permission to join in the game. They were, of course, rather startled at this big lad, and stared at him in silence. However, everything he did was so like themselves that a little fellow in the party cried out: "I say fellows, what's the harm; let him play;" and then turning to Mathews asked him: "Have you any marbles?"

"No," said Mathews, "but I've got a penny.

"Well, then, you can buy some of ours," which he did, and then knuckled down and proceeded to play.

The boys by this time had ceased to regard him as other than one of themselves, never entertaining the slightest suspicion that it was the celebrated comedian they had among them.

In a short time he squabbled with the boys, and the talk was something like the following:

"You, Bill Atkins, I say you've no right to that."

"I have," said Bill.

"I say you haven't!"

"I say I have."

"Ah! you cheat! I won't play with you no more."

This shortly led to a quarrel, and, taking off his coat, Mathews offered to fight any of the boys. One of the little fellows immediately threw his hat and coat on the ground and, squaring up to the big fellow, urged him to come on. Mathews got out of the row by giving his adversary the marbles he had won, thus restoring good humor, and he left the scene delighted with the amusement he had received from it, although retaining his mimicry to the end by calling out as he quitted them: "I must go to my ma."—Harper's Round Table.

JESSE JAMES' SON.

Unknown to Gov. Crittenden He Was Given Employment.

"There was a curious little page in the history of Jesse James, or rather that of his family," said Representative Hall, of Missouri, recently, "which was never written. Gov. Crittenden, now consul general to Mexico, was, as you recollect, the chief executive of Missouri at the time the redoubtable Jesse James was killed. Bob Ford, who shot Jesse and afterward pleaded guilty to a charge of murder in the first degree, and was sentenced to be hanged by the St. Joe court, was immediately pardoned by Gov. Crittenden.

"This, of course, was an agreement made long before to cover just such a contingency, and excited neither surprise nor comment at the time. Why did Ford plead guilty? Because he wanted a record of once in jeopardy as a bar to any future indictment which might have been preferred after Crittenden had ceased to be governor, and when a chief executive might not have been so prompt with his pardon.

"But about the curious page in the James' history to which I referred. Jesse James had a son about thirteen years old. After Crittenden had ceased to be governor, he opened law offices in Kansas city. After organizing for business he needed an office boy, and put an advertisement in one of the local papers. In response a well-dressed, handsome, very intelligent boy put in an appearance. There had been a score of responses, but Gov. Crittenden was very much attracted to this particular boy—he seemed so quick and bright and frank. After talking with him a bit, Gov. Crittenden decided to employ him. The boy said he lived on Seventeenth street in Kansas City with his mother, who was a widow.

"'What is your name?' said Gov. Crittenden.

"'James,' replied the boy.

"At this point somebody came in to distract Crittenden's attention, and he simply adopted the boy into his business without further inquiry. The boy turned out to be a very energetic and valuable youth, and the governor was delighted with his choice. He supposed all the time that the name 'James' given him by the boy was his first name. At the end of a week Gov. Crittenden had occasion to draw a check for his office boy's salary.

"'What did you say your name was?' asked Gov. Crittenden, as he dipped his pen in the ink bottle.

"'James,' replied the boy.

"'Is that your last name?' inquired Crittenden.

"'Yes.'

"'Well, what is your first name, then?' asked the governor, somewhat surprised.

"'Jesse,' answered the boy. 'My name is Jesse James.'

"To say that Crittenden was astonished would be a mild way to tell it. He began an inquiry into his office boy's antecedents, which developed the fact that he was the oldest son of the dead outlaw, and bore his father's name. No, there was no plot in it. The whole thing was one of those accidents which now and then astonish men. It did seem strange that the office boy whom Crittenden selected, as it were, in the dark, should be the son of that celebrated robber, whose bloody taking off the energy of Crittenden had brought about. No, Crittenden didn't keep the boy, but he did what was better still. He hunted him up a situation where he got a better chance to expand and received twice as much salary."—Washington Star.

LEADER OF THE HUNT.

How the Omaha Indians Chose Their Chief Huntsman.

The office of leader of the hunt was held in great honor because of its grave responsibilities, which demanded a man of high character and recognized ability. He must be of undoubted valor, a good hunter, a man reverent and just. The entire tribe was placed under his control, the principal chiefs acting as counselors, but complying with his instructions. He directed the march of the people, and selected their camping places; he chose and dispatched the runners in search of the buffalo, and organized and directed the hunt when the game had been found. If the tribe encountered enemies, he was the leader of the warriors, taking his place at the post of greatest danger, and he was held responsible for everything that occurred, from the successful pursuit of the buffalo, and the health and welfare of the people, down to the quarreling of children and dogs.

He who desired to fill the office of leader was required to procure a buffalo-hide from which the hair had been removed, a crow, a golden and a bald-headed eagle, a shell disk, a quantity of sinew for thread, a red-stone pipe with its flat stem ornamented with porcupine-quill embroidery, and a kettle. These he presented to the Hunga-gens, through the keepers of the two sacred tents, after he had been appointed to the office by the chiefs. If there was no candidate for the position, the chiefs appointed a man from a sub-gens of the In-kae-tha-hae gens.—Alice C. Fletcher, in Century.

Her Inconsistency.

"I'm sorry," she said gently, "that I cannot be all that you wish in your life. But I will always think of you as a very dear friend."

"Thank you," he said.

"And if there is any way I can ever assist you by advice or endeavor do not hesitate to call on me."

"That's downright kind of you," he replied, greatly cheered. "You can help me."

"How?"

"You see, so long as you have declined to be mine, I thought I'd propose to Miss Binkins, and if you'll see her and put in a good word for me, you know—"

And that's why she jumped up and went away huffy, and vowed she'd never speak to him again as long as she lived.—Washington Star.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Samuel Heath, a druggist in Indiana, is the defendant in a $5,000 damage suit. He played a practical joke on an unsuspicious farmer by plying him with strong drink. As a result the farmer, who was not accustomed to using liquor, got drunk and died, and his family are now after damages.

—Rollo's oak, near Rouen, the tree on which the first duke of Normandy, 1,000 years ago, is said to have hung up his gold chain as the token of the good order to which he had brought his province, seemed likely to collapse lately. To save it a solid core of masonry was built in the interior of the hollow trunk.

—Max Muller insists that the oldest book in the world is "The Rig Veda," which was in existence, complete as we have it now, fifteen hundred years before Christ, and not the so-called "Book of the Dead," from Egypt, consisting of disjointed fragments, collected from many sources, the earliest of which may possibly be dated as early as 6000 B. C.

—Gen. Annenkoff, a Russian geographer, is preparing an atlas on a new principle. The places on the maps will be put down, not according to actual distance from a standard point, but according to the cost of transportation. New York, for instance, will be nearer to London than Rochester in Kent, as it costs less to ship food across the Atlantic than to send it twenty-eight miles by rail to London.

—If the testimony of old Egyptian monuments can be accepted, the banjo, in its earliest form, is one of the first instruments we know. Something of this kind appears upon the oldest pictures in Egyptian tombs, dating from the fourth dynasty, which was probably about 4000 B. C. The body of the instrument was round, the sounding board a stretched membrane and the long finger-board had frets made by winding a thread of rawhide around the neck at the proper points.

—The cooler regions of the globe are becoming depopulated, and everywhere, Dr. D. G. Brinton assures us, the arctic and sub-arctic zones have fewer inhabitants than a half century ago. One cause is the destruction of native tribes by the introduction of new modes of life, new diseases, alcohol, and idleness. Another influence is the fact that the arctic regions, like the mountains, were originally chosen as homes only by refugees of conquered and dispersed bands, and all who can return to less severe climates are now doing so. The center of population tends more and more to fix itself between forty-five and fifty-five degrees of latitude.

—As human life is known to be lengthening among other classes, it is pleasant to think that those to whom its care is confided share in the general benefit. A German doctor, who has been studying this matter specially, finds that in the sixteenth century the average duration of life among them was 36.5 years; in the seventeenth, 45.8; in the eighteenth, 49.8; and at present they reach the favorable average of 56.7. In seeking the causes, he finds that the terribly fatal enemies of the physician in the old times were the "black pest," smallpox and the extensive epidemics of typhus. The annals of medicine show that the most faithful of doctors often fell victims to their own fidelity.

ABOUT BELTS.

Pretty Additions to Stylish Feminine Costumes.

Belts and girdles have played a very important part in women's toilets ever since the first fashions were started, and the addition of a jeweled belt or a long ornamental girdle often makes the most matter-of-fact gown look picturesque and handsome. Girdles cannot be so varied in style as can belts. There is only one design possible, and that, when properly carried out, involves a great expense, for to be truly effective it should be heavily jeweled or made of silver or some other expensive material. Even mock jewels cost considerable money, if many are used, and gilt, even in gilt braid, has the same disadvantage; beside which there is something theatrical and gaudy about them, which make them unsuitable for ordinary wear. By the way, picturesque effects would better not be attempted, for there are few women who can carry them out successfully.

A pretty style of belt, although perhaps not very new, is one that is formed of a two-inch width ribbon, put twice around the waist, crossing at the back and fastening at either side of the waist in front with a small rosette, from which fall long ends to the bottom of the skirt. Belting ribbon is more used when buckles are worn than is the finer, softer quality of satin or moire. It comes in all colors, but white and black are considered the smartest. The buckles worn in this ribbon are of gilt, silver, rhinestones, or enameled. The patterns vary very little, being broad and narrow, or long and narrow, or oval. Some are ornamented and some are plain; all are equally pretty. Silver at present is very reasonable, but for those who cannot afford even silver, white metal can be had, which is every bit as effective, and is wonderfully cheap.

The newest belts are those made of the Russian ribbon which was so fashionable two or three seasons ago. It comes, as did the ribbon then, in gilt and silver, or the two combined, but also now is to be had in different colors; the blue and silver and purple and gold and the black and gold are all extremely handsome, and with the big broad flat buckles of the corresponding metal are a charming finish to the fancy waists worn so much. This ribbon never comes very wide, but is always becoming to the figure, be the waist long or short. It is equally suitable with cloth or wash gowns, but looks better when worn with the former, the heavy goods seeming to show off the gold and silver and brilliant coloring to better advantage than the lighter materials.—Harper's Bazar.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

MAKING B'LIEVE.

I've maked b'lieve I was mamma,
And been to the bargain store,
But the bargain (the baby) wiggled so
That I couldn't play that any more.

I've maked b'lieve I was Columbus,
And discovered the world all over,
The rug was the 'Lantic ocean,
And I sailed on the nursery sofa.

I've maked b'lieve I was an Indian,
And sculped Polyphemia twice,
And I played be a big polar bear,
With the looking glass for ice.

I've maked b'lieve I was the doctor,
With pearl tapioca pills,
But I was 'bliged to give up practice,
'Cause I couldn't collect my bills.

Two times I've b'lieved to be a circus,
And two times the coal man, too,
And once I was Robinson Crusoe,
And once I was Little Boy Blue.

Oh, I've maked b'lieve and I've maked b'lieve,
Till there's nothing else to be!
And now—I'm so hungry, mamma—
Let's make b'lieve I was me.
—Youth's Companion.

PETE, THE TRAMP CAT.

How He Won the Good Opinion of Grandma and Hannah.

Pete was a very black tramp cat, and nobody but Ethelwyn loved him, because he mewed continually, and in such a mournful, half-starved fashion, that he did no credit whatever to his good care after he came to grandma's house.

"I don't like animals around that look and act as if they were half-starved," said grandma, who was not given to starving anyone or anything, as Pete well knew. But he kept on yowling so dolefully that Ethelwyn, who was visiting grandma, when she saw the old lady begin to fidget and look under the table, would jump down and take Pete out to the summer kitchen and shut him in. Although she kept his saucer full of milk there to comfort him, they would still hear him faintly crying.

"He ain't a mite of good," said Hannah, the kitchen girl. "I don't believe

PETE THE TRAMP.

he's stopped yowling long enough to catch a mouse."

"Oh! I most saw him," said Ethelwyn. "He ran and jumped at something, I didn't stay to see what, 'cause I ran, too."

"No, he isn't good for much. I dare say," said grandma, "but Ethelwyn loves him, so I suppose we'll have to stand him."

Ethelwyn felt very happy when she heard this, for she had been afraid Pete's bad habit would get him into trouble.

"I'll take him upstairs with us tonight," said grandma, "for I'm sure I heard a mouse gnawing in the closet last night, and we'll see if Pete can do anything besides cry."

"Oh! I'm sure he'll catch it," said Ethelwyn, and she talked to him about it that afternoon, and was quite sure he understood by the way he looked.

Pete seemed to like grandma's room, with its bright open fire and brass fender, and he purred contentedly when Ethelwyn laid him gently down on the fluffy rug in front of the fireplace; then she jumped into her own little bed beside grandma's big one, and they both went off sound asleep.

In the middle of the night, though, Pete opened his eyes; there was a faint scratching in the closet that interested him so that he never thought of mewing, but stole quietly up, and when a little gray mouse peeped out, Pete's black paw shot out suddenly and knocked it senseless. He had a great frolic then, knocking it around like a gray ball, but by and by something popped in the grate, and out came a live coal over the fender and onto the fluffy rug, and then it smoked and smoked. Pete knew something was wrong, so opened his mouth and mewed his loudest; grandma did not seem to notice him at all, but Ethelwyn sat straight up in bed and said: "Oh, Pete, dear, please don't cry, you'll 'sturb grandma, and—oh, grandma, wake up quick, the rug's burning!"

Grandma jumped up in a hurry, then, and drenched the rug from the toilet pitcher until the smoking stopped.

"I do declare," she said afterward, "I heard the cat crying, but I didn't think it was anything uncommon, so I didn't try to wake up. It's a mercy you did, Ethelwyn."

"Oh, grandma," said Ethelwyn, hugging Pete hard, "isn't he the dearest, smartest—and, grandma, you can't say he ain't good for an earthly thing now—oh, oh, oh!" she cried, as her bare feet struck Pete's mouse. "He's good for two earthly things, grandma, darling, because he's caught your mouse."

"That's a fact," said grandma, laughing. "I'm much obliged to Pete all around, and he shall have cream tomorrow for his breakfast, for if he hadn't waked you we might have been burned up."—N. Y. Recorder.

Tire Punctured by a Snake.

The other day a bicycle rider was coasting down a hill at Pulaski, in the western part of Pennsylvania. He saw a big snake lying directly in his path. The motions of the snake confused the bicyclist, and he was compelled to run over it. As the front wheel struck the serpent his fangs shot out, and the bicyclist had not gone far, so he says, when the front tire collapsed. An examination disclosed the fact that the snake's fangs had punctured the tire. A Middlesex physician examined the snake, which the young man considered a trophy, and lent corroboration to the story by discovering minute particles of vulcanized rubber in the teeth.

THIEVING BLUE JAYS.

A Family of Three Bring Sorrow to the Heart of a Soapmaker.

Samuels, the Massachusetts ornithologist, in one of his books tells a story of a blue jay and a bit of soap. It was the last piece of soap that a collecting party in the Adirondack wilds possessed, and when the theft was committed by the bird the action was noted carefully for more than scientific reasons. Bird students know that the jay will take almost anything in sight and eat nine-tenths of what he takes, but they thought he drew the line at soap. It has been left to a family of Highland Park (Ill.) jays to bear out Samuels' story and to break the soap-eating record.

On the west side of the track in that Chicago suburb lives a German who thought that he would try the experiment of making soap for sale. He collected the proper ingredients, put them together, stirred them to the constituency of paste, and then just at evening he patted a cake and put it on a board in his yard to see if it would harden over night. He slept a little late and when he finally went to look at his soap cake, behold! It had all vanished save a thin edge. That was beautifully hard, though, and not stopping to conjecture what had become of the rest of the cake he stirred up the rest of his mixture and patted cakes until he had twenty-four, each weighing one-quarter of a pound. The sun had passed behind the heavy oaks in the yard, so the German went to the edge of the road, placed his board so that its ends rested on two barrels, and put thereon his soap cakes that they might harden.

A cement sidewalk was in process of construction across the road and a "boat" full of Portland cement mixed to mush with water and "torpedo" sand, was adjacent and parallel to the board and its load of cakes. The sidewalk contractor was across the road and the soapmaker went over to talk with him. His back was turned on his sticky product, taking advantage of which fact, for this bird is sharp—a family of seven blue jays, five full fledged young and the two parents, descended on the board and attacked the soap. The contractor saw them and watched in amazement. They devoured the mixture of lye and grease as a donkey devours thistles. Then the sidewalk man gasped out: "Hans, they are eating your soap."

The German turned, saw the last bit of one cake disappear, and then grabbed a big, round, smooth stone, such as the lake casts up, and threw it, as a man "puts" a shot, straight at the robbers. The birds rose, calling "thief, thief!" vociferously, for the bluejay is given to calling himself names. The stone landed on the edge of the board and turned the entire soap product into the sticky mass of Portland cement. Soap and cement were ruined.

The jays did not stop to decide which was the madder of the men, but made their way toward the Ravine drive, loudly calling "Thief!" as they went. —Chicago Tribune.

AN AMUSING TOY.

How Any Boy or Girl Can Make a Japanese Shuttle-Cock.

Draw the outline of a yataghan blade—a yataghan is a Turkish sword—similar to that shown in the illustration, using strong paper. Let the base be circular. Cut out the drawing, and, using it for a model, cut as many more as may be required. Decorate them with a design painted in water-color, or drawn with colored crayon. Stick

JAPANESE SHUTTLE-COCK.

wax seals or little rounds of bread on the circular portions for ballast. Now throw them up in the air and you will see them come down slowly, turning round as they fall, and presenting a graceful and pretty appearance with their bright colors and beautiful motion.—Once a Week.

Perplexed Without Cause.

A famous Chicago lawyer once had a singular case to settle. A doctor came to him in great distress. Two sisters, living in the same house, had babies of equal age and sex, who so resembled one another that their own mothers were unable to distinguish them when they were together; and it happened that by the carelessness of the nurses the children became mixed. How were the mothers to make sure that they received back their own infants? "But, perhaps," suggested the lawyer, "the children weren't changed at all." "Oh, but there's no doubt that they were changed!" said the doctor. "Are you sure of it?" asked the lawyer. "Perfectly," was the reply. "Well, if that's the case," said the lawyer, "why don't you change them back again? I don't see any difficulty in the case."

Three Famous Inscriptions.

Over the triple doorway of the cathedral of Milan there are three inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath is the legend:

"All that pleases is but for a moment."

Over the other is sculptured a cross, and these are the words underneath:

"All that troubles us is but for a moment."

But underneath the great central entrance in the main aisle is the inscription:

"That only is important which is eternal."

FARM AND GARDEN.

GOOD FOR EVERYBODY.

The Employment of Convict Labor in the Building of Roads.

Two subjects have been occupying public attention quite largely recently. They may be considered by some as closely related. At all events North Carolina and several other states have managed to unite them in a way that has led to the solution of the problems involved in both. One of these questions is that of good country roads. It has been occupying public attention from Maine to California, and with one voice the people have declared in favor of securing such roads at almost any cost. The reign of the bicycle is here, and that of the horseless carriage is believed to be coming, but good roads are an absolute necessity to the maintenance of both.

The other question referred to is that of convict labor. State legislatures, in the great majority of cases, yielding to the public clamor, have declared in no equivocal way that the product of the penitentiaries must not be placed in the market to compete with free labor, nor can it be used as an instrument wherewith to beat down the wages of the industrious and law-abiding workman.

How to observe these laws and yet prevent the penal institutions of the country from becoming a drain on the resources of the taxpayers is something prison authorities everywhere have been trying to find out. Some states have hit upon the plan of making the convicts provide what is universally wanted in the way of good roads, thus keeping them profitably employed without taking the bread out of the months of any who are dependent upon their day's labor for their sustenance.

A bulletin has been issued by the department of agriculture telling of recent experiments made in the employment of convict labor in road building in the states indicated. North Carolina, New York, Delaware and California have all tried the plan and all report it to be a success. In North Carolina the cost of maintaining the convicts while thus employed has been 24 cents for each convict per diem, while their labor has been worth from 50 to 75 cents a day. The general health of the convicts has improved since they were first employed on the roads. The warden of the state prison at Auburn, N. Y., heartily indorses the plan and estimates the cost of road making with convict labor at $800 a mile. In California the execution of the plan has been found to be good for the convicts, good for the roads and good for anybody who has occasion to use them.—Chicago Evening Post.

TREES ALONG ROADS.

Highway Adornment Is Sure to Follow Highway Improvement.

New interest seems to be centering about the good-roads movement. Probably this is due in some measure to the fact that bicycles are coming more and more into use. It is only a question of time until every public thoroughfare of any importance will be constructed first, with a view to making it passable for bicycles and rubber-tired carriages, which are being introduced in every part of the country. Already, in some cities, more capital is invested in bicycles than in carriages or wagons, and the young men and women of the country are taking unto themselves wheels.

Another thing which will have considerable influence on the roads of the country is the branching out of the electric lines. These electric railways, which in a few years will connect the important towns of the country, will carry a great deal of the farmers' produce into the towns, so that there will not then be the same occasion for heavy traffic that there is now.

Anyone who has traveled abroad knows the pleasure which comes to the wheelman, as he travels over the compact and evenly constructed roads of England and the continent. While they are immeasurably behind us in everything which pertains to agriculture, they do have splendid roads.

You know the German people as a nation are very thrifty. They don't allow much waste in any quarter. Along their public highways are planted different varieties of fruit trees—pears, apples, plums, etc.—grown in one or two rows on each side of the road. How beautiful those roads are! The trees produce shade, which takes away that glitter and glare, as well as softens the heat, which make our gravel roads very disagreeable to travel on during the hot months.

In many quarters of our country maple or walnuts have been planted for miles along the public roads, and how welcome such a stretch of road is to the traveler, and how inviting it must be to the hot and weary horse. If it were only for the shade, trees should be planted along every main highway. But wherever we can combine utility with beauty and comfort we should do it; so why not plant the more thrifty fruit trees along our public roads?—Farm and Fireside.

Limestone as Top Dressing.

Limestone was formerly regarded as one of the best rocks for top dressing and it has been exclusively used for such purposes; it has, however, proved very unsatisfactory in the long run, and in many parts of the country limestone macadamized roads are being taken up and reconstructed of more satisfactory materials. The rock wears easily into an impalpable powder when dry and forms a sticky paste when wet. Hard limestone makes an excellent roadbed but should never be used for surface dressing. There is a temptation to use limestone for such purposes because they are easily broken and pack readily on account of their friability, but they wear out with equal readiness and soon require repairing. —John C. Branner, State Geologist, Arkansas.

HOT WEATHER SOUPS.

Directions for Concocting Several Palatable Kinds.

Consommes and any soups except rich, thick broth, may be properly served in summer. The most delicate cream soups seem especially adapted to the season. There are few dishes more delicious than such a soup when it is properly made and few that are so easily spoiled. The most common error is for them to be of watery consistency instead of a soft, creamy character of what the French call a velvety substance. (Hence they name their favorite white sauce "veloute.") Slow, careful cooking alone develops this quality. A fresh pea soup is one of the most excellent in the whole list. Put a pint of green peas over the fire to cook in a quart of white broth. Chop a small onion and a carrot fine. Fry them in butter, or with a small piece of salt pork of the size of a finger, add a spray of parsley, one of celery, a bay leaf and a sprig of thyme. Add these ingredients to the peas, and let the whole cook for one hour very slowly. At the end of this time strain the soup, pressing the peas through a sieve, and let them cool over the fire for ten minutes longer, stirring them constantly. At the end of this time add half a cup of hot cream, or a cup of milk in which the beaten yolk of an egg has been stirred, adding this mixture first to a small quantity of the hot soup and then beating it into the whole. Leek soup is by no means to be despised on score of health. We ought to eat freely of all albuminous vegetables in the summer. The leek is a more valuable vegetable in soup than the common onion, though the onion may be substituted for it in almost any place where it is used. Take six white leeks, peel them and cut them up and fry them in butter the size of an egg until they are a golden brown, and add a scant half teacup of flour. Now pour in a pint of boiling water, with salt and pepper, and let the whole simmer slowly for one hour. Broth may be used instead of water, but water makes a very good soup. When the leeks are cooled add a pint and a half of boiling milk and two hot boiled potatoes, mashed and mixed to a cream with a little milk. Let the whole boil up, stirring it well, then strain it, pressing the leek and potato through the sieve. Return the puree to the fire, let it cook about ten minutes longer, then move it to the back of the stove and beat up the yolks of two eggs with a little cold milk and mix it with a cup of hot broth. Pour this mixture in the soup, and stir it all thoroughly. Do not let the soup boil after adding the egg yolks.—N. Y. Tribune.

SELECTING HORSES.

"Points of Rejection" Established by the British Government.

The British government has the following set of rules for those who select horses for cavalry service. They are called "points of rejection," but will answer equally well as points for selection:

Reject a horse whose fore legs are not straight; it will not stand wear. Stand behind the horse as it walks away from you, and you will be able to notice these defects if they exist.

Reject a horse if he is light below the knee; the conformation is essentially weak. Or a horse with long, or short, or upright pasterns. Long pasterns are subject to sprains, short or upright pasterns make a horse unpleasant to ride, and on account of extra concussion are apt to cause oscific deposits. Or a horse with toes turned in or out. The twist generally occurs at the fetlock. Toes turned out are more objectionable than toes turned in. When toes turn out the fetlocks are generally turned in, and an animal so formed is very apt to cut or brush. Both, however, are weak formations.

Reject a horse whose hind legs are too far behind; good propelling power will be wanting, and disease as a result may be expected in the hocks. And a horse which goes either very wide or very close behind, and one with very straight or very bent hocks. The former cause undue concussion, the latter are apt to give way.

Reject a horse that is "split up," that is, shows much daylight between the thighs; propelling power comes from behind, and must be deficient in horses without due muscular development between the thighs.

Reject a horse with flat or over large feet or with very small feet; medium sized are best. Also, a horse with one foot smaller than another.

"JONES seemed to be awfully mad when I overtook him this morning." "What's the matter, I wonder?" "Why, you see, I had the faster horse."—Chicago Tribune.

HE—"Why do you refuse me when I say I can't live without you?" She—"You have aroused my curiosity."—Detroit Tribune.

"DE only t'ing," said Uncle Eben, "dat some men nebber gits 'scouraged ober am tryin' ter lib wifout wuh'kin'."—Exchange.

NELLIE—"Look at those pretty cows!" Maudie—"They are not cows; they are calves." Nellie—"But what is the difference!" Maudie—"Why cows give milk, and calves give jelly."

LOVE'S LOCAL OPTION.—"Drink to me only with thine eyes."—Punch.

"DO YOU think the senator had any presidential aspirations?" "Certainly not; he's ready to state his views on every public question."—Detroit News.

SOME grief shows much of love; but much of grief shows still some want of wit.—Shakespeare.

GAYBOY (who has presented a rhinestone ring)—"Is your love for me genuine?" Miss Caustic—"As genuine as the ring you gave me." Gayboy—"Au revoir."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

MARY had a little lamb,
The lamb was very tough,
Under the circumstances
A little was enough.
—Detroit Tribune.

A TRUE FRIEND.—Miss Withers—"What would you do if I should refuse you!" He—"I'd see if I couldn't find some other fellow who would be willing to marry you."—Life.

TEN THOUSAND harms more than the ills we know, our idleness doth hatch.—Shakespeare.

TEACHER—"Tommy, can you tell me where Napoleon was born?" Tommy—"Why, o' Corsican."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Musical Item.

Professor of Music—How are you coming on, old friend? Are you still giving French lessons?

Professor of Languages—Yes, I give French lessons when I've got nothing to do.

"How does it pay?"

"I have different prices for the lessons. For some I charge fifty cents a lesson, and for others five dollars a lesson."

"Five dollars a lesson! That is a steep price for a French lesson."

"Yes; but nobody takes any of those five-dollar lessons."—Texas Siftings.

A Genuine Mystery.

Borax—I wonder if the Order of the Oriental Sons of the Sphinx really have any important secrets?

Samjones—They have, indeed!

Borax—And I suppose nothing could induce you to reveal the mystery?

Samjones—I never found it out. The mystery was what became of the lodge dues.—Puck.

LOW-RATE HARVEST EXCURSIONS

Via Missouri Pacific System.

September 10th and 24th, 1895, the Missouri Pacific Railway and Iron Mountain Route will sell tickets at half rates (plus $2) for the round trip from St. Louis and its Mississippi River gateways, as well as from Kansas City, Leavenworth, Atchison, St. Joseph and Omaha, to points West and Southwest. For copies of land pamphlets, descriptive of the resources, soil and climate of the several Western and Southwestern States, address company's agents, or H. C. TOWNSEND, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

HOST—"Never shall I forget the time when I first drew this sword." Chorus—"When was that?" Host—"At a raffle."—Firefly.

Cheap Excursions to the West.

Bountiful harvests are reported from all sections of the west and northwest, and an exceptionally favorable opportunity for home seekers and those desiring a change of location is offered by the series of low-rate excursions which have been arranged by the North-Western Line. Tickets for these excursions, with favorable time limits, will be sold on August 29, September 10 and 24 to points in Northern Wisconsin, Michigan, Northwestern Iowa, Western Minnesota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and a large number of other points. For full information apply to agents of connecting lines, or address W. B. KNISKERN, General Passenger and Ticket Agent Chicago & North-Western R'y, Chicago, Ill.

HE—"A fellow called me a donkey the other day." She—"Didn't you feel like kicking him?"—Detroit Free Press.

A Syndicate of Monsters.

Here are the names of the abominable trio that compose it, hated and abhorred by man and womankind—dyspepsia, biliousness and constipation. What is the most successful way to attack and squelch these united monsters? Take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and they will pull up stakes and make tracks for parts unknown, leaving no trace behind. The Bitters also exterminates malaria, rheumatic and kidney trouble and nervous ailment.

MAN and wife were formerly one. The new idea is to make them two men.—Atchison Globe.

THOSE who for the first time are to become mothers should use "Mother's Friend." Much suffering will be saved. Sold by druggists.

A NOTED scholar has found that "possesses" possesses more double ss than any other common word possesses.

AFTER physicians had given me up, I was saved by Piso's Cure.—RALPH ERIEG, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1895.

HE—"I'd like a flower in my coat when I go." She—"I'll put it in now."—Life.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

AN inference.—"Accidents will happen!" "What have you done?"

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

A Golden Harvest

Is now assured to the farmers of the West and Northwest, and in order that the people of the more Eastern States may see and realize the magnificent crop conditions which prevail along its lines, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y has arranged a series of three (3) Harvest Excursions for August 20, September 10 and 24, for which round trip excursion tickets (good for return on any Friday from September 13 to October 11 inclusive) will be sold to various points in the West, Northwest and Southwest at the low rate of about One Fare.

For further particulars apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent or address Geo. H. Heafford, Gen'l. Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y, Chicago.

"A FIT husband for my daughter! Why, in the first place, she is half a head taller than you." "Well, sir, I don't expect to be so short after I am married."—Life.

Skinny Sufferers Saved.

Tobacco users as a rule are away below normal weight because tobacco destroys digestion and causes nerve irritation that saps brain power and vitality. You can get a quick, guaranteed relief by the use of No-To-Bac, and then if you don't like your freedom and improved physical condition you can learn the use of tobacco over again, just like the first time. No-To-Bac sold under guarantee to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

The Onward March

of Consumption is stopped short by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If you haven't waited beyond reason, there's complete recovery and cure.

Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but *a large percentage of cases*, and we believe, **fully 98 per cent.** are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH in cakes for general blacking of a stove.

THE SUN PASTE POLISH for a quick after-dinner shine, applied and polished with a cloth.

Morse Bros., Props., Canton, Mass., U.S.A.

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, etc., when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Go by the book. Pills 10c and 25c a box. Book FREE at your druggist's or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal Street, New York.

Annual sales more than 6,000,000 boxes.

Hear Him Fuss

For the love of peace buy him Yankee Shaving Soap

Sold everywhere. Made by The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

LEWIS' 98 % LYE
POWDERED AND PERFUMED.
(PATENTED)

The *strongest* and *purest* Lye made. Unlike other Lye, it being a fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. Will make the *best* perfumed Hard Soap in 20 minutes *without boiling*. It is the best for cleansing waste pipes, disinfecting sinks, closets, washing bottles, paints, trees, etc. PENNA. SALT M'F'G CO.
Gen. Agents, PHILA., Pa.

DRUG STORE IN CHICAGO FOR SALE OR MIGHT TRADE FOR GOOD FARM.

STORE IS IN GOOD LOCATION, HAS FAVORABLE LEASE, AND TRADE CAN BE STEADILY INCREASED.

Owner is not a druggist and has other business which demands all his time. Small cash payment with good security for balance, 6 per cent. interest, would be accepted. Price of store, $9,700. Address M. YEIS, Druggist, Ellis Ave. and 35th Street, Chicago, Ill.

A. N. K.—C. 1568

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Send us two two-cent stamps for postage. These dolls have changeable heads. No two dolls dressed alike.

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The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 12, 1895.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR,
LLOYD LOWNDES,
OF ALLEGANY.

FOR COMPTROLLER,
R P. GRAHAM,
OF WICOMICO.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
HARRY M. CLABAUGH,
OF BALTIMORE.

REPUBLICANS ATTENTION!

The Republican voters of Garrett County are hereby requested to assemble in Primary Meetings in their respective districts on Saturday, the 21st day of September, 1895, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, for the purpose of electing five delegates from each election district to attend a County Convention to be held in Oakland on Wednesday, September 25, 1895, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, to nominate candidates as follows:

Two candidates for House of Delegates.
A candidate for Sheriff.
A candidate for County Surveyor.
A candidate for County Treasurer.
One candidate for County Commissioner to serve four years.
Three candidates for Judges of Orphans Court.
A candidate for States Attorney.
A candidate for Register of Wills.

Also to elect three delegates to represent Garrett County in the Republican Judicial Convention to be held in Oakland, Md., on hursday, September 26th, 1895.

The voters are also requested to select five ersons from each district in the county to act as district committee, whose names will be handed in by the delegates to the County Convention.

JAMES C. PEDDICORD,
C. J. OTTO,
J. G. KOLB,
State Central Committee for Garrett County.

THE fact that Mr. Lowndes is a Republican, and an honest one, seems to jar upon the nerves of some people in this section of the country.

THE Republican party is fortunate this year in having Cougressman George L. Wellington at the head of affairs. He is a skilled general and a wide-awake sentinel. Nobody ever caught Mr. Wellington napping at his post. This means that spirit will be infused in the fight all along the line. Like the patriots of old, the Republicans this year "know their rights and dare maintain them."

THE *Atlanta Journal* a paper owned by Mr Hoke Smith, Secretary of the Interior in Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet, says:

"The contest in Maryland is likely to be close. Should the Republicans carry the State at the coming election, it will not prove that Maryland is no longer Democratic, but that the party in that State will no longer follow the dictation of Arthur P. Gorman."

The Honorable Secretary of the Interior has hit the bull's eye. He knows Maryland and he also knows Mr. Gorman.

The Nation Interested.

The people, the press and the pulpit are all preaching the religion of humanity as it applies to good roads, says *Good Roads*. The amount of space devoted to the discussion of this subject by the newspapers and magazines of the land is truly remarkable. And it seems the more so when it is remembered that it was but a few years ago that the subject was first taken up in a general way. The result of this earnest and widespread dissemination of the advantages to be gained from having better public highways can but add to the pleasure and profit of living.

There is no intelligent argument to be raised against road improvement when the work is done in a proper and methodical way. The education that has been needed along these lines is now forthcoming. Ably written documents and books on the subject of road improvement are obtainable, and from them the newspapers and the people are gathering the knowledge that is to bring about the practical, desired results.

The man who stands in the way of road improvement is now recognized as a back number, unprogressive individual, who is standing in his own light and in that of his neighbors. The best interests of all classes will be best served by providing the best means obtainable for getting about.

"WE hear much of the danger of turning over the State and giving its machinery to the Republicans. If the machinery is honest why the objection?—Hon. Lloyd Lowndes at Accident.

There are volumes of that inquiry. A close combination of so called Democrats have had exclusive control of the machinery of the State government for over twenty-five years. At times their administration was shown to have been dishonest. It has always been wasteful; it has nursed jobs; it has denied to the people time and again the legislation they demanded, and it has assumed prerogatives of the master instead of performing the functions of a public servant.

Is it possible that any change could be for the worse? The candidates on the Republican ticket have *at least* the same interest in the State that their competitors have, and the men upon whom they will confer place will be to have better and stronger claims upon the respect and confidence of the people than the men whom Gorman and Rasin will thrust upon us through the respectable Mr. Hurst.

Danger? The only visible danger lies in the certainty that a lot of Gorman's followers will lose positions. That is all.—Cumb. News.

Best Men to the Front

If their ever was a time when the Republican party did not want to make any mistakes in the county ticket, when the party needs its very best men in conventions, it is just now.

The bright prospects for success has brought out an almost too bountiful crop of candidates. Some man, or combination of men is at work in almost every election district of the county shaping delegations, not with a view of getting the best men, but to advance the candidacy of one man to the injury of the candidacy of every man for the same position. The test of admission to the delegation is not so much fitness as loyal adherence to a particular man's candidacy. This of selection works the exclusion of the very men who ought to come, because they refuse to announce themselves in advance.

If this method of selecting delegates is carried too far it will probably result in the nomination of an inferior ticket that will inspire hope in the breasts of the dejected Democrats. Our folly is their only opportunity this time. It will require the influence of our most conservative men to guide the party safely through the dangers of a stormy convention. If factional strife is not restrained it will certainly work us much harm.

We urge upon the loyal, patriotic and conservative Republicans of the county to make their presence at the primaries felt, on the side of our best men as delegates to the convention.

There is no wrong in the ambition to secure a place upon the ticket, but let each delegation represent the district. Let everybody vote at the primary and after the result is made known there should be no dissensions or strife. If you hear an aspirant for office, or the friend of any aspirant, threaten harm to the party if they do not win, beware of them, for they do not deserve the support of any one.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

WITHIN a few days the great political battle of 1895 will open up in all its fierceness. It will be a battle of giants, and tho defeated will succumb only when the votes are counted and announced on the evening of the 5th of November next. Of course many changes may result within tho next few weeks, but at present the Republican State ticket has all the best of it. It is a ticket that is growing steadily in popular favor, and has not only solidified and united Republicans everywhere, but has brought to its support hundreds and thousands of the best Democrats in the State—men who value principles above practice and the welfare of the State far more than party supremacy.

Could a campaign be more auspiciously inaugurated than the one upon which the Republican standard bearers are entering? Could a ticket be more enthusiastically received or more cordially supported?

The Republican leaders have several good reasons for the faith that is in them this year. First and foremost, there is the personnel of the State ticket. The mind of men runneth not back to the time when the party could boast of such an admirable ticket, such an enthusiasm-arousing ticket, such a vote-winning ticket. Upon this point suppose we summon expert testimony. You know, in a case in court, an admission from the other side is considered of more value than any testimony of your own witness. Here is a witness that ought to be impartial, because it is from the ranks of the opposition. On the morning after the Canbridge convention the Baltimore *Sun*, for many years the leading Democratic paper, not only in Maryland, but the entire South, said:

"The Republican State Convention at Cambridge yesterday nominated probably the strongest ticket that it could have put in the field. Personally the nominees are above criticism. They are all gentlemen of high standing and of undoubted character and worth. Mr. Lowndes, the nominee for Governor, is a man of fine business ability and varied practical experience, thoroughly conversant with the needs and resources of the State. Mr. Clabaugh, the nominee for Attorney-General, is a lawyer of prominence and ability, and Mr. Graham, the nominee for Comptroller, is a young lawyer who has already won popularity and esteem in his section. The ticket represents the best elements of the Republican party in Maryland, and the gentlemen who compose it are identified with the substantial interests of the State."

Now, the *Sun* does not often extol anything that is Republican; it imagines that few good things can come out of this Nazareth, but it is conceded to be an honest paper and in this instance recorded its honest opinion. Canuot the Republicans of Maryland well afford to feel proud of a ticket, therefore, that wrests such golden opinions from a great adversary on the political field?

But the *Sun* does not stop there. Being, as said before, an honest paper, and confronting a condition upon which an honest opinion is expected, it is frank and honest enough to follow the trail to its end. It also said in the same issue and upon the same subject:

"There is another point upon which the Republican party has the right to congratulate itself in connection with the ticket nominated at Cambridge yesterday, and that is that it was nominated by the Republican voters of the State, and not by bosses and machines. There was a spirited and earnest rivalry between the friends of the aspirants for the gubernatorial nomination, but it was a contest of the people and among the people. The primaries were fair, free and unfettered, and the will of the people as recorded at them was expressed in the convention. No boss undertook to step in and override the popular will, or to force the convention to drop the candidates the people wanted and nominate those he had determined upon. There was a refreshing contrast in all this to the spectacle presented by the recent Democratic convention in this city, and the Republicans are to be congratulated, not only on the personnel of their ticket, but on the fact that it was not dictated by a political autocrat."

So much for expert testimony in the case now on trial before the great jury of the people.

Allegany Delegates for Sloan.

Cumberland, Md., Sept. 10.—The Republican County Convention met here this morning and selected 103 delegates to the Judicial Convention, which meets at Oakland September 26. The delegates were instructed to use all honorable means to secure the nomination of David W. Sloan as the candidate for associate judge of the Fourth Judicial Circuit. The Convention then adjourned and went in a body to the residence of the Hon. Lloyd Lowndes to pay their respects to him. Mr. Lowndes received them in his usual hospitable manner.

Another Star in the Flag.

Another star, the 45th, is to be added to the flag. The new star will represent Utah, and the order for its addition to the national colors was issued by Secretary Lamont Monday. The star will be placed to the right of the fouth row at the top.

The order for the addition of the star is accompanied by one changing the colors. Heretofore the standard has been six feet by five. The new order makes the regulation size 5 feet 6 inches by 4 feet 4 inches.

The order provides for the new colors to be issued to all infantry, artillery, and the battalion of engineers, and also for new standards for all cavalry. The new flags will be very handsome. They are to be made of the finest American silk and their cost will be quite considerable.

Utah will not attain statehood until the 4th day of next July, but all the flags hereafter contracted for and issued will contain the star heralding the admission of that Territory into the Union of States.

Grantsville.

Some earliest sown wheat is peeping through the ground.

Harry Ryland left here last Saturday to go to Lonaconing to assume charge of the the vice-principalship of the Central High School of that town.

Frank Bill and family, of Lonaconing, returned home last week after a visit to parents in this place.

Dr. Bruce Lichty and Jonas E. Gnagey, of this place attended the picnic at Accident Friday.

A new roof was placed on the residence occupied by Geo. Brew by a company of workmen last week.

Gilead Broadwater's family is afflicted with scarlet fever.

Alvin Getty and wife, of Cumberland, are visiting relatives here at present.

The well known Swauger mill dam was drained for the purpose of securing its finny contents last Wednesday. Quite a considerable number of fish were secured, but not nearly all, through inadequate draining facilities.

On Thursday and Friday school examination was held here by Examiner Hinebaugh, assisted by Mr. Hoye. There were a very limited number of applicants present.

Only a few of our citizens are at the "shine town" doing legal court duties.

It was with feeling of sorrow and regret that we received the intelligence last Friday of the death of Benjamin Schrock, of Aurora, W. Va., who was well and favorably known here.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending September 14, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

C. C. Page	Hilow Paugh
T. F. Middleswart	Harry T. Merson
William Hadley	Dick Conley
John Arnold	M. Brand
Edward Mathews	R. B. Shephard
Rev. Dr. Elliott	Mrs. Mary A. Eagan
Mrs. D. H. Taylor	" Mary B. Martin
" Elizia Trimble	" H. Broscue
" Sarah Martin	Miss Mynne Thuston
Miss Melaine Boone	" Annie Haynes
" Jennie Hetrick	" Grace V. Lantz
" Gracia Lantz	" Annie Mores

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

B. H. Bowman, Pub. Enquirer, of Bremen Ind., writes: Last week our little girl baby the only one we have was taken sick with croup. After two doctors failed to give relief and life was hanging on a mere thread we tried One Minute Cough Cure and its life was saved. Oakland Pharmacy.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

Easy to take, sure to cure, no pain, nothing to dread, pleasant little pills. DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Best for Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach and Constipation.

Just Received,

A Car Load of Watermelons, Canteloupes, Bananas, Potatoes and Apples and will sell you at your own price.

Fruit and Vegetables received daily.

We will sell you Groceries at the lowest possible price.

Just received, a fresh line of Marvin's crackers. They are the best and cheapest.

We are still in the Jewelry business and will sell you good goods at a low figure. What we have not in stock we will get you on short notice.

Anything in our line we will gladly sell you as cheap as you can buy elsewhere. Give us a call.

W. H. MALETTE,
Fancy Grocer and Jeweler.

P. S.—When in Mt. Lake Park try our Ice Cream, Meals and Lunches, "Auditorium Restaurant."

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first insertion* of the same:

Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $3; County Commissioner, $2.50; Register of Wills, $2.50; County Surveyor, $1.50.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

By the request of friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer of Garrett County, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

JACOB S. MEYERS,
District No. 2.* Selbysport, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. M. LOHR.
Cove, [illegible], March 11, 1895. *

FOR SHERIFF.

At the request of my many friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Garrett County, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

AUSTIN BROWN.
Selbysport, Md., May 31, 1895.*

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. Don't slight the old soldiers.

JAMES O. CLEVELAND.
Oakland, Md., May 27, 1895.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

GEORGE J. WALTER,
District No. 1. P. O., Thayerville, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party

GEORGE D. WHITE,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SURVEYOR.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Surveyor of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

F. P. GREEN,
District No. 11.

(F. A. Thayer, Solicitor.)

ORDER OF PUBLICATION.

Moses Wensel, et al., vs. William Hann, et al. No. 708 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

The object of this suit is to procure a sale of the real estate of John Hann, late of Garrett county, deceased.

The Bill of Complaint alleges that the said John Hann departed this life about the 12th day of March, 1892, seized and possessed of certain real estate in said county as shown by Exhibit A., leaving surving him as his only representatives and heirs at law the following persons, to-wit: Jane Hann, his widow, who has since departed this life, to-wit, on the 20th day of April, 1895; Vallinda R. Hann, who intermarried with Moses Wensel; Sarah R. Hann, who intermarried with Geo. S. Biggs; Lydia M. Hann, who intermarried with George W. Poland, George Hann, William Hann, Thomas J. Hann, Isaiah Hann and W. Scott Hann, his children.

That said John Hann now deceased was indebted unto the plaintiff, Moses Wensel, in a very large sum of money, for money loaned, for labor performed and materials provided, for money paid for the said John Hann by the said Moses Wensel, at his request, and for services rendered to the said decedent by said Moses Wensel and family for the period of about twenty years, during which time the said decedent and his wife resided with Moses Wensel upon the said real estate described in the said Exhibit A.; the said Jane Hann, wife of said John Hann being an invalid and confined to her bed the greater portion of her time, requiring the constant attention of the said Moses Wensel and family in caring for, nursing, maintaining and providing for the wants and necessities of the said John Hann and Jane Hann, his wife.

That while living on said real estate and caring for said decedent and his wife, the plaintiff, Moses Wensel, at great expense to himself made many valuable improvements upon said real estate, far exceeding the rental value of the same for said period of twenty years.

That said John Hann, deceased, left no personal property of any character upon which administration could be had or out of which said claims could be paid, and that the plaintiffs are advised that they are entitled to have said real estate sold under a decree of this court, the claims of the various creditors paid out of the proceeds of said sale, and the balance, if any, distributed amongst the persons entitled thereto according to their respective interests therein.

The Bill then prays for a decree for sale of said real estate and proceeds distributed as aforesaid, and for a writ of subpoena against resident defendants and an order of publication against non-resident defendants as follows: George Hann, whose residence to your plaintiffs is unknown; Thomas J. Hann and W. Scott Hann, who reside in the State of Pennsylvania.

It is thereupon ordered, this 7th day of August, A. D. 1895, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county in equity, that the plaintiffs cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the Bill to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 7th day of September next; giving notice to the said George Hann, Thomas J. Hann and W. Scott Hann and warning them to appear in person or by solicitor in this court on or before the 23d day of September next to show cause, if any they have, why a decree shall not pass as prayed.

A. HUNTER BOYD.

True copy, Test:—
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

We must get your trade

No matter what it costs us, so we will make you a suit of the finest imported cheviots for $15. They come in blue, black, plain and diagonal. We have got $18 and $20 for 'em till now, and if we make them for you we guarantee them to be first-class in workmanship and fit and as to the cloth, it speaks for itself.

Come in and look at it.

You can have that old suit of yours cleaned, dyed and repaired at small expense to look like new by our expert workmen.
We also do ladies' work.

M. COHEN, Xpert Workman,

Railroad Street, Near Depot, OAKLAND, MD.

D. E. OFFUTT & SON

Invites the attention of those interested in the purchase of vehicles of any style. The Kramer, Milburn and Jackson farm wagons always on hand. Prices and terms given on application.

Arrest
disease by the timely use of Tutt's Liver Pills, an old and favorite remedy of increasing popularity. Always cures

SICK HEADACHE,
sour stomach, malaria, indigestion, torpid liver, constipation and all bilious diseases.

TUTT'S Liver PILLS

Catarrh Is Common.

Few realize just how common it is. Very many people have Catarrh, or at least Catarrhal symptoms, who would laugh at the idea. It is an unpleasant disease—one of those which make others uncomfortable as well as the one who has it. The first symptoms are: A heavy feeling between the eyes, profuse and offensive mucous discharge from the nostrils, headache and foul breath.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

is recommended for both slight and aggravated cases. It will cure the worst case of CATARRH, and is good for a mere Cold—an inflamed condition of the nasal passages is the cause of both. It is also good for HAY FEVER. It is a sure cure. There is nothing marvelous about it. It is not an accidental, magical discovery, but a perfectly sensible, scientific preparation, intended to do just exactly the thing it does, and nothing else.

It costs 50 cents—druggists.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, MD.

☞ FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY SKIN CURE Is the best thing for ECZEMA, TETTER, RING WORM, SALT RHEUM, ITCH, DANDRUFF, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES and ITCHING PILES. Designed to cure permanently, and does it. It's 50 cents, too.

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 1, on Front Street, in Bayard, West Va.

Lot containing four acres with house on it, at Swanton, Md.

A mortgage on property worth more than double, at Loch Lynn Heights, Md.

WILLIAM W. SWEET,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

WE LOAN MONEY

to buy, build and improve your home and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS NEARLY $200,000,000.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. RINKER,
Wilson, Grant Co., W. Va.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above. 4-1yr.*

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26t*

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL ROOFING, SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—2tt.

Slate Roofing.

Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.

I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of Slate.

All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.

I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.

Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.

For prices apply to or address,

C. M. BEACHY,
47—1yr. Grantsville, Md

Not a Question of Party Allegiance.

The State convention which met at the Academy of Music in this city on the 31st of July and nominated Mr. John E. Hurst for Governor was neither a Democratic, a representative nor a deliberative body. It was not Democratic because it did not reflect the will or the wishes of the Democratic party or of the people. It nominated a gentleman for Governor in regard to whose selection the Democratic voters of the State had not been consulted, for whose nomination they had expressed no desire, and, indeed, had no opportunity of forming or formulating an opinion in advance of his nomination. Not a single county convention had declared in favor of Mr. Hurst. Not a single voter at any of the primaries had voted for him. At the primaries held by Mr. Rasin in this city, where Mr. Hurst resides, his name had not been mentioned. Only one set of delegates were voted for and they were selected by Mr. Rasin. Whom they were to vote for when they got to the convention was a secret known only to Gorman and Rasin, and possibly a few chosen intimates. Such a convention can hardly be considered as "Democratic" even in name, unless Democracy in Maryland has lost its ancient signification—the rule of the people—and means merely the personal rule of Gorman and Rasin.

It was not a representative body. Its members who voted for Mr. Hurst, when they had been instructed or promised to vote for Mr. Hayes or Mr. Jones, simply betrayed their trust and violated the confidence, expressed or implied, which had been reposed in them by their constituents. They ceased to represent them. To this extent it was a mis-representative body. The Hayes and Jones delegates who, at the command of the bosses, "flopped over" and voted for Hurst, merely represented the will of Gorman and Rasin, not that of the people, which had not in a single instance, in any nook or corner of the State, been expressed by their votes in favor of Mr. Hurst.

It was not a deliberative body. It made no pretense of deliberating. The majority of the delegates who had their orders from Gorman and Rasin before the honr appointed for the convention to assemble showed their anxiety to do their masters' bidding and get away as fast as they could—to escape quickly from the ironical laughter, the hoots and jeers of the crowd, who were alternately moved to mirth and disgust by the clumsy performance of the badly coached actors on the Academy stage. It was the least dignified and impressive, and the worst demoralized body that ever pretended to be a State convention. Even the long experience of the chairman did not save him from making a fiasco of what was doubtless intended to be a very eloquent and impressive nominating speech.

It is incredible that any intelligent Democrat, however he may decide to vote next November, can feel himself *bound* in any way or his entire freedom of action taken away by the action of a convention which proved itself to be nothing more than a Gorman and Rasin machine, working according to the most approved machine methods.

Besides, who is it that invokes in behalf of the State ticket thus nominated the venerable traditions of party allegiance, appeals to sentiments of party fealty, and loyalty in Democratic breasts to support and stand by the Gorman-Rasin ticket? Is it Arthur P. Gorman? And how long has Mr. Gorman been a loyal Democrat and what are the latest proofs of his loyalty? Has he not, at the most critical moments and upon the most vital questions joined hands with silver Republicans from the West and Sugar-Trust Republicans from the East to thwart and oppose the policy of Mr. Cleveland, when that policy was simply to give effect to the mandate of the Democratic party embodied in the declaration and pledges of the Chicago platform? Has he not descended to vindicative and factious opposition to the President's appointments, even to the few in this state that happened not to be of his own suggestion or dictation? Has he not carried his hatred of the Democratic President to the length of personally assailing and reviling him in a speech in open Senate, and in language so vulgar and coarse that, although it was disseminated throughout the Union on the day after it was uttered by the telegraph and press, he did not dare to print it in the subsequent revision of his speech in the *Congressional Record*? Are these among the proofs of Senator Gorman's loyalty? Has he ever been loyal upon the question of tariff reform, and was the part he took in butchering and emasculating the Wilson tariff bill and in finally tricking the Democratic House into an acceptance of his own revision of that bill by the illusory promise that free raw materials would be provided for by separate bills, the work of a loyal Democrat, true to his party, its principles and its pledges?

Of all men in the United States an appeal to party loyalty in behalf of his own personal ambition, schemes and devices comes with least possible grace from the lips of Arthur P. Gorman, a man who has been denounced in State Legislatures, in half a dozen State conventions and by the Democratic press throughout the country as the Benedict Arnold of the party, and whom the young Democracy of Massachusetts have declared ought not to be admitted to a seat in the next Democratic national convention. Of course, we all know how Mr. Gorman, wrapping his senatorial toga around him, effects to despise all these evidences of popular disapproval, just as repeatedly in his place in the Senate he declared his contempt for popular clamor and impatience any way—even when that clamor came from desperate and hungry men asking for prompt action upon the tariff, and the impatience manifested was that of the business people of the country at the Senate's inaction and delays under Mr. Gorman's leadership. These are not the only traits in wich our Maryland Catiline resembles his classic prototype. But how can any intelligent and self-respecting man, who is a Democrat upon principle and from conviction, and not for revenue only or the sake of office, make blind obeisance to the will of such a man a test of party loyalty? On the contrary, it is resistence, open, resolute and effective, to the self-imposed tyranny of the bosses and refusal so submit to be seared with their "branding irons," that to-day in Maryland furnish the best proof that any man can give to his loyalty to Democracy and to the national Democratic party in the highest and best sense of the word. —Balto. Sun.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 9, 1895.

A New York Democrat who is in a position to know whereof he speaks, said to a Washington friend concerning the report that Senator Hill and ex-Secretary Whitney would have a bitter fight for the control of the coming Democratic state convention, and consequently of the Democratic delegation from that State to the national convention: "It is simply rot. Why should there be a fight? Hill, who controls and will continue to control the State machinery, does not antagonize Whitney's candidacy for the presidential nomination. On the contrary he is perfectly willing that Mr. Whitney should have the solid delegation; also, the Democratic nomination, although he doesn't believe he can get that, even with the earnest support of his own state delegation to start with. Why is Hill willing to see Whitney nominated? Simply because he is so well acquainted with the condition of public sentiment that he knows no Democrat can be elected President next year. Besides, he knows that Mr. Cleveland, although making a pretense of being friendly to Whitney, doesn't want him nominated. Good reasons, aren't they?"

Senator Gorman's friends say that Mr. Cleveland has promised, through Dan Lamont, to let it be known in some way that he wants the Gorman ticket elected in Maryland and that those Democrats who are fighting that ticket, most of whom are Cleveland men, are acting against his wishes. But there are Democrats—other people too—in Washington who do not believe that any such promises has been made or that Mr. Cleveland will move a finger or say a word to help Gorman in his trouble. Mr. Cleveland has heretofore shown himself to be the most implacable and unforgiving of men, even where his own political interests were injured by his refusal to forgive injuries previously done him.

Hon. J. S. Kamrar, of Webster City, Iowa, who is visiting Washington, says of political matters in his state: "The Republicans will elect their state ticket this year by an enormous majority; it wouldn't be surprising if the 100,000 mark was reached. Next year he will do even better, as we expect to have a favorite son at the head of the National ticket. The logic of the situation undoubtedly points to Senator Allison as the best the strongest and the most available man that could be named for the Presidency. I think he is growing in strength all the time. The enthusiasm of his own people in his cause is something wonderful, and there is scarcely a Republican voter in the state who doesn't already look upon him as the next President."

The presumptions opinion of Comptroller Bowler, which required ten thousand words to express, refusing to approve the claims for sugar bounty and referring the sugar men to the Court of Claims, would have attracted more attention had it not been known so far in advance just what he had been ordered to do and why the orders had been issued. The principle object the administration has in view is, of course, to keep the money appropriated by Congress to pay sugar bounties in the Treasury. That object will be attained, as no decision can be reached by the Court of Claims until well into November even should the case be advanced to the utmost, and it is expected that the case will be appealed to the U. S. Supreme Court before the money is paid. Nothing will please Mr. Cleveland more than to have either the Court of Claims or the Supreme Court decide that bounties are unconstitutional, but there is very little probability of his getting any such pleasure from the Supreme Court, however the Court of Claims may decide, although he has the power of adding one vote against constitutionality in the Supreme Court, by the appointment of a successor of the late Justice Jackson. The Louisiana sugar men are very bitter towards Mr. Cleveland, who gave them a positive promise that they should have this bounty and who used his influence to help get the bill providing therefor through Congress. They now see through the game, and say that it will cost the Democrtie party the electoral vote of Louisiana.

The Washington contingent of the G. A. R. left for the Louisville encampment yesterday and to-day on special trains.

The gold reserve is again below the hundred million mark, and Treasury officials unblushingly admit that they are doing nothing—cannot nothing, except to rely upon the members of the bond syndicate for help to prevent its going lower. Is it any wonder that people are praying for the end of the Democratic administration, and that the country may never have another?

Low Rates to Chattanooga and Knoxville.

On account of Sons of Veterans Battlefield Encampment, Knoxville, Tenn., and dedication of Chicamaugua National Military Park, the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets from all stations on its lines east of the Ohio river, to Knoxville, Tenn., for all trains September 12th to 15th, inclusive, and to Chattanooga, Tenn., September 15th to 18th, inclusive, valid for return passage until October 6th, inclusive.

The rate from Cumberland to Knoxville will be $13.55, and to Chattanooga $14.70, and correspondingly low rates from other stations.

For further information call on or address nearest Ticket Agent, B. & O. R. R. td.

ATTENTION. FARMERS!

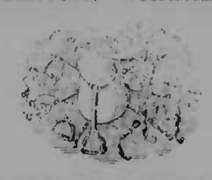

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Alder Street, opposite G. S. Hamill's office.

TRUMAN WEST, Manager.

26—26t.*

Reqistration Notice.

September and October Sittings.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned Officers of Registration of Voters in and for their respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county, at the places hereinafter named, for three successive days in the month of September, commencing with and including the third Monday of September, that is to say the

16th, 17th and 18th Days of September, 1895,

and four successive days in the month of October, commencing with and including the first Monday in October, that is to say on the

7th, 8th, 9th and 10th Days of October, 1895,

from the hour of 8 o'clock a. m., until 8 o'clock p. m., on each of said days for the purpose of ascertaining and registering in the proper registries of voters the persons qualified to vote in their respective Election Districts who shall present themselves for registration, and for the further purpose of revising and correcting the registries of voters for their said respective Election Districts, and the striking therefrom the names of all voters entered therein who shall have died or become for any reason disqualified or who for any cause shall have ceased to be entitled to remain on said registries of voters.

And on the Monday next succeeding the second Monday in October, that is to say on the

21st Day of October,

in said year 1895, from the hour of 8 o'clock a. m., until 8 o'clock p. m., on said day, the said Officers of Registration will sit in their respective Election Districts for the revision of and for the hearing of applicants for reinstatement by persons whose names shall have been stricken off the registries of voters for said Election Districts in said county as provided in Article 33, Sections 1 to 36½, of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, title "Elections," sub-title "Registration of Voters" as amended by Chapter 573 of the Acts of 1890.

The places of sitting of each of said Officers of Registration in their respective Election Districts on the days named and hours stated is as follows to-wit:

District No. 1. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days will sit at Swanton. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Swanton. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Swanton.

District No. 2. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Friendsville. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Friendsville. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Friendsville.

District No. 3. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Grantsville. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Grantsville. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Grantsville.

District No. 4. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Bloomington. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Bloomington. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Bloomington.

District No. 5. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Accident. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Accident. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Accident.

District No. 6. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Sang Run. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Sang Run. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Sang Run.

District No. 7. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Oakland. During the first October Sitting, 1895, will sit at Huttons, on the 7th day and at Oakland on the 8th, 9th and 10th days of October. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Oakland.

District No. 8. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Gorman. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Red House. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Red House.

District No. 9. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Johnsons. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Johnsons. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Johnsons.

District No. 10. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Deer Park. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Deer Park. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Deer Park.

District No. 11. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Elbow. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Gurlitz's Mill. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Gurlitz's Mill.

District No. 12. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Bittinger. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Bittinger. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Bittinger.

All naturalized citizens applying for registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the Officers of Registration.

Signed,

R. D. HAMILL, Registration Officer District No. 1.
R. E. FRIEND, Registration Officer District No. 2.
ISAIAH FULLER, Registration Officer District No. 3.
JOHN COLLINS, Registration Officer District No. 4.
JOHN L. RICHTER, Registration Officer District No. 5.
N. C. BROWNING, Registration Officer District No. 6.
JOHN A. HUGHES, Registration Officer District No. 7.
HENRY A. SHAFFER, Registration Officer District No. 8.
SAMUEL JOHNSON, Registration Officer District No. 9.
SEBASTIAN HINEBAUGH, Registration Officer District No. 10.
NOAH S. GARLITZ, Registration Officer District No. 11.
JOSEPH BUCKLE, Registration Officer District No. 12.

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

EIGHTH YEAR.

A MODERN, HIGH GRADE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.

Reopens Sept. 25, 1895 (D. V.) A department for boys and young men embracing thorough preparatory work for college, business or scientific school will be inaugurated under the charge of Maj. C. A. Bolton, of the Virginia Military Institute. Stenography, type-writing, book-keeping, besides full courses in English and Latin, etc. Send for catalogue to

E. H. SWAN, Principal and Proprietress.
18-1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

WANTED.—A saleman and collector for the Singer Sewing Machine Co. Address, Harry Clayton, Grafton, W. Va. 26-3t.

ORDER NISI.

John Hetrick, et. al. by Henry Fetk *pro chien ami* vs. Charles W. Hetrick.

No. 793 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 12th day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety five, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Edward H. Sincell, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 7th day of September, 1895, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 7th day of September, 1895.

This report states the amount of sale to be $1065.00. E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True Copy, Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M. RATHBUN & CO., PLANING MILLS,

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DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

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DR. HENRY W. M'COMAS,

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DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

☞ We invite a liberal share of your patronage.

JOS. E. HARNED, Manager.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, May 19th, 1895. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.48 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 47	—Daily except Mon	10.49 A. M
No 15	—Accommodation daily	6.24 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	—Daily	6.06 A. M
No. 2	—Daily	8.37 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	4.32 P. M
No. 46	—Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	12.20 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F SCHROEDER, Agent.

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OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.

☞ Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Aug. 28, 1895

The annual examination of teachers for Garrett county will be held at Grantsville, September 5th and 6th; Accident, 10th and 11th, and at Oakland, 13th and 14th.

Examination of both 1st and 2nd grade applicants will be conducted at the same time.

All teachers present, and expecting to teach the coming winter will be required to take the examination.

Applicants will provide themselves with a small pencil tablet, pen and ink. Examination paper will be furnished free.

WM. HINEBAUGH, Examiner.

25—2t

ORDER NISI.

Margaret Miller vs. Frederick Miller, et. al. No. 687 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 21th day of August in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-five by the Circuit Court sitting in Equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by J. W. S. Cochrane and David W. Storm, trustees, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 20th day of September, 1895, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 20th day of September, 1895.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2025.00.

True Copy, Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

THE REPUBLICAN

BENJ. M. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND. GARRETT CO., MD.

THE STIRRING OF HARMON.

BY MAY D. HATCH.

"'Dese bones shall rise argin!
Dese bones shall rise argin!
You know I know
Dese bones shall—'

Why, honey, yose not gwine to skule in dat rig for sho?"

The singer, who had been crooning to herself over her work in the back porch, and turned her head at an approaching step, dropped her hands limply, while a look of amazement bordering on horror stole over her placid black features.

"Certainly I am, Peggy. Why not? I cannot ride comfortably in anything else."

Peggy shook her head gloomily.

"I dunno, Miss Jessie," she said, "I dunno nuffin of de styles norf, but I'd feel mighty bad if Col. Preston's Mis' Imogen or Mis' Payson-Smith meets yo' on de road lookin' like dat."

"Nonsense, Peggy! I am perfectly willing to meet the whole county at once; and it is not a question of style but a question of comfort, you must remember that."

She spoke indifferently, but she was conscious of a slight inward shiver at the thought of the general disapproval her innovation of riding to the schoolhouse on a bicycle might meet with, in view of the fact that it had begun at her very door.

She was a trim, sweet-looking girl, with pretty brown eyes, a fresh color and soft, brown hair of a sunniness that was reflected in her eyes, and she wore a modest dark-blue frock that fitted her slight figure well, reaching just to her shoe-tops, tan leggings and shoes, that would not show the dust of the road, and a blue sailor hat to shield her face from the warm September sun.

She wheeled the new bicycle, the first, the only one in Harmon, out into the yard, and mounting it easily, she was off like a bird down the country road, with the sunlight catching the shining wheel, and Peggy watching her anxiously and muttering renewed hopes that she would not meet, above all, the colonel's family.

Jessie Tuthill was a northern girl, who for the year past had been employed by a dozen of the old families of Harmon, Va., to conduct a small school for their children. Before the war Harmon had been a gay spot, noted for its beautiful places and hospitality, but since then it seemed to have fallen asleep, awaiting some royal touch to awaken it again. Jessie was distantly connected with the Payson-Smiths, one of these old families, and so with that recommendation and letters from several distinguished northerners, vouching for her capability as a teacher, she had secured the position which the dozen families had found some difficulty in agreeing upon filling, and she had soon won the confidence and love of the children and the gratitude of their parents for her gentle influence upon them and for their progress. Her mornings were devoted to the younger scholars and the afternoons to tutoring a class of half a dozen boys preparing for college. She had been home north for July and August and she had just returned. How she had enjoyed those two months of freedom among her old friends in the dear little home she had grown up in on the Hudson, which, if it was small, had such a big view of river and misty hills, and which she was so loath to leave but that she would not stay and be a burden where there was not always enough, and the position south was a very good one.

While she had been gone she had tried one day to ride a girl-cousin's bicycle, and learned so quickly and enjoyed it so thoroughly that her uncle, who would have done more for her if the girl's independence would have let him, presented her with one for her own as a parting gift; and now this morning she was riding it for the first time to the little schoolhouse, three miles away from where she lived, finding it a great relief from hurrying along on foot as she had been obliged to do all the year before, and yet, with all the exhilaration of the exercise in the fresh morning air, still dreading a little the criticism this innovation might meet with. For as Harmon was less wealthy than in the old time, it was proportionately more formal, and woe betide the individual, and especially an outsider, who dared to do anything for which he or she could find no former shining example.

The country road was hard and smooth, and, in spite of her fears, she was beginning to be quite happy, when she heard the sound of a carriage coming behind her. She glanced hurriedly back. Peggy's worst fears were realized. It was the colonel's wife, both of whose daughters, known as "the Preston twins," attended the school. Jessie slowed up to let the carriage pass; she could easily have outstripped the lumbering farm horses drawing it, but she considered the moment was not favorable for the display of her racing powers, and she smiled a cheery good-morning, trying to appear as unconcerned as possible, though her wheel was wobbling horribly from her nervousness, and it detracted from her sense of dignity.

In the brief moment of passing Mrs. Preston regarded her with astonishment and favored her with a bow that was blood-curdling in its frigidity. The whirling dust from the horses' feet choked her for an instant, and then the carriage turned into another road and she was alone once more in the sweet Virginia wooded country, feeling the soft air grateful to her burning cheeks.

A number of the children were gathered about the door of the schoolhouse waiting for her as usual, and they greeted her approach rapturously. It comforted her a little, and the morning passed by pleasantly, though there was a suppressed excitement noticeable among the children. Still, that was to be expected; a twenty-two-pound safety was an unheard-of event in Harmon.

At recess they all delightedly examined it. The boys, in the afternoon, were equally enthusiastic, and before nightfall there was not a man, woman or child in Harmon that had not heard of the school-teacher's wheel.

Late the next afternoon, when she had returned quite tired from her work, she was sitting out on the veranda of the little house where she made her home, talking with Mrs. Haydn, with whom she lived, when a carriage drove into the yard.

"It's Mrs. Preston," said Mrs. Haydn, hastily rising. "I'll just slip in and see if Peggy has that cake done; I will be back in a moment." So Jessie was left alone to meet the formidable censor of Harmon's social laws.

She assisted the lady carefully from her carriage.

"Is it not a lovely day?" she said. "Mrs. Hadyn will be here in a moment. Will you come indoors, or do you prefer the veranda? The air is so lovely."

"Thank you," said the lady. "I will not go in. I just stopped by for a moment."

They seated themselves in the rockers on the porch, and in the silence that followed Jessie longed for Mrs. Haydn's arrival.

"I suppose I may as well tell you what I stopped about," said Mis' Imogen, as most of the county called her, though she had been married for thirty years.

"Yes, indeed," murmured Jessie. "Can I do anything for you? I should so like to."

"No, but I have been talking with several of our friends about your riding that—that—"

"My bicycle," supplied Miss Jessie, as Mrs. Preston did not seem able to bring herself even to pronounce the objectionable word.

"Yes," Mrs. Preston answered, in a relieved voice, "and we think it is hardly dignified, hardly ladylike, so to speak, my dear Miss Jessie, for you to use it going to your school duties, or anywhere else, in fact, holding the position that you do."

"I would not do it for the world if I thought it undignified, Mrs. Preston," Jessie answered, straightening her little figure and ceasing to rock.

"Now if it were a horse," said the lady, "it would be different. The women of the Prestons, the Phillips and the Payson-Smiths have always ridden, but not one of them has been seen on a—a bicycle."

"But, you see, I cannot afford a horse or to keep one if I had it, and my uncle gave me this wheel particularly to use in going to school, for the walk is very long for me twice a day."

"Of course, of course, but one must think of appearances. A woman must always consider them, and we decided that some one had better speak to you and advise you to give it up, if you wish to continue to hold your present position in our school."

"I do not think I shall give it up," said the girl, slowly, "until I can see the harm in it."

The lady rose, and just then Mrs. Haydyn appeared, with Peggy hovering in the background, bearing a tray of tea and cakes; but for once the colonel's lady did not wait to partake, though she thanked Mrs. Haydn effusively, and she left, not altogether satisfied with the impression she had made. The little school-teacher was so gentle that sitting on her did not seem to affect her at all; she was as placid and sweet afterward as before. But it did affect her, although she rode to school again the next day, and when the lessons were all over, and she had dismissed the class she was tutoring, she laid her sunny brown head on the desk before her and cried softly. She was afraid she would have to give it up, after all. She could not afford to throw away the position she held, and she did not see any chance of convincing the social leader of Harmon that riding a bicycle was entirely compatible with her school duties and the dignity of her position. It was one of her greatest pleasures, and it seemed hard that from simple prejudice she should be deprived of it. Of course, it was foolish to cry, but she was very tired.

As she sat there alone some one came into the room, and, seeing the little teacher's distress, went softly up to her.

It was Cary Phillips, one of the boys getting ready for college, a tall, sturdy fellow of seventeen, afraid of nothing, always in some scrape, but with a big, generous heart, and unable to see anyone in trouble without offering his help and sympathy.

"Come, Miss Jessie," he said, standing a bit awkwardly beside her, "won't you tell a fellow what is the matter?"

She looked up smiling, ashamed of her tears.

"I have got to give it up, I guess," she said.

"What do you mean—your bicycle?"

She nodded, her lips quivering a little. She was scarcely more than a child herself.

"What for?" he asked. "I thought they had been badgering you about it. It is a shame."

Then she told him of the call she had received, and that it was practically a question of losing her position if she persisted in riding.

He stood angrily beside her, knitting his brows and drumming impatiently on the desk.

"Everybody is riding north, men, women and little children, and if some one else would only do it here they would not notice me."

The big fellow stood lost in thought, seeming not to have heard her words, but in reality they had given him an idea. Suddenly he burst out laughing.

"Miss Jessie, if you will give me that wheel for a month, in exchange for my horse, Butterfly, and his keep, I will promise to let you have it back at the end of that time, to ride undisturbed for the rest of your life, and if I fail to keep my promise you can keep Butterfly."

"Oh, Cary, how good of you! But what are you going to do?" she said.

"Never mind; is it a bargain?" He put out his hand, and they shook hands on it, and Cary carried the wheel off, promising to send Butterfly around that night and that one of his men should take care of him for her.

Cary was riding the bicycle well by the next day, and the report had gotten about, without anyone seeming to have started it, that he had taken it from Miss Jessie in exchange for his horse, Butterfly, which most people thought very foolish, though high society in Harmon slept once more in conscious satisfaction that the dignity of its educational institution had been preserved.

It was early one evening, a day or two after Cary had had the wheel, that he suggested to his sister and several girl cousins, who were taking tea there, that they should try it, as no one would see them at that hour. Of course, they were ready to do so, and they had so much amusement out of it and the girls were so enthusiastic about it that the next night they came over to try it again, and the next, and then every night, taking turns at the condemned wheel, and constantly growing more charmed with it.

Cary had sent to New York for a man's bicycle, and as one by one the girls became expert riders, the fever grew, even the Preston twins catching it; and Mrs. Preston, having been persuaded one evening to go over and see them ride, anxiously watched, not to see if they should appear with unruffled dignity, but that they were as clever about it as the others. So clever were they, in fact, that before the evening was over she had promised that they should each have one of their own if Cary would attend to the getting of them.

In this manner did Cary's plan prosper, and he would report progress to Miss Jessie every afternoon.

"I shall never be satisfied till I have the colonel's lady herself on a wheel," he said, roaring with laughter, for the lady was very portly.

Three weeks had passed, when one afternoon the twins' bicycles appeared. At once they sent over for Cary to come and inspect them, and when he arrived he found the family all out in front of the house trying them and discussing their merits.

The twins raced around the circle of hard road that surrounded the lawn, and then insisted upon Cary trying the wheels and racing with them.

"Now, Mrs. Preston," said Cary, as he dismounted, "you must try one. Don't be afraid."

"No one has ever dared to say that a Preston was afraid of anything," she answered, proudly; "but I am too stout."

"It would make you thin, if you would stick to it," he answered.

"Do you really think so?" said the lady. Bicycling was developing a new interest for her.

"I have not any doubt of it at all. Just try it once around the circle. Come, now, I promise you on my honor not to let you fall."

And with the twins urging, too, the colonel's lady finally yielded.

There was the clatter of a horse's hoofs up the road, and between the two long rows of trees that led to the house came a chestnut horse, with the little trim figure seated on it sharply outlined against the glow of the setting sun.

The colonel's lady, intent upon keeping her balance, though Cary's strong arm was about her, heard nothing of it until the rider drew up in front of the door and sat immovable in amazement as the lady came puffing around the other side of the circle. Cary cast one triumphant look at the rider, and Jessie, who had come to call, slipped lightly from the saddle. While she was herself tying the horse under a tree, Mrs. Preston had also dismounted, and, very much flushed, came forward to welcome her.

"Don't you like it?" said Jessie. "Is it not lovely? Oh, I am so glad you are riding; now no one will care if I do. And aren't they beauties!" she finished to the twins.

Mrs. Preston regarded her sharply, but there was only frank pleasure in the girl's face, and she made up her mind to gracefully accept the situation, and just then the colonel himself came out.

"Look out, girls," he said; "if your mother takes to riding, I reckon you will have trouble to keep up with her."

They wanted Jessie to try the new wheels, but she said she could not in her long habit, so she admired the twins while they showed her how expert they were already, thanks to Cary, and she, too, had a chance to win one grateful look. When she was ready to go, Cary helped her mount, and whispered he thought he could safely return her wheel in a day or two; and then, with a happy heart, she rode away toward the red evening sky.

There are many bicycles to-day in Harmon, although the colonel's lady has not ridden since that first time; perhaps it is because Cary has ceased to urge her to ride.

"I really never believed she would try it," he said to Jessie the day he took her bicycle home to her, "but I meant to do my best to make her, and when you came clattering into the yard that day and saw her on it, I could have thrown my hat into the air, only if I had let go she would have fallen off."—N. Y. Ledger.

—The Protestant Episcopal church in this country has 5,019 societies, with 532,054 members. They own 5,019 churches, seating 1,336,952 people, and rent 312 halls, with a seating capacity of 28,007. The value of their church property is $81,066,317.

—Reading and conversation may furnish us with many ideas of men and things, yet it is our meditation that must form our judgment.—Watts.

THE LEGION OF HONOR.

Men Were Managed with Toys, Declared Bonaparte in Founding It.

But it is not difficult to understand the popularity of a measure, passed at about the same time, for establishing the now well-known Legion of Honor. It is certainly true that the desire for social inequality—that is, for personal distinction—is the strongest single force in calling out human energy. The passion for pins, badges, ribbons and personal decorations of every sort is well-nigh universal. It gratifies the sense of achievement among men who are able, and flatters the vanity of those who are not. To this passion, in itself not necessarily ignoble, the first consul determined to appeal for further support. Every new institution of importance so far created by him might, with no great ingenuity, be turned into a prop of autocratic government. Priests and emigrants were now alike natural allies of Bonaparte, the constitution had been virtually superseded, the troublesome senators, tribunes and legislators either dismissed or else warned and called to order, while the surrounding nations—one of them a kingdom—were, in relation to France, like the sheaves bowing to Joseph's sheaf.

The foundation of the Legion of Honor was a measure easily manageable in the interest of any government which might control it. Roederer declared in its support that the great deeds of the nation made it essential to revive the sentiment of honor. An article of the constitution guaranteed, in the name of the French people, a recompense to its armies. This simple phrase was the sanction chosen for the erection of a corporation which, like the orders of absolutism, might intermediate between the people and their magistrate in order to lend the same mystery which ever surrounds any monarch who is the "fountain of honor." The republicans saw the trap, and resisted sturdily, even in the council of state, but to no purpose.

The law was passed on May 19, 1802; the ranks were constituted, and the decorative badges determined. Every member swore to resist any attempt to restore feudalism in all its attributes, and consciences were thus quieted. Right and left the men of science, of art, and of literature appeared with their ribbons and rosettes; the nation applauded, and Bonaparte's opinion was justified. "You call these toys! Well, you manage men with toys," he declared while the project was under discussion. He proved to be right. In all monarchical Europe no decoration is more eagerly sought, to this day, than is that of the Legion of Honor in republican France.—Prof. Sloane, in Century.

ALASKAN MISSIONARY LIFE.

Hardships of Those Who Carry the Gospel Into the Wilds.

Many volumes could be written about the dangers, sufferings and hardships of Christian missionaries. Sometimes the hardships are more difficult to bear than the dangers. It is thrilling and inspiring to be always ready for martyrdom; but to suffer steadily from bitter hardships, without the spice of danger from human enemies, is harder, and quite as deserving of the crown of reward.

The missionary in the remoter parts of Alaska knows what these hardships are. Mr. Prevost, a missionary to the Tanana Indians, has perhaps the largest missionary "parish" in the world. It covers more than one hundred thousand square miles; and Mr. Prevost has traveled, with dogs and sledges, fifteen hundred miles on one trip to preach the Gospel.

With dogs and sledges, we say; but this does not mean that the missionary rode. He ran behind the sledge, for the dogs had enough to do to draw the food, clothing and blankets without an additional load of human beings.

"Of course," said Mr. Prevost, in giving an account of his work during a visit to the state of Washington, "there is a handle on the rear of the sled, and we can take hold of that in order to keep up with the dogs, which make about twenty-five miles a day."

Like the apostle, this missionary might truly say that he had not run in vain, for the Indians give proof of having heard him, attentively. On one occasion a party of Tahana Indians traveled more than three hundred miles with sleds and dogs, in order to bring to the mission station at Fort Adams the dead bodies of a woman and child, that they might receive Christian burial. Other Indians have journeyed four hundred miles in order to receive religious instruction from Mr. Prevost.

This missionary has induced these boreal Indians to build houses and adopt some of the ways of civilized life. He has a printing press, sets his own type, and issues a newspaper twice a year. This is twice as often as he receives any news from the outside world. He did not hear of the last presidential nominations until eleven months after they had taken place.

Although the missionary welcomes hardships, he is not averse to using the resources of civilization in the propagation of the Gospel. There are two thousand miles of navigable water, in summer, in the Yukon river, in his "parish," and he has hopes of obtaining an electric launch which will enable him to make more rapid journeys in his work.—Youth's Companion.

Compensated.

The epigrams of Voltaire, the French philosopher, were often ruthlessly sarcastic and severe. He could, however, exercise tact and gentleness, and, as is usually the case with brilliant persons, those qualities became him wonderfully well. He met the famous statesman Turgot, and cordially inquired about his health. "It is as you see," replied Turgot. "I am tormented with gout. I can hardly drag my feet about." "You remind me of the statue of Nebuchadnezzar, M. Turgot." "Yes," assented the invalid, sadly, "you are right, poet, the statue had feet of clay." "And a head of gold," cried Voltaire, warmly. "Remember that, a head of gold!"—Youth's Companion.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Illinois has most farm horses, 1,435,289; Iowa comes second, with 1,312,979; Texas is third, with 1,026,002.

—The cotton-raising states show an excess of wage-earners over the average, this being due to the fact that in these states the women and children of the colored people work in the fields and thus raise the general average.

—It is claimed that in ordinary cases tin is quite equal to gold for filling teeth. Chemically pure tin is run into a mold of proper shape, and when cold is cut by a lathe into very thin shavings. These are used in the same way as gold, and are said to be more adaptable and cohesive, though not as durable.

—Two more slabs of stones inscribed with words and music have been found in the treasury of the Athenians at Delphia by the French. By using some of the fragments previously discovered, a second hymn to Apollo, with its notes, has been put together. The date is after the conquest of Greece by the Romans. The Greeks seem to have used twenty-one notes in their musical notation, where we use only twelve.

—It is reported—we know not how credibly—that Dr. Berson last year ascended alone to the highest point ever reached by man. The reading of his barometer was 9.1 inches, the lowest ever recorded, and corresponding to an elevation of approximately thirty thousand feet. At this height of nearly six miles, the aspirated thermometer read 54 degrees below zero F., and one exposed to the sun's rays only 11 degrees below zero.

—Thermometers made for taking the temperature in moderately deep waters have the tube encased in a copper cylinder, to protect it from inquisitive fishes and from contact with rocks; there is a ring at the bottom to which sufficient weights may be attached to sink it readily. The cylinder has a long, narrow door in front of the scale, which may be opened for the reading; and this door closes with joints so tight that the cylinder brings up the water from the bottom with its temperature practically unchanged by the waters through which it passes.

—The power of continuing motionless with the lifted head projecting forward for an indefinite time is one of the most wonderful of the serpent's muscular feats, and is one of the highest importance to the animal, both when fascinating its victim and when mimicking some inanimate object, as, for instance, the stem and bud of an aquatic plant; here it is only referred to an account of the effect it produces on the human mind, as enhancing the serpent's strangeness. In this attitude, with the round, unwinking eyes fixed on the beholder's face, the effect may be very curious and uncanny.

—The present indications of the chief crops of the world are as follows: America, 425,000,000 bushels, against 510,000,000 bushels last year; Russia, 360,000,000 bushels, against 420,000,000 last year; Austria-Hungary, rather less than last year; Roumania and Bulgaria, rather more; France, 40,000,000 bushels less; Germany, about equal; India, 18,500,000 bushels less. These, as we have said, are the present expectations; if they be realized it will be seen that there is a margin in present very low prices for a decided advance when the effect of this lesseued production comes to be felt.

THE SEIN ISLANDERS.

A Race That Lives Upon a Very Primitive Fare.

The Sein Islanders rarely eat any animal food except fish. As it is brought in, the women salt it and lay it out to dry on the quay wall or on a convenient rock, so that before the winter they have made a large provision. Dried conger is especially esteemed. Their ordinary cooking is well adapted to keep in check a too eager appetite. Potatoes and their skins, with a layer of dried fish dropped upon them during the boiling, is an all-the-year-round dish, which is considered one of the most satisfying and economical. The common drink is water or cider. Fresh water is precious, for much of that which is used is brought over from the mainland.

The women have a mode of baking bread which is probably one of the most ancient still practiced by mankind. A thick layer of live embers having been spread upon the forepart of the hearth, a circular iron plate a foot or more in diameter is pressed down upon it. Upon this the dough, made into the desired shape of the loaf, is laid. Over it is placed a convex iron cover; then a fire of dry seaweed is made upon this. The seaweed burns slowly, and supplies just the heat that is needed. In every house there is all that is requisite for baking in this manner, for although in summer there is a regular supply of bread from the mainland, the furious currents of the Raz and the westerly gales may keep all communications interrupted for weeks together in the bad season. It is true that there is a telegraphic cable, but the means of feeding people by electricity has yet to be discovered.—Temple Bar.

Royal College of Physicians.

In the tenth year of the reign of Henry VIII., on September 23, 1518, "John Chambre, Thomas Linacre, Ferdinand de Victoria, Medicorum Nostrorum, Nicholas Holsack, John Francis, Robert Yaxley," were granted letters patent giving them the privilege of admitting men to practice medicine in London and seven miles around. This was the original foundation of the present Royal College of Physicians of London. The first letters patent having apparently been inadequate for the purposes intended, in the fourteenth year of Henry VIII. a statute was passed enacting that no person save a graduate of Oxford or Cambridge should practice in England, unless he had a license from the president of the college of physicians aforesaid and from three of the "elects," who were chosen from among the fellows.—Gentleman's Magazine.

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CONSUMPTION

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

TALE OF TWO LIVES.

The Sad Contrast They Offer a Warning to Young Men.

At the close of a warm day in the summer of 18—, as I sat in a hammock swinging lazily back and forth, I became drowsy and fell asleep.

A moment later I opened my eyes and saw two bright boys of a dozen or fourteen years just closing a book which they had been reading together.

"I want to be like George Peabody," said the older of the two with light hair. "I am going to try to make a fortune and build schools and libraries for poor boys," he continued. Then turning to his companion he said: "Which of the men we've read about are you going to be like, Henry?"

"I want to become another William E. Dodge, and build churches and send missionaries to heathen lands at my own expense," said Henry.

A look of determination coming into his brown eyes, he again said: "Let's really try it, Charley. You know our teacher told us last Sabbath that we are not to live for ourselves, but for God's glory."

"Agreed," said Charles, earnestly. "Let's shake." And as they stood there with clasped hands they began to grow dimmer and dimmer, until presently the scene faded entirely away and another appeared.

I saw before me the interior of the large wholesale grocery house of Wilde & Gilder in the city of C—. It was pay day. A long line of men, women and boys moved slowly past the cashier's window, and, presenting little punched slips, received their week's wages in return.

As a tall young man with blue eyes and light hair passed into the street, folding his bills, he was hailed by a group of sporty-looking young men from whom clouds of cigarette smoke circled upward.

"Hello, Charley; what's the matter, you look as sober as a parson," cried one.

"Here, have a cigarette," said another.

"It's Saturday," said a third, "and we've got the afternoon for the races and the evening for Malooney's new play. Come on boys, I'll bet on Fleetwood."

I became deeply interested as I looked at Charles, for I saw the boy who years before had made such a noble resolution. I could see by his face that there was a struggle going on. His conscience was plainly urging him to stay and seek better company, but alas, he was easily led, and the urgent words of his companions prevailed and he joined them. I heard low jokes and coarser laughter as the crowd moved down the street. As they turned the corner it suddenly grew dark around me, and when I next awoke the spectacle presented was brighter. In a plain but neatly-furnished dining-room a newly-wedded couple chatted merrily over the teacups. I felt a thrill of pleasure as I recognized Charles at the head of the table, and saw his face beam as they talked of bright plans for the future. But my gladness was not to be of long duration. While talking he had poured out a glass of wine and drank it hastily. A second and third seemed necessary to the completion of the meal.

In a twinkling this picture was swept away, and I found myself standing in a gilded down-town saloon. Amid the click of the cues and balls was heard the ejaculations of excited young men moving unsteadily round the tables.

THERE WAS A FLASH AND A LOUD REPORT.

Scarcely had I reached this part of the room when my attention was arrested by high words between two of the players. Each was partially intoxicated and beat on having his own way in the matter. There was a hasty gathering around the disputants. They needed no urging, for blows were already being exchanged. The shorter of the two was getting worsted, when there was a flash, a loud report, and the tall opponent fell heavily to the floor. By some strange force I was irresistably drawn to the spot, when I beheld at my feet the writhing body of—Charles.

Everything about seemed to grow black when light again broke and I saw at my feet two graves. One was fresh and one overgrown with weeds. Two wooden slabs were all that distinguished them from the hundreds of similar ones around. On one was inscribed:

CHARLES SWIFT,
AGED 23.
Born .....
Died .....

The other was almost as plain. It read:

ANNA MAY SWIFT,
AGED 22.
Born .....
Died .....

And for some reason beneath this were the words:

"Died of a broken heart."

I could stand there no longer, but turned away weeping.

* * * * * * * *

I stood in the counting room of a wholesale hardware firm in the same city of C—. A young man sat at a desk industriously working at columns of figures.

As he turned his head for a moment to answer a question of an employe, I instantly recognized Henry, the younger of the two boys whom I had seen standing with clasped hands, each determined to make the most of life.

The next thing I remember was of standing in a small room. It was not handsomely furnished, but neat and everything in order. A few inexpensive but artistic pictures adorned the walls. A bicycle was seen in the corner. On the opposite side of the room stood the bookcase. It did not contain many books, but the few it did were by the greatest authors. And seated at the table under the ruddy glow of the lamp was Henry, deeply engrossed in study.

At this instant the picture vanished and I looked upon a beautiful sight. A family was kneeling in prayer. The head of it, after praising God for His goodness and love, gave special thanks that God had enabled him to become a successful merchant as he had desired in his youth. Earnestly he prayed that he might be kept from temptation and make the best possible use of his wealth for the glory of God. He closed by asking that fresh blessings might follow the efforts of the missionary he had recently sent to Africa.

You can imagine my joy at seeing that this modern hero was none other than the brown-eyed boy grown to manhood.

While seated at the breakfast table the morning's paper was brought in and Henry was startled by the headlines:

KILLED IN A DRUNKEN BRAWL.

CHARLES SWIFT, A PROMISING YOUNG MERCHANT, SHOT DEAD IN KELLEY'S SALOON.

Henry's hand trembled and tears dimmed his eyes, but he restrained his grief and briefly told his family of their boyhood resolve, and how Charles would surely have also gained his goal but for his getting into bad company and becoming a slave to drink.—Henry Homespun, in Rain's Horn.

LOANS TO DRINKERS.

Money Thus Placed Can Not Be Recovered —A Case in Point.

People who are in the habit of loaning men of intemperate habits money with which buy liquor would do well to pay some attention to an opinion by by Judge Hawkins, handed down in the orphans' court recently, for in his judgment they are equally guilty of a misdemeanor with the retail dealer who sells the liquor. The opinion is filed in the matter of the estate of Charles L. Phillips. The question involved arises out of a claim for $1,525.30, presented by Frederick Sheidel and made up of small items of cash loaned to Mr. Phillips from day to day for upward of a year prior to September, 1892. Mr. Sheidel testified at the audit that "the reason why Charles got money from me was because he was a drinking man and was ashamed to go to the bank and his family had stopped stopped payment of his checks. Charlie was not drunk all the time. I have drank with him, but did not stay long at a time with him in saloons." The evidence, however, showed that Phillips frequently went to the bank during this period, and that Sheidel was with him when many of his checks were cashed. From September 24, 1891, to September 30, 1892, Phillips drew sixty-seven checks, amounting in the aggregate to $4,593.20. The whole amount alleged to have been advanced by Sheidel in addition to this from August 16, 1891 to January 29, 1892, was $725.30, making the total expenditures of Phillips for a little over a year $5,418.50. Phillips was not engaged in business; was admittedly of intemperate habits, and part of the time was confined in a hospital from the effects of these habits.

In refusing Sheidel's claim Judge Hawkins makes the following pointed remarks: "These loans were for the most part avowedly made for the purpose of enabling Mr. Phillips to gratify his habit of intemperate drinking in defiance of the wishes of his family. There can be no other construction placed on Sheidel's evidence. While no precedent in point has been found, this case comes clearly within the prohibition of public policy. The Brooks law not only expressly withholds from retail dealers a right in any case to recover for liquor sold, but makes the sale of them to persons of intemperate habits a criminal offense. It is obvious that the law is equally applicable to a man who furnishes the drinks and to him who furnishes the money to pay for them. Each contributes to the temptation. There is no reason for discrimination between them. The law is applicable to and should be obeyed by all. The purpose of the alleged loans, out of which Mr. Sheidel's claims arise, was, as has been shown, plainly illegal. It was an aggravation of the offenses that he acted in defiance of the wishes of Mr. Phillips' family, and can have no standing in a court of equity." Judge Hawkins also dismissed a petition of Sheidel's to have the case opened for a further hearing at the cost of the petitioner. The balance for distribution in the Phillips estate is $26,655.26. It is divided equally among the heirs under the provisions of the will.—Pittsburgh Post.

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

IT is the duty of government to make it easy for the people to do right and difficult for them to do wrong.—W. E. Gladstone.

NOTHING is of value unless it is the work of ages. Reform must come as the product of all the evolution of the past.—Rev. Mangasarian.

"WHERE there's so much smoke there must be some fire," as the stern employer said after the cigarette-consuming clerk had walked dejectedly away.—N. Y. Herald.

ONE FROM JERSEY.

A Bicycle Story That Severely Tests the Credulity.

A gifted correspondent living in the neighboring hamlet of Morristown sends us the account of an alleged happening which seems important, if true; or, perhaps, the case is more important if not true, since the presence in the country of so active and agile a liar cannot be without interest to all.

While recently wheeling in the neighborhood of Morristown he had a truly astonishing adventure with dogs. No less than two of these intelligent animals attacked him simultaneously. We have no reason to suspect that they were imaginary dogs, with green eyes and flashing nostrils, such as sometimes pursue Jersey gentlemen after a too free indulgence in the state electrical fluid; rather we presume that life, flesh and hair dogs really did waylay him, since the canine nature seems for some unknown reason to object to the new means of locomotion. Granted, then, that two dogs attacked our correspondent. One of these dogs was an ordinary beast, showing no marks of any particular breed; the other was a fine specimen of the full-blood bulldog. The nondescript was the larger of the two; the bull was of the usual low build, with great width of beam, retreating nose, projecting lower jaw, short ears, stub tail, and so forth. Our correspondent takes occasion to dwell upon the well-known fact of the stubbornness of hold of the thoroughbred bulldog, and how, when his jaws once close upon an object, nothing in the world can open them except actual mechanical force in the form of a lever introduced between the teeth. All of this is readily granted and need not detain us.

Our correspondent was directly in front of the house to which the dogs seemed to belong when they came at him. The cur was in advance, since he was the better runner of the two. The bicycle was, of course, provided with pneumatic tires. These were new, of the best quality, and heavily inflated. The dog in advance uttered a villainous bark and sprang at our correspondent. He threw his weight on the pedals in an attempt to escape the fangs of the beast. He also at this point threws his weight on his pen, in the evident attempt to escape veracity. He appears to have been successful in both cases. The beast missed our correspondent's athletic leg, but buried his teeth in the tire of the rear wheel of the bicycle. There was a deafening report as the imprisoned air rushed out, and our valued correspondent looked over his shoulder to see the dog "hurled through a space twenty yards" and alight in a hedge. But there was no time to take observations on meteoric dogs. The next instant the unsuspecting bulldog fastened his jaws around the tire on the forward wheel. There was the smothered hiss of escaping air, but the animal did not let go. But under the astonished gaze of our intelligent correspondent the beast suddenly "swelled up like a football" to the "size of a bushel basket, or larger." Our esteemed and veracious correspondent dismounted, pried open the jaws of the now pneumatic animal, picked him up and tossed him over into his front yard, where he bounded up ten feet and alighted on the veranda of the house, across which he bounced like a tennis ball just as his dumfounded owner opened the front door to see what all the trouble was about. Our correspondent shouldered his disabled bicycle and trudged away down the road.

What ought to be done in such a case as this? What is the duty of the community in which such a man as this correspondent lives? Ought a man of this sort to be put down by law, or is it best to pay no attention to him? Here is much food for thought. —N. Y. Tribune.

GREECE'S CURRANTS.

The New Danger Threatening a Land Beset by Many Ills and Disadvantages.

The people of the kingdom of Greece suffer from many ills and disadvantages which do not beset nationalities less distinguished than the descendants of the ancient Hellenes. They have an occasional earthquake, droughts are not uncommon, volcanic eruptions rattle them, Turkish marauders make murderous onslaughts on them, and occasional notices are served on them by English, French, German and Russian bondholders that the quarterly interest on sundry mortgages is past due and must be paid without further delay or evasion. But recently the people of Greece have suffered from a new difficulty; the currant or raisin crop is too generous. There is too much of it. The land has proved too fertile, and, in consequence of this, the Greek husbandmen are threatened with serious financial difficulties such as overtake the husbandmen of other agricultural lands when the crop runs short.

Corn is not produced in Greece in sufficient quatities to supply the inhabitants, and a certain amount has to be imported every year from Russia. The most favored and best cultivated crop is the currant. Immense districts are planted with currants in various parts of the kingdom, particularly along the shores of the Gulf of Coriath, between the towns of Corinth and Patras and on the islands of Zante and Cephalonia. The chief market for Greek currants is England, which takes from nine to ten million dollars' worth in a year. They are exported to other countries, but not to the same extent as to England, where the popularity of plum pudding and mince pies keeps up a steady market for Zante currants, as they are often called in the trade. The United States have very little commerce with Greece —next to none at all, in fact. During the last fiscal year reported, the total exports of American goods and products of all kinds to Greece amounted to only one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, while the imports to this country from Greece, chiefly currants, amounted to eight hundred thousand dollars.

The farmers of Greece, or more properly the farmers of the currant-raising district of Greece, are apprehensive that with the large crop now on hand prices will so far decline as to make the crop an unremunerative one, and as currants are the agricultural staple of Greece it may be readily seen that an injury of this kind would be a very serious one to a country which staggers under an unduly heavy load of debt. The present national indebtedness of Greece is one hundred and ten million dollars, or at the rate of about fifty dollars a head. The country is a poor one, and much of the land is unproductive. The sources of public revenue are few, and a large share of the debt is held abroad. The debt per capita of the United States is fifteen dollars, and of Turkey, a grievously taxed country, forty dollars. Unless there is a lively and increased demand for Greek currants pretty soon the fear is expressed by some political economists in the land of Socrates that it will be necessay for the Greek government to borrow some more money.—N. Y. Sun.

ROASTS AND BAKES.

Comparative Merits of the Two Methods of Cooking Meats.

Ovens ought always to be kept really clean. Doubtless much neglect is due to their being black and dark; but it is no excuse for the dirty state they are so common in. It may be thought that a heat of the ovens kept it pure, if not actually clean; but this is only correct in a very limited way, as can be judged by the odor usually experienced if an empty oven is well heated. The most correct thing is to scrub, and, if necessary, scrape the oven out at regular periods, the same as would be done with a larder or meat safe. What the writer has frequently recommended is to whitewash the oven interior. This is a useful as well as a cleanly practice, for it makes the oven interior so light and nice. A thin coat of whitewash, having a little size as a fixative, will not peel off or cause any trouble whatever. It will show most plainly when the oven gets dirty, and can, when requisite, be easily washed off and renewed.

What largely goes to keep an oven clean and free from calcined fatty matter is to use a double roasting pan —that kind which has water in the lower pan, underneath the one which catches the falling fat. If the water is put in the lower pan, the fat in the upper one does not boil and spurt its particles onto the oven plates, owing to the fact that fat to boil must reach a higher temperature than we can raise the water to. Water boils at 212 degrees in an open pan (at sea level), and this is the greatest heat it can attain—it cannot get hotter. As fat, therefore, requires a temperature of over 300 degrees before ebullition occurs, boiling cannot take place while the water is in contact with the fat pan. If the fat is kept from boiling the oven must keep in a cleaner state. In any case the odor of burnt fat will never be so conspicuous when oven roasting is in progress, and the fatty matters are not decomposed and wasted. There are many things in favor of the water pan.

As to the digestibility of roasted or baked meats, there is not so much known as might be desired, but what is known is in favor of the former. It is not urged that there is more nourishment in roasted meat than baked, perhaps less if the constitution be capable of dealing with the latter; but for digestibility, meat is considered best if it has its vapors carried away and not kept around it. The oily fats and unctuous juices that are doubtless retained to a greater extent in baked than roasted meat are pronounced to be not only less digestible but conducive to indigestion in those who do not already suffer with this malady. In proof of this instances have been urged where a medical man's orders to eat roasted instead of baked meat have caused sufferers to receive considerable benefit. In any case, a modern range should be able to give either from its ovens, by the proper regulation of the ventilators combined with cleanliness.—English Mechanic.

DIDN'T LIKE TO BE DISTURBED.

Talking Interfered with Business When He Was Killing a Bear.

"Bear?" said Mr. Ottinger. "Bear? Why, I helped to kill an 1,140-pound grizzly just a week ago at Wawoaa. Old Jim Duncan, the slayer of ninety-four bears, and I, went out on horseback about ten miles from town after grouse. We walked five or six miles in the hottest weather, and after getting six grouse and a hundred mosquitoes, we thought of turning back. But I was so thirsty that I said: 'Wait here in the clearing, Jim, till I go down the canyon to get a drink.' I went down about two hundred feet and had to lay sprawling over some rocks to get a drink. I only took one swallow when two gunshots rang out. Startled at the sound I rose up and ran as well as my weight would let me back to the clearing. Puffing and blowing I leaned up against a tree and witnessed the strangest sight I ever saw. A big pile of fur lay in a heap on the ground, and the old hunter was just about to stoop over it and jab his bowie-knife into it when the bundle rose up like a flash and let out a blow that sent Jim's musket spinning fifty feet in the air. With that there was the most exciting fight I ever saw.

"The bear reared up again and Duncan barely dodged its claws. But bruin caught his clothes at the neck and ripped them down to the boots. I still leaned against the tree, too weary from my run and too surprised to go up and shoot the bear. I could see Duncan slip around and his feet get tangled in his torn clothes. He fell fighting, with the bear atop; but the bear's throat was cut from ear to ear. The old man extricated himself and, sliding on the carcass, called over to me through his nose: 'Wall, my time hasn't come yet. Young man, I give you credit for a great deal of coolness for a greenhorn. I'm glad you didn't open your mouth in this fracas; so many of these fellows think they have to talk when I'm killing a b'ar."—San Francisco Call.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Horehound Candy.—Boil a pound and a half of sugar in half a pint of water till candied, then stir in a little dried horehound. Pour it on to a marble slab or buttered paper, let it cool and cut it into squares.—Liverpool (England) Mercury.

—To Clean Black Dresses.—Take an old black kid glove, cut into small pieces and let it stand over night in a pint of soft water. In the morning add about half the quantity of warm water and a few drops of ammonia. Sponge the goods well on the right side, hang out in the air and when nearly dry iron on the wrong side.—Housekeeper.

—Crab Apple Preserves.—Steam the crab apples and core them with the small sharp blade of a pocketknife without cutting them open. Make a sirup of one pound granulated sugar for each pound of fruit. Place the apples in the sirup while boiling and cook till they may be pierced with a broom straw; then lift them carefully without mashing into jars, boil the sirup till it jells and pour it over them. —Mrs. J. R. Hindes, in Western Rural.

—Rabbit Salad.—Cut up the meat of two roast rabbits; place in a bowl and cover with a plain dressing; add a teaspoonful of minced salad herbs and let stand for four hours. Put in a salad bowl three heads of lettuce; drain the meat and add to the lettuce. Put into a plate one teaspoonful of French mustard; thin with one tablespoonful of the dressing taken from the meat and add slowly to this one pint of mayonnaise dressing and pour over the salad.—Harper's Bazar.

—Sweet Spiced Crab Apple.—Select the largest and best apples for this. First cut out the blows, then take one pint vinegar, one-half pint water, five pounds sugar, one tablespoonful whole cloves, one tablespoonful whole cinnamon, one tablespoonful whole allspice, one-half teacupful mustard seeds. Put the apples into this mixture a few at a time and skim out as soon as soft and put in the jar. Turn the sirup over them when all in the jar. This recipe is for one peck of apples.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Chocolate Glace Cake.—Beat to a cream a generous half cupful of butter and gradually beat into this one cupful of sugar. Add one ounce of chocolate, melted; also two unbeaten eggs. Beat vigorously for five minutes; then stir in half a cupful of milk, and, lastly, one cupful and a half of flour, with which has been mixed one generous teaspoonful of baking powder. Flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla. Pour into a buttered shallow cake pan and bake for half an hour in a moderate oven. When cool spread with glace frosting.—Boston Budget.

—Baked Egg Plant.—One egg plant, two tablespoons bread crumbs, six tomatoes, two eggs, two tablespoons butter, four crabs or one lobster, salt and pepper. Boil the egg plant, scald and peel the tomatoes, cut in halves and remove the seeds and juice, chop the lobster or crab meat, also the egg plant and tomatoes. Mix them with the bread crumbs, add the beaten eggs, melted butter and seasoning. Bake in the crab or lobster shells, or in a shallow dish. Cover with buttered cracker crumbs and bake until brown. The crabs or lobster may be omitted and the dish would still be very palatable.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

THE NEWEST IN RIBBONS.

What Is Regarded as Most Chic in These Dainty Trimmings.

Lace and black or some other dark velvet ribbon or ribbons of some description are considered indispensable additions to the class of dressy gowns now dictated by fashion. The very newest ribbons have edges of jet or lace. Black silk crepe-lisse ribbon is another novel variety largely used to veil trimmings of brilliant color. There are likewise expensive hand-painted and gauze ribbons, with fringed or lace edges—in short, never did the ribbon weavers turn out so much variety as the present product of their looms. It now seems almost incredible that not many years ago the trade of ribbon weavers in this country was almost at a standstill, and the Coventry work was so ruinously slack that a special appeal was made to royalty beseeching them to bestow their patronage on ribbon and thus save an impetus to an almost expiring industry. Previous to this bonnets and hats in summer were made of or trimmed with tulle, silk, lace, net, etc.; in winter with Terry velvet, plain velvet, plush, etc.; one and all being trimmed chiefly with flowers and feathers. As a trimming for gowns, ribbon was hardly thought of, and at that time it was impossible to suppose anything approaching the present popularity of and demand for ribbon. At an importing house of note recently a tour was made through an immense room on the third floor of the great establishment, where nothing was displayed but boxes of ribbons of every possible color, shade, pattern, width and fabric, from lisse in shadowy patterns to velvet and satin brocade. The turn of fashion's wheel can bring about extraordinary changes.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

His Biting Sarcasm.

"Mrs. Skraggs, I am glad to see"—

The boarder with the V-shaped nose looked thoughtfully at the God-Bless-Our-Home pastel above the mantel.

—"that the butter is convalescing."

The man with the barbed-wire hair looked unhappy.

An expression of contempt twisted up with curiosity flitted across the landlady's face.

"Convalescing! What do you mean?"

The boarder with the yellow whiskers smiled expectantly.

"Because I notice"—

The man with the V-shaped nose nerved himself for the effort.

—"that it grows stronger each day."

During the excitement that followed the man with the double chin helped himself to the last slice of bread on the table.—N. Y. World.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Feline.—The Younger One—"I wonder if I will lose my looks, too, when I get to your age?" The Elder One—"You would be lucky if you did." —Washington Star.

—Customer—"These trousers don't fit just right about the hips." Tailor —"They're all right—what you need is something more in the pockets."—Chicago Record.

—Old Cashly (giving his son a check) —"Now be careful, my boy. Remember a fool and his money are soon parted." Spendall Cashly—"Yes, sir, and thank you for having obliged me so promptly."—Tit-Bits.

—A Choice.—"I have finished your portrait, Mrs. De Fash," said the artist, "all but the coloring of the face." "And why do you not finish that?" "I wanted to hear from you as to whether you preferred me to have you look healthy or merely interesting."—Harper's Bazar.

—"Do you think, sir," said the girl's mother, "that you have the patience and forbearance to be a kind husband?" "Madam," replied the young man in earnest tones, "I can put a fourteen and a half stand-up collar on a number fifteen shirt without saying a single strong word." And she consented to the match at once.—Household Words.

—"I'm in a quandary," said the eminent official. "What's the matter?" Inquired his wife. "They are talking about having a prize fight right under my very nose. I've got to do something, or the law and order element will be after me." "Well, issue a proclamation forbidding it." "Yes—and if I do that may be they'll go and have the prize fight somewhere else."—Washington Star.

—"Augh-waugh!" It was the baby. He had repeated the remark sixty times in the past hour. Mr. Newleigh's hair, such as it was, stood on end. "Gwow ahwh wowbkgwow filwaugf!" added the baby, while people living across the street got up and closed their windows. Mr. Newleigh took a whetstone out of the table drawer and ground his teeth. "To think," he groaned, burying his face in the pillows, "that I should grow up to become the father of a union depot train crier!"—Rockland (Me.) Tribune.

—"My doctor is a real joker," said a Lewistown lady. "I didn't know that my talking bothered him when he was writing prescriptions until yesterday. He never mentioned it, and I always asked him all sorts of questions while he was writing them out. Yesterday he examined me, and sat down to write something. I kept talking. Suddenly he looked up and said: 'How has your system been? Hold out your tongue.' I put out that member, and he began to write. He wrote and I held out my tongue; and when he got through he said: 'That will do.' 'But,' said I, 'you haven't looked at it.' 'No,' said he, 'I didn't care to. I only wanted to keep it still while I wrote my prescription.'"

ANIMAL VISION.

Evidences That Discrimination in Colors Is Lacking.

There is little positive evidence that the larger quadrupeds, oxen, deer, the felidae, or dogs, have much sense of color; and their power of vision in its wider sense varies so greatly in different species as to suggest that the mental factor in sight is often so little exerted for the main purpose of discerning objects as to leave its more specialized use for distinguishing color very imperfectly developed. Domestic animals which see bright colors other than green in large masses more frequently than wild ones, might be supposed to exhibit the consciousness of such differences in the most pronounced way. Yet it is next to impossible to cite an instance in which a dog exhibits curiosity as to color, or identifies an object by its hue.

The writer has seen a setter refuse to retrieve a black rabbit because it apparently thought its master had shot a black cat. But a house-living dog shows no preference for a red carpet or rug over a blue or variegated one, and expresses no surprise or curiosity whether its master wears a red uniform or a black evening suit. Domestic cattle are so far affected by violent contrast of white and dark that the presence of a black, white or very clearly spotted animal in the herd sometimes results in calves being thrown of the same color or markings. But though red is said to irritate a bull, and to excite hunters by association of ideas, the latter statement rests partly on surmise. They are equally excited by the sound or sight of hounds, or of a number of riders, whatever the color of their coats. None of the cats, whether wild or tame, shows any partiality for bright hues; and among all the stratagems used from time immemorial by hunters, the use of color as a lure for quadrupeds is notably absent.—London Spectator.

The South African Plain.

The plains here stretch in illimitable expanse to the horizon. Far to the west is a range of mountains, forty good miles away, which in the clear morning air stands out as if but a dozen miles distant. You may see the dark lines and patches of the time-worn seams and krantzes that scar its sides. This transparency of atmosphere is a very common in southern Africa.

The rains have lately fallen, and everywhere around the dry plains have started at the breath of moisture into a splendid if short-lived beauty. Miles upon miles of flats, all glowing and ablaze with purple and a rich flame-like red, are spread around. The wonderful compositae are in flower, and the barren, desert-like flats are for a few brief weeks transformed into a carpet of the noblest coloring and pattern. Look closely and you may see the bleached and blackened limbs of former growths of low shrubs which stand amid the gallant blaze, gaunt reminders of the transitory existence of African flower life.—Blackwoods Magazine.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

TALE OF TWO LIVES.

The Sad Contrast They Offer a Warning to Young Men.

At the close of a warm day in the summer of 18—, as I sat in a hammock swinging lazily back and forth, I became drowsy and fell asleep.

A moment later I opened my eyes and saw two bright boys of a dozen or fourteen years just closing a book which they had been reading together.

"I want to be like George Peabody," said the older of the two with light hair. "I am going to try to make a fortune and build schools and libraries for poor boys," he continued. Then turning to his companion he said: "Which of the men we've read about are you going to be like, Henry?"

"I want to become another William E. Dodge, and build churches and send missionaries to heathen lands at my own expense," said Henry.

A look of determination coming into his brown eyes, he again said: "Let's really try it, Charley. You know our teacher told us last Sabbath that we are not to live for ourselves, but for God's glory."

"Agreed," said Charles, earnestly. "Let's shake." And as they stood there with clasped hands they began to grow dimmer and dimmer, until presently the scene faded entirely away and another appeared.

I saw before me the interior of the large wholesale grocery house of Wilde & Gilder in the city of C—. It was pay day. A long line of men, women and boys moved slowly past the cashier's window, and, presenting little punched slips, received their week's wages in return.

As a tall young man with blue eyes and light hair passed into the street, folding his bills, he was hailed by a group of sporty-looking young men from whom clouds of cigarette smoke circled upward.

"Hello, Charley; what's the matter, you look as sober as a parson," cried one.

"Here, have a cigarette," said another.

"It's Saturday," said a third, "and we've got the afternoon for the races and the evening for Mahooney's new play. Come on boys, I'll bet on Fleetwood."

I became deeply interested as I looked at Charles, for I saw the boy who years before had made such a noble resolution. I could see by his face that there was a struggle going on. His conscience was plainly urging him to stay and seek better company, but alas, he was easily led, and the urgent words of his companions prevailed and he joined them. I heard low jokes and coarser laughter as the crowd moved down the street. As they turned the corner it suddenly grew dark around me, and when I next awoke the spectacle presented was brighter. In a plain but neatly-furnished dining-room a newly-wedded couple chatted merrily over the teacups. I felt a thrill of pleasure as I recognized Charles at the head of the table, and saw his face beam as they talked of bright plans for the future. But my gladness was not to be of long duration. While talking he had poured out a glass of wine and drank it hastily. A second and third seemed necessary to the completion of the meal.

In a twinkling this picture was swept away, and I found myself standing in a gilded down-town saloon. Amid the click of the cues and balls was heard the ejaculations of excited young men moving unsteadily round the tables.

THERE WAS A FLASH AND A LOUD REPORT.

Scarcely had I reached this part of the room when my attention was arrested by high words between two of the players. Each was partially intoxicated and bent on having his own way in the matter. There was a hasty gathering around the disputants. They needed no urging, for blows were already being exchanged. The shorter of the two was getting worsted, when there was a flash, a loud report, and the tall opponent fell heavily to the floor. By some strange force I was irresistably drawn to the spot, when I beheld at my feet the writhing body of—Charles.

Everything about seemed to grow black when light again broke and I saw at my feet two graves. One was fresh and one overgrown with weeds. Two wooden slabs were all that distinguished them from the hundreds of similar ones around. On one was inscribed:

CHARLES SWIFT,
AGED 25.
Born .....
Died .....

The other was almost as plain. It read:

ANNA MAY SWIFT,
AGED 22.
Born .....
Died .....

And for some reason beneath this were the words:

"Died of a broken heart."

I could stand there no longer, but turned away weeping.

* * * * * * * *

I stood in the counting room of a wholesale hardware firm in the same city of C—. A young man sat at a desk industriously working at columns of figures.

As he turned his head for a moment to answer a question of an employe, I instantly recognized Henry, the younger of the two boys whom I had seen standing with clasped hands, each determined to make the most of life.

The next thing I remember was of standing in a small room. It was not handsomely furnished, but neat and everything in order. A few inexpensive but artistic pictures adorned the walls. A bicycle was seen in the corner. On the opposite side of the room stood the bookcase. It did not contain many books, but the few it did were by the greatest authors. And seated at the table under the ruddy glow of the lamp was Henry, deeply engrossed in study.

At this instant the picture vanished and I looked upon a beautiful sight. A family was kneeling in prayer. The head of it, after praising God for His goodness and love, gave special thanks that God had enabled him to become a successful merchant as he had desired in his youth. Earnestly he prayed that he might be kept from temptation and make the best possible use of his wealth for the glory of God. He closed by asking that fresh blessings might follow the efforts of the missionary he had recently sent to Africa.

You can imagine my joy at seeing that this modern hero was none other than the brown-eyed boy grown to manhood.

While seated at the breakfast table the morning's paper was brought in and Henry was startled by the headlines:

KILLED IN A DRUNKEN BRAWL.

CHARLES SWIFT, A PROMISING YOUNG MERCHANT, SHOT DEAD IN KELLEY'S SALOON.

Henry's hand trembled and tears dimmed his eyes, but he restrained his grief and briefly told his family of their boyhood resolve, and how Charles would surely have also gained his goal but for his getting into bad company and becoming a slave to drink.—Henry Homespun, in Ram's Horn.

LOANS TO DRINKERS.

Money Thus Placed Can Not Be Recovered —A Case in Point.

People who are in the habit of loaning men of intemperate habits money with which buy liquor would do well to pay some attention to an opinion by by Judge Hawkins, handed down in the orphans' court recently, for in his judgment they are equally guilty of a misdemeanor with the retail dealer who sells the liquor. The opinion is filed in the matter of the estate of Charles L. Phillips. The question involved arises out of a claim for $1,525.30, presented by Frederick Sheidel and made up of small items of cash loaned to Mr. Phillips from day to day for upward of a year prior to September, 1892. Mr. Sheidel testified at the audit that "the reason why Charles got money from me was because he was a drinking man and was ashamed to go to the bank and his family had stopped stopped payment of his checks. Charlie was not drunk all the time. I have drunk with him, but did not stay long at a time with him in saloons." The evidence, however, showed that Phillips frequently went to the bank during this period, and that Sheidel was with him when many of his checks were cashed. From September 24, 1891, to September 30, 1892, Phillips drew sixty-seven checks, amounting in the aggregate to $4,593.20. The whole amount alleged to have been advanced by Sheidel in addition to this from August 16, 1891 to January 29, 1892, was $735.30, making the total expenditures of Phillips for a little over a year $5,418.50. Phillips was not engaged in business; was admittedly of intemperate habits, and part of the time was confined in a hospital from the effects of these habits.

In refusing Sheidel's claim Judge Hawkins makes the following pointed remarks: "These loans were for the most part avowedly made for the purpose of enabling Mr. Phillips to gratify his habit of intemperate drinking in defiance of the wishes of his family. There can be no other construction placed on Sheidel's evidence. While no precedent in point has been found, this case comes clearly within the prohibition of public policy. The Brooks law not only expressly withholds from retail dealers a right in any case to recover for liquor sold, but makes the sale of them to persons of intemperate habits a criminal offense. It is obvious that the law is equally applicable to a man who furnishes the drinks and to him who furnishes the money to pay for them. Each contributes to the temptation. There is no reason for discrimination between them. The law is applicable to and should be obeyed by all. The purpose of the alleged loans, out of which Mr. Sheidel's claims arise, was, as has been shown, plainly illegal. It was an aggravation of the offenses that he acted in defiance of the wishes of Mr. Phillips' family, and can have no standing in a court of equity." Judge Hawkins also dismissed a petition of Sheidel's to have the case opened for a further hearing at the cost of the petitioner. The balance for distribution in the Phillips estate is $26,655.26. It is divided equally among the heirs under the provisions of the will.—Pittsburgh Post.

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

IT is the duty of government to make it easy for the people to do right and difficult for them to do wrong.—W. E. Gladstone.

NOTHING is of value unless it is the work of ages. Reform must come as the product of all the evolution of the past.—Rev. Mangasarian.

"WHERE there's so much smoke there must be some fire," as the stern employer said after the cigarette-consuming clerk had walked dejectedly away.—N. Y. Herald.

ONE FROM JERSEY.

A Bicycle Story That Severely Tests the Credulity.

A gifted correspondent living in the neighboring hamlet of Morristown sends us the account of an alleged happening which seems important, if true; or, perhaps, the case is more important if not true, since the presence in the country of so active and agile a liar cannot be without interest to all.

While recently wheeling in the neighborhood of Morristown he had a truly astonishing adventure with dogs. No less than two of these intelligent animals attacked him simultaneously. We have no reason to suspect that they were imaginary dogs, with green eyes and flashing nostrils, such as sometimes pursue Jersey gentlemen after a too free indulgence in the state electrical fluid; rather we presume that life, flesh and hair dogs really did waylay him, since the canine nature seems for some unknown reason to object to the new means of locomotion. Granted, then, that two dogs attacked our correspondent. One of these dogs was an ordinary beast, showing no marks of any particular breed; the other was a fine specimen of the full-blood bulldog. The nondescript was the larger of the two; the bull was of the usual low build, with great width of beam, retreating nose, projecting lower jaw, short ears, stub tail, and so forth. Our correspondent takes occasion to dwell upon the well-known fact of the stubbornness of hold of the thoroughbred bulldog, and how, when his jaws once close upon an object, nothing in the world can open them except actual mechanical force in the form of a lever introduced between the teeth. All of this is readily granted and need not detain us.

Our correspondent was directly in front of the house to which the dogs seemed to belong when they came at him. The cur was in advance, since he was the better runner of the two. The bicycle was, of course, provided with pneumatic tires. These were new, of the best quality, and heavily inflated. The dog in advance uttered a villainous bark and sprang at our correspondent. He threw his weight on the pedals in an attempt to escape the fangs of the beast. He also at this point throws his weight on his pen, in the evident attempt to escape veracity. He appears to have been successful in both cases. The beast missed our correspondent's athletic leg, but buried his teeth in the tire of the rear wheel of the bicycle. There was a deafening report as the imprisoned air rushed out, and our valued correspondent looked over his shoulder to see the dog "hurled through a space twenty yards" and alight in a hedge. But there was no time to take observations on meteoric dogs. The next instant the unsuspecting bulldog fastened his jaws around the tire on the forward wheel. There was the smothered hiss of escaping air, but the animal did not let go. But under the astonished gaze of our intelligent correspondent the beast suddenly "swelled up like a football" to the "size of a bushel basket, or larger." Our esteemed and veracious correspondent dismounted, pried open the jaws of the now pneumatic animal, picked him up and tossed him over into his front yard, where he bounded up ten feet and alighted on the veranda of the house, across which he bounced like a tennis ball just as his dumfounded owner opened the front door to see what all the trouble was about. Our correspondent shouldered his disabled bicycle and trudged away down the road.

What ought to be done in such a case as this? What is the duty of the community in which such a man as this correspondent lives? Ought a man of this sort to be put down by law, or is it best to pay no attention to him? Here is much food for thought. —N. Y. Tribune.

GREECE'S CURRANTS.

The New Danger Threatening a Land Beset by Many Ills and Disadvantages.

The people of the kingdom of Greece suffer from many ills and disadvantages which do not beset nationalities less distinguished than the descendants of the ancient Hellenes. They have an occasional earthquake, droughts are not uncommon, volcanic eruptions rattle them, Turkish marauders make murderous onslaughts on them, and occasional notices are served on them by English, French, German and Russian bondholders that the quarterly interest on sundry mortgages is past due and must be paid without further delay or evasion. But recently the people of Greece have suffered from a new difficulty; the currant or raisin crop is too generous. There is too much of it. The land has proved too fertile, and, in consequence of this, the Greek husbandmen are threatened with serious financial difficulties such as overtake the husbandmen of other agricultural lands when the crop runs short.

Corn is not produced in Greece in sufficient quatities to supply the inhabitants, and a certain amount has to be imported every year from Russia. The most favored and best cultivated crop is the currant. Immense districts are planted with currants in various parts of the kingdom, particularly along the shores of the Gulf of Corinth, between the towns of Corinth and Patras and on the islands of Zante and Cephalonia. The chief market for Greek currants is England, which takes from nine to ten million dollars' worth in a year. They are exported to other countries, but not to the same extent as to England, where the popularity of plum pudding and mince pies keeps up a steady market for Zante currants, as they are often called in the trade. The United States have very little commerce with Greece —next to none at all, in fact. During the last fiscal year reported, the total exports of American goods and products of all kinds to Greece amounted to only one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, while the imports to this country from Greece, chiefly currants, amounted to eight hundred thousand dollars.

The farmers of Greece, or more properly the farmers of the currant-raising district of Greece, are apprehensive that with the large crop now on hand prices will so far decline as to make the crop an unremunerative one, and as currants are the agricultural staple of Greece it may be readily seen that an injury of this kind would be a very serious one to a country which staggers under an unduly heavy load of debt. The present national indebtedness of Greece is one hundred and ten million dollars, or at the rate of about fifty dollars a head. The country is a poor one, and much of the land is unproductive. The sources of public revenue are few, and a large share of the debt is held abroad. The debt per capita of the United States is fifteen dollars, and of Turkey, a grievously taxed country, forty dollars. Unless there is a lively and increased demand for Greek currants pretty soon the fear is expressed by some political economists in the land of Socrates that it will be necessay for the Greek government to borrow some more money.—N. Y. Sun.

ROASTS AND BAKES.

Comparative Merits of the Two Methods of Cooking Meats.

Ovens ought always to be kept really clean. Doubtless much neglect is due to their being black and dark; but it is no excuse for the dirty state they are so common in. It may be thought that a heat of the ovens kept it pure, if not actually clean; but this is only correct in a very limited way, as can be judged by the odor usually experienced if an empty oven is well heated. The most correct thing is to scrub, and, if necessary, scrape the oven out at regular periods, the same as would be done with a larder or meat safe. What the writer has frequently recommended is to whitewash the oven interior. This is a useful as well as a cleanly practice, for it makes the oven interior so light and nice. A thin coat of whitewash, having a little size as a fixative, will not peel off or cause any trouble whatever. It will show most plainly when the oven gets dirty, and can, when requisite, be easily washed off and renewed.

What largely goes to keep an oven clean and free from calcined fatty matter is to use a double roasting pan —that kind which has water in the lower pan, underneath the one which catches the falling fat. If the water is put in the lower pan, the fat in the upper one does not boil and spurt its particles onto the oven plates, owing to the fact that fat to boil must reach a higher temperature than we can raise the water to. Water boils at 212 degrees in an open pan (at sea level), and this is the greatest heat it can attain—it cannot get hotter. As fat, therefore, requires a temperature of over 300 degrees before ebullition occurs, boiling cannot take place while the water is in contact with the fat pan. If the fat is kept from boiling the oven must keep in a cleaner state. In any case the odor of burnt fat will never be so conspicuous when oven roasting is in progress, and the fatty matters are not decomposed and wasted. There are many things in favor of the water pan.

As to the digestibility of roasted or baked meats, there is not so much known as might be desired, but what is known is in favor of the former. It is not urged that there is more nourishment in roasted meat than baked, perhaps less if the constitution be capable of dealing with the latter; but for digestibility, meat is considered best if it has its vapors carried away and not kept around it. The oily fats and nucleous juices that are doubtless retained to a greater extent in baked than roasted meat are pronounced to be not only less digestible but conducive to indigestion in those who do not already suffer with this malady. In proof of this instances have been urged where a medical man's orders to eat roasted instead of baked meat have caused sufferers to receive considerable benefit. In any case, a modern range should be able to give either from its ovens, by the proper regulation of the ventilators combined with cleanliness.—English Mechanic.

DIDN'T LIKE TO BE DISTURBED.

Talking Interfered with Business When He Was Killing a Bear.

"Bear?" said Mr. Ottinger. "Bear? Why, I helped to kill an 1,146-pound grizzly just a week ago at Wawona. Old Jim Duncan, the slayer of ninety-four bears, and I, went out on horseback about ten miles from town after grouse. We walked five or six miles in the hottest weather, and after getting six grouse and a hundred mosquitoes, we thought of turning back. But I was so thirsty that I said: 'Wait here in the clearing, Jim, till I go down the canyon to get a drink.' I went down about two hundred feet and had to lay sprawling over some rocks to get a drink. I only took one swallow when two gunshots rang out. Startled at the sound I rose up and ran as well as my weight would let me back to the clearing. Puffing and blowing I leaned up against a tree and witnessed the strangest sight I ever saw. A big pile of fur lay in a heap on the ground, and the old hunter was just about to stoop over it and jab his bowie-knife into it when the bundle rose up like a flash and let out a blow that sent Jim's musket spinning fifty feet in the air. With that there was the most exciting fight I ever saw.

"The bear reared up again and Duncan barely dodged its claws. But bruin caught his clothes at the neck and ripped them down to the boots. I still leaned against the tree, too weary from my run and too surprised to go up and shoot the bear. I could see Duncan slip around and his feet get tangled in his torn clothes. He fell fighting, with the bear atop; but the bear's throat was cut from ear to ear. The old man extricated himself and, sliding on the carcass, called over to me through his nose: 'Wall, my time hasn't come yet. Young man, I give you credit for a great deal of coolness for a greenhorn. I'm glad you didn't open your mouth in this fracas; so many of these fellows think they have to talk when I'm killing a b'ar."—San Francisco Call.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Horehound Candy.—Boil a pound and a half of sugar in half a pint of water till candied, then stir in a little dried horehound. Pour it on to a marble slab or buttered paper, let it cool and cut it into squares.—Liverpool (England) Mercury.

—To Clean Black Dresses.—Take an old black kid glove, cut into small pieces and let it stand over night in a pint of soft water. In the morning add about half the quantity of warm water and a few drops of ammonia. Sponge the goods well on the right side, hang out in the air and when nearly dry iron on the wrong side.—Housekeeper.

—Crab Apple Preserves.—Stem the crab apples and core them with the small sharp blade of a pocketknife without cutting them open. Make a sirup of one pound granulated sugar for each pound of fruit. Place the apples in the sirup while boiling and cook till they may be pierced with a broom straw; then lift them carefully without mashing into jars, boil the sirup till it jells and pour it over them. —Mrs. J. R. Hindes, in Western Rural.

—Rabbit Salad.—Cut up the meat of two roast rabbits; place in a bowl and cover with a plain dressing; add a teaspoonful of minced salad herbs and let stand for four hours. Put in a salad bowl three heads of lettuce; drain the meat and add to the lettuce. Put into a plate one teaspoonful of French mustard; thin with one tablespoonful of the dressing taken from the meat and add slowly to this one pint of mayonnaise dressing and pour over the salad.—Harper's Bazar.

—Sweet Spiced Crab Apple.—Select the largest and best apples for this. First cut out the blows, then take one pint vinegar, one-half pint water, five pounds sugar, one tablespoonful whole cloves, one tablespoonful whole cinnamon, one tablespoonful whole allspice, one-half teacupful mustard seeds. Put the apples into this mixture a few at a time and skim out as soon as soft and put in the jar. Turn the sirup over them when all in the jar. This recipe is for one peck of apples.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Chocolate Glace Cake.—Beat to a cream a generous half cupful of butter and gradually beat into this one cupful of sugar. Add one ounce of chocolate, melted; also two unbeaten eggs. Beat vigorously for five minutes; then stir in half a cupful of milk, and, lastly, one cupful and a half of flour, with which has been mixed one generous teaspoonful of baking powder. Flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla. Pour into a buttered shallow cake pan and bake for half an hour in a moderate oven. When cool spread with glace frosting.—Boston Budget.

—Baked Egg Plant.—One egg plant, two tablespoous bread crumbs, six tomatoes, two eggs, two tablespoons butter, four crabs or one lobster, salt and pepper. Boil the egg plant, scald and peel the tomatoes, cut in halves and remove the seeds and juice, chop the lobster or crab meat, also the egg plant and tomatoes. Mix them with the bread crumbs, add the beaten eggs, melted butter and seasoning. Bake in the crab or lobster shells, or in a shallow dish. Cover with buttered cracker crumbs and bake until brown. The crabs or lobster may be omitted and the dish would still be very palatable.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

THE NEWEST IN RIBBONS.

What Is Regarded as Most Chic in These Dainty Trimmings.

Lace and black or some other dark velvet ribbon or ribbons of some description are considered indispensable additions to the class of dressy gowns now dictated by fashion. The very newest ribbons have edges of jet or lace. Black silk crepe-lisse ribbon is another novel variety largely used to veil trimmings of brilliant color. There are likewise expensive hand-painted and gauze ribbons, with fringed or lace edges—in short, never did the ribbon weavers turn out so much variety as the present product of their looms. It now seems almost incredible that not many years ago the trade of ribbon weavers in this country was almost at a standstill, and the Coventry work was so ruinously slack that a special appeal was made to royalty beseeching them to bestow their patronage on ribbon and thus save an impetus to an almost expiring industry. Previous to this bonnets and hats in summer were made of or trimmed with tulle, silk, lace, net, etc.; in winter with Terry velvet, plain velvet, plush, etc.; one and all being trimmed chiefly with flowers and feathers. As a trimming for gowns, ribbon was hardly thought of, and at that time it was impossible to suppose anything approaching the present popularity of and demand for ribbon. At an importing house of note recently a tour was made through an immense room on the third floor of the great establishment, where nothing was displayed but boxes of ribbons of every possible color, shade, pattern, width and fabric, from lisse in shadowy patterns to velvet and satin brocade. The turn of fashion's wheel can bring about extraordinary changes.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

His Biting Sarcasm.

"Mrs. Skraggs, I am glad to see"—

The boarder with the V-shaped nose looked thoughtfully at the God-Bless-Our-Home pastel above the mantel.

—"that the butter is convalescing."

The man with the barbed-wire hair looked unhappy.

An expression of contempt twisted up with curiosity flitted across the landlady's face.

"Convalescing! What do you mean?"

The boarder with the yellow whiskers smiled expectantly.

"Because I notice"—

The man with the V-shaped nose nerved himself for the effort.

—"that it grows stronger each day."

During the excitement that followed the man with the double chin helped himself to the last slice of bread on the table.—N. Y. World.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Feline.—The Younger One—"I wonder if I will lose my looks, too, when I get to your age?" The Elder One—"You would be lucky if you did." —Washington Star.

—Customer—"These trousers don't fit just right about the hips." Tailor —"They're all right—what you need is something more in the pockets."—Chicago Record.

—Old Cashly (giving his son a check) —"Now be careful, my boy. Remember a fool and his money are soon parted." Spendall Cashly—"Yes, sir, and thank you for having obliged me so promptly."—Tit-Bits.

—A Choice.—"I have finished your portrait, Mrs. De Fash," said the artist, "all but the coloring of the face." "And why do you not finish that?" "I wanted to hear from you as to whether you preferred me to have you look healthy or merely interesting."—Harper's Bazar.

—"Do you think, sir," said the girl's mother, "that you have the patience and forbearance to be a kind husband?" "Madam," replied the young man in earnest tones, "I can put a fourteen and a half stand-up collar on a number fifteen shirt without saying a single strong word." And she consented to the match at once.—Household Words.

—"I'm in a quandary," said the eminent official. "What's the matter?" inquired his wife. "They are talking about having a prize fight right under my very nose. I've got to do something, or the law and order element will be after me." "Well, issue a proclamation forbidding it." "Yes—and if I do that may be they'll go and have the prize fight somewhere else."—Washington Star.

—"Augh-waugh!" It was the baby. He had repeated the remark sixty times in the past hour. Mr. Newleigh's hair, such as it was, stood on end. "Gwow ahwb wowblgwow filwaugf!" added the baby, while people living across the street got up and closed their windows. Mr. Newleigh took a whetstone out of the table drawer and ground his teeth. "To think," he groaned, burying his face in the pillows, "that I should grow up to become the father of a union depot train crier!"—Rockland (Me.) Tribune.

—"My doctor is a real joker," said a Lewistown lady. "I didn't know that my talking bothered him when he was writing prescriptions until yesterday. He never mentioned it, and I always asked him all sorts of questions while he was writing them out. Yesterday he examined me, and sat down to write something. I kept talking. Suddenly he looked up and said: 'How has your system been? Hold out your tongue.' I put out that member, and he began to write. He wrote and I held out my tongue; and when he got through he said: 'That will do.' 'But,' said I, 'you haven't looked at it.' 'No,' said he, 'I didn't care to. I only wanted to keep it still while I wrote my prescription.'"

ANIMAL VISION.

Evidences That Discrimination in Colors Is Lacking.

There is little positive evidence that the larger quadrupeds, oxen, deer, the felidae, or dogs, have much sense of color; and their power of vision in its wider sense varies so greatly in different species as to suggest that the mental factor in sight is often so little exerted for the main purpose of discerning objects as to leave its more specialized use for distinguishing color very imperfectly developed. Domestic animals which see bright colors other than green in large masses more frequently than wild ones, might be supposed to exhibit the consciousness of such differences in the most pronounced way. Yet it is next to impossible to cite an instance in which a dog exhibits curiosity as to color, or identifies an object by its hue.

The writer has seen a setter refuse to retrieve a black rabbit because it apparently thought its master had shot a black cat. But a house-living dog shows no preference for a red carpet or rug over a blue or variegated one, and expresses no surprise or curiosity whether its master wears a red uniform or a black evening suit. Domestic cattle are so far affected by violent contrast of white and dark that the presence of a black, white or very clearly spotted animal in the herd sometimes results in calves being thrown of the same color or markings. But though red is said to irritate a bull, and to excite hunters by association of ideas, the latter statement rests partly on surmise. They are equally excited by the sound or sight of hounds, or of a number of riders, whatever the color of their coats. None of the cats, whether wild or tame, shows any partiality for bright hues; and among all the stratagems used from time immemorial by hunters, the use of color as a lure for quadrupeds is notably absent.—London Spectator.

The South African Plain.

The plains here stretch in illimitable expanse to the horizon. Far to the west is a range of mountains, forty good miles away, which in the clear morning air stands out as if but a dozen miles distant. You may see the dark lines and patches of the time-worn seams and krantzes that sear its sides. This transparency of atmosphere is very common in southern Africa.

The rains have lately fallen, and everywhere around the dry plains have started at the breath of moisture into a splendid if short-lived beauty. Miles upon miles of flats, all glowing and ablaze with purple and a rich flame-like red, are spread around. The wonderful compositae are in flower, and the barren, desert-like flats are for a few brief weeks transformed into a carpet of the noblest coloring and pattern. Look closely and you may see the bleached and blackened limbs of former growths of low shrubs which stand amid the gallant blaze, gaunt reminders of the transitory existence of African flower life.—Blackwoods Magazine.

TRAINING WILD BEASTS.

The Strange Effect of Colors on Some Animals.

"Wild animals are much more pronounced in their likes and dislikes of colors than men are," said Edward Darling, the lion tamer, the other day. "To get the best results from animals when giving performances you must surround them with the colors which are not obnoxious to them. Now, take Mr. Mehrmann, for instance. He has two leopards in his group of animals which he has trained that have to be kept chained continually while they are not performing. The reason for this is that a leopard has an aversion for spots of any kind. Mr. Mehrmann has the misfortune of possessing two dogs very much spotted, and whenever his leopards get a good opportunity they make for those dogs. Their lives would not be worth much if it was not for the vigilance of their master. It is strange, too, for the other dogs, which are of a solid color, get along splendidly with the animals. They play with them like kittens, but let one of the spotted dogs come about, and immediately the leopards assume a warlike position. This aversion to spots seems to be general through the animal kingdom. The only time I have ever known a lion to attack a dog was when a spotted one was placed in his cage, and he never ceased until he had finished him.

"In training animals there are many little points which are of great importance that would be overlooked by the ordinary person. So a trainer must be observing. Once I had a lion that utterly refused to sit upon a pedestal which was provided for it. I beat the animal time and again for refusing to get upon it, but with no effect.

"I was about to give the beast up as one impossible to train—as an unbalanced animal mind—when one day, by accident, the pedestals I had been using were misplaced, and I could not find them. I had to substitute others. Imagine my surprise when my balky lion, when commanded to mount to his place, obeyed without hesitation. I thought I had conquered at last and felt much elated. The next day my own pedestals were found, and when I ordered the lion to mount one he showed the same obstinacy. Nothing I could do would make him get up. He growled and purred, showing the utmost displeasure. I began to reason about the matter and finally came to the conclusion that it was the color of the pedestal that the animal objected t The pedestal was painted a brilliant red, while the other one I had used on the day I was successful was blue. I put my theory to a practical test and discovered I was right. The lion would do the trick without the least protestation when I used the blue pedestal, but would refuse to even touch the red one. I had just had a lot of things, such as stands, seesaws, wagons, etc., made for my performance, and as a result of the discovery of this lion's peculiar aversion to red I had to have the entire lot repainted blue. That lion up to the time he died was the most clever animal artist I ever had. But no amount of training would make him endure red of any shade. So you can appreciate the numerous little necessary points which an animal trainer must look after. We meet with little examples of this color mania in animals every now and then, but the instances I have given you will suffice to show how troublesome it sometimes becomes."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Noses.

Don't worry about the shape of your baby's nose if it is a snub, nor be sure if it pleases you by its regularity that it will be the nose that will grow up with it, for scientists have observed that no feature changes more as life progresses. The length of the nose increases so much faster than its breadth that the snub nosed baby may evolve a long, oven hooked nose. This change in the shape of noses, a writer in The Popular Science Monthly asserts, is gradual and imperceptible, generally more expeditious in the male than in the female, correlated with various other characteristics, such as intellectual attainments or weak constitution, and producing different results. During maturity and senescence the bridge of the nose becomes more and more prominent, often more convex, so that extreme old age may even develop an aquiline nose, so that one need never despair of possessing a satisfactory nose at some period of his life, if he only lives long enough. But, like so many other blessings that are deferred, the right kind of a nose may arrive too late to effect one's fortunes or happiness.

He Was Elected.

Politician—We've got to gain the vote of that old maids' club, or all hope is lost.

Candidate—That's all right. We'll just address a private circular to the different members, asking if they are old enough to vote and stating if they will be able to cast a vote this election that we'd like to have it count for us.—Cleveland Leader.

GREAT ROADS OF ANTIQUITY.

The Most Magnificent Were Those Built by the Mediæval Peruvians.

Perhaps the earliest road on record is that mentioned by Herodotus as having been constructed by Cheops, the Egyptian king, in order that stones might be dragged along it for his pyramid. In the opinion of the Greek traveler the work of making the road was as great as that of building the pyramid, for it took ten years to construct, and it was composed of polished stones with figures carved on them. But this does not compare in magnitude with the highways constructed by the Peruvians while mediæval Europe was still in a state of semibarbarous disorganization.

The two principal roads in Peru ran from Quito in the north to Cuzco, the capital, the one along the sandy and level strip of coast, the other along the plateau of the Andes, a region of unparalleled engineering difficulty. The length of the second has been estimated at from 1,500 to 2,000 miles. It crossed sierras buried in snow, bridged ravines with walls of solid masonry, mounted and descended precipices by staircases hown in the solid rock and ran in interminable galleries along the sides of intractable mountains.

Where rivers had to be crossed bridges were made with ropes of stout, pliant osier twisted to the thickness of a man's body and stretched over the stream sometimes for a distance of 200 feet. These cables swung side by side, and, fastened with planks so as to form a footway, were drawn through holes in enormous buttresses of stone specially constructed on each bank and were secured firmly at each end to heavy beams of timber. A railing of similar osier material gave the passenger confidence as he crossed the oscillating bridge that sank dangerously in the middle and mounted rapidly at the sides.

The great highway was 20 feet wide and was built with flags of freestone covered with bituminous cement. It was measured out by posts set up at every league. Caravansaries and magazines were stationed at convenient distances for the Peruvian soldiers on their military expeditions, and a regular postal service had been organized by which highly trained runners, relieved every five miles, could convey messages a distance of 200 miles in the 24 hours. The roads were kept in beautiful order, the inhabitants of a district being responsible for that portion of the highway which traversed their land. At the same time it should be remembered that there was no wheel traffic to cut up the level surface of the hard pavement. There is considerable irony in the fact that it was not till the Spaniards forcibly introduced their so called civilization into Peru that the famous roads began to fall into disrepair.—London Standard.

The Blue Pencil In Turkey.

A paragraph was published in an Arabic journal referring to the celebrated soprano, Mme. Adelina Patti, wherein it was stated that she derived by her singing a yearly income of several thousand pounds. The blue pencil was hastily dashed across the lines, the reason adduced being that such news would "disturb the souls of the moral and loyal female subjects of the finest pearl of the age." What this meant the censor alone could tell unless it be he feared that some of these paragons of morality and loyalty should take it into their heads to emulate the gifted artiste in amassing wealth by singing or in any other way by which money may be procured.

Another curious whim of this functionary is to elide certain letters from the proper names of individuals that may be published in the press. The name of a certain person known as I. Sultan once appeared in the paper. The "n" was crossed out, making the name read as I. Sulta. In justification of this act it was said that there was only one sultan in the world. None other must be called by that name. Yet that particular person's father and grandfather were always known among their friends by the surname of Sultan in the same manner as there are in England many families known by the name of King.—Nineteenth Century.

The City of Mexico.

The highest death rate of any town in the civilized world is that of the City of Mexico—40 per 1,000. The city is 7,000 feet above the sea, but in spite of this fact its defective drainage makes the mortality very great. Mr. Romero, the Mexican minister at Washington, explains that when the water in Lake Texcoco is high it backs up into the sewers until the soil under the houses and in the streets is saturated with sewage.

A Feminine Reason.

"Oh, but my dear Laura, you really ought to see Mrs. Dainty's!"

"Is it any nicer than this?"

"N—no. I don't think it's as pretty. But ever so much more interesting. She smuggled it her own self."—New York Recorder.

LAST CUT SALE

AT

SINCELL BROS.

Having decided to retire from business on account of ill health, we will close out our entire stock of goods at actual cost.

CLOTHING.

MEN'S CLOTHING.					BOYS' CLOTHING.				
$16.00	Suits reduced to			$8.50	$12.00	Suits Reduced to			$7.50
14.00	"	"	"	7.50	10.00	"	"	"	6.00
12.00	"	"	"	6.50	8.00	"	"	"	5.00
10.00	"	"	"	5.75	6.00	"	"	"	4.00
8.00	"	"	"	4.75	5.00	"	"	"	3.50
7.00	"	"	"	4.00					

CHILDREN'S CLOTHING,

$5.00	Suits Reduced to			$3.00
4.00	"	"	"	2.00
3.00	"	"	"	1.75
2.50	"	"	"	1.65

SHOES.

LADIES' SHOES.									
$5.00	Shoes Reduced to			[illegible]	1.00	"	"	"	80
4.00	"	"	"	3.00					
3.50	"	"	"	2.75	MEN'S SHOES.				
3.00	"	"	"	2.25	$4.00	Shoes Reduced to			$3.00
2.50	"	"	"	1.75	3.00	"	"	"	2.65
2.00	"	"	"	1.50	2.50	"	"	"	1.75
1.75	"	"	"	1.15	2.00	"	"	"	1.50
1.50	"	"	"	1.00	1.50	"	"	"	1.00
1.25	"	"	"	90	1.25	"	"	"	90

DRY GOODS.

25 Yards Muslin for $1.00
15 cent muslin for 12 cents
12½ cent muslin for 10 cents
10 cent muslin for 7½ cents
8 cent muslin for 6 cents
7 cent muslin for 5 cents
6 cent muslin for 4¾ cents
15 cent French gingham for 10 cents
12½ cent French gingham for 9 cents
10 cent gingham for 7 cents
8 cent gingham for 6 cents
7 cent gingham for 4¾ cents

We will also sell our full line of

Dress Goods, Silks, Trimmings, Embroideries, Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbons, Draperies, Towels, Ladies' Summer Undervests

White Goods, Novelties, Hats, Trunks, Etc.,

At the ACTUAL COST of them.

This we consider a rare bargain for the buyers of this line of goods.

Respectfully,

SINCELL BROS.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

are good for sick headache, constipation, piles, bilious colic, fever and ague, dyspepsia, rheumatism, female complaints, dizziness, flatulence, sour stomach, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general debility. They will positively cure all disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. [illegible] cents a box.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

helps babes over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, controls the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no strong drugs and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good—25 cents a bottle.

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

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Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

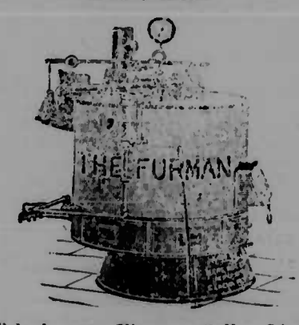

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23-1yr.

34 inches high. Top can be adjusted to any angle or height. Revolving Case 15 x 15 x 12 inside. Holds about 30 vols Law size. Strong well finished Metal Base and Sides With Solid Oak Shelves and Top.—100,000 now used. Sent knocked down (30 lbs). On approval. Address: Marsh M'f'g Co. CHICAGO.

Agents Wanted.

STRAWBERRIES.

Best varieties, early, medium and late. Our pot grown plants set now will produce a full crop next June. Sent by mail prepaid, 60 cents per dozen; express unpaid, $3 per hundred.

THE HORTICULTURAL SUPPLY CO., Mt. Lake Park, Md.

Proposals for Building a Bridge.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., July 31, 1885.

Sealed proposals will be received by the County Commissioners until Wednesday, September 11, 1885, (no bids received after 11 o'clock), for the construction of a wooden bridge across Yough River at Crellin. Bridge is 150 feet long, to be constructed after plans and specifications found in the commissioners' office. The material used is to be of sound, live oak. Further information can be obtained by applying to the clerk. The commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the Board,
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

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PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments. Headstones,

AND

Chimney Pipe

WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS.

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

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SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ¼ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON, Keyser, W. Va.

39—1yr.

For satisfactory barbering try Liller and you will call again.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Petty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e1-1y

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Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

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See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

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Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8:30 p. m.

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Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.

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DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

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Will sell Real or Personal Estate

Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

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Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

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Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

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CHAS. A. WILT, Agent, 9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING, Carriage, Sign and House Painter, OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.

Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention. 50-13t.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty., Oakland, Md.

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WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER

Also White Oak Timber Land.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO., Cumberland, Md.

Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50 00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE, 2?:f 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

The Wesleyan Female Institute,

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.

For girls and young women. Established 1846. Full corps of experienced teachers. Location healthy, central and accessible. For catalogues and particulars apply to

REV. HENRY P. HAMILL, 13-15t President.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1895. NUMBER 28.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings In and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

Editor Litzinger, of the *Democrat*, was in Cumberland Saturday,

Mr. P. E. Kimmell was in Cumberland last Monday on business.

Mr. W. H. Malette, who was ill the past week, is able to be out again.

Mr. Wm. J. Read, of Cumberland, was here a day or two this week on business.

Mrs. E. B. Crim, of Gormania, is visiting relatives and friends in Oakland.

Mine Host Boyer of the Central, is confined to his bed with an attack of typhoid.

Miss Bertha Flemming, of Fairmont, was visiting Miss Fannie Crim last week.

Mrs. Chris. Felty who has been seriously ill for over a month, is very slowly improving.

Mr. C C. Harvey, of District No. 8, was a welcome caller at this office on last Thuasday.

Miss Laura Matthews is now in the east on a business trip for M. L. Scott's Baltimore Store.

Rev. George W. Kepler, of Davis, W. Va., stopped off here a few hours Monday on his way to conference.

Misses Nannie and Edith Weber and Miss Legge are expecting to attend Briar-Bend Seminary this fall.

Mr. Chas. Wegman made a business trip to Grantsville on last Saturday, returning to Oakland Monday.

The Spaniards declare it is bad luck to cut a banana. Ten to one it is worse luck to step on the peeling.

Jas. D. Hamill, of the firm of Hamill & Little, was in Keyser, W. Va., one day last week on business.

Miss Annie Townshend entertained a number of her young lady friends at a tea on last Thursday evening.

Mr. Michael Nathan, of Grantsville, was in the city a short time on last Friday and paid his respects to this office.

Dr. J. W. Laughlin, of Deer Park, was an Oakland visitor yesterday afternoon, as was also Mr. W. H. Chadderton, of the same place.

Messrs. Joseph E. Harned and Guy Chisholm, who spent last and part of this week at Niagara, returned to Oakland Tuesday morning.

Mr. E. B. Hook, one of District No. 2's best citizens and staunchest Republicans, was here on last Thursday and Friday looking up business.

Mr. John Shartzer went over to Meyersdale, Pa., last Tuesday and purchased the entire stock of goods of one of the merchants in that town.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot left on Monday morning for Buckhannon, W. Va., to attend the Annual Conference of the Methodist ministers held at that place this week.

Percy Procter, jr., left Monday morning for Massachusetts, where he will enter school for the coming year. He was accompanied as far as New York City by his father.

Clifton White, who was up in West Va., several days last week hunting, returned on Saturday last. He reports having had a good time. Rumor says he did very little hunting.

Mr. S. C. Beachy, of Bittinger, the largest cattle dealer of the county, was in Oakland on Friday last making arrangements to ship a large consignment of stock to the eastern markets.

Mr. A. D. Naylor has sold his steam engine and planing mill machinery to a gentleman who resides at or near Accident, who will move it from Oakland and erect it at Accident.

Revs. Benj. Ison and N. L. Baumgardner went to Buckhannon W. Va., Tursday morning to attend the sessions of the West Virginia Conference, M. E. church, Tuesday morning.

Maj. Ballou, who is to take charge of the business and shorthand courses in Briar-Bend Seminary, arrived at the Park Monday evening. School begins Sept. 25th at 9 o'clock.

A prisoner was taken to the Moundsville penitentiary last week from Preston county, who is 70 years of age and this makes his 14th term in the penitentiary. He is a chronic horse thief.

Mr. Henry Beitzell, of Bittinger, was in the city last Friday with a load of farm and dairy products which he disposed of at good prices. We acknowledge a pleasant call from the gentleman.

The 1500-ton steamer Burton and the 1600-ton steamer Kilmore are being loaded at Baltimore by the Davis Coal & Coke Co. with coke for Tampico, Mexico, to be used in silver smelting.

Mr. and Mrs. Saml. Hopkins, of the southern part of Missouri, and their son, Dr. Milton Hopkins, of St. Louis, Mo., are visiting relatives in town. Mrs. Hopkins is a sister of Mr. D. H. Loar.

After a four days' session of the grand jury for this county it adjourned on last Friday morning and was discharged by Judge Stake. The jury examined one hundred and three witnesses and presented twenty-three persons.

A camping party of several young men of Oakland will go to Negro Mountain the latter part of this week to camp for a week or ten days. Harry West, Dick and Ed. Bartlett and Dr. Louis Bartlett will be among the campers.

Mr. William Offutt started for Annapolis yesterday morning where he will enter St. John's College. He was accompanied as far as Brierly Hall by his sister Miss Nell, who will continue her studies in that institution this winter.

Rev. Mr. Huddle, of Salem, Va., who was here during the summer as assistant minister for the Lutheran congregation, preached his last sermon on Sunday night to a large and appreciative audience, and left on Monday morning for his home.

Miss Belle Browning, who has been here for several months with her grandmother, Mrs. P. Hamill, went to her home in Roanoke, Va., Monday night to visit relatives. She will return to Oakland before the holidays. She was accompanied by little Miss Mary Mitchell.

Mr. E. W. Kelso, of this district holds the championship for the heaviest crop of oats raised this year in Garrett county. On Friday he brought to this office the root of a bunch of oats straw which when counted numbered thirty full grown straws and upon which the heads were well filled.

Mr. J. S. Gnegy, of District No. 8, who has been at Stanford, Ill., during the summer attending school left that place last Monday on his wheel with the intention of riding to his home. He will pass through Indianapolis, Ind., and strike the old National road at Columbus, Ohio, thence through Wheeling and Grantsville home, expecting to reach Oakland early next week. The distance to be traveled by Mr. Gnegy will be about nine hundred miles.

The new and handsome store building of Messrs. J. M. Davis & Son is completed and the firm has moved into in it a large stock of hardware and stoves. The lower story is fitted with large plate glass which shows off to advantage. In the rear is an office where the firm transacts all private business and from which a view of the store is had at all times. This firm is very progressive.

A. M. Bailey, a well known citizen of Eugene, Oregon, says his wife has for years been troubled with chronic diarrhoea and used many remedies with little relief until she tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and diarrhoea Remedy, which has cured her sound and well. Give it a trial and you will be surprised at the prompt relief it affords. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

The countries of Europe were fortunate in having a system of roads established long before the invention of the steam railway. In the United States the rapid extension of railways has caused the roads to be neglected. Good roads are essential to the prosperity of rural districts, as they promote local commerce and tend to make the people better acquainted with one another.

Irving W. Larimore, physical director of Y. M. C. A., Des Moines, Iowa, says he can conscientiously recommend Chamberlain's Pain Balm to athletes, gymnasts, bicyclists, foot ball players and the profession in general for bruises, sprains and dislocations; also for soreness and stiffness of the muscles. When applied before the parts become swollen it will effect a cure in one half the time usually required. For sale at the Oakland Pharmacy.

Last Thursday, "Old Defenders' Day," or the anniversary of the battle of North Point, near Baltimore, fought September 12, 1814, in which general Ross, commanding the British troops, was killed by two young men, Wells and McComas, who were acting as skirmishers in the advance of the American lines, was not generally observed by the people of Oakland, the bank and postoffice being the only places closed on that day.

John G. Mauger editor of the *Sunbeam*, Seligman, Mo., who named Grover Cleveland for the Presidency in Nov., 1882, while he was Mayor of Buffalo, N. Y., is enthusiastic in his praise of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and diarrhoea Remedy. He says: "I have used it for the past five years and consider it the best preparation of the kind in the market. It is as staple as sugar and coffee in this section. It is an article of merit and should be used in every household. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Messrs. James S. Lakin and Lewis P. White are engaged in compiling histories of their respective families. Family history is now one of the arduous and selfmade duties of the nineteenth century. If you have a family—and doubtless you have—write up its history as far back as you can obtain data, have it printed and neatly bound and you will have a volume of interest and value such as your library does not contain.—Oracle.

There are some outhouses on and near the principal streets in Oakland that are so offensive it is almost impossible to walk past them. We have it from good authority that the local member of the board of health has ordered the nuisances abated but the property owners treat his orders with contempt. The law plainly gives him authority to act and points out what course he has to pursue in such cases, and in the interest of the public's welfare we hope that he will bring the law to bear upon those who disregard his orders. So serious a matter ought not to be so lightly treated.

New Fall Millinery.

We will open the first of the week a pretty line of millinery goods.

M. L. Scott,

28-1t. Baltimore Store.

A bicycle enthusiast contributes the following: Don't dodge a bicycle rider. Posts, trees and telegraph poles do not dodge, and only beginners ever run into them. If you see a bike approaching and begin dodging you confuse the rider. He don't know where you are going to land, and there is likely to be a collision. If you are driving a vehicle and meet a bicycle, give the rider room to pass. He has as much right to the road as a two-horse wagon, and if you crowd him off and he thereby breaks his wheel, you are liable for damages.

While in Chicago, Mr. Charles L. Kahler, a prominent shoe merchant of Des Moines, Iowa, had quite a serious time of it. He took such a severe cold that he could hardly talk or navigate, but the prompt use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cured him of his cold so quickly that others at the hotel who had bad colds followed his example and half a dozed persons ordered it from the nearest drug store. They were profuse in their thanks to Mr. Kahler for telling them how to cure a bad cold so quickly. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Married, in the Grafton House, Grafton, W. Va., on Monday evening, Sept. 9th, at 10:30 o'clock, Mr. Orlando C. Crane and Miss Mollie C. Joyce, both of Terra Alta. Mr. Crane is the popular assistant cashier in the Terra Alta Bank, and the bride is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Ellen Joyce, of State street. The wedding was a very romantic and surprising one, as but three persons in Terra Alta, outside of the high contracting parties, knew of it. A host of friends join in wishing the young couple all manner of happiness and success. "May they live long and prosper."—Oracle

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper under the caption "We Loan Money." The Mutual Guarantee Building and Loan Association which he is representing is one of the strongest new financial institutions in the country and the largest new Building and Loan Association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management is developing it very fast. Its assets have already reached over $2,000,000, which proves it to be positively reliable in every respect. The men that carry it on are responsible and well known gentlemen. This is a good association for the investor as well as for borrower. It has a life insurance policy connected with it which beats anything in any other association. It is good for both young and old and especially for the young man, as this policy matures in 7 years, the others in 8 years. So anyone wishing to make and save money rapidly will do well to invest in this association. Those desiring to borrow or invest will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars.

As Good as Any in the Country.

We were shown this week by Mr. D. Cowan, of the B. & O. road three samples of brick that is being manufactured at Corinth, West Va., by the Oakland Coal & Coke Co. This product of our soil is christened by the company as "Corinthian Press Brick" and it is fittingly named. These brick would have won their way into the most highly adorned columns of Corinthian architecture of old.—Constitution.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

Married.

Glaze—Wright.—On Saturday, September 14th, at Deer Park, by Rev. William E. George, David K. Glaze and Mary Wright, both of Garrett county.

A Pleasant Evening.

On last Thursday evening Superintendent L. A. Rudisill, of the Park, entertained a number of editors, newspaper reporters and their friends at luncheon at the lake. Among those present were Dr. W. M. Frysinger and wife, of Carlisle, Pa., Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Davidson, of Ohio; Rev. and Mrs. J. O. Thompson, of Keyser; Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Jones, of Oakland; Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Conner, of Wheeling; Miss Hopkins of Ohio; Miss M. R. Peddicord, Mr. Thomas J. Peddicord, Chas. A. Tower, P. E. Kimmell and Benj. H. Sincell, of Oakland, and others.

Supt. Rudisill, who is a very pleasant and affable gentleman, had made all preparations for the entertainment of his guests in a manner creditable to himself and to the Association. Those who went to the Park on the trains were met at the station by carriages and driven to the lake. The improvements about this beautiful body of water is something wonderful and a person who has not visited the spot during the past year would be both surprised and gratified. Where once was but a pool of stagnant water one now sees limpid waters covering about twenty acres which is dotted here and there with boats and merry boaters. The boats which were made in Wisconsin and ten in number, are very pretty, the capacity being from one to a dozen passengers.

At seven o'clock luncheon was served in the boat house and it can be truthfully said that all present did their duty to this part of the evening's entertainment. There were several after dinner speeches. Those who spoke were Dr. Frysinger, Rev. J. O. Thompson, Dr. Davidson and Mr. T. J. Peddicord. The party broke up about nine o'clock and all returned to their homes thoroughly impressed with the present beauties of Mountain Lake Park and expressing a wish for the bright future of the place.

Trespass Notice.

All persons are warned not to gun or trespass in any manner upon the tract known as "Bucks Bones," near Oakland. All such will be prosecuted to the extent of the law.

Fred Fickey, Jr.
Fred A. Thayer, Att'y.
26-3t*

Died.

Wensell.—On Tuesday evening of this week at Bayard, W. Va., Albert Weusell, son of Mr. Moses Wensell, of near Oakland. The funeral will occur this afternoon, from the home of the deceased.

Burke.—On Monday morning last, at the Park, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Burke, of Wheeling. The remains were conveyed to Wheeling and buried there yesterday afternoon.

Purnell.—In Oakland on Monday afternoon, Mrs. Mary Jane Purnell, aged abaut sixty years. The funeral occurred from St. Paul's church yesterday morning at 10 o'clock, the interment being made in the Odd Fellows' cemetery.

Andrews.—Yesterday morning at the home of his parents in Oakland, of typhoid fever, Garfield, the fourteen year old son of Mr. and Mrs. James Andrews. The funeral will occur this afternoon from St. Paul's M. E. church.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending September 21, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Prof. Frank B. Trotter	Fred L. Otto
C. E. Moore	W. W. Wright
Miss Mary Parker	Miss Bertie Wise

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. Bartlett, Postmaster.

LADIES
Needing a tonic, or children who want building up should take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaint.

SECURE THIS COURSE

To advertise our College we will give a thorough course of instruction in Double and Single Entry Book-Keeping and Commercial Arithmetic, by mail, at

One-Fourth Regular Price

to a limited number of persons. This course will be completed in 40 lessons. No charge for diplomas.

ADDRESS,

CAPITAL CITY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,

116 WEST SIXTH STREET,

TOPEKA, - KANSAS.

26-1yr

Advertise at Home.

The editor can always write more cheerfully of the business interests of a town when his columns are liberally filled with the advertisements of the business houses. No editor can advocate the doctrine of buying from home merchants, unless the home merchants show they are interested in catering to the home trade by advertising in the columns of the local newspaper. It is depressing to the editor to find business men patronizing every advertising fake that comes along, and at the same time the names of those business men are rarely if ever seen in the advertising columns of the local newspaper.

Grand Jury Report.

To the Honorable the Judges of the Circuit Court for Garrett County:

We, the Grand Inquest of the State of Maryland, for the body of Garrett County, for the September term of this court, beg leave to report as follows:

1st. That we commenced our duties on Monday, the 9th inst. and examined all the witnesses that were produced before us, besides summoning others that we thought proper to come before us, and after careful and diligent inquiry and after examining 103 witnesses we returned twenty-three presentments. We find that the criminal business has considerably decreased within the last year, for which the people of the county may be congratulated. We find that the officers attending upon our body attended to their duties promptly, which facilitated our labors and consequently shortened the term to a considerable extent. We believe that we examined into all the infractions of law within the borders of our county.

2nd. In the further performance of our duty, we examined the condition of the court-house and jail and find them in about as good condition as could be expected under all circumstances, except that we find the jail is too small and too badly ventilated for the comfort of these confined therein, and would recommend as soon as possible the same be improved by building a new jail and sheriff's house. We desire especially to call the court's attention to the exposed condition of the jail and the practice of outside parties communicating with the prisoners by which we believe they are very often tampered with and the ends of justice often defeated. There should be some remedy for this evil.

3rd. We also made an examination of the clerks' and treasurer's office and find the records of the county kept in good condition and so far as we are able to judge, the books of the treasurer's office are in good condition and the public money has been faithfully handled and paid out.

Respectfully submitted,

John Shartzer, Foreman.

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

THE REPUBLICAN

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND. GARRETT CO., MD.

RAISING RAISIN GRAPES.

A Leading Industry of the Pacific Coast Region.

Fresno county, of California, is preeminently the raisin center of the United States, its exports alone during the past year having amounted to sixty-five millions of pounds.

This locality, comprising an area of eight thousand square miles, lies in the heart of the justly celebrated San Joaquin valley. Two-thirds of the county is level vineyard and orchard land; the remainder, spurs of the snow-clad Sierra Nevadas and their luxuriant and fertile foot hills. Fifteen years ago this vast tract of land was a barren plain, fit only at its best for sheep pasturage and grain farming on a small scale.

To-day the desert literally "blossoms as the rose," and its "milk and honey" of solid comfort and wealth are its raisin vineyards. But these in turn are the product of the irrigation supplied by the two magnificent rivers, Kings and San Joaquin, which flow westward from the melting snows of the Sierras.

This supply is ceaseless, the water being conducted by about two thousand miles of canals and five thousand miles of lateral ditches to thousands of small farms and vineyards in Fresno valley. The county is supposed to have the most extensive irrigation system in the world—certainly in the state—and the system is as essential to its vital existence as is the warm blood rushing through the veins to the health of the animal.

The cost of supplying a vineyard with water is but sixty-two cents per acre per annum, and the labor of applying it, if the land has been properly leveled to receive it, is slight. No Venetian canal, with its graceful gondolas sailing between the marbled walls of the old palaces, is half as beautiful to the Fresno raisin vineyardist as the ribbon-like and limpid "ditch," upon whose quiet surface are mirrored earth and sky and the tangled leafy loveliness which lies between.

A raisin vineyard is in full bearing in three years, but the grape has not reached its perfection until the vine from which it springs is six or seven years old.

The Muscat and Thompson seedless are the best variety of raisin grape cultivated, the latter having only been introduced within the last few years, but the Zinfandell and Sultana have also large claims upon popularity.

Standing before one of these vines, upon which inverted cones of countless perfect spheres are hanging—each cluster weighing several pounds—a vision of the Hebrew spies, with their magnificent grapes of Eshcol, borne "on a staff between the two," rises before us, and involuntarily we exclaim: "Is not this also the Promised Land?"

Few sights are more disappointing to the eastern tourist and stranger than a ride through a raisin vineyard in March or early April.

Nothing greets the eye but acres of level land covered with brown soil, from whose arable surface thousands of small horned stumps protrude, about four or five inches high and standing ten feet apart.

The pruning of the vines is done between the middle of November and the 1st of March.

Soon after the wooing sunbeams of May coax open the folded buds the cultivator begins its work. Soon the laterals throw out their long arms, upon which already appears the embryo grape cluster, and until the leaves of the vine meet and shut out the possibility of getting a plow between them the cultivation continues. In this constant vigilance lies the secret of success.

Slowly the forest of vines expands. As far as the eye can reach is a dead level of living green interspersed with silvery isles of running water.

About the first of September the long sunny days, the dewless nights and the percolated soil have perfected their marvelous work, and the first crop is ready to be gathered. By this time the laterals have run riot, and the vineyardist can scarcely see over the top of his vines.

The process of grape-gathering for raisins requires the most delicate handling and cleanliness. Hundreds of shallow wooden trays, about five feet square, are distributed among dozens of trained pickers. The bunches are carefully cut from the vine, and as carefully laid upon the base of the tray to avoid bruising them. There they remain untouched for ten days and nights. One-half the grape is by this time cured; but instead of turning them with the hand, an empty tray is placed over them, the lower one is inverted, and the turning and transfer have been made. In twelve more days the curing is completed. The trays and contents are then stacked about twenty trays high, where they remain for five days sweating, when they are ready to be graded and packed in boxes of five, ten, twenty and fifty pounds for the eastern market.

Vines six years old yield one and a half tons of raisins per acre, giving a net income of two hundred dollars per acre. While the supply of raisins is as unfailing as the growing demand, there is an æsthetic as well as an economic side. A few women have not only found raisin vineyards a source of comfortable revenue, but their cultivation a most elegant and healthful pastime.

The approach to some of their homes, with the vineyard in the rear of the dwelling house, is through avenues of palm and magnolia trees, and if they lie, as many do, against the foot-hills of the Sierras, a ride through the columnar glories of giant redwoods is a fitting introduction to the beauty and utility which is sure to be beyond.—Nellie Blessing Eyster, in Harper's Weekly.

A CASE OF DISCIPLINE.

BY MACD WILKINSON.

"I WANT you to understand," said Col. Crissey, as he rose to go, "that my son is a very obstinate boy, and you will have to whip him soundly when he won't behave. It's the only way to manage him."

Miss Marjorie, the new teacher, glanced sympathetically at the little boy under discussion. He was sitting on one of the front seats of the schoolroom, with his big folding slate and well-worn school books piled up across his knees. He had been listening with an intelligent, though peculiarly impersonal, interest to his father's lengthy exposition of his character, and the closing suggestion of drastic measures failed to disturb the perfect composure expressed in the little fellow's countenance.

"I guess Frank will be good of his own accord," replied Miss Marjorie, with a pleasant smile toward the child.

"You can't tell by his looks," said Col. Crissey, observing the innocent expression, growing each moment more seraphic, of the fair, round face. "It's his very obstinacy makes him look so good just now. You'll find out for yourself pretty soon; there's no need of my telling you any more about it. Only I want him to learn something this year. He's been to school a whole year and can't read yet, and it's all on account of his obstinacy. Whipping is the only thing that'll conquer him, and you mustn't be afraid of hurting him; he can stand it. Have you a good birch rod?"

"No," replied Miss Marjorie, with a sinking of the heart; "but really, Col. Crissy, I don't think—"

"Well, here is one," interrupted the colonel, producing from somewhere beneath his long coat a formidable switch; "and I want you to use it. Now, my son," he continued, turning toward Frank, "I want you to understand that this will hurt. There won't be any joke about it, either."

And with this last warning Col. Crissey impressively laid the instrument of castigation across Miss Marjorie's desk, made a stately bow to the young teacher, and took his departure.

Frank watched Miss Marjorie with a pleased expectancy written upon his face as she quietly took the rod and placed it behind the chrono of George Washington which hung upon the wall.

Every day Miss Marjorie spent the last half-hour of school time reading aloud to the children. The first book she chose happened to be Jacob Abbott's "Life of Nero." The children became intensely interested in the story, and they were loud in their expressions of indignation against Nero for his cruelty, while their admiration for the martyrs who suffered under the wicked emperor's persecutions was unbounded. Miss Marjorie took advantage of the enthusiasm awakened to tell the children several stories of heroes who had sacrificed their lives for their faith. The stories often became the subjects of animated discussion among the children; and one day, before the morning session had opened, Miss Marjorie overheard through the window the following fragments of conversation:

"What would you do, Franky, would you give up, or would you die?"

"I would never give up," came the firm reply, in a clear, childish voice.

"Would you let them burn you?"

"I would never give up," he repeated—"never. If I once said a thing I would never take it back. No one could make me."

"But when you saw the fire?"

"I would be perfectly immovable. I would walk into the fire myself—calmly, like this."

Miss Marjorie looked out of the window, and saw an admiring group watch the little fellow, as, with dignified bearing, he walked toward the woodpile. He climbed upon it, and when he had found a firm footing he turned toward the spectators with an expression of lofty and serene resolution upon his face. The girls all clapped their hands, and some one cried: "Good for you, Franky!"

He was in dead earnest, and he did look like a real little hero. Miss Marjorie's heart swelled with admiration.

The school had been in progress three and a half weeks, and all had gone well. No pupil had been more docile and lovable than little Frank Crissey.

Miss Marjorie had resolved, when she learned from his father, who surely ought to know, of the boy's obstinate disposition, that she would be very careful to avoid giving him any occasion to exhibit it, but that she would get him so much interested in his work that he would forget to be obstinate. The plan had worked admirably; and now, as she watched him from the window, the thought occurred to her that possibly the father had wholly misjudged the son's character.

That day Miss Marjorie completely forgot her resolution not to come to an issue with Frank, and the result was—her first case of discipline.

The trouble began out of a very little matter. An orange dropped out of Bessie Tubbs' desk, and rolled demurely out into the middle of the floor. This started a general laugh, in which Miss Marjorie herself could not help joining, when she saw the comical expression of helpless distress in Bessie's face; for Bessie was the only one who saw nothing funny in the behavior of her orange. Frank was fairly ecstatic with delight when he observed that even Miss Marjorie couldn't help seeing how funny it was, and he became quite uproarious and clapped his hands. Finally, when the orange had been restored to its owner, the mirth subsided. But Frank did not like to have the fun over so quickly. He punched his seat mate, made signs to various ones to go on laughing, and even whispered to Bessie Tubbs, who sat beside him, to let her orange roll out again; but all to no avail. Finally, he made five little paper balls, and began to throw them about the room, aiming at different ones. Miss Marjorie thought it was time for her intervention.

"Frank," she said, "that will do; go on with your work now."

Frank was quiet for a moment, and then aimed another ball at Harry Van Sleik.

"Frank," repeated Miss Marjorie, in a decided tone, "we have had enough fun now. You must go on with your work."

Miss Marjorie noticed that as she was speaking Frank slipped the last of his paper balls into his right hand, and held it in readiness for a throw under his desk.

"Will you be good now?" she asked, with a smile.

Frank, seeing her smile, was encouraged to hope that she might be made to laugh again; and so he replied, more in fun than in earnest: "No."

Miss Marjorie stopped smiling and said: "Frank, you must not throw that ball."

Receiving no reply, she added: "Are you going to be good now?"

Frank sobered down immediately and replied: "No."

Miss Marjorie was taken by surprise. Here was open defiance before the whole school. Surely the time had come for the birch rod.

"Then I must punish you," she said. "Come here."

Frank walked forward, while Miss Marjorie took down the rod from behind the picture of George Washington.

"Hold out your hand," said Miss Marjorie, in a firm tone, though her heart within almost failed at the thought of the approaching contest.

Frank held out his hand fearlessly and Miss Marjorie brought down the cruel rod rather sharply upon the tender flesh.

"Will you be good now?" she repeated.

"No," he replied, in an unshaken voice.

Miss Marjorie gave two more strokes, a little harder this time.

"Will you be good now?" she asked again.

"Miss Marjorie," he replied, with dignity, "there is no need of your asking me any more. I shall not change my mind."

Miss Marjorie raised the rod higher than before, determined to bring it down with increased force, but something made her falter. She noticed on Frank's face the same expression of serene resolve that she had seen there as he stood upon the woodpile, fancying himself a martyr. Frank was holding his breath in anticipation of the coming blow, but the little hand which

"HOLD OUT YOUR HAND."

lay in Miss Marjorie's palm did not quiver.

"If I should whip him hard enough to make him yield," thought Miss Marjorie, "what a shameful victory it would be of mere physical force over a brave little heart!" She did not give the intended stroke. "You may go into the cloakroom and sit down there," she said.

Frank obeyed, and the lessons went on as usual until the children were dismissed for recess.

"Now, Frank," said Miss Marjorie, opening the cloakroom door, "you may come out."

He came out, pale with determination. Miss Marjorie placed a chair for him, and they both sat down.

"Frank," began Miss Marjorie, "I am not going to whip you any more, nor make you stay in the cloakroom, nor punish you in any way."

Frank looked up at her with his sweet blue eyes full of wonder.

"Even if I should succeed in making you say you'd be good, that would not make you really good. In this world everybody must choose for himself whether he will be good or bad; and I am going to let you choose for yourself. Which did Nero choose to be?"

"Bad," replied Frank, expressing in his voice his disgust at the character of Nero.

"Would you like to be like him when you are a man?"

"No," replied Frank, with decision.

"Perhaps," said Miss Marjorie, "when Nero was a little boy like you he chose to be bad, and had no idea how very bad he would get to be by the time he was a man. When bad people grow, their badness grows too. Bad little boys make bad men, and good little boys make good men. When you decide what kind of a boy you will be you are deciding at the same time what kind of a man you will be."

Frank's face became very serious.

"Oh, Miss Marjorie!" he exclaimed, "I will be good."

"Would you be willing," asked Miss Marjorie, "to say before the whole school, when they come in, that you have decided to be good?"

"No," replied Frank.

"Well," said Miss Marjorie, "I am not going to try to make you. You may do just as you choose about it."

After a pause she went on: "Do you remember that girl I told you about who went into the arena and let the lions eat her up, and wouldn't say she didn't believe in God?"

"Yes," replied Frank; "she was brave."

"But the people in the amphitheater thought she was wicked and silly."

"Yes," said Frank, "and that made it all the harder for her to hold out. I tell you, she was a brave one to let those lions get her."

"But did it make her any happier to be brave?" asked Miss Marjorie.

"No," replied Frank, "for she had to be eaten up. Oh, I tell you, it must have hurt. But I'd rather be brave than happy. I'd like something very, very hard to bear, so I could show how brave I could be. You didn't whip me very hard," he went on, with an apologetic smile. "I wanted you to hit harder, so I could show you how much I could stand."

"I am sure, Frank," replied Miss Marjorie, "that you could stand a very hard whipping."

Frank flushed with pleasure at these words.

"But," said Miss Marjorie, "doing wrong isn't brave, even if it is hard. It's doing right when it's hard that's brave. I know of something you ought to do that would be much harder for you to do than to bear a whipping. I don't know whether you would have the courage to do it or not."

"What is it?" asked Frank, eagerly. "Try me and see."

"If," said Miss Marjorie, "when the scholars all come in, you should say before them all that you had decided to be good, they might laugh at you afterward, and say you had to give up after all, and that you weren't so brave as you thought you were. You see this would be a very hard thing for you to do; but it is brave to do right when it's hard."

"Oh, Miss Marjorie, I can't do that," said Frank, his eyes filling with tears.

"I was afraid it would be too hard for you," said Miss Marjorie, sadly, as she took up the bell to ring it.

"Oh, Miss Marjorie, wait a minute. Isn't there something else? I will say I've been naughty, and I will let you whip me, oh, so hard—till my hand is all swollen, if you want to."

"No," said Miss Marjorie, as she rang the bell, "that wouldn't do any good. You may just take your seat as usual with the others when they come in."

"Miss Marjorie," said Frank, seizing his teacher's hand as she laid down the bell, "I will do it. I can. Ask me when they all come in. Just try me."

When the scholars had taken their seats, Miss Marjorie began: "Frank, have you decided"—but she got no further, for Frank was up on his feet, pale as a sheet.

"Yes," he choked out, "I will be good."

He sank back into his seat, and hurled his face in his hands.

That afternoon, instead of the usual reading, Miss Marjorie talked to the children about true bravery and false bravery. They listened very soberly, and went away more quietly than usual when school was dismissed. As they passed the window, Miss Marjorie heard Harry Van Sleik's voice saying: "I say, Franky, aren't you glad you said you'd be good?"

Two months later Col. Crissey said to Miss Marjorie: "I want to thank you, Miss Marjorie, for what you've done for my son. There's a change come over him since he's been in your school. He hasn't had one of his obstinate spells for two months, and he used to have them nearly every week."—N. Y. Independent.

—Life is a quarry, out of which we are to mold and chisel and complete a character.—Goethe.

DENOMINATIONAL NAMES.

Origin of the Terms Designating the Various Churches.

The Basillians have their name from St. Basil, their founder.

The Buddhists took their name from Buddha about 600 B. C.

The abbot takes his name from the Syriac word abba, meaning "father."

The Scotists were the followers of John Scotis, born in 1272, died in 1308.

The Presbyterians took their name from a Greek word meaning "Elder."

The Donatists were the followers of Donatus, the bishop of Numidia.

Calvinists are named from their leader, John Calvin, born in 1509; died in 1564.

The Monotheists were so called because of their belief in one God and but one.

The French Huguenots were named from a French religious teacher named Hugh.

The Servites was a religious order founded by seven Florentine merchants about 1283.

The Albigenses were named from the principal town in their district, a city called Albi.

The Puritans were so named in derision at their profesions of being purer than other people.

The Brahmin's faith was thus called because it was supposed to be originated by Brahma.

The Wycliffites took their name from Wycliffe, an English reformer, born, 1324; died, 1387.

The Luciferians, an early Christian sect, took their name from Lucifer, the bishop of Cagliari.

The Old Catholics were so-called by the German doctor Dollinger, born in 1799; died in 1890.

The Cistercian monks took their name from Citeau, where their order was first established.

The Franciscans, or Gray Friars, took their name from St. Francis, the founder of the order.

The White Quakers, a sect founded in 1840, took their name from the color of their clothing.

The Labadists, a body of German religionists of the seventeenth century, were named from their leader, Labadie.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

RAID ON THE "S" BOX.

What a Boston Writer Does When He Wants to Be Funny.

Sarah Smith stands sorrowfully solus; she sees splendid spruces surrounding shady spots; she sees summer sun shining; she smells sweet savor; sweet songsters singing silver strains serenade Sarah. Still she sighs. Sunset's soft shades settle silently; still she stands silently sighing.

Suddenly she started. She saw some stranger strolling silently southward.

"Stop!" she shouted. "Stop, stranger; Sarah Smith says so!"

Stately she stood, sternly she shouted "stop!"

Samuel Slocum, successful statesman, smooth speaker, started, saw Sarah, seemed surprised, soliloquizingly said:

"Strange; seemingly scarce sweet sixteen; so sweet, so simple, still so singularly suspicious! She seems strangely sad. Say something sweeter, Sarah."

She stops some silent struggle, says: "Surely some stranger seeing sights. Shall Sarah Smith shun such? Scarcely."

So, strolling silently stranger-ward, she said:

"Sarah Smith scorns suspicious scandals; she seeks sympathy. Seeks she successfully?"

Still shone silvery streams slantingly southward. Samuel Slocum sat sweetly smiling—Sarah Smith seated suspiciously somewhere. Sunset's serene splendor suggested supper. Still she sat.

She sought sympathy successfully; supper seemed superfluous.

Some six Sundays succeeding she signed some sketches, "Sarah Smith Slocum."—Boston Globe.

Almost Odt.

A lady friend at Malden tells the Listener this story: "Once I had occasion to buy a pair of boots in a strange city. I went into the first shoe store I came to. An Irish gentleman was behind the counter. 'Fwhat are your wishes, ma'am?' said he.

"'A pair of boots, please.'

"'Fwhat number?'

"'Threes.'

"He gave me a queer look, went to the back part of the store, and presently returned with an apologetic air, but no boots.

"'I'm sorry,' said he, 'but we have only wan pair o' threes in the shtore, and wan o' thim is a foor.'"—Boston Transcript.

—It is stated that the redoubtable Dr. Max Nordau, the author of "Degeneration," is shortly about to visit London. The doctor, who has for some time past resided in Paris, is, like so many of the literary lions of Germany, of Jewish race, Nordau being an assumed name. His earlier work, "The Conventional Lies of Civilization," was on sale in an English version some eight or ten years ago; but, in spite of its truculent and acrid criticisms, attracted little notice. There was little attempt in it to gibbet living personages, a method of securing notice so extensively adopted in "Degeneration."

—John Norton, who is ninety-three years old, has lived all his life in his house near Compounce lake, Conn., and, although he has been in sight of both the Northampton division of the Consolidated and of the New England railroad, never rode in a car of any kind until recently. The old gentleman is hale and hearty, with all of his faculties keen and alert, and has a good prospect of living to be one hundred. He seemed to enjoy his ride very much.

—"What! Mr. Worth asked you to be his wife? Everybody says he is a woman hater." Kate—"Yes, but I don't seem to be the woman."—Boston Transcript.

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TEMPERANCE NOTES.

WHAT BEER DOES.

Some of the Black Deeds Recorded Against This Soul-Destroying Drink.

"Beer does it."

"Does what?" asked the writer.

"It starts them," replied the police sergeant. "Do you see that woman?"

It would have been impossible not to see her, and having seen her once it would be difficult to forget her. She was not old, yet she was bent and crooked as a scrub oak. Her dress was of the poorest quality, bedraggled, soiled and ragged. Her face was seamed with lines of dissipation, and her brown hair hung down her back in a matted and tangled coil. She leaned heavily against the sergeant's desk, and looked defiantly around her.

"Mary," said the sergeant, "what is it this time?"

"Nothin'," responded the woman.

"What is it, officer?"

"Drunk and disorderly," replied the officer. "She was singing 'There is a Better Land' to the tune of 'We Won't Go Home Till Morning,' on Tenth avenue, about an hour ago, and when I went to take her in she lay down in the gutter, and I had to get a truck to haul her to the station house," and the officer wiped his face as though the recollection even made him warm.

"Take her down stairs," remarked the sergeant. "No need of questioning her. I know her pedigree. Ten years ago," continued the sergeant, addressing the writer, "Mary was as pretty a girl as lived in this ward. I once thought of marrying her myself, but a friend of mine was ahead of me and the wedding was the event of the season."

"What is the cause of her downfall?"

"Beer started her. John, her husband—he was divorced from her five years ago—used to bring home beer in the evening, and she got to like it too well. Now she drinks stale beer in tin cups when she can't get whisky or rum. I tell you, beer starts most of them. Out of fifty women arrested here last summer, I learned that thirty of them got their first taste for liquor from beer."

Yesterday the writer questioned a prominent physician of this city, who was for several years connected with the staff of the Fort Hamilton home for inebriates, regarding the way women begin to drink.

BEER CAUSED HER DOWNFALL.

"I have studied rather carefully into this subject, replied the doctor, "and have a few figures which may be interesting. Out of two hundred inebriate women, some of whom belong to our so-called 'first society,' I found that one hundred and twenty-six began their drinking by the use of beer, thirty-seven by drinking whisky (as punch at first usually), twenty began with wine, eight with gin, and eleven could not remember what beverage was first used. Of the beverages first used, while in thirty-seven cases it began with whisky, in one hundred and eighty-seven it had become the favorite beverage. Several hopeless drunkards, far gone toward insanity, had never drunk any other intoxicant than beer. One hundred and twenty-two were committed to prison for drunkenness, fifty-six for offences against chastity and public order, and sixteen for crimes against property. Their ages, when last committed, averaged thirty and one-half years. Sixty-five were between thirty and forty-one years of age, forty-nine between twenty-five and thirty-one years of age, thirty-four between twenty and twenty-six years of age, thirty between fifteen and twenty-one years of age. The remainder were over forty-one years of age."

"How did this drinking affect their children?"

"I have some statistics on this subject, too. Of one hundred and eleven inebriate mothers, thirty-three of whom had inebriate husbands, four hundred and eight children were born. Of these two hundred and twenty-seven perished in infancy and early childhood, and of the survivors many are doomed evidently to an early death. In many cases the death of these children was indirectly due to the inebriety of the parents, as cold, deprivation, etc. Ages: Twenty-seven of the two hundred and four women began to drink intoxicants before they were ten years of age, eleven between the ages of nine and fifteen, seventy-four between fourteen and twenty-one, thirty-seven between twenty and twenty-six, thirty-three between twenty-five and thirty-one, nineteen between thirty and forty-one, three between forty and fifty-one."

"Do most women begin drinking early in life?"

"The average age when they began was eighteen and one-half years. More than one-half had formed habits of intemperance before they were twenty-one years of age, and more than one-third at the giddy age of from fifteen to twenty, inclusive. One hundred and thirty-two began to drink socially with female friends."

The police sergeant was right. "Beer does it."—The Constitution.

EVERY time the saloon opens its door some mother loses a boy.—Ram's Horn.

CUSTOM OF TREATING.

The "Social" Phase of Whisky Drinking in Its True Light.

Mr. Perry was a southern gentleman, exceedingly polite and a very temperate man. One day he met an acquaintance who called out: "Hallo, Perry! I was just going to get a drink. Come in and take something."

"Thank you," said Perry. "I don't care for anything."

"But," persisted the other, "come in and take something, just for sociability's sake."

"I want to be sociable," answered Perry; "I am anxious to be sociable, but I can't drink with you."

"All right," growled the friend. "If you don't want to be sociable, I'll go without drinking."

The two men walked silently along for a minute or two, the social man in a state of great irritation, until Perry suddenly halted in front of a drug store.

"I am not feeling well to-day," said he with a pleasant smile, "and I think I'll go in here and get a dose of castor oil. Will you join me?"

"What!" exclaimed the other. "In a dose of castor oil?"

"Yes, I'll pay for it."

"Ugh!" cried the sociable man with a wry face, "I hate the stuff."

"But I want you to take a glass of oil with me just to be sociable, you know."

"I won't do it."

"Indeed, my friend," said Perry gravely, "your sociable whisky is just as untasteful to me as my oil is to you. Don't you think I have as much reason to be offended with you as you have with me?"

The sociable man saw the point; and it would be money, health and morals saved if the lesson could be firmly implanted in the mind of every young man in the land.—Canada Templar.

WARNING TO PARENTS.

Injurious Effects of Alcohol on Young Children.

It often happens that the fathers of families thoughtlessly give their children wine or beer to drink, and sometimes even liquors. They can not be too strongly warned against this injurious practice. Recent experiments prove that alcohol may cause grave cerebral and physiologic disorders when administered to young children. Dr. Demme, of Berne, counsels parents not to make a practice of giving their children tea and coffee to drink, and he quotes an example of the evil effects of alcohol. A little boy ten years old, very clever for his age, had been seriously ill. His father, with the intention of strengthening him, gave him every day one or two liquor glasses of Malaga. After two months of this treatment it was noticed that the child no longer possessed the excellent memory he had had till then; he sometimes forgot his own name and also that of the different objects he used every day. The family doctor advised that the alcohol should be discontinued entirely, and the child's memory became as good as it had been before. Later on, the father still nursing the idea that alcohol strengthens, began to give his son beer twice a day. The consequences were exactly the same as before. The child's memory grew weaker, and he only recovered full use of it when he had ceased taking alcoholic drinks.—Annals of Homeopathy and Hygiene.

THROUGH FOUR GENERATIONS.

A Case in Point Showing the Hereditary Propensity to Liquor Drinking.

Gall relates the case of a Russian family where the father and grandfather had both died prematurely from the effects of intoxication, and the grandson manifested from the age of five years a decided taste for strong liquors. M. Morel gives the history of four generations of a family. First generation: The father an habitual drunkard, killed in a public-house brawl. Second generation: Son inherited the father's habits, which gave rise to attacks of mania, terminating in paralysis and death. Third generation: Grandson strictly sober, but full of hypochondriacal and imaginary fears of persecution, and had homicidal tendencies. Fourth generation: Great-grandson, very limited intelligence, an attack of madness when sixteen years, terminating in stupidity nearly amounting to idiocy. With him the race became extinct.—N. O. Christian Advocate.

Sobriety Is Truthfulness.

A recent decision of a court was that a man with three drinks in him was not to be believed as against a man with two, a man with two against a man with one, a man with one against a man with none. Courts of justice generally observe the rule that sobriety is truthfulness.—Scranton (Pa.) Index.

GENERAL GLEANINGS.

A BEAUTIFUL drinking fountain, costing eight hundred dollars, has been presented to the city of Athens, O., by the Y. W. C. T. U.

THE duke of Connaught declares that total abstinence is absolutely necessary to a ripe old age. His mother, Queen Victoria, is seventy-six.

LAST year 242 different young women and girls found help and situations through the Anchorage mission of Chicago, where 2,000 lodgings were given.

PHILANTHROPISTS have a fine example in the heroic example of Paul: "Wherefore if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend."

THE Cosmos, the ablest scientific journal of France, says: "In the insane asylum the intellectual decadence of sixteen per cent. of the inmates is attributed to drunkenness; the number several years ago was but eleven per cent."

YOUNG do not need to be warned against degrading vices so much as they need to be shown the cloven foot of respectable sins. One gilded liquor palace makes more drunkards of decent men than a hundred dirty doggeries.—Young Men's Era.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Female inventors are, according to the patent office reports, adhering to the lines of the old rather than the new woman. Out of 400 patents granted to women in 1894, 100 were for wearing apparel and 100 for cooking utensils.

—According to M. Gambier Bolton, lions fetch $1,500 each, lion cubs $500 each, tiger cubs, $400; a Malayan tapir, $500; a young hippotamus, $2,500; giraffes, up to $5,000 apiece, while African elephants cannot be purchased in Europe at any price.

—A good and easy way to discover the presence of ozone in a place is to wear silver trinkets. If they grow black, as if near hot sulphur springs, you have it in large proportion. Silver jewelry keeps white in the low-lying towns of Norway, but gets black in the hillside pine woods. If one walks in a meadow after a thunderstorm one will find the silver money in one's purse discolored.

—John Burroughs, the essayist and naturalist, says that the golden orioles bother him a great deal. These birds are regular topers in their love of grape juice. They stick their beaks into the grapes, suck up the juice, and three or four birds are able to ruin several tons of grapes in a short time. As seventeen of Mr. Burroughs' twenty acres are devoted to grape culture this is a serious matter.

—A Worcester (Mass.) man the other day received a consignment of mocking birds from San Antonio, Tex., and over two-thirds of them were dead. They were some sixty in number, and they were shipped five days before in a box. Over the top was put a tin sign: "Please put a little water in." This somebody did, for the birds had nearly all been drowned, forty being taken out in this condition.

—Small boys often ask their parents: "How deep is the sea?" The answer depends entirely upon the sea. The following table, compiled by one who has investigated, may help one to the solution of one of the small boy's problems. Average depth in yards: Pacific, 4,252; Atlantic, 4,026; Indian, 3,658; Antarctic, 3,000; Arctic, 1,690; Mediterranean, 1,476; Irish, 240; English channel, 110; Adriatic, 45; Baltic, 43.

—Among the Germans the badge of a married woman consists of a little cap or hood, of which they are very proud, and "donning the cap" is a feature of the wedding day among the peasants of certain localities. The married women of Little Russia are always seen, even in the hottest weather, with a thick cloth of dark hue twisted about their heads. In every country but our own there is a sign or symbol of some kind that distinguishes the matron from the spinster.

—Much interest attaches to a new invention of an arrangement of floating tubes so constructed as to prevent boats from sinking. The tubes are run along each side of the boat, and they will not only keep it afloat, even when capsized, but will support all its occupants, if need be, who can readily lay hold of them. When the boat is capsized the tubes come to the level of the water, although it is claimed that the mere adjustment of the tubes makes capsizing almost an impossibility.

THE BONAPARTE MARRIAGES.

Quarrels of the Brothers Over the Question of Matrimony.

In the circle immediately surrounding Bonaparte there was some gaiety, but much quarreling and jealousy. Josephine having been barren sheeher second marriage, would the succession go to her children or to her husband's relatives? This was becoming a serious question. Cliques were formed on both sides, and marriages of interest became the absorbing theme. Joseph more than any other had kept the new order in touch with the republican idea by his skillful diplomacy both in society and in foreign negotiation. He was disposed to yield to his arbitrary brother in any extremity, and his beautiful wife was a tower of strength to the Bonaparte interest.

The vigorous and able Lucien had risen to the height of his chances, and, having acquired a handsome fortune while occupying the post of French minister to Madrid, began to assert his old democratic independence. He plumply refused to marry the dowager queen of Etruria, and espoused instead a handsome wife of his own choosing from among the people, a step which eventually cost him the penalty of exile. Josephine was successful in making a match between her daughter Hortense, and her husband's third brother Louis; but although at a later time the emperor contemplated bequeathing his power to their son, for the present, the quarrels of the unhappy pair, instead of appeasing, intensified the Bonaparte-Beauharnais feud. It was sometimes said in loud whispers that the only solution of the impending difficulties was the divorce of the first consul from his wife; but the question was not yet seriously discussed. The consular pair had never been married by ecclesiastical form, and many have since suggested that it was a discontented husband who had spoken in the manifest partiality for easy divorce which Bonaparte displayed in discussing the civil code.

Jerome had been among the officers blockaded in the West Indies by the English fleet. Having escaped to the United States, he became desperately enamored of Elizabeth Patterson, a Baltimore beauty, and in December, 1803, married her. Napoleon was furious, refused to recognize the marriage or the child born of it, and forbade his sister-in-law to enter France. After a few years the unworthy object of his wrath deserted his family, and returned to share the splendors of the empire.—Prof. Sloane, in Century.

Where the Wheels Are.

Blevins—O, I have such a pain in my head! I wonder what can be the cause of it?

Bostick—Perhaps one of the boxings has got hot.—Puck.

SMALL SAVINGS.

Carelessness with Children in the Matter of Spending Money.

There is an old Scotch proverb continually being verified and continually repeated in various familiar sayings to the effect that small savings, the petty matters that so many fail to heed, slowly and steadily accumulate until they force their attention by their amount. The power to control small expenditures is almost a gift by itself. Yet it is a faculty, to use the favorite New England word indicative of thrift, that can be acquired. Many a person who begun life with extravagant ideas has learned from that stern master, necessity, that, "many a mickle makes a muckle."

Parents who allow their children to have spending money that they make no account of are building up a character for reckless expenditure in after life. The child may have a foundation of common sense in his nature that eventually overcomes such tendencies, yet this tendency is the legitimate result of careless rearing. The niggard parents who fail to give their children any spending money, so that they grow up to mature age without any experience in money matters, makes an even greater mistake. The person who has had no experience necessarily falls a dupe to all sorts of schemes. The pennies of the child represent as large a sum to his infantile mind as the dollars do to the bread-earner. If the child is taught a simple method of keeping accounts so that he can show just what he has done with his spending money as soon as he has learned arithmetic enough for the purpose, it will be of inestimable value to him. The care and correctness of the little accounts book should be the basis on which the next allowance of spending money should be granted. By all means, if possible, give a girl or boy a stated amount of cash, either as a weekly gift or as a payment for special work. If the young person knows just what he receives and what he is expected to provide for himself from the amount, his expenditures can be graded to meet the requirements of the case.

Just as soon as a young man or woman arrives at an age when they can make an intelligent choice of their clothes and other things, they ought to be required to do so, always under proper guidance at first. It is better that they should learn at an early age to be dependent on themselves in such matters. Too many girls first learn to purchase for themselves when they are married, and the purchasing for their entire household is thrust upon them. It is natural with a woman's education in minutia that she should be a better judge of clothes and dry goods generally than a man unless he has made a business of such things. Hence, the purchasing of supplies for the household quite commonly falls to a woman's lot. It is therefore as essential to the education of a girl that she should understand marketing and shopping and be taught by experience something about the purchasing power of money, as that her brother should be taught to use money. It has frequently been noted that spendthrifts come from these two classes: Those who are given money recklessly in childhood by doting parents who desire to gratify every whim and from those who have never had any money to spend and to whom the possession of money is an entirely new sensation. Children who have been wisely reared to use and appreciate the value of money seldom are spendthrifts. Nor does such a training make sensible persons parsimonious. The person who loves money for itself is one who has never learned to spend it, and who is a miser because he distrusts himself.—N. Y. Tribune.

Autumn Silks.

The first importations of autumn dress goods are very rich silks, among them peau de soie with twilled surface of demi-luster, a far more refined fabric than satin, which is often too glossy to please quiet tastes. Color abounds in these elegant fabrics. The fancy for chameleon hues has by no means reached its height. Shooting several shades together to produce new effects when blended is the present object of Lyons manufacturers. Russian green with red and gold, and the darkest marine blue with very brilliant red, are shown in silks for dresses and in fabrics for trimming both gowns and hats. Much violet red and gold are blended in dark peau de soie, then woven in very intricate designs, for winter dresses. Plain surfaces will prevail in the chameleon peau de soie for calling costumes and for dinner gowns, but for separate waists and for combinations these are plaided with broad bands of black satin or with bars of contrasting colors. An especially attractive chameleon effect is had by combining green, brown and gold, another by blending blue, black and red. Peacock blue is also brought into favor again. Late illustrations of Worth's dresses in the Bazar are suitable for making up dresses of peau de soie for the demi-season.—Harper's Bazar.

The Loved Long Lived.

"No—"

His eyes were lighted up by the fires of an honest love that pervaded his soul and body.

——"my angel, I can never love another."

The history of her progenitors was ever fresh in her mind.

"I fancy there will be no occasion for that as—"

She gazed steadfastly at a crayon portrait on the wall.

——"I come of a family that is noted for longevity."

An itinerant street musician was playing a dreamy waltz only two doors below, but he seemed unconscious of that fact.—N. Y. World.

A Little Hard on Papa.

"Don't you think the baby looks like me, dear?" asked the proud father.

"Y-e-e-s," replied the mother, cautiously, "when it's gettlug ready to cry."—Washington Star.

WRAPS FOR THE LADIES.

Garments for the Fall Season Are Beginning to Appear.

The chiffon boa and the string of flowers which have been doing summer duty as wraps are beinning to be laid aside and fall substitutes are demanded. The feather boa reappears on the scene considerably more gorgeous than it was in its first state. It comes in every possible color, but it is never long except for evening wear. The longest ones reach only to the waist. The feathers are beautifully curled ones. Of course black is the most popular color because of the wide range of its usefulness, but brown and gray also have their admirers. Combinations of color are also frequent and black and green or black and mahogany color are the favorites.

A wrap which is a compromise between cape and jacket is on the market, and seems to have points to recommend it. The jacket includes everything but the sleeves, and is made somewhat long and loose. Where the sleeves should be there are shoulder capes extending to the wrists. This wrap allows freedom of motion to the arms, does not crush the dress sleeves and at the same time affords greater protection from cold than the ordinary cape.

A combination garment, consisting of feather boa and shoulder cape is among the fall novelties. The cape is a short affair, extending only over the shoulders. It is made of carefully selected ostrich feathers, curled at the edges, but laid flat upon a silk foundation and slightly overlapping one another. The collar portion is the ordinary feather boa, cut abruptly at the throat instead of hanging in dangling ends.

Now that the edict has gone forth that sleeves are to decrease in size, jackets begin to be numbered among the fall possibilities. One style shown reveals a full back, fastened beneath a belt, which disappears under the side seams, leaving the front loose. In length this garment is about equal to the popular golf cape. It fastens from the throat down beneath a flap, and is altogether a rather severe looking wrap.

A pretty short jacket is made of brown box cloth in double-breasted style. The turn-over collar is of velvet. The big buttons are of smoked pearl, with a great deal of brown showing in them. The lining is a gorgeous affair of buttercup yellow.

The wise woman is providing for the fall season by carefully studying the comparative merits of mackintoshes. They are shown this season in waterproof cheviots and serges, and in woolen materials lined with the thinnest of silk rubber. Some of them have two short capes, and others one long one. The capes button all the way down—a point which one appreciates on a windy day. The loose ulster portion of the mackintosh is generally double-breasted, and fastens with pearl or bone buttons.—N. Y. World.

IN A MOORISH CAFE.

Strange Sights and a Novel Game Common There.

Hashmi, the cafe keeper, was in the best of humors. His house was full and doing a brisk trade. Fattah, the negro, was keeping the company merry, so he brewed a fresh pot of real "Mecca" in view of coming demands. The surroundings were grimy, and outside the rain came down in torrents; but that was a decided advantage, since it drove men to take refuge indoors and helped to keep them there. Mesaod, the one-eyed, had finished an elaborate tuning of his two-stringed banjo, his ginbri—a home-made instrument—and was proceeding to arrive at a convenient pitch of voice for his song. With a strong nasal accent he commenced to recount the loves of Si Marzak and his fair Azeezah, how he addressed her in the fondest of language, and how she replied by caresses. When he came to the chorus they all chimed in, to their own tune and time for the most part, as they rocked to and fro, some clapping, some beating their thighs, and all applauding at the end. The whole of the ditty would not bear translation—for English ears.

Said and Drees, two of my Moorish friends, indulged in a game of draughts, and as it ceased their voices could be heard in eager play. "Call thyself a Mallem (master)! There—thy father was bewitched by a hyena—there, and there again," shouted Said, as he swept a first, a second, and a third of his opponent's pieces from the board. But Drees was equal with him in another move. "So, verily, thou art my master. So let us praise God for thy wisdom; thou art like unto him who indeed shot the fox, but who killed his cow with the second shot! See, thus I teach thee to boast before thy betters; ha! I laugh at thee, I ride the donkey on thy head! I shave that beard of thine," he ejaculated, while he took one piece after another from his adversary as the result of an incautious move.

The board had the appearance of a well-kicked footstool, and the "men," called "dogs" in Barbary, were more like baseless chess pawns. The play was as unlike that of Europeans as possible, the moves from "room" to "room" were of lightning swiftness, and accompanied by a running fire of slang ejaculations, chiefly sarcastic, but, on the whole, enlivened with a vein of playful humor not to be Englished politely. Just as the bystanders would become interested in the progress of one or the other, a too rapid advance by either would result in an incomprehensible clearing of the board wholesale by his opponent's sleeve. Yet without a stop the pieces would be replaced in order, and a new game commenced, the vanquished too proud to acknowledge that he did not quite see how the victor had won.—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Natural Mistake.

City man (mistaking the sawmiller for the farmer)—What kind of boarding can I get at your place?

Sawmiller (innocently) — Mostly weather boardin', but there's a little floorin' left over, you kin hev.—Detroit Free Press.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The value of the fruits, excepting apples and nuts, exported by our farmers last year was $2,181,622.

—Sheep breeding in Patagonia is a profitable industry, notwithstanding the ravages of wild animals. Down in Punta Arenas, a port on the Terra del Fuego islands, a French company owns over 100,000 sheep, and the manager makes about half a dollar per head, "clear of all expenses, from the sale of wool alone."

—Official reports show that in Germany up to June 20 2,228 patients were treated with diphtheria serum. Of these only 386 died. Special stress is laid on the fact that while formerly children under two years nearly always died when attacked with the terrible disease, the deaths were reduced to 47.4 per cent. where the serum was used.

—Some notion of the amount of lumber being cut in the Minnesota forests is had from the fact that one day last week there was a jam of logs in the upper Mississippi above St. Cloud which was estimated to contain 250,000,000 feet of lumber; and a little further up the river there was another jam, which extended for almost twenty miles.

—Venus rotates on her axis once in about twenty-four hours, according to Mr. Brenner, of the Manora observatory at Bombay, who has been watching the planet, and says he can prove his assertion. This agrees with Schroter's statement that the time is twenty-three hours twenty-one minutes, and is opposed to that of Schiaparelli and other modern observers, who say that the time is the same as that of the planet's revolution round the sun.

—Dr. Berson last year ascended alone to perhaps the highest point ever reached by man; certainly his barometer reading 9.1 inches, corresponding to an elevation of approximately 30,000 feet, is the lowest ever made. At this height of nearly six miles the aspirated thermometer read 54 degrees below zero F. and one exposed to the sun's rays only 11 degrees below zero. Dr. Berson inhaled oxygen at times and suffered but little from this extraordinary trip.

—California fruit of all kinds should be plentiful in the east this year. The season has been good for almost all kinds of fruit thus far, and the increase in the area of cultivation is notable. No less than 421,565 pounds of cherries and 30,000 pounds of dried apricots and prunes were shipped east, from the one station of San Jose during the last week of May. The cherry crop of Santa Clara county this year will exceed 6,000,000 pounds, an increase of nearly 2,000,000 pounds over last year. Some of the lands in San Bernardino county which a few years ago were listed on the surveys as "desert land," are this year yielding from $325 to $400 per acre in almonds.

—Water-Tight Compartments.—The frequency of collisions at sea and their fatal results have led to many investigations and experiments in the line of water-tight compartments. It is one thing to build a vessel with air-chambers that will float it, and quite another to have safety appliances always in order and ready for emergencies. It has been said that certain of our large passenger steamships have, on occasions, turned the water-tight compartments into places for steerage passengers. Their greed ran away with their common humanity and regard for the lives of those on board. It certainly is a waste of time and energy to prepare the means of safety at a great expense when proper care is not taken to keep them within available reach.

CLUBS IN ANCIENT TIMES.

Some Notes on the Social Organizations of Centuries Ago.

Clubs are not modern institutions. In the ancient days of Greece the men of Athens combined for social intercourse.

In Rome the earliest clubs were the trade guilds founded by Numa Pompilius in 720 B. C., similar to the guilds of the craftsmen which played so important a part in the history of the middle ages. At one time there were eighty of these guilds in Rome alone and they were not confined entirely to the metropolis either.

Very closely allied to the masonic society of our day were the societies formed throughout the Roman empire for the practice of religious rites unknown to the states, except that our masonic societies violate no laws.

Even the slaves in Rome formed clubs of their own, which somewhat resembled trade unions. Although military clubs were prohibited, yet they were tolerated among the officers of regiments in foreign service. The rules of a club in a regiment on duty in Africa have been discovered on the site of a Roman encampment. They showed that the annual dues were about one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Even women's clubs are not of recent date. The Roman matrons had many such gatherings, some for religious, some for social purposes. The most celebrated of these was the "Senate of Matrons." Connected with it was a debating society in which momentous questions of dress and etiquette were discussed much as they are at the present time.

In both Greece and Rome political clubs were common and the aristocrats and democrats advanced their views much as they do to-day. Club houses were few in number because the meetings were usually held out of doors.

From the time of Christ to Henry IV. is a long step, but investigation fails to show that there were any clubs during that period. The first definite information we have concerning an English club is given by Thomas Occleve, the poet, who, with Chaucer, belonged to a club called "La Court de Bone Compagnie."

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth clubs became very numerous, and some of them were famous owing to the great men who belonged to them.—Chicago News.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md

THURSDAY, SEPT. 19, 1895.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR,
LLOYD LOWNDES,
OF ALLEGANY.

FOR COMPTROLLER,
R. P. GRAHAM,
OF WICOMICO.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
HARRY M. CLABAUGH,
OF BALTIMORE.

REPUBLICANS ATTENTION!

The Republican voters of Garrett County are hereby requested to assemble in Primary Meetings in their respective districts on Saturday, the 21st day of September, 1895, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, for the purpose of electing five delegates from each election district to attend a County Convention to be held in Oakland on Wednesday, September 25, 1895, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, to nominate candidates as follows:

Two candidates for House of Delegates.
A candidate for Sheriff.
A candidate for County Surveyor.
A candidate for County Treasurer.
One candidate for County Commissioner to serve four years.
Three candidates for Judges of Orphans Court.
A candidate for States Attorney.
A candidate for Register of Wills.

Also to elect three delegates to represent Garrett County in the Republican Judicial Convention to be held in Oakland, Md., on Thursday, September 26th, 1895.

The voters are also requested to select five persons from each district in the county to act as district committee, whose names will be handed in by the delegates to the County Convention.

JAMES C. PEDDICORD,
C. J. OTTO,
J. G. KOLB,
State Central Committee for Garrett County.

THE Republicans of Maryland, if the power is entrusted to them, will give the people of Garrett county a fair and equitable reassessment of property, free school books, longer school terms, election of school commissioners by the people, better roads and lower taxes. What will the Democrats give them?

SOME of the Democratic papers are endeavoring to make political capital of the advance in wages. Voters will do well to bear in mind that wages are being restored, not increased, and that the prime cause of the restoration is the knowledge that the Democratic party is out of power in Congress, and its powers for evil are thus neutralized.

GORMANISM is beaten. Like drowning men catching at straws before being overwhelmed by the dark waters of death, the Gorman ring is attempting to pollute the registration books of Baltimore city in the hope that they can fill up its pages with the names of repeaters and ballot box stuffers so as to prevent their destruction in November.

SUCH Democrats whose object is to kill Gorman politically should vote directly for the Republican Gubernatorial candidate, and so make assurance doubly sure.—St. Louis Globe-Democrrt.

That is very sensible advice. The only reason any Democrat can have for not voting for Mr. Hurst is because he wants to get rid of Gorman and Rasin. A vote for anybody but Mr. Lowndes is only a half step toward the desired end. Don't throw your vote away.—Balto. News.

THE movement for good roads continues to progress all over the country. In New York a special legislative committee is traveling through the State studying the subject. In California a law has been passed by which three road commissioners have been appointed and a rock-crushing machine has been purchased. With this machine convicts in the State prison will crush 1500 tons of rock daily, which will be used upon the roads of various counties. New Jersey and Massachusetts have both been active of late in the work of improving the highways, and before many years there will be great changes visible such as the farmer and wayfarer will welcome.

AT THE Cumberland Republican convention Tuesday last the resolutions summed up the situation in these words: "The people of the State of Maryland are to be congratulated on the selection by the Republican party of the Hon. Lloyd Lowndes as the candidate for the governorship of Maryland. His nomination meets the approval not only of the Republican party, but of large numbers of independent thinkers in the Democratic party, who see in his election an assurance of an honest administration and a compliance by the authorities of the state with the will of the people. By his election reassessment of property and restoration of local self-government to the people are assured." There is so little partisanship and so much practical statesmanship in the article quoted that THE REPUBLICAN presents it to the Democrats of Garrett county for their special guidance.

Mr. Lowndes' Civil Service.

Mr. Lowndes pledges himself to civil service reform without reservation. He says:

The general public in Maryland seems to be of the opinion that promises made in platforms and letters of acceptance do not hold good after election. I can only repeat what I have said. I am honestly and entirely convinced of the righteousness and necessity for civil service reform and what I have said and will say on that subject has been and will be without any mental reservation whatever. As soon as the campaign opens in Baltimore I shall repeat in words that cannot be misunderstood my former position taken, that I am in favor of the merit system governing the municipal and State service and more particularly do I think this applies to the Police and Fire Departments. As far as I am concerned, and I think that I speak for the other party leaders on the subject (for our course on this subject has been carefully mapped out), no man shall be removed from the Police or Fire Department except for good cause and the cause must have nothing to do with politics. This is my position on the civil service question and I intend to stick to it through thick and thin.

This is so clear that the wayfaring man, though a fool, may read as he runs. Mr. Lowndes by his promise pledges his party, irreyocably, to civil service reform, which will do more than anything else to free Maryland from the political parasites who feed and live upon political patronage. As opposed to Mr. Lowndes we have the Gorman-Rasin candidate, who, in probably his only public utterance on this question said: "I am not so much of a civil service reformer as some people are." There is no middle ground where civil service reform is concerned. He who is not for it is against it. Mr. Hurst's campaign is being run by "practical" politicians who do not believe the Decalogue has any place in politics, and his election would be a disastrous blow to the cause of good government and civil service reform.—Baltimore News.

It Is Gorman's Fight.

The Gorman press is beginning to recognize the strength of the popular disapproval of Senator Gorman. It is ready to admit that Mr. Gorman is an issue in this fight. He nominated Mr. Hurst, and to him alone Mr. Hurst looks for election next November. All the power of the Democratic organization is in the hands of Mr. Gorman, and he is the director and manager of the Hurst campaign.

The Princess Anne *Herald* comes out with this appeal, in small pica, at the head if its editorial columns:

Democrats who condemn the course of Senator Gorman in the United States Senate and are anxious for his defeat, should consider that this is not the year to get at him. Why should you try to defeat Mr. John E. Hurst in order to wreak your vengeance on Mr. Gorman. Stand by your ticket now, and when Mr. Gorman's time comes you may attend to his case, that is if you still feel unkindly toward him two years from now. Mr. Hurst is recognized by those who know him best as a Democrat of the Cleveland stamp—honest and true. Why should he be condemned because, when Mr. Gorman could not get his choice of candidates for governor, he merely assented to the nomination of Mr. Hurst. Mr. Hurst is a man that cannot be swayed by political rings against his honest convictions, and you will find it so.

When did Mr. Hurst supplant Mr. Gorman in the affections of the "regulars?" If Mr. Hurst is such an "honest and true" Democrat of the "Cleveland stamp," why did he accept a nomination made as that of the 31st of July was made? Mr. Gorman's "time" has come now. His activity in behalf of Mr. Hurst explains itself. It is Gorman's fight. The defeat of his ticket this fall will relax his selfish grasp upon the throat of Maryland Democracy. It will assure the national Democracy that Maryland repudiates the Senator who held up the tariff bill, and is ready to rebuke the compromiser who is only uncompromising in his hospitality to the man and measure nearest the heart of the party of the people. It will insure the end of Mr. Gorman's career in the Senate in 1899. It will deprive him of that power which has been gained by base and ignoble means, and used in furtherance of like ends. If Mr. Hurst is willing to throw the mantle of respectability over Mr. Gorman, he must expect to share in his master's overthrow and disgrace.

Paving the Way for Fraud.

When the registrars of voters sat in their offices in Baltimore on Monday last for the purpose of discharging their duties under the law, representatives of the Republican party who had been duly commissioned, went to their several offices for the purpose of noting their methods of procedure. These "watchers" were asked their business by the registrars and upon disclosing the same were summarily ejected by policemen. The law itself provides that the registrars shall sit with open doors and their proceedings be open for the inspection of the public. It seems, however, that Mr. Gorman's henchmen in Baltimore city have placed a different construction upon the law and they have determined that their proceedings shall not be open to the inspection of the public. In other words, these creatures of Gormanism are paving the way for gigantic frauds upon the ballot in November next.

Let us ask the Democrats of Garrett county if they believe in such high-handed and outrageous methods? Do the Democrats of Garrett county believe that the election of John E. Hurst ought to be made certain by "padding" the registration books? Do the Democrats of Garrett county believe that their party ought to be retained in power although that retention should be accomplished by fraud? If the Democrats of Garrett county are honorable, upright men as we know they are, will they become parties to these proceedings and reap the benefit accruing from these methods and thereby stultify themselves and their good names, or will they march shoulder to shoulder with Republicans to the ballot box on the fifth of November and repudiate these ringsters, these heelers, these creations of Gormanism?

"ALL I now ask is, that if you should think me a safe man to intrust the government of the State to, that you shall give me your suffrages, and I promise to give you an economical and good administration—fair alike to all, no matter what may be his politics or race." —Mr. Lowndes at Accident.

The above taken from Mr. Lowndes' address which was recently listened to by so many of our people must surely make its impress upon the people of this State. It was a fair, frank and honest declaration of Mr. Lowndes' position and intentions. Such manliness is bound to arrest the attention of the people and cause them to think before they act. No man will gainsay Mr. Lowndes' integrity or his faithfulness to a pledge once given. The administration he speaks of will be a pure one. He is in touch with the people and knows their needs, their wants and necessities. To supply them will be his aim, and we are confident that at the close of his administration the people will say with one voice, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

THE extracts below are taken from an editorial in the Baltimore *Sun*, under the head. "A Despairing Cry for Help."

"Most remarkable of all, however, is the appeal which, according to the same authority, Dame Rumor, is to be made, has or will be made to the President to intervene in his capacity of head of the party for the purpose of pouring oil upon the troubled waters, and making things serene for troubled bosses. We have never seen any reason to suspect the senior Senator of having a sense of humor, and the idea of his appealing to Mr. Cleveland for help convinces us that we have been right. Mr. Gorman has absolutely no sense of humor. Since how long, by the way, have he and his dependents, in or out of the Senate, in or out of the federal offices in this State, regarded Mr. Cleveland as the head of the Democratic party? We had supposed that for Mr. Gorman's purposes the real head of the Democratic party, if not himself, was to be found in the departments in which Mr. Gorman has run riot in the matter of appointments and special privileges and favors, and that from Mr. Gorman's point of view the President was really of very little account at all.

"The revolt of the Democratic masses is against the dual despotism of Gorman and Rasin, (the latter being the city boss, as Gorman is the State boss.) Mr. Cleveland is entirely too wise to see in such a contest and occasion or justification for his intervention. If (which is simply impossible) he were so ill-advised, or, like our St. Louis contemporary, so ill-informed as to think of intervening, he would quickly learn that even his good offices would be of no avail—that the fight which the Maryland Democrats are waging against their false and treacherous leaders is one which they alone can settle. It is a fight to the death—too big a one for even a President to settle.

An Interview With Mr. Read.

On last Tuesday Mr. Wm. J. Read, of the Cumberland bar, who has been spoken of as a candidate for judge on the Republican ticket this fall, was in town and stopped in to pay his respects to THE REPUBLICAN, and in the course of an interview Mr. Read stated that he would accept the nomination for associate judge is the party wished him to do so. Mr. Read said:

"I attended the picnic at Accident on the 6th inst. and was greatly encouraged by what I saw and heard. The people with whom I talked on that occassion gave me to understand that they indended to faithfully support the Republican ticket this fall and that if I were the nominee they would rally to my support. It will be remembered that I have been before the people on several occasions as a candidate for their suffrages and my candidacy has almost invariably met with their hearty approval and resulted in my election. In 1870 I was elected State's Attorney of Allegany county before the division, by a majority of seven hundred and that at a time when the county was largely Democratic. In 1878 I was elected mayor of Cumberland by a majority of five hundred. In 1882 I was the Republican nominee for Chief Judge of this judicial circuit and had as my competitor Judge Alvey, who was elected by the very small majority of about two hundred. The position of judge of this circuit is an honorable one, and one of which any lawyer should feel proud, and I do not hesitate to say I should like to have it."

AND THE BOSSES WEAKEN!

Sudden Back Down On The Part of the Baltimore Ring.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 17.—The ring to-day receded from its position regarding the presence of Republican watchers in the registration offices.

Chairman Harry Welles Rusk of the Democratic city executive committee sent a letter to Chairman William F. Stone, of the Republican city committee, expressing his hope that amicable arrangements be made for the presence of a watcher representing each of the political parties. Mr. Rusk also wrote a letter to Messrs. Peter J. Campbell and James H. Preston, counsel to the board of election supervisors, deprecating the conflict of yesterday, and expressing a desire to have a satisfactory settlement of the matter in the way indicated.

At a conference of Republican leaders late this afternoon it was decided to decline the offer of Chairman Rusk of the Democratic city committee to have their counsel confer with the counsel of the supervisors of election in regard to the appointment of watchers of both parties to overlook the work of the registers of voters.

Mr. Hurst is said to have been advised by some of his business friends that the bosses were making a bad blunder in their high-handed course.

Several watchers were arrested and committed to jail on a charge of loitering. Writs of habeas corpus were at once applied for, and the prisoners brought before Judge Phelps, who dismissed them. The decision of the court gives the watchers the right to attend the sittings of the registrars, and the ring is vanquished.

The action of the registrars created considerable excitement and intensified the feeling against the ring. On the exchanges and in the hotels the subject was discussed and much indignation manifested.

Two of the oldest members on 'Change who have always voted the Democratic ticket, said they intended to support Mr. Lowndes and the other Republican nominees this fall on account of these proceedings.

Good Roads an Issue.

It is a significent sign of the times that the public-road question has gone into politics after a fashion. As has been shown time and again, good roads add more to the prosperity and well being of a community than almost any other one public improvement. The roads, to a certain degree, mark the civilization of the people. As people become more intelligent and public spirited they understand better the advantages of good roads and the blighting effect of bad roads, and they are not content with bad roads. For many years the building of railroads, many of them not needed, has monopolized the capital and the enterprise of the people of the United States, to the exclusion of other and even more important improvements. Every part of the Union now has its railroads, but the people need good wagon roads over which to haul their products to the stations. Heretofore the roads have been used as adjuncts to machine politics. The money appropriated for roads has been more intended for the benefit of small politicians than to make better roads.

But at last the time has come when the road question has gotten into the party platforms. At last the people are beginning to awaken to the advantages of good roads, and the politicians and parties are beginning to put good-road promises into the party platforms as vote-getters and candidates are beginning to proclaim their advocacy of good roads. This development is due not only to the awakened self-interest of farmers, but to the increasing number of bicyclers, who demand good roads and who will be likely to vote at local elections for the party most likely to give them. Good stone roads throughout Maryland would add many million dollars to the value of the real property of the State, and it would make lands marketable for which there is now no demand.—Baltimore Sun.

The Independent Voter.

The poet laureate of Frederick county has been singing in the Frederick *News* all the summer long. It has been one grand sweet song. And now as the campaign opens and candidates are treating, his singing becomes patriotic. Listen to him:

"Men of freedom, men of honor, men high-minded, free of guile,
Forward, forward, ye are needed in the rank and in the file;
Ye who make the State and save it, forward when the crises glare,
Bend your shoulders to the burden, every moment do and dare!

In the ballot is your weapon, send it home unbribed, unbought;
By its service honest triumphs, honest victories are wrought;
Break the chains of party, never selfish interest and desire,
Make the Present save the Future, purged within the cruel fire!

Wake ye slothful, forward range ye in the service of the State,
Ye have power from death to save her, save her mighty, save her great;
Not her cities not her ramparts, not her mounting battle towers,
Can preserve her when the bosom of the party tyrant lowers.

Not her rivers, not her mountains, not her beautiful domains;
Not her bays, her ocean beaches, not her sweet wildwood refrains;
Not the roar of looms, the shuttle shooting, shifting to and fro,
Not the mighty tide of traffic, sweeping onward in its flow!

Not her lofty institutions, not the spires that mark her towns,
Not the glory of her heroes nor the laurel of their crowns,
Can preserve her if the freedom of the voter is enslaved
And the independent spirit of the citizen depraved.

Men are needed, men true hearted, knowing duty's firm decree,
Stalwart in the right and constant in their passion to be free;
In their spirit to maintain the sacred rights of time and race
And the courage to defy the party tyrant to his face.

Yea, the courage to defy him, not with cannon and with sword,
But with force of honest action and the calm, intrepid word;
With the ballot, pure and stainless as the unpolluted snow,
But with mighty power to battle and prevent the long-aimed blow.

Forward, forward, then, high-minded men of independent view,
In the glory of the struggle for a statehood pure and new;
Ye are needed, crush the tyrant, rend the biting party chain,
Hear the cry; the common mother, let her cry no more in vain!

Forward in a day new risen from the error of the past;
Government is more than party, let the potent die be cast;
Greatly glowing with fresh beauty as it lights the morning skids,
Bid the sun of a new statehood in the azure heavens rise.

—The Rentztown Bard.

FOR SALE.

An excellent pair of Carriage Horses, 7 years old, sound and without vice. Also a Victoria, by Brewster, of New York. Apply to

JOHN W. WILLIAMS,
28—1 DEER PARK.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first insertion* of the same:

Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $3; County Commissioner, $2.50; Register of Wills, $2.50; County Surveyor, $1.50.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

By the request of friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer of Garrett County, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

JACOB S. MEYERS.
District No. 2.* Selbysport, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. M. LOHR.
Cove, P. O., March 11, 1895. *

FOR SHERIFF.

At the request of my many friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Garrett County, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

AUSTIN BROWN.
Selbysport, Md., May 31, 1895.*

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party. Don't slight the old soldiers.

JAMES G. CLEVELAND.
Oakland, Md., May 27, 1895. *

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

GEORGE J. WALTER,
District No. 1. P. O., Thayerville, Md.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party

GEORGE D. WHITE,
Oakland, Md.

FOR SURVEYOR.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for Surveyor of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

F. P. GREEN.
District No. 11. *

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, May 19th, 1895. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—	Daily	2.48 A. M
No. 3.—	Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 71.—	Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 47.—	Daily except Mon	10.49 A. M
No. 15.—	Accommodation daily	6.24 P. M
No. 1.—	Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8.—	Daily	6.06 A. M
No. 2.—	Daily	9.37 A. M
No. 14.—	Accommodation daily	10.09 A. M
No. 72.—	Accom daily except Sun	4.32 P. M
No. 46.—	Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4.—	Daily	12.20 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

A CLEAR HEAD,

good digestion; sound sleep, fine appetite and a ripe old age are some of the results of the use of Tutt's Liver Pills. A single dose will convince you of their wonderful effects and virtue.

A Known Fact.

An absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, malaria, sour stomach, dizziness, constipation bilious fever, piles, torpid liver and all kindred diseases.

Tutt's Liver Pills

Scratching and Swearing

only increase the irritation and heat the blood. What the skin needs is a cooling, healing application that brings comfort to body and mind, and which at the same time has strength enough to penetrate a clogged skin and to dissolve the scales of Eczema and Dandruff.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

is the only perfect preparation of this kind. It will cure Eczema, Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Dandruff, Itching Piles, Ring Worm, Pimples, Blotches and other diseases of the skin. Sometimes it will cure in a few days—sometimes it takes longer—but the cure is certain and permanent. There is no question about it. It has been proven times without number.

50 cents—all drug stores.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head and all inflammation of the nasal passages—50c.

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 1, on Front Street, in Bayard, West Va.

Lot contaiuing four acres with house on it, at Swanton, Md.

A mortgage on property worth more than double, at Loch Lyna Heights, Md.

WILLIAM W. SWEET,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48-26t*

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL
ROOFING,
SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

Slate Roofing.

Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.

I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.

All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.

I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.

Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.

For prices apply to or address,

C. M. BEACHY,
47—1yr. Grantsville, Md

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, 14 old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
28—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

STRAWBERRIES.

Best varieties, early, medium and late. Our pot grown plants set now will produce a full crop next June. Sent by mail prepaid, 60 cents per dozen; express unpaid, $3 per hundred.

THE HORTICULTURAL SUPPLY CO.,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

Working For Good Roads.

The committee appointed by the New York Legislature at its recent session to investigate and report on the subject of good roads in that State is going about its work in a diligent and systematic manner. It has already visited a number of the leading counties and held consultations with the boards of supervisors to learn what the condition is, of local public sentiment on the subject, what plan is considered the most feasible, and to help awaken a popular enthusiasm on the question, and also to listen to recommendations and suggestions. This plan will be followed until most, if not all, of the counties have been visited and then from this mass of information and observation the committee will evolve some comprehensive scheme to be reported to the Legislature at its next session.

But New York is not the only State that is doing good work in favor of a better system of roads.

The appropriation of Massachusetts for building roads this year will be about $400,000. Connecticut will spend $75,000 for the same purpose, and New Jersey $150,000. New York would have had $250,000 to devote to road improvements this year if the bill drafted for the purpose had not failed to become a law. But while this was not enacted into a law some work will be done, in addition to the investigation now being made by the committee, under a law which authorizes the town boards and commissioners of highways adjoining cities of not less than 35,000 population to issue bonds for the improvement of highways by grading and macadamizing. The work must be done under strict supervision and be of the best character.

Public sentiment in favor of good roads has been awakened to a remarkable degree during the past few years. Some of this would naturally have found expression as the loss occasioned by poor roads became evident to farmers. But more of this interest is due to the rage for bicycling. As soon as that sport became popular, and riding in the country was indulged in, the bad condition of country roads became a national question. If now the interest displayed can be rightly directed, the next twenty years will see an entire transformation in the condition of roads in this country. A good move in this direction is the good roads parliament called by Secretary of Agriculture Morton, to meet in Atlanta, Ga., during the fair to be held in that city. It is through such meetings that the latest and best information on the subject of good roads can be disseminated, and some localities saved from making ill-considered attempts which will have to be done over later.

There have been some recent efforts to check the growth of public sentiment in favor of good roads on the ground that the development of electricity as a motive power will soon do away with the necessity of using roads for wagons. This is an argument that will have little weight with sagacious men. It is true that the trolley or some other method of electric traction does seem destined to render the horse useless to some degree; but this does not argue that roads will not be a necessity of the future. It is more probable that invention will give an electrical carriage that will demand good roads more urgently than the horse or the bicycle. There is little probability that this crusade against good roads can succeed. At least it ought not to influence the farmer, who knows by hard experience how burdensome a tax poor roads are on the transportation of his products to market, and how improved roads have almost invariably resulted in the rise in the value of acre property.

The subject has passed beyond the stage of conjecture, and has entered the domain of realty. It has been demonstrated that good roads pay, and the question is now how to get the best at the least cost. The New York plan of an investigating committee seems to be the most practicable, and in the long run the cheapest.—Philadelphia Press.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

Communicated.

To the editor of The Republican.

Within the next ten days the Republicans of Garrett county will nominate their ticket for local offices. The acknowledged certainty that a nomination is equivalent to an election naturally excites lively competition for place upon the ticket. I take it for granted that the ticket will be strong and clean from top to bottom, as the material is abundant. Garrett has many worthy Republicans who would grace any ticket. I think all understand the importance of nominating the best men; particularly should great care be exercised in selecting our legislative ticket, after nearly thirty years of bourbon misrule and mossback incompetency. This long period of wreckage and ruin, during which the assets of the State have been squandered or stolen, the rights of the people denied or taken from them, local government lost by concentrating the appointments of officials in the hands of the governor, our taxes wasted or misused, our industries languishing or dead, our farms mortgaged, our roads impassable, our schools closed, many of our young and energetic people leaving the State, and many others ready to go if they could realize on their property. With the election of Mr. Lowndes as governor these evils will be remedied and others avoided. Reform, renssessment, open schools, good roads and good times will be the result. To do this we must be aided and sustained by intelligent and earnest men in the legislature. A great responsibility will devolve upon that body; much will be expected and much must be done.

Christian J. Otto, of Grantsville, (District No. 3), has been widely and warmly spoken of as a proper person to represent our county at Annapolis. Mr. Otto is a member of one of the oldest, largest and most influential families of the county, all of whom are good citizens and large taxpayers. None of them have aspired to office. He has been an active, earnest and zealous Republican for twenty-five years—always in the ranks, never in office. He is a worthy and active member of the Reform Church. Largely engaged in lumbering, he has profitably employed a number of men for years. In every respect he is a model citizen, hospitable, public spirited and intellegent, he would be a credit to our county in any position.

GRANTSVILLE.

Crop Reports.

Bittinger.—Weather the past week warm and dry, but slightly cooler now. Buckwheat thrashing in progress; "thrashermen" report the yield for wheat from 7 to 20 bushels per acre; buckwheat from 10 to 20; oats from 30 to 40 and upwards. Early potatoes yield well; late poor. Pastures getting short, and water has not been so low, except once, in the last 25 years. Corn crop will be short.

P. P. LOHR.

Deer Park.—Weather extremely dry; waters very low, a great many springs and wells gone dry. Pasture dried up; buckwheat about all cut, some thrashed—crop light. Some fields will be plowed under instead of being cut. A little sprinkle of rain on the morning of the 12th, but was all dried up before night. People will soon have to begin feeding if it does not rain to start the grass.

A. J. LEE.

Sunny Side.—Weather for the past seven days hot and dry. Excellent for thrashing buckwheat, which is in progress. Corn is being cut up in shocks. Corn about two-thirds. Vegetables, such as cabbage, turnips, and tomatoes, are perishing for want of rain. Streams are drying up. Ground too dry for plowing or seeding wheat. Stock is suffering for want of pasture.

JOHN G. KNAUER.

Grantsville.—The past week has been very warm, with 1.10 rain on the 10th. Corn very good and ready to cut. Potatoes extra, and no market. No chestnuts on account of May frosts. Cloverseed a fair crop. More rain badly needed.

J. S. MILLER.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Send your job work to THE REPUBLICAN office.

McComas' Calmative Konseals, 10 cents. Try them. 5-tf

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

FOR SALE. — Four heavy work horses. Apply to D. S. Martin, Oakland, Md. 26-3t.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

Severe griping pains of the stomach and bowels instantly and effectually stopped by DeWitt's Colic and Cholera Cure.

There is no doubt, no failure, when you take DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure. It is pleasant, acts promptly, no bad after effects.

Stomach and Bowel Complaints are best relieved by the timely use of DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure. Insist on having this preparation. Don't take any other.

Cholera Morbus is a dangerous complaint, and often is fatal in its result. To avoid this you should use DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure as soon as the first symptoms appear.

Easy to take, sure to cure, no pain, nothing to dread, pleasant little pills. DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Best for Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach and Constipation.

We have something new, effective, pleasant to take and perfectly harmless and a positive cure for nervous headache, sick headache, dizziness and neuralgia. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

HAULING AND EXPRESS.—I have located at Mountain Lake Park and am prepared to do hauling of all kinds at short notice. Baggage a specialty. A share of the public patronage solicited. Harry Thayer.

McComas' Calmative Konseals contain all that is required to cure the worst case of headache or neuralgia in a very few minutes and are safe, sure, inexpensive. Manufactured by Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf.

Children, especialy infants are soon run down with Cholera Infantum or "Summer Complaint." Don't wait to determine, but give DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure promptly, you can rely on it. Use no other.

Try McComas' Calmative Konseals to drive away sharp pains in muscular and acute rheumatism. One or two Konseals have shown marvelous results. 10 cents per box. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

Diarrhœa should be stopped promptly. It soon becomes chronic. DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure is effective, safe and certain. Hundreds of testimonials bear witness to the virtue of this great medicine. It can always be depended upon, its use saves time and money.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Mr. A. A. Snyder, Supt. Poor Farm, Winnesheik Co., Ia., says:—Last winter Mr. Robert Leach used two boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve and cured a large running sore on his leg, Had been under care of physician for months without obtaining relief. Sure cure for Piles.

B. H. Bowman, Pub. Enquirer, of Bremen Ind., writes: Last week our little girl baby the only one we have was taken sick with croup. After two doctors failed to give relief and life was hanging on a mere thread we tried One Minute Cough Cure and its life was saved. Oakland Pharmacy.

Notice is hereby given to all persons in debt to me that on and after the 1st day of October all unsettled claims will be put in the hands of Messrs. Peddicord & Peddicord for collection. Plenty goods cheap for cash.

27-2t. P. T. GARTHRIGHT.

Public Sale.

The undersigned will sell at public auction on Saturday Sept. 28, 1895, at his farm six miles south of Oakland, the following property: 35 colonies of fine Italian bees, 1 cow, 1 bay mare, 6 head hogs, 1500 pounds honey, 1 honey extractor, bee supplies, 1 cooking stove, 1 heating stove, 1 bureau, a lot of corn, buckwheat, potatoes and numerous other articles.

Terms of Sale—all over $5 a credit of four months will be given purchaser giving note with approved security.

26-2t* M. H. DEWITT.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

THE OAKLAND HARNESS CO.

carry the best stock of heavy, hand made harness and horse furnishing goods to be found in the country.

Alder Street, opposite G. S. Hamill's office.

TRUMAN WEST, Manager.

26—26t.*

Reqistration Notice.

September and October Sittings.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned Officers of Registration of Voters in and for their respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county, at the places hereinafter named, for three successive days in the month of September, commencing with and including the third Monday of September, that is to say the

16th, 17th and 18th Days of September, 1895,

and four successive days in the month of October, commencing with and including the first Monday in October, that is to say on the

7th, 8th, 9th and 10th Days of October, 1895,

from the hour of 8 o'clock a. m., until 5 o'clock p. m., on each of said days for the purpose of ascertaining and registering in the proper registries of voters the persons qualified to vote in their respective Election Districts who shall present themselves for registration, and for the further purpose of revising and correcting the registries of voters for their said respective Election Districts, and the striking therefrom the names of all voters entered therein who shall have died or become for any reason disqualified or who for any cause shall have ceased to be entitled to remain on said registries of voters.

And on the Monday next succeeding the second Monday in October, that is to say on the

21st Day of October,

in said year 1895, from the hour of 8 o'clock a. m., until 5 o'clock p. m., on said day, the said officers of Registration will sit in their respective Election Districts for the revision of and for the hearing of applicants for reinstatement by persons whose names shall have been stricken off the registries of voters for said Election Districts in said county as provided in Article 33, Sections 1 to 36ll, of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, title "Elections," sub-title Registration of Voters" as amended by Chapter 573 of the Acts of 1890.

The places of sitting of each of said Officers of Registration in their respective Election Districts on the days named and hours stated is as follows to-wit:

District No. 1. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days will sit at Swanton. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Swanton. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Swanton.

District No. 2. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Friendsville. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Friendsville. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Friendsville.

District No. 3. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Grantsville. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Grantsville. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Grantsville.

District No. 4. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Bloomington. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Bloomington. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Bloomington.

District No. 5. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Accident. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Accident. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Accident.

District No. 6. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Sang Run. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Sang Run. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Sang Run.

District No. 7. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Oakland. During the first October Sitting, 1895, will sit at Huttons, on the 7th day and at Oakland on the 8th, 9th and 10th days of October. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Oakland.

District No. 8. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Gorman. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Red House. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Red House.

District No. 9. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Johnsons. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Johnsons. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Johnsons.

District No. 10. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Deer Park. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Deer Park. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Deer Park.

District No. 11. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Elsow. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Garlitz's Mill. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Garlitz's Mill.

District No. 12. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Bittinger. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Bittinger. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Bittinger.

All naturalized citizens applying for registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the Officers of Registration.

Signed,

H. O. HAMILL, Registration Officer District No. 1.
R. E. FRIEND, Registration Officer District No. 2.
ISAIAH FULLER, Registration Officer District No. 3.
JOHN COLLINS, Registration Officer District No. 4.
JOHN L. RICHTER, Registration Officer District No. 5.
N. C. BROWNING, Registration Officer District No. 6.
JOHN A. HUGHES, Registration Officer District No. 7.
HENRY A. SHAFFER, Registration Officer District No. 8.
SAMUEL JOHNSON, Registration Officer District No. 9.
SEBASTIAN HINEBAUGH, Registration Officer District No. 10.
NOAH S. GARLITZ, Registration Officer District No. 11.
JOSEPH BUCKLE, Registration Officer District No. 12.

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

EIGHTH YEAR.
A MODERN, HIGH GRADE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.

Reopens Sept. 25, 1895 (D. V.) A department for boys and young men embracing thorough preparatory work for college, business or scientific school will be inaugurated under the charge of Maj. C. A. Ballou, of the Virginia Military Institute. Stenography, type-writing, book-keeping, besides full courses in English and Latin, etc. Send for catalogue to E. B. SWAN, Principal and Proprietress.

18 1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

WANTED.—A saleman and collector for the Singer Sewing Machine Co. Address, Harry Clayton, Grafton, W. Va. 26-3t.

ORDER NISI.

John Hetrick, et. al. by Henry Felk *pro chien ami* vs. Charles W. Hetrick.

No. 703 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 12th day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-five, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Edward O. Sincell, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 7th day of September, 1895, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 7th day of September, 1895.

This report states the amount of sale to be $1080.00. E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True Copy, Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,
PLANING MILLS,
And BUILDING MATERIALS.
MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still building

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. What we've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS.

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

38 1y

DR. HENRY W. M'COMAS,
—PROPRIETOR OF—
OAKLAND PHARMACY,
OAKLAND, MD.

Pure Drugs, Fancy Stationery, Soaps and Toilet Articles.

PRESCRIPTIONS
Carefully and Accurately Compounded
DAY OR NIGHT.
PRICES REASONABLE.

We invite a liberal share of your patronage.

JOS. E. HARNED, Manager.

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.
OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

ORDER NISI.

Margaret Miller vs. Frederick Miller, et. al. No. 687 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 21th day of August in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-five by the Circuit Court sitting in Equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by J. W. S. Cochrane and David W. Sloan, trustees, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 20th day of September, 1895; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 20th day of September, 1895.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2625.00. E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True Copy, Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Just Received,

A Car Load of Watermelons, Canteloupes, Bananas, Potatoes and Apples and will sell you at your own price.

Fruit and Vegetables received daily.

We will sell you Groceries at the lowest possible price.

Just received, a fresh line of Marvin's crackers. They are the best and cheapest.

We are still in the Jewelry business and will sell you good goods at a low figure. What we have not in stock we will get you on short notice.

Anything in our line we will gladly sell you as cheap as you can buy elsewhere. Give us a call.

W. H. MALETTE,
Fancy Grocer and Jeweler.

P. S.—When in Mt. Lake Park try our Ice Cream, Meals and Lunches, "Auditorium Restaurant."

"LOYALTY!"

BY WILLIE MUDFORD.

"And Evangeline, kneeling beside him
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom."

"How is he to-day, nurse?"

"There has been no change. Once in the night there seemed an improvement, but it was only momentary, and he has remained just as you see him now. Perhaps I was mistaken even then."

She spoke with the calm, matter-of-fact preciseness of her calling, and watched in respectful silence while the doctor made his wonted examination. Standing at the foot of the bed, in her plain gray dress and professional cap and apron, she looked a strong reliant figure, capable of the patient fulfillment of burdensome duties, and of swift, hasteful action in moments of emergency. Her face was pale, and appeared paler still for the deep rings under the eyes that told of a night's vigil; and, though trained for years to impassive contemplation of suffering and sorrow, its features were all too finely moulded and sympathetic to wholly conceal a nature instinctively gentle and tender. The doctor put his watch back into his pocket and slowly buttoned his coat as he looked at the unconscious figure in the bed.

"The change may come at any moment," he said, "and when it does there will be nothing for us to do. He cannot possibly live through the day; he may die in the next five minutes. I will stay here a little; I am not busy this morning, and"—he scanned her keenly and noted the weariness her eyes could not conceal—"you had better rest in the arm-chair. You look a bit fagged. Did you get any sleep last night?"

"No," she answered, simply; moving to the chair he wheeled forward for her. She failed to add that she had taken no rest and scarce any food since Wednesday afternoon, though it was then Friday. He would have scolded her for want of care for herself, and her secret was inestimably dear to her.

The doctor drew the blinds to shut out the morning sunlight—there was little need for light now. Moving noiselessly about the room he amused himself examining the books and odds and ends that littered the room, glancing from time to time towards the bed where his dying patient breathed slowly and heavily. He even wondered about the identity of the man whose existence had only come to his ken when he was called by the laundress a couple of days back. It was then too late to discover much, for the patient had lain all night insensible by the heavy brass fender, with a fractured skull; and precious hours—wherein it might have been possible to raise the depressed bone, remove the blood clots and relieve the pressure on the brain—had passed without a suspicion. The shadow of death was creeping across the large room in the Temple. The charwoman found him in the morning, and screamed for the assistance and the comfort of her daughter Hannah. Together they began to treat the poor gentleman for what they comprehensively termed "fits," but the girl discovering the small wound at the back of the head the doctor was speedily brought and they volubly furnished him with the leading facts.

Dr. Pilcher quietly checked the reminiscent flow and hastened to place a nurse in charge. He was satisfied that the accident—as he was certain it had been—could have but one ending. There are few threads in the tangled skein of London life that run their length smoothly enough to enable a stranger to pick up any part and trace its history; and Dr. Pilcher was too accustomed to the knots, the sudden entanglements, the confusing influence or intruding threads, to expect to carry far his investigations into the antecedents of an unknown patient. The man was of the intellectual type, the good forehead and the long, well-shaped nose could belong to no stunted mind. His books, if somewhat incongruous, revealed literary appreciation; the water-colors on the walls and the china about the room argued taste; a crucifix at the bed-head suggested a religious temperament which the doctor, judging from the general surroundings, surmised to be impressionable rather than devotional. On the writing table he found a letter from a firm of solicitors acknowledging the receipt of instructions and promising "best attention." This he put into his pocket.

Standing by itself in an old Oxford frame was a little, half-faded photograph of a girl in the evening dress of the early seventies. The enormous skirt, with two or three huge bows down the center, the puffy sleeves fastened at intervals with bands of ribbon and closing tightly round the wrists, the full, square-cut bodice, and loose pile of hair controlled by a single strip of velvet, were all strange to eyes accustomed to later modes, but no enormities of dress could dim the vivid, well-nigh wicked beauty in the girl's face. A black velvet band with a little cross hung low on her bosom, and heavy ornaments pierced her dainty ears, but had her face been smeared with the fantastic adornments of a Polynesian beauty, had her teeth been blackened and her lips run through with bones, she would still have been triumphant in loveliness, and the trying fashion of twenty-five years back was impotent against her charms even when judged by modern standards. Her small, pert face, with its dainty cheeks and daring eyes, was as real in this faded photograph as the frank charms of honest Mistress Nellie in the canvases of Sir Peter Lely are to us to-day. The doctor examined the portrait for a moment, and peered at the dim name written across it, smiling tolerantly as the wear and tastes of earlier days came back to his mind, while the woman in the arm-chair watched him with tired eyes. The heavy, stertorous breathing, and the peculiar blowing of the lips changed suddenly to a quick, convulsive struggle, and in an instant both were by the bedside. Together they watched and waited till the brief agony was stilled.

"I will send up the laundress," the doctor said, "and then you had better go home; it is no use stopping here. I know his solicitors, and will write to them that they may communicate with his relations, if he has any. They can see me about any arrangements they want to make."

She nodded without speaking, and he left with a cheery "Good-by," telling her to be certain that the door was locked ere she left. As he went downstairs he said to himself she was working too hard and needed a change, and made a mental note to send her with his next patient ordered to the seaside. She remained at the foot of the bed till the heavy approach of the laundress roused her, and she went shuddering to the chair, where she sat shading her face, while the woman laid out the body after the decent fashion of our people. When they had gone she locked the door. Then she pressed her hands over her eyes and trembled slightly, remaining still and sorrowing for some minutes. Presently she went gently to the bed and, uncovering the face, began to smooth the hair from the forehead, speaking in a low murmur.

"Harry dear," she whispered, "the world could not divide us at the last, though it is so big. We are together, you and I, as we used to be in the beginning. Do you mind, now that you know that I am with you? You are not angry, dear, because after all these years God has let me see you again, and call you by your name, and—oh, yes—"

She bent to kiss him, but shook her head sadly instead, and knelt by his side.

"Let me talk to you just as if it were the same again, as if nothing had happened, and we were boy and girl once more. I won't say anything about her to make you angry. I won't remember it and you must forget too. Can you forget, I wonder? Do you forget now? You forgot me while you were alive; are you forgetting her now you are dead?"

The tears gathered in her eyes and she sobbed softly. She looked into the white face and said quickly:

"But I won't ask you to forget, Harry. I won't ask it; it isn't mine to ask. It was all a mistake, dear, and we have both suffered; perhaps she has suffered too. It was hard you were not happy; you were so good and loved so much. We have both loved much, have we not? Where have you been all these years? I wonder if you ever thought of me as I have thought of you, and remembered the old days. If you had met me I wonder if you would have taken me in your arms and kissed me as you did in the meadows at Langley. I would have let you, Harry, as I did then; you know I would. Were you too proud to come back to me? Oh, my dear, I would have lain at your feet, had you wished it, and begged you to look down and smile at me. But it's too late now; there's no hope for either of us. I felt that there could not be after the day you wrote me, but I would have faced everything and dared everything if you had come back. Never mind, dear, it is good to look back upon and think of and love, and nobody can take it away from us. Don't think of it if it makes you angry, but I can't help remembering; and now I am telling you with no one else to hear."

The bright sun beat through the window blinds and filled the room with a radiance thick and hot. She bowed her head on the bed and remained kneeling with her arms stretched across his body. Presently she rose and began to move softly about the room, touching his books and little treasures. The white figure on the cross hung in its infinite pathos above the bed. She took it from its place and was about to lay it on his breast. With a quick gesture she stopped and replaced it on the wall. Then she turned to his writing table and took up the faded photograph in the Oxford frame.

"You were his then," she said, in gentle, even voice, "and you are his still. You have the right; I have none. Perhaps you, living in your great world to-day, have quite forgotten, but I know he has remembered, and"—her voice shook a little—"he would wish it."

She laid the photograph on the body where she had turned back the sheet and smoothed the creases away from it. Her hands clasped before her, she stood looking at the strange pair—the dead man with his pale face, and the picture with its saucy eyes and antiquated fineries. The wicked orbs seemed mockingly to tell her of a barrier she must not pass; a right of possession she dare not dispute. She sighed, as if submissively, and turned to the window, lifting a corner of the blind to scan the well-nigh deserted Temple thoroughfare. A coster passed with a basketful of cowslips, and she remembered a morning in Langley meadows, where Harry made a wreath and crowned her his queen of the cowslips. Going to the door she called Hannah, and, giving her some pennies, sent her to buy a bunch of the flowers. She took them back to the room and began to strew them over the coverlid. The mocking eyes appeared to follow her with unconcealed derision, and hastily she swept the yellow blossoms together again. Filling a large jar with water she arranged the flowers in it and put it on the table by the head of the bed. She picked a few sprays from the bunch and laid them for a moment on the cold lips. Then she took them and, undoing a button in her bodice, hid them at her breast. Without looking at him again she crept noiselessly out of the room, locking the door and giving the key to the laundress as the doctor had directed.

In the smoking-room of a West-end club two men were talking. One said: "I was at Lady Stourcommon's last night. What a flirt that woman remains at fifty!"—Black and White.

NAMES IN NOVELS.

How Some Writers Are Puzzled in Naming Their Characters.

All the mechanism of novel writing has a fascination for the general public, and no part more so than the fitting of names to the characters. Why certain appellations are chosen whose aptness and quaintness at once strikes the reader is a question of great interest. The old-fashioned tales and plays, with their Sneerwells, Backbites, Belmirs, etc., and the later case, Thackeray's Newcomes, follow the simple rule of descriptive names, but the raison d'etre of the many thousands which constantly absorb the public interest is utterly uncertain.

Dickens, it is well known, ransacked old London for quaint and curious names. Shop signs were his special hunting ground, and in this he had a French counterpart, Balzac. The story is a twice told tale how the great novelist dragged his companion through Paris one memorable night in search of a name to fit some one of his stupendous creations, and just as the dawn was beginning to break and the companion's strength was failing a sign was found which bore a name sufficiently outlandish to suit even Balzac's taste. The name once given, he was wont to declare it grew to the character so that separation was to him utterly impossible.

Such a separation was recently enforced on an author. Miss Anna B. Walker, well known from her many charming books, and even more famous as the sister of Susan Warner, who wrote "The Wide, Wide World," planned a book which was to treat of West Point life. In searching for a name for her hero, which would not be likely to appear in any army register, an old name came to her mind—one that she had not heard for more than fifty years, and then only once—the owner having been a client of her father. She recalled hearing him comment of the strangeness of the name, and only that circumstance impressed it on her memory.

The book was written, with the hero bearing the quaint old name, but when she submitted it to the publishers she was informed that there was some one living of that name who decidedly objected to having it appear "in a book," distinctive as it was through its oddness. With inward protest the patient author then set about to find another name, but the personality of her hero had become indissolubly bound to her first choice, and no other one seemed to fit it.—N. Y. Herald.

THE COURAGE OF WOMEN.

It Is Passive Fortitude Rather Than Physical Demonstration.

Let us consider in what the physical courage of woman has hitherto most differed from that of man, for the difference is one not only of degree, but quality, and the result partly of physiological conditions, partly the influence of heredity, and partly of the necessities of her social life and the education which is habitually assigned to her—all of which must affect the future as well as the past. Broadly speaking, it is in passive fortitude and endurance, in continuance rather than vehemence of effort, in self-abnegation and vicarious pleasure that the courage of woman excels. She will face with equanimity a necessary danger, but will rarely seek or delight in it. Joys of contest and peril have for her little meaning, and no attraction; they threaten the home; they are physically prescribed during a great portion of her life; they conflict with her special province of being beautiful, and her special glory of being chosen and protected. I doubt whether there be a woman in the world who does not in her heart of hearts still like being fought for, who does not admire even an ordinary feat of strength or daring more than all the honors of the schools.

How strange it would be were this not so, when we remember that for centuries upon centuries the progress of civilization, the evolution of sex, has been founded upon the contest of male for female. When we think of the course of history, the necessities of structure, the influence of maternity, the slow inheritance of one uniform tradition of conduct, of all these diverse and potent factors alike tending in the same direction, there is no room for wonder that a radically different conception of courage should be held by men and women, and we must require very strong evidence to believe that such a conception in harmony, as it appears to be alike with nature and reason, is erroneous or destructible.—Fortnightly Review.

The Warrior and His Snuffbox.

At some maneuvers of the volunteers in Dumfriesshire the troops were divided into two parts, an attacking and a defending force. The former were posted behind a hedge during some skirmishing, when one of the defenders suddenly burst through and was immediately surrounded. "Down with your arms—you're my prisoner!" cried the sergeant. "Nae, nae, mon," returned the intruder, coolly, "I'm nae preesoner." "I tell you we are the enemy," cried the sergeant. "I dinna care whether ye're the enemy or nae," retorted the intrepid volunteer; "I hae lost ma snuffbox and I'm ne gaun back without it." Amid general laughter the valiant warrior was allowed to look for "ma snuffbox," and when he had found it he departed in peace.—N. Y. World.

A Queer Greeting.

Sir John Macdonald, of Canada, was at a great meeting in Scotland, and a bishop from Belgium was present. As the party was being escorted by a body of men in Highland costume, the foreign bishop, seeing the bare legs and kilts, asked why these men were without trousers. "It's just a local custom," gravely replied Sir John. "In some places, people take off their hats as a mark of honor to distinguished guests; here they take off their trousers."—Golden Days.

RAISING SPIDERS.

An Odd Industry Carried on in Pennsylvania.

Although entomologists have often raised spiders for purposes of scientific observation and investigation, spider raising as a money-making industry is something rather novel. One has only to go four miles from Philadelphia, on the old Lancaster pike, and ask for the farm of Pierre Grantaire to see what can be found nowhere else in this country, and abroad only in a little French village in the department of the Loire.

Pierre Grantaire furnishes spiders at so much per hundred for distribution in the wine vaults of merchants and the nouveaux riches. His trade is chiefly with the wholesale merchant, who is able to stock a cellar with new, shining, freshly labeled bottles, and in three months see them veiled with filmy cobwebs, so that the effect of twenty years of storage is secured at a small cost. The effect upon a customer can be imagined, and is hardly to be measured in dollars and cents. It is a trifling matter to cover the bins with dust, but to cover them with cobwebs spun from cork to cork, and that drape the neck like delicate lace, the seal of years of slow mellowing, that is a different matter. The walls of Mr. Grantaire's spider house are covered with wire squares from six inches to a foot across, and behind these screens the walls are covered with rough planking. There are cracks between the boards apparently left with design, and their weatherbeaten surfaces are dotted with knot holes and splintered crevices. Long tables running the length of the room are covered with small wire frames, wooden boxes and glass jars. All of these wires in the room are covered with patterns of lace drapery, in the geometrical outlines fashioned by the spider artists. The sunlight streaming through the door shows the room hung with curtains of cobweb lacework.

It is not all kinds of spiders that make webs suitable for the purposes of the merchant, and those selected by Mr. Grantaire are species that weave fine, large ones of lines and circles. They are the only webs that look artistic in the wine cellar or on the bottles. The spiders that weave these are principally the Epeira vulgaris and Nephila pinnipes.

When Mr. Grantaire has an order from a wine merchant, he places the spiders in small paper boxes, a pair in a box, and ships them in a crate with many holes for the ingress of air. The price asked, ten dollars a hundred, well repays the wine merchant who, at an expenditure of forty or fifty dollars, may sell his stock of wine for a thousand or more dollars above what he could have obtained for it before the spiders dressed his bottles in the robes of long ago. Mr. Grantaire has on hand, at a time, ten thousand spiders, old and young, the eggs of some of which, the choicest, he obtains from France.

When the mother spider wishes to lay her eggs she makes a small web in a broad crack, then she lays, say, fifty eggs, which she covers with a soft silk cocoon. In two weeks (or longer in winter) the eggs begin to hatch, an operation that takes one or two days. The eggshells crack off in flakes and the young spiders have a struggle to emerge. Then they begin to grow, and in a week look like spiders. They often moult and shed their skins like snakes. The brood has to be separated at a tender age, else the members of the family would devour each other until only one was left.—Philadelphia Times.

CALIFORNIA UNDER SPAIN.

Trade Restrictions Which Were Deadly to the Young Colonies.

England was a careless parent. Her children, neglected by the mother country, forced to earn their own living while yet young, though having thus a sorry youth, still early developed strength, energy and ambition to do for themselves, and be free from parental rule. Spain, though she even fed and clothed her colonists, kept them strictly dependent upon her for the smallest as well as the greatest needs, discouraging freedom of thought as well as action, governing by a mass of rules to which was exacted implicit obedience. She thus kept a strong hold upon her most remote settlements, which rendered it difficult, almost impossible, for the colonists to develop into independent citizenhood. Spanish trade restrictions were deadly to the young colonies, and at length almost suicidal to the parent land. No trade was allowed with other countries, and only with Spain herself through the one port of Seville, where it was rigidly inspected by the "house of trade"—that board of regulators with the narrowest ideas and instructions. All commerce had to be carried in Spanish vessels, so why should the settlers build ships? Trade between sister colonies was forbidden, and no foreign vessel could enter a harbor of a Spanish possession, or land a man without carrying a special permit. To prevent colonists trading with foreigners, death and forfeiture of property were the penalties. To strengthen further her peculiar trade policy, Spain forbade the cultivation in the colonies of such raw products as came into direct competition with home industries. The culture of hemp, tobacco, olives, grapes in vineyard, and many other articles, came under this list.—Overland Monthly.

A Good Word for Wagner.

Policeman—And are the folks not at home, Biddy?

Bridget—No, indade, Mister Roundsman; they have all gone to the theayter, and it's one of Wagner's operas, I hear. God bless the man. He wrote such large pieces that I'm all alone in the house for the nixt three hours.—Texas Siftings.

—He—"What a pity that Miss Vere de Vere should have lost her good name." She (greatly shocked)—"In Heaven's name, what do you mean?" He—"Why, marrying a man named Jones, of course."—N. Y. Sun.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Carry—"Why was it, I wonder, my poor husband never said anything to me about remarrying?" Anna—"Probably you were not the person he wanted to warn."—Life.

—"Did you receive an affectionate letter from Bar Harbor from your wife?" "Yes," but she didn't waste any words. "She merely wrote: 'Love! Send me one hundred dollars!'"—Boston Gazette.

—Cholly Chumpey—"I see that earrings are coming into fashion again. Have your ears ever been bored?" Miss Caustic—"What a question! Haven't I often listened to your twaddle?"—Syracuse Post.

—Blobbs—"I'm going down to Atlantic to-morrow. I'll look up your sister." Slobbs—"Yes, do. She's having such a dull time; she wrote me she would be glad to see anybody."—Philadelphia Record.

—"Ah," said the jovial friend of the man with the valise, "going for a little rest, are you?" "No," was the reply, with a hurried glance at the timetable. "I'm going away on my vacation."—Washington Star.

—Violet—"I've just had a letter from George, and he says he's going to be married." Vivienne—"Going to be married! Why, I thought— Well, you seem very cool about it. Who's he going to marry?" Violet—"Me."—Judy.

—Cleff—"They tell me your daughter Julia is quite a singer. Has she a good voice? Is her method—" Staff—"Can't say so much about her voice, but her method is superb. She never sings when I am at home."—Boston Transcript.

—Stranger—"Do the people do much hunting around here?" Native—"They do for a fact. Dead loads of it." Stranger—"What do they hunt—deer or quail?" Native—"Nope. Money to meet their notes in bank with."—Florida Times-Union.

—Port Officer—"What have you on board, captain?" Captain—"Our cargo consists of one thousand cases of oranges." Port Officer—"Yes." Captain—"One thousand cases of eggs." Port Officer—"Yes." Captain—"Three cases of yellow fever!"—Tit-Bits.

—Waggles—"Yis, madam, I am hungry. You wouldn't believe it; but I was wonct a man ov remarkable musical abilities." The Woman—"Well, to bring back old times to you, take this ax and chop a few cords out of that woodpile."—Syracuse Post.

—The Kind to Have.—Jack—"My landlady is a young widow and good looking." Dick—"Does she ever say any tender things to you?" Jack—"You bet she does. She says 'beefsteak' and 'chicken' and—" Dick—"Hold on. That's the kind of a one I'm looking for. Any room for an extra eater there?"—Detroit Free Press.

—Mrs. Cumso (severely)—"Johnny, I heard you use that expression 'those kind,' after I told you it was wrong." Johnny Cumso—"But, mamma, it was right this time, I'm sure." Mrs. Cumso—"It is never right to say 'those kind,' Johnny." Johnny Cumso—"But, mamma," persisted Johnny, "I was speaking of those kind girls who helped me up when I fell off my bicycle."—Harper's Bazar.

—"Here is an item," said Mr. Chugwater, who was looking over his morning paper, "about a man that fell from the thirteenth floor of a sky-scraper the other day." "Did it kill him?" asked Mrs. Chugwater. "Kill him? He never knew what hurt him." "I might have known it," rejoined Mrs. Chugwater, rubbing her nose thoughtfully. "Thirteen is such an unlucky number"—Chicago Tribune.

Wise Old King Cecrops.

Did I say that the people who lived there (Athens) at that time were simple minded? Rather childlike they were in some ways, and not so worldly wise as they might have been had they lived some thousand years later: but they were neither simpletons nor altogether savages. They were the foremost people of Greece. It was all owing to their king, wise old Cecrops, that they had risen to a condition superior to that of the half barbarous tribes around them. He had shown them how to sow barley and wheat and plant vineyards; and he had taught them to depend upon these and their flocks and herds for food, rather than upon the wild beasts of the chase. He had persuaded them to lay aside many of their old cruel customs, had set them in families with each its own home, and had instructed them in the worship of the gods. On the top of the Acropolis they had built a little city and protected it with walls and fortifications against any attack from their warlike neighbors; and from this point as a center they had, little by little, extended their influence to the sea on one side and to the mountains on the other. But, strange to say, they had not yet given a name to their city, nor had they decided which one of the gods should be its protector.—James Baldwin, in St. Nicholas.

A Clatter on the Stairs.

A house in Cologne has two horses' heads carved in wood affixed to it; the legend thereunto belonging being that a noble lady died of the plague and was hastily interred. The sexton noticed a costly ring on her finger, and went to the vault at night to rob the dead. But the lady was only in a trance, and the touch of the would-be thief aroused her. She arose from her coffin and found her way home, where her knocks aroused a servant, who rushed to tell his master who it was. "Impossible!" said the husband, who does not seem to have been too charmed at the idea; "I would as soon believe my two gray horses should leave their stalls and mount the stairs." Behold! a clatter and a trampling! and the horses were climbing steadily upward to the garret! Convinced at last, the husband descended, found it was indeed his wife, and brought her in; and one hopes they were both grateful to the good gray steeds.—Gentleman's Magazine.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Delicate Cake.—One cup sugar, one-half cup butter, one and one-half cups flour, half cup sweet milk, whites four eggs, teaspoonful baking powder, teaspoonful vanilla.—Chicago Herald.

—Russian Salad.—Chop and mix carefully together two ounces of roast chicken, and the same quantity of ham, beef tongue, beef and mutton, four truffles, twelve anchovies, three stalks of celery, two heads of lettuce. Mix with eight tablespoonfuls of sauce tartare and serve.—Harper's Bazar.

—Strawberry Water Ice.—One quart of strawberries, one quart of water, one pound of sugar, and juice of two lemons. Add the sugar and lemon juice to the strawberries, mash them and stand aside one hour. Then strain through a fine sieve, add the water and turn into the freezer to freeze.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—To Clean Tea Trays.—Boiling water should never be poured over tea trays, japaned goods, etc., as it will make the varnish crack and peel off. Get a sponge wet with water, and a little soap, and if the tray is very dirty rub it with a cloth. If the tray is marked, take a piece of woolen cloth, dip it in sweet oil, and rub out the marks.

—Sweet Pickled Cucumbers.—Prepare and quarter ripe cucumbers, take out seeds, clean, lay in brine (that will float an egg) for nine days, stirring every day, take out and put in clean water one day; lay in alum water over night; make syrup of one pint of good cider vinegar, one pound brown sugar, two tablespoons each broken cinnamon bark, mace and pepper; make syrup of three pints sugar to one quart vinegar enough to cover the slices, lay them in and cook till tender.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Tomato Preserves.—The small, yellow tomatoes are preferable to any others, but if they cannot be obtained use red ones. Pour boiling water over them and remove the skins. Cut in slices, and to every pound of tomatoes allow one pound of sugar. Sprinkle the sugar over them and let them stand several hours. Then pour the juice into a preserving kettle and let it boil until it becomes a thick sirup. Put the tomatoes into this, and let them boil until they are clear. Take one lemon for every two pounds of tomatoes used, peel them, cut in slices, remove the seeds and put them into the preserver. Let them cook a few minutes longer, then put in jars.—Farm and Fireside.

—Canned Quince with Apple.—The proportions are a half peck of quinces to a half bushel of fine sweet apples. Prepare the quinces as above, and cook the waste, saving the water. In this water cook first the apples, which have been pared, cored and cut into eighths, till they are moderately tender. Slice the quinces quite thin, and boil in the same water till they can be easily pierced with a fork. Drain and weigh the quinces and apples, placing them together. For each pound of fruit allow half a pound of white sugar, and place it in the juice, bringing the resulting sirup to a boil. At that point add sirup; if the latter is scant, add sufficient boiling water. Bring the whole to a simmer, and let it continue till the apples are quite soft, when the sauce is ready to be canned and sealed.—Boston Budget.

CONVERSATION AT TABLE.

Specialties and Hobbies Should be Studiously Omitted.

Talking is one of the best of all recreations, and a woman who understands the art possesses a most useful and enjoyable accomplishment. No dinner table is well-appointed without good talkers; and the basis of interesting conversation is reality. After a course of London dinners, Sir Walter Scott said: "The bishops and the lawyers talked better than the wits," that is, the wits talked for the sake of talking, and the church and the law had something to talk about. Yet specialties and hobbies are not admissible at a dinner table, and a woman who can only talk on her own fad has no business in society. She ought to write a pamphlet, or go to the lecture platform, for any conversation at the dinner table that is a strain on the attention or the patience soon becomes a bore; indeed, one of the elements of pleasant company is a readiness to talk, or to be talked to, on any rational subject.

The most charming talkers let a bright listener see their thought information, for talk that has been prepared has a ready-made flatness. It is the aerated thought of the moment that has the sparkle; and a good talker finds the right word by instinct, as a clever horse on a bad road always puts his foot in the right place. This fact makes the good talker also a good listener, because her best conversation will follow brightly and instantly the lead that others give it, and prevents, likewise, the worst of all conversational faults—monopoly. Dean Swift thought "no one ought to talk at a dinner-table longer than a minute at a time," and his rules for such conversation are so admirable that they might be printed on our dinner menus:

"Conversation is but carving:
Give no more to every guest
Than he's able to digest.
Give him always of the prime.
And but little at a time.
Carve to all but just enough,
Let them neither starve nor stuff.
And that you may have your due,
Let some neighbor carve for you."

However, we must make some allowance for our duller intellects. If we all had Dean Swift's genius we might all make minute speeches.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Condemned.

"Here is a cigar," said the dealer, "that I would like you to give a trial."

"All right," said Watts. "Hand it over."

It was handed over.

"What do you think of it?" asked the dealer.

"It doesn't deserve a trial," said Watts. "It ought to be lynched."—Indianapolis Journal.

FARM AND GARDEN.

FEEDING FOR PROFIT.

Some of the Essentials to Success in the Raising of Stock.

In order to make feeding of the stock on the farm most profitable, every advantage must be taken, not only in the feeding, but in the management. The kind of animal that is being fed will make a considerable difference in the gain secured in proportion to the quantity of food consumed. A well-bred, thrifty animal will make a much better gain in proportion to the food consumed than an unthrifty scrub.

So, a vigorous, thrifty, well-bred animal is one of the first essentials in profitable stock feeding. The cost of the food and care is the same, and the difference in the price realized is that much more profit with the better animal.

In order to make the most out of the feed and the animal the feeding must be regular. Animals will not and cannot thrive when their food is given to them irregularly—when it happens to suit the convenience of the feeder. Irregular feeding disturbs and deranges the organs of digestion. If the food is given before the regular time the stomach is overloaded or the organs put to work before they have fully recovered from disposing of the previous meal. The work of digestion and assimilation is imperfectly done, and there is a loss of food. If the feeding is delayed beyond the usual time, the animal gets so hungry that the food is eaten hurriedly, not properly masticated, and, of course, cannot all be digested, and more or less is lost.

Nature is regular in her work, and if the waste in feeding is avoided the animal must be supplied regularly.

Liberal feeding is another essential. A certain quantity of food is necessary to sustain animal life and repair the daily waste of the system. It is only from the food consumed over and above this that a profit can be derived. Hence, other things being equal, the most profitable animal is the one kept at the maximum gain consistent with good health and thrift. Generally the appetite of the animal is the best guide. Feed all that is eaten up clean, but no more. When more is given it is wasted.

There must be a good variety of food to keep the animal with a good appetite and supply all the needs of a system to secure the best gains at the lowest cost. Feed a variety of foods, taking care to make up a complete ration. The more fully this is done the better will be the gain in proportion to the food consumed. One other essential is to have the food of good quality. Good health is essential to thrift, and this can only be maintained when sound, nutritious food and pure water are supplied. Poor or unwholesome food or impure water, while it may not induce actual disease, produces at least an unhealthy condition of the system that prevents the best growth and thrift, and to that extent lessens the profit.—St. Louis Republic.

MUTTON AND WOOL.

Profit Only Found in a Combination of These Qualities.

While there are many breeds of sheep which are distinctly mutton or wool breeds, there are others in which the dividing line is not so sharply drawn. It is true that the very best mutton sheep do not grow the best fleece, and the best wool sheep do not give the best mutton. But it is quite possible to get an animal that, with a fleece sufficiently good to pay for its keep, will also produce mutton of a quality to satisfy the palates of the most fastidious.

These objects are to be obtained by cross-breeding and proper handling—the two methods which, reduced to a science, have made English mutton the only profitable branch of farming in England. Cross-bred sheep may be readily obtained by the crossing of any of the improved breeds which have done well in your section upon the common sheep. This is really the easiest part of the process. The difficult part is the proper handling. Our sheep have cared for themselves so long that it is hard for us to realize that a change is necessary. The improved breeds have been made such chiefly by liberal feeding of succulent food and shelter from storms. This care has been continued for so long a period that it has entered into and altered their systems, replacing hardiness of constitution with juiciness of flesh. Neglect will cause the 'o run down and lose this most desirable characteristic. It will also affect the quality of the fleece, so that the careless shepherd will feel the pinch on all sides.—N. Y. World.

CHEAP CORN CUTTER.

Excellent Work Can Be Done with This Simple Contrivance.

A cheap corn cutter, to be operated by one horse, is the home-made contrivance illustrated herewith. It costs next to nothing and does excellent

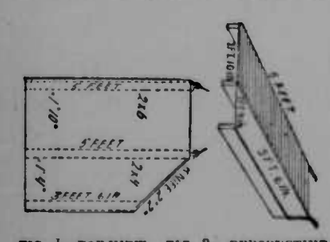

FIG. 1—TOP VIEW. FIG. 2—PERSPECTIVE.
HOME-MADE CORN HARVESTER.

work, cutting one row at a time. The drag was made from old lumber in the backyard, and the knife (which slants backward and is twenty-six inches long) was welded by a blacksmith for twenty-five cents out of two old plowshares and fifteen cents' worth of bolts finished the job. No one with two or more acres of corn to cut can afford to use the hand knife.—J. A. Pettis, in American Agriculturist.

POULTRY-HOUSE PLAN.

Its Designer Claims That It Has Always Given Satisfaction.

I send you herewith a drawing of the handiest and best all-purpose poultry house I know of. It is a medium-sized house, 28 feet long and 20 feet wide, with hall 4 feet wide running lengthways through the center. It is large enough to house eight different breeds of poultry in the breeding season with from ten to twelve fowls in each pen. The house is divided up in eight rooms, four on each side of aisle, leaving 7x8 feet for each room. The 6x6-inch sills can be used laid on stone or blocks set in the ground. Use 4x4s for up-and-down studding spiked on top of sill 2½ feet apart. Use 2x6s for floor joist, 20 feet long, spiked to up-and-down posts. Floor with common inch flooring. The center posts, 4x4s, are spiked on top of sills 4 feet apart each way, leaving a 4-foot aisle through center of house. The plates on top of posts are 2x4s and the rafters 2x4s. For siding, drop siding is best. The roof is sheeted and shingled. The

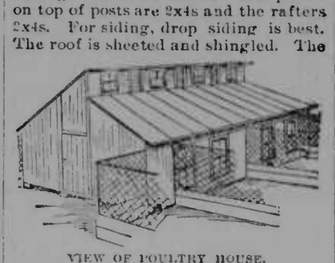

VIEW OF POULTRY HOUSE.

inside of house should be plastered with cement plaster. When plastered it is easy to rid of lice or mites that so much infest cracks in hen houses, and the plastering can be easily whitewashed and swept off clean.

The partitions and inside doors should all be wire poultry-netting fastened on strong frames so that all can be removed when the breeding season is over and the whole house be used in one or two parts, one on each side.

There should be no roosts to perch on where the large breeds are kept. The floor covered with straw three or four inches thick makes the best roost for large breeds: they will do better and never have bumble foot. The straw should be swept out once a week and fresh straw supplied.

Almost any sized windows can be used. The upper windows are half the lower size. No more windows should be used than the diagram shows, as too much glass light is injurious to poultry.

The yards outside should be 10 feet wide and at least 100 feet long. To get four yards 10 feet wide on each side of house the corner pens must be brought out 6 feet on each corner of house. This leaves 4 feet of house for each of outside pens. These pens should also be bedded with straw or litter of some kind from 3 to 5 inches deep, and all grain fed should be strewn in this to make the hens work most of their time. The same plan is also the very best for a hog house, except that half windows are used below. I have a house of this kind on my farm and it gives perfect satisfaction.—T. E. Orth, in Breeders' Gazette.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

THE latter part of summer or early in the fall is the best time to buy breeding fowls.

THE hens that lay best are neither very hungry nor very fat. A good, thrifty condition is best.

THE feed and care that should be given the fowls are always as important as selecting the breeds.

HENS like a variety of food. All scraps from the table and refuse from the kitchen should be mixed with their morning ration.

GRANULATED is the best food in which to keep bone meal before the matured hens. In this form it keeps fresh longer than in fine meal.

WHOLE wheat is an excellent food for hens, but if kept constantly before them to eat all they will it may make them too fat to lay well.

ONE advantage of the white breeds is that in dressing there are no black pin feathers to be broken off in picking, leaving the skin dark colored.

BEAUTY of form and stylish appearance have a strong hold in the minds of breeders. With nearly all kinds of stock the best qualities belong to the most desirable form.

CHARRED bone, as well as charred corn, is good for poultry, for the sake of the charcoal it contains, which is very healthy for them, purifying the blood and aiding digestion.

TURKEYS can be fattened readily on thick boiled corn meal and oat meal tinged with milk. It should be given in closed coops, away from other birds. If in a good thrifty condition about ten days will be necessary to fatten.—St. Louis Republic.

Poultry in the Barnyard.

It is best to give the hens free range, but they should never be allowed in the barnyards and stables, as it is as important to have a place for the hens as for the horses and cattle. It is not creditable to farmers that their hens lay in the horse troughs or haymows. If the poultryhouse is clean, and suitable nests are provided, there is no necessity for the hens laying elsewhere. In favor of the hens, it may be mentioned that they often resort to the barn because the poultryhouse is infected with lice. The barn yard, however, is not the place for poultry, but for larger stock.—Farm and Fireside.

Vigor and Health in the Flock.

Health in the flock is largely due to selection. One of the best modes of selection is to observe the thickness of the bones of the leg. Stout bones indicate strength, and chicks that have strong and thick thighs will nearly always make vigorous and healthy fowls. Hardiness of the flock is more essential than anything else, as it is disease that usually destroys the expectations of the poultryman and causes him to lose when he should be making a profit.—Rural World.

DEEP WATER-WAYS.

Wealth to the Western Farmer Is Assured by Its Completion.

For many years the work of creating deep channels between Lakes Superior, Huron, Michigan and Erie has been going on. At length the work is done, or under contract to complete, so that from all the lakes twenty-foot channels may practically be said to exist. With the completion of the inter-lake channels, all the immense and rapidly increasing navigation converges to the common eastern terminus at Buffalo. The existence of the great lakes has made possible the so-called northwest, since it has permitted the products of the northwest to reach markets at a much lower figure than has been possible by all rail. From Duluth to Buffalo, eleven hundred miles, it costs about one-third as much as it costs to transship and transport across New York state. Increasing competition from those countries of the world possessing cheap land and cheap labor makes it imperative on the producers, the farmers of the northwest, to search out, if possible, some way of getting their crops to the eastern markets at a lower rate than they have been getting. To every producer in the northwest it will be of interest to know that on September 24-26 there will be a convention held in the city of Cleveland for the purpose of developing in a large way the facts relating to this deep water navigation from Buffalo eastward. With a view to decreasing the cost, it is necessary to use the existing lakes and river, with supplementary canals, and to reduce the cost from Buffalo east in some such ratio as has been secured in the upper lakes. An eminent engineer, C. N. Dutton, who has given the matter a great deal of study, has prepared the following statements and figures, which I beg to present, without comment, simply asking that they be read and thought on:

"Sixteen great states, namely, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Montana, Wyoming and Colorado, must ship their surplus agricultural products from the great lakes to the seaboard. Deep-water navigation would effect an immediate reduction in freight costs, and consequent increase in crop values of an average of five cents a bushel on grain and potatoes, four dollars a ton on hay and five dollars and upwards a ton on straw.

"In the sixteen states most benefited, the direct money gain, computed on the crop reports of 1895, will be as follows:

YEARLY GAIN.

CROP.	*Yield, bu.*	*Value.*	*Av. per bu.*	*Gain at 5c per bu*
Corn	720,000,000	$259,363,000	$0.41	$36,000,000
Wheat	335,000,000	157,063,121	.47	16,750,000
Oats	509,000,000	153,376,768	.30	25,450,000
Rye	15,000,000	6,614,000	.41	750,000
Barley	40,000,000	17,143,000	.40	2,000,000
Potatoes	84,000,000	46,624,376	.55	4,200,000
	Tons.		*Ton.*	
*Hay	29,400,000	215,650,360	7.34	117,630,000
†Straw	45,000,000			2,5,000,000
Annual gain on agricult'l products				$427,750,000

*Gain at $4 a ton. †Gain at $5 a ton.

DOMESTIC ANIMALS (MEAT).

	Number.	*Value.*	*p. ct.*	*Gain.*
Milch cows	8,455,817	$190,305,284	12	$22,836,634
Meat cattle	17,686,014	304,790,652	18	54,863,317
Sheep	10,205,947	44,588,110	24	10,005,146
Hogs	26,008,275	189,071,515	14	26,469,911
Gain in value of meat animals				$114,174,998
Yearly gain one-third of above				38,058,333

"The sixteen states above referred to have a total area in improved farm lands of 199,326,876 acres. The increased value of the productions of these lands will be $165,800,000 annually, an increased annual earning of $2.33⅓ per acre. If the market value of land depends upon its earning power, and the ratio of increase of value be taken at four times the increase in yearly earnings, then the improved farm lands of these sixteen states will increase in value $9.33⅓ per acre, or $1,860,000,000 as the immediate result of the opening of the Maritime canal of North America.

"Vast as this sum appears, it is a partial statement of the gain to the west resulting from deep draft navigation to the seaboard, because it is based on the short crops of 1894, and does not take account of truck, fruits, small grains, dairy products, poultry, eggs, horses and mules, and wood, timber, bark, etc.; neither does it take account of mine products and manufactures, or the increase in values in city and manufacturing property."

This movement has received the indorsement of most of the United States senators from the west.

Last winter the legislature of Minnesota memorialized congress in support of this measure. Senator McCleary, of Mankato, is gathering data from Canada and the United States with a view to urging it in the northwest and in congress.

The east has no transportation question. Her manufactured goods, worth perhaps thousands of dollars a ton, are not perceptibly affected by a slight difference in freight. The farming districts of the west are vitally affected when all profit in their crops is eaten up by the carrying charges. As a national question it should be borne in mind that the manufacturing east receives her raw products largely from the west; also her cheap food supplies. In turn she finds her best market in the farming states of the west. It should also be remembered that the enormous cash balance annually required abroad to settle the foreign exchange must be provided in the main by the western and southwestern farms or by gold. The pressure is urgent. The navigation cannot be provided soon enough if commenced now. The convention at Cleveland will be marked by the presence of many specialists with specially prepared papers covering a wide range of public matters. As chairman of the executive committee, I respectfully request correspondence with commercial bodies, public officials and the papers, if in any way it may lend to fuller information and a quickened interest. In particular, I desire assurances of support which can be shown at the proper time as evidence of popular sentiment.

Address, A. L. CROCKER,
Minneapolis Board of Trade.

PERSONAL MENTION.

W. H. WALLACE, the postmaster of Hammondville, O., has served under thirty-one postmaster generals.

MR. THOMAS B. REED spent the summer in the pretty cottage at Grand Beach, Me., which he has recently purchased.

PROF. ZUPITKA, who died the other day, was professor of English at the University of Berlin. It has been said of him that, although a German, he was the greatest authority on early English.

TRADE IN HONG KONG.

Commercial Progress in the Great Chinese Entrepot.

It is only fifty-two years since Hong Kong was occupied, as Singapore had been thirty-three years previously, under the idea that it might be made an emporium of trade. It was then a barren rock. To-day it contains a quarter of a million of inhabitants; it is the entrepot of a trade estimated at forty million pounds, and there pass through it annually some fourteen million tons of shipping. But the essential condition under which this progress has been achieved, and under which only it can be maintained, is absolute freedom of the port. If you tax trade you drive it away, for the island is only an entrepot. The trade is the trade not of Hong Kong, but of the south of China and Japan. It is because their trade is free, while Saigon is heavily taxed, that Hong Kong has beaten the latter as a depot for the trade even of French Indo-China. Nine-tenths of the population are Chinese—who occupy every walk of life. They are bankers, boatmen, domestic servants, merchants, storekeepers and clerks; but the great majority are employed in the porterage of cargo and incidental labor at wages of less than one pound a month.

You cannot get blood out of a stone nor revenue from granite rocks; nor, obviously, can you extract much, here, from the working class. The annual revenue of two million dollars is derived, accordingly, from house and land tax, stamps, licenses and similar imposts; and it represents, probably, the limit of discreet if not of possible taxation. Nor has her majesty's treasury, to do it justice, pretended to apply here the extreme principles of self-maintenance without self-government which it persists in asserting in the straits. The Hong Kong garrison is larger than that of the straits; but it is so small that it would have been gratuitous to convict it of a duty which it could not fulfill. It was mulcted, however, in its degree. It had paid, previously, twenty thousand pounds a year. This was raised, in 1890, to forty thousand pounds, and it was required, moreover, to provide fortifications which have cost one hundred and twenty thousand pounds.—Fortnightly Review.

Value of Artesian Wells.

In many parts of the country artesian wells may be bored and will furnish running streams at the surface. This is due, of course, to the formation of the under strata of the earth, and if one is fortunate enough to strike a good vein the supply will be abundant. In portions of the south artesian wells have been bored to the depth of twelve hundred feet. One of these wells was finished in less than three weeks, striking a vein of water twelve hundred feet below the surface that furnishes an output sufficient for the town's uses. It is not an uncommon occurrence that one must drill the second time into a well to secure a permanent supply of water. It is a curious fact that after one has reached a certain depth piping is unnecessary. A well in New York state was dug to the depth of a hundred and fifty feet and furnished a reasonable supply of water by pumping. After the second season it gave out entirely, when the drill was put in and nearly two hundred feet more were cut through before water was reached. For the first hundred and fifty feet the pipe went down, but after that the water rose through the cut in the earth, there being consistency and firmness enough in the soil to make piping unnecessary. —N. Y. Ledger.

CAUSED BY VACCINATION.

From the Journal, Detroit, Mich.

Every one in the vicinity of Meldrum avenue and Champlain street, Detroit, knows Mrs. McDonald, and many a neighbor has reason to feel grateful to her for the kind and friendly interest she has manifested in cases of illness.

She is a kind-hearted friend, a natural nurse, and an intelligent and refined lady.

To a reporter she recently talked at some length about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, giving some very interesting instances in her own immediate knowledge of marvelous cures, and the universal beneficence of the remedy to those who had used it.

"I have reason to know," said Mrs. McDonald, "something of the worth of this medicine, for it has been demonstrated in my own immediate family. My daughter Kittie is attending high school, and has never been very strong since she began. I suppose she studied hard, and she has quite a distance to go every day. When the smallpox broke out all of the school children had to be vaccinated. I took her over to Dr. Jameson and he vaccinated her. I never saw such an arm in my life and the doctor said he never did. She was broken out on her shoulders and back and was just as sick as she could be. To add to it all neuralgia set in, and the poor child was in misery. She is naturally of a nervous temperament and she suffered most awfully. Even after she recovered the neuralgia did not leave her. Stormy days or days that were damp or preceded a storm, she could not go out at all. She was pale and thin, and had no appetite.

"I have forgotten just who told me about the Pink Pills, but I got some for her and they cured her right up. She has a nice color in her face, eats and sleeps well, goes to school every day, and is well and strong in every particular. I have never heard of anything to build up the blood to compare with Pink Pills. I shall always keep them in the house and recommend them to my neighbors."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are considered an unfailing specific in such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Way to Tell Him.

When the wife of the late Sir Bartle Frere had to meet him at the railway station, she took with her a servant who had never seen his master. "You must go and look for Sir Bartle," she ordered. "But," answered the nonplused servant, "how shall I know him?" "Oh," said Lady Frere, "look for a tall gentleman helping somebody." The description was sufficient for the quick-witted man. He went and found Sir Bartle Frere helping an old lady out of a railway carriage, and knew him at once by the description.—N. Y. Post.

Taking Observations.

"Do you think he is going to propose?" said one girl.

"Yes," replied the other; "I am sure of it."

"Why?"

"He behaves just as he did before he proposed to me."—Washington Star.

THE man who robs Peter to pay Paul usually intends to strike Paul for a larger loan later on.—Puck.

In This Work-a-Day World

Brains and nervous systems often give way under the pressure and anxieties of business. Paresis, wasting of the nervous tissues, a sudden and unforeward collapse of the mental and physical faculties are daily occurrences, as the columns of the daily press show. Fortify the system when exhausted against such untoward events with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, that most helpful medicine of the weak, worn out and infirm. Use it in rheumatism, dyspepsia, constipation and malaria.

"WHAT is wisdom?" asked a teacher of a class of small girls. A bright-eyed little creature arose and answered: "Information of the brain."

An Important Difference.

To make it apparent to thousands, who think themselves ill, that they are not affected with any disease, but that the system simply needs cleansing, is to bring comfort home to their hearts, as a costive condition is easily cured by using Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

JARRING interests of themselves create the according music of a well-mixed state. —Pope.

PISO'S Cure for Consumption has saved me many a doctor's bill.—S. F. HARDY, Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, '94.

THE hammock is always brought out in the summer, when everyone's experience leads him to suppose that it was built for the fall.—Yonkers Statesman.

A DOSE in Time Saves Nine of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for Coughs. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

FEELING hearts, touch them but rightly, pour a thousand melodies unheard before.—Rogers.

ALWAYS THOUGHTFUL.—Old Maid—"Do you really think that Mars is inhabited?" Professor of Astronomy—"Why, not?" Maid—"I fancy I ought to start a Mars Doreas society?"—Fliegende Blatter.

THERE are boys who will not follow a circus procession or a band wagon. They are under the doctor's care.

NO ALTERNATIVE.—Clara—"So you are engaged at last." Maude—"Why, how did you know I had accepted him?" Clara—"I heard he had proposed."—Brooklyn Life.

THOMAS—"Have they named the twins over at your house yet?" John—"Yep; pa called them Thunder and Lightning as soon as he heard about them."—Truth.

HURRYING STRANGER (in Squeehawket)—"Is there time to catch the train?" Languid Native—"Wnal, stranger, ye've got time enough. I reckon, but I'm dead sure ye hain't got the speed!"—Harper's Bazar.

"YOU will notice that I have you on the string," said the boy to the kite. "Yes," answered the kite. "And that is what makes me soar."

WHEN a missionary asked some Indians if they were willing to abstain from work on Sundays: "Yes," they replied; "and not only on Sundays, but on all other days as well."

HE walked the stream the livelong day,
With rod and reel and fly,
And then went home and reveled in
One long, luxuriant lie.
—Philadelphia Record.

THE OLD DODGE DIDN'T WORK—Tramp—"Madam, I'm starvin'. Kin I eat grass out here in th' back yard?" Mrs. Homespun—"Yes; but don't you stray over into that new pasture; we're going to cut that for hay."—Puck.

WILLIE—"An' what did Clawence do when Bob Slugard kicked him?" Algy—"He simply said: 'Gweat men are not sensitive to cwiticism,' and walked swiftly away."—Tit-Bits

A Golden Harvest

Is now assured to the farmers of the West and Northwest, and in order that the people of the more Eastern States may see and realize the magnificent crop conditions which prevail along its lines, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. has arranged a series of three (3) Harvest Excursions for August 20, September 10 and 24, for which round trip excursion tickets (good for return on any Friday from September 13 to October 11 inclusive) will be sold to various points in the West, Northwest and Southwest at the low rate of about One Fare.

For further particulars apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent or address Geo. H. Heafford, Gen'l. Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry. Chicago.

"DERE am one blessin' about hein' black," said Rastus, as he stowed two chickens away in his bag the other night. "Yo' ain't ap' ter be so visible in de dark."—Harper's Bazar.

Tobacco Tattered and Torn.

Every day we meet the man with shabby clothes, sallow skin and shambling footsteps, holding out a tobacco-palsied hand for the charity quarter. Tobacco destroys manhood and the happiness of perfect vitality. No To-Bac is guaranteed to cure just such cases, and it's charity to make them try. Sold under guarantee to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

THE man who upset his bicycle the other day was so severely injured that he had to be taken home in a quadracycle.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

GREAT BOOK FREE.

When Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., published the first edition of his work, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, he announced that after 680,000 copies had been sold at the regular price, $1.50 per copy, the profit on which would repay him for the great amount of labor and money expended in producing it, he would distribute the next half million *free*. As this number of copies has already been sold, he is now distributing, *absolutely free*, 500,000 copies of this most complete, interesting and valuable common sense medical work ever published—the recipient only being required to mail to him, at the above address, this little COUPON with twenty-one (21) cents in one-cent stamps to pay for postage and packing *only*, and the book will be sent by mail. It is a veritable medical library, complete in one volume. It contains over 1000 pages and more than 300 illustrations. The *Free Edition* is precisely the same as those sold at $1.50 except only that the books are bound in strong manilla paper covers instead of cloth. Send NOW before all are given away. They are going off rapidly.

COUPON No. 110

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

To The **Land of Big Crops.**

Arizona, Indian Territory, New Mexico, Arkansas, Kansas, Oklahoma, Colorado, Utah, Texas.

HOMESEEKERS EXCURSIONS

SEPTEMBER 10, 1895, | SEPTEMBER 24, 1895.

At About **ONE FARE** FOR THE ROUND TRIP.

Tickets Will be Sold to ALL Points within these States and Territories

VIA **SANTA FE ROUTE** FROM Chicago, St. Louis, Missouri River, Etc.

Apply to nearest agent or write GEO. T. NICHOLSON, Monadnock Building, Chicago, for INFORMATION AND RATES.

Which have you an eye to,

quantity or quality, when you buy something to make washing easy? If it's quality, you want Pearline. In effectiveness, in economy, and above all in its absolute harmlessness, no matter how or where you use it, there's nothing to compare with this, the first and only washing-compound.

What difference does the quantity make, after all? If you spend five cents or ten cents or a dollar for an aid to washing, don't you want the thing that will give you the most work, the best work, and the most certain safety for that amount of money? That thing is Pearline.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.* 483 JAMES PYLE, New York.

POPULAR NOVELS.

ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI

packages contain a list of novels by the most popular Authors. Five Cents in stamps will procure any one of them delivered FREE.

ADAMS & SONS CO., Sands St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 16, 1895

Members of the administration are much chagrined and more alarmed over that statement published by the bond syndicate, which, by the way, is one of those explanations which do not explain. Some of the language in that statement was certainly not calculated to allay the fears of Secretary Carlisle concerning the maintenance of the gold reserve. For instance, the assertion that the syndicate, although under no obligation to do so, would continue to January 1, to deposit gold "if existing conditions make it feasible to do so." The administration fears that "existing conditions" in this case will mean whether it will be to the interests of the syndicate to furnish the Treasury with gold. The syndicate added to the demoralization of Mr. Carlisle and his fellow Democrats when he said: "But neither the bond syndicate nor any one else can control the elements." After all was frightened Mr. Carlisle even worse than the significant wording of the public statement of the bond syndicate was the fact that a member of the syndicate withdrew from the Treasury and exported $2,500,000 of the $7,500,000 in gold sent to Europe last week—the largest shipments ever made in one week, with the single exception of a week in last January when the total sent was a half million in excess of last week. Secretary Carlisle makes no pretense of being master of, or even of being one of the controlling factors in the financial situation: he is simply drifting, trusting to luck and the bond syndicate, seemingly without an idea of what he will do or try to do in a case neither keeps the gold reserve above the danger line, there never was a time when a financier was more needed at the head of the Treasury. With an able man directing our finances there would be no more bond issues in time of profound peace, but the able man is lacking and the bond issue will come again in due time.

Representative Milliken, of Maine, brought a good-sized section of the Reed boom to Washington with him. Said he: "If you should meet with anyone who declared that New England was not for Tom Reed for President, challenge the statement with all the emphasis at your command. New England is for him and will back him with all the force and enthusiasm that human nature can exert. But he isn't depending on his own section alone. The American people admire, to a point approaching reverence, a man of big intellect, and so Mr. Reed has a following today in every part of this broad land and will have it too, when the national convention meets to select a standard bearer. That the Republicans will elect the next president seems about as certain as anything can be in this world, and that he will hail from Maine I sincerely hope and believe."

Perhaps the Civil Service Commission isn't trying to aid the administration in its efforts to control the next Democratic national convention, but all the same that will be the practical result of its official announcement that it is no violation of the civil service rules for an office holder to attend a political convention as a delegate. The Commissioners evidently realize that Mr. Cleveland intends the letter he wrote during his first term against that identical thing to be ignored.

The talk about the administration's intention of adopting a vigorous foreign policy has been revived in connection with the rumor that the belligerence of the Cuban Revolutionists is shortly to be recognized. It will be time enough however, to believe in such a radical change when some steps have actually been taken towards such a policy. Until then the people only have the record it has made to judge the administration by, and a microscopical examination would fail to show one single vigorous act in that record.

According to visiting Republicans the prospect of success in Maryland and Kentucky continues to improve. The administration has made no move to indicate that it wishes the success of the Gorman ticket in the former state, and there is nothing to indicate that it will. At least one member of the cabinet—Hoke Smith—is credited with wishing defeat for the Gorman ticket. Mr. W. Winos, of Owensburg, Ky., who was a member of the last Republican State convention, is now in Washington. He says: "The division of the Democratic party on the silver question is favorable to Republican success. Up to the present time there have been apathy and discouragement in the rank and file of the Democratic party. Whether they will ultimately pull themselves together, time only can determine. I am perfectly confident that the State will go Republican."

Marriage Licenses.

The following licenses to wed has been issued by Clerk Tower since the 1st inst.

Lawrence Wade, of Monongalia county, W. Va., and Maggie Brown, of Harrison county, W. Va.

W. J. Bowmaster, of Preston county, W. Va., and Ida Harden, of Garrett county.

E. Franklin Jenkins and Dora Cale, both of Preston county, W. Va.

Wayne K. Auvil and Olive Poling, both of Tucker county W. Va.

Hosea Kimmell Burgess and Martha Jane Fike, both of Garrett county.

David K. Glaze, of Oakland, and Mary Wright, of Deer Park.

George D. Savage and Lydia E. Fearer, both of Garrett county.

Two with request not to publish.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following transfers have been recorded in the clerk's office since September 1st:

Mt. Home Co. to S. M. Taylor, lots 15 and 16 in block 16, Loch Lynn Heights; $130.

G. S. Hamill, trustee, to Hoye White, part of Knykendall farm; $1000.

John Shartzer and wife to Sophronia E. Westlake, 2 acres; $400.

Henry G. Davis et al. to Thomas J. Ralston et al., 231 acres of land; $3000.

Mary A. Mellwaine to J. C. Alderson, lots 20 and 21 in block 14, Loch Lynn Heights; $120.

H. M. Frazee et al. to Jackson Griffith, 50 acres land; $150.

Mt. Home Co. to Henry H. Evans, lots 15 and 16 in block 25, Loch Lynn Heights; $320.

William G. Riley and wife to Eliza E. Riley, 209 acres; $1300.

Susana Lee to Abraham Lee, 50 acres: $500.

Wm. M. Frisinger and wife to Adolph Rambeau, lot No. 249, Mt. Lake Park; $750.

Solathael Savage and wife to Jos. Fearer and wife, 43 acres, 130 rods; $831.

Walter Savage and wife to same, 4 acres near Friendsville; $5.

Thos. J. Peddicord, trustee, to D. J. Blackiston, Alice Davis farm; $10.

G. S. Hamill, trustee, to Henry J. Shaffer, Wm. R. Davis property in Deer Park; $1250.

Mt. Home Co. to Catherine E. Callis, two lots in Loch Lynn Heights; $500.

J. C. Alderson to John Blackshere, lot 21, block 14, Loch Lynn Heights; $75.

Low Rates to Chattanooga and Knoxville.

On account of Sons of Veterans Battlefield Encampment, Knoxville, Tenn., and dedication of Chickamauga National Military Park, the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets from all stations on its lines east of the Ohio river, to Knoxville, Tenn., for all trains September 12th to 15th, inclusive, and to Chattanooga, Tenn., September 15th to 18th, inclusive, valid for return passage until October 6th, inclusive.

The rate from Cumberland to Knoxville will be $13.55, and to Chattanooga $14.70, and correspondingly low rates from other stations.

For further information call on or address nearest Ticket Agent, B. & O. R. R. td.

Dentistry.

Dr. I. L. Ritter will be at Accident on Monday and Tuesday, Sep. 30th and Oct. 1st; Hoyes, Oct. 2nd, and 3rd; Cranesville, W. Va., Oct. 4th and 5th. Prepared to do all kind of dental work. Filling teeth a specialty. Teeth extracted without pain by the new process. 27-2

We must get your trade

No matter what it costs us, so we will make you a suit of the finest imported cheviots for $15. They come in blue, black, plain and diagonal. We have got $18 and $20 for 'em till now, and if we make them for you we guarantee them to be first-class in workmanship and fit and as to the cloth, it speaks for itself.

Come in and look at it.

You can have that old suit of yours cleaned, dyed and repaired at small expense to look like new by our expert workmen.

We also do ladies' work.

M. COHEN, Xpert Workman,

Railroad Street, Near Depot, OAKLAND, MD.

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WEEKLY NEWS OF THE WORLD FOR A TRIFLE.

The New York Weekly Tribune,

a twenty-page journal, is the leading Republican family paper of the United States. It is a **National Family Paper** and gives all the general news of the United States. It gives the events of foreign lands in a nutshell. Its Agricultural department has no superior in the country. Its Market Reports are recognized authority. Separate departments for "The Family Circle," "Our Young Folks," and "Science and Mechanics." Its "Home and Society" columns command the admiration of wives and daughters. Its general political news, editorials and discussions are comprehensive, brilliant and exhaustive.

A SPECIA CONTRACT enables us to offer this splendid journal and "THE REPUBLICAN" for

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D. E. OFFUTT & SON

Invites the attention of those interested in the purchase of vehicles of any style. The Kramer, Milburn and Jackson farm wagons always on hand. Prices and terms given on application.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but often induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good—25 cents a bottle

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

JOAN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23-1yr.

34 inches high. Top can be adjusted to any angle or height. Revolving Case 15 x 15 x 12 inside. Holds about 30 vols Law size. Strong well finished Metal Base and Sides With Solid Oak Shelves and Top.—100,000 now used. Sent knocked down (30 lbs). On approval. Address: **Marsh M'f'g Co.** CHICAGO.

Agents Wanted.

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

11 1y

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments. Headstones, AND **Chimney Pipe** WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS.

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

4191.yr——

WE LOAN MONEY

On Real Estate, City Town and Village property, to buy, build and improve your houses, and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS OVER $2,000,000.00.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. RINKER,

WILSON, Grant Co., W. VA.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President.

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S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.

Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

F. LEE A. THAYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate. CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING. Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY. OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

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Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.

See date of visit in Oakland in local column. 2—2yr

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Office in Mayers building.

Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.

Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.*

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Residence and P. O. Address,

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JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE. AUCTIONEER! *Will sell Real or Personal Property*

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

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Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, chopping land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent, 3—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING, Carriage, Sign and House Painter. OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.

Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention. 50-13t.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 300 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty., Oakland, Md.

--WANTED--

WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER

Also White Oak Timber Land.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO., Cumberland, Md.

Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50 00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE, 22f 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

The Wesleyan Female Institute, STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.

For girls and young women. Established 1846. Full corps of experienced teachers. Location healthy, central and accessible. For catalogues and particulars apply to REV. HENRY P. HAMILL, 13-15t President.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1895. NUMBER 29.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings In and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

Get a vehicle from Naylor.

Small pox is still raging in Wheeling, West Va.

Mr. W. H. Malette was in Cumberland on business Tuesday.

Miss Mattie Adair, of Terra Alta, is in Oakland visiting friends.

Rev. G. J. Ferguson, of Elder, was an Oakland visitor on last Monday.

Mrs. Isabelle Whetsell, of Cranesville, West Va., is here on a visit to relatives.

Mr. John Edmonds, of Deer Park, was in the city a short time on Wednesday.

Mr. Will Shartzer is over at Meyersdale, Pa., selling goods for his father.

Mr. Thomas J. Peddicord has made a professional trip to Danville, Kentucky.

Mr. John Bradley, of Cincinnati, Ohio, was here several days recently visiting his father.

Mr. Perry E. Kimmell made a business trip to Confluence, Pa., one day last week.

Miss Effie Merrill, of District No. 11, was here a day or two this week visiting relatives and friends.

Mr. Samuel E. Boyer, who has been quite ill for a few weeks, has so far recovered as to be able to sit up.

Rev. Harry Moore, of Keyser, was in the city yesterday for a few hours as the guests of Rev. and Mrs. S. M. Engle.

Mr. John A. Wagner, of Swanton, was in the city last Friday and honored this office with a pleasant visit.

Mr. Wade Hinebaugh left on yesterday morning for College Station Md., to re-enter the Maryland Agricultural College.

At the September sitting of the registration officers the Republicans made a decided gain in the newly registered voters.

Mr. Percy H. Veitch, of Hyattsville, Md., who was here several days last and this week, departed for his home Tuesday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Sincell and little daughter, Sallie Douglass, went to Wheeling this morning to spend a few weeks with relatives.

Col. John A. Swartz and Mr. James Whitehouse, both of Baltimore, were here last Thursday to inspect the Uniform Rank, K. of P.

Miss Mayme Gesner, of Annapolis, who spent several weeks here as the guest of Mrs. E. H. Sincell, returned to her home last Saturday morning.

Mr. M. Cohen has completed arrangements with the Fisher Steam Dye Works by which he is enabled to have goods dyed in the most approved manner. 28-3t.

Say, why don't you try DeWitt's Little Early Risers? These little pills cure headache, indigestion and constipation. They're small but do the work.

The healing properties of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve are well known. It cures eczema, skin affections and is simply a perfect remedy for piles.

On last Sunday night the house occupied at Eglon by Dr. Allan, of Cincinnati, was discovered to be on fire and was entirely consumed, the family escaping with nothing but their night clothes.

It is a truth in medicine that the smallest dose that performs a cure is the best. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the smallest pills, will perform a cure, and are the best.

Rev. R. W. Todd, of Baltimore, who is connected with the Maryland Bible Society, will preach in St. Mark's church on Sunday evening. This will be a union service to which all will be welcome.

There are many good reasons why you should use One Minute Cough Cure. There are no reasons why you should not, if in need of help. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results.

A decree has been granted by the Circuit Court for the sale of the Loch Lynn Hotel under the mechanics' lien law. Messrs. James C. Peddicord and Gilmor S. Hamill were appointed as trustees to sell the property.

The report circulated in Terra Alta that there were four cases of small pox in Oakland is false. The report likely eminated from some person who in his ignorance and disregard for truth, hoped to create a prejudice against Oakland.

Nothing so distressing as a hacking cough. Nothing so foolish as to suffer from it. Nothing so dangerous if allowed to continue. One minute Cough Cure gives immediate relief.

Mr. Isaac Paugh, of Frankville, sent to this office yesterday a number of fine apples grown by him at his farm near the above place. The apples are of the twenty-ounce Pippin and King of Thompson County varieties. Twelve of them make a peck.

Acts at once, never fails, One Minute Cough Cure. A remedy for asthma, and that feverish condition which accompanies a severe cold. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results.

We have been requested to say by Mr. Elias Merrill that he is very well satisfied with the nomination made yesterday even though he was defeated for the office to which he aspired and that he will work untiringly for the success of the whole ticket.

A. G. Bartley, of Magic, Pa., writes: I feel it a duty of mine to inform you and the public that DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured me of a very bad case of eczema. It also cured my boy of a running sore on his leg.

Mr. Perry H. Rock who was married recently to a Sherwood, Ohio, lady, arrived in Oakland last Sunday morning on train No. 8 from the west. We join with a number of friends in wishing the newly wedded pair a happy and prosperous voyage through the sea of life.

It's just as easy to try One Minute Cough Cure as anything else. It's easier to cure a severe cough or cold with it. Let your next purchase for a cough be One Minute Cough Cure. Better medicine; better results; better try it.

Mr. William Arnold, a former Oakland resident, who left here about twelve years ago and went west, locating in Denver, Colorado, is back again visiting friends. Six years ago Mr. Arnold located in Dallas, Texas, and is engaged in the drug business.

A. M. Bailey, a well known citizen of Eugene, Oregon, says his wife has for years been troubled with chronic diarrhoea and used many remedies with little relief until she tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and diarrhoea Remedy, which has cured her sound and well. Give it a trial and you will be surprised at the prompt relief it affords. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Benj. F. Snyder, of District No. 11, brought to this office yesterday a California bean which measures twenty-four inches long and six inches in circumference. This variety of bean is not of the vegetable family but is resembles to a great extent an elongated gourd.

Examiner Hinebaugh at his late examination of teachers for Garrett county had nine applicants at Grantsville, forty-seven at Accident and forty-three at Oakland, total ninety-nine. Forty-three received a 1st grade certificate, thirty-nine a 2d grade, eight were under the required age, and nine failed to receive either a 1st or 2d grade. A general average of 75 was required for a 1st grade and 65 for a 2d grade certificate. The general results are creditable and encouraging.

Irving W. Larimore, physical director of Y. M. C. A., Des Moines, Iowa, says he can conscientiously recommend Chamberlain's Pain Balm to athletes, gymnasts, bicyclists, foot ball players and the profession in general for bruises, sprains and dislocations; also for soreness and stiffness of the muscles. When applied before the parts become swollen it will effect a cure in one half the time usually required. For sale at the Oakland Pharmacy.

The new English Lutheran church at Cumberland was dedicated Sunday. The Rev. Dr. J. W. Butler, of Washington, preached. The Rev. T. J. Yost is pastor of the church. The organ has 897 pipes. The church is the third that has been built on this site, the first one having been erected of logs in 1794. Henry Ward Beecher, in his young days, preached in this old log church.

John G. Mauger editor of the *Sunbeam*, Seligman, Mo., who named Grover Cleveland for the Presidency in Nov., 1882, while he was Mayor of Buffalo, N. Y., is enthusiastic in his praise of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and diarrhoea Remedy. He says: "I have used it for the past five years and consider it the best preparation of the kind in the market. It is as staple as sugar and coffee in this section. It is an article of merit and should be used in every household. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Foreset fires have been raging for several days along the line of the West Virginia Central Railroad. The Wilson Lumber Company lost about one thousand dollars by the fire in having their tram road burned and a large lot of logs. Nearly a hundred men were employed by them to keep the fire back and after a fight of four days and nights they succeeded in keeping it from getting into their bark of which they have a large quantity ready for shipment.

While in Chicago, Mr. Charles L. Kahler, a prominent shoe merchant of Des Moines, Iowa, had quite a serious time of it. He took such a severe cold that he could hardly talk or navigate, but the prompt use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cured him of his cold so quickly that others at the hotel who had bad colds followed his example and half a dozed persons ordered it from the nearest drug store. They were profuse in their thanks to Mr. Kahler for telling them how to cure a bad cold so quickly. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

The Corinth Brick company of whose product we spoke last week are rapidly pushing their plant to its full completion. The vein of clay from which the Corinth brick is made is twenty-five feet thick and is being taken out through a drift mine. Mr. John Hines has taken an engagement with this company and will have charge of the work of taking the clay out of the mountain. He expects to assume the duties of his position sometime during the coming week. He is a man of much experience in this work and will be a valuable acquisition to the working force of tde Corinth Brick Company.—Piedmont Constitution.

The laughable comedy drama, "Joshua Simpkins," will be seen at Offutt's Hall, Oakland, on Wednesday, Oct 2. It is a rural play in four acts bound together by an interesting plot, and produced with special scenery carried by the company. In the third act, realistic saw mill scene is introduced, when a real buzz saw is seen cutting through a real log at terrific speed, upon which a human being has been helplessly bound by his enemies and left to an evident death. There is an abundance of comedy in the play, while there are many fine singing and dancing specialties incidently introduced.

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Harvest Home Picnic.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U., of Garrett county, will hold a picnic in the Park on Saturday next, Sept. 28, 1895, and invite all their friends to join them on this occasion.

The dining room of the Hotel Chautauqua (formerly Grace Hotel) will be at the disposal of the friends for the mid-day repast, and after dinner addresses and singing will be the order of the day.

Several addresses are promised, and if health permits, Miss Jennie Smith will be present and give a short address.

Everything will be done to make the occasion a pleasant one and one long to be remembered. Everybody come and bring your friends along. Pack your baskets the evening before and make an early start.

A Fatal Kick.

On Tuesday morning about six o'clock as Mr. John McRobie, who resides near McHenry, was engaged in currying his horse the animal kicked him in the side inflicting injuries from which he died Tuesday night about eleven o'clock. The deceased was twenty-six years of age, married and had three children. He was a son of Mr. S. A. McRobie. The funeral occurred yesterday afternoon, the interment being made at the Thayerville Baptist grave yard. Rev. N. Hart conducted the services.

Autumnal Equinox.

Monday at sun rise occurred the autumnal equinox, the sun crossing the line of the equator, thereby shortening the days from this time on until the 21st day of December, which is known as the shortest day of the year. After that date the days will begin to lengthen again until March 21st, when they will again be equal, and will then lengthen until June 21st, which is recorded as the longest day. This period of the year, is as a rule, subject to storms in various parts of the world which is known as the equinoxial storm and no doubt the storm which was raging in the west was due to the above causes.

Marriage Licences.

George D. Savage and Lydia E. Fearer, both of Sand Spring, this county.

Washington McClellan Rodeheaver and Sarah Belle White, both of Loch Lynn Heights.

Daniel C. Dewitt and Arlena C. DeWitt, both of Sunnyside, this county.

Lee Crow, of Winsted, Pa., and Lydia Griffin, of Green county, Pa.

Edward Webster, of Charlottsville, Va., and Lucretia Burgee, of Cumberland.

H. C. Koon and Myrtle Ballah, both of Marion county, W. Va.

William Fast and Ora Kirk, both of Marion county, W. Va.

Two with request not to publish.

A Bold Robbery.

On last Tuesday evening as the family of Mr. Solomon Boyer, who lives near Accident, were at the table eating supper three masked men made their appearance and with drawn revolvers covered the family and demanded money. Mr. Boyer, paying no attention to their revolvers, seized a stick and made an assault upon the men. They being three to one knocked him down and brutally beat him. The robbers then searched the house but secured little money. They then made their escape to parts unknown. Mr. Boyer says he thinks he knows who two of the robbers were.

Excursion Rates to Atlanta.

On account of the Atlanta Exposition, the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets at greatly reduced rates. Season tickets will be sold every day until December 15th, good returning until January 7th, 1896. Twenty-day tickets will be sold every day until December 15th, good returning for twenty days from date of sale. The rates from Cumberland will be $31.90 for season and $23.40 for twenty-day tickets.

Correspondingly low rates from other points on the line. 18-4.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

Death of An Old Alleganian.

Elijah Brown, an old time landlord who for many years kept hotel in Grantsville and later in Frostburg, died at the country residence of his son-in-law, Jno. A. J. Shultz near Lexington, Mo., on the 17th inst. Mr. Brown is a brother of Mr. Jacob Brown, our respected dean of the bar. He was in his 84th year. He has been living in the West for the past fifteen years. He was in every way a worthy man respected and honored by all who knew him. His estimable wife died some eight years ago. His end was peaceful as his life had been virtuous. He leaves a large family most of them living in the West.—Cumb. News.

Married.

RODEHEAVER. — WHITE. — On Tuesday evening by the Rev. John M. Davis at the home of the bride at Loch Lynn Heights, Washington McClellan Rodeheaver and Sarah Belle White.

Not the Largest.

"The Davis Coal & Coke Co. of West Virginia, will send to the Atlanta Exposition a solid block of coal eleven feet six inches in height and three feet one inch on each side. By geological experts it is regarded as one of the most phenomenal exhibits of this character ever placed on display." The block of George's Creek coal exhibited at the World's Fair by the George's Creek Coal & Iron Co., was 14 feet 8 inches high. —Lonaconing Review.

A Chronic Kicker.

A chronic kicker is a man universally despised, and yet gentle reader did it ever occur to you that he is a great benefactor to the human race? He has a mission to perform and he does it well, if not always wisely. Society itself would be in a state of chaos were it not for perennial kicker. If everything should were winked at and the kicker did not do what he deemed was not only his right but oftimes his duty, things on this mundane sphere would come to a pretty pass. It matters not whether the aforesaid kicklet is the outcome of a noble thought or simply a desire on the part of the kickee to give vent to his natural propensities, it answers the same purpose. How many public officials there are who do their duty simply because of fear of the growler. In all the walks of life you find men striving to do right for no other reason in the world than that they are afraid if they do not "hew to the line" they will not meet with the approbation of the chronic growler. But don't think because of this little eulogium on the kicker you yourself should be one. There are enough of them in the world—no more, no less—and we repeat they are benefactors to the genus homo. "Give the devil his dues" and extend to the despised kicker his meed.

In Memoriam.

To the editor of The Republican.

Elijah Brown, an old-time landlord, who for many years kept hotel in Grantsville and later in Frostburg, died at the country residence of his son-in-law, J. A. J. Shultz, near Lexington, Mo., on the 17th inst. Mr. Brown is a brother of Mr. Jacob Brown, our respected Dean at the Bar. He was in his 84th year. He has been living in the west for the past 18 years. He was in every way a worthy man, honored and respected by all who knew him. His estimable wife died some eight years ago. His end was as peaceful as his life had been virtuous. He leaves a large family, most of them in the west.

This venerable man was born on the banks of the Casselman river, two miles below Salisbury, Pa.; his family removed near Grantiville, in his infancy. For three-fourths of a century he was a resident of Allegany county. No man of his generation was better known along the National road than "Barney Brown," as he was familiarly called by his friends and associates. In his early years he was a contractor on the pike. Many miles of the road he helped to build. He was the last of a race of giants who made that famous highway. When shall we see their like again? In later years he engaged in hotel keeping, leaving Maryland eighteen years ago to live with his children in Illinois and Missouri.

He was a serious, sensible, fearless and friendly man, his heart was ever touched by the appeals of the distressed, and his hand was always open for the relief of the poor. His arm was ever ready to defend the weak and protect the oppressed; want or affliction ever found in him sympathy and relief.

"His pity gave ere charity began;" a gentle, kindly, manly man. Could each unfortunate whom he has befriended during his long and laborious life but drop a single flower upon his grassy sleep beneath a mountain of roses. His was of a simple faith: born a Methodist he never forsook or denied its creed; he lived up to its teachings and died enjoying its consolations, assured of his reward. He knew and cared little for books. The bible was his guide—reading it well, believing its promises, keeping its precepts. He was a good citizen in every sense of the term, a kind and indulgent father. Perhaps in his domestic relations his noble nature was most strikingly developed. No labor or sacrifice was too great for the care and comfort of family. He was a devoted husband. To his wife, whose death some years ago left him the lonliest and saddest of men, his kindness and devotion was wonderful. After a union of fifty years, rearing a large family, sharing every form of care, toil and disappointment, their effections were as warm and their attachments were as strong as on the day of marriage. To the hour of his death her memory was his hope, pride and solace. His prayer was, ever may I rest beside my beloved, and there to-day he sleeps, his last wish gratified.

May the sod grow green, may the flowers bloom fair, may the winds blow soft o'er the graves of dear old Aunt Nancy and Uncle Elijah.

OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

Sept. 21, 1895.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

Dentistry.

Dr. I. L. Ritter will be at Accident on Monday and Tuesday, Sep. 30th and Oct. 1st; Hoyes, Oct. 2nd, and 3rd; Cranesville, W. Va., Oct. 4th and 5th. Prepared to do all kind of dental work. Filling teeth a specialty. Teeth extracted without pain by the new process. 27-2

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THE REPUBLICAN

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, GARRETT CO., MD

BUYING EXPERIENCE.

A Friendly Game of Euchre in a Parlor Car.

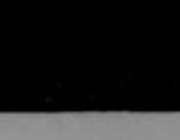

THE smoking-room of the parlor car was just filled when the train pulled out of the station at Philadelphia. Among the occupants was a man whom you would take anywhere for a farmer. He had a worn gray suit, gray chin whiskers, and as fine a come-on smile as the prospective victim of a green goods game ever wore. He sat by a window minding his own business. Another occupant of the room was a decidedly sporty looking man. He was tall and heavy, and wore a check suit and yellow shoes. He had a chewed off mustache that added to his sporty appearance. A third man in the room was short and insignificant looking. These three occupied seats remote from one another.

As the train started the sporting man wondered if there were three others in the car who would like to take a hand in a friendly game of euchre. Nobody responded. He left his seat, and, picking out the insignificant man, asked:

"Will you join in a friendly game?"

"Certainly," said the insignificant man.

"Will you join us?" continued the sporty man turning to the farmer.

"By gum I will, if 'taint for money," replied the farmer.

"No money, of course not," said the sporty man. "This is just a friendly game to pass the time away. Won't you join us?" he added, turning to a prosperous-looking business man, who afterward turned out to be the man who knows it all.

"No, sir," responded the man who knew it all.

"How about you?" said the sporty man to a young man who didn't look as if he had traveled much.

"Well, I don't mind," assented the young man.

Then there was a lot of changing of seats, and finally near Jenkintown the party got four seats together. The farmer and the insignificant man were partners, and the young man who didn't look as if he had traveled much played with the sporty man.

The game progressed for ten miles or so. The farmer was the wisest of the party. Nobody had any particular advantage. The man who knew it all meanwhile kept up a violent winking at everybody else in the car, and the result was that everybody got interested in the game, and somehow everybody caught right onto the idea that somehow or other the farmer was going to lose his money before he got done deal. There was a heart turned up, and the young man who didn't look as

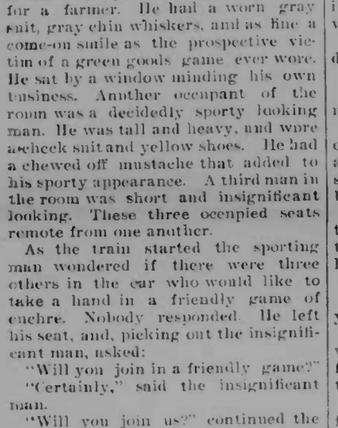

"WILL YOU JOIN US?"

if he had traveled much said he'd order it up and go it alone.

"Ha-a," said the farmer, "if you do that, young man, I'll euchre you! By gum, I will!"

"I guess not," said the young man.

"By gum, I will!" repeated the farmer. "I'll bet you ten dollars I will."

"I'll bet you ten," said the sporty man. "Let's see your hand," addressing the young man who didn't look as if he had traveled much. The hand was handed over. There were two bowers, two other trumps, and the king of spades. All the passengers saw it, and when the sporty man repeated: "I'll bet ye," everybody looked at the farmer with pity and at the sporty man and his partner with anger. The left eyebrow of the man who knew it all looked as if it had the palsy by this time.

"I'll make it fifty," shouted the farmer. "I come from Kentucky, where we back our opinion. I do!"

The sporty man looked at his partner.

"Come into it, come into it," he said. "It's a cinch."

"I haven't any money," replied the young man.

"Put up what you got," rejoined the sporty man, and he pulled a ten-dollar bill from his own pocket.

The farmer pulled out a wad of bills as big as your leg and peeled off two twenties and a ten.

"I'll make it fifty, by gum!" he said.

The passengers began telling one another it was a shame to beat such a nice old man. One of them talked about calling the conductor. The man who knew it all threatened to explode with excitement and his eyelid to drop off.

"I'll make it fifty dollars," repeated the farmer.

The young man who looked as if he hadn't traveled much had pulled a five-dollar bill from his pocket by this time. The sporty man seized it. He seized the old man's fifty dollars and held them all.

"By gum!" shouted the old man, "if I can't euchre him I'll lose the fifty!"

"Go ahead and play," said the sporty man.

The young man led a bower and took the trick. He led another and took that. Then the old man got two tricks and led the ace of spades. He caught the young man's king.

"It's your money," said the sporty man, handing the wad to the farmer.

"You bet it are," replied the farmer. "I knew I could euchre him. By gum I did."

The man who knew it all sat back in his seat in a state of collapse. The crowd felt just like jumping up and cheering, they were so glad the farmer won.

"That's right, it's your money," added the young man who looked as if he hadn't traveled much, and there was a sickly smile on his face.

"Served him right," said half a dozen men.

"Trent-o-n," called the brakeman.

The sporty man and the insignificant man jumped up.

"Good-by," they said, and started out. The farmer got up and ambled after them. Half a dozen passengers said: "They'll get him now. It's too bad."

The man who knew it all waited until the train started, and then said to the young man who looked as if he hadn't traveled much:

"Sucker, sucker, sucker."

"What do you mean?" demanded the young man.

"What do I mean?" said the man who knew it all. "Why, that's the finest gang of bunco men in the country and they played you."

"The bunco men didn't get it, the farmer got it," said one of the passengers.

"Ha-ha-ha! Ho-ho-ho!" roared the man who knew it all. "Why, he's the slickest one of the lot. You bet the farmer got it. He always does. He's a daisy, that fellow is."

Just then the conductor came through.

"Those people didn't get anything here, did they?" he demanded.

"Only a five spot," said the man who knew it all. The conductor looked angry.

"I thought you people knew 'em," he said. "I've had my eye on 'em all the way from Washington, and I stopped them once. A man can't stay in here all the time and attend to his business, too. These fellows are the slickest men in the business. I've had 'em with me a number of times before, and I always succeeded in stopping them until now. This is the first time they ever got in on me. They did a five hundred dollar job at Trenton last year, and they're wanted there. I was surprised to see them get off there. I telegraphed ahead, and if the police want them they can get them."

He went on and took up the tickets. While he was gone the man who knew it all told stories about trips he had made on steamboats on the Mississippi, and about the number of times he had been swindled. He certainly had had a remarkable collection of experiences. By and by the conductor came back.

"Why, yes," he said, "that gang is just as fine a gang as you could find in a day's travel. They work together. I just want to say to you, sir," he turned toward the young man who hadn't traveled much, "that you got five dollars' worth of experience. You'll never regret that five dollars as long as you live. But it was lucky you didn't have fifty dollars. They'd a' had that sure.

"It's a queer thing how people will get taken in," the conductor went on, resuming the conversation, after awhile. "Now, we railroad men, probably, see more of it than almost any other class of men. I can spot a green goods victim the moment I lay my eyes on him, and it's hardly a day I don't get one. I have made a business of warning them for over a year, now, and I never made a mistake yet. I had a fellow yesterday. When I got through with the train business I went to him and said:

"'Well, how much are you going to buy?'

"He looked surprised, and wanted to know what I meant.

"'I mean just what I say,' I replied. 'You are going to New York to buy green goods. I know what you are going for, and, if you take my advice you will keep your money in your pocket, and go home.'

"He got indignant and threatened to report me. I told him that I didn't care if he did, I hated to see a man cheated. Well I talked with him half an hour, and finally I said to him:

"'Look here, do you suppose that if I could get ten thousand dollars for a hundred I'd be spending my time working like a slave on this railroad? Not much, I wouldn't. I'd retire!' That caught him.

"'By gosh, that's right,' he said. 'Say, young fellow, I'm a blamed old fool, an' I didn't mean what I said about reporting you.'

"I told him that was all right and to stay in the car when we got to Jersey City until I came back. He did, and I shipped him back home. But about two out of three of the people I warn get swindled anyway. I carry 'em in and I carry 'em out again. A couple of days ago I had one that I had warned just the day before. He remembered me and told me that I was a fool when I spoke to him. I offered to bet him a hundred that he'd been swindled. He wouldn't go it. Finally I got him into the baggage car with the bag and opened it. Well, I thought he'd drop dead. He went on like fun. I never saw a man act so. But there was no redress. He went home a wiser man. As I tell you, there are lots of 'em."

The young man who looked as if he hadn't traveled much said: "Well, I'm darned."

"Of course you are," volunteered the man who knew it all.

Then the train rolled into Jersey City.—N. Y. Sun.

TOUSSAINT LOUVERTURE.

The Negro Leader Who Foiled One of Napoleon's Projects.

Among other measures for the furtherance of commercial prosperity made possible by the peace of Amiens, which secured the long-desired "liberty of the seas," the government had determined to revive the slave trade in order to populate the the Antilles more densely, and create a higher market. Admiral Bruix, in behalf of the measure, recalled that among the ancients slavery had not been inconsistent with the love of liberty; that the negroes, when left to themselves, preferred manioc to wheat, and sweetened water to wine; and that they must, therefore, be enslaved in order to give them civilized tastes, to make them consume the surplus of the French harvestand vintage. As they were natives of a burning clime, there was no cruelty in carrying them to the West Indies.

In pursuance of this barbarous and brutal policy, Gen. Leclerc, husband of Pauline Bonaparte, was commissioned to conquer San Domingo, which had taken advantage of the doctines and the feebleness of the revolution to declare itself independent. Bonaparte may not altogether have understood the dangers of such an expedition; if he did, he must have been willing sacrifice his sister; for Mme. Leclerc was compelled by her brother, in spite of her tears and remonstrances to accompany her husband. The main body of the troops selected for the expedition was taken from the army of the Rhine. A great squadron of thirty-four first-rate vessels, twenty frigates and numerous transports, with upward of twenty thousand soldiers on board, sailed on December 14, 1801, and safely reached its destination at the end of January, 1802.

But Bonaparte's plans were doomed to encounter an obstacle in the most remarkable man of negro blood known to modern history. Toussaint Louverture was the descendant, as he claimed, of an African chieftain. Highly endowed by nature, he obtained an excellent education, and gradually, though born a slave, asserted his innate power of leadership, until all the blacks in San Domingo regarded him with affection and awe. The influence of revolutionary doctrines on his fellow slaves had led him to assert their liberty. They rose against their masters, and a civil war broke out in the island. It was temporarily checked by British interference; but the unacclimatized white soldiers fell ill and died in such numbers that the English were compelled to leave the fertile colony in full control of the negroes. Louverture thereupon organized a consular government in imitation of Bonaparte, and with consummate wisdom and unparalleled energy inaugurated a civilized rule. When summoned by Gen. Leclerc to surrender, he refused.

For a time his resistance was successful, but in the end he was compelled by superior force to withdraw to the mountains. Thence he was enticed by guile, captured, and sent to France. Kept a close prisoner in the castle of Joux in Franche-Comté, the rigors of the climate speedily destroyed his health, and he died on April 27, 1803. But the heat and mephitic vapors of his native isle revenged him. As the French soldiers sickened and died of yellow fever, the natives rose in rebellion against the French administration, and the ensuing struggle was marked on both sides by horrible barbarity. In less than two years the task of subjugation became hopeless, and on December 1, 1803, Rochambeau, having succeeded Leclerc, who had retired the year previous to die in the Tortugas, surrendered 8,000 men, the remnants of the expedition, to an English fleet.

The splendid domain was thereafter left to its unhappy fate, and has relapsed into semi-barbarism. The magnificent French colonial policy, which had its supports in San Domingo and Louisiana, collapsed, leaving no trace. Its mere existence was, however, the strongest proof of its author's confidence in a lasting peace. Bonaparte, whatever his disappointment, was rid of a republican general and a republican army. It was not much in comparison with his hopes, but it was something.—Prof. Sloane, in Century.

All Gone.

One by one the guests had said farewell, and now the house seemed enveloped in a deep stillness. The newly wedded pair were very happy. After nineteen years of deferred hopes they were at last one. Far away from the turmoil of city life they had prepared a hacienda for themselves. Hither they had come on this happy night with minister, hired girl and a host of friends. Now it was all over and the last trolley car was humming down the valley toward the railroad station. "Have they all gone?" he asked, in loving tones, throwing his arms about her slender waist and covering her face with kisses. "Yes, dear, I think they have all gone," she replied, tenderly. "Then, love, you had better explain to the hired girl at once what her duties shall be."

The beautiful woman swept majestically from the room. Then a mighty scream rent the atmosphere. "What is it, love?" he exclaimed, rushing excitedly into the kitchen. "Haven't they all gone?" "Yes, yes, sweetness," she replied, and between her sobs she added, "and the hired girl has gone, too."—N. Y. Recorder.

A Victim of the Earthquake.

"James," said the good wife, severely, "were you intoxicated when you came home Sunday night?"

"No, I was not, Maria. I had not drank a drop."

"But, James, when you came through the hall you were staggering so you could hardly keep your feet."

"Marin," replied James, with an injured air, "you should read the newspapers. If you had looked at the morning Express you would have seen that just at the hour that I came home there was an earthquake. It was that which made me look as if I was staggering. Don't be so hasty in your conclusions another time, please."—Buffalo Express.

THE COWBOY'S COSTUME.

It Is Intended as a Protection in His Dangerous Work.

The cowpuncher's legs must be fended from the thorny miles of the Rio Grande, the thousand mongrel shrubs that lace their bristles together stiff over the country—the mesquite, the shin oak, the cat's claw, the Spanish dagger, wide-spreading, from six inches to ten feet high; every vegetable vicious with an embroidery of teeth and nails; a continent of peevish thicket called chaparral, as we indiscriminately call a dog with too many sorts of grandfathers a cur. Into this sawmill dives the wild steer through paths and passages known to himself, and after him the pursuing man must also dive at a rate that would tear his flesh to ribbons if the blades and points could get hold of him. But he cases his leg against the hostile chaparral from thigh to ankle in chaps—leathern breeches, next door to armor; his daily bread is scarcely more needful to him. Soon his barbaric pleasure in finery sews tough leather fringe along their sides, and the leather flap of the pocket becomes stamped with a heavy rose. Sagging in a slant upon his hips leans his leather belt of cartridges buckled with jaunty arrogance, and though he uses his pistol with murderous skill it it pretty, with ivory or mother-of-pearl for a handle. His arm must be loose to swing his looped rope free and drop its noose over the neck of the animal that bounds in front of his rushing pony. Therefore he rides in a loose flannel shirt that will not cramp him as he whirls the coils; but the handkerchief knotted at his throat, though it is there to prevent sunburn, will in time of prosperity be chosen for its color and soft texture, a scarf to draw the eye of woman. His heavy splendid saddle is, in its shape and luxury of straps and leather thongs, the completest instrument for night and day travel, and the freighting along with you of board and lodging, that any nomad has so far devised. With its trappings and stamped leather, its horn and high cantle, we are well acquainted. It must stand the strain of eight hundred sudden pounds of live beef tearing at it for freedom; it must be the anchor that shall not drag during the furious rages of such a typhoon. For the cattle of the wilderness have often run wild for three, four and five years, through rocks and forests, never seeing the face of man from the day when as little calves they were branded. And some were never branded at all. They have grown up in company with the deer, and like the deer they fly at the approach of the horseman. Then, if he has ridden out to gather these waifs from their remote untenanted pastures and bring them in to be counted and driven to sale, he must abandon himself to the headlong pursuit. The open, easy plain with its harmless footing lies behind, the steep valley narrows up to an entering wedge among the rocks, and into these untoward regions rush the beeves. The shale and detritus of shelving landslides, the slippery knobs in the beds of brooks, the uncertain edges of the jumping-off place, all lie in the road of the day's necessity, and where the steer goes goes the cow-puncher, too—balancing, swaying, doubling upon his shrewd pony. The noose uncoiling flies swinging through the air and closes round the throat—or perhaps only the hind leg—of the quarry. In the shock of stopping short or of leaning to circle, the rider's stirrups must be long, and his seat a forked pliant poise on the horse's back; no grip of the knee will answer in these contortions; his leg must have its straight length, a lever of muscle and sinew to yield or close vise-like on the pony's ribs; and when the steer feels that he is taken and the rope tightens from the saddle-horn, then must the gearing be solid, else, like a fisherman floundering with snapped rod and tangled line, the cow-puncher will have misfortunes to repair and nothing to repair them with.—Owen Wister, in Harper's Magazine.

TIED HIS CUFFS WITH RIBBONS.

Proper Caper Among New York Half-Wits Didn't Take in Boston.

He was very much in evidence in the lobby of one of the big hotels one afternoon.

He felt himself of immense importance; and he lost no means of showing how much he was delighted with his appearance.

His frock coat was very much like the proper thing for afternoon, but his silk hat shone and glistened, his linen was immaculate, and his double-breasted vest was of the latest cut.

The way that he strutted and slammed about was particularly noticeable.

He held his elbows well out from his body and at the proper angle, but when you got down to his coat cuffs there was something that flapped and flopped from the end of his sleeve in a peculiar fashion.

"He is just over from New York!" said one.

"Catch him and take him up to the dime museum," said another.

"Make him wet 'em," said a third.

"What are they, anyway? I am green enough to ask," said a fourth.

The things which caused all this sensation were two bits of black satin ribbon, with ends about four inches long, dangling from his sleeves, which were used to tie his cuffs together instead of the regular cuff buttons.

They began wearing them over in London about four weeks ago. It took two weeks to get them to New York, and this was said to be the first pair that had appeared in Boston.

Still, we fear they will never be popular.

If the Willie boys will take and wear them there will be enough horrid, great big men to grab these ribbons and untie them. It beats the masculine bangle bracelet all to pieces.—Boston Record.

—Hasty counsels are generally followed by repentance.—Laberius

THE FLAG OF FORT M'HENRY.

Through Its Inspiring Influence the National Anthem Was Written.

Sacredly guarded from curious eyes, and as much as possible from the slow but sure ravages of time, the Star Spangled Banner is laid away by its owner until such a time as may seem proper to deliver it into the careful hands. It is so called because it was the standard which floated over Fort McHenry at the time of its successful defense against the British, a defense that inspired Francis Scott Key to write our national ode.

This was the greatest of all naval victories won in 1812-1814, because it saved the entire Atlantic seaboard from further invasion by the enemy. The conditions also were unusual. The fort was not bomb-proof. Its commander, Lieut. Col. George Armistead, had received orders to surrender the fortress from his superior, who considered it unable to make a successful resistance. But Armistead was stirred to make a brave effort for its defense. He paid no attention to this order, and defended the fort to the best of his ability, knowing that if he failed a court-martial stared him in the face, and he gained a remarkable victory.

Lieut. Col. George Armistead was born in Newmarket, Carolina county, Va., on April 10, 1780. He was one of five brothers, all of whom served with distinction in the war of 1812, three being in the regular army and two in the militia. One of his brothers was a first graduate of West Point, and his full length picture is to be seen there to-day in the library in the grounds. He came from a patriotic stock of ancestors, his great-great-grandfather having been a member of the house of burgesses and of the council of states. On his mother's side Armistead was descended from Col. John Taylor, who was with Washington at Winchester. Col. George Armistead was distinguished for his gallantry at the capture of Fort George, and was brevetted lieutenant colonel at this time. A little over a year afterward fresh from this victory, he was placed in command of Fort McHenry. Here he was destined to meet men whose commanding officer had gained his epaulets in the service of the greatest general of that age—the duke of Wellington. Sir Alexander Cochran, in his dispatch to the secretary of the admiralty, dated September 17, 1814, says: "So soon as the army moved forward I hoisted my flag on the Surprise, and with the remainder of the frigates, bomb-sloops and the rocket ship passed further up the river. At daybreak next morning—the 13th—the bombs having taken their stations within shell range, supported by the Surprise, with the other frigates and sloops, opened their fire upon the fort that protected the harbor." Admiral Alexander Cochran was in command of the Royal Oak, while his son, Sir Thomas Cochran, commanded the Surprise, to which the admiral transferred his flag in going up the Patapsco river.

Francis Scott Key and his friend, Mr. Skinner, were on board the Surprise until shortly after the battle, when they were transferred to their own vessel, in which they had set sail from Baltimore. Here they remained with their own private sailors and a detachment of marines from the Surprise as guard. It was at this time on his own vessel that Francis Scott Key wrote the "Star Spangled Banner," and not on the Minden, as is generally supposed. Judge Taney received this statement from Key's own lips, who told him that he had written his poem in a moment of excitement, when the enemy was hastily retreating to their ships.

The weeks following this great victory were very proud ones to the Baltimoreans, for though at the bombardment were troops from Pennsylvania and Virginia, the great burden of the engagement was borne by Baltimore men. The strain, however, of that great fight, and the dreadful responsibility of the occasion, were too much for Col. Armistead. It left him with an affection of the heart from which he died four years later, in his adopted city, Baltimore. He knew, even after the victory was gained, that some enemy might press against him the charge of disobedience to his superior officer, and if this had been done it might have led to other complication, but as "nothing succeeds like success," everything was forgotten in a general rejoicing.

The flag was presented to Lieut. Col. George Armistead by the government. It bears upon one of its stripes his name and the date of the bombardment in his own handwriting. At his death he bequeathed it to his widow, who left it to her daughter, Mrs. William Stuart Appleton. When Mrs. Appleton died it was bequeathed to her son, in whose possession it now is.

The banner is thirty-two feet long by twenty-nine feet wide. In all probability it was originally forty feet long, and its great width is due to the fact of its having fifteen stripes instead of thirteen. In color it is almost as bright as it was some eighty-four years ago, but the bunting has become very worn, and some twenty years since it was stitched on canvas to insure its preservation. It will be observed that there is one large hole it, where a bombshell passed through it, and it is torn in other places by fragments of shell.

It will also be noticed that there is quite a large piece out of one corner, as if cut. This, I believe, really was done, as I remember hearing from my mother that a brave soldier, who had served under her father, on his death-bed wrote and requested Mrs. Armistead to let him have a piece to wrap around his dead body. The request was complied with, but it can be readily understood that now the flag must be preserved from all such spoliation from relic hunters and from loaning it on any occasion save where it would be of national interest.—N. Y. Herald.

—The Arians had their name from Arius, who died A. D. 336. Their main doctrine was a disbelief in the divine nature of Jesus Christ.

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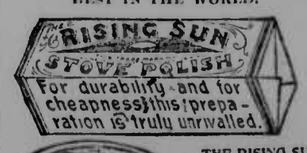

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THE SENTRY'S SHOT.

BY AMBROSE PIERCE.

One sunny afternoon in the autumn of the year 1861 a soldier lay in a clump of laurel by the side of a road in western Virginia. He lay at full length on his stomach, his feet resting upon the toes, his head upon the left forearm. His extended right hand loosely grasped his rifle. But for the somewhat methodical disposition of his limbs and a slight rhythmic movement of the cartridge-box at the back of his belt, he might have been thought to be dead. He was asleep at his post of duty. But, if detected, he would be dead shortly afterward, that being the penalty of his crime.

The clump of laurel in which the criminal lay was in the angle of a road which, after ascending southward a steep acclivity to that point, turned sharply to the west, running along the summit for perhaps one hundred yards. There it turned southward again and went zigzagging downward through the forest. At the salient of that second angle was a large flat rock, jutting from the ridge to the northward, overlooking the deep valley from which the road ascended. The rock capped a high cliff: a stone dropped from its outer edge would have fallen sheer downward one thousand feet to the tops of the pines. The angle where the soldier lay was on another spur of the same cliff. Had he been awake he would have commanded a view, not only of the short arm of the road and the jutting rock, but of the entire profile of the cliff below it.

No country is so wild and difficult but men will make it a theater of war; concealed in the forest at the bottom of that military rat-trap, in which half a hundred men in possession of the exits might have starved an army to submission, lay five regiments of federal infantry. They had marched all the previous day and night and were resting. At nightfall they would take to the road again, climb to the place where their unfaithful sentinel now slept, and, descending the other slope of the ridge, fall upon a camp of the enemy at about midnight. Their hope was to surprise it, for the road led to the rear of it. In case of failure, their position would be perilous in the extreme.

The sleeping sentinel in the clump of laurel was a young Virginian named Carter Druse. He was the son of wealthy parents, an only child, and had known such ease and cultivation and high living as wealth and taste were able to command in the mountain country of western Virginia. His home was but a few miles from where he now lay. One morning he had risen from the breakfast table and said, quietly: "Father, a union regiment has arrived at Grafton. I am going to join it."

The father lifted his leonine head, looked at the son a moment in silence, and replied: "Go, Carter, and, whatever may occur, do what you conceive to be your duty. Virginia, to which you are a traitor, must get on without you. Should we both live to the end of the war, we will speak further of the matter. Your mother, as the physician has informed you, is in a most critical condition; at the best she cannot be with us much longer than a few weeks, but that time is precious. It would be better not to disturb her."

So Carter Druse, bowing reverently to his father, who returned the salute with a stately courtesy which masked a breaking heart, left the home of his childhood to go soldiering. By conscience and courage, by deeds of devotion and daring, he soon commended himself to his fellows and his officers; and it was to these qualities and to some knowledge of the country that he owed his selection for his present perilous duty at the extreme outpost. Nevertheless, fatigue had been stronger than resolution, and he had fallen asleep. What good or bad angel came in a dream to rouse him from his state of crime who shall say? Without a movement, without a sound, in the profound silence and the languor of the late afternoon, some invisible messenger of fate touched with unsealing finger the eyes of his consciousness—whispered into the ear of his spirit the mysterious awakening word which no human lips have ever spoken, no human memory has ever recalled. He quietly raised his forehead from his arm and looked between the masking stems of the laurels, instinctively closing his right hand about the stock of his rifle.

His first feeling was a keen artistic delight. On a colossal pedestal, the cliff, motionless at the extreme edge of the capping rock and sharply outlined against the sky, was an equestrian statue of impressive dignity. The figure of the man sat the figure of the horse, straight and soldierly, but with the repose of the Grecian god carved in the marble which limits the suggestion of activity. The gray costume harmonized with its aerial background; the metal of accoutrement and caparison was softened and subdued by the shadow; the animal's skin had no points of high light. A carbine, strikingly foreshortened, lay across the pommel of the saddle, kept in place by the right hand grasping it at the "grip;" the left hand, holding the bridle rein, was invisible. In silhouette against the sky, the profile of the horse was cut with the sharpness of a cameo; it looked across the heights of air to the confronting cliffs beyond. The face of the rider, turned slightly to the left, showed only an outline of temple and beard; he was looking downward to the bottom of the valley. Magnified by its lift against the sky and by the soldier's testifying sense of the formidableness of a near enemy, the group appeared of heroic, almost colossal, size.

For an instant Druse had a strange, half-defined feeling that he had slept to the end of the war and was looking upon a noble work of art, reared upon that commanding eminence to commemorate the deeds of an heroic past, of which he had been an inglorious part. The feeling was dispelled by a slight movement of the group: the horse, without moving its feet, had drawn its body slightly backward from the verge; the man remained immobile as before. Broad awake and keenly alive to the significance of the situation, Druse now brought the butt of his rifle against his cheek by cautiously pushing the barrel forward through the bushes, cocked the piece, and, glancing through the sights, covered a vital spot of the horseman's breast. A touch upon the trigger, and all would have been well with Carter Druse. At that instant the horseman turned his head and looked in the direction of his concealed foeman—seemed to look into his very face, into his eyes, into his brave, compassionate heart.

Is it, then, so terrible to kill an enemy in war—an enemy who has surprised a secret vital to the safety of one's self and comrades—an enemy more formidable for his knowledge than all his army for its numbers? Carter Druse grew deathly pale; he shook in every limb, he turned faint, and saw the statuesque group before him as black figures, rising, falling, moving unsteadily in arcs of circles in a fiery sky. His hand fell away from his weapon, his head slowly dropped until his face rested on the leaves in which he lay. This courageous gentleman and hardy soldier was nearly swooning from intensity of emotion.

It was not for long; in another moment his face was raised from the earth, his hands resumed their places on the rifle, his forefinger sought the trigger; mind, heart and eyes were clear, conscience and reason sound. He could not hope to capture that enemy; to alarm him would be to send him dashing into his camp with his fatal news. The duty of the soldier was plain: the man must be shot dead from ambush—without warning, without a moment's spiritual preparation—with never so much as an unspoken prayer he must be sent to his account. But, no—there is a hope; he may have discovered nothing—perhaps he is but admiring the sublimity of the landscape. If permitted, he may turn and ride carelessly away in the direction whence he came. Surely it will be possible to judge at the instant of his withdrawing whether he knows. It may well be that his fixity of attention—Druse turned his head and looked below, through the deeps of air downward, as from the surface to the bottom of a translucent sea. He saw creeping across the green meadow a sinuous line of figures of men and horses—some foolish commander was permitting the soldiers to water their beasts in plain view from a hundred summits!

Druse withdrew his eyes from the valley and fixed them again upon the group of man and horse in the sky, and again it was through the sight of his rifle. But this time the aim was at the horse. In his memory, as if they were a divine mandate, rang the words of his father at parting: "Whatever may occur, do what you conceive to be your duty." He was calm now. His teeth were firmly but not rigidly closed; his nerves were as tranquil as a sleeping babe's—not a tremor affected any muscle of his body; his breathing, until suspended in the act of taking aim, was regular and slow. Duty had conquered; spirit had said to body: "Peace, be still." He fired.

At that moment an officer of the federal force, who, in a spirit of adventure or in quest of knowledge, had left the hidden bivouac in the valley, and, with aimless feet, had made his way to the lower edge of a small open space near the foot of the cliff, was considering what he had to gain by pushing his exploration further. At a distance of a quarter-mile before him, but apparently at a stone's throw, rose from its fringe of pines the gigantic face of rock, towering to so great a height above him that it made him giddy to look up to where its edge cut a sharp, rugged line against the sky. At some distance away to his right it presented a clean, vertical profile against a background of blue sky to a point half of the way down, and of distant hills, hardly less blue, thence to the tops of the trees at its base. Lifting his eyes to the dizzy attitude of its summit, the officer saw an astonishing sight—a man on horseback riding down into the valley through the air.

Straight upright sat the rider, in military fashion, with a firm seat in the saddle, a strong clutch upon the rein to hold his charger from too impetuous a plunge. From his bare head his long hair streamed upward, waving like a plume. His right hand was concealed in the cloud of the horse's lifted mane. The animal's body was as level as if every hoof-stroke encountered the resisting earth. Its motions were those of a wild gallop, but even as the officer looked they ceased, with all the legs thrown sharply forward as in the act of alighting from a leap. But this was a flight!

Filled with amazement and terror by this apparition of a horseman in the sky—half believing himself the chosen scribe of some new apocalypse, the officer was overcome by the intensity of his emotions; his legs failed him and he fell. Almost at the same instant he heard a crashing sound in the trees—a sound that dies without an echo, and all was still.

After firing his shot, Private Carter Druse reloaded his rifle and resumed his watch. Ten minutes had hardly passed when a federal sergeant crept cautiously to him.

"Did you fire?" the sergeant whispered.

"Yes."

"At what?"

"A horse. It was standing on yonder rock—pretty far out. It is no longer there. It went over the cliff."

"See here, Druse," the sergeant said, after a silence, "it's no use making a mystery. I order you to report. Was there anybody on the horse?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"My father."

The sergeant rose to his feet and walked away. "Good God!" he said.—Tales of Soldiers and Civilians.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—It seems almost a paradox that hard times have greatly affected the temperance societies, whose object is perhaps oftenest achieved in involuntary abstainers through enforced lack of funds. But the Ohio division of the Sons of Temperance reports a loss of 2,500 members during the past year "because of hard times."

—In Rio Grande do Sul, in Brazil, Italian and German colonists have settled side by side, beginning with very great hardships. The British consul reports that crime is practically unknown among the Italians, that they are extremely healthy, having no doctor, and that they are more tidy, practical and energetic than the Germans.

—Fort Smith, Ark., is puffed up with pride because of having broken the record in a line that is not clear of strong competition in that region. There are now more prisoners in the federal jail there than ever before, 217, of all grades. Not only this, but "it is just at the close of the term of court, which makes it all the more noteworthy."

—Sweden's state telephone is soon to be connected with the state telegraph. Instead of addresses the telephone numbers will be used, the telegraph clerks looking up the address. Messages may be telephoned to the telegraph office and telephoned back, thus dispensing with the greater number of the messenger boys, as in Sweden nearly everyone uses the telephone.

—Bullheaded British courage was shown in a recent sewer gas accident in London. A man went down into a sewer and did not come up, another man descended to look for him, and was followed, one after another, by three others. The sixth man who entered the death trap succeeded in bringing up the fifth still alive and in getting out the bodies of the first four.

—A thousand and eighty-one wolves and coyotes killed in one medium-sized county would appear to be a fair record, but the farmers of Yellowstone county, Mont., who have collected bounties on that number thus far this season complain about the meager results. Neighboring counties have done much better. Still, the sheep and poultry should rest a trifle easier even in Yellowstone county.

—President Lincoln issued a proclamation to the states in rebellion on September 22, 1862, declaring that he would free their slaves unless they returned to their allegiance by January 1, 1863. True, to his word, on January 1, 1863, he issued the Emancipation Proclamation; it offered to receive the freedmen into the federal service, and warned them to abstain from violence and disorder. Lincoln said in the proclamation that this act was prompted by "military necessity."

—It has been estimated that out of one hundred manuscript books sent unrequested to publishers in New York, more than ninety per cent. are rejected by the house to which they are first sent and probably more than seventy-five per cent. never find a publisher. One general publishing house accepts only two per cent. of the unsolicited manuscripts received, and a partner in another firm is of the opinion that ninety per cent. of all manuscript books once rejected never see the light. As novels lead in point of books published, so, also, they lead in manuscripts rejected, forming, it is said, upward of three-quarters of the bulk of rejected material. Theology, too, is a much overwritten science, and volumes on this subject are annually declined.

QUEER ANSWERS.

Replies Made to Examination Questions in a Boston School.

Since wit has been defined by Noah Webster as the "felicitous association of objects not usually connected, so as to produce a pleasant surprise," may not the pupils of some of our public schools, who gave the following answers to their examination questions, lay claim to it? The record as here given is bona fide, having been read during the last week at the graduation exercises of one of the leading grammar schools of this city:

1. Who were the Pilgrims? A dirty, filthy set who lived under the ground.

2. Name a domestic animal useful for clothing and describe its habits. The ox. He don't have any habits, because he lives in a stable.

3. If you were traveling across the desert, where would you choose to rest? I would rest on a stool.

4. Mention five races of men. Men, women, children and babies.

5. Describe the white race and show that it is superior to the other races. A white man will nod at you when he meets you on the street.

6. Of what is the surface of the earth composed? Dirt and people.

7. Name a fruit that has its seeds on the outside? A seedcake.

8. Name five forms of water. Hot water, cold water, faucet water, well water, and ice water.

9. Name and locate the five senses. The eyes are in the northern part of the face and the mouth in the southern.

10. Who were the mound builders? History cannot answer these questions. Science only can.

11. Define flinch, and use it in a sentence. Flinch, to shrink. Flannel flinches when it is washed.

12. By what is the earth surrounded, and by what is it lighted? It is surrounded by water and lighted by gas and electricity.

13. Name six animals of the Arctic zone. Three polar bears and three seals.

14. What is yeast? Yeast is a vegetable flying about in the air, hitching itself on to anything.

15. Why do you open the dampers in a stove when lighting a fire? To let the oxygen in and the nitrogen out.

16. What did the constitution do for the country? It gave the president a head.

17. What are the last teeth that come to a man? False teeth.—Boston Budget.

DINED WITH THE GOVERNOR.

Mark Twain's Story of the Old Salt Who Knew Gov. Russell.

Mark Twain told a capital story capitally the other day, which he said had never been in print, but which deserves to be if for no other reason than to allow it to fall into the hands of the self-appointed managers of the embryo presidential boom of its hero. It was on the ship coming home from Europe at the entertainment given in aid of poor sailors that Mr. Clemens recalled the tale in response to the encore demanded after he read a selection from his own writings. Naturally he turned to the sea and seafolk for inspiration. This was the story, robbed perforce of all the inimitable features of the telling peculiar to Mark Twain in his happiest mood, when the words drawl their slow length along, fairly floating in their humor, which is frequently far more in the style of utterance than in the matter itself. He had the tale from an old salt he met once en route to Havana.

The old salt, who was a Nantucket fisherman and for many years master of a craft of his own, was reminiscing about the queer characters and odd experiences he had encountered first and last in his day. Shortly before the Nantucketer and Mark Twain came across each other the old captain, just [illegible] a long voyage, together with a mate of his vessel, had gone up to Boston to see the sights. Among them they concluded to take a luncheon at a swell hotel just to see what a swell hotel was like. After many meanderings they fetched up at the Tremont house, now soon to be no more, and got fairly seated at one of the tables in the main dining-room. While they were waiting for their best substitute for plum duff they noticed that a great deal of attention was being paid to a gentleman who had just come in, accompanied by two ladies. They were so impressed by this that the captain asked his waiter who the important personage was, and he learned that he was the governor of Massachusetts. When he named the governor the captain's memory was stirred, and, with his seaman's love of dramatic effects, he turned to his mate and "bet a fiver" that he'd go over and shake hands with the governor. The mate bet a fiver he "dassent." But the captain wasn't damned; he added that he was ready to bet another fiver that the governor would not only shake hands with him but would ask him to dinner. The mate accepted this wager, too, and the captain "gave a hitch to his trousers," which is a trick all seamen "learn," and got up.

In telling the story he said he almost felt ready to lose his wager after he started, but he didn't want to make a fool of himself, as he went over to the governor's table and made his best bow and said: "How do you do?" The governor said: "How do you do?" too, but went on to say that he wasn't able to place the face, and so on. The captain had his pedigree all ready; it consisted of his own name and the name of his vessel. The mate, who was looking on, saw a change come over the face of [illegible] and waiters and all were much surprised to see the stated dignitary leave his chair at a step, grasp the hand of the queer-looking old codger and shake it vigorously. The captain was asked at once to sit down and have some luncheon, but he said he couldn't, as he'd left his mate over aft there. "Well, go get your mate," said his excellency; "there's room for all of us; if there isn't we'll have room made; here, waiter—"

The upshot of it was that the first lady in the Bay state and her sister and his excellency, the governor, and the captain and his mate ate together in peace and harmony and a flood of old-time memories, and the mate lost his two fivers. The governor was William E. Russell, Massachusetts' "boy" governor, who filled the executive chair with his democratic presence so well that he filled it for three years in that proverbially republican state.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Lincoln's Idea of Fees.

M. D. Hardin, one of the older lawyers, tells of an instance where Mr. Lincoln was retained to assist two other lawyers in the conduct of a case of the greatest importance. "I will not say now what the case was," said Mr. Hardin, "but it was one of the greatest moment to the state and of importance to the nation. The decision arrived at grows more stupendous in its results every day. Even at the time of its settlement those connected with it knew it meant a great deal, and the two men who had been his colleagues consulted together after the trial as to the amount of the fee to be charged. They decided that five thousand dollars was the least they could take and concluded to send their bill for that amount. But they waited for Mr. Lincoln and laid the case before him. They asked him what he thought they ought to charge. He pondered over the matter for a time, and finally said he thought his share ought to be about fifty dollars. That was, he thought, pretty good pay, considering he had only given a little over a day to the case."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Honors Were Easy.

Some say the Scotch people have no appreciation for humor. This is hardly true—at least there are exceptions. Many years ago Lord Harry Brougham and Rev. Dr. Thomas Chalmers, two warm friends, met on the street in Edinburgh and stopped for a chat. One of them dropped his cane and both stooped simultaneously to pick it up, with the result that their heads came together with a resounding whack.

"Eh, but that made my head ring," said Dr. Chalmers.

"That's a sign it's empty," responded Lord Brougham.

"Did'ua yours ring?" asked the doctor.

"No," said the great advocate.

"Weel," responded Chalmers, "that's a sign it's crackit."—Chicago Chronicle.

ELECTROCUTING A BASS.

A Lazy Inventor Tries It, But Is Not Altogether Successful.

"Yes, I've been fishing," remarked Meekin, the lazy inventor, as he tilted his chair and lit his pipe, at the same time exhibiting a healthy coat of sunburn to his envious listeners. "Have any experiences? Well, yes. For one thing, I struck an elegant crowd of liars all along the banks of the St. Lawrence. They'd lie even about the time of day. Familiarity with city fishermen causes it, I guess. I didn't mind it—felt quite at home.

"Did I invent anything while I was away? Well, nothing great. I did try to make bass fishing a little easier, though. You see, the bass were biting elegantly, and they were as gamy as you could wish. Fact is, I got tired fighting 'em for half an hour at a time, and I made up my mind that as I went fishing, fish was what I wanted, and I would find a way to get 'em into the boat without so much work. Yes, I know I'm lazy, but somehow I get there. Well, I thought if I could rig up a device to electrocute a bass as soon as he was hooked I'd save myself a powerful lot of useless work. I got some batteries from the New York Central station agent at Clayton, and there was a fellow down in the electric light station who lent me a big induction coil. I bought a spool of very fine copper wire and braided it in with my bass line. Then I rigged up the batteries and induction coil in the boat and fixed a switch so as I could throw the current by moving the lever with my foot. Mose, the guide, was a little fearful of the outfit at first, but he finally got accustomed to it.

"We started out one morning with our apparatus ready to send about forty thousand volts through any fool bass that tackled my hook. I cast out my line soon after we started and pretty soon felt a bass nibbling the bait. I gave him a little slack and then struck in the hook as hard as I could. I let him monkey around a little while just to give him a chance to escape an awful and certain death. Then I threw the lever with my foot and let him have the juice. Say, I didn't kill him for a cent. He liked it. That bass stood still in the water for a minute, and then when he realized that he was absolutely free he was the most joyous and frisky fish you ever heard of. He started out straight from the stern of the boat, turning somersaults for pure happiness. At every leap he'd make the old reel hum. I got tired and wished he'd break the line and get away and leave me alone. But no, sir; he was just having fun with me. Finally, I believe I'd have cut the line to get rid of him if I hadn't wanted to see the annoying critter. At last Mose suggested that I shut off the current. I did. The bass sulked then and wiggled the line, trying to show me that he wanted more. Presently he quit that and came in toward the boat. I reeled in the line and he came clear up and into the scoop net as easy as a little sunfish. When he got into the boat he flopped around until he had inspected the batteries, the coil and [illegible] and died. I honestly think that the only reason that bass gave up was to get into my boat and see what it was that gave him such delightful sensations."—Electrical Review.

THE FATE OF JIBSON.

He Held Out Nobly, But Finally Joined the Push.

Jibson was the beau ideal of a gentleman of the old school. Not that Jibson was old. But he went in for all that was conservative and proper, stood upon his dignity, dressed quietly and correctly and always wore a black cravat.

He had made up his mind never to marry, and had surrounded himself with a small circle of select friends as quiet and proper as himself.

The years went by, and the rattle of the bicycle was heard in the land. The roller-skating craze was as naught. Jibson and his friends smile superciliously. The young, the old, the grave, the gay, all took to the pneumatic tire. But Jibson and his friends held aloof.

"It will pass," they said, "like the pigs-in-clover puzzle and the riddle of the white horse and the maid with an-burn hair." And when they saw stoop-shouldered men gathered in groups in places they resorted to, and heard them talk of "centuries" and "sprockets," of "high gear" and "ball bearings," they stepped aside in the calm dignity of their indifference. But a break came. Naylor, his nearest friend, a fine, old, grayhaired gentleman who had looked askance at the coming in of the Remsen Cooler in the place of the tried and true Tom Collins, was tempted, and fell.

Word reached the ears of Jibson that Naylor had been seen scooting up the boulevard in knee pants and sweater, with his eye fastened on the cyclometer on the front axle of his high-grade roadster. Jibson shuddered, and from that on Naylor was to him as one dead. Topper was the next to go. Topper lived out of town, and there were such fine roads, and he had a chance to get a beauty of a wheel at a bargain, etc., etc.

But his apologies were unheeded by Jibson. Jibson regarded him as one who had done him a wrong that could perhaps be forgiven; but to forget—ah! that was another thing.

Bilson was the next to fall—Bilson, who weighed four hundred pounds, and whom any man would have deemed beyond temptation! But Bilson took the fever hard, and had a massive, special bicycle made for himself at a vast expense, by the Eagle iron works of Paterson, and in a week was making runs out to Patchogue.

This was the last straw; and, sobbing like a child, Jibson was led away to where they guaranteed to teach you to ride in three lessons, and sell high grade wheels on easy terms. Jibson is of the stuff that martyrs are made of; but to be the only man on earth in 1895 who did not ride a wheel was too much even for his cast-iron fortitude.—Puck.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Evaporated Tomatoes.—Has anyone tried evaporating tomatoes? If so, are they nearly as good as canned? A recipe was given me, to split them in two and dry in the sun. When wanted for use let them soak awhile before cooking; then cook in the same water in which they are soaked. I intend to try it.—Rural New Yorker.

—Pickled Damsons.—Prick the damsons with a fine needle, and put them in a jar. Boil together one quart of vinegar, three pounds of sugar, and one ounce of stick cinnamon for ten minutes; pour over fruit, cover with a plate, and leave for three days; boil sirup again, pour over fruit; when cold cover in usual way. They will keep quite two years.—Leeds Mercury.

—To Pickle Red Cabbages.—Slice them into a sieve, and sprinkle each layer with salt. Let the whole drain three days; then add some sliced beetroot, and place the whole in a jar, over which pour boiling vinegar. The purple-red cabbage is the finest. Mace, bruised ginger, whole pepper and cloves may be boiled with the vinegar, and will make a great improvement.—Farmer's Voice.

—To Stew Artichokes in Gravy.—Strip off the leaves from the artichokes, remove the choke and soak them in warm water several hours, changing it two or three times. Put them into a stew pan with a quarter of a pint of good gravy, two spoonfuls of any catsup and the juice of half a small lemon. Thicken the sauce with an ounce and a half of butter rolled in flour. Set the stew pan over a moderate fire and let it stew until the artichokes are tender, and serve on a hot dish with the sauce poured over them.—Boston Budget.

—Chicken Salad.—Cut and mince cold chicken with about twice as much cabbage and flavor with celery sauce, pepper, salt. For the dressing take three eggs, well beaten, one-half cup of vinegar, four tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one tablespoonful of mixed mustard, two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one-half cup of cream. Mix all ingredients except cream and put in a double boiler; when hot add the cream and stir constantly until thick as custard; cool; pour over salad; garnish with slices of hard-boiled eggs and celery leaves.—Housekeeper.

—Orange Chartreuse.—Make a quart of calf's-foot jelly, flavor it with orange, and keep in a liquid state; peel four oranges, and divide into small sections, being careful not to break the inner skin; place the oranges in a flat dish and sprinkle powdered sugar over them and set aside for two hours. Pour about a teacupful of the jelly into a mold; let set, and arrange upon it a layer of oranges; pour over these some jelly; allow it to set; then some more oranges, and so on until the mold is quite full. When quite firm turn out on a dish and surround the base with a border of whipped cream and sprinkle the latter with chopped pistachios.—Harper's Bazar.

DR. PATTON'S ORTHODOXY.

Genesis I. as a Chapter Might Have Been.

Joseph H. Choate tells a good story of Dr. Patton, who several years since paid a visit to Dr. Henry M. Field, in Stockbridge, Mass., where Mr. Choate has his summer home. Wishing to bring the two distinguished men together, Dr. Field invited his neighbor to dine with the president of Princeton. They seemed to enjoy each other greatly, and Mr. Choate afterward expressed his pleasure in meeting a man of such keen intellect, and was especially gratified, though a little surprised, at his very liberal views. The theory of evolution, which had frightened so many orthodox people, he looked at purely from a scientific point of view, and thought it quite harmless, as having no bearing on religious faith. "And how," said Mr. Choate, "do you interpret the first chapter of Genesis?" This did not disturb the composure of the accomplished theologian, who answered without a moment's hesitation: "We look upon that as a sort of charcoal sketch of what might have been." The phrase is a little unguarded, and if uttered by Prof. Briggs might have been considered as speaking lightly of sacred things, but Dr. Patton is a great master of dialectics, and can doubtless reconcile it with the most rigid orthodoxy.—N. Y. Tribune.

King Humbert's Practical Joke.

An amusing story comes from the court of Italy. For some time past Queen Marguerite has been very much concerned at the extraordinary rapidity with which the hair of King Humbert has been whitening. What could she do? Womanlike, she saw only one remedy—hair dye—and she suggested the idea to the king. But his majesty objected to being rejuvenated by any such process. One of her relatives, a young prince, suggested strategy. He knew, he said, of a splendid colorless dye, which she could place on the dressing table of the king, and he would use it without thinking, as an ordinary hair wash. But his majesty got wind of the affair, and laid a counter plot. The queen had a little white dog with long hair. He inveigled it into his dressing-room, applied the famous hair dye, and turned the dog into her majesty's apartments in a coat of splendid jet black.—Tit Bits.

A Prompt Answer Stoppeth Argument.

"It is anticipation which adds zest to life," asserted the theoretical philosopher. "For instance, watch a small boy eating an apple. Unconsciously he demonstrates my position. Watch how he gloats over it! How, while masticating one mouthful, he tantalizes himself with it! Why, with his eyes riveted upon it, does he keep turning it and twisting it, now this way, now that? Why does he tease himself by daintily nibbling at it, now here, now there, instead of taking one big bite anywhere?"

"Because of the worm holes," replied the practical philosopher.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 26, 1895.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR,
LLOYD LOWNDES,
OF ALLEGANY.

FOR COMPTROLLER,
R. P. GRAHAM,
OF WICOMICO.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
HARRY M. CLABAUGH,
OF BALTIMORE.

THE Judicial Convention, which met here this morning nominated Mr. David W. Sloan, of Cumberland, for judge on the Republican ticket by acclamation.

KEEP the issue before you: It is good and honest government vs. Gormanism and Raisinism.

THE local Democracy are the only ones displeased with the ticket nominated by the Republicans of this county yesterday.

MR. LOWNDES is making a progressive campaign in different parts of the State and gaining strength daily. He will be here on October 7th, when an immense mass meeting will be held.

THE Wheeling *Intelligencer* remarks: There are some Democrats in Maryland who are not afraid that they will be compelled to marry negroes in the event of the election of Mr. Lowndes. It is encouraging to know this.

THE refusal of Secretary Carlisle and Postmaster General Wilson to take the stump for Gorman's candidate, in Maryland, indicates their belief that the indorsement of the administration in the Gorman platform did not mean so much as Gorman's declaration of hostilities in the Senate.

The County Ticket.

The proceedings of the county convention held in Oakland yesterday were marked because of the good feeling prevailing among the aspirants for office. That the ticket named will be triumphantly elected all good and true Republicans have no doubt. It is a strong ticket. It is a ticket nominated by the Republican party as a whole and was not put up by any one man or set of men. It was not dictated by local bosses but was the outcome of due and deliberate thought which alone should be an incentive for all Republicans to work for its success at the November election.

Death of an Estimable Lady.

Mrs. Mary Crook, widow of Gen. George Crook, died at her home in Oakland, Md., Tuesday morning. The announcement of this event will be heard with sorrow by a large circle of devoted friends. She was a lady of rare intelligence, warm in her friendships and of most generous, sympathetic nature. Unflinching in her devotion to the cause of the South during the civil war, she never wearied in ministering to the wants of Confederate soldiers in Northers prisons, and as Miss Mary Daily she was thus known to hundreds of the boys who wore the gray, though many of them had never seen her. After the war she married General Crook, a distinguished Union soldier, who had first been attracted by her devotion to the Southern cause, and the union proved a happy one. General Crook died several years ago.

Reviving Dead Issues To "Save the Party."

The low cunning of the bosses is seen in their persistent attempt to involve the honest Democrats of Maryland in a revival of old war issues, and especially to play upon whatever fears may linger in their minds as to the possible revival of the question of race supremacy. It is an appeal to latent apprehensions and anxieties which had good, solid ground in a period that has happily passed and which, so far as Maryland is concerned, has certainly passed forever. There is no possibility of negro domination in this State, nor that the negro voters, who constitute only 18 per cent. of our total voting population, can ever become a ruling factor either in our State or city government. Whatever vitality may be left in the race issue in States farther South, where the relative strength of the black vote to the white vote is much greater, there is none left in it in Maryland. No one knows this better than Gorman and Rasin, and the only object they have in view in pretending to sound the alarm against the possible ascendency of the negro is to try and save themselves by raising a false alarm against a danger that in no way threatens us.

We are satisfied that this demagogic appeal to dead and buried fears and prejudices will fail of its mark. It is aimed undoubtedly more especially at the large number of Confederate veterans who live in Maryland, and among whom our unscrupulous bosses seek to rekindel old antipathies and resentments that grew out of the war and the era of reconstruction. The trick is too transparent to succeed. Never having been a soldier on either side, Boss Gorman is a total stranger to the spirit that animates the veterans as a body, both blue and gray. The old soldiers of the lost cause are not likely to forsake the farewell counsels of their great and chivalrous commander, Gen. Robert E. Lee. They will remember that General Lee advised them when he laid down his sword, not only to follow his example in that regard, but to abandon all feelings of bitterness, leave the past to take care of itself, and go forward to the future with the single purpose of working loyally for good government under the flag of the reunited country. It is timely to recall the wise counsels of that noble man, whose great character has been so splendidly portrayed in the words of the late Senator Hill, of Georgia: "He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a soldier without cruelty and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices, a private citizen without wrong, a neighbor without reproach, a christian without hypocrisy and a man without guilt. He was a Ceasar without his ambition, Frederick without his tyranny, Napolean without his selfishness and Washington without his reward. He was as obedient to authority as a servant and royal in authority as a king. He was as gentle as a woman in life, pure and modest as a virgin in though, watchful as a Roman vestal, submissive to law as Socrates and grand in battle as Achilles."

Those were the words of a true patriot, who had finished his fight in the same cause, though in another sphere, with the illustrous chieftain and loyally accepted the verdict in the battle-field, and it is safe to say that those among us who followed the flag of Lee will not be misled backward into dead and gone issues by the crafty suggestion of a political Iago. The cause of good government in Maryland is at stake in this election and their true place is in the line of its defenders. We look to see them on election day side by side with all other honest men who are fighting to redeem this State and city from the grasp of two selfish and conscienceless bossess and restore true Democracy to its own place as a party based on great principles, pursuing high purposes, animated by pure motives and led by honorable men, through clean and decent methods, to victories that will serve the general welfare at the same time that they strengthen and advance the party. —Balto. Sun.

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

A Most Enthusiastic Gathering of the Republicans of Garrett County.

The Republicans of Garrett county assembled in convention in Oakland yesterday afternoon for the purpose of nominating a county ticket to be voted for this fall.

Prior to the convention the delegates met in caucus where the nominations were agreed upon and all the work practically was done there. The caucus throughout was harmonious.

After the adjourment of the caucus Chairman of County Committee Mr. James C. Peddicord called the convention to order. Hon. A. F. George was made chairman and Mr. Geo. W. Eugle secretary.

A motion was made to have one member of the convention from each district appointed as a committee on resolutions, permanent organization, etc. The committee retired and after a brief absence returned and after seating the various district delegations reported as follows:

We would recommend that the nominations for the various offices to be taken up in the following order:

1. Sheriff.
2. Treasurer.
3. Commissioner.
4. House of Delegates.
5. Judges of Orphans' Court.
6. States Attorney.
7. Register of Wills.
8. Surveyor.

We would also recommend that the following resolutions be adopted by this convention:

The Republicans of Garrett county, in convention assembled, reaffirming their devotion to the principles of the national organization, resolve as follows:

1st. That we hereby cordially endorse the platform adopted by the Cambridge convention and pledge our earnest and faithful support to the nominees.

2d. That in the Honorable Lloyd Lowndes we recognize a true Republican and honest and incorruptible citizen, who, if elected, will be the governor of the entire people, and will discharge the duties of that high position with ability and credit to himself and honor to the commonwealth; that his running mates are able and distinguished citizens and will perform the duties of their respective offices, if chosen by the people, in a manner creditable to themselves and satisfactory to their constituents.

3. That we favor a fair and equitable reassessment of all property in this State and hereby pledge the nominees of this convention to the House of Delegates to vote for a reassessment bill; that such bill should provide for each county to make its own assessment in a manner fair and satisfactory to its own people.

4. We have observed that year by year the prerogatives of the people have been encroached upon more and more and power belonging to them alone has been centralized in the executive, until to-day a large proportion of the offices provided for by law are filled by the tools of a corrupt ring; that the public monies have been diverted from their legitimate channels and in a manner that has tended to keep in power the ring Democracy of Maryland; that the people have been groaning under the tyranny of Gormanism for the past thirty years and we hail with delight the bright prospect before them of ridding themselves of this form of political slavery.

5. That we demand a redistribution of the public school funds of the state upon a fair and just basis to our people; that during the past twenty years the public schools of Garrett county have been under the control of the Democratic party and the system to-day is worse than when they took charge; that the schools have been used for political purposes and to further the political fortunes of the Democratic ring without regard to the interests of the people and the education of our children; that we pledge the Republican party, if given control, to enact a law giving the people the right to elect their own School Commissioners and school officers; and we further favor the passage of an act giving free school books to the children.

6th. That we believe in the principle of home rule and local self-government, and demand the right to elect all officials, State and county, by a direct vote of the people.

7th. That in case any vacancy occur upon the ticket nominated by the convention, whether by death, resignation or otherwise, that the Republican State Central Committee of Garrett county, be and it is hereby authorized to fill the same.

8th. That the profile head and bust of Abraham Lincoln, with the face turned to the right, be and the same is hereby adopted as the party emblem to be placed upon the official ballots.

Immediately after reading the above the following ticket was nomination by acclamation:

For Sheriff, Austin Brown, of District No. 2.

For Treasurer, Thomas B. Wiley, of District No. 12.

For County Commissioner, Thos. H. Layman, of District No. 9.

For House of Delegates, Chas. E. Hilleary, of District No. 8, and Christian J. Otto, of District No. 3.

For Judges Orphans' Court, Geo. F. Englehart, of District No. 5; Daniel Wilson, of District No. 10, and Thomas H. Cuppett, of District No. 6.

For States Attorney, Fred. A. Thayer, of District No. 7.

For Register of Wills, James W. White, of District No. 7.

For Surveyor, Franklin P. Green of District No. 11.

Immediately after the nominations had been concluded a motion was made to send as delegates to the Judicial convention from each district to represent Garrett county in that convention, two members.

After a few remarks had been made by delegates the convention adjourned.

Death of Mrs. Crook.

Mrs. George Crook died Tuesday morning at her summer home here, Crook's Crest. Mrs. Crook was the widow of the late Major-General George Crook, United States Army, one of Grant's most noted commanders, who, after the war, gained fame as an Indian fighter in conflict with the tribes from the Canadian border to the Mexican line.

He crushed the power of the Apaches in the Southwest and fought the battle of the Rosebud against overwhelming number on the 17th of June, 1876, a few days before Custer's columns was wiped out on the Little Big Horn by the same multitude of Indians who had beaten back Crook.

General Crook died in Chicago four years ago, while in command of the Department of the Missouri. He expired suddenly at the Palmer House of a lesion of the heart, and was buried at Oakland. Later his remains were transferred to Arlington National Cemetery, Washington, where a plot was reserved at his side for Mrs. Crook. The couple had no children.

General Crook was a native of Ohio and a graduate of West Point. During the war he rendered distinguished service as commanding general in West Virginia, and for a long time had his headquarters in Cumberland. He there met Miss Mary Daily, whose father was formerly a prominent citizen of Allegany, when it included Garrett county. Mr. Daily was proprietor of the Glades Hotel, at Oakland, and of a hotel in Cumberland. It was at the latter hotel that Generals Crook and Kelley were captured by a daring band of Confederate scouts, led by Miss Daily's brother.

Since General Crook's death Mrs. Crook has spent her winters in Washinton. Her health had been precarious for some years. She suffered from an obscure heart trouble, and it was her intention to have spent this winter in Baltimore under the treatment of Dr Francis T. Miles.

General Crook and William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," were old army comrades.

Mrs. Crook died peacefully. The funeral will take place Thursday, and interment will be made in Arlington Cemetery. At Crook's Crest Mrs. Crook had hundreds of mementoes of her husband, among them a half-dozen elegant swords, presented to him at various times. She was born May 7, 1842 and was therefore a few months more than fifty-three years of age.

Dentistry.

Dr. D. O. McKinley will be at Hoyes, Oct. 7th; McHenry, Oct. 8th; Wm. Rodeheaver's, Oct. 9th, Kearney, Oct. 10th and 11th; Crellin, Oct. 14th and 15th. 29-3t.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

Brown's Tablets relieve nausea.

FINANCIAL REVIEW.

Henry Clew's Weekly Letter on the Business Situation.

NEW YORK, Sept. 21.—The investment and speculative interests have been held in suspense by the gold exports and uncertainty as to what may be done to maintain the treasury gold reserve. It has been somewhat of a shock that the "free gold" in the treasury has fallen materially below the official minimum and without compensation from the syndicate. There have been several contributions of gold from various points to the interior which have had an assuring effect so far as they show the disposition of financial institutions outside of New York to help the treasury according to their ability and this assurance is worth the more because the amount of gold scattered among banks and trust companies at interior points is unprecedentedly large; and could the gold which has been thus diverted from its former usual resting place in the metropolitan banks and the sub-treasury be systematically gathered together, so as to afford a mass of 30 or 40 millions, to aid the banks and the treasury in resuming gold payments with each other as formerly, then this scattered treasure might most materially help towards a permanent remedy of the treasury's difficulties. But these casual and partial contributions from the sources alluded to are quickly lost to sight in the export maelstrom and their benefit is only a small moral gain.

The really disconcerting fact is that there is still an absence of any sort of imitation as to what steps are likely to be taken for staying the new current shipments of specie and to provide for the outflow that usually sets in early in the new year. Under such circumstances, opinion has inclined to the conclusion that the government is likely to issue, sooner or later, a new loan, and the more so because the President is known to be resolved to take that course should the reserve fall to seventy-five millions. Such a course, no matter how necessary, would be regarded as a serious misfortune and could not fail to have a chilling effect in every department of business. The possibility has already had its effect, and yet discouragement is tempered with the hope that, at the eleventh hour, some means may be found for applying a real and permanent remedy.

This week, the syndicate and their friends are understood to have co-operated for keeping down the gold shipments as low as possible and no doubt have done their best in that direction. In the meantime there is little export of cotton, and wheat, though advancing in price, is for that very reason the less likely to be shipped; Chicago, however, is notably increasing its supply of grain export bills, and rates of exchange are easier in consequence. There is substantial reason for expecting that the export of specie may soon be checked, if not stopped, through the course of the money market. The shipments of gold and the forwarding of large amounts of currency to the west and south are together reducing the reverses of the city banks to an extent that may early put up the rate for call loans to 4a5 per cent. This, with gold flowing freely into the bank of England and 2 per cent. discount at bank and ½ per cent. on call loans, will quickly dispose London bankers to allow funds to accumulate here instead of continuing to accept our gold in settlements. Upon the whole, therefore the indications of the moment suggest a strong probability of an early abatement of the exports of gold; and this produced a marked improvement of feeling in stock towards the end of the week. Of the intentions of the syndicate little is known. They recently openly announced that they considered their engagements with the treasury fully completed, but intimated that it is their purpose to voluntarily contribute gold for an indefinite future period. Some further help from that may therefore be anticipated, if needed.

The recent heavy break in stocks has proven to be a good thing for the market, as it forced stocks from feeble hands into stronger ones, and such as are capable of not only sustaining but advancing prices, besides imparting activity. The St. Paul statement of earnings, showing an increase of $86,000 over the corresponding date last year, was really the turning point in Monday's deluge, as the grangers were the most vulnerable part of the market, and yielded readily to the attacks, which were very savage. There is a good deal that indicates the possibility of another bond issue. Such a negotiation is not yet positive, although quite likely before Congress convenes. The advance of 3 cents in wheat from the lowest prices is a favorable feature in the situation, especially for the St. Paul road, which has most to do with the spring wheat crop. The attitude of London towards international American stocks has been disappointing. It is easily accounted for, however, by the craze attending the Kaffir diamond and gold stocks. Such a wild frenzy of speculation in doubtful properties has not been witnessed in Europe since the Panama ditch speculation in France. It is to be feared that the collapse in the Kaffirs may not unlikely turn out to be as disastrous to the holders who overstay their market as in the case of the Panama canal deal; and when that time comes American securities will doubtless again take their position in London markets as favorites. The difficulty at the present time is that the ups and downs of American securities range within only a few points from week to week, which make them comparatively tame to deal in as compared to the inducements for operating in the Kaffirs, which frequently provide for a profit of several hundred per cent. within a few days.

HENRY CLEWS.

Crop Report.

Grantsville.—Weather continues very warm, and tolerably dry. Springs and all streams very low. Corn ripe and about all cut. Buckwheat is being thrashed and potatoes dug. Farmers well advanced with their fall work.

J. S. MILLER.

Bittinger.—Weather still continues hot and dry. No rain for three weeks. We had a light frost on the 15th, but it did no harm. Wheat seeding finished. Some has been up for three weeks, but is making very slow growth. Corn all in shock; crop about one third short. Potatoes being dug; yield about 200 to the acre. Buckwheat crop about one third short. Pastures dried up and wells going dry. Cool mornings now.

P. P. LOHR.

Sunnyside.— a fine shower of rain passed over this section on the 16th, which, however, was of short duration. A steady rain of several days is needed to be of any lasting good now. Despite the excessive drought wheat that has been sown is coming up. Water has become so scarce that it has been found necessary to bore the wells deeper in some places to get sufficient water.

C. W. SLABACH.

North Glade.

Dry weather continues.

Water is scarce in places but we have plenty and of the best quality here.

Wm. Otto lost another little boy which was buried Monday morning.

Rev. Dellinger preached a good sermon for us on Sunday evening.

Our new school house is nearing completion. It is being erected by Mr. Van Grim.

Martin O'Haver is preparing to move his saw mill to this place.

S. L. Fitzwater threshed 525 bushels of buckwheat from thirty acres.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, May 19th, 1895. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	Daily	2.18 A. M
No. 3	Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 71	Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 47	Daily except Mon	10.49 A. M
No 15	Accommodation daily	6.24 P. M
No. 1	Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	Daily	6.06 A. M
No. 2	Daily	6.37 A. M
No. 14	Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 72	Accom daily except Sun	4.32 P. M
No. 46	Daily except Monday	5.12 P M
No. 4	Daily	12.29 A. M

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Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

IS THE

CERTAIN AND PERMANENT

REMEDY

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ALL SKIN DISEASES.

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THE HORTICULTURAL SUPPLY CO.,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

THE VOTERS.

Lists of Those Newly Registered and Disqualified.

Following are the lists, by districts, of the newly registered and disqualified voters, listed at the September sitting, 1895:

FIRST DISTRICT.

Newly Registered. — Bradley T. Bray, James G. Cummin, William Moweary, Thompson G. Paugh, John A. Wilt, James W. Walters.

Disqualified.—William McRobie, John H. Wilt.

SECOND DISTRICT.

Newly Registered.—John F. Ault, John C. Coddington, Harvey N. Cuppett, Truman Friend, William J. Frantz, Noah H. Frazee, Josephus Friend, Thompson Hilliard, Charles Q. Hook H. C. Hoff, Samuel Jenkins, Adam J. Schroyer, Silas Sterling, Edward Schlossnagle, Ephram Vansikle, James Wilson.

Disqualified. — William Frazee, Jesse Friend, Samuel P. Lowdermilk, William H. Riley.

FOURTH DISTRICT.

Newly Registered.—Thos. Burke, Charles Cobe, Thomas Fitzwilliams, George W. Fazenbaker, Michael P. Flynn, Robert B. Logan, John T. O'Neille, Nelson A. Groves.

Disqualified.—Geo. H. Barrick, Michael Elwood, Patrick Grant, Geo. O. Broadwaters, John McPartland, Michael McPartland, Richard McPartland, Benjamin F. Miller, Hilary Michael, George T. Wilt, George Wolf, Christopher Whalan, John A. Wilt, Edward White.

FIFTH DISTRICT.

Newly Registered. — Lauren J. Custer, George C. Davis, Jesse Frazee, Charles W. Friend, Benjamin F. Feik, Jeremiah Glass, Henry Harman, John H. Schechel, Theodore Turney, Gheen C. Whetstone.

Disqualified.—George Ault, Upton Cuppett, Andrew Dedericht, Edwin E. Friend, Edward Gies, Charles M. Menhorn, Jonas Mosser, Edward Schlossnagle.

SIXTH DISTRICT.

Newly Registered. — David W. Gilpin, Alfred I. Friend, Homer D. Custer, John H. Shank, Geo. R. Rawlston, Elijah T. Lewis.

Transferred.—Joseph G. Friend, Thomas Callis, Lincoln Callis, Perry Biddinger, Abraham L. Spiker.

SEVENTH DISTRICT.

Newly Registered. — John Bowman, Richard F. Bartlett, Charles L. Banks, John T. Browning, Wayman C. Beeks man, Perry Bittinger, James D. Benson, Jeremiah O. Browning, Luther J. Brown, John W. Bowers, Samuel M. Butler, Charles B. Cropp, Nathan H. Casteel, Joseph W. Clary, John Cope, John Dunhill, Paul P. Daily, James H. Delawder, Charles A. Deffinbaugh, Shadia M. Engle, Herbert E. Flowers, Delphas C. Feathers, Harry Fulton, Harry H. B. Fitzhugh, Philip B. Gough, William T. Gauer, William T. Haskell, George J. Hesen, Jeremiah Jamison, Jonas Kennedy, Judson H. Loar, Emory D. Lewis, Bruce B. Lewis, Alexander C. Mason, David Male, John Noon, Thomas T. Nelson, John G. Robinson, jr., James J. Reynolds, Henry Smith, John G. D. Spiker, Clifton B. Scott, Clarence E. Stemple, Homer C. Smouse, Abraham L. Spiker, Harry Thayer, Clifton W. White, Albert J. Walker, Joseph Wolfe, Walter S. Wolfe.

Disqualified.—John L. Browning, Guss A. Bolden, Harry L. Clark, Peter H. Ghenk, Patrick Hamill, Andrew J. Nose, Thomas Sarsfield, William S. Stevens, Eugenia F. Stansberry, Henry A. Thomas, Franklin C. White.

Transferred.—John A. Delawder, William A. Faherty, William H. Murphy, Marcellus Shartzer.

EIGHTH DISTRICT.

Newly Registered. — Arthur F. Abernathy, James M. Brady, David L. Butcher, David J. Crouser, Loren High, John A. Holloway, Wayman Kitzmiller, Zachariah H. Moon, Sanford L. Moreland, Oliver M. Miller, Michael A. Mulvey, Hugh H. Paugh, George W. Rider, Ulysses F. Smith, Benjamin Shreve, Frank W. Wilderson.

Disqualified.—George W. DeWitt, Abraham B. King, Isaiah Loughridge, George W. Wilson.

Transferred.—Abraham L. Sines.

NINTH DISTRICT.

Newly Registered.—Russell Rosenberger, Edward Minick.

Disqualified.—John H. Anderson, Richard Graham, Solomon Brown.

TENTH DISTRICT.

Newly Registered. — John W. Clayton, Austin S. Merrill, Charles Stenger, George Male, Martin V. Grimm, Richard Tasker, Osburn Tasker, John McLucas, Oliver S. Moon, Edward C. Miller, Isaac W. King, John W. Calhoun, Robert Jankey, William Galloway.

Disqualified.—Benjamin Moon.

Transferred.—James R. Beard, James G. Cummins.

TWELFTH DISTRICT.

Newly Registered.—Albert Brenneman, Milton Brenneman, Sant. C. Green, Charles Platter, Ulysses A. Schwartzwalter.

Disqualified. — Jonathan Bittinger, George Burkholder, Isaac Bowman.

Transferred. — Amos Bittinger, Harvey W. Shope, William A. Carr.

MR. LOWNDES IS CONFIDENT.

He Feels Very Sure Of His Election To The Governor.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 20.—Mr. Lloyd Lowndes, the Republican candidate for governor, is at the Carrollton Hotel, where he will remain for several days. This morning he held a conference with several prominent Republicans, among whom were Mr. Harry M. Clabaugh, candidate for attorney general; Mr. Robert F. Graham, candidate for comptroller; ex-Congressman Sydeney E. Mudd of Charles county, and State Senator Washington Wilkinson of St. Mary's.

Chairman George L. Wellington of the State committee also held a long conference with Mr, Lowndes, and many leading citizens of both parties called on him during the day.

In reply to a question of Mr. Lowndes said to a *News* reporter:

"The campaign is progressing satisfactorily and I have every reason to believe that a considerable majority of the people of the State will vote for me on November 5th, believing that I represent certain principles of government which should be applied to our public affairs. Wherever I have gone I have been assured by large numbers of citizens who have heretofore acted with the Democratic party that they intend to vote for me, not because I am a Republican, but because they believe my election will result in the overthrow of the men who are at present in control of the Democratic party organization. Whatever they can do, I do not believe they can defeat our ticket. The trend of public sentiment is running too strongly in our favor, and I believe the feeling is becoming more and more emphatic every day."

Proceedings of the Circuit Court.

The September term of the circuit court adjourned on Friday afternoon. Judge Stake left for Hagerstown on Saturday morning, but will return here on next Wednesday to hear a case on Thursday. The criminal docket was disposed of as follows:

CRIMINAL TRIALS.

No. 1, State vs Albert O'Haver; rape; continued on motion of the State; Hamill—Peddicord.

No 2, State vs John W. Harvey; bastardy; plea in abatement, judgement of the State; Hamill—Peddicord.

No 3, State vs John W. Harvey; adultery; continued on motion of the State; Hamill—Peddicord.

No 4, State vs Arthur Savage; concealed weapons; not guilty; Hamill—Peddicord.

No 5, State vs Mason C. Pendleton; assault with intent to kill; continued; Hamill—Peddicord.

No 6, same vs same; concealed weapons; continued; Hamill—Peddicord.

No 7, State vs D. E. Savage; continued; Hamill.

No 8, State vs L. F. Friend; perjury; demurrer to indictment; demurrer ruled good; Hamill—Sincell.

No 9, State vs James Hinebaugh assault with intent to kill; tried before the court; not guilty; Hamill—Peddicord.

No 10, State vs Harris Facenbaker; false pretences; not guilty; Hamill—Peddicord.

CRIMINAL APPEALS

No. 1, State vs William Harvey; stet.

No 2, Emory Lewis vs State, larceny; tried beforo the court; not guilty; Hamill—Sincell.

No 3, Elizabeth Wilt vs State; continued; Hamill.

No 4, State vs William Raley; indecent exposure; tried before the court; not guilty; Hamill—Sincell.

CRIMINAL APPEARANCE.

No 1, State vs Thos. Carney; stet.

No 2, same vs T. E. Herbert; continued.

No 3, same vs Wm Gastkill; continued.

No 4, same vs Thos Carney; stet.

No 5, same vs William Cornwell; continued.

No 6, same vs Bruce King; assault with intent to kill; tried before the court; guilty; two years in the penitentiary.

No 7, State vs Thos. Darnell; continued.

No 8, same vs I Fuller; continued.

No 9, same vs Thos. Turner; continued.

No 10, same vs Hiram Umbel; dead.

No 11, same vs William Gastkil: continued.

No 12, same vs same; continued.

No 13, State vs Gustavus Parunker; assault with intent to kill; tried beforo the court; guilty of assault and battery; fined $50 and costs; Hamill, Thayer & Sincell.

No 14, State vs G. Parnker; concealed weapons; guilty by the court; sentence suspended: Hamill—Thayer.

No 15, State vs G. W. Miller; wife beating; guilty by the court; sentence suspended; Hamill—Sincell.

No 16, State vs G. W. Miller; larceny: plea of guilty; year in house of correction; Hamill—Sincell.

No 17, State vs W. H. Swanger; continued.

No 18, State vs Richard Gaunt; assault with intent to kill; tried before the court; guilty of assault and battery; fined $5 and thirty days in jail: Hamill—Thayer.

No 19, State vs M. Brannon, robbery; trial before the court; not guilty; Hamill—Thayer, Semmes.

No 20, State vs John Billmyer: goods without license; plea of guilty; Hamill.

No 21, State vs W. H. Swanger; continued.

No 22, State vs Tobertus Wilt; arson; tried before the court; guilty; two years in the pen; Hamill—Peddicord.

Nos 23, 24, 25, 26 and 27, continued.

No 28, State vs Courtney Merrifield; cigarettes to minors; plea of guilty; fine $20 and costs.

No 29. State vs Vincent Warnick; perjury; continued.

No 30, State vs C. B. Cropp; assault and battery; guilty by the court; fined $50 and costs; Hamill.

No 31, State vs A. C. Whetsell; cigarettes to minors; not guilty; Hamill.

No 32, State vs Caroline Gant; disorderly house; guilty by the court; Hamill—Thayer.

No 33, State vs C. B. Cropp; cigarette to minors; guilty; $10 and costs.

No 34, continued.

No. 35, State vs Tobertus Wilt: concealed weapons: guilty; sentence suspended; Hamill—Peddicord.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper under the caption "We Loan Money." The Mutual Guarantee Building and Loan Association which he is representing is one of the strongest new financial institutions in the country and the largest new Building and Loan Association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management is developing it very fast. Its assets have already reached over $2,000,000, which proves it to be positively reliable in every respect. The men that carry it on are responsible and well known gentlemen. This is a good association for the investor as well as for borrower. It has a life insurance policy connected with it which beats anything in any other association. It is good for both young and old and especially for the young man, as this policy matures in 7 years, the others in 8 years. So anyone wishing to make and save money rapidly will do well to invest in this association. Those desiring to borrow or invest will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending September 28, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Jos. Haslam	Hobart E. Berrian
H. E. Miller	Marion Wilson
J. M. Dent	Mrs. Amanda Harper
Mrs. Tracey Carey	Miss Grace Lantz
Miss Ora Listen	" Delia Keysner (2)
" Anna Haynes	" Maria Conan
Miss Maggie Alger.	

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

A Rare Chance to Get a Vehicle.

A. D. Naylor will sell his entire stock of vehicles, over $700 worth, at cash prices on nine and twelve months time with note and approved security, rather than carry over the winter, as I need room for sleighs, etc. I will also give the privilege of paying from one to two dollars per week or from three to four dollars per month on any job. Come early and get your choice.

29-3t. A. D. NAYLOR.

Severe griping pains of the stomach and bowels instantly and effectually stopped by DeWitt's Colic and Cholera Cure.

There is no doubt, no failure, when you take DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure. It is pleasant, acts promptly, no bad after effects.

Stomach and Bowel Complaints are best relieved by the timely use of DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure. Insist on having this preparation. Don't take any other.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

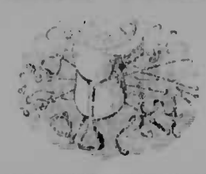

THE OAKLAND HARNESS CO.

carry the best stock of heavy, hand made harness and horse furnishing goods to be found in the country.

Alder Street, opposite G. S. Hamill's office.

TRUMAN WEST, Manager.

26—26t.*

Reqistration Notice.

September and October Sittings.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned Officers of Registration of Voters in and for their respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county, at the places hereinafter named, for three successive days in the month of September, commencing with and including the third Monday of September, that is to say the

16th, 17th and 18th Days of September, 1895,

and four successive days in the month of October, commencing with and including the first Monday in October, that is to say on the

7th, 8th, 9th and 10th Days of October, 1895,

from the hour of 8 o'clock a. m., until 8 o'clock p. m., on each of said days for the purpose of ascertaining and registering in the proper registries of voters the persons qualified to vote in their respective election Districts who shall present themselves for registration, and for the further purpose of revising and correcting the registries of voters for their said respective Election Districts, and the striking therefrom the names of all voters entered therein who shall have died or became formy reason disqualified or who for any cause shall have ceased to be entitled to remain on said registries of voters.

And on the Monday next succeeding the second Monday in October, that is to say on the

21st Day of October,

in said year 1895, from the hour of 8 o'clock a. m., until 8 o'clock p. m., on said day, the said Officers of Registration will sit in their respective Election Districts for the revision of and for the hearing of applicants for reinstatement by persons whose names shall have been stricken off the registries of voters for said Election Districts in said county as provided in Article 33, Sections 1 to 36½, of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, title "Elections," and title Registration of Voters" as amended by Chapter 573 of the Acts of 1890.

The places of sitting of each of said Officers of Registration in their respective Election Districts on the days named and hours stated is as follows to-wit:

District No. 1. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days will sit at Swanton. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Swanton. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Swanton.

District No. 2. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Friendsville. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Friendsville. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Friendsville.

District No. 3. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Grantsville. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Grantsville. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Grantsville.

District No. 4. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Bloomington. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Bloomington. During the second October Sitting 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Bloomington.

District No. 5. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Accident. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Accident. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Accident.

District No. 6. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Sang Run. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Sang Run. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Sang Run.

District No 7. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Oakland. During the first October Sitting, 1895, will sit at Huttons, on the 7th day and at Oakland on the 8th, 9th and 10th days of October. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Oakland.

District No. 8. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Gorman. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Red House. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Red House.

District No. 9. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Johnsons. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Johnsons. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Johnsons.

District No. 10. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Deer Park. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Deer Park. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Deer Park.

District No. 11. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Elbow. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Garlitz's Mill. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Garlitz's Mill.

District No. 12. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Bittinger. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Bittinger. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Bittinger.

All naturalized citizens applying for registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the Officers of Registration.

Signed,

H. O. HAMILL, Registration Officer District No. 1.
R. E. FRIEND, Registration Officer District No. 2.
ISAIAH FULLER, Registration Officer District No. 3.
JOHN COLLINS, Registration Officer District No. 4.
JOHN L. RICHTER, Registration Officer District No. 5.
N. C. BROWNING, Registration Officer District No. 6.
JOHN A. HUGHES, Registration Officer District No. 7.
HENRY A. SHAFFER, Registration Officer District No. 8.
SAMUEL JOHNSON, Registration Officer District No. 9.
SEBASTIAN HINEBAUGH, Registration Officer District No. 10.
NOAH S. GARLITZ, Registration Officer District No. 11.
JOSEPH BUCKLE, Registration Officer District No. 12.

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

EIGHTH YEAR.

A MODERN, HIGH GRADE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.

Reopens Sept. 25, 1895 (D. V.) A department for boys and young men embracing thorough preparatory work for college, business or scientific school will be inaugurated under the charge of Maj. C. A. Ballou, of the Virginia Military Institute. Stenography, type-writing, book-keeping, besides full courses in English and Latin, etc. Send for catalogue to E. B. SWAN, Principal and Proprietress.

18-1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

WANTED.—A saleman and collector for the Singer Sewing Machine Co. Address, Harry Clayton, Grafton, W. Va. 26-3t.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,

PLANING MILLS,

And BUILDING MATERIALS.

MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 22x24 glazed sash, 80 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS.

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

38-13.

DR. HENRY W. M'COMAS,

—PROPRIETOR OF—

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

Pure Drugs, Fancy Stationery, Soaps and Toilet Articles.

PRESCRIPTIONS

Carefully and Accurately Compounded.

DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

We invite a liberal share of your patronage.

JOS. E. HARNED, Manager.

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.

OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Easy to take, sure to cure, no pain, nothing to dread, pleasant little pills. DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Best for Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach and Constipation.

Children, especialy infants are soon run down with Cholera Infantum or "Summer Complaint." Don't wait to determine, but give DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure promptly, you can rely on it. Use no other.

Diarrhœa should be stopped promptly. It soon becomes chronic. DeWitt's Colic & Cholera Cure is effective, safe and certain. Hundreds of testimonials bear witness to the virtue of this great medicine. It can always be depended upon, its use saves time and money.

Mr. A. A. Snyder, Supt. Poor Farm, Winnesheik Co., Ia., says:—Last winter Mr. Robert Leach used two boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve and cured a large running sore on his leg. Had been under care of physician for months without obtaining relief. Sure cure for Piles.

Just Received,

A Car Load of Watermelons, Canteloupes, Bananas, Potatoes and Apples and will sell you at your own price.

Fruit and Vegetables received daily.

We will sell you Groceries at the lowest possible price.

Just received, a fresh line of Marvin's crackers. They are the best and cheapest.

We are still in the Jewelry business and will sell you good goods at a low figure. What we have not in stock we will get you on short notice.

Anything in our line we will gladly sell you as cheap as you can buy elsewhere. Give us a call.

W. H. MALETTE,
Fancy Grocer and Jeweler.

P. S.—When in Mt. Lake Park try our Ice Cream, Meals and Lunches, "Anditorium Restaurant."

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

COULD YOU BEST KNOW.

[A young lady in New York was, it is said, in the habit of writing for the Philadelphia Ledger on the subject of temperance. Her writings were so full of pathos and evinced such deep emotion of soul that a friend accused her of being a maniac on the subject of temperance, whereupon she wrote the following lines:]

Go feel what I have felt,
Go bear what I have borne
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And the cold, proud world's scorn.
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall.
See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall,
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way
That led me up to woman's day.

Go kneel as I have knelt,
Implore, beseech and pray,
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay
Be put with bitter curse aside
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow,
Go catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

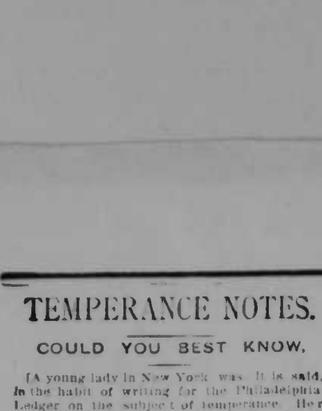

Go hear what I have heard—
The sobs of sad despair,
As memory's feeling fount hath stirred,
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have been
Had as the drunkard's late foreseen.

Go to my mother's side,
And her crushed spirit cheer,
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear
Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now.

The toil-worn frame, and trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
This promise to the deadly cup,
And led her down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright
And chained her there mid want and strife,
That lowly thing—a drunkard's wife,
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild,
That withering blight—a drunkard's child.

Go hear, and see, and feel and know
All that my soul has felt and known;
Then look within the wine cup's glow;
See if it's brightness can atone;
Think, if it's flavor you would try
If all proclaimed—'Tis drink and die.

Tell me, I hate the bowl!
Hate is a feeble word,
I loathe, abhor; my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred
When'er I see, or hear, or tell,
Of the dark beverage of hell!

ALCOHOLIC DRINKS.

Process of Their Manufacture Scientifically Explained.

Speaking broadly, alcohol is not found in any of the products of nature. Alcoholic liquors are always a product of the manufacturing ingenuity of man, and in that respect, a barrel of wine and a barrel of gunpowder are precisely alike.

Alcohol is obtained by the decomposition of our vegetable food-stuffs. In all our cereals and fruits the principal constituent is sugar. Sometimes this sugar is found in the soluble form as in the ripe grape, the ripe apple or pear, the juices of the palm, the aloe, and the sugar-cane. Sometimes the sugar is found stored away in starch.

Starch is potentially sugar, but it is sugar which has been set aside for the future food of the young plant during its germination. Sugar, if set aside for this purpose in the sweet soluble form, would probably not be at hand when wanted. It is, therefore, stored up in insoluble granules which are packed away in the delicate cells—as biscuits might be packed away in paper bags. On the seed germinating, this starch is resolved into soluble sugar, so that it may be readily absorbed and consumed by the young plant. This change occurs when a potato sprouts, and also when barley is artificially malted. In malting, the grain is exposed to such conditions of warmth, air, and moisture, as to start germination. So soon as germination has proceeded long enough to resolve all the starch into soluble sugar, the young plant is baked to death in the malt-kiln, and its growth at the expense of the sugar is stopped. Barley thus germinated and kiln-dried is malt, and this, when broken up and infused in water, yields a saccharine infusion known as sweetwort. From this sweetwort the beer is brewed.

In the manufacture of alcohol, the saccharine liquor is decomposed by means of a ferment—such as yeast, acting under peculiar conditions and maintained at a particular temperature. These ferments are all microscopic cellular plants, and what happens in the fermentation is that these cellular plants multiply enormously at the expense of the albuminous constituent of the wort. During this process the saccharine constituent is broken up into alcohol and carbon dioxide C O_2 (commonly called carbonic acid gas). This gas rises up through the liquor and escapes into the atmosphere, while the alcohol accumulates in the liquor.

The sugar having been completely broken up into alcohol and carbon dioxide, the fermentation must be arrested, or it will proceed further and change the alcohol into acetic acid. In that case vinegar is produced instead of beer or wine. The fermented liquor is, therefore, carefully strained off and the fermentation is arrested—sometimes by heating the liquor to a point at which the yeast cells are killed—sometimes by sulphuring and clarifying. In the case of beer, hops are added to give the bitter flavor and make the beer keep. In order to produce the finer wines a long course of maturing and treatment by skilled vintners is needed.

In the process of fermentation the main facts are seen to be very simple. So far as the starches are concerned, there must be the preliminary malting or some equivalent process to hydrolyse and bring the starch into the saccharine form. Then we have the resolution of this saccharine matter into alcohol and carbon dioxide by means of the ferment. Then the alcohol is distilled off to make the spirituous liquor; or, in case the fermented liquor is to be stored as wine or beer, the fermentation has to be arrested and the product clarified and matured. The sugar yields half its weight of alcohol.

In the fermented liquors there are much larger differences than those of mere volatile aroma. But these differences are due to casual and various constituents, other than starch or sugar, which have been yielded by the vegetable substances from which the fermented liquor was derived. These constituents confer the various colors, the various odors, the various flavors, and the various residual matters, which give the infinite variety to our fermented beverages. The alcohol, however, is the one thing for which all these beverages are drunk, and the one thing which, if removed, would cause none of them to be drunk. That alcohol is the intoxicating substance which the consumer wants, and the only substantial scientific question is, what percentage of alcohol does the liquor contain?—Dr. James Edmunds, M. D., in Son of Temperance.

DRINK BILLS OF WORKHOUSES.

Surprisingly Large Amount of Money Spent by Paupers for Intoxicating Liquors.

The Westminster Gazette says: Paupers in workhouses—or somebody in them—seem still to get through a considerable quantity of liquor. From a parliamentary return just issued, we note that the cost of the spirits, wine and malt liquors consumed in London workhouses, with a daily average of 62,293 inmates during 1893, amounted to £12,865. For the whole of England and Wales the cost during the same period was £32,911. In Scotland the number of inmates is, of course, very much less—the daily average number being 9,695—and their drink bill for the year was only a paltry £728—a large proportion of which, it need hardly be said, went in whisky. The total liquor drank in the Irish workhouses, with a daily average of 10,571 paupers, cost £8,660. For the whole of the United Kingdom for the year the cost was £42,299. This is over £3,000 less than for the previous twelve months, each country showing a decrease, with the exception of Scotland, which has spent £1 more. Some of the London paupers seem on certain occasions to have a fairly good time—if supplying them with intoxicating drink can be so regarded. At Whitechapel, for instance, they had 76 gallons allowed them on Christmas day, and 178 gallons on the occasion of the royal marriage. Christmas comes but once a year, it is true, but royal weddings at much longer intervals. Which (temperance folk will think) is perhaps just as well.

Undoing Missionary Work.

From the Bombay Guardian we learn what England is doing to demoralize India and undo the work of missionaries in that land. All vessels bound for west and south missions stop at Madina. Here is a list of liquors which passed through in one week. It was taken from the daily returns posted in Liverpool: Nine hundred thousand cases of gin, 24,000 butts of rum, 30,000 cases of brandy, 28,000 cases of Irish whisky, 800,000 demijohns of rum, 36,000 barrels of rum, 30,000 of Old Tom, 15,000 barrels of absinthe, 40,000 cases of vermouth.

"Hop Beer" Taxable.

Dealers in Massachusetts who have been selling so-called "hop beer" have been compeled to take out United States retail liquor licenses and pay small fines for violating the revenue law. The officials decided, after a scrupulous examination of the beverage, that it came within the taxable limit as to its alcoholic strength.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

DRUG store saloon suppression is the order of the day in Des Moines.

THE devil has a good friend in every moderate drinker.—Ram's Horn.

THE working men of Great Britain and Ireland earn £600,000,000 a year, sixty per cent. of which goes for drink.

THE W. C. T. U. home for women at Eau Claire, Wis., has been established eight years, and in that time has helped 169 young women to a better life.

THE supporters of the new government in England are very much chagrined at the return to parliament of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the radical temperance member.

SIXTEEN of the Samoan group of islands have been evangelized entirely by native missionaries. The drink traffic is, as usual, the greatest hindrance to their work.

A PHYSICIAN declares that one-half the consumptive patients received into hospitals in Paris owe their condition to spirit drinking. He would utterly forbid the sale of such drinks as absinthe.

THE city of Texarkana voted the saloons out, and immediately the Cotton Belt railroad moved its machine shops from Pine Bluff to Texarkana. The company prefers to have its shops where there is no whisky sold.

THE supreme council of the Catholic Benevolent legion, the strongest and most influential fraternal organization of Catholics, has ostracized retail liquor dealers by excluding them in future from membership in the society.

FARM AND GARDEN.

BUILDING A SILO.

An Ohio Man Describes One Constructed Without Corners.

I have looked over many descriptions and diagrams of silos, but have failed to find one that comes up to the standard of perfection for neatness, and being air proof.

An enthusiastic silloist who made, some years ago, one of the old-styled square, double-lined affairs, and having given the subject much thought and personal investigation, said to me a few days since: "Why don't you give an illustration of the manner in which the best modern silos are made?" referring at the same time to several that had been constructed during the past two years.

The only feature that we notice, that places this silo ahead of those described in recent publications, is the manner of completing the joints of the

FIG. 1.

octagon, which is after the form shown in the accompanying illustration.

Some very costly silos about here were greatly damaged by having to cut the cornerboards to a bevel instead of using block A cut with sufficient curve to allow the lining to match perfectly with tongue and groove intact.

Where the lining is cut to a level the air is sure to get in and do considerable damage in a silo. The matching can be made still more perfect by taking off, with small plane, a light shaving on the inside edge at a slight bevel.

These silos are constructed much the same as other octagon structures, with this exception, which we are satisfied is a very great improvement over those made with corners, and can be erected with much less cost than the round ones, and in every way give just as good satisfaction.

One of these silos has been furnishing ensilage put up last fall for a herd of twelve cows, for the two past months, and the ensilage is as good now as when used during the winter months and seems to be keeping the cows in excellent milking condition.

This season is sure to convert many doubting Thomases over to the silo, as the very short hay crop is bound to leave a great aching void that will not drive the ghost out of empty mows till grass grows again. Many are preparing to build silos and cut up their

FIG. 2.

corn, to be able to bridge the coming winter, and it may be the part of wisdom to do so. Where this is the case, it would be wise for such parties to either visit a successful silo or become satisfied that the plan they propose to use is after such a one. Don't depend upon any carpenter, however expert he may be, to plan one, unless he has had experience in constructing a successful one.—George E. Scott, in Ohio Farmer.

CHURNING WITH ACIDS.

Important Discoveries Recently Made in England and America.

Probably in no department of research is a greater amount of investigation going forward and valuable data and actual discovery being made, says the Mark Lane Express, than in dairy science, and while some of the discoveries have been of little or no value, a wonderful amount of useful and practical material has been placed in the hands of the dairyman. Among the things announced, since it has been shown how nearly the ferments and flavors in butter are associated, is that if certain acids are added to sweet cream it is not necessary to wait for the development of lactic bacteria in the cream, but that it could be churned at once and churned quite readily and the true flavor secured. Investigators have been at work on this problem, and an announcement of the results has been made. The most satisfactory results came from using hydrochloric acid diluted in twice its bulk of water, and adding this in small quantities to the sweet cream. Everything was satisfactory, except that the butter had no aroma, though it was pronounced fair and good by the judges. The butter kept well and had a water content of 12¾ per cent; but the low flavor was against it, though not a trace of the acid was to be detected or found by analysis. About the most important thing brought out was that butter seems to be fully dependent upon bacteria for true flavor rather than the food, provided that the latter is wholesome and not of a character to impart obnoxious flavors to the milk, which, after all, could not be called butter flavor in any sense of the word.

Cheese the Best Bacteria Soil.

Cheese, the supposed-to-be-edible milk curd of commerce, is the best soil in the world for microbes and bacteria, and on its surface flourish millions upon millions of infinitesimal parasitic plant growth. A microscopic examination of a single grain of fresh cheese, such as is usually sold at the grocer's proved that it contained not less than 90,000 separate and distinct specimens of bacteria. After seven days this same section of cheese was examined and found to contain 80,000 separate and individual bacteria. Prof. De Kahn says that a cheese properly sliced and exposed will within a week be implanted with a bacterial growth containing more separate specimens than there are trees upon the whole of the earth's surface.

VALUE OF SPRAYING.

Summary of Experiments Conducted at the Ohio Station.

1. The profit to be derived from spraying orchards often exceeds $20 per acre, and for vineyards is much more. The fruit crop of the state would be enhanced in value by several million dollars annually if the practice were generally followed.

2. Combined fungicides and insecticides are recommended whenever applicable, because of a saving of time; a less liability of injuring foliage, a greater efficiency in some cases, and as a precautionary measure in others.

3. Dilute Bordeaux mixture, copper-arsenic solution and ammoniacal solution of copper carbonate are the most useful for the treatment of the diseases herein mentioned, and the first has the widest range of usefulness of all.

4. Early spraying is the key to success in the use of fungicides.

5. For the plum curculio and shot-hole fungus use Bordeaux mixture and Paris green combined, making three or four applications. It is not known that the treatment will prevent the black knot, but cutting away and burning the diseased branches will accomplish the result.

6. Scabby apples rot much earlier than those free from scab, and spraying with fungicides will save at least 25 per cent. of this loss.

7. Spraying with fungicides in the season of 1892 prevented much of the early dropping of apples, which is usually attributed to wet weather.

8. For apples, two applications of Bordeaux mixture before blooming are advised, and two of the same mixture after blooming with Paris green added.

9. The same treatment is recommended for the pear as for the apple, before blooming, but the copper-arsenic solution is applied after blooming.

10. The Bordeaux mixture, if used too late, causes a russet appearance on both pears and apples.

11. The quince may be treated the same as apples, or with Bordeaux mixture alone.

12. The treatment advised for the cherry consists of using two or three applications of Paris green, two ounces to fifty gallons of water.

13 Peach trees and American varieties of plums have very tender foliage and must be treated with very weak mixtures, if at all.

14. Raspberries may be treated with Bordeaux mixture alone; grapes with the same until the fruit sets, after which use copper carbonate. Potatoes should be sprayed at least five times with Bordeaux mixture and Paris green.—Prof. W. J. Green, of Ohio Experiment Station.

WEEDING THE ONIONS.

How to Make an Inexpensive Tool Suitable for This Work.

How to manage the onion patch during the last stages of growth, when the mass of tops forbids the further use of the wheel hoe among the plants, has often been a puzzle to onion growers, and is a matter of frequent inquiry. The harm done to a crop by the breaking down of the tops during the process of cultivation usually is insignificant to the damage resulting from an early cessation of tillage. We prefer to till the ground between onions, potatoes, cabbages, and other crops, when well advanced, and to risk occasional injury to the leaves or stalks. Finally, cultivation has come to a stop, however, but the growth of weeds will not. Purslane, especially, is the curse of the onion grower at this

DEVICE FOR HOEING ONIONS.

late period of growth. The tool which is usually most convenient for stirring the soil between onion rows is a narrow steel rake. It can be drawn along between the rows of bulbs, of course with proper care, and will loosen the surface and keep the weeds down. The ordinary garden rakes are rather too wide for this purpose, but may be easily cut down.

Another tool suitable for this work is shown in the accompanying sketch. The nearest blacksmith can make the hoe part out of steel rod, or an old pitchfork. Insert the hoe firmly into a good handle, and then draw the tool along between the rows, in the same way as a steel rake. — American Gardening.

FRESH DAIRY NOTES.

USE tin milk pails always and keep them bright and clean.

POOR butter deteriorates rapidly. It has the elements of rapid decay in it to start with.

IF the butter is not of good quality, sell it as soon as made. Do not attempt to pack it.

IF the churning is only done once a week, good butter is out of the question. Churn every two days or every three days at most.

TO KILL the horns on calves cut the hair from around the horn, or around the place for the horn, wet the nub and rub on caustic potash. The potash comes in sticks and must be wrapped in paper or it will burn the hands.—Farmers' Voice.

Lesson to Be Learned from Rome.

A lesson in the wisest political economy may be learned by a survey of the Roman roads. They were so planned and constructed that even to-day their remains are eloquent of Roman glory. Of those who first trod upon them even the dust has crumbled into nothingness, but the modern sightseer must pay tribute to the enduring strength and artistic beauty of the Roman road. —Ada Langworthy Collier, Dubuque, Ia.

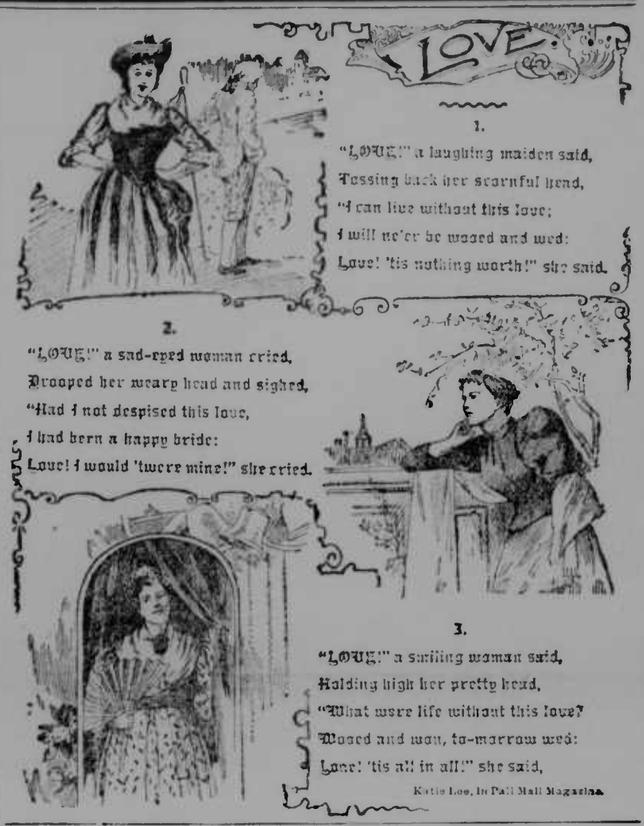

1.

"LOVE!" a laughing maiden said,
Tossing back her scornful head,
"I can live without this love;
I will ne'er be wooed and wed:
Love! 'tis nothing worth!" she said.

2.

"LOVE!" a sad-eyed woman cried,
Drooped her weary head and sighed,
"Had I not despised this love,
I had been a happy bride:
Love! I would 'twere mine!" she cried.

3.

"LOVE!" a smiling woman said,
Holding high her pretty head,
"What were life without this love?
Wooed and won, to-morrow wed:
Love! 'tis all in all!" she said.

Katie Lee, in Pall Mall Magazine.

A Promising Child.

Mr. Manhattan Beach—What are you reading, Marjie?

Mamie (aged eleven)—Only one of those French novels.

"You should not read them. It is not proper for you to read such books."

"But I am not reading it for my own good. I am just looking through it to see if it is a proper book to have lying around where mamma might pick it up and read it."—Texas Siftings.

A SLIGHT MISCALCULATION.

Herr Heveewayte — Good hevings, Rachel, der baby veighs more as I do mynselluf!—Judge.

Another Pattern Altogether.

He was handy with his pen,
And 'twas every now and then
That the bankers' paying tellers he'd perplex:
But he made his boldest swipes,
Getting only ugly stripes,
Where he'd fondly hoped to gather pretty checks.

—Chicago Record.

Profitable Pupils.

Friend—I should think having such dull pupils to teach would drive you wild.

Music Professor—I like dull pupils. De parents neffer dink does tear children haf no music in dem. Dey plame de piano, und den I zells dem new vons.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Mean Joke.

First Doctor—That was a mean joke some one played on Filkins.

Second Doctor—What was that?

First Doctor—Why, some one telegraphed him to hurry to Niagara Falls to remove a cataract, and he never tumbled till he go there.—N. Y. World.

Explained It.

Little Dot—I don't see how cows can eat grass.

Little Dick—I 'spose when they is young the mother cows keeps saying to their children: "If you don't eat grass you shan't have any pie."—Good Housekeeping.

The Coinage Question.

Wallace—Even the women have tackled this coinage question. My wife and a lot more have formed a club to discuss it.

Ferry—Ill'm. My wife hasn't got any further than to demand sixteen hats to my one.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

FROM TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

Bluestocking—Books are my children.

Mrs. Homelove—Children are my books.—Fliegende Blaetter.

The Only Way.

Brownstone—How have you managed to keep your cook such a long time?

Flattehouse—We take all our meals in a restaurant.—Brooklyn Life.

Not In His Calculation.

Park Commissioner—You are not making that new bicycle path wide enough.

Surveyor—Pshaw! It's wide enough for ten bicycles to ride abreast.

Park Commissioner—It's wide enough for the bicycles. But it isn't wide enough for the bloomers.—N. Y. World.

An Interrupted Blessing.

Thackeray tells of an Irish woman begging of him who, when she saw him put his hand in his pocket, cried out: "May the blessing of God follow you all the days of your life," but when he only pulled out his snuffbox she immediately added: "And never overtake you."

A Religious Broker.

Jinks—Smithson strikes me as being a sort of religious broker, but I'm blamed if I can tell whether he's a bull or a bear.

Filkins—Why not?

Jinks—Because he's long on countenance and short on works.—Harlem Life.

Improvident.

"How long have you been a Pullman porter?" said the kindly gentleman.

"Two yeah, sah."

"And still working?"

"Yaas, indeed."

"Dear me! How improvident you must have been!"—Oakland Times.

Well Bred.

"That dog is pretty well bred, isn't he?" asked the man, leaning over the division fence.

"Well bred?" echoed the dog's owner. "I should say he is well bred. Why, that dog won't eat his meals at all unless he has his collar on."—Detroit Tribune.

ECONOMY IN THE COUNTRY.

Young Mrs. Gotham (her first summer experience)—O, we could not possibly use as much as six quarts of milk a day. Couldn't you rent me the little one instead of its mother?—Vogue.

Hygienic Item.

Teacher—So you can't remember the names of the great lakes. Can't you keep them in your head?

Johnnie—No, ma'am. If I was to keep them lakes in my head I might have water on the brain.—Texas Siftings.

Suiting the Action.

"Jamie," sharply called out his mother, "you've been loafing all day. Satan always finds some work for idle hands to do. Take this basket and bring in some kindlings."—Chicago Tribune.

A Needed Rest.

Clara—I have been to the seashore, resting.

Aunty—Huh! What have you been resting from?

Clara—Why, from sitting around at home, of course.—N. Y. Weekly.

Very Welcome by Comparison.

"Why did you meet that book peddler so effusively? You never saw him before, did you?"

"No. I thought at first he was a bill collector."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A New Malady.

"How did all the people in this town happen to be afflicted with St. Vitus' dance?"

"They're not. That's the bicycle dodge."—Detroit Free Press.

Prudent.

She—Is it well, do you think, to tell the truth about your friends?

He—Yes—but wait till they're gone.—Truth.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

CRUMBS OF COMFORT.

I'm only a little girlie,
But mother says each day
I can scatter crumbs of comfort
For others, by the way.

Real crumbs for the tiny sparrows
That flock about the door,
And greedily eat their breakfasts,
Then chirp to ask for more.

Loving words for the baby,
And cheery, helpful ways
That will put a gleam of sunshine
In grandma's darkest days.

Then errands to run for mother,
And little things to do
That will keep me out of mischief,
And make me useful, too.

If I scatter crumbs of comfort,
Passing along the way,
Perhaps the Lord will turn them
Into a loaf, some day.
—Lizzie de Armond, in Our Little Ones.

THE STOLEN HORSE.

Affectionately Remembers Its Master After Twenty Years' Absence.

There lived in Auburn, N. Y., some sixty years ago, a clergyman, an intimate friend of my grandmother. This gentleman owned an exceedingly beautiful, fleet and graceful sorrel mare, which bore the classic name of Diana. She was the admiration of the town and the pride of the clergyman's family. But, alas! one dark and stormy night the barn was boldly entered, and the beautiful Diana stolen from her stall. All efforts to discover the clever thief, though long and perseveringly continued, were useless. At last the family sorrowing abandoned hope; another, but inferior, horse was purchased, to which, by the way, the children would not allow any occupancy of the old stall of their pet, for that, with everything else that belonged to her, they insisted upon keeping sacred to her memory.

Nearly twenty years had passed, the clergyman's hair had grown white with age, and his children had become young men and women, when he chanced one autumn to be called on business to a remote part of the state. Having an easy chaise, he made the trip, as not uncommon in those days, by private conveyance. He was riding slowly along a winding road on the third morning of his journey, when his attention was forced from the beauties

TOOK THE RIM OF HIS HAT DAINTILY BETWEEN HER TEETH.

of the scenery to the strange behavior of an old horse confined in a pasture by the roadside. The creature seemed bent upon attracting the clergyman's notice; it pranced, snorted and beat the fence with its forefeet, keeping all the time in line with the slowly moving chaise. Wondering a little as to the cause of such singular conduct, the clergyman drove along to the pasture, and then turned from it down a road which branched off in an opposite direction. As he did so, he was startled by a cry of such human agony from the poor creature in the pasture that he instantly stopped his horse and looked back.

There, at the corner of the fence, she stood, her neck thrust despairingly forward, trembling in every muscle of her body, her eyes fixed upon him with an expression of utter, helpless misery, which strangely moved the tender-hearted clergyman. He now discovered that the head and face of the animal bore a marked resemblance to his lost Diana. Impressed by the likeness he obeyed a sudden impulse, and drove rapidly back to a farmhouse near the pasture, where he found the farmer just getting up from his twelve o'clock dinner.

"Friend," said the clergyman, "is that your horse in the field yonder?"

"Yes, the mare's mine. I've had her about twenty years."

"Twenty years! May I ask where you got her, friend?"

"I bought her of a peddler who cheated my wife on a gingham gown, but he didn't cheat me on that horse."

"Diana! As sure as I'm alive!" cried the clergyman, starting excitedly for the pasture, followed by the astonished farmer. He entered the field, and the moment the old mare caught sight of him she rushed wildly forward, snorting with delight. Old and faded, rough and lame, the clergyman still unmistakably recognized his lost beauty; and oh, the joy of Diana! Tenderly she licked her master's hands and face, lovingly nestled her head upon his shoulder, and at last, with something like her old coquettish ways, took the rim of his hat daintily between her teeth, and, lifting it from his head, replaced it hindside before.—Our Dumb Animals.

A Merry Thought.

If all the little children dear
Who are glad vacation days are here
Should stand in a line with their books and slates
They'd reach across the United States,
And then if they counted one, two, three,
And laughed—what a long, long laugh 'twould be!
—Anna M. Pratt, in Popular Educator.

An Old Fire in Persia.

A Parsee sacred fire, which is burning in the temple of Leiguil, Persia, is known not to have been extinguished since the days of Rapbereth, who lived twelve centuries ago.

VAST CARIBOU HERDS.

As Thick in the Slave Lake Country as Ever Buffaloes Were.

The Barren-Ground caribou now inhabits the Great Slave lake country, and just east thereof, not only in thousands, but tens of thousands, and, it is almost safe to say, hundreds of thousands! In 1891, when Mr. Warburton Pike found himself in the very midst of the vast throng of caribou that were migrating southward, he was moved to doubt whether buffalo ever existed in greater numbers. Think of it! Vast herds of big game animals, fit for food, alive and unslaughtered in North America to-day! Why this oversight on the

BARREN-GROUND CARIBOU.

part of the game-butchers? Where are the hide-hunters, the tongue-hunters, and the grand army of greedy game-killers generally?

The reason for the unslaughtered condition of the caribou herds of the far north is that Jack Frost owns the Barren Grounds, and by game-butchers Jack Frost is considered "bad medicine." As usual, the inhabits of Caribouland slaughter the herds with sickening wastefulness whenever they get an opportunity; but thus far the caribou is holding its own fairly well, save in Alaska.

Mr. Warburton Pike says that in summer they keep to the true Barren Grounds, but in the autumn, when their feeding-grounds are covered with snow, they seek the hanging moss in the woods. "From what I could gather from the Yellow-knife Indians, and from my own personal experience, it is late in October that the great bands of caribou, commonly known as La Foule, mass upon the edge of the woods, and start for the food and shelter afforded by the stronger growth of pine farther southward." Of this great annual migration, here is what plucky Mr. Pike actually saw on Lake Camsell, about sixty miles north of the eastern end of Great Slave lake. It reads like a fairy tale, but nevertheless the account is undoubtedly true.

"Scattered bands of caribou were almost always in sight from the top of the ridge behind the camp, and increased in numbers till the morning of October 20 (1889), when little Baptiste, who had gone for firewood, woke us up before daylight with the cry: 'La foule! La foule!' (The throng! The throng!). Even in the lodge we could hear the curious clatter made by a band of traveling caribou. La foule had really come, and during its passage of six days I was able to realize what an extraordinary number of these animals still roam the Barren grounds."

He thus describes the migration:

"From the ridge we had a splendid view of the migration. All the south side of Mackay lake was alive with the moving beasts, while the ice seemed to be dotted all over with black islands, and still away on the north shore, with the aid of the glasses, we could see them coming like regiments on the march. In every direction we could hear the grunting noise that the caribou always make when traveling. The snow was broken into broad roads, and I found it useless to try to estimate the number that passed within a few miles of our encampment. We were just on the western edge of their passage, and afterward we heard that a band of Dog-Ribs, hunting some forty miles to the west, were at this very time in the last straits of starvation, only saving their lives by a hasty retreat to the woods. This is a common danger in the autumn, as the caribou, coming in from the Barren ground, join together in one vast herd, and do not scatter much till they reach the thick timber. * * * The caribou, as is usually the case when they are in large numbers, were very tame, and on several occasions I found myself right in the middle of a band, with a splendid chance to pick out any that seemed in good condition. * * * Notwithstanding all the tall stories that are told of their numbers (the buffaloes'), I cannot believe that the herds on the prairie ever surpassed in size La Foule of the caribou."—W. T. Hornaday, in St. Nicholas.

A Hen That Kills Mice.

Councilman Samuel Bell, a horse importer of Wooster, O., has a Minorca pullet that takes as much delight in catching rats and mice as a cat or dog. The hen was raised with a litter of fox terriers, and from being associated constantly with the dogs has acquired their hatred for the rodents. She will tackle the largest kind, and, while she has never killed a large one, will keep them at bay until the dogs come to her relief. She has killed many half-grown ones. She seems to know that the big rats are too much for her. It is in dispatching mice that she is at home, and two to four picks from her bill always lay the mouse out. A funny part of the hen's accomplishment is that she will stand for hours on watch for mice, and when one appears pounce on it with the fury of a cat.

A Crown Worth Having.

One of the most costly crowns in existence is said to be that of the king of Portugal. The jewels which ornament it are valued at $8,000,000.

Odd Mail Matter.

Barrels of wine, anchors, scythes—in fact, all kinds of merchandise—are conveyed by the Swiss post office department.

MODEL HOUSEWIVES.

Industry and Piety of the Women of Armenia.

The school of the Armenian woman is the home, and the first characteristic of the home, after its piety, is its industry. The households are large, sons bringing home their wives and grandsons, theirs making up a family often of from forty to sixty persons. In the interior villages among the peasantry, the number is often much larger. This condition is a relic of Biblical times, and is still necessary in many parts of Armenia for mutual protection and economy of living in a country where life is often dependent upon resistance to barbarous tribes and money and food products are subject to the justice (?) of Turkish taxation.

With primitive utensils and inconvenient methods of living it may be seen that industry is a necessity in such great establishments, and absolute cleanliness goes with it. A Frenchwoman, Mme. Chantre, who spent months in Armenia with her husband, an oculist, and had an unusual opportunity to study the ways of the people, speaks emphatically of this element of the Armenian home. "The Armenian women," says she, "are perfect housekeepers. Their houses are marvelously clean."

The servant problem does not exist in Armenia. All well-to-do households employ servants who come from the peasantry, and are trained in the service of a family and become a part of it. They "know their place," as is said here, and yield all respect to their masters and mistresses; on the other hand, their "place" is known and respected by every member of the family.

The Armenian women are expert and skillful cooks. A prominent foreigner who has traveled much through the country has said: "No one has eaten a good dinner who has not eaten one cooked by an Armenian." The chief meal of the day is eaten in the evening after the work of the day is done. At this are served rich cereals and vegetables cooked with surpassing delicacy and relish, and fruits, preserved and in their season, of the most luscious and tempting varieties. Meat is used, but not so much as here. Armenia is a land of fruit and flowers, and the Armenian woman is deeply skilled in the art of preserving fruits and making confections from flowers. The time of such compounding and preparation is a sort of holiday. The whole household gathers for the ceremony; the fruit is prepared and put into great caldrons over which presides some experienced aunt or other relative specially secured for the occasion. The rest of the women assist according to the degree of their expertness, down to the younger daughters of the home, who can only earnestly watch and admire the skill which it is their ambition to emulate some day. At the critical moments of the operation, when a drop more or less of lemon juice or an added degree of heat too soon or too late may be fatal, care and watchfulness are intensified to the superlative degree. Silence reigns while tastes and tests are taken, and the weight of a nation can hardly burden its bearer more than the responsibility of her on whom rests the final decisive step.

For the children it is a holiday pure and simple. Fruits and sweets abound and saucerfuls of the confections at various stages of the process are generously dealt out.

These preserves are offered to all who are guests of the household. Ceremonious visits would not be complete without them. Two fine glass bowls are set out containing each a choice variety of the sweetmeats, with an ample supply of silver spoons and an array of crystal goblets filled with water. A spoonful of the sweet is taken by each guest and a sip of water, then Turkish coffee is handed round.—N. Y. Times.

FASHION NOTES.

Some of the Latest Additions to Feminine Costumes.

A novelty costume has the breadths of the skirt open half the length from hem to waist line. In these openings are set plaited sections of a contrasting material. One dress is of sage green crepon, with heliotrope plaitings. The fitted round waist has the sides and back of the heliotrope, and the wide vest front is of crepon, with heliotrope bands from collar to waistline on either side of the front. The sleeves of heliotrope have crepon cuffs, and are caught up with bows of satin ribbon, matching the crepon in color.

A handsome costume for dressy occasions is made of satin, with the skirt in very wide box plaits at the sides and back. The fitted body has a vest, epaulets and waist garniture of rich passementerie, with elbow sleeves of the material, with ruffles edged with passementerie falling over the shoulders. A plaited ribbon collar and wide belt of ribbon, with loops and ends extending to the hem of the skirt, make an appropriate finish.

Passementerie waist trimmings are imported, and are very handsome and inexpensive. There is a standing collar of points, the entire sections for covering the shoulders and tops of the sleeves, with a long point for the front and sides shaped like an Eton jacket, with a comdete back of the garniture. —N. Y. Ledger.

How to Keep Plates Hot.

One of the latest adaptations of electric heating is the electric "hot plate," for keeping food hot during dinner. The metal plate is electrically heated before being brought to the table; but should it be necessary to renew the heat a plug is inserted at the side of the plate, connection is made with a socket on the table and the current is kept on as long as needed. A new form of hot plate for kitchen use has three disks fitted in a row into a stand, electrical connection being established by a socket under each plate. The stands are nickel-plated and the plates are each eight inches in diameter.—N. Y. Sun.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Georgia has 50,383 factory hands, who make annually $68,917,020 worth of goods.

—The amount of bituminous coal mined in the United States in 1891 was 105,291,721 long tons, and its value was $117,106,483.

—A new solar physics observatory is to be erected in India at Kodaikanal, in the Palani hills, 300 miles south of Madras. It will photograph the sun daily and will undertake a systematic spectroscopic examination of the sun. The temperature of the station is very even and the number of cloudless hours each day unusually great.

—Sir John Lubbock has recently made some studies of the alimentary habits of spiders. Selected specimens were weighed before and after a full meal, with the result of learning that if a man were to absorb the quantity of food proportionate to his weight consumed by a spider he would devour two whole oxen, thirteen sheep, a dozen hogs and four barrels of fish.

—Prof. Wiley says that "one of the grandest discoveries of modern science" is the agency of the microbes in enabling plants to absorb from the air the nitrogen which is the chief factor of their growth. The theory was first suggested by Pasteur, and it is thought fully confirmed by the researches of independent investigators. If it does not deceive expectation it will completely revolutionize agriculture. To increase the growth of plants it will only be necessary to feed their roots with water containing the proper microbes.

—The salmon run in the Fraser and Columbia rivers this season has been excellent, and it is declared by the oldest fishermen on the rivers that the quality of the fish was never so fine. The weight of the salmon is increasing yearly, and this year averages fully twenty-eight pounds per salmon. Buyers and distributors say that a large proportion of the public of this continent have only recently begun to be consumers of canned salmon, a result ascribed to the recent innovation of packing perfect steaks of the fish in oval cans. About one hundred thousand cases of Columbia river salmon have been bought for the British isles this season, as against thirty thousand cases last year.

—Nature is doing for California vineyardists what they long and fruitlessly tried to do for themselves. It is reported from many localities that the phylloxera, the most serious pest that has ever attacked the vines, is dying out. The experts have tried every remedy to stay the progress of this pest, but without avail, and six years ago the vineyardists of the Sonoma and Napa valleys plowed up all their vines and replanted the ground with resistant stock. The experts believed that all non-resistant vines were doomed to destruction by the phylloxera. But reports have recently come to the state inspector of orchard pests that a material falling off in the ravages of the pest has been noticed for some time. Vines once affected by it are now almost free. The inspector has begun a thorough investigation of the pleasing phenomena. He thinks some natural enemy of the pest has appeared or that some deadly disease has attacked the phylloxera and is exterminating it. Whatever is the cause, the result will mean great gain for the vineyardists.

THE CUNNING BRONCO.

Traits of This Hardy Little Rover of the Western Plains.

A few words about this horse—the horse of the plains. Whether or no his forefathers looked on when Montezuma fell, they certainly hailed from Spain. And whether it was missionaries or thieves who carried them northward from Mexico, until the Sioux heard of the new animal, certain it also is that this pony ran wild for a century or two, either alone or with various red-skinned owners; and as he gathered the sundry experiences of war and peace, of being stolen, and of being abandoned in the snow at inconvenient distances from home, or being ridden by two women and a baby at once, and of being eaten by a bear, his wide range of contretemps brought him a wit sharper than the street Arab's, and an attitude toward life more blase than in the united capitals of Europe. I have frequently caught him watching me with an eye of such sardonic depreciation that I felt it quite vain to attempt any hiding from him of my incompetence; and as for surprising him, a locomotive cannot do it, for I have tried this. He relishes putting a man in absurd positions, and will wait many days in patience to compass this unheritable thing; and when he cannot bring a man to derision, he contents himself with a steer or a buffalo, helping the man to rope and throw these animals with an ingenuity surpassing any circus, to my thinking. A number of delighted passengers on the Kansas Pacific railway passed by a Mexican vaquero, who had been sent out from Kansas City to rope a buffalo as an advertisement for the stock yards. The train stopped to take a look at the solitary horseman fast to a buffalo in the midst of the plains. Jose, who had his bull safely roped, shouted to ask if they had water on the train. "We'll bring you some," said they. "Oh, I come get," said he; and jumping off he left his accomplished pony in sole charge of the buffalo. Whenever the huge beast struggled for freedom, the clever pony stiffened his legs and leaned back as in a tug of war, by jumps and dodges so anticipating each move of the enemy that escape was entirely hopeless. The boy got his drink, and his employer sent out a car for the buffalo, which was taken in triumph into Kansas City behind the passenger train. The Mexican narrated the exploit to his employer thus: "Oh, Shirley, when the train start they all give three greata big cheers for me, and then they give three mucha bigger cheers for the little gray hoss!"—Owen Wister, in Harper's Magazine.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ODD ACCIDENTS.

At Charleville, France, lightning lately struck the church steeple while two choir boys were ringing the bells. One of the boys was killed instantly and the other will probably die.

Henry Benseman, of Englewood, Ill., owns a cat. It was contentedly lying near the stove during an electric storm, when lightning darted down the chimney and singed a straight line along its back to the tip of its tail.

"I often endeavor to encourage young writers," said the editor, "by accepting stuff that is utterly unavailable." "But isn't that rather expensive?" "Oh no. We pay on publication."—Harper's Bazar.

In popping the question he did prefer
To do it in a manner firm and steady;
He did not go on his knees to her—
For she was on his knees already.
—Life.

A Golden Harvest

is now assured to the farmers of the West and Northwest, and in order that the people of the more Eastern States may see and realize the magnificent crop conditions which prevail along its lines, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y has arranged a series of three (3) Harvest Excursions for August 29, September 10 and 24, for which round trip excursion tickets (good for return on any Friday from September 13 to October 11 inclusive) will be sold to various points in the West, Northwest and Southwest at the low rate of about One Fare.

For further particulars apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent or address Geo. H. Heafford, Gen'l. Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y, Chicago.

If my cook could ride a cycle
She would make a record neat,
For, to judge her by her dinners,
She's a scorcher hard to beat.
—Truth.

Small Fry Swindlers.

Some of the meanest of these are they who seek to trade upon and make capital out of the reputation of the greatest of American tonics, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, by imitating its outward guise. Reputable druggists, however, will never foist upon you as genuine spurious imitations of or substitute for this sovereign remedy for malaria, rheumatism, dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint and nervousness. Demand, and if the dealer be honest, you will get the genuine article.

Grant—"Can it be possible that Hawkins is in love with that fat girl? Why, she weighs 300 at least." Hobbs—"No, I don't believe he's in love; he's just infatuated."—Boston Courier.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Louisa Lindaman, Bethany, Mo., Jan. 8, '91.

No, Maude, dear, we would not advise you to use mice as bait for catfish.—Philadelphia Record.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

Among the latest curiosities is a wet stone to sharpen the water's edge.

Teacher—"What separates New York from Brooklyn?" Johnny—"The politicians."—Puck.

The enemy of art is the enemy of nature. —Lavater.

The language of a deaf mute is a thing that goes without saying.—Texas Siftings.

Love makes the world go round; but it will not make the eligible young men go round.—Puck.

Miss Oldgirl (playfully)—"I'm older than you think I am." Miss Caustique—"I doubt it."—Chicago Record.

Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all ye know on earth and all ye need to know. —Keats.

Forgiveness to the injured does belong, for they never pardon who have done the wrong.—Butler.

"Bashkins's humor is quite original," said the ordinary reader. "Yes," replied the contemptuous critic, "that's its greatest fault."—Washington Star.

"How do you like my new trolley hat?" "Trolley hat! It's very pretty, but why do you call it that?" "Why, John says it's perfectly killing."—Brooklyn Life.

Farmer Grayneck—"I hear tell that your son Lyman is playin' in the college football eleven?" Farmer Wetneck—"Yes; he's the drawback of the team."—Puck.

Sue—"And do you really think that you would be happy with me as your wife?" He—"Oh, I am sure; I have always been a lucky fellow in games of chance."—Tit-Bits.

"So old Mr. Brown is married at last?" "Yes; a furriner, I 'eard." "A foreigner? No, an English lady." "Oh, I 'eard as 'ow she was a Tartar."—Household Words.

Why Not?—Johnny—"Papa, I want to ask you a question." Papa—"Well, what is it, my son?" Johnny—"If the ruler of Russia is czar, is his wife a czardiner?"—Pick-Me-Up.

WOMEN'S FACES

—like flowers, fade and wither with time; the bloom of the rose is only known to the healthy woman's cheeks. The nervous strain caused by the ailments and pains peculiar to the sex, and the labor and worry of rearing a family, can often be traced by the lines in the woman's face. Dull eyes, the sallow or wrinkled face and those "feelings of weakness" have their rise in the derangements and irregularities peculiar to women. The functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses of women, can be cured with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For the young girl just entering womanhood, for the mother and those about to become mothers, and later in "the change of life," the "Prescription" is just what they need; it aids nature in preparing the system for these events. It's a medicine prescribed for thirty years, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y.

Cheap Excursions to the West.

Bountiful harvests are reported from all sections of the west and northwest, and an exceptionally favorable opportunity for home seekers and those desiring a change of location is offered by the series of low-rate excursions which have been arranged by the North-Western Line. Tickets for these excursions, with favorable time limits, will be sold on August 29, September 10 and 24 to points in Northern Wisconsin, Michigan, Northwestern Iowa, Western Minnesota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and a large number of other points. For full information apply to agents of connecting lines, or address W. B. Kniskern, General Passenger and Ticket Agent Chicago & North-Western R'y, Chicago, Ill.

We know a nice, compact little bull-terrier that will insert a whole set of teeth for nothing, and be glad of the job. Each tooth warranted sound and good. We make this announcement in the interest of our readers, without fee or reward.

Don't Drag Your Feet.

Many men do because the nerve centers, weakened by the long-continued use of tobacco, become so affected that they are weak, tired, lifeless, listless, etc. All this can be easily overcome if the tobacco user wants to quit and gain manhood, nerve power, and enjoy vigorously the good things of life. Take No-To-Bac. Guaranteed to cure or money refunded by Druggists everywhere. Book free. The Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Save in Shaves

Save your money—save your temper—save your face—shave with Yankee Soap.

Sold everywhere. The J. B. Williams Co., Makers, Glastenbury, Conn.

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GARDEN, FRUIT AND TRUCK FARMS.

10 ACRES will give a family a good living, 40 ACRES will place you in a few years in an independent position.

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When Georgia and South Carolina offer such grand inducements for the frugal, thrifty man and woman—climate, soil and surroundings unsurpassed. FREE RAILROAD FARE. Free moving of all your effects, from the time you reach our road. Call or address LAND DEPARTMENT, Augusta Southern R. R., Carolina Midland R. R.; Walter M. Jackson, Commissioner of Immigration, Augusta, Ga. F. S. Mordaunt, General Agent, 205 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

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The *strongest* and *purest* Lye made. Unlike other Lye, it being a fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. Will make the *best* perfumed Hard Soap in 20 minutes *without boiling*. It is the best for cleansing waste pipes, disinfecting sinks, closets, washing bottles, paints trees, etc. PENNA. SALT MF'G CO. Gen. Agents, PHILA., Pa.

ANIDROSIS BATHS.

The sovereign remedy for Rheumatism and all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Skin. Will seal Family or Office Outfits or Rights of Territory. Dr. S. F. CONANT, SKOWHEGAN, MAINE.

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A. N. K.—C. 1870

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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23, 1895.

Secretary Carlisle now knows what decision Mr. Cleveland and his Wall street advisers have arrived at concerning government finances and another issue of bonds. On Saturday he was telegraphed for by Mr. Cleveland, and, although he had to break from Washington. Some people might not consider it proper or dignified for the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States to be hurriedly called upon to travel several hundred miles in order to ascertain what the Treasury Department was going to do, but Mr. Carlisle, if he hasn't become used to that sort of treatment, has at least to grin and bear it, as it is about the only kind he gets from Mr. Cleveland. When the least bond issue was determined upon Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Carlisle were both in Washington, but Mr. Carlisle didn't know anything about it until after a member of the syndicate which negotiated the deal with Mr. Cleveland got back to New York and was interviewed for a newspaper. So it is not probable that he was surprised to be summoned to Buzzard's Bay to learn what he must do.

Treasury officials have been a little easier in mind during the last few days, as there has been less demand for gold for export, but they know that more money must be had from somewhere sooner or or later, even if not another dollar is sent to Europe for a year. The receipts for the government are a way below its expenditures and it is only a question of time when the gold reserve will have to be encroached upon to meet the government's current expenses, as this administration has already had to do, unless Congress comes to the rescue by providing for more revenue. This the Republican Congress will be glad to do, but it is not so certain that its method of doing it will be acceptable to Mr. Cleveland, as the revenue will be provided for by tariff revision along the lines of Republican protection for American industries.

Senator Vest, of Missouri, in his denial of a reported change in his silver views, went a little too far to please the rock-bound 16 to 1 silver men. He said that he would gladly vote for free coinage at a ratio of 16 to 1, but that failing to get that he would also gladly vote for any other ratio that could command a majority in Congress.

Mr. Curtis is one of the assistant secretaries of the Treasury. He is also one of the maddest men in Washington, but he isn't mad enough to resign—there is a very comfortable salary attached to his office, and barring accidents he expects to continue drawing it until March 4, 1897. Mr. Curtis' pet hallucination, which, by the way, isn's shared by anyone else, is that he is a great financier. During last week Mr. Curtis was in New York flitting about among the members of the bond syndicate and other big bankers, and having his daily movements chronicled in the newspapers in connection with speculations as to why he was there and what sort of a financial deal he was making. He was in his glory, but it was short lived. The Treasury Department gave to the press a statement saying that Mr. Curtis was on his vacation and that if he spent a good portion of his time in Wall street it was for his own pleasure or business and had no connection whatever with the government's finances. That took all the wind out of his sails, and he came back to Washington mad all over. He can't say anything to his superiors for fear that he will be called upon to resign that comfortable salary, but he is taking it out on the poor devils who are unfortunate enough to be his subordinates.

Where was Dan Lamont last week? He wasn't in Washington, and nobody seemed to know where he was. As Secretary of War Dan was on the program for a speech at the Chickamaugua battlefield exercises. But he didn't make that speech. Didn't even attend the dedication ceremonies. He never made a speech in his life although he is credited with having written some that made a stir, and some say that Dan run off and hid himself somewhere just to keep from making that speech. Others say that he was somewhere in New York, under secret orders from Mr. Cleveland, working in connection with the New York Democratic convention, which is to meet this week, and which promises to be entirely too Hilly for the pleasures of either of Dan's special friends—Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Whitney. Dan was at his desk today; he says he went to Maine to bring his family to Washington.

Glade Valley.

Weather dry and hot.

Farmers are busy cutting corn digging potatoes.

Buckwheat about all threshed.

Mr. Henry A. Shaffer has been at Gorman the past week attending to his registration duties.

The Rev. Mr. Brininger preached at the Red House last Sunday.

Mr. A. S. Mosser's hand, which was cut very badly on their saw mill a few weeks ago, is getting along nicely.

Mr. Wm. Bittner, has erected a fine new dwelling house on his farm which he is about ready to occupy.

Mr. Dave Liller is on the sick list.

The "Dunkards" are holding a protracted meeting at their Church near Eglon. Their love feast will be on Saturday evening the 28 inst.

The Rev. Tobias Fike, of Eglon, is going to Illinois where he expects to make his future home.

We have not seen any news from J. Bird for a long time, we presume he is too lazy to write any, therefore we send you a few items from this part of the county.

Hurrah for Lloyd Lowndes!

TRILBY.

Frankville.

Rev. Mr. Thomas preached a very able sermon Thursday evening of last week at Frankville.

Miss Martha Cooper returned to Oakland, Md., Saturday the 21st, after visiting her aunt, Mrs. Nicholas Paugh.

Mrs. Mary Murphy is visiting her sons near Schell, W. Va.

Mr. John A. Beckman is building a fine residence on Chestnut Knob near Frankville.

Miss Mary E. Paugh has a lot of choice sheep for sale.

Crellin.

Not seeing anything in your valuable paper from this place recently, I will endeavor to pen you a few items.

It is with the deepest regret that we chronicle the death of Wm. A. Loraw, of Brueeton Mills, W. Va., who was formerly a resident of this place. He was a mechanic of unlimited skill, was a soldier in the late war, and was taken prisoner at New Creek, W. Va., placed in Libbey prison where he remained for ninety-four days, during which time through severe treatment and scarcity of food he lost one pound of flesh for each day while there. He leaves many friends in Garrett county to mourn his loss. The family has our heart-felt sympathy in their sad bereavement.

Mrs. Josiah Moon and son Albert have returned from an extended visit among relatives near Blaine.

Mrs. A. H. Frey, of Loch Lynn Heights, was visiting relatives and friends at this place Saturday and Sunday.

Ashby Bros. have completed their large barn in which they have stored the largest crop of oats ever raised in this section.

The Portugese Dom Pedro in writing from this point calmly decides the whole campaign. Well, well, I am really glad his decision is not final. He says Lowndes' speech must be right as he read it in a Republican paper—so you see he has already learned to look to the right source for truth. He may get some ideas in the vacuum in his noddle if he continues to read it instead of the silly twaddle he sends out about honest machinery—save the mark! The Gorman machinery is famed from the Atlantic to the Pacific and not for honest government either. We are glad to say that Dom Pedro feels very lonesome, as there is not enough Democracy left in this hustling little town to taint a ticket.

We must get your trade

No matter what it costs us, so we will make you a suit of the finest imported cheviots for $15. They come in blue, black, plain and diagonal. We have got $18 and $20 for 'em till now, and if we make them for you we guarantee them to be first-class in workmanship and fit and as to the cloth, it speaks for itself.

Come in and look at it.

You can have that old suit of yours cleaned, dyed and repaired at small expense to look like new by our expert workmen.
We also do ladies' work.

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Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

are good for all disorders of the liver, constipation, piles, bilious fever, fever and ague, dyspepsia, rheumatism, female complaints, dizziness, headache, sour stomach, loss of appetite, sallow skin and general debility. They will positively cure all disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. 25 cents a box.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

helps babies over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, controls the bowels and allows rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhoea and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no opium, drugs or paregoric, gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good. 25 cents a bottle.

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

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Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

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34 inches high. Top can be adjusted to any angle or height. Revolving Case 15 x 15 x 12 Inside. Holds about 80 vols Law size. **Strong well finished Metal Base and Sides With Solid Oak Shelves and Top.—100,000 now used.** Sent knocked down (30 lbs). On approval. Address: **Marsh M'f'g Co. CHICAGO.**

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Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

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See date of visit in Oakland in local column. 2—261

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Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.*

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Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the full extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent, 9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING, Carriage, Sign and House Painter, OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.

Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention. 50-13t.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $100; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Ally., Oakland, Md.

--WANTED--

WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER

Also White Oak Timber Land.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO., Cumberland, Md.

Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE, 224f 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

The Wesleyan Female Institute,

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.

For girls and young women. Established 1843. Full corps of experienced teachers. Location healthy, central and accessible. For catalogues and particulars apply to

REV. HENRY P. HAMILL, 13-13t President.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1895. NUMBER 30.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings In and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

Get a vehicle from Naylor.

Mr. Daniel Gnegy, of Eglon, was an Oakland visitor yesterday.

Mrs. Gilmor S. Hamill went to Cumberland yesterday to spend the day.

The winter schedule on the B. & O. will go into effect October 13th.

Mr. S. T. Jones spent Sunday in Terra Alta with relatives and friends.

Lieut. R. M. G. Brown has been a guest at the Glades several days recently.

Mr. John Schlossnagle and family are on a visit to friends and relatives in Pennsylvania.

Mrs. C. F. Schroeder, who visited her parents in Frederick City, returned to Oakland last Saturday night.

Mr. D. W. Sloan, of Cumberland, was here on Monday evening for a few hours. He went from here to Baltimore.

Messrs. William A. Dailey and Gilmor S. Hamill attended the Judicial convention at Hagerstown on Tuesday.

Mrs. F. G. Hyde and Mrs. James D. Hamill and little daughter, are on a two weeks' visit to relatives in Rochester, N. Y.

Turn out on Monday evening to hear the issues in this campaign discussed by our standard bearers. All will be welcome.

Mr. L. Stoddard has moved from Mr. G. W. Delawder's house on Second street to Mr. Geo. D. White's house on Alder street.

F. G. Hyde will have in a few days a new line of musical instruments, also a fine selection of songs, latest productions. 30–1t

Miss Florence Parks, of Kingwood, and Miss Cora Jones, of Terra Alta, were here yesterday as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Jones.

Mr. Owen Brinegar, of Wilson, who spent several days in West Virginia last week visiting friends, returned to his home via Oakland last Thursday.

A special examination of teachers will be held in the Oakland public school building on Tuesday, October 8th. See call for same in advertising columns.

The cold snap which struck this section of the country on Tuesday morning caused all humanity to hunt up heavier clothing and to bring forth overcoats.

Mr. S. P. Specht, of Deer Park, has bought the stock of store goods belonging to Mr. D. F. Graham at the above place and moved them into his own building.

Mr. Chas. Kemphfer, formerly of Oakland, but now employed on the Big Four railroad as a baggageman, spent last and part of this week in Oakland with relatives.

Mr. Oryal Welch, of Selbysport, one of the promising young men of that section of the country, was a very pleasant visitor at this office last Saturday afternoon.

Mr. John Daily, who has been a salesman for Messrs. D. E. Offutt & Son for several years, has resigned his position and will probably locate in Atlanta, Georgia.

Mr. Oscar W. Sanner, of Mountain Lake Park, has secured a lucrative position with the B. & O. Railroad Company and will be stationed in either Baltimore or Washington.

A. G. Bartley, of Magic, Pa., writes: I feel it a duty of mine to inform you and the public that DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured me of a very bad case of eczema. It also cured my boy of a running sore on his leg.

Mr. M. Cohen has completed arrangements with the Fisher Steam Dye Works by which he is enabled to have goods dyed in the most approved manner. 28-3t.

Garthright takes buckwheat flour on the old accounts and notes, which must be closed up this fall. Don't fail to see his $8 suits, all wool, and can't be beat. Fresh butter and eggs wanted. 30–2t

Mr. S. V. B. Ward, who has been living in Piedmont for a number of years, has moved back to Oakland and is occupying rooms in the Pritchard building on Third street.

The frame work for Messrs. Shartzer & Bolden's mammoth three story furniture store has been erected and the building will be pushed to completion as fast as possible.

We were informed yesterday that Mr. John Shartzer will break ground for the new opera house in Oakland next week. If the building is erected on the plans already furnished it will be a magnificent structure and one of which all can be proud.

Mr. Thomas Cline, the efficient and very obliging operator at Oakland left for a month's trip through Texas and the Southwest last Thursday. During his absence his position will be filled by Mr. H. W. Bell, of Newburg, W. Va.

Rev. C. W. Hollis, of Davis, W. Va., will preach in the Garrett Memorial church on next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Rev. J. H. Moore, of Keyser, will preach at night, at which service Rev. S. M. Engle will be installed as pastor.

Acts at once, never fails, One Minute Cough Cure. A remedy for asthma, and that feverish condition which accompanies a severe cold. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results.

Supt. L. A. Rudisill, of the Park, has had a number of men and teams engaged the past week or two hauling and shipping ice to points in the east. A big market for the ice harvested here on the mountain top has and is being worked up.

It's just as easy to try One Minute Cough Cure as anything else. It's easier to cure a severe cough or cold with it. Let your next purchase for a cough be One Minute Cough Cure. Better medicine: better results: better try it.

On Monday next quite a number of Oaklanders will start for Niagara Falls. Among the party will be Col. and Mrs. A. G. Sturgiss, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Thayer, Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Sollars, Miss Mollie Peddicord and Miss Dixie Farley.

"I would rather trust that medicine than any doctor I know of," says Mrs. Hattie Mason of Clinton, Carter, Co., Mo., in speaking of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

The German Baptist Brethren will conduct services in Sturgiss' Hall, Oakland, on next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. At the recent meeting held at Aurora quite a large number of persons were received into the church by baptism.

"Many of the citizens of Rainsville, Indiana, are never without a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house," says Jacob Brown, the leading merchant of the place. This Remedy has proven of so much value for colds and croup in children that few mothers who know its worth are willing to be without it. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Samuel W. Biddinger, of Beavansville, this county, was in the city last Saturday. Mr. Biddinger, though a resident of Garrett county all his life, has been in Oakland but once before this visit. His former visit was about ten years ago. He stated that he noticed many improvements in our town.

Messrs. John E. Legge, Johnny Bosley and Ed. Brrtlett went to Baltimore Monday night to attend school. Mr. Legge will enter the University of Maryland and become a physician. The two latter named will pursue studies in pharmacy at the Maryland School of Pharmacy. They were accompanied to Baltimore by Dr. Louis Bartlett who sailed the next day for Tampa, Florida, where he will locate permanently.

Every mother should know that croup can be prevented. The first symptom of true croup is horseness. This is followed by a peculiar rough cough. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given freely as soon as the child becomes hoarse or even after the cough has developed it will prevent the attack. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

To one who has been accustomed to go into Offutt's Hall a great surprise awaits them on their next visit. The walls have been newly plastered and white coated and a handsome wainscoting placed all around it which has been hard oiled. New scenery has been placed on the stage and the settings there are equal to larger towns. Mr. Offutt has also determined to allow none but first-class troupes to show in the hall.

Miss Lou Thayer's house was discovered to be on fire this morning. An alarm was sounded but as usual the fire was put out before the chemical arrived.

There is no medicine so often needed in every home and so admirably adapted to the purposes for which it is intended, as Chamberlain's Pain Balm. Hardly a week passes but some member of the family has need of it. A toothache or a headache may be cured by it. A touch of rheumatism or neuralgia quited. The severe pain of a burn or scald promptly relieved and the sore healed in much less time than when medicine has to be sent for. A sprain may be promptly treated before inflammation sets in, which insures a cure in about one-third of the time otherwise required. Cuts and bruises should receive immediate treatment before the parts become swollen, which can only be done when Pain Balm is kept at hand. A sore throat may be cured before it becomes serious. A troublesome corn may be removed by applying it twice a day for a week or two. A lame back may be cured and several days of valuable time saved or a pain in the side or chest relieved without paying a doctor bill. Procure a 50 cent bottle at once and you will never regret it. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper under the caption "We Loan Money." The Mutual Gumantee Building and Loan Association which he is representing is one of the strongest new financial institutions in the country and the largest new Building and Loan Association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management is developing it very fast. Its assets have already reached over $2,000,000, which proves it to be positively reliable in every respect. The men that carry it on are responsible and well known gentlemen. This is a good association for the investor as well as for borrower. It has a life insurance policy connected with it which beats anything in any other association. It is good for both young and old and especially for the young man, as this policy matures in 7 years, the others in 8 years. So anyone wishing to make and save money rapidly will do well to invest in this association. Those desiring to borrow or invest will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars.

A Rare Chance to Get a Vehicle.

A. D. Naylor will sell his entire stock of vehicles, over $700 worth, at cash prices on nine and twelve months time with note and approved security, rather than carry over the winter, as I need room for sleighs, etc. I will also give the privilege of paying from one to two dollars per week or from three to four dollars per month on any job. Come early and get your choice.

29–3t. A. D. Naylor.

THE UNWASHED DEMOCRACY.

They Hold a Convention In Oakland and Resolve.

The Democratic convention for Garrett county was held at Oakland Saturday and the following ticket nominated:

State's Attorney—Gilmore S. Hamill.

Sheriff—George Ralston.

Judges of the Orphans' Court—Rudolph Beckman, R. E. Friond and Ashford Warnick.

Register of Wills—Stephen F. Broadwater.

House of Delegates—C. M. Miller and James Dorsey.

County Commissioner—William I. Stanton.

Treasurer—James A. Delawder.

Surveyor—Alexander C. Mason.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the convention: That we, the Democrats of Garrett county, in convention assembled, again reiterate our allegiance to the principles of the great Democratic party as laid down in the national Democratic platform of 1892 and the State platform of 1895.

That we pledge the candidate nominated by this convention to the House of Delegates to vote for and use all efforts if elected for the enactment of a law that justly and fairly assesses all values in this State, so that the rich as well as the poor shall bear their just proportion of taxation for the support of our government.

That a vote for the Republican State ticket is a vote to put the negro on equality with the white people of this State, giving equal rights to hold office, enter our schools, Legislature, &c., as the Republican candidate for Governor has publicly declared.

That we recognize no issue in this campaign other than those enunciated and proclaimed in the Democratic State platform of 1895.

That we heartily endorse the nominees of the State ticket—Hurst, Smith and Crothers.

That this convention does heartily indorse the express purpose of the Democrats of the State to abolish the public school book fee in the counties and making them absolutely free to all.

Delegates were elected to attend the judicial convention held at Hagerstown October 1.

Conference Appointments.

At the annual meeting of the West Virginia M. E. Conference held at Buckhannon last week the following appointments for this district were made:

N. L. Bumgardner, presiding elder; Aurora, J. L. B. Jones; Albrightsville, C. W. Cox; Brandonville, D. B. Orr; Bruceton Mills, C. E. Feather; Bayard, J. H. Enlow; Blaine, Jesse A. Koch; Cranesville, E. P. Idleman; Deer Park, supply; Davis, C. W. Upton; Etam, E. C. Bedford; Evansville, J. M. Sharps; Friendsville, E. R. Skidmore; Grantsville, T. R. Faulkner; Newburg, G. H. Williams; Oakland, S. K. Arbuthnot; Rowlesburg, A. D. Perry; Red Creek, supply; Parsons, H. E. Friend; Sinclair, B. B. Brooks; Salisbury Pa., Eugene Weaver, Jr., Terra Alta, George C. Shaw.

A Railroad to the Heart of Africa.

A railway line is to be built from Mombosa, a point on the Indian ocean, to Victoria Nyanza, 650 miles. It is expected that the work will be completed within three or four years. The cost of putting the road in operation is estimated at nearly $9,000,000. This will be the first railway to touch the heart of Africa. The British government is now paying $185,000 annually for the transportation of government stores to the lake. Recently $100,000 was spent in transferring a steamboat. The government will construct and control this great improvement.

A Bad Wreck.

There was a very serious wreck on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at Tunnelton, West Va., last Thursday night by which thirteen people were more or less injured.

The wreck occurred at 11:25 o'clock and happened as follows: No. 4, east bound express, was just leaving the platform on the main track when the side of the ladies coach was run into by west bound express No. 1, and upset, bursting the steam pipe which poured forth its hot, burning liquid on a number of the passengers. The accident was due to the fact that the engineer on No. 1 mistook a coal tipple light for the white signal to enter the tunnel. The front sleeper on No. 4 was also thrown from the track.

Among a number of others, more or less injured, were Henry Thomas traveling salesman for David Holiday & Co., of Baltimore, Mrs. Fortney, of Kingwood; Mr. Ohley, of Charleston, W. Va., and Miss Dowanton, of Charleston. The four last named had just gotten on the train and were in the vestibule of the ladies coach when the accident happened. The above are all badly scalded. The rest are said to be only slightly injured.

A Fatal Kick.

On Monday morning, Sept. 23rd, about six o'clock, as Mr. John McRobie, who resides near Mellenry, was engaged in currying his horse, the animal kicked him in the left side near the heart, causing injuries from which he died on Monday night about half past ten o'clock. The deceased was 32 years, 9 months and 15 days of age. Although he suffered greatly from his injuries no one though they were of a serious nature, although his first words were, "I am going to die;" but we did not think that his injuries would prove fatal, although John appeared to know that his end was near and gave himself into the hands of the Lord — ready to go when called. He was a good and honest man, kind neighbor, ready to do a deed of kindness when called upon, a kind and indulgent father. No labor or sacrifice was too great for the comfort of his family. He was a kind, loving and devoted husband. He gave his heart to God some two years ago and joined the Baptist church where he was a good and faithful member, always at his post of duty with a kind word or a loving act of kindness to his fellow man. His funeral was preached by Rev. N. Hart, of the Baptist church, on the 25th, at the McHenry church, then they conveyed the remains to the Thayer burying ground where they were consigned to their mother dust from whence they came. Friends, weep not; your loss is his eternal gain. A Neighbor.

Crop Report.

Bittinger.—Weather has turned very decidedly coolor in the last few days, with frosty mornings; but still no rain of any consequence. Thrashing finished; yield of wheat from 6 to 22 bushels per acre; buckwheat, 7 to 25 bushels; rye, 15 bushels; corn will make from 10 to 30 bushels, shelled, to the acre; potatoes run from 100 to 200 bushels per acre. New wheat is making but very slow growth. Cider making in progress.

P. P. Lohr.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

SECURE THIS COURSE

To advertise our College we will give a thorough course of instruction in Double and Single Entry Book-keeping and Commercial Arithmetic, by mail, at

One-Fourth Regular Price

to a limited number of persons. This course will be completed in 40 lessons. No charge for diplomas.

ADDRESS,

CAPITAL CITY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,

116 WEST SIXTH STREET,

TOPEKA, - KANSAS.

26—1yr.

NOTICE.

A special examination of teachers for Garrett county will be held in the Oakland public school building on the

8th day of October, 1895.

Examination to commence promptly at 9 a. m.

WM. HINEBAUGH, Examiner.

The Rainbow.

[Published by request.]

The evening was glorious, and light through the trees
Play'd the sunshine and raindrops, the birds and the breeze,
The landscape, outstretching in loveliness, lay
On the lap of the year, in the beauty of May.

For the Queen of the Spring, as she passed down the vale,
Left her robe on the trees, and her breath on the gale;
And the smiles of her promise gave joy to the hours,
And flushed in her footsteps sprang herbage and flowers.

The skies, like a banner, in sunset unroll'd,
O'er the west threw their splendor of azure and gold;
But one cloud at a distance, rose dense, and increas'd,
Till its margin of black touched the zenith and east.

We gazed on the scenes, while around us they glow'd,
When a vision of beauty appeared on the cloud,
'Tis not like the sun, as at mid-day we view,
Nor the moon that rolls lightly through star-light and blue.

Like a spirit, it came in the van of the storm,
And the eye and the heart hailed its beautiful form;
For it looked not severe, like an Angel of Wrath,
But its garment of darkness illum'd its dark path.

In the hues of its grandeur, sublimely it stood,
O'er the river, the village, the field, and the wood;
And river, field, village and woodlands grew bright,
As conscious they gave and afforded delight.

'T was the bow of Omnipotence, bent in his hand,
Whose grasp at Creation the universe spann'd;
'T was the presence of God, in symbol sublime;
His vow from the flood till the exit of Time.

O! such was the rainbow, that beautiful one!
Whose arch was refraction, its key-stone the Sun;
A pavilion it seemed, which the Deity graced,
And Justice and Mercy met there and embraced.

Awhile, and it sweetly bent over the gloom,
Like Love o'er a death couch, or Hope o'er the tomb;
Then left the dark scene; whence it slowly retired,
As Love had just vanished, or Hope had expired.

I gazed not alone on that source of my song!
To all who beheld it these verses belong;
Its presence to all was the path of the Lord!
Each full heart expanded, grew warm, and adored.

Like a visit, the converse of friends, or a day
That bow from my sight passed forever away;
Like that visit, that converse, that day to my heart,
That bow from remembrance can never depart.

'Tis a picture in memory, distinctly defined
With the strong and unperishable colors of mind;
A part of my being, beyond my control,
Beheld on that cloud, but transcribed on my soul.

Not dreadful, as when in the whirlwind he pleads,
When storms are his chariot, and lightning his steeds,
The black clouds, his banner of vengeance, unfurled,
And thunder his voice to a guilt-stricken world:

In the breath of his presence, when thousands expire,
And the seas boil with fury, and rocks burn with fire,
And the sword, and the plague-spot, with death strew the plain,
And vultures and wolves are the graves of the slain.

—Campbell.

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are warned against trespassing upon my land, lying near Kearney, for any purpose whatever, gunning especially. All persons caught trespassing will be prosecuted. W. E. Harvey.

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

THE POPCORN BOY.

A Business Reversal Unheralded by Dun or Bradstreet.

The financial stress from which the country is now emerging has left its wrecks in the industrial and commercial centers. When the stringency was most severe the daily press reported how this prominent bank had closed its doors, that well known mercantile house had gone to pieces and this extensive manufactory had shut down. But there were many minor tragedies in this distressing period—stories of destitution and dismay—that were full of desolate significance to individual lives, even though they gave the commercial world no thrill of alarm. This is the story of one of these unreported "failures," the details of which appealed to the writer with pathetic interest.

A slight and shriveled figure of medium height—his growth seeming to have been arrested before he attained his natural stature—with thin and rueful features, and eyes under a projecting forehead, and the ghost of a beard at the chin. This was "Walter the popcorn boy," as travelers over the old road—the late there knew him—saw him this sultry summer morning at the station in a southern Michigan village, searching the car windows with a wistful gaze for prospective patrons. So many years has he been attendant upon the arrival of the day trains that his queer and homely figure, one shoulder borne down below the other by the weight of the painted box he carried, suspended by a strap and steadied with his long, restless hands, had become as much of a fixture as the sign board that swung under the eaves of the little passenger house. Every arrival of a train meant more or less raising of windows and the exchange of nickels and pennies for the plump sacks and the Michigan fruit. All the trainmen were good patrons of the faithful vender, but it is difficult to tell which they sought the most—the corn and apples they munched or the privilege of seeing the happiness their purchases gave Walter, particularly when the extent of business made it necessary for him to hurry home and stock up again. It was plain that the vender's soul was in his humble trade. You could tell that by the gleam of joy that came into the usually plaintive face when trade was brisk at the trains or some liberal passengers threw out a nickel or dime for an apple or a bag of corn with the cheery instructions to "never mind the change."

The big railway corporation, usually very conservative about granting concessions, allowed Walter to ply his trade at the trains out of a sentiment of loyalty (also a rare trait in railway corporations) to his deceased father—a bright, capable man who worked himself to death in the employ of the road. Walter did not inherit his father's unclouded mentality, but he recognized the responsibility put upon his youthful shoulders by the removal of the breadwinner of the family and at once took up the line of effort to which his taste inclined and which was happily within the limited range of his faculties.

The extraordinary perseverance and unselfishness with which he followed his humble merchandising from boyhood up, relinquishing all thoughts of the thousand and one diversions in which youth so much delights, and foregoing any participation beyond his bare necessities in the results of his labors, which, though not princely by any means, went a great ways toward keeping off the gaunt visitor, want, from the fatherless circle—these acts of self-abnegation belong to those annals of silent heroism which the world never sees or applauds, but which are written in the hearts of the faithful ones of earth and credited above.

For nearly twenty-five years he carried on his chosen vocation with a devotion to duty that suggested martyrdom. To make all the trains (the coming of a second railroad had enlarged his operations), to always be punctual and to make the most of the remaining hours of the day in his trade about town was the purpose that so possessed his nature that hardly half a dozen times in the whole period did the faithful fellow feel disposed to give himself a holiday, and then his recreation was limited to a day only.

The family by the thriftiness of their combined efforts had placed themselves beyond the need of the son's industry, but his work had so grown into his life and he invested it with so much pride and interest that he could not think of giving it up. No longer a lad, but nearing forty, he was still the same persistent, punctual vender; still known as Walter the popcorn boy. It was merciful for him but pitiful for others to think that it never dawned upon him that the range of his faculties was any narrower than that of men in other callings; it never occurred to him that there was anything insignificant or petty in his poor efforts. But the crude system of accounts which he carried in a little pocket memorandum he was often seen working upon as he stood with his box before him on the street corner; the stress he put upon never missing a train or losing any time in pleasure and his strict insistence upon the cash basis—all these indicated that his business interests were as weighty to him as the multiplied responsibilities of a great mercantile house to a Stewart or a Mandel; and they were faint evidences of what a sterile, unflagging nature, keen business acumen and genius for conception and execution had been fated to go crippled through the world.

Even the torments and cruel sportiveness of the boys who belittled his trade and made game of his air of authority and importance about the trains, did not bring to his consciousness any hint of his mental infirmity. And well might the lads who guyed and derided this silent hero have taken a lesson from his faithfulness, his industry and business system, as well as from the blameless character of his life. Evenings found him always at home, and on Sunday it was his pride to have a humble part to perform in the church work and a post of duty in the Sunday school library which he discharged with greatest zeal and tolerated no usurping of his place by others.

Thus the monotonous tenor of Walter the popcorn boy's life went on till the fall of 1894, when the baneful influence of the panic first became apparent in the village. No matter how banks might tremble and fall and capital take alarm, no one would think that the sale of popcorn and apples would be affected. But they were, for at length Walter was heard bemoaning the let-up in trade. Perhaps there was not such a serious slump in his line, after all, and he had simply caught the calamity note from others,—it is so quick to spread. Anyway, the popcorn boy's face grew more despairing, his tones more mournful. Often he was seen shivering in the chill air and making figures with a stub of a pencil in the pocket ledger. He was making comparisons with sales the day before, the week before and a year back. He had heard some of the merchants tell how their trade had fallen off. The comparisons were not encouraging.

"Oh, it's dreadful," he would be heard to wail often and again.

"What's the matter, Walter?" one of the boys would ask.

"My trade's falling off like everything," was his rueful answer. "These hard times will ruin me."

He was really in despair. The calamity contagion had hold of him. The business aspect was as serious to him as to the man of millions. His receipts for years had never fallen below a certain average. To his dismay the boast he had always made would not again be true. It was seen that the worry was telling on him. Never strong looking, he began to look paler and thinner.

"Oh, cheer up, Walter!" some considerate bystander would say. "You'll come out all right."

It was no use. "The figures speak for themselves," he said as he produced the little book all filled with rude pencilings. "I'm falling behind—I know I am." Many merchants sitting in their offices in sixteen-story buildings could sympathize with him.

Walter, the popcorn boy, was inconsolable. It was common remark that he was getting worse. Each day seemed to add to his burden of despair. In all his quarter of a century of merchandising, humble as it had been, he could count on profits. The prospect of anything different was too much for him.

I remember the last time I saw him. It was just before the fast mail from the west was due, shortly before two o'clock in the afternoon of a wintry day. Walter was standing around the corner of the passenger station out of the sweep of the biting winds. He was a picture of despondency as he stood there silent in the sullen weather, making figures with his shaking fingers in the pocket memorandum. "Here it is nearly two o'clock," he moaned, "and I've taken in only nine cents—not enough to pay expenses." He did not take into consideration that home and health and a good living were certainties with him whatever might happen. He thought only of his life-work—the thing that had commanded all his time, all his energies. "If I don't do well with No. 16 I shall give up!"

Two of the boys, touched by the tone of despair, tried to cheer him up by buying half a dozen sacks of corn apiece. He brightened up a moment as he shook some salt on the corn and handed it out, and then relapsed again into despondency. The whistle of the mail pierced the frosty air, and a few seconds later the great engine was panting at the water-tank. Walter walked along the length of the train according to his custom, but the windows were shut and frost-covered and no cheery voice cried out: "Here, bring your corn this way!" Even his old friends, the trainmen, failed to notice the mournful figure and appealing looks of Walter, the popcorn boy. Several who had heard his despairing words watched the course of matters with anxiety that was almost painful. They had hoped he would be cheered and lifted up by a brisk demand for his goods. As the train went shrieking on its way he was seen to set his sad face homeward, crushed in spirit, plunged in despair—as if mourning at the grave of life-long hopes—as indeed he was.

Since that day Lake Shore passengers have looked in vain for a sign of the well-remembered face and figure. Trainmen and travelers have wondered at the absence of the faithful Walter, who had not failed to be there before for a quarter of a century. He is missed also from the village corners, from his accustomed place at the organ lever in the church choir, and some one else now hands out the books in the Sunday school. From his bed of sickness, where he lies helpless from a serious nervous and mental ailment from which he is fated never to rise, he sends every month a verse of consecration to the young people's prayer meeting. Brave, faithful spirit! The whistle of the incoming train reminds him that he must take his box and go, and then he remembers that it cannot be—no, never more! Some dim consciousness of his enfeebled mentality has come to him for the first time in the long days of helplessness and he is heard to ask, sometimes at frequent intervals: "Will my other life ever come back again?"

It is sweet to think the answer has long been written. Though Walter, the popcorn boy, will never take up his humble calling again in this world, there is One, the help of the helpless, who has said:

"Ye have been faithful over a few things. I will make you ruler over many."—Detroit Free Press.

—At the Intelligence Office.—"Madam, why did you not keep the last girl I sent you?" "She was too good looking. I told you I wanted a plain cook."—Detroit Free Press.

REMEDIAL VALUE OF FOOD.

Choose Menus Wisely and Throw Physic to the Dogs.

There will come a time, says a recent writer, when no medicine will be administered, except in acute and sudden attacks. Disease will be cured by foods.

The intelligent housemother is testing the value of this assertion in her daily ordering of the meals of her household, for her lately acquired knowledge of dietetics has put her on the way to such enlightenment. A list of food remedies compiled by the Housekeeper is condensed and suggestive, and worth cutting out and pasting in the back of the family receipt book:

Celery is invaluable as a food for those suffering from any form of rheumatism; for diseases of the nerves and nervous dyspepsia.

Lettuce is useful to those suffering from insomnia.

Water cress is a remedy for scurvy.

Peanuts for indigestion; they are especially recommended for corpulent diabetes. Peanuts are made into a wholesome and nutritious soup, are browned and used as coffee, are eaten as a relish, simply baked, or are prepared and served as salted almonds.

Salt to check bleeding at the lungs, and as a nervine and tonic for weak, thin-blooded invalids. Combined with hot water is useful for certain forms of dyspepsia, liver complaint, etc.

Onions are almost the best nervine known. No medicine is so useful in cases of nervous prostration, and there is nothing else that will so quickly relieve and tone up a worn-out system. Onions are useful in all cases of coughs, colds and influenza; in consumption, insomnia, hydrophobia, scurvy, gravel and kindred liver complaints. Eaten every day, they soon have a clearing and whitening effect on the complexion.

Spinach is useful to those suffering with gravel.

Asparagus is used to induce perspiration.

Carrots for sufferers from asthma.

Turnips for nervous disorders and for scurvy.

Raw beef proves of great benefit to persons of frail constitution, and to those suffering from consumption. It is chopped fine, seasoned with salt, and heated by placing it in a dish in hot water. It assimilates rapidly and affords the best of nourishment.

Eggs contain a large amount of nutriment in a compact, quickly available form. Eggs, especially the yolks of eggs, are useful in jaundice. Beaten up raw with sugar are used to clear and strengthen the voice. With sugar and lemon juice the beaten white of egg is used to relieve hoarseness.

Honey is wholesome, strengthening, cleansing, healing and nourishing.

Fresh ripe fruits are excellent for purifying the blood and toning up the system. As specific remedies, oranges are aperient. Sour oranges are highly recommended for rheumatism.

Watermelon for epilepsy and for yellow fever.

Cranberries for erysipelas; are used externally as well as internally.

Lemons for feverish thirst in sickness, for biliousness, low fevers, rheumatism, colds, coughs, liver complaint, etc.

Blackberries as a tonic. Useful in all forms of diarrhea.

Tomatoes are a powerful aperient for the liver, a sovereign remedy for dyspepsia and for indigestion. Tomatoes are invaluable in all conditions of the system in which the use of calomel is indicated.

Figs are aperient and wholesome. They are said to be valuable as a food for those suffering from cancer; they are used externally as well as internally.

Bananas are useful as a food for those suffering from chronic diarrhea.

Apples are useful in nervous dyspepsia; they are nutritious, medicinal and vitalizing; they aid digestion, clear the voice, correct the acidity of the stomach, are valuable in rheumatism, insomnia and liver troubles. An apple contains as much nutriment as a potato in a pleasanter and more wholesome form.

Grapes dilute thick blood, send the circulation to the surface, remove obstructions from liver and lungs, dissolve and dislodge gravel and calculi, and bring the stomach and bowels to a healthy condition.

Pineapple is wholesome and aperient, is excellent for rheumatic sufferers, and useful for purifying the blood.—Detroit Free Press.

The Skunk's Bite.

"Is the skunk a dangerous animal? I should say so," remarked E. P. Glaze, of St. Louis, the other day. "I know very many people will be surprised at the assertion, but there is one species of this unpopular tribe that is as much to be dreaded as a rattlesnake, as I learned one year while sojourning in western Texas. One night in midsummer a party of us were camping out on the prairie of Llano county, when we were awakened by the screams of a colored boy who had been taken along to cook for the outfit. He said that something had bitten him, and examination showed that his head was pretty badly torn. There was unmistakable evidences of a skunk in the vicinity, and there was no doubt that it had done the deed. The sequel is that a few days later the boy died a most horrible death of hydrophobia. I learned that it was not a rare thing for the bite of these miserable little cats to produce the dread ailment, and several well authenticated cases of it occurred before I left the state. Some people think hydrophobia finds its origin in these animals."—Washington Post.

His Reason.

She was rather proud of her ears, and she blushed with pleasure when he blurted out:

"I'm mighty glad you never had your ears pierced."

"Why?" she asked, in expectation of a compliment.

"Why, hang it all, it costs money to buy earrings," he returned.

That's why she considers him a mean thing.—Chicago Post.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Fried Apples.—Select only moderately tart apples, cut in slices across so that they will be circular; let the slices be half an inch thick. Brown in hot fat in a frying pan and sprinkle with powdered sugar.—Prairie Farmer.

—Ginger Cream.—Take four ounces of preserved ginger, cut in small slices, two spoonfuls of the ginger syrup, four yolks of eggs and a quart of cream. Place over the fire till it thickens, but do not boil. Sweeten with a half pound of sugar; whisk until cold, and freeze.—Harper's Bazar.

—Tomato Catsup.—For each gallon of ripe tomatoes use four tablespoonfuls of black pepper, three tablespoonfuls of ground mustard, one teaspoonful of allspice, one teaspoonful of cloves and a wee pinch of cayenne. Simmer slowly for three or four hours, then strain through a sieve, bottle and cork securely. One feels safer if the corks and the tops of the bottles are dipped into hot wax.—Farm and Home.

—Pineapple Sherbet.—Peel and chop one large or two small pineapples, and put the fruit in a saucepan with one quart of water and cook slowly half an hour. Take a generous pint each of sugar and water, place in a pan over the fire and let it come to a boil. Rub the cooked pineapple through a sieve, and add the boiling syrup and cook for five minutes longer. Cool and freeze. Ices are best served in glasses.—Boston Budget.

—Miss Daniell's Custard.—One quart of milk, yolks of six eggs, one cup of sugar, one pint of cream, one teaspoonful of flavoring. Make a boiled custard with milk, sugar and eggs; strain, and when cool, add cream and more sugar, if desired, together with the flavoring. Beat the whites of the eggs, and add just before freezing. If the cream is to be molded, add one tablespoonful of gelatine that has been soaked one hour in one-half cup of cold cream that has been reserved from rule.—Housekeeper.

—Egg Timbale.—Beat six eggs well, mix with them a teacupful of chicken broth or stock, add a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley and fifteen drops of onion juice, obtained by cutting a slice from a large onion and pressing the remainder against a grater. Pour this mixture into a buttered dish after all the ingredients are well incorporated. Set the dish into another containing hot water and bake. Serve with tomato or cream sauce.—Ohio Farmer.

—Coffee as a Deodorizer. A sprinkling of fresh-ground coffee will keep game sweet for several days. Soon after the game is shot, wipe off the blood, cover the wounded parts with absorbent paper, wrap up the heads, and then sprinkle ground coffee over and amongst the feathers or fur, as the case may be; pack up carefully, and the game will be preserved sweet and fresh in the most unfavorable weather. Game sent open and loose cannot, of course, be treated in this manner, but all game packed in boxes or hampers may. A teaspoonful of coffee is enough for a brace of birds, and in this proportion for more or larger birds.—Liverpool (Eng.) Mercury.

WEATHER IN HIGH ALTITUDES.

Signal Stations on the Mountains of Europe and America.

In a paper recently read before the Boston Scientific society Mr. Rotch, of the Blue Hill observatory, makes some statements about high-altitude stations for meteorological observation. The first summit station in the world was that established in 1870 upon Mount Washington, at an elevation of 6,280 feet. Some remarkable observations have been made there, such, for instance, as a temperature of fifty degrees below zero during the progress of a gale blowing at 184 miles an hour. The station at Pike's Peak, 14,134 feet high, has been closed, and there are now but two summit stations in the United States where observations are made regularly, viz., at the Lick observatory and at Blue hill, near Boston. The highest meteorological station in the world is that maintained by Harvard college observatory in Peru, at the summit of El Misti, 19,300 feet. It is visited several times a month by one of the staff of the Harvard observatory below, at Arequipa, who attends to its self-registering instruments, checks the readings, etc. A splendid chain of high-altitude stations exists in France, including those on Mount Ventoux, 6,250 feet, and the Pic du Midi, 9,440 feet. The highest of the stations established by M. Valiot on or near Monat Blanc is at the Rochers des Bosses, 14,320 feet, which is provided with self-recording instruments capable of running two weeks without attention, and is in use during the summer. The Mont Blanc observatory of M. Jaussen is not yet in operation; it has an altitude of 15,780 feet. The highest permanent observatory now in use in Europe is the Sonnblick station, 10,170 feet, in the Austrian Alps, which has given valuable results. Switzerland and Italy have well located and equipped mountain stations, and the one on Ben Nevis, in England, though not so high, has given a ten years' unbroken series of hourly observations. Of course it is possible to send self-recording instruments up in balloons to a much greater height than a person could reach and be able to breathe. An altitude of ten miles and over has been reached by this means in France, and last July in Germany, with very valuable results. Kites also have carried naemometers to considerable heights with good results. Dr. Berson last year reached an altitude of 30,000 feet, or nearly six miles, making from his balloon some very significant observations upon temperature and humidity, winds and clouds, in a seldom visited region. He is said to have suffered little from the diminishing pressure of the atmosphere at this great height, probably because of his inhalation of oxygen from time to time.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

BOX-OFFICE TRIALS.

The Conglomerate Mass of Ridiculous Questions Daily Put to Ticket-Sellers.

"Is this the circus?"

"No, sir. This is the box office."

The questioner was not, as might be supposed, an individual of the genus hayseed, but looked for all the world like an intelligent city man.

"Do you wonder," queried the box-office keeper, wearily, "that a man in this business can keep this temper? You would be still more surprised if you could hear all the questions that are fired at us in the course of a day."

As he spoke, a lady holding a little boy by the hand popped her head in at the window and in bland tones inquired: "Can you tell me the way to the beach?" After giving her the necessary instructions the man went on: "Now, that woman has just crossed over from there, but she can't resist the temptation to ask questions of the box-office keeper.

"But that is nothing. A little while ago a countryman asked me: 'Where's the Bowery?' He was serious about it, too.

"Then, they seem to think that I'm a perambulating time table, they—"

"Which is the best show? Yours over here, or the one in the theater?"

The speaker was a young man of evident good birth and was escorted by two refined-looking ladies. Yet he badgered the man in the ticket office for ten minutes and when, at last, the latter advised him to see the circus, the young man flippantly remarked: "Of course, you'd say that!" As he paid for the tickets the cashier braced himself for the next trial. It was not long in coming.

A burly gentleman of Teutonic origin loomed up at the window and threw down a five-dollar bill. He was given two reserved seats. "Vat's dis?" he asked. "Two fifty-cent seats," replied the ticket seller. "Vell, you just gif me a twenty-five-cent seat. Dat's good good enough for me. I'm joost a vorking man, but my vife, she's a lady."

In five minutes the man was back again. "Look here!" he shouted angrily. "Vot you tink? You gafe me a twenty-five-cent seat and von for fifty cents, and I haf to come all the way back to shange it, ain't it. Do you tink for example dat I care for twenty-five cents? No, sir! I got plenty money!" And he returned to the doorkeeper, shedding expostulations as he went.

"Give me sents way down in the front, please." He had the appearance of a prosperous broker or merchant. "Is this right along the ring?" "Yes, sir." "Nothing in front of us?" "No, sir." "Sure there's no better seat in the house?" "Sure, sir." "What train can I catch after the show? What after that?" and with a final volley of questions he makes way for the next in line.

"Do you also rent out bathing suits?" "Can you check my bicycle?" "Will you give this ticket to my friend when he comes? He has on a blue suit and a straw hat." "Is there anything to see in your show?" These and countless thousands of others, gastronomic, medical, meteorological and sporting, are fired in at the inoffensive man who is popularly supposed to be in possession of what is commonly known as a "soft snap."—N. Y. World.

TO DRIVE AWAY FLEAS.

An Infallible Remedy Prescribed by an American to France.

In the south of Europe, as well as in some parts of America, the traveler has to reckon, in summer, upon visits from large numbers of fleas. In southern France, Italy and Spain the flea is reckoned almost a necessary accompaniment of existence. American travelers in those parts sometimes become sarcastic.

One of these Americans, who had been stopping at a hotel in the French Riviera, on the Mediterranean, called for his bill in departing. He knew that European innkeepers charge princes and Americans at an especially high rate, but he was not prepared for the extortionate account now presented to him.

He looked over the items, finding that he was charged so much for a candle, so much for the labor of the servant in bringing up the candle, so much for the servant's labor in going downstairs again, and so on.

"There's only one thing," said the traveler, "that you have forgotten to charge me with."

"What is that, monsieur?" asked the innkeeper, scenting another possible item.

"That is the fleas with which you so abundantly furnished my room."

"You had them, then?"

"Thousands!"

"It is very strange," said the innkeeper, "but do you know, we drive those little creatures out again and again, but they always come back."

"Ah, they do, eh?"

"Invariably."

"Well," said the American, "would you like to know a method of treatment which will make them go away and never come back?"

"Certainly I should."

"Well, you go right off and present them with such a bill for entertainment as you have just presented to me, and I'll warrant you they'll go away and never set foot in your house again!"—Youth's Companion.

Why He Didn't Give Thanks.

The season had been an exceptionally bad one for farmers, but in a country church, not a hundred miles from Arbroath, the office-bearers had resolved, according to custom, to hold the annual harvest thanksgiving service. It was noticed that on that particular Sunday Mr. Johnstone, a regular attendant and a pillar of the church (whose crops had turned out very poorly), was not in attendance. The minister, in the course of the following week, met Mr. Johnstone, and inquired of him the reason for his absence from church on such an important occasion. "Weel, sir," replied Mr. Johnstone, "I dinna care aboot approachin' my Maker in a speerit o' sarcasm."—Scottish-American.

SOME CURIOUS HOBBIES.

Queer Whims of Minds Given to Contemplating Important Matters.

A very peculiar hobby was that of an old woman who had been employed at court in the capacity of nurse, and who had a most extensive collection of pieces of wedding cake. The cakes to which the fragments belonged had been cut at the marriages of the highest in the land. The place of honor was given to a portion of Queen Victoria's wedding cake; and nearly every royal marriage that occurred since the accession of William IV. was represented in this curious collection.

Lord Petersham, a noted dandy in his day, had a hobby for walking sticks and also for various kinds of tea and snuff. All round his sitting-room were shelves, those upon one side laden with canisters of Souchong, Bohea, Congou, Pekoe, Russian and other varieties of tea. The shelves opposite were decorated with handsome jars, containing every kind of snuff, while snuff boxes luy here, there and everywhere. Lord Petersham prided himself upon possessing the most magnificent array of boxes to be found in Europe, and was supposed to have a fresh box for every day in the year. When some one admired a beautiful old blue Sevres box he was using, he lisped out: "Yes, it is a nice summer box, but would not do for winter wear."

Count Henry von Bruhl, a famous German diplomatist, busied himself in collecting boots, shoes, slippers and wigs of all shapes, sizes and fashions. This curious hobby was rivaled by that of a late king of Bavaria, whose collection of hats was unique.

A king of Wurtemburg boasted the possession of above nine thousand copies of the Bible; and a nicotine-loving American reveled in a treasury of pipes, of which he could count three hundred and sixty-five specimens in meerschaum, briar, glass, china and clay.

The duke of Sussex, brother of King George II., had a pair of hobbies that were wide as the poles asunder. He was an indefatigable collector of Bibles and of cigars.

Pope Pius IX. was a collector of slippers. He always had twenty-four pairs in his wardrobe, made of red cloth embroidered with gold, and ornamented with a solid gold cross. His chamberlain being strictly enjoined not to part with a single pair, however well worn they might be, to any of the many devout applicants for them.

Wigs and walking sticks were the special vanities of William Evans, some time principal clerk in the prothonotary's office for Anglesea Carnavon and Merioneth, and so highly did he value them that he bequeathed one of each to three different maiden ladies, for whom he had in turn felt a tenderness in early life. Another gentleman had a hobby for scarf pins. He is said to have kept a book containing as many pages as there are days in the year, in each of which a different pin was stuck. Every morning he fastened into his scarf the pin which occupied the space allotted to that particular date, returning it to its place when he undressed at night.—Tit-Bits.

"DON'T GET RED HEADED."

Is It a Phrase Merely Denoting Hot Temper or a Physiological Fact?

The general supposition is that to "get red headed" is slang for getting angry. This is based upon the prevalent belief that red-headed persons are more excitable and liable to sudden passion than other people—a belief hardly in harmony with the fact that the dark-haired, dark-skinned races of southern climes are more highly strung and violently passionate than the fair-haired natives of the north.

But does not the hair really and actually change hues under the more violent emotions, just as does the complexion? There are plenty of instances where intense fear and mental suffering have blanched hair to snowy white in a few hours. Will it turn red with passion?

"I know it to be a fact," said a lady friend of mine, with light brown hair in which there isn't a tinge of red under ordinary circumstances.

"I got terribly angry one day," she continued, laughingly, "and my hair turned red as could be. Fortunately, it went back again to its normal condition. A brute in human form cut off the tail of my pet cat. I could have seen that man hanged without the quiver of an eyelid, I believe. My husband came in about that time, and, without knowing the cause of my rath, suddenly exclaimed:

"'Why, Allie! your hair is turning red!'

"'Well, you'd get "red headed," too,' said I—thinking of the slang for getting angry—'if somebody had chopped your dog's tail off.'

"'But I don't mean that,' he replied; 'it is actually getting red! Look in the glass. It is queer I never noticed it before.'

"And, don't you know, I looked in the mirror, and, sure enough, my hair was of a distinct reddish tinge! I was so astonished—for I then supposed, with him, that my hair had been changing for some time and that we hadn't noticed it up to that moment.

"'I must have caught it from Maggie,' said I. Maggie was our Irish servant and her hair was just fiery.

"We laughed so much about it that I soon got in good humor again. And then I went to the glass again to look at it—and I let it down about my shoulders—and we both examined it. But, don't you know, it was just as usual. It wasn't red it all!

"After that I noticed that whenever I lost my temper I got red headed for the time being."—N. Y. Herald.

Sentimental Always.

Farmer Bunch—Here, you fellows, what are you doing in that field of green corn?

Wayside William—I was just pullin' a few mornin' glories, sir—my favorite flower. Reminds me o' my youth, sir.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A PUZZLED LITTLE BRAIN.

I think it is so very queer
That when we little children here
Are fast asleep—each curly head
Tucked snugly in his downy bed—
Some children living far away
Are up and out-of-doors at play.
And then my teacher says the sun,
When all his shining here is done,
Goes down to China and Japan
To shine as brightly as he can.
So when I lie down to my rest
The little Japs are being dressed,
And when at morn my prayers are said
The Chinese girls are going to bed.
But oh, it seems to me so queer,
They do not do as we do here!
—Zitella Cocke, in Youth's Companion.

THE MYSTERIOUS DICE.

An Interesting Variation of a Decidedly Entertaining Experiment.

A simple experiment with which most people are familiar is that known as the "dance of the puppets." A piece of glass is placed over two books, resting on their edges, while underneath, on the table, are laid a number of light objects, such as bits of cork, paper or the pith of the elder tree. The upper surface of the glass is rubbed with a piece of flannel or other woolen material previously warmed before the fire. The glass thus becomes charged with electricity, and all the objects beneath it are seen to fly upward, then fall back again, keeping up a lively sort of dance.

An interesting variation of this experiment is illustrated here. Procure a box with a glass cover, such as doll's furniture is sold in, and from a piece of the pith of an elder tree cut three little cubes of equal size, like dice, marking them with the required number of dots by means of a pen and ink. Place these in the box and rub the cover with a piece of warmed flannel or cloth. The three dice will fly upward and stick to the under surface of the cover. Now ask anyone present to add up the points marked on the dice. After a few seconds, without having touched the box, count them up yourself and you can show your friend that he was mistaken in his count; instead, for instance, of seeing 6, 4, 2, giving a total of 12, as he imagined, the points are 1, 3, 4, which only give 8. And yet the dice are fast to the under surface of the cover, and no one has touched them. In a few seconds more, if you look again, you will find a new combination, and so on, the mysterious changes continuing to take place for

THE MYSTERIOUS CUBES.

some time. The secret is this: The face of the cube which first comes in contact with the glass loses its adhesive force little by little and finally becomes detached. The cube is, however, retained in position by the attraction along one edge, and instantly the face of the cube nearest that edge is strongly attracted toward the electrified glass and flies upward, to give way, after a few seconds, to a third face, and so on until all six have had a turn, when the cube falls back to the bottom of the box. The experiment can be renewed as many times as desired, by rubbing the cover of the box as before. The mysterious dice are productive of much amusement as long as the secret of their rapid changes remains undiscovered by the spectators. —Once a Week.

RED CROSS DOGS.

Trained Especially for Hospital Service in the German Army.

At Lechenich, near Cologne, in Rhineland, a novel experiment in dog-training for army service is being made by Jean Bungartz, the animal painter and animal lover. His success in training dogs for active army duty, reconnoitering, sentry and messenger service has been certified to by the German government; and now Mr. Bungartz is educating a number of dogs for hospital and ambulance service, and these are the so-called "Hospital, or Red Cross dogs."

For this duty the Scotch collie is chosen, since Mr. Bungartz believes that this breed has no equal for intelligence, docility and fidelity. The Red Cross dog is fitted with saddle-bags, in which he carries, besides his biscuit, everything necessary for the first bandaging, and a well-protected flask of brandy. A large red cross appears on the saddle-bags, and a lantern is strapped on the collie's back at night.

Anyone familiar with the annals of war knows how the death roll is swelled by those of the wounded who have crept away into ditch or hedge to escape the bursting shell and rush of hoofs and wheels, and, not found by the hospital service, are reported as "missing," or are discovered too late for relief.

Here the noble duty of the Red Cross dog comes in. There is no thicket too dense, no ditch too deep but that these keen-scented, quick-sighted collies can find the wounded man; and once found they give tongue, and do not leave him till help comes.

The dogs are also taught to crouch beside the wounded man, that he may open the bag and find the reviving flask. The little lantern, securely fastened to the back strap, enables the seekers to follow the dog on dark nights, and it moreover conveys hope to the wounded when the friendly light appears.

Mr. Bungartz tells of remarkable work done by his dogs on nights so dark that the seeking party passed within five feet of the prostrate man on open ground, and but for the collie would not have found him.

A DOG'S FAITHFULNESS.

Sent for Aid by a Dying Man, He Performs His Duty.

The intelligence of the shepherd dog and his faithfulness to man were demonstrated in a remarkable way in connection with the death of Charles Gillen, a native of Providence, R. I., who was killed in Montana by the discharge of his revolver, says a writer in the Providence Journal.

On May 2 he went out on a buying trip and was in the Big Hole county, 110 miles from Butte City. He had bought a lot of sheep and cattle, and was going further into the country to visit other ranches. He usually paid for his purchases with checks, but when he went to ranches so far from the business centers he could make better terms for cash, be-

HE SAVED HIS MASTER.

cause of the inconvenience of traveling to get checks cashed. He had taken some $6,000 with him on this trip and for protection carried a revolver. Some two miles from the nearest ranch he had occasion to make a stop in the sage brush. His revolver he had dropped into one of his "chaps," as the hip boots worn by the riders in that country are called. As he remounted his horse the revolver was discharged. He had dropped the pistol in the "chap" with the muzzle up, and the hammer hit against the horn of the saddle. A ball was sent up through his groin, and, passing upward through his body, came out behind one of his shoulders. He fell to the ground, but rallied, and, mortally wounded though he was, he once more climbed into the saddle, but could not sit on his horse. Fainting from loss of blood he tumbled out of the saddle a second time.

When he revived his shepherd dog was over him, acting as though fully aware of the serious nature of what had happened. The dog was one of two which Gillen had trained to herd horses and cattle. Realizing that he was probably mortally wounded, and that prompt assistance must be obtained if the slight chance he had of surviving was to be made the most of, Gillen told the dog to "go to McVey's ranch." This was the nearest ranch, and one from which he might expect help to be sent as soon as they could know of the accident. There were other ranches in the surrounding country, but assistance might be obtained more quickly from this one.

The dog whined and cried, and showed a desire to stay by his master's side, but Gillen scolded and told the dog to run the horse to McVey's. Finally the dog started the horse ahead of him, and made a bee line for the ranch mentioned. On the way the horse fell in with a band of fifty other horses, but the dog cut him out and ran him at full speed to the ranch.

On arriving in sight of the ranch the dog began barking to attract attention, and when the dog and riderless horse arrived at the place the people knew something had happened to Gillen.

As soon as the dog saw that the blood on the saddle was noticed he turned and excitedly manifested a desire that the ranchmen should hasten back to where Gillen lay. Horses were quickly mounted, and the horsemen had difficulty in keeping the dog in sight, so great was the animal's haste to return to the side of his wounded master.

Gillen was still alive when his friends reached him.

REMARKABLE SONGSTER.

The Organ Bird of the Upper Amazons, in South America.

The banks of the streams in the vicinity of St. Paulo, in the Upper Amazons, in South America, are dotted with palm-thatched dwellings of the Indians, all half buried in the leafy wilderness, the scattered families having chosen the coolest and shadiest nooks for their abodes.

The traveler frequently hears in the neighborhood of these huts the organ bird, the most remarkable songster by far of the Amazonian forests.

When its singular notes strike the ear for the first time, the impression cannot be resisted that they are produced by a human voice. Some musical boy must be gathering fruit in the thickets, and is singing a few notes to cheer himself.

The tones become more fluty and plaintive. Sometimes they resemble the notes of the flageolet, and the traveler is almost persuaded, in spite of the absurdity of the thing, that some person is playing that instrument in the primeval forests.

However closely he may scan the neighboring thicket, no bird appears, although the voice seems to be that of some one near at hand.

The bird is rarely if ever heard in the Lower Amazons. It is the only song bird which makes an impression on the natives, who sometimes rest their paddles while voyaging in their small canoes along the shady by-streams as if struck by the mysterious sounds, a high compliment, indeed, for the usually impassive natives to pay the feathered songster.

Young Boy's Odd Profession.

A bright boy in the wholesale dry goods district of New York has a long list of customers whose pencils he keeps sharpened, and who also patronize him for new pencils. He has a patent sharpener, and goes from store to store and office to office, and he makes between $5 and $7 a week, working four or five hours a day.

Millions for Atlantic Cables.

The eleven cables now in operation across the Atlantic have cost upward $70,000,000.

ARISTOCRATIC HORSES.

The Diseases Caused by Their Artificial Life.

Indigestion is the curse of the city horse as well as the city human being. Probably half the horses in New York are afflicted more or less with indigestion. In their natural state neither horse nor man knew indigestion. Where man has gone he has taken the horse with him, and the horse as well as the man has become the victim of the diseases which are the penalties of civilization. The milestones of modern civilization are marked by the new diseases, and, later, their cures, discovered by the modern physician. When Russia sent la grippe to the western world the horse got it as well as man, and it showed the same contagious tendencies in horse communities as in men communities. Not long ago a horse in California got the brain fever. The surgeons at first thought that there was something the matter with his ear.

As he couldn't speak, he couldn't tell the surgeons that his poor old head felt as if it was about to split open. So he did the next best thing. He shook his head as hard as he could, and tried to raise havoc with everything within reach of his heels. After he was tied firmly the surgeons found out the trouble, and in a few days sent him back to his owner feeling like an old gentleman who had just had a Turkish bath, no doubt to become a source of wonder among all of his horsey friends as being the first nag who had ever recovered from "wheels in the head."

Probably many horses before him had had brain fever, but nobody understood what was the matter with the beast, and accordingly shot him after calling in a quack horse "doctor." In the last few years veterinary medical science has made wonderful strides. Whenever an M. D. discovers a new disease in man the veterinary straightway discovers a new disease in horses. In the old days every disease of the horse was named a colic.

The modern horse doesn't get writer's cramp, but the modern horse does get "racer's heart." The "racer's heart" is the most aristocratic of horsey affections. A race horse always has a larger heart than a coach horse or a truck horse: often he has twice as large a heart. In racing or trying to beat a record the greatest possible exertion is required of the heart, which results in enlargement. Sometimes the horse will have his heart enlarged without being affected; but often the result is a valvular disease, which is pretty certain to take him off the track, if not to kill him. The race horse is a hothouse production, anyway. He is like a highly civilized man. Nancy Hanks, for instance, is a sort of Paderewski of the horse world. Your finely-bred horse wouldn't be worth his oats as a farm horse. It must have a veterinary surgeon at his heels every minute, and is prepared for a race with all the care that a violinist uses in tuning his instrument. Men who have big "strings" of horses have the entire service of a veterinary surgeon to supervise the work of the trainers, who play the part of trained nurses to the highly nervous beasts. Such things weren't necessary two hundred years ago, but the horse of to-day has a great many more nerves than his ancestor, and he can also run a great deal faster.

It's the horse from the country which is suddenly set down in the midst of city life that suffers most. The youth fresh from the quiet of a country college town, who does twelve hours of apprenticeship on a newspaper as his first day's experience in the artificial life of the city, feels no worse than the dumb beast, fresh from pastures green, which is driven a few miles up Fifth avenue hitched to a landau. The horse often becomes so nervous that he does not digest his evening meal.

Pneumonia, however, is his greatest enemy. When the wise stableman goes home for the night he closes all of the doors and windows, depriving the stable of all ventilation. This is hard on lungs used to fresh country air. When the horse is taken out he gets a chill and pneumonia ensues.

When he convalesces he is the hungriest horse in town. He is fed on milk punches and eggs, and he develops such a great liking for them that he will follow the one who feeds him about the stable, using all of the horse methods of coaxing at his command. In this, too, he is like man. Once he gets a taste for whisky he can't get enough of it. If he had his way he would become an inebriate, but will not allow his horse the same privilege.

There's a hospital for horses up town where horses are treated for all of the diseases in the category and which has a great table to which horses are strapped for operations. A wise man who does the doctoring told the reporter all of the things he is telling you, and many more.

This hospital, which is the annex of a college, is always experimenting on horses that are past curing except by experimenting. It also manufactures anti-toxine for the board of health, and possesses famous No. 7, which originally cost seven dollars. No. 7 has been at the point of death a dozen times, but is still alive and covered with scars where his blood has been drawn to save the life of his young countrymen who get the diphtheria. He won fame in two hemispheres instead of the offal cart, because he is a veritable anti-toxine genius, without a rival anywhere in the world.

Just now the doctors at the hospital are experimenting with tetanine, which is to lockjaw (or tetanus) what anti-toxine is to diphtheria. A fine specimen of lockjaw came in the other day; but before they could inject any tetanine into him he was dead. One horse has been cured in France. An Italian was the first to discover tetanine. The Italians and the Germans are the greatest masters of the theory of veterinary science, and the English and Americans are the best practitioners.—N. Y. Press.

SOME PICKLING SUGGESTIONS.

Hints for the Housewife Who is Thinking of Winter Eating.

This is the season for pickling. A wise housewife suggests that brass, copper, or bell metal kettles should never be used for pickling. Kettles lined with porcelain are the best. It is well to use wooden forks and spoons in handling the pickles. A small lump of alum added to the vinegar in which pickles are scalded renders them crisp and tender, and if covered with cabbage or grape leaves a fresh color will be imparted. In making pickles secure good cider vinegar, as manufactured vinegar cannot be depended upon. When the pickles are put up hot and boiling vinegar is used, it should be remembered that the vinegar must boil only five or six minutes, as too much boiling takes away the strength. Many kinds of pickles will keep best by being bottled and sealed while hot and set in a cool place. Small particles of horse radish and spices, with a handful of sugar to each gallon of pickles, assist in preserving its strength, as well as greatly improving its flavor. Ginger is the most wholesome spice in pickles; cloves are the strongest, then allspice, cinnamon and mace. Mustard seed is also a pleasant addition to many kinds of pickles. If pickles are raised and prepared at home by being packed in brine as soon as the young cucumbers are gathered an oaken cask should be used, and they should be kept well covered, with plenty of salt at the bottom of the cask. In making brine for pickles it should be sufficiently strong to bear an egg. A pint of salt to every gallon of water is the usual proportion. These general rules will apply to many different sorts of pickles, and, if carefully followed, will give satisfaction.

To bottle green pickles put one hundred small fresh cucumbers in salt and water and let them stand three days. Boil ten minutes in half a gallon of good vinegar, add one ounce each of mustard seed, juniper berries and celery seed, a dozen green peppers and two ounces of brown sugar with a small lump of alum. Pour the vinegar while hot over the pickles for six mornings, heating thoroughly each time. Mix a quarter of a pound of mustard seed with the vinegar, put the pickles in bottles and seal while hot.

Those who have a quantity of nasturtiums in the flower garden may easily make a delicious pickle from the seed pods. Have ready a stone or glass jar of the best cold vinegar. Take the seed pods after the flowers have faded and they are full grown, but still tender. Pick off the stems or not, as you fancy, and put the seed pods into the vinegar. No other preparation is necessary, and they will keep a year or more with nothing more than sufficient cold vinegar to cover them. With boiled mutton they are an excellent substitute for capers. —St. Louis Republic.

A PARALYTIC CURED.

His Grandfather, a Revolutionary Soldier, and His Father Both Died of Paralysis, Yet the Third Generation Is Cured—The Method.

From the Herald, Boston, Mass.

Like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, a stroke of paralysis came to Mr. Frank T. Ware, the well-known Boston auctioneer and appraiser, at 235 Washington street. He went to bed one night about six years ago, seemingly in robust health. When he awoke his left side was stiffened by the deadening of the nerves.

The interviewer sought out Mr. Ware to get the facts. He gave the interesting particulars in his own way:

"The first shock came very suddenly while I was asleep, but it was not lasting in its effects, and in a few weeks I was able to be about. A few months after, when exhausted by work and drenched with rain, I went home in a very nervous state. The result was a second and more severe shock, after which my left arm and leg were practically helpless.

"My grandfather, who was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and lost an arm in the struggle for American independence, died finally of paralysis. My father also died of paralysis, although it was complicated with other troubles, and so I had some knowledge of the fatal character of the disease which is hereditary in our family. After the second shock I took warning, for, in all probability, a third would carry me off.

"Almost everything under the sun was recommended to me, and I tried all the remedies that seemed likely to do any good, electricity, massage and specialists, but to no effect.

"The only thing I found that helped me was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I verily believe that if it hadn't been for those pills I would have been dead years ago.

"Yes, I still have a slight reminder of the last attack six years ago. My left arm is not as strong as the other and my left foot drags a little, as the paralysis had the effect of deadening the nerves. But I can still walk a good distance, talk as easily as ever, and my general health is splendid. I am really over seventy years old, although I am generally taken to be twenty years younger than that.

"The Pink Pills keep my blood in good condition, and I believe that is why I am so well, although cheerfulness may help.

"I have thought of it a great many times and I honestly believe that the Pink Pills have saved my life."

Mr. Ware has every appearance of a perfectly healthy man, and arrives at his office promptly at eight o'clock every morning, although he has reached an age when many men retire from active life. His experience is well known to a great many people in Boston, where his constant cheerfulness has won him hosts of friends. He says that in his opinion both his father and grandfather could have been saved if Pink Pills had been obtainable at that time.

Dr Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., at 50c. per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

ACCEPTED—She (coldly)—"I hardly know how to receive your proposal. You know I am worth a million, of course." He (diplomatically)—"Yes—worth a million other girls." She (rapturously)—"O! Jack!"—Truth.

ART thou in misery, brother? Then I pray be comforted. Thy grief shall pass away. Art thou elated? Ah! be not too gay; temper thy joy: this, too, shall pass away.—Paul H. Hayne.

"DE fac'," said Uncle Eben, "dat some men gits erlong by jes' perteadin' ter be wise shows whut er good t'ing wisdom r'ally mus' be."—Washington Star.

BEECHAM'S PILLS for constipation 10c and 25c. Get the book at your druggist's and go by it. Book free.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THIS famous "new woman"
Still charming appears,
She's "advanced" in ideas,
But never in years.
—Washington Star.

WHAT profits us that we from heaven derive a soul immortal, and with looks erect, survey the stars, if, like the brutal kind, we follow where our passions lead the way!—Dryden.

Keep Your Weather Eye Open.

Fraud loves a shining mark. Occasionally spurious imitations spring up of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the great American family remedy for chills and fever, dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, nervousness, neuralgia, rheumatism and kidney disorder. These imitations are usually fiery local bitters full of high wines. Look out for the firm signature on the genuine label and vignette of St. George and the Dragon.

"THE only thing I don't like about Miss Peeler is her bathing suit." "That isn't much against her."—Life.

FORTIFY Feeble Lungs Against Winter with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

JONES—"How's Wheeler getting along since he bought a bicycle?" Brown—"On crutches, I believe."—London Fun.

PISO'S Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs.—Rev. D. BUEMUELLER, Lexington, Mo., Feb. 24, '94.

VANITY is a poison of agreeableness.—Greville.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

THE world cures alike the optimist and the misanthrope.—Bulwer.

THE plainest case in many words entangling.—Joanna Baillie.

THE great art of life is to play for much and stake little.—Johnson.

THOSE we call ancients were really new in everything.—Pascal.

PHYSIC for the most part is nothing else but the substitute of exercise or temperance.—Addison.

SHE—"Have you ever loved another?" He—"Yes, of course. Did you think I'd practice on a nice girl like you?"—Life.

RHETORIC is nothing but reason well dressed and argument put in order.—Jeremy Collier.

"WHAT pudding had we better have today, cook?" "Oh, don't study me, mum! I never eat puddings."—Fun.

"Do you think she loves him?" "Desperately." "Why desperately?" "Because he is her last chance."—Tit-Bits.

"DE kind of a man dat 'inks he knows it all," said Uncle Eben, "gin'rally seems justified in de low average he seems ter put on human intelligence."—Washington Star.

ABSENT-MINDED—"I really cannot find where I have put my spectacles." "Why, they're on your nose." "Are they? But where, by the way, have I put my nose?"—Judy.

ETHELBERTA (in a runaway carriage)—"Oh, Tom, let us jump—quick." Tom desperately—"I would only be the trouble for nothing. We shall be thrown out in a minute."—Tit-Bits.

MADGE—"I suppose you are happy now you have the engagement ring?" Marjorie—"No, my dear, I won't be perfectly happy until I find out what it cost."—Life.

Tobacco's Triumph.

Every day we meet men who have apparently lost all interest in life, but they chew and smoke all the time and wonder why the sunshine is not bright, and the sweet birds' song sound discordant. Tobacco takes away the pleasures of life and leaves irritated nerve centers in return. No-To-Bac is the easy way out. Guaranteed to cure and make you well and strong, by Druggists everywhere.

WHAT makes life dreary is want of motive.—George Eliot.

Best of All

To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the springtime comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family and costs only 50 cents; the large size $1. Try it and be pleased. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

ASSIST NATURE

a little now and then in removing offending matter from the stomach and bowels and you thereby avoid a multitude of distressing derangements and diseases, and will have less frequent need of your doctor's service.

Of all known agents for this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best. **Once used, they are always in favor. The Pellets cure** biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heart-burn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels.

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ORIGINAL

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—IN—

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And all the most reliable information on the question of dress. Order of your Newsdealer or send 85 Cents for the last Number.

Trial Pattern of this design, 36 Bust, for 50 Cents.

THE MORSE-BROUGHTON CO.,

3 East 19th Street,

Bet. 5th Ave. and Broadway. NEW YORK.

PISO'S CURE FOR

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

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Successor of the "Unabridged."

Specimen pages, etc., sent on application.

Standard of the U. S. Supreme Court, the U. S. Gov't Printing Office, and nearly all Schoolbooks. Commended by all State Superintendents of Schools.

THE BEST FOR PRACTICAL PURPOSES.

It is easy to find the word wanted.

It is easy to ascertain the pronunciation.

It is easy to trace the growth of a word.

It is easy to learn what a word means.

G. & C. Merriam Co., Publishers, Springfield, Mass.

Out of sorts

—and no wonder. Think of the condition of those poor women who have to wash clothes and clean house in the old-fashioned way. They're tired, vexed, discouraged, out of sorts, with aching backs and aching hearts.

They must be out of their wits. Why don't they use Pearline? That is what **every** woman who values her health and strength is coming to. And they're coming to it now, faster than ever. Every day, Pearline's fame grows and its patrons increase in number. Hundreds of millions of packages have been used by bright women who want to make washing easy. 481

POPULAR NOVELS.

ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI

packages contain a list of novels by the most popular Authors. Five Cents in stamps will procure any one of them delivered FREE.

ADAMS & SONS CO., Sands St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

DIRECTIONS for using CREAM BALM.

Apply a particle of the Balm directly into the nostrils. After a moment draw strong breath through the nose. Use three times a day, after meals preferred, and before retiring.

ELY'S CREAM BALM Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Protects the Membrane from Colds. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

CATARRH

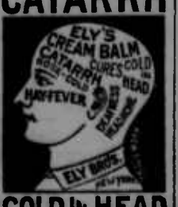

COLD IN HEAD

BEST IN THE WORLD.

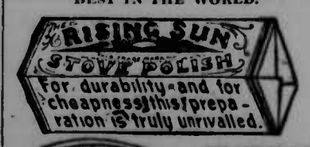

For durability and for cheapness this preparation is truly unrivalled.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH in cakes for general blacking of a stove.

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The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md

THURSDAY, OCT. 3, 1895.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

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LLOYD LOWNDES,
OF ALLEGANY.

FOR COMPTROLLER,
R. P. GRAHAM,
OF WICOMICO.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
HARRY M. CLABAUGH,
OF BALTIMORE.

FOR ASSOCIATE JUDGE FOURTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT,
DAVID W. SLOAN,
OF ALLEGANY.

FOR SHERIFF,
AUSTIN BROWN,
OF DISTRICT NO. 2.

FOR TREASURER,
THOMAS B. WILEY,
OF DISTRICT NO. 12.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
THOMAS H. LAYMAN,
OF DISTRICT NO. 9.

FOR HOUSE OF DELEGATES,
CHARLES E. HILLEARY,
OF DISTRICT NO. 8, AND
CHRISTIAN J. OTTO,
OF DISTRICT NO. 3.

FOR JUDGES ORPHANS' COURT,
GEORGE F. ENGLEHART,
OF DISTRICT NO. 5,
DANIEL WILSON,
OF DISTRICT NO. 10, AND
THOMAS H. CUPPETT,
OF DISTRICT NO. 6.

FOR STATES ATTORNEY,
FRED. A. THAYER,
OF DISTRICT NO. 7.

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS,
JAMES W. WHITE,
OF DISTRICT NO. 7.

FOR SURVEYOR,
FRANKLIN P. GREEN,
OF DISTRICT NO. 11.

THE *Weekly Press*, an independent journal, which enjoyed a short existence, issued its last paper on Thursday of last week. Mr. P. E. Kimmell, the editor has packed up the outfit and sent it to Confluence, Pa., where the paper will be established and issued hereafter. The *Press*, though a good local paper, did not meet with much encouragement, hence its suspension.

Saturday's Convention.

The Democratic party of Garrett county placed a ticket in the field on Saturday, the result of a convention which had an exceedingly difficult task to perform. On account of the improbability of the election of any of their nominees there was great trouble to get permission of their best men to have their names put before the convention. Under these difficulties there was no apparent enthusiasm among the delegates and the number of aspirants for places on the ticket were very few; a marked contrast with the Republican convention of a few days previous. In presenting the names of those to fill the various offices some of the delegates were inclined to make all the nominations, notably two delegates from Districts Nos. 1 and 11, who seemed imbued with the idea that unless they were consulted on every question and before every motion was made that the convention would be a failure and that the ticket nominated would not have enough votes cast for it to comply with that section of the election law specifying that a certain number of ballots shall be cast at an election previous to allow its nominees' names to be printed on the official ballots at the succeeding election.

The Negro Resolution.

Before Chairman Miller of the Democratic State Central Committee of Garrett county, introduced that resolution touching on the negro in last Saturday's convention the greater majority of the people had some degree of respect for the untutored and unsophisticated young Democratic politician of Accident district. After he had read his first and master resolution he fell in the esteem of the aforesaid people about one hundred per cent. so far as political sagacity and the love of fair play and good judgment goes.

In other portions of the State where the colored man is much more in evidence than in Garrett county we have read of politicians resolving against him but we hardly expected to witness the sorry spectacle of the great Democratic aggregation of this county where there are less than fifty colored voters, introduce a resolution for men of mature minds to swallow praying to be delivered from this awful evil of negro domination.

In Southern Maryland the most conspicuous argument put forth by the Democratic manipulators is that the election of Mr. Lowndes will give us colored constables, mixed schools and negro dominance in the State. How absurd is this when it is the purpose of the Republican party to give back to the state its local self government. If elected Mr. Lowndes will not, nor does he care to have the power to appoint constables and election officers. The control of the schools will not be in his hands. Each county will govern its own internal affairs, and the continuance in power of any party in the counties will depend entirely upon the manner they perform the duties of the offices entrusted to them. Beneath and beyond all these surface indicatives, to the mind of the political student, there is involved in this campaign a principle of most vital importance to the welfare of Baltimore city and the State of Maryland. The Baltimore *Sun* opens the clear sky of a new world about to be ushered in for the political abode of this State. To hear this influential paper proclaim that the race question in this State is a dead issue, is a long stride in the way of progress. To hear this organ in emphatic tones declare that the Confederate soldier will not scare at that threadbare argument is saying much. What all this means is that the *Sun* and every student of the times has full knowledge of the fact that the prosperity and the welfare of the State are at stake in this campaign. The *Sun's* interests are identical with the vast business interests of Baltimore city. She has built up the greatest paper of the south by keeping in touch with the people and the times.

The city of New York has purified its public service. Nearly every city and state in the north has cast off its old customs, worthless ordinances, and corrupt public service. New Jersey has lately gone through a process of political purification. If Baltimore city and the State of Maryland hope to keep up in progress with these states it can do so only by following in their footsteps. She must cast off the old and put on the new. The political parasites that cling to her public offices like barnacles, must be thrown aside. Maryland cannot afford to stand still while the great procession of the other states is moving onward and upward. The *Sun* and all the business men of the State know this. Our future welfare must be mutual. Business success and social advancement means success to the progressive, wide-awake and representative press. Let no one be deceived by the paltry arguments of the greedy office holders. Do with all your might that which will tend to advance every interest, purify public service, and forever free our good commonwealth from the curse of Gormanism, which is the same as Tweedism, Hillism and a thousand other isms that weigh upon the body politic like a millstone around the neck.

Oath on Gorman.

George Alfred Townsend in Chicago *Times-Herald:* As to Gorman, he is to my personal taste an agreeable man, but he is not, nor does he pretend to be, a strong or original man. He is entirely too weak to swim up stream. Carried into power by the war in which he was a lucky Republican and Andy Johnson office-holder, he was continued in power by his natural opposition to the reconstruction measures as a provincial man not looking beyond Maryland, its biscuits and its negroes.

He relapsed from a Republican clerk to become a Democratic statesman.

The best to be said of him is that he had no sort of animosities concerning the war.

The worst to be said of him is that he assented to and captained the vulgarities of Democratic politics. He was always ahead showing how to manipulate elections.

After Blaine's defeat I saw Gorman enter Baltimore in procession. Behind his carriage came a set of marchers to whom the bystanders of their own politics referred as "toughs."

Gorman liked leading them like Prince Hal in Falstaff's band.

They were the old controllers of Baltimore, those who stoned the soldiers in 1861 and murdered the father of Robert E. Lee in 1812.

Naturally the Robert E. Lee men are now turning against that old Madisonian, plug-ugly, smellful element who became Democrats only on negro prejudices.

Good Government vs. Gormanism.

Grand Republican Rally

At OFFUTT'S HALL, Oakland,

Monday Evening, Oct. 7, at 7.30.

Hon. LLOYD LOWNDES,

Hon. Harry M. Clabaugh, Hon. Robert P. Graham,

Hon. M. G. URNER, and Hon. NORMAN B. SCOTT

Will be present and address the Meeting.

Republicans and all other citizens who are in favor of good government, honest elections, and opposed to ring rule and its attendant evils, are earnestly requested to be present.

The ladies are cordially invited.

Music by Smith's Military Band.

J. C. PEDDICORD,
Chairman State Central Committee.

The Pulpit Fighting Gormanism.

We are glad to know that the pulpit is fighting sin in the form of Gormanism. One of the most prominent ministers of the gospel in this State, the Rev. Dr. H. M. Wharton, preached to three thousand people last sunday in Baltimore, his sermon being devoted to Bossism in Maryland politics. He said in part:

"Just as soon as a man wants office, the devil is almost sure to become the Boss. There was not a finer, more immaculate, more spotless gentleman in the city of Baltimore than Mr. John E. Hurst, but just look what company he's got into simply because he wants to be Governor of Maryland.

"The political Boss is self-appointed, self-created, living upon the emolument that he gains from others. God knows I have no sort of party prejudice, but that I will vote for any man that stands on the side of God, my house, and my country. And I call you to witness that we have here in Maryland, as the chief Boss of this State, a man who commenced life at the age of twelve years as a page in the Senate of the United States, and who has been doing nothing else ever since but sucking the breast of the United States government—and sometimes when he gets tired of sucking the government he drops the breast and sucks a sugar rag. I think the coolest thing that this man Senator Gorman has ever said was in his speech on Saturday when he said that every corporation was against him. Where, oh where, is Havemeyer?

"As for the city Boss, I can only compare him to a chameleon, which changes color with every tree he lights upon. Years ago this man, it is said, was a plug-ugly, a know-nothing, straining every effort he could make use of against the Roman Catholic church. To-day he is an out-and-out Democrat, so to speak, walking arm in arm with many of the people whom he then tried to destroy. God only knows what he will become next.

"The Bosses say that we preachers, we people, ought to keep our hands off of politics. Why, the devil asks nothing better than to be let alone. During the past week I have been assailed often, dear friends—some of the dearest friends I have in this city have come to me and talked to me on this subject, because they happened to be identified with the Bosses, and have tried to tell me that it was not my place to talk politics. Why, I feel that it is a duty which I owe to my family, to myself, to my country and to my God to raise my voice against the state of affairs which we have now in this city."

Towser is Dead.

Frostburg Mining Journal.

A few days ago a Frostburg gentleman was up the National Pike, beyond Grantsville. In his intercourse with the people he found a poet—one of Nature's own unfettered bards—the *genius loci* of Keyser's Ridge. The poet complained, however, of a prevailing want of appreciation by his county papers of native poetry, and the *Journal's* friend craved a sample for the great paper. The one obtained was the last, but not by any means the least of several bushels of MSS. The reader will observe that the author is not cabined by the arbitrary rules of metre, nor cribbed by the hardly less imperious *dicta* of perfect rhyme nor confined to the consistency which tense sometimes almost unreasonably imposes upon verse. Indeed, the pastoral printed below shows that the poet goes less on imagination than facts. It subordinates the beautiful to the true and shows a care more for pathetic incident than for flowing rhythm. It is addressed "To Our Dog Towser:"

Old Towser's sick—with pain is sore;
A few more days and all will be o'er.

* * * * * *

The dog was kind; to friends was good;
Of no fancy stock, but of mongrel blood.

Intelligent, watchful and very kind—
His equal was very hard to find.
In hunting he took great delight
But cat or sheep he would not bite.

But the groundhog, or coon, or the little mink—
He would stop their breath as quick as wink.
When in the woods he took great delight
The pheasants or squirrels to put to flight.

But when at home was content to stay
And watch the folks that passed this way;
When drawing near he would raise an alarm
Through summer's heat or winter's storm.

* * * * * *

The poor dog is getting weak;
He heeds not your voice when you speak;
But with pain is racked; he breatheth low,
And very soon his life will go.

And lower still he seems to sink—
Still drawing closer to the brink;
The fluttering heart we should not mourn—
The poor old dog is dead and gone.

Alas! he's dead—from pain he's free,
And we'll dig him a grave neath the apple tree,
Where he'll be safe from friend or foe,
And it will be the same with me and you.

H. LATHAM,
Keyser, Garrett Co., Md.

MR. SLOAN FOR JUDGE.

Nominated on His Forty-Fifth Birthday.

The Republicans of the fourth judicial circuit of Maryland, composed of Allegany, Garrett and Washington counties, met in convention at the courthouse in Oakland last Thursday morning and nominated their candidate for associate judge. J. C. Peddicord, the chairman of the Republican central committee of Garrett county called the convention to order. F. McComas, of Hagerstown, was made the presiding officer, and A. F. George, of Garrett, and A. Daub, of Allegany county, the secretaries.

Hon. George L. Wellington, of Cumberland, in a speech in which he paid great tribute, nominated David W. Sloan, of Cumberland. The nomination was seconded by George A. Pearre, and the part of Allegany county, E. H. Sinecll, on the part of Garrett county, and Mr. Strite, on the part of Washington county.

Mr. Sloan was born at Vale Summit, in Allegany county, Md., on September 26, 1850, and is, therefore, forty-five years of age. He was nominated for judge on his birthday. He was educated in the public schools of Allegany county and afterwards attended Princton College, where he graduated. Immediately thereafter he commenced the study of law at the Maryland University and graduated therefrom in the year 1876. He located in the city of Cumberland and commenced the practice of his profession as a member of the Allegany bar. For three successive terms of four years each he has been State's attorney of Allegany county.

Williams For Judge.

HAGERSTOWN, Md., Oct. 1—The Democratic Judicial Convention met here at 10:30 o'clock this morning. G. S. Hamill, of Oakland, was made chairman, and Lewis Syester secretary. Congressman McKaig nominated Ferdinand Williams to be associate judge of the fourth judicial circuit, and J. Augustine Mason seconded the nomination for Washington county, William C. Daily for Garrett, and J. W. S. Cochrane for Allegany counties. Col. Sehley and Senator Lane also made seconding speeches. The nomination was then made by acclamation.

Messrs. D. J. Backiston, J. A. Mason and Gilmor S. Hamill were appointed the committee to notify Mr. Williams of his nomination.

Communicated.

To the editor of The Republican.

I have been informed that it is the opinion of some who fought me in the primary at Selbysport, that I intend to use my influence to defeat Mr. Austin Brown for sheriff. I want to say to the public as well as to my friends that I am not that kind of a Republican. I intend to use all honorable means to secure his election by the largest majority possible, and should he loose any Republican vote it will not be my will or my fault. I shall also use all honorable means to elect the whole ticket by the largest majority possible.

I am sure all who know me will bear me out in this.

Very respectfully,
J. S. MEYERS.

Excursion Rates to Atlanta.

On account of the Atlanta Exposition, the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets at greatly reduced rates. Season tickets will be sold every day until December 15th, good returning until January 7th, 1896. Twenty-day tickets will be sold every day until December 15th, good returning for twenty days from date of sale. We give below the rates for the season and twenty-day tickets from stations in this vicinity.

	SEASON.	20-DAY.
Deer Park	$31 90	$23 40
Mountain Lake Park	31 90	23 40
Oakland	31 90	23 40
Grafton	31 90	23 40

Correspondingly low rates from other stations. 20-4t.

Married.

BURGESS—SNYDER.—On Sept. 28, at the residence of Silas Snyder by Rev. Wm. Junkins, Mr. Edwin Burgess and Miss Christina Snyder.

Dentistry.

Dr. D. O. McKinley will be at Hoyes, Oct. 7th, McHenry, Oct. 8th; Wm. Rodcheaver's, Oct. 9th, Kearney, Oct. 10th and 11th; Crellin, Oct. 14th and 15th. 29-3t.

Bethlehem.

Smart Trilby wishes to hear from lazy J. Bird. He is still on the wing and has plenty of apples and potatoes to eat, but the corn and buckwheat are not very good.

We are glad to boast of good hunters in our neighborhood, of which the most noted are William and Dorsey Harvey. The 'coons flee for their lives at the sound of their voices.

Mr. James Harvey's new barn is nearing completion.

Mr. Josephus Harvey has returned home from a visit to Missouri. He has the typhoid fever and is now under the hands of a physician.

A very pleasant visit was paid to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Lee by Mr. Perry Lee, of Bayard.

Mrs. Sarah Rodeheaver is visiting her parents at this place.

On last Sunday after receiving a nice treat from our superintendent, our Sunday school was closed for the season.

Our chestnut crop will be a failure. J. BIRD.

New Germany.

Weather very dry.

W. F. Durst is on the sick list.

J. M. Durst lost a fine horse last week.

C. A. Fresh started for Pittsburg this week.

C. J. Otto has returned from New York where he has been visiting relatives.

Turkey season is in and some of the boys have been bringing home some fine game.

Miss Althea M. Otto and Miss Katie Durst were in Frostburg last week.

The fall grain sown is looking well considering the extremely dry weather.

The Epworth League will be held at this place every Sunday evening at 7:30. The young people are invited to attend.

Laurel Run.

Rev. Frederick Michael preached in the M. E. church in Barton, Sunday last.

Deck Shaw has been ill but is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. William E. Green lost their youngest child.

Mr. Shaw's dwelling is about completed.

Mrs. George Lininger died on Thursday, the 26th, and was buried in Laurel Hill cemetery.

C. A. Green has bought a fine horse.

Messrs. David Hansel and S. C. Green are going to take a trip to the love feast on Pea Ridge Saturday, the 5th.

Miss Laura Miller is lying ill at this writing.

Glade Valley.

Weather has suddenly changed to cold with occasional bits of snow flying.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hauser and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Winters, of Bayard, were visiting relatives at this place.

Born, unto Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bittner, a son.

Rev. Mr. Junkins preached at the Red House Sunday.

Mr. J. S. Gnegy, who started from Stanford, Ill., the 16th on his wheel, arrived safely at his home on the 28th, he having come the entire distance on his wheel and says he enjoyed his trip very much.

Quite a large crowd of people attended the Dunkard meeting on the 28th.

Miss Carrie Winters is very ill at this writing.

Mr. Samuel Gnegy and wife contemplate taking a trip to Pennsylvania soon. Mr. Gnegy was raised on a farm about two miles from Meyersdale, and has a number of relatives and old acquaintances living at that place, whom they expect to visit. TRILBY.

Notice.

Any one trespassing on my land situated along Meadow Mountain public highway in any way hunting, cutting timber, pasturing cattle, molesting property, &c., will be prosecuted according to law.

HANNAH SPIKER.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

Ripans Tabules relieve nausea.

ARE YOU BANKRUPT in health, constitution undermined by extravagance in eating, by disregarding the laws of nature, or physical capital all gone, if so,

NEVER DESPAIR

Tutt's Liver Pills will cure you. For sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, malaria, torpid liver, constipation, biliousness and all kindred diseases.

Tutt's Liver Pills
an absolute cure.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

FOR ECZEMA, TETTER, ITCH, SALT RHEUM, DANDRUFF, ITCHING PILES, RING WORM, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES AND ALL SKIN DISEASES.

It soothes the Inflamed tissues immediately and infallibly. The healing process begins at once and comfort is assured with the first application. It does not effect a complete cure suddenly or miraculously, but it does cure. There's no doubt about that. There are other things which give some relief, but nothing else is so quick, so thorough and so certain as this. It isn't an experiment, it has been tried and proven.

50 Cents. All Druggists.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Foster's German Army and Navy Catarrh Cure cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head and all Inflammation of the Nasal Passages. 50 Cents.

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 1, on Front Street, in Bayard, West Va.

Lot containing four acres with house on it, at Swanton, Md.

A mortgage on property worth more than double, at Loch Lynn Heights, Md.

WILLIAM W. SWEET,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26t*

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL
ROOFING,
SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

Slate Roofing.

Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.

I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.

All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.

I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.

Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.

For prices apply to or address,

C. M. BEACHY,
47—1yr. Grantsville, Md

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, 1/4 old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
39—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

STRAWBERRIES.

Best varieties, early, medium and late. Our pot grown plants set now will produce a full crop next June. Sent by mail prepaid, 60 cents per dozen; express unpaid, $3 per hundred.

THE HORTICULTURAL SUPPLY CO.,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

FUNERAL OF MRS. CROOK.

Casket Containing Her Remains Wrapped in Her Husband's Flag.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 27.—The funeral train bearing the remains of Mrs. Mary Daily Crook, widow of Gen. George Crook, United States Army, arrived via special train over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad from Oakland, Md., this morning at 10 o'clock, and was met at the station by a committee of distinguished army officers, together with a large number of Mrs Crook's personal friends in Washington. The car bearing Mrs. Crook's remains was the "West Virginia," which was used through the courtesy of ex-Senator Henry G. Davis, a friend of the family.

Another car was almost entirely filled with floral tributes from Mrs. Crook's friends at Oakland and Deer Park. At the station additional quantities of beautiful floral designs from Washington friends made up in every conceivable shape were brought and carried to the grave. The grave is in one of the most beautiful spots at Arlington. It is on the river front, and a magnificent granite monument, said to be the largest piece of granite ever quarried in Maryland or Virginia, with the four sides in bronze relief illustrating the incidents of General Crook's principle Indian battles, marks the soldier's last resting place. The two graves were completely covered with flowers, piled more than three feet high. Among the floral tributes were at least a half a dozen different designs sent by Col. Wm. F. Cody, better known as "Buffalo Bill," who was General Crook's scout and personal friend.

A long line of carriages met the funeral party at the station, and shortly after 10 o'clock the procession started on its way to Arlington Cemetery. Mrs. Fanny Daily Read sister of Mrs. Crook, and her only near relative, was the chief mourner. Mrs. Read was escorted by Mr. Tunis F. Dean, of Baltimore, who is an intimate friend of the family and an especial favorite of Mrs. Crook, who, not having any children, had grown to look upon Mr. Dean as a foster-son. With Mrs. Read, from Oakland, were Mr. and Mrs. Baker who had gone on from Washington; Mrs. Estes Rathbone, Rev. J. Harry Moore, of Keyser, who was Mrs. Crook's pastor for many years. Mrs. Crook's several servants were also in the party.

The pall-bearers were: Secretary of Agriculture J. Sterling Morton, Gen. M. R. Morgan, commissary general United States Army; Gen. T. H. Stanton, paymaster-general United States Army; Col. H. C. Corbin, assistant adjutant-general United States Army; Col. C. B. Schofield, United States Army; Col. Wm. Crook, Mr. John F. Waggaman, Lieut. L. W. V. Kennow, United States Army; Mr. Logan Carlisle.

Among those who met the funeral party at the station and who went to Arlington Cemetery were: Lieut. Lucien Young, United States Navy; Gen. R. N. Batchelder, quartermaster-general, United States Army; Gen. George D. Ruggles, adjutant-general, United States Army; Gen. Robert Williams, retired, United States Army; General David Stanley, United States Army, retired; (General Stanley was a class-mate of General Crook's at West Point;) Major J. M. Burke, Col. Wm. F. Cody, Mr. Allison Naylor, Messrs. Francis and George Crook, of Baltimore, cousins of General Crook; Major Charles Porter, United States Army; General Craighill, chief engineer, army; Mrs. Lewis Nixon and Miss Wood, of Washington, cousins of Mrs. Crook; Mrs. John F. Waggaman, Mrs. General Stanton, Miss Corbin, Mrs. and Miss Lammert, Washington; Mrs. and Miss Perry, Miss Moreland, G. W. M. Crook and Samuel Crook, of Baltimore.

The casket was wrapped in a beautiful silk flag, used for years by General Crook as his headquarters flag. It was draped over Mrs. Crook's casket because she was regent for Garrett county (Md.) Daughters of the Revolution, who requested that the flag be used.

The funeral procession was several squares in length and arrived at Fort Meyer shortly after eleven o'clock, where it received honor by the guard, who presented arms, while the officers and the garrison stood with uncovered heads as the long line of carriages passed through the post. The services at the grave while simple, were impressive. Rev. J. Harry Moore read the Presbyterian funeral service, followed by beautiful singing by the Harmony Quartette, who rendered "De Profundis" and "Sun of My Soul," the latter by request of Mrs. Read. Colonel Gordon, Colonel Lebo, with the officers and ladies of Fort Meyer, attended the funeral. Mrs. Read will remain at the Ebbitt House until Sunday, when she will return to "Crooks Crest," Oakland. The floral offerings exceeded anything of the kind seen in Washington in many years.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 30, 1895.

The Democratic cackling over the September Treasury statement is about as silly a thing as a lot of grown men could be guilty of, when considered in connection with the actual facts, known to all those who are conversant with the situation, and easily accessible to everybody. During the month of September the receipts of the government were slightly in excess of the expenditures, but that does not mean, as some ill-informed Democrats are saying, that the receipts of the government have grown to be as large as its expenditures. Not at all. The explanation, instead of being favorable to the administration is decidedly the contrary. The heaviest payments of the government are made early in the quarters beginning July 1st, October 1st, January 1st and April 1st, consequently the smallest expenditures are for the last months of the quarters — June, September, December and March. This is so to a large extent under all administrations, but it has been particularly so under the present, because of the system of withholding payments during the last half of the quarters for the purpose of misleading the country as to the state of the public finances, which has been such a marked feature of the Cleveland regime. Last April the receipts, under this system, exceeded the expenditures. It was the same in June, the excess for that month being about $2,000,000 more than for September, and it will doubtless be the same for December; but all the while that annual deficit has been steadily climbing, and it will continue to climb until the Republican Congress takes hold and passes the legislation necessary to increase the revenues of the government, through a revision of the Democratic tariff law, which Democratic Treasury officials openly acknowledge will never provide all the money needed to run the government.

When you wish to know the actual condition of the United States Treasury do not take the figures especially juggled for any single month, but take them for the entire year. For instance, on Aug. 31st, last, the Democratic tariff law had been in effect for one year. Now, what sort of a showing was made during that year? Here are the figures made by Democratic officials: The total receipts were $295,061,922, and the total expenditures $359,026,332. Now a very simple example in subtraction will show that the deficit for the year was $63,965,310, a sum nearly equal to what was received from that foreign syndicate for the last issue of bonds. This isn't partisan politics, but a statement of cold, hard facts. That these facts demonstrate the incapacity of the Democratic party to successfully administer the affairs of the government is true, but that is only so much the worse for the Democratic party, which is responsible for these disagreeable facts.

Speaking of bond issues, any one can easily ascertain by comparison of the available cash in the Treasury just before the first bond issue with the amount of available cash on hand to-day that the three bond issues, while ostensibly made to replenish the gold reserve, were in reality made to obtain the money to meet the deficit in the receipts of the Treasury brought about by Democratic misgovernment and attempts to put the country upon a free trade basis. It is no exaggreation to say that had the Democrats when they came into power officially announced their intention to let the McKinley tariff alone, there would have been no bond issues and no panic.

Although Mr. Cleveland has known from the day that Gen. Schofield became the Commander of the Army that he would retire under the age limitation yesterday (September 29th, 1895) he has allowed him to retire without designating his successor, and until he does the duties of Commander of the Army will devolve upon Secretary Lamont, who knows less about handling troops than a newly appointed cadet to West Point. General Nelson A. Miles, as the senior Major General, should be the Commander of the Army, but it is said that Mr. Cleveland does not wish him to have it because he believes him to be a Republican, and that even contemplates leaving the position vacant in order to deprive Gen. Miles of the honor of holding it.

Every day something turns up to accentuate the desperate condition of Senator Gorman and his ticket. The latest is the refusal of his registration officers to allow a number of Republicans who own homes, valued all the way from $1,000 to $50,000, in Maryland, but do business in Washington, to register in that state. A test case will be taken to the courts but as Gorman controls the courts largely there isn't much hope of accomplishing anything further than putting them on record.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Send your job work to THE REPUBLICAN office.

McComas' Calmative Konseals, 10 cents. Try them. 5-tf

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

FOR SALE. — Four heavy work horses. Apply to D. S. Martin, Oakland, Md. 26-3t.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

The healing properties of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve are well known. It cures eczema, skin affections and is simply a perfect remedy for piles.

We have something new, effective, pleasant to take and perfectly harmless and a positive cure for nervous headache, sick headache, dizziness and neuralgia. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

HAULING AND EXPRESS.—I have located at Mountain Lake Park and am prepared to do hauling of all kinds at short notice. Baggage a specialty. A share of the public patronage solicited. Harry Thayer.

Nothing so distressing as a hacking cough. Nothing so foolish as to suffer from it. Nothing so dangerous if allowed to continue. One minute Cough Cure gives immediate relief.

McComas' Calmative Konseals contain all that is required to cure the worst case of headache or neuralgia in a very few minutes and are safe, sure, inexpensive. Manufactured by Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf.

Try McComas' Calmative Konseals to drive away sharp pains in muscular and acute rheumatism. One or two Konseals have shown marvelous results. 10 cents per box. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

Say, why don't you try DeWitt's Little Early Risers? These little pills cure headache, indigestion and constipation. They're small but do the work.

It is a truth in medicine that the smallest dose that performs a cure is the best. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the smallest pills, will perform a cure, and are the best.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

There are many good reasons why you should use One Minute Cough Cure. There are no reasons why you should not, if in need of help. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

THE OAKLAND HARNESS CO.

carry the best stock of heavy, hand made harness and horse furnishing goods to be found in the country.

Alder Street, opposite G. S. Hamill's office.

TRUMAN WEST, Manager.

26—26t.*

Reqistration Notice.

September and October Sittings.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned Officers of Registration of Voters in and for their respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county, at the places hereinafter named, for three successive days in the month of September, commencing with and including the third Monday of September, that is to say the

16th, 17th and 18th Days of September, 1895,

and four successive days in the month of October, commencing with and including the first Monday in October, that is to say on the

7th, 8th, 9th and 10th Days of October, 1895,

from the hour of 8 o'clock a. m., until 5 o'clock p. m., on each of said days for the purpose of ascertaining and registering in the proper registries of voters the persons qualified to vote in their respective Election Districts who shall present themselves for registration, and for the further purpose of revising and correcting the registries of voters for their said respective Election Districts, and the striking therefrom the names of all voters entered therein who shall have died or become for any reason disqualified or who for any cause shall have ceased to be entitled to remain on said registries of voters.

And on the Monday next succeeding the second Monday in October, that is to say on the

21st Day of October,

in said year 1895, from the hour of 8 o'clock a. m., until 8 o'clock p. m., on said day, the said Officers of Registration will sit in their respective Election Districts for the revision of and for the hearing of applicants for reinstatement by persons whose names shall have been stricken off the registries of voters for said Election Districts in said county as provided in Article 33, Sections 1 to 36½, of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, title "Elections," sub-title Registration of Voters" as amended by Chapter 553 of the Acts of 1890.

The places of sitting of each of said Officers of Registration in their respective Election Districts on the days named and hours stated is as follows to-wit:

District No. 1. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days will sit at Swanton. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Swanton. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Swanton.

District No. 2. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Friendsville. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Friendsville. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Friendsville.

District No. 3. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Grantsville. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Grantsville. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Grantsville.

District No. 4. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Bloomington. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Bloomington. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Bloomington.

District No. 5. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Accident. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Accident. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Accident.

District No. 6. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Sang Run. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Sang Run. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Sang Run.

District No 7. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Oakland. During the first October Sitting, 1895, will sit at Hutton, on the 7th day and at Oakland on the 8th, 9th and 10th days of October. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Oakland.

District No. 8. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Gorman. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Red House. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Red House.

District No. 9. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Johnsons. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Johnsons. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Johnsons.

District No. 10. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Deer Park. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Deer Park. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Deer Park.

District No. 11. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Elbow. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Garlitz's Mill. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Garlitz's Mill.

District No. 12. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Bittinger. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Bittinger. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Bittinger.

All naturalized citizens applying for registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the Officers of Registration.

Signed,

H. O. HAMILL, Registration Officer District No. 1.
H. E. FRIEND, Registration Officer District No. 2.
ISAIAH FULLER, Registration Officer District No. 3.
JOHN COLLINS, Registration Officer District No. 4.
JOHN L. RICHTER, Registration Officer District No. 5.
N. C. BROWNING, Registration Officer District No. 6.
JOHN A. HUGHES, Registration Officer District No. 7.
HENRY A. SHAFFER, Registration Officer District No. 8.
SAMUEL JOHNSON, Registration Officer District No. 9.
SEBASTIAN HINEBAUGH, Registration Officer District No. 10.
NOAH S. GARLITZ, Registration Officer District No. 11.
JOSEPH BUCKLE, Registration Officer District No. 12.

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

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A MODERN, HIGH GRADE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.

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MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

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—PROPRIETOR OF—
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OAKLAND, MD.

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JOS. E. HARNED, Manager.

ELECTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to the Judges of Election and to the voters of Garrett county, that an election will be held in the several Election Districts of Garrett county, at the usual places of holding elections, on

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1895,

for the purpose of electing—

A Governor.
A Comptroller of the Treasury of the State of Maryland.
An Attorney General of the State of Maryland.
An Associate Judge of the Fourth Judicial Circuit.
A Sheriff.
A Treasurer.
A Commissioner.
Two members of the House of Delegates.
Three Judges of the Orphans' Court.
A State's Attorney.
A Register of Wills.
A Surveyor.

The polls of said Election will be open in each and every district in said county, at the usual places of holding the polls, at 8 o'clock a. m., and will be closed at 6 o'clock p. m., when the ballots shall be publicly counted.

All persons will take notice that by Chap. 191, Acts of 1865, no spirituous or fermented liquors, ale or beer, or any intoxicating drinks can be sold or given away on election day. CHARLES WEGMAN, Sheriff.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, May 19th, 1895. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.	Daily	2.48 A. M
No. 3	Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 71	Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 47	Daily except Mon	10.49 A. M
No. 15	Accommodation daily	6.24 P. M
No. 1	Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	Daily	6.06 A. M
No. 2	Daily	6.37 A. M
No. 14	Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 72	Accom daily except Sun	4.32 P. M
No. 40	Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4	Daily	12.29 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

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MALETTE,
OAKLAND, MD.

THE REPUBLICAN

BENJ. M. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND GARRETT CO., MD

RAIN.

IN THE CITY.

A shadow creeps to the sun, that seems
Like a soul with a guilty stain;
A silver drop on the pavement gleams:
Thank God for the rain, the rain.

The burning dust of the blazing street
Is dimpled. From o'er the plain,
The cool wind comes with a kiss that's sweet
And riots along the rain!

The gamins whistle; the teamsters bare
Their brows for a moment's space;
From sweltering casements the children stare
At the drops in the rainy race!

And the heart of the city beats for joy,
And the sick forget their pain;
And one looks down on a barefoot boy
And longs for his youth again!

IN THE COUNTRY.

The broad fields burn in the noonday sun
And the lily looks forlorn;
And the freshness fades from the dusty blades
Of the waveless, windless corn.

The cattle, with never a clank of bells,
Lie still by the shadowed streams;
The birds are mute in the drowsy dells,
When suddenly the lightning gleams.

Far off on the horizon's misty verge,
One up from the south there comes
Cloud on cloud in a battle charge,
And the thunder rolls its drums.

And the corn grows glad and its silks are lessed
And the lily drinks the drops
That the warring clouds in their anger jest—
Life! life! to the thirsting crops!

And one looks out from a cabin door
And then to a woman speaks:
"We'll have a harvest that's fine, I'm shore,
If it just don't rain six weeks."

—Frank L. Stanton, in Chicago Times-Herald.

A KENTUCKY FEUD.

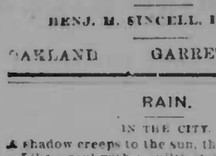

ITTEN has be been seen at the theaters, tall, long-haired, dignified women have looked wonderingly at him, and in the rotundas of the hotels people have asked: "Who is that man?" He carries his head high, as if looking for some one in the hills; the movements of his body bespeak great strength, and yet his footfall is almost as soft as the spongy tread of a cat. At any sudden noise he wheels about with his chin up. His name is Doc Sizemore, and his earliest memory is an afternoon when he lay behind a log with his father waiting for one of the Hightowers to show his head in the timber across the ravine. He is the only survivor of a Kentucky feud. And how fondly does his mind cling to the rude shacks of his early home, the thicket wherein his people lay upon their guns, the spring under the hill once reddened by the blood of an uncle.

A few years ago he came to Chicago. He sought a wilderness, he said, in which he might be alone. But men marked him, branded him an oddity, strove to peep at his life—not that they cared for him, but that they were seeking a relief from the strain of a severed existence; striving after something new. He did not with resentment turn upon this curiosity. Knowing not the ways of a city, he fancied that the rudeness must be a part of its life. And so he formed acquaintances.

The other night he came into the club with a friend. Among the company was an Englishman. Upon the politeness shown him, the care taken to entertain him, he had looked with cool indifference; he had yawned at an "old-timer's" story of the great fire—surely a daring impertinence in Chicago—and with pardonable weariness had turned a chilly shoulder toward a blank verse recitation. But when this long-haired, strange looking man was introduced, the Briton folded his

"ARE YOU THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF THE KENTUCKY FEUD?"

reserve—his boorishness, if it be nearer the truth—and tucked it away.

"Ah, did I understand that you are the only survivor of a Kentucky feud?" he asked.

"I don't know what you understood," Sizemore answered. "That's what I said."

"Ah, I dare say."

"So do I."

"But tell me, what am I to understand by a Kentucky feud?"

"I don't know what you are to understand by it."

"Ah, I dare say."

"So do I."

"But, really," said the Englishman, "I would like to know more about it. I have been in this country six weeks, you know, and am rather familiar with American life, but I must confess that I don't understand the nature of a feud. I ran across none in New York, you know. But they told me that nearly everybody was out of town, and that was probably the reason. Still I know what a feud must be. The Scotch used to have them. At one time they used to be fashionable in the Highlands. Tell me about your feud."

"Yes, if you honestly want to hear about it. It began over a fiddle string. You see my grandfather, when he was a young fellow, was at a dance one night and a fiddle string broke. Of course, everybody knew that a fiddle string was bound to break, yet no one had thought to bring an extra one. Well, it became necessary to send some one to a store six miles away to get another steing. I don't know anything about the society in your country, but away out in Kentucky the man that goes after the fiddle string is marked with a certain sort of distinction. My grandfather said that he wanted to go, and a young fellow named Hightower, as haughty a buck as ever lived, reckoned that he would go himself. Well, a dispute arose, and it was finally decided that they should both go. And they did. But when they got to the store another difficulty came up as to who should take the string.

"My grandfather said that he reckoned he would take it, and Hightower vowed that if he did he wouldn't take his ears with him. Even the most liberal construction would have made this an insinuation. At least my grandfather took it as such. The upshot was that he took the string, together with both of his ears, back to the place where the dancers were waiting; but afterward it was observed that some people had more ears than Hightower could boast of. This naturally brought about an embarrassed relationship between the two families, which at the time, I must add, consisted of only the two, my grandfather and the other fellow. But what did they do, go at each other to end the affair? Oh, no; that would not have been proper.

"They had sowed the seeds of a feud and now were to wait for the harvest in fact, they were to marry, bring up families and engage in war. They married about the same time. They wanted their wives to hate each other, so they married two girls that had been devoted friends. The two families prospered, and when my father was twenty years old the war broke out. It lasted along in a snapshot way until another generation came, and then it broke out in earnest. At that time I was seventeen years old. There had been a long lull, and the neighbors said they hoped the difficulty was settled, but they knew it wasn't, and indeed they hadn't hoped that it was. Luke Hightower and I went to the same school—sat together. It was intended that we both should study medicine, for you know that each branch of a feud has a doctor. One day my brother Ned came to the schoolhouse and told me that I was wanted at home, and about that time Luke's brother came after him. We knew what was up. Luke asked me for a chew of tobacco, and 'lowed that he might see me again.

"I laughed pleasantly and answered that I might take a close look at him through the sights of a rifle. This tickled him mightily, it was so good a joke, and he swore that if he hadn't agreed, after shaking dice, to let his brother Tall have the first crack at me he would shoot me on the spot. Well, the next day, we all arrayed ourselves in the latest styles of firearms and went to the county seat to wait for the Hightowers. Circuit court was in session. You must know that it is regarded as ungentlemanly to fight in the county seat unless court is in session. Otherwise the judge would be in no danger of getting shot, and to shoot a judge by accident is a great event in the county. We poked about town eating gingerbread for an hour or so, and at last the Hightowers rode into the place."

"Wait a moment," said the Englishman. He was busy making notes. "Just a bit, please. You are really contributing a very interesting chapter to my book on the social customs of rural life in America. There, now you may proceed."

"We didn't take much notice of one another until along toward evening," Sizemore continued. "And then, of course, a pistol went off by accident. Everybody knew that the shot was accidental, and therefore it was a signal that the battle had begun. I don't know the exact time the fight lasted, for my watch was broken by the third shot."

"You don't say so!" the Englishman exclaimed.

"Didn't you hear me say so? If you didn't I'll say it again."

"Yes, really, I heard you."

"Then why did you say I didn't say so. You mean to call me a liar?"

"Ah, wait till I get that down. Charming, I assure you."

"All right. Well, we succeeded in killing four men who had nothing to do with the fight, but still we fought, for our mission was not yet accomplished. It looked discouraging and my father was heartsick, but about five o'clock in the afternoon we heard that the judge had been accidentally killed and then we rode away, feeling that a great work had been accomplished.

"A year passed and not another shot was fired. We were waiting until another judge should be elected. It was not good form to pay any attention to a special appointment. The election came off in due time and a prominent man took his place on the bench. Then we began to rub up our guns, and we knew that the Hightowers were similarly engaged. This time we all took to the woods, intending to fight round toward the county seat. One day daddy and I were lying behind a rock. Suddenly we heard some one talking. It was old Abe Hightower. He had a habit of talking to himself. 'I wish I had a bite to eat,' he said. 'I am as hungry as a wolf.' This placed daddy in a responsible position. Hightower was on our land at the time and daddy as a Kentucky gentleman couldn't see him go hungry. So he took out a half of a hoecake, yelled at old Abe and threw it to him. And this brought about a lull, for Abe, being a high-toned gentleman, couldn't shoot daddy while enjoying his hospitality. We went home, and the next morning there came a boy with half a hoecake and a note which read like this: 'I return your bread by the enclosed boy. We are even now, so far as hospitality is concerned, and the next thing I send you will be more like a pill than a hunk of the staff of life. Oh, you venomous cur. Your pizen ancestor would cut off the ears of my grandfather, eh? The scoundrel didn't stop to think of what a disgrace he was putting upon me. Look out for me.'

"Well, the next day we moved around toward the county seat. But court was not to sit until the next day, so we waited in the woods. This time the Hightowers were there first. This was an insult to us, but we strove to overlook it. We sat about waiting for the pistol to go off accidentally. One of the Hightowers threw a gun into the street, but it wouldn't go off. The situation was becoming embarrassing. Just then the judge poked a double-barreled gun out of the courthouse window and turned it loose. It was loaded with horseshoe nails and bits of crushed plowpoint. It was a great shock, I assure you. It was out of the range of our calculations. It was rude. But there was no appeal from its decision. It killed four Hightowers and three Sizemores. So we all went home, regretting that the sovereign people of the county had elected that judge.

"I now decided that it was about time for me to fall in love, so I slipped off one night and fell in love with Sue Hightower."

"What!" cried the Englishman, "with the daughter of your enemy?"

"Of course. What else was I to do? What else could a gentleman do? We might have lived in an out of the way place, sir, but we understood good form. To be conventional was one of our strong points."

"And was your love returned?"

"What, returned! Don't you suppose that Sue understood her business? Why, sir, she had been brought up

"THEY ARE PICKING MIGHTY POOR TIMBER FOR JUDGES."

with the tenderest care; her parents had taught her to hate me, and what else was she to do but to fall in love with me? And now the next thing was to let the two families discover that Sue and I were in love with each other. But it was some time before the discovery was made—we were all busy boiling wild-cat whisky. But one day old Abe Hightower found me with Sue in my arms and his suspicions were aroused. Still he said nothing; he wanted proof. Several days later I ran away with Sue and married her and then his suspicions were confirmed. Then the war broke out in earnest, for we were all afraid of the reconciliation which was in sight.

"In Kentucky, you know, a reconciliation is a desperate thing. Some of our bloodiest fights take place just after a reconciliation. Well, we went to the county seat. I lived apart in a cabin, for my father had declared that he would shoot me if I ever brought my wife home. But it was my duty to fight for him, so I went along. We heard that the judge had loaded his gun with scrap iron, so we kept away from the courthouse. The fight began early, for the reconciliation stared us in the face. But, sir, that judge got the range on us again and killed everybody but Luke Hightower and myself."

"You don't say so!" the Englishman exclaimed. But he quickly added: "I beg your pardon. I heard you say so, otherwise I should know nothing about it, I assure you."

"Killed every one except Luke and myself. Well, I rode out of town and so did Luke. We took the same road. 'They are picking up mighty poor timber for judges here of late,' said he.

"'Yes,' I replied, 'it isn't like it used to be. How do you intend to employ your time now that this thing is about settled?'

"'I was just thinking of that,' he answered. 'As a starter, suppose we swap horses.'

"Well, we got down and looked at each other's horse. And we swapped. We rode along together and each felt that the other was lonesome. 'Something has to be done,' said Luke. 'You know that there can't be but one survivor of a Kentucky feud.' 'That's a fact,' I replied. 'Suppose you let me be the survivor.' But he wouldn't agree to this. And without any warning he shot at me."

"And you killed him?" said the Englishman.

"Well, not personally. But he knew that I would, so when I sent him a rope he hanged himself."

"Well, I must say that this was remarkable."

"Oh, you needn't say it unless you want to."

"But your wife, what became of her?"

"Oh, well, you know that after the feud was over she had no further use for me. And on this ground she applied for a divorce and got it. The judge who had wiped out the feud granted the decree."

"And what became of the woman?"

"The judge married her."—Chicago Times-Herald.

REFORM IN PENMANSHIP.

Chirography Shows a Marked Improvement in Recent Years.

Probably all who have had a common school education remember vividly the agonies they suffered during the half hour a day devoted to making pot hooks and copying unmeaning phrases in their writing books. The same number of unfortunates realize with equal vividness how widely different their own present chirography is from the flowing copy plate which they tried to imitate, with more or less success, in their youthful days. The penmanship of the world has always been far short of the ideal copy-book standard, but since the general introduction of the typewriting machine it has grown from bad to worse. The part of the community who have university educations are worse off in this regard than the common school graduates, for the reason that if they ever did write a half-way decent hand as the result of their teacher's strenuous efforts, it was completely ruined when they began to take notes of lectures at college.

The world moves, and now the educational experts are arriving at the conclusion that the whole system of instruction in writing is wrong; that the beautiful and elaborate curlycues and intricate shading of the old copy-plate system are not only useless and difficult to acquire, but that, in the generality of cases, they are really unreadable. Every one has received more or less letters written by some so-called first-class penman which are beautiful to look at in the regularity of their strokes and curves, but extremely hard to read. The school-teachers have come to a realizing sense of a fact that the first purpose of handwriting is to be legible and not artistically beautiful, and that the some amount of time formerly spent in elaborating shading and curves, if spent in practicing the modern perpendicular hand, will give four times better results in the way of a mastery of the art, greater freedom in writing and the acquisition of a style which will be legible, even if it departs from regularity.

The same gradual transition has taken place in the art of lettering as practiced by draughtsmen. Twenty years ago draughtsmen and engineers learned elaborate lettering, the rustic style, the old English, and many others, and many weary hours were spent in the draughting-room putting these varied hieroglyphics on the drawings. The doctrine that simplicity and utility are the honest form of beauty has made headway among the draughtsmen, as elsewhere. The first reform was in the substitution of plain block lettering of the old style. The making of block lettering, however, is a slow task and much valuable time was wasted. The next reform was the introduction of the German "rundschrift," which is a species of freehand work done with a special pen, which shades broadly and almost automatically. The "rundschrift" may be put on a drawing with great rapidity, but it requires considerable skill to do it well, and the result of poor or mediocre work is painful to the eye.

The whole subject of lettering has now become a lost art. The draughtsmen to-day doesn't ink his fingers and break his back at anything of the kind. He buys a box of assorted printed letters on paper or cloth, with well-gummed backs, and when his drawing is done licks the backs of a sufficient number of these letters and affixes them to the drawing after the manner of the humble postage stamp.—N. Y. Tribune.

Historical Anecdotes.

"Would to God that night or Blucher would come!" exclaimed the duke of Wellington, as his anxious eye surveyed the dark masses of Napoleon's forces.

"Night will be here in three hours and eleven minutes, your grace," said his chief of staff, consulting his watch.

"Oh! I ain't so particular about night," responded the Iron Duke.

"All is lost save honor," exclaimed Francis I., as he looked upon his defeated army.

"How about honor?" asked a sorrowing courtier.

"Oh! we didn't have any of that."

"Soldiers," exclaimed Napoleon, "forty centuries look down on you from the pyramids!"

"Oh, they look down on us, do they?" asked Murat. "Well, I should think forty centuries on top of the pyramids would feel stuck up!"

"Stuck up!" said the little Corsican; "they are out of sight!"

"Gentlemen of the English guards, fire first," shouted the French guards at Fontenoy, as they ensconced themselves behind a brick wall.—Boston Transcript.

A Cook's Tombstone.

Among the many curious epitaphs which still figure as local attractions, one of the most remarkable is in the churchyard at Wood Ditton, near Newmarket, and marks the grave of William Simonds, who had been for many years head cook at the duke of Rutland's mansion, at Cheveley park. He was not above his calling, and it was by his express wish that "the dripping-pan" he loved so well should be placed on his tombstone. It was, accordingly, let into the headstone and kept in position by iron cross-bars, which, the rusties of Wood Ditton say, stand for the bars of the kitchen grate. The following is the epitaph:

Here lies my corpse, who was the man
Who lov'd a sop in dripping-pan,
But now believe me I am dead.
Now here the pan stands at my head.
I still for sop to the last I cried,
But could not eat, and so I died;
My neighbors they perhaps may laugh
When they do read my epitaph.
—St. James' Gazette.

Laying In Provisions.

"Well, I see the sandwich restaurant has bought the wornout machinery of the Collars and Cuffs Laundry company."

"What can they do with the machines?"

"Oh, they take the rubber off the wringers and make it into chicken salad."—Harrisburg Telegraph.

LONDON'S FOOD SUPPLY.

The Daily Task of Feeding Five Million People.

There are within the limits of the metropolis no fewer than 5,000,000 human beings each of whom has every day to be provided with food. To set forth fully the particulars on this point would be impossible, and we shall only glance at one or two of the staple supplies, respecting which we have been able to secure something like reliable information. In spite of the growth of vegetarianism in recent years, the vast majority of the residents in these islands still believe in "the roast beef of old England." In London this is especially the case; and when you come to think how many of the millions of this vast metropolis eat meat at least once a day, some idea may be formed of the extraordinary resources that must exist to meet the demand. These resources are to a large extent beyond the sea. Not only does London itself not furnish any of the cattle killed for consumption, but those sent from the provinces and from Scotland and Ireland only go to form a fraction of the meat consumed in London. The larger proportion comes from the United States, Canada, the River Platte, New Zealand and Australia—either dead or as live cattle. The latter are landed at Deptford and at Birkenhead, at which places they are killed.

Live cattle from abroad, intended for the London meat market, are, as we have said, landed at Birkenhead and Deptford. Practically, all the cattle arriving at Deptford are from the United States and Canada; none from European ports are admitted at the present time. There is splendid accommodation for the largest steamers at the Deptford jetties, and last year 486 of them discharged cattle there, being an increase of 126 as compared with the previous year. The total number of animals landed at Deptford last year was 237,645—174,843 being beasts, and 62,802 sheep. Immediately on arrival, the cattle are examined by the government inspector to see that they are free from disease, then they are run into sheds, where they remain till their time of pole-axing comes. No animal is allowed to leave Deptford alive; slaughter houses exist here, not in twos and threes, but in whole streets—and all the meat is, of course, sent to London.

Another of the feeders of Smithfield meat market is the Metropolitan cattle market at Holloway. The cattle disposed of here come from all quarters of England, Scotland and Ireland. There are at present, and have been for some time, orders of the board of agriculture in force prohibiting cattle from Canada, the United States and all continental countries, but last year toll was received on 40,822 Canadian and 27,298 United States sheep. The total number of animals entering Holloway market last year was: Beasts, 104,193; sheep, 910,436; calves, 5,207, and pigs, 597. The very small number of pigs is accounted for by the fact that the pig market was closed for the greater portion of the year owing to the prevalence of swine fever.

If London had to depend for its meat supply solely upon the number of live cattle that arrive, its wants could be but inadequately met. Of late years there has sprung up an extraordinary trade in frozen and chilled meats. So far as beef is concerned, America, of course, leads the way, and some idea of the steady growth of this trade, and the proportion which the supplies of American refrigerated beef—which is simply chilled, not frozen, as is generally supposed—bears to the total of supplies of meat of all descriptions which comes into the central meat market, may be gleaned from a statement made by the chairman of the Hammond company. In 1887 the proportion was only 7 per cent.; ten years later it was 9 per cent.; and last year the proportion was 22 per cent. This means that one joint of beef out of every three consumed in London and immediate district is American refrigerated beef. The quantity of this beef sold in the central meat market for eight months to the end of August last year, exceeded that sold during the corresponding period of the previous year by 24,713,920 pounds. But beef is only one thing. The importations of frozen mutton and lamb during 1894 show the highest aggregates yet reported from New Zealand, Australia and the River Platte, and these classes of meat seem to be steadily increasing in public favor, as they well deserve to do.

Then there is Leadenhall market. No statistics as to the quantity disposed of at this market are available, but of meat alone it is very considerable, and to this have to be added the poultry and the game. Of poultry, W. J. Gordon, in his interesting book on "How London Lives," says the Great Eastern company alone brings to the metropolis over 3,000 tons per annum. Game also arrives in very large quantities and some years ago, according to the same authority, a well-known salesman estimated that there were shipped from Leadenhall alone in twelve months:

Grouse	100,000	Widgeon	70,000
Partridges	125,000	Teal	30,000
Pheasants	70,000	Wild duck	150,000
Snipe	80,000	Small wild birds	150,000
Irish plover	150,000	Larks	400,000
Egyptian quail	30,000		

To these quantities have to be added:

Pigeons	400,000	Hares	100,000
Geese	100,000	Rabbits	1,300,000
Ducks	350,000	Domestic fowls	2,000,000
Turkeys	104,000		

And these do not by any means exhaust the list. The figures and facts stated will, however, give some idea of the enormous quantity of meat and poultry and game that every year finds its way into the capacious maw of hungry London.—Westminster Budget.

—Timber long under water soon disintegrates on exposure to the air. There are in the River Thames a number of piles still sound which are believed to have been driven there by the Roman engineers when the invaders first made a bridge across the stream.

Peculiar

In combination, proportion and process, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses peculiar curative powers unknown to any other preparation. This is why it has a record of cures unequalled in the history of medicine. It acts directly upon the blood and by making it pure, rich and healthy it cures disease and gives good health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye to-day. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25 cents.

FRIENDS' OATS

Friends' Oats

FOR OLD AND YOUNG.

ALL GROCERS SELL

FRIENDS'

ROLLED OATS

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

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TEMPERANCE NOTES.

A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK.

A DRUNKEN FATHER'S RUM USUALLY GOES TO SEED.—Ram's Horn.

WON'T EMPLOY DRINKING MEN.

Growing Sentiment in the Business and Railway World Against Tippling Employes.

We find in an exchange an interview with the president of a street railway company in St. Louis, who said:

I want steady and sober men in my employ, and have only that kind. If a man when off duty takes a drink on the quiet he is not even reprimanded. Moderate drinking is a bad habit, and will not be tolerated by me. My foreman and others who have charge of men are repeatedly cautioned to be careful when men report for duty. If a man shows the least sign of having taken a drink or two, or does not appear steady in every way, he is right then and there asked to step out. We must do that in self-protection, for, let it once become known that we tolerate drinking, and demoralization would soon ensue among the whole lot, while every accident that happened would be credited by the public to the drunken antics of our men. We would then be compelled to pay every claim made against us. The courts would allow them as juries would decide that we are responsible for our servants. This explains why we must watch our men and keep them out of the saloons; that we must not only threaten, but also inflict punishment when deserved. Some of the labor leaders accuse us of infringing on personal liberty. They might as well say it is needless to prevent workers in a powder mill from smoking.

This is but a fair and candid exposition of the view taken by the officials of railways, and of street railways and transportation lines generally, as well as in all other similar lines. It is a plain business proposition. A company or other employer is liable for the acts of an employe. If the latter causes damage when under the influence of liquor, the employer or company is liable. Hence, it is a simple business precaution, often involving no hostility to liquor-drinking by others. The instances are many where a business man will not retain in his employ a person who drinks, yet who drinks himself. It has been proved in the experience of thousands of employers that whatever their own personal views on the liquor question, no matter if they use it themselves, they can not expect good service nor profitable work if employes are permitted to drink, even out of working hours; for in the latter case they come to work the next morning in bad condition, physically and mentally. Therefore, they adopt the plain business rule of employing no one who indulges in liquor.

No man really has any right to make himself a drunkard, because he thus makes himself a curse to his fellowmen, besides inflicting gross injury upon himself. The right to get drunk or make a sot of oneself may well be questioned. No man has a right to do anything immoral, and certainly an employer exercises a real right when he excludes men from his employ who have habits which impair their efficiency in business hours, and which are immoral in their effect.

Cool, calculating business men, with experience backing them, have come to the conclusion that it don't pay to employ men who use liquor in any form. Hence every sensible young man starting out in life concludes that, as a business advantage, he will have nothing to do with liquor. The sooner the boys understand this point clearly, the better it will be for them, and the more aid they will give to every intelligent effort to pulverize the rum power.—Toledo Blade.

DOCTORING OF WINE.

Wholesale Way in Which the Business Is Carried on in France.

The correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger, writing from Paris in a recent issue, advises that the United States, in retaliation for the action of France, Germany and other countries in placing an embargo on American cattle, swine and their products, should prevent the importation of doctored wines. He seems to be at home with this topic. He says:

I have given the subject of wine making in this country considerable investigation, and can establish to the satisfaction of intelligent and fair-minded people that the wines sent to America are systematically adulterated and thereby rendered unhealthful.

Then he goes on to show how they are able to manufacture wines without grapes. The falsification is reduced to a science and has the general terms of the *Coupage*, the *Moutillage* and the *Platrage*. *Coupage* is the mixing with other wines or water, and is the first setting up. *Moutillage* is the wetting down of the wine, which is water work, pure and simple. *Platrage* is the "plastering" of wines with sulphate of lime—the plaster of paris of commerce—and is intended to correct acidity.

Alcohol from Germany to Spain; heavy (very heavy) wine from Spain to France, and then, presto! you have the finest wines all from the same tank.

"The alcohol of commerce is like a child that does not know its own father. It might be the simple product of the grape, and then, again, it might not, with the accent on the "not." The foundling has many reputed fathers—corn, rice and other grains, potatoes, beets, honey, starch etc., all produce alcohol—alcohol that may be used to strengthen the wine of France, which, by the way, is not always to be taken as the juice either of the pure and tender grape or of grape "mixtures." "When the lion's skin falls short, we eke it out with the fox's." When the harvest fails, wine can be made of dried raisins, fig, locust beans, etc., etc. Thousands and thousands of boxes of poor quality raisins, figs and beans annually find their way to French territory from eastern lands, but we will leave them out of the reckoning and confine ourselves to the wine of France. Nor will we take to the water just yet. But, my friends of the clubs, you who have your special fancies in brands of wine, can you believe that your Macon, your Libourne, your Beaujolais all come out of the same vat? That your Bordeaux and your Burgundy are twin brothers, with their birthmarks slightly altered in the cradle? You are not compelled to believe me if you do not wish to, but "*Magna est veritas et prævalebit*." Truth lies at the bottom of a well and knows a great deal about the wine business.

Then follows a detailed description of each of these processes of doctoring imposed upon wine-drinking society. It is hardly to be expected in his appeal to his club friends that the writer will succeed. This class emphatically illustrates the famous showman's dictum, the people like to be humbugged. Yet it is to be hoped that communications of this kind entirely apart from the temperance press may one of these long days open the eyes of the blind.

CALISAYA INEBRIATES.

Terrible Evils Being Wrought by This Substitute for Widsky.

"Calisaya drunkards are rapidly increasing in numbers," said a New York druggist. "Very few men who drink this insidious mixture know what it is made of, and consequently they drink it with a recklessness which is almost suicidal. There is a large number of men in New York who have drunk alcohol in its various forms for many years, and who, either from fear of its ultimate effect or from a desire for a change, resort to drinks the nature of the effects of which they know nothing.

"This drink, called calisaya, which is so extensively retailed in drug stores, really has very little calisaya in it. The basis of the drink is alcohol and quinine. When drunk in a rational manner, the mixture is a comparatively harmless tonic, but when indulged in to excess it is much more harmful than alcohol alone, as it combines the deleterious effects of an overdose of quinine as well.

"The unfortunate victims of the calisaya habit ignorantly think that in calisaya they have found a drink which has the stimulating effects of whisky without any of its physical penalties, when the fact is that they are practically only adding the spur of quinine to their whisky, which is thinly disguised by calisaya. A man with a calisaya jag is sincerely to be pitied. He is just a little short of being a raving maniac. His ears ring like an anvil from the effects of the quinine, while his blood riots through his veins like a mill race at the bidding of the alcohol."—Toledo Blade.

GIVEN UP TO THE USE OF WINE.

An Industry and Custom That Ultimately Will Prove California's Curse.

According to Rev. Dr. Charles O. Brown, of San Francisco, of the 200,000 acres of California vineyards, nearly one-half (90,000) are devoted to wine production. These vineyards represent a capital of over $60,000,000. The average yearly production of wine is 25,000,000 gallons. Of this amount, 14,000,000 gallons are shipped out of the state, leaving 11,000,000 to be consumed there by a population of 1,500,000. "Society" is practically a unit in approving the use of table wine. No entertainment of "high, social order" is complete without its array of bottles and glasses. Any opposing sentiment is so much in the minority as to be thus far practically powerless before the strong current which bears society on its wine-red bosom. In San Francisco, a city of 350,000 people, Dr. Brown knows of only one grocery store which does not deal in liquors—the most profusely placarded being California wines.

Moral Responsibility.

No man can shirk the moral responsibility of becoming a drunkard, because alcoholism, the drink disease, can be produced only by alcohol, and if a person never drinks it he never will have the disease.—Dr. Bennett, the author of "The Sweet Bye and Bye."

A Warning to Vocalists.

Dr. Pegg, who was once an associate of Abbe Liszt, discards the idea that malt liquors give strength to the voice, though they may stimulate its action for a brief time. They had better be avoided by those singers who desire to keep their tones fresh and rich.

The Cigarette Road.

A poor lad of Brooklyn has gone to the county asylum over the same road that the noted novelist, Robert Louis Stevenson took to the other world—one hundred and fifty cigarettes a day.—Iowa Temperance Magazine.

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

EVERY drunkard was first a moderate drinker.

THE path of misery leads from the door of the saloon.

THE prosperity of the liquor traffic means degradation to homes.

THE saloon is the foulest blot on the fair pages of America's history.

THE California Knights Templar carried 40,000 bottles of wine to Boston, to be distributed among the guests.

IN this country it takes four hundred millions of dollars to run the jails and only fifty millions to run the churches.—C. T. A. News.

"THERE'S many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," but worse slips are apt to happen after the cup and lip have met and parted.—Herald and Presbyter.

THE Pueblo Indians are a moral race. They have resisted all attempts of traders to introduce whisky and playing cards in their midst.—Chicago Tribune.

ONE of the largest firms of English ship-owners, in view of danger to life and property involved by drinking habits, now stipulate that their captains shall become total abstainers.

WHISKY is never good to ward off anything. Good food is the best means with which to ward off disease. To dose with whisky is like adding shavings to the fire.—Geo. F. Shrady, M. D.

A REORGANIZATION of the Whisky trust has been effected under the name of the American Spirits Manufacturing Co., with a capital stock of thirty-five million dollars.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The oldest known piece of wood is formed into the statue of an Egyptian sheik. The statue is evidently a likeness; the eyes are of crystal, the expression of the face bold and commanding. The man whom it represents has been dead for 6,000 years, and yet the wood of the statue is as perfect to-day as when turned from the workshop of the carver.

—The olive, oak, laurel, myrtle, rosemary, cypress, amarinth and parsley are all funereal plants among the Greeks and Romans. "To be in need of parsley" was a Greek euphemism indicating the death of the person so described. An Athenian army once marching against the Lacedemonians was stampeded on its way out of the city by meeting two mules laden with parsley, the omen being that the whole army would soon be in need of that article.

—The holly in Germany is called Christ-dorn, or Christ's thorn, the legend being that it was of this plant that the crown of thorns was made: in France the honor is assigned to the hawthorn, which is there called the noble thorn; in Spain the legend assigns the honor to the bramble; an old Scotch legend makes the crown to consist of thistle blades; while in the folklore of England the climbing rose is said to have been the plant selected by the persecutors.

—A star, says Sir Robert S. Bell, is a mass of matter heated to such an extent that its effulgence is perceived far and wide. But this heated condition is exceptional, and though it doubtless lasts millions of years the temperature must finally sink to that of space, where it will remain through all eternity unless again kindled by accident into temporary luminosity. The normal and ordinary state of all the matter of space is cold and non-luminous, and therefore invisible to us.

—A strange sight was seen in London at the great fire in the grain warehouses near Blackfriar's bridge. As the buildings, which were on the water's edge, were burning, a black mass was seen in the river floating from the Surrey to the Middlesex side. It was composed of thousands of rats, cut off from escape on the land side. About ten thousand of them succeeded in crossing the river, but were then unable to get up the smooth side of the Thames embankment and were carried down stream and drowned.

—A photograph twenty-six and one-fourth feet long and three and five-sixths feet wide, giving a view of the recent annual show of the Royal Agricultural society at Sydney, has been produced by the government printing office of New South Wales. It was taken on eight plates, fifteen by twelve inches in size, and enlarged on bromide paper. The picture is good, and the photograph is claimed to be the largest ever produced, succeeding a view of Sydney, twenty-four feet long, which the same office exhibited at Chicago, as the largest.

THE MAFIA OF ITALY.

Origin of the Blood-Stained Society—The Massacre of Palermo.

Crime-stained as it is to-day, and ghastly with murder every step of its tortuous, secret career, the Mafia of Italy sprang into being from an inspiration of patriotism, but its very birth was heralded by a libation of blood.

The Mafia society is over six hundred years old, having its origin at the revolt of Palermo, which took place during an Easter ceremonial in the suburbs of that city, in the year 1282. A beautiful young girl and her betrothed, in accordance with the quaint and primitive customs of that people, approached the Church of the Holy Ghost to be united in marriage at its altar, and while the lover sought the padre in the little room at the rear of the building his bride paused upon the threshold.

As she stood there a drunken sergeant of the French garrison, named Druet, strode up behind her, threw his arm about her waist and kissed her. With a cry of horror she tore herself from his grasp and turned to fly, but the heel of her slipper caught in the coping of the stone pavement and she fell, striking her head against a sharp projection of the cornice.

At that instant the returning lover's eyes fell upon her prostrate form, and with the savage fury of a wild beast he threw himself upon Druet, bore him to the earth, and drove his stiletto to the wretch's heart, crying: "Morte alla Francia!" ("Death to the French!")

There was a moment's pause of silence, and then that maddened cry became the roar of infuriated thousands. It swelled and deepened; it took more solemn meaning—it became nationalized—and then burst forth: "Morte alla Francia Italia anela!" ("Death to the French is Italy's cry!") For seventy-two hours armed bands, headed by the father and betrothed of the hapless girl, hunted down the French.

But retribution was to come after this carnival of blood, and in dread of the vengeance of the French nation these unhappy people formed themselves into secret organizations with the password and name of the society made up of the initial letters of the words which compose that fateful death cry, thus forming Mafia.

Its object was resistance to oppression, and as the lapse of years added to its power and influence it stretched forth its hand against the rich and mighty in behalf of the poor and downtrodden. To-day it is the hideous cloak of the assassin of the night.—London Tit-Bits.

She Called Him a Donkey

"I-aw-observe there is a fine collection of plawnts here," said Dudely Canesucker, at the New York flower show, to Miss Bondclipper.

"Yes, they are very fine," observed Miss Daisy Boudclipper.

"I'm very fond of plants, myself, doncher know. Do you know the name of my favorite plawnt?"

"I think I can name it. It's the thistle, isn't it?"—Texas Siftings.

CAPTIVE PASHA IN AFRICA.

In Chains for Eight Months and Tied to a Pole.

I was kept for eight months in chains by the mahdi. The chains were of the thickness of my wrist, one round my neck and two about my arms and legs. In addition to this, I was tied to a pole like a dog or a bear. This treatment did not begin immediately upon my capture. The mahdists never, of course, treated me very cordially, but considering their fanaticism toward all unbelievers, I had really not very much to complain of before I was cast into chains. To the mahdists, all non-mahdists are infidels, whether Mohammedan, Christian, Jews, or anything else, and all infidels are deemed worthy only to be slain. I was taken in the mahdi's suite to Khartum, and when we arrived at the walls the mahdi asked me to write a letter to Gen. Gordon calling upon him to surrender. Accordingly I wrote a letter in German, which no one in the mahdi's camp could control in any way, and it was duly dispatched. No answer, however, was returned, and from that, as well as from other indications, the mahdi concluded that I had not carried out his wishes. Therefore he cast me into chains.

For the next eight months I was very badly treated. The chains were so heavy that I could scarcely rise up at all. When we moved from place to place I was put on to a donkey, and two men walked by my side to prop me up. The object of this was to prevent my escaping into Khartum, which they suspected I intended to do. When Khartum fell, the mahdists found certain documents which they considered incriminating, so they increased my irons and their severity toward me. Within an hour of Gordon's death his head was brought to me in my prison wrapped up in a cloth, which they unfolded before me. I had no difficulty in recognizing it at once. For some reason or other they had taken it into their heads that I was Gordon's nephew, and no amount of arguing could disabuse them of that notion. They thought they recognized a likeness, and they kept repeating that we both had fair hair and blue eyes, as if that were conclusive. After all, one European seems very like another to them, just as one negro seems like another to us. I heard full details of Gordon's death afterward. Gordon defended Khartum as well as it was possible for him to do under the circumstances. I think Gordon might have escaped from Khartum, had he wished to do so, at the last moment. He was killed on the top of the steps of the palace during the first rush of the invaders. One of the foremost men plunged a spear into his body; he was dragged down the steps in a wild tumult, and pierced through and through by countless spears.

For three months my diet consisted only of various kinds of corn, chiefly dourra, not ground, but in its hard, indigestible state. Afterward I was given beans and a kind of polenta. They would no doubt have killed me, but that they considered me too valuable a prisoner. I had been governor general of the province of Darfur, and it added to their prestige to take me about with them to make use of the influence I possessed in the district. I suffered a good deal in health during my confinement, being attacked by fever and dysentery. No one made any attempt at nursing me, or provided me with any remedies. I had to lie on the bare ground with a stone for my pillow, and was afforded no comfort or relaxation of any kind. I was released a couple of months or so before the mahdi died, but the strictest watch was kept over me.

On the death of the madhi I was made one of the khalifa's bodyguard, which meant that I was practically always under his eye. I used generally to be stationed outside his door, and was liable to be called in to do his bidding at any moment. Of the two, I preferred the madhi to the khalifa. Until he threw me into chains, the mahdi was comparatively amiable to me. He was a man of some education, knew how to read and write, and possessed an intimate acquaintance with the Mohammedan religion. The khalifa has not the religious prestige of his predecessor, and is alienating many of his supporters by an attempt to found a dynasty. This he has no earthly right to do, either by law or tradition. Before his son could succeed him, other khalifas, appointed by the late mahdi would have a prior claim. Very strict rules are in force against either drinking spirituous liquors or smoking tobacco. Nor do the mahdists use opium or hashish—for one reason, because they are not procurable. Anyone caught smoking tobacco is liable to a punishment of one hundred lashes, and the confiscation of all his property. In spite of that, there are still a good many persons who venture to do it secretly. All these regulations are simply a cloak for the most monstrous immorality. The khalifa has a harem of four hundred or five hundred women, and devotes a large part of his time to its amenities.

The khalifa maintains his influence by tyranny and despotism, and the inhabitants—other than his own tribe—look forward, anxiously, to the time when Egypt will once again claim her lost provinces. But that is not a project to be undertaken too lightly, and when we do set about it we must be sure that we are able to carry it out to a successful issue.—Slatin Pasha, in London Saturday Review.

A Ready Answer.

The editor of the "Public Men of Today Series," when a little boy at Uppingham, was detected at a Greek Testament lesson with a Bible on his knee, from which, of course, he was cribbing. His class master stalked up to him. "What have you there, my boy?" The boy, seeing that no escape was possible, brazened it out with: "A book, sir, of which no one need be ashamed."—N. Y. Post.

—A bully is always a coward.—Hillburte

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"They must be having electrical storms at home," said Mrs. Harley, reading a letter from her sister. "Jane says they are having shocking weather."—Harper's Bazar.

—Mrs. Brown—"You really must join our sewing circle." Mrs. Joues—"My dear, I haven't the time to spare. I have to do so much mending for the children."—N. Y. Herald.

—"Education shouldn't stop when a woman gets married." "No, indeed; I've learned a new language since George and I married." "What language?" "Baby talk."—Chicago Record.

—"You say he is a promoter? What is his line, do you know?" "I couldn't say positively, but I have a suspicion that he deals mostly in tilling for pneumatic tires."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Customer—"A loaf of bread, please." Baker—"Five-cent loaf or ten-cent loaf?" Customer (precisely)—"I will take one of the loaves that you sell for five cents."—Somerville Journal.

—"Yes, sir, my father was a soldier, and many's the time he made the enemy run." "Quite lucky." "I don't understand." "I say your father was quite lucky that the enemy didn't catch him."—N. Y. Herald.

—Hortense—"I suppose there is always something in life to spoil a man's happiness?" Van Jay—"Yes; if a man is poor he can't be happy, and if he is rich the chances are that he will get married."—Brooklyn Eagle.

—Stout Man (whose appetite has been the envy of his fellow boarder)—"I declare, I have three buttons off my vest." Mistress of the House (who has been aching to give him a hint)—"You will probably find them in the dining-room, sir."—Town and Country Journal.

—A Partial Solution.—"Who," asked the pastor, "will undertake to raise this money for the church?" The converted counterfeiter rose in his pew. "I'll raise it if somebody else will pass it," he said. Obviously that was all that he could do.—Detroit Tribune.

—Old Mercator (to little Billy Ducks, just left school, who applies for situation as office boy and produces testimonial from clergyman)—"We don't want you on Sundays, my good little boy. Have you a reference from anyone who knows you on week days?"—Sydney Bulletin.

—"Wonder why Jones moved away from here. He was doing a good business, wasn't he?" "Oh, yes—there were other troubles. You know how fond he was of telling stories?" "Yes, I guess I do." "Well, he's been forced to take these stories to a new country."—Chicago Record.

—"For the life of me I cannot see why people think it so comical a thing for a man to get married," complained the young man who was on his bridal tour. "Nor me, neither," remarked the passenger with the white whiskers. "An' I may stute furder that I been marrit twelve years."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—"My dear," said a wife who had been married three years, as she beamed across the table on her lord and master, "tell me what first attracted you to me. What pleasant characteristic did I possess which placed me above other women in your sight?" And her lord and master simply said: "I give it up."—Tit-Bits.

ACCEPTING THE INEVITABLE.

How a Lone Traveler Made the Best of a Bad Matter.

One day there was a traveler in the woods in California, in the dry season, when the trades were blowing strong. He had ridden a long way, and he was tired and hungry, and dismounted from his horse to smoke a pipe. But when he felt in his pocket he found but two matches. He struck the first and it would not light.

"Here is a pretty state o' things," said the traveler. "Dying for a smoke, only one match left, and that certain to miss fire. Was there ever a creature so unfortunate? And yet," thought the traveler, "suppose I light this match and smoke my pipe, and shake out the dottle here in the grass—the grass might catch on fire, for it is dry like tinder; and while I snatch out the flames in front they might evade and run behind me, and seize upon yon bush of poison oak; before I could reach it that would have blazed up. Over the bush I see a pine tree hung with moss; that, too, would fly in fire upon the instant to its topmost bough; and the flame of that long torch, how would the trade wind take and brandish that through the inflammable forest? I hear this dell roar in a moment with the joint voice of wind and fire; I see myself gallop for my soul, and the flying conflagration chase and outflank me through the hills; I see this pleasant forest burn for days, and the cattle roasted, and the springs dried up, and the farmer ruined, and his children cast upon the world. What a world hangs upon this moment!"

With that he struck the match, and it missed fire.

"Thank God," said the traveler, and he put his pipe in his pocket.—R. L. Stevenson, in Longman's Magazine.

Could Afford It at Last.

Mrs. S—— was much interested at one time in a poor widow, whom she had employed, who found great difficulty in getting a living. After awhile, however, the widow married a man with some money and in a fair business, and Mrs. S—— rejoiced over her fortunate prospects. A few weeks later, however, she met the former widow dressed in the deepest of mourning. Shocked and sympathetic, Mrs. S—— said: "Why, Mary, I hope you have not met with any loss." "Sure, Mrs. S——," replied Mary, "when my poor Tim died, I was that poor that I couldn't put on a bit of mourning for him, and I said that when I could I would, and so I have." The new husband must have been a curmudgeon if he had objected to this.—Boston Transcript.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—In 1829 this country produced 23,400 tons of pig iron, and Great Britain produced in the same year 400,000 tons; in 1890 the product of this country had risen to 913,770 tons, and that of Great Britain to 5,826,752; in 1890 the United States produced 9,202,703 tons, and Great Britain 7,904,214 tons.

—There were 17,864,714 bunches of bananas consumed in the United States last year. Jamaica, Cuba, Honduras and Colombia supply most of the fruit, and its transportation has become an important item in the business of various steamship companies. It is within the easy memory of people of middle age when a banana was a great rarity.

—From the action of sulphuric acid on the gas from eleveite, M. Deslandres has obtained in the extreme red of the spectrum the third of the four lines in the solar spectrum that had not been found on the earth. This leaves only one permanent ray from the solar atmosphere, the green line, known as "the line of the crown," yet to be discovered in earthly substances; it probably belongs to some gas lighter than hydrogen.

—It is now believed, and with high probability of the truth of the theory, that the shooting stars which sometimes fall to the earth in a semi-molten condition are almost or wholly devoid of heat when they enter the atmosphere. They are set on fire by friction against the air, due to the rapidity of their motion. It is possible that the force of the earth's attraction solidifies such meteors from a gaseous condition in which they may exist in space.

—There is an installation of the compressed air system at the Bourse du Commerce (produce exchange) in Paris. As the air is exhausted from the engines, it is conveyed through a large pipe into sixteen cold-storage chambers. This air, if exhausted into chambers, would be a total loss, but by using it for artificial refrigeration the cost of maintaining the rooms at a low temperature is purely nominal. These refrigerating chambers are used in connection with the Halles Centrales, expressly for storing meat, fruit, vegetables, and other products.

—Including vessels condemned and broken up, 1,134 ships of 101 tons burden or more, with an aggregate tonnage of 708,971, were destroyed during 1894, according to Lloyd's Register; of these 281 were steamers and 873 sailing vessels. The total of steamers is 44 above the average of the three preceding years, owing not to casualties, but to the unusual number condemned. While the number of British ships lost is larger than that of any other country, the percentage of loss to the whole body of mercantile shipping is the smallest, being 2.8 of vessels and 2.2 of tonnage. The number of vessels described as abandoned, foundered, or missing has steadily diminished; the number was 73 in 1891 and only 47 in 1894.

—Heat-Proof Glass.—It is said that a new glass has been manufactured, that, while it allows the free passage of light, is a decided check to heat. In an experiment it was proven that a glass plate four-tenths of an inch thick allowed but four and six-tenths per cent. of radiant heat to pass through it. Ordinary window glass lets eighty-six per cent. of heat through. A very thin slab of this glass allowed less than one per cent. of heat from gas to pass through it, although it permitted the transmission of twelve per cent. of heat from sunlight. If this glass is an equal bar to cold, it is a discovery that will revolutionize building and many other of the arts. The glass contains iron in the form of ferrous chloride.

PATIENCE AND KINDLINESS.

A Beauty of Human Nature as Exemplified by a Railway Conductor.

It takes some slight incident of everyday life to show us how truly lonely a foreigner may find himself in our friendly land, how strange to all our customs, and therefore how much a child. One winter night, a German who could speak only a few simple phrases of English, was noticed on a train going out from Boston. He was evidently in great trouble, and when the conductor came along he managed to explain that, by some mischance, his wife had not got on board, and that she had no ticket and would have no idea what to do.

The conductor grasped the situation and said promptly:

"You must get on at the next station, and take the next train back to Boston."

The man looked at his ticket. It was marked "Woburn."

"I think I go to Woburn," he said. "Then I go back."

The conductor explained to him that this was entirely unnecessary, and that the delay lessened his chance of finding his wife at all; for, in the meantime, she might be advised to buy a ticket for herself, and to take another train for Woburn. The German shook his head; the arrangement seemed to him altogether too complicated.

"I go to Woburn," he said. "Then I go back."

The conductor showed the utmost patience and courtesy. Again and again he went over the reasons for taking a train back to Boston as soon as possible. At each station he renewed his arguments, knowing that if the man fully comprehended them he would agree. At every onset, however, the German doggedly replied:

"I go to Woburn."

The incident was a slight one, yet the conductor's attitude throughout was a beautiful lesson of kindliness and good breeding. It seemed to say: "If a man is in trouble be patient with him, especially if he does not speak your language!"—Youth's Companion.

In Court.

Judge—Here again, Jenkins? What plea have you to offer for this constant drunkenness?

Jenkins—Nothing, your honor, but constant thirst.—Judge.

FINANCIAL REVIEW.

Henry Clews' Weekly Letter on the Business Outlook.

NEW YORK, Sept. 28. — Wall street affairs present no new aspects of striking importance. The gold exports have ceased, excepting that over $2,000,000 was sent out in connection with Austrian "conversion" requirements, and outside of ordinary exchange operations. It is very generally taken for granted that, for the next three or four months, the supply of produce bills will take care of our accruing foreign indebtedness; and judging from normal experience, it would not be surprising if there should be imports of gold during that interval. This change in the position of our foreign exchanges has not produced any very marked effect upon securities, perhaps mainly because the improvement in the situation was anticipated.

It is a matter of encouragement that the outflow of gold has ceased in a natural way and without any direct intervention by the syndicate. This shows that affairs are regaining a natural course and opens the way for more formal remedial measures that need to follow. We have now before us, to all appearances, three or four months of easy exchanges, during which the treasury is not liable to be exposed to further drain upon its reserve. The interval affords a favorable opportunity for bringing about all the conditions needful to guarantee the treasury a steady gold income equal to its requirements. The idea of bringing together the banks and the treasury under their former relations, so that each will pay enough gold to the other to satisfy their respective requirements, is becoming very generally regarded as the most direct and natural method of putting an end to the gold famine; but it is felt that the present holdings of the treasury and the city banks do not warrant the change being undertaken at this moment. Though the stock of gold in the country is nearly equal to an average and really ample for these purposes, yet during the late demoralization it has become scattered throughout the country, and needs to be gathered again to this centre. The widespread readiness of the holders to exchange this gold for legal tenders, places it within easy reach of the treasury and the banks; and if we add to this any foreign supplies that may arrive and the home production of about $4,000,000 per month, it will be seen that the resumption of gold payments between the government and the banks by the beginning of 1896, should be within the possibility of achievement. There are important financiers who have their eye upon this treatment of the situation and who are not likely to neglect any opportunities of promoting it which may arise during the next three months.

These, however, are contingent achievements, and although they may warrant a hopeful feeling in finance and trade, yet being possibilities rather than uncertainties, it must be expected that the future will be regarded with reservations. No matter what remedies may be proposed or hoped for, so long as none are positively accomplished there remains the danger of a return of drains upon the treasury, with all their bad consequences. This fact must act as a wet blanket upon the market for our investments both at home and abroad and speculations for higher values must be in some measure restrained. But while this factor may prevent any active upward movement, it is not likely to cause any fall in prices, because the feeling as to the future is preponderantly hopeful, and outside the treasury situation everything augurs well for a prosperous condition of business.

The course of the local money market is watched with more than usual interest. Currency still continues to flow to the west and south in large volume, and it looks as if the bank reserves may be considerably further reduced before the movement culminates. The chief interest in this tendency centres in the fact that a raise of one or two points in the rate for loans would, in the present sluggish state of the European money market, be calculated to cause foreign balances to rest here instead of being sent home, the effect of which would be to depress the rate of exchange and thereby promote importations of gold, so greatly needed under the existing conditions.

The situation in stocks is calculated to create an active and fluctuating trading market, rather than to develop any large outside movement for the present. The position of railroad shares favors strength in those properties. The grain roads show a steady gain in earnings, and the good condition of the large crop of corn is especially favorable to the future of companies dependent on that cereal. The coal companies are benefitted by the upward tendency in prices and by the favorable prospects of an early settlement of their differences. The settlements of railroad companies in process of reconstruction are still subject to delays and obstructions, which hold in check speculative operations in their securities. Taking the situation as a whole, while it presents no special inducements calculated to draw in the general public, it is nevertheless sound and steady improving, and purchases on decline for a brief turn are likely to yield fair profits.

HENRY CLEWS.

Altamont.

Mr. Wm. Bishop's house on Altamont hill is nearing completion.

We hear that three of our young ladies were very much disappointed last Thursday evening. We did not learn the whys or wherefores.

Our young people gave a dance on the dancing floor Saturday evening. Quite a large crowd attended and all report having a royal good time.

Mrs. Homans, of Keyser, W. Va., is visiting her mother, Mrs. Wilson, of this place.

Miss Rose Carroll and Mrs Bremien, took a trip to Piedmont Monday.

Our forman, Mr. Thos. McHugh was at Deer Park Sunday evening.

We, the scholars of the Wilson school, do beg and beseech Mr. A. L. Lee to teach our public school the coming term He has taught the past two years and it would take us so long to get used to a strange teacher that half our school term would be over before we would be properly organized. Don't decide hastily, Mr. Lee; take time for consideration and when that happy Monday morning comes on which we so depend let us find you at the old familiar desk ready to lead us through the tangled swamps of knowledge till we reach perfection.

Mr. P. Dunn, of Rowlesburg, is visiting his uncle Mr. John Carroll of this place.

Mrs. Hulda McRobie returned home Saturday from Blaine where she has been spending a week with her son Mr. Elmer McRobie.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending October 5th, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Esman Miller	E. W. Miller
Geo. O. Lee	W. D. Hoye
Wm. Fryer	Mrs. Nancy M. Hawkins
Mrs. D. C. Clark	Mrs. Caroline Frederick
Mrs. Martha Hardly	Mrs. Thomas Bosley
Miss Eliza Gilmore	Miss Mary Hinelrick
Miss R. A. Bosbury	Miss Ella Beachy
	Miss Clara Baehliel

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Change of Firm.

DEER PARK, MD., Oct. 1, 1895.

I have this day sold all my interest and good will in and to the stock in trade of my store at this place to Mr. S. P. Specht, to whom I request a continuance of the liberal patronage I have heretofore had from the public, and I desire to return thanks for the large trade I had at this store.

All accounts must be closed on or before October 31, 1895, and can be paid to Mr. S. P. Specht, who is authorized to receive and receipt for same, and in whose hands I have left the books.

Yours truly,
D. F. GRAHAM.

I will continue to keep a first-class general store in my own building in Deer Park, where I will be pleased to see my old friends and the public generally, and will sell at rock bottom prices, which defy competition, for cash.

Very respectfully yours,
30-3t. S. P. SPECHT.

We must get your trade

No matter what it costs us, so we will make you a suit of the finest imported cheviots for $15. They come in blue, black, plain and diagonal. We have got $18 and $20 for 'em till now, and if we make them for you we guarantee them to be first-class in workmanship and fit and as to the cloth, it speaks for itself.

Come in and look at it.

You can have that old suit of yours cleaned, dyed and repaired at small expense to look like new by our expert workmen.
We also do ladies' work.

M. COHEN, Xpert Workman,

Railroad Street, Near Depot, OAKLAND, MD.

GREAT VALUE FOR LITTLE MONEY. WEEKLY NEWS OF THE WORLD FOR A TRIFLE.

The New York Weekly Tribune,

a twenty-page journal, is the leading Republican family paper of the United States. It is a **National Family Paper** and gives all the general news of the United States. It gives the events of foreign lands in a nutshell. Its Agricultural department has no superior in the country. Its Market Reports are recognized authority. Separate departments for "The Family Circle," "Our Young Folks," and "Science and Mechanics." Its "Home and Society" columns command the admiration of wives and daughters. Its general political news, editorials and discussions are comprehensive, brilliant and exhaustive.

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Invites the attention of those interested in the purchase of vehicles of any style. The Kramer, Milburn and Jackson farm wagons always on hand. Prices and terms given on application.

Dr. A. S. Tebb's
Anti-Bilious Pills

are good for sick headache, constipation, colics, biliousness, fever and ague, dyspepsia, [illegible] female complaints, dizziness, [illegible] stomach, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general debility. They will positively cure all disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. Price 25 cents a box.

Laughlin's
Infant Cordial

being taken from the critical teething period, relieves and strengthens the gums, corrects the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. A mild but effective soothing quality. Price, 25 cents and 50 cents. It is absolutely safe—contains no opium, morphine, nor other narcotic, gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle or your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's
Worm Syrup

destroys worms with which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is more vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good. 25 cents a bottle.

Most all drug stores have these three medicines. If your druggist is out send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

LAUGHLIN & McGLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.
23-1yr.

34 inches high. Top can be adjusted to any angle or height Revolving. Case 15 x 15 x 12 inside. Holds about 80 vols Law size. Strong well finished Metal Base and Sides With Solid Oak Shelves and Top.—100,000 now used. Sent knocked down (30 lbs). On approval. Address: Marsh M'f'g Co. CHICAGO.
Agents Wanted.

Shartzer & Bolden,
OAKLAND, MD.
DEALERS IN
FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES
WALL PAPER
—AND—
GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.
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PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR
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Headstones,
AND
Chimney Pipe
WITH
J. B. WILLIAMS.
FROSTBURG, MD.
AGENTS WANTED.
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WE LOAN MONEY

On Real Estate, City Town and Village property, to buy, build and improve your houses, and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS OVER $2,000,000.00.

For full particulars and terms apply to
ISAAC A. RINKER,
WILSON, Grant Co., W. VA.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President.
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A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OALLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.
Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

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Special attention given to real estate.
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ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

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AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
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Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.
See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

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Office in Mayers building.
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Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

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Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

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Residence and P. O. Address,
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JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 2 81, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are herchy notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.
M. M. ARMSTRONG.
CHAS. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13t.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.
E. H. SINCELL, Ally.,
Oakland, Md.

--WANTED--
WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER
Also White Oak Timber Land.
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.
Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50 00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.
CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
22tf 210 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

The Wesleyan Female Institute,
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.
For girls and young women. Established 1843. Full corps of experienced teachers. Location healthy, central and accessible. For catalogues and particulars apply to
REV. HENRY P. HAMILL,
13-15t President.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1895. NUMBER 31.

THE BALL BEGINS ROLLING.

A Large and Enthusiastic Meeting of the People at Oakland Monday Night.

On Monday of this week the campaign in Maryland was formally opened in Oakland by a tremendous mass meeting held in Offutt's Hall. The hall was literally packed with ladies and gentlemen from all parts of the county, and standing room was at a premium.

The meeting was called to order at about eight o'clock by Chairman Peddicord, and when the State candidates made their appearance on the stage they were greeted with storms of applause. Mr. S. T. Jones was made president of the meeting, with Messrs. Arthur Townshend and Benj. H. Sincell as secretaries.

Speeches were made by Hon. Lloyd Lowndes, Hon. Harry M. Clabaugh, Hon. R. P. Graham, Stephen A. Mason, Hon. James M. Sloan and Hon. Milton G. Urner.

After the formal opening of the meeting Mr. Lowndes was introduced by Mr. Jones, who addressed the audience. Mr. Lowndes said in part:

"For the first time the Republican party has come to Western Maryland for its candidate for Governor. As you were a part of and as you were closely allied to Allegany you with us feel that we have been honored when this selection was so made. Both the Democratic and Republican parties have always before this sought their candidates from other portions of the State. Now when our prospects for success appear to be so good our party has come into the very heart of Republican majorities and have selected me as their standard-bearer to lead them through this struggle for self-government and good citizenship, and I hope that I may be that Joshua who will bring our people into the promised land of reform and see good government. Our campaign in Maryland is this day formally opened. The issues involved are such as pertain solely to our State, and so well are they defined that there can be no evasion of them.

"Neither strategy nor the intervention of party dictators was employed to secure my nomination, and I am warranted in saying that my nomination for the high office of Governor of this State was a free and voluntary act of my people. My nomination was the result of popular agitation and wide-spread discussion throughout our State. I represent no man, and to no man or set of men do I owe the honor which has been conferred upon me by the representatives of the Republican party in convention assembled. I pledge the people of Maryland that it is my purpose to make this contest not for party only, but for the highest interests and fullest liberties of all our people. I would bring the greatest good to the greatest number, and I realize what is right, fair and just for you and yours is right, fair and just for me and mine, and whatever is hurtful, oppressive or unjust to you and yours is the same to me and mine.

"As citizens of the commonwealth we are alike interested in the welfare and the prosperity of each other. We are equally interested in a wise and economical management of its affairs and entitled to have a voice in its control.

"I enter upon this contest and assume the responsibility which an acceptance of the nomination at the hands of any party involves with a firm conviction of the righteousness of our cause, and believing that we have reached a crisis in the history of our State when the people have determined to take into their own hands once more the reins of our government and assert their own sovereignty.

"I have known my opponent, Mr. Hurst, for a number of years. He is a gentleman who justly stands high in the mercantile and financial world. He is an excellent business man, energetic and successful. He belongs to the dominant party which has managed the affairs of this State for twenty years. He has been nominated by the gentlemen who have controlled the conventions and the policy of that party for twenty years.

"Against these gentlemen there is a wide feeling of dissatisfaction which has extended to Mr. Hurst for the reason that he stands as the representative of these men. He is looked upon as their nominee, as their man and not as the nominee of the Democratic party. If successful he will owe his election to these gentlemen, and as he is a grateful man he will listen to and be influenced by their advice in shaping the policy of this State and in making of his appointments. He stands for those principles which these friends of his represent.

"This is going to be one of the hardest battles that this State has ever seen. For the first time in twenty years the people are turning their faces toward the Republican party for deliverance. I ask you to work with me to accomplish this end. We have four weeks before us, which means, if we would succeed, four weeks of hard work.

"That party which for so many years has been in control and sought to entrench itself at the expense of the whole people, now asks for a continuance of authority to wield the sceptre on the plea that it will do better in the future. It offers no new security for the fulfillment of its repeatedly broken promises of reform and amendment of its methods and measures.

"Twenty-eight years of uninterrupted and unbroken [illegible] no practical beneficial results accomplished! Must it go on forever? I think you will believe with me that it is time for a change. The issues involved are purely State and local, and that national issues have no bearing whatever and ought not to be allowed to influence our decision or to obscure the true questions which are pressed upon us at this time for settlement.

"Are we to have reassessment, fair and honest elections, a broad and liberal free school system divorced from political influences, civil-service reform in many of the departments of our municipalities, self-government and the right of the people to choose their own public servants?

"The Republican party has solemnly declared that these measures are vital to the best interests of the State; that they are now the paramount issues to be determined, and it has adopted a platform which commands not only the united support of the Republican party, but which has won the commendation of the conservative Democratic press, as well as the pledges of thousands of Democrats and independents throughout all portions of our State, who have so boldly announced their intention to throw off the yoke of political servitude that has so long bound them to a party Democratic only in name, and affirm their belief that these reforms can and must be secured, if at all, through a change of administration.

"I desire to go before the people of Maryland without evasion or mental reservation, and I take this opportunity of placing myself unequivocally upon the admirable platform adopted at the Cambridge convention.

"In the first place, I wish to say that I believe in the well recognized principles of the Republican party, which upon the living issues of the day have always been in the vanguard of public sentiment and thought.

"I favor such a system of finance as will give us a sound national currency, always redeemable at the pleasure of the holder in that coin which is the standard of value of the great commercial nations of the world.

REASSESSMENT.

"Our platform declares that a Republican victory in Maryland will insure to the people a prompt passage of a reassessment law, so that every person holding property in the State shall contribute his portion of the public taxes for the support of the government. The question of reassessment is not a new issue, but has been before the people for ten years."

Mr. Lowndes then reviewed the various Democratic failures to pass an assessment bill.

"Now, in 1895," he continued, "the same party comes before you, again promising a reassessment bill. Mr. Hurst in his letter of acceptance says: 'I not only did not favor, but actually opposed the passage of the reassessment bill at the session of 1894, and interested myself to induce Governor Brown to withhold his signature from the bill passed in 1892.' We have seen that the Democratic party in 1891 and 1893 favored reassessment. Did Mr. Hurst before the elections in 1891 and 1893 give utterance to such sentiment as he now expresses? Why should a change come over him now? He would try to make us believe that the depressed condition of business has passed away. Is this true? I ask if you are making any more money; are you better off now than then? Are your farms and farm products, your horses, rye and oats yielding larger returns now than then? I say the necessity for reassessment has existed for the past ten years, and has become more urgent from year to year. We declare for the prompt passage of a reassessment law. We favor such a law as equalizes values; one that will assess both real and personal property at a just sum.

SCHOOLS.

"Our platform declares an efficient school system to be the most certain of all the means for insuring that a government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth. The public school is the great source whence springs the current that in future years shall bear upon its bosom the honor, the reputation, the integrity of our system of government.

"As the flag of our country floats over the little school house its graceful folds remind our children of [illegible] and teach them foundations upon which our State and its national government now rests, and as they sing together our national airs and recite the inspiring poem of the Star-Spangled Banner, they are imbued with that spirit of patriotism, love of liberty and of country which will make them good citizens in the future and incite them to use their best powers for the elevation and promotion of the true interests of the State.

"How important, then, is it that this foundation source of the future citizenship of our State should be kept free from all influences hostile to a broad and liberal development of the minds of our children.

"When the control of the school system of Maryland was taken away from the people it was placed in the hands of the judiciary and thence passed under the hands of the executive. I am and always have been heartily in favor of having our public schools placed under local control, believing by this means the school officers and parents will keep in touch with each other.

"I believe that free books should go with free schools, and that the State, having rightfully assumed to furnish the education free, should also furnish free the means used to that end, thus removing every obstacle that could possibly stand in the way of the education of all.

"Whilst I could thus maintain our public schools as the broad foundation of our whole educational system, I would by no means neglect those established institutions of learning which under the fostering care of the State have accomplished good results in many specified branches of learning.

ELECTIONS.

"Universal suffrage is a failure unless the machinery of elections is fair and honest, and with such machinery in the hands of the people it would not be too far removed from their corrective power to help and prevent abuses growing too strong for eradication. Experience has shown that our courts have but partially restrained the bad practices of the registers of voters; therefore their supervisory power should be extended over these offices that they may be restrained within such limits as will be conducive to the object for which under the law they are created.

"The right to vote and to have his vote counted as cast can best be secured by an annual registration of voters in Baltimore city, which contains nearly one-half of the population of the State. Our platform expressly submits such a proposition, and it agrees with the Democratic platform of 1887, in which the annual registration of voters in cities, whose inhabitants number 10,000 or more' is recommended as proper to be incorporated in the constitution of the State.

"I would thoroughly urge at least quadrennial registration in the counties, with the usual annual revision of the lists, as being in harmony with that general sentiment our registration lists should contain, within the respective registration districts, only the names of those who are actual and bonafide residents therein, and, therefore, entitled to participate in the election and to exercise the highest privilege of citizenship.

"A few years' experience with the Australian ballot convinces me that while the object of the statute primarily is to secure fair registration, fair elections and a fair canvas of the returns, yet in the hands of unscrupulous and partisan election officers the election machinery is and has been so manipulated as to override the high purpose of the statute and perpetuate the very mischiefs it was intended to abolish.

"An important omission in the present law and one which frequently interferes with the fair enforcement is the failure to require that the person appointed as the minority representative or judge shall have the recommendation or indorsement of the political organization which he is appointed to represent.

"Holding these views on the great question of fair elections, as I do, it is hardly necessary for me to assure you if elected it will be not only my duty but my pleasure to recommend to the Legislature such amendments of our statute as will render it more effective, and in the appointment of those who are to execute its provisions to hold ever in view, as the sole and only test of fitness, those high qualifications which [illegible] commended to [illegible]

CIVIL SERVICE.

"A reform in the mode of appointments to public office in this State would seem to be demanded in the interest of the tax-payers, as well as in the interests of good government.

"There is no more reason why those who seek appointment in our public service should not be required to measure up to some certain standard of fitness and, to satisfy some test as to their qualifications for the respective positions to which they aspire than they would be why—in the channels of trade and commerce—those who are employers should not institute inquires of the most searching character in order to ascertain the standing and qualifications of those to whom their interests and affairs are entrusted.

"This mode of selecting the subordinate officers of the general government has been tried for a number of years, and the uniform testimony of those in a position to speak of its operations has been so favorable that but recently it has been so extended as to embrace large numbers of employes not heretofore classified and within its scope.

"The adoption by the citizens of Chicago of the civil service reform law, recently passed by the Legislature of Illinois, is conceded to be one of the most important victories for reform won in recent times.

GIVING THE STATE TO THE REPUBLICANS.

"A distinguished Democrat of national reputation remarked the other day that Maryland was now the worst boss-ridden State in the Union, and that the only way to redeem it was to let the Republicans beat the bosses and open the way for the Democratic party to regain control of its own destinies. We hear much about turning the State over to the Republicans, and by some it would seem to be considered as a calamity to be prevented at all hazards. For years our State has been governed by an office-seeking and an office-holding class—those who have axes to grind and logs to roll—and it will be found that they are among the foremost in making this cry.

"There are others not in this class who have the fear that if the State goes Republican it will be hard to turn it back again into the Democratic column. The three most prosperous States in the Union are Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania, and when the management of affairs in either of these States is such as not to meet the popular approval they do not hesitate to turn out the Republican party and put the Democrats in power, and when the Democrats fail to fulfill their pledges then the people turn them out and the Republicans again come into control.

"Capital and immigration will not come into or settle in a State where year after year the same old set of office-holders are kept in power who for so long have been accused of frauds upon the people and corruption in their several offices until they have become hidebound and callous to public criticism.

"If the State should be turned over to the Republicans, as I think you have already determined it shall be, do not for a moment believe there will be any change in existing social conditions. The Republicans are honest and fully capable of controlling the government of the State, and we think we can show the people that we can safely be trusted with the administration of its affairs.

"The success of Mr. Cleveland in 1884 showed the willingness of the people to break away from the party lines. The same independent vote defeated him in 1888. Again in 1892 it was the independents who put him back. If we fail to carry out the reforms we have promised, by those same votes you can remove us from power.

"It is the cry of the bosses that if you turn the State over to the Republicans it will be gone from you for years. It is the raising of this hue and cry that they hope to control that large class of citizens who hesitate to vote for the opposite party, but it will not have the same effect now as in the past, but it has been the rallying cry once too often and like an 'oft repeated tale' it has lost its charm.

"There are some Democrats that would kindly renew fires of hatred of thirty-years ago; they talk to you of negro supremacy, mixed schools, civil-rights bill, force bill; these are ancient issues. For God's sake let us bury them in the dead past, [illegible]

"They know that there is no force bill, no civil-rights bill, no federal elections laws to hurt them. It is only the professional politicians who are seeking to keep alive such questions, and they forget that the people are sick and tired of such talk, and that this is not the time to nurse old sores.

"Let us have a new order of things; let us no longer wave the 'Bloody Shirt' in Maryland, so that the great inflow of immigration will no longer march by us into more Southern States, contributing to their wealth and industrial prosperity while we fail to go forward. In Louisville a few days ago the boys in gray entertained the boys in blue, and the latter recountered in glowing terms the valor displayed on both sides.

"At the Atlanta Exposition there is to be a blue and gray day, and the Rev. Mr. Washington, one of the most prominent colored ministers in the South, was a principal speaker at the opening ceremonies and gave a most interesting account of the substantial progress of the colored race, as shown in their exhibits in a special department set apart for them in manufactories, arts and schools.

"If you want an impartial administration of the affairs of this State—honesty and economy in the public offices, the right to choose your candidate for offices of honor and profit, elections conducted and supervised by capable and upright officials, to have the great burden of taxation equitably re-adjusted—then I say vote for the Republican party in the State of Maryland, and I can and will promise you these things.

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BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
it is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness and Live Complaints.

To the Public.

All parties indebted to J. H. Wilson & Bro. are requested to come forward and settle same promptly, as all accounts and notes left unpaid by Nov. 1, 1895, will be given to our attorney for collection.

Thanking you kindly for your liberal patronage and soliciting your future favors, we remain,

31-3 J. H. WILSON & BRO.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES,
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. Try
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31—26

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

The annual Teachers' County Institute for Garrett county will be held in the Oakland school building on the 23d and 24th of October, 1895. All teachers who intend to teach in Garrett county the coming winter are expected to be present. The public is cordially invited.

The public schools of Garrett County will open on the following Monday, Oct. 28th.

By order of the Board.

31-2. WM. HINEBAUGH, Secy.

Loch Lynn Heights.

Heights and vicinity assembled in Loch Lynn Hall Saturday night and organized the Loch Lynn Lowndes Club with an enrollment of thirty-nine members, by the election of the following officers: President, C. M. Rathbun; vice presidents, Jas. A. Hayden, Richard Reams and B. F. Crane; secretary, C. A. Ashby; assistant secretary and treasurer, G. P. White. The following were elected officers of the marching club: Captain, C. J. Rathbun; 1st Lieut., C. A. Ashby; 2nd Lieut., W. H. Biggs. Stirring and spirited addresses were made by Messrs. E. H. Sincell, F. A. Thayer, Chas. E. Hilleary and John Shartzer. The enthusiasm was at white heat. Expect a good report from this point on Nov. 5th. The club will meet on Saturday night of each week. All are invited to come and join us.

A large and enthusiastic delegation from this place attended the Republican meeting in Oakland on Monday night. It rained a little but not enough to dampen their ardor.

Messrs. Frey & Hawk are pushing the erection of the Hildreth house and expect to have it enclosed this week.

It was a canard that Frank Rathbun had to take the tires from his bicycle to use as life preservers when coming home from meeting Monday night. He says the mud was only hub deep.

W. R. Johnson, the contractor, is preparing to erect a cottage for J. M. Crane, of Kingwood, W. Va.

E. R. Hambleton has moved from Mt. Lake Park to Loch Lynn Heights.

Mr. B. F. Crane has charge of Mr. E. W. Williams' brick yard during the latter's absence.

Mr. John Dunhill has accepted a position as private secretary for Maj. J. C. Alderson.

Messrs. C. M. Rathbun & Co. report business good in their line. They are running their planing mill every day at full capacity, and expect to until closed by cold weather. OBSERVER.

NO CERTIFICATE.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

THE clock striking nine sounded like a knell to the two old people sitting in their dull, hopeless misery, one on each side of the table, like strangers, the first time in forty years. It was not death, this uninvited guest that had obtruded its unwelcome presence, but something worse—disgrace, and its baleful shadow obscured the light of heaven. And the night without was as drear as their hearts within.

The woman took up flat tin candlestick from the table and lighted the bit of candle it held.

"You'll be coming up soon, David?" she asked, wistfully.

"I'll rest on the settle here to-night," he said, sternly.

"David, you'll not be the one to sep'rate us that have been joined together a lifetime? I couldn't abear that man, I really couldn't."

"Wait a bit, Rachel. Maybe to-morrow it will seem clearer, but to-night I must think, and try for wisdom to see God's hand in this."

"You'll wind the clock, David, and put Malty outside?"

She was making a brave fight for strength, and it is on the plain and homely duties of life that we find the firmest footing. Rachel knew this, and solaced her breaking heart with trifles.

"And if you have a poor turn in the night, you'll call me?" she said.

"Yes, mother."

She turned away with a sigh that rent David's heart, but waited with her hand on the stair door.

"There's a shroud in the candle to-night," she pointed to the guttering wick.

"I wish there was—I wish to heaven there was, and 'twere for me," said the

"YOU'LL BE COMING UP SOON, DAVID!"

man, bowing his head until the wisps of soft gray hair fell over his troubled

The pitiful note of supplication in her voice did not fall unheeded on his ear.

"Why, Rachel, I most forgot—good night, mother."

"He called me mother!" said Rachel to herself, when she had reached her room, and, setting the candle on the little stand, she sank on her knees by the bed.

"God have mercy," she prayed, "and lay not this sin at our doors!"

Then she lay down, removing only her shoes, as if to be ready for any emergency, but she did not, could not sleep. The pillow next to her was empty—for the first time.

She closed her eyes and listened to an occasional movement below—a groan—words of supplication—cries for deliverance from the awful thralldom of this grief. She could not see the tender, plaintive lines of that dear old face softening into tears or hardening into the rigid lines of duty. She slipped from the bed and felt her way down the familiar stairs.

"Husband!" she called; "are you sleeping?"

"No, mother."

Again the most beautiful word in the English language smote her ear like a blow.

"David, haven't all the blessed years that are gone meant something? Isn't our love worth more than a bit of white paper?"

"Hush, woman! Tempt me not to break the laws of God and man knowingly; it is enough to know that we have sinned through ignorance. Oh, God!"—he lifted his voice in inspired supplication like the prophets of old—"if Thou canst forgive, it is not for man to blame!"

Rachel took advantage of this moment of apparent softening and kneeling by him laid her head on his shoulder.

"David, let me stay with you?"

"Go back to your room, Rachel; we must each bear this cross alone."

"May I kiss you, dear?"

"No, no, woman! Who knows that it might not be a sin? Until we can see our way clear out of this dark shadow, we must live apart as strangers."

"There is a way, David, to set it right."

"And to confess our sin to the world!"

"That is your pride, David."

"Just so, woman. My pride is a life of integrity, and it's had a sore fall. I had much to lose."

"While I have only you. God help me! I have forgot the Creator more than the creature. My punishment has come!"

He heard the crying as she went away in the darkness, but said no word to comfort or recall her. She could not know that his grief was equal to hers.

But it had that granite fiber which gives a man courage to die at the stake for his principles, and inspires a dogged resolution to suffer found often in weak natures, and sometimes called obstinacy in the minor events of life. It was the first call to martyrdom that David had heard, and it excluded all other voices.

But Rachel—she could never be sure that she had fallen asleep and dreamed it—thought that her husband came and bent over her, that a tear fell on her forehead, and that he patted her gray hair with a loving touch.

The next morning she fasted the anguish of the preceding day and night. Suddenly Rachel asked:

"Have you thought of the children, David, what it means to them?"

"Aye, woman, and a sore thought it has been. Whether or no to tell them of their parents' sin, beset me like a machination of the evil one. But I put it away. God gave me strength for that. And this day I will consider in what way to acquaint them with their misfortune."

Another blow for the loving heart of Rachel. Her boy, living with his little family far distant, had his mother's sensitive nature; the trouble might kill him.

The girl, Drusilla, was like her father; martyrdom would be a crown. In her stern renunciation she might never see either of them again.

As the day wore on there was much to be done. God's broken law must be patched up by one of His commissioners—the minister could help them out of their present difficulty, but for the past not all the tears of all the angels could make that whole and clean again.

These two who for forty years had believed themselves man and wife—whom no man had put asunder—were to be married again.

It all came about through a lawyer's letter disputing their title jointly held to property owned in a distant state, and requesting them to forward a copy of their marriage certificate, and prove the validity of their claim.

Once in a hundred years such a case happens, but that it should have come to those God-fearing, law-abiding, inoffensive people who were as simple and innocent as children, seemed unaccountable. David took the matter to heart as a personal sin.

Their minister was accustomed to all sorts of sinners, but that any two people, as simple and guileless as these two babes in the wood, had gone through life as law breakers puzzled him greatly.

He would have laughed, but the awful earnestness of this domestic tragedy struck him with tragic force. When he saw Rachel in her bridal finery of forty years ago, the little old man in the coat that had been laid away for his burial, both trembling with an excess of emotion, he felt impelled to save them from themselves.

"We are in a heap of trouble, sir," David began, simply, and without any circumlocution he told his story, which Rachel accentuated with her tears. They had never missed the certificate; it had not been given to them by the minister who had married them in the old home, back east, and the lawyer's letter first acquainted them with the omission.

"We can see now that it should have been sent, but we didn't know enough to write again and tell us we were not married until we could prove it by witnesses or certificate!" and David wiped his flushed face with his wedding handkerchief.

A small folded paper fell from its folds, which the minister picked up mechanically and passed to Rachel.

"WE ARE IN A HEAP OF TROUBLE, SIR."

It was yellow and creased, but when she unfolded it she gave a great cry!

"Husband! It's the certificate! You had it all the time and never knew it. Thank God!"

"I thought it was a receipt for the fee I give him—honest I did, wife, and ain't ever looked at it since that day. It's the hand of Providence that's give it back. And we're married and have been all those years? That's the blessedest piece of paper I've seen in my life, and there ain't enough money in these United States to buy it."

"We'll frame it and hang it where we can see it every day," suggested Rachel.

"Hooray!" cried the little old bridegroom, out of whose face all lines had escaped, except those of love and tenderness. "I must kiss the bride!"

And as the minister turned his back on the scene, he pondered long on the text: "The meek shall inherit the earth."—Detroit Free Press.

Due to Imagination.

Some writers of sea-songs were poor sailors. "I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!" wrote "Barry Cornwall," as if life on the ocean wave were a joy. But it was his imagination that wrote the song, for he was the sickest of sailors and detested the sea.

"I had it from Mrs. Proctor," says Santley, the singer, "who told me that she used to tease him, humming a strain of his jovial sea-song as he lay, a very log, huddled in shawls and a tarpaulin, crossing the channel, with barely sufficient animation left to utter: 'My dear, don't!'"—Youth's Companion.

—Concerning Athletes and Others.—Slim (superciliously)—"Some men are all muscle and no brains." Miss Tiller—"And some are not even vice versa."—Detroit Free Press.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

A French Account of Certain American Millionaires.

The founder of the colossal fortune, a portion of which comes to France with the new Countess de Castellane, died about two years ago. He was a prodigious speculator, a financier for whom speculation was a perfect battle. We refer to Jay Gould, the man who left, in addition to his gigantic fortune, an imperishable souvenir in the financial history of North America.

His name is legendary in the bourse of New York, where they still remember him as he sat in his office upon one of the arms of his chair—his favorite position—sending and receiving hundreds of dispatches during the business hours. He commanded a perfect army of brokers and agents. Two hundred intermediaries operated constantly for him, unknown to each other, and his office was connected directly by special telegraph lines with twenty-five offices of brokers.

His habits were remarkably simple and sober. He never touched alcohol in any shape and never smoked. Jay Gould only knew one fashion—speculation.

The fortunes of the Vanderbilts, of the Mackays, of the Bennetts and of the Astors are well known to our readers and it is not necessary to refer to them. We prefer to mention a few other millionaires less popular who are still in the world of finance.

First we have Mr. Russell Sage, who was present at the marriage of Miss Anna Gould and who four years ago was the hero of an extraordinary adventure. It was upon him that an anarchist named Lord called and demanded one million dollars under the penalty of an explosion. Mr. Russell Sage having refused to comply with the demand, Lord did just as he said he would do. He threw the bomb upon the floor of the office of the American banker, but that machine, intelligent for once, only killed the anarchist.

Mr. Russell Sage is not only one of the richest bankers of New York—he is worth two hundred and fifty million dollars—but he is also the one who has always on hand the most ready money.

After having been one of the greatest speculators of Wall (sic) street (the bourse of New York), he at length confined his operations entirely to discounting notes, and in order to be able to meet all sorts of eventualities he has always on hand a running account of considerable sums. Mr. Sage can at any moment draw his check for fifty million dollars. He was for a long time closely connected with the affairs of Jay Gould.

Beside Mr. Sage stands Col. Huntington, who is also worth two hundred and fifty million dollars. He is the son of a farmer, formerly a farm hand, and he commenced his fortune in speculations in American clocks. He is now one of the railroad kings and is also a teetotaler, drinking nothing but tea.

The other great speculators, with no more than from fifty million dollars to one hundred million dollars, are Mr. S. [illegible] because he was formerly a 'cassite,' in one of the churches of New York and very affable and very charitable; Mr. John D. Slaybach, who one day lost more than a million because he left his office to attend a religious lecture; Mr. H. Victor Newcomb, a young man who was known as "the boy president" at the time when, before he was of age, he was president of a railroad company; Mr. D. O. Mills, etc.

All of them operate on a gigantic scale. To give only one example, we may mention that Mr. S. V. White some years ago made ten million five hundred thousand dollars in two days out of one speculation.

Most of these financiers are also church members. The piety of Mr. Sage is especially exemplary. But he has one passion, nevertheless, and that is for horses. His trotters are renowned in New York.—Paris Figaro.

Science of Modern Medicine.

Of all the benefits science has conferred upon mankind, there is nothing more important than the part that it has played in the study of medicine. With its help medicine has become elevated from a superstition to one of the grandest pursuits within the range of human intelligence. Through the instrumentality of science, improvements, discoveries and benefits untold have resulted, even though as yet many branches of it are still in the stage of the merest infancy. A proposition has been made of late to combine with the hospital practice of students a thorough course of scientific training on medical lines. The microscope and chemistry are the doctor's strongest allies. With a thorough understanding of these two agents added to his ordinary medical knowledge, the physician of the future will be able to cope with difficulties which have heretofore been thought insurmountable. There is at present a movement going on the object of which is to extend the course of study for students of medicine and to comprehend in them more than is now included. A higher standard is also to be demanded—higher in every respect. It certainly should go without saying that a physician should be of the most exalted moral character and the highest grade of intelligence. Ignorance or imposition in this direction ought to be punished with the utmost severity.—N. Y. Ledger.

The Doctor's Advice.

"Have you no pen and ink?" said a doctor to a poor woman, whose boy he was attending.

"No."

"Well, I have lost my pencil; give me a bit of chalk."

The doctor chalked a prescription on the door, telling her to give it to her son when he awoke.

"Take it my boy, take it," said the old woman, lifting the door from its hinges and carrying it to the poor boy when he opened his eyes. "I don't know how you are to do it, but the doctor says it is good, and you had better try to bolt it."—Spare Moments.

A CALIFORNIA FRUIT VALLEY.

Peaches, Prunes and Grapes Cultivated in Abundance.

"'Dead sea fruit!' That's what I call it!" exclaimed a gentleman, who, after attempting to eat one of the largest and most beautiful specimens of California peaches ever seen in Fulton market, threw it away in disgust. And he was right; for, while it was an object to delight the eye, with its great size, perfect shape, delicate bloom and superb coloring, its flavor was decidedly vegetable. So New Yorkers of experience in such things buy California peaches to look at, and to serve with the dessert as the crowning ornaments of a perfect dinner, but lay in a supply of Delawares to eat, while in Chicago they say: "Oh, yes, California peaches are pretty, but the St. Joe product is good enough for us."

The largest prune orchard in this country, if not in the world, is located at Los Gatos (the cats), on the western edge of the Santa Clara valley. It contains three hundred and eighty acres of trees, two hundred of which are planted to the acre. Over one hundred men and a score of teams are constantly employed in this great orchard, which has its own waterworks and electric light plant. Its drying ground is twenty acres in extent, and it yields a net income of something like fifty thousand dollars a year.

Near this Los Gatos orchard is a curious factory, said to be the only one of its kind in the world. It is a factory for the making of grape food, and it is devoted to the extracting and concentrating, but not fermenting, of grape juice. During the season it consumes fifty tons of grapes every day, and produces one hundred thousand gallons of juice, concentrated to one-fourth of its original bulk.

The grapes used in such enormous quantities in this interesting factory, both red and white, are wine grapes, which, as the tourist observer soon discovers, are very different from raisin grapes, the former containing the more juice, and the latter the more saccharine matter. One of the surprising things about a raisin vineyard is the small size of its vines, which, being cut every year, are rarely more than two or three feet high, and the great size of the bunches. These, when fully ripe, are cut and laid in shallow trays between the rows of vines, where, without the addition of any sugar, they are allowed to dry in the sun until they become raisins, which is all there is to the process.

The most surprising thing of all is the discovery that all raisin grapes are white grapes, until they are turned purple in drying, which is hard to realize, but is nevertheless a fact.—Harper's Weekly.

A NEW BISMARCK STORY.

How He Played the Part of a Pretty Girl's Cousin Long Ago.

In Gothenburg, Sweden, lives an old woman who, when young and comely, passed much of her time with titled relatives in Rome and Vienna. Fifty-six years ago she visited Rome. In November she returned to Gothenburg by capital in those days, passed as one of the lions of central Europe. She knew nobody in Berlin, but the relatives she had been with in Rome had a cousin in the university, who was informed by letter that the young woman was coming and he must meet her and show her the sights.

"I arrived with my chaperone and maids," wrote the old woman to a Gothenburg newspaper three weeks ago, "and was welcomed by my German cousin, as I had come to call him. He was very hearty in his manner. He was a tall muscular young fellow, with a big mustache and peculiar, penetrating eyes. He seemed almost uncanny to me, yet was a delightful companion.

"For three days the young man was my constant companion. To be sure he could speak no Swedish; but his French was perfect. I never had such a devoted cavalier. I was proud enough of my German cousin. Only too soon came the day when I must say good-by to him in Berlin.

"'My cousin,' he said, as he shook my hand in parting, 'I have a word to say to you. It is merely—well, cousin, I am not your cousin at all. My friend, who is the real cousin you sought, was so busy preparing for his examination that he begged me to act in his stead during your visit. My name is Otto von Bismarck.'

"I looked at him in dumb astonishment as the carriage was driven away. My adventure was over.

"Nearly forty years passed. The obscure Bismarck had become a prince and had laid his hands on the crowns and nations of Europe. I came to Berlin again, and sent my card with a few written words to the prince. An hour later I received an invitation and went to the chancellor's palace. The prince remembered me perfectly, and we soon were deep in conversation.

"'I have you to thank,' he said, 'for my only views of Berlin's art galleries and museums. Since we parted I never found time to visit them again.'"—N. Y. Times.

Fly in a Soprano's Throat.

While mass was being celebrated at the cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in Portland, Me., on a recent Sunday a young lady from Boston, a fine vocalist, was assuming the leading soprano part. When the solo "Salve Regina" was reached the lady sang the solo, and had just reached the concluding measure, her pure, crystal-like notes falling most agreeably on the ear, when the members of the choir noticed that she turned pale and placed her handkerchief to her lips, giving a spasmodic cough. A fly had flown down her windpipe and shut off her wind. Fortunately at that moment the full chorus had to sing, thus preventing any break, and when her turn came again the lady was able to respond. The poor fly was afterward found on the bosom of her dress. He had paid for his temerity with his life. —Chicago Chronicle.

BUILDING AND SCIENCE.

ART IN ARCHITECTURE.

Plan and Description of Model Residence for $3,000.

[Written for This Paper.]

The modern nine-room house here described can be erected upon a rubble stone foundation for about $3,000. It contains the latest city improvements of all kinds.

The veranda is very large, being 10x15 feet. The parlor is 15x16 feet; staircase hall, 10x15 feet; sitting room, 14x21 feet; dining room, 14x21 feet; kitchen, 12x13 feet; servant's room, 8x9 feet. Two of the four chambers upon the second floor are 14x15 feet, the others are 12x15 feet. The lobby, vestibule and staircase hall produce a very fine effect, as can be seen by the plan. The staircase hall has one end occupied by a very large fire place, and oak beams in ceiling, as dotted lines

FRONT PERSPECTIVE.

indicate. The one chimney between the dining room and sitting room will have mantels, 6-foot face. The side entrance, rear stairs, pantry, bathroom and closets are all shown upon floor plans.

The rubble stone work will run up to the first story ceiling joist and back to the circular bays. All the other walls above the first floor joist will be of frame work. All siding will be 4-inch O. G.; shingles of cedar; sheathing,

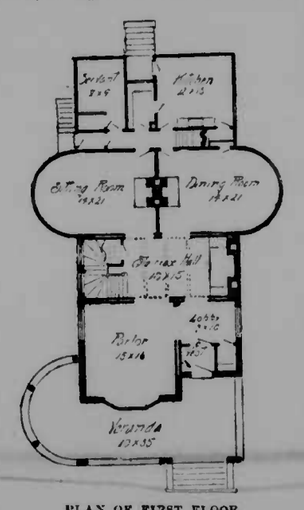

PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR.

fence flooring; studs, 2x4; floor joist, 2x10; wall plates, 2x8; beams, 8x10; rafters, 2x6; veranda joist, 2x8. All glass is to be American double thick. Painting to be three-coat work.

All principal rooms on first floor, including vestibule, lobby and staircase hall, will be of Georgia pine; all other rooms of white pine for paint. The roof will have two coats of paint. All gutters, down spouts, flashing and hips will be of galvanized iron. The floor of veranda is to be of cement. Panel in front door and large window

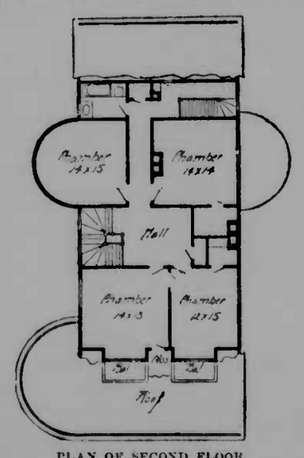

PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR.

in parlor will be plate glass. Pipe all rooms for gas and furnace. All carving shown is to be of composition. The plastering will be done with an adamant cement, and all outside walls will be back plastered with a rough brown coat. Felt paper is to be placed between all floors, tar paper between siding and sheathing. Chimneys showing above the roof will be built up with red press brick. Electric burglar wires, bell wires and push buttons, also wires for electric lighting, will be placed properly. Cedar closet, clothes chute, sink, boiler, bathroom fixtures, hardware, mantels and art glass are included in this estimate.

GEORGE A. W. KINTZ.

A New and Excellent Bronze.

Lemon juice applied to cast iron articles gives an excellent finish to the surface of the metal. It turns the portion of polished cast iron to which it is applied to a bronze black, and when touched over with shellac varnish will absorb a sufficient amount of the varnish to preserve it. To many lemon juice would seem to be a weak and ineffective acid for metal, but everyone knows how quickly a knife blade of steel will blacken when used to cut a lemon, and the darkening of polished iron by the acid is very beautiful.

THE VISION OF BIRDS.

Only One of the Species Has Eyesight Better Than Man's.

Birds are commonly credited with an extraordinary range of vision. Circumstances lend aid to the development of the mental factors in their case. The usual distance at which terrestrial species use their eyes is limited by the ground horizon. But in the case of the soaring birds, such as vultures and eagles, the horizon, the natural limit of sight, is enormously extended. Macgillivray early noted that, though birds of prey have orbits of great size—the eyeball of the common buzzard being one and one-eighth inches in diameter—they do not, as a rule, soar when seeking their prey. The eagle, when hunting, flies low, just like the sparrowhawk and the hen-harrier.

Yet the vultures and condors, birds which admittedly do soar when seeking food, have been proved to find carrion by sight. A carcass was covered with canvas and some offal placed upon it. The vultures saw this, descended and ate it, and then sat on the covered portion within a few inches of a putrid carcass. When a hole was made in the covering they saw and attacked the food below. But the rapid congregation of vultures from a distance to a carcass is probably due to their watching their neighbors, each of which is surveying a limited area.

Charles Darwin pointed out that in a level country the height of sky commonly noticed by a mounted man is not more than 15 degrees above the horizon; and a vulture on the wing at the height of between 3,000 and 4,000 feet would probably be two miles distant, and invisible. Those which descend rapidly and appear to have come from beyond the range of human sight were perhaps hovering vertically over the hunter when he killed his game.

There remains one undoubted instance in which bird vision is much keener than that of man. The great gray shrike, Lanius excubitor, is habitually used by the men who catch falcons at Valliensward to give notice of the approach of a hawk. The bird sees it far sooner than the men, and at once gives notice of its approach. This is a single instance in which the specialized acuteness of sight may be due to the fact that the bird in question much resembles in color the pigeons, which are the falcon's favorite food. But long sight does not seem common property of bird vision. The gannets, which catch fish at sea, descend from a considerable height, but they kill their prey on the surface of the water or near it. Nocturnal birds and animals, though able to see with little light, have no enhanced powers when the light is more powerful.—London Spectator.

PERIOD OF INCUBATION.

Valuable Facts Furnished by the Clinical Society of London.

The intervals between exposure to a disease and its first appearance is called the period of incubation, and this varies widely in different diseases, and often, too, the same disease in different persons, according to circumstances. The Clinical society of London, wishing to establish a period of incubation for various diseases, instituted a series of investigations, with the following results:

Diphtheria—In this disease the incubation period does not as a rule exceed four days, and is more often two days. It may also extend to five, six and seven days. The infection may take place at any time in the course of the disease. Mild cases may spread it.

Typhoid fever—This may vary within wide limits twelve to fourteen days, but not infrequently it is less. As the disease is usually introduced into the system by food and drink, it is not carried from one person to another, but several may get from the same source. Contaminated water and milk is the usual cause.

Epidemic influenza or "grip"—The shortest incubation period in this disease is from a few hours to three or four days. It generally strikes suddenly and without warning. A patient may carry infection throughout the whole course of the disease.

Measles—The incubation period of measles is usually short. It is counted from the date of the eruption, which decides the disease.

Mumps—The incubation period of mumps is rather long, from one to two weeks, and the chances of infection diminish daily.

Rubeola, rothelin, or German measles—This has a long incubation period, like ordinary measles, and its infectivity diminishes in a day or two after the rash disappears.

Variola, or smallpox—The incubation period of this disease is from one to three days.

Varicella, or chicken pox, has a period of incubation slightly longer than variola.

Brain Matter in Finger Ends.

It may not be so generally known that recent post-mortem examinations of the bodies of the blind reveal the fact that in the nerves at the ends of the fingers well-defined cells of gray matter had formed, identical in substance and in cell formation with the gray matter of the brain. What does this show? It proves that a man can think not alone in his head, but all over his body, and especially in the great nerve centers like the solar plexus and the nerve ends on the palms of the hand and in the soles of the feet. The coming man will assuredly perceive and think in every part from his head down to his feet.

Alloy for Soldering Glass.

An alloy formed of ninety-five parts of tin and five of copper will, it is asserted, adhere to glass with such tenacity that it may be employed as a solder for connecting tubes end to end. It is obtained by first melting the tin and then adding the copper, the mixture being stirred all the while with a wooden rod. This mixture is run into a mold and melted anew when needed for use. It is rendered more or less hard by the addition of one-half to one per cent. of zinc or lead.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A SURE CURE.

When the snow begins to fall
On the lawns and tree-tops tall,
And the blizzard is a blustering through the
the slow old village street,
Then I hie me from my bed,
And get out my old bob-sled,
And I polish up the runners till they shine
like glistening sleet.

When they ring the breakfast-bell,
I announce I am not well,
And I sigh and say I'm tired, and am simply
just worn out;
And my mother says she thinks,
As my weary eyelid blinks,
That I'd best not go to school to-day there
isn't any doubt.

But by ten o'clock I feel
So recovered that an eel
Could not give me any points on moving constantly around,
All the pain deserts my head,
And I take the old bob-sled,
And am shortly whizzing with it o'er the
snow-incrusted ground.

Whence I think 'tis very plain
That to cure a small boy's pain,
And to get him back to health without an
ache within his head,
There is not a dose or pill
That so fully fills the bill
As a good old well-packed snow-fall, and a
chance to use a sled.

—Harper's Young People.

PRINCE OF GNAWERS.

Beavers Have Won a Good Reputation by Their Industry.

Celebrated as the prince of gnawers is this sturdy rodent, and his well-earned reputation of industry has given rise to the familiar proverb of "working like a beaver." The beaver belongs to the order rodentia, but his family relations are all deceased. A glance at the animal's personal appearance is sufficient to indicate his mode of living. A strong-made fellow of a reddish brown color, with big orange-colored front teeth, small eyes and ears, head and body in the neighborhood of two feet long, tail about ten inches in length—broad, flat and covered with scales—fore feet small, hind feet much larger and webbed. The coat is better than a mackintosh, being composed of two kinds of fur, the outer of long, stiff hair and the under coat of fine, soft,

A MASTER WORKMAN BEAVER.

compact down. It is therefore not difficult to arrive at the conclusion that the beaver is aquatic, and that his principal occupation is gnawing. The young are produced in April or May, and in four or five weeks are able to follow their mother in the water. The average weight of the adult individual is about forty pounds; their winter food consists of bark and the roots of aquatic plants, especially the yellow pond-lily. In summer, however, they go some distance from the water in search of berries, leaves, etc. This inoffensive creature has suffered a long and severe persecution on account of his very valuable fur and castoreum. The latter (a substance secreted in two sacs near the root of the tail) has been known since very ancient times for its medicinal properties; it is chiefly used now to bait beaver traps.

Two centuries ago these animals were so numerous in what now constitutes the state of New York, that from 8,000 to 10,000 skins were annually taken in that section alone. The trade in beaver skins was one of the leading inducements to the early French and English colonists to settle in this country. The home of the beaver was once in nearly all the wooded districts of the northern hemisphere; at the present time it is entirely exterminated in many places, and is scarce in the United States east of the Mississippi river. Much has been told of the wonderful building instinct of the beaver. Working only in the night, it is not easy to know the exact manner in which this little engineer proceeds, but in the morning the amount of work accomplished speaks for the diligence of this builder of dams, canals and houses, or "lodges," as their habitations are termed. The canals afford an easier mode of transportation than dragging the wood overland, and are dug through clearings back to the timber; they are sometimes many feet in length, and may be made on two or three different levels. —N. Y. Recorder.

Animal Humbugs Are Numerous.

In military stables horses are known to have pretended to be lame, in order to avoid going to a military exercise. A chimpanzee had been fed on cake when sick; after his recovery he often feigned coughing in order to procure dainties. The cuckoo, as is well known, lays its eggs in another bird's nest, and, to make the deception surer, it takes away one of the other bird's eggs. Animals are conscious of their deceit, as shown by the fact that they try to act secretly and noiselessly; they show a sense of guilt if detected; they take precautions in advance to avoid discovery; in some cases they manifest regret and repentance. Thus bees which steal hesitate often before and after exploits, as if they feared punishment. A naturalist describes how his monkey committed theft. While he pretended to sleep the animal regarded him with hesitation and stopped every time his master moved or seemed on the point of awakening.

Lost a Customer.

Stout Old Lady—Do you sell corsets at wholesale, young feller?

Clerk—Yes, madam; what size, please? —Judge.

SOME QUEER NESTS.

The Architecture of Birds Is Very Wonderful Indeed.

A curious Australian bird is the little rock warbler (Origma rubricata), whose method of nest constructing is probably unique among birds:

Mr. Gould writes: "The true habitat of this species is New South Wales, over which part of the country it is very generally distributed, wherever situations occur suitable to its habits; water courses and the rocky beds of gullies, both near the coast and among the mountains of the interior, being equally frequented by it; and so exclusively, in fact, is it confined to such situations that it never visits the forests, nor have I ever seen it perching on the branches of the trees. It does not even resort to them as a resting place for its nest, but suspends the latter to the ceilings of caverns and the under surface of overhanging rocks, in a manner that is most surprising; the

NEST OF THE ROCK WARBLER.

nest, which is of an oblong, globular form, and composed of moss and other similar substances, is suspended by a narrow neck, and presents one of the most singular instances of bird architecture that has yet come under my notice."

Dr. E. P. Ramsay has also given an account of the species in the Wide Bay districts: "The rock warbler is a very pleasing and lively little bird, and seems to love solitude. I have never seen it perch on a tree, although I have spent several evenings in watching it. It runs with rapidity over the ground, and over heaps of rubbish left by floods, where it seems to get a good deal of its food. Sometimes it will remain for a minute on the point of a rock, then, as if falling over the edge, it will repeat its shrill cry, and dash off into some hole in the cliffs.

"The nest is of an oblong form, very large for the size of the bird, with an entrance in the side about two inches wide. It is generally suspended under some overhanging rock, and is composed of fibrous roots interwoven with spiders' webs; the bird evincing a preference for those webs which contain the spiders' eggs, and that are of a greenish color. The moss does not assume the shape of a nest until a few days before it is completed, when a hole for entrance is made, and the inside is warmly lined with feathers; but when finished, it is a very rugged structure, and easily shaken to pieces. The birds take a long time in building their nests; one found on the 6th of August was not finished until the 25th of that month; on the 30th three eggs were taken from it.

"Of the Australian cliff swallow, the 'fairy martin' of Gould and other writers, Dr. Ramsay records an instance in which he found a mass of nests fastened under an overhanging rock on the banks of the Bell river. 'I counted,' he says, 'upward of one hundred nests, all built together so closely

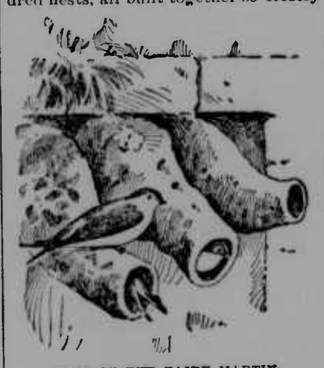

NEST OF THE FAIRY MARTIN.

that many of the entrances alone were visible, the nest itself being built round by others."

Mr. Gould has given the accompanying remarks on the species as noticed by him in Australia:

"I observed it throughout the district of the Upper Hunter, as well as in every part of the interior, breeding in various localities, wherever suitable situations presented themselves; sometimes their nests are constructed in the cavities of decayed trees; while not infrequently clusters of them are attached to the perpendicular banks of rivers, the sides of rocks, etc., generally in the vicinity of water. The long bottle-shaped nest is composed of mud or clay, and, like that of our common martin, is only worked at in the morning and evening, unless the day be wet and showery. In the constructing of the nests these birds appear to work in small companies, six or seven assisting in the formation of each nest, one remaining within and receiving the mud brought by the others in their mouths; in shape their nests are nearly round, but vary in size from four to six or seven inches in diameter; the spouts of some being eight or nine inches in length."—Good Words.

The Schoolmaster's Boast.

In my school
The children, good and bad, I rule;
The children rule their mothers. So!
The mothers rule the men, you know;
The men with ballots—understand—
Elect the ones who rule the land;
So, consequently, from my stool
The world and all therein I rule.

—H. C. Dodge, in Brooklyn Eagle.

FARM AND GARDEN.

TUBERCULOSIS IN COWS.

It Can Be Prevented by a Proper Arrangement of the Stable.

Introduce a consumptive cow into a herd, and the animal on each side of her in the common stanchions, shown in Fig. 1, will be infected from her breath and spit. Put a board partition on each side of the diseased cow, extending well out in front, and it will be long before she contaminates her neighbors, if she ever does. Exhaustive tests in Denmark, extending over two years, with 208 head show that "it is possible to rear a healthy herd on a

FIG. 1.—UNHEALTHY TIE-UP FOR COWS.

farm where there is an infected herd if the two are separated by a wooden partition, and this will prove successful, even when the calves from diseased cows are raised." G. N. Kinneli, a Pittsfield veterinarian, therefore advocates individual stalls for each cow, by simply running a partition between the stanchions, boarded up in front, with a ventilating shaft 18 inches square over each cow's head, four or six of them to join in a common shaft running through the roof. (Fig. 2 shows such partition not boarded up in front, the advisability of which we question.) He mentions a herd that escaped infection from two badly diseased cows because the sick cows were kept in stanchions boarded up in front, with a tight partition between each stanchion.

Dr. Kinnell wisely considers some such method of separating cows the most important, simplest and cheapest means of avoiding infection. He would allow at least eight hundred cubic feet of air per stall. Besides the

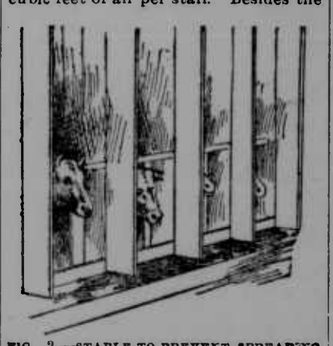

FIG. 2.—STABLE TO PREVENT SPREADING CONTAGION.

eighteen-inch overhead shaft to carry off the foul air from below, I admit stable of fifteen cows, he would run under it and back to the stalls a fresh air box three feet square, open at both ends outside the building, with four upright pipes two feet square at regular intervals running up through and a few inches above the floor, all openings to be covered with wire netting. This insures a constant supply of fresh, cool air, and does away with the danger of the much-dreaded draft. The germ of tuberculosis dies in sunlight, hence a stable cannot be too light and airy. It should be constructed so as to be easily and thoroughly cleaned and disinfected. The modern idea is to have cows in cell or stable separate from barn, well lighted on both sides, cement floors, manure wheeled out and spread on land daily; a row of cows on each side, so as to be fed from the middle floor. A partition between the cows' heads is certainly a desirable improvement even to such a cow linter.—American Agriculturist.

BUSH APPLE TREES.

A Hint from England Which May Benefit American Fruit Growers.

In a paper read before the fruit growers of Worcester county, England, the writer spoke of the once famous apple orchards of that locality, and of their decline, owing to various causes, so that to-day American apples are sold at their very doors. To recover this lost ground is possible, if methods of cultivation are improved. One improvement is to grow the trees in bush form, not by using dwarf stocks, but forming a large open bush shape on tree stocks which have been carefully prepared, and later possess an abundance of healthy fibrous roots that work and feed near the surface, while the tree branches are each a perfect cordon of fruiting wood from the stem of the tree to the extremity of each branch—quite different from the pigmy bushes grafted on Paradise and like stocks. Trees of this character may be planted 6 to 8 feet apart or more, and alternate trees removed, later on, to a fresh plantation, for trees with good fibrous roots are always fruitful, and can be removed with safety. The land for at least the diameter of the branches should be held sacred to the roots, as unless these are properly cared for the trees cannot ripen their wood and develop the embryo fruit buds. With such trees, the work of pruning, spraying, thinning and gathering is much easier, and manures are more efficiently applied. Of course the land should be well selected, in good heart and deeply cultivated before planting, so that moisture, air and heat can readily penetrate.

KEEP an eye to the future shape of the tree and timely remove small needles, crossing or crooked limbs, and in this way avoid severe pruning later on.

AN ANCIENT ROADWAY.

Strange Discovery of a Prehistoric Highway in California.

A huntsman, who has been gunning in the territory lying south of Sweetwater Dam and along the north slopes of San Miguel mountain, comes back with a story of more than usual interest. While there he came across Lieman C. Cooke, of this city, who has a geological, if not a real, mining inclination, and another man. They are at work on what has already proved to be something of a surprise, and which may eventually prove to be a very large sized sensation.

It appears that in some way Cooke learned that an ancient road had been discovered leading from the river level on the north side to a point near the summit of San Miguel. He decided to investigate, but chiefly for entertainment at first. He took a pick and shovel, established a camp and prepared to make a thorough job of it. As he progressed his interest increased, for he soon discovered that below the shifting surface of the mountain side and under the debris of vegetation a solid roadbed, well defined and thoroughly built, existed. In places were large trees, indicating its great age. This road was followed well up into the mountains, and on the way several branch roads leading off to different spurs were easily traced. All along these roads in places Cooke found pieces of broken rock, which have given what he believes is the clew to the construction of the road. He had some specimens crushed which assayed well in gold and silver.

This was also supported by the fact that several implements of manifestly ancient make have been found, which are believed to be mining tools. Cooke thinks he has traced the road to the end, and at that point has found a mound which he believes is the dump from a shaft or tunnel, and his present work is to find the opening which will lead to the mine. He believes its discovery is not far distant, as he has narrowed it down to a possible space of about two hundred feet square.

The conclusion is that this is an ancient and rich mine, or the road would not have been made. The discoveries are said to be more interesting to Cooke because more than once he has dreamed of discovering a mountain of gold and silver, with tools all at hand for taking out the metal.—San Diego Letter in San Francisco Examiner.

AN EXPENSIVE EVIL.

That Is as Apt a Name for Bad Roads as Could Be Found.

Good roads, like charity, should begin at home. People everywhere are beginning to realize that good roads have a cash value. Properly constructed highways not only add immeasurably to the pleasure of the people but to their profit as well.

The farmers who have for many years been organizing for the purpose of securing better and cheaper railroad transportation for their marketable products, are now becoming awake to the fact that a great reform is needed right at home. An unnecessary and very expensive evil has been permitted have been working very doors. Time and horseflesh in getting products to market. They have learned that it costs more to haul a load to the station a few miles away than it does to have it transported from the station to the faraway seaboards.

This along the line of profit. In the way of pleasure they have suffered an immeasurable loss. Because of poor roads they have been more or less isolated from the world and deprived of the priceless advantages that come from association. The farmers' sons, unable to readily get to and from the villages, have gone to the villages and cities to remain. So have many of the daughters. The lack of society has been a blight upon rural life, robbing it of the flower of its youth. The same would be true of cities to a great degree if there were no good means of getting about.

The farmers are going to do better, and the merchants in all the country towns will, if they are at all wise, gladly do their share towards making good roads.

The good roads town catches the trade.

A good road is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. And, besides, it *pays*.—Good Roads.

The Temperature for Churning.

A thermometer is absolutely necessary, as the temperature of the cream, as well as the water used, should be known. When after churning half an hour in a small churn the cream is quite frothy, and though broken shows no tendency to gather farther, start warming it up by adding water, a few quarts at a time, ten to twelve degrees Fahrenheit warmer than the cream. I would raise it thus eight to ten degrees Fahrenheit, and if it does not gather, even higher. It is wise to proceed with caution, warming gradually and churning meanwhile. I have run the cream to seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit and over before I could get it together. When the butter is large enough to float let it stand for a time. Then draw the milk till the butter runs, after which a few minutes' churning will gather it.—L. B. Linfield, in N. E. Farmer.

Apple Tree Experiments.

The Nebraska agricultural experiment station has issued a bulletin from which the following practical conclusions are drawn: Grafting-wax proves better than soil or cow manure in application to injuries from mice and rabbits. Trees in cultivated ground have darker and more vigorous foliage than those in sod ground, with less yellowing, dropping of leaves or wilting in hot, windy days. Apples averaged 14 per cent. greater weight on cultivated than on pasture land, and 17 per cent. greater than on mowed land. As to moisture, for every 100 barrels of water in 20 inches depth of soil on sod land, there were 140 in cultivated land. Evaporation, as anyone might suppose, was found proportionate to velocity of wind.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

An Amusing Bet.

An amusing bet for the small sum of five shillings was laid in 1806 in the castle yard, York, between Thomas Hodgson and Samuel Whitehead as to which should succeed in assuming the most original character. Hodgson appeared decorated with ten-guinea, five-guinea and guinea pieces all over his coat and waistcoat, and a row of five-guinea notes around his hat, while on his back was fastened the words: "John Bull." Whitehead appeared like a woman on one side, one-half of his face painted, one silk stocking and slipper, while the other side represented a negro in man's dress, with boot and spur. "John Bull" won the wager.—Chicago News.

SHE sat before me at the play,
She was a beauty quite;
The house was full, the air was cool,
The play was out of sight.
—Boston Courier.

Steam's Up! The Moorings Cast Off.

Majestically the great ocean grey hound leaves the dock and steams down the river outward bound. But are you, my dear sir, prepared for the sea sickness almost always incident to a trans-Atlantic trip, with the infallible stomachic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters? If not expect to suffer without aid. The Bitters is the staunch friend of all who travel by sea or land, emigrants, tourists, commercial travelers, mariners. It completely remedies nausea, biliousness, dyspepsia, rheumatic twinges and inactivity of the kidneys.

CUSTOMER—"What has become of your assistant?" Barber—"Started for himself. He is tired of working by the day, I suppose." Customer—"I thought you paid him so much a thousand words."—Life.

Kate Field in Denver.

DENVER, Sept. 10.—My journey from Chicago was over the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, one of the best managed systems in the country, I should says judging by the civility of the employes, the comfort I experienced, the excellence of it, roadbed, and the punctuality of arrival. I actually reached Denver ahead of time. The Burlington Route is also the best to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha and Kansas City.

ARTIST—"I painted this picture, sir, to keep the wolf from the door." Dealer (after inspecting it)—"Well, hang it on the knob where the wolf can see it."—Tit-Bits.

PISO'S CURE is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. Blunt, Sprague, Wash., March 8, '94.

KNEW HIS MAN.—"Don't you think it very strange that Jack Hardupp doesn't pay me the $10 he borrowed?" "No. I think it would be very strange if he did."—Detroit Free Press.

BEECHAM'S PILLS for constipation 10c and 25c. Get the book (free) at your druggist's and go by it. Annual sales 6,000,000 boxes.

A MOTION IN HER MIND.—"When he went abroad he threw up his entire business." "Gracious! What a passage!"—Life.

A MOTE in the eye will put the whole world out of joint.—Ram's Horn.

WE carry our worst enemies with us.—Spurgeon.

reads no books.—Ram's Horn.

THE WIFE—"It must be bedtime." The Husband—"Hardly. The baby hasn't woke up yet."—Tit-Bits.

"THIS is no laughing matter," said the editor to the author as he handed him back his jokes.—Texas Siftings.

COLOR BLIND.—Waiter—"Brown bread or white, sir?" He—"It makes no difference to me; I'm color blind."—Judge.

EVERY man is an original and solitary character. None can either understand or feel the hook of his own life like himself.—Cecil.

WHEN you see a banana peel resting on the sidewalk and a fat man unconsciously approaching it, the indications point to an early fall.—Texas Siftings.

"OH! you're too fly," remarked the wire to the kite. "Well, I notice you always give me a good send-off," retorted the kite.—Philadelphia Record.

NO, MAUDE, dear, the tailor would scarcely make a good matrimonial agent, although he does press other people's suits for them. —Philadelphia Record.

"KEEP yoh tempah," said Uncle Eben; "when yoh let's dat go you's liable ter git yohse'f away 'long wid it."—Washington Star.

A SUCCESSFUL SEASON.—"That's a very blurred picture you carry in your watch!" "Yes, it's a composite photograph of my summer engagements."—Life.

THE ONE THING IMPOSSIBLE.—Reginald—"Oh, if there was only something I could do to prove the depth of my affections!" Edith—"There is. Don't talk nonsense, please."

HARVEY'S Scalp Food *makes* hair grow. 50c. What cleans the blood? PURIFICO. $1.00. *Free Advice.* HARVEY MEDICAL CO., Cincinnati, O.

A BLIND PAINTER.—"A most wonderful bit of work. Those things were painted by a blind painter." "What things?" "Those blinds."—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

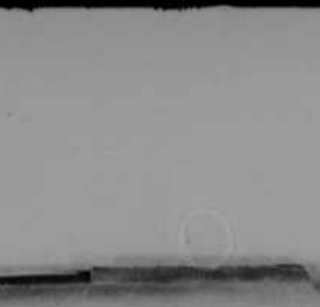

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

JUST OUT!

SEND FOR OUR NEW

ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET

DESCRIBING THE

SAINT PAUL AND.... .... DULUTH COUNTRY

HOPEWELL CLARKE, LAND COMMISSIONER, ST. PAUL, MINN.

No Failure of Crops! A Sure Thing!

GARDEN, FRUIT AND TRUCK FARMS.

10 ACRES will give a family a good living. 40 ACRES will place you in a few years in an independent position.

WHY SLAVE ALL YOUR LIVES!

When Georgia and South Carolina offer such grand inducements for the frugal, thrifty man and woman—climate, soil and surroundings unsurpassed. FREE RAILROAD FARE. Free moving of all your effects, from the time you reach our road. Call or address LAND DEPARTMENT, Augusta Southern R. R., Carolina Midland R. R.; WALTER M. JACKSON, Commissioner of Immigration, Augusta, Ga. F. S. MONDAUNT, General Agent, 285 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

DR. KILMER'S **SWAMP-ROOT**

The Great **KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.**

At Druggists, 50c. & $1. Advice & Pamphlet free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

NATIONAL BANK Coin and Jewelry test, detects all base metals instantly. Going like wild-fire. Send 25 cents for vial containing 500 tests. Agents wanted everywhere. F. F. MANTEL, Room 517, Woolner Bldg., PEORIA, ILL.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

A. N. K.—C 1573

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Hosts of people go to work in the wrong way to cure a

SPRAIN,

when **St. Jacobs Oil** would cure it in the right way, right off.

borrowing from health.

If you have borrowed from health to satisfy the demands of business, if your blood is not getting that constant supply of fat from your food it should have, you must pay back from somewhere, and the somewhere will be from the fat stored up in the body.

The sign of this borrowing is thinness; the result, nerve-waste. You need fat to keep the blood in health unless you want to live with no reserve force—live from hand to mouth.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil is more than a medicine. It is a food. The Hypophosphites make it a nerve food, too. It comes as near perfection as good things ever come in this world.

Be sure you get Scott's Emulsion when you want it and not a cheap substitute.

Scott & Bowne, New York. All Druggists: 50c. and $1.

The Republican.

BENJ. B. SINCLAIR, Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

THE REPUBLICAN is published every Thursday morning at the following rates:

One copy one year	$ 1.50
One copy six months	.75
One copy three months	.40
One copy one month	.15
Single copies	.05

ADVERTISING RATES.

First insertion for square of ten nonpariel lines $1; each additional insertion after first 50 cents per square of ten nonpariel lines. Positively no deviation will be made from the above rates.

REMITTANCES:

Remittances made by money order, postal note, registered letter or bank draft will be at our risk, if made otherwise, at the risk of the sender. Address,

THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md

THURSDAY, OCT. 10, 1895.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR,
LLOYD LOWNDES,
OF ALLEGANY.

FOR COMPTROLLER,
R. P. GRAHAM,
OF WICOMICO.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
HARRY M. CLABAUGH,
OF BALTIMORE.

FOR ASSOCIATE JUDGE FOURTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT,
DAVID W. SLOAN,
OF ALLEGANY.

FOR SHERIFF,
AUSTIN BROWN,
OF DISTRICT NO. 2.

FOR TREASURER,
THOMAS B. WILEY,
OF DISTRICT NO. 12.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
THOMAS H. LAYMAN,
OF DISTRICT NO. 9,
CHARLES E. HILLEARY,
OF DISTRICT NO. 8, AND
CHRISTIAN J. OTTO,
OF DISTRICT NO. 3.

FOR JUDGES ORPHANS' COURT,
GEORGE F. ENGLEHART,
OF DISTRICT NO. 5,
DANIEL WILSON,
OF DISTRICT NO. 10, AND
THOMAS H. CUPPETT,
OF DISTRICT NO. 6.

FOR STATES ATTORNEY,
FRED. A. THAYER,
OF DISTRICT NO. 7.

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS,
JAMES W. WHITE,
OF DISTRICT NO. 7.

FOR SURVEYOR,
FRANKLIN P. GREEN,
OF DISTRICT NO. 11.

THE issue and the only issue in this campaign is Good Government vs. Gormanism and Ring Rule.

"MUCH as I would prize the honor of being elected governor of this State I would not be elected by fraudulent schemes."—Lowndes.

A VOTE for the Republican ticket means better government, better schools, free school books and the election of all officers by the people and not their appointment by one man.

THE county ticket which was nominated by the Republicans of this county in convention assembled two weeks ago was named by the Republicans as a whole and not by one man or set of men. The ticket was put before the people on its merits and upon this principle it will win.

A CORRESPONDENT propounds this question, and as we have no way of answering it we refer it to those who are in a position to know and hope that our correspondent may be enlightened on the subject. The question is:

To the Editor of The Republican.

Will you be kind enough to inform me who paid the expenses of the speakers who advocated the school bond bill during the campaign last fall?

MONEY and plenty of it will be used in this county this fall by the Democrats to carry their State ticket through. Word has been passed along the line to sacrifice everything in order to elect Hurst and the nominees for the House of Delegates. Some of the Democrats have gone so far as to boast that they intend to buy up whole sections of the county and that at one dollar a vote. This is an insult to the people of Garrett county and should be treated as such by them.

THE DEMOCRACY of this county has had considerable trouble with its nominees since their county convention. Mr. James B. Dorsey, who was nominated for the House of Delegates, has resigned, presumably for the reason that he does not feel inclined to be led up to the slaughter. It is reported that Mr. R. E. Friend, nominee for Judge of the Orphan's Court, has also resigned. Whether this be true or not we are unable to say, but if Mr. Friend has not resigned and is elected he cannot be qualified for the reason that the election law provides that no election officer shall be eligible to any office at an election preceding that in which he has been an officer.

But then it hardly makes any difference whether the Democracy has a ticket in the field or not, as their chances of election have become so contracted that a ticket is nominated to keep up appearances only.

THE PEOPLE of Oakland have now heard Mr. Hurst. Did he give a single reason why the Gormanites should be retained in power?

Did he tell the people they should have honest elections throughout the State?

Did he tell the people they should elect their own school officers and Justices of the Peace?

Did he produce a single plausible reason that his election did not mean the retention in power over city and State of these two conspirators and tricksters, Messrs. Gorman and Rasin, and that they would not continue pulling the past?

He did promise reassessment, but in view of the fact that he was the leading spirit in defeating the reassessment bill two years ago, does it stand to reason that he was sincere in his promise?

Did he, even in the mildest tones, denounce the conspiracy now being hatched in Baltimore city to seat him in the gubernatorial chair by fraud and force?

He did not, and as he goes from one end of the State to the other, he will not.

The County Ticket.

The Republicans made wise selections when they nominated their county ticket two weeks ago. All the gentlemen appearing on it are staunch Republicans who have been tried and found true to the principles of Republicanism and local self government.

Mr. Austin Brown, the candidate for Sheriff, is a young man, and comes from Selbysport district, where he has been engaged for a number of years in the manufacture of lumber. He has made a success of his business and coming from the section of country from which he does should have the unalloyed support of all Republicans.

Mr. Thomas B. Wiley, of District No. 12, who has been nominated for County Treasurer, is a farmer and an ex-Union soldier. He fought bravely to save the nation and has been a resident of Garrett county all his life.

For County Commissioner Mr. Thomas H. Layman, of District No. 9, was named. Mr. Layman, who was put on the ticket two years ago only a few days before the election to fill the vacancy thereon caused by the death of Mr. Weitzell, and elected by a majority of over two hundred, has made a host of friends since he took charge of the duties of his office. If he is returned by the people we are warranted in saying that he will continue to exert his judgment to make the coming administration of county affairs just and equitable to all.

In the selection for Delegates to the House the convention made no mistake when it named Messrs. Christian J. Otto, of District No. 3, and Mr. Charles E. Hilleary, of District No. 8. Both are progressive men, of good judgment and ability. Mr. Otto has been a resident of this county all his life and has been engaged for a number of years past in the manufacture of lumber and has made a success of his business. Mr. Hilleary is a farmer and very successful.

The three gentlemen named for Judges of the Orphans' Court, Messrs. Englehart, Wilson and Cuppett, are all successful farmers and will make just judges.

In Mr. F. A. Thayer, the nominee for State's Attorney, the people have a candidate who has won for himself a name as an attorney, one who is industrious and pains-taking and who will fill the office acceptably to all the citizens of the county.

Mr. James W. White, the present Register of Wills, who has made for himself since he has been in that office hundreds of friends throughout the county by his ability to look after the interests of those having business in that branch of the county's affairs.

Mr. Franklin P. Green, of District No. 11, is the candidate for County Surveyor. He is a young man who will fill the office with credit to the county. He is a civil engineer and has done considerable work for the coal companies in this and Allegany counties.

After a Year of Low Tariff.

Nobody will accuse the Washington *Post* of being a Republican newspaper, nor will he be so disregardful of the truth as to charge that it is a defender of the Republican policy in regard to the tariff. The following article, therefore, may be taken as based upon the truth as developed by the low tariff of the year just passed and not inspired by any spirit of partisansbip. In its issues of September 28, the *Post* says:

"Whatever else the low tariff of 1894 may have accomplished or failed to accomplish, the treasury [illegible] Whether the country can prosper while the treasury is in difficulties is a question. We think not—certainly not while the government does a banking business, and the government balance sets the keynote of public confidence. That, however, is not the question we are considering now. We confine ourselves to the effect of a low tariff upon the public finances—a matter quite serious enough for one day's contemplation.

Low tariff has done and left undone many things. Free wool has paralyzed the domestic industry without cheapening wool products for the people. The influx of foreign manufactures has correspondingly cut down the volume of domestic manufactures without reducing the retail price of the article to any appreciable extent. Food, fuel, and clothing cost as much, with some unimportant exceptions, as they did two years ago. The competition of foreign producers has crippled a few haughty and avaricious "monopolies and trusts," and to that extent has brought joy to the hearts of the Populists, but this has been at the cost of thousands of American laborers who are thus thrown out of employment, or soon must be, and the advantage of the arrangements is at least debatable. But there need be and can be no controversy as to the effect of this great flood of foreign importations upon the treasury. No one can deny that it has put us in the position of buying more than we can sell and turning the balance of trade against us to the constant and increasing peril of our gold reserve. Already we have had to buy $112,000,000 in gold to keep this reserve intact and avert disastrous panic and paralysis in private business. Undoubtedly we shall have to buy more gold if the conditions of the past twelve months be maintained. It is a fact, not a theory, which confronts us. We have had a year of low tariff, and here is the account of its practical operation. Low tariff may be an approach to the academic dream of perfection, which is free trade. It may be unassailable in argument and supreme in philosophy. But we know now that it is not good for the treasury, and we have yet to learn that there can be any substantial prosperity among the people when the bank account of their government is unsatisfactory and insecure.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

Communicated.

To the Editor of The Republican.

The Gorman Democracy were never in such a deplorable condition as at the present time. Witness the inconsistent platforms of the Democratic county convention—without a single principle worth striving for. The assessment resolution a canard and a hoax. Silent as the grave upon the question of Democratic economy; not a principle to go before the people. The mountain in labor brings forth a mouse, and we have that awful phantom of by-gone days, negro domination. Nothing to appeal to the intelligence of men, but an appeal to the prejudice of the people; a scare-crow which will not score worth a cent. True, under the Democratic mismanagement our people have had but short terms of schools, but they read and think for themselves and have at least a little "horse sense," and such an appeal is disgusting to the intelligent people of the county regardless of politics. Yes, we have too good an opinion of the intelligence of the gentleman who drew the resolution to think for one moment that he believed that there was any danger himself, or that a vote for Lowndes meant what the resolution said it did. There is no danger of negro domination.

When Mr. Cleveland appointed a negro for Recorder of Deeds of the District of Columbia, the people did not get the nightmare, and the Republicans did not lose their heads and pass resolutions crying "negro domination." This is a question of the people against Gormanism and misrule, and the people will be heard in spite of appeals to prejudice and misrepresentation to get the people away from the issues of the campaign. They also declare that they recognize no issues in this campaign other than those enunciated and proclaimed in the Democratic State platform of 1895, and yet with this declaration made they at once say that they endorse the expressed purpose of the Democracy of the State to give us free school books. When did the Democracy make such an expression?

Did not the Democratic State convention turn down the Democratic representative of the free book measure, Col. John Walter Smith, and nominated "Gorman's man?" When the bill appropriating $125,000 towards free books was before the last session of the Legislature, was it passed by Democratic votes? Your party had sixty-eight majority—twenty two votes more than was necessary to pass any measure—yet had it not been for Republican votes the bill would have failed to have passed the Democratic house with twenty-two votes more than necessary to have passed the bill. And yet every scheme known to parliamentary tactics was employed to defeat the bill, and even with the aid of Republican votes the record shows that the fight in the Democratic legislature for what the Democratic leaders of Garrett county would have the people believe is one of their dearest prospects, continued from 8 o'clock p. m. until 2.30 a. m., and when passed by the aid of the Republicans the Democratic Governor, (I suppose, remembering that it was the expressed purpose of his party to give the children of the State free school books, and knowing how much the Gorman Democracy loved the dear people, especially about election time) vetoed the bill, and our Democratic friends would have us believe that their party is in favor of free books. Is it any wonder that we have the plank on negro domination. No assessment, for their promise is not worth the paper it is written upon. No free books, for the record shows how false the position taken, and O, tell it not in Gath! Publish it not in Askelon! No plank upon Democratic economy, but something must be done, so we have the scarecrow of negro domination. It won't do, gentlemen; the handwriting is on the wall. Thou art weighed in the balances and found wanting. Gormanism with its blighting, withering curse upon the State, must be blotted out, so that this old commonwealth can take its proper place in the sisterhood of states. We want home rule and will have it. Bossism must be buried and the present iniquitous system that compels a man to wear the collar of the boss or stand no show, must be abolished. Mr. Lowndes will be governor of the *whole* people, and will favor home rule. Can we expect as much from "Gorman's man" or from the ring which has robbed the people of their rights to elect their school commissioners. Home rule, more and better schools, public money honestly expended, free school books, an assessment that will assess, honest registration and honest elections, the people to have a right to elect their public officials and other great reforms is what we will get by the defeat of Gormanism and the election of Mr. Lowndes. Men of Garrett, regardless of party, this election means much, and we do not appeal to your prejudice, but think carefully of this matter and vote for the right; for the best interests of the people by voting for Lowndes for governor, and let us have the reforms we so badly need.

HOOSIER.

Can't Do It.

The Garrett county Gorman convention passed a resolution to the effect that "a vote for the Republican ticket is a vote to put the negro on an equality with the white people of this State." All the votes in the State couldn't get the average negro down to an equality in foolish demagoguery with the authors of that resolution.—Keyser Echo.

The Democratic Meeting.

On last Thursday night the Democrats of Oakland and vicinity were treated to a large amount of political taffy and gush by Mr. Hurst, Democratic candidate for Governor, Senator Faulkner, of West Virginia, and others. The meeting was held in Offutt's Hall and a fairly large audience was present. The assertions made by some of the speakers brought a blush of shame to those good thinking Democrats present who left the hall in a state of mind boding no good to the candidates.

Oakland Lowndes Club.

On last Thursday night the Republicans of Oakland and vicinity met and formed themselves into the Oakland Lowndes Club and elected the following officers: President, Mr. John Shartzer; secretary, Mr. E. Z. Tower; assistant secretary, Mr. W. H. Malette; vice presidents, Messrs. J. C. Peddicord, B. F. Crane, Chas. A. Ashby, P. H. Rodeheaver, W. C. Ashby, Chauncey Kimmell and G. A. Fraley; treasurer, Mr. S. T. Jones. The membership numbers considerably over a hundred with new members being added every day.

Married.

HUTSON—RIGG. — At the residence of the officiating minister, in Oakland, Dr. Benjamin Ison, on October 3, 1895, Charles Luther Hutson and Minnie May Riggs, both of West Virginia.

BAKER—RIGGS.—At the Glades Hotel, Oct. 5th, by Rev. Dr. Ison, Marshall Oliver Baker and Ella Riggs, both of West Virginia.

BAKER — THOMPSON. — At the same place, same date and by the same minister, Charles Green Baker and Sadie E. Thompson, both of West Virginia.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending October 12, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Geo. H. Zurhorst	John Walker
John J. Williams	James Bounds
Charles C. Savage	Wm. Edward Smith
James N. Ross	M. Nathan
Benj. Mace	Thompson Hilliard
Richard Allen (col.)	R. L. Clay
Tom Smith	H. H. Harney
Charles Hewitt	Wm. C. Downing
Rev. H. F. Sanmenig	Dr. H. S. Newlin
Squire Reins	Col. John G. Kelly
Mrs. Chas. K. Sanlelle	Mrs. Kate C. Tannehill
Miss Alison Wilson	Miss Annie Lee
Miss Bettie Kelley	Miss Rhoda E. Jackson
Miss Emma Tavenner.	

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

Public Sale.

Not being able on account of the impaired state of my health to give my stock personal attention during the winter months, I will offer at public auction, the following personal property, viz.:

Twelve Milk Cows, 2 large yoke of Oxen, 1 large Beef Steer, 1 fine blooded Heifer Calf, 26 Fat Hogs, 90 head Sheep. Also 20 to 30 tons fine Timothy Hay, 20 to 30 tons of Oat Straw, and from 300 to 400 bushels of oats, contained in the large barn at the "Baker Farm."

Sale to take place at 2 o'clock p. m. on Saturday, October the 19th, 1895, on the "Baker Farm," situated three-fourths mile south of the Mountain Lake Park depot, adjoining Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Maryland.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash for all sums of $10 and under; all sums over $10 a credit will be given of six months, the purchaser executing his interest bearing note with approved security.

At the same time I will offer for sale four lots and the two-story and attic frame dwelling house situated thereon, the same being the property in which I now reside, situated in a beautiful grove at Mt. Lake Park, opposite the depot. Terms made known on day of sale.

J. C. ALDERSON.

Notice.

Any one trespassing on my land situated along Meadow Mountain public highway in any way hunting, cutting timber, pasturing cattle, molesting property, &c., will be prosecuted according to law.

HANNAH SPIKER.

Public Sale

Of a valuable farm 4 miles north of Frankville, containing one hundred and two acres, improved by a good log house and barn with other buildings. About 30 acres cleared and a good young orchard bearing. There are three never failing springs on the farm. I will also offer for sale on the same day, November the 15th, 1895, 2 horses and harness, 1 2-horse wagon, 1 feed cutter, 1 cider mill, 2 plows with other articles too numerous to mention.

Terms of sale, cash. Sale to commence at 11 o'clock.

C. B. MYER.

Excursion Rates to Atlanta.

On account of the Atlanta Exposition, the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets at greatly reduced rates. Season tickets will be sold every day until December 15th, good returning until January 7th, 1896. Twenty-day tickets will be sold every day until December 15th, good returning for twenty days from date of sale. We give below the rates for the season and twenty-day tickets from stations in this vicinity.

	SEASON.	20-DAY.
Deer Park	$31 90	$23 40
Mountain Lake Park	31 90	23 40
Oakland	31 90	23 40
Grafton	31 90	23 40

Correspondingly low rates from other stations. 20–4t.

Dentistry.

Dr. D. O. McKinley will be at Hoyes, Oct. 7th, McHenry, Oct. 8th; Wm. Rodeheaver's, Oct. 9th, Kearney, Oct. 10th and 11th; Crellin, Oct. 14th and 15th. 29–3t.

A Rare Chance to Get a Vehicle.

A. D. Naylor will sell his entire stock of vehicles, over $700 worth, at cash prices on nine and twelve months time with note and approved security, rather than carry over the winter, as I need room for sleighs, etc. I will also give the privilege of paying from one to two dollars per week or from three to four dollars per month on any job. Come early and get your choice.

29–3t. A. D. NAYLOR.

Those who send their work to the Fisher Dye Works will be glad to hear that Cohen, the Tailor, has obtained the agency for this part of the state. This is the largest and finest dye works in America. 31-1t

Change of Firm.

DEER PARK, MD., Oct. 1, 1895.

I have this day sold all my interest and good will in and to the stock in trade of my store at this place to Mr. S. P. Specht, to whom I request a continuance of the liberal patronage I have heretofore had from the public, and I desire to return thanks for the large trade I had at this store.

All accounts must be closed on or before October 31, 1895, and can be paid to Mr. S. P. Specht, who is authorized to receive and receipt for same, and in whose hands I have left the books.

Yours truly,
D. F. GRAHAM.

I will continue to keep a first-class general store in my own building in Deer Park, where I will be pleased to see my old friends and the public generally, and will sell at rock bottom prices, which defy competition, for cash.

Very respectfully yours,
30–3t. S. P. SPECHT.

ARE YOU BANKRUPT in health, constitution undermined by extravagance in eating, by disregarding the laws of nature, or physical capital all gone, if so,

NEVER DESPAIR

Tutt's Liver Pills will cure you. For sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, malaria, torpid liver, constipation, biliousness and all kindred diseases.

Tutt's Liver Pills
an absolute cure.

Foster's German Army and Navy Catarrh Cure

FOR ECZEMA, TETTER, ITCH, SALT RHEUM, DANDRUFF, ITCHING PILES, RING WORM, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES AND ALL SKIN DISEASES.

It soothes the inflamed tissues immediately and infallibly. The healing process begins at once and comfort is assured with the first application. It does not effect a complete cure suddenly or miraculously, but it does cure. There's no doubt about that. There are other things which give some relief, but nothing else is so quick, so thorough and so certain as this. It isn't an experiment, it has been tried and proven.

50 Cents. All Druggists.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Foster's German Army and Navy Catarrh Cure cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head and inflammation of the Nasal Passages. 50 Cents.

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 1, on Front Street, in Bayard, West Va.

Lot containing four acres with house on it, at Swanton, Md.

A mortgage on property worth more than double, at Loch Lynn Heights, Md.

WILLIAM W. SWEET,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48-26t*

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL

ROOFING,

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7–26t.

Slate Roofing.

Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.

I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.

All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.

I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.

Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.

For prices apply to or address,

C. M. BEACHY,
47—1yr. Grantsville, Md

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, 14 old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

STRAWBERRIES.

Best varieties, early, medium and late. Our pot grown plants set now will produce a full crop next June. Sent by mail prepaid, 60 cents per dozen; express unpaid, $3 per hundred.

THE HORTICULTURAL SUPPLY CO.,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Get a vehicle from Naylor.

Mr. George Kitzmiller, of Blaine, spent Tuesday night in Oakland.

Mr. Henry J. Mayers was in Grafton last Saturday on a visit to relatives.

Dr. Henry W. McComas was in Baltimore several days since our last issue.

Mr. R. G. Richardson, of Keyser, W. Va., was here Tuesday looking after trade.

The Misses Fitz-Gerald, of Terra Alta, were Oakland visitors last Thursday evening.

Dr. A. L. Wagner, who is now located in Bloomington, was in the city last Friday evening.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot returned from a visit to friends at Weston, W. Va., last Thursday.

Mr. Henry Kamp, of Accident, was in the city on business last Friday for a short time.

Mr. Richard F. Bartlett went to Baltimore last Monday to enter the Baltimore College of Dentistry.

Mr. Isaac N. Shillingberg, of Wilson, was in the city last Saturday and paid his respects to this office.

Miss Lizzie Weber returned on last Thursday evening from a week's visit to friends and relatives in Cumberland.

Acts at once, never fails, One Minute Cough Cure. A remedy for asthma, and that feverish condition which accompanies a severe cold. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results.

Dr. Bruce Lichty, of Grantsville, one of the election supervisors, was here Monday to meet with the balance of the board to appoint the election officers.

Mr. David G. Smith, one of Oakland's best young men, will be married this evening at 8.30 o'clock to Miss Jennie Porter at the latter's residence in Oakland.

Mr. M. Cohen has completed arrangements with the Fisher Steam Dye Works by which he is enabled to have goods dyed in the most approved manner. 28-3t.

Rev. Geo. W. Kepler and wife, who were on their way from Davis, West Va., to Cameron, Mr. Kepler's new station, stopped over here on Thursday to see old friends.

Mr. Oscar W. Stull, who has been in New York City, and other eastern and northern points, returned to Oakland last Thursday and will remain here a short time when he will return to New York.

It's just as easy to try One Minute Cough Cure as anything else. It's easier to cure a severe cough or cold with it. Let your next purchase for a cough be One Minute Cough Cure. Better medicine; better results; better try it.

Garthright takes buckwheat flour on the old accounts and notes, which must be closed up this fall. Don't fail to see his $8 suits, all wool, and can't be beat. Fresh butter and eggs wanted. 30–2t

Rev. J. W. Butler and Mr. John Shartzer went to Baltimore Tuesday night to attend the annual meeting of the Maryland Synod of the Ev. Lutheran church. Rev. Butler will return to Oakland on Wednesday morning of next week.

A. G. Bartley, of Magic, Pa., writes: I feel it a duty of mine to inform you and the public that DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured me of a very bad case of eczema. It also cured my boy of a running sore on his leg.

News reached Oakland yesterday afternoon that the town of Bayard on the line of the West Virginia Central Railroad, about twelve miles south of here, had been almost entirely wiped out by a fire. In all thirty-six houses were burned, entailing a loss of nearly sixty thousand dollars.

"Many of the citizens of Rainsville, Indiana, are never without a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house," says Jacob Brown, the leading merchant of the place. This Remedy has proven of so much value for colds and croup in children that few mothers who know its worth are willing to be without it. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

The Baltimore and Ohio railroad is about completing arrangements to gain entrance in Georgetown which will also give a complete southern connection. Application has been made for permission to put down tracks.

"I would rather trust that medicine than any doctor I know of," says Mrs. Hattie Mason of Clinton, Carter, Co., Mo., in speaking of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Messrs. John and Harry Sincell returned from a business trip through the oil regions of West Virginia Tuesday morning. They will probably locate permanently at Sistersville, which is in the heart of the oil fields.

Dr. Henry W. McComas has sold the Oakland Pharmacy to Mr. Joseph E. Harned, who took charge of the establishment on last Thursday morning. Mr. Harned, who is an efficient and courteous young gentleman, deserves and no doubt will receive a share of the public patronage.

Every mother should know that croup can be prevented. The first symptom of true croup is horseness. This is followed by a peculiar rough cough. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given freely as soon as the child becomes hoarse or even after the cough has developed it will prevent the attack. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Christian J. Otto, the candidate for the House of Delegates from the lower end of the county, was in the city on Monday night attending the Republican meeting. Mr. Otto, though he did not seek to be nominated by the Republicans, will make a fight to be elected and we predict his election by a large majority.

Attention is called to Maj. Alderson's advertisement at public sale of some personal property on the Baker Farm, near Mt. Lake Park, on the 19 inst. He has some fine cows, oxen, fat hogs and sheep, which he will sell as he is not able to take care of them during the winter. Also some as fine timothy hay and oats straw as was ever harvested in this county and stored in the large Baker barn. None of it ever had a drop of rain on it.

On Saturday morning last Jonathan Kidwell, jr, son of Jonathan Kidwell, who lives one mile above South Branch depot, Hampshire county, was found dead by Geo. S. Arnold, lying on top of the mountain in a path that leads from the depot across to Mr. Arnold's place. The face of the young man was horribly mutilated by the load of shot which killed him, so much so that Mr. Arnold did not recognize him. It is believed to have been a case of suicide. — Cumberland News.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper under the captiou "We Loan Money." The Mutual Guarantee Building and Loan Association which he is representing is one of the strongest new financial institutions in the country and the largest new Building and Loan Association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management is developing it very fast. Its assets have already reached over $2,000,000, which proves it to be positively reliable in every respect. The men that carry it on are responsible and well known gentlemen. This is a good association for the investor as well as for borrower. It has a life insurance policy connected with it which beats anything in any other association. It is good for both young and old and especially for the young man, as this policy matures in 7 years, the others in 8 years. So anyone wishing to make and save money rapidly will do well to invest in this association. Those desiring to borrow or invest will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

A telegram was received here Tuesday by Mr. H. W. Hessen informing him that his son Ellsworth had been found in bed at his boarding house in Ottumwa, Iowa, on last Friday morning, with a bullet hole in his head near the temple. A revolver was also found in the bed which leads his friends to believe that he attempted suicide. He was on the police force in Ottumwa and was also associated with a man in the paint business. He was well thought of by the people of his town. His brother Bruce started for Ottumwa Tuesday night.

There is no medicine so often needed in every home and so admirably adapted to the purposes for which it is intended, as Chamberlain's Pain Balm. Hardly a week passes but some member of the family has need of it. A toothache or a headache may be cured by it. A touch of rheumatism or neuralgia quited. The severe pain of a burn or scald promptly relieved and the sore healed in much less time than when medicine has to be sent for. A sprain may be promptly treated before inflammation sets in, which insures a cure in about one-third of the time otherwise required. Cuts and bruises should receive immediate treatment before the parts become swollen, which can only be done when Pain Balm is kept at hand. A sore throat may be cured before it becomes serious. A troublesome corn may be removed by applying it twice a day for a week or two. A lame back may be cured and several days of valuable time saved or a pain in the side or chest relieved without paying a doctor bill. Procure a 50 cent bottle at once and you will never regret it. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Send your job work to THE REPUBLICAN office.

McComas' Calmative Konseals, 10 cents. Try them. 5–tf

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

FOR SALE. — Four heavy work horses. Apply to D. S. Martin, Oakland, Md. 26–3t.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

The healing properties of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve are well known. It cures eczema, skin affections and is simply a perfect remedy for piles.

We have something new, effective, pleasant to take and perfectly harmless and a positive cure for nervous headache, sick headache, dizziness and neuralgia. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5–tf

HAULING AND EXPRESS.—I have located at Mountain Lake Park and am prepared to do hauling of all kinds at short notice. Baggage a specialty. A share of the public patronage solicited. Harry Thayer.

Nothing so distressing as a hacking cough. Nothing so foolish as to suffer from it. Nothing so dangerous if allowed to continue. One minute Cough Cure gives immediate relief.

McComas' Calmative Konseals contain all that is required to cure the worst case of headache or neuralgia in a very few minutes and are safe, sure, inexpensive. Manufactured by Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5–tf.

Try McComas' Calmative Konseals to drive away sharp pains in muscular and acute rheumatism. One or two Konseals have shown marvelous results. 10 cents per box. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5–tf

Say, why don't you try DeWitt's Little Early Risers? These little pills cure headache, indigestion and constipation. They're small but do the work.

It is a truth in medicine that the smallest dose that performs a cure is the best. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the smallest pills, will perform a cure, and are the best.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

There are many good reasons why you should use One Minute Cough Cure. There are no reasons why you should not, if in need of help. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results.

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are warned against trespassing upon my land, lying near Kearney, for any purpose whatever, gunning especially. All persons caught trespassing will be prosecuted. W. E. HARVEY.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

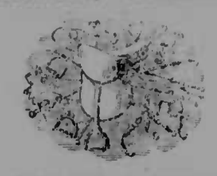

THE OAKLAND HARNESS CO.

carry the best stock of heavy, hand made harness and horse furnishing goods to be found in the country.

Alder Street, opposite G. S. Hamill's office.

TRUMAN WEST, Manager.

26—26t.*

Reqistration Notice.

September and October Sittings.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned Officers of Registration of Voters in and for their respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county, at the places hereinafter named, for three successive days in the month of September, commencing with and including the third Monday of September, that is to say, the

16th, 17th and 18th Days of September, 1895,

and four successive days in the month of October, commencing with and including the first Monday in October, that is to say on the

7th, 8th, 9th and 10th Days of October, 1895,

from the hour of 8 o'clock a. m., until 5 o'clock p. m., on each of said days for the purpose of ascertaining and registering in the proper registries of voters the persons qualified to vote in their respective Election Districts who shall present themselves for registration, and for the further purpose of revising and correcting the registries of voters for their said respective Election Districts, and the striking therefrom the names of all voters entered therein who shall have died or became for any reason disqualified or who for any cause shall have ceased to be entitled to remain on said registries of voters.

And on the Monday next succeeding the second Monday in October, that is to say on the

21st Day of October,

in said year 1895, from the hour of 8 o'clock a. m., until 8 o'clock p. m., on said day, the said Officers of Registration will sit in their respective Election Districts for the revision of and for the hearing of applicants for reinstatement by persons whose names shall have been stricken off the registries of voters for said Election Districts in said county as provided in Article 33, Sections 1 to 36ll, of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, title "Elections," sub title "Registration of Voters" as amended by Chapter 53 of the Acts of 1890.

The places of sitting of each of said Officers of Registration in their respective Election Districts on the days named and hours stated is as follows to-wit:

District No. 1. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days will sit at Swanton. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Swanton. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Swanton.

District No. 2. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Friendsville. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Friendsville. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Friendsville.

District No. 3. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Grantsville. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Grantsville. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Grantsville.

District No. 4. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Bloomington. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Bloomington. During the second October Sitting 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Bloomington.

District No. 5. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Accident. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Accident. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Accident.

District No. 6. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Sang Run. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Sang Run. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Sang Run.

District No. 7. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Oakland. During the first October Sitting, 1895, will sit at Hattons, on the 7th day and at Oakland on the 8th, 9th and 10th days of October. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Oakland.

District No. 8. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Gorman. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Red House. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Red House.

District No. 9. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Johnsons. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Johnsons. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Johnsons.

District No. 10. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Deer Park. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Deer Park. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Deer Park.

District No. 11. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Elbow. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Garlitz's Mill. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Garlitz's Mill.

District No. 12. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Bittinger. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Bittinger. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Bittinger.

All naturalized citizens applying for registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the Officers of Registration.

Signed,

H. O. HAMILL, Registration Officer District No. 1.
R. E. FRIEND, Registration Officer District No. 2.
ISAIAH FULLER, Registration Officer District No. 3.
JOHN COLLINS, Registration Officer District No. 4.
JOHN L. RICHTER, Registration Officer District No. 5.
N. C. BROWNING, Registration Officer District No. 6.
JOHN A. HUGHES, Registration Officer District No. 7.
HENRY A. SHAFFER, Registration Officer District No. 8.
SAMUEL JOHNSON, Registration Officer District No. 9.
SEBASTIAN HINEBAUGH, Registration Officer District No. 10.
NOAH S. GARLITZ, Registration Officer District No. 11.
JOSEPH BUCKLE, Registration Officer District No. 12.

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

EIGHTH YEAR.

A MODERN, HIGH GRADE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.

Reopens Sept. 25, 1895 (D. V.) A department for boys and young men embracing thorough preparatory work for college, business or scientific school will be inaugurated under the charge of Maj. C. A. Ballon, of the Virginia Military Institute. Stenography, type-writing, book-keeping, besides full courses in English and Latin, etc. Send for catalogue to E. B. SWAN, Principal and Proprietress.

18 1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

WANTED.—A salesman and collector for the Singer Sewing Machine Co. Address, Harry Clayton, Grafton, W. Va. 26–3t.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,

PLANING MILLS,

And BUILDING MATERIALS.

MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS.

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

38 1y.

Watch this Space for

NETHKEN BROS.

Advertisement.

We have added a new Department —Millinery Goods.

NETHKEN BROS.,
31—1yr Deer Park, Md.

ELECTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to the Judges of Election and to the Voters of Garrett county, that an election will be held in the several Election Districts of Garrett county, at the usual places of holding elections, on

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1895,

for the purpose of electing—

A Governor.
A Comptroller of the Treasury of the State of Maryland.
An Attorney General of the State of Maryland.
An Associate Judge of the Fourth Judicial Circuit,
A Sheriff.
A Treasurer.
A Commissioner.
Two members of the House of Delegates.
Three Judges of the Orphans' Court.
A State's Attorney.
A Register of Wills.
A Surveyor.

The polls of said Election will be open in each and every district in said county, at the usual places of holding the polls, at 8 o'clock a. m., and will be closed at 6 o'clock p. m., when the ballots shall be publicly counted.

All persons will take notice that by Chap. 191, Acts of 1865, no spirituous or fermented liquors, ale or beer, or any intoxicating drinks can be sold or given away on election day. CHARLES WEGMAN, Sheriff.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, May 19th, 1895. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.	—Daily	2.48 A. M
No. 3.	—Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 71.	—Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 47.	—Daily except Mon	10.49 A. M
No. 15.	—Accommodation daily	6.21 P. M
No. 1.	—Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8.	—Daily	6.01 A. M
No. 2.	—Daily	6.37 A. M
No. 14.	—Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 72.	—Accom daily except Sun	4.32 P. M
No. 46.	—Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4.	—Daily	12.29 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry at COST.

MALETTE,

OAKLAND, MD.

THE REPUBLICAN

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND GARRETT CO., MD

STRICTLY LIMITED.

Said the Author to the Publisher: "I've heru a little book—
I wrote it in the moments of my leisure.
It's not for me to say, but if you'd give the thing a look
And tell me—" Said the Publisher: "With pleasure."

Said his Reader to the Publisher: "This book we've talked about
Is much too esoteric and too subtle.
I can't see what it means at all, and if you bring it out
I leave you." Said the Publisher: "Then scuttle!"

"Dear Author," wrote the Publisher, "it's much as I supposed
Your book's the thing I've long been wanting. Merely.
If you like the terms it offers, sign the document inclosed,
And return it to me. I am, yours sincerely."

Said the Author to the Lady: "I'm getting on, I am.
My little work, 'The Pig: in Health and Sickness,'
Will appear soon after Christmas with the daffodil and lamb
Crown octavo, and about the usual thickness."

Said the Lady to the Author: "Yes, but will they pay you well?"
"Ah!" he answered, "it's a generous agreement.
They give me three-and-six for every copy that they sell."
"Well, there—" she said. Her blushes showed what she meant.

"The Pig: in Health and Sickness," its advertisements did run,
By the Author of "Prescriptions for the Portly."
One edition of one copy, strictly limited to one.
Price three hundred pounds and sixpence—very shortly.

The book was promptly bought by some collecting millionaire;
The Author said the whole concern was shady,
But—being chiefly author—merely sat and tore his hair;
And the Publisher—got married to the Lady.
—Black and White.

AMERICAN MILLIONAIRES

BY GEORGE THOMAS DOWLING, D. D.

It might almost seem that the following sketch illustrating the singular experiences which sometimes occur to those traveling through a foreign country could scarcely be true. It is, however, an accurate statement of facts, and can be verified, if anyone should so desire, by communicating with any member of the party referred to.

There were about forty of us American tourists, in 1892, under the conduct of Prof. Armand de Potter, returning together from the North cape and stopping for a little time in Denmark. The day approached for us to leave Copenhagen for Stockholm, on our way to St. Petersburg; and, as our conductor thought it wise, we concluded to charter a train, which happened to be what is known abroad as first class. We had learned that we could thereby secure considerable increase of comfort, with comparative small increase of expense. But how little we dreamed of the experiences which were to follow!

As our line of carriages rolled from the hotel to the station, most of us were too much engaged with the prospects of the journey to note the attentive gaze of the passing pedestrians, or the stare of the curious groups gathered about the depot.

Soon we were on the cars and had settled ourselves comfortably in our various compartments for an all-day's quiet ride in the midst of Swedish scenery. About an hour passed away and the whistle blew. We were nearing a station.

"Good gracious, what a crowd!" exclaimed one of the party, as he pulled his head in from the window, and popped it out again.

Immediately forty heads were thrust out from forty windows, more or less, and forty people, mentally or aloud exclaimed: "Good gracious!"

The platform was literally packed, and we asked ourselves: "Why this throng, since no passengers are to be taken on board, and we are traveling as a party of obscure American tourists?"

When we came to a standstill our amazement was still further increased. The multitude pressed about our windows and soon boarded the train.

"Where is Mr. Vanderbilt?" some one asked.

We answered that we had not seen him.

"Well, may I see Mr. Sandford?"

"Which Mr. Sandford?"

"Mr. Sandford, of California; the railroad man."

"Oh, you mean Mr. Stanford?"

"Yes, he's the one; I want to see him."

We told the gentleman that we did not think he could see him, since we had never seen him ourselves.

Then he edged up to one of us, and, in a confidential whisper, asked: "Which is Jay Gould?"

We told him we didn't know.

Here a spruce young man pressed forward. "Now, see here, gentlemen," he exclaimed, with politeness, but considerable suppressed energy, "I've been sent over here by the journal I represent especially to meet this party of American millionaires, and have an interview. I have driven ten miles this morning, and do not want to return without the accomplishment of my purpose."

A "plain-spoken" tourist from one of our western states could now contain himself no longer. "See here, stranger," he exclaimed, "you'd better come off your perch. You're jagged; that's what's the matter with you. You're talkin' through your hat. What on earth are you dreamin' about, anyhow? Mr. Vanderbilt and Jay Gould and Mr. Stanford, and the rest of 'em! Who told you they were on board?"

"Who told me?" he cried, excitedly—"who told me? Look at that, and see who told me!" and he pulled from his pocket a newspaper, and, pressing his finger against a paragraph, held it up for us to read. As it was in the Scandinavian tongue, and as our education had been neglected in that department, we were none of us much the wiser so we asked him to interpret it; and he read this statement, which I copied at the time:

"We learn that a company of American millionaires will leave Copenhagen on Tuesday next, in a private train, on their way to Stockholm. After visiting that city they intend to spend some time in Russia. It would be difficult to estimate what the aggregate wealth of these gentlemen would represent."

Here, then, was the cause of this unusual excitement. We were millionaires, and these people had come from all the country roundabout, either on foot or in any conveyance which they could find, that they might feast their eyes on us favored children of fortune. As soon as our financial standing became known to us each one of us, instantly, intuitively and individually, found himself sitting at a window where he could be easily seen.

We were "millionaires," and on exhibition—the observed, and the envied of all observers. We felt we had a reputation to sustain. What though it was a hollow reputation? Perhaps it was no more so than as though some of the real "millionaires" had actually been among us. Besides that, had not Pope declared that:

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honor lies!"

And we determined to get out of it whatever honor there was in it; for if we did not have the "condition" we could at least act as though we had; and in so doing we would not be compelled to feel so very lonely in this great world, after all. Accordingly, we sat back and tried to appear nonchalant, as though such an experience as that which now presented itself was simply one of the ordinary burdens of our all too prosperous lot. I believe that some of us actually felt wealthy. In fact, we became generous; so that when the whistle blew, and we prepared to steam away, and the boys pressed about the departing train, we took from our pockets some of the smallest coins we could find and tossed them carelessly into their midst. True, this was partly for the fun of seeing them scramble, but also because we felt that, regardless of expense, we must sustain the good reputation of our brethren at home, the other American millionaires, who had been so unfortunate as to have received no invitation to join our select party.

Then the train moved away, and once more we were left to the company of ourselves. But we felt taller. One man remarked that he was really glad to discover himself in the company of so many rich people; that he had, until then, been feeling lonely and ill at ease, but now he felt at home again.

Then the question arose as to how we had come to be discovered. Who put it into the papers? But no one could be found who would confess his guilt. We would make further inquiries on that point at the next station. We wondered whether there would be another crowd of people there, and a number of the ladies began to "prink" that they might look like heiresses. I noticed some of the gentlemen also brushing their hats, and one putting on his kid gloves. I suppose he thought that millionaires wore kid gloves, even when they went to bed. Another, who had been lounging in a disreputable old traveling cap, quietly removed it and sat himself down by the window with his millionaire-looking stovepipe. He was not again to be taken by surprise, as he had at the first station.

After awhile the whistle blew down brakes, and we knew we were nearing another depot. Out popped forty heads—no, not forty this time; only about twenty. The others evidently realized that it would not comport with the dignity of American representatives of Wall street, to appear frivolous. When their companions exclaimed: "I declare! A bigger crowd than before!" they simply sat back and tried to look bored. I noticed, however, that they carefully retained their seats next the windows. In fact, this for the moment rather nettled me. I deprecated their evident desire for conspicuousness; it rendered it almost impossible for me to get a good seat myself.

Once more the crowd gathered about the windows, and their questions were repeated. But this time it was our turn to ask and theirs to answer.

"How did that article appear in the papers, and who said we were millionaires?"

"Why, that is now public property. Everybody knows it. With the exception of yourselves no one ever yet traveled over this road in a special train except the king and visitors to the royal family."

And this was the cause of our sudden rise to fame. The railroad authorities in Copenhagen had evidently informed some one of their newspaper friends that we had chartered private cars. The newspaper friend had thereupon, with that remarkable instinct for enterprise and accuracy which unfortunately is not confined to the representatives of the American press, informed himself out of the depths of his own consciousness that no one would ever charter special cars except people of special distinction and financial ability. Furthermore, we were Americans, and that settled it; for all foreigners have an idea that an American can never, by any possibility, be hard up. And it is doubtless because of their conviction as to the benefits of such an experience that they do their best to bring us into this condition before we leave them. The author of this startling paragraph, however, evidently did not know us personally or he would have drawn the line somewhere.

Larger and larger grew the crowds as we neared the end of our journey. At one place we were called upon to feel not simply the prerogatives of wealth but its responsibilities. A committee of citizens from a town which they told us was named Nassau waited upon us to inform us that many of their homes had been destroyed by fire, and respectfully to request that during the few minutes we tarried at their station we would subscribe a few thousand dollars for the relief of the sufferers. They presented a written petition, regularly drawn up, and addressed to "The American Noblemen" who were traveling through Sweden.

This time we summoned all the courage we had and told the simple truth; for if there is ever a time when a man is ready to lay aside all sham and give the bottom facts concerning his income, it is when he is asked for a subscription. Unhappily, however, they refused to believe us; and by their countenances we could discover, as we steamed away, that they were not only persuaded that we were millionaires, but that we were blindly regardless of how to use our money in the best way.

At last we entered Stockholm, and as, dust covered and weary, we alighted from our "special train," and passed out of the depot into the street, a swarm of two thousand spectators so blocked the passage that the police had to be called upon to conduct us to our carriages.

Our experiences, however, were not yet concluded; indeed, they were scarcely begun. Neither had we reached the limit of the phenomenal growth of our private fortunes.

We had started from Copenhagen, including in our number some commonplace capitalists who were the possessors of a mere million. For each of us, however, this was soon to become an insignificant figure; just enough, perhaps, with which to endow a college or help some poor relation over a tight place, but a mere bagatelle compared with our now rapidly accumulating wealth.

But here we were, for the first time, about to go shopping in the streets of Stockholm, just plain, simple millionaires and nothing more. This was the city where we had understood things would be reasonably cheap; easily within purchasing power of people like ourselves who, while we did not have money to burn, were possessed of a reasonable competence.

But cheap! Why we had never entered a town in all our travels where the prices of everything were so enormous. Articles had appeared about us and our fortunes in the city journals, and just as soon as we reached a store, whizz! fizz! the prices rose like a rocket. Every one of us was a marked man among those shopkeepers. And that in "honest Sweden!" We began to appreciate why it was that rich people sometimes became suspicious and what is popularly termed "mean." Most of the millionaires, when they had heard the prices, determined to wait until they should have returned to America; then to purchase the same things, at fifty per cent. less than they could where they were made; a plan which had much to commend it, not only from an economical standpoint, but from a lofty moral predilection as well, inasmuch as they would thereby avoid the necessity of lying to the custom house officers when they reached the wharf.

One firm deputed a clerk to call upon us at our hotel and offer to drive some of us to see the beautiful sights of the city, without expense. Five or six conscienceless capitalists accepted his offer, and, free of cost to themselves, spent the best part of a day in driving round the town and environs. They gracefully accepted, also, his business card when he left them at their hotel. But I happened to see him standing in front of his store on the last day of our sojourn in the city. His hands were in his pockets and there seemed to be plenty of room for them; indeed, there did not appear to be anything else in his pockets but his hands. He bowed to me as I passed, though I was not one who had accepted of his hospitality; but in his deportment there was a grieved and injured air, which led me into wondering how much he was "out" on account of the American millionaires.

When on the next day we bade farewell to Stockholm, we breathed a sigh of relief, that we were once again to be our own real selves; to be dealt with like people who had to count their pennies, and figure up the cost. But how little one can tell of the mysterious ways of Providence!

As we came into Russia we marveled why we were treated with so much deference, and why our baggage at the custom house was scarcely examined at all. But the day following our arrival it was all explained. The authorities had received orders from their superiors to let us alone. But why?

I asked this question of a Russian gentleman. He smiled knowingly, as if he fancied I might be playing him a trick. But he took out of his pocket the St. Petersburg paper, and translated for me into English the following important announcement:

"A party of fifty American millionaires are on their way, with private steamer and cars, to St. Petersburg. The party contains all the billionaires in America except Vanderbilt and Gould. Along the railway in Sweden and Norway they threw away among the people seventy-five thousand rubles."

That, gentle reader, would be equivalent to more than fifty thousand dollars in American gold. And here I rest my pen. Why should I longer seek the paltry dole of a mere "literary feller," since I have become a billionaire?—N. Y. Independent.

Bloodstones.

Almost every jewel has a superstition of some sort attaching to it, and the bloodstone is not wanting in this particular. The story is told of it that at the time of the crucifixion some drops of blood fell on a piece of dark-green jasper that lay at the foot of the cross. The crimson crept through the structure of the stone, and this was the parent of this beautiful stone. The dark-red spots and veins were supposed to represent the blood of Christ, and many wonderful properties were attributed to the stone. It was thought to preserve its wearer from dangers, to bring good fortune and to heal many diseases.—N. Y. Ledger.

MISSISSIPPI RIVER STEAMBOATS

At Close Range There Isn't Much Poetry About Them.

The Mississippi steamboat is a glorious craft in history and fiction, but the reality is rather disappointing. To the eastern eye she looks decidedly topheavy, extremely cheap and unspeakably dirty. The average western river craft looks like a dwelling in shanty-town at the end of a hard winter. There is neither grace nor power in her lines. She is both broken-backed and hump-backed, if those expressions are allowable without mixing metaphores.

The hull of the Mississippi boat of ordinary size is built very lightly. She is flat-bottomed and draws little over a foot of water. Her guards are only a few feet above the water's edge. Her upper works consist of two or more stories, built on the general plan of the picnic barge architecture. The main cabins of the big New Orleans liners are long and tawdrily decorated with cheap paint. The whole construction is one which would be knocked into a cocked hat in thirty minutes if it ventured out to the Sandy Hook lightship, or if it even tried to go up Long Island sound on a rough night.

The machinery of the western river craft is especially ungainly to the eastern eye. The great majority of boats have one great paddle-wheel at the stern, after the manner of the humble wheel-barrow. Others, principally the ferry and harbor boats, have one big wheel mounted in the center of the boat and housed in. These two constructions are both designed to avoid the enormous logs of floating driftwood which dot the surface of the river after each rise of the water level. Some of the cheaper excursion boats have paddle-wheels at the sides, but they frequently have to slow down when approaching the more than usually dense section of this inland Saragossa sea, or lose half the buckets on their paddle-wheels.

When the boats have side paddle-wheels they are mounted on short shafts and operated by individual engines, so that when the skipper, in maneuvering his boat, can back one wheel and go ahead with the other, swinging the craft on its axis. The engines are high pressure, with long wooden connecting rods, and curiously constructed valve gear. Each engine has its engineer and separate system of signal bells. The boilers are on the main deck, elevated on legs like a Dutch oven. Soft coal is burned exclusively, and there are long, narrow sheetiron smokestacks, with more or less gaudy decorations, from the top of which dense volumes of black smoke are continually rolling. The boats are slow. One that makes eleven miles an hour is considered a clipper.

The cost of operation is small, as can be seen from the fact that the trip from St. Louis to New Orleans and return, occupying nearly two weeks, costs the traveler only about twenty dollars for fare, meals and berth. The run from St. Louis to St. Paul and return, occupying a week or more, can be made for twelve dollars. Freight cars loaded with coal are frequently run on to floats and towed from Pittsburgh down the Ohio and up the Mississippi to St. Louis for less cost than they could be sent over the rails.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE KING AND HIS RELICS.

Bones of the Saints Kissed and Worshiped by Philip III.

To strengthen himself before an audience was to be opened, Philip III. ordered various relics to be brought to him, with all ecclesiastical pomp; his own confessor, with his sons and Friar Fray Garcia Santa Maria dressed in stoles and white surplices accompanying them. One brought the knee with the bone and skin on it of St. Sebastian; another a rib of St. Alban, which had been sent by Pope Clement VIII., with a plenary indulgence, and one also to the effect that any priest saying mass in the Escurial on any altar as many times as he desired, should bring a soul out of purgatory. The third priest carried the arm of St. Vincent Ferrer.

Each monk repeated the antiphone and ovation of the saint whose relic he carried, and then delivered a short sermon on the saint; and the king kissing the relics asked that they should be laid on his bed. This being done, Philip, with the rib and arm and knee of the departed saints resting on his body, professed himself to be now quite contented and easy in his mind. Indeed, such a pleasing effect did these relics have on the king that Fray Martin de Villanueva, who had them in charge, made up an altar before the royal sufferer with a large number of relics, and it was his wont to bring them to Philip, who would kiss and worship them, and beg that they should be laid on his sores. It was probably at this time that he ordered a skull to be placed on the altar, the grinning effigy by his command being garlanded with a golden crown.

One day, says Siguenza, Fray Martin filled a large sideboard with the heavenly emblems; one by one he took them to the king, and his majesty was insistent on each and every one being brought to him. But his chief solace was what the chronicler describes as a piece of the cross imbedded in a large silver gilt crucifix of antique workmanship. This he would hardly permit to be out of his sight.—Temple Bar.

In Big Luck.

Miss Fanny—You seem to be in high feather, Mr. Snobberly.

Snobberly—Ah, Miss Fanny, I am in high spirits! I've had tremendous luck—almost found a four-leafed clovah, don't yer know. I found one with three leaves, bah Jove!—Texas Siftings.

A Profitable Manuscript.

"Have your literary efforts brought you anything in?"

"Oh, yes! Once a manuscript was lost in transmission, and I received forty-two marks compensation from the post office."—Leipziger Tageblatt.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Customer—"Give me a dozen fried oysters." Waiter—"Sorry, sir; but we're all out of shellfish, excepting eggs."—Crypt.

—She—"It will be a pleasure to me to share your troubles and anxieties." He—"But I haven't any." She—"Oh, you will have when you are married."—Tit Bits.

—Dozer—"I see your crowd is calling for a reform in the town government for next year." Dinzer—"Yes, sirree! and, mark this, by fair means or foul, we're determined to get it."—Roxbury Gazette.

—An improvement. —"Mrs. Hammerhard doesn't pound the piano as much as she did." "No; since she's been taking boarders she spends her time pounding the steak."—Detroit Free Press.

—"So Maud has a title at last," said the dear girl in pink. "Yes, but it's a second-hand one," replied the dear girl in blue. "How so?" "The nobleman she married was a widower."—Chicago Post.

—"Ever have any trouble with your wheel?" "Not yet," said the Sweet Young Thing. "So far whenever I have run over anyone I have been able to get away before he got up."—Indianapolis Journal.

—No Ground for Complaint.—Customer—"The butter you sold me tastes just like so much cheese." Grocer—"You will observe, madam, that I charged you only for the butter, though."—N. Y. Sun.

—In Boston, of Course.—Hicks—"But, really, what kind of a looking girl is this Miss Beekon?" Wicks—"Well, I can hardly say; you see, she didn't have her glasses on the day I saw her."—Boston Transcript.

—Theory.—"Dear," said the sick man to his wife, "I wish you would get another blanket and put it on the bed. I think when the doctor took my temperature a minute ago he took too much of it."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Tramping a la Mode.—Old Lady—"Didn't I tell you never to come here again?" Tramp—"I hope you will pardon me, madam, but it is the fault of my secretary; he has neglected to strike your name from my calling list."—Harper's Bazar.

—They were telling of books that they had read, and the man with the high forehead asked what the other thought of the "Origin of Species." The other said he hadn't read it. "In fact," he added, "I'm not interested in financial subjects."—Boston Transcript.

—Mr. Noopop—"My baby cries all night. I don't know what to do with it." Mr. Knowitt—"I'll tell you what I did. As soon as our baby commenced to cry I used to turn on all the gas. That fooled him. He thought it was broad daylight and went to sleep."—Pearson's Weekly.

—Generalship.—"Von Boodle's wife is very indignant with him." "Why?" "He played a trick on her. He came home very late the other night." "That has happened before." "And he told her he heard a burglar in the house, so that she was afraid to scold him above a whisper."—Washington Star.

DEAR OLD LADY.

She Was Going to "Albert's," and Reached There Safely.

An old woman wearing a black bonnet, a warm shawl and a pair of gold eyeglasses was a passenger on one of the trains from Buffalo to New York recently. She had come through from the west, and the nervous way in which she gathered her bundles around her and the number of questions she asked all showed that she was not accustomed to traveling. When the trainboy came through with his assortment of books she confided to him the fact that she was going to New York to see her son, and that she had not seen him for over a year. She grew talkative and said:

"My son Albert's a great preacher. He is a Methodist, and I am a Methodist. I taught him when he was a little bit of a boy what was right and what was wrong. He hasn't been back to see me for over a year. I live way out in Missouri, and he couldn't get away this summer, but he wanted to see me, and he sent for me to come on. He preaches in a big church there, and he has got a fine family growing up—"

So she prattled on. The trainboy listened to her attentively and succeeded in selling her a copy of "The Quick or the Dead," solemnly assuring her that it was a Methodist religious book. When he left her she began to read it, calmly at first, then nervously, until she grew tired. Then she began to nod, and finally the book slipped to the floor. The gray hair reposed on the cushion of the palace car seat, and its owner dozed peacefully.

The conductor came through to collect tickets, and seeing the peaceful sleep of his passenger was loth to wake her. Finally he leaned over and shook her gently, and said:

"Where are you going, mother?"

"To Albert's," was the quick reply, as the eyes behind the glasses opened, and the old woman looked around her for a moment, still unable to tell where she was. The motherly response touched a sympathetic chord in the conductor's heart, and he carefully looked after her until the end of the trip and saw her rush into Albert's arms half laughing and half crying.—N. Y. Times.

Something Else.

A London journal makes fun of the lady bicyclist, or rather of her costume. There had been an accident, though happily it was not very serious. "I am very sorry, sir," said the fair 'cyclist to the victim of the accident, "but what can you expect at this period of the nineteenth century if you ride a horse that shies at a bicycle?" Possibly her manner gave offense. At all events, he answered in a very dry tone: "Madam, it was not the bicycle the horse shied at."—Youth's Companion.

It Will Pay

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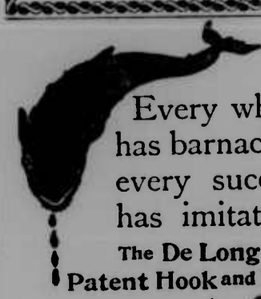

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FOR SUNDAY READING.

"THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT."

"They also serve who only stand and wait,"
He said to me
"Thou art not fit for active work just yet;
Wait patiently."

But I cried out against my Lord's command.
My restless feet
Were eager for the vineyard and the fields,
For work was sweet.

In vain I tried to break the silken cords
That held me still,
And I was forced to stand aside and wait,
Against my will.

I cried, "O Christ! there is so much to do
In Thy dear name.
I can not stand in idleness;" and then
A vision came.

I seemed within the golden gates of Heaven
To stand alone.
A beautiful and tender presence sat
Upon the throne.

Before Him angels stood in bright array
Expectantly;
To some He gave commands, and sent them forth
O'er land and sea.

To others still He gave a homelier task;
Their willing feet
Sped gladly forth to do their humble work,
By Him made sweet.

And then, on those who still remained, He fixed
His glowing eyes.
With drooping heads and folded wings they stood
In sad surprise.

To them He gave no orders, only said
"This is my will.
In quietness and confidence shall be
Your strength; be still."

I watched them as they grew more beautiful
Than aught above;
Thro' waiting they were learning more and more
Of His great love.

And when at last He sent them forth, I watched
Their downward flight.
I saw them go to darkened hearts and homes,
With faces bright.

With skillful, patient hands they wrought, and when
Their work did cease,
In every place where darkness reigned before,
They left Heaven's peace.

I saw these angels welcomed everywhere
More than the rest.
For they, thro' being taught to stand and wait,
Now served the best.

Again I stood before the throne and cried,
"I will be still.
And like those shining angels I will wait
If 'tis Thy will.

And when the time seems long and waiting hard,
Oh, draw me near,
Until Thy perfect love shall quite cast out
My every fear.

And when I too possess the angels' strength,
Then bid me go,
And spread the comfort I have found in Thee
On earth below."

—Mabelle P. Clapp, in Christian Leader.

HYPOCRITICAL DISPLAY.

Genuine Pity Can Always Be Distinguished From the Spurious Type.

One can not travel much without seeing many persons who take a delight in advertising their virtues. We do not refer to members of sisterhoods, brotherhoods, or the priesthood, who are constantly clothed in ecclesiastical garb. Those who are familiar with this class of persons know that they wear their peculiar garments as quietly and unostentatiously as other people wear their ordinary apparel. It is not often that you find a Catholic priest or a Catholic sister acting so as to draw attention to their religious character.

But there is a class of people, both clerical and lay, who seem to like to draw attention to the fact that they are pious, and engage publicly in devotion or in devotional reading in such a way as to suggest that they take great pride in it, and desire people to know what they are doing. Such conduct is offensive to good taste. It is as immodest to flaunt one's riches, or finery, or achievements. It is as much in violation of good taste as are public demonstrations of affection between engaged couples.

The writer's attention was recently attracted to a gentleman who got into a crowded car on one of our railway trains. He was not a Catholic priest, but he wore the latest and most unmistakable ecclesiastical garments. His high-cut vest and coat buttoned over his collar were so arranged as to exhibit a fine gold chain, from which hung an ornamented gold cross. As soon as he was seated, he drew out a devotional book and appeared to be absorbed with its contents. He was not so much absorbed, however, that e did not give furtive attention to what was going on around him and to the changes made at the stations along the line. When he arrived at his stopping place, with his book still open before him and his lips moving, he used his disengaged hand to smooth his silk hat with a silk handkerchief, making the impression that his devotions were so imperative that he could not spare a minute for anything else.

Such parade of piety, we say, is justly offensive. Those who are in deepest and closest communion with God do not advertise that fact in railway trains and in other public places in the presence of a promiscuous crowd. That is not true piety which carefully observes outward forms, sets apart several hours every day for Bible reading and devotion, and offers its prayers in public as conspicuously as did the Pharisee! This is so distasteful as to lead some to discard the reading of the Scriptures altogether, except in church services or in the retirement of the home. A correspondent of the Christian Standard quotes a Unitarian as saying that those who read their Bible in public advertise their piety. This is not necessarily so. We remember seeing an aged bishop reading his Bible in a railway train so quietly and unobtrusively that only the most observant knew that he was thus engaged. He was really absorbed in his scriptural study, and conducted himself as though he were alone. It is convenient, and often necessary, for ministers especially, to study the Scriptures in public places. If they are genuine Christians they need not attract undue attention in doing so, or lay themselves open to the charge of advertising their piety.

Piety is of the heart and is personal. It is inward and of the spirit, not outward. It is not to be put on, like a clerical coat or the veil of a religious, but is that inward adornment of which the Scriptures speak, and as to which they inculcate modesty of demeanor. Nothing is more beautiful than that quiet, unostentatious piety which springs from a full apprehension of the demerits of self and of the merits and mercy of Jesus Christ; relying upon Him, living in Him, and living for Him. All assumptions of piety are offensive; they savor of hypocrisy; they indicate a pride which comes from the exaltation of self and from a desire to get credit for religious devotion. Our Saviour distinguished this class of persons in His condemnation of those who "love to pray standing in the synagogs and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men." We have need to remember His injunction: "Take heed that ye do not your righteousness before men to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in Heaven."

Genuine piety can always be distinguished from the spurious type. It never advertises itself. It never seeks to make itself conspicuous. It never tries to illicit the praise of men, but seeks by secret prayer and personal devotion to worship the Creator and Redeemer in spirit and in truth.—N. Y. Independent.

CHRISTIAN FAILINGS.

They Are an Evidence of Hypocracy More Apparent Than Real.

In all Christians there are imperfections. Ministers of the Gospel preach a higher standard of living than they practice. They preach that Christians should always be meek and patient, and yet many of them are often impatient. They preach the life of trust, and yet many of them worry about their livelihood and the results of their ministry. They preach that the Christian should become more and more Christ-like, but some of them at the age of four-score years seem to have added very little to the beauty and strength of their characters. If this is true of many ministers it probably has larger application to Christians in general.

These discrepancies between preaching and practice seem to many unbelievers as evidence of hypocrisy. While Christians ought not to condone their own faults and rest satisfied with an immature or imperfect Christian character, their sincerity should not be questioned because they have not attained to the fullness of their faith. Let critics of Christians try for a time the life which they know a Christian should live, and they will understand better why there are so many failures. —Christian Work.

APPLIED CHRISTIANITY.

The Sea Captain Liked Doctrines That Make People Honest.

A good story comes from an island somewhere down south. During the past year a missionary has labored among the islanders with considerable success. Not long ago, as the good man was busy working in shirt-sleeves on a new church which was in process of erection, a stout captain hailed him, when the following conversation ensued: "Are you the minister here?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I've got ten dollars for you." "For the church?" "No, for yourself. I like your way of doing things here. I've come to this island for clams n good many years, and have always found them a thousand or fifteen hundred short when I got home. It will pay me to have you keep preaching doctrines which make people count their clams honestly." It would be pleasant to learn that the sea captain had discovered some element in the Christian religion likely to make him a better man and accepted it accordingly.—National Temperance Advocate.

The Choices of Life.

Life is a bundle of alternatives. Each tick of the clock calls us to a choice. The alternatives come to us as independent propositions, invitations, demands. However they may seem to stand apart, the vital principle in the one projects itself forward into the next, and the choosing for one is, in some degree, the choosing for all. We may choose to-day whom we will serve. In the face of temptations and trials, we shall have to choose to-morrow also. But it is the part which the choice of the present moment plays in the choice of the next, to make it easier or more difficult, that gives it a crowning value. The present is the apex of importance. Now is the accepted time.—S. S. Time.

SHORT ERA-GRAPHS.

Keen, Inspiring Thoughts From the Young Men's Era.

Duty does its part; love does its best.

Suspect others and you will be suspected.

The golden rule has little to do with a rule of gold.

The times are never so hard but we can give—advice.

We can not face God and our own shadow at the same time.

He that would win the golden crown must seize the golden opportunity.

The burdens which appear easiest to carry are usually carried by other people.

The Christian worker should have not only a mind for the work, but a mind that works.

The honey-bee would never make its home sweet if it did not first fill itself with sweetness.

Highsteeple's Gospel invitation to the rich: Drop a gold piece in the plate and we'll do the rest.

If your religion sours with age you have possibly mistaken an attack of indigestion for conversion.

One reason why we are doing so little to-day is because we have our hands so full of yesterday and to-morrow.

It is easier to ask God to help us believe Him, than it is to learn about Him so that we can not help believing Him, but a lazy prayer gets a slow answer.

There is no more fateful moment in a young man's history than when he becomes conscious that his anxiety to be thought well of is overshadowing his anxiety to do well.

WOOING A WIDOW.

After Considerable Experience Mr. Peterkin Found the Right Method.

"I have often wondered," said Squire Ben, "why it was that some women are overwhelmed with suitors, so to speak, while others have not a solitary one. There is something queer about it, but perhaps it comes from perfectly natural conditions, but of which we are unaware. And this reminds me of a story. Some thirty-odd years ago—I don't know exactly how many, but it was some time during the war—I heard a story which a returned soldier was reading in a newspaper to a little group around him, to their great enjoyment. The story made such an impression on me that I haven't forgotten it, and will tell it in outline.

"Mr. S. C. Peterkin was a prosperous young man of business in New York city, who got ahead in spite of his constitutional modesty. This was his way in society more than in trade; he was afraid of women more than men. For a long, long time he had set his heart upon a lovely young lady named Violet. He often called upon her, and resolved again and again to offer his heart and hand, but as often that heart failed him. At last he became alarmed by the fact that the dashing Capt. Latham, of one of the sound steamers, was often at the house when he called to see Violet. At last he could not bear the suspense any longer, and he ventured, with much hesitancy and awkwardness, but with do-or-die determination, to ask her to be his wife. With remarkable coolness she replied:

"'You should have spoken long ago, Mr. Peterkin; I have been engaged to Capt. Latham for some time past, and we are to be married very shortly. I am sorry to disappoint you, but we will be as good friends as ever, and you must come to see me just the same. The captain will always be glad to have your company.'

"Peterkin went away sorrowful. But a brighter day soon dawned, for within three months after they were married the captain fell off the steamer in a fog on the sound and was drowned. Now Peterkin took heart. He would have the widow. A year of mourning wore slowly away. He kept his eye on the widow, but would not insult the memory of the dead by proposing until a decent interval had passed. The year ended, and he laid his heart again at the little feet of Violet. She heard him quietly and gently remarked: 'My dear Mr. Peterkin, I am sorry to disappoint you again, but for the last six months I have been engaged to Dr. Jones. It was hard for me to make up my mind between him and his friend, the handsome lawyer Bright, but Dr. Jones was so good to me while I was sick in the winter, after my husband's death, that I promised him I would be his at the end of the year.'

"So poor Peterkin retired once more; the Widow Latham became Mrs. Dr. Jones, and so remained, while the discomfited Peterkin wished the doctor might take enough of his own pills to make an end of him. Time passed on. Peterkin was walking down Broadway one day, while not far ahead of him he saw two men, one of whom he knew to be this hated Dr. Jones. A large flat stone was being hoisted to the coping of a new building; the ropes gave way; it fell and instantly killed the two men.

"Peterkin rose to the emergency of the moment. For the dead he could be of no avail. His thoughts were on the widow. He turned, he ran, he flew, to her abode. When she entered the room where he awaited her he began: 'My dear Mrs. Jones, I bring you dreadful news. I was walking on Broadway, when I saw a stone fall from a house upon your poor husband, and he is dead, but you must let me comfort you. I beg you, now, to be mine—my Violet, at last.'

"'Dear Mr. Peterkin, I am so sorry, but when Dr. Jones and Mr. Bright were both begging me to marry, I took the doctor and promised Mr. Bright if anything happened to Jones I would certainly be his. So you see I am engaged. I am sorry, for I think a great of you, my dear Peterkin.'

"Peterkin was very calm and self-contained. He said: 'And will you promise to be mine when the lawyer is no more?' 'Certainly I will, with all my heart and soul.' 'Then come to my arms, my Violet, for the same stone that killed the doctor was the death of Bright, and you are mine at last!'"—Boston Herald.

A Court Decides That Dogs Cry.

Does a dog cry? This knotty question has occupied one of the civil courts under these circumstances: A certain gentleman rented a handsome set of rooms, and the lease contained a clause interdicting the tenant from keeping animals which cry. It happened that a friend sent the gentleman two little dogs from Mexico. The arrival of the animals led to notice being served on their owner for breach of the terms of the lease, and the matter had to be settled by legal argument. The defendant insisted that Pipo and Pipa, as his dogs were called, weighed only twelve ounces apiece, and their bark was correspondingly diminutive; but counsel for the plaintiff contended that dwarfs were known to be bad-tempered, and very small dogs were no exception, and were inclined to be quarrelsome and noisy. In ordinary language, their whimpering might be called crying. The court took the same view, and Pipo and Pipa had to find another home in twenty-four hours, or subject their master to a penalty of five francs for each day's delay. —London Telegraph.

Funereal Plants.

The olive, oak, laurel, myrtle, rosemary, cypress, amaranth and parsley are all funereal plants among the Greeks and Romans. "To be in need of parsley" was a Greek euphemism indicating the death of the person so described. An Athenian army once marching against the Lacedemonians was stampeded on its way out of the city by meeting two mules laden with parsley—the omen being that the whole army would soon be in need of the article.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

GROWN BY ELECTRICITY.

The Government's Experiments in Agriculture.

Probably the most interesting of the many miracles which scientific men are learning to perform by aid of electricity is the artificial growth of plants, technically known as electroculture. This is as yet a new science and little has been told the public concerning it. Interesting experiments in these lines are now being carried on at several of the experimental stations of the department of agriculture.

The agricultural experiment stations are testing several different systems of electroculture. One of these is the direct application of electricity, furnished by a dynamo, to the plant itself and to the soil in which it grows. Another is the distribution of atmospheric electricity among plants by a similar method. Still other tests are being made with both arc and incandescent electric lights for supplying sunlight, so to speak, at night. The first mentioned experiments are being carried on by Prof. C. D. Warner, of the experiment station at Amherst, Mass. Prof. Warner has prepared two plots of ground, side by side, each six by twenty feet long. To compare plants grown by electric aid with those raised according to the natural method one of the experiment gardens is furnished with electricity and the other is without it. The soil is of a rich loam, and that of the electric garden is surrounded with a timber frame, on which are arranged numerous porcelain insulators, a few inches apart, holding a continuous, uncovered copper wire. This copper wire crosses the garden as many times as there are insulators on either side. The whole framework thus fitted looks like the string frame of a large piano.

The wires are covered with earth to the depth of two inches, and in both gardens various vegetables have been planted from time to time. These plants are so arranged that the rows in the electric gardens are continuations of those of the non-electric, in order that the contrast of development might be more easily noted. The wires are fed from a small building containing the necessary machinery. After applying currents of various strengths it was found that a certain flow of electricity through the electric garden produced strange results. Many varieties of seeds sprouted much more rapidly and many plants blossomed much earlier than in the other. Roots of certain vegetables and the tops of others were found to be greatly enlarged under the process. In fact, all plants were found to be stimulated by a current of certain strength. The physiological effect of electricity upon plants, although not yet definitely understood, is probably similar to that experienced by the human anatomy or by the animal tissues. Electricity is applied to paralytics because it stimulates the nerves and muscles, just as exercise does. A strong current is used to remove superfluous hair, while, according to later reports, a milder current will produce hair on bald heads. In the same way an electric current too strong will destroy plant life, while a milder one enhances its growth. There is also the theory that the electricity produces a chemical effect upon the soil or surrounding atmosphere, rather than a direct effect upon the plants.

At the Itbaca (N. Y.) experiment station Prof. Bailey, by aid of electric lights burned all night in greenhouses, makes plant life work "overtime"—that is, he forces plants to do both day work and night work without a moment of "sleep." Sunlight, as well as atmosphere and water, is necessary for a plant's development. The electric light resembles sunlight in its composition more than does any other artificial light. It is the common theory that plants grow mostly at night, making use of the air, water, sunlight and other materials which they have received during the day, when the sun is shining. It is generally believed, therefore, that they need rest, just as animals need rest for the building up of the tissues worn out during the day. Prof. Bailey, however, does not believe that plants need rest in the same sense that animals do.

After learning of these wonderful results from experiments as yet in embryo it would seem that we may yet see the day when there will be many harvestings on a farm each summer. The modern farmer will erect lines of high poles throughout his fields, supporting not only mechanisms for gathering the atmospheric electricity, but also immense electric lights for supplying sunshine by night. Who can say but that forests will some day be made to grow up from seeds in but a few months, or that the builders of new houses may not grow shade trees about their homes in that time?

A New Movement.

"Ss-h," said the thaid-looking man with two buttons off his vest. "I want you to join us. But don't say a word about it."

"About what?"

"About what I'm going to tell you—not a word till we get the whole business organized. It's a big thing—the greatest stroke for liberty since the colonists chucked the tea overboard at Boston."

"What is it, a conspiracy?"

"Don't talk so loud. A lot of us fellers are going to get together while our wives are out of town—"

"Well?"

"An' we're going to hold a men's rights convention."—Washington Star.

Sure of It

"There's money in stocks," said the man who is young and enthusiastic.

"Yes," replied his seasoned friend; "I'm sure there is. I have been putting half my salary there for the last four years, and that's all there yet."—Washington Star.

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world is to be in reality what we would appear to be.—Socrates.

THE OYSTER.

Several Excellent Methods of Cooking the Popular Bivalve.

With the early days of September plump well-flavored oysters are once more seen in the market, and the following are a few excellent modes of preparing the popular bivalve for the table:

OYSTER BISQUE.

Oyster bisque is delicious. One pint of chicken or veal stock (the liquor in which chickens have been boiled is excellent for this purpose); one pint of oysters, one cup of milk, two eggs, salt, pepper, chopped parsley, one heaping cup of bread crumbs and one great spoonful of butter rubbed in one of flour. Strain the stock and set over the fire with the crumbs in a farina kettle. In another vessel heat the oyster liquor, and when it simmers add the oysters chopped fine; cook all twenty minutes. In a third vessel scald the milk, stir into this the floured butter, boil up sharply and pour upon the beaten eggs; set in hot water while you turn the oysters and liquor into the kettle containing the stock and crumbs and cook together before putting in the parsley and other seasoning. Finally pour in milk and eggs, after which the soup must not boil, but stand in hot water three minutes. Serve promptly in a hot tureen.

PANNED OYSTERS.

For panning oysters in the following way, use patty pans, scallop plates or small, deep china saucers. Cut pieces of thin toast to fill the bottom, butter them well, pour a tablespoonful of well-seasoned oyster juice upon each piece, dip the oysters in their liquor and put a double layer of them upon each piece of toast. Place a morsel of butter upon the top, put all into a baking pan, cover and set in a quick oven to bake eight or ten minutes. Serve with small bits of lemon to each pan.

A LUNCHEON DISH.

A tasty dish for luncheon is made thus: Upon a very fine wire gridiron place some slices of salt pork cut very thin; on each slice lay a good-sized oyster or two small ones; broil, and serve hot with fried parsley, coffee, crisp toast and chopped cabbage.

GRILLED OYSTERS.

To grill oysters have the griddle heated some time before using. When ready, just touch the griddle all over with butter or fat bacon tied up in a clean white rag. Lay the oysters carefully on the hot surface with a spoon and turn with a spoon. The whole secret of good grilled as well as panned oysters is to have them dry as dry can be before cooking.

DEVILED OYSTERS.

To devil oysters take fifty blanched oysters, four ounces of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of fine cracker dust, one salt-spoonful salt, one half tablespoonful dry mustard. Rub the butter and flour to a smooth cream. Put the juice of the oysters into a sauce pan. Set over a clear fire, stir in the butter and flour, add the other ingredients, with the exception of the oysters, and bring to a boil; then put in the oysters, take off the fire, let stand a minute, and pour into a hot tureen and serve.

IN THE SHELL.

To devil oysters in their shells, select large ones and when opened keep them in their deep shells with their liquor. Place the shells on a gridiron, season with cayenne pepper and salt, placing a small piece of butter on the top of each oyster. Have your fire bright and a few minutes will suffice to cook them.

Chopped oysters and cucumbers in mayonnaise is served with fish.

Fried oysters make a garnish for baked fish. They should be fried perfectly brown on both sides and be arranged around the fish on the platter.

OYSTER SALAD.

Cut a quart of oysters into bits, mix them with two-thirds as much blanched tender celery, also cut, not chopped. Put in a glass dish and pour over it a good mayonnaise dressing and serve immediately. Until the oysters and celery are mixed, keep both in a very cold place.—Detroit Free Press.

FREE OF BLOOD.

Remarkable Optical Experiment of Interest to Anatomists Generally.

The most wonderful optical experiment known to the eye experts is that which produces the "blood tree," or "the arborescent figure of Purkinje." It is a very simple and entertaining experiment and one from which no possible harm to the eye can result. The experiment is an optical delusion in which the retina of the eye and all the blood vessels connected therewith appear to stand out in the air in such a manner that the experimenter has a splendid view of them.

Purkinje, the great optician, accidentally made this discovery of the "blood tree," or "arborescent figure," which bears his name, several years ago, and since his time it has been used in thousands of test experiments. The projected image is called the "arborescent figure" because of its resemblance to a many-branched tree, and is produced in the following manner: Shut yourself up in a dark room at night and move a candle back and forth very rapidly before the eyes. After a few seconds the air surrounding the candle will assume a deep pink or reddish color, which rapidly takes upon itself the appearance of a sea of blood. Over this red background ramifying in all directions may be seen the veins and blood vessels standing out in bold relief, while toward the center of the figure there appears a dark, trunk-like line which serves as a "body" for your "tree of blood," the trunk being most plainly visible where the optic nerve enters the eye.

This experiment is chiefly interesting because it proves that the parts of the retina which actually receive impressions and produce sensations must lie behind the blood vessels, since these cast their shadows upon it and enable the experimenter to see them as plainly as he does any other external object.—St. Louis Republic.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Sound-producing ants are referred to by S. E. Peal, in Nature. One kind of Indian ant gives a series of triple sounds, another kind a set of five or six, gradually decreasing. The sounds were made by rasping the horny tip of the last abdominal segment on any resonant material, such as thin dry bark, dry leaves, etc. He also refers to the tolerably loud percussive "tok-tok" of Barbes macroceps.

—Fishes absorb nourishment as well as plants, but in a different way. The plant drinks in its food through its roots from the soil and through its leaves from the air. The fish takes its food into its stomach, where it is digested and then distributed by a wonderful circulatory process to every part of the body. The plant lives on gases and moisture, the fish on solid food. The fish is a cannibal and swallows his victims alive.

—Hamburg sent out 9,175 vessels, with an aggregate of 6,248,275 tons, during 1891, while 7,471 loaded vessels, with 5,812,212 tons of cargo, entered the port, besides 1,694 vessels in ballast; 71 per cent. of the vessels entering and clearing were steamers. Of the arrivals 2,811 vessels (523,274 tons) were from Germany, 4,971 vessels (3,420,800 tons) from the rest of Europe, and 1,383 vessels (2,278,747 tons) from countries outside of Europe.

—Equal parts of aluminum and copper were fused recently by M. Chatelier, and the ingot placed for twenty-four hours in a solution of common salt and lead chloride to dissolve the uncombined aluminum. No apparent change could be observed in the ingot, so it was taken out, washed and dried. At the end of twelve hours the whole mass was found reduced to powder from the spontaneous oxidation of the alloy. A similar ingot that had been immersed was found unchanged at the end of a month.

—Italy's harvest this year is satisfactory. The yield of silk cocoons is only an average one, but as the quality is excellent the value is $4,000,000 more than in 1891. Wheat, corn, oats and barley are all good in quality, with a yield above the average. The rice fields are promising, as the disease called risone has been stamped out; so are olives and hemp. The vineyards were attacked by perenospora, but the dry July killed the pest, and while the vintage will be below the average the quality of the wine will be good.

—Experiments in welding metallic bodies by simple pressure at heats below their fusing points, made by the Royal society of Belgium, show that the most perfect joints are obtained with gold, lead, and tin, and the worst with bismuth and antimony. Cylinders of extremely pure metal with smooth surfaces were brought together by a hand screw and kept at a constant temperature between 200 and 400 degrees for from three to twelve hours. When separated the break did not coincide with the joined surfaces. Palatinum was softened and welded at a temperature 1,600 degrees below its point of fusion.

—A case of hypnotism in a Syrian lizard is reported in Nature by W. T. Van Dyck. When one is caught after trying to escape if held firmly it falls into a limp, motionless state, appearing as if dead; but it is simply in a trance-like state, which may last several minutes. The readiest way of inducing the trance is to take the lizard's head between one's thumb and finger, making gentle pressure upon the angles of the jaw and upon the ear, though similar pressure on the sides of the trunk, just behind the forelegs, is just about as effective. These facts, with other details given by the author, lead, he thinks, no support whatever to the hypothesis that the animal is simply feigning death.

QUEEN ISABELLA.

A Lady and an Autocrat—Gracious, Gentle and Imperious.

Isabella was a lady, she was a queen, and, above all, she was an autocrat. Gracious and gentle in her manner, she brooked no opposition from prince or peer, and she soon made it known and felt throughout Spain that, although she was the daughter of John II. and the sister of Henry IV., her will was law in Castile. Beautiful, virtuous, discreet, with that highest expression of proud dignity that is seen in a peculiar simplicity of manner, with a hard heart and a fair countenance, an inflexible will and a mild manner—something of a formalist, more of a bigot—Isabella united much that was characteristic of old Castile with not a little that was characteristic of new Spain. And if her boldness was inherited from the Cid, her bigotry was bequeathed to Philip II.

No man can read the history of the times without being struck by the enormous personal influence of Isabella. An accomplished horsewoman, a tireless traveler, indefatigable in her attention to business of state, the queen with her court moved about from place to place, swift to punish crime and to encourage virtue, boldly composing the difficulties and compelling the submission of rival nobles, frowning upon the laxity of the clergy, denouncing the heresy of the people, and laying a heavy hand upon enemies of every degree and evil-doers of every class. In Andalusia the unaccustomed and unexpected presence of the sovereign was everywhere productive of peace and order. Even in the remotest districts of Galicia the royal power was felt. Over fifty fortresses, the strongholds of knightly robbers, were razed to the ground, and fifteen hundred noble highwaymen were forced to fly the kingdom.—Burke's History of Spain.

Mercantile Item.

"How do you sell these peaches?" asked Gilhooly of a colored woman who had them for sale.

"Six for a dime, boss.

Gilhooly began to pick out half a dozen of the largest and finest."

"You can't do dat, boss. Yer can't pick out de biggest ones unless you buys 'em all."—Texas Siftings.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Oct. 7th. 1895

When the manager of a big business establishment neglects his duties the bad example is quickly followed by those of his subordinates who have an opportunity to do so. This government is the biggest business establishment on this continent and the President is its general manager—mismanager he has been since March 4, 1893. As one gentleman put it in a conversation today, "this administration ought to be known in history as one of vacation and incapacity." No reasonable person objects to the President and members of the cabinet taking a vacation, just as most men do occasionally, but when there is more time devoted to vacations than to work it would seem to be time for Congress to act, and to say precisely the time the President and members of the cabinet may take off and continue to draw their pay. Take this year, for instance. Mr. Cleveland has been absent from Washington more than half the time, and about the only member of the cabinet who has not taken almost as much time away from his duties is Secretary Morton, and he has probably remained in Washington more because he could better follow his greatest pleasure—keeping himself before the public through newspaper interviews upon finance and almost every other conceivable subject—here than when junketing around in some obscure part of the country. The only reason that so little has been said about continuous absenteeism is that most people have arrived at the conclusion that the less time the President and members of his cabinet put in at their desks the less harm will be done to the country's interest. While that is largely true, they should not be allowed to draw salaries for doing nothing.

One of the odd phases of the Maryland campaign is that while the Gorman Democrats continue to assert that Mr. Cleveland wants the Gorman ticket to be elected Mr. Cleveland and all the members of his cabinet maintain a dead silence on the subject, and the most prominent official that all of the coaxing and begging of Senator Gorman and his friends has been able to get upon the stump in Maryland was Dominie Murphy, a subordinate of the Commissioner of Pensions. Your correspondent makes no pretense of being in the confidence of Mr. Cleveland, or of any member of his cabinet, but he knows that in the past neither Mr. Cleveland nor the members of his cabinet have hesitated to speak out in favor of the Democratic ticket in any state where it was thought such speech would aid in bringing out the party vote. If they really wish Gorman to win, why do they not speak out for his ticket? Why didn't the members of the cabinet who refused to make speeches for Gorman's ticket temper that refusal with a few words in favor of the election of the ticket? The answer to these questions may not be that Mr. Cleveland wishes the Gormanites to be defeated, but it certainly looks that way at this writing.

Secretary Hoke Smith has gone to Georgia again. It is said that Ex-Speaker Crisp's announcement, when he was in Washington the other day, of his intention to make some free silver speeches in Georgia had something to do with the Secretary's present trip.

It is evident that the administration does not feel any more cordial towards Mr. Castle, the new Hawaiian minister to the United States, than it did towards his predecessor whose recall it so unjustly demanded. Mr. Castle arrived in Washington a few days ago. He called at the State Department to see Secretary Olney about arranging a date for officially presenting his credentials. When Mr. Castle's card was taken in to Secretary Olney he sent word to him by a messenger that he was busy and could not see him, but that he could call upon diplomatic day, which is set apart for receiving all members of the diplomatic corps who care to call upon the Secretary; but the calls upon that day are as a rule more of a social than an official nature. Of course the incident was discussed by members of the diplomatic corps and especially chuckled over by those representing countries which are interested in preventing the annexation of Hawaii to the United States. Mr. Castle is one of the leading Hawaiian annexationists, which of itself is sufficient reason for the Cleveland administration to desire to make things as unpleasant for him as possible without openly insulting him. There is not another foreign minister in Washington who would have failed to see Mr. Olney had he called at the department under similar circumstances.

New Germany.

Snow fell on the 28th of September.

The Republicans are wearing the Lowndes button with confident smiles.

F. L. Otto is skidding logs for Mansf Bros.

W. F. Durst is out again after a few weeks illness.

D. W. Crowe spent last Sunday at P. McIntry's.

The farmers have finished digging potatoes and report a fine crop.

P. P. McAndrew is busily engaged clearing up his farm and has greatly improved its appearance.

Low Broadwater has returned home from Dry Fork, W. Va., where he has been working.

Miss Nora Warnick has returned home after an absence of four weeks.

Miss Amy Gregg, of Piedmont, is visiting her parents at Savage River.

The Dunkard Sunday school at Cherry Grove held a lawn fete Friday evening, Oct 3rd.

Messrs. H. M. Miller, D. W. and R. S. Crowe are following the threshing machine business and doing good work.

Crellin.

The long looked for rain reached us last night but has departed this morning.

John Kramer and wife started for Philadelphia Tuesday last, where he hopes to secure a position in the lumber business. We are sorry to see John leave as he would have added one more to the list of Republican voters in Garrett county.

The bridge across the Youghiogheny river at this point is in a very dangerous condition and should be rebuilt at once. Where are the mechanics that were awarded the contract,

The undersigned cheerfully adopts the cognomen given him by Dom Pedro in the last issue of the *Democrat*, and assure him that when the last trumpet sounds we'll all be there.

Now to business. Just hear him faintly re-echoing the crack of the party lash—"Standing by the nominees of his party." In heaven's name, why? To still further reduce our proportionate share of the State school fund or to give Gorman renewed lease of power? Just hear him prate about honesty, ability, uprightness and integrity as if the Democracy had a cinch on those things. I do not deny that there are lots of Democrats who possess all the above requirements and consequently could become Republicans without much exertion on their part and possibly may, probably will, but I do deny that the ring in power has any use for men of that kind in office as they could not be turned, twisted or made tools of in any way. But there is no use of Dom Pedro trying to evade the issue. The Republican party is not conducting this campaign on a personal basis—honest men of all parties have united in warring against the Gorman ring and with God's help we intend to bury it so deep that it will never be resurrected, as was done with the Tweed ring in New York. There is no doubt that the people of this State and especially this section are tired of this condition of semi-serfdom. As free citizens of this great republic they propose to rise in their might and assert their right to choose all their county and local officers.

Hono.

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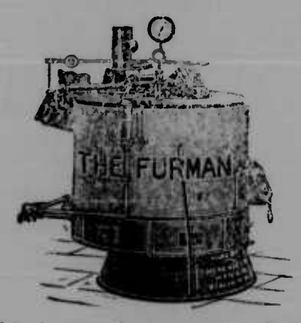

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W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building. Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.

Drs. McLane & Berkeley, PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS, FROSTBURG, MD.

Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.

See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Meyers building. Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June 1st to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street. Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.*

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate. P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 522 6m

E. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Residence and P. O. Address, 2-25 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER. Will sell Real or Personal Estate. Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE. AUCTIONEER! *Will sell Real or Personal Property* Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent. 9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING, Carriage, Sign and House Painter, OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street. Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention. 50-13t.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $100; balance at 20 years with interest

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty., Oakland, Md.

--WANTED-- WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER Also White Oak Timber Land. W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO., Cumberland, Md. Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE, 23tf 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

The Wesleyan Female Institute, STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.

For girls and young women. Established 1848. Full corps of experienced teachers. Location healthy, central and accessible. For catalogues and particulars apply to REV. HENRY F. HAMILL, 13-15t President.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1895. NUMBER 32.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Editor Bolden, of the *Oracle*, spent Sunday in the city.

Mr. James M. Litzinger spent Saturday in Cumberland.

Mr. L. P. White, of Terra Alta, was an Oakland visitor Monday.

Mr. A. F. George, of Swanton, was a caller at this office on Tuesday.

Mr. Wm C. Kidd, of Baltimore, spent Sunday and Monday in the city.

Mr. Alexander C. Mason is having a residence erected in Crook's addition.

The public schools of this county will open on Monday, October 28th.

Mrs. Geo. Walls, of Kingwood, W. Va., is visiting Mrs. Chris. Felty.

Go to S. P. Specht's cash store, Deer Park, for bargains in everything. 32

Messrs. Jasper Fike and Austin Brown, of Selbysport, were in town on Tuesday.

Miss Mattie Porter, of Elkins, W. Va, was here visiting friends the latter part of last week.

Miss Cora Jones, of Terra Alta, was here one day this week visiting her brother, Mr. S. T. Jones.

Mr. William C. Devecmon, of the Cumberland bar, was in the city Monday on professional business.

A cow belonging to Mr. John T. Browning was killed by a west bound freight train Monday morning.

Mrs. G. A. Bolden, of Terra Alta, spent several days here last week as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Silas Shirer.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Johnson, of near Frostburg, are here on a visit to Mrs. John A. Peters, Mrs. Johnson's aunt.

S. P. Specht, of Deer Park, has just received a car load of flour and feed, and will sell at rock bottom prices for cash.

Dr. E. K. Goldsborough and family have closed their summer residence here for the winter and returned to Washington.

Mr. Lawrence Stanton, who was laid up for a few days with rheumatism, is on duty again at his post at the Second street crossing.

New line of ladies' jackets and capes, also hats, bonnets, tips, fancy feathers, etc., at M. L. Scott's Baltimore Store. 32-2

Messrs. Walter and James Smith, of Preston county, West Va., were here last Thursday attending the wedding of their brother, Mr. D. G. Smith.

Rev. John M. Davis went to Berlin, Pa., last Saturday and returned yesterday, accompanied by Mrs. Davis, who was visiting there all of last week.

Mr. John C. Michael went to Baltimore on Saturday night to bring his daughter Nellie home who has been ill in that city for two or three weeks.

By the fire at Bayard last week Mr. John Shartzer lost three hundred dollars worth of furniture which he had for sale in a building in that town.

Rev. Geo. A. Royer, of Accident, who attended the sessions of the Lutheran Synod in Baltimore last week, was in Oakland Monday on his way home.

Every mother should know that croup can be prevented. The first symptom of true croup is horseness. This is followed by a peculiar rough cough. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given freely as soon as the child becomes hoarse or even after the cough has developed it will prevent the attack. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

A car on an east-bound frieght train jumped the track at Mountain Lake Park Sunday afternoon and delayed traffic two or three hours. No one was injured.

Some very fine lithographs of Hon Lloyd Lowndes have been received by Chairman Peddicord of the Republican committee, for one of which he has our thanks.

Mrs. E. H. Sincell, Miss Eva Button and Miss Margaret Sincell, Messrs. John T. and Harry C. Sincell were at Kingwood yesterday attending the Sincell-Morris nuptials.

"I would rather trust that medicine than any doctor I know of," says Mrs. Hattie Mason of Clinton, Carter, Co., Mo., in speaking of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Do not forget the Teachers' Institute next week. Prof. E. B. Prettyman, Theo. B. Noss and H. G. Weimer will be present as instructors. Prof. Noss will lecture on Wednesday evening.

On Sunday afternoon Messrs. Robert C. Townshend, T. C. Clagett and Charles Bosley started for Hagerstown on their wheels. They went via the National Road from Cumberland and expected to be in Hagerstown yesterday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. David Grant Smith, who spent their honeymoon with Mr. Smith's parents near Brandonville, West Va., returned to Oakland Monday afternoon and will go to housekeeping in their new residence on Third street as soon as it is finished.

Mr. Joseph T. Glotfelty, who has for the past seven years been engaged in the stock business near Glascow, Montana, came to Oakland Saturday last to visit relatives. He will remain here two or three weeks longer and then return to his home in the west.

The case of Tasker vs. the County Commissioners of this county came up for trial in the Court of Appeals at Annapolis Tuesday. Messrs. E. H. Sincell and Thomas J. Peddicord represented the county and Messrs. Ferdinand Williams and Benj A. Richmond represented Tasker.

Mrs. Capt. Pendleton and son Joe, who spent the summer here returned to Washington Tuesday morning. They were accompanied by Capt. Pendleton who arrived here recently from a three years' cruise on the Pacific and who will go on duty in the Navy Department.

Last Thursday afternoon Mr. Thomas J. Stull, engineer on the Preston Lumber Company's railroad, met with quite a serious accident which may result in the loss of the sight of his right eye. He was engaged in making some repairs to the engine when a piece of steel flew in his eye, cutting it very seriously, which may permanently injure it.

There is no medicine so often needed in every home and so admirably adapted to the purposes for which it is intended, as Chamberlain's Pain Balm. Hardly a week passes but some member of the family has need of it. A toothache or a headache may be cured by it. A touch of rheumatism or neuralgia quited. The severe pain of a burn or scald promptly relieved and the sore healed in much less time than when medicine has to be sent for. A sprain may be promptly treated before inflammation sets in, which insures a cure in about one-third of the time otherwise required. Cuts and bruises should receive immediate treatment before the parts become swollen, which can only be done when Pain Balm is kept at hand. A sore throat may be cured before it becomes serious. A troublesome corn may be removed by applying it twice a day for a week or two. A lame back may be cured and several days of valuable time saved or a pain in the side or chest relieved without paying a doctor bill. Procure a 50 cent bottle at once and you will never regret it. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Water Works for Oakland.

The subject of water works for this town has been discussed lately by parties in Oakland who are large property owners and who advocate a system of water works that will be of service at any and all times. At an expense of a few thousand dollars Oakland could be supplied with pure mountain water drawn from bored wells and pumped to an elevated spot near the town and by gravity forced over the highest building here.

The necessity for such a service has been acknowledged by those who have opposed the project but it has been apparent for some time that unless some measures are taken for fire protection the whole town will be swept from the face of the earth.

Married.

SINCELL.—MORRIS. — A quiet home wedding was celebrated at Kingwood, West Va., yesterday evening at 7 o'clock, when Mr. Benj. H. Sincell, editor of this paper was married to Miss Lillian Byrne Morris, by Rev. J. W. Butler, pastor of St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church of Oakland.

SMITH—PORTER.—A very pretty wedding took place on Thursday evening of last week at the home of the bride on Second street, the contracting parties being Mr. D. G. Smith, foreman of this office and Miss Virginia C. Porter, one of Oakland's most highly esteemed young ladies.

Promptly at 8.30 the beautiful strains of Mendlessohns' wedding march were heard in the parlor, which announced the arrival of the bride and groom.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, of St. Paul's M. E. church.

The bride was handsomely attired in grey cloth, while the groom wore the conventional black.

The parlor was handsomely decorated with potted plants.

After the ceremony all repaired to the dining room where refreshments were served after which Mr. and Mrs. Smith departed on train No. 1 for points in West Va.

Because of Texas Fever.

Governor Brown has issued a proclamation prohibiting the importation of cattle into Maryland from sections south of a line established by the United States Department of Agriculture, beginning on the northern border of Texas, extending north-east along the boundaries of Indian Territory, Arkansas Mississippi, Tennessee and North Carolina into Virginia; thence in the latter state, along the southern bounds of Orange, Albemarle, Green, Nelson and Amherst counties; thence directly east to the coast. The cause of the proclamation is the prevalence of Texas fever south of the line named.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper under the caption "We Loan Money." The Mutual Guarantee Building and Loan Association which he is representing is one of the strongest new financial institutions in the country and the largest new Building and Loan Association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management is developing it very fast. Its assets have already reached over $2,000,000, which proves it to be positively reliable in every respect. The men that carry it on are responsible and well known gentlemen. This is a good association for the investor as well as for borrower. It has a life insurance policy connected with it which beats anything in any other association. It is good for both young and old and especially for the young man, as this policy matures in 7 years, the others in 8 years. So anyone wishing to make and save money rapidly will do well to invest in this association. Those desiring to borrow or invest will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars.

Death of Father Weider.

At noon yesterday Rev. M. J. Brennan, pastor of St. Patrick's church, this city, received a dispatch announcing the death of that popular clergyman, Rev Peter Weider, of Westernport. The particulars of the death could not be learned last night beyond the fact that Father Weider died in Baltimore Saturday night of consumption.

Several months ago the eloquent priest's health began failing rapidly and he became aware that his life was speedily drawing to a close. Repeated messages from the cardinal invited Father Weider to go to Baltimore where expert medical attention and skillful nursing might prolong his life, but to the kind solicitations he replied in substance that he preferred to remain until the last in that portion of God's vine-yard which had been assigned to his care, and in which he had labored for the past nine years. He wanted to die in Westernport. About three weeks ago, however, he consented to go to Baltimore, and since that time no hope of his return to Allegany county has been entertained.

Father Weider was a native of Baltimore city, and was about 45 years old. His father was a merchant of that city, until the time of his death, several years ago. Shortly after his ordination to the priesthood, the Rev. Weider was pastor of the Catholic church at Hancock where he remained for about five years. In October, 1886, the transfer of Rev. M. J. Brennen to Cumberland, left a vacancy in Westernport, and Rev. Weider was assigned to that place. He was an eloquent man with liberal views on all subjects, and he speedily grew in popularity among all classes of people. He possessed a kind a generous heart and in the town of Westernport the sick and the needy of all persuasions were comforted by his charity.

He was a fine orator and has several times made hosts of admirers by addresses delivered at civic celebrations in Allegany county.

The only surviving member of the immediate family of the dead priest is his mother, an aged lady of Baltimore. The funeral will probably take place in Baltimore. —Cumberland News, Monday.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending October 12, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

C. D. Trueman	Allen Farance
Christ Selde s	J. M. Crawford
R. C. Burba	Isaac Burke
Wm. Gelin McKnight	Mrs. McDonald
E. H. Jarbo	Mrs. Nan Keen
Miss Gertrude Williamson (3)	

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

To the Public.

All parties indebted to J. H. Wilson & Bro. are requested to come forward and settle same promptly, as all accounts and notes left unpaid by Nov. 1, 1895, will be given to our attorney for collection.

Thanking you kindly for your liberal patronage and soliciting your future favors, we remain,

31-3 J. H. WILSON & BRO.

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are warned against trespassing upon my land, lying near Kearney, for any purpose whatever, gunning especially. All persons caught trespassing will be prosecuted. W. E. HARVEY.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Get a vehicle from Naylor.

Send your job work to THE REPUBLICAN office.

McComas' Calmative Konseals, 10 cents. Try them. 5-tf

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

FOR SALE. — Four heavy work horses. Apply to D. S. Martin, Oakland, Md. 26-3t.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

The healing properties of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve are well known. It cures eczema, skin affections and is simply a perfect remedy for piles.

We have something new, effective, pleasant to take and perfectly harmless and a positive cure for nervous headache, sick headache, dizziness and neuralgia. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

HAULING AND EXPRESS.—I have located at Mountain Lake Park and am prepared to do hauling of all kinds at short notice. Baggage a specialty. A share of the public patronage solicited. Harry Thayer.

Nothing so distressing as a hacking cough. Nothing so foolish as to suffer from it. Nothing so dangerous if allowed to continue. One minute Cough Cure gives immediate relief.

McComas' Calmative Konseals contain all that is required to cure the worst case of headache or neuralgia in a very few minutes and are safe, sure, inexpensive. Manufactured by Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf.

Try McComas' Calmative Konseals to drive away sharp pains in muscular and acute rheumatism. One or two Konseals have shown marvelous results. 10 cents per box. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

Say, why don't you try DeWitt's Little Early Risers? These little pills cure headache, indigestion and constipation. They're small but do the work.

It is a truth in medicine that the smallest dose that performs a cure is the best. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the smallest pills, will perform a cure, and are the best.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

There are many good reasons why you should use One Minute Cough Cure. There are no reasons why you should not, if in need of help. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results.

Acts at once, never fails, One Minute Cough Cure. A remedy for asthma, and that feverish condition which accompanies a severe cold. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results.

It's just as easy to try One Minute Cough Cure as anything else. It's easier to cure a severe cough or cold with it. Let your next purchase for a cough be One Minute Cough Cure. Better medicine; better results; better try it.

Garthright takes buckwheat flour on the old accounts and notes, which must be closed up this fall. Don't fail to see his $8 suits, all wool, and can't be beat. Fresh butter and eggs wanted. 30-2t

A. G. Bartley, of Magic, Pa., writes: I feel it a duty of mine to inform you and the public that DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured me of a very bad case of eczema. It also cured my boy of a running sore on his leg.

Public Sale.

I will sell at public auction on my farm one-half mile east of Oakland on Thursday, October 24th, 1895, at one o'clock p. m., the following personal property:

1 bay mare, 5 years old; 3 Jersey cows, 3 fat hogs, 7 tons of hay, 1 buggy, 1 one-horse wagon, a lot of harness, farming implements and other things not mentioned.

TERMS:—A credit of 6 and 12 months with interest and approved security will be given on all sums of $5 and upwards. Under $5 cash on day of sale.

32-1t D. A. STEPHENS.

FREE

COURSE BY MAIL

WITH THE

Capital City Commercial College.

TO ADVERTISE OUR COLLEGE

We will give a thorough course of instruction in Double and Single Entry Book-keeping and Commercial Arithmetic, by mail,

FREE OF CHARGE

to a limited number of persons. This course will be completed in forty lessons. No charge for diplomas.

ADDRESS,

CAPITAL CITY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,

P. O. DRAWER B,

TOPEKA, - KANSAS.

26—1yr.

Sunnyside.

This community was greatly shocked upon learning of the death of Miss Lizzie Genoski which occurred on the 10th inst. at Davis, W. Va., of typhoid fever. Miss Lizzie was a daughter of Charles Genoski, who resides near the Red House. Her remains were interred at the Red House cemetery on last Saturday, the funeral services being conducted by Rev. J. G. Brininger.

Miss Lizzie was a very bright and intelligent young lady, of excellent christian qualities, having given her heart to God some years past and joined the Evangelical Lutheran congregation at the Red House. In her death the community loses a good girl and a true friend and the church loses a good member. The large concourse of people who assembled to pay their last sad respects to her memory showed how highly she was respected during life. The bereaved family have the sympathy of the entire community in their sad affliction. H.

Excursion Rates to Atlanta.

On account of the Atlanta Exposition, the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets at greatly reduced rates. Season tickets will be sold every day until December 15th, good returning until January 7th, 1896. Twenty-day tickets will be sold every day until December 15th, good returning for twenty days from date of sale. We give below the rates for the season and twenty-day tickets from stations in this vicinity.

	SEASON.	20-DAY.
Deer Park	$31 90	$23 40
Mountain Lake Park	31 90	23 40
Oakland	31 90	23 40
Grafton	31 90	23 40

Correspondingly low rates from other stations. 20-4t.

Revival of Wayside Inns.

The invention and general use of the bicycle is bringing about many changes. The making of good roads is one of the most important of them, and as good roads are made bicycling will be promoted, and this will probably revive the old wayside inn, which disappeared from this country and England with stage coaches. In England it is said that this has already taken place. A newspaper correspondent writes that on the splendid road from Stratford to Coventry, which is an ideal road for cycling, the wayside inns appeal for the patronage of the wheelmen by signs offering them special accommodations. Women, he says appear on this road almost as frequently as men, but seldom "in the French masquerade of divided skirts or breeches." He adds that a great many American tourists make their holiday journeys through England on wheels, avoiding railway expenses and ambitious hotels and lodging comfortably at the village inns. This not only saves expenses, but gives the tourist an opportunity to learn something about the country and the people, which is impossible when he rushes through on express trains and lives at the great hotels, where most of the people he meets are foreigners like himself.

A DOUBLE PUNISHMENT.

LONG, narrow room, dimly lighted by rows of smoking, flickering lamps, rough benches bordering the bare udobe walls. At one end of the room two Mexicans with fiddle nnd guitar are playing something which evidently passes for music. The air is close and foul with the exertions and breath of the motley crowd thnt fills the benches and floor. And this is the "ball room" attached to the Legal Tender saloon at Phœnix, N. M.

In the doorway stands a tall, fair-haired young fellow, well tanned yet seeming light skinned among the Mexicans and cow punchers by whom he is surrounded. He lounges in the doorway watching the dancers with an expression partly of languid interest. A year ago the man would have laughed in your face had you told him that he, Harry Woodhall, leader of cotillions and of the distinctly eligible young fellows of London, would in a year's time be taking a passive part in the festivities of a New Mexican dance hall.

It had all come so suddenly that it had seemed like some weird nightmare from which he woke to find himself fighting for health in the arid region of the new world. The recollection of it flashed across him now as he stood by the bar of the Legal Tender. First, that bad cold caught at the Wellbrookes' ball, when he had taken Lady Grace to her carriage in a pouring rain without so much as a cap to cover his head. Then the long siege of pneumonia and after that, like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, had come the warning of his physician: "It's Egypt or western America, old man, if you don't want to shuffle off the coil. You can't stay in England and live."

Then had come the partings, the voyage, the few aimless weeks in Denver, and then a letter from Bob McQueen nsking him to come down and help raise pigs and alfalfa in the Pecos valley. He had found a jolly, congenial lot of young Englishmen there, and after some months of ranch life he had just decided to put some money into the ranch and settle down.

This resolution to settle down had not been an easy one to make. A man may flatter himself that he has torn up every root that binds him to the old life, but when the time comes to put aside the last hope of return he will find that there is one root still drawing life from that hope, nud then, perhaps, comes the hardest wrench of all. At nny rate, Woodhall had that very day ridden into Eddy with McQueen, and had drawn from the bank the money which was to buy his share of the ranch outfit. On their way back they had stopped at Phœnix, a collection of saloons, dance houses and Mexican huts just outside the limits of the town. Their Mexicau foreman, Gongorez, had met them there with the ranch wagon, relieved their horses of the supplies and gone on nhead of them.

Although Woodhall had been in the valley seven months, he had never before seen Phœnix in full blast. This interesting condition occurred every Saturday night and lasted until Monday morning. The roulette wheel nnd

"YES, I AM WOODHULL."

faro layout, togelher with the Mexican games, were operated In the barroom, which opened directly into the dance hall. By this simple arrangement the Mexicans could lose their money in the barroom while the cow punchers obtained their "load," and then worked it off in the quadrille.

"Bob," said Woodhall, lazily turning to McQueen, who was watching the faro, "do they ever have any good-looking girls here?"

"Sometimes a pretty Mexican girl shows up, but good looks don't last long at Phœnix," wns the reply. "They say that Gongorez, our foreman, has—by Jove, old chap, did you see the dealer hold out the nine-spot just then?"

"No; but everybody is too full to notice those little things, I suppose. Come, I've enough of this. Let's move on."

The truth was that Harry Woodhall had just been undergoing that last and worst wrench. He had been tearing up the root that had been feeding on hope, and the process had left him in a reckless state of mind, when nothing seemed to matter. The money, which he carried in a belt around his waist, seemed a weight that was dragging him down, away from everything, and the thought nearly maddened him.

McQueen had gone for his horse, leaving Woodhall alone on the steps of the Legal Tender. A low voice nt his elbow startled him.

"Is it Senor Woodhall?"

He turned sharply and faced the questioner. A tall, slim, dark-haired Mexican girl stood before him. Over her shoulders she had thrown a many-colored serape which only half concealed the well curved and graceful lines of her figure. Her coal-black hair hung in a long plait, and her eyes seemed almost luminous as she stood in the shadow beside him. She was beautiful, there could be no doubt of that, and as Woodhall stood there staring at her, a wild, half-formed resolution took possession of him, borne of his recent fierce struggle with the last hope.

"Yes, I am Woodhall," he answered her: "what is it."

"Will the senor come with me a little?"

Without a word Woodhall sprang on his horse. The girl quickly mounted a cow pony tied near by, and together they dashed off into the darkness. Within the Legal Tender the dance and the games went on. Not a soul had seen their quick disappearance. McQueen hunted about a little, saw that McQueen's horse was gone, cursed him for an unsociable brute, and started back to the ranch alone.

It was a dark, forbidding looking abode at which Woodhall and the girl dismounted. As near as he could judge they had ridden two or three miles southeast across the track. The mystery and novelty of the affair struck him as he was tying his horse, yet he was hardly prepared for what followed. As he entered the doorway of the hut, a pair of warm, plump arms closed about his neck and he felt the pressure of the rich, red lips of the Mexican girl upon his own. And Woodhall was very human.

At last a soft little hand within his led him—for it was quite dark—through a passage-way into a small room lighted by a single tallow candle

IN AN INSTANT WOODHULL HAD HIM COVERED.

and containing only a rough table and a bed.

"Will the senor rest?" and then after a moment's pause: "I will return soon." She was gone before he could prevent it.

Woodhall sat down on the edge of the bed to think, and as he did so he felt the weight of the money belt which he carried about his waist. In a moment all his English caution and mistrust returned.

"It may be all right," he muttered, "but a little search won't hurt anything."

The only possible place of concealment was under the bed. Revolver in hand he dropped on his knees and peered into the darkness. Nothing. Slowly he raised himself until his eyes were on a level with the counterpane, and as he reached this position he noticed a small lump in its surface. Was he deceived, or did the lump move? More from curiosity than any other motive he grasped a corner of the bed clothes and jerked them back. Great heaven! There in the very center of the bed, with its cruel claws working, lay a full-sized tarantula, one of the most poisonous creatures alive. A slight noise at the door caused him to turn. There stood the girl, her eyes, big with fear and horror, fixed on the deadly spider. Without a word Woodhall raised his arm and pointed an accusing finger at it. For a moment the girl tried to speak, but could not. Then slowly and painfully she whispered: "You thought I did it?"

Woodhall bowed his head in grim assent.

On the instant, before he could stop her or even realize her purpose, she had sprung to the bed, grasped the horrible thing and placed it in the bosom of her dress. As it stung her she stretched out her arms toward Woodhall, uttered a piercing cry, and fell across the bed. At the same moment he became aware of an evil face at the doorway—the face of Gongorez, the ranch foreman. In an instant Woodhall had him covered and commanded him to enter, which he did in a sullen, half-scared way. At last Woodhall saw the whole plot.

"Gongorez," he said, in a strange, harsh voice, "this is your daughter?"

A nod.

"Did she bring me here at your command?"

"Yes, but it was easy. She had seen the senor and loved him."

"Did she know of that—stand back, you hound!" for suddenly Gongorez had seemed galvanized into activity and had started toward the bed muttering: 'Corpo di Dios, no!' "

"Then," said Woodhall, in a voice that seemed to him hollow nnd far nway, "we will watch her die together."

And standing there, these two, the fair one with revolver in one hand, the other clasping the girl's, the dark one crouching like a coyote at bay, yet livid with horror, watched the girl until the last spark of life was gone. A moment later a sharp report rang through the hut and then Woodnall galloped awny—alone.

Next morning he appeared at breakfast, pale and very quiet.

"Fellows," he said finally, "I've been thinking it over, and I'm afraid I'm not suited to this sort of life. I don't think that I could ever be contented here and—in short, I'm going to start for California this afternoon."

And he did, in spite of all they could say or do.

The last thing he said to McQueen as the train pulled out was: "You had better get another foreman, Mac, for I don't think Gongorez is coming back."
Detroit Free Press.

UNGAINLY ARMOR.

That Which Is Worn by the Players of Football.

As baseball goes out football comes in. It is an interesting game, and annually attracts increasing crowds of spectators, but it can never be so popular as baseball for several reasons.

The football season is very short, two months as the best, as before October the weather is too warm for such violent exertion, and after the close of November, although not too cold for playing, the weather is too frigid to permit any but the most ardent enthusiast to sit for two or three hours watching the sport.

For another reason, football is the most violent exercise known under the name of sport, and it would be absolutely impossible for a team to play day after day like a professional club plays baseball. Then again, it is dangerous sport. It is all very well to say that it makes a boy manly, or to taunt prudent boys with being cowardly, because they shrink from the rough-and-tumble encounter, but no amount of public praise can make amends for a cracked head, dislocated collar-bone, broken leg or even a fractured rib. So it is no wonder that the vast majority of boys and young men—even collegians — content themselves with looking on and cheering their side to victory.

That football is a rough and dangerous pastime is recognized by the numerous devices which have from time to time been brought into use to soften if not prevent the injuries which the football player has come to regard as a matter of course.

Nowadays the player is almost encased in armor. First came the rubber mouthpiece, which gives the player something to bite and clench his teeth upon to save his tongue and the breaking of his teeth by the shock of being suddenly downed.

Next a nose mask was worn—a stout rubber cover for the nasal appendage, held in place by a strap around the forehead. Then came the padded guards for the ears, which seemed to suffer a good deal in the rushes. Finally the mouthpiece, nose guard and ear guards were combined into a piece called a head harness.

Quilted canvas knickerbockers protect the thighs and a quilted canvas jacket encases the body, while the shins are protected by a combination of canvas and whalebone.

For the protection of the abdomen an ingenious arrangement of wire, cotton and chamois skin fills a long-felt want. Of minor protectors there may be mentioned elastic caps and supporters for shoulders, elbows, forearms, kneecaps, ankles and wrists.

A team equipped with these contrivances is a laughter-provoking sight, and suggests that a game which needs all these precautions seems to require considerable modification of its rules. As played now it is more dangerous than prize fighting.

Even with all these protectors every game of football is productive of a score of injuries, the majority trifling, of course, but enough are serious to give rise to the apprehension that any minute may produce a fatality.

Surely there must be some way of making football an interesting and exciting game, and yet leave it comparatively harmless. Until this is done it can never be really popular, and will be confined to colleges where transient fame is regarded as far superior to the danger of a broken neck.—Golden Days.

AFRICAN PALM OIL.

An Important Article of Commerce in England.

The palm oil which is the staple product of the Lower Niger, as of the west coast generally, is obtained from a wild palm. The natives use it both for cooking, for burning and for smearing their bodies with. It is to them, indeed, a great deal more than ghee is to the Hindu. The fruit of the tree grows in large prickly clusters, and its skin is of a bright red or orange color, turning to yellow when ripe. The pulp is rather bitter in taste and is reddish-white in color. With the fruit is a stone or kernel about the size of a filbert. The natives, gathering the fruit when ripe, bruise it gently in a wooden mortar, and then boil it in water in large caldrons; while simmering, it is stirred with a stick, to separate the pulp from the kernels, which sink to the bottom and are reserved for other uses. The oil which floats on the surface of the water as the boiling proceeds, is skimmed off and placed in earthenware vessels.

The Niger affords two kinds of palm oil. The one is of the consistency of butter, and is called "hard" oil, and for this the only market is England. The other is liquid and is called "soft oil," and for this the highest price is obtained in all the European markets. There is hardly any difference in the quality, but only in the method of preparation. The buying price on the river ranges from five pounds to six pounds ten shillings per cask of two hundred gallons, and it is calculated that about eight thousand tons are annually exported from the Niger to Europe, where it is employed in making candles, soap, railway grease, etc. Both the trading and the transport to the "factories" is carried chiefly by women, after the manner of the noble savage; and the strings of females, each with a pot of palm oil on her head and a baby on her back, are among the everyday sights of the country. At the factories the oil is carefully measured by the agents, and is paid for in salt or cotton cloth. Then it is casked and stored in the station, waiting for transport down the river, to be put on board the ocean steamers at Akassa.—Chambers Journal.

—That Terrible Boy.—Awful Child—"Mamma said you were pretty old." Visitor—"Well?" Awful Child—"You're old, but not pretty."—Detroit Free Press.

—Otto II. of Germany was The Red, on account of the color of his hair and the ruddiness of his complexion.

OUR POOR ROADS.

America Behind in Her Methods of Improvement.

Some time ago, in speaking of the widening use of electric cars, we pointed out that in the cities they have largely supplanted the horse as an agent of transportation. It may be well to say a word now concerning the state of our country highways, on which as yet the horse has no rival, except, perhaps, the bicycle. The growth of our railways, steam and electric, is no excuse for the neglect of our common roads.

If anyone doubts that we have neglected them most culpably, let him look into the volume of consular reports on foreign streets and highways, issued in 1891 by the government at Washington. From these reports it appears that no other country in Christendom, with the possible exception of Russia, has been so negligent.

In France, for instance, the highways approach perfection—a fact to which the prosperity of the French peasantry is generally attributed. The first Napoleon, in the intervals of his many wars, laid the foundations of the system. Napoleon III. completed it. The result is a network of admirable roads stretching out over the whole country, under the constant inspection and care of specially trained engineers.

Germany is not far behind. Great Britain learned her lesson a century ago from the celebrated Mr. Macadam, and has never forgotten it. The countries of southern Europe have profited richly by their legacy from the Romans, the great road builders of antiquity. Hardly anywhere on the continent, in fact, would the mud and ruts of our American roads be tolerated.

Our backwardness may be attributed to the newness of the country and the rapidity with which it has been settled; but a more abiding cause is found in the nature of our constitution, and in the strong instinct of local self-government among our people. Since the abandonment of the Cumberland road in 1838, the national government has done practically nothing. The states have for the most part confined themselves to general and merely permissive legislation on the subject. Everywhere the highways have been left to the local authorities.

The result has been the wildest diversity of plan and methods. In some sections the work is done mainly by convicts. In others, any citizen is liable to be called out to work on the roads for a certain number of days in the year. In certain counties of Virginia, and elsewhere, the toll system is still prevalent.

The practical advantages of a more centralized system, like that of France, are manifest. Frequently towns and counties through which important highways pass are too poor to maintain them properly. Important questions of routes, topography and materials constantly arising, which require investigation on a wide scale.

Scientific training is needed to fit a man for the difficult work of road-building, and this is certainly not common among town and county officers. An authority on the subject declares that the present haphazard system has not produced fifty competent highway engineers throughout the United States.

It has been demonstrated by actual tests that the force required to draw a ton on a muddy earth road is sufficient to draw four tons on a hard macadamized road. When we remember that nearly all agricultural products, not to speak of other commodities, must be hauled at least two or three miles in wagons before the railroads can touch them, it is apparent what an advantage the European has over the American farmer in this respect.

Multiply by three or four the cost of hauling to the stations the total of the crops which the railroads handle every year, and you have a rough estimate of the annual saving to the farmers alone which would result from a system of properly constructed highways. In the long run other classes would derive almost an equal benefit from the change.

Even if we concede that the abandoning of road-building by the national government is final, there seems to be no reason why the states should follow the example. Some of the older states have recently awakened to the importance of the subject. Certainly it is hard to find a better investment for the public money than the betterment of the common roads.—Youth's Companion.

Rustic Physiology.

Old Farmer Reed was driving some of the boarders over the beautiful New Hampshire hills, where the winding roads are either uphill or downhill, and a level space is not found in many miles. As he urged the strong, wiry horses up one of the steep ascents, he worked out the following line of argument: "Neaw, I s'pose you city folks think it kinder tough to make the critters pull up these hills, but 'taint so mean as you think. It's a big sight meaner to run 'em downhill, and I'll tell yer why. Now, when a hoss runs uphill, his vitals presses on his inwards, but when you run him downhill, his innards presses on his vitals. An' that's a sight wuss, now ain't it?"—Youth's Companion

Women Shoplifters.

According to a French writer, no fewer than four thousand women are caught every year stealing during their shopping expeditions. The number of titled ladies seized with this strange malady is, he tells us, almost incredible. Among the most recent culprits were a Russian princess, a French countess, an English lady of title and the daughter of a reigning sovereign. As a rule, these more distinguished offenders are let off on payment of a round sum for the relief of the poor, which, when the shoplifter is known to be rich, sometimes rises to as much as ten thousand francs (four hundred pounds sterling).—Tit-Bits.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The early Saxons seldom wore hats and still more seldom caps. Their sole head covering was the long flaxen hair which they cultivated with sedulous care.

—In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the French and Spanish nobility wore hats profusely ornamented with gold braid, feathers and sometimes precious stones.

—Ludwig IV. of Germany and Otto III. of the same country were each designated the Infant. The first ascended the throne at the age of seven; the second at the age of three.

—Dr. John A. Smith, a dentist, of Staten Island, N. Y., while pulling a patient's tooth, met with a strange accident. The tooth broke and a part of it struck the dentist in the eye, causing, it is feared, the permanent loss of sight.

—The destruction of life in modern warfare is something frightful. In the Franco-Prussian war from August 4, 1870, to August 18, one hundred thousand Germans and French were killed outright, to say nothing of the many thousands more who afterwards died in the hospitals from their wounds.

—A Yorkshire plasterer who was up for bigamy before the West Riding assize court explained that he had sold his first wife to another man some years before for three shillings and sixpence, and as she had gone off willingly he had decided to have nothing more to do with her. He was found guilty, however.

—Valladolid, Spain, the Roman Pintia and the Moorish Belad Walid, was recovered by the Christians by Ordono II., the first king of Leon, A. D. 914-23. It became the capital of Castile in the fifteenth century. It was taken by the French January, 1808, and captured by the English June 4, 1813. Here died Christopher Columbus May 20, 1506.

—Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot and orator, was born in Cork, in 1780, and in early life became one of the leaders of the "United Irishmen." In July, 1803, he led a party of insurgents which killed Lord Kilwarden, then chief justice of Ireland, and several others. The insurgents were soon dispersed by the troops. Emmet was arrested, and, after having defended himself with great eloquence, was sentenced to death. He was executed in September, 1803.

—The first white child born in Manhattan island was Isaac du Trieux, son of Philip du Trieux and Susanna, his wife, who, according to the records of the Reformed Dutch church in New Amsterdam, first saw the light on April 21, 1642. The distinction of being the first born New Yorker of white parents is sometimes claimed for Isaac Bedlew. But the date of the latter's birth was 1643. The first white child born within the limits of New York state appears to have been Sarah Rapelje, daughter of Joris Rapelje, who was born at Albany, June 9, 1625.

—A man who gave his name as George Wilkins committed a bold robbery of the ticket office of the Montana Central depot at Butte, Mont., recently. An excursion train was pulling out for Anaconda, when he ran to the ticket window and grabbed a sack containing about fifty dollars and, before anyone could catch him, jumped upon the train and was gone. A switch engine with several policemen was soon in pursuit, and after a hot race of ten miles the passenger train was overtaken and the robber arrested. The money, however, was not recovered. He had evidently passed it to a confederate.

CUTLETS AND ONION SAUCE.

The Preparation of a Dish That Is Very Palatable.

There is an undoubted prejudice against onions still existing in country districts. French cookery has largely rooted out this prejudice in the cities, and many city housewives do not attempt their soup or meat braizes and stews without a little of the flavor of the onion. Most croquettes and minces of meat and other "made" meat dishes require this among the many flavors of herb and vegetable which go to making them perfect. In all these dishes the onion is used sparingly, and does not assert itself as it does in soubise sauces and onion soup, of which it is a component part. The onion is one of the most wholesome and valuable vegetables we have, and it is an ignorant prejudice that has so largely prohibited its use in general cookery. For cutlets with soubise sauce egg bread crumbs and fry in boiling fat six nice cutlets. Those taken from the shoulder and neck are juicy and inexpensive. Be careful to trim them if they are lamb or mutton, removing all the fat you can, especially on the outside of the chop, as this is the fat that often imparts a strong flavor. To prepare the soubise or onion sauce boil three white onions in water for half an hour, take them up, throw off the water, put them into a mixture of half water and half milk, and let them cook for a quarter of an hour longer, or until they are soft enough to mash through a colander. Thin this puree of onion with a little cream sauce or white sauce; let it boil up once and pour it around the chops. —N. Y. Tribune.

Stub Ends of Thought.

The superlative egotist is the individual who finds fault with everything except himself.

Prosperity is one of the things we don't think we have until we lose it.

A man never thinks but once that a woman's temper isn't loaded.

A patient forgets how glad he was to see the doctor, when the doctor comes around with a bill, after he is well.

No man is a romantic hero to a married woman.

A man can't take a woman's word for anything—he must take a dozen or more.

A man who will borrow and not pay is too great a coward to steal.

If a man's head were broken every time his promises were broken he would be in a hospital most of the year.

Mentally only, man is the superior animal.—Detroit Free Press.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Created the Necessity. — "Say, Smith's got a box in a safety deposit vault." "What's he got in it?" "The receipt for the rent of the box."—Chicago Record.

—A correspondent asks: "What should a bow-legged man do?" This is a hard question to answer, but when he hasn't got anything else to do he should be whooping for wider styles in trousers.—Texas Siftings.

—No Accident.—Mrs. Figg—"Laura, I had ocular proof that young Smithers kissed you when he left last night, and I do not want it to happen again." Laura—"It didn't happen, mamma. It was premeditated."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Disshere little busy bee," said Uncle Eben, "reminds me ob er whole lot ob people. Dey gits mad an' stings er man 'bout little er nuffin' an' lays right down an' lets de hull hive git robbed when de critical 'casion comes."—Washington Star.

—Young Man—"I assure you, sir, I look forward longingly to the union with your daughter." Girl's Father—"Ah, well, that's a candid confession, anyhow. She'll certainly bring you there if she's half as extravagant as I've allowed her to be."—Household Words.

—Johnny—"Sailors named the Rock of Gibraltar, didn't they, pa?" Pa—"What makes you think so, sonny?" Johnny—"'Cause when they sailed near it they had to haul in their jib-er-alter their course." Pa—"Go and tell your mother to put you to bed."—Texas Siftings.

—An Aristocratic Profession.—Miss Hogaboom (of Chicago)—"And what profession is your brother in, Lord Hamercy?" Lord Hamercy—"Oh, when Algernon leaves Oxford I fancy he will take orders." Miss Hogaboom (surprised)—"Yes? Well, there are some real nice gentlemen traveling for pa!"—Puck.

—Struggling Pastor—"Nearly all the congregation have subscribed liberally for the building fund, and I feel sure that I also have your hearty cooperation. How much will you—" Mrs. Leader—"Let me see. Oh, I am the only member who has a carriage, I think." Struggling Pastor—"Yes, the rest are poor." Mrs. Leader—"Well, I will drive round and collect the subscriptions."—Household Words.

—Teacher—"In what year was the battle of Waterloo fought?" Pupil—"I don't know." Teacher—"It's simple enough if you only would learn how to cultivate artificial memory. Remember the twelve apostles. Add half their number to them. That's eighteen. Multiply by one hundred. That's eighteen hundred. Take the twelve apostles again. Add a quarter of their number to them. That's fifteen. Add to what you've got. That's eighteen hundred and fifteen. That's the date. Quite simple, you see, to remember dates if you will only adopt my system."—Living Church.

WON HIS CASE.

A Philadelphia Lawyer's Idea of Thrift and How It Worked.

Over in Philadelphia dwelt a young law student who fell in love just as he was about to be admitted to practice. The girl's father also belonged to the profession and was reckoned pretty smart, as Philadelphia lawyers go. The old fellow gave a partial consent to the young man's pleadings, but concluded he would try the student and see if he was worthy to be his son-in-law. So he said:

"The case of Blank against Blank has been on the calendar several years. It has been tried, appealed, decision reversed, tried again and comes up again for argument at the next general term. I am counsel for the plaintiff. I have had the case four years, but now I turn it over to you. Here are the papers; see what you can do."

The young man took the papers and went to work with a vim born of love—for if he won the case would he not also win a bride! At last life seemed to him worth the living. He studied the case thoroughly. He consulted the authorities and was loaded and primed for a brilliant argument when the court convened. He made his plea and won the case without any trouble.

With a heart overflowing with joy, he returned to his prospective father-in-law and, slapping down the papers, he exclaimed:

"See here, sir; the case is won! These are the proofs. What you tried for years to do I have accomplished at a single term of court. Now, may I have your daughter?"

The old fellow looked up with a smile upon his face as he replied:

"I think you a fool and you can't have my daughter. But I will just give you a little gratuitous advice: It is true I had the case four years without winning it and it is also true that I made thousands of dollars out of it. But you have gone and settled it; and what have you made? About fifty dollars. No, sir, you can't have my daughter!"—N. Y. Journal.

Took to Welsh.

It is seldom that a man so masters a foreign language that he can express himself therein when greatly excited. A Welshman after attempting to take part in a prayer meeting conducted in English, and finding it very difficult to express the fervor of his heart in the partially-acquired tongue, suddenly broke the halting and laborious sentences with a joyful exclamation: "Lord, I thank Thee that Thou knowest Welsh!" and straightway lanneled upon the sea of gutturals which came so readily to his lips.—N. Y. Observer.

The Mayor Fled.

A Minneapolis police officer arrested a woman cyclist the other day for wearing an immodest costume. She called on Mayor Pratt, with friends, and insisted he should judge whether her attire was immodest or not. The mayor refused to act and fled as she began to prepare to give an exhibition of her toggery.

A DOUBLE PUNISHMENT.

A LONG, narrow room, dimly lighted by rows of smoking, flickering lamps, rough benches bordering the bare adobe walls. At one end of the room two Mexicans with fiddle and guitar are playing something which evidently passes for music. The air is close and foul with the exertions and breath of the motley crowd that fills the benches and floor. And this is the "ball room" attached to the Legal Tender saloon at Phœnix, N. M.

In the doorway stands a tall, fair-haired young fellow, well tanned yet seeming light skinned among the Mexicans and cow punchers by whom he is surrounded. He lounges in the doorway watching the dancers with an expression partly of languid interest. A year ago the man would have laughed in your face had you told him that he, Harry Woodhall, leader of cotillions and of the distinctly eligible young fellows of London, would in a year's time be taking a passive part in the festivities of a New Mexican dance hall.

It had all come so suddenly that it had seemed like some weird nightmare from which he woke to find himself fighting for health in the arid region of the new world. The recollection of it flashed across him now as he stood by the bar of the Legal Tender. First, that bad cold caught at the Wellbrookes' ball, when he had taken Lady Grace to her carriage in a pouring rain without so much as a cap to cover his head. Then the long siege of pneumonia and after that, like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, had come the warning of his physician: "It's Egypt or western America, old man, if you don't want to shuffle off the coil. You can't stay in England and live."

Then had come the partings, the voyage, the few aimless weeks in Denver, and then a letter from Bob McQueen asking him to come down and help raise pigs and alfalfa in the Pecos valley. He had found a jolly, congenial lot of young Englishmen there, and after some months of ranch life he had just decided to put some money into the ranch and settle down.

This resolution to settle down had not been an easy one to make. A man may flatter himself that he has torn up every root that binds him to the old life, but when the time comes to put aside the last hope of return he will find that there is one root still drawing life from that hope, and then, perhaps, comes the hardest wrench of all. At any rate, Woodhall had that very day ridden into Eddy with McQueen, and had drawn from the bank the money which was to buy his share of the ranch outfit. On their way back they had stopped at Phœnix, a collection of saloons, dance houses and Mexican huts just outside the limits of the town. Their Mexican foreman, Gongorez, had met them there with the ranch wagon, relieved their horses of the supplies and gone on ahead of them.

Although Woodhall had been in the valley seven months, he had never before seen Phœnix in full blast. This interesting condition occurred every Saturday night and lasted until Monday morning. The roulette wheel and

"YES, I AM WOODHULL."

faro layout, together with the Mexican games, were operated in the barroom, which opened directly into the dance hall. By this simple arrangement the Mexicans could lose their money in the barroom while the cow punchers obtained their "load," and then worked it off in the quadrille.

"Bob," said Woodhall, lazily turning to McQueen, who was watching the faro, "do they ever have any good-looking girls here?"

"Sometimes a pretty Mexican girl shows up, but good looks don't last long at Phœnix," was the reply. "They say that Gongorez, our foreman, has—by Jove, old chap, did you see the dealer hold out the nine-spot just then?"

"No; but everybody is too full to notice those little things, I suppose. Come, I've enough of this. Let's move on."

The truth was that Harry Woodhall had just been undergoing that last and worst wrench. He had been tearing up the root that had been feeding on hope, and the process had left him in a reckless state of mind, when nothing seemed to matter. The money, which he carried in a belt around his waist, seemed a weight that was dragging him down, away from everything, and the thought nearly maddened him.

McQueen had gone for his horse, leaving Woodhall alone on the steps of the Legal Tender. A low voice at his elbow startled him.

"Is it Senor Woodhall?"

He turned sharply and faced the questioner. A tall, slim, dark-haired Mexican girl stood before him. Over her shoulders she had thrown a many-colored serape which only half concealed the well curved and graceful lines of her figure. Her coal-black hair hung in a long plait, and her eyes seemed almost luminous as she stood in the shadow beside him. She was beautiful, there could be no doubt of that, and as Woodhall stood there staring at her, a wild, half-formed resolution took possession of him, borne of his recent fierce struggle with the last hope.

"Yes, I am Woodhall," he answered her; "what is it."

"Will the senor come with me a little?"

Without a word Woodhall sprang on his horse. The girl quickly mounted a cow pony tied near by, and together they dashed off into the darkness. Within the Legal Tender the dance and the games went on. Not a soul had seen their quick disappearance. McQueen hunted about a little, saw that McQueen's horse was gone, cursed him for an unsociable brute, and started back to the ranch alone.

It was a dark, forbidding looking abode at which Woodhall and the girl dismounted. As near as he could judge they had ridden two or three miles southeast across the track. The mystery and novelty of the affair struck him as he was tying his horse, yet he was hardly prepared for what followed. As he entered the doorway of the hut, a pair of warm, plump arms closed about his neck and he felt the pressure of the rich, red lips of the Mexican girl upon his own. And Woodhall was very human.

At last a soft little hand within his led him—for it was quite dark—through a passage-way into a small room lighted by a single tallow candle

IN AN INSTANT WOODHULL HAD HIM COVERED.

and containing only a rough table and a bed.

"Will the senor rest?" and then after a moment's pause: "I will return soon." She was gone before he could prevent it.

Woodhall sat down on the edge of the bed to think, and as he did so he felt the weight of the money belt which he carried about his waist. In a moment all his English caution and mistrust returned.

"It may be all right," he muttered, "but a little search won't hurt anything."

The only possible place of concealment was under the bed. Revolver in hand he dropped on his knees and peered into the darkness. Nothing. Slowly he raised himself until his eyes were on a level with the counterpane, and as he reached this position he noticed a small lump in its surface. Was he deceived, or did the lump move? More from curiosity than any other motive he grasped a corner of the bed clothes and jerked them back. Great heaven! There in the very center of the bed, with its cruel claws working, lay a full-sized tarantula, one of the most poisonous creatures alive. A slight noise at the door caused him to turn. There stood the girl, her eyes, big with fear and horror, fixed on the deadly spider. Without a word Woodhall raised his arm and pointed an accusing finger at it. For a moment the girl tried to speak, but could not. Then slowly and painfully she whispered: "You thought I did it?"

Woodhall bowed his head in grim assent.

On the instant, before he could stop her or even realize her purpose, she had sprung to the bed, grasped the horrible thing and placed it in the bosom of her dress. As it stung her she stretched out her arms toward Woodhall, uttered a piercing cry, and fell across the bed. At the same moment he became aware of an evil face at the doorway—the face of Gongorez, the ranch foreman. In an instant Woodhall had him covered and commanded him to enter, which he did in a sullen, half-scared way. At last Woodhall saw the whole plot.

"Gongorez," he said, in a strange, harsh voice, "this is your daughter?"

A nod.

"Did she bring me here at your command?"

"Yes, but it was easy. She had seen the senor and loved him."

"Did she know of that—stand back, you hound!" for suddenly Gongorez had seemed galvanized into activity and had started toward the bed muttering: 'Corpo di Dios, no!' "

"Then," said Woodhall, in a voice that seemed to him hollow and far away, "we will watch her die together."

And standing there, these two, the fair one with revolver in one hand, the other clasping the girl's, the dark one crouching like a coyote at bay, yet livid with horror, watched the girl until the last spark of life was gone. A moment later a sharp report rang through the hut and then Woodhall galloped away—alone.

Next morning he appeared at breakfast, pale and very quiet.

"Fellows," he said finally, "I've been thinking it over, and I'm afraid I'm not suited to this sort of life. I don't think that I could ever be contented here and—in short, I'm going to start for California this afternoon."

And he did, in spite of all they could say or do.

The last thing he said to McQueen as the train pulled out was: "You had better get another foreman, Mac, for I don't think Gongorez is coming back." Detroit Free Press.

UNGAINLY ARMOR.

That Which Is Worn by the Players of Football.

As baseball goes out football comes in. It is an interesting game, and annually attracts increasing crowds of spectators, but it can never be as popular as baseball for several reasons.

The football season is very short, two months as the best, as before October the weather is too warm for such violent exertion, and after the close of November, although not too cold for playing, the weather is too frigid to permit any but the most ardent enthusiast to sit for two or three hours watching the sport.

For another reason, football is the most violent exercise known under the name of sport, and it would be absolutely impossible for a team to play day after day like a professional club plays baseball. Then again, it is dangerous sport. It is all very well to say that it makes a boy manly, or to taunt prudent boys with being cowardly, because they shrink from the rough-and-tumble encounter, but no amount of public praise can make amends for a cracked head, dislocated collar-bone, broken leg or even a fractured rib. So it is no wonder that the vast majority of boys and young men—even collegians — content themselves with looking on and cheering their side to victory.

That football is a rough and dangerous pastime is recognized by the numerous devices which have from time to time been brought into use to soften if not prevent the injuries which the football player has come to regard as a matter of course.

Nowadays the player is almost encased in armor. First came the rubber mouthpiece, which gives the player something to bite and clench his teeth upon to save his tongue and the breaking of his teeth by the shock of being suddenly downed.

Next a nose mask was worn—a stout rubber cover for the nasal appendage, held in place by a strap around the forehead. Then came the padded guards for the ears, which seemed to suffer a good deal in the rushes. Finally the mouthpiece, nose guard and ear guards were combined into a piece called a head harness.

Quilted canvas knickerbockers protect the thighs and a quilted canvas jacket encases the body, while the shins are protected by a combination of canvas and whalebone.

For the protection of the abdomen an ingenious arrangement of wire, cotton and chamois skin fills a long-felt want. Of minor protectors there may be mentioned elastic caps and supporters for shoulders, elbows, forearms, kneecaps, ankles and wrists.

A team equipped with these contrivances is a laughter-provoking sight, and suggests that a game which needs all these precautions seems to require considerable modification of its rules. As played now it is more dangerous than prize fighting.

Even with all these protectors every game of football is productive of a score of injuries, the majority trifling, of course, but enough are serious to give rise to the apprehension that any minute may produce a fatality.

Surely there must be some way of making football an interesting and exciting game, and yet leave it comparatively harmless. Until this is done it can never be really popular, and will be confined to colleges where transient fame is regarded as far superior to the danger of a broken neck.—Golden Days.

AFRICAN PALM OIL.

An Important Article of Commerce in England.

The palm oil which is the staple product of the Lower Niger, as of the west coast generally, is obtained from a wild palm. The natives use it both for cooking, for burning and for smearing their bodies with. It is to them, indeed, a great deal more than ghee is to the Hindu. The fruit of the tree grows in large prickly clusters, and its skin is of a bright red or orange color, turning to yellow when ripe. The pulp is rather bitter in taste and is reddish-white in color. With the fruit is a stone or kernel about the size of a filbert. The natives, gathering the fruit when ripe, bruise it gently in a wooden mortar, and then boil it in water in large caldrons; while simmering, it is stirred with a stick, to separate the pulp from the kernels, which sink to the bottom and are reserved for other uses. The oil which floats on the surface of the water as the boiling proceeds, is skimmed off and placed in earthenware vessels.

The Niger affords two kinds of palm oil. The one is of the consistency of butter, and is called "hard" oil, and for this the only market is England. The other is liquid and is called "soft oil," and for this the highest price is obtained in all the European markets. There is hardly any difference in the quality, but only in the method of preparation. The buying price on the river ranges from five pounds to six pounds ten shillings per cask of two hundred gallons, and it is calculated that about eight thousand tons are annually exported from the Niger to Europe, where it is employed in making candles, soap, railway grease, etc. Both the trading and the transport to the "factories" is carried chiefly by women, after the manner of the noble savage; and the strings of females, each with a pot of palm oil on her head and a baby on her back, are among the everyday sights of the country. At the factories the oil is carefully measured by the agents, and is paid for in salt or cotton cloth. Then it is casked and stored in the station, waiting for transport down the river, to be put on board the ocean steamers at Akassa.—Chambers Journal.

—That Terrible Boy.—Awful Child—"Mamma said you were pretty old." Visitor—"Well?" Awful Child—"You're old, but not pretty."—Detroit Free Press.

—Otto II. of Germany was The Red, on account of the color of his hair and the ruddiness of his complexion.

OUR POOR ROADS.

America Behind in Her Methods of Improvement.

Some time ago, in speaking of the widening use of electric cars, we pointed out that in the cities they have largely supplanted the horse as an agent of transportation. It may be well to say a word now concerning the state of our country highways, on which as yet the horse has no rival, except, perhaps, the bicycle. The growth of our railways, steam and electric, is no excuse for the neglect of our common roads.

If anyone doubts that we have neglected them most culpably, let him look into the volume of consular reports on foreign streets and highways, issued in 1891 by the government at Washington. From these reports it appears that no other country in Christendom, with the possible exception of Russia, has been so negligent.

In France, for instance, the highways approach perfection—a fact to which the prosperity of the French peasantry is generally attributed. The first Napoleon, in the intervals of his many wars, laid the foundations of the system. Napoleon III. completed it. The result is a network of admirable roads stretching out over the whole country, under the constant inspection and care of specially trained engineers.

Germany is not far behind. Great Britain learned her lesson a century ago from the celebrated Mr. Macadam, and has never forgotten it. The countries of southern Europe have profited richly by their legacy from the Romans, the great road builders of antiquity. Hardly anywhere on the continent, in fact, would the mud and ruts of our American roads be tolerated.

Our backwardness may be attributed to the newness of the country and the rapidity with which it has been settled; but a more abiding cause is found in the nature of our constitution, and in the strong instinct of local self-government among our people. Since the abandonment of the Cumberland road in 1838, the national government has done practically nothing. The states have for the most part confined themselves to general and merely permissive legislation on the subject. Everywhere the highways have been left to the local authorities.

The result has been the wildest diversity of plan and methods. In some sections the work is done mainly by convicts. In others, any citizen is liable to be called out to work on the roads for a certain number of days in the year. In certain counties of Virginia, and elsewhere, the toll system is still prevalent.

The practical advantages of a more centralized system, like that of France, are manifest. Frequently towns and counties through which important highways pass are too poor to maintain them properly. Important questions of routes, topography and materials constantly arising, which require investigation on a wide scale.

Scientific training is needed to fit a man for the difficult work of road-building, and this is certainly not common among town and county officers. An authority on the subject declares that the present haphazard system has not produced fifty competent highway engineers throughout the United States.

It has been demonstrated by actual tests that the force required to draw a ton on a muddy earth road is sufficient to draw four tons on a hard macadamized road. When we remember that nearly all agricultural products, not to speak of other commodities, must be hauled at least two or three miles in wagons before the railroads can touch them, it is apparent what an advantage the European has over the American farmer in this respect.

Multiply by three or four the cost of hauling to the stations the total of the crops which the railroads handle every year, and you have a rough estimate of the annual saving to the farmers alone which would result from a system of properly constructed highways. In the long run other classes would derive almost an equal benefit from the change.

Even if we concede that the abandoning of road-building by the national government is final, there seems to be no reason why the states should follow the example. Some of the older states have recently awakened to the importance of the subject. Certainly it is hard to find a better investment for the public money than the betterment of the common roads.—Youth's Companion.

Rustic Physiology.

Old Farmer Reed was driving some of the boarders over the beautiful New Hampshire hills, where the winding roads are either uphill or downhill, and a level space is not found in many miles. As he urged the strong, wiry horses up one of the steep ascents, he worked out the following line of argument: "Neaw, I s'pose you city folks think it kinder tough to make the critters pull up these hills, but 'tain't so mean as you think. It's a big sight meaner to run 'em downhill, and I'll tell yer why. Now, when a hoss runs uphill, his vitals presses on his innards, but when you run him downhill, his innards presses on his vitals. An' that's a sight wuss, now ain't it?"—Youth's Companion

Women Shoplifters.

According to a French writer, no fewer than four thousand women are caught every year stealing during their shopping expeditions. The number of titled ladies seized with this strange malady is, he tells us, almost incredible. Among the most recent culprits were a Russian princess, a French countess, an English lady of title and the daughter of a reigning sovereign. As a rule, these more distinguished offenders are let off on payment of a round sum for the relief of the poor, which, when the shoplifter is known to be rich, sometimes rises to as much as ten thousand francs (four hundred pounds sterling).—Tit-Bits.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The early Saxons seldom wore hats and still more seldom caps. Their sole head covering was the long flaxen hair which they cultivated with sedulous care.

—In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the French and Spanish nobility wore hats profusely ornamented with gold braid, feathers and sometimes precious stones.

—Ludwig IV. of Germany and Otto III. of the same country were each designated the Infant. The first ascended the throne at the age of seven; the second at the age of three.

—Dr. John A. Smith, a dentist, of Staten Island, N. Y., while pulling a patient's tooth, met with a strange accident. The tooth broke and a part of it struck the dentist in the eye, causing, it is feared, the permanent loss of sight.

—The destruction of life in modern warfare is something frightful. In the Franco-Prussian war from August 4, 1870, to August 18, one hundred thousand Germans and French were killed outright, to say nothing of the many thousands more who afterwards died in the hospitals from their wounds.

—A Yorkshire plasterer who was up for bigamy before the West Riding assize court explained that he had sold his first wife to another man some years before for three shillings and sixpence, and as she had gone off willingly he had decided to have nothing more to do with her. He was found guilty, however.

—Valladolid, Spain, the Roman Pintia and the Moorish Belad Walid, was recovered by the Christians by Ordono II., the first king of Leon, A. D. 914-23. It became the capital of Castile in the fifteenth century. It was taken by the French January, 1808, and captured by the English June 4, 1813. Here died Christopher Columbus May 20, 1506.

—Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot and orator, was born in Cork, in 1780, and in early life became one of the leaders of the "United Irishmen." In July, 1803, he led a party of insurgents which killed Lord Kilwarden, then chief justice of Ireland, and several others. The insurgents were soon dispersed by the troops. Emmet was arrested, and, after having defended himself with great eloquence, was sentenced to death. He was executed in September, 1803.

—The first white child born in Manhattan island was Isaac du Trieux, son of Philip du Trieux and Susanna, his wife, who, according to the records of the Reformed Dutch church in New Amsterdam, first saw the light on April 21, 1642. The distinction of being the first born New Yorker of white parents is sometimes claimed for Isaac Bedlew. But the date of the latter's birth was 1643. The first white child born within the limits of New York state appears to have been Sarah Rapelje, daughter of Joris Rapelje, who was born at Albany, June 9, 1625.

—A man who gave his name as George Wilkins committed a bold robbery of the ticket office of the Montana Central depot at Butte, Mont., recently. An excursion train was pulling out for Anaconda, when he ran to the ticket window and grabbed a sack containing about fifty dollars and, before anyone could catch him, jumped upon the train and was gone. A switch engine with several policemen was soon in pursuit, and after a hot race of ten miles the passenger train was overtaken and the robber arrested. The money, however, was not recovered. He had evidently passed it to a confederate.

CUTLETS AND ONION SAUCE.

The Preparation of a Dish That Is Very Palatable.

There is an undoubted prejudice against onions still existing in country districts. French cookery has largely rooted out this prejudice in the cities, and many city housewives do not attempt their soup or meat brnizes and stews without a little of the flavor of the onion. Most croquettes and minces of meat and other "made" meat dishes require this among the many flavors of herb and vegetable which go to making them perfect. In all these dishes the onion is used sparingly, and does not assert itself as it does in soubise sauces and onion soup, of which it is a component part. The onion is one of the most wholesome and valuable vegetables we have, and it is an ignorant prejudice that has so largely prohibited its use in general cookery. For cutlets with soubise sauce egg bread crumbs and fry in boiling fat six nice cutlets. Those taken from the shoulder and neck are juicy and inexpensive. Be careful to trim them if they are lamb or mutton, removing all the fat you can, especially on the outside of the chop, as this is the fat that often imparts a strong flavor. To prepare the soubise or onion sauce boil three white onions in water for half an hour, take them up, throw off the water, put them into a mixture of half water and half milk, and let them cook for a quarter of an hour longer, or until they are soft enough to mash through a colander. Thin this puree of onion with a little cream sauce or white sauce; let it boil up once and pour it around the chops. —N. Y. Tribune.

Stub Ends of Thought.

The superlative egotist is the individual who finds fault with everything except himself.

Prosperity is one of the things we don't think we have until we lose it.

A man never thinks but once that a woman's temper isn't loaded.

A patient forgets how glad he was to see the doctor, when the doctor comes around with a bill, after he is well.

No man is a romantic hero to a married woman.

A man can't take a woman's word for anything—he must take a dozen or more.

A man who will borrow and not pay is too great a coward to steal.

If a man's head were broken every time his promises were broken he would be in a hospital most of the year.

Mentally only, man is the superior animal.—Detroit Free Press.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Created the Necessity.—"Say, Smith's got a box in a safety deposit vault." "What's he got in it?" "The receipt for the rent of the box."—Chicago Record.

—A correspondent asks: "What should a bow-legged man do?" This is a hard question to answer, but when he hasn't got anything else to do he should be whooping for wider styles in trousers.—Texas Siftings.

—No Accident.—Mrs. Figg—"Laura, I had certain proof that young Smithers kissed you when he left last night, and I do not want it to happen again." Laura—"It didn't happen, mamma. It was premeditated."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Disshere little busy bee," said Uncle Eben, "reminds me ob er whole lot ob people. Dey gits mad an' stings er man 'bout little er nuffin' an' lays right down an' lets de hull hive git robbed when de critical 'casion comes."—Washington Star.

—Young Man—"I assure you, sir, I look forward longingly to the union with your daughter." Girl's Father—"Ah, well, that's a candid confession, anyhow. She'll certainly bring you there if she's half as extravagant as I've allowed her to be."—Household Words.

—Johnny—"Sailors named the Rock of Gibraltar, didn't they, pa?" Pa—"What makes you think so, sonny?" Johnny—"'Cause when they sailed near it they had to haul in their jib-enter their course." Pa—"Go and tell your mother to put you to bed."—Texas Siftings.

—An Aristocratic Profession.—Miss Hogaboom (of Chicago)—"And what profession is your brother in, Lord Hamerey?" Lord Hamerey—"Oh, when Algernon leaves Oxford I fancy he will take orders." Miss Hogaboom (surprised)—"Yes? Well, there are some real nice gentlemen traveling for pa!" —Puck.

—Struggling Pastor—"Nearly all the congregation have subscribed liberally for the building fund, and I feel sure that I also have your hearty cooperation. How much will you—" Mrs. Leader—"Let me see. Oh, I am the only member who has a carriage, I think." Struggling Pastor—"Yes, the rest are poor." Mrs. Leader—"Well, I will drive round and collect the subscriptions."—Household Words.

—Teacher—"In what year was the battle of Waterloo fought?" Pupil—"I don't know." Teacher—"It's simple enough if you only would learn how to cultivate artificial memory. Remember the twelve apostles. Add half their number to them. That's eighteen. Multiply by one hundred. That's eighteen hundred. Take the twelve apostles again. Add a quarter of their number to them. That's fifteen. Add to what you've got. That's eighteen hundred and fifteen. That's the date. Quite simple, you see, to remember dates if you will only adopt my system."—Living Church.

WON HIS CASE.

A Philadelphia Lawyer's Idea of Thrift and How It Worked.

Over in Philadelphia dwelt a young law student who fell in love just as he was about to be admitted to practice. The girl's father also belonged to the profession and was reckoned pretty smart, as Philadelphia lawyers go. The old fellow gave a partial consent to the young man's pleadings, but concluded he would try the student and see if he was worthy to be his son-in-law. So he said:

"The case of Blank against Blank has been on the calendar several years. It has been tried, appealed, decision reversed, tried again and comes up again for argument at the next general term. I am counsel for the plaintiff. I have had the case four years, but now I turn it over to you. Here are the papers; see what you can do."

The young man took the papers and went to work with a vim born of love—for if he won the case would he not also win a bride! At last life seemed to him worth the living. He studied the case thoroughly. He consulted the authorities and was loaded and primed for a brilliant argument when the court convened. He made his plea and won the case without any trouble.

With a heart overflowing with joy, he returned to his prospective father-in-law and, slapping down the papers, he exclaimed:

"See here, sir; the case is won! These are the proofs. What you tried for years to do I have accomplished at a single term of court. Now, may I have your daughter?"

The old fellow looked up with a smile upon his face as he replied:

"I think you a fool and you can't have my daughter. But I will just give you a little gratuitous advice: It is true I had the case four years without winning it and it is also true that I made thousands of dollars out of it. But you have gone and settled it; and what have you made? About fifty dollars. No, sir, you can't have my daughter!"—N. Y. Journal.

Took to Welsh.

It is seldom that a man so masters a foreign language that he can express himself therein when greatly excited. A Welshman after attempting to take part in a prayer meeting conducted in English, and finding it very difficult to express the fervor of his heart in the partially-acquired tongue, suddenly broke the halting and laborious sentences with a joyful exclamation: "Lord, I thank Thee that Thou knowest Welsh!" and straightway launched upon the sea of gutturals which came so readily to his lips.—N. Y. Observer.

The Mayor Fled.

A Minneapolis police officer arrested a woman cyclist the other day for wearing an immodest costume. She called on Mayor Pratt, with friends, and insisted he should judge whether her attire was immodest or not. The mayor refused to act and fled as she began to prepare to give an exhibition of her toggery.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

TOMMY'S ALPHABET.

"Now this is A," mamma would say;
"And this is Q, and this is U,
And this is I.
Now say them—try."
Oh! Tommy was a youngster yet
To learn to say his alphabet;
But, bless his heart! though he was small,
He knew his letters—nearly all.
So mother pointed, and her son
Began to name them, one by one.
"This one?" "It's B." "And this?" "It's Q."
"And this?" "It's L. I know it well."
"Nay; try again!"
"It must be N."
"And this one?"—pointing to an I—
"That's YOU!" was Tommy's quick reply.
Mamma, the error to undo,
Now pointed to the letter U.
Small Tommy pondered; then quoth he,
His face aglow with smiles: "That's ME!"
—Agnes Lee, in St. Nicholas.

FAITHFUL OLD AMY.

How a Black Woman Showed Her Devotion for Her Mistress.

In North Carolina over a century ago lived Mr. John Payne, a wealthy planter descended from an earl's daughter.

He and Thomas Jefferson, who afterwards became president of the United States, both loved the same beautiful girl, Mary Coles. She preferred young Payne, and married him, and became the mother of Dolly, the wife of President James Madison, one of the most beloved of women ever in the white house.

Dolly was an uncommonly beautiful child, and her fond mother, lest the sun should tan her face, used to sew a sunbonnet on her head every morning, and put long gloves on her arms when she went to school.

Mr. Payne, her father, a Quaker, became convinced that slavery was a sin, and sold his plantation, freed his slaves and moved to Philadelphia, in 1780. This was just after the revolutionary war, and the money of the country had become depreciated.

John, his oldest son, was traveling in Europe, and came home to help his father start in business. Neither knew much about close economy, or business methods, or the dishonesty of some of their competitors. After a time Mr. Payne failed, and the rich family were reduced to poverty. The father sank under his misfortune.

A wealthy young man by the name of Todd, of excellent habits, had befriended Mr. Payne in his pecuniary troubles. He wished to marry Dolly, but she did not love him well enough.

The father called the young beauty of nineteen to his dying bed and told her his wish, that she should accept John Todd. Dolly consented, and thus made her father's last days happier.

Mr. Todd proved a devoted husband, but died of yellow fever three years after their marriage, leaving Dolly with two little children, one a baby of three weeks, who died soon after. Two years later she married James Madison.

Mr. Payne and his beautiful wife, Mary Coles, had always been kind to their slaves, so much so that some refused to leave them, and came to Philadelphia to live in their home.

One poor slave, called "Mother Amy," when freed, went out to service. She saved all her money carefully; nobody could guess for what purpose.

For herself, she could endure poverty and not mind it. She did not need or care for fine clothes, but she could not bear that the woman who was once her lovely owner should be in reduced circumstances.

When death came for "Mother Amy" after all the hard years of labor, she left $500, which she had struggled all the years to save, to Mrs. Payne, her widowed mistress.—Boston Globe.

THE DRUNKARD'S DOG.

He Saved His Master from Being Sent to the Prison.

The New York Times reports that Policeman Logan, of that city, saw a man lying intoxicated on the pavement, and went toward him, meaning to wake him. As he drew near, however, he saw a brindle bulldog standing beside the sleeper, and as the policeman leaned forward to shake the man the dog growled and showed his teeth. Logan stepped back for fear of being bitten. The drunkard's name was Collins.

"Hey, there!" said Logan. Collins woke up.

"Tell your dog to let me arrest you."

Collins struggled to his feet, and said to the dog: "Come on, Bully, we're 'rested."

The dog "heeled" obediently, and the policeman took them to the Thirtieth street station-house. There was no reason why the pup should be locked up, but it was plain that he intended to stick to his drunken master as long as he could, and he was allowed to occupy the cell in which Collins spent the night.

The dog accompanied Collins when Logan took him down to Jefferson Market police court, and was close to him when Justice Hogan asked:

"Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Talk to him, Bully," whispered Collins to the pup; and the pup jumped up on the bridge, where the justice could see him, sat up, held up his forepaws and whined.

Everybody in court was watching him.

"Are we sorry?" Collins asked him.

The pup whined loudly and more forlornly than before. He looked as if he would cry in another minute.

"Well, young man," said the justice, "I'll let you go this time on account of your dog. I don't think you deserve such faithfulness as he has shown. If I were a dog and had a drunken master, I would leave him. But I guess dogs are more faithful than men."

"Thank the judge, Bully," said Collins.

The dog stood up on his hind legs, gave one short, joyous yelp, and bounded out of the courtroom beside his master.

Would Seem So, Indeed.

"Bibxy is an optimistic young fellow."
"In what way?"
"I borrowed $10 of him awhile ago."
—Chicago Record.

EGGS WORTH A FORTUNE.

That of the Great Auk Is Valued at Fifteen Thousand Dollars.

How would you like to own an egg valued at $15,000?

That was the price recently paid by a wealthy collector of rare birds' eggs. This particular egg was that of the great auk, and there are only sixty-eight of this extinct bird's eggs in existence. Two auks' eggs are in this country; one is owned by the Academy of Natural Science in Philadelphia, and the other is in the collection of Vassar college. The former collection held for many years among its treasures the rarest of all eggs—an egg of the California condor—but it mysteriously disappeared a few years ago, and it is supposed some scientific sneak thief thought it no sin to transfer the treas-

THIS EGG IS WORTH $15,000.

ure to his own collection, where he is holding it for a rise in price.

It is quite a fad nowadays to collect rare and curious eggs and vast sums are paid by wealthy collectors for the delicate little ovals. One of the largest private collections in the world is that of Mr. J. Parker Norris, a well-known lawyer of Philadelphia. He has spent more than $20,000 for fine specimens of egg shells.

One must know many things about birds and their habits in order to make a valuable collection of eggs. Hundreds of books have been published on the subject of birds' eggs. Uncle Sam's government has published a few of these books, and nearly all of them are costly.

Mr. C. W. Crandall, of Woodside, N. Y., has according to the Philadelphia Press, been quietly adding rare eggs to his big collection for the past seventeen years. This remarkable collection contains curious eggs from all parts of the world. Here are eggs of the cassowary, from Timbuctoo, and the queer yellow eggs of the rhea, or South American ostrich, contrast with green-black emu's eggs and the yellow-ivory of the African ostrich. Then there are 15 species of eagles' eggs, while the eggs of the Lapp owl rest by the side of those of the little Indian pigmy owl. Many beautiful gyrfalcon's eggs from Iceland and other rarities adorn the collection, which includes, in all, 20,000 specimens, sets of eggs of 600 species of North American birds and 300 foreign.

The amount of work which the gathering of so many eggs represents, not to speak of the risk of life, is immense. Looking upon a mere set of gyrfalcon's eggs in a cabinet, one must think of the intrepid collector, who descended a rope on some dizzy height to obtain them, in order to appreciate the spirit of adventure which animates the egg-gatherer.

The gathering of eggs of the birds familiar to everyone is both cruel and unprofitable, and no sensible boy or girl will rob the nest of a robin or a wren. If you can afford it, collect the rarest eggs, but, if you cannot get those that are most curious, don't attempt to start a collection with the common eggs that every one has seen in the country at some time or other.

THE FUNNY PLATYPUS.

An Egg-Laying Mammal from the Wilds of Australia.

One of the oddest of the many queer and unique creatures that inhabit the antipodean wilds is an animal about the shape and size of the American

THE PLATYPUS.

raccoon. He is not a curiosity on account of his shape or size, or because he resembles the coon and lives in Australia, where all nature is topsy-turvy, but because of a remarkable habit the female of his species has of laying eggs and hatching them after the manner of birds. This queer egg-laying animal, the only creature of the kind on earth, so far as the zoologists know, is called a platypus. It inhabits the deep forests of the river bottoms of both Australia and New Zealand, and, it is said, has many of the characteristics which distinguish the beaver tribe. The platypus is not a common animal even in its native haunts, and it is yearly becoming rare, because of the war which has been waged against it on account of the continuous dread of the harmless little creature, because its habits deviate so widely from those generally noted in fur-covered, four-footed creatures.

Average Rates of Speed.

One who has made a study of the subject states that the average rates of speed attained by certain traveling things are as follows: A man walks three miles an hour; a horse trots seven; steamboats run eighteen; sailing vessels make ten; slow rivers flow four; rapid rivers flow seven; storms move thirty-six; hurricanes, eighty; a rifle ball, one thousand miles a minute; sound, eleven hundred and forty-three; light, one hundred and ninety thousand; electricity, two hundred and eighty thousand.

FARM AND GARDEN.

SUBSOIL PLOWING.

The Pros and Cons of the Practice Stated Without Prejudice.

There is evidence of renewed interest in the subsoiling question. It may be that it needs careful consideration. The evidence seems conclusive that subsoil plowing on the fertile prairie soils of such states as Illinois and Iowa, for instance, is not generally profitable. Occasional reports, well attested, have shown paying results, but these have been the exception rather than the rule, says the Prairie Farmer. On the other hand, the percentage of cases of considerable improvement in crops from subsoiling in Kansas and Nebraska seem pretty large. Obviously the deeper the soil is stirred, if it is naturally sufficiently porous, the larger will be the supply of available plant food and the larger will be the reservoir for collecting and storing water which enters the ground after rains. Much of the prairie soil of Illinois is sufficiently porous to a considerable depth to readily permit water to enter, and is so admirably fitted to retain the water, as also to draw it towards the surface by capillary attraction. In such conditions there is no sufficient reason for subsoiling for ordinary cropping. How far the conditions are different in the regions from which reports are sent of marked benefit from subsoil plowing has not always clearly appeared. There is some confusion in the minds of some farmers as to the meaning of the term subsoil plowing. Properly used it does not mean simply deep plowing, however great a depth may be reached, but rather loosening the soil in the bottom of the furrow made by the surface or common plowing, without raising this loosened earth to the surface. Where there is double plowing, the second furrow slice being brought to the surface, this is not subsoiling. In many cases it is objectionable to turn up the soil to a very considerable depth, thus exposing much of the subsoil to the surface. Rarely does any injurious effects follow subsoiling proper, except on flat lands with a very compact subsoil nearly impervious to water. In such cases subsoiling may simply make a deeper bed to hold moisture which is not needed, and can only be gotten rid of by evaporation.

CURING SORGHUM.

How It Can Be Done Successfully in the Dampest of Climates.

Noticing several articles as to curing sorghum and having had lots of bother here in this damp coast climate of Texas I will give my way, which has saved me this year's crop in good order and may benefit others.

After getting sorghum ready to stack I cut three poles say twenty feet long, the butt ends of which I put in the ground two feet, leaving each pole say eight feet apart, leaned so that the tops tie together with wire. I then nail on some one-by-three boards to keep the sorghum from inclosing the passage in the center, then build a platform of rails or posts two feet high on outside of frame as wide as I care to make the stack. In this way I form an air passage under and up the center of the stack, thoroughly curing it even if put up green.

I send you herewith a rough drawing from which you can perhaps prepare an illustration which will explain

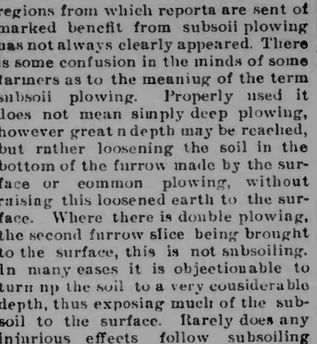

my meaning. The frame is three-cornered. This style of stack will hold from twenty-five to thirty tons. It will keep in any climate. Here the air is damp and foggy and the above is the only way I can cure it.—L. D. Kean, in Breeders' Gazette.

The Future of Irrigation.

Irrigation makes a considerable showing in the census of 1890. In that year, according to the official report, 52,584 farm owners in the arid and subhumid regions of eleven states and territories were employing artificial means of watering their land, to the extent of 3,564,416 acres. The average size of these farms was sixty-eight acres, and their average annual production was placed at $14.89 per acre. The census of 1900 will show a large extension of the area irrigated. The various systems are still in the experimental stage, but the main fact looms up that irrigation will be one of the leading elements of the American agriculture of the future.

Suggestion for Cattle Raisers.

Beef cattle are yet in demand, and there is plenty of time to grow calves of good breeds for conversion into beef in three years provided the calves are well bred. If every farmer would resolve to keep a pure bred bull the calves would be more valuable and not be sold off the farm when but a few days old. There is a large loss to the farmers of this country in the annual slaughter of very young calves and yet the failure to retain the calves is due to the use of scrub bulls, which have done more to curse cattle raisers than all other causes combined.

High Wheat Belts.

Wheat can be grown in the Alps at an elevation of 3,600 feet; in Brazil, at 5,000; in the Caucasus, at 8,000; in Abyssinia, at 10,000; in Peru and Bolivia, at 11,000.

SAVED AND LOST.

Little Story That Ends So Sadly as to Cause the Heart to Drop With a Dull Thud.

Walter Daniels had toiled slowly and wearily up the three flights of stairs which led to his poor abode and looked long and lovingly into the pale, beautiful face of the girl who had given up parents, home and everything that had made life happy to become his wife. And as she stood there, her soft white arms twined lovingly around his neck and her deep hazel eyes upraised to his, he saw that she had been weeping, and around the wan, drooping lips that in the happy days of the past were so often raised, pouting merrily the while, to be kissed by his own, there were traces of pie.

Walter Daniels shuddered as he drew the lithe, yielding form still more closely to him and he wept bitter, scalding tears of agony to think that his wife, Mabel More, Washington born and bred—a girl who constantly wrote for the amateur author's paper and whose essay on "Stage Life" was only excelled by her story entitled "The Wrong One"—should be reduced to eating pie—and in the morning. And while he was wrapped in these painful reveries Mabel raised her head from her pillow. One glance told all.

"You are suffering, my darling," she said. "Can you not tell me, your wife, your sorrow?"

"It is nothing," Walter replied, kissing her.

"Lemon pie, too," he murmured in a hoarse, agonized tone of voice. "This is terrible." At this moment a noise, as of some one dragging himself slowly and wearily up the stairs, was heard. Soon it ceased and a messenger boy kicked open the door and, walking up to where Walter Daniels sat, handed him a telegram. He tore it open with trembling hands and read the message, the boy looking over his shoulder to see that everything was right.

"We are saved, Mabel," he said in low, broken tones. "Your grandfather is dead and all his great publishing establishment is yours."

"Yes," murmured the girl, kneeling beside the chair on which her husband sat. "We are saved, Walt; saved by forms and copy and manuscripts and sketches and novels and by fiction—fiction! The best authors—" and then, looking up suddenly, she saw that the man she loved so well, and for whom she would have sacrificed her life, was lying cold and pulseless across the chair.

The prospect was too much for him. —Washington Post.

Scarlet Fever Settled in the Back.

An Operation Was Unsuccessfully Performed.

The Patient Was Finally Restored, After Eighteen Years.

From the Evening News, Newark, N. J.

About eighteen years ago, when Mrs. Annie Dale, of 88 Bruce street, was a bright, merry school girl, she was taken ill with scarlet fever. She recovered, but she was a very different girl from a physical standpoint. She was cured of the scarlet fever, but it left her with an affection of the back. As she grew older the pain seemed to increase. Her sufferings were intensified by her household duties, but she never complained, and with one hand pressed tightly to her back she did her work about her cozy home.

"I was fourteen years old when I was attacked with scarlet fever, and have now suffered with my back for eighteen years.

"Night and day I suffered. It really seemed as if I must succumb to the pain, and then, to make matters worse, my head ached so badly that I could scarcely see, at times. Finally I went to St. Michael's Hospital, at the corner of High Street and Central Avenue, and there the surgeons performed a difficult operation on my back, but it did no good; it was like everything else. I was told at the hospital to return for another operation, but the first had left me so weak I could not go back. Then again I had become discouraged and my three children needed my attention and care at home. The pain became harder to stand and my back was almost broken, it seemed. I thought I would never know what it would be like to be well again when I was told to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. With many doubts, a faint heart and an aching back I went to get the pills, and little dreaming that they would prove the elixir of a new life to me, I began to take them. Only a short time elapsed before I began to improve. Could it be possible that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were doing what everything else had failed to accomplish? I asked myself the question many times and before long I was enabled by my improved condition to answer the query with an emphatic 'Yes.' Now the pain of almost twenty years is cured by these Pink Pills in a few months. I have no pain of any kind now, but I have got some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and while I do not think it will ever be necessary to use them again, I shall certainly never be without them in the house."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Real Lace.

Inconsistent as ever, Dame Fashion now declares in favor of "real lace," while bedecking herself galore with paste jewelry. Happy now are those who possess heirlooms of the precious filmy fabric, for their owners are quickly singled out by those who know from among the otherwise fashionably dressed women who wear only "imitation." "Real" guipure will be the modern lace most in favor this winter, and so will "Renaissance point." Some of the designs in the latter are especially beautiful.—N. Y. Tribune.

At Bath Beach.

Marie—That actress says that she always puts her diamonds on when she takes a bath. Do you suppose she is afraid they will be stolen?

Hills—No; it's force of habit with her. She's so used to putting them in soak, you know.—Toledo Blade.

HAVE patience awhile; slanders are not long-lived. Truth is the child of time; ere long she shall appear to vindicate thee.—Kant.

NO, MAUDE, dear, we would not advise you to use mice as bait for catfish.—Philadelphia Record.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Guests at a Hotel.

"It may surprise you," said an old hotel clerk, "but we can tell a man not used to stopping at hotels at the first glance. His unfamiliarity with the way to register, with the way to ask for his letters, telegrams or how to give up his key to his room gives him away immediately. Now, to-day, a middle-aged man who is stopping at this hotel came up to me and asked me if I would keep the key to his room for a little while. That was one sure way of telling that he had probably not been in half a dozen hotels in his life. Then we can always tell the minute a man comes up to ask for his mail whether he is a hotel liver or not; The commercial traveler, before his name is written down in the register, will ask to see the letters in the box bearing his initial. He will grab up the telegrams and pore over them as if he were going to catch a train that left in ten minutes. Then he will take his armful of umbrellas and canes and throw them at the bellboy and tell him to take them to his room. The man unacquainted with hotel life will be exactly the opposite. He is usually as bashful as a schoolgirl with stage fright. He doesn't know how to do anything."—Buffalo News.

Man She Would Marry.

"I never heard a young girl say, as young girls are fond of saying," observed an old lady on the summer boarding house piazza, "what sort of a man she will marry, and what sort only, that I do not think of certain speeches to which I, myself, have listened to from pretty lips before this. A school friend of mine so held New Jersey in detestation that she tore its map from her geography. She used to say that nothing would induce her to marry a man who was a widower, or wore a wig, or lived in New Jersey. And the man of her choice was guilty of all these three enormities. I used to talk over my future with two cousins. 'I would not marry a business man,' I said. Kate would not think of a clergyman, or Carrie of a farmer. And we married, respectively, a business man, a clergyman and a farmer. It is all like a smart young American 'help' in my grandmother's kitchen, who was wont to declaim to us children on the scorn in which she held all men, always winding up her denunciations of the sex by: 'No, I wouldn't marry any man that walks on two legs.' And she didn't. She married a one-legged man!"—N. Y. Times.

BEECHAM'S PILLS for constipation 10c and 25c. Get the book (free) at your druggist's and go by it. Annual sales 6,000,000 boxes.

A DUEL is quickly managed. It only takes two seconds to arrange it.

AFTER six years' suffering, I was cured by Piso's Cure.—MARY THOMSON, 204 Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, '94.

HE—"The lamp is going out." She—"Yes It hasn't been filled since you came."—Life

CURE your cough with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

WHAT some people call prudence goes by another name in the next house.—Ram's Horn.

THE virtue lies in the struggle, not in the prize.—Milnes.

A HEAP of ill-chosen erudition is but the luggage of antiquity.—Balzac.

MEN should not talk to please themselves, but those that hear them.—Sterne.

WILL some fisherman kindly inform us how the bass can reach the upper sea?—Boston Transcript.

HYPOCRISY, the only evil that walks invisible, except to God alone.—Milton.

THE BEST OF REASONS.—"Do you remember, Julian, why they shot Saint Sebastian full of arrows?" "Cause they hadn't any gun."—Life.

HE—"I saw Miss Backer at Goodwood." She (thinking of dress)—"Oh! What did she have on?" He (thinking of horses)—"Nothing."—Fun.

GREAT minds must be ready not only to take opportunities, but to make them.—Colton.

NOR cell, nor chain, nor dungeon speaks to the murderer like the voice of solitude.—Maturin.

"EMMA, I just saw the lieutenant kissing you. Don't let me see that again." "Certainly, mamma. We shall be more cautious hereafter."—Lustige Blatter.

THE REAL TROUBLE.—Auntie—"Johnnie you must never be afraid to tell the truth.' Johnnie—"No, auntie, I ain't. It's to tell a lie without being afraid that bothers me."—Life.

OPTICIAN (to his new clerk)—"Now, in sending out these price lists, write the addresses as small as possible, so that those reading them may feel how badly they need glasses."—Tit-Bits.

A Silent Appeal for Help.

When your kidneys and bladder are inactive they are making a silent appeal for help. Don't disregard it, but with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters safely impel them to activity. They are in immediate danger, and it is foolhardiness to shut one's eyes to the fact. Be wise in time, too, if you experience manifestations of dyspepsia, malaria, rheumatism, constipation or nerve trouble. The Bitters before a meal adds zest to it.

CUSTOMER—"What has become of your assistant?" Barber—"Started for himself. He is tired of working by the day, I suppose." Customer—"I thought you paid him so much a thousand words."—Life.

Kate Field in Denver.

DENVER, Sept. 10.—My journey from Chicago was over the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, one of the best managed systems in the country, I should say judging by the civility of the employes, the comfort I experienced, the excellence of it, roadbed, and the punctuality of arrival. I actually reached Denver ahead of time. The Burlington Route is also the best to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha and Kansas City.

THE man who says to his wife: "Give me the baby, dear, and I will try and put it to sleep," is greater than he who taketh a city. —Texas Siftings.

Best of All

To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the springtime comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family and costs only 50 cents; the large size $1. Try it and be pleased. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

SUE (giving him a flower)—"Sweet as the giver!" He (wishing to be very complimentary, indeed)—"Oh, sweeter far!"—Puneb.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

NO MAN was ever so much in love that he was unable to sleep on Sunday morning.—Texas Siftings.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

DRESSMAKERS

FIND THE ONLY ORIGINAL **DESIGNS** PUBLISHED In This Country —IN— L'Art de La Mode,

And all the most reliable information on the question of dress. Order of your Newsdealer or send 35 Cents for the last Number.

Flat Pattern of this design, 36 Bust, for 50 Cents.

THE MORSE-BROUGHTON CO.,
3 East 19th Street,
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No Failure of Crops! A Sure Thing!

GARDEN, FRUIT AND TRUCK FARMS.

10 ACRES will give a family a good living. 40 ACRES will place you in a few years in an independent position.

WHY SLAVE ALL YOUR LIVES!

When Georgia and South Carolina offer such grand inducements for the frugal, thrifty man and woman—climate, soil and surroundings unsurpassed. FREE RAILROAD FARE. Free moving of all your effects, from the time you reach our road. Call or address LAND DEPARTMENT, Augusta Southern R. R., Carolina Midland R. R.; WALTER M. JACKSON, Commissioner of Immigration, Augusta, Ga. F. A. MORDAUNT, General Agent, 885 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

A. N. K.—C 1578

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THE KING CURE OVER ALL FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA IS SAINT JACOBS OIL TRY IT

MILLIONS NOW USE PEARLINE

EIGHT PAPER DOLLS
. . . FOR ONE WRAPPER OF . . .
ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI
Send us two two-cent stamps for postage. These dolls have changeable heads. No two dolls dressed alike.
ADAMS & SONS CO., Sand Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y., Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, OCT. 17, 1895.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR,
LLOYD LOWNDES,
OF ALLEGANY.

FOR COMPTROLLER,
R. P. GRAHAM,
OF WICOMICO.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
HARRY M. CLABAUGH,
OF BALTIMORE.

FOR ASSOCIATE JUDGE FOURTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT,
DAVID W. SLOAN,
OF ALLEGANY.

FOR SHERIFF,
AUSTIN BROWN,
OF DISTRICT NO. 2.

FOR TREASURER,
THOMAS B. WILEY,
OF DISTRICT NO. 12.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
THOMAS H. LAYMAN,
OF DISTRICT NO. 9.

FOR HOUSE OF DELEGATES,
CHARLES E. HILLEARY,
OF DISTRICT NO. 8, AND
CHRISTIAN J. OTTO,
OF DISTRICT NO. 3.

FOR JUDGES ORPHANS' COURT,
GEORGE F. ENGLEHART,
OF DISTRICT NO. 5,
DANIEL WILSON,
OF DISTRICT NO. 10, AND
THOMAS H. CUPPETT,
OF DISTRICT NO. 6.

FOR STATES ATTORNEY,
FRED. A. THAYER,
OF DISTRICT NO. 7.

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS,
JAMES W. WHITE,
OF DISTRICT NO. 7.

FOR SURVEYOR,
FRANKLIN P. GREEN,
OF DISTRICT NO. 11.

GRAND
Republican Ratification
Mass Meetings

WILL BE HELD AT

Swanton, Thursday, Oct. 24, at 2 o'clock p. m.

Deer Park, Thursday, Oct. 24, at 7 o'clock p. m.

Red House, Friday, Oct. 25, at 7 o'clock p. m.

Blaine, Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2 o'clock p. m.

Wilson's, Saturday, Oct. 26, at 7 o'clock p. m.

Prominent speakers will be present and address these meetings.

All persons, irrespective of former political affiliations are invited to attend, to hear the vital issues of the campaign ably discussed, and misrule, fraudulent registration, corrupt elections and public plunder arraigned and better methods in State and County government strongly urged as the right of the people.

J. C. PEDDICORD,
Chairman Committee.

MR. GORMAN says he is proud of Mr. Hurst. Any man should be proud of his own creation.

THAT was a neat reply of Mr. Lowndes to Mr. Hurst at the Republican banner raising in Baltimore Thursday night. Mr. Hurst had said Mr. Lowndes got but 6,000 votes at the Baltimore primaries, to which Mr. Lowndes made reply: "Mr. Hurst had only two—Gorman and Rasin."

MR HURST says that Mr. Lowndes has been making promises to the people and Mr. Lowndes replies that he believes he has a reputation of fulfilling any promise he makes. The people of Garrett county who know Mr. Lowndes will bear him out in this assertion and will show by the handsome vote they will cast for him in November that they have entire confidence in his promises.

IT IS the desire of the Republican committee that this county shall give as large a majority for the county ticket as it shall give for Mr. Lowndes. The ticket is the strongest, made of the best material to be found in the party, was nominated honestly and should be elected from top to bottom by a majority that will leave no room to doubt that old Garrett is a Republican county now and forever.

THE Democracy of Allegany and Garrett counties are in sore trouble and can sympathize with each other deeply. A member of the Garrett county ticket as a candidate for the House of Delegates has resigned and there is talk of another vacancy. The ticket in both counties seems to be as hard to hold together as the Populist ticket. The Republican ticket is staunch and solid because of the principles it represents as well as the merits of the nominees. —Cumb. News.

THE bold assertion made by the *Democrat* last week that Mr. Lowndes worked and lobbied against the assessment bill at the last session of the Maryland Legislature, carried upon its face all the imprints of a lie manufactured from the whole cloth, and only shows to what degree of low politics that journal will stoop when it advocated a cause which is given up for lost even by the most ardent supporters of Mr. Gorman and the man he has set up for the Democrats to worship.

REPORTS from all sections of the county indicate the triumphant election of the entire Republican ticket. What little dissatisfaction might have existed as the result of warm and spirited primary contests has disappeared and we can say, knowing whereof we speak, that there is not in Garrett county to-day any dissensions in the Republican ranks. With a united party, a good ticket, composed of some of the best men in the party, the Republicans of Garrett county are sure winners.

WITHIN a few days, no doubt, our Democratic friends will begin making overtures to their Republican neighbors to trade votes. We want to say just here that it is not necessary that any trading whatever be done to insure the election of any Republican upon our county ticket. We have a handsome majority in this county and if our people vote the ticket as it is printed, vote it straight every condidate will be elected. So, Republicans, we caution you not to listen to any proposition for a trade in votes.

THE RETURNS from the several districts show a large increase in the number of newly registered Republican voters. There never was a time when the party made such large gains as during this fall's sitting of the Registration officers, and we feel confident in predicting that the Republican majority in Garrett county will far exceed any previously given. In order, however, to do this, it is necessary that every Republican be gotten to the polls and every Republican vote cast.

MR. HURST twitted Mr. Lowndes about receiving only six thousand votes in Baltimore city at the primaries and the reply that this sally evoked from Mr. Lowndes was such a crusher for the representative of Gormanism that the old gentleman's breath was entirely taken away. Mr. Lowndes told him that that was just five thousand, nine hundred and ninety-eight votes more than he got in the whole State of Maryland for the only people who voted for him and who declared that he should be the Democratic nominee for Governor were Gorman and Rasin.

BALTIMORE city is the battle ground of the campaign. In the counties the victory for good government and the overthrow of Gormanism is already assured, and Mr. Lowndes will go to the metropolis with a majority of fully ten thousand. The only serious question that confronts the Republicans is can the cohorts of Gormanism from the slums of marsh market space, the causeway, and the river fronts generally overwhelm the honest sentiment of the city by repeating and illegal voting? The issue between the intelligence, character and wealth of the community upon one side, and the tough element and the criminal classes generally upon the other, was never more clearly defined.

All the localities in which thieves find a refuge; where crime flourishes unrebuked, and the vicious and evil-disposed live in open war with law and order, are the strongholds of Gormanism. It is in these localities that the danger to the success of the cause of decent local government lurks.

The honest masses of Baltimore city are with us. There is no question as to that, and if anything approaching a fair vote and an honest count can be had there is no earthly doubt of the election of Mr. Lowndes and the remainder of the Republican State ticket. Half of the Democracy of Baltimore is in revolt against Gormanism, and we have every reason to hope and believe that they will be able to hold the criminal classes in subjection, and prevent them from fully carrying out the infamous plots of the ring against the purity of the election franchise.

THE BOSSES are desperate. They are catching at straws, and sensible people are looking upon them with pity. They are drawing pen pictures of your child ("bless its dear heart," they add,) "seated side by side in school with a 'dirty nigger' who is likely vermin covered", and if that is not enough to scare you they go further and say it may be afflicted with all manner of disease contagious within a radius of at least a mile.

Then again: "How would you like to be arrested by a 'nigger' police officer?" Oh! horrors. Dosen't the very thought of it make you shudder? "If the 'nigger' gets in power there is no telling but what he may revert to some old habit of hundred of years ago and make steaks and cutlets of all us white people." Dosen't all that scare you?" asks the boss politician, "and make you want to keep us in power? for by the eternal heavens we'll save you from steaks and cutlets."

Such is about the tenor of the twaddle the Gorman-Rasin party is indulging in, and can you blame them? If you were making barrels of money wouldn't you resort to almost any pretext to keep a good thing moving along? Why, certainly. But about the truth of such suggestions: It is not necessary to deny them to any intelligent man, woman or child. They deny themselves. To our certain knowledge when these selfsame bosses want a good shave they go to a colored barber; when their wives want a good cook they get a colored cook, and when they want good attention at a resturant they get a colored waiter.

No. The colored people of this city and state have a place to fill. They are filling it to-day and will always fill it irrespective of the party in power. No one knows this better than the Gorman-Rasin party.

Desperate is the cry, and desperate methods the watchword.

The Judgeship.

Under the Maryland judicial system the people are called upon to select by their ballots the members of the bench, and this being so it becomes necessary for the opposing politician parties to present for the suffrages of the people candidates for judges. By the death of the late Judge Hoffman a vacancy now exists on the bench of this circuit and the people will be called upon to elect his successor on the 5th of November.

The Republican party has nominated for this exalted position David W. Sloan, Esq., of Allegany county. Mr. Sloan is about forty-five years of age and just in the the prime of life. For the past twenty or twenty-five years he has been a member of the bar of Allegany county. He is a lawyer of more than ordinary ability and during the greatest portion of the time that he has been practicing he has been recognized as one of the leaders of the Western Maryland bar. Mr. Sloan is a man of generous impulses, a true friend and a gentleman in every way, both as a man and lawyer, qualified to fill the position for which he has been named with signal ability and credit. He is well and favorably knows in Garrett county, where he has been engaged in quite a large number of important trials before the Circuit Court.

We predict for Mr. Sloan the unanimous and hearty support of the Republicans of Garrett county. He will be elected by a handsome majority and we believe the people of this circuit will make no mistake in entrusting to him their rights both of person and property.

His competitor, Mr. Ferdinand Williams, is a gentleman against whom we have nothing to urge but it is hardly likely that he can hope for success in this fight after being turned down last fall by over three thousand majority against him in favor of his competitor Hon. George L. Wellington.

The Issue.

It seems hard for the Gorman press in Maryland to come down to the true issue in the present contest.

They attempt to lug in anything and everything to distract the people and draw their minds away from the real question.

They know that if they should candidly discuss the question of local self government, honest reassessment, better schools and fair elections that the past record of the Ring would rise up in judgment against their teachings. Take Garrett county as an example. What has Gormanism ever done for our benefit as a people? Have we been allowed the right of local self government? Has not the policy of the Gorman ring been ever since the formation of this county to centralize the power of appointment and selection of public officials in the hands of a partisan governor? Have not our citizens been deprived of the right of local self government?

Reassessment! Thou spectre of Gormanism! The sorry animal upon which successive ring administrations have ridden into power! Can the people ever hope for succor at the hands of the gang who have so often promised relief and just as often broken their pledges?

How long, Oh! how long will the people be deceived by Gormanism on this question; a matter that is of more vital importance to Garrett county than anything else?

Schools! Garrett county schools! The plaything of the ringster, and the puppet in the hands of the demagogue! Thousands upon thousands of dollars of the people's hard-earned money is annually expended in this behalf and no practical benefit derived by the children. Will the people of Garrett county longer sit idly by and see their children grow up in ignorance? Will they allow this feature and fixture of Gormanism to longer exist?

Fair elections! In this county, thank God, the elections are fair—the choices of the people are installed in the offices, but elsewhere in Maryland the will of the majority is made to bow to the behest of Gormanism.

The graveyards are called upon to give up their dead on election day, and vacant houses and woodsheds are found to be the homes of hundreds of debauchers of the executive franchise. The voice of the people is nullified by this feature of Gormanism.

Will the people of Maryland, where first on American soil was set up the standard of civil and religious liberty, longer allow their rights to be trampled under foot by Gormanism when it stalks abroad through the land like some hideous demon, robbing them of the dearest privilege of American citizenship—the right to vote and have that vote honestly counted, and be governed by the will of the majority?

These are some of the wrongs of Gormanism. These wrongs can be righted. The chance of the people to free themselves is presented to them. Relief is at hand in the person of Lloyd Lowndes. A political Moses has appeared who will lead the people out of the wilderness in which they have been groping their way for lo! these many years, and if they will follow him on the 5th of November he will cross the Jordan and set their feet in the promised land and give them local self-government, honest reassessment, better schools and fair elections.

A New York View.

The Republican prospects in Maryland are daily becoming more encouraging and gratifying. Gorman and his machine heelers are already driven to desperation, and in their extremity they are calling for outside help, But their appeals seem to be in vain. They can expect no assistance from the administration and respectable Democrats in other States manifest no inclination to assist in saving Gorman's sinking ship. The reputable element of the Democratic voters of Maryland openly declare that they will either vote for Lowndes or refrain from voting at all. The Gorman system has gone to seed and is dying of dry rot. The overwhelming defeat of the Gorman-Rasin ticket will be the appropriate sequel of a political machine in Maryland that has stood for years representative of and responsible for every form of political outrage and public abuse. The Republicans of Maryland showed themselves worthy of succes by the nomination of a gubernatorial candidate so universally respected for both capacity and integrity. Mr. Lowndes looks like a sure winner.—N. Y. Mail.

Mr. Hurst's Lunacy.

Mr. Hurst has been seized with "stage fright." Besides his self laudation as a successful merchant his stock arguments are the great loss of spoils that will befall the Democrats of the State if Mr. Lowndes is elected, and the terrible bugaboo of mixed schools, negro teachers, negro police, and negro domination in every relation of life.

Mr. Hurst made a great mistake when he suffered himself to be made a tool of by Gorman and Raisin. He stood high in the community in which he resides as a clear-headed business man, a valued citizen, above resort to chicanery or subterfuge or misrepresentation, but carried away by ambition, he has descended to the low level of a demagogue, trying to deceive the people by stating what is not true. In his calm, sane moments, he knows that what he told the people at Cambridge about negro supremacy in the event of the election of Mr. Lowndes is a downright, deliberate falsehood, made to deceive voters, and we tell him that such "arguments" will have no weight with any but those who are so ignorant that they will vote the Democratic ticket anyhow. You are wasting your time and talents, Mr. Hurst, and are forfeiting the good opinion of honest men of all parties, even Democrats.

"Many of the citizens of Rainsville, Indiana, are never without a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house," says Jacob Brown, the leading merchant of the place. This Remedy has proven of so much value for colds and croup in children that few mothers who know its worth are willing to be without it. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

A Reply.

To the Editor of The Republican.

In reply to inquiry of your correspondent in last weeks REPUBLICAN, I would say that there was very little expense incurred in the meetings held in the interest of the school bond bill. The speakers made no charge for their services, and paid their own bills, which, on account of good friends, was very little. The only expense incurred was for the hire of a team to take speakers to Sunnyside, Deer Park and Grantsville.

WM. HINEBAUGH.

Public Sale.

Not being able on account of the impaired state of my health to give my stock personal attention during the winter months, I will offer at public auction, the following personal property, viz.:

Twelve Milk Cows, 2 large yoke of Oxen, 1 largo Beef Steer, 1 fine blooded Heifer Calf, 26 Fat Hogs, 90 head Sheep. Also 20 to 30 tons fine Timothy Hay, 20 to 30 tons of Oat Straw, and from 300 to 400 bushels of oats, contained in the large barn at the "Baker Farm."

Sale to take place at 2 o'clock p. m. on Saturday, October the 19th, 1895, on the "Baker Farm," situated three-fourths mile south of the Mountain Lake Park depot, adjoining Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Maryland.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash for all sums of $10 and under; all sums over $10 a credit will be given of six months, the purchaser executing his interest bearing note with approved security.

At the same time I will offer for sale four lots and the two-story and attic frame dwelling house situated thereon, the same being the property in which I now reside, situated in a beautiful grove at Mt. Lake Park, opposite the depot. Terms made known on day of sale.

J. C. ALDERSON.

Change of Firm.

DEER PARK, MD., Oct. 1, 1895.

I have this day sold all my interest and good will in and to the stock in trade of my store at this place to Mr. S. P. Specht, to whom I request a continuance of the liberal patronage I have heretofore had from the public, and I desire to return thanks for the large trade I had at this store.

All accounts must be closed on or before October 31, 1895, and can be paid to Mr. S. P. Specht, who is authorized to receive and receipt for same, and in whose hands I have left the books.

Yours truly,
D. F. GRAHAM.

I will continue to keep a first-class general store in my own building in Deer Park, where I will be pleased to see my old friends and the public generally, and will sell at rock bottom prices, which defy competition, for cash.

Very respectfully yours,
30–3t. S. P. SPECHT.

Mortgagee's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Francis C. Pulliam to William C. Devecmon, dated the 3d day of April, 1893, and recorded among the Mortgage Records of Garrett county in Liber No. 27, folio 467, etc., default having been made under the terms thereof, the undersigned will, on

SATURDAY,
The 9th Day of November, 1895.

at 11 o'clock a. m. in front of the postoffice in Oakland, Md., sell at public auction all the following described real estate:

All that tract or part of a tract of land lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, being part of a tract of land known as

The Land Flowing With Milk and Honey,

beginning for the part now intended to be sold at the end of the twelfth line of the whole of said tract, it being also at the end of the first line of Military Lot number 1254, and running thence with the outlines of the aforesaid whole tract, South 86 degrees, East 133 perches, then South 120 perches, then South 33 degrees, East 211 perches, then South 43 degrees, West 291 perches, then North 6¼ degrees, West 550 perches to the beginning, containing

465¼ Acres More or Less.

It being known as the

M'CORMICK FARM,

and being the same property which was conveyed to George McCormick by Daniel Willenk and wife by deed dated July 10th, 1882, and recorded among the Land Records of Garrett county in Liber No. 6, folio 505.

This farm lies on the Youghiogheny river about six miles from Oakland. It is improved by a fine two-story frame dwelling, a large barn, sheep sheds, etc. It contains coal, limestone and other minerals; it has also some timber, especially a large quantity for railroad ties.

The proposed railroad from Confluence to Oakland runs directly through the property.

Terms of Sale:—One-third cash, the balance in equal payments in one and two years, or all cash at the option of the purchaser, the deferred payments, if any, to bear interest and be secured to the satisfaction of the undersigned.

W. C. DEVECMON,
32 4 Mortgagee.

LADIES
Needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints.

To those living

in malarial districts Tutt's Pills are indispensible, they keep the system in perfect order and are

an absolute cure

for sick headache, indigestion, malaria, torpid liver, constipation and all bilious diseases.

Tutt's Liver Pills

POISON

For All Skin

From

Use

will permanently

Rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Worm, Pimples, Dandruff, Itching Piles and every species of eruption. It softens the skin and effectually removes all blemishes. Eminently superior to all other means of beautifying the complexion. It has been tested in innumerable cases with unvarying success.

Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

☞ FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY BLOOD BITTERS will cleanse the system and drive out all impurities. It is both a purifier and a revivigorator. Pleasant to the taste. Effect immediate. In large bottles, $1.00, at all druggists.

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 1, on Front Street, in Bayard, West Va.

Lot containing four acres with house on it, at Swanton, Md.

A mortgage on property worth more than double, at Loch Lynn Heights, Md.

WILLIAM W. SWEET,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,

SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26t*

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL

ROOFING,

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

Slate Roofing.

Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.

I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.

All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.

I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.

Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.

For prices apply to or address,

C. M. BEACHY,
47—1yr. Grantsville, Md

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ¼ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
T. R. CARSKADON,
39—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

STRAWBERRIES.

Best varieties, early, medium and late. Our pot grown plants set now will produce a full crop next June. Sent by mail prepaid, 60 cents per dozen; express unpaid, $3 per hundred.

THE HORTICULTURAL SUPPLY CO.,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

Higher pay and a Better Training for Teachers.

The great cause which hinders public education in this country is the fact that the people, the citizens the voters, have no genuine love for education and no real appreciation of what learning is. If their interest and their appreciation amounted to anything, they would see to it that the school trustees and school commissioners were themselves persons of education and cultivation. And any school that is conducted by teachers who are uneducated and untrained in the art of teaching is likely to do as much harm as good. By laws we protect litigants from falling into the hands of pettifoggers who have not been admitted and licensed to practise at the bar after a regular course of instruction. So too, we protect sick people from the ignorance of physicians not regularly graduated from a school of medicine. But our teachers, though after a perfunctory examination they acquire a certificate to teach, in six cases out of ten are young women with no heart in their work, but an intention to follow the trade until they are invited to marry; in two other cases they are young men who wish to support themselves while studying what they consider a real profession; in another the teacher is an incompetent; while in the remaining case of the stated ten the teacher is likely to be a serious person seriously pursuing a lifework because he or she is interested in the work and conscious of its high nobility. Here we have four classes of teachers where there should only be one. And until there is only one the public school in the United States will continue to be what they are to-day,—a reproach to our boasted civilization, a refutation of our much vaunted pride of free education.—Mr. John Gilmer Speed, in the Oct. Forum.

Communicated.

To the Editor of The Republican.

The *Democrat* of last week gives great prominence to a quotation from Mr. Smith's speech. At first glance it would seem that the Republicans are very extravagant people. The tax-payers are called to look at the figures, and that is alright. The comparison is made upon the tax rate of six so-called Republican counties and six Democratic counties. We say so-called Republican counties, for Dorchester has a full board of Democratic county commissioners and Somerset two Democratic to one Republican commissioner, and we ask, is it fair in Mr. Smith to make such a comparison when two of the socalled Republican counties have a majority of Democratic commissioners? Mr. Smith should be more fair in drawing his comparisons.

We also want to remind Mr. Smith if he has forgotten that Carroll county, which is held up by him as an example of Democratic economy, has a district road tax which is not included in the county levy, amounting to twelve and one-sixth cents on the one hundred dollars. This should be added to the figures given by Mr. Smith for Carroll county. We are sorry that we have not levy lists of the different counties which would enable us to make a complete showing up of this matter, but we want to call the attention of the *Democrat* and the tax-payers of Garrett county to one item. Garrett county is at the head of the list with a tax rate of one hundred and seven on the one hundred dollars. We call attention to this because we all know more of our own county than those farther away. Democratic economy! It is enough to cause us to smile. It is a fact, whether known to Mr. Smith or not, that the highest tax rate this county ever had was under a Democratic board, that of 1884, when the county tax was one hundred and forty on the one hundred dollars. This was Democratic economy with a vengeance. It is also a fact that the lowest tax rate we have ever had was under a Republican board. But we do not want to get away from the comparison of Comptroller Smith. We take Garrett county and compare it with the six Democratic counties which Mr. Smith has selected (and please examine the record and see if there are not Democratic counties in the State with a higher tax rate) and compare it with the six Democratic counties which have the lowest tax rate. According to the latest figures we have, school tax commission, 1894, Frederick county pays for the support of its schools fourteen cents on the one hundred dollars, Garrett county thirty-three and three-fourths, a difference in favor of Garrett in this case of nineteen and three-fourth cents on the hundred dollars. In Carroll county the people have been taxed from 1872 to 1893 from ten to seventeen cents on the hundred dollars; Garrett during the same period from twenty-one and a half to thirty-three and three-fourths on account of Democratic injustice. Taking the highest rate for each county we find that Garrett pays sixteen and three fourth cents more than Carroll. Prince George's county, another bright and shining example of Democratic economy, has paid for the support of her schools seventeen cents on the one hundred dollars; Howard county pays seventeen and one-half; Cecil twenty-one cents; Worcester seventeen, or to place it in another light the low tax Democratic counties, according to the figures given in the *Democrat* and according to Mr. Smith's figures, pay a rate of taxation of twenty-six cents on the hundred dollars less than the Republican counties named. Garrett county's tax rate is eight and four-fifth cents higher than the next highest Republican county named. St. Mary's (which has a majority of Democratic commissioners) is twenty and three-fifth cents higher than the Republican county having the lowest rate, which by the way, is Allegany county, the county which the Democratic press says is "bossed" by Lowndes and Wellington, and which has recently spent $75,000 for school houses and $100,000 for a new court house, and yet its tax rate is only eighty-six and two-fifth cents on the hundred dollars. Awful extravagance upon the part of these bosses Lowndes and Wellington!

The tax rate of Garrett is eight and four-fifth cents higher than any other Republican county named. We take the six Democratic counties which are held up to our gaze as bright examples of Democratic economy, and we find according to the State school tax commissioner's report for 1892 that they paid an average of seventeen cents on the hundred dollars for school purposes, while Garrett paid thirty-three and three-fourth cents, a difference of sixteen and three-fourth cents in favor of Garrett, this county also paying eight and four-fifth cents on the hundred dollars more than the next highest taxed Republican county. Add this to the sixteen and three-fourth cents paid the most for schools and we have less than one cent on the hundred dollars to account for to bring this the highest taxed Republican county in the State to show up favorably with the comptroller's high-grade, extra, a No. 1 Democratic counties.

Let us remember also that our court house and jail had to be built and that we have been paying for these. The county was bonded for $18,000 a Democratic board spent in violation of law. Then add to this again the fact that while we have had a high rate of taxation we have been paying our debts and we defy comptroller Smith or any of Gorman's henchmen to show a single Democratic county in the State of Maryland with as little debt as this Republican county of Garrett.

Let us look at this question a little further, and again call the attention of the people to the fact that the distribution of the school fund is iniquitous and unjust. That while the six Democratic counties above mentioned receive from the State school fund for their average attendance per capita as follows, Carroll, $3.70; Cecil, $4.74; Frederick, $5.52; Howard, $7.03; Prince George, $8.08; Worcester, $5.83, and other counties more, even as much in Charles county as $14.40, Garrett county receives but $2.85. Is this just; is it right? Who is responsible for it? The Republican party demands a redistribution of the school fund. Men of Garrett, irrespective of party, do you want it? Then vote the Republican ticket.

Look at the boys and girls around your fireside and then vote not for prejudice but for those principles which are for the best interests of the people. When a bill recommended by the State board of education for a redistribution of the school fund was introduced into the last legislature it did not stand any chance. Are you in favor of the present school system with its short terms of schools? Then vote for Hurst. If you want a change, and we believe you do, vote for Lowndes and then we will get to elect our school commissioners and our children will stand a better chance than under the present system.

HOOSIER.

Grantsville.

Meyersdale Commercial.

Mrs. Dr. Lichty is visiting her brother at Cumberland.

Two of Dr. Bruce Lichty's sisters of Salisbury are keeping house during the doctor's wife's visit. The doctor went to Oakland Monday.

The cider mill and evaporating plant operated in connection with the Grantsville planing mill by D. P. Miller has been running to its full capacity for about two weeks, in making and boiling cider and making applebutter.

An effort is being made to have a telephone line placed from here to Frostburg, since the Western Union company has taken the wires out of the office here, and discontinued the work at this place. The plan does not meet with universal approval, however, as private business could not be transacted from a general office without danger of being overheard by parties for whom the message is not intended and it would be too expensive to have private telephones. It is believed by some that a telegraphic office will be re-established here ere long.

The German Baptist lovefeast held at Maple Grove was very largely attended. As usual a drove of smart toughs were there and exhibited their lack of good sense.

Election Officers.

On Monday of last week the Board of Election Supervisors of this county met and appointed the following officers to serve at the coming election. The first named in each district is return judge, the second and third associate judges, the fourth and fifth ballot clerks and the sixth and seventh election clerks:

Election District No. 1—Moses R. Hamill, Henry Paugh, Wm. M. Junkins, J. L. McCrobie, J. F. Friend, P. J. Loar, Geo. W. Moon.

Election District No. 2—Jasper Guard, William Welsh, Franklin P. Fike, W. S. Collins, Alfred Kelley, Norval Welch, Archibald Casteel.

Election District No. 3—James H. Bevans, Geo. W. Broadwater, Charles H. Durst, John Custer, J. Lewis Durst, J. C. Getty, Gideon Gnagey.

Election District No. 4—Andrew W. Michael, W. J. Barnard, Geo. L. Michael, Lawrence Garvey, Elijah Kemp, Erwin Fazenbaker, C. C. Moody.

Election District No. 5—James E. McGettigan, John Hoffman, George M. Menhorn, S. K. Schlossnagle, Edward Margroff, Lyman Frazee, Samuel Mosser.

Election District No. 6—J. B. Meese, William Custer, Brison Welch, John A. Delawder, Arthur Weimer, Samuel Ralston, J. Alvin Friend.

Election District No. 7—A. H. Frey, Andrew J. Harne, John Arnold, William A. Daily, George P. White, Marshal M. Ashby, Wm. Nair.

Election District No. 8—Henry W. Ridder, Amos S. Mosser, John M. White, William C. Buncutter, Arthur S. Abernathy, John C. Bowman, Dennis Rinker.

Election District No. 9—Patrick Hoye, James Carey, James H. Fauzey, Andrew J. Moore, Jacob Wilson, Frank C. Graham, Aaron Wilhelm.

Election District No. 10—Solomon Hoge, Thos. E. Sollars, Garrett Moon, jr., Jos. Lashorn, Chas. George, John Speicher, T. B. Lipscomb.

Election District No. 11—Peter F. Michael, William Ross, Jonas Witzell, David Warnick, Peter McIntyre, Henry H. Fazenbaker, Jacob Strickland.

Election District No. 12—Otho Fazenbaker, Donald Simpson, Jas. M. Durst, W. H. Loar, Hanson B. Durst, James Bowser. Jno. B. Harmon.

New Germany.

Rev. T. R. Falkner preached an interesting and able sermon in the Mount Beulah church last Sunday.

E. B. Durst has gone to Johnstown, Pa., to work.

Jacob Fresh will have a thousand bushels of salable apples this fall.

Miss Jane Durst has been visting Mr. Ashford Warnick at Fairview.

Joseph Shaw was in our town last week buying up sheep.

Mr. Amos Broadwater passed through this place on his way to Pea Ridge where he will visit his grand-children. Mr. Broadwater is a good horse back rider, although he is ninety-two years old.

C. J. Otto attended the German Reformed Senate at Butler Pa.

ZACCHEUS.

Cascarets relieve nausea

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

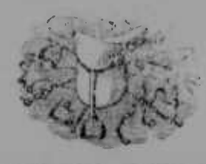

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carry the best stock of heavy, hand made harness and horse furnishing goods to be found in the country.

Alder Street, opposite G. S. Hamill's office.

TRUMAN WEST, Manager.

26—26t.*

Reqistration Notice.

September and October Sittings.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That the undersigned Officers of Registration of Voters in and for their respective election districts of Garrett county, will sit in their respective election districts in said county, at the places hereinafter named, for three successive days in the month of September, commencing with and including the third Monday of September, that is to say the

16th, 17th and 18th Days of September, 1895,

and four successive days in the month of October, commencing with and including the first Monday in October, that is to say on the

7th, 8th, 9th and 10th Days of October, 1895,

from the hour of 8 o'clock a. m., until 8 o'clock p. m., on each of said days for the purpose of ascertaining and registering in the proper registries of voters the persons qualified to vote in their respective Election Districts who shall present themselves for registration, and for the further purpose of revising and correcting the registries of voters for their said respective Election Districts, and the striking therefrom the names of all voters entered therein who shall have died or became for any reason disqualified or who for any cause shall have ceased to be entitled to remain on said registries of voters.

And on the Monday next succeeding the second Monday in October, that is to say on the

21st Day of October,

in said year 1895, from the hour of 8 o'clock a. m., until 8 o'clock p. m., on said day, the said Officers of Registration will sit in their respective Election Districts for the revision of and for the hearing of applicants for reinstatement by persons whose names shall have been stricken off the registries of voters for said election Districts in said county as provided in Article 33, Sections 1 to 36½, of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, title "Elections," sub-title Registration of Voters" as amended by Chapter 573 of the Acts of 1892.

The places of sitting of each of said Officers of Registration in their respective Election Districts on the days named and hours stated is as follows to-wit:

District No. 1. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days will sit at Swanton. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Swanton. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Swanton.

District No. 2. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Friendsville. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Friendsville. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Friendsville.

District No. 3. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Grantsville. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Grantsville. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Grantsville.

District No. 4. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Bloomington. During the first October Sitting, 18.5, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Bloomington. During the second October Sitting 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Bloomington.

District No. 5. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Accident. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Accident. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Accident.

District No. 6. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Sang Run. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Sang Run. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Sang Run.

District No 7. During the September Sitting, 1895 the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Oakland. During the first October Sitting, 1895, will sit at Huttons, on the 7th day and at Oakland on the 8th, 9th and 10th days of October. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Oakland.

District No. 8. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Gorman. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Red House. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Red House.

District No. 9. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Johnsons. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Johnsons. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Johnsons.

District No. 10. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Deer Park. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Deer Park. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Deer Park.

District No. 11. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Piloow. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Garlitz's Mill. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Garlitz's Mill.

District No. 12. During the September Sitting, 1895, the 16th, 17th and 18th days, will sit at Bittinger. During the first October Sitting, 1895, the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th days, will sit at Bittinger. During the second October Sitting, 1895, the 21st day, will sit at Bittinger.

All naturalized citizens applying for registration will be required to produce their certificates of naturalization to the Officers of Registration.

Signed,

H. H. HAMILL, Registration Officer District No. 1.
R. E. FRIEND, Registration Officer District No. 2.
ISAIAH FULLER, Registration Officer District No. 3.
JOHN COLLINS, Registration Officer District No. 4.
JOHN L. RICHTER, Registration Officer District No. 5.
N. C. BROWNING, Registration Officer District No. 6.
JOHN A. HUGHES, Registration Officer District No. 7.
HENRY A. SHAFFER, Registration Officer District No. 8.
SAMUEL JOHNSON, Registration Officer District No. 9.
SEBASTIAN HINEBAUGH, Registration Officer District No. 10.
NOAH S. GARLITZ, Registration Officer District No. 11.
JOSEPH BUCKLE, Registration Officer District No. 12.

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

EIGHTH YEAR.
A MODERN, HIGH GRADE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.

Reopens Sept. 25, 1895 (D. V.) A department for boys and young men embracing thorough preparatory work for college, business or scientific school will be inaugurated under the charge of Maj. C. A. Ballou, of the Virginia Military Institute. Stenography, type-writing, book-keeping, besides full courses in English and Latin, etc. Send for catalogue to E. B. SWAN, Principal and Proprietress.
18 1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

WANTED.—A saleman and collector for the Singer Sewing Machine Co. Address, Harry Clayton, Grafton, W. Va. 26-3t.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,

PLANING MILLS,

And BUILDING MATERIALS.

MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

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ELECTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to the Judges of Election and to the voters of Garrett county, that an election will be held in the several Election Districts of Garrett county, at the usual places of holding elections, on

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1895,

for the purpose of electing—

A Governor.
A Comptroller of the Treasury of the State of Maryland.
An Attorney General of the State of Maryland.
An Associate Judge of the Fourth Judicial Circuit.
A Sheriff.
A Treasurer.
A Commissioner.
Two members of the House of Delegates.
Three Judges of the Orphans' Court.
A State's Attorney.
A Register of Wills.
A Surveyor.

The polls of said Election will be open in each and every district in said county, at the usual places of holding the polls, at 8 o'clock a. m., and will be closed at 6 o'clock p. m., when the ballots shall be publicly counted.

All persons will take notice that by Chap. 191, Acts of 1895, no spirituous or fermented liquors, ale or beer, or any intoxicating drinks can be sold or given away on election day. CHARLES WEGMAN, Sheriff.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, May 19th, 1895. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—	Daily	2.48 A. M
No. 3—	Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 71—	Accom daily except Sun	9.20 A. M
No. 47—	Daily except Mon	10.49 A. M
No 15—	Accommodation daily	6.24 P. M
No. 1—	Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—	Daily	6.01 A. M
No. 2—	Daily	6.37 A. M
No. 14—	Accommodation daily	10.00 A. M
No. 72—	Accom daily except Sun	4.32 P. M
No. 16—	Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4—	Daily	12.29 A. M

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THE REPUBLICAN

BENJ. B. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND GARRETT CO., MD

THE "DEVIL BEAR."

"There's another pig gone, dad," said Jack Monroe, coming early one morning in September into the room where his father was just getting out of bed.

"Jehosaphat! That's too bad!" exclaimed the farmer. "Why, I thought you and the other boys were going to watch the pen all night."

"Well, so we did, and we had Turk with us, too; but none of us ever saw anything or heard a sound. I guess we must all have gone to sleep toward morning, for when daylight came we saw that the little Berkshire you set such store by had been carried off and the door of the pen was wide open."

"Why in thunder, then, didn't you loose the hound on the track and follow it right up?"

"That's the first thing we did," rejoined Jack. "Old Turk took the scent first-rate and stuck to it till it ended at the river; then we had to turn back."

"But, Lord a mercy, boy! what became of the pig? That shoat weighed full a hundred pounds; surely the bear couldn't have lugged it across the river, nor up or down stream, either."

"He just did, then; for there wasn't a sign of it anywhere, not even a drop of blood."

"No, the old thief's too cunning for that. I guess he always kills his game by a blow of its paw on the head, for we've never found blood on his trail. We'll have to get up another big hunt and destroy the beast somehow, or he'll half ruin us all. Are you sure, though, that it's the same old bear?"

"No mistake about that," said Jack. "We found the tracks of his feet in the mud by the river, and one of them had only four toes. It's the 'Devil Bear,' sure enough."

Farmer Allen Monroe lived in a sparsely settled neighborhood near Marquette river, in northern Michigan. For three years in succession he and others in the vicinity had lost numbers of pigs, and even young calves, through the depredations of an enormous black bear, who it was supposed had his home somewhere among the rocks on Stony ridge, a wild tract of country lying across the river a few miles from Monroe's log-house.

The beast had often been seen—always out of gun-shot, and all observers described him as being at least twice the size of any other black bear—"as big as a three-year-old steer," one man declared; but all attempts to trap, shoot, or run him down by dogs had proved utterly futile. His trail invariably led to the river, and there every trace of it was always lost. Traps and spring guns had been set in all possible ways, but quite in vain. The former were always sprung and the baits eaten, while the cords attached to the triggers of the latter had never once been run against by the cunning beast.

There were lots of other bears in the neighborhood, ordinary animals of from one hundred to three hundred and fifty pounds, which the local hunters had no great difficulty in killing; but the tracks of such were never confounded with those of the "Devil Bear" (as the old robber had come to be called), not only because of the tremendous size of the latter's footprints, but also because, some time in his innocent cubhood probably, one of his hind feet had somehow lost a toe.

Time and again, through spring, summer and autumn, experienced hunters had watched pig and calf pens, and pastures, and cornfields, too, when the ears were fit to roast, in the hope of getting a sure shot at the marauder; but it was labor lost. Although on moonlit nights the crafty beast's huge form was sometimes seen looming up like a black hillock between the watchers and the sky, he never came within rifle range, nor was he ever, so far as known, touched by any of the bullets which the baffled hunters were occasionally provoked into firing at him.

The strangest thing of all in regard to the Devil Bear was that, although every one believed his den to be in the recesses of Stony ridge, no one had ever been able to find his tracks between there and the river, nor had any one ever seen him emerge from the water after once entering it.

Vexed beyond measure by the loss of his imported Berkshire pig, Farmer Monroe determined to organize a grand hunt for the demoniacal beast. So he sent Jack, a tall young fellow of nineteen, around to warn the scattered neighbors, in consequence of which fourteen men, all that lived within a circle of three miles, assembled at the Monroe homestead early next morning, making, with father and son, a rifle-armed party of sixteen.

As, under existing circumstances, a good dog was valuable property, old Turk was safely chained up at home, lest he might chance to come within reach of that terrible paw which had ended the career of so many of his kind. It was then agreed that each hunter should select his own route through the woods and dry swamps and pay no attention to ordinary game, but if the great bear was found—whether killed on the spot or not—the hunter should announce the fact by three rifle shots, fired at half-minute intervals.

The wanderings of the fifteen men, being entirely barren of result, need have no place in my story; it must be confined to Jack Monroe's doings. The youth, from having so often explored it in search of stray cattle, knew the forest much better than did any of his elders, and when these had gone their several ways he made direct for a certain gully which, though now quite dry, had been, in the course of ages, scooped out by the action of a long sloping leading from the uplands to the river.

This ravine, starting level with the ground's surface, but at its lower end worn by spring and fall rains to a depth of forty feet, was quite narrow and heavily fringed on either side by a dense growth of evergreen trees and bushes, so that, even at midday, every part of it was much darker than the surrounding woods.

Jack, fully aware of the risk he was about to incur, entered the gruesome place, and went cautiously along its gradually descending floor until, at a spot where the banks were about five feet high, he came to a great fallen pine, whose still green top lay squarely across the chasm. Being nearly six feet in height, the young man was necessarily obliged to stoop in order to pass under this tree, about which, in the dim light, he noticed nothing unusual.

Bending low, he was in the act of gliding between two down-hanging branches, when suddenly there descended full upon the back of his neck a violent blow, ripping his coat collar to shreds and sending him headlong and half stunned to the ground.

For some moments he lay dazed and unable to move, but soon recovering his senses, he looked up at the tree-top, trying to discover the cause of his downfall. There was nothing there.

He could see through and through the pine spray; something which, he now recollected, he could not do before. Then like a flash the true state state of the case occurred to him; and running back to where the bank was low he scrambled out of the gully, pressed through the fringe of brushwood, and saw, ambling slowly along in the more open forest, and already a hundred and fifty yards away, the Devil Bear himself.

To Jack's startled eyes the great beast looked as big as a young elephant; and when, dropping on one knee, he hastily fired at it, it was no wonder that his bullet flew wide of the immense but too distant mark. Before he could recharge his muzzle loader, the bear, apparently making straight for the river, had disappeared; so, jumping back into the ravine, Jack ran with all his might along its smooth bottom, hoping by this easier route to intercept the brute at the water's edge.

Five seconds after the excited boy had reached the mouth of the gully, and while still panting from his desperate race, old Bruin came leisurely out of the woods, a hundred yards below him, and stood on the shore as if listening for sounds of pursuit. Now was the young hunter's chance.

Steadying his nerves as best he could, he took careful aim at the creature's broad shoulder and once more fired, seemingly scoring another miss, for, at the rifle's crack, the bear looked lazily around, plunged deliberately into the water, swam down the stream for a little distance, then dived beneath the surface and was seen no more.

Jack quickly reloaded his gun and rushed to the spot just vacated by the mysterious beast, supposing that it must, of course, shortly rise to take breath. But no such thing occurred. Fifteen minutes passed away, and, though the puzzled hunter could see every inch of the water for hundreds of yards up, down and across stream, not the slightest break could be detected on its surface.

The young backwoodsman was no fool. He well knew that two minutes at farthest after diving the bear must somehow have got air, else he would now be dead from asphyxia, and his carcass, being a mass of fat, would float.

Reflecting on these facts Jack very sensibly concluded that the knowing old brute had somewhere near at hand a comfortable retreat, the entrance to which, like that of a beaver's house, was under water.

Feeling quite sure of his premises, and much elated by the prospect of solving the long-hidden mystery, the young fellow now hurried home and brought Turk back with him. Keeping the hound in hand, he then went slowly down the river's bank in the direction taken by the bear. For nearly two hundred yards Turk jogged carelessly along, showing no interest in the proceedings; but when the pair came to a high hummock crowned by three great interlocked cedar trees, whose gnarled roots spread far over the ground and into the water as well, he suddenly awoke to new life, dashed forward, and, with savagely angry growls, began to tear furiously at the mound's surface.

"Ho! Devil Bear! Devil Bear! you're found at last!" exultantly shouted Jack; and, carefully timing the intervals, he at once fired the three agreed signal shots.

In less than ten minutes the other hunters began to straggle in, and before half an hour had elapsed the whole fifteen were on the ground. Then, while the dog was still frantically digging, Jack told his story, concluding by saying: "The old pig-killer has his den in here, certain. All we've got to do is to let daylight into it and fill him full of lead."

"Sho, boy! the hound's only scratching after a woodchuck. There ain't any b'ar here, I reckon," said one of the men.

"Turk don't bother his head about woodchucks," rejoined Jack. "If the bear isn't here, where is he? I saw him dive a little way up stream an hour ago, and it's certain sure he's never showed above water since, unless he scooted off while I was gone for the dog, and I'll bet he didn't."

"Well, friends," interposed Mr. Monroe, "we can soon settle the point. If one of you will go with Jack to the house and bring down a couple of axes and shovels we'll see who's right in no time. "It'll be a wonderful thing if we do find that old devil here, but we all know he's cunning enough for anything."

Monroe's house being no more than a thousand yards distant, the tools were quickly on hand, and after the dog had been removed and tied up out of harm's way, work began in good earnest. The interlacing roots were cut away and the shovels vigorously plied, until, at a depth of four feet from the surface, an opening was made in the roof of a large, dry, bone-littered cave; but, though undoubtedly his home, the great bear was nowhere to be seen.

The disappointed men stared blankly at one another; but Jack, more shrewd than any of them, had been all the time watching the water. Now he excitedly yelled:

"Look! look! old Devil Bear's making for the other shore. See! there's a sort of wavy motion above where he's swimming. Pick up your rifles and we'll all shoot together when he shows himself at the other bank."

The river was at this place about one hundred yards wide, and the water, being backed up by a dam below, was very still and deep; but the riflemen, anxiously scanning its sunlit surface, had no difficulty in tracing the submerged monster's progress by a slight shimmering line left in his wake.

Steadily and with wondrous speed he drew toward the opposite shore; in a few seconds he must come into view, all thought, while Mr. Monroe said:

"As soon as the brute's head and shoulders are clear, boys, shoot straight and altogether, when I give the word. It won't do to let the old villain escape this time."

Very sensible advice, but one slight obstacle existed to its successful adoption, the Devil Bear had no intention of exposing his head and shoulders.

The tell-tale ripple had extended to within a few feet of the farther bank, and every man stood with poised rifle, expecting to see the said head and shoulders appear. But they didn't. Their diabolically cunning owner knew a trick worth a dozen of that.

He did not hanker after a woodland ramble just then.

"What's become of the brute? I don't see a sign of him any more. Guess he's got an underground parlor on that side, too," exclaimed Joe Brooks, a veteran hunter.

Jack Monroe's sharp young eyes were not so easily deceived, however. After a moment's keen watching, he said:

"No, he's lying there, like a wounded duck, with nothing but the point of his nose out of the water. See, right in line with the hemlock sapling."

Thus directed, the whole crowd could now distinguish the protruding snout and (of course immediately behind it) the scarcely immersed head to which it was attached.

"Now, boys, you want to draw a mighty fine sight, just as if you were shooting at a gobbler's topknot twenty rods off," said Joe Brooks. "Let's all aim nine inches back of the critter's nose, and pull when Allen gives the word. There's not more than a couple of inches of water over that big skull, and we stand so much higher than it that our bullets'll cut through all right, I guess."

Sixteen heavy rifles came up to their owners' shoulders, wavered for one second, and then remained steady as if each long barrel was fixed in a vise.

"All ready?" questioned Monroe. A softly murmured "Yes" in reply. "Fire!"

Each man had raised the back sight of his rifle to the one-hundred-yard notch; all were good marksmen, and sixteen bullets, simultaneously alighting, struck almost in a bunch the selected spot; whereupon the giant bear, without a groan or cry, loosened his hold of the bottom, rose in his whole monstrous length to the surface and floated motionless on the crimsoned water.

Then, when the jubilant hunters had yelled themselves hoarse, Joe Brooks said:

"The old rascal's so fat that he can't sink. Let's make a raft and go over to him."

Ten minutes sufficed for these skilled axmen to chop off three dry cedar logs, place them side by side in the water, with smaller pieces across, cut two shoving poles, push over to the dead bear, tie Turk's leash around his lower jaw, and tow him ashore. It was then found that four bullets had pierced the brute's brain, while a number of others had cut through the scalp and glanced off the thick skull.

"Don't touch a knife to it yet, boys," said Mr. Monroe, "till Jack brings the big steelyards from the house. We'll weigh the fellow just as he lies."

Jack scampered gleefully away, quickly returning with a lot of rope and the great steelyards generally used for weighing fat hogs and slaughtered beeves. By the aid of these, the horizontal limb of a big tree, and the strength of half a dozen men, the weighing was finally accomplished, the immense carcass tipping the beam at seven hundred and six pounds, fully three hundred more than that of any black bear ever before killed, so far as the oldest hunter knew, in Michigan.

The skin, when taken off, measured within a fraction of seven feet from snout-tip to the base of the stumpy tail; and nearly eight gallons of oil were afterward tried out from the great masses of fat which not only covered, but lined, the defunct animal's body. The hams only were saved for eating, and these looked like those of a mammoth premium hog.

Happening to be at that time prospecting along Marquette river, I, myself, saw the Devil Bear's pelt and hams two days after the brute was killed, and it was then that this story, substantially as I have written it, was told me by the actors themselves, who, in answer to my questions, further said that this particular bear had never once left his prey lying where it was dispatched, but had always either artfully concealed or carried it off; though no one had ever seen him in the act of doing the one thing or the other.

All the old hunters believed—and it seems the only reasonable hypothesis—that the bear had established his home in the cave before the building of the dam had backed the water up over its mouth; and then, being forced to find his way out, he had continued to use this sub-aqueous means of exit and entrance. His mysterious depredations had begun, the men said, some time after the dam was built.—N. Y. Ledger.

TURKISH BATHS FOR HORSES.

The Latest Development of Parisian Luxury.

A Turkish bathing establishment for horses and dogs has been started in a quiet street in Paris, near to the Bois de Boulogne. Henceforth those who possess horses and pet dogs will be enabled to let them experience all the delights of these oriental ablutions.

When the wealthy man returns to his home he may take pity on the tired steeds that have dragged his carriage through the hot, dusty streets and tell his groom to take them over for a bath.

The place has not been open long, but judging from the amount of support it is said to have enjoyed up to now, the experiment should be successful. Whether it will be found to keep up its business in winter is a problem for the enterprising proprietor to solve by experience.

The idea is unique and at the same time humane. There can be little doubt that animals which are not living in a state of natural freedom will derive great benefit from these baths, especially in summer weather.

The arrangements made in this establishment for the treatment of four-footed clients are elaborate and interesting. The bathhouse is designed in much the same style as those used by human beings, but the rooms are on a much larger scale.

There are three large rooms connected with each other by wide doors, which fit closely and are practically air-tight. When a horse is to be operated on, it is taken first into the back-room. This is divided into large compartments or stalls. The horse is tied up to a ring in the stall and the door shut. A steam coil is concealed in the wall of the room and the steam can be turned on from the outside.

After the animal has been tied with a good length of halter he is shut in and the room is filled with steam until the temperature rises to about 100 degrees Fahrenheit. The time the horse is left in this chamber varies considerably, according to the condition he may be in. Usually half an hour is sufficient to produce profuse perspiration.

When this has been effected the door is opened and the bather is untied and led into the middle room, with little windows in one wall which separates it from the first room. This end of the room is also divided into stalls, and has a window to each stall. There is no steam here, but hot air keeps the temperature at about 165 Fahrenheit.

This heat increases the flow of perspiration begun by the steam, and in about fifteen minutes it is streaming from the animal. After this the little window in his stall is opened and his head drawn through to be tied fast to a ring in room No. 1. After this a cold shower-bath is turned on from the ceiling, and two attendants, standing one on each side, rub and scrape off the perspiration and water with smooth, flexible scrapers of hard wood.

The shower is continued for fifteen minutes. When it is turned off the horse is given a gentle shampoo with soft brushes. He is then rubbed vigorously for a few minutes with warm, dry cloths, and a drink of brandy and water is administered.

The temperature is gradually lowered to about eighty degrees and then the horse is led into the front room.

This is kept at a moderate temperature, and is fitted with a table on which the patient is laid while the final touches are put to his toilet. The table is of mechanical construction and is a very ingenious affair. The top, which is padded and covered with oiled canvas, turns over so as to be perpendicular, one side touching the marble floor. Wide strips of strong webbing are drawn through it, and when the horse is led up beside the table top, these strips are passed around his body, back through the table top and buckled tightly on the other side. His feet are also buckled in straps, and when he is securely fastened the attendants turn a revolving shaft which tips up the table top until it rests horizontally on the four massive legs, which are connected by a strong framework.

When it is tipped up the horse is lying at full length on his side, ready for the final operation. This consists of fifteen minutes' rubbing by two attendants. These men wear gloves which have the inner surfaces covered with stiff hair. They rub until the horse is perfectly dry; they then apply various balsams and bay rum. When one side is finished the table is tipped over and the horse unstrapped and turned on the other side. Then the mane and tail are combed, brushed and braided. The process is now ended, and after having another drink of brandy the animal is led out.—N. Y. World.

Wisdom and Modesty.

The celebrated Aboo Yusuph, who was chief cadi, or judge, of Bagdad, in the reign of the Caliph Hadee, was a very remarkable instance of that humility which distinguishes true wisdom. His sense of his own deficiencies often led him to entertain doubts, where men of less knowledge and more presumption were decided. It is related of this judge that, on one occasion, after a very patient investigation of facts, he declared that his knowledge was not competent to decide upon the case before him. "Pray, do you expect," said a pert courtier who heard the declaration, "that the caliph is to pay you for your ignorance?" "I do not," was the mild reply. "The caliph pays me, and well, for what I do know. If he were to attempt to pay me for what I do not know, the treasures of his empire would not suffice."—Golden Days.

—Hominy Crisps.—Take the required amount of hominy, cook till it is soft and quite dry, sift it through a fine colander, make it very stiff with whole wheat or graham flour, knead well, roll very thin, puncture with a fork, cut in squares and bake quickly. The perforated baking tins are recommended for this purpose.—Good Housekeeping.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Apple Tea Cake.—One cup sugar, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoonful butter, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one teaspoonful soda, nutmeg. Bake in layers and fill with sliced apples.—Home.

—Apple Pudding.—Pare, quarter and core six tart apples, sprinkle with sugar and a little cinnamon. Rub butter the size of an egg into one pint of flour in which a teaspoon of baking powder has been sifted, make into a thick batter with sweet milk, pour over the apples, and steam one hour.—Womankind.

—To Boil Brussels Sprouts.—Pick carefully off all the dead leaves from a pint of brussels sprouts and wash them clean. Then put them into a saucepan of boiling salt and water with a very small piece of soda. Boil them very quickly, with the pan uncovered, until tender, then drain them through a colander and serve them arranged in a light pile in the center of a dish, with a tureen of melted butter.—Boston Budget.

—Apple Pudding.—Peel, slice and stew in a little water until soft enough to mash six medium tart apples. Into the sauce which they make stir a large tablespoonful of butter, three of sugar, and the juice and grated yellow rind of a lemon. Stir two tablespoonfuls of flour into two cupfuls of grated bread crumbs, mix this with the apples, and then stir in two well beaten eggs. If the mixture is too thick, add a few spoonfuls of water. Turn into a buttered pudding dish and bake for forty minutes. Serve with hard sauce.—Prairie Farmer.

—Quince Preserves, Orange Flavor.—Peel and core the quinces and to every quart of fruit allow two oranges thinly sliced. Steam until tender. Cook the cores and skins in water enough to cover them for about two hours, then strain, add a pound of sugar for every pound of peeled and cored fruits. Boil together to a syrup and then drop in the steamed quinces which should not be soft enough to drop to pieces. Let them simmer, not boil, over a slow fire for an hour, when they will be a beautiful color and are ready to be canned the same as any other fruit.—Home.

—Pilau of Mutton.—Take the neck of mutton, cut in small pieces, cover with hot water and simmer gently until nearly done. Then take about two ounces of spaghetti, break into inch pieces and cook twenty minutes with the mutton. It swells, and should soak up nearly all the water. Season with salt, pepper and a grating of onion. Take a pint of fresh tomatoes peeled and put through a sieve. Make smooth in a saucepan over the fire a tablespoon each of flour and butter, add the strained tomatoes and stir till it boils up. Put the pilau in the center of a deep platter and pour the tomato sauce over it and serve at once.—Chicago Record.

NOT SO GREEN AS IT LOOKS.

An Intelligent Parrot Takes Revenge and Breaks Up a Marriage Engagement.

Parrots are all right and very amusing unless they happen to be too intelligent. They are charming creatures so long as they will repeat only what you teach them, but when they begin to think for themselves, and to voice their thoughts, the matter changes complexion and may end as seriously as did an affair at Stamford, this state, the other day.

One of the brightest and most attractive young women in that town is the owner of an unusually precocious parrot; incidentally, she thought a great deal of a young farmer of the neighborhood, so much, in fact, that they were betrothed. But this young farmer has always hated parrots, and that has been the one sore point between him and his promised wife. He has especially hated the parrot in question, and has repeatedly warned the young lady that the thing was not so green as it looked, and that it would surely cause trouble between them. We can easily believe that the bird, being beloved by his mistress, was always at hand during these little talks, and it is as easy to believe that no well-ordered, intelligent parrot would put up long with such slighting remarks as the young farmer was in the habit of making. If memory serves aright, the bird did once rebuke his mistress' sweetheart, but very mildly, simply calling him a "sassy thing." On that occasion Polly was promptly punished by his mistress, who snapped his head with a piece of whalebone and covered his cage with paper for an entire day. This was added insult, but nothing was to be done except wait for an opportunity to get even. The opportunity soon came.

A few nights ago the young farmer entered the house of his life's light, and asked for the flame. She was primking, but would be down in a short time, and would Frank try to make friends with Polly? So Frank turned into the room where Polly sat on his perch munching a cracker and crooning a jingle ditty. Extracting a chocolate caramel from his pocket Frank moved toward the cage. There are tides in the affairs of men and likewise parrots, and this bright, if green, pet realized that the flood of his tide had come.

"Hello, young hayseed!" he shouted.

There was a moment of intense silence. Then the cage was struck to the floor and the room was filled with feathers and hair. A moment later Polly's mistress entered the room.

"What is the trouble, Frank?"

"Some one has taught this parrot to call me a young hayseed," answered her lover, flushed and angry, "and I will not stand it."

"Did you hurt poor Polly?" picking up the maimed creature."

"I tried to kill the thing."

The young woman vigorously upbraided her lover, and hurriedly slipping her engagement ring from her finger and handing it back, said:

"A man who loses his temper on such slight provocation cannot be my companion for life. The engagement is broken and you need not call again."—Buffalo Courier.

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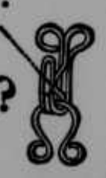

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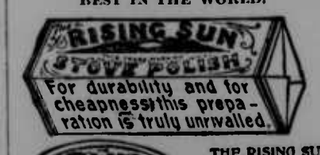

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TEMPERANCE NOTES.

WORD OF WARNING TO GIRLS.

Do Not Marry the Man Who Drinks, Unless You Are Willing to Become a Drunkard's Wife.

Girls, whatever else you may do, do not marry a drunkard!

No matter how deeply in love you may fancy yourselves to be, do not marry a man who drinks intoxicating liquor.

It is better to be an old maid, and miss the desired Mrs. from your tombstone. It is better to go on through life single and alone, to keep a cat, and make aprons for the heathen children, than to be a drunkard's wife. Young men addicted to taking a glass now and then will doubtless laugh at you if you call their habit a vice, or hint that it is in any wise dangerous. They assure you in a lordly way that they know what they are about! They wonder what you take them for! Haven't they control enough over themselves to take a social glass, now and then, and stop there? Why, you talk as if they were common drunkards!

And so they are liable to become. There is no safety in playing with poison. He who touches pitch must be defiled. The first glass makes room for the second. The appetite for strong drink grows with what it is fed upon. The man who drinks a glass of brandy or whisky to-day will want another to-morrow. If he is not strong enough to abstain from the first glass how is he to put away the second?

Young women, beware of him! Shun him as you would one infected with the plague! You had better commit suicide than marry a drunkard, or one on the road to drunkenness, for in a dozen years from now he will be likely to slay you in the frenzy of his drunken madness, or break your heart, which is quite as bad A drunkard's home is a hell on earth.

God pity the woman who is doomed to breathe its poluted atmosphere.

God pity the children who must be reared beneath its pernicious shelter.

LOVES HIS GROG BETTER THAN HE DOES YOU.

Oh, young girls, fair and pure, and loving, think of what lies before you! Think of the moral contamination, the miserable degradation, which hang around the drunkard, and forswear the young man who drinks! Think of your unborn children, and tremble for their future if you give to them a father who drinks!

Smile no more upon this deadly sin of wine-drinking! Scorn it! Never give its practice your sanction in ever so remote a degree.

Oh, that the women of our nation would turn their faces, as one woman, eternally from the man who drinks! Oh, that the mothers would close the doors of their houses against the wine-drinking young man as against the leper, and let society understand that no embryo drunkard will be received as honored and respected into its ranks.

How is it now? Society smiles upon the young man of good family who drinks a little now and then. It offers him wine at its social gatherings. It virtually tells him that he is just as good as if he did not drink. It turns out the bloated sot, but it receives with open arms the poor young wretch it is helping to reach the sot's ultimate condition.

Far be it from us to despise anybody. We would lift up the fallen, wherever they may be found—we would encourage the drunkard to reform—we would take him into our respect when he has shown himself worthy of it; but God forbid that we should give countenance to the man who persistently tells us that he drinks, and knows enough to stop when he has got enough.

Ten to one he will yet fill a drunkard's grave!

Call us radical, or fanatical, if you will—it matters not; we are bound to stick to the belief, born with us, that no man is safe who indulges in intoxicating liquor as a beverage. Better, far, that he should never drink at all; for if he takes the first glass he may want the second, but if he never takes the first he can not take the second!

And again we say to you, young girls, beware! No matter how handsome, or fascinating, or wealthy, the man may be—if he drinks turn away from him, and save yourself from becoming that most miserable of all women—a drunkard's wife! — Kate Thorn, in N. Y. Weekly.

HAPPINESS AND ALCOHOL.

Scientific Explanation of the Effect of Stimulants on the Mind.

The body uses its powers in resisting the outside forces which act upon it Normally, there is a balance between body and environment. If environment prevails we are discouraged; if we are able prevail, our spirits rise and our happiness grows. And it is not for the moment only, but we compare the accumulated impressions of the powers outside of us with the powers which our brains develop, and are happy or unhappy according as we feel our superiority or otherwise. Just how much does alcohol interfere in this balance of powers? It clearly can not lessen the power of outside influence which harms us; it can as clearly not increase our own powers in so far as they enter into this conflict with the outside world—it rather makes us less skillful and able. What can it do, then? It can deceive us. It dulls our appreciation of powers outside of us until they seem so much smaller that we are sure we can conquer them, and so we gain a feeling of satisfaction. Nine-tenths of those who take strong drink seek this feeling in alcohol. This is their "refreshing" at eventide, their "rest from the day's cares," their forgetfulness of sorrows; but it rests upon a deceit, and at the least trial falls into ruin. He who to-day forgets is not any stronger to-morrow, and so is constantly tempted to a new appeal to his false friend until his senses are so dulled that every duty is forgotten. His holiest interests are but shadows of mist before his eyes, and he knows nothing more but thirst for the deceitful drink. Even the defenders of alcohol at last call a halt; but they have forgotten that the first steps are much more easily undone than the later ones, when the brain has in a measure lost its power to control. They do not forget through malice, but because they have not rightly understood the physiological effect of alcohol.—Dr. Eustus Gaule, in Popular Science Monthly.

DREADFUL TREE OF DEATH.

A Strange Product of Java and Its American Prototype.

A gentleman who visited Java has sent a very singular tree to his sister, who resides in Savannah. It is called the tree of death. He says that the natives described to him that there was a singular tree called the *Kali Mojah*. Its breath would kill birds, and even human beings. One day, when he was chasing a bird of paradise, he noticed that it dropped suddenly to the ground, under a tree. He examined the tree, and began himself to feel strangely, as the odors from its leaves began to be inhaled by him. His head swam, and ringing sounds came to his ears, as though he were being chloroformed. He hastened away from it, but procured a specimen and sent it to America, which, it is said is the first one transplanted in our soil. What a striking illustration this is of the tree of death which has been planted in our fair America by the distiller! It has leaves for the blighting of the nations. I see the young, the middle-aged, the old, chasing the birds of pleasure and then falling down beneath the dark shadow of this baneful tree, to die there, never to rise again. Would that we might lay the ax at the root of this tree!—Rev. E. S. Ufford.

THEIR WORST FOE.

Danger Which Menaces the Catholic Church Through the Liquor Traffic.

The Alliance News, England, says: "Very Rev. F. C. Hays, nephew of the great temperance reformer, Father Nugent, and closely connected with the late Cardinal Manning and Father Mathew, speaking the other day at Leicester, said that the Roman Catholic church in these countries had no greater enemy to fear than intemperance. Seventy-five per cent. of those who were lost to them were lost through the moral corruption caused by intemperance, which had devastated their church and done more harm than any other agency. Father Hays declared that in the slums and alleys of the great towns he had found hundreds of poor people who were simply thirsting to be delivered from the slavery of drink. Despite their frequent taking the pledge they invariably fell away again. He believed that, as they could not keep the people from the drink, the only means of humanizing and Christianizing the bulk of the masses was to take the drink away from them."

Don't Work Well Together.

The secretary of the Bible society in Fayetteville, O., in a report says:

Thirty-five years ago we had thirty distilleries in our county and no churches. No we have thirty churches and no distillery. The two institutions do not work well together. In fact, where the rum traffic is flourishing—as in Ireland, for instance—the most prominent buildings are likely to be poor-houses, prisons, hospitals and lunatic asylums.

BITS AND BREVITIES.

THE devil taught men how to make whisky.—Ram's Horn.

THERE is nothing elevating about the saloon; its whole tendency is downward.

DARE to do right because it is right, and condemn the wrong because it is wrong.

SOME babies are brought up on the bottle, and a good many men are brought down by it.

THE poverty of a parish can be estimated by the number of rumshops the people in it support.

A NOVA SCOTIA district W. C. T. U. recommends members of the union to attend trials where women or girls are defendants.

TOTAL abstainers command the most responsible positions in factories, mines, on railroads, and in all places where cool heads and steady nerves are needed.—Good Health.

THE Brewers' Journal says the amount of capital engaged in breweries is now nearly, if not quite, as much as that of the shareholders in joint stock banks.

IT can hardly be said that the outlook for the solution of the liquor problem is hopeful so long as a poor man finds it easier to get a drink than to get something to eat.—Young Men's Era.

REV. JAMES HUNTER, in the Scottish Reformer, in an able article on the Gothenburg system gives police statistics showing that during the years 1880-91, while the population increased 52 per cent. the arrests for drunkenness increased 12 per cent.

CARE OF THE AGED.

How to Preserve the Failing Forces of the Body.

When man or a woman passes seventy years of age great care should be given to the condition surrounding him or her for the prolonging of life. The vital forces are greatly enfeebled at that period of life, and the powers of resistance, in consequence of age, are the weakest. A man of three score years and ten, and over, is like an old machine that, by proper care given to its condition, has been kept running for many years, and is still able to do work, but its wheels and axles and pinions are much worn, and are rickety, and if it should be pushed, even to a small extent, in excess of its diminished powers, it breaks down and cannot be repaired, for every part of it is shattered. But if it should be worked carefully and intelligently by a person who understands its condition and knows its capabilities, it can be kept in action a much longer time than would be possible if a careless engineer controlled it. In these fast times, however, it is generally not profitable to husband the resources of an old machine. But this is not true as regards our old men and women. It is desirable to hold on to them as long as possible, and if we can succeed in prolonging their lives five or ten years, or more, it will greatly enhance our happiness.

We have seen it stated that human age is not to be counted by years, for that in some constitutions the general tissues are older at fifty than they are in others at one hundred. And this, too, it is said, not because the general tissues have been overworked and thus become enfeebled, but because they were originally endowed with a shorter longevity. This may be true in part. But we can accept it to the extent only that some persons, by the overwork, the vices or errors of some nature of their ancestors, have had entailed upon them, through no fault of their own, a brief period of life to live. A large number of the human family die sooner than they otherwise would on account of some local weakness. The large majority die early in consequence of faults of their own in living. With some overwork, either mental or physical, has destroyed them; with others, constant anxiety and trouble, brought about by disappointments and misfortunes; with others, their vices; with others, again, ignorance of the common laws of health, or, where that does not exist, an inability to change their mode of life and live under more favorable circumstances.

Old people should have moderate exercise. Walking short distances every day is advisable, if the weather permits and they are not ailing. To eat heartily and take no exercise is apt to superinduce congestion of some organ. Excessive eating should be avoided under all circumstances.

We always make it a point, in the case of old people, to advise to use great care in avoiding cold. The aged are carried off more frequently by contracting cold than any other cause They should always remain indoors when the weather is damp or at all inclement. If circumstances force them out, the greatest care should be exercised as to their dress. The clothing should be made of woolen goods as far as possible. It is warmer in winter, if properly made, and cooler in summer. In summer a thin woolen undershirt should be worn, and in winter, a thick one. The blood with them is thin and is deficient in the heat-making elements. An old person will sometimes complain of being cold sitting in a room in summer time.—N. Y. Ledger.

USED A KNIFE WITH PIE.

Confusion That Came Upon a Smart Young Man by a Waiter's Stupidity.

They sat at his favorite table in an uptown restaurant. Both were dressed in the height of fashion. The attention of the other guests in the dining-room had been attracted to the couple by the evident anxiety of the young man to make a favorable impression upon his fair companion. He gave orders to the waiter with an air of self-styled superiority, and his tone of voice was warranted to reach the ears of all those present.

As the courses progressed the time for serving dessert came. The young woman was heard to confess a weakness for huckleberry pie.

"Ah," exclaimed the youth, "so funny, you know, I, too, am passionately fond of huckleberry pie. I have it almost every day here.

"I say, waiter," he called, at the same time snapping his fingers above the table, "bring two portions of huckleberry pie."

The waiter executed the order with due haste, and as he set the plates upon the table the final act of the little drama that was being enjoyed by the persons at other nearby tables began. The young woman frowned, then blushed, and leaning over complained to the young man in a stage whisper that the powdered sugar had been omitted.

"How stupid," he cried, as he beckoned the waiter again. "Brooks," he said to that functionary, "what is it that I always order with huckleberry pie and which you invariably forget?"

"I don't know, sir," replied the waiter after a moment's hesitation.

"Go at once, then," continued the youth, "and bring it to Miss ——"

By this time several new arrivals who had come in just in time to hear the last part of the conversation joined the rest of the audience in watching the couple. Everybody waited impatiently for the waiter's return.

In a few seconds he came back hurriedly, and, walking to the young woman's side, laid beside her plate—a knife.

The young man's face was a study in chromatics of high tints as he saw the expression of suppressed laughter about him. He hastily paid the bill and left with his fair companion, who showed by her countenance that he had made a lasting impression.—St. Louis Republic.

CATTLE ON THE MOVE.

Immense Herds Are Compelled to Cross Wide Rivers.

Many of the cattle shipped to the Chicago market are bred in Texas, and, having remained there two years, are driven to Montana and there fed on the ranges for two more years.

They bring a better market price by this method, as the short early grass of Montana is most nutritious, and that, combined with the more northern climate, makes better beef. From the Pan Handle of Texas, where begins the great range of Farwell & Taylor, stretching away for two hundred and twenty-five miles, to their other range in Montana, sixty miles north of the Yellowstone, is eleven hundred miles, and this distance is traveled by the great herds from May to August. The route passes through Colorado, Wyoming and Montana, and twelve to fifteen miles are made daily. The driest portion of the trail is found in Colorado. Herds have been driven a distance of eighty miles without water and with the loss of but a few; then when water is reached care must be taken to prevent overcrowding and crushing Three large streams are swum—the North and South Platte and the Yellowstone, the most dangerous of all being the Yellowstone, with its swift current and uncertain and changeable bottom.

Usually no greater number than forty-five hundred are driven in one herd, and the swimming of one of this size across the Yellowstone is no easy task; two days are sometimes consumed, with the constant attention of fifteen to twenty cowboys, the number allotted to such a herd. At times the cattle will readily take to the water, entering a few at a time and following the spare horses of the cowboys that are driven ahead. At other times they turn back or bunch together in the stream and circle about, thereby endangering their lives. Then the cowboy must swim out with his pony and stop this "milling" process. He takes great risk, and it sometimes happens that one is drowned. At the Yellowstone crossing near Miles City, on one occasion, a cowboy and pony disappeared in the water and were never seen alive; it was thought that he had forgotten to loosen the saddle-girth, thus impairing the animal's power to swim. Another was thrown over the head of his horse and only by great exertion prevented the animal, which had turned on its side, from drowning. Strange as it seems, horses and mules will attempt suicide by drowning. At the Yellowstone river, use is made of several islands, and this year the crossings were remarkably successful; the cattle took to the water readily, swam easily and landed on the islands; then, by a little urging, made for the other bank and reached it about one mile below the starting point. They presented the appearance of a large fish-hook, the curve being near the landing point; two to five were abreast, there was no crowding, and but a few swam back to the near bank. Some few mired in the soft bank, and before extricating themselves one had lost its life through over-exertion. In this herd were steers. A "cow and calf" herd is troublesome in the extreme, each cow looking out for her calf and all bellowing at the top of their voices; some turn back and cause a rush to the rear, and all must be started again. When the cattle get in this restless and stubborn mood about swimming the cowboys sing to them in a low, plaintive manner, which has a quieting effect; this is also done on stormy nights when a stampede is feared. The cattle swim much better when the sun is in their rear, and the crossing is always so timed.

It seems strange that these southern-reared cattle can endure the severe Montana winters, where the thermometer drops to forty and fifty degrees below zero; but they do endure the cold, snecumbing, however, to the spring blizzards when they are in the worst condition to battle with the storms.—Collier's Weekly.

THE MAGUEY PLANT.

Some of the Uses of the Century Cactus in Mexico.

Of all the products of Mexico none is more curious and interesting than the maguey or so-called century plant. On the great plains outside the City of Mexico thousands of acres are covered with magueys planted in long rows at regular intervals. The uses of the maguey are manifold. The leaves are used for thatching the houses of the poor; the spike at the end of the leaf furnishes, with the fiber attached to it, a needle and thread ready for use; paper is made from the pulp, and twine from the fiber, and the wood is employed in many ways. But most important of all is pulque, the national drink of Mexico. This is made by fermenting the juice of the Agave Americana or maguey. Enormous quantities of pulque are drunk, a train laden with the liquor leaving Apam daily for the City of Mexico. Most of the crimes committed by the natives are to be attributed to over-indulgence in pulque, or some of its kindred products. To an untrained taste it is not a very prepossessing drink. It looks like milk and water, and smells like rancid meat. But it is said to be wholesome, the Mexican attributing as many virtues to it as the Scotchman does to whisky.

The Agave Americana, the juice of which on fermentation yields pulque, also produces mescal, a strong alcoholic spirit distilled from its root. The sugar cane yields by distillation a strong intoxicant to which the appropriate name of aguardiente (burning water) is given.—Arthur Inkersley, in Chautauquan.

Tit for Tat.

In a Parisian omnibus, an ill-bred male passenger made a grimace when a very stout old lady got in. "Hippopotamus!" he exclaimed under his breath, but so loudly that the old lady heard him. "Sir," she said, "you know an omnibus is like Noah's Ark; it takes in all the animals—even donkeys!"—Youth's Companion.

PROTECTED BY MOSQUITOES.

Gold in a South American River That Cannot Be Mined.

Gold in plenty may be found in the sands of the Volador river, a stream of moderate volume that falls from the snow line of the Sierra de Santa Marta in South America, but though the lowland region and the river bed where the precious metal abounds in fabulous quantities are easily accessible, the mosquitoes are so thick and terrible there that all attempts to rifle the sands of their gold have so far failed.

Elisee Reclus, the celebrated French geographer, was the first to explore the plain about the Volador's mouth. He had thought of establishing an agricultural colony in the fertile lowlands, but found the plague of insects so unbearable that he was forced to beat a retreat and abandon his project.

He was the discoverer of this wonderful stream, whose waters sweep over sands which are literally golden. He told the news to the French vice consul at Rio Hacha, and this official obtained the concession of this Eldorado. The dangers he was to encounter he knew perfectly well. He took with him when he set out an ingeniously constructed gauze tent of large dimensions.

For two days he tried to live under its shelter and watch the operations of his workmen, who toiled in the stifling heat, clothed in thick garments, and protected by heavy boots, gloves and veils. At the end of the second day, however, both employer and employes gave up the struggle and retreated.

The next to try to wring fortune from these auriferous sands was an Italian, who obtained permission from the vice consul. The Italian laughed at the idea of mosquitoes driving anyone away from a place where gold could be picked up almost by the handful. He started out with a party of six, who shared with him his belief, and so they took along no special protection against the insects. They endured for less than half an hour the awful torture, and then left. They found their way back to Rio Hacha with difficulty, for the eyes of five were so badly swollen that they were blind.

Yet there are human beings who can venture with impunity into this gold mine whose guardian demons are mosquitoes, and these are some of the savage natives of the mountains from whose rocky steeps the river falls.

These savages, who are mosquito proof, are rendered so by their bodies being covered with the scales of leprosy. Strange to say, the mosquitoes will not touch them. But neither gold nor the fascination of civilization will tempt them to labor.

It is an old and true saying that one might as well try to get along without furs in the Arctic regions as without mosquito nets in the tropics. Mosquito nets seem to have been of little avail, however, in the instances related. The insects are said to have been most unusually venomous and they come in such myraids that they have the appearance of a mist hanging over the waters of the river. The intense pain and action of the poison on the system speedily drive the strongest mad.—Pearson's Weekly.

FAMOUS MUFFLERS.

They Were Provided for the London Cabby by an English Peeress.

Among the many philanthropies of the late Lady Charlotte Schrieber, of England, was the providing of comforters or mufflers for cabmen. Her interest in the London "cabby" was unflagging, and she secured several important benefits for him, but her comforters have come to be traditional. They were always of scarlet wool and were knit of uniform size and style. The Queen recently printed the directions for their making, which were sent by Lady Charlotte's daughter:

Double fleecy wool. Cast on twenty-four stitches on needles No. 4 on the bell gauge. Knit one plain row—first row. Knit two, slip one, putting the wool forward as if to purl, knit one, slip one, knit one, etc., until you come to the last two, which must always be slipped, as the first two of every row must always be knitted—second row. Knit the first stitch in the usual way; the second and other knitted stitches are to be knitted with the wool twice around the needle; these stitches in the following rows are just to be slipped off and not made into two stitches; the only reason for twisting twice is that the stitches may be longer. You continue this until you have knitted a piece two yards long. Then you do one row the same as the first row, without putting the wool twice around the needle, and then cast off. A fringe should be put at each end. This is double knitting, and care should be taken not to join it in any way, particularly by slipping in the plain instead of the purl way.

These warm neck and shoulder coverings were supplied by the score to the fraternity of hansom and four-wheeler drivers, the kind-hearted peeress keeping her stock always equal to the often serious demands upon it.—N. Y. Times.

Shot the Deer in Self-Defense.

The defense of the man who was caught killing a neighbor's sheep, that he acted in self-defense, fearing that the animal would bite him, is recalled occasionally by some of the stories invented to evade our Maine game laws. From them we are led to believe that deer are naturally ferocious to a degree, with largely carnivorous instincts. Two Parkhurst young men are reported not long ago to have been "attacked" by a large male deer. By that singular "good luck" that seems, in some mysterious way, to befriend the people who meet with such encounters "one of the boys happened to have a loaded Winchester rifle, and the other a large butcher knife." What rare good fortune! After all, it is not surprising to learn that "the deer got the worst of it."—Augusta (Me.) Journal.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A report showing the average wages of women servants in London is interesting to American housekeepers. The general housework girl in London gets $6.50 a month, a cook about $9, a nurse $8 and a laundress $8.25.

—Dr. Chapman shows that the bobolinks which nest west of the Rocky mountains do not migrate southward with the birds of that region, but retrace their steps and leave the United States by way of Florida, thus furnishing evidence of the gradual extension of range westward and of the stability of the routes of migration.

—Philadelphia's harbor is to be improved by the city of Philadelphia by the removal of certain rocks and other obstructions in the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers. The work will be done under the direction of the director of public works, and two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars is available for this purpose.

—That a plant appreciated by the cultivator in one country is but a weed in another, is exemplified by the sensitive plant. In our gardens few are more welcome. In India it is such a pest that it is regarded with as much disgust as the Canada thistle, horse nettle, or other notorious plants are by the American cultivator. It is considered one of the vilest weeds in India.

—At the Victoria institute, London, it was stated that all naturalists now admit that evolution as a working hypothesis has, as yet, proved insufficient to account for man's place in nature. As regards the question of the "missing link" between man and the ape, it has been scientifically demonstrated that in no case had a so-called missing link proved to be other than a human being, with a lesser developed brain than usual.

—The capsicum plant, from which the different varieties of pepper are produced, is indigenous to the tropical regions of Europe, Asia, Africa and America. It grows wild almost as well as under cultivation in all these countries, and in each is used by the natives as a seasoning for food. Its extensive employment has suggested to medical theorists the thought that it must be considered as a natural tonic for the stomach in tropical countries.

—Bleaching by peroxide of hydrogen has now become almost universal. This substance is simply water with an added atom of oxygen, which extra oxygen unites with and destroys the pigments of vegetable and animal substances without affecting the fibers in any way or leaving in them any foreign matter. It can be used with any material. Ivory, bone, human hair, wool, silk, jute, linen and cotton can all be bleached, and the wool on the sheep or the hair on the human head can be whitened without in the least affecting its growth or vigor.

—Cow's milk is almost at the bottom of the list of the food substances that contain iron. As it is so important to infant life, Prof. Bunge has been led to experiment on animals to see in what proportion iron is present in the system at different ages. He finds that the younger animals contain much more iron than adults; in a guinea pig or rabbit one hour old, for instance, there is more than four times as much iron as in the same animals two and a half months old. He infers from this that a long-continued exclusive milk diet is not good for babies, but should be supplemented by wheat preparations.

GAYETY OF ENGLISHMEN.

They Are a People That Know How to Enjoy Real Sport.

All the English writers have said that Englishmen take their pleasures sadly (in contrast with the Italians), and all English history, moral as well as civic, shows a strain of vulgar brutality in what they are pleased to call the enjoyment of life. What I wish to say is that England is changing in both these respects. There is a visible increase of gayety, and there is less brutality in sports and social pleasures. We have boasted in America a superior sensitiveness and a shrinking from brutality of manners, but some of the later developments in our most civilized class have silenced this boast. For instance, our elaboration of the Rugby game of football has carried us to a brutal excess wholly unknown in England, and we have to ask how it is that our lads, nurtured in preparatory institutions that are free from the traditionary brutalities of the English public schools, developed on the green field so much of the spirit and manners of the prize-ring. The love of sport is more universal with the English than with us; everybody wants to share in it, and the English public would not be satisfied as we are with exhibitions of baseball furnished by professional players. The love of real sport is killed by the commercial spirit. Talk in all classes of society about sports, the space given to them in the newspapers, testify to the lively interest in all out-of-door games, not only in the great national races and regattas, but in the more privately played games of golf and cricket. Everybody, from the cabinet minister to the humblest clerk, from the rich merchant to the poorest workman, plays some sort of outdoor game, or indulges, in some weeks of the year, in a sporting holiday. I have a fancy, founded on some observations, that the English public generally know how to enjoy a holiday better than we do. The listless and melancholy aspect of a Labor day celebration with us is calculated to make one in love with steady work merely for enjoyment. It may be said that the power of enjoyment of leisure has been extirpated by disease, and that this very incapacity shows the need of more holidays for our people. In time we shall doubtless learn what to do with them. It is certain that the English of late years, notwithstanding the drawback of their climate, have increased their capacity for enjoying holidays, and with less boisterousness. —Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, Oct. 14th. 1895.

"Old man mystery" is Mr. Cleveland's latest Washington name. It has been bestowed upon him on account of his growing liking for mystifying the public as to his comings and goings. His manner of returning to Washington after his long absence emphsizes the correctness of the new appellation. None of his friends have ever succeeded in giving a satisfactory explanation of this desire to keep his movements secret, especially when going upon or returning from a trip, although some of them have made ingenious attempts in that line. There is some curiosity expresed as to whether when he takes his cabinet down to Atlanta he will try to smuggle himself and them out of the city. If anybody knows when the party is to start they are keeping the knowledge to themselves. All that is known in Washington is that arrangements are being made in Atlanta to have the Presidential party at the Exposition on the 22nd inst.

While no Senator has made a positive statement to that effect, enough has been said by senators to make it well nigh certain that there will be no general reorganization of the Senate when Congress meets, owing to neither party having a clear majority in that body and to neither Republicans or Democrats desiring to allow the Populists to dictate the organization by making a deal for their votes. By this it is not meant that there will be no changes among the officials and committee chairmen of the Senate, for there is likely to be a number, but they will only be such as shall be agreed upon by both Republican and Democratic Senators, and will be of the give and take order. In other words, instead of all the Senate committee chairmen and officials being Democrats, as at present, they will be divided between Democrats and Republicans, with the chances in favor of the Populists being entirely left out in the cold.

Few Americans, no matter what may be their opinions of the Cuban revolution, will agree with Attorney General Harmon's assertion that expressions of sympathy by citizens of this country for the struggling Cubans are "discourteous in the highest degree to a friendly power and tend to embarrass and obstruct the government in carrying out its determination faithfully to execute the laws and fulfill its treaty obligations." The Constitution of the United States guarantees the freedom of speech, and Mr. Harmon is probably the first member of a President's cabinet to officially declare its exercise to be discourteous to a foreign government or embarrassing to our own. Mr. Harmon may speak for this administration, which has not at any time during its existence reflected public sentiment upon any question of importance, but he certainly does not speak for the American people, who will continue to exercise their constitution-given just as they have always done. If it be discourteous for Americans to express sympathy for the Cuban revolutionists it was also discourtesy for the French to have expressed sympathy for the American revolutionist of '76. The very corner stone of this nation is freedom, and if the time ever comes when our people do not sympathize with, aye and express their sympathy, too, for those in other countries who are struggling for freedom, our own freedom will be in great danger. What adds to the incongruity, not to say absurdity, of the Attorney General's position is the fact that Spain did not stop to consider whether it was discourteous to the United States or not when she recognized the belligerency of the late Confederate states very early in the late civil war.

Mr. Peffer, the bewhiskered gentleman who partly represents Kansas in the Senate, brings his opinions to Washington a little ahead of Congress, probably to escape the rush. Several years ago he was cocksure that the Populists would elect the next president, but since then he has been keeping tab on public sentiment, and now he gravely announces that he hasn't any doubt that the Republicans will elect the next president as well as a majority of the House, and that the Populists will not come into power before 1900. and maybe not until later. Now isn't that really kind of the old gentleman? He postpones the coming of the Populists into power solely to give the Republicans another four or eight year's control of the country, but warns them that their management of the government is going to result in the breaking up of the party. Seriously speaking, Mr. Peffer knows that the Republicans are bound to win next year, unless there is a very radical shifting of opinion within the next twelve months; he also knows that the populist movement is dead, speaking in a national sense. His prophecy of their getting control of the government is merely a bit of humor, for everybody except the populists whom he probably sizes up to be gullible enough to believe anything.

Altamont.

Messrs. Albert Rexroad and Walter Wright went gunning a few days ago and killed an animal that no one can tell what it is. It favors a wild cat in some respects but has a tail like a panther, ears like a calf and feet like a rhinoceros. It measured seven feet from tip of nose to tip of tail and was of a greyish color with a white stripe along its back. They fired eleven shots before they succeeded in bringing it down.

W. H. Rowan, of Oakland, was visiting his parents of this place Sunday.

John Shaffer, of Oakland, was a visitor at Mr. Rowan's Sunday.

Thos. Hughes, of Huttons, was a visitor at Mr. Carroll's Sunday.

Miss Josephine Rowan is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Wheeler, in Piedmont, this week.

Dry Run.

Quite a snow storm passed over this region Wednesday last.

A very pleasant visit was paid to Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, by Mr. and Mrs. McClelen Fazenbaker, of Pennsylvania.

Some of the boys are bringing in some fine game. Among the noted is Mr. Tremble.

Mrs. Joseph Harrison is lying ill at this writing.

Rev. Fulkner preached at Bethel M. E. church Sunday last.

H. P. Murphy is working on the West Virginia road.

Mt. Lake Park.

The spirit of improvement continues.

Mrs. Ball has put a delightful porch to her house and otherwise improved her property.

Mrs. Haymond, of Palatine, W. Va., purchased "Bethel" cottage, built by Miss Addie Sherman.

Mrs. Walker is erecting a large, handsome house on the lots north of Hon. Geo. C. Sturgiss' cottage.

Rev. J. A. Enlow, of the W. Va. Conference, is erecting an eight room cottage on the corner of Oak and D Streets.

Hotel Dennet is having a sixty room addition put to it. A number of other improvemets are being made.

A neat four room cottage is going up on the corner of N street and Pittsburgh avenue.

Harry Thayer, of Thayerville, Md., is erecting a five room cottage with large porches, on the corner of Wheeling avenue and K street.

Mrs. E. T. Talson, of New York, is having two six room modern cottages erected on E street, on the lots north of Lee cottage.

W. Lee Woodcock, of Altoona, Pa., will erect a cottage on his lots on Hazel Glade drive, for next Summer's use.

The switch from the B. & O. R. R. to the Association ice houses will be ready for the iron by the 12th inst.

Spedden Bros. of Oakland, have ordered the lumber for a house to be erected on the corner of Philadelphia avenue and E street for Frank Arnold.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES.
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. Try BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite.

Special Notice.

We are going to sell all goods still on hand that were ordered prior to Aug. 1st.

Here is a chance to get fine custom tailored clothes cheap. This includes a lot of fine pants.

M. COHEN,
Advisor on Men's Apparel,
OAKLAND, MD.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

The annual Teachers' County Institute for Garrett county will be held in the Oakland school building on the 23d and 24th of October, 1895. All teachers who intend to teach in Garrett county the coming winter are expected to be present. The public is cordially invited.
The public schools of Garrett County will open on the following Monday, Oct. 28th.
By order of the Board.
31-2. WM. HINEBAUGH, Secy.

OAKLAND PHARMACY,
OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY,
DAY OR NIGHT.
PRICES REASONABLE.
JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.
31—26

$25.00 REWARD

Will be paid for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any persons who tear planks from fences or depredate in any way on my premises at Deer Park.
32—8t JOHN W. WILLIAMS.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

GREAT VALUE FOR LITTLE MONEY.
WEEKLY NEWS OF THE WORLD FOR A TRIFLE.

The New York Weekly Tribune,

a twenty-page journal, is the leading Republican family paper of the United States. It is a **National Family Paper** and gives all the general news of the United States. It gives the events of foreign lands in a nutshell. Its Agricultural department has no superior in the country. Its Market Reports are recognized authority. Separate departments for "The Family Circle," "Our Young Folks," and "Science and Mechanics." Its "Home and Society" columns command the admiration of wives and daughters. Its general political news, editorials and discussions are comprehensive, brilliant and exhaustive.

A SPECIAL CONTRACT enables us to offer this splendid journal and "THE REPUBLICAN" for

One Year for Only $1.75

CASH IN ADVANCE.
(The regular subscription for the two papers is $2.50.)
SUBSCRIPTIONS MAY BEGIN NOW.
Address all orders to
THE REPUBLICAN.

Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to Geo. W. Best, Room 2, Tribune Building, New York City, and sample copy of The New York Weekly Tribune will be mailed to you.

D. E. OFFUTT & SON

Invites the attention of those interested in the purchase of vehicles of any style. The Kramer, Milburn and Jackson farm wagons always on hand. Prices and terms given on application.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

are good for sick headache, constipation, piles, bilious colic, fever and ague, dyspepsia, chronic diarrhœa, female complaints, sickness, sallow skin, sour stomach, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general debility. They positively cure all disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. 25 cents a box.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

helps babes over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, controls the bowels and prevents rest to both child and mother. It will destroy or summon complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no narcotic and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad of themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes well. 25 cents a bottle.

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we will see that you get them. Circulars free.
Sold by C. McLANE & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.
23-1yr.

34 inches high. Top can be adjusted to any angle or height. Revolving Case 15 x 15 x 12 inside. Holds about 30 vols Law size. Strong well finished Metal Base and Sides With Solid Oak Shelves and Top.—100,000 now used. Sent knocked down (30 lbs). On approval. Address: Marsh M'f'g Co. CHICAGO
Agents Want...

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.
DEALERS IN
FURNITURE, CARPETS,
MATTING, OIL CLOTH,
WINDOW SHADES
WALL PAPER
—AND—
GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.
11 1y

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR
Monuments.
Headstones,
AND
Chimney Pipe
WITH
J. B. WILLIAMS.
FROSTBURG, MD.
AGENTS WANTED.
4196.yr

WE LOAN MONEY

On Real Estate, City Town and Village property, to buy, build and improve your houses, and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS OVER $2,000,000.00.

For full particulars and terms apply to
ISAAC A. RINKER,
WILSON, Grant Co., W. VA.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. Presiden
S. T. JONES, Cashier.
A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 112

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.
Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Special attention given to real estate.
CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING.
Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. fe14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.
Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.
Drs. McLane & Berkeley,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
FROSTBURG, MD.
Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.
See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,
Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.
Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.
M. M. ARMSTRONG.
CHAS. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. B. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-1st.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:
1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.
2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.
These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.
4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

--WANTED--
WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER
Also White Oak Timber Land.
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.
Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50 00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Heat," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.
CHARLES J. BONAPARTE.
29tf 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

The Wesleyan Female Institute,
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.
For girls and young women. Established 1842. Full corps of experienced teachers. Location healthy, central and accessible. For catalogues and particulars apply to
REV. HENRY P. HAMILL,
13-1st President.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1895. NUMBER 33.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Get a vehicle from Naylor.

Send your job work to THE REPUBLICAN office.

McComas' Calmative Konseals, 10 cents. Try them. 5-tf

Mrs. L. L. Loar and children, of Grafton, are here visiting relatives.

Senator R. A. Ravenscroft, of Accident, was in the city on Saturday.

Go to S. P. Specht's cash store, Deer Park, for bargains in everything. 32

Mr. Thomas J. Peddicord attended court in Cumberland last Monday.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Mr. John Shartzer is down in the lower end of the county this week selling goods at auction.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

Mr. Felix Elliott, jr., of Kingwood, was in the city a short time on last Thursday morning.

Stanley Boyer, oldest son of Mine Host Boyer, of the Hotel Central is undergoing an attack of chills and fever.

S. P. Specht, of Deer Park, has just received a car load of flour and feed, and will sell at rock bottom prices for cash.

Miss Kate Sherman, a highly accomplished young lady of Baltimore, is here visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robert Felty on Alder street.

The public schools of Garrett county will open on next Monday. A large enrollment is expected especially in Oakland.

Mr. David G. Smith's new residence on Third street is almost completed and in a few days he and his wife will move into it.

Mrs. John D. Taggart went to Lonaconing on Saturday to attend the funeral of her sister-in-law who died there on that day.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Procter left for New York Thursday afternoon but will return to Cincinnati November 1st for the winter.

The editor and his wife returned from an eastern tour on Monday evening and have gone to housekeeping on Third street.

Mr. George M. Mason is having an addition built to his mill in Oakland which will be used as a warehouse for grain, flour, etc.

New line of ladies' jackets and capes, also hats, bonnets, tips, fancy feathers, etc., at M. L. Scott's Baltimore Store. 32-2

Mr. Samuel Lawton, Oakland's successful steam heating engineer, has recently installed three heating plants here all of which work very nicely.

Mr. F. G. Swalp, of Selbysport, was here yesterday and to day attending institute. Mr. Swalp will teach the Engle school near Grantsville this winter.

The healing properties of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve are well known. It cures eczema, skin affections and is simply a perfect remedy for piles.

We have something new, effective, pleasant to take and perfectly harmless and a positive cure for nervous headache, sick headache, dizziness and neuralgia. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

Mr. J. S. Gnegy, who is probably the most enthusiastic bicyclist in the county, and also one of the county's best public school teachers, was here two or three days this week.

Ground has been broken and stone hauled for the foundation of the new town hall, mention of which has been made in a previous issue of this paper.

Forest fires have been raging for several days along the tracks of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad between Oakland and Piedmont doing considerable damage to timber and fences.

It has been announced that Mrs. Fanny Daily Read, of Oaklaud, sister of the late Mrs. Crook, will be married in a few weeks. The groom elect is a United States Army officer.

Nothing so distressing as a hacking cough. Nothing so foolish as to suffer from it. Nothing so dangerous if allowed to continue. One minute Cough Cure gives immediate relief.

It is a truth in medicine that the smallest dose that performs a cure is the best. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the smallest pills, will perform a cure, and are the best.

Say, why don't you try DeWitt's Little Early Risers? These little pills cure headache, indigestion and constipation. They're small but do the work.

A large three story brick building to be used jointly as an apartment store and hotel is one of the possibilities in Oakland. We are not at liberty at present to give names but will do so however in a later issue.

There are many good reasons why you should use One Minute Cough Cure. There are no reasons why you should not, if in need of help. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results.

A number of the Oakland Republicans, accompanied by the Campaign Symphony Quartette, went down to the Davis Mill settlement Tuesday night and organized a Lowndes club.

Acts at once, never fails, One Minute Cough Cure. A remedy for asthma, and that feverish condition which accompanies a severe cold. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

It's just as easy to try One Minute Cough Cure as anything else. It's easier to cure a severe cough or cold with it. Let your next purchase for a cough be One Minute Cough Cure. Better medicine; better results; better try it.

Mr. F. L. Fredlock, of Piedmont, was in Oakland one day this week and left at this office a sample of lime burned at a kiln recently opened by him about six miles west of Piedmont and in this county. The lime is very white and to the eye resembles chalk.

Try McComas' Calmative Konseals to drive away sharp pains in muscular and acute rheumatism. One or two Konseals have shown marvelous results. 10 cents per box. Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf

McComas' Calmative Konseals contain all that is required to cure the worst case of headache or neuralgia in a very few minutes and are safe, sure, inexpensive. Manufactured by Oakland Pharmacy, Jos. E. Harned, manager. 5-tf.

The Accident Evangelical English Lutheran church will be dedicated Nov. 3d, Rev. S. W. Owen, D. D., of Hagerstown, Md., will preach the dedicatory sermon. The friends of the congregation and of christian work generally are invited to be present.

A. G. Bartley, of Magic, Pa., writes: I feel it a duty of mine to inform you and the public that DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured me of a very bad case of eczema. It also cured my boy of a running sore on his leg.

Every mother should know that croup can be prevented. The first symptom of true croup is horseness. This is followed by a peculiar rough cough. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given freely as soon as the child becomes hoarse or even after the cough has developed it will prevent the attack. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

"I would rather trust that medicine than any doctor I know of," says Mrs. Hattie Mason of Clinton, Carter, Co., Mo., in speaking of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Mrs. Rebecca Firestone, of Frederick, Md., who spent the summer here and at Terra Alta, departed for Parkersburg, W. Va., last night to visit relatives. She was accompanied from here by Mr. John Adair, of Parkersburg, and Mrs. Joseph Adair, of Terra Alta.

"Many of the citizens of Rainsville, Indiana, are never without a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house," says Jacob Brown, the leading merchant of the place. This Remedy has proven of so much value for colds and croup in children that few mothers who know its worth are willing to be without it. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. O. W. Stull, of the firm of O. W. Stull & Co., has gone to New York to prepare for the stage. Mr. Stull has long had a desire to enter the profession, but has met with some opposition from his family. This obstacle has been removed and he is preparing to win fame on the boards.

Pheasants are more numerous here than they have been for many years, and our local sportsmen are having fine shooting. King Delawder, of Oakland, who deals in game bought one hundred and twenty-five pheasants on Saturday. These beautiful birds are shipped to Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York markets where they command excellent prices.

Among the many new and handsome residences which have been recently completed in Oakland none are more handsome than that of Mr. James R. Bishop which stands on the lot adjoining the Commercial Hotel property. This house is very commodious and has all the latest modern conveniences. It was erected by Messrs. Spedden Bros.

Messrs. H. O. Hessen, of Martinsburg, West Va., and Bruce Hessen, of Oakland, returned from Ottumwa, Iowa, Tuesday afternoon where they had been to visit their brother, Ellsworth, who was shot whilst lying in bed a week or ten days ago. His condition has somewhat improved and he is in a fair way to recover, although his injury was at one time thought to be fatal. Two persons have been arrested on suspicion of having done the shooting, both of who are Hessen's avowed enemies.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Sturgiss, Mr. and Mrs. Fred. A. Thayer, Misses M. R. Peddicord and D. Farley, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Sollers and C. E. Wegmau, who made a trip to Niagara Falls, Toronto, Canana, and other points in the North, have returned to their homes in Oakland. They were very much pleased with their trip and speak in the highest terms of the treatment which they received at the hands of the Pennsylvania railroad officials over whose lines they traveled.

Wanted.

Twenty tons buckwheat flour at $2.25 per hundred pounds; 700 bushels potatoes at 35 cents per bushel, must be extra choice ones. I have placed on sale one lot of children's shoes suitable for winter at 39 cents to 89 cents per pair; two-thirds wool underwear for men only $1.25 suit, sells other places at $2.00. All wool kersey for suits only 45 cents a yard. Men's all wool suits only $8, worth $12. I have just received another lot of notions, such as hoods, gloves for men and women, children's underwear; ladies' all wool hose, only 25 cents per pair. Men's heavy working shirts for 40 cents to 90 cents each, all wool and one-half wool. Come early as the above are only a few of many bargains now offered at P. T. Garthright's, Mt. Lake Park, Md. 33-1.

Fire, which was discovered in its incipiency and extinguished before the arrival of the engine, occurred on Monday morning at the building owned by Mr. C. C Michael on Railroad street. Had the fire gained headway there is no telling what may have been the result as the building in which it was is situated in the heart of town and at the time of the alarm a gale was blowing. It was extinguished by the quick action of Mr. Harry West who scaled a high board fence and climbed upon the roof and put the fire out by removing the burning shingles with his hands.

The teachers' annual institute for Garrett county convened in the public school building in Oakland yesterday morning and will be in session until to-night. Nearly one hundred teachers are in attendance and much interest is manifestee by them. Last night an interesting address was delivered before the institute by Prof. Noss, of California, Pa. An address was also made by Prof. Prettyman, Principle of the State Normal School. We hope to publish in detail next week the proceedings of the two day's session.

There is no medicine so often needed in every home and so admirably adapted to the purposes for which it is intended, as Chamberlain's Pain Balm. Hardly a week passes but some member of the family has need of it. A toothache or a headache may be cured by it. A touch of rheumatism or neuralgia quited. The severe pain of a burn or scald promptly relieved and the sore healed in much less time than when medicine has to be sent for. A sprain may be promptly treated before inflammation sets in, which insures a cure in about one-third of the time otherwise required. Cuts and bruises should receive immediate treatment before the parts become swollen, which can only be done when Pain Balm is kept at hand. A sore throat may be cured before it becomes serious. A troublesome corn may be removed by applying it twice a day for a week or two. A lame back may be cured and several days of valuable time saved or a pain in the side or chest relieved without paying a doctor bill. Procure a 50 cent bottle at once and you will never regret it. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper under the caption "We Loan Money." The Mutual Guarantee Building and Loan Association which he is representing is one of the strongest new financial institutions in the country and the largest new Building and Loan Association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management is developing it very fast. Its assets have already reached over $2,000,000, which proves it to be positively reliable in every respect. The men that carry it on are responsible and well known gentlemen. This is a good association for the investor as well as for borrower. It has a life insurance policy connected with it which beats anything in any other association. It is good for both young and old and especially for the young man, as this policy matures in 7 years, the others in 8 years. So anyone wishing to make and save money rapidly will do well to invest in this association. Those desiring to borrow or invest will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars.

Public Sale.

The undersigned will offer at public auction the following real estate and personal property, on his farm, at 11 o'clock, Friday, November 15, 1895:

A farm of 102 acres, lying four miles north of Frankville on the Dry Run county road, and improved by a good log house and barn and other buildings. About 30 acres of the farm is cleared, with a young orchard in bearing. There are three never-failing springs on the farm. I will also offer for sale on the same day two horses and harness, one two-horse wagon, feed cutter, cider mill, two plows, one good Jersey cow and other articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash.

C. B. MYER.

33td* Moscow Mills, Md.

A Social Event.

Mr. T. T. Perry, of Deer Park, gave last night the most delightful entertainment of the season at Oakland at the Bosley House, where with a few other stragglers he is passing the last days of autumn. He has quite a fine farm in the above neighborhood, and among other imported stock, owns some valuable hogs. Not long ago a litter of eight pigs made their appearance, and Mr. Perry thought the opportunity a fine one to give an old fashioned barbecue, and so Mine Host of the Bosley Arms was asked to engage all the pheasants he could, kill the fattest and tenderest of his fowls and secure the most luscious fruits of the season, while the ladies of the house put their wits together to make the barbecue a success. The woods were carefully searched for the brightest and gayest foliage, the greenest and most delicate ferns were stolen from their mossy beds and the whole house wore a warm and wintry look. The Misses Booth arranged the table and parlors with the leaves and ferns in a most artistic way, and the old fashioned rooms were comfortable and cosy to a degree. The guests were punctual and assembled promptly at seven, and then proceeded into the dining room where a long table was spread reaching from end to end. At the top, as we entered, was piggy, beautifully roasted and done to a turn, with a bright red apple in his mouth and a rich green necklace of parsley around his throat. He was not long allowed to remain in *statu quo*, for the host soon plunged his knife into his tender hide and the generous pieces were handed around. The table was covered with delicious viands all prepared by Mrs. Bosley and prettily served by her dainty assistants.

Mr. Perry, the host, sat at the head, dispensing the honors in an easy, gracious way. Next to him sat Mrs. Charles Carter, whose sweetness and loveliness needs a more brilliant pen than mine to describe. Her beauty, which she has generously transmitted to her family, is far famed, and though now of middle age, is lovely yet to look upon. Next to her was Mrs. George Toland, who with her daughter Rekah, loves to pass October in the mountains of Oakland and always ends her summers here. Mr. Fred May, of Washington, sat between Miss Isabella Carter and Mrs. Toland. He is a perfect specimen of manly beauty and is gifted with a rare charm of manner. Miss Isabella is called the "beauty of Philadelphia," and she is never without some devoted swain, but who the happy man will be puzzles even the cleverest guesser. Mr. Alfred Tevis, of Philadelphia, was on her left. He met her there for the first time; but alas! I hear he too has fallen a victim. Miss Ann Booth sat between him and Miss Lizzie Howard, and judging from the laughter and bright repartees that came from their end of the table we supposed them to be having a very enjoyable time. Miss May Perry, the sister of our genial host, separated for a time those two friends, Miss Lizzie Howard and Miss Nellie Carter, who are so devoted to each other no one can ever discern which is the faithful Achates, and in order to decide that question they are called the Mountain Twins. Miss Perry, who lives in Cumberland, came up for the occasion, but alas, left us the next day for another social event there—the marriage of Miss Tilgham to Dr. Pearce, of Baltimore. We all regretted extremely she had not brought with her her camera, for then a more lasting impression of that bright scene might have been left on our minds. Miss Lockwood, who lives in Troy, and who loves our mountain village, sat next to

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26-1yr.

Miss Nelly Carter enlivening her neighbor, "Corotoman of Virginia," with her usual bright sallies and clever conversation. What shall I say of Corotoman? He is a true representative of the southern gentleman, and has good right to the title. His mellow, highbred voice would betray him if nothing else did, but his ever ready hospitality, his strong grasp of friendship and his cordial welcome to everyone shows him the true Virginian. Perhaps to the world at large he is better known as Williams Carter, but some few who love him have dubbed him Corotoman. Mrs. Lloyd Howard, who adds very much to any entertainment, sat on Corotoman's left, and was bright and gay as she ever is, and Mr. Taylor Perry, who came next, found her a most charming neighbor. Mrs. Perry was not with us, which caused us much regret. Miss Lauretta Booth was on his right and divided her attentions between him and Mr. Maynard, the father of Mrs. Howard. He is a rare type of a strong man well preserved, and is fond of all outdoor pursuits, and is one of the oldest denizens of Oakland, having been here some thirty years. He has a refined old courtier-like manner, and brings to my mind a dear old ballad of my youth called "The Old English Gentleman."

After the supper was over the party adjourned to the parlors of the Bosley Arms, and the rest of the evening was spent in pleasant conversation interspersed with a few light games, and one of those who was present said, "the season was just beginning at Bosley's."

Dr. J. Lee McComas, that wonderful doctor whom all love and who has made Oakland famous by his skill, was unable to be present, and there was a general murmur of regret for him as we sat down to the groaning, creaking board.

Mr. Bosley is certainly a generous host and puts himself out in every way as does his kind and thoughtful wife for those who pass their summers with them. Three cheers for Mr. Bosley and his family!

Baltimore papers copy by request.

Oakland, Md., Oct. 22, 1895.

Married.

At Monte Vista, Oakland, Md., Oct. 17th by G. M. P. King, D. D., president of Wayland Seminary, Washington, D. C., Warner Curtis, of Bull Run, Va., and Georgiana Randolph, of Bell's Valley, Va.

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are warned against trespassing upon my land, lying near Kearney, for any purpose whatever, gunning especially. All persons caught trespassing will be prosecuted. W. E. HARVEY.

To the Public.

All parties indebted to J. H. Wilson & Bro. are requested to come forward and settle same promptly, as all accounts and notes left unpaid by Nov. 1, 1895, will be given to our attorney for collection.

Thanking you kindly for your liberal patronage and soliciting your future favors, we remain.

31-3 J. H. WILSON & BRO.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

LOVE'S MILLIONAIRE.

I say: "The world is lonely;
The hearth at home is cold.
And sad is life to child and wife
When life hath little gold."
But soft her arms steal round my neck—
My comforter so dear;
And "How much do you love me?"
And her sweet voice answers clear:

"I love you, I love you
A hundred million—there!"
And then I'm poor no more—no more,
For I'm Love's millionaire!

Then sweeter seems the breaking
Of Poverty's sad bread,
The roses bloom from out the gloom
And crown her curly head
And if sometimes a thankful tear
My dreaming eyes will fill,
Her soft arms steal around me,
And she whispers sweetly still:

"I love you, I love you
A hundred million—there!"
I weep no more. God help the poor!
I'm Love's own millionaire!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Ladies' Home Journal.

THE BLUE MOUNTAIN GIRL

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"I WISH that wistful-looking girl with the crooked baby wouldn't stare at me so!" exclaimed the pretty girl on the back seat of the buckboard. (She was a very pretty girl, and her rough and easy costume bore to initiated eyes the unmistakable stamp of the most fashionable tailor.) "I'm getting to dislike this road because she's always sitting on that log; let's go home by the Cornice road."

"I never mind the natives; I don't see them at all," said lively little Gladys Bourke, clutching at a deeply pink wild rose, as the bush was crushed by the buckboard's wheels—for in some places the Blue mountain road is narrow. "They're not squalid like the poor people in the cities, you know, Constance."

Gladys Bourke wore flowers in her belt and sang gay little songs, and boasted that she always had a good time. But Constance Poole looked back at the girl with the crooked baby.

"She's an ugly little thing, with her high forehead and her wispy hair," she said.

"But there's *something* about her," said Dollie Erskine, somewhat obscurely. "That tall girl who waits on the Carlisle's table at the 'East End' is her sister; Mr. Carlisle calls her Juno. That's a delightful little place where they live; so piny and sea-blown, and the house, painted only by the wind and weather, is such a delicious color." Dollie was the sister-in-law of a famous artist, and liked to have people know that she understood "picturesque values."

"Can they be *civilized*, these natives?" asked Mlle. Briard, Constance's French governess, who chaperoned the party.

"Civilized!" echoed Dolly Erskine, a little indignantly. (Dolly was an old habitue of the harbor, and held an attitude of friendly proprietorship toward its native inhabitants.) "The Juno is going to the Normal school at Castine in the fall and the older boy of the family owns the Midget, the catboat that Lieut. Bolling said was 'the tidiest craft in these waters,' and gets the family living by her. Lieut. Bolling said that he was a skilled navigator; he shouldn't be surprised to see him captain of a Cunarder."

Mademoiselle murmured that it was a "*Pays extraordinaire*," but that was her final comment upon everything that she didn't quite understand.

"The girl with the crooked baby looks like an anarchist," said Ruth Silsbee, carelessly.

"That's it!" exclaimed Constance Poole. "She makes me feel as if I were to blame for having better times than she has. Do you remember the day when we had the lunch party at Rowle's, just we girls, and she came and stared in at the door until we had to ask them to send her away?"

"Poor thing!" said Dolly Erskine. "It was she who let the baby fall and

"OH! MY WATCH!" CRIED CONSTANCE.

hurt its spine the day of their mother's funeral; and they say she is perfectly devoted to it."

"I thought she was always tugging it round with her to make her look more forlorn and anarchistic," said Ruth Silsbee. (Young Peyton, the Virginia boy, who was with Ruth's brother on the front seat, had laughed about the anarchist, and Ruth thought it was a rather bright thing to say.)

A discussion arose just then as to whether they should go up the mountain or around to Hunk Pond, and there were lamentations that they had not ordered dinner, with fried chicken and popovers, delicacies for which the little inn was famous, at Summerville. And Lorena Dilsey and the crooked baby were quite forgotten.

In the summer twilight Gladys Bourke was thrumming her banjo on the piazza of the Poole's cottage on Paradise street. Ruth Silsbee and her brother and the Virginia boy had come over from the "Phillipsburg." The piazza was gay with Japanese lanterns swaying in the breeze, and there was a tinkle of merry tunes and a ripple of happy talk and laughter. A white-capped maid appeared and said there was a girl at the door who asked to see Miss Constance, and wouldn't go away. The butler (who was of impressive pomposity) had tried in vain to make her go away.

"It's that girl who lives on the Blue mountain road, I'm sure it is," said Constance. "I thought I saw her peering through the vines at us a little while ago."

"She has a baby with her," said the maid; "a heavy crooked lump of a baby."

Constance went around to the door with a little frown of irritation between her brows. The girl's heavy face wore a transfiguring smile of delight as she held out to Constance something that glittered in the light.

"Oh, my watch!" cried Constance. "I thought I must have lost it out of a canoe this morning. You found it on the Blue mountain road?"

The girl looked at the dainty little bauble with the butterfly of colored precious stones on one side and the monogram in diamonds on the other and heaved a little envious sigh.

"It's orfle pretty," she said. "I wanted to fetch it home as soon as I found it; but Tode didn't come home to tend the baby. I had to go down and yank him out of Squaw Holler. He's everlastin'ly hangin' round them Injins; he's a real tryin' young one."

A grimalog youngster, in the lee of his sister's skirts, turned a sudden somersault, waving his stubbed heels derisively in the air.

"The baby must be heavy," said Constance, sympathetically.

"Do you s'pose he'll grow up crooked and—and foolish?" the girl demanded, eagerly. "Some says he will. If he does I ain't agoin' to have him banged 'round and put upon, like a foolish boy there was over to Otto Cove. 'Twas me dropped him; I'm jest agoin' to stick to him always!" The strong, rugged face was fierce with resolve.

"Come in and I will give you the reward," said Constance. "My father sent an advertisement to the Trumpet this afternoon."

"I wouldn't take money for just bringin' that watch back. Lyddy wouldn't let me if I wanted to," said the girl, proudly. "We ain't so orfle poor. My brother Jo is jest as smart as a house afire; he earns enough takin' folks out in the Midget in the summer to keep us all winter. Lyddy's goin' to school this fall if she is 'most twenty. She can remember when there wa'n't no hotels here but jest the Sansover and the Rockport, and when the Poduck was built. When I was small I used to look in at the hops at the Poduck every night. I've seen lots of good times—through the winders. No, I sha'n't take the money nohow," as Constance gently urged it upon her. "But I'll tell you what I do want." The girl hesitated and searched Constance's face anxiously with the keen black eyes that were a contradiction to the heaviness of her face. "I thought of it just as soon as I saw the letters on that watch and knew 'twas yourn. You've been here two or three summers, hain't you? I know what your name is and I've watched you; I watch all the girls that are jest about as old as me and don't do nothing but have good times. You're goin' to have a lunch party to-morrow, nin't you?"

Constance nodded assent, with a trace of surprise in her face.

"A pink lunch with everything all trimmed up with wild roses."

Constance nodded again, the surprise deepening in her face.

"It's for that girl with the yellow hair, just about as old as you and me that's stoppin' over to the 'East End'—orful rich folks from New York. Well," —as Constance assented again—"what I want is for you to let me come to the party! Give me a regular invite that has wrote on it how you want the pleasure of my company. I want to be like folks, for once. I want to be inside o' the winder when the good time is goin' on."

Constance felt the color rushing to her face. What should she say? It was absurd that she should find it difficult to refuse this girl's almost impertinent request. And yet—her face was so wistful; it looked pale with eagerness in the light of the lamps. If the party had been for anyone but Dorothea Tarlton she almost thought she would have let her come. Dorothea was used to Newport and thought the Harbor ways were queer at the best. It would be talked about and laughed at everywhere. Her mother gave her the largest liberty in her little social affairs, but she would not be likely to approve of that

"I—I—it's just for our own set. I'm afraid there wouldn't be room," she stammered.

The eager light vanished from the girl's face as a candle is blown out by the wind. She turned away without a word, but a weakly defiant murmur came back to Constance through the dusk:

"I guess I'm as good as you be!"

A sob was mingled with it, and Constance tried in vain to repent her urgent offer of the money; something choked the words in her throat. Under the electric light on the sidewalk she saw the sturdy little figure shifting the heavy baby from one arm to another and marching off the desultory and reluctant Tode with a ruthless grasp upon his collar. She thought she would tell the story of the girl's ridiculous request to the gay little group upon the piazza; it would amuse them; but she didn't; there was a queer little pang in the region of her heart that restrained her.

The pink luncheon failed of being a complete success the next day, because Constance's brother Jack and a half dozen other boys of the same set had gone off deep-sea fishing, in reckless disdain of girl society. Corny Tarleton had engaged the Midget, Capt Jo Dilsey, and invited them all. But the affair was most elegant and exclusive, and there was nothing that could possibly shock Dorothea Tarlton, who was a picture in her pink silk gown and wide, plumed hat.

Constance had told Dolly Erskine of the girl's request, and Dolly had cried enthusiastically: "Oh, why didn't you have her? She would have been such an effective novelty!" But Dollie took easy, artistic views of society; the question was what would Dorothea Tarlton have thought? As the luncheon guests were dispersing they discovered that the sky had suddenly darkened; it was not the fog that had been lurking for a week off "Shaloo," as the old fishermen called Bay Chaleur, but a sudden squall, a mighty, rushing wind, that tore up the earth and trees, and churned the black expanse of water into white foam. There was a weird light over everything; familiar Paradise street looked like an unknown land, and the Hedgehog islands stood out like square granite monuments against a yellow, brassy horizon. There was a strange, sullen roar that grew constantly louder.

"Oh, those boys!" cried Constance, in dismay; and the other girls echoed the exclamation, their faces pale with fright.

It was an anxious afternoon; the harbor was full of vessels, small and great, whose navigators had seen the danger in time to reach the place of safety; but night fell and there was no trace of the little Midget. A steam launch was sent out, and innumerable small boats went in search of the missing party, while the boys' distracted friends formed a patrol on shore, straining their eyes, with heartsickening dread for what the sea might give up. It was not until the next morning that the Midget came into harbor, towed by the United States survey steamer, whose officers were loud in praise of the skill and bravery of the young captain which had saved his passengers' lives. Jo Dilsey was the hero of the hour.

Dorothea Tarlton came over to Paradise street in the afternoon, her face looking like a May rosebush after a shower.

"The very queerest, most delightful thing has happened," she said, breathlessly, to the group of girls that had gathered at the tennis court. "That delightful boy who sails the Midget has turned out to be a relative of ours."

"A relative!" gasped Constance.

"Don't you remember my telling you that papa wanted to come here because his father once lived here. Grandfather was a sailor, and he and his

"IT WAS HER SISTER WHOM GLADYS WROTE YOU ABOUT."

brother were wrecked on this island. Grandfather went away and made his fortune, but his brother and his family lived here always; the Dilsey family on the Blue mountain road are our second cousins."

Dorothea said it as simply as if it were the most natural thing in the world to have such relations! (Under her breath Mlle. Briard murmured: "*Pays extraordinaire.*")

There was a rumor in the air that the Harbor was an unhealthy place that summer on account of defective sewerage; there was a case of fever on Paradise street, and Mrs. Poole closed her cottage in haste and carried Constance and Jack off to Lenox. Later in the year they went abroad and lived for three years. Constance and Jack were at school in Germany and knew only from occasional letters from home, where they had left no near relatives, what was going on in their set.

The Tarltons had carried the queer relatives, whom they had discovered at the Island, home to New York with them and were giving them all the educational and social opportunities possible, so Gladys Bourke wrote. Constance "ought to see" that queer-looking Blue mountain girl; she was already out and a great social success; people thought her a beauty; she was certainly very original and striking.

When she read that the little pang that had always haunted Constance was soothed. "She has had too many good times to miss that one that I might have given her," she said to herself.

But when, a few days after her return to New York, she went to Dorothea Tarlton's "coming out" party, a dread of meeting the Blue mountain girl was uppermost in her mind. Of course, she would understand now what an absurd favor she had asked, but Constance hoped she had lost her clear, direct gaze that was so embarrassing. There was the Juno of the East End hotel in the receiving party; but Constance looked in vain for Lorena's high forehead and wispy locks, the thin, fiercely-eager little face that had never left her memory.

When at length she ventured to ask Dorothea, the girl's bright face saddened. "You didn't know? She died that very summer of the fever. It was her sister whom Gladys wrote you about. The crooked baby died, too; they are buried together in the bleak Town Hill cemetery."

A sob tore its way through Constance's throat. "She never had any good times," she said; "and I might have given her one!"—N. Y. Independent.

QUAINT OLD PLYMOUTH.

An American's Description of a Historic English Town.

The streets in the hilly parts of Plymouth are narrow and winding, and remind one of the streets in some of the old Italian cities. The architecture of the whole town is peculiar, inasmuch as it includes all the styles known to Europe. On the top of the hill are the handsomest buildings, and there the streets are broad. As I turned into Union street on my first visit to the town I found myself amid a throng so busy as to remind me of Broadway. But there was this difference, the movement of the stream of people was not so swift as on Broadway. Nor is it on any English thoroughfare that I have visited. In Plymouth a New Yorker or Bostonian must slacken his new-world pace in order to study the Plymouthians. He will then find that these slow and sturdy walkers are healthy, big and rosy, and that they give the impression of a people well fed, prosperous and self-satisfied. Their foreheads look less anxious than those he recalls on his own streets. They seemed to me quaint and not at all American. I felt that I was in a foreign land. The language that I heard about me was our own, but still it seemed to my ears to be spoken in a guttural and peculiar way. The women that I saw bore little resemblance to my own country-women, except in the brilliancy of their complexions. The beauties of Devon are familiar in England, and on the streets and in the lanes about Plymouth one sees handsome, strapping women, generally with dark hair and eyes, and with the Du Maurier profile. They are generally dressed rather oddly, and they move with less grace than strength. The men on the street are decidedly good looking. It seemed to me that a cheerful disregard of taste in dress prevailed among them. Gaudy plaids of a huge pattern, carry-colored homespuns and yellow cloths made blotches in the scene. Staid old gentlemen who ought to have known better wore hairy little cricket caps of bright colors. But, in spite of their dress, the men had in general a personality that was impressive. They looked like proud men—a product of the keen air and commanding heights of their native city. From these heights they look out over the sea which their fathers became masters of. From this port Hawkins and Gilbert sailed; Drake started from here on the first voyage ever made around the earth, and it was here that the English fleet lay in wait for the Spanish Armada. The descendants of such men have a right to be proud.

The shops of Plymouth are small and poor, as all the people who are able to buy what they need in London. The shop keepers are very polite, even oppressively so. There are many old shops in the odd nooks and quaint old courts of Plymouth. To an American these time-worn corners in this old-world town possess a novelty in their very age, a charm in their tradition. The people in them seem so ancient in their modes of speech and their ideas, and yet so attractive by their simplicity. I ran across a quaint tavern, an enticing place, called the Rose and Crown, said to be three hundred years old. A glass of musty ale has a greater flavor in such a place than elsewhere, and it was pleasant to sit and hear the ale-wife vaunt the quality of her brew. The quantity of ale that is drunk in Plymouth is prodigious. It seemed to me that everybody drank ale at all hours of the day. The place is also famous for the manufacture of gin, much of which is exported, particularly to America. The barmaids of Plymouth are respectable and polite, and their tidy and attractive presence imparts a decency to a drinking place which is sadly missed in our American barrooms.

Fogs and winds and rains have their home here, but everybody wears a mackintosh and carries an umbrella and goes about just the same. The air is evidently healthy, and it breeds a good appetite for the delicious mutton chops that are to be had in the cozy grill rooms of the town. The Plymouthians are fond of good things to eat and drink, and plenty of both are necessary to withstand the damp and cold of their climate. They are also fond of their leisure, and on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons all the shops are closed and the town adjourns to the fields or to the water for enjoyment.

The large number of tap rooms is noticeable in Plymouth, and in the slums of the town it is not uncommon to see men, and sometimes women, under the influence of the gin which is so cheaply produced there. The poor quarters of the town seem to me to occupy a larger area than in one of our New England small cities. The average being on the streets is also less intelligent. As a natural accompaniment of this fact, the scarcity of book stores in Plymouth is conspicuous. Strange as it may seem, it is difficult to find a set of Dickens or Thackeray here. -N. Y. Post.

The Brute.

It was really her fault that the biscuits burned a little on the bottom, and he ought not to have raised so big a row about it. "I suppose such a thing never happened in all your mother's cooking," she said, sarcastically. "Never," he asseverated. "Occasionally she used to get them so light that they would float up to the top of the oven and get scorched that way, but they never burned on the bottom."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—The justice looked first at the wheelman and then at the man who had been injured. "I think I will have to fine the defendant," he said at last. "Every man must be protected in his legal rights on the highway." "Rights on the highway!" cried the wheelman. "Why, judge, he hasn't any. He never owned a wheel in his life."—Chicago Evening Post.

FOX AND NAPOLEON.

The English Statesman Fascinated by the First Consul.

During the summer of 1802 Fox journeyed to Paris, where he was presented to Bonaparte early in September. The English statesman was fascinated and, although the first consul said nothing definite or precise, his visitor departed convinced that his host desired nothing but peace with a liberal policy, both domestic and foreign, as far as was consistent with safety. But the attacks of the English press became none the less virulent in consequence of Fox's favorable report, or of his brilliant defense of France from his place in parliament. Toward the close of January Talleyrand remonstrated with Whitworth, this time giving point to his remonstrance by a plump demand as to what England intended to do about Malta. Whitworth replied that he was without instructions, and made an evasive answer, hinting that the king's opinion of the changes which had taken place in Europe since the treaty might be of importance in determining him as to the disposal of the island. This was the first intimation that England did not intend to keep her promise.

A few days later Sebastiani returned from the east, and on January 30, 1803, the Moniteur published his thorough and careful report. It was a long document, fully explaining every source of English weakness in the orient, and setting forth the possibilities of re-establishing French colonies in Egypt and the Levant. There was only one menacing phrase, but it expressed an unpalatable truth, that "six thousand French troops could now conquer Egypt." The publication in England of this paper raised a tremendous popular storm, and it has pleased many historians to regard Bonaparte's course as a virtual declaration of war. In reality it was merely a French Roland for an English Oliver. If England intended to keep Malta, let her beware of her prestige in the east. Had Bonaparte intended to act on Sebastiani's report, he certainly would not have published it. Of course the English populace utterly failed to grasp so nice a point, and the incident so strained the relations of France and England that all Europe saw the impending crisis—one or the other, or both, must consent to a modification of the treaty in respect to Malta, or there would be war.—Prof. William M. Sloane, in Century.

SIDEBOARD SCARFS.

Suitable Covers for Smooth Articles of Furniture.

A dainty scarf for the sideboard may be made of a piece of linen lawn measuring one and three-quarters, or two yards, in length, by fifteen to eighteen inches in width. Hemstitch the edge one inch and a half in depth, and an inch from the hemstitching embroider a design of sweet peas in the natural size and with the natural color of pink and white Asiatic filo floss.

Work the flowers in long and short stitch and the stems and tendrils in stem stitch with gray-green Asiatic filo. This scarf will be found very satisfactory placed upon a highly polished surface, but is not a suitable cover for a coarse piece of furniture. The same size and kind of scarf will be very satisfactory worked with a design of carnations etched with black Asiatic filo. Represent the blossoms in groups of two and three in a place with crossed stems or as if dropped on.

A heavier linen scarf may be embroidered with yellow chrysanthemums, or even with "black-eyed-Susans." Work the petals with Roman floss in satin stitch and the center with dark brown or black Asiatic rope silk in French knot stitch.—Womankind.

The Milkman's Woe.

The milkman looked sad.
"What fearful waste," he said.
"Of what?" asked his neighbor.
"Rain," replied the milkman. "After a long dry spell we get a lot of rain just when we are being watched so closely that we can't profit by it."—Chicago Post.

How She Judged Him.

She—Who is that man smoking a cigar?
He—That's Gympson. He pays fifty cents apiece for his cigars.
"Well, he seems to expectorate a very common sort of saliva."—Chicago Record.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Fall Medicine

Is fully as important and as beneficial as Spring Medicine, for at this season there is great danger to health in the varying temperature, cold storms, malarial germs, prevalence of fevers and other diseases. All these may be avoided if the blood is kept pure, the digestion good, and bodily health vigorous by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headaches. 25c.

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TEMPERANCE NOTES.

THE TIME TO STOP.

It Is Before the Intoxicating Cup Touches the Lips.

"Mamma, may I have a piece of pie too?"

"No, Fanny. *I* ought not to be eating this."

Fanny looked wistfully at her mother as she saw her lift another piece to her mouth, and then asked pleadingly: "O mamma, just a little piece?"

"No, Fanny; it is wrong for *me* to be eating this. You can not have any."

Fanny leaned back in her chair. There were tears in her eyes, and a puzzled expression of countenance was observed. She could not understand why her mother ate what she knew to be injurious and denied it to her daughter, who thought it very enjoyable.

Well, it appeared to me very inconsistent, yet we know the same inconsistency is being carried on every day. Parents sometimes have intoxicants upon the table, yet tell the children they are not good for *them*. "It is a silly habit," they say. "My boy, do not begin it. We smoke, we drink, but it is not good for *you!*"

In the first case the mother said very plainly to her daughter: "I lack character! I have no will-power!" Yet she expected the young and undeveloped girl to do what she proved was impossible for her to do.

Could the little daughter respect her? I think not.

The parent who says by example, if not by words, "I do a weak thing; you must not do it," places himself in a position to be sneered at by his child.

"Ah!" he says, "*I* know when to stop; my boy may not." I am not quite sure that you are right, my friend.

Some years ago, in a certain city, there lived a brilliant man who "knew when to stop." He was refined, talented, intellectual; at the head of an educational department; the compiler of a well-known music book that was used in nearly all the schools of the city. He was beloved and respected by his assistant teachers and his pupils, and an insinuation on the part of any person relating to his character or reputation was sure to arouse deep indignation.

A rumor was afloat. "Can it be true?" I asked. "No," was the reply, "it is not true. It is circulated by a man who is his enemy and who desires to work him out of his position." "Is he a strictly temperance man?" I asked. "Well, I can't say that he is. He may take a glass occasionally, but *he knows when to stop!* He does not take enough to hurt him."

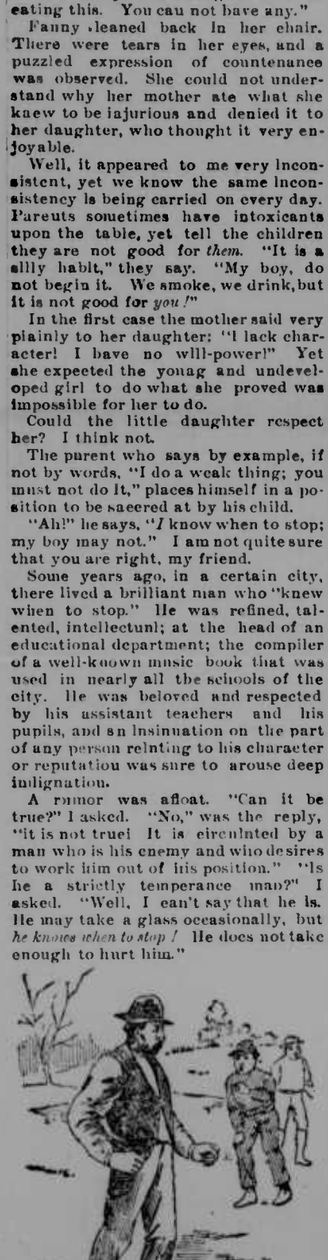

HE STAGGERED ALONG.

Well, he resigned his position, and it was said that his enemy had hunted him down.

Perhaps it may have been so. The fact that he took an occasional glass was sufficient cause for slander. Had he avoided the appearance of evil, the enemy could not have harmed him.

We all felt sorry that he had given him cause, and hoped that the injured man "knew when to stop."

Years passed away. It was a lovely summer afternoon, when I stood at the station of a railroad in a country village. My attention was suddenly attracted by the shouting of some rude boys. I turned and saw coming down the slope of a hill a prematurely old man. He tottered as he walked. His clothes hung upon him in the most slovenly manner. He was in his shirt sleeves, and he staggered along, while the boys enjoyed the sport. One of the village people said to me: "That is Mr. ——. He has been drinking again! What a pity! He is such a fine musician, and once was at the head of a school. He goes into the parlor of the hotel and gives such fine music, and often become so enthused, when he is under the influence of liquor, that he has to be compeled to leave the piano. He is a talented man. It is so sad to see him ridiculed by those boys!" Alas! it was the teacher that I knew of years before. He might well have said: "They that are younger than I have me in derision, whose fathers I would have disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock!" "HE KNEW WHEN TO STOP!" Did he? In your childhood did you ever start to run down a steep hill? When you were well on the way could you stop? I trow not! On, on you went, and then you tumbled and rolled. If there had been a deep ditch at the base you would have plunged into it and been drowned. Why didn't you stop? How you laughed when you began! How you frowned when you found yourself well on your way! How you cried, yea, screamed, for help when you found the decline too much for you! How gladly would your companions have run to rescue you, but they could not reach you! They only saw you running, rolling screaming, and could only say: "We warned you!" Well, you did not die, but you were torn, bruised, perhaps injured for life. Perhaps not; but some scars are left, are they not? And another, who tried the hill over yonder, tumbled into raging waters, like a certain herd of swine of which we read.

"HE KNOWS WHEN TO STOP! HE IS NO FOOL." The engineer who has lost his grip, does he know when to stop? Vainly he tries, but his power has gone. There is only one place to stop, and that is before the glass touches the lips.—Emily H. Stryker, in National Temperance Advocate.

A PERPLEXING PROBLEM.

Two Phases of Alcoholism in France—Considered by Chamber of Deputies.

Something very like a temperance address was made in the French chamber of deputies the other day by M. Lannelougne in discussing proposed reforms in the tax on strong drinks. M. Lannelougne argued against an increase of tax, though he cited in support of his argument the same class of facts that have been urged in favor of high license and the suppression of the drink traffic.

He asserts that there are two phases in the history of alcoholism in France, one anterior to 1855, the other since that date. Before 1855, the annual consumption of fruit brandies was twelve times as great as the consumption of brandies made from materials other than fruits. Alcoholism, previous to 1855, was very rare in France. There were occasional deaths in a few hours from this cause, and there were cases of delirium tremens, but ordinarily the alcoholism of that period left few permanent traces upon its victims. Drunkenness was frequent, but it was a temporary drunkenness, and there were some that believed it to be good and useful.

Then came the period after 1855, when wine alcohol falled and alcohol from grains began to be used extensively. The quantity drunk per head in France more than trebled in a few years, and at the same time crimes and suicides greatly increased in number. With the use of the industrial alcohols came a sort of permanent drunkenness, and imperious need to which the individual was not always able to offer successful resistance. In the presence of disease men offer resistance, but the characteristic of the new alcoholism is that it renders men incapable of resistence to infection. The man of forty is compared to the man of sixty in this regard, and even an old man without organic disease offers more resistance in the face of a malady, because his tissues are not altered as are those of the man that has fallen victim to the new alcoholism.

It is not the rich classes who are in this pitiable state, M. Lannelongue said, but the poor, who, ill-nourished and lodged in sunless rooms, add alcoholism to their miseries. These are the persons that pay the tax on alcoholic drinks. It has been estimated that French workingmen expend annually 1,200,000,000 francs upon alcoholic drinks, and that English workingmen expend even more. M. Lannelongue quoted a French statistician as putting down alcoholism as the chief factor in pauperism. To tax alcoholic drinks at a higher rate, M. Lannelongue argued, would be to make still greater inroads into what the French workingman should devote to the needs of his family.

TEMPERANCE COMMANDMENTS

Ten "Thou Shalts" of a Russian Total Abstinence Society.

The temperance society of Odessa, Russia, has published in its Listok the following ten commandments:

1. Thou shalt try to lead a sober life.
2. Thou shalt not treat the fellows with spirituous drinks.
3. Thou shalt not rent any part of thy house, thy store or thy shop as a place for the sale of spirituous drinks.
4. Thou shalt not trade in spirituous drinks.
5. Thou shalt not engage in the manufacture of intoxicating liquors and wines of any kind.
6. Thou shalt preach against drunkenness.
7. Thou shalt persuade all thy friends and acquaintances to join the temperance society.
8. Thou shalt never repeat or circulate an opinion in favor of the drinking of intoxicating beverages.
9. Thou shalt do all that is in thy power to prevent others drinking intoxicating beverages.
10. Thou shalt watch the doings of those who trade in spirituous drinks and promptly report to the authorities and of the actions by which they criminate themselves before the law. —Templar.

The Way to the Poorhouse.

John Reeve, the comedian, was once accosted in the Kensington road by an elderly female with a small bottle of gin in her hand. "Pray, sir, I beg your pardon, is this the way to the poorhouse?" John gave her a look of clerical dignity, and pointing to the bottle, gravely said: "No, ma'am; but that is."—Charleston Messenger.

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

THE screen in the saloon door means that the devil can sometimes be ashamed of himself.—Ram's Horn.

TWENTY-ONE temperance associations have been formed in India during the past winter, with an enrollment of 2,000 new members.

THE devil fights hard for the saloon, because he knows that while it remains open he can stay loose.—Ram's Horn.

THE reason some men can't make both ends meet is because they are too busily engaged making one end drink.

ALCOHOL is not only a poison, with special affinity for the brain, but it is a poison with a fishhook barb—it can only go in; it can not be pulled out without tearing the flesh. — Joseph Cook.

THE legislature of South Carolina has passed a scientific temperance instruction law. This reduces the number of states without such a law to four.

THE farmers around Sacred Heart, Minn., evidenced their desire for no-licence in that town by pledging themselves not to sell grain nor buy supplies there if the village went license.

THE twenty-second annual meeting of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union will be held in Baltimore, Md., October 18 to 23. Miss Willard will preside at the convention.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—A silk-worked screen inscribed "This screen, the work of Queen Anne, was presented by her majesty to Rt. Hon. Richard Hill, ambassador to the court of Turin, 1703," came under the hammer in Shrewsbury at the sale of the effects of the bankrupt Viscount Hill, fetching $450.

—What are said to be the two oldest vessels in the merchant service in the United States arrived at Calais, Me., together a few days ago. They are the Polly, a schooner of eighty-four tons, built in 1805, and the schooner Hiram, built in 1809. The Polly is the vessel that captured a British brig at Machias in the war of 1812.

—A six-year-old German boy arrived in Santa Cruz, Cal., recently, having made the entire trip from Bremen to that place alone. He wore a tag bearing the name and address of his California friends and had a ticket to San Francisco. He says he received great attention and the utmost kindness from everybody during the journey.

—The story of the phenix is a common superstition in several countries. According to the ancient and best accepted letters the world has but one phenix. This animal, at the end of 900 years, burns itself to death in a funeral pyre of its own erection, and as soon as it expires another phenix with wings outstretched rises from the flames.

—A great many persons firmly believe that ants do not sleep. This superstition arises from the fact that in moonlight nights during the summer ants have often been seen at work about their nests. People of almost all nations have believed that ants lay up food for the winter. The alleged fact is mentioned many times in ancient and modern literatures, and is directly stated in the Book of Proverbs. They do no such thing. During the winter they remain in a torpid or semi-torpid condition, reviving under the genial warmth of the spring sun.

—The bicycle has taken Holland, and the state railroads have had to determine what they shall do with it. Unpacked and accompanied by the rider they will take it as personal baggage for the sum of seventy cents—equal to twenty-eight of ours. This is for any distance, but you can't go far in Holland unless you go round and round. The owner must help take it on and off the baggage car, and transfer it from one train to another where such is necessary; and the railroad will not be responsible for damage to an unpacked wheel.

—At Alexandria the Serapeum, where the last of the great public libraries was preserved, was recently discovered by Dr. Botti, director of the Alexandrian museum. The column that rose in the middle, visible from the sea as well as from the land, he identifies with Pompey's pillar. He has found the tank of the fountain that stood in the central court and the channels cut through the rock that led the water to it. Inscriptions of the time of Hadrian and Severus dedicated to Serapis, a bull of fine workmanship, remains of gilded ornaments and a few tombs.

ALMOST LOST HIS MILLIONS.

Got Back His Fortress Just Before the Secret Holder Died.

When up-country last year I heard that Chowringhee Lall, manager to Lalla Muttra Pershaud, was in Gwalior on some temporary business, and I called on him, as an old friend, at a place in the Lushkar where he was residing.

We discussed the action of government in closing the mints, and I asked his opinion about the possibility of a gold standard for India, and mentioned the fact that certain members of the Currency association considered the fifty million pounds of gold would be sufficient to provide India with a gold currency.

The Lalla laughed the idea to scorn, and assured me that fifty million pounds would not suffice to replace the silver hoards of even one state.

"You know," he said, "how anxious the late Maharajah Scindia was to get back the fortress of Gwalior, but very few know the real cause prompting him. That was a concealed hoard of sixty crores (sixty million pounds) of rupees in certain vaults within the fortress, over which British sentinels had been walking for about thirty years, never suspecting the wealth concealed beneath their feet.

"Long before the British government gave back the fortress, every one who knew the entrance into the concealed hoard was dead, except one man who was extremely old, and although in good health he might have died any day.

"If that had happened, the treasure might have been lost to the owner forever and to the world for ages, because there was only one entrance to the hoard, which was most cunningly concealed, and, except that entrance, every other part was surrounded by solid rock.

"So the maharajah was in such a fix that he must either get back his fortress or divulge the secret to the government and run the risk of losing the treasure forever.

"When the fortress was given back to the maharajah, and before the British troops had left Gwalior territory, masons were brought from Benares sworn to secrecy in the temple of the Holy Cow before leaving; and when they reached the Gwalior railway station they were put into carriages, blindfolded, and driven to the place where they had to work.

"There they were kept till they had opened out the entrance into the secret vault; and when the concealed hoard had been verified, and the hole built up again, they were once more blindfolded, put into carriages, and taken back to the railway station and rebooked for Benares under a proper escort."—Chambers' Journal.

PURE PATRIOTISM.

A French Soldier Who Was Always Ready to Do His Duty.

Few men, not endowed with brilliant ability, have left behind them a more honorable or distinguished record than M. Victor Duruy, a French statesman and scholar who died recently at the age of eighty-four. His life was an exemplification of the rewards which may wait on the faithful obedience of the Scriptural maxim: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

He began, as many another young scholar has begun, as a teacher. Here, in the performance of his duty, he once had occasion to turn out of his class Victorien Sardou, who afterward became a famous writer. Young Sardou had failed to get some part of a lesson in Egyptian history, and had said to M. Duruy that he "thought he might profitably omit it."

"But I," said Duruy, "as your teacher, am the sole judge as to that."

"And I, since it is I who have to learn, ought to have some choice in the matter," Sardou answered.

This impertinent remark earned for Sardou the suspension which he received. Sardou, as a man and genius, obtained early the literary distinction which caused him to be chosen a member of the French academy—the "forty immortals," and when Duruy, in his old age, as the crown of a laborious life, was proposed as a member of the same body, Sardou supported him cordially and he was elected.

Duruy, as an eminent and practical educator, was wanted by the emperor, Napoleon III., as minister of public instruction. The emperor sent for him and proposed to him to enter the ministry.

"But, your majesty," Duruy answered, "I have taken very little part in politics—"

"So much the better," said the emperor.

"And what part I have taken has been against you!"

"No matter," said Napoleon, "you are the man I want for minister of public instruction."

Duruy took the place and worked hard in it, still doing with all his might the work that came to his hand. In the war with the Germans in 1870 there was no political work for him to do. For the time, after the surrender of Napoleon, all who had been in the government were discredited. So, at the age of sixty, Duruy enlisted in the national guard as a private soldier.

One evening in September, 1870, Jules Simon, then minister of public instruction, was entering the ministry when he thought he noticed that the soldier on guard at the door, who presented arms to him, had a familiar face. He paused and looked steadily at him.

"Duruy," he exclaimed, "is that you?"

"It is I—Duruy," the soldier answered.

"A common soldier?"

"A common soldier. One can't be a minister always."

"But I see that one can always serve as an example."

Duruy smiled, and stood at salute while his successor entered the building. It was not until fourteen years after that he was elected a member of the academy—the highest honor, in literature or learning, that a Frenchman can hope to attain. It is possible that the fact that Duruy had always stood ready to do his duty, no matter in what direction it lay, had much to do with his elevation to this honor.—Youth's Companion.

STILL INSPIRED.

While Insane Susan Mountfort Played Ophelia with Heart-Rending Pathos.

An Ophelia actually mad, chanting her pathetic song and uttering her sad words with all the realism of genuine insanity!

It was a weird sight, and one that chilled the blood of spectators, as they gazed in silence upon the uncanny scene.

They all recognized the actress and realized the situation. Poor Susan Mountfort, the former bright actress of Lincoln's Inn Fields, in her insanity had escaped from her custodian, and, with the recollection of her former career teeming through her distracted brain, had made straight for the playhouse. Then with all the cunning of an insane person, the woman had hidden for a time behind the wings, while her former associates carried on the play of "Hamlet." But just at the moment the Ophelia of the evening was to enter for the mad scene Susan Mountfort, seizing her by the arm to push her back from the entrance, sprang forward in her place, and with wild eyes and wavering motion rushed upon the stage uttering the words:

"They bore him barefaced to the bier;
Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny."

For a moment the spectators were amazed. As they began to realize the situation a murmur ran through the house and then came the strained silence of wonderment and perplexity.

Magnificent was the acting. In her sane days Susan Mountfort had been a good Ophelia and now she threw into the part such intensity of action and such terrible mental effort as to render the character overwhelmingly vivid. But it was a mercy when friends gently led her away from the footlights. Her vitality was entirely exhausted by the effort and her death was hastened.

This was the sad story of one Ophelia. To describe all the Ophelias of the stage would be unnecessary, even if possible, since the role has never been regarded by any actress as her ultimate goal. It has either served as an intermediary, while players were winning their way to fame in the support of eminent Hamlets, or it has been awarded to actresses who were found wanting and quietly fell into obscurity. —Shakespeare's Heroines on the Stage.

The Thermometer Hereafter.

"The spirit of John Jones," said the medium.

"He died in arrears," replied the editor. "Ask him if it's hot enough for him?"—Atlanta Constitution.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Free argon and helium have now been found in the sulphurous waters of springs in the Pyrenees at La Raillere and Bois. The gases were introduced by M. Bouchard into a Plucker tube containing magnesium wire, and when subjected to the silent discharge of electricity combined with the magnesium. He says that they combine with platinum in the same way.

—Mushrooms grow in immense quantities in the Russian forests, the inhabitants in some places existing entirely by selling them. Kargopol, in Olonetz, sends yearly 5,000 poods (180,000 pounds) of mushrooms to St. Petersburg. The varieties are many. With one form, the mukhomor, the native tribes of Siberia intoxicate themselves; an infusion from it has a stupefying effect like that of opium or hasheesh.

—Helmholtz has attributed cirrus clouds to air waves produced when one stratum of air glides over another of different temperature and density, the lower one being nearly saturated with aqueous vapor. The wave crests become centers of condensation, in consequence of diminished pressure, and appear as clouds, while the depressions form transparent interspaces. On this theory a "mackerel sky" is produced when two series of waves cross.

—Insects are considered by Prof. C. V. Rily as undoubtedly possessing the senses of sight, touch, taste, smell and hearing, that of touch being perhaps the only sense strictly comparable with our own. Evidence of other sense organs, utterly unlike any we have, is not wanting. A male Japanese silkworm moth was liberated one night a mile and a half from a caged female of the species, and in the morning was at the cage, and blind ants reduce wooden beams to mere shells without once gnawing through the surface.

—One of the most interesting of Dr. Girolamo Segato's petrifactions has just been found after a long hunt in a Bavarian village, and will be sent to the Florence Anatomical museum. It is the head of a young woman who died of consumption sixty years ago, kept as perfect as the day she died, with the blond hair wavy and soft as that of a living person. Dr. Segato's wonderful secret for petrifying the dead so as to retain the appearance of life forever died with him, but the specimens kept in the Italian museums show no sign of deterioration.

—Tunneling through the Simplon will begin early next year. There will be two parallel tunnels, each 66,000 feet or about 12½ miles long, 57 feet apart, and connected at intervals of 225 feet. They will be 15,000 feet longer than the St. Gothard and 21,000 feet longer than the Mont Cenis tunnel, but will be 1,500 feet lower than the two others, which will diminish the working expenses. It is expected that the work will be completed in five years and a half, three years less time, that is, than was required for the St. Gothard. The estimated cost is $11,000,000.

—Statistics of Russian railroad construction in 1893 have but recently been published. The length opened for traffic in that year was 1,128 miles, which is a great deal for Russia. This made the total in operation in the country 21,884 miles, of which 8,252 miles were state railroads. Of the whole, 4,362 miles have a double track. These figures include the 1,317 miles in Finland and the 908 of the Transcaspian railroad, which are not usually included with the Russian railroads. At the close of 1893 work was progressing on 3,912 miles of new railroad.

HOW SHE FIXED HIM.

A Hint to Girls That Have Undesirable Suitors.

He was a theatric lover, and she didn't like his style a little bit.

He was constant in his devotion, however, and that made matters worse.

She had tried gentle means to get rid of him, but he had disregarded them with painful persistency.

In this moment of her desperation he felt it incumbent upon him to propose to her, as men under similar circumstances often do.

Which they wouldn't if they had any sense at all.

"Dear one," he exclaimed, hurling himself tragically at her feet, "I love you! My life is yours. Will you take it?"

She did not look like a murderess.

"Mr. Singleton," she responded, with calm determination, "I will."

He gazed at her rapturously.

"Don't do that," she begged, drawing back from him as if in horror. "I have taken your life, as you requested me to do, and you are henceforth to all intents and purposes dead."

He seemed dazed.

"I do not, Mr. Singleton," she continued, turning aside, "desire to have a dead person in the house, and if you do not go away at once I shall ring for an ambulance and have you removed to the morgue."

Then the dreadful situation in which his own precipitate folly had placed him was revealed, and he removed himself with neatness and dispatch.—N. Y. Sun.

Holding for a Rise.

Ex-Congressman Ben Cable, of Illinois, has a little daughter who has the making of a great financier in her. One day her father called her to him. "My dear," said he, "a man this morning offered papa this room full of gold if he would sell little brother. Now, that means gold enough to fill this room from wall to wall and from floor to ceiling. If I sell little brother for that sum, I shall be able to buy everything in the world you want. Shall I sell him?" "No, papa," answered the little girl, promptly, and then, before her delighted father could embrace her for expressing so much unselfish affection, she went on: "Keep him till he's bigger. He'll be worth more then."—Washington Post.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS

—Mashed Chestnuts.—Boil, remove brown skin and mash the same as potatoes. Add butter or cream, salt, pepper and serve at once.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Baked Pears.—Take good-sized pears, arrange them in a deep baking dish, into which pour half a pint of hot water in which has been stirred half a cupful of sugar. Cover with a lid or inverted dish and bake slowly, frequently basting them with the sirup till they are tender. They are excellent served with cream.—Prairie Farmer.

—Warm Ginger Cake.—Two and one-half cups of flour, one cup of molasses, one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of melted lard, one cup of boiling hot water, one large teaspoon of ginger and one teaspoon of soda in the water. When thoroughly mixed add two eggs, beat together and bake in a dripping pan.—Frances E. Owens, in Chicago Record.

—Fruit Cookies.—Two cups of sugar, two thirds of a cup of butter, one cup of chopped raisins, one-half cup of water, one egg, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor with cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg. Cream the butter and sugar, add the other ingredients and flour enough to render it stiff enough to roll out. Bake in a quick oven.—Boston Budget.

—Boiled Okra.—Wash one quart of young white okra well in cold water, put into a porcelain-lined or granite kettle (an iron kettle discolors the okra) with a half pint of water and a teaspoonful of salt. Cover the kettle and simmer gently thirty minutes; then add one tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of vinegar, and pepper, and more salt if necessary. Boil up once and serve.—Rural New Yorker.

—Deviled Eggs.—Boil a number of eggs hard, and when cold cut each in two lengthwise. Take out the yolks mash them with a fork, mix with butter and add minced potted ham and French mustard. The hollowed whites of the eggs should be filled with this mixture, the two halves of each being pressed together and then each egg wrapped in tissue paper, the ends of which are twisted to keep the halves in place.—Housekeeper.

—Flour Gems.—One and one-half cupfuls of flour, one and one-half cupfuls of milk, one teaspoonful of butter, one egg, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix the flour and baking powder together, stir in the melted butter and the milk, and then the egg, well beaten. Beat the whole until light and foamy and with it nearly fill the gem pans, which should be hot and well buttered. Bake for fifteen minutes in a quick oven.—Prairie Farmer.

—Haricot Pie.—Boil half a pound of haricot beans which have been soaked all night. Grease a pie dish and line the bottom of it with as many beans as will cover it well. Season with pepper, salt and a dash of chopped onion. Then add a layer of hard-boiled eggs, cut into thick slices and seasoned. Next another layer of beans, and on them a few tomatoes (tinned will do), cut into slices. Pour in a little good thick gravy. Cover with short crust and bake till the pastry is cooked.—Leeds Mercury.

THE MONASTERY MENU.

What Holy Brethren Ate During the Fifteenth Century.

To one familiar charge it is satisfactory to find that the brethren could plead not guilty. There was no gormandizing at St. Swithin's. The serious meals of the day were two, dinner at noon and supper between six and seven; besides this there was a bowl of porridge for breakfast, and for anyone who desired it a cup of ale and a hunch of bread was ready in the refectory at three, when the after-dinner sleep was over. The kitchen bills, it must be allowed, are strangely heavy; two thousand one hundred pounds for the year's fare, exclusive of bread, beer and wine, to a modern mind would call for liberal reductions. But if the fare was plentiful it certainly was in no sense luxurious, even at Christmas or on the festival of St. Swithin himself; and upon fast days there is an equally plain proof in the daily bills of fare that dinner and supper were each a very sorry business.

Fast days, too, were disagreeably numerous before the reformation. There was not only the long season of Lent in which to subdue the willful appetite, but all Advent, and every Wednesday, Friday and Saturday throughout the year. At such seasons the boards must have been painfully bare, for the only admissible eatables were fish, eggs and vegetables, and upon occasions such small mercies as figs and raisins. Thus on Wednesday, November 14, 1492, the bill of fare for the two meals was salt ling, eggs and an entree of oysters.

On Saturdays the diet was rather more liberal, two or three extra dishes of fish being added. But happily the whole year was not made up of fast days, and for an example of an average bill of fare we may take that of New Year's day, 1493. Upon that occasion the brethren had for the two meals moile (a dish of grated marrow and bread), beef and mutton, numbles (the tenderer cuts from a haunch of venison), steaks as an extra dish, and bread and beer at discretion, as our neighbors say. Sometimes instead of the moile they had brose, or toasts soaked in the dripping of the roasting meat; soup often figures as a supper dish; fishballs, or rissoles, tansy pudding, batter, custards, calves' feet, tripe, all appear among their side-dishes. On festivals there was no more than the slightest increase in the character of the dinner; perhaps a dish of spiced vegetables and an extra entree.—Chicago Journal.

One Way to Get Votes.

Jackson—I'd like to help the candidate for alderman in this district.

Jenkins—Well, don't say anything about him, and people may forget to scratch him.—Puck.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, OCT. 24, 1895.

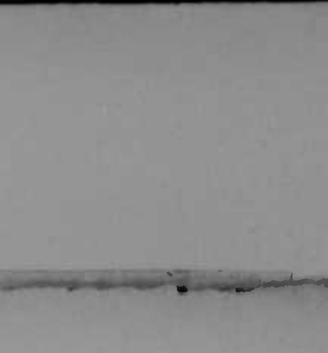

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR,
LLOYD LOWNDES,
OF ALLEGANY.

FOR COMPTROLLER,
R. P. GRAHAM,
OF WICOMICO.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
HARRY M. CLABAUGH,
OF BALTIMORE.

FOR ASSOCIATE JUDGE FOURTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT,
DAVID W. SLOAN,
OF ALLEGANY.

FOR SHERIFF,
AUSTIN BROWN,
OF DISTRICT NO. 2.

FOR TREASURER,
THOMAS B. WILEY,
OF DISTRICT NO. 12.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
THOMAS H. LAYMAN,
OF DISTRICT NO. 9.

FOR HOUSE OF DELEGATES,
CHARLES B. HILLEARY,
OF DISTRICT NO 8, AND
CHRISTIAN J. OTTO,
OF DISTRICT NO. 3.

FOR JUDGES ORPHANS' COURT,
GEORGE F. ENGLEHART,
OF DISTRICT NO. 5,
DANIEL WILSON,
OF DISTRICT NO. 10, AND
THOMAS H. CUPPETT,
OF DISTRICT NO. 6.

FOR STATES ATTORNEY,
FRED. A. THAYER,
OF DISTRICT NO. 7.

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS,
JAMES W. WHITE,
OF DISTRICT NO. 7.

FOR SURVEYOR,
FRANKLIN P. GREEN,
OF DISTRICT NO. 11.

Gorman's Arrogance.

The spectacle quite often presents itself to the public view of a man who, by some combination of fortuitous circumstances has suddenly risen above his own sphere in life and thereby is rendered haughty, brazen and egotistical.

Mr. Gorman, at the present time, is a shining example of this character. During the present campaign he has likened himself unto all the great leaders of nations and men, both ancient and modern, and the comparison which he has attempted to draw between his own merits and those who have made for themselves a lasting name upon the pages of history by his skillful manipulation of words and rhetoric has always tended to place him above his compares. Mr. Gorman has claimed for himself the authorship of almost every bit of remedial legislation which has been enacted by the National legislature during the past fifteen years. It has been remarked that he has not as yet claimed to be the author of the Declaration of Independence or the Constitution of the United States, but the reason why he has not set up this claim is simply because that idea has not occurred to him. His assumption is unbounded; his arrogance is beyond compare; his presumption bespeaks him the demagogue, and his conceit proclaims him to be the quintessence of absurdity.

Having arrogated to himself all the virtues and the knowledge ascribed by history and the estimation of men to the great founders of nations, he does not hesitate to proclaim himself the oracle from whence flows everything but life itself. Indeed the wonder is that Mr. Gorman has not presumed to say that he possesses supernatural powers also. But stripped of his arrogance, his presumption and conceit, he stands before the people of Maryland as nothing more than a ward politician and political trickster who does not disdain to receive the plaudits and approval of the great trusts and corporate powers of the country. Indeed Mr. Gorman has shown himself to be a mere fawning sycophant in the presence of these great monied interests and the willing tool of their bidding. But his arrogance, unfortunately for him, seems to have also given him the idea that the people believe, as he does, in his power. This, however, is but the result that always attends the estimation which such men place upon themselves, and when they awake to the reality and find that the people have roused themselves from the spellbinding influences under which they have been so long laboring and have shaken off their master, then is revealed to them, as Mr. Gorman will be revealed to himself after the fifth of November, their true condition surrounded by all their arrogance, their presumption, assumption and conceit.

I CHARGE John E. Hurst with being intimately connected with a fund raised for the purpose of paying the boss for his services in defeating the reassessment bill in the Legislature two years ago. —Jno. V. L. Findlay.

Reform.

The campaign of reform in Maryland is rapidly drawing to a close. The issue which has been presented to the people by the Republican party is the winning one. It embraces within itself several separate and distinct propositions. These are reassessment, local self-government, honest elections, free public schools, free school books, good roads and above all good citizenship. These principles inscribed upon the Republican banner have been held aloft and carried into every county, village and hamlet of Maryland by the Republican nominees on the State ticket. Wherever Mr. Lowndes has gone he has proclaimed his adherence to, belief in and determination of carrying them into effect when entrusted with the reins of government by his fellow citizens.

That Lloyd Lowndes, as the exponent of these ideas, will be the next Governor of Maryland is reasonably certain. Of course the old trick of padding the registration lists in Baltimore city and elsewhere has been resorted to, and schemes are on foot to put into active service and execution those helps which the Democratic ring in Maryland has always relied upon to aid it in thwarting the will of the people at the ballot box. This year, however, it is confidently believed that these powerful agencies for the perpetration of fraud will be practically nullified by the determination of the honest citizens of Maryland to have a fair election. The day of reckoning for Gorman and Rasin is at hand and the people will see that these corrupters of the elective franchise have meted out to them the fate they so richly merit and deserve.

The people are intent upon seeing that their will shall not be perverted on the fifth of November and have determined in advance that anyone who is caught trifling with their rights and liberties shall receive his just deserts. The ring is scared and on the run and we predict it will be buried under an avalanche of popular indignation on election day.

Lloyd Lowndes will be the next Governor of Maryland and he will be true to the principles he stands for to-day when elected Governor, as he has been true to every obligation in his past life.

THE CANDIDATES for the House of Delegates on the Republican ticket will not only make good and loyal representatives of the people of this county, but will exert every influence to have laws passed that will be of benefit to all classes irrespective of political ties. A vote for the Republican candidates, Messrs. Otto and Hilleary, is a vote toward downing Gormanism.

IT IS laughable how the Democrats are striving to make it appear that their candidate for judge, Mr. Ferdinand Williams, was never a politician or had anything to do with political matters.

It has been only less than one year since Mr. Williams stumped the Sixth Congressional District as a candidate for Congress and our readers will easily remember that Mr. Williams at that time resorted to all the wiles and schemes of the professional politician to secure his election. He showed in his speeches that he was about as bitter a partisan as has been put forward for Congressional honors in this district in many a long year. Mr. Williams, however, only succeeded in engineering his non-political, non-partisan campaign into a grand smash-up last fall and we predict that his non-political, non-partisan campaign will meet with a like fate this fall. The people of the Fourth Judicial Circuit are not to be deceived nor cajoled into believing that Mr. Williams is a non-partisan and merely by force of circumstances named as the Democratic nominee for judge. Mr. Williams comes of a partisan Democratic family, his brother being at this time the ring candidate for Mayor of Baltimore, and whose political train will be as badly wrecked on the fifth of November as that of the brother who is candidate for judge. *Requiescat in pace.*

THE WORK in the Treasurer's office, ever since that office was created, has been done by Republicans, and every grand jury, whose duty it is to examine and report upon the work in that office, have found the books and papers in proper shape, and on more than one occasion have complimented those having charge of the county's finances upon the efficiency displayed by the incumbents.

Cleveland Against Gorman.

What interest has any friend of the Cleveland administration in the success of Gormanism?

Why should any sincere believer in the Cleveland theory of tariff reform vote to strenghten the power of its most malevolent enemy?

Is any Democrat so ignorant or so weak as not to be able to see that the election of Hurst will result in strengthening the power of Gorman that it will give him the prestige of a triumph over Cleveland and enable him to continue his war upon the administration?

Has any member of the Cleveland administration raised his voice in behalf of the cause of the Gorman candidates in the State? For the opening meeting of the campaign they advertised Mr. McAdoo, assistant secretary of the navy, as one of the speakers. But did he come? Not much. He was advised against it. Then they went after Mr. Carlisle. He could travel all the way from Washington to Kentucky to make a series of speeches, but the distance from Washington to Baltimore was too great. Besides he did not have the time—nor the inclination. He must be very dull indeed who cannot see that Cleveland feels no interest in the election of Mr. Hurst. He is only a Gormanite, and in the estimation of the President a Gormanite is not a Democrat. It is quite evident that no Democrat who votes to overthrow the power of Cleveland's most malignant enemy will lose his standing with the powers that be at Washington.

In fact the issue is squarely drawn in this campaign between the friends of Cleveland and tariff reform on one side, and the spurious and discredited pretense of Democracy called Gormanism on the other. The triumph of Mr. Gorman through the election of his machine made candidate will be heralded as a victory of Gormanism over Cleveland, and will be a rebuke to that element of the party which condemned the treasonable course of Mr. Gorman toward the one vital and all important measure of the administration known as the Wilson bill.

A vote for Hurst is a vote to condemn the administration, and an endorsement of Gorman Democracy as distinguished from Cleveland Democracy.—Cumb. News.

WE HAVE before us less than two weeks more of ballot theiving and the work of the repeater.

REPUBLICANS, the day of victory is near at hand, not only in the mountain county of Garrett, but all over the State of Maryland. We have only to do our duty and get out every vote.

THE REPUBLICANS in this county are under the impression that the Democratic registration officers have returned to the clerk of the court for the last time their registration books. The next time they will be returned by Republican officers.

THE fight for right and a free ballot in Baltimore city and the State of Maryland is drawing to a close. There remains but a few days to do battle for the masses and in that time it is necessary that every good and loyal citizen of the State should do his whole duty.

WE HAVE never known the Republicans of this county to be so wide-awake, up and doing as they are in the present campaign. There seems to be determination written upon their faces. This means an increased majority at the polls on the fifth of November. It means that if any Democratic candidate upon the county ticket expects to ride into office through Republican disaffection or Republican lukewarmness, he will be sadly mistaken. This is not the time when Republicans in Garrett county propose to aid in the election of any candidate on the Democratic ticket.

ORDERS have gone forth that everybody on the Democratic county ticket is to be traded off for votes for Mr. Hurst. To be more explicit this trading movement is to be organized and put into motion within forty-eight hours before the election. Of course we don't care anything about how much Democrats trade their own people, but we are vitally interested in seeing that no Republican is thus dealt with. We have no trading stock this fall. Garrett county has a magnificent Republican majority and it is not necessary in order to secure the election of every man upon our ticket to trade for anything or with anybody representing the Democratic party.

GRAND
Republican Ratification
Mass Meetings
WILL BE HELD AT

Swanton, Thursday, Oct. 24, at 2 o'clock p. m.

Deer Park, Thursday, Oct. 24, at 7 o'clock p. m.

Red House, Friday, Oct. 25, at 7 o'clock p. m.

Blaine, Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2 o'clock p. m.

Wilson's, Saturday, Oct. 26, at 7 o'clock p. m.

Meadow Mountain School House, Tuesday, Oct. 29, at 7 o'clock p. m.

Walnut Bottom School House, Wednesday, Oct. 30, at 7 o'clock p. m.

Sang Run, Monday, October 28, at 1.30 o'clock p. m.

Selbysport, Monday, October 28, at 7 o'clock p. m.

Sand Spring, Tuesday, October 29, at 2 o'clock p. m.

Friendsville, Tuesday, October 29, at 7 o'clock p. m.

Hoyes, Wednesday, October 30, at 2 o'clock p. m.

Accident, Wednesday, October 30, at 7 o'clock p. m.

Bittinger, Thursday, October 31, at 2 o'clock p. m.

Grantsville, Thursday, October 31, at 7 o'clock p. m.

Pope School House, Friday, November 1, at 1.30 p. m.

Gregg's Mill, Friday, November 1, at 7 o'clock p. m.

Prominent speakers will be present and address these meetings.

The Oakland Symphony Quartette will be present at these meetings and will sing the Lowndes Campaign Songs.

All persons, irrespective of former political affiliations are invited to attend, to hear the vital issues of the campaign ably discussed, and misrule, fraudulent registration, corrupt elections and public plunder arraigned and better methods in State and County government strongly urged as the right of the people.

J. C. PEDDICORD,
Chairman Committee.

Saw the Banner and Died.

A patient mule was being driven along Frederick street this morning. He was like other mules, in that he hauled his load of sand uncomplainingly, and never emitted so much as a bray. He reached the corner of Lexington and Frederick streets, and gazing up, found himself directly under a Hurst banner. It was too much for him. He arose on his hind legs, gave one despairing cry as he gazed upwards, kicked convulsively, then sank in the harness and gave up the ghost. It was the only mule ever known to have died in Baltimore.—Baltimore World.

Good Streets.

The following well timed article appeared in the Piedmont *Herald* last week. It is a very pertinent argument and applies with great force to the needs of many towns, more especially Oakland, and for this reason we reproduce it.

"Speaking within limits there is possibly more money wasted in small towns, villages, and cities, on the repair of streets and roads than in any other line for which the public moneys are appropriated. This ought not to be, yet it cannot be denied that it is so. It seems that the greatest reason for this most unfavorable state of affairs that exists in connection with this highly important work is that but little real attention and thought is devoted to the matter outside of either showing that the corporate authorities are "doing something," or else to give employment to some one. Real permanent benefit to the public thoroughfare is seemingly the last consideration. It ought to be the first. The other considerations are both well enough in their place, but they should have no precedence in the matter at all. It scarcely pays to do work of any kind on public roads and streets that will not stand scrutiny and rough usage. Work to stand these tests must be done in the interests of permanency. And it is well in place just here to remark that there is no permanency in gravel, mud, or sand. For a road-bed nothing but crushed rock is serviceable. It costs 'tis true, but it pays in the long run, for it gives a road-bed for use. It costs only while making it. It saves dollars and dollars to the tax-payers after it is made. With all the later day improvements the macadamizing of road-beds survives as the fittest. 'Twould do well to heed this hereabouts. We can learn a lesson both from our own futile efforts to substitute mud, gravel, and *dust*, and from the experience of others who have crushed the rock, and crushed the rock, and crushed the rock."

Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby givin that the partnership heretofore existing between Elisha Aronhalt and Samuel Baker, trading as Aronhalt & Baker was by mutual consent dissolved on the first day of May. 1895.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to said firm are hereby warned to come forward and settle their account on or before the 25th day of November, otherwise the same will be placed in the hands of an officer for settlement.

Accounts may be settled before said date with E. Aronhalt of the above named parties. 33-3t

ELISHA ARONHALT,
S. C. BAKER.

PEOPLE WILL NOT BE DECEIVED.

Mr. Hurst Opposed Reassessment Laws Passed In 1890 and 1892.

Democratic machine orators must have little hope of the success of their own cause when they feel compelled to bolster it up by the charge that the independent Democrats are supporting the Republican ticket to avoid reassessment. Such a charge is so transparently absurd, and so precisely the opposite of the fact, that they can only expect to delude the most ignorant people. It is so ridiculous as to suggest the query, what sort of audiences do these orators address? If there is any subject upon which the bosses should sing small, it is the matter of reassessment. Nothing in current politics more strikingly illustrates the evils of bossism and the absolute necessity for the redemption of the State from this terrible blight, than the devious history of the people's efforts to secure an equitable reassessment of property. The effort began more than eight years ago. After continuous agitation, reassessment was reluctantly included in the program of the bosses, but evidently not with the intention of practical results.

The legislature of 1890 passed a bill. Individual members of the legislature may have been perfectly sincere in their action, but those who did the managing knew very well what would be the fate of the measure. Again, in 1892, after reassessment had been rebaptized by a machine convention, the legislature passed a bill, and the same was played. The governor vetoed the measure, just as his predecessor had vetoed the other measure. Nothing abashed by the deception twice played upon the people of Maryland, the bossess in 1894 again solemnly enacted the force of endorsing reassessment, but, grown bold by impunity, they did not think it necessary to repeat the empty form of passing a bill. They surrendered to the metallic but seductive tones of the lobby, and the bill "died a-bornin." It was killed in the legislature before it could reach the governor, and the universal outcry which this failure worked ought to have warned the machine that it could no longer trifle with the public.

But the machine had been so successful in thwarting the people, it had so often contemptuously defied public opinion with absolute impunity, that it probably concluded it owned the people, and could do as it pleased with them. It was willing to make use of the people under the threadbare device of reassessment, and did persuade many of them to go to the primaries in advocacy of that cause; but the managers very promptly unveiled their real purpose as soon as the convention met. They rejected all of those candidates who were known to the people as the champions of reassessment, the candidate for whom the people had voted at the primaries, and substituted a candidate for governor whose only public record was bitter hostility to reassessment. Mr. Hurst had earnestly opposed both of the reassessment laws passed by the legislature of 1890 and 1892, and acknowledged having bent his energies to the defeat of the bill passed by the legislature of 1894. Nothing but fatuity could have led the Democratic machine to make such a nomination under the circumstances, and the only way to account for the absurd charge against the Republicans is that the managers have been maddened by their long surfeit of power and imagine that the people of Maryland will be supine and patient under any provocation.—Balto. American.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 505. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

IF YOUR BACK ACHES.
Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing, it is general debility. Try
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite.

A Strong Fortification.

Fortify the body against disease by Tutt's Liver Pills, an absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, malaria, constipation, jaundice, biliousness and all kindred troubles.

"The Fly-Wheel of Life"

Dr. Tutt; Your Liver Pills are the fly-wheel of life. I shall ever be grateful for the accident that brought them to my notice. I feel as if I had a new lease of life.

J. Fairleigh, Platte Cannon, Col.

Tutt's Liver Pills

Piles.

Piles is so common that every other person you meet is troubled with it more or less. It seems to be a little thing and usually gets little attention. It may not be serious at first, but it makes a man sick—makes him nervous, cross, irritable—unfit for business. It robs him of sleep, takes his appetite—cuts down his flesh—and yet he is careless about it.

Foster's German Army and Navy Catarrh Cure

will cure Piles. It will cure other things, too, but it is particularly good for Piles. It stops the itch and the ache at once. It may take several days to wholly heal the inflammation and reduce the swelling, but it will do it—sure. It has done it in innumerable cases. Never has failed.

Good for Eczema, Ringworm, Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Dandruff, Pimples, and all Skin Diseases.

50 Cents—Drug Stores.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE cures Catarrh, stops Drops in the Head and all inflammation of the Nasal Passages. 50 Cents.

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 1, on Front Street, in Bayard, West Va.

Lot containing four acres with house on it, at Swanton, Md.

A mortgage on property worth more than double, at Loch Lynn Heights, Md.

WILLIAM W. SWEET,
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SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including train ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26tf

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REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
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Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

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Mt. Lake Park, Md.

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Slate Roofing.

Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.

I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.

All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.

I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.

Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.

For prices apply to or address,

C. M. BEACHY,
47—1yr. Grantsville, Md

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ½ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

STRAWBERRIES.

Best varieties, early, medium and late. Our pot grown plants set now will produce a full crop next June. Sent by mail prepaid, 60 cents per dozen; express unpaid, $1 per hundred.

THE HORTICULTURAL SUPPLY CO.,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

"THE RIGHT OF BOLTING."

Mr. William Keyser Says This is the Time to Exercise It.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Mr. Wm. Keyser, chairman of the Democratic executive committee in 1893, is one of the numerous Democrats who will manifest their opposition to Messrs. Gorman and Raisin by voting for Mr. Lowndes. In explaining his position yesterday Mr. Keyser said:

"I am a Democrat and entertain the very highest regard for Mr. John E. Hurst, but I intend to vote for Mr. Lowndes.

"There are occasions when good citizenship requires a man to sink his personal preferences and ignore his party affiliations in the interest of good government. I recognize the necessity of party leaders or 'bosses,' as they are called, and when confined to proper limits they are not only desirable, but a necessity. Two men, one having control of the party machinery in the counties and the other in the city, have of late usurped the party's prerogatives and functions and subordinated them to their own personal advancement in opposition to the wishes of a majority of its members.

"In my judgment there is no Democratic party in the State of Maryland to-day.

"At the last national convention, held in Chicago, which resulted in the nomination of Grover Cleveland the attitude of the Maryland delegation was ridiculous. Notwithstanding the fact that the preference of the Maryland Democracy was for Cleveland, the bosses refused to allow its expression at the convention called to elect delegates, and the influence of the State at Chicago was thrown away in the effort of foisting Maryland's senior Senator into the presidential chair.

"Since the election Maryland has been in the attitude of opposition to the administration, its Senator having been continuously engaged in thwarting the President's plans and defeating his intelligent efforts to place the fiscal affairs of the government upon a sound basis. Instead of using his influence to oppose the silver craze, which seriously threatens the welfare of his constituents, he has remained silent, hoping to deal in the future with this vital question, as with all others, as may best seem to suit his own private interests. Upon the sugar question, in which one would suppose his State had vast interests he exerted himself to the utmost in championing the interests of a great monopoly, so much so that his zeal in its behalf caused universal criticism.

"This being the position as I see it, the so-called nominating convention recently held to select a candidate for the governorship was a matter of more than ordinary interest both to the Democratic party and to the people of the State at large.

"Mr. Rayner, a man of known ability, a strong friend of the national administration and possessing decided views on the important subjects agitating the country, having entered the field, after a short experience withdrew, foreseeing the hopelessness of any contest within the party when opposed by bosses controlling it.

"Judge Fisher, one of the best citizens of Maryland, a man of large experience, with a mind well trained in affairs, having ventured to express too openly for his own interests his views as to the senior Senator, soon realized the hopelessness of his position and followed the example of Mr. Rayner.

"Messrs. Hayes and Jones, both of whom had a strong hold on the party, were invited to a conference by these political chieftains and switched off the track without further to-do.

"In the meantime the delegates to the nominating convention, having no opinions of their own, quietly awaited their orders, which, when received on the morning of their convention, were obeyed with alacrity, without discussion or dissension, and the result to the astonishment of all, both inside and outside of the charmed circle, was the presentation of the name of Mr. John E. Hurst as the Democratic candidate for the governorship of Maryland.

"If, as a member of the Democratic party, I am to be deprived of a voter's right of having any say in the choice of a candidate, and if the successful candidacy of any man must depend upon his subservience to and indorsement of the bosses, I purpose for one to exercise my right of bolting. In my judgment there is no other alternative. I must submit to the dictates of these men or help to break their hold on the organization, and no more favorable opportunity will present itself than the present. I have known Mr. Lowndes for over twenty years, and I believe he will, if elected, make an exceptionally good Governor.

"Now is the time to permanently settle the question of Gormanism, and those who make no effort to suppress it now by their votes should hereafter keep silent and accept it as a permanent feature of Maryland politics."

Baltimore Letter.

From our Regular Correspondent.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 20, 1895.

One striking evidence of the panic pervading the ranks of Democratic leaders this year is shown by the speeches of Senator Gorman. That able and astute politician, usually so suave, imperturbable, calm and clear-headed, seems now to have lost his head entirely, and his speeches are certainly doing his cause no good. Mr. Gorman has been indulging in coarse personalities and abuse, and has been dodging all the main questions at issue. His speeches have been full of egotistical boasting of what he has accomplished in the United States Senate, coupled with the frantic declaration that if the wicked Republicans are successful this year they will carry the State next year, and this will surely elect their president for them. Then Mr. Gorman has been vigorously stirring up race prejudice, and, having no good arguments to present for the support of his ticket, is endeavoring to arouse the fears of his audiences. To what base ends has the great Democratic party come in its mad terror over the inevitable defeat that is coming?

Mr. Gorman has sadly disappointed his friends, this fall; he has not measured up to those great standards of political leadership and shrewdness for which he has acquired a national reputation. When it was announced early in the summer that Gorman intended to take command of the forces in person this year, all the underlings, officeholders and petty politicians set up a mighty shout of rejoicing, for they thought, with Gorman to lead, no foe could stand before them. But, singular as it may seem, this campaign has been more completely packed with blunders than any ever attempted by the Democrats. Nearly everything done by that party seems to have been the wrong thing, and every wrong thing has hurt them immensely. Their leaders have failed to appreciate the temper of the people; their old audacity has been so long successful that they could not refrain from using it again; they undertook the same old fraudulent tricks at a time when the people were tired of trickery and determined at all hazards to stop it. Mr. Gorman, with all his great reputation for shrewdness, seems to have failed entirely to comprehend the state of the popular mind this year or to read the signs of the times.

Speaking of frauds, their most desperate effort was made at the recent registration to pad the lists with fraudulent names, and several thousand were put on the books. In speaking of this, the Baltimore *Sun* says: "It is very certain that the lists have been falsified to an unusual extent. The practical question is, what are the people going to do about it? By thorough organization and vigilance many of the meditated frauds can be prevented on election day by the prompt arrest of those who seek to vote upon false names and residences. The whole conspiracy of fraud can be effectually checked and defeated by the resolute determination to vote against the candidates in whose interest and for whose benefit these frauds are intended. The honest vote of this city can beat the fraudulent vote every time. The issue of fair and honest elections is now the issue in the fight, for without such elections there can be no self-government and no honest administration. The object of these frauds is to carry this city for the Gorman-Rasin ticket. The candidates upon that ticket have no right to complain if they are held morally responsible for the crimes which are committed by their supporters and for their benefit. There is an old saying that 'the receiver is as bad as the thief,' and the man who is willing to profit by fraudulent votes is little better than the actual perpetrator of the fraud."

Every day the prospect for Republican success grows brighter. Mr. Lowndes and his colleagues on the ticket are making a tour of the State and winning friends everywhere. It is surprising how many life-long Democrats are promising Mr. Lowndes to vote for him. It now seems as if his majority will be a handsome one.

Communicated.

To the Editor of The Republican.

In your last issue you mention that close by, in West Virginia, typhoid fever had carried off a lovely young girl. There is cause for astonishment that in the pure, health giving climate of this mountainous country, so many should just now fall victims to a disease which can be prevented, and the prevalence of which is due solely to human carelessness.

Your local boards of health and milk inspectors ought to analyze rigorously the various supplies of drinking water and the sources whence the inhabitants derive their milk. If need be an examination from house to house should be made.

Unpleasant as it may be to assert typhoid fever is brought on by drinking water contaminated by sewerage or privies placed too close to wells. Every family can do much to lessen the ravages of a fever which selects as its victims the young and beautiful who fall in the prime of life. Let every person feel that he owes a duty to his fellowmen and the God he professes to worship, to be cleanly in his habits. Especially ought farmers and milkmen to take great care not to let their cows lie (as happens too often) in filthy stables and places.

I trust, sir, you will excuse this very plain speaking which arises from my zeal to benefit the community in which I live.

Very respectfully yours,
F. M. NOA, S. B.

Briar Bend Seminary, Mt. Lake Park, Md., Oct. 19, 1895,

North Glade.

J. W. Hardesty is quite ill with typhoid fever, but we hope he may speedily recover. Mr. B. Hardesty and wife, of Terra Alta, are visiting him.

Mrs. Geo. W. Moon and family returned last week from a ten day's visit to Mt. Lake Park, Sang Run and Hoyes.

Rev. G. W. White, our new preacher, was with us Sunday and gave us an excellent sermon.

Our Epworth League is succeeding very well. Devotional meetings are always interesting and profitable. A splendid literary meeting was held recently. A solo by Miss Lilian Garlitz and a recitation by Miss Emma George, of Barton, were especially commendable.

Bossism has been felt even in this remote region of country, and we all are tired of being dictated to, except possibly a few favored Democrats. We firmly believe that the people of Maryland under a good school system would have sense enough to govern themselves through officials chosen by a direct vote.

Bittinger.

Daniel Orendorf is very ill.

Our candidate for County Surveyor, Franklin P. Green, has been in our neighborhood for several days surveying, and has given entire satisfaction. We think he would make an efficient surveyor and undoubtedly will be triumphantly elected on the 5th of November. The prospects are good for the entire ticket. Perfect harmony in the party.

The two candidates on the opposite ticket are busy begging the Republicans for support.

Eli Lohr met with a very painful accident a few days ago. He fell from the hay mow and dislocated his shoulder and is in a bad condition.

Our young merchant G. W. Engle, is doing a good business.

The Republican voters of Bittinger met October 17th and organized a Lowndes club with an enrollment of about thirty members and more to come. The club was treated to a very spicy speech by Mr. Joel Orendorf.

We wish THE REPUBLICAN and the whole Republican ticket success.

New Germany.

Frequent hard frosts are bringing the leaves down very fast.

The school trustees met last week and made arrangements for putting some new desks in the school house which are badly needed.

Married, Oct. 13th, by Rev. T. R. Faulkner, Miss Amy C. Gregg, of Savage, and Mr. Samuel J. Dixon, of Piedmont, W. Va. The bride was dressed in some tan colored material that was very becoming, and the wedding was a very happy affair.

The M. E. quarterly meeting was held at this place October 18th and 19th. ZACCHEUS.

[illegible] pause

Mortgagee's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Francis C. Pollman to William C. Devecmon, dated the 3d day of April, 1893, and recorded among the Mortgage Records of Garrett county in Liber No. 27, folio 467, etc., default having been made under the terms thereof, the undersigned will, on

SATURDAY,

The 9th Day of November, 1895,

at 11 o'clock a. m., in front of the postoffice in Oakland, Md., sell at public auction all the following described real estate:

All that tract or part of a tract of land lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, being part of a tract of land known as

The Land Flowing With Milk and Honey,

beginning for the part now intended to be sold at the end of the twelfth line of the whole of said tract, it being also at the end of the first line of Military Lot number 125, and running thence with the outlines of the aforesaid whole tract, South 88 degrees, East 163 perches, then South 124 perches, then South 34 degrees, East 241 perches, then South 43 degrees West 294 perches, then North 6½ degrees, West 550 perches to the beginning, containing

465¼ Acres More or Less,

it being known as the

M'CORMICK FARM,

and being the same property which was conveyed to George McCormick by Daniel Wilenk and wife by deed dated July 10th, 1882, and recorded among the Land Records of Garrett county in Liber No. 6, folio 595.

This farm lies on the Youghiogheny river about six miles from Oakland. It is improved by a nine two story frame dwelling, a large barn, sheep sheds, etc. It contains coal, limestone and other minerals; it has also some timber, especially a large quantity for railroad ties.

The proposed railroad from Confluence to Oakland runs directly through the property.

Terms of Sale:—One-third cash, the balance in equal payments in one and two years, or all cash at the option of the purchaser, the deferred payments, if any, to bear interest and be secured to the satisfaction of the undersigned.

W. C. DEVECMON,
32 4 *Mortgagee.*

NOTICE.

This is to give notice to the public that my wife, Ida S. Kerling, has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation and that I will not be responsible for any debts that she may contract.

CHRISTIAN KERLING.
Oakland, Md., Oct. 22, 1895. 33 3t.*

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of attachment, issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, and to me directed, at the suit of George W. Henry against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of the A. Michael Henry Company, I have seized and taken into execution all the right, title and interest, both at law and in equity, of the said A. Michael Henry Company, in and to the following property, to-wit:

One steam boiler with stack and fittings complete, one steam engine and fittings, (fifteen horse power), one champion stave saw and frame complete, one stave saw jointer, one steam force pump, one hand force pump, one large belt fifty feet long, one small belt, one three-foot iron pulley, two wheel barrows, three pipe tongs, one wrench, one swedge, one engine block, one pipe cutter, one block and tackle, one tram car, one lister and saw, one stock and die, and all the standing and fallen timber on the thirty acre lot bought of Isaac Frazee.

And I hereby give notice, that on Saturday, the 16th day of November, at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m., at the mouth of Buffalo on the O. & C. R. R., below Selbysport, I will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, the property so seized and taken in execution, to satisfy said claim and costs.

31 CHARLES WEGMAN, Sheriff.

Estate of John W. McRobie, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

JOHN W. McROBIE,

late of Garrett County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 27th day of April next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 17th day of October, 1895.

HATTIE McROBIE,
S. A. McROBIE,
Administrators.

McHenry, Md. 31

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTBRIGHT

C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,

PLANING MILLS,

And BUILDING MATERIALS.

MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does something or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 30 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS.

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

38 13·

Watch this

Space for

NETHKEN BROS.

Advertisement.

We have added a new Department —Millinery Goods.

NETHKEN BROS.,
31—1yr Deer Park, Md.

ELECTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to the Judges of Election and to the voters of Garrett county, that an election will be held in the several Election Districts of Garrett county, at the usual places of holding elections, on

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1895,

for the purpose of electing—

A Governor.
A Comptroller of the Treasury of the State of Maryland.
An Attorney General of the State of Maryland.
An Associate Judge of the Fourth Judicial Circuit,
A Sheriff.
A Treasurer.
A Colomissioner.
Two members of the House of Delegates.
Three Judges of the Orphans' Court.
A State's Attorney.
A Register of Wills.
A Surveyor.

The polls of said Election will be open in each and every district in said county, at the usual places of holding the polls, at 8 o'clock a. m., and will be closed at 6 o'clock p. m., when the ballots shall be publicly counted.

All persons will take notice that by Chap. 191, Acts of 1865, no spirituous or fermented liquors, ale or beer, or any intoxicating drinks can be sold or given away on election day. CHARLES WEGMAN, Sheriff.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, October 20, 1895. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.48 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 49	—Express, daily except Mon.	3.51 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 47	—Daily except Mon	10.49 A. M
No. 55	—Express, daily	6.22 P. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	6.45 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	—Daily	5.59 A. M
No. 2	—Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	9.03 A. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	4.32 P. M
No. 46	—Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	12.29 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry at COST.

MALETTE,

OAKLAND, MD.

DAY LILIES.

The time of the splendor of lilies!
When cluster sweet-peas by the wall,
When flame the deep-hearted nasturtiums,
When hollyhocks muster at call,
Then straight in their virgil whiteness,
And sweet in their luster and grace,
Uplifting their censers of beauty,
Consider the lilies, a race
That toil not, nor spin not, that care not
For aught that is passing and brief
That bloom in the hour appointed,
The hour that bindeth the sheaf
Fair lilies that come with the harvest,
And rival the brave growing corn
In the strength of your delicate beauty,
That waft through the eve and the morn
A perfume so faint and so fitting,
May we not learn a lesson from you,
To be queenly and tranquil and tender,
As our little life weareth through?
—Toledo Blade.

THE DEMON WHEEL.

BY LUKE SHARP.

I am not sure that I ought to write about the demon bicycle, at least until my acquaintance, M. Rataplan, has had time to get back to Paris and patent his marvelous invention all over the world. Still he spoke in the most open way about this miracle, and did not seem to care who heard him, so perhaps he has protected his different contrivances as he went along, after the Edison manner, for it is well known that Thomas A. Edison cannot sleep at nights unless he has taken out at least sixteen new patents during the day.

I met M. Rataplan at a mountain resort five thousand feet above the sea in the Jura range, the most western part of Switzerland. I thought at first he was a war veteran, for his breast was covered with medals of all sorts, but a closer inspection showed that they were badges of various bicycle clubs in all parts of the world. He told me that he was a member of every cycle society in the world so far as he knew, although of course some of them might have escaped him.

"Are you a record breaker?" I asked.

"No, I am an inventor, although I think I did break the record across France."

"And you are here resting after your ride?" I ventured.

"Well, yes, in a measure. Actually I had no intention of coming to Switzerland, but I could not rightly help myself. It all came about through the greatest invention the world has ever seen. Talk about pneumatic tires! They're not in it compared with my invention."

"You talk English," I said, "with a colloquial fluency somewhat unusual in a Frenchman. Where did you learn the language?"

"Oh, I'm not a Frenchman. My name's Macguire and I'm from Philadelphia. I came to France and changed my name to Rataplan because I couldn't get a fair show in America."

"I thought the states was the best place in the world for an inventor."

"So it is, if you don't start from Philadelphia. You see, Philadelphia is a slow town. New York men speak of having their country residence there. Then Philadelphia has always been an unfortunate city for inventors. There's the Keely motor man. He is enough to Gomorrah any town. You see, I had no capital, and the moment I invented anything and tried to interest a man with money in it, he made fun of the thing as soon as he heard I was from Philadelphia—asked me if I was a friend of Keely's, and all that, till I got tired of it. Then other fellows got to hear of my inventions and patented them before me, and so I never got a chance. When I became M. Rataplan, of Paris, I got rich Americans over here to listen to me and I've made money. But this invention beats them all."

"Is it a secret?"

"You're not an inventor, are you?"

"In a way. I'm a newspaper man."

"Oh! that's all right. I like newspaper men. It doesn't matter my telling you, for if you did write it up, you'd get it all wrong, and nobody would understand it."

"Then let me hear about it."

"Do you know anything of electricity?"

"A little. I know you will burn your fingers if you don't let go a live wire mighty suddenly."

"Quite so. You have been accurately informed. Well, you know what a storage battery is?"

"Yes. It is like certain kinds of investments. You put in a sum of money and get out only part of it."

"Exactly. That's the ordinary storage battery of commerce. You get out only a fraction of the electricity you put in. Ever heard of the Macguire storage battery? No? I thought not. It's a small pocket battery—I won't enter into particulars—but by a certain interior arrangement of the plates, it actually increases the E. M. F. of the fluid put into it."

"And what does E. M. F. stand for?"

"Electro motor force. I see you don't understand even the rudiments of electricity. Now it struck me the Macguire storage battery might be applied to a bicycle. It worked beautifully—small and compact, you know—but it always ran out just when you were in some part of the country where you couldn't get it charged again. So I put my wits to work and invented a little portable dynamo which could be attached to the driving wheel of a bicycle and which would keep replenishing the storage battery. I thought that the force going down hill would run the dynamo enough to keep the battery reasonably full and so transmit the force to the bicycle when going up hill."

"And did it work?"

"Did it work? It did work, my boy, in a way that would have made your hair stand on end, and nearly ruined my constitution, but as soon as I have that invention under control I'll paralyze the world. I took my machine out of Paris for a trial spin before I had everything completed. I live in the southern part of Paris and so ran down toward Fontainebleau to try how it would go. I had the dynamo in one pocket—it is very small but powerful, as I told you—and the battery in the other. About twenty miles south of Paris I got off the machine with a smooth empty country road ahead of me, and attached dynamo and battery. But I forgot one thing, and that was that the Macguire storage battery increased the E. M. F. of the electricity passed into it. Well, I jumped on the bicycle and ran it down the road for a mile or so, listening to the dynamo purring beautifully; then I put my two feet on the front rests and let her spin. She spun to the queen's taste. We went along for about ten miles and I knew then the little battery ought to be giving out, but she didn't give out. The machine was running faster than ever. I reduced speed a bit with the brake and I have no doubt at that time I could have stopped the machine, but, as I tell you, I didn't realize the situation. As we went on and on I noticed the bicycle was going faster and faster. I became just a little scared, for I remembered I had no way of stopping except by the brake. I put that on hard, but it seemed to have no effect on the wheel. It began to smoke and finally snapped off. Then I was helpless."

"Couldn't you have kicked off the battery or the dynamo?"

"Have you ever ridden a bicycle?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, you know that if you are going down a steep hill on the keen jump, you have all you can do to sit there and steer the machine. That was the way with me. I was not going down hill, but along a smooth, level road at a greater rate of speed than any wheel ever went down any hill. I flashed through villages faster than a lightning express, ringing my bell like mad, but I'll bet you no one ever heard a sound till I was a mile away. Well, it struck me all at once just what the trouble was. The more that the little dynamo shoved electricity into that battery the more the battery increased the E. M. F. and the faster went the machine, and the faster the machine went the more electricity the dynamo produced."

"But, my dear Macguire, don't you see if that happened it would be perpetual motion?"

"That's it. You're not so dull after all. That's just the point, and there's where I'm going to paralyze the world. It isn't what this invention will do on a mere bicycle that's the great thing. That is a mere trifle compared with the vast possibilities of the discovery."

"But what did you do on the bike?"

"What did I do? There was only one thing to do. If I kept on I would run smack through Marseilles and go plump into the Mediterranean. If I ran the machine against a wall or building I would smash myself into a thousand pieces. I thought over the situation for about a hundred miles and then saw that my only chance was to make for the Alps. I knew by the rate we were going it wouldn't take long to reach there, and so breathing a prayer that people would keep to their own side of the road, I turned toward the east and made for Switzerland. I passed the Paris-Berne express near Dijon and left her as if she were standing still. I tell you I was a happy man when I saw the Jura mountains loom up ahead of me. I saw this hotel away up among the clouds and knew there must be a road up to it, so I pointed for the tall mountain. You see I couldn't stop and inquire the way; I was on a through express, and had quite enough of riding for one trip."

"And did the mountain stop the machine?"

"Well, not perceptibly for the first thousand feet. I was afraid I would have to go clear over Mt. Blanc. The second thousand feet she slowed quite noticeably; the third thousand feet still more. The fourth thousand feet I saw I could get off with safety, but I was so stiff with riding I could hardly move. At last, when nearing the top, I saw the brute actually wasn't going to stop, so I made an effort just at the summit and threw myself backward over the hind wheel, nearly breaking my neck. But I got off, thank goodness."

"And where is this wonderful bicycle now?"

"Heaven only knows; the Swiss government doesn't, for I've telegraphed them to find out. As I sat helpless on the summit, I saw the machine give a wobble or two and thought it was going to fall, but it didn't. It got on the down grade and went at a rate that seemed to be good for another ten thousand miles. I telegraphed all down the road from this hotel, asking the authorities to be on the lookout for it, but I've heard nothing from it since. I expect it took a dash off the road at one of the turns and is lying in the forest somewhere. Perhaps it has crossed the Gemmi and the Simplon and is in Italy by this time. Next machine I fit up you bet I'll put on a controlling gear."

"I think that would be an improvement."

"Yes. Well, now you see my object in telling you all this is to give you a chance of making your everlasting fortune. I left Paris, as I told you, in a hurry, not expecting to take a trip to Switzerland, and so brought no money. If you let me have fifty or a hundred pounds now I'll give you a quarter square in my invention. Remember Westinghouse offered a half share in his brake for five hundred dollars and the other fool didn't take it. He went mad afterwards."

"Who? Westinghouse?"

"No; the other fellow, because of the fortune he missed."

"You forget what I told you at the beginning."

"What was that?"

"I'm a newspaper man, and consequently have no money. But I'll give you a good notice."

And here it is.—Detroit Free Press.

—How often have I seen the most solid merit and knowledge neglected, unwelcome, and soon rejected, while flimsy parts, little knowledge, and little merit, introduced by the graces, have been received, cherished and admired.—Chesterfield.

WAR ON THE WEEVIL.

The Government to Proceed Against the Insect Pests.

The pernicious weevils are making themselves so obnoxious in this country that experts of the department of agriculture are now engaged in making a special study of them. Every year they destroy many millions of dollars' worth of stored cereals in granaries and elevators. In fact, the question how to fight them is one of serious and growing economic importance. Strange to say, very little scientific attention has been directed to these insects up to date, and not much is known about them. It is reckoned that they cause an annual loss of over one million dollars in Texas alone, and in 1893 the corn crop of Alabama was damaged by them to the extent of one million six hundred and seventy thousand dollars.

There are about forty species of these insects, some of which are beetles and others moths. Nearly all of them are assisted immigrants, having been imported from abroad in cargoes of grain. In this manner they have been distributed by commerce to all parts of the world.

Three of the species actually live in the kernels, while the others feed on the starchy contents. Grain infested by them is unfit for human consumption and has been known to cause serious illness. It is poisonous to horses and is not wholesome even for swine. Poultry, however, find it palatable and nutritious. The moths especially are so prolific that the progeny of a single pair in a twelvemonth will number many thousands, capable of destroying several tons of grain. Fortunately, the increase of these pests is checked to some extent by natural enemies, among which are spiders that inhabit mills and granaries. In the fields they are preyed upon by birds and bats.

One of the worst of these insects is the familiar "granary weevil," which is mentioned in the Georgics of Virgil. Its ravages made it known long before the Christian era. It is native to the region of the Mediterranean. Having been domesticated for so long a time, it has lost the use of its wings. The female punctures the kernel with her snout and inserts an egg from which is hatched a little worm that lives in the hull and feeds on the starchy interior.

Quite as bad as this beetle is a moth that comes from the Mediterranean region also. The larva, which is known in the United States as the "fly weevil," does most injury to corn and wheat. In six months grain infested by it loses forty per cent. in weight and seventy-five per cent. of its starchy matter. Incidentally, it is rendered totally unfit for food, and bread made from wheat infested by the insect is said to have caused an epidemic recently in France. The pest was noticed in North Carolina as early as 1728.

Another wicked imported bug is the "rice weevel." It originated in India, whence it has been distributed by commerce all over the world. At present it does as much harm as any other known insect, being a serious pest in the southern states. In the tropics generally it does enormous damage. Formerly, when long voyages were necessary in importing grain from the east, it frequently destroyed whole cargoes, having plenty of time to multiply. The adult beetles of this species cause much trouble in storehouses and groceries by invading boxes of crackers, cakes, yeast cakes and macaroni and barrels and bins of flour and meal. They can subsist for months on sugar, and sometimes they burrow into ripening peaches and grapes.

A new grain-destroyer has recently attracted attention in this country, and has earned for itself the title of "scourge of the flour mill." It is the "Mediterranean flour moth." The caterpillar spins webs which make the flour cotted and lumpy, so that the machinery in the mills becomes clogged and has to be stopped for a considerable time. The larvae prefer flour or meal, but they flourish also on bran, prepared cereal foods and crackers.

This subject is considered of such importance that much space will be devoted to it in the forthcoming Year Book of the department of agriculture. The remarks made therein are based upon recent study of weevils and their habits by Mr. F. H. Chittenden, of the bureau of entomology. Farmers are informed that the best remedy for such mischief is bisulphide of carbon, which may be applied in moderately tight bins by simply pouring the liquid into shallow pans or on bits of cotton waste and distributing them about on the surface of the grain.

The stuff rapidly evaporates, and the vapor, being heavier than air, descends and permeates the mass of grain, killing all insects as well as rats and mice which it may contain.—N. Y. World.

He Stacked.

A traveling man just home from a far western trip has brought with him something new in linguistic novelties. "I was eating dinner in a restaurant way out west," he said, "and as I finished the bustling waiter girl scorched up to me and asked in a fast express sort of tone: 'Do you want any dessert?' 'Yes, I will take some,' I answered. 'Well, then, stack!' she demanded, in an impressive tone. 'Stack!' I repeated, thinking it was something new to eat, 'what's that?' 'Why, pile your dinner dishes up,' she impatiently explained. So I 'stacked' all the little dishes on my plate and she scorched off with them and brought me three kinds of pie, two kinds of pudding and some frozen custard."—Louisville Courier Journal.

A Dreadful Threat.

Lady—I've got nothing for you.

Tramp—You haven't, eh? Well, you'll be sorry for this. If you don't give me something to eat I'll recommend you to all of my friends between here and the Gulf of Mexico.—Texas Siftings.

THE NEW CONTINENT.

Herr Borchgrevinck's Interesting Adventures in the Antarctic Regions.

Herr Borchgrevinck, the Norwegian explorer, who recently read before the Geographical congress a paper describing his voyage toward the south pole in an Australian whaler, the Antarctic, shipped as a common sailor before the mast and devoted all his spare time to the collection of data relating to the fauna and flora of the south pole region.

The whaler left Melbourne on September 20, 1894. Icebergs from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet high were encountered south of Campbell island, although the temperature of the water was only 54 degrees Fahrenheit. An immense barrier of icebergs was sighted on November 7, extending sixty miles from the east to the southwest, and the ship was obliged to alter her course to escape it. Pack ice was found in latitude 68 degrees 45 minutes south and longitude 171 degrees 30 minutes east. "Blue" whales were found here in great abundance, and petrels and penguins were so numerous that many were easily knocked over. A curious seal, with an abnormally thick neck and no ears, was shot in this region.

On December 31 the sun shone brightly at midnight, and the Antarctic saluted the new year with her guns by its light. Thirty-eight days were spent in forcing their way through the pack ice. They emerged into a clear, open sea, and sighted Cape Adair in Victoria Land on January 16. This cape is of basaltic rock and rises to a height of four thousand feet above the sea. Some of the peaks of Victoria Land seen from the cape are twelve thousand feet high. Traces of a recently active volcano were discovered, and a cape, not on the charts, was found. This was named Cape Oscar, in honor of the king of Norway and Sweden.

The party afterward landed on Cape Adair, and were the first human beings who ever set foot on that shore. There are a natural breakwater and a fine bay at this point. Some signs of vegetation were discovered. One remarkable feature of this trip was that at no time did the temperature fall below 25 degrees, and that on one occasion it rose as high as 40. There were unmistakable indications of an extensive northerly warm current. The weather was calm and beautiful when the barometer registered as low as 28.

Herr Borchgrevinck asserted that a ship could safely spend the winter at Cape Adair, and recommended that this point be made the base of operations of the next exploring party. He added that he would willingly lead an expedition which should spend the winter months there, and that such a party with dogs and sledges could easily reach the south magnetic pole, one hundred and sixty miles away.

He thought that a scientific expedition would achieve great success from the point of view of territorial magnetism alone. This great antarctic continent, the explorer said, probably covered an area of eight million miles, or twice that of Europe.

The investigations of Herr Borchgrevinck open a wide field for investigation and for equally entertaining speculation.

For instance, seals were found whose hides showed marks of struggles with animals having teeth and talons far different from their own. What sort of creature this is can only be guessed, and even that not very clearly.

Creatures long supposed to be extinct have been found alive and quite at home in unfrequented corners of the earth, and it does not seem improbable that some important discoveries in this direction will soon be made. All evidence to the contrary is purely negative.—N. Y. Sun.

Polite Burglars.

It is said that even the most gentlemanly of our burglars have much to learn from Japan in the way of politeness, if one may judge by a description of the manners of robbers in that country. Three men broke into a dyer's house while he was away, and one of them gently asked the wife how much money there was in the place. She answered that there was just a little in the house. The robber laughed and said: "You are a good old woman, and we believe you. If you were poor, we would not rob you at all. Now, we only want some money and this," placing his hand on a fine silk dress. The old woman replied: "All my husband's money I can give to you, but I beg you will not take that, for it does not belong to my husband, and was confided to us only for dyeing. What is ours I can give, but I cannot give what belongs to another." "That is quite right," approved the robber, and he immediately withdrew with his confederates.—Tit-Bits.

The Puppy Fainted Away.

"Speaking of dogs," said Superintendent John Horne, of the Mount Washington railway, "did you ever see a dog faint away?" No one said. "Well, I have," said the veteran railroad official, and he proceeded to tell of a very young pup which was taken from its mother and remained at the signal station on Mount Washington all winter, several years ago. When taken down the mountain in the spring he met another dog, who undertook to make his acquaintance. "You will observe," said Mr. Horne, "the young fellow didn't remember ever having seen a dog, and doubtless thought the one before him was the only other dog in the world; so he keeled over in a dead faint."—Among the Clouds.

—San Francisco declares that it will soon have the largest store in the world. A big department store, to be called the Emporium, is now being built there which will cover 6,000 feet more space than the noted Bon Marche in Paris. It is to contain, besides the multitudinous departments found in the big stores of most big cities, a cycling school, a barber shop, a bank and a candy factory.

HAS A DUCK'S INSTINCT.

Mysterious Escapes of a Noted Criminal from Prison Walls.

The retired detective said: "One of the hardest chaps to run down I ever came across was one I had something to do with when I was on the London police force, many years ago. He was an all-round thief, ready and willing to crib anything he could get his hands on, from a house and lot to a hot stove, and he never let anybody get their hands on him if he could help it, and he always did while I was on the force. For the five years I was working along the dock district the fellow kept at his work, and we couldn't catch him. One night he cracked a safe and got away with one thousand dollars or more, and a reward was offered for him. This put us all on our mettle, and I was keen to make a reputation, and had everything and everybody spotted.

"Not a hair of him, though, showed for as much as three months, and then one night I flushed him and gave chase. He went for the dock, and I was sure I had him, for there was only one way to get out of that, and that was by the water, and in this particular place he couldn't sneak under the flooring, but had to take to the open water. I wasn't ten yards behind him as he went out the dock on a run, and I saw him go over and heard the splash. It couldn't have been a second till I was in sight of all the water where he went in, but when I got there there wasn't any sign of my man, and the whole place was well lighted with lamps. I made a thorough search, going all around under the docks beyond, the only place where he could get under, but there wasn't any man there. I was sure then that he had been drowned, and we dragged the place, but could find nothing in the shape of a man, though we did fish out a dead woman, who had evidently been in the water for a month. His body had floated off, that was all there was to it, and we congratulated ourselves on getting rid of him, even if we had lost the reward. However, six weeks later, a detective 'detected' him one night on a boat on the Thames, and just as he was going to take him in he went overboard and disappeared in the dark waters of the river. Every effort was made to find him again, but without success, and this time we were sure he had been drowned.

"For a year afterward nothing was seen of him, and then we heard of him in Liverpool, and one of the Scotland Yarders went there to take him, if possible. He spotted him, as usual, down about the docks, where he seemed to be careless, and again he took to the water and escaped. By this time we felt that he wasn't born to be drowned and that he would turn up again. He did, several times, and each time he got away. At last, about five years after I had been in America, I received a letter from a friend of mine at Scotland Yard to the effect that the 'water dog,' as we called him, had been captured by an accident. He had been seen near the docks by a roundsman and chased, and as he went toward the water across the dock he tripped and fell, striking his head on a stanchion and falling into the water in an unconscious condition. He was fished out and resuscitated, but before they brought him around they discovered his amphibiousness, so to speak. Fastened around his neck was a rubber tube, ten feet or so long, with a mouthpiece ready handy at one end, and the other end fastened into a small cork float, so that when he went into the water he stayed there, either swimming away or holding to a dock pile, but never coming to the surface for air, as he got all he wanted through the tube, with its open end in the float, which wouldn't be noticed one time in a thousand in the dark in such nasty water as is about the docks. Of course they would have got onto him after awhile, but the accidental falling saved time and explained a mystery, which he no doubt guarded sacredly, even from men of his class, for I know none of the thieves we ever caught could give him away."—Washington Star.

Some Novel Races.

A London newspaper some years ago contained an account of a strange sort of contest which two noblemen once got up for their own amusement. It consisted of matching a flock of turkeys and a flock of geese for a race on the London and Norwich road, in the middle of the last century. The turkeys would insist upon flying into the roadside trees to rest; while the geese, keeping up a steady waddle all night, reached London from Norwich two days ahead. The same journal also mentions the feats of Hon. Tom Coventry's sprinting pig. In 1803 this speedy animal was matched against a celebrated runner, and started a strong favorite on the day of the race, which she won with ease. The pig had been trained to run the distance each day for its dinner. Another strange contest of this time took place between two sporting noblemen, who raced against each other on a windy day on Hampstead Heath, one running backwards in jackboots, and the other holding up an open umbrella, and running forwards.—Harper's Round Table.

A Recommendation.

Among other applicants for a clerkship was an Irishman, who insisted on a testimonial from Lord B—— being read. It ran as follows, as well as I can remember the words: "I have known Mr. So-and-So for some years, and have always found him to fail in the discharge of any duty which he professed himself ready to attempt."—Fifty Years, by Rev. H. Jones.

Very Much of a Patriot.

In Spain exemption from military service may be obtained by the payment of fifteen hundred pesetas. The other day a worthy man presented a petition to the queen regent stating that he had already paid fifteen thousand pesetas for ten of his sons, and requested that he might be excused from paying for the other fourteen, as he had no money left. His request was granted.—La Monarquia.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Hush, there are visitors in the drawing-room." "How do you know?" "Listen, papa is saying 'My dear' to mamma."—Judy.

—He (stealing one)—"I seal my love with a kiss." She (suiting the action to the word)—"And I seal mine with whacks."—Boston Transcript.

—"Jones has a good deal of money, hasn't he?" "Well, he ought to have." "How is that?" "He never pays any out!"—Boston Transcript.

—Too Suggestive.—"We don't buy our meat at Dicker's any more." "Why not?" "He has a horseshoe nailed over his stall."—Detroit Free Press.

—Weary Watkins—"The doctors say we ought to eat more cereal food." Hungry Higgins—"They is too much of the serial business about our style of eatin' already."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"What principles are you going to advocate in the next town?" asked the campaigner's private secretary. "I dunno. You get the next train there, and find out what their views are."—Washington Star.

—Punster (to ballet dancer)—"You people are almost always old." Ballet Dancer—"Yes, and you can take the word 'almost' out of the jokes that you people try to make about us."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

—Lady—"You know, I wish my portrait to be a total surprise to my husband." Artist—"Yes, madam, I understand." Lady—"And you will try not to have too strong a likeness, as I would not like him to recognize it at first glance."—Tit-Bits.

—"There is only one thing," she said to her dearest girl friend, "that makes me doubt Herbert's affection for me." "What is that?" "He thinks that some of the snap-shot photographs he has taken of me are good likenesses."—Washington Star.

—Watts—"Do you think it does any good to belong to so many lodges?" Potts—"Well, when I went over to Europe, I used to add the initials of all of them to my name when I registered at the hotel, and got all sorts of deference from the clerks and waiters."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Your son has a high fever," said the doctor to old Uncle Silas. "Here's a prescription. Give him this until he has a profuse perspiration—" "He needn't take no drug stuff for that," said Uncle Silas. "I'll make him sweat, if you'll give him strength to go haymakin' with me."—Harper's Bazar.

—"I want to get out at Fletcher street," said a small boy to a street car conductor the other night. "What do you say?" asked the conductor, not understanding what he said. "Please," responded the youngster, flushing slightly.—Lowell Citizen.

—He—"Miss Kitty, I've heard it said that a kiss without a mustache is like an egg without salt. Is that so?" She—"Really, Mr. Smoothface, I don't know. I can't tell, for in all my life I never—" He—"Now, now, Miss Kitty!" She—"Ate an egg without salt!"—Comic Cuts.

EAT TOO MUCH MEAT.

Americans Too Prone to the Consumption of Flesh and Fowl.

"We eat altogether too much meat, anyway," said Dr. Cyrus Edison, the health commissioner. "I venture to say that most of the ills we are heir to come from habitual eating of too much beef. If the present era of high prices of beef will only compel people to choose other foods, such as fish or a greater variety of vegetables, the 'beef combine,' as it is called, will have been the unconscious instrument of doing a vast amount of good.

"Fish is much better food for city people than flesh raised on land. It does not contain as great a proportion of those stimulative nutrients that do so much to produce nervousness, indigestion, constipation and the host of attendant disorders to the human body for which the medical profession is so continually called upon to prescribe. Wage-workers who earn their living by physical exertion—farm laborers, shovelers, ditch diggers, etc.—require solid foods, such as beef and pork, but men and women who take little exercise, whose employment is sedentary, calling for no continued physical strain, fish is eminently more satisfactory as a regular diet. Fish is the coming food. Long after our land has become denuded of those properties that nourish animal life in the field, the waters of the deep will be teeming with fish.

"The scientific culture of carp has shown conclusively that one acre of water will produce more edible and wholesome flesh than three acres of land, and some of these days we will awaken to the importance of preserving our land-sustained animals by the systematic and methodical cultivation of our fish.

"As to the quantity of meat that a man really needs people seem to be ignorant. The United States government allows the soldiers but three-quarters of a pound of meat a day. How many New Yorkers, do you suppose, get along with so small a ration of meat? The government, through its physicians, has learned that soldiers, even on the march, do better on that seemingly small allowance than if they were permitted to gorge themselves indiscriminately on the flesh of steers and sheep. New York city allows for its hospital patients but one pound of meat a day, and that pound is untrimmed. When cooked and ready to be eaten that pound represents really less than the army ration for able-bodied men. The average energetic well-fed New Yorker consumes from one and a half to three pounds of meat every day that he is able to eat. It is altogether too much. No wonder that nature rebels frequently and insists that the man live on gruel for whole days at a time. That is nature's own recourse. That's when a man is sick—when he can't eat meat."—N. Y. Press.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE WISE LITTLE SCHOLAR.

The wisest of my scholars is a gentle little maiden,
Who looks at life and learning with a pair of soft blue eyes;
She has an answer ready, with a deal of logic laden,
And solves all knotty questions and problems as they rise.

We were learning in geography of surface elevations—
"Can you tell me what relief maps are?" I asked the little class.
I expected only hanging heads and verbal hesitations;
But my wisest little scholar couldn't let a question pass.

"If you please, sir," said she, joyously—with pride her cheeks were burning,
To think that she could answer when the others couldn't do it—
"A relief map is a map you've been a awful time a-learning,
And you're awful tired of it, and you're so glad to get th'oo it."
—Louisa H. Bruce, in N. Y. Independent.

THE PECULIAR TURK.

What He Does When a Fire Breaks Out in His Neighborhood.

American boys and girls accustomed to the dash of fire horses through the streets, and the reaching of the burning house or shop in five or ten minutes, only a fair performance of our fire departments, will laugh to hear how the slow-going Turk manages the matter.

In Turkey's most important city, Constantinople, there are no electric fire signals to be rung at almost any street corner, but the fires are watched for from several fire towers that are built in various portions of the city. The one shown in the accompanying picture is in the old part of Constantinople, just inside the gate of Soulamanie, and is a historic one, for it is built on the site of the forum of Constantine the Great, from whose name, as many of you probably know, this beautiful city of the Bosporus is named. Toward the top of this tall, graceful tower a rod or pole projects on each side; these are for the fire signals. On the top of the tower stands, day and night, a watchman, who looks all about on every side for the first sign of a fire. If he sees a suspicious smoke anywhere he at once hangs out on the rods a sort of ball-shaped basket or lantern,

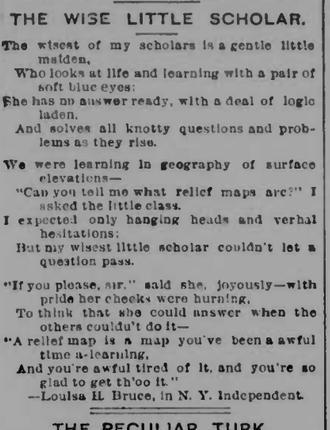

TURKISH FIRE TOWER.

as it is called, one for each district, up to the one where the fire seems to be. The city was built on seven hills, and each hill is a district, so if the fire is in the third district three balls will hang on each side, that all may know where to run for the fire.

The street watchman, whose duty it is to keep his eye often on the tower, soon sees the signal, and if it is in his district he starts on a run to warn the firemen. He has a club, and as he runs he beats on the pavement with it, and cries at the top of his voice: "Yanghin var! Yanghin var!" "There is fire! There is fire!" The first to hear the noise and din are the dogs of the city, and the dogs of Constantinople ought to have a story all by themselves, for they are very prominent. There are ten thousand of them, and the visitors say that it seems as if every dog in the city turned out for every fire. It is certain that almost at once the watchman has a great crowd of dogs yelping and barking at his heels, and this commotion soon arouses the firemen. These are volunteers, not a regular company of trained men as we have, and part of them run to where an old-fashioned hand engine is kept, and get it out and start for the fire with it, and another set of men grab their leather water bags, which they sling over their shoulders as they run, and go to the nearest public fountain to fill them with water. Then they, too, rush to the fire, the engine pipes are attached to the bags, the men begin to pump, and at last, when the fire has had a good half hour's start, some small streams of water are played on it, without, however, as you may guess, very much effect.

At night a colored light is used on the towers, its color showing the district where the fire is. As the districts are large and the firemen have no idea in what part of the district the fire may be, they sometimes race over the most of it, with dogs and people following, before they find the blaze; by that time, perhaps, a good part of the water has leaked out of the bags, which are kept in use when they are old and worn, and little good can be done. It is because their means of fighting fire are so slight and imperfect that the city is often visited by most serious fires, and this is why, too, the most dreadful sound in the streets, particularly at night, is the shrill "Yanghin var!" of the watchman. Many of the wealthier citizens keep on hand large heavy curtains, almost as thick as the Turkish rugs, and of great size, which they hang in front of their houses when a fire is near and seems threatening. This curtain is called kuzkeelim.—N. Y. Times.

Proof Positive.

Lady Customer—Are you sure this is real Ceylon tea?

Well-Informed Young Salesman—Certainly, madam, Mr. Ceylon's name is on every package.—Judge.

TOMBSTONE RHYMES.

Remarkable Samples Discovered in New England Cemeteries.

It is common to say that makers of gravestones have little regard for the truth; "monumental liars," they are sometimes called. But though the good side of the departed is generally—and properly—emphasized, there are many instances in which a spirit of frankness seems to have possessed the village poets, whose services are so much in demand on mortuary occasions.

In a Vermont cemetery, according to an exchange, one may read the following epitaph, which certainly does not err on the side of flattery:

Here lies in silent clay
Miss Arabella Young,
Who, on the 21st of May,
Began to hold her tongue.

And here is a quatrain, never before in print, of a curiously similar import:

Here lies the body of Hannah Thurber,
Once she talked, and none could curb her;
Three husbands had she, all are dead,
They died of earache, so 'tis said.

In the same rural cemetery where this last outspoken epitaph is found, visitors sometimes pause to smile at the ingenuous grief of a widower whose change of mood in the concluding couplet was perhaps quite unintentional:

In memory of Susan Glover,
My wife most true and kind;
Though I should marry ten times over,
Her like I shall not find.

Grammatical correctness is perhaps too much to ask of the unprofessional muse. Meter and rhyme are hard taskmasters, and while a man is intent upon minding them, he is almost to be pardoned for using a little too much of that very convenient article known as poetic license. In a case like the following we may praise the smoothness of the verse rather than laugh at the ruggedness of the grammatical construction:

Pause, good friend, and drop a tear,
The body of John Pratt is here.
Think of the day when you will be
Under the sod as deep as me.

The amateur poet is troubled not only by the trammels of meter and rhyme, but by the narrow space in which he is obliged to work. It is impossible to say everything in four lines, and, as a consequence, much must be left to the understanding of the reader. So it was, no doubt, with the author of the following:

Beneath this stone lies William Bett,
In the river he was drowned:
A squall came up, his boat upset,
His body was never found.

THE GOOSE BARNACLE.

One of the Most Interesting Members of the Shellfish Family.

The goose barnacle does not attach itself to an object rigidly by its shell, like the common barnacle, but by a disk, at the base of a stem or a neck, and it is from this stem or neck that it gets the name of goose barnacle. With a glue or secretion of its own it attaches itself so tightly that it is difficult to scrape it off; but the neck is flexible. The body of the goose barnacle, when its hand or feeder is within its shell and out of sight, looks something like a soft-shelled clam; and it is, in fact, sometimes called the clam barnacle. The goose barnacle is not unusual in the waters around New York.

In its earliest existence the goose barnacle, like other barnacles, is a free swimmer, but it very soon attaches itself, and thereafter it remains fast. It may hitch on to a spile in a tideway or to some other fixed object, but it is generally found moored to a floating object, a piece of wood, a plank, or the side of a vessel; fastened to a moving object it is more likely to get sufficient sustenance.

The barnacle lives upon animalculæ. It fishes for its food with a feeder,

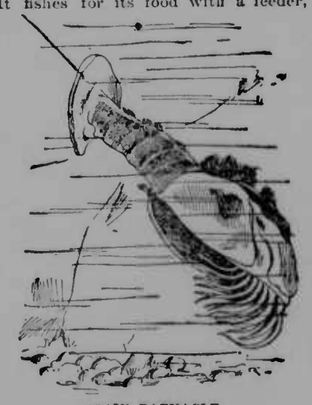

GOOSE BARNACLE.

which it throws out from its shell and uses something like a hand or a net. The feeder is made up of many slender little fingers, with delicate feathery lateral projections, through which the water passes easily, but which retain the animalculæ. The barnacle throws this feeder out from its shell and sweeps it through the water and over into its shell again with whatever it can collect. It repeats this until it is no longer hungry.

The barnacle here pictured was until recently at the New York aquarium at Castle Garden. It was taken from the back of a loggerhead turtle captured in the bay. The goose barnacle is delicate in captivity, and this one proved no exception to the rule. In color its shell was not unlike that of a clam. The growth seen on the side and back of the shell and on the neck of the barnacle is a fine, brown, mossy, marine vegetation often seen on such barnacles. There were also on the shell of this barnacle three or four minute barnacles of the ordinary kind, extremely small, each perhaps not more than an eighth of an inch across, and yet each provided with one of those wonderful hands or nets wherewith to supply itself with food.—N. Y. Sun.

How Papa Was Pinned Down.

"Papa, I've got some mending for you to do. My roller-skates are broken."

"Well, put them away till morning. It's too late to mend anything now."

"Why! you said this morning that it was never too late to mend."—Harper's Round Table

FARM AND GARDEN.

THE CROP MOVEMENT.

Good Roads Would Distribute It Equally Throughout the Year.

With the approach of another crop-handling season and the heavy movement of tonnage incident to the large prospective yield, comes anew the subject of good roads as an auxiliary to a more equal distribution of movement throughout the year, says the Railway Review. Under present conditions producers and carriers alike suffer from the congestion which is necessitated at certain seasons of the year by the demands of farm work on the one hand and the impassable roads on the other. Farmers, perhaps more than any other industrial class, have their hours of labor regulated by the weather. During rains or immediately thereafter—providing the rains be long continued—it is practically impossible for them to work. The fields are in no condition for cultivation and the roads are, in a majority of cases, impassable, so that in the course of the year the farmer is subjected to many hours of enforced idleness. The common carrier is also similarly affected principally, however, as a result of the effect of the wet weather on the farmer rather than upon himself. During the period of dry weather, when crop work is imperative, and roads are good, agricultural products are rushed to the initial markets with the utmost dispatch, filling the warehouses and creating a demand for cars that cannot readily be supplied, if at all. It is no uncommon sight to see at many of the western shipping points numerous wagon loads of grain standing all day and oftentimes at night, because of the lack of transportation facilities to carry off the accumulation with which the various warehouses are already filled. Indeed, instances have been known where wagons were thus obliged to wait three or four days before they could be unloaded. The remedy for much of this congestion is to be found in the construction of good roads of such a character as not to be easily affected by the weather. Some railroad companies, appreciating the value of such construction, have offered to haul the necessary material from the quarries or other sources of supply, to the various distributing points at extremely low rates, and in some cases without charged. It is probable that the adoption of a rule of free carriage within reasonable limits by all roads would prove a profitable undertaking. The advantage of a regularly distributed delivery throughout the year would largely offset the extra expense incurred by such a regulation. If to the free transportation of material could be added the employment of criminals upon the roads, instead of using them in competition with the artisans outside of our penitentiaries, an additional benefit would result. It is, of course, admitted that the adoption of this plan would increase the expense of the maintenance of the various institutions of correction and punishment throughout the United States, but that would cheerfully be met by the property owners, in view of the larger advantages growing out of road improvement. It would also do away with the competition between criminal and other labor, a competition that is now in some quarters severely felt and bitterly assailed.

This question is one which should be generally taken up by the local papers of each community. It is believed that railway managers are sufficiently advised of the advantage of such a movement to willingly cooperate with the local authorities wherever any well-directed effort is made. The work will necessarily make slow progress, and it therefore cannot be too early commenced.

CHEAP GREENHOUSE.

Any Person Handy with Tools Can Put Up One Without Trouble.

There seems to be a great demand for a cheap greenhouse. Many people who raise plants for home use, or sale on a limited scale, would like to have a plant-house of some kind, but fear the expense. The little greenhouse at Woodbanks gives entire satisfaction, but it is by no means as cheaply constructed as it might be. For people who cannot do better, and must avoid every expense possible, especially also that involved by the plan of hot water heating, I think I can recommend the house here illustrated (cut made after an illustration appearing in Canadian Horticulturist.) Any person handy with tools could put up the frame work. The material is almost wholly scantling, 2 by 4 inches, and cheap boards. The building should be double-boarded, with paper between the two walls. Ordinary hot-bed sash can serve for the roof, and the side windows may also be bought ready made in any sash and blind factory. The heating may be done by a simple flue, the fire-place (for coal or wood), being in the northwest corner, and the chimney in the east end. Our Canadian friend, who furnished the idea, uses a house of this kind as a sleeping-room at night, and a sitting and working room by day. The posts or studding along the front side are 2 by 4 inches, 6 feet high, and set just far enough apart to allow the windows to come between, so no window casings are used. The house is 10 feet wide, and heated with a 2½ foot box stove that takes in very coarse wood. The stove pipe runs along the back or north side of the building, behind the staging that is under the roof windows.—American Gardening.

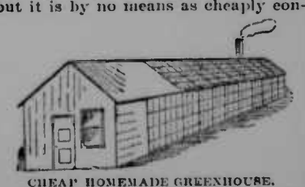

CHEAP HOMEMADE GREENHOUSE.

PASTEURIZING MILK.

Directions for Performing This Important Operation at Home.

The following directions for performing this operation at home are issued by the Wisconsin Experiment station:

It is possible to carry out the operation with very simple arrangements. In fact, it can be thoroughly and efficiently done by the addition of an ordinary thermometer to the common utensils found in every kitchen.

For the benefit of those who may desire to pasteurize milk, either for general or infant use, the following simple suggestions are offered:

1. Use only fresh milk (not more than twelve hours old) for this purpose.

2. Place milk in clean bottles or fruit cans, filling to a uniform level. (If

A covered tin pail will serve as a receptacle for bottles and water. A shallow bench on which to set the bottles to keep them from "bumping" may be made from a tin plate punched full of holes. An inverted bowl or block will serve to equalize level of milk in different sized bottles where such are used. Cover is removed when temperature of water is taken.

pints and quart cans are used at the same time, an inverted dish or piece of wood will equalize the level.) Set these in a flat bottomed tin pail and fill with warm water to same level as milk. An inverted pie tin punched with holes will serve as a stand on which to place the bottles during the heating process.

3. Heat water in pail until the temperature reaches one hundred and sixty degrees Fahrenheit; then remove from source of direct heat, cover with a cloth of tin cover, and allow the whole to stand for half an hour.

4. Remove bottles of milk and cool them as rapidly as possible without danger to bottles, and there in a refrigerator.

There are several devices that have been suggested for this purpose, but this simple method is quite as efficient as any other. Milk treated in this way ought to keep perfectly sweet for several days.

THE HEAVIEST TAX.

Farmers Pay Millions Every Year Which Could Easily Be Saved.

The roads of the country, says Farm News, are a disgrace besides being the most costly of all our public works.

If we could have good roads it would add more to the value of farm property than all the other public improvements put together ever have. It would reduce the cost of getting our crops to market one half, and, in the saving of feed that is now fed to idle horses, it would amount to a sum that staggers the imagination.

Every day that a team remains idle it is something for which no return will ever be received. If we had good roads the teams could be used on the farm when the ground was in condition and the crops could be hauled to market at such times farm work could not be prosecuted.

With good roads larger loads could be hauled and time saved in this way. It has been computed that the average cost of getting crops from the farm to the railroad station is greater than putting it from the railroad station to the sea-board, and if we count the cost of ordinary wages we will see that this is not far wrong.

The subject of improving the roads of the various states is being agitated now, and the Good Roads league is scattering information on the subject, and it is to be hoped that the people of the country will awaken to the importance of the matter before long and attend to it promptly.

FRESH DAIRY NOTES.

The severe drought has stopped the operation of creameries in many parts of the country.

We have noticed more reports of poisoning from cheese this year than ever before. This is possibly because the people are learning to distinguish the symptoms of this sort of poison better than formerly.

It is important in the dry season that the cows have a plentiful supply of fresh pure water. If they have plenty of this they will do much better on the dry grass than they will if the water furnished them is impure and stagnant.

The Michigan State Dairy association will hold a series of dairy institutes at the county fairs of that state this fall, which will doubtless be of great benefit to those who attend and attract interest to this industry. The idea might be carried out in other states with profit.—Farm News.

The Ethical Side of Dairying.

No other agricultural line can be compared to dairying. Hog raising premeditates cold-blooded murder. Bee keeping is systematic robbery. Beef raising is cold, heartless desertion of the animals which had fed from the hand they had learned to trust, and horse raising, in speed lines, caters to the dishonest greed of gain which hopes to profit by others' losses. The boy who has been reared on the dairy farm will not go far wrong.—Farmer's Voice.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

"You ask me to marry you, George?" she said, slowly. "Do you know that I am rich?" "Yes." "In my own right?" "Yes." "And that you will have to come to me for money?" "Yes." "Even for a cab fare?" "Yes." "And that you will have to walk in pleasant weather?" "Yes." "And you are willing to marry me and take the chances?" "Yes." "Then I am yours, George, and I hope you may be happy."—Household Words.

THERE is this difference between happiness and wisdom, that he who thinks himself the happiest man, really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest is generally the greatest fool.—Colton.

MORE EARLY HISTORY.—"Yes, I see you're a new woman, Eve," said Adam, "but I'll take the risk. You haven't any past."—Chicago Tribune.

THERE is nothing that a man can less afford to leave at home than his conscience or his good habits.—Packe.

BEECHAM'S PILLS for constipation 10c and 25c. Get the book (free) at your druggist's and go by it. Annual sales 6,000,000 boxes.

HOW TO tie a knot—It shouldn't be hard for a maiden to tie a knot with the young man whom she can twist round her finger.—Household.

WE have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—LIZZIE FERREL, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, '94.

A BEGGAR'S rags may cover as much pride as an alderman's gown.—Spurgeon.

THE quarter of an hour before dinner is the worst suitors can choose.—Zimmerman.

SKIPPED.—"Where is your French cook, Mrs. Toneall?" "She has taken French leave."—Detroit Free Press.

"PAW," inquired Tommy Tucker, "when it was young did they call it Boyhattan Island?"—Chicago Tribune.

HE—"I'd kiss you if I dared." She—"What! you don't think I'd strike a man, do you?"—Albany Freeman.

FORESIGHT.—'Arry—"Let's take a baout, Chorley." Chorley—"Not me! Not just after a dinner costin' me two shillin's."—Fun.

JESS—"They say Heaven lies about us in our infancy." Jack—"Possibly; anyway, the world does when we grow up."—N. Y. Herald.

MEN are never so easily deceived as while they are endeavoring to deceive others.—Rochefoucauld.

NATURAL SEQUENCE.—"I see she was married in a bloomer suit. What next?" "A divorce suit, probably."—Detroit Free Press.

I NEVER listen to calumnies, because, if they are untrue, I run the risk of being deceived; and, if they are true, of hating persons not worth thinking about.—Montesquieu.

LET'S take the instant by the forward top; for we are old, and on our quickest decrees the inaudible and noiseless foot of time steals ere we can effect them.—Shakespeare.

HE is a great simpleton who imagines that the chief power of wealth is to supply wants. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it creates more wants than it supplies.—Auon.

Kate Field in Denver.

DENVER, Sept. 10.—My journey from Chicago was over the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, one of the best managed systems in the country, I should say judging by the civility of the employes, the comfort I experienced, the excellence of its roadbed, and the punctuality of arrival. I actually reached Denver ahead of time. The Burlington Route is also the best to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Omaha and Kansas City.

WOULD you kill the weeds in your garden, plant it with good seed; if the ground be well occupied there will be less need of the hoe.—A. Fuller.

Like a Venomous Serpent

Hidden in the grass, malaria lies in wait to approach, to spring at and fasten its fangs upon us. There is, however, a certain antidote to its venom which renders it powerless for evil. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is this acknowledged and world-famed specific, and it is, besides this, a thorough curative for rheumatism, dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, la grippe and nervousness. In convalescence and age it is very serviceable.

THE statistician is not given to figurative expression, notwithstanding he is given to expressing himself in figures.—Young Men's Era.

HARVEY'S Scalp Food *makes* hair grow. 50c. What cleans the blood? PURITICO. $1.00. *Free Advice.* HARVEY MEDICAL CO., Cincinnati, O.

GOOD PLAN.—"What did your tailor charge you for that suit?" "Nothing." "What! How did that happen?" "He didn't charge it. I paid him for it."—Detroit Free Press.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

EVERY great writer is a writer of history, let him treat on what subject he may.—Landor.

Mother Goose

IN NEW CLOTHES.

A lively little child's book containing ten beautiful lithographic color plates, ten black and white drawings and lots of snappy jingles,

Sent Free

to any mother who will forward a two cent stamp and her name and address to

RICHARDSON & DELONG BROS., Philadelphia.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

A. N. K.—C 1574

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

KNOCK THE SPOTS OUT. Use A sore spot, green, black, or blue, is a **BRUISE** ST. JACOBS OIL and watch the color fade, the soreness disappear. IT IS MAGICAL.

POPULAR NOVELS.

ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI

packages contain a list of novels by the most popular Authors. Five Cents in stamps will procure any one of them delivered FREE.

ADAMS & SONS CO., Sands St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of **Walter Baker & Co.** (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

germ=life

The doctors tell us, now-a-days, that disease germs are everywhere; in the air, in the water, in our food, clothes, money; that they get into our bodies, live there, thrive and grow, if they find anything to thrive on.

Consumption is the destruction of lung-tissue by germs where the lung is too weak to conquer them. The remedy is strength—vital force.

Scott's Emulsion, with hypophosphites, means the adjustment of lung strength to overcome germ-life. It is fighting the germ with the odds in our favor. These tiny little drops of fat-food make their way into the system and re-fresh and re-invigorate it. Whether you succeed with it or not depends on how good a start the germs had, and how carefully you can live. The shortest way to health is the patient one. The gain is often slow.

50 cents and $1.00 SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From the Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Oct. 21st, 1895.

The Republican National Committee will shortly decide the time and place for holding the next National Convention. Chairman Carter, who was in Washington today, says he has asked the opinion of every member of the Committee by letter, and has within the last few days had personal conferences with a number or them. It is an inviolable rule that the committee meeting which decides the time and place for the convention must be held six months previous to the date upon which the convention meets. There is a difference of opinion, both in and out of the committee, as to whether the convention should be as early as May or whether it should be held after the Democratic convention. In other words, whether the presidential campaign shall be a long one or a short one. The decision lies entirely with the National Committee, although the action of its members will, of course, be largely influenced by the opinion of other leading Republicans. Should a majority of the committee indicate their preference for holding the convention in May, the committee meeting will have to be held sometime next month.

Senator Cullom of Illinois, was so much interested in the Waller case that he came to Washington with the Chicago colored lawyer who brought a petition signed by leading citizens of that city, as Mr. Cleveland to secure the liberation of Ex-Consul Waller, now unjustly confined in a French prison. Mr. Cullom escorted the lawyer to the White House and introduced him to Mr. Cleveland, who referred them to Secretary Olney, who, he said, was conducting the diplomatic negotiations. Mrs. Waller, wife of the imprisoned ex-Consul and her children, arrived in Washington to-day and will remain until she finds out whether the administration really intends to do anything for her husband. She speaks hopefully; she is afraid to speak in any other way, less it might make the administration still slower, but what she thinks is another matter.

The report that the President and Vice-President are not on speaking terms, which was started during the last session of Congress, was revived when the announcement was made that Mr. Stevenson, who has been in Atlanta, doing the exposition since the middle of last week, would start for his Illinois home today, at about the same time that Mr. Cleveland and his Cabinet left Washington for Atlanta. Whether the two officials are on speaking terms is more than I can positively say—they probably are when they can't help themselves—but this is not the first time, by several, that Mr. Stevenson has by his actions made it plain that he did not wish to meet Mr. Cleveland in public, and it is perfectly well known in Washington that neither of the men likes the other, and that no man in public life has had less influence with this administration than Mr. Stevenson. It has always been understood that this question of influence was at the bottom of the trouble between the two men. Early in the administration Mr. Stevenson was, it is said, given to understand that his recommendation of any man for office was sufficient to keep the applicant out in the cold, the matters were not improved when Mr. Stevenson refused to ride rough shod over the rules and customs of the Senate, at Mr. Cleveland's command, when the extra session was considering the silver repeal bill.

Col. John S. Mosby, of Virginia, who was one of the first prominent ex-Confederates to become a Republican, is in Washington again after a long absence—he was appointed a U. S. Consul to China by President Grant and retained the position for many years. Although not a young man his talk indicates that he has half a mind to go into Virginia politics. He said of national politics; "The next campaign will show some remarkable changes in the political sentiment of the different sections, and if the Republicans would give the second [illegible] on their ticket to an ex-Confed[illegible] they would make some inroads into the South that would be surprising. I should like to see Gen. James A. Walker, of Virginia, nominated for Vice-President, and I believe if it were done, the Republicans would carry Virginia and several other Southern states." Col. Mosby expressed the belief that Gen. Walker would succeed the late Gen. Mahone as leader of the Virginia Republicans.

The Gorman ring has succeeded in raising a corruption fund far beyond its expectations in amount, and its members are now boasting of their ability to buy enough votes to carry Maryland next month. According to a published report, one Baltimore Democrat openly said: "We have now money enough to buy up the whole Republican party in Maryland and we are going to win." The Republican leaders of the state are wide awake. They know the Gorman ring has plenty of money, and that prominent colored Republicans have been corruptly approached, and they are determined either to stop the bribery or to send some of the bribed and bribers to prison, if it can be done, and they are satisfied that it can.

Glade Valley.

Farmers are busy with their fall work.

Husking corn is the order of the day.

Master Guy Nicholson is visiting at his grandfather's, Mr. J. H. Roth.

Messrs. Joe and Clinton Slabach were visitors at Daniel Gnegy's Sunday.

A party of hunters from Green county, Pa., who were camping on Mr. H. C. Fowler's farm during the past week, started on their homeward trip last Saturday.

Mr. J. S. Gnegy expects to attend the county institute on the 23rd and 24th. He will teach the school at Red House this winter.

Mrs. W. C. Mosser and children of Bayard, are staying with her parents, Mr. H. W. Roth's, their house having been destroyed by the recent fire at Bayard, W. Va.

Lloyd Lowndes will be the right man in the right place if elected.

TRILBY.

A Musical Concert.

The pupils of the Oakland School of Music treated Mrs. M. Kildow, on Water Street, to a concert last Thursday evening. The program as rendered was as follows:

Violin Solo.....Miss Dolly Kildow.
Beckoning Hands.....The Class.
Violin Duet, {1st Violin, Dolly Kildow; 2nd Violin, Jessie Conneway; Organ, Mrs. Rasche.
"Two Little Girls in Blue," played her own accompaniment, Little Miss Fulmer.
"Comrades," {1st Violin, Jessie Conneway; 2nd Violin, Dolly Kildow.
"Whippoorwill," a beautiful solo, sung by.....Miss Percy Brady.
"Whippoorwill" personified by Janet Nelson.
"Whippoorwill" Chorus.....The Class.
Violin Solo, "Old Folks at Home," with variations.....Dolly Kildow.
Song, "Why Did they Dig Mamma's Grave so Deep," by.....Little Miss Fulmer.
Song, "Will the Angels Come," Agnes Rasche.
Song, "The Lost Child," by Annie, Blaine, Robert, Janet and Margaerite Nelson.
Song, "Kingdom Coming," by.....Lee Mason.
Song, "Hush-a-Bye,".....Baby Rasche.

The chorus, Misses Effie Oreutte, Nettie Conneway, Annie Bolden, Mollie White and Edith Bolden, deserve special mention for their efforts in making the concert a delight and a success.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, the guest of the occasion, made an address to the pupils in his singularly happy expressive manner. His graceful expressions and words of encouragement were much appreciated by the members of the class and will not be forgotten.

Among the visitors present were Mrs. George Mason, Mrs. Brady, Miss Fulmer, Miss Miller, Mr. W. Kildow and Mr. Geo. Kildow.

S. C. L.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending October 26, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

T. H. Bell	Robert Dent
William Gillmore	George Reichenver
Adolph Smith	Thomas Smith
Geo. Nevil	Robert West
Mrs. Beckie Trushill	Mrs. Belle Lebden
Mrs. Beall Arbuit	Miss Amanda Harper.

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

THE OAKLAND HARNESS CO.

carry the best stock of heavy, hand made harness and horse furnishing goods to be found in the country.

Alder Street, oppos[illegible] G. S. Hamill's office.

TRUMAN WEST, Manager.

26—26t.*

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

EIGHTH YEAR.

A MODERN, HIGH GRADE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.

Reopens Sept. 25, 1895 (D. V.) A department for boys and young men embracing thorough preparatory work for college business or scientific school will be inaugurated under the charge of Maj. C. A. Dalton, of the Virginia Military Institute. Stenography, type-writing, book-keeping, besides full courses in English and Latin, etc. Send for catalogue. G. E. B. SWAN, Principal and Proprietress.

18 1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY,
DAY OR NIGHT.
PRICES REASONABLE.

JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.

31—2[illegible]

$25.00 REWARD

Will be paid for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any persons who tear planes from fences or depredate in any way on my premises at Deer Park.

32—3t JOHN W. WILLIAMS.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

Special Notice.

We have on hand a lot of fine custom pants which were made to order and not called for which we will sell at less than the cost. Also several overcoats and coats and vests.

M. COHEN, Tailor,
OAKLAND, MD.

GREAT VALUE FOR LITTLE MONEY. WEEKLY NEWS OF THE WORLD FOR A TRIFLE.

The New York Weekly Tribune,

a twenty-page journal, is the leading Republican family paper of the United States. It is a **National Family Paper** and gives all the general news of the United States. It gives the events of foreign lands in a nutshell. Its Agricultural department has no superior in the country. Its Market Reports are recognized authority. Separate departments for "The Family Circle," "Our Young Folks," and "Science and Mechanics." Its "Home and Society" columns command the admiration of wives and daughters. Its general political news, editorials and discussions are comprehensive, brilliant and exhaustive.

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Invites the attention of those interested in the purchase of vehicles of any style. The Kramer, Milburn and Jackson farm wagons always on hand. Prices and terms given on application.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

are good [illegible] pimples, biliousness, sour and acrid dyspepsia, flatulency, female complaints, dizziness, heartburn, sick stomach, loss of appetite, sick headache and general [illegible] biliousness. They are positive cures all disorders of the [illegible], kidneys, stomach and bowels. [illegible]

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

[illegible] babies [illegible] the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, controls the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no strong drugs and gives immediate relief. 25 cents [illegible] and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good. 25 cents a bottle.

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

JOHN C. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23—1yr.

34 inches high. Top can be adjusted to any angle or height. Revolving Case 15 x 15 x 12 inside. Holds about 80 vols Law size. Strong well finished Metal Base and Sides With Solid Oak Shelves and Top.—100,000 now used. Sent knocked down (30 lbs). On approval. Address: Marsh M'f'g Co. CHICAGO.

Agents Wanted.

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

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Monuments. Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS.

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

4196.yr—

WE LOAN MONEY

On Real Estate, City Town and Village property, to buy, build and improve your houses, and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS OVER $2,000,000.00.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. RINKER,

WILSON, Grant Co., W. VA.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President.
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S. T. JONES, Cashier.

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Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

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Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

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EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.
See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

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Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

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JONAS C. BEACHY,
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Will sell Real or Personal Estate
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

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Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

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Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent,
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W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13t.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 40 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $100; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

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WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER
Also White Oak Timber Land.
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
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$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50 00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
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The Wesleyan Female Institute,
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.

For girls and young women. Established 1842. Full corps of experienced teachers. Location healthy, central and accessible. For catalogues and particulars apply to
REV. HENRY P. HAMILL,
13-13t President.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1895. NUMBER 34.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

Send your job work to THE REPUBLICAN office.

Hon. A. F. George, of Swanton, was in the city last Saturday.

Mr. C. C. Harvey, of Sebell, was here on legal business Monday.

Go to S. P. Specht's cash store, Deer Park, for bargains in everything. 32

Mr. S. E. Bolden is having a well bored at his residence on Alder street.

Mr. W. A. Jeffery, of Terra Alta, was an Oakland visitor last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Feik, of Accident, were here and at the Park yesterday.

Mr. Chas. C. Moody, of Bloomington, was in the city Tuesday on business.

Dr. Henry W. McComas is having a two room addition erected on his residence.

Mr. M. N. Wilson, of Wilson, spent Sunday afternoon in Oakland with friends.

Mr. John D. Taggart has been appointed night watchman by the town council.

Dr. W. H. Ravenscraft has moved into his new residence on Third street extended.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

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There is no medicine so often needed in every home and so admirably adapted to the purposes for which it is intended, as Chamberlain's Pain Balm. Hardly a week passes but some member of the family has need of it. A toothache or a headache may be cured by it. A touch of rheumatism or neuralgia quited. The severe pain of a burn or scald promptly relieved and the sore healed in much less time than when medicine has to be sent for. A sprain may be promptly treated before inflammation sets in, which insures a cure in about one-third of the time otherwise required. Cuts and bruises should receive immediate treatment before the parts become swollen, which can only be done when Pain Balm is kept at hand. A sore throat may be cured before it becomes serious. A troublesome corn may be removed by applying it twice a day for a week or two. A lame back may be cured and several days of valuable time saved or a pain in the side or chest relieved without paying a doctor bill. Procure a 50 cent bottle at once and you will never regret it. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

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Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending October 26, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Ervin Bell
Albert Schwessig (2)
F. M. White
Mrs. L. C. Tabb (2)
Miss May Brools
John Keenan
Mr. Paketmeister
Mrs. Pendleton
Miss Ettie Fike
Miss Laura Hamstead (2)
Mrs. Elizabeth Phillips (2)

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

A Minister Married.

Rev. Ephraim Lee, of Flintstone, arrived in town this morning from Boonsboro, Washington county, with his bride. He was married yesterday, at 12 o'clock by the Rev. R. G. J. Roudabush, at Boonshoro, to Miss Fannie M. Smith, a daughter of L. O. Smith, one of the most prominent business men in that section. Rev. Lee and bride left this afternoon for "Snowfield," near Flintstone, where they will take up their residence.—Tuesday's Cumb. Times.

He Will Vote for Mr. Lowndes.

Yesterday Mr. William H. Hall, of this district, accosted THE REPUBLICAN on the street and said:

"I intend on next Tuesday to vote for Mr. Lowndes, although I have never voted any other than the Democratic ticket in my life and I have been a voter for nearly forty years. I am a Cleveland Democrat and cannot support Mr. Gorman's candidate, Mr. Hurst."

This is one of the many prominent Democrats in Garrett county who will cast their first vote for a Republican.

Public Sale.

The undersigned will offer at public auction the following real estate and personal property, on his farm, at 11 o'clock, Friday, November 15, 1895:

A farm of 102 acres, lying four miles north of Frankville on the Dry Run county road, and improved by a good log house and barn and other buildings. About 30 acres of the farm is cleared, with a young orchard in bearing. There are three never-failing springs on the farm. I will also offer for sale on the same day two horses and harness, one two-horse wagon, feed cutter, cider mill, two plows, one good Jersey cow and other articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash.

C. B. MYER,
33td* Moscow Mills, Md.

Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby givin that the partnership heretofore existing between Elisha Aronhalt and Samuel Baker, trading as Aronhalt & Baker was by mutual consent dissolved on the first day of May, 1895.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to said firm are hereby warned to come forward and settle their account on or before the 25th day of November, otherwise the same will be placed in the hands of an officer for settlement.

Accounts may be settled before said date with E. Aronhalt of the above named parties. 33-3t

ELISHA AROXHALT,
S. C. BAKER.

A High Noon Wedding.

Mr. Wm. Jeffries, of Altamont, and Miss Gertrude Warnick, of this city, were married at high noon yesterday at the residence of ex-Sheriff Warnick, on Williams street by Rev. Wheeler. The groom is a telegraph operator at Altamont and is a highly respected young man. The bride is a sister to ex-Sheriff Warnick and is a lady of culture and refinement.—Cumb. Times of Friday.

All Hallowe'en Night.

This Thursday evening is All Hallowe'en on which night, so the Scotch superstition says, imps and fairies, witches, sprites, and even Belzebub himself, hold sway over the matters of earth. "Who is to marry whom" is the great question to be settled on Hallowe'en and it probably originated in the good natured sallies of the Scotch "Jeans" and "Sandies" who gathered on this night of the harvest festival to bob for apples or crack the newly gathered nuts. The means used in different countries in olden times to answer this great question are quaint and curious. It is also kept as a night of good fellowship and peace, though the small boys' capers belie this statement, and acquaintances begun or renewed that night ought to ripen into life friendship.

Died.

GARLITZ.—Isaac Garlitz died at his residence at Avilton, Garrett county, on the 22d inst., of a prolonged case of rheumatism, aged 79 years. He was much respected by all who knew him; leaves a wife, with whom he lived happily for 50 years; six sons and one daughter. He was one of Garrett county's most orderly citizens and will be much missed. He was one of the old-time hunters and the last of the race, but he lived long enough to see the large game about exterminated. An interesting sketch of this good man, written some years ago, will appear in "Brown's Miscellaneous Writings," which will be published in a few months.

J. B.

FREE
COURSE BY MAIL
WITH THE
Capital City Commercial College.

TO ADVERTISE OUR COLLEGE
We will give a thorough course of instruction in Double and Single Entry Book-keeping and Commercial Arithmetic, by mail,

FREE OF CHARGE

to a limited number of persons. This course will be completed in forty lessons. No charge for diplomas.

ADDRESS,
CAPITAL CITY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,
P. O. DRAWER B,
TOPEKA, - KANSAS.
26—1yr.

Charged With Murder.

CUMBERLAND, MD., Oct, 28.—R. D. Johnson, Jr., who was arrested Saturday on a presentment found by the grand jury charging him with the killing of Grant Zufall was taken into court this morning by the sheriff. B. A. Richmond, Johnson's attorney, asked the court to release Mr. Johnson on bail to any amount the court might think proper. The State's counsel did not object to Johnson being released on bail and the court fixed the bail at $10,000. Security was given by R. D. Johnson, Sr., father of the accused. Upon being released Mr. Johnson went immediately to his employment at his father's mill, in South Cumberland. He says he is anxious for a full investigation of the case immediately, and that he is certain he can establish his entire innocence of the charge.

Gregg's Mill.

We had a very quiet wedding here lately. The contracting parties were Mr. Samuel Dixon, of Westernport, Md., and Miss Amy Gregg, of this place. We extend our hearty congratulations.

Mr. Johnson Broadwater and wife have returned home from an extended visit to friends and relatives in West Virginia.

Miss Minnie Broadwater is visiting relatives in Westernport.

Mr. Tommy Broadwater took a business trip to the Glades one day this week.

Mr. J. H. Gregg, the champion 'coon hunter, succeeded in capturing three in one night.

A number of people of this place attended the communion services at New Germany last Sunday.

A Democratic candidate came down in No. 11 electioneering among his Republican friends, and brought with him what he supposed a bottle of old Melchoir, but when they came to test it, it was vinegar.

T. J. Broadwater purchased a valuable horse recently.

Mr. James Merrill was visiting Mr. Will Jacobs last Sunday.

Our school commences next week and we are glad, as we certainly feel its necessity.

HAPPY JACK.

An exchange published the following gem which would not be out of place in many a man's hat as a reminder of his duty when he is inclined to speak ill of any woman's character; "Think how many years she has been building it, of the toil and privation endured, of wounds received, and let no suspicion follow her actions. The purity of woman is the salvation of the race, the hope of future greatness, and the redemption of man. Without her purity man sinks beneath the wave of despair, with not a star to guide his life in the channel of safety. Think, then, before you speak, remember that the commonest swine can root up the fairest flower that ever grew."

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1895. NUMBER 34.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings In and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

Send your job work to THE REPUBLICAN office.

Hon. A. F. George, of Swanton, was in the city last Saturday.

Mr. C. C. Harvey, of Schell, was here on legal business Monday.

Go to S. P. Specht's cash store, Deer Park, for bargains in everything. 32

Mr. S. E. Bolden is having a well bored at his residence on Alder street.

Mr. W. A. Jeffery, of Terra Alta, was an Oakland visitor last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Feik, of Accident, were here and at the Park yesterday.

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I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending October 26, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Ervin Bell	John Keenan
Albert Schwessig (2)	Mr. Pakelmeister
F. M. White	Mrs. Pendleton
Mrs. L. C. Tabb (2)	Miss Ettie Fike
Miss May Brools	Miss Laura Ramstead (2)
	Mrs. Elizabeth Phillips (2)

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

A Minister Married.

Rev. Ephraim Lee, of Flintstone, arrived in town this morning from Boonsboro, Washington county, with his bride. He was married yesterday, at 12 o'clock by the Rev. R. G. J. Roudabush, at Boonsboro, to Miss Fannie M. Smith, a daughter of L. O. Smith, one of the most prominent business men in that section. Rev. Lee and bride left this afternoon for "Snowfield," near Flintstone, where they will take up their residence.—Tuesday's Cumb. Times.

He Will Vote for Mr. Lowndes.

Yesterday Mr. William H. Hall, of this district, accosted THE REPUBLICAN on the street and said:

"I intend on next Tuesday to vote for Mr. Lowndes, although I have never voted any other than the Democratic ticket in my life and I have been a voter for nearly forty years. I am a Cleveland Democrat and cannot support Mr. Gorman's candidate, Mr. Hurst."

This is one of the many prominent Democrats in Garrett county who will cast their first vote for a Republican.

Public Sale.

The undersigned will offer at public auction the following real estate and personal property, on his farm, at 11 o'clock, Friday, November 15, 1895:

A farm of 102 acres, lying four miles north of Frankville on the Dry Run county road, and improved by a good log house and barn and other buildings. About 30 acres of the farm is cleared, with a young orchard in bearing. There are three never-failing springs on the farm. I will also offer for sale on the same day two horses and harness, one two-horse wagon, feed cutter, cider mill, two plows, one good Jersey cow and other articles too numerous to mention.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash.

C. B. MYER,
33td* Moscow Mills, Md.

Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby givin that the partnership heretofore existing between Elisha Aronhalt and Samuel Baker, trading as Aronhalt & Baker was by mutual consent dissolved on the first day of May, 1895.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to said firm are hereby warned to come forward and settle their account on or before the 25th day of November, otherwise the same will be placed in the hands of an officer for settlement.

Accounts may be settled before said date with E. Aronhalt of the above named parties. 33-3t

ELISHA ARONHALT,
S. C. BAKER.

A High Noon Wedding.

Mr. Wm. Jeffries, of Altamont, and Miss Gertrude Warnick, of this city, were married at high noon yesterday at the residence of ex-Sheriff Warnick, on Williams street by Rev. Wheeler. The groom is a telegraph operator at Altamont and is a highly respected young man. The bride is a sister to ex-Sheriff Warnick and is a lady of culture and refinement.—Cumb. Times of Friday.

All Hallowe'en Night.

This Thursday evening is All Hallowe'en on which night, so the Scotch superstition says, imps and fairies, witches, sprites, and even Belzebub himself, hold sway over the matters of earth. "Who is to marry whom" is the great question to be settled on Hallowe'en and it probably originated in the good natured sallies of the Scotch "Jeans" and "Sandies" who gathered on this night of the harvest festival to bob for apples or crack the newly gathered nuts. The means used in different countries in olden times to answer this great question are quaint and curious. It is also kept as a night of good fellowship and peace, though the small boys' capers belie this statement, and acquaintances begun or renewed that night ought to ripen into life friendship.

Died.

GARLITZ.—Isaac Garlitz died at his residence at Avilton, Garrett county, on the 22d inst., of a prolonged case of rheumatism, aged 79 years. He was much respected by all who knew him; leaves a wife, with whom he lived happily for 50 years; six sons and one daughter. He was one of Garrett county's most orderly citizens and will be much missed. He was one of the old-time hunters and the last of the race, but he lived long enough to see the large game about exterminated. An interesting sketch of this good man, written some years ago, will appear in "Brown's Miscellaneous Writings," which will be published in a few months.

J. B.

FREE
COURSE BY MAIL
WITH THE
Capitol City Commercial College.

TO ADVERTISE OUR COLLEGE
We will give a thorough course of instruction in Double and Single Entry Book-keeping and Commercial Arithmetic, by mail,

FREE OF CHARGE

to a limited number of persons. This course will be completed in forty lessons. No charge for diplomas.

ADDRESS,
CAPITAL CITY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,
P. O. DRAWER B,
TOPEKA, - KANSAS.
26—1yr.

Charged With Murder.

CUMBERLAND, MD., Oct, 28.—R. D. Johnson, Jr., who was arrested Saturday on a presentment found by the grand jury charging him with the killing of Grant Zufall was taken into court this morning by the sheriff. B. A. Richmond, Johnson's attorney, asked the court to release Mr. Johnson on bail to any amout the court might think proper. The State's counsel did not object to Johnson being released on bail and the court fixed the bail at $10,000. Security was given by R. D. Johnson, Sr., father of the accused. Upon being released Mr. Johnson went immediately to his employment at his father's mill, in South Cumberland. He says he is anxious for a full investigation of the case immediately, and that he is certain he can establish his entire innocence of the charge.

Gregg's Mill.

We had a very quiet wedding here lately. The contracting parties were Mr. Samuel Dixon, of Westernport, Md., and Miss Amy Gregg, of this place. We extend our hearty congratulations.

Mr. Johnson Broadwater and wife have returned home from an extended visit to friends and relatives in West Virginia.

Miss Minnie Broadwater is visiting relatives in Westernport.

Mr. Tommy Broadwater took a business trip to the Glades one day this week.

Mr. J. H. Gregg, the champion 'coon hunter, succeeded in capturing three in one night.

A number of people of this place attended the communion services at New Germany last Sunday.

A Democratic candidate came down in No. 11 electioneering among his Republican friends, and brought with him what he supposed a bottle of old Melchoir, but when they came to test it, it was vinegar.

T. J. Broadwater purchased a valuable horse recently.

Mr. James Merrill was visiting Mr. Will Jacobs last Sunday.

Our school commences next week and we are glad, as we certainly feel its necessity.

HAPPY JACK.

An exchange published the following gem which would not be out of place in many a man's hat as a reminder of his duty when he is inclined to speak ill of any woman's character; "Think how many years she has been building it, of the toil and privation endured, of wounds received, and let no suspicion follow her actions. The purity of woman is the salvation of the race, the hope of future greatness, and the redemption of man. Without her purity man sinks beneath the wave of despair, with not a star to guide his life in the channel of safety. Think, then, before you speak, remember that the commonest swine can root up the fairest flower that ever grew."

BENTLEY'S GHOST.

BY WILL LISENBEE.

I never told you the story of Bentley's ghost, did I? Well, it all happened during my second voyage to Rio in the Vixen. Mark Bentley had taken passage with us, and a likelier young man you never saw. He was going to enter the establishment of his uncle, Nicholas Barton, of the firm of Barton and Clippinger, brokers and shipping merchants, and as old Barton was getting up in years, and had no nearer kin, it was generally understood that young Bentley would be heir to his large fortune.

We had been out a week from New York when Mark disappeared. Overboard—that was all we could make of it, sir, and there wasn't a man aboard the Vixen but was shocked at the incident. The whole thing was a mystery, for there wasn't a soul could tell for certain what had become of Bentley. But as he was not on board, there was only one conclusion to come to, and that was he had fallen overboard and been lost.

But as he was a young man who never took strong drink, and as there had been no stormy weather since leaving port, the mystery about poor Bentley's disappearance seemed all the more puzzling.

The night of Bentley's disappearance was very dark, and about three in the morning, as I was taking my turn at the wheel, I thought I heard a splash forward, and I was pretty sure some one had gone overboard. I threw a couple of life buoys over and gave the alarm, but, bless you, they only pooh-poohed at me, and the mate flared up and says to me:

"Spriggins, you'd better take less grog, and you won't see men going overboard like this."

Well, they don't make so light of me when it is discovered that Bentley is missing, which is not till some hours after; but Capt. Strong refuses to lay by, swearing a good deal that such an accident should happen aboard him.

"But if passengers will go staggering overboard in fair weather," says he, "or, what's more likely, commit suicide, I am not to stand by a whole day to look for a corpse lying at the bottom of the sea."

So, with sails set, we continued our course to Rio. Off the West Indies a heavy squall struck us and carried us far out of our course, and for the next week the weather was about as rough as one would want to see. Aside from a small leak which was sprung and some cabin skylights which were smashed by falling yards, the Vixen suffered no damage to speak of.

I think it was the night after the storm had blowed itself out that Bentley's ghost was first seen. It was well on in the night, and I was taking my turn at the wheel, when all of a sudden Magsby comes on deck looking white as a sheet. Magsby was a man of about forty who had taken passage to Rio, and, barring the fact that he drank a good deal of liquor, I knew nothing about him. Well, he comes up to the binnacle, and leaning on the rail looks as if he might go over, so white and shaky was he.

After standing there for a moment and saying nothing, he asks:

"Do you believe in dead men's ghosts?"

"I can't say," I replied, "being as I never saw one."

"Well," says he, after a moment's silence, "if I didn't see Bentley's ghost in my cabin just now, then I never saw anything in my life."

Of course, I thought he had only been drinking a little too much, and had imagined he had seen a ghost. So I only smiled and said that I guessed he had been dreaming or had had a nightmare.

"No, sir," he said, running his hand over his face, as if to brush something away; "it was no dream, and I say to you, as certain as God lives, I saw the ghost of Mark Bentley this night!"

"Nonsense!" said I. "Surely you can't believe what you are saying. It's only a fancy."

But for all that there was something in the man's look that gave me a kind of "creepy" feeling.

"Say what you will," he replied, "but just come to my cabin with me as soon as you are relieved from your post, and you can see for yourself."

With this, he walked forward and stood leaning on the rail, gazing into the sea. Although it is no uncommon thing to see sailors who firmly believe in such superstitious stories, I am not one of them. Still, I couldn't get the man's words and looks out of my mind, and when I was relieved I went to him, and, in a light tone, said:

"Come now, and we'll go down and take a look at Bentley's ghost."

Without a word, he led the way to his cabin. It was quite dark in there, for there was no light save what came through a bit of skylight that hadn't been covered with a tarpaulin. I was about to strike a light, when he caught me by the arm and turned my face toward the bunk where he had been sleeping.

"Look!" he cried, in a frightened whisper, his hold tightening on my arm. "I saw it again, but it faded away! There—there it is!"

I turned my face toward the bunk, and as I did so I saw a kind of shimmering light hovering over the pillow. It seemed to move back and forth with the swaying of the vessel. Then all of a sudden it grew brighter, and, as I am living, there was the face of Mark Bentley as plain as I see yours this moment. Well, sir, you might have knocked me down with a feather. I stood there looking at it till a kind of cry came from Magsby.

"You see it?" he asked, just as if they were the last words he would ever speak.

"Yes," says I, "I—I saw something—"

He uttered a groan, and I think he would have fallen had I not caught him. When I looked again, the strange vision had disappeared.

Magsby and I went from the cabin together, and from that moment he never entered the place again.

The next night a crowd of sailors visited the cabin where the vision had appeared, but nothing was seen of the ghostly visitant. Magsby, however, kept aloof from the place, and could not be induced to enter. He seemed to be terribly downcast, and in a few days a great change had come over him. His cheeks were hollow, his face haggard, and he was forever glancing about him, as if he expected any moment to see something dreadful.

One night he came to my cabin, and throwing himself on the edge of the bunk, said in a husky voice:

"'Tain't no use in trying—I can't stand this; it's worrying the life out of me."

"Why—what is?" I asked, though I well knew what he meant.

"Bentley's ghost," was the reply. "It's going to drive me into the sea yet, to follow poor Bentley."

"That's all foolish talk," I said. "It is a little strange what we saw in the cabin that night, but what's the harm of it? Didn't I see as well as yourself? Still, I don't see as that's any reason that I should go talking of jumping into the sea over it."

"But you don't know all," he went on, in a strange, hesitating way. Then, letting his voice sink to a whisper, he said, with a sort of gasp, as if the words were forced from him: "Spriggins, I've got to tell it to some one—I murdered Mark Bentley!"

"What! Do you mean to tell me that you killed Bentley?" I gasped, as soon as I was able to find my voice.

"It is the truth, as I live and as God is my witness!" he replied.

I could only stare at him in blank amazement.

"Yes," he went on, "I pushed him overboard the night you thought some one had fallen over. Why did I commit the dreadful deed? Well, I can soon tell you, though I reckon the word 'drink' would explain it, for, though I had reasons to want him out of the way, I would never have taken a human life except when under the influence of strong drink. My name is not Magsby, but Silas Green, and I am a first cousin of Bentley, though he did not know me when I came aboard, for we had not met before for many years. You see, I had some notion that I might inherit the most of Nicholas Barton's fortune if Mark was out of the way, but as my life had been a wild one, I knew that my uncle would leave me nothing once Mark should reach Rio. I did not know that my cousin was on board till after we had set sail, and then I was so filled with rage and disappointment that I began to drink heavily. It was in a fit of drunken madness that the idea of putting my rival for my uncle's money out of the way first came to me. The opportunity soon came. I found him leaning over the rail one dark night, and, striking him a heavy blow, I hurled him into the sea. That is the story. His ghost has returned to haunt me, and I shall give myself to the authorities when the Vixen returns to America."

With these words he left me. I informed the captain of Magsby's confession, and, like myself, he was at first inclined to doubt the man's sanity; but it was thought best to keep a watch upon him till the affair could be investigated on our arrival at Rio.

But there was a surprise awaiting us, for when we dropped anchor in Rio harbor, who should come on board but Mark Bentley, alive and well, and not looking the least bit like a ghost.

Well, you can imagine the surprise of every soul of us when he stepped upon the deck. As for Magsby, he looked like a corpse; but when he found that it was really Bentley in the flesh, he was the happiest mortal I ever set eyes on.

Bentley had escaped a watery grave by almost a miracle. He was stunned when thrown overboard, but the cool water revived him, and while swimming about in the darkness, he came in contact with one of the life-preservers I had thrown overboard. He managed to cling to this till daylight, when he was picked up by the Penguin, a steamer bound for Rio, so he arrived in port nearly a week ahead of us.

Magsby—or Green, as his real name was—was so repentant for what he had done that Bentley forgave him, and a few days later he shipped in an English vessel for Liverpool, and that was the last I ever saw of him. As to the ghost—well, it was a very simple thing when we came to understand it. When the story was told to Bentley, he seemed puzzled at first, but in a moment he smiled quietly, and said he could soon explain the whole affair. With this he mounted the skylight, and soon came back with a small square of glass in his hand. It was what he called a dry-plate photograph negative, and contained his own picture. He was an amateur photographer, and had been printing some pictures he had taken on shore, and had placed them on the skylight of one of the cabins, so as to be out of the way. An old negative of himself he had thrown aside, and it had got caught in a crevice of the sash and stuck there. Afterward, when some of the skylights had been broken in the storm, a tarpaulin was placed over them to keep out the spray from the waves, and as the spot where the negative lay became uncovered, the moon shining through it had had something of the effect of a magic lantern, and had caused an enlarged picture of himself to be thrown into the cabin below. When a cloud passed over the moon, as it undoubtedly did while we were looking at it that night, the picture disappeared. It was all simple enough when we understood it; but if Bentley had never turned up to explain the affair, I would never have been certain I did not see a ghost that night aboard the Vixen.—N. Y. Ledger.

THROAT TROUBLES.

Points About Breathing in a Way That Will Prevent Them.

"If people would only remember to breathe through the nose; if only they would think for a moment of the functions of the nose, I would have scarcely have anything to do in my profession," said a well-known throat and ear specialist recently.

"Yes! Free nasal breathing is the essential of a healthy throat. The nose is the medium made by nature to transmit the air to the lungs; its passages are provided with a slight growth of hair, which acts as a sieve in purifying the air we breathe. These hairs collect the dust particles, and because of the natural supply of moisture in the nose the air is sufficiently dampened in passing through not to irritate the lungs and throat.

"On the other hand, people who breathe through the mouth will always have a dry, parched throat, and are sure to be victims of hoarseness, and sooner or later will suffer from lung trouble.

"It is the natural outcome of the misuse of nature's organs of respiration. It is true that singers breathe through the mouth, but it is only while singing that they resort to this method of breathing, and it is done only and solely because sufficient breath cannot be taken into the lungs at a single respiration to balance the great amount given out in the production of the singing tone. The demand is very great and the supply must be equal to the demand for singing production. On the other hand, no one has ever seen a thoroughbred singer while exercising, other than the voice, use his or her mouth for the purposes of breathing. This saves the throat from becoming excessively dry, a natural result of which is hoarseness, and keeps the passages to the lungs well protected from dust and microbes of disease.

"The cause for mouth breathing lies in defective nasal passages. This nasal obstruction is known as adenoid. It is a kind of vegetative growth at the point where the nose and throat join. It is the cause of that common malady known as nasal catarrh. It will also cause chronic laryngitis, which is a source of untold annoyance. To remedy any such trouble it is necessary to have the obstruction removed. The old method was to burn, but the physicians of to-day consider this dangerous. It is a simple process to remove them with the trepan, saw, or knife. It takes but a few minutes and is almost painless. This bony growth is often the cause of earache among children. This is due to the pressure upon the eustachian tube, which lends to the ear, and often results in complete deafness. It is advisable, therefore, to attend to any such growth as soon as it becomes noticeable. The first symptoms are those of breathing through the mouth and 'snoring' while asleep. The special remedy is to make the patient breathe through the nose, and to save the throat from all irritants cold sponge baths, and refrain from the use of cologne and alcohol in the bath. Clear cold water and friction will do more to make the body healthy, the throat and chest strong, and the skin clear than any other known process. The Greeks and Spartans never used anything but clear cold water for the bath, and they have always been recognized as the perfection of strength and health.

"Just here it will be well to add that bicyclists must have free nasal breathing if they enjoy the greatest benefit from this sport."—N. Y. World.

SECRECY AND DECEIT.

The Administration of Russia Is False to the Core.

It is not only with regard to literature that excessive strictness of the censorship has a disastrous effect. In Russia it is impossible to believe what one reads, for everything bears the impress of falsity. Statistics, published by supreme order, are falsified, and no one knows what is going on in the country, whether the cholera is raging or the peasants are famine-stricken; consequently the people suffer indirectly for want of relief during famine, while the cholera may be spread broadcast over the land. For instance, in the present year the writer visited Nijni-Novgorod at the time of the great fair there and found that the cholera was raging, and had been for some time. Notwithstanding this, the government published no statistics of cholera in Nijni, but gave that town a clean bill of health, at the risk of spreading the disease all over European Russia and Asia, and with the benevolent object in view of not interrupting the business of the market. Thus all this secrecy causes material harm. Distress and famine existing in outlying districts are kept secret, and the wretched peasants perish for want of that assistance which they would receive from charitable people if their requirements were made known. Further, no comments are allowed to be printed on the actions of civil or military officers, police or any government officials, and there is consequently little to prevent them abusing their power—a privilege of which they frequently avail themselves. Such being the case, and the Russians being an Asiatic nation in many of their characteristics, it is not surprising that the administration of the country is corrupt to the core.—Westminster Review.

Don't Kiss on the Mouth.

Children can be trained with the greatest ease to offer the cheek or the forehead for the proffered caress, and to elude the attempt to contaminate the lips. The incubation period of any disease may or may not be infective in the ordinary acceptation of the term. Upon this matter our knowledge, so far, is by no means certain, while, on the other hand, recent investigations would seem to indicate that the infection of zymotic diseases in patients is of very much longer duration than used formerly to be supposed, enduring, indeed, long after convalescence has been established.

WOMEN WHO STEAL.

They Appropriate Small Articles While Out Shopping.

When man appropriates unto himself something which does not belong to him it is generally something well worth the taking, while a woman in taking possession of another's property usually takes something entirely valueless and not worth the risk run. At least that is the publicly expressed opinion of a good many men.

Last winter when the cafeterias and help-yourself lunch rooms were opened the proprietors were horrified to find that whenever a shortage of cash occurred it could in nine cases out of ten be traced to a woman. The ones who would thus commit petty theft would simply eat their lunch and help themselves to a check fifteen or twenty-five cents smaller than it should be, and sail out in the most dignified manner. At several cafeterias a number of women have been requested to bestow their patronage elsewhere, while one of the best "help-yourself" lunch rooms, which was centrally located, was compelled, through the unusually large number of women who frequented it and neglected to pay the amount due to finally close its doors.

The women in charge of the comfortable reception and toilet rooms which most of the large office buildings and dry goods stores possess nowadays are at their wits' ends to find some means by which soap may be kept. Many of the firms have their name stamped in full on the cakes, but this seems, however, to have no effect; the soap goes just the same. In many of the toilet rooms ordinary bath soap is used, which is cut in small cubes, but even this does not save it, for it, too, slips away.

Women who, though well provided with this world's goods and who certainly should know better, have been heard to boast that they never buy towels, but keep their linen closet supplied with pieces from the hotels at which they stop and from the sleeping cars in which they have traveled, and will laughingly tell how each one was obtained. The pilfering of towels from sleeping cars is decidedly the meanest mode of all, as the porter of the car is compelled to pay for all missing linen, the same being counted before his trip and also at the return, when he must produce the original number of pieces, either soiled or clean. The salaries of these men are exceedingly small, and the payment for a few dozens of "lost" towels makes quite a hole in their earnings.

A society girl was lately heard to boast that she had the largest collection of souvenir spoons she had heard of. On being requested to show them she, entirely unabashed, produced a case in which reposed dozens of spoons which, on being examined, showed the names of well-known hotels, dining cars and soda fountains. They were of not the slightest use to the girl and nothing could convince her that she had really stolen them, as they were "only spoons."

A very amusing story is told on a woman who visited a cereal exhibit. She was well dressed and had an air of respectability. On leaving one of the counters she suddenly exclaimed that some one was picking her pocket. Her pocket being examined, she discovered the spoons she was trying to take were tied to the counters by strings. During the laugh which followed she made an escape.

In these petty thefts women certainly are worse than men, though probably not one of them would steal money, however good the opportunity. Men, it is said, never do such things, and yet recently in London a well-known club submitted a proposition to the club committee to pass a rule prohibiting any person from leaving the building with more than one umbrella or overcoat in his possession. Forks and spoons are continually disappearing, soap evaporates in the most mysterious manner, and newspapers walk away with readers who could well afford to buy them, but who prefer to pilfer. Matters have reached such a crisis that the financial officer of the club has been debarred from cashing checks which exceed twenty-five dollars in amount, it being admissible to draw that sum once a week only. This state of affairs is said to arise from most of the clubs being financially embarrassed and opening their doors indiscriminately to new members, and incidentally to new money. Something should be done, though what it is hard to say, to show and impress upon these particularly contemptible thieves the enormity of their sins.—Chicago Tribune.

She Received with Her Bonnet On.

The late Empress Augusta of Germany, when she received at her castle those guests not well known to her, invariably appeared before them in a cloak and bonnet. Lady Isabel Stewart, not long before the death of the empress, called upon her, and found her dressed as for an afternoon drive, but the bonnet she wore shone gay with diamond ornaments and flowers. I remember, too, that when our charming singer, Mme. Albani Gye, was commanded for an audience, she was a little startled, on being ushered into the room, to find the empress lying on a sofa robed from head to foot in the brightest red and wearing a red bonnet. Her majesty had a singularly fragile appearance, but her face bore the impress of intellect and amiability. She talked on this occasion of England, saying how much she admired the country and its institutions. It was wonderful how well posted up she seemed to be in the politics of the three kingdoms. When her guests bade her adieu the empress had a pretty custom of presenting each in turn with a bunch of violets or roses.—Woman at Home.

—In human life there is constant change of fortune; and it is unreasonable to expect an exemption from the common fate. Life itself decays, and all things are daily changing.—Plutarch.

THE DESPISED GOAT.

His Uses Have Not Yet Been Discovered in America.

The goat has not had a fair show in modern times. Among the ancients he was highly esteemed, and figured extensively in serious literature. Now he is only the butt of funny paragraphers, whose acquaintance with him is confined to a tradition that he eats tomato cans on the Barbary rocks. The children of Israel and the heroes of Homer knew him better. The Old Testament shows the goat as an essential part of the Hebrew's flocks. It gave him milk and meat for food, hair and skins for clothing, and was his most common sacrifice for sin. Encamped before the walls of Troy, Ulysses and his comrades regaled themselves with the fat goat's roasted quarters, and thought themselves specially blessed of the gods. But we of the western world have come to despise the goat as "the poor man's cow," a useful enough animal for the mountaineers of the Alps or the squatter sovereigns of unsavory suburbs, but an inferior creature not worth the notice of the free-handed owner of broad American acres, possessed of Jerseys, Merinos and blooded trotters, and above the utilization of a brush lot or a stony pasture.

Some American farmers, however, are coming to realize that the goat may be made one of their valuable domestic animals, not merely a poverty-stricken substitute for a cow, but an addition to the farm community, filling a place of its own and giving a return peculiar to itself. A Missouri farmer writes to an agricultural paper that he finds goats profitable for rough land filled with weeds and bushes. He has had them four years, and they have destroyed the bushes, sumach and small persimmon trees.

His hogs have been free from disease, while his neighbors, who did not keep goats, lost most of their hogs by cholera. He ate the meat of young goats, and liked it better than mutton. His experience coincides with that of farmers in countries where the goat is extensively raised and prized. England is not among them, owing partly to there being comparatively little waste land, but also, according to S. H. Pegler, an authority on the subject, because there "the advantages of goat keeping are but imperfectly known," and the American lack of appreciation for goats may be inherited. In Ireland, on the contrary, the number of goats has increased in recent years. Of course, the goat cannot compete with the cow as the single milch animal for those able to keep the cow, but it has advantages in places where the cow cannot be kept, and as an addition to the profits of a farm. In the first place, it is a great instrument for extending pasture lands. It will eat by preference and thrive upon forest leaves, shrubs and weeds that no other domestic animal will touch, and get a rough and overgrown field into good condition for horses and cattle. It is hardy, and will live on rough or smooth ground. There is a prejudice against the milk, but one entirely groundless. It is richer than cow's milk, heavier in butter, and much heavier in cheese, but all experts declare that it has absolutely no different flavor or taste from that of the cow. The average daily yield of a well-kept goat is said to be three pints, not a large quantity, but not an item to be despised, in view of its richness, the size of the animal and slight cost of keeping it.

Herds of goats in this country would not only utilize much of the herbage which now goes to waste, but might also develop some profitable industries which have not yet been acclimated here. The manufacturer of fancy cheeses in imitation of expensive foreign varieties in some cases has been so successful that the domestic product sells on its own name and merits. In other cases, such as Roquefort, the results have not been satisfactory. Methods of curing account in part for the failure, but different materials may have much to do with it. Many of the finest European cheeses are made from goat's milk, while the American attempts to rival them have been made with cow's milk. There is nothing else available in the market. If there were, doubtless creameries making fancy cheese would arrange to consume all that could be had, and the goats would prove a source of wealth, both to farmer and manufacturer. Nor is the goat to be despised for food by an over-fastidious race. In the restaurants of Rome the kid holds an honored place. The elderly members of the tribe are inferior to mutton, but the kid, properly prepared, is a meat which will bear comparison with any other. It would be an agreeable variation of our regimen. The man who makes a goat grow where none grew before should have credit with him who makes two blades of grass stand where formerly one stood alone. By all means, let us learn of the ancients and grow rich from flocks of goats.—N. Y. Tribune.

Absent-Mindedness.

The best instance I know is that of an amiable Irish judge, now no longer on the bench. Among other amusing tales told by him, it is said that on the occasion of a "bar dinner" he went upstairs to dress, but did not reappear. The company sat patiently for some time, till at length, just as their hunger was getting the better of their manners, and an emissary was being dispatched to hunt up the missing judge, his lordship appeared, and explained with many apologies that, imagining he was retiring for the night, he had undressed and got into bed. After an hour's snoozing it suddenly struck him that he had not yet dined, on which he hurried down to his guests.—London Spectator.

—Torpedoes when first employed by the Americans against the English in the revolutionary war, were called American turtles, and their use was pronounced infamous and worthy only of savages.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The total railway capital of the world is $30,000,000,000, of which Great Britain owns one-sixth. The total mileage of the world is 400,000, and of this the British empire has 70,000, employing 400,000 men and carrying annually 900,000,000 passengers.

—Missouri stands highest in corn condition, the agricultural department's figures for that state being 111. Illinois' are 97, Iowa's 96, Kansas' 86 and Nebraska's 56. The average for the whole country is 96.4, as compared with 63.4 a year ago. The yield now is estimated at about 2,300,000,000 bushels, which is about 100,000,000 above the largest previous crop.

—It appears that certain fungi may be disseminated by snails and toads. An Italian naturalist, Voglino, has found in the digestive canals of these animals an abundance of the spores of species of Russula, Tricholoma, Lactarius and other kinds of toadstools. But the power of germination of these spores had not been destroyed by passing through the body of the animals in question.

—Last winter's cold seems to have been fatal to sea animals on the French coast living as deep as one hundred feet below high water, reports M. Fauvel to the Academie des Sciences. Dredging for the Tatihou laboratory in May brought up nothing but dead or decomposed specimens. The fishermen said: "The bottom of the sea has rotted." Creatures living only in the deep sea were found on the coast, together with species that have never been seen outside of Iceland and Norway.

—It is well known that the thickness of the layer of fine sand in filtering beds cannot be reduced beyond a certain point without endangering the quality of the water that filters through. Dr. Kurth, of Bremen, has found in examining water filtered through a layer not sufficiently thick that the number of bacteria was greatly increased, owing to the presence of a special microbe that could not be found in the water before it entered the filter. These microbes must, therefore, have existed in the filtering material and have been developed by the passage of water through it.

—There had been a great falling off in the quantity of fruit shipped from California to the east up to September 1 this year as compared with previous years. This year's shipments fall 30,960,000 pounds below those of last year up to the same date. Only 2,990 car loads crossed the Sierra Nevadas this year, as against 4,280 car loads during the same period last year, or 71,760,000 pounds, as compared with 102,720,000. It is estimated that 1,500 car loads will yet go forward this season, but even then the shipments will be fully 1,500 car loads, or 36,000,000 pounds, below last year's record. The decrease is attributed to the failure of the apricot and early pear and peach crops. Two severe frosts last spring caused most of the damage. The grape crop is very large and the late pears and peaches have turned out well. As now estimated, the total fruit shipments by rail from California this year will foot up 107,760 pounds.

HE "OUTSOT" THE MULE.

When It Came to "Sotness" the Mule Wasn't In It.

As the road turned around the hill I came upon a mule and a cart and a man. The wheels of the cart had sunk down into a mudhole, and the mule stood with head down and ears lazily working to and fro. As for the man, he lay on his back in the shade of a tree and seemed to be taking solid comfort.

"What's the matter?" I asked, as he sat up and looked at me.

"Mewl has balked," he slowly replied.

"You mean that he has refused to pull the cart out of the mud?"

"'Zactly."

"But it's a big load and a small mule," I urged. "Why don't you give him some help?"

"It's agin my principles. I've yelled at him and I've licked him till I'm tired, but I'll be dog-goned if I take anything off that load or boost that cart! No, sah—we stay right yere till the pesky critter gits up and humps hisself and pulls that cart out o' the mud!"

"Then you are not in a hurry?" I queried.

"No, sah, no hurry 'tall," he replied, as he hitched back to get more shade. "My son Dan is plowin' out co'n with the cow, the ole woman is fixin' up the fences, and I've a gallon of whisky and a pound of terbacker in the cart. It's a question of bein' sot, and if I can't stay sot longer'n a thirty-dollar mewl then I'd better move out of Alabamy."

Five days later I met the man at Greenville and asked him how the "sotness" came out.

"Oh! yes!" he replied with a grin. "Well, I camped right thar' fur two days and nights, a-singin' hymns and restin' up an' hevin' a good time, and then that mewl, a-seein' that when it cum down to sotness he wasn't in it with me, took right holt and pulled that cart outer the mud and galloped all the way home!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Crown Prince's Pigeons.

Gen. von Verdy du Vernois tells a pleasant story about the war of 1870. At Villeneuve-le-Roi he was obliged, for want of time, to refuse an invitation to lunch. A brother officer rushed out of the house with a ragout, which Verdy ate with gusto. A few days later the old Emperor William said to him at dinner: "That is a pretty affair of yours—my son has told me all about it." "What affair does your majesty refer to?" asked Verdy. It was this: The crown prince had received the news that two carrier pigeons had been caught and he had ordered them to be sent to Versailles. On returning home in the evening he found the following telegram: "Lieut. Col. Verdy has just eaten them." They had furnished forth the ragout at Villeneuve-le-Roi.—Realm.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

JOHNNY'S TRIALS.

Bet our sidewalk'd he covered
With the 'rithmetic I've done;
Bet I've writ a million answers
Since the time I first begun.

Allus lots and lots more comin'
Oh! the work I gotta do;
Wonder why in thunderation
This old work nin't never through!

Wonder if there's many others
Adds up just the same as me;
I jest guess and keep on guessin',
Hopin' one and one makes three.

Wonder, if I keep on learnin',
I'll be just the stupid fool
Teacher seems to like to call me
When he keeps me arter school?

Wonder, in that place called Heaven,
If they give you sums to do?
Any place'd seem most Heaven
Where a feller's work is through.
—Kenneth Graham Duffield, in Puck.

VIDOCQ'S MANY TRICKS.

A Black and Tan Whose Intelligence Is Really Remarkable.

Julius Mentz, of Bay Shore, L. I., has a black and tan ratter which he calls Vidocq, because he thinks his dog is as sharp as any detective that ever lived. Vidocq is none of your common, ordinary dogs, with only dog sense enough to bark when a ragged tramp comes to her master's door, and she is not only educated, but accomplished. She was never a circus dog, but always kept good company, and her tricks are only performed for the amusement of her master's friends and such visitors to Bay Shore as, having heard of the dog, may wish to see her. Vidocq is the mother of four puppies, and all her children do their mother and their master proud by the accomplishments they have mastered in their one brief year of life.

Vidocq does twenty different tricks. They are, prayer, roll over, dead dog, sit up, walk on hind legs, dance, sing, smoke, just like grandpa, loss of one arm, loss of both arms, ashamed, everybody's dog, watch him, jump through hoops and over bars, speak, good girl, next Vidocq.

It is very amusing indeed to see her go through some of these tricks. Her master says: "Come, Vidocq, it is time for you to say your prayers."

Up on a chair the little dog jumps, puts her little head down between her paws, closes her black eyes and waits for the amen, when she jumps down from the chair and runs to her master, her face expressing clearly her joy that church is out. When told to sing she commences a something in the dog singing line which might be considered a burlesque of the dead march in "Saul." One of her most fetching tricks is when she poses as ashamed. She puts her two black paws up over her nose, shuts her eyes, and looks for all the world as if she had been doing something she was ashamed of. Then her master says: "Well, what have you been doing now? Have you been doing something naughty in the house? Never mind, I'll forgive you." At the words: "I'll forgive you," Vidocq runs to her master and jumps joyfully around him expressing in her dumb way how sweet 'tis to be forgiven for all offenses.

The trick which cost him the most time and patience, for it required a vast amount of patience, was a trick in which the dog poses as a blind beggar. Vidocq jumps up in a chair, Mr. Mentz puts a ticket on her neck, upon which is printed: "Please help the blind." Underneath this placard is a little tin box in which the pennies of the generous can be dropped. This box the dog holds between her fore feet. She shuts her eyes and sits there begging until her master says: "Oh, I do not believe that dog is blind. This is only

VIDOCQ SINGING.

a fake." Then Vidocq opens her eyes and fairly grins at the joke she has been playing.

To be "Just like grandpa" she sits in a chair, a pair of spectacles over her eyes, pretending to be reading. The captivating feature about this trick is the way she looks up over the top rim of her spectacles, so like an old person.

Again, Mr. Mentz will say: "Now, Vidocq, you and I have every reason to be thankful that we live in a place in which we can get a Sunday morning shave and hair cut. We will do that little job for one another. I'll commence with you." At the word "next" Vidocq jumps up into a high-backed chair, leans back and lets her face be washed.

Vidocq is a very friendly dog and is apt to jump up in the lap of any caller, but as soon as her master says: "Well, are you everybody's dog?" she jumps down and no coaxing or bribing can bring her back.

Vidocq's puppies are Hector, Fido, Bruno and Venus.—Brooklyn Eagle.

She Succeeded.

Leading Lady—How did Miss Van Tone succeed in her thunder and lightning song?

Comedian—Oh, she took the house by storm.—Brooklyn Eagle.

UNDER A LION'S PAW.

How It Feels to Be Shaken Like a Rat by a Wild Beast.

One of the most famous encounters with a lion, from which the chief actor escaped and was able to relate full particulars, is that recorded in the life of Dr. Livingstone. "I meant," he says, "to have kept it to tell my children in my dotage," but friends considered it so marvelous that he was persuaded to relate it in his first book. The testimony of such a man is far more valuable than accounts of the average sportsman. It is as follows:

"The Bakatla of the village of Mabotsa were troubled by lions, which leaped into the cattle pens by night and destroyed their cows. They even attacked the herds in open day. This was so unusual an occurrence that the people believed themselves to be bewitched—'given,' as they said, 'into the power of the lions by the neighborhood tribe.' They went once to attack the animals, but being rather cowardly in comparison with the Bechuanans in general, they returned without slaying any.

"It is well known that if one in a troop of lions is killed, the remainder leave that part of the country. The next time, however, the herds were attacked, I went with the people to encourage them to rid themselves of the annoyance by destroying one of the marauders. We found the animals on a small hill covered with trees. The men formed round it in a circle and gradually closed up as they advanced. Being below on the plain with a native schoolmaster named Mabalwe, I saw one of the lions sitting on a piece of rock within the ring. Mabalwe fired at him and the ball hit the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck, as a dog does at a stick or stone thrown at him; and then leaping away broke through the circle and escaped unhurt. If the Bakatla had acted according to the custom of the country, they would have speared him in his attempt to get out, but they were afraid to attack him. When the circle was reformed we saw two other lions in it, but dared not fire lest we should shoot some of the people. The beasts burst through the line, and, as it was evident the men could not be prevailed on to face their foes, we bent our footsteps toward the village.

THE LION READY FOR THE ATTACK.

In going round the end of the hill I saw a lion sitting on a piece of rock about thirty yards off, with a little bush in front of him. I took a good aim at him through the bush and fired both barrels into it. The men called out: 'He is shot, he is shot!' Others cried: 'He has been shot by another man, too; let us go to him!' I saw the lion's tail erected in anger, and, turning to the people, said: 'Stop a little till I load again.' When in the act of ramming down the bullets I heard a shout, and, looking half round, I saw the lion in the act of springing upon me. He caught me by the shoulder and we both came to the ground together. Growling horribly, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first grip of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though I was quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe—they see the operation, but do not feel the knife. This placidity is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and if so, is a merciful provision of the Creator for lessening the pain of death. As he had one paw on the back of my head, I turned round to relieve myself of the weight, and saw his eyes directed at Mabalwe, who was aiming at him from a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, which was a flint one, missed fire in both barrels. The animal immediately left me to attack him, and bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion, upon which he turned from Mabalwe and seized this fresh foe by the shoulder. At that moment the bullets the beast had received took effect and he fell down dead. The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysm of dying rage. In order to take out the charm from him, the Bakatla on the following day made a huge bonfire over the carcass, which was declared to be the largest ever seen. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, eleven of his teeth had penetrated the upper part of my arm. The bite of a lion resembles a gunshot wound. It is generally followed by a great deal of sloughing and discharge, and ever afterward pains are felt periodically in the part. I had on a tartan jacket, which I believed wiped off the virus from the teeth that pierced the flesh, for my two companions in the affray have both suffered from the usual pains, while I have escaped with only the inconvenience of a false joint in my limb. The wound of the man who was bit in the shoulder actually burst forth afresh on the same month of the following year. This curious point deserves the attention of inquirers."

FARM AND GARDEN.

SHOEING THE HORSES.

Much Lameness Is Caused by Improper Performance of This Work.

In doing farm work it is not usually necessary to keep the horses shod, but on the road it becomes essential. Some horses have much tenderer feet than others and cannot be driven on a rock road even a short distance without becoming lame. But much lameness is caused by improper shoeing. Unless in special cases it is of no advantage to have large, heavy shoes. Generally shoes cannot be too light if they give sufficient wear. Large, heavy shoes tire an animal unnecessarily, so that the width of a shoe need be no more than is necessary to cover the bearing surface. More than this is adding to the weight unnecessarily. All shoes should have a level bearing on the foot, extending from the toe to the heel. Carelessness in this respect is a frequent cause of lameness.

In preparing the foot for the shoe only so much of the horn should be removed at each shoeing as is necessary for the proper fitting of the shoe.

Cutting away or burning the hoof unnecessarily is a positive injury and should never be allowed.

The frog should take a bearing on the ground, but no other part of the hoof should be weakened to give this healthy action. While quite a number of different plans have been devised for fastening the shoe to the foot, nails are the most secure and simplest fastenings for horse-shoeing, and a properly driven nail never does any harm. The most important requisite in horseshoeing is the adoption of a correct system rather than the use of any special form of a shoe. It is not a good plan to try experiments; have a good system and carry it out.

The ground surface of a shoe should follow the form of the ground surface of an unshod foot, which has traveled on a level road. For every-day use on the average horse no better form of shoe exists than a narrow one, made thicker at the quarters than at the heel and toe. It is a mistake too often made to permit a shoe to remain on too long. Ordinarily no advantage follows the retention of shoes on the feet for more than four weeks, as the growth of the horn in that time produces a disproportionate hoof.—St. Louis Republic.

GREAT LABOR SAVER.

Low Rack for Handling Bulky Forage or Corn Fodder.

In handling grain, hay or green corn fodder, a low rack, similar to the one shown in the illustration, is a great saver of time and labor. One man standing on the ground and simply drawing the corn toward himself can lay it upon the table of the cutting machine without stooping, or raising it

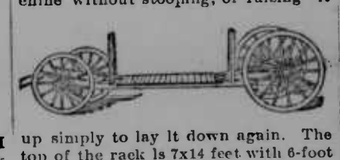

up simply to lay it down again. The top of the rack is 7x14 feet with 6-foot standards. The stringers are 4x6 inches 19 to 20 feet long. They are hung from the front axle by means of a lengthened king bolt provided with a nut and washer. From the hind axle they are suspended by three-fourth-inch rods with nuts and washers below and hooks above to go over the axle. The stringers should be 20 inches apart in front and 32 inches behind. A short wrench keeps the hound from tipping up. I find this rack very convenient. As short a turn can be made with this as with a 16-foot rack.—Orange Judd Farmer.

COOKING APPLES.

Apples cooked in the following manner will be found far superior to the ordinary apple sauce and really quite as easily prepared: Pare them, and instead of quartering them shave off thin slices, as you would potatoes. Put them in a thick saucepan, porcelain lined, and with just a little water to keep them from burning, first dissolving the same quantity of sugar in it that you would use to sweeten the apples were you stewing them in the ordinary way. Cover them with a close-fitting lid and cook gently on a moderate fire until you can run a straw through the fruit. Don't stir this while it is cooking. If there is any danger of the apples burning, remove the saucepan to a cooler part of the range and put an asbestos mat under it. Remove any scum that may form and turn the apples out in a dish to cool. When cold set on the ice until needed. The fruit will be of a beautiful golden color and retain its form of slices, although it will be almost a jelly. It will keep for some days and is delicious with cold meats or served as a preserve with cake. Surrounded with a border of whipped cream, sweetened, it makes a most acceptable dessert.—Providence (R. I.) Journal.

Feed Boxes for Horses.

A great many horses form a habit of slobbering their feed around. Some will root it out or take a large mouthful and then look around, thus wasting considerable. The most effective method we have tried is to nail boards up both sides and the front end of the box. Board it clear up, high enough to keep the horse from getting its head over. Where horses get in the habit of taking too much in their mouths at a time and are liable to choke, put a couple of little rocks into the box; get nearly round ones a little bigger than your fist.—James Pearson, in Farm and Home.

We desire to repeat advice sometimes before given, that when egg shells are fed to hens they should be crushed so that the habit of egg-eating may not be encouraged.—Western Rural.

How Eugenie Dressed.

The empress usually wore velvet of rich, dark colors, which were particularly becoming to her exquisitely fair complexion. The emperor liked to see her richly dressed, and often objected to the extreme simplicity of her morning attire, which, it must be acknowledged, was often too fanciful to be appropriate to her high position. Everything she wore was well made and perfectly neat; her hair was beautifully dressed; but she liked the comfort of loose garibaldi bodices of red flannel with a plain black silk skirt over a red flannel underskirt, all of which was concealed when she went out by a handsome cloak and the fur coverings of the open carriage. I have seen her wear, within the palace, a tight jacket of knitted black wool, with a gray border, over the silk and crape dress which she wore as second mourning for her sister, the duchess of Alva. It was a sort of wrap which one would expect to see on the shoulders of some old crone bending over her fire rather than on the graceful figure of the beautiful empress of the French. I might quote other instances, such as a loose jacket of a small black and white check bordered with red flannel, etc.—Anna L. Bicknell, in Century.

Down to Red Rock.

"Now, who is said to support the world?"

"Atlas, miss."

"And who supported Atlas?"

"Please, miss, my hook don't say, but I 'spec' it was his wife."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Dreadful Threat.

Lady—I've got nothing for you.

Tramp—You haven't, eh? Well, you'll be sorry for this. If you don't give me something to eat I'll recommend you to all of my friends between here and the Gulf of Mexico.—Texas Siftings.

THE DRUG CLERK'S STORY

He Talks of Headaches and Nervousness and Gives a Cure for Both.

From the Evening News, Newark, N. J.

It was the drug clerk's turn to tell a story of one of his experiences, and the reporter, expecting something good, as usual, settled himself comfortably in a chair, prepared to give his undivided attention to the speaker. The latter was Henry Maier, who resides with his parents on Aqueduct Street, Newark, N. J., and who hands out medicine over the counter of Dr. Andrew F. Burkhardt's drug store at 271 Orange Street, this city.

"Perhaps I can do nothing better," he began, "than to tell you the secret of my good health. It is a story that I have told to many recently, and as it resulted in good in each case, it may be worth your while to listen to it. To begin with, I was not always strong and robust, as I am now. Long hours of work and hard study had left me in a wretched condition. Frightful, lingering headaches found me a ready victim, and at times I was so nervous that the dropping of a pin would cause me to give a violent start, and then I would be seized with a fit of trembling that was, to put it mildly, exceedingly bothersome. Well, I began to doctor myself. Now I flatter myself that I know something of medicine; but with all my knowledge, I could find nothing that would cure those terrible headaches or put an end to my nervousness. When I picked up a bottle my hand would shake as though I had the chills, and if it was a powder that I was handling I stood a good chance of sprinkling it all over these black trousers. Things went from bad to worse, and I soon realized that a man of my physical condition had better not attempt to mix medicine.

"Try a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills,' said Dr. Burkhardt one day; and as you know the doctor's advice is always worth following, I got the Pink Pills and began to take them. Aladdin's lamp never performed the wonders of these pills. Would you believe it? Before I had taken the contents of one box my headache began to give me a day off occasionally, and soon it left me entirely. How about my nervousness? Well, the pills put an end to that with almost startling abruptness. You see I knew enough about the business to appreciate the importance of following the prescribing physician's directions, and by paying strict attention to those given by Dr. Williams with each box of his Pink Pills, I was soon another fellow. Look at me now! A picture of health, eh! Well, that is what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do for a man, or a woman, either. See, I can hold this glass of water out now without spilling a drop, but I couldn't do that two months ago and—"What is it, ma'm?" he asked as a neatly-dressed woman came up to the counter. "A box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." "Yes, ma'm, fifty cents, please. Thank you."

"These Pink Pills are great things," said Mr. Maier as he turned to the reporter again, and the latter, after all he had heard, thought so too.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c. per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

An Irish newspaper once said, in announcing an accident: "Our fellow townsman Mr. Hooligan fell out of the second-story window yesterday and broke his neck and suffered internal injuries. His friends will be glad to know that the latter are not serious."—Harper's Bazar.

We have more power than will; and it is often by way of excuse to ourselves that we fancy things are impossible.—Rochefoucauld.

In solitude, where we are least alone.—Byron.

An amusing printer's error occurred in a recent issue of the London Times. In announcing the marriage of a young city man to the daughter of a naval instructor at Sheerness, a few words of a telegram which apparently belonged to some note from China or from Armenia were printed after the interesting intelligence. They read as follows: "Trouble is expected."

"Did your uncle remember you in his will?" "Yes, dear old fellow! He left me his best wishes in a special codicil."—Harper's Bazar.

A public compliment never offsets a private growl.

A shining light must furnish its own oil.

Hoax—"Why do you call your hunting dog Indian?" Joax—"Because he's always on the scent."—Philadelphia Record.

Teacher—"Can anyone explain how the earth is divided?" Willie (with very important air)—"Between them that's got it and them that would like to have it."—Harper's Round Table.

The Advanced Women.—"Why do you men like the clubs so well? Is it because they are so homelike?" "It is because they are not homelike."—Life.

Every one of us, whatever our speculative opinions, knows better than he practices, and recognizes a better law than he obeys.—Froude.

Arguments, like glass, should be handled with care. What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole argument and lose his own friend?—Young Men's Era.

"Why do you think Mars is inhabited?" "Why, because it must be. It has canals, and what's the use of canals if you haven't anybody to drive your boats?"—Harper's Bazar.

Hotel Clerk—"Sir, the visitor in No. Thirty-five complains that the room is haunted." Landlord—"Indeed? Then put down on his bill: 'One ghost, ten marks.'"—Hofer Stadtanzeiger.

Attorney (to witness)—"Mr. Chalkley, if I mistake not, you said a few minutes ago that you sold milk for a living?" Witness (guardedly)—"No, sir, I said I was a milkman."—Texas Siftings.

"Did you trade any when you wuz ter town?" asked Silas Oatbin. "Yes," replied Farmer Corntossel. "I give a feller a counterfeit fifty-dollar bill fur a gold brick."—Washington Star.

"There are some cases," said the young man, "in which scientists say that smoking is beneficial." "Um—yes," replied the man of years. "It's a good thing for a ham, for instance."—Washington Star.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Big Regular Army.

The mightiest host of this sort is the army of invalids whose bowels, livers and stomachs have been regulated by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. A regular habit of body is brought about through using the Bitters, not by violently agitating and griping the intestines, but by reinforcing their energy and causing a flow of the bile into its proper channel. Malaria, la grippe, dyspepsia, and a tendency to inactivity of the kidneys, are conquered by the Bitters.

"I will kill him," cried the poet, "if I have to tie him fast and read him to death with one of my own sonnets."—Harper's Bazar.

The Skill and Knowledge

Essential to the production of the most perfect and popular laxative remedy known, have enabled the California Fig Syrup Co. to achieve a great success in the reputation of its remedy, Syrup of Figs, as it is conceded to be the universal laxative. For sale by all druggists.

I never think he is quite ready for another world who is altogether weary of this.—H. A. Hamilton.

How My Throat Hurts!—Why don't you use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar? Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Artist—"I thought you said you were French?" Model—"Oh, no; I said I used to be in a French laundry."—Sydney Bulletin.

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Beecham's pills for constipation 10c and 25c. Get the book (free) at your druggist's and go by it. Annual sales 6,000,000 boxes.

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Harper's Scalp Food makes hair grow. 50c. What cleans the blood? Pemipico. $1.00. Harvey Medical Co., Cincinnati, O.

We may read, and read, and read again, and still find something new, something to please, and something to instruct.—Hardie.

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The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.

At Druggists, 50c & $1. Advice & Pamphlet free.

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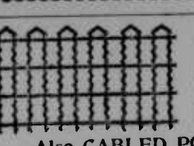

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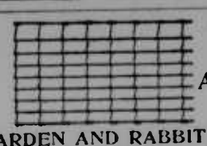

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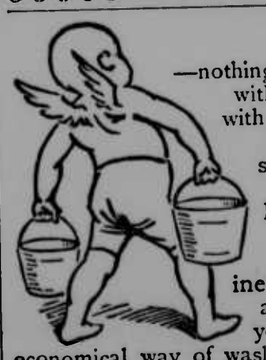

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Sarsaparilla Sense.

Any sarsaparilla is sarsaparilla. True. So any tea is tea. So any flour is flour. But grades differ. You want the best. It's so with sarsaparilla. There are grades. You want the best. If you understood sarsaparilla as well as you do tea and flour it would be easy to determine. But you don't. How should you?

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Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been on the market fifty years. Your grandfather used Ayer's. It is a reputable medicine. There are many sarsaparillas. But only one Ayer's. IT CURES.

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A. N. K.—C 1875

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The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, OCT. 31, 1895.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR GOVERNOR,
LLOYD LOWNDES,
OF ALLEGANY.

FOR COMPTROLLER,
R. P. GRAHAM,
OF WICOMICO.

FOR ATTORNEY GENERAL,
HARRY M. CLABAUGH,
OF BALTIMORE.

FOR ASSOCIATE JUDGE FOURTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT,
DAVID W. SLOAN,
OF ALLEGANY.

FOR SHERIFF,
AUSTIN BROWN,
OF DISTRICT NO. 2.

FOR TREASURER,
THOMAS B. WILEY,
OF DISTRICT NO. 12.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER,
THOMAS H. LAYMAN,
OF DISTRICT NO. 9.

FOR HOUSE OF DELEGATES,
CHARLES E. HILLEARY,
OF DISTRICT NO. 8, AND
CHRISTIAN J. OTTO,
OF DISTRICT NO. 3.

FOR JUDGES ORPHANS' COURT,
GEORGE F. ENGLEHART,
OF DISTRICT NO. 5,
DANIEL WILSON,
OF DISTRICT NO. 10, AND
THOMAS H. CUPPETT,
OF DISTRICT NO. 6.

FOR STATES ATTORNEY,
FRED. A. THAYER,
OF DISTRICT NO. 7.

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS,
JAMES W. WHITE,
OF DISTRICT NO. 7.

FOR SURVEYOR,
FRANKLIN P. GREEN,
OF DISTRICT NO. 11.

DON'T trade!

THIS IS another Republican year in Garrett county.

THE Democratic ring in Maryland is on the run.

IF YOU want a new set of magistrates and registrars vote the Republican State ticket.

VOTE for David W. Sloan for judge. He is a fearless official, an honest man and one of the people.

GET TO the polls early in the day and endeavor by all honorable means to elect the whole Republican ticket.

THE Board of County Commissioners will be composed for the next two years of the same gentlemen as it was formerly.

HURRAH for Maryland's bold and faithful Democracy—that Democracy that knows no boss nor wears a collar belonging to a boss.

IF A man offers you money to vote his way knock him down and be sure you knock him so dead that he will not be able to offer money to your neighbor.

GARRETT, the county of true Republicanism, will roll up for Mr. Lowndes the biggest majority it ever gave any Republican candidate. It will be a record breaker.

AN Herculean effort has been made by the Democrats lately to shake Boss Gorman. His hold is too strong, however, and the whole aggregation must go down together.

THIS IS a campaign of the pure Democracy of Maryland leagued with Maryland Republicans in an effort to overthrow boss Gorman and his set of crime-stained henchmen.

MR. WM. HALL, a life long Democrat, deserves to be congratulated upon the course he has chosen and for the manly manner in which he expresses himself as recorded in another column of to-day's REPUBLICAN.

ONE OF the most striking things during this campaign has been the fact that not one minister of the gospel has raised his voice in favor of Gormanism, but on the contrary all have denounced the corrupt ring and its methods.

I CHARGE John E. Hurst with being intimately connected with a fund raised for the purpose of paying the boss for his services in defeating the reassessment bill in the Legislature two years ago. —Jno. V. L. Findlay.

WE AGAIN assert that the Republican ticket was nominated honestly by the convention held in Oakland and that it was nominated by the delegates in that convention and not, as the disreputable *Democrat* asserts, by a ring.

MR. HURST'S anti-reassessment principles and the record he made for himself at Annapolis two years ago when he headed a delegation from Baltimore to defeat the re-assessment bill should be enough to drive every just and honest man to the support of Mr. Lowndes.

BITTINGER district has as its representative on the Republican ticket Mr. Thomas B. Wiley, who is the nominee for County Treasurer. Mr. Wiley is an ex-Union soldier, a successful and hard working farmer and a man in whose hands the finances of the county would be safe. He deserves and should receive the unanimous support of all Republicans in the county.

THE campaign that is just closing has been fought hard in this county and it can be truthfully said without fear of successful contradiction that the Republican managers have made a clean fight all the way through. The success of the Republican State ticket depends upon a fair ballot and this has been kept in view by every one throughout the State having the success of the Republican ticket at heart.

IT HAS been openly charged by the Democratic speakers during this campaign that Mr. Charles E. Hilleary, Republican candidate for the House of Delegates, is being influenced by a railroad corporation. Mr. Hilleary, in a note to THE REPUBLICAN this morning brands the charge as a lie, pure and simple. This denial from Mr. Hilleary should be enough to set at rest any reports eminating from the opposition in this direction.

THE article appearing in this issue of to-day's REPUBLICAN copied from the Baltimore *Argus* should bring the blush of shame to the face of everyone who believes in the existence of the Supreme Being and the church as His agency for good. The article in question is low, vile, base, degrading and hateful in the sight of God and men. It certainly did not come from the pen of a man who holds over the respect of one of the lower animals, or if a man did write it, he was just as certainly possessed of an incarante devil.

IN THE person of Mr. Austin Brown, the Republican candidate for Shetiff, the people of the county have a young and progressive business man of more than ordiuary intelligence and energy. Mr. Brown, if elected, will discharge the onerous duties of his office without fear or favor. He comes from a section of the county which is strongly Republican and his neighbors and friends should see that he receives the suffrages of all.

VOTERS, a ballot cast for the Republican ticket means, if that ticket should be elected, that your children will have a better opportunity of securing an education in the public schools of the county, for the support of which you are taxed and taxed heavily. Under the present law of apportioning the State school fund, those counties which have a denser population, whilst paying no more tax than this county, have ten months school and to right this wrong the Republican nominees are pledged.

IT HAS been the aim of THE REPUBLICAN in this as in all other campaigns, to treat the opposing candidates with all fairness, but it has come to us that the speakers at the Democratic meetings held last week throughout the county tried, though unsuccessfully, to create a prejudice against us. One or two of the speakers we have never had the opportunity of meeting. The rest have professed their friendship to us on different occasions and until the report reached us as above we have always thought the friendship genuine. But in such politics as the Democrats deal in friendship counts for naught.

MR. THOMAS H. LAYMAN, who has for the past two years been a County Commissioner by the suffrages of the people, and who is now a candidate for re-election on the Republican ticket, has made a conscientious officer and has been zealous in the discharge of his duties. If the people should again elect him he will endeavor in the future as in the past to treat all with due consideration. The board of which he is now a member is composed of the best men in the county and their administration of public affairs has been satisfactory to the whole people irrespective of party affiliations.

AS FORESHADOWED in an editorial which appeared in last Thursday's REPUBLICAN, the Democratic managers are busy just now circulating evil reports about the Republican candidates and thus try to draw from them the support of their party associates. Finding that lying will do no good they then propose a trading scheme. In this they offer to trade the whole ticket for votes for Hurst and the candidates for the Legislature. The Republican ticket is composed of the best material of the county and as we have a safe majority it is not necessary that a vote be traded to secure the election of a single candidate on our ticket.

THE Democratic meeting held at Accident one evening last week was interesting and entertaining to those who dislike a negro because his skin is black. One of the speakers, who is a candidate for the House of Delegates, said among other things, that "a nigger was born with the hair on his head nappy, with a flat nose, with the mark of God on him which proved his inferiority to the white man;" but we'll wager a ten dollar bill to a ten penny nail that this same white man is willing to ask a "nigger" for his vote, pat him on the back until he gets it and then damn him if the aforesaid "nigger" does not raise his hat when he passes this same white man on the street.

THE assertion of the *Democrat* last week that it had proof to show that Mr. Lowndes lobbied against the assessment bill is, if we are not much mistaken, the same kind of a proof that it claimed to have upon a former occasion when it was taken to task by us for asserting a thing which it knew to be untrue. We challenged the *Democrat* then to produce the proof it claimed to have and allowed the challenge to stand for an indefinite time, but at the end of a month its feathers dropped and it all but acknowledged that its claim to have the evidence to prove its assertions was a fake. If, as the *Democrat* asserts, Mr. Lowndes did lobby against the assessment bill, the *Democrat* is the only paper in the State to find it out, as no other reputable journal in Maryland has had the audacity to try to pan off on its readers this political rot.

THERE IS a movement on foot in Garrett county at this late day in the campaign to spring upon the unsuspecting public a lengthy and inflammatory letter from some source in Allegany county derogatory to the character of Mr. David W. Sloan, Republican candidate for Associate Judge, which will act as a boomerang upon those who hope to injure Mr. Sloan's chances of election.

The worst that has been said or can be said of Mr. Sloan by his political antagonists is that he has been a leading and influential politician in Allegany county, which is surely no disgrace.

Mr. Sloan, in his public and private walks of life has been a credit to many who are now exerting themselves to defeat him Their acts betray them and show them to be a cowardly set.

IF THERE is one thing more than another which will tend to turn all honest men from the Democratic ranks it is the brazen effrontery put on by the Democratic speakers during this campaign. All of them, without exception, have told the people that we have enjoyed the greatest degree of prosperity under the rule Mr. Gorman and his disreputable gang; that our State has had the purest government of any State in the Union and that a change now to Republican rule would work untold injury to the people as a whole.

These assertions, in the face of what has been laid bare of the rottenness of the government of Maryland by such staunch Democratic and reputable newspapers as the Baltimore *Sun* and Baltimore *Evening News* should bring to the faces of these speakers a blush of shame and should call out upon their heads the maledictions of a righteously indignant and intelligent people.

The Judgeship.

Mr. David W. Sloan, the Republican nominee for Associate Judge of the Fourth Judicial Circuit, who was nominated at the judicial convention held in Oakland on September 26th last, was the unanimous choice of the delegation from his own county and his nomination was by acclamation. The unanimity of sentiment in his favor is a certain proof of his eminent fitness and wide-spread popularity. He is a man who has reached a position of dignity and influence among his own people by dint of hard toil and honest dealing. His literary attainments, knowledge of law and a wide experience make him well qualified for the office of judge. He is a man of generous impulses, sympathetic and affable, who if elected will temper justice with mercy without deviating from the straight line of duty. Honored by office in his native county he has won the good will of the people, by honest discharge of his duties and his past career is a sure passport to larger fields of honor and usefulness.

Who Hatched Cock Robin?

Mr. Gorman said in his speech in this city Monday night that Mr. Hurst and the rest of their candidates secured their nominations "through their own efforts." Mr. Hurst speaking on the same night at Harve de Grace, said the "nomination came to him without effort on his part." There is a slight discrepancy here. It would be advisable for Mr. Gorman and Mr. Hurst to get together and have some understanding on this point in the future. It has a bad effect for campaign orators on the same side to be contradicting each other in this way. Mr. Hurst himself seems to be a little uncertain how he did get the nomination, for several times he has told the public it came from the people, several times that the Democratic Business Men's Association gave it to him, and once that Governor Brown was the man who engineered it for him. In view of all these conflicting statements is there anybody clever enough to guess the answer to the question—Who nominated Mr. Hurst? Everybody may have a guess at it except Messrs. Gorman and Rasin. They are barred out of this guessing contest because they know the answer. It may be interesting, in writing the obituary notice of the machine candidate, and telling the people who "killed Cock Robin," to be able to trace his political history above and reveal who hatched him.—Balto. Sun.

Wanted to Bet.

One day this week a well known politician of this county, while discussing the political situation in the sixth district, offered to bet one hundred dollars that Hon. Lloyd Lowndes will carry Garrett county; one hundred dollars he will carry Washington county; one hundred that he will carry Frederick county and one hundred that he will receive a larger majority in Allegany county than Hon. George L. Wellington got last year and also, that he will reduce the majority in Montgomery county lower than it has been in years, and one hundred that Lowndes will poll a larger majority in the sixth congressional district than Wellington received last November. Making six bets in one, amounting to six hundred dollars.

He also offered beside that bet one hundred dollars that Mr. Sloan would carry Garrett county, one hundred that he would carry Allegany and one hundred dollars that he would carry Washington, and also one hundred dollars that he would be elected judge, which in all would be a bet of four hundred dollars.

There was no one in the crowd, it is needless to state that was willing to take the offer, although there were several Democrats present. —Cumberland News.

A BALLOT cast for Messrs. Hilleary and Otto, the Republican candidates for House of Delegates from this county, means that the person casting that ballot is in favor of having laws enacted favoring the whole people and not a few chosen ones.

We want to impress upon the minds of the well thinking and intelligent people of Garrett county that eight years ago a great outrage was perpetrated upon them by a Democratic legislature; that is, the appointment of the school commissioners of Garrett county was wrested from an honest judiciary and placed in the hands of a partisan governor for the purpose, no doubt, of making their party stronger in the county and trying thereby to draw from this source political capital.

We infer from this that the Democratic party has become sole owner of the educational interests of the children of Garrett county and that these interests are bandied and traded about as goods and chattels for the benefit of a few Democratic politicians; but the time is at hand when the Republicans and all liberal minded Democrats have an opportunity for righting this nefarious wrong by voting for the Republican State and the county legislative ticket.

An Infamous Piece of Business.

The Baltimore *Weekly Argus*, published in the interests of the Gorman-Rasin ring, is being distributed all over the State. On the editorial page of this disreputable paper appears conspicuously the following profane and malicious attack upon the spotless purity of the Methodist Episcopal church:

"Why don't Rev. Harcourt preach against libertinism in the pulpits—say something about the seduction of young women in the class-rooms of the Methodist church by preachers, or denounce the czarism of the bishops and elders of his own church? Why not tell something of the inside history of how he got here as a business speculation for a lying sensational preacher. These are potent facts in the moral world. If he wants to regenerate anybody, we could give him possibly a list of some lecherous scoundrels and frauds in his own congregation of Grace M. E. Church!"

The above is only a sample to show to what low practices the henchmen and slaves of Gorman and Rasin will stoop and should call out to the side of right the votes of every member of every denomination, no matter whether it be Methodist, Lutheran, Catholic or Baptist, for all worship one God, the God from whom all derive life and its attending pleasures and virtues.

To allow the breath of corruption to touch the church and remain there would destroy her purity forever, for the purity of the church is the salvation of the race, the hope of future greatness and the redemption of man. Without her purity man sinks beneath the wave of despair with not a star to guide his life in the channel of safety.

The State's Attorneyship.

Thus far during the campaign we have refrained from alluding to the candidacy of Mr. Fred. A. Thayer, Republican nominee for State's Attorney for Garrett county.

Mr. Thayer has been a practicing attorney at the Oakland bar for a number of years and as such has been eminently successful. He has not, however, been at the bar as long as his opponent, Mr. Hamill, but nevertheless he is as well learned in the law and can present a case to the court in as able a manner as any member of the bar.

Although Mr. Hamill, Mr. Thayer's opponent, is and has been a personal friend of THE REPUBLICAN for a number of years, that friendship will not be allowed to stand in the way of giving to our readers the fact that during Mr. Hamill's occupancy of the office he now holds and to which he hopes to be re-elected, that the expenses of the county have been largely increased and the tax rate necessarily higher, and as evidence of this fact we but have to call attention to the levy to the State's Attorney, Sheriff, Clerk of the Court and to the court fund for the past three years amounting in the aggregate to between eight thousand and nine thousand dollars *over the preceeding three years*.

This amount of money, large as it is, was caused to be used by the State's Attorney, and the number of persons tried and convicted before the court was but a few more in number than those before the court during the three years' preceeding Mr. Hamill's incumbency.

For Mr. Hamill's official acts we have no word of condemnation or approval. He is before the great jury (the people) for trial. They know his record as well as we.

Mr. Thayer has never before been an aspirant for office. He is a gentleman in every sense of the word and if elected he will be untiring in his efforts to bring to justice all law breakers, but at the same time he will not allow his zeal to get the better of his judgment.

Practical, thorough, vigorous, firm, impartial, aggressive, positive and trustworthy, with sound judgment and discretion, Mr. Thayer is an ideal candidate, whose election will insure an able and conscientious performance of the important duties of the office of State's Attorney. He has won the good will and rightly deserves the support of all.

THE *Democrat* last week contained a criticism of Mr. Lowndes for sending out a circular letter asking for the support of voters who "are in favor of reforming the administration of State affairs, friends of self-government, good citizenship and fair elections."

Why should the *Democrat* object to Mr. Lowndes showing that he is opposed to fraud? We cannot believe that either the editor, the associate editor or the business manager of the *Democrat*, jointly or severally, is responsible for so illogical or absurd a criticism, although the article, we suppose, emanated from that office, but respect for the intelligence of the *Democrat's* staff compels us to believe that if it really originated in the office of the *Democrat* it was the work of the office boy, and a very small office boy at that.

What does the *Democrat* office boy want? Did he expect Mr. Lowndes to send out a letter asking people to support him who are

[Continued on fifth page.]

Perfect Health.

Keep the system in perfect order by the occasional use of Tutt's Liver Pills. They regulate the bowels and produce

A Vigorous Body.

For sick headache, malaria, biliousness, constipation and kindred diseases, an absolute cure

TUTT'S Liver PILLS

Scratching and Swearing

only increase the irritation and heat the blood. What the skin needs is a cooling, healing application that brings comfort to body and mind, and which at the same time has strength enough to penetrate a clogged skin and to dissolve the scales of Eczema and Dandruff.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

is the only perfect preparation of this kind. It will cure Eczema, Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Dandruff, Itching Piles, Ring Worm, Pimples, Blotches and other diseases of the skin. Sometimes it will cure in a few days—sometimes it takes longer—but the cure is certain and permanent. There is no question about it. It has been proven times without number.

50 cents—all drug stores.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head and all inflammation of the nasal passages—50c.

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Lot No. 1, on Front Street, in Bayard, West Va.

Lot containing four acres with house on it, at Swanton, Md.

A mortgage on property worth more than double, at Loch Lynn Heights, Md.

WILLIAM W. SWEET,
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LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26tf

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TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
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VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
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Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

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Slate Roofing.

Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.

I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.

All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.

I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.

Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.

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SHEEP Shropshires, M. H. Turkeys, at old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
33—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

STRAWBERRIES.

Best varieties, early, medium and late. Our pot grown plants set now will produce a full crop next June. Sent by mail prepaid, 60 cents per dozen; express unpaid, $3 per hundred.

THE HORTICULTURAL SUPPLY CO.,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

opposed to reform, good government and fair elections? Mr. Lowndes might have done this if he had been a Gorman-Rasin candidate, but he could not advocate ring rule, bad government and fraudulent elections, as he is not on that side. Is the office boy disappointed because Mr. Lowndes did not send out a letter asking the people to support Mr. Hurst? What ails this *Democrat* office boy anyway? We fear, if he keeps on at this rate, he will have to be sent to the home for feeble-minded children when the campaign is over. We advise the employers of this little office boy to give him a vacation and to build up his system by administering copious doses of anti-ring brain food and live in the hope that when he attempts to criticise the remarks of a gentleman a thousand fold his superior in intellect and good breeding that he will not make an ass of himself.

A Real Democrat.

Mr. John Startzman, of Baltimore, a brother of Mr. Thomas Startzman, living about nine miles south of Oakland, and who is engaged very extensively in the leather business in the above city said a few days ago of the Gorman-Rasin ticket:

"I have always voted the Democratic ticket, and for forty-one years have consistently backed the nominess of the Democratic party. For some time I have not been pleased with the way affairs have been conducted by the bosses, and a year ago I declared myself as being in opposition to their methods. I said then that I would never again vote a ticket that Senator Gorman had, in my judgment, anything to do with the making of the present Democratic ticket, and I do not consider it a Democratic ticket.

"Personally I have no objection to Mr. Hurst as the gubernatorial candidate and under other circumstances I would be pleased to give him support, but I object to the way in which he was nominated. I do not consider Messrs. Gorman and Rasin the men who undoubtedly made up the so called Democratic ticket, the representative of the Democratic party.

"I felt that after it was seen that Democrats throughout the city and State objected to the way in which the State ticket was nominated it was adding insult to injury for Messrs. Gorman and Rasin to dictate the nomination of the city ticket which was done in precisely the same way and by the same methods which I believe they used in nominating the State ticket."

Communicated.

To the Editor of The Republican.

It has been reported by my political enemies that should I be elected as a Delegate to the Legislature I would prepare a bill making it compulsory upon the County Commissioners to build a new court house at Oakland.

This I desire to deny most emphatically. If elected I will go to Annapolis to carry out the will of the people and will not be a party to the passage of any measure that will be distasteful to those whom I represent.

Respectfully,
C. J. OTTO.

New Germany, Oct. 28.

GRAND Republican Ralification Mass Meetings

WILL BE HELD AT

Dry Run School House, Monday, November 4th, at 7 o'clock p. m.

Crellin, Saturday, November 2d, at 7 o'clock p. m.

Bloomington, Saturday, November 2d, at 2 o'clock p. m.

All persons, irrespective of former political affiliations are invited to attend, to hear the vital issues of the campaign ably discussed, and misrule, fraudulent registration, corrupt elections and public plunder arraigned and better methods in State and County government strongly urged as the right of the people.

J. C. PEDDICORD,
Chairman Committee.

THE GORMAN-RASIN RING.

The Real And Only Issues In This Campaign Cannot Be Too Strongly Emphasized.

The real and only issue in the campaign cannot be too often or too strongly emphasized, and as we approach the close of one of the most momentous contests ever waged in Maryland, they should be kept clearly in mind of every intelligent and patriotic citizen in the State. These issues are the rights of the people to select their own candidate and the right to fair elections—in other words, the primary and fundamental right of popular government. There is no contest between Democracy and Republicanism for the reason that the Democratic party—its rank and file—has no ticket in the field and is not represented in the fight. Two usurpers have built up a political machine which they call the Democratic party, but which ignores and acts regardless of the party. What remains is only the name, and outward form. The spirit, the vital principle of Democracy is no longer in the organization that masquerades under that title. Democracy, which is the rule of the people, is irreconcilable and incompatiable with the rule of two men.

The Sun is common with many thousands of Democrats in Baltimore and throughout the State, had for years earnestly hoped that it might be possible to work out the salvation of the party inside party lines. It cherished this trust for years and patiently suffered many things which it did not approve in the hope of improvement and reform. It gave admonition and warning to party leaders from time to time, and as far back as 1882 led a successful revolt of the people in this city, in which we believe, Mr. Hurst also joined. *The Sun*, like others of true Democracy, was loath to abandon this hope and pleaded as long as it could do so for continued popular patience and support of the regular organization. But patience at last ceased to be a virtue. It became evident two men had become complete masters of the organization and that the thing calling itself the Democratic party of Maryland was simply the private political machine of Gorman and Rasin, the former of whom had finally shown himself in national as well as State affairs unworthy of the honorable title of Democrat.

The Sun and the Democrat rank and file of Maryland was thus forced to a choice between the continued support of a political sham and pretense, of imposters wearing the livery of Democracy and the employment of Republican agencies to drive out the usurpers. Democratic reluctance to make use of this means of relief is largely removed this year by the unexceptional personal character of the man nominated for Governor by the Republican party.

These, then, are the general reasons that appear cogent and conclusive to many thousands of the best and truest Democrats in the State. We may say here, as we have frequently said before, that neither *The Sun* nor they are making any personal fight against Mr. Hurst. It is simply that he and others nominated under the auspices and by the same bosses inevitably represent the regime of political tyranny and the despotic rule of the arch traitor to Democracy. They have taken their place under the banner of those men and as supporters of that regime, and they have no right to expect the support of an independent press or of independent Democrats who refuse to bow to tyranny or to indorse traitors of Democracy. And it may be well also further to state in this connection, for the benefit of Mr. Hurst and all others whom it may concern, that *The Sun* has the right to its own independent opinions and will express them whenever it seems good to itself without the advice or consent of any man or political clique, no matter what name he or they give themselves. *The Sun* is owned by no party and admits no unqualified allegiance to anything but right, truth and the interest of the people. Nor is its course inspired or directed by any one except those in whose name it is published and who are fully responsible for all its utterances.

The question is asked what will we gain by substituting a Republican administration for the Gorman-Rasin machine. The question should rather be what will we lose? What is the difference practically between the Democracy of Gorman and Rasin and Republicanism? What principle or method of Democracy is left under the Gorman-Rasin regime? We have people in office calling themselves Democrats, but they are all, many of them from sheer necessity, subservient to the senatorial ruler of Maryland, whom Cleveland has branded as a traitor to Democracy. What practical good is there in a name? Gorman and Rasin methods are no sweeter because they are labeled Democratic when in fact they are not. We will lose no Democracy by the change for none exists for public purposes under the machine domination. Nor will we lose anything in good government. The Republican party has put one of its best representatives forward in this campaign and the party is likely to make a good record in order to strengthen itself with the people of the State. Instead of partisan and bad government, it will probably give us many needed reforms in practical methods as well as in legislation. Possibly it is the apprehension that it will do this and make political capital by it is what disturbs the machine. As for the negro bug-a-boo that is not a question which will trouble any intelligent man in Maryland. The negro will not make his appearance in our schools or on our police. Nor will we lose the State in 1896 if Mr. Gorman is beaten this year. The Democrats who are opposing Mr. Gorman are Democrats from principle, and they will be found in the front rank of the Democratic battle next year, except in the utterly improbable event of Mr. Gorman's nomination for the presidency, in which case, of course, there would be no Democratic candidate in the field.

If we have nothing to lose in a party sense, what have we to gain? Victory will be the first step toward rescuing the party and driving out the men who have usurped its functions. The Senators elected this year will vote for Mr. Gorman's successor in 1897. We can make sure of having in the Senate an anti-Gorman contingent against that year. The defeat of these men will prepare the way for regaining the party machinery by the respectable Democrats of the State and the reorganization of the party on a new and clean basis. If it meant nothing else than the removal of the debauching influence of these two bosses, that result alone would be an immeasurable blessing to the whole State.

These are the grounds on which *The Sun* is opposing the Gorman-Rasin ticket. No selfish or personal motives have exercised the slightest influence upon its course. It was not a pleasant task, but *The Sun* felt that it was its supreme duty to the Democratic party and to the people to endeavor to deliver the State from the "deadly blight of treason" and from the corrupt and corrupting tyranny of the Gorman-Rasin machine. In this cause it has been willing to face the defamation and abuse of partisans and office holders and office-seekers, conscious that it has been working for the public welfare alone, and sustained by the approval of tens of thousands of the true-hearted men and women of Maryland. *The Sun* has represented the issues as it sees them with all the force and earnestness at its command, and it will leave them to the patriotism of the people of this good old Commonwealth, with the conviction that if their will is fairly recorded their voice now, as always in the past, will be on the side of honor, principle and good government.—Baltimore Sun.

Altamont.

A shower of rain passed over this section Sunday evening effectually quenching forest fires.

Miss Belle Hamill is teaching our school this season.

Mr. A. S. Lee departed Saturday for Bethlehem where he will teach school this winter.

Mr. John Carroll has gone on an extended visit to Petroleum and vicinity.

Mr. A. A. McRobie was a prominent figure on our streets Saturday.

Mr. Chas. Cassidy, we are glad to say, is able to walk around again.

Miss Julia Stanton, of Oakland, is visiting Miss Rose Carrell this week.

Mr. Chas. Wilson, our promising young merchant, has just received a full supply of fall and winter goods.

Mrs. Rowan is spending a week with her daughter, Mrs. Wheeler in Piedmont.

Mr. Wm. Bishop's cottage on Altamont hill is finished with a beautiful coat of paint.

Mr. Wm. Harvey, of Elk Garden, passed through here Saturday en route for Deer Park.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that I have sold my stock of goods to Mr. John Englehart at Accident, and that I desire to have my books closed at an early day. All parties owing me will therefore please call and settle before December 1st, otherwise I will place the accounts in the hands of an officer for collection.

31-3t* C. C. SPEICHER.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Oct. 28, 1895.

There will be a meeting of the County Commissioners of Garrett county held at their office in Oakland on

Tuesday, November 12, 1895,

For the purpose of transacting any business that may be brought before them.

By order of the board,
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

Mortgagee's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Francis C. Pullman to William C. Devecmon, dated the 3d day of April, 1893, and recorded among the Mortgage Records of Garrett county in Liber No. 27, folio 467, etc., default having been made under the terms thereof, the undersigned will, on

SATURDAY,

The 9th Day of November, 1895,

at 11 o'clock a. m., in front of the postoffice in Oakland, Md., sell at public auction all the following described real estate:

All that tract or part of a tract of land lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, being part of a tract of land known as

The Land Flowing With Milk and Honey,

beginning for the part now intended to be sold at the end of the twelfth line of the whole of said tract, it being also at the end of the first line of Military Lot number 1254, and running thence with the outlines of the aforesaid whole tract, South 86 degrees, East 131 perches, then South 120 perches, then South 31 degrees, East 241 perches, then South 49 degrees West 291 perches, then North 6¼ degrees, West 550 perches to the beginning, containing

465¼ Acres More or Less,

it being known as the

M'CORMICK FARM,

and being the same property which was conveyed to George McCormick by Daniel Willenk and wife by deed dated July 10th, 1882, and recorded among the Land Records of Garrett county in Liber No. 6, folio 595.

This farm lies on the Youghiogheny river about six miles from Oakland. It is improved by a fine two story frame dwelling, a large barn, sheep sheds, etc. It contains coal, limestone and other minerals; it has also some timber, especially a large quantity for railroad ties.

The proposed railroad from Confluence to Oakland runs directly through the property.

Terms of Sale:—One-third cash, the balance in equal payments in one and two years, or all cash at the option of the purchaser, the deferred payments, if any, to bear interest and be secured to the satisfaction of the undersigned.

W. C. DEVECMON,
32 4 *Mortgagee.*

NOTICE.

This is to give notice to the public that my wife, Ida S. Kerling, has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation and that I will not be responsible for any debts that she may contract.

CHRISTIAN KERLING.
Oakland, Md., Oct. 22, 1895. 33 3t.*

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of attachment, issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, and to me directed, at the suit of George W. Henry against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of the A. Michael Henry Company, I have seized and taken into execution all the right, title and interest, both at law and in equity, of the said A. Michael Henry Company, in and to the following property, to-wit:

One steam boiler with stack and fittings complete, one steam engine and fittings, (fifteen horse power), one champion stave saw and frame complete, one stave saw joiner, one steam force pump, one hand force pump, one large belt fifty feet long, one small belt, one three-foot iron pulley, two wheel barrows, three pipe tongs, one wrench, one swedge, one engine block, one pipe cutter, one block and tackle, one tram car, one jointer and saw, one stock and die, and all the standing and fallen timber on the thirty acre lot bought of Isaac Frazee.

And I hereby give notice, that on Saturday, the 16th day of November, at the hour of eleven o'clock p. m., at the mouth of Buffalo on the O. & C. R. R., below Selbysport, I will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, the property so seized and taken in execution, to satisfy said claim and costs.

31 CHARLES WEGMAN, Sheriff.

Estate of John W. McRobie, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

JOHN W. McROBIE,

late of Garrett County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 27th day of April next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 17th day of October, 1895.

HATTIE McROBIE,
S. A. McROBIE,
Administrators.

McHenry, Md. 33

C. M. RATHBUN. F. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,

PLANING MILLS,

And BUILDING MATERIALS.

MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS.

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

38 13·

Watch this

Space for

NETHKEN BROS.

Advertisement.

We have added a new Department

—Millinery Goods.

NETHKEN BROS.,
31—1yr Deer Park, Md.

ELECTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to the Judges of Election and to the voters of Garrett county, that an election will be held in the several Election Districts of Garrett county, at the usual places of holding elections, on

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1895,

for the purpose of electing—

A Governor.
A Comptroller of the Treasury of the State of Maryland.
An Attorney General of the State of Maryland.
An Associate Judge of the Fourth Judicial Circuit.
A Sheriff.
A Treasurer.
A Commissioner.
Two members of the House of Delegates.
Three Judges of the Orphans' Court.
A State's Attorney.
A Register of Wills.
A Surveyor.

The polls of said Election will be open in each and every district in said county, at the usual places of holding the polls, at 8 o'clock a. m., and will be closed at 6 o'clock p. m., when the ballots shall be publicly counted.

All persons will take notice that by Chap. 191, Acts of 1865, no spirituous or fermented liquors, ale or beer, or any intoxicating drinks can be sold or given away on election day.

CHARLES WEGMAN, Sheriff.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, October 20, 1895. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.48 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 49	—Express, daily except Mon.	8.53 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	8.30 A. M
No. 47	—Daily except Mon	10.49 A. M
No. 35	—Express, daily	6.22 P. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	6.45 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	—Daily	5.59 A. M
No. 2	—Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	9.03 A. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	4.32 P. M
No. 46	—Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	12.28 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry at COST.

MALETTE,

OAKLAND, MD.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

LOVE AND DISPARITY.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

WHEN Robert Kester's wife died at the age of sixty-five, leaving a tolerably good-looking widower some twenty years her junior, everybody said that as he had made her an excellent husband, in spite of the disparity in their ages, he could now with serene conscience marry again, and this time a young woman. Of course, they expected him to wait the year of propriety, but they also expected him to begin to "take notice" almost immediately, as the girls of the community were primking and preening before the event was a week old. That his late marriage could have been anything but an enforced partnership was to them an impossibility. With the arrogance of youth they argued that he could not have been happy with a woman old enough to be his mother. It would not be at all surprising, they said, that when he married again he should choose sweet sixteen as an antidote to his first disappointment. If he made a model husband to an elderly wife, what an ideal companion for youth and inexperience!

Meanwhile Robert Kester went on the even tenor of his way, not so much as looking at spinster or maiden fair, or troubling his head over the manifest interest displayed toward him. He was mourning sincerely the good woman who had been taken from his home, and who had made his life a most comfortable one. No question of disparity in age had ever come up between them since he had asked her to marry him and she had reminded him that he was twenty years the older.

"You will be ridiculed, and I will be blamed," she said, and persistently refused him.

Then he was very ill from a long, tiresome fever, and she nursed him through it and he resumed his offer of marriage.

"There is a law against a man marrying his mother," she said to this.

"Then be my mother-in-law," he urged, "only take me for better and for worse," and he quoted something that Emerson had just then written, to the effect that he who loves is in no degree old.

"Yes, but he says 'he'—that is for a man."

"Man in the abstract, of whom woman is a part. If you will not say 'yes,' I will conjure up the fever again and you will be sorry."

In this fashion he urged his suit, but she drew a ludicrous picture of the aged wife outliving the affection of her husband who found too late that he wanted youthful society and amusement. She even rehearsed all the unkind things that would be sure to be said, making them appear in their most ridiculous light.

His answer included the illustrious example of the Baroness Burdette-Coutts, and at last she relented and they were married.

If people expected the middle-aged bride to put on youthful airs they were disappointed. She was calm and dignified, and her husband looked so thoroughly satisfied that the gossips were heart-broken. The world was not excluded from their domain; neither was it exactly invited in. As the years went by Robert grew elderly and comfort-

"YOU WILL BE RIDICULED."

able-looking, possibly from association. It was noticed when they gave a party, as they sometimes did, that he went about with the young people and entered into all their sports, and then the gossips wagged their heads and said: "I told you so!" They could not hear him say after the company had gone:

"Isn't it a relief to be by ourselves, mother? I tried to make myself agreeable as you asked me to, but it was stupid trying. I wish we didn't have to entertain."

One Sunday he had gone to church alone—an unusual event, but she had insisted. It was the beginning of the end that was coming to their long courtship, and she wanted to be alone and think it over—how best to tell him. And he had come home, disturbing a conference with God, to say this:

"Mother, how could you let me go to church with the legs of my trousers rolled up like that?"

"My dear boy"—he was always her "dear boy" to the last hand-clasp—"how could I prevent you? You were in such a hurry you did not present yourself for inspection."

"But you knew they were rolled up the last rainy day."

"And hadn't you the sense to roll them down when it was dry? Why, Robert, living with me must have turned your brain."

A year passed, and not only was Robert Kester still a widower, but he had not even begun to take notice. He lived in the comfortable house which had been his home for many years, and it was taken care of by a chore-woman who came twice a day and cared for the premises when he was absent. No invitation had wheedled him out of his solitude, and he had never noticed any of the sixteen-year-old girls who were to succeed Mrs. Kester. All overtures of sympathy and respect were put aside, and it looked as if the most eligible widower in Green county was to remain a widower to the end of his days.

Robert Kester owned a good horse, which he drove in a covered buggy, in which he and his late wife had explored every nook and corner of the town in which they lived, and much of the surrounding country.

After his wife's death he occupied the buggy alone. It was the one pleasure he allowed himself and he drove more frequently than anywhere else to the cemetery in which she reposed. He went there at all hours, but no one could say whether thrift or sentiment took him there. The lot was kept like her flower garden at home, and no other hand but his touched it. So the spectacle of Robert's horse hitched to the palings caused no surprise. Coming or going, he always carried some tribute of remembrance and affection.

Several times he had observed another who visited a lot near his own. He knew her as a poor lonely widow, whose husband and two children slept there. Her silent, shrinking movements, her grief, and the fact that she was far along the troubled pathway of life, gave her a transient interest, and one day when a storm was approaching he offered her a seat in his carriage. Such unwonted kindness quite upset her, and she was silent and despondent during the ride home. She

SHE WAS SILENT AND DESPONDENT.

had known Mrs. Kester and included her in a few grateful words she said, in such a way as to please Robert much. Praise of his wife had always been an open way to his esteem.

But the widow went no more to the cemetery. There were several reasons for this. First, the days were growing cold, and she dreaded rheumatism. Then she did not want that good man, Robert Kester, to think that she was lying in wait for him. And, too, she had accepted a home with a family — a cross, disagreeable man and his prim wife—where in consideration of three meals a day and lodging, she was to act as housekeeper where no servant was kept. Her property had been taken from her by an unscrupulous son, and she was obliged in her old age to work for strangers.

Being a woman of education who in her youth had enjoyed superior advantages, she felt that her sphere was lowering and closing her in. Being a Christian, she accepted the changed conditions of her life with fortitude and resignation. But a single petty act of cruelty and injustice raised her again to the plateau of happiness.

Going out earlier than usual one morning with his horse and buggy, Robert saw a bowed and weeping woman vanish into the cemetery stile. He waited a long time for her to appear, and then he again invited her to a seat in his buggy.

All Green county was electrified when they heard of Robert's second marriage, and saw that plain, sad Mrs. Black dressed in a dark red — yes, actually red — bridal dress, superintending Robert's home, now hers, and looking like another woman in the sunshine of her new love.

Then he hadn't been unhappy before? He hadn't repented of marrying a woman much too old for him, and proved it by rushing off to marry one much too young? He had selected another motherly wife, and asked nobody's permission. And he went on living in the same calm, rational way with number two, who seemed to fit into all vacant niches as if she had been to the manner born.

But the effect of all this on the people of that locality has been most remarkable. Disparity of age is the rule now instead of the exception. And it is always on the bride's side. The girls are hurrying up the time when a young man will consider them old enough to marry. Instead of making themselves younger when their ages are asked, they invariably add years to their number, so that they will be considered sufficiently ripe in judgment for marriage with their juniors.

For these unequal marriages are wonderfully happy, filled with a strong and abiding friendship, a comradeship, that indicates the true measure of living. Some one has said that the real life never arranges itself exactly like a romance. And as the value of first youth is not appreciated until it has vanished, so love produces a second youth of the heart—and with it time has no existence—years do not count.—Detroit Free Press.

A MONSTER PUDDING.

It Was Built on Savage Island, in the Village of Liku.

I had been ten years on Savage island, and meant to come to England on a visit, but before leaving went to each village to say "good-by" to the people. We had been three weeks from home when we got to a little village called Liku. The evening after our arrival there was a terrible commotion—men, women and children were running about—carrying sticks, some logs of wood and some big stones. The men began digging a long, shallow trench with their sharp-pointed sticks. The boys brought big stones and firewood. These were piled up all along one side of the trench. The wood was then set fire to and was soon blazing, while the stones on the top were getting hot. While the fire was burning one side little bundles of something white and soft were being undone from the clean leaves that contained them. This was the paste out of which the pudding was to be made.

There were no flour, suet, eggs, milk, plums or currants in it. It was the paste of a native vegetable called taro, and old cocoanut, both grated very fine and mixed together. A long pudding cloth was laid along the side of the trench, and in it the pudding was carefully wrapped. It was not calico or linen, but nice clean banana leaves. Over this long cocoanut leaves were plaited. When the stones were hot enough some were quickly laid along the bottom of the trench, then the long pudding laid on top of them and then some more stones at the sides and on the top. Some girls had brought heaps of leaves to lay over the top to keep the heat and steam in, and the earth which had been dug out of the trench was thrown over the top. The cooks and puddingmakers all went to sleep and left the stars to watch their cookery. Next morning at eight the whole village was astir, men, women and children, all in holiday attire.

It was soon uncovered and was found to be well done. Long poles were brought and laid the whole length. These were fastened to the pudding by small vines, canes, etc. It was then rolled out of the trench on one side; short sticks were made fast crosswise to the poles and all was ready for taking up. About one hundred men and boys then raised it on their shoulders and with one tremendous shout started toward my house, accompanied by the whole village. I measured it before carving and found it was two hundred feet long—two feet longer than the monument of London is high. It measured thirteen inches in circumference. It was soon carved into pieces four yards long, and these were distributed all over the land, men carrying as much pudding as their strength would allow to distant villages.—Spokane Review.

A WILY FROG.

By Crafty Stratagem He Saved Himself from Being Swallowed by a Snake.

The south branch of the Raritan river runs through Clinton, N. J., and along the picturesque Lehigh Valley railroad. It is famous for its black bass, turtle and water pilots and its wooded shores are great resorts for fishing and picnic parties. At Kershaw's mills there is a large dam, over which superfluous water empties into a sort of raceway. Huge rocks and bowlders support this dam, and, during a dry spell, when very little or no water is running over the dam, huge, ugly-looking, brown-colored water snakes use the rocks for sun baths.

It was at this point that "Nick" Sampson witnessed a singular scene recently. He was watching the snakes and had his eye on an old fellow who, he declares, had scales on him like a salamander, when his attention was drawn to a frog that was hopping along on the bare ground between the rocks and the river. The frog was nearing the snake, apparently unmindful of his peril, for snakes love frogs and toads. But this frog had evidently "been to school."

"I guess the snake had an eye open," said "Nick," "for as soon as the frog came in reach he sprang for him. The frog, seeing him, essayed to get away, making a high leap toward the water. But the snake was too quick for him and got between him and the water. It was then that the frog manifested his schooling. He picked up a twig about four inches long and held it in his mouth like a bit. I wondered what for and when I ascertained said I to myself:

"'Nick, that is the smartest frog in the United States.'

"The snake seized the frog by the fore-leg and, lengthening out, proceeded to get outside of him. He opened his jaws and wriggled forward. In went the frog's leg and then, after many efforts, the snake got the frog's nose and part of his head in until he came to the twig, which, extending an inch beyond and across his own jaws, queered him and saved the frog. The snake writhed and wriggled frantically. He relaxed the muscles of his jaws, but all in vain.

"I laughed so hard and so long that I became weak in my knees and had to sit down and rest before I looked for a club to help the frog out of the difficulty. Then I got a big stick and moved quickly down upon the snake, who was too busy to hear me.

"With one strong, well-directed blow I broke his spine and paralyzed him and his jaws relaxed, the frog backed out, dropped the twig, looked up at me and gave a croak of thanks. Before I could reach him he gave two leaps and was in his element."—Philadelphia Press.

—An English lady, with her young son and daughter, traveled on donkey back from Corunna, through the mountains of Galicia, Austria and Navarre to the French frontier this summer, accompanied by a single donkey driver. She found no serious difficulties on the trip, though she had been warned by Spanish authorities that it was rather dangerous.

REMARKABLE SHOOTING.

Records Made with a Pistol and Carbine by Sergeant Henser.

There is a soldier in Troop G, of the Second cavalry, at Fort Wingate, who bears the distinction of being the best shot in the United States army. He is Sergt. Henry Henser, and not only is he a thorough cavalryman in every sense of the word, a perfect carbine and pistol shot, but he has had some adventures that few men would have lived through. I saw the sergeant the other day in his comfortable quarters, and obtained a record of his wonderful shooting, as well as the story of a desperate battle he had for his life in Arizona in 1890, near Fort Huachuca.

Sergt. Henser has served as a soldier for almost nineteen years. He is a powerfully built, athletic man of about 38 years of age, and a thoroughly good fellow, so his comrades say. His record, as given in a Wingate (Ariz.) letter, as a marksman began in 1885 at Vancouver barracks, where he shot on the department team, or, rather, in preliminary shooting for position on the team, and secured first place, in 1887, in the department of the Columbia shoot, he was No. 16, with a score of 484 points. In the following year he raised his score to 518 points, scoring fifth, although there were but seventeen points between him and the winning score at that shoot. All these competitions were shot with the military rifle. After 1888 he shot entirely with the cavalry carbine. In 1889 at Fort Wingate in the competition of the department of Arizona and California, at which the most skilled marksmen from the various posts in that department were shooting, he scored 543 points, winning the department silver medal. During the same competition he shot on the pistol team, winning the bronze department medal for revolver shooting, scoring 73.5 per cent. This score, with the former ones he had made, qualified him as a distinguished marksman, and gave him the handsome gold medal signifying that rank by the government.

In a competition for a place on the army team of 1890, when marksmen were to be selected for the great army team shoot, he scored 557 points against Capt. Kerr's 567. He was therefore prevented from shooting on the army team that year, and it was mortifying to him later on to learn that Capt. Kerr won the army medal by 557 points, the very score he had made in the preliminaries. It taught him a lesson, however, and he grimly declared that in future the man who disqualified him would have to do some shooting. He proved this a year later, for, notwithstanding the fact that he had almost been torn to pieces in December, 1890, by a silver-tip bear, he won third place on the army team, and secured the first prize there, winning a handsome gold medal, more than seven ounces in weight. He scored 456 points in the army team shoot.

In the Distinguished Marksmen's team shoot in 1892 he won the celebrated "Buffalo" medal, a huge gold adornment sought after more, perhaps, than any other insignium of marksmanship to be found in the army. It is larger than the government's gold medal awarded to the winner of the army team shoot, and it has to be won from the most distinguished marksmen in the service. He scored 600 points in this shoot. In the same competition in 1893, at Fort Sheridan, he again won the "Buffalo" medal with a score of 582. Some one tampered with the sights of his carbine at this shoot, and after he commenced to fire he had to take a new carbine, about which he knew nothing. He found that it shot a trifle too high. He allowed for this, and won first prize in spite of the machinations of his enemies. Again in last year's shoot he captured a greatly prized "Buffalo" medal, and now has three of them. In addition to the first prize medal of the government for the army, and less valuable decorations enough to cover his breast. He has made the highest scores in skirmish ever attained, namely, 170, 177 and 184 out of a possible 200 points.—Boston Traveler.

A Question of Brains.

Modesty about one's mental requirements is a good thing, but it must have been carried too far in the case of a witty Irishman whom a correspondent once met. The Irishman was at work at a stone quarry, pulling up loads of broken rock out of a shaft with a windlass. The windlass was exposed to the sun and the labor was very hard, but the man had on his head a straw hat from which the crown had been torn. "Look here," said the visitor to the Irishman, "aren't you afraid the sun will injure your brain?" Pat paused in his work and looked stendily and wonderingly at his questioner. "Brain!" said he. "Me brains, is it? An' do ye think that af I had any brains I'd be turnin' this windliss?"—Youth's Companion.

Too Clean to Walk On.

They tell this story to show Designer Watson's thorough sportsmanship in all that pertains to a boat: Not long since he was a guest on Emperor William's yacht. Getting up very early the first morning on board he found the deck of such snowy whiteness that he could not bring himself to sully it with a landsman's shoe; so forthwith off came his boot and sock and barefooted he took his morning constitutional. When the emperor appeared on deck he at once noticed Watson's remarkable appearance, and the latter promptly told him the reason thereof. The emperor made no remark, but immediately disappeared below to reappear in a few minutes pedally bared as was his guest.—Illustrated American.

—A railroad across Arabia, from Ismailia, on the Suez canal, to the head of the Persian gulf, following as near as possible the thirteenth degree of latitude for nearly one hundred miles, is now under consideration. The engineering difficulties are not serious.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Pop-Overs.—Four eggs; enough flour to make a thin batter; bake quickly in cups. This is a delicious bread for supper or tea.—Detroit Free Press.

—White Bean Puree.—Put in oven one-half pint of beans in one and one-half pints of water. Let stand until the beans are perfectly soft and dry, but not brown. Pass through strainer. Melt a large tablespoonful of butter and rub into it a scant tablespoonful of flour. Add to this a quart of soup stock, and lastly the beans. Boil up and season with salt, pepper and celery salt.—Chicago Record.

—Sally Lunn.—One quart of flour, one-half pint of milk, one-half gill of yeast, three eggs, two ounces of butter, two teaspoonfuls of white sugar and a teaspoonful of salt, beat eggs very light, mix all the ingredients and set to rise over night. When risen pour, without stirring, into a mold and set to rise for an hour before baking. This the great supper dish so much used in Virginia.—Western Rural.

—Steamed Graham Pudding.—One cupful each of molasses, sweet milk, chopped raisins, or any other fruit desired, two cupfuls of graham flour, half a teaspoonful of soda and a half a nutmeg. Steam three hours. Sauce.—One scant cupful of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of butter, two of flour and one egg. Rub the sugar, butter and flour together, add the well-beaten egg, pour over it a pint of boiling water. Boil and flavor to taste.—Housekeeper.

—Rice Snow Balls.—Put one quarter of a pound of rice into a sauce-pan with one and one-half pints of new milk, two ounces of sugar and two ounces of sweet almonds blanched and minced fine and boil it till the rice is tender. Dip some small cups into cold water, fill them with the rice and set them away to cool. When cold turn them out on a dish, arrange a border of preserves or marmalade all around them and pour a little rich cream into the center if you have it.—Boston Budget.

—Lemon Custard.—Rub a tablespoonful of butter with three-fourths of a cup of sugar, then beat into this the yolks of three eggs. Moisten two tablespoonfuls of corn starch with a little water, and then add the corn starch and two cups of water to the part already prepared. Add the juice and grated rind of one lemon, beat up well and cook like any boiled custard. When taken from the fire, stir in lightly the well-beaten whites of three eggs. Cool in cups and serve with sweetened cream, or without dressing of any kind.—Ohio Farmer.

—Cherry Tapioca.—Cover one cup of tapioca with cold water and let stand over night. In the morning add a pint of water, put over the fire and let it simmer slowly until perfectly clear. Take from the fire and add a pound and a half of sour cherries and a cup of sugar or more if liked very sweet. Serve when very cold, with cream and sugar. If you can afford to use good cream, turn the tapioca from the moulds into saucers and pile whipped cream around it. If liked, a dozen oranges sliced may take the place of the cherries, or a quart of berries, stewed peaches, or in fact almost any fruit may be used for a change. —Ohio Farmer.

BISMARCK WAS HER GUIDE.

She Mistook Him for Her Cousin and He Showed Her Berlin.

Fifty-six years ago, when I was still in my teens, it was decided that I should go and spend a few months in Rome. Accompanied by an elderly chaperon and a couple of maids, I set out with the intention of making a short stay in Berlin. A sister of my father had married a German, and their son, "the German cousin," as we styled him, was a student at the university. I had never seen him, however. A few days before my departure my father sent him a letter asking him to take me under his wing. I safely arrived in Berlin, and met with a cordial reception on the part of the German cousin. He was a tall young man with a large mustache and dark, flashing eyes. I was almost afraid of him. For three days he was my faithful companion. To be sure, he could not speak a word of Swedish, but we contrived to get along very well in French. I never had so pleasant a cavalier to attend upon me; I felt quite proud of my German cousin. The hour for continuing my journey arrived only too quickly. "Cousin," he said, as I got on the train, "I have something to tell you. Strange as you may think it, I am not your cousin. My friend, your 'German cousin'—the real one, I mean—is just now so busy preparing for his exam. that he asked me to carry your father's wishes into effect in his stead—my name is Otto von Bismarck." I looked at him in blank amazement; the train moved off and the adventure was at an end. In 1880, after forty years of married life, I happened to pass again through Berlin. I wrote a few words on a card and sent it to the great chancellor. An hour later I received a summons to his palace, and we were soon in the thick of an animated conversation. Bismarck was in capital spirits. Among other things he said: "I am indebted to you for the opportunity of visiting the Berlin museums; since that time I have never had the chance."—Gotebergpost.

Corset First Worn by Men.

The much-maligned corset was invented and first worn by men. The earliest mention in history of this article is by Aristophanes, who lived in the fifth century B. C. In one of his comedies he ridicules a brother poet who, inordinately vain of his personal beauty, was dissatisfied with the shape of his figure, which was far removed from ideal symmetry, being much too thin for his height. He therefore hit upon the plan of improving his physique by encasing his body in an undercuirass made of little pieces of wood. The idea was imitated later on by another man, the Emperor Antoninus Pius, who found great difficulty in persuading the Roman women to follow his example.

Health

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When you allow your blood to become thin, depleted, robbed of the little red corpuscles which indicate its quality, you will become tired, worn out, lose your appetite and strength and disease will soon have you in its grasp.

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DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

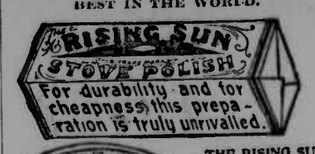

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TEMPERANCE NOTES.

FALSE LIPS.

I have kissed your lips when I thought they were sweet,
I have drank when I thought it was nectar I sipped:
A bright eye's bright sparkle mine eyes used to meet,
I have thought, when you upward were tipped.
But those lips were as false as a siren's song,
The nectu as bitter ns gall.
The sparkle a will-the-wisp luring along,
To victim to thy deadly thrall.

I have laughed with the merry, our glasses on high,
I have joined in the song and the jest—
I have dreamed that in this did all happiness lie—
I have thought them the bravest and best;
But such laughter's the seed of an awful despair,
Such songs have for echoes a moan,
Such happiness ends but in sorrow and care—
With the "bravest und best" it has flown.

Once, hope you inspired—youth's best, brightest treasure;
In each drop seemed a smile fortune fair on me cast;
All this I have dreamed, while I sought endless pleasure
'Neath the froth that n moment did last.
But hope, you will fade like a poor withered flower,
In each drop sleeps a fountain of tears,
And down 'neath the froth that foams for an hour
Are the dregs that are tasted for years.
—Ed. L. Spears, in Banner of Gold.

ALCOHOL AND PNEUMONIA.

Interesting and Valuable Information Obtained by Experiments on Dogs.

The action of alcohol on the different organs of the humnn body hns been investigated so carefully and systematically that it almost seems impossible to add anything new on the subject. Looking over the literature we find abundant evidence of careful study of the question in its bearing upon heart, brain, liver, kidneys and the digestive tract; but, strange to say, the lungs have apparently escaped attention, although a few straggling notices hinting at the true relation between alcohol nnd the respiratory organs hnve been published at differeat times and in different countries.

In order to determine this question I made a series of experiments during the winters of 1890, 1891, 1892 and 1893, and the results are embodied in this report.

The animals used were dogs, male aad female, mougrels of very mixed origin, picked up from the streets by the city dog-catchers. They ranged in weight from fifteen to twenty-five pounds, and were all apparently in good health, if voracious appetites and strong fighting propensities can be accepted as indications of physical well-being. Twelve animals were used during 1890-91, ten the following winter, and nine during the winter of 1892-93.

The experiments were simple. The animal, carefully etherized, received an injection of a quantity of commercial alcohol, varying from one dram to one ounce, into the trachea just below the larynx, by means of n large hypodermic syringe. After the narcosis had passed nwsy the symptoms were noted, from hour to hour first, from day to day later, aud post-mortem examinations made after a certain time, varying from half an hour to four weeks, gave evidence of the internal conditions of the respiratory organs.

The system in all dogs experimented upon were alike nnd as follows: Difficulty in breathing, increasing with the advance on the inflammation set up in the respiratory passnges by the action of the alcohol, until it finally resembled a wheezing noise and called into activity all the accessory respiratory muscles; stethoscopic examination gave evidence not only of the difficulty which the air encountered in trying to force an entrace into the bronchial tubes and air-vesicels, but also of the tumultuous beating of the heart while attempting to drive the blood through the capillaries of the lung. Copious expectoration of the bloody, frothy mucus indicated the progress of the disease.

Post-mortem examinations always showed the lungs dark and congested, solid in some places, so solid indeed that these parts sank when thrown into water,

Cutting into the lung, the air-passages were found to be always filled with bloody, frothy mucus; even the animal that died five minutes after the injection presented the same symptoms. The lungs were dark and congested and full of bloody mucus, showing the rapidity of the inflammatory processes and clearly demonstrating how acutely sensitive the respiratory passages are to the action of alcohol.

There is probably no danger of meeting contradiction when we define pneumonia as an inflammation of the lung-tissue, whether of bacterial or traumatic origin, of lobar or lobular form, need not concern us here, as long as we are satisfied that these inflammatory processes produce phenomena observed in the respiratory passages during an attack of the disease.

Alcohol introduced into the lungs of dogs sets up a pneumonia more or less severe. Whether we call it a traumatic pneumonia, or a broncho-pneumonia, or coin a new name for it, will not change the fact.

On microscopic examination of such lung-tissue the air-tubes and vesicles are found to be partially or completely filled with immense numbers of red and white blood-corpuscles and large quantities of mucus, and present the same picture as that obtained from a slide made from the lungs of a child that died from broncho-pneumonia, and although one is from a human being, the other from a dog, the former representing a well-known type of disease, the latter an artificial form, the similarity between the two is certainly striking enough to prove that the pathologic condition of the lung-tissue is the same in both, and that the alcohol has induced inflammatory processes very closely resembling, if not absolutely like, those found in attacks of broncho-pneumonia in human beings.

Admitting then that alcohol can produce all the grades of inflammation of the lung-tissue from the mildest to the fatal form, according to the quantity used, we can perhaps understand to some extent why drunkards if attacked by pneumonin will succumb more speedily than the patient of temperate habits.

By virtue of the alcohol coursing with the blood through the lung-capillacies on the one side, and the alcohol exhaled with the breath, be it ever so little, filling the air-vesicles and air-tubes on the other side, the lung-tissue itself, so sensitive to alcohol, stands between two fires, so to speak, and must be in a chronic state of semi-engorgement, of mild inflammation, like the highly-colored nose of the drunkard or the engorged mucous membraue of his stomach.

Certainly such a state of affairs will change the normal condition of the cells of the lung-tissue and reduce their vitality, and in proportion their power of resistance to external influences; nnd if now a severe, acute form of inflammation, such as pneumonia, is added to the pathologic conditions already existing, the luags find themselves powerless against the attack of the disease, and the drunkards' death rate from pneumonin illustrates the time-honored law which says that an organ or orgauism weakened by previous ills can not compete with normal organs in fighting the battles agalast acute diseases in the struggle for existence, and the man of temperate habits, with lungs free from alcoholic inflammatiou, has from five to seven chauces for recovery from pneumonia when the drunkard has only one.—Prof. Julius Pohlman, M. D., in Journal of Inebriety.

LOSSES THAT PAID.

A Reformed Drunkard's Original Way of Stating His Case.

The following good speech is nearly a verbal report of one heard at a temperance meeting:

"I have been thinking, since I came into the meeting to-night, about the losses I've met with since I signed the total abstinence pledge. I tell you there isn't a man in the society who has lost more by stopping drink than I have. Wait a bit till I tell you what I mean. There was a nice job of work to be done in the shop to-day, and the boss called for me.

"'Give it to Law,' said he. 'He's the best hand in the shop.'

"Well, I told my wife at supper time, and she said:

"'Why, Laurie, he used to call you the worst. You've lost your bad name, haven't you?'

"'That's a fact, wife," said I. 'And it ain't all I have lost in the last sixteen months either. I had poverty and wretchedness, and I lost them. I had an old ragged coat and a shocklu' bad hat, and some waterproof boots that let the wet out at the toes as fast as they took it in at the heel. I've lost them. I had a red face, a trembling hand, and a pair of shaky legs that gave me an awkward tumble now and then. I had a habit of cursing and swearing; and I've got rid of that. I find an aching head sometimes, and a heavy heart, and, worse than all the rest, a guilty conscience. Thank God, I've lost them all!'

"Then I told my wife what she had lost.

"'You've had an old ragged gown, Mary,' said I. 'And you had trouble and sorrow and a poor, wretched home, and plenty of heartaches, for you had a miserable drunkard for a husband.' Mary, Mary, thank the Lord for all you and I have lost since I signed the temperance pledge!"—Chase City Progress.

GENERAL GLEANINGS.

It is reported that in twenty-seven places in Minnesota the curfew ordinance is in force.

The man who puts the bottle to his neighbor's lips first puts a nail through the hand of Christ.

The American steamship line has it as an invariable rule that no captain or other officer, sailor or other employe, shall use intoxicating liquor as a drink.

The devil does not require every man who serves him to wear his colors—which explains why a man may drink without carrying a rum blossom on his nose.—Young Men's Era.

In London there is no less than thirty whisky-dealers who make use of the royal arms on their labels and trade-marks. They have been appointed "Purveyors to the Queen."

Eleven of the twenty-six saloons in Kokomo, Ind., have decided to close, as they see no prospect of making money, owing to the stringency of the recently-enacted temperance laws.

As an organization the Brewers' association has more wealth than any other in the country. It has over $80,000 invested in interest-bearing bonds for one thing; besides this, it collects annually $30,000 in dues.

When the Shazada was the guest of the prince of Wales at Marlborough House two Afghan cooks were assiduous in seeing that the shazada's food contained no intoxicants, for, being Mohammedan, the prince is prohibited from touching spirits.—Champion of Progress.

The savings banks of Cambridge, Mass., give testimony as follows: "The last year under saloons there were $140,000 of new deposits. The next year under prohibition $536,000. The last year under saloons 861 new accounts were opened in the savings banks, while in the first year under no license 992 were opened."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—It is a common belief in the rural districts of all countries that when hogs carry straw or sticks in their mouths rain will soon follow.

—The night-blooming jessamine shows no special charm through the day, but at the approach of evening its little candle-shaped flowers present a picture of singular beauty, while they fill the whole air with their fragrance.

—In parts of Austria and Italy there is a superstition that the human saliva is a cure for blindness. The idea probably originated in the miraculous healing of a blind man recorded in one of the gospels.

—In many nations it has been believed that an individual bitten by a dog may cure himself by placing three of the dog's hairs on the wound. The idea is expressed in the English proverb: "The hair of the dog is good for the bite."

—Kedesh, the city of Naphtali, where Barak and Deborah assembled the tribes of Israel, has been sought for by M. E. Gantier and not found. Two spots in the valley of the Orontes were supposed to be the place, a tumulus on a spur of Mount Lebanon, near the Lake of Homs, and an island in the lake. Excavations were made in both, with the conclusion that neither is Kedesh. But on the island a series of interesting buildings, one above the other, was found, beginning with the Byzantine period and going back through the Graeco-Phoenician to the bronze and stone ages.

—There have been many capitals of the United States. The seat of government was removed to Washington in 1800; the first session of congress held there commenced on November 17. The previous seats of government were as follows, the dates being those of the opening of sessions of congress: Philadelphia, May 10, 1775; Baltimore, December 20, 1776; Philadelphia, March 4, 1777; Lancaster, Pa., September 27, 1777; York, Pa., September 30, 1777; Philadelphia, July 2, 1778; Princeton, N. J., June 20, 1783; Annapolis, Md., November 26, 1783; Trenton, N. J., November 1, 1784; New York, January 11, 1785, where the constitutional government was organized in 1789, and Philadelphia, December 6, 1790.

—The ordinance of 1787 was the celebrated ordinance and articles of compact as framed by the congress of the American confederacy. By the adoption of this measure July 13, 1787, a basis was established for the government of the vast northwestern territory. The articles of the compact provided for religious freedom, the benefits of the writ of habeas corpus, trial by jury, etc.; for the encouragement of schools; for just treatment of the Indians, and by the sixth and last article forbade any "slavery or involuntary servitude, except for crime," within the bonds of the territory. Arthur St. Clair was elected for congress, October 5, 1787, as the first governor of the Northwestern territory.

HANDEL'S OBSTINACY.

An Instance of His Resoluteness as a Boy.

A child's obstinacy does not always bring as fortunate results as was the case with Handel, the great musician. His extraordinary resoluteness as a boy led to that great success which crowned the later years of his life. When he was some seven years of age his father had occasion to visit a son by a former wife, who was a valet to the duke of Saxe Weissenfels. Traveling in those days—two hundred years ago—was tedious and expensive, and Dr. Handel did not desire to be delayed with the care of an "infant" during a journey which the demands of a responsible profession would probably make as short as possible.

But the future giant of music would go. He cried, bellowed, and eventually ran along the road after the vehicle, until the tender feelings of the doctor could refuse no longer. In an evil moment for his jurisprudence scheme he took the child with him.

No sooner did the little fellow reach the ducal residence than he gave rein to his fancy on the keys of every instrument that he found open. The remarkable music that came from the finger-tips of the child's hands was soon the object of wonder and conversation throughout the palace, and all this was intensified when he secured an opportunity of touching the keys of the chapel organ within the hearing of the duke.

Such a throb started from that chapel organ when little Handel's tendrilled fingers chose the keys, and the soul of the duke was touched as it never had been touched before. Truly a momentous occurrence, since but for it Handel's sacred music might never have been written.

The duke's attention having been arrested, he inquired of Dr. Handel concerning the child's future, and eventually succeeded in placing him for three years' study under Zachau, the organist of Halle cathedral. This was the beginning of Handel's musical education.—Youth's Companion.

The Supposititious Lion and Elephant.

The lion was supposed to lash his side and back with his tail, "to the end to do nothing faintly or cowardly," and if, in spite of this stimulus to his valor, he was obliged to flee, he made use of his tail to obliterate his footsteps. When hunting he roared vehemently, and then with his tail traced a circle in the sand round the victims, which he afterward consumed at his pleasure. As may be imagined the elephant was the subject of countless legends, and some of the peculiarities attributed to him were at least original. For instance, the creases in his skin were said to be fly traps. They exhaled a peculiar odor, attractive to the flies, and when these incautiously ventured within the creases the wily elephant suddenly contracted his skin and massacred them by the thousands.—Westminster Review.

THE UNHAPPY SOUDAN.

Return of a Semi-Civilized Race to a Condition of Barbarism.

A very curious instance of the return of a quite civilized country to a state of barbarism is afforded by the Soudan, in Central Africa, a vivid description of which has been given before the geographical congress in London by Slatin Pasha. This officer had been in the service of Egypt, and, meeting Gen. Gordon in 1876, was shortly afterward offered a position in the Soudan, that of governor general of the province of Dan Fur. The fact of the Mahdi uprising was an item of news at the time, and the fate of Gen. Gordon had been for a long time an interesting matter for discussion. It was finally decided that he was dead, but Slatin Pasha, escaped from captivity, brings to Europe the first authentic information about him. The story which this officer and explorer presented was one of the most dramatic features of what proved to be a most remarkable congress, and his audience included the best known of the world's explorers, not of Africa alone, but of the entire globe.

"No European can venture to cross the limits of this land, cut off from civilization," said Slatin Pasha, "extending in the south along the Nile to Begjaf and east to west from Kassala to near Wadai. Death or lifelong captivity would be his lot. Yet it is only within a short period of ten years that the land has been subjected to this miserable fate. For more than sixty years, since the time of Mohammed Ali, it remained under the rule of Egypt and was open to civilization. In the chief towns were found Egyptian and European merchants; in Khartoum itself the foreign powers had their representatives."

Travelers of all nations could pass through the land unharmed and found protection and help through these representatives. Telegraphs and regular postal service facilitated intellectual intercourse with the most distant countries. Mohammedan mosques, Christian churches and mission schools looked after the religious and moral training of the young.

The land was peopled by diverse tribes, many of which lived in hostility with each other, but all were compelled by the severity of the rule to keep the peace. Like the oriental countries, the officials sought to enrich themselves as quickly as possible, and discontent was fostered thereby, while so far as the Europeans were concerned, they no doubt ignored at times the legends and traditions of the Soudanese, and in this way excited some measure of ill will.

"Mohammed Akmed knew and took advantage of the mood of the country," continued Slatin Pasha. "Well knowing that only a religious factor could unite the hostile tribes, he maintained that he was the Mahdi sent by God, the deliverer of the country from a foreign yoke, the regenerator of religion. He roused the tribes to war against the government, promised his adherents, in case of victory, four-fifths of the booty to the survivors. Thus were fanaticism and avarice, the two chief qualities of the Soudanese, awakened."

Slatin Pasha was kept prisoner for eleven years in the heart of the Soudan, escaping the present year only after incredible hardships and dangers, being the first man to bring to civilized Europe a statement of the condition of the Soudan and proof of the murder of Gen. Gordon.—Happy Thoughts.

WHEN YOU GO ABROAD.

Simple Directions for Seeing Paris in One Week.

First day—Drive to Drexel's or Monroe's to get some money. Steal as many American newspapers from the reading-rooms as possible. Take lunch at a boulevard restaurant. Kick at the bill. Take a cab and visit Notre Dame, the Morgue, the Sainte-Chapelle, the Palais de Justice and the Cluny Museum. Wind up at that big shop called the Bon Marche, and finish the afternoon looking around. Go to bed immediately after dinner.

Second day—Go to the Bon Marche and stay till dark. Of course, only the ladies do this. It will give a chance for the men of the party to go down to Henry's American bar and stay till dark.

Third day—Get up late and take the ladies to that big shop called the Louvre. The men go to see about their steamer tickets and then make a trip to the Gare du Nord to get some extra trunks out of bond. All meet at the Louvre; take lunch at the cake shop opposite, then go to the Louvre again and stay all day buying gloves. In the evening go to the grand opera, where the whole party goes to sleep from sheer fatigue.

Fourth day—See about the wash. Begin packing the gloves. Start for Versailles. Get back in time to take a drive through the Bois de Boulogne. At night the men of the party go to the Moulin Rouge.

Fifth day—The men go out alone and the women go out alone. The latter buy hats on the Rue Royale. The former go to bank for some more money. In the evening ride on the top of an omnibus from the Madeleine to the Bastile and back.

Sixth day—Everybody goes shopping. In the evening pack trunks.

Seventh day—Finish shopping; engage the omnibus to take us to the railway station, and take a nap in the afternoon. The train for Havre is waiting, and so good-by to Paris.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

—Hard Sauce.—Stir to a cream one cup of fresh butter, two cups of pulverized sugar, and add the juice of a lemon or a couple of teaspoonfuls of vanilla, and a little grated nutmeg. Smooth into a mold with a broad-bladed knife, and set away to keep cool until the pudding is ready to serve.—Prairie Farmer.

—"O, doctor, how do you do? You look killing this evening." "Thank you, but I'm not: I'm off duty, you know."—Brooklyn Life.

WARRING ON THE WOLF.

Some Incidents Connected with the Bounty Law in Minnesota.

It costs something to keep down the wolf crop of Minnesota. For several days the counter in the auditor's office has been piled high at one end with a lot of official-looking paper boxes labeled "wolf bounties," with the name of the particular county from which they come attached. There is some red tape about the wolf bounty business, and it is just as well that there should be, for it costs a good deal of money to buy all the scalps offered, and the price paid is quite an inducement for men who have no moral compunctions about "doing" the public treasury to go into the business of raising the brutes for their scalps. In fact, there have been prosecutions for that very sort of thing. One of the northern counties, Polk, had such a case, and so did Otter Tail once upon a time. In both of the counties named enterprising individuals had gone regularly into the business of raising the wolves.

Either Polk is the banner wolf county or the people up there are the most persistent hunters in the state. The farmers turned in two hundred and forty-four wolf scalps in two years. They took in bounties one thousand one hundred and forty-six dollars out of the state treasury and one-half as much out of the county treasury. At that time there was many a suspicious looking scalp that was sent back for further identification. The man who kills a wolf and then tries to collect the bounty, having no previous knowledge of what he must do, inevitably comes to wish he had let the wolf alone. He is brought into contact with nearly every public officer who has to do with the paying of public obligations, from chairman of the board of supervisors of his town to the state auditor. Of course, if he gets a couple of wolves a day for a few days in the winter he must do fairly well.

The wolf hunter does most of his business in the early months of the year, for the scalps are most valuable then. A full-grown female wolf killed in the first months of the year is worth fifteen dollars to her slayer. A male wolf or a cub brings only five. During the summer months the bounty is five dollars a head for any sort of a wolf. The hunter takes the pelt off his victim, if he is inclined to be nice about following the law, and he will show the same to the chairman of the board of county supervisors in the town in which the killing was made. If he cannot get the chairman of the board he is permitted by law to exhibit the hide to a majority of the members of the board. Whereupon he will be given a certificate and will deliver the same to the county auditor, who will pay over the price, unless he is suspicious, and then he will insist that the entire hide be shown. Sometimes the hide is not available, and sometimes the kick does not come until the bounty is demanded by the county auditor or the state auditor. A couple of years ago there was such a case.

A man in a northern county killed a wolf. His county auditor would not pay the bounty, and the demand came to the auditor of the state. At that time there were no wolf sharps in the auditor's office, and, after they read the law, they came to the conclusion that they would have to see the body of the beast. They could not look at a scalp and do all the guessing the law required. Word was sent to the hunter of the decision. It was getting warm in the spring, when one day there walked into the office a long-haired, fierce-looking man. Hanging down his back was the carcass of a very dead wolf. He threw the wolf on the counter of the office and said: "There, gimme my money." The wolf had deceased some weeks before, and the man got his money. The wolf was thrown out of the window, and Janitor Rose, after a long wrangle with the wolf-slayer, superintended the removal of the remains. He has thought ever since that there ought to be a law passed repealing the wolf bounty act.

It cost upward of twenty thousand dollars in the last two years to keep down the amidtious wolf. Nearly three thousand scalps were paid for—exactly two thousand nine hundred and one, in fact. They came largely from the north, and possibly some of them were natives of other states, but their nativity cannot be too closely questioned. In some of the counties there are professional wolf hunters, who put in the month of January in the business, and, of course, let a cub grow up to the fifteen-dollar limit. The rapid settlement of the remote counties is driving the wolves further north, and within a few years the wolf bounty will no longer cut an important figure in public expenditure. The practice of infecting the animals with the germs of a contagious disease is decimating the wolf tribe even more rapidly than anything else, and wolf raising for bounties is an industry that belongs altogether to the past.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Not Entirely.

Mrs. Billus (reading from magazine article)—"Many a good matrimonial ship that sails from port with a fair wind and all the omens in its favor goes down on the sunken reef of incompatibility, which is only another name for self. If true affection stands at the helm, beloved, the good ship will weather all storms, steer clear of all hidden rocks, and anchor safely at last in the harbor of happiness. Wherefore, ye married ones, be forbearing, gracious and loving to each other. Remember that coldness blights, withers, kills—" John, do I ever seem cold?

Mr. Billus (looking contemplatively at the ceiling)—Only your feet, Maria; only your feet.—Chicago Tribune.

Alum in Bread.

To find out whether there is any alum in cakes or bread, heat a knife and thrust it into the cake or loaf. If there is any alum it will partially cover the knife.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Poultry Query.—What will a woman shoo the chickens with when she wears bloomers?—Atchison Globe.

—"No wonder I'm stuck," said the bewildered pedestrian; "I've run against the forks of the road."—Richmond Dispatch.

—First Waiter—"Have you ordered sir?" Second Waiter (interposingly)—"Why, certainly; I took his order an hour ago."—Truth.

—"Let's go on a bust," said one man at Key West to another. "What sort of a bust?" "Filibust." — Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

—He Would Like It So.—She—"It is no use talking. You are not the man I married." He (despairingly)—"I wish I wasn't."—Harlem Life.

—"You live in the outskirts of the city, do you not?" "It used to be the outskirts, but we call it the outblooners, now."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—She—"Your father proposed to me the other day." He—"Yes, and what did you say?" She—"I said I would be a daughter to him."—N. Y. Advertiser.

—Watts—"Did you ever know of any one dying for love?"—Potts—"Once I knew a fellow who starved to death after being refused by an heiress."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Nothing More to Say.—"Jane," said the mistress to the new girl, "what burned that large hole in the rug?" "Fire," answered Jane laconically, and there the dialogue ended.—Detroit Free Press.

—Artist—"My next picture at the academy will be entitled 'Driven to Drink.'" His Friend—"Ah! Some powerful portrayal of baffled passion, I suppose?" Artist—"Oh no; it's a cab approaching a water trough."—Spare Moments.

—"My dear, darling, sweetest papa, you will have a telephone put in the house, won't you?" "But why, my dear?" "Oh, you see, papa, my Oscar is so dreadfully shy. Perhaps he would speak to you through a telephone!"—Fliegende Blatter.

—Mrs. Fogg—"I am really alarmed about young Feuderson. He has been missing all day; and yet when I last saw him he talked quite rationally." Fogg—"Did he? That's a bad sign; certainly he must have been out of his mind."—Boston Transcript.

—Canon Whitely, the veteran vicar of Bedlington, preached a sermon in which he showed the foolishness of staking money when chances of winning were small. Two pitmen were discussing the sermon afterward, when one of them was heard to say he felt sure "the vicar must have betted a lot hisself in his time, or he wouldan ha' knowed so much about it."—Household Words.

LADY JANET'S GHOST.

How She Was Saved in the End by Big Neil of the Trouts.

Lady Janet Gordon, by marriage Lindsay, was condemned for the murder of her husband to perpetual imprisonment on top of the Raven's rock, a stupendous cliff that rises above the River Ericht. Here, says the legend, every day, before touching food, "she had to spin a thread long enough to reach from her prison till it touched the river." Her life was protracted till she was over one hundred, but even when she died the murderess could not rest and "her ghost was seen to sit and spin, and often the keen angler, as he fished the Ericht below the Raven's rock, was startled by seeing a shadowy thread coming slowly down till it touched the water, when it disappeared and the scared fisherman knew that the lady's task was over for the day." Year after year went on and the lady, who had in her veins a drop of the Stuart blood-royal, continued to spin until "the black day of Culloden," when the Stuart cause was lost forever and many of the brave Strathardle lads who had escaped returned to hide in their native glen. Among others came Big Neil of the Trouts, so called from being a very expert angler.

He chose as his hiding-place a hole under some large bowlders on the bank of the river, a little above the Raven's rock, where he kept himself and some comrades who were also in hiding close by well supplied with trout. But a severe thunderstorm passed over Upper Strathardle, followed by such a deluge of rain that it brought down the river in one breast of water. Neil of the Trouts lay in his den, no doubt thinking it would put the river in good fishing ply, when the water poured in. When he got out the rushing torrent was so strong that it swept him away down the stream.

Just as he gave himself up for lost the eddy swept him under the Raven's rock and he saw a thin thread hanging down from the cliff and, as a drowning man will clutch a straw, he grasped it and to his astonishment it held and he found it strong enough to bear his weight and check his onward course and by its help he slowly drew himself to the bank. As he stepped ashore he heard a wild scream of joy overhead and, looking up, he saw the Lady of the Rock standing on the top of the cliff with her distaff in her hand, from which hung the thread that had saved his life. Her task was done, her punishment over. She had saved the life of a gallant follower of the Stuarts, her own royal race.

It is hardly, we presume, possible that the penal spinning of the Lady of Strathardle should be a faint and far-away echo from the legend celebrated by Tennyson in "The Lady of Shalott."—London Literary World.

Impressed.

A young woman who had never learned the art of cooking, being desirous of impressing her husband with her knowledge and diligence, manages to leave the kitchen door ajar on the day after their return from the bridal trip and as her lord comes in from the office exclaims, loudly: "Hurry up, Eliza, lo! Haven't you washed the lettuce yet? Here, give it to me. Where is the soap?"—London Tit-Bits.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Oct. 28, 1895.

The Republican National Convention will not be held earlier than the tenth of next June. That was made certain when Chairman Carter of the National Committee issued his call for the committee to assemble in Washington on the tenth of December to select the time and place for holding the National Convention. From the talk of National Committeemen and other prominet Republicans who have been in Washington within the last three or four days, the honor of being the convention city next year lies between Chicago and Pittsburg, with the chances slightly favoring the former. San Francisco has some earnest friends on the committee, but should they succeed in getting the convention held there it would surprise a great many people, themselves among the number.

The talk about there being serious dissension between Mr. Cleveland and Secretary Olney and other members of the Cabinet over the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine by Great Britian in its dealings with Venezuela continues, notwithstanding a positive denial made several days ago by Attorney General Harmon. Those who insist that the dissension exists say that the denial to have carried any weight should have been made either by Mr. Cleveland or Secretary Olney, the two men who are reported to be at logger-heads. A semi-official statement has been made to the effect that the administration does not regard a crisis, requiring either a backdown or a fight, possible between this time and the assembling of Congress, and that Mr. Cleveland intends sending a special message to Congress accompanied with all the correspondence with Great Britain, asking for advice as to the next move on the part of this government, unless Great Britain meanwhile concedes our right to the application of the Monroe doctrine. If he does there isn't a semblance of a doubt about what will be done — the Monroe doctrine will be upheld, by force if necessary. That has always been the position of the Republican party.

It is an open secret among Mr. Cleveland's few personal friends that he regrets having gone to Atlanta. The reason for his regret is the lack of enthusiasm over his visit among the masses. His reception by the exposition and other officials, not only at Atlanta but everywhere he stopped, was all that could have been asked for, but the crowds which turned out to see him seemed actuated mainly by curiosity and displayed none of the spontaneous all-absorbing enthusiasm for which pleased Southern crowds have long been famous. This was a blow to Mr. Cleveland's egotism, and the more he thinks about it the more he regrets that he didn't stay away from Atlanta.

There has been a shake-up in the financial branch of the State Department in consequence of an investigation by special agents of the Treasury Department. The chief of the Bureau of Accounts and the head book-keeper of the same bureau have been compelled to resign. The officials of the department will not say whether these changes are the result of a shortage in cash or of bad business methods. The chief of the bureau is under a $30,000 bond and handled something like $2,000,000 a year.

Ex-Congressman Brady, of Virginia, who was for many years an able lieutenant of the late Gen. Mahone, says that Mr. Reed is the present favorite of the Virginia Republicans for the presidential nomination, but that he will not undertake to say what the sentiment will be when the time comes for selecting delegates to the nominating convention. Speaking of how the south will vote this year, Mr. Brady said: "The south is for protection. The issue is sometimes obscured, and sometimes adroitly forced into the background by the Democratic leaders, but when it is fully and vigorously presented to her, the south, as well as the north, will vote for the further building up of this country."

No man in this country knows better how to keep his own counsel than does Hon. Thomas Brackett Reed, who will be speaker of the next House. Although the meeting of Congress is only little more than a month off he has kept his own counsel so well that the best informed political writers can do no more than guess at the names of those who will be chairmen of such important committees as those on Ways and Means and Appropriations. For the first committee the guessers are divided between three men — Dalzel, of Pennsylvania; Payne, of New York, and Hopkins, of Illinois—Dalzel having the largest number. The guessers name Cannon, of Illinois, and Henderson, of Iowa, as the two between whom lies the chairmanship of the Appropriation Committee, the majority guessing Cannon, who was chairman of that committee when Mr. Reed was last speaker of the House, but those who guess Henderson say he has the best chance because he has been continuously a member of the house, while Cannon has missed one term since he was at the head of the committee. But there is one chairmanship upon which all the guessers agree. That is Hitt, of Illinois, to be chairman of the committee on Foreign Affairs. There are three reasons for this agreement—each good. Mr. Hitt's friendship for Mr. Reed; his pre-eminent fitness by education, temperament and experience, for the place, and his record as chairman of that committee.

Grantsville.

Had sufficient rain Sunday afternoon and night to settle the dust.

Our school opened yesterday, (Monday) with John Miller as principal and Miss Emma Hinebaugh as assistant, both from Accident. Forty-five pupils were enrolled. The enrollment will doubtless increase later on.

Mrs. Wm. R. Getty, while visiting relatives on Pea Ridge last week, became suddenly severely ill. Dr. Lichty was called, who on his return, pronounced her condition improved.

Chas. Getty and Geo. Slick, of Frostburg, visited here Sunday.

Sheriff Wegman was in town several days last week.

A Western Union telegraph office was established in J. O. Getty's general store last week, the office having been opened last Thursday. The same wire—No. 35—is connected with this office which was used here before the discontinuance of the office. Mr. Getty, who was a telegrapher in Ohio for several years before returning here, will manipulate the magic instrument.

Chas. Speicher, of Engle's Mills, was a visitor here last Monday.

On Saturday night J. O. Getty narrowly escaped having a serious fire in his store, in fact it was quite serious as it was, though serious consequences were averted. Several bundles of cotton "bats" were lying upon one of the upper shelves which by some means became accidentally ignited, but fortunately, before the store was closed for the night and while there were several persons in the store who aided in extinguishing the flames by throwing the burning cotton out of doors. A fire now would be unusually serious because of scarcity of water.

The Gormanites held a large meeting here last Thursday night. Unusually good order prevailed. Ex-Senator Getty presided. Hamill, Miller, Kilgour and Peters were the principal speakers. They were accompanied by the Accident Cornet Band.

Patronize home merchants, home industries, put a shoulder to the wheel and help the town. Money spent at home is sure to bring more prosperity and thrift to a person than if it is sent away. It is certainly a detriment to a community where the residents send away for dry goods, groceries and other necessaries of life, which can be procured as readily and cheaply at home. It is the same thing with every line of business.

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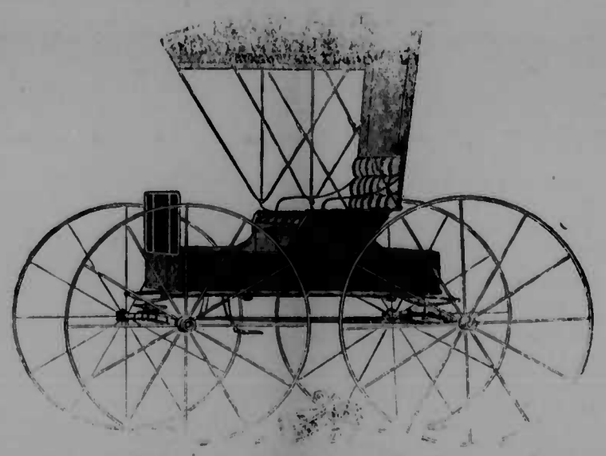

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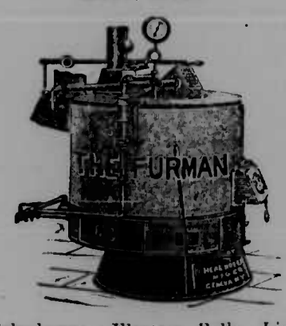

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Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13t.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

--WANTED--
WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER
Also White Oak Timber Land.
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.
Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.
CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
221f 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

The Wesleyan Female Institute,
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.

For girls and young women. Established 1843. Full corps of experienced teachers. Location healthy, central and accessible. For catalogues and particulars apply to
REV. HENRY P. HAMILL,
13-15t President.

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For Comptroller:														
Robert P. Graham, R.	116	247	187	90	141	133	413	172	41	160	74	106	1880	631
Marion DeKalb Smith, D.	113	86	174	78	145	44	270	90	69	77	63	40	1249	
For Attorney-General:														
Harry M. Clabaugh, R.	116	247	188	89	141	133	412	172	42	159	74	106	1879	634
Charles C. Crothers, D.	112	86	174	78	145	44	267	90	68	78	63	40	1245	
For Associate Judge, 4th District:														
David W. Sloan, R.	116	244	187	87	141	133	394	172	42	159	74	106	1855	552
Ferdinand Williams, D.	113	92	180	86	145	46	297	90	72	79	63	40	1303	
For State's Attorney:														
Fred A. Thayer, R.	104	231	182	94	141	117	376	166	42	145	71	103	1772	380
Gilmor S. Hamill, D.	124	109	188	76	145	62	319	95	69	95	67	44	1392	
For Treasurer:														
Thomas B. Wiley, R.	115	245	181	91	139	106	337	169	42	156	76	108	1768	384
James A. Delawder, D.	114	91	180	79	147	73	358	93	69	81	61	38	1384	
For Sheriff:														
Austin Brown, R.	110	246	178	90	144	128	412	173	42	159	74	99	1855	574
George E. Ralston, D.	118	92	186	76	141	46	274	89	69	78	63	49	1281	
For County Commissioner:														
Thomas H. Layman, R.	114	245	151	90	141	133	410	173	49	155	72	104	1837	534
William T. Stanton, D.	112	88	215	78	149	45	277	89	62	80	65	43	1303	
For House of Delegates:														
Charles E. Hilleary, R.	113	250	189	92	141	138	403	184	42	157	73	107	1889	570
C. M. Miller, D.	116	83	166	78	144	40	282	79	66	74	62	37	1227	
Christian J. Otto, R.	112	234	167	91	139	133	404	173	43	161	74	88	1819	502
C. E. Ellithorpe, D.	113	98	197	77	146	46	281	88	68	77	63	60	1317	
For Judges of Orphans' Court:														
George F. Englehart, R.	107	244	186	89	155	135	402	172	42	157	74	106	1869	604
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Daniel Wilson, R.	117	244	186	92	140	134	410	172	42	165	75	108	1885	620
Ashford Warnick, D.	110	87	176	77	145	45	277	89	69	71	63	41	1250	
Thomas H. Cuppett, R.	114	233	186	89	141	138	409	172	42	159	74	106	1863	598
Augustine Friend, D.	112	99	177	75	143	41	275	89	69	77	62	40	1259	
For Register of Wills:														
James W. White, R.	115	246	185	91	144	135	438	174	42	161	76	105	1912	677
Stephen F. Broadwater, D.	111	88	177	81	145	45	252	87	70	77	61	41	1235	
For Surveyor:														
Franklin P. Green, R.	114	245	188	92	141	124	379	156	42	147	86	107	1821	502
A. C. Mason, D.	113	90	176	77	145	55	308	106	69	91	50	39	1319	

The People's Victory.

Yesterday's Baltimore *American*, on the result of Tuesday's election in this State, says:

"The triumph of the people over the unscrupulous ring which has for many years controlled Maryland politics is more decisive and complete than the most sanguine friends of good government had ventured to expect. In the city and State the ring is routed, and even in the spots where it still clings to power with the desperation of despair, its methods will scarcely bear the test of honest investigation which must surely follow the inauguration of popular government. Fraud, tricks and ruffianism were alike impotent to arrest the mighty popular tide which swept over the State yesterday and placed Maryland high and dry among the galaxy of states faithful to the basic principle of American government—that the will of the people fairly expressed shall prevail.

"The people breathe freer to-day. They feel that an intolerable burden has been lifted from their shoulders, and that politics means something more than the selfish greed or ambitions of a few individuals. The principle has been established that the governments of the city and State are to be administered for the benefit of the great public, and not for a small coterie of politicians; that good laws and honest management of public affairs are to be the keys to popular favor instead of slavish obedience to leaders who impose themselves on their party. After the excitement and passion of the campaign have had time to cool and sober judgment resumes sway, thousands of those who voted the ring ticket yesterday will candidly admit that they are sharers in the general victory, and that they would not have it otherwise. They will also acknowledge the unselfishness and patriotism of the many thousands of Democrats which made the triumph of the people possible. Men do not leave their party in battalions and rush to the support of their political opponents without the strongest provocation.

"To the Republican party is primarily due the great victory. That party saw the opportunity and measured up to it. Factiou was stilled, selfish ambitions cast aside, and even the most commendable aspirations sacrificed in the interests of the people of Maryland. The Republican party named a ticket which every honest citizen in the State could vote without the slightest misgiving, and then the party rallied as one man to its support. The discipline maintained and the spirit displayed cannot be too highly enlogized. Confidence was rapidly communicated to the Democrats, and there has not been a moment in two months when the issue was really in doubt. The Democrats who aided the Republicans are entitled to be equal sharers in the fruits of victory. Those fruits will be a faithful performance of the promises made by the Republican party at Cambridge and frankly endorsed by the candidates. Mr. Lowndes and his associates on the ticket are ample pledges to the people that these promises will be performed in letter and in spirit.

"The people of Maryland have the strongest reasons for believing that the day has passed when politicians could year after year with impunity palter to the public in a double sense by keeping the word of promise to the ear and breaking it to the hope. Fair elections and honest administrations embody in a sentence the promises of the Republicans, and with fair elections the people always have it in their power to secure and maintain honest administration."

The Mixed School.

The presence of two or three colored children in the public school at Loch Lynn Heights last week, called forth upon the trustees of that school an unjust and uncalled for criticism in the *Mountain Democrat*, of which the president of the School Board is associate editor and who no doubt wrote the article in question.

This morning the editor of THE REPUBLICAN went to Loch Lynn and was accorded an interview by Messrs. George P. White and Chas J. Bunce, two of the trustees of the school. Both of these gentlemen have a standing in the community as upright and conscientious men. Mr. White is a Republican and Mr. Bunce a Prohibitionist. The latter having taken exceptions to the assertion of the *Democrat* that he is a Republican is the only reason why the fact is mentioned here. In the interview Mr. White said:

"About a month before the public school was opened here the guardian of two colored children made applicant to the trustees to have the children admitted as scholars to the school. The trustees advised them that nothing could be done until the Board of School Commissioners had been made acquainted with the facts. A majority of the trustees, Mr. Crane and myself, went to see the board in regard to the matter but it was not in session. The secretary of the board, Mr. Hinebaugh, however said that a provision was made by the state law for colored schools and an appropriation made for their maintenance but that he could see no reason why the colored children should not be admitted as scholars if the white patrons of the school did not object and that if they not object to admit them. There being no objections filed with the trustees the children were admitted and attended the school until last Friday."

The question was then asked Mr. White if these children were still in the school to which he replied:

"No. On Tuesday morning Mr. Hamill, president of the School Board, sent word to the teacher to expel them. This the teacher refused to do and appealed to the trustees. We told him to allow the children to attend until some objection was raised by the white patrons. On Wednesday the secretary of the school board sent a note to the teacher saying that the law provided for a colored school in each district and suggested that they attend such school at Oakland. On Friday afternoon after the school had been dismissed a preemptory order came from the board to expel them."

This plain statement of the facts from Mr. White refutes the libel heaped upon the trustees by the *Democrat* and the next time that journal tries to impose upon the credulity of the people it should be a little better posted as to the class of men it is dealing with.

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are warned against trespassing upon my land, lying near Kearney, for any purpose whatever, gunning especially. All persons caught trespassing will be prosecuted. W. E. HARVEY.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

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A. C. Mason, D.	113	90	176	77	145	55	308	106	69	91	50	39	1319	

The People's Victory.

Yesterday's Baltimore *American*, on the result of Tuesday's election in this State, says:

"The triumph of the people over the unscrupulous ring which has for many years controlled Maryland politics is more decisive and complete than the most sanguine friends of good government had ventured to expect. In the city and State the ring is routed, and even in the spots where it still clings to power with the desperation of despair, its methods will scarcely bear the test of honest investigation which must surely follow the inauguration of popular government. Fraud, tricks and ruffianism were alike impotent to arrest the mighty popular tide which swept over the State yesterday and placed Maryland high and dry among the galaxy of states faithful to the basic principle of American government—that the will of the people fairly expressed shall prevail.

"The people breathe freer to-day. They feel that an intolerable burden has been lifted from their shoulders, and that politics means something more than the selfish greed or ambitions of a few individuals. The principle has been established that the governments of the city and State are to be administered for the benefit of the great public, and not for a small coterie of politicians; that good laws and honest management of public affairs are to be the keys to popular favor instead of slavish obedience to leaders who impose themselves on their party. After the excitement and passion of the campaign have had time to cool and sober judgment resumes sway, thousands of those who voted the ring ticket yesterday will candidly admit that they are sharers in the general victory, and that they would not have it otherwise. They will also acknowledge the unselfishness and patriotism of the many thousands of Democrats which made the triumph of the people possible. Men do not leave their party in battalions and rush to the support of their political opponents without the strongest provocation.

"To the Republican party is primarily due the great victory. That party saw the opportunity and measured up to it. Faction was stilled, selfish ambitions cast aside, and even the most commendable aspirations sacrificed in the interests of the people of Maryland. The Republican party named a ticket which every honest citizen in the State could vote without the slightest misgiving, and then the party rallied as one man to its support. The discipline maintained and the spirit displayed cannot be too highly eulogized. Confidence was rapidly communicated to the Democrats, and there has not been a moment in two months when the issue was really in doubt. The Democrats who aided the Republicans are entitled to be equal sharers in the fruits of victory. Those fruits will be a faithful performance of the promises made by the Republican party at Cambridge and frankly endorsed by the candidates. Mr. Lowndes and his associates on the ticket are ample pledges to the people that these promises will be performed in letter and in spirit.

"The people of Maryland have the strongest reasons for believing that the day has passed when politicians could year after year with impunity palter to the public in a double sense by keeping the word of promise to the ear and breaking it to the hope. Fair elections and honest administrations embody in a sentence the promises of the Republicans, and with fair elections the people always have it in their power to secure and maintain honest administration."

The Mixed School.

The presence of two or three colored children in the public school at Loch Lynn Heights last week, called forth upon the trustees of that school an unjust and uncalled for criticism in the *Mountain Democrat*, of which the president of the School Board is associate editor and who no doubt wrote the article in question.

This morning the editor of THE REPUBLICAN went to Loch Lynn and was accorded an interview by Messrs. George P. White and Chas J. Bunee, two of the trustees of the school. Both of these gentlemen have a standing in the community as upright and conscientious men. Mr. White is a Republican and Mr. Bunee a Prohibitionist. The latter having taken exceptions to the assertion of the *Democrat* that he is a Republican is the only reason why the fact is mentioned here. In the interview Mr. White said:

"About a month before the public school was opened here the guardian of two colored children made applicant to the trustees to have the children admitted as scholars to the school. The trustees advised them that nothing could be done until the Board of School Commissioners had been made acquainted with the facts. A majority of the trustees, Mr. Crane and myself, went to see the board in regard to the matter but it was not in session. The secretary of the board, Mr. Hinebaugh, however said that a provision was made by the state law for colored schools and an appropriation made for their maintenance but that he could see no reason why the colored children should not be admitted as scholars if the white patrons of the school did not object and that if they not object to admit them. There being no objections filed with the trustees the children were admitted and attended the school until last Friday."

The question was then asked Mr. White if these children were still in the school to which he replied:

"No. On Tuesday morning Mr. Hamill, president of the School Board, sent word to the teacher to expel them. This the teacher refused to do and appealed to the trustees. We told him to allow the children to attend until some objection was raised by the white patrons. On Wednesday the secretary of the school board sent a note to the teacher saying that the law provided for a colored school in each district and suggested that they attend such school at Oakland. On Friday afternoon after the school had been dismissed a preemptory order came from the board to expel them."

This plain statement of the facts from Mr. White refutes the libel heaped upon the trustees by the *Democrat* and the next time that journal tries to impose upon the credulity of the people it should be a little better posted as to the class of men it is dealing with.

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are warned against trespassing upon my land, lying near Kearney, for any purpose whatever, gunning especially. All persons caught trespassing will be prosecuted. W. E. HARVEY.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

THE SICK MAN'S DREAM.

And there before me flashed a morning gleam
(It was not like a dream).
A dazzle of light that overflowed the sky
And filled the sea and I,
A city toiler fallen in the strife
That I could wage no more,
I seemed the wreck and remnant of a life
The sea had cast ashore.

Oh! but to lie upon those sun-kissed sands
With idle, restful hands,
To feel the freshening wind, to hear the sea
Whisper and call to me.
Was as tho' Heaven had dawned on earth at last,
Or I in Heaven were brought;
The city here, my life of all the past
Dwindled to but a thought.

There in the streets, I thought, the dull day long
The busy workers throng,
While I * * * The waves broke nearer, and more near,
And still I had no fear;
I yearned to feel the cool, bright waters sweep
Above me, hushed and high;
For, when I gazed, I saw in all the deep
Only another sky.

Then something stirred; or was it you that spoke?
I started, and awoke,
And lo! my hands lay white and wasted yet
On the white coverlet;
And here, about me, still this silent room,
The shaded lamp, the red
Quick fire-flame darting lightnings thro' the gloom—
And you beside my bed

As stars at dawn, the dreams that fill the dark
Wane when we waken. * * * Hark!
Is it a wind among the garden trees,
That voice so like the sea's?—
Listen! * * * I have not dreamed. Oh, restful bliss!
The great sea calls me now. * * * *
These are the winds that cool my lips, and this
Its spray upon my brow.

—A. St. John Adcock, in Chambers' Journal.

PEGGY'S PROTECTION.

BY CHARLES A. HARTLEY.

"ISE doin' ter dramma's; Ise doin' ter dramma's," chanted a dust-stained little figure, as she trudged along a West Virginia mountain road, swinging her little pink sunbonnet by the strings. It was a winding, lonesome and dangerous highway even to grown folks, and doubly dangerous to five-year-old Peggy Primrose.

It was autumn and the sun was about to retire behind the pine-clad mountain tops. Deep shadows had already commenced their evening task of toning down the rugged and time-seamed features of Mother Earth. The wild animals which infested the surrounding dense forest in great numbers were awakening from their slumbers and coming out here and there in search of in supple beauty near the highway stretched its sinewy limbs catlike and gaped, showing some of nature's splendid work in the perfect teeth displayed.

The piping voice of Peggy floated up the mountain side to that lair as she went on repeating: "Ise doin' ter dramma's." The panther pricked up its ears at the sound and then stole noiselessly from its place of concealment. Again the childish voice floated upward on the leaf-laden air. By this time the panther was all alertness. It looked cautiously about, licking its tongue from side to side in hungry anticipation. Then it sent forth a shrill, long-drawn, human-like scream that sent a myriad of echoes bounding from rocky slope to wooded vale, gradually losing their shrillness at each rebound.

Peggy heard that marrow-chilling call to the panther's mate, but mistook it for a human voice. "Somebody is tallin' me," she said; "I mus' hurry. I dess it's dramma." At that she quickened her pace, although her brown bare feet and pudgy limbs were aching with weariness. "I mus' dit ter dramma's 'fore dark, 'tause I might dit los'," she prattled.

She pattered out of the dust on to a high swinging bridge common in many mountain districts. These bridges are

"ISE DOIN' TER' DRAMMA'S."

suspended on heavy wire cables, and in this particular instance the structure spans a deep gorge. Down in the depths of that gorge flowed a swift stream of crystal-like water, which tumbled and roared on in its tortuous course to the sea.

This frail bridge swayed back and forth at the slightest breeze. Peggy moved forward over the rough planks. By the time she had reached the middle of the bridge she was overcome by dizziness, caused, no doubt, by the motion of the structure and the great height at which it spanned the stream. She sat down on the rough floor and rested her head against a brace, while one plump arm hung limply through a crack in the siding. She was tired and dizzy and her eyes were heavy. In a moment her head toppled over, and little Peggy was fast asleep, with the darkness and chill of night coming on.

Half way up the mountain side that blood-curdling scream again rent the air. It was much nearer than before. The awakened panther was out in search of prey. Peggy did not stir in her sleep, except to murmur: "Dramma tomin'; Peggy so tired."

On came that creeping, cringing, crawling beast with eyes aflame with yellow fire and teeth gleaming. With a bound it dropped into the road, and crouching into the shadows of the darkest side, made its way cautiously toward the bridge. Before reaching the end of the crude structure, it dropped on its belly in the dust and drew itself forward n foot at a time.

The gentle motion of the bridge and the roar of the water below had lulled Peggy into a deep sleep. Once her bonnet, which she still clutched, fluttered in the wind and caused the oncoming beast to hesitate and look about for possible danger to itself, but it soon moved on again. Now it had reached a point fifty feet from the sleeping child and was moving its tail gently from side to side, as a cat does when about to pounce upon a bird in the grass.

There was anxiety at the Primrose residence a mile away around the mountain. Mr. and Mrs. Primrose had mounted the family horse that morning and ridden double to the next settlement to visit the mother of Mr. Primrose. They did not expect to return until the next day, and Peggy was left in charge of an aunt and her fifteen-year-old brother Tommy. About the middle of the afternoon Mrs. Raines, the aunt, went a few hundred yards from the mountain home to a spring for water, and left Peggy playing about the house. Tommy was out in the new field half a mile away gathering corn.

All day Peggy had been thinking of the visit of her parents to Grandma Primrose's. She had asked to be permitted to go that morning, but it was thought that the addition of her weight would be too much for "Old Baldy," the family horse, so she was promised that if she would be a good girl and stay with Aunt Polly and Tommy she might go the next time.

She had promised to be contented, but the moment Mrs. Raines left with her water bucket, Peggy snatched down her sunbonnet from a nail on the wall and departed from the opposite side of the house. Her feet pattered on the bare ground like the advance drops of a summer shower, as she disappeared down the road taken by her parents that morning.

When Mrs. Raines returned she placed the bucket of water on a bench against the wall on a shady side of the house and called Peggy to come out and get a fresh drink. There was no response, and she went about some work she had on the outside of the house, thinking that the child had fallen asleep. After finishing that task she took her knitting from her pocket and proceeded to "toe out" a stocking she had been working at that day. She was still engaged

from the field "half an hour by sun," and placed his long muzzle-loading rifle against the side of the cabin. In those days the men folks always carried their guns to and from work as a protection from attacks by wild animals and to procure meat for the family larder.

"Where's Peggy?" asked Tommy, turning to his aunt.

"She's in the house asleep," answered Mrs. Raines, rolling up her work. "It is time I was gittin' you children a bite of supper," she went on, rising.

Tommy pushed the door open and called: "Peggy, come out an' see what Tommy has got for you," at the same time drawing a handful of nuts from his pocket. There being no response, he thrust his head in and looked quickly about, then exclaimed: "Why, Aunt Polly, Peggy ain't here!"

"Well, then, she must have followed me to the spring and got lost. She was here when I started for water, an' I 'sposed she was in there sleepin'. I'll run to the spring an' see if she is there."

"I'll go down the road an' look for her in that direction," exclaimed Tommy, snatching up his gun and speeding away.

"Peggy!" called Mrs. Raines, as she reached the spring. "Where are you, child?" The voice of the anxious woman came back in a hollow echo. "Brother John would never forgive me if anything should happen to Peggy," she soliloquized. P-e-g-g-y!" she called again, but there was no reply save the chirping of the birds which were seeking shelter for the night.

In the meantime Tommy had reached the road and was scanning it for some sign of the absent sister. He clutched his rifle tightly and shot a glance down the road as his eye caught sight of a footprint. "She has started to go to grandma's alone," exclaimed the excited brother. "Oh, if I could only reach her before she falls over a cliff and kills herself, or is devoured by a wild beast!"

Away Tommy ran like the wind, digging his stout toes into the yielding earth at every step. Once he paused to listen and then went on. "If I can only overtake her before she reaches the big bridge! If she gets there she'll be sure to climb up on the railing to look over and fall off."

The panther crouched still lower as it dragged itself toward the sleeping child, unsheathing and sheathing its sharp claws in its anxiety to be upon its innocent prey.

Once the beast was about to spring when the breeze swayed the bridge a trifle more than usual and a grating sound, unfamiliar to the panther, was carried along the cables after the manner of a telephone and reached the ear of the wary animal. It was such a strange sound that the panther, being cautious about advancing onto the bridge at any rate bounded back a few yards to await developments. A second and a third time it advanced, when the same sound sent it bounding off the bridge. It was afraid of some trick, and finally stood erect at the end of the bridge and looked longingly toward the sleeping Peggy.

At that moment Tommy came noiselessly around a turn in the road and saw the panther, which was intently gazing toward the middle of the bridge. Naturally his eyes followed the course in which the panther was looking, and he beheld Peggy. The gathering gloom was so thick that he was unable to tell whether or not she was alive, but his only thought was to secure her. He dropped on one knee, and just as the panther again started onto the bridge, there was a flash, a deafening roar and a piercing scream from the panther, as it leaped into the air and disappeared over the side of the bridge into the gorge below.

Peggy awoke with a start and lisped: "Ise doin' ter dramma's now." A moment later she was clasped in the arms of her thankful and brave-hearted brother, who hastened home with her to the great relief of the aunt who was almost beside herself with grief. After supper when Peggy was put in her little trundle bed, she whispered: "Peggy's so sleepy, but she's doin' ter dramma's."

The next day the body of the panther was drawn up to the bridge by means of ropes in the hands of the neighboring mountaineers, when it was found that Tommy's bullet had not touched a vital spot, but that the wound and the great fall to the rocky river bed had together killed the beast. It was among

HE DROPPED ON ONE KNEE.

the largest ever slain in that locality. Tommy was a hero.

Peggy is a woman now and does not live in the mountains. Her cheerful sitting-room is adorned with a fine panther skin rug, and she often tells her own little Polly the story connected with the rug, and how a crude telephone helped to save her from the sharp claws of the former owner of that glossy coat, before even the wizard Edison thought of sending various sounds from place to place over a wire. It is very evident that Peggy would never have told this story if the panther had not been frightened by the strange noise borne to it by the bridge cables.

The crude old suspension bridge still hangs over Stony Creek, and last summer when Peggy and little Polly visited the scenes of the mother's youth the romantic structure was photographed and the picture is the most prized on the walls of that city parlor.—Pomeroy (La.) Tribune-Telegraph.

HELPED THE CHURCH.

Father Maloney Was Undignified, But Did a Good Thing.

"Father Maloney was one of the best known and most loved men in Nevada," remarked an old mining man, "and I am sure he did as much for the church as any two men in the state. When Father Maloney solicited subscriptions for a new church men who never gave before dug down deep into their pockets and donated with an appearance of cheerfulness that was surprising. One day he walked into a saloon where a big poker game was running. He watched the play till he could speak without interrupting and then said:

"'Gentlemen, we are trying to get money enough to build a new church here. Do any of you feel disposed to help us out?'

"A big, raw-boned fellow, who had been losing steadily, and was consequently in no pleasant mood, growled:

"'I'll rastle you for forty dollars.'

"Without a word Father Maloney produced the amount and laid it on the bar. The gambler looked surprised and hesitated, but when the other players commenced to jeer him he got up and covered the priest's wager. They pulled off their coats and squared off. Father Maloney commenced playing for an opening in a manner that showed he was no stranger to the sport. The big fellow made a rush and threw out a long arm to clinch his opponent around the neck. Quick as a flash Father Maloney grabbed his wrist with both hands, turned, and threw the big fellow clear over his shoulder. He struck on his back with a crash that made the glassware behind the bar rattle and jump. Father Maloney quietly donned his clerical coat, pocketed the stakes, and watched the big fellow pick himself up painfully.

"'My friend,' said he, 'I would have been very thankful for ten dollars. I had to be a little undignified, but I have made forty dollars for the church.'"—San Francisco Post.

The Flower Vase.

An exquisite new style of vase is of the most delicate glass. It is in the shape of a flower, or some weed, as a poppy or a thistle. The stem has tiny buds and leaves falling away from it, and expands in the open flower, which is, of course, intended for the reception of other blossoms. They are most beautiful when not colored to follow nature, as then they destroy with the tint the contents which they bear. —Philadelphia Press.

Educated.

Madge—I remember a few years ago that she was seeking a hero.

Marjorie—She's got bravely over that. She's now on the lookout for a fool with plenty of money.—Life.

THE BABY'S EYES.

A Point Often Overlooked in Caring for the Helpless Little Mites.

It is a very common thing to see an infant gaze unblinkingly at a bright light without any attempt being made on the part of the parent or nurse to prevent it. A still more harmful practice is to allow a baby to take its daily ride with its little face upturned to the bright open skies without the carriage sunshade to protect its eyes. If there is no bright sunlight the nurse takes it for granted that the shade is unnecessary, forgetting that gazing up into the sky is really painful after the eyes become tired of the bright light.

It seems to be the general supposition that infants' eyes have remarkable powers of endurance in this respect and that no harm will result from the exposure. This is a great mistake, for an infant's eyes are in reality more susceptible to injury than an adult's. A child is totally unable to protect itself during the first weeks of life by moving its head or shading its eyes, therefore its nurse or attendant should protect it from exposure to strong sunlight, gaslight or strong artificial light of any kind.

The eyelids of an infant are thin and almost transparent, and the eyelashes but little developed, so that even when the baby is asleep a strong light should not be allowed to fall on its closed eyes.

It is not wise to fall into the opposite extreme, however, and keep the child in a dark room, or shroud its face when out of doors with heavy veils, since these practices render the eyes unnaturally sensitive, but the endeavor should be made to allow only diffused light to reach the sensitive little orbs.

When children have passed the age of infancy and begin to use their eyes intelligently, parents should make it a point to study and ascertain the condition of their vision. Says a well known authority: "A slight defect in the shape of the eye, constituting short-sightedness or far-sightedness, may practically disappear, so as to cause the individual no trouble if the eyes are properly managed, while on the other hand it may be aggravated into a serious impairment of vision if the child is improperly trained in the use of the eyes."

The power of sight in later years is much influenced by the time of life at which children are required to undertake close and continuous efforts with the eyes. For most children this continued effort begins when they commence school, and it is often aggravated by poorly lighted apartments. A child with weak or sensitive eyes should not be called upon to practice music from notes for any great length of time while the child is young. If the practice is supposed to be absolutely necessary, divide the time into three, four, or even five periods, so that the eyes may rest, as constant gazing at the small black dots will weaken the strongest eyes.

Where squinting is noticeable in children one may be sure there is defective formation of the eyes. In the majority of cases this results in too great flatness of the eye. This should be attended to as soon as it is noticed, as the longer it continues the worse are the results. The remedy for squinting in its earlier stages lies in the use of glasses, but if the squinting has been allowed to go on for several years a slight operation will be needed, and there should be no hesitation in submitting to it. A good oculist should be consulted if there is the least sign of imperfect vision while the child is young; this may save trouble in later years.—Boston Herald.

BRONCHO AND BUFFALO.

The Cunning Horse Keeps the Big Animal Down Even When Left Alone.

A number of delighted passengers on the Kansas Pacific railway passed by a Mexican vaquero, who had been sent out from Kansas City to rope a buffalo as an advertisement for the stock yards. The train stopped to take a look at the solitary horseman fast to a buffalo in the midst of the plains, says Harper's Magazine.

Jose, who had his bull safely roped, shouted to ask if they had water on the train. "We'll bring you some," said they. "Oh, I come get," said he, and jumping off he left his accomplished pony in sole charge of the buffalo. Whenever the huge beast struggled for freedom, the clever pony stiffened his legs and leaned back as in a tug-of-war, by jumps and dodges so anticipating each move of the enemy that escape was entirely hopeless. The boy got his drink and his employer sent out a car for the buffalo, which was taken in triumph into Kansas City behind the passenger train. The Mexican narrated the exploit to his employer thus: "Oh, Shirley, when the train start they all give three grenta big cheers for me, and then they give three muchs bigger cheers for the little gray hoss!"

Indian Walkers.

All travelers in South America are impressed by the wonderful endurance of the Indian couriers of Peru and Bolivia. A Frenchman declares that they filled him with admiration. The manner in which they journey over the Cordilleras on foot he pronounces astonishing. They climb and descend at the same pace. They speak rarely, scarcely ever complain, and never stop. If the traveler halts for a moment to light a cigar, they are at once some hundreds of feet in advance. The gait is slow, but without relaxation. That is what makes them such incomparable couriers. Often when a man has a journey of several days to make he takes his wife along; she bears her baby upon her back, and the dog follows. The husband carries the provisions. And this is how they travel: The Indian chews coca and spins cotton. The wife sings to the baby, and spins also. They eat without halting, and make but the shortest stop to drink. Toward night, "to comfort themselves," they chew some "roasted beans." I was escorted by an Indian and his family who traveled after this fashion.—Youth's Companion.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Gold pens are now usually tipped with iridium. The bits of this metal are laid in notches at the point of the pen, then fastened on with flux, being afterward ground and polished for use.

—Pliny says that the liquor of the cuttlefish was often used by the Romans as an ink. It was considered superior to the lampblack preparation, but was not used so freely on account of its much greater cost.

—Several species of the rhododendrons have the singular peculiarity of producing a poisonous honey. Chemists have repeatedly examined the flower, but have not detected the poisonous principle, which appears to be only developed after the bees have manufactured the juices of the flower into honey.

—A Mrs. Richard King is the owner of a landed estate in Texas which occupies nearly two thousand square miles. She employs a small army of men on her property, which is also a congressional district, and her power is so great among her employes that she can readily dictate, it is said, who shall be the next representative from that district at Washington.

—News was brought from Sitka to Port Townsend recently that the whaling season had been the most unsuccessful of recent years. The catch of the entire fleet so far as reported has been but twenty-three whales. Fourteen deaths occurred in the fleet, and a number of sailors who ran away when near land and have not been heard of since are supposed to have frozen to death.

—Two Lyons students are traveling through France with a pousse-pousse, the form of perambulator used at the last Paris exhibition. It weighs one hundred pounds and they carry another one hundred pounds of baggage. One rides, while the other pushes him for an hour; then they change about. They have reached Paris, and will go to Bordeaux, Marseilles, and back to Lyons.

—British museum authorities have no right to exclude persons from their reading room, according to a recent London county court decision. They had undertaken to keep out one of the eccentric nuisances who plead their own cases in English courts, but the court held that the collections by statute are "free to all studious and curious persons" so long as they observe the regulations.

—A cargo of nearly three million feet of lumber was loaded at Port Townsend, Wash., a week ago for Delagoa bay, South Africa. It was destined for use in the mines in the interior. One usually thinks of Africa as having no scarcity of timber. But it is most probably the means of cutting it that are lacking. American lumber finds a good market in most of the forest covered islands of the West Indies for the same reason.

—The sea serpent made its latest appearance in Bellingham bay, Wash., recently, and seventeen residents of New Whatcom are ready to make affidavit that they saw it. They are equally positive with the Wall street man who saw it, or one, off the Jersey coast last month, and it is to be assumed either that there are two or more sea serpents, or that it is a very rapid swimmer, or that it knows the route of the northwest passage.

—The "Era of Actium," adopted during the early days of the Roman empire, commemorates the great victory gained by Octavus over the troops of Anthony and Cleopatra, January 1, B. C., 30. It was often used among the Romans both in writing and colloquially, just as in England people speak of events as occurring before or after "The Conquest," or as persons in this country frequently refer to events as having happened before or after "the war."

DEEPLY GRIEVED.

But a Strange and Sudden Change Came Over Her Spirits.

Mrs. Swayback sighed when her daughter told her that Mr. Trivvet had asked her to be his wife and that she had become engaged.

"I suppose I ought not to feel badly about it," Mrs. Swayback added, wiping away a tear with the corner of her apron. "It is woman's duty to be married. I left the home of my happy girlhood to become Mrs. Swayback, and now you must leave to become Mrs. Trivvet. Still, I cannot help feeling my loss very deeply. A mother can never lose her daughter with indifference; she can never give her up—not even to the best man in the world—without reluctance."

By this time Mrs. Swayback was sobbing violently and her daughter was trying to comfort her.

"I shall come to see you often, mother, darling," she said.

"Of course you will, but it is a great trial to part with you, my child. You must not mind your fond mother's crying a bit over it."

"Dry your eyes, mother. I'm sure you couldn't get a finer young man than Mr. Trivvet for a son-in-law, and of course you expected me to get married sometime."

Mrs. Swayback's sobs broke out afresh, and for some time she refused to be comforted. Then she applied a handkerchief vigorously to her eyes and asked:

"When is the wedding to be?"

"In about six months, mamma, dear."

"Six months!" exclaimed Mrs. Swayback. "What on earth does the procrastinator mean by putting it off that long? Mary Ann, I don't believe he intends to marry you at all, so I don't! If he did he'd insist on having the wedding come off inside six weeks at the furthest."—Judge.

Across the Styx.

"Excuse me, Nap," remarked Gen. Jackson, "but why do you persist in wearing your right hand inside your vest? Have you a sore thumb?"

The great Corsican looked at the crude American in scorn for what would have been a moment on earth, where there is such a thing as time, and answered: "That, sir, is my vested right!"—Indianapolis Journal.

SOFTLY—"Your trip to the mountains seems to have benefited you." Binkins—"It has made a different man of me." Softly—"Is that so? Then what has become of the man I loaned ten dollars to when you left the city?"

"WHAT is that place down there?" asked she of one of the officers. "Why, that is the steerage," answered he. "And does it take all those people to make the boat go straight?"—Tit-Bits.

CIVILITY costs nothing, but buys everything.—Lady M. W. Montague.

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TEMPERANCE NOTES.

WHAT IT COSTS.

Six hundred millions every year
For whisky, brandy, rum and beer.
And wheresoe'er this stream doth flow
Are crime and poverty and woe.
Oh, who shall stay this darksome river?
Must this black tide flow on forever?
Or can we hope with mortal breath
To stay this mighty tide of death?
A living rampart must oppose,
True men, brave hearts, are sturdy foes,
While prayers in clouds ascend to Heaven,
And God's own help is freely given
"All things are yours," victorious faith
Will turn away this tide of death.
The prayer and promise He has given.
His will be done in earth and Heaven.
—Mrs. E. J. Richmond, in National Temperance Advocate.

THE MONEY CAME TOO LATE.

Sad Death of the Little Child of a Victim of Drink.

All through the past week Sue had been oddly happy. Her little boy had not had a touch of that hateful croup for a long time, now; and Luke Galt, her husband, had got work at last. He had not drunk a drop for three whole months, but the hard times, added to his known vice, had kept him from securing work.

To-night was Saturday night, and by ten minutes past six o'clock Sue began to grow nervous. Always that horror was over her. Each tick of the big kitchen clock gave her a deeper stab. Willy, expecting his father, had been placed in his high-chair at the supper table, near Luke's empty seat. He was a pale, flaxen-haired child, looking younger than his real age, which was barely five years. Sue worshipped him, and was always dreading that the insidious croup, from which he had already suffered several fierce attacks, would one day snatch him from her jealous arms.

She and Luke had only a bedroom and kitchen in this downtown tenement-house whither want had drifted them. She loathed the building and the street. Both were full of grimy Italians, with a sprinkling of Germans almost equally coarse. Luke's recent good fortune had thrilled her with a passionate hope that they might soon find themselves in cleaner and better quarters. He was to bring home his week's wages that night—ten blessed, hopeful dollars. One dollar he had borrowed from a fellow-workmen last Tuesday, and given it to his wife. Sue had not a cent left.

On a sudden she heard a sound, that made her start and turn. She had not heeded Willy for the last few minutes. He was always a quiet child. In a trice Sue darted back to where he sat. His head had fallen sidewise; his face had got a chalky tinge; from his throat came the muffled, stertorous rattle that he knew so well.

She caught him in her arms and flew back with him to the bedroom. She laid him on the bed, and then applied what immediate remedies she remembered. But these were not enough. The prescription! She hurried to a bureau drawer and found the bottle which had contained it when last made up. Not a drop was left! But the paper—she knew where to find that. With slight trouble she did find it.

The only apothecary for many streets away was Zundorf, a German, notoriously gruff and unkind. No, he wouldn't make up any prescription without pay. This would cost a dollar, and he must see the dollar before he began on it. Dying child? Oh, yes. Too bad. But he had his living to make. It wasn't any good coaxing. He couldn't trade on promises; he'd been fooled so many times before that he'd shut down on all that kind of business now and forever.

Sue saw there was no use. She caught the prescription from off the counter, thrust it into the bosom of her dress, and sped back again to her rooms.

"Luke! You're home! Oh, Luke, I'm so glad! I was afraid—"

HE LIFTED HIMSELF ON ONE ELBOW.

Then she drew back. He stood beside the bed where Willie lay. His right hand was raised, as if playfully, over the child. Her side-view of his face made her believe, at first, that only a loving smile lighted it. Then the ridges of rime on his coat, and a certain rearward totter that he gave, stung her with doubt. As he turned full upon her, she saw the leer, the sluggish flush, the bloodshot eyes . . . all was plain, then.

But she thought only of the child.

"Luke, tell me, tell me: Have you brought any money? Willie's sick; he's awful sick. It's croup again." She shrilled more words into his face as he stood unsteadily swaying before her.

"Money, Sue?" he mumbled. Then, though incoherently, he spoke some words whose meaning she gathered. He had brought home the ten dollars, all but a dollar or so. Certain acquaintances had led him off. He had taken only three or four drinks, but she knew how he never could stand anything as could most other men, and how his long sober term had made it harder still.

"Oh, Luke," she pleaded, "give me the money! Where is it? I want it for Willy—I . . ."

But he dropped inertly on his knees before her, and then fell at full length on the floor beside the bed.

She flung herself, the next instant, across the mattress, and felt Willy's forehead, face, shoulders, chest, with eager hands. He was quieter. It might mean coming death, but still he was quieter. Suddenly a shiver passed through the little frame. It stiffened in her arms, then relaxed again. The boy's breathing had the sound of air pumped into tiny resistent pipes.

"A convulsion," flashed through her thoughts. "He may have had one before, while I was away." . . . She snatched a kiss from the boy's clammy forehead; then she rose and beat above her prostrate husband.

"Luke! Luke!" she moaned. "Where is the money? I can get the prescription with it if you'll only give it to me. There's time yet! Luke! Luke!"

While speaking she searched his pockets. She knew them all so well! She had sewed rents and darned holes in every garment he wore. Pockets of waistcoat, pockets of trousers, pockets of inside coat, pockets of drenched and icy overcoat—she searched them all. Not a sign of money—not a bill, not a dime, not a cent!

"Luke! Luke!" she kept crying. "Wake up! Wake up, for God's sake! If I could only get the money you said you've brought!"

He lifted himself on one elbow. He stared full at her in the sallow lamplight. His look was sane and unwavering now, though still bloodshot.

"The—the money? I—I gave it to the boy, Sue. At least, I guess I did. It seems to me that I did. I came in and you wasn't here. I—I looked down at the bed and I seen him. I didn't know he was sick. P'raps I was too drunk to see it. I—I guess I'd made it all up into a kind of little wad, and I held it over him, thinkin' he'd catch it, as he does a cake, or a nut, or anything I bring him. I guess he did catch it, too. I thought you'd come, in a minute, and I'd tell you he had it there, in his little fist. . . . Sue! Sue! What's the matter? What are ye bendin' over him for, like that?"

Sue had gone round to the other side of the bed. In one tight-clinched hand Willy indeed clutched "a kind of tight little wad"—bills, with some silver coins enfolded by them. This was the money that might have saved him if it had come in time. But all the wealth of all the world could not save him now.—Edgar Fawcett, in Once a Week.

THE GREAT DECEIVER.

Long and Black Record of Alcoholic Beverages.

More than two thousand years ago the results of alcohol on the body were compared to the bite of a serpent and the sting of an adder; and alcohol has not changed its nature since. At the present time alcoholic beverages are certainly the most injurious, deceptive and dangerous elements of death and destruction that exist, and the annals of criminal courts prove that they are an aggravated public nuisance generally. Yet the beverages are so fascinating, and the poison in them so insidious, that the whole human race has been deluded and cheated for thousands of years, and more injury has resulted from their use than has been occasioned by all the woe of war, famine and pestilence combined; and now that science, experience, and enlightened reason have so largely dissipated such delusive cobwebs of appetite, prejudice, and passion, these poisonous alcoholic beverages should be banished from society with all the intelligent energy that an injured and outraged people can command.—Christian Work.

DRUNKENNESS RESPONSIBLE.

What an Archbishop Says Concerning Crime in Ireland.

In an interview with Archbishop Croke, of Ireland, published in the Review of Reviews, that prelate is asked a number of questions relating to the moral and spiritual of the Irish people, and, among others, this: "What about drunkenness?" To this the archbishop replies: "If it were not for drunkenness there would be no crime in Ireland at all. As it is there is no crime which does not arise out of that evil. There is indeed a great deal too much drinking in the country. We are contending against it in every way we can. I will never confirm any boy or girl before they have taken a pledge never to touch any alcoholic drink before twenty-one years of age." The archbishop proceeds to say that he thinks the situation has greatly improved in respect to intemperance during the past fifty years.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

THERE are at the present time seven million total abstainers from all alcoholic drinks in Great Britain.

A W. C. T. U. PUMP in Blenheim, Ont., is said to be the most appreciated institution in that lively town.

THERE are some good liquor sellers, perhaps, but it is not the lot of many people to meet them.

DR. LAUNELONGUE, a French savant, says that rum kills more people in a month in France than would fall in an ordinary battle.

CAN a man love his neighbor and sell him a liquid that devours the man morally, and returns him to his family a brute in human form?

MISS WILLARD reports that teetotalism is very much in vogue in England. In her cycling tours she frequently noticed hotels labeled with signs which read: "Milk for bicyclists on Sunday."

THE sale of "non-intoxicating hop beer," supposed to contain a percentage of alcohol below the limit allowed for non-intoxicating drinks, has been prohibited in Vermont and also in New Hampshire, and several persons are now awaiting trial for selling it.

A PRISON chaplain says: "Crime is simply condensed alcohol." We thought it was the other way—alcohol is condensed crime. The article is condensed, put into kegs, distributed throughout the land, and then afterward reconverted or expanded into actual crimes, or rather into criminal actions. Beer is bottled badness.—The Midland.

ONE WOMAN'S CHAT.

She Would Fall in Love in Spite of Herself.

She was such a pretty girl, not too tall and just plump enough. Her eyes, like a child's, were full of roguish laughter, and while she listened her dimples came and went.

When there was a cessation in the laughter she came forward and leaned against my desk and the floor was hers.

"No, I don't agree with you," she said. "I can't. I do like a big man, not a fat one, and he must be rather tall, too, for I'd like to have him as near heaven as possible, you know; but I don't agree with you about the brunette, for my heart inclines toward blonds.

"Can't say how it happens," she said, as she drew her eyebrows thoughtfully together—"but I think, I really do, that it is because the first time I ever fell in love, when I was of the serious age of thirteen, the boy was a blond. Anyway, I have noticed ever since then that every time I fall in love it's always with a blond, and I think it must be due to that first impression.

"Oh! I do fall in love continually. I can't seem to help it. Every single year I have at least one good case and sometimes oftener.

"But, as I said, it's always with a blond. Now I've just got acquainted with a new blond, and he is perfectly fascinating, and every time I think of the serious work I have planned out for the winter I shake with apprehension, for I can't be really and truly in love and accomplish any great amount of work.

"Usually I manage to fall in love in the spring, and then I have the whole summer before me, but here I am confronted for the first time in the fall, with a case of serious love and hard work. Now, what's to be done?"

Earnestly she looked at me and sympathetically I looked at her—then I suggested: "Well, go ahead! maybe it will prove an inspiration to you."

Slowly she shook her head and pouted. "But it won't. I never could do two things at once."—St. Louis Republic.

WISDOM NOT WELL FOUNDED.

A Young Woman of Little Learning Who Called Upon Dr. Holmes.

"I remember once in my experience," remarked a literary young woman, "of taking several ladies to call on the late Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, when I was in school in Boston. I had known the Holmes since childhood, and went there pretty much as I pleased, and often took friends of mine with me to see the good doctor. On this occasion one of the ladies was a young married woman, who had never read any of Dr. Holmes' books, and she insisted that I coach her a bit, so that she would not make any mistakes. I told her several titles, and dwelt especially upon the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' because that was my favorite. She was an intelligent person and was a rapid learner, so that when we started out I felt perfectly sure that she would do me credit. Well, everything went swimmingly along, and she wisely kept silent on the book question, except to second the compliments of those of us who were conversant with the doctor's books—that is, swimmingly until just as we were leaving. Then she seemed to think she ought to say something, and she did. I was listening, as it happened, for I had grown a little careless, and had thought she wasn't going to try herself.

"'Oh, doctor,' she said, in a little burst of enthusiasm, 'I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed your books, and particularly the "Autograph of the Breakfast Table."'

"Well, I thought I should drop right through the floor, and I kind of gasped and waited to see what the doctor would do, but my alarm was needless; he simply smiled into her face, and in his kindliest manner thanked her, and said that many people thought the 'Autograph' was the best thing he had ever done. Think of that," concluded the young woman, "he even said 'autograph,' as she had said it, and she never knew the difference until we got outside, and then if she didn't know the difference I don't think I ever showed anybody there was any difference in anything."—Washington Star.

THE POOR RELATION.

Often the Victim of Lofty and Patronizing Hospitality.

To illustrate the lofty and callous attitude of a petrified millionaire toward his near poor kin, I call to mind some interesting phases of intercourse. A charming young girl, formerly wealthy, went to pay her millionaire uncle in New York a visit. The family pinched and saved for six months to get her a modest and proper outfit for the visit. She was received in a magnificent establishment with mechanical urbanity, the gorgeous gowns and surroundings of her cousins completely eclipsing her. Her teeth needed attention and her millionaire uncle suggested that she had better have them attended to, and he recommended the family dentist, who took a look and said that it was a pity that so pretty a girl should have had teeth so neglected, and proceeded to put them in beautiful order.

When the bill came in it was four hundred dollars, and the poor little girl was dumb with anguish, for she knew the impoverished condition of her father, and had thought, poor innocent, that the bill would be about fifteen or twenty dollars. In her dilemma she went to her uncle and stated the case. The merchant prince looked over the bill and said he would speak to the dentist and see if he couldn't get a reduction for her. The dentist was bullied into knocking off $100 and the bill was sent to the little girl's father. It took him three years to pay it. The merchant prince never even offered to loan the money to pay the bill, and continued to do business at the old stand as a commercial magnate, prominent citizen and church member. —Washington Post.

SAVING A LIFE AT SEA.

The Lives of Several Often Risked to Accomplish It.

Much imperiling of life is demanded in the mid-ocean rescue of a drowning man, and such an incident always furnishes intense dramatic interest for a spectator. Baron de Mnlortie, in a recent interesting work, recalls an exciting scene he witnessed years ago, while crossing the Atlantic. The ship was several days out, when one afternoon he was idly lounging about on the upper deck. Suddenly, he says, I saw a man approach the bulwark. He threw overboard some objects—we learned afterward that they were his Bible and a rosary—and followed them with a header into the foaming sea.

"Man overboard!" I cried, but the storm covered my voice, and I rushed up to the bridge to call the attention of the officer on duty to the accident. Stop! Half-speed astern, and orders for the lowering of the boat were the affairs of a minute or two.

"Volunteers to man the boat!" shouted a young midshipman, cutting a lifeboat from the davits.

Ten men came forward for every one wanted, and, selecting four of the most powerful tars, the middy was lowering the boat when a young doctor, quickly pocketing a flask of brandy for a restorative, let himself down one of the ropes and reached the boat as a monumental wave was dashing over it.

The men pulled with a will, and the gallant little nutshell fought bravely up and down the mountains of angry waters. As to the suicide, he was far astern and only from time to time could we see the something like a human form emerge on the top of a white-crested wave.

Oh, the anxiety with which we watched both the boat and its goal! Disappearing altogether at moments, when we feared we had seen the last of these noble fellows, another gigantic wave would toss them up again like a cork. It was exciting in the extreme. But the boat was gaining; nearer and nearer it came, while we were slowly following in its wake.

There! the doctor throws a lifebelt. They are only some yards off now. But no, a cruel wave has tossed them past the object of their tremendous efforts. There, they are throwing round her nose; they are tacking; the middy has passed the rudder to an old quartermaster, and, armed with boathooks, he and the doctor stand ready for action.

Another second and the lifebelt is hooked; the man is grasping it desperately; but he has no strength left; there he slips—all is lost, just at the critical moment.

But who is that jumping overboard? Three cheers for the brave man—it's the doctor! But he, too, disappears. Are there to be two victims instead of one? No, no! And there—hurrah!—there is the doctor, his precious burden before him.

The men pull like mad to reach the two ere they sink again. The gallant young middy is watching for the right moment. More lifebelts are thrown. They help the doctor to keep above water; another pull and the boathook has done its duty, and while two of the men stick to the oars, the others are busy dragging rescuer and rescued on board.

The long cold bath, the fright and the proximity of death had wonderfully sobered the would-be suicide, whom remorse for a drunken spree had driven to this mad freak. It did not require many restoratives to bring him to, and two hours later he had an opportunity of recapitulating his adventure in dire solitude, having been condemned to be kept in irons for the rest of the voyage, a well-deserved punishment for exposing six valuable lives, the lives of six heroes indeed, in this perilous venture. —Montreal Star.

Grim Jesting.

Deathbed jokes are generally not authentic. The celebrated one attributed to Tom Hood, for instance—that he protested against blaming the undertaker who had blundered into coming before the great wit was dead, and said that the man had "only come to urn a lively Hood"—is known to be decidedly apocryphal. Nevertheless, a remark somewhat of the same sort, which is attributed to Lord Chesterfield in his last illness, is undoubtedly authentic. Chesterfield was very ill and his death was only a matter of a few weeks; but his physician advised that he be taken for an easy drive in his carriage, and he went out. As the equipage was proceeding slowly along it was met by a lady, who remarked, plensantly, to the great invalid: "Ah, my lord, I am glad to see you able to drive out." "I am not driving out, madam," answered Chesterfield; "I am simply rehearsing my funeral!"—Youth's Companion.

Romping Games at the Tuileries.

The emperor and empress were exceedingly hospitable and kind hosts, anxious to amuse their guests; but for this purpose, unfortunately, romping games were often chosen, which, though certainly undignified and ill-suited to those beyond school years had not, however, the character attributed to them by public report, nor the licentious freedom believed in by the Faubourg St. Germain, and contemptuously sneered at by its aristocratic inhabitants. The mistake lay in doing on a large scale what ought to be tolerated only among intimate friends and very young people. But the mean ingratitude of those who enjoyed all the generous kindness lavished on their guests by the imperial hosts, and then disfigured the truth to sneer at them with their enemies, was too contemptible to be even mentioned with patience.—Anna L. Bicknell, in Century.

Lacked One Essential.

"I have half a notion to give up trying to be a man," sighed the New Woman.

"What!" shrieked the others.

"There is no use trying. I have made the most strenuous efforts possible to feel half scared to death when I go into a dry goods store, and I just can't do it."—Indianapolis Journal.

ANOTHER DEAD SEA FORMING

Sea of Galilee Becoming Like That Which Covers the Site of Sodom.

Will there be another Sea of Sodom? Lieut. Lynch, of the United States navy, has established the fact, previously not known with consummate accuracy, that the depression of the Dead sea (also known as the Sea of Lot and in the Scriptures as the Salt sea) is over thirteen hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean, while that of Lake Genesaret is eight hundred feet lower than the ocean. The measurements were made twenty years ago, a long period in a semi-volcanic region. Lake Genesaret is connected with the Dead sea by the Jordan flowing through it from north to south, and engineers and scientists are satisfied that the bed of the Jordan is gradually sinking. My observations of the shores of Lake Genesaret and those of the inhabitants of the neighboring towns and villages indicate that the lake is continuously falling toward the bottom, while the water is becoming denser from year to year. The salt strata in its neighborhood are growing constantly, it seems, and sulphur springs are becoming frequent on the plains surrounding it. In the north and east of the lake the palm trees, some of them alive, more of them dead and barren, rise above the water at a distance of from twenty to forty feet from shore. That they should have taken root in the water is impossible, and the supposition is that originally they stood on islands submerged with the sinking of the lake's bottom.

The catastrophe which resulted in the destruction of the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah and in the formation of the Dead sea is computed to have occurred about nineteen hundred years before Christ. The Dead sea has puzzled scientists ever since, and many of its remarkable features have now been explained. Its depression below the level of the Mediterranean is the deepest known on earth. The bottom of Lake Genesaret is on a much higher level at present, but if it continues to sink as it has done in the last twenty years a repetition of the events of four thousand years ago is not improbable. As the world has not been treated to a spectacle of terrestrial evolutions on a grand scale within hundreds of years, the creation of a second Dead sea within the compass of ordinary travel would surely attract the attention of all civilized nations, and at the same time help to solve many problems of a scientific nature.

Josephus, who was born in 37 B. C., reports that the water of Genesaret was "clear as crystal, sweet and wholesome." I tried to drink of it, but found it putrid and nauseating. It left a salty taste in the mouth. I asked the fishermen, plying their trade on the lake as in Biblical days, whether the water was always unfit for drinking purposes, and received answer that it grew more and more foul every year.

This seems to indicate that the surmises as to the change of conditions in the lake are correct. The water of the Dead sea, as is well known, is entirely unfit for use by man. The stench arising from it creates a pestilential atmosphere for many miles around. I have never been able to approach the lake in summer, but the natives have informed me that about this time of the year the water, even a foot below the surface, acquires a temperature of ninety degrees. It has been observed that past midnight the temperature of the water on the surface measured in the neighborhood of one hundred degrees. There is, however, one false impression in the public mind to be corrected. The Dead sea is not dead as to animal life. Hawks, partridges, frogs and pigeons are numerous upon its shores, and all sorts of crawling insects abound there; the sluggish waters, too, are covered with ducks—in fact, the fauna is the same as that inhabiting the shores of Lake Genesaret, with this difference, however: All specimens of the animal world about the Dead sea are slate colored, while those enlivening the shores and surface of Lake Genesaret wear their ordinary plumage and scaly dress respectively.

The Lake Genesaret, also called the Sea of Tiberias or Galilee, is situated sixty-five miles north of the Dead sea. Its extreme length is fifteen miles, its greatest width six and three-fourths miles. The water is very deep at the shores. In some spots its depth measures one hundred and sixty feet, in others seven hundred and fifty and more. In the northeast and northwest the shores are flat and swampy; the mountains of Safed approach the lake in the north; in the west we have the hills of El-Hamma and Hattin. The volcanic plateau of Jaulan commences in the east; it is distinguished for many dead craters; its greatest height is called Hermon, and it wears an eternal snow cap. Palms that bring forth no fruiting, papyrus plants and oleander flourish in the neighborhood of the shore. The stones at the edge of the water are literally covered with turtles, some of which grow over a foot and a half long. Ducks are plentiful in some parts; in others the pelican holds forth in large numbers.—Philadelphia Times.

How the Nose Works.

In ordinary respiration the nose recognizes only pronounced odors, since the filaments of the olfactory nerve are distributed only in the upper third of the lining membrane of its fossae, and in ordinary breathing the air passes directly through the upper half of these cavities. Hence a modified respiratory effort—a quick, forced respiration or "sniff"—is usually necessary in order to bring air carrying odoriferous particles to the olfactory nerve endings. Nevertheless, whenever air mixed with odorous gases and noxious particles is inhaled through the nose during a few successive ordinary respirations, the olfactory sense is awakened to a knowledge of their presence through the law of diffusion of gases, in virtue of which the odorous particles are conveyed to the superior fossae of the nose and hence to the terminal filaments of the olfactory nerve. Thus to a certain extent the sense of smell is preservative of health.—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Farmers' Rice.—Three pints of milk; let it come to a boil. Rub two eggs with flour until in little flakes or grains; stir into the milk quickly and cook for five minutes. Serve with cream and sugar.—Home.

—New Cheese Sandwich.—Cut brown bread into very thin slices, buttering lightly. Lay between two of these slices, sandwich fashion, a filling made of cream cheese or cottage cheese in which has been mixed chopped olives.—Housekeeper.

—Tea Rolls.—Take one pint of milk and flour enough to make a batter, two tablespoonfuls of yeast; set this sponge to rise over night, and let them rise until light. Bake in a flour, one egg well beaten, a piece of butter and lard the size of an egg, well mixed; then set aside to rise; make in small rolls and let them rise until light. Bake in a quick oven.—Detroit Free Press.

—Orange Pudding.—Four or five oranges, sliced, sprinkle sugar over, let stand two or three hours, one pint of milk; let it come to a boil; beat yelks of three eggs, two tablespoonfuls sugar, one tablespoonful corn starch, and stir into the milk; let cook a few minutes, then pour over the sliced oranges and stir all together; beat whites of three eggs with one cupful sugar and spread on top.—Boston Globe.

—Codfish Balls.—Pick two cupfuls of codfish into pieces, cover with cold water, let stand for half an hour. Drain, pour boiling water over and let stand on the fire ten minutes. Pour off the water, press the codfish dry, mix with two cupfuls of boiled mashed potatoes, a tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of cream and a saltspoonful of pepper. Form into balls, dip first into beaten egg, then in grated, stale bread crumbs and fry in boiling fat.—Prairie Farmer.

—Poor Man's Rice Pudding.—In a quart of fresh milk dissolve half a teaspoonful of salt, two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, and add half a cupful of raw rice, carefully cleaned and washed. Stir in two ounces of butter, and flavor to the taste with lemon or vanilla. Carefully assort a half-cupful of raisins, moisten them slightly, dredge with flour, and stir them in last of all. Bake in a slow oven for two hours, stirring occasionally during the first fifteen minutes. Serve cold.—Good Housekeeping.

—Ham.—The fresh ham of a small pig, weighing not more than six or seven pounds, with its bone removed and the place thereof pressed full of highly-seasoned bread crumbs, should have its rind scraped and cross-gashed to make small checks, and then be rubbed all over with salt, pepper and mixed herbs, dredged with flour and baked upon a rack set in a pan in a well-heated oven, a full half hour being allowed for each pound of meat, and then should be eaten sparingly hot. —Prairie Farmer.

—Spring Cream.—Clean two dozen stalks of rhubarb, cut it into pieces, and put into a saucepan with the grated peel of one lemon, two cloves, a piece of cinnamon, and as much good moist sugar as will sweeten it. Set it over the fire and reduce it to [illegible]. Strain it through a hair sieve and add to it a pint of good, thick cream. Serve in a deep glass dish. If wanted in a shape dissolve a little gelatine in a little hot water, and strain it when nearly cold on the cream, pour it into a mold and set on the ice.—Boston Budget.

RUINS OF FORT DU CHARTRES.

Historic Relic Slowly Going to Dust Over in Randolph County.

Over in the northeast corner of Randolph county, Ill., covered with undergrowth and weeds, but one little gate remaining with the crumbling walls of the outer bastion, is all that is left of one of the historic fortresses of the American continent. It is the ruins of old Fort du Chartres, one of the chain of fortifications erected by the French for the purpose of repelling the attacks of the red men and later the redcoats.

Away back in 1718 this point was first selected and constructed. It took its name from the fact that it was constructed under the charter direct from the French king and was built of wood in ancient blockhouse style. That was all that was needed at a time when artillery to breach the walls was hard to get and impossible to transport over the dreary waste of the western continent. It became the most flourishing of the posts and the surrounding region soon settled up with thrifty subjects of far-away France.

Villages sprang up around the post, the necessity for greater protection than a farmhouse caused the people to group themselves near fortified posts, that the thirsty Indian might not shed their blood in the ever-recurring raids on the "pale face." In time it was fired, however, and nearly all destroyed. It was abandoned in 1772. The villages were swept away in the floods which buried all of that portion of what is now the great state of Illinois.

Prior to this final abandonment, however, under the administration of Chevalier Macarty, the post was turned into a regular fortress with heavy masonry quadrangle, inner and outer bastions and scarp. This was done principally for the purpose of resisting the attacks of the English, then at war with France on this continent.

St. Ange De Belle Rive succeeded the Chevalier Macarty in the command of Fort Chartres and retained possession of the fort and country until the arrival of Capt. Sterling of the British army on July 17, 1765, when St. Ange and his troops took possession of the present site of St. Louis, Mo.

This fortress built at so much expense in the wilderness of America, and at the same time so strong and durable, has been declining since its abandonment. In places the walls are torn away and almost even with the surface and will all be a mass of ruins in a few years unless the government takes steps to protect it. Every summer relic hunters from all over the state visit this fort and dig within its walls for relics.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, NOV. 7, 1895.

GOVERNOR LLOYD LOWNDES.

THIS will interest Mr. Cleveland, likewise Mr. Gorman.

AND the next day it was regulation Republican weather.

IT WAS a fight of The People against Gormanism and The People won.

THE Democrats held no election in this county on Tuesday by a big majority.

IT IS a pity about the way they were going to "do up" Wellington and Lowndes.

MR. WILLIAMS has said he is not a politician and a great many people now think the same thing.

SENATOR WELLINGTON, the Republicans and anti-Gormanites of old Garrett send you greeting.

TO THE *Democrat*: Don't monkey with mixed schools, especially those "mixed" by Democratic officials.

WE EXTEND our most hearty congratulations to the whole Republican ticket, and especially the legislative portion of it.

NOW that it is over we confess that we did not expect to elect Governor Lowndes by so large a majority, although we were confident of success.

MR. JAMES C. PENNICORD, chairman of the Republican county committee, deserves and should have the thanks of the friends of good government for the manner in which the campaign just closed was conducted.

OLD Garrett, the grandest and truest county in the land to the principles of Republicanism and good government, spoke with a loud voice Tuesday, and the echo is still ringing and reverberating among her hills and dales. Glory to her and her people.

IT HAS been observed that of late years the Republican majority in Garrett county has been steadily increasing. Some people, Democrats, attribute this state of affairs to the efforts of the *Mountain Democrat*, assisted by its associate editor in his mixed school articles.

THE REPUBLICAN extends to Hon. George L. Wellington its congratulations. It, like Mr. Wellington, made a clean fight, has nothing to apologize for, nothing to explain, nothing to call for words of regret. To-day Mr. Wellington stands at the head of the Republican party in Maryland.

Now that the election is over let us settle down to business once more and make things hum. Let us all join hand in hand and push our town and county to the front. We have the material, the wealth, the enterprise, the brains and the people in our midst to make Garrett county the grandest and best county in the State.

TO THE Republicans has come great power. They must use it wisely, not in any partisan sense, but for the best interests of all the people. The good citizens have placed the trust in their hands, and they must do their duty in the broadest and fullest sense. It is not merely a Republican victory; it is the triumph of honesty without reference to politics.

AS PREDICTED by many Democrats Chairman Miller, of the Democratic County Committee, engineered his party into a grand smash-up in Garrett county and all but gave his home district to the Republicans. This lessens the chances of this bright and rising young Democratic leader to receive as his reward on the ticket two years hence the nomination for the State Senate for which he has been an aspirant.

Mixed Schools.

In the last issue of the *Democrat* an article appeared under the above caption. The article in question was published for politican purposes only, but if we mistake not it acted as a boomerang upon the heads of those who concocted it.

The president of the Garrett County School Board, Mr. James D. Hamill, is also associate editor of the *Democrat*. He may be able to indite and have published in his paper negro domination bugaboos, but as a politician he is a failure. He doesn't get down to the facts in his article. Misrepresentation and distortion of the truth seem to be his main stays. The assertion that these negro children were in the school "against the earnest protest of the school board" is shown to be a fabrication by the statement made by Mr. George P. White and which statement is published elsewhere in this issue.

No patron of the school at Loch Lynn Heights objected to the presence of the colored children in the school. The Republicans do not want mixed schools any more than the Democrats, but a little and to all appearances insignificant Democrat who had no interest in the school called the attention of the president of the school board to the fact that it was against the law to allow the admixture of the races in the schools. The president thereupon looked up the point of law in regard to the case, but his political sagacity (?) did not allow him to notify the trustees of the school in question to dismiss the scholars until Friday afternoon and previous to notifying the trustees he attempted a Democratic electioneering scheme by preparing and having published in his organ the article above alluded to.

NEW JERSEY.

NEWARK, N. J. Nov. 6.—Completed returns in Essex county give the total vote for Griggs (Rep.) for governor 8,206; McGill, (Dem.) 1,340.

The eleven Republican candidates for the assembly are elected by an averaged majority of 4,500. Apparently there is no contest in the county. The question of erecting a bridge between Essex and Hudson counties was carried by a large majority in Essex.

PATTERSON N. Y. Nov. 6.—Passia county complete gives Griggs (Rep.) 11,617, McGill, (Dem.) 8,569, a plurality of 3,048 for Griggs.

15,000 PLURALITY.

OMAHA, NEB. Nov, 6.—Scattering returns this morning from the rural districts indicate that the Norval for supreme court judge has about 15,000 plurality. This city and county have gone heavily Republican. Judge C. R. Scott, whose career has been familiar to newspaper readers for his imprisonment of Editor Rosewatre of the *Bee*, has been re-elected in spite of the opposition of the entire bar. He is actually running ahead of his ticket in many districts, the attacks upon him having apparently helped him.

A REPUBLICAN CYCLONE STRIKES MARYLAND.

The People Rise in Their Might and Deal Gormanism a Death Blow.

LOWNDES ELECTED GOVERNOR BY 17,000 MAJORITY.

And the Balance of the State Ticket Elected by Almost as Much.

THE COUNTY TICKET O. K.

Ohio Goes Republican by 80,000; Pennsylvania by 150,000. Republicans Elect the Governor in Kentucky--Iowa, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Nebraska and Utah in Line With the Party of Progress and Good Government--Maryland's General Assembly Will Have a Rousing Republican Majority and will Elect a U. S. Senator.

For the first time in the history of the party in Maryland the Republicans have elected their State ticket and secured a good working majority in the legislature. The political upheaval was most pronounced in Baltimore city, where Mr. Lowndes, Republican candidate for governor, received a plurality of 11,783 over John E. Hurst, Democrat, and a majority over all opponents of 8,973. The total vote of the city for Governor was 101,247, which is some thousands in excess of the heaviest vote heretofore polled.

All the wards in the city gave majorities for the Republican State candidates except the second, fourth, eighth and ninth wards. The Republican gains in the other eighteen wards were very large as compared with Governor Brown's vote in 1891.

Harry M. Clabaugh for attorney-general, and Robert P. Graham for comptroller received nearly the same majority as Mr. Lowndes. Alceus Hooper was elected mayor by a plurality of 7,869, a net Republican gain of 14,665 as compared with the mayoralty election two years ago.

In the three legislative districts of the city the Republicans made a clean sweep, electing two Senators

and all their delegates. William Cabell Bruce, Democrat, is a holdover senator in the second district. The Republicans also secured a commanding majority in both branches of the city council. With the exception of eleven members of the city council the Democrats lost every office that was up for a decision in yesterday's contest in Baltimore city.

The returns from the State are not yet complete, but the Republicans carried nearly every county and Lloyd Lowndes will have in the neighborhood of 17,000 plurality. The indications are that more than sixty Republicans were elected to the House of Delegates. This is a complete reversal of form, showing a Republican gain of about fifty and giving them a majority of about forty.

On joint ballot the Republicans will have some to spare and will elect a successor to United States Senator Gibson. The defeat of Senator Crothers for attorney-general leaves him in the senate from Cecil county.

Among the great surprises of the day was the victory of Mr. Lowndes in Howard county, which is Senator Gorman's home and heretofore considered a Democratic stronghold. Mr. Lowndes carried the county by 402 majority. United States Senator Gibson's home county—Talbot—also went Republican by about 300. Talbot ordinarily gives about 400 Democratic majority.

David W. Sloan, Republican, of Cumberland, was elected associate justice in the 4th circuit, comprising Garrett, Allegany and Washington counties.

There was no half-heartedness about the day's work. Much scratching was expected and mixed results looked for but the returns show that most of the ballots were voted straight and that the power of the Gorman Rasin combination has been effectually broken in State and city.

Later advices from the counties show that the Democrats will retain control of the State Senate, but that the Republicans will have a big majority of the Legislature on joint ballot.

The Democrats elected Bennett in Carroll, Bond in Calvert, Michael in Hartford, Finley in Queen Annes, and Jackson in Wicomico. They already had nine hold over senators and thus have a vote of fourteen in a Senate of twenty-six members. Michael and Bennett were elected as anti-Gorman Democrats.

The Republicans had three holdover Senators and elected Randall in Anne Arundel, Dobler and Strobridge in Baltimore city, Hopper in Baltimore county, Scott in Washington county, Day in Howard, Dryden in Somerset and Norwood in Frederick. This will give the Republicans eleven votes. One senatorship is still in the balance. Westcott and Pearce both claim Kent county. Senators Brnee, Michael and Bennett will vote with the Republicans on all questions of good government.

In the House the Republicans have the votes of Allegany, Anne Arundel, Baltimore city, Baltimore county, Cecil, Dorchester, Charles, Frederick, Garrett, Howard, Prince Georges, Somerset, St. Marys, Talbot, Washington and one from Kent—a total of 68. The Democratic vote in the House will be but 23. The Republicans will have 39 majority on joint ballot.

Baltimore city vote for governor complete: Lowndes, Republican, 55,110. Hurst, Democrat, 43,327. Levering, Prohibitionist, 2,377; Andrews, Populist and Socialist, 433.

For comptroller: Graham, Republican, 54,044; Smith, Democrat, 43,743.

For attorney general: Clabaugh, Republican, 54,106; Crothers, Democrat, 43,506.

For mayor: Hooper, Republican, 53,116; Williams, Democrat, 45,247; Atwood, Prohibitionist, 1,973, Golden, Socialist-labor, 984.

For State's attorney: Duffy, Republican, 53,708; Campbell, Democrat, 44,934.

For Sheriff: Mason, Republican,

58,234; Locke, Democrat, 43,797.

For surveyor: Sloan, Republican, 53,584; Bouldin, Democrat, 44,156.

For clerk superior court: Ogle, Republican, 52,583; Bond, Democrat, 46,512.

For clerk circuit court: Shulz, Republican, 50,982; Brewer, Democrat, 46,153.

TAMMANY VICTORIOUS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—The New York State ticket included a secretary of State, comptroller, treasurer, attorney-general and a State engineer for term of three years each, a judge of the Court of Appeals for a term of fourteen years, twelve judges of the Supreme Court for terms of fourteen years, an entire Legislature of fifty Senators to serve three years and 150 Assemblymen to serve one year each. The Senators chosen to-day will participate in the election of a successor to United States Senator David B. Hill.

The indications are that John Palmer, the Republican candidate for secretary of state, is elected over Gen. Horatio C. King, Democrat, by a majority of 50,000. Last year Governor Morton was elected by 156,108 plurality.

Both branches of the New York Legislature will be Republican.

New York city elected a county clerk, register, judges and a Congressman. There were seven tickets—Tammany, fusion, good government, prohibition, people's labor and independent county organization.

The Tammany ticket was elected by about 40,000 plurality.

The election of Amos J. Cummings, Democrat, to Congress from the tenth district is conceded by the Republicans. Last year the district went Republican by a small margin. Cummings's plurality is estimated at 4,000.

The Republicans have carried New York State "above the Harlem" for the head of the State ticket for a plurality clearly estimated at 100,000. The Democrats have carried New York city by a plurality of fully 40,000 for the head of the State ticket, and have carried Brooklyn by 6,000, giving the State to the Republicans by possibly 54,000, showing a net Republican gain over the election of two years ago of nearly 30,000.

BRICE GOES DOWN.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, Nov. 5.—Ohio elected all State officers, a Legislature which will choose a successor

to United States Senator Calvin S. Brice, Democrat, whose term will expire March 3, 1897. Asa S. Bushnell was the Republican candidate for Governor, and ex-Gov. James E. Campbell the Democratic nominee.

The Democratic State Committee in comparing the vote with that of last year, when the Republican plurality was 137,000, shows Democratic gains, but not enough for them to claim any close results on the State ticket or more than one-third of the members of the Legislature.

The Republicans, in comparing the vote with that for McKinley and Neal for Governor two years ago, claim that they will approximate the plurality of 80,000 received by McKinley and have two-thirds of the Legislature. At their headquarters they say they will poll a much larger vote than in 1893, and that the Democrats polled a much larger voto than that year. The total vote will be about 850,000, the largest ever cast in the State. The Republicans say their plurality will not fall below 60,000.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 5.—Pennsylvania elected a State treasurer and seven judges of the new Superior Court.

The returns indicate that the Republicans have carried the State by about 150,000 plurality.

VIRGINIA.

RICHMOND, VA., Nov. 6.—The election to-day closed one of the most apathetic campaigns known in Virginia for many years. For several days past the Democratic managers have seen that several of the senatorial, as well as many of the House districts were in danger of being lost by this want of interest in the canvass.

The returns to-night will justify these fears. The election was for half of the Senate (20) and the whole membership of the House of Delegates (100.) In many counties the Republicans combined with the Populists and other anti-Democrat elements and made the issue on a cry of "fair elections."

Long before his death General Mahone advocated this issue, and at a conference held in Petersburg

last May adopted a so-called fair-election bill, which, it was proposed, should be made the issue in this campaign. The death of General Mahone does not seem to have had an unfavorable effect upon the election so far as the opposition to the Democrats was concerned. The indications are that in most sections of the State a small vote was polled.

In many of the back belt counties, notably in the section of Norfolk, the negroes seem to have supported the Democratic candidates.

The Democrats at this hour seem to have almost certainly lost the senatorial district of Shenandoah, Winchester and Frederick, McCune, Republican, winning over Walton and Purcell, Democrats, and that of Carroll, Patrick, Grayson, Powhatan, Chesterfield and Manchester.

The Democrats will certainly have two-thirds of each branch of the General Assembly.

In Richmond the vote was 50 per cent less than last year. The Democratic candidates for the House—Cabell, Harwood, Murphy, Bryant and Reddy—were elected by overwhelming majorities. The opposition polled an insignificant vote.

IOWA.

DES MOINES, Nov. 5.—Iowa elected a full State and legislative ticket to-day. The legislature will choose a successor to United States Senator William B. Allison, Republican, whose term will expire March 3, 1897.

Returns show Republican gains, indicating the election of F. M. Drake, Republican nominee for Governor by a plurality of over 80,000 if the present rate of gain is continued. Republican State committee claims the State by 80,000 or over. The committee claims the Legislature by two-thirds majority. The present indications are that the

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For sick headache, malaria, biliousness, constipation and kindred diseases, an absolute cure
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Lot containing four acres with house on it, at Swanton, Md.
A mortgage on property worth more than double, at Loch Lynn Heights, Md.
WILLIAM W. SWEET,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.
LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.
Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48-26t*

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REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
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Shop opposite depot.
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Mt. Lake Park, Md.
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I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.
All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.
I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.
Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.
For prices apply to or address,
C. M. BEACHY,
47—1yr. Grantsville, Md

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, low old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
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39—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

STRAWBERRIES.
Best varieties, early, medium and late. Our pot grown plants set now will produce a full crop next June. Sent by mail prepaid, 60 cents per dozen; express unpaid, $3 per hundred.
THE HORTICULTURAL SUPPLY CO.,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

populists will make large gains all over the State, making their total vote, may be 50,000, the largest ever polled in the State. The Republican vote shows no special loss, the losses to populism being almost uniformly from the Democrats.

MISSISSIPPI.

JACKSON, MISS., Nov. 5.—Mississippi elected a full list of State officers and a Legislature. The Legislature will choose a successor to United States Senator James Z. George, Democrat, whose term will expire March 3, 1899. There were two tickets in the field—the Democratic, headed by A. J. McLaurin for Governor, and the populist, headed by Frank Burkitt for Governor.

The Democratic majority is estimated at 50,000.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON, Nov. 5.—Massachusetts to-day elected a full State and legislative ticket.

Returns late to-night indicate that Gov. Frederick T. Greenhalge, Republican, is re-elected by about 65,000 majority over George F. Williams, Democrat. Last year Governor Greenhalge's majority was 65,377.

HARDIN DEFEATED.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Nov. 6.—The official returns from the city of Louisville and Jefferson county are all in and give Bradley 4,100 plurality. Bradley and Hardin both ran a little ahead of their tickets. Chairman Hunter of the Republican State Central Committee, estimates Bradley's majority at 15,000. He says the entire Republican ticket is elected.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 6.—A special to the *Post* from Harrodsburg, Ky. says:

General Hardin, who is at his brother's home in this city, concedes Bradley's election from the returns received. He takes his defeat cheerfully and says he did his whole duty. It is probable he will open a law office in either Louisville, Frankfort or Lexington.

Virginia Roads

According to a pamphlet issued by the Virginia Good Roads Association, a sum in excess of $15,000,000 has been expended on the public roads of that State in the past thirty years. "Yet," the association says, "the roads have grown worse instead of better." This is largely due to the lack of an uniform law, of intelligent supervision of the work on the roads and of a plan of permanent improvement which is practicable only by means of a general law intelligently administered. At a recent meeting of the Good Roads Association the committee on legislation drafted a law which will be submitted to the Legislature at its next session. Briefly outlined this proposed law provides for a State tax of five cents on $100 valuation of all real and personal property subject to taxation by the State, the revenue derived therefrom to be known as a "State road fund." This is to be supplemented by an appropriation by the board of supervisors of each county of an amount equal to at least five cents on the $100 of real and personal property. The counties are authorized to issue bonds for the improvement of public roads upon a vote of three-fifths of the county. State and county convicts can be employed in preparing material for road improvement, and this material shall be supplied to the counties at actual cost. It is believed that convict labor, where available, can be used to great advantage and at small cost to the State. The law also provides for the appointment of a State highway commissioner, and also for the employment of graduates in engineering educated at the State's expense as county engineers for two years instead of teaching two years as now required. By taxing every interest for road improvement upon the just and true principle that the people of the whole State are benefitted by the permanent improvement of the main highways through the increase in land values, and by having the work done in accordance with the most modern and practical methods, Virginia should in time have a good system of roads. "We have wasted," says the Good Roads Association, "more than $15,000,000 in mudholes since the war and it is quite time to stop this waste." Those who are familiar with Virginia roads know that in many counties it is not an exaggeration to speak of the highways as "mudholes." Not only would the State profit by transforming these "mudholes" into good roads through the increased value of lands, but it would also be able to offer an inducement to immigrants which would have great weight with them. Many farmers of the Northwest have their eyes turned toward the South. Some have already settled in Virginia. More will come when they know that, in addition to its advantages of climate and fertile soil, the roads are in good condition and are kept so by a good law. —Baltimore Sun.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

The President's Proclamation Designating November 28.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4.—President Cleveland to-day issued the following proclamation designating Thursday, November 28, as Thanksgiving Day:

"The constant goodness and forbearance of Almighty God, which have been vouchsafed to the American people during the year which is just past, call for their sincere acknowledgment and devout gratitude. To the end, therefore, that we may, with thankful hearts unite in extolling the loving care of our Heavenly Father, I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States do hereby appoint and set apart Thursday, the twenty-eighth day of the present month of November, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, to be kept and observed by all our people.

"On that day let us forego our usual occupations and, in our accustom places of worship, join in rendering thanks to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for the bounteous returns that have rewarded our labors in the fields and in the busy marts of trade, for the peace and order that have prevailed throughout the land, for our protection from pestilence and dire calamity and for the other blessing that have been showered upon us from an open hand.

"And, with our thanksgiving, let us humbly beseech the Lord to so incline the hearts of our people unto Him that He will not leave us nor forsake us as a nation, but will continue to us his mercy and protecting care, guiding us in the path of national prosperity and happiness endowing up with rectitude and virtue and keeping alive within us a patriotic love for the free institution which have been given to us as our national heritage.

"And let us also, on the day of our thanksgiving, especially remember the poor and needy, and by deeds of charity let us show the sincerity of our gratitude.

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

"Done at the city of Washington this 4th day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five and in the one hundred and twentieth year of the independence of the United States.

"By the President:

"GROVER CLEVELAND."

"RICHARD OLNEY, Secretary of State."

North Glade.

Death has invaded our community and taken away one of our best men Jas. W. Hardesty, after an illness of about three weeks, died of pneumonia fever, on Friday Nov. 1st, at 12 o'clock. He left a bright evidence that he was well prepared to leave this world. Deceased leaves a wife and five little girls, who will miss him much; but then they are assured that he is better off.

J. W. Moon is making arrangements to move to Mt. Lake Park. He is a good citizen and will be missed by us very much.

Mr. and Mrs. Jno. L. Fitzwater visited Barton and Lonaconing last week.

Miss Zettie Savage is staying with her sister, Mrs. Geo. W. Moon, and attending school.

Died.

MOON.—On Friday of last week at her home near Crellin, this county, Mrs. Josiah Moon, aged about forty-five years. She leaves surviving her three sons and a husband. The funeral occurred on Saturday afternoon and the interment was made in the Bethlehem burying ground. The deceased lady was a conscientious christian and had been a member of the Methodist church for a number of years. She was a sister of the late George W. Wilson.

HARDESTY.—On last Friday at his home near North Glade, James Hardesty, aged thirty-five years. The deceased had been for a number of weeks ill with typhoid fever. He leaves a wife and five children surviving him. The funeral occurred on Saturday, interment being made in the Bethlehem burying ground.

Married.

RINARD — JONES — At Terra Alta, West Va., by Rev. S. M. Engle, on Tuesday, Mr. Charles Rinard and Miss Cora Jones, daughter of ex-Senator John P. Jones and sister of Mr. Scott T. Jones, of Oakland. The newly wedded pair will reside in Elgin, Ill. We join with a host of friends in Oakland in hearty congratulations.

MARKLAND—READ.—On yesterday afternoon at 6 o'clock, Capt. Morris Markland, of the United States Army, was married to Mrs. Fanny Dailey Read, at her residence, Crook's Crest, Oakland, by the Rev. Jefferson R. Taylor. The bride was attired in a dress made of white India silk. Only a very few of the most intimate acquaintances of the contracting parties were present, among them being Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Offutt, Mr. J. P. Turley, Miss Turley, of Oakland, and Mrs. Baker, of Washington.

MARTIN—NINE. — At the residence of the officiating minister in Oakland, Rev. Dr. B. Ison, on October 30th, Mr. Stephen Bailey Martin and Miss Jennie S. Nine, both of Preston county, W. Va.

Fatal Accident.

A fatal accident occurred at the Manor Big Vein Coal Company's mines Tuesday morning at Shaw, W. Va., whereby two men met their death and two more seriously injured. The dead are John Melvin, of Shaw, John Callery, of Elk Garden, and the injured are Lawrence and Frank Jones, the former may die. The accident was caused by the last car on the empty trip leaving the track and pulling the balance off of the bridge with it a distance of 40 feet. Mr. Melvin had his neck broken and Callery was hurt inwardly, dying a few hours afterward. Lawrence Jones had both arms and left leg broken in two places, also hurt inwardly. Frank Jones had his left arm broken and badly bruised about body.

Mr. Mervin leaves a wife and nine children, and Mr. Callery a wife and five children. Lawrence Jones leaves a wife and one child. Frank Jones is single. The two empty cars were completely demolished.

Thanksgiving.

The President of the United States has made his usual proclamation designating Thursday, November 28th, as a day for prayer and thanksgiving. He enumerates in appropriate language the numerous blessings which the people have received this year from the open hands of a benificent Providence. The people of Maryland have had their full share in these blessings. It is to be hoped, therefore, that when Thanksgiving Day comes the public mind will be recovered from the turmoil and excitement of the political campaign, and that all animosities will have subsided and that nothing will hinder the spirit of thankfulness or the enjoyment of the annual turkey, with oyster sance and trimmings.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending November 9, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Walter Warnick	Charley Wilson
Harry L. Troxell	Thos. Smith
G. S. Hamilton	A. W. Hall
Hugh B. Weiser	Marshall Rodcheaver
Miss Bessie Reed.	

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Excursion Rates to Atlanta.

On account of the Atlanta Exposition, the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets at greatly reduced rates. Season tickets will be sold every day until December 15th, good returning until January 7th, 1896. Twenty-day tickets will be sold every day until December 15th, good returning for twenty days from date of sale. We give below the rates for the season and twenty-day tickets from stations in this vicinity.

	SEASON.	20-DAY.
Deer Park	$31 90	$23 40
Mountain Lake Park	31 90	23 40
Oakland	31 90	23 40
Grafton	31 90	23 40

Correspondingly low rates from other stations. 20-4t.

Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between Elisha Aronhalt and Samuel Baker, trading as Aronhalt & Baker was by mutual consent dissolved on the first day of May, 1895.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to said firm are hereby warned to come forward and settle their account on or before the 25th day of November, otherwise the same will be placed in the hands of an officer for settlement.

Accounts may be settled before said date with E. Aronhalt of the above named parties. 33-3t

ELISHA ARONHALT,
S. C. BAKER.

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Mortgagee's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Francis C. Pulliam to William C. Devecmon, dated the 3d day of April, 1893, and recorded among the Mortgage Records of Garrett county in Liber No. 57, folio 467, etc., default having been made under the terms thereof, the undersigned will, on

SATURDAY,
The 9th Day of November, 1895,

at 11 o'clock a. m., in front of the postoffice in Oakland, Md., sell at public auction all the following described real estate:

All that tract or part of a tract of land lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, being part of a tract of land known as

The Land Flowing With Milk and Honey,

beginning for the part now intended to be sold at the end of the twelfth line of the whole of said tract, it being also at the end of the first line of Military Lot number 1254, and running thence with the outlines of the aforesaid whole tract, South 80 degrees, East 130 perches, then South 129 perches, then South 35 degrees, East 211 perches, then South 12 degrees West 294 perches, then North 69½ degrees, West 550 perches to the beginning, containing

465¼ Acres More or Less.

It being known as the

M'CORMICK FARM,

and being the same property which was conveyed to George McCormick by Daniel Willenk and wife by deed dated July 10th, 1882, and recorded among the Land Records of Garrett county in Liber No. 6, folio 595.

This farm lies on the Youghiogheny river about six miles from Oakland. It is improved by a fine two story frame dwelling, a large barn, sheep sheds, etc. It contains coal, limestone and other minerals. It has also some timber, especially a large quantity for railroad ties.

The proposed railroad from Confluence to Oakland runs directly through the property.

Terms of Sale:—One-third cash, the balance in equal payments in one and two years, or all cash at the option of the purchaser, the deferred payments, if any, to bear interest and be secured to the satisfaction of the undersigned.

W. C. DEVECMON,
32 4 *Mortgagee.*

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF—
PERSONAL PROPERTY.

Under and by virtue of a power contained in a deed of trust executed by Daniel Hinebaugh bearing date October 19th, 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. P. No. 27, folio 355, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Md., it being No. 723 Equity on the docket of the Circuit Court for Garrett county the undersigned trustee will sell at public auction on the Daniel Hinebaugh farm near the town of Accident, Garrett county, Md., on

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29th, 1895,

commencing at 9 o'clock a. m., the following described personal property mentioned in said deed of trust:

About 225 shocks of corn, about one hundred bushels of buckwheat, about 200 bushels of oats, about 120 bushels of potatoes, 1 mare ten years old, 1 horse seven years old, 2 milk cows, 3 spring calves; about three tons of hay, lot of oats, wheat and buckwheat straw; 1 two-horse wagon and ladders, 1 small spring wagon, 1 Oliver chilled plow, 1 shovel plow and 2 cultivators, 1 spring tooth harrow, 1 Champion mower, 1 hay rake, 1 threshing machine, 1 fanning mill, 1 Champion grain drill, 1 new cast soled sled, 1 sulky plow, forks, rakes, shovels, cross cut saw, one ice saw and one hand saw, 1 grind stone, 1 cider press and mill, one double set breeching harness with side plates, collars and bridles complete, 1 double set buggy harness, 1 log chain, 8 cow chains, tongue chains, etc., garden hoes and pick, 1 crow bar, 1 Excelsior cook stove and pipe, 2 heating stoves and pipe, 1 sewing machine, 2 extension tables, 1 dough tray, 1 stink, 1 clock, 3 rocking chairs, 6 cane bottom chairs, 4 common chairs, 1 lounge, about sixty yards of carpet, 5 small stands, 1 coal hod, lot dishes, crockery, milk pans, pots and cooking utensils, 1 iron kettle, 1 stone sledge, 3 beds complete, 4 smoothing irons, 1 grain cradle, 2 mowing scythes, 3 lamps, 2 looking glasses, 1 barrel churn, 1 wash stove, 1 wood box, 1 coal box.

Terms of sale made known on day of sale by trustee.

ELI McMILLEN, Trustee.
35-4t

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT
C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,
PLANING MILLS,
And BUILDING MATERIALS.
MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low cost house. We are still holding
DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,
at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—(we ever hear) doors as low as one dollar; 12x28 glazed sash, 90 cents. Other sizes at proportionate prices.
FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOULDINGS.
Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.
Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.
38 1y

Watch this Space for
NETHKEN BROS.
Advertisement.

We have added a new Department —Millinery Goods.
NETHKEN BROS.,
31—1yr Deer Park, Md.

FREE
COURSE BY MAIL
WITH THE
Capital City Commercial College.

TO ADVERTISE OUR COLLEGE
We will give a thorough course of instruction in Double and Single Entry Book-keeping and Commercial Arithmetic, by mail,
FREE OF CHARGE
to a limited number of persons. This course will be completed in forty lessons. No charge for diplomas.
ADDRESS,
CAPITAL CITY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.
P. O. DRAWER B,
TOPEKA, - KANSAS.
26—1yr.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, October 20, 1895. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.18 A. M.
No. 3	—Daily	7.02 A. M.
No. 49	—Express, daily except Mon.	3.55 A. M.
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M.
No. 47	—Daily except Mon	10.49 A. M.
No. 55	—Express, daily	0.22 P. M.
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	6.55 P. M.
No. 1	—Daily	10.01 P. M.

GOING EAST

No. 8	—Daily	5.59 A. M.
No. 2	—Daily	6.31 A. M.
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	9.45 A. M.
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	4.55 P. M.
No. 46	—Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M.
No. 4	—Daily	2.20 A. M.

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry at COST.
MALETTE,
OAKLAND, MD.

IN THE OTHER BERTH.

"This will be your berth, sir, No. 31," said the berth steward, ushering me into a cozy little cabin. "Your friend can have 33; the lower berths will not be occupied."

"So much the better," said my "friend," whom I had met for the first time at Liverpool street station that evening. He seemed a gentlemanly fellow, and had an endless stock of good stories at his command, so that I was not sorry to hear that we were to be companions for the rest of the journey, and flung my baggage down on one of the lower berths with alacrity.

"We're lucky," he said, as we made our way up on deck; "the boats are usually crowded at this time of year, and it's difficult to secure a cabin to oneself. Have a cigar? There's plenty to see up here, isn't there? I've been across some dozens of times."

I took the portly cigar that he offered me, and for a time we wandered up and down the decks, watching the crowd of passengers, Dutch, English, Hebrew and German, who had just come on board. It was not until the lights of Harwich were mere pinheads in the distance that we decided to turn in.

"We shall be half way up the Maas when we wake to-morrow," he remarked, wishing me good night.

"Good night," I answered, turning over on my side. I recollect thinking for a few minutes of the jolly holiday before me; of Mynheer Van der Denn, the wealthy diamond merchant, and his pretty daughter, whom I hoped soon to make my wife; of skating and sleighing galore in her company at Amsterdam; of the chance of my host being as ready to give his only child to a comparatively poor young Englishman as he was to invite me to his house; of a dozen other things connected with my visit, and with past days, when the branch in Hatton Garden was being started, and the Van der Denns lived in London. And then, suddenly the rolling of the vessel, the throbbing of the engines and the fumes of the strong cigar I had smoked on deck must have overpowered me, for the next moment I seemed to hear the gruff voice of the berth steward:

"Now, sir, it's time to get up, please. I called you some time ago, and thought you were dressed. We're just outside Rotterdam."

I rubbed my eyes drowsily, and darted up, knocking my head suddenly against the white ceiling of the cabin; and the berth steward, having at length succeeded in rousing me, hurried out to attend to his numerous duties. How on earth had I managed to oversleep myself so shockingly? A glance at the tumbled bedclothes opposite showed me that my companion of the night before was already up. I could feel that the engines were beginning to slow down; while, through the port hole, trees and houses on the bank of the river were to be seen. On the deck above I could hear the shuffling of many feet, the excited jabbering of Dutch and English Jews, the guttural tones of Germans, the shouts of the sailors to those on the quay, the plumping down of bags and boxes ready for landing.

I was still drowsy, but I managed to resist the temptation to lie down again, and began to fish about for my clothes on the berth below me. I was annoyed with myself for losing the early morning trip up the river, and the sight of the snow-covered windmills, the quaint wooden houses, the low marsh lands and the curious little craft that generally dot the Maas; I was equally annoyed with my roommate for his kindly consideration in not rousing me from my slumbers; and I struggled into my garments rather viciously. And then, suddenly, it began to dawn upon me that something was wrong.

What on earth was I to do? The clothes that I had fished up from below were not the ones that I threw on the berth overnight—they had been changed for others! By mistake or by design—yes, it must have been by design, for no such mistake could possibly have been made; the man in the other berth had substituted his clothes for mine.

I flew to the electric bell, and rang vigorously for the steward. But by this time he was busy on deck, handing departing passengers their luggage and pocketing tips in return, and no one heard or heeded my summons. It was impossible for me, half clad as I was, to rush up above among the crowd; and as hastily as possible I slipped into the other man's clothes. I had come off much worse over the bargain, for there was not a sou in the pockets of the substituted garments, while my watch and chain, money and jewelry were all missing.

When I finally was in a condition to rush up the gangway—I need hardly say without finishing my toilet, for I was in my (or the other man's) shirt-sleeves—I found that most of the passengers had left the deck, though a small group of officers were standing on the shore side of the vessel, engaged in earnest consultation. The heads of a couple of Dutch policemen, distinguished from the others by their curious, low-crowned helmets, towered above the group; and I at once rushed toward them, thanking the lucky chance that had brought them on the spot.

"Have you got him?" I shouted, excitedly, no doubt cutting a curious enough figure in the blue shirt and short trousers that my friend of the night before had been considerate enough to lend me.

"It looks rather as if we have," said one of the ship's officers, glancing at me with a singular expression that I could not at all understand, in his eyes. "Blue shirt and light trousers—dark mustache—that's all right, isn't it, officer?" he said in Dutch, to one of the police-men.

"But where is he?" I asked, in surprise, looking from one to the other. "The fellow's taken practically everything—watch, chain, money, clothes."

"Let's have a look at the other things," said one of the policemen, ignoring my question altogether, and turning to meet the steward, who was stumbling up the gangway under the weight of the clothes that I had left in the cabin. "Blue shirt, light trousers, dark mustache, astrachan overcoat, soft felt hat," he muttered, checking off the items with a cablegram he held in his hand. "And he speaks Dutch pretty well, but with a foreign accent. Yes, my friend, I'm afraid we shall have to take charge of you for the present, in spite of your clever little ruse. Just put the rest of your things on, please, and come along quietly."

"But what's the meaning of all this?" I asked in bewilderment, as the handcuffs were clicked on directly I had finished dressing. "A man steals my clothes and my money, and you lock me up for it, and allow him to escape. Is that the way things are usually managed in Holland?"

"You'll see how things are managed in Holland where diamond thieves are concerned, quite soon enough, sir," said the man, curtly, evidently annoyed at my tone. "Any explanations or excuses you can give later on; in the meantime, perhaps you will accompany us quietly."

"Yes, and in the meantime this gentleman is hurrying off as fast as trains can carry him to some out-of-the-way corner of Europe," I grumbled; but resistance was worse than useless, and, followed by a small crowd of stolid urchins, we made our way along the tree-lined Bompjes to the police station.

Here a short interview with a fiery-faced and fiery-mustached officer told me the nature of my supposed offense, but did not in any way improve my prospects of release. The object of my cabin companion was now quite clear to me, though all my exclamations with regard to the change of clothes were smiled at by the officers, who evidently thought them very clumsy excuses. I was accused of being concerned in a large diamond robbery, and was supposed to have been traveling in Amsterdam in order to make use of my knowledge of precious stones in disposing of the spoils among the "fences" in the Jewish quarter of the town.

The actual thief was confidential clerk to a large firm of diamond merchants in London; his escape with the booty had been noticed a few hours after his departure from town, and full particulars of his clothing and general appearance had been cabled to Rotterdam, with instructions to detain him on the arrival of the boat. But my "friend" had foreseen some difficulty of this kind, and had laid his plans accordingly.

Selecting me as a man of about his own height and appearance, he had managed easily enough to change the clothes in the cabin, the drugged cigar aiding him in his scheme. Clad in my brown ulster and traveling cap, he had passed off the deck with the other passengers without attracting any special attention, and was probably in the act of negotiating with Amsterdam traders at the moment of my examination by the officers at the station.

The fact that I had no diamonds in my possession at the time of my arrest meant nothing; they might have been concealed anywhere in the vessel, or even have been thrown overboard. The steward, to whom I appealed for support of my story, could only assert that he had found me asleep, or feigning sleep, while the other passengers were all preparing to land—and, of course, this told against me. There was only one man in Holland who could help me out of my scrape, and at the name of Van der Denn, diamond merchant, of Amsterdam and Hatton Garden, the officers looked even more suspicious, though they promised that he should be communicated with "in due course." I was compelled to content myself with this, and resigned myself to my fate.

I suppose I must have spent four or five hours in confinement, and was beginning to wonder whether I was fated to pass the night in like fashion, when the key suddenly turned in the lock, and a warder entered, closely followed by my friend Van der Denn.

"My dear fellow," said the old boy, effusively, rushing toward me and gripping me by the hands, "what an adventure to have had, to be sure! But all's well that ends well, and when you have changed your clothes we will start for Amsterdam at once. Chris is getting quite anxious about you.

"Why, certainly. We've got the clothes and the jewelry, and the diamonds, and, what's quite as important, the man himself. It's the most curious thing I ever knew in my life. Christina and I were expecting you hours back, and I was going to the station to see what had become of you, when I suddenly caught a back view of your counterpart—traveling cap, and that brown ulster of yours, English every inch of it; why, I should know it a mile off in Holland—hurrying across the dam. I caught up to him in a moment, and laid my hand heavily on his shoulder—and instead of your face, Holt & Markson's confidential clerk turned to meet me, with terror in his eyes. I had the police up in half a minute; the diamonds and your watch and chain were discovered; he confessed the whole plot; and beyond that there is nothing else to tell, save that your things are waiting for you to slip into them as quickly as possible, down below."

I have little more to tell than Mynheer Van der Denn had; save that I spent a jolly winter holiday, not in the whitewashed cell; that I asked Christina to be my wife, and met with very little demur from her or from her father, who seemed to think that my adventure deserved some compensation; and, finally, that the handsome wedding present we received from Holt & Markson, out of gratitude for the recovery of the diamonds, has made me none the less cautious now of men "in the other berth."—Tit-Bits.

ARE PROMINENT NOW.

Western Senators Who Have Quickly Come to the Front.

A South Dakota Statesman Whose Independence Has Become Proverbial—Idaho's Young Silver Leader—An Editor as Lawmaker.

Special Washington Letter.

"This back row will be the front row one of these days," said Senator Pettigrew, of South Dakota, when the admission in four new states in 1889 made it necessary to add a row back of the seats on the republican side of the senate, to accommodate the eight new senators from those states.

"We must sit here and listen to our betters," said Senator Pettigrew. "Of course we are all senators here, and of equal rank before the law, but the older senators are running affairs and we new senators must keep silence before them. But, never mind, we will sit

SENATOR PETTIGREW, SOUTH DAKOTA.

here in the back row for a traditional peroid, and then some of us will work our way down to the front row."

That prediction is verified already. Senator Pettigrew is to-day one of the leading members of the senate, and will occupy a commanding position during the Fifty-fourth congress. He is an independent, forceful character, full of energy, aggressive for his state, courageous and honorable. When a very young man he was nominated and elected delegate in congress from the great big territory of Dakota. That was in 1880, and he immediately began working for the division of the territory into two states. He never let up nor faltered in his efforts until they were crowned with success. After he voluntarily retired from active politics and engaged in business he continued working for statehood for South Dakota. He was a leading spirit in the Sioux Falls convention which in 1885 declared the existence of the sovereign state of South Dakota, and made an effort to break into the union. From that time on the fight waxed warmer and warmer each year. Senator Pettigrew came to Washington and remained here at his own expense during each session of the congress, urging the admission of South Dakota. The opponents of the measure were many, and they were strong men. It was an uphill fight. I saw Frank Pettigrew day after day upon the floor of the house working for statehood, or sending his cards to senators to urge the rights of the people upon the senators of both parties. He is a tireless worker, never becomes discouraged with temporary defeat, but pushes along until success is achieved. Thus he worked for South Dakota, and at last, in 1888, a bill was passed called "the omnibus bill," admitting North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana and Washington. The new states came into the union July 4, 1889.

The legislature of South Dakota elected Frank Pettigrew to the senate, and when he came to Washington I asked him what sort of a sensation he experienced when he realized that he had really been elected to the senate, and he replied: "My first thought honestly was that I should be able to walk into the senate chamber without sending in my cards to the great men who used to come out so reluctantly to see me. It was a sensation of triumph which was greater than personal pride in my election."

During the last session of congress Senator Pettigrew caused considerable speculation and excitement because of his independent vote against the Hawaiian cable resolution. Although he is a republican, he voted with the democrats on that measure. He afterwards said that no party ties could bind him to vote for what he deemed to be wrong for his own people, or wrong to any nation of the earth. He said that party ties were sometimes drawn too tight, but that he would not be bound to his own detriment or to the injury of his own conscience.

Those who were surprised at the independent vote of Senator Pettigrew on the Hawaiian cable evidently did not know what manner of man he is. That was not his first independent vote in the senate. I remember very well the pressure which was brought to bear upon him in 1890, when he was a "back row" senator and not recognized in leadership. He denounced certain features of the McKinley bill and declared that he would not vote for the bill. All of the republican senators went after him, urging and begging him to vote for the bill; but he said no, and he meant no. When the McKinley bill came to a final vote in the senate, the vote of Senator Pettigrew was recorded in the negative. Senator Plumb, of Kansas, and Senator Paddock, of Nebraska, voted "no" with Senator Pettigrew on that bill.

When the senate is reorganized next December Senator Pettigrew will be made chairman of the committee on Indian affairs. It will be an excellent chairmanship for him, because there are so many Indians in South Dakota for whom legislation is necessary, and in whose behalf the executive department of the government should exert itself. During the Harrison administration Senator Pettigrew did not secure proper consideration when he sought executive action for the Indians. But, as chairman of the committee on Indian affairs he can command attention, and executive cooperation. He will often be heard during the debates upon important affairs in the Fifty-fourth congress; and he will also be felt on numerous occasions. He is one of the strong men of this generation.

Senator Fred T. Du Bois, of Idaho, is no longer one of the "back row" members of the senate. He is no longer a follower of the older senators, but is one of the recognized leaders. He was but little more than two years a senator when he stepped into the front as a leader of the cause of silver. During the long debates preceding the repeal of the silver purchasing clause of the Sherman act, in 1893, Senator Du Bois was heard almost daily, and his eloquent voice and vehement manner attracted universal attention. He was one of the youngest men ever known to participate in debate and occupy such leadership as was accorded to Senator Du Bois by all of his colleagues. No man ever received so high a compliment as was paid to Senator Du Bois, when the distinguished ex-secretary of the interior, Senator Teller, the long-time recognized leader of the silver senators, maintained silence himself, and urged Senator Du Bois to the front. There was also the eloquent and aggressive Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, who urged the young Idaho statesman to keep in the van of the fight. And everybody said that Senator Du Bois demonstrated his ability to occupy the position which was thrust upon him. He was dignified, earnest, and sometimes bitterly severe upon those senators who favored the repeal of the silver purchasing clause. He drew fire from some of the great men of the senate, but held his ground in a creditable manner.

When the reorganization of the senate takes place Senator Du Bois will be made chairman of the committee on public lands, a position which will enable him to do much for his state. He has been a member of the committee for two years and had experience in legislative affairs as a delegate in congress from the territory of Idaho, and as a member of congress from the new state of Idaho before his election to the senate. Prior to that he was United States marshal for the territory of Idaho. He is competent to fill any position to which he may be called, and some of his many friends are talking of booming him for the vice presidency on the republican ticket in 1896; but the senator will prefer to remain in the senate, where he can best serve the interests of his state.

There is another northwestern senator who has walked out of the "back row" and stepped out into the arena of debate. During the summer of 1890 Congressman Henry C. Hansbrough, of North Dakota, walked into my office one evening to bid me good-by, saying: "I am going back to North Dakota now, and I am coming back as the next senator. I am going to succeed Senator Pierce. It is all settled, and I will be elected."

Well, I have heard politicians claim good things so often and get left in the long run that I rather demurred to the statement and warned my friend that he must not be too confident, lest defeat should prove dreadfully disappointing. He laughed, clasped my hand, said good-by and assured me that I would have to write "U. S. S." after his name inside of six months. He was right, too. Just how he managed to make the combinations which brought about his election to the senate I have never known, but the result showed him to be a good politician as well as

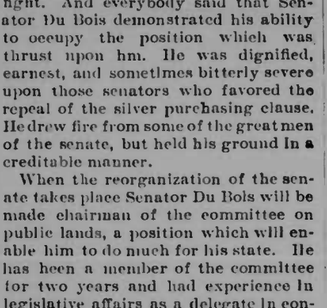

SENATOR DU BOIS, IDAHO.

a statesman. Senator Pierce had been governor of Dakota territory, was a splendid newspaper man, had been elected to the senate with a legislative recommendation that the long term of six years be given him, and he was backed by some powerful corporations. Nevertheless Senator Hansbrough was elected and has since forged to the front until he is now one of the leaders of his party on the floor of the senate. He made a splendid effort last winter to secure an appropriation of $1,000,000 to eradicate the Russian thistle from our soil, but the condition of the national finances was such that the house of representatives declined to allow the appropriation. Senator Hansbrough secured the passage of his bill through the senate, but the house successfully opposed it. Senator Hansbrough will take up that subject and press it again next winter. I do not believe that he can accomplish his object on account of the condition of the treasury. However, men sometimes work for several years on important measures before the congress will permit proper legislation. But a solid, steady, persistent worker like Senator Hansbrough ultimately accomplishes his ends. The senator will be chairman of the committee on territories, a position held for many years by Senator Platt, of Connecticut.

Inasmuch as the congress will convene within a few weeks, I shall try to tell you something about some others of the great senators and representatives upon whom the eyes of the country will soon be fixed as they gather beneath the dome of the capitol and proceed to legislate for the people of this great American republic.

SMITH D. FRY.

Electric Cars in Egypt.

Visitors can soon trolley from Cairo to the Pyramids

WHERE CAPT. KIDD LIVED.

His House Still Standing Near a Small New Jersey Town.

Between the quaint little hamlet of Allenwood, N. J., and the village of Sea Girt, made famous through the annual encampment of the New Jersey state militia, stands an old-fashioned shingle house, which antedates the recollection of even the oldest resident, and has become the show place of the country. Not only does the great age of the old house make it interesting to visitors, but also the story that the body of the late lamented Capt. Kidd, whose treasure is buried somewhere along the coast and has been searched for from Florida to Maine, lies uneasy in its grave, and makes periodical visits to the house once occupied by that wealthy but somewhat erratic gentleman.

The house is a two-story structure, conspicuous chiefly for the fact that instead of having only a shingle roof, as was customary in the days when the house was built, it is constructed altogether of shingles, and presents the appearance of having been built with the idea to repel an attack should any such emergency occur. The old men of Allenwood say that the house was built years before Washington assumed the office of president of the United States, and that one of the early settlers in that part of the country, Morris by name, cut each and every shingle by hand, and with only the assistance given by a strong pocket-knife.

The house is at the junction of the three roads, one leading to Allenwood, one to Sea Girt and one to Brielle, another small town four miles away. A mile or two from the house the Manasuan river flows steadily on its tortuous route to mother ocean, and several times in the memory of the present inhabitants the banks of the river have been searched for relics of Capt. Kidd, while many persons have gained permission from the farmer, and, armed with charts and maps, have dug for miles around for the missing buried treasure. Even now a party is hard at work on the Toms river, but ten miles from the old house, diligently working on the old claim and believing that each new day will see discoveries which will make work for the treasure hunters unnecessary in the future. And still the glittering prospect is held as a bait before their eyes, and when the patience of one party of searchers gives out another is ready and waiting to take up the pick and shovel and keep up the good work.

The old Morris house, as it is called, is now on the Tilton farm, old Grandfather Tilton having purchased the farm from the Morrises many years ago. The farmhouse of the Tilton family is but a stone's throw from the old house, which is tenanted by several of the farm helpers during the busy season. The room in which it is alleged that Kidd's ghost walks is at the top of the house, and it is said that when he was traveling through that part of the country he would always stop at the Morris house, where he was always sure of a welcome and a bed. I could find nobody during a recent visit to that part of Monmouth county who would confess to having seen the ghost, but it is a fable which has been handed down from father to son that on stated occasions he would be heard moving about in his room until early in the morning, as he was wont to do in the early days of the settling of New Jersey, when visiting at the old house.

The house was built with but few windows, and, although several have been added recently, there are only eight, and two doors on the front, while the sides have one each. Capt. Kidd's room was under the eaves of the house, and it is said that even now on stormy nights the captain's head is often thrust out, as though surveying the heavens and figuring upon the kind of weather a day would bring forth.—N. Y. Herald.

What Did G. P. O. Mean?

"One of the most curious blunders of an author was that made by Thackeray, when collecting material for his 'Irish Sketch Book.' Driving along a road, he saw at due intervals posts set up with the letters 'G. P. O.' upon them. Overtaking a peasant, he inquired the meaning of these initials, and was gravely informed that they stood for 'God Preserve O'Connell!' Out came the tourist's note book, in which a memorandum was at once jotted down of the curious statement. In the first edition of the sketches the fact was duly mentioned, but it was suppressed in all the subsequent issues, owing to the tardy discovery that the initials stood for 'General Post Office,' indicating that the highway was a post road." It is due to the memory of William Makepeace Thackeray to say that the above happened not to him, but to Lord Huddington when riding into Dublin from Kingstown in 1834. See "Private Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell," by W. J. Fitzpatrick, (London, J. Murray), Vol. I., page 504.—Notes and Queries

An Unwashed Model.

"This is one of my models," Mr. Brown said one day to the writer, pointing to a ragged urchin, who looked as if he had walked out of the frame of one of the artist's pictures to take a rest in the arm chair in which he was so comfortably curled up. "This is 'Pete.' The little rascal never took a bath in his life. When his hands and feet show in a picture he has to be washed up a little, as they are even too dirty to be picturesque." Pete grinned, as if he was pleased with the distinction of being an absolute stranger to the bath. But he probably does wash his face and hands occasionally. His face was bright enough to deserve not to be hidden by dirt.—John J. a' Becket, in St. Nicholas.

No Disguise.

Husband (admiringly)—There's no use trying to disguise the fact, you are smarter than I am, my dear.

Wife (complacently)—The fact, my love, has never been in disguise among those who know us.—Detroit Free Press.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The fruit growing industry in Oregon is growing very rapidly. The state secretary of horticulture estimates that this fall there are 565,000 acres of pears, peaches, apples and such kinds of fruit in the state; 35,000 acres of prunes and 1,500 acres of berries.

—Experiments made by the Italians at Massowah in raising European crops on the Abyssinian plateau have proved very successful. Grain yielded especially good results this year. Plans are made for a greater extension of agriculture in the colony next year.

—Silk has been made of the threads of the Madagascar hal'ab'e spider which has very nearly the same resistance as that made from silk worm cocoons. Experiments made with ordinary spider's web have proved failures owing to the weakness of the threads, but the carysalis of the common moth has yielded silk strong enough for a lady's neckerchief.

—The temperature of the earth's crust increases at the average rate of one degree Fahrenheit for each fifty-five feet in descent. At such a uniform rate of increase we find that we must only descend to a depth of something like thirty miles into the bowels of the earth to find heat sufficient to melt any known substance, and that a few miles deeper all rocks and metals must be in a state of white-hot fusion.

—There is a variety of the caterpillar of the European Saturnia carpini, with pink tubercles. The moth bred from this larva, by Dr. Dixey, produced caterpillars of which ten per cent. had pink tubercles. In this connection Prof. Poulton remarked, states Nature, that he had found caterpillars of Smerinthus ocellatus, with red spots, and that this peculiarity had been transmitted to their descendants.

—"The accuracy of finger prints as a test of personal identity is well shown by some recent photographs of Mr. Francis Galton," says the Photographic Times. "In a case of twins, their photographs and measurements were closely alike, but the minutiæ of their finger prints were quite different. An enlarged photograph of the print of the hand of a child eighty-six days old shows the development of the distinctive little ridges on the skin even at that early age."

—What we call light is a wave motion in the ether, and is a transverse movement, too. Molecules have nothing to do with it except to produce it. The waves of ether which affect the eye range from about four hundred millions of millions per second to eight hundred millions of millions per second, the longest wave being what we call red waves, while the shortest is called violet, though it is well known that waves much shorter than those in the common spectrum can be seen by some eyes.

—M. Raoul Pictet, the French chemist, who has long been experimenting with intense cold, finds that phosphorescence ceases at very low temperatures. Glass tubes filled with sulphides of calcium, strontium and barium were exposed to the sun and then taken into a dark room where the intensity and duration of the phosphorescence was noted. After being again exposed to the sun the tubes were put into a mixture where by rapidly lowering the pressure their temperature was reduced to minus one hundred and forty degrees; they then showed no sign of phosphorescence, but after a time the upper parts of the tubes which had been least cooled began to glow, and as the temperature rose the light extended, becoming at last as bright as in the first experiment.

TORTURE IN PUNISHMENT.

Barbarous Treatment of Malefactors in the Colonial Period.

The constitution of the United States and those of the various states in prohibiting cruel and unusual punishments were not fighting an absurdity. The use of torture in legal processes was not, when these instruments were framed, so remote as it is now.

When Sir Thomas Dole came as high marshal to Virginia he crushed a conspiracy by killing the ringleaders by torture.

One had a bodkin thrust through his tongue and was chained to a tree until he died, others were broken on the wheel. It is quaintly stated that Sir Thomas was "a man of good conscience and knowledge in divinity."

Dole's date was 1611. The next notable instance of the use of torture was in 1692, in the Salem witchcraft excitement, when Giles Cory was pressed to death—the "peine dure et forte"—the most horrible of deaths. A far worse instance was the burning of the negroes at the stake in New York, 1741, as already described in these columns.

Throughout the early colonial period the use of the stocks, "cage" and pillory was common, but these were torture only to the sensitive spirit. A similar device is the cangue, or plank necklace, four feet square, which Chinese prisoners still carry.

Executions were in public throughout the east until comparatively recent times. When Quelch, the pirate, and six others were hanged in Boston Sewall wrote in his diary: "When the scaffold was let to sink there was such a screech of the women that my wife heard it, sitting in our entry next to the orchard," though the gallows was a mile away and the wind unfavorable.

The use of torture to wring the truth from witnesses is said to have been recognized as legal in Austria until well within the present century.—N. Y. Recorder.

Quite Secure.

"I want to consult you on a certain point," said Miss Cash to her lawyer.

"I am at your service, Miss Cash."

"You know Mr. Squildig?"

"Very well, indeed."

"He has done me the honor of proposing marriage."

"Ah!"

"What I wish to ask is if you think my money would be safe in his hands if I were to marry him?"

"It would be so secure you could not even get it yourself."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

FARM AND GARDEN.

SYSTEMATIC WORK.

Without It Our Country Roads Will Never Be Improved.

It seems as if there had been enough said in the farm papers to convince everyone that there should be an organized movement for good roads by those who live in the rural districts, in every part of the country. The costliest item the American farmer has to pay is the cost of bad roads to him. It is an axiom that the best road is as bad as the poorest part of it, because a load that cannot be taken across the poorest part of a road or up the steepest grade on it cannot be transported over it. This being the case it behooves everyone who uses the country roads to interest himself in a movement for the betterment of them in the most available manner.

In Ohio there are as good roads as in any state in the union, and there are those that are as bad as any that can be found anywhere. In most of the southwestern part of the state stone roads are the rule and there is no time of the year that the roads are bad. The stone bottom and the easy grades make it possible to haul heavy loads over them at all seasons, and those who live in this part of the state could not be prevailed on to give up the good roads which have added to the value of their farms much more than it cost to build the roads along them. In those parts of the state where the roads are rivers of mud during a great part of the winter the only objection raised to making the roads good is the cost of them. Until this fear of paying the cost of the improvement is done away with, not much can be done, as any proposition to improve will be voted down. It is much the same in other states. Where good roads have been made those who paid for them are satisfied that they are worth more than they cost, while in those sections where the roads are liable to be bad after a wet spell the item of cost prevents any improvement being made.

Much can be done in the way of improving the roads by a revision of the road laws and putting the work that is done on those places where it will do the most good. If but a short distance was made good each year, it would not be very long until the main roads could be made fairly good at no greater expense than is now put on them each year.

Massachusetts has taken the lead in this matter and has appropriated $30,000 for the purpose of making a start. A highway commission has been appointed and experimental work begun in several counties, and already the benefits of systematic work are beginning to show result in a gratifying manner.

Once the farmers of the country realize how much they lose by being mudbound for several months each year they will take hold of this matter in earnest. As it is, they must market their crops when they can. With good roads they could market them when they found it to their best interests to do so. The wear and tear of teams, vehicles and harness is a very large item to be counted in the cost of bad roads, not to mention the extra work they make by making small loads necessary. Good roads are a mark of civilization that is lacking in too many places in our country.—Springfield (O.) Farm News.

A Curious Road Foundation.

The highway or road authorities at Martha's Vineyard, a town in Massachusetts, found, in building macadamized roads, that upon loose, sandy soil, much stone is wasted by being driven into the sand. In such cases gravel, when accessible, has been placed upon the sand to a depth of three or four inches and the stone laid on this. By so doing the cost is greatly reduced. There being no gravel at Martha's Vineyard, cheap cotton cloth has recently been spread upon the sand, and over that the stone. It has been found that the sand does not then work up through the stone, and much less stone is required. Layers of tarred paper were tried, but without success, as the stone pressed through them. This is probably the first road foundation ever made with cloth. The following materials have in various places been used as road material, namely: Cork, compressed hay, marble, pins, India rubber, oyster and other shells, lead, iron and steel.—Tit-Bits.

But Does He Like It?

Since man is made of "dust," which, when
With water it is blent,
Is simply "mud," why this man, then,
Is in his element.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

A Pilot from New Jersey.

A sample of the way road money is wasted has been shown on Monmouth street during the past week. There were some holes in the roadbed and they were filled up with clay and gravel. Then men were set at work shoveling the sand and dirt out of the gutters, and the sod and grass that had grown there, and this was thrown on top of the clay and gravel. If a sand road is wanted there's no use of going to the expense of putting clay and gravel on it, for the foundation of the road is sand, before any top-dressing is put on it; but it's a double waste of money to cover up the sand with clay and gravel, and then cover up the clay and gravel with more sand.—Red Bank Register.

FOR WARM COUNTRIES.

How for Keeping Ice in Texas and Other Southern Localities.

I can think of better method for keeping ice in Texas than that generally used in parts of Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia and other warmer states. A circular hole 12, 15 or 20 feet (according to the capacity wanted) in diameter, like a very large well, is excavated in a high, dry piece of ground, to the depth of 8 to 10 feet, and where it can be drained at the bottom into pervious strata of sand or gravel below, or by sewer, pump or siphon pipe to lower ground. When the excavation is completed, a strong, double-walled wooden framework is put in, the outer boards resting against the earth and preventing caving in; the inner boards are nailed on the inside of the frame, so as to leave an air space of, say, 4 or 6 inches all around. This framework is extended several feet above the common surface of the ground, then drawn in conically all around, and roofed over with a conically roof. Double doors are made in one side of the conical roof; through these the house is filled. When filled, they are closed tightly,

A WARM COUNTRY ICEHOUSE.

and when ice is wanted they are opened, one outward, the other inward. Often a stairway leads from outside down under the bottom of the icehouse, where milk, butter, etc., are kept. When the framework and boarded-up sides of the house are completed, the earth excavated is graded up around the house, so that the water from the roof falls well out upon the earth, and runs away outside. The mound is sodded, and when such a house and mound are well constructed, they are an ornamental object in the back yard. Ice stowed in such a house keeps well; a ladder is used to enter when the ice gets too low to step in upon it.

Such a house will last many years. With greater expense in using woods that will not readily decay, such as cypress, the house is good for a lifetime. A sketch is shown in the cut. All doors must fit tightly by being rubber or cloth lined. If dry sawdust or powdered charcoal can be obtained with which to fill the air space in the wall and roof, so much the better. However, if the walls of the house are made tight, so that the air between has no circulation, they are a good non-conductor. Shade trees growing on the south side of the icehouse assist it. Such a house is somewhat expensive at first, but in the long run will be found cheap. It ought to work well in the dry, well-drained soils of the Panhandle of Texas. The ice should be cut in blocks, and stacked in solid, like bricks, to be piled apart as wanted.—T. V. Munson, in Rural New Yorker.

WHY THE SILO PAYS.

Ten Reasons Which Should Appeal to the Good Sense of Readers.

Until every farmer has a silo, it is in order to preach the silo, so we beg those who have silos to bear with us if we seem to repeat self-evident truths. Remember what an awful lot of preaching it takes to save a few sinners, and have patience; or do better, help us spread the truth.

1. The silo stores away corn more safely and more permanently than any other plan. Silage is practically fireproof, and will keep in the silo indefinitely.

2. Corn can be made into silage at less expense than it can be preserved in any other form.

3. The silo preserves absolutely all but the roots of the corn.

4. Silage can be made in the sunshine or in rain. Unlike hay, it is independent of the weather.

5. When corn is ready for the silo, there is but little farm work pressing.

6. Corn is worth more to the dairy as silage than in any other way.

7. At least one-third more corn per acre may be fed on silage than on dried corn, stalks or fodder.

8. Corn is fed more conveniently as silage than in any other form.

9. Silage is of most value when fed in combination with other food richer in protein. It is not a complete food.

10. Owing to its succulence and bulkiness, silage is the best known substitute for green grass, and is therefore especially valuable as a winter food.—Jersey Bulletin.

Selfish Landowners.

How many farmers and others, too, whose places are destitute of fruit and shade trees? Again, how many rented places are devoid of trees of all kinds? Has the landowner ever stopped to consider that a small orchard, a few yard trees around every tenement house, will greatly enhance the value, attract and hold a better class of tenants, make life more enjoyable and that, too, at practically no cost? We tell you, there is a great deal of selfishness; we look abroad and see how stingy and selfish many are with their tenants, and oftentimes perchance some good farmer rents his farm and moves away, and is so selfish as to reserve all, yes, all the fruit produced, denying even this to the tenant. Landowners owe their tenants and public generally a duty by planting at least a moderate quantity of trees. This is a wise public policy.—C. P. Robards, in Ornamental Tree Growing.

Bad Forever and a Day.

Many men come and many men go, but some bad roads bid fair to be bad forever.

NORDAU'S ERRORS.

Lombroso Tells Where the Author of "Degeneration" Goes Astray.

Even though starting from a new and just position, Nordau has gone astray: Convinced of the scope of the new psychiatric weapon which he had in his hands, he has so far overshot the mark as to impair the effect of his purpose. More alienist than the alienist, he no sooner finds a neurotic or maddish author than he thinks his work itself can be demolished. Thus, after having demonstrated by a very subtle analysis that in Wagner the philosophic ideas concerning life are contradictory or archaic—such as the idea of the struggle between the flesh and the soul, or between the spirit and the senses—he concludes that Wagner was therefore crazy, and not a genius. Likewise, because of Tolstoi's mysticism, or his destructive ideas on love and science, he deems Tolstoi insane and his books nonsense.

But probably all geniuses have the eccentricities, and even the delirious ideas, which he notices in Tolstoi, Wagner and Ibsen. The last chapter of Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" is more incomprehensible and extravagant than the ideas of Tolstoi; while Balzac's scientific opinions, and his innumerable fluids, would find mates in the literature of insane asylums. To demonstrate that geniuses are insane is not difficult, because, as I and others before me have shown, genius is a form of degenerative neurosis. Certainly Poictevin, Mallarme and Gail are degenerates and even mattoids. Tolstoi, Wagner and Swinburne may be mad or degenerate, but in addition to the qualities just named, and which belong to the ordinary insane, they have genius; that is what Nordau has too frequently forgotten. Degeneration, for one who follows my theories, instead of destroying, fortifies the diagnosis which proves them to be geniuses, and enlarges its range; because only the mediocre have not maddish forms for the very reason that they lack fecund originality, which is the basis of genius.

The man of genius is the man who does better than his contemporaries, and in a different way; he is therefore an abnormal being, an exception. He is different from his environment, he is not completely sane as to his intellect, he has many physiological and psychological blemishes, he is afflicted either by the delirium of persecution, or by megalo-mania, or by religious delirium, more often by psychic epilepsy. —Cesare Lombroso, in Century.

An Argument.

Parishioner—Do you think there is any valid objection to fishing on Sunday?

Pastor—I do. A man who goes fishing on Sunday often finds it very difficult to tell the truth on Monday.—Truth.

An Important Point.

The Deacon's Wife—I hope you have been careful about the new minister's qualifications?

The Deacon—Yes. We made him define exactly what he means by "a few words."—Brooklyn Life.

"DID you enjoy the concert, Mrs. Barber?" "They wasn't any. A man came out and banged a pianner, while his wife stood beside him shriekin' at him all the time. Seems to me they'd ought to have arrested the woman for interferin'." — Harper's Bazar.

WHEN King Canute ordered the waves to roll back, he thought he was talking to a surf.—Texas Siftings.

DOESN'T COUNT.—He—"I thought you saw the play before?" She—"Oh, I was with a theater party that time."—Puck.

LOVE is the most beautiful form of egotism, egotism the ugliest form of love.—Fliegende Blatter.

"HEAR," said the tailor, as he invested himself with a coat of his own making, "is where I get in my work."—Indianapolis Journal.

FRIEND—"Your son, I understand, has literary aspirations. Does he write for money?" Father (feelingly)—"Unceasingly."—Fliegende Blatter.

UNDER modern conditions a diplomacy without a navy is very much like a bluff on a bob-tail flush.—Detroit News.

BY satire kept in awe, they shrink from ridicule, though not from law.—Byron.

YEAST—"That man Wheeler keeps horses, does he not?" Crimsonbeak—"Rather say the horses keep him. He's in the livery business."—Yonkers Statesman.

HAIL, social life! Into thy pleasing bounds I come to pay the common stock, my share of service, and, in glad return, to taste thy comforts, thy protected joys.—Thomson.

WIFE—"I don't believe I can ever wear my sealskin cloak as it is now." Husband—"Why don't you have it made over into a bicycle sweater for winter use?"—N. Y. Herald.

"I WISH I were a boy again," said Mr. Dawson." "So do I," said Jack Dawson, who had just been punished, to himself. "I'd put you through a course of sprouts!" —Harper's Bazar.

I wish I were a little seal,
Who knows of joy no lack,
Since it, through nature's favor, is
Born with a sealskin sacque.
—Washington Star.

What She Would Do.

"I ain' gwine to have him arrested no moh, I ain'. It done cos' me foh dollahs an' sixty cents de las' time tu pay his fine when I done had him took up an' dea fuhguh him an' foh dollahs an' sixty cents am n lot o' money when yuz got to alra lt hangin' ovah a washtub diss yah meltin' weathah. Massa, I ain't goin' to hab him arrested no moh, not ef he jes comes home bilin' drunk an' smashes up ev'ry stick an' rag in de house. I'ze been a-livin' wid dat man mo'n seven yeahs now, an' I've done had him arrested mo'n fohty times an' den gone like a ijit an' paid he's fine de aex' mawnin'. I'm done along o' all sech foolishness, I am. Jes' let him come home one moh night drunk aa' a raisin' cain an' a-smashin' up de furnichor' wat I paid foh an' he won't do it agin, you bet on it. What'll I do? What'll I do tu sech a man as dat? I know what I'll do, I duz. I'll jest nachally wait twell he gits done a-smashin' an' a tearin' things an' goes tar sleep on diss yeah bed an' I'll jest melt some lead ovah dat kitchen flah, an' when it's melted hot I'll po'h it in his year jess de same as if he was a chicken er a rabbit. Dat's what I'll do, you all heah me." And she looked as if she meant it.—Chicago Chronicle.

Apt Pupil.

There are some people, who, to their own minds at least, attain complete mastery over a new subject in such a short time as to awaken surprise, if not admiration, in the breasts of all beholders of their mental activity. "Ask Brown if he ever played that game before," said one young man to another, referring to an acquaintance who was being initiated into the mysteries of chess by an elderly gentleman. "No, never tried my hand at it till this minute," returned Brown, promptly. "See how long it will be before he'll tell his teacher how to play," said the first speaker, and then there was a silence between the two lookers-on as they watched the progress of the game. "Well, now, do you know," said Brown, with loud cheerfulness a little later, addressing his elderly teacher, "I shouldn't consider that the best move to make; you see—" The two young men, who were looking on from the other side of the room, exchanged a glance, and looked at their watches; exactly twenty minutes had elapsed since the beginning of the game!—Youth's Companion.

How She Saw a Whale.

"Did you see any whales while crossing the Atlantic?" said the stay-at-home girl to the traveled damsel.

"No—that is, yes. I saw a whale by proxy, I mean."

"How on earth could you see a whale by proxy."

"It was this way: I had seen twenty-three sharks, by actual count, but not a single whale. There was a nice young man aboard who had seen two whales. He suggested that I trade off ten of my sharks for one of his whales, which I did. That left me with thirteen sharks and one whale. That's how I saw a whale by proxy."—Judge.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

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ABSOLUTELY PURE

SOME SUPERLATIVES.

THE largest theatrical building is the Grand Opera of Paris. It covers three acres of ground.

THE lowest tides, where any exist at all, are at Panama, where two feet is the average rise and fall.

THE tallest chimney in the world is that of a chemical manufactory in Glasgow, Scotland, four hundred and seventy-four feet.

THE largest wrought iron pillar is at Delhi, in India. It is sixty feet high and weighs seventeen tons.

THE earliest wheat grew on the plateau of Armenia, where this plant once existed as a native grass.

THE heaviest fibrous substance used for textile fabrics is flax, which is twice as heavy as water.

THE longest tunnel, including all approaches, is that of Chemnitz, in Hungary, 10.27 miles.

THE deepest ocean soundings slightly exceed forty-six thousand feet. They were made near Tristan d'Acuuba.

THE loftiest active volcano is Cotopaxi. It is eighteen thousand eight hundred and eighty feet high, and its last great eruption was in 1855.

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Will be rendered more beneficial, and the fatigues of travel counteracted, if the voyager will take along with him Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and use that protective and enabling tonic, nerve invigorant and appetizer regularly. Impurities in air and water are neutralized by it, and it is a matchless tranquilizer and regulator of the stomach, liver and bowels. It counteracts malaria, rheumatism, and a tendency to kidney and bladder ailments.

THE acme of politeness was reached by a mining superintendent who posted a placard reading: "Please do not tumble down the shaft."—Tit-Bits.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

BROWN—"Our candidate says the salary of the office is no object to him." Jones—"I suppose he has his eye on the perquisites."—Brooklyn Life.

IF I might control the literature of the household, I would guarantee the well-being of the church and state.—Bacon.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a Cough medicine.—F. M. ABBOTT, 383 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

ALL science rests on a basis of faith, for it assumes the permanence and uniformity of natural laws.—Tryon Edwards.

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Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4, 1895.

Mr. Cleveland is worried about how to approach the subject of increasing the revenues of the government, in his annual message to Congress, and no member of his Cabinet has so far been able to suggest any satisfactory solution of the trouble. If he ever thought the present tariff would produce enough money, which is very doubtful, he knows now beyond the shadow of a doubt that it will not. Of course he knows, as everybody else does, that Congress will legislature on this subject regardless of his recommendation, but that knowledge does not help him any. He knows also that unless the Democrats propose allowing the presidential election to go by default it is absolutely necessary for that party to make some definite declaration on the subject, and that as the official head of the party he ought to make it in his message to Congress. For him to recommend raising the needed revenue by amendment of the tariff law would be to acknowledge the error of the Democratic party and himself on the tariff question. That he will not do, whatever he may think. Nothing is left them but to recommend an increase in internal revenue taxes and in the number of articles subject to such taxation, or both. He knows that no recommendation in that line will be popular, and it is not strange that he should be worried.

There is but one opinion among Republican senators and members of the House who have not been heard from. That is, that if the administration gets the money it needs it will be through amendments to the tariff law, placed certain articles now free of duty, which enter into active competition with similar articles produced in the United States, upon the dutiable list, and increasing the duties upon other articles of foreign production, the low duties upon which now cripple a number of American industries by reducing the output of our mills and factories. It has been said that the Senate will not pass such amendments if adopted by the House, and that if it did Mr. Cleveland would veto them. Well, that is for the Senate and Mr. Cleveland to decide. The House is Republican, as is the country, and it is going to legislature on Republican lines, and if its legislation fails to become laws the people will be appealed to, and they will see to it that after March 4, 1897, there will be a Republican Senate and President as well as a Republican House.

Representative Kirkpatrick, a good Republican who succeeds Hudson, populist, as congressman from the third Kansas district, is in Washington. When asked who was the favorite presidential candidate of Kansas' Republican, he said: "I think McKinley has a little advantage in our state; he has visited us several times and made many admirers. But Mr. Reed also has many followers. The Kansans like a sturdy fighter such as the Maine man has proven himself. We would be well pleased with either of these two. Either can carry the state. Populism is a thing of the past and will cut no more figure in Kansas. My opinion is that next year, seeing themselves in such a hopeless minority, the Populists will support the Democratic electoral ticket in return for some favors in the selection of a state ticket. Right now there is no talk of such a combination, and, in fact, they profess to dislike each other intensely. Whether they fuse or not will be of no consequence to the Republicans, because no opposition ticket will have the slightest chance for success."

How earnest Pittsburg is about securing the Republican National Convention may be judged by the talk of Mr. C. T. Rawls, of that city, who is now in Washington helping the project along. He said: "Our citizens have already pledged themselves to contribute $65,000, and before the National Committee meets to decide on the matter they will have increased it to $100,000. About the only charge that is brought against us in lack of adequate hotel facilities, and yet we took care of the Grand Army meeting a little while ago in splendid style. I don't think there is any reason to fear that the delegates and visitors would suffer from poor accommodations. We have one of the greatest auditoriums in the country in our exposition building, which can by little alteration, be turned into a convention hall capable of seating 15,000 people."

The $25,000 a year which Don. M. Dickinson, of Michigan, is said to receive from the brewers because of his supposed influence with Mr. Cleveland and his consequent ability to look out for the brewing interest is in danger of being cut off. Mr. Dickinson has been sat upon by Mr. Cleveland in a manner that indicates the loss of whatever influence he may have had with the administration. Mr. Dickinson undertook to have two of the new gun boats authorized by Congress built by a Detroit firm, notwithstanding the treaty of 1815 with Great Britain, which prohibits either government building war ships on the great lakes. Secretary Herbert turned Mr. Dickinson down; he appealed to Mr. Cleveland, and now Mr. Cleveland has turned him down. It remains to be seen whether the brewers will also turn him down.

New Germany.

P. H. Durst had his right arm painfully scalded last week by the bursting of a pipe on the sawmill boiler.

The young people of this place attended the Republican meeting at Gregg's school house the 1st inst.

Samuel Wiland captured two coons one night this week.

The Crowe Bros. have threshed twelve thousand bushels of grain this year. The oats crop was exceedingly good this year.

ZACHEUS.

Newspaper Subscription Laws.

Few readers or publishers of papers fully and clearly understand the law governing subscriptions. The decisions of the United States Court on this subject are:

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to renew their subscriptions.

2. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the postoffice to which they are directed they are responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered them discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to other places without informing the publisher, and the papers are sent to the former address, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

6. If subscribers pay in advance they are bound to give notice at the end of time if they do not wish to continue taking it; otherwise the publisher is authorized to send it, and the subscriber will be responsible until an express notice, with payment of all arrearage, is sent to the publisher.

The latest postal laws are such that newspaper publishers can arrest anyone for fraud who takes a paper and refuses to pay for it. Under this law the man who allows his subscription to run along for some time unpaid, and then orders it discontinued, or orders the postmaster to mark it "refused," and have a postal card sent notifying the publisher, leaves himself liable to arrest and fine, the same as for theft.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

THE OAKLAND HARNESS CO.

carry the best stock of heavy, hand made harness and horse furnishing goods to be found in the country.

Alder Street, opposite G. S. Hamill's office.

TRUMAN WEST, Manager.

26—26.*

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

EIGHTH YEAR.

A MODERN, HIGH GRADE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.

Reopens Sept. 25, 1895 (D. V.) A department for boys and young men embracing thorough preparatory work for college, business or scientific school will be inaugurated under the charge of Maj. C. A. Ballou, of the Virginia Military Institute. Stenography, typewriting, book-keeping, besides full courses in English and Latin, etc. Send for catalogue.

E. B. SWAN, Principal and Proprietress.

18 1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

NOTICE.

This is to give notice to the public that my wife, Ida S. Kerling, has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation and that I will not be responsible for any debts that she may contract.

CHRISTIAN KERLING.

Oakland, Md., Oct. 22, 1895. 33-3t.*

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of attachment, issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, and to me directed, at the suit of George W. Henry against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of the A. Michael Henry Company, I have seized and taken into execution all the right, title and interest, both at law and in equity, of the said A. Michael Henry Company, in and to the following property, to-wit:

One steam boiler with stack and fittings complete, one steam engine and fittings, (fifteen horse power), one champion stave saw and frame complete, one stave saw jointer, one steam force pump, one hand force pump, one large belt fifty feet long, one small belt, one three-foot iron pulley, two wheel barrows, three pipe tongs, one wrench, one sweedge, one engine block, one pipe cutter, one block and tackle, one tram car, one jister and saw, one stock and die, and all the standing and fallen timber on the thirty acre lot bought of Isaac Frazee.

And I hereby give notice, that on Saturday, the 16th day of November, at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m., at the mouth of Bullbio on the O. & C. R. R., below Selbysport, I will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, the property so seized and taken in execution, to satisfy said claim and costs.

33 CHARLES WEGMAN, Sheriff.

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.

31—26

$25.00 REWARD

Will be paid for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any persons who tear planks from fences or degredate in any way on my premises at Deer Park.

32—3t JOHN W. WILLIAMS.

Estate of John W. McRobie, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

JOHN W. McROBIE,

late of Garrett County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 27th day of April next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 17th day of October, 1895.

HATTIE McROBIE,
S. A. McROBIE,
Administrators.

McHenry, Md. 34

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that I have sold my stock of goods to Mr. John Engleburt at Accident, and that I desire to have my books closed at an early day. All parties owing me will therefore please call and settle before December 1st, otherwise I will place the accounts in the hands of an officer for collection.

31-3t* C. C. SPEICHER.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, Md., Oct. 28, 1895.

There will be a meeting of the County Commissioners of Garrett county held at their office in Oakland on

Tuesday, November 12, 1895,

For the purpose of transacting any business that may be brought before them.

By order of the board,

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

GREAT VALUE FOR LITTLE MONEY. WEEKLY NEWS OF THE WORLD FOR A TRIFLE.

The New York Weekly Tribune,

a twenty-page journal, is the leading Republican family paper of the United States. It is a **National Family Paper** and gives all the general news of the United States. It gives the events of foreign lands in a nutshell. Its Agricultural department has no superior in the country. Its Market Reports are recognized authority. Separate departments for "The Family Circle," "Our Young Folks," and "Science and Mechanics." Its "Home and Society" columns command the admiration of wives and daughters. Its general political news, editorials and discussions are comprehensive, brilliant and exhaustive.

A SPECIA CONTRACT enables us to offer this splendid journal and "THE REPUBLICAN" for

One Year for Only $1.75

CASH IN ADVANCE.

(The regular subscription for the two papers is $2.50.)

SUBSCRIPTIONS MAY BEGIN NOW.

Address all orders to

THE REPUBLICAN.

Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to Geo. W. Best, Room 2, Tribune Building, New York City, and sample copy of The New York Weekly Tribune will be mailed to you.

D. E. OFFUTT & SON

Invites the attention of those interested in the purchase of vehicles of any style. The Kramer, Milburn and Jackson farm wagons always on hand. Prices and terms given on application.

Dr. A. S. Tutt's Anti Dilious Pills

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good. 25 cents a bottle.

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

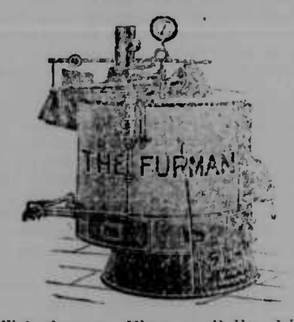

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23-1yr.

34 inches high. Top can be adjusted to any angle or height. Revolving Case 15 x 15 x 12 inside. Holds about 20 vols Law size. Strong well finished Metal Base and Sides With Solid Oak Shelves and Top.—100,000 now used. Sent knocked down (30 lbs). On approval. Address Marsh M'f'g Co. CHICAGO. Agents Wanted.

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

11 1y

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments.

Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS.

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

4193.yr—x

WE LOAN MONEY

On Real Estate, City Town and Village property, to buy, build and improve your houses, and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS OVER $2,000,000.00.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. BINKER,
WILSON, Grant Co., W. VA.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address us above.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.

Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Eddy Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Special attention given to real estate.
CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED, SURVEYING.
Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e13-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.

Drs. McLane & Berkeley,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
FROSTBURG, MD.

Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES
See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate.
P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-25 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 24st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the full extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-1st.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $100; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $100; balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 100 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

--WANTED--
WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER
Also White Oak Timber Land.
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.
Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
221f 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

The Wesleyan Female Institute,
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.

For girls and young women. Established 1846. Full corps of experienced teachers. Location healthy, central and accessible. For catalogues and particulars apply to
REV. HENRY P. HAMILL,
13-15t President.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1895. NUMBER 36.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Attend the auction at Shartzer's on Saturday.

Send your job work to THE REPUBLICAN office.

Miss Orlie Dunham went to Grafton Tuesday morning to visit friends.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Bargains can be secured by attending Shartzer's auction in Oakland on Saturday.

A young child of Jonas Johnson's died very suddenly near Mt. Lako Park a few days ago.

Rev. John Hackett, of Kingwood, West Va., was in the city a few hours Mouday afternoon.

Arthur and Paul White are on a visit to friends and relatives at Unioutown, Pa., this week.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

Mr. Henry E. Felty is preparing to build a large ice and ware house on his lot on Liberty street.

Mr. John Cleveland, of Staunton, Va., is here on a visit to his brother, Mr. James O. Cleveland.

Mr. W. McCullough Brown, of Bayard, accompanied by his sister, were in Oakland yesterday for a short time.

Messrs. Eli McMillan and Daniel Hinebaugh, of Accident, were in Oakland on business for a few hours yesterday.

Rev. S. M. Engle is conducting a protracted meeting at Hutton, this county, and is meeting with considerable success.

Mr. John M. Crane, of Kingwood, West Va., was here several days recently as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Hyde.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry W. McComas spent two or three days in Baltimore this week, returning to Oakland this morning.

Mr. J. W. Ridenour and little son of Bedford, Pa., were here two or three days last week on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. George L. Bosley.

Mr. William A. Sturgiss started for Baltimore yesterday morning where he will again enter school and finish his course in pharmacy.

Mrs. E. W. Kelso, who has been confined to her bed for a number of weeks with an attack of typhoid fever, is very much better at this time.

Messrs. John T. Sincell and John Shartzer are in Baltimore this week buying a large stock of clothing, notions, etc., which they will open at Meyersdale, Pa.

Say, why don't you try DeWitt's Little Early Risers? These little pills cure headache, indigestion and constipation. They're small but do the work. Oakland Pharmacy.

The healing properties of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve are well known. It cures eczema, skin affections and is simply a perfect remedy for piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

The Board of County Commissioners of this county met in regular session Tuesday morning and adjourned Wednesday. No business of particular importance was transacted.

It is a truth in medicine that the smallest dose that performs a cure is the best. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the smallest pills, will perform a cure, and are the best. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Robert I. Anderson, the general manager of the Coriuth Brick Company, told THE REPUBLICAN Tuesday that the brick machine is kept running night and day to supply orders and that should the demand for brick increase the capacity of the plant would have to be enlarged.

Nothing so distressing as a hacking cough. Nothing so foolish as to suffer from it. Nothing so dangerous if allowed to continue. One minute Cough Cure gives immediate relief. Oakland Pharmacy.

Engine No. 1213 drawing a train of freight cars met with a mishap on Sunday morning at Offutt's mill, a mile or two west of Oakland, by which traffic was delayed three or four hours.

The Ladies Aid Society of St. Mark's Lutheran church will hold a supper in Shartzer's store building on Friday and Saturday nights, Nov. 15 and 16. Supper for 25 cts., including oysters and ice cream.

A. G. Bartley, of Magic, Pa., writes: I feel it a duty of mine to inform you and the public that DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured me of a very bad case of eczema. It also cured my boy of a running sore on his leg. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Hamill Spedden rode to Pittsburg on his wheel on Tuesday of last week, making the trip of one hundred and ten miles in a little more than twelve hours. He returned to Oakland yesterday morning by train.

It's just as easy to try One Minute Cough Cure as anything else. It's easier to cure a severe cough or cold with it. Let your next purchase for a cough be One Minute Cough Cure. Better medicine; better results; better try it. Oakland

Garrett county elects two splendid gentlemen to represent her in the next House of Delegates. With Dr. Ravenscroft in the Senate and Messrs. Otto and Hilleary in the House Garrett will be all right. —Cumberland News.

There are many good reasons why you should use One Minute Cough Cure. There are no reasons why you should not, if in need of help. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Samuel T. Davis is having the store building lately vacated by Mr. William H. Malette torn down and will remove it to the lot at the corner of Second and Oak streets and will re-erect it for another purpose.

Acts at once, never fails, One Minute Cough Cure. A remedy for asthma, and that feverish condition which accompanies a severe cold. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results. Oakland Pharmacy.

In computing the majority Mr. Chas. E. Hilleary received at the election last week an error was made which gave him 502 over his competitor, Mr. Charles M. Miller. Mr. Hilleary's majority over Mr. Miller is 662.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Mr. Chas. J. Newman has sold his stock of goods to Mr. Totten Matthews, who will conduct the business at the old stand on Railroad street. Mr. Matthews is a young man of energy and should receive a share of the public patronage.

For a pain in the side or chest there is nothing so good as a piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound over the seat of pain. It affords prompt and permanent relief and if used in time will often prevent a cold from resulting in pneumodio. This same treatment is a sure cure for lame back. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

The board of directors of the Mountain Lake Park Association was in session at Oakland Tuesday. Those in attendance at the meeting were Messrs. C. W. Conner, of Wheeling; Rev J. W. Baldwin, of Washington; Hon. George C. Sturgiss, of Morgantown, and Rev. J. M. Davis and D. E. Offutt, of Oakland.

Henry Wilson, the postmaster at Welshton, Florida, says, he cured a case of diarrhoea of long standing in six hours, with one small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. What a pleasant surprise that must have been to the sufferer. Such cures are not unusual with this remedy. In many instances only one or two doses are required to give permanent relief. It can always be depended upon. When reduced with water it is pleasant to take. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Dessie E. Boyer, who has been in Oakland for a number of months clerking for Mr. John Shartzer, departed for San Francisco, Cal., Tuesday morning, where he will embark in business with his brother, Mr. Edward Boyer, who went west several years ago.

W. A. McGuire, a well known citizen of McKay, Ohio, is of the opinion that there is nothing so good for children troubled with colds or croup as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He has used it in his family for several years with the best results and always keeps a bottle of it in the house. After having la grippe he was himself troubled with a severe cough. He used other remedies without benefit and then concluded to try the children's medicine and to his great delight it soon effected a permanent cure. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Miss Dixie Farley, who has made her home in Oakland with Prof. and Mrs. S. C. Smith for a number of months, started on Tuesday morning for Sherman, Texas, to visit relatives. Miss Farley is a talented writer, many of her articles appearing in the high-class magazines lately.

Croup is a terror to young mothers. To post them concerning the first symptoms, and treatment is the object of this item. The first indication of croup is hoarseness. In a child who is subject to croup it may be taken as a sure sign of the approach of an attack. Following this hoarseness it is a peculiar, rough cough. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse or even after the rough cough has appeared it will prevent the attack. It has never been known to fail. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Assemblymen-elect Hilleary, of District No. 8, was in Oakland visitor on last Tuesday. He is very well satisfied with the result of the election and desires to return his thanks to the voters of Garrett county who so nobly supported him and gave him such a handsome majority.

The trial of R. D. Johnson, jr., indicted at Cumberland for the murder of Grant Zufall last December, has been set for the 19th instant. State's Attorney and Judge elect Sloan on Saturday asked the court to allow him to withdraw from the case on account of the embarrassing position in which he was placed, but Judge Stake declined to permit him to do so. The judge appointed R. H. Gordon counsel for the Zufall family to assist Mr. Sloan.

Preparatory to building Mr. W. H. Malette has removed his stock of goods to the Felty building opposite the postoffice. On the point lying between the railroad track and Second street Mr. Malette will erect a three-story iron and brick building which will be occupied by him and in which he will put a line of dry goods, jewelry, green groceries, notions, etc. The second floor will be used for storage purposes and the third floor used as sleeping rooms of which there will be eleven in number.

Mrs. Thomas Spahr, of Hutton, was in Oakland Tuesday in a buggy and had with her her five small children. As she was driving home her horse took fright at the Youghiogheny bridge and ran away. One of the children, five years old, was thrown out and the buggy passed over it, injuring the child to some extent. How the lady and the children were saved from serious injury is a mystery.

Baltimore and Ohio passenger engine No. 1304, hauling an eastbound freight train, left the track near Deer Park about 1 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, causing considerable of a wreck. Front brakeman Lynch, of Keyser, and the fireman were the only two injured. Lynch was found lying under the train and did not regain consciousness for about six hours after the accident, but when he arrived at his home in Keyser he seemed to be all right and walked from the depot unassisted. The fireman also seemed to be very little injured. The wreck was caused by a rail having been removed by the trackmen, who were engaged in making repairs at the above point.

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are warned against trespassing upon my land, lying near Kearney, for any purpose whatever, gunning especially. All persons caught trespassing will be prosecuted. W. E. HARVEY.

Died.

DEWITT.—On Tuesday morning at six o'clock, Mrs. Mary Jane DeWitt, widow of the late George DeWitt. The deceased resided near Swan Meadows, and was forty-six years of age. She leaves several children in destitute circumstances.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending November 16, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

James Whitehouse	Chas. Whitmore
J. P. Maxon	Thomas Roberts
Silas C. Beachy	S. J. Cottingham
Jeremiah Tippole	E. S. Cline
G. W. Hopper	W. F. Whipps
L. F. Whipps	Robt Lechner
Caleb Dorsey	W. L. Smallwood
John Smallwood	W. A. Smallwood
Clifford Angilo	Mrs. Mary DeWitt
Mrs. Lettie Davis	Miss L. F. Ready
Miss Carrie Ready	Miss Mary Chisholm
Miss Martha Cooper (2)	Miss Annie Lewis (2)
Miss Almy Kisner	

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Loch Lynn Heights.

Not seeing anything from this place for a few weeks past I shall endeavor to give items that may be of some interest to a few of your subscribers.

On last Monday evening a series of meetings closed here which were held by Rev. D. R. Wagner, of the United Brethren church. He also organized a class of about twenty members.

Mr. Jere Moon's house on Second avenue is nearing completion.

Mr. D. Edward Sanders has closed his store. Ed. thinks he will spend the winter in Cumberland.

Mr. John Moore has moved into Mr. Henry Beckman's house on Paull street.

Capt. S. M. Taylor and family have left for their winter home in Cumberland.

The Hildreth house on Lothian street is under roof.

There has been large interest manifested in the Sunday school this fall. It meets every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock.

Mr. Rob't Fraction, who has been confined to his bed the last three months, we are glad to state, is improving. We hope to have "Uncle Bob" on our streets again soon.

On last Thursday evening a few of the people of Loch Lynn and vicinity invaded the home of Rev. D. R. Wagner, at Pleasant Valley and "pounded" him with groceries etc. He was too plucky to say enough. The reverend is loved by all who know him, and therefore an enjoyable time was spent by those present.

INDICATOR.

Champion Baby Cyclist.

Baby Harry Lee Grant, jr, of Grafton, W. Va., who spent the summer at Mountain Lake Park, Md., has earned for himself the distinction of being the champion bicycle baby of the world, his mileage record footing up 3,762 miles and he is only eighteen months old. His father, H. L. Grant, sr., is an expert wheelman, and has carried his little son on his bicycle since he was three months old, without having met with a single mishap.

Baby Grant was never sick a day in his life, has a smile for every one and is at all times ready for a spin in the country with "papa" on the wheel. He shows such a remarkable aptitude for cycling that his father confidently expects him to be able to manage a wheel of his own by the time he is three years old.

He is very strong and agile, and performs wonderful acrobatic feats for a child of his tender age. He was the most popular baby at the park, and hundreds of visitors will remember him as the baby with the white sweater and blue trousers who rode the wheel. The particularly sad circumstances which surround his young life, occasioned by the serious illness of his mother, have doubly endeared him to his father, who is justly proud of his boy.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Swanton and Vicinity.

Pheasant hunting is the order of the day.

Rev. G. W. Howard, of Bloomington, is holding a protracted meeting near Frankville.

Farmers have about finished their fall work.

A large bear was seen near Frankville last Sunday evening.

On Tuesday of last week when Daniel Mosser was threshing at G. S. Lee's three masked men came to them and after asking more questions than the threshers approved of were ordered to go which they did. Two of them are known.

UNKNOWN.

A Truthful Statement.

An exchange truthfully says: "Those who show a newspaper man a kindness never makes a better investment, or one that will pay them in larger returns. There are times in the life of every man may he be in either private or political life, when a newspaper can make or break his future prosperity. Newspaper men, like all others are only human. They favor those who favor them and unmake those who do them a wrong. Men too often, in the vain imagination of their own conceit, undervalue the true power of the press. No matter how powerful man may be, the persistent efforts of the press will kill his strength despite the best efforts he may otherwise put forth.

Rules for Roadmakers.

The proper repairing of macadam and telford roads is as important as their construction. The Road Improvement association of London recently issued a circular containing a set of rules for the guidance of roadmasters in the matter of repairing. They should be studied by every roadmaster and supervisor. They are as follows:

Never allow a hollow, a rut or a puddle to remain on a road, but fill it up at once with chips from the stone heap.

Always use chips for patching and for all repairs during the summer season.

Never put fresh stones on the road, if, by cross picking and a thorough use of the rake, the surface can be made smooth and kept at the proper strength and section.

Remember that the rake is the most useful tool in your collection, and it should be kept close at hand the whole year round.

Do not spread large patches of stone over the whole width of the road, but coat the middle or horse track first, and when this has worn in coat each of the sides in turn.

In moderately dry weather and on hard roads always pick up the old surface into ridges six inches apart and remove all large and projecting stones before applying a new coating.

Never spread stones more than one stone deep, but add a second layer when the first has worn in, if one coat be not enough.

Never shoot stones on the road and crack them where they lie, or a smooth surface will be out of the question.

Never put a stone upon the road for repairing purposes that will not freely pass in every direction through a two inch ring and remember that smaller stones should be used for patching and for all slight repairs.

Recollect that hard stones should be broken to finer gange than soft, but that the two inch gauge is the largest that should be used under any circumstancis where no steam roller is employed.

Never be without your ring gange, remember Macadam's advice that any stone you cannot easily put in your mouth should be broken smaller.

Use chips if possible for binding newly laid stones together, and remember that road sweepings, horse droppings, sods or grass and other rubbish, when used for this purpose, will ruin the best road ever constructed.

Remember that water worn or rounded stones should never be used upon steep gradients, or they will fail to bind together.

Never allow dust or mud to lie on the surface of the roads, for either of these will double the cost of maintenance.

Recollect that dust becomes mud at the first shower and that mud forms a wet blanket which will keep a road in a filthy condition for weeks at a time, instead of allowing it to dry in a few hours.

Remember that the middle of the road should always be a little higher than the sides, so that the rain may run into the side gutters at once.

Never allow water tables, gutters and ditches to clog up, but keep them clear the whole year through.

Excursion Rates to Atlanta.

On account of the Atlanta Exposition, the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets at greatly reduced rates. Season tickets will be sold every day until December 15th, good returning until January 7th, 1896. Twenty-day tickets will be sold every day until December 15th, good returning for twenty days from date of sale. We give below the rates for the season and twenty-day tickets from stations in this vicinity.

	SEASON.	20-DAY.
Deer Park	$31 90	$21 40
Mountain Lake Park	31 90	23 40
Oakland	31 90	23 40
Grafton	31 90	23 40

Correspondingly low rates from other stations. 20-4t.

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

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We will give a thorough course of instruction in Double and Single Entry Book-keeping and Commercial Arithmetic, by mail,

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26—1yr

LEGEND OF INDIAN HILL.

BY JESSIE M. TRESHAM.

There is no more picturesque region in the state of West Virginia than that through which flows the little stream known as Indian river. Its valley is green and fertile, broadening as the stream approaches its outlet, the mighty Ohio, and hemmed in by chains of rugged hills.

The stream derives its name from the fact that, prior to the time of the first white settlers, this valley was a favorite hunting ground of many Indian tribes of the Ohio valley. Traces of their occupancy still remain. The farmer yet upturns the ashes of their campfires and their implements of war with his plowshare. And, on a hill overlooking the river not far from its mouth, are the graves of many of the race.

Most of the traditions have long since been forgotten, but one concerning this spot is still preserved. Once in the early days of the white settlement, a large party of Indians came into the valley to hunt, and one night encamped on Indian hill. That night a band of unprincipled white men fell upon their unguarded camp, and massacred the entire party. Not one escaped to tell the story of the murder. The chief, a warrior, who had always shown great friendship for the whites, was taken mortally wounded before the leader of the attacking party. With the dignity of his race, he raised his head, and looked with scorn into the faces of his captors. Then with his last breath, he invoked a curse upon each of them—a death by violence.

So goes the legend. There remains to prove its truth the hill, whose stony soil stubbornly refuses to yield any crop but desolate patches of broomsedge and a few stunted cedar shrubs—the effect of the curse, the country people say. The same authorities tell us that there on stormy nights the old chief may be seen walking among the graves of his warriors. And he who sees the ghostly sentinel is sure soon to meet with some misfortune.

The owner of the soil of this historic spot was a wealthy farmer named Ford. His title deeds covered many acres of fertile valley and valuable forest land. But he had one possession which was dearer to him than field and woodland—his daughter Winnie.

Winnie was a pretty and rather spoiled young woman of eighteen. Since the death of her mother, a few years before, she had been practically her own mistress, for her father never crossed her will either concerning her own affairs or those of the household. It is not strange, therefore, that Miss Winnie was somewhat proud and willful. Many a country youth sadly realized this, and from a distance admired the heiress of the Ford acres.

All but one; that one was Bobb Carr, the only son of a neighboring farmer, whose land joined Mr. Ford's, and almost equaled it in extent. Bob was a tall and awkward youth of twenty-one, with an incipient mustache and plenty of conceit. He was desperately in love with Winnie. The frequent snubbings he received did not quench his ardor in the least. Besides, Bob was encouraged by the knowledge that Mr. Ford favored his suit. For the farmer, having in mind the consolidation of the two largest farms in the valley, really considered Bob a good match for his daughter.

"See here," he said to her one day. "If that young Carr comes here to see you, I want you to treat him well. Do you hear?" "Yes," replied Winnie shortly, with a toss of her head indicating that she would consult her own inclinations.

So Bob called at the farmhouse to be received by the farmer with the utmost cordiality and by his daughter with the most freezing coldness. But, confident of his ultimate success, he kept up his unwelcome attentions.

That winter, the little school in the valley was taught by a young man named Ridley McKendrick. Ridley was an ambitious young fellow, striving to pay his way through college, after the fashion of so many successful men, by teaching. As Mr. Ford's house was nearest the school, Ridley boarded there.

It was not long before he and Winnie became quite well acquainted. They discovered that their literary tastes were similar, and spent many of the long winter evenings reading and discussing some favorite novel or poem. Mr. Ford would sit by, and watch them sharply through his glasses. Often it occurred to him that it was not safe to allow this handsome young man to be with his daughter so much. But, he reassured himself, no harm could possibly come of it, so long as he was present, and their conversation did not wander from the subject of books.

Ah! Mr. Ford, you had forgotten that a look may sometimes convey a meaning deeper than words, and that the young man could read the stories hero's words with such feeling and in such a tone that they became his own. Bob, who often dropped in of an evening, realizing something of this as he sat and listened, wished that he appreciated poetry, and that that confounded girl would be as agreeable to him as to the schoolmaster.

Mr. Ford was not entirely blind, and at last spoke to Winnie, intending to reprimand her severely:

"Seems to me you and the schoolmaster are getting to be pretty good friends over your reading?"

"We are," said Winnie, raising such an innocent face to her father's gaze that he felt entirely disarmed.

Not long after this the pupils of Ridley's school were challenged to a spelling match by the pupils of an adjoining district. In a country neighborhood where little happens in the way of entertainment, an event of this kind is hailed with interest, especially by the young people. Bob Carr heard of it, and went immediately to ask Winnie to accompany him to the spelling match.

In order to propitiate her father Winnie consented. Bob was lifted to a state of perfect bliss, and he determined that that night should settle his fate. And it did.

On the appointed evening Bob made his appearance attired in a brand-new suit, and a high collar that rasped his chin whenever he turned his head. He waited in the parlor till Winnie completed her preparations. When she appeared he presented her with a small bouquet of his mother's geraniums and a bag of peppermint lozenges. Winnie accepted these offerings with a smile that made Bob's heart beat rapturously.

Then they started for the schoolhouse. A little snow had fallen, covering the brown fields, and powdering lightly the green foliage of pine and cedar; little patches of it clung to the bare boughs of other trees, as if to cover their wintry nakedness. The moon had not yet risen, but the light of the faded day seemed to linger over the landscape.

"Beautiful night, isn't it?" remarked Bob, holding open the gate for Winnie to pass through.

"Yes," answered Winnie, carelessly. "Don't the bushes look pretty, drifted with snow?" went on Bob.

These remarks were something unusual from Bob, who, as a rule, maintained a strict silence till Winnie, in desperation, made some comment on the weather. Bob was evidently working himself up into a sentimental mood, and there was no telling to what it would lead.

"How ghostly Indian hill looks," suggested Winnie, glancing toward the haunted spot, white and desolate in the twilight.

Bob looked toward the place and shivered involuntarily, as the many stories concerning it recurred to him.

"Did you ever see the Indian chief that haunts the hill?" continued Winnie, wickedly.

"No, I never did, but lots of people have," said Bob. "It is a sure sign of bad luck, they say; Uncle Sam Gibson saw him a few nights before he broke his leg, and Joe Smith just before his house burned."

"It would be a great experience to see a ghost, though. I almost wish he would make his appearance now," remarked Winnie. But her companion shuddered at the very thought.

They soon reached the schoolhouse, where Winnie escaped from her escort, and sought the society of some friends. The pupils of the rival schools took their places on the floor, and spelled without intermission till they were all tired out. Then everybody prepared to set out for home.

"Let's follow the path across the fields," proposed Winnie, as they were leaving. "It's ever so much nearer."

"But that leads right past Indian hill," objected Bob.

"You aren't afraid?" demanded Winnie, scornfully.

"No, I'm not," declared Bob, somewhat nettled, "I was only thinking you might be."

So across the fields they went. Bob derived some satisfaction for the insult offered him in the pleasure of assisting Winnie over the fences. As they drew near the haunted spot, Winnie herself felt anything but bold, and, fixing her eyes on the lights of her home gleaming in the distance, she hurried along as fast as even Bob wished to go.

They were crossing the last fence at the very foot of the hill, when Winnie, standing on the fence, with her hands on the top rail, involuntarily raised her eyes. Instantly they fell upon an object terrifying to the boldest heart. Outlined against the sky was a tall, dark figure, seemingly wrapped in a white blanket, and decked about the head with feathers. The old chief was keeping his silent vigil over his sleeping braves.

Winnie uttered an inarticulate cry and pointed with a trembling finger toward the hill. Bob raised his eyes and saw the specter. For an instant he stared at it with a gaping mouth, and then, with a yell of terror, turned and fled.

Winnie, left to her fate, started to follow. But, getting the better of her fright, she checked herself, and turned to get another view of the apparition. When she had done so, despite the fact that she was alone at that hour of midnight in a haunted locality, she sat down and laughed more heartily than she had ever laughed before in her life. For the ghost was only a blackened stump, partly covered with snow, and close beside it grew a cedar shrub, whose bushy top had formed the feathery headdress. Seen from the fence the perspective was just right to present to the excited vision the exact appearance of the Indian ghost as it was so often described.

"Why, Miss Ford, what is the matter?"

It was Ridley's voice that interrupted Winnie's fit of laughter. He, too, had followed the shortest road, and was much surprised to come upon Winnie alone by the wayside. Controlling her mirth, she explained the situation. Then she invited him to go back to the fence and have a look at the "ghost."

Ridley was much amused, and said the object was startling. He didn't blame Bob for getting frightened—he would have been so himself. "But I don't think I should have deserted you," he added; and Winnie believed so, too.

However, both of them were disposed to forgive Bob, as he had given them the opportunity of walking home together.

Mr. Ford looked displeased as they entered the house. But Winnie, with a greater show of anger than she felt, perhaps, hastened to tell her father of Bob's cowardly act. He made no comment; but never again did he urge his daughter to accept Bob as a lover. And that luckless youth, feeling that now all his efforts were vain, ceased to inflict his attentions upon her.

But Winnie and the young schoolmaster remained excellent friends. When school closed and Ridley returned to college, you may be sure he did not cease to hear from the farmhouse. Before many years had passed—but I have no right to carry this story further, for it was only to deal with the legend of hill.

THE DEADLY KATIPO.

A Spider Whose Bite Produces Terrible Torture.

Next time anybody is bitten by a "poisonous black spider" he will confer a favor on Prof. H. H. Behr if he will refrain from crushing it long enough to give the professor a chance to be bitten, too. He would like to demonstrate to that part of the public who feel finicky about such things that the bite of that same "poisonous black spider" is really absolutely harmless and no more painful than the sting of a wasp or a mosquito, or even a flea of the California genus. Mr. Behr is professor of entomology and araneology and a few other sciences at the big academy on Market street, and what he doesn't know about insects of all kinds is hardly worth talking about.

But if anyone should happen to be bitten by a small "black spider" with four or five little scarlet spots on its back he had better to guzzle brandy for a day or two while a strong-armed attendant rubs ammonia into the wound with one hand and keeps the victim from squirming with the other. The professor calls that little spotted insect the latrodectes mactans and says it is the most venomous of all spiders, and even excepting the tarantula, which is about ten times as big. It is ordinarily not bigger than a French pea, but boasts of considerably more beauty than is commonly found among spiders.

Its body is round and covered with a beautiful velvety black growth of short fuzzy hair, with the scarlet spots above mentioned on its back. It has eight rather long legs for such a small body and eight eyes, though they cannot be taken as distinguishing features of this particular species, for, as the professor says, all spiders have eight legs and an equal number of eyes. But it is by the location of the eyes in the anatomy of the insect that the classifications are made, and as there are some 5,000 or 6,000 species known to araneologists it is no small task to distinguish "which is which." This one, however, may be told by the fact that four of its eyes are located in a squad in front, with the remaining four grouped in pairs on each side of its head and a little to the rear of the others. The eyes are bulging and glassy and of a deep greenish hue. Its mandibles are not very large, but, as many a victim can attest, are capable of doing great damage. Its action is quick and alert.

Prof. Behr laughs at the idea that the bite of the latrodectes mactans is fatal, though he admits that the patient suffers the most racking tortures for several days, after which, if he has been properly treated, recovery is a certainty. He says that many persons may have died of fright but never from the poisonous effects of the bite. The tarantula, which is so universally dreaded, is after all, according to Prof. Behr, not at all dangerous. Though its bite causes considerable pain and swelling about the wound, he says it is not fatal. Its bite is not nearly so dangerous as that of the "katipo," but be that as it may, it is more formidable and ugly looking, and one might as well be poisoned as scared to death.—San Francisco Examiner.

CRUELTY IN TENERIFFE.

Oxen Are Driven Full Speed Into a Dead Wall.

A lady reader appeals to me to notice a letter in the journal of the Humanitarian league respecting the atrocious cruelty which is practiced on animals in the island of Teneriffe. The writer affirms that the cruelty there surpasses anything he has ever seen even in other Spanish colonies, and he gives some sickening details of the torturing of dumb creatures in everyday work, and at bull fights and other spectacles. One entertainment peculiar of the town of Laguna is thus described: "A yoke of oxen are fastened to an empty cart of the ordinary two-wheel kind used here, and as many men as can get near the poor animals keep alongside, running and goading them to agony with the terrible long steel spur in the end of a pole or stick, the spectators keeping up in a mob with yells and shouts, while one man keeps in front of the poor oxen. The trick of the affair is that this man shall thus keep his position at the head of the animals. A blind lane is chosen, stopped by a wall or something at one end. Into this the poor animals are driven at a furious gallop, and encountering the wall fall into a heap along with the heavy cart. The man is supposed to be agile enough to escape and is looked upon as a hero. It is no matter if the legs of the poor animals are broken by the collision—that is only to be expected, and they are slaughtered on the spot for a further spectacle." It is shocking to read of such barbarous practices, but it is of little use for an English paper to condemn them.—London Truth.

Fair Boxing Not a Brutal Sport.

There is not anything brutal about it. It is a business with the young fellows, who sit there, with naked backs and clean, white, hard flesh and easy muscles, who are being rubbed and fanned and who are having their tongues scraped with a "strigil" and pressed with lemons. There is nothing ugly about them. They come up to each other smiling and sometimes take each other's hands in both their own to show they feel no ill will. When you have seen it all and even, perhaps, one of the contestants a bit "groggy" at the end you haven't seen anything immoral or bad—or brutal. You have only been seeing part of the life that is explained by the word athletic. You have only been interested in these things that make for physical superiority, the power of which shall never cease to be admired. —Scribner.

—Cream Sauce—One-half cup each of cream, wine and sugar and the white of one egg beaten to a stiff froth. Mix the cream, sugar and wine, and whip it without skimming off the froth. Add the beaten white of the egg and beat all together.—Boston Budget

A NOTED POKER GAME.

The Texan Thought He Had Fallen Among a Gang of Sharpers.

A Buffalo man who is stopping at the Waldorf told a poker story the other night in the presence of a reporter, which, he says, has never been in print, concerning four eminent citizens of his own and a bad man from Texas. According to the narrative, the four eminent citizens, who were the then district attorney, the surrogate of Erie county, the proprietor of the principal democratic newspaper of Buffalo and a wealthy iron manufacturer, decided to have a quiet game one evening some time ago, and with this end in view they repaired to a private room over a shop conducted by Paddy Lyons, a leading saloonkeeper. The four citizens considered that five was the proper number to make poker interesting and complete, and they accordingly sent out a messenger to one friend after another to obtain a fifth man, but without being able to find one. In the emergency Lyons informed them that there had come to him that day a man from Texas, with a letter of introduction from a friend in that state. "Perhaps he'd like to join the game," said Lyons.

"I don't know anything about him, except that my friend says that he's all right, but I'll stand for any losses he don't make good." The four eminent citizens said they would be glad to have the Texas gentleman in the game, and he was therefore brought up and introduced. He seemed a quiet, inoffensive person, and he appeared to be acquainted with the game.

It so happened that the first time it came the deal of the newspaper proprietor he gave the Texan a full hand. That gentleman looked at his cards, glanced about at the other players, and then turning his hand face up on the table, he said: "I pass," with some significance. The four eminent citizens were somewhat surprised, but they continued the game without any comment. The very next time the newspaper proprietor dealt the cards he happened by the merest chance to give the stranger four kings.

Again the gentleman from Texas turned his cards face up on the table, and again he scrutinized the faces of the four eminent citizens. Then he said: "I've played this game with thieves before. I'll bet one thousand dollars that that black-bearded crook (the newspaper proprietor then wore a black beard) has got four aces." Vainly did the four eminent citizens proclaim the innocence of any intention to take the stranger in. He was obdurate, and they finally called Lyons up to explain matters to him. The Texas gentleman listened to Lyons' expostulations that the players were four of the leading men of Buffalo, and then he said: "You blankety blank robber, you can't play that game on me! You're in with 'em!" It was several days before the Texan was convinced that the four eminent citizens were what they professed to be; and to this day Buffalonians are undecided as to whether the joke was on the Texan or their fellow-citizens.—N. Y. Telegram.

REGULATING HIS OWN FUNERAL

All Arrangements Made by a Topeka Man for His Obsequies.

A Topeka man of a practical turn of mind has made a will regulating his own funeral. A friend who is a parson is to come from a distance to say a prayer. Another friend, who is not a parson, not even a church member, is to make a short talk. Another friend, who is a woman and a sweet singer, is to request three musical friends—another woman and two men—to join with her in singing appropriate hymns; while another friend, a young fellow who learned the keyboard while "on the road" for a music house, is to preside at the organ. The undertaker is not to wear a plug hat, or a big diamond stud, or a dressy Prince Albert coat, or in any manner to appear as if he had snatched a moment from a banquet to bury the dead. He is to be modest and humble, giving the corpse a chance for public attention—its last chance. The pallbearers are not to be labeled. They will be distinguishable from the corpse by the fact that they will be alive, and their duties will be understood without wearing a printed sign. They must be good fellows, too, bright fellows, and they are requested to beguile the way to the grave with cheerful anecdotes of their dead friend.

None of them may wear gloves—undertakers' gloves are so starchy and stuffy—and a man whose hands sweat is barred; it tarnishes the handles of the coffin. Grips and signs, swords, feathers and bands are prohibited. The parson who shall say the first prayer shall say the last, and "sprigs of myrtle" or "acacia" are forbidden. The pallbearers are to line up and witness the final closing of the grave. All the funeral arrangements are to be in charge of another friend, a woman, who shall comfort the family and see that chumps keep away from the house; that brownies be not permitted to "sit up with the corpse." She shall receive flowers, if any, friends may bring in, return thanks for them in writing, and request the newspapers not to call them "floral offerings." She shall also detach cards from these pretty remembrances and preserve them for the family; the coffin—it shall not be called a "casket"—must not wear the appearance of a floral bargain counter. That moss-grown title head, "The Last Sad Rites" must not appear over the newspaper accounts of the funeral, and having done this last kind service in fairly good English and short sentences, city editors are requested to turn again their attention to life and the beautiful world, leaving the dead man to make his own way across the dark river.—Kansas City Star.

The Distinction.

Jess—What is the difference between the religious and the civil marriage?

Bess—At one you promise to "love, honor and obey," at the other to be only "civil."—N. Y. World.

AN INFAMOUS DEED.

The Terrible Work of the French Revolutionary Tribunal Under Napoleon.

The scenes of that awful night defy description. The castle of Vincennes was beset with guards when finally, at about an hour before midnight, the various members of the court assembled. Their looks were dark and troubled as they wondered who the mysterious culprit might be. None knew but Hulin, the president, the judge advocate and Savary the destined executioner. In a neighboring room was the duke, pale and exhausted by his long journey, munching a slender meal, which he shared with his dog, and, explaining to his jailer his doleful thoughts at the prospects of a long imprisonment. It would be ameliorated if only he could gratify his passion for hunting, and surely they two, as prisoner and keeper, might range the forest in company. But at last he fell asleep from sheer fatigue.

The jailer, Harel, a picked man who had kept guard over Arena and his fellows (who, it will be recalled, had been executed on unproved charges of conspiracy to assassinate Bonaparte), was a sometime fiery Jacobin. He could not well encourage the expectations of his new prisoner, dreary as they were, for he had that very morning supervised the digging of a grave in the castle moat. At midnight the duke was awakened and confronted with the judge advocate. Real was unaccountably absent, and the interrogatory so carefully prepared by the chief magistrate was not at hand. To the rude questions formulated by Hulin, with the aid of a memorandum from Murat, the prisoner, in spite of repeated hints from the members of the court martial as to the consequences, would only reply that he had a pension from England, and had applied to her ministers for military service; that he hoped to fight for his cause with troops raised in Germany from among the disaffected and the emigrants; that he had already fought against France. But he stoutly denied any relations with Dumouriez or Pichegru and all knowledge of the plot to assassinate the first consul.

He was then called to the bar in the dimly lighted sitting-room where the commission sat. To the papers containing questions and answers he was ironically permitted to affix a demand for an audience with the first consul. "My name, my station, my mode of thought and the horror of my situation," he said, "inspire me with hope that he will not refuse my request." The revolutionary tribunal followed its instincts; its members, knowing well the familiar statutes under which such bodies had acted since the days of the convention, but not having at hand the words or forms of a verdict as prescribed by the pitiless laws concerning those who had borne arms against France, left in the record a blank to be filled out later, and pronounced their judgment that the "regular sentence" be executed at once. They were actually engaged in composing a petition for clemency to the first consul when Savary entered the room and informed himself of what had been done and what they were then doing. Snatching the pen from Hulin's hand, he exclaimed: "The rest is my affair," and left the room. It was now two in the morning of the 21st. "Follow me," said the taciturn Harel, "and summon all your courage." A few paces through the moat, a turn of a corner, and the flare of torches displayed a file of troops not far from an open grave. As the adjutant began to read the sentence, the victim faltered for a moment and exclaimed: "Oh, God! what have I done?" But in an instant he regained the mastery of himself. Calmly clipping a lock of his hair, and drawing a ring from his finger, he asked that they might be sent to Princess Charlotte. A volley—and in an instant he was dead.—Prof. William M. Sloane, in Century.

JAPANESE TRAITS.

The Cleanest and Most Orderly People in the World.

In Japan old people are never shelved. A Japanese never retires into private life, but ascends. Old age is venerated.

There is no imperative mode, therefore no dictatorialness; they are noiseless, therefore no strife occurs in their streets; no worrying, no quarreling, but absolute obedience is rendered to the head of the house.

For talking too much wives are sometimes divorced, so the women suffer without complaint. Their watchword is damatte—silence.

Very early hours are kept in Japan. The emperor gives audience from seven a. m., and the imperial landeau, with the empress in European dress, can be seen as early as 9:30.

The Japanese feel the cold intensely, but this does not deter them from constant bathing. They are the cleanest people in the world, bathing many times during the day. The hands, nails, hair, and teeth of the poorest peasant are spotlessly clean, though there is neither soap or any word for it in Japan. Rice bran in little bags is used as we use soap. It is also employed as a stuffing for pillows.—Mrs. F. G. de Fontaine, in Chautauquan.

Ruins in Lake Titicaca.

The ruins on the shores of Lake Titicaca were in the same condition when visited by Pizarro as they are to-day. They consist of immense earth pyramids, faced with stone and surrounded by cyclopean walls. There are many monolyths strikingly suggestive of Stonehenge in England, some of these giant stones being 14 feet high by 4 feet broad and 3 feet thick. The stone cutting and polishing are said to equal the best work of modern times. The antiquity of these works is merely conjectural. It is believed they were in ruins when the Incas conquered Peru, and some antiquarians assign a possible date that would make them the rivals in age of the oldest monuments in Egypt.—Chicago Times-Herald.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Wheatall—Into one quart of boiling salted water, slowly stir one-half cup of wheatall, which comes in 15 cent packages. Stir often. Boil briskly for three or four minutes. Serve with sugar and cream.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—Waffles—One pint of flour, one pint of milk, three eggs, salt to taste; sift one teaspoonful of good baking powder in flour; beat the eggs very light, and then add the milk, gradually stirring in the flour; melt a good sized piece of butter and pour in; have the waffle iron well greased and hot. Bake quickly.—Detroit Free Press.

—Onion Sauce—This is nice to serve with warmed-over meats. Slice and fry three or four onions in a large spoonful of butter, stirring frequently so they will not burn. When nicely browned add a large spoonful of flour and a pint of gravy or stock. Simmer gently for a few moments, add salt and pepper and strain. If more flavoring is liked add a tablespoonful of mushroom ketchup, a little pepper sauce.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Rice Snowballs—Boil the rice till very tender, and half fill small cups which have been dampened on the inside, putting in the rice while still very hot. Set away in a refrigerator or some cold place for at least three hours. Just before the dinner hour cut the center of each rice cake, and fill it with some bright-colored jelly. Then turn out the mounds upon a platter and pour soft custard about their bases, or simply serve with cream and sugar. This makes an attractive dessert for hot weather, and is very easily prepared.—Good Housekeeping.

—Tomato Jam—Take tomatoes that are not quite ripe (the very green ones late in the autumn will do,) remove the stems, and allow half a pound of sugar to one pound of tomatoes; put into the preserving pan, and add water enough to make sufficient sirup. Do not put too much water in at first, as you can add more if necessary. Lemons should be sliced and added in the proportion of one lemon to every two pounds of fruit. Cook until the tomatoes are quite done through and the sirup looks thick.—Home.

—Kidney and Potatoes—Cut a bullock's kidney in slices, quite an inch thick, mix a heaped teaspoonful of flour with pepper and salt, dip each piece of kidney in this mixture. Melt a little in a frying pan, put in the kidney and fry a nice brown; chop an onion, and as much parsley as will fill a teaspoon, fry these after the kidney is cooked; put a heaped teaspoonful of flour in the frying pan, pour in a teacup of boiling water, give it a stir, let it boil three minutes, put in the kidney, cover over with a plate to keep hot while you mash the potatoes. Make a wall of potato in a hot dish, put in the kidney, and serve as hot as possible.—Leeds Mercury.

SAVED BY A LARIAT.

Qualities of the Lasso as a Life Preserver.

The writer had corralled a western man in a hotel lobby and was holding him up for all there was in it, which was a good deal, considering that the man hadn't been east for ten years or more, and had never fallen into the clutches of the journalist in quest of an item of interest.

"You were asking me awhile ago about the lariat and its uses," he said, "and it reminds me of a time on one occasion when it served an excellent purpose as a life preserver."

"It isn't always used for that, is it?" queried the writer.

"Well, no," laughed the westerner, "I've seen it do prompt service, when there was no other rope handy and the boss thief was. But this time was different," he went on. "I know, because I was the one preserved. We were up in the canyon country looking for some cattle, and one of the boys and I had gone off the trail to a stream to take a bath, as you might call it in the east, for it was hotter than blazes and shade was not plentiful. We went into the water some distance above a turbulent rapid and a waterfall of twenty-five feet, and as we didn't go to swim so much as to get cool, all we needed was enough water to cover us, and that's all my companion took.

"I was, however, more ambitious, and having been a fine swimmer when I was in the east I thought I would branch out a bit. I was soon branching out extensively, and the first thing I knew the swift water caught me and down I went toward the fall. I tried to pull for the shore, but it was no good, and then I set up a yell that made the canyon echo, and my partner came after me along the shore. I was fifty feet out in the stream, struggling, and there wasn't any more sign of salvation for me than if I had been in midocean.

"Down I kept going, whirled and turned upside down and fired around promiscuously, until, about a hundred yards above the final fall, I caught on a rock. It was just high enough to keep my head out of water, and I hung to it till my finger nails seemed to be imbedded in it. My partner at this juncture showed what kind of a fellow he was in an emergency, for he appeared on shore with our two lariats tied together, and just as I was about to let go and be smashed on the rocks below he swung that lariat as cool as ir ever did from the back of his mustang and it dropped square over my head. The rest of it I am not very conscious of, because by the time he had pulled me ashore by the neck I was about as near hung as I ever want to be, but he brought me around all right in the course of half an hour or so, and I was quite as good as new again."

"That was a narrow escape," remarked the writer.

"And that was an odd fellow who saved me," added the westerner; "for he was so mad about the scare I had given him that I'll be blamed if he didn't turn to before the day was over and give me the worst licking I had ever got in my life for scaring him so."—Washington Star.

FARM AND GARDEN.

ONE DOZEN HENS.

A Kansas City Man Tells What It Costs to Keep Them.

There is no surer way of getting at a thing than by trying to do it. As fowls eat so many different foods it is difficult to get at the exact cost. Mr. O. M. Todd, of Kansas City, Mo., in the Midland Poultry Journal, relates what he did with twelve fowls, and he mentions the cost of every article. Here is his statement:

In 1894 twelve full grown game fowls (yarded) dispensed with a pound of wheat a day—at one cent a pound—

For the year	$3 60
Corn (only in winter)	20
Kerosene for roots	1 00
Lime	20
Carbolic acid	10
Bone meal	90
Condition powder	1 50
Insect powder	20
Grit	30
Corn and Indian meal	60
Scraps from the table	00
Raw meat scraps from butcher	00
Cut clover (in winter)	25
Straw for nests	25
Sulphur	10
Total	$9 00

Or 75 cents per hen. It will be seen by these figures that wheat, kerosene and bone meal were used liberally, while corn and Indian meal were used moderately. When you figure that a hen costs you 75 cents a year you may safely say that she will lay in eggs twice what she eats. Most any hen, with good care and management, will average 150 eggs a year, and it is a very poor hen indeed that will not lay 75 eggs in a year. In approximating the value of eggs we are apt to treat them too much from the market standpoint. One hundred and fifty eggs—fresh laid hen eggs—are worth 185 "store" eggs, for the difference is easily made up in the addled and packed eggs we get from the store three-fourths of the year. Fresh eggs in a city like Kansas City are a treat that our country friends do not fully appreciate.

A word about the disposition to complain when hens do not lay well, especially in winter. It may be your fault, and it may be the hen's fault. Have patience; you cannot judge a hen by one week or one month, and if you doubt her ability to pay for her keeping start an account, charging her with all she eats and crediting her with all she produces. If you do this you will find that there is scarcely a hen in your yard that in a year's time cannot have the balance on her side of the account.

I have seen a slightly complete record of a poor laying individual hen which was as follows: Started to laying March 10; commenced to moult and quit laying September 28; broken up from setting seven times; eggs produced, 99. This shows that a poor layer, persistent setter, and a hen that never laid at all from September 28 to the following spring laid 100 eggs; or, at my figures for keeping a hen, gave 25 per cent. profit.

ARE FAMOUS LAYERS.

Brief Description of the New and Promising Ancona Breed.

The latest candidate for public favor is the Ancona fowl, so named from a district of Italy. It owes its introduction to a report by the British consul at Ancona, in which he dilated on the enormous increase in the egg exports of that place. The attention of breeders

PRIZE ANCONAS.

having been called to the egg capabilities of this breed, they have taken it up and if it possess anything like the merit claimed we may soon see it entering into competition with the Leghorn variety.

So far the Anconas are practically unknown in this country, but we will doubtless have them in time. They are described as mottled throughout in plumage and of a neat and attractive appearance. They resemble the Minorcas in many respects, but are generally rather smaller. They are great layers and non-sitters. The eggs are white shelled and of good quality. They are of rather small size when from pullets, but this defect is corrected the next season. The breed is generally considered to result from the crossing of black and white Minorcas, but many believe that they are closely related to the Leghorns instead. This theory would seem to find confirmation in the habits of the birds, which possess the activity and foraging qualities of the Leghorns. They also mature early and are small eaters, turning their food into eggs rater than into flesh. Of course, they do not amount to much as table fowls.—N. Y. World.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

Low wet lands are no place for sheep. The footing of sheep must be dry.

It is an old adage that there is gold in the track of the sheep, but it seems to be covered up these days.

The first one hundred pounds of a sheep cost less per pound than the weight afterwards added. It does not pay to feed sheep too long.

It is claimed that an acre of corn fodder is worth two acres of timothy. That it is worth more is certain, if it is good fodder, but how much more we are not prepared to say.

The practice on some farms of throwing corn and stalks to the hogs so that corn is before them all the time is bad. Feed no fattening animal more than it will eat up clean.—Farmer's Voice.

HANDY FOR THE BARN.

Device That Saves Many a Hard Lift in Handling Sacks, Etc.

A very handy tool for the barn is shown in the rough sketch herein inclosed. I will tell how I made ours. I took the front wheels of a little hand-wagon with which I had, as a boy, hauled many a load of sand. The wheels were of metal and very strong, about seven inches in diameter. I forged out an axle twelve inches long to fit the hub of the wheels, then went to the drill and drilled linch-pin holes. Got a board twelve inches wide and about thirty-two inches long, shown at A in illustration. I then took a piece of old wagon tire and bent to the shape shown at D and bolted it to the lower end of the board A. I next made two blocks shaped like E and bored a half-inch hole through the block and also through the board at a point, where, if the truck

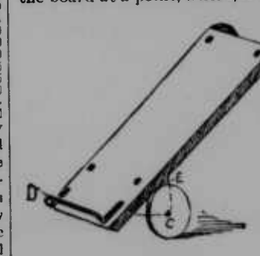

is released in an upright position, it will remain so. Taking two one-half by eight-inch bolts and entting off the heads, I bent the ends so that they would pass around the axle, and passed them through the blocks and the board and bolted fast. Then I made the handles, as shown at B, and screwed them fast to the upper end of the board. This is not particularly a beauty, but it saves us many a hard lift in handling sacks and barrels. Since the wheels are so large we can even use it on the ground, when it is solid, much like a wheelbarrow.—Ohio Farmer.

STRAW IS VALUABLE.

When Mixed with Roots or Ensilage It Is a Good Ration.

In many sections of the country feed will be very valuable the coming winter, and the man who has a good lot of oat straw, and even wheat straw, and carefully saved, has the bulk of the material which, if fed understandingly, will prove a small mine of wealth to him. Straw is deficient in feeding quality, principally in albuminous matter and fats. The thing to do is to feed some food with it so as to restore the "harmony," and to do this, if some sort of succulent food is fed, as roots or silage, and, in addition, if two hundred pounds of oil meal is fed with each ton of straw, a very well-balanced ration is secured, and one on which the cattle will do very well if they are not compelled to expend the greater part of their feed in protection from the cold. The feeding of straw and other light foods as the bulky part of the ration calls for the best of housing, if the full measure of the food value of the ration is to be obtained. This is why straw is not regarded as a satisfactory part food for the winter milker, but where this cow has succulent food in some form and grain strong in proteins, and has little exposure to the weather of winter, it is found that there is no objection to moderate quantities of straw being used. It is the abuse of it that has given straw an unfavorable reputation. Men use it as full feed with which to economize, and, not properly combining it with proteins, failure results, and the conclusion is at once formed that "it is a pretty good thing on which to starve a herd." Too much straw with a full ration of proteins is apt to aggravate this matter of bad effect, but if a daily addition of roots or a small feed of silage is given it acts as a laxative, and nature has a natural way, and then even dairy cows may be fed a limited amount of bright straw with commendable economy. Balance the ration in some way and save the straw to feed and do not use it as bedding only. It has a feed value.—Practical Farmer.

Potatoes Are Good for Stock.

On every farm there is a considerable part of the potato crop which is unsalable. Instead of keeping these tiny and unsightly potatoes for the table they should be fed to the stock. If used in small quantities as an appetizer they will be found profitable for all animals, taking the place of carrots, turnips and other roots. It is calculated that the feeding value of potatoes is about one-fourth that of corn or barley. Horses soon become very fond of them, preferring them even to oats. They are sometimes fed alone, but it is better to mix them with other food. Where they are used the water supply may be limited. Cows eat potatoes with eagerness, as do pigs. The tuber should not be too watery, and should always be fed mixed with cornmeal or mill feed. Coked potatoes are also excellent for poultry.—N. Y. World.

How Horses Are Made Blind.

The pupil of a horse's eye is enlarged by being kept in a dark stable; he has a harness put on him and is suddenly brought out in the glaring sunlight, which contracts the pupil so suddenly as to cause extreme pain. By persevering in this very foolish and injudicious as well as cruel practice the nerve of the eye becomes impaired, and if continued long enough loss of sight will ensue. To see how painful it is to face a bright light after having been in the dark, take a walk some dark night for a short time till the eyes become used to the darkness, then drop suddenly into some well-lighted room, and you will scarcely be able to see for a few moments in the sudden light. You know how painful it is yourself, then why have your horses to repeatedly bear such unnecessary pain?—Colman's Rural World.

Don't feed the ram fattening food. He does not need it. To keep him vigorous he should have bone and muscle forming foods.

MADE A LIFE-LONG ENEMY.

An Incident Suggesting the Necessity of Reading Letters Before Sending Them.

"Speaking of stenographers," said a gentleman well known in Washington who for a number of years represented a Louisiana district in congress to a Star reporter the other day, "I once had a secretary, an unusually careful and competent fellow, too, whose slight slip in a typewritten letter to a constituent of mine cost me that gentleman's friendship, a friendship valued more highly than I can express.

This is the way it came about: At a time when I was well-nigh submerged with committee duties I received a letter from the head of one of the most influential and widely respected families of the state. His residence had just burned down, he wrote me, the loss coming at a moment when it affected his financial matters to no inconsiderable extent. Could he not presume upon our many years of friendship to the extent of asking a loan of two hundred and fifty dollars, until the insurance companies should settle his claim? I was deeply moved to learn of his misfortune, and immediately dictated, along with a number of other letters, the following lines to him:

"'My dear sir: I am greatly pained to hear of the calamity which has come upon you. I regret I have not two hundred and fifty dollars in available funds at present; will send check in a day or two.'

"Promptly enough the check went, but with equal promptness it was returned to me, with no word of explanation. I own I was surprised, but concluded he must have received his insurance money, and the circumstance was gradually forgotten. But it was very forcibly recalled to my mind when next I paid a visit to my home, for he did not call upon me, as he had always been wont to do. On the contrary, he shunned a meeting with me.

"Imagine my dismay upon finding the letter I had sent him in the most kindly spirit possible contained these words: 'I regret I have two hundred and fifty dollars in available funds; will send check in a day or two.' In vain I explained, apologized, implored. To his dying day he never forgave what he termed my studied and unwarranted affront.

"For years I have never mailed a letter, either long or short, without subjecting it to the most rigid scrutiny. I tell you, sir, it pays to be watchful in this respect."—Washington Star.

She Was the First Star.

Every now and then an anecdote comes to the front showing that our first president liked the theater as well as do his followers of to-day. The point is mentioned in one of the many theatrical stories narrated in that new book, "Shakespeare's Heroines on the Stage." Says the author of the book: "A Philadelphia Portia of this same season of 1793-4 comes of a noted family, being none other than Mrs. Eliza Whitlock, the sister of Mrs. Siddons and of the Kembles. In England, at the age of twenty-two, she had made her London debut as the heroine of 'Shylock,' on the 22d of February, 1783, and, though somewhat masculine in face and figure, yet displayed so animated a countenance and so graceful a bearing as to win a moderate degree of favor. A few years after coming to this land she enjoyed the distinction of playing the first 'star' engagement on the American stage, being engaged for $450 and a benefit, to play at the Boston theater in October, 1796. There she repeated her Portia, contending with the remembrance of Mrs. Powell's impersonation of a previous season. She also had the honor of playing before George Washington in Philadelphia."—N. Y. Times.

A funny young man at Delhi, N. Y., arrayed himself in ghostly garb, and, striding solemnly on stilts, stopped four female bicyclists in a lonely road. Three of them ran away, but the fourth, Miss Grace Holden, of Jersey City, struck the ghost violently in the side with a cobblestone, and he had to be carried home for repairs.

The spice known as the common clove is the undeveloped bud of the caryophyllus aromaticus.

WISE men will apply their remedies to vices, not to names; to the causes of evil which are permanent, not the occasional organs by which they act, and the transitory modes in which they appear.—Burke.

VERSE sweetens toil, however rude the sound.—Gifford.

"THAT man causes me no end of annoyance over a bill." "Why don't you sue him and collect it?" "Collect it! He's trying to do that."—Chicago Record.

WILL some fisherman kindly inform us how the bass can reach the upper seat.—Boston Transcript.

"MAMMA-A-A! Boo-hoo! We's crying! Tum up'tairs an' see what's de matter wiv us!"—Puuch.

WHEN a girl wears glasses and a veil over them, the effect is enough to scare the boldest man.—Atchison Globe.

WHEN one has no design but to speak plain truth he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass.—Steele.

SHE—"You seem nervous, George." George—"I—I've half a mind to kiss you." "I thought that was about the size of it."—Town Topics.

JACK POTTS—"Making love is a good deal like playing cards." Miss Pipkin—"How so?" Jack Potts—"There's a lot in knowing what a hand is worth."—Life.

"I BEGAN life without a cent in my pocket," said the purse-proud man to an acquaintance. "I didn't even have a pocket," replied the latter, meekly.

FINANCIAL MIND READER—Beggar—"Yer haven't got ten cents er bout yer, has yer boss?" The Man—"How did you find that out. I thought no one knew I was broke but myself."—Syracuse Post.

"AH! Let me think a minute!" exclaimed Cholly Taddles. "But do you imagine you can keep it up that long?" asked Miss Kittish, anxiously.—Roxbury Gazette.

IN a Maoriland office the reporter lately wrote: "Dr. Johnson felt the deceased's pulse before prescribing." The printer set it up: "Dr. Johnsna felt the deceased's purse before prescribing."

POETRY has been to me its own exceeding great reward; it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.—Coleridge.

MRS. NIMROD.

Hers Must Have Been a Life of Care and Trouble.

Nimrod was a mighty hunter. He was probably that way from a boy, always hunting. He ran away from school to hunt woodchucks. Put him at work in the hay field, and, unless he was watched, he would hunt a cool, shady place to lie down. When he grew up he hunted a wife, we suppose, and every spring he had the usual experience in house hunting. And there has been a mighty sight of mighty hunters in that direction ever since Nimrod's day.

We hear nothing about Mrs. Nimrod, but we will bet anything her life was not a happy one. When there was house cleaning to do Nimrod would shoulder his gun and start off to hunt squirrels. And some day, after she had done a big washing, he would come home from the hunt at eleven or twelve o'clock at night and insist upon her getting up a game dinner for himself and a lot of brother sportsmen that he had brought with him, and all of them more or less under the influence of "budge." How tired she must have got hearing Nimrod's big stories about the hunts he had engaged in.—Texas Siftings.

RENEWING THEIR YOUTH

A Strange Story from a Nebraska Village.

The Villagers Excited Over the Increased Health and Vigor of the Older Inhabitants—The Experience of Two "Vets."

From the World-Herald, Omaha, Neb.

A *World-Herald* reporter was attracted by the evidence of renewed activity of some of the older inhabitants of the village of Bruce, a suburb of Omaha, Neb., and enquired the cause. Mr. Andrew Finkenkeler, who was a member of Company B of the First Iowa Volunteers during the war, made the following explanation so far as he himself is concerned:

"In July, 1866, while my company was on the march through to Austin, Tex., I was attacked with rheumatism of the worst kind in one leg at Alexander, La. Being weak I was sunstruck and remained unconscious for several hours. Every summer since I have been unable to stand the heat of the sun, and have been compelled to give up my work. There was in my head a bearing down feeling which increased until it seemed my head would burst, and it caused a ringing in my ears, and palpitation of the heart set in, so that the slightest noise would set my heart thumping. Several times it has rendered me unconscious for from seven to ten hours at a time. In addition to this the rheumatism extended up my entire side until it drew my head down on my shoulder. I lost my strength and flesh and was totally unfit for work.

"For twenty-eight years I have consulted physicians and taken their prescriptions without deriving any material benefit. My ailments increased in intensity until I was assured that there was no hope for me. During last year I went into the butcher business, but the dampness from the ice used increased my rheumatic pains to such an extent that I was not only compelled to quit the business, but was confined to my house and bed for nearly six months.

"In November last I read in the *World-Herald* a case of a man who had been entirely cured from the ailments from which I was suffering, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. On November 28 I purchased a box. In a week I was astonished to know that I felt better than I had for six months past, and before I had used half a box, the ringing in my ears began to lessen in volume and finally left me. The pain from the rheumatism gradually left me, so that within one week from the time I took my first pill I was able to sit up in bed. On January 1st, I was able to go out and walk around a little. The palpitations of my heart entirely ceased. On February 9, I was so thoroughly cured that I accepted a position as nightwatchman in the Forest Lawn Cemetery, remaining out of doors from 6 p. m. until 6 a. m. I have gained in weight from 144 pounds, which I weighed in November last, to 172 pounds which I weigh now."

For nerve building and for enriching the blood Pink Pills are unexcelled. They may be had of druggists or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

Reproductive Power of Mites.

There is nothing more remarkable in the whole range of nature than that respecting the reproductive powers of the little insect mite called the plant aphis. The aphis produces ten generations during the year, and each of these generation brings forth ten. Note the wonder in the following table: First generation, 1 aphis; second generation, 100 aphides; third, 10,000; fourth, 1,000,000; fifth, 100,000,000; sixth, 10,000,000,000; seventh; 1,000,000,000,000; eighth, 100,000,000,000,000; ninth, 10,000,000,000,000,000; tenth, 1,000,000,000,000,000,000!

A COUPLE of jailbirds were drinking together when one of them took out his watch. "Bless me!" exclaimed his astonished companion, "you've got a watch!" "Looks like it." "And how much did it cost you?" "Six months."—Washington Star.

THE saddest things in life are men without manhood, women without womanhood and children without childhood.—Young Men's Era.

A PREFERRED Creditor—One who never presents his bill.—Texas Siftings.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

Storekeepers in China seldom give credit. If their patrons need money they borrow it of the money-lenders.

The oldest firearms were used in China. The Chinese were fighting with guns at a time when Europeans used bows and arrows.

The Chinese have a singularly complicated calendar. Their cycles have 60 years, each year, month and day having its own name, and by combining these the day, month and year are designated.

The foot of a Chinese woman, from the heel to the great toe, measures only four inches; the great toe is bent abruptly backwards, and its extremity pointed directly upwards; while the phalanges of the other toes are doubled in beneath the sole of the foot.

RIDGEWAY, Mo., Aug. 17, 1895.

THE PISO COMPANY,
Warren, Pa.

Gentlemen:

Six years ago last Spring I took a severe cold, which settled on my lungs. I coughed and spit blood until my husband was alarmed about me. I told him to go to the drug store and get me a bottle of Piso's Cure for Consumption. He did so, and by the time I had taken its contents according to directions I was very much better. He then bought two more bottles, and they cured me.

In fact, we could hardly keep house without Piso's Cure for Consumption. My husband is subject to a cough every Winter, and he says nothing (and he has tried every cough medicine on the market) helps him as does Piso's Cure.

You may publish the above if you so desire.

Very truly yours,
MRS. DELLA LOTT.

"SHE has been thrice married? And all three husbands dead? She has had a terrible experience." "Yes, but then she has a brother who is an undertaker, and he always gives her a good deal off."—Boston Transcript.

When Wrinkles Seam the Brow.

And the locks grow scant and silvery, infirmities of age come on apace. To retard and ameliorate these is one of the benign effects of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine to which the aged and infirm can resort as a safe solace and invigorant. It counteracts a tendency to rheumatism and neuralgia, improves digestion, rectifies biliousness and overcomes malaria. A wineglass before retiring promotes slumber.

SORROW has not been given to us for sorrow's sake, but as a lesson which we are to learn somewhat, which once learned it ceases to be sorrow.—Carlyle.

HE submits to be seen through a microscope who suffers himself to be caught in a fit of passion.—Lavater.

From Now Until Spring

Overcoats and winter wraps will be in fashion. They can be discarded, temporarily, while traveling in the steam heated trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. For solid comfort, for speed and for safety, no other line can compare with this great railway of the West.

DORA—"Mr. Spooner says he always feels like a fish out of water when he is with me." Cora—"Then you've hooked him, haven't you?"—Harper's Bazar.

The Skill and Knowledge

Essential to the production of the most perfect and popular laxative remedy known, have enabled the California Fig Syrup Co. to achieve a great success in the reputation of its remedy, Syrup of Figs, as it is conceded to be the universal laxative. For sale by all druggists.

A MAN can fool his girl's mother as to what wages he gets, but he can't fool her father.—Atchison Globe.

I HAVE found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine. F. R. LOTZ, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

WHEN a new paper is started in this section of the country, it is reported as another yarn mill in full operation.—Texas Siftings.

BEECHAM'S PILLS for constipation 10c and 25c. Get the book (free) at your druggist's and go by it. Annual sales 6,000,000 boxes.

"THE world" is a conventional phrase, which, being interpreted, signifies all the rascality in it.—Dickens.

DON'T Neglect a Cough. Take Some Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar *instanter*. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

THE world is God's epistle to mankind—His thoughts are flashing upon us from every direction.—Plato.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

EVERY bride wears a wedding dress that is beyond her father's means.

World's Fair! HIGHEST AWARD.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Prescribed by Physicians
Relied on in Hospitals
Depended on by Nurses
Endorsed by THE PRESS
The BEST prepared FOOD

Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE!
John Carle & Sons, New York.

Pain often concentrates all its Misery in **RHEUMATISM**

Use at once **ST. JACOBS OIL** if you want to feel it concentrate its healing in a cure.

National economy.

There's room for a little more of it. Too many women are wasting time and strength over a wash-board; rubbing their clothes to pieces; wasting their money. You'd be astonished if you could figure up the actual money saving in a year by the use of Pearline. Millions of women are using it now, but just suppose that all women were equally careful and thrifty, and that every one used Pearline! It's too much to hope for—but the whole country would be the richer for it.

Send it Back — Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.* 473

JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE WASHING COMPOUND THE GREAT INVENTION FOR SAVING TOIL & EXPENSE WITHOUT INJURY TO THE TEXTURE, COLOR OR HANDS. NEW YORK.

EIGHT PAPER DOLLS
FOR ONE WRAPPER OF . . .
ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI
Send us two two-cent stamps for postage. These dolls have changeable heads. No two dolls dressed alike.
ADAMS & SONS CO., Sand Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y., Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

Bubbles or Medals.

"Best sarsaparillas." When you think of it how contradictory that term is. For there can be only **one** best in anything—one best sarsaparilla, as there is one highest mountain, one longest river, one deepest ocean. And that best sarsaparilla is———?.... There's the rub! You can measure mountain height and ocean depth, but how test sarsaparilla? You could, if you were chemists. But then, do **you** need to test it? The World's Fair Committee tested it,—and thoroughly. They went behind the label on the bottle. What did this sarsaparilla test result in? Every make of sarsaparilla shut out of the Fair, **except Ayer's.** So it was that Ayer's was the only sarsaparilla admitted to the World's Fair. The committee found it the best. They had no room for anything that was not the best. And as the best, Ayer's Sarsaparilla received the medal and awards due its merits. Remember the word "best" is a bubble any breath can blow; but there are pins to prick such bubbles. Those others are blowing more "best sarsaparilla" bubbles since the World's Fair pricked the old ones. True, but Ayer's Sarsaparilla has the medal. The pin that scratches the medal proves it gold. The pin that pricks the bubble proves it wind. We point to medals, not bubbles, when we say: The best sarsaparilla is Ayer's.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH in cakes for general blacking of a stove.

THE SUN PASTE POLISH for a quick after-dinner shine, applied and polished with a cloth.

Morse Bros., Props., Canton, Mass., U.S.A.

ASTHMA DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE CURED never fails; send on your address, we will mail trial—TAFT BROS. M. CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y. BOTTLE FREE

OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

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The Republican.

BENJ. R. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, NOV. 14, 1895.

THE BOSS in politics is of very little use to the people. In the penitentiary it's different; he can earn an honest living there.

SENATOR QUAY denies that he helped Gorman in the recent campaign. It isn't likely that he would admit it. Politicians are not made that way.

THE movement in favor of a short national campaign has become quite widespread, and Chairman W. F. Harrity now announces that he is in favor of it. He thinks that the Democratic convention should be held as late as circumstances will allow and the decisive work be begun immediately. A campaign of three months would probably be sufficient for a discussion of the issues, which are mostly well understood already, and there need not neeessarily be the unsteadiness of business of which the commercial interests of the country have made so much complaint.

THERE is no earthly doubt of the fact that Hon. George L. Wellington is the choice of a majority of the Republicans of this State for United States Senator to succeed Mr. Gibson. There is no doubt of the fact that he is the choice of the large and influential body of Democrats who contributed so much to the overthrow of Gormanism. Are they to be deprived of their choice by an absurd law that ought to have been set aside years ago? Is Mr. Wellington disqualified simply because he lives in Western Maryland? Nonsense. The Legislature should respect the sentiment of the people by electing Mr. Wellington to the Senate without the slightest hesitancy.—Cumberland News.

Mr. Hamill Writes a Letter.

The following letter from Gilmor S. Hamill, of Oakland, appeared in Tuesday's Baltimore *News*:

I certainly agree with all good Democrats that something will have to be done to renovate the broken and demoralized condition of our party in this State, and to that end, it seems to me, a convention should be called at as early a day as possible, to be composed of non-politicians, but sound Democrats not representing any particular element and let this convention issue an address to the party of the State reciting the importance of new leadership and of all good Democrats getting together, for the welfare of the party in the future. I am willing to do anything in my power to accomplish this much-desired end. G. S. HAMILL.

COL. BILL KILGOUR ought to come forward and explain to his interested constituency—a constituency that embraces the whole population of Maryland—why he stood silently by and saw the Democratic eagle consumed by the besom of destruction hurled into the camp from the heights of Allegany. Clan Alpine was overwhelmed because the bugle-horn of Rhoderick Dhu was mute and voiceless in the presence of the dagger-crest of Mar and the Moray's silver star. Had Colonel Bill's majestic mien and persuasive eloquence been brought to bear in Mr. Gorman's defense, who can tell what the rasult would have been? Was it the jealousy of Gorman that kept the pride of Montgomery statesmanship, the peerless orator of a hitherto triumphant Democracy, off the rural stump and substituted himself with such disastrous results?

PATRONAGE OF THE GOVERNOR.

His Power Constantly Increased for Years.

The election of a Republican Governor will bring about many changes in the personnel of the State officials, and faces which have been familiar to those coming in contact with the men who control public affairs so far as they are connected with the administration of government of the commonwealth will give place to others.

The governor of Maryland, under the constitution and laws now in force, has greater power than the executive of almost any other State in the Union. In addition to the appointment of purely State officials the governor has it incumbent upon him to appoint a large number of county officials whose positions are in other States usually filled by popular election or by authority of the county commissioners.

The great power and patronage of the executive has been built up as the result of a partisan fear on the part of the controlling faction in the Democratic party that the Republicans might at some time get in possession of too many of the local County Boards of Commissioners.

Sessiou after session of the General Assembly has taken power away from County Commissioners and lodged it in the hands of the Governors. Whenever a county would go Republican many of the Democrats would rush to Annapolis and lobby through the Legislature a bill taking away most of the fruits of victory by transferring the appointments to the Governor. In this way several of the treasurers in the lower counties are now named by the Governor instead of being elected by the people or appointed by the County Commissioners. The local school boards are now all named by the Governor, although at one time they were selected by the Judges of the Circuit Court. The first changes were made for partisan reasons, openly so stated at the time before the General Assembly, in the circuits where the judges, or a majority of them, were Republicans. At one time the election officials were appointed by the County Commissioners, but in those counties which frequently, or only occasionally went Republican, the law was changed until now all are named by the Governor.

In fact, every session of the General Assembly for the past twenty years, Democrats who were defeated for office in their own counties would be present at Annapolis crying out to have their successful opponents legislated out of office and the appointments conferred on themselves by the Governor. In many cases they were successful, and in some instances where it would be awkward to make the change in that way, the Legislature would abolish the office to which a Republican had been elected and impose its duties on some other official, who was generally a Democrat.

This has been going on ever since the present constitution was adopted in 1867 until now. The Governor has a large list of appointments to make every session of the General Assembly, besides the filling of vacancies in the interim between the meetings.

The principal appointments which will be made by Governor-elect Lowndes, with the salaries and present incumbents, are as follows:

Secretary of State, Edwin Gott, of Anne Arundel; salary $2000, with two clerks at $1000.

Chief of the Bureau of Industrial Statistics, Allen Bowie Howard, jr., of Baltimore city; salary $2500, with two clerks at $60 per month each.

State Fire Commissioner, John J. Jackson of Baltimore city; salary $2500, with one clerk at $1200.

(Both these offices are sinecures, and were created at the last session of the General Assembly to provide a soft berth for Mr. Jackson, who is a friend of Rasin. Mr. John M. Dulaney's son is the clerk.)

State Land Commissioner, Philip D. Laird of Montgomery; salary $1500. (The amount of clerical work varies, and an appropriation is made to cover the necessary expenses.)

Custodian of the Public Buildings, Joel H. Rowlenson of Baltimore city; salary, $1000 with an appropriation for assistants. (The amount varies according to the recommendation of the governor, and is expended under his personal direction.)

State Librarian, Luther H. Gadd of Caroline; salary, $1500.

Two Fish Commissioners, Richard T. Browning of Garrett and John S. Sudler of Somerset; salaries $1500 per year, with an appropriation for two assistants.

Two Tobacco Inspectors, Wm. B. Clagett, of Prince George's and Isaac N. Nutwell of Anne Arundel; salaries $1500, with clerks and assistants.

Adjt-Gen. Henry Kyd Douglas of Washington county; salary $1500, with one clerk at $1000 per year.

In addition to the above the Governor appoints three Supervisors of Elections in each county, all the registers of voters in the counties, all the justices of the peace, all the school commissioners, three in each county, and the State Board of health composed of five doctors; the State Commissioners of Pharmacy, composed of three druggists; the State Examiners of Dental Surgery, composed of five deutists; the State Board of Veterinary Physicians, composed of five members; the State Board of Education, composed of five, of which His Excelleney is ex-officio chairman. He also appoints the State Lunacy Commission, composed of five physicians. Some of these positions are honorary, without salary, and others have appropriations to cover their necessary expenses, with salaries for the executive officers. He also appoints directors to the various State institutions.

The Governor also names a large number of city officials for Baltimore, including all the Justices of the Peace. The most important city positions filled by his appointment are the following:

Liquor License Commissioners, George Colton, John Richardson and Robert Crane; salary, $2000 each, with three clerks at $1200 each. The clerks are H. B. Humphreys, John Freeman Rasin and Charles Philbin.

Board of Election Supervisors, Wm. H. Bians, Thomas M. Lanahan and Charles J. Benaparte; salaries, $1800 each, with several clerks, whose pay varies.

Eight Police Magistrates, seven assigned to districts and one at large. Salaries $2100 each.

In addition to the above, there are several oyster measurers, oyster inspectors, weighers of hay, weighers of cattle, inspectors of weights and measnrs and other minor positions filled by appointment of the Executive, all of which, taken together, make a small army of office holders who are removable for cause by the Executive, and of what constitutes the cause he is the sole judge. With the exception of the Supervisors of elections, of which one on each board must be of the minority party, which is now the Democratic party, all are now Democrats.

The Governor also fills temporarily all vacant judgeships, county commissionerships, vacancies in the office of sheriff, orphan's court judges, vacancies in the office of police commissioner in Baltimore city, besides other minor positions. All the appointments named must be made under the constitution within fifty days after the opening of the session of the General Assembly and sent into the senate for confirmation or rejection by that body.

The patronage attached to the control of the General Assembly varies with the economy or extravagance of that body. It is entirely under the control of the majority of each house. The senate, being Democratic, will control its offices, and the house, being Republican, will control its appointees. They can have as few or as many as the majority may desire. Generally the presiding officer has a permanent influence in his own body of men, outside of certain positions, which are filled by the choice of the body. There is usually as many clerks, folders, pages, etc., as there are members, and they each get the same pay, viz., $5 per day for the full session of ninety days.

The chief positions and the salaries are in the house as follows:

Speaker, $8 per day; chief clerk, $10 per day for ninety days and $300 for work between sessions.

Journal clerk, $10 per day for ninety days and extras for work at close of session.

Reading clerk, $10 per day for ninety days.

Chief engrossing clerk, $10 per day for ninety days.

Sergeant-at-arms, $5 per day for ninety days.

The other places are doorkeepers, pages, committee clerks, folders, etc., whose number varies with each session.

The principal offices of the senate are as follows:

President, $8 per day for ninety days.

Secretary, $10 per day for ninety days with extra compensation for work at the close of session.

Journal clerk, $10 per day for ninety days with extra compensation for work at close of session.

Reading clerk, $10 per day for ninety days.

Chief engrossing clerk, $10 per day for ninety days.

Sergeant-at-arms, $5 per day for ninety days.

The other officers of the senate consist of clerks, doorkeepers, etc., and vary in number with the extravagauce or economy of the majority. It is a notorious fact, however, that the senate is usually much more extravagant in the way of supernumerary employes than the house.

As Of Yore.

"Henry!"

"Yes, your excellency?"

"I have not said anything about the recent elections, but my silence must not be construed to mean that I have not done much hard thinking."

"What is your excellency's theory of our defeat?"

"Henry, it is a condition which confronts us, and not a theory."

After the Speakership.

Ex-Congressman Sidney E. Mudd of Charles county, member-elect of the House of Delegates, is openly in the field for the Speakership of the House, and his candidacy has received a decided boom, as several prominent Republicans from Southern Maryland and other sections of the State are advocating his election as presiding officer of the Lower House. Among those who are working for the ex-Congressman are Senator Thomas Parran of Calvert county, Dr. Washington G. Tuck of Anne Arundel, Mr. John W. Belt, clerk of the Circuit Court for Prince George's county, and some of the city politicians. Mr. Mudd's friends claim that he will get most of the Eastern Shore vote, all the members from the Third Legislative district of the city, and a part of the vote from the First Legislative district.

Vote for Judge.

The following is the vote for associate judge by counties in the fourth circuit of Maryland:

COUNTIES.	Ferdinand Williams, dem.	D. W. Sloan, rep.
Garrett	1,295	1,852
Allegany	4,007	4,450
Washington	5,511	4,988
Total	9,908	11,290

The above gives Mr. Sloan a majority of 1,384 over Mr. Williams.

Partridges are Scarce.

A well known sportsman states that partridges are very scarce this fall. Last winter was especially severe on the partridges and thousands were frozen and starved to death during the blizzard, and by the ground being covered so long with snow, preventing them from getting food or cover. Should what remains of them be hunted and killed this fall, the fine bird may be totally exterminated or at least so thinned out, that it will take years for them to increase in sufficient numbers to afford sport to the huntsmen.

WELLINGTON A CANDIDATE

To Succeed Charles H. Gibson in the United States Senate.

Congressman George L. Wellington, chairman of the Republican State Committee, Tuesday announced his candidacy for the United States Senate to succeed Senator Charles H. Gibson.

Mr. Wellington came to Baltimore from his home in Cumberland last night, and was at the Republican headquarters in the Bank of Baltimore Building this morning. He was seen there by a *News* reporter and said:

"I have decided to enter the contest for the Senatorship, and I expect to win. I have had tendered me the voluntary support of a large number of the members-elect of the General Assembly, and anticipate no great difficulty in securing the party caucus nomination and the election by the joint session.

"I am, of course, very much gratified at the spontaneous offer of assistance that have come to me from all parts of the State. In fact, I only decided to become a candidate after I had been urgently solicited to do so by a large number of friends, including many members-elect of the Legislature.

"There is no neeessity for repealing the so-called Eastern Shore law before the election of the Senator. The fact that a resident of another part of the State is elected will be a virtual repeal of it, and in this instance it will be ignored. The United States Senate, under the Constitution, will seat any man who is a resident of the State, and will ignor the law in such a case, as it is clearly unconstitutional. Later in the session the statute will probable be repealed as public sentiment seems to be against its remaining longer on the statute book.

"I shall make an active contest for the place now that I have decided to enter the field, and have no doubt as to my success."

Mr. Wellington's friends, especially the members from Western Maryland, are now active at work in his behalf, and with Mr. James A. Gary in the field, supported by some of the Southern Maryland members, and with Col. James C. Mullikin of Talbot, Charles T. Westcott, of Kent, Phillip L. Goldsborough of Dorchester, George M. Russum of Caroline and others in the field, the fight promises to be one of the most interesting seen in Maryland since 1880, when Senator Gorman was first elected to the place he now holds for the third time.

It is admitted that Mr. Wellington will have the support of Governor Lowndes, and this, of course, will give him a big advantage in the race.

During the day Chairman Wellington conferred with Mr. W. W. McIntre, treasurer of the committee, and others, and the work of the late campaign will be closed up during the week and the headquarters abandoned.—Balto. News, Tuesday.

Kitsmillersville.

MEESTER EDITOR: — Wat you dinks anyhow? I dinks pyshimminy anyhow we bin undop dis time.

You shoost ought to been here Wednesday morning wen de male cum in. De Bublicans was shtanding around mid dere nickels in dere fisht to by demselves mid a baber und hear de nuse. Mr. Kitsmiller he was hauling sand. He shtop de wagon und wait to hear de nuse to. De Demegrats dey was reddy to mid deir nickles. You no dey always been a leeden us und dey was feelen big und wen dey gids de babers und de Bublicans goundenances shust light up und over dere faces de schmiles been a chasen demselves.

I looked over mid de wagon load of sand und dere schtood one of de Demegrats mid his elbows blanded in de sand. I dell you he did not semile one bit. He had his shtomack bropped on de side of de wagon, und his chin was hangen down mid his brest. He shoost looked like he bin sic.

Dond you dink it will be a funny site to see de Demys wot haf been baffen offis all dere lifes to gid mid demselves oud und see a Bublican sedden mid himself behind de desk mid his heels hire dan his hed und his pen a schticken mid his ear behind.

I gess dis bin one of de hardest pills dad old papy Gorman ever had to schwallow. I hobe id wond choko him. Eff I was him und id scheered me dot I coodent gid id down I wood send oud for my nanabors. He mide gid Loyd Lowndes und George Wollingdon und Dave Schlone to bat him on de back und I dond dink he will choke to deth dis time.

Dey dells me dat Fred Dayer bin all schwelled up mid himself shust like a man wot been all his life mit a beer kag agguainded, und dey say it is all shust pecause he git mit dot oder feller wot wood like to be schtates addorney away; und dere is anoder feller wot rides down heer somedimes. I belief by shimiuy he feels as broud as Loyd Lownds. You ought to shust see him a schmilen wen you say howdy doo, Shudge Wilson.

Well, good night.

SHAKY EINSTEIN.

A Card.

To the Jr. O. U. A. M. and voters of Garrett County:

I understand since the election that I as recording secretary of Victor Council No. 24, of Selbysport Md., am accused of writing letters to the different councils in the county asking them to use their influence against Mr. Austin Brown, the Republican candidate for sheriff of Garrett county.

I wish to state that it is a barefaced falsehood. I never wrote any such letters, and if such letters were written under the seal of Victor Council No. 24, I had nothing to do with it whatever, and furthermore I authorized no person to use my name nor the seal of the council in such letters.

Yours respectfully,

WALTER S. LOWDERMILK,
Sec'y Victor Council No. 24.

A Coal Combination.

A possible combination among the soft coal operators of Western Pennsylvania and the Cumberland region of Maryland is attracting attention.

On being asked about the movement Major Alexander Shaw said "it is a move toward an equitable adjustment of railroad rates on coal as the cutting of rates has put the trade in a demoralized condition. So far the movement is in an indefinite shape."

It is said that the combination is to provide for the allotment of tonnage much like that which is supposed to prevail in the anthracite trade. The report which is given as an outline of the project states that the railroads in the movement are the Pennsylvania, Baltimore and Ohio, Beach Creek, Huntington and Broad Top, West Virginia Central and other Roads interested in the tidewater trade, but not the Norfook and Western and the Chesapeake and Ohio.

An official of one of these roads who was shown this statement says repeated attempts have been made to effect such an arrangement. "Without the two railroads which the report leaves out," he said, "it would be impracticable to maintain such a combination. They control about one-third of the output and are in a position to break up any arrangement. A plan of this character with all the roads standing together would be beneficial to the operators and the miners. Prices have been forced down so that there is no profit for the coal companies and railroads are handling the tonnage without any net results." He also said that no conference on the subject had been held as yet as far as his company was concerned.—Sun.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

Secret of Beauty

is health. The secret of health is the power to digest and assimilate a proper quanity of food. This can never be done when the liver does not act it's part.

Do you know that

Tutt's Liver Pills are a positive cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, malaria, constipation, torpid liver, piles, jaundice, bilious fever, biliousness and kindred diseases.

Tutt's Liver Pills

Piles.

Piles is so common that every other person you meet is troubled with it more or less. It seems to be a little thing and usually gets little attention. It may not be serious at first, but it makes a man sick—makes him nervous, cross, irritable—unfit for business. It robs him of sleep, takes his appetite—cuts down his flesh—and yet he is careless about it.

Foster's German Kenny and Nasty Cure

will cure Piles. It will cure other things, too, but it is particularly good for Piles. It stops the itch and the ache at once. It may take several days to wholly allay the inflammation and reduce the swelling, but it will do it—sure. Has done it in innumerable cases. Never has failed.

Good for Eczema, Ring Worm, Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Dandruff, Pimples, and all Skin Diseases.

50 Cents.—Drug Stores.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

FOSTER'S GERMAN CATARRH AND NAVY CATARRH CURE cures Catarrh, Cold in the Head and all ailments of the Nasal Passages. 50 Cents.

FOR SALE.

Lot No. 1, on Front Street, in Bayard, West Va.

Lot containing four acres with house on it, at Swanton, Md.

A mortgage on property worth more than double, at Loch Lynn Heights, Md.

WILLIAM W. SWEET,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26t*

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VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
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Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

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Slate Roofing.

Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.

I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.

All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.

I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.

Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.

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SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ½ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R CARSKADON,
39—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

STRAWBERRIES.

Best varieties, early, medium and late. Our pot grown plants set now will produce a full crop next June. Sent by mail prepaid, 60 cents per dozen; express unpaid, $3 per hundred.

THE HORTICULTURAL SUPPLY CO.,
Mt. Lake Park, Md

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 11, 1895.

Mr. Cleveland and his Cabinet after mature consideration have arrived at the wonderful conclusion that the overwhelming Democratic defeat of last week were endorsements of the administration and condemnation of the anti-Cleveland Democrats. Was anything more idiotic ever conceived outside of the walls of an insane asylum? It is egotism run wild. The self-blinded individuals will never realize the disgust the people of this country feel for their demonstration incapacity until the election returns of next November are counted; then they will have the remainder of their lives to learn to see themselves as others see them.

Gorman, Hill, and the other anti-Cleveland Democrats are going, unless their friends in Washington are misinformed as to their intentions, to give Mr. Cleveland another chance to see whether his personal following is as large as he thinks it is, by helping to nominate him for president again. They charge him with having made it impossible to elect any Democrat president, and say that he shall bear the ignominy of being the only man who was ever twice defeated for the Presidency of the United States. That will suit the Republicans, as they would rather defeat Mr. Cleveland than anybody else.

The Republicans are naturally delighted at the prospect of not only regaining the Presidency next year, but of having control of both branches of Congress, a majority of the Senate after March 4, 1897, having been made absolutely certain by the result of last week's elections. Nothing but some stupendous blunder on the part of the Republican majority in the House at the coming session of Congress can prevent Republican success next year, and with that man of iron will and proven sagacity, Thomas B. Reed, in the Speaker's chair, no such blunder will be made. This is so well known by the Democrats that they are now depending solely upon their ability to create jealousy among the victorious Republicans. A Democratic plan has already been agreed upon, which involves the conceiting and spreading of all sorts of stories calculated to cause bickering and dissension among the friends of the aspirants for the Republican presidential nomination, and already those stories are being circulated. Let all Republicans keep in mind the source and purpose of these stories and they will cause no harm; and if disposed to take part in a factional fight look at the present condition of the Democratic party and be warned in time.

Ex-Senator Manderson, of Nebraska, who is in Washington in connection with the sugar bounty cases in which he is chief counsel, says: "The Republicans are in a position where they can take any man for a presidential candidate. They do not have to figure on the chances of this or that man for election. Their candidate will be elected no matter who he is nor what state he comes from."

The administration is understood to be considerably troubled about the Cuban question and several members of the cabinet, having in view the failure of Mr. Cleveland's Hawaiian policy, are trying to persuade him to make no recommendation on the Cuban matter in his message to Congress, further than to call attention to the information (sending the documents with the message) gathered by the State Department, and to request that Congress shall define the policy to be pursued by this government. If he accepts that advice it will indicate that he has learned something by experience, but he will have to do it before most people will believe it possible.

How are the mighty fallen! E. Ellery Anderson, of New York, one of the original cuckoos, has been officially snubbed by Hoke Smith, one of the second crop of cuckoos. Mr. Anderson is one of the men appointed by Mr. Cleveland to look out for the interests of the government in the Union Pacific Railroad. Quite awhile ago he made some recommendations to Secretary Hoke Smith, concerning the patenting of lands to that railroad company by the U. S. Land Office. Not hearing anything about his recommendation Mr. Anderson ventured to remind the Secretary of them and to ask that he say what he intended doing about them. He was curtly informed that the Secretary did not deem it advisable to pass on the recommendation either way, as Congress would probably legislate on the subject at the coming session. It was probably this snubbing of a Cleveland worshipper that was responsible for the rumor that Mr. Smith was contemplating an early retirement from the Cabinet. He isn't doing anything of the sort; he is enjoying prominence to the full and is using it to help along his ambition to succeed Gen. Gordon as Senator from Georgia. If he can get that vacancy in the Supreme Court he will gladly take it, otherwise he'll stick to his present job.

The Republican party might have lots worse candidates than Senator Quay would make and then not have a bad one, but Senator Quay has no idea of becoming a candidate next year, notwithstanding Democratic stories to the contrary.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF—
PERSONAL PROPERTY.

Under and by virtue of a power contained in a deed of trust executed by Daniel Hinebaugh bearing date October 19th, 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. f. No. 27, folio 355, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Md., it being No. 723 Equity on the docket of the Circuit Court for Garrett county the undersigned trustee will sell at public auction on the Daniel Hinebaugh farm near the town of Accident, Garrett county, Md., on

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29th, 1895,

commencing at 9 o'clock a. m., the following described personal property mentioned in said deed of trust:

About 225 shocks of corn, about one hundred bushels of buckwheat, about 200 bushels of oats, about 120 bushels of potatoes, 1 mare ten years old, 1 horse seven years old, 2 milk cows, 3 spring calves; about three tons of hay, lot of oats, wheat and buckwheat straw; 1 two-horse wagon and ladders, 1 small spring wagon, 1 Oliver chilled plow, 1 shovel plow and 2 cultivators, 1 sprlug tooth harrow, 1 Champion mower, 1 hay rake, 1 threshing machine, 1 banning mill, 1 Champion grain drill, 1 new cast soled sled, 1 sulky plow, forks, rakes, shovels, cross cut saw, one ice saw and one hand saw, 1 grind stone, 1 cider press and mill, one double set breeching harness with side plates, collars and bridles complete, 1 double set buggy harness, 1 log chain, 8 cow chains, tongue chains, etc., garden hoes and pick, 1 crow bar, 1 Excelsior cook stove and pipe, 2 heating stoves and pipe, 1 sewing machine, 2 extension tables, 1 dough tray, 1 sink, 1 clock, 3 rocking chairs, 6 cane bottom chairs, 4 common chairs, 1 lounge, about sixty yards of carpet, 5 small stands, 1 coal hod, lot dishes, crockery, milk pans, pots and cooking utensils, 1 iron kettle, 1 stone sledge, 3 beds complete, 6 smoothing irons, 1 grain cradle, 2 mowing scythes, 3 lamps, 3 looking glasses, 1 barrel churn, 1 wash stove, 1 wood box, 1 coal box.

Terms of sale made known on day of sale by trustee.

ELI McMILLEN, Trustee.

35-4t

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county for a change in the county road leading from Frie's Mill to McHenry road running through the lands of Henry G. Davis. Said change begins at John Johnson's sugar camp on said county road and running through the lands of Henry G. Davis and intersecting said county road close the Neal Johnson shanty, a distance of three fourths of a mile more or less.

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GREAT EUROPEAN UNIVERSITIES.

Antique, Musty, Unpretentious and Disappointing to the Traveler.

European universities are not pretentious. The University of Bern is a surprise. One takes a little turn in a covered roadway going at right angles with the main street, just where the main street runs abruptly up and against an ancient house. You would think that you were going to the back door of some saloon. At another turn in this covered little footway is a long, low passageway, about 15 feet wide. Rough and incalculably ancient slabs pave it, and the top of the way is of the same material. On one side is a blank wall and on the other side is the same, through which little windows admit straggling and insufficient light.

You might think you were in a prison. You are attracted by various bulletins hung in frames upon the dark wall opposite the windows. On reading them you find that they are the announcements of various professors. You take off your hat at the sudden realization that you are in the noble University of Bern.

There are three low flat stories. Everything is old, not to say antique, and, in fact, musty. But there is an atmosphere of solidity about it. The stairway at the end of and within the building, leading to the various professors' lecture rooms, is broad and picturesque in its unadorned and even barbarous roughness. It is like the steps of some of the earlier and cruder feudal castles. The doors of the various professors' rooms are heavy, simple, slablike affairs. On each door is the name of the professor who there delivers lectures. At the end of the building was a wood pile where a man was busily engaged sawing wood. The library is quite unpretentious.

One is impressed with the fact that the extra vitality of the institution has not gone to architecture and filigree work, but to learning. The simplicity of this great school, which is the pride of Switzerland, is far more impressive than the loud effects of many of our mushroom colleges which have back of them millions and little else.

The University of Heidleberg is larger, of course, but quite as modest. I asked the direction to it and was told to go up a little, narrow street. I went up this street until I came, in a block or two, to a small open space, beyond which there was nothing which looked like a university. I asked again for directions to the university and was told in answer, "It is about you." There were more buildings than at Bern, but they were small, low, and as much as building could be they were "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." The library was superb, not in appointments, but in books. The scientific equipment was not glittering, but it was complete. The buildings impressed you with the idea that the men in charge of that university mean business. Throughout all of these great universities one thing overwhelmingly impresses you—their absolute and utter lack of pretense. There is no sham about them. There is nothing of the "boom" order about them. You could not imagine a catalogue being sent out from one of these universities, announcing a faculty most of which were merely tutors. The gray walls, the solid floors, the unrelieved simplicity and somberness of all, are quite in keeping with the real end and aim of all universities, which is the ascertainment of truth.—Indianapolis News.

Followed Zaccheus' Example.

It is said that a well known ministerial educator was in the habit of testing the ability and self possession of the theological students under his instruction by sending them up into the pulpit with a sealed envelope in their hands containing the text of the sermon or address each one was to deliver on the spur of the moment. On one of these occasions the student on opening the paper found this subject and direction given him, "Apply the story of Zaccheus to your own circumstances and your call to the ministry." And the student promptly delivered himself in the following way:

"My brethren, the subject on which I have to address you today is a comparison between Zaccheus and my qualification for the pulpit. Well, the first thing we read about Zaccheus is that he was small of stature, and I never felt so small as I do now. In the second place, we read that he was up a tree, which is very much my position now. And, thirdly, we read that Zaccheus made haste to come down, and in this I gladly and promptly follow his example."—New York Observer.

The Sense of Smell.

The sense of smell is a faculty belonging chiefly to savage and primitive races, says Dr. Hermann of Vienna, for man and house dogs have lost it almost entirely. It is more highly developed in the noncarnivorous than in flesh eating animals.—Medical Record.

Schoodic, the name of a Maine lake, signifies "place where the water rushes."

GROWTH OF PLANTS.

How They Adapt Themselves to the Region In Which They Stand.

A red beech tree growing in the open, where it is immediately exposed to the effects of the light, has small but relatively thick leaves. Red beeches, as undergrowth in the shadow of the woods, are distinguished by considerably larger but thinner leaves. The cause of this variation lies chiefly in the difference in the conditions of transpiration. The growing leaves in the isolated tree give out more vapor to the atmosphere than do those in the shade. The increased evaporation affects the structure of the leaf surface, and they are compressed, chiefly because less air space is found between their cells, and partly also because the cells turn perpendicularly to the surface instead of increasing in breadth. All this increases the thickness of the leaf at the cost of its superficial diameter. This condition is immediately useful to the plant, because a thin and comparatively broad leaf surface would transpire too rapidly in an open situation, involving the tree in danger of drying out. In the shade, on the other hand, a large surface is necessary to give as much vapor out to the atmosphere as the life processes of the plant require, for evaporation promotes the accession of food salts from the soil. These salts, dissolved in water, reach the plant and are retained by it, while the water is evaporated. More rays of light fall upon a large leaf than upon a small one.

In this view, too, then, an enlargement of the leaf surface is more advantageous and useful in a feebly lighted situation. The intense light which falls upon a fully exposed beech may, in its greater intensity, perform as much or even more work on the smaller leaf as the dimmer light of the shady situation on the larger one. An equivalent gain is realized by the lengthening of all the parts of the branch which takes place in the obscure situation. The leaves are thereby further separated on the limbs and do not cover one another. It is different in the isolated tree, where the leaves, even in a compressed situation, do not suffer for want of light. Hence, too, the great difference in the appearance of the conical crown of a solitary beech with its thickly compressed limbs and leaves, and that of the loosely spread out, umbrella shaped undergrowth which the red beeches form in the shade of the wood.

A dry location promotes the same processes of growth as increased transpiration. The need of a plant in a dry soil is to reduce transpiration, and correlative processes are manifested through which that result is reached. The growing plant is so affected as to acquire a similar structure to that of a plant in a very sunny situation. The correlative operations in many plants take the form of giving a hairy covering to their leaves. A layer of air retaining hairs diminishes evaporation. Hence the same plant may be hairless in moist ground, and in dry be covered with numerous hairs. The same is the case in plants from which the water supply is taken away.—Popular Science Monthly.

An Electrical Wonder.

George Hager, 8 years old, of Guthrie, O. T., is said by the local papers to be an electrical wonder. His parents say that there has always been something uncanny about him and that whenever, as a child, he was lifted suddenly from the floor or a bed a crackling noise would be heard, and a slight shock or pricking sensation was felt by the person lifting him, somewhat similar to the shock received from a small storage battery. The boy is now old enough to take cognizance of his peculiar power, and he takes great delight in shocking those who come near him. He can greatly increase the force of the shock by rubbing his feet on the carpet, and after dark the electrical discharge is so strong that sparks are emitted when he slides across the floor and touches a piece of metal. The force of the current seems to be greatly augmented for several days before a storm of any kind, and the father claims he can foretell any change in the weather by watching the boy. The little fellow often amuses himself by touching cats and dogs on the back, and immediately every hair on the animal will begin to rise, and it will turn and run, afterward keeping well out of his way.

A Remorseful Briber.

"Oh, that I should have lived to confess it," said Mr. Grabball of the Grafters' Gas monopoly to his distracted wife. "I have offered a bribe to a member of a lawmaking body."

"Never mind, George," said his wife, "other people have done the same."

"That's just it," said Mr. Grabball as he hung his head still lower in his shame. "The fellows of the Upanddown Trust company offered $1,000 more and beat us out!"—Chicago Record.

Rice was introduced into Spain by the Arabs, and into Italy in 1468 by the Spaniards.

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, October 20, 1895. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	Daily	2.48 A. M
No. 3	Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 49	Express, daily except Mon.	8.55 A. M
No. 71	Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 47	Daily except Mon	10.10 A. M
No. 55	Express, daily	3.22 P. M
No. 15	Accommodation daily	6.45 P. M
No. 1	Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	Daily	5.39 A. M
No. 2	Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 14	Accommodation daily	9.05 A. M
No. 72	Accom daily except Sun	4.52 P. M
No. 46	Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4	Daily	12.20 A. M

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TO THE MOUNTAINS.

Sing me a song of gladness
O strong and glorious hills!
My harp, attuned to sadness,
Would sound thy laughing rills—
Would echo of the voices
That sing in rocky glen,
Till harmony rejoices
The weary hearts of men.

Sing me a song of sweetness
In cadence soft and low,
From nature's grand completeness
Let gentle music flow;
Her soul dwells in the mountains
Beneath the bending blue,
And chants beside the fountains,
And all her songs are true.

Sing me a song of duty,
Of courage in repose,
of hope and strength and beauty
Amid encircling snows;
Unchanged by wild winds blowing,
Untouched by fevered pain,
Undecked by bright flowers growing,
Undimmed by loss or gain.

Sing me of love eternal
O hallowed mountain sod!
Thy bosom sweet and vernal
Hath felt the touch of God;
And when thy forests kindle
In autumn's glowing flame,
Where red and russet mingle
I read Jehovah's name.

For this, O mountains hoary!
Ring out in melody.
Till Heaven repeats the story
Of earthly harmony;
Sound from each rocky fastness,
Sound from the highest crest,
Till all life's desert vastness
Is lifted up and blest.

—Edlah Gurney Hawks, in Springfield Republican.

STANTON'S RIDE.

THIS story should interest the fox hunters, the paper chasers and all the other fervid hardriders of this vicinity. Its time is that of the last Cheyenne war; the scene, the wild, unbroken country just west of the Black hills; while the chief performer is Brig. Gen. Stanton, just now paymaster general of the army.

This drama of the saddle is told just as it came from the lips of the army officer who knew all about it and was there at the time.

"The Fifth cavalry, ten companies—this was before the days of 'troops'—under Gen. Merritt, was keeping an eye on the Cheyennes.

"The Sioux were on the warpath, and busy standing things civilized on their heads over to the north, and the Cheyennes were getting the fever. Good judges of Indians, with their thumbs on the Cheyenne tribal pulse, said they were liable to break out at any moment into a war spirit, join the Sioux already out, and unite their energies to Sitting Bull's in toppling over the paleface of the northwest.

"So, as I have already said, Gen. Merritt was watching the Cheyennes with ten companies of the Fifth cavalry. He was to hold them in check.

"Time went on, and the Cheyennes were still quiet. Gen. Merritt and everybody else began to believe they would remain at peace. One morning Gen. Merritt concluded that all danger from the Cheyennes was over, and began to move north and west with his command.

"He got as far as the War Bonnet, when couriers overtook him with dispatches from Gen. Sheridan—at Chicago or Omaha Sheridan was—telling Gen. Merritt not to leave the Cheyenne vicinity until he was absolutely sure they were quiet, and that all danger of a Cheyenne outbreak had blown by. Sheridan's dispatch said further that he had just received word from a worthy, trusty source that the Cheyennes at the Red Cloud agency were painted up for trouble, and about to leave the reservation and join the Sioux. The truth of this must be discovered, and the Cheyenne uprising, were any on the carpet, must be checked. At all hazards the Cheyennes

"YOU GO, STANTON," SAID GEN. MERRITT.

must be prevented from effecting a junction with the Sioux.

"When Merritt got this dispatch he at once pitched camp. This camp on the War Bonnet, was just one hundred miles from the Red Cloud agency, as crows fly. Between lay a rough country without a trail or track. Yet somebody must go to the Red Cloud agency at once.

"'You go, Stanton,' said Gen. Merritt to Brig. Gen. Stanton, who had then climbed as high up the military ladder as the round of major. 'You go; you know the country better than any man here.'

"Stanton took four half-breed scouts with him and started. The hour was noon, their horses the pick of the Fifth cavalry.

"This outfit of five pointed straight for the Red Cross agency; what a farmer would call 'cross lots.' There wasn't the shadow of path or trail. It was as rough a stretch of country, bar some regions in the rockies, as ever slipped from the palm of the Infinite.

"But Stanton and his half-breeds knew the direction to Red Cloud, and they kept it as straight as the flight of a bullet both in the daylight and the dark.

"Down hill and up, across hollow and over divides, they never slackened or swerved. They never paused for food for themselves or fodder for their horses. Lives might be heavily staked on the game, and man and mount must go through at any cost.

"It may be that somewhere in the pigeon holes of his inner consciousness Stanton had a conviction filed away that Sheridan's line on the Cheyenne intentions was correct.

"And it may be for this reason that he dug the incessant spurs into his horse all the more deeply and rode all the more fiercely and grimly toward Red Cloud that day in the northwest. The cavalry could better spare a horse than a settler could his scalp.

"Thus concluded Stanton; and taking what they call out west 'a road gait,' he never drew bridle rein nor slackened stride all of the long one hundred miles from the War Bonnet to the agency of Red Cloud.

"Strung out behind him came his quartet of half-breeds, running mute as foxes and bringing their horses forward as inveterately and as remorselessly as Stanton himself. They didn't, being Indians, care so much about a settler's scalp as did Stanton. But, being Indians, they cared nothing at all for horseflesh; and so came as obdurately on as their leader.

"An Indian has no more sympathy for a horse than for the buffalo grass it treads upon; and the moment the spur fails to stir the animal's flagging energies, will stick a knife in him as a bracer as readily as he would into his sheath.

"Stanton left Merritt's camp on the War Bonnet at noon. Covered with dust and foam, reeling a bit from very weariness of body, Stanton and his four scouts came surging up to the Red Cloud agency at sharp midnight. The last mile of that rough one hundred was behind them, and they had made the trip in just twelve hours by the watch.

"Stanton was too lame and broken to even go into the agency, but sank down on the steps outside. His horse, with

FOLLOWED BY HIS QUARTETTE OF HALF BREEDS.

drooping head and shaking flanks, stood where he'd pulled him up.

"'How about the Cheyennes?' was Stanton's question to those who came to him.

"'They left the reservation eight hours ago and have started to join the Sioux,' was the reply.

"'Send me Fox, the interpreter,' said Stanton, 'and bring me pencil and paper to write a dispatch to Gen. Merritt.'

"When Fox came up, Stanton ordered him to take a couple of the agency Indians with a lead horse apiece, and be ready to start back to Merritt at once. Then he wrote his dispatch as he reclined on the door steps.

"Stanton told Gen. Merritt that the Cheyennes were on the warpath; had started to find the Sioux over what was known as the Great Northern Trail, and suggested that if Merritt would throw loose from his wagons and take only the Fifth cavalry, he could push up the War Bonnet and head them off at the crossing.

"Fox and his Indians with two horses each were ready and started with Stanton's dispatch at half-past twelve o'clock; just twenty minutes after Stanton came in. With lead horses they had an advantage which Stanton and his four half-breeds didn't possess. So well did they use it that they rode in on Gen. Merritt at twenty minutes past eleven the same morning. They had put the one hundred miles under them in eleven hours; an hour better than Stanton.

"That's all there is to the story. It was a simple case of dispatch bearing; a case where two hundred miles over a trackless waste was covered in twenty-three hours; half of it in the night. How's that for perishing flesh and blood?

"About the Cheyennes? That part is soon told. In fifteen minutes after Stanton's dispatch reached Merritt the Fifth cavalry was in the saddle lined out for the crossing pointed to by Stanton. Merritt got there in time. The Cheyennes came up and the battle of the War Bonnet was fought. It was the last fight the Cheyennes ever made. They were whipped and driven back to Red Cloud. Their effort to make a junction with the Sioux and get in on the war, thanks to Stanton's rough riding, was frustrated. Many a man and woman combing their hair these September mornings owe that privilege to Stanton. They may not realize it, but they do."—Washington Post.

A CLAW-FINGERED PEOPLE.

A Strange Deformity of a Family in Western New York.

The most picturesque stream in western New York is the Cattaraugus. Through most of its course it is the boundary line between the counties of Erie and Cattaraugus, and it is not a large stream, except when melting snows or autumn rains have swelled it into a torrent. Rich farms, wooded slopes, deep gorges whose lofty walls form the high banks, as the natives call them, and a tangled wilderness where nature still runs riot, as she has from the first; these mark the course of the Cattaraugus. The Indian name is itself musically expressive, and recalls the days when only red men occupied its banks. There are still Indians along it, and the reservation named for it contains most of the few remaining members of the Seneca tribe, once the possessor of all the region from Lake Erie to and beyond the Genesee.

The reservation begins near the village of Gowanda, and just above there, shut in by high hills, is the wildest and most inaccessible spot in the whole region, the valley of Zoar. How or from whom the place received its Biblical name, or what is the resemblance between this secluded spot and the city which, in the Old Testament story, figures along with Sodom and Gomorrah, are matters which not even the oldest inhabitant is able to explain. Here among the hills, where strange faces are rarely seen, is concealed a remarkable example of nature's occasional vagaries and the strange persistence of abnormalities through heredity. Among the few residents of Zoar there are several families of claw-fingered persons. They are not wild or hair-covered, at least not more so than most of the folk among the Cattarangus, but nearly all of them have a curious deformity of the fingers and toes which gives them their name. They have lived here many years, and, although their neighbors are still inclined to look upon them somewhat askance, they are no longer regarded as especially wonderful, and one might travel through the valley a dozen times without once hearing a word about its strange inhabitants.

In driving through the valley recently the writer came across an old farmer loading hemlock bark by the roadside, and inquired for the claw-fingered residents.

"That Robbins tribe?" was the reply. "Yes, I've knowed some of 'em for nigh on forty years, 'cause I was raised right here. Yes, their hands is like claws. Some of 'em. It's a mighty cur'us thing, but 'tain't nuthin' much to look at. Why, folks come all the way from Buffalo (between 30 and 40 miles) to look at 'em, an' you'd think by the way they go on about it that they was goin' to a circus."

The old man shook his head at the unaccountable curiosity of the Buffalo visitors, and turned again to his work.

Although the residents of Zoar usually refer to their strange neighbors as a tribe, they use the word only as it is frequently employed in rural districts in speaking of any large family. They are by no means looked upon as a separate order of beings. Still there is a strong social prejudice against them. Although this prejudice has not been sufficient to prevent marriages with other families in the neighborhood, it has discouraged such marriages. The consequence is that there has been much intermarrying in the family, and this may have something to do with the perpetuation of their deformity.

As well as can be learned, the peculiar digital formation of the claw-fingered folks has existed in Zoar through four generations. In the early part of the century a man named Robbins settled in Zoar. He was remarkable because his fingers and toes were so bent that they resembled claws somewhat more than they did human digits. In other respects there was nothing particularly striking about his appearance. His strange, claw-like hands and toes became objects of considerable curiosity, but it does not appear that Robbins ever explained the origin of his deformity. Of course after it reappeared in his descendants it became the general opinion that Robbins himself inherited it. Others believe that he was the founder of the claw-fingered family, and that he settled in this remote spot because of his disfigurement.—N. Y. Sun.

Severe Test on Complexions.

Among flowers the lily seems to be the most severe test of woman's loveliness. In reality, it is too stiff, too unyielding, to be quite suitable for tucking into the belt or for wearing in the corsage. But the form usually chosen for the lily as a personal decoration is to be seen in pictures, where fair young persons hold sprays of them. The acknowledged beauty and the actress are peculiarly prone to this bit of posing. And the effect is usually unsatisfying. Possibly the cause lies in the formality of this flower; in the fact that it is not adaptable, and is stiff and uncompromising. But there is, perhaps, a deeper reason. The lily has come to symbolize for us the spiritual, and though this is but a convention, it yet influences us, as if it were really a belief. From this arises the effect of unsuitability felt when the stately white sprays are used for personal adornment. It seems too frivolous a treatment of them, and, moreover, few are the faces in which spirituality is so predominant that the lily seems to belong to them.—Chicago Chronicle.

Judicious Taffy.

Bridget (applying for a situation)—Oh, yis, mum. Oi lived in my last place t'ree weeks, mum.

Mrs. Van Nobbs—And why did you leave?

"Oi couldn't get along with her; she was so old and cranky."

"But I may be old and cranky, too."

"Cranky ye may be, mum, for faces are sometimes deceiving; but owld, niver!"

And Bridget got the place.—Pearson's Weekly.

THE PEOPLE OF NEW GUINEA.

Some Queer Notions—Remarkable Strength of Domestic Ties.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical society in London Sir William Macgregor, administrator of British New Guinea, read a paper on that country and its people. In the course of his paper he said that the colony now called British New Guinea was formally annexed to the queen's dominions by the first administrator September 4, 1888. The natives probably numbered from 300,000 to 400,000. The majority were of a rich or dark bronze color, but it varied from a brown, that might be called black, to a yellowish brown. The darkest people were confined to the gulf and Fly estuary. Inland tribes at the British-German boundary, at the center of the island, were of a light bronze; the Tugeri, the tribes on the Morehead, at Biroe on the Upper Purari, and those near Kovio (Mount Yule) were much the same color as the dark brown of Port Moresby.

In temper they were cheerful, full of fun, and generally so contented as to offer a refreshing contrast to the more complaining Britisher. An excellent characteristic of the Papuan was that he was not quarrelsome nor violently passionate. Suicide was very rare among them, compared with Fijians, for example, and was far less frequent than among the Line islanders. When it did take place, it was, as a rule, the outcome of one of the strongest and best characteristics of the race—affection. Occasionally a woman would climb a tall cocoanut tree and kill herself by jumping down because she had become convinced that she could never again meet among men with a husband so good as the one she had lost. This family affection was so strong as to be not infrequently an impediment to the employment of men away from their own districts. It was not often that a man cared to remain longer than one year in the constabulary because he was separated from his family and friends.

The London Missionary society found it difficult to get the wives of native teachers to live in strange villages for the same reason. The strong feeling of affection that the Papuan felt for his relations and neighbors did not, however, prevent him from doing to others what appeared terribly cruel things. It must not, however, be forgotten that in certain circumstances cruel murder was, according to their code of ethics, a conspicuous virtue, a moral duty. A homicide could sometimes be paid for in property, but the more natural and more common method was to have blood for blood. Little that was positive could be said about the religious belief of these people. Apparently they all, without exception, believed that man was compounded of a body and a spirit, and at death did not return. Hence, in waking up a sleeper, they proceeded to rouse him by degrees, that the spirit might have time to return and take its place.

There were four mission bodies at work in the colony. By mutual understanding they occupied distinct districts. The oldest was the London Missionary society, which commenced operations in that part of the world some three-and-twenty years ago. They occupied the coast line from the British-Dutch boundary to East Cape, with the exception of Ravao island and the Mekoe district, which was being worked by the Roman Catholic Mission of the Sacred Heart. In British New Guinea, however, were needed many more missionaries and teachers. There were probably hundreds of thousands of natives there who had never heard of the Gospel, of the charity of the Christian religion, or of morality. They had no old religion to break down to make room for the Gospel; there was a government that was only too glad to facilitate mission work where this was possible. The force of teachers at present at work there, the money now being spent in New Guinea by our mission bodies, would never reach the whole of our own heathen in that colony.

FOOLED HIM.

The Thin Man Was a Professional Trunk Smasher.

A thin man with a distressing cough was inspecting some portmanteaus and trunks in front of a West End shop the other day, when the proprietor of the place appeared and asked:

"Looking for a portmanteau, sir?"

"Yes."

"Here's the best thirty-shilling bag ever made, and I am the only one that sells 'em less than £5."

"No good," replied the man, with a sorrowful shake of his head. "One of these trunks wouldn't stand the journey from here to Bradford."

"What! I'll warrant 'em to go round the world. Take hold of one and bang it about and convince yourself."

"Do you give me leave to test its strength?"

"Of course I do! Take hold."

The man with a distressing cough drew in a full breath, called out: "By your leave, there!" as if warning a platform full of passengers, and then took hold of the trunk. "Rip!" went the handle, bang went the lock, and as he stood it on one end and upset it and flopped it back again, one hinge broke loose and it split in two.

With a twist of the wrist he gave the two halves a slam-bang, which completed the wreck, and with a bow to the seller of portmanteaus he joined the crowd and disappeared.

"Upon my soul!" gasped the proprietor, as he viewed the ruins, "but I made a mistake in him! He's a railway porter, instead of a dying traveler!"—Sheffield (Eng.) Telegraph.

—In 1803 an English gentleman named Wise invented a steel pen. He adhered to the quill shape rendered familiar in England by long use. His pen had a long barrel, and was provided with a bone case that the pen might be carried in the pocket without injury.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The Yankee genius has left untried few materials which might be available for the purpose of pen making. Among the inventions patented have been pens made of hickory and other kinds of flexible wood found in our forests.

—As a division of time, the week has been used in the east from immemorial ages. It does not seem to be a natural division of time, though several periods of animal economy, such as the incubation of eggs, correspond with weeks.

—One of the most famous log chutes in the west, at La Grande, Ore., is to be cut up for cordwood, all the timber immediately tributary to it having been cut away. The chute is 1½ miles long from top to bottom, and during its period of use more than 3,400,000 feet of logs have coasted through it down the mountain side.

—A German statistician finds that the most unlucky day of the week, so far as accidents to human beings are concerned, is not Friday, but Monday; 15.74 per cent. of all accidents occur Mondays; 15.77 per cent. Tuesdays; 16.31 per cent. Wednesdays; 15.73 per cent. Thursdays; 16.38 per cent. Fridays; the same per cent. Saturdays, and 2.69 per cent. Sundays.

—A Geneva clock maker has perfected and patented an application of the phonograph to the old-fashioned repeater, whose springs and hammers have been replaced by a disk of vulcanized India rubber. As the point moves over the surface, it emits articulated sounds, indicating the hour, being an exact reproduction of the human voice, which can be heard in an adjoining room.

—Mongolian pheasants have been successfully introduced for game purposes in various parts of Oregon and Washington in the last few years, and now an attempt is being made to propagate them for the same purpose in California. A number have been imported into Santa Clara county from Oregon, and lettuce seed is to be planted by the mountain springs to provide food for them. They are protected by statute for three years.

—Councilman Towle, of Oakland, Cal., recently introduced and engineered to a second reading an ordinance compelling all bathers within the city limits of that town to tie up their heads in a sack while bathing. The ordinance provided that all bathers must wear "a shirt or jersey covering the entire upper part of the body except the arms." The ordinance passed to the printers, and it was the often-abused intelligent compositor who discovered that if it passed the council every bather in Oakland would be compelled by law to bag his head.

—Gangs of "skinners," men who slaughter deer wholesale solely for the hides, are again at work in the mountains of Curry county, Ore. A hunting party just returned from that region relate that it was not unusual to come across a dozen or more carcasses of deer in the course of a day, left to rot by the law violators. It is estimated that more than 700 deer have been killed in that section this summer solely for their hides. The "skinners" find a ready sale for the hides, and make much money at the wretched business.

—The San Francisco Examiner says there is one curious fact respecting the animal creation with which one will never become acquainted if he depends on his text-books for information. It is this: No living representative of the animal kingdom has more than five toes, digits or claws to each foot, hand or limb. The horse is the type of one-toed creation, the camel of the two-toed, the rhinoceros of the three-toed and the hippopotamus of the four-toed animal life. The elephant and hundreds of other animals belonging to different orders belong to the great five-toed tribe.

Napoleon and Other Rulers of Europe.

He also understood the dynastic exclusiveness of Europe. In a sense the houses of Hanover, of Hohenzollern and of Savoy were parvenus in the councils of royalty; yet they were ancient princely stocks and their accession to supreme power had not shocked ancient prejudice; the dubious and blood-stained title of the czar did not diminish his influence, for his succession was not more irregular than that of many of his predecessors on the semi-oriental Russian throne. But to substitute for the Bourbons, the oldest divine-right dynasty of Europe, and in the enlightened west, a citizen king of low descent, who based his claims on popular suffrage, and successfully to assert the place of a plebeian among the Olympians, was to brave the inflexible prejudice of all conservative Europe, and to hurl defiance at the old system, than which to millions of minds none other was conceivable. To reach the goal fighting was not a voluntary choice, but an absolute necessity; for the French must be left in no doubt but that their popular sovereign was quite as able to assert his peerage among kings as anyone of royal lineage and ecclesiastical unction would be.—Prof. W. M. Sloane, in Century.

Best Surface for Bicycles.

Wheelmen are by no means unanimous in considering asphalt an ideal pavement. In fact a majority of them probably vote it a failure, so far as providing a desirable path for bicycles is concerned. Asphalt laid on a concrete base is "dead" and unyielding as granite, and the exertion required to propel a bicycle over it is considerably greater than over most other forms of roadway. A new cedar block pavement is better than asphalt, and a good smooth dirt road, or, better still, a well-founded path is superior to any pavement whatever—except in muddy weather, wherein lies the rub. Asphalt not only lacks the quality of being elastic, but is dangerous to life and limb when ridden on with a bicycle, because it is ordinarily kept so wet that it is fearfully and wonderfully slippery.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

He Would Die With Her.

In Archdeacon Groome's reminiscences there is a story of a well-known Suffold doctor who had a great contempt for homeopathy. "An old lady who pinned her faith to Hahnemann one day took five globules by mistake for three, and, her own doctor being absent, Dr. Belman was sent for post haste. "He came, looked grave, shook his head, said if people would meddle with dangerous drugs they would take the consequences. 'But, madam,' he added, 'I will die with you,' and lifting the bottle of globules to his mouth swallowed its entire contents."—The Princess.

King Bomba's executioner has just died. He was a Sicilian named Gaetano Impallizieri, who was condemned to death for a murder, but pardoned on agreeing to become executioner. When Garibaldi entered Naples he had to flee to avoid lynching, and had lived ever since on a small island near Palermo.

PEACE AT LAST.—"There is nothing now to ma our happiness," as Bass remarked when his wife's mother took her departure.—Boston Transcript.

NEARLY every ugly dog is known as "Beauty."

Scrofula from Infancy

Troubled my daughter. At times her head would be covered with scabs and running sores. We were afraid she would become blind. We had to keep her in a dark room.

We began to give her Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon we saw that she was better in every respect. The sores have now all healed. I had a severe attack of the grip, was left in bad condition with muscular rheumatism and lumbago. Since taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

I am all right and can walk around out doors without the aid of crutches." W. H. AREHART, Albion, Indiana.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

A delicious dish of OATMEAL with the FULL FLAVOR of the BEST selected OATS can only be made with

Friends' Oats

MADE OF THE FINEST OATS BY SPECIAL PROCESS.

YEARLY SALES 29,000,000 LBS.

SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

IN 2-LB. PACKAGES.

MUSCATINE OATMEAL CO.

MUSCATINE, IOWA.

The logic is the make of it; the proof—the use of it. The

DELONG Patent Hook and Eye.

See that

hump?

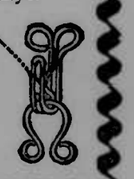

Richardson & DeLong Bros., Philadelphia.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.

At Druggists, 50c. & $1. Advice & Pamphlet free.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

MY DAD'S THE ENGINEER.

We wore none of us thinking of danger
As the train sped on in the night,
Till the flames from the burning forest
Made the passengers wild with fright.
Then a tiny maid near a window
With a smile said: "There's nothing to fear;
I'm sure that no harm will befall you,
My dad's the engineer!"

REFRAIN.

"Daddy's on the engine,
Don't be afraid;
Daddy knows what he is doing,"
Said the little maid;
"We'll soon be out of danger,
Don't you ever fear;
Everyone is safe, because
My dad's the engineer!"

With the sparks falling closely about us,
Through the flames we sped on so fast.
And the brave little maid's father brought us
Through the danger all safe at last.
And the proud, sweet face of the lassie
And the words of the calm, little dear:
"I'm sure that no harm will befall you,
My dad's the engineer!"

REFRAIN.

"Daddy's on the engine,
Don't be afraid;
Daddy knows what he is doing,"
Said the little maid;
"We'll soon be out of danger,
Don't you ever fear;
Everyone is safe, because
My dad's the engineer!"

—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

TUBBING ADVENTURE.

Jack and Ted Had a Little More Fun Than They Bargained For.

"When I was a boy," said Uncle John as he sat on the porch and watched the sun go down behind the hill, "I managed to have a pretty good time up here on the farm. How do you find it, boys?"

"We do too," said Ted. "I guess there aren't many things that we haven't tried, are there, Jack?"

"We've been here only a week," replied Jack, "and we know every corner of the farm, and we've tried every way of excitement. We have great fun sliding down the ice house roof and bringing the cows in and riding the horses down in the field. Did you live here when you were a boy, Uncle John?"

"Why, of course," said their uncle. "I was born and brought up here, and if my business wasn't in Japan I'd be here every summer of my life. I'd like to be a boy again with you and show you all the pranks I used to play. Wouldn't you enjoy rolling down hill in the cask

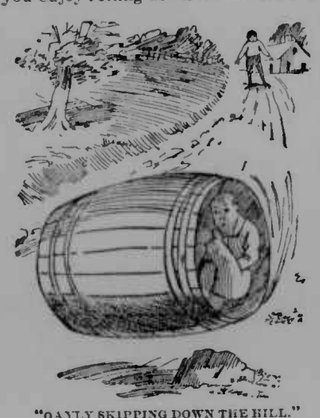

"GAYLY SKIPPING DOWN THE HILL."

as we used to do!" and Uncle John laughed heartily as he thought of it.

"Oh do tell us about it," cried the boys, and so after lighting his pipe, he commenced:

"We boys had very inventive minds and were up to all sorts of capers, so it is no wonder that after reading in the fairy tale of the old woman who was rolled down the hill in a cask we decided to see what her sensations were like. We got a large and strong cask which belonged to grandfather, taking care to pull all the nails out, however, and fixed it to start on its travels. We lined it with old grain sacks to make it more comfortable, and then three of us boys piled in, and the fourth sent the barrel rolling down the hill. It was the strangest sensation I ever felt and after practicing for awhile we grew quite fond of the sport, although it was quite a dangerous one, and called it 'tubbing.' The old drawback was in getting the old tub up the hill again, but after awhile we remedied that by rigging up a sort of pulley attachment."

"It must have been fine!" cried Ted and Jack together, and just then Tom Winters, the boy who lived on the next farm, came up and the next subject was forgotten.

The next day when the boys were rummaging underneath the old cornerib looking for some mischief to get into they came upon a queer old barrel which brought Uncle John's story back to their minds.

"I guess this is the tub Uncle John was telling us about," said Ted. "Isn't it a queer old machine. I say, boys"—to Jack and Tom Winters—"let's try it! Uncle said he used to think it great sport."

So the old cask was rolled out and brushed quite clean and then hoisted on the wheelbarrow and wheeled to the top of Sunset hill. The hill was quite steep, which was all the better for the purpose, the boys thought, but it was a question in which direction it should be started. The woods commenced at the foot of the hill to the south; the railroad track was toward the east, the pond toward the west, so north was the only feasible direction to take, although it did seem rather rocky and quite steep. Only two of the boys could go at once—the third had to be left behind to start the tub rolling. Tom Winters took a look at the sidehill before him and then kindly volunteered to do this, while Jack and Ted took the first ride. So they crawled in.

When all was ready Tom Winters shoved the barrel, and off it went gayly skipping down the side of the hill. At the very first turn Ted and Jack knocked heads violently. Unfortunately, they had forgotten that when Uncle John went down there were three inside, which made it a comfortable fit. At the second turn they were thrown against the side of the barrel, and before they had turned half a dozen times they were sorry they hadn't taken Uncle John's word for it and not tried it themselves. Over and over they went, bruised and beaten about till they were almost insensible, and there was no way of stopping their steed until the foot of the incline should be reached.

Had they been capable of hearing they would have heard a great shout from Tom Winters and have wondered what it meant. When the barrel was about half way down it struck a large stone, which, instead of stopping it, turned its course to the west, and Tom was horrified to see it steering for the pond. The water wasn't very deep, but even in shallow water two boys cooped up in a barrel stood very little chance of saving themselves. It was then that Tom shouted, and, taking to his heels, followed the fast-descending tub as quick as he could run. But, of course, he could not reach the pond before the barrel. The boys inside were unconscious of their danger, but they were not unconscious of the many somersaults they had turned, nor of the many bruises they were receiving.

With a crash and a bang the old tub came in contact with another large stone, and in a minute the new conveyance was in fragments, and the boys, followed by some of the staves, were thrown into the pond by the impetus which they had gained. Fortunately, Tom's call had been heard by Uncle John, and he was on the spot in a marvelously short space of time, considering what a sedate bachelor he was. It was well that he had not entirely forgotten his athletic training, too, for the poor, bruised boys would have found it very hard work to get themselves out of the water, and Tom Winters couldn't swim. In fact, there was not a square inch of space on their bodies that was not black and blue.

Uncle John was blamed for this adventure because he had suggested it by his story. He says even if the boys are his nephews, they are the most stupid pack themselves in tight and select a smaller and less stony hill for their ride.
—Frank M. Crane, in Boston Globe.

THE CANDLE MOTOR.

It Is Easily Made and Creates Lots of Genuine Amusement.

A novel kind of motor is illustrated in the accompanying cut. It is worked neither by steam, electricity nor compressed air; it requires neither boiler, nor cylinder, nor piston, and consists solely of a simple candle. A motor like this is easily made.

Stick two pins heated over a lamp through a candle at opposite middle points, vertically to the wick. These pins will be the axis of our motor, and you must set their extremities on the edges of two glasses.

Now light both ends of the candle, which will burn furiously. Presently a drop of the wax or sperm falls into one of the plates set beneath to receive it. The equilibrium of the balance shaft being thus destroyed, the other end of the candle falls downward, causing the end which has lost the first drop of wax to go up. But in its downward movement the falling end loses several drops, and therefore in turn becomes lighter than the other and rises again. In this way an oscillatory movement is begun, weak at first, but gradually growing wider and wider until the candle finally assumes almost a vertical position.

To utilize this movement of the candle fasten to its axis by means of pins long

THE CANDLE MOTOR.

enough to keep it from contact with the flames a strip of pasteboard in imitation of a plank, at each extremity of which stick two little figures cut out of stiff paper. When the candle ends are lighted the figures will seem to be enjoying a game of see-saw, and will greatly heighten the interest of the experiment.—Once a Week.

PARROT AND HAWK.

Queer Fight Witnessed by an American Journalist in Mexico.

A correspondent from Mexico gives us the following information of a fight between a hawk and a parrot, ending in the downfall of the former:

The onslaught was commenced by the hawk, who swooped down into the brush when he was quite a distance off. Pretty soon there was the most extraordinary racket in the scrub oak.

The parrot had the hawk's neck in his claws and was driving away with his hook bill at the hawk's head. The hawk was willing enough to quit, but couldn't.

They flew up and down, first one on top and then the other. It was not a long fight. The hawk beat his adversary with his wings, and even got his tail and beak to work; but the red-and-green bird was too big and strong for him, and would not release his grip a moment. Before the gentleman got very near the hawk ceased fighting.

The parrot had apparently sunk his talons through the hawk's neck, and that is probably the reason they did not separate. When the hawk got quiet the parrot managed to disengage himself and flew up into a tree, where he remained, scolding and straightening his feathers. He was pretty badly scratched up, and one of his eyes seemed to be gone, but he had killed the hawk.

The Point in Issue.

She—No man is good enough for me.

He—I know that, but am I bad enough?—Life.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

STORY OF THE EMPTY SLEEVE.

A Father's Awful Confession at a Temperance Meeting.

While engaged with a commercial house in the city of Cleveland, O., my business frequently called me to many of the important cities and towns of the state. During one of my regular visits to a town in the southern part of the state, which was noted far and wide for the bad character of its saloons and their proprietors, the following incident occurred:

The train was late when I arrived at L——. After a hasty supper I was invited by the hotel proprietor and his wife to accompany them to a temperance meeting. The lecturer, they said, "was stirring up the whole town." The meeting had commenced before we arrived, and I noted from the crowded condition of the church, the stirring songs, and the pointed remarks of the speaker that a deep interest was prevailing in the temperance movement in this community.

When the speaker concluded his address, an invitation was extended to all those who desired to sign the pledge. Just previous to the closing of the meeting there arose in the central aisle a tall dignified gentleman, elegant in appearance, with a pleasing, cultured face, who walked slowly to the speaker's desk, and asked permission of the chairman to occupy a few minutes before closing. His request was cheerfully granted.

He said: "I did not come here tonight to speak; only to listen. But as I always take a deep interest in the temperance work, I could not be quiet until I added a few words to encourage some of those who signed the pledge to-night. My personal experience may help some one to be firm, and sustain them in their efforts to reform.

"I was born in the town of W——, and received a careful college education. My father started me in business, which proved a success from the start. I gathered around me many warm friends. I married a cultured and refined young lady of a neighboring town, whose parents were highly respected. We had two children, a son and a daughter. I was popular, and was called to preside at nearly all of the social and political meetings of the place, and on my way home I was frequently induced to partake of a glass of wine or beer. The habit became fixed, and I found that much of my time was taken up at the club and social meetings, and that my hours for going home were late.

"My wife spoke kindly to me about my drinking. I replied, 'Never fear, I will never become a drunkard.'

"But as time went on I became more and more a slave to drink, until my friends kindly admonished me. I noticed that my business was being neglected. It was not long before a receiver was appointed to wind up my business affairs. My store, good, beautiful home, and all went to liquidate my debts, and I was obliged to move into a very poor house on a side street. Now, nearly all of my former friends deserted me; and I could secure no work, for I could not be trusted.

"At this point I lost my pride, and went about the town and through the streets half drunk, slovenly and shabby, being a complete slave to the drink habit. Then I sold all of the few things which we had been able to keep to procure whisky and food.

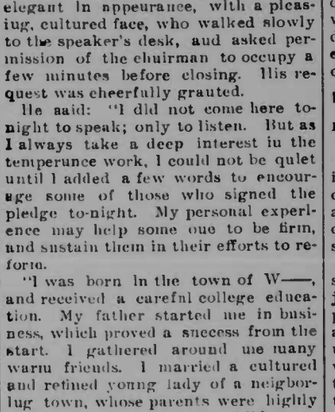

HE IS THE BEST BOY LIVING.

"When my cash was gone I joined a gang of sewer and street workers, and shoveled gravel. Each day my dinner-pail went to the saloon, and at night we went there in company, and often stayed late, going home hungry, tired and cross, until I made my home almost a hell. One night I had been drinking more than usual, and when I arrived at home I was angry. I saw a light through the window, but the door was locked. I tried to get in, but could not. I pounded at the door in rage. The only response I could get was from my boy, who appealingly said: 'Goaway, papa; you won't hurt mamma, will you?' I said: 'You will see, if this door is not opened soon.'

"Groping around the door, my hand fell upon a hatchet which had been used for cutting kindling wood that lay. With this I broke in the lower panel of the door. From within I saw a small arm extended through the opening, and heard a small voice crying, 'Papa, go away.'

"In my anger and desperation I caught that arm, and with one blow of the hatchet I cut it off and threw it on the ground.

"The frantic screams of my wife and children soon brought a number of the neighbors and also a policeman. After a severe struggle, with blood dripping from my face, I was taken to prison. My boy was conveyed to a hospital, and my wife and daughter were cared for by loving friends. When morning came I was sober, and then I fully realized what I had done. Oh, what would I have given to have replaced that arm and recalled the horrid deeds of that night.

"Court was in session, and I was taken before the judge for trial. I asked no lawyer to defend me. I told the judge that I was guilty. My wife was not to blame, and no sentence was too severe to impose upon me. I was responsible for the crime which whisky, beer and the saloon-keeper assisted me to accomplish. But with the help of a higher Power I would never drink another drop again. I was placed in prison, and had ample time to reflect. I exclaimed: 'Oh, what a wretch I have made of myself, and I determined to make a man of myself among my friends at home.

"I was released in time through the influence of my friends. I came to my own town, sought my wife and children and asked their forgiveness. I once more commenced business in a small way, and have succeeded from that day until this. I now have the happiest, pleasantest home in America.

'I desire to introduce my son. Fred, will you please come forward? Immediately a fine-looking man arose from his seat and stepped forward to the platform, and as the interested eyes of the audience rested upon the youth, they knew the story to be true, for at his side hung an empty sleeve. His father placed his hand upon the boy's shoulder, and said: "This is the best boy living;" and Fred added: "My mother, sister and myself all say that father is the best man on earth."

Looking around, I could not see a dry eye in the audience. Then there were hundreds anxious to reach the desk to sign the papers, and later on every saloon in the place was wiped out.—J. B. King, in N. Y. Witness.

RHEUMATISM AND ALCOHOL.

Report of Sir B. W. Richardson of London Temperance Hospital.

Alcohol and Rheumatism.—One item in Sir B. W. Richardson's late report of his practice in the London Temperance hospital refers to the treatment of rheumatism without alcohol. He says:

"Out of seventy-one cases of acute or subacute rheumatism—the large majority acute, and attended with temperatures moving up to one hundred and four degrees Fahrenheit—sixty-nine recovered, and two, although they were discharged without being put on the recovery list, were so far relieved that a few days' change in country air seemed all that was required to induce full restoration. Comparing the experience of the treatment of acute rheumatic disease without alcohol with that which I have previously observed with alcohol, I can have no hesitation in declaring that it is of the greatest advantage to follow total abstinence absolutely in this disease. The pain and swelling of joints is more quickly relieved under abstinence, the fever falls most rapidly, there is less frequent relapse, and there is quicker recovery. In brief, the experience of treatment of rheumatic fever minus alcohol presents to me as much novelty as it does pleasure, and I am convinced that if any candid member of the profession could have witnessed what I have witnessed in this matter, he would agree with me that alcohol in rheumatic fever, however acute, is altogether out of place. I am also under conviction, though I express it with great reserve, that in acute rheumatism, treated with alcohol, the cardiac complications, endocardial and pericardial, are much less frequently developed than where alcohol is supplied."

ENEMY OF THE POOR MAN.

A Billion of Dollars Spent Every Year in the Saloon.

The saloon is the great and unrivaled barrier that impedes the poor man's progress to independence and plenty. Into the coffers of the American saloon the wage-earners of the country generously pour a billion of dollars a year. American opportunities are wasted because of the maddening curse of drink. Destitution and want in this country, in the vast majority of instances, are the result of profligate patronage of the saloon-keeper's business. If so many of the toilers of the land simply camp in the wilderness of great tenement structures and drag out their lives in hopeless poverty, the lamentable fact is, to an alarming extent, the result of paying a too generous tribute to the liquor-seller's trade.—Address of Rev. Father Cleary.

Overuse of Alcohol.

According to M. Chervin, in a paper to the Societe d'Anthropologie, the low birth rate in France is largely due to prodigality in Paris and theft in the provinces. M. Rochard, however, ascribes it mainly to alcoholism, the annual consumption of alcohol having enormously increased of late years in France. Paris has a wine shop for every three houses.—London Globe

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

EVERY moderate drinker is helping the devil to put his mark on an army of boys.—Ram's Horn.

THE devil has a fish on his hook every time some man says: "I can drink, or I can let it alone."—Ram's Horn.

THE conductors of the Northwestern railway are not allowed to enter a saloon, much less to use intoxicating drinks, whether on or off duty.

THE foreman of the work on a tunnel near English, Ind., has forbidden the use of intoxicants or the telling of scurrilous stories by his men while engaged in their dangerous work.—Mid-Continent.

THE devil's hardest battle is being waged against the American home.—Ram's Horn. Yes, and he is using the most deadly weapon known to the nineteenth century civilization—the American saloon.

WHEN some one remonstrated with an old saloon-keeper for enticing in the boys, he replied: "Oh, it is beezness, beezness—the old drinkers will soon be dead, and where will my beezness be if I don't get the boys?"

SEVEN PINES, near Richmond, Va., is a prohibition town, each purchaser of a lot being required to sign an article forfeiting the title if liquor is sold on the premises. Special rates are also given to total abstainers.—Christian Work.

SWINDLE HOTEL-KEEPERS.

Dead Beats Are as Common and Ingenious in England as Here.

Hotel-keepers are peculiarly liable to be swindled. So many people of all sorts are constantly coming and going in the busy season that it is next to impossible for the most careful man to be sure beforehand that his guests are all honest and straightforward, and will not be found to have skedaddled when the time comes for the little bill to be collected, after they have fared sumptuously for many days. The best the sorely tried landlord can do is to steer, as well as he may, the happy middle course, without offending the solvent by raising suspicions of their solvency beforehand, and watching the doubtful lest they suddenly disappear in the night. And he may be trusted to be pretty sure on the average to make up for his losses by sticking them on to those who do not pay up.

Two well-dressed young fellows, apparently strangers to each other, were given rooms on the same floor of a certain hotel. A day or two later one of them said his trunk had been stolen, and made such an outcry that, to get rid of him, the unsuspecting landlord paid him the value of his trunk and its contents, amounting to something like £11. The young man left and presently the other gentleman paid his bill and also took his departure. But in some way the defrauded landlord learned later that when gentleman No. 2 left he took with him not only his own trunk but the one for which No. 1 had been paid, concealed inside it.

From Margate there comes a tale of a bold attempt by a "foreign countess" to get the better of a hotel manager. Aware that hotel keepers are liable for the property of guests up to a certain amount, irrespective of "negligence," the countess, when her bill was presented to her, declared that she had been robbed of a valuable silver belt, worth more than the amount of her bill. But while the manager was dubiously discussing the point there stepped forward the head chamberlain and quietly said that he had heard that identical silver belt story twice previously—at Monte Carlo two years before, and at Scarborough last year. At both places she had happened to be serving as a housemaid. The countess quickly paid her bill and departed.

One of the most extraordinary robberies recorded is the one which was effected a short time ago at a hotel in the Rue Sophie Germain, Paris. One afternoon a well-dressed man and woman arrived at the hotel in question and took the best bedroom in the house for one night, paying for it in advance and requesting the waiter to call them at four o'clock the next morning. He did so, and they left at five o'clock. But when the chambermaid went to put the room in order she met with an astounding sight. The place was nearly bare, and, in fact, every movable article of furniture had disappeared. The visitors, with the aid of accomplices in the streets, had managed to lower all through the window without being perceived.

The death was recently recorded of a remarkable scamp who must surely have been the champion hotel thief of the world. He rejoiced in the name of Col. William Addison, and is estimated to have in his lifetime departed from 5,000 hotels without leaving any money behind him. His mode of operation was peculiar and ingenious. He had devised contrivances for carrying on his nefarious career in the shape of an Addison collapsible trunk and an Addison balloon hand bag. The trunk appeared to be an expensive leather-covered affair of large size, which, when contracted, could be carried under the arm like an artists portfolio, while the hand bag could be diminished so as to go into a pocket. Selecting his hotel—usually a high-priced one—the colonel would fill his trunk with bricks and blow out his hand bag with straw and proceed to take up his quarters. At the least indication of impatience on the part of the landlord for payment of his bill the colonel, announcing that he was going to the bank, would pack his trunk in his portfolio and put his bag in his pocket and depart for good. In this way he had lived in luxury for many years, and, consistent to the end, he died in a hotel and left no money behind him.—London Tit-Bits.

Cracking Nuts.

With the exception of peanuts and soft shell almonds nuts should never be cracked with the teeth. Nut crackers are cheap and teeth are dear, or ought to be, to those who are so fortunate as to have teeth which are sound. It is a wise provision of nature, which civilization sometimes evades, that we have to crack and pick out the kernels of nuts. One grows weary before enough can be eaten to entail serious damage. But in cities so great has been the demand for labor saving devices that there are those who make a business of cracking nuts. They become so expert that they seldom break a kernel even of the brittle and much twisted hickory. As those who have cracked nuts must have discovered, there are right ways and wrong ways of placing the nut to receive the crushing blow. If it is your duty to crack nuts, and such work generally falls to the lot of the small boy or girl, don't be careless and put the nut in just as it happens to fit, but place it so that it will be most likely to split in half with the grain of the shell. You may not be able to get the kernel out whole even then, but you may be sure you will not if you crush it against the grain of the shell.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Servant Question.

"Maggie, did you hear the door bell ring?"

"Yis, mum."

"Well, why don't you open the door, then?"

"Sure, I don't know a soul who'd call on me at this time of the day, mum. It must be some one to see yersilf."—Truth.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—In 1835 gold pen manufacturing began in earnest and on a considerable scale in America, being inaugurated in New York by Levi Brown.

—When hat making was introduced into America is not certainly known, but in 1732 the industry had become so extensive that English hat makers complained bitterly that not only could they not sell their hats in America, but that American hats were actually sold in England.

—The enormous extent of the forests, and also of the lumber industries, of the northwest is indicated by the fact that this year Washington will make shipments of lumber aggregating 400,000,000 feet, Oregon 150,000,000 feet and British Columbia 40,000,000 feet. And there is no danger of the supply running short.

—San Jose, one of the principal California fruit-shipping points, sent east in one week 1,146,960 pounds of green fruit, 2,363,835 pounds of sun-cured fruit, 870,950 pounds of canned fruit and 447,000 gallons of wine and brandy. During the same time Fresno shipped east 40 car loads of raisins, making about 550 car loads of this fruit sent eastward this season. San Jose also sent east 53,280 pounds of garden seeds during last week.

—Of the human heart Dr. Ephraim Cutter writes: "I have listened to the heart sounds of one woman and one man, both over 99 years of age, with feelings of awe, and have thought how wonderful it was that these hearts had pulsated so long, propelling blood through vessels which if possible to be ranged in one line would on a very moderate estimate reach twice around the earth, or 48,000 miles, with a leeway for the average red disc of one-forty-eight-thousandth of an inch!"

—The antitoxin discoveries have infused the greatest amount of activity into the labors of the bacteriologists of Europe, and a correspondent of the Sun writes to warn young Americans that, for the present, they had best stay at home, for the eminent men of the old country are too much engrossed with their own "original investigations" to have time for imparting instructions to others. He concludes by saying that "the scientific men of to-day who are making investigations in bacteriology are as feverish as were the prospectors for gold in California half a century ago."

—Ether is preferred as an anaesthetic in northern countries and chloroform in the south, although ether tends to cause secretion in the air passages and bronchial trouble. One cause is undoubtedly the difficulty of keeping ether in hot climates. But Dr. Lauder Brunton suggests that the general abstention from meat may be another reason for the successful use of chloroform. He is led to this from the increased number of fatalities under chloroform in Edinburgh since the introduction of American and Australian meats, which has made meat eating more common among all classes in Scotland.

—Dr. Heubner, professor of the diseases of children in the University of Berlin, has published an important report on the results of the serum treatment of diphtheria. The number of deaths this year in Berlin, 434, was 200 less than the average and 100 less than in the most favorable year on record, while the number of cases has increased. The same observation has been made in London and Paris. The treatment unquestionably facilitates the casting off of exudations in the pharynx and influences very favorably the course of the fever. The serum is perfectly innocuous. The probability of the complete success of the treatment is increasing every month.

SHE WAS STARTLED.

An Inquisitive Youth Tumbled Over a Partition Upon a Spinster's Bed.

"When Mount Tabor, N. J., was first taken possession of by the Newark conference of the Methodist Episcopal church," said a clergyman of that denomination recently, "we had little money with which to clear up the grounds and erect the first buildings necessary. After putting up a sort of open air pavilion in which the preaching services could be held, we began to cast around for some building where transient guests might be accommodated.

"The structure resulting from this necessity was a long frame building, which was christened the 'Tabor house.' In constructing the house on as economical a basis as possible, the partitions were not run all the way up to the rafters and the room was not ceiled.

"I shall never forget," continued the minister, "one of my first nights in this rather crude hotel. After I had retired I was suddenly aroused with a start by the most unearthly shriek.

"'Murder! Thieves! Robbers! Help! Help!' a woman was shouting at the top of her lungs.

"I hustled out into the narrow hall in my night robe and found others in the same attire—both men and women—running around in a distracted way. We all stopped before a door from within which the sounds proceeded.

"'You beast! Help! Help! Murder!' still came the cries.

"There was a sound of scuffling from within and suddenly the door opened and a woman, excited, panting, with wild and dishevelled looks, appeared at the door clutching a boy, who was more frightened even than was the woman.

"One glance settled it. The boy was the son of a woman occupying the adjoining room. The little fellow, out of curiosity, had climbed to the top of the partition and, losing his balance, had fallen over into the next room, landing on the bed of a rather elderly spinster.

"The ridiculousness of the whole affair seemed to dawn upon all at the same time, and everyone joined in a good, hearty laugh. The boy was punished and the old maid left the next day."—N. Y. Herald.

ADOPTED AT CARDS.

Manager Gross Tells About the Generosity of Old Time Actors.

Denman Thompson, Eugene Tompkins, William E. Gross, manager for James A. Herne in "Shore Acres," and two or three other theatrical people were spinning yarns in the box office of the Boston theater.

Some one remarked that the life of an actor is as uncertain as a game of cards, and that led to a discussion of the game itself and the passion of certain old timers in the profession for whist and poker.

Manager Gross was evidently in a reflective mood, for when he broke in on the conversation it was to relate an occurrence of the distant past.

"It must have been fully 20 years ago," said he, "when I made the fourth party in a game of whist at Sacramento. The other players were John McCullough, John T. Raymond and James A. Herne.

"We were a pretty jolly quartet, and as money was plentiful in those days we managed to spend our gold dust about as fast as we made it and never lost any sleep worrying over our bank accounts.

"Well, the game was going along nicely enough, and even Raymond was satisfied, as he had just matched McCullough an eagle that he would take five straight tricks and won it, when the stillness of the scene was broken by a child's voice singing 'Home, Sweet Home' in front of our hotel. Her voice was not powerful, but it was so plaintive and penetrating that we were all moved by it, almost to tears. Throwing down our cards, we walked out on the veranda to see who it was.

"The sight that met our eyes was common enough in those days and is equally common now, but for all that it was a very sad one. The child, a girl, not over 8 years old, was standing alongside a middle aged woman, who was leaning heavily against a wooden pillar and proved to be her mother. The woman was as drunk as a fiddler, and her actions had attracted a crowd of idle and worthless revelers, who, despite the child's plaintive accents and neglected appearance, seemed to think of nothing but their own amusement.

"They spurred the woman on and then made merry at her expense. We turned away and went back to our cards, but the game no longer interested us. Suddenly McCullough threw down his hand and said, 'Boys, let's adopt her.'

"'I'll match you whether we do or not,' said Raymond.

"All agreed to that, and as the coins turned it seemed as if we all prayed to have McCullough win, and, sure enough, he did. Then all started out to find the protegee. We soon found her and had very little trouble in persuading the mother to turn over the child to us for adoption.

"We took the mother's address and took the little one on to San Francisco, where Jim Herne had her placed with a good family, and we all contributed to her board and education.

"Music was her delight, and before a great while she made prodigious strides in that direction, so much so that she insisted on teaching and singing in public and so earning her own living.

"Not many years ago she married a well known lawyer in Philadelphia, and during Jim Herne's engagement in that city she sent him a wreath of forgetmenots. The mother, who is now an old lady, has returned and is living in New York city, spending much of her time in looking after and working among the poor. The daughter is very well to do and supplies her mother with a regular and liberal allowance."—Boston Globe.

Electricity For the Face.

Medical men now use electricity to improve the complexion. "Electricity is peculiarly qualified to improve the nutrition and promote the functions of the skin, because it acts directly upon the part affected and also indirectly through the system at large.

"The topical application of electricity stimulates the capillary circulation through the integument and overcomes any engorgment that may exist. It awakens the activity of the absorbent vessels and enables them to remove morbid deposits.

"It acts favorably upon the nerve fibers and their peripheral terminations and exerts a beneficial influence upon the cells. By its tonic influence upon the heart, blood vessels and general circulation electricity tends to maintain the normal type of nutrition in the skin as well as in other tissues."

In some cases the electrode is a sponge or roller and in others a fine needle, which is passed through the offending blemish, while sometimes sparks are applied directly to the affected region.—Professor Shoemaker in Medical Press.

He Got It Straight.

He—If I were to ask you your age, would you give me a truthful answer?

She—Certainly. I would tell you it was none of your business.—Cincinnati Tribune.

THE BLIND MAN

Over the way a blind man dwells
Whom all our children knows
As up and down the street he goes
And spreads his simple wares and sells.

And all the neighbors pity him,
But sometimes when he comes to me
To ask me of the things I see,
Unknown within his world so dim,

I almost wish that I might go
With him into that darkened land,
Nor see nor try to understand
The things that make me sorrow so.
—John Leighton Read in New York Sun

A Joke on the Guide.

A stranger from Texas sauntered into the capitol and fell into the hands of a guide who offered to show him the sights of the building.

"Good enough," quoth the Texan. "Before we begin let's take a drink."

Being of an accommodating nature, the guide consented, and the two quaffed a couple of quaffs right gayly. The guide's eyes bulged when the Texan drew from his pocket a big fist full of bills in paying for the liquor, and he scented a handsome fee. He led the Texan all over the building, from the crypt to the dome and into both houses. He pointed out all the celebrities, and then, by way of a windup, took his victim to Statuary hall and placed him on one of the whispering stones.

"Stay here," the guide said, "till you hear me speak."

Then the guide disappeared in the crowd to the other stone. A lady was standing on it, and the guide waited a moment for her to leave. The Texan, who was getting uneasy, looked round, and, not seeing the guide, set to thinking. Just then he saw a young girl look at him and smile, and later two boys did the same. A great light suddenly broke upon him. Instantly he left the stone, and as he disappeared from the hall and started for the big door he muttered in the hearing of a policeman:

"I may be from Texas and some green about city ways, but I reckon I'm a leetle too wise to be caught holding the snipebag again."

And then he and the guide's fat fee vanished together.—Washington Star.

Forgetful.

"It is amusing to see how forgetful some people are," said a street car conductor the other day. "I have often seen people hunt for their glasses when they were on their heads, and of course a man invariably has to look at his watch again when you ask him what time it is just after he has put the timepiece in his pocket. But one of the funniest things happened just before you got on. Maybe you noticed that women get off back there at Seventeenth street. Well, she boarded the car just a few seconds before at the middle of the block. When she sat down, I saw her going through the handbag she carried, while in her hand she held a pocketbook. Before I could go in to ring up her fare she motioned me to stop the car. As she reached the step she said, 'I forgot my pocketbook and will have to go back after it.' Before I knew it she was off toward the pavement. I watched her, and before she had gone 20 feet she stopped and began laughing. Of course she found her pocketbook.

"Yonder she stands now, waiting for the next car."—Washington News

Napoleon's Symbol of the Bees.

The notion has always very generally prevailed that the queen of the bees is an absolute ruler and issues her royal orders to willing subjects. Hence Napoleon I sprinkled the symbolic bees over the imperial mantle that bore the arms of his dynasty, and in the country of the pharaohs the bee was used as the emblem of a people sweetly submissive to the orders of the king. But the fact is, a swarm of bees is an absolute democracy, and kings and despots can find no warrant in their example. The power and authority are entirely vested in the great mass, the workers. They furnish all the brains and foresight of the colony and administer its affairs. Their word is law, and both king and queen must obey. They regulate the swarming and give the signal for the swarm to issue from the hive. They select and make ready the tree in the woods and conduct the queen to it.—John Burroughs.

The Festum Sancti Petri ad Vincula, held on Aug. 1, was the continuance of a Roman festival in honor of the victory won by Octavius over Antony at the battle of Actium. Its observations was continued, but its object change by order of Theodosius.

Cayeay, a West India island, is inhabited exclusively by turtles, some of which grow to an enormous size. Attempts to establish human habitations on the island have always failed.

Over 400 diamonds are known to have been recovered from the ruins of Babylon. Many are uncut, but most are polished on one or two sides only.

It is recorded that Elizabeth bought a "catte of Malta" for $5.25 from a sailor, and at the same time a "monkey" for $1.50

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

THE OAKLAND HARNESS CO.

carry the best stock of heavy, hand made harness and horse furnishing goods to be found in the country.

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TRUMAN WEST, Manager.

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A MODERN, HIGH GRADE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.

Reopens Sept. 25, 1895. (D. V.) A department for boys and young men embracing thorough preparatory work for college, business or scientific school will be inaugurated under the charge of Maj. C. A. Ballon, of the Virginia Military Institute. Stenography, type-writing, book-keeping, besides full courses in English and Latin, etc. Send for catalogue to E. B. SWAN, Principal and Proprietress.

18 1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md

NOTICE.

This is to give notice to the public that my wife, Ida S. Kerling, has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation and that I will not be responsible for any debts that she may contract.

CHRISTIAN KERLING.

Oakland, Md., Oct. 22, 1895. 33 3t.*

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of attachment, issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, and to me directed, at the suit of George W. Henry against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of the A. Michael Henry Company, I have seized and taken into execution all the right, title and interest, both at law and in equity, of the said A. Michael Henry Company, in and to the following property, to-wit:

One steam boiler with stock and fittings complete, one steam engine and fittings, (fifteen horse power), one champion stave saw and frame complete, one stave saw jointer, one steam force pump, one hand force pump, one large belt fifty feet long, one small belt, one three foot iron pulley, two wheel barrows, three pipe tongs, one wrench, one sledge, one engine block, one pipe cutter, one block and tackle, one truck car, one lister and saw, one stock and die, and all the standing and fallen timber on the land they were not bought of Isaac Frazee.

And I hereby give notice, that on Saturday, the 16th day of November, at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m., at the mouth of Buffalo on the O. & C. R. R., below Selbysport, I will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, the property so seized and taken in execution, to satisfy said claim and costs.

33 CHARLES WEGMAN, Sheriff.

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PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

Jos. E. Harned, Proprietor.

31—26

$25.00 REWARD

Will be paid for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any persons who tear planks from fences or depredate in any way on my premises at Deer Park.

32—8t JOHN W. WILLIAMS.

Estate of John W. McRobie, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

JOHN W. McROBIE,

late of Garrett County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 27th day of April next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 17th day of October, 1895.

HATTIE McROBIE,
S. A. McROBIE,
Administrators.

McHenry, Md. 33

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that I have sold my stock of goods to Mr. John Englehart at Accident, and that I desire to have my books closed at an early day. All parties owing me will therefore please call and settle before December 1st, otherwise I will place the accounts in the hands of an officer for collection.

31 3t* C. C. SPEICHER.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, Md., Oct. 28, 1895.

There will be a meeting of the County Commissioners of Garrett county held at their office in Oakland on

Tuesday, November 12, 1895,

For the purpose of transacting any business that may be brought before them.

By order of the board,

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

GREAT VALUE FOR LITTLE MONEY. WEEKLY NEWS OF THE WORLD FOR A TRIFLE.

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a twenty-page journal, is the leading Republican family paper of the United States. It is a **National Family Paper** and gives all the general news of the United States. It gives the events of foreign lands in a nutshell. Its Agricultural department has no superior in the country. Its Market Reports are recognized authority. Separate departments for "The Family Circle," "Our Young Folks," and "Science and Mechanics." Its "Home and Society" columns command the admiration of wives and daughters. Its general political news, editorials and discussions are comprehensive, brilliant and exhaustive.

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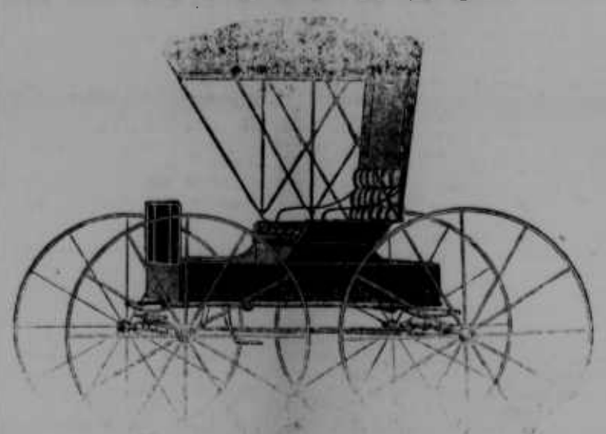

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Dr. A. S. Tobin's Anti-Bilious Pills

[illegible] stomach, loss of appetite, [illegible] and general [illegible] they cure all [illegible] stomach and bowels.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

[illegible] a balm over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, controls the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no narcotic drugs and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle or your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good 25 cents a bottle

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

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84 inches high. Top can be adjusted to any angle or height Revolving Case 15 x 15 x 12 inside. Holds about 30 vols Law size. Strong well finished Metal Base and Sides With Solid Oak Shelves and Top.—100,000 now used. Sent knocked down (30 lbs). On approval. Address: Marsh M'f'g Co. CHICAGO.

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REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A 11 1y SPECIALTY.

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments, Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe

WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS.

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

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WE LOAN MONEY

On Real Estate, City Town and Village property, to buy, build and improve your houses, and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS OVER $2,000,000.00.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. RINKER,
WILSON, Grant Co., W. VA.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President.
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S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.

Prompt attention to collections. 112

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING. Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.

Drs. McLane & Berkeley,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
FROSTBURG, MD.

Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.

See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.

Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8:30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.

Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties, Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent.
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.

Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.

50-15t.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 40 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

--WANTED--

WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER

Also White Oak Timber Land.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.

Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
29tf 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

The Wesleyan Female Institute,

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.

For girls and young women. Established 1842. Full corps of experienced teachers. Location healthy, central and accessible. For catalogues and particulars apply to

REV. HENRY P. HAMILL,
President.

13-15t

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1895. NUMBER 37.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

Send your job work to THE REPUBLICAN office.

Mr. Fred. Fowler, of Baltimore, spent Tuesday in Oakland.

The first snow storm of the winter struck Oakland yesterday.

John Shartzer was at Bayard, West Va., Monday on business.

C. W. Hopkins, of the Park, left Saturday morning for a visit to Cincinnati, Ohio.

Miss Lulu Murphy, of Keyser, W. Va., is visiting her aunt, Mrs. W. M. Coddington.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Master Stanley Boyer, who has had a hard siege of typhoid fever, is slowly convalescing.

Samuel C. Hoye, Esq., of Deer Park, who will shortly be an ex, was in the city Tuesday.

Mr. R. G. Richardson, of Keyser, was in the city a short time on Tuesday selling furniture.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

A pair of twins, a boy and a girl, were born to Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Orcutt on Monday morning.

Mr. John Paugh, of Deer Park, was here on Tuesday morning and paid his respects to this office.

Mr. E. L. West, the genial and obliging host of the Glades, went to Cumberland Tuesday morning.

Miss Nell Sturgiss went to Washington on last Thursday morning to spend a few weeks with relatives.

The National Archery Club has decided to hold its annual meeting at Mountain Lake Park next summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Loar, of Reedsville, W. Va., are visiting friends and relatives in town this week.

Miss. Annie Townshend has gone to Baltimore to remain several weeks as the guest of relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Scott and little daughter, of Pittsburgh, Pa., are here visiting Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Scott.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry W. McComas returned from Baltimore and Washington Monday morning of this week.

Mr. James M. Litzinger, of the *Democrat*, is on a pleasant trip to the Cotton States Exhibition at Atlanta, Georgia.

The Misses Weber entertained a large number of their friends at their home near Oakland last Thursday night.

Miss Martha Hinebaugh, who is teaching the Swan Meadow school this year, spent Sunday in Oakland with her parents.

The Garrett County Horticultural Company is raising a fine quality of mushrooms, and expect to do a good shipping business.

M. M. Schrock is getting out a car load of Christmas trees for the Pittsburg market. He will ship from Friendsville.

Mrs. Robert Felty is on a visit to the home of her parents in Buckhannon, West Va., where she will remain several weeks.

The masonry work on the new city hall is being pushed rapidly toward completion by Mr. Lloyd Chambers and his assistants.

Mrs. Markland, *nee* Read, gave a dinner party to a few of her friends at her beautiful home, "Crook's Crest," Thursday evening last.

With the exception of Oakland the Mountain Lake Park postoffice handles more mail matter than any other office in Garrett cotnty.

A thief entered the barn of Mr. William Groves on the South side of town Monday night and stole two saddles and two riding bridles.

Say, why don't you try DeWitt's Little Early Risers? These little pills cure headache, indigestion and constipation. They're small but do the work. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Chas. J. Newman went to Morgantown Tuesday morning on his wheel where he will remain a few days visiting friends and relatives.

Mrs. Ella Sheridan and son James, of Oakland, spent Sunday and Monday last in Terra Alta guests of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Bolden.—Oracle.

Mr. John Connell, sr., is lying seriously ill at him home in Hutton and it is feared that a surgical operation will have to be performed to save his life.

The past week we have had some rain. Not enough to help the farmers, who are in many places compelled to drive their stock some distance for water.

A. D. Naylor has a fine line of sample sleighs on hand both swell body and Portland. All orders received before Dec. 10th will give special in prices. 38-3t.

Rev. W. Taylor Sines returned from a protracted trip through West Virginia on Monday last. He has been through the lower counties of that state holding meetings.

The healing properties of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve are well known. It cures eczema, skin affections and is simply a perfect remedy for piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

It is with deep regret that we chronicle the very serious illness of Mr. Ed Sharps, who is confined to his bed at Philippi, West Va., with the third attack of typhoid fever within less than two years.

Miss Carrie Ewald, of Mt. Savage Md., who was here several days last and this week visiting the family of Hon. R. T. Browning, departed for her home yesterday morning.

It is a truth in medicine that the smallest dose that performs a cure is the best. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the smallest pills, will perform a cure, and are the best. Oakland Pharmacy.

Rev. B. W. Hutchinson, president of the West Virginia Conference Seminary, of Buckhannon, preached two excellent sermons in St. Paul's M. E. church Sunday morning and evening.

Nothing so distressing as a hacking cough. Nothing so foolish as to suffer from it. Nothing so dangerous if allowed to continue. One minute Cough Cure gives immediate relief. Oakland Pharmacy.

John Poffenberger, who has been in Ohio for two years, returned to his home near Middletown, Frederick county, on Friday evening last, and fell dead at his mother's feet as he reached the house.

Mr. Adolph Weber, who has been in the employ of Messrs. H. Weber & Son for a number of years departed for his home in Switzerland on last Monday night where he will remain for some time.

Messrs. John T. and H. C. Sincall went to Meyersdale, Pa., on last Tuesday morning where they will open a large stock of clothing, notions, shoes, carpets, etc., and will dispose of them at auction.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

There are many good reasons why you should use One Minute Cough Cure. There are no reasons why you should not, if in need of help. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. George Geissman, of Eglon, on last Thursday purchased the Smithman hotel property in Oakland and will take charge of it in a few weeks. He will continue to conduct it as a hotel and boarding house.

Mr. Isaac Leighton, jr., and family, and Mrs. J. E. David, who have been on a visit to their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Leighton, near Oakland for some weeks, returned to their western homes a few days ago.

Acts at once, never fails, One Minute Cough Cure. A remedy for asthma, and that feverish condition which accompanies a severe cold. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results. Oakland Pharmacy.

There are now enrolled as scholars in the Oakland public schools two hundred and fifty children. The scholars are making excellent progress under the principalship of Prof. D. Smith assisted by an efficient corpse of teachers.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of the Mountain Home Company of lots for sale at Loch Lynn Heights. The choise of lots is offered at one hundred dollars on time, or six per cent. off for cash.

The festival and oyster supper held by the ladies of St. Mark's church on last Friday and Saturday nights, was a great financial success and they desire to return thanks to those who so kindly lent their aid in making in a success.

A. G. Bartley, of Magic, Pa., writes: I feel it a duty of mine to inform you and the public that DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured me of a very bad case of eczema. It also cured my boy of a running sore on his leg. Oakland Pharmacy.

Messrs. F. A. Thayer, J. C. Peddicord and Edward H. Sincell went to Cumberland Tuesday morning to be in attendance at the trial of R. D. Johnson, jr., charged with the murder of Grant Zufall, which occurred on last Christmas.

It's just as easy to try One Minute Cough Cure as anything else. It's easier to cure a severe cough or cold with it. Let your next purchase for a cough be One Minute Cough Cure. Better medicine; better results; better try it. Oakland Pharmacy.

Dr. W. Davidson, superintendent of the Mountain Chautauqua, has been elected superintendent of a new Chautauqua near Kansas City, Mo. The doctor has now the management of six Chautauquas. The doctor says that our Mountain Lake Park Chautauqua is the best in the country.

Grandest Free Exhibition of the largest and finest Christmas Show ever brought to Oakland, of China, Japanese Goods, Novelties, Books, Silverware, etc., at D. E. Offutt & Son's, next week.

The merchants of Oakland are making great preparations for a good Christmas trade. If they would invest a portion of their profits in printer's ink we are willing to guarantee that they would sell twice as many goods and at a better profit than if they did not patronize the printer.

For a pain in the side or chest there is nothing so good as a piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound over the seat of pain. It affords prompt and permanent relief and if used in time will often prevent a cold from resulting in pneumodio. This same treatment is a sure cure for lame back. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Thomas Hughes, of Crellin, was struck by a freight train at Altamont on last Sunday night and knocked senseless. After his recovery he walked to his home at the above place. The only injury he received was a very badly scratched face caused by coming in contact with the gravel and sand along the track.

Mr. Samuel Lawton went to Keyser, West Va., Tuesday morning to install a new steam heating apparatus in the residence of Mr. W. A. Liller at that city. He was accompanied by Messrs. John Compton and Ernest Townshend, who will assist him in the work. The degree of satisfactiou which Mr. Lawton's work gives always secures for him another contract.

Henry Wilson, the postmaster at Welshton, Florida, says, he cured a case of diarrhoea of long standiug in six hours, with one small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. What a pleasant surprise that must have been to the sufferer. Such cures are not unusual with this remedy. In many instances only one or two doses are required to give permanent relief. It can always be depended upon. When reduced with water it is pleasant to take. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Since the election has become a thing of the past and it has brought victory to our side we desire our correspondents throughout the county to again resume sending their local letters. To those who have been our correspondents in the past we return thanks and hope that they may again become our assistant editors. We also desire to have correspondents in sections of the county not heretofore represented in our columns.

Mrs. Dennis Glover, of Huttons, Md., who has been here for some time past, at her sisters Mrs. Parley DeBerry's undergoing treatment for an ulcerated foot, returned to her home Monday evening of this week. The diseased member is a great deal better, and we trust that ere long Mrs. Glover will enjoy the best of health.—Oracle.

On the morning of the 14th Sylvester Markley, of Crellin, accidentally shot himself while out hunting. His body was found near the Baltimore and Ohio railroad track, about two miles west of Oakland. It appears that the deceased was subject to fits, and it is supposed had one at the time the accident occurred. He was a married man.

W. A. McGuire, a well known citizen of McKay, Ohio, is of the opinion that there is nothing so good for children troubled with colds or croup as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He has used it in his family for several years with the best results and always keeps a bottle of it in the house. After having la grippe he was himself troubled with a severe cough. He used other remedies without benefit and then concluded to try the children's medicine and to his great delight it soon effected a permanent cure. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Rev. Dr. Keen, one of the leading evangelists of the Methodist Episcopal church died at his home, Delaware, O., on the 11th instant, after a short illness. Dr. Keen was one of the prominent preachers who took part in the pentecostal meetings held each July at Mountain Lake Park. The doctor was a strong preacher, an earnest exhorter, and a pleasant gentleman. His death will be felt by the whole country.

Croup is a terror to young mothers. To post them concerning the first symptoms, and treatment is the object of this item. The first indication of croup is hoarseness, In a child who is subject to croup it may be taken as a sure sign of the approach of an attack. Following this hoarseness it is a peculiar, rough cough. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse or even after the rough cough has appeared it will prevent the attack. It has never been known to fail. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

TWO KILLED.

A HORRIBLE ACCIDENT NEAR OAKLAND BY WHICH

TWO COUSINS LOSE THEIR LIVES.

Tons of Earth and Rock Fall Upon Henry and Charles Shaffer at a Lime Stone Quarry, Burying One and Fatally Injuring the Other.

On Tuesday about eleven o'clock two farmers living about five miles from Oakland, named Charles and Henry Shaffer, were engaged in quarrying lime stone at the quarry belonging to Mr. D. E. Offutt on the Youghiogheny river, when without a moment's notice tons of earth and rock came down upon them and killed both almost instantly.

From a reliable source of how the accident occurred we gleaned the following: It seems that the two men were engaged in getting out lime stone at the above quarry. Charles Shaffer was holding the drill and Henry Shaffer, his cousin, was sledging Charles was sitting with his back to the cliff of stone which rose to a considerable distance above him and which projected several feet at the top. Henry's position was directly in front of him, when all at once the projection gave way and came down, burying Charles completely. A large rock struck Henry and knocked him a considerable distance away but not far enough for him to be out of reach of the rock which rolled upon him and crushed him internally.

As soon as the accident occurred a man was dispatched to Oakland for medical aid, Drs. H. W. McComas and M. C. Hinebaugh responding, but nothing could be done to relieve the sufferings of Henry, Charles being dead when he was taken from beneath the fall of rock.

Both men were members of St. Peter's Catholic church of Oakland and will be buried Friday.

Henry Shaffer leaves a wife and four children. Charles leaves a wife and one child, he having been married less than two years, his wife being a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. Wolf of Oakland.

The city authorities received word on Monday that the iron for the new bridge spanning the Little Youghiogheny at the site of the old Helbig bridge was shipped from Pittsburgh, Pa., that day and should reach Oakland this week. The contract for the bridge was let to the Penn Bridge Co. more than three months ago and was to have been finished within thirty days after the contract was made. The bridge is one hundred and five feet long and sixteen feet wide on the roadway.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper under the caption "We Loan Money." The Mutual Guarantee Building and Loan Association which he is representing is one of the strongest new financial institutions in the country and the largest new Building and Loan Association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management is developing it very fast. Its assets have already reached over $2,000,000, which proves it to be positively reliable in every respect. The men that carry it on are responsible and well known gentlemen. This is a good association for the investor as well as for borrower. It has a life insurance policy connected with it which beats anything in any other association. It is good for both young and old and especially for the young man, as this policy matures in 7 years, the others in 8 years. So anyone wishing to make and save money rapidly will do well to invest in this association. Those desiring to borrow or invest will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars.

Another Gold Medal.

Ever since Messrs. H. Weber & Sons have been exhibiting their flowers, either at flower shows in the cities or at National shows, they have succeeded in carrying off the gold medal every time. Their latest victory over competitors was at the Cotton States Exhibition at Atlanta, Georgia, last week when they were awarded a gold medal on their chrysanthemums, Mr. H. Weber, sr., having the exhibit in charge.

Bayard's Luck.

The Bayard Coal and Coke company has developed a fine six foot vein of coal at that place, which is beyond question equal to any coal in this section of the State. We examined two or three samples of this coal, and were greatly surprised when we were shown blocks two and a half feet square, of as fine big vein coal as we ever saw. It is pronounced by experts to be almost ready to be put in operation, and the new mine will be worked in earnest. Already the town is being supplied from this source.—Elkins Inter-Mountain.

Ladies' Wraps.

We have a large stock of ladies' capes and jackets, and the styles are the very latest, and we offer them at very low prices.

M. L. SCOTT,
Baltimore Store.

Last Auction for the Season.

Will sell all the goods regardless of cost, as I expect to move into my store room the first of the month and want to open with all new goods. I have a big lot of men's and boy's ready made clothing, also quite an assortment of ladies' wraps and ladies' dress goods. The auction will begin Wednesdry, November 27, at one o'clock p. m. and continue at least two days and perhaps all week.

TERMS OF SALE:—Four months with approved security and interest from date.

JOHN SHARTZER.

Excursion Rates to Atlanta.

On account of the Atlanta Exposition, the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell excursion tickets at greatly reduced rates. Season tickets will be sold every day until December 15th, good returning until January 7th, 1896. Twenty-day tickets will be sold every day until December 15th, good returning for twenty days from date of sale. We give below the rates for the season and twenty-day tickets from stations in this vicinity.

	SEASON.	20-DAY.
Deer Park	$31 90	$23 10
Mountain Lake Park	31 90	23 40
Oakland	31 90	23 40
Grafton	31 90	23 40

Correspondingly low rates from other stations. 20-4t.

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are warned against trespassing upon my land, lying near Kearney, for any purpose whatever, gunning especially. All persons caught trespassing will be prosecuted. W. E. HARVEY.

Rev. Irl Hicks, in November *World and Works*, comments interestingly as to "What of the Winter." As he is somewhat of an authority, we summarize his views as follows: We may expect much very severe weather during the coming winter, due, principally, to the Mars and Venus perturbations in January. "Fearful revulsions to great cold," will be experienced as a consequence. This general character of weather will give us some severe winter periods this side of January. Much adverse wind and weather will prevail through the winter. Rev. Hicks predicts severe weather in November. The opening week in the month we should expect general storminess, with rains and snow. Period of storminess will advance from the west the latter part of the second week followed by a general cold wave. Mercury will be responsible for the procession of active storms from the 23d to 27th, causing rain and snow in many parts. Another cold wave will follow. All in all we may expect dashes of polar weather during November. At any rate, everybody will rejoice in typical seasonable weather during the opening winter month.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

A CLEAR CASE.

Frank Vanbrugh held a good appointment on the staff of the Daily Argus, and always had more literary work on hand than he knew how to get through; he might, therefore, be considered a "rising" man. He had written a little book of essays, and the critics had told him that he had a style—which is perhaps the highest praise that critics deal in nowadays. On the other hand, his one-volume novel had been pronounced crude, morbid and over-ambitious, and had gone through three editions; whence it may easily be seen that he was on the road to popular success. He had begun to know this, chiefly by the kind of circulars that now reached him in half-penny wrappers. They used always to be advertisements of patent fuel, new stoves, or outfitters' warehouses; they now prove to contain notices of press-cutting firms, and book-sellers' catalogues—a significant change. "Is this fame?" he once asked himself, when he was requested to send his photograph and a sketch of his early life to an American newspaper. On second thoughts, he concluded that, although it could not be called fame, it might mean success, and he went on his way rejoicing.

But even a moderate success like his has its drawbacks, as he discovered, to his cost.

Like most journalists, he was not a very early riser, and it was with a feeling of distinct irritation that he heard one morning while he was still in his bath the announcement of a visitor.

"Coming," he roared through the door to the adjacent sitting-room, and proceeded to dress himself in a leisurely manner, wondering meanwhile whether this early caller were a printer's devil or a dun.

He looked a personable young fellow as he came out of his room; of middle height, muscular, brisk, erect, with a keen hawk's eye, dark hair that curled wherever it was long enough to get a chance, a quick, bright manner, and a smile that was very attractive. His air of health and joyousness made him a curious contrast to the stranger whom he found in his sitting-room; a man who might be any age between 30 and 50, sallow, worn, indescribably fatigued-looking, with a long, fair mustache, a down-trodden look, and decidedly shabby clothes of somewhat foreign cut.

He made a profound bow when Vanbrugh entered, and stood clasping his picturesque felt hat to his side in an attitude of humble expectancy, while his host, glancing at him carelessly, asked him to be seated, and himself took his usual place near his desk.

"I am ashamed to intrude upon you," said the man, speaking in a low, fluent voice not unpleasant to the ear, "but the fact was that Messrs. Malling recommended me to call upon you—"

"Eh?" said Vanbrugh. He suddenly remembered an account that he had lately seen in the papers of a man who visited authors with false testimonials and messages from publishers; and he wondered if this were the man. Certainly Messrs. Malling & Son were his publishers. "Have you a letter from Mr. Malling to me?" he asked, rather sharply.

The stranger lifted his hand deprecatingly. "Not from Mr. Malling," he said, in a gentle voice, "but I have a letter to show you. Mr. Malling said that I ought to show it to you. He was very kind, but, of course, he could not find me work to do. It is work that I am in search of, sir; and unless I find it I dare not think of what will happen to my wife and children."

The paper in his hand, bore an engraved crest and address with which he was well acquainted. He turned to the last page to see the signature. It was one which he knew well, and the letter, addressed to Malling, the publisher, gave a glowing account of the bearer's abilities and past achievements.

"Your name, then," said Vanbrugh, keeping his eye on the letter, "is Charles Simmonds?"

"Yes—yes—at your service; if there is anything I can possibly do for you, I have had nothing to do for the past three months, owing to an illness from which I have only just recovered. If you had any copying—"

"But I don't want anything copied," said Vanbrugh, in a rather perplexed tone. "I do all my work myself. And—I don't know, but perhaps—if you called at the Daily Argus office to-morrow, about four or five, I might have heard of something—"

He was almost abashed by the man's eager gratitude. "You give me new hope," he cried, starting up as if he could no longer endure to remain seated. Then his face fell; the fire died out of his blue eyes; his hands fell helplessly to his sides.

"My poor wife—my children," he muttered. "Must I go home empty-handed once again? Sir, if of your goodness you could lend me a poor half crown I will faithfully—"

"Oh good Lord!" said Vanbrugh, shocked more at the smallness of the request than by anything else, and touched also, he scarcely knew why; "here's a trifle—If you can make any use of it—you needn't mention it again—it is nothing—"

But they were two sovereigns that found their way into the visitor's long, lean hand.

"I suppose it's a genuine case," said Vanbrugh to himself, rather ruefully, when the impecunious literary man had taken his departure and the donor of the sovereigns had had time to reflect upon his gift and the very effusive burst of gratitude that had followed it. "It sounded real enough. And that letter from James Desmond—that was certainly in his own hand. However, when I've time I'll go round to Malling's and see what they know about him."

He had light on the subject before he went to Messrs. Malling. He turned into his club that afternoon and met Desmond, a writer of some repute, upon the steps.

"Oh," said Vanbrugh, after greeting him, "what about that man Simmonds you sent to Malling—"

"Simmonds, my dear boy? Capital fellow, very clever, died a year and a half ago."

"Eh?"

"Oh I see," said Desmond, falling into a roar of laughter. "I've heard something of this kind before. There's a man going around begging under that name, isn't there? And you've been hit? How much did he get out of you? Motley gave him five pounds."

"I didn't lose so badly as that," said Vanbrugh, trying to laugh too, "but he had me, I must confess. Then he didn't come from Malling?"

"Bless your innocence, no. He's a swindler, my boy, a downright swindler."

"And a very clever one. I wish I could get hold of him again!" said Vanbrugh, grudgingly. "A clear case of the worst kind of theft."

He had his wish rather sooner than he anticipated.

A few weeks later in the season he was taking a short cut to the Strand through some of the narrower and less-frequented streets near Drury Lane, when his attention was caught by a figure on the pavement which seemed vaguely familiar. Where had he seen before that shabby, jaunty figure, with the soft felt hat, the indescribable air of poverty-stricken picturesqueness? Vanbrugh had an eye for likenesses; in another minute he held the man by the arm. It was the swindler, indeed—the so-called Charles Simmonds himself.

But the man was more agile than Vanbrugh thought. He turned a white, terror-stricken glance on his captor, then wrenched himself free and dived down a narrow lane on his right hand. Heedless of consequences, Vanbrugh plunged in pursuit through the crowd, but the man was evidently well acquainted with the mazes of the streets, and was speedily lost to view. Vanbrugh, perceiving his pursuit to be useless, stopped short, and found himself in a narrow alley, which his instinct told him was "dangerous." The sinister folk who lounge about it belonged unmistakably to the criminal classes. As he had no mind to be despoiled of his watch or his purse, he shrugged his shoulders and prepared to depart; but at that moment his eye was caught by a face which peered at him from an upper window and retreated—the very face, with its long, fair mustache, of the man of whom he was in search. Vanbrugh, as will be evident to every reader of these pages, was not a prudent man. In at the open door of the house, and up the common stairs he dashed, quite heedless of the probability that he was rushing headlong into a den of thieves. He had as quick an eye for locality as for likenesses, and knew at once the exact position of the room at the window of which he had seen the pseudo Simmonds. He went straight to the door, threw it open, and walked in.

He looked around and stood aghast. No man was in the room at all. It was tenanted only by a tall girl in black, who sat at a table on which stood a sewing machine.

As soon as Vanbrugh looked at her and met her eyes he felt vaguely startled and taken aback. Why, this girl—in spite of her shabby clothes, her sewing machine, her poor surroundings—this girl was a lady. Her pale face was exquisitely refined. Her hair shone like spun gild above her common gown. Her eyes were so proud, so sad, so calm, that Vanbrugh's gaze fell beneath them.

"Do you want anything?" she said—and her voice was the voice of a lady, too.

"I beg your pardon," said Vanbrugh, removing his hat. "I thought I had tracked a man to this room—a swindler, a thief, whom I have long been in search of—but I was mistaken, perhaps—"

"There is no thief here," said the girl, briefly, and began to work her machine as if to put an end to the colloquy. But her face had crimsoned and then turned white.

Vanbrugh made one step to her side, and put his hand on her wrist.

"You know where he is," he said, sternly. "He has passed through this room. Ah, there is a door—"

He dropped her wrist, and would have stridden to the little wooden door which he had not at first observed, had not the girl, casting aside her mask of calm and quiet, thrown herself upon him and barred the way.

"Oh, stop, stop—if you have any mercy," she cried, "don't follow him—don't go that way. I know what you have come for—but it is not altogether his fault—oh, won't you listen? won't you be merciful?"

Vanbrugh's position suddenly struck himself as humiliating and ridiculous. He had wanted to catch the swindler, certainly, and had rather thought of giving him a thrashing instead of handing him over to the police; but it was absurd to be implored in this manner, as if he were a monster of cruelty. Of course the girl was the man's accomplice—but she was a very pretty girl!

"Merciful!" he said. "You seem to know all about it. This man who calls himself Simmonds—what is his real name, by the way?"

She looked at him mutely, and he understood that he would get no answer to that question.

"What is your own name? Can you tell me that?" he asked, with more roughness of manner than he quite meant to show.

"My name is Dora Simmonds," she answered, and he could see that she was trembling.

"The wife of the man that I am looking for, I suppose?"

"No," she answered, while the red blood surged to her brow and made her for a moment a living image of shame, "his daughter."

Vanbrugh's face seemed to have caught a tinge of color from hers. He felt the shame of her heart as if it had been his own. "Forgive me," he said, at last, in his impulsive way. "I—I did not understand. I will go."

He had scarcely reached the door before she stopped him. "If you will tell me," she said, "what my father took—from you, I'll pay it back—indeed I will. If I work my fingers to the bone I'll pay it back—and then you will perhaps—not wish so much—to—punish—him—"

"I don't wish anything. It was only a trifle—a mere nothing. Don't think of it again."

"But I must think of it," she cried, clasping her hands together. "I must think of it—I cannot bear my life unless I try to undo the harm that he has done."

Vanbrugh's heart swelled with pity. But even as he tried to think of words with which to console her, she covered her eyes with one hand to conceal her tears, and shut the door suddenly in his face.

"I wonder—have I been taken in again?" said the journalist, as he descended the rotten stairs.

A few days afterward he found in his letter-box a little packet inscribed with his name. It proved to contain ten shillings, and a business-like indorsement: "First installment. Dora Simmonds." A week later a similar packet was left in his box, and then Vanbrugh vowed within himself that he would find out more about that girl, whose wan yet lovely face had begun to haunt him in his dreams, or die in the attempt.

He sought out the street in which she had been living, but she and her father were gone. He made inquiries in vain.

At last, by pure accident, he came upon her as she was descending the stairs that led to her rooms. It was twilight, and he caught her by the arm.

"I have found you!" he said. "You have been putting that money into my box again."

He spoke almost angrily, and the color came into her pallid face—more pallid, more worn by suffering than when he had seen her last.

"If I did," she answered, "it was the right thing to do."

"Did your father—tell you?"

"Yes."

"But he—did he—"

"I earned the money," said the girl, with a resentful flush of her eyes, "earned it honestly, by needlework, if you wish to know. My father was glad for me to pay it back. He—he had been very much tempted—and I am sure he will not do anything like it again."

Vanbrugh thought of Motley's five pounds and felt doubtful. "How did he come by that letter?" he asked. "Is his name Charles Simmonds or not?"

"Charles Simmonds was my uncle. The letter was written about him, and my father—he has made use of it—twice, I believe," she answered, her voice sinking into low accents of grief and shame. "It was all for my sake—he could not bear to see me working hard—and now he is overwhelmed by grief and contrition—"

Vanbrugh reflected that so good an actor as her father could no doubt make her believe what he chose. There was a colder tone in his voice as he said:

"Bring that letter to me so that he cannot be tempted again, and take back your money, Miss Simmonds."

"You do not believe me! You do not believe him!" she cried, vehemently. "But I will bring you the letter. He would starve rather than use it again."

She flung away into the darkness, and Vanbrugh felt ashamed. By one of the next day's posts the letter from James Desmond was returned to him, but without a word from Dora or her father. Yet Vanbrugh managed to intercept her when she brought the last installment of the money, though how he managed to do it no one ever knew.

He began abruptly: "I feel degraded by taking this money from you. I would sooner—far sooner—that all I had was yours. Miss Simmonds, will you marry me?"

"Do you mean to insult me, Mr. Vanbrugh?"

"I love you with all my heart, Dora."

"It is impossible. You don't know anything about me."

"I know that you are the noblest girl in the world. But I do not love you for that; I love you because I can't help it. I have loved you, I believe, ever since I saw you first. Can't you care for me, too—a little?"

He tried to take her hand. Dora drew herself away. "I shall never marry," she said. "My father— He was not like it once," she broke off to say tremblingly, "but he gambles—and you know what that means."

Yes, he knew, but he knew also that Dora loved him, and he was content.

Nevertheless he might never have called her his wife, had not her father's career been cut short. He fell under the hoofs of the omnibus horses one slippery winter's day, and was carried to the hospital only to linger a few hours. Vanbrugh joined Dora at his side, and hand in hand they watched and waited during the last moments of the gambler's wasted life.

In spite of Dora's representations, it must be confessed that Vanbrugh had always looked on her account of her father's penitence as a pious daughterly fiction. And so he might always have thought had not the dying man opened his eyes at the last moment, looked him in the face, and raised himself up by one supreme last effort to say a word in Vanbrugh's ear.

"Forgive!" he said, and sank back on his pillow, dead.

It was always Frank Vanbrugh's opinion afterward that his wife's pitying estimate of her father's character had been truer than his own.—Woman at Home.

JIM FAIR'S PRESENCE OF MIND.

Remarkable Story Told by the Son of the California Millionaire.

Charles Fair, the only male heir to the late James G. Fair, sat in the billiard room of the Palace hotel talking to some pioneer friends of his father.

"Do you know, Charley, that a book of reminiscences of your father would sell like hot cakes? You ought to put the data in the hands of some publisher and let him issue the volume. What do you think about it?"

The son smiled and looked up at the talker, as he replied:

"Why don't you do it?"

"Me do it!" exclaimed the man with the publishing ideas. "I didn't know him."

"Neither did I," answered Charles. "Nobody knew him. I don't think a man ever lived who enjoyed his confidence. I can assure you that he was the same strange man to me that he was to others, and his iron rule to keep his own counsel was never broken.

"Whenever he did fall into a confidential and chatty mood it was to jest about something or to theorize. I recall a story he once told Alfred E. Davis, his old partner. The story I have in mind was woven into a serious conversation, and he never cracked a smile over it. Before proceeding, however, I must tell you that in the Comstock mines a ladder goes down the side of each shaft, and every twelfth rung is iron, so as to give the whole additional strength. Well, father said to him:

"'Davis, do you know I was almost killed once in the Crown Point mine?'

"'How was that, Jim?'

"'This way. I was looking down the shaft to see if everything was all right and lost my balance. Being unable to recover myself, I toppled over and fell—yes, Davis, fell. I must have gone about a hundred feet when it suddenly struck me that if I didn't begin doing something pretty quick I would go clear through to Hades. So I reached out and grabbed a rung of the ladder. It broke and I grabbed the next. That broke, too, but I reached for the third, which also gave way, and the next, and the next, and so on, but it broke my fall, and in about five minutes I reached the bottom, a little jarred up, but perfectly sound.'

"Davis looked at him out of the corners of his eyes a few seconds and said:

"'What did you do, Jim, when you came to the twelfth rung? Did you grasp at that, too?'

"'Why, I missed it. Do you think I wanted to smash everything that was in the mine?'"

When Charles finished his story he was laughing more heartily than anyone else in the crowd, and could not be prevailed upon to recall anything more that had come from the lips of his famous financial father.—San Francisco Call.

NO FRIEND TO THE RACE.

Some of the Colonel's Characteristics Considered Objectionable.

I was riding out from Memphis to Col. Jackson's plantation when I met an old darky on the highway, who was hobbling along with painful effort. As I wasn't quite sure about my road I asked him if he knew the colonel's place.

"Kurnel Jackson's plantashun?" he repeated. "Yes, sah, I knows dat place right well. Yo' keep right on to de next co'ner an' den turn to de right an' go a mile."

"Do you know the colonel?" I asked.

"Kurnel Jackson? Yes, sah. I knows the kurnel like a book."

"He is said to be a great friend of the colored man."

"Hu! Who says dat?"

"Why, I've heard quite a number of people say so."

"Yo' has, eh? Jist said he was a great friend of de cull'd race, did dey? Well, sah, if Kurnel Jackson am a great friend of de cull'd race den I doan' know it!"

"Perhaps you never wanted anything of him?" I suggested.

"White man!" exclaimed the old man as he lifted up his hands, "do yo' observe dis lameness?"

"Yes, you are very lame."

"An' how did I git dis lameness?"

"I don' know."

"Let me tell yo', sah. Two weeks ago I went down to Kurnel Jackson's plantashun to see my darter, who works for him. I started to cum home 'bout 11 o'clock at night, an' while I was walkin' 'long I war suddenly cotched in a b'ar-trap. I was held in dat trap two hours, an' dat 'counts for my lameness. Dat's de sort of man de kurnel am—puttin' out b'ar-traps to cotch cull'd folks by de legs."

"Was that bear-trap in front of the colonel's meat-house?" I asked.

"Yes, sah—right by de doah," replied the old man.

"Then it was set to protect his meat against thieves, wasn't it?"

"Yes, sah, reckon it was, but was I arter his bacon? No, sah! I war jist gwine to open de doah an' look in an' see how much meat de kurnel had on han' fur de winter?"

"And you explained matters to the colonel when he came out to let you out of the trap?"

"I did, sah. Arter I'd hollered an' hollered an' was mos' dead de kurnel cum down an' sot me free, an' what hurt my feelin's de mos' was what he said to me. Arter I'd 'splained to him all 'bout it he hit me seben times wid his cane an' said dat if he eber cotched me tryin' to nbominate his meat-house agin he'd distinguish me with such impetuosity dat I'd nebber see anoder well day. Dat's de sort o' a man Kurnel Jackson am, sah—dat's de sort of a fren' he am to de cull'd people 'round yere."—Detroit Free Press.

—The first alcoholic perfume was Hungary water, made from rosemary by Elizabeth of Hungary, 1370, she having procured the recipe from a Hungarian hermit. This perfume became popular throughout all Europe in that and the succeeding century.

An Enigmatical Bill of Fare.

For a dinner served on the Dining Cars of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, will be sent to any address on receipt of a two cent postage stamp. Apply to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

THE active part of man consists of powerful instincts, some of which are gentle and continuous; others violent and short; some baser, some nobler, and all necessary.—F. W. Newman.

EIGHTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS is a high price to pay for a story, but that is what the publishers of *The Century Magazine* are said to have paid for the right to print the novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward which is announced in our advertising columns to-day.

A DISTINCTION.—Anxious Versifier—"Do you pay for poetry, sir?" Exasperating Editor—"Yes; but this is verse."—Somerville Journal.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

JIMMY—"Timmy Grogan is talkin' of gittin' him a bicycle." Mickie—"Him? He ain't got de price for de wind wot goes in de tires."—Tit-Bits.

WE think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs.—JENNIE PINCKARD, Springfield, Ills., Oct. 1, 1894.

THERE is an awful lot of enthusiasm wasted on dead-horse projects.

BEECHAM'S PILLS for constipation 10c and 25c. Get the book (free) at your druggist's and go by it. Annual sales 6,000,000 boxes.

A GIRL of very limited means should not dress like a banker's daughter; if she does, she is liable to libel herself.

A FINE place—The police court.

IMPORTANT, if true—A rich friend.

HE (waxing serious)—"Do you believe in the truth of the saying: 'Man proposes; God disposes?'" She (archly)—"It depends upon whom man proposes to."—Brooklyn Life.

A COAT of mail—A postman's uniform.

"YES," said the landlord, pointing to his block of new houses, "they're all full except the one at the end; that's last, but not leased."

PATIENT—"I wish to consult you with regard to my utter loss of memory." Doctor—"Ah—yes—why—er—in cases of this nature I always require my fee in advance."

THE angry man who takes his words back is very apt to use them over again when occasion offers.—Texas Siftings.

HALF BACK—"Scared a dozen people into fits yesterday." Center Rush—"How?" Half Back—"Rode my wheel home dressed in my football suit!"—Chicago Record.

SCHOOL of Recruits.—Sergeant—"Man, how can you write populace with three p's? Cross one out." Recruit—"Which p shall I cross out, Mr. Sergeant?"—Berliner Tageblatt.

"WHEN we do go into politics," said Miss Strongmind, "we shall insist on having an honest election and a fair count." "Wouldn't a fair duke do just as well, sis?" inquired her younger brother.—Chicago Tribune.

MRS. TIMIDE—"Aren't you afraid to stay in your house alone, your husband being away so much?" Mrs. Dacks—"O, not at all. The policeman on this beat is engaged to my cook."—Truth.

"NOW THAT we are married, Hettie, we will have no further secrets from each other." "Then tell me truly, George, how much did you pay for the ring?"—Judge.

IN Other Words.—"What is your favorite dissipation?" "Sir!" "Beg pardon! I mean of what sin are you most tolerant in others?"—Puck.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and leads to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

It is a Pleasure

To recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all afflicted with blood or skin diseases. My blood was out of order, and I suffered for years from psoriasis. I tried several remedies without benefit. After taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

for two months I was restored to my former good health and feel like a different person. As a blood purifier I think Hood's Sarsaparilla has no equal." CHAS. L. COCKELREAS, Irving, Illinois.

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the food for all such.

How many pale folk there are! People who have the will, but no power to bring out their vitality; people who swing like a pendulum between strength and weakness—so that one day's work causes six days' sickness! People who have no life for resisting disease—thin people, nerveless, delicate!

The food for all such men, women, or children is SCOTT'S EMULSION. The hypophosphites combined with the oil will tone up the system, give the blood new life, improve the appetite and help digestion. The sign of new life will be a fattening and reddening, which brings with it strength, comfort and good-nature.

Be sure you get Scott's Emulsion when you want it and not a cheap substitute.

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TEMPERANCE NOTES.

AN EXCHANGE.

TEMPERANCE MAIDENS' SONG.

We happy-hearted maidens
  Are singing blithe and free,
Doing our bits of sewing
  Or setting cups of tea.
If nursing or if scrubbing
  Our busy hands employ,
We still find to be useful
  Brings happiness and joy.
In home or out in school-time
  With earnest will possessed,
In lessons or in leisure
  Trying to do our best.
And if we fail or falter
  Through carelessness or sin,
We'll try, try, try, we Temperance girls,
  The victory still to win.

True to our word, we maidens,
  Must learn to answer "No,"
If coaxed or scoffed or threatened
  Our promise to forego.
And free from all unkindness,
  From slander, and from strife,
And innocent and blameless
  Should be our daily life.
Changes will come and trouble
  As childhood slips away,
But in all cares and sorrows
  We still can watch and pray.
Whate'er the sore temptation
  That lures us into sin,
In Christ's great name, we poor weak girls,
  The victory can win.

– National Temperance Advocate

ARMY'S USE OF ALCOHOL.

Description of the System of Post Exchanges, and the Prevalence of Drunkenness.

The so-called Post Exchange was established five years ago at army posts, taking the place of the post trader. It was established first by the officers, but was sanctioned later officially. From the trader the soldiers used to obtain supplies of all kinds, including beer and (if the trader was willing to take the risk of smuggling it in and selling it surreptitiously) whisky. Doing business with twenty-five thousand men, the post traders made a handsome profit on their business. Five years ago the officers inaugurated the system of Post Exchanges. These are co-operative stores. The goods to be sold are bought at wholesale, and are retailed to the men at a fair profit, which pays for cost of handling, for breakage, spoiling, and all other incidental damage; and finally leaves a margin which belongs to the soldiers' organization which established the Exchange. Under this system it is possible for the first time to see the profits which have been made by the post traders in the past in their legitimate business with the enlisted men of the army. The fact that the government supplies food, clothing and medical attendance to the men must be taken to account. This leaves only luxuries to be provided from the Exchange. In the last five years the enlisted men of the army have spent $5,000,000 in the Post Exchange, of which $1,000,000 has been the profit of the Exchange. Of this $1,000,000, $200,000 has been used to equip the Exchanges and to stock them, and the remaining $800,000 has been returned to the soldiers' organizations in dividends, to be used chiefly in the improvement of the mess. The food furnished by Uncle Sam is healthful and in sufficient quantity, but it is not so toothsome as it might be.

The Exchanges, being conducted as private organizations under the sanction of the war department, make no report of the detailed expenditure of the money which passes through their hands. It is impossible, therefore, to tell from any facts on file in the war department what proportion of the five million dollars was spent for beer. For, under the regulations established by the secretary of war, beer is sold in the Post Exchanges. Certain precautions are thrown around the sale. The beer is sold in a room separate from the place where other supplies are to be bought; and it is provided expressly in the law of congress of 1890 that no beer shall be sold in Exchanges in states where the sale of alcoholic drink is prohibited. But the fact that an alcoholic drink is sanctioned by the war department officially has been made the subject of protests from many army officers to the department at Washington. Gen. O. O. Howard, not long before his retirement, expressed in an official report the belief that to have the purchase and sale of beer controlled by a commissioned officer was "to encourage drinking, to cover the faults of those who take too much, sometimes taking good care of them till 'the bad effects are slept off,' and to give, in any case, a United States sanction to the business." Gen. Howard believed, with some officers who reported to the department in favor of the prevailing system, that the drunkard might be induced in some cases to confine himself to the less harmful intoxicant if he could obtain it in the post; but he believed that more harm was done to new men who learned to drink in the exchange than would balance the good done to drunkards.

This question was discussed at one time in congress; but the subject had too political a flavor to receive unbiased treatment. Therefore congress took no action at all.

The report of the surgeon-general of the army for the last year shows how prevalent was the liquor habit among enlisted men. In the entire army, thirty-four men in every one thousand were under treatment last year for alcoholism. This, of course, does not represent the range of indulgence in the use of intoxicating drinks, but the use of them to so intemperate a degree as to call for the services of the surgeon. More than one-fifth of the garrison at Fort Porter, N. Y.; more than one-sixth at Newport Barracks, Ky., and Willets Point, N. Y.; more than one-seventh at Key West Barracks, Fla., and Jackson Barracks, La.; and more than one-tenth at Fort Warren, Mass., and Fort Sidney, Neb., were under treatment for alcoholism during the year.—George G. Bain, in N. Y. Independent.

DISPLAYED TRUE COURAGE.

How a Soldier Sacrificed Himself to Uphold a Principle.

A brave man was Sir Hope Grant, who, during a campaign in India, saw that his colonel was intemperate in his habits, and resolved to reprimand him. On the day of one particular battle, the colonel had been taking sips of liquor all the morning to keep up his spirits, and so greatly affected was he that all the soldiers noted his condition, and almost hissed him on going into action. On the evening of the battle Sir Hope said to the officer next above him in rank:

"You know that the colonel was drunk yesterday when we were going into action?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, you know you must go and put him under arrest."

"Indeed, I shall do nothing of the sort," he answered, angrily. "I will leave you to do that business, and to knock your head against a stone wall if you choose."

"Very well," said Sir Hope; "if you don't do your duty, I will do mine."

Early next morning he went to the colonel's tent and said, after the customary greetings:

"You know you were very drunk yesterday, sir, when you led us into action. I have come to tell you that if you do not at once undertake to leave the regiment, I shall now put you in arrest and report your conduct."

"Will you, indeed?" cried the colonel angrily. "Very well, I will be beforehand with you. I now place you under arrest for bringing a false and insulting accusation against your commanding officer."

So the remonstrant left the tent under arrest, and there he remained for six weeks. A great excitement rose, ran its course, and died down, and at the end of the six weeks Grant was released and ordered to return to his duty.

The colonel was allowed to retain his command, and so it might appear to the casual eye that no good whatever had come of remonstrance. But good had come of it. One man had shown that he would sacrifice himself to uphold a principle.—Youth's Companion.

HURTFUL WINE DRINKING.

Delusion Under Which Workmen in France Are Laboring.

At the last meeting of the Societe de Medecine, of France, M. Lancereaux spoke on the danger of excessive wine drinking. He said that it was generally considered in France by the working classes that wine strengthened, and was necessary for all kinds of hard work. Consequently a large number of workmen absorbed three litres or more daily. At first no evil results are remarked, but at the end of a certain time vomiting occurs in the morning, the lips tremble, sensibility is modified in the limbs and sleep is agitated, and this condition may last for some years. Excess of wine also predisposes to tuberculosis, which in such cases assumed a very rapid type on account of invasion of the lungs and serous membranes.

Analysis of a Cigarette.

The following is the result of an analysis of a cigarette, made recently by a physician: "The tobacco was found to be strongly impregnated with opium, while the wrapper, which was warranted to be rice paper, was proven to be the most ordinary quality of paper whitened with arsenic. The two poisons combined were present in sufficient quantities to create in the smoker a habit of using opium without his being aware of it, his craving for which can only be satisfied by an incessant consumption of cigarettes." These facts would be sufficient to stop the manufacture of anything less insidious in its influence. But smokers will smoke on to the death.—Michigan Presbyterian.

VARIOUS NOTES.

WHEN rum was invented the devil felt that he could take a little rest.—Ram's Horn.

ARCHBISHOP WALSH has accepted honorary membership in the Canadian Temperance league.

A BANQUET in connection with the annual meeting of the Kentucky Press association September 24, at Hopkinsville, was given without wine.

THE W. C. T. U. of St. Albans, Vermont, followed up a programme on narcotics at one of its meetings by distributing from house to house the leaflet "Smoking for Boys."

YOU may reform a liar, but you can not reform a lie. You may reform a drunkard, but you can not reform "the drink." Total abstinence from lying is the only cure for a liar. Total abstinence from alcohol is the only certain cure for a drunkard. A lie is a lie whether a wee little one or a thumper; alcohol is poison whether by the barrel or by the smallest glass.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The hardest varieties of wood, such as mahogany, ebony and lignum-vitae, grow in tropical climates, but their wood does not season as well as that of trees in the temperate zones.

—The "Era of Julius Cesar" began with the reformation of the calendar in 46 B. C. It prevailed in England for civil purposes until 1752, then being superseded by the Gregorian.

—Several substances, whose odor is to western nostrils exceedingly repugnant, are highly esteemed in the east as perfumes. In Persia and Afghanistan, asafoetida is considered a delicate perfume, and many luxurious persons carry a quantity of it in their pockets or in a bag suspended from the neck.

—The door nail in earlier times, says an antiquarian, was the plate of the door upon which the old-fashioned knocker struck to arouse the inmates of the house. As the plate or nail was struck many more times than any other nail it was assumed to be more dead than other nails. Hence the phrase; "Dead as a door nail."

—The skeleton of an Indian warrior at least six feet six inches tall was found in Museongus, Me., a few days ago by two men who were digging a cellar. The body had been buried in a sitting posture, facing east, and about it were found iron implements and spear and arrow heads, while around the arm bones were copper bands covered with curious carvings.

—A new bicycle tire, which is said to be an improvement over those in general use, has been invented and patented by Miss E. S. Hutchins, of Big Rapids, Mich. In the middle of the rim of an ordinary style pneumatic rubber tire is a groove, into which is fitted a smaller tire of leather, which, it is claimed, is much more durable than the present style of all-rubber tires while equally elastic and light.

—Several towns and cities in Oregon and Washington have lately obtained an excellent and adequate water supply in an inexpensive manner by the use of wooden pipes. The pipes are made from common pine logs, ten inches in diameter, hollowed out with a six-inch bore. It is claimed that the wooden pipes last as long as iron pipes. One town has a line of pipes seven miles long that, with all connections, cost but $2,000.

—Suits aggregating more than $500,000 will soon be filed by the government against certain big lumber companies and turpentine distilleries in the lower part of Alabama. The evidence shows that from 2,300 acres of fine forest lands belonging to the government 13,654 trees, yielding over 5,000,000 feet of lumber, had been cut. The government authorities propose to stop the depredations by bringing to account the concerns that buy the moonshine lumber.

—Some patriotic citizen of Prescott, Ariz., in lauding his town and state, and descanting on the wonderful riches of the region, declared that even the buildings of Prescott were in part of gold. He was taken up on the assertion, and a bet resulted. A few days ago an assay was made of sandstone being used in the erection of some new buildings, and the stone showed four dollars per ton in gold and 20 cents per ton in silver. It wouldn't pay to mine the buildings of Prescott, but the boomer won his bet.

COMBS ALL THE RAGE.

New Fashions of Dressing the Hair and the Latest Ornaments.

The women who have been fond of dressing their hair with feathers and aigrettes will have to give them up this winter or be hopelessly out of date, for the feathers must go. Combs of all sizes and shapes are the correct head ornaments, so the fashionable jewelers and hair-dressers say, and they come in endless variety, so far as material and design are concerned.

There seems to be a very different way of arranging the hair for every face, and yet all are stylish. The woman with dark, glistening locks must wear her hair in the evening after the style of Empress Josephine if she has the face to stand it, and the diamond and pearl tiara which gives the finishing touch to this very fetching arrangement of her locks. If she can't afford the latter two or three strands of imitation pearls look well wound in and out among the dark puffs. Dark hair does not look well too much befrizzled. Crimping causes it to lose its luster, which is brought out by light ornaments. On the other hand, the woman with yellow or reddish hair should wave it on all sides and puff it up in a fluffy mass.

Medium-sized tortoise shell combs ornamented with applied silver are more popular than anything else just now, but they really show off better in light hair than in any other. Black garnet and mat jet combs and hair-pins are being imported from Paris and are already very popular. Many of them come in crescent and butterfly shapes, and are thickly studded with rhinestones. The side combs match, and the effect of these novelties in blonde hair is gorgeous and striking.

The silversmiths report a big run on the enameled and jeweled bodies of butterflies. The ornaments have an arrangement at the back which permits of ribbon wings of the color of the gown. The demure maid who clings to her crimpless part and coils her hair very high on her head may thrust one of these butterflies in at the back of the part and so relieve its severity. She may even go further and fill her hair with very small enameled and jeweled butterfly and flower pins and so obtain an effect altogether Japanese.

Few women can afford to dress their hair low on their necks, even with the aid of crimps and puffs, but those who do must not fail to set off the knot with an immense tortoise-shell back comb curving almost from ear to ear, if they wish to be in the very latest style.—Toledo Blade.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"They say that Cholly has lost his mind." "Is that so? Does he know it?"—Boston Courier.

—"He said I was his life's sunshine." "I guess you will find that all moonshine."—Boston Courier.

—Prisoner—"What, that man is going to defend me? Why, he couldn't bring an innocent person through!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

—"Tell me, guide, why so few people ascend that magnificent mountain." "Because no has ever fallen off it."—Fliegende Blaetter.

—"Well met, colonel!" "I'm not a colonel, sir!" "Pardon me! I was under the impression you had been in Georgia six weeks!"—Atlanta Constitution.

—Her Choice.—"What kind of a tie do you admire most?" he asked as he made his regular call. "The marriage tie," she answered truthfully, and without hesitation.—Detroit Free Press.

—Hoax—"You worked your way through college, didn't you?" Joax—"Right." Hoax—"What did you work at?" Joax—"The other students principally."—Philadelphia Record.

—Slobbs—"Jenkins told me Miss Beaconstreet was an old flame of yours." Blobbs—"An old flame? Impossible!" "Why impossible?" "She's from Boston."—Philadelphia Record.

—A—"When I see you I always think of the proverb: To whom God gives an office, to him he gives understanding." B—"But I have no office!" A—"Well, don't you see how that fits?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

—Mr. Spinks—"Well, Willie, has your sister made up her mind to go to the concert with me?" Willie—"Yep. She's made up her mind and she's makin' up her face now. She'll be down in a minute."—Great Divide.

—Miss Kostique—"Do you know when I see you looking so happy it reminds me of what a great poet once said." Cholly Saphead—"Indeed! Pway, what was it?" Miss K.—"Where ignorance is bliss."—Philadelphia Record.

—He—"I have never loved but once in all my life." She—"What?" He—"Fact, I assure you. It has somehow always happened that I never was quite free from the one girl by the time the next one came along."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Confident of It.—Lady of the House—"I should think you would be afraid to come around in the back yard. I notice you didn't do it last week on account of our big dog." Tramp—"No'm. But I knew that dog wasn't here any more." Lady of the House—"How do you know it?" Tramp—"I let him have that piece of pie you gave me."—Detroit Free Press.

TURNED THE TABLES.

How a Sharp Drummer Got the Best of a Mexican Bandit.

"From some of the reports circulated in the east," said Germain F. Tetney, of Galveston, Tex., the other night, "one is led to believe that the western, particularly the far southwestern, citizen is a pretty bad man, whose chief amusement and means of gaining a livelihood consist of highway robbery. But I think the finest piece of 'holding up' I ever heard of was accomplished by a young New Yorker who traveled in our state and Mexico for a druggists' fancy articles manufactory.

"This young man," he continued, "was traveling in the state of Coahuila, Mexico, about two years ago and went one night to Saltillo, the capital of the state. It was the first time he had been in the town, and, after transacting a little business, he started out to see the sights. As he entered an isolated street he was suddenly confronted by a brigandish-looking fellow, who, in glib mongrel Spanish, demanded his valuables, with accompanying gestures that made his meaning perfectly intelligible to the intended victim. The highwayman held in one hand a long, sinister-looking knife and waved it about in a suggestive manner which implied the necessity of ready compliance with his wishes or a tragic result.

"But the salesman was a man of quick wit and ready resources. Instead of handing over his property he thrust his hand into his pocket, and a moment later the cold, shiny barrel of what seemed to be a revolver was pointed at the would-be robber's head.

"'Excuse me,' said the young man, 'but this is my game.'

"Naturally, the surprise caused by the unexpected production of the supposed revolver produced a change in the confident manner in which the robber had confronted the New Yorker, and he started back. Instantly the salesman knocked the knife from his hand, stooped down, picked it up, took the highwayman by the collar before he could escape and marched him before the police authorities. At the preliminary trial of the would-be robber the following morning the guilt of the prisoner was already established, and his commitment was about to follow when he asked if it were not an offense for strangers in the country to carry concealed weapons. He was told that it was. Then he demanded the arrest of the young salesman, charging him with carrying a revolver. The native justice asked the salesman if the charge was true. This was admitted. He was then asked if he still had the weapon concealed on his person. The young man said he had, but pleaded that its possession had the night before prevented a robbery and possibly murder. He was informed that such a circumstance did not alter the case and that he had violated the law.

"The prisoner smiled sardonically on beholding the tight place into which the authorities were seemingly drawing the New Yorker, but his mirth turned to disgust when the young man pulled the revolver from his pocket and laid it down before the magistrate. It was nothing but a cologne atomizer fashioned in the shape of a revolver, such as were manufactured in quantities several years ago."—Baltimore Sun.

MOTOR CARRIAGES.

Cost of the New Petroleum Wagons Within Reach of Many People.

The practibility of these carriages seems to be placed beyond doubt. Since 1892 they have been growing in favor in France, and the only wonder is that we have not seen them over here before now. The future would appear to belong to them, if all be true, and we can hardly doubt the bona fides. They are as easily worked as a tricycle—probably easier. A novice, as many witness, is able upon the first trial to drive his carriage over 200 miles in 2 days of 10 hours apiece. Tourists have wandered over half a dozen departments in them, and the taste is spreading every day. Soon the enthusiasm will reach England, and then—well, it is difficult to say what will happen then.

For among the great advantages of the petroleum carriage is its remarkable cheapness. The cost of a carriage is not much in the first instance. They are built, as we have said, with touching fidelity to old forms. There is the dog-cart, the wagonette, the phaeton, the "break" and the "mylord," as our French friends have it. From a purely lay contemplation of these vehicles, we are not disposed to think that finality has been reached in regard to their shape.

When the first railway carriages were constructed, either out of loving conservatism or from a desire not to offend, they were built upon the line of the stage coach and colored to match. In time they achieved their own independence and individuality. Messrs. Panhard and Levassor will probably find time and experience ripen their invention in this respect. At present a voiture a deux places cost £168; a voiture a quartre places forme dogcart costs £200; the phaeton, £212, and the "mylord" heads the price list at £240. These cannot be reckoned extravagant prices. And when you have once purchased a voiture to your taste the saving seems amazing.

To begin with, two horses can be discarded; and horses, we believe, are roughly estimated to cost £25 or £30 a year apiece to keep. A purchaser of a petroleum carriage reckons that it costs him from 1.50f. to 2f. a day. The manufacturer's reckoning is 4c. per kilometer for a 2-seated carriage and 5c. for a 4-seated carriage; let us say, on an average, something between a halfpenny and 3 farthings a mile.

Compare this with the expenses of horses. Let us say a cab horse costs some £36, and is available for three years; that constitutes a yearly charge of £12. Add to this £25 for food and keeping, and we get a total of £37. The initial outlay on the vehicle may be ignored, as we are also ignoring the initial cost of a voiture. A horse, year in and year out, would hardly do more than 15 miles a day. Out of these figures, which are, of course, rough, one may deduct something like twopence a mile as the cost of a horse carriage. The advantage is in favor of the petroleum carriage by 3 to 1.—London Saturday Review.

SUPREME MOMENT IN A LAUNCH

It Is When the Vessel First Gets Into the Water.

That a launch is a matter of mathematics, as well as of great skill and labor, is shown by the fact that the man of science who has the matter in charge always makes a set of calculations showing the strain on the ship and its precise condition at practically every foot of the journey down the ways. If a boat should get in the way, or if it should take an unusual length of time to knock out the keel-blocks, or if any one of half a dozen things should cause serious delay, the scientific man knows just how long he can wait, and just how far the limit of safety extends.

There is always one supreme moment in a launch, and it is at a time that escapes the average spectator. It is when the vessel gets fairly well into the water. This is when an important factor known as the moment of buoyancy comes into play. If you can imagine a vessel sliding down an incline without any water into which to drop, you can see that the vessel would tip down suddenly at the end which has left the ways, and would rise at the end still on the incline. But really, in successful launches, the stern of the vessel is gradually lifted up by the water, and this throws the weight forward on that part of the ship still resting on the ways. The force of the water is called the "moment of buoyancy," and the natural tendency of the ship to drop to the bottom of the stream is called the "moment of weight." Now the moment of buoyancy must always be greater than the moment of weight; but it must not be very much greater, for if it were it would throw too much weight forward on the part of the ship still on the ways, and might break them down, or injure the plates or keel of the ship. When the great English battleship Ramillies was launched, this did really happen; and so great was the strain near the bow that parts of the cradle were actually pushed right into the bottom of the vessel. It is this danger of disaster that causes the scientific launcher to make the most careful calculations as to the conditions surrounding the ship at every foot of her journey into the water.—Frank Matthews, in St. Nicholas.

Farmers Are Great Walkers.

Some one has found out how far a farmer has to walk to put in and attend forty acres of corn. To plow the ground with a 16-inch plow he walks 350 miles; to harrow it thoroughly before planting he walks 50 miles and to cultivate it afterward he will have to travel 350 miles, making a grand total of 750 miles, besides gathering.

In the Rural District.

Teacher—What is the root of all evil?

Farmer's Boy—That spotted hog of Simpson's. I have to drive it out of our tater patch about a dozen times a day.—Detroit Free Press.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Perfumes are now extensively manufactured in the United States, and the native articles are said by experts to compare favorably with foreign manufactures.

—England manufactures perfumes on a very large scale, importing many of the materials from other countries, but also making large use of home-grown herbs and flowers.

—Many woods have sugar and gum in their composition, and the presence of these elements is generally shown by the attraction the wood seems to have for many kinds of insects.

—The wheat yield in the Genesee valley, Idaho, this season is immense. W. N. Gibb thrashed 9,000 bushels off of 200 acres, averaging about 45 bushels to the acre. Dan Healy cut and thrashed 14 acres of wheat that went 52 bushels to the acre.

—A Missouri rattlesnake at the museum of comparative zoology at Cambridge has been observed to lose his skin twice a year and to add a rattle for every skin. Instead of losing the rattles as he does the skin, they are retained by the closing of the inner end of the old rattle over the knob of the new one, and accidents accepted, the snake bears with him this record of his age.

—The trade in California sweet wines is showing a gratifying increase. The total estimated product for this year is 3,000,000 gallons, which is 25 per cent. more than was marketed last year. Heretofore there has been little profit in the vintages because of the fierce competition of growers, but the producers have now made arrangements with a sweet-wine syndicate which will control the entire product of the state and give all concerned some share in the profit.

—In America it has been observed that bees often bore tubular corollas in order to get at the nectar of flowers, instead of entering by the mouth, as humblebees do in Europe. In essays on the cross-fertilization of flowers, this supposed anomaly has been the subject of much comment. It now appears that the humblebees of Europe and America have identical habits in regard to the manner in which visits to flowers are made, and that it is the class of insects known as the carpenter bee, or the borer, which works in the outside manner indicated.

—The question of the influence of the size of seeds upon germination and upon the size of the plants that spring therefrom has recently been studied anew by Mr. B. R. Galloway, a summary of whose conclusions is given by the Gardeners' Chronicle. The weight and size of the seed are of great importance. A large seed germinates better and more quickly, and with it one can count upon having at the same moment from 85 to 90 per cent. of the total crop, while with small seeds the crop reaches maturity only in successive periods of time, so that at no moment in gathering the crop in toto could we have the same proportion of the whole. Besides, where with small seeds four successive crops are obtained, we have six with large seeds, their evolution occurring with greater rapidity.

THE SIN-EATER.

A Curious Funeral Rite Which Obtained in Wales.

The principality of Wales has within living memory possessed an official known as the "sin-eater." It was the practice for a relative—usually a woman—to put on the breast of a deceased person a quantity of bread and cheese and beer, and the sin-eater was sent for to consume them and to pronounce the everlasting rest of the departed. It was believed that in doing this he absolutely ate and appropriated to himself the sins symbolized by the viands, and thereby prevented their disturbing the repose of the sinner who had committed them. Such an arrangement would obviously leave nothing to be desired on the one side, but how it worked on the other we are not told. What was supposed to be the condition of this spiritual undertaker after the ceremony was concluded? Did his "appropriation" of the dead man's sins imply a sort of moral assimilation of them, answering to his physical assimilation of the bread and cheese? The question would obviously be one of some importance to a sin-eater in large practice. If the responsibilities of his profession were as great as ties of his profession were as great as hypothesis, he would need to retire from it early, and to devote a considerable portion of his closing years to repentance and good works.

Again, it is natural to ask what happened at the decease of a popular or "fashionable" sin-eater. Would anyone among his professional brethren undertake to eat his sins, even in the first flush of satisfaction produced by stepping into his shoes? If so, then, indeed, has the epithet of "gallant" been rightly bestowed upon little Wales. It is as though one doctor succeeding to another's practice should consent to assume the moral responsibility for his late colleague's treatment of all his deceased patients, in addition to his own similar burdens.

We yield to none in admiration of the quiet and homely heroism of the medical profession, but we doubt whether it would enable them to face such an ordeal as this. As to the Welsh practitioners to whom we have compared them, we shrink from pursuing the analysis further. It is evident that, as in the schoolboy game of "conquerors," where a stone which can smash the smasher, of, say, 43 other stones takes over all its conquests, and becomes itself a "forty-fourer," so the responsibilities of these unhappy men might accumulate at an alarming rate. One hardly dares to contemplate the internal condition of the sin-eater who had in life attended a long series of other sin-eaters. The cheese would be almost converted into Welsh rabbit before he had got it down.—London Times.

The Republican.

BY NJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, NOV. 21, 1895.

WE don't think that any more schools in Garrett county will soon be "mixed" by the consent of Democratic officials.

"THE LAW shall be upheld, and so long as *I* am an official of the School Board it shall be."—President Hamill.

Shoo!

OUR little editorial on the mixed school at Loch Lynn Heights seems to have stirred up hornets nests under the hats of the *Democrat* as a person and the president of the School Board as an official of that august body and associate editor of the *Democrat*.

THE people of the State of Maryland owes to Hon. George L. Wellington the highest honor within their power and that honor should be bestowed upon him by the representatives of the people in the Legislature at Annapolis this winter when they elect a United States Senator to succeed Senator Gibson.

MR. *Democrat* and Mr. Jim Hamill, we have no associates, but if you want to compare records with us in the line of truth telling and *sobriety* we are ready and willing for the task and it would give us great pleasure to go before the people and allow them as a whole to be judges. You has better haul in your canvass or perhaps you may run on a reef and be wrecked, which would result disastrously to your rotten old hulks.

ON MONDAY the editor of the *Democrat* was tendered an article written by Mr. H. P. Tasker on the reconstruction of the Democratic party in Maryland and which article appears in the THE REPUBLICAN today. The *Democrat*, as a person, in refusing the article remarked that the strictures contained in it did not suit the politics of the *Democrat*, which leads us to ask what kind of politics is best suited to that learned and highly self-lauded person, or does he intend to start a new party upon the lines of the Farmers' Alliance?

WE TAKE commendable pride in the fact that THE REPUBLICAN did help swell the majority in Garrett county this fall. We admit that perhaps a few Republicans do not like us or the manner in which our business is conducted, but that is an affair of our own and it would show good breeding if other people, the *Democrat* in particular, would take their fingers out of an affair that is purely personal and does not concern it. However, we have the satisfaction of having done our duty to the Republican party and the people, which is more than the *Democrat* can truthfully assert.

Is It Dissolution.

The astonishing political landslide of November 5, in almost every state where elections were held, has given rise to a serious discussion among public men as to whether the Democratic party is not approaching dissolution. The backbone of the Democracy as a national party has been the solid south. But that is now broken, and without the south to rely on the Democracy has no hope of carrying the country.

The new south is for protection and against the free trade theory which was one of the corner stones of the the late confederacy. It needed only the repeal of the force bill, and the legislation of a free trade congress under Cleveland to start the entering wedge that would cleave the south. West Virginia, Tennessee and Missouri made the break in 1894, and Kentucky and Maryland follow in 1895. When Kentucky and Maryland go Republican by 20,000 on a full vote, and elect Republican legislatures, the result is not due to transient and local causes, but to deep-seated convictions in the minds of the people of the south that the interests of that section lie henceforth with the party of protection and progress, and next year we predict every border state will go Republican.

That New Jersey should elect a Republican governor by 26,000, and New York, Ohio and Iowa give nearly 100,000, confirms the evidence of the disintegrating influence at work in the Democratic party. It is doubtful if that party carries a dozen of the 45 states that will vote for president in 1896. What shall be the name and the policy of the party that shall succeed it, time will tell.

THE few columns of reading matter in the *Mountain Democrat* last week were almost entirely devoted to personal abuse of the editor of THE REPUBLICAN, but abuse coming from such a source is an honor and don't hurt a bit.

To make answer to the vain imagination of the editor of the *Democrat* and his petty associate would be to lower ourself to their level, which is an utter impossibility for one who has the least sense of pride and self-respect left in his body. Our course through life has always been to hold our head upon a level with the people and not get down and allow the people to use us as a foot-stool. Can the editor of the *Democrat* or his associate say as much?

THE REPUBLICAN still contends and can prove to the satisfaction of the *Democrat* or any one else by the written statement of the board of trustees of Loch Lynn Heights school that the *Democrat* did lie and misrepresent the facts in the article it published a week prior to the election on the "mixed school" at the above place.

If the article in the *Democrat* on the "mixed school" at Loch Lynn was written by the editor of the *Democrat* it was the first news item written by that personage in a number of weeks. We leave our readers to draw their own inferences.

As to the assistance the *Democrat* receives from its associate editor we have not a word to say. This is a free country and all have the privilege of conducting their business in a manner suitable to their own tastes. We have no associates in our business, for the simple reason that we do not need any. We have ample time on our hands to do our own writing and do it. We submit our writings to no one for their approval or disapproval. We are wholly responsible for everything appearing in our columns and we do not throttle anything that will make a news item or an editorial.

About Advertising.

As competition is the spice of trade so is publicity the life of trade. The enterprising business man who has something especially good to sell, tells the public about it. It is not necessary that he should be a literary or advertising genius to make his advertisement a success. An advertisement is successful and is always successful if it tells something worth telling in a plain, straightforward satisfactory way. If what it tells is not worth telling or it is told in such a manner that people miss the important point, the advertisement is a failure, and will remain so for all time. As a matter of fact, however, business men are learning more about newspaper advertising every day. More advertisements are being written than ever before, and they are of far higher average character. The art of publicity is becoming better understood with the result that the advertising columns of newspapers and periodicals to-day are frequently as fresh and interesting as any other column or columns. That is because the advertisements tell facts that are worth telling, and tell them so that every one can understand them.

THE VICE PRESIDENCY.

Moses P. Handy Thinks Mr. Lowndes Will be a Strong Candidate.

From the New York Sunday Mail.

The apothesis of Bradley is one of the most interesting sequels of the late campaign. Of course it is not necessary now to say what Bradley. There is only one Bradley—Bradley, of Kentucky.

No presidential ticket seems to be complete without him. Reed and Bradley, Allison and Bradley, Harrison and Bradley, McKinley and Bradley, Morton and Bradley. All sound equally well, perhaps to most people, but not to Bradley. He does not like being coupled with Harrison. Thereby hangs a tale. Bradley was the most prominent Republican in Kentucky before today, and he was just as able, just as eloquent, just as plucky and just as popular during the presidency of Gen. Harrison. He thought he was entitled to some recognition from the administration, and so he was. But you know Brother Harrison's way. Bradley waited and waited, trotting to and from Washington and fed with fine words and unbuttered parsnips until at last the mission to Korea was offered him with as grand an air as if it had been the mission to England. Ther upon Bradley cursed and quit; and that is why Bradley is not inclined to run on the same ticket with Harrison. I am given to understand that he would prefer McKinley as a running mate; but he is on good terms with Reed and Allison, and their lieutenants are paying him a good deal of pointed attention.

The vice presidency is no sure thing for Mr. Bradley, however, particularly if he yields to the temptation to play for first place, and thereby antagonize people who would be otherwise friendly to him. Lowndes, of Maryland, has strong points—some even stronger than Bradley's. He has a prestige of victory quite as good, is sure of holding his State and can show a financial backing which would be captivating to the campaign managers. They are talking, too, of my friend, Gen. McAlpin, of New York, as a good man for the place, if the presidential nomination should go West, Brother Clarkson, they say, has taken the general up to a high place and shown him lots of good that might be his if Allison should by chance be the nominee.

How to Reorganize.

[The following article was tendered the editor of the *Mountain Democrat* for publication but it was refused space in the columns of that journal. The reason given for its refusal was that "It was not according to the politics" of that august and puffed-up personage who has it in mind that he controls the destinies of all parties and can make and unmake public opinion in Garrett county.]

To the editor of the Democrat.

The Democratic party in Maryland, and espicially in Garrett county, has been reduced to a hopeless minority by the arrogance and unjust methods of the selfish subbosses of the Gorman machine, who have driven some of the best material out of the party and openly boasted that no aspirant for Federal or State appointment need apply without first obtaining the endorsement of these odious bosses who have been so overwhelmingly repudiated by the votes of the people.

Thousands of Independent Democrats (and they are the salt of the earth) voted the Republican State ticket for the same reasons that they would drench a sick horse with a noxious dose. The drastic dose has made the "sick horse" too weak for present use—he must be turned out to grass until he recuperates, and in the meantime no ex-boss should be allowed to prescribe remedies for him. I regret to notice in the Baltimore *News* that one of those repudiated "bosses" has already jumped into the arena and assumed to advise the Democrats how to reorganize their party in Garrett county.

Ever since the formation of Garrett county the political bosses have been its curse. They are responsible for dividing Allegany county; for leaving the boundary line in such a manx that nearly one-third of the coal and timber lands cannot be assessed; for arraying one side of Garrett county against the other by refusing to allow the voters to locate the county seat in their own way; for preventing the county commissioners and their agent from obtaining the necessary data to assess upwards of two million dollars worth of omitted lands; for turning down men who could have held Garrett county in the Democratic column, until now they are confronted by a Republican majority of six hundred.

What is the use of reorganizing the party unless you can muster enough votes to elect your candidates? In order to do that you must reclaim all the independent Democrats who have been driven out of the party by the bosses, as well as merit the support of independent Republicans. Can this object ever be accomplished under the dictation and leadership of the repudiated bosses? No, every school boy in the county will say no! Garrett as the youngest county in the State should stand back with becoming modesty until Baltimore City and the older counties take the lead in the matter of reorganization, and then be careful to select as their delegates men who are above the suspicion of "Gormanism."

Respectfully yours,
HIRAM P. TASKER.

Great Staying Powers.

"Henry!"

"Yes, your excellency?"

"Have you been following the news of the totter and fall of numerous cabinets in Europe and South America?"

"I have, your excellency."

"Henry, when I read such news I am filled with satisfaction at the wonderful staying powers of my cabinet officers, who seldom resign, the rare occasion of such a step being the acceptance of a more lucrative job."

A Visit to the Hermit.

Monday afternoon the editor accompanied three or four gentlemen to the home (if such it may be called) of Upton Bruce, who is known throughout this section of the county as the "Hermit of the Alleghenies."

The mission was first to deliver a box of clothing, groceries, etc., sent him by a daughter who resides in Washington, and secondly it was a mission of curiosity on the part of those making up the party to acquaint themselves with the mode of life of a hermit.

A drive of two miles over the West Union road brought the party within sight of the habitation of the hermit. The horses were then turned into a field and through a clump of scrub oaks which brought us to the door. The only signs about the place to lead a person to believe that anyone lived there, was the remains of a wood pile in front of the door with an ax lying near. A knock at the door was quickly answered from within by "who comes there?" Upon assuring the hermit that we were friends he opened the door after a wait of a few moments. When the door swung open upon its creaking hinges there loomed before the party an old man bent with age, of massive form, with white whiskers around and under the chin. His matted white hair hung down over his shoulders and was held out of his eyes by a handkerchief tightly tied around his head. His wearing appearel consisted of nothing but a cheap cotton shirt as black as night on account of the dirt, a pair of pantaloons without a button on them which were held up by a piece of rope thrown over one shoulder. His feet were encased in rags. Thus the old hermit stood and invited the party inside. A glance about the one room in the house was enough. In one corner of the shanty stood the semblance of a bed upon which was piled all manner of things. In another corner was a cook stove and over at the foot of the bed was a small stand. Dirt and filth covered the floor to a depth of six inches. The party did not tarry long inside. After seeing that the hermit opened the box sent him and delivering him a bundle of papers they departed.

The hermit has lived within two miles of Oakland for thirty years and in all that time he has been to town but two or three times.

FINANCIAL REVIEW.

Henry Clews's Weekly Letter on the Business Outlook.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—Upon the whole, the course of affairs in Wall street has improved during the past week. Partly, the recovery has been due to the political assurances afforded by Lord Salisbury's Mansion House speech which, leaving Turkish internal affairs still in a desperate condition, left no room for apprehension of serious political differences between the great powers. The effect of these utterances upon the European Bourses was a prompt restoration of confidence, which has been especially apparent in American securities.

Another factor contributing to the recovery has been the comparative absence of further serious embarrassments in connection with the wild speculation in "Kaffirs." It seems probable that now those stocks have come under the control of the leaders, who have no doubt gathered immense wealth from these operations; and in that case further disaster may be confined to a few minor operators whose ill-fortunes could not be of much importance to the general market for securities.

In addition to these improvements in European conditions, the railroad situation has shown a more hopeful prospect. In spite of the light movement of grain and cotton to the seaboard, the railroads begin to exhibit a decided improvement in earnings. When cotton and wheat come to be exported in the volume usual at this season of the year, their traffic will be largely increased, and earnings will show a further gain upon their already liberal volume. The southwestern lines have been suffering from an expected light crop of cotton and from its being withheld from market; now, however, opinion begins to favor a somewhat larger yield than has been expected and the price has fallen to a point much nearer the views of foreign takers; so that it is reasonable to look for an early liberal export of the staple with a consequent gain in the business of the roads of that section. The corn crop also is now but beginning to move. The agricultural bureau now estimates the yield at 2,140,000,000 bushels or 936,000,000 bushels above that of last year. It is impossible that such an increase in one of our bulkiest products can fail to largely increase the income of the roads situated in the corn belt.

These improved conditions have arisen concurrently with a largely oversold condition of the stock market, and the result has been a rush to cover short sales, which has caused a general rise in the railroad list. So far, however the improved turn in affairs has had little effect upon the outside element in speculation. The transactions have been chiefly confined to board operators, and outsiders seem disposed to wait until the recovering tendency becomes more marked and positive.

But while the factors above cited are tending to restore confidence and have caused an advance in prices, the upward tendency is held in check by the revival of gold exports. It is a sufficient explanation of this extraordinary exception to the common rule of importing gold at this season that it results on the one hand from heavy importations of merchandise, and on the other from the persistent holding back of the staple articles of export. It is to be conceded that the detention of produce from export is sure to be followed by shipments so large as possibly to turn the flow of gold towards this country. The latter fact may favor a replenishment of the stock of gold in the metropolitan banks; but it can bring no direct advantage to the treasury, as the government has no longer any source of gold income and can get the metal in no other way than by borrowing it against issues of bonds. The present state of the foreign exchange therefore brings public attention back to the stubborn "bear" factor arising from the condition of the treasury gold reserve. The spectre of another fifty millions bond issue rises before the public imagination, and there is nowhere much doubt about that ogre materializing before next spring. That constant disturbing possibility stands as a fixed obstacle to any really inspiring recovery of confidence. Could it be removed, the effect would be worth ten points added value to the entire stock list. But so long as this remains an open and constantly recurring danger, it seems hopeless to look for any really strong and well sustained effort to bring up the price of investments to the standard established by the improvement in their intrinsic condition. Any general and sustained rise in prices needs the co-operation of men of ample means and cautious judgment; and such men are very apt to decline large and long commitments when the prospect is not reasonably clear of clouds.

While therefore the general industrial and commercial conditions are favorable to the value of stocks and are likely to afford a good substratum of confidence to the market, it will be prudent to avoid expecting too much from these encouragements. The proper temperament for the moment is hopefulness, but not extravagant expectations. The market is anything but a safe one for selling; but buying should be moderate by satisfaction with quick turns and moderate profits.

HENRY CLEWS.

Union Thanksgiving Service.

A union Thanksgiving service will be held in St. Paul's M. E. church on Thanksgiving day. The sermon will be preached by Rev. J. W. Butler, pastor St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church. All the good people of Oakland and vicinity are invited to attend this service and return thanks to the Giver of every good ond perfect gift for the blessings which have crowned the year.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

NOTICE!

I will sell the choice of any lots in Loch Lynn Heights at $100 each, on time, or 6 per cent. off for cash, till the first day of January, 1896. After that time no lot will be sold for less than $125.

J. C. ALDERSON.
General Manager.

37-4t

Prevention
better than cure. Tutt's Liver Pills will not only cure, but if taken in time will prevent
Sick Headache,
dyspepsia, biliousness, malaria, constipation, jaundice, torpid liver and kindred diseases.
TUTT'S Liver PILLS
ABSOLUTELY CURE.

POTENT—PRICELESS.

Foster's German Army and Navy Blood Bitters

For ALL SKIN DISEASES
Prompt
AND
Unfailing.
Will permanently heal Eczema, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Poison Oak, Ring Worm, Pimples, Dandruff, Itch, Itching Piles and every kind of eruption. It softens the skin and effectually removes all blemishes. Eminently superior in restoring and beautifying the complexion. It has been tested in innumerable cases with unvarying success.
Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents.
FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, MD.
FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY BLOOD BITTERS will cleanse the system and drive out all impurities. It is both a purifier and an invigorator. Pleasant to the taste. Effect immediate. In large bottles, $1.00, at all druggists.

FOR SALE.
Lot No. 1, on Front Street, in Bayard, West Va.
Lot containing four acres with house on it, at Swanton, Md.
A mortgage on property worth more than double, at Loch Lynn Heights, Md.
WILLIAM W. SWEET,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.
LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.
Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including train ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26tf

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ROOFING,
SPOUTING, ETC.
W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.
Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.
Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.
Shop opposite depot.
W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.
7—29t.

Slate Roofing.
Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.
I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.
All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.
I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.
Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.
For prices apply to or address,
C. M. BEACHY,
47—1yr. Grantsville, Md

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ¼ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
T. R. CARSKADON,
39—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

STRAWBERRIES.
Best varieties, early, medium and late. Our pot grown plants set now will produce a full crop next June. Sent by mail prepaid, 60 cents per dozen; express unpaid, $3 per hundred.
THE HORTICULTURAL SUPPLY CO.,
Mt. Lake Park, Md

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18, 1895

It seems odd that Washington should be so quiet with the date for the assembling of Congress only two weeks off, but it isn't. In the years when a new Congress assembles Washington is usually in a turmoil for several weeks before Congress meets, owing to the campaign for the nomination of speaker of the House. This year there is no speakership campaign. It was settled when the votes cast at the congressional election, last November, were counted that Hon. Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, should again be speaker of the House. There remains only the minor offices of the House to be determined upon, and, although the friends of the several gentlemen who are candidates for each of those offices are greatly interested, there is no national interest felt in the good natured contest they are waging. So it is easy to understand why so few members of the House are in town and why everything is so quiet.

Major McDowell, the Pennsylvania candidate for the House clerkship, and Mr. Glenn, the New York candidate for doorkeeper, have opened headquarters in the same hotel and they are understood to be working together. Ex-Representative Wade, of Missouri, may be a candidate either for doorkeeper or for postmaster; Ohio is said to have a candidate, not yet named, for postmaster, and Captain Sherwood, of Michigan, ex-postmaster of the House and of Washington, is also a candidate for the same place. Ex-Representative Henderson, of Illinois, is a candidate for the clerkship of the House, and he is said to have declined entering a combination as a candidate for seargeant-at-arms, a position for which Mr. Russell, the present speaker of the Missouri House of Representatives, is a candidate. There are half a dozen candidates for chaplain of the House, but the friends of Rev. D. H. Fisher, of Kansas, say he is certain to get it. At this stage of the campaign all the friends of all the candidates are playing their confidence to make votes, but until more members get to Washington there is nothing to base a prediction of the probable winners on, as most of the members will not commit themselves until they get here and look over the ground.

Senator Baker, of Kansas, wishing to familarize himself a little with Washington life and surroundings before entering upon his senatorial career, has dropped in a couple of weeks ahead of time. Although not disposed to push them forward, Senator Baker has opinions of his own, and, when asked, does not hesitate to express them. When asked what he thought the Republicans ought to do at the coming session of Congress he said: "The most important question will be to provide the government the money it needs to pay its expenses. I see only two ways in which it can be done. One is to increase the duty on a number of articles which, like wool, for instance, are now admitted free, or upon which the duty was radically lowered by the Democratic tariff law. I think we should give the President an opportunity to act upon a bill of this sort, although I do not believe he will sign anything we send him. That method of raising revenue failing the next thing to do would be to repeal the law under which he claims the authority to issue bonds independent of Congress, and to authorize the issue of bonds in denominations of $50 and $100, which ought to be made legal tender and to draw about two per cent. interest. These bonds would be taken up by the people with great rapidity and held, but their legal tender quality would make them available for payment of debts. It might be claimed that this would be an inflation of the currency, but certainly no harm could result, even if some of the bonds passed as money."

Here is a nut for the Free Trade Democrats to crack. Senator Gorman furnished it, when in the course of an explanation of why the Republicans carried Maryland he said. "The fact is that the Protection sentiment in the State has largely increased. In my own county, for example, we have a number of woolen mills. Until very recently they have been run upon a rough and cheap class of goods. In the last two or three years, however, they have undertaken a higher grade of work, and in order to do it they have been obliged to import a large number of skilled laborers from Massachusetts and other New England states. Most of these men are Republicans. A like condition exists in other counties. There has been a change, too, among Democrats who are naturally inclined towards Protection, and who believe that Republican supremacy will more certainly insure a permanent protective policy. There is no question that the Protection sentiment among all classes is now very strong, and many who believe in the doctrine have been disgusted by the business depression of the last two years. Naturally they turn to the party which is not in power for relief, especially in view of the fact that that party has a consistent protection record."

Indications of another bond issue in the very near future are daily becoming more numerous, and if the demand upon the Treasury for gold continues it may take place before Congress meets, although it is supposed that Mr. Cleveland would prefer putting it off until after Congress meets, so as to make it appear that Congress is partly responsible for it.

Deer Park.

Since the election is over and our correspondent has disappeared, I will endeavor to send you a few items from this place.

Our school is progressing very nicely under the able management of B. B. Savage as principal and Miss Ella Laughlin as assistant.

George Walters and Linzy Hogge have built a shop on the corner of Railroad street and Hotel avenue and are doing a rushing business.

Nethken Bros. have laid a new sidewalk in front of their property which is quite a convenience.

Will B. Miller and Wilfred Chadderton are in Bayard, W. Va., working at their trades.

Sheriff Wegman was here on business the other day.

Mrs. Dr. Laughlin and Mrs. W. H. Chadderton have just returned from an extended visit through Mercer county, Pa.

Miss Lucy Coddington is teaching the Chadderton school and is giving very good satisfaction.

Mr. David Enlow has had a force of men at work making drives for Mr. George Truesdell on his beautiful farm here, Mount of Olives.

Mr. James Gleeson has improved his property by building a new fence. Uncle Jimmy is very industrious.

Nethken Bros. have gone to housekeeping in our town.

Mr. W. H. Chadderton has a force of men at work at the famous Truesdell spring. This spring was always known to be one of the largest on the mountains, but it was never known until recently that the water was superior to any other spring hereabouts. Mr. Chadderton has set up a pump which will throw thirty gallons of water per minute and fill four demijohns at the same time. A car has just arrived at Altamont containing one thousand five gallon demijohns which will be filled at once and shipped to the eastern cities.

S. P. Specht has improved his property by building a new porch and repainting his store room.

James Baldwin, of Swanton, is building the foundation for W. C. Jones' new ware room.

The Garrett brothers have had a new tin roof put on their large building here. W. A. Hough, of Mountain Lake Park, did the work.

Scott Snyves has just returned from a visit in Grant county, West Va.

Smith Browning is pulling stumps for S. P. Specht.

Born, unto Mr. and Mrs. A. C. George, a boy.

Mrs. Walter Foreman is very ill.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Droege have gone to New York to spend the winter.

Bloomington.

A very interesting sermon was preached here Sunday night by Rev. Thomas.

Our school is progressing very well under the management Mr. W. A. Moffett as prinelpal and Miss Julia Reynolds as assistant. Miss Reynolds has been away for a week on account of her mother being sick. Miss Bessie Browning has been filling the place in the school room of Miss R. during her absence.

There will be a sermon preached here next Sunday night to the Jr. O. U. A. M. by Rev. Howard; a good turn-out is expected as well as a good sermon.

There was an apple peeling at Geo. Warnick's Monday night. A pleasant time was reported.

Mr. Ramsey, of Piedmont, was visiting Miss Haddix Sunday and Monday.

Mrs. Henry Warnick was called to Altamont to see her daughter, Mrs. Jeffers.

Miss Agnes Kelly, who was home with a lame foot, is able to be out again.

Miss Bessie Martin, of Swanton, is visiting friends here.

There will be a flag raising here Thanksgiving, Nov. 28th, by the Jr. O. U. A. M. A large flag will be raised on the school house; a cordial invitation is extended to all councils and others.

A. J. C.

Married.

BOYER.—RILEY.—At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Coddington, in Oakland, yesterday morning at 11 o'clock, by the Rev. J. W. Butler, Mr. Jacob Boyer, of Accident and Miss Willey Riley, of Oakland. A number of invited guests were present at the ceremony, several being from a distance. The newly wedded pair were entertained at a wedding dinner at the residence of the groom's daughter, Mrs. John Shartzer. They will reside at Accident.

Died.

REYNOLDS.—Yesterday morning about 11 o'clock, Mrs. Barney Reynolds, aged about fifty-three years. The deceased lady had been a sufferer for several months with an attack of heart trouble which resulted in her death. She was a member of St. Peter's Catholic church and was highly respected. Her funeral will occur on Friday.

The Best Economy.

The cause of good road making has advanced notably in the last few years. The subject has been scientifically studied under the United States department of agrienlture and several of the state departments. Counties and towns have taken up the matter seriously, and whenever the work has been practically carried out it has been agreed that the result more than paid for the cost in saving of money, labor and comfort.

In all places where good roads have been built the interest has increased, and almost invariably new roads have been planned.

Massachusetts, New Jersey and New York have been active in the matter of good roads and have set excellent examples to their sister states.

Colonel F. V. Greene said, in a recent address, that actual tests show that the same horsepower or force that draws one ton on a muddy county road can draw four tons on a well built macadam road. This economy of strength, if changed into a money value and applied to the way freight of the New York Central railway, would stand for a saving of about $9,000,000.

Nothing could better show that intelligent outlay is the best possible economy.—Youth's Companion.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending November 23, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

H. E. Wilson	Lewis Watcher
H. P. Taskell	Mrs. Alice Johnson
Miss Grace Loar	Miss Luvenia Harris

Miss Laura Hamstead

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

The Jones-Albright Wedding.

The marriage of Hon. John P. Jones, of this place, and Mrs Annie Albright, formerly of Kingwood, was solemnized on Tuesday morning, Nov. 12th, 1895, at 11 o'clock a. m., by the Rev. J. H. Flanigan, D. D., of Grafton W. Va., at the residence of the bride's brother, Mr. R. P. Jackson, at "Maple Grove," in Portland district. The marriage was of a very private nature, none being present but the near relatives of the high contracting parties. During the afternoon of the same day Mr. and Mrs. Jones drove to Terra Alta, where they at once began housekeeping in the beautiful new residence, on Washington street which the genial groom had already furnished and prepared for his bride.

The groom is one of the leading citizens of Preston county, and is too well known over the whole State for our humble pen to try to describe his sterling qualities. The bride is one of the most estimable ladies of the county and is a sister of Mr. Jos. Jackson, of the firm of Riggs, Jackson & Co., of this place. Terra Alta extends to her a hearty welcome, and to both the most earnest and sincere congratulations.—Oracle.

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WITH THE
Capital City Commercial College.
TO ADVERTISE OUR COLLEGE
We will give a thorough course of instruction to Double and Single Entry Book-keeping and Commercial Arithmetic, by mail,
FREE OF CHARGE
to a limited number of persons. This course will be completed in forty lessons. No charge for diplomas.
ADDRESS,
CAPITAL CITY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,
P. O. DRAWER B,
TOPEKA, - KANSAS.
26—1yr

ORDER NISI.
William C. Devecmon vs Francis C. Pullham. No. 7 0 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.
Ordered this 15th day of November in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-five, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by William C. Devecmon, Mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 13th day of December, 1895; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 13th day of December, 1895.
The report states the amount of sale to be $2,000.
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
37-3t.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF—
PERSONAL PROPERTY.
Under and by virtue of a power contained in a deed of trust executed by Daniel Hinebaugh bearing date October 19th, 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 27, folio 355, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Md., it being No. 723 Equity on the docket of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, the undersigned trustee will sell at public auction on the Daniel Hinebaugh farm near the town of Accident, Garrett county, Md., on
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29th, 1895,
commencing at 9 o'clock a. m., the following described personal property mentioned in said deed of trust:
About 225 shocks of corn, about one hundred bushels of buckwheat, about 200 bushels of oats, about 120 bushels of potatoes, 1 mare ten years old, 1 horse seven years old, 2 milk cows, 3 spring calves; about three tons of hay, lot of oats, wheat and buckwheat straw; 1 two-horse wagon and bodders, 1 small spring wagon, 1 Oliver chilled plow, 1 shovel plow and 2 cultivators, 1 spring tooth harrow, 1 Champion mower, 1 hay rake, 1 threshing machine, 1 fanning mill, 1 Champion grain drill, 1 new cast soled sled, 1 sulky plow, forks, rakes, shovels, cross cut saw, one ice saw and one hand saw, 1 grind stone, 1 cider press and mill, one double set breeching harness with side plates, collars and bridles complete, 1 double set buggy harness, 1 log chain, 8 cow chains, tongue chains, etc., garden hoes and pick, 1 crow bar, 1 Excelsior cook stove and pipe, 2 heating stoves and pipe, 1 sewing machine, 2 extension tables, 1 dough tray, 1 sink, 1 clock, 3 rocking chairs, 6 cane bottom chairs, 4 common chairs, 1 lounge, about sixty yards of carpet, 5 small stands, 1 coal hod, lot dishes, crockery, milk pans, pots and cooking utensils, 1 iron kettle, 1 stone sledge, 3 beds complete, 6 smoothing irons, 1 grain cradle, 2 mowing scythes, 3 lamps, 3 looking glasses, 1 barrel churn, 1 wash stove, 1 wood box, 1 coal box.
Terms of sale made known on day of sale by trustee.
ELI McMILLEN, Trustee.
35-4t

ROAD NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given that after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county for a change in the county road leading from Frie's Mill to McHenry road running through the lands of Henry G. Davis. Said change begins at John Johnson's sugar camp on said county road and running through the lands of Henry G. Davis and intersecting said county road close the Neal Johnson shanty, a distance of three fourths of a mile more or less.
HENRY SINES,
JOHN SINES,
JOHN JOHNSON,
MARSHALL SINES.
36-3t*

C. M. RATCLIFF, PRESIDENT
C. M. RATCLIFF & CO.,
PLANING MILLS,
And BUILDING MATERIALS.
MT. LAKE PARK, MD.
DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low cost house. We are still holding
DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,
at the same prices we quoted before the rise set in. Why? We got them then. We are manufacturing doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 10 cents. Other sizes at proportionate prices.
FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOULDINGS.
Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.
Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.
8 13

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Advertisement.

We have added a new Department —Millinery Goods.
NETHKEN BROS.,
31—1yr Deer Park, Md.

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OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
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OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, October 20, 1895. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	Daily	2.48 A. M
No. 3	Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 49	Express, daily except Mon.	9.55 A. M
No. 71	Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 47	Daily except Mon	10.49 A. M
No. 55	Express, daily	6.22 P. M
No. 15	Accommodation daily	6.45 P. M
No. 1	Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	Daily	5.50 A. M
No. 2	Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 14	Accommodation daily	9.03 A. M
No. 72	Accom daily except Sun	4.32 P. M
No. 46	Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4	Daily	12.20 A. M

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Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
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Watches, Clocks and Jewelry at COST.
MALETTE,
OAKLAND, MD.

THE UNTURNED TRUMP.

BY BARNES MACGREGGOR.

THE ferry-boat, "Rappahannock," had an experience in the winter of 1873 that will never be forgotten by any of her passengers.

During one of her regular trips between New York and Brooklyn this boat suddenly quitted her respectable, though somewhat monotonous, career, and became a common tramp, without port or destination.

The day awoke in fog such as the oldest inhabitant had never seen. The East river was blocked with ice and soon became a shrieking bedlam of groping and bewildering craft, whose pilots could scarcely see their hands before their faces.

At half-past nine the "Rappahannock" left Brooklyn, well laden with passengers, and started on her customary trip almost directly across the river—a very short and unusually easy voyage. Before even reaching the middle of the stream, however, the ice and fog had thrown her completely out of her course. Back and forth, up and down stream, the pilot vainly groped, amid the shrieking whistles, ringing of fog bells and loud crash of ice bowlders, until, in the confused clangor, he had entirely lost his bearings.

When, after long and perilous battling with ice jams and many hairbreadth escapes from collisions, he suddenly sighted the landing place on the New York side, he found it occupied by a sister boat, which had been driven there to avoid destruction. He backed out, only to be lost again, and for three hours this boat, now become a mere tramp, wandered aimlessly up and down the East river with its load of excited passengers, whose emotions ranged anywhere between the rage and impatience of the belated Wall street speculator, to whom the delay might mean a loss of $50,000, to the hysteria of a nervous little woman who had left her baby alone at home, and who begged the other helpless passengers for the love of heaven to help her set her feet once more on land.

Between these two extremes of impatience and excitement was a small proportion of passengers who remained calm, even endeavoring to while away the time by exchanging pleasantries and making wagers as to the time of their deliverance. Among these was a group of men in the cabin who, after having read and reread the morning papers, were casting about for some other method of killing time. One suggested a game of cards.

"Cards!" laughed one of his companions in misery. "Who'd carry cards on a ferryboat? Who, outside of a lunatic asylum, would start on a ten minutes' voyage provided with games to pass away the time?"

"Here is a euchre deck which is at your service."

The speaker, evidently a globe-trotter, drew from under the bench a traveling bag, so much worn and embellished by tags, labels and hieroglyphics that it resembled some old veteran

THE CARDS WERE DISTRIBUTED.

just returning from the wars and still covered with surgeons' plasters. From this he produced a pack of cards and tendered it to the man who had suggested the game.

"Certainly, if you will join us; but what shall we do for a table?"

"Here is a camp stool," said the man of the world. And in a moment four men were sitting around it, cutting for deal, which chanced to fall to the stranger.

The cards were distributed rapidly, and the dealer was about to turn the trump when a loud shriek pierced the air and a woman opposite suddenly sank fainting to the floor.

"Don't be alarmed, gentlemen; it is nothing serious," said the dealer, calmly. "The lady simply caught sight of her own frightened face in the mirror and the shock caused her to faint. It reminds me of a thrilling experience an American traveler had while bumping through Syria. But, pardon me, the game!"

Once more he made a movement to turn the trump, when one of the party exclaimed:

"There can't be a better time or place than this for telling a thrilling experience."

"Yes," said another; "do give us some other kind of bumping than we are having here. Let's have the story before we begin the game."

The stranger leaned back, passed his cigar case, and, having lighted a weed himself, began:

"It is an unwritten law among the wild Bedouins east of the Red sea that if an infidel traveler is attended on his journey by one of the faithful he is safe from the attacks of Mohammedan robbers. As long as the 'Frank,' as all foreigners are called, is under the protection of the Star and Crescent, the rascal's hand is stayed, and as they meet, the villain, who would otherwise show no quarter, salutes with the grave suavity of a courtier. But let that same traveler become separated from the Arab guard that he has bribed to give him safe conduct through his own bandit-infested country, and he becomes legitimate prey. He will be plundered and perhaps killed, or, worse, if the robber thinks that cruelty will extort any secrets of hidden spoil, tortured or held for ransom, with each day's delay losing a few fingers, which are forwarded to the captive's friends to signify that the rascals mean business.

"The party in which this American was traveling had been entering Syria from the south, and were progressed some twelve days from the sacred base of old Sinai. At a place called Bir-es-Sheba, on the regular caravan route to and from Mecca from the north, they heard of some interesting archeological treasures just unearthed some two days' journey to the east, and, having made the detour, the party snugly encamped by the side of a beautiful stream under the shadow of the Tubal chain of mountains.

"The treasures were vastly exaggerated, as is the custom with everything oriental, and they soon determined to turn back to the caravan route and 'bump' on up into Syria—'bumping' being the familiar term for camel riding, and a very expressive word at that. But on the afternoon of the first resting-day some one suggested a jaunt to a famous old well, where it was said were some very ancient tumuli. But, knowing the Bedouins to be conscientious liars, and sick of this unrewarded chase for phantom treasures the American begged to be left behind in charge

ONE INSTANT HE STOOD STOCK STILL.

of two tents, which were pitched side by side on the bank of the stream.

"This was at last agreed upon, the whole party except himself going off on their three days' trip, leaving their comrade stretched at full length on a rug, his narghili, or water pipe, lighted for company.

"This oriental atmosphere, gentlemen, is a powerful drug. Do what you will to fight against it, its subtle charm holds you captive. The man succumbed to its influences and went fast asleep.

"Out of this sweet, trance-like repose he suddenly bounded into the horrible consciousness of a torturing pain in one of his hands, as though some wild beast was crunching the bones. But, as he writhed to his knees to grapple with the foe, he saw instead three swarthy, evil-faced Bedouins bending over him with ghoulish glee. One had just cut off with a hideous dirk-knife the first three fingers of his left hand. In an instant it flashed upon him that these were to be sent to his friends with a demand for ransom. He was correct in this supposition, for no sooner had the bleeding hand been rudely bandaged than his two captors set out upon this mission, leaving him in the care of a third, who was heavily armed.

"No one knew better than the prisoner how impossible such a ransom would be. His fellow-travelers had brought as little money into Syria as would meet their actual necessities while there. He, therefore, began to cast desperately about in his mind for a loophole of escape before the fellows should return with these unsatisfactory tidings, which would result, no doubt, in further mutilations.

"As his gaze swept the tent for something suggesting a plan for deliverance, he saw it had been gutted of everything except two articles—his light silk coat, which hung upon the partition between the two tents, and the tourist's shaving mirror which it concealed. The coat had been overlooked because it was as grimy as the tent wall itself.

"In moments like this one grasps at straws. As it is said a drowning person reviews his past experiences perfectly in a brief moment, so to this man, facing desperate odds, came a desperate suggestion.

"He called loudly on a supposed protector in the adjoining tent to come to the 'window,' and prove to his captor that he was under the protection of a Moslem. As he spoke he slowly drew the coat from before the mirror in front of which the sheik was standing.

"No words can express the unutterable consternation pictured upon that blazing face livid with fright and wonder as for the first time it saw its own awful reflection, not knowing it was its own. One instant he stood stock-still, fascinated, horrified, overwhelmed; then collapsed, just as that lady did but a moment ago, and the American quickly possessed himself of his captor's arms and was master of the situation.

"And now, gentlemen," concluded the story teller, "we will have our game."

As he spoke he again reached forward to turn the trump. There was a quickly drawn breath of horror from those who observed him, for the first three fingers of his left hand were missing.

Before he could turn the card a savage lurch of the boat, accompanied by the creaking of timbers, announced the arrival of the Rappahannock at her New York slip—and the trump was never turned.—Black Cat.

THE INSURRECTION IN CUBA.

Efforts of the People to Secure Self-Government.

Our knowledge of the facts of the insurrection now in progress in Cuba is far from satisfactory. While one can hardly pick up a daily newspaper without finding some dispatch concerning the struggle, it is impossible to determine how far the published statements have been colored by the authorities, Spanish or Cuban, by whom they have been prepared.

The silent facts of which we may be sure are that the insurrection has been in progress for a number of months, and has extended over a large part of the interior of the island; that Spain has sent over her ablest general, with tens of thousands of soldiers, to crush it; that the insurgents, far from yielding, have adopted the constitution of a republic, and chosen a president and other officers.

When we remember that a previous effort to achieve the independence of the island resulted in a war of 12 years' length, filled with atrocities hardly paralleled even in similar conflicts, the immediate outlook is not inviting to the lover of peace.

The history of Cuba in this century is little more than a dreary record of unsuccessful attempts at liberty. At first the attempts were peaceful. The constitution of Spain in 1812, as a result of the Napoleonic wars, guaranteed a certain representation to the Cubans. Through the successive defeats of the liberal party in Spain, this provision was never enforced; and when, in 1836, Queen Isabella finally accepted the constitution, the cortes voted by an overwhelming majority that Cuba should enjoy none of the privileges which it extended to the Spaniards themselves.

Since then, to most Cubans, liberty and independence have meant the same thing. The rule of the governors general has been absolute to a degree which it is hard for an American to realize. It is true that a small party has continued to hope that some measure of self government might be gained without separation from the mother country. But the concessions by which the long insurrection of 1868-1880 was brought to a close proved of no practical value. The grasp of Spain on the colony planted nearly 100 years before the settlement of our own Jamestown has remained firm while both the northern and southern continents of America have been freed from European control.

Whatever one's views as to the right or wrong of the present uprising, its general similarity to the struggle that resulted in our own independence cannot be denied. In the matter of grievances, in fact, most of us will be inclined to think that the Cubans have even greater right to complain than did the British colonists in 1776. The character of their warfare, with its numerous small engagements and its slow progress, is also not unlike the earlier campaigns of the revolution.

Now, as then, the sea power is almost entirely in the hands of the mother country, and consequently the insurgents are mainly confined to the interior. The advantage of a disciplined soldiery is on the same side. The climate of the island is, however, a help to the insurgents such as our fathers did not possess; for we see it constantly asserted that the yellow fever is proving far more fatal to the troops from Spain than all the bullets of the rebels.

The similarity of the Cuban struggle to the revolution, the nearness of the island to our shores, and the intimacy of its commercial relations with this country have made the Cuban question a matter of practical political importance with us. That the sympathies of most Americans are with the party of independence is evident to everyone. It is further asked, however, whether this sympathy may not properly be expressed by some act of our government. The contention that the United States should at least recognize the belligerent rights of the insurgents draws a certain strength from the fact that Spain accorded such recognition to the southern confederacy within 40 days after the firing on Sumter. But we should not repeat, in retaliation, what we then regarded as a most unjust and unfriendly act.

Some competent judges are of the opinion that the according of belligerent rights to the Cubans by a first-class power would turn the scale in their favor. It seems certain that the Cubans themselves are looking to us from their mountains with some expectation of encouragement, if not of active help. —Youth's Companion.

Telling Fortunes with Apples.

There are three fortunes to be told with an apple. Peel the fruit without breaking the skin, and, holding the long spiral skin daintily by the end, swing it three times around the head and let it fall to the ground; whatever letter the skin then forms is the initial of the sweetheart or friend who lives you best. Then, before eating your apple, have some one "name it," as they say, and after you have saved all the seeds begin to count them, thus:

One I love; two I love; three I love I say;
Four I love with all my heart
And five I cast away.
Six she loves; seven, he loves; eight, both love.
Nine, he comes; ten, he tarries.
Eleven, he courts, and twelve, he marries.

A more amusing fortune is that of placing a fresh apple seed on each eyelid and naming each. The one which remains there longest is the truest and best. A famous custom consists of pouring a very little molten lead into a tub of cold water; there follows a splashing and hissing as the lead cools suddenly, and the shape of the lead reveals the future. Just as in all oracles ever since the days of Delphi, and Diana, of the Ephesians, the scientific work lies in reading the doubtful forecasts aright.—Louise Willis Snead, in St. Nicholas.

—It is said that posts planted in the earth upper end down will last longer than those which are set in the natural position in which the tree grew.

MINING OF PHOSPHATES.

Where the Deposits Are Found and How They Are Made Marketable.

The Florida phosphate deposits are of great importance, yet their existence was discovered so recently, and their extent is still so uncertain that few persons not engaged in the sale of fertilizing materials have much knowledge of the large industry which has sprung up in the peninsular state. It has practically created a new city, Ocala, which had a population of but a few hundred in 1870, but is now a thriving business center with modern improvements, banking facilities and ample railway and transportation facilities. Engineering, the leading engineering journal, makes the following statements concerning the region, which are of considerable interest as coming from an unbiased source: "There is no phosphate region in the world known to-day that possesses so many advantages for successful mining as the Florida deposits. The grade of material is the highest average that is being worked anywhere. The facilities for moving the products to points for distribution are good. The average distance from mines to ports for shipment is about 150 miles. The distributing stations for the hard rock districts are Port Tampa, Fernandina, Brunswick and Savannah, the largest tonnage being moved from Fernandina, where storage bins are located and loading facilities are good. Port Tampa, the terminus of the Plant system of railroads, is constantly adding facilities for prompt handling of cargoes of phosphate, and at present very nearly equals Fernandina in the amount of its shipments. Railroads are numerous and cheaply constructed when necessary to extend them into new sections. The machinery needed to mine and prepare the material is simple and inexpensive compared with that generally used in other mining operations, and the cost of a plant with sufficient land to work upon is within the reach of small investors. The working days at the mines are about 280 during the year. The climate is healthful, laborers readily obtained at a fair compensation and skilled operatives are at hand who are becoming familiar with the business. The mining camps are generally well regulated, and proprietors and employes can reside at the mines with safety and with little inconvenience, as supplies of all kinds can be readily obtained at the towns located in the near vicinity of all the large mining fields. Telegraph and mail facilities are within easy access of nearly every mining camp in the state. Florida phosphates are mostly shipped to European ports, and are manufactured into fertilizers in England, Ireland, Germany France, and quite recently shipments have been made to the Sandwich islands. Foreign agents of consumers and dealers in phosphates have their offices near the center of production, and contracts for delivery and prices are commonly fixed at points of shipment, the material being sold at a price per unit of its contents of phosphate of lime. The Florida phosphates are all used in the manufacture of commercial fertilizers and superphosphate."—Boston Transcript.

An Irishman's Brilliant Idea.

Some Irishmen are naturally stupid, but their mistakes at times are so humorous as to provoke a laugh, which makes one forget the more serious part of the error. Recently a son of Ireland went out rowing on the lake at a famous summer resort. A stiff northwest wind came up, and, not being skillful with the oars, in a short time his boat shipped considerable water. A brilliant idea then seized him, and, taking the butt end of the oar, he battered away at the planks in the bottom of the boat, finally knocking a hole in them. Fortunately for him a steam launch with a pleasure party aboard came along and rescued him as his boat sank. Upon being asked why on earth he drove a hole through the boat he replied: "An' phwat else would yez do? Sure the boat was half full of water, an' so I knocked a hole in the bottom to let it out; but, yez see, there was so much more water in the lake that the little bit of a stream in my boat had no chance to get out."—Harper's Round Table.

One Way of Finding a Scotsman.

It is related of a successful Glasgow merchant that, sight seeing in Paris once, he lost his way. For a considerable time he wandered about trying to get back to his hotel. The hours went by. He never could speak French, and his Glasgow English only brought a smile and a shake of the head. "Oh for a body wi' a guid Scotch tongue in his head!" he sighed. Then came a happy thought. By signs he bought a basket, measure and berries of a trim Frenchwoman, and, shouldering his stock, went along the street shouting: "Fine grossets, a bawbee the pine; fine grossets, a bawbee the pine." The crowd laughed at the mad Briton, but the familiar cry soon brought some Scotsmen on the scene, and the merchant was able to retire from business and smoke his pipe in the bosom of his family, thankful that he had found real Scotsmen in his hour of need.—Tit-Bits.

Save the Wine.

In Tokio a confirmed tippler, having occasion to send his servant, a country girl to buy some sake, which is a native drink, said, placing the empty bottle in her hands: "Now be very careful and see that you don't fall in coming back. If you fall, you know, you will be sure, one way or another, to spill the wine. Of course, if you are obliged to fall, I suppose you must; but in that case put down the bottle carefully on the road and then fall."—Judge.

Information.

Johnny—Papa, what is mileage?

Papa — Mileage is what we pay congressmen for traveling on passes.—Puck.

NEARLY SPOILED THE BANQUET

Misfortune to a Printer Caused Confusion at a Dinner Given to Stanley.

Mention of the present visit of Henry M. Stanley to this country brought about the narration of an amusing though somewhat annoying, incident in connection with the "American dinner" that was given to the explorer in London on his return from the Emin Pasha relief expedition. The incident also serves to show how a very slight accident may precipitate confusion in a dinner party. The American dinner to Stanley was the idea of Henry S. Wellcome, an American business man of London, who was not only a personal friend of Stanley, but a member of the firm of druggists who fitted out the Emin Pasha relief expedition. Through Mr. Wellcome's energy almost every American in London subscribed for tickets to the dinner, and on the night it came off covers for over three hundred people were laid in Evans' assembly-rooms. One table, on a dais, was reserved for Stanley and the more distinguished guests, and there were a dozen other long tables facing this one. Mr. Wellcome attended personally to the arrangement of the seats, and each man who had subscribed to the plate that was to be presented to the guest of the evening was given a place at the end of one of the subsidiary tables, and others were given seats near each other who had expressed preference. Mr. Wellcome gave minute attention to these details, and, the first thing on the morning of the night of the dinner, he took his completed plan of the tables and seats to a printer in order to have the usual diagrams ready for the guidance of the diners in taking their places.

When the hour of 8:30, which had been fixed for dinner, had arrived, the 500 hundred guests were assembled in the reception-room. Stanley was there and so was Consul General John C. New, who was to preside, and so were some of the most distinguished men in England. But there was no diagrams of the dining-room, and the reception committe were anxiously waiting for Mr. Wellcome to arrive with them. At 8:35 o'clock Mr. Wellcome flew in, in his business clothes, with a smudge of printer's ink on his nose and more on his hands. He agonizingly informed the reception committee that the printers had pied the type or the diagrams of the tables at the last moment, and that they would be compelled to do without them.

It may seem an easy matter for 300 men to find their places at tables, when their names are at their plates, but it brought about so much confusion that everybody was turned from the dining-room back to the reception-room and a brilliant scheme was suggested. There was the original list of the names of the diners, with their respective places that Mr. Wellcome had rescued from the printer, in the possession of the reception committee. The toastmaster was stationed on a chair at the door of the dining-room and instructed to read the list of names, each man to pass out and take his place at the table when his name was called. The toastmaster was a fine, big Englishman, with a stentorian voice. He did as he was told. "New—Consul General John C.," he shouted, and Mr. New went through the door. "Stanley—Henry M.," followed the toastmaster next. There was a roar of laughter and that scheme for seating the guests was dropped. Finally everybody went in again and searched for his place and found it or otherwise, as best he might. Several of the guests designed for the principal table were rescued from inferior positions below, and some ambitious ones were degraded from the table of rank; but the dinner went on merrily and ended similarly, though it began an hour later than the time it had been set for and all because of the accident to the diagrams.—N. Y. Telegram.

Don't Write When Angry.

Never write a letter to a man, woman or child when you are angry with the person in question, or perhaps, I had better qualify my advice by begging you, one and all, never to send an angry letter for 48 hours after you have written it, and then I would suggest reading it carefully, and, as the Irishman said, "burning it before sending it." We have many of us exhausted all our rage in the fire of the letter-writing, and have felt all the delights of a battle won by the prowess of our pens without the hackneyed formality of posting the epistle. Who is there who has not written his anger out in this wholesome way! Do not, I pray, send a cruel letter to anyone you have ever loved. You will but live to regret the act, and possibly with the pallid silence of death between you and the wounded one. If mortals were, in these prosaic days, gifted with invisible powers, I would wish to be that spirit endowed with a force which would arrest every angry word at the tip of each sharp-pointed, heart-breaking pen.—St. Louis Republic.

Points in Good Housekeeping.

A woman who looks well to the ways of her household should know how long, under ordinary circumstances, certain supplies, such as tea, coffee, butter, sugar and coal should last. It is by no means a proof of a niggardly housewife to do so, but it is her duty to herself and family to know what use is made of those articles which she provides. This duty may be done so tactfully that no maid could dream of taking offense, or in a way to antagonize. When accounts are kept, that is, when the mistress writes down in her ordering book the exact quantity she wishes, with the date of the order, the matter is easily managed.—N. Y. Post.

—Pudding Sauce.—Four tablespoons of fine, white sugar, two tablespoons of butter, one tablespoon of flour, stir them together to a cream, beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth and add it, then pour into the dish a gill of boiling water, stirring very fast; flavor with lemon or vanilla.—Boston Globe.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Jellied Veal.—Boil the veal tender pick it up fine, put in a mold, add the water it was boiled in, and set it in a cold place; season with salt and pepper to taste. A layer of hard-boiled eggs improves it.—Home.

—Tincture of grindelia is said to be an excellent cure for ivy poison. Dilute it with about three parts of water and bathe the affected parts. It should be applied as soon as the irritation is felt and before the characteristic pustules appear.

—A good way to solve the problem of how to take care of our dress waists in these days of large sleeves that are so easily crushed is to screw several of the frames on which men's coats are hung into the ceiling of a wardrobe or on the lower surface of a closet shelf and hang the garments on them.

—Rice Puffs.—To make a dozen, take a cupful of cold boiled rice, two cupfuls of milk, a pint of flour, a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of melted butter, and three eggs beaten to a froth. Mix thoroughly together in the order named, have the gem pans hot when filled, and bake for half an hour in a rather quick oven. Serve hot, with liquid sauce.—Good Housekeeping.

—Pistachio Cream.—Blanch one-half pound of pistachio nuts and pound them to a paste with a teaspoonful of brandy. Add the paste to a pint and a half of good cream, sweeten to your taste, add the yolks of two beaten eggs, and stir it over the fire until it becomes thick. Pour it into a glass dish, and when cold stick long shreds of pistachio nuts over the top.—Boston Budget.

—A Good Brown Bread.—Two cups of sour milk, one cup molasses, one cup sifted graham flour, one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking soda, sifted with one-third cup of white flour, one teaspoonful salt. Mix molasses and sour milk, then stir in the meal and flour; pour into two small, buttered pails and steam three hours, then set in the oven and bake from 20 to 30 minutes. Sweet milk may be used if preferred. Do not throw away the bran that is left after sifting the graham flour. It makes an excellent an nutritious jelly.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Onion Tart.—Peel and slice the onions thinly. Line a dish with pastry, place a layer of onions in the bottom, sprinkle over pepper, salt, a little flour, then more onions, then salt and pepper until the dish is full. Pour over some sweet cream or butter and milk, and cover with pastry; bake until the onions are tender. This is a delicious accompaniment to the baked or boiled meats. Another method is to use alternate layers of sliced onions and potatoes, both raw, season with salt, pepper, butter, and pour over a little milk or water and bake until done. No pastry is used in the latter recipe. Both should be served very hot.—Orange Judd Farmer.

UNCLE JIM WHITESTONE.

The Passing of a Respected Member of the Limekiln Club.

Brother Gardner arose and said it was his sorrowful duty to announce the death of Uncle Jim Whitestone, which took place only on the previous day, and continued:

"You know him to be old an' feebie an' sort o' waitin' to go, an' yet de news surprises you. A week ago he sot heah wid us, to-night he am lyin' in his coffin. Sich am de onsartainties of life. I has knowed Uncle Jim since we was chill'en togeder in de faraway days. When he realized dat de summons was drawin' nigh he sent fur me, an' I sot beside him when de angel took his speerit an' flew away.

"Uncle Jim was a poo' old black man, unlettered, unlarned, an' lookin' back only to y'ars of toil an' privasbun an' sorrow. He saw poverty, woe an' misfortune in almos' chery month of his life, an' yit how did he die?

"Dar' was sunthin grand in that death-bed scene," continued Brother Gardner in a whisper. "Eighty y'ars of toil an' anxiety an' sufferin' was drawin' to a close. A life in which dar had bin many clouds an' leetle sunshine was about to end.

"I see him as de sinkin' summer sun crept inter de winder an' turned his white h'ar to de color ob silver. He woke from his soft sleep, an' dar was sich happiness in his eyes an' sich glory in his face as I neber saw befo'. He listened like one who h'ars de far-off sounds of sweet music, an' de glory deepened as he reached out his hands to me and whispered:

"'I kin see my ole wife an' de chil'ren up dar! I kin see glory an' rest an' peace! I kin look across de dark valley an' see sich happiness as I neber dreamed of!'

"An' he passed away like a babe fallin' asleep, an' you who go up dar to-morrer will fin' dat same glorious smile lightin' up de face of de dead. He has suffered an' believed an' had faith an' gone to his reward. He has bin dispised fur his color, ridiculed fur his ignerance, an' scorned fur his faith in de hereafter, an' yit no king eber died wid sich a smile on his face an' wid sich happiness in his heart. Peace to his ashes! While we mourn fur him we shall still rejoice dat he has gone to his reward. Let us break de meetin' in two an' go home."—Detroit Free Press.

Must Have Learned Somewhere.

"I gave you that parrot as a birthday present, did I not, Matilda?" he asked.

"Yes, but surely, Albert you are not going to speak of your gifts as if—"

"It was young and speechless at the time?"

"Yes," with increasing wonder, "and it has never been out of this parlor."

"There are no other young ladies in this house?"

"No, there are not."

"Then why, when I kissed your picture in yonder album, while waiting for you, did that wretched bird assume your voice and say: 'Don't do that, Charlie, please don't.' "—London Telegraph.

BUILDING AND SCIENCE.

ART IN ARCHITECTURE.

Description of a Model House at Moderate Cost—What Can Be Done with Seventeen Hundred Dollars—A Home of Which Any Man or Woman Might Be Proud.

Written for This Paper.

This very pretty home will cost $1,700. There are four rooms on the first floor and three rooms on the second floor.

The parlor is 12 feet 6 inches by 12 feet 6 inches; sitting-room, 12x16 feet, dining-room, 12x13 feet; kitchen, 11 feet 6 inches by 12 feet 6 inches; pantry, 4x8 feet; front veranda, 8 feet 6 inches by 21 feet; rear porch, 6x10 feet. The sizes

FRONT VIEW OF HOUSE.

of the chambers are 13x14 feet; 11 feet 6 inches by 14, and 12x16. All chambers have large closets. The bathroom is 8x9 feet. The painting is three coat work and plastering two-coat work. The house has stone foundation, brick chimneys, shingles on roof and gable. All gutters and conductor pipes are galvanized iron. Glass is American, double-thick. The basement is cemented, and has laundry, coal bins, fruit-rooms and storerooms. The studding is 2x4; joist, 2x10; beams, 8x10; posts,

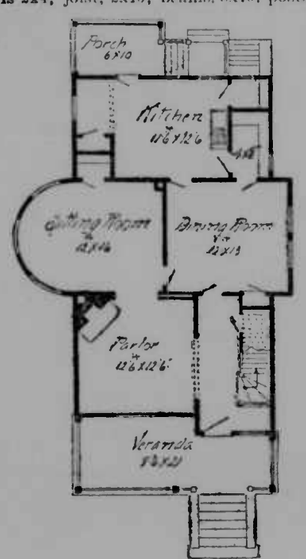

PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR.

8x8; supporting beam, of necessary strength. The siding is 4-inch. The best of sheathing, fence flooring, roof boards of fencing, subfloors of fencing and iron chimney brace are used. Composition carving is used in front gable. Tar paper is laid on outside walls and between floors. Additional features are electric bells, red oak mantel, porcelain-lined sink, drawers and shelves in closets, and washbowl, closet and bathtub in bathroom. The house is to be piped for gas and furnace. Bevel plate glass is used in front door.

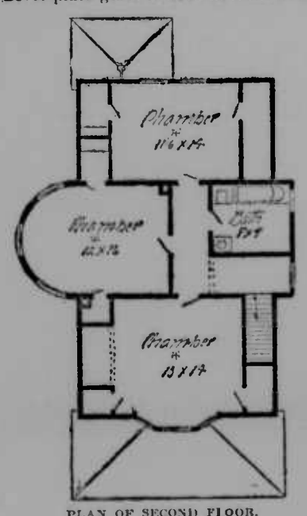

PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR.

Georgia pine finish throughout all rooms and neat hardware for all doors, etc., are essentials.

The size of the house upon the ground is 22x38 feet, not including projections or porches. The art glass in transom over large front window adds much to the attractiveness of the place. The walls of first and second stories will be back plastered. Tint the walls and ceiling of hall maroon, of parlor yellow, of sitting-room blue, dining-room terra cotta, kitchen green. Maple floor is laid in kitchen, pantry and bathroom; all other floors will be of pine. The color of the exterior of the house may be brown with white trimmings. The cistern will hold 30 barrels of water, and the galvanized iron boiler will hold 30 gallons of water. All doors are 2 feet 8 inches wide, 7 feet high and 1⅜ inches thick. The shingles for the roof are to be dipped in stain made from mineral paint and boiled linseed oil; and when the shingles are all placed on the roof apply a brush coat to them. The square columns on front veranda will be 5x5 inches and have ¼-inch fluting extending from the base to cap mold. The height of first story is 9x6 inches; second story, 9 feet. The gutters will be made on the roof. Ridge boards are 1¼ inches thick. All sash to have weights and Silver Lake sash cord.

GEORGE A. W. KINTZ.

AN ANATOMIST'S IDEA.

He Demonstrates Scientifically That Women Are the Weaker Sex.

In a paper read before the recent Anthropological congress at Cassel Prof. Waldeyer, of Berlin, a very distinguished anatomist, attempted to prove scientifically that women are the weaker sex, and his arguments have already aroused an immense amount of antagonism among the women of Berlin and Vienna. The learned anatomist went on to discuss the general points of difference between the two sexes, dividing them into primary and secondary, after which he set himself to show that the human male has a much more developed muscular and bone system than the female, and has more serious claims to be regarded as a powerful machine. Among differences of greater or lesser importance, he noticed the fact that the index finger in the female often extends beyond the middle finger, that her teeth formation is very different from that of the male, as is also the skull. He laid special stress on the difference in the weight of the brain and the development of particular parts of that organ in the two sexes, differences which are noticeable from the first day of the birth of a boy or girl.

But the question of the difference in the blood was that which seemed to clinch the matter, over and above which it has caused no end of bad blood outside the walls of the museum in which the congress held its sittings. It appears that there is a difference in the "thickness," and it is not by any means to the advantage of the female. As a matter of scientific fact, indeed, according to the professor, one cubic centimeter of blood taken from a man contains an average of 5,000 red blood corpuscles, whereas the same quantity in a woman has no more than 4,500. And these red blood cells are absolutely indispensable to the processes of animal life, the very quintessence, so to say, of existence. This, according to the learned professor, is one of the most characteristic of the differences between the male and the female, and the one which recurs with the greatest regularity. The practical conclusion to be drawn from it, concludes the German anatomist, cannot be too strongly recommended to the attention of the women and the men who are now at the head of the movement the object of which is to widen woman's sphere by extending it to occupations and professions now confined to men. They should, he added, be extremely careful not to overstep the limits clearly laid down by nature herself in the physical organization of the female.

THERMOMETER TESTS.

How You Can Tell Whether Your Heat-Marker Is Reliable or Not.

To tell whether a thermometer accurately does its work, invert the instrument. If the mercury does not fall to the end, or if it breaks into several small columns, the thermometer contains air and is inaccurate. If perfect-made, the slender thread should fill the tube, or should break off at the bulb and fall to the end of the tube.

There is another interesting fact about thermometers. Nine persons out of ten think the mercurial column round, but that is not the case. The thread of mercury in thermometers is flat. If it were round the column could hardly be seen, for the opening of the tube is as fine as the finest thread. Some eight or ten years ago a Boston manufacturer introduced the scheme of coating the back of the tube with white sizing. That makes the column of mercury stand out plain and distinct.

Thermometers are cheaper and better than ever before. You can now buy a heat-marker for 25 cents, but a first-class instrument will cost you $2. A cheap instrument is like a cheap watch—it is unreliable. The reason for this is that a perfect thermometer has a scale of its own. The cheap thermometer is made on guesswork. Hence, you see a difference of two, three or five degrees between thermometers in the same locality on the same day.

The most sensitive heat-marker is the radiometer, which was invented by a Mr. Crookes. It consists of four arms suspended on a steel pivot, rotating like a miniature wind gauge, and the whole affair is inclosed in a glass tube from which the air has been exhausted. The light of a candle one or two feet away causes the arms to rotate. Quite as sensitive is the thermopile, which is used to detect the faint rays of heat transmitted from the moon and stars to this cold world.

The Earth's Gigantic Shadow.

The length of the shadow which the earth casts into space has attracted some attention since the eclipse of the moon. This shadow is in the form of a cone with the diameter of the earth as its base. It is 864,000 miles long. That is if you travel into space, away from the earth, more than three times as far as the moon, the shadow would still shield you from the sun, provided you remained on what may be called the night side of the earth. The diameter of the sun is 866,000 miles, that of the earth is 7,926 miles, and the distance from the sun to the earth is 93,000,000 miles.

Statistics of Sole Leather.

The average walker wears away two inches of shoe leather in a year. A pair of boots that would "last a lifetime" would, consequently, have to be provided with soles from eight to nine feet thick.

Underground Wires in London.

In 1869 there were in London only 500 miles of underground wires, whereas there are now 13,000 miles.

Men often make up in wrath what they want in reason.—Alger.

FARM AND GARDEN.

FARMERS AND BICYCLES.

Profits of Agriculture Have Been Diminished in Two Ways.

The extension of the trolley and cable systems of traction for street car lines has greatly reduced the demand for horses, and as electricity or steam power has been substituted for horse power the market for the cheaper grade of horses has grown worse. Recently the farmers who deal in horses have met with still another disaster which has diminished the demand further—the bicycle craze. This strikes at horses of the better quality, ordinary carriage horses, and not those devoted to the humble and laborious task of drawing street cars for their board and lodging. Livery stables throughout the country, and more especially in the smaller towns, are now feeling the sinister effects of the bicycle craze. In country hotels or boarding houses where in previous summers it was the custom of the guests to go driving, this year there has been very little demand for carriages, as bicycles have furnished an adequate substitute. Not only have the livery stables suffered in respect of transient patrons desiring "to go for a drive" over the green hills and through winding valleys in the country, but the regular customers as well have gone over to the bicycle contingent very largely. Country doctors, as a rule, have been among the best customers of livery stables, but they are so no more, for many country physicians now use bicycles for their professional visits, and this is true of many other former patrons of livery stables. The large bicycle factories are turning out hundreds of machines every day. As the number of machines increases the demand for horses falls off, and one of the results of this has been the cheapening of good carriage horses and the reduction of the number of such carriage horses raised by farmers. In still another way the farmers of many states have suffered from the effects of the bicycle craze; the wheels need no fodder. The fewer horses, the less demand for hay and oats; and it is believed in many quarters that a shortage in the New York hay crop this year is all that prevents a big fall in the price consequent upon the decrease of the demand.

But while on the one hand the farmers of the country have suffered from the bicycle craze—due directly to the limited demand for horses and indirectly to the reduced demand for hay and oats—they have in another way reason to be grateful to the cyclists, who are the practical pioneers in the movement, so far as this country is concerned, of better roads. The improvement in roads is of decided benefit to farmers, more so, in fact, than some of them realize or are willing to admit. Better roads put farmers into closer communication with consumers, and by decreasing the cost of transportation enlarge the profits of agriculture, and this beneficent work is going on in every part of the country, for bicyclists are found all over the United States.—N. Y. Sun.

ROAD EMBANKMENT.

Simple and Durable Method of Protecting Sidehill Roads.

Many farm roads have to be built along a sidehill or bank to avoid too sharp an ascent. The outer sides of such roads are usually lower than the

ROAD EMBANKMENT.

inside, even when a rock wall is laid up to support the outer side, which greatly increases the chances of upsetting a loaded wagon, and also causes the road to wash badly. In building a sidehill road the wall on the outside ought not to be laid up perpendicularly, since the constant outward pressure is quite sure to throw the wall down. Built as shown in the accompanying illustration, the wall is constantly braced against this outward pressure and will remain firmly in place. It pays to have smooth, well-constructed farm roads, for poor roads very largely increase the cost of all the crops that are raised.—American Agriculturist.

Buy Only the Best of Trees.

In buying trees, after you have made up your mind what you want, be very certain that you get good trees and true varieties. A blunder in this can never be remedied without serious loss. Never buy sorts you do not want because the trees look nice, or because the nurseryman, being overstocked, offers them at reduced price. Such sorts might be all right in a family orchard, but all wrong in your market orchard. It would be far better to pay two, three—yes, half a dozen—prices for the most valuable trees, than to plant poor stock as a gift. We have known parties to plant wrong sorts, not know what they had till the trees bore, and then, when their trees ought to have been worth $10 apiece, they went into the orchard and grubbed them out. —Fruit Grower's Guide.

Making Cider Vinegar.

There is always a good demand for vinegar, and none is better than that made from cider out of rich, sweet apples. The earlier it is made the more rapid will be the fermentation and the quicker will come the change from alcohol to acidity. This souring is much hastened by frequent exposure to the air, turning the cider once a day from one vessel to another. This exposes it to the air, and if it is done for a few weeks the vinegar will be as sour as by letting it lie in the barrel for as many months. The early apples are often deficient in sweetness. An addition of sugar to the cider greatly increases the alcohol and also the acid in it when that stage is reached.—Prairie Farmer.

NO MORE RICE THROWING.

Confetti of Paper Now Takes the Place of the Traditional Thing.

Fashion's freaks are not always so unutterably silly as her stern opponents would have one believe. For instance, when she decreed that rice throwing at weddings was to come to an end, she sensibly signed the death warrant of a barbarous and dangerous custom. The foolish practice obtains now only among those who will always cling to a custom because it is a custom. In really fashionable sets here or abroad it has been agreed that too much serious damage has been done to bride and groom by the hard little grains not to make some substitute necessary.

In addition, however, to marriage bells and festive garments, some outlet seemed needful for the joyous feelings the occasion is supposed to arouse. And in England paper confetti are having quite a vogue. These are disks of paper about the size of a letter wafer, variously colored and stamped in silver or gold. Armed with cornucopias full of these the bridesmaids salute the "happy pair" as they leave the parental mansion.

It is easily conceivable what a pretty and effective scene would be made of this custom, especially as our weddings run nowadays to a "color." A pink wedding with pink cornucopias and pink confetti stamped in gold would infallibly have a delicious memory picture for the guests.

The real confetti of Italian carnival fame are little balls made of starch and water. They were so constructed as to break when thrown, and in breaking scatter the starch powder over the person whom they struck. It was often painful to get these stinging blows on cheek or neck, and, like the rice, they are passing out of use.

But the paper confetti is as little likely to become really popular as the rice, for the reason of the mess it makes when scattered over the house and grounds. Crumpled paper lying about is as ugly as the aggravating rice grains crunching under the passer-by's foot. And the general run of housekeepers, whether of high or low degree, detest a "muss."—N. Y. World.

"DEAR PAPA," wrote the little girl, "I sent you a kiss last week by the express man. I hope he gave it to you all right. Hereafter I'll send 'em by mail, because the express man is very homely and I don't like giving them to him, and neither mamma nor nurse will do it for me."—Harper's Bazar.

HUBBS—"Dubbs doesn't look quite so lofty as he did during the war." Tubbs—"No; he went into matrimony as a lieutenant and he never got promoted."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"THAT whisky is fifteen years old. I know it because I've had it that long myself." The Colonel—"By jove! sir, you must be a man of phenomenal self-control."—Life.

WHY is a slip the politest thing in the world? Because she always advances with a bow.

WHY should a lady's home dress last forever? Because she never wears it out.

Like Aunt Jemima's plaster: the more you wiggle, turn and twist, the more it sticks the faster—the DeLONG Patent Hook & Eye.

See that

hump?

Richardson & DeLong Bros., Philadelphia.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ODD AND SERIOUS.

A woman's heart was really broken, burst into halves, in England recently, not from love or sorrow, but from eating too hearty a supper.

Forty-seven thousand tons of tea, valued at over $17,000,000, have been received at Tacoma, Wash., from China and Japan this season.

A couple in Carrollton, Mo., with their baby, were on their way to the circus, and stopped at a physician's office to learn why the child was so quiet. He declared it was dead. They then asked permission to leave the dead child at his house while they went to the show, and he obligingly consented.

A cinder entered the ear of a negro in Athens, Ga., and caused much pain. A physician removed it and demanded a dollar. The man refused to pay it. The doctor put him in the chair again, replaced the cinder in his ear, and in a few moments the negro was glad to pay the dollar to have it removed.

PERSONAL PICKINGS.

Rev. Mr. Slick, of Atwood, is said to be one of the most smooth-tongued preachers in Kansas.

Mrs. Mary Hovey Hooper, of East Franklin, Me., died last week, within two weeks after celebrating her 100th birthday.

Prof. Prothero, besides superintending the preparation for the press of Prof. Seeley's posthumous work, is writing a memoir of the author.

Six bouncing boys are sons of Mr. and Mrs. Harmon Coleman, of Finesta, Pa. One is six feet in height, another is six feet two inches, two are six feet three inches, and two others six feet five inches.

WHEN will smoke not go up the chimney? When there is no fire in the stove.

A Hearty Welcome

To returning peace by day and tranquillity at night is extended by the rheumatic patient who owes these blessings to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Don't delay the use of this fine anodyne for pain and purifier of the blood an instant beyond the point when the disease manifests itself. Kidney trouble, dyspepsia, liver complaint, la grippe and irregularity of the bowels are relieved and cured by the Bitters.

How much that the world calls selfishness is only generosity within narrow walls—a too exclusive solicitude to maintain a wife in luxury, or make one's children rich.—T. W. Higginson.

AS THE itinerant with the organ came in full view of the sign: "Beware of the dogs," he passed on to the next house, emitting from his machine the well-known notes of: "I don't want to play in your yard."—Yonkers Statesman.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

For durability and for cheapness this preparation is truly unrivalled.

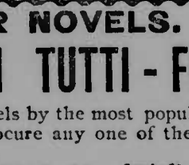

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH in cakes for general blacking of a stove.

THE SUN PASTE POLISH for a quick after-dinner shine, applied and polished with a cloth.

Morse Bros., Props., Canton, Mass., U.S.A.

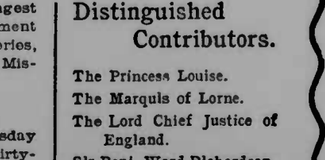

A. N. K—C. 1578

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Queer Names. "A Crick"—"A Stitch" "A Twist"—"A Jam" "A Halt"—"Raw Spots" "Blue Spots"—"Dead Aches"—are all well known of flesh, bone, and muscle, and easily cured by St. Jacobs Oil.

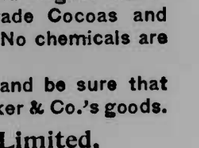

Timely Warning.

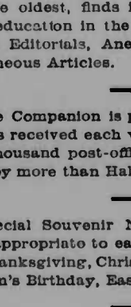

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of **Walter Baker & Co.** (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,
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POPULAR NOVELS.

ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI

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HIS FIRST AND LAST BUFFALO HUNT.

A New Yorker Who Fled Before the Beast Which He Had Pursued.

John Swinton, the New York writer and speechmaker, recently narrated some of his early experience on the western frontier, and this is the story he told of his first and last buffalo hunt:

"It was an ambition of my youth, as a New York boy, to go on a buffalo hunt. One day in the spring of 1857, when I was in Kansas, news reached my shanty that there was a herd of buffalo moving up the Republican river, or, as it used to be called, the Republican fork. The long looked for chance had come to me at last, and, though some squatter might jump my claim when I had gone out to hunt, I was ready to run the risk. I had no proud steed, but I owned a mule, Jennie, the best mule in Osage county and the fastest. In early morn Jennie was saddled in a way, and then, armed with a Sharpe's rifle and six shooter, which were carried under my blue blanket, I set out for the hunt. I scoured the country for miles. I reached the great Santa Fe trail. I got to Council Grove. I crossed the Smoky Hill fork. Old Fort Riley came in sight. Not a buffalo had I yet seen. At the fort a soldier said he had heard of some buffalo up the fork of the Republican. 'Twas then near nightfall. Man and beast were tired. Jennie was short of breath and craved the tempting grass and water, which were free to all. I camped not far from the old fort.

"Scooting around soon after sunrise next morning, hello! yonder in the distance on the bank of the river were the buffalo. They were gazing. Words cannot tell of the exultation of the mortal spirit at that moment. 'Keep still, man!' This is the time for a level head and a steady hand. Even Jennie, who could read my mind like a book, seemed to feel quickened in both ears. She sprang forward to the prey as I touched her side with a spur, gave a yell, raised the rifle to action and fired. The buffalo took to their heels. There were perhaps five or six of them, but they looked like a thousand. Crack went the six shooter. Onward swept the foe. The chase must have been for a mile, while the blue blanket fluttered in the breeze like the burnoose of an Arab. After a while the herd seemed to lessen their speed at a signal, perhaps from the leader. Suddenly the hindmost of them cast a look rearward, turned about suddenly, and with head prone, hump aloft and tail up struck out this way toward the infatuated mule in pursuit and became the pursued of the hunter in the heat of the chase.

"The onset of the enraged beast was terrible to behold, but it had hardly been begun when Jennie, with the spurs in her flanks and a yell in her ears, turned tail, rushed off in a way that would have won a prize at the Coney Island races, looked sidewise several times, as did the rider, for the rampant monster which was behind, and never stopped until a safe refuge was reached on the right side of the fence which surrounded Fort Riley. My buffalo hunt, the first and the last, was ended, and I had been both the hunter and the hunted without suffering to the buffalo or the mule or the rider. I have a book which says that the bison will not attack man, but I know that he will give chase to a mule. Buffalo hunting, you see, had its risks, even in the year 1857, but I do not believe that any hunter faced those risks along the Republican fork or anywhere near the head of the rolling Kaw as late as 1862."

"Your buffalo hunt," said the reporter, "was at once remarkable and peculiar, not the least like some of Ned Buntline's heroes. But a more detailed report of its incidents might be entertaining."

"For further particulars," whispered Mr. Swinton, "inquire of that grave and gallant veteran soldier of the west, Colonel Alexander G. Hawes, who was within gunshot of Fort Riley, way out on the Big Blue river, in the growing month of May, 1857."—Chicago Times.

The Statue Granary at Bamian.

The wonderful East Indian statues and temples cut from the solid bowlders and stratified rock are duplicated, if not excelled, by the Afghans. Professor J. A. Gay, in one of his recent lectures on the "Far East," tells of a stone statue of a god which he saw at Bamian, near the Russian frontier. This particular statue was one of a score, but was the giant of the lot, being 173 feet in height and large in proportion. It was used as a storehouse for grain and at that time contained over 2,000 bushels.

Too Costly.

"Why don't you take little Johnny to the circus? He's just crazy to see that balloon and parachute jumper," said Mrs. Suburb to her husband.

"I can't afford it," he answered.

"It won't cost over a couple of shillings to get him in."

"No, but it will cost us a couple of pounds for new umbrellas afterward."—London Tit-Bits.

TRAINING WILD BEASTS.

The Strange Effect of Colors on Some Animals.

"Wild animals are much more pronounced in their likes and dislikes of colors than men are," said Edward Darling, the lion tamer, the other day. "To get the best results from animals when giving performances you must surround them with the colors which are not obnoxious to them. Now, take Mr. Mehrmann, for instance. He has two leopards in his group of animals which he has trained that have to be kept chained continually while they are not performing. The reason for this is that a leopard has an aversion for spots of any kind. Mr. Mehrmann has the misfortune of possessing two dogs very much spotted, and whenever his leopards get a good opportunity they make for those dogs. Their lives would not be worth much if it was not for the vigilance of their master. It is strange, too, for the other dogs, which are of a solid color, get along splendidly with the animals. They play with them like kittens, but let one of the spotted dogs come about, and immediately the leopards assume a warlike position. This aversion to spots seems to be general through the animal kingdom. The only time I have ever known a lion to attack a dog was when a spotted one was placed in his cage, and he never ceased until he had finished him.

"In training animals there are many little points which are of great importance that would be overlooked by the ordinary person. So a trainer must be observing. Once I had a lion that utterly refused to sit upon a pedestal which was provided for it. I beat the animal time and again for refusing to get upon it, but with no effect.

"I was about to give the beast up as one impossible to train—as an unbalanced animal mind—when one day, by accident, the pedestals I had been using were misplaced, and I could not find them. I had to substitute others. Imagine my surprise when my balky lion, when commanded to mount to his place, obeyed without hesitation. I thought I had conquered at last and felt much elated. The next day my own pedestals were found, and when I ordered the lion to mount one he showed the same obstinacy. Nothing I could do would make him get up. He growled and purred, showing the utmost displeasure. I began to reason about the matter and finally came to the conclusion that it was the color of the pedestal that the animal objected to. The pedestal was painted a brilliant red, while the other one I had used on the day I was successful was blue. I put my theory to a practical test and discovered I was right. The lion would do the trick without the least protestation when I used the blue pedestal, but would refuse to even touch the red one. I had just had a lot of things, such as stands, seesaws, wagons, etc., made for my performance, and as a result of the discovery of this lion's peculiar aversion to red I had to have the entire lot repainted blue. That lion up to the time he died was the most clever animal artist I ever had. But no amount of training would make him endure red of any shade. So you can appreciate the numerous little necessary points which an animal trainer must look after. We meet with little examples of this color mania in animals every now and then, but the instances I have given you will suffice to show how troublesome it sometimes becomes."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Noses.

Don't worry about the shape of your baby's nose if it is a snub, nor be sure if it pleases you by its regularity that it will be the nose that will grow up with it, for scientists have observed that no feature changes more as life progresses. The length of the nose increases so much faster than its breadth that the snub nosed baby may evolve a long, even hooked nose. This change in the shape of noses, a writer in The Popular Science Monthly asserts, is gradual and imperceptible, generally more expeditious in the male than in the female, correlated with various other characteristics, such as intellectual attainments or weak constitution, and producing different results. During maturity and senescence the bridge of the nose becomes more and more prominent, often more convex, so that extreme old age may even develop an aquiline nose, so that one need never despair of possessing a satisfactory nose at some period of his life, if he only lives long enough. But, like so many other blessings that are deferred, the right kind of a nose may arrive too late to effect one's fortunes or happiness.

He Was Elected.

Politician—We've got to gain the vote of that old maids' club, or all hope is lost.

Candidate—That's all right. We'll just address a private circular to the different members, asking if they are old enough to vote and stating if they will be able to cast a vote this election that we'd like to have it count for us.—Cleveland Leader.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

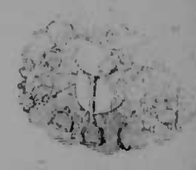

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Alder Street, opposite G. S. Hamill's office.

TRUMAN WEST, Manager.

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BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

EIGHTH YEAR.

A MODERN, HIGH GRADE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.

Reopens Sept. 24, 1895 (D. V.). A department for boys and young men embracing thorough preparatory work for college, business or settle school will be immediately under the charge of Maj. C. A. Ratton, of the Virginia Military Institute. Stenography, typewriting, book-keeping, besides full courses in English and Latin, etc. Send for catalogue to E. B. SWAN, Principal and Proprietor.

18 1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

NOTICE.

This is to give notice to the public that my wife, Ida S. Kerling, has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation and that I will not be responsible for any debts that she may contract.

CHRISTIAN KERLING.

Oakland, Md., Oct. 24, 1895. 33 3t.*

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of attachment, issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, and to me directed, at the suit of George W. Henry against the goods and chattels, moneys and tenements of the A. Michael Henry Company, I have seized and levied upon and will expose for sale at public auction, on the premises, on

Saturday, November 23, 1895,

at 2 o'clock p. m., all the right, title and interest of the said A. Michael Henry Company, in and to the following property, to-wit:

One steam boiler with stack and fittings complete, one steam engine and fixtures, fifteen horse power, one edger, one gang saw and frame complete, one stave saw jointer, one steam force pump, one hand force pump, one large belt fifty feet long, one small belt, one three-foot iron pulley, two wheel barrows, three pipe tongs, one wrench, one swedge, one engine block, one pipe cutter, one hook and rack, one team over one blister and set, one shock and die, and all the standing and felled timber on the thirty acre lot bought of Isaac Frazee.

And I hereby give notice, that on Saturday, the 16th day of November, at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m., at the mouth of Buffalo on the O. & C. R. R., below Bayard, I will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, for cash, the property so seized and taken in execution, to satisfy said claim and costs.

33 CHARLES WEGMAN, Sheriff.

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

Jos. E. HARNED, Proprietor.

31—26

$25.00 REWARD

Will be paid for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any persons who bear planks from fences or depredate in any way on my premises at Deer Park.

27—8t JOHN W. WILLIAMS.

Estate of John W. McRobie, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

JOHN W. McROBIE,

late of Garrett County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, duly authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 27th day of April next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 17th day of October, 1895.

HATTIE McROBIE,
S. A. McROBIE,
Administrators.

McHenry, Md. 33

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

This is to give notice that I have sold my stock of goods to Mr. John Englehart at Accident, and that I desire to have my books closed as necessary day. All parties owing me will call please call and settle before December 1st, otherwise I will place the accounts in the hands of an officer for collection.

31 3t* C. C. SPEICHER.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE
CLERK OF THE COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, Md., Oct. 28, 1895.

There will be a meeting of the County Commissioners of Garrett county held at their office in Oakland on

Tuesday, November 12, 1895,

For the purpose of transacting any business that may be brought before them.

By order of the Board.

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

GREAT VALUE FOR LITTLE MONEY.

WEEKLY NEWS OF THE WORLD FOR A TRIFLE.

The New York Weekly Tribune,

a twenty-page journal, is the leading Republican family paper of the United States. It is a **National Family Paper** and gives all the general news of the United States. It gives the events of foreign lands in a nutshell. Its Agricultural department has no superior in the country. Its Market Reports are recognized authority. Separate departments for "The Family Circle," "Our Young Folks," and "Science and Mechanics." Its "Home and Society" columns command the admiration of wives and daughters. Its general political news, editorials and discussions are comprehensive, brilliant and exhaustive.

A SPECIAL CONTRACT enables us to offer this splendid journal and "THE REPUBLICAN" for

One Year for Only $1.75

CASH IN ADVANCE.

(The regular subscription for the two papers is $2.50.)

SUBSCRIPTIONS MAY BEGIN NOW.

Address all orders to

THE REPUBLICAN.

Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to Geo. W. Best, Room 2, Tribune Building, New York City, and sample copy of The New York Weekly Tribune will be mailed to you.

D. E. OFFUTT & SON

Invites the attention of those interested in the purchase of vehicles of any style. The Kramer, Milburn and Jackson farm wagons always on hand. Prices and terms given on application.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

are positive cure for headache, constipation, piles, biliousness, fever and ague, dyspepsia, rheumatism, female complaints, dizziness, dandruff, sour stomach, bowel complaints, sleeplessness and general debility. They will positively cure all diseases of the Blood, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels. Price 25 cents a box.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

helps babes over the critical teething period, soothes and strengthens gums, cures colds, the cankers and all ills that rest on both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no strong drugs and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good. 25 cents a bottle.

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours doesn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

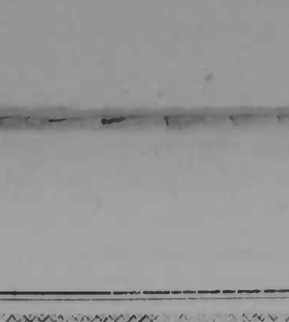

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23-1yr.

34 inches high. Top can be adjusted to any angle or height. Revolving Case 15 x 15 x 12 inside. Holds about 30 vols. Law size. Strong well finished Metal Base and Sides with Solid Oak Shelves and Top.—100,000 now used. Sent knocked down (30 lbs.) for approval. Address Marsh M'f'g Co. CHICAGO.

Agents Want

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

11 1y

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments.

Headstones,
AND
Chimney Pipe
WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS.

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

4193, yr——c

WE LOAN MONEY

On Real Estate, City Town and Village property, to buy, build and improve your houses, and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS OVER $2,000,000.00.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. RINKER,
WILSON, Grant Co., W. VA.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.

Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty building, opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate.

CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING. Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 8-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.

Drs. McLane & Berkeley,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
FROSTBURG, MD.

Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES

See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—2ot

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.

Residence on Main street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June 1st October and from October to June, 7 to 8:30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.

Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate. P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 8 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate

Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE,
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 24th, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the full extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent.
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.

Orders left with N. H. Naylor will receive prompt attention. 50-13t.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 10 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Yates' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 10 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 100 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

--WANTED--
WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER
Also White Oak Timber Land.
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.
Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50 00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
29tf 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

The Wesleyan Female Institute,

STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.

For girls and young women. Established 1842. Full corps of experienced teachers. Location healthy, central and accessible. For catalogues and particulars apply to

REV. HENRY P. HAMILL,
13-15t President.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1895. NUMBER 38.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings In and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Did you give thanks?

Send your job work to THE REPUBLICAN office.

Last auction for the season at Shartzer's Friday Dec. 6.

Editor Litzinger returned from Atlanta Sunday morning.

A fine line of ladies' wraps at auction Dec. 6 at Shartzer's. 2t

Mr. E. J. Stuck, of Selbysport, was an Oakland visitor on Monday.

The editor and his wife spent Thanksgiving Day at Kingwood, West Va.

The Orphans' Court was in session Tuesday with a full bench in attendance.

The residence of Mr. A. C. Mason in Crook's addition is nearing completion.

Mr. Washington Taylor, of Friendsville, was here yesterday for a few hours.

Mr. Thomas Nelson made a business trip to Piedmont and Lonaconing last Thursday.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

The season allowed by law in which to shoot pheasants expires on Saturday, the 30th inst.

Treasurer elect Thomas B. Wiley, of Bittinger, was in the city Monday and part of Tuesday.

Rev. Thomas J. Stanton, of Lonaconing, was here a day or two last week visiting his parents.

Messrs. William and Charles J. Newman returned from their trip to Morgantown Saturday night.

A weekly newspaper is to be started at Bayard, Grant county. It will be Republican in politics.

Rev. William H. Howard, an evangelist, is conducting a series of meetings in the Presbyterian church here.

Mr. W. H. Scott, who spent several days here last week with his parents, returned to Pittsburgh Thursday.

Mr. E. C. Henderson, foreman of the Corinth Brick Works, was in the city on business Monday afternoon.

One Minute Cough Cure is a popular remedy for croup. Safe for children and adults. Oakland Pharmacy.

Shartzer's big auctions have been postponed until Friday Dec. 6, beginning at 2 p. m. and continuing all day Saturday.

De Witt's Little Early Risers for biliousness, indigestion, constipation. A small pill, a prompt cure. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. James D. Hamill, president of the Garrett County School Board, is in Baltimore attending a meeting of the State Educational Association.

Messrs. Wm. Ryland and son, Erastus, of Friendsville, accompanied by Mr. E. J. Frantz, were in Oakland on Tuesday evening on business.

The funeral of Mrs. Bridget Reynolds, who died on last Wednesday night, occurred on last Friday from St. Peter's Catholic church, and was largely attended.

A. D. Naylor has a fine line of sample sleighs on hand both swell body and Portland. All orders received before Dec. 10th will give special in prices. 38-3t.

Disappeared, on Tuesday, Nov. 12, 1895, Louis Fine, a man 20 years old, 5 feet high, smooth face and dark complected. Had on a dark sack coat and winter cap; was seen last by Fred Kolb between Deep Creek bridge and Thayer's school house.

A reward of $100 to the person who finds him either dead or alive.

S. FINE & BRO.,
Lonaconing, Md.

Mrs. D. Y. Morris, of Kingwood, who spent a week or two here with her daughter, Mrs. Benj. H. Sincell, returned to her home last Thursday morning.

A sunrise meeting was held this morning in St. Paul's M. E. Church. Quite a number were present and participated in the service, which consisted of prayer and song.

On Sunday morning at 10.30 the funeral sermon of Moses O'Brien, son of Mary O'Brien, of Oakland, will be preached in Sturgiss' Hall by the German Baptist minister.

The saloon of Mr. Henry Shaffer at Deer Park was broken into on Friday night and robbed of a considerable quantity of wine, cigars, liquor, etc. His loss is about fifty dollars.

Mr. W. A. Sturgiss returned from Baltimore on Thursday night and will remain here until after the holidays when he will again go to the above city and resume his studies.

Ground for the erection of Mr. W. H. Malette's new three-story business building, was broken on Monday and it will be pushed to completion as fast as the weather will permit.

Piles of people have piles, but De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve will cure them. When promptly applied it cures scalds and burns without the slightest pain. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Noah Biddinger, of Bevansville, this county, accompanied by his brother, Mr. G. B. Biddinger, of near Cumberland, were in the city Monday and remained until Tuesday morning.

Cashier Scott T. Jones was at Newburg, West Va., last Saturday attending the funeral of Mr. —— Anderson, the father of Mr. Ed. I. Anderson, who died there suddenly on Thursday evening.

Mr. M. Cohen, who was here during the summer conducting a tailoring establishment, has closed his place and returned to Washington for the winter. He will be here again March first and re-open his place.

A new railroad, coal shaft and oil well are among the possibilities of Reno district in Preston county. The company has taken options on mining rights on about 30,000 acres of land near Evansville and Fellowsville.

One Minute Cough Cure is rightly named. It affords instant relief from suffering when afflicted with a severe cough or cold. It acts on the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs and never fails to give immediate relief. Oakland Pharmacy.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

The remains of Charles and Henry Shaffer, who were killed at the lime stone quarry on last Wednesday, were buried on Saturday. The funeral services were held at the Catholic church and the sermon preached by Father Mattingly.

Coughing irritates the delicate organs and aggravates the disease. Instead of waiting, try One Minute Cough Cure. It helps at once, making expectoration easy, reduces the soreness and inflammation. Every one likes it. Oakland Pharmacy.

If suffering with piles, it will interest you to know that De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve will cure them. This medicine is a specific for all complaints of this character, and if instructions (which are simple) are carried out, a cure will result. We have tested this in numerous cases, and always with like results. It never fails. Oakland Pharmacy.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

No excuse for sleepless nights when you can procure a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure. This will relieve all annoyances, cure the most severe cough and give you rest and health. Can you afford to do without it? Oakland Pharmacy.

A general meeting of the directors of the West Virginia, Southern and Midland Railway Company will be held in New York December 10. Directors and officers will be elected. This is a new road proposed to be built up the Cheat river.

Wife—Here's an account of a man who shot himself rather than suffer the pangs of indigestion. Husband—The fool! Why didn't he take De Witt's Little Early Risers? I used to suffer as bad as he did before I commenced taking these little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

The iron columns and girders for the bridge which is to span the Little Yough at the Helbig tannery arrived on Monday and is being erected by a representative of the company which built it. It is rather a massive affair and will greatly add to the appearance of things in general at that end of the city.

This morning Dr. J. Lee McComas took Mr. Ossie Wilson, son of Jonathan Wilson, of Wilson's Station, to Baltimore, where he will undergo treatment for white swelling, in the Johns Hopkins Hospital. It is feared by his friends that it will be necessary to amputate his right leg.

The Singer Manufacturing Company has secured the services of Mr. Levi Echart as salesman and collector who will call on the customers of that company for the purpose of collecting outstanding accounts. Mr. Echart was formely with the above company and made a very successful agent. *

Jesse Graham, a former slave, of Kingwood, W. Va., has kept a complete diary of events transpiring in his vicinity since his boyhood days. The records are correct, though crude, and prove very valuable in many instances. His diary is often consulted by persons interested in pension claims and lawsuits. Graham is now eighty years of age.

Messrs. J. W. and J. B. Tasker have, it is reported, discovered about 500 acres of fourteen foot vein of best quality soft coal, and 300 acres of from six to eight foot vein of gas coal on their farm, about six miles from Piedmont. This coal will be placed in the market at once and will be developed in the near future.

At three o'clock this morning the B. & O. depot here was discovered to be on fire. Train No. 7, which had just pulled into the station, blew her whistle, which gave the alarm. The Lutheran church bell was struck which called out the department. The boys responded very quickly and after a few minutes of hard work the fire was extinguished. The damage done to the building was only nominal.

For a pain in the side or chest there is nothing so good as a piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound over the seat of pain. It affords prompt and permanent relief and if used in time will often prevent a cold from resulting in pneumonia. This same treatment is a sure cure for lame back. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Croup is a terror to young mothers. To post them concerning the first symptoms, and treatment is the object of this item. The first indication of croup is hoarseness, In a child who is subject to croup it may be taken as a sure sign of the approach of an attack. Following this hoarseness it is a peculiar, rough cough. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse or even after the rough cough has appeared it will prevent the attack. It has never been known to fail. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Saturday Hon. D. W. Sloan handed in his resignation as State's attorney for Allegany county, and at 3 o'clock he was sworn in by Clerk Theodore Luman as associate judge of the fourth judicial circuit of Maryland. Quite a number of the judge's friends were present to witness the ceremony, among whom were his two little daughters and his sister, Chief Judge Boyd and several other gentlemen, all of whom congratulated the judge upon his new honors at the conclusion of the delivery of the oath by Mr. Luman.

W. A. McGuire, a well known citizen of McKay, Ohio, is of the opinion that there is nothing so good for children troubled with colds or croup as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He has used it in his family for several years with the best results and always keeps a bottle of it in the house. After having la grippe he was himself troubled with a severe cough. He used other remedies without benefit and then concluded to try the children's medicine and to his great delight it soon effected a permanent cure. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

On last Friday Dr. Henry W. McComas performed a very delicate operation upon the person of Mr. Wm. G. Wilt, who resides a few miles west from Eglen, in Preston county, West Va. Mr. Wilt has been afflicted with a very severe case of strangulated hernia, and to relieve this his intestines were removed by the doctor and a section six inches long taken from him. This was replaced by a like section from the intestines of a sheep. At last accounts the patient was doing exceedingly well with prospects for his speedy recovery. An operation like the one referred to above is seldom if ever performed by physicians outside of hospitals in the larger cities.

Henry Wilson, the postmaster at Welshton, Florida, says, he cured a case of diarrhoea of long standing in six hours, with one small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. What a pleasant surprise that must have been to the sufferer. Such cures are not unusual with this remedy. In many instances only one or two doses are required to give permanent relief. It can always be depended upon. When reduced with water it is pleasant to take. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper under the caption "We Loan Money." The Mutual Guarantee Building and Loan Association which he is representing is one of the strongest new financial institutions in the country and the largest new Building and Loan Association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management is developing it very fast. Its assets have already reached over $2,000,000, which proves it to be positively reliable in every respect. The men that carry it on are responsible and well known gentlemen. This is a good association for the investor as well as for borrower. It has a life insurance policy connected with it which beats anything in any other association. It is good for both young and old and especially for the young man, as this policy matures in 7 years, the others in 8 years. So anyone wishing to make and save money rapidly will do well to invest in this association. Those desiring to borrow or invest will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars.

The greatest nuisance the people of Oakland has to contend with is the running at large of cows upon the streets. At this season of the year there is nothing for them to eat in the woods and they make war upon the lawns and private grounds of persons residing in the town. It seems that no ordinance is in effect to take up stock at this season, but nevertheless there should be and it should be enforced.

Coal! Coal!

At the Chauncey Kimmell mine, 4 cents per bushel for lump; 75 cents per ton for limestone coal. Always on hand. 38-3t*

A PRETTY SKETCH.

The Home and Family of Congressman Wellington.

The Baltimore Sunday *Herald* devotes nearly an entire page to a biographical sketch of Hon. Geo. L. Wellington. The article also contained a recent picture of Mrs. Wellington, the four children and the home on North Centre street. THE REPUBLICAN reproduces the following from the article:

The Western Maryland Congressman's work in behalf of Mr. Lowndes' nomination and election is so fresh in the memory of all that there is no need to do more than allude to then in the sketch of his career. Mr. Wellington felt that he owed a lasting debt of gratitude to the man who had done so much to advance his interests, and his management of the last campaign may fittingly be called a labor of love. The manner in which he handled his forces and utilized the material at hand challenged the admiration of the Democratic leaders, who from Mr. Gorman down, felt that they had a foeman worthy of their steel. He made them fight as they never had to fight before, and he showed them that, much as they knew about politics, he could give them a few points himself, and then go them one better. As an old poker player puts it.

"Wellington played his hand for all it was worth, and he deserves to win the pot."

Personally Mr. Wellington is a man of great simplicity of manners. He is absolutely free from affectation. He is always approachable, always gracious making no distinction because of station in life. He has never forgotten that he was once a poor struggling youth himself. This natural grace, which good fortune has not blemished, is one of his chief charms. Yet back of all you feel there is an iron will, a determination of purpose which when a course of action has been mapped by the possessor, books no obstacle. There is more than a mere suggestion of the old Teutonic hero in Mr. Wellington's make-up. He is not handsome, but his luminous blue eye eyes, his strikingly aquiline features, the glow of health in his ruddy cheeks, his well knit frame and compact figure—strange development from a sallow-cheeked puny youth—cannot fail to impress one who meets him with the belief that he is no commonplace man.

As an orator he has few superiors. James A. Gary recently remarked that George L. Wellington is a second Henry Winter Davis. He never memorizes his speeches. In early days he used his pen freely for getting his thoughts into rhetorical shape, but on the platform he never produces them literally. With Mr. Wellington and John K. Cowen both in the House of Representatives, Maryland should rank high in the new Congress as the home of oratory.

Peddler Missing.

About one week ago Isaac Fine, of Lonaconing, accompanied by his brother-in-law, started out upon one of their usual peddling trips, having a one horse wagon ladened with merchandise. They had proceeded as far as Accident, Garrett county, this State, when they were arrested by a constable for selling goods without license. While they were parleying with the constable the brother-in-law succeeded in getting away from the officer, but Fine was taken before a Magistrate. It is understood that the constable started to take Fine to Oakland, but that he never arrived in Oakland with his prisoner, and rumor has it that the constable shot at his prisoner. Nothing has been heard of Fine, however, and his brother, Samual Fine, made a trip to Oakland, but could gain no clue to the whereabouts of his brother. Several nights ago a party of men left Lonaconing and drove toward Accident in hope of getting some information as to Fine's whereabouts, but they met with little or no success. The brother-in-law, who got away from the officer, was the first to give any infomation concerning the mysterous disappearance of Fine. The entire matter is shrouded in a cloak of mystery, and sensational developments may be expected.—Cumb. News.

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We will give a thorough course of instruction in Double and Single Entry Book-keeping and Commercial Arithmetic, by mail,

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to a limited number of persons. This course will be completed in forty lessons. No charge for diplomas.

ADDRESS,

CAPITAL CITY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,

P. O. DRAWER B,

TOPEKA, - KANSAS.

26-1yr

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county for a change in the county road leading from Erle's Mill to McHenry road running through the lands of Henry G. Davis. Said change begins at John Johnson's sugar camp on said county road and running through the lands of Henry G. Davis and intersecting said county road close the Neal Johnson shanty, a distance of three-fourths of a mile more or less.

HENRY SINES,
JOHN SINES,
JOHN JOHNSON,
MARSHALL SINES.

36-3t*

Ladies' Wraps.

We have a large stock of ladies' capes and jackets, and the styles are the very latest, and we offer them at very low prices.

M. L. SCOTT,
Baltimore Store.

Attention, G. A. R.

Crook Post, No. 35, will assemble in Sturgiss' Hall at 7 o'clock p. m. Saturday, December 14th, for inspection.

The inspection officer desires that there shall be a full turnout of the members at that time. By order

A. G. STURGISS, Com'a'r.
H. LOWE, Adjutant.

Estray Notice.

Estrayed, to my farm near Deer Park, known as the J. Z. Browning farm, 1 large black sow, 1 large black barrow and 2 medium sized black barrows with a piece cut out of left ear of each. The owner will please call, pay charges and damages and take same away.

38-3t. JONAS FRAZEE.

Public Sale

Of about $1000 worth of furniture at Oak Hall, between Oakland and Mt. Lake Park. The entire lot of nearly new oak furniture, springs, mattresses, pillows, comforts and many other things too numerous to mention. Sale Saturday, Nov. 30, 1895, at 10 a. m.

38-1t. MRS. T. C. HINEBAUGH.

Maryland Flowers.

The Atlanta *Constitution* in speaking of the floral exhibits at the Chrysanthemum show now being held in the Y. M. C. A. building at the exposition in that city, in passing over several other exhibits says:

"A handsome gold medal offered for the greatest variety and finest collection of carnations grown in the year 1895, was won by Mr. Weber of Oakland, Md. He also took the first prize for the best vase of Katerin Augusta Victoria roses. The display made by Mr. Weber is an unusually fine one and has attracted more than ordinary attention."

The Great Frog Railroad.

A new railroad has been constructed in Oakland since our last issue and what is more remarkable is the fact is that it has neither starting point or terminal. The name of this new road is the Great Frog Route and it can be seen running on schedule time and making great speed any evening in the show window of the Oakland Pharmacy.

The road is equipped with a genuine steam locomotive and hauls three passenger coaches. Along its line thrift is seen at every turn. Near the track is a saw mill operated by frogs and indeed nothing but frogs seem to be in evidence at any point, hence its name. It is a great advertisement for the particular line of trade it represents and it is quite interesting.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

A QUEEN.

She rules with subtle art and skill
  Excelling statesmen's far,
And 'neath her changeful humors still
  Her subjects loyal are;
No heart rebels against her sway,
  Her actions meet no blame;
In all her moods from grave to gay
  Her words attention claim.

Her tiny hands no scepter hold,
  No purple robe she wears,
Above her shining curls of gold
  No diadem she bears;
But yet to her in beauty bright
  Not Dido famed and fair,
Nor yet that queen, Troy's bane and blight,
  Could ever once compare.

She owns no castles, and no lands,
  No ships, no warlike aid;
Yet ne'er an emperor's commands
  As hers were so obeyed:
My little daughter, aged but four
  Short years, reigns royally
With pout, and frown, and laughter o'er
  Her mother, and o'er me.

—Chambers' Journal.

THE RED-HOT DOLLAR.

BY H. D. UMBSTATTER.

It lacked three minutes of five by the big clock in the tower when the east-bound Chicago express rumbled into the station at Buffalo. The train had not yet come to a standstill when a hatless man jumped from the platform of the rear sleeping car and ran across the tracks into the depot restaurant. A few minutes later he reappeared, carrying a cup of coffee in one hand and a small paper bag in the other.

With these he hurriedly made his way back to the car through a straggling procession of drowsy tourists, who were taking advantage of the train's five minutes' stop to breathe the crisp morning air. The last of these had already resumed his sat when the man without hat again appeared at the lunch counter, returned the borrowed dishes, and ordered coffee for himself. He had just picked up the cup and was raising it to his lips when the conductor's "All aboard" rang through the station.

Leaving his coffee untouched, he thrust a five-dollar bill at the attendant, grabbed his change, and started in pursuit of the moving train. He had almost reached it when an unlucky stumble sent the coins in his hand rolling in all directions along the floor. Quickly recovering himself and paying no heed to his loss, he redoubled his efforts, and, though losing ground at every step, kept up the hopeless chase to the end of the station. There he stopped, panting for breath. The slip had proved fatal. He had missed the train!

As he stood there staring wildly through the clouds of dust that rose from the track, a young woman, evidently deeply agitated, suddenly appeared in the doorway of the vanishing car. Upon seeing him, she made frantic attempts to leap from the platform, when she was seized by a man and pulled back into the car. When the door had been closed upon the two the bare-headed man in the station faced about and philosophically muttered:

"It's fate!"

Then, after pausing a few moments, as if to collect his thoughts, he slowly retraced his steps to the scene of his mishap and began calmly searching for his lost change. Circling closely about, his eyes scanning the floor, he succeeded in recovering first one and then another of the missing coins, until finally, after repeated rounds, he lacked only one dollar of the whole amount. At this point he paused, clinked the recovered coins in his hand, looked at his watch and then started on a final round. As this failed to reveal the missing piece he gave up the search, transferred the contents of his hands to his trousers' pocket and started in the direction of the telegraph office.

He had proceeded perhaps 20 paces when it occurred to him to turn about and cast one more look along the floor. As he did so his eye fell upon a shining object lodged in an opening between the rail and planked floor, a few feet from where he stood. He stooped to examine it, and, seeing that it was the missing coin, reached for it, but found the opening too narrow to admit his fingers. He tried to recover the piece with his pocketknife, and, failing in this attempt, took his lead-pencil, with which, after repeated attempts, he succeeded in tossing it upon the floor.

With an air of subdued satisfaction he walked away, and was about to convey the coin to his pocket when a sudden impulse led him to examine it. Holding it up before his eyes, he stopped, scrutinized every detail, and as he turned it over and over the puzzled look on his face changed to one of rigid astonishment. For fully a minute he stood as if transfixed; then, rousing himself and looking anxiously about to see if anyone had observed him, he hurried to the cashier's desk in the restaurant, and, producing the bright silver dollar, asked the girl if she happened to remember from whom she received it.

She didn't remember, but would exchange it for another, she said, if he wished. Politely declining the offer and apologizing for having troubled her, he said that as the coin he held in his hand was separating a loving wife from her husband he wished very much to find some trace of its former owner. The girl looked up, thought for a moment, then pulling out the cash drawer and examining its contents said she might have received it from the conductor of the Lake Shore express which had left for Cleveland at 3:15. She now recalled that when she came on duty at midnight there was no silver dollar among the change in the cash drawer, and that the only one she remembered receiving was from Sleeping-Car Conductor Parkins.

The man thanked her and hastened to the telegraph office, where he sent this message:

"Conductor, East Bound Chicago Express, Utica, N. Y.:

"Please ask lady in section seven of sleeping car Catawba to await her husband at Delavan house, Albany. A. J. HOBART."

After requesting the operator to kindly rush the dispatch, he proceeded to the ticket office, procured a seat in the 5:45 fast mail for Cleveland, and with his hand clutching the coin in his pocket and his eyes fixed upon the floor meditatively paced up and down the platform, waiting for the train to arrive.

As he did so he was disconcerted to find himself the object of widespread curiosity; even the newsboys with the morning papers favored him with an inquiring stare as they passed. Wondering what was amiss, he suddenly put his hand to his head, which furnished an instant explanation. He was hatless.

Looking at the big clock, he saw that it lacked ten minutes of train time, and hastily crossing over to the farther track he disappeared through the west end of the station.

Among the passengers who boarded the 5:45 fast mail for Cleveland when it thundered into the station, ten minutes later, was the bareheaded gentleman of a few moments ago, now wearing a stylish derby. Once in the train, he settled himself in his seat with a sigh of relief and satisfaction. Not until then did the really remarkable character of the situation dawn upon him. On the very day which he had hailed as one of the happiest of his life he was traveling at the rate of about 60 miles an hour away from the girl he loved devotedly, and to whom he had been married just 17 hours. A queer opening of his honeymoon! In his anxiety to get a cup of coffee for his wife, he had lost his hat, then lost his change, and, lastly, lost the train.

Why did he not follow his bride at once? What mysterious spell had come upon this 17-hour bridegroom that he should fly from her as swiftly as the fast express could carry him? His hand held the solution of the problem—simple, yet unexplainable—a silver dollar! It held the secret he must unravel before he could return to her; it was not then that he loved her less, but that this bit of precious metal had suddenly developed an occult power that had turned their paths, for the present, in opposite directions.

At the first stopping place he sent another message, which read as follows:

"Mrs. A. J. Hobart, Delavan House, Albany, N. Y.:

"Cannot possibly reach Albany before tomorrow morning. ANSEL."

With his brain filled with excited thoughts, the young man entered the sleeping-car office at Cleveland four hours later and asked for Conductor Parkins. He was told that this official would not be on duty before night, though possibly he might be at his home on St. Clair street.

To the address given him the indefatigable young man repaired at once, and found the genial gentleman for whom he sought breakfasting with his family. He kindly gave audience at once to his visitor.

"This coin, which you gave the cashier of the restaurant in Buffalo," said the latter, revealing it in the palm of his hand; "can you tell me from whom you received it?"

Perkins remembered receiving cash from but two passengers the night before, one a traveling man who got off at Cleveland and the other a woman whose destination was Erie. The stranger might ascertain their names by consulting the car diagram at the ticket office. "You seem interested in the coin," he added, smiling.

"I am, for a good reason," laughed the young man in reply. "It is separating a man from his wife." And with these enigmatical words he made his adieu, with thanks, hastened to the ticket office, and an hour later was scouring the city for one Richard Spears.

The register of the Stillman house contained the freshly-written name of "Richard Spears, Providence, R. I.," but that gentleman, when found in his room showing samples of hardware to a prospective buyer, could not throw any light on the particular dollar his visitor held up to his gaze, and remembered distinctly that he had given the conductor a two-dollar bill in payment for his berth. He came from a section, he said, where people took no stock in silver dollars.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when a man got off the train at Erie and inquired of the cabmen and depot master regarding a lady who had arrived on the early train from Buffalo. An hour later he was driving along a country road some miles south of the town inquiring for the Wickliffe farm.

As he finally drove up to the house which was his destination, he was conscious of a strange excitement. This, he realized, was probably his only remaining chance to trace the coin by whose mysterious power he had been drawn into this wild chase with the hope of identifying its former owner. He took a hasty note of the general features of the place. It had a comfortable, well-to-do look; a two-story house, white, with green blinds. Most of these were closed, as is customary with country houses, but the windows at the right of the big front door, opening on a small porch were shaded only by white curtains. There was a sound of voices within as he stepped up to the door and rapped.

Mrs. Wickliffe, a pleasant-faced little woman, sat surrounded by three children and a neighbor's wife, to whom she was displaying some purchases. As one of the children opened the door, admitting the stranger into this animated scene, she was standing before a mirror trying on a new bonnet, which was eliciting extravagant praises from the neighbor.

After listening to his story, Mrs. Wickliffe said that her memory was so treacherous that she really couldn't say for certain whether or not she gave the conductor the shining dollar, but that if she did she must have received it from her son in Germantown, Pa., from a visit to whose house she had just returned, and who before her departure had exchanged some money for her. She added that, as she took no interest in coin collecting, a dollar was simply a dollar to her, and that she thought a woman was very foolish to take up with a fad which might ruin her happiness.

Her unknown caller thought so, too, admired her taste in millinery, took the address of her son, and, clutching the fatal coin more firmly than ever, drove back to Erie, where he boarded the New York night express.

To the young man who still clutched the silver dollar sleep was impossible. A multitude of exciting fancies crossed his brain. The developments he hoped to bring about, the curious solution of the problem, its effect upon his future, and the future of one so dear to him—all this murdered sleep for him as effectually as did the crime on Lady Macbeth's soul. It drove him into the smoking car, where he sank into a seat and planned and conjectured between puffs of Havana smoke until the train reached Albany. So completely absorbed had he become in the solution of this knotty problem in which his accident of the morning had involved him, and so convinced was he that the information must be for the time kept a secret, that he actually began to dread what was clearly inevitable—the explanation he must shortly make to his wife.

His inclination was to tell her all. His duty to others forbade this. After pondering over the matter, he decided to explain that he had a happy surprise in store for her, one that had an important bearing on their future, and which unfortunately necessitated a change in their plans for a honeymoon in Europe.

This, on reaching the Delavan house, he expressed to a very pretty and very anxious little woman who was awaiting him, together with a good many other things not necessary to this story. And, instead of the steamer for Europe, the reunited pair took a train for Philadelphia. Early the next day the young man presented himself at the office of Dr. James Wickliffe, at Germantown, who smilingly admitted having given the shining dollar to his brother two days before. He had received the coin from a patient, a letter carrier named John Lennon, and remembered it because of the following strange story, related to him by Lennon himself.

A few days before, the carrier was engaged in delivering mail from door to door along Vine street, Philadelphia, when a zigzag trip across the street and back again brought him to the narrow stairway of a dingy brick house, in front of which hung an enormous brass key bearing the word "Locksmith." Here he paused to draw a little parcel from his bundle. As he did so he heard something fall with a metallic click upon the stone pavement. He looked and saw that it was a silver dollar, which rolled toward the gutter and came to a stop close by the curb. Hastening to pick it up, he instantly dropped it with a cry of pain.

The coin was almost red-hot!

The letter carrier stood nursing his hand and thinking for two or three minutes. Silver dollars do not commonly drop out of the sky. But that this one should thus fall like a meteorite in a condition too heated for handling was certainly more than surprising—it was astounding! The man looked up at the dingy brick house and examined it attentively, noting that the ground floor was occupied as a green grocery and that all of the windows were shut save one in the third story.

Then he kicked the mysterious coin into a puddle, fished it out again with his fingers and put it into his trousers' pocket. He was about to investigate further, when some small boys called his attention to the fact that it was the first day of April, whereupon he proceeded on his way. He gave no further thought to the matter until that night, when he found that his thumb and forefinger had been so badly burned as to require treatment.

The next morning he called upon the doctor, who dressed the painful hand and received the mysterious coin in payment for his services.

That night, behind locked doors in one of the officers' rooms of the United States mint in Chestnut street, two men were engaged in a long whispered conference. The wife of one of the men, as she sat in her room in the Continental hotel, anxiously waiting for her husband, was beginning to wonder whether after all, marriage was a failure!

Two days later, in speaking of the seizure of over 40,000 bogus silver dollars and the clever capture of three of the most dangerous counterfeiters that ever attacked the currency of the United States, the Daily News said:

The most remarkable part of the whole story is that one of the coins, fresh from the machine of one of the counterfeiters, fell out of a third-story window near which he was working, was picked up while almost red-hot by a letter carrier and passed as genuine through various hands until it reached Buffalo, where, by the merest accident, it came into the possession of Mr. Ansel Hobart of the secret service. That gentleman noticed an imperfection at one point of its rim, and succeeded in tracing the coin to the headquarters of the gang on Vine street, in this city, where, under the cloak of a locksmith shop and green-grocery business, 600 of the spurious coins were turned out daily. So admirably were these counterfeits executed as to defy scrutiny save by experts of the government. The coins were not cast in molds after the ordinary fashion, but were struck with a die and plated so thickly with silver as to withstand tests by acids. The defect which led to the discovery was found only in the one coin already spoken of, and it is supposed that it was this defect that caused the piece to spring from the finishing machine and fall out of the window.

And the New York newspapers of three days later contained the intelligence that the White Star steamer Majestic, which sailed for Liverpool that day, had among her passengers Mr. and Mrs. Ansel J. Hoburt, of Chicago, Ill.—Black Cat.

WE HAVE THREE EYES.

Science Declares That Man and Other Animals Have a Rudimentary Third Optic.

Recent researches prove that man and all vertebrates seem to possess the rudiments of a third eye. This discovery is not only very interesting, but also remarkably instructive, since the rudimentary third eye of a man has, by one of the most noted philosophers of modern days, been looked upon as being the seat of the soul.

As organs by proper use develop in strength and perfection, so they become weak by lack of use. If for many generations an organ should remain without use, its structure in time becomes simpler and more imperfect. If such a process continues throughout ages, an organ, by constant disuse, will become reduced to a mere rudiment of what it was in the species using the same. Thus, species of birds that only walk and run, but never fly, have only rudimentary wings, as the ostrich; while in the eagle and the albatross the wings are seen in a state of perfection.

Now, in closely examining the skulls of certain lizards, it was found that near the top of head, under the dark, opaque skin, and often in the very bone, an almost perfect eye exists, although no ray of light ever could reach it. This eye shows a crystaline lens, a retina of very complex structure and an optic nerve; in fact, all the essential parts of a perfect eye. But being covered by the opaque skin of the animal it is absolutely useless. If this optic nerve is traced to the brain it is found to connect the eye with the so-called pineal gland of the brain. This pineal gland is, of course, in no sense of a word a real gland, but a definite portion of the nervous tissue of the brain, invariably located just back and partly over the cerebrum, and in front of the rounded brain-mass which generally is considered to correspond to the corpora quadrigemina in a man.

This third eye of the spotted lizard is called the pineal eye, on account of the nerve connection of the retina with the pineal gland. Now, while in certain lizards this highly developed eye is useless because it is covered by opaque skin, and in others even deeply bedded in bone, it would seem probable that in an earlier stage of development this pineal eye was not rudimentary, but in constant use. A very slight modification would accomplish this—namely, the transparency of the skin covering the eye. This is exactly the condition of the normal eyes in reptiles to-day; the skin covers them, but it is transparent where it passes over the eye. In the skulls of some of the gigantic reptiles of the earlier age of this globe, paleontologists have long ago found a large round perforation. Probably this was the socket of the third or pineal eye of the ichthyosaurus, the plesiosaurus and the labyrinthodon.

But a much more important conclusion must be drawn from this discovery—namely, that in all vertebrates, even including man, the traces of this third eye remain to-day. The pineal eye of lizards being connected with the large pineal gland of the same, it would seem that the pineal gland itself is but the nerve center or optic thalmus for this third eye. In all reptiles and amphibia the pineal gland is large; so it is also in fishes. In higher animals the cerebrum develops very much, overgrowing the more posterior portions of the brain. By this preponderance of the nerve mass the pineal gland becomes covered by the cerebrum and assumes more and more rudimentary forms. But it remains with obstinate pertinacity. It is even always present in man—though here only of the size of a pea and rudely resembling a pine cone in shape. It seems also degenerated in structure, having hardly any nervous tissue. These facts of form and structure have given rise to its name, that of pineal gland.—Popular Science Monthly.

Possible Result.

Some years ago there was in New England a chief justice who was respected for his high legal attainments, and afforded much enjoyment as well by his love of the humorous, which he often indulged in the courtroom. On one occasion there came up before the full bench a case between two towns relating to the support of a pauper, named Bowen. When in the course of the argument one of the counsel came to the name of this indigent person, one of the judges, who had been known in former days as a brilliant lawyer, gave a start of surprise. "Bowen—Isaac Bowen!" he repeated in astonishment, turning to the chief justice before referred to. "Why, that man used to be a client of mine!" "Ah," said his colleague, in a thoughtful but perfectly clear and audible tone, "could that perhaps account for his being a pauper now?"—Youth's Companion.

Hallowe'en.

Hallowe'en is a festival that should be especially honored by young people. There are so many amusing and good-natured tricks, and so many innocent bits of "white magic" appropriate to the time, that no self-respecting youngster should allow its observance to be omitted by careless "grown-ups." There, for instance, are the "snap-dragon," and the "bobbing for apples," and the blowing out of a candle hung at the end of a stick suspended on a twisted string and balanced by an apple so contrived as to deal a smart blow upon the cheek of the too lingering candle-blower. And there are the many charms and contrivances that, once consulted in honest faith by rustic lovers, are now the pastime of boys and girls during an autumn evening.—Louise Willis Snead, in November St. Nicholas.

—Justice — "What is the charge against this prisoner?" Officer—"Having an infernal machine in his possession, yer honor." Justice—"Anarchist or bicyclist?"—Brooklyn Life.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Corn Fritters.—One pint of grated corn; one-half cup of milk; two eggs; one-half cup flour; one teaspoon baking powder; one-half teaspoon of salt; fry in boiling lard.—Womankind.

—Bread Sticks.—These are made from raised bread dough, to which has been added the thoroughly-beaten white of egg. The proportion is the white of one egg to a pint of dough. The addition of the egg renders the sticks crisp. They are baked in pans made purposely for them—pans with small troughs in which the dough is placed.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Hannah More's Pudding.—Mix six ounces of suet, chopped very fine, with six ounces of grated bread, six ounces of apples, minced, six ounces of raisins, stoned and chopped, six ounces of sugar, three ounces of citron or candied orange peel cut into slices, and half a nutmeg grated. Well beat six eggs, add to them a glass of brandy and stir all together. Boil it in a well-buttered quart mould for three hours. This pudding should be mixed the day before it is cooked.—Boston Budget.

—Shortbread.—Take half a pound of butter and half a pound of caster sugar, and rub well into a pound of flour into which has been mixed a teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat three eggs till they are a light color; add to them a few drops of essence of lemon. Pour it into the flour, and work into a paste. Roll out once, cut into shapes, and bake slowly in a cool oven till quite crisp and short. Another method is to put the mixture into a Yorkshire pudding dish without rolling, smooth with a knife, and bake.—Liverpool Mercury.

—Stewed Celery.—Cut the tender inner parts of celery heads into pieces about a finger long. The outer and more fibrous stalks may be saved to season soups. Put in a stewpan, and add sufficient water to cover; then cover the pan closely, and set it where it will just simmer for an hour, or until the celery is perfectly tender. When cooked, add a pint of rich milk, part cream if you have it, salt to taste, and when boiling, stir in a tablespoonful of flour rubbed smooth in a little milk. Boil up once and serve.—Good Health.

—Chicken Pie.—Cut a fat hen up and stew till you can pick the meat from the bones with a fork, remove the chicken, make a rich gravy in the pot. (Have a crust in the bake pan made of one pint of flour; one-half teaspoon of salt; one teaspoon of baking powder; two teaspoons of lard; water to form a dough.) Fill the pie with a layer of chicken; a layer of sliced lard-boiled eggs, till all is in (usually four eggs to a chicken) then pour the gravy over; cover with a top crust and bake to a nice brown. Veal pie made in the same way is very fine, or if your chicken is not large, use veal with it; stew them together, and few can tell that it is not all chicken.—Womankind.

THE MATINEE MARTYR.

Confessions of a Much-Persecuted Leading Young Man.

When I adopted the stage as a profession I little dreamed that I should ever live to regret my success. Yet you see in myself one who is the victim of the enthusiasm of his friends. Early in my career the "matinee girl" marked me for her own. She found in my manner, my dress, my voice, the dream of boarding school days come to life, writes a contributor. To her I am fashionable youth in its most glorious form. She would not admire me as she does were that admiration not leavened with a harmless sentiment that is smiled upon with indulgence even by her chaperon. For her I am the young man of the period, unmarred by the commonplaces of the young man she knows. I am the young man of yesterday; I must be the young man of to-morrow, the day after, and the day after that. Hence these tears! I can never grow old. To slide into middle age gracefully and with dignity is denied to me forever.

As I am upon the stage so I must be when I walk upon the avenue or ride in the park. The "matinee girl," my admirer and my tyrant, must find me as graceful and, alas! as youthful in the street as when I appear behind the footlights. The matinee girl will become a matron and watch with maternal care the growth of the other matinee girls. But these, her daughters, will have to find me just as I was when she herself first sat in the stalls on a Saturday years before. Life for me has none of the careless joys that come to the man who can grow stout with impunity. The loss of my waist would mean the loss of my reputation. My tailor would rather know that I had committed a crime than an indiscretion in eating. I grow cold when my barber hints that my hair is thinning at the top, and signs of another line about my eyes spoil my slumbers for a week.

I know there will be a parting of the ways, a dilemma to be faced, a choice to be made. At a certain point I must take to the legitimate and begin all over again, or make up my mind to be young until the end. If I resolve to remain the idol of her whose laughter and tears are so tragically dear to me I shall be juvenile at 70. As I take my walks abroad my girth shall be as slender as now, though it is associated with stays; my chest as broad, though there is padding in it; my boots as small, though they cover the sent of my agony; my hair as thick, though it is not my own; my complexion as bright, though it is bought at a drug store. I shall be a victim sacrificed on the altar of the matinee girl's idea of perpetual youth.—N. Y. Sun.

Quite Excusable.

An exchange reports that the teacher of a city school received the following ample apology from the mother of an absentee:

"Dere mam: plese eggscuse Willy He didn't have but one pair of pants an I kep him home to wash them and Mrs. O'toole's goat come and et them off the line and that awt to be eggsense enuff, goodness nose. Yours with respeck. Mrs. B.—"—Youth's Companion.

Would Be a Good Thing.

Col. Albert A. Pope, who has done such grand work for the national good roads cause, writes: "It would be a good thing if the government would extend the good road work in the department of agriculture and build the great national highways. Then, if the states would follow the example of New Jersey and Massachusetts and build state roads, leaving to towns and cities the streets, we would, in the course of time, develop a system of highways not excelled by any in the world. It has got to come. Perhaps we may not see it, though I hope to."

Hopeless,

The doctor and intimate friends considered my case, I was so weak and exhausted. I decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon began to improve. After I had taken ten bottles I was entirely cured and have ever since been free from all ills peculiar to my sex. I confidently recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. H. L. LAKE, Meredosia, Illinois. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye to-day.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.

See that

hump?

It's the feature of the DELONG Pat. Hook and Eye. No matter how you twist and turn, it holds the eye in place.

Send two cent stamp with name and address, and we will mail you Mother Goose in new clothes—containing ten color plates; ten black and white pictures; and lots of lively jingles.

RICHARDSON & DELONG BROS., Philada.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

Friends' Oats

(Kiln Dried)

Superior to any . . Rolled Oats... Sold only in 2-pound Packages

At All Grocers

MUSCATINE OAT MEAL CO.
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THE cold gray sky broods dark on field and hill,
The singing children of the woods have fled,
The hermit thrush's golden chime is still,
The happy haunters of the grass are dead:
The world is hushed with numb November's chill.

But in the spacious farmhouse, lo! the glare
Of the hospitable hearth, and on the board
The rich abundance of Thanksgiving fare,
The year-long savings of the housewife's hoard,
A harvest-home, though all the fields are bare.

Here sits the graybeard sire, and at his side
The youngest of his line, a prattling child;
And there the husband by the new-made bride;
And next the low-browed lily maiden mild,
The soldier son, stern-featured, eagle-eyed.

From far they come by many parted ways
To meet once more beneath the ancient roof,
Dear ever with the love of childhood's days;
And here again life's severed warp and woof
Are joined, and time's swift wing a moment stays.

And memory makes the old man young again,
He tells the oft-told tale, the outworn jest.
Outdoor the snow falls fast on hill and plain,
The distant church-clock tolls the hour of rest,
And thanks are offered Heaven — not in vain.

—Charles L. Hildreth, in Demorest's Magazine.

THANKSGIVING.

That fields have yielded ample store
Of fruit and wheat and corn,
That nights of restful blessedness
Have followed each new morn;
That flowers have blossomed by the paths
That thread our working days,
That love has filled us with delight,
We offer heartfelt praise.

What shall we say of sorrow's hours,
Of hunger and denial,
Of tears, and loneliness, and loss,
Of long and bitter trial?
Oh, in the darkness have not we
Seen new, resplendent stars?
Have we not learned some song of faith
Within our prison bars?

Not only for the earth's rich gifts,
Strewn thick along our way,
Her looks of constant loveliness,
We thank our God to-day;
But for the spirit's subtle growth,
The higher, better part,
The treasures gathered in the soul—
The harvest of the heart.

—Mary F. Butts, in Youth's Companion.

Mehetabel Brown's THANKSGIVING.

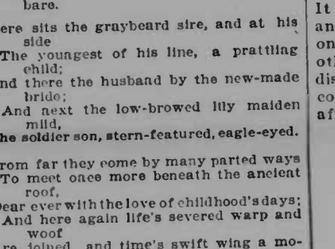

IT'S BEEN the longest, dreariest year of my life, by all odds," said Miss Mehetable Brown, dashing a stray tear from her faded blue eyes, as she meditatively lifted a huge brown potato from the shining basin which she held on her lap and proceeded to pare it.

"What with Lindy's dying and John's going awny to college right here in my own house; the Green's, that I'd lived beside nigh onto forty years, takin' it into their heads that they must move into the city and be somebody, and Ruth marryin' as she did and goin' off as a missionary to Feejie or Hottentot; Samantha Ingols, that I've knowed ever siuce she was Samautha Merrymather, and wore pink calico pinafores to deestrict school, gettin' the western fever and settin' off with only a week's notice to take up n claim nnd fight Indians way out in Okelhama, or some such place. Though why she couldn't be content on the neatest little forty acres in all Illair county, that poor Silas slaved so hard for and left her when he died of typhus, is, as I told Eleanor Winner, when we was talkin' it over at the mite society, the day it met at your house, Mis' Williams, a mystery to me, and nllus will be. For my part I never was one o' them rovin' kind, and there ain't a citizen in all Brownsville that has stuck any closer than Methetabell Brown for the past sixty odd years, if I can't vote and do say it as shouldn't.

"The Browns never was of that unstable disposition. There was my great grandfather, Ebenezer Brown; he settled on that eighty just south of the meetin' house when there wasn't a white man nearer than fifteen miles. He come to stay and he stayed. When he died my grandfather took the same place and I've heard him say he never went beyond the county line but once in thirty years, and that was in lookin' after some stray cattle. Then there was my father, Jacob Brown, no one can say he was any hand to be skylarkin' over the country. He was one o' them peaceable, home-lovin' men, and liked to took a fit when he was subpornied on the jury to Millersburg the time Nat Williams stole them sheep.

"As for Lindy and me, you know as well as I do, we ain't slept outside this house in forty year, exceptin' the time when Cousin Emily was married, and nothin' would do but we must go to the weddin'. It was all fuss and flutter. We never got to bed 'till near midnight, and I like to never closed my eyes to sleep a wink the whole night. Lindy come home next day with a nervous headache that lasted her until Sunday mornin', and she wouldn't have gone out then only it was communion. But, poor girl, she's sleepin' quiet enough under the snow this winter," and Miss Mehetabel drew a long sigh and brushed aside another tear.

"As I was sayin', Mis' Williams, what with all these changes, to say nothin' of the belfry blowin' off the meetin' house and makin' it look so sort o' squatty, this has ben the longest, dreariest year of all my life. To be sure I ain't got anything to complain of so far as creature comforts is concerned," glancing approvingly around the tidy kitchen, and through the open door at the spotless dimity curtains of the best room. "But I don't seem to have no livin' soul to take an interest in, and nobody to take an interest in me, exceptin' Rover and the parrot, and they are both like to die of old age most any day.

"I ain't got no heart to eat nor work. It used to be so cozy like when Lindy and me was here together, she settin' on one side of the table and me the other. I always poured the tea and she dished the sauce. Lindy was good company—sort o' cheerful like, even after she took that hackin' cough that proved the death o' her, as I always said it would if it lasted long enough.

"We was only two old maids, Lindy and me, but we was happy and comfortable. What with the weekly prayer-meetin' rollin' round so often; the mite society and the quarterly meetin' comin' off once in three months, and the presidin' elder stoppin' with us on account of the preacher always happenin' to have so many children and bein' sca'ce o' spare beds, we hadn't much time to be lonesome.

"But it's all changed now Lindy's gone. I turn sort o' sick and faint when I think of Thanksgivin' comin' on, and I settin' here and eatin' turkey and cranberry sauce all by myself," and Miss Mehetabel, under pretense of rinsing her potatoes, walked to the sink and dried her fast-filling eyes on the snowy towel.

"Mr. Williams and I have thought and talked it all over, Mehetabel," said the little pastor's wife, who had sat half smiling, half sweeping, but at the same time busily stitching away on a child's apron during Miss Mehetabel's lengthy discourse. "We both think you ought not to live here alone as you have been doing, when there are hundreds of destitute children who need just such love and care as you are able to give. A child would be a great blessing in your lonely home. Have you ever thought of this, Mehetabel?"

"Strange! But do you know I was thinkin' about that very thing only yesterday. As I was goin' down to the grocery store to buy n pound of tea, I went past Mis' Ellis' old home and there was four o' them children hangin' on the rickety gate, with nobody to care for 'em, and their poor mother off doin' washin' or scrubbin', or anything she can turn her hand to—so sort o' delicate as she is, too.

"There wasn't a better brought up girl in this whole deestrict than Mirnndy Walters. That was her name before she was married. She was sent away to high school one term, too. But she had a hard row to hoe ever since her poor husband was run over by the steam engine and killed so sudden. I always feel like puttin' my fingers in my ears every time I hear it screech at the crossin' to this day.

"Them children is just as bright as a whip. There's Tildy, now, next to the oldest girl. They say there ain't a scholar in the Sunday-school can recite verses to beat her, and her eyes shinin' as black as a coal when she stood up speakin' n piece at the Sunday-school concert. Well, as I was sayin', as I went by there yesterday and see 'em hangin' on that rickety gate, so sort o' forlorn and neglected, somethin' sort o' spoke right to me: 'Mehetabel Brown, you ought to take one o' them children and give 'em schoolin'.

"I turned round sudden, but there wasn't nobody there, but someway I've been thinkin' about it ever since. Then your comin' over this mornin' and sayin' the same thing makes it look to me like an unknown providence.

"Tildy's my choice, and if she'll come I'll take her, and she shan't lack for nothin' as far as this world's goods go.

"If she could only be here by Thanksgiving. But there! I've an idee. Why not have 'em all over here to dinner, and you and Mr. Williams come, too? That would make—let me see—twelve besides myself. The best china wouldn't hardly go 'round. But that doesn't matter. I can eat off one o' them blue plates just as well. Two turkeys ought to do, with plenty of mince pies and cranberry sauce. I've got 'em, too, as fat, sleek turkeys as ever was put on a platter. We could talk it over then, sort o' quiet, while the children played. It wouldn't be so lonesome as to look forward to settin' down all by myself. I feel more cheery already. But dear, dear how I have run on! It's quarter to twelve this minute, and these potatoes only half cooked, and you settin' by starvin' for your dinner."

Thanksgiving morning dawned clear and cold without, but within the snug home of Miss Mehetabel Brown there was warmth and comfort. This was to be a great day in her quiet, uneventful life. Preparations had been making for days.

"WITH NOBODY TO CARE FOR 'EM."

Miss Mehetabel had taken from the upper bureau drawer in the spare bedroom that very morning sundry knitted tidies and mats, together with a pair of highly-colored and embroidered pillow-shams that never saw the light except-ing upon state occasions. These, with a huge beaded pincushion, purchased by Miss Mehetabel's grandmother from a genuine Indian princess, and which now rested primly upon the old-fashioned dresser, showed that the occasion in her eyes was one of great and unusual interest.

In the snug pantry all was in readiness. There were rows of mince and pumpkin pies, tender and toothsome; dainty preserves and jellies all ready to "set on," while from the oven of the bright little range in the kitchen proceeded savory odors wondrously suggestive.

Miss Mehetabel herself was arrayed in her best brown merino, carefully protected by a neat white apron. She had hesitated in making her toilet between the ordinary gold breast-pin to fasten her linen collars and a pale green ribbon bow with white lace at the ends, which had been her one piece of extravagance at Cousin Emily's wedding.

"It isn't out of keepin' with this occasion," she murmured softly to herself at last, as the balance turned in favor of the latter. "It brightens me up a bit," and she carefully pinned it on and adjusted the ends. "Thanksgiving only comes once a year at best, and such a one as this but once or twice in a life time."

There was a sudden knock at the front door. In walked the preacher and his family, followed by Mrs. Ellis and her little flock, made as presentable as their scanty means would allow.

All was excitement and merry talk, and soon the quiet house rang with the happy laughter of children.

Dinner was dispatched by and by, and what a dinner it was, to be sure—never to be forgotten by certain empty little stomachs.

The great matter was talked over after dinner, when they were cozily seated in the snug parlor. It was not all news to Mrs. Ellis, for she had received a gentle hint from the little pastor's wife a few days before, and had decided, like the brave, sensible woman she was, to hide the pain of the parting in her own heart and think only of the best interests of her bright little girl.

It was all settled at last, and the children were called in for a parting hymn and prayer. As they knelt together in the gray winter twilight a deep, quiet joy stole into the desolate heart of Mehetabel Brown.

She drew closer to her the little form that knelt beside her, and whispered softly to herself amid her falling tears: "He setteth the solitary in families."—Emma Searles Ulrich, in Union Signal

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Watts—"Do you think a nun can be a Christian on a dollar a day?" Potts—"I don't see how he can afford to be anything else."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Wallace—"How did you feel the first time you got into a barber's chair for a shave?" Ferry—"To tell the truth about it, I felt like a bare-faced fraud."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—With a Comma or Without.—"Wasn't he put out when you told him he couldn't have a kiss?" "Oh, no! He just took it as a matter of course." "Ah! he took it, as a matter of course, did he?"

—Blobbs—"What nonsense it is for the newspapers, in their accounts of weddings, to describe the bride being led to the altar." Slobbs—"How so?" Blobbs—"Well, most girls could find their way in the dark."—Philadelphia Record.

—He (confidently)—"By Jove! I can tell you, the woman who could make a fool o' me isn't living." She—"Poor thing! What a satisfaction it must be to you that she so thoroughly accomplished her mission before she died!"—New Budget.

—"So you've taken to cycling at last, have you?" "How did you find that out?" "I saw you on your wheel yesterday." "By Jove! I'm glad to hear that. All the rest of my friends happened to see me when I was off."—Richmond Dispatch.

—Great New York Editor—"What does this mean? Why was my editorial on the decadence of journalism left over?" Trembling Assistant—"Please, sir, so much room was taken up by the 'How to Eat Corned Beef Hash' symposium."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—A scientific writer put out flaming handbills, headed "Know Thyself." A wag soon called on the lecturer and told him he was inducing a great many people to form acquaintances of a very low order. The lecturer looked at the wag a moment and said: "My friend, you are right; but it never occurred to me until I saw you."

—Teacher—"Polly, dear, suppose I were to shoot at a tree with five birds on it and killed three, how many would be left?" Polly (aged six)—"Three, please." Teacher—"No; two would be left." Polly—"No, there wouldn't. The three shot would be left, and the other two would be flied away."—Philadelphia American.

—"There is some excuse," said the police judge, "for a man becoming exasperated by the strains of a hand organ, but to rush out and attack the musician with an ax is carrying things with a little too high a hand." "I know it is, judge," pleaded the man who had never been in a police court before, "but when a blame dago comes and stops in front of the house jist after a man has had an argument with his wife about whether he gits an overcoat or her a cloak and begins playin' 'Home, Sweet Home,' it is more than flesh an' blood kin stand!"—Indianapolis Journal.

TESTING THE DOCTORS.

Chinese, Like Other Physicians, Reserve the Right to Disagree.

The emperor of China has lately had so much trouble with his functionaries of every kind that he has grown distrustful of them all. He had noticed that, while his statesmen seemed to be widely at variance, the court physicians agreed beautifully whenever they were called together. But a test that he might make of their skill and sincerity occurred to him.

Feeling somewhat indisposed, the emperor sent for one of his court doctors. These physicians are paid public functionaries and are learned professors. One of them came, listened to his majesty's account of his trouble, diagnosed it, prescribed and took his leave.

Then the emperor sent for another court doctor and gave him exactly the same account of his difficulty. This doctor then made his own diagnosis, which was quite different from his brother physicians, prescribed a different remedy and went his way.

A third and fourth physician were called and each found a different disease and each prescribed a different medicine. Then the emperor became angry and also sarcastic, and begged to know how he could have so many things the matter with him and live, and whether he should continue to live if he took all the diverse sorts of medicine that had that day been prescribed for him.

The doctors could give him no satisfactory answer to these questions, but each insisted that he was right and all the others wrong. But the emperor declared that this could not be true, and condemned every one of the physicians to lose a month's salary.

Of course the moral of this story has no accidental application. Though the doctors of our western countries reserve the right to disagree, such a case of radical divergence probably could not occur under the practice of our perfected science.—Youth's Companion.

Shaving on a Man of War.

"There is lots of money in the barbering business on board a man-of-war," said a bluejacket, on whose cap was a black band bearing in letters of gold the name of the hoodoo ship Olympia, in a barber shop. "How's that?" one of the barbers asked. "Why, that's easy," answered the bluejacket. "Take the Olympia, the ship that I belong to. She's got 400 men on board. They all get shaved and have to have their hair cut. All a man has to do is to ship as a landsman for three years and be assigned to the barber shop. Your pay from the government will be $36 a month, and you will rank as a petty officer. Then you'll get $1.50 from every man on the ship every three months. That makes $450. Add to that $36 a month, which is $108 a quarter, and there you have $558 a quarter. That's not bad for a barber. The barber gets another landsman to wash the towels and other fixin's for $20 a month, but, I tell you what, the barber has to hustle."—San Francisco Examiner.

THE GREAT LAKES DRYING UP.

But Millions of Years Will Elapse Before the Water Is All Gone.

The professors of natural sciences and the editors of the various technical journals, true to the axiom which says that such persons are the last to grasp an important idea or to let slip an exploded theory, are just awakening to the fact that the amount of water on the earth's surface is fast diminishing in quantity.

The great Wiggins, he of the advanced school of astronomical weather prophest, has made the very surprising discovery (?) that the region adjacent to the great lakes is becoming as arid as the plains of western Kansas and Nebraska, and that the water surface of the lakes themselves is lowering very rapidly, owing to evaporation and deficiency in supply. We sincerely congratulate Prof. Wiggins. These congratulations are not extended on account of his revelations concerning the arid conditions of the lake regions and our planet in general, nor of his being an advanced astronomical meteorologist. We bestow our compliments solely because his drying-up-of-the-lakes announcement bears evidence of the fact that the professor has been spending the early days of the "sere and yellow leaf" in looking over the back files of the scenlar newspapers. Our only proof of the foregoing lies in the fact that Wiggins has never before advanced the theory that the earth is drying up, whereas it is a well-known fact that the great daily and weekly newspapers have been sounding the alarm for the past ten or 15 years.

Over 200 years ago the great Sir Isaac Newton first set forth the theory that the earth would eventually become as dry and lifeless as the moon is now supposed to be. In 1820 Laplace read an article before the Paris Academy of Science in which he gave many proofs in support of the opinion that the old age of the earth would be spent in cycles of extreme aridity. Newton's ideas on that score were so far in advance of the scientific knowledge of the time in which he lived that he never attempted to give reasons for his opinoin on that subject. Laplace's proofs and explanations are so burdened with technicalities that they are bewildering to the average intellect.

Years ago, perhaps even further in the past than the date set above, the wide-awake daily press seized upon the drying-up theory as a unique and interesting subject for editorial discussion. Before Wiggins had ever bethought himself to gain notoriety by posing as a weather prophet, the great dailies of this city, Chicago and New York contained periodical editorials under such heads as "The Earth Drying Up," "Our Arid Planet," "Better Save Water," etc. In January, 1882, more than a year before "Prof. E. Stone Wiggins" first made himself prominent by predicting a cyclone of sufficient breadth and power as to smooth all the wrinkles out of the topography of the North American continent, Richard A. Proctor, the brainy English astronomical lecturer, gave proof that the waters of the earth are diminishing at the rate of the thickness of a sheet of writing paper each year. In view of the above references to the "drying-up theory," is it not plain that Wiggins should be congratulated and complimented because of his late discoveries in that line?

Fourteen years ago the Republic, then the Missouri Republican, used the following language in an editorial on this subject: "The geologists tell us that the water surface on the whole earth is being rapidly lowered. * * * This diminution in the water supply is fast becoming appreciable. * * * The level of the great lakes is falling year by year." We quote the passage in order to draw the attention of the scientists of the present decade to the fact that years ago somebody knew that the great lakes were slowly drying up.

We advance no theory of our own in explanation of this idea that the earth is losing its water supply. We will say, however, that Prof. Proctor, the great astronomer quoted above, was of the opinion that as the earth's interior fires die out it becomes porous and the waters sink entirely out of reach of surface inhabitants. At the rate it is now disappearing, Proctor said that it will take 15,000,000 years to obliterate every trace of water from our planet. If the above figures had the ciphers cut off we should be a little careful about wasting water; as it is, we shall not use a smaller glass for drinking purposes or forego the luxury of a bath for several years to come.—St. Louis Republic.

Humanity Always Seeking Equality.

Perhaps it is because we know society to be merely a make-believe in its equality that so many society people regard a real equality as impossible, and are content to remain in the make-believe. But even the pretense of equality is precious, and it has more honesty in it than the pretense of inequality. There is nothing so essentially false as that; and the superior, when he takes thought, is as distinctly aware of the fact as the inferior. Humanity is always seeking equality. The patrician wishes to be with his equals because his inferiors make him uneasy; the plebeian wishes to be with his equals because his superiors make him unhappy. This fact accounts for inequality itself, for classes. Inferiority and superiority were intolerable to men, and so they formed themselves into classes, that inside of these classes they might have the peace, the comfort, of equality; and each kept himself to his own class for that reason.—W. D. Howells, in Century.

—Prof. Ramsay's last conclusion is that argon and helium contain as a common ingredient a gas not hitherto identified, two lines in the spectra in the newly discovered elements being identical. The atomic weight of the new gas would be about ten. Prof Ramsay has found helium in meteorite.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The largest individual employer is the Krupp company, employed in the manufacture of artillery and iron machinery. It is said that this company has on its payroll about 19,000 laborers.

—One of the most remarkable inks know to the chemist is made of a preparation of prussian blue in combination with nitric and hydrochloric acid. The writing done with this ink has the singular property of fading when exposed to the light and recovering its color when taken into the shade or placed in perfect darkness.

—Salmon packers on the Pacific coast are a trifle disturbed over news brought there last week from Petropaulovski that the Russians are arranging for the establishment of several large salmon and herring canneries along the Siberian coast. When the trans-Siberian railway is completed the product of these canneries is likely to be a considerable factor in European markets.

—Large tracts of sand wastes are now being reclaimed along the Welsh coast. Series of parallel fences are put up seaward, closely interwoven with wires and furze, and spaces between these are filled with earth and road-scrapings. In these various trees, such as sycamore, willow, pine and alder, are planted, while the ridges are sown with gorse and broom seed and planted with brier.

—Mr. Wilekens, of Vienna, has found that two pure-blooded English horses transmitted the color of their coat to their progeniture in 586 cases out of 1,000. When the parents are of different colors, the offspring are almost always of the color of the mother. With Arabian horses the facts are more striking still. The white color of the coat of the mare was found to be clearly transmitted in 729 cases out of 1,000. In other cases there was a more or less marked mixture.

—The soldiers and workers of the white ants (Termes), are, as a rule blind, with no traces of eyes; but a species has been found in South Africa, the workers and soldiers of which have eyes and work in daylight, like ordinary ants. In their habits they resemble harvesting ants, in cutting grass and carrying it into holes in the ground. Dr. Sharp thinks this species may be allied to the Termes viarum of Smeathman, whose soldiers and workers possess eyes.

—Experiments have shown that birds avoid the bright-colored caterpillars as a rule. And this seems almost to have become a second nature, for a jackdaw, which had been raised in captivity and had had no experience in judging the edible qualities of caterpillars, was observed to regard the brilliant caterpillar of the figure-of-eight moth with suspicion and aversion, although it eagerly devoured dull, plain caterpillars placed within its reach. When it was driven by hunger to attack the other it finally refused to eat it, giving plain evidence that there was something distasteful about the prey.

VIRGINIA'S LUCKY STONES.

Curious Crystals Which Tradition Says Came from the Tears of Fairies.

The queer cross-shaped crystals of siliente that are known to the inhabitants of Virginia as fairy stones have long puzzled the most noted geologists of the world. Just why siliente should crystllize is the first problem that confronts them, and the second is why the crystallization should always assume the form of a cross.

It is only in one part of Virginia that these stones are found. Patrick county is the favored locality, but almost every Virginian has sent to some friend or neighbor for a specimen, for they are supposed to be a lucky stone.

Indeed, no self-respecting citizen of the Old Dominion will be found with a rabbit's foot in his possession nowadays, and he must have a fairy stone for a mascot. The legend which gives these little crystals such a reputation for luck is not only old, but is quaintly beautiful.

When the crucifixion took place the fairies of that particular section of Virginia were overwhelmed with grief, and their tears in falling crystallized into tiny crosses. For many years the fairy stones have been the particular mascots of Patrick county citizens, and it was only by accident that the fame of the emblems has spread.

A few months ago a certain Col. Propper went into the mountains of that county on a prospecting tour, and while there put up at a farmhouse. He noticed that all the people about the place were wearing irregular cross-shaped crystals, and on asking found out the significance of the custom. He secured one, and within a few days struck a bonanza.

Shortly after the gallant colonel appeared in Washington, his studs, cuff-buttons and scarfpins all made of fairy stones. Congressmen and even grave senators badgered him for a mascot, but only a favored few secured the coveted lucky stones. The fairy stones are scarce, and are found after diligent search in the beds of the streams, along the dried-up channels of brooks and rivulets.—N. Y. World.

Dosed by Proxy.

An English missionary to Uganda, Rev. R. P. Ashe, thus relates one of his odd experiences in prescribing for the natives: "A man came to me begging for medicine. He seemed not to be seriously unwell, and I thought best to give him a dose of salts, which at the worst would probably do him no harm. I prepared the mixture, and seeing him hesitate about taking it I felt obliged to order him to do so at once while it was effervescing. He drained the cup and then I told the interpreter that the patient might describe his symptoms more at length, if he desired. Then it came out that he wanted the medicine not for himself, but for his wife. No doubt the man supposed that this was the white man's usual method of treatment."—Youth's Companion.

The Republican.

ELI J. C. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor

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THURSDAY, NOV. 28, 1895.

WHAT are *we* thankful for?—Editors Litzinger and Hamill.

PROTECTION to American industries and American labor is the good old Republican doctrine that will win the Presidency in 1896.

WITH wheat at sixty cents a bushel and corn cheaper than at any time within the last half century, farmers are not yet enjoying the marvelous prosperity promised as a consequence of the election of Mr. Cleveland in 1892.

AUSTRALIAN wool growers are happy, but their American brethren have no cause for rejoicing. The wool trade of Australia has increased largely since America opened a free market for their product, but the home industry has suffered a corresponding shrinkage.

CAN'T the *Democrat* find a little space in which to tell its readers something about the negro judge elected by the Democrats in Albany, N. Y., on the 5th inst. They would, doubtless, be greatly edified by the knowledge. It might serve, too, to quiet the apprehensions of mixed schools raised in their minds by the *Democrat's* appeals to their race prejudices during the recent campaign.

THE fight between Hon. George L. Wellington and the Baltimore *American* is getting warmer, but Mr. Wellington will win as he always does and deserves to. Mr. Wellington is a gentleman of whom the whole State of Maryland should be proud. As an orator he stands without a peer, and as a United States Senator from Maryland he will do the old State, that has been boss-ridden for so many years, honor.

THERE is but one person mentioned in this part of Maryland for the United States Senatorship, and that is the gallant leader in this great fight for the redemption of Maryland, George L. Wellington. The Baltimore *American* in order to create discord is busy hunting up other names from Western Maryland, as probable candidates—none of whom are being considered, or will be considered by our members of the Legislature if they are true representatives of the people. We emphatically say that we believe the public sentiment will be fully respected by them.—Frederick Examiner.

The School Law.

One of the changes which it has been said that the next Legislature of Maryland will make is in the school law. This is a subject of vital importance to the people and any change should be made only after the most mature consideration. It is, above all things, important that the schools shall be preserved from the blighting influence of politics. In this city the system of selecting school commissioners is vicious, and the wonder is that under it the schools have been as efficient as they are. A different system of selecting prevails in the city from that in the counties. In the city there is a school commissioner for each ward, and he is in practice selected by the members of the Council from the ward. Every one will admit that this is not the proper appointing power for such an official as a school commissioner.

In the counties the school commissioners are appointed by the Governor of the State for varying terms. In most of the counties there are three commissioners for each, with terms of office ending two years apart, so that the Governor selects one commissioner for each county at each session of the Legislature. If the present law for the counties is permitted to remain, Governor Lowndes' appointees will be a majority in the board of every county of the State in 1898. The terms for the new appointees will be for six years.

The schools of the counties are believed to be in good condition, and, except in one or two instances their management has been free from scandals. Several changes have been made in this generation. The constitution of 1864 provided for a State board of education, consisting of the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Speaker of the House and State Superintendent of Education. The latter was appointed by the Governor, and he appointed the school commissioners.

The constitution of 1867 required the General Assembly to establish "a thorough and efficient system of free public schools" throughout the State. This the Legislature did and had the school commissioners elected by the people. When the right of suffrage was conferred upon the negroes the law was changed so as to provide for the appointment of school commissioners by the judges of the Circuit Court. This method upon the whole was satisfactory and there were few complaints of partisan schools. In some of the counties, however in a number of years, there was dissatisfaction and special laws were enacted for about a half dozen counties providing for the appointment of school commissioners in those counties by the Governor. In 1894 it was decided to make the law uniform and have the school commissioners of all the counties appointed by the Governor. The design was to have three commissioners in each county to serve for six years. Those appointed by the Governor under the law were for two, four and six years, so that a majority of experienced men would always be in office. Under this law, if it is to remain, all commissioners will hereafter be appointed for six years, and the term of one of them in each county is to expire at each session of the Legislature. In four of the counties, namely, Baltimore, Carroll, Frederick and Washington, there are six commissioners. —Balto. Sun.

MR. WELLINGTON AT HOME.

Has Never Thought of Withdrawing From the Senatorial Race.

A representative of the *News* called at the residence of Hon. Geo. L. Wellington, on North Centre street last evening and found that gentlemen alone in his cosy library. He was asked what authority there was for the statement in the Sunday *American* to the effect that he had given up the fight for the Senatorship.

Mr. Wellington smiled, as he remarked, I am not expecting anything from the *American*, but I am at a loss to understand why it should put out such a story and attempt to create the impression that it came from this city. I received a dispatch from a friend in Baltimore this morning calling my attention to the *American's* story, and asked me if it was true. I replied to my friend that if the *American* made any such statement it was unqualifidely if not maliciously false. I have not thought of withdrawing. On the contrary, I am confident of my election.

"I did not expect to have the *American* on my side. We had all we could do to keep it on the side of the people during the campaign. A sheet as closely allied to the Gorman-Rasin ring as the *American* has been for many years past could not be relied upon, and we have to pay it, and did pay it in the aggregate $1,500 for such matter as we desired published against the ring. Gen. Agnus and his paper gave us a great deal of trouble, and at one time he actually came to the committee and told us that if Mr. Hooper was nominated for mayor he would turn the *American* against the ticket. This was a little more than we could stand, and we defied him. I told him he would not dare do anything like that, but if he did it would at least set at rest one question which hundreds of Republicans had been discussing for a long time, and that was whether the *American* was really a Republican journal or only an organ of Gorman and Rasin.

Mr. Wellington further said he cared very little for the opposition of Gen. Agnus and his paper because he is playing the part of the dog in the manger. The day after the election he started one of his employes out to solict signatures of a paper calling upon himself to become a candidate for the United States Senate. Not one member-elect to the legislature from Baltimore could be induced to sign it, and that disposed of the aspirations of Gen. Agnus. Then he discovered that it would never do to interfere with the eastern shore law, and straightway he set to work to use his paper to defeat my aspirations, and he had been manufacturing interviews and writing letters to the *American* ever since.

No one who was not with us throught the campaign from the beginning of the primaries until the close of the polls on the fifth of November can form any conception of the work that was done. We found the Republican party in Baltimore divided into warring factions. The first thing to do was unite them, and we did it. Then our colored friends were intimidated, disheartened and discouraged. Several thousand of them were not registered; other thousands had not voted for years. They had to be gathered together, organized and encouraged to stand up for their rights of franchise. We had, it is true, a great many brave allies among the independent Democrats, and we soon began to get into fighting shape. but one great drawback was the lack of confidence. It was very difficult to inspire our organization with courage. "You can't beat Gorman," was heard on all sides, but we did beat him, routing him in his stronghold, and destroying his power in the State.

But when we were in the greatest distress for means, and we never got a dollar from sources outside the State, when we were five thousand dollars in debt, two thousand of which were advanced from my own pocket, this man Agnus harrassed us for the payment of a printing bill of $400 until his demands became offensive. This was on the Saturday before the election. He thought we were beaten, and he demanded his money so persistently and so offensively that I finally had to tell him we had not a dollar, but that I would myself personally be responsible for his claim. He was the only person who knew we had no money, and in one hour after I communicated the fact to him it was known at Democratic headquarters.

Now as to his remark about my alleged failure to prove the charge I made against Quay. I am not bound to submit the proof to Gen. Agnus. Senator Quay has never asked for it but when he does I am ready to prove that he rendered assistance to Gorman in the late campaign. If I have wronged him he can hold me personally accountable or he can appeal to the courts. I am ready to meet him anywhere. I have no fear of the Agnus-Gorman combination. The people have disposed of the Democratic end of that combination, and the Republican party will soon dispose of the Republican end.—Cumberland News.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending November 30, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Joseph Glotfelty	M. V. Grim
Harry Hershman	Thomas Smith
Mrs. T. M. Tobin	Mrs. J. W. Pearson
Mrs Joshua Horner	Mrs. Lettie Davis
Mrs. Addie Coburn	Mrs. Mary E. Byers
Miss Minnie Miller	Miss Bertha Glotfelty
Miss Susie Allen	Miss Ella Allen

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

DEFENDING THE DEMOCRATS.

Eli Perkins, the Humorist, On the Political Situation.

When Eli Perkins was asked last evening about the prospects of the Republican party in New York, he said:

"I'm a Democrat, you know, and I only keep track of our prosperous Democratic party. The Democratic party is doing well."

"In what respect?" asked the reporter.

"Why, we have made a deficit of $300,000,000 since Grover got in and borrowed the money to pay it. We are enjoying ourselves, and we are going to let the Republicans do the walking later on. The Republicans paid $2,000,000,000 on the national debt, and I guess they can pay this little three hundred million deficit."

"But what has become of the $182,000,000 in gold which you borrowed?" was asked.

"Well, we put it with the $48,000,000 we had in the Treasury, making $276,000,000 in gold, and we have spent it all but $91,000,000 to pay running expenses. Instead of taking in enough money at the Custom Houses to pay for running the government we hired gold from the English at four per cent. Oh, we Democrats are smart, we are!

"We Democrats don't pay greenbacks and silver to American farmers for wool," continued Eli, "but we send $84,000,000 in gold a year to Thibet and Australia."

"What are you Democrats doing with the great industries?" asked the reporter.

Why, we are knocking them out. We've killed the Yankee lace factory at Wilkes-Barre, and are buying ship loads of window curtains in Nottingham. We have shut up a third of the woolen factories in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and the British steamers came loaded with woolen cloth from Bradford. Why last year we shipped 85 per cent. more woolen goods from England than we did under McKinley in 1892. We Democrats are keeping the woolen mills in Leeds and Manchester going day and night. And see what we are doing for our sheep at home. The slaughter houses of Kansas City and Omaha are killing millions of sheep from New Mexico and Wyoming daily. And wool! Did not our grasping farmers use to get 35 cents for it under McKinley and now we are sending gold to Australia and buying Swan River and Van Dieman's Land wool for 10 and 15 cents. I tell you we Democrats are running things wild. We have to, for we know you Republicans are coming with the Keely cure in '96."—Cleveland Leader.

FINANCIAL REVIEW.

Henry Clews's Weekly Letter on the Business Outlook.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—The stock market has been in an unsettled condition. It showed an altogether exceptional lack of responsiveness to either favorable or unfavorable conditions. Even the trunk line agreement of Secretary Carlisle's strong sound money speech at the chamber of commerce dinner fell flat. Under ordinary circumstances these events would have strengthened confidence, and quickly reflected themselves upon the stock exchanges. On the other hand unfavorable developments had very little effect. Gold exports, foreign liquidation and Attorney General Hancock's decision against the trusts were all important adverse factors, but their influences upon prices in each instance was much less than anticipated. This inertia can only be explained by the unfavorable conditions having been fully discounted in the late decline; yet while these adverse conditions remain, or until their abatement is clearly in sight, the market leaders are not likely to shut off the supply of cheap stocks which weak or timid holders continue to offer.

It is very certain that stocks have been going into strong hands during the last few weeks, and are now controlled by those who are able to raise them to a higher level when circumstances and disposition combine to favor. London has been a steady seller of our securities, not alone because of political disturbances, and distrust of our finances, but largely because of forced liquidation. A panic in Kaffirs has happily been averted by heroic methods, but liquidation, though slower and less severe, must be faced nevertheless, and in such emergencies the better class of securities are always sacrificed to help the weaker, simply because their sale involves the smaller loss. The renewal of gold shipments from here to Europe, at a time when the current is almost invariably in the opposite direction, is also a very natural obstacle to a rising market. Indeed the wonder is that values have been so well sustained in a market entirely free from any support whatever. Distrust on this account is likely to remain, and will increase, unless steps are taken to relieve the treasury from embarrassing consequences. It does not appear whether help will first come from a bond issue or from a restoration of former relations between the bank and the treasury whereby the latter was assured of a gold income.

A bond issue is already a foregone conclusion, and its occurrence will create no uneasiness in financial circles. Possibly it may do good in a negative fashion by emphasizing the urgency of currency reform. Meantime, railroad earnings continue to make encouraging gains, especially in the west and northwest where the heavy grain movement is stimulating both traffic and general business. In the southwest the backward movement of cotton is causing deficiencies in earnings, but as the cotton must soon go forward better results may be anticipated in due season. It follows also that as cotton and wheat go to Europe with more freedom, as they inevitably must, the exchange market will meet with that much relief.

The business situation is satisfactory. There is less activity than a few weeks ago, which is to be expected in the closing months of the year. In several staple markets where prices of production had advanced too rapidly there is a reactionary tendency, which in the end will encourage fresh buying and give confidence in the future a more substantial basis. In a few days Congress will open, but the season promises to be less disturbing than its predecessors. In all probability currency reform will be the leading issue. The outlook for 1896 is as bright and hopeful as could be hoped for within reason. Of the immediate future there is some doubt. Values are low and many stocks are selling at attractive prices; but until the financial atmosphere grows clearer we advise buying only on the declines and taking profits on fair rallies.

HENRY CLEWS.

Permanent Headquarters.

The Maryland State Temperance Alliance held a special meeting yesterday afternoon, Rev. Henry Branch presided, and Rev. W. G. Herbert was the secretary. The committee having the preparation of the local veto bill in charge, will complete their work in a few days, and the bill will be circulated throughout the state for signatures to be presented to the coming session of the Legislature. The following resolution, offered by Prof. J. K. Taylor, was unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That the Maryland State Temperance Alliance purchase the property No. 116 West Mulberry street, near the Enoch Pratt Library, for the sum of $4,000 in fee, to be used by the society as permanent headquarters."

The following committee was appointed to raise the sum necessary to make the purchase: Prof. J. K. Taylor, Rev. Henry Branch, William E. Walton, Henry Hooper, F. L. Morling, Rev. A. J. Gill, Rev. R. H. Williams and Rev. W. G. Herbert. The outlook for the work of the alliance is brighter than for a number of years past.—Morning Herald.

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are warned against trespassing upon my land, lying near Kearney, for any purpose whatever, gunning especially. All persons caught trespassing will be prosecuted. W. E. HARVEY.

Doctors Say;

Bilious and Intermittent Fevers which prevail in miasmatic districts are invariably accompanied by derangements of the Stomach Liver and Bowels.

The Secret of Health.

The liver is the great "driving wheel" in the mechanism of man, and when it is out of order, the whole system becomes deranged and disease is the result.

Tutt's Liver Pills
Cure all Liver Troubles.

Scratching and Swearing

only increase the irritation and heat the blood. What the skin needs is a cooling, healing application that brings comfort to body and mind, and which at the same time has strength enough to penetrate a clogged skin and to dissolve the scales of Eczema and Dandruff.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

is the only perfect preparation of this kind. It will cure Eczema, Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Dandruff, Itching Piles, Ring Worm, Pimples, Blotches and other diseases of the skin. Sometimes it will cure in a few days—sometimes it takes longer—but the cure is certain and permanent. There is no question about it. It has been proven times without number.

50 cents—all drug stores.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, MD.

FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head and all inflammation of the nasal passages—50c.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
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LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including ram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26*

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
Keyser, W. Va.

20—1yr.

NOTICE!

I will sell the choice of any lots in Loch Lynn Heights at $100 each, on time, or 6 per cent. off for cash, till the first day of January, 1896. After that time no lot will be sold for less than $125.

J. C. ALDERSON,
General Manager.

37-4t

Malette

Has the largest, finest and cheapest line of Xmas Goods and Jewelry ever brought to Oakland.

SEE OUR
Silver Novelties, Celluloid Goods, Smoker's Sets, Ink Stands, Writing Desks, Silver and Celluloid Trays, Albums, Bibles, Picture Books, Cards, Booklets, Games, Mirrors, Work Boxes, Picture Frames, etc., etc.

PALACE OF HOLIDAY GOODS.

This is only a partial list of the articles which we will take pleasure in showing those who will come to see us. Everybody welcome. Admission free. Have you seen FROG IN YOUR THROAT RAILROAD? If not be sure to do so.

OAKLAND PHARMACY
JOS. E. HARNED, Prop.
OAKLAND, MD.

LOOK AT
F. G. HYDE'S
ASSORTMENT OF
Xmas Presents
For 25 Cents.

Also the finest and best line of Jewelry between Washington and Wheeling.

Merry Christmas To All.

After visiting all the Stores in town for Christmas Goods, don't fail to see what they have at

Sturgiss' Pharmacy,

And you will make no mistake.

CANDY. **OYSTERS.**

Don't forget the cheapest place in the town of Oakland for FRUITS, NUTS, CANDY, CRACKERS, CAKES, CANNED GOODS is **H. E. FELTY, Railroad St.**

Malette

Will give a $90 Diamond Ring away on January 1, 1896.

WHERE TO BUY HOLIDAY PRESENTS

AT DAVIS & SON'S
NEW HARDWARE STORE

You will find a choice line of Table, Butcher and Carving Knives, Razors, Shears, Plated Spoons, etc., also two handsome nickled Ranges, showing latest novelty of regulating heat of oven by thermometer.

If you want a vehicle or sleigh, call on

A. D. NAYLOR.

A nice line kept constantly on hand.

IF IN NEED OF
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry of any Kind, go to
H. C. SMOUSE,
RAILROAD ST., OAKLAND, MD.
Repairing a Specialty.

CHEAP JOHN
IS
HEADQUARTERS FOR
Toys and Holiday Goods, Candies, Etc.
OPPOSITE STONE CHURCH.

Xmas Goods.

The Best and Choicest Candies.

ALSO

Xmas Tree Ornaments, at
A. T. MATTHEWS',
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F. E. MERRILL.
NOTIONS, Gents' and Ladies' Furnishings, NECKWEAR.
Alder St., one Door West of Postoffice.

CHRISTMAS.

AN ENDLESS LINE OF
Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Groceries at the Lowest Prices in town. Come and see for yourselves.
JOHN FELTY, JR., & CO.

Christmas Goods.

Just received at GEO. O. MILLER & CO.'s a new stock of Christmas Goods, consisting of

Janpanese China, Fancy Cups and Saucers, Plates, Mugs, Vases, Gentlemen's Silk Neckwear, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Silk Handkerchiefs and Mufflers. Also a beautiful line of China Tea and Dinner Sets.

THIS SPACE IS FOR SALE.
PRICE $12.00.

SHARTZER & BOLDEN,
Furniture, . Carpets, . Upholstery.
UNDERTAKING A SPECIALTY.

PACK the little coats and gowns,
And make the house-place neat;
Put some cakes for traveling
Beneath the wagon seat;
Give an extra mess of oats
To good old Jim and Gray—
We're going home to father's house
For Thanksgiving day.

So oft we've lived the journey o'er
With the welcome at the end,
Sweet mother's kisses on our cheek,
And the hand-clasp of each friend;
And many a time the tittle ones
Have traveled in their play
"All the way to grandpa's house
For Thanksgiving day."

The dear home fields have yielded up
Their grasses and their grain;
The bins and barns are running o'er
From orchard and from plain;
And with the rich year's discipline,
Its hours of work and play,
Some fairer things are harvested
For Thanksgiving day.

Our arms, so full of blessedness
The years have helped us win,
Have opened wide enough to let
A little stranger in.
For the first time two little feet,
From angel-land astray,
Will toddle into grandpa's house
For Thanksgiving day.

We know the place is all astir
With plans of goodly fare,
And mother's look and mother's voice
Are present everywhere;
And to a neighbor dropping in
She pauses just to say:
"The children are all coming home
For Thanksgiving day."
—Mary F. Butts, in Harper's Weekly.

GIVE THANKS.

Thank God for the glorious gift of life,
And this beautiful world of ours,
With its shimmering seas, and waving trees,
Its frost, and dew and flowers;
For radiant moons and tranquil Junes,
For sunshine and for rain;
For pearly dawns and crystal morns,
For mountain, mead and plain.

Thank God for treasures that He gives
From earth and tree and vine;
For golden yields from fertile fields,
For flax and wool and wine;
For healthful roots; for ruddy fruits;
For Plenty's laden horn;
For flocks and herds, for bees and birds,
Give thanks this festive morn.

Give thanks for reunited hands,
For hearth and home and health;
For faith and love, so sure to prove
Sweeter than fame or wealth;
For hopes that bless, for lips' caress,
For counsel and for cheer,
Give thanks upon this morn that brings
The feast of all the year.
—Good Housekeeping.

"SEE here, Martha!" said Uncle Ben Curtis, as he shoved back from the breakfast table on Thanksgiving morning and wiped his mouth on the nearest piece of tablecloth he could get hold of, "this is reg'lar old-fashioned Thanksgivin' weather."

"Yes," replied Aunt Martha, as she scraped the butter off her plate back on the butter dish.

"Six inches of snow and cold 'nuff to freeze a dog."

"Yes."

"I hain't got much to do this mornin', and I guess I'll run down to Widder Black's and see what I can do for 'em. It's a tarnal shame, the luck that woman has had."

"Some of us git along and some of us don't," drawled Aunt Martha, as she put the meat scraps on a plate for the dog.

"Durned if we don't!"

"Benjamin, don't cuss. A cussin' man'll never come to any good."

"Who's a-cussin'? I said it was a tarnal shame, and so it is. Jim Black was a-gittin' along as well as any of us when that well caved in on him and made his wife a widder. It wasn't 'nuff that she was hard-workin' an' economizin', but she must go 'n' fall down and break her leg, and her baby hain't over a year old. Who's takin' keer of her?"

"Hanner Bebee. I meant to hev gone down yisterday, but them pigs' feet had to be taken keer of. I guess I'll make up a basket of stuff to send along. Hanner Bebee is a purty good gal on pork and beans and sich, but she ain't no hand to git up dainties. You give her my luv and tell her she's got to be right up and down with Hanner to git a full day's work out o' her."

When Uncle Ben set out he carried a basket which contained jelly cake, tea, a pumpkin pie and other articles, and as he pursued his way along the frozen road he drew his old fur cap down over his ears and soliloquized:

"Yaas, darn my buttons, but I'm sorry fur Nancy Black. On top of all the other hard luck comes that four-hundred-dollar mortgage on the farm, and it's my soleman opinion she'll never be able to raise it. If I was able I'd buy and hold it, but I hain't. I've got to see Squar' Potter, the old skinflint, and tell him he must give the widder and the fatherless a show. The tarnal old critter is probably countin' the days till he kin turn 'em outdoors, but if he ever tries it he'll hear what the folks around here thinks of him. I see that Hanner has got a purty good fire in the kitchen, but I don't believe she's fed the stock. As Aunt Martha says: 'Hanner is one of them sort o' guls who can't work without a boss.'"

Uncle Ben turned into the gate, passed around the house and entered the kitchen without knocking, to find Hannah doing up the breakfast dishes.

"Mornin', Hannah. How's the widder and the fatherless?"

"She rested purty well last night," replied the girl.

"Fed the stock yet?"

"No; I was just goin' out."

"That's just like the Bebees—allus an hour behind time! When yer father died and his funeral was sot for two o'clock it didn't come off till three. I'll do the chores fur ye this mornin',

HE DREW HIS OLD FUR CAP DOWN OVER HIS EYES.

and you see if the widder and the fatherless kin find anything in that basket to tempt their appetites."

Half an hour later Uncle Ben reentered the kitchen and marched through to the sitting-room bedroom to see the unfortunate widow.

"Say, Nancy, I'm dog gone sorry fur ye!" he said, as he wiggled out of his overcoat and flung his cap on the floor. "Here it is Thanksgiving day and everybody gittin' ready to eanter 'round and stuff their stomachs, and you a-lyin' here with a broken leg! I say it's a tarnal shame!"

"It's an unfortunate thing, Uncle Ben," the widow replied, "but I am going to try and not worry over it. Who knows but what it is all for the best?"

"Mebbe 'tis, but I'll be hanged if I believe it! Aunt Martha sent her luv, and I guess she'll be down about Saturday."

"She is very, very kind."

"And she said you'd hev to boss Hanner more or less to make her step around. Some folks hev to be sorter driv, ye know."

"Hannah is doing very well, I'm glad to say."

"How's the young 'un?"

"As good as pie."

"That's nice. Some youngsters is all right, and some seem to be possessed of the old Harry. Look a here, Nancy, I hain't no hand to go pokin' my nose into other people's bizness, as I guess you'll allow, but thar's a matter I'd like to ask about. You remember we went to skule together, and the night we had the spellin' bee you'n me was the last ones up, I went down on 'doctrine,' and you went ahead 'till the teacher was pretty nigh tuckered out. I kinder feel as if I was related to ye, ye know."

"Yes; what do you want to talk about, Uncle Ben?"

"About that mortgage. In course I know thar's one on the farm, fur I was with Jim when he got the money, but how about the interest?"

"I won't be able to pay a shilling of it when due."

"You don't tell me!"

"On the first day of the month the farm will probably be advertised for sale, but I believe the law allows me to stay on for a few months."

"Has Squar' Potter bin up here lately?"

"He was here yesterday. He will take the place as soon as the law allows."

"The blamed old skunk! Excuse my cuss words, Nancy, but when I'm excited they slip right out. If that old skinflint turns you outer house and home I'll go down the road and take off my coat and lick him 'till he bellers like a calf!"

"No, Uncle Ben. He lends his money to live on the interest, and it is only right that he should be paid. I was in hopes to be able to pay him the interest, but this misfortune will prevent."

"It's a downright shame, and I don't keer who hears me say so! Say, Nancy, thar's a heap o' shelled corn on the barn floor which orter be winnowed out and put away afore the rats lug it off."

"I was hunting for a box to put it in when I fell and broke my leg. If you'll go up into the attic, Uncle Ben, you'll probably find something. I believe there's an old blue chest up there with nothing in it, and it will hold the corn."

"D'ye mean that old chist which Jim bid off at auction over to Jackson's vendue?"

"Yes."

"I was thar' and bid two shillin's fur it. Jim raised my bid to thirty cents and got it fur a wood box. Never used it, eh? I believe Jackson said he got that chist at a baggage sale in Boston a dozen years before, an' thar' was a lot o' duds in it which hev belonged to some furreigner. Wall, I'll go up and hev it down and take keer of that corn. Corn is goin' to be corn afore next spring. I s'pose Hanner Bebee would walk over that pile a hundred times and never see it. The Bebees was a good-hearted lot, but perfeckly shiftless."

In the farmhouse attic, stored away with quilt frames, broken chairs, bunches of mayweed and catnip, and hingeless trunks and boxes, Uncle Ben found the old blue chest. There was a thick layer of dust on the lid, and he dusted it off with a bunch of herbs and muttered:

"Whew! but how the dust does git into a house! Ya-as, that's the same old chist, and I laffed at Jim all the way home for buyin' it. Come outer here and downstairs and be sum good fur sumthin'! Guess you'll hold all that corn and a bushel or so more. If Hanner Bebee had bin the right sort of gal she'd hev—"

"Durn my hind buttons and gosh-all-fish-hooks! Hanner, whar be ye! Struck my hide if I hain't broke every bone in my body and busted myself all to flinders! Hanner! Hanner!"

"What's happened?" shouted Hannah from the foot of the kitchen stairs.

"This blamed old chist has went and gone and knocked me head over heels down them attic stairs and killed me as dead as a door nail. Hurry up and git the durned thing off'n me!"

"Why, Uncle Ben!" exclaimed Hannah, as she reached the chamber floor and found the old farmer doubled up at the foot of the attic ladder and the old blue chest holding him fast.

"Git it off'n me!" he shouted. "That's jest like a Bebee! The time your father's cow fell in the well he took two hours to think of it and let her die! Hang it, do ye want to break my back!"

"You'll soon be a pirate if you keep on cussin'," said Hannah, as she pulled the chest away and helped him up.

"I'm a pirate now, and dog-gone me if I don't cuss all the rest of the day!" shouted Uncle Ben. "Thar, durn ye, take that—and that—! Why, I'll bust ye all to smash and throw the pieces into the fire!"

It is needless to explain that he kicked the chest instead of Hannah, and that the busting and smashing also referred to the ancient-looking receptacle. The bottom was turned toward him, and the third kick from his heavy cow-hide a portion of it gave way and Hannah uttered a shriek of surprise.

"Lemme at it! Lemme bust it all to kindlin's," shouted Uncle Ben, as he danced around.

"Look, Uncle Ben—see there!"

"Money—gold and silver—dog-gone my steers!"

Yes, it was money—gold and silver coins of Holland and Germany. There was a false bottom to the chest, and they had been hidden under it for a dozen years or more. It was the chest of a Holland immigrant, but how it had gone astray and finally been sold as unclaimed no one could have found out, had they wanted to. There was just seven hundred and fifty dollars in the "find," and Uncle Ben carried it downstairs in his old fur cap and poured it out on the bed before the eyes of the wondering and astonished cripple, and said:

"Nancy Black, it's all yours—every dollar of it, and thar's 'nuff to pay the mortgage and the doctor and leave ye sumthin' to boot."

"And you found it in the old chest?"

"That's whar' it was, but if the blamed thing hadn't fell on me nobody would hev knowed about it. Nancy, I'm doggoned glad!"

"Oh, Uncle Ben, the Lord has not deserted me, after all!" she sobbed.

"No, I guess not, but if I hadn't got mad and cussed and kicked you'd never hev got it. The Lord sorter helped, I s'pose, but cussin' did the most of it, and from this time on Martha may blow all she's a mind to, but I'm goin' to say all the gosh-all-fish-hooks I wanter."—Detroit Free Press.

THE PURITAN THANKSGIVING.

A Story of Uncomplaining Fortitude, Splendid Faith and Undaunted Heroism.

In what penury, what hardship, what sense of exile, what darkness of bereavement, what dependence upon the Divine hand and gratitude for its bounty, were the earliest Thanksgivings kept! The story of the Plymouth colony can never be too often recalled by Americans. For uncomplaining fortitude, for sturdy endurance, for strength that knew no faltering, for splendid faith and undaunted heroism, that story has no equal on the page of history. Many delicate women died in those first years, but we never read that they weakened in courage while they lived. Theirs was the underlying might of a purpose which had its root in principles; and, whoever may celebrate the Pilgrim Fathers, women should forever keep green the memory of the heroic Pilgrim Mothers.

We like to think of the groups which assembled at those Puritan dinner tables in those far-away days. The harvests were reaped; the churches and the school-houses were built; the children were brought up in the fear of God. In the cold meeting-house on the top of the nearest hill there had been a long service, prayers, psalms, sermons, all of a generous prodigality of time to which we in our religious services of to-day are strangers. Then came the unbending, the lavish dinner, the frolic of the little ones, the talk beside the fire, when the parents drew upon the reminiscences of fair England, or of Holland by the sea.

Many a troth-plight was spoken in the twilight of Thanksgiving day. Youths and maidens then, as youths and maidens still, met and fell in love. The beautiful story which never grows old was told by the ardent suitor to the blushing girl in the Puritan home, as in our households yet.

"Long was the good man's sermon,
But it seemed not so to me,
For he spake of Ruth the beautiful,
And then I thought of thee."

After all, the world changes little in essentials as time passes. The girl will wear her blue or her orange a few days later this year, but on Thanksgiving day, as on all days, her lover will find his sunshine in her eyes, and her favor will be his highest incentive to manliness and nobility.—Harper's Bazar.

A Home Festival.

Thanksgiving should be a Home Festival as well as a season of praise and prayer. There is nothing at all incongruous in such a dual observance. In the home is the hope of the nation, and everything which tends to the sweetening of its atmosphere, the strengthening of its ties, the perpetuation of its influence, or the deepening of the affection of its members, deserves recognition and encouragement. Better homes mean a better people and a better nation.

Let Thanksgiving be then a home day a day consecrated to the service of God and to the furtherance of domestic happiness and family joy. Let it be a time for calling in all the loved ones, all the wanderers from the old hearthstone, to renew again the tender memories of earlier days, and to rekindle the sympathies and affections which time and distance often deaden and make cold.—Christian Work.

THE KING BIRD.

But "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."—Chicago Mail.

Give Thanks for It.

If life is worth livin'
Jest go ahead an' strive;
Each day a big Thanksgivin'
That a feller is alive!

Ative to feel the sunshine—
Ative to breathe the air;
As man an' boy, to feel the joy
Of simply bein' here!

The day in darkness closes,
But the stars begin to glow;
The world is full of roses,
In spite o' all the snow!
—Washington Star.

Athletic Exercise.

Perley—Hullo, Jinx! going to take Thanksgiving day off?

Jinx—Yes. Going to devote it to athletics.

Perley—Good. What kind? Golf or football?

Jinx—Neither. I'm going to carve a turkey I raised myself, for ten people. There's exercise for you! — Harper's Bazar.

What It Is For.

"What's Thanksgiving for?" asked a teacher of a primary grade of her class the other morning as the subject was mentioned. But the cries of "Football!" and "Turkey!" were so mingled that the teacher hadn't the heart to disabuse the little ones. So she let it go at that.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

His Last.

Briggs—This is probably the last Thanksgiving Bickerly will celebrate.

Griggs—How's that?

Briggs—It's the day he's going to be married on.—Brooklyn Life.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

A TIPPLER'S SELF-CONTROL.

Said this man, with an accent of pride,
"I can drink it, or cast it aside."
But the fact that is rife,
Is, he drank it through life,
And he let it alone when he died.
—Lippincott's Magazine.

CRIME AND ALCOHOL.

Ease of Disguising Poison in Beer—Sad Case of an Inherited Taste for Intoxicants.

The alcohol habit is apt to lead to the commission of countless different crimes; but, besides, victims become a ready prey to other criminals; to thieves, who rob the toper during the eclipse of his intellectual faculties, and murderers who take advantage of the circumstance that fermented and distilled beverages disguise the taste of other poisons. Even beer masks the presence of virulent drugs that would easily betray their admixture with such substances as milk, lemonade and common drinking water.

THE MOUNT STERLING EPISODE.

On the 12th of May, 1895, Capt. James Robinson, the wealthiest stock breeder and land owner of Brown county, Ill., invited one of his employes to a glass of beer, and half an hour after was taken with a violent retching fit and griping pain in the stomach. His guest, Frank Mayfield, also was taken sick about the same time, and in spite of prompt medical attendance, both men died in agony. There was no doubt that the beer must have been poisoned, for none of the numerous persons who had taken dinner with the two ill-fated farmers experienced any indisposition, and Capt. Robinson testified that within less than five minutes after finishing that glass of beer he became conscious of a strange feeling, similar to that following a dose of laudanum or a similar strong medicine. Mayfield remembered that "the beer tasted a little unusual, but there being so many different brews, paid not much attention to that circumstance." What virulent poisons can be disguised by the pungent taste of strong beer was strikingly illustrated in the case of a Pennsylvania miner, who, a few weeks ago, poured a bottle of lager beer into a tumbler containing an ounce of nitric acid (a corrosive poison that will melt copper as hot tea would dissolve a lump of sugar) and drained the glass almost to the last drop before he noticed his fatal mistake. The Borgias and other poison-mongers of the middle ages generally administered their deadly draughts in a glass of wine; and distilled liquors would disguise even the atrocious taste of sulphuric acid (vitriol), which is, in fact, one of the substances used for the adulteration of brandy.

OLLIE'S CHOICE.

A few years ago Mr. Theodore Becker, a well-to-do farmer of Allegheny county, Pa., adopted the son of his brother Philip, who had died in consequence of intemperate habits and despondency, due to a series of business reverses. This relative (Philip Becker) had for years kept a saloon in a little Pennsylvania mountain resort, but seems to have had sense enough to refuse liquor to his only son, Ollie, who at the time of his transfer to Allegheny county was about eleven years old, and thus far had not yet tasted intoxicating drink in any form. The belief in the instinctive stimulant thirst of topers' children appeared to be refuted in his case, though it is possible that his father's passion for strong liquor was developed years after Ollie's birth. The orphan boy had found a good home. His uncle owned real estate in Allegheny city as well as in the country, and ever after his brother's death had been very careful in the use of intoxicants, though he now and then joined a Sunday guest in a glass of light beer. Ollie would have declined an invitation of that sort. He was fond of sweetmeats, like most boys, and often wasted his pocket-money on candy, but disliked the taste of beer, and preferred a glass of lemonade to the best German New Year's punch. His aunt, Mrs. Katherine Becker, was a total abstainer. She had seen so much of the evils of intemperance that she detested the very sight of a liquor shop, and was consequently shocked to learn that their adopted child had begun to frequent the beer saloons of the neighborhood, and had on one occasion become involved in a drunken row. The cause of that sudden change of habit seemed a mystery, till cross-examination revealed the fact that Ollie had learned to drink during a few weeks' visit to his birthplace, where some of his father's former customers had considered it their duty to do the honors of the place after a fashion of their own. Under the pretext of escorting the boy to the scenes of his childhood's sports they had taken him to picnics, "barbecues," and finally to undisguised symposiums of brandy and lager-beer—"just for old time's sake, and because the lad's father had been good to them." But if they really thought themselves indebted to the boy's parents, it would have been kinder to inoculate the little fellow with hydrophobia poison. With the Pasteur treatment and other specifics about seven out of ten mad-dog bites can nowadays be cured, while it would perhaps be an overestimate to say that two out of ten boy-topers can be thoroughly reclaimed.

Ollie repented and promised, and once kept his pledge nearly half a year, but the smouldering fire blazed out again and again, till his foster-father at last thought it the best plan to send him to a country boarding-school at a safe distance from liquor shops. Before the end of the first month Ollie got desperately homesick. He sent letters promising total abstinence for life, if his aunt would intercede to shorten the term of his exile, and threatening suicide in case of refusal. His schoolmates became afraid of him, and he acted so strangely that his teacher advised his parents to take him home for a month or two. The boy's appearance justified the belief that he was really sick, and the Beckers changed their plan of curing his nostalgia by keeping him at work in a way that would make him glad to return to his text-books. They consulted the family physician, who attributed the trouble to the influence of sedentary occupations, and prescribed outdoor exercise and a change of diet. Mr. Becker then had a private interview with his ward. He informed him that at the doctor's advice they would trust him once more, but did not conceal his suspicion, and told him plainly that the next relapse would transfer the scene of his cure to Morgunza, a reformatory some thirty miles southeast of Pittsburgh. Two days after the communication of that ultimatum Mr. Becker found his bureau broken and a sum of thirty dollars in cash and about one hundred and fifty dollars in checks gone. Those checks were afterward found in the boy's bedroom, but his best suit of clothes had vanished, and there was no doubt that Ollie Becker had deliberately thrown away a good home and the prospect of comfort and independence for thirty dollars' worth of alcoholic liquors.—F. S. Oswald, M. D., in Union Signal.

A QUART OF BEER.

Expensive Investment Made by the Engineer of a Train.

Not long ago, two trains laden with pilgrims were on their way to the shrine of "La Bonne Ste. Anne" (the Good St. Anne), in the province of Quebec. While the first was staying at the station of Craig's Pond, the second dashed into it. The engine-driver of the latter, one McLeod, not a total abstainer, only a "moderate" drinker, got a quart of beer at Arthabaska, a station on the way. The price of it is as follows:

1. Damage to engine and cars. Add the cost to the price of that quart of beer.

2. The railway company has already paid considerable in settlement of claims for damages. No doubt it will have more to settle. That makes the price of that quart of beer so much the greater. Should it end in a lawsuit, the cost to the loser must be added to the price of that quart of beer.

3. Sufferings of the wounded, in many instances, awful. Add the money value of these to the price of that quart of beer—if you can.

4. Cost of attendance on the wounded. Add that to the price of that quart of beer.

5. Several passengers killed. Add the money value of their lives to the price of that quart of beer—if you can.

6. Funeral expenses. Add these to the price of that quart of beer.

7. Sorrow for the loss of loved ones killed. Add the money value of that to the price of that quart of beer—if you can.

8. Cost of the inquest. Add that to the price of that quart of beer.

9. The engine-driver, McLeod, was among the killed. He solemnly promised to comply with the rules of the company. One of these forbids persons in its employment drinking intoxicating liquor while on duty. McLeod broke his promise when he got that quart of beer. He has, therefore, left a blot on his name. Add the money value of that blot to the price of that quart of beer—if you can.

One way and another, that quart of beer has proved to be a fearfully costly one.—Rev. J. Fenwick, in Ram's Horn.

Known by Its Fruits.

A favorite retort from the lover of unrestricted liquor to the advocate of temperance, is that tea and coffee are stimulants, and that those who drink tea are guilty of intemperance as much as liquor drinkers. Did John Smith ever beat his mother after excessive indulgence in tea? Did Bill Jones and Bob Brown ever wreck a restaurant after partaking of too much coffee? Why not? Because tea and coffee are not the same kind of stimulants that beer and whiskey are. "A tree is known by its fruits," and, thus judged, tea and coffee are trees of a beneficient species, while the different kinds of liquors are trees whose deadly fruits too often blast the hand that picks and the lips that touches them.—Christian Work.

BITS AND BREVITIES.

WHEN the last saloon is closed forever the devil will have to make an assignment.—The People.

THE beer breweries of England pay on an average of $20,000 a week to the railroads of England.

THE more society offers itself to the extension of drunkenness, the more does it tend to increase the number of crimes and criminals.

OF 377 patients discharged from Dalrymple home for inebriates, Scotland, since its founding, 83 were college bred and 248 had a good education.

THERE is a drink in the affairs of men which, taken at the bar, leads on to trouble, cares and misery, but, taken at the pump, leads on to happiness and peace.—North Carolina Baptist.

DURING 1894, 52,658 persons were committed to prison in Scotland, a great increase which has been swelled by the greater number of persons committed for drunkenness. Two causes for the latter are named: The generally prosperous state of the country and the activity of the police.

MY GARDEN.

My garden aheundeth in pleasant nooks
And fragrance is ever in all;
For sweet is the smell of my old, old books
In their places against the wall.

Here is a folio that's grim with age
And yellow and green with mold;
There's the breath of the sea on every page
And the hint of a stanch ship's hold.

And here is a treasure from France la belle
Exhaleth a faint perfume
Of wedded lily and asphodel
In a garden of song abloom.

And this wee little book of puritan mien
And rude, conspicuous print
Hath the Yankee flavor of wintergreen,
Or, maybe, of peppermint.

In Walton the brooks a babbling tell
Where the cheery daisy grows,
And where in meadow or woodland dwell
The buttercup and the rose.

But best beloved of hooks, I ween,
Are those which one perceives
Are hallowed by ashes dropped between
The yellow, well-thumbed leaves.

For it's here a laugh and it's there a tear,
Till the treasured book is read;
And the ashes betwixt the pages here
Tell us of one long dead.

But the gracious presence reappears
As we read the book again,
And the fragrance of precious, distant years
Filleth the hearts of men.

Come, pluck with me in my garden nooks
The posies that bloom for all;
Oh, sweet is the smell of my old, old books
In their places against the wall!
—Chicago Record.

SQUARED HIMSELF.

BY SHERMAN L. COOK.

I had been riding all day through the stony, uncultivated soil of northern Arizona, had breakfasted at Revival, had dined at Perdition Pass, and had arrived on my tough little sorrel at Peterson City. Peterson City, or Peterson's, as it was usually called, was in the early seventies about the worst apology for a municipality that even Arizona could boast of. On paper it was attractively laid out, but, to use the words of an inhabitant, "the man what laid it out would make a mighty poor undertaker." Half a dozen, or, at the most, ten buildings, if we may so dignify their architecture, stood in the settlement, while beyond, on the low hills surrounding the village, a cluster of sheds might be here and there discovered.

The Eagle hotel, which stood opposite the store and post office, was a most atrocious libel on hostelries, having three sleeping rooms and another common room for guests, which was at once office, bar, dining-room and kitchen, as well as the sleeping room of the proprietor and his wife.

The proprietor, who was also the mayor, was a six-footer, lean, and with a savage bristling black mustache. Moreover, he was a pattern of obedience for husbands. His wife, who was about half his height and twice his breadth, was extremely effusive to her guests—there was another traveler at "The Eagle"—but "Zachary," her husband, had evidently been well brought up, for she voiced her orders with no uncertain sound. The combination of sociability and authority, both of which were too pronounced, grated upon my nerves; so, after a meal, called by courtesy supper, I crossed the street and entered the post office, which, according to time-honored custom, occupied a corner of the general store.

I found the postmaster and proprietor a genial little man with a short, fiery red beard. He was quite ready to talk, and expatiated upon the merits of

WAY BACK IN '52.

this barren corner of "Arizony" in a manner that was certainly brave, considering the resources of the land. He was, too, the "oldest inhabitant," and, as he proudly announced, "the only man in town that had knowed Bill Murray."

As one of the uninitinted, I inquired who Mr. Murray might have been.

"Wal, stranger," he replied, "Bill wuz a tough nut; but I reckon Bill wuz about the squarest man that was ever assisted from Arizona to the happy hunting grounds."

This seemed to be the opening of one of those stories, part truth, part fiction, which the natives of the region were so fond of imparting; so, placing my flask at my host's command, I asked for the particulars.

"It was way back in '52," he began, "and a dozen of us ranchers had erlected ourselves vigilance committee, and we sorter had our eyes on Bill fer some time when Boston come out."

"Who was Boston?" I queried.

"Wal, that warn't exactly his name, but he was a slip of a lad who'd be'n sent out fer his health. He cum from New England, and was so darn bookified that we called him 'Boston,' an' the name stuck.

"Boston was about 18, an' didn't weigh 100 pounds, to my thinkin'. Him an' Bill kinder took to each other right off. I rekerlect how Bill gave Juck Powers the allfiredest thrashing he ever had in his life fer liffin' at the kid, 'cause he bawled a little on the quiet over his mother's picter. Wal, stranger, I'm darned if that boy didn't kinder reform Bill in a little while so that we vigilanceers didn't consider he needed the looking after that he used ter. Boston an' he made the queerest pals in the territory, but I'm darned if Bill didn't love that boy better'n anything and everything on God's earth. Anyhow, we didn't hev no more trouble from Bill, an' after a spell he an' Boston went over to Crimson creek and we lost sight o' him fer a year or two.

"But one morning Ike Harkins' sorrel mare wa'n't to be found, and what's more, the bridle hed been cut, an' that meant 'hoss thief.' It didn't take long to organize a posse and track the mare in the direction of Crimson creek. We hadn't got more'n two miles though when under a hill what should we see but Boston, and I'm darned if that quiet little cuss wa'n't astride o' that mare.

"It didn't take us long ter snake that kid out'n his saddle. He declared the hoss wuz his; but when Ike pinted out a nick over the gambrel o' the left hind leg, he jest said kinder perlite: 'All right, gents, you're right an' I'm wrong.

Good mornin';" an' actually started off. Wal, when we explained what we wuz in the habit o' doin' ter hossthiefs, an' how we didn't make no exceptions on anybody's account, he jest swallowed hard a couple o' times, drew up his whole height, an' givin' us a steady look out o' them blue eyes o' his'n, says he: 'All right, gentlemen, go ahead.'

"So we put him on a hoss an' back we toted him ter camp; an' they put him in my tent with four of us outside to watch.

"It's lucky for Boston, stranger, that we lost half an hour huntin' for a barrel; but at last we found one, an' the hardest job that ever I had was when they sent me into that tent to call Boston. He wasn't prayin', as I expected he might be, but he was jest devourin' that picter uv his mother with those humsome eyes o' his. After I'd told him as best I could, he jest put his hand on my arm an' says he: 'Jim, you always was good ter me. I want yer to see that this picter goes under the sod with me.' I promised, and took the picter and out we went.

"Well, to make a long story short, we'd just boosted Boston up on the bar-

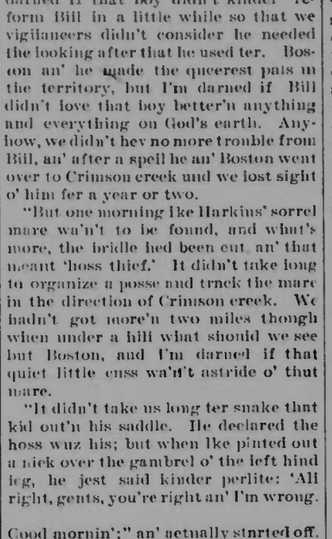

WE HEARD THE ALLFIREDEST YELL.

rel when we heard the allfiredest yell, and into camp galloped Bill Murray. I never see a horse so tuckered as Bill's was, and he looked himself as if he'd been riding to save his life. But he hadn't; just the opposite.

"'Gentlemen,' says he, 'I hate to disturb you, but I'm afraid you'll have to transfer your attention from Boston to me. I'm the man that borrowed that mare, an' the youngster was riding it by mistake.'

"'Oh, Bill!' says Boston, running up to him, 'you didn't really steal that mare?'

"'Yes, young un,' says he, 'I've had a fall from grace; but I promise it shan't happen again,' an,' with the queerest look passin' over his face, 'these gentlemen 'll help me keep my word.'

"It seems that Bill had wanted a fresh mare for some time; and in spite of Boston the old Nick had got into him again an' he crept into camp and got the mare. Boston was going to Murthy's gulch an' started before Bill woke up, mounting the first horse that came to hand, and Bill followed him when he woke up, seeing what might happen.

"We gave Bill and Boston half an hour together before we resumed the thread of our proceeding, and when we interrupted 'em Bill says:

"'Boston, when these gentlemen an' I finish keeping our little appointment put a necktie on me an' slick me up a little, an' promise not to leave this tent for 20 minutes.' An', turning to us: 'Gentlemen, I trust there's no hard feelin's.'

"Boston did as he was told, and in a day or two went east. Arizona wa'n't no place for him, anyway."

I ventured to say that I thought they ought to have tempered justice with mercy in that instance.

"Maybe we had," he returned, "maybe we had, but you don't know what Arizona was in the '50s."

"I'm no parson, stranger, but upon my soul I think that Bill Murray started in the next world even. Yes, by thunder, he squared himself."

I told my companion that I thought so, too, and riding away from Peterson's next day I mused on the story that had been told me, realizing that, indeed, as has been said, "the good are half bad and the bad are half good."—Boston Budget.

—The "Era of Constantinople," extensively adopted in the Greek empire, like several others, began with the foundation of the world, which it fixed at B. C. 5508. This era was generally followed by the adherents of the Greek church, and prevailed in Russia until the reign of Peter the Great.

—The oldest bonnet was found upon an Egyptian mummy, that of a princess who was interred about 2,000 years before Christ.

DURABLE CARPET.

That in Which the Pattern Thoroughly Covers the Groundwork.

The most durable carpet ever woven was undoubtedly the old rag carpet made of home-spun rags dyed with vegetable dyes made from native barks and roots. The hit and miss effect of these carpets was often a complete success, and far prettier than the showy tapestry Brussels that succeeded. It was also much more durable. It was not necessary to shut out the sun from the room carpeted with the rag carpet, because its colors were of honest dye and did not fade in the light. This old-time floor covering is nearly gone. There are only a few housekeepers in these days, in spite of modern inventions and labor-saving devices, who have time to sew and dye rags for carpets, so the choice of even the old-time farmhouse must fall upon a purchased article. When a room is dull and dreary looking there is a temptation to buy a bright-colored carpet, but it is one that ought to be resisted. Nothing palls upon the taste so soon as a carpet of staring pattern, whose flowers "rise up" to meet your footsteps over it. It is always a safe rule to choose a carpet of medium shade, decidedly darker than the wall paper. A conventionalized pattern wears much better than a realistic pattern of flowers and leaves. In order to be durable, let the pattern cover the ground of carpet thoroughly. A wool ingrain carpet of the best quality is a far better, more satisfactory choice than a cheap tapestry, which is sold at the same price. The old-fashioned three-ply carpet is no longer made. The heavy ingrain, which takes its place, is more durable because it remains in good condition as long as it lasts, while the upper surface of the three-ply wears off, leaving the carpet shabby, though it be still whole. The next choice to an ingrain is a first quality American Brussels. Choose a carpet of heavy surface, but one woven through to the back. Of late years some manufacturers of tapestry have dyed their carpets on the back so as to make the superficial observer believe they are woven through, but such a shallow device should deceive no one. It must be said that there has been a marked improvement in the manufacture of velvet carpets in recent years, so that some of these are almost as durable as inferior Wiltons. The velvet carpet, it should be remembered, is a tapestry carpet, woven in heavy frame, and the loops of the surface are cut to produce the velvet surfaces. A Wilton carpet is heavy Brussels, in which the loops of the surface are cut. The moquette carpet has heavy plush-like surface, but it is not as durable as Wilton or velvet, though it is cheaper than a Wilton.—N. Y. Tribune.

Wonderful Sagacity of a Dog.

The wonderful sagacity sometimes displayed by the dog in its efforts to save its master is well illustrated by the following true tale of late occurrence: A nine-months-old puppy of the Shepherd variety, owned by Farmer Nathaniel Penrdon, of Melindy's Prairie, Wis., was sent to bring home a drove of six good-sized hogs that had escaped from their pen, little thinking the dog could accomplish this difficult task. Imagine the farmer's surprise on seeing the puppy bring each hog home, one after the other, in quick succession, leading it by the ear, each trip stopping for his master's approval. Each time the hog refused to advance, or seemed inclined to loiter, the puppy pulled his ear all the harder, thus compelling him to move on.

A MOTORMAN'S LIFE.

Full of Hardships, Exposure and Constant Danger.

The Great Strain on a Man's Nerves Sufficient in Itself to Wreck Him in a Short Time—The Experience of a Well-Known Motorman.

From the Cincinnati, Ohio, Enquirer.

The life of a motorman is not a bed of roses. He is subjected to many hardships especially in the winter when he is exposed to the cold and snow. Even in the summer he must bear the intense heat which beats down upon him. Considerable nerve and self possession is necessary in a good motorman, for the lives and limbs of his passengers are at stake. One of the best known electric motormen in this city is William Frazer, who is at present running a car on the Cumminsville electric line. He is not only well known to his fellow employes but to the people who travel on his car. Mr. Frazer is a young man about twenty-six years of age and resides with his wife and child at 144 Betts Street, Cincinnati, O. About a year ago Mr. Frazer was taken with serious stomach troubles. He bought several kinds of medicine which were recommended to him, but none of them seemed to give him even temporary benefit. An enthusiastic admirer of that famous remedy known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People told him to try them. Frazer was almost discouraged, but took the advice. To a reporter of the *Enquirer* he said:

"I can most heartily recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They are all that is claimed for them, in fact they advertise themselves better than any medicine I ever saw. I was seized some time ago with a bad attack of indigestion. My stomach hurt me nearly all the time and I could not digest my food. The pain was almost unbearable and I found nothing that would give me relief. I confess that when I bought the first box of Pink Pills I hadn't much confidence in their efficacy because I had tried so many things without success that I was almost discouraged. Before I had taken one box I was decidedly better. Two boxes cured me entirely. While I have been under the weather from other causes my indigestion has never returned. If it ever should I know just what to do. I have so much confidence in the efficacy of Pink Pills that if I ever get real sick again with any disorder I shall use some of them. It is a pleasure for me I assure you to testify to the excellent qualities of these Pink Pills. They not only tone the stomach but regulate the bowels and act as a mild cathartic."

Mr. Frazer's testimonial means something. He speaks from personal experience and any one who doubts that he received the benefits stated can easily verify the assertion by calling on Mr. Frazer or seeing him some time while he is on his car.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or directly by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Self interest is always at the rate of 100 per cent.—Young Men's Era.

TRAP AND GUN.

A lynx weighing 40 pounds was shot in a main street, near the center of the city of San Diego, Cal., a few days ago.

It is said that deer are so plentiful in some of the wild parts of Oregon that the systematic slaughter of them for their hides is a profitable business.

While hunting for partridge, and, of course, with both barrels loaded with bird shot, an Ellsworth, Me., hunter stumbled upon three deer. He didn't swear, he says; he "laid right down and bawled."

A good-sized bear was killed in the city limits of Montesano, Wash. The animal strayed in from the nearby forest and got within four blocks of the courthouse before anyone appeared with a gun. Then a 14-year-old boy killed it.

A party of hunters returned to Ashland, Ore., from a six weeks' hunt in the mountains of Curry county, bringing with them the spoils of three bull elk, four bears and 65 bucks. There is a wonderful abundance of game in that region.

Grouse, partridge, deer and many other kinds of game are unusually plentiful in northern New Hampshire this fall. Black bears are numerous near Thornton, and an unusually large lynx was shot near Ellsworth a few days ago.

Queer Uses for Cards.

In a strike among bricklayers and masons in Vienna Hungarian workmen were employed to take the places of native workmen, but great trouble was experienced owing to the absence of interpretors and the difficulty of giving orders to the foreigners. Finally recourse was had to a pack of cards, and as the workmen of every nationality understood these a system of signs and signals was established which answered every purpose. Criminals quite frequently convey information by means of cards. On one occasion a prisoner in Paris prayed to have a pack of cards lent to him. His request was refused, whereupon he obtained a sheet of paper, drew blood from his arm and made a fair imitation of a five of hearts. He was caught in the act and confessed that next visiting day he intended to have passed the five to a friend, and that every card in the pack had a distinct meaning.—Pearson's Weekly.

—In the eighth century and for a long time after, Saxon and German nobles wore cone-shaped caps, close fitting at the head and about two feet high.

The opinions of the misanthropical rest upon this very positive basis, that they adopt the bad faith of a few as evidence of the worthlessness of all.—Bovee.

"I began life without a cent in my pocket," said the purse-proud man to an acquaintance. "I didn't even have a pocket," replied the latter, meekly.

Just laws are no restraint upon the freedom of the good, for a good man desires nothing which a just law will interfere with.—Froude.

Bobby—"Papa, Jack Mason said his father gave him 50 cents, and—" Papa—"Well?" Bobby—"I'd like to say the same of you."—Harper's Bazar.

Gracie's first experience in eating a peach—"I've eaten it, cloth and all, mamma. Now, what shall I do with the bone?"

Truth is the handmaid of justice; freedom is its child; peace its companion; safety walks in its steps; victory follows in its train.—Sydney Smith.

"One views these things," said Br'er Fox,
"According as his light is.
I do not doubt those grapes are sweet,
But I fear appendicitis."
—Chicago Record.

Hit or Miss.—They say when Cupid aims his dart
At man he never misses,
Yet when he hits a miss's heart
'Tis then he makes the Mrs.

Laura—"And now you must see papa." Reginald—"I have seen him—or, rather, he has seen me. He told me yesterday that I either had to declare myself or stay out of the house."—Indianapolis Tribune.

In proverbs dangers often lurk—
Their meaning rather hazy;
"The happy man sings at his work,"
But—drives the others crazy.
—Atlanta Constitution.

Public sentiment powerfully restrains men from doing wrong; but, when they have done wrong, sets itself as powerfully against them.—Beecher.

The proprietor of a Louisville bone factory announces that persons leaving their bones with him can have them ground at short notice.

Whatever difference may appear in the fortunes of mankind, there is, nevertheless, a certain compensation of good and evil which makes them equal.—Rochefoucauld.

At the National Gallery.—Fair American (before a celebrated picture of a saint)—Wal, I reckon I would have had my hair crimped before I had my picture paluted.—Judy.

Teacher—"Tommy, how is the world divided?" Tommy—"Paw says it is divided between the corporations and the politicians."—Indianapolis Journal.

It was during a heavy storm, and as the thunder died away the little girl said earnestly: "I wish God wouldn't grumble so."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Presence of Mind.

Quick thought and prompt action in time of danger have averted many an otherwise fatal accident, as is well illustrated in what came near being a case of drowning last winter. A dozen boys were skating on a pond, when one of them broke through the ice and the next moment was struggling in the water. The accident occurred near the middle of the pond; there was no house near to which the boys could run for help; no rope which they could throw to their unfortunate companion, nor yet a pole or stick of any kind. For a minute they stood aghast, huddled together, watching the poor boy's struggles in the icy water and his futile efforts to hold himself up by grasping the treacherous ice. Suddenly David Small threw himself face down upon the ice and cried: "Quick! Shove me to the edge! John, you lie down and get hold of my feet, and Si, you get hold of his. I'll catch hold of Bob; and when I give the signal the rest of you fellows grab Si and haul us out of this." The brave boy took the post of danger himself, the others followed his directions, and when he had securely grasped Bob the signal was given. All hands pulled with a will and the drowning boy was saved.—Philadelphia Press.

In a Hurry.

Gent—Gee Whittaker! You've spilled that coffee all over me.

Waiter—Very sorry, sir, but I was hurryin' to get through.

Guest—I'm in no hurry.

Waiter—No, sir; but it's most time for a gentleman to come in wot always fees me, sir.—N. Y. Weekly.

Beecham's pills for constipation 10c and 25c. Get the book (free) at your druggist's and go by it. Annual sales 6,000,000 boxes.

There are such things as adorable faults and insupportable virtues.—Fliegende Blatter.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. Allie Douglass, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 20, '94.

A Right to Make It.—"She makes a lot of talk." "Well, she is from Boston, the cradle of the language."—Detroit Tribune.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

People who live in glass houses should live glass lives.—Young Men's Era.

If you have not arranged to take *The Century* this year, you should do so at once and begin with the November number, the great Anniversary Issue in which Mrs. Humphry Ward's novel commences. The publishers make a special offer of a year's subscription to *The Century* beginning with November and the twelve back numbers of the past volume for $5.00. All dealers take subscriptions under this offer.

"Tom has proposed, and asks me to give him his answer in a letter." "Shall you do it?" "No; I will be more liberal and give him his answer in two letters."—Harper's Bazar.

False Witnesses.

There are knaves now and then met with who represent certain local bitters and poisonous stimulants identical with or possessing properties akin to those of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. These scamps only succeed in foisting their trashy compounds upon people unacquainted with the genuine article, which is as much their opposite as day is to night. Ask and take no substitute for the grand remedy for malaria, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism and kidney trouble.

"Lillian," he said, severely, to the new woman, "did you mail that letter I gave you this morning?" And then she put her hand in the inside pocket of her overcoat, started, got red in the face and almost wished that she had never been emancipated.—Washington Star.

When Traveling

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectively on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cents and $1 bottles by all leading druggists.

"What can I do to prove the sincerity of my love?" said young Mr. Spillins to his Boston sweetheart. "Promise me that you will learn to like Browning," replied the intellectual creature.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

From Now Until Spring

Overcoats and winter wraps will be in fashion. They can be discarded, temporarily, while traveling in the steam heated trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. For solid comfort, for speed and for safety, no other line can compare with this great railway of the West.

"A prudent man," says a witty Frenchman, "is like a pin. His head prevents him from going too far."

If you want to be cured of a cough use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Women paint their cheeks and men paint the town.—Atchison Globe.

Loss of opportunity is life's greatest loss. Think of suffering with

NEURALGIA 5 Years 10 Years 15 Years

When the opportunity lies in a bottle of ST. JACOBS OIL. It cures.

Pearline —they're satisfied

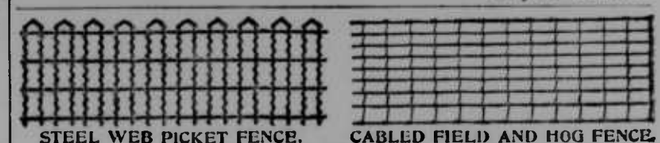

STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE. CABLED FIELD AND HOG FENCE.

Also CABLED POULTRY, GARDEN AND RABBIT FENCE.

We manufacture a complete line of Smooth Wire Fencing and guarantee every article to be as represented. If you consider quality we can save you money. CATALOGUE FREE.

DE KALB FENCE CO., 123 HIGH ST., DE KALB, ILL.

EIGHT PAPER DOLLS
. . . FOR ONE WRAPPER OF . . .
ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI
Send us two two-cent stamps for postage. These dolls have changeable heads. No two dolls dressed alike.
ADAMS & SONS CO., Sand Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y., Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED •MONTHLY• MAGAZINE

"There are many magazines, but there is only one
CENTURY."
It is the leading magazine of the world—first in everything, in literature, art and patriotism. It is the greatest literary product of American soil. "Who reads an American book?" is no longer asked in England, where twenty thousand copies of The Century are being read every month.
It costs 35 cents a number,—it is not a ten-cent magazine,—it cannot be made for that. If you will get a copy of the November number (on all news-stands) you will see why. TRY IT.
Published by The Century Co., New York.

Drs. Maybe and Mustbe.

You choose the old doctor before the young one. Why? Because you don't want to entrust your life in inexperienced hands. True, the young doctor *may* be experienced. But the old doctor *must* be. You take no chances with Dr. Maybe, when Dr. Mustbe is in reach. Same with medicines as with medicine makers—the long-tried remedy has your confidence. You prefer experience to experiment—when you are concerned. The new remedy *may* be good—but let somebody else prove it. The old remedy *must* be good—judged on its record of cures. Just one more reason for choosing AYER'S Sarsaparilla in preference to any other. It has been the standard household sarsaparilla for half a century. Its record inspires confidence—**50 years of cures.** If others *may be* good, Ayer's Sarsaparilla *must be*. You take no chances when you take AYER'S Sarsaparilla.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH
For durability and cheapness this preparation is truly unrivalled.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH in cakes for general blacking of a stove.
THE SUN PASTE POLISH for a quick after-dinner shine, applied and polished with a cloth.
Morse Bros., Props., Canton, Mass., U.S.A.

ASTHMA DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE CURED never fails! send us your address, we will mail trial FREE. THE DR. TAFT BROS. M. CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. DR. B. M. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(Our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Nov. 25, 1895

Hon. Thomas B. Reed knows from experience that it is best to make no premature announcement concerning the committee assignment of members of the House. While it is certain that Mr. Reed has already assigned all of the old members of the House to committees, it is not probable that more than a dozen members of the House will know to a certainty their own places on the committees, and less than that number the places of other members before the official announcement is made after Mr. Reed has been formally elected speaker. Mr. Reed will have more trouble in properly placing the new members, and will have to rely largely upon the advice of others, as many of them are entirely unknown to him. However, he is a rare hand at correctly sizing a man up after talking with him, and he will meet all the Republican members before he takes his seat as speaker.

It is not necessary to do more than mention the fact that less than fifty Senators and Representatives have yet arrived in Washington to make it plain that the numerous stories sent out purporting to tell what the Republicans are going to do are merely guesses founded upon the opinions of individuals. Whether the Republicans will attempt to reorganize the Senate is an open question and will remain such until a caucus considers the matter and decides what shall be done. It may not be necessary for the Republicans of the House to hold a caucus to map out a policy, but it would not be surprising if they did, as the leaders of the party are especially desirous that whatever is done shall be in the line of party policy and that there shall be no bushwhacking on the part of those who are more intent upon achieving personal notoriety by making sensational speeches than of advancing the welfare of the party as a whole.

There are several reasons—all good—why the talk, which has been indulged in by cuckoos, about Mr. Cleveland punishing ex-Speaker Crisp for his silver views by having the Democratic nomination for speaker of the House and the consequent leadership of the Democrats in that body given to some cuckoo instead of Mr. Crisp, has been amusing to those who know the financial status of a majority of the Democratic members of the House. It is only necessary to mention one of those reasons—a majority of the Democratic members hold precisely the same views that Mr. Crisp does, or at least they did when last heard from by their constituents. Of course it is possible that the administration can control some of these votes by a judicious use of patronage, but it is not at all probable that it will care to go into a contest of that sort. It might end not only with the nomination of Crisp by the Democratic caucus, but gall might be added to the bitterness by the adoption of a silver resolution. That Mr. Cleveland would like, if he had the power, to go into the wholesale punishment of those Democrats who do not agree with him is doubtless true, but his time will be so fully taken up with dodging the missiles shied at his head from both Senate and House that he will have no time for the punishment of others.

It is seldom that such absolute indifference is shown by senators and representatives a week before the meeting of Congress as to what recommendations the President's message may contain as exists among those now in Washington. This indifference is not confined to either party. Everybody seems to have arrived at the conclusion that it makes no difference what Mr. Cleveland may say or leave unsaid; that it is the wisdom of the Republicans in Congress that must be depended upon and not Mr. Cleveland's message.

Some of the candidates for the minor House offices are trying to turn it into a sectional contest—this office for the South, that for the West, the other for the East, etc., but it is not probable that the caucus will make its selections upon that basis. There has been too much sectional politics in this country. The Republican party has always proclaimed itself a national party, even when one section was solidly arrayed against it, and it is not likely to endorse sectionalism in any form now.

Grantsville.

Our section continues much in need of water. We have had some rain but in insufficient quantities to increase the flow in the springs.

Measles are invading this and adjacent communities.

An infamous but vain effort was made to break into J. S. Broadwater's store last Monday night, the 18th inst. Chisel and wood prize were used to force the door open, but the iron hold to the lock was too strong for the culprit's strength and ingenuity. A number of years ago a similar attempt was successful, but then iron was substituted for a broken cast piece with the result given above.

Isaiah Fuller died at his home about two miles east of town, last Saturday night of dropsy of the heart, from which he had been a sufferer many years. His age was 72 years, 6 months and 23 days. Interment took place in the cemetery here, Monday 25 inst.

Mrs. Martha Hetz, who died at her home about five miles east of town, was buried in the cemetery here, Tuesday 19th inst. Nothing is more uncertain than life, and what is more certain than death.

Loch Lynn Heights.

Mr. Edward E. Burley, who has been on a visit to his brothers in Moundsville, W. Va., returned home last Thursday.

There will be an entertainment and oyster supper under the auspices of the Mystic Chain, Thanksgiving evening, at the Loch Lynn Hall. Admission, including supper, thirty cents.

Ground is being broked on Lothian street for the erection of a cottage for Capt. Cochran, of Cumberland.

Our school, with an enrollment of sixty-five, is progressing nicely under the able principal, Mr. Brison Welsh.

Mr. Jacob J. Caton will, in a short time, move to the White church settlement in Ryan's Glade.

Mr. Edward Spiker's house on Second avenue, is nearing completion.

Capt. and Mrs. S. M. Taylor, of Cumberland, were visitors to Loch Lynn last week.

Mr. W. W. Sweet has purchased the store lately closed by D. E. Sanders.

Rev. D. R. Wagner will preach in the Loch Lynn hall next Sunday evening at seven o'clock.

Mr. J. M. Crane's building on Loch Lynn street is being enclosed.

Mr. B. F. Crane was on a short visit to Terra Alta, W. Va., the early part of the week.

With the deepest of regret we chronicle the death of Mr. Robert J. Fraction, better known as "Uncle Bob." He died, after a long illness, at his home Sunday evening at ten o'clock. His remains will be taken to his old home, Staunton, Va., Wednesday evening for interment. His family has the fullest sympathy in their bereavement.

Mr. John Hipsley deserves much credit for the religious cartoons that he presents each Sunday for our prosperous Sunday school.

Rumor says that Charles A. Ashby the genial clerk of the Loch Lynn store, went fox hunting the other day. He roamed all over the hills of Garrett and several surrounding counties, in a fruitless quest, and then came home and threw stones at a tame fox he had in his back-yard.

F. E. INDICATOR.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

Short Run.

Perhaps a few items from this section of the county would not come amiss.

Our school is progressing nicely under the management of Miss Nina Clemment. We wish her the best of success.

Mr. D. B. Harvey has just returned home from Wilson, W. Va., stating one of his men was seriously hurt by a log.

Miss Carrie Wilson, who is teaching the Red Oak school, returned home last week on a visit.

Rev. Jesse H. Koch has been holding a series of meetings which closed last night. There were several conversions, and a good meeting all through.

Mr. A. E. Harvey is very busy hauling tan bark.

Mr. James H. Wilson, who has been on the sick list for some time, is slowly getting better.

Mr. John H. Hamill, of Wilson, W. Va., was visiting friends in this vicinity. SCHOOL BOY.

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

EIGHTH YEAR.
A MODERN, HIGH GRADE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.
Reopens Sept. 25, 1895 (D. V.) A department for boys and young men embracing thorough preparatory work for college, business or scientific school will be inaugurated under the charge of Maj. C. A. Ballou, of the Virginia Military Institute. Stenography, type-writing, book-keeping, besides full courses in English and Latin, etc. Send for catalogue to E. E. SWAN, Principal and Proprietress.
38 1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md

NOTICE.

This is to give notice to the public that my wife, Ida S. Kerling, has left my bed and board without just cause or provocation and that I will not be responsible for any debts that she may contract.
CHRISTIAN KERLING.
Oakland, Md., Oct. 22, 1895. 38 3t.*

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

THE OAKLAND HARNESS CO.
carry the best stock of heavy, hand made harness and horse furnishing goods to be found in the country.
Alder street, opposite G. S. Hamill's office.
TRUMAN WEST, Manager.
36—26t.*

OAKLAND PHARMACY,
OAKLAND, MD.
PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.
PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.
PRICES REASONABLE.
JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.
31—26

$25.00 REWARD
Will be paid for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any persons who tear planks from fences or depredate in any way on my premises at Deer Park.
32—8t JOHN W. WILLIAMS.

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL ROOFING, SPOUTING, ETC.
W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.
Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.
Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.
Shop opposite depot.
W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.
7—26t.

Slate Roofing.
Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.
I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.
All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.
I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.
Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.
For prices apply to or address,
C. M. BEACHY,
17—1yr. Grantsville, Md

C. M. RATHBUN. C. S. RATHBUN.
C. M. RATHBUN & CO., PLANING MILLS,
And BUILDING MATERIALS.
MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.
DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does something or another. Now is the time if you want a low cost house. We are still holding
DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,
at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 80 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.
FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, BUILDERS.
Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.
Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.
38 13*

ORDER NISI.

William C. Devecmon vs Francis C. Pullman, No. 700 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 15th day of November in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-five, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by William C. Devecmon, Mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 13th day of December, 1895; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 13th day of December, 1895.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2,000.
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
37-3t.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF—
PERSONAL PROPERTY.

Under and by virtue of power contained in a deed of trust executed by Daniel Hinebaugh bearing date October 19th, 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 27, folio 355, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Md., it being No. 723 Equity on the docket of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, the undersigned trustee will sell at public auction on the Daniel Hinebaugh farm near the town of Accident, Garrett county, Md., on

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29th, 1895,

commencing at 9 o'clock a. m., the following described personal property mentioned in said deed of trust:

About 225 shocks of corn, about one hundred bushels of buckwheat, about 250 bushels of oats, about 120 bushels of potatoes, 1 mare ten years old, 1 horse seven years old, 2 milk cows, 3 spring calves; about three tons of hay, lot of oats, wheat and buckwheat straw; 1 two-horse wagon and ladders, 1 small spring wagon, 1 Oliver chilled plow, 1 shovel plow and 2 cultivators, 1 spring tooth harrow, 1 Champion mower, 1 hay rake, 1 threshing machine, 1 bolting mill, 1 Champion grain drill, 1 new cast soled sled, 1 sulky plow, forks, rakes, shovels, cross cut saw, one ice saw and one hand saw, 1 grind stone, 1 cider press and mill, one double set breeching harness with side plates, collars and bridles complete, 1 double set buggy harness, 1 log chain, 8 cow chains, tongue chains, etc., garden hoes and pick, 1 crow bar, 1 Excelsior cook stove and pipe, 2 heating stoves and pipe, 1 sewing machine, 2 extension tables, 1 dough tray, 1 safe, 1 clock, 3 rocking chairs, 6 cane bottom chairs, 4 common chairs, 1 lounge, about sixty yards of carpet, 5 small stands, 1 coal hod, lot dishes, crockery, milk pans, pots and cooking utensils, 1 iron kettle, 1 stone sledge, 3 beds complete, 6 smoothing irons, 1 grain cradle, 2 mowing scythes, 3 lamps, 3 looking glasses, 1 barrel churn, 1 wash stove, 1 wood box, 1 coal box.

Terms of sale made known on day of sale by trustee.
ELI McMILLEN, Trustee.
35-4t

STRAWBERRIES.
Best varieties, early, medium and late. Our pot grown plants set now will produce a full crop next June. Sent by mail prepaid, 60 cents per dozen; express unpaid, $3 per hundred.
THE HORTICULTURAL SUPPLY CO.,
Mt. Lake Park, Md

NEW CASH STORE AT LOCH LYNN HEIGHTS.
Having opened a store on First Street, I will receive all kinds of country produce at the market price in exchange for goods. Goods sold cheap for cash. Call and see me.
38 WILLIAM W. SWEET.

Watch this
Space for
NETHKEN BROS.
Advertisement.

We have added a new Department
—Millinery Goods.
NETHKEN BROS.,
31—1yr Deer Park, Md.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, October 20, 1895. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	Daily	2.18 A. M
No. 3	Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 49	Express, daily except Mon.	3.55 A. M
No. 71	Accom daily except Sun	9.20 A. M
No. 47	Daily except Mon	10.40 A. M
No. 55	Express, daily	0.22 P. M
No. 15	Accommodation daily	6.45 P. M
No. 1	Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	Daily	5.50 A. M
No. 2	Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 14	Accommodation daily	9.40 A. M
No. 72	Accom daily except Sun	4.32 P. M
No. 46	Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4	Daily	12.20 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills
Laughlin's Infant Cordial
Laughlin's Worm Syrup
Destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good. 25 cents a bottle
Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.
JOHN G. McALEE & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

SAMUEL LAWTON,
—DEALER IN—
Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.
23—1yr.

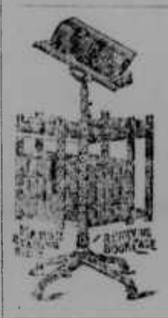

34 inches high. Top can be adjusted to any angle or height. Revolving Case 15 x 15 x 10 inside. Holds about 36 vols Law size. Strong well finished Metal Base and Sides with Solid Oak Shelves and Top.—100,000 now used. Sent knocked down (30 lbs). On approval. Address March Mfg. Co. CHICAGO. Agents Wanted.

Shartzer & Bolden,
OAKLAND, MD.
DEALERS IN
FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES
WALL PAPER
—AND—
GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.
REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.
11 1y

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR
Monuments, Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe
WITH
J. B. WILLIAMS,
FROSTBURG, MD.
AGENTS WANTED.
4193.yr

WE LOAN MONEY
On Real Estate, City Town and Village property, to buy, build and improve your houses, and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.
ASSETS OVER $2,000,000.00.
For full particulars and terms apply to
ISAAC A. RINKER,
WILSON, Grant Co., W. VA.
P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
D. E. OFFUTT, President.
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S. T. JONES, Cashier.
A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.
I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.
Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Special attention given to real estate.
CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED, SURVEYING.
Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. [e14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.
Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.
Drs. McLane & Berkeley,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
FROSTBURG, MD.
Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES
See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,
Office in Myers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8:30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 **SELBYSPORT, MD.**

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R G. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.
Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.
All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is owned on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.
M. M. ARMSTRONG.
CHAS. A. WILT, Agent.
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.
Fine carriage work a specialty.
Shop on Liberty Street
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13t.

FARMS FOR SALE.
I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:
1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.
2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house, price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.
These farms adjoin each other and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.
4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

--WANTED--
WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER
Also White Oak Timber Land.
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.
Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.
I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.
CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
23tf 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

The Wesleyan Female Institute,
STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.
For girls and young women. Established 1818. Full corps of experienced teachers. Location healthy, central and accessible. For catalogues and particulars apply to
REV. HENRY P. HAMILL,
13-15t President.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1895. NUMBER 39.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Christmas tree ornaments at Oakland Bakery. 39–2t

Send your job work to THE REPUBLICAN office.

Candy, mixed nuts, fruits, etc., cheaper than ever at Malette's.

Mr. H. C. Sincell is down at Friendsville holding an auction.

Go to the Oakland Bakery and see the Christmas toys.

Fine line of pipes and cigar holders at Oakland Bakery.

Last auction for the season at Shartzer's Friday Dec. 6.

A 16-inch well dressed doll for 10 cents at Oakland Bakery.

A fine line of ladies' wraps at auction Dec. 6 at Shartzer's. 2t

Candy for Sunday schools at reduced prices. Oakland Bakery.

Big Bargains at the 5 cent and 10 cent counter, Oakland Bakery.

Malette will give away a ninety dollar diamond ring on January 1st, 1896. 39–3t.

The best 5 cent cigar at 3 cents as long as they last at Oakland Bakery.

Hon. A. F. George, of Swanton, was in the city a few hours on Saturday last.

Hon. George C. Sturgiss, of Morgantown, was here a few hours Tuesday morning.

A nice doll given to every one who buys 50 cents worth of toys, at Oakland Bakery.

Mr. John Barnes and daughter, of Barton, were here on Tuesday for a short time.

There are five boys at Briar-Bend Seminary preparing for college, and one for a bookkeeper.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

Malette is headquarters for musical instruments. He has everything you want at a low figure.

Mrs. Ed. I. West and little daughter spent several days with relatives at Swanton this week.

Mr. L. E. Townshend, who was stricken with paralysis a number of months ago, is slowly recovering.

Over three thousand pounds of poultry was shipped from Oakland last Wednesday night by one firm.

Mr. W. A. Moffatt, principal of the Bloomington public schools, was an Oakland visitor Saturday.

His Honor 'Squire Gonder has moved from his country home to the Maryland Cottage for the winter.

Malette has a large and fine line of creppe tissue paper, all colors and shades. Only 25 cents per roll.

Mr. Henry Weber, the florist, has the thanks of THE REPUBLICAN for a cluster of handsome chrysanthemums.

Walter Meyers, who has been turn-key at the jail for about a year, has moved his family to Krug this county.

One Minute Cough Cure is a popular remedy for croup. Safe for children and adults. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. H. J. Mayers was in the city a few hours Sunday. He is at Wheeling now introducing his catarrh cure.

Shartzer's big auctions have been postponed until Friday Dec. 6, begining at 2 p. m. and continuing all day Saturday.

Messrs. W. C. Kidd and Ervin Thomas, two of Baltimore's traveling salesmen, spent Sunday and Monday in Oakland.

A. G. Bartley, of Magic, Pa., writes: I feel it a duty of mine to inform you and the public that DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured me of a very bad case of eczema. It also cured my boy of a running sore on his leg. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mrs. M. C. Hinebaugh went to Baltimore last Saturday to spend a few weeks with relatives and friends.

The cold weather has interfered with the work in progress on the several buildings now in course of erection in Oakland.

De Witt's Little Early Risers for biliousness, indigestion, constipation. A small pill, a prompt cure. Oakland Pharmacy.

Hon. and Mrs. John P. Jones, of Terra Alta, spent Thanksgiving Day in Oakland as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Scott T. Jones.

Malette is selling watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, musical instruments, Xmas goods and in fact everything at prices below the lowest. Call and be convinced.

A. D. Naylor has a fine line of sample sleighs on hand both swell body and Portland. All orders received before Dec. 10th will give special in prices. 38–3t.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Messrs. Shartzer & Bolden's new building is completed as far as the carpenter work goes. The iron front will be put in place in a few days.

The December term of the Circuit Court for this county will convene in Oakland on Monday, the 16th inst., with Judge Sloan on the bench.

Mrs. John M. Crane, of Kingwood, and Miss Bettie Stanhope, of Lexington, Ky., were here Friday as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Hyde.

We have too many envelopes on hand and will furnish and print them to our customers at a price that will astonish them. Call and get prices.

Piles of people have piles, but De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve will cure them. When promptly applied it cures scalds and burns without the slightest pain. Oakland Pharmacy.

Don't fail to call on Malette. His Xmas stock is larger and prettier than ever. A full line of celluloid and metal goods; also a line of Dresden pottery.

Capt. J. M. Jarboe's force of carpenters have been employed for some time past in erecting a dwelling house for Mr. W. F. King on Centre street.

Mr. Newton Banks, who was here for a year as an employe at the Glades, went to Boston Tuesday to enter the employ of one of the big hotels in that city.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

The furniture, including carpets, bedding, wagons, horses and cows at Oak Hall will be sold at public auction on Saturday, December 14, beginning at 10 a. m. 39–2t.

The first real snow storm of the year made its appearance at Oakland on Tuesday morning and within a few hours after the storm set in the ground was covered to a depth of several inches.

Mr. Austin Brown, the recently elected Republican Sheriff of Garrett county, arrived in Oakland Monday with his family and will assume the duties of his new office Tuesday next.

The "Hidden Hand," played by local talent at the Opera House in Oakland on last Wednesday night, was quite successfully rendered by those taking part in it. The house was comfortably filled.

No excure for sleepless nights when you can procure a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure. This will relieve all annoyances, cure the most severe cough and give you rest and health. Can you afford to do without it? Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Thomas J. Peddicord, who will spend the winter at Covington, Ky., and practice his profession, has been in Oakland several days since our last issue.

One Minute Cough Cure is rightly named. It affords instant relief from suffering when afflicted with a severe cough or cold. It acts on the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs and never fails to give immediate relief. Oakland Pharmacy.

For rheumatism I have found nothing equal to Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It relieves the pain as soon as applied. J. W. Young, West Liberty, W. Va. The prompt relief it affords is aloue worth many times the cost, 50 cents. Its continued use will effect a permanent cure. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

On last Saturday Judge David W. Sloan came up to Oakland to try the lunacy case of the State vs. Catharine Starkey, who was a county charge. The jury upon testimony produced before it pronounced the woman crazy and she was sent to the hospital.

Coughing irritates the delicate organs and aggravates the disease. Instead of waiting, try One Minute Cough Cure. It helps at once, making expectoration easy, reduces the soreness and inflammation. Every one likes it. Oakland Pharmacy.

Thanksgiving Day is over, but it is not necessary to cease giving thanks. It is well to cultivate a grateful spirit. Whatever one's difficulties or troubles, it never pays to look on the dark side of things. Cultivate a cheerful spirit at all times. It helps amazingly.

Wife—Here's an account of a man who shot himself rather than suffer the pangs of indigestion. Husband—The fool! Why didn't he take De Witt's Little Early Risers? I used to suffer as bad as he did before I commenced taking these little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

The Singer Manufacturing Company has secured the services of Mr. Levi Echart as salesman and collector who will call on the customers of that company for the purpose of collecting outstanding accounts. Mr. Echart was formely with the above company and made a very successful agent. *

In an article which appeared in this paper last week it was stated a section of the intestines of Mr. Wm. G. Wilt, of Eglon, had been removed by Dr. Henry W. McComas, which was an error, although our informant stated that the operation as described was performed. The intestines, however, were removed and a part of the omentum, a fatty substance, dissected therefrom.

"It is a pleasure to sell Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," says Stickney & Dentler, druggists, Republic, Ohio, "Because a customer after once using it, is almost certain to call for it when again in need of such a medicine. We sell more of it than of any other cough medicine we handle, and it always gives satisfaction." For coughs, colds and croup, it is without an equal. For sale by. Oakland Pharmacy.

Disappeared, on Tuesday, Nov. 12, 1895, Louis Fine, a man 20 years old, 5 feet high, smooth face and dark complected. Had on a dark sack coat and winter cap; was seen last by Fred Kolb between Deep Creek bridge and Thayer's school house.

A reward of $100 to the person who finds him either dead or alive.

S. FINE & BRO.,
Lonaconing, Md.

Thanksgiving morning Mrs. Dunhill, an active temperance worker of Mt. Lake Park, distributed among the conductors and railroad hands, of every train that stopped temperance tracts and little bouquets of roses and pinks. To each bouquet was attached a neat white card upon which was written a suitable Scripture text. This beautiful custom has prevailed for a number of years in Pennsylvania, where it has produced the most satisfactory results.

The pupils of Briar-Bend Seminary have just finished successfully their first intermediate examination. Some of the papers were of great merit. The highest average on studies (including Latin) was taken by Master John Weber, of Glenglade, Oakland.

Mr. Ira P. Wetmore, a prominent real estate agent of San Angelo, Texas, has used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Dirrhoea Remedy in his family for several years as occasion required, and always with perfect success. He says: "I find it a perfect cure for our baby when troubled with cholic or dysentery. I now feel that my outfit is not complete without a bottle of this Remedy at home or on a trip away from home. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Adam Howell, the host at Columbian Hotel, Mt. Lake Park, has opened and refitted the Elberon Hotel at Cumberland. The house contains forty-one rooms all of which have been newly furnished. The dining room service is of the best and the accommodations all around first-class and in keeping with the record Mr. Howell made while at the Park.

If suffering with piles, it will interest you to know that De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve will cure them. This medicine is a specific for all complaints of this character, and if instructions (which are simple) are carried out, a cure will result. We have tested this in numerous cases, and always with like results. It never fails. Oakland Pharmacy.

Any one who has children will rejoice with L. B. Mulford, of Plainfield, N. J. His little boy, five years of age, was sick with croup. For two days and nights he tried various remedies recommended by friends and neighbors. He says: "I thought sure I would lose him. I had seen Chamberlain's Cough Remedy advertised and I would try it is a last hope and am happy to say that after two doses he slept until morning. I gave it to him next day and a cure was effected. I keep this remedy in the house now and as soon as any of my children show any signs of croup I give it to them and that is the last of it." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

On Monday evening Dr. M. C. Hinebaugh was called to Crellin to attend the six year old daughter of Mr. McC. Fraley, who had in some manner swallowed a grain of coffee and which became lodged in her wind-pipe. Temporary relief was afforded the little girl but on Tuesday evening she became worse and was on the point of smothering to death when Dr. H. W. McComas was called in consultation with Dr. Hinebaugh and a tube inserted in the little sufferer's throat through which she breathed. The child had no possible chance to recover at her home so she was brought to Oakland and on train No. 4. taken to Cumberland and placed in the hospital, where an operation will be performed by Dr. McComas assisted by Drs. Twigg and Wiley, of Cumberland.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper under the caption "We Loan Money." The Mutual Guarantee Building and Loan Association which he is representing is one of the strongest new financial institutions in the country and the largest new Building and Loan Association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management is developing it very fast. Its assets have already reached over $2,000,000, which proves it to be positively reliable in every respect. The men that carry it on are responsible and well known gentlemen. This is a good association for the investor as well as for borrower. It has a life insurance policy connected with it which beats anything in any other association. It is good for both young and old and especially for the young man, as this policy matures in 7 years, the others in 8 years. So anyone wishing to make and save money rapidly will do well to invest in this association. Those desiring to borrow or invest will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars.

Union Services.

Sunday night union services under the auspices of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Lutheran congregations, were commenced in St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church in Oakland. The meetings are in charge of Rev. Howard, an evangelist, who has been in the work for twenty-five years and who has devoted the best part of his life to it. Sunday night the crowd was so immense that the large edifice was filled to overflowing and many persons went away because they could not find seats. The meetings will be continued all this week and perhaps all of next week.

A Painful Accident.

On last Saturday evening as the Cumberland accommodation was pulling out of the station here a man was seen to dart from among the crowd on the platform and catch at the hand raid on the ladies coach, upon which he failed to secure a good hold. The train was moving at a slow speed but nevertheless he was drawn under the wheels of the car which passed over his left foot. He was picked up by the by-standers and found to be Peter Monoghan, of Frankville. He was taken to West's hotel but refused to have the foot amputated and on Sunday morning he was sent to his home at Frankville. Sunday night, however, he started for Baltimore to have an operation performed.

$40.00 Reward.

I will pay forty dollars for the return of my pocket-book containing one hundred and eight dollars and two notes to the Garrett County Bank marked "paid." Said pocket-book was lost on the county road between Thayerville and Oakland on the 22d of November, 1895.

HARRY THAYER,
39–3t. Thayerville, Md.

Died.

HANSELL.—Schuyler Hansell, son of W. P. Hansell, living near Lonaconing, died at Cripple Creek, Col., Sunday, 17th inst., aged 22 years. He was a young man of much promise. His estimable father is the recipient of much condolence.—Frostburg Journal.

Loch Lynn Heights.

There will be a box social at Loch Lynn hall Saturday evening. The proceeds will be for a Christmas entertainment for the Sunday school.

Why couldn't we have a literary club here? It would certainly be of great interest as well as instructive to the young people. Let some bright and energetic person make a move toward this object.

Mr. C. A. Ashby has resigned his position with the Loch Lynn Store Company.

Mr. E. R. Hamilton, who is working at Bayard, W. Va., was here on a visit to his family over Sunday.

Mr. P. T. Lipscomb, of the Ryan's Glade settlement, has purchased John O'Donnell's store. Mr. O'Donnell will, in a short while, leave for Sistersville, W. Va.

Mr. John Shartzer has taken charge of the Loch Lynn store.

Mr. Edward E. Sanders paid a visit to the fair sex at Terra Alta, W. Va., last Sunday.

There was a class organized here last Sunday by Rev. G. W. White, of the Methodist church of Deer Park. Mr. Erastus Rathbun was appointed leader.

F. E. INDICATOR.

Attention, G. A. R.

Crook Post, No. 35, will assemble in Sturgiss' Hall at 7 o'clock p. m. Saturday, December 14th, for inspection.

The inspection officer desires that there shall be a full turnout of the members at that time. By order

A. G. STURGISS, Com'a'r.
H. LOWE, Adjutant.

Coal! Coal!

At the Chauncey Kimmell mine, 4 cents per bushel for lump; 75 cents per ton for limestone coal. Always on hand. 38–3t*

FREE

COURSE BY MAIL

WITH THE

Capital City Commercial College.

TO ADVERTISE OUR COLLEGE

We will give a thorough course of instruction in Double and Single Entry Book-keeping and Commercial Arithmetic, by mail,

FREE OF CHARGE

to a limited number of persons. This course will be completed in forty lessons. No charge for diplomas.

ADDRESS,

CAPITAL CITY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,

P. O. DRAWER B,

TOPEKA, · KANSAS.

26–1yr.

Watches,

Clocks

and

Jewelry

at

COST.

MALETTE,

OAKLAND, MD.

Glade Valley.

About two inches of snow.

Butchering is the order of the day and many a pig ate its last ear of corn during the past week.

Mr. John Roth butchered nine hogs which weighed 1671 pounds net. The largest dressed 271 pounds.

Mr. Wm. Kuh, of Dobbin, W. Va., butchered a beef at Mr. David Gnegy's last Monday which weighed 846 pounds dressed.

Mr. John Bowman, of Sinclair, W. Va., is visiting at Mr. Daniel Gnegy's.

Our school is progressing nicely with Miss Maud Kildow as teacher.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Gnegy, who were visiting friends at Meyersdale and vicinity, have returned home again.

The Sunday school at the Red House is arranging a programme to have a Christmas tree and appropriate services on Christmas eve. From the way they are already getting to work quite a good time is expected.

Mr. Wm. Bittner is hauling logs for the Preston Lumber Co.

Mr. J. S. Gnegy is teaching the school at Red House this winter.

TRILBY.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending December 7, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

S. J. Yutzy	W. Smith
Clint Shaw	Watson Summerville
J. S. Reed	J. Masser
Male Kravenc	Derrett H. Barclay
Alam & Pow	Mrs. Jennie Walker
Mrs. C. Engle	Mrs. Della Ellis
Miss Ruth McNoble	Miss Magie Gould
	Miss Carrie Ewald.

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

FOR MALARIA, LIVER TROUBLE, INDIGESTION, USE BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

Rat-tat-tat sounded in a dreary monotone from the drums, and slowly, in single file, the miserable prisoners came into view. Ragged, dirty, unkempt, footsore, panting from the blazing August sky, they were truly a pitiable sight, though they held up their heads defiantly, and smiled derisively at the insulting epithets and grimaces which the lower classes heaped upon them, especially in the vicinity of any officer's residence. The better class of the Havanese showed their sympathy in striking contrast to the jeers and gibes of the baser sort—the men, by their sullen, indignant looks; the women, by frequent sobs and tears and smothered exclamations of "Los desgraciados!" "Que lastima! Dios los ayude!"

The time was 1851, directly after the capture of Crittenden, Lopez's brave lieutenant, in his ill-starred expedition to Cuba. He and his Spartan remnant were these forlorn prisoners.

When they reached the Calle de la Lamparilla, one of the narrow streets of the city, the guards suddenly halted the column and reverently bared their heads. A funeral procession was approaching from the opposite direction, and the line was pushed close toward the houses jutting on the narrow footway, scarcely worth the name of a sidewalk.

A youth among the foremost prisoners, who, evidently, had not the fortitude of his older companions, judging by his bowed head and deep dejection, now looked up with a wan smile of recognition as a pair of dark eyes brimming with tears gazed through a latticed window at the pitiful sight.

"Amalia!" he whispered.

"Robercito! Is it indeed you? Oh, how terrible! I did not dream you were with them."

"Dearest cousin, save me," he replied in Spanish as fluent as her own. "We are all condemned to be shot in two days, perhaps sooner. I am too young to die."

"Would that I could, mine querido, but, alas! I am powerless as a lamb among wolves."

"Amalita, don't say that! You have friends, lovers, among the Spaniards. For the love of my mother—"

"Forward, march!" rang on the air, and the weary column passed on to the dungeons of Morro castle.

That night the Senorita Amalia de Valdez was a dream of loveliness as she reclined listlessly among the cushions of a lounge in her handsome salon. Tall, exquisitely formed, with jetty tresses framing a softly rounded face, with "midnight eyes" so large, so liquid, so lustrous that her admirers exhausted the affluence of their honeyed tongues in praising them; with a mouth whose twin carnations, perfect in repose, were still more enchanting when her smile disclosed the dazzling teeth within—it is no wonder she was counted [illegible] for the beauty of beauties in a capital famed for the [illegible] loveliness of its women.

The young Capt. Antonio de Ramon, who presently entered, was so enraptured with her appearance that only the presence of the inevitable duenna restrained him from throwing himself at her feet in reality, as well as in the formal salutation with which Spanish gentlemen greet all ladies.

"Beso a V lo pies, senorita."

She responded in the same fashion, only kissing his hands (figuratively) instead of his feet. But she looked preoccupied, sad, despondent. He seated himself near her, while the duenna, her gentle Tia Maria, retired to a distant corner and, opening a prayer book, was soon entirely (to all appearances, at least) absorbed in its perusal.

"Tell me, my soul," said he, "why are you so melancholy?"

A sigh was the only response.

"Ah, yes! I know your tender heart aches for the prisoners you must have seen to-day. Poor fellows! Theirs is a terrible fate. But, tell me, what is it you wished to ask me? Can there be a wish of yours I would not gratify at the risk of my life, if need be? I have your precious billet safe here," and he pointed to his heart. "You have but to command and I will obey."

"Tia mia," said Amalia, turning to her aunt, "I have mislaid my pearl bracelet upstairs. Will you kindly look for it?"

The duenna vanished as if she had expected the request. On the instant Amalia said to him:

"You have often sworn that you love me to distraction, is it not so, Antonito?"

What happiness it was for him to hear from her lips the diminutive "ito" added to his name, which, in itself, is a caress in words.

"My life, with all my heart and soul," he exclaimed, seeking to embrace her. But she drew back.

"No, I give myself only to him who proves his love."

"What can I do for you, beloved? Dispose of me as you will for life."

"It is life I ask. Sit here beside me, dearest, and I will tell you."

She then related the scene of the morning, her discovery that Roberto, who had passed the previous winter in Havana with the family, was now among the prisoners.

"He is the son of my favorite aunt—so young, barely 16. He came here to perfect himself in Spanish, and I inspired him with my own enthusiasm for the Cuban cause. He has returned, alas! to die, unless you will save him for my sake. Should he perish, I can never know another happy moment."

Antonio grew pale as he listened.

"You know that I would yield my life at your command willingly, but in this, even were it possible, my honor is involved. I cannot betray the flag I serve."

"Even when it sanctions butchery," she exclaimed, passionately. "Go! If Roberto dies, I will never see your face again—cold, cruel, so you are."

"Amalita, you cannot break my heart thus. Ask me anything else."

"You are prodigal of words, senor," she began, scornfully, but with a rapid change of manner and tone rose and threw her arms round his neck.

"Antonito mio! I love you," she sobbed. "For you I would give up home, relatives, country. Grant me this one favor. Save that poor child, and I swear to become your wife in another month. You have said that if I would marry you you would resign your hateful commission in the army and seek a home in Mexico. I will follow you there and to the end of the earth."

The last words were sobbed on his fiercely-beating heart, as he tenderly embraced her with anguished look that all his rapture could not disguise.

"You have won," he said, after a pause. "For you I will dare anything. They will die day after to-morrow. I have but a short time, and now must leave you, dearest. If I fail, you will forgive me, will you not? or I will not survive my disgrace."

"You will succeed, beloved. It is a righteous act. They will have enough victims. You shall never repent your sacrifice."

He smiled sadly.

"Ah, if this had only happened after my resignation."

II.

Roberto lay on a pallet beside two other comrades, who, in the midst of their own misery, tried to cheer and fortify the boy, exhorting him to meet manfully a doom which they felt was even more terrible for him than for them. He had been one of the most enthusiastic volunteers; had fought well, but now the near prospect of death seemed to make a coward of him.

A soldier who spoke a little English entered the cell at this moment and roughly bade him rise and follow to the captain's room. Roberto rose tremblingly.

"Courage, my boy," said a middle-aged man, "perhaps it is good news for you. If not, beware lest he wring from you a word about Lopez's plans."

"Never fear," he replied, making an effort to control his agitation. "I hate to die"—here he gulped down a sob—"this way, but I'll not be a traitor. Good-by."

The guard interrupted further speech by pushing him into the corridor with his musket.

"Here is the prisoner, captain."

"Very well; you may retire, sergeant."

Antonio locked the door after him, and in a low tone briefly related to Roberto the plan he had formulated for the latter's escape.

"Each prisoner will receive three shots. By dint of extensive bribery and the cooperation of a surgeon, a secret friend of the Cuban cause, I have arranged that three blank cartridges shall be fired at you. You must be careful to simulate death as much as possible until the word 'Amalia' is whispered in your ear. Then you may breathe freely and open your eyes, for you will be temporarily safe. Further details will [illegible] been arranged and told you. The least indiscretion on your part, the least bungling on that of those I have employed, though only two are in the secret, will ruin me as well as seal your fate."

Roberto thanked him fervently, and promised him implicit obedience.

"You must not return to your comrades."

"Poor fellows!" muttered Roberto.

"The light of hope is shining in your eyes, and might betray us. Look as downcast as when you entered, if possible. At any rate do not let the guard have a direct look at you. Enter, sergeant," he said, as he entered the door, "and conduct this prisoner to a solitary cell. He must have no communication with the other filibusters."

They passed out, and Antonio, groaning deeply, murmured:

"Oh, my love, what a sacrifice!"

III.

The courtyard of the castle was thronged with soldiery as Crittenden and his unfortunate band were marched to the death-place just as day was breaking over the beautiful bay. Surrounded by hostile soldiers, they still maintained a defiant air, even when the glittering line of bayonets faced them, and they knew all hope was over.

"Kneel, filibusteros!"

The command was not obeyed. Crittenden proudly refused, in the words that have passed into history:

"A Kentuckian kneels to none but God!"

A struggle ensued, in which some were forced to their knees; perhaps all might have been, had not the officer in charge, with a touch of humanity, begun giving the orders.

At the word "Fire!" so deadly was the volley that few survived it, and they but a few moments. Roberto, happily, had no need to simulate death. The shock and strain of the suspense had caused him to faint, and the surgeon, who hastened to his side, gave a deep sigh of relief as he perceived Roberto's rigid unconsciousness.

"Carry this body, and this, and this"—pointing to several—"to the hospital."

"If they are not dead now they will soon be under his knife," laughed one of the assistants.

When Roberto revived he found himself in a carefully darkened room. With joy he heard the word "Amalia," in a friendly voice. In a day or two afterward, according to Antonio's previously concerted arrangements, he was smuggled, in the disguise of a waterman, to an American ship in the harbor and concealed in the hold all night. The next day he thanked God and his devoted cousin as he inhaled, with a glad sense of freedom, the soft winds of the Mexico sea. He never returned to Cuba, though his future life was replete with stirring adventure.

The gay capital of Cuba was quite electrified a month later to learn of the resignation from the army of Capt. Antonio, and his marriage immediately after, in spite of opposition of the par of her family, to the supremely beautiful Senorita Amalia de Valdez.—N. O Times-Democrat.

SHE THOUGHT OF SOMETHING.

A Mountain Girl's Bright Idea That Saved the Lives of Passengers.

"Speaking of experiences on the railroad," said a New York traveling man, "I had a slight scrape one time on a mountain road in Tennessee that may be worth hearing.

"We were coming down a long grade of ten miles in a mixed train. That is, we had a gondola loaded with ties as the end car, with our two passenger coaches and baggage car, and I should say we were making about 20 miles an hour on a track that would be treating us very kindly if it didn't sling us into eternity if we dared to add five miles an hour to our speed, when I happened to look out of the rear door and saw a wild train of loaded coal cars swinging down after us. They had evidently started at a tipple which we had passed only a few minutes before, and when I saw them they were going so fast that they distanced the men on the ground, who made a run to get on and stop their further flight. I made a wild rush for the conductor, but before I reached him he had ordered the engineer to let out his engine for all she was worth, and in this way keep ahead of our chasers. Fortunately we had no women aboard, and the men could be kept in better control, though it was all we could do to keep them from jumping off.

"It was only a short time until we began to see that our salvation lay in the pursuing train flying the track, because we had reached our limit, and our train was swaying and tossing so that everybody was scared out of his wits. I know I was, and I just sat in my seat and held on, waiting and listening to the thunder of the train behind us, which was not 500 yards away and gaining every second. It was far heavier than ours, and I knew that if anybody went off the track it wasn't going to be the coal train. I said a moment ago we had no women aboard. I meant we had none to speak of.

"There was one, but she was a homely mountain girl, who didn't seem to know anything, and because she sat quiet in the corner and didn't scream we thought she didn't amount to enough to count. I was looking at her in a dazed kind of a way, when all of a sudden she lit out of her seat as if she had been shot out of it, and, knocking everybody out of the way, she dashed out of the rear door before anybody could touch her, and we thought she had jumped off, but she hadn't. She jumped for the open car, hanging on like a cat, until she got to the far end of it, and in a second she was tumbling those ties off at the rate of a dozen a second.

"They would hit the track and bounce every which way, but she kept piling them off, the coal train getting closer every second, and at last a couple of them stuck up in a cattle guard, and the next thing we knew there was a terrific crash, rails and ties and tracks and coal flew, and the coal train rolled over itself and went down the hill in a heap. By George, as that girl stood there in her plain calico dress and her old sunbonnet and watched the last train piled at her feet, I thought that Joan of Arc, Cleopatra, Queen Elizabeth, Grace Darling and the lot of them weren't a patch-ing to her, and, as far as we were concerned, they weren't.

"She had saved our train and our lives, and we took her on with us in triumph. Then we made up a purse for her big enough to buy a farm with, and I'll bet she's got more good clothes, and jewelry, and books, and trinkets and things than any girl in the mountains, for we never forget her. She doesn't quite appreciate some of the fine things she has, but what do we care for that? We appreciate her just the same."—Washington Star.

PRACTICED ON CORPSES.

Invention of a Humane Physician as a Substitute for a Policeman's Club.

Dr. Abiel W. Nelson, a practicing surgeon of New London, has invented a humane police club, which he claims may be used in subduing obstreperous citizens without inflicting permanent injuries on them. It consists of a rubber envelope over a wooden core—a club with a soft rind, simulating the bark of a tree, similar to the flesh on the bones of a fist. It is simply an elongated arm, and gives the policeman the advantage over the man without the necessity of disfiguring him for life or causing other permanent injury. After securing the proper patents and before the club was used the doctor feared fracture of the skull at the base might result from a blow on the top of the head—that is, the fracture might be transmitted to the base of the skull instead of at the place of contact. Dr. Nelson could not get any dead bodies in the vicinity to experiment on, so he got permission to use subjects at the morgue in New York.

He tried skulls by hitting them on the forehead and top of the head, striking with more than ordinary policeman's force, but did not lacerate the scalp, and there was no fracture at the place of contact or base of the skull. The heads were opened, and there was no apparent injury of the brain itself. The tests were made in the presence of three reputable physicians. Dr. Nelson wanted to see the actual effect on the living brain, so he selected calves as his subjects. His first subject was an active, fierce calf, weighing 200 pounds. It was knocked down and out, but got up in a few seconds, somewhat dazed but soon recovered muscular power and was then killed. There were bloodstains under the skin of the scalp and limited bloodstains in the inner membrane over the front lobes of the brain. There was no injury to the brain itself. Everything indicated that the calf would have fully recovered.—Hartford Globe.

—Chapped Hands.—(1) Wash with a mixture of bran and water; or an application of vaseline rubbed in once a day will keep the hands from chapping. (2) To prevent chapped hands, wash them in soft water and honey soap. Dry with a soft towel.

EGGS THAT COST MONEY.

Rarely Held at $18,000 a Dozen and Not Warranted Strictlies Either.

It is not generally known that among the fads of the day the collecting of birds' eggs is one that interests the cultured and wealthy, and one that may be very expensively indulged in, while it affords a mild recreation to thousands of individuals of moderate means. The scientific collection of birds' eggs has, in fact, become a fascinating avocation, and, rightly studied, a pursuit to which the systematic study of birds, their biology, and the laws governing their evolution, is largely indebted, as acknowledged by no less an authority than Prof. Huxley himself, who showed that a study of the markings and shape of the eggs of the species aided materially in establishing the close relationship of the Limicoloe (plovers) and the Gavioe (gulls and terns).

Aside from its scientific value, the collecting of birds' eggs entices the enthusiast by the marvelous diversity in size, shape and markings of the eggs, fitly painted by nature herself to adorn the richest cabinet.

The raptores, or birds of prey, are a favorite family with oologists, largely from the endurance, daring and nerve requisite in scaling cliffs and lofty trees to secure their eggs, which are often, as in the case of the golden eagle, beautifully marked. This grand eagle seldom attacks the plunderer of its eggs, though it is unsafe to anger the majestic bird when its nest contains young. The eggs are two, and sometimes three, large, and show great variation in the markings of purple, lavender and rich brown, blotched or suffused over the surface of the shell. In California, where these eagles are most numerous, a lofty live oak tree is frequently selected as a site for the huge nest of sticks, with its lining of Spanish moss, used by the birds year after year for generations. A ledge on a cliff is also a common resting place, and out in Wyoming an eagle has found a perfectly safe place to raise its young on the flat top of a giant rock. The nest is in plain view, but is inaccessible.

The California condor—a bird with a sweep of wing ten feet from tip to tip, and the largest bird of flight in the world, not excepting the great Andes condor—is a species of much interest to oologists from the extreme rarity and value of its eggs. This condor is becoming extinct, like the great auk; and, as if it had a forecast of its impending doom, it resorts to the most precipitous mountain, where, on some craggy and perhaps inaccessible steep, it deposits its single egg of pale, greenish blue in a cave. But seven eggs are known in collections, and the value of one (considering the probability of the great bird's early extinction) is very great. More than $1,500 has been paid for a single egg of the great auk, of which there are 68 eggs in existence. America can claim two—one at Vassar college and one at the academy of natural sciences in Philadelphia. The latter collection held for many years among the rarities an egg of the California condor, but it mysteriously disappeared a few years ago, and it is supposed some scientific kleptomaniac thought it no sin to transfer the treasure to his own collection, where he is holding it for a rise in price.

Information as to the nesting habits of the California condor has been exceedingly limited, and until 1889, when an egg was taken for H. R. Taylor, editor of the Nidiologist, no eggs had been taken since the '50s. The taking of this egg showed the nesting time to be early in May, and that but one egg is laid. The collector secured the great egg after a hazardous climb down a rope, which he had fastened to a bush on the bluff above. The condor's egg was found lying in a hollow in the cave, with a few feathers for a nest. The condors had been frightened off by the discharge of the collector's gun, and fortunately did not return while he was in the cave. He had not come prepared to carry any eggs, but taking off his shirt he wrapped the egg in it and lowered it to the bottom of the cliff, himself following it safely.

Mr. Walter E. Bryant, for many years curator of birds in the California academy of sciences, showed what a collector may endure for science on one of his expeditions to Lower California. Guadalaupe island, lying 150 miles off the coast of Lower California, was almost an unknown territory to bird students, and he determined to visit it. The island is uninhabited, and vessels do not usually pass near it, so it was some time before he managed to secure passage on a freight schooner. They landed him with a supply of provisions, agreeing to return for him in a week.

The week passed, but the schooner came not, and Mr. Bryant found himself marooned. He had collected a large lot of rare specimens, and discovered several new species of birds. From never having seen the face of man, many of the birds could be caught by hand. Delightful as the location was for the enthusiastic ornithologist, the vanished supply of provisions made his position on a lonely island unenviable. He was reduced to dining on shellfish and such birds as he could secure, and did not escape to the mainland until three weeks afterward, when the schooner returned to the island and took off the naturalist and his specimens.

The nests of nearly all birds are most interesting, and in them the oologist finds much to study and admire, from the tiny, lichen-covered, downy home of that fairy, the humming bird, to the gigantic structure of the fish hawk, or osprey. One of the most curious of nests is that of the California bushtit, cunningly woven of moss, down and lichen. It is pensile, like a long purse, with a tiny round entrance hole near the top for the bird, which is not one-tenth as large as its wonderful nest.—San Francisco Examiner.

—The Roman stylus was often made heavy, that it might be used as a weapon. It was with such a stylus as this that Cæsar defended himself when attacked by the conspirators.

BUILT HER OWN HOUSE.

Mrs. Ann Casler Says She "Spunked Up" and Went to Work.

Mrs. Ann Casler, of Vashon island, Wash., built her log house with her own fair hands, and anyone who knows anything about the building of log cabins will appreciate the performance. The mystery of how she did it she will explain, good-naturedly, too, for she is used to questions, the fame of her tremendous pluck having spread far and wide.

"How did I come to do it?" asked the little woman, who is as plump and as brown and as wrinkled as a russet apple. "Spunk, I guess. I drifted up here from Yolo county and took up a claim. When I came to build a house, sawing, hewing and flattening the logs was my greatest trouble. I got them into place by means of ropes. I almost gave it up, when I had an idea. I was sitting on a log, holding a cross log by a stout rope and too tired to think, when all of a sudden I made up my mind that something would have to be done. I looked around, but there was nothing in sight but trees and ferns. I went for the ferns. I didn't know hardly why myself, but I know this, that a log will move if it has something slippery to move on, so I chewed fern tops to see what I could do. It made a pulp something like slippery-elm bark and it worked.

"You see, there was not a sign of any help anywhere. I began on the fern at the first round; just when I finished the first round a man came along. 'What are you trying to do?' said he. 'I'm not trying to do anything,' said I. 'I'm building my house.' 'You'll never do it,' said he. 'We'll see,' says I. That's the way I got my spunk up."

On one who does not live on the densely-grown islands of Puget sound much of the pith of Mrs. Casler's experience will be lost, while the real hardships of her undertaking to one who has seen these tangled forests will seem more and more inexplicable the more one knows of her environments. The Casler ranch is in the middle of Vashon island, to which the deep tidal waters of Puget sound are the only approach, and in those days, when Mrs. Ann first made up her mind to "spunk up," the place where her cabin stands was the heart of a wild and stubborn wilderness.

"I built that house in 14 days, and then I plastered it, throwing on the plaster with my hands and smoothing it down with a case knife," said she.

The plaster on the interior of the old portion of the dwelling has caked and dropped off, but in the main it still stands as weather-proof as when it was first chinked into the windy crannies by the unique methods of this plucky woman.

"By and by," said Mrs. Casler, "the man who had dared me came around. It was all finished by that time."

"And what did he say?"

"He threw his hat down on the ground and said: 'Well, the devil!'"

All around the land has been cultivated and acreage sold, at a fair profit, when the hard and lonely pioneer days of Mrs. Casler with the iron nerves are considered. Orchards of plums, prunes and pears reward her somewhat and she sells enough to bring her some luxuries. Around the immediate dooryard giant firs, spruce and cedar stand, while the grouse lives a life of idle ease undisturbed by the hunter in these still almost trackless wilds.

And there it still stands. It has been built on to, tidied up and planted around until it would be hard to find a spot in all the northwest more full of good things. Chickens, cows and blooming plants with old-fashioned names abound, while not the least attractive feature is the bright, decisive little woman who for all her 75 years bids fair yet to make her threatened trip to her beloved California and head the list of new women who already live there.—San Francisco Examiner.

A GOLD-BOTTOMED LAKE.

Story of a Remarkable Discovery of Wealth in Alaska.

A recent discovery of loose wealth is given as told by miners on their return from Alaska. Hans Christian Pande, an old sea captain and a former resident of Tacoma, is the man who believes he has found a treasure. He, with seven others, had taken up 158 acres about 18 miles from Sitka, and it is called "Pande's basin placer claim." Within the limits of a claim is a lake 1,000 yards long, 400 yards wide and 150 feet deep. The lake is fed by water from a glacier above, and its outlet is only two feet deep, a little stream that hurries at lightning speed down the canyon below. The action of the glacier, which has been going on for centuries, probably, has brought down from the mountains above large quantities of flour gold, and this has all of necessity been held within the boundaries of the little body of water. The action of the glacier, the deepness of the lake and the shallowness of the outlet is the combination which, Mr. Pande thinks, has covered the bottom of the lake with millions of dollars in flour gold. Assays of sand from the shores of the lake made by J. A. Beeker, an assayer at Sitka, show that it will produce the most unbelievable result of eight dollars and ten dollars a cubic yard. The statement that half a cent a cubic yard will allow a man to make $10,000 a year will illustrate the size of Mr. Pande's find.

Mr. Pande's golden Mecca is reached only by the greatest hardship and danger, and he and two companions, he claims, are the only persons who have ever come back alive from the little lake. It is impossible to reach the place in winter, and Mr. Pande and his companions will not make another attempt to visit their lake until spring.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

—The last operation of hat-making is "trimming." It is usually done by girls and consists of putting in the lining and leather and putting on the band and bindings; these operations being greatly assisted by the use of the sewing machine.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Many perfumes are believed to be antiseptic in their qualities, and some physicians entertain the opinion that a more liberal use of them in the sick room would be beneficial.

—There are in Ohio about 17,500 oil wells, of which more than 3,000 were bored in 1894. The Kirkridge yields 310 barrels per hour, or 7,740 per day. Another yields 1,200 barrels per day.

—Sheep breeding in Patagonia is a profitable industry, notwithstanding the ravages of wild animals. Down in Punta Arenas, a port on the Terra del Fuego islands a French company owns over 100,000 sheep, and the manager makes about half a dollar per head, "clear of all expenses, from the sale of wool alone."

—Nineteen hundred salmon were taken at one haul of a seine by a fisherman in Elliott bay, near Seattle, a few days ago. It was the largest haul ever made thereabout. His catch loaded the fisherman's boat down to within three inches of the water. At the same time and place another fisherman took 1,600 salmon in one haul, and another took over 1,000.

—According to Sir Robert Ball, a telegram sent at the usual rate would require 75 years to reach the most distant teleseopic stars. But the camera has revealed stars far more distant than these, some of which, if a message had been sent in the year A. D. 1—that is to say, 1,895 years ago—the message would only just have reached some of them, and would be still on the way to others.

—Observations and calculations have led Mr. A. Mallack to conclude that insects do not see well, especially at a distance. Their composite eye, however, has an advantage over the simple eye in the fact that there is hardly any practical limit in the nearness of objects it can examine. The best insect eye examined would give a picture about as good as if executed in rather coarse woodwork, and viewed at the distance of a foot.

—Astronomers are not agreed that all the surface markings on the moon can be explained by volcanic action, says Popular Astronomy. Those who believe that the volcanic theory accounts for the so-called crater formations with central cones are not satisfied with such an explanation for the origin of the wall or rampart plains. They confess that the origin of these features and some others is beyond their explanation.

—Glass of different colors have been tried on growing plants by M. Zacharewiez, professor of agriculture at Vaucluse, who finds that the finest and earliest fruit is grown under clear glass. Orange glass produces an increase of vegetation, but the amount, size and earliness of the fruit suffer. Under violet glass the amount of fruit increases, but its quality deteriorates. Red, blue or green glass is injurious to all forms of vegetation.

A ROYAL BAZAR.

Ladies of High Decree Wait Upon the Purchasers.

We pressed on, and the desire of our hearts for ten days past was realized. We began to buy things of royalty. The bazar was given for the benefit of Princess Beatrice's Isle of Wight volunteers. So of course it was about her booth, decorated in green and black—the colors of her regiment—that the crowd pressed in eagerness to gaze or to buy. As the members of the royal family were not "tagged," it was difficult to know who was who, and, to our surprise, the gentry that were near us did not know by sight their own royal family. But we quietly persisted, and found the lady in blue and black—and a handsome gown it was, of black silk much covered with ruised passementerie, and with blue silk sleeves—was Princess Beatrice. She was neither too fat nor too red, as the English women said she was. Her features are good, her teeth perfect, her face interesting and animated, and she carries herself beautifully. One of us four, of the "stars and stripes," in her eagerness to own a souvenir from royal hands, forgot to listen to the manner in which the English addressed these exalted personages, and asked, in a perfectly dignified, but wholly American way: "Will you please tell me the price of this vase?" Princess Victoria, of Schleswig-Holstein, turned away to hide her smile, but immediately returned to business and gave the price. When it was paid for she called in all the four royalties near to make change, did the article up in a royal "wapse" of paper, and handed it to us with a smile and much less condescension than is vouchsafed us from many of those duchesses that are hired to stand behind our counters at home. This princess was not pretty, but her gown and hat were. The latter was white straw, and her dress was blue silk finely striped with white, the body covered with real lace. There was such a dainty, pretty lady-in-waiting—Miss Minna Cochrane. Her hair was white, but her face and figure were young. She wore a gray chiffon with white chiffon body, white satin bows on her shoulders. The princess called her Minna, and she adorned the booth, besides being of real service.—Harper's Bazar.

German Blood in Europe's Princes.

Europe may be said to be ruled entirely by Germans, since the heads of reigning houses are, for the most part, of German origin. The British royal house is of pure German descent. The Austrian emperor is a German, and so are the Spanish princes. The king of Denmark is a German. The king of Sweden is of French ancestry (the founder of the present line was Bernadotte), but his recent ancestors have been Germans. In fact, the French royal lines, the Portuguese and the Italians are the only non-Germans among the royal houses of Europe. Even the kings and princes of the former Turkish provinces—Servia, Bulgaria, Greece and Roumania—are Germans.—N. Y. World.

FARM AND GARDEN.

BUILDING A CREAMERY.

A Few Suggestions Concerning Arrangement of the Machinery.

Since the creamery question is being agitated perhaps a few pointers on the building and the arrangement of the machinery may not be amiss.

The first move should be to find a suitable location. At first thought this might seem to be an easy matter. The site is very important, however. It should have pure air and sunshine—nature's best and cheapest disinfectants—and be free from any surroundings that would be likely to taint the atmosphere. Put it far enough from stables, shops, and from the railroad, that the soot may not be a nuisance.

Good, pure water is indispensable, just as necessary as pure air. No one can make good butter without it. Few people are careful enough about the source of their water supply. With the surrounding surface saturated with impurities, it cannot be otherwise than that a part of it finds its way into the well, unless the greatest precaution is

used to prevent it. The building should be located high enough to insure perfect drainage. The drain should be carried several hundred feet under ground from the factory, before it is allowed to come to the surface. No drain is complete without a "trap."

The plant should be as centrally located as possible, but not too far from the shipping station, if the product is to be shipped. The best site is at a side-hill, so that the weigh room can be at the east side if possible. It will then be sheltered from the cold winds in winter.

The driveway should be graded high enough to allow the milk to flow from the weigh can into the receiving vat. If the vat can be placed above the level of the separator it will avoid the pumping of the milk.

The more convenient everything is arranged the fewer persons will be required to operate it and the less the expense will be. If I were building a creamery for myself I would build the churnroom in a sub-basement, making the excavation about 6 feet deep, which, with an 8-foot wall, would permit the use of plenty of windows for light and ventilation. The idea would be to secure as even a temperature as possible the year round. It is very necessary to have a cool room in which to churn and work butter in hot weather. It is a very difficult matter to make good butter in a room where the temperature rises to 80 or 90 degrees.

In the diagram W is the scales and weigh can, on an elevated platform, from which the milk runs through a conductor into the receiving vat, R V, and from the vat into the separator S. From the separator the cream can be conducted into the cream vat, C V. Ch is the churn and B W the butter worker. B is the boiler, which should be ¼ or more larger than necessary to supply the engine (E) on account of the extra steam needed. F is a coal bin and O an office. An icehouse and a cold storage room can be attached at the north end (N) if needed.

The steam and water guage should be so placed on the boiler as to be in sight of the operator, through the open door, while running the operator. The roof on the building should be fireproof, to lessen the risk; the insurance will be less also. Any competent carpenter can construct the building and fit the interior. It is entirely unnecessary to employ a regular creamery contractor, and perhaps pay double price or more. Better employ a competent, disinterested man who understands creamery work to superintend the building. The cost will be less and the work more satisfactory. Sometimes secondhand machinery that has been used but little can be bought very low, compared to new; as the machinery is the greatest expense, it would reduce the cost of the plant very much.—O. J. Vine, in Ohio Farmer.

A Suggestion for Dairymen.

Handling whey and buttermilk is a problem at butter and cheese factories. At the Lawrence factory for making fancy cheese, a pipe is laid from the factory to the top of a hill, about 50 feet higher than the factory and 2,600 feet away. On the summit are commodious and well constructed hog pens, with rooms for the attendants. The pens are comfortably arranged and easily kept clean, and in winter are warmed by steam heat. To this place all the whey and buttermilk is forced by a steam pump, and a main from the village waterworks furnishes unlimited supplies of pure, fresh water for drinking, washing, etc. The hogs are bred on the place; two crops of 300 hogs each are raised and marketed annually.

Ice House on a Small Scale.

If the farmer should have any of the luxuries which are possible to those who live in cities, there is nothing that will insure them so cheaply as a good ice house. A suitable building for holding ice may be built wholly above ground, or partly below and partly above, but in either case it should have good drainage, and tight roofing, and ample arrangement for ventilation. There should be a space of from 18 to 24 inches between the walls and the cubes of ice. This space is best filled with sawdust, or, in the absence of this, with fresh leaves or chopped straw. The opening should be on the north side of the building, and it is best if the building is not exposed to the sun or winds.—Prairie Farmer.

WINTERING POTATOES.

The Most Satisfactory Way Is to Store in a Dug-Out.

In a report of the Kansas state board of agriculture, as quoted in an exchange, it is said that, if buried, potatoes must be covered lightly at first, and the covering added from time to time, but only enough to protect the tubers from frost. This is the most unsatisfactory and expensive way of storing potatoes. The next worst is a cellar under a building. The most satisfactory and cheapest way is to store in a dug-out. In most Kansas soils, no walls but the dirt walls are needed. The roof will be of earth over poles and brush. In wet weather such a roof will leak unless covered with boards, corn stalks, straw or other covering. The best location will be a slope or bank facing south. By leaving an alley through the center of the dug-out, with plenty of large ventilator shafts through the roof, a brisk circulation will be set up whenever the door in the end is opened—particularly where the door opens on the level, as it will if the building is dug in the side of a bank. The trouble with a cellar under a building is to give it air enough. The dug-out should be built with a bin on each side of a central alley. The bottom of the bins should be raised six inches from the ground. Both the bottom and sides are best made of fence boards, with inch spaces between. The sides of the bins should be clear of contact with the walls, whether stone or dirt. Spouts should be placed at intervals through the roof at the outside of the bins, through which to pour down the potatoes into the cellar. Such a building, carefully managed as to ventilation, opened up on frosty nights and kept closed during the warm days of fall and early winter, will take Early Ohio potatoes through to spring without sprouting. Early Rose, Beauty of Hebron and such varieties may require turning over once. The only antidote for sprouting, aside from the manner of storage, that is known, is the scoop shovel. Potatoes may be kept in cool storage until August without a sprout.

GOOSEBERRY CULTURE.

The Secret of Thrifty Growth and Rich Yields Explained.

During a second visit to the state experiment grounds near Geneva, N. Y., in August, I learned the secret of the thrifty growth and yield of the gooseberry plants there found in unmerous varieties. The foundation on which this success primarily rests is good strong loam, reinforced by yearly, moderate applications of stable manure and good tillage. Repeated spraying with the solution of silver of sulphur, which the station people prefer to the

Bordeaux mixture for this particular purpose, keeps the foliage in good health, and therefore the wood growth normal and strong, and also the fruit free from mildew. With the same conditions strong plants and plenty of good fruit can be produced elsewhere. There can be no question that gooseberries thus handled can be made a very profitable crop.

Layering, as stated on former occasions, is a far safer and better method

LAYERING GOOSEBERRIES.

than making cuttings, so far as the gooseberry is concerned. A single plant hilled up for inducing the young canes to strike root along their base is shown in Fig. 1 of accompanying sketch.

A dozen or more good plants may thus be made of one strong plant two or three years old, and these young plants if properly planted out and taken care of, will be in shape to give quite a little fruit the second season from planting. —American Gardener.

BARRELING APPLES.

If the Work Is Done Properly the Fruit Will Not Rot.

Many of the most profitable operations in commercial life depend in the first instance upon very simple facts. Most persons would pass by without observing the barreling of apples as a case in point. If apples were placed loosely in barrels, they would soon rot, though passing over but a very short distance of travel; and yet, when properly barreled, they can be sent thousands of miles—even over the roughest ocean voyage, in perfect security. This is owing to a fact discovered years ago, without anyone knowing particularly the reason, that an apple rotted from a bruise only when the skin was broken. An apple can be pressed so as to have indentations over its whole surface without any danger of rotting, providing the skin is not broken. In barreling apples, therefore, gentle pressure is exercised so that the fruit is fairly pressed into each other; and it is impossible for any one fruit to change its place in the barrel on its journey. Apples are sometimes taken out of the barrels with large indentations over their whole surface, and yet no sign of decay. In these modern times we understand the reason. The atmosphere is full of microscopic germs which produce fermentation, and unless they can get an entrance into the fruit rot cannot take place. A mere indentation without a rupture of the outer skin does not permit of the action of these microbes. This is a simple reason why the early observation enabled the barreling of apples to be so successful.—Meehan's Monthly.

NOT SUPERSTITIOUS.

A Man Whose Strong Mind Was Entirely Unmoved by Coincidence.

"Of course, you all know I am not superstitious," began the man who always begins his tales of uncanny things with the same words, "but there are such things as coincidences."

As he made the usual pause at this point, one of his uniformly polite hearers answered: "Yes; and what might be the present coincidence which you would view with superstition if you were not so happily free from superstitions of every sort?"

"Just this," said the speaker, duly encouraged: "The other day I went down to the Atlantic Highlands to spend a day and a night at the house of some friends. The steamer which carried me down there met the steamer France, of the National line, coming up the bay, and we passed so close to her that I could easily read her name. The next morning I chanced to be standing on the piazza and looking around the bay with a spy glass, when I caught sight of a pretty little schooner, with the number '13' in big figures on her mainsail. Some of the people in the house had been been talking about going sailing in the afternoon. I could not go with them, as I had to come up to New York by an early boat, so I said, jokingly: 'Look here; I wouldn't go sailing to-day for a good deal; there's pilot boat No. 13 out there in the bay, and it's a sure hoodoo.'

"It was a very mild sort of joke, and it met with the very mild recognition it deserved as such. I thought no more about it till I got to the city and picked up a morning paper. Then the first piece of news that met my eye was that the chief steward of the France had learned, on his arrival at the port the day before, that his two boys, whom he had left at home in England, had murdered their mother. The report further said that the first news of the horrible affair had been brought to the steward by the pilot who boarded the ship from pilot boat No. 13."

"It was a coincidence, as you say," said one of the listeners, "but I have often and often sat down at table in a party of 13, and in spite of the best story you can tell I would do so again without hesitation."

"So have I and so would I," said the man who boasted of not being superstitious, "and, what is more, I have sat in a party of 13, and then, after more than a year had passed, in the same party of 13 again, so I know what I am talking about when I tell you I am not superstitious, in spite of coincidences."—N. Y. Tribune.

A COPIOUS flow of language turns no mill wheels.—Young Men's Era.

IF some people would do more thinking their tongues would get more rest.—Ram's Horn.

THE Latest Cut.—"Mrs. Outfit and her husband seem to be divided on the subject of her bicycle suit." "Yes; so is the suit."—Detroit Free Press.

IN all meanness there is a defect of intellect as well as of heart. And even the cleverness of avarice is but the cunning of imbecility.—Bulwer.

AMONG the prophets of to-day,
Which men are aggrandizing,
The greatest profit, so they say,
Is that called Advertising.
—West Union Gazette.

IN our judgment of human transactions the law of optics is reversed; we see the most indistinctly the objects which are close around us.—Whately.

"TEA or coffee with your chop, sir?" "Well, if that was tea you gave me yesterday, bring coffee; if it was coffee, bring me tea, and if it was a mixture of tea and coffee, I think I'll try chocolate."—Tit-Bits.

IN considering marriage, women never consider it from a man's standpoint.—Atchison Globe.

"WHAT is the trouble with the American penal system?" "It doesn't work."—Yale Record.

THE steps of faith fall on the seeming void, but find the rock beneath.—Whittier.

MEN and women profess to be so tired of marriage, it is a wonder they do not quit it. —Atchison Globe.

WHERE to recover yourself—At the tailor's.—Golden Days.

AVARICE is a weed that will grow only in a barren soil.—Hughes.

"WELL, has Tom been sending you another lecture on your riding too much?" "Yes, mother sermon on the mount."

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

The Tidal Wave.

Watts—Tell you, old man, I am as glad as can be that prize fighting has been knocked out in this country.

Potts—What objections have you to prize fights?

"Oh, none in particular; but I do enjoy the sensation of sitting around and thinking how good we are."—Indianapolis Journal.

Great Reduction in Time to California.

Once more the North-Western Line has reduced the time of its trans-continental trains, and the journey from Chicago to California via this popular route is now made in the marvelously short time of three days. Palace Drawing-Room Sleeping cars leave Chicago daily, and run through to San Francisco and Los Angeles without change, and all meals en route are served in Dining cars. Daily Tourist Sleeping car service is also maintained by this line between Chicago and San Francisco and Los Angeles, completely equipped berths in upholstered Tourist Sleepers being furnished at a cost of only $6.00 each from Chicago to the Pacific Coast. Through trains leave Chicago for California at 6:00 p. m. and 10:45 p. m. daily, after arrival of trains of connecting lines from the East and South.

For detailed information concerning rates, routes, etc., apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address:

W. B. KNISKERN, G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

TROLLEY Motorman (to Conductor)—"Say, Bill, the old gent behind has just fell off." Conductor—"That's all right. He's paid his fare."—Pathfinder.

To California.

Study all time cards and you will find no railroad carrying tourist cars make as quick time as the Phillips Rock Island Excursions. One hour and thirty minutes quicker time than any other route Chicago to Los Angeles.

A. Phillips & Co. have carried over 125,000 patrons to and from California. Why? Because every well-posted California traveler understands Phillips has the best regulated tourist system.

JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

"I NEVER could understand," sighed Adam, "why that oldest boy of mine turned out so badly. He hadn't any grandparents to spoil him."—Golden Days.

DO NOT NEGLECT to send in your subscription to *The Century* this month. *The Century* leads all the magazines, and while the price is $4.00 a year, the publishers make a special offer this season of a year's back numbers for $1.00 extra. You have the chance to begin to take this great periodical on the most favorable terms. See advertisement in another column.

A PERSON has a right to exercise his own religion provided it does not interfere with his general good behavior.—Household Words.

Agents Make Money

and lots of it, selling Pflueger's Patent Lamp Stove. Fits any chimney, heats quickly any size curling iron, milk or water for tea, coffee, punch, shave, etc. Write to-day for particulars. Mailed on receipt of 10 cents, or three for 25 cents. The Enterprise Manufacturing Co., Akron, Ohio.

"WHAT is the fastest race you ever saw?" "Well, the French race is about as fast as any."—Pick-Me-Up.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

THE trouble in the world is nearly all due to the fact that one-half the people are men, and the other half women.—Atchison Globe.

I COULD not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—Mrs. E. C. MOULTON, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, '94.

JUDGE—"Did the prisoner offer any resistance?" Officer—"Only five dollars, yer honor."—Puck.

BEECHAM'S PILLS for constipation 10c and 25c. Get the book (free) at your druggist's and go by it. Annual sales 6,000,000 boxes.

THE great rule of moral conduct is next to God to respect time.—Lavater.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

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Locomotor Ataxia.

Curate—So sorry to hear your husband's met with an accident, Mrs. Snape.

Mrs. Snape—Yes, sir, 'e's very bad, poor man! 'E wur workin' on the railway line th' other day an' a engine come along an' run clean over 'is pore leg; an' now 'e'll be laid up abed for weeks. It's what I b'lieve the doctor calls locomotive attacks ye!—Punch.

Confinement and Hard Work

Indoors, particularly in the sitting posture, are far more prejudicial to health than excessive muscular exertion in the open air. Hard sedentary workers are far too weary after office hours to take much needful exercise in the open air. They often need a tonic. Where can they seek invigoration more certainly and thoroughly than from Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a renovant particularly adapted to recruit the exhausted forces of nature. Use also for dyspepsia, kidney, liver and rheumatic ailments.

HE—"Shall I come again to-morrow night?" She—"No. You had better stay at home and get some sleep."

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For a dinner served on the Dining Cars of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, will be sent to any address on receipt of a two cent postage stamp. Apply to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

Tag for Tag.

"Your dog seems to follow you very closely, Smith."

"Yes, I tagged him so I wouldn't lose him, and now he tags me so he won't lose me."—Detroit Free Press.

An important trifle — The DeLONG Patent Hook and Eye and trifles make perfection.

See that hump?

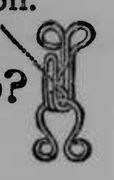

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The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufacture.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, DORCHESTER, MASS.

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There's a difference between being full of thanksgiving, and being full of Thanksgiving dainties. But the one thing generally leads to the other. How can it be helped when the turkey is so good, and the pie so enticing? Here's a helpful hint. For that full feeling after Thanksgiving — take a pill. Not any pill, mind you. There are pills that won't help you. Take **the pill that will.** It's known as Ayer's Pill — and it's perfect. It is sugar-coated, pleasant to the palate, and its operation, like that of nature, is effective and without violence. Keep this in your mind if you want to enjoy the holiday season: Grace before meat, but a **Pill after Pie.**

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THE SUN PASTE POLISH for a quick after-dinner shine, applied and polished with a cloth.

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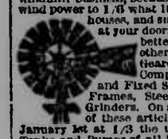

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, DEC. 5, 1895.

AS A literary effort the last number of the *Democrat* was too dirty to lay under carpet.

"MOST mighty and humptious" Mr. *Democrat* do you know that every week your "daily epitome of the news of the State" is stolen bodily from the columns of the Baltimore *Sun*?

H. P. TASKER sent a letter to the Oakland *Democrat*, but the bars were up and it could't get in. THE REPUBLICAN published it and the ring got a skinning in the opposition slaughter house.—Frostburg Journal.

THE *Democrat* became very much in earnest last week in answering what we had to say of its personal character. It, as a person, threw down the gauntlet and we would indeed have been branded a coward had we allowed it to lay. We only retorted in kind, for when a man calls another a liar he may expect something to drop.

DID any man ever achieve distinction by lying?—San Francisco Post.

Yes. Baron Munchausen.—New York Sun.

The editor of the *Democrat* in his notes [illegible] rival of the Baron in this respect, but we do know for a fact that as a follower of Bacchus a certain newspaper man is a decided success.

WE HAVE in no wise indulged in personalities affecting the private life of the editor of THE REPUBLICAN.—Democrat.

The private life of the editor of THE REPUBLICAN has been as an open book before the people of Garrett county, and we defy the editor of the *Democrat* or his associate to lay one charge at our door of which we are ashamed.

"LET him who is without sin cast the first stone."

The *Democrat* last week seemed to have a corner on the above quotation from Holy Writ, which leads us to believe that the editor has turned over a new leaf and commenced reading his bible, a truly commendable move, and we hope that he will incorporate the resolution to persevere in this line when he begins the new year.

THE REPUBLICAN is not the reef the "rotten old hulks" are warned against running onto, and the editors of the *Democrat* will find to their sorrow ere long that the reef is made of more substantial material than their imaginations may lead them to think. This is in confidence, brethren, and we feel sure that the result will be very, very disastrous to you both. Just bide your time and see if our prediction does not hold out.

WHEN the *Democrat* asserted that the editor of THE REPUBLICAN did not edit his own paper we denied the allegation and asserted that if a certain article was written by the editor of the *Democrat* it was the first work of that kind done by him in a long while, and now he comes back at us and says that it is none of our business if he did not write a line in a year, and "a little good-breeding it (THE REPUBLICAN) expects in others would not come amiss in its own case."

The *Democrat*, as everyone knows, is handicapped by the fact that it cannot get into an argument and "stick to the text." When we asserted that the school at Loch Lynn Heights was "mixed" by the consent and with the full knowledge of the Democratic School Commissioners, the *Democrat* at once took up the argument and devoted much space to personal abuse of the editor of THE REPUBLICAN, even going so far as to state that nothing appearing in our columns was worthy of the consideration of the public, but when we said in a later issue of this paper that we had the papers to prove that this "mixture" of the school was sanctioned by the executive officer of the School Board it at once, like a snail, drew itself into its own domicile and will not be persuaded to show itself again and we infer from this fact that the *Democrat* either lied when it said that the trustees of the school were responsible or that it was driven to their last plea in its own weak defense of the falsehood it tried to work off upon the people of the county.

Value of Smooth Roads.

The Office of Road Inquiry of the United States Departments of Agriculture has just completed a series of "traction tests" at the Cotton States and International Exposition, the object of which was to determine the amount of pulling force that a team exerts in drawing a loaded wagon over various kinds of road. Under the direction of skilled road engineers an elaborate system of special roads was built upon the exposition grounds, and on these the experiments were conducted. A "traction-dynamometer," devised and made especially for the test, was used to measure the amount of traction force.

Some of the results are very interesting and instructive. For instance, the tractive force necessary to draw 5,500 pounds up a 4 per cent. grade on a smooth stone road was only 350 pounds, while it required 1,900 pounds to draw the same load down a 4 per cent. grade on a typical sand road, and the driver refused to venture at all upon an ordinary "Georgia dirt road."

The small mules easily pulled 7,500 pounds up a 10 per cent. grade on the stone road, but were stalled immediately on attempting to go downhill on the sand road.

The conclusions drawn from all of the tests is that a team is able to haul as much in one load over a smooth, well rolled stone road as it can haul in four loads over the country roads now in common use, and that the sudden jerks and strains which are so wearing on a team, are entirely done away with when hauling over the smooth surface of a well-rolled stone road.

Flag Raising at Bloomington.

Thanksgiving day was observed at Bloomington by the presentation of a large American flag and two bibles to the public schools of that place by Miner Sunshine Council Jr. O. U. A. M. Mr. Moffatt, the principal of the school, was made chairman. The exercises consisted of singing "America," followed by prayer by Rev. Mr. Howard, of Bloomington. Presentation of the flag and bibles was made by Mr. John Stanley, editor of the Piedmont *Herald*, in a neat speech full of good advice. Singing. "Star Spangled Banner," followed by the speech of acceptance, by Hon. A. F. George, which was full of telling points and good advice to all, after which Prof. O. H. Bruce, who was expected to make a speech but was excused on account of illness, made a few remarks, and Old Glory was run to the top of the flag pole amid the cheers of the crowd. It will be a day long remembered in Bloomington as one of the great days in her history. OBSERVER.

A Card.

On account of a report circulated throughout the county that the public schools would close between now and Christmas, I have had to write a great many letters in regard to the matter. I would therefore say, to all interested, that the report is a false one, and that we will run our schools four and a-half, and possibly five months, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding, as I publicly stated at the time of my examinations.

Wm. HINEBAUGH, Examiner.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Devoted Mainly to Foreign Affairs and Currency.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 3, 1895. The session of the House to-day introduced the new blind chaplain, Rev. Mr. Couden, of Michigan. He created a distinct sensation in his opening prayer by coupling with a petition for peace within our borders one that would be quick to resent any insult to the nation.

Mr. Shoforth, (Rep., Colo.) who was not present yesterday, appeared and was sworn in.

Following is the text of President Cleveland's message sent to Congress to-day:

To the Congress of the United States:

The present assemblage of the legislative branch of our government occurs at a time when the interests of our people and the needs of our country give especial prominence to the condition of our foreign relations and the exigencies of our national finances. The reports of the heads of the several administrative departments of the government fully and plainly exhibit what has been accomplished within the scope of their respective duties and present such recommendations for the betterment of our country's condition as patriotic and intelligent labor and observation suggest.

I therefore deem my executive duty adequately performed at this time by presenting to the Congress the important phases of our situation as related to our intercourse with foreign nations, and a statement of the financial problems which confront us, omitting, except as they are related to those topics, any reference to departmental operations.

* * * * *

The message then treats extensively of our foreign relations, and says:

As we turn from a review of our foreign relations to the contemplation of our national financial situation we are immediately aware that we approach a subject of domestic concern more important than any other that can engage our attention and one at present in such a perplexing and delicate predicament as to require prompt and wise treatment.

We may well be encouraged to earnest effort in this direction when we recall the steps already taken toward improving our economic and financial situation, and when we appreciate how well the way has been prepared for further progress by an aroused and intelligent popular interest in these subjects.

The compulsory purchase and coinage of silver by the government, unchecked and unregulated by business conditions and heedless of our currency needs, which for more than fifteen years diluted our circulating medium, undermined confidence abroad in our financial ability, and at last culminated in distress and panic at home, has been recently stopped by the repeal of the laws which forced this reckless scheme upon the country.

The currency denominated United States notes and commonly known as greenbacks was issued in large volume during the civil war, and was intended originally to meet the exigencies of that period. It will be seen by a reference to the debates in Congress at the time the laws were passed authorizing the issue of these notes that their advocates declared they were intended for only temporary use and to meet the emergency of war. In almost if not all the laws relating to them some provision was made contemplating their voluntary or compulsory retirement. A large quantity of them, however, were kept on foot and mingled with the currency of the country, so that at the close of the year 1874 they amounted to $381,999,073.

THE GOLD RESERVE.

This reserve, as has been stated, had fallen in April to $97,011,330. It has from that time to the present, with very few and unimportant upward movements, steadily decreased, except as it has been temporarily replenished by the sale of bonds.

Among the causes for this constant and uniform shrinkage in this fund may be mentioned the great falling off of exports under the operation of the tariff law until recently in force, which crippled our exchange of commodities with foreign nations and necessitated to some extent the payment of our balances in gold; the unnatural infusion of silver into our currency, and the increasing agitation for its free and unlimited coinage, which have created apprehension as to our disposition or ability to continue gold payments; the consequent hoarding of gold at home and the stoppage of investments of foreign capital, as well as the return of our securities already sold abroad; and the high rate of foreign exchange, which induces the shipment of our gold to be drawn against, as a matter of speculation.

In consequence of these conditions the gold reserve on the 1st day of February, 1894, was reduced to $65,438,377, having lost more than $31,000,000 during the preceding nine months, or since April, 1893. Its replenishment being necessary, and no other manner of accomplishing it being possible, resort was had to the issue and sale of bonds provided for by the resumption act of 1875. Fifty millions of these bonds were sold, yielding $58,633,295,71, which was added to the reserve fund of gold then on hand. As a result of this operation this reserve, which had suffered constant and large withdrawals in the meantime, stood on the 6th day of March, 1894, at the sum of $107,446,802. Its depletion was, however, immediately thereafter so accelerated that on the 30th day of June, 1894, it had fallen to $64,873,025, thus losing by withdrawals more than $42,000,000 in five months and dropping slightly below its situation when the sale of $50,000,000 in bonds was effected for its replenishment.

The depressed condition grew worse, and on the 24th day of November, 1894, our gold reserve being reduced to $57,669,701, it became necessary to again strengthen it. This was done by another sale of bonds amounting to $50,000,000 from which there was realized $50,538,500, with which the fund was increased to $111,142,011 on the 4th day of December, 1894.

THE RECENT BOND ISSUES.

In this emergency, and in view of its surrounding perplexities, it became entirely apparent to those upon whom the struggle for safety was devolved not only that our gold reserve must, for the third time in less than thirteen months, be restored by another issue and sale of bonds bearing a high rate of interest and badly suited to the purpose, but that a plan must be adopted for their disposition promising better results than those realized on previous sales. An agreement was therefore made with a number of financiers and bankers whereby it was stipulated that bonds described in the resumption act of 1875, payable in coin thirty years after their date, bearing interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum, and amounting to about $62,000,000, should be exchanged for gold, receivable by weight, amounting to a little more than $65,000,000.

RETIREMENT OF THE GREENBACKS.

I am convinced the only thorough and practicable remedy for our troubles is found in the retirement and cancellation of our United States notes, commonly called greenbacks, and the outstanding treasury notes issued by the government in payment of silver purchases under the act of 1890.

I believe this could be quite readily accomplished by the exchange of these notes for United States bonds of small as well as large denominations, bearing a low rate of interest. They should be long term bonds, thus increasing their desirability as investments, and because their payment could be well postponed to a period far removed from present financial burdens and perplexities, when with increased prosperity and resources they would be more easily met.

To further insure the cancellation of these notes and also provide a way by which gold may be added to our currency in lieu of them, a feature of the plan should be an authority given to the secretary of the treasury to dispose of the bonds abroad for gold if necessary to complete the contemplated redemption and cancellation, permitting him to use the proceeds of such bonds to take up and cancel any notes that may be in the treasury or that may be received by the government on any account. * * *

I have ventured to express myself on this subject with earnestness and plainness of speech because I cannot rid myself of the belief that there in the proposition for the free coinage of silver, so strongly approved and so enthusiastically advocated by a multitude of my countrymen, a serious menace to our prosperity and an insidious temptation of our people to wander from the allegiance they owe to public and private integrity. It is because I do not distrust the good faith and sincerity of those who press this scheme that I have imperfectly but with zeal submitted my thoughts upon this momentous subject. I cannot refrain from begging them to re-examine their views and beliefs in the light of patriotic reason and familiar experience, and to weigh again and again the consequences of such legislation as their efforts have invited. Even the continued agitation of the subject adds greatly to the difficulties of a dangerous financial situation already forced upon us.

In conclusion I especially entreat the people's representatives in the Congress, who are charged with the responsibility of inaugurating measures for the safety and prosperity of our common country, to promptly and effectively consider the ills of our critical financial plight. I have suggested a remedy which my judgment approves. I desire however, to assure the Congress that I am prepared to co-operate with them in perfecting any other measure promising thorough and practical relief, and that I will gladly labor with them in every patriotic endeavor to further the interests and guard the welfare of our countrymen whom in your respective places of duty we have undertaken to serve.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Executive Mansion,
December 2, 1895.

An hour and a half was spent in reading the message, and at 1:50 the House adjourned until Friday next.

A Card.

To the members of the W. C. T. U., in Garrett County.

Will you kindly send items of interest concerning our white-ribbon work to Eliza B. Swan, Co. Supt. of Press Work.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to me will please call and settle their accounts with S. P. Specht by Jan. 1, 1896, as on or after that date I will proceed to collect same by law.

D. F. GRAHAM.

Deer Park, Md., Dec. 3, 1895.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses have been issued by Clerk Tower since Nov. 20.

Jacob W. Boyer and Willie Riley, both of Garrett county.

Harry L. Morris and Etta Stevens, both of Fairmont, West Va.

Markie B. Delworth and Rebecca Moreland, both of Garrett county.

William H. Sease, of Eglon, W. Va., and Sadie Westerman, of Philippi, W. Va.

Otho Warnick and Victoria Ahee Warnick, both of Garrett county.

Calvin Anderson Nelson and Mary E. Shink, both of Grant county, W. Va.

Samuel Emory McDonough and Lizzie Dryden, both of Washington, Pa.

Jocob Riley Rumner, of Brookside, W. Va., and Ida Belle Johnson, of Sang Run Md.

Joseph A. Gaither and Ottomarus Gay, both of Grant county, W. Va.

Jacob Strather Shaffer and Ida Elizabeth Buckalew, both of Preston county, W. Va.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

Doctors Say;
Bilious and Intermittent Fevers which prevail in miasmatic districts are invariably accompanied by derangements of the Stomach Liver and Bowels.

The Secret of Health.
The liver is the great "driving wheel" in the mechanism of man, and when it is out of order, the whole system becomes deranged and disease is the result.

Tutt's Liver Pills
Cure all Liver Troubles.

Scratching and Swearing

only increase the irritation and heat the blood. What the skin needs is a cooling, healing application that brings comfort to body and mind, and which at the same time has strength enough to penetrate a clogged skin and to dissolve the scales of Eczema and Dandruff.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

is the only perfect preparation of this kind. It will cure Eczema, Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Dandruff, Itching Piles, Ring Worm, Pimples, Blotches and other diseases of the skin. Sometimes it will cure in a few days—sometimes it takes longer—but the cure is certain and permanent. There is no question about it. It has been proven times without number.

50 cents—all drug stores.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head and all inflammation of the nasal passages—50c.

W. [illegible] BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.
LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.
Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including farm ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 8-20-3

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, Gold prizes; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc. T. R. CAISKADON, Keyser, W. Va. 29—1yr.

NOTICE!

I will sell the choice of any lots in Loch Lynn Heights at $100 each, on time, or 6 per cent. off for cash, till the first day of January, 1896. After that time no lot will be sold for less than $125.

J. C. ALDERSON.
General Manager.
37-4t

Malette

Has the largest, finest and cheapest line of Xmas Goods and Jewelry ever brought to Oakland.

YOU WILL FIND THE

FINEST, LARGEST AND CHEAPEST

LINE OF HOLIDAY GOODS

Ever brought to town now placed on the Bargain Counters of

OAKLAND PHARMACY

Everybody Welcome Come whether you want to buy or not. Come Come.

Jos. E. Harned, PROP'R

LOOK AT

F. G. HYDE'S

ASSORTMENT OF

Xmas Presents

For 25 Cents.

Also the finest and best line of Jewelry between Washington and Wheeling.

Merry Christmas To All.

After visiting all the Stores in town for Christmas Goods, don't fail to see what they have at

Sturgiss' Pharmacy,

And you will make no mistake.

CANDY. **OYSTERS.**

Don't forget the cheapest place in the town of Oakland for FRUITS, NUTS, CANDY, CRACKERS, CAKES, CANNED GOODS is **H. E. FELTY, Railroad St.**

Malette

Will give a $90 Diamond Ring away on January 1, 1896.

WHERE TO BUY

HOLIDAY PRESENTS

AT DAVIS & SON'S NEW HARDWARE STORE

You will find a choice line of Table, Butcher and Carving Knives, Razors, Shears, Plated Spoons, etc., also two handsome nickled Ranges, showing latest novelty of regulating heat of oven by thermometer.

If you want a vehicle or sleigh, call on

A. D. NAYLOR.

A nice line kept constantly on hand.

IF IN NEED OF Watches, Clocks, Jewelry of any Kind, go to

H. C. SMOUSE,

RAILROAD ST., OAKLAND, MD.

Repairing a Specialty.

CHEAP JOHN

IS

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Toys and Holiday Goods, Candies, Etc.

OPPOSITE STONE CHURCH.

Xmas Goods.

The Best and Choicest Candies.

ALSO

Xmas Tree Ornaments, at

A. T. MATTHEWS',

Railroad St., OAKLAND, MD.

F. E. MERRILL,

NOTIONS

Gents' and Ladies' Furnishings;

NECKWEAR.

Alder St., one Door West of Postoffice.

Christmas Goods.

Just received at GEO. O. MILLER & CO.'s a new stock of Christmas Goods, consisting of

Japanese China, Fancy Cups and Saucers, Plates, Mugs, Vases, Gentlemen's Silk Neckwear, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Silk Handkerchiefs and Mufflers. Also a beautiful line of China Tea and Dinner Sets.

CHRISTMAS.

AN ENDLESS LINE OF

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Groceries at the Lowest Prices in town. Come and see for yourselves.

JOHN FELTY, JR., & CO.

TH SPACE IS FOR SALE.

PRICE $12.00.

SHARTZER & BOLDEN

Furniture, . Carpets, . Upholstery.

OAKLAND MD.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

"WHY NOT?"

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

"YES," said the minister, as he drew near the end of the sermon on "Good Citizenship," "every Christian should take an active part in the affairs of the municipality. It is time that the so-called 'good citizen' asserted himself positively. No man has a right to be excused from the duties of government. The best men should be nominated for office, and every office of the city should be filled with moral, honest men. The 'good citizen' should be ready to sacrifice something even if the duties of citizenship are irksome and distasteful. How shall we ever have the affairs of our own city administered with any degree of purity unless the men who are at present in power continued there? I call on all the best men in the community to take such active interest in the coming election as shall give us the best and most honorable and able citizens to fill all the positions which are now disgraced by incompetent and untrustworthy officials. We need the best men in the city for these offices. Let us go to the primaries and nominate them, and then go to the polls and elect them."

The minister's sermon made a profound impression upon the people in his own church and throughout the city. No one was so astonished at the result as he was. He was not accustomed to having people pay such a strict regard to his preaching. He had not been looking for it.

It was not the minister's fault, either, that he was not present at the primaries when they were held. He had, of course, fully intended to go, but he had been detained by a wedding. A wedding is something which cannot be put off even for a primary. And so the minister was obliged to forego that duty of citizenship.

It was, therefore, with the utmost astonishment that the minister opened the morning paper and read the result of the city primaries. We quote briefly from the account in the paper:

"Last night the city primaries were held, and nominations were made in accordance with the wonderful sermon of Rev. John Smith, of the Congregational church, which made such a profound impression on the community last week. Every one who went to the primaries remembered the eloquent appeal of the reverend gentleman to nominate the best men in the city for all the offices. We believe this has been done. All that is necessary now is to elect the men who are nominated, and we shall have the finest city administration in this country. We present below the names of the parties who were nominated last night, and we call on all good citizens to ratify this primary at the polls.

"For Mayor, Rev. John Smith, of the Congregational church.

"For City Clerk, Bishop Brown, of the Episcopal church.

"For Register of Deeds, Deacon William Johnson.

"Police Commissioners: Prof. James Greene, of Cloister College, City; Rev. George Robinson, of the Presbyterian church; Rev. Philip Burns, of the Methodist church.

"For Chief of Police, Rev. Henry J. Williams, D.D., LL.D., President of Cloister College.

"For Constables: Rev. Caleb Windom, of the Baptist church; Rev. Joshua Powers, D.D., of the Lutheran church; Rev. Moses Jones, of the Christian church.

"For Justice of the Peace, Prof. Cecil Montague, F.R.S.

"We print the list of Councilmen nominated, in another column. Not one of them or of the men nominated for the city offices ever held office before. But they are our 'best citizens,' and in accordance with Rev. John Smith's sermon we feel sure they will assume the duties of office, even if they should prove to be irksome and distasteful. The fact that these citizens have never held office should not prejudice any voter against them. They are fully as competent as any of the citizens who have held these offices hitherto. We are proud to think that at last we are to have a city government administered by the best citizens. A municipal millenium is at hand. With Rev. John Smith for Mayor, and President Williams for Chief of Police, with the other able and honest citizens for the rest of the ticket, we feel sure that the reign of boodle and whisky and incompetency, which has characterized our fair city for years, is at an end. Let all good citizens rally to the polls next week and elect the 'best citizens' to office."

If a dynamite bomb had exploded on the breakfast table the minister would

"WHAT'S THE MATTER, JOHN?"

not have been so paralyzed with astonishment and perplexity.

"What's the matter, John?" asked his wife.

"Matter! Why, look here! I have been nominated for city mayor!"

"It's a very responsible position," said his wife, with a twinkle of the eye that the minister did not appreciate.

"Respon— Mary, do you know—why—of course it is absurd! I can never think of such a thing!"

"But you preached to the people to put up the best citizens for office, and then when they go and do it, you—"

"Oh, well, this is different! Why, look here!" And the minister read over the names of the nominees.

"They are all splendid, good men. They are the 'best citizens.' What better do you want, John?"

"Well; but how can we leave our work to go into office? Look at Prof. Montague! He is busy with his painting 'The Days of Sappho.' How can he leave that to attend to the duties of justice of the peace? And there is President Williams! The idea of such a man for chief of police!"

"Why? Don't you need the best man you can get for that position?"

"Yes, of course, but not such a—"

"Not such a good man as President Williams? Why, I thought, John, you preached that all these city offices were sacred. That it was just as sacred a duty to be a good city officer as to be—"

"Mary, you don't understand the situation," replied the minister, with the nearest approach to irritation he had ever shown. He rose from the table and was about to go upstairs to his study when the bell rang and Deacon Johnson came in, very much excited. After mutual expressions of astonishment at the result of the primaries, the deacon said: "I shall positively refuse to let my name be used for election. I have no time to run for office. My business is too important. Why, it would cost me $10,000 to be register of deeds this year."

"We have a good man there, though.

"Don't you think, deacon, you ought to do something as a citizen for the sacrifice of the municipality? The present register of deeds is a ruseal of the worst description."

"So is the mayor. Are you going to sacrifice your position to run for that office?"

The minister did not reply, and at that minute the bell rang again. The servant ushered in President Williams, who had come to discuss the remarkable situation with the minister.

He was followed by the bishop and the other ministers, Prof. Greene and Montague and nearly all the men nominated for councilmen. The minister's house was filled with an excited but determined company of the "best citizens." Each one had some special reason for not allowing his name to be used in connection with the city election.

"But, brethren," said the minister at last, "what shall we say to the public is our reason for refusing office? How

MADE A PROFOUND IMPRESSION.

shall we expect a clean city government if the best citizens refuse to take a real part in the administration?"

There was a long silence. Finally some one said: "Are you going to run for mayor?"

The minister did not reply for a long time. Then he said: "In order to be consistent and honest according to what I have preached, I must let my name stand, and assume the office if elected. And it is your duty as good citizens to do the same. The opportunity has come to purify our city. If we hold back now we can never preach the duty of citizenship again!"

The company was strongly agitated. There was almost universal dissent to the minister's position. Prof. Montague withdrew in disgust to his studio. Nearly all the other ministers argued with Rev. John to persuade him to write a letter to the press withdrawing the names of the nominees from the ticket. He firmly refused to do so; and at last all the good citizens went out and left the minister alone. As soon as they were gone, he went up into his study and kneeled down. He remained on his knees a long time.

The city election is coming off next week. The minister has told his church what he expects to do. The church is in great confusion over the matter. The city is agitated as never before. Meanwhile the other good citizens have withdrawn their names from the ticket. Their places are being filled with professional politicians. The question that agitates the community now is: "Can the minister be elected, and, if so, will he be able to accomplish much if any reform with all the other good citizens removed from the ticket?"

Later—News from recent municipal election in the city of A. reports Rev. John Smith overwhelmingly defeated for mayor. The best citizens were disgusted with his determination to run for office and voted unanimously against him.—N. Y. Independent.

Cellars Dug by Pilgrim Fathers.

Among the attractions of the town of Bourne, Mass., are two historic cellars. One was dug by the Plymouth colony and the other by the Dutch traders. These cellars lie side by side, and the structures built over them were filled with goods so necessary for the comfort of the early pilgrims as well as the Dutch. The pilgrims needed manufactured goods such as the Hollander had for sale, and the Dutch required products such as the colony could supply. Gov. Bradford, in his "diary," states that this block house was built as early as 1627, only seven years after the landing of the Mayflower.

—The greatest bell is that long famous as the giant of the Kremlin, in Moscow. Its weight is 443,722 pounds.

RAISING PHEASANTS.

Where the Birds Are Produced for Shooting Clubs.

Close to the small town of Ma[illegible], N. J., an Englishman, Verner de[illegible]ged has for the last five years been e[illegible] of in pheasant farming, and has m[illegible]ion it a decided success. The introd[illegible]nto of Birds or animals of one coun[illegible] the another has not been a blessing[illegible] is new country. The English spa[illegible]ess- not looked upon as an unalloyed [illegible]ent, ing by the people of this cont[illegible]peat Australia and New Zealand have [illegible] the millions in trying to exterminat[illegible]r (a imported rabbit. A sugar plant[illegible]ago the Island of Jamaica a few year[illegible] rats imported the mongoose to kill th[illegible]ane that played havoc in the s[illegible]way fields. The rat had a mischievous [illegible]ling of going from cane to cane, nibb[illegible]ped them, and as soon as the cane dro[illegible] The it would run away frightened. [illegible]nter. cane was then useless to the pla[illegible]ner. The mongoose found that it was [illegible] the easier for him to make a living on[illegible], all fowls, turkeys, geese and, in fact was ground game of the island than took up to hunt the rats. He therefore t[illegible]conse- the easier role of life. The [illegible]erous quence of this has been that wh[illegible]heap the supply of fowl flesh was a [illegible]en in commodity in Jamaica, it has so ris[illegible]gh a value that it now commands so h[illegible] their price that only the rich can have a[illegible]ost of the poor.

The introduction of the pheasant, it is hoped, however, will prove an exception to the rule. And from all appearances this will certinly be the case. Mr. de Guise has some 50 acres inclosed with wire netting, and has already raised thousands of birds. He finds the climate agrees with them excellently. The bird that Mr. de Guise is raising is the common English pheasnat. The cock pheasant is long tailed, with a plumage that is made up of every color. To the uninitiated shooter it would seem the easiest thing in the world to "grass" one of these birds. But a flying rocketer as he makes his way upward between the boughs of a tree in a wood or copse is by no means an easy bird to hit. The female is a dingy bird in plumage as compared with her mate, and few ever think of shooting at her. She is wanted to lay the eggs for the next season, and a man in England who brings down one of these birds is not likely to get an invitation to shoot the coverts the following year.

The introduction of these birds, at least among the large preserves that are now being formed in New York state, and in fact in other states, is a matter of considerable interest. The ruffled grouse is becoming almost extinct, and will soon be classed with the passenger pigeon. Men who have large tracts of land where they want to go shooting in the autumn find that their investments are almost worthless. They are putting in English pheasants. From Maine to the Delaware there seems no finer country for the acclimatization of this bird. The scrub oak gives the bird a magnificent scratching ground during the day, and wherever there is underbrush they are sure to do well. For a roosting place the copses and woods cannot be surpassed. In breeding this bird, the best way is to collect the eggs and place them under good old hens kept in open grass fields, the hens confined in coops while the young are allowed to wander about. They will always run to shelter under their foster mother when a hawk appears. The food for the young ones should be common boiled grain, biscuit, and if possible the eggs of the common ant. Nothing thrives them better than that. When able to look after themselves they should be turned out in the coverts. They must be fed morning and evening, but they will soon be able to pick up enough provender for themselves. That is about the month of June, the young having been hatched in the later weeks of March.

The apparently tame fowl soon becomes as game a bird as a man wants to shoot. Should the owner of the estate walk through his woodlands, he will see the so-called tame bird running as rapidly as any rabbit or hare, or whirring away on the wing at his approch. The bird is a home-stayer, as a rule, but, speaking from the English point of view, there is no finer bird that rises out of an old hazel hedge than a cock phensant who has gone out to forage in lands where he has no right to be. As the setter tumbles into one of those great big hedges ten yards wide, made of hazel bush and old hawthorn, that have stood there for centuries, looking only for the rabbit or the hare, and sends one of these great birds, just a mass of beautiful color, whirring across the autumn stubble field of an English landscape, one feels almost sorry that he has dropped in the fallows. The bird roosts always on the lower boughs of trees, and this is taken advantage of by poachers, who will kill either cock or hen, shooting them as they sit. These are the men who do the greatest harm. At present Mr. de Guise says he has little trouble with them. He has had a large number of orders already from owners of estates and sporting clubs, and has orders to supply eggs and birds not only in this state, but even as far north as Canada and as far south as Georgia.

Before long the bird will be much more common than he is nowadays, but he will always be a luxury, as in his native country.—N. Y. Tribune.

—The story comes that the good people of Randolph, Mass., resent the inference that their town is the quiet hamlet in which Miss Wilkins lays the scenes of so many of her charming tales. One worthy resident expatiates upon the advantages possessed by his burg in the way of trolley-cars and the like, and declares that the farms are few and far between.

—The last operation of hat-making is "trimming." It is usually done by girls and consists of putting in the lining and leather and putting on the band and bindings; these operations being greatly assisted by the use of the sewing machine.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Celery Soup.—Take two large celery roots, cut up fine and boil one hour in one pint of water. Flavor with a little piece of onion; mash and strain through a fine sieve. Beat together one tablespoonful of butter and two of flour; and one quart of milk and boil all together 20 minutes. Serve with one-half pint of whipped cream added at the last minute.—Chicago Record.

—Fried Sweet Potatoes.—Steam the potatoes until they are tender. When cool enough to handle peel and slice lengthwise, or if large crosswise, in half-inch slices. Have plenty of butter heating in a thick baking dish, or on the pancake griddle, and when hot lay the slices in and fry until they are a delicate brown, turning them carefully and browning both sides. Send to the table hot.—Detroit Free Press.

—Maryland Spoon Corn Bread.—Put one quart of milk on the fire in a double boiler; when it comes to a boil stir in four large kitchen teaspoonfuls of cornmeal and cook five minutes—stirring all the time. Remove from the fire and stir once or twice as it cools. When cool add three eggs well beaten with two tablespoonfuls flour, one tablespoonful butter, one pinch salt. Pour in a greased dish and bake 25 minutes. Serve immediately with napkin around dish.—Chicago Record.

—Welsh Rarebit.—One pound grated cream cheese, one-half pint of rich milk, three teaspoonfuls of flour blended with milk, one teaspoonful of made mustard, one teaspoonful of grated sapsago; add cheese just before serving. Place the cheese and milk in a double boiler. When the cheese is melted add the flour, stirring to keep from thickening in lumps. Add mustary and a dash of cayenne pepper. Serve on rounds of toast or on heated plates.—Chicago Chronicle.

—Baking Bread and Biscuit.—The proof of the bread and the biscuit lies in the "baking of it." A little experience, however, will enable one to have the oven just right. When the bread is baked it should be turned out on a clean cloth or board, and each loaf should rest so that the air may circulate around it. When cold it should be placed in a dry tin box or stone jar. Biscuits should be cared for in the same way, unless it is desirous to eat them when fresh from the oven.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Creoled Sandwiches.—A savory sandwich is made from crisp unsalted, unsweetened crackers, spread with a paste made from three tablespoonfuls of Roquefort cheese, a tablespoonful of butter and a teaspoonful of parsley chopped very fine. Serve with a green salad, or lay each on a crisp lettuce leaf before serving. Watercresses mixed with the yolks of hard-boiled eggs also make an appetizing mixture with which to make sandwiches of brown bread. Season the paste with a little olive oil, vinegar and paprika. "Cut the bread for all sandwiches thin," though not new, is an often forgotten injunction.—N. Y. Evening Post.

NO JOY IN LEADVILLE.

Life There Has Grown Too Tame to Interest the Visitor.

There used to be a deal more variety and life in Leadville than there is now. In its early days every phase of human nature was represented here, and if there was any wickedness common to any other section of the globe of which this camp had no specimen some public-spirited bad man would import a supply. It was a lively mining camp in all that the term implies, and never hid the light of its wickedness under a bushel. Nothing was hidden, neither the saloons nor the gambling houses nor the worst places. The man who wanted to be bad need seek but lightly for an opportunity. As for the divertisement of an impromptu duel to the death, that was so easily obtained as to quickly lose its charm. Everybody carried a "gun," and, soon or late, everybody used it with a fellow-being for a target.

Now this is largely changed. Leadville is not yet a prominent way station on the route to the better land, but is as peaceful as the average town of its size in or out of the mining region. Men here are too busy to attend to the affairs of their neighbors; there does not seem to be an undue amount of drinking, and business goes on about as it does elsewhere. State street is still here, and those who knew it in other days may be interested in knowing that its sanitary condition from a moral standpoint is still bad and needing fumigation and disinfection. An energetic and general conflagration along that thoroughfare would result in a purification of the moral and physical atmosphere. Still, I contend that Leadville is no worse than many other towns, and by comparison with some of them, and especially with its former self, is a bright and shining light set upon a hill.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Lord Bramwell's Piety.

The late bishop of Winchester is said to have possessed, among his many other qualities, that of sarcasm. A good story is told of a retort he made to the late Lord Bramwell, who, meeting him on his way back to his room to take off his robes after reading prayers in the house of lords, apologized for having been absent from the ceremony. "When I kneel down it gives me palpitation of the heart," said Lord Bramwell; "and it would not be respectful for me to sit or stand while your lordship was praying." Bishop Thorold, perhaps knowing almost as much about the old baron's sanctity as did Lord Bramwell himself, answered, in measured tones: "Pray do not mention it, Lord Bramwell! I am sure your lordship can be equally devout whether you are standing, kneeling, or sitting—I will not say lying!" The playful old judge afterwards inquired who had read prayers that afternoon, and, on being told, remarked, with a sparkle in his eyes: "He's a sharp fellow." — Household Words

ARMAMENT OF LAKE VESSELS.

Congress Will Be Asked to Supply Them With Rapid-Fire Rifles.

In view of the president's decision in the case of the bid of the Detroit Dry Dock company that under existing treaties naval vessels cannot be built on the great lakes, the navy department will now press upon congress the importance of allowing its estimate of $500,000 for the accumulation of a supply of rapid-fire rifles for the auxiliary navy.

One of the most forcible arguments that will be presented is the fact that Great Britain already has a number of small war vessels which can be quickly taken into the great lakes through the Canadian canals, and in time of war ravage our great lake cities, which are now defenseless.

With a proper supply of guns on hand, however, it is argued a large number of the magnificent American lake steamers could be rapidly armed in an emergency and could easily overthrow the British gunboats, which are not armored vessels.

ATCHISON GLOBULES.

A constant guest is never welcome.

A man never receives as many letters as he thinks he ought to.

The poorest actor that ever appeared in amateur performance in Atchison is one of the severest critics.

Many a nice man bosses his wife because of the belief that if he doesn't boss her she will boss him.

When a woman tells her daughters she wants them to avoid her mistakes, she means that she doesn't want them to marry a man like their father.

When a woman has had as many as three husbands, she must have a stock of funny stories that can't be equaled. Every man tells his wife all the funny stories he hears.

An Old Variety.

"The papers now say that Marlborough married for love."

"Yes, love of money."—Brooklyn Life.

LITTLE Alice heard her father say that her cousin Jack has the smallpox, and exclaimed: "Oh, papa, I think it's real mean of Jack not to send me any."—Harper's Round Table.

AN Institution of Learning.—Friend—"Has your son learned much since he went to college?" Father—"No; but I have."—Puck.

HEARD at a public school.—"What word or words are synonymous with falsehood?" Chorus of Scholars—"Circus posters!"—Golden Days.

HEADQUARTERS — The hatter's store.—Golden Days.

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TEMPERANCE NOTES.

THE BIRD WITH BROKEN PINION.

"I walked in the woodland meadows,
Where sweet the thrushes sing;
And found, on a bed of mosses,
A bird with a broken wing.
I healed the wound, and each morning
It sang its sweet, old strain;
But the bird with the broken pinion
Never soared as high again."

I found a young life broken
By man's bewitching art,
And touched with a Christ-like pity
I took him to my heart.
He signed the pledge, and kept it;
My labors were not in vain;
But that life by rum once stricken
Never soared as high again.

I climbed up an Alpine mountain,
With a brother at my side:
In the strength of a splendid manhood,
A noble, courageous guide.
He slipped, and fell in a chasm
Near a hundred feet below,
And there on the rocks lay wounded,
While his lifeblood stained the snow.

Did I go to my fallen brother?
Ah, yes, with a heavy heart:
He had drank some rum that morning,
And through its seductive art
Had stumbled down the pathway,
On the awful crags of pain;
And though he lived, that brother
Never climbed as high again.

Oh, boys! in your pure young manhood,
Keep out of this demon's snare,
He will lead you on to perdition,
He will blacken your life with care.
He will take your mind and money,
Till your highest hopes are slain;
For a life by rum once stricken
Never soars as high again.

—Howard C. Tripp, in Lever.

A YOUNG GIRL'S CHOICE.

Leaves Home for a Man Who Drank and Repents in Later Years.

"I declare for't, Mary Ann, I never see such works in all my born days! Here you an' Joe was a-settin' out on the piazzy last night till ten o'clock, a-talkin' an' a-laffin' an' a-keepin' everybody awake, when you yourself oughter a-been abed an' asleep so's to a-got up at four o'clock this mornin' an' had them chickens fed an' cows milked afore sunrise, an' now it's half-past five an' you've jest got your duds on; next thing you'll be engaged!"

"Well, mother, p'raps I may as well tell you now as any time—me and Joe is goin' to git marri'd."

"Git marri'd—sakes alive! Why, Mary Ann Wilkinson, what you thinkin' about? An' only eighteen, an' jest as you've got so's you're some use to me an' can pay for your bringin' up! How'm I goin' to git along, I should like ter knowl You must have a big bump o' gratitude."

"How old was you, mother, when you got married?"

"Well, I was only seventeen, to be sure, an' a foolish critter for doin' it. I did hope you would have more sense!"

"I have had, mother, a whole year more. Girls will be girls, you know," said Mary Ann, taking up the milk-pail.

"Yis, an' boys will be boys, I s'pose, but all the same I think it's mean to carry off a girl jest as sho's begun to be uvth somethin'. Joe is a good fellow enough, I suppose, but I want you to tell him he's got to wait three years an' in that time maybe your father'll git the farm paid for an' you can go."

"In that time father won't git the farm paid for, mother; don't you see how he's runnin' behind all the time? It's better I git away an' be no more expense to him. Joe an' I can earn our own livin' an' be gittin' somethin' ahead. He's got a cow an' a yoke o' steers to start on, an' his father'll let us have the Smith forty to live on."

"Well, I think you're the ongratefulest huzzy I ever see!" said Mrs. Wilkinson, raising her voice to a high pitch.

Mary Ann went out and shut the door with rather an emphatic slam as she heard the hateful word "huzzy." "I will git marri'd for all her," she said as she went to the barnyard. "I won't stay here any longer an' be a drudge, an' be scolded all the time! I don't care if Joe does drink a little. Mother don't know that, an' he won't when I get him. I'll run the resk, anyhow. I can't more'n 'jump out o' the frying pan into the fire!'

"ME AND JOE IS GOIN' TO GIT MARRI'D.'

So it came to pass that one day Mary Ann and Joe ran away and got married, and went to live in the Smith house.

Her mother never went near her, and within a year she lay pale and sick with a dead baby in a coffin by her side.

In her delirium she muttered: "O mother, mother, if you'd only a' told me—if you hadn't scolded me so!"

"Mis' Wilkinson, you'd ought to go and see Mary Ann," said a neighbor to her one day; "they're afraid she's goin' to die!"

"Catch me a-goin' to see her," said her mother snappishly; "as she's made her bed let her lie in it—catch me goin' to see her!" and she shut her lips closely and looked hard and cold.

But Mary Ann didn't die; a strong constitution triumphed, and before long she was feeding chickens again and milking cows for Joseph Jones. And she sang at her work, for Joseph was pleasant, and it was easier than doing the same work for a scolding mother.

Time went on. Things were tolerably prosperous at the Smith farm, for Joe was reasonably industrious and Mary Ann contented.

Two or three more children came, and it was noticed that Mary Ann had begun to talk to them in something like the same high, rasping key and aggravating manner which her mother had used toward her. By and by she addressed Joe in the same way. "What's bred in the bone," you know. Then it was noticed that Joseph was drinking—not very much, but still drinking. The farm began to run down. The fences weren't kept up, and the Canada thistles were spreading in the fields. The children were big enough to go to school, but they did not go because they had no shoes good enough to wear. Mary Ann began to look anxious and careworn. The fire had begun to burn worse than the frying-pan.

One day Mrs. Wilson was stricken with paralysis. She was helpless in her bed, but she could talk. "Oh, if Mary Ann would only come home!" she said. "It is so long—so long since she went away. I *did* love her, though I didn't say so—I *did love her!*"

"Aa' I did love my mother," said Mary Ann to the neighbor who told her what her mother said, "though I thought she didn't love me. I'll go!"

"Have you come?" said the mother, feebly, and she tried to raise her arms and put them about her daughter's neck, but she couldn't do it, and she looked into Mary Ann's pale face and cried like a baby.

"Mother, my dear mother," said the daughter, and she hid her own tears in the pillow that supported the gray head of the dying woman.

"Where's Joseph?" at length her mother asked.

"He's—he's *drunk*, mother," replied Mary Ann, with a fresh burst of grief. "Oh, mother, I think you loved better, after all, than Joe did—and now—"

"Yes, now, Mary Ann, I must die and leave you just as we have learned how we have loved each other. God forgive us!"

"Yes, God forgive us!" said Mary Ann.—Mrs. M. P. S. Crozier, in Union Signal.

THE TALE OF LOST CHAHIM.

Experience of Bibulous Citizens of Cairo a Warning to Others.

The Egyptians, both Mussulmans and Christians, are a temperate people, but as a warning to those who are inclined to be otherwise, they often tell the story of the lost Chahim. It is certainly a picturesque illustration of the degrading and pitiable helplessness into which even a little alcohol can lead one.

Chahim was an honest citizen of Cairo, who had, nevertheless, a weakness for wine. One evening when he had partaken of the cup he returned home rather late. He was aware from previous experience that, when he should wake in the morning, his head would be in a pitiable condition. So he took his writing tablet and laboriously noted down upon it the whereabouts of all the articles which he would need in the morning.

"The slippers," he wrote, "are on the outer threshold. The jacket is on the table in the east chamber. The trousers are on the tabouret." Then he sank down on the bed, and with the writing-tablet still in his hand, he wrote: "And Chahim is on the bed."

He fell into the stupid slumber of intoxication. Late in the morning he woke. His head ached cruelly, and all his ideas were in confusion. Then his eyes fell on his writing-tablet on the bed beside him.

He was overjoyed to find this record of the whereabout of his wearing apparel. Dragging himself out of bed, he dressed himself by its aid. When his clothes were on, he read on the tablet: "And Chahim is on the bed. He looked on the bed. Chahim was not there!

He was filled with consternation. Chahim must have been mislaid. He began to hunt through the house; no Chahim was to be found. He became weak and dizzy from his vain search, and threw himself down on the bed.

After a few moments his head steadied a little, and he became aware where he was. Chahim was on the bed! He had found himself. Uttering a cry of joy at this rediscovery, he arose sober. He realized then what a fool he had been, and resolved never again to drink of the liquor which turns a man into a sillier thing than a sheep or a hen.—Youth's Companion.

A Matter of Business.

Total abstinence from intoxicating drink is not simply teaching of the church and the temperance society, but of many a railroad corporation and business house. Many of the largest and best of these great companies have laid it down as an absolute and irrefragable condition for their employes that they shall be absolutely temperate. Let these companies be called narrow, severe, fanatical, bigoted, puritanical, straight-laced, or what-not, they make it their changeless rule. They can not afford to have their capital and their business endangered by drinking employes.—Herald and Presbyter.

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

THE more you puff a cigar the smaller it becomes. And that is the way with some men.

WHISKY and water don't mix very well, because the whisky always spoils the water.

THE man who talks of the evils of "immoderate drinking," with an emphasis on "immoderate," nearly always means drinking any more than he drinks.—The Voice.

THE real problem in the political economy of the United States is to get $900,000,000 we have invested in whisky turned into the channels of productive industry. No country can prosper with so much of its capital at work to destroy every other industry.—Epworth Era.

A DOCTOR has discovered the curious fact that the skull of a man who has died from delirium tremens contains alcoholic vapor. A small opening in the skull soon after death permits it to escape, when it can be ignited and burns with a bluish flame.—Popular Science News.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—When the Dutch destroyed all the clove trees on the Ternate islands several diseases never known before in that region appeared and became epidemic.

—The pure white lotus is the royal flower of Siam and is always borne before the king in state processions. For a subject to carry one or have one carried before him is high treason.

—The colored people living in Berlin held a festival in that city recently which attracted many of the prominent people of the capital. One of the best speakers made an address, as became a good adopted citizen, in eulogy of the German emperor. Negroes in the fatherland have reason to be content with their lot. They are said to be received on an equality with whites, and are often called "brunettes."

—The restriction that no member of another feminine patriotic association may join the order of the Daughters of the Cincinnati has been removed, and the society's doors are now open to all eligible candidates. The membership now numbers 40, while many papers of new candidates are in course of examination. There is a long waiting list, and the number of applications averages eight daily. Of late many Baltimoreans have joined, indicating southern interest in the new organization.

—The nerves of warm-blooded animals telegraph information to their brains at the rate of about 150 feet per second. When anyone puts his hand on hot iron he does not feel it until the nerves have sent the message to the brain, and in the interval his hand has been burned. It is thought that this would not be the case if the nerve message were transmitted with the intensity and velocity of electricity transmitted over a copper wire to a brain acting with the promptness of a Leyden jar.

—Food, to be properly digested, should be well and thoroughly cooked. The process of cooking promotes certain necessary chemical changes, and destroys a prolific source of disease. Food and drink frequently contain poisons which the long-continued application of heat will render innocuous. The practice of recommending raw or partially cooked meats is especially bad. Such food is a heavy tax upon the digestive organs, and often acts as a carrier for the virus of infectious diseases.

—The average foreigner's ignorance of things American was brought home to a traveler in Madrid this summer, who was strolling through the streets of that city in company with a Spanish gentleman of excellent education. The two passed an inn on whose sign-board were painted the words: "Casa Washington." The Spaniard pointed it out to his companion. "Ah, we think so much of your Washington!" he said. "He was the greatest man of our country." The American at once felt the correct thrill of patriotic pride. "Yes," continued the other, meditatively, "his books on Spain are a delight, and his career here as minister made him to be admired by all." The American caught his breath, but wisely did not undertake to disabuse his friend of the impression that the greatest American was Washington Irving.

FIGHT WITH TWO LIONS.

Hairbreadth Escape from the Clutches of a Hungry Beast.

He saw, above the ledge and a little beyond, the ears and head of a lion as it sat watching the deer. Jake rose in his saddle to place a bullet, as he said, midway between those ears, when a powerful lion leaped from behind a tree on the ledge of rock above and, striking him in the chest, carried him off his horse, headlong down the mountain, and his horse ran wildly away. A moment later Jake was lying on his back in the snow, his head up hill and the beast standing over him with one paw planted firmly on his chest, the other slightly lifted, and wagging its tail in delight, while its hot breath was exhaled into Jake's face.

His first impulse was to hold down his chin tightly, to prevent his throat being torn open, while he cautiously felt for his knife. He found the knife and as he drew it a slight grating sound caused the lion to rebound at his feet and as it did so it uttered a scream which Jake knew only gave him the chance of a moment. It was a call for the other lion. Fearing to make a motion of escape or resistance he moved his hand back in the snow in search of his rifle, which had been lost in the fall. His finger touched the stock. He cautiously pulled it down by his side and still looking his captor straight in the eyes slowly turned the rifle till its muzzle faced the lion. The bullet passed through its heart and it sank on Jake's feet. Before he could move from his helpless position the other lion bounced over the precipice and somewhat overleaping its mark lit in the snow and instantly received a bullet in its brain. The two lions lay dead not ten feet apart.—Outing.

Delicious Innocence.

At Darlington recently a minister's little daughter was attending her first church service. She had never seen her father in the pulpit before, and on his entrance there her presence of mind forsook her and she piped out in a voice expressive of recognition: "Why, there's my papa up there in that box!" Avenging propriety swept down upon the little maiden, and for a season there was a great calm. But the service was grievously long to such a wee worshipper, and she became very restless, walking up and down the pew and sighing audibly. "It won't be long, dear," mamma whispered. Whereupon ensued another brief period of quiet, but it was not to last. Tired baby nature had reached its utmost limit of endurance, and by and by over the quiet listeners arose a little voice, clear and plausible and coaxing. "Isn't you nearly done, papa?" — London Telegraph.

JAPANESE PICKPOCKET.

Fraternity Which Is Well Organized and Under Discipline.

A Japanese pickpocket is an artful [illegible] knave. The public is notified to beware of him at all points. The market here is cultivated and trained to [illegible] profession. In Tokio he is to [illegible] extent the slave of a master, who [illegible] him, looks after him when he is [illegible] or ill, markets the stolen goods [illegible] so shares in the proceeds. The [illegible] of the capital have the names and [illegible] es of about a thousand professional pickpockets known as Suri—that [illegible] le given to all forms of outdoor [illegible] Of this number only about 50 are [illegible]

So well is the fraternity [illegible] that about 50 per cent. pass [illegible] the hands of the police yearly. The [illegible] organization of these thieves is said to be perfect, benevolence and helpfulness being distinguishing characteristics. There are about 70 "masters" in Tokio—men who apparently carry on legitimate business, but who are in fact teachers of pickpockets and employers of the same. In what is known as the Shiba district a man known as Seji is the boss, and thieves belonging to any other parts of the city are not permitted to poach upon his preserves. He is supposed to have about 40 deft-fingered fellows working for him on sharing terms. He takes good care of these rascals, and the plunder turned in is usually sent off at once to another city to be turned into money.

According to a journalist who has made something of a study of these pickpockets there is a high sense of honor in the fraternity. Smartness in "working a crowd" is looked upon with great favor, and a man who uses rough or improper methods is tabooed. Not long ago a Tokio pickpocket chloroformed a man in a railway car and stole his watch. He lost caste at once. No respectable thief will associate with him, and he will probably be driven eventually to pilfering clotheslines.

Of course, where the police have such intimate knowledge of the pickpockets it is not difficult to recover stolen property. When promptly notified they will recover the stolen article four times out of five.—N. Y. Herald.

KEEPS THE MONEY CLEAN.

No Old or Defaced Bills Paid Out by the Bank of England.

If the people really knew how many persons had caught some sort of disease from handling paper money which had previously been in the possession of sufferers from some contagion they would demand a radical change in the policy of the government toward old greenbacks and bank notes. The treasury department has subtreasuries in the larger cities of the country, through which, to a large extent, the currency of the country passes. These institutions take in the small bills of their respective cities and regions during a part of the year and pay them out at other times, according as the convenience of the banks require. Now the rule should be that no subtreasury should pay out to banks or others any but brand new greenbacks and that the national bank notes which have been in use should be replaced by new ones. The banks pay the government enough so that, as a mere matter of commercial business, this policy toward their notes should be adopted. But whether that was so or not, this fresh bill policy should be adopted and maintained.

It is a uniform rule with the Bank of England that none but absolutely new bills can go out over its counter. No matter if the bill has not the slightest marks of use. If it once gets back into the bank it never goes out again. The rule is inflexible and is carried out faithfully. The United States treasury should do as much for the American people as that bank does for the people of Great Britain. The cost to the bank of a new bill is precisely half a penny. Of course this amounts to a good deal of money each year, but not enough to be an appreciable factor in the general business of the bank.—Banker's Monthly.

An Ambitious Cook.

"There is such a thing as excess of zeal, even in a servant," remarked Mrs. X——the other day. "Wishing to be particularly economical this year I engaged a 'plain cook' at low wages—quite an ignorant girl, but most willing—and I proceeded to teach her with a capital receipt book how to make 'made dishes' for dinner. My dear, the ambition of that woman knew no bounds! Nothing would satisfy her but to attempt something new every day. Every available spare moment she pored over the cook book. At first I was naturally delighted with her ambition and bought everything she asked for, and thought how fortunate I was to get such a creature, and how I would astonish my friends by and by with the dinners cooked by my aspiring Bridget. But when I made up my accounts at the end of the month I found that the extra groceries and meats I had bought for her experiments—which, although more or less successful, were not altogether satisfactory—cost as much, if not more, than would have been paid the wages of a cordon bleu. So I considered that it was not my metier to train cooks for my rich friends—for, of course, she will leave me when she becomes really expert."—Philadelphia Times.

—Trusses for hernia were known to the Phoenicians 900 years before Christ, as is shown by a votive image recently found at Soussa, in the possession of Dr. Poucet, chief medical officer of the French army in Tunis. The statuette is of terra cotta, representing the Egyptian god Bizou; but around its waist is an elaborate and efficient metallic truss. Various forms of hernia are shown in the figure, which the Lancet calls a perfect museum of hernial pathology.

—"Dry rot" is the putrefaction of the vegetable albumen in wood, and can be prevented only by some process of hardening or extracting this element.

HOW TO LOSE FLESH.

The Testimony of One Who Has Suffered and Been Redeemed.

It began after an illness and a diet of milk—a gradual and persistent accumulation of flesh that grew with years, until the lines of the figure were destroyed, proportions marred, and the woman felt her own identity lost.

There was twice as much of her, she used to say, as there had been before, and she did not know how to adapt herself to her new possession. She felt apologetic in her attitude to old friends who had not seen her for some time, as though when she met them she must atone for having brought so much more with her than they had expected.

She became, under the weight of her new responsibility, self-conscious, self-depreciative, sensitive, worried, hopeless and helpless. Her taste was shocked, her sensibilities wounded. There seemed no escape, no remedy. Her sympathetic friends, too sorry for her to be truthful, refused to acknowledge any undue increase of size. They reasoned against her anxieties with false platitudes, and never confessed her awkwardness. She might have believed them, but that one day, when in a summer dress that weighed little, she tipped the scales at two hundred and seven. She never forgot the sensation.

It was then she determined to conquer herself. After much study and looking about she determined upon a regimen. She instantly gave up sugar in tea or coffee, and milk at any time. For two months she took for breakfast, luncheon and dinner only beefsteak and toast, and now and then spinach and lettuce; always oranges—oranges in plenty. She drank with this clear coffee or tea. Sometimes she took claret. She limited the amount of water taken through the day to one quart, or at most three pints. Some of this she drank hot before or after meals. Often she squeezed the juice of a lemon in it. When the two months were over and the flesh had begun to diminish she ate other vegetables and fruit, corn, peaches, celery, but never any vegetable that grew underground—potatoes, onions, parsnips, turnips or beets. She never ate—and this was her most important rule—she never ate anything fermenting in character, any pears, plums, grapes or sweets. Because bread has a fermenting quality in it, she always toasted it dry. Pudding she never touched, sauces nor cake. If any food led to flatulency in any form she knew at once it was food to be avoided. By and by, after the first few months, she allowed herself now and then an occasional sweet or an ice, but never as a habit.

She relied but little upon exercise, except to walk regularly every day. She never rode in a horse car without stopping to think whether she could not walk the distance as well without fatigue. She always, in fact, avoided fatigue when she could—fatigue leading to relaxation of the muscles, as she discovered, and a kind of puffiness of the flesh. There was then less resistance to fatty formations.

In a year this woman lost forty pounds, and this without exhausting herself or submitting her body to violent tests. Her digestion never was so perfect, her color and her general health improved. No wrinkles showed themselves, the adaptations through all her system having been gradual.

The first few months of the regime she considers critical. It is then that the new habits of the body are being formed, and self-denial, self-control, careful guidance, and a rigid sense of duty are of paramount importance. The sufferings are all in the early stages, and the sufferings then are only in controlling some appetite for a sweet. After that, self-master becomes easy, and with self-mastery an occasional indulgence leads to no harm—occasional meaning once in many months.—Harper's Bazar.

THE BRIDE GOT AHEAD.

An Amusing Incident at a Washington Wedding.

"A very amusing thing occurred at my church the other day," said a young minister. "A couple were to be married, and when they came to the rehearsal the night before it was evident that none of them, from the bridegroom to the doorkeeper, knew just exactly what was expected of them. I explained to the best of my ability to each one separately what they had to do, how and where they were to walk, laying particular stress on the distance they were to observe between the different members of the bridal party while advancing to the altar, and also upon the fact that the ushers should give the organist the cue by a nod of the head when to begin the wedding march. Now, the organist was also a new and young musician, who had never officiated at a wedding before.

"On the night of the wedding the church was crowded. The bridegroom, the best man and I were waiting in the vestry room and I could hear the organist extemporizing some plaintive melody, when suddenly the janitor rushed in the door and said the ushers were half way up the aisle. I looked out in dismay and beheld the first two ushers almost to the altar steps, the bridesmaid about two feet behind them and the bride with her father already started on their journey. I beckoned to them to go back and they stood stock still in the middle of the aisle. I rushed to the organist and called out to him to start the march. Then I grimaced and nodded and beckoned until I finally got the party started again all around. The organist, in the evident desire to make up for lost time, played the march in a break-neck tempo and kept it up right along after we had all assembled. I waited for fully thirty seconds and then began to get anxious, as he showed no sign of letting up until he had played the composition to the end, and with all its repetitions while we stood there in front of the crowded church.—Washington Times.

Did Her Duty.

Mrs. B.—Bridget, have you turned the gas on in the parlor, as I told you?

New Domestic—Yis, mum; can't you smell it?—Boston Courier.

CIVILIZATION HAS RUINED THEM

Dr. Eastman, the Sioux Missionary, Speaks of the Degeneracy of His Race.

Dr. Charles A. Eastman, the Sioux Indian physician and missionary, who was married to Elaine Goodale, the poet, in the Church of the Ascension in this city four years ago, on a visit to New York with his wife made an address before the Harlem branch of the Young Men's Christian association. Dr. Eastman told his large audience many interesting things about the Indians.

"I find," he said, "that the Indian as a man is very much the same as the men of other races. Their habits and their faculties are the same, and when they are developed they have as much manliness, godliness and self-respect as the men of other races. It is surprising the amount of faith in God you will find among some of the most ignorant and uneducated Indians. I could mention dozens of remarkable cases if I had time, but, as I am limited, I will only tell you of one. This one was an old Indian who was converted long ago. Ever since his conversion he has made a practice of rising every morning at seven o'clock and saying his prayers. When I asked him why he did this he told me that it gave him first chance with the Lord, and he was thus enabled to be heard alone.

"The great trouble with our young men to-day is that they have been precipitated into modern civilization with such suddenness that they have absorbed most of the evil of it and little of the good. They are mostly drunkards, rustlers and idlers and are physical and moral degenerates. They are not the same men that the Indians of my day were. Then, our young men thought nothing of ten or twenty-mile runs, and it was a common amusement with them to race and beat fleet ponies across the prairies.

"To-day you can scarcely find an Indian who can run as much as two miles, while in the old days it was nothing to do from 50 to 70 miles a day in foot travel, and to go for as many as three days and nights without food. This difference between the Indian of old and the Indian of to-day only serves to illustrate the fact that the race has degenerated physically and morally since civilization has been thrust upon it.

"They say that the Indian is dying away. If the Indian is, it is a good thing. What we want to save is the man, the good in the young men, and by doing this we can save the race. It is going to be hard work, for the small tribes are scattered all through the west, and, harassed and driven nearly crazy as they are by the government, it is difficult to win over their confidence. They are absolutely without ambition now, and the only way that that can ever be effected is through the medium of the Gospel. The Indian is known in the east as a stoical and sad individual, but that is a mistake. Before strangers he is stoical, but that is only diplomacy and not his real nature. Get him around the camp fire and he is a good fellow. He will talk and laugh with you and tell funny stories the same as a white man. What he likes more than anything else is a joke, and if you want to earn the contempt of an Indian you have but to show anger over a joke in his presence. He will take a joke on himself and laugh as heartily over it as if it was on another, so he has no use for any man who cannot do the same.

"My idea of converting the Indian is to start in by improving him physically. Then improve him mentally and you will find a self-respecting, noble and gentlemanly man. The Indians were originally the most gentlemanly race extant. The Sioux were famous for their gentlemanly behavior among themselves, and I know it was the same with many of the northwestern tribes. The best evidence of this is the fact that the young Indians were never allowed to address their elders until they were 21 years of age, and no male could smoke until he had proved himself a grown man and had been admitted to the councils of the tribe. It was such laws as these that made the Indian a devoted husband and a fearless warrior. For such was the original Indian. To-day the race is a ruined one—ruined by civilization. Every game with them is a medium for gambling. There are none of the manly contests of the old days now. They're all beggars, too, and even the very youngest is not ashamed to ask for alms. They live only to eat and sleep, and their thoughts are always of the present. The Indian spirit is broken, and nothing but systematic work will ever revive it."—N. Y. Sun.

Gold and Silver Hoards in India.

Between 1850 and 1889, 30 years, or less than half one lifetime, India has absorbed £117,000,000 in gold and £227,000,000 in silver, or £344,000,000 in all. What has become of the silver we do not exactly know, though it is certain that a great proportion of it is hoarded as fixed and visible wealth, but about the destination of the gold there is no doubt whatever. The people have got the whole of it in their own hands, for it is not in circulation, and are using it either in ornaments kept, be it observed, to pawn in extremity, or as hoarded treasures in coin, such as lies under almost every peasant's floor in the Punjaub and eastern Bengal. India is a treasure house of gold, yet a man may live 30 years in the British provinces and never see an ounce. The whole of this wealth, says Lord Roberts, with perfect justice, and especially the gold which represents obviously and necessarily part of the profit on the foreign trade, is due to security, and security is due to the presence of that army of 80,000 white men, which is so often represented as a burden on the Indian peasant.—London Tid-Bits.

A Poser.

Prof. Zanker, the famous orientalist, one day received the copy of an inscription which a friend and admirer of his declared he had found in a mediæval tome. The sender asked him to decipher the mysterious extract, promising to forward the valuable old manuscript as soon as he got it from its owner, a relative of his. The inscription ran as follows:

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

THE BIRD WITH BROKEN PINION.

"I walked in the woodland meadows,
Where sweet the thrushes sing;
And found, on a bed of mosses,
A bird with a broken wing.
I healed the wound, and each morning
It sang its sweet, old strain;
But the bird with the broken pinion
Never soared as high again."

I found a young life broken
By man's bewitching art,
And touched with a Christ-like pity
I took him to my heart.
He signed the pledge, and kept it;
My labors were not in vain;
But that life by rum once stricken
Never soared as high again.

I climbed up an Alpine mountain,
With a brother at my side;
In the strength of a splendid manhood,
A noble, courageous guide.
He slipped, and fell in a chasm
Near a hundred feet below,
And there on the rocks lay wounded,
While his life-blood stained the snow.

Did I go to my fallen brother?
Ah, yes, with a heavy heart;
He had drank some rum that morning,
And through its seductive art
Had stumbled down the pathway,
On the awful crags of pain;
And though he lived, that brother
Never climbed as high again.

Oh, boys! in your pure young manhood,
Keep out of this demon's snare,
He will lead you on to perdition,
He will blacken your life with care.
He will take your mind and money,
Till your highest hopes are slain;
For a life by rum once stricken
Never soars as high again.

—Howard C. Tripp, in Lever.

A YOUNG GIRL'S CHOICE.

Leaves Home for a Man Who Drank and Repents in Later Years.

"I declare for't, Mary Ann, I never see such works in all my born days! Here you an' Joe was a-settin' out on the piazzy last night till ten o'clock, a-talkin' an' a-laffin' an' a-keepin' everybody awake, when you yourself oughter a-been abed an' asleep so's to a-got up at four o'clock this mornin' an' had them chickens fed an' cows milked afore sunrise, an' now it's half-past five an' you've jest got your duds on; next thing you'll be engaged!"

"Well, mother, p'raps I may as well tell you now as any time—me and Joe is goin' to git marri'd."

"Git marri'd—sakes alive! Why, Mary Ann Wilkinson, what you thinkin' about? An' only eighteen, an' jest as you've got so's you're some use to me an' can pay for your bringin' up! How'm I goin' to git along, I should like ter know! You must have a big bump o' gratitude."

"How old was you, mother, when you got married?"

"Well, I was only seventeen, to be sure, an' a foolish critter for doin' it. I did hope you would have more sense!"

"I have had, mother, a whole year more. Girls will be girls, you know," said Mary Ann, taking up the milk-pail.

"Yis, an' boys will be boys, I s'pose, but all the same I think it's mean to carry off a girl jest as she's begun to be wuth somethin'. Joe is a good fellow enough, I suppose, but I want you to tell him he's got to wait three years an' in that time maybe your father'll git the farm paid for an' you can go."

"In that time father won't git the farm paid for, mother; don't you see how he's runnin' behind all the time? It's better I git away an' be no more expense to him. Joe an' I can earn our own livin' an' be gittin' somethin' ahead. He's got a cow an' a yoke o' steers to start on, an' his father'll let us have the Smith forty to live on."

"Well, I think you're the ongratefulest huzzy I ever see!" said Mrs. Wilkinson, raising her voice to a high pitch.

Mary Ann went out and shut the door with rather an emphatic slam as she heard the hateful word "huzzy." "I will git marri'd for all her," she said as she went to the barnyard. "I won't stay here any longer an' be a drudge, an' be scolded all the time! I don't care if Joe does drink a little. Mother don't know that, an' he won't when I get him. I'll run the resk, anyhow. I can't more'n 'jump out o' the frying pan into the fire!'

"ME AND JOE IS GOIN' TO GIT MARRI'D."

So it came to pass that one day Mary Ann and Joe ran away and got married, and went to live in the Smith house.

Her mother never went near her, and within a year she lay pale and sick with a dead baby in a coffin by her side.

In her delirium she muttered: "O mother, mother, if you'd only a' told me—if you hadn't scolded me so!"

"Mis' Wilkinson, you'd ought to go and see Mary Ann," said a neighbor to her one day; "they're afraid she's goin' to die!"

"Catch me a-goin' to see her," said her mother snappishly; "as she's made her bed let her lie in it—catch me goin' to see her!" and she shut her lips closely and looked hard and cold.

But Mary Ann didn't die; a strong constitution triumphed, and before long she was feeding chickens again and milking cows for Joseph Jones. And she sang at her work, for Joseph was pleasant, and it was easier than doing the same work for a scolding mother.

Time went on. Things were tolerably prosperous at the Smith farm, for Joe was reasonably industrious and Mary Ann contented.

Two or three more children came, and it was noticed that Mary Ann had begun to talk to them in something like the same high, rasping key and aggravating manner which her mother had used toward her. By and by she addressed Joe in the same way. "What's bred in the bone," you know. Then it was noticed that Joseph was drinking—not very much, but still drinking. The farm began to run down. The fences weren't kept up, and the Canada thistles were spreading in the fields. The children were big enough to go to school, but they did not go because they had no shoes good enough to wear. Mary Ann began to look anxious and careworn. The fire had begun to burn worse than the frying-pan.

One day Mrs. Wilson was stricken with paralysis. She was helpless in her bed, but she could talk. "Oh, if Mary Ann would only come home!" she said. "It is so long—so long since she went away. I *did* love her, though I didn't say so—I *did love her!*"

"An' I did love my mother," said Mary Ann to the neighbor who told her what her mother said, "though I thought she didn't love me. I'll go!"

"Have you come?" said the mother, feebly, and she tried to raise her arms and put them about her daughter's neck, but she couldn't do it, and she looked into Mary Ann's pale face and cried like a baby.

"Mother, my dear mother," said the daughter, and she hid her own tears in the pillow that supported the gray head of the dying woman.

"Where's Joseph?" at length her mother asked.

"He's—he's *drunk*, mother," replied Mary Ann, with a fresh burst of grief. "Oh, mother, I think you loved better, after all, than Joe did—and now——"

"Yes, now, Mary Ann, I must die and leave you just as we have learned how we have loved each other. God forgive us!"

"Yes, God forgive us!" said Mary Ann—Mrs. M. P. S. Crozier, in Union Signal.

THE TALE OF LOST CHAHIM.

Experience of Ribulous Citizens of Cairo a Warning to Others.

The Egyptians, both Mussulmans and Christians, are a temperate people, but as a warning to those who are inclined to be otherwise, they often tell the story of the lost Chahim. It is certainly a picturesque illustration of the degrading and pitiable helplessness into which even a little alcohol can lead one.

Chahim was an honest citizen of Cairo, who had, nevertheless, a weakness for wine. One evening when he had partaken of the cup he returned home rather late. He was aware from previous experience that, when he should wake in the morning, his head would be in a pitiable condition. So he took his writing tablet and laboriously noted down upon it the whereabouts of all the articles which he would need in the morning.

"The slippers," he wrote, "are on the outer threshold. The jacket is on the table in the east chamber. The trousers are on the tabouret." Then he sank down on the bed, and with the writing-tablet still in his hand, he wrote: "And Chahim is on the bed."

He fell into the stupid slumber of intoxication. Late in the morning he woke. His head ached cruelly, and all his ideas were in confusion. Then his eyes fell on his writing-tablet on the bed beside him.

He was overjoyed to find this record of the whereabout of his wearing apparel. Dragging himself out of bed, he dressed himself by its aid. When his clothes were on, he read on the tablet: "And Chahim is on the bed. He looked on the bed. Chahim was not there!

He was filled with consternation. Chahim must have been mislaid. He began to hunt through the house; no Chahim was to be found. He became weak and dizzy from his vain search, and threw himself down on the bed.

After a few moments his head steadied a little, and he became aware where he was. Chahim was on the bed! He had found himself. Uttering a cry of joy at this rediscovery, he arose sober. He realized then what a fool he had been, and resolved never again to drink of the liquor which turns a man into a sillier thing than a sheep or a hen.—Youth's Companion.

A Matter of Business.

Total abstinence from intoxicating drink is not simply teaching of the church and the temperance society, but of many a railroad corporation and business house. Many of the largest and best of these great companies have laid it down as an absolute and irrefragable condition for their employes that they shall be absolutely temperate. Let these companies be called narrow, severe, fanatical, bigoted, puritanical, straight-laced, or what-not, they make it their changeless rule. They can not afford to have their capital and their business endangered by drinking employes.—Herald and Presbyter.

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

THE more you puff a cigar the smaller it becomes. And that is the way with some men.

WHISKY and water don't mix very well, because the whisky always spoils the water.

THE man who talks of the evils of "immoderate drinking," with an emphasis on "immoderate," nearly always means drinking any more than he drinks.—The Voice.

THE real problem in the political economy of the United States is to get $900,000,000 we have invested in whisky turned into the channels of productive industry. No country can prosper with so much of its capital at work to destroy every other industry.—Epworth Era.

A DOCTOR has discovered the curious fact that the skull of a man who has died from delirium tremens contains alcoholic vapor. A small opening in the skull soon after death permits it to escape, when it can be ignited and burns with a bluish flame.—Popular Science News.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—When the Dutch destroyed all the clove trees on the Ternate islands several diseases never known before in that region appeared and became epidemic.

—The pure white lotus is the royal flower of Siam and is always borne before the king in state processions. For a subject to carry one or have one carried before him is high treason.

—The colored people living in Berlin held a festival in that city recently which attracted many of the prominent people of the capital. One of the best speakers made an address, as became a good adopted citizen, in eulogy of the German emperor. Negroes in the fatherland have reason to be content with their lot. They are said to be received on an equality with whites, and are often called "brunettes."

—The restriction that no member of another feminine patriotic association may join the order of the Daughters of the Cincinnati has been removed, and the society's doors are now open to all eligible candidates. The membership now numbers 40, while many papers of new candidates are in course of examination. There is a long waiting list, and the number of applications averages eight daily. Of late many Baltimoreans have joined, indicating southern interest in the new organization.

—The nerves of warm-blooded animals telegraph information to their brains at the rate of about 150 feet per second. When anyone puts his hand on hot iron he does not feel it until the nerves have sent the message to the brain, and in the interval his hand has been burned. It is thought that this would not be the case if the nerve message were transmitted with the intensity and velocity of electricity transmitted over a copper wire to a brain acting with the promptness of a Leyden jar.

—Food, to be properly digested, should be well and thoroughly cooked. The process of cooking promotes certain necessary chemical changes, and destroys a prolific source of disease. Food and drink frequently contain poisons which the long-continued application of heat will render innocuous. The practice of recommending raw or partially cooked meats is especially bad. Such food is a heavy tax upon the digestive organs, and often acts as a carrier for the virus of infectious diseases.

—The average foreigner's ignorance of things American was brought home to a traveler in Madrid this summer, who was strolling through the streets of that city in company with a Spanish gentleman of excellent education. The two passed an inn on whose sign-board were painted the words: "Casa Washington." The Spaniard pointed it out to his companion. "Ah, we think so much of your Washington!" he said. "He was the greatest man of our country." The American at once felt the correct thrill of patriotic pride. "Yes," continued the other, meditatively, "his books on Spain are a delight, and his career here as minister made him to be admired by all." The American caught his breath, but wisely did not undertake to disabuse his friend of the impression that the greatest American was Washington Irving.

FIGHT WITH TWO LIONS.

Hairbreadth Escape from the Clutches of a Hungry Beast.

He saw, above the ledge and a little beyond, the ears and head of a lion as it sat watching the deer. Jake rose in his saddle to place a bullet, as he said, midway between those ears, when a powerful lion leaped from behind a tree on the ledge of rock above and, striking him in the chest, carried him off his horse, headlong down the mountain, and his horse ran wildly away. A moment later Jake was lying on his back in the snow, his head up hill and the beast standing over him with one paw planted firmly on his chest, the other slightly lifted, and wagging its tail in delight, while its hot breath was exhaled into Jake's face.

His first impulse was to hold down his chin tightly, to prevent his throat being torn open, while he cautiously felt for his knife. He found the knife and as he drew it a slight grating sound caused the lion to rebound at his feet and as it did so it uttered a scream which Jake knew only gave him the chance of a moment. It was a call for the other lion. Fearing to make a motion of escape or resistance he moved his hand back in the snow in search of his rifle, which had been lost in the fall. His finger touched the stock. He cautiously pulled it down by his side and still looking his captor straight in the eyes slowly turned the rifle till its muzzle faced the lion. The bullet passed through its heart and it sank on Jake's feet. Before he could move from his helpless position the other lion bounced over the precipice and somewhat overleaping its mark lit in the snow and instantly received a bullet in its brain. The two lions lay dead not ten feet apart.—Outing.

Delicious Innocence.

At Darlington recently a minister's little daughter was attending her first church service. She had never seen her father in the pulpit before, and on his entrance there her presence of mind forsook her and she piped out in a voice expressive of recognition: "Why, there's my papa up there in that box!" Avenging propriety swept down upon the little maiden, and for a season there was a great calm. But the service was grievously long to such a wee worshipper, and she became very restless, walking up and down the pew and sighing audibly. "It won't be long, dear," mamma whispered. Whereupon ensued another brief period of quiet, but it was not to last. Tired baby nature had reached its utmost limit of endurance, and by and by over the quiet listeners arose a little voice, clear and plausible and coaxing: "Isn't you nearly done, papa?" — London Telegraph.

JAPANESE PICKPOCKET.

Fraternity Which Is Well Organized and Under Discipline.

The Japanese pickpocket is an artful and talented knave. The public is notified to beware of him at all points. The pickpocket here is cultivated and trained for his profession. In Tokio he is to some extent the slave of a master, who trains him, looks after him when he is in jail or ill, markets the stolen goods and gives him shares in the proceeds. The police of the capital have the names and addresses of about a thousand professional pickpockets known as Suri—that is, pickpockets given to all forms of outdoor theft. Of this number only about 50 are women. So well is the fraternity known that about 50 per cent. pass through the hands of the police yearly. The organization of these thieves is said to be perfect, benevolence and helpfulness being distinguishing characteristics. There are about 70 "masters" in Tokio—men who apparently carry on legitimate business, but who are in fact teachers of pickpockets and employers of the same. In what is known as the Shiba district a man known as Sejl is the boss, and thieves belonging to any other parts of the city are not permitted to poach upon his preserves. He is supposed to have about 40 deft-fingered fellows working for him on sharing terms. He takes good care of these rascals, and the plunder turned in is usually sent off at once to another city to be turned into money.

According to a journalist who has made something of a study of these pickpockets there is a high sense of honor in the fraternity. Smartness in "working a crowd" is looked upon with great favor, and a man who uses rough or improper methods is tabooed. Not long ago a Tokio pickpocket chloroformed a man in a railway car and stole his watch. He lost caste at once. No respectable thief will associate with him, and he will probably be driven eventually to pilfering clotheslines.

Of course, where the police have such intimate knowledge of the pickpockets it is not difficult to recover stolen property. When promptly notified they will recover the stolen article four times out of five.—N. Y. Herald.

KEEPS THE MONEY CLEAN.

No Old or Defaced Bills Paid Out by the Bank of England.

If the people really knew how many persons had caught some sort of disease from handling paper money which had previously been in the possession of sufferers from some contagion they would demand a radical change in the policy of the government toward old greenbacks and bank notes. The treasury department has subtreasuries in the larger cities of the country, through which, to a large extent, the currency of the country passes. These institutions take in the small bills of their respective cities and regions during a part of the year and pay them out at other times, according as the convenience of the banks require. Now the rule should be that no subtreasury should pay out to banks or others any but brand new greenbacks and that the national bank notes which have been in use should be replaced by new ones. The banks pay the government enough so that, as a mere matter of commercial business, this policy toward their notes should be adopted. But whether that was so or not, this fresh bill policy should be adopted and maintained.

It is a uniform rule with the Bank of England that none but absolutely new bills can go out over its counter. No matter if the bill has not the slightest marks of use. If it once gets back into the bank it never goes out again. The rule is inflexible and is carried out faithfully. The United States treasury should do as much for the American people as that bank does for the people of Great Britain. The cost to the bank of a new bill is precisely half a penny. Of course this amounts to a good deal of money each year, but not enough to be an appreciable factor in the general business of the bank.—Banker's Monthly.

An Ambitious Cook.

"There is such a thing as excess of zeal, even in a servant," remarked Mrs. X——the other day. "Wishing to be particularly economical this year I engaged a 'plain cook' at low wages—quite an ignorant girl, but most willing—and I proceeded to teach her with a capital receipt book how to make 'made dishes' for dinner. My dear, the ambition of that woman knew no bounds! Nothing would satisfy her but to attempt something new every day. Every available spare moment she pored over the cook book. At first I was naturally delighted with her ambition and bought everything she asked for, and thought how fortunate I was to get such a creature, and how I would astonish my friends by and by with the dinners cooked by my aspiring Bridget. But when I made up my accounts at the end of the month I found that the extra groceries and meats I had bought for her experiments—which, although more or less successful, were not altogether satisfactory—cost as much, if not more, than would have been paid the wages of a cordon bleu. So I considered that it was not my metier to train cooks for my rich friends—for, of course, she will leave me when she becomes really expert."—Philadelphia Times.

—Trusses for hernia were known to the Phoenicians 900 years before Christ, as is shown by a votive image recently found at Soussa, in the possession of Dr. Poucet, chief medical officer of the French army in Tunis. The statuette is of terra cotta, representing the Egyptian god Bizou; but around its waist is an elaborate and efficient metallic truss. Various forms of hernia are shown in the figure, which the Lancet calls a perfect museum of herniai pathology.

—"Dry rot" is the putrefaction of the vegetable albumen in wood, and can be prevented only by some process of hardening or extracting this element.

HOW TO LOSE FLESH.

The Testimony of One Who Has Suffered and Been Redeemed.

It began after an illness and a diet of milk—a gradual and persistent accumulation of flesh that grew with years, until the lines of the figure were destroyed, proportions marred, and the woman felt her own identity lost.

There was twice as much of her, she used to say, as there had been before, and she did not know how to adapt herself to her new possession. She felt apologetic in her attitude to old friends who had not seen her for some time, as though when she met them she must atone for having brought so much more with her than they had expected.

She became, under the weight of her new responsibility, self-conscious, self-depreciative, sensitive, worried, hopeless and helpless. Her taste was shocked, her sensibilities wounded. There seemed no escape, no remedy. Her sympathetic friends, too sorry for her to be truthful, refused to acknowledge any undue increase of size. They reasoned against her anxieties with false platitudes, and never confessed her awkwardness. She might have believed them, but that one day, when in a summer dress that weighed little, she tipped the scales at two hundred and seven. She never forgot the sensation.

It was then she determined to conquer herself. After much study and looking about she determined upon a regimen. She instantly gave up sugar in tea or coffee, and milk at any time. For two months she took for breakfast, luncheon and dinner only beefsteak and toast, and now and then spinach and lettuce; always oranges—oranges in plenty. She drank with this clear coffee or tea. Sometimes she took claret. She limited the amount of water taken through the day to one quart, or at most three pints. Some of this she drank hot before or after meals. Often she squeezed the juice of a lemon in it. When the two months were over and the flesh had begun to diminish she ate other vegetables and fruit, corn, peaches, celery, but never any vegetable that grew underground—potatoes, onions, parsnips, turnips or beets. She never ate—and this was her most important rule—she never ate anything fermenting in character, any pears, plums, grapes or sweets. Because bread has a fermenting quality in it, she always toasted it dry. Pudding she never touched, sauces nor cake. If any food led to flatuleney in any form she knew at once it was food to be avoided. By and by, after the first few months, she allowed herself now and then an occasional sweet or an ice, but never as a habit.

She relied but little upon exercise, except to walk regularly every day. She never rode in a horse car without stopping to think whether she could not walk the distance as well without fatigue. She always, in fact, avoided fatigue when she could—fatigue leading to relaxation of the muscles, as she discovered, and a kind of puffiness of the flesh. There was then less resistance to fatty formations.

In a year this woman lost forty pounds, and this without exhausting herself or submitting her body to violent tests. Her digestion never was so perfect, her color and her general health improved. No wrinkles showed themselves, the adaptations through all her system having been gradual.

The first few months of the regime she considers critical. It is then that the new habits of the body are being formed, and self-denial, self-control, careful guidance, and a rigid sense of duty are of paramount importance. The sufferings are all in the early stages, and the sufferings then are only in controlling some appetite for a sweet. After that, self-master becomes easy, and with self-mastery an occasional indulgence leads to no harm—occasional meaning once in many months.—Harper's Bazar.

THE BRIDE GOT AHEAD.

An Amusing Incident at a Washington Wedding.

"A very amusing thing occurred at my church the other day," said a young minister. "A couple were to be married, and when they came to the rehearsal the night before it was evident that none of them, from the bridegroom to the doorkeeper, knew just exactly what was expected of them. I explained to the best of my ability to each one separately what they had to do, how and where they were to walk, laying particular stress on the distance they were to observe between the different members of the bridal party while advancing to the altar, and also upon the fact that the ushers should give the organist the cue by a nod of the head when to begin the wedding march. Now, the organist was also a new and young musician, who had never officiated at a wedding before.

"On the night of the wedding the church was crowded. The bridegroom, the best man and I were waiting in the vestry room and I could hear the organist extemporizing some plaintive melody, when suddenly the janitor rushed in the door and said the ushers were half way up the aisle. I looked out in dismay and beheld the first two ushers almost to the altar steps, the bridesmaid about two feet behind them and the bride with her father already started on their journey. I beckoned to them to go back and they stood stock still in the middle of the aisle. I rushed to the organist and called out to him to start the march. Then I grimaced and nodded and beckoned until I finally got the party started again all around. The organist, in the evident desire to make up for lost time, played the march in a break-neck tempo and kept it up right along after we had all assembled. I waited for fully thirty seconds and then began to get anxious, as he showed no sign of letting up until he had played the composition to the end, and with all its repetitions while we stood there in front of the crowded church.—Washington Times.

Did Her Duty.

Mrs. B.—Bridget, have you turned the gas on in the parlor, as I told you?

New Domestic—Yis, mum; can't you smell it?—Boston Courier.

CIVILIZATION HAS RUINED THEM

Dr. Eastman, the Sioux Missionary, Speaks of the Degeneracy of His Race.

Dr. Charles A. Eastman, the Sioux Indian physician and missionary, who was married to Elaine Goodale, the poet, in the Church of the Ascension in this city four years ago, on a visit to New York with his wife made an address before the Harlem branch of the Young Men's Christian association. Dr. Eastman told his large audience many interesting things about the Indians.

"I find," he said, "that the Indian as a man is very much the same as the men of other races. Their habits and their faculties are the same, and when they are developed they have as much manliness, godliness and self-respect as the men of other races. It is surprising the amount of faith in God you will find among some of the most ignorant and uneducated Indians. I could mention dozens of remarkable cases if I had time, but, as I am limited, I will only tell you of one. This one was an old Indian who was converted long ago. Ever since his conversion he has made a practice of rising every morning at seven o'clock and saying his prayers. When I asked him why he did this he told me that it gave him first chance with the Lord, and he was thus enabled to be heard alone.

"The great trouble with our young men to-day is that they have been precipitated into modern civilization with such suddenness that they have absorbed most of the evil of it and little of the good. They are mostly drunkards, rustlers and idlers and are physical and moral degenerates. They are not the same men that the Indians of my day were. Then, our young men thought nothing of ten or twenty-mile runs, and it was a common amusement with them to race and beat fleet ponies across the prairies.

"To-day you can scarcely find an Indian who can run as much as two miles, while in the old days it was nothing to do from 50 to 70 miles a day in foot travel, and to go for as many as three days and nights without food. This difference between the Indian of old and the Indian of to-day only serves to illustrate the fact that the race has degenerated physically and morally since civilization has been thrust upon it.

"They say that the Indian is dying away. If the Indian is, it is a good thing. What we want to save is the man, the good in the young men, and by doing this we can save the race. It is going to be hard work, for the small tribes are scattered all through the west, and, harassed and driven nearly crazy as they are by the government, it is difficult to win over their confidence. They are absolutely without ambition now, and the only way that that can ever be effected is through the medium of the Gospel. The Indian is known in the east as a stoical and sad individual, but that is a mistake. Before strangers he is stoical, but that is only diplomacy and not his real nature. Get him around the camp fire and he is a good fellow. He will talk and laugh with you and tell funny stories the same as a white man. What he likes more than anything else is a joke, and if you want to earn the contempt of an Indian you have but to show anger over a joke in his presence. He will take a joke on himself and laugh as heartily over it as if it was on another, so he has no use for any man who cannot do the same.

"My idea of converting the Indian is to start in by improving him physically. Then improve him mentally and you will find a self-respecting, noble and gentlemanly man. The Indians were originally the most gentlemanly race extant. The Sioux were famous for their gentlemanly behavior among themselves, and I know it was the same with many of the northwestern tribes. The best evidence of this is the fact that the young Indians were never allowed to address their elders until they were 21 years of age, and no male could smoke until he had proved himself a grown man and had been admitted to the councils of the tribe. It was such laws as these that made the Indian a devoted husband and a fearless warrior. For such was the original Indian. To-day the race is a ruined one—ruined by civilization. Every game with them is a medium for gambling. There are none of the manly contests of the old days now. They're all beggars, too, and even the very youngest is not ashamed to ask for alms. They live only to eat and sleep, and their thoughts are always of the present. The Indian spirit is broken, and nothing but systematic work will ever revive it."—N. Y. Sun.

Gold and Silver Hoards in India.

Between 1859 and 1889, 30 years, or less than half one lifetime, India has absorbed £117,000,000 in gold and £227,000,000 in silver, or £344,000,000 in all. What has become of the silver we do not exactly know, though it is certain that a great proportion of it is hoarded as fixed and visible wealth, but about the destination of the gold there is no doubt whatever. The people have got the whole of it in their own hands, for it is not in circulation, and are using it either in ornaments kept, be it observed, to pawn in extremity, or as hoarded treasures in coin, such as lies under almost every peasant's floor in the Punjaub and eastern Bengal. India is a treasure house of gold, yet a man may live 50 years in the British provinces and never see an ounce. The whole of this wealth, says Lord Roberts, with perfect justice, and especially the gold which represents obviously and necessarily part of the profit on the foreign trade, is due to security, and security is due to the presence of that army of 80,000 white men, which is so often represented as a burden on the Indian peasant.—London Tid-Bits.

A Poser.

Prof. Zanker, the famous orientalist, one day received the copy of an inscription which a friend and admirer of his declared he had found in a medieval tome. The sender asked him to decipher the mysterious extract, promising to forward the valuable old manuscript as soon as he got it from its owner, a relative of his. The inscription ran as follows:

O[illegible]N LETTER.

[illegible] Correspondent.)

Wa[illegible]n, Dec. 2, 1895

When [illegible] Thomas B. Reed, of Me., to[illegible]s his seat as Speaker of the Ho[illegible] of Representatives in the mids[illegible] of the enthusiastic plaudits of h[illegible] colleagues on the floor of the House and of the crowds which filled [illegible] galleries to their full capacity, he might have been excused for feeling proud of the honors which the Republicans have delighted in heaping upon him. No greater honor could possibly be given any man than far the majority to unanimously nominate him for Speaker, not the perfunctory "unanimous" nomination which usually follows when one candidate receives a majority of votes in a caucus, over his competitor or competitors, but a really unanimous nomination in which there was no competitor, and in which no other candidate was either thought of or named. In the [illegible]ry of things such an honor can come to but few men, but that it was [illegible] deserved in this case is well known by every Republican in the United States. There are other able Republicans in the House—scores of them—but it was virtually settled by the Republican voters more than a year ago that this honor should be paid to Mr. Reed. One of the most important immediate results of Speaker Reed's being honored in so extraordinary a manner is that he assumes his high office nntrammeled by deals or promises—probably the only man to do so since Congress was established.

It is not yet certain when Speaker Reed will announce the committees of the House, but it is expected that he will do so before the close of the week. It is an encouraging sign that there is no scrambling for committee places. There seems to be a general disposition among the Republican members to leave it entirely to Mr. Reed to say where they shall serve, knowing that so far as the old members are concerned he is an excellent judge of the places in which they can do the best work towards making this a business Congress, and that the few personal disappointments, which must necessarily follow the placing of members will be largely overbalanced by the general good that will thereby be accomplished.

The other officers elected by the House were: Clerk, A. McDowell, of Pa., Sergeant-at-Arms, B. Russell, of Mo.; Doorkeeper, W. J. Glenn, of N. Y.; Postmaster, J. C. McElroy, of O.; Chaplain, Rev. H. N. Couden, of Mich.

The most interesting features of the first day's session of the Senate was the debut of the new Senators. There were thirty of them, but fourteen of them served in the last Senate and were merely sworn in for new terms, while three of them —Sewell, of N. J.; Walthall, of Miss., and Chilton, of Tex.,—have been in the Senate before. Thirteen donned the senatorial togs for the first time, but some of them have long been prominent in public life. For instance, Senator Nelson, of Minn., has been a member of the House and Governor of his State; Senator Thurston, of Nebr., has taken a leading part in the last two or three National Campaigns; Senator Carter, of Mont., in addition to serving two terms as a delegate in the House, is chairman of the Republican National Committee; Senator Elkins, of West Va., was a delegate in the House from New Mexico and Secretary of War in President Harrison's Cabinet; Senator Gear, of Iowa, has been twice Governor of his State, served three terms in the House, and was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury under the Harrison administration; Senator Burrows, of Michigan, was one of the leading Republicans of the House for a long period. Those who are new to national politics are, Clark, of Wyo.; Mantle, of Mont.; Baker, of Kansas; Pritchard, of North Carolina; and Wetmore, of R. I., and Tillman, of S. Car., Democrats, and Butler, of N. Car., Populist.

Owing to the time of the House being taken up with the selection of officers and the choice of seats Mr. Cleveland's message will not go in until tomorrow.

Representative Walter Evans, of Kentucky, thinks the Democrats started the story that he had withdrawn as a candidate for Senator, in order to create the impression that he didn't think the Republicans had any chance to elect Senator Blackburn's successor. Mr. Evans had not withdrawn, and he is confident that either himself or some other Republican will be elected to the Senate by the Kentucky legislature.

North Glade.

Miss May Fitzwater has been visiting at Ryan's Glade for several weeks.

Rev. Howard preached an excellent sermon for us the 24th ult.

Merry Christmas will soon be here. Appropriate services will be held. A splendid program is being arranged and a good time expected.

Highest compliments should be extended to the many thousand Democrats in Maryland who voted the Republican ticket. By so doing they declared that they were tired of bossism; that they desired better government, and that they believed the people should rule.

The correspondent to the *Mountain Democrat* from this place told us just before the election that "we are the people, etc.," but doubtless he has discovered his mistake. He also boasted of the fact that we have a Democratic teacher this winter. We admit that a school teacher has a right to his or her political views, but we would remind our contemporary that partisan politics should have no place whatever in church or school.

Great and arduous will be the responsibilities and duties devolving upon the new government. Unmaking unwise and despotic laws under which we have been struggling so long will be no easy task, and making righteous laws and regulations in their stead will require much labor and skill; but then we have the utmost confidence in the new administration, and we feel certain that our legislators elect and officials in general will earnestly endeavor to execute the will of the people and that as speedily as possible.

Of the many reforms needed we will only make one or two suggestions at present. Our so-called uniform school system has been a farce and needs a complete renovation. Our school commissioners and examiners or superintendents should be elected and of course will be. For all our primary or country teachers to be required to pass examinations on and attempt to teach geometry or algebra or any of the high school branches is absurd. The standard of education should be raised by having more proficient teachers in the branches actually taught, and longer schools, and better salaries for teachers, and last but not least the stepping aside of the bosses and the co-operation of the people — exercising their rights as freemen in a free country.

Needing a tonic, or contemplating going into spring medicine should take BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. It is pleasant to take, [illegible] Malaria, Indigestion, [illegible] Complaints.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county for a change in the county road leading from Frie's Mill to Mellenry road running through the lands of Henry G. Davis. Said change begins at John Johnson's sugar camp on said county road and running through the lands of Henry G. Davis and intersecting said county road close the Neal Johnson shanty, a distance of three-fourths of a mile more or less.

HENRY SINES,
JOHN SINES,
JOHN JOHNSON,
MARSHALL SINES.

39-31*

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett County at the suit of Martin J. West vs. Walter S. Wolfe the same being No. 18 Judicials to July Term, 1895, the undersigned sheriff will sell on

Saturday, the 28th Day of December, 1895,

at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m. of said day in front of the Court house door in the town of Oakland, at public auction to the highest bidder, all the right and title of the said defendant in and to all that parcel of land situated in district No. 7 Garrett County on the East side of the Yough river near the farm of Chauncey Kimmell, described as follows, to-wit:

It being the same parcel of land as particularly described in a deed from H. G. Davis and others to the said Walter S. Wolfe, dated the 1st day of October, in the year 1895, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 10, folio 671, &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett County, containing one hundred and thirty-three and a-half acres.

Said land is partly cleared and under cultivation and is improved by a dwelling house and other out buildings, and is said to be underlaid with a good vein of coal.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash on day of sale.

CHARLES WEGMAN,
39 3 Sheriff of Garrett County.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS
GARRETT COUNTY,
OAKLAND, MD., December 4th 1895.

To the honorable the Board of School Commissioners of Garrett County, Maryland.

Gentlemen, In compliance with the law in such cases made and provided, I hand you herewith a statement of receipts and disbursements on account of the public schools of Garrett county, for the fiscal year ending June 1st, 1895.

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand July 31, 1891	$ [illegible]
State School Tax	[illegible]
Academic Fund	[illegible]
State Free School Fund	[illegible]
County School Tax	[illegible]
License Fund	[illegible]
Sale of books	[illegible]
Special appropriation, Act of 1 91	[illegible]
Sale of outhouse at Loch Lynn	[illegible]
Temporary loan	[illegible]
Balance due Treasurer	[illegible]
Total	$36,6[illegible]

DISBURSEMENTS.

Teachers' salaries	$ 6,3[illegible]
Fuel	[illegible]
Incidental expenses	[illegible]
Rent	[illegible]
Books and stationery	[illegible]
Buildings (eight)	10,8[illegible]
Repairs	[illegible]
Furniture, stoves, etc	[illegible]
Discount and Interest	[illegible]
Salary Secretary, Treasurer and Examiner	[illegible]
Salary Assistant	[illegible]
Per diem School Commissioners	[illegible]
Office expenses	[illegible]
Printing and advertising	[illegible]
Insurance on Oakland building	[illegible]
Temporary loan	8,400 00
Total	$36,6[illegible] 69

You will notice that the actual receipts from all sources is $25,861.00, and not $36,683.69, as might be supposed from the above statement. All our liabilities for buildings, teachers' salaries, etc., were due and demandable on the 1st of January, 1895, while a large portion of our assets were not due until July following, consequently the necessity of the temporary loan.

The large amount expended for buildings the past year was caused by the erection of the Oakland school building which cost $14,211 00. This includes heating, ventilating and water closet apparatus; also charge of architect for plans and specifications.

Respectfully submitted,
WM. HINEBAUGH,
39-2 Treasurer.

Estate of James W. Hardesty, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of JAMES W. HARDESTY, late of Garrett County, Maryland, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 10th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 25th day of November, 1895.

CHARLES S. HARVEY, Adm'r.
39-3 Swanton, Md.

NOTICE TO DELINQUENT TAX-PAYERS.

Notice is hereby given to all delinquent taxpayers that if taxes now due and in arrear are not paid before January 1, 1896, I will proceed by law to collect. For full information to all parties interested I refer to Sec. 50 of Chapter 500 of Acts of General Assembly of Maryland, a copy of which is hereunto annexed.

E. E. SOLLARS,
Treasurer of Garrett County.

SECTION 50. The said Treasurer shall, during the first week in December in each and every year, give notice to all delinquent taxpayers of said county, by advertisement inserted in two newspapers published in said county, and by hand-bills posted in five of the most public places in each election district of said county, and at the court-house door warning them that the payment of all taxes then due and in arrear will be enforced by advertisement and sale unless the same are paid before the 1st day of January next following.

N. B. *The above will be strictly enforced after January 1, 1896.*

ORDER NISI.

William C. Devecmon vs Francis C. Pullliam. No. 720 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 15th day of November, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-five, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by William C. Devecmon, Mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 13th day of December, 1895; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 13th day of December, 1895.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2,000.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
37-31.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M. RATHBUN & CO., PLANING MILLS,

And BUILDING MATERIALS.

MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS,

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

38 13·

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, October 20, 1895. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	Daily	2.48 A. M
No. 3	Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 49	Express, daily except Mon.	3.55 A. M
No. 71	Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 47	Daily except Mon	10.49 A. M
No. 55	Express, daily	0.32 P. M
No. 15	Accommodation daily	6.45 P. M
No. 1	Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	Daily	5.59 A. M
No. 2	Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 14	Accommodation daily	9.09 A. M
No. 72	Accom daily except Sun	4.32 P. M
No. 46	Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4	Daily	12.29 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL

ROOFING,

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

NEW CASH STORE AT LOCH LYNN HEIGHTS.

Having opened a store on First Street, I will receive all kinds of country produce at the market price in exchange for goods. Goods sold cheap for cash. Call and see me.

38 WILLIAM W. SWEET.

Watch this

Space for

NETHKEN BROS.

Advertisement.

We have added a new Department —Millinery Goods.

NETHKEN BROS.,
31—1yr Deer Park, Md.

$25.00 REWARD

Will be paid for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any persons who tear planks from fences or depredate in any way on my premises at Deer Park.

32—8t JOHN W. WILLIAMS.

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

EIGHTH YEAR.
A MODERN, HIGH GRADE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.

Reopens Sept. 25, 1895 (D. V.) A department for boys and young men embracing thorough preparatory work for college, business or scientific school will be inaugurated under the charge of Maj. C. A. Ballon, of the Virginia Military Institute. Stenography, type-writing, book-keeping, besides full courses in English and Latin, etc. Send for catalogue to

E. B. SWAN, Principal and Proprietress.
18-1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

THE OAKLAND HARNESS CO.

carry the best stock of heavy, hand made harness and horse furnishing goods to be found in the country.

Alder Street, opposite G. S. Hamill's office.

TRUMAN WEST, Manager.
26—26t.*

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY,
DAY OR NIGHT.
PRICES REASONABLE.

JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.
31—26

Slate Roofing.

Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.

I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.

All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.

I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.

Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.

For prices apply to or address,

C. M. BEACHY,
47—1yr. Grantsville, Md

Dr. A. S. Todd's [illegible] Pills

[illegible]ache, constipation, [illegible]ver and ague, dyspepsia, [illegible] female complaints, [illegible]ness, [illegible]ss of stomach, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general debility they will positively cure all disorders of the Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Bowels [illegible] cents a box

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

[illegible] babes over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, controls the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no stupefying drugs and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good—25 cents a bottle

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

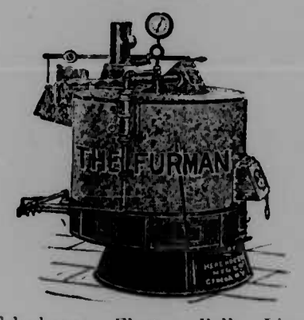

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle
23-1yr. Repairing.

34 inches high. Top can be adjusted to any angle or height Revolving. Case 15 x 15 x 12 inside. Holds about 80 vols Law size. Strong well finished Metal Base and Sides With Solid Oak Shelves and Top.—100,000 now used. Sent knocked down (30 lbs). On approval. Address: Marsh M'f'g Co. CHICAGO. Agents Wanted.

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.
11 1y

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments. Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS.

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.
4193.yr—z

WE LOAN MONEY

On Real Estate, City Town and Village property, to buy, build and improve your houses, and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS OVER $2,000,000.00.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. RINKER,
WILSON, Grant Co., W. VA.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address us above.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted. Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate.
CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING.
Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 8-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. feb14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.

Drs. McLane & Berkeley,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
FROSTBURG, MD.

Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.
See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13t.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.

E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

--WANTED--
WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER
Also White Oak Timber Land.
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.
Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Heal," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
29tf 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

STRAWBERRIES.

Best varieties, early, medium and late. Our pot grown plants set now will produce a full crop next June. Sent by mail prepaid, 60 cents per dozen; express unpaid, $3 per hundred.

THE HORTICULTURAL SUPPLY CO.,
Mt. Lake Park, Md

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1895. NUMBER 40.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings In and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

J. J. Abbott, of Frostburg. Md., was in Oaklaud on Saturday.

Mrs. Mary Lowenstein has moved into her residence on Oak street.

Fine repairing a specialty. No botch jobs. F. G. Hyde, Oakland jeweler.

Mr. William Porter, of Piedmont, was in Oakland on Monday visiting relatives.

The fire department boys have had an electric light placed in the engine house.

Mr. John Ault left on Monday night for Atlanta, Ga., and other cities in the south.

The Board of County Commissioners will meet in Oakland on Monday, January 6th.

Mr. Ezra B. Hook, of Krug, was in the city a short time Tuesday morning on business.

Miss Ida May Mitchell, of Ohio Pyle, Pa., is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Ault, near town

Mr. John Wesley Frazee, of Selbysport, was in the city Monday and Tuesday on business.

Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Ravenscraft gave a dinner party to a few of their friends on Tuesday evening.

The iron front has been erected at Shartzer & Bolden's new mammoth furniture store building.

Mr. Henry J. Mayers, of Wheel was in the city two or three days since our last issue on business

Malette will take all kinds of produce in exchange for Xmas goods, jewelery, groceries, candies, etc.

When you want a diamond ring F. G. Hyde will sell you one. It will be the cheapest in the long run.

Mr. George F. Linnger, of Listonburg, Pa., was here Tuesday and made this office a very agreeable call.

By action of the city authorities au arc electric light will be placed on Third street in Crook's addition.

Senator R. A. Ravenscroft, of Accident, was in the city a few hours Saturday afternoon on business.

Mr. William Weber started for Atlanta, Ga., Sunday morning to take in the sights of the Cotton States Fair.

The December non-jury term of the Circuit Dourt will meet in Oakland on Monday with Judge Sloan on the bench.

If you want a cheap present or an expensive present, you can get it from F. G. Hyde. No trouble to get your wants satisfied there.

Mr. C. A. Bolden, of Meyersdale, Pa., recently completed installing a steam heating plant in the residence of Mr. S. T. Davis on Second street.

Geo. Geisman, of Eglon, W. Va., who recently purchased the Smithman property on the corner of Third and Water streets, has moved into same.

Mr. John Shartzer has moved his stock of store goods from the Legge building to his own building on the corner of Second and Liberty streets.

Mrs. Col. Brown and daughter, Miss Julia, of near Kingwood, have been in Oakland several days as the guests of Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Ravnscraft.

If the devil would come here and set up a shop, some people would think he was an angel and a dandy of the first water. F. G. Hyde, the jeweler that has stood the test.

If everything I sell don't prove to be *just as represented*, money will be refunded. I have never made a misrepresentation since I have been in business, and the man that says so is a full-fledged liar. F. G. Hyde.

If you want sugar and coffee, go to the grocery store; if you want Xmas presents, go to F. G. Hyde, the legitimate jeweler and music dealer.

Garthright will pay the highest market prices for all nice fat dressed turkeys and chickens that may be brought in at once. Butter, eggs and potatoes wanted. 40-1t

I have the finest 25c. line of presents you ever looked at. Also the largest line in the State, outside of Baltimore, not including Oakland. F. G. Hyde.

Oakland will soon be up to Chicago—as soon as she gets her Masonic Temple, 21 stories. Everybody will wear diamonds then. The people's jeweler, F. G. Hyde.

Sheriff Austin Brown qualified Tuesday before the Orphans' Court and took charge of his office the same day. Mr. W. M. Coddington was made deputy.

John McCrobie has purchased the stock of goods consisting of candies, cigars, etc., belonging to George Hessen and moved it to his shoe making establishment on Railroad street.

The recently elected Judges of the Orphans' Court met in their first session on Tuesday morning last and were sworn in. Mr. Daniel Wilson is Chief Judge and has as his associate justices Messrs. Thomas H Cuppett, of Hoyes, and George F. Englehart, of Accident. No doubt these gentlemen will administer the affairs of the Orphans' Court in a manner both just and equitable to all.

According to the New York *Mercury* Mrs. Leslie Carter has made a hit that will last her for years in "The Heart of Maryland" which play is now on in New York City in the Herald Square theatre. The same paper also states that during one of the acts in the play the villain plucked from her head a whole handful of hair, leaving a bald spot and that her hair has been dyed a deep brick red.

David Shank, a teamster, who has been employed by Messrs. G. O. Miller & Co. in hauling lumber to market, fell from his horse on last Friday evening, the front wheel of his wagon passing over his arm, splintering the bone. After the accident Shank laid unconscious in the road for a number of hours but luckily was discovered by a friend and taken to a house near by where he was resusciated and later rode to Oakland and was treated by one of our physicians.

Rev. Jefferson Randolph Taylor, who has been the rector of St. Matthew's parish in Oakland for two years or more, has resigned the rectorship and accepted a call to Dallas, Texas, to which city he will remove this week. Mrs. Taylor, will, however, spend the winter at Alexandira, Va., with her children. Rev. and Mrs. Taylor, during their stay in Oakland, made hosts of friends, all of whom will be pained to learn of their departure.

Wife—Here's an account of a man who shot himself rather than suffer the pangs of indigestion. Husband—The fool! Why didn't he take De Witt's Little Early Risers? I used to suffer as bad as he did before I commenced taking these little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

F. G. Hyde.

Has violin outfits from $1 up to $25.

F. G. Hyde.

Will give a $500 diamond ring away on January 1st—*in your mind.*

Holiday Excursion Rates on the B. & O.

In pursuance of its usual policy, the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Co., will sell Excursion tickets between all stations on its lines East of the Ohio River for all trains December 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 31 and January 1st, valid for return journey until January 7th, inclusive, at reduced rates. 40-2t.

Ripans Tabules cure Jaundice

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Christmas tree ornaments at Oakland Bakery. 39-2t

Go to the Oakland Bakery and see the Christmas toys.

Fine line of pipes and cigar holders at Oakland Bakery.

Last auction for the season at Shartzer's Friday Dec. 6.

A 16-inch well dressed doll for 10 cents at Oakland Bakery.

Candy, mixed nuts, fruits, etc., cheaper than ever at Malette's.

A fine line of ladies' wraps at auction Dec. 6 at Shartzer's. 2t

Candy for Sunday schools at reduced prices. Oakland Bakery.

Big Bargains at the 5 cent and 10 cent counter, Oakland Bakery.

Malette will give away a ninety dollar diamond ring on January 1st, 1896. 39-3t.

The best 5 cent cigar at 3 cents as long as they last at Oakland Bakery.

A nice doll given to every one who buys 50 cents worth of toys, at Oakland Bakery.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

Malette is headquarters for musical instruments. He has everything you want at a low figure.

Malette has a large and fine line of creppe tissue paper, all colors and shades. Only 25 cents per roll.

One Minute Cough Cure is a popular remedy for croup. Safe for children and adults. Oakland Pharmacy.

De Witt's Little Early Risers for biliousness, indigestion, constipation. A small pill, a prompt cure. Oakland Pharmacy.

Don't fail to call on Malette. His Xmas stock is larger and prettier than ever. A full line of celluloid and metal goods; also a line of Dresden pottery.

Malette is selling watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, musical instruments, Xmas goods and in fact everything at prices below the lowest. Call and be convinced.

A. D. Naylor has a fine line of sample sleighs on hand both swell body and Portland. All orders received before Dec. 10th will give special in prices. 38-3t.

The furniture, including carpets, bedding, wagons, horses and cows at Oak Hall will be sold at public auction on Saturday, December 14, beginning at 10 a. m. 39-2t.

Piles of people have piles, but De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve will cure them. When promptly applied it cures scalds and burns without the slightest pain. Oakland Pharmacy.

A. G. Bartley, of Magic, Pa., writes: I feel it a duty of mine to inform you and the public that De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve cured me of a very bad case of eczema. It also cured my boy of a running sore on his leg. Oakland Pharmacy.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

No excuse for sleepless nights when you can procure a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure. This will relieve all annoyances, cure the most severe cough and give you rest and health. Can you afford to do without it? Oakland Pharmacy.

One Minute Cough Cure is rightly named. It affords instant relief from suffering when afflicted with a severe cough or cold. It acts on the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs and never fails to give immediate relief. Oakland Pharmacy.

Coughing irritates the delicate organs and aggravates the disease. Instead of waiting, try One Minute Cough Cure. It helps at once, making expectoration easy, reduces the soreness and inflammation. Every one likes it. Oakland Pharmacy.

Send your job work to THE REPUBLICAN office.

For rheumatism I have found nothing equal to Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It relieves the pain as soon as applied. J. W. Young, West Liberty, W. Va. The prompt relief it affords is alone worth many times the cost, 50 cents. Its continued use will effect a permanent cure. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

The Singer Manufacturing Company has secured the services of Mr. Levi Echart as salesman and collector who will call on the customers of that company for the purpose of collecting outstanding accounts. Mr. Echart was formely with the above company and made a very successful agent. *

If suffering with piles, it will interest you to know that De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve will cure them. This medicine is a specific for all complaints of this character, and if instructions (which are simple) are carried out, a cure will result. We have tested this in numerous cases, and always with like results. It never fails. Oakland Pharmacy.

Disappeared, on Tuesday, Nov. 12, 1895, Louis Fine, a man 20 years old, 5 feet high, smooth face and dark complected. Had on a dark sack coat and winter cap; was seen last by Fred Kolb between Deep Creek bridge and Thayer's school house.

A reward of $100 to the person who finds him either dead or alive.

S. FINE & BRO.,
Lonaconing, Md.

"It is a pleasure to sell Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," says Stickney & Dentler, druggists, Republic, Ohio. "Because a customer after once using it, is almost certain to call for it when again in need of such a medicine. We sell more of it than of any other cough medicine we handle, and it always gives satisfaction." For coughs, colds and croup, it is without an equal. For sale by. Oakland Pharmacy.

M. M. Wetmore, a prominent real estate agent of San Angelo, Texas, has used Chamberlain's Cholic, Cholera and Dirrhoea Remedy in his family for several years as occasion required, and always with perfect success. He says: "I find it a perfect cure for our baby when troubled with cholic or dysentery. I now feel that my outfit is not complete without a bottle of this Remedy at home or on a trip away from home. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Any one who has children will rejoice with L. B. Mulford, of Plainfield, N. J. His little boy, five years of age, was sick with croup. For two days and nights he tried various remedies recommended by friends and neighbors. He says: "I thought sure I would lose him. I had seen Chamberlain's Cough Remedy advertised and I would try it is a last hope and am happy to say that after two doses he slept until morning. I gave it to him next day and a cure was effected. I keep this remedy in the house now and as soon as any of my children show any signs of croup I give it to them and that is the last of it." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper under the caption "We Loan Money." The Mutual Guarantee Building and Loan Association which he is representing is one of the strongest new financial institutions in the country and the largest new Building and Loan Association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management is developing it very fast. Its assets have already reached over $2,000,000, which proves it to be positively reliable in every respect. The men that carry it on are responsible and well known gentlemen. This is a good association for the investor as well as for borrower. It has a life insurance policy connected with it which beats anything in any other association. It is good for both young and old and especially for the young man, as this policy matures in 7 years, the others in 8 years. So anyone wishing to make and save money rapidly will do well to invest in this association. Those desiring to borrow or invest will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars.

Ripans Tabules relieve nausea.

Hayden & Eckles Burned Out.

On Saturday afternoon about five o'clock fire was discovered in the general store building of Messrs. Hayden & Eckles at Mountain Lake Park, and at the time of the discovery the fire had gained such headway that it was imposible to check the flames. In a few minutes the building was in ashes as was also the stable belonging to the firm which was situated in the rear and in close proximity to the store building.

The family of Mr. Eckles occupied the second floor of the building and upon the first alarm he ran up the stairway to warn them of their danger, but fortunately they were out on a visit to friends in the Park. Mr. Eckles saved only a few of his household goods. A few suits of clothing and the books of the firm were the only things saved from the store. In the ware room adjoining the store was stored a car load of flour and a large quantity of oats and other grain.

The loss to the firm will be about $5,300; insurance, $3,500 with Mr. Fred. A. Thayer, agent.

This is the second fire in the history of the Park, the first one having destroyed an outhouse belonging to Dr. J. Lee McComas. The fire is supposed to have been the result of sparks escaping from a defectively constructed flue.

The building will be reconstructed, but the firm will be dissolved.

Robert Fraction.

The death of Robert Fraction, familiarly known as "Uncle Bob," which occurred here at 10 o'clock Sunday night, November 24th, calls for something more than a passing notice.

His father and mother, Thomas and Sallie Fraction, were owned by Thomas McCue, one of the most prominent men of Augusta county, Va., who also raised Uncle Bob. He was born near Mt. Sidney, Augusta county, Va., May, 1840, and married Kittie Pleasants, who still survives him, January 1, 1867. He had two brothers and three sisters. A telegram was received only a few days before he passed away announcing his brother John's death in Staunton, Va. The sad news was never imparted to him. Uncle Bob was converted and joined the M. E. church in 1866 and remained a consistent and worthy member of that church to his death. He was honored and respected by those who raised him and knew him from his cradle up, as well as every one here, where he settled some ten years ago. No man in this community, white or colored, commanded the esteem and confidence of every one to a greater extent than he did. He was kind and affable, ready at all times to perform every duty devolving upon him in a most pleasant and agreeable manner. He will not soon be forgotten even by the children to whom he was ever kind and considerate. Uncle Bob belonged to that faithful class of colored people in the south who won the confidence and respect of their old masters and mistresses and their children and were considered and treated as members of the same family, and who are now fast passing away. His remains were laid to rest on Thanksgiving day in the family burying ground near his old home in the beautiful valley of Virginia.

Death comes to us all sooner or later—the high and the low, the rich and the poor. A few more joys and sorrows, a few more honest tears, and the "curtain will drop" on us too. May we be as ready to "cross over the river" as Uncle Bob.

ONE WHO KNEW HIM.

Loch Lynn, Dec. 4, 1895.

We have too many envelopes on hand and will furnish and print them to our customers at a price that will astonish them. Call and get prices.

FREE

COURSE BY MAIL

WITH THE

Capital City Commercial College.

TO ADVERTISE OUR COLLEGE

We will give a thorough course of instruction in Double and Single Entry Book-keeping and Commercial Arithmetic, by mail,

FREE OF CHARGE

to a limited number of persons. This course will be completed in forty lessons. No charge for diplomas.

ADDRESS,

CAPITAL CITY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,

P. O. DRAWER B,

TOPEKA, - KANSAS.

26—1yr

Malette

Has just received a big line of Xmas Goods, Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, Candies, Fruits, which he will sell at a very low price. We have anything you want.

All kinds of produce taken in exchange for goods.

Don't forget the Diamond Ring. You may be the lucky one.

Give us a call.

W. H. Malette.

Loch Lynn Heights.

Mrs. Brison Welsh, who has been sick the past week, is convalescent.

The box social which was held on Saturday evening, was enjoyed by all those present.

Mr. Jere Moon has moved into his neat and cozy house on Second avenue.

Mr. Joseph Spiker was on a visit to relatives at Connellsville, Pa., last week.

Rev. D. R. Wagner will preach in the regular place of worship Sunday evening at seven o'clock.

Cold buckwheat cakes are of some use. They can be used as a substitute for porous plasters.

Mr. Jacob Sanders, who has been on a visit to his parents at Sunnyside, returned home the early part of the week.

It's a pity that the fool who points an empty gun, or one that he thinks is empty, at another person does not reverse it and send a load into the vacuum in his skull. Christmas is almost here. Be sure and have all the guns and pistols loaded. This thing of neglecting this precaution and losing so many lives by people not knowing it was loaded every year should be stopped.

What do you say about us being incorporated? A move is now being made in that direction by a number of our citizens. Don't be silent in saying what you think, but let your opinion be heard.

You will confer a favor upon us if you will let us know when any of your friends are visiting you, or *vice versa*, or any news that would be of interest to others. Write the article upon a postal and address to me.

Mrs. Robert Fraction, returned home Tuesday evening from Monnt Sidney, Va., where the interment of her husband's body took place.

F. E. INDICATOR.

Coal! Coal!

At the Chauncey Kimmell mine, 4 cents per bushel for lump; 75 cents per ton for limestone coal. Always on hand. 38-3t*

HOOFS AND WHEELS.

BY A. T. VANCE.

Two bicycles leaning together on an arid, treeless, rolling plain; a few tufts of scattered cacti; no human being, beast or bird in sight; perfect stillness and early afternoon under a sun that blazed where never a cloud had flown for weeks. Even insects had perished from drought in that desolation—so anyone might have imagined had anyone been gazing about on that California scene from a point within a hundred yards of the apparently-deserted wheels.

Had a native stood there he would not have supposed the wheels deserted, but guessed that the riders were concealed in some crack of the sun-baked earth.

Indeed, Del Hall and I were almost within springing distance of our bikes, and much disinclined to remount them. We had lunched fully if not comfortably on the provisions and drink we carried; the earth-crack in which we lay was deep and narrow enough to shade us from the slightly westering sun, and we shrank from more pedaling under its glare.

Del and I, college chums, had undertaken to wheel from San Francisco to Los Angeles, nearly 400 miles as the crow flies. Our guides were a pocket compass and the "lay of the land." Our interpreters were the natives and ourselves—their much Mexican being about as clear to us as our little Spanish to them. But they were wonderfully quick in understanding all demands made in the name of the white almighty dollar or Uncle Sam.

Without good letters of introduction to various owners of ranchos, who passed us on with equally good letters to others of their hospitable kind, we could not have traversed the country. Much of it lacks inns and stores, and even places of public resort. But for hospitality we should have starved. And on this blazing day we were making for the Rancho del Paso, an interesting old mission ranch established long before gold-seekers rushed to California.

We had not met a soul for ten miles before lunching.

"Are you sure we're on the way?" Del asked, as the time came near when we must remount.

"Certainly; the track is plain enough," I said. "The last man we met said we couldn't miss it as long as we kept about this far from the foothills."

"But he said something else. I wish we had stopped longer to make out what he did mean. It was something about Plaza de Toros. I've been thinking he was warning us against cattle."

"Pooh! Are you afraid of cows? Come along; we must move. There's a rise about half a mile ahead; perhaps we shall see the rancho from there; it can't be more than 15 miles away; maybe not half so far."

Again we sped over the vast plain, cobwebbed with fissures and cracks by the long drought, which had made a veritable desert of the tract within sight.

Five miles nearer the coast the country smiled with grass and grain, vineyards and olive groves, but here we were running through a waste drearier than any we had traversed.

As the fissures and cracks mostly ran on a southerly course, we seldom needed to dismount, though frequently forced to short detours. So we soon climbed the gradual rise, whose summit extended on a level broad enough to hide the lower tract immediately beyond. Yet the more distant ground was in view, and there, as if it had suddenly sprung from the earth, we saw the irregular, broken line of the adobe walls of Rancho del Paso, our resting place.

"Hurrah! It can't be more than four miles away, Dell" I cried. "Come along; let us drop into this dried-up arroyo and get its shade till it runs out in the next lowland," for we knew that such an arroyo, or water course, cuts somewhat deeply through the slow rises and but little into the hollows of these plains.

While we dipped into the arroyo the tufts of cacti on the upland seemed moving in the shimmering sunlight. No more of the plain did we see until we reached the lower level, when our heads were higher than the frayed sides of the water course. Then Del and I cried out together in amazement, for countless cattle were near us on the plain.

As we ran up out of the water course we saw groups scattered as far as the eye could reach. They flanked us on both sides; hundreds were behind us; a compact array, almost numerous enough to be called a herd, stood on our path to the ranch.

Toward this mass all the others seemed to be converging, as the sloping sides of a funnel trend toward its hole, or rather as the horns of a cow often curve inward at the tips.

Our course to the rancho lay almost evenly between the sides of this living funnel. But its opening was blocked. Still, we believed we could pass round that small, massed herd.

It was not at all necessary for us to make the attempt, and we would not have tried it had we imagined it to be dangerous. Nothing but a little shade and comfort could we gain by reaching the Rancho del Paso quickly. Time was of no account just then, for we meant to stay at the rancho until the next morning. And yet we went "scorching" along with never a thought of prudence or delay.

None of the cattle that flanked us on either side were within 200 yards when we began the run. They were slowly moving in groups, and those which formed, as it were, the tips of the horns were not within 150 yards of the herd directly in our way. An opening lay on each side of these, and we started for the easterly gap at moderate speed, not imagining how the strange spectacle of bicyclers would hurry the cattle.

Scarcely had we started when the commotion began. Thousands of eyes turned to us; a thousand snorts made din; beasts near and far on our flanks were leaping as if to catch a glimpse of us over others; the sounds of wonder and alarm went to the massed herd in front.

These leading cattle never seemed to glance behind to see the cause of the sudden tumult, but broke into a slow run, heads down and tails in air. Within ten seconds the whole multitude of cattle went crazy, as if with desire to mass with the leading herd.

The leaders seemed equally desirous to maintain their distance. They run faster, they galloped, but they were massed and could not go at the top speed of the fastest among them.

The quicker gallopers in the groups that formed the sides of the funnel could set their own pace and force that of their companions. So the groups strung out; they soon became two continuous but narrow columns on our flanks, and these long columns were incessantly widened and solidified by the impinging of flanking cattle that made short cuts to reach the stampeding throng.

"We've got to get through quickly or they'll be on top of us," cried Del, looking at me with great alarm.

"We'll get through—they're not closing the gap," I shouted, for we had to shout if we would be heard above the dull, strange din.

"They are!" he roared. "The cattle in front are not running as fast as those leading the sides. Don't you see the sides slowly closing in?"

If it had been possible for us to stop them we should have rejoiced to do so. But masses of cattle behind us were galloping furiously—a dark, bellowing array under the cloud of their own dust. We dared not risk a stop; we could not turn aside; our only chance of escape seemed to lie in outrunning the flanks of the cattle impl, and so escaping by the front.

We had good hope to get through, and pretty easily, though the course of the leading flanking cattle seemed to slant more than ever across our line, and the front herd, perhaps because they instinctively wished the others to mass with them, seemed to slightly slacken their speed.

As we hurried toward the narrowing gap we came ever nearer to the thundering beasts of the side columns. We were so near them that the heated, nameless smell of their galloping bodies, their breath, the very fumes of their hot blood seemed enveloping us in a smoky air, which became thick and blinding as a light, transient wind blew from the foot-hills, and bore around us the fine dust from frantic hoofs.

"Take more ground," screamed Del, "spread out. We must keep further apart. They'll keep back, maybe. Try it. It's our last chance."

"No—let us stop—let us turn and run back. There may be an opening behind us in spite of appearances."

"There's not," roared Del. "I looked behind before the dust closed in. Don't you hear the rush back there? I saw a perfect horde right behind us—a regular line. Cattle have run in from the plain and caught up to the rear line. Take more ground, I tell you!"

I was so close to the galloping column on my right that I could see the beasts' eyes. They had not given way as I came nearer, but still did not seem inclined to crowd me. I have since thought that they did not see us at all after the stampede began, but rushed blindly on with the impulse to mass.

Well, I knew that those directly behind us were pouring on in a frenzy that would, did we fall, carry them over us as in perfect unconsciousness that they trampled anything living.

I felt my strength failing fast. It seemed that the course was carrying us up a slope. But now we were so closed in that the dust was quite blinding, I could no longer see Del. I yelled to him, but heard no reply. With a horrible cowering realization of what a formless mass he must be now, if he were down among the hoofs, I pushed my pedals desperately.

Right ahead of me the dark places that denoted cattle intermingled with the dust seemed still unjoined. The gap was not yet closed, I believed, and drove for it. Could I but get through and a little more than through—I might swerve off against the breeze, pass round the front of the furious, wedge-like mass, and escape the wide, flanking ends.

More choking, more acrid, more evil-smelling, more blinding the hideous dust enveloped me. I was close on the leaders now. I was so close that I could dimly see the gaunt, ridgy backs, the muscular hind parts, the crazy tails—these cattle, tried by drought and lean with much wandering for water, were in condition to run far—even in my despair, I noted that.

In condition to run! They seemed in condition to leap us if for fun while running! Up—they sprang by ranks—how strange! Ah, I understood!

But I understood too late. The earth-crack which they had leaped was deep; my wheel seemed to go from under me; just then I heard what sounded like rapid revolver firing; and down, down I fell.

When my eyes opened I saw a swarthy face close to mine. A peon from the Rancho del Paso was holding a little tin of wine to my lips. Others stood about. And Del—could it be possible? They had lifted me tenderly out of the earth-crack, and now told me how Del and I had been saved.

He had fallen into a crack, too, but had escaped with fewer hurts than I. As for the peons, they had ridden from the Rancho del Paso in an attempt to stop the stampede, and the sound of their shooting into the leaders was that which I had heard at the moment of my fall.

We were at the Rancho del Paso four days before I was fit to travel; and when next we crossed that dreary stretch of plain it was with a wagon train. Del and I had learned to appreciate the dangers of bicycling among range cattle, and the value of a considerable acquaintance with the Mexican vernacular. When next we heard a peon warn us to avoid Plaza de Toros we knew that he meant something more dangerous than the bull fight circus ground.—Youth's Companion.

THE WHEEL OF FATE.

The Old Tack Puncturing Yarn to a Form of Startling and Thrilling Romance.

I.

"Grammercy!" quoth Baron d'Aigncourt, as he rolled off his bicycle into a potato bed, "'tis a full-mettled steed! Methinks those varlets have fed him with overmuch oil of late, so restive is he become. And, lack-a-day! My doublet is besmirched with mire! Thou smilest, I see, Agatha. There is but scant reason for merriment, shameless girl!"

"Nay," replied the beautful Lady Agatha, as with exquisite skill she rode her dainty steed (a thoroughbred Coventry) up and down the terrace, "'twas not at thy mishap, dear father! Of a truth thou must be sorely bruised. Was not that thy seventh fall this afternoon? If I smile, 'tis but that I am happy."

"Humph!" said the baron, as he hopped painfully behind his machine, vainly endeavoring to mount anew. "Happy, eh? And wherefore? Whom hast thou seen to change thy mood so since this morning? 'Twas but a few hours ago that thou wast weeping over some trifle of a spilt oil can. Ah, I am up at last!"

"I have seen none," said the love-y maiden, with blushing cheeks; "at least, save only—" She hesitated, doubtfully.

"Whom, girl?" insisted her father.

"Sir Algernon Fitzclarence."

With a desperate swerve the baron rode toward her, his face purple with passion.

"What, thou hast chosen to disobey me again? Talking with him whom I had forbidden to come within 20 leagues of my castle! Now, by St. Humber, both thou and he shall rue this day! I say that—"

The baron's skill failed him once more, and he was shot off into the gooseberry bushes.

"Nay, hear me, dear father—"

"Cease!" roared the angry baron. "What ho, there! Lead the Lady Agatha," he commanded, as 20 men rushed forward in answer to his summons, "into the upper dungeon. And, varlets, bring me the sticking plaster."

II.

'Twas midnight. Alone in the dismal cell to which her father's cruelty had consigned her Lady Agatha wept unceasingly. Sleep came not to her weary eyes; she paced restlessly up and down or gazed through the narrow bars of the window over the moonlit landscape.

Suddenly she started! Was it fancy? Nay, 'twas a human voice, manly, resonant and strong, that sang beneath her window. She could catch some of the words:

"O sweetest blossom of the lea,
O daintiest flower of the field!
For love, for hopeless love of thee
My reason must her kingdom yield."

Good heavens! It was Algernon Fitzclarence!

"Across the land, across the main,
A single steed shall bear us twain."

He was ascending by a ladder! His face appeared at the window.

"Ah, darling Agatha," he said, "news was brought me of thy perilous state! But dry thy tears, my sweet! See"—he snapped the massive bars with the little finger of his left hand—"the cage is broken. Two of the swiftest Singers are saddled for us at the castle gate. Let us fly together!"

Noiselessly the gallant steeds flitted along the road.

"Were't not best to light our lamps?" whispered Agatha. "Methinks that the sage councilors of the parish—"

"Nay, I fear them not," said the intrepid Fitzclarence. "Enough for me is the light of thine eyes."

Suddenly their steeds slackened pace simultaneously, and a faint hissing sound was heard. They looked at one another and groaned.

"We are punctured!" cried Agatha. It was too true. At the foot of a steep hill they dismounted, their tires flabby, shapeless, useless. Fitzclarence passed his hand over the ground.

"As I thought," he said, bitterly, "'tis thy father that hath contrived this! He hath scattered tin tacks broadcast over the road to foil our attempt to escape! But we will baffle him."

For some minutes he worked his air pumps in silence. Suddenly a sound was heard at which Agatha grew deathly pale. It was the clear resonant note of a bicycle bell!

"We are pursued!" she cried. "Let us fly, Algernon."

"We cannot," said her practical lover, "the tires are almost empty. We can but meet our doom bravely!"

Louder and louder came the noise of whirring wheels. Then—a whir, and the baron, breathless, pale with terror, went by them like a flash of lightning! Fitzclarence understood in a moment what had happened. The baron was but an unskillful rider, and had allowed his machine to run away with him down the hill!

To stop him was impossible. He went along the highway for 32½ miles, and then, with a last despairing yell, he vanished over the cliff, still seated on his steed, and was buried beneath the waves of the English channel. So Fitzclarence and Agatha returned to the castle and lived happily ever after.—London Punch.

She Obeyed Orders.

"I thought you had a good girl, Mrs. Bloom?"

"I had."

"What has become of her?"

"I told her to get up early and dust."

"Well?"

"She got up and dusted."—Detroit Free Press.

A Fatal Meeting.

There was a terrible noise in the back room and many things were destroyed by a great explosion. The gas escaped. It was laughing gas when it came out and whispered in the little pitcher's big ears: "I always knew that some day that kerosene would meet its match!"—N. Y. World.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—In 1884 550,000,000 pounds of coffee were imported into this country. In the same year 93,000,000 pounds of tea were brought from the east.

—A peck of fresh lime in an open box is the best method known to dry a damp cellar, it having the absorbent capacity of more than three quarts of water.

—England manufactures perfumes on a very large scale, importing many of the materials from other countries, but also making large use of home-grown herbs and flowers.

—Two shipments of Canadian tomatoes to Great Britain, made as an experiment, have been reported upon. While not an entire success, they demonstrate the possibility of developing an important trade in this respect.

—Prof. Hermann Hellriegel, the agricultural chemist, who discovered that leguminous plants absorb nitrogen from the air by means of micro-organisms on their roots, and thus enrich the soil on which they grow, died recently at Bernburg, aged 64 years.

—Dip the convex side of a watch glass into water so as to leave a drop hanging on the glass. Pour a little ether into the concave side and blow upon it. The rapid evaporation of the ether will render the glass so cold that the drop of water will be frozen.

—Only the purest water is employed by the Chinese in washing the finer grades of silk. Ordinary well water in its natural state is unsuitable, and is purified by placing a quantity of mollusks in it for a day. These prey on any impure organic matter and act as filters.

—A French naval engineer named d'Humy has invented a pressed oilcake for use as fuel on ocean steamers. It is not affected by temperature, is smokeless and odorless, cannot evaporate or cause explosions and burns only on the surface, giving out intense heat, and leaving only from two to three per cent. of ash. A ton of this fuel is equal to 30 tons of coal, and costs between five and ten dollars.

ANECDOTE OF FIELD.

The Poet Is Recalled by Means of Anecdote in Many Newspaper Offices.

Many anecdotes illustrating Eugene Field's character are told in the newspaper offices of St. Louis, where he did his first newspaper work. The paper with which he was connected was never prosperous, and strikes among the reporters were as numerous as among the compositors on account of failure to get their pay.

One day a big story occurred in Belleville, about 14 miles away. Mr. Field was ordered to go after it, and given two dollars for expenses. He spent about half of it for a meal, and then went to the depot to get his train.

While waiting for it a woman from Kansas, with several children with her, trying to get east to some point in Indiana, came into the depot stranded. Field heard the story, and, placing his remaining dollar in a hat, took up a collection for her, raising the money necessary to send her to Indiana.

In the meantime, the train for the scene of the story pulled away and his paper was beaten on it the next morning. The poet's explanation of it to an irate editor was: "What is a story like that to a woman with a starving family who wants to get back home?"

One day the business manager, after having vainly tried to raise the money for salaries, stood off the staff with promises based on the expected success of the paper after the election was over.

He then went to talk to Mr. Field in a similar strain, but prefaced it by saying: "If you owned this paper what would you do with it in this campaign?"

"The way I'm feeling now," replied the humorist, "I'd trade it for a porterhouse steak and some hash brown potatoes."

At another time in appreciation of some big news beat Mr. Field had engineered as city editor, the business manager said: "Gene, I'm going to raise your salary."

"If you'll just raise part of it, old man, I'll be satisfied. If you raise it all, I'll lend you half of it," replied the humorist.—St. Louis Journal.

Undoubtedly.

The people of Holland are commonly as matter-of-fact as the Scotch, and a figurative phrase bothers them sorely. Not long ago an American traveler found in a cafe at Amsterdam a Dutchman who had traveled much, and who spoke English perfectly well. The Dutchman was smoking a china pipe of remarkable size and beauty, and the American, as an admirer and collector of such bric-a-brac, took the liberty to comment upon it. "You could not stumble upon a pipe like that every day," said the American. The Dutchman took three or four whiffs at the pipe, and then slowly removed it from his mouth. "Certainly not without breaking it," he said, gravely.—Youth's Companion.

A Precocious Maid.

A precocious little maid of about five went to church one Sunday recently with her mother, a devout member and regular attendant of the Episcopal church. The little one sat very quietly and demurely through all the long service, but her quick little ears and bright little brain were not so quiet as was indicated. After the service she looked up into her mother's face and, "Mamma," she asked, earnestly, "they say 'Ah men' so much; why don't they ever say 'Ah lady?'"—Boston Budget.

Jinks' Joke.

Jinks—To-day I pleased a pretty woman by telling her that a certain red-faced, snub-nosed, baldheaded mortal looked like her.

Winks—Get out!

Jinks—The red-faced, snub-nosed, baldheaded mortal was her first baby.—N. Y. Weekly.

Lucky Escape for the Little Man.

Wife—George, our next-door neighbor has had a surveyor down here today. He says the line fence encroaches six inches on his property and he is going to move it. What had we better do?

Husband (grinding his teeth)—Do? Is it the skinny little insurance agent north of us?

Wife—No; it's the big butcher south of us.

Husband—I shall insist on having the matter arbitrated!—Chicago Tribune.

She Did Not Want a Freak.

"Have you ever loved another, George?"

"No, Maud; no. I swear by all—"

"Never mind that. If you say it I believe it, but I cannot be yours. A man who has lived as long as you have without ever loving must be innately a woman-hater, and I shall never marry a woman-hater. Good evening, Mr. Jones. Marie (calling up the maid), you may send Mr. Wilkins up. I am disengaged."—Harper's Bazar.

The Great Voting Contest.

"How'd they happen to vote that gold watch to Dumley as the most popular man in town in the Weekly Bluffer's voting contest? Most unpopular man in the county, ain't he?"

"Sure! His creditors did it."

"His creditors?"

"Yes. Dumley agreed to sell the watch for $100 and turn it in on account."—N. Y. Recorder.

Social Distinction.

Two little girls were chatting together on their way to school. "My father is a general," said one, boastfully. The other replied, as she munched a bit of nice cake: "Mine is a confectioner!" And the general's daughter darted a look of envy at her little companion.—Der Floh.

She Told Them.

Mrs. de Strop—Mary, remember I am at home to none except Mr. Vere Brownkins this afternoon.

Mary (half an hour later)—I've told four gentlemen callers that you were at home to none except Mr. Vere Brownkins, ma'am, and they left very mad indeed.—Judge.

It Was Hard.

"Have you anything to say before sentence is pronounced against you?" asked the judge.

"The only thing I'm kickin' about," answered the convicted burglar, "is bein' identified by a man that kept his head under the bed-clothes the whole time. That's wrong."—Puck.

A Favored Girl.

She goes without a chaperon
And that's one reason, sir,
Why everybody joins, I ween,
In looking after her.
—Detroit Tribune.

Only One Fault.

Mrs. Hashleigh (the boarding house lady) — Such a gentleman that Mr. Firstfloor was! Never complained if he had no towels, never sneered at the rice pudding or made remarks about the napkins. But for one great fault I'd never have let him leave the house.

Fourthfloor—Oh, he had a fault, had he?

Mrs. Hashleigh—Yes, he thought if he sat about and praised things it wasn't necessary to pay board.—Erie Messenger.

The True Philosopher.

You may know all the stars
Clear from Neptune to Mars;
You may have every science by heart;
Be up in each ism
And versed in each schism—
In short think you're fearfully smart;
And though you impress
Common minds more or less,
You are not a philosopher till,
Casting learning behind,
The true secret you find
Is to look very wise and—keep still.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

THE DIFFERENCE.

She—What is the difference, anyhow, between the new woman and the old woman?

He—As far as I can see, it is that the new woman is trying to be a man and the old woman is trying to get a man.—Detroit Free Press.

He Had No Case.

"No," said the lawyer decidedly after the negro had told his story, "you have no case at all. You went to hear Miss Henriette Dresser play Juliet and were thrown out of the theater on account of your color, but you cannot claim damages. If you had been obliged to remain I would take your case and sue for not less than $20,000. I have heard her myself."—Chicago Evening Post.

Suppressed.

Brown—It is quite clear that Mrs. Lambley is the ruling power in her household.

Jones—Yes, indeed! Poor Lambley isn't even recognized as a belligerent.—Puck.

AN ACCOMMODATING CHAP.

"Dear me, is that mustache all your own?"
"Well—a—say one word and it will be yours."—St. James Budget.

The Fattest Woman.

"Papa," said little Johnny, eagerly, "I saw the fattest woman to-day!"

"How much did she weigh?"

"I don't know; she wasn't in a museum. But she was so fat she filled her sleeves up tight."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Palpable.

Willis—Why do the two leading baseball nines play for the cup after the pennant is won?

Hallis—Well, they both have pitchers, you know, and naturally they want the cup to go with it.—N. Y. World.

Reversed.

That gold will swell your coffers,
Is what you're always told,
But in the case of doctors,
The coughers swell their gold.
—N. Y. Recorder.

All He Could Do.

The Wife—Two weeks ago you said my husband couldn't live, and now he's nearly well.

The Doctor—Madam, I can only express my regrets.—Puck.

An Incorrect Diagnosis.

Willie—Deah me! Did you hear the doctah say Cholly has tobacco heart?

Gussie—Impossible! Cholly nevah smoked anything but cigawettes.—N. Y. World.

Just the Reverse.

"You would never imagine Spooner and Miss Dushabout to be in love with each other, would you?"

"No; they act as if they were relations."—Detroit Free Press.

Of Two Evils.

There is a welcome quiet in the block across the way—
We do not hear the piano-forte a-jingling night and day;
The girls now work another set of pedals up and down—
We have a respite since the cycle-craze has come to town.
—Anna B. Patten, in Judge.

Inimical to Courtship.

Mabel — Why, papa, what ever induced you to take that house?

Father—Don't you like it?

Mabel—I should say not; there's a gas lamp right in front of the door which makes the parlor as light as day.—Chicago Record.

Very Much Engrossed.

"Brown looks very much preoccupied."

"He is."

"What's the matter with him, anyhow?"

"Sh! He's just put on his winter flannels!"—Chicago Record.

An Incompetent Observer.

"Mrs. Dixson says she has no confidence in that doctor."

"No. I believe she took her baby to his office a number of times and he never noticed what a bright child it is."—Bay City Chat.

How She Knew.

Mrs. Dix—What makes you think your husband will bring you an expensive present?

Mrs. Hicks—We had an awful row at breakfast, and he slammed the door when he started.—N. Y. World.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

RECIPE FOR A GOOD LETTER.

To write a good letter, take a handful of grit.
A plenty of time and a little of wit;
Take patience to "set" it, and stir it all up
With the ladle of energy. Then fill a cup
With kind thoughts and helpful thoughts, merry thoughts, too,
With bright words, and wise words, and words strong and true.
Mix all these together, and then add for spice
Some good news, some funny news, all news that's nice;
Then seal with a love kiss, and stamp it with care,
Direct to your friend's heart, and, presto! it's there.

—Amos R. Wells, in Pansy.

TWO FAMOUS CATS.

Scratch Saved a Baby's Life and Felice Was a Great Thief.

The well-known cats of unknown men cannot fail to interest our readers. I have met many famous cats at one time and another. I have studied them, too. Of all animals the cat is really the most affectionate of household pets. Many will dispute this, but I can prove—but that's another story.

The best-known cat of the least known man that I ever heard about was a shrunken bit of fur and bones called Scratch. She belonged to a ragpicker who lived in a Mulberry street cellar. Scratch lost one of her nine lives by be-

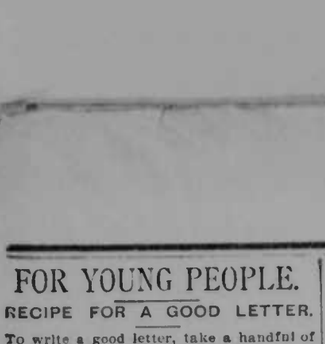

FELICE, THE THIEF.

ing run over by an ice cart, and was taken to police headquarters by a kind-hearted policeman. At police-headquarters Scratch made friends with ex-Superintendent Byrnes, who took a great fancy to the skeleton cat and made a sleek puss out of her. And then Scratch went back to her Mulberry street home and began to exhibit her bones again.

In one way and another Scratch got rid of her eight remaining lives, and then came to an untimely end in a Chatham Square fire. Everybody was talking about Scratch for a week after she was burned to death, for she was a true hero. An Italian baby was in the flaming building and Scratch sat on the window ledge and wailed to the firemen below. When they finally paid attention to the cat she leaped back into the burning room, followed by a fire-Johnny, who discovered the baby and brought it safely to earth. But the cat didn't come back in this case. Her charred corpse was found in black ruins next morning.

Another noted feline, whose master was among the obscure of earth, was Felice, whose extreme fondness for fish led her to commit burglary and theft. Felice had her home in a cheap restaurant on Sixth avenue, and her chief duties were to keep the eating place free of four-footed vermin. Felice's master was a Frenchman, and he was the keeper of the restaurant. One day Felice wandered over to Fifth avenue, and made her way through a back door into a very swell mansion. Inside the palatial house Felice crept upstairs and ensconced herself snugly in a fine bed of beautiful lace and linen, after the fashion of Garvey. After a quiet nap Felice made an inspection of her quarters and thought them better than the grimy kitchen of the Sixth avenue shop.

Then she espied a bowl in which swam half a dozen gold fish placid in their luxury. Felice knew fish when she saw it, and promptly ate two of the shiny, finny creatures. Her eagerness caused her to upset the globe, and then chaos reigned in the mansion. Servants chased Felice, and the latter escaped unharmed and died of old age the other day—and in Brooklyn.—N. Y. Recorder.

Stranger in a Strange Land.

An army surgeon, stationed with his regiment on the Mexican frontier, was very popular, and his Mexican friends one evening gave a grand ball in his honor. The ball began early, as Mexican balls do, and the surgeon danced in the first set. He danced in nearly every set, in fact, and after a few hours became tired. But the dancing went on, and the doctor danced until he was completely worn out. Finally, in desperation, he drew one of the men aside, and asked if the ball was ever going to end. "Why, senor," said the Mexican, politely, "we have been waiting these many hours for you to give the signal for the last dance."

Yankee Peddler's Clever Ruse.

A Vermont paper recalls the story of a man who started out in the eastern states, just after the war, to sell oil-cloth table covers for 50 cents apiece. After tramping all day without selling one, a happy thought struck him, and next day he offered them for one dollar, taking half his pay in old shoes. The result was magical. People imagined they were getting something for nothing. There was a general ransacking of closets and attics, and the table covers went like hot cakes. Then the peddler chuckled to himself and threw the old shoes into the first hole he came to.

How Sleigh Bells Are Made.

It is a mystery to many how the iron ball inside of sleigh bells gets there. In making sleigh bells the iron ball is put inside a sand core, just the shape of the inside of the bell. Then a mold is made exactly the shape of the outside of the bell. The sand core, with the jinglet inside, is placed in the mold of the outside, and the melted metal is poured in, which fills the space between the core and the mold.

THE DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH.

When It Attempts to Steal Honey It Usually Loses Its Life.

There is a large moth, commonly known as the death's-head moth, from its having a curious mark on its back like a skull and cross-bones sculptured on an old tombstone, which makes very free with the bees' honey. It flies in the dusk of the evening when the bees are at rest, and enters the hole in the hive, pokes its long sucker through the wax walls which surround the comb, and draws much honey into its stomach. Very often in the long evening there are many bees lingering round about the hive, but if the death's-head alights and moves towards the door, they do not take much notice; yet one sting would kill it, and it has no means of hurting the bee in return. So much troubled are some hives by these curious visitors that the bees erect a flat wall of wax just within the hive door, allowing a small opening to exist on either hand. This, as a rule, puzzles the moth, and it cannot enter. On the other hand, if a moth gets right into the hive the bees do not kill it, but either let it alone or use all their ingenuity to stop its honey stealing propensities. Whilst the moth is enjoying the meal, the bees occasionally pull down some of the honeycomb behind it, and mold the wax quickly so as to form a dense wall. When the moth has finished its meal, and turns to get out of the hive, it finds itself walled up and imprisoned for life.—World of Wonders.

PLAYMATE AND FRIEND.

A Vermont Farm Horse Who Was Guardian of a Calf.

On a farm in Vermont there are two horses and a herd of half a dozen cows. The animals run together in the pasture and are on the most friendly terms. One horse named Jack has a special affection for Betsy, a brindled cow, and the two almost always graze together. Last spring Betsy had a calf at her side, and Jack seemed to regard the youngster as his own special care. Hitherto Jack had been a very demure and dignified horse, but the sportive tendencies of the calf developed a frisky mood on the part of the horse. Jack and the calf used to romp and play together a good part of the time, the former being very careful not to injure his young companion. Frequently Jack jumped over the back of the calf and then allowed himself to be chased by the little fellow, from whom he fled as though alarmed for his safety.

One day when the herd was in a distant part of the pasture Jack suddenly appeared at the farmhouse neighing loudly and telling as plainly as he could that he wanted human assistance. He would gallop furiously a short distance in the direction of the pasture, then wheel suddenly and gallop back to the house, throwing his head high in the air and neighing with all his might. The farmer called one of his men and the twain started in the direction indicated by the horse. When Jack saw that his meaning was understood he capered around with delight, rubbed his nose against his master's cheek and then went off at full gallop in the direction of the herd, that was still out of sight. Evidently he wanted to tell his four-

JACK AND HIS PLAYMATE.

footed companions that help was coming, as he soon returned and for the rest of the way went along very quietly in advance of the two men.

When the men reached the scene of the trouble they found that Betsy and her calf had somehow got into a bog or quagmire and were unable to extricate themselves. The supposition was that the inexperienced calf had strayed into the bog and Betsy, while trying to help him out, had become involved. A rope was needed to help the creatures to hard ground, and in order to bring it as soon as possible the farmer mounted on Jack's bare back and without bridle or halter rode to the farmhouse to procure it. Jack was a high-spirited animal and when under the saddle used to prance and show off, but on this occasion he realized that it was no time for play and went along as demurely as possible. In due time Betsy and her calf were extricated from their trouble, and the farmer says that their equine friend danced a jig for joy.—Thomas W. Knox, in Brooklyn Eagle.

He Stood in Need of Prayers.

A Kentucky minister is the father of a bright youngster who has the bicycle fever like most boys of 12. The minister had occasion to leave the city recently on a short trip, and the first night after the departure the little fellow was saying his prayers as usual, and wound up without making any reference to his father. "You are not through, are you?" asked the mother. "Why, yes! What else must I pray for?" "For your father's safety," replied the mother. The youngster sprang to his feet in surprise and cried: "Why, mamma, I didn't know papa had a safety!"

The Force of Habit.

Force of habit impels us to do a great many ridiculous things. That clever little compendium of wit and information, Tit-Bits, well illustrates this fact with a story of a railway porter, living in Lancashire, who was in the habit of frequently getting up in his sleep, and from whose actions it was evident that his daily occupation was ever present in his mind. One night he jumped up hurriedly, ran down to the kitchen, vigorously opened the oven door, and cried out: "Change here for Bolton, Bury and Manchester."

FARM AND GARDEN.

STORING WAGON BOXES.

Best Plan Is to Elevate Them Entirely Out of the Way.

The wagon box is a cumbersome unwieldy affair, and if set off on the ground out of doors or under shelter takes up considerable space and is frequently much in the way. Decidedly the best plan is to elevate it entirely out of the way. It is then under shelter, which greatly prolongs its years of usefulness.

One of the simplest methods of elevating the box is shown in the engraving, representing a portion of the interior of a building with either plank

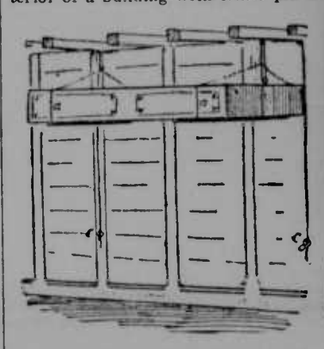

or ground floor. Pieces of rope or wire are securely fastened about the box at a a, about two feet from either end. At the point it is desired to elevate it, two palleys are secured to the joists, also two other pulleys at some convenient point along the side of the driveway. Through these two, pieces of rope (h b) are passed, they being for convenience provided with a hook at one end to attach them to the circles of rope surrounding the box. It is plain that if a weight greater than the box is applied to the rope, the box will be elevated. When at the desired point, the loose ends of the ropes are secured about the pins, at c c. By elevating one end of the box at a time, one man can handle it with ease. The best plan is to drive the wagon under the pulleys for unloading or replacing, as required. By removing the wheels and using a stronger rope, the whole may be raised up out of the way. Sleds, hayrack and similar tools may be stored away in the same manner. This operation may be made easier by substituting a block pulley where the hook is attached and also above. With rope properly arranged, one man can raise several times his own weight, simply requiring a greater length of rope.—Orange Judd Farmer.

POULTRY FOR MARKET.

Some Valuable Hints for Dealers as Well as Farmers.

There is a class interested in poultry that buys from farmers, and after dressing the poultry the carcasses are shipped to market. It is a very profitable business, and such dealers are useful in a community, being always ready to accept any of the surplus stock offered and save time and labor for the farmers, as they dress and ship hundreds of carcasses at once, while some farmers, in order to secure a few cents more per pound, do not take into consideration the labor they bestow in preparing but a few fowls for shipment. A greater profit can be made in buying poultry, however, if those engaged in such business will fatten the fowls before killing. Instead of buying to-day and selling to-morrow, there should be clean quarters, with small yards attached, having feed and water troughs, and the birds fed on fattening foods, so as to increase the weight and secure a larger price per pound. In ten days or two weeks the birds will be ready for market if they are given all the food they will eat during that time. By allowing time for increasing weight it becomes an advantage to buy poor birds if they are in good condition, as the first cost is less and a greater proportionate weight can be added. Only the frame and bony structure are sufficient. The food will then increase the weight and the quality will be superior, as birds that are fattened in a short period of time are tender and juicy. Such a plan would rid the market of much of the inferior poultry that is usually forwarded, and as the cost of producing one pound of poultry should not exceed five cents the adoption of the method would furnish the markets with better stock and largely add to the profits of the business.—Prairie Farmer.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

The well ought to be cleaned out occasionally. There are wells that are never cleaned.

For the benefit of our farmers we should have universal free delivery of mail and a postal currency.

Alfalfa is one of the best crops grown, where it will grow. But in our northern climate we should go slow on alfalfa.

Never kill a dog that bites a human being or beast, on the supposition that it is mad, unless there are unmistakable evidences of its being mad, for by letting it live a couple of days, its condition can be made certain. Shut it up and see what develops.

One of the most effective means of fighting the Hessian fly is to burn, soon after the harvest, the stubble in which the larva, in its so-called flax-seed stage, is hidden, and remains during the winter waiting for the spring, to leave its protecting case and ravage the young wheat.

In regard to the value of the winter mulching of wheat with straw, cornstalks or other substances the Iowa experiment station aptly says: "There is no better mulch than a dense growth of wheat blades, which can be produced by sowing moderately early, on good ground, and giving one or two cultivations with a light harrow as soon as up."—Farmers' Voice.

POSTAGE STAMPS AND CARDS.

The different countries of the world now use 13,400 different kinds of postage stamps.

A postage stamp of Mauritius issue, two-penny blue, unused, sold in London for $700.

An average of 12,000,000 of postage stamps are used by the people of the United States every day in the year.

Austria has seized all the Italian postal cards printed to commemorate the taking of Rome at the frontier, and refuses to allow them to circulate within her territory. Italy has protested, as the cards comply with all the regulations of the postal union.

In 1813 postage rates in the United States were: "Single letters, by land, 40 miles, 8 cents; 90 miles, 10 cents; 150 miles, 12½ cents; 300 miles, 17 cents; 500 miles, 20 cents; over 500 miles, 25 cents; double letters, twice the single rates; ounce at the rate of four single letters.

ATCHISON GLOBULES.

A constant guest is never welcome.

A man never receives as many letters as he thinks he ought to.

The poorest actor that ever appeared in amateur performance in Atchison is one of the severest critics.

Many a nice man bosses his wife because of the belief that if he doesn't boss her she will boss him.

There is a good deal of religion in paying a just bill promptly. We have an idea that the Lord will admit no dead beats to Heaven.

When a woman tells her daughters she wants them to avoid her mistakes, she means that she doesn't want them to marry a man like their father.

WOMAN'S WIT.

Told by a Society Girl.

Something About Morphine, Sulphar, Molasses and Other Things.

From the Evening News, Newark, N. J.

Among the popular society leaders in East Orange, N. J., Emma L. Stoll, a charming young maiden, stands in the foremost rank. She is of a lovable disposition and the light of the social set in which she moves. For two years she has been a sick girl from internal troubles peculiar to women, and having recently recovered, has given our reporter the following interesting account:

"Instead of improving under the care of my physician I became worse. For five weeks I was unable to get out of bed and about six o'clock each morning I suffered horribly. My lips were sore and lacerated from the marks of my teeth, for in my efforts to keep from screaming I sunk my teeth deep into my lips. At such times I rolled and tossed until the bed shook like an aspen leaf and it finally got so serious that the doctor—I won't tell you his name—gave me some morphine pills to take. The very thought of them now makes me shiver. These morphine pills simply put me to sleep for awhile and when I became conscious again my agony was renewed.

"The pain in my stomach and back was more than I could stand. 'Your blood is poor,' said the doctor, 'take sulphur and molasses,' and I did until it was a great wonder that I was not a molasses cake. It was time wasted in taking it because I was not benefited in the least; my suffering continued, but by a mighty effort after being in bed so long, I got up. Oh, but I was a sad sight then. From 112 pounds, I had fallen to ninety; my cheeks were pale and sunken and I limped; yes, actually hobbled from the extreme pain in my side. Then I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and the testimonial in the *News* inspired me with hope. I got the pills and took them. Before many days I began to improve and before I had finished one box I felt as if I could go out and walk for miles. I soon stopped limping and through the Pink Pills I soon bid good-bye to my headaches while the pain in my stomach and back slowly but surely succumbed to the influence of these pills that seem to be able to persuade all pain to leave one's body. Now I am as I used to be; well and strong, light-hearted and merry but never without the pills. See I have got some of them now," and from a nearby desk she handed out one of the boxes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

LITTLE Freddy (to his elder brother, for the seventh time)—"Are you asleep, Tom?" Tom—"If you don't shut up, I'll lick you good. How the dickens do you suppose I can say my prayers when you are yelling at me all the time? You've got as much sense as a last year's bird nest."

HE who brings ridicule to bear against truth finds in his hand a blade without a hilt.—Landor.

A WISE neuter joins with neither, but uses both as his honest interest leads him.—Penn.

ONE clew to a man's early circumstances is whether he calls daisies "wild flowers" or "weeds."—Washington Star.

AN enterprising merchant on Broadway has the following sign in his window: "We Sell Goods, Not Customers."

"STICK to me and you'll get yourself in a box," was what the envelope remarked to the postage stamp.—Yonkers Statesman.

THE chief drawback to self-made men is that they can't select their materials.—Puck.

THE hardest part of learning to ride a bicycle is to get the bicycle.—Somerville Journal.

DIDN'T Care to Investigate.—Mrs. Bridie—"Try my angel food, dearie; I made it myself." Mr. Bridie—"Take it away! I'm an agnostic, anyway."—Puck.

MOTHER—"Just look, Helene, at those magnificent ruins." Helene—"I wonder why, in the old times, they built ruins instead of proper castles?"—Tit-Bits.

"DE MAN," said Uncle Eben, "dat won't learn, 'ceppin' by experience, am mighty liable ter spen' his natchul existence in school."—Washington Star.

ONE—"Stickers has been telling us of marvelous sums he has made on Wall street. Is he a Napoleon of finance?" Two—"Well, hardly—more of a Napoleon of narration!"—Puck.

THE slanderer inflicts wrong by calumniating the absent; and he who gives credit to the calumny before he knows its truth is equally guilty.—Herodotus.

JUDGE of thine improvement, not by what thou speakest or writest, but by the firmness of thy mind, and the government of thy passions and affections.—Fuller.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Qualified for Baptism.

Among the loyal Maori chiefs invited to meet the duke of Edinburgh when he was in New Zealand was one of the original signers of the treaty of Waitangi, in 1840, a man who had ever since been a firm friend of the English. The author of "Seventy Years of Life in the Victorian Era" says that after the reception an English bishop asked the governor:

"Do you know the antecedents of that old heathen, sir?"

"No, my dear bishop," was the reply, "but I know that he brought 500 of his clansmen into the field to fight for the queen. So I invited him to meet the queen's son."

"Well," said the bishop, "when I arrived in New Zealand that chief came to me and said that he wished to be baptized. I knew he had two wives, so I told him he must first persuade one of them to return to her family. He said he feared it would be difficult, but that he would see what could be done.

"In two months he returned. 'Now, missionary,' he exclaimed, 'you may baptize me for I have only one wife.'

"'And what have you done with our dear sister, your other wife?' I asked.

"He smacked his lips. 'I have eaten her,' he said!"—Cleveland Leader.

Another Thing.

Gozzins—How many voices are there in that choir at your church?

Bazley—About seven.

"Why, I had an impression that it had forty or fifty members."

"So it has, but you asked me how many voices."—Roxbury Gazette.

Great Reduction in Time to California.

Once more the North-Western Line has reduced the time of its trans-continental trains, and the journey from Chicago to California via this popular route is now made in the marvelously short time of three days. Palace Drawing-Room Sleeping cars leave Chicago daily, and run through to San Francisco and Los Angeles without change, and all meals en route are served in Dining cars. Daily Tourist Sleeping car service is also maintained by this line between Chicago and San Francisco and Los Angeles, completely equipped berths in upholstered Tourist Sleepers being furnished at a cost of only $6.00 each from Chicago to the Pacific Coast. Through trains leave Chicago for California at 6:00 p. m. and 10:45 p. m. daily, after arrival of trains of connecting lines from the East and South.

For detailed information concerning rates, routes, etc., apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address:

W. B. KNISKERN, G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

"ARE you fond of children, Mr. Oger?" "Well, I can't exactly say. I've never ate any."—Harper's Bazar.

THE GENUINE "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are sold only in boxes. They are wonderfully effective for Coughs, Hoarseness or Irritation of the Throat caused by cold.

"IS YOUR boy of a destructive nature?" "Indeed he is. He's breaking silence all day long."—Harper's Bazar.

BEECHAM'S PILLS for constipation 10c and 25c. Get the book (free) at your druggist's and go by it. Annual sales 6,000,000 boxes.

THERE are such things as adorable faults and insupportable virtes.—Fliegendo Blatter.

PISO'S CURE is a wonderful Cough medicine.—MRS. W. PICKERT, Van Sicien and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, '94.

NO PERSONS are more frequently wrong than those who will not admit they are wrong.—Rochefoucauld.

CHECK Colds and Bronchitis with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.
Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

To California.

Study all time cards and you will find no railroad carrying tourist cars make as quick time as the Phillips Rock Island Excursions. One hour and thirty minutes quicker time than any other route Chicago to Los Angeles.

A. Phillips & Co. have carried over 125,000 patrons to and from California. Why? Because every well-posted California traveler understands Phillips has the best regulated tourist system.

JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

AS I GROW old more dross than gold
Appears in life's alloy;
And buckwheat cakes don't seem as big
As when I was a boy.

—N. Y. Journal.

A Singular Form of Monomania.

There is a class of people, rational enough in other respects, who are certainly monomaniacs in dosing themselves. They are constantly trying experiments upon their stomachs, their bowels, their livers and their kidneys with trashy nostrums. When these organs are really out of order, if they would only use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would, if not hopelessly insane, perceive its superiority.

THE great high road of human welfare lies along the highway of steadfast well-doing, and they who are the most persistent and work in the truest spirit will invariably be the most successful.—S. Smiles.

When Traveling

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectively on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cents and $1 bottles by all leading druggists.

A PROFESSOR calculates that the earth is shrinking about two inches a year. That accounts for the nervous anxiety manifested by some people to possess it while it is of some size.—Tit-Bits.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER of *The Century Magazine* is a wonder. It costs only 35 cents, but there are many ten-dollar gift-books that are not so beautiful.

IF we must accept fate, we are not less compelled to assert liberty, the significance of the individual, the grandeur of duty, the power of character.—Emerson.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

A DRESS does not make a woman, but often breaks a man.—Texas Siftings.

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/3 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared, Steel, Galvanized-after-Completion Windmills, Tilting and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Buzz-Saw Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

RUSSIAN YEAST
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
Full directions how to make this celebrated YEAST CAKE at a nominal cost. Mailed on receipt of $1.00. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. GEO. RICHBERGER, CLARKSDALE, MISSISSIPPI.

$5 Hand Bone, Shell, and Corn Mills for Poultrymen. Daisy Bone Cutter. Power Mills. Circular and testimonials Free. WILSON BROS., Box A Easton, Pa.

OPIUM and **WHISKY** habits cured. Book sent FREE. DR. B. M. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA. (Mention THIS PAPER every time you write.)

WANTED AGENTS—Address with stamps. NORTHERN CO., 218 Arcade, Cleveland, O.

WIGS for Masquerades and the Stage, 75 cts. to $2. Beards 40 cts. Stage Make-ups. Tricks and Novelties. Catalogue free. CHAS. BARNIARD, Lockport, N. Y.

A. N. K.—C. 1581

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

"No Foolin."
ST. JACOBS OIL DOES NOT "FOOL 'ROUND"; IT GOES STRAIGHT TO WORK ON PAIN AND DRIVES IT OUT AND "SHUTS IT OFF" FROM RETURNING. THAT'S BUSINESS.

Distasteful

to every woman—wash-day and house-cleaning time with their grim attendants; "aching back," "low spirits," "tired to death," "worn out," "out of sorts." Why don't you get rid of these things? Use Pearline. There are directions on each package that will show you the latest, safest, quickest, and best ways of washing.

The wonderful success of Pearline (used and talked of by millions of women) —that alone ought to move you to try it. And then a trial means continued use. 472

HAVE YOU SEEN THE

CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "THE CENTURY"?

The most beautiful issue of a magazine that one can imagine. It contains the famous pictures by the great French artist, Tissot, illustrating THE LIFE OF CHRIST, pictures which when they were exhibited in Paris many people wept over, some making the rounds of the rooms containing them on their knees. Read the article that accompanies the pictures. On every news-stand, 35 cents.

You can subscribe for a year beginning with November (first number of the volume) for $4.00, and for $4.00 more you can have all the numbers of the past twelve months containing the first part of the Napoleon Life. The Century Co., Union Square, New York.

EIGHT PAPER DOLLS
. . . FOR ONE WRAPPER OF . . .
ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI
Send us two two-cent stamps for postage. These dolls have changeable heads. No two dolls dressed alike.
ADAMS & SONS CO., 5and Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y., Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Republican.

BY W. B. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

The REPUBLICAN is published every Thursday morning at the following rates:

One copy one year	$ 1.00
One copy six months	.75
One copy three months	.40
One copy one month	.15
Single copies	.05

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First insertion for square of ten nonpariel lines $1, each additional insertion after first 50 cents per square of ten nonpariel lines. Positively no deviation will be made from the above rates.

REMITTANCES:

Remittances made by money order, postal note, registered letter or bank draft will be at our risk, if made otherwise, at the risk of the sender. Address,

THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, DEC. 12, 1895.

ON January first we shall place in the hands of a collection agency the accounts of all subscribers outside of the county who owe subscriptions to THE REPUBLICAN for three years or more. We have sent out statements year after year to a number of those owing us but have never received anything from them. We must have money with which to pay our expenses.

WE ARE proud that we are a "sheepological" editor instead of being a bibulous individual.

INDICATIONS in the last number of the *Democrat* point that the bright individual who holds the destinies of that great luminary in his hand, as it were, has not given up the perusal of his bible.

IN NOTING the death of a certain person the *Democrat*, that learned journal, says: "Born Oct. 14, 1895, and died Nov. 19, 1895, being just thirty years, one month and five days old." If time passes as quickly as the *Democrat* would have the people to judge from the above then the editor of that paper must be over a thousand years old and the riddle of his extreme smartness solved.

THE error made in THE REPUBLICAN two weeks ago in reporting the operation performed by an Oakland surgeon seemed to greatly please the staff of our contemporary in so much that they devoted quite a large space in their journal to telling their few readers that the error was made but had no error been made by us what would the dear demented *Democrat* had to fill its columns with? We believe in helping our weak brethren over rough places.

THE *Democrat* has broken its neck to get away from the subject of "mixed schools" in Garrett county and Loch Lynn Heights especially and it has gotten so far away that try as we may we find it an Herculean task to bring it back to its first love.

It has been asserted in these columns time and again that the *Democrat* lied in regard to the "mixed" school at the above named place and as it has been silent on the subject we judge that it is guilty and does not intend to put in a single plea in its own favor.

Good Roads In Politics.

The good roads movement has forced its way into politics, but not as a party issue, says the Washington *Post*. All parties are in favor of improving the highways, and though there are various and radically different opinions as to the agencies through which the work should be accomplished party lines have not been drawn on those differences. It is generally conceded that the work of roadbuilding should be prosecuted by state, county and township authorities, but there is no consensus of opinion as to the part which each of the three should take.

The movement is in politics because politicians see the expediency of catering to the wishes of the large and rapidly increasing number of citizens who earnestly desire good roads.

The farmers have been slow to recognize the importance of this movement. They have seen in it little more than a proposed increase of taxes. But reports from New Jersey and Massachusetts, where roadbuilding has been systematically undertaken, are working a change in the rural mind. The farmers begin to comprehend that they will be the chief beneficiaries of this reform; that it will greatly enhance the value of their lands by increasing the profits of their work. Many of them do not take kindly to the wheelmen and are resentful of the demand of residents of cities and towns for better country roads. But the average farmer is too sensible to let prejudice stand in the way of his interest. He can see that it is a good thing to have the drawing capacity of his horses and mules increased 25 to 75 per cent. Seeing this, he is sure to join the wheelmen and other residents in towns and cities in pushing the reform along.

Bitten by a Mad Dog.

Yesterday train No. 14 brought Messrs. G. W. Barnes and Wm. H. Shafferman to this city from Newburg, W. Va. Mr. Barnes is employed as an engineer by the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company, and while oiling his engine at about 2 o'clock yesterday morning at the above named place, was attacked by a mad dog. When Mr. Barnes saw the brute approaching he swung his lighted torch around so as to frighten the animal, but at that moment the brute caught his hand between its teeth, cutting the flesh to the bone. Mr. Barnes sought the attention of a physician, fearing the dog was suffering from hydrophobia, and had the wound cauterized.

Mr. Shafferman, who is also employed by the Baltimore and Ohio as supervisor of track on the third division, was shortly after attacked by the maddened brute and before he could defend himself he received a severe and painful bite in the leg. Mr. Shafferman also had his injuries cauterized. The dog was finally killed and was found to be frothing at the mouth.

These gentlemen were advised to take the Pasteur treatment and upon deciding to do so, took train No. 14, arrived in this city and left on No. 6 for New York. When seen by a *News* reporter the gentlemen talked calmly of the matter saying they had no grave fears of the result.—Cumberland News.

Death of John Connell, Sr., at Hutton.

On Tuesday afternoon at one o'clock the Angel of Death visited the home of one of Garrett county's oldest and best citizens and took from earth a man who was held in high esteem by all who knew him. Mr. John Connell, of Hutton, after a painful illness of several months succumbed and was carried over the dark river to enter into his reward.

Mr. Connell was born in Areyleshire, in the highlands of Scotland, in the year 1815. In 1848, he was married to Miss Margaret Craig in Scotland, and in January, 1851, he left his young wife and came to this country and settled at Hutton. Two years later he visited his native country and brought back with him his life-partner and has ever since resided at Hutton. Mrs. Connell together with seven children, survive him. The children are Miss Ellen, who lives at Terra Alta, John A., and Mrs. Margaret Glover, who resides at Hutton; Donald, who lives in Santa Barbara, California, Annie E., who married Mr. Parley DeBerry, of Terra Alta, a number of years ago; Miss Tina and Richard, who also resides at Hutton. Another son, James, was killed about twenty years ago by a horse.

The funeral will take place this morning at ten o'clock and the interment will be made in the family burying ground on the home farm.

A ring was brought in here Saturday night for repairs. The gentleman said it had just been repaired and told me who did it. He gave me 75 cts. to repair it. I suppose he had it done in the first place for 5 cts. A blind man with a broadax and post hole digger could have done a better job. 5, 10 and 15c. men are no good. Time will prove all things. What could you expect of a man that came out of a coal bank one day and into the watch business the next. I leave you for the judge. F. G. HYDE, the Jeweler. 40-3t.

A CELEBRATED CASE.

Decision of the Court of Appeals in the H P. Tasker Case.

From the Cumberland News.

The legal fraternity regard the recent decision of the Court of Appeals in the case of H. P. Tasker vs. the Commissioners of Garrett county, as a *precedent* of peculiar interest, involving as it does, points that have never before been adjudicated by any court in Maryland nor in any other State in the Union.

We are indebted to Mr. Tasker's attorneys for the following official copy of the decision which will be read with interest by members of the bar as well as by the tax-payers of Allegany and Garrett counties:

Court of Appeals of Maryland October Term, 1895, Hiram P. Tasker vs. the County Commissioners of Garrett County.

Judge Fowler delivered the opinion of the court.

The question presented by this appeal is whether the Commissioners of Garrett county are liable to be sued upon the contract which is set out in the plaintiff's declaration. This contract is evidenced by an order passed by the defendants by which it appears that the plaintiff was authorized and directed to trace up and compile a book of abstracts of title for the use of the county commissioners office, of all unassessed lands in said county. It was provided by this order that upon the adoption of the plaintiff's report he should be allowed a fair and reasonable compensation for said work. The first count in the declaration was struck out on motion of the plaintiff, and the defendant demurred to it as thus amended. The second count is based upon the theory that the plaintiff performed his part of the contract, and that although the defendants examined, ratified, approved and adopted his work and reports, refused to compensate him therefor. The third count alleges that the defendant received and examined the work of the plaintiff, but fraudulenty refused to adopt it.

It must be conceded, we think, that if the defendants, as commissioners of Garrett county, had power to make the contract each count of the amended narr sets out a good cause of action.

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F. G. Hyde

Has had 15 years' experience in the watch business. Take your work to him, pay a decent price and get a decent job.

Holiday Excursion To Washington.

The B. & O. Railroad Company will inaugurate a series of monthly excursions to the National Capital from Pittsburg, Wheeling, Parkersburg, Lexington, Hagerstown and intermediate points along its lines as far East as Washington Junction affording an excellent opportunity for a mid winter jaunt to the National Capital. The first excursion of the series is announced for Thursday, December 26th. The rates are remarkably low and the time limit ample enough to allow visitors an opportunity to visit all the public Buildings and Institutions in Washington and make side trips to points of interest in near vicinity.

We give below a list of stations in this vicinity, showing time of trains and rates of fare:

	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	RATE.
Terra Alta..	.....	12 06	5 41	1 53	$6 45
Oakland....	6 31	12 29	5 59	5 12	6 25
Piedmont...	7 21	1 29	6 51	6 04	5 40

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

Tickets will be good ten days, and will be valid for passage from Washington to Baltimore at any time within the life of the ticket.

For Pullman Car accommodation and guide to points of interest in Washington, apply to nearest B. & O. agent. 40-2t.

Look

At Hyde's show window; your choice for 25 cts. The best and cheapest place on earth to buy. Its no lie.

Tried Friends Best.

For thirty years Tutt's Pills have proven a blessing to the invalid. Are truly the sick man's friend.

A Known Fact

For bilious headache, dyspepsia sour stomach, malaria, constipation and all kindred diseases.

TUTT'S Liver PILLS
AN ABSOLUTE CURE.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

FOR ECZEMA, TETTER, ITCH, SALT RHEUM, DANDRUFF, ITCHING PILES, RING WORM, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES AND ALL SKIN DISEASES.

For these the inflamed tissues immediately and infallibly. The healing process begins at once and comfort is assured with the first application. It does not effect a complete cure instantly or miraculously, but it does cure. There is no doubt about that. There are other remedies which give some relief, but none so prompt, so thorough and so certain. It is not an experiment, it has been tested and proven.

50 Cents. All Druggists.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Foster's German Army and Navy Catarrh Cure cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head and Inflammation of the Nasal Passages. 50 Cents.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26tf

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, low old prices; also new and 3 horse good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

NOTICE!

I will sell the choice of any lots in Loch Lynn Heights at $100 each, on time, or 6 per cent. off for cash, till the first day of January, 1896. After that time no lot will be sold for less than $125.

J. C. ALDERSON,
General Manager.

37-4t

Malette

Has the largest, finest and cheapest line of Xmas Goods and Jewelry ever brought to Oakland.

YOU WILL FIND THE

FINEST, LARGEST AND CHEAPEST

LINE OF HOLIDAY GOODS

Ever brought to town now placed on the Bargain Counters of

OAKLAND PHARMACY

Everybody Welcome. Come whether you want to buy or not. Come. Come.

Jos. L. Jarrett, PROP'R

LOOK AT

F. G. HYDE'S

ASSORTMENT OF

Xmas Presents

For 25 Cents.

Also the finest and best line of Jewelry between Washington and Wheeling.

Merry Christmas To All.

After visiting all the Stores in town for Christmas Goods, don't fail to see what they have at

Sturgiss' Pharmacy,

And you will make no mistake.

CANDY. **OYSTERS.**

Don't forget the cheapest place in the town of Oakland for FRUITS, NUTS, CANDY, CRACKERS, CAKES, CANNED GOODS is **H. E. FELTY**, Railroad St.

Malette

Will give a $90 Diamond Ring away on January 1, 1896.

WHERE TO BUY

HOLIDAY PRESENTS

AT DAVIS & SON'S NEW HARDWARE STORE

You will find a choice line of Table, Butcher and Carving Knives, Razors, Shears, Plated Spoons, etc., also two handsome nickled Ranges, showing latest novelty of regulating heat of oven by thermometer.

If you want a vehicle or sleigh, call on

A. D. NAYLOR.

A nice line kept constantly on hand.

IF IN NEED OF

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry of any Kind, go to

H. C. SMOUSE,

RAILROAD ST., OAKLAND, MD.

Repairing a Specialty.

CHEAP JOHN

IS

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Toys and Holiday Goods, Candies, Etc.

OPPOSITE STONE CHURCH.

CHRISTMAS.

AN ENDLESS LINE OF

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Groceries at the Lowest Prices in town. Come and see for yourselves.

JOHN FELTY, JR., & CO.

Xmas Goods.

The Best and Choicest Candies.

ALSO

Xmas Tree Ornaments, at

A. T. MATTHEWS',

Railroad St., OAKLAND, MD.

E. E. MERRILL.

NOTIONS

Gents' and Ladies' Furnishings

NECKWEAR.

Alder St., one Door West of Postoffice.

Christmas Goods.

Just received at GEO. O. MILLER & CO.'s a new stock of Christmas Goods, consisting of

Japanese China, Fancy Cups and Saucers, Plates, Mugs, Vases, Gentlemen's Silk Neckwear, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Silk Handkerchiefs and Mufflers. Also a beautiful line of China Tea and Dinner Sets.

THIS SPACE IS FOR SALE.

PRICE $12.00.

SHARTZER & BOLDEN

Furniture, . Carpets, . Upholstery.

OAKLAND MD.

The Republican.

By N. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

THE REPUBLICAN is published every Thursday morning at the following rates:

One copy one year.....$1.50
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One copy three months.....40
One copy one month.....15
Single copies.....05

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First insertion for square of ten nonpariel lines $1; each additional insertion after first 50 cents per square of ten nonpariel lines. Positively no deviation will be made from the above rates.

REMITTANCES:

Remittances made by money order, postal note, registered letter or bank draft will be at our risk, if made otherwise, at the risk of the sender. Address,

THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, DEC. 12, 1895.

ON January first we shall place in the hands of a collection agency the accounts of all subscribers outside of the county who owe subscriptions to THE REPUBLICAN for three years or more. We have sent out statements year after year to a number of those owing us but have never received anything from them. We must have money with which to pay our expenses.

WE ARE proud that we are a "sheepological" editor instead of being a bibulous individual.

INDICATIONS in the last number of the *Democrat* point that the bright individual who holds the destinies of that great luminary in his hand, as it were, has not given up the perusal of his bible.

IN NOTING the death of a certain person the *Democrat*, that learned journal, says: "Born Oct. 14, 1895, and died Nov. 19, 1895, being just thirty years, one month and five days old." If time passes as quickly as the *Democrat* would have the people to judge from the above then the editor of that paper must be over a thousand years old and the riddle of his extreme smartness solved.

THE error made in THE REPUBLICAN two weeks ago in reporting the operation performed by an Oakland surgeon seemed to greatly please the staff of our contemporary in so much that they devoted quite a large space in their journal to telling their few readers that the error was made but had no error been made by us what would the dear demented *Democrat* had to fill its columns with? We believe in helping our weak brethren over rough places.

THE *Democrat* has broken its neck to get away from the subject of "mixed schools" in Garrett county and Loch Lynn Heights especially and it has gotten so far away that try as we may we find it an Herculean task to bring it back to its first love.

It has been asserted in these columns time and again that the *Democrat* lied in regard to the "mixed" school at the above named place and as it has been silent on the subject we judge that it is guilty and does not intend to put in a single plea in its own favor.

Good Roads In Politics.

The good roads movement has forced its way into politics, but not as a party issue, says the Washington *Post*. All parties are in favor of improving the highways, and though there are various and radically different opinions as to the agencies through which the work should be accomplished party lines have not been drawn on those differences. It is generally conceded that the work of roadbuilding should be prosecuted by state, county and township authorities, but there is no consensus of opinion as to the part which each of the three should take.

The movement is in politics because politicians see the expediency of catering to the wishes of the large and rapidly increasing number of citizens who earnestly desire good roads.

The farmers have been slow to recognize the importance of this movement. They have seen in it little more than a proposed increase of taxes. But reports from New Jersey and Massachusetts, where roadbuilding has been systematically undertaken, are working a change in the rural mind. The farmers begin to comprehend that they will be the chief beneficiaries of this reform; that it will greatly enhance the value of their lands by increasing the profits of their work. Many of them do not take kindly to the wheelmen and are resentful of the demand of residents of cities and towns for better country roads. But the average farmer is too sensible to let prejudice stand in the way of his interest. He can see that it is a good thing to have the drawing capacity of his horses and mules increased 25 to 75 per cent. Seeing this, he is sure to join the wheelmen and other residents in towns and cities in pushing the reform along.

Bitten by a Mad Dog.

Yesterday train No. 14 brought Messrs. G. W. Barnes and Wm. H. Shafferman to this city from Newburg, W. Va. Mr. Barnes is employed as an engineer by the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company, and while oiling his engine at about 2 o'clock yesterday morning at the above named place, was attacked by a mad dog. When Mr. Barnes saw the brute approaching he swung his lighted torch around so as to frighten the animal, but at that moment the brute caught his hand between its teeth, cutting the flesh to the bone. Mr. Barnes sought the attention of a physician, fearing the dog was suffering from hydrophobia, and had the wound cauterized.

Mr. Shafferman, who is also employed by the Baltimore and Ohio as supervisor of track on the third division, was shortly after attacked by the maddened brute and before he could defend himself he received a severe and painful bite in the leg. Mr. Shafferman also had his injuries cauterized. The dog was finally killed and was found to be frothing at the mouth.

These gentlemen were advised to take the Pasteur treatment and upon deciding to do so, took train No. 14, arrived in this city and left on No. 6 for New York. When seen by a *News* reporter the gentlemen talked calmly of the matter saying they had no grave fears of the result.—Cumberland News.

Death of John Connell, Sr., at Hutton.

On Tuesday afternoon at one o'clock the Angel of Death visited the home of one of Garrett county's oldest and best citizens and took from earth a man who was held in high esteem by all who knew him. Mr. John Connell, of Hutton, after a painful illness of several months succumbed and was carried over the dark river to enter into his reward.

Mr. Connell was born in Arcyleshire, in the highlands of Scotland, in the year 1815. In 1848, he was married to Miss Margaret Craig in Scotland, and in January, 1851, he left his young wife and came to this country and settled at Hutton. Two years later he visited his native country and brought back with him his life-partner and has ever since resided at Hutton. Mrs. Connell together with seven children, survive him. The children are Miss Ellen, who lives at Terra Alta, John A., and Mrs. Margaret Glover, who resides at Hutton; Donald, who lives in Santa Barbara, California, Annie E., who married Mr. Parley DeBerry, of Terra Alta, a number of years ago; Miss Tina and Richard, who also resides at Hutton. Another son, James, was killed about twenty years ago by a horse.

The funeral will take place this morning at ten o'clock and the interment will be made in the family burying ground on the home farm.

A ring was brought in here Saturday night for repairs. The gentleman said it had just been repaired and told me who did it. He gave me 75 cts. to repair it. I suppose he had it done in the first place for 5 cts. A blind man with a broadax and post hole digger could have done a better job. 5, 10 and 15c. men are no good. Time will prove all things. What could you expect of a man that came out of a coal bank one day and into the watch business the next. I leave you for the judge. F. G. HYDE, the Jeweler. 40-3t.

A CELEBRATED CASE.

Decision of the Court of Appeals in the H P. Tasker Case.

From the Cumberland News.

The legal fraternity regard the recent decision of the Court of Appeals in the case of H. P. Tasker vs. the Commissioners of Garrett county, as a *precedent* of peculiar interest, involving as it does, points that have never before been adjudicated by any court in Maryland nor in any other State in the Union.

We are indebted to Mr. Tasker's attorneys for the following official copy of the decision which will be read with interest by members of the bar as well as by the tax-payers of Allegany and Garrett counties;

Court of Appeals of Maryland October Term, 1895, Hiram P. Tasker vs. the County Commissioners of Garrett County.

Judge Fowler delivered the opinion of the court.

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For the past week failures have been 324 in the United States against 385 last year, and 52 in Canada against 40 last year.

F. G. Hyde

Has had 15 years' experience in the watch business. Take your work to him, pay a decent price and get a decent job.

Holiday Excursion To Washington,

The B. & O. Railroad Company will inaugurate a series of monthly excursions to the National Capital from Pittsburg, Wheeling, Parkersburg, Lexington, Hagerstown and intermediate points along its lines as far East as Washington Junction affording an excellent opportunity for a mid winter jaunt to the National Capital. The first excursion of the series is announced for Thursday, December 26th. The rates are remarkably low and the time limit ample enough to allow visitors an opportunity to visit all the public Buildings and Institutions in Washington and make side trips to points of interest in near vicinity.

We give below a list of stations in this vicinity, showing time of trains and rates of fare:

	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	RATE.
Terra Alta..	.....	12 00	5 41	1 53	$6 45
Oakland....	6 31	12 29	5 50	5 12	6 25
Piedmont...	7 21	1 29	6 51	6 01	5 40

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

Tickets will be good ten days, and will be valid for passage from Washington to Baltimore at any time within the life of the ticket.

For Pullman Car accommodation and guide to points of interest in Washington, apply to nearest B. & O. agent. 40-2t.

Look

At Hyde's show window; your choice for 25 cts. The best and cheapest place on earth to buy. Its no lie.

Tried Friends Best.

For thirty years Tutt's Pills have proven a blessing to the invalid. Are truly the sick man's friend.

A Known Fact

For bilious headache, dyspepsia sour stomach, malaria, constipation and all kindred diseases.

TUTT'S Liver PILLS
AN ABSOLUTE CURE.

Foster's German Army and Navy Catarrh Cure

FOR ECZEMA, TETTER, ITCH, SALT RHEUM, DANDRUFF, ITCHING PILES, RING WORM, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES AND ALL SKIN DISEASES.

[illegible] the inflamed tissues immediately and infallibly. The healing process begins at once and comfort is assured with the first application. It does not effect a complete cure instantly or miraculously, but it does cure. There's no doubt about that. There has never been a remedy to give some relief, but nothing so prompt, so thorough and so certain as this. It isn't an experiment, it has been tried and proven.

50 Cents. All Druggists.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY,
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Foster's German Army and Navy Catarrh Cure cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head and Inflammation of the Nasal Passages. 50 Cents.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
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LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26t*

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ¼ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
T. R. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

NOTICE!

I will sell the choice of any lots in Loch Lynn Heights at $100 each, on time, or 6 per cent. off for cash, till the first day of January, 1896. After that time no lot will be sold for less than $125.

J. C. ALDERSON,
General Manager.

37—tf

Malette

Has the largest, finest and cheapest line of Xmas Goods and Jewelry ever brought to Oakland.

YOU WILL FIND THE

FINEST, LARGEST AND CHEAPEST

LINE OF HOLIDAY GOODS

Ever Brought to town now placed on the Bargain Counters of

OAKLAND PHARMACY

Everybody Welcome. Come whether you want to buy or not. Come. Come.

JAS. L. FARRELL, PROPR

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F. O. HYDE'S

ASSORTMENT OF

Xmas Presents

For 25 Cents.

Also the finest and best line of Jewelry between Washington and Wheeling.

Merry Christmas To All.

After visiting all the Stores in town for Christmas Goods, don't fail to see what they have at

Sturgiss' Pharmacy,

And you will make no mistake.

CANDY. — **OYSTERS.**

Don't forget the cheapest place in the town of Oakland for FRUITS, NUTS, CANDY, CRACKERS, CAKES, CANNED GOODS is **H. E. FELTY**, Railroad St.

Malette

Will give a $90 Diamond Ring away on January 1, 1896.

WHERE TO BUY HOLIDAY PRESENTS

AT DAVIS & SON'S NEW HARDWARE STORE

You will find a choice line of Table, Butcher and Carving Knives, Razors, Shears, Plated Spoons, etc., also two handsome nickled Ranges, showing latest novelty of regulating heat of oven by thermometer.

If you want a vehicle or sleigh, call on

A. D. NAYLOR.

A nice line kept constantly on hand.

IF IN NEED OF Watches, Clocks, Jewelry of any Kind, go to

H. C. SMOUSE,

RAILROAD ST., OAKLAND, MD.

Repairing a Specialty.

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HEADQUARTERS FOR

Toys and Holiday Goods, Candies, Etc.

OPPOSITE STONE CHURCH.

CHRISTMAS.

AN ENDLESS LINE OF

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Groceries at the Lowest Prices in town. Come and see for yourselves.

JOHN FELTY, JR., & CO.

Xmas Goods.

The Best and Choicest Candies.

ALSO

Xmas Tree Ornaments, at

A. T. MATTHEWS',

Railroad St., OAKLAND, MD.

E. E. MERRILL.

NOTIONS

Gents' and Ladies' Furnishings

NECKWEAR.

Alder St., one Door West of Postoffice.

Christmas Goods.

Just received at GEO. O. MILLER & CO.'s a new stock of Christmas Goods, consisting of

Japanese China, Fancy Cups and Saucers, Plates, Mugs, Vases, Gentlemen's Silk Neckwear, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Silk Handkerchiefs and Mufflers. Also a beautiful line of China Tea and Dinner Sets.

THIS SPACE IS FOR SALE.

PRICE $12.00.

SHARTZER & BOLDEN

Furniture, Carpets, Upholstery.

OAKLAND MD.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND. : GARRETT CO., MD.

AN ATLANTIC COMEDY.

LIKE to hear of your successes," I said, jocularly, to my friend De Warre, the detective, one evening, after he had been entertaining me with stories of his triumphs. "Have you no story of a criminal's triumphs?"

"Plenty," he said, laughing. "If a man is successful in 60 per cent. of his cases he stands near the top of his profession. But, as a rule, defeats are not interesting — merely a record of patient but dull investigation. A defeat, however, that I experienced when I was a member of the force would not make a bad story, I think. It tells against myself, but I have long since lost all soreness about it. I must say in self-defense, however, that the man who outwitted me was as clever a scoundrel as ever was wanted by the law, and others, as well as myself, came off badly. Your ordinary criminal, if the hunt is started at once, is like the hare in a paper chase—he leaves a strong scent behind him through mere blundering. But Dramond had a cool head."

"Who was he?"

"Don't you remember Blackett's bank affair, in the '70s? You don't? It was the sensation of the day, and the papers were full of it. Well, the story is worth telling from the beginning, then.

"Percy Dorman Dramond was one of the best known men in Manchester 20 years ago. He was the head of Blackett's bank, and Blackett's bank was as well known as the Bank of England in Lancashire and Yorkshire. It did business with all classes of people and it had branches in many of the leading towns of the north. It was established at the end of last century, and generations of Blacketts had made fortunes by it. The firm was known as Blackett, Jepson & Royle; and Dramond was a nephew of Royle's. He entered the bank in his youth and was made a partner when he came of age. His copartners were men getting on in years, and gradually the management of the bank fell almost solely into his hands.

"He was a distinguished-looking man, of medium height, and was always dressed irreproachably. He was very genial and hospitable, and his manner favorably impressed everyone with whom he was brought in relation. The bank prospered greatly under his management. He was a county magistrate, and an alderman who had refused the mayoralty, and at the election of 1874 became an M. P. Manchester people followed his career in the commons with great interest, and it was said that his financial ability and quick grasp of facts had greatly impressed the party leaders.

"But before he had sat at St. Stephen's a year the crash came. He had gone to the north as usual for the shooting, and by some freak or other it entered into the head of old Jepson, one of the partners, that the management of the bank could not be safely intrusted to the cashier, as in former years. The officers were astonished at his coming to the bank every morning and working steadily away until the afternoon—a thing he had not done since Dramond had assumed the reins. The old man, through sheer curiosity, I believe, poked his nose into everything, to the great discomfort of all concerned. But to his own intense astonishment he found there was something wrong. There was a deficiency of from £70,000 to £90,000. He doubted his calculations and went over the accounts again and again, but with the same result. He called his colleagues, save Dramond,

"CERTAINLY," SAID CAPT. ODIHAM.

and told them what he had discovered, and together they investigated. The result was the same, and they sent a peremptory telegram recalling Dramond.

"As I said, the man was no ordinary villain, and when he heard what they had to say he laughed in their faces, and asked them if it were fair to spoil a man's holidays because their faculty of calculation was failing. It was late, he added, but they would meet the following morning, and he would soon prove that they were wrong. His manner imposed upon them, and they agreed. That evening he returned to the bank, told the watchman he had come back on half an hour's pressing business, and coolly pocketed a sum estimated at £30,000. In the morning he was missing, and he had the hardihood to leave a note to tell them what he had done.

"The police were at once called in, and the bank offered a reward of £1,000. Three of us were intrusted with the affair, and we confidently reckoned that in a few days he would be in our hands, as it was impossible that he could have left the country. It was near midnight when he left the bank—and the case was in the hands of the police by ten the next morning. He could not have got to the continent or on an Atlantic liner in that time, and as all ports were at once watched, we felt certain his capture was only a matter of time. I was placed in Liverpool.

"Three days passed, and there came a message that he had been captured at Folkestone by my colleague, Gregson. I was considerably chagrined, but it turned out that there was no cause for my jealousy. The prisoner, in spite of his protests, was taken to London, where he proved that he was, as he had declared, an English merchant residing in Paris of the name of James. Though he was released immediately, with profuse apologies, he aired his grievances to the reporters. Instantly a hubbub was raised in the press, and the Yard and all its works were severely criticised. The result was that a confidential circular was issued to us intimating that, while we were not to relax our vigilance, we were not to make an arrest unless we were positive that we had the missing Dramond.

"As I said, I was stationed at Liverpool to see that the runaway did not get across to the States. I boarded every outgoing liner and remained on deck until the last moment, and I think every passenger passed under my scrutiny. My opinion was that Dramond would defer any attempt at crossing for a few weeks, when the chase would be less hot, and events proved me right. Four weeks all but a day after his flight I was on the City of Madrid waiting for the last batch of passengers by the approaching tender. As it drew alongside my attention was attracted by the behavior of an oldish-looking man. He looked around in a furtive and apprehensive manner that aroused my suspicions, and when he gained the deck I heard him give a sigh of relief, after which he slunk off. To be sure, he looked over 60 and Dramond was only 40, but then we expected he would be disguised.

"My mind was made up. If I were gifted with any of the intuition so necessary to my calling, there was the missing man, and after following him below I went to the captain, told him my business and asked permission to make the voyage to New York.

"'Certainly, certainly,' said Capt. Odihaun; 'if you think we've got your man on board you shall have all the help you need.'

"I thanked him, and went below to examine the passenger list. My suspicions fellow passenger was passing under the name of Rodell.

"Thanks to the steward, my place at table was arranged opposite to Rodell. I had a week in which to study him, so the first day was very careful not to alarm him by too close observation. Without appearing to look at him, I could see that he was ill at ease, and examined all his neighbors with careful scrutiny. He spoke to no one during dinner, and as soon as it was over he retired. I spent a pleasant evening myself. My left-hand neighbor was Hon. Wilfrid Lytehett—a son of Lord Barmore, I found from a peerage in the library. He was a pleasant, refined young fellow of 31, and had none of the insufferable exclusiveness and reserve of the British aristocrat. I accepted an invitation to smoke a cigar with him on deck after dinner, and congratulated myself on having made such a pleasant acquaintance.

"The next day Rodell seemed more at his ease—probably thinking himself safe—and I had several opportunities for observing him. He even bade me good morning, and remarked that we were having a good passage, as I passed him on the deck. During dinner he entered into conversation with his neighbor, and was more off his guard. But at times he seemed to recollect himself, and would pass his hand softly over his beard in a peculiar manner. I saw at once what it meant. The beard was false, and he was feeling if it were all right. I chuckled with satisfaction; there would be no mistake made this time, I foresaw.

"My aristocratic friend was a favorite on board, especially among the ladies, and he was certainly very pleasant with me. He insisted on my sharing his wine at dinner, after which we took a turn on deck again, when he spoke quite freely.

"'By and by, Germaine,' he said, 'did you notice that curious chap opposite, to-night—whatever is his name? Oh, Rodell. If I were any judge of character, I should say he was doing a little smuggling, or that he has done something worse. Did you notice what suspicious looks he kept casting around? 'Pon my word, I believe the fellow thinks he's hunted.'

"'Now you mention it,' I said, 'I did remark it.'

"'Wonder if he's a criminal, trying to escape. There was that fellow Dramond a week or two ago—he must have dodged the detectives and got across.'

"'I don't believe he has got across yet,' I said.

"'What if this should be the fellow?' and my companion laughed.

"Whether it was the wine or the honor of talking to an aristocrat I do not know, but I found myself confessing who I was and who I thought Rodell was.

"My companion's astonishment was almost ludicrous. 'You a detective!' he said. 'To tell you the truth, I thought you were one of the Hampshire Germaines. 'Pon my word, you surprise me.'

"But his lordship was none the less cordial, and in return for my confidence told me that he was Lord Disley, the eldest son of Lord Barmore, but was traveling under his brother's name for family reasons.

"'I met an American in town three months ago—a charming girl. I am coming very quietly, as the governor is bent on me marrying my cousin. But, come, drink to my success.'

"The next day, to my surprise, Rodell seemed to have lost all fear and was in the gayest spirits. He had a long chat with me, and told me he was on his way to visit some friends in Philadelphia. He gave himself away thoroughly. I saw that he was wearing a wig as well as a false beard, but there was stronger proof of his identity. The missing Dramond had lost the little finger of the left hand. Rodell had his fingers intact, to all seeming. But I noticed that his little finger was held out stiffly, and that he could not bend it. A close examination showed me that it was a skillfully made imitation.

"'No man is wise at all times.' This, I thought, is certainly true of fugitives from justice.

"'I say, Germaine,' he said, that evening, 'do you think there are any detectives on board?'

"'Detectives!' I echoed. 'There may be. Why?'

"'Oh, nothing, nothing,' he said, confusedly. 'I passed a fellow just now that looked like one, I thought.' And then, after a few minutes' silence: 'I shall be glad when we are safe in New York.'

"'Why?'

"'Oh, because—because I feel nervous on the water,' he said, with still more confusion.

"'Is he your man?' Lord Disley whispered to me that evening.

"'Yes,' I said; 'I shall arrest him as we land.'

"'Good!' he replied. 'I want to see the fun.'

"The next day Rodell showed himself a greater fool than ever. We had a game of quoits on deck, and he played. It was rather hot, and Rodell and a few more took off their jackets.

"YOU A DETECTIVE," HE STAMMERED.

Rodell began to roll up his shirt sleeves, but suddenly recollected himself and hastily buttoned them again. But I had caught a glimpse of the beautifully-tattooed anchor that was given in the description of the missing man. This was the wily bird that we couldn't lay hands on! A child wouldn't have been so simple.

"I arrested him just as he had got ready to step ashore. His astonishment was so comical that I had to laugh outright. 'You a detective?' he stammered, and then loudly protested his innocence. But it was no good, and when I mentioned the false beard and wig he relapsed into sullen silence.

"Lord Disley congratulated me, and we shook hands as we parted. His lordship was good enough to hope that we should meet again.

"A steamship left far home the next day and I took my prisoner back by it. Since his capture he had not spoken, save to threaten me with awful penalties for arresting an innocent man. We had a good passage, and I took my prisoner straight to Manchester, being, of course, in the highest spirits.

"'That isn't Dramond, man,' said the Manchester police.

"'No,' I chuckled, 'but wait till that wig and beard are taken off, and then see.'

"Mr. Jepson was sent for to identify him, and arrived while the prisoner was having his false beard and wig removed. The worthy banker shook my hand warmly and whispered that there would be a little present for me outside any official reward.

"Rodell was brought in. Jepson looked at him keenly and then turned to me.

"'You confounded fool!' he cried, in a great burst of rage, 'this is no more Dramond than I am. You fool!'

"It was a very serious business for me, and for a time I was under a cloud. Rodell was bent on making a fuss, and I believe he received £200 to go quietly about his business. But what afterward completed my humiliation was a letter I received shortly afterward. I have it in my pocketbook here; I always carry it to read when I am inclined to be too conceited:

"'MY DEAR DE WARRE: You really are a genius. I, your friend, Lord Disley, known in Manchester as P. D. Dramond, am under the greatest obligations to you. I spotted you at once on board the vessel, but I did not dream it would be such an easy task for us. Rodell was an out-of-work actor I had befriended, and I think you will agree he possesses a talent for making up—finger and tattoo mark, etc.—as well as considerable histrionic ability. But to think you should confide in me! Really, it is too delicious. Ever your grateful friend, PERCY D. DRAMOND.'

"'No,' said De Warre, in answer to my question, 'I did not show that letter to the authorities.'"—Tit-Bits.

Almost a Tragedy.

"Throw up your hands, or I fire!"

The burglar turned and looked into the muzzle of a pistol in the firm hand of a courageous woman.

"Huh!" he said; "yer couldn't hit me if yer tried."

"Yes, I could," was her calm reply; "I have practiced for years, and I never miss my mark."

A thought struck him. "Shoot away!" he said; "but if yer do hit me, it will muss up this new Bokhara rug."

Heroine as she was, femininity yet asserted itself, and he departed unmolested, chuckling over his ill-gotten gains.—Puck.

QUAINT WEDDING CUSTOMS.

Festivities and Ceremonies Among the Scotch Fishermen.

The courtship may have been of many years' standing, and "the young man's intention" have been not only obvious to the community, but assumed without catechism by the lady's father. But so soon as the contracting parties have come to an understanding, the intendant bridegroom, accompanied by two or three bachelor friends, calls upon the father of his inamorata, to demand her hand in marriage. The origin of this escort is, perhaps, capable of more than one interpretation. It is to-day, indeed, nothing more than a piece of etiquette, but it may be a relic of a time when escorts were not without their protective use in the event of any difficulty arising between the parties, or when witnesses to such an interview were actually members of the suiter's family.

Yet that even now there may be occasions on which the persuasions of the bridegroom's friends may be not without service would appear from the following conversation between the sister of an expectant bride and a friend (the case being marriage with a farm servant): Sister—"Our Jane's ga'en to get married." Friend—"Wha' wi'?" Sister—"Ga'en to marry a great country nieck-the-byre. He canna shell a naishel nor yet bait a line." Friend—"An' what the deuce guid will he be?" Sister—"Dinna ken. But he and his laddies brought in three mutchkins, and my father said: 'A'richt.'" Friend—"Well, she'll rue't!" The consent of the bride's father having been obtained, the happy suitor, accompanied by that worthy or his deputy, proceeds on the following day to the registrar to execute the legal part of the contract, commonly termed "the booking." This prosaic business dispatched, on the Saturday of the same week the bridegroom gives an evening party as a formal announcement of his approaching marriage; a graceful custom, much to be commended. With this very fitly ends the first of the three weeks.

On the following Monday, the bride, with her parents, shows her acceptance of the position by proceeding to the town in quest of her trousseau—an expedition of no less importance than in Belgravia, though conducted, it may be, with singular deviations from the current mode. Follows a period of calms devoted to the construction of garments which no layman is more worthy to investigate in a Scottish village than he is in the West End. At the expiration of this, and strictly on the Saturday, bride with bridesmaids on the one hand, bridegroom with grooms on the other, respectively make a house-to-house visiting round, to invite their guests to the wedding. Thus closes the second week. On the Tuesday of the third and last, a very classical scene is played. The bride, with her maids, visits her future home, where they together bake the bread for the marriage feast; which, by the way, gives her an opportunity of criticising the bridegroom's view of "what is what." On the succeeding evening a party, for men alone, is given at the house of the bride's father, the ladies being only invited to inspect "the bonnie things," the wedding presents, set out in the houses of bride and bridegroom. In these crockery plays the chief part; the walls of the new home being almost concealed with jugs, plates and dishes by the score; than which array nothing gives a more comfortable, if shop-like, aspect to the cosy interior of a fisherman's kitchen. When this exhibition has been duly honored, the bridegroom's presents first and then the bride's are, on the following evening, conveyed to the new home.

Two days now intervene, and each of these is marked by curious ceremonies. On the night of the first, the feet of the bride are bathed by her maids in her mother's house; while in the bridegroom's his friends perform that office for him. On the night of the second the bridegroom and his best man occupy the marriage bed together. The origin of these ceremonies is worthy of investigation. On the Saturday, the wedding day, while the young men run up gay flags over the house of the bridegroom, the bride sets off to church under charge of the best man and his comrade; the bridegroom, carrying a wand with a blue ribbon, follows, accompanied by the two bridesmaids.

The wedding celebrated, the bride is escorted to her new home, and installed as housewife by the simple and pretty act of breaking an oaten bannock above her head. The day is wound up with festivities, and the next day (the Sabbath) the pair are escorted to kirk by their relations. This is called "the kirking."

Truly a very decent conclusion of single life and a proper beginning of a wedded.—London Standard.

The Cellars of Bordeaux.

The cobwebs will seem to an impressionable visitor the noblest things in the Bordeaux cellars. Some of them look like thick pile curtains, somber in hue, of course, but famously suggestive of warmth, and with even only a moderate imagination one may go to and fro among the barrels fancying the pendant shapes overhanging are dusky stalactites instead of the airy next-to-nothings that they really are. If you hold your candle high enough, you may shrivel a few yards of the fabric. But that were truly a shocking deed of vandalism, for, though no layman can understand why this dismal tapestry is reverenced as it is, his ignorance will not be held sufficient excuse for his crime.—Chambers' Journal.

Naturally Resented.

Miss Homewood—You ought to have heard what Mr. Van Braam said about you.

Miss Point Breeze—Tell me what he said.

"He said you talked like 60."

"The horrid thing! Why, I'm not 20 yet.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegr

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Teacher—"Have you learned the Golden Rule, Tommy?" Tommy—"Yes'm. It is to do to other people like they would do to you."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Cooperative.—"Here's yer bairn, Mrs. McClatchy, and ye ought tae be thankfu', for if it hadna been for Providence and anither woman he wauld hae been droon'd in the Clyde."—Fun.

—Mudge—"Another man called me a liar last night." "Yabsley—"What did you do?" Mudge—"Well, as he was three sizes bigger than me, I asked him why he couldn't say something original."—Tit Bits.

—Impudence and Dignity.—Beggar—'A poor man out of work begs a copper." Cautious Gentleman—"If I do you will only spend it in beer." "Well, sir, you give me a sixpence and I will get a glass of champagne."—Dorfbarbier.

—"It is queer about a married man," enunciated Mr. N. Peek to himself, very softly. "The more he is blown up, the smaller he feels." And he felt quite consoled by his little joke.—Indianapolis Journal.

—Poser—"Is the keeping of a dog an indubitable sign of poverty?" Quidnunc—"Well, I wouldn't care to say that; but you may depend upon this, that where there is poverty it is usually a sign that the family keeps a dog."—Boston Transcript.

—Mystified—"Excuse me," he said, "if I seem to be a little impertinent, but my curiosity has gotten so much the best of me that I must venture a question." "What is it?" "Are you a gentleman going golfing or a lady going bicycling?"—Washington Star.

—"The plagiarism in this story of yours," said the editor, "is something shocking." "Y—you don't usually mind that sort of thing," was the reply. "I don't—if you only plagiarize good material. Why, much of this nonsense might as well be original!"—Washington Star.

CITY AND COUNTRY CATS.

Many Curious Points of Difference Between the Furry Animals.

An observer has noted that there exist many points of difference between country and city cats. The country cats, he declares, are larger and heavier than those of the city, no reference being made in this comparison to such civic cats as might come under the head of "pampered pets," but only to plain cats—the cats of the back yard and the housetop. This superior weight of the country cat, the observer says, is easily attributable to the diet of small field animals and birds which it enjoys. But there are other peculiarities of difference, he proceeds, which are not so easily attributable to diet. For instance, the color of the country cat is generally either gray or tortoise shell, the commoner color being gray. On the other hand, observes the cat expert, the preponderating color among city cats is black.

In the next place the color of the eyes in city and country cats is found to be very different, the latter leaning largely to gray and green, while the city cats' eyes are mostly yellow and having far more glittering in them than have their country cousins. In the matter of tails, too, there is a difference, the city cat's tail being much longer and carried more nearly on a level with the back than that of the country cat. The country cat's paws are much flatter, broader and softer than the town cat's, the pads of the former being like velvet, and those of the latter like rubber.

Altogether, between the big barreled gray, light-eyed, velvet-footed country cat, slipping noiselessly through the young wheat stalks, and the scrawny, long-tailed, yellow-eyed city cat pattering down an alleyway like a flying shadow, there are such differences as will, says the observer, result in time in the formation of two distinct species—Felis rusticus and Felis urbanis.—N. Y. Sun.

GLASS DRESSES AND CURTAINS.

Cloth That Is Fine Enough to Be Worn Next to the Skin.

Articles of dress are now being extensively made of glass. A Venetian manufacturer is turning out bonnets by the thousand, the glass cloth of which they are composed having the same shimmer and brilliancy of color as silk, and, what is a great advantage, being impervious to water. In Russia there has for a long time existed a tissue manufactured from the fiber of a peculiar filamentous stone from the Siberian mines, which by some secret process is shredded and spun into a fabric which, although soft to the touch and pliable in the extreme, is of so durable a nature that it never wears out. This is probably what has given an enterprising firm the idea of producing spun-glass dress lengths.

The Muscovite stuff is thrown into the fire when dirty, like asbestos, by which it is made absolutely clean again; but the spun-glass silk is simply brushed with a hard brush and soap and water, and is none the worse for being either stained or soiled. The material is to be had in white, green, lilac, pink and yellow, and bids fair to become very fashionable for evening dresses. An Austrian is the inventor of this novel fabric, which is rather costly. Tablecloths, napkins and window curtains are also made of it. It has also been discovered that glass is capable of being turned into a fine cloth, which can be worn next to the skin without the slightest discomfort.—Chambers' Journal.

More Than Human.

"Now there," observed the social scientist, "did you see that dog?"

"The one rushing wildly away?" asked the psychologist.

"The same. If you noticed when that man suddenly stooped quite low the dog incontinently fled from him—"

"Yes, but what lesson do we get from so small an affair?"

"Simply that the poor dog is far and away ahead of society."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

Always

Taking cold, is a common complaint. It is due to impure and deficient blood and it often leads to serious troubles. The remedy is found in pure, rich blood, and the one true blood purifier is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

FRIENDS' OATS

Friends' Oats

FOR OLD AND YOUNG.
ALL GROCERS SELL
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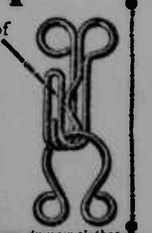

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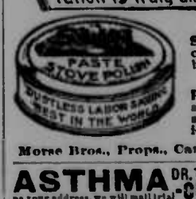

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TEMPERANCE NOTES.

DRINK TRANSFORMED HIM.

Poor Old Bridget Murphy's Plea for Her Wayward and Brutal Boy.

"My boy used to be a good boy until he began to drink."

It was poor old Bridget Murphy, of 504 East 14th street, New York, who was talking. She was saying it to a nurse in the Charity hospital the other Sunday. The film was slowly closing over poor old Bridget's eyes. She couldn't have been very sorry to die; for she had little to live for. Her lines had fallen for many years in hard and cruel places; made infinitely harder by the thought that she had nursed and tended the loved boy who in one of his drunken outbursts of passion had pounded and kicked and beaten her till she was a pitiful spectacle of wounds and bruises and was taken off to the hospital to die. And now that it was all ending—a tragedy just as sorrowful and suggestive as if Bridget Murphy had been born in the purple and had lied in luxury—the grim fate that had followed her softened for a moment and let in upon her fading sight the light of a tender memory. "He was a good boy," she said, "until he began to drink."

It was after he "began to drink" that Martin Murphy ceased "to be a good boy." First he became a burden to his mother, compelling her to furnish him money for drink out of her small earnings as a laundress. Then he be-

HE TURNED UPON HER AND BEAT HER.

gan abusing her in his drunken fits until, as the poor old woman moaned there in the hospital, "he became a perfect devil." So when good old Bridget Murphy, on the night of September 2, in the kindness of her heart—the kindness and gentleness which as national characteristics outshine even the proverbial eloquence and persuasiveness of the Irish people—offered shelter in her own home to some dispossessed neighbors, this boy Martin, utterly worthless through the idleness that attends on drunken habits, made vicious by the associations which they entail, and bristling with the brutality engendered by liery potations, rose up and demanded that they should be ejected. Upon his mother's refusal to comply with the order of the drunken brute, he turned upon her, beat her and kicked her and so maltreated her that when found later she was covered with wounds, with one of her ribs broken and unconscious. And he used to be a "good boy," the poor old woman moaned, as she lay dying of his brutality, "until he began to drink."

So Bridget Murphy is dead, and Martin Murphy, the "good boy until he began to drink," is in prison waiting to be tried for killing his mother.—N. Y. Tribune.

WINE-DRINKING IN FRANCE.

Peril Threatening the Nation Through the Growth of Alcoholism.

A new book recently published in France, entitled "La Jeunesse," by a Frenchman named Charles Wagner, referring to the effect of wine drinking in France, says:

The great dark cloud on the horizon is alcoholism. Doubtless its influence is felt in all classes of society, but it is above all the scourge of the people. It is a scourge of recent date—one that has appeared in the last 30 or 40 years. Alcoholism is the very latest parvenu and a cosmopolite. It can be assigned no native land. Since, through heredity, it has entered the blood and marrow of the people, and is spread alike in country and city, it has alarmed first physicians and lawyers, and little by little all thinkers. The race is stricken in a vital spot. Hospitals, insane asylums and prisons give daily evidence of its progress. In some countries it is easier to count those who are not than those who are addicted to it. Add to this, that what is now drunk is radically different from what was drunk in old times. It is not in the domain of ideas only that our age has discovered fraud. Its material as well as its intellectual and moral sustenance is poison. Its favorite drink is a cheap mixture, adulterated with spirits made from beet root and potatoes, with which the great manufacturers inundate the world. It can be said with truth that it drinks its death and that of its children. The future is poisoned, and coming generations are doomed to blight, insanity and crime. The consequences of alcoholism—economic, hygienic, moral, political, and social—can never be calculated. Of nine-tenths of the ruin, disease, accidents, crime, fanaticism and popular disturbances, we can truly exclaim: "The cause is alcohol."

Alcoholism ravages the youth of the people to a frightful extent. There is hardly a form of amusement without it. It disturbs and destroys healthful pleasure. It prevents physical culture; it neutralizes the effects of social meetings, where good fellowship and relaxation are sought. Every meeting, every excursion, no matter what its object, runs a risk of ending in a drinking bout. Manners become coarse and talk and songs brutal.

Formerly the city relied on the influx of new blood from the fields and mountains to recruit its strength. These reserves are themselves affected. There are in the Vosges, to cite one example only, secluded valleys where springs flow ever, where the air is pure, and where the memory of man cannot recall an epidemic. But alcohol reigns. The number of feeble babies is constantly on the increase. There is a demoralization in habits, in the pocket, in the household. The fruit of a life of labor disappears in smoke. Alcohol is more terrible than the plague, than war, or any scourge of nature. Outward losses may be made good, and even decay in the world of ideas; but how shall we remedy an evil which devours blood, brains and nerves, and destroys even the basis of life?

Sometimes, in reviewing our civilization, the question is asked: "What can menace it?" It cannot go down before an invasion of barbarians like that of antiquity. Its enemies, nevertheless, are not far to seek. They do not swarm on a distant horizon, like the Huns and Vandals; they are in its midst, and alcohol is one of the most terrible.

What hope can there be for the future in a youth given over to alcohol? A democracy rests on the good sense of the people, on the wisdom and energy of its citizens, on the spirit of order, of work, of economy. For all these good things one can tremble as long as absinthe and brandy gain ground. They are the barbarians in our midst.

RUSSIA'S LIQUOR LAW.

How the Government Proposes to Regulate the Traffic.

In all the history of the modern temperance movement, no public law or decree has ever attempted any task so gigantic or of such far-reaching importance as that which Russia's new law has undertaken, says the Review of Reviews. Russia has determined upon nothing less than a complete government monopoly of the manufacture and sale of the liquor supply for the whole empire. Somewhat more than two years are to be allowed for the system to attain completeness. It is to be put in force in eight provinces on the first of July, 1896, in seven other provinces on the first day of July, 1897, and throughout all the rest of the empire on the first day of January, 1898. Saloonkeeping as a private business will be altogether abolished. The Russian empire will have a great advantage over the officials of South Carolina in carrying out its policy of a state liquor monopoly. In Russia, regulations of this kind do not meet with serious resistance. The Russian law will be enforced to the letter. It is not for Americans to approve of the autocratic form of government; but we may, nevertheless, be glad to see autocracy thus assert itself in behalf of the true interests of the people. The movement for political freedom in Russia has had no worse enemy than the drunkenness of the people, which has helped to keep them poor, degraded and ignorant. With the improved school system of Russia, and the elimination of the village saloonkeeper, we may confidently expect that the Russian peasantry will gradually become fitted for self-government. Since the abolition of serfdom, Russia has taken no step of domestic policy so important as this abolition of the private liquor traffic.

SAVED TO THE UTTERMOST.

Missionary's Story of the Reclamation of a Drunkard.

A touching story of Christ's power to redeem from any depth of degradation is related by the Colporter:

A city missionary was called from his bed at midnight to meet a half-clothed little girl, who said as she saw him:

"Be you the man that preached last night, and said that Christ could save to the uttermost?"

"Yes."

"Well, I was there, and I want you to come right down to our house and try to save my father."

"What's the matter with your father?"

"He's a good father when he don't drink, but he's out of work now, and he drinks awfully. He's most killed my mother; but if Jesus can save to the uttermost, He can save him."

In a miserable underground room the drunken father was found brandishing a knife over his wife. The missionary began to talk kindly to him and he became subdued. The little girl went up to the missionary, saying:

"Don't talk to father, it won't do any good. Ask Jesus, who saves to the uttermost, to save my poor father."

He knelt and prayed with unwonted power. The drunkard was melted to repentance. A new era dawned on the family.

What She Was Thankful For.

A Sunday-school teacher handed to her scholars a little slip of paper on which was printed the question: "What have I to be thankful for?" Among the replies that were given on the following Sunday was this pathetic sentence written by a little girl who had learned by bitter experience probably the painful truth it implied: "I am thankful there are no public houses in Heaven."

VARIOUS NOTES.

Putting stuff down the throat takes "the stuff" out of the pocket.

Every drunkard used to boast that he could drink or let it alone.

Of all the evil spirits abroad in the world the grog spirit is the most devilish.

When a liquor seller finds a man after his own heart, he goes at once after his cash.

The man who pays more attention to the public house than to his own home will soon come to grief.

If gin mills decorated their windows like other establishments with samples of their finished work, how different they would look from what they do now!

The descent from the elaborately-furnished liquor palace to the low-class drinking den is both natural and rapid.

The dealers who furnish grain for the distillers frequently have to furnish a boy or two of their own or their neighbor's to the same men.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The average duration of human life in European countries is greatest in Sweden and Norway, and lowest in Italy and Austria.

—A farmer tied his horse to a trolley car in Baltimore the other day, and in a short time garden truck was spilled all along the main street.

—A Dublin correspondent says that by the death of Lord Waterford the Irish landlords have lost their guide, philosopher and friend.

—If the moon is red or has many red spots expect a cold and stormy winter; but if only a few spots are visible the winter will be mild.

—The New York board of aldermen, in their desire to emulate the example set by the mayor, have passed a resolution ordering that the aldermen's flag be flown from the city hall whenever the board is in session.

—The Niagara falls all-the-year-round skating rink, which is the fad in London just now, stands on historic ground. On the site where it is built was once the cottage of Nell Gwynne, and her neighbor John Milton's house stood next door—a curious juxtaposition indeed.

—Monterey bay, California, has for several weeks been swarming with all kinds of fish. The surface of the water is constantly stirred and churned by the schools of fish. Sardines are so numerous that they are caught by buckets-fuls along the wharves and beach. King mackerel weighing from 200 to 500 pounds have been caught in the bay.

—New ideas germinate almost hourly in the brain of Cyrus Teed, of Chicago. He thinks of laying out a model city on a Louisiana plain. The streets are to be 400 feet wide, and each street is to be so arranged in tiers as to have four separate roads, one above the other—the lowest for pedestrians, the next for bicyclists, then one for wagons, and the highest one for railroads.

WOMAN EDITOR OF THE FUTURE.

She Has Trouble with Her Staff—Concerned Over the Evils of Rum.

"Helen!"

The managing editor of the future spoke sharply. She was evidently angry about something.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the private secretary, quickly responding to the summons.

"Write a note to Miss Doolittle telling her that we will dispense with her services in the local room in the future."

"Yes, ma'am."

"She is drinking too much," explained the managing editor. "I am sorry for her poor father, who is a widower and has to depend on her for support, but I can't help it. She will have to go."

"I'll do it at once, ma'am."

"This liquor evil is becoming a very serious matter," continued the managing editor, musingly. "I don't much blame those poor men out in Kansas who have been holding prayer meetings in the street in an attempt to break up the saloon business. They are taking long chances of insult, though. It's no place for men. I don't see what their wives are thinking of to let them do it. We'll have to have a good special on the subject before long.

"Meanwhile," continued the managing editor, coming down to business again, "tell Mrs. Slasher that I want a good stiff editorial on the women who persist in going out between the acts to see a girl or get a clove. It's an insult to the gentlemen they take to the theater."

"I have that, ma'am," said Helen, looking up from her notebook. "What else?"

"Leave a note for Mr. Prettyman about his society. Twice recently he has made the mistake of referring to Mr. and Mrs. Jones, instead of Mrs. and Mr. Jones, as everyone knows it ought to be. It's inexcusable."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then tell the city editor that I want a good interview with Mrs. Margin, the president of the board of trade, on the slump in wheat. There ought to be a good story in that. I understand that the firm of Mesdames Coupon & Bond was badly squeezed and that Jennie Plunger made so much that she blew in $200 or $300 celebrating with the girls on the board of trade and squared herself by buying her husband a diamond ring and a sealskin coat."

With a wave of the hand the editor of the future dismissed her private secretary and gave her attention to an editorial on "The Absurd Claims of the New Man."—N. Y. Sun.

An Empty Sentiment.

"I wish," said the man who indulges promiscuously in sentiment, "that I could be a boy again."

"And have to do your daily duties whether you felt like it or not?" inquired his practical friend.

"Ye-yes."

"And have to ask permission every time you go out at night?"

"Of course. Think of the freedom from responsibility; the—"

"Do you think you'd enjoy being told to your face that you should be seen and not heard?"

"No; I can't say that I would."

"Or being licked every time you were caught in a prevarication and compelled to go to bed because somebody else thinks you are sleepy?"

"Of course not. I-er-you see—it doesn't do to take anything in this life too literally. I was just quoting poetry, you know."—Washington Star.

Faithful to His Promise.

Mrs. Goodhart—Now, my man, if you will wash your face, neck and hands well I will give you something to eat. There is the bowl.

Perry Patettle—Missus, I would like the best in the world to consider your proposition, but in me childhood I promised me pore old mudder to forever shun de bowl. And so, good-by.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

MONTANA'S WONDERLAND.

A Spot That Is a Gem of Rare Scenic Beauty.

There has been discovered during the last season by a party of scientists in one of the most inaccessible portions of Montana a spot that for grandeur and unique beauty gives promise of outrivaling the Yosemite valley of California, the Grand canyon of the Colorado, and other famous scenic attractions of the great west.

This newly-discovered wonderland is situated north of Lake McDonald, near the boundary line between Flathead and Teton counties, among the snow-crowned peaks of that remote region, and surrounded by almost impenetrable forests. Until recently the beauties of this place had never been seen except by Indians and half-breeds, and possibly a few trappers and prospectors. A half-breed scout having told a party of "wise men from the east" camping on the shore of Lake McDonald—itself a bit of wondrous scenic beauty—marvelous tales of the wonders of this spot, their interest was aroused, and they determined to visit this isolated region and judge for themselves of its attractions.

Accordingly they first proceeded to the head of Lake McDonald, where they secured as guides and packers two trusty frontiersmen, half-breeds, named Geduhn and Apgar, who were familiar with these wild mountains and trackless forests. It was an arduous undertaking, but they toiled persistently onward. The steep, narrow trail led northward from the lake for perhaps ten miles; when this distance had been accomplished their journey was only just begun. For many miles they were obliged to chop their way through dense forests and tangled undergrowth, where nothing but the trails of deer and footprints of bears—many of the latter very fresh—could be detected.

After two days of indefatigable labor they suddenly came upon a spot of such rare beauty that Dr. L. B. Sperry, of Minneapolis, one of the party, considered an authority on American scenery, pronounced it "a scenic gem of the first water." This consisted of a basin, in the shape of a horseshoe, about two miles in length and a mile or a mile and a half in width, surrounded on all sides by walls of rock, rising almost perpendicularly to heights varying from 3,000 to 4,000 feet. In the floor of this basin, like a jewel in its setting, was a beautiful lake of deep sapphire blue, a mile and a half in length by half a mile in width; its waters of such perfect clearness that the speckled trout, with which they were filled, were plainly visible. The surrounding ledges of rocks were surmounted by numerous peaks, rising to dizzy heights, 1,000 and 2,000 feet above the timber line, their lofty summits white with perpetual snow.

At the head of the basin were two streams of icy water, pouring in beautiful cascades over the rocks and cliffs; sometimes clinging to the walls, resembling ribbons and cords of silver, and sometimes dashing over the ledges, diffusing themselves in clouds of rainbow-tinted spray, hundreds of feet below. The total height of these silvery streams was estimated to be at least 2,500 feet, and they derive their supply from the vast fields of eternal snow lying in the awful solitudes far above.

Along a portion of the southern wall there was a slope extending from a height of 2,000 feet down nearly to the border of the lake. Here avalanches are of frequent occurrence, shooting down the slope with terrific force, and with a rushing, roaring sound, not unlike peals of thunder, and plunging into the unfathomable depths of rocky chasms. On account of the oft-recurring avalanches the party christened this secluded mountain valley "Avalanche Basin," and the surrounding peaks and picturesque masses of rock were given names suggested by their appearance; the Sphinx, the Dome, Cathedral Spires, the Castle, and the Matterhorn, the last on account of its surprising resemblance to the far-famed Alpine peak.

The walls inclosing this bit of wonderland are of metamorphic sandstone, some of the strata being of uncolored quartz, nearly as white as the surrounding snows, while other strata are of bright red. The formation of the rocks exhibits many marvelous phenomena and the place contains many scientific as well as scenic attractions, and will prove a most interesting field of study for the geologist and mineralogist.

It is very probable that long ago, in the prehistoric ages, this spot was the bed of some enormous inland lake of great depth, of which the little lake now existing in its center contains, comparatively speaking, only the last few drops in the slowly emptying basin. But whatever may have been its history in the dim and distant past it is easy to predict its future; for when, by the construction of good roads, communication shall have been established with the railways it is certainly destined to become one of the most celebrated resorts; a shrine where earth's weary pilgrims, through communion with nature, will find peace and rest.—M. Barbour, in Chicago Tribune.

To Clean Velvet.

It is worth while remembering in these days when everyone of us who can possibly afford it intends to have a velvet waist or wrap or gown that velvet should always be brushed against the grain to remove dust, and if in very bad condition should be sprinkled with fine white sand and then brushed till none of this remains. The cleansing power of common seashore sand is very great, and if collected after use and washed can do service many times.—St. Louis Republican.

—An ordinance in force in Chicago prohibits the erection of buildings higher than 150 feet above the street surface. This does not refer to spires, domes and cupolas. In streets not less than 80 feet wide, the height of a building is limited to 125 feet.

MODJESKA'S ROMANTIC CAREER

She Achieved High Reputation in Spite of Many Adverse Circumstances.

Helena Modjeska's career has been a strikingly interesting one. She born at Cracow, in Austrian Poland, about 51 years ago. Her father, Michael Popido, a musician, gave her a Greek name on account of her small Greek head, which pleased his artistic sense. He died when she was a child. A great fire burned their house and brought the large family to poverty. Two brothers became successful actors and helped her to find humble work on the stage. For years she met with no success. She married her guardian, much older than herself, named Modrzejewski, the real spelling of the name which we have shortened to Mojeska (the "a" the usual feminine ending). It was not until 1865 that real success began to be hers. Always an enthusiastic student in her art, she made such progress under the direction of the Polish director Ladinski that her growing reputation spread from Poland to Germany and France. She has always been devoted to Poland, and it is related that on one occasion, after she had accepted a proposal to play German tragedy in Austrian Bukowina, her patriotism got the better of her ambition, and she gave up the idea of playing in Germany on hearing a band play Polish national airs the day before the first performance. "It was at the time the Polish insurrection broke out, and this music made her feel as if deserting the Polish stage at such a moment would be equal to betraying the national cause."

In 1868 she married Charles Bozenta Chlapowski, a young Polish patriot and journalist. On the day of her marriage she first played in Warsaw, where "her triumph was the greatest ever known in the annals of the theater." She remained in Warsaw seven years, the period of greatest advancement in her art. In 1876, with her husband and a party of friends, she visited the centennial, then went to California, bent on founding a Polish community. It was a strange experience. "They bought land, built a house, purchased cattle, hens and chickens and other necessities, and then swung hammocks under the trees, laid in a stock of cigarettes and waited for the crops to grow and for the cattle to multiply. As long as the money held out they lived a delightful life. Unfortunately, there is a limit to money, and before very long it was all gone and the little colony had to turn to and work. This was too prosaic entirely for some of the members, and they continued to swing in the hammocks and smoke cigarettes while the others worked and waited upon them. One of the hardest workers was Mme. Modjeska. She not only cooked and scrubbed, but she milked the cows and made the butter, her husband and son doing all the hard work of the farm, while their companions looked on and chaffed and sneered by turns. Even with the strictest economy they could not live, and Mme. Modjeska determined to learn English and act at a San Francisco theater." This she did, after six months of study. Her first appearance there, as in Warsaw nine years before, was as Adrienne Lecouvreur. Her success was immediate and has never since been broken. Although she has visited Poland, her husband and son are naturalized American citizens, and America will always claim her—jointly, if need be, with Poland—as one of her brightest stars.

The story of Russia's recent edict against her has been widely circulated. It was because of her frank expression of sympathy with Poland, during the Columbian exposition (promptly reported to their government by Russian representatives who heard her) that Mme. Modjeska was forbidden to enter Russia. She had to abandon, at great cost to herself, an engagement to play in St. Petersburgh, but the exile, if such it is to be called, while it emphasizes her constancy to the cause of Poland, makes her more than ever an American. —Buffalo Express.

Found His Bearings.

An amusing incident occurred in the hearing of a collision case in the admiralty court before Sir Francis Jeune and Trinity house assessors. A typical old salt, with only one eye, got along quite satisfactorily with his examination in chief, but was rather nonplussed when the opposing counsel began to cast some doubts upon his evidence. The old tar got over the first three or four questions safely, but his wrath rose as the cross-examination proceeded. At length he could restrain the full gale of his indignation no longer, and, buttoning his jacket tightly, he leaned over the rails of the witness box and cried: "I beg your pardon, but who might you be, mister?" The court roared with laughter, in which the president and assessors heartily joined. The counsel replied: "Oh, I am against you." At this admission the sailor seemed much relieved and remarked: "Oh, I see! Now I know my bearings and must steer accordingly."—London Telegraph.

His Last Blissful Thought.

The old organ-grinder of Pinkleburg lay dying; the curate was visiting him. "Would you mind, sir, asking our organist to play the 'dead march' over me?" asked the sick man.

"Certainly I will, Jones," said the curate.

"Thankee, sir; none o' that ere tweedledum Beethoven, you know, sir; only Handel's."

"I am sure he will do it," responded the curate.

The old man lay placidly for awhile, then exclaimed with fervor: "How thankful I be I sha'n't have to blow for him when he plays the loud part at the end."—Church Times.

—Every district in China has its own methods of manipulating the tea leaves, methods which have been handed down from father to son from time immemorial.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—A sponge large enough to expand and fill the chimney after having been squeezed in, tied to a slender stick, is the best thing with which to clean a lamp chimney.

—Marlborough Pie.—Roll half a dozen macaroons fine, mix with a cupful of stewed apples, half a cupful of sugar, half a pint of rich cream and three beaten eggs. Line deep pie pans with puff paste, pour the mixture in and bake.—Home.

—Tomato Soup.—To a quart can of tomatoes add a pint of hot water and cook 15 minutes. Rub lightly through a sieve, season with salt, pepper and two tablespoonsful of butter, return to the fire, and when it boils, add three pints of rich milk. Serve with hot crisped crackers.—Country Gentleman.

—Creamed Onions.—Blanch by boiling them ten minutes, pour off the water, add boiling water, cook five minutes, pour it off, add boiling water and cook until tender. Drain in a colander, put them in an earthen dish, season with salt, a very little pepper and butter, then pour over a teacupful of cream; heat and serve.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Sago Jelly.—Boil three ounces of fine sago in a quart of water for two hours, stirring frequently. When the sago is quite cooked add the juice of a large lemon and four ounces of loaf sugar. Boil all together for a few moments, add a gill of raisin wine and pour into a wetted mold. Next day turn out the jelly, garnish with whipped cream and serve.—Liverpool Mercury.

—Chestnut Sauce. — Half a pint of chestnuts, softened and mashed as for the turkey stuffing. Put in a saucepan one-half tablespoonful of flour and one of butter and cook until a dark brown. Stir the pulp of the chestnuts into this sauce and cook two minutes. Add salt and pepper to taste, and rub all through a sieve. The chestnuts used should be twice as large as the native nut.—Prairie Farmer.

SAMPLES OF QUICK WIT.

Mme. Brohan's Neatly Turned Compliment to Canrobert.

The reply of Lord Rothschild to an English snob is given as a good sample of ready wit. It happened at an assemblage of wealthy people in England not long ago. Rothschild was surrounded by many men of learning, and was conversing with one who always allowed his detestation of everything Jewish to overcome ordinary good manners and common politeness. Commenting upon the beauties of a place which this gentleman of standing and position had visited in his travels, he so far forgot himself as to add to one of his remarks: "And I was informed, too, that there are neither Jews nor hogs to be found there!"

It was an unpardonable affront under such circumstances, and the great financier doubtless felt that it merited a stinging retort, for he immediately responded: "Is that really so, sir? Then you and I should certainly pay that spot a visit. We should be great curiosities."

The son of an English earl, staying in Vienna, was one evening at a dinner to which also had been invited some of the most distinguished ladies and gentlemen of that city. One of the ladies, noted even amongst her intimate friends for saying shrewd but ungracious things, considered the Englishman worthy of her somewhat embarrassing observations, and smilingly asked him how it was that the English people generally spoke French so indifferently.

"Why, my lord," she added, encouraged by the smiles of some of the others, "we Austrians use that tongue with the same freedom as we do our native language."

"Madam," was the biting rejoinder she had little anticipated, "I can only account for it by the fact that you have twice entertained the French army in your capital, and we have never permitted them to enter ours!"

At the first performance of Dumas' "Etrangere" everybody appeared to be so preoccupied and wore such a serious countenance that Marshal Canrobert, who happened to be present, remarked it, and inquired the reason. Mme. Brohan, it is recorded, answered:

"We are on the eve of a great battle, and I suppose fear affects us as you see."

"Fear!" the marshal said, looking round with a puzzled air.

Mme. Brohan immediately summoned an attendant and briefly said "Pleard, a dictionary for the marshal.

A neater or wittier compliment in fewer words it would be impossible to produce.

A lady once ventured to publicly reprove a well-known London society man for his overfondness of good living. The gentleman made himself conspicuous by the way he gorged himself at a dinner to which he and others of the upper ten had been invited. To make matters worse he was sufficiently unwise, or thoughtless enough, to attempt to excuse himself with the remark that: "In eating well I praise the food," thereby using a well-known quotation.

It was an opportunity not to be lost by the somewhat disgusted and witty lady sitting at his elbow.

"Really, sir," she observed, with a sweet smile, "you should not carry praise to the point of flattery."—Detroit Free Press.

Molded Granose Dessert.

Flavor a pint of milk by steeping three or four tablespoonfuls of desiccated cocoanut in it for 20 minutes. (The milk must not be allowed to boil.) If the milk has evaporated, add enough more to make a full pint. Add a tablespoonful of sugar and two well-beaten eggs; cook until the custard is set, in a double boiler or a bowl placed in a dish of hot water. Add a sufficient quantity of dry granose to make the whole quite thick, and mold in cups. No dressing is required.—Good Health.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 9, 1895

The meeting of the Republican National Committee to-morrow is attracting more attention in Washington this week than Congress. The reasons is obvious. The Senate can transact little, if any, important business until the question of reorganization has been settled, and the House can do little until Speaker Reed announces the committees, while the National Committee will decide when and where the convention that will nominate the next president will be held. Delegations are here actively working for the six cities which are competing for the honor of entertaining the Convention. While the members of the committee are reticent on the subject the confidence of the St. Louis contingent is such that nearly everybody who is not actively championing some other city seems to be of the opinion that the convention will be held in that city, and the belief is general that June will be the month.

Incidentally with the meeting of the National Committee a crowd of enthusiastic McKinleyites have descended upon Washington and opened headquarters for the purpose of pushing along the boom of Ohio's favorite son, which they consider not only a good thing but the best thing of its kind now on the road. They found plenty of sympathizers in Washington, as few men have more personal friends in Congress than Gov. McKinley, and few of those friends have warmer feelings for him than the big man—in every sense of the word—who presides over the House and who is one of his rivals for the presidential nomination. The two men worked side by side in the House for a long period and fully understand each other's worth, and, while neither would probably say as much for publication, it would be a good guess to say that each of them is the other's second choice for President but it must not be inferred from such a guess that either would sulk should the National Convention in its assembled wisdom decide to nominate one of the other capable and popular gentlemen who have been mentioned. They were both Republicans of the tried and true kind, who always work their hardest for party success regardless of who may head the ticket.

For a man who lays claim to more than an average share of courage, Mr. Cleveland has a queer—not to put a worse construction upon it—way of acting. Although he knew that Congress and the country were deeply interested in the answer to the administration's request to know whether Great Britain intended to submit the Venezuelan boundary dispute to arbitration, and that the answer would be in Secretary Olney's hands on Saturday, he slunk off on a duck hunting trip, aboard of a Government Lighthouse tender without even setting a time for his return, leaving Congress and the country to await his august pleasure before being permitted to see that answer, which is known to be unsatisfactory. He may not have been afraid to face the music raised by the Monroe doctrine, but there are people who believe he is, and that he went away hoping that Congress would take the bit in its teeth demand the correspondence of Secretary Olney, and dictate a reply to Lord Salisbury before he returned to Washington. That may be putting the case a little too strong, but there can be no doubt that Mr. Cleveland's absence at this time is disrespectful to Congress and to the American people and unjustifiable from any point of view.

While it is probable that the Republicans of the House will hold a caucus after the committees are announced before definitely deciding what shall be done to furnish the Treasury with the money which Mr. Cleveland would not ask for, although he and everybody else knows how badly it is needed, the expression of members make it practically certain that the money will be raised by increasing the tariff on a number of articles.

It is regarded as probable that the claims of the Western senators for the chairmanships of the Senate committees which have to be exclusively with Western affairs will be almost if not entirely granted by the caucus committee of Republican senators now engaged in selecting Republicans for the vacant committee places; hence there are no believers of the silly story of and intended revolt on the part of Western Republicans.

In offering the resolution asking for all the correspondence in the Waller case, Representative Miller, of Kansas, was acting for the entire Congressional delegation of his state. This is the first step in the fight that is to be made in Congress to secure for Waller what the administration has failed to get for him—justice.

A Card.

On account of a report circulated throughout the county that the public schools would close between now and Christmas, I have had to write a great many letters in regard to the matter. I would therefore say, to all interested, that the report is a false one, and that we will run our schools four and a-half, and possibly five months, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding, as I publicly stated at the time of my examinations.

Wm. HINEBAUGH, Examiner.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending December 14, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Wm. E. Smith — Widmee C. Musser
Spear Bros. & Co. — Mrs. M. S. Wolf.
Miss Lavina Beeman — Miss Rachel Freeland
Miss Elizabeth Whadson.

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

$40.00 Reward.

I will pay forty dollars for the return of my pocket-book containing one hundred and eight dollars and two notes to the Garrett County Bank marked "paid." Said pocket book was lost on the county road between Thayerville and Oakland on the 22d of November, 1895.

HARRY THAYER,
30-3t. Thayerville, Md.

Attention, G. A. R.

Crook Post, No. 55, will assemble in Sturgiss' Hall at 7 o'clock p. m. Saturday, December 14th, for inspection.

The inspection officer desires that there shall be a full turnout of the members at that time. By order

A. G. STURGISS, Com'a'r.
H. LOWE, Adjutant.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS OF
GARRETT COUNTY,
OAKLAND, MD., December 12, 1895.

The office of the Board of School Commissioners will be open hereafter only on Saturdays, until after the opening of the public schools.

WM. HINEBAUGH, Secretary.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, No. 3 Judicials, March Term, 1895, at the suit of the Long, Lang, Oliver Company vs. Mary J. Boettner, the undersigned will sell at public auction to the highest bidder on

Saturday, the 4th Day of January, 1896,

at the hour of one o'clock, p. m. of said day, on the premises hereinafter described, in the town of Kitzmillersville, opposite Blaine, all the right, title and interest of the said defendant, being the house and premises where the said defendant now lives, and being the same property which is more particularly described in a deed from Emily Kitzmiller and others to the said Mary Jane Boettner, dated the 16th day of September, 1890, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, folio 346, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett County, containing one-half acre and being improved by a store and dwelling house combined. Said property will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid judgment and costs.

TERMS OF SALE—Cash on the day of sale.
CHARLES WEGMAN,
49-3t Sheriff of Garrett County.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice, the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county, for a change in the county road leading from Erie's Mill to Mellenor road running through the lands of Henry G. Davis. Said change begins at John Johnson's sugar camp on said county road and running through the lands of Henry G. Davis and intersecting said county road close the Neal Johnson shanty, a distance of three fourths of a mile more or less.

HENRY SINES,
JOHN SINES,
JOHN JOHNSON,
MARSHALL SINES.
50-3t*

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett County, at the suit of Martha J. West vs. Walter S. Wolfe the same being No. 18 Judicials to July Term, 1895, the undersigned sheriff will sell on

Saturday, the 28th Day of December, 1895,

at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m. of said day, in front of the Court house door in the town of Oakland, at public auction to the highest bidder, all the right and title of the said defendant in and to all that parcel of land situated in district No. 7 Garrett County on the East side of the Youghiogheny river near the farm of Chauncey Kimmell, described as follows, to-wit:

[illegible] being the same parcel of land as particularly described in a deed from H. G. Davis and others to the said Walter S. Wolfe, dated the 1st day of October, in the Year 1887, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 19, folio 671, &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett County, containing one hundred and thirty-three and a-half acres.

Said land is partly cleared and under cultivation and is improved by a dwelling house and other out buildings, and is said to be underlaid with a good vein of coal.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash on day of sale.
CHARLES WEGMAN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS OF
GARRETT COUNTY,
OAKLAND, MD., December 1, 1895.

To the honorable the Board of School Commissioners of Garrett County, Maryland, Gentlemen. In compliance with the law in such cases made and provided, I herewith render a statement of receipts and disbursements on account of the public schools of Garrett county, for the fiscal year ending July 31, 1895.

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand July 31, 1894	$ 2,631 69
State School Tax	5,674 59
Academic Fund	1,200 00
State Free School Fund	1,288 86
County School Tax	10,000 00
License Fund	691 75
Sale of books	448 17
Special appropriation, Act of 1894	4,000 00
Sale of outhouse at Loch Lynn	6 00
Temporary loan	9 [illegible] 00
Balance due Treasurer	1,201 03
Total	$36,688 09

DISBURSEMENTS.

Teachers' salaries	$ 6,348 84
Fuel	389 30
Incidental expenses	317 00
Rent	129 16
Books and stationery	612 01
Buildings (eight)	16,887 27
Repairs	574 40
Furniture, stoves, etc.	905 73
Discount and Interest	259 77
Salary Secretary, Treasurer and Examiner	800 00
Salary Assistant	200 00
Per diem School Commissioners	700 00
Office expenses	141 06
Printing and advertising	91 70
Insurance on Oakland building	62 30
Freight and hauling	144 56
Temporary loan	8,400 00
Total	$36,683 09

You will notice that the actual receipts from all sources is $28,801.06, and not $36,683.09, as might be supposed from the above statement. All our liabilities for buildings, teachers' salaries, etc., were due and demandable on the 1st of January, 1895, while a large portion of our assets were not due until July following, consequently the necessity of the temporary loan.

The large amount expended for buildings the past year was caused by the erection of the Oakland school building which cost $14,211 00. This includes heating, ventilating and water closet apparatus; also charge of architect for plans and specifications.

Respectfully submitted,
WM. HINEBAUGH,
38 2 Treasurer.

Estate of James W. Hardesty, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

JAMES W. HARDESTY,

late of Garrett County, Maryland, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 10th day of June next; they may otherwise be by law excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 25th day of November, 1895.

CHARLES S. HARVEY, Adm'r.
39-3 Swanton, Md.

NOTICE TO DELINQUENT TAX-PAYERS.

Notice is hereby given to all delinquent tax-payers that if "taxes now due and in arrear" are not paid before January 1, 1896, I will proceed by law to collect. For full information to all parties interested I refer to Sec. 50 of Chapter 566 of Acts of General Assembly of Maryland, a copy of which is hereunto annexed.

E. E. SOLLARS,
Treasurer of Garrett County.

SECTION 50. The said Treasurer shall, during the first week in December in each and every year, give notice to all delinquent tax-payers of said county, by advertisement inserted in two newspapers published in said county, and by hand-bills posted in five of the most public places in each election district of said county, and at the court-house door warning them that the payment of all taxes then due and in arrear will be enforced by advertisement and sale unless the same are paid before the 1st day of January next following.

N. B. *The above will be strictly enforced after January 1, 1896.*

ORDER NISI.

William C. Devecmon vs Francis C. Pullam. No. 720 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 13th day of November in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-five, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by William C. Devecmon, Mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 13th day of December, 1895; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 13th day of December, 1895.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2,000.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
37-3t.

D. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M. RATHBUN & CO., PLANING MILLS,

And BUILDING MATERIALS.

MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time. If you want a low-cost house. We are still building

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar, 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS.

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

38 13·

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, October 20, 1895. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.48 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 9	—Express, daily except Mon.	3.55 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 1	—Daily except Mon	10.40 A. M
No. 5	—Express, daily	6.22 P. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	8.45 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST.

No. 8	—Daily	5.50 A. M
No. 2	—Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	9.08 A. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	4.32 P. M
No. 6	—Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	12.21 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL ROOFING, SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,
W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.
7—26t.

NEW CASH STORE AT LOCH LYNN HEIGHTS.

Having opened a store on First Street, I will receive all kinds of country produce at the market price in exchange for goods. Goods sold cheap for cash. Call and see me.

38 WILLIAM W. SWEET.

Watch this

Space for

NETHKEN BROS.

Advertisement.

We have added a new Department —Millinery Goods.

NETHKEN BROS.,
31—1yr Deer Park, Md.

$25.00 REWARD

Will be paid for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any persons who tear planks from fences or depredate in any way on my premises at Deer Park.

32—8t JOHN W. WILLIAMS.

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

EIGHTH YEAR
A MODERN, HIGH GRADE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.

Reopens Sept. 25, 1895 (D. V.) A department for boys and young men embracing thorough preparatory work for college, business or scientific school will be inaugurated under the charge of Maj. C. A. Ballon, of the Virginia Military Institute. Stenography, type-writing, book-keeping, besides full courses in English and Latin, etc. Send for catalogue to E. E. SWAN, Principal and Proprietress,
18 1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

THE OAKLAND HARNESS CO. carry the best stock of heavy, hand made harness and horse furnishing goods to be found in the country.

Alder Street, opposite G. S. Hamill's office.

TRUMAN WEST, Manager.
26—26t.*

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY.
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY,
DAY OR NIGHT.
PRICES REASONABLE.

Jos. E. HARNED, Proprietor.
31—26

Slate Roofing.

Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.

I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.

All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.

I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.

Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.

For prices apply to or address,

C. M. BEACHY,
47—1yr. Grantsville, Md

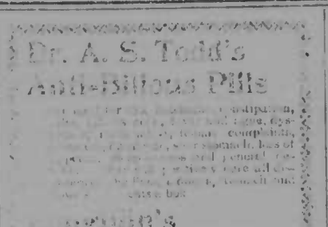

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

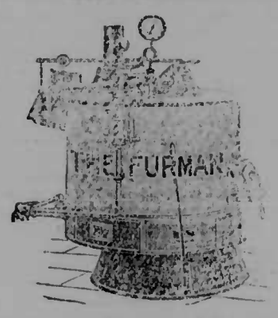

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.
23-1yr.

34 inches high. Top can be adjusted to any angle or height. Revolving Case 15 x 15 x 12 inside. Holds about 200 sheets Law size. Strong well finished Walnut Base and Sides with Solid Oak Shelves and Top.—100,000 now in use. Sent [illegible] down ($9 [illegible] approval. [illegible] March 1st. [illegible] CHICAGO. Agents [illegible]

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTINGS, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A 11 1y SPECIALTY.

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments.

Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS.

FROSTBURG, MD.
AGENTS WANTED.
4193.yr—.

WE LOAN MONEY

On Real Estate, City Town and Village property, to buy, build and improve your houses, and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS OVER $2,000,000.00.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. RINKER,
WILSON, Grant Co., W. VA.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.
☞ Prompt attention to collections. 11

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

☞ Special attention given to real estate.
CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. ☞ SURVEYING.
Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 8-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1614-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.

Drs. McLane & Berkeley,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
FROSTBURG, MD.

Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
☞ EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.
See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

☞ Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8:30 p. m.

H. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
☞ Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
P. O address, Elk Lick, Pa. 8 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Residence and P. O. Address,
SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, Md. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. KARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 23d, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13t.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Ambrosine Coles containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,600. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

3. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

--WANTED--
WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER
Also White Oak Timber Land.
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.
Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE.
22tf 210 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

STRAWBERRIES.

Best varieties, early, medium and late. Our pot grown plants set now will produce a full crop next June. Sent by mail prepaid, 50 cents per dozen; express unpaid, $1 per hundred.

THE HORTICULTURAL SUPPLY CO.,
Mt. Lake Park, M

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1895. NUMBER 41.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Just received, at Dixon & Kelso's store, car shelled corn, to sell cheap for cash. 41–2.

Special prices at Shartzer & Bolden's new mammoth furniture rooms.

Don't buy your Xmas goods until you see Shartzer & Bolden's line of rockers.

Mr. Thomas J. Peddicord, of Covington, Ky., was here this week attending court.

Buy your Xmas goods at Shartzer & Bolden's new mammoth furniture rooms.

Messrs. Will Weber and John Ault have returned from Atlanta and the south.

Mr. Merritt Wilson, of Wilson, West Va., was an Oakland visitor on Monday.

Rev. Dr. Ison and family have gone to Washington to spend the winter with relatives.

Shartzer & Bolden will show you the finest line of house-furnishing goods in Western Maryland.

Walter D. Smith, of Terra Alta, spent Sunday in town as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Smith.

Mr. Robert T. Semmes, of Cumberland, was in the city on professional business Monday and Tuesday.

Shartzer and Bolden will occupy their new mammoth furniture rooms Monday, Dec. 23. They will give you special prices on that day for cash.

Don't fail to call at Shartzer & Bolden's new furniture rooms and see their new line of bed room suits.

Mr. William C. Kidd, one of Baltimore's traveling salesmen, was in the city Tuesday looking up trade.

Shartzer & Bolden call your attention to their line of pictures and easles; the finest line ever brought to town.

County Commissioner Isaac W. Abercrathy, of Wilson, was here Tuesday looking after the affairs of the county.

Call and examine goods whether you buy or not. We will be pleased to show you our entire line. Shartzer & Bolden.

Mr. William H. Jacobs, of the lower end of the county, was in the city on business Tuesday and made this office a pleasant call.

Rev. John M. Davis and son John returned Tuesday from Baltimore and Washington, where they had been on a visit to friends.

Judge Sloan is in Missouri where he was called to the bedside of his mother-in-law, Mrs. A. C. Good, who is very seriously ill.

There will be services in Garrett Memorial church on Friday night next, preparatory to the Lord's Supper on next Sabbath morning.

Drs. J. Lee and Henry W. McComas were in Cumberland Saturday evening. They were accompanied by Mrs. Henry W. McComas.

Mr. James W. Beeghley, of near Accident, brought to market Tuesday several hundred pounds of packed butter and disposed of it at good prices.

Assemblyman-elect Chas E. Hilleary, of Gorman, was in the city Tuesday conferring with his constituency. He was accompanied here by Mrs. Hilleary.

You cannot buy anything better for a Xmas present than a fine rocker or a fine picture. It will please your friends every time. Shartzer & Bolden.

A. G. Bartley, of Magic, Pa., writes: I feel it a duty of mine to inform you and the public that DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured me of a very bad case of eczema. It also cured my boy of a running sore on his leg. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mrs. David Tasker, and son Will who have been in Dennison, Texas, for a number of months, have returned to Oakland and are occupying their cottage on Liberty street.

Mr. Ami McGintiss, of near Crellin, was thrown from his horse on last Sunday and received a fracture of the right forearm just above the wrist. Dr. M. C. Hinebaugh was called and rendered surgical aid.

Mr. W. R. England, engineman on engine No. 571, was scalded rather severely about the eyes and forehead on Sunday near Oakland by a stop pipe on his engine bursting and allowing the steam to escape. Dr. Hinebaugh attended him and he was sent to his home in Grafton immediately after the accident.

Mrs. R. A. Winters is the possessor of an apple which came from Garrett county, Md., which measures 4 inches in diameter or a fraction over 12 inches in circumference and weighs 15 ounces; now we want to say that this is no fish story, the writer having weighed and measured the monster.—Meyersdale Commercial.

The Deer Park and Pittsburgh Connecting Railroad was sold at trustees' sale on last Saturday to Mr. Samuel W. Vandersall, of Pittsburgh, for the sum of fifteen hundred dollars. Mr. Vandersall represented a syndicate of Pittsburgh capitalists who will in all probability complete the road next summer and have it open for traffic before winter sets in.

A pair of horses belonging to Heltig Bros' livery stable were drived to Hutton on last Thursday and allowed to stand. They took fright at something, probably a train of cars, and ran away, and came to a stop when they attempted to cross the railroad tracks here, but a train of freight cars barred their passage. The horses and buggy sustained very little damage.

The editor of a local paper is the most thoroughly criticised individual of a community. To escape criticism he would have to be a member of all churches and of none, a prohibitionist and a drunkard at the same time; a married man and a single man at once, a saint and sinner, a genius and a fool; a hypocrite, a backbiter, a liar, a rascal and the opposite of each.—New Dominion.

Mr. William Hartman's saw mill situated near Mellenry, was burned to the ground on Saturday night or Sunday morning. The fire originated from ashes one of the men had thrown on the drive belt to keep it from slipping on the wheel. The ashes fell through to the saw dust accumulated below and being hot the fire was thus started. The mill is a total loss with no insurance.

The December term of the Circuit Court for this county was in session on Tuesday with His Honor Judge Edward Stake on the bench. The docket was called over and judgment entered in uncontested cases. Quite a large number of other cases were continued. The court adjourned until Monday the 30th inst., when Judge Stake will again be here to hold court and try several other cases.

Mr. Patrick Garrett, of Deer Park, met with quite a painful accident on Tuesday afternoon whilst engaged in bailing hay with a bailing machine. He was in the act of cleaning away dirt from under the machine when the cylinder caught his right arm near the wrist, crushing it very considerably. The fact that the machine was operated by horse power at the time of the accident is the only thing that saved Mr. Garrett's arm from being entirely severed from his body as the horses were brought to a stop by a word from the driver. He came up to Oakland on a freight train and had the injured member dressed by one of our physicians. Whilst Mr. Garrett was on his way here to receive medical attention, John Marley, another workman at the hay press, received injuries in the same manner as Mr. Garrett.

Christmas Program.

The following program for the Christmas services by St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran Sunday school of Oakland has been arranged and will be carried out in that church on Christmas eve:

Music.....
Scripture Selections.....Prophecies
Prayer and Response.
Scripture Lesson.....The Fulfillment.
Music.....
Dialogue.....
Music.....
Dialogue.....
Music.....
Music.....
Recitation.....
Music.....
Addresses, Presentations, Etc.
Music.....

Bargains in Wraps.

We are closing out our entire stock of ladies' jackets and capes, some of them much below cost.

We have a very choice selection of useful and desirable Christmas presents. M. L. Scott,
41–1. Baltimore Store.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending December 21, 1895, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Chas. Meyers	Calvin Gloffelty
G. W. Cover	Edward Jones
Mrs. W. K. Harner	Mr. and Mrs. McDonald
Mrs. Mattie Chidister	Miss Ida Johnson
	Miss Mary Beavers

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. Bartlett, Postmaster.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Last auction for the season at Shartzer's Friday Dec. 6.

Candy, mixed nuts, fruits, etc., cheaper than ever at Malette's.

A fine line of ladies' wraps at auction Dec. 6 at Shartzer's. 2t

Malette will give away a ninety dollar diamond ring on January 1st, 1896. 39–3t.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

The Republican and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

Malette is headquarters for musical instruments. He has everything you want at a low figure.

Malette has a large and fine line of crepe tissue paper, all colors and shades. Only 25 cents per roll.

One Minute Cough Cure is a popular remedy for croup. Safe for children and adults. Oakland Pharmacy.

De Witt's Little Early Risers for biliousness, indigestion, constipation. A small pill, a prompt cure. Oakland Pharmacy.

Don't fail to call on Malette. His Xmas stock is larger and prettier than ever. A full line of celluloid and metal goods; also a line of Dresden pottery.

Malette is selling watches, clocks, jewelry, silverware, musical instruments, Xmas goods and in fact everything at prices below the lowest. Call and be convinced.

A. D. Naylor has a fine line of sample sleighs on hand both swell body and Portland. All orders received before Dec. 10th will give special in prices. 38–3t.

The furniture, including carpets, bedding, wagons, horses and cows at Oak Hall will be sold at public auction on Saturday, December 14, beginning at 10 a. m. 39–2t.

Piles of people have piles, but De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve will cure them. When promptly applied it cures scalds and burns without the slightest pain. Oakland Pharmacy.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

excure for sleepless nights you can procure a bottle of Minute Cough Cure. This will relieve all annoyances, cure most severe cough and give you rest and health. Can you afford to be without it? Oakland Pharmacy.

One Minute Cough Cure is rightly named. It affords instant relief from suffering when afflicted with a severe cough or cold. It acts on the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs and never fails to give immediate relief. Oakland Pharmacy.

Coughing irritates the delicate organs and aggravates the disease. Instead of waiting, try One Minute Cough Cure. It helps at once, making expectoration easy, reduces the soreness and inflammation. Every one likes it. Oakland Pharmacy.

Fine repairing a specialty. No botch jobs. F. G. Hyde, Oakland jeweler.

Malette will take all kinds of produce in exchange for Xmas goods, jewelery, groceries, candies, etc.

When you want a diamond ring F. G. Hyde will sell you one. It will be the cheapest in the long run.

If you want a cheap present or an expensive present, you can get it from F. G. Hyde. No trouble to get your wants satisfied there.

If the devil would come here and set up a shop, some people would think he was an angel and a dandy of the first water. F. G. Hyde, the jeweler that has stood the test.

We have too many envelopes on hand and will furnish and print them to our customers at a price that will astonish them. Call and get prices.

I have the finest 25c. line of presents you ever looked at. Also the largest line in the State, outside of Baltimore, not including Oakland. F. G. Hyde.

Oakland will soon be up to Chicago—as soon as she gets her Masonic Temple, 21 *stories*. Everybody will wear diamonds then. The people's jeweler, F. G. Hyde.

If you want sugar and coffee, go to the grocery store; if you want Xmas presents, go to F. G. Hyde, the legitimate jeweler and music dealer.

Wife—Here's an account of a man who shot himself rather than suffer the pangs of indigestion. Husband—The fool! Why didn't he take De Witt's Little Early Risers? I used to suffer as bad as he did before I commenced taking these little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

For rheumatism I have found nothing equal to Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It relieves the pain as soon as applied. J. W. Young, West Liberty, W. Va. The prompt relief it affords is alone worth many times the cost, 50 cents. Its continued use will effect a permanent cure. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

The Singer Manufacturing Company has secured the services of Mr. Levi Echart as salesman and collector who will call on the customers of that company for the purpose of collecting outstanding accounts. Mr. Echart was formely with the above company and made a very successful agent. *

If suffering with piles, it will interest you to know that De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve will cure them. This medicine is a specific for all complaints of this character, and if instructions (which are simple) are carried out, a cure will result. We have tested this in numerous cases, and always with like results. It never fails. Oakland Pharmacy.

Any one who has children will rejoice with L. B. Mulford, of Plainfield, N. J. His little boy, five years of age, was sick with croup. For two days and nights he tried various remedies recommended by friends and neighbors. He says: "I thought sure I would lose him. I had seen Chamberlain's Cough Remedy advertised and I would try it is a last hope and am happy to say that after two doses he slept until morning. I gave it to him next day and a cure was effected. I keep this remedy in the house now and as soon as any of my children show any signs of croup I give it to them and that is the last of it." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

NEW ENGLAND HIGHWAYS.

Splendid Progress Made In Massachusetts, Plans for the Future.

With a continuance of present interest good roads will soon be a reliization in southern New England says the New York *Post*. Legislative appropriations therefor are available in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut. The work is just beginning in Rhode Island and Connecticut, but in Massachusetts the greater part of a total state appropriation of $700,000 has been expended on contracts covering 80 miles of highway.

This would appear to be costly road building, but the explanation is made by the chairman of the highway commission that it chose to begin work where it was most difficult, either because of grade or character of soil, in the belief that it was most urgent. By thus attacking the worst places the commission have had to pay 2½ to 3 times as much per mile as the average mile will cost. They hope further to reduce the cost per mile by increasing the size of the contracts for materials and by the introduction of road machinery. The work is proceeding on a well considered plan, by which each section of good road is to be a link in the network of highways with which the commission hope to cover the state, if the state appropriations are continued.

In Connecticut, where the town is paramount in everything, the highway commission has not the choice of the roadways to be improved. Local jealousy too often governs the choice, and thus the Massachusetts idea of a continuous roadway may not be realized in Connecticut unless existing provisions of the law should be changed. The appropriations in Connecticut is $75,000, but as each town in which a roadway is to be improved, as well as each county, must expend as much as is received from the state, the total to be expended during the year is $225,000. Interest in the matter is gratifying, nearly half the towns in the state applying for a share of the appropriation. Looking ahead, the chairman of the Connecticut commission sees the time when every country road will be graded from fence to fence, will be lined with shade trees and lighted by electricity.

Loch Lynn Heights.

"Indicator" wishes you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, kind reader.

Mr. G. S. Brady, of Terra Alta, W. Va., has opened a barber shop on Alderson street.

Every Odd Fellows' lodge has at least one man in it who is N. G.

Mr. M. L. Selby left last Saturday for Bayard, W. Va., where he has several contracts for painting.

Messrs. Harver Spiker, of McHenry, Merritt Wilson, of Wilson, W. Va., and Mrs. Rebecca Craig, of Grafton, W. Va., were Loch Lynn visitors the early part of the week.

Mr. Clarence J. Rathbun was a Deer Park visitor Saturday.

Mr. C. J. Bunce is haying his building on Paull street remodeled. It will be occupied by Mr. George R. Reckley.

Major J. C. Alderson was at Cumberland Tuesday.

Mr. Oscar W. Sanner and family have moved to Keyser, W. Va. He is employed by the B. & O. railroad company.

There will be an entertainment in the town hall Christmas eve, December 24th, at 7.30, under the auspices of the Sunday school.

Master George Alderson, nephew of Major J. C. Alderson, left for his home in Gainsville, Texas, last Monday.

There was a meeting held in the town hall last Monday evening for the purpose of discussing the advisability of having our town incorporated. After a great deal of discussion the meeting decided by vote not to do so at present.

Indicator.

FREE

COURSE BY MAIL

WITH THE

Capital City Commercial College

TO ADVERTISE OUR COLLEGE

We will give a thorough course of instruction in Double and Single Entry Book-keeping and Commercial Arithmetic, by mail,

FREE OF CHARGE

to a limited number of persons. This course will be completed in forty lessons. No charge for

ADDRESS,

CAPITAL CITY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,

P. O. DRAWER B,

TOPEKA, - KANSAS.

26–1yr.

Malette

Has just received a big line of Xmas Goods, Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, Candies, Fruits, which he will sell at a very low price. We have anything you want.

All kinds of produce taken in exchange for goods.

Don't forget the Diamond Ring. You may be the lucky one.

Give us a call.

W. H. Malette.

Coal! Coal!

At the Chauncey Kimmell mine, 4 cents per bushel for lump; 75 cents per ton for limestone coal. Always on hand. 38–3t*

F. G. Hyde.

Has violin outfits from $1 up to $25.

F. G. Hyde.

Will give a $500 diamond ring away on January 1st—*in your mind*.

Holiday Excursion Rates on the B. & O.

In pursuance of its usual policy, the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Co., will sell Excursion tickets between all stations on its lines East of the Ohio River for all trains December 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 31 and January 1st, valid for return journey until January 7th, inclusive, at reduced rates. 40–2t.

If everything I sell don't prove to be *just as represented*, money will be refunded. I have never made a misrepresentation since I have been in business, and the man that says so is a full-fledged liar. F. G. Hyde.

Send your job work to The Republican office.

Disappeared, on Tuesday, Nov. 12, 1895, Louis Fine, a man 20 years old, 5 feet high, smooth face and dark complected. Had on a dark sack coat and winter cap; was seen last by Fred Kolb between Deep Creek bridge and Thayer's school house.

A reward of $100 to the person who finds him either dead or alive.

S. Fine & Bro.,
Lonaconing, Md.

Mr. Ira P. Wetmore, a prominent real estate agent of San Angelo, Texas, has used Chamberlain's Cholic, Cholera and Dirrheoa Remedy in his family for several years as occasion required, and always with perfect success. He says: "I find it a perfect cure for our baby when troubled with cholic or dysentery. I now feel that my outfit is not complete without a bottle of this Remedy at home or on a trip away from home. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

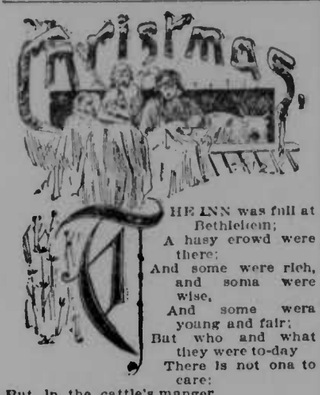

THE INN was full at Bethlehem;
A busy crowd were there;
And some were rich, and some were wise,
And some were young and fair;
But who and what they were to-day
There is not one to care:

But in the cattle's manger
There lay a baby stranger,
Soft nestled, like a snow-white dove, among the scented hay;
And lo! through Him was given
Our song to Earth and Heaven,
The song two worlds together sing upon a Christmas day:
"Glory to God! Good will to men!
O listen! Wake it once again!
Peace upon Earth! Good will to men!"

They sing it, those who sang it first,
The angels strong and high;
They sing it, in shining white, the saints, Who died long years gone by,
And all the fluttering cherub throng, The children of the sky;
They sing, the patient, waiting souls Who still faith's conflicts know,
They sing, life's happy innocents, Their faces all aglow;
One melody fills Heaven above And floats from earth below,
The song of that sweet stranger, Who, in the cattle's manger
Lay, nineteen hundred years ago, among the scented hay!
All sin and wrong forgiven,
Earth seems close kin of Heaven,
And sweet two worlds together sing upon a Christmas day!

—Marion Douglas, in Harper's Bazar.

HIS CHRISTMAS GIFT.

MARION HAYES was standing before the entrance of a large dry goods store in a western city, waiting for a car. Her day's work was over, and she was dreadfully tired. The holiday rush had begun; she had sold that day over $300 worth of goods in her department—the cloak department. A car came plunging along, illumined with a green light, the gong clanging loudly. In obedience to her signal the motorman stopped the weird, heavily laden conveyance, and she stepped aboard. Once inside, she caught the strap quickly in order to steady herself as the car lurched forward.

A tall, rather distinguished-looking man, wearing eyeglasses, rose, and beckoned to her to take his seat. As Marion came toward the vacant place a look of recognition leaped into his keen eyes. He said in a pleasant, mellow voice: "Why, isn't this Miss Hayes?"

"Well, Mr. Harwood! Where did you come from?" she exclaimed, extending her hand, which he grasped heartily.

"Where did you come from?" he retorted. "Didn't I leave you in New York, painting with the combined energy of seven ordinary women? Well, I've a studio here; getting along first-rate, too—lessons, portraits, and what I sell. Sold three pictures yesterday; made a pretty good haul. These westerners have the cash, you know. They are Philistines and all that, but I don't intend to starve in a garret for art's sake; it isn't my style."

"When did you come back from Paris?"

"Two years ago. Been here ever since. Queer I never ran across you before. Tell me what you are up to."

"I am a saleswoman in Wilson & Carr's cloak department."

"Great Scott! What's that for?"

"Oh, my eyes gave out. I strained them that last winter in New York, after you left. I spent three weeks in a dark room then, and when I came out they were so weak I could do nothing. I went home for a year; they were not one bit better. It was necessary I should do something, for my father has a hard time to get along; so my cousin got me this place. This is my corner. Please stop the car."

He pulled the strap. "I'm coming to see you. When are you at home?"

"Sunday, and every evening but Saturday evening. No. 32, this street."

When they were both students in the Art League in New York, some years ago, she and Jack Harwood were great chums. As Marion vainly tried to sleep that night she had an attack of memory and lived those days over again. It had been a terrible thing to put by all the dreams and aspirations of that time. Seeing Jack once more brought back the old pain which the dull routine of her present occupation had almost effaced.

The next day was Saturday, with its extra toil, for they had to stay at the store until ten o'clock. She slept from pure exhaustion that night. Sunday afternoon about four o'clock Jack called.

"Couldn't you find anything but this murdering shop work?" he asked, thinking Marion looked uncommonly well in that soft brown thing with the big lace ruffles.

"No. I can't even teach; I tried it at home. The work isn't so bad when you're used to it."

He shook his head in disapproval. Marion went on nervously:

"Really funny things happen sometimes. The other day a man and woman came to see about buying a shawl. She couldn't make up her mind which one she liked best, so she decided to go home and think it over. When they went away I asked them to come to me if they came back again, and the old man said: 'Guess we'll know you—you look just like our Bridget.' Then a Bohemian woman came in last night to buy a coat. She brought her husband along, and when he objected to the price she just took hold of his nose and pulled it till he gave in."

Jack smiled and changed the subject by saying: "Don't you want to show me what you did that last year? You went to Darnell after you left the league, didn't you?"

Marion brought her canvases and laid them before him silently. Jack examined the studies one by one.

"Same power, same touch; but, by Jove! how you've improved! That boy's head is fine! Darnell was the man for you. Remember how we differed about that academy picture of his? What a thundering shame about your eyes! Have you seen the best oculists?"

"Pretty good ones. They all say the same thing; it will take time to recover from the strain. I did ever so much extra work, you know—dinner cards, Christmas cards, all that kind of stuff. Electricity would do my eyes good, but it is too expensive." She tried to speak lightly, but felt her attempt was not a success.

"It is tough, and no mistake," Jack said, emphatically. They talked a little longer, then he rose to go. "Come around to the studio and see what I have done," he said; and she promised she would do so soon.

Christmas was now but three days distant. They were miserable days to Marion, for the revival of old ambitions made the sordid life at the store unbearable. It seemed wrong, unjust, that for the want of a little money she must give up forever all it was in her to become. She spent the little she had saved consulting another oculist, who told her the same thing—electrical treatment was all that could help her.

Christmas morning dawned clear and bright. Her cousin's little girls were exulting over the treasures Santa Claus brought, and although Marion received her share of pretty remembrances, her heart was heavy as lead. When the postman came, among other things for Marion was a letter addressed in unfamiliar writing. She hastily tore the envelope open and took out a check for $50. It was indorsed:

"Pay to the order of Marion Hayes.
"J. HARWOOD."

A note was inclosed which read: "Please accept this as a substantial expression of the sympathy of your old friend, and use it in some way to get back your eyes."

Marion, woman-like, had a good cry when she was alone in her room. Feelings of mingled surprise, pleasure and resentment passed rapidly through her mind. Of course, she mustn't keep the money, everybody would talk so; but her heart was touched by his kindness. She always had liked him so much in the old days—too much, she once had thought.

She would take it back. She put on her things and started at once. As she left the elevator and waited for an answer to her knock, she wished she had written a note instead. Jack opened the door.

"Why, I'm awfully glad to see you," he said.

Marion dropped into a chair. "It is ever and ever so kind of you," and her lips would tremble, "but I can't take it, indeed I can't," she said, holding the check towards him.

"And why not?" he asked, with an amused smile.

"Because it isn't right. I know the kindness of your heart. I appreciate your sympathy—"

"Do you imagine I can't afford it?" he interrupted. "Come! Own up."

Marion laughed nervously. "Judging from the financial condition of most artists, I should call it a munificent sum to give away."

"I will be candid with you. I did intend to put that in the bank, to swell my small hoard; but when I saw you and heard about your hard luck, I changed my mind. It seems very little to do for you; I only wish it were twice the sum! Wait," he continued, as Marion tried to speak, "let me have my say out. There's too much nonsense thought and talked about friendly relations like ours. I don't deny I shouldn't care to do it for most girls; no, I don't know another girl I would do it for. I want you to know that. I enjoyed our friendship in the old times, because you were sensible and didn't think whenever a man liked to talk to you and take you around he was in duty bound to fall in love with you. I won't ask any woman to share the struggles and hardships of a poor artist's life, and I always thought you understood it."

Marion calmly folded the check and put it in her purse.

"I will take it just as you mean it, and thank you a thousand times," she said, in a queer tone. "Now show me your pictures."

They roamed around the studio a little while, when Marion made an excuse for going home. As the door closed after her, Jack clenched his fists.

"I do care for her! I always did! She's the only woman in the world for me, and always will be. I'm glad she took the money." Marion got as far as the elevator shaft, then she turned back. She knocked at the studio door, then, not waiting for him to open it, walked inside. Jack was staring out the window; he turned quickly.

"I must not take it," she said, fumbling at her purse, not seeing for tears.

He placed his hands on her shoulders. "See here, Marion, I do care for you, awfully; and perhaps it is kinder, after all, to let you know, and at least give you a chance to say whether you couldn't take me instead of the money, or take us both."

Marion's tender brown eyes brimmed over. She tried to find her handkerchief, but she had come away without one. Jack gently dried her tears with his own, then they both laughed.

The check fell to the floor. Jack stooped to pick it up.

"Will you take us?" he said, slipping one arm around her.

She shyly raised her eyes to his face. "I'll take you, Jack, dear, and we'll share the struggles and hardships. O Jack!" and her arms stole around his neck. He gathered her close to his heart, while something gleamed suspiciously in his own eyes, under the glasses.

JACK EXAMINED THE STUDIES ONE BY ONE.

The check again fell to the floor.—Sara Anderson, in Demorest's Magazine.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

O Christmas angels, softly sing!
O bells of Christmas, sweetly ring!
Tell of the blessed Babe of earth—
The holy Babe of Heavenly birth—
For whom the angels first did sing,
For whom our carols loudly ring.

O happy hearts, rejoice to-day!
O hearts that ache, arise and pray!
O'er all the earth a glory lies—
A glory from the radiant skies—
Which floods our happy homes to-day,
And fills with peace the hearts which pray.

O Christmas angels, sing again
Those words of cheer to waiting men!
Let each sad heart forget its pain
In listening to the sweet refrain,
And know that Heaven has given again
Peace and good will to weary men!
—Ninette M. Lowater, in N. Y. Ledger.

NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

Billy Brass—That stocking game ain't large enough for me, I guess I'll spring something new on Santa Claus. —Truth.

—If some men should pass their good resolutions on the road on Christmas day they would not know them.—Galveston News.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The Schenectady Locomotive works are using for certain parts what is called "steeled iron," a mixture of 70 per cent. good iron and 30 per cent. steel, of which the castings obtained are about 25 per cent. greater in strength than common cast iron.

—North Carolina has a mica output of 100,000 pounds a year. New Hampshire produces about 25,000 pounds, South Dakota 15,000 pounds and New Mexico 1,000 pounds. The mica of North Carolina is of the best quality and brings the highest price.

—Our exports of iron and steel and their products for the first nine months of this year amounted in value to about $32,000,000, the largest by over $4,000,000 in the history of the country. Included in this sum were 135 locomotives, which were mostly sent to South America.

—The world's record for lumber cutting is claimed for the Port Blakely mill of Port Blakely, Wash. During the ten months of this year up to the end of October 83,676,212 feet of lumber had been cut at this one mill, and it is estimated that the total output for 1895 will be at least 105,000,000 feet. Loaded in regular car lots, this amount would make a train more than 60 miles long.

—An apostle of physical culture, according to the Medical Record, says that nervous headache may be cured by the simple act of walking backward for ten minutes. "It is well to get in a long, narrow room, where the windows are high, and walk very slowly, placing first the ball of the foot on the floor, and then the heel. Besides curing the headache, this exercise promotes a graceful carriage."

—"The large part played by alcohol as a cause contributing to insanity receives fresh confirmation in the 40th report of the commissioners in lunacy," says the British Medical Journal. "For the five years ending 1893 alcoholism was the predisposing or exciting cause in 20.8 per cent. of male and 8.1 per cent. of female lunacy. Intemperance is credited with 25.6 per cent. of male and 19.9 per cent. of female general paralytics."

DEER HUNTING BY LOCOMOTIVE

The Reason Some Adirondacks Railroad Men Didn't Feast on Venison.

Once in awhile the engineer of a train on Dr. Seward Webb's Adirondack railroad has a race with a deer. Sometimes it happens that the frightened deer won't leave the track and is killed. One night in September, when Pat Cummings was pulling the through train down to Utica, he walked back to Conductor Clarke, while his fireman was taking water at Nehosene, and said:

"Bill, I killed a deer back there by the river. It was a fine big buck. He run ahead of me for a long piece, and I could see him plain. When I hit him he went up over the pilot higher'n he ever jumped before in his life, I bet. He landed just out there in the ditch, and I had a notion to stop and get him, but I was afraid you'd kick."

"I wish you had stopped," said Clarke. "The next time you catch a deer that way you stop. It won't take so long to get him, and we can easily make up the time. Deer meat is too scarce and too high to let it go like that."

Cummings said he surely would stop the next time, and Clarke got the agent to telegraph to the agent at Horseshoe to send the section men down to the river with their hand car to get the deer. It was after 11 o'clock, but the section men started out, and after a smart pull got down to the river. They looked a long time, but could find no deer. Up and down the track they went, and at last were just about to give up in disgust when one of the men found it. It lay out on the bank of the ditch beside the track. It was a fine large yellow dog.

Now if you ask Pat Cummings if he has killed a deer lately you want to be ready to dodge, and dodge mighty quick, for Pat is a husky citizen.—N. Y. Sun.

Waste of Happiness.

There is nothing which we waste more than happiness. Even those who are thrifty and prudent in other directions are prodigal here. They stint and plan to save a halfpenny, but they are often indifferent about the loss of days of happiness. We do not enjoy our friends until they die or we lose them in some other way. The early spring and summer days pass without our realizing their beauty. We rush through a holiday trip and miss half the scenery, because we are in a hurry, or cross or anxious about worthless trifles. Nearly every old or even middle-aged man who looks back honestly on his life will admit that, however wretched he may be now, opportunities of happiness were given to him. A French writer recorded what most of us know from experience to be true when he said that many people could be made happy with the happiness which is lost in the world. We lose happiness because we often scorn calm, quiet pleasures, and seek only for those that excite. Or we make the mistake of thinking that happiness lies only in big sensational events instead of in the small, trifling incidents of daily life. Or we seek for it in the future rather than in the present, which is like a man looking for his hat when it is all the time upon his head.—Home Queen.

The Temperature of Dining-Rooms.

The temperature of dining-rooms is frequently too high. It is a common thing for servants to neglect airing the room and attending to the temperature. Probably the majority of people would name 70 Fahrenheit the proper heat for the room, but this is much too high. An authority in this matter says that 60 is none too low, and a person who has suffered from the discomfort of an overheated room is likely to agree with him after making a trial of different temperatures.—N. Y. Tribune.

A Strategic Mind.

Gilhooly—I say, Gus, that tailor you recommended to me is a nice fellow.

Gus de Smith — What's the matter with him?

Gilhooly—I let him have my coat to put a new lining in it, and he took it to the pawnbroker and borrowed money on it.

Gus de Smith—Well, he had to pawn your coat to get my pants out of soak. That's why I recommended him to you. You see, I have got a strategic mind. These pants that I've got on are the ones he redeemed with your coat, see?—Texas Siftings.

A Mighty Sharp Raiser.

"Natural born farmer, that Soonleigh."

"Is he?"

"Yes; raised on a farm, you know."

"Yes."

"Went to California and made a fortune raising oranges."

"I know."

"Took his money and raised a block of houses."

"Yep—now what's he doing?"

"Why, every six months he raises the rent."—Golden Days.

All Full.

Applicant—Can I get board at your house, ma'am?

Landlady—No, sir; sorry, but we're full.

"Will you put me down on your list?"

"Yes, but that is full just now!"

"Isn't it strange that your husband should have sent me here?"

"Not at all; he is full, too!"—Texas Siftings.

What She Meant.

Mrs. Blinks—That horrid Mrs. Winks says I'm a fool.

Mr. Blinks—I am sure she would not make such an ill-natured remark.

Mrs. Blinks—Well, she didn't say that in so many words, but that is what she meant. She says I believe everything you tell me.—N. Y. Weekly.

Written Expressly for Him.

"Who's that dudish-looking chap?" asked the visitor at the All Dine club.

"'Sh—speak easy—that's Lyghtleigh, the noted amateur actor. He's feeling mighty proud these days."

"What about?"

"He's going to star in a play written by Ignatius Donnelly—'The Great Shakespeare Cipher.'"

"Is that so?"

"Yes—Lyghtleigh takes the part of the cipher."—N. Y. Recorder.

THE COMFORTS OF STYLE.

"Her fair head was pillowed on her arm."—Life.

Always In Stock.

Dyspeptic Customer—The doctor says coffee isn't good for me and I must quit drinking it. Haven't you some preparation that makes a good substitute for coffee?

Grocer—Yes, sir. Our "Pure After-Dinner Java," ready-ground, at 20 cents a pound, is an excellent—er—imitation, sir.—Chicago Tribune.

Not Particular.

Mistress (to cook) — Your name, Mary, and my daughter's being the same makes matters somewhat confusing. Now how do you like, say, the name of Bridget?

Cook—Sure, mum, it's not me that's particular. I'm willing to call the young lady anything you like. — Tit-Bits.

OBSTINACY.

WHAT ODDS ON THE LADY?

How He Squared Things.

When Satan beheld with an angry frown,
The spread of the bicycle boom,
And how it was checking the growth of sin,
His soul was immersed in gloom.
But he rallied at once, and he jollied the girls
And got them all bicycle mad;
And then with a grin that was devilish quite
He invented the bloomer fad.
—N. Y. Herald.

Cruel.

Willieboy was exhibiting in great glee a small cowbell.

"What is that for?" asked the rude, coarse man.

"To put on my wheel, don't you know," said the bright youth.

"Better not try it. Some one will be taking you for a runaway calf."—Indianapolis Journal.

A KNOTTY POINT.

The Curate—What is your opinion, Mr. Manse? Can a clergyman marry himself?

The Rector—Young man, can a man bury himself?—St. Paul's.

Of Course.

"Johnny, Willie says you threw him down and jumped on him with both feet."

"Well, ma, I was just playin'."

"What sort of play do you call that?"

"Football."—Indianapolis Journal.

No Use.

No use for people to complain
While livin' here below;
It takes a first-class shower o' rain
To make the roses grow.
—Atlanta Constitution.

Smarter Than He Seemed.

Stapleton—Plugwinch was considered a bright fellow at college, but he seems to have turned out an utter failure.

Caldecott—What's he doing?

Stapleton—Not a thing. Why, he's been living on his friends for years.

Caldecott—Call that a failure? Very few could succeed in doing so.—Bay City Chat.

Ambiguous.

"How are you feeling?" asked the physician.

The patient turned up his eyes and remarked in a hollow voice: "I am feeling rather worse, thank you, doctor," and the doctor was not just sure where the thanks were intended to come in.—Indianapolis Journal.

He Made a Hit.

"Yes," said Willie Wibbles. "I went to the reception with a boil on my neck."

"And what did your friends think of you?"

"All jealous, dear boy. It was the swellest thing there." — Washington Star.

Not Qualified.

Friend—I suppose those congressional funerals are pretty lively affairs?

Ex-Congressman—I suppose so; but I never happened to be selected to attend one, myself.

Friend—That's singular! You were 12 years in congress, were you not?

Ex-Congressman—Yes, but I don't drink.—Puck.

A Prophecy Fulfilled.

She grasped the bar, arranged her skirts
With dainty little tucks and flirts;
Posed on the saddle, felt the tread
Of pedal, and, "I'm off," she said.
A whirl of wheels, a swerve and sway,
And from the road bed, where she lay,
She realized in full degree,
The climax of her prophecy.
—Albany Times Union.

Keeping Up the Average.

Fond Parent—Have you said your prayers to-night, Bobby?

Bobby (sleepily)—No'm.

Fond Parent—Why not, you naughty boy?

Bobby—I said 'em twice last night.—N. Y. World.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

HOW THE WOODPECKER KNOWS.

(Boy, at the window.)
"How does he know where to dig his hole,
The woodpecker there, on the elm-tree hole?
How does he know what kind of a limb
To use for a drum, or to burrow in?
How does he find where the young grubs grow—
I'd like to know?"

The woodpecker flew to a maple limb,
And drummed a tattoo that was fun for him.
"No breakfast here! It's too hard for that,"
He said, as down on his tail he sat.
"Just listen to this: rrrrr rat-tat-tat."

Away to the pear-tree, out of sight,
With a cheery call, and a jumping flight!
He hopped around till he found a stub.
"Ah, here's the place to look for a grub!
'Tis moist and dead—rrrrr rub-dub-dub."

To a branch of the apple-tree Downy hied,
And hung by his toes on the under side.
"'Twill be sunny here, in this hollow trunk;
It's dry and soft, with a heart of punk.
Just the place for a neat!—rrrrr runk-tunk-tunk."

"I see," said the boy. "Just a tap or two,
Then listen, as any bright boy might do.
You can tell ripe melons and garden stuff
In the very same way—It's easy enough."
—William J. Long, in Youth's Companion.

A STRANGE CREATURE

The Manatee One of the Most Peculiar Animals Native to America.

Of all the large animals of the American continent, none is more remarkable in form than the manatee.

Although this strange creature is of goodly size, often reaching a weight of several hundred pounds, and sometimes attaining a length of 13 feet, yet I venture to say that not more than one person out of every 4,000 in the United States could now arise and correctly answer the question: "What is a manatee?" Whenever you mention the name of the creature to any one save a student of quadrupeds, of a surety you will have that question to answer forthwith.

The manatee is an animal that lives exclusively in the water, and while it is shaped somewhat like a seal, it is very far from being one. I mention the seal by way of comparison solely because it is the only quadruped which can be used. The heavy, baglike body, short neck, blunt nose and round head of our harbor seal do indeed suggest the form of the manatee; but there the resemblance stops short.

Instead of having hind flippers like a seal, the body of the manatee terminates in a very broad and very flat tail, which forms an admirable propeller. Its front limbs are simply big, flat paddles, by no means so shapely and useful as the front flippers of a sea lion. It has no hair—or, at least, none to speak of; a smooth, but very thick and tough skin, small weak eyes and a blunt nose. Instead of having teeth like a seal, and feeding on fish, it has only a set of rather weak molars, and lives solely on aquatic plants.

It lives in the mouths and lower reaches of rivers that flow into the sea

THE MANATEE.

in tropical latitudes, and while it does not object to salt water, it is most at home in water that is either brackish or else quite fresh; and the latter is preferred because of its aquatic vegetation. Unlike the seal, it is quite unable to come out on land.

I am glad to be able to say that even to-day this remarkable animal is an inhabitant of one portion of our strangely diversified United States.

For some particular reason, probably the abundance of good food combined with a good depth of water, a number of manatees have chosen to inhabit the St. Lucie river, Brevard county, Fla., which flows into Indian river, 18 miles above Jupiter inlet. Their presence there has been well known for 20 years or so; but, fortunately for them, they possess neither the checkered-leather hide of the sad-eyed alligator, the spun-glass plumes of the unhappy egret, or the delicious flesh of the wild turkey; and so as yet they have not been entirely exterminated. —W. T. Hornaday, in St. Nicholas.

PAYING ONE'S DEBTS.

Ingenious Way Recently Discovered by an Impecunious Englishman.

An ingenious method of paying one's debts has just come to light in England. It seems that a certain person had long been in debt to his shoemaker, and the latter was becoming angry at the delay. Calling upon the delinquent he spoke to him in no very gentle manner.

"But, my good fellow," the debtor replied, "I have no money, but I will give you an order on Mr. H——, who has been in my debt for ever so long. Here, take this sealed packet, but don't let him perceive that you know anything of its contents."

The shoemaker, in great hopes, betook himself to Mr. H——, and handed him the missive, which ran as follows:

"Dear H——, the bearer, an unfortunate but honest man, has lost his wife and children during the last week, and is, besides, threatened with imprisonment for debt. Persuaded that you will gladly seize the opportunity to assist a poor man in distress, I commend him to your kindness. Yours, sincerely, C——."

H—— gazed with emotion at his visitor, and pressed 30 shillings on his acceptance. The shoemaker departed in a happy frame of mind, little suspecting that he had been taken for a beggar. —Harper's Round Table.

Origin of the Coffee Plant.

The coffee plant was taken from Africa to Persia in 875.

FURNITURE FOR DOLLY.

This Tells You How to Make a Sofa and Chairs from Corks.

A child is happiest when he is busy, and the mother who can invent little pastimes and everyday amusements will greatly add to the happiness of the nursery. One of the most ingenious and at the same time one of the simplest and easiest amusements is the

SOFA

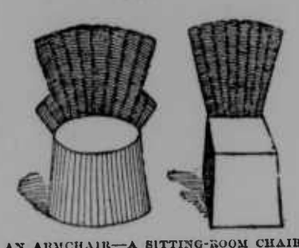

AN ARMCHAIR—A SITTING-ROOM CHAIR.

manufacture of cork furniture for dolly's housekeeping. The long fresh cork must be used for the foundation.

Cut two slices, one larger than the other, of the two sides lengthways, and you will have a flat side for it to stand on, while the broader flat piece will form the seat of the sofa. Cut off a piece of cloth large enough to cover both the seat and one side of the sofa and stick it on with gum, tucking in the corners neatly. Now get some small pins and stick them into one side of the seat and get some larger pins and put them at one end for the "head" of the lounge and wind the cotton in and out, as in the chairs.

A little bed is made in much the same way as the sofa, covering it with cloth, but the pins must be put in at each end and not at the side.

To make a washstand the cork must be cut in half and the sides cut off, as in the bed and sofa. Cover it with cloth and stick a pin in each corner to serve as the legs.

By this time you will think of other things you can make out of cardboard and colored paper which will be quite pretty, and your dollhouse will be handsome enough for the most fastidious doll in dolldom.—Kindergarten.

SOME FUNNY REPLIES.

They Were Made to Questions Asked in New York Schools.

Fun in a schoolroom is something that most people don't approve of, but that there is a deal of humor afloat during study hours in our public schools no one can deny after reading the following notes.

Here are some questions that an East side school-teacher asked her scholars, with the answers that she received:

"What is love?" "It's going on errands."

"What is guilt?" "Telling on another boy."

A poor boy was asked: "What is a gentleman?" "A fellow that has a watch and chain," he replied, adding, when he saw that his answer was not perfectly satisfactory; "and loves Jesus." He evidently thought the latter portion of his answer should atone for any weakness in the former part. A Sunday school child told her day-school teacher that "Missionaries are men who get money." "Alms was a good man mentioned in the Bible." "Medieval is a wicked man who has been tempted." "Epicure is a man who likes a good dinner." The oral answers given in classes are often mirth-provoking. The word "lad" occurred in the primary reading. "What is a lad?" inquired the teacher. A very small girl answered: "A thing for courting with." "Give the future of drink." "Present, he drinks; future, he will be drunk." "Compare ill." "Ill, worse, dead." "The plural of pillow?" "Bolster." "What are the chief imports of Canada?" "Emigrants." Did you ever see an elephant's skin?" "Yes, sir." "Where?" "On the elephant." "What is the difference between foot and feet?" "One feet is a foot, and a whole lot of foots is a feet."

A young temperance advocate wrote: "Alcoholic beverages greatly obstruct the breaking down of the body," and he succeeded in saying exactly what he did not mean. The little girl who wrote the following must have associated with very foolish, grasping people: "The body is composed chiefly of water, and nearly one-half of it is avaricious tissue." "How many children know who his Satanic majesty is?" said the teacher. Several hands were raised, and the first pupil named promptly replied: "The inspector." "A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the center of it." "The chief products of the United States are earthquakes and volcanoes." "In Austria the principal occupation is gathering Austrich feathers." "Climate lasts all the time and weather only a few days." "The two most famous volcanoes of Europe are Sodom and Gomorrah." "John Bunyan lived a life of scantity." "What makes the ocean salt?" "Salt fish," answered the reflective boy. "What does sea water contain beside sodium chloride?" "Fish, sir," said a boy who trusted more to shrewdness than to preparation of his lesson.

The same boy, when asked to draw a picture of Jonah and the whale drew the whale only. "Where is Jonah?" asked the teacher. "Inside the whale," answered the boy. The teacher pointed to the sun and asked the new boy what it was. "I don't know, sir," he answered, "we just moved around here."—N. Y. Recorder.

Ceylon's Cinnamon Gardens.

The cinnamon gardens of Ceylon produce from 250 to 500 pounds of this spice per acre.

FARM AND GARDEN.

A DISHORNING CAGE.

Can Be Used Also as a Machine for Ringing Hogs.

Following is an article contributed by Mr. M. Rankin to the Breeder's Gazette:

I have one that I made myself, that I consider the best I ever saw, and it is also a No. 1 machine for ringing hogs. I will give you a diagram, and also the dimensions of the frame.

For sills, three pieces of 4x4, 4 feet long, to be mortised for bottom of

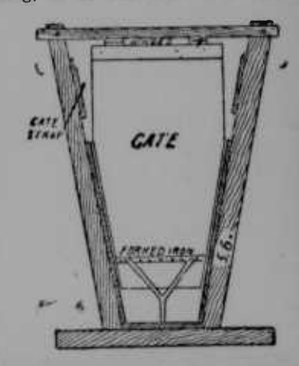

posts 8 inches each side of center, to allow the side and bottom boards to drop into place. Four posts 4x4, 5 feet 4 inches long, and two posts 4x4, 5 feet 8 inches long, to be tenanted to sills. Three cap pieces 2x4, 4 feet 2 inches long, mortised at ends to receive tops of posts. Cups to be of oak. One piece in front of cap to hold stanchion, 2x2, 4 feet 2 inches long, of oak. Lower piece in front of stanchion, 2x4, 2 feet long, of oak. Lumber 2 inches thick and 7 feet long, for sides. One board 2x12, 7 feet long, for bottom.

For stanchions in front, one board 2x10, 5 feet 6 inches; one board 2x10, 5 feet 2 inches. For back gate, two pieces 2x12, 4 feet 4 inches long, cut sloping to fit frame. Put on with hinges as shown in diagram. Gate to be held up by a piece of iron, 1 foot

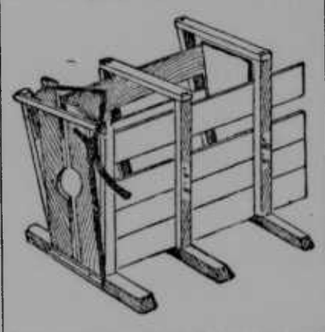

long, to be stapled to the upper board at the side of frame to allow the cattle to enter, and gate to fasten when down with a forked piece of iron as shown in diagram. Stanchions in front to be bolted at bottom between 2x4 oak piece and sill, leaving a space up and down in front 5 inches wide. Two and one-half feet from bottom of stanchion slope out a place for animal's neck. The 2x2 oak piece to be bolted to side of cap with blocks, to allow the top of stanchions to open and close and work with a lever as shown in diagram.

Lever to be made of wagon tire, 3 feet 6 inches long. A ⅝-inch hole to be punched in top of lever. Second hole 13½ inches from top hole, and third hole 11 inches from second hole. This lever to be rounded at the lower part for a handle, and bent similar in shape as diagram, and bolted between oak piece and cap on corner of frame through middle hole of lever. Upper hole to be fastened to left-hand stanchion by two iron straps, one on each side of stanchion; said straps to be 3 feet long, ¼ inch thick and 1¼ inches wide. The lower hole to be fastened to right-hand stanchion with two pieces of strap iron the same size as above, 14 inches long.

When stanchions are closed, bore one or two ½-inch holes in post back of lever, in which use iron pin to open and close the dishorner. Bore a hole outside of each post, one foot from the top, to put rope around to hold the head. Also spike two wedge-shaped pieces outside of stanchions, as shown in diagram, to keep cattle from getting their knees fast.

The Case Logically Stated.

If we could have good roads it would add more to the value of farm property than all the other public improvements put together ever have. It would reduce the cost of getting our crops to market one-half, and in the saving of feed that is now fed to idle horses it would amount to a sum that staggers the imagination. Every day that a team remains idle it is something for which no return will ever be received. If we had good roads the teams could be used on the farm when the ground was in condition and the crops could be hauled to market at such times as farm work could not be prosecuted.—Farm News.

An Injudicious Ration for Cows.

Ground wheat for cows is not a judicious ration. The experience of the best feeders in the central west, confirmed by tests at the Illinois experiment station, shows that better results are obtained from feeding bran and middlings than from the pure wheat. Even with the most careful of feeders, the animal is very apt to be overfed and turned against the pure wheat feed. Appetite for a pure wheat ration varies to such an extent that it is almost impossible to fix a stated amount of feed that an animal will eat and relish every day. If it must be fed, give the cow only what she will eat up clean.—Orange Judd Farmer.

The sore on the heifer's teat should be treated at once. Such a sore has often made a kicking cow.

KITCHEN POINTERS.

Yellow soap and whiting mixed to a thick paste with a little water will stop a leak as effectually as will solder.

When about to cook anything, get together everything you expect to use. See that the fire is right, to begin with, and remember that as much depends on the cooking as on the making.

Do not wash windows with soap suds. A little alcohol and water rubbed on quickly will leave the panes bright and shining, if wiped dry. Whiting moistened with cold water and treated in the same way is a common cleaner.—Home Queen.

It is no man's business whether he has genius or not; work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily; and the natural and unforced results of such work will be always the thing God meant him to do, and will be his best.—Ruskin.

Great Reduction in Time to California.

Once more the North-Western Line has reduced the time of its trans-continental trains, and the journey from Chicago to California via this popular route is now made in the marvelously short time of three days. Palace Drawing-Room Sleeping cars leave Chicago daily, and run through to San Francisco and Los Angeles without change, and all meals en route are served in Dining cars. Daily Tourist Sleeping car service is also maintained by this line between Chicago and San Francisco and Los Angeles, completely equipped berths in upholstered Tourist Sleepers being furnished at a cost of only $6.00 each from Chicago to the Pacific Coast. Through trains leave Chicago for California at 6:00 p. m. and 10:45 p. m. daily, after arrival of trains of connecting lines from the East and South.

For detailed information concerning rates, routes, etc., apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address

W. B. KNISKERN, G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

CLERK—"That gentleman you sold a bottle of hair dye to three weeks ago was here again to-day." Druggist—"Was he after another bottle?" "No, sir. He wanted to know if we kept wigs."—Life.

Disastrous Failure!

We can mention no failure more disastrous than that of physical energy. It involves the partial suspension of the digestive and assimilative processes, and entails the retirement from business of the liver and kidneys. Only through the good offices of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters can the restoration of its former vigorous status be hoped for. When this aid has been secured, a resumption of activity in the stomach, liver and bowels may be relied upon. The Bitters conquers malaria and kidney troubles.

TEACHER—"Emma, what do you know of the orchid family?" Emma—"If you please, mamma has forbidden us to indulge in any family gossip."—Tit-Bits.

DROPSY is a dread disease, but it has lost its terrors to those who know that H. H. Green & Sons, the Dropsy Specialists of Atlanta, Georgia, treat it with such great success. Write them for pamphlet giving full information.

THE Lady—"Is this novel a fit one for my daughter to read?" The Salesman—"I don't know. I am not acquainted with your daughter."—Life.

BRONCHITIS. Sudden changes of the weather cause Bronchial Troubles. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" will give effective relief.

MR. BONNER—"Can I see the financial editor?" Office Boy—"Nope; he's busy writing an article to show why the stocks he owns don't pay any dividends."—Brooklyn Life.

THE true work of art is but the shadow of the divine perfection.—Michael Angelo.

A LIVE man should not want the earth—he should be above it.—Texas Siftings.

HEAVEN is never deaf, but when a man's heart is dumb.—Quaries.

THE man with a new gold watch seldom knows what time it is.—Texas Siftings.

A good book is the best of friends, the same to-day and forever.—Tupper.

PATIENCE is the key of content.—Mahomet.

HUMAN foresight often leaves its proudest possessor only a choice of evils.—Colton.

EVERY inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.—Shakespeare.

IDLENESS travels very slowly, and poverty soon overtakes her.—Hunter.

THE true danger is when liberty is nibbled away, for expedient, and by parts.—Burke.

THE instinctive feeling of a great people is often wiser than its wisest men.—Kossuth.

TOURIST (on Swiss lake)—"Has anyone ever been drowned in this lake?" Rower—"Oh, yes, but only tourists."—Fliegende Blaetter.

LEARNING teaches how to carry things in suspense without prejudice till you resolve.—Bacon.

A MISER grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.—Shenstone.

WHILE a man is stringing a harp, he tries the strings, not for music, but for construction. When it is finished it shall be played for melodies. God is fashioning the human heart for future joy.—Beecher.

"PAPA, where are the most diamonds found?" asked Willie. "In somebody else's hand when they are trumps," growled papa, who'd been having hard luck at whist.—Harper's Bazar.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

IT IS a high, solemn, almost awful thought for every individual man that his earthly influence, which has had a commencement, will never, through all ages, were he the very meanest of us, have an end.—Carlyle.

ALL HE COULD DO.—The Wife—"Two weeks ago you said my husband couldn't live, and now he's nearly well." The Doctor—"Madam, I can only express my regrets."—Puck.

MY name and memory I leave to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations and to the next age.—Bacon.

BEECHAM'S PILLS for constipation 10c and 25c. Get the book (free) at your druggist's and go by it. Annual sales 6,000,000 boxes.

CALUMNY shall make me set a surer guard on myself, and keep a better watch on my actions.—Ben Jonson.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

To California.

Study all time cards and you will find no railroad carrying tourist cars make as quick time as the Phillips Rock Island Excursions. One hour and thirty minutes quicker time than any other route Chicago to Los Angeles.

A. Phillips & Co. have carried over 125,000 patrons to and from California. Why? Because every well-posted California traveler understands Phillips has the best regulated tourist system.

JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. P. A.,
Chicago, Ill.

ONE part of knowledge consists in being ignorant of such things as are not worthy to be known.—Crates.

I CANNOT speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—MRS. FRANK MORAS, 215 W. 22d St., New York, Oct 29, 1894.

IF thou desirest ease, in the first place take care of the ease of thy mind.—Fuller.

IT PAYS to do your shopping with "The Quickest Mail Order House in the World"— BY MAIL

A Cordial Welcome is assured these HOLIDAY BARGAINS—for the values are almost more than printers' ink can do justice to.

No. 217. Box Coat—4 button front—as inches long—pure wool rough Boucle, the season's most popular fabric—black only—extra large melon sleeves—full ripple back, wide self-facing and high storm collar. All sizes for Misses and Ladies. In ordering state bust measure. The best value of the year at *$5.00*

Handkerchiefs—Ladies' half-inch hemstitched sheer union linen with hand embroidered initial, one-half dozen in dainty box—regular 25 cent grade, each, . *15c*

Ladies' plain half-inch hemstitched, ditto, regular price 15c—for the Holiday trading, 60 cts. per dozen, or each . . *5c*

A Black Silk Dress makes a gift that will give more satisfaction than any other Xmas remembrance. Black Satin Duchesse and black Peau de Soie are this season's two leading fabrics. During our Holiday Sale we offer either cloth in 20-21 inch width—real $1.50 quality, all silk, yard, *98c*

No. 50. Plaid Waist—Clan Tartans—full box-pleat front—extra large well stiffened sleeves—tight fitting percaline lining—black satin stock-collar—belt of self-material—sizes 32 to 44, *$2.75* Postage 14 cents.

SEND FOR SAMPLE CLIPPINGS

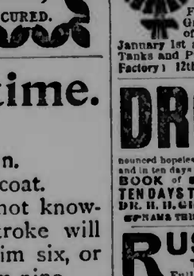

100

Flannel Waists—and the picture does n't flatter them either. All wool in plain colors, garnet, brown, black and navy. The samples we'll send will look prettier than any description of them. The sleeves are full 16 inches wide and lined. Yoke back, lined and fulness gathered on yoke—pleated front—sizes 32 to 44, . *$1.48* Postage 15 cents.

No. 165. Box Coat—London style—4 button effect—44 inches long, strictly all wool fast dye long curl Chinchilla, either navy or black. The new Pleated Sleeves—extra large—full ripple back, wide self-lacing and high storm collar. Two weeks ago price was $7.50. Sizes 32 to 44—suitable also for Misses of 14, 16, 18 yrs. *$5.00*

"Foster" Gloves—Genuine—lor we are exclusive agents for the West. This particular lot consists of the regular $1.50 grade—known everywhere as the standard of quality. Real French kid, five hook, in black, brown, tan, mode and slate—all sizes while they last, for we do not expect to be able to duplicate this grade at, . . *$1.00* Postage 9 cents.

Jointed Dolls—Beauties in miniature—stand 16 inches high, either blondes or brunettes, with eyes that open and close. French serge dresses trimmed with ribbon and tinsel gimp. Bonnets have real ostrich tips. Postage 30c. Equal in every way to the kind usually retailed at $3, *95c*

SEND FOR YOUR MONEY BACK if not satisfied with your purchase. MAILED FREE!

"THE SHOPPERS' ECONOMIST"

The most complete Shopping Guide ever published—128 pages devoted to good form in woman's wear, the correct Spring styles as shown in our seventy departments being accurately described and handsomely illustrated. Ready March 1st.

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ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI

packages contain a list of novels by the most popular Authors. Five Cents in stamps will procure any one of them delivered FREE.

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St. Jacobs Oil CURES Rheumatism, YES, TO BE SURE IS TO BE CERTAIN, AS WHEN The cure is certain, sure. TO MAKE SURE, USE IT AND BE CURED.

growing time.

That boy!—
A little lad, all fun.
A little chap, all coat.
A round cipher, not knowing whether the stroke will go up and make him six, or down, and make him nine.
It's growing time with him.

He is burning up fat. This fat must be in as constant supply as the air he breathes.

It has got to come from somewhere. If it does not come from his food, it must come from fat stored up in his body. He steals it and you say "He's getting thin—he's growing so fast."

SCOTT'S EMULSION will take that boy, set his digestion at work, re-build that body. His food may not make him fat—SCOTT'S EMULSION will.

Be sure you get Scott's Emulsion when you want it and not a cheap substitute.

Scott & Bowne, New York. All Druggists. 50c, and $1.

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/5 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared, Steel, Galvanized-after-Completion Windmills, Tilting and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Buzz Saw Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/3 this usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

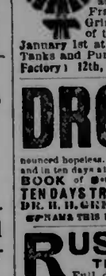

DROPSY Treated free. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases pronounced hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE. TEN DAYS TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE by mail DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Specialists, Atlanta, Ga. ☞NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

RUSSIAN YEAST THE BEST IN THE WORLD. Full directions how to make this celebrated YEAST CAKE at a nominal cost. Mailed on receipt of $1.00. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. GEO. RICHBERGER, CLARKSDALE, MISSISSIPPI.

AGENTS Make Money SELLING OUR GOODS. TRY YOUR HAND. THE ANDERSON WIRE BRUSH CO., 185 E. Third St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA. ☞NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

A. N. K—C. 1582

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

The Republican.

BENJ. B. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

THE REPUBLICAN is published every Thursday morning at the following rates:

One copy one year	$1.50
One copy six months	.75
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ADVERTISING RATES.

First insertion for square of ten nonpariel lines $1; each additional insertion after first 50 cents per square of ten nonpariel lines. Positively no deviation will be made from the above rates.

REMITTANCES:

Remittances made by money order, postal note, registered letter or bank draft will be at our risk, if made otherwise, at the risk of the sender. Address,

THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THUESDAY, DEC. 19, 1895.

ON January first we shall place in the hands of a collection agency the accounts of all subscribers outside of the county who owe subscriptions to THE REPUBLICAN for three years or more. We have sent out statements year after year to a number of those owing us but have never received anything from them. We must have money with which to pay our expenses.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS and Happy New Year to all our people is the wish of THE REPUBLICAN.

THE *Democrat* continues to steal its "daily epitome of the news of the State" from the Baltimore *Sun*.

OH YES, Mr. *Democrat*, you would not blow your own horn, would you? Not even a little bit; simply because—well, you know why.

"THE favorite ditty of the editor of THE REPUBLICAN—'Bennie had a little lamb.' "—Democrat.

Better have a little lamb than a big jag.

THE *Democrat* last week called for a statement from the trustees of the Loch Lynn school, which statement will be found in another column of this journal to-day. Read it, brother *Democrat*, and draw from it all the consolation you can. You need conseling.

Approaching Complete Independence.

The first domestic tea raised in the State of Arkansas and put on the market has recently been sold at Memphis, Tenn., by a planter to the extent of 300 pounds. It has been announced by experts to be of excellent quality, and it is likely that its enltivation will be gone into to some considerable extent in Arkansas in the coming year.—The Iron Age.

THERE are 238 lawyers in Congress. forty-five farmers, twenty-seven editors, twenty-eight manufacturers, one rail-road manager, two steamboat owners, fourteen teachers and college professors, twenty-five bankers, twenty merchants, one house builder, three clergymen, seven who say they are "engaged in business," eight doctors, one architect, one music teacher, one owner of oil wells, five miners, two insurance agents, one theater manager, one manufacturer of ice, three civil engineers, nine lumbermen, two owners of stone quarries, two real estate agents, one pharmacist, and one steamship captain.—Ex.

What Increased Revenue Will Do.

The first step of the Republicans will be to increase the revennes of the Government so that its income shall be greater than its expenditures. No government and no people can prosper when the outgo continually exceeds the income.

Increased revenue will streugthen the credit of the national Government.

Increased revenue will fortify the Treasury, stop excessive gold exports and give stability to the currency.

Increased revenue will enable the Government to resume the reduction of its bonded indebedness. That policy always sustained, and will again sustain, the credit of the Government and increase the demand for its securities.

Increased revenue and its direct effects upon the national credit and national currency will impart confidence to capital, leading to business investmonts, the revival of our investments, the increased employment of labor and a new inspiratiou for all American interests.

Why Maryland Went Republican.

Senator Gorman in the N. Y. Press.

"The state (Maryland) went Republican because the Republican vote has largely increased, a very obvious and somewhat significant reason.

The Republican vote a year ago throughout the state was 3,000 larger than the Democratic vote, and nobody pretended to assert then that the result was due to any personal causes or to opposition to any one man. The fact is that the Protection sentiment in the state has largely increased. In my own county, for example, we have a number of woolen mills. Until very recently they have been run upon a rough and cheap class of goods. In the last two or three years, however, they have undetaken a higher grade of work, and in order to do it they have been obliged to import a large number of skilled laborers from Massachusetts and other New England states. Most of these men are Republicans. A like condition of affairs exist in other counties of the state, and here we have a very considerable increase in the Republican vote accounted for. There has been a change, too, among Democrats who are naturally inclined toward protection, and who believe that Republican supremacy will more certainly insure a permanent protective policy. There is no question that the protecteon sentiment among all classes is now very strong, and many who believe in the doctrine have been disgusted by the business depression of the last two years. Naturally they turn to the party which is not in power for relief, especially in view of the fact that that party has a consistent protection record."

United States Senator.

Every day we are given better and stronger evidences of the increase in popularity of Mr. Wellingtou. Frequent additions are being made to the number who will support him for the Senatorship when the next legislature meets. The members-elect know that he is the choice of nearly all the Republicans and anti-Gorman Democrats, and our representatives know that they are chosen to represent the people to the same extent in the election of a United States Senator as in other matters of legislation. The actions of the few who are opposed to him seem to be prompted by jealously rather than a desire to carry out the will of the people, and to hide their own motives are seeking protection behind a custom that is calculated to take away the more populous portion of the State at least its fair proportion of representation in the Senate.

The eastern shore need have no fears of its being ignored in case of the election of Mr. Wellington, for if such be the case that portion of the State will have something to say in the legislation that shall effect the interests of all Marylanders irrespective of all the section in which they live.

Mr. Wellington will no go to the Senate as the representative of the western shore, but as the servant of the people of the whole state, and not as the henchman of Arthur P. Gorman. As it has been for some time this State has had but one U. S. Senator and he has always had two votes—his own and the eastern shore member's.

If this State is to get a Republican Senator, why not get the ablest we have? With Mr. Wellington's election the power of Gorman, the highest council in this nation, would be diminished more than one half, and we would have what we have not had in these many years—a Maryland Senator.—Cumb. News.

Notice,

All persons knowing themselves indebted to me will please call and settle their accounts with S. P. Specht by Jan. 1, 1896, as on or after that date I will proceed to collect same by law.

D. F. GRAHAM.

Deer Park, Md., Dec. 3, 1895.

The "Mixed School" Question.

To the Editor of The Republican.

Inasmuch as the *Democrat* of last week called for a statement from the trustees of the Loch Lynn school regarding the attendance at that school of colored children prior to the election recently held, we. the undersigned trustees, feel that we are in duty bound to set ourselves aright before the people of the county and supplement the statemade to the editor of THE REPUBLICAN on Wednesday, November 6th, 1895, and published in his paper that week by the following;

About a month prior to the opening of the school the parents and guardians of five colored children asked permission of us for their children to attend the school here and we told them that we would refer the matter to the school board. A few days after we went to the office of the school board but the board was not in session, so we laid the matter before Mr. Hinebaugh, the secretary, and he said the law made provisions for colored schools, but if the patrons of the school did not object he saw no reason why they could not be allowed to attend, but if objection was made by the patrons they would have to stop, and the colored children were admitted on these conditions on Monday, the first day of school. On Wednesday evening following we had a letter from Secretary Hinebaugh saying objection to the children attending school had been made and suggested that they attend the school at Oakland. The children having been admitted with the understanding that they should stop if any of the patrons objected we thought it our duty to see who objected, and so on Friday we went to see Mr. Hinebaugh, but he refused to say who objected. We then went to see the president of the board, Mr. Hamill, and he said Mr. Stemple, of Oakland, had called his attention to the matter and immediately went and looked up the law bearing on this point, but we could not find out and do not believe that any of the patrons of the school had objected to the colored children attending the school.

On the same Friday evening we received a notice from the president of the board to exclude the colored children from the school. They were then notified to stop, which they did, having attended the school five days.

Respectfully,

B. F. CRANE,
GEO. D. WHITE,
CHAS. J. BUNCE, } Trustees.

Communicated.

MT. LAKE PARK, MD., Dec. 16, 1895.

To the Editor of The Republican.

Some beautiful Temple Wheels, about which all who love temperance have heard so much, came to Briar-Bend Seminary on Monday and were quickly taken by the pupils.

The principal has sent for more and will be glad to put them in the hands of any who will be responsible for filling them. A premium is given to everyone who fills a wheel. There are eight nice premiums from which to make a selection.

During the happy Christmas times hearts and purses are all open, and who will not cheerfully give ten cents to help the noble temperance cause?

E. B. SWAN,
County Sup't of Press Work.

Married.

WALTER—WHITE.—On December 11, 1895, at the residence of Mr Murry White, near Gorman, by Rev. William E. George, James Wayman Walter and Emma Elizabeth White, both of Garrett county.

A ring was brought in here Saturday night for repairs. The gentleman said it had just been repaired and told me who did it. He gave me 75 cts. to repair it. I suppose he had it done in the first place for 5 cts. A blind man with a broadax and post hole digger could have done a better job. 5, 10 and 15c. men are no good. Time will prove all things. What could yon expect of a man that came out of a coal bank one day and into the watch business the next. I leave you for the judge. F. G. HYDE, the Jeweler. 40-3t.

Call and get our prices. Respectfully, Shartzer & Bolden.

THE WESTERN MD. HISTORIAN

Contributes Another of His Interesting Articles to "The Republican."

To the Editor of The Republican.

The subject of the old time families of Garrett county is not yet fully exhausted.

In the beginning of the present century, a young man of fine appearance came to Westernport, in Allegany county, from Lancaster, Pa. He was George Layman, an old time hatter by trade. Westernport was then an important point in the old county—the head of navigation on the north branch of the Potomac, for small craft, known as flat boats. The main commodities then for transporting from the little port was gun stocks of walnut and curled maple to Harper's Ferry for the manufacture of United States muskets—no rifles then. Layman soon set up a hatter shop of the most primitive style. His materials were the furs of beaver, otter, 'coons and other inferior animals, and in some instances wool was used, and you may be sure it made a very hard, heavy head gear. The sign or advertisement in those days of a hatter was a great number of fur-bearing hides tacked upon the sides of a little plank or slab shop. His hats were said to give satisfaction while he carried on the trade. But for many years there has been no such thing as a country hatter or shop—"a lost art."

Meantime he married a very respectable young lady of the neighborhood by the name of Bowyer. They bore eight children, four sons and as many daughters. The sons were Daniel, John, George W. and James. The daughters are all dead except Catharine Smalley, now a very aged lady living in District No. 3.

Nancy, the youngest daughter, was a lady of much attraction in her early years—became the wife of Elijah Brown fifty-eight years ago, and died eight years since in Shipman, Illinois. Her grief stricken husband survived her till last September, when he died in Missouri and was buried by the side of the grave he so often moistened with his tears and bedecked with his willing hands. This last death was fitly noticed in your paper at the time.

George Layman moved to the Little Crossings district, now Grantsville, in middle life or a little after, became a Justice of the Peace in the lower end of the district, and his son John a J. P. in now Grantsville—the father a Democrat and the son an ardent Whig. This good and respectable old man, for everyone said he was such, died at an advanced age about the year 1858, and his faithful wife followed him a number of years later. He was genial, social and open-hearted in his ways and nature.

Daniel, the eldest son, died in Westernport about sixty years ago, left a widow and four children. The youngest son, George Louis, became sheriff of Allegany county in 1869, died in Cumberland about eight years ago. He was a prominent man in the two counties for many years. He left a large family, including a very worthy widow, all since gone to Iowa except the much esteemed wife of Mr. Ralph Engle.

John Layman, the most prominent member of the family, was a prosperous merchant in Grantsville, intelligent, useful and greatly respected, died in 1845 at the early age of thirty-nine, of cancer in the groin. He was greatly missed on account of general usefulness. He left a widow but no children. James Layman went to Iowa before she attained statehood, and not much is now remembered of him.

George W. lived for many years in the lower end of his district, was well known and well thought of—direct, positive and straightforward in every respect. He died abont twelve years ago, leaving a very large family of children, a dozen in all, three sons, Norman B., Daniel and John, the rest being daughters, nearly all living and married. Norman and Daniel each served three years in the great war to preserve our great country. John is a prominent citizen of Frostburg, and was tax collector last year for the Frostburg tax district and was an excellent officer.

Dec. 13, 1895. J. B.

Savage River.

The people are getting ready for Christmas.

Mr. Peter McIntyre made a flying trip to New Germany one day this week.

Miss Rachel Gregg is visiting her sister in Westernport, Md.

Mr. Eli Merrill and Mr. F. C. Michael were the guests of W. W. Broadwater last Sunday.

Lewis Broadwater is working at the pulp mill in Westernport.

Mrs. E. Merrill has returned home from Westernport.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson Broadwater were at New Germany last Sunday.

We are looking for a couple of weddings in the near future.

Miss Minnie Broadwater has returned home from West Virginia.

We had a quiet little wedding last Thursday, the contracting parties being Mr. D. W. Crowe and Miss Ada J. McIntyre.

Johnson Broadwater was at Barton one day this week.

Let us hear from New Germany again. BLUE BIRD.

F. G. Hyde

Has had 15 years' experience in the watch business. Take your work to him, pay a decent price and get a decent job.

Selbysport.

News items very scarce.

The Yough river is entirely frozen over and our young people are enjoying themselves gliding over its glassy surface.

Miss Lilian Gilbert, of McKeesport, Pa., is visiting at her uncle's, Mr. Zadock Groves.

Mr. William Hone has taken the contract for making the railroad ties on the Ironwood tract of land owned by Clark & McCully.

Our school is progressing very nicely under the efficient management of George B. Frazee as princi- and John Knapp assistant.

Several of our farmers are preparing to burn large kilns of lime in the spring. This is what is needed. When our farmers get their land in a fertile condition so that they can produce enough grain for home consumption they will keep at home the many hundreds of dollars that now go to the far west for flour, oats and corn.

The C. & O. railroad seems to be hauling more freight this winter than at any time since the completion of the road.

Mr. William Hollinger has moved into the house just vacated by Mr. Austin Brown, who has removed his family to Oakland.

When you want fine repairing go to F. G. Hyde. No botch jobs done there. Remember, I don't do a $1 job for 10 cents. I got a watch in the other day for repairs. The job cost $1.50. Had a brass plug in it for a jewel. I suppose that cost 15 cents; brass comes cheaper than jewels. Did you ever go to the store and buy a barrel of flour worth $5 for $1. *No!* If you did it would certainly be rotten.

Holiday Excursion To Washington.

The B & O. Railroad Company will inaugurate a series of monthly excursions to the National Capital from Pittsburg, Wheeling, Parkersburg, Lexington, Hagerstown and intermediate points along its lines as far East as Washington Junction affording an excellent opportunity for a mid winter jaunt to the National Capital. The first excursion of the series is announced for Thursday, December 26th. The rates are remarkably low and the time limit ample enough to allow visitors an opportunity to visit all the public Buildings and Institutions in Washington and make side trips to points of interest in near vicinity.

We give below a list of stations in this vicinity, showing time of trains and rates of fare:

	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	RATE.
Terra Alta	.....	12 06	5 41	1 58	$0 45
Oakland	6 31	12 29	5 59	5 12	0 25
Piedmont	7 21	1 20	6 51	6 01	5 40

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

Tickets will be good ten days, and will be valid for passage from Washington to Baltimore at any time within the life of the ticket.

For Pullman Car accommodation and guide to points of interest in Washington, apply to nearest B. & O. agent. 40-2t.

Look

At Hyde's show window; your choice for 25 cts. The best and cheapest place on earth to buy. Its no lie.

Does Anybody Know

Who got that $90 diamond last summer? I guess not. Another fake for January 1st. F. G. Hyde.

Twenty Years Proof.

Tutt's Liver Pills keep the bowels in natural motion and cleanse the system of all impurities. A absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, constipation and kindred diseases.

"Can't do without them"

R. P. Smith, Chilesburg, Va. writes I don't know how I could do without them. I have had Liver disease for over twenty years. Am now entirely cured.

Tutt's Liver Pills

FOR ALL SKIN ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES, ETC.

USE

PEARS'

Will permanently remove Rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Worm, Pimples, Blackheads, Itching Piles and every form of eruption. It effectually removes Dandruff. Eminently superior for beautifying the complexion, has been tested in thousands of cases with unvarying success.

Sold by all Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

POSTER'S GERMAN BITTERS AND NAVY BLOOD PILLS are the best blood purifiers and restorers of the system and derive their power from these articles. It is both a purifier and an invigorator. Pleasant to the taste. Effect immediate. In large bottles. $1.00, at all druggists.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including trum ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 38-26t*

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, low and prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
2t—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

AN ADDRESS BY MR. FROG.

LADIES and GENTLEMEN:—

Do you know that **Frog in Your Throat** is the **Latest, Cheapest** and **Best** cough tablet made? 10c.

Free! A Frog with every box while they last.

Free! A Japanese toy to our customers buying 25c worth of Holiday Goods.

Have you seen our Christmas tree ladened with beautiful Japanese presents, all to be given away on Christmas Day.

OAKLAND PHARMACY.
JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.

"It is a pleasnre to sell Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," says Stickney & Dentler, druggists, Republic, Ohio, "Because a customer after once using it, is almost certain to call for it when again in need of **such a medicine. We sell more of it than of any other cough medicine we handle, and it always gives satisfaction.**" For coughs, colds and croup, it is without an equal. For sale by. Oakland Pharmacy.

Malette

Has the largest, finest and cheapest line of Xmas Goods and Jewelry ever brought to Oakland.

YOU WILL FIND THE

FINEST, LARGEST AND CHEAPEST

LINE OF HOLIDAY GOODS

Ever brought to town now placed on the Bargain Counters of

OAKLAND PHARMACY

Everybody Welcome. Come whether you want to buy or not. Come. Come

Jos. E. Ferro
PROP'R

LOOK AT

F. G. HYDE'S

ASSORTMENT OF

Xmas Presents

For 25 Cents.

Also the finest and best line of Jewelry between Washington and Wheeling.

Merry Christmas To All.

After visiting all the Stores in town for Christmas Goods, don't fail to see what they have at

Sturgiss' Pharmacy,

And you will make no mistake.

CANDY. **OYSTERS.**

Don't forget the cheapest place in the town of Oakland for FRUITS, NUTS, CANDY, CRACKERS, CAKES, CANNED GOODS is **H. E. FELTY**, Railroad St.

Malette

Will give a $90 Diamond Ring away on January 1, 1896.

WHERE TO BUY

HOLIDAY PRESENTS

AT DAVIS & SON'S NEW HARDWARE STORE

You will find a choice line of Table, Butcher and Carving Knives, Razors, Shears, Plated Spoons, etc., also two handsome nickled Ranges, showing latest novelty of regulating heat of oven by thermometer.

If you want a vehicle or sleigh, call on

A. D. NAYLOR.

A nice line kept constantly on hand.

IF IN NEED OF

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry of any Kind, go to

H. C. SMOUSE.

RAILROAD ST., OAKLAND, MD.

Repairing a Specialty.

CHEAP JOHN

IS

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Toys and Holiday Goods, Candies, Etc.

OPPOSITE STONE CHURCH.

Xmas Goods.

The Best and Choicest Candies.

ALSO

Xmas Tree Ornaments, at

A. T. MATTHEWS',

Railroad St., OAKLAND, MD.

F. E. MERRILL,

NOTIONS

Gents' and Ladies' Furnishings

NECKWEAR.

Alder St., one Door West of Postoffice.

CHRISTMAS.

AN ENDLESS LINE OF

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Groceries at the Lowest Prices in town. Come and see for yourselves.

JOHN FELTY, JR., & CO.

Christmas Goods.

Just received at GEO. O. MILLER & CO.'s a new stock of Christmas Goods, consisting of

Japanese China, Fancy Cups and Saucers, Plates, Mugs, Vases, Gentlemen's Silk Neckwear, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Silk Handkerchiefs and Mufflers. Also a beautiful line of China Tea and Dinner Sets.

THIS SPACE IS FOR SALE.

PRICE $12.00.

SHARTZER & BOLDEN

Furniture, . Carpets, . Upholstery.

OAKLAND MD.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND. : GARRETT CO., MD.

A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

BY MAUD RITTENHOUSE.

There were odors of turpentine and hot paint upon the air when Nora thrust her curly head into Miss Yarwood's studio.

"Wh-ew!" she cried, "aren't you burnt up? What is it now?"

"It's pin-trays—six of them! And I am too warm, but I wanted to dry the color well; there's so little time."

"I wonder you don't die, Miss Alice! You are cooped up here from daylight until dark, and even after dark, now that Christmas orders are coming in. How late did you work last night?"

"Twelve," said Miss Yarwood, half apologetically. "But you don't know how thankful I am that I can do those Dresden designs at night! See here; aren't these dainty? I'm going to fire them to-night;" and Miss Yarwood straightened her stiffened figure and led the way to a tall cabinet filled with odd bits of china, from among which she indicated one particular row of tiny cups and saucers.

"Oh, the dainty darlings!" cried the young girl, with positive rapture. "How you do them I can't even imagine. And will those black dots and scrolls be gold after the firing?"

"Gold as can be!" laughed the other. "They're an order for Kitty Birch; a present, if you please, for the wedding of her dearest friend."

"What will you get for them?" Nora asked, suddenly, with the liberty of one familiar with the "business" of the studio.

Miss Yarwood hesitated a moment, and a little flame of color shot into the pallor of her cheek as she replied: "Six dollars."

"Apiece!"

"No, no—for all of them."

Nora stared blankly and then fairly shrieked:

"Only six dollars for the whole half-dozen? Why, you have worked for days on them—what did the plain china cost?"

"Fifty apiece."

"That's three dollars for the set. And how much gold have you used?"

"Not more than a dollar's worth, if that much," came the faint response.

"Then you'll get two dollars for working two days and nights, putting out your eyes, breaking your devoted back, ruining your health, and—and the firing still to do. I forgot to count that and the gas. Miss Alice, my dear, you are an idiot! You make me absolutely furious!" and Nora stalked to the other side of the room and flounced angrily into a seat by the low window.

"Listen, dearie." Miss Alice spoke with a little deprecatory gesture. "It's Kitty's very, very dearest friend, and she did want to give her something charmingly pretty, and yet six dollars was every cent she could afford."

"Then why didn't she use up her own strength and nerves and eyesight instead of yours in her investment? She can manage to wear beautiful clothes and warm furs and several hats a season, while you are going about in a cloak you've worn for five years—and even your best dress frayed at the edges."

"Now, Nora! I'm sure my cloak is still stylish and pretty, and I bound the frayed edges only last week, so the dress looks as good as new. I'm sure I always look nice."

"'Nice'! You look like an angel!" and impulsive Nora flung both arms about the little spinster and kissed her hot cheek. "When I get to Heaven I shall expect to see all the angels wearing darned-over cashmeres and big gingham aprons that smell of lavender and tinting-oil. Can't you come out, just for a minute, for a walk and a breath of fresh air?"

Miss Yarwood shook her head with a mock-woeful grimace. "I must get the cream jug ready for the firing, and all the gold's to put on that vase yet. To-morrow's Sunday, dear; we'll have a long walk then, in the afternoon."

Nora sighed and left the room; but Miss Yarwood smiled as her fine brush trailed delicate lines of gold over the pale blossoms on the ivory-tinted cream jug.

"Nora doesn't realize how fortunate I am," she said. "I never had so many orders before at Christmas time."

Meanwhile Nora was freeing her mind to Cæsar, the huge mastiff, who stretched his great legs as he rose from the door-mat.

"She's killing herself, Cæsar, for a dollar a day. Come, sir, you need a run. We'll take the back way to the grocery and get a bag of cool oranges for that hot little goose. There, now, one, two—run!" It was twilight and the street was still. "Nobody'll know we are schoolmarms, Cæsar. This is glorious! Go it, I say. Oh! oh, dear! gracious! I beg your pardon. If it isn't Dr. Grimes."

"Or what is left of him," that gentleman flustered. "Will you tell me, miss, what you mean by tilting headlong in this fashion at respectable old gentlemen who weigh 200?"

"If you please, sir, we were in a bit of a hurry going for oranges for Miss Alice."

"If she needs 'em that badly I think I'll turn back with you to see that you get a good sort. There's a new Florida orange in—thin-skinned and sweet. M—h—ah, how is Miss Alice to-day?"

"Cooked, sir."

"What?"

"She's being slowly roasted, I say, in that little ell-studio of hers. I'd like to be her mother, Dr. Grimes, for about a year, till I could teach her some sense!"

"I have found Miss Yarwood a lady of extremely sound sense and good judgment," said Dr. Grimes, with dignity.

"Then you don't know her as well as I do," came the unabashed retort. "You don't know her business methods. She's doing charitable work for people who could buy her house, lot and all—and who call themselves her patrons! You don't know, perhaps, that she has her breakfast at six o'clock in the morning that she may lose no minute of precious daylight; that she hardly takes time to eat, all day; that she gives her eyes and her strength, and her real, artistic talent to the graceless people of Birchwood for the magnificent sum of a dollar a day."

"You don't mean it!" gasped the doctor.

"Indeed I do! And I want to fight somebody. She's almost ill, this minute; but she will tell me, smiling sweetly, that she must earn her bread and butter, and that she's so thankful she can!"

Dr. Grimes cleared his throat. "I haven't been long in Birchwood," he said. "I fancied Miss Yarwood did her china painting mainly for amusement."

"Well, that's about all she gets out of it," said the girl, grimly; "but even amusements may be indulged in to excess. Oranges, yes— Floridas, a dozen."

"And a couple of pounds of those California grapes," put in the doctor, pointing with his stick to the sawdusty box over which luscious white clusters were hanging. "Well, well, well! there ought to be a gunrdian, I should say. She looks well enough to other people's needs. There was that Osgood family—shiftless things—I first ran across her there—"

"That's where her muff went, because poor Mrs. Osgood's hands looked cold—big fat things—and her own have frozen blue ever since. She never will learn any sense."

"Tut! tut! Miss Nora. No, you needn't say I sent the grapes—I shouldn't dare;" and the big doctor really looked alarmed. "But I hope she'll eat them."

"If she doesn't her boarder will," and Nora laughed mischievously.

She was still smiling, over thoughts all her own, when she looked into the studio again at tea-time. Miss Yarwood dropped her brush for a moment and looked knowingly at the rosy, girlish face.

"I saw you, Nora, you rogue!—both of you. And, my dear, there's the right sort of man; how different from those light creatures Billy Smith and Tom. Not that Billy and Tom aren't nice boys in their way, but the doctor is so fine and big and handsome! And I saw him look after you, Nora dear, as you came in at the gate, almost as if he would have to turn and follow."

"It's likely enough he wanted to," laughed the girl.

Miss Yarwood looked at her half-wistfully.

"Don't take it too lightly, Nora, my big, happy girl. Love doesn't come to all lives—not such love as his would be. I tell you, he's a real nobleman, Nora."

"Too fat," commented Nora, laconically.

Miss Yarwood looked aghast. Then she said, with a little, quiet dignity: "He's a large man, not fat. We'll go to supper, Nora."

They had come back from their walk on Sunday afternoon, and if Miss Yarwood's hands were blue with cold her cheeks were pink enough, and her soft, brown eyes held warm lights in their depths.

"Wasn't it delightful?" she said, with a long-drawn breath, as she sank into the chair Nora drew before the blazing coals. "I feel like another person. And how beautiful the fire is! Chloe never forgets to have it warm and crackling at the very minute when I seem to need it most. My dear, do you know I feel such a great surge of thankfulness roll over me that I could go down on my knees and cry and thank the Lord at the same minute. Who am I that all these blessings should be heaped upon me?" There was something very like tears gleaming in the brown eyes as she spoke. "A cozy home, my very own, a devoted servant, a friend—and what a friend you have been to me, Nora!"

She paused with a little choke in her voice, and Nora had not the heart to repeat aloud her running commentary: "'A cozy home,' earned by her own hard struggles; 'a devoted servant,' at exorbitant wages a week; and 'a friend,' Nora, the boarder, who pays $20 for a $30-room and her board."

"It has always been like this, Nora, since I can first remember." Miss Yarwood had thrown off her coat and was looking ruminatively into the coals.

Nora swung a low chair forward, and poked the fire a trifle viciously.

"I am tempted to tell you something I have never told a living soul!" cried Miss Yarwood, with a little start, turning the brown eyes full upon the beloved boarder. Her voice was low, as became the telling of a deep secret, but clear and sweet and alive with feeling. "It is this, Nora: That I believe myself to be, in a special sense, one favored of heaven—a charge of Providence—a real ward of the dear Lord! I wonder if it sounds wicked to say so—or conceited? I have never breathed it aloud before, but I have been deeply impressed with it from childhood; and weak and sinful and undeserving as I am, I believe it to be true—true! How could it be otherwise? Other people have had terrible trials and troubles—"

"And so have you!" burst forth the girl impetuously.

Miss Yarwood turned meditative eyes upon her. "Oh, yes, of course there have been clouds and rainy days, but God kept His sun shining steadily for me behind them. Always, I have been specially protected and guarded and shielded from harm. To-night, for very thankfulness, I can't be dumb. Let me tell you, Nora, I had a sweetheart once—"

Nora sat alert.

"I was very young. I hardly knew him, for he was a stranger in our town, but I loved him desperately—I think I really did. We were engaged to be married. My clothes were made—what pleasure I took in them!—and the day set. But just a week before it, an officer came and—arrested James. Nora, that handsome young sweetheart of mine was as cold-blooded a villain ever lived! He had robbed his own father, gambled away his money—I can't tell you all the story of his sin! What I want you to see is that the Lord Himself was watching over me to keep me from becoming the miserable wife of that wicked man."

Nora sat, a speechless skeptic, as the sweet voice went on: "Of course it hurt for a long time. But after awhile I was helped past it till all the pain was gone, and in a strange, sweet way, it seemed to me that bitter experience helped me to appreciate the really grand, good man I later learned to love."

"And he?" Miss Nora leaned forward as she asked the question and held her breath.

"He taught me how truly fine and pure a man's life may be, how all ennobling his love. I honored him so entirely that when he afterward found he had been mistaken in his love for me, I could only admire the consideration, the real nobility of character, that prompted him to frankly tell me so."

Nora looked at the re-bound best dress, at the thin little figure, the tired, but smiling eyes, and forebore to speak.

"I wonder what she'd do with half the blessings most women have?" she thought.

It happened in the most curious way, just three nights later, that big Dr. Grimes, passing the Yarwood cottage, stopped in the shadow of the fir-tree to gaze in at the little studio; and at that same instant, Miss Yarwood, leaning over her china-kiln, more tired than ever, and just a little "shaky" from loss of sleep and appetite, suddenly "gave out" entirely, and fell, teacups, pin-trays and all, against her kiln, and on, in a heap of tinkling porcelain, to the floor. Curiously, too, Dr. Grimes forgot all about his ridiculous shyness of the little woman, vaulted her fence (fir-tree, too, he afterward thought, so great had been his haste), and in half a flying minute reached her side, lifted her out of her pitiful ruins, and sat her bolt upright upon a chair.

She had not fainted—not she. She was only a trifle dazed, and "not very strong," as she explained. She felt there was some explanation called for, for there was absolutely no misunderstanding the fact that the big doctor, having sat her upon her chair, had shaken her soundly.

"'Not very strong,' indeed!" (another shake) "I have heard about it! Miss Nora says you need a guardian, and I am come to be he." His voice was harsh and angry.

"Don't you know, know, you are killing yourself?" Then it came over him suddenly just how pale and thin and pitifully small she looked, this misguided bread-winner, and he looked about wildly until his eyes rested upon a pillow across in the little window-seat. He strode after it; then he put it gently back of her head.

"I—did I—shake you, you frail little mite of a woman? I might have killed you; the Lord only knows how easily I could do it. And rather than hurt a hair of your head—"

He stopped and looked unsteadily at her, for his eyes were swimming in sudden tears. And Miss Alice felt a strange yearning in her heart toward this man whom she had selected to be dear Nora's lover.

"You didn't—shake me—very hard, I guess," she stammered. "I must have provoked you to it, falling clumsily like that—"

He stopped her short. "What sort of an old party do you think me, anyhow, Miss Alice? Would you believe a thing I told you as solemn truth?"

"Oh, I would!" she cried, looking steadily into the kind, gray eyes.

"Then please believe that I love you from my very heart, and that, old bachelor as I am, I shall always be, unless you let me come as business manager of this firm. As Mrs. Grimes you may paint teacups for me alone, and I'll promise unbounded admiration and prompt pay. Will you be my wife, Alice, and let the love and care of a lifetime atone for the ugly gruffness I've shown to-night?"

He was holding both her hands, and, kneeling there perilously on those broken bits of the fine arts, could look straight into the big, brown eyes.

"I thought I had given all my heart to—to Robert—but that was long ago, and—"

"And now?"

"And now you—you remind me of him—in being so grand and good, I mean—so much so that I believe, in time—"

"How much time?" cried this impatient lover. "Don't you know that since that first day in the leaky, Osgood shanty I've thought of you day and night, and loved you until I've been a perfect old fool? How much time? Can't you love me in five minutes? Now?"

And the little woman, moved by some impulse, leaned suddenly forward and tremulously kissed the gray-sprinkled hair of the doctor. That kiss installed the new business manager.

When Miss Nora came in, five minutes later, two happier people she was sure she had never seen. But it was only to her pillow she confided, and in the dead of night, that not until she saw the big doctor's protecting arm about the little spinster did she take much stock in that "special providence."—Demorest's Magazine.

Absent-Mindedness.

Archbishop Trench was a victim of absent-mindedness. Dining at home one evening he found fault with the flavor of the soup. Next evening he dined out at a large dinner party. Forgetting for the moment that he was not in his own house, but a guest, he observed across the table to Mrs. Trench: "This soup is, my dear, again a failure."—San Francisco Argonaut.

—What lasting progress was ever made in social reformation, except when every step was assured by appeals to the understanding and the will.—W. Mathews.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Vinegar and salt will clean the black crust off sheet-iron frying pans, but they should be thoroughly scoured afterwards with sand soap or any good scouring soap.

—Washing Marble Tops.—Never wash the marble tops of wash stands or bureaus with soap. Use clean, warm water and a soft cloth, drying immediately with a soft towel.

—Potato Snow.—After the potatoes are boiled, mashed and seasoned, press them through a vegetable press or a colander into the dish into which they are to be served, leaving them piled lightly.—Farm and Fireside.

—Pop Corn Candy.—Put two cups of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of butter and a cup of water in a kettle to boil until the sirup threads. Mix in four quarts of popped corn. Stir, take from the fire and stir until cool; make into balls or little flat cakes.—Prairie Farmer.

—Ten Minute Cake.—Mix two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar with one pint of flour, rub in a piece of butter the size of an egg, and one even teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a cupful of sweet milk, add one beaten egg and a cupful of sugar; mix well together and bake in a quick oven.—Country Gentleman.

—A Pot Scraper.—A thick-lipped oyster shell is a kitchen convenience of a high order. It is a better pot and kettle scraper than the iron dishcloths. The chain arrangements called by that name are abominations, and can be kept clean only by frequent baths in concentrated lye. An oyster shell, on the other hand, can be kept perfectly clean.

—Canned Asparagus.—Cut the stalks in small pieces; boil until tender in salted water. Make a sauce of two teaspoonfuls of butter, a tablespoonful of flour, a little salt, a little pepper and a dust of nutmeg. Add a wineglass of water; stir until it boils; add two tablespoonfuls of butter and the juice of a lemon; pour over the asparagus and serve.—Chicago Chronicle.

MARBLE GAINS FAVOR.

Sculptured Busts Take the Place of Paintings.

Busts are taking the place of oil portraits in the family art galleries prepared for posterity. In them are shown better the figure, features, pose, expression, size and style than in the canvas. They lack color only, but in looking at a bust the absence of color is not noticed if the bust be artistically planned; and for posterity the sculptored marble is in greater favor than the framed picture. It will bear more ill-usage, and, like the Venus de Milo, will live for hundreds of years, going through fire and water and lying buried in the earth without serious impairment.

Men and women artists both are doing the marble sculpture work. Their favorite patrons consent to sit for them at first for casts because urged to do so. When they see the plaster cast, chaste, refined and clear in all its outlines, a presentment of themselves, they readily give a commission for a marble bust.

The artists who do sculpturing are many. Several have achieved national reputations. Kuchne Beveridge did Cleveland and Corbett. Mrs. Hinneker has done Mrs. James Brown Potter, the actress, and many Washington women. One New York artist has made marble busts of all the leading Wall street men, casting them at leisure from mud impressions made while they were working at their desks. His tools are a batch of clay, a broad, flat knife, a handful of sharp modelers and a bundle of wet rags for keeping the clay moist.

He works while the Wall street man is dictating his letters, getting a side view then. Later he molds rapidly when conversing with the man face to face. The back of the head is done at luncheon time, when the head is moving, to get all the life-lines, and for the last touches the busy magnate of the streets consents to walk around the room for a few minutes, stopping to view himself and criticise the work of the modeler's hands.

Modeling a bust is easy work for the first 15 minutes. In that time the head takes shape with quick pats of the hands. A sweep of the clay hollows out the eyes, a lump of clay molded long, like a lady finger, stands for his nose, and a sharp stroke leaves the chin free. The throat is done by a strangling process of the fingers and the shoulders spatted like a pat-a-cake into broad, round shape. That is what it all looks like to the spectator. And the bust bears a quick resemblance in outlines to the person. Here, when the first resemblance is gained, the work of the pat-a-cake man stops and the touches of the real artist begin.

In a certain library there is a bust of Peter Cooper that was molded for the 20th time before it suited the artist. After it suited him it was molded again to suit the family. An extra stroke upon the cheeks flattened them too much, and the lack of a stroke had left too much hair on top of the head. The same with the molding of the busts of the brokers. It was tedious work to, be done many times.—N. Y. World.

Both Seem Uncomfortable.

Accustomed to her own loosely-flowing robes, the little Japanese woman is quite mystified when she is shown a picture of a group of European ladies in evening dress. "Why are all these women cut out in the middle?" she asks, with a puzzled expression; "are they born like that?" And when she is told "No"—"Then why do they make themselves like that?" glancing at her own slender, though by no means exaggerated, figure, adding, in a low voice: "How very uncomfortable." The fact that she on the other hand, rarely takes down her elaborate coiffure, which necessitates a little mahogany pillow with a hollow in it, so that she may not disarrange the wonderful erection in her sleep, would strike European women in much the same light.—Detroit Free Press.

GLEANINGS ABROAD.

Only fair-haired men entered Tannarivo with Gen. Duchesne; the dark men all succumbed to the climate.

Henri Rochefort has gone back to the Figaro, the newspaper in which he won his first literary success. He will write the art criticisms.

It is told in London that new partnerships are formed with the condition that the partners shall not play golf; it is too engrossing.

An English coroner's jury has at last had the courage to return a verdict of "suicide through want," instead of the usual "while of unsound mind."

Mr. H. B. Cotton, bow oar of the Oxford crew in the last four races with Cambridge, and a son of Lord Justice Cotton, died recently of consumption at Davos Platz.

His highness the Rajah-i-Rajgan Jagatjit Singh of Kapurthala, who visited the world's fair at Chicago, has just published in English the story of his travels in Europe and America.

Copenhagen has not lost trade so far by the opening of the Baltic-North sea canal, the number of vessels calling during the last three months being 1,035, against 1,028 in 1894.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

As many as 258 students are entered for the course in "Modern Novels" which has been introduced in the curriculum of Yale university. The course is more popular than any other in Yale.

Salmon packers on the Pacific coast are worried over the report that the Russians are arranging for the establishment of several large salmon and herring canneries along the Siberian coast.

Russian scientific men have ascertained that out of 597 trees struck by lightning in the forests near Moscow 302 were white poplar. They advise farmers to plant poplars as natural lightning conductors.

Dr. C. P. Scott, state veterinarian of Wisconsin, has declared war on the flower called golden rod. He says that horses that eat it contract a peculiar disease resembling consumption, which is incurable and causes speedy death.

An Unusual Opportunity.

It would seem that no woman reader would fail to take advantage of the offer made elsewhere in this paper by Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., Chicago, to send their Shopping Guide, "The Shoppers' Economist," absolutely *free* to all who write for it.

This firm has come to be known as "the quickest mail-order house in the world." It is one of Chicago's oldest and most reliable firms, its business is immense, and every representation made can be relied upon. They boldly announce: "Your money back if not satisfied with your purchase."

Be sure to find and read the big display advertisement above referred to. By doing so you will probably be greatly assisted in deciding on purchases for Christmas, and the Catalogue has a fund of information that will be valuable at all seasons. And all you need do is to write for it to Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., 58 to 72 State St., Chicago.

LITTLE MAN—"I understand, sir, that you have called me an unmitigated liar?" Big Man—"No; I didn't use the word 'unmitigated.'" Little Man—"Then I accept your apology."—Tit-Bits.

COVETOUSNESS swells the principal to no purpose, and lessens the use to all purposes.—Jeremy Taylor.

GENIUS always gives its best at first; prudence, at last.—Lavater.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and leads to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

$5 Hand Bone, Shell, and Corn Mills for Poultrymen. Daisy Bone Cutter. Powor Mills. Circular and testimonials Free. WILSON BROS., Box 4 Easton, Pa.

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Of your physical health. Build up your system, tone your stomach and digestive organs, increase your appetite, enrich your blood, drive out all impurities and prevent sickness by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. $1; 6 for $5.

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Undo it yourself: then it's easy; otherwise the DeLONG Patent Hook and Eye never unfastens.

See that hump?

Send two cents in stamps for New Mother Goose Book in colors to Richardson De Long Bros., Philadelphia.

Cost more to make, but are sold as cheap as inferior kinds

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The Best

of all Cough Medicines is Dr. Acker's English Remedy. It will stop a cough in one night, check a cold in one day, prevent croup, relieve asthma, and cure consumption, if taken in time. It is made on honor, from the purest ingredients and contains neither opium nor morphine. If the little ones have croup or whooping cough, use it promptly.

Three Sizes—25c., 50c. and $1 per bottle. At Druggists.

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The S.H.&M. BIAS VELVETEEN SKIRT BINDINGS

Guarantee skirt edges from wearing out. Don't take any binding unless you see "S. H. & M." on the label no matter what anybody tells you.

If your dealer will not supply you, we will.

Send for samples, showing labels and materials, to the S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York City.

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RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

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THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH in cakes for general blacking of a stove.

THE SUN PASTE POLISH for a quick after-dinner shine, applied and polished with a cloth.

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WICS (or Masquerades and the Stage, 75 cts. to $1. Boards 40 cts. Stage Make-ups, Tricks and Novelties. Catalogue free. CHAS. MARSHALL, Lockport, N.Y.

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, DORCHESTER, MASS.

THE midnight stars shine overhead
With more than usual brightness;
The hills and valleys are arrayed
In robes of dazzling whiteness;
And jeweled sprays of frost and rime
To forest boughs are clinging;
And sweet the anthem and sublime
The Christmas bells are ringing.

It wakes old memories again:
The vanished past is nigh us;
We feel anew old bliss, old pain,
And long-lost friends are by us—
Friends who have reached the better land,
Friends who have never faltered
In friendship e'en around us stand
With friends estranged and altered.

And voices silent long we hear
Sweet words of pardon speaking;
And other voices reach our ear,
Our words of pardon seeking:
The wrongs we met too trivial seem
To merit angry feeling;
The wrongs we did we greater deem
While Christmas bells are pealing.

And we forget to scheme and plan
While Christmas bells are telling
Of him who came in guise of man
On earth to claim a dwelling.
The sweet bells sounding near and far
Calm, holy thoughts are bringing,
And Heaven and earth the nearer are
While Christmas bells are ringing.

—Chambers Journal.

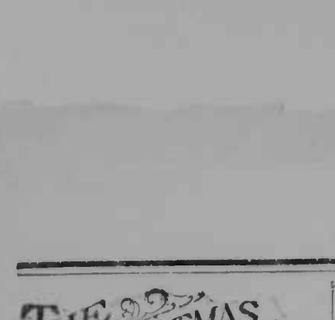

THERE! That's off my mind for another year."

Mr. March gave an impatient little fling to the last sheet in a series of letters he had been writing. Short and stereotyped they were—all running much like this:

"DEAR ——: Inclosed find a trifle in remembrance of the day, with good wishes for all. Affectionately,
"JOHN MARCH."

"It's a kind of nuisance," went on Mr. March, as he gazed at five checks which lay on his desk with the letters, each one dashed off and left to dry while the others were written. "I don't know—" a grumbling coming into his tone—"really, I don't—why I should keep it up year after year. There are some things which might be considered outgrown as time goes on, and this is one of them."

Still Mr March had a feeling that it would not be discontinued, this every-Christmas offering of a small sum of money to each one of his kindred; it was too firmly based on old association. With the passage of the years he had grown apart from them; his interests and theirs had become widely separated, and yet he could not well have persuaded himself to sever this almost only link which bound him to the members of his own family.

It had begun soon after he had left home and come up to the great city in search of the fortune which had finally crowned his efforts. He had done well from the first; and, even now, as he gazed upon the five checks, he recalled with a slight warmth at his heart the first time he had sent home gifts of money. They had been smaller then; a dollar each to three cousins, five dollars each to his brother and sister. What a stir they had made in the family. John could easily realize the feeling of opulence which it spread over his home roof and that of his uncle living near. Later he had enlarged the gift. Brother, sister and cousins had married and set up homes of their own. None of them had, like himself, prospered abundantly; and when first John March had written out three checks for ten dollars and two for twenty-five, he still knew the rejoicing they would carry into families in which money was scarce.

He had rejoiced in doing it, all the more that a little effort and self-denial had been necessary accompaniments of the gifts. That was many years ago. Time and circumstances had built up walls between him and his relatives, and the old heartiness of good will was wanting.

"It is really time I was letting it go." A thought crossed him of how good the bit of money still came to its recipients. "But I'm under no obligations to keep it up. I have made my money—they had the same chance. Their lives are what they have made them, just as mine is what I have made it. They expect help from me, and they have no right to."

He fretfully recalled the time when it had been represented to him that unless the brother who still held the old homestead had a lift of a few hundred dollars the place would pass out of his hands. It had been given, and that was the end of any trouble from David. With his sister it had been worse. She had made an unfortunate marriage, and then been widowed. Meek and mild in her disposition, she had never directly applied to him except when in extremities, but was given to keeping her burdens and struggles before him in a way which he sometimes found exasperating.

Cousin Tom had been a scapegrace—always in trouble, always looking for some one to help him out and set him going again on the basis of many promises of better things. Cousin Harvey was the possessor of a large family and small everything else. It was not so very long since Mr. March had helped him out west, finishing his assistance with the suggestion that in future it would be agreeable that he should keep his difficulties to himself. Cousin Matilda had a sickly family; a wail from her on the subject of pressing doctor's bills was frequently heard.

"No," resumed Mr. March, as he folded one of the checks, "people have no right to inflict their misfortunes on some one else just because he has achieved success where they have failed. —That you, Mike?"

"It's mesilf, sor. Ready to shut up when you say the worrud."

"I'll take the key myself. I'm not quite done yet, but you needn't wait."

Mike, however, showed no hurry to leave, but busied himself about the room with occasional glances at Mr. March.

"That'll do, Mike," at length said the gentleman, somewhat annoyed by the rattle of shovel and tongs, which seemed to show unusual excitement in Mike. He came slowly toward Mr. March—an undersized figure of an oldish man with a painful limp.

"If I might be thrubblin' ye jist a minnit, sur."

"Goon, Mike; no more lawsuits, hey?"

"No more o' thim. It's the funny man ye are, sor." Mike shook his head, his whole insignificant face beaming with delight. "It's only that bein' it's the blessed sayson comin' so near—Christmas eve to-morrow, glory be to God!—that I'm axin' a bit o' help o' ye, Musther March, to sind a bit of a prisint to me two brothers, Pat an' Dinnis."

"So you have relatives, too, have you?"

"Thanks to the blissid saints I have, sor. An' so I'm couin' to ye to fix up the bits o' paper that'll carry some money to thim two—the lectle mite of a scrap that manes so much." Mike laughed aloud as if in great relish of the subject.

"Check, hey? Well, here," Mr. March again opened his check-book and again began rapidly filling a blank. "To the order of—what's the name?"

"Patrick O'Toole,"—Mike paused a moment as the name was written, then proceeded—"five hun'erd dollars."

"Hey?" Mr. March gave his chair a little jerk and gazed into the thin, freckled face surrounded with its fringe of ill-kept red hair streaked with gray.

"Five hun'erd dollars to Patrick O'Toole," repeated Mike in the deliberate tone of one taking special pains to make himself understood.

"What do you mean, Mike?"

"Jist phat I'm afther sayin', sur. Five hun'erd dollars to Patrick O'Toole, an' five hun'erd dollars to Dennis O'Toole."

"Out of your damage money?" Mr. March asked, between two short breaths of astonishment.

"That'd be it, sur. Where else would the likes o' me be gettin' five hun'erd dollars?"

"Where, sure enough! Why—" Mr. March gazed at the old janitor with a comical mixture of amazement and friendly contempt. "Why—you old—fool!"

Mike stood quietly with a broad grin on his face.

"Do you mean to say," went on the gentleman, "that you're going to give such amounts out of the two thousand dollars you got as damages from the street railway for injuries which have made you a cripple for life?"

"Such amounts" seemed a little bewildering to Mike.

"Would ye be thinkin' I ought to be dividin' niquil wid 'em, bein' they're me own brothers, sur?" he began.

"Go long with you!" said Mr. March, with a laugh and a stamp of his foot. "Mike," he continued, seriously, "if you do mean such a crazy thing, I hope you will hear me when I advise you against it. Why, man, you are getting old. Your two thousand dollars is almost all your dependence for your old age—for you and your wife."

"It's the ould wife and mesilf 'll be airnin' this many a year yit, sur, plase the Lord."

"But, Mike, think of the difference this money will make in your comfort. With your simple ways it will make years of ease in your life. You can sit by your fire in your own snug hired room, instead of working hard—you with your crippled limb."

"Musther March," he said, "I know it all, none betther nor mesilf. I know jist how much alsier it is to sit by the fire nor to go out in the perishin' cold wid the ache in me ould bones. But, yo see, sur, they're me own flesh an' blood—Pat and Dennis. They feel the pinch and the hardness jist like mesilf. Would it be mesilf 'u'd sit by me fire takin' me aise knowin' things was harder for thim nor for me? Be no sowl! Musther March, I'm thinkin' it's the stingy ould rascal I'm bein' not to give thim more."

"Mike, you're a fool!" repeated Mr. March, but more quietly than before, and simply to fill in the pause.

"It'll be ruchin' 'em the mornin' of the blissid Christmas day." Mike took a few limping steps in growing excitement. "Think of it, sur! It'll be makin' 'em feel rich! It'll bring the shmile to their faces, and the laugh to 'em, God bless 'em! on His own birthday! It'll aise the ache that no one but the blissid Lord an' thimsilves knows of."

Yes, there was a radiance added to the gentleness in the faded eyes—a radiance written by a joy of which few in this self-seeking world know the taste.

Without saying more Mr. March wrote the checks, to which the old man added his tremulous signature. As the sound of the limping footsteps died away in the hall, Mr. March turned again to the five checks on his desk.

"They look small—yes, they do." Mechanically he added a cipher to the one nearest him. "That looks better." A cipher was added to each check. "One hundred. Two hundred and fifty. They'll all have to be written over."

Mr. March leaned his head on his hands, less in a hurry to get home than he had thought. The glorified face of the old servitor was still before his mind's eye. Mr. March doubted if ever in his life he had looked into a happier one.

"Cutting down his bit of a nest-egg so—the poor old simpleton! Likely enough to end his days in the poorhouse yet."

But it was with a softened smile that the rich merchant thought it. Then his mind ran over his own affairs. Prospered from his first beginnings he had, during these few later years, taken huge strides towards a colossal fortune. Seven figures it would take, he well knew, to express what he was worth, and the initial figure would not be one of the smaller ones, either. His own family lived well, but not extravagantly; his yearly expenses were but a small proportion of his rapidly increasing yearly income.

"And I've never made anyone feel rich. Old Mike's ahead of me there." With a shrug of his shoulders he drew towards him one of the checks and added to it another cipher.

Rich? There was not one of these families to whom such a check would not come as an angel's gift, with stares and catches of breath, tears of joy from care-burdened elder ones, shouts of delight from youngsters. He knew it all, for he had been poor himself, long ago.

"One thousand dollars. Twenty-five hundred dollars."

There was a little excitement about it. Mr. March left his chair and walked up and down the floor. How had it been that he had never before realized what a small scratch of his pen could do? They were his own flesh and blood. They were in one way and another enduring the hardness, the daily and nightly wear of mind, the pitiful, gnawing solicitude which belongs with small means. Soul, mind and body, the hardness touched them all, binding them down with its iron touch, narrowing them with its cruel limitations. His own flesh and blood. They had stood to him as of far less value than this money he had been accumulating—money which could never bring to him more than food, clothing and lodging.

Yes, it could. It could bring to him, to his very self, his very heart, the happiness of five families—this rare privilege which he thanked God could come with an easy scratch of his pen.

As he still crossed and recrossed his office floor, his movements became quicker, a glow spread over his face, and a new light shone in his eye. At length he sat down and slowly wrote again the checks, lingering over them as over an enjoyable task; and when all were finished each showed still one more cipher.—Sydney Dayre, in Demorest's Magazine.

"IF I MIGHT BE TROUBLIN' YE JIST A MINNIT, SUR."

TEMPERANCE.

DON'T LAUGH!

The Intoxicated Person Should Call Forth Tears Rather Than Mirth.

I have often wondered how any man or woman who has once seen the condition of an intoxicated person could ever be willing to be placed in such a state. One glance should be enough to make anyone decide at once for temperance.

A few days ago I was walking down near the post office, when I saw a man holding up his companion. The intensely silly expression, the rolling of the eye, the assumed funny laugh, the way in which he dragged his helper, gave evidence at once that the man was a fool.

I once saw another in an elevated train, leaning his head out of the window, and felt grateful that I was not one of the number who probably was receiving the contents of his stomach as they walked on the avenue below.

Surely any man who has once seen himself thus pictured as in a glass ought to be wise enough not to make such a buffoon of himself!

Why do so many people laugh at a drunken man? Watch the different countenances of the occupants of a car when such an one is aboard. Some have a painful expression, some a look

HE IS DRUNK.

of fear, some of compassion, some of disgust, but too often a smile of amusement is seen. This last should not be. There is certainly nothing to laugh at, but there is much to sorrow over.

Think of a young man leaving his home in the morning well and strong. He gives his wife and child a tender "good-by" kiss. He returns with staggering step, a foolish laugh. His young wife, never having seen him under the influence of liquor, is startled beyond expression. It has been a warm summer day, and she at once conceives the idea that he has been sunstuck and reason is dethroned. She places him on the bed, bathes his head, calls her mother to her assistance, begs her to send for a physician, and weeps over him as she never wept before. Is it any comfort to her that the experienced eye of the mother takes in the situation at once and says: "He is drunk?" No; she would far rather believe that God had laid His afflictive hand upon her, and that reason had been dethroned by the summer sun, than to feel that in the future she was to be tied to one who willingly, knowingly, daringly has made himself a temporary idiot, and will daily grow downward, even to the gates of hell. She takes this all in at once. No more companionship; no more confidence; no more happiness; no more love. Gone, gone forever! In vain he tells her it shall never happen again. Every time he is delayed through business her heart beats frantically; every time he enters the door she watches, fearing the fumes of liquor. He grows angry with her; tells her she is too suspicious. Who has made her so? Did she dream of this when she stood up with him before the altar and promised to love and cherish him until death should part them? He promised this, too. Did he not? Why should he blame her for being suspicious? He has broken his marriage vow. What proof has she that he will regard her in the future? "Only this time; it shall never happen again," he pleads. But by and by a genial companion tempts him. Wife and child, God and vows are forgotten. Again the staggering step, the drunken hiccough. This time the wife does not weep. She cannot. The fountain of her tears has dried up. But there is a terrible gnawing at heart; a desperate look in the eye. Is her love waning? Oh, I have seen such a one lying on her bed, too proud to open her lips even to her tender mother, whose heart is bleeding for her, her first-born. She knows his love has gone, and she dare not utter it. She loves him still, and longs to save him.

I remember one such case. Where he was the wife did not know. He had been gone for several nights. Her heart was well-nigh broken. "You cannot live this life much longer," said her friends. "You ought to leave him." She sprang from her bed. "No, I will not, for then he will go to the devil," she cried, wildly. And she did not! She stayed with him until the Angel of Death called for her. Then, as she was about to die, she snatched the wedding ring from her finger and placed it on his. True to him she was until her last breath. Afterward he wandered around. Sometimes he would drop into the McAuley mission. Once I saw him in a city church. Coming out I walked up to him and held out my hand. He took it shyly. It was evident he was unhappy. I tried to converse with him, but could not draw him out. He looked the picture of misery. One day I read of his death in a morning paper. We could only hope.

Who smiled over that man?

No doubt many a one. Ah, they did not look beyond the surface, much less did they fathom eternity.

Young man, young woman, don't laugh at the silly drunkard! His mother doesn't laugh; his wife doesn't laugh; his children—oh! they surely will not laugh when they realize that the seeds of intemperance are sown in them, and some day heredity may bring them to maturity. Angels do not laugh. God does not laugh. Then leave the laugh to his boon companions and to demons. Leave it to those of whom it is said: "As the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of fools." Rather weep, and, if possible, angels will join with you in your tears.—Emily H. Stryker, in National Temperance Advocate.

A COPARTNERSHIP.

The Rumseller Makes a Proposition to the Devil.

DEAR SIR: I have opened apartments fitted up with the enticements of luxury, for the sale of rum, brandy, gin, wine, beer and all their compounds.

Our objects, though different, can best be obtained by united action. I therefore propose a copartnership. All I want of men is their money. All else shall be yours.

Bring me the industrious, the sober, the respectable, and I will return them to you drunkards, paupers and beggars.

Bring me the child, and I will dash to earth the dearest hopes of the father and the mother, and I will plant discord between them and make them a curse and reproach in society.

Bring me the young man and I will ruin his character, destroy his health, shorten his life, and blot out the highest and purest hopes of youth.

Bring me the mechanic and the laborer, and his money—the hard-earned fruits of his toil—shall be made to plant poverty, vice and ignorance in his once happy home.

Bring me the warm-hearted sailor, and I will send him on a lee shore, and make shipwreck of all fond hopes for evermore.

Bring me the professed followers of Christ and I will blight their every devotional feeling. I will corrupt the ministers of religion, and defile the purity of the church.

Bring me the patronage of the city and of the courts of justice; let the magistrates of the state and union become my patrons; let the lawmakers themselves meet at my table in violation of law, and the name of the law shall become a hissing and a byword in the streets.

Bring me, above all, the moral, respectable man, and, if possible, bring me the moderate temperance man. Though he may not drink, yet his presence will countenance the pretext under which our business must be masked. Bring him to the stores, oyster saloons, eating houses and hotels, and the more timid of our victims will enter without harm.

I pledge myself to do all I herein propose. Yours respectfully,

RUMSELLER.

—Brethren Evangelist.

APPALLED AT HIS HANDIWORK.

The Appeal of a Rum Victim Causes a Saloon Keeper to Quit the Business.

A striking anecdote illustrative of the work of conscience was related by a temperance leader recently. A young man entered the barroom of a village tavern and called for a drink. "No," said the landlord; "you have had too much already. You have been raving mad once, and I cannot sell you any more." He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited upon them very politely. The other stood by sullenly, and when they had finished he walked up to the landlord and said: "Six years ago, at their age, I stood where those young men are now. I was a man with fair prospects. Now, at the age of 28, I am a wreck, body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now, sell me a few more glasses, and your work will be done! I will be done! I will soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me. But they can be saved; they may be men again. Do not sell it to them. Sell it to me and let me die, and the world will be rid of me; but for Heaven's sake don't sell any more to them!" The landlord listened, pale and trembling. Setting down his decanter, he exclaimed: "God helping me, that is the last drop I will ever sell to anyone!" He kept his word.

English Profits in American Beer.

Those who are in a position to know say that English citizens have invested $91,000,000 in American breweries, and that last year they drew from this country as profits on their investment $8,100,000. Think of this immense sum drained in one year from this country! Then, too, remember that for all this sum the country receives in actual value not one cent. On the other hand, it does receive for it a vast array of drunkenness, inefficiency of capacity to labor and earn an honest living, crime cost of criminal prosecution, broken up homes, degradation and death!—National Temperance Advocate.

BITS AND BREVITIES.

A little farm well tilled,
A little wife well willed;
Their good effects can all be killed
By a little corn distilled.

ENGLAND is now in India, with the Bible in one hand and a bottle of whisky in the other.—Rev. H. Hackett.

THE Sunday law in Germany hits the drinker instead of the brewer. The court of appeals at Erfurt has just sustained the lower court in fining a thirsty man 75 cents for drinking a glass of beer at a tavern during the hours of divine service.

BREWERS say that the plentiful supply of peaches and other fruit makes a great difference in their trade. One man in New York says it diminishes his trade 400 barrels daily, chiefly among families with whom what is called "the pint trade" is principally done.

A SOLDIER in Africa, a former drunkard, refusing to drink, had holes burnt in his coat sleeves by his former associates, who thought by so doing they could make him get angry and lose his salvation and then drink, but the soldier neither lost his temper nor drank, but kept saved.—Christian Standard.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The Chittenden monument, erected by the state of Vermont in memory of her first governor, Thomas Chittenden, and located in Williston, is now practically completed.

—The Japanese, for two or three centuries, have made paper cloth which will bear washing. It is said to be much more expensive than cotton or linen, and is therefore less employed as a textile fabric.

—Discoveries of valuable onyx, which promise to develop into very large mines, have been made near Healdsburg, Cal. The stone is beautifully marked, and a blast of the face of the ledge has exposed it in great quantities.

—Mrs. Langtry's greatest hobby appears to be the collection of silver trifles, from the tiny silver furniture of a doll's house up to the exquisite model, which stands on a beautifully inlaid table in a window recess, of a of a large ship in full sail.

—Margaret Neilson, an old woman who lived near Independence, Ky., recently feeling her end near, walked 16 miles to an undertaker, bought a cheap coffin and a burial robe and carried them on her back to her home. A week later she died.

—Georgia has made a strong effort toward obtaining good roads. A law has been passed by the legislature requiring all male persons between the ages of 15 and 50 to work on the roads five days in each year, or in lieu of working to pay to the county road fund one dollar a day for each of the five days.

—The rate at which the use of the bicycle is growing is seen in the statement that the League of American Wheelmen now numbers 37,348 members, 9,522 of whom are credited to New York, 5,883 to Massachusetts and 4,412 to Pennsylvania, while the tail-enders of the procession are Idaho and Nevada, with two members each. Both these states, however, are better adapted to walking than wheeling.

WHEN MEN WEEP.

Neither Pain Nor Grief Which as a Rule Moves Them to Tears.

It is one of the first laws of the philosophy of emotion that men shall not cry. They must find some other outlet for their pent-up feelings. Swearing is the most natural expedient, but as this is considerably worse than crying, the safest plan, perhaps, is to make frequent use of the expressions: "Dear me!" and "goodness gracious!" which are perfectly harmless.

There are, as everyone must know, times when even the strongest men are overcome by their feelings, and a terribly heartrending sight it is to see a big frame convulsed with sobs and a proud, manly face stained with tears.

As a rule, however, it is neither pain nor grief which will make a man cry. Soldiers, who will bear excruciating injuries without a moan, have been known to break down when the lights are lowered and some very thrilling scene is portrayed on the Adelphi boards.

Orators and singers are both subject in an extraordinary degree to the sway of emotion. Tears are no uncommon sight in a pulpit. In fact, there are few preachers whose voices are not at times so full that they are choked with feeling, and their eyes bedimmed with tears. Then, if you glance around the hushed assembly, who are hanging on the preacher's words, you will see many a man whose cheeks are moist from sympathy.

The great Spurgeon would often break down under stress of feeling, and Canon Liddon's utterance many a time failed him from the overwhelming pathos which his emotional voice betrayed.

Sims Reeves' "Tom Bowling" always affected the famous singer, and Mario was known to break down when the well of his gentle heart's emotion was filled until the tears could no longer be held back.

When Charles Dickens put an end to the career of little Paul Dombey, the great writer went out into the darkness of the night and found comfort in tears. Many men are overcome when reading books; even frivolous novels may contain a chapter which will make the throat husky and blur the pages till they become invisible.

Mr. John Bright was known on several occasions to give way to his feelings in delivering a public speech, while Lord Russell is often beaten by the pathos of his own impassioned language.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A Dissolved Partnership.

One of the ablest and most brilliant lawyers at the York county (Me.) bar was John Holmes, of Alfred, who was widely known for his wit and sarcasm. An opportunity was seldom lost by him of exhibiting his opponent in a ridiculous position. An instance of this kind occurred while a member of the senate of the United States, in the discussion on nullification. Mr. Tyler, of Virginia, afterwards president, alluded to a satirical remark of John Randolph, in which that gentleman had some time before designated certain active politicians as partners, under the firm name of "James Madison, Felix Grundy, John Holmes and the Devil," and asked Mr. Holmes, with the view of making a severe cut, what had become of that celebrated firm. Mr. Holmes immediately sprang to his feet and said: "Mr. President, I will tell the gentleman what has become of that firm; the first member is dead and the second has gone into retirement, and the last has gone to the nullifiers and is now electioneering among the gentleman's constituents, and thus the partnership is legally dissolved."—Green Bag.

Nothing So Small.

Mr. Citiman (dining at country restaurant)—Now you can bring me a demi-tasse.

Waiter (puzzled)—What's that?

Mr. Citiman—Why, a small cup of coffee—about half the regular size.

Waiter—Say, we don't have less than a five-cent cup here.—Puck.

OUR W[illegible]INGTON LETTER.

(From [illegible] respondent.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16, 1895.

Speaker Reed will probably not announce the House Committees until just before the adjournment for the Christmas recess, which is expected to take place on Friday or Saturday of this week. There is still much uncertainty as to the chairman of such important committees as Ways and Means and Appropriations, although the contest is believed to have narrowed down to Payne, of New York, and Dingley, of Maine, for the first, and Cannon, of Illis., and Henderson, of Iowa, for the last.

The members of the Utah Commission arrived in Washington several days ago and will remain until they can get an opportunity to present a handsomely engrossed copy of the constitution, ratified by the election held last month, to Mr. Cleveland with the request that his proclamation formally declaring Utah a state be issued at an early day. Had Mr. Cleveland been in Washington where it is certainly his duty to be during the session of Congress, if at no other time, the members of the Commission might have saved on their hotel bills, but whether Utah would have become a state any sooner is doubtful, as Mr. Cleveland will not issue the proclamation until he gets good and ready.

It is not yet certain whether the Republicans will reorganize the Senate before the Christmas recess or wait until January, but the the latter is regarded as most probable. The caucus committee has completed the work of assigning the chairman of committees, and the Republican membership of the committees, and the job is probably as satisfactory as it could have been made, although lots of Senators are not as well provided for as they wished to be. The reorganization is not now a matter of doubt. The Populist Senators after voting once for a state of their own are going to retire from the Senate chamber. That will leave the Republicans in the majority and reorganization will be quickly accomplished.

So much has been printed since the selection of St. Louis as the convention city about a move to pack the convention for a nomination that a synopsis of the contract between the Republican National Committee and the committee representing the city of St. Louis is hereby given as the best refutation of such stories: A hall with a seating capacity of 12,000 or more to be furnished properly decorated, but no pictures of or name of any living Republican to be used in said decorations; rooms for the national committee and for convention committees; the engraving and printing of tickets, and suitable music, all to be free of cost to the national committee. Of the 12,000 tickets printed, one-third, less 1,000, are to be turned over to St. Louis. Five hundred of this number to be given to the G. A. R., and the other five hundred to distinguished guests, the distribution to be under the sub-committee of the national committee. And it is especially stipulated that none of the 3,000 tickets to be distributed by the St. Louis Citizen's Committee shall be used in the interest of any candidate. It would seem that in that contract the national committee had taken every possible precaution to avoid ground for any just charge of favoritism.

The Democratic party isn't going to wait until the holding of its National Convention to split into gold and silver factions. The split has already come. Within a stone's throw of the United States Capitol the headquarters of the silver faction, which is being led by Senator Harris, of Tennessee, has been established, and a flag bearing the motto, "No quarter to gold Democrats," flung to the breeze. One of the silver Democrats speaking of the split said: "The Democrats have no possible chance to elect a president next year, but we are determined to settle for all and good whether it is to be a gold party or a silver party; whether Grover Cleveland is to make its platform or a majority of the delegates elected to its National Convention. The fight will be to the death, and the survivors can then proceed to build a new Democratic party on what is left, which may get into fair fighting condition for the campaign of 1900."

Senator Sherman proposes making a set speech at on early day to show how ridiculous that portion of the President's message which treats of finance really is. Speaking on the subject, Senator Sherman said: "From January 1, 1880, when we resumed specie payment, until Mr. Cleveland assumed the office of President there was no difficulty in maintaining the gold reserve. During that period it never cost one dollar to get all the gold necessary for the reserve fund. Gold naturally came into the treasury in exchange for United States notes or other forms of money. At one period when I was secretary of the treasury I bought sixty millions of gold for sixty millions of silver certificates. No difficulty could have arisen at this time except for the fact that by the Wilson-Gorman tariff bill duties were so reduced as to be insufficient to pay the current expenses of the government."

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper under the caption "We Loan Money." The Mutual Guarantee Building and Loan Association which he is representing is one of the strongest new financial institutions in the country and the largest new Building and Loan Association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management is developing it very fast. Its assets have already reached over $2,000,000, which proves it to be positively reliable in every respect. The men that carry it on are responsible and well known gentlemen. This is a good association for the investor as well as for borrower. It has a life insurance policy connected with it which beats anything in any other association. It is good for both young and old and especially for the young man, as this policy matures in 7 years, the others in 8 years. So anyone wishing to make and save money rapidly will do well to invest in this association. Those desiring to borrow or invest will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars.

$40.00 Reward.

I will pay forty dollars for the return of my pocket-book containing one hundred and eight dollars and two notes to the Garrett County Bank marked "paid." Said pocket-book was lost on the county road between Thayerville and Oakland on the 22d of November, 1895.

HARRY THAYER,
39-3t. Thayerville, Md.

CONTINGENT FUND, 1894.

RECEIPTS.

Levy	$ 2,670 88
Peter Nathan, J. P., fines	60 00
Charles Wegman, sheriff fines	2 00
W. P. Lee, constable, fines	5 00
P. E. Ralston, J. P., fines	1 00
Mrs. M. W. Brown, assessment	100 00
Ed Orendorf, taxes	20 66
F. A. Thayer, assessment	50 00
G. S. Hamill, assessment	25 00
Borden Mining Company, taxes	15 80
Citizens' National Bank, taxes	19 90
D. E. Offutt, assessment	25 00
Georges Creek Coal Company, taxes	33 18
Thomas K. Stewart, trustee, taxes	3 83
Jefferson Coal Company, taxes	25 10
Davis and Elkins Coal Co., taxes	10 19
Franklin Consolidated Coal Co., taxes	95 51
Peter Nathan, J. P., fines	10 00
M. M. Fazenbaker, J. P., fines	6 00
G. S. Hamill, land sold by com	30 00
Mary Pysell, taxes	2 61
Charles Wegman, sheriff, fines	100 00
John Macklin, taxes	18 18
J. H. Cuppett, taxes	15 81
Charles Wegman, sheriff, fines	24 65
Samuel Kemp, taxes	3 39
R. W. Kilpatrhe, taxes	16 52
Charles Wegman, sheriff, fines	12 21
S. Rosenheim, taxes	5 99
Charles Wegman, sheriff, fines	8 00
Total	$ 3,441 66

DISBURSEMENTS.

E. H. Bartlett, stamped envelopes for Treasurer's office	$ 72 00
John G. Steyer, fox certificates	17 00
Garrett County Bank	50 00
E. H. Bartlett	1 00
M. L. Scott, two boxes	2 00
Thomas J. Peddicord, retainer fee in Tasker case	50 00
Insolvencies approved	309 68
C. E. Hilleary, error in levy	2 00
R. Beckman, error in levy	2 00
F. A. Thayer, insuring Co. buildings	93 00
S. E. Fasenlaker, error in levy	1 00
Joseph Cogley, repairing county jail	3 60
E. K. Goldsborough, damage for road	200 00
P. H. Stickey, repairing bridge at German	100 00
J. S. Meyers, clerk, to pay hands for work on jail	20 00
J. S. Meyers, clerk, postage to Jan. 1, 1895	10 00
B. Widrrell, cleaning closets at jail and court house	4 00
R. C. Townshend, repairing closets at jail	18 05
S. Lawton, late Treas., insolvencies	212 31
Discounts on county and State taxes	703 56
E. H. Bartlett, stamped envelopes for Treasurer's office	93 10
J. S. Meyers, clerk, part salary	150 00
I. W. Abernathy, salary as per diem	8 35
Ira E. Friend, " " "	25 80
A. L. Bayuus, amount allowed for holding post mortem	10 00
J. S. Meyers, clerk, stamps	5 00
Thomas H. Layman, per diem and mileage	28 63
Ira E. Friend, per diem and mileage	32 80
Isaac W. Abernathy, per diem and mileage	22 60
G. S. Hamill, order of A. J. Mason	22 65
J. S. Meyers, clerk, car fare for Mr. Truly to a home	10 50
J. S. Meyers, clerk, stamps	2 00
Chauncey Kimmell, new road	18 25
Cuppett Bros.	6 00
Insolvencies approved	85 11
Balance on hand	1,011 50
Total	$ 3,441 66

Estate of James W. Hardesty, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

JAMES W. HARDESTY,

late of Garrett County, Maryland, deceased. All persons having claims against the decease are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 10th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 25th day of November, 1895.

CHARLES S. HARVEY, Adm'r.
39-3 Swanton, Md.

NOTICE TO DELINQUENT TAX-PAYERS.

Notice is hereby given to all delinquent tax-payers that if "taxes now due and in arrear" are not paid before January 1, 1896, I will proceed by law to collect. For full information to all parties interested I refer to Sec. 50 of Chapter 566 of Acts of General Assembly of Maryland, a copy of which is hereunto annexed.

E. E. SULLARS,
Treasurer of Garrett County.

SECTION 50. The said Treasurer shall, during the first week in December in each and every year, give notice to all delinquent taxpayers of said county, by advertisement inserted in two newspapers published in said county, and by hand-bills posted in five of the most public places in each election district of said county, and at the court-house door warning them that the payment of all taxes then due and in arrear will be enforced by advertisement and sale unless the same are paid before the 1st day of January next following.

N. B. *The above will be strictly enforced after January 1, 1896.*

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS OF GARRETT COUNTY.
OAKLAND, Md., December 12, 1895.

The office of the Board of School Commissioners will be open hereafter only on Saturdays, until after the close of the public schools.

WM. HINEBAUGH, Secretary.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, No. 5 Judicials, March Term, 1895, at the suit of the Laing, Lonz, Oliver Company vs. Mary J. Boettner, the undersigned will sell at public auction to the highest bidder on

Saturday, the 4th Day of January, 1896,

at the hour of one o'clock p. m. of said day, on the premises hereinafter described, in the town of Kitzmillersville, opposite Blaine, all the right, title and interest of the said defendant, being the house and premises where the said defendant now lives, and being the same property which is more particularly described in a deed from Emily Kitzmiller and others to the said Mary Jane Boettner, dated the 16th day of September, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, folio 355, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett County, containing one-half acre, and being improved by a store and dwelling house combined. Said property will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid judgment and costs.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash on the day of sale.

10-3t CHARLES WEGMAN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett County at the suit of Martha J. West vs. Walter S. Wolfe the same being No. 18 Judicials to July Term, 1895, the undersigned sheriff will sell on

Saturday, the 28th Day of December, 1895,

at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m. of said day in front of the Court house door in the town of Oakland, at public auction to the highest bidder, all the right and title of the said defendant in and to all that parcel of land situated in district No. 7 Garrett County on the East side of the Youghiogheny river near the farm of Chauncey Kimmell, described as follows, to-wit:

It being the same parcel of land as particularly described in a deed from H. G. Davis and others to the said Walter S. Wolfe, dated the 1st day of October, in the year 1885, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 10, folio 671, &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett County, containing one hundred and thirty-three and a-half acres.

Said land is partly cleared and under cultivation and is improved by a dwelling house and other out buildings, and is said to be underlaid with a good vein of coal.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash on day of sale.

CHARLES WEGMAN,
39-3 Sheriff of Garrett County.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, Md., Dec. 16, 1895.

The County Commissioners will meet at their office in Oakland on

Monday, January 6, 1896,

for the purpose of appointing constables and road supervisors. Persons having business before the board will observe the following dates and attend by districts accordingly:

Tuesday, January 7th, Nos. 8, 10, 1 and 4.
Wednesday, January 8th, Nos. 3, 9, 11 and 12.
Thursday, January 9th, Nos. 2, 5, 7 and 6.

N. B.—No business will be transacted on Monday, the 6th, as the board desires to have the day to prepare for the work to be done on the above named days.

By order of the board,

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M. RATHBUN & CO., PLANING MILLS,

And BUILDING MATERIALS.
MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS,

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

38 13·

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, October 20, 1895. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	Daily	2.48 A. M
No. 3	Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 46	Express, daily except Mon.	3.55 A. M
No. 71	Accom daily except Sun	8.30 A. M
No. 47	Daily except Mon	10.40 A. M
No. 55	Express, daily	6.22 P. M
No. 15	Accommodation daily	6.45 P. M
No. 1	Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	Daily	5.50 A. M
No. 2	Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 14	Accommodation daily	9.05 A. M
No. 72	Accom daily except Sun	4.32 P. M
No. 46	Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4	Daily	12.20 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL ROOFING, SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

NEW CASH STORE AT LOCH LYNN HEIGHTS.

Having opened a store on First Street, I will receive all kinds of country produce at the market price in exchange for goods. Goods sold cheap for cash. Call and see me.

38 WILLIAM W. SWEET.

Watch this

Space for

NETHKEN BROS.

Advertisement.

We have added a new Department
—Millinery Goods.

NETHKEN BROS.,
31—1yr Deer Park, Md.

$25.00 REWARD

Will be paid for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any persons who tear planks from fences or depredate in any way on my premises at Deer Park.

32—8t JOHN W. WILLIAMS.

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

EIGHTH YEAR.
A MODERN, HIGH GRADE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.

Reopens Sept. 25, 1895 (D. V.) A department for boys and young men embracing thorough preparatory work for college, business or scientific school will be inaugurated under the charge of Maj. C. A. Ballou, of the Virginia Military Institute. Stenography, type-writing, book-keeping, besides full courses in English and Latin, etc. Send for catalogue to

E. B. SWAN, Principal and Proprietress.
18 1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

THE OAKLAND HARNESS CO. carry the best stock of heavy, hand made harness and horse furnishing goods to be found in the country.

Alder Street, opposite G. S. Hamill's office.

TRUMAN WEST, Manager.

26—20t.*

OAKLAND PHARMACY, OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY,
DAY OR NIGHT.
PRICES REASONABLE.

JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.

31—26

Slate Roofing.

Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.

I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.

All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.

I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.

Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.

For prices apply to or address,

C. M. BEACHY,
47—1yr. Grantsville, Md

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

[illegible] sick headache, constipation, piles, bilious colic, fever and ague, dyspepsia, rheumatism, female complaints, dizziness, backache, sour stomach, loss of appetite, sleeplessness and general debility. They will positively cure all disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. [illegible] cents a box

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

helps babes over the critical teething period, soothes and softens the gums, controls the bowels and gives rest to both child and mother. It will also cure summer complaint, dysentery, diarrhœa and wind colic. It is absolutely safe—contains no strong drugs and gives immediate relief. 25 cents a bottle and your money back if it fails.

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

destroys worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but which induce and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is purely vegetable, perfectly effectual and tastes good—25 cents a bottle

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't, send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

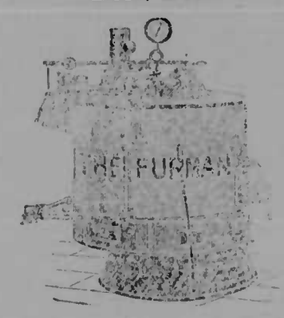

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23-1yr.

34 inches high. Top can be adjusted to any angle or height. Revolving Case 15 x 15 x 12 inside. Holds about 30 vols Law size. Strong well finished Metal Base and Sides with Solid Oak Shelves and Top.—100,000 now used. Sent known down (30 lbs). On approval. Address Marsh Mfg. Co. CHICAGO

Agents Wanted

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

11 1y

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments, Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe WITH J. B. WILLIAMS.

FROSTBURG, MD.
AGENTS WANTED.
4193.yr—8

WE LOAN MONEY

On Real Estate, City Town and Village property, to buy, build and improve your houses, and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS OVER $2,000,000.00.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. RINKER,
WILSON, Grad Co., W. VA.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 112

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate.
CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING.
Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

DR. W. OLIVER M'LANE. DR. W. N. BERKELEY.

Drs. McLane & Berkeley,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
FROSTBURG, MD.

Special attention to Diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
EYES TESTED FOR GLASSES.
See date of visit to Oakland in local column. 2—26t

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
40-1yr.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.
CHAS. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,

Carriage, Sign and House Painter.
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-15t.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $100; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third clear; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $100 balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

--WANTED--

WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER
Also White Oak Timber Land.
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.
Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
221f 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

STRAWBERRIES.

Best varieties, early, medium and late. Our pot grown plants set now will produce a full crop next June. Sent by mail prepaid, 60 cents per dozen; express unpaid, $3 per hundred.

THE HORTICULTURAL SUPPLY CO.,
Mt. Lake Park, Md

THE UNTURNED TRUMP.

BY BARNES MACGREGGOR.

THE ferry-boat, "Rappahannock," had an experience in the winter of 1873 that will never be forgotten by any of her passengers.

During one of her regular trips between New York and Brooklyn this boat suddenly quitted her respectable, though somewhat monotonous, career, and became a common tramp, without port or destination.

The day awoke in fog such as the oldest inhabitant had never seen. The East river was blocked with ice and soon became a shrieking bedlam of groping and bewildering craft, whose pilots could scarcely see their hands before their faces.

At half-past nine the "Rappahannock" left Brooklyn, well laden with passengers, and started on her customary trip almost directly across the river—a very short and unusually easy voyage. Before even reaching the middle of the stream, however, the ice and fog had thrown her completely out of her course. Back and forth, up and down stream, the pilot vainly groped, amid the shrieking whistles, ringing of fog bells and loud crash of ice bowlders, until, in the confused clangor, he had entirely lost his bearings.

When, after long and perilous battling with ice jams and many hairbreadth escapes from collisions, he suddenly sighted the landing place on the New York side, he found it occupied by a sister boat, which had been driven there to avoid destruction. He backed out, only to be lost again, and for three hours this boat, now become a mere tramp, wandered aimlessly up and down the East river with its load of excited passengers, whose emotions ranged anywhere between the rage and impatience of the belated Wall street speculator, to whom the delay might mean a loss of $50,000, to the hysteria of a nervous little woman who had left her baby alone at home, and who begged the other helpless passengers for the love of heaven to help her set her feet once more on land.

Between these two extremes of impatience and excitement was a small proportion of passengers who remained calm, even endeavoring to while away the time by exchanging pleasantries and making wagers as to the time of their deliverance. Among these was a group of men in the cabin who, after having read and reread the morning papers, were casting about for some other method of killing time. One suggested a game of cards.

"Cards!" laughed one of his companions in misery. "Who'd carry cards on a ferryboat? Who, outside of a lunatic asylum, would start on a ten minutes' voyage provided with games to pass away the time?"

"Here is a euchre deck which is at your service."

The speaker, evidently a globe-trotter, drew from under the bench a traveling bag, so much worn and embellished by tags, labels and hieroglyphics that it resembled some old veteran

THE CARDS WERE DISTRIBUTED.

just returning from the wars and still covered with surgeons' plasters. From this he produced a pack of cards and tendered it to the man who had suggested the game.

"Certainly, if you will join us; but what shall we do for a table?"

"Here is a camp stool," said the man of the world. And in a moment four men were sitting around it, cutting for deal, which chanced to fall to the stranger.

The cards were distributed rapidly, and the dealer was about to turn the trump when a loud shriek pierced the air and a woman opposite suddenly sank fainting to the floor.

"Don't be alarmed, gentlemen; it is nothing serious," said the dealer, calmly. "The lady simply caught sight of her own frightened face in the mirror and the shock caused her to faint. It reminds me of a thrilling experience an American traveler had while bumping through Syria. But, pardon me, the game!"

Once more he made a movement to turn the trump, when one of the party exclaimed:

"There can't be a better time or place than this for telling a thrilling experience."

"Yes," said another; "do give us some other kind of bumping than we are having here. Let's have the story before we begin the game."

The stranger leaned back, passed his cigar case, and, having lighted a weed himself, began:

"It is an unwritten law among the wild Bedouins east of the Red sea that if an infidel traveler is attended on his journey by one of the faithful he is safe from the attacks of Mohammedan robbers. As long as the 'Frank,' as all foreigners are called, is under the protection of the Star and Crescent, the rascal's hand is stayed, and as they meet, the villain, who would otherwise show no quarter, salutes with the grave suavity of a courtier. But let that same traveler become separated from the Arab guard that he has bribed to give him safe conduct through his own bandit-infested country, and he becomes legitimate prey. He will be plundered and perhaps killed, or, worse, if the robber thinks that cruelty will extort any secrets of hidden spoil, tortured or held for ransom, with each day's delay losing a few fingers, which are forwarded to the captive's friends to signify that the rascals mean business.

"The party in which this American was traveling had been entering Syria from the south, and were progressed some twelve days from the sacred base of old Sinai. At a place called Bir-es-Sheba, on the regular caravan route to and from Mecca from the north, they heard of some interesting archeological treasures just unearthed some two days' journey to the east, and, having made the detour, the party snugly encamped by the side of a beautiful stream under the shadow of the Tubal chain of mountains.

"The treasures were vastly exaggerated, as is the custom with everything oriental, and they soon determined to turn back to the caravan route and 'bump' on up into Syria—'bumping' being the familiar term for camel riding, and a very expressive word at that. But on the afternoon of the first resting-day some one suggested a jaunt to a famous old well, where it was said were some very ancient tumuli. But, knowing the Bedouins to be conscientious liars, and sick of this unrewarded chase for phantom treasures the American begged to be left behind in charge

ONE INSTANT HE STOOD STOCK STILL.

of two tents, which were pitched side by side on the bank of the stream.

"This was at last agreed upon, the whole party except himself going off on their three days' trip, leaving their comrade stretched at full length on a rug, his narghili, or water pipe, lighted for company.

"This oriental atmosphere, gentlemen, is a powerful drug. Do what you will to fight against it, its subtle charm holds you captive. The man succumbed to its influences and went fast asleep.

"Out of this sweet, trance-like repose he suddenly bounded into the horrible consciousness of a torturing pain in one of his hands, as though some wild beast was crunching the bones. But, as he writhed to his knees to grapple with the foe, he saw instead three swarthy, evil-faced Bedouins bending over him with ghoulish glee. One had just cut off with a hideous dirk-knife the first three fingers of his left hand. In an instant it flashed upon him that these were to be sent to his friends with a demand for ransom. He was correct in this supposition, for no sooner had the bleeding hand been rudely bandaged than his two captors set out upon this mission, leaving him in the care of a third, who was heavily armed.

"No one knew better than the prisoner how impossible such a ransom would be. His fellow-travelers had brought us little money into Syria as would meet their actual necessities while there. He, therefore, began to cast desperately about in his mind for a loophole of escape before the fellows should return with these unsatisfactory tidings, which would result, no doubt, in further mutilations.

"As his gaze swept the tent for something suggesting a plan for deliverance, he saw it had been gutted of everything except two articles—his light silk coat, which hung upon the partition between the two tents, and the tourist's shaving mirror which it concealed. The coat had been overlooked because it was as grimy as the tent wall itself.

"In moments like this one grasps at straws. As it is said a drowning person reviews his past experiences perfectly in a brief moment, so to this man, facing desperate odds, came a desperate suggestion.

"He called loudly on a supposed protector in the adjoining tent to come to the 'window,' and prove to his captor that he was under the protection of a Moslem. As he spoke he slowly drew the coat from before the mirror in front of which the sheik was standing.

"No words can express the mutterable consternation pictured upon that blazing face livid with fright and wonder as for the first time it saw its own awful reflection, not knowing it was its own. One instant he stood stock-still, fascinated, horrified, overwhelmed; then collapsed, just as that lady did but a moment ago, and the American quickly possessed himself of his captor's arms and was master of the situation.

"And now, gentlemen," concluded the story teller, "we will have our game."

As he spoke he again reached forward to turn the trump. There was a quickly drawn breath of horror from those who observed him, for the first three fingers of his left hand were missing.

Before he could turn the card a savage lurch of the boat, accompanied by the creaking of timbers, announced the arrival of the Rappahannock at her New York slip—and the trump was never turned.—Black Cat.

THE INSURRECTION IN CUBA.

Efforts of the People to Secure Self-Government.

Our knowledge of the facts of the insurrection now in progress in Cuba is far from satisfactory. While one can hardly pick up a daily newspaper without finding some dispatch concerning the struggle, it is impossible to determine how far the published statements have been colored by the authorities, Spanish or Cuban, by whom they have been prepared.

The silent facts of which we may be sure are that the insurrection has been in progress for a number of months, and has extended over a large part of the interior of the island; that Spain has sent over her ablest general, with tens of thousands of soldiers, to crush it; that the insurgents, far from yielding, have adopted the constitution of a republic, and chosen a president and other officers.

When we remember that a previous effort to achieve the independence of the island resulted in a war of 12 years' length, filled with atrocities hardly paralleled even in similar conflicts, the immediate outlook is not inviting to the lover of peace.

The history of Cuba in this century is little more than a dreary record of unsuccessful attempts at liberty. At first the attempts were peaceful. The constitution of Spain in 1812, as a result of the Napoleonic wars, guaranteed a certain representation to the Cubans. Through the successive defeats of the liberal party in Spain, this provision was never enforced; and when, in 1836, Queen Isabella finally accepted the constitution, the cortes voted by an overwhelming majority that Cuba should enjoy none of the privileges which it extended to the Spaniards themselves.

Since then, to most Cubans, liberty and independence have meant the same thing. The rule of the governors general has been absolute to a degree which it is hard for an American to realize. It is true that a small party has continued to hope that some measure of self government might be gained without separation from the mother country. But the concessions by which the long insurrection of 1868-1880 was brought to a close proved of no practical value. The grasp of Spain on the colony planted nearly 100 years before the settlement of our own Jamestown has remained firm while both the northern and southern continents of America have been freed from European control.

Whatever one's views as to the right or wrong of the present uprising, its general similarity to the struggle that resulted in our own independence cannot be denied. In the matter of grievances, in fact, most of us will be inclined to think that the Cubans have even greater right to complain than did the British colonists in 1776. The character of their warfare, with its numerous small engagements and its slow progress, is also not unlike the earlier campaigns of the revolution.

Now, as then, the sea power is almost entirely in the hands of the mother country, and consequently the insurgents are mainly confined to the interior. The advantage of a disciplined soldiery is on the same side. The climate of the island is, however, a help to the insurgents such as our fathers did not possess; for we see it constantly asserted that the yellow fever is proving far more fatal to the troops from Spain than all the bullets of the rebels.

This similarity of the Cuban struggle to the revolution, the nearness of the island to our shores, and the intimacy of its commercial relations with this country have made the Cuban question a matter of practical political importance with us. That the sympathies of most Americans are with the party of independence is evident to everyone. It is further asked, however, whether this sympathy may not properly be expressed by some act of our government. The contention that the United States should at least recognize the belligerent rights of the insurgents draws a certain strength from the fact that Spain accorded such recognition to the southern confederacy within 40 days after the firing on Sumter. But we should not repeat, in retaliation, what we then regarded as a most unjust and unfriendly act.

Some competent judges are of the opinion that the according of belligerent rights to the Cubans by a first-class power would turn the scale in their favor. It seems certain that the Cubans themselves are looking to us from their mountains with some expectation of encouragement, if not of active help. —Youth's Companion.

Telling Fortunes with Apples.

There are three fortunes to be told with an apple. Peel the fruit without breaking the skin, and, holding the long spiral skin daintily by the end, swing it three times around the head and let it fall to the ground; whatever letter the skin then forms is the initial of the sweetheart or friend who loves you best. Then, before eating your apple, have some one "name it," as they say, and after you have saved all the seeds begin to count them, thus:

One I love; two I love; three I love I say;
Four I love with all my heart
And five I cast away.
Six she loves; seven, he loves; eight, both love.
Nine, he comes; ten, he tarries.
Eleven, he courts, and twelve, he marries.

A more amusing fortune is that of placing a fresh apple seed on each eyelid and naming each. The one which remains there longest is the truest and best. A famous custom consists of pouring a very little molten lead into a tub of cold water; there follows a splashing and hissing as the lead cools suddenly, and the shape of the lead reveals the future. Just as in all oracles ever since the days of Delphi, and Diana, of the Ephesians, the scientific work lies in reading the doubtful forecasts aright.—Louise Willis Snead, in St. Nicholas.

—It is said that posts planted in the earth upper end down will last longer than those which are set in the natural position in which the tree grew.

MINING OF PHOSPHATES.

Where the Deposits Are Found and How They Are Made Marketable.

The Florida phosphate deposits are of great importance, yet their existence was discovered so recently, and their extent is still so uncertain that few persons not engaged in the sale of fertilizing materials have much knowledge of the large industry which has sprung up in the peninsular state. It has practically created a new city, Ocala, which had a population of but a few hundred in 1870, but is now a thriving business center with modern improvements, banking facilities and ample railway and transportation facilities. Engineering, the leading engineering journal, makes the following statements concerning the region, which are of considerable interest as coming from an unbiased source: "There is no phosphate region in the world known to-day that possesses so many advantages for successful mining as the Florida deposits. The grade of material is the highest average that is being worked anywhere. The facilities for moving the products to points for distribution are good. The average distance from mines to ports for shipment is about 150 miles. The distributing stations for the hard rock districts are Port Tampa, Fernandina, Brunswick or Savannah, the largest tonnage being moved from Fernandina, where storage bins are located and loading facilities are good. Port Tampa, the terminus of the Plant system of railroads, is constantly adding facilities for prompt handling of cargoes of phosphate, and at present very nearly equals Fernandina in the amount of its shipments. Railroads are numerous and cheaply constructed when necessary to extend them into new sections. The machinery needed to mine and prepare the material is simple and inexpensive compared with that generally used in other mining operations, and the cost of a plant with sufficient land to work upon is within the reach of small investors. The working days at the mines are about 280 during the year. The climate is healthful, laborers readily obtained at a fair compensation and skilled operatives are at hand who are becoming familiar with the business. The mining camps are generally well regulated, and proprietors and employes can reside at the mines with safety and with little inconvenience, as supplies of all kinds can be readily obtained at the towns located in the near vicinity of all the large mining fields. Telegraph and mail facilities are within easy access of nearly every mining camp in the state. Florida phosphates are mostly shipped to European ports, and are manufactured into fertilizers in England, Ireland, Germany France, and quite recently shipments have been made to the Sandwich islands. Foreign agents of consumers and dealers in phosphates have their offices near the center of production, and contracts for delivery and prices are commonly fixed at points of shipment, the material being sold at a price per unit of its contents of phosphate of lime. The Florida phosphates are all used in the manufacture of commercial fertilizers and superphosphate."—Boston Transcript.

An Irishman's Brilliant Idea.

Some Irishmen are naturally stupid, but their mistakes at times are so humorous as to provoke a laugh, which makes one forget the more serious part of the error. Recently a son of Ireland went out rowing on the lake at a famous summer resort. A stiff northwest wind came up, and, not being skillful with the oars, in a short time his boat shipped considerable water. A brilliant idea then seized him, and, taking the butt end of the oar, he battered away at the planks in the bottom of the boat, finally knocking a hole in them. Fortunately for him a steam launch with a pleasure party aboard came along and rescued him as his boat sank. Upon being asked why on earth he drove a hole through the boat he replied: "An' phwat else would yez do? Sure the boat was half full of water, an' so I knocked a hole in the bottom to let it out; but, yez see, there was so much more water in the lake that the little bit of a stream in my boat had no chance to get out."—Harper's Round Table.

One Way of Finding a Scotsman.

It is related of a successful Glasgow merchant that, sight seeing in Paris once, he lost his way. For a considerable time he wandered about trying to get back to his hotel. The hours went by. He never could speak French, and his Glasgow English only brought a smile and a shake of the head. "Oh for a body wi' a guid Scotch tongue in his head!" he sighed. Then came a happy thought. By signs he bought a basket, measure and berries of a trim Frenchwoman, and, shouldering his stock, went along the street shouting: "Fine grossets, a bawbee the pine; fine grossets, a bawbee the pine." The crowd laughed at the mad Briton, but the familiar cry soon brought some Scotsmen on the scene, and the merchant was able to retire from business and smoke his pipe in the bosom of his family, thankful that he had found real Scotsmen in his hour of need.—Tit-Bits.

Save the Wine.

In Tokio a confirmed tippler, having occasion to send his servant, a country girl to buy some sake, which is a native drink, said, placing the empty bottle in her hands: "Now be very careful and see that you don't fall in coming back. If you fall, you know, you will be sure, one way or another, to spill the wine. Of course, if you are obliged to fall, I suppose you must; but in that case put down the bottle carefully on the road and then fall."—Judge.

Information.

Johnny—Papa, what is mileage?

Papa — Mileage is what we pay congressmen for traveling on passes.—Puck.

NEARLY SPOILED THE BANQUET

Misfortune to a Printer Caused Confusion at a Dinner Given to Stanley.

Mention of the present visit of Henry M. Stanley to this country brought about the narration of an amusing though somewhat annoying incident in connection with the "American dinner" that was given to the explorer in London on his return from the Emin Pasha relief expedition. The incident also serves to show how a very slight accident may precipitate confusion in a dinner party. The American dinner to Stanley was the idea of Henry S. Wellcome, an American business man of London, who was not only a personal friend of Stanley, but a member of the firm of druggists who fitted out the Emin Pasha relief expedition. Through Mr. Wellcome's energy almost every American in London subscribed for tickets to the dinner, and on the night it came off covers for over three hundred people were laid in Evans' assembly-rooms. One table, on a dais, was reserved for Stanley and the more distinguished guests, and there were a dozen other long tables facing this one. Mr. Wellcome attended personally to the arrangement of the seats, and each man who had subscribed to the plate that was to be presented to the guest of the evening was given a place at the end of one of the subsidiary tables, and others were given seats near each other who had expressed preference. Mr. Wellcome gave minute attention to these details, and, the first thing on the morning of the night of the dinner, he took his completed plan of the tables and seats to a printer in order to have the usual diagrams ready for the guidance of the diners in taking their places.

When the hour of 8:30, which had been fixed for dinner, had arrived, the 300 hundred guests were assembled in the reception-room. Stanley was there and so was Consul General John C. New, who was to preside, and so were some of the most distinguished men in England. But there was no diagrams of the dining-room, and the reception committe were anxiously waiting for Mr. Wellcome to arrive with them. At 8:35 o'clock Mr. Wellcome flew in, in his business clothes, with a smudge of printer's ink on his nose and more on his hands. He agonizingly informed the reception committee that the printers had pied the type or the diagrams of the tables at the last moment, and that they would be compelled to do without them.

It may seem an easy matter for 300 men to find their places at tables, when their names are at their plates, but it brought about so much confusion that everybody was turned from the dining-room back to the reception-room and a brilliant scheme was suggested. There was the original list of the names of the diners, with their respective places that Mr. Wellcome had rescued from the printer, in the possession of the reception committee. The toastmaster was stationed on a chair at the door of the dining-room and instructed to read the list of names, each man to pass out and take his place at the table when his name was called. The toastmaster was a fine, big Englishman, with a stentorian voice. He did as he was told. "New—Consul General John C.," he shouted, and Mr. New went through the door. "Stanley—Henry M.," bellowed the toastmaster next. There was a roar of laughter and that scheme for seating the guests was dropped. Finally everybody went in again and searched for his place and found it or otherwise, as best he might. Several of the guests designed for the principal table were rescued from inferior positions below, and some ambitious ones were degraded from the table of rank; but the dinner went on merrily and ended similarly, though it began an hour later than the time it had been set for and all because of the accident to the diagrams.—N. Y. Telegram.

Don't Write When Angry.

Never write a letter to a man, woman or child when you are angry with the person in question, or perhaps, I had better qualify my advice by begging you, one and all, never to send an angry letter for 48 hours after you have written it, and then I would suggest reading it carefully, and, as the Irishman said, "burning it before sending it." We have many of us exhausted all our rage in the fire of the letter-writing, and have felt all the delights of a battle won by the prowess of our pens without the hackneyed formality of posting the epistle. Who is there who has not written his anger out in this wholesome way! Do not, I pray, send a cruel letter to anyone you have ever loved. You will but live to regret the act, and possibly with the pallid silence of death between you and the wounded one. If mortals were, in these prosaic days, gifted with invisible powers, I would wish to be that spirit endowed with a force which would arrest every angry word at the tip of each sharp-pointed, heart-breaking pen.—St. Louis Republic.

Points in Good Housekeeping.

A woman who looks well to the ways of her household should know how long, under ordinary circumstances, certain supplies, such as tea, coffee, butter, sugar and coal should last. It is by no means a proof of a niggardly housewife to do so, but it is her duty to herself and family to know what use is made of those articles which she provides. This duty may be done so tactfully that no maid could dream of taking offense, or in a way to antagonize. When accounts are kept, that is, when the mistress writes down in her ordering book the exact quantity she wishes, with the date of the order, the matter is easily managed.—N. Y. Post.

—Pudding Sauce.—Four tablespoons of fine, white sugar, two tablespoons of butter, one tablespoon of flour, stir them together to a cream, beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth and add it, then pour into the dish a gill of boiling water, stirring very fast; flavor with lemon or vanilla.—Boston Globe.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Jellied Veal.—Boil the veal tender pick it up fine, put in a mold, add the water it was boiled in, and set it in a cold place; season with salt and pepper to taste. A layer of hard-boiled eggs improves it.—Home.

—Tincture of grindelia is said to be an excellent cure for ivy poison. Dilute it with about three parts of water and bathe the affected parts. It should be applied as soon as the irritation is felt and before the characteristic pustules appear.

—A good way to solve the problem of how to take care of our dress waists in these days of large sleeves that are so easily crushed is to screw several of the frames on which men's coats are hung into the ceiling of a wardrobe or on the lower surface of a closet shelf and hang the garments on them.

—Rice Puffs.—To make a dozen, take a cupful of cold boiled rice, two cupfuls of milk, a pint of flour, a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of melted butter, and three eggs beaten to a froth. Mix thoroughly together in the order named, have the gem pans hot when filled, and bake for half an hour in a rather quick oven. Serve hot, with liquid sauce.—Good Housekeeping.

—Pistachio Cream.—Blunch one-half pound of pistachio nuts and pound them to a paste with a tenspoonful of brandy. Add the paste to a pint and a half of good cream, sweeten to your taste, add the yolks of two beaten eggs, and stir it over the fire until it becomes thick. Pour it into a glass dish, and when cold stick long shreds of pistachio nuts over the top.—Boston Budget.

—A Good Brown Bread.—Two cups of sour milk, one cup molasses, one cup sifted graham flour, one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking soda, sifted with one-third cup of white flour, one teaspoonful salt. Mix molasses and sour milk, then stir in the meal and flour; pour into two small, buttered pails and steam three hours, then set in the oven and bake from 20 to 30 minutes. Sweet milk may be used if preferred. Do not throw away the bran that is left after sifting the graham flour. It makes an excellent an nutritious jelly.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Onion Tart.—Peel and slice the onions thinly. Line a dish with pastry, place a layer of onions in the bottom, sprinkle over pepper, salt, a little flour, then more onions, then salt and pepper until the dish is full. Pour over some sweet cream or butter and milk, and cover with pastry; bake until the onions are tender. This is a delicious accompaniment to the baked or boiled meats. Another method is to use alternate layers of sliced onions and potatoes, both raw, season with salt, pepper, butter, and pour over a little milk or water and bake until done. No pastry is used in the latter recipe. Both should be served very hot.—Orange Judd Farmer.

UNCLE JIM WHITESTONE.

The Passing of a Respected Member of the Limekiln Club.

Brother Gardner arose and said it was his sorrowful duty to announce the death of Uncle Jim Whitestone, which took place only on the previous day, and continued:

"You know him to be old an' feeble an' sort o' waitin' to go, an' yet de news surprises you. A week ago he sot beah wid us, to-night he am lyin' in his coffin. Sich am de onsartainties of life. I has knowed Uncle Jim since we was chill'en togeder in de faraway days. When he realized dat de summons was drawin' nigh he sent fur me, an' I sot beside him when de angel took his speerit an' flew away.

"Uncle Jim was a poo' old black man, unlettered, unlarned, an' lookin' back only to y'ars of toil an' privashun an' sorrow. He saw poverty, woe an' misfortune in almos' ebery month of his life, an' yit how did he die?

"Dar' was sunthin grand in that death-bed scene," continued Brother Gardner in a whisper. "Eighty y'ars of toil an' anxiety an' sufferin' was drawin' to a close. A life in which dar had bin many clouds an' leetle sunshine was about to end.

"I see him as de sinkin' summer sun crept inter de winder an' turned his white h'ar to de color ob silver. He woke from his soft sleep, an' dar was sich happiness in his eyes an' sich glory in his face as I ueber saw befo'. He listened like one who h'ars de far-off sounds of sweet musie, an' de glory deepened as he reached out his hands to me and whispered:

"'I kin see my ole wife an' de chil'len up dar! I kin see glory an' rest an' peace! I kin look across de dark valley an' see sich happiness as I neber dreamed of!'

"An' he passed away like a babe fallin' asleep, an' you who go up dar to-morrer will fin' dat same glorious smile lightin' up de face of de dead. He has suffered an' believed an' he is with an' gone to his reward. He has bin dispised fur his color, ridiculed fur his igneranee, an' scorned fur his faith in de hereafter, an' yit no king eber died wid sich a smile on his face an' wid sich happiness in his heart. Peace to his ashes! While we mourn fur him we shall still rejoice dat he has gone to his reward. Let us break de meetin' in two an' go home."—Detroit Free Press.

Must Have Learned Somewhere.

"I gave you that parrot as a birt[h]
present, did I not, Matilda?" he as[ked]

"Yes, but surely, Albert you [are]
going to speak of your gifts as [a]

"It was young and speechles[s]
time?"

"Yes," with increasing wond[er]
It has never been out of this [room]

"There are no other young l[adies]
this house?"

"No, there are not."

"Then why, when I kissed your picture in yonder album, while waiting for you, did that wretched bird assume your voice and say: 'Don't do that, Charlie, please don't.'"—London Telegraph.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

AN EXCHANGE.

TEMPERANCE MAIDEN'' SONG.

We happy-hearted maidens
Are singing blithe and free,
Doing our bits of sewing
Or setting cups of tea.
If nursing or if scrubbing
Our busy hands employ,
We still find to be useful
Brings happiness and joy.
In home or out in school-time
With earnest will possessed,
In lessons or in leisure
Trying to do our best.
And if we fail or falter
Through carelessness or sin,
We'll try, try, try, we Temperance girls,
The victory still to win.

True to our word, we maidens,
Must learn to answer "No,"
If conxed or scoffed or threatened
Our promise to forego.
And free from all unkindness,
From slander, and from strife,
And innocent and blameless
Should be our daily life.
Changes will come and trouble
As childhood slips away,
But in all cares and sorrows
We still can watch and pray.
Whate'r the sore temptation
That lures us into sin,
In Christ's great name, we poor weak girls,
The victry can win.

– National Temperance Advocate

ARMY'S USE OF ALCOHOL.

Description of the System of Post Exchanges, and the Prevalence of Drunkenness.

The so-called Post Exchange was established five years ago at army posts, taking the place of the post trader. It was established first by the officers, but was sanctioned later officially. From the trader the soldiers used to obtain supplies of all kinds, including beer and (if the trader was willing to take the risk of smuggling it in and selling it surreptitiously) whisky. Doing business with twenty-five thousand men, the post traders made a handsome profit on their business. Five years ago the officers inaugurated the system of Post Exchanges. These are co-operative stores. The goods to be sold are bought at wholesale, and are retailed to the men at a fair profit, which pays for cost of handling, for breakage, spoiling, and all other incidental damage; and finally leaves a margin which belongs to the soldiers' organization which established the Exchange. Under this system it is possible for the first time to see the profits which have been made by the post traders in the past in their legitimate business with the enlisted men of the army. The fact that the government supplies food, clothing and medical attendance to the men must be taken to account. This leaves only luxuries to be provided from the Exchange. In the last five years the enlisted men of the army have spent $5,000,000 in the Post Exchange, of which $1,000,000 has been the profit of the Exchange. Of this $1,000,000, $200,000 has been used to equip the Exchanges and to stock them, and the remaining $800,000 has been returned to the soldiers' organizations in dividends, to be used chiefly in the improvement of the mess. The food furnished by Uncle Sam is healthful and in sufficient quantity, but it is not so toothsome as it might be.

The Exchanges, being conducted as private organizations under the sanction of the war department, make no report of the detailed expenditure of the money which passes through their hands. It is impossible, therefore, to tell from any facts on file in the war department what proportion of the five million dollars was spent for beer. However, under the regulations established by the secretary of war, beer is sold in the Post Exchanges. Certain precautions are thrown around the sale. The beer is sold in a room separate from the place where other supplies are to be bought; and it is provided expressly in the law of congress of 1890 that no beer shall be sold in Exchanges in states where the sale of alcoholic drink is prohibited. But the fact that an alcoholic drink is sanctioned by the war department officially has been made the subject of protests from many army officers to the department in Washington. Gen. O. O. Howard, before his retirement, said in an official report in favor of that to have the purchase of beer controlled by a commissioned officer was "to encourage drinking, to cover the faults of those who take too much, sometimes taking care of them till 'the bad effects are wept off,' and to give, in any case, a United States sanction to the business." Gen. Howard believed, with some officers who reported to the department in favor of the prevailing system, that the drunkard might be induced in some cases to confine himself to the less harmful intoxicant if he could obtain it in the post; but he believed that more harm was done to new men who learned to drink in the exchange than would balance the good done to drunkards.

This question was discussed at one time in congress; but the subject had too political a flavor to receive unbiased treatment. Therefore congress took no action at all.

The report of the surgeon-general of the army for the last year shows how prevalent was the liquor habit among enlisted men. In the entire army, thirty-four men in every one thousand were under treatment last year for alcoholism. This, of course, does not represent the range of indulgence in the use of intoxicating drinks, but the use of them to so intemperate a degree as to call for the services of the surgeon. More than one-fifth of the garrison at Fort Porter, N. Y.; more than one-sixth at Newport Barracks, Ky., and Willets Point, N. Y.; more than one-seventh at Key West Barracks, Fla., and Jackson Barracks, La.; and more than one-tenth at Fort Warren, Mass., and Fort Sidney, Neb., were under treatment for alcoholism during the year.—George G. Bala, in N. Y. Independent.

DISPLAYED TRUE COURAGE.

How a Soldier Sacrificed Himself to Uphold a Principle.

A brave man was Sir Hope Grant, who, during a campaign in India, saw that his colonel was intemperate in his habits, and resolved to reprimand him. On the day of one particular battle, the colonel had been taking sips of liquor all the morning to keep up his spirits, and so greatly affected was he that all the soldiers noted his condition, and almost hissed him on going into action. On the evening of the battle Sir Hope said to the officer next above him in rank:

"You know that the colonel was drunk yesterday when we were going into action?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, you know you must go and put him under arrest."

"Indeed, I shall do nothing of the sort," he answered, angrily. "I will leave you to do that business, and to knock your head against a stone wall if you choose."

"Very well," said Sir Hope; "if you don't do your duty, I will do mine."

Early next morning he went to the colonel's tent and said, after the customary greetings:

"You know you were very drunk yesterday, sir, when you led us into action. I have come to tell you that if you do not at once undertake to leave the regiment, I shall now put you in arrest and report your conduct."

"Will you, indeed?" cried the colonel angrily. "Very well, I will be beforehand with you. I now place you under arrest for bringing a false and insulting accusation against your commanding officer."

So the remonstrant left the tent under arrest, and there he remained for six weeks. A great excitement rose, ran its course, and died down, and at the end of the six weeks Grant was released and ordered to return to his duty.

The colonel was allowed to retain his command, and so it might appear to the casual eye that no good whatever had come of remonstrance. But good had come of it. One man had shown that he would sacrifice himself to uphold a principle.—Youth's Companion.

HURTFUL WINE DRINKING.

Delusion Under Which Workmen in France Are Laboring.

At the last meeting of the Societe de Medecine, of France, M. Laucereaux spoke on the danger of excessive wine drinking. He said that it was generally considered in France by the working classes that wine strengthened, and was necessary for all kinds of hard work. Consequently a large number of workmen absorbed three litres or more daily. At first no evil results are remarked, but at the end of a certain time vomiting occurs in the morning, the lips tremble, sensibility is modified in the limbs and sleep is agitated, and this condition may last for some years. Excess of wine also predisposes to tuberculosis, which in such cases assumed a very rapid type on account of invasion of the lungs and serous membranes.

Analysis of a Cigarette.

The following is the result of an analysis of a cigarette, made recently by a physician: "The tobacco was found to be strongly impregnated with opium, while the wrapper, which was warranted to be rice paper, was proven to be the most ordinary quality of paper whitened with arsenic. The two poisons combined were present in sufficient quantities to create in the smoker a habit of using opium without his being aware of it, his craving for which can only be satisfied by an incessant consumption of cigarettes." These facts would be sufficient to stop the manufacture of anything less insidious in its influence. But smokers will smoke on to the death.—Michigan Presbyterian.

VARIOUS NOTES.

When rum was invented the devil felt that he could take a little rest.—Rum's Horn.

Archbishop Walsh has accepted honorary membership in the Canadian Temperance league.

A banquet in connection with the annual meeting of the Kentucky Press association September 24, at Hopkinsville, was given without wine.

The W. C. T. U. of St. Albans, Vermont, followed up a programme on narcotics at one of its meetings by distributing from house to house the leaflet "Smoking for Boys."

You may reform a liar, but you can not reform a lie. You may reform a drunkard, but you can not reform "the drink." Total abstinence from lying is the only cure for a liar. Total abstinence from alcohol is the only certain cure for a drunkard. A lie is a lie whether a wee little one or a thumper; alcohol is poison whether by the barrel or by the smallest glass.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The hardest varieties of wood, such as mahogany, ebony and lignum-vitae, grow in tropical climates, but their wood does not season as well as that of trees in the temperate zones.

—The "Era of Julius Cæsar" [illegible] with the reformation of the calendar in 46 B. C. It prevailed in England for civil purposes until 1752, when it was superseded by the Gregorian.

—Several substances, whose [illegible] to western nostrils exceeding repugnant, are highly esteemed [illegible] the east as perfumes. In Persia and Afghanistan, asafoetida is considered a delicate perfume, and many luxurious persons carry a quantity of it in their pockets or in a bag suspended from the neck.

—The door nail in earlier times, says an antiquarian, was the plate of the door upon which the old-fashioned knocker struck to arouse the inmates of the house. As the plate or nail was struck many more times than any other nail it was assumed to be more dead than other nails. Hence the phrase: "Dead as a door nail."

—The skeleton of an Indian warrior at least six feet six inches tall was found in Muscongus, Me., a few days ago by two men who were digging a cellar. The body had been buried in a sitting posture, facing east, and about it were found [illegible] and spear and arrow heads, while around the arm bones were copper bands covered with curious carvings.

—A new bicycle tire, which is said to be an improvement over those in general use, has been invented and patented by Miss E. S. Hutchins, of Big Rapids, Mich. In the middle of the rim of an ordinary style pneumatic rubber tire is a groove, into which is fitted a smaller tire of leather, which, it is claimed, is much more durable than the present style of all-rubber tires while equally elastic and light.

—Several towns and cities in Oregon and Washington have lately obtained an excellent and adequate water supply in an inexpensive manner by the use of wooden pipes. The pipes are made from common pine logs, ten inches in diameter, hollowed out with a six-inch bore. It is claimed that the wooden pipes last as long as iron pipes. One town has a line of pipes seven miles long that, with all connections, cost but $2,000.

—Suits aggregating more than $500,000 will soon be filed by the government against certain big lumber companies and turpentine distilleries in the lower part of Alabama. The evidence shows that from 2,300 acres of fine forest lands belonging to the government 13,654 trees, yielding over 5,000,000 feet of lumber, had been cut. The government authorities propose to stop the depredations by bringing to account the concerns that buy the moonshine lumber.

—Some patriotic citizen of Prescott, Ariz., in lauding his town and state, and descanting on the wonderful riches of the region, declared that even the buildings of Prescott were in part of gold. He was taken up on the assertion, and a bet resulted. A few days ago an assay was made of sandstone being used in the erection of some new buildings, and the stone showed four dollars per ton in gold and 20 cents per ton in silver. It wouldn't pay to mine the buildings of Prescott, but the boomer won his bet.

COMBS ALL THE RAGE.

New Fashions of Dressing the Hair and the Latest Ornaments.

The women who have been fond of dressing their hair with feathers and aigrettes will have to give them up this winter or be hopelessly out of date, for the feathers must go. Combs of all sizes and shapes are the correct head ornaments, so the fashionable jewelers and hair-dressers say, and they come in endless variety, so far as material and design are concerned.

There seems to be a very different way of arranging the hair for every face, and yet all are stylish. The woman with dark, glistening locks must wear her hair in the evening after the style of Empress Josephine if she has the face to stand it, and the diamond and pearl tiara which gives the finishing touch to this very fetching arrangement of her locks. If she can't afford the latter two or three strands of imitation pearls look well wound in and out among the dark puffs. Dark hair does not look well too much befrizzled. Crimping causes it to lose its luster, which is brought out by light ornaments. On the other hand, the woman with yellow or reddish hair should wave it on all sides and puff it up in a fluffy mass.

Medium-sized tortoise shell combs ornamented with applied silver are more popular than anything else just now, but they really show off better in light hair than in any other. Black garnet and mat jet combs and hair-pins are being imported from Paris and are already very popular. Many of them come in crescent and butterfly shapes, and are thickly studded with rhinestones. The side combs match, and the effect of these novelties in blonde hair is gorgeous and striking.

The silversmiths report a big run on the enameled and jeweled bodies of butterflies. The ornaments have an arrangement at the back which permits of ribbon wings of the color of the gown. The demure maid who clings to her crimpless part and coils her hair very high on her head may thrust one of these butterflies in at the back of the part and so relieve its severity. She may even go further and fill her hair with very small enameled and jeweled butterfly and flower pins and so obtain an effect altogether Japanese.

Few women can afford to dress their hair low on their necks, even with the aid of crimps and puffs, but those who do must not fail to set off the knot with an immense tortoise-shell back comb curving almost from ear to ear, if they wish to be in the very latest style.—Toledo Blade.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"They say that Cholly has lost his mind." "Is that so? Does he know it?"—Boston Courier.

—"He said I was his life's sunshine." "I guess you will find that all moonshine."—Boston Courier.

—Prisoner—"What, that man is going to defend me? Why, he couldn't bring an innocent person through!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

—"Tell me, guide, why so few people ascend that magnificent mountain." "Because no has ever fallen off it."—Fliegende Blaetter.

—"Well met, colonel!" "I'm not a colonel, sir!" "Pardon me! I was under the impression you had been in Georgia six weeks!"—Atlanta Constitution.

—Her Choice.—"What kind of a tie do you admire most?" he asked as he made his regular call. "The marriage tie," she answered truthfully, and without hesitation.—Detroit Free Press.

—Hoax—"You worked your way through college, didn't you?" Joax—"Right." Hoax—"What did you work at?" Joax—"The other students principally."—Philadelphia Record.

—Slobbs—"Jenkins told me Miss Beaconstreet was an old flame of yours." Blobbs—"An old flame? Impossible!" "Why impossible?" "She's from Boston."—Philadelphia Record.

—A—"When I see you I always think of the proverb: To whom God gives an office, to him he gives understanding." B—"But I have no office!" A—"Well, don't you see how that fits?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

—Mr. Spinks—"Well, Willie, has your sister made up her mind to go to the concert with me?" Willie—"Yep. She's made up her mind and she's makin' up her face now. She'll be down in a minute."—Great Divide.

—Miss Kostique—"Do you know when I see you looking so huppy it reminds me of what a great poet once said." Cholly Saphead—"Indeed! Pway, what was it?" Miss K.—"Where ignorance is bliss."—Philadelphia Record.

—He—"I have never loved but once in all my life." She—"What?" He—"Fact, I assure you. It has somehow always happened that I never was quite free from the one girl by the time the next one came along."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Confident of It.—Lady of the House—"I should think you would be afraid to come around in the back yard. I notice you didn't do it last week on account of our big dog." Tramp—"No'm. But I knew that dog wasn't here any more." Lady of the House—"How do you know it?" Tramp—"I let him have that piece of pie you gave me."—Detroit Free Press.

TURNED THE TABLES.

How a Sharp Drummer Got the Best of a Mexican Bandit.

"From some of the reports circulated in the east," said German S. Tetnew, of Galveston, Tex., the other night, "one is led to believe that the western, particularly the far southwestern, citizen is a pretty bad man, whose chief amusement and means of gaining a livelihood consist of highway robbery. But I think the finest piece of 'holding up' I ever heard of was accomplished by a young New Yorker who traveled in our state and Mexico for a druggists' fancy articles manufactory.

"This young man," he continued, "was traveling in the state of Coahuila, Mexico, about two years ago and went one night to Saltillo, the capital of the state. It was the first time he had been in the town, and, after transacting a little business, he started out to see the sights. As he entered an isolated street he was suddenly confronted by a brigandish-looking fellow, who, in glib mongrel Spanish, demanded his valuables, with accompanying gestures that made his meaning perfectly intelligible to the intended victim. The highwayman held in one hand a long, sinister-looking knife and waved it about in a suggestive manner which implied the necessity of ready compliance with his wishes or a tragic result.

"But the salesman was a man of quick wit and ready resources. Instead of handing over his property he thrust his hand into his pocket, and a moment later the cold, shiny barrel of what seemed to be a revolver was pointed at the would-be robber's head.

"'Excuse me,' said the young man, 'but this is my game.'

"Naturally, the surprise caused by the unexpected production of the supposed revolver produced a change in the confident manner in which the robber had confronted the New Yorker, and he started back. Instantly the salesman knocked the knife from his hand, stooped down, picked it up, took the highwayman by the collar before he could escape and marched him before the police authorities. At the preliminary trial of the would-be robber the following morning the guilt of the prisoner was already established, and his commitment was about to follow when he asked if it were not an offense for strangers in the country to carry concealed weapons. He was told that it was. Then he demanded the arrest of the young salesman, charging him with carrying a revolver. The native justice asked the salesman if the charge was true. This was admitted. He was then asked if he still had the weapon concealed on his person. The young man said he had, but pleaded that its possession had the night before prevented a robbery and possibly murder. He was informed that such a circumstance did not alter the case and that he had violated the law.

"The prisoner smiled sardonically on beholding the tight place into which the authorities were seemingly drawing the New Yorker, but his mirth turned to disgust when the young man pulled the revolver from his pocket and laid it down before the magistrate. It was nothing but a cologne atomizer fashioned in the shape of a revolver, such as were manufactured in quantities several years ago."—Baltimore Sun.

MOTOR CARRIAGES.

Cost of the New Petroleum Wagons Within Reach of Many People.

The practibility of these carriages seems to be placed beyond doubt. Since 1892 they have been growing in favor in France, and the only wonder is that we have not seen them over here before now. The future would appear to belong to them, if all be true, and we can hardly doubt the bona fides. They are as easily worked as a tricycle—probably easier. A novice, as many witness, is able upon the first trial to drive his carriage over 200 miles in 2 days of 10 hours apiece. Tourists have wandered over half a dozen departments in them, and the taste is spreading every day. Soon the enthusiasm will reach England, and then—well, it is difficult to say what will happen then.

For among the great advantages of the petroleum carriage is its remarkable cheapness. The cost of a carriage is not much in the first instance. They are built, as we have said, with touching fidelity to old forms. There is the dog-cart, the wagonette, the phaeton, the "break" and the "mylord," as our French friends have it. From a purely lay contemplation of these vehicles, we are not disposed to think that finality has been reached in regard to their shape.

When the first railway carriages were constructed, either out of loving conservatism or from a desire not to offend, they were built upon the line of the stage coach and colored to match. In time they achieved their own independence and individuality. Messrs. Panhard and Levassor will probably find time and experience ripen their invention in this respect. At present a voiture a deux places cost £168; a voiture a quartre places forme dogcart costs £200; the phaeton, £212, and the "mylord" heads the price list at £240. These cannot be reckoned extravagant prices. And when you have once purchased a voiture to your taste the saving seems amazing.

To begin with, two horses can be discarded; and horses, we believe, are roughly estimated to cost £25 or £30 a year apiece to keep. A purchaser of a petroleum carriage reckons that it costs him from 1.50f. to 2f. a day. The manufacturer's reckoning is 4c. per kilometer for a 2-seated carriage and 5c. for a 4-seated carriage; let us say, on an average, something between a halfpenny and 3 farthings a mile.

Compare this with the expenses of horses. Let us say a cab horse costs some £36, and is available for three years; that constitutes a yearly charge of £12. Add to this £25 for food and keeping, and we get a total of £37. The initial outlay on the vehicle may be ignored, as we are also ignoring the initial cost of a voiture. A horse, year in and year out, would hardly do more than 15 miles a day. Out of these figures, which are, of course, rough, one may deduct something like twopence a mile as the cost of a horse carriage. The advantage is in favor of the petroleum carriage by 3 to 1.—London Saturday Review.

SUPREME MOMENT IN A LAUNCH

It Is When the Vessel First Gets Into the Water.

That a launch is a matter of mathematics, as well as of great skill and labor, is shown by the fact that the man of science who has the matter in charge always makes a set of calculations showing the strain on the ship and its precise condition at practically every foot of the journey down the ways. If a boat should get in the way, or if it should take an unusual length of time to knock out the keel-blocks, or if any one of half a dozen things should cause serious delay, the scientific man knows just how long he can wait, and just how far the limit of safety extends.

There is always one supreme moment in a launch, and it is at a time that escapes the average spectator. It is when the vessel gets fairly well into the water. This is when an important factor known as the moment of buoyancy comes into play. If you can imagine a vessel sliding down an incline without any water into which to drop, you can see that the vessel would tip down suddenly at the end which has left the ways, and would rise at the end still on the incline. But really, in successful launches, the stern of the vessel is gradually lifted up by the water, and this throws the weight forward on that part of the ship still resting on the ways. The force of the water is called the "moment of buoyancy," and the natural tendency of the ship to drop to the bottom of the stream is called the "moment of weight." Now the moment of buoyancy must always be greater than the moment of weight; but it must not be very much greater, for if it were it would throw too much weight forward on the part of the ship still on the ways, and might break them down, or injure the plates or keel of the ship. When the great English battleship Ramillies was launched, this did really happen; and so great was the strain near the bow that parts of the cradle were actually pushed right into the bottom of the vessel. It is this danger of disaster that causes the scientific launcher to make the most careful calculations as to the conditions surrounding the ship at every foot of her journey into the water.—Frank Matthews, in St. Nicholas.

Farmers Are Great Walkers.

Some one has found out how far a farmer has to walk to put in and attend forty acres of corn. To plow the ground with a 16-inch plow he walks 350 miles; to harrow it thoroughly before planting he walks 50 miles and to cultivate it afterward he will have to travel 350 miles, making a grand total of 750 miles, besides gathering.

In the Rural District.

Teacher—What is the root of all evil?

Farmer's Boy—That spotted hog of Simpson's. I have to drive it out of our tater patch about a dozen times a day.—Detroit Free Press.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Perfumes are now extensively manufactured in the United States, and the native articles are said by experts to compare favorably with foreign manufactures.

—England manufactures perfumes on a very large scale, importing many of the materials from other countries, but also making large use of home-grown herbs and flowers.

—Many woods have sugar and gum in their composition, and the presence of these elements is generally shown by the attraction the wood seems to have for many kinds of insects.

—The wheat yield in the Genesee valley, Idaho, this season is immense. W. N. Gibb thrashed 9,000 bushels off of 200 acres, averaging about 45 bushels to the acre. Dan Healy cut and thrashed 14 acres of wheat that went 52 bushels to the acre.

—A Missouri rattlesnake at the museum of comparative zoology at Cambridge has been observed to lose his skin twice a year and to add a rattle for every skin. Instead of losing the rattles as he does the skin, they are retained by the closing of the inner end of the old rattle over the knob of the new one, and accidents accepted, the snake bears with him this record of his age.

—The trade in California sweet wines is showing a gratifying increase. The total estimated product for this year is 3,000,000 gallons, which is 25 per cent. more than was marketed last year. Heretofore there has been little profit in the vintages because of the fierce competition of growers, but the producers have now made arrangements with a sweet-wine syndicate which will control the entire product of the state and give all concerned some share in the profit.

—In America it has been observed that bees often bore tubular corollas in order to get at the nectar of flowers, instead of entering by the mouth, as humblebees do in Europe. In essays on the crossfertilization of flowers, this supposed anomaly has been the subject of much comment. It now appears that the humblebees of Europe and America have identical habits in regard to the manner in which visits to flowers are made, and that it is the class of insects known as the carpenter bee, or the borer, which works in the outside manner indicated.

—The question of the influence of the size of seeds upon germination and upon the size of the plants that spring therefrom has recently been studied anew by Mr. B. R. Galloway, a summary of whose conclusions is given by the Gardeners' Chronicle. The weight and size of the seed are of great importance. A large seed germinates better and more quickly, and with it one can count upon having at the same moment from 85 to 90 per cent. of the total crop, while with small seeds the crop reaches maturity only in successive periods of time, so that at no moment in gathering the crop in toto could we have the same proportion of the whole. Besides, where with small seeds four successive crops are obtained, we have six with large seeds, their evolution occurring with greater rapidity.

THE SIN-EATER.

A Curious Funeral Rite Which Obtained in Wales.

The principality of Wales has within living memory possessed an official known as the "sin-eater." It was the practice for a relative—usually a woman—to put on the breast of a deceased person a quantity of bread and cheese and beer, and the sin-eater was sent for to consume them and to pronounce the everlasting rest of the departed. It was believed that in doing this he absolutely ate and appropriated to himself the sins symbolized by the viands, and thereby prevented their disturbing the repose of the sinner who had committed them. Such an arrangement would obviously leave nothing to be desired on the one side, but how it worked on the other we are not told. What was supposed to be the condition of this spiritual undertaker after the ceremony was concluded? Did his "appropriation" of the dead man's sins imply a sort of moral assimilation of them, answering to his physical assimilation of the bread and cheese? The question would obviously be one of some importance to a sin-eater in large practice. If the responsibilities of his profession were as great as ties of his profession were as great as hypothesis, he would need to retire from it early, and to devote a considerable portion of his closing years to repentance and good works.

Again, it is natural to ask what happened at the decease of a popular or "fashionable" sin-eater. Would anyone among his professional brethren undertake to eat his sins, even in the first flush of satisfaction produced by stepping into his shoes? If so, then, indeed, has the epithet of "gallant" been rightly bestowed upon little Wales. It is as though one doctor succeeding to another's practice should consent to assume the moral responsibility for his late colleague's treatment of all his deceased patients, in addition to his own similar burdens.

We yield to none in admiration of the quiet and homely heroism of the medical profession, but we doubt whether it would enable them to face such an ordeal as this. As to the Welsh practitioners to whom we have compared them, we shrink from pursuing the analysis further. It is evident that, as in the schoolboy game of "conquerors," where a stone which can smash the smasher, of, say, 43 other stones takes over all its conquests, and becomes itself a "forty-fourer," so the responsibilities of these unhappy men might accumulate at an alarming rate. One hardly dares to contemplate the internal condition of the sin-eater who had in life attended a long series of other sin-eaters. The cheese would be almost converted into Welsh rabbit before he had got it down.—London Times.

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Has the largest, finest and cheapest line of Xmas Goods and Jewelry ever brought to Oakland.

YOU WILL FIND THE FINEST, LARGEST AND CHEAPEST LINE OF HOLIDAY GOODS

Ever brought to town now placed on the Bargain Counters of

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Everybody Welcome. Come whether you want to buy or not. Come. Come.

Jos. E. Harned, PROP'R.

LOOK AT F. G. HYDE'S ASSORTMENT OF

Xmas Presents

For 25 Cents.

Also the finest and best line of Jewelry between Washington and Wheeling.

Merry Christmas To All.

After visiting all the Stores in town for Christmas Goods, don't fail to see what they have at

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And you will make no mistake.

CANDY. OYSTERS.

Don't forget the cheapest place in the town of Oakland for FRUITS, NUTS, CANDY, CRACKERS, CAKES, CANNED GOODS is **H. E. FELTY, Railroad St.**

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AT DAVIS & SON'S NEW HARDWARE STORE

You will find a choice line of Table, Butcher and Carving Knives, Razors, Shears, Plated Spoons, etc., also two handsome nickled Ranges, showing latest novelty of regulating heat of oven by thermometer.

If you want a vehicle or sleigh, call on

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A nice line kept constantly on hand.

IF IN NEED OF Watches, Clocks, Jewelry of any Kind, go to

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Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Groceries at the Lowest Prices in town. Come and see for yourselves.

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NECKWEAR.

Alder St., one Door West of Postoffice.

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Just received at GEO. O. MILLER & CO.'s a new stock of Christmas Goods, consisting of

Japanese China, Fancy Cups and Saucers, Plates, Mugs, Vases, Gentlemen's Silk Neckwear, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Silk Handkerchiefs and Mufflers. Also a beautiful line of China Tea and Dinner Sets.

THIS SPACE IS FOR SALE.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1896. NUMBER 43.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Mr. M. Wolfe, of Floyd, is in the city.

Miss Nettie Michael spent Tuesday in Grafton.

Mr. Will Miller, of Accident, was in the city yesterday.

Miss Daisy Graut is visiting friends in Washington.

Mr. George Wilt is at Bloomington on a visit to friends.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Spedden, on Sunday, a son.

Mr. W. R. Drane, of McHenry, was in Oakland on Saturday last.

Mr. W. H. Matette and wife left on Saturday for Wheeling, West Va.

Miss Edith Wardwell, of Baltimore is visiting the Misses Jarboe.

Mr. Harvey Loar, of near Halleck, W. Va., is visiting his uncle Mr. D. H. Loar.

Mr. A. T. Fraley, teller in the Garrett County Bank, spent Sunday at Terra Alta.

Mr. H. B. Darst, of Bittinger, is in the city on a visit to his brother Mr. D. Darst.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Schroeder spent the holidays with friends in Frederick city.

Mr. Perry E. Kimmell, of Confluence, was here this week on a visit to his parents.

Mr. Chas. J. Newman returned last week from an extended visit to West Virginia towns.

Rev. Henry Hamill, of Staunton, Va., spent several days visiting his mother since our last issue.

Misses Lizzie and Katie Thompson of New Mercer, are the guests of Miss Spiker near town.

Mr. J. Ed. Kridlaw, of the Beverly (W. Va.) *Enterprise*, spent Sunday of last week in town.

Yesterday the bank and postoffice were the only two places of business in Oakland that were not open.

Miss Nellie Offutt, who is attending school in Montgomery county, is at home visiting her parents.

Mr. James H. Smith, of near Hazelton, W. Va., spent a few days with relatives in town last week.

Drs. M. C. Hinebaugh and John G. Robinson are visiting relatives and friends in Baltimore this week.

Mr. Charles Shaffer, who is attending St. John's College at Annapolis, is at home spending his vacation.

Miss Kate Spedden, who is teaching at Davis, W. Va., was at home last week visiting friends and relatives.

Messrs. John T. Stoyer and E. Aronhalt, of Gormania, W. Va., were Oakland visitors on Saturday last.

Miss Florence Parks, of Kingwood, W. Va., spent several days last week as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Jones.

Mr. W. R. Offutt, who is a student at St. John's college in Annapolis, is spending his vacation at home.

Messrs. Offutt & Lakin's saw mill, located at Rinard, near Terra Alta, was destroyed by fire last Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Getty, of Cumberland, are here on a visit to Mrs. Getty's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Kepner.

Miss Mattie Boughner, of Palatine, W. Va., was here several days this week on a visit to her uncle Mr. King Delawder.

Mr. W. C. Jones, one of Deer Park's enterprising merchants, was in the city Tuesday and made this office a paying call.

A ball was given by the young men of Oakland to their lady friends at the Glades hotel on Tuesday night.

Mr. Wade Hinebaugh, who is attending the Maryland Agricultural College, spent the holiday vacation with his parents in Oakland.

Misses Savilla and Nancy Beeghley and the Misses Cupp, of Terra Alta, spent Sunday of last week as the guests of friends in town.

Ex-Sheriff Charles Wegman, of Grantsville, was in the city on Saturday making sale of some land taken into execution by him.

Miss Ida Hinebaugh, of near Deer Park, was in Oakland as the guest of her cousin Miss Rosa Hinebaugh part of last and this week.

Miss Mattie Porter, who has a position as vice-principal of the Elkins public schools, is spending her holiday vacation in Oakland.

Mr. Will Miller, of Accident, was in the city on Monday. It is understood that he will open a wholesale liquor house here in a short time.

Rose-comb American Dominique cockerls, $1 each at express station; 25 cents less at farm. Jonas B. Miller, Grantsville, Md. 43-*3

Rev. Idleman, pastor of the Cranesville circuit, M. E. church, was in the city a few hours on last Tuesday and made us a pleasant call.

Messrs. H. J. Frear, Thos. Woolbert and E. H. Sincell were up in District No. 8 Monday and Tuesday making a survey of some timber land.

The new year came in with a snow storm in this section of the country, but in the western states a blizzard held sway. It is traveling east.

Miss Hattie Bartlett entertained quite a large number of her friends at a sociable gathering last night at the residence of her parents on Alder street.

Mr. W. T. McMillen, who is attending a school of Pharmacy in Philadelphia, Pa., passed through Oakland one day last on his way to Accident.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rembold, of Horse Shoe Run, were in the city Monday on their way home from a visit of several days in Baltimore and Washington.

Rev. White, of Deer Park, conducted Quarterly Meeting services in St. Paul's M. E. church last Sunday in the absence of Presiding Elder Baumgardner.

During the present month THE REPUBLICAN and *New York Weekly Tribune* will be furnished to all new and old subscribers who pay one year in advance.

Jno. E. Legge, Oliver Bosley, Ed. and Richard Bartlett, who are attending institutions of learning in Baltimore, are at home spending the holiday vacation.

Quite a large number of the citizens of Oakland and Garrett county will journey to Annapolis next week to witness the inaugural ceremonies of Governor Lloyd Lowndes.

On Sunday next Jan. 5th, the pastor, Rev. J. W. Butler, will preach in St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church. At the morning service the sacrament will be administered.

Messrs. Bradford Bros. have just completed a fifteen-room house at the Park for a gentleman named Ruhl, of Grafton. The house is very handsome and reflects credit upon the builders.

The friends and members of St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran congregation tendered the pastor a donation party on Tuesday night. Many of the necessities of life were amongst the donations beside sums of money.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Plans and specifications for Mr. E. J. Fringer's store building have been prepared by Messrs. E. M. Spedden & Bro. The structure will be erected on the lot adjoining the store of Messrs. Dixon & Kelso on Second street.

Messrs. Shartzer & Bolden, the furniture dealers, have moved their stock of furniture, carpets, etc., into their new building on Second street where they will be pleased to show the public their new and large line of goods.

A panic was created in the old Front street theatre in Baltimore one night last week by one of the audience yelling "fire." The result was that in the rush to escape from the building twenty-three persons were killed outright and nearly one hundred more or less injured.

Senator R. A. Ravenscroft and family, of Accident went to Dawson on Saturday. On Monday the Senator went to Annapolis where he has entered upon duties in the State senate, as the representative from this county.

Carlton Cornwall, foreman of the Gazette, Middletown, N. J., believes that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy should be in every home. He used it for a cold and it effected a speedy cure. He says: "It is indeed a grand remedy, I can recommend to all. I have also seen it used for whooping cough, with the best results." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

The Epworth League of St. Paul's M. E. church held a "Mum Social" in Sturgiss' hall on Monday evening. A program consisting of music, recitations, etc., was carried out. Refreshments were served. The "mum" feature was the leading one of the evening, and a prize was given to those who succeeded in keeping "mum" the longest.

[illegible] the Meyersdale Republican, last week, says: "He found himself a most efficient officer, true to the high trust conferred upon him in every particular, and as he is a young man, there is not the least doubt but that the people will again call him to serve them in yet higher positions when the opportunity affords."

Many stubborn and aggravating cases of rheumatism that were believed to be incurable and accepted as life legacies, have yielded to Chamberlain's Pain Balm, much to the surprise and gratification of the sufferers. One application will relieve the pain and suffering and its continued use insures an effectual cure. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. David Benson, of Terra Alta, met with a painful and what might have been a fatal accident here on Friday last. In attempting to jump from a freight train his macintosh coat caught fast to the car and threw him to the ground. He remained unconscious all next day, but on Sunday he had so far recovered that he was taken to his home at the above place.

There is good reason for the popularity of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Davis & Buzard, of West Monterey Clarion Co., Pa., say: "It has cured people that our physicians could do nothing for. We persuaded them to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and they now recommend it with the rest of us." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by the Oakland Pharmacy.

Our readers who have been looking for Hood's Calender for 1896 will be glad to know that it is out and may be obtained from the druggists or by sending 6 cents in stamps to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The new calendar is certainly a triumph of art. It represents a lovely head in beautiful brown tints surrounded by a gold frame, embossed and decidedly "up to date." It makes a useful ornament for the home and a pleasant reminder of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A movement has been set on foot by some of the residents of the town of Loch Lynn to have the place incorporated by an act of the General Assembly. Some other residents of the place object to the plan and are circulating a petition against incorporation. Which faction will be the victor is hard to determine as both sides are working hard.

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J. C. ALDERSON,

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37-tf

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1896. NUMBER 43.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Mr. M. Wolfe, of Floyd, is in the city.

Miss Nettie Michael spent Tuesday in Grafton.

Mr. Will Miller, of Accident, was in the city yesterday.

Miss Daisy Grant is visiting friends in Washington.

Mr. George Wilt is at Bloomington on a visit to friends.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Spedden, on Sunday, a son.

Mr. W. R. Drane, of McHenry, was in Oakland on Saturday last.

Mr. W. H. Malette and wife left on Saturday for Wheeling, West Va.

Miss Edith Wardwell, of Baltimore is visiting the Misses Jarboe.

Mr. Harvey Lour, of near Halleck, W. Va., is visiting his uncle Mr. D. H. Lour.

Mr. A. T. Fraley, teller in the Garrett County Bank, spent Sunday at Terra Alta.

Mr. H. B. Durst, of Bittinger, is in the city on a visit to his brother Mr. D. Durst.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Schroeder spent the holidays with friends in Frederick city.

Mr. Perry E. Kimmell, of Confluence, was here this week on a visit to his parents.

Mr. Chas. J. Newman returned last week from an extended visit to West Virginia towns.

Rev. Henry Hamill, of Staunton, Va., spent several days visiting his mother since our last issue.

Misses Lizzie and Katie Thompson of Kee Mar College are the guests of Miss Spiker near town.

Mr. J. Ed. Kildow, of the Beverly (W. Va.,) *Enterprise*, spent Sunday of last week in town.

Yesterday the bank and postoffice were the only two places of business in Oakland that were not open.

Miss Nellie Offutt, who is attending school in Montgomery county, is at home visiting her parents.

Mr. James H. Smith, of near Hazelton, W. Va., spent a few days with relatives in town last week.

Drs. M. C. Hinebaugh and John G. Robinson are visiting relatives and friends in Baltimore this week.

Mr. Charles Shaffer, who is attending St. John's College at Annapolis, is at home spending his vacation.

Miss Kate Spedden, who is teaching at Davis, W. Va., was at home last week visiting friends and relatives.

Messrs. John T. Stoyer and E. Aronhalt, of Gormania, W. Va., were Oakland visitors on Saturday last.

Miss Florence Parks, of Kingwood, W. Va., spent several days last week as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Jones.

Mr. W. R. Offutt, who is a student at St. John's college in Annapolis, is spending his vacation at home.

Messrs. Offutt & Lakin's saw mill, located at Rinard, near Terra Alta, was destroyed by fire last Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Getty, of Cumberland, are here on a visit to Mrs. Getty's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Kepner.

Miss Mattie Boughner, of Palatine, W. Va., was here several days this week on a visit to her uncle Mr. King Delawder.

Mr. W. C. Jones, one of Deer Park's enterprising merchants, was in the city Tuesday and made this office a paying call.

A ball was given by the young men of Oakland to their lady friends at the Glades hotel on Tuesday night.

Mr. Wade Hinebaugh, who is attending the Maryland Agricultural College, spent the holiday vacation with his parents in Oakland.

Misses Savilla and Nancy Beeghley and the Misses Cupp, of Terra Alta, spent Sunday of last week as the guests of friends in town.

Ex-Sheriff Charles Wegman, of Grantsville, was in the city on Saturday making sale of some land taken into execution by him.

Miss Ida Hinebaugh, of near Deer Park, was in Oakland as the guest of her cousin Miss Rosa Hinebaugh part of last and this week.

Miss Mattie Porter, who has a position as vice-principal of the Elkins public schools, is spending her holiday vacation in Oakland.

Mr. Will Miller, of Accident, was in the city on Monday. It is understood that he will open a wholesale liquor house here in a short time.

Rose-comb American Dominique cockerls, $1 each at express station; 25 cents less at farm. Jonas B. Miller, Grantsville, Md. 43-*3

Rev. Rileman, pastor of the Cranesville circuit, M. E. church, was in the city a few hours on last Tuesday and made us a pleasant call.

Messrs. H. J. Frear, Thos. Woolbert and E. H. Sincell were up in District No. 8 Monday and Tuesday making a survey of some timber land.

The new year came in with a snow storm in this section of the country, but in the western states a blizzard held sway. It is traveling east.

Miss Hattie Bartlett entertained quite a large number of her friends at a sociable gathering last night at the residence of her parents on Alder street.

Mr. W. T. McMillen, who is attending a school of Pharmacy in Philadelphia, Pa., passed through Oakland one day last on his way to Accident.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Rembold, of Horse Shoe Run, were in the city Monday on their way home from a visit of several days in Baltimore and Washington.

Rev. White, of Deer Park, conducted Quarterly Meeting services in St. Paul's M. E. church last Sunday in the absence of Presiding Elder Baumgardner.

During the present month THE REPUBLICAN and *New York Weekly Tribune* will be furnished to all new and old subscribers who pay one year in advance.

Jno. E. Legge, Oliver Bosley, Ed. and Richard Bartlett, who are attending institutions of learning in Baltimore, are at home spending the holiday vacation.

Quite a large number of the citizens of Oakland and Garrett county will journey to Annapolis next week to witness the inaugural ceremonies of Governor Lloyd Lowndes.

On Sunday next Jan. 5th, the pastor, Rev. J. W. Butler, will preach in St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church. At the morning service the sacrament will be administered.

Messrs. Bradford Bros. have just completed a fifteen-room house at the Park for a gentleman named Ruhl, of Grafton. The house is very handsome and reflects credit upon the builders.

The friends and members of St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran congregation tendered the pastor a donation party on Tuesday night. Many of the necessities of life were amongst the donations beside sums of money.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Plans and specifications for Mr. E. J. Fringer's store building have been prepared by Messrs. E. M. Spedden & Bro. The structure will be erected on the lot adjoining the store of Messrs. Dixon & Kelso on Second street.

Messrs. Shartzer & Bolden, the furniture dealers, have moved their stock of furniture, carpets, etc., into their new building on Second street where they will be pleased to show the public their new and large line of goods.

A panic was created in the old Front street theatre in Baltimore one night last week by one of the audience yelling "fire." The result was that in the rush to escape from the building twenty-three persons were killed outright and nearly one hundred more or less injured.

Senator R. A. Ravenscroft and family, of Accident went to Dawson on Saturday. On Monday the Senator went to Annapolis where he has entered upon duties in the State senate, as the representative from this county.

Carlton Cornwall, foreman of the Gazette, Middletown, N. J., believes that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy should be in every home. He used it for a cold and it effected a speedy cure. He says: "It is indeed a grand remedy, I can recommend to all. I have also seen it used for whooping cough, with the best results." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

The Epworth League of St. Paul's M. E. church held a "Mum Social" in Sturgiss' hall on Monday evening. A program consisting of music, recitations, etc., was carried out. Refreshments were served. The "mum" feature was the leading one of the evening, and a prize was given to those who succeeded in keeping "mum" the longest.

[illegible] Sheriff [illegible] the Meyersdale [illegible] week, says: "He found himself a most efficient officer, true to the high trust conferred upon him in every particular, and as he is a young man, there is not the least doubt but that the people will again call him to serve them in yet higher positions when the opportunity affords."

Many stubborn and aggravating cases of rheumatism that were believed to be incurable and accepted as life legacies, have yielded to Chamberlain's Pain Balm, much to the surprise and gratification of the sufferers. One application will relieve the pain and suffering and its continued use insures an effectual cure. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. David Benson, of Terra Alta, met with a painful and what might have been a fatal accident here on Friday last. In attempting to jump from a freight train his macintosh coat caught fast to the car and threw him to the ground. He remained unconscious all next day, but on Sunday he had so far recovered that he was taken to his home at the above place.

There is good reason for the popularity of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Davis & Buzard, of West Monterey Clarion Co., Pa., say: "It has cured people that our physicians could do nothing for. We persuaded them to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and they now recommend it with the rest of us." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by the Oakland Pharmacy.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

"IT."

BY A BARON VON ROBERTS.

ENTERING my wife's boudoir after a temporary absence from home on business, I discovered her upon her knees before an arm chair, upon which sat a small boy with very large, round, surprised eyes. She rose, came rustling towards me, and, greeting me with neither more heartiness nor more formality than was her wont, "There it is!" she cried, pointing to the child.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

She was crouching again in front of the little one, holding a biscuit before his eyes, and, turning half towards me, she said:

"Why, don't you know we read about it in the paper the other day? Isn't it nice?"

I remembered then that a few evenings back she had thrust a newspaper into the circle of the light beneath my lamp and had said, pointing to an advertisement: "There! just read that!" It was the well-known "petition to the charitable"—a despairing cry from a stricken heart, from a mother, offering her child for adoption by well-to-do people.

"What do you think about taking it?" she had asked, and I had only given her back the sheet with a shrug of the shoulders.

"But, Martha, what is the meaning of all this?" I cried, with a sharp note of indignation. "You can't have really—"

"Certainly I have, as you see," she replied. "And it belongs to me. I have made a bargain with the unhappy mother, and made her a solemn promise, too, that it shall be well taken care of. Yes, that it shall!"

She took the little head, with its light brown, silky, curling hair, caressingly between her hands.

"Eh, little one? You shall have a good time, shan't you?"

Not a feature of the little, delicate, rather sickly, face changed; but from the bow-shaped mouth came one of those curiously deep child sighs. I soon gave up all serious protest against the arrangement, and, indeed, for years each of us had been in the habit of going our own way.

Our marriage was not happy; anything but happy, in fact—although we had not married for love. The union had been arranged by our respective fathers amid the clink of money on the exchange. She had wrenched her heart away from another's—in mine a silent passion still glowed; but figures were obedient children. At first each of us was a dumb reproach to the other, then followed wretched days of declared war, till at last we settled down to a polite but colorless peace.

And yet she was pretty and good, she had brilliant parts, and other people went so far as to call her "a perfect angel." How about myself, then? Well, I don't think I was exactly a monster. Analysis revealed the existence of the finest rainbow colors, yet the sun was lacking. We had been married six years and had no children — perhaps otherwise. Well, and so the child was her property! What was more, she had given the mother 1,500 guldens, the value of some jewels she had sold secretly and in haste.

"Why did you not tell me about it?" I burst out at this intelligence.

"Because it would have been too late if I had waited till you came back—and I wanted to have it for myself alone!" she said, defiantly.

My horses, my dog—her canary and her goldfish! That was reasonable enough. But that she should wish also to have her child all to herself—it was

SITTING IN HIS CHAIR LIKE A PRINCE.

really a little too much. The thought worried me during two days. On the third, when she had driven out, a muffled woman desired an interview with me. It was the mother of "her child." Like a shadow she stole through the door, and pleaded with low, half-stifled weeping "to see her darling once again—she could not part from him like this."

I immediately opened my cash box. "There, my good woman," I said, "take this—you have not been paid enough." Then she broke into wailing sobs. I must not condemn her until I knew the extent of her misery. She had another child, a poor, helpless cripple, and she herself was ill and had not long to live. What would become of this unfortunate being when she was gone. Well, she had thought to herself—the sentence was interrupted by a violent fit of coughing—she had thought, as I made out the broken words: "I will sell the healthy child that the cripple may have something to live on when I am dead."

Ah! she was not to be condemned—we rich folk have an easy code.

When my wife came back I told her about my visitor. "I gave the poor thing exactly the same amount as you had given her," I said. "So now, you understand, the child belongs to both of us."

She bit her lip. "It is all the same to me," she observed, after thinking for a moment, and kissed the little one with a vehemence that sounded like a challenge.

Our child, forsooth! I hardly ever got a sight of it, and all the changes our establishment suffered on his account happened as it were away over my head. Sometimes, in more than usually important matters, my consent was grudgingly asked. "We need a nurse; I have already secured one, Anselm."

I nodded mutely.

Or it would be: "We must arrange a nursery—it is too warm for the child up there."

Again I nodded, without a word—the workmen were already busy in the passage. There was nothing to be done, for was it not all for our child?

We two seldom talked about him. When we did, we always spoke of him as "it." But I was all the more conscious all day long of the presence of this it in the house. "Hush! not so much noise; it is asleep. It must have its dinner. It must go out. It has hurt itself." The whole household began by degrees to revolve around it. This nameless Neuter annoyed me.

"It is absurd; he must have a name," I said, at last.

"I quite forgot to ask the mother—I mean the woman—his name," answered my wife. "She said she was coming again, but she has never been; I suppose she is ill. Well, I shall call it Max. Max is pretty and short. Don't you think so?"

"Hm," said I, between two puffs of my cigar. "Fritz is a nice name, too."

"It can't have its name changed about for what everyone thinks," she answered, shortly; and, going to the door, she cried: "Is Max up yet?" Our child, indeed!

On one occasion, however, I did assert my due share in our child. At lunch time it was having dinner at a little table in the adjoining room. In the intervals of our scanty, flickering conversation we heard his merry babble, accompanied by the rattle of his spoon. My wife had not a moment's rest; she was perpetually to and fro between our table and his, to see if the soup were not too hot, or if it were not perhaps taking too much.

"Wife," I said, quietly, but very decidedly, "from to-morrow it shall have its meals at table with us. It is two years old—quite old enough."

From that time it dined with us. Sitting up in its high elbow-chair like a prince, close beside my wife, the two opposite seemed like a hostile party. The poverty-stricken, yellowish pallor of the little face had given place to a delicate, aristocratic bloom, and the round cheeks above the stiff folds of the dinner napkin looked prosperous and cherubic. Bravely did it work away at its soup, and when it was finished its spoon rattled like a sceptre. My wife and I had exchanged a few words and now sat silent. As the silence was prolonged, the great eyes seemed to open wider and wider. They gazed at my wife, gazed at me, in astonishment, almost uncannily comprehending, like the eyes of a grown-up person who felt that all was not as it should be between us. I confess frankly that those eyes confused me, and that it was a relief when Friedrich entered with the next course. And I know my wife felt the same.

It was the same thing next day. The big, wonderfully blue eyes always seemed to be gazing a sort of reproachful question at the pauses in our talk, and, absurd as it may seem, we two, man and woman, felt ashamed before the child. Thus it happened that by degrees our talk became more animated; we explained and elucidated the opportune lispings to one another, and even sometimes laughed heartily together over the little one's stumbling efforts at talk.

Her laugh was as clear and pure as a bell. How was it I had never noticed it before? It happened often now that as I bent over my writing that ringing laugh seemed to sound clearly in my ears, as though borne from afar.

With the first spring days it carried on its doings in the garden, of which I commanded a view from my seat in the office; and she was generally there, too. I heard the patter of the little feet in the gravel, and then her step. Now, as she made a snatch at it, its chirping voice vied with the chorus of sparrows—now she held it, and I heard the sound of kisses.

How could I work with such music going on? I had opened the window; a warm balmy air streamed in, and a butterfly strayed on to my writing desk. Then she appeared from behind a green-besprinkled thicket, dressed in dazzling white, upon which the sun poured a flood of golden light; only her face was in the rose-colored shadow of her parasol. Slim and graceful, she came towards me. I must have been blind! Why, the aunts and cousins were right—she was beautiful! A charming smile lit up her features; certainly at that moment she was happy—and the happiness came from "her child."

A voice within me said, perfectly distinctly: "You are a monster."

I got up and went to the window.

"What a fine day!" I said. The prosaic words fell cold as the shadow of a heavy cloud upon a sunny landscape. She made some reply which I did not hear, but the happy light had vanished from her face. Then she lifted up the child, which stretched out its arms to her, and caressed it before my very eyes.

It was then that the first feeling of jealousy awoke in me. Real jealousy, though of so odd a kind that I was not quite sure as to its object. When it called her "mamma" a stab went through my heart, and the embraces with which she overwhelmed the little one put me beside myself. I was jealous—of both of them! I was sore at having no share in the drama, at not making a third in the bond, and resolved to take steps to give myself a claim to it. Alas! I thought drearily, the child was afraid of me; and as for herself, I had kept her, as it were by force, at a distance, through long years.

One day at dinner there was profound silence after a skirmish of words—a painful silence. I stared down at the painted flowers upon the Meissen plate before me, a pucker of anger upon my forehead; but all the time I felt the great eyes of it full upon me—and hers, too. The rays from those four eyes seemed to burn upon my forehead. Suddenly the silence was broken. "Pa-pa!" And again, louder and more confidently, "Pa-pa!"

I started. It was sitting there gazing at me in terror of the storm its word would call down. She had turned scarlet, and her lips trembled. No one but herself could have taught him that "papa." My heart was warm within me—why did I not spring up, and with a word, a touch, cancel forever those dreary six years? The right word at that moment would have done it, but I was under a spell. I did not.

There was no doubt that we had a curly-head a new spirit had taken possession, a spirit which made me a stranger in my own house. The rooms were illumined even when the sun without was hidden by clouds. The faces of the servants, even inanimate objects,

HE FOUGHT AGAINST MY EMBRACE.

seemed to reflect it; only I was left untouched.

I became more and more wretched in my solitude. My jealousy grew apace and filled me with mad thoughts. I would oppose the little tyrant—absurd idea! I would set before her the choice between him and me—ah, but which way would her heart have gone? At one time I thought of taking steps to trace the unhappy mother, and to enable her by a gift of money to take back her child. Yet, behind my wife's back, that was too mean.

I could not work—I looked troubled and confused, and when people asked what ailed me I [illegible] out, and the spirit of love was stronger than I, and drove me forth.

"I must go on a long journey, Martha." My voice trembled as I said the words, and my wife observed it. Something like a tear of pity made her eyes bright.

She held the little one towards me as I was going. "Won't you say good-by to our child, too?" she asked, in a gentle, persuasive tone.

I suppose I took him up too roughly, for he began to cry, and fought against my embrace. I put him down and hurried away. I wandered hither and thither about the world, and to my first companion—ill-humor—another soon joined himself, who informed me straight that I was a fool. I heard it first as a whisper, but the words grew louder and more mocking; what a fool I was! At last I began to read it in the newspapers. I saw it written on the blue mountains; it was borne to me in the shriek of the engine. Yes, yes, I quite believed it—enough! But why did I not turn round at once and go home? Ah, the fool had to work out his folly before all could be set straight.

At last, full of tumultuous feelings, I returned home. A solemn stillness reigned in the house; every sound seemed subdued and mysterious. My wife came towards me, her eyes red with weeping. "It is very ill—dying!" she sobbed. I tried to calm her, but her fears were only too well founded. Only a short respite of hopeless anxiety! Through the last night we both sat by his cot, one on either side, and each of us held one of the little hands. How the pulses beat and throbbed! Quick, sharp, fever beats; and every beat was an admonition: "Love—love—be good." Together we felt the measure and understood the exhortation. Our eyes met through tears, and the look was a sacred vow. Words would have been sacrilege. Then we laid it to rest in the warm spring earth.

Afterwards, when we sat again at table for the first time, again there was silence between us. But it was another sort of silence to that which the poor little stranger had interrupted with his lisping "pa-pa." His high elbow-chair still stood against the wall, and on the board in front of it lay the spoon-scepter.

My wife held out her white hand to me across the table. "Did you love it a little, too?" she said, and her voice shook.

"My wife, my own dear wife!" I was at her feet, I held her hands. * * *

And then I pointed to the high chair. "It came to teach us love," I whispered.

"And when it had done its work it went back to the angels," she said, crying.—From the German, in Strand Magazine.

—The bigot for the most part clings to opinions adopted without investigation, and defended without argument, while he is intolerant of the opinion of others.—Buck.

NO MORE GREAT RANCHES.

Instead a Syndicate Will Control California Lands for Small Farmers.

A syndicate has been formed to purchase and place on the market over a dozen of the largest and most valuable ranches in northern California. All arrangements for closing the deal have been perfected, and within a few days all the papers required to bind the holders of the vast tracts of land to the terms of the transfer will be drawn up and signed. From present indications the syndicate will close with 153,000 acres, though it is probable that an additional 10,000 of the Cone ranch may be admitted into the deal. All this property, which is now owned and cultivated by a few wealthy men, will be cut up into small ranches of 20 and 40 acres and be improved with dwellings and outhouses. When the vast acreage of the syndicate land is taken into consideration, and the fact that the land has a frontage of 74 miles on the west bank of the Sacramento, besides a large frontage on the east bank, the colossal extent of the big land deal will be readily apparent.

Arrangements are not completed as to the Cone property, as it is not definitely known whether the original offer of the Cone estate of 3,000 acres will be supplemented with an additional 10,000 acres. Arrangements have been completed for the transfer of 153,000 acres. The most important holdings in the list are as follows: On the west side of the Sacramento river—Boggs, 12,400 acres; Glenn, 41,500 acres; Chambers, 20,000 acres; Finnell, 20,000 acres; Tyler, 2,000 acres; Hamstreet, 1,500 acres; Hart, 1,500 acres; Rawson, 4,741 acres; on the east side of the river—Revis grant, 8,000 acres; Bidwell, 7,000 acres; Cone, 3,000 acres; Wilson, 3,500 acres. These are the principal holdings, and they are interspersed with smaller holdings of 1,000 acres and less.

Mr. Chambers, who has placed 20,000 acres in the syndicate, is a prominent capitalist of St. Louis. His agent and attorney in fact is John Finnell, who has put an equal amount of land into the pool. To expedite the work of dividing the big holdings into small improved ranches, and thus attract settlers to California, a corporation will be formed, to which all the lands enumerated will be deeded eventually. The sale of the stock of the corporation will be used to pay the owners for their property, though many of the owners have signified their willingness to take the purchase price of their land, in part, at least, in stock. Then the plan will be to subdivide the land into classes. Lands are to be offered at prices that will represent their relative value, and whatever surplus is derived above the cost to the corporation will be distributed to the purchasers of the land when the first subdivision of 10,000 acres is closed out. The object is to sell the land at a very low figure, it being the ultimate and paramount object of all interested to secure a subdivision and occupation of the country by actual settlers.—San Francisco Chronicle.

COAL TEN DOLLARS A TON.

Price for It.

Ten dollars a ton is a high price for coal, but that is what the unfortunate poor, who can at one time purchase only a small quantity of the necessities of life, have to pay for it.

"Ten cents a pail," answered an Italian dealer in coal, wood and ice, who occupies a dark basement on the poorest part of Second avenue, in answer to my question. I paid ten cents, took a pail of the coal to a scale and found that it weighed 19 pounds. At that rate the poor who have to buy coal in such small quantities—and thousands in the city have to—pay more than ten dollars a ton. The man of moderate means who has a coal house convenient to his apartment pays less than one-half of that amount, while the man of wealth, with a commodious cellar, who in summer lays in his winter supply, buys coal at a much smaller price.

Then the man of means, for his kindling wood, pays less than half what it costs the poor, who pay five cents for three of the diminutive bundles sold in their neighborhood. Measurement shows that one of these bundles contains 243 cubic inches, on which basis a cord costs $16.

The persons who pay these extravagant prices, and who buy potatoes in small quantities, when they are fortunate enough to have a few cents, pay five cents a quart, or $1.60 a bushel, while the man of means can lay in a supply for less than one-half that price.

From one of the small dealers I purchased five cents' worth of ice, and found that it was just one-fourth of the weight of the piece that my dealer charges ten cents for.—N. Y. Herald.

What Was Needed.

The minister had been in the little Kentucky town but a short time, and when he was called on to preach a funeral sermon he thought it best to pick up a few facts about the deceased.

"I trust our brother gone before us was a truly religious man?" he said to the surviving brother.

"You bet he was," was the earnest answer. "Why, brother, he never took out his gun to lay for one of the Simmonses without first prayin' three hours."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Hard of Hearing.

A prince went to inspect a rare collection of books in a little town. The mayor accompanied him. To his great amazement he discovered that all the books were placed on the shelves the wrong way about.

"What made you arrange them in that fashion?"

"I could not permit the volumes to turn their backs on your highness."—La Tribuna.

—Cloves are gathered in the month of December and must be dried quickly in order to retain the aromatic qualities of the spice.

THE TROUBLE AT ST. GRACE'S.

A True Account of the Cause of the Disbanding of the "Quire."

The trouble in St. Grace's choir was not due to the soprano or the contralto, but to a man. St. Grace's was a country church, and so high that the congregation preferred to consider their singers as composing a "quire," rather than a "choir;" and every churchman—no, every churchwoman—knows that from "quire" to "Rome" is but a step, and feels a delicious thrill at the idea of danger. The quire at St. Grace's, before the trouble began, was composed of men and boys, and was vested; and it sang very well.

It sang very well except for one man. He was a tall man, with a clean-shaven, lantern-jawed face, known to the quire boys as "Ham-and-Eggs." Why he received this title, no one knew; but he had it, and as no one ever called him by it to his face, it served quite well as a name for him. Ham-and-Eggs was rated as a basso, and sometimes he sang as a basso. But quite often, in the middle of a hymn or a chant, it would occur to him to sing falsetto, and he would sing falsetto. Once, even, in the middle of a solo, the spirit moved him to sing falsetto—"and he done so."

Now that sort of thing would raise hob, even in an evangelical choir; in a high church vested quire it raised much more than hob. The rector himself tried to persuade Ham-and-Eggs to settle on one voice or another; but without avail. Then he tried diplomacy and compromise.

"We've too many bassos now," he urged. "They overpower the rest of the quire. Now—what—do—you—say—to—singing—tenor? Hey?" and he looked inquiringly yet encouragingly at Mr. and Mrs. Ham-and-Eggs.

Mr. H.-and-E. spoke first, in his deepest bass.

"I will sing only with the voice God gave me," was what he said; and his stout better half remarked angrily:

"The mere suggestion is an insult."

Now Ham-and-Eggs had three sons, known as "Bacon-und-Eggses" (Bacon isn't so big as Ham), and to avenge the insult he and they absented themselves from the final rehearsal of the Easter carols. The poor parson was in a pheese. Were they coming on Easter to sing or were they not? He could learn nothing from the Skillet, as the boys had named Ham-and-Eggs' house, because the family was out. So he decided on a bold plan; he would ask some ladies to sing the soprano parts, and let the bass get along without Ham-and-Eggs.

"We'll put a screen in the chancel," he explained, "and the three Miss Blossoms can sit behind it."

The three Miss Blossoms were willing, and at midnight the parson gave them their parts of the carols and chants, and they sat up the rest of the night learning them. On Easter Sunday the quire was very weak; most of the boys had gone home for the vacation. But Ham and Bacon-and-Eggs were there, after all. The three Miss Blossoms were smuggled into the chancel and tucked away behind the screen without any of the quire knowing; and everything was prepared for the 11 o'clock service.

In time the processional began and the quire entered. The quire consisted of two bassos, Ham-and-Eggs one of them, one tenor, the three Bacon-and-Eggs, and no altos. But the three Miss Blossoms hadn't been warned not to sing until the male quire was seated; so at the first notes of the processional they began. The quire, prepared to sing, found some one out of sight singing away bravely, and was astonished and stopped—or most of it did; for Ham-and-Eggs kept on, first in bass, then in falsetto, trying to carry the song through.

After that, though, everything went smoothly; and having been warned by the rector during the service, the three Miss Blossoms did not sing all of the recessional, but executed a vocal tour de force by singing with less and less voice as the quire departed, and succeeded in producing an effect quite like the Turkish reveille, as one of them explained later to the rector, Mr. Partridge.

But the next day Ham-and-Eggs resigned.

"I don't mind what you said," he wrote. "I will sing only with the voice God gave me, and that voice I will take care of. There was too much echo yesterday in church; it injured my voice appreciably. So I beg to resign."

The Bacon-and-Eggses went with their father, and so St. Grace's quire came to grief.—N. Y. Sun.

A Royal Picture.

Years ago, when staying in Berlin, I was conducted over the private rooms of the royal family in the Berlin schloss. The old emperor's rooms were strewn with bibelots so numerous and so charming that a young princess might have envied them. On his birthday gifts of every sort, with bunches of his favorite cornflower, were sent to him from all parts of the kingdom. Blue was the predominant color of the decorations, and lapis-lazuli vases and ornaments were there in dozens. What struck me most of all his possessions was a picture painted in water colors by Empress Frederick, then crown princess. It consisted of a large bunch of gay flowers, and in the center of each flower peeped forth the head of one of the emperor's little grandchildren. In a withered violet was the baby face of Prince Sigismund, who, it will be remembered, died when he was but two years old. Old Gen. Field Marshal Wrangel was godfather to the tiny child, and gave him, I remember, a soldier's cap to wear. After his death the crown princess returned it to the general, and sewn inside was one of her darling's fair flaxen curls.—The Woman at Home.

—Eddie—"I ain't afraid; I kicked old Barker's bulldog yestiddy." Neddy—"Humph! I've been in a graveyard after dark." Teddy—"That's nothin'; I play on the trolley tracks every day."

WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE.

Mrs. Lobert Louis Stevenson has sailed from San Francisco for her home in Samoa.

Two of Mr. Edison's children are named "Dot" and "dash," after the familiar characters of the Morse alphabet.

Col. Bradley, governor-elect of Kentucky, is a man of gigantic stature, an able lawyer and an eloquent speaker.

George Vanderbilt intends to make Biltmore, his splendid place in North Carolina, a Mecca for all those who are seriously interested in the study of forestry, scientific farming and horticulture.

Keen Senses in Lower Animals.

Experiments indicate that spiders have a long range of vision. It is not always possible to tell, however, whether the lower animals perceive by sight or hearing, or by the action air in motion has on their bodies. It is asserted that mice are sensitive to motions of the air which to human ears create no sound whatever.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

SEEDY APPLICANT—"Won't you give me a penny, sir?" Corpulent Gentleman—"A penny? Why do you ask me for a penny?" Seedy Applicant—"Because I didn't think you'd give it to me unless I asked for it."

BEECHAM'S PILLS for constipation 10c and 25c. Get the book (free) at your druggist's and go by it. Annual sales 6,000,000 boxes.

ALMOST all my tragedies were sketched in my mind, either in the act of hearing music, or a few hours after.—Alfieri.

LIKE OIL Upon Troubled Waters is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar upon a cold. Piko's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

THERE is a difference between a cold and the grip, but you will not realize it until you receive the doctor's bill.—Truth.

ITALIAN music is fine because it is ground so much on the streets.

Remember

That good health, strong nerves, physical vigor, happiness and usefulness depend upon pure, rich, healthy blood. Remember that the blood can be made pure, rich and healthy, by taking

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The One True Blood Purifier. $1; 6 for $5.

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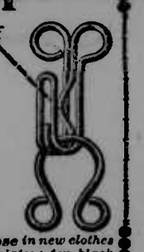

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The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

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DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

AGENTS WANTED for a new paying business. Big money in it for you. Sample and terms FREE. CHAS. MARSHALL, Lockport, N. Y.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

ONE VICTIM MORE.

He was our gifted one; alas for him;
Our noblest and our best;
False pleasure filled her chalice to the brim—
You know the rest.

The dear old story told, and told again—
Folly's alluring arts,
A cruel record writ with fiery pen
On broken hearts.
All that we had—we could have given all,
Nor deemed the loss amiss
Of worldly treasure, great as well as small—
But oh! not this—

A wrecked young life; hopes trampled in the dust;
Sorrows that burn and rend;
Peace, and faith, and love, and manhood crushed,
And then—the end.

O parents' tears! O piteous orphan wail!
O human lives undone!
In your strong misery, shall you not prevail
As time rolls on?
—Cushin Crowther, in Ram's Horn.

ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT.

Scientific Explanation of Brain Defects Caused by Inebriety.

A certain class of inebriates have arrested cerebral development and malformations. Certain organs and brain centers have stopped growing before maturity and left this part of the brain in a childhood and imbecile stage. If this arrest of growth is limited to the higher cerebral centers, abnormalities of conduct and character follow. Faults of judgment, of instincts, of consciousness, of the relations of right and wrong exist. Surroundings and conditions of life may conceal the real condition, but when they fail the imbecility appears. Often these forces are noted in quiet hygienic living, removed from mental exeitement and strain; or from the influence of a wife, or parent, or friend who directs the higher mental activities. When these are withdrawn they are without power of control and suffer from irritative excitement, which finds relief in alcohol. The use of spirits is continuous and the inebriety is of a low imbecile type. The increased action of the heart from spirits is fitful, and followed by depression and sudden violent impulses, particularly where the lower animal instincts are disturbed. The attempt to rouse a person in this state for any purpose is repelled with violence, because it breaks up the calm of the present. Obstacles to the gratification of his present wants are overcome, in a wild unreasoning way; ignoring all other considerations except the immediate object of his impulses, he is at once most certain and dangerous in his acts. The brain in such cases is not only undeveloped, but is incapable of receiving impressions of duty or obligation, and particularly from acting from outside impressions, unless directed by others. In a recent case the following facts appeared: A, born of neurotic parents, sufferod from a severe attack of scarlatina at seven years of age, was a strange, impulsive boy, both stupid and unreliable. At 19 he married, and for the next ten years was a quiet, steady workingman of low intellect, but inoffensive, temperate and living normally. His wife died, and very soon he became an inebriate, drinking at all times and places to great excess. He was violent when disturbed or opposed, and resisted arrest, and attempted to run away when in the courtroom. He was sent to jail for drinking and assault many times; finally he killed a man who resisted his attempt to steal a dinner-pail. He was hanged as a sane man, who deliberately and willfully gave himself over to evil impulses. The defense of inebriety from arrested development and inherited neurosis, which broke out at the death of his wife, was treated with contempt. Physical signs of degeneration externally, and the insane conduct and unusual acts, coming on suddenly, were ignored by the jury. These cases are not uncommon, but it is remarkable that they should not be recognized in the courtroom.—Journal of Inebriety.

DECREASE OF DRINKING.

Forces at Work to Bring About This Desirable Condition of Affairs.

The statement was made by Miss Frances E. Willard, in her address before the Baltimore convention of the W. C. T. U., that "men who drink liquor drink less of it, and more men do not drink at all, than in any previous year." And her statement is literally true; for it is a fact that the consumption of spirituous liquors has not, for years past, increased proportionately with the increase in the population of the United States.

Miss Willard's summary of the reasons for this proportional decrease in drinking is interesting. She says that "steam and electricity, machinery and invention, have put level heads at a premium. In the widening field of athletics alcoholic stimulation is discountenanced. The bicycle is the most influential temperance reformer of the age. The science, civilization and religion of the times check the drinking habit in our country."

All of which is correct; and Miss Willard has placed the most potent agency first. Of all factors promoting clear heads and strong brains in the present generation, those related to our industrial organization may be put foremost. We believe that there are not far from 1,000,000 men in the employment of the railroad corporations of the United States, and a large portion of them hold places of responsibility, involving duties which can be performed only by men of steady sobriety. An intemperate man in any of these places might at any time destroy life and property, and the railroad corporation that had many such men in its service would inevitably be ruined.

But it is not the railroads alone which require sobriety and intelligence among employes. In the other great modern industries in which machinery is used, in factories, mills, foundries, printing offices, the building trades, electric works, water navigation, and many more, in all of which millions of men are engaged, sobriety on the part of all employes is essential to the conduct of business. The clerks and salesmen in the great stores of our cities must always be sober men. In every pursuit of our times, in all the professions, intemperance is a barrier to success. The man of drinking habits, the tippler, is pretty sure to be "blacklisted" wherever he goes. Even employers who drink on occasions themselves will not employ men who have the habit.

The industrial world has been entirely revolutionized in 50 years. It is by taking account of the method under which the chief industries have been organized within a generation, largely through the uses of mechanism, that we can best account for the lessening of the drinking habit. We do not overlook the influence of athletics or bicycling, much less that of the moral agencies; but above any other influence, we reckon that of the new industrial forces and systems.

To bring the matter down to its last analysis, it is just like this: When you touch a man's pocket, you in effect touch the nerve which controls his appetites. When men understand that the line of advancement to prosperity and wealth is along the path of sobriety, they will eschew the drink habit. The modern revolution in industry, the dawning of the mechanical age, is a business factor which is lending efficient aid to pulverize the rum power. —Toledo Blade.

A TOUCHING LETTER.

Tender Appeal of a Father to a Wayward Son.

MY DEAR SON: What should you think of yourself if you should come to our bedside every night, and, waking us, tell us that you would not allow us to sleep any more? That is just what you are doing, and that is why I am up here a little after midnight writing to you. Your mother is nearly worn out and dying because you won't let her sleep—that mother who nursed you in your infancy, toiled for you in your childhood, and looked upon you with pride and joy when you were growing up to manhood, as she counted on the comfort and support you would give her in her declining years.

We read of a most barbarous manner in which one of the oriental nations punishes some of its criminals. It is by cutting the flesh from the limbs, beginning with the fingers and toes, one joint at a time, till the wretched victim dies. That is just what you are doing; you are killing your mother by inches. You have planted many of the white hairs now appearing so thickly on her head before the time. Your cruel hand is drawing the lines of sorrow on her face, making her look prematurely old. You might as well stick your knife into her body every time you come near her, for your conduct is stabbing her to the heart. You might as well bring her coffin and force her into it, for you are pressing her toward it with very rapid steps. Would you tread on her body if prostrated on the floor? And yet with ungrateful foot you are treading on her heart and crushing out [illegible] joy, no, I needn't say "joy," for that is a word we have long ceased to use, because you have taken it from us. Of course we have to meet our friends with smiles, but they little know of the bitterness within.

You have taken all the roses out of your sister's pathway, and scattered thorns instead, and from the pain they inflict scalding tears are often seen coursing down her cheeks. Thus you are blighting her life as well as ours. And what can you promise yourself for the future? Look at the miserable, bloated, ragged wretches that you see every day on the streets, and behold in them an "exact picture" of what you are fast coming to, and will be in a few years hence. Then in the end a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's doom. For the Bible says that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God. Where, then, will you be, if not in the kingdom of God? Will not these considerations induce you to reform at once? And may God help you in the effort! Your affectionate, but sorrow-stricken Father.—Selected.

Drink Bill of Victoria.

The Victorian drink bill for 1894 was £3,739,000 for a population of 1,174,000. These figures formed the text of an address recently delivered in Melbourne by Mr. Justice Hodges. The learned judge stated that, putting aside from the calculation women and children, who did not consume any considerable proportion of liquor, and reckoning the adult males of the colony at about one in five of the population, he found that each adult male, exclusive of professed Rechabites, consumed drink to the value of £16 per annum. This would give each adult male 52 gallons of beer, 23 bottles of wine and 18 bottles of spirits per annum.—Belfast Witness.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

The devil has hold of the boy whose father is a moderate drinker.

Victoria, in Australia, is following in Falstaff's footsteps. It has 1,174,000 inhabitants. Last year they spent $18,645,000 for drink, about $80 for each adult male, and only half as much for breadstuffs.

So long ago as January 29, 1894, the Wine and Spirit Gazette printed in its columns a carefully prepared statement showing 40,000 liquor-dealers in New York state, to which it added an average of two barkeepers of other employes each, making 120,000 voters directly interested in the sale of liquors.

There is hardly any doubt that the readiness of many foolish people to laugh over the drunkenness of others, to treat intoxication as a subject and occasion for fun, is calculated to encourage rather than to reform or avert intemperance. There is just as little doubt that the habit of ridiculing, abusing or degrading an unfortunate person who happens to fall between his cups does quite as much in the sad work of making and confirming drunkards.—Dallas News.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—It is estimated by paper makers that the consumption of paper for books is only six per cent. of the entire manufacture, the greater portion made being used in the form of wrapping paper or paper for the newspaper press.

—The United States Tobacco Journal declares that the bicycle has caused a reduction for the last year of over 700,000,000 in the consumption of cigars, the reason assigned being that men seldom smoke while riding a wheel.

—In "machine sizing," that is, the sizing of paper by a machine process, a solution of gelatine is employed. The quality of the gelatine used depends upon the kind of paper to be made. For the finest qualities of note paper the best grades of gelatine must be employed.

—A room in the Lawrence house at Exeter, N. H., has on its walls the original paper that its former proprietor, the late Jotham Lawrence, imported from Italy at great expense when the house was built, in 1809. It is known as landscape paper and is made up of scenes of the bay of Naples, no picture being duplicated.

—An old-time cart of a kind that is now very rare, even in the remoter southern districts, was driven into the market place at Lynchburg the other day. It was homemade, of course. The wheels were solid blocks of wood, shaped round or nearly so. The body of the cart was four feet high. A diminutive red steer was pulling the wagon, a wizened old darky was driving it, and it contained the darky's little crop of tobacco.

—Of the 4,914 sealskins brought into Port Townsend, Wash., during the season just closed, 3,650 were of female seals, an indication of the rate at which the seal herds are being destroyed. It is said by those who have been with the sealing fleets that more than half of the females killed were either nursing pups or were graved. The skins brought into Port Townsend only represent about one-eighth of the total catch of sealing fleets.

AN EXCITING RACE.

A Deer, Panther and Locomotive Have a Race in the Florida Woods.

C. C. Taylor, engineer of the Pablo railroad, has pulled a throttle for 36 years, and during that time he has had many novel experiences, but a few days ago he had one that has no parallel in his life's history.

It was during the run from Pablo to Jacksonville. Conductor R. Rogero pulled the bell-cord to leave Pablo at five p. m. The train slipped out of the depot and sped for home. About eight miles this side of Pablo is Cedar swamp, a tangled morass in which bears, wildcats, deer, and even panthers have been often killed. When about half way through the swamp an immense buck, wild-eyed and lathered with sweat, made a clean leap of 25 feet to the track, within 60 feet of the engine. An instant later there was a crash of the underbrush, and out of it came an inseemed to be lever with the ground. He was so eager to catch the game ahead of him that he had no eye for the train.

Passengers in the five coaches did not know of the exciting race going on ahead of the cowcatcher, but they did notice that there was a series of quick and successive jerks, and that the train was spinning along through the swamp at a whizzing pace. It was at this time that Engineer Taylor resolved to take a hand in the race himself. He pulled the throttle wide open and the engine fairly humped herself.

The deer was about 100 yards ahead, and the panther was 30 yards behind the deer. The deer was barely holding his own. Something seemed to be the matter with him, for he didn't run as he should. The deer kept the track for a half mile. Before he left the track, however, the engine crawled close upon the panther. He heard the rumbling of the wheels and the trembling of the track, and he quickly got out of the way, hiding himself in the underbrush by a series of successive and graceful leaps.

The deer did not quit the track until a quarter of a mile farther on. He took to the open pine woods on the opposite side to which the panther had leaped, and the last seen of him he was still running like chain lightning.

Conductor Rogero went ahead to see what was up when the train was running so fast, but only got there in time to see the deer scudding through the woods. He told a few of the passengers, but none of them was fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of the back.

Mr. Rogero says that deer have frequently jumped on the track on the Pablo run, and before this have had a race with the train, but this is the first time he ever heard of a panther getting mixed up in any of the incidents.—Florida Times-Union.

Knowledge Is Poverty.

The conversation was running on the proper method of disposing of the dead when Mr. Oakmont observed:

"When I die I want to be cremated. Then my ashes can be kept on the sitting-room mantel in an urn labeled 'Papa.'"

"Yes," added the precocious child of the family, "and when mamma marries a second time my stepfather will fire papa again."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Was an Even Thing.

Mrs. Upton—My dear, one servant is not enough in the kitchen now. We must have two.

Mr. Upton—Good lands! We have three daughters, and only yesterday I paid a big bill for their tuition in a cooking school.

Mrs. Upton—Yes, that's what's the matter. They are all assisting at the cooking, and Bridget says she must have additional help to clean up the mess.—N. Y. Weekly.

CHILDREN OF THE STATE.

Australia's System Is to Board Them Out in Private Families.

The British poor law system being unknown in Australia, where there are no work houses, it follows that there are no poor rates, such not being needed, although it may happen that from time to time the assistance of the state is claimed by, and granted to, able-bodied men who are unable to find employment, that assistance takes the form of wages paid for work specially provided by the state to meet a condition of the labor market which is certainly abnormal. The chief efforts of the authorities, as regard charity, are directed toward the rescue of the young from criminal companionship and temptation to crime, the support of the aged and infirm, the care of the imbecile or insane, and the subsidizing of private charity for the cure of the sick and injured, and the amelioration of want. Even where the government grants aid for philanthropic purposes, the management of the institutions supervising the expenditure is in private hands; and, in addition to state-aided institutions, there are numerous private charities, whose efforts for the relief of those whom penury, sickness or misfortune has afflicted are [illegible] all praise. The rescue of the young from crime is attempted in two ways—first, by means of orphanages, industrial schools and reformatories, which take care of children who have been abandoned by their natural guardians, or who are likely, from the poverty or incapacity of their parents, to be so neglected as to render them liable to lapse into crime; and secondly, by sequestering children who have already committed crime, or whose parents or guardians find themselves unable to control them. The problem of dealing with destitute children and those liable from their environment to become criminal is naturally surrounded with very great difficulty, and in New South Wales its solution was attempted many years ago by the establishment of the orphanages at Parramatta, and the destitute children's asylum at Randwick, as well as the Vernon training ship for boys, and the Biloela reformatory and industrial school for girls.

The system of crowding children in large establishments was rightly considered as open to many grave objections, and in 1880 a scheme of separate treatment was inaugurated, an act being passed by the New South Wales legislature empowering the formation of a state children's relief board, to whose charge the destitute or neglected children of the colony were entrusted. The board was empowered to take children from the various institutions and deal with them in certain specified ways. Starting with the charge of 59 children in 1881, the number has annually increased until the beginning of the present year, when it was 3,174, 1,822 being boys and the remainder girls. The greater portion of the children are boarded out in private families, a few are adopted, and, where [illegible] are of infantile age or possess [illegible] in charge institutions they are [illegible]. At the commencement of 1895, there were 1,239 homes with one boarded-out child each, 398 homes with two children each, 197 with three children, 88 with four children and three with five children. Where possible, families of children are kept in the same home; thus there are 282 families with separate guardians, the idea being to preserve intact the ties of family. The children are boarded out all over the colony, and are under the supervision of local women visitors, who give their services gratuitously.

A marked illustration of the popularity and success of the boarding-out system is to be found in the very large increase which takes place every year in the number of persons who desire to obtain the control of state children, and the illustration is the more gratifying when it is remembered that the applications are unsolicited in any way, and come from all parts of the country. Many of the boys are taken by farmers, but almost every leading industry and profession in the colony is represented in the list of guardians. The average cost of each child to the state is £13 18s 2d per annum. As the children grow up they are apprenticed to useful trades, the money paid for their services being placed to their individual credit in the government savings bank. Under the firm and energetic administration of the board the system has been a success from the very first, and is doing much to prevent the introduction of the hereditary pauper element among the New South Wales population. Where practicable, the parents are compelled to contribute to the support of their offspring, and it is encouraging to note that, while instances of misconduct on the part of guardians or wrongful conduct on the part of the children are comparatively few, the number of boys and girls who are rapidly becoming good and useful members of society is large, and steadily on the increase.—Australian Letter.

As She Understood It.

"Ten years ago," said the contemplative gentleman, "I was a bachelor and hustling for a wife."

"And now?"

"And now I am not only hustling for my wife but for her mother and two of her aunts."

He sighed.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Religious Man.

"Mmmma, can I play ogre?"

"Yes, my dear, if you wish."

"All right. Give me a piece of cake."

"Cake?"

"Yes; you have to have a piece of cake to play ogre. You see, I'm to be the ogre, and the cake is the boy that gets ate up."—Harper's Round Table.

—Oersted, the chemist, in 1819 extracted the active principle of pepper and gave a description of it and the processes he employed.

TALKING UNITED STATES.

A Small Boy Enlightens His Teacher on the Real Vernacular.

In a four-roomed house in a short thoroughfare in the most populous part of the west side live "Jamesy" and his family. His family consists of a father and mother, and a younger brother and a younger sister. Although "Jamesy," as the eldest child, is perhaps the most important member of the family, he is less than seven years old, and not very large for his age. The greater portion of his brief life has been spent on the sidewalk, where he learned to fight his own battles and take a few hard knocks without grieving. His father and mother are hard-working people, but they have been so busy for two or three years getting soup bones and firewood to throw at the wolf that "Jamesy's" education has been neglected. The boy learned many things, but he didn't get them out of a primer. For two months he had been "hustlin'" papers, until a truant inspector found him one day and took him home. "Jamesy's" mother was told that the boy belonged in school, and that he must be started in at once. She was a well-meaning woman and agreed that "Jamesy's" education should begin the next morning.

The boy went to the schoolhouse hall determined to "duck" at recess, but the teacher treated him so kindly and there was so much of a novelty in the show that he decided to remain. He soon began to feel at home, and he scraped up a whispering acquaintance with a small Jew boy at his right. The teacher interested him greatly. He watched her draw a picture of a cube, and then heard her read off a row of figures from the blackboard, and he concluded that she was the smartest person in the world, except the man at the one cent show who made a beautiful colored landscape while the orchestra played one tune.

Toward the close of the morning session the teacher said:

"Now, children, I am going to read to you a little piece out of this book, and I want you to listen very closely, so that you can repeat it to me when I have finished."

This aroused Jimmie. If there was anything he delighted in it was repeating, with sundry emphatic gestures, to his younger brother at home accounts of the daring exploits of Tom Dalton and Jesse James as he heard them from the lips of older boys. He was certainly interested, and if school was like this he made up his mind to put up with several disagreeable features and return the next forenoon. He straightened himself in his seat at the request to "sit erect," prepared to absorb every word of the expected story.

The teacher said: "Now, I will read this from this little book, and any of you who wish to can repeat it to the class in your own words. Don't try to say it as I read it, but just as you would say it." Jimmie's eyes grew big, and he was all attention. The teacher read this short lesson from the first reader:

"See the cow! Is it not a pretty cow? Can the cow run? Yes, the cow can run. No, the cow can't [illegible] horse."

"Criminy!" thought Jimmie, "is 'nt all? 'At's dead easy." His hand was up in a twinkling, in imitation of several others. His interested face caught the teacher's eye, and she said: "Well, James, you may try it, but be careful to get it right. You may stand up by your seat."

"Jamsey" arose. Ordinarily he was not bashful, but now his face was flushed, and he was trembling with importance, as he said:

"Get onto de cow. Ain't she a beaut? C'n she git n move on? Sure. C'n she hump herself ns fast ns de horse? Naw, she ain't in it wid de horse, see!"

The teacher was overcome, but, nevertheless, "Jamesy" was a favorite from that moment.—Chicago Record.

DON'T READ THE NEWSPAPERS.

Men Who Don't Care for Things of Contemporaneous Interest.

It may seem strange, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that you occasionally find a man who, by his own admission, never reads the newspapers—not because he doesn't know how, nor of dimness of eyesight, but for the simple reason that he has no desire to. If an observing student of human nature will study the mental qualities of such men he will with few exceptions find them to be narrow-minded in the extreme. The horizon of their ideas is often circumscribed by their own dooryard, and seldom extends beyond the limits of the immediate community in which they live. Ask such a man what the distance is from Harvard to Chicago, or what state borders Illinois on the south, questions that the average schoolboy can answer, and the prospects are he has forgotten, if he ever did know. Why, I have in mind a person in Harvard who thinks himself a mighty heavy weight (I mean intellectually) who was heard to ask the question a few years ago, upon hearing a commercial salesman recount some of the daring deeds of the great confederate leader, Gen. Lee, in the war, "If the critter was still living." This is no fairy tale, but an absolute fact. The idea I wish to convey in the strongest possible language in this connection is that to deprive an enlightened man of his newspaper, whether it be the most obscure weekly in the state or the ablest metropolitan daily in the land, is to take away his mental food and he is in torment until it is restored to him. If "ignorance is bliss," the man who never reads may be as happy as the one who does, but the latter will find no pleasure in the former's society, for the reason that he finds it difficult to confine his ideas within the narrow scope of the man who never reads a newspaper.—Harvard Herald.

—Mace is the covering of the nutmeg seed. After the fruit has been removed the mace dries around the seed and is subsequently taken off.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—To render linen, cotton or muslin incombustible dip it in a solution of common alum.

—Creamed onions are simply small, white onions boiled in salted water and dressed with hot cream and butter.

—Pound cake (measured in cup, and always reliable).—Two cups butter, three cups sugar, three cups flour, eight eggs, rind and juice of one lemon.—Prairie Farmer.

—Beef Croquettes.—Take any remains of cold meat, chop fine, add twice the quantity of mashed potatoes, well seasoned, one beaten egg. Form into cakes and fry in hot butter.

—Steamed Indian Bread.—One pint of sweet milk and one of sour, three pints of Indian meal and one of flour, one cupful of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, one of salt. Steam one hour, then bake one hour. Either eat warm or cold.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Minute Biscuit.—One pint sour milk or buttermilk, one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls melted butter. Flour to make dough just stiff enough to handle. Mix, roll and cut out rapidly with as little handling as may be, and bake in a quick oven.—Marion Harland, in Farm and Fireside.

—Fig Layer Cake.—One cupful of sugar and one mixing spoonful rounding full of butter creamed together, one egg, one cupful of milk, in which dissolve one teaspoonful of soda, two level cupfuls of flour in which two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar are mixed. Beat thoroughly and bake in two layers.—Good Housekeeping.

—Apple Compote.—Pare the apples, cut the cores out, leaving them whole; make a syrup, allowing three-fourths of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit; when it comes to a boil put in the apples and let cook until tender, but they should remain whole. Remove the apples to a glass bowl, and dissolve one-third of a box of gelatine in a half-cupful of hot water and stir briskly into the syrup, first taking off the fire. Then strain it over the apples. When cold, heap whipped cream over it. This makes a very presentable dish for tea or luncheon.—Housekeeper.

GIVING HIM A CHANCE.

A Bit of Western Chivalry Which Was Quite Uncalled For.

"Speaking of the tales of chivalry," said a government official, whose duties some years ago took him to points in the far west. "I heard of one in a locality I once visited which for uncalled-for chivalry rather exceeded the limit."

"But chivalry is not one of the things that can be exercised to excess, is it?" interrupted the reporter.

"Wait till I have finished my story and then I'll leave the question to your own ideas of it and let you settle it to suit yourself. It happened in this locality I mention that there was a 'bad man,' as there is in greater or less degree in all of those western localities, or, for that matter, in every new locality at whatever point of the compass it may be situated. Well, this bad man generally before he struck this neighborhood, and the people there, most of whom were trying to get out of the old way of doing things, gave him a wide berth and did as much as they could decently to get him to move away.

"But the place seemed to suit him and he wouldn't leave. Then it wasn't long until he began bulldozing the inhabitants by threats, turning himself loose in the streets and shooting up the town and now and then banging somebody through the leg or arm and narrowly missing the same sort of a dose himself. The people didn't want to spoil their reputation by lynching him, for they hadn't had a lynching for a couple of years and didn't want to have any more. Neither did any of them want to shoot him down in cold blood, because they proposed to be law-abiding.

"Nor did they want to assassinate him, for that was cowardly and sneaking, and they would give a wolf half a chance for his life. Still it was necessary for the good of the community that the bad man be put out of it, and finally five patriotic citizens fixed upon a plan. It was carried out one day after the bad man had done more deviltry than usual, and one or two prominent citizens were laid up for repairs, and the bad man still held possession of a saloon and was treating all comers to the owner's liquors. The five patriotic citizens, armed to the teeth, walked quietly into the saloon and tackled the bad man right there. They refused his proffered treat, and he got ugly and began to swear.

"'Now,' said the spokesman, firmly, 'you let up on that. We are here to settle with you; we ought to shoot you down in your tracks, but we are going to give you a show; you've got two guns and we've got ten; you may get one of us, or two, perhaps, but in the end our combination will win, and the community will get a much-needed rest; it may come a little hard on you, but you can never say we didn't give you a fair chance; get ready; one, two three, fire!'

"And the firing commenced. The bad man was game, but, as had been announced, the combination was too much for him, and when the smoke cleared away he was dead and two of his five assailants were in the same fix. Two good men were gone, but the bad man was with them, and the community felt better. Now," concluded the official, "what have you to say about an excess of chivalry?"

"He should have been lynched," said the reporter, with promptness.—Washington Star.

Progression.

Alice—What is Jack's occupation?

Lucy—He is a consulting engineer.

Alice—I see. If he should get any business he would consult another engineer.—Puck.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor

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THURSDAY, JAN. 2, 1896.

A HAPPY New Year to all.

THE General Assembly of Maryland convened in regular session in the State House at Annapolis on yesterday at noon.

Grover's Woolly Brain.

Judging from the President's message he still adheres to his free wool theories. When referring to some tariff concessions made by the United States by the Argentine Republic, he said:

"It is pleasing to note that the efforts we have made to enlarge the exchanges of trade on a sound basis of mutual benefit are in this instance appreciated by the country from which our woolen factories draw their needful supply of raw material,"

It is peculiar that the President does not avail himself of information that is at his command. The foregoing sentence implies, and was meant to imply, that our woolen manufacturers only secure their supply of raw material from Argentina. The exact quantity drawn from that country is not available, but the September report of the Bureau of Statistics, which office is within half a mile of the White House, gives our total imports of wool for nine months of this year, to September 30, and our imports from all South American countries, as follows:

TOTAL IMPORTS OF WOOL TAKEN FROM SO. AMERICA 33,855,406

It thus appears that all South American countries supplied us with but 33,855,406 pounds of wool out of a total of 193,559,281 pounds imported during the nine months. Even if the entire South American quantity came from Argentina, it was deliberate misrepresented on Mr. Cleveland's part to talk about that Republic being "the country from which our woolen factories draw their needful supply of raw material." Perhaps though, he was thinking only of the quantity that it was "needful" to import under protection and before free trade in wool had killed of the American sheep industry.

If Mr. Cleveland has the interests of the majority of his fellow citizens at heart, he will approve a bill to afford protection for our 100,000 farmers who raise wool rather than maintain the existing selfish law which was enacted to benefit only 2503 manufacturers. It will be interesting to note the position he takes on this question of "robbing the many for the benefit of a few." According to the Democratic platform upon which the President was elected, he will gladly assist the majority.

"Bill Nye's" New Year Meditation.

Of course the serious business on New Year day is to make good resolutions, and no person who respects himself or has due regard for the properties will begin to smash them until the bright-eyed young cherub whom we picture as the New Year has been long enough in the world not to mind hearing the crash of the fine china. Some authorities on the etiquette of the day say that while the breaking should not begin before sundown of New Year Day, it may be inaugurated after that time, as the cherub, being very young and tired out with moving in, may be presumed to have retired for the night. This however, is a doubtless point, upon which it is not safe to act.

Personally, I don't begin to toy with the good resolutions until late in the day. I work up to them by degrees. The first thing I do in the morning is to think over the good I have done. I find that I can finish this very nicely before breakfast by getting up at my usual time, which is six minutes before James, my butler, brings in the first course of sun-kissed strawberries. I think I may say, without undue pride that these strawberries are kissed through the not-house windows at fifty cents a kiss.

After breakfast I attend to my regrets for things done which ought not to have been done, and things left undone which ought to have been done. This is the long undertaking of the day, and I should have to pull down the curtains upon the still night and the white mantle of snow, and light the lamp before completeing it, were it not for the fact that I do not find myself an enthusiastic regretter, and soon tire of my work. I knock off with the comforting though that we should only regret enough to chastise ourselves, anyhow, and then with a firm, rigid upper lip should proceed to do better. We should let our sorrows heal, if they will, instead of keeping them open, torn and bleeding, as cowardly soldiers sometimes do to avoid the coming battle. I always like to shake hands with the New Year and bid it welcome, for it seems to me to be a sort of cleaning-day, when we can put our past out on the line, look it over, and pound it with a broom and knock out the dust of selfishness and unkindness.—Demorest Magazine for January.

Robbed In a Pyramid.

Dr. James J. Mills of Baltimore made a visit to Europe and Egypt. He passed through an experience that was as unpleasant as it was novel—that of being held up and robbed within the gloomy and musty walls of the great pyramid of Cheops, by the Nile. Discussing the trip, Dr. Mills said:

"If I had to live in a foreign city it would either be Paris or Cairo. Cairo is unlike any other city in the world. There is a strange mingling of the white faces of the Greeks with the [illegible] and the yellow skinned Arabs, who constitute the bulk of the population. Of course I wanted to visit the pyramids, and I undertook to do it without being accompanied by a dragoman. Against the advice of friends, I set out on the back of a donkey, with no attendant save the donkey boy. As the boy could speak no English and I could speak no Arabian, we did not talk much.

"We were followed out of Cairo by a swarm of beggars, whose only cry was 'Backsheesh, backsheesh.' When we reached the vicinity of the pyramids, we were met by a horde of Arabs, who could speak but a few words of broken English. They volunteered to take me inside the pyramid. With two of the wild looking sons of the desert we entered the great pyramid of Cheops, descending long, gloomy passages, passing the brink of an enormous well, traversing a footway which led along by the tombs of numerous dead and up a narrow passageway with a floor as smooth as glass.

"Here the ascent was so steep that it was necessary for one Arab to go in front and pull me along, while the other came behind and pushed. When we reached the end of this passageway, we sat down to rest. The atmosphere was stifling, while myriads of black bats flew clumsily about and gave an uncanny appearance to the place. It was then that my two Arab guides began to think of 'backsheesh' and ask in English, which I could understand painfully well, how much money I had. It was no place to argue with them, for if they had left me there I might have been there yet.

"I tried to make them think that I did not understand, but the result of it all was that they turned my pockets inside out and took all the money I had. Then they piloted me out in great glee and told me that I was a 'vury glud man.' I got back to Cairo as soon as I could, and there my friends told me I might have well expected to have been robbed."—American.

MARYLAND'S LEGISLATURE.

Republican Delegates Nominated Mr. Mudd as Speaker.

ANNAPOLIS, MD., Dec. 31.—Indications at a late hour to-night point to a deadlock in the upper house of the Maryland Legislature. The Democrats have fourteen votes while the Republicans have but twelve, but Senator Bruce, of Baltimore city, refused to-night to go into Democratic caucus and the majority was forced to nominate its candidates without him.

The Republican Senators met, discussed the situation, appointed a committee to wait upon Mr. Bruce to offer him their support as candidate for president of the Senate, and finally adjourned at near midnight until to-morrow without taking any action. It is thought that Mr. Bruce will be the Republican candidate for president.

The thirteen Democrats nominated John Walter Smith, of Worcester county, for president. Mr. Smith served as president of the preceeding Senate.

The Republican members of the House of Delegates nominated ex-Congressman Sidney E. Mudd, of Charles county, for Speaker.

Baltimore city's candidate, William H. Schiling received twenty-three votes to forty for Mr Mudd on first ballot.

Thirteen of the twenty-one Democratic members of the House canvassed, but adjourned until to-morrow, without nominating candidates for House positions.

LATER.—The Senate has been organized by the election of Mr. Bruce as its president.

New Year's Greeting to the Sunday School Workers of Maryland.

MY DEAR FELLOW-WORKERS:

In the dawn of another year it gives me pleasure to extend to you all, not only the compliments of the season, but sincere congratulation that you and the writer are still spared by the mercy of God to continue our labors in the interest of the children of this State. Many whose hearts and brains and hands, a year ago, were busy in the Lord's work, are to-day singing the triumphant song in the presence of the evening towards the end of our earthly journey. It is not only the worker whose hair is silvered and whose form is bent that is called upon to relinquish his hold upon the duties of earth, but the middle-aged and the young, for some wise, though inscrutable reason, are stepping into the grave. Thus we are reminded that the dawn of 1897 may not find us among the active workers of time. Then our pulseless bodies may be lying within the bosom of the earth and our spirits gone into the mysteries of the beyond. May God help us, and He will help us if we ask Him aright, to so utilize the opportunities before us, and avail ourselves of the means provided through the Grace of our Great Leader, that the work of our hands may be acceptable in his sight, and productive of great good to the cause we so dearly love.

The institution which I have the honor to represent as president, enters upon the new year with a lofty purpose, with a firm reliance upon the Infinite, with a consciousness of its high mission, and strengthened and encouraged by the unprecedented success of the past year. It is gratifying to know that the two leading principles for which it has labored so many years are more generally recognized to-day than ever before. They are, first: A spirit of fraternity and a co-operation amongst the people of God; and second: The magnifying of the importance of the Sunday school as a God-giving ugency for the religious education of the child, and the gathering of children into the fold of Christ. We do not undervalue the influence of the consecrated home which stands above all other agencies in the training of the child, and devoutly pray that such homes may be multiplied in our Commonwealth, and that the future may see the home and the Sunday school co-operative to such a degree as to form a wall of defence so thick and so high that evil cannot enter to negative our labors in behalf of the children.

Our hearts bleed for the many thousands of little ones who are without the hallowed influence of home, and are shut out, by reason of neglect of God's people, from the elevating power of the Sunday school. Let us go into the alleys and lanes of our cities, and into the waste places of our counties and gather these neglected ones under the shelter of the Gospel's wing.

May the blessing of God rest upon you all.

Asking, in behalf of our institution, your sympathy, your prayers, your co-operation, I am,

Fraternally,
G. S. GRIFFITH,
Pres't. Md. S. S. Union.

Baltimore, January, 1896.

Mrs. Elizabeth Compton.

To the Editor of The Republican.

The death of Mrs. Elizabeth Compton at the ripe age of seventy-six years and over, is an event that interests and effects a great many people especially the good and well disposed. She was affectionately interred in the Grantsville cemetery on the 23rd of December, 1895.

She ended her many days on the morning of the 19th of the current month at the residence of her brother, Mr. Jacob Brown, in Cumberland, Md., where she had been a visitor for about six weeks, sharing unusual enjoyments among her relatives and friends. About ten days prior to her death she incurred a heavy cold which soon developed into pneumonia. Her ailment at an early state indicated dangerous symptoms, though she was confined to her bed only three days. She was tenderly nursed and cared for by the family to which she paid a most welcome and enjoyable visit for most of its term, but near the close came deeply felt sorrows. Her death leaves the large, well knowu Brown family with but a lone member, the brother already referred to.

So far back as 1837 she became the wife of David Compton, a highly respectable citizen of the "Old County." He was a county commissioner during the late war, and made a very useful official. 1865 by the bursting of a threshing machine; death came almost instantly. Since then she has remained his widow—over twenty-nine years—keeping up the Compton estate intact for many years, but in recent years she has lived alone in her beautiful cottage on the ample farm now owned by her son Ross.

The children of these two worthy persons were six in all—J. Louis, the oldest, a doctor by profession with a bright future in plain view, but he died in the beginning of his professional career at the early age of twenty-seven years. Amanda, the only daughter, is now the widow Glotfelty, living in Birmingham, Iowa. Ross is so well knowu in the county that nothing need be said of him unless it be he was tax collector of the county only a few years ago. George, an amiable and good son, has for a number of years been a resident of the far away state of Washington, but not beyond the reach of the prayers and thoughts of his devoted mother. Charles and David B. both live at Webster, South Dakota, prosperous in business and well thought of. Both have families.

The personnel of the deceased was most excellent in all the relations of useful life. In girlhood she was devoted to and helpful of her widowed mother, Amy Brown. A faithful and true wife to a worthy husband—a kind, watchful and instructive parent, never weary of the manifold duties and cares for her children, with an amiable temperament, a delicate and sensitive nature, she despised rudeness everywhere and in every form. But when business responsibilities came upon her in widowhood, she showed business traits that would seem to belong to the other sex.

But religion was the chief feature of her life and character. Deeply pious, never unmindful of the powers and grace of God. Sixty years ago she became a convert and a member of the M. E. church in the old Grantsville church, built by her father, Samuel Brown, in 1816, the first edifice of the kind in what is now Garrett county. It long since disappeared, but her faith and fidelity to her religion and church endured till the last feeble breath went out, and it was a touching incident to see her at the end of more than two generations to return to the spot of her conversion, to have her body given back to the parent of all flesh.

NEIGHBOR.

Grantsville, Dec. 23, 1895.

Clinton DeWitt.

Clinton DeWitt, oldest son of Rev. Joseph DeWitt, died Dec. 17, 1895, at the age of forty-four years, one month and twenty days. He was married to Margaret E. Shank July 25, 1872, who still survives him, with a family of four children to mourn the loss of a husband and father. He united with the M. E. church at Hoyes during the ministry of Rev. Robert Laughlin, about twenty-eight years ago; continued to be a faithful christian, and at the time of his death was a teacher in the Sunday school. Being reared in a christian home, and married a christian woman, the family altar was soon erected and as a natural result it was a home of true devotion to Almighty God.

He was afflicted for many years, but bore it in perfect submission, and as he was about to cross the Jordan he told his daughter Grace that he would soon be with Jesus. The family has our prayers and deepest sympathies. May God bless them.

B.

Mason and Dixon's Lind.

Mason and Dixon's line is a boundary line running along the parallel latitude 39 degrees, 43 minutes and 26½ seconds. It was surveyed between Nov. 15, 1763, and Dec. 26, 1767, by two distinguished English astronomers and mathematicians, Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, to settle the constant dissension between the Lord's Baltimore and Penn family. At the end of every fifth mile a stone, which had been brought from England for the purpose, was planted, and on it engraved on one side the arms of Lord Baltimore and on the other those of the Penns, the respective proprietors of Maryland and Pennsylvania. The surveys were revised in 1849 and found substantially correct. This line must not be confounded with the name which was afterwards currently applied to designate the imaginary boundary line between the free and slave states a practice which took its rise in 1820, when in the excited debates upon the Missouri compromise bill John Randolph made use of the phrase.

To the W. C. T. U.

DEAR SISTERS:—When I see a black man like King Khama so filled with temperance zeal that he crosses the seas from Africa to plead with England to prevent the sale of liquor to his people I wonder at our own apathy in this great cause of temperance. Shall we not begin this New Year with a determined purpose to work for our beloved W. C. T. U. along all its lines, as we never have before? Phillips Brooks has left us this motto: "Courage and onward! He who planted the furrors, will ripen the corn."

ELIZA B. SWAN.
County Sup't. of Press Work.

Married.

GARRETT—DODGE.—On December 25, 1895, at the residence of E. B. King, near Deer Park, by Rev. William E. George, Resley Marion Garrett and Sarah Jane Dodge, both of Garrett county.

McROBIE—GILPIN.—On December 26, 1995, at the residence of Wilfred Chadderton, in Deer Park, by Rev. William E. George, Thos. A. McRobie and Ella Grace Gilpin, both of Garrett county.

TARLETON.—FREEMAN.—At the Commercial hotel, this morning, by the Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, assisted by the Rev. S. P. Crummett, of Kingwood, Charles William Tarleton and Cora Freeman, both of Palatine, W. Va.

SMITH. — DANTLEY. — At the same hotel and by the same ministers, this morning, John William Smith and Winnie Danley, both of Charksburg, W. Va.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

To Show Maryland's Great Natural Wealth the Object of the Undertaking.

A plan is on foot to make a geological survey of Maryland, the work to be done under the superintendence of the Johns Hopkins University geological department, of Baltimore, of which department Prof. William Bullock Clark is head.

The primary object of the survey as proposed is to establish the line of the marl beds, clay, coal, stone and other deposits in the State with the view of assisting their development.

Maryland's mineral resources have been the subject of expert investigation in foremost years. The first report of such a survey was published by Professor Ducatel between 1838 and 1845. The last survey was made in 1852 and its results are embodied in a report made by Mr. Philip P. Tyson.

It is claimed that with more modern methods of making a survey more detailed results may be obtained, these results to be at the disposal of capitalists, agriculturists and others to whom they will prove valuable. But the chief object which, it is hoped, will be gained will be the location of marl beds, by the judicious use of which it is expected that much of the played-out soil of the State may be rejuveuated. New Jersey and other States have resorted to the use of marl to build up broken-down land, and, it is said, with gratifying results.

Professor Clark is not prepared to say exactly what amount the State should appropriate for the survey but he thinks $7,000 would possibly be sufficient. Pennsylvania spent $50,000; California, $100,000; Arkansas, $10,000, and North Carolina $10,000, last year for geological surveys of these respective states.

Inauguration of Governor Lowndes.

For the accommodation of those desiring to attend the Inaugural Ceremonies of Governor Lowndes at Annapolis, January 8th, the B. & O. R. R. Co., will sell round trip Excursion Tickets, from points in Maryland, for all trains of January 7th and 8th, valid for return trip until January 10th, at greatly reduced rates.

Card of Thanks.

We take this opportunity of thanking the good people of Blaine and Kitemillersville who so kindly remembered us Christmas eve, with so many good things, joy and comfort. We pray that God will ever bless them for so kindly remembering us.

MRS. MARY E. BLACKBURN.

Educational Meetings and Teachers' Associations.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS OF GARRETT COUNTY.

OAKLAND, MD., December 31, 1895.

Educational meetings will be held in Garrett county as follows:

Oakland, January 3d at 7.30 p. m.
Accident, January 10th at 7.30 p. m.
Grantsville, January 31st at 8.30 p. m.
Selbysport, February 14th, at 7.30 p. m.

The public is cordially invited and earnestly requested to attend said meetings. Addresses will be delivered on topics of importance and interest to all interested in the public schools of our county.

A Teachers' Association will be held at each of the above named places on the following day, (Saturday), at 9.30 a. m. All teachers are expected to attend at least one of these meetings, and so many more as they conveniently can. The following are the programs for said associations:

ACCIDENT.

How to Teach Reading	J. L. Englehart.
Topical Talk, Attention	Miss Ella Torney.
Primary Work	Harvey Spiecher.
School Government	Miss Jennie Miller.

GRANTSVILLE.

Reading	John P. Miller.
Language and Composition	Miss Mollie Dorsey.
School Government	M. H. McKenzie.
Attention	S. H. Ralston.

SELBYSPORT.

School Government	G. B. Frazee.
Primary Work	Geo. W. Dunham.
The Teacher's Preparation	J. A. Fike.
Reading	Norval Speelman.
Attention	Jester Bartlhouse.

The Fall Term will close January 8, 1896. Teachers will then, carefully and neatly, make out their reports, including an itemized statement of incidental expenses, and send to secretary of the board on or before January 18, 1896.

The Board of School Commissioners will meet in their office on Tuesday, the 21st day of January, 1896, to audit reports of Fall Term, and to transact any other business requiring their attention.

WM. HINEBAUGH,
Secretary.

43-1

Estate of Robert Fraction, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

ROBERT FRACTION,

late of Garrett County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 6th day of July next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 2nd day of January, 1896.

B. F. CRANE, Adm'r.
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

43-1

Twenty Years Proof.

Tutt's Liver Pills keep the bowels in natural motion and clear the system of all impurities — absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, constipation and kindred diseases.

"Can't do without them" R. P. Smith, Chilesburg, Va. writes I don't know how I could do without them. I have had Liver disease for over twenty years. Am now entirely cured.

Tutt's Liver Pills

Piles.

Piles is so common that every other person you meet is troubled with it more or less. It seems to be a little thing and usually gets little attention. It may not be serious at first, but it makes a man sick—makes him nervous, cross, irritable—unfit for business. It robs him of sleep, takes his appetite—cuts down his flesh—and yet he is careless about it.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cures

will cure Piles. It will cure other things, too, but it is particularly good for Piles. It stops the itch and the ache at once. It may take several days to wholly allay the inflammation and reduce the swelling, but it will do it—sure. Has done it in innumerable cases. Never has failed.

Good for Eczema, Ring Worm, Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Dandruff, Pimples, and all Skin Diseases.

50 Cents--Drug Stores.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head and all Inflammation of the Nasal Passages. 50 Cents.

1896. **The Sun.** 1896.

BALTIMORE, MD

THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE.

FOR THE PEOPLE AND WITH THE PEOPLE.

HONEST IN MOTIVE.

FEARLESS IN EXPRESSION.

SOUND IN PRINCIPLE.

UNSWERVING IN ITS ALLEGIANCE TO RIGHT THEORIES AND RIGHT PRACTICES.

THE SUN PUBLISHES ALL THE NEWS ALL THE TIME, but it does not allow its columns to be degraded by unclean, immoral or purely sensational matter.

EDITORIALLY THE SUN IS THE CONSISTENT AND UNCHANGING CHAMPION AND DEFENDER OF POPULAR RIGHTS AND INTERESTS against political machines and monopolies of every character. Independent in all things, extreme in none. It is for good laws, good government and good order.

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The Baltimore Weekly Sun.

THE WEEKLY SUN PUBLISHES ALL THE NEWS of each week, giving complete accounts of all events of interest throughout the World. As an AGRICULTURAL paper The WEEKLY SUN is unsurpassed. It is edited by writers of practical experience, who know what farming means and what farmers want in an agricultural journal. It contains regular reports of the work of the AGRICULTURAL experiment stations throughout the country of the proceedings of farmers' clubs and institutes, and the discussion of new methods and ideas in agriculture. Its MARKET REPORTS, POULTRY DEPARTMENT and Veterinary columns are particularly valuable to country readers. Every issue contains STORIES, POEMS, HOUSEHOLD AND PUZZLE COLUMNS, a variety of interesting and instructive selected matter and other features, which makes it a welcome visitor in city and country homes alike.

One dollar a year. Inducements to getters-up of clubs for the Weekly Sun. Both the Daily and Weekly Sun mailed free of postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico. Payments invariably in advance. Address

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From Loch Lynn Fruit Farm, Nursery and Greenhouse.

Our Greenhouse } A few hours by mail { Your Kitchen.

Order a pound and see how nice they are.

THE HORTICULTURAL SUPPLY CO., Mt. Lake Park, Md.

Ripans Tabules relieve nausea

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 30, 1895.

There was a time when many Republicans who could not agree with what he did respected Mr. Cleveland because they believed him to be conscientious and straight-forward. That time has passed. Mr. Cleveland has shown himself to be a trickster. And in nothing has he shown it plainer than in that hysterical message appealing to Congress for financial aid. Although that appeal was made when Congress was ready to adjourn for the holiday recess — many members having started for home—the Republican majority at once gave up the idea of a recess and worked even on Christmas day to respond to the appeal, by preparing a tariff bill, not exclusively for protection but to increase the revenues of the country to the extent of $10,000,000, and a bill authorizing the sale of 3 per cent. coin bonds to maintain the gold reserve and of the issue of 3 per cent. treasury certificates to meet any immediate deficit. These bills have been passed by the House, though not a few Republican members voted reluctantly for the bond bill, rather than have it said that the Republican House had refuse to aid the President, and forty-seven of them voted against it anyway.

It is now clear that Mr. Cleveland did not want the aid of Congress. That was plainly shown when he, through Secretary Carlisle, declared that the House bill would not help the administration unless "coin" was struck out and "gold" was substituted therefor. That was asking an impossibility, for Mr. Cleveland knew perfectly well that the House was stretching things to agree to a bond bill at all, and that a bill for gold bonds could not get one hundred votes, let alone pass. But that isn't all. It is now announced that Mr. Cleveland will not wait to see if the Senate will pass the House bills, but will proceed to make another issue of bonds, and that it will be large enough to carry him through the remainder of his administration, and they are going to that same old syndicate, although a pretense is to be made of giving the public an opportunity to subscribe for them.

The five reasons which Representative Henderson, of Iowa, gave for supporting the bond bill that passed the House are weighty. First, the bill does not require a bond issue, only authorizing it if necessary; second, the bonds it issued would bear a lower rate of interest than those issued by the administration, and those it is now arranging to issue under the old law; third, it compels the administration to give our own citizens a chance to buy any bonds issued before offering them to foreign bankers; fourth, it does not retire the greenbacks, but empowers the Secretary of the Treasury to keep them out of the possession of speculators when necessary; fifth, it prevents the administration selling bonds to meet deficiencies in the revenues as it has done. This bond bill is a long ways from representing what Republicans believe ought to be done, but it does represent what can become a law if the Senate will consent, and that is the principal reason for its having been put through the House. The administration already has authority to issue bonds and no secret is made of its intention to use that authority. If those bonds could be issued under the House bill many millions of dollars in interest could be saved. That's the long and short of it; it isn't a question of principal so much as of dollars and cents.

The House committee on Foreign Affairs will report a resolution asking the President for information concerning the alleged utterances of Ambassador Bayard in public speeches. When that information is forthcoming, if Mr. Bayard has been correctly reported, he will hear from the House and it will not be a commendatory message, either. The same committee will ask for all the papers in the Waller case.

It sounds odd to hear men discussing the probability of half the electoral votes of Texas being cast for the Republican presidential ticket next year, but men who know the situation in the State are doing that very thing. Mr. Frank Welch, a Texan who is now in Washington, said: "There is hardly any doubt of a successful combine between the Texas Republicans and Populists, and their combined forces ought to be able to knock out the Democrats, as the present Governor was only elected by a plurality. It has been agreed that the Populists shall name the entire State ticket and that the presidential electors and representatives in Congress shall be equally divided with the Republicans."

The House having done a remarkable week's work will now proceed to take its recess, it being understood that it will only meet once more, just to comply with the law which says that neither branch of Congress shall adjourn for more than three days without the consent of the other, before next Monday, and no quorum will be needed at that meeting as nothing is to be done. The Senate has been taking things easy, but it can get down to work this week, if it so desires, as the reorganization of committees has been completed.

Mt. Lake Park.

A new leaf turned over.

1895 went out like a lion.

The new year starts in as if it means business.

Hereabouts everything is quiet. things will be lively in the spring.

There is more water in the lake than ever before in its history. The work of the past fall shows immensely. Garrett county as well as the Park can feel proud of this beautiful sheet of water.

Henry May and family have returned from their visit to Pennsylvania.

Capt. Hayden spent Monday last in Cumberland.

Howard Echles is clerking for P. T. Garthright. Howard is a rustler.

C. W. Hopkins has returned from his trip to Cincinnatti.

A petition will be presented to the Board of County Commissioners for the appointment of Thomas McCrobie as constable.

The switch from the B. & O. R R. to the Park ice house is finished. When the ice comes we will be ready to supply the country with pure spring water ice.

Lewis Peters has finished his house on I street and Washington avenue. What does a batchelor need with a house? It looks suspicious. Possibly the bird will come next.

Wm. Baumaw and wife spent the holidays in Pennsylvania.

The shareholders of the International Loan and Building Association of Washington City are proud of the way the association does business. One of its members applied for a loan of $400 on the 23d of Dec. On the 30th he had a check for the money. That is business.

X.

Loch Lynn Heights.

Major C. A. Ballou, of Briar-Bend Seminary, is spending the holidays in Baltimore.

The Hildreth house, on Lothian street, was completed last week.

Mr. Brison Welsh and family spent the holidays at Selbysport.

What gives the window pane?

The foundation on Sciota street is completed for the erection of Capt. Cochran's house.

Mr. S. B. Crane, of Corinth, W. Va., was here on a visit to his son, Mr. B. F. Crane.

Messrs. Edward R. Hamilton and M. L. Selby, of Bayard, W. Va., ate their Christmas dinner with families here.

Capt. and Mrs. S. M. Taylor, of Cumberland, were visitors to Loch Lynn the early part of the week.

Mr. Daniel Pleasants will soon begin the erection of his house on the corner of Third Avenue and Paull street.

Mr. John O'Donnell left Monday for Sistersville, W. Va. We wish him success in his new field.

INDICATOR.

Grantsville.

We are having a sudden and severe cold wave.

Clarence Potter, widowed son-in-law of Francis McKenzie of this place, who recently had one of his feet seriously injured by a saw while working in the lumber region along the W. Va. Central R. R., is here on a visit among his friends.

Geo. Smouse and family of Connellsville, Pa., are visiting here.

Leonard Kurtz has purchased 27 acres of James Bevans farm, on the south side of town for $60 per acre.

Christmas was celebrated by the Sunday schools of the German Reformed, Evangelical Lutheran and Methodist Episcopal congregations of this community by elaborately programmed services and tastily decorated interior of churches. The services consisted of songs, recitations, addresses, prayers, etc., and were in the main instructive, entertaining and interesting. They were well attended with the exception of those of the Lutheran congregation, which were held the evening after Christmas when there was a furious rain storm, thus preventing the attendance of many. The Christmas spirit, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men," prevail, is our humble and sincere wish.

Deer Park.

We have had some very welcome rains lately. Now we have some very bad roads.

The firm of Nethken & Bro. is changed to Nethken & Son. They have built a neat and attractive barber shop near their store building and a very accommodating barber occupies it.

A saw mill near this place and owned by Frank Nethken was burned one night last week.

Hon. A. F. George and his brother have nearly completed Mr. W. C. Jones' new ware room.

Mr. John Elliott, our hustling blacksmith, has built quite an addition to his already large shop.

Col. Geo. Truesdell, one of the commissioners of Washington, D. C., was here a few days last week. He was also out at his spring assisting in bottling water, of which there was nearly five thousand gallong shipped.

Examiner Hinebaugh visited our school last week.

Mr. Will B. Miller is at home here spending the holidays.

Rumor has it that S. C. Hoye will be our next postmaster.

Mr. John Speicher is preparing to build a dwelling house on Railroad street.

North Glade.

We extend best wishes to Mr. James Walter and his new wife.

Mr. Wm. O'Brien and Miss Sarah Howell were married the 24th inst. We extend congratulations.

Miss Lillian Garlitz, who is teaching near Cranesville, is spending vacation at home.

Miss Maud and Elmer Harvey, of Ryan's Glade, spent Christmas with relatives here.

Messrs. Alvin Friend and R. Frantz, of Sang Run, were guests of Theo. Beckman Christmas.

George Fitzwater is down with measles.

Our Christmas tree entertainment was a decided success. The church was beautifully decorated and a splendid program was rendered. Revs. White and Howard made interesting addresses. Prof. Hillenhagen presided at the organ.

Mr. O. I. C. speaks again in the *Mountain Democrat*. He continues to boast of his Democratic teacher. He says she can teach algebra and geometry. Good! But he seems ignorant of the fast that other Garrett county teachers understand these branches and can teach them, too. We are glad that Democrats and Republicans are generally opposed to introducing politics into schools, and our teacher is no exception. But our friend has discovered some Democratic waters since he has made his return voyage. It is needless to say that Republicans have some excellent springs in this section, and they don't object to Mr. O. I. C. or any one else taking a drink.

UNOME.

Bittinger.

Jonas Bittinger took a trip to Oakland and returned with Chas. Wegman's household goods.

Measels has been the order of the day for several weeks.

Our school has had a very small average on account of the measles.

Mrs. George Ralston has been very sick. Dr. Ravenscroft has been attending her.

G. W. Engle has been making some improvements at his store.

John Stark's family is down with the measles.

Amos Reckner and Noah Slabaugh are working in George Buckle's coal mine.

Water is very scarce in our neighborhood and parties have been driving their stock for some distance to water.

Mrs. Barbara Stark, of Avilton, has been visiting friends and relatives at this place.

Daniel Orendorf was compelled to close his school on account of the measels.

Miss Laura Wiley paid a visit to Swanton last Saturday.

John Harmon has his shingle mill on P. P. Lohr's land.

C. J. Brenneman has his saw mill on John Deitrich's land and has been getting in timber for John Richter's barn at Accident.

Selbysport.

The rain on last Saturday was a welcome guest to most of our citizens, as by it the water supply has been greatly increased thus relieving the people of a great inconvenience.

Our streets are now nicely paved —with about four inches of mud.

Sheriff Austin Brown was in town Thursday and Friday of last week.

A few days ago a man from Pennsylvania came into this neighborhood with an instrument of torture miscalled a "de-horner." It should have been called a "deformer," for a worse looking lot of deformed animals than those we saw this man cruelly deprived of the ornaments which God for some wise purpose gave them, would be hard to find indeed. It is rather a curious fact that after several thousand years of daily observation men should just discover that God made a mistake in giving cows horns and thus proceed to thwart his design by chopping them off.

Mr. and Mrs. Brison Welch, of Loch Lynn, are visiting Mrs. Welch's mother, Mrs. Amanda J. Moon.

We are sorry to record the death of Mr. Jackson Umble, of Markleysburg, Pa. Mr. Umble was for many years a resident of Garrett county and one of her most respected citizens. Mr. Umble was a son-in-law of James H. Rush. He leaves several grown sons and one daughter.

Grantsville

The thirsty earth has been refreshed by the recent rains, which have been insufficient, however, to increase the flow in the springs very much.

Albert Ryland, student in the College of Pharmacy, Philadelphia and Harry, his brother vice principal of the Central High School Lonaconing, are at home on a holiday vacation.

Ex-Sheriff Wegman returned home last week, from the "shire-town" and intends to resume his residence here. We gladly welcome his return.

Born unto G. J. Gnagey and wife a son.

Mrs. G. J. Gnagey has been very ill. Her condition was improving at last accounts.

Mrs. Henry Wiley has been very ill with a severe form of measels.

Mrs. Jacob A. Beachy has been quite ill with measels but is convalescent.

The public sale, advertised to be held, last Saturday by J. E. Gnagey was postponed until next Saturday on account of disagreeable weather on the day first named.

Mrs. Lloyd Wyland, of New Germany, died last Sunday night, of pulmonary consumption.

The funeral of Mrs. Compton, mother of ex-County Treasurer Ross Compton, who died while on a visit among friends in Cumberland last Thursday night, was held here yesterday (Monday.) Rev. J. H. Enlow now of Bayard W. Va., formerly pastor of the M. E. congregation here, officiated, which had been the deceased's last request when Rev. Enlow left here. The text was Rev. 14, 13. The deceased was 77 years, 5 months and 8 days old.

Elbow.

We are having some rain at this writing and plenty of ice.

Mr. E. Merrill's shingle mill is on a standstill on account of the sawyer meeting with a serious accident the other day by cutting his foot very badly.

Mr. Charles Broadwater and Mr. Yommer were out hunting a few weeks ago, and by some accident Mr. Yommer's gun was discharged and the contents lodged in Mr. Broadwater's heel, making a very painful wound.

Miss Cora Broadwater and James and Effie Merrill were the guests of H. M. Broadwater Sunday last.

Mr. Israel Duckworth and H. S. Crowe are busily engaged in getting out shingle wood.

J. W. McIntyre has his contract of props for the mine near Lonaconing about completed.

The Warnick Bros. have again started their mill, which was shut down on account of the dry weather.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wiland departed this world Dec. 22nd, and was laid to rest on the 24th. She was a member of the M. E. church at New Germany. Mr. Wiland and his family of three children have our sincere sympathy.

Rev. John T. Green will preach at the Gregg school house the second Sunday in January. Come out and hear him.

The Oakland School of Music.

Which was closed on Thanksgiving for a short vacation, will reopen classes on Thursday, January 2nd.

I take occasion here to thank all my friends for past favors, and to kindly solicit a continuance of the same during 1896. I seek to please all—to disappoint none. Day and evening classes open for piano, violin, organ and vocal culture. A special teacher will be employed to give lessons on the mandolin, guitar and banjo. For terms, etc., address, MRS. K. R. RASCHE,
43-3 Oakland, Md.

To the Public.

In extending to our friends and customers the best wishes of the season, we desire to thank them for their liberal patronage in the past and would respectfully ask a continuance of their valued favors.

During the ensuing year, we shall aim, as heretofore, to merit their confidence and support, if good goods, prompt service and the lowest living prices are taken into consideration.

It is no trouble, in fact we like to make estimates on material, whether we get the work or not; so please send in your bills for figures.

We find it unfair to those who do their own drayage for us to deliver goods gratis. So we shall, in the future, charge actual cost for packing, boxing, tying, drayage, etc.

Respectfully yours,
C. M. RATHBUN & Co.
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

For Sale.

A large Lighthouse double heating stove. Will sell for cash or trade for lumber. Call at furniture room.

D. E. BOLDEN.

Land For Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale 127 acres of the tract of land known as "Round Glade," lying in District No. 7, about four miles north of Oakland. For terms apply to F. R. Nethken, Deer Park, Md. 43-4

Coal! Coal!

At the Chauncey Kimmell mine. 4 cents per bushel for lump; 75 cents per ton for lime stone coal. Always on hand. 43-4*

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper under the caption "We Loan Money." The Mutual Guarantee Building and Loan Association which he is representing is one of the strongest new financial institutions in the country and the largest new Building and Loan Association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management is developing it very fast. Its assets have already reached over $2,000,000, which proves it to be positively reliable in every respect. The men that carry it on are responsible and well known gentlemen. This is a good association for the investor as well as for borrower. It has a life insurance policy connected with it which beats anything in any other association. It is good for both young and old and especially for the young man, as this policy matures in 7 years, the others in 8 years. So anyone wishing to make and save money rapidly will do well to invest in this association. Those desiring to borrow or invest will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars.

AN OBITUARY.

DEAD YEAR, upon whose bier I lean!
Dead Year, whose sheeted features lie
Half-formless in the falling snow!
You brought such joys, such sorrows keen,
Such mingled pain and ecstasy,
I cannot lightly let you go;
But pause awhile to shed a tear
That you should lie so low, old Year.

How blithe you were when first we met!
A flying chorus round you sung,
The snowdrops peeped to see you pass,
And where your hasty foot you set
Deep violets and field daisies hung
Their trembling blossoms on the grass;
And hope, with swiftly-moving wing,
You brought to make eternal spring.

A grass-green kirtle next you wore,
And gathered wild-flowers in the wood,
Sweet odors all around you stole
Forth from the chalice that you bore.
Knee-deep in tangled brakes you stood:
The red sun cast an aureole
About your golden head, old Year,
And that glad vision brought me cheer.

Then with a sheaf of ripened grain
Laid close against your heaving breast,
And crowned with purple grapes, you came.
I marked the brown and stubby plain,
I marked the forest's waving crest,
With tufts and branches all aflame.
With every feature grown more dear,
I loved you daily more, old Year.

At last the solemn winter laid
Its diamond crown upon your brow;
The icicles hung on the eaves;
And deep within the beechen glade
The bare trees in the blast did bow
Their heads all shorn of crisp, brown leaves.
You taught me how old age might be
Made grand by simple majesty.

Now garbed and silent for the tomb,
You lie before me still and white.
With burning tears I say: "Good-by,"
And take from out the darkened room
The happy hopes that once were bright,
In guise of tender memory.
What most was precious cannot die,
Old Year, although so low you lie!

—Curtis May, in Youth's Companion.

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE DOLL.

MARTHA, Jeanne and Yvonne were in the library with their mother. Add the ages of the three and you will have just 30 years. The last—the little one—was only eight, the second nine, but the eldest, who was 13, restored the equilibrium and made the average ten years a head.

It was the 2d of January, and the room was filled with great picture books with gilded edges, with dolls and with toys. Martha, the eldest, seated on a cushion, looked at a book posed on her mother's knee. The knees of a mother serve as a table, a chair or a refuge to little girls; even when they grow big, very big, they are not ashamed to climb them—perhaps when they wish to tease—and does their mother ever find them too heavy?

The second daughter was counting the plates of a wonderful porcelain dinner set, which she had spread upon the floor. It was no longer a full set, however, for she had broken three of the plates since morning.

The little one, instead of playing, sulked in a corner. Why does she sulk on the 2d of January? It is not natural, with all these beautiful surroundings. And the other two sisters are listening to every noise outside, and start toward the door when the bell rings. Can they be hoping for more gifts?

Yes; a gift which they long for most evidently, which they have seen in their dreams for two weeks, a gift promised them by a friend who has known them all their lives, who loves them with all his heart.

A little while before New Year's he had called them to him and said: "What shall I give you for New Year's?" They had expected the question and had an answer ready. With one voice and as one man they made answer: "An indestructible doll!"

"An indestructible doll?" he repeated. "I will remember it. You shall each have your indestructible doll."

"Oh, no!" cried Jeanne, "they would be too small; we want one, only one, but a big one, as tall as this, as tall as Yvonne."

"But are there any?"

"Yes, indeed; we've seen them."

"And you will all play with the same doll?"

"Yes," replied Martha, the eldest. "I shall be grandmother, Jeanne the mother and Yvonne the aunt."

"What a charming family! You shall have your indestructible doll, my dears, as tall as this, early in the morning, on New Year's day."

But on New Year's day, neither in the morning or the evening, did the indestructible doll arrive.

"It seems to be the invisible doll, not the indestructible doll," said their mother, who herself felt the chagrin and disappointment of her children. How could the good friend have forgotten them so? It was extraordinary for him. If he were still in Paris she might write to him and say: "Is it possible you are keeping the doll to play with?" But he had gone to spend New Year's day with his mother in the country.

But as Jeanne on this 2d of January broke her fourth plate the bell rang. Martha left her book, Jeanne her dinner set, Yvonne her corner, and all three in a row waited anxiously. The good friend appeared. They rush at him, embracing him, perhaps a little absent-mindedly, looking all around him. Of course he has the baby; perhaps he is dragging it by a limb. No, he is alone—quite alone; nothing in his pockets, nothing behind him.

Martha and Jeanne, being big girls, made faces, but did not dare to cry, but the little one, who had not yet acquired a respect for conventionalities, could not help it and began: "And the indestructible doll?"

"Well, are you pleased with it? Is it large enough?"

Astonished and perplexed, they look at him; at their mother, who says: "Your baby must have stopped on the way, for she has not arrived. You don't know what a life these children have led me."

"What? I bought her day before yesterday evening, and they promised to send her yesterday morning."

"You must have given the wrong address."

"Not at all."

"Then there is some mistake."

"Probably. Give me half an hour, children, and I will bring your baby back again, dead or alive."

He fled. The smiles returned to the children's faces. Yvonne pouted no longer, but helped Jeanne to break her plates. Ten minutes elapsed, then another ring at the bell. The good friend could not have returned so soon; it was probably some visitor. No, the maid entered and said: "There is a man who wishes to speak to madame."

"What does he want?"

"He did not say, but it seemed to be something very important."

"Where is he?"

"In the reception room."

"Very well. I will speak to him."

She rose, went out of the parlor, leaving the door open, and advanced toward the stranger who was waiting there. He was a man of 40 years, with a sweet, sad smile, his bearing was modest, self-respecting.

"What do you wish? What have you to say to me?"

"Madame, I want to explain to you, but it will be a little long."

"Go on, I am listening."

So, with a trembling voice, which gradually grew stronger, speaking quickly, very quickly, as if he were in a hurry to get through:

"Madame, last year at this time I was clerk in a banking house. My salary enabled me to live and support my wife and two little girls, and as the house in which I worked seemed prosperous, and the greater part of the employes placed their savings there, I did as they did. I gave all my savings and 3,000 francs which I had invested. In the course of the year the house stopped payments, dismissed its employes and closed its doors. I had lost not only what I possessed, but also my place." He stopped, took breath, and with his eyes lowered, twisted his soft hat with nervous fingers, and continued: "I was desperate, but no one has a right to allow himself to be discouraged when he has a wife and little children. I began to look for another place. Alas, I could not find one. Everywhere they

"AN INDESTRUCTIBLE DOLL," I REPEATED.

said to me: 'Times are hard just now, we have too many employes, come later and we will see.' I came later, to have the same reply. What could I do? I was obliged to hide it all from my wife, for she was very sick with consumption—she died last month—"

Mme. X. still standing, leaned against a desk a few steps away from the man who was speaking and listened without much emotion. His story resembled all others usually retailed by the needy, the private beggars. She was tempted to say: "There, that will do—it tires me to stand up and listen to you. How much do you want? Five francs I suppose! Here it is." But she did not, for this unknown man inspired her with a sort of unreasoning sympathy, and then the three little girls, finding the parlor door open and seeing their mother in the reception-room had come out and were leaning against each other looking with all their eyes and listening with all their ears. So she did not dare, before her little girls, to interrupt this poor man and send him away too abruptly. It was one of her principles that children ought to be taught while very young, to be charitable and listen patiently to the complaints of unhappy people. The man continued:

"My last resources were exhausted by my wife's illness, and I was so unhappy that I did not know anything and did not hope for anything. It is still more pitiful you see, madame, at this time of year, because the streets and the brilliant stores have such an air of festivity. At each step you meet people carrying flowers, candy, presents; and all the toy stores with their playthings! Oh! It was that above everything else which made me sick at heart! All these playthings and my children would not have even one of them! More than that, several days before her death, my wife, with her eyes resting on her little girls, murmured in my ear: 'I shall not live until the New Year. You will give them some pretty New Year's presents for me, will you not?"

As he said these last words, the long repressed tears escaped their bounds and fell down his cheeks. At last Mme. X. was moved, she no longer leaned carelessly on her elbow against the desk, but was standing up, resting her hands on the three heads pressed in a heap against her.

He wiped his tears, and with a stronger voice, went on with his story: "If my wife had thought of New Year's gifts during her last moments, my children did not forget them either. They did not know that I was poor and miserable. What good would it do to tell them? Would they have understood it? In the evening when I came home after a thousand useless attempts to find a situation, they surrounded me and said: 'Papa, you will remember us on New Year's day, will you not?' I replied: 'Yes, yes, I think of you children, I always think of you.' Then the older one, encouraged by my words and my smiles, said to me one of the last days of December: 'What we want, sister and I, is a beautiful doll which we saw the other day. Oh! such a doll! A very, very large doll. An indestructible doll.'

"An indestructible doll! I repeated the words over and over again, and repeated them all night during my sleep." Martha, Jeanne and Yvonne, after his mention of the indestructible doll, listened more attentively than ever, silently pressing their little hands together with excitement.

"It was several days afterwards," continued the unknown man, "that I was returning for the tenth time from an employment office, when some one told me that X, the great toy dealer, wanted more hands to deliver packages and offered good wages. I did not hesitate about applying, and was accepted. And all day long, as well as evening, I was traveling about to every quarter of Paris. I liked it far better than staying in the stores, where the sight of the toys, the parents and the children who came to choose, made me sadder and sadder. All day long I carried the toys, in my hands, by armfuls, on my back, but they were all done up in parcels and tied, so I did not see. I was more hopeful then, for I would receive my wages at the end of the month, they would add a little gift, and I could buy my girls, if not the large doll which they desired, at least a smaller one.

"On the 31st of December they told me at the store that they could not pay until the first days of January. The firm was too busy with receiving money to give any.

"How could I live until pay day? And the New Year's gifts? To wake up on the 1st of January with no money in the house and nothing, nothing for the children! I did not have courage to wait for them, for I dreaded their New Year's greetings and their kisses would make me sick on that day for the first time. I went very early in the morning before they waked up, with a sort of feverish despair, and for a long time I walked the streets. At eight o'clock I went to the store where I thought they might have some presents for me to carry to other children. Yes, they gave me a very heavy load of them. I had taken several bundles and there were still three to be taken—two in my quarter, and one farther off here in this street, where I was to deliver the largest package, which was an enormous one. I had had no breakfast, and I thought I would go home to get a little to eat, without letting the children see me. I entered to find that the two little rooms which I occupied in a basement at the foot of a court, were empty. A neighbor had taken my children out to amuse them. So, as the large bundle was very heavy, I put it down in a corner, to take it again soon, when I should have carried the other two in the neighborhood. Half an hour afterward on my return, I heard cries of joy. I entered and my children rushed to me and kissed me. The older one exclaimed in the midst of her kisses: 'Thank you, dear papa, thank you!' And the little one: 'Thank you, papa, thank you!' Thank you? For what? And while I was wondering for what they could thank me—me, who had given them nothing, they ran into the next room and came back with a magnificent doll—an indestructible doll! Oh! heavens! I understood then! They had come in during my absence and seen in the corner the bundle I had laid down. It was the shape of the large doll of their dreams, and they thought it was my New Year's gift. They had undone the parcel and were soon in possession of the doll. I ought to have snatched it from their hands crying: 'That is not for you—it is not for you. It does not belong to us. It is for some other little girls.' But they were so happy! Oh! If you had seen their joy! With what big eyes they looked at their baby and devoured her with caresses. I did not have the courage to take her away from them. I went out, I was saved. I wanted to run to the store and say: 'You owe me money, give me a large doll instead.' Then I would have carried it to you, madame, for I had read your name on the package. But I could neither speak to the owner nor to the cashier, they were so busy just at that moment, and then, I was afraid. I was really afraid. This morning I decided to come and tell you all about it—confess everything. Madame, I beg of you not to complain of me at the store. They know nothing about it and think you have received it. I have the reputation always of being an honest man. I shall get my pay in a few days, and I will swear to you that I will bring you a doll exactly like the one which my children kept—in perfect innocence, I assure you."

The door bell rang. It was the good friend back again. "They say positively," said he, "that the doll was sent yesterday morning."

"That is true," said the mother.

"Well, where is she then?"

"In the hands of some little girls not quite so fortunate as these. Isn't that it, Martha, Jeanne, Yvonne?"

The eldest answered: "Yes, we have given it away," and the two little ones echoed: "We have given it away."

And all together they rushed from the room, to return a few moments later with the dinner set, which they thrust upon the father, saying: "Give this to your little girls from us."

The good friend understood nothing of all this. Afterward, when they told him the story, he looked up the man's references, and finding them excellent, he gave him work.

And he gave to his little friends another indestructible doll. For, although it is well to teach children to do good, they ought not to regret having done it; not until later will they learn that one gives doubly when one makes a sacrifice.

The two indestructible dolls have neither hands nor legs now—but that only verifies this story.—Translated from the French by Annie E. Gardner for Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

LOOKING AT THE PAST.

Think of the Pleasant Things, the Kind Words and Loving Deeds—The Need of Self Encouragement.

Of the mistakes of life we read: "Exemption from mistakes is not the privilege of mortals: and the man who, on discovering his errors, acknowledges and corrects them, is scarcely less entitled to our esteem than if he had not erred." We believe the kind Father in Heaven looks with loving compassion on the struggles of poor, weak humanity, helping and commending every honest effort toward using past failings as warnings and safeguards, inducing better living in time to come.

Each passing year is sure to have brought its trials, its griefs and disappointments to many hearts; so the discouraged, sighing retrospective view is not the wise, healthful way of regarding matters.

Take the second and better way of looking at the past. Ask the old year what the entire record has been. Review the bright things, the kind words you tried to speak, the visitations made in homes of sorrow, the various little deeds of charity willingly performed.

Over against some sins of omission, set a bit of work done here and there for the benefit of those needing your help. There need be no over self-gratulation in doing this. One good deed helps on another, and self-encouragement is often sorely needed. Alone with memory there need be no reluctance to do one's self justice on the good, the winning side of life's complicated requirements. If there have been days of sharp sorrow to contemplate, remember the helps kindly sent, the sustaining promises of Scripture, the tender ministrations of friends, and, above all, the sure hope of Heaven.

Take all consolation possible along the entire line. Make retrospection something to strengthen hope and so stimulate courage. The whole scene is to close before long. And when the end is reached, the tired feet and weary brain are usually full ready for the rest. Then it will be the motives, the honest intentions actuating the entire past, that will weigh with our just and merciful Judge.—Christian Work.

To the New Year.

One song for thee, New Year!
One universal prayer:
Teach us—all other teaching far above—
To hide dark hate beneath the wings of Love;
To slay all hatred—strife,
And live the larger life!
To bind the wounds that bleed
To lift the fallen, lead the blind
As only Love can lead—
To live for all mankind!

Teach us, New Year, to be
Free men among the free,
Our only master Duty; with no god
Save one—our Maker—monarchs of the sod;
Teach us, with all its light,
Its day, its night,
Its grief, its gloom,
Its heart-beats tremulous,
Its beauty and its bloom—
God made the world for us!

—Atlanta Constitution.

A Strategic Mother.

Mrs. Yerger—Tommy, do you want some nice jam?

Tommy—Yes, ma.

"I was going to give you some to put on your bread, but I've lost the key of the pantry."

"You don't need any key, ma. I can reach down through the transom and open the door from the inside."

"That's what I wanted to know. Now just wait until your father comes home."—Texas Siftings.

Convicts and Good Roads.

"The way of transgressors is hard,"
As they stumble along 'neath their loads;
And they ought to unite and all work with their might
And help us in getting good roads.

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

A BROAD HINT.

He (as the clock strikes 11)—I like a person who has some vim and go in him.

She—So do I, especially the go.—N. Y. Herald.

A Youthful Stoic.

Willy Slimson—That cocoanut cake looks nice.

Mrs. Witherby—Yes; it does. Shall I help you to a piece, Willy?

Willy (wistfully)—No 'm; I guess not. One piece would only be an aggravation.—Puck.

Spoiling a Cook.

Mr. Livewell—Where does the cook go every evening?

Mrs. Livewell—She is attending an evening school, so as to learn to read.

Mr. Livewell—Horrors! She'll soon be making up things from the cook books.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Infant Terrible.

"Kitty, you must let papa's watch alone."

"I won't hurt it, papa. I just want to—"

"Put it down, I tell you!"

"I ain't hurtin' it. I only want to see what makes it—"

"If you don't let that watch alone, I shall certainly have to punish you."

"I ain't—"

"Will you put it down?"

"All I want to do with it, is to—"

"Kitty, do you hear what I say?"

"Yes, and you'd hear what I say, if you didn't talk so much!" — Golden Days.

Scientific Item.

"My wife," he remarked, "has made a very important discovery."

"Indeed," I said, "what is it?"

"A new substance that is apparently indestructible."

I recalled the fact that his wife had been a professor of natural sciences prior to her marriage and inquired if she had been long at work upon the invention.

"No," he replied, "and it came about quite by accident. She was trying to make a sponge cake."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Trouble Ahead.

"Not satisfied with the way we showed him up last week," said the Bloody Gulch Ripsnorter, "the squint-eyed old pelican who runs the worthless sheet in the garret across the way evinces a disposition once again to get into our hair. We warn him he will have his hands full." — Chicago Tribune.

Made a Difference.

Jayboy—Are you and your wife down here for pleasure?

Gayboy—No. Business.

Jayboy—You did not come on business last time?

Gayboy—No. Came alone last time. —N. Y. World.

He Meant Well.

Brownley (earnestly)—I so like to see young ladies wear fur boas like yours tucked up under their chins. It doesn't matter how homely a girl is, she is bound to look pretty fixed up that way. —Judge.

SO SUDDEN.

George—You would marry the biggest fool in the world if he asked you, wouldn't you? Ethel—Oh, George, that is so sudden.

Her Way.

Von Blumer (looking at his wife's check book)—You don't mean to say you have given out a check for $100? Why, you've only got $50 in the bank to meet it!

His Wife—That's all right, dear! If the cashier says anything about it I'll tell him to charge it.—Puck.

Too Thin-Skinned, Himself.

"Your friend, Van Dooze, is a great practical joker, I believe?"

"Yes, but he isn't my friend any more."

"What's the matter?"

"I played a joke on him the other day."—Chicago Record.

The Shopping Mystery.

Mrs. Bargain—Why don't you charge a dollar for these goods, instead of 99 cents?

Salesman—Why, ma'am, you're always sure to think of something else you want, while waiting for your change!—Truth.

Looks Very Suspicious.

"Do you know, Clara, I believe young De Smythe is in love with me?"

"You don't say!"

"Yes, he stood talking to me last night, brushing his silk hat the wrong way of the grain."—Chicago Record.

Christianity Is Economy.

Watts—Do you think a man can be a Christian on one dollar a day?

Potts—I don't see how he can afford to be anything else. — Indianapolis Journal.

Proof of It.

Millson—Do you believe that the souls of the departed can communicate with us after death?

Kilby—Oh! yes. I frequently get letters from friends who have moved to Philadelphia.—N. Y. World.

Expectation.

Dudely—What are you going to do when you grow up, Bobby?

Bobby—I'm going to be a man. What are you going to be?—Harper's Bazar.

A Sorrow's Crown of Sorrow.

"Yes, her married life was very unhappy. She suffered untold misery."

"Ah, that must indeed have been intolerable."—Bay City Chat.

The Hard Part

"Does the boss ever tell you clerks funny stories?"

"No; but we have to laugh just the same!"—Town Topics.

Joke on Him.

"These jokes about the young man staying so late," remarked Chollie at 11:58 p. m., "make me tired."

"Dear me!" said Maud Edith, "I had an idea you never got tired."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Vital Distinction.

"I can't see how a girl can marry a bald-headed man; could you do it?"

"That depends."

"On what?"

"Whether his head was bald outside or inside."—Brooklyn Life.

A Warning.

Leap year is coming; boys, beware,
Let not the maidens woo you;
Before the year is out, take care
Lest they decide to sue you.

—Detroit Free Press.

KNOCKED OUT.

Ethel (indignantly) — You needn't tell me that football isn't brutal. Just look at poor Tom Sluggar, the cast-iron half-back.

Brother Bob—Yes, just look at him. The chump might have waited till after the football season before taking his first bicycle lesson.—Judge.

Cause and Effect.

Editor—Mr. Spencer, this story of yours looks like a very overdrawn account.

Mr. Spencer—Naturally, sir. The facts in the case beggared description. —N. Y. Recorder.

Not in Any Need.

Old Lady—Well, here's ten cents for ye; but I should hate to feel that I was encouragin' ye to drink.

Tramp—I don't need no encouragement, mum.—Judge.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

JOHN CABOT.

Hickety, pickety, John Cabot
Longed to discover a brand-new spot.
He found Cape Breton, and, well content,
As fast as the billows would take him, he went
Back to his home with a very high head,
And unto King Henry the Seventh he said:
"I have found China, that empire old,
Give me a garment all trimmed with gold."
Hickety, pickety, John Cabot,
Garments and titles and honors he got.
And he said to his barber one summer day,
"I have an island to give away,
An island in China, a very nice spot,
I hope you will like it," quoth John Cabot.
Hickety, pickety, bless my heart,
To own an island is very smart.
"To own an island is great indeed,"
The barber he said, "and a title I'll need.
And I'll wear a mantle all trimmed with lace,
And never again will I shave a face."
But alas for the barber, and poor John too,
Their titles and honors and airs fell through.
It was only a corner of Canada, not
The Chinese empire which John Cabot
Had found in 1497
And unto his barber so freely had given.
So then this poor barber of John Cabot
Back to his shaving went trit-ty-te-trot,
Both of his island and title bereft,
Lucky indeed that his razor was left.
But hickety, pickety, John Cabot
Really discovered a brand new spot.
—Harper's Round Table.

THE MUCH-ABUSED GOOSE.

Not Silly, But, on the Contrary, a Strikingly Sensible Bird.

"As silly as a goose" has become a proverb, yet the goose is not silly, but is, on the contrary, a remarkably sensible bird. I saw a goose chase a young frog to a shelter beneath a piece of matting. She tried to seize it by thrusting her bill beneath the matting, but was unable to do so. She then walked over it, evidently trying to frighten the frog into seeking another hiding place, but the frog failed to make its appearance. She then seized the matting with her bill, dragged it several feet away and pounced upon the frog before he had recovered from his surprise.

A reliable authority vouches for the following: At Ardglass, county Down,

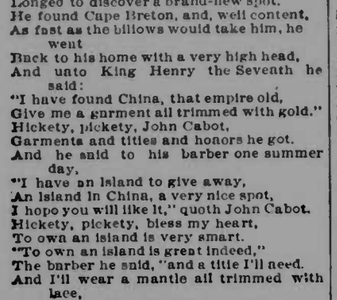

THE GOOSE OPENS THE SHED DOOR.

Ireland, is a long tract of turf coming to the edge of the rocks overhanging the sea, where cattle and geese feed; at a barn on this tract there was a low inclosure with a door fasteniug by a hook and staple to the sidepost; when the hook was out of the staple, the door fell open by its own weight. He one day saw a goose with a large troop of goslings coming off the turf to this door, which was secured by the hook being in the staple. The goose waited for a minute or two, as if for the door to be opened, and then turned around as if to go away, but what she did was to make a rush at the door, and making a dart with her beak at the point of the hook nearly threw it out of the staple; she repeated this maneuver and succeeded at the third attempt. The door fell open, and the goose led her troop in with a sound of triumphant chuckling. How had the goose learned that the force of the rush was needful to give the hook a sufficient toss?—James Weir, Jr., M. D., in Boston Herald.

QUITE A DIFFERENCE.

After Thompson Had Bought the Dog His Bark Was Musical.

The fabulist of the Chicago World has invented a little tale of two men and a dog. Its lesson is too obvious for comment, perhaps, but cannot be learned too often. It is commended to all readers, both to those who keep dogs and to those who do not.

Johnson and Thompson were next-door neighbors. Johnson had a dog that barked a considerable part of every night. Finally Thompson said to Johnson:

"Look here, Johnson, we have always been friends, and I hope you won't take offense if I tell you that the barking of your dog is driving me and my family mad for want of sleep."

"Dear me!" said Johnson. "That's queer. I haven't noticed that Leo ever barked any to speak of."

Two or three evenings afterward Thompson came home leading a dog—the dog—by a string.

"Now, then," said he to Mrs. Thompson, "we will soon have a chance to sleep. I didn't like to shoot the beast while belonging to Johnson, so I have bought him. Nobody can blame us for killing our own dog. I'll get some chloroform to-morrow."

A month passed, and Johnson and Thompson met.

"Well, Thompson, you haven't chloroformed the dog yet."

"No," said Thompson. "The truth is we have become rather fond of the fellow. He is so lively and playful."

"But doesn't his barking at night annoy you?"

"I haven't noticed it."

"H'm!" said Johnson. "The brute keeps us awake half the night. I don't see how you can put up with it."

Better Than the Grand Stand.

"Which would you rather be, Willie, a monkey or a giraffe?"

"Giraffe, every time. It would be handy in the summer time for looking over the baseball ground fence."—Home and Country.

THE SHREWD SQUIRREL.

Attending Strictly to Business, He Gets the Better of a Hunter.

"Of course," said a hunter, "everybody knows that when a man with a gun comes along the gray squirrel goes around on the other side of the tree; he doesn't get killed if he can help it, and he can help himself pretty well. I remember once coming across a gray squirrel up in a great oak; he was out on a branch about 40 feet from the ground. He saw me as quick as I did him, quicker, I guess, and when I was ready to fire he was around on the other side of the branch. This branch was very small, only a mighty little bigger than the squirrel, but he hugged it so close and he was in such perfect line with me that you couldn't see anything of him at all except a little bit of the tip of his tail that was blown out by a strong wind. I blazed away at him and never touched him. Then I went around on the other side of the tree, thinking that possibly I could get a shot at him from there, but as I went one way he went the other, and by the time I had got over on the other side he was on the side I had come from, and in just as perfect line with me as he was at first, and just as safe. I tried him again, with just the same result.

"Then I pulled a stake out of a rail fence near by and planted it in the ground on one side of the tree and hung my coat on it, and went myself over on the other side; I thought that possibly I might make the squirrel think there were two men there, or put him in doubt long enough to enable me to get a shot at him, but he never paid the slightest attention to the coat. I don't suppose it would have made any difference to him if I'd opened a clothing store there; he knew the man with the gun, and it was the gun that he was looking out for.

"Well, we dodged around that tree for quite a spell longer. There wasn't any other tree near by that the squirrel could go to, and he knew his only safety lay in sticking to the one he was in, and the way he did stick to it and keep around always on the other side of that branch was something wonderful. I fired five or six shots at him altogether and filled the branch under him half-full of shot, but never touched him; when I thought I had wasted time and ammunition enough I left him."—N. Y. Sun.

STATUE TO A COLLIE.

Mr. Burckle's Dog Still Stands Guard Over His Master's Tomb.

All who have entered the main gate of Cypress Hills cemetery, at Crescent and Jamaica avenues, Brooklyn, during the last few weeks have had their attention arrested by the life-size statue of a dog standing a few paces in front of a massive and handsome vault, says the New York World. Inquiries revealed a pathetic story thus perpetuated.

The vault, which is of granite, perhaps 10x15 feet and 12 feet high, has just been erected by the widow of J. George Burckle. It is situated in section No. 18 of the cemetery, quite near the entrance, and by its location on a high mound and the big statue of the dog, which is the only image of any animal on the grounds, makes the spot conspicuous.

Mr. Burckle died just two years ago at the age of 65. He had been a ranchman in the Dakotas, removing to Brooklyn several years ago and making his residence at No. 40 Hanson place. He, his wife and daughter were a devoted family, but there was as much affection lavished on a pet collie dog he brought from the ranch as upon any member of the family. After Mr. Burckle's de-

STATUE OF THE FAITHFUL COLLIE.

mise the animal was inconsolable, and wandered about vainly searching for the old familiar hand that caressed him daily.

The Burckles' burial plot was formerly in section No. 2, and there the collie, with the fidelity that has made the breed historic, often found his way. In a short time he, too, was dead.

This devotion that even death could not daunt nor diminish so touched the family that it was decided to reproduce the dog in statuary. So there the faithful collie stands in life-like attitude steadily gazing at the last resting place of all that was mortal of his master.

How Does It Strike You?

A sulky little girl was being entertained by a friend, a middle-aged woman, unused to children, who nevertheless was doing her best to arouse interest.

"Oh, look at pussy," said the hostess, "just see how nice and clean she is. See how she washes her face."

The sulky one cast a contemptuous look toward the domestic pet. "She ain't washing her face," she remarked at last, "she's washing her paws and wiping them on her face."—Brooklyn Eagle.

An Early Diving Bell.

The oldest intelligence respecting the use of the diving bell in Europe is the relation of an exhibit at Toledo, before Emperor Charles V., in the middle of the 16th century, when two Greeks, in the presence of several thousand persons, let themselves down in the water in a large inverted kettle with a burning light, and came up again without being wetted.

FARM AND GARDEN.

FOWLS IN WINTER.

An Excellent Heater and Ventilator for Poultry Houses.

Among the many plans now in use for warming the poultry house, the heater, illustrated below, supplies heat and ventilation, or a supply of fresh, warm air. Any kind of a flat top stove, or even a kerosene stove will give sufficient heat. The size of the stove should depend on the size of the house, but 40 degrees is sufficient heat. The illustration shows a closed box a yard square and an inch deep, made of ordinary sheet iron. The box or heater is pinned on a small stove, or if legs are attached to each corner of the heater, a lamp may be placed under it. The cold air comes in at A, passes through the box, becoming heated, and emerges at the pipe B. The cold air pipe is one-half inch in diameter, and the warm air pipe one inch. The pipe A should be long enough to extend through the walls to the outside, so as to bring in the pure air. No

HEATER AND VENTILATOR.

ventilators on the top of the building will be required, and the air will keep the house dry. Always bring the air in and discharge it near the roof, as the birds will not then crowd or become lame as they will when the warmth is below them.—Farm and Home.

SOME TIMELY HINTS.

Observe Them, If You Want Eggs During the Winter Months.

1. Get the hens into healthy growing condition, shrinking, if necessary, to remove surplus fat, or adding to, if poor. In the first instance, feed only on cooked vegetables and oats or bran; in the latter give more corn.

2. Make the ration one rich in egg materials. Let a certain per cent. of animal food, meat scraps, meat, meal, or food of this nature be given daily. One pint to a pailful of cooked food is enough.

3. Feed to promote health rather than destroy, and temper the quantity. A wooden pail full of cooked vegetables, or cooked clover, with two quarts of mixed ground grain worked well into the mass, is breakfast enough for 30 hens. Reduce rather than exceed this, the sole object being to satisfy the claims of hunger and promote activity. Let the night ration be not more than one quart of mixed grain (whole) to 17 hens, be so scattered about the chaff, leaves, straw or earth, that only a kernel will be found at a time. This means that the hens will scratch busily until dark, and this it is which promotes egg building. In the coldest weather, fill the crops just at night with corn, for the same reason that you fill the stove with coal—to keep warm.

4. Three or four times a week feed cooked or chopped clover with ground grain in the morning mash.

Clover, animal meat, meal or scraps, wheat, vegetables and oats, if fed as indicated to hens having comfortable pens, will insure steady egg production.—Rural World.

NOTES FOR BEEKEEPERS.

It is the bees reared in the fall that we have mainly to depend upon during the winter and spring.

Each colony should have a frame or two of brood, for it is the bees hatched in the fall that survive the winter.

The objection to leaving honey in the combs late in the fall is that it is apt to become dark in color.

If bees are to be wintered in cellars, care must be taken to have them dry, as dampness induces disease.

More bees are lost on account of bad food or none at all than from all other causes combined, especially in winter.

There is no factor in wintering bees that is so important as the matter of food, and it is one that is often neglected.

It is often the case that there is more or less robbing while feeding in the fall and it is an almost certain indication that something is wrong.

All colonies in a good condition at this time should have a portion of brood in the combs, and if this is not the case something is wrong with the queen.

Quietude is one of the essentials in successfully wintering bees, whether in or out of doors. Never disturb them except when strictly necessary.

One way of making a nice entrance during the winter to the hives of bees is to spread sawdust over a considerable surface in front of the hive and filling up level to the entrance.

Mice are very fond of honey and will soon clean out a colony. Before winter begins, it will be a good plan to fix up the hives so that it will be impossible for mice to get in.—St. Louis Republic.

There Must Be a Division.

The cry is nowadays: "Give us the good, all-round animal." The Country Gentleman thinks there is an element of error in this. Carry out this idea to an extreme, and you blot out the distinctive characteristics of every breed of animals existing. As in the mechanical, so in the animal world—there must be a division of labor. We owe all the improvement of the present day in all classes of domestic live stock to special breeding for a definite purpose. Let the breeder of the race horse try to combine the strength of the Clydesdale or Shire with the speed of his thoroughbred, and the result is an increase of strength, but a reduction of speed.

TROLLEY CARS AND PILLS.

From the Evening News, Newark, N. J.

Mrs. Anna Barns, of 338 Plane Street, Newark, N. J., is a decidedly pretty brunette, twenty-six years old, tall, and a pleasing conversationalist. On the ground floor of her residence she conducts a well-ordered candy store. When our reporter visited her store she, in response to a question, told him a very interesting story.

"Until about two months ago," she began, "I enjoyed the very best of health and could work night and day if necessary. Suddenly, and without any apparent cause, I began to suffer from intense pains in my head, in my limbs and temples. Almost distracted with this seemingly never ending pain I tried cure after cure, prescription after prescription and almost a gallon of medicine of all kinds. Nothing did me any good. In fact I became worse. The knuckles of my hands soon became cramped and the pain in my hips became more and more distressing each day. Business in the store had to be attended to, however, and so I was obliged, suffering as I was, to keep more or less on my feet, and occasionally I was forced to go out. This was the ordeal I dreaded. Each time I went out I trembled when I came near the car tracks, for my pain at times was so severe that I was obliged to stand perfectly still, no matter where I was. On one occasion I was seized in this way while I was crossing the tracks on Market Street, and there I stood perfectly rigid, unable to move hand or foot while a trolley car came thundering along. Fortunately it was stopped before it struck me, but the dread of it all lasted as long as my pain, for I never knew when crossing the tracks whether I would not drop to the ground in my agony and be crushed to death. My anxiety to get well grew apace, and I had about given up in despair when I saw in the *Evening News* one day an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Here was something I hadn't tried before, and I lost no time in getting to the nearest drug store. There I paid fifty cents for a box of these truly wonderful, health-restoring pills. Before I had finished taking half of the pills I began to feel relieved; the pains in my hips gradually disappeared, and for the first time in many days I felt as if there was some hope. I continued to take the pills, and the more I took the better I felt. I finished one box, got another, and now, having taken only a few of the second fifty cents' worth, I am free from all pain and as happy as the day is long. Since I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I have gained thirty pounds, and now when I cross the car tracks I don't care if there is a dozen vehicles near by. It is a great relief, I assure you, and suffering humanity has a never-failing friend in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I know what I am talking about. I speak from experience."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

To California.

Study all time cards and you will find no railroad carrying tourist cars make as quick time as the Phillips Rock Island Excursions. One hour and thirty minutes quicker time than any other route Chicago to Los Angeles.

A. Phillips & Co. have carried over 125,000 patrons to and from California. Why? Because every well-posted California traveler understands Phillips has the best regulated tourist system.

JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. P. A.,
Chicago, Ill.

PRESENTS of mind—having a mind to give something, but never giving it.

"I WOULD like some powder, please." "Face, gun or bug?"—Life.

"SOME mighty good people," said Uncle Eben, "gibs er lot ob advice whah dey might 'complish more by locatin' dah chicken-coop whah it wouldn' be so temptatious."—Washington Star.

IN MUSICAL CIRCLE.—He—"What would you think, dear, if I should say you were a harp of a thousand strings?" She—"I should think, love, that you were a lyre."—Town and Country Journal.

"SOME white folks seems ter 'magine," said Uncle Eben, "dat dey is so much bettah'n other people dat dar ain' no necessity foh 'em ter show it by dar actions."—Washington Star.

"WHAT! you refuse me $20—me, your intimate friend, whom you once called your second ego!" "Ah, my dear boy, I know myself too well—you would never return the money."—Le Figaro.

MADGE—"I'm in an awful fix." Ethel—"What is it, dear?" Madge—"Jack insists that I shall return his engagement ring, and for the life of me I can't tell which one it is."—Brooklyn Life.

COUNSEL—"Well, after the witness gave you a blow what happened?" Prisoner—"He gave me a third one." Counsel—"You mean a second one!" Prisoner—"No, sir, I landed him the second one."—Fun.

LOVER—"I know as well as anybody that she has no beauty or money or accomplishments or anything, but I love her and—" Friend—"And in any case she will still be your better half."—Fliegende Blaetter.

OUT OF IT ENTIRELY.—She—"I wouldn't go out sleighing with a man I couldn't trust." He—"I am afraid you wouldn't go with me." She—"Why not?" He—"I am a man that even a livery-stable keeper wouldn't trust."—Puck.

DAUGHTER (reading letter)—"But, pa, dear, in the last word you put a letter too much." Pa (self-made, and not a bit of pride about him)—"'Ave I, dear? Never mind; I dare say I've left one out in some other word, so that'll square it."—Tit-Bits.

Great Reduction in Time to California.

Once more the North-Western Line has reduced the time of its trans-continental trains, and the journey from Chicago to California via this popular route is now made in the marvelously short time of three days. Palace Drawing-Room Sleeping cars leave Chicago daily, and run through to San Francisco and Los Angeles without change, and all meals en route are served in Dining cars. Daily Tourist Sleeping car service is also maintained by this line between Chicago and San Francisco and Los Angeles, completely equipped berths in upholstered Tourist Sleepers being furnished at a cost of only $6.00 each from Chicago to the Pacific Coast. Through trains leave Chicago for California at 6:00 p. m. and 10:30 p. m. daily, after arrival of trains of connecting lines from the East and South.

For detailed information concerning rates, routes, etc., apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address:

W. B. KNISKERN, G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

KANSAN—"Say, Bill, it says here that the crew of the schooner were compelled to rig a jury mast." Missourian—"Why, anybody could tell you that. It's one of those big masts that it takes twelve men to put up."

Fire! Fire! That Dreadful Cry

Is fraught with import doubly dire to the unhappy man who beholds his dwelling or his warehouse feeding the devouring element uninsured. Happily most people who can, insure—everything but health. Nine-tenths of us neglect the preservation of this when it is in palpable jeopardy. Incipient indigestion, liver complaint, la grippe, inaction of the kidneys and bladder and malaria are all counteracted by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

THE look on any married woman's face should convince the girls that the men are not worth the exertion necessary to catch one.—Atchison Globe.

The Pilgrim.

(Holiday Number.) Full of bright sketches—prose, poetry and illustrations—by bright writers and artists. Entirely original, new and entertaining. Mailed free to any address on receipt of six (6) cents in postage stamps. Write to GEO. H. HEAFFORD, Publisher, 415 Old Colony building, Chicago, Ill.

IF a praying machine were invented many would use it if it did not take too much time from business to wind it up.—Texas Siftings.

To Cleanse the System

Effectually, yet gently, when costive or bilious or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.

IT is no sure sign that the west is a polished country because so many people scour the plains.

A COUGH SHOULD NOT BE NEGLECTED. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are a simple remedy and give immediate and sure relief.

A MAN is like a razor, because you can't tell how sharp he can be until he is strapped.—Texas Siftings.

FOR Whooping Cough, Piso's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. P. DIETER, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, '94.

FOND PARENT—"I wish, Bobby, that I could be a little boy again." Bobby—"I wish you could—littler than me."

BEST IN THE WORLD.

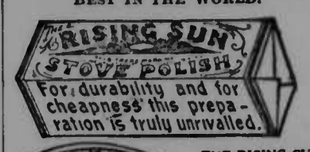

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH is cakes for general blacking of a stove.

THE SUN PASTE POLISH for a quick after-dinner shine, applied and polished with a cloth.

Morse Bros., Props., Canton, Mass., U.S.A.

DOCTOR

Acker's ENGLISH Remedy

will stop a cough in a night, check a cold in a day, and cure consumption if taken in time. If the little ones have *Croup* or *Whooping Cough, use it promptly.*

Croup is a very fatal disease. Fully one-half of those attacked die. The great danger is in delay.

The disease progresses so rapidly that the loss of a few hours in treatment is often fatal. ACKER'S ENGLISH REMEDY will cure Croup, *and it should always be kept in the house for emergencies.* A 25 cent bottle may save your child's life.

Three sizes: 25c, 50c, $1. All Druggists.

ACKER MEDICINE CO.
16 & 18 Chambers St., New York.

World's Fair! HIGHEST AWARD.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Many competing FOODS have come and gone and have been missed by few or none but the popularity of this FOOD steadily increases!

Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE!
John Carle & Sons, New York.

ASTHMA DR. TAFT'S ASTHMALENE CURED never failing. SEND A BOTTLE FREE to your address, we will mail trial THIS DR. TAFT BROS. M. CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA. NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

Get rid at once of the stinging, festering smart of

BURNS OR SCALDS

or else they'll leave ugly scars. Read directions and use

ST. JACOBS OIL.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away!

NO-TO-BAC

makes the nerves strong, and brings back the feelings of youth to the prematurely old man. It restores lost vigor. You may gain ten pounds in ten days.

GUARANTEED TOBACCO HABIT CURE.

Go buy and try a box to-day. It costs only $1. Your own druggist will guarantee a cure or money refunded. Booklet, written guarantee of cure and sample free. Address nearest office.

THE STERLING REMEDY CO.,
CHICAGO. MONTREAL, CAN. NEW YORK.

CASCARETS candy cathartic cure constipation. Purely vegetable, smooth and easy, sold by druggists everywhere, guaranteed to cure. Only 10c.

EIGHT PAPER DOLLS
. . . FOR ONE WRAPPER OF . . .
ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI-FRUTTI

Send us two two-cent stamps for postage. These dolls have changeable heads. No two dolls dressed alike.

ADAMS & SONS CO., 52nd Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y., Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

The Best. Rest. Test.

There are two kinds of sarsaparilla: The best—and the rest. The trouble is they look alike. And when the rest dress like the best who's to tell them apart? Well, "the tree is known by its fruit." That's an old test and a safe one. And the taller the tree the deeper the root. That's another test. What's the root,—the record of these sarsaparillas? The one with the deepest root is Ayer's. The one with the richest fruit; that, too, is Ayer's. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has a record of half a century of cures; a record of many medals and awards—culminating in the medal of the Chicago World's Fair, which, admitting Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best—shut its doors against the rest. That was greater honor than the medal, to be the only Sarsaparilla admitted as an exhibit at the World's Fair. If you want to get the best sarsaparilla of your druggist, here's an infallible rule: Ask for the best and you'll get Ayer's. Ask for Ayer's and you'll get the best.

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/3 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared, Steel, Galvanized-after-Completion Windmills, Tilting and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Base Saw Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

RUSSIAN YEAST THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Full directions how to make this celebrated YEAST CAKE at a nominal cost. Mailed on receipt of $1.00. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. GEO. RICHBERGER, CLARKSDALE, MISSISSIPPI.

$5 Hand Bone, Shell, and Corn Mills for Poultrymen. Daisy Bone Cutter. Power Mills. Circular and testimonials Free. WILSON BROS., Box A Easton, Pa.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Real Estate Transfers.

George W. Custer and wife to Asa B. Friend, military lots Nos. 1573, 1574; $394.40.

Geo. M. Steele and wife to Noah Humberson, a parcel of land in Friendsville; $50.

Gilmor S. Hamill, trustee, to John S. Scott, a parcel of land in Garrett county; $1,000.

C. M. Miller and wife to John T. Miller, 89¾ acres of a tract of land, "Swanton;" $325.

John Shartzer and wife to Decoursey E. Bolden, a parcel of land in Oakland; $400.

The Georges Creek Coal and Iron Company to Franklin P. Green, a part of a tract called "Alexander;" $125.

Truman J. Maust to Elijah Livingood, 20 acres of land; $219.13.

Lewis Horchler and wife to Elijah Livingood, a portion of land in Garrett county; $167.06.

John W. Thomas to Judson Frazee, a parcel of land in Garrett county; $65.

Elizabeth F. Cecil to Elizabeth Frazee, military lots Nos. 3313, 3305 and 3306; $1.

Marwale J. Durst to Ira J. Durst, a parcel of land in Garrett county; $600.

F. A. Thayer, et al., to William H. McRobie, a parcel of land in Garrett county; $160.

Same to Wm. J. Nair, a parcel of land in Garrett county; $160.

Emma F. Moon and husband to C. M. Rathbun, a lot of ground in Loch Lynn Heights; $1, etc.

M. W. Durst and wife to John F. Steel, part of lot No. 12 of "Walnut Hills;" $183.

J. M. Miller and wife to Samuel F. Miller, parts of military lots Nos. 1219 and 1221 and part of a tract of land called "Chance;" $1,600.

Mt. Lake Park Association to J. H. Enlow, lot No. 164 in Mt. Lake Park; $200.

Richard F. Frazee and wife to Resley Rush, three parcels of land in Garrett county; $362.25.

F. A. Thayer et al. to Lewis Walters, a lot of ground in "East End;" $15, etc.

Chas. E. Cale and wife to Laura S. Jones, a parcel of land in Garrett county; $1, etc.

Chas. E. Hilleary and wife to Sarah E. Shillingberg, part of military lot No. 1386; $80.

Leonard Shartzer and wife to Henry Georg, et al.; a parcel of land in Accident; $150.

John S. Glass and wife to John Legeer, two parcels of land in Garrett county; $700.

J. W. Leathers to Wilhelmina Leathers, lot No. 9 in Loch Lynn Heights; $100.

Clark Rush and wife to Martin Rush, a lot of ground in Garrett county; $50.

Susan C. Gore to Mary E. Boyd, a lot of ground in Mt. Lake Park; $150.

Mt. Lake Park Association to Wm. L. Peters, lots Nos. 952 and 954 in Mt. Lake Park; $235.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county for a change in the county road leading from Price's Mill to Mcffeury's road running through the lands of Henry G Davis said change begins at John Johnson's sugar camp on said county road and running through the lands of Henry G Davis and intersecting said county road close the Neal Johnson shanty, a distance of three fourths of a mile more or less.

HENRY SINES,
JOHN SINES,
JOHN JOHNSON,
MARSHALL SINES.

39-3t*

ORDER NISI.

William C Deveemon vs Francis C Pullam. No 720 Equity In the Circuit Court for Garrett County

Ordered this 15th day of November, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-five, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by William C Deveemon, Mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 13th day of December, 1895; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 13th day of December, 1895

The report states the amount of sale to be $2,000

E Z TOWER, Clerk

True copy—Test: E Z TOWER, Clerk

37-3t

Tried Friends Best.

For thirty years Tutt's Pills have proven a blessing to the invalid. Are truly the sick man's friend.

A Known Fact

For bilious headache, dyspepsia sour stomach, malaria, constipation and all kindred diseases.

TUTT'S Liver PILLS
AN ABSOLUTE CURE.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county for a continuation of the road known as the Kimmell road commencing at the north end of said road and running through the lands of —— Henderson, W. L. Shaffer, E. G. Miller, Samuel Green heirs —— Hoge, intersecting the Mellenry and Altamont road near the southeast corner of Luke Woods' farm. Distance, one mile, more or less.

E. G. MILLER,
W. L. SHAFFER,
W. H. CHADDERTON.

13-3t*

SHEEP Shropshires, M B Turkeys, ½ car pieces; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

F. R CAMSKADON,
39—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of James C. Peddicord vs. Elizabeth Phillips, the same being No. 14 Judicials to December Term, 1895, the undersigned will sell on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1896,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m. of said day, in front of the Court House door in the town of Oakland, at public auction, to the highest bidder, all the right and title of the said defendant in and to all that parcel or parcels of land situated between Oakland and Mountain Lake Park in Garrett county, and described as follows, to-wit:

All that lot, piece or parcel of land situated, lying and being in Garrett county aforesaid, known and described as Military Lot No. 860, excepting therefrom, however, ten acres of said lot, heretofore conveyed to Minnie Hinebaugh by said Elizabeth Phillips. Said property will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid judgment and costs.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash on the day of sale.

CHARLES WEGMAN,
Late Sheriff of Garrett County.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, No. 3 Judicials, March Term, 1895, at the suit of the Luing, Long, Oliver Company vs. Mary J. Boettner, the undersigned will sell at public auction to the highest bidder on

Saturday, the 4th Day of January, 1896,

at the hour of one o'clock p. m. of said day, on the premises hereinafter described, in the town of Kitzmillersville, opposite Blaine, all the right, title and interest of the said defendant, being the house and premises where the said defendant now lives, and being the same property which he purchased of and described in a deed from Emily Kitzmiller and others to the said Mary Jane Boettner, dated the 16th day of September, 1880, and recorded in Liber S. Z. T. No. 16 folio 356, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett County, containing one-half acre, and being improved by a store and dwelling house combined. Said property will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid judgment and costs.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash on the day of sale.

CHARLES WEGMAN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

Estate of James W. Hardesty, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

JAMES W. HARDESTY,

late of Garrett County, Maryland, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 10th day of June next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 25th day of November, 1895.

CHARLES S. HARVEY, Adm'r.
39-3 Swanton, Md.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, Md., Dec. 16, 1895.

The County Commissioners will meet at their office in Oakland on

Monday, January 6, 1896,

for the purpose of appointing constables and road supervisors. Persons having business before the board will observe the following dates and attend by districts accordingly:

Tuesday, January 7th, Nos. 8, 10, 1 and 4,
Wednesday, January 8th, Nos. 3, 9, 11 and 12
Thursday, January 9th, Nos. 2, 5, 7 and 6.

N. B.—No business will be transacted on Monday, the 6th, as the board desires to have the day to prepare for the work to be done on the above named days.

By order of the board,

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

CONTINGENT FUND, 1894.

RECEIPTS.

Levy	$ 2,650 80
Peter Nathan, J. P., fines	60 00
Charles Wegman, sheriff, fines	2 00
W. P. Lee, constable, fines	5 00
P. E. Ralston, J. P., fines	1 00
Mrs. M. W. Brown, assessment	1 00 01
Eli Orendorf, taxes	20 05
F. A. Thayer, assessment	5 40
G. S. Hamill, assessment	25 00
Borden Mining Company, taxes	15 80
Citizens' National Bank, taxes	19 80
D. E. Offutt, assessment	5 00
Georges Creek Coal Company, taxes	383 18
Thomas K. Stewart, trustee, taxes	3 83
Jefferson Coal Company, taxes	25 10
Davis and Elkins Coal Co., taxes	10 13
Franklin Consolidated Coal Co., taxes	95 51
Peter Nathan, J. P., fines	40 00
M. M. Fazenbaker, J. P., fines	8 00
G. S. Hamill, land sold by com	20 00
Mary Fysell, taxes	2 64
Charles Wegman, sheriff, fines	10 00
John Macklin, taxes	48 18
J. H. Chappell, taxes	15 81
Charles Wegman, sheriff, fines	21 65
Samuel Kemp, taxes	3 31
B. W. Kilpatrick, taxes	16 02
Charles Wegman, sheriff, fines	12 25
S. Rosenbalm, taxes	5 09
Charles Wegman, sheriff, fines	8 00
Total	$ 3,411 66

DISBURSEMENTS.

H. Bartlett, stamped envelopes for Treasurer's office	$ 72 00
John G. Steyer, fox certificates	17 00
Garrett County Bank	30 01
E. H. Bartlett	1 00
M. L. Spedl, two foxes	2 00
Thomas J. Peddicord, retainer fee in Tasker case	50 00
Insolvencies approved	309 68
C. E. Hilleary, error in levy	2 03
R. Beckman, error in levy	2 00
F. A. Thayer, insuring Co. buildings	63 00
S. E. Fasenbaker, error in levy	1 60
Joseph Cogley, repairing county jail	3 80
E. K. Goldsborough, plumbing for road	200 00
P. H. Stickey, repairing bridge at Gorman	100 00
J. S. Meyers, clerk, to pay hands for work on jail	20 00
J. S. Meyers, clerk, postage to Jan. 1, 1895	10 00
B. Whitrell, cleaning closets at jail and court house	4 00
R. C. Townshend, repairing closets at jail	18 65
S. Lawton, late Treas., insolvencies	212 31
Discount on county and State taxes	703 56
E. H. Bartlett, stamped envelopes for Treasurer's office	21 10
J. S. Meyers, clerk, part salary	150 00
I. W. Abernathy, salary as per diem	6 35
Ira E. Friend, " " "	27 80
A. J. Bevans, amount allowed for holding post mortem	10 00
J. S. Meyers, clerk, stamps	5 00
Thomas H. Layman, per diem and mileage	28 85
Ira E Friend, per diem and mileage	32 80
Isaac W. Abernathy, per diem and mileage	22 00
G. S. Hamill, order of A. J. Mason	22 05
J. S. Meyers, clerk, car fare for Mr. Truly to a home	10 50
J. S. Meyers, clerk, stamps	2 00
Chauncey Kimmell, new road	18 25
Cuppett Bros	8 00
Insolvencies approved	85 11
Balance on hand	1,011 51
Total	$ 3,441 66

Watch this

Space for

NETHKEN BROS.

Advertisement

We have added a new Department —Millinery Goods.

NETHKEN BROS.,
31—1yr Deer Park, Md.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

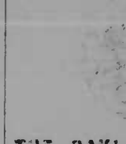

THE OAKLAND HARNESS CO. carry the best stock of heavy, hand made harness and horse furnishing goods to be found in the country.

Alder Street, opposite G. S. Hamill's office.

TRUMAN WEST, Manager.

36—26t.*

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, October 20, 1895. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	Daily	2 15 A. M
No. 3	Daily	7.22 A. M
No. 15	Express, daily except Mon	8.55 A. M
No. 71	Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 17	Daily except Mon	6.10 A. M
No. 55	Express, daily	6.2 P. M
No. 15	Accommodation daily	6.15 P. M
No. 1	Daily	10.30 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	Daily	7.30 A. M
No. 2	Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 11	Accommodation daily	9.05 A. M
No. 72	Accom daily except Sun	1.32 P. M
No. 46	Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4	Daily	12.50 P. M

CHAS. O. SCULL,
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F SCHROEDER, Agent.

34 inches high. Top can be adjusted to any angle or height. Revolving Case 15 x 15 x 12 inside. Holds about 30 vols Law size. Strong well finished Metal Base and Sides With Solid Oak Shelves and Top.—100,000 now used. Sent knocked down (30 lbs). On approval. Address: March M'f'g Co. CHICAGO.

Agents Wanted.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M. RATHBUN & CO., PLANING MILLS,

And BUILDING MATERIALS.
MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aumra, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

48 13*

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING.

Notice is hereby given to the stockholders of Loch Lynn Store Company that the annual meeting will be held on

Saturday, January 4, 1896,

at 2 p. m., in the Loch Lynn hall, for the purpose of electing seven directors to manage the affairs of said company for one year.

C. A. ASHBY, Secretary.
42-2

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett County at the suit of Martha J. West vs. Walter S. Wolfe the same being No. 18 Judicials to July Term, 1895, the undersigned sheriff will sell on

Saturday, the 28th Day of December, 1895,

at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m. of said day in front of the Court house door in the town of Oakland, at public auction to the highest bidder, all the right and title of the said defendant in and to all that parcel of land situated in district No. 7 Garrett County on the East side of the Yough river near the farm of Chauncey Kimmell, described as follows, to-wit:

It being the same parcel of land as particularly described in a deed from H. G. Davis and others to the said Walter S. Wolfe, dated the 1st day of October, in the year 1885, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 10, folio 671, &c., one of the Land Records of Garrett County, containing one hundred and thirty-three and a-half acres.

Said land is partly cleared and under cultivation and is improved by a dwelling house and other out buildings, and is said to be underlaid with a good vein of coal.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash on day of sale.

CHARLES WEGMAN,
39 3 Sheriff of Garrett County.

THE NAME OF THE NEXT

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN

The New York Weekly Tribune,

OF NOVEMBER 4th, 1896.

Public interest will steadily increase, and the question how the men who votes turned the scale at the last election are satisfied with the results under the administration they elected, will make the campaign the most intensely exciting in the history of the country.

The New York Weekly Tribune,

The leading Republican family newspaper of the United States, will publish all the political news of the day, interesting to every American citizen regardless of party affiliations.

Also general news in attractive form, foreign correspondence covering the news of the world, an agricultural department second to none in the country, market reports which are recognized authority, fascinating short stories, complete in each number, the cream of the humorous papers, foreign and domestic, with their best comic pictures, fashion plates and elaborate descriptions of woman's attire, with a varied and attractive department of household interest. The "New York Weekly Tribune" is an ideal family paper, with a circulation larger than that of any other weekly publication in the country issued from the office of a daily. Large changes are being made in its details tending to give it greater life and variety, and especially more interest to the women and younger people of the household.

A SPECIA CONTRACT enables us to offer this splendid journal and **"THE REPUBLICAN"** for

One Year for Only $1.75

CASH IN ADVANCE.

(The regular subscription for the two papers is $2.50.)

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Address all orders to

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Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to Geo. W. Best, Room 2, Tribune Building, New York City, and sample copy of The New York Weekly Tribune will be mailed to you.

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL

ROOFING, SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments. Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe WITH J. B. WILLIAMS.

FROSTBURG, MD.
AGENTS WANTED.
4103.yr

WE LOAN MONEY

On Real Estate, City Town and Village property, to buy, build and improve your homes, and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS OVER $2,000,000.00.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. RINKER,
WILSON, Grant Co., W. VA.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above.

Dr. A. S. Todd's Anti-Bilious Pills

[illegible] Cordial

Laughlin's Worm Syrup

[illegible] Worms, which are not only bad in themselves, but cause bad health and aggravate other diseases. Laughlin's Syrup is simple, reliable, perfectly effectual and tastes good as cents a bottle.

Most all druggists have these three medicines. If yours hasn't send the money to us and we'll see that you get them. Circulars free.

JOHN C. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

EIGHTH YEAR.

A MODERN, HIGH GRADE BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL.

Reopens Sept. 25, 1895 (D. V.) A department for boys and young men embracing thorough preparatory work for college, business or scientific school will be inaugurated under the charge of Maj. C. A. Ballou, of the Virginia Military Institute. Stenography, type-writing, book-keeping, besides full courses in English and Latin, etc. Send for catalogue to

E. B. SWAN, Principal and Proprietress,
18-1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.
Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY.
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY,
DAY OR NIGHT.
PRICES REASONABLE.

Jos. E. HARNED, Proprietor.
31—26

Slate Roofing.

Having had an experience of several years in the slate roofing business, I am prepared to do all work entrusted to me at short notice and in the most satisfactory manner.

I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.

All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.

I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.

Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.

For prices apply to or address,

C. M. BEACHY,
47—1yr. Grantsville, Md.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

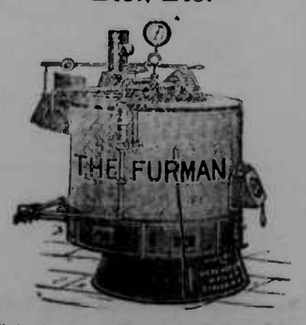

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23—1yr.

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

11 1y

NEW CASH STORE AT LOCH LYNN HEIGHTS.

Having opened a store on First Street, I will receive all kinds of country produce at the market price in exchange for goods. Goods sold cheap for cash. Call and see me.

WILLIAM W. SWEET.
38

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

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Special attention given to real estate.
CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED.
LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING.
Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 34-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1614-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
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Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
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Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

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Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate. P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-25 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate
Residence and post-office address, BITTINGER, MD. 31-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 28th, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
40-1y r.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.
LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including town ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26t*

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
D. E. OFFUTT, President.
J. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.
A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

--WANTED--
WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER
Also White Oak Timber Land.
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.
Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
22tf 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.
CHAS. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13t.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $100; balance at 10 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400 balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1896 NUMBER 44.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings In and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

Mr. John Friend, of Deer Park, was here Tuesday morning.

Assemblymen Hilleary was here last Thursday for a short time.

Mr. F. R. Nethken, of Deer Park was in the city last Thursday morning.

Miss Annie Speddeu, of Statesbore, Ga., is home on a visit to relatives.

Miss Mamie Miller returned yesterday from a visit to friends in Frostburg,

Mr. Charles S. Harvey, of near Deer Park, was an Oakland visitor yesterday.

Mr. H. J. Mayers, of Wheeling was in the city two or three days this week.

Mr. Chas. Bolden, was at Meyersdale, Pa., visiting relatives, has returned home.

Mr. J. S. Meyers returned Friday from a visit to friends at Selbysport and Friendsville.

The public schools resumed the sessions after the holiday week vacation on Friday.

Mr. Wm. J. Wilson, of Gormania W. Va., was in town Tuesday and made us a call.

Mr. Robert Bolden, of Meyersdale, is in the city on a visit to relatives and friends.

The Bartlett pair, entertained a number of their friends at a party on Friday night.

Mr. Aden C. Duckworth, of near Piedmont, was a pleasant caller at this office Tuesday.

Mr. Jacob Goagey, of near Grantsville, was a pleasant caller at this office this morning.

Mr. Joel J. Brenneman, of Bittinger district, was here a day or two this week on business.

County Treasurer-elect Thomas B. Wiley, of Bittinger, was in the city Tuesday and yesterday.

Mr. U. G. Palmer, of the Enterprising Tanning Company, Hutton, was in the city Monday.

Mr Harry Loar, of Grafton, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Loar on Second street.

Mr. John Murphy, of Floyd, was in town yesterday on business before the county commissioners.

DeWitt Minard furnishes coal delivered into your coal houses from the Deal mine for $2.10 per ton.

Miss Nell Offutt, who spent the holidays with her parents here, returned to school on Saturday.

On Sunday morning Rev. J. W. Butler received fifteen persons into St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church.

Mr. W. M. Coddington was confined to his bed several days since our last issue with an attack of illness.

Miss Eva Johns, who has been visiting friends in Frostburg for several days, returned home on Saturday.

Senator R. A. Ravenscroft was in the city Monday looking after the interests of his constituents at Annapolis.

Messrs. James Aronhalt and H. H. Moreland, of Wilson, W. Va., were in the city yesterday and called in to see us.

The heavy fall of snow in the west delayed trains on the B. & O. from two to seven hours on Sunday and Monday.

Misses Lula and Jessie Fringer who spent last week with relatives at Eglon, returned to their home in Oakland Saturday.

Mr. Peter J. Lohr, of Swanton, was in the city Tuesday and yesterday on business before the Board of County Commissioners.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Shroeder, who visited relatives in Frederick for a number of days returned to Oakland Monday night.

Miss Mattie Porter, who spent her vacation at home, returned Monday to resume her position in the Elkins public schools.

Messrs. Henry B. and Gilbert B. Warnick, both of Bloomington, were in the city Tuesday and remembered the printer and his needs.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Malette, who were on a visit of two weeks to relatives in Wheeling, returnrd to Oakland Monday morning.

A progressive euchre party was given on last Friday night to a number of friends by Miss Jennie Johnson at her home on Oak street.

Mr. Russell Boyer, son of Mr. Aaron Boyer, of Accident, was an Oakland visitor on Tuesday and paid his respects to this office.

Squire A. B. Gonder and Fish Commissioner R. T. Browning accompanied the Governor's party to Annapolis from Cumberland Tuesday.

Rev. S. P. Crummett, of Kingwood, who assisted Rev. Arbuthnot in his meetings at St. Paul's church returned to his home on Tuesday morning.

Miss Virgie Hinebaugh, of Accident, who is teaching the Mason school this winter, spent Sunday in Oakland as the guest of Miss Martha Hinebaugh.

Mr. Henry Clair, formerly of Aurora, W. Va., has moved to Mt. Lake Park, where he will reside permanently and work at his trade, carpentering.

The snow that fell during Saturday and Sunday brought many country people to town and consequently the merchants enjoyed increased patronage.

We have received from a correspondent at Mountain Lake Park a well written and timely article on education. It will appear in these columns next week.

Will A. Sturgiss, J. Oliver Bosley, Ed. and Dick Bartlett and Chas. Shaffer returned to their respective schools in Baltimore and Annapolis to resume their studies.

The severe weather on Sunday morning made it impossible to get the M. E. church heated and no services were held in that edifice that morning in consequence.

Mr. W. H. DeWitt, of near Gortner's Mill, was in town a short time yesterday. He has purchased the store of J. Alvin Friend at Sang Run and has moved his family to that place.

Tuesday morning Mr. William Hinebaugh school examiner, started on his annual visits to the different schools in the county. He expects to be absent from town on this duty three or four weeks.

Mr. Wade Hinebaugh, a student of the Maryland Agricultural College who spent the holidays in Oakland with his parents, returned to the above school to resume his studies Tuesday morning.

Money to loan on first mortgage on improved town property in Oakland, Mt. Lake Park, Deer Park and Loch Lynn Heights. Apply to E. H. Sincell, Attorney, Oakland, Md. 44-tf

Hon. George L. Wellington has made a present of a sum of money to the Ladies' Aid Society of St Mark's church at Oakland which will be applied to the liquidation of the debt upon the property of that congregation.

Masters Semmes and Stuart Hamill, sons of Mr. Gilmor S. Hamill who spent the holidays in Oakland with their parents, returned to Cumberland on Monday to resume studies in the Allegany County Academy.

Mr. C. W. Friend, of Friendsville came up to Oakland on Friday and brought with him his father Mr. Ira E. Friend, president of the Board of County Commissioners, who is here this week at the meeting of the board.

Mr. D. G. Timberlake, who was here several months employed by Mr. H. E. Felty as clerk, left on last Thursday for New York City where he entered the employ of Chas. Broadway Rouss, as salesman.

Messrs. Chas. E. and Theo. A. Boyer, trading and doing business in Baltimore under the name of C. E. Boyer & Co., made an assignment on Monday for the benefit of their creditors. The liabilities amounted to $300.

The annual statement of the Garrett County Bank will be found in another column of to-day's paper. Considering the hard times of the past year this institution has done a remarkable business, its deposits aggregating $127,538.33.

The Board of County Commissioners met on last Monday and organized by the election of Mr. Ira E. Friend as its president and Mr. Jacob S. Meyers clerk. The Board has been engaged in appointing road supervisors and attending to routine business.

Mr. Ebenezer Kitsmiller, of Blaine, was in the city a few hours on Tuesday. Mr. Kitzmiller, although nearing his 75th year, is as hale as the average man of fifty or less. He and his estimable wife will celebrate their golden wedding next year.

Those who went from here to witness the inaugural ceremonies at Annapolis [illegible] were Messrs. C. S. Davis, James Andrews and E. H. Sincell. Mrs. Sincell also went and will visit friends at Annapolis for a number of weeks.

A public ball was given at Offutts Hall on last Wednesday night at which a number of roughs from Keyser and Rowlesburg were present. The ball ended in a free fight, one of the participants from Keyser being so ill used that the services of a surgeon were necessary to blind up his bleeding and broken head.

The last kiln of brick burned out by the Corinth Press Brick Company numbered one hundred thousand. They are a light brown in color and are very smooth. Mr. Anderson, the general manager states that in the whole kiln not one brick was broken or spoiled in any way.

The largest game forest in the world lies in Randolph and Pocohontas counties this state. It comprises 60,000 acres, and is bounded on the north by the Old Fishing Hawk Trail, on the south by Elk Mountains, on the east by the Cheat Mountains, taking in the Cheat Valley for sixty miles. It is owned by West Virginians and Pittsburgers.—Pocohontas Times.

A Clarksburg young couple matrimonially inclined beats the record. Three weeks ago they were married out in the country by a Methodist minister, last week another knot was tied in the cord that binds them by Rev. Dr. Forrest, of Grace Episcopal church, and after that event they proposed to have the noose still farther tightened by a priest of the Catholic church. It will take three of the slickest judges in North and South Dakota and Oklahoma to dissolve that union.

Wife—Here's an account of a man who shot himself rather than suffer the pangs of indigestion. Husband—The fool! Why didn't he take De Witt's Little Early Risers? I used to suffer as bad as he did before I commenced taking these little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Send your job work to THE REPUBLICAN office.

Fine repairing a specialty. No watch jobs. F. G. Hyde, Oakland jeweler.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

Just received, at Dixon & Kelso's store, car shelled corn, to sell cheap for cash. 41-2.

[illegible] you want a diamond ring [illegible] will sell you one. It will be the cheapest in the long run.

One Minute Cough Cure is a popular remedy for croup. Safe for children and adults. Oakland Pharmacy.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

De Witt's Little Early Risers for biliousness, indigestion, constipation. A small pill, a prompt cure. Oakland Pharmacy.

If you want a cheap present or an expensive present, you can get it from F. G. Hyde. No trouble to get your wants satisfied there.

Rose-comb American Dominique cockerls, $1 each at express station; 25 cents less at farm. Jonas B. Miller, Grantsville, Md. 43-*3

If the devil would come here and set up a shop, some people would think he was an angel and a dandy of the first water. F. G. Hyde, the jeweler that has stood the test.

During the present month THE REPUBLICAN and *New York Weekly Tribune* will be furnished to all new and old subscribers who pay one year in advance.

Piles of people have piles, but De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve will cure them. When promptly applied it [illegible] slightest pain. Oakland Pharmacy.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

A. G. Bartley, of Magic, Pa., writes: I feel it a duty of mine to inform you and the public that De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve cured me of a very bad case of eczema. It also cured my boy of a running sore on his leg. Oakland Pharmacy.

One Minute Cough Cure is rightly named. It affords instant relief from suffering when afflicted with a severe cough or cold. It acts on the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs and never fails to give immediate relief. Oakland Pharmacy.

Carlton Cornwall, foreman of the Gazette, Middletown, N. J., believes that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy should be in every home. He used it for a cold and it effected a speedy cure. He says: "It is indeed a grand remedy, I can recommend to all. I have also seen it used for whooping cough, with the best results." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Many stubborn and aggravating cases of rheumatism that were believed to be incurable and accepted as life legacies, have yielded to Chamberlain's Pain Balm, much to the surprise and gratification of the sufferers. One application will relieve the pain and suffering and its continued use insures an effectual cure. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

There is good reason for the popularity of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Davis & Buzard, of West Monterey, Clarion Co., Pa., say: "It has cured people that our physicians could do nothing for. We persuaded them to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and they now recommend it with the rest of us." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by the Oakland Pharmacy.

If suffering with piles, it will interest you to know that De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve will cure them. This medicine is a specific for all complaints of this character, and if instructions (which are simple) are carried out, a cure will result. We have tested this in numerous cases, and always with like results. It never fails. Oakland Pharmacy.

No excuse for sleepless nights when you can procure a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure. This will relieve all annoyances, cure the most severe cough and give you rest and health. Can you afford to do without it? Oakland Pharmacy.

Coughing irritates the delicate organs and aggravates the disease. Instead of waiting, try One Minute Cough Cure. It helps at once, making expectoration easy, reduces the soreness and inflammation. Every one likes it. Oakland Pharmacy.

I received a letter from a lad asking me to find him an easy berth. To this I replied: you cannot be an editor; do not try the law; do not think of the ministry; let alone all ships, shops and merchandise; abhor politics; don't practice medicine; be not a farmer or a mechanic; be neither a soldier nor a sailor: don't work, don't study, don't think. None of these are easy. O, my son! you have come to a hard world. I know of only one easy place in it, and that is the grave. —Henry Ward Beecher.

Six hundred and sixteen passenger trains arrive at and depart daily from Pittsburg. Pittsburg handles one sixteenth of the whole railroad tonnage of the United States, and the records of the Car Service association show that more railroad cars are handled in Pittsburg than in any other city on the continent. There is a passenger train in and out of the city about every two and a half minutes of the twenty-four hours.

"I know an old soldier who had chronic diarrhoea of long standing to have been permanently cured by taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," says Mr. Edward Shumpik, a prominent druggist of Minneapolis, Minn. "I have sold the remedy in this city for over seven years and consider it superior to any other medicine on the market for bowel complaint." 25 and 50 cent bottles of this remedy for sale at the Oakland Pharmacy.

By reference to another page of to-day's paper it will be noticed that a church column has been opened. This week the column is edited by Rev. J. W. Butler. Next week it will be edited by Rev. S. M. Engle, pastor of the Garrett Memorial church, and so on until all the ministers of the town shall have been editor when they will become editor again for one week. That the gentlemen will fill this column with interesting religious reading we have have no doubt and it will be hereafter one of the features of THE REPUBLICAN.

Dr. Henry W. McComas left Oakland on Monday night for Baltimore where he entered John Hopkins University Medical Department to take an advanced course in the diseases of women and children, surgery and throat and chest diseases. The doctor will be at home every Sunday and will be found at his office Sunday afternoons from two until four o'clock. If called home for special cases or for consultation he will respond without an extra fee for so doing. Although Dr. McComas stands away up in his profession both at home and abroad, he is never willing to rest upon the honors he has attained, but is always aiming to go higher in his chosen calling.

Election of Officers.

Painter M. E. Sunday school near Swanton has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Superintendent, A. F. George; assistant supt., W. H. Wright; secretary, Jacob R. Lee; treasurer, Mrs. J. H. Comp; librarian, Theo. George; assistant librarian, Hamill Lee.

The school is in a prosperous condition, meets every Sunday at two o'clock p. m., and during the five years of its existence has not failed to have school a single Sunday on account of the weather.

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Malette

Has just received a big line of Xmas Goods, Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, Candies, Fruits, which he will sell at a very low price. We have anything you want.

All kinds of produce taken in exchange for goods.

Don't forget the Lucky Ring. You may be the lucky one.

Give us a call.

W. H. Malette.

Handsome young Harry M. Clabaugh, brand new attorney-general of Maryland, has other attainments besides being handsome. He is an all-around athlete, and enjoys the distinction of being probably the best amateur first baseman who ever covered the bag on a diamond in Maryland. He learned to play ball when he was a student at Pennsylvania college, Gettysburg, back in the seventies. Ten years ago, when the famous Westminister amateur club was organized, which trounced every nine it met. Clabaugh was but just entering upon the practice of his profession. He became a member of the Westminister club, and it was a trite saying, "Put Clabaugh at first base and the game is won." He was as good with the sticks as he was in covering the bag and as a sprinter had no equal. To him was given much of the credit the day the Westminister boys vanquished the Baltimore Orioles, some ten years ago, when old Bob Emslie pitched against them.—World.

Married.

NEDROW—KNEPP.—On Thursday, January 2, 1896, at the parsonage of the Reformed church, by Rev. H. Dieckmann, Mr. John Nedrow and Miss Sarah Knepp, both of Garrett county.—Frostburg Journal.

Lieutenant R. M. G. Brown.

Mr. Dayton has introduced a bill in Congress directing the president of the United States to place Lieutenant-Commander R. M. G. Brown on the retired list of the navy, with the rank of commander, in recognition of his conspicuous bravery and gallantry at the time of the Samoan incident. Lieutenant Brown was presented with a sword of honor by the legislature of West Virginia, and it is Mr. Dayton's desire to have his services recognized nationally.—Journal.

DICK'S DOUBLOONS.

BY S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

DICK FLETCHER was as likely a young man of his years as lived on the coast of Maine. All who knew him said he was smart as lightning, and bound to be master of a ship before long, although not yet 21, for he was quite as good at a trade as in seamanship. This was important in days when sea captains had to manage the sale or purchase of a cargo no less than the navigation of a ship. Dick was mate of the brig Guiding Star, bound to the Spanish main. He had laid in a private stock of knick knacks and notions, intending to make a good profit bartering with the natives. He hoped to clear enough, perhaps, to enable him, with what he had already laid by, to purchase a share in a vessel and become her captain. Then Susan Bartlett was to become his wife.

The day when the lovers must say farewell came at last. How long they would be separated or when he would return was far more uncertain then than it would be in our day. The occasion was, therefore, not without anxiety and sadness. Moved by a sudden impulse or presentiment, Susan snatched from the mantel a valued box, which her aunt had bequeathed her, and gave it to Dick with the request that, whatever happened, he would cherish it as a remembrance of her love.

Dick was deeply touched in his uncouth way by this quaint little gift, for he was well aware how greatly Susan prized it; and yet he knew not what to do with it. However, he at last decided to use it for a "ditty-box," in which to keep the needles, thread and scissors every sailor needs at sea. As such Susan's box served a good purpose, although resembling a family Bible, which, indeed, it was intended to represent. The box had been made by one of Susan's ancestors, who had been lost at sea, and it had long been kept as an heirloom in Susan's family.

The voyage out proved lucky, so far as Dick was concerned. He traded off his wares to very good account, and salted down a snug sum, which, for convenience, he put into doubloons, noble gold coins, worth from eight to ten dollars apiece. Inspired by a happy thought, Dick packed the coins in the box Susan gave him. They just filled it, and few would be likely to search for money in an innocent-looking case resembling a book.

All went well after the brig turned her head toward home, until one afternoon in the neighborhood of Cuba, when a suspicious-looking sail hove in sight. [illegible] thinned out by cruisers. Still the danger was not quite over; a few piratical craft yet lurked among the islands, and all on the brig, therefore, anxiously scanned the stranger. It did not take long to make her out to be a genuine pirate bent on mischief. She soon showed her intentions by giving chase to the Guiding Star, which in turn spread every stitch of canvas, skysails, studding sails, ringsails, and, in fact, everything that would draw. The handsome trader presented a beautiful sight gliding over the blue waters under the pressure of white wings, and yet a terrible spectacle when one considered what a fate she was trying to escape; for all her efforts were useless, as the schooner soon drew within cannon shot, and the balls from her bow chasers came whistling over the water.

The brig could indeed make a feeble resistence, only sufficient to infuriate but not beat off the incarnate fiends who soon laid their rakish schooner

SHE GAVE IT TO DICK.

alongside and swarmed on board the trader armed to the teeth, an overwhelming, tumultuous throng of howling devils. In the short but desperate fight that ensued the heroic defenders, foremost among them Dick Fletcher, succeeded in killing a number of their assailants. But they were soon overpowered, and not one of them, as was supposed, to repeat the tale of that bloody day.

But Dick, more fortunate than his shipmates, escaped death almost miraculously. He received a terrible blow on the head from the butt of a musket. His thick cap must have broken the force of the stroke, which, although it felled and stunned him, did not crush his skull. In the onward rush of the foe he was left for dead near the companion way, and under the corpse of a man he had shot down at the instant he himself fell to the deck. In the meantime, having disposed of the crew of the brig, the pirates proceeded to pillage the prize.

When Dick came to himself he had the presence of mind to remain perfectly still, although suffering intense pain from his wound. The blood which had run down his face increased his ghastly appearance and served to deepen the impression that he was actually dead.

He could hear the pirates rummaging all over the ship. So far as he could judge, they had nearly finished their search for treasure and were preparing to scuttle the prize, preferring that means of destruction to burning her, as less likely to attract the attention of cruisers. All on a sudden they were thrown into a wild panic, and furious oaths and confused orders rang over both vessels. Dick understood Spanish enough to gather from the clamor that an English frigate, attracted by the roar of the guns, was now coming down fast toward the scene of action. There was not a moment to be lost, and the shrill orders of the captain and officers of the pirate were heard commanding their men to hasten aboard the schooner and to make sail.

This unexpected turn of affairs led Dick to hope almost against hope that his treasure might have been undiscovered by the ruffians. Its safety meant much to him; perhaps his entire future depended upon it. To his horror, at that moment he heard one of several men who were still in the cabin exclaim: "Hello! what's that lying on the shelf in the bunk? We haven't examined that yet."

"Tumble out of there, or I'll blow your heads off!" yelled the second lieutenant of the corsair just then, putting his head down the companion way.

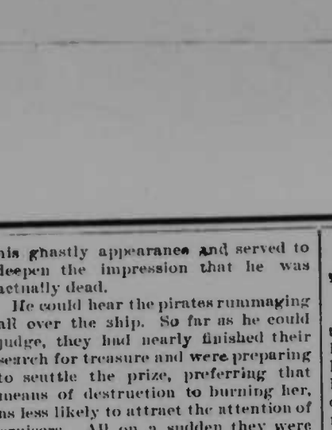

HE RECEIVED A BLOW ON HIS HEAD.

Without another word the men sprang on deck and skipped aboard the schooner, which immediately sheered off and strained every effort to escape the frigate.

Struggling to his feet, Dick staggered below, and was enraptured to find his precious store of gold just as he had left it in his bunk. It had not been touched. He soon ascertained, also, that he was the only living person left on board. The bodies of his shipmates and of the dead pirates strewed the deck, as well as goods dragged from the also torn by the broadsides of the enemy.

But his attention was soon called to the rapid firing, which showed that the frigate was closing with the schooner. The combat was fierce but short. The pirates were greatly outmatched, and, finding further resistance useless, lowered their black flag. The frigate sent an officer and boat's crew to take possession. Scarcely had they reached the schooner when her captain touched a match to the magazine. The vessel blew up with an appalling explosion that hurled scores of souls into eternity.

After picking up the few survivors the cruiser squared away for the brig, and sent off a boat to render such assistance as might be required. Finding her leaking and otherwise badly damaged, the British captain ordered her to be set on fire.

Dick was taken to the frigate with his sea chest, in which he had already carefully stowed his Bible box and its treasure. Two days after these stirring events an American vessel was sighted bearing northward. Dick was transferred to her and in due time sailed into Boston harbor. There he took passage on a schooner bound to Maine.

The consternation of the people when he reached home and told his story may well be imagined, for the captain and most of the crew of the Guiding Star hailed from that neighborhood. Susan was one of the few who met Dick with rejoicing.

"Well, I suppose you lost everything?" she said to her lover, after the first greeting was over.

"I guess I lost some dunnage; but I managed to save the box you gave me," he answered, with a twinkle in his eye. "I'll bring it around and show you how well I kept it."

Susan was so gratified by such a touching evidence of Dick's affection that she had to give him another kiss.

The next time he called to see his Susan Dick took the box with him; but when she reached out her hand to take it she was surprised to find how heavy it had grown.

"For the land sake, Dick, what in the world have you got in it?" she exclaimed.

"Just let me show you. Put it square on your knee; there, that's right; now let me open it," he said.

When she saw the pile of yellow, shining doubloons, glittering like the sunlight in the tropics, Susan almost fell back in a faint. She had never seen so much gold before in all her life. To her it seemed a large fortune.

"Yes, Susie, darling, that's all ours. Them's the profits I made on my ventur'. Them pirates didn't see it, or leastways, they didn't suspicion what was in that ere Bible, lying so innocent like in my bunk. It all belongs to you, sweetheart; for if it hadn't been for that ere box you gave me our hopes would have gone by the board. All you've got to do now is to name the day and we'll get married. Next v'y'ge I'm going master of the new schooner that's to be launched to-morrow. We are going to name her the 'Gentle Susan,' and you shall be my mate."—N. Y. Independent.

ENGLISH OF THE INDIAN.

They, If Nobody Else, Have Succeeded in Simplifying Our Mother Tongue.

Lieut. Grote Hutcheson, aid-de-camp to Gen. Coppinger, is in receipt of a highly interesting letter from one of his brother officers now in camp at Fort Hall agency, Idaho, the home of the Indians who were mixed up in the recent Jackson's Hole trouble. The letter is interesting because it has nothing to say of Jackson's Hole, which is a relief. Instead, it deals largely with conditions at Fort Hall from the standpoint of a student of ethnology.

"I am taken," says the writer, whose name Lieut. Hutcheson does not feel at liberty to mention, "with the speech of the Indians in their communications with the whites. Having little to occupy time, I have bothered to look into the origin of the kind of language which I hear used by Indians and traders in their talk with one another. It suggests the slang of the Bowery, being a purely artificial adjunct to both the Indian and the English language. It suggests, too, the baby talk of young mothers, who insist on placing verbs where nouns should be, and who prefer mixing up their first, second and [illegible] persons to taking them straight. Instance, there is the word 'mebbe.' At first I thought this to be a sort of corruption of may be, meaning perhaps, or used in a doubting way. This is not true. The Indian and the white in conversation use 'mebbe' as an affirmative. 'Mebbe get wagon' is the strongest way of declaring that you will get a wagon. 'You eat mebbe' brings delight to the Indian, for that is a promise of giving him food, a promise which may by no means be evaded. A white man, too, in conversing with an Indian, when the Indian will converse, and when he knows even this patois, injects 'mebbe' into his talk at every fourth word, or, if he gets excited, he puts it in at the third.

"There is no pronoun in the mixed vocabulary of the reservation. The words 'white man' and 'Injun' will fill in for all the persons and all the cases, too, by the way. Somebody will write an Indian-English grammar some day, and it will be comprised in less than a hundred words. Simplicity takes the place of explicitness, I am bound to say, and sometimes you have to use a carefully-trained ear to know whether it is a threat, a command or a promise, or a request that is being flung at you. Mood is unknown in the grammar of the Hannock.

"I discover that the English language of Fennimore Cooper and Oil Coomes are nonexistent. I have dug profoundly into the 'Ugh' and the three-word sentences of the novelist, and I find they are out of fashion. If you succeed in getting an Indian to talk to you at all he will not shut off with three words ending in an exclamation point. Neither will he use the expression 'pale face.' No self-respecting Indian says [illegible] altogether the language [illegible] worth attention. Seriously, I imagine a text book could be compiled which would really result in a great good for the government in bringing the Indians to something like civilized habits. As it is, the instruction is based on the same conditions as prevail in the English language and with English-speaking persons. This does not fit the Indian. His language is simplicity itself, and there are no twists of case, tense or the like. As to tense, one illustration will show. Take the word 'Go.' We have it 'go, went, gone, going, will go,' while the Indian puts in two cases, 'go' and 'was go.' If he wishes to make it a future tense he simply puts in the specific time, as 'He go to-morrow, mebbe,' which to my mind is quite expressive of the idea. I seriously believe attention might be called to this situation among scholastic men and perhaps we would be able to get along without rascally and incompetent interpreters. One hundred words would be a good vocabulary." — Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

Lions and Blood Poisoning.

The lion does not appear to possess the wariness of a tiger. He will dash into a tied-up bait in the most headstrong manner, heedless of the hunter seated behind a screen of bushes, whose presence with his keen powers of smell, he cannot fail to detect. From what I have heard and seen of his habits I should say he was a bolder animal than the tiger, but by that I do not mean a more dangerous one. In one respect, perhaps, he is less dangerous than either tiger or panther, for I am inclined to think it is not so much his habit to feed on putrid flesh as either of the two latter, and consequently does not kill by blood-poisoning after mauling his foe so often as the other two do. Of late years, since Africa has become more accessible to sportsmen, one hears frequently of lions getting the best of it and leaving their adversary fairly well mangled, but in nearly all the cases I have heard of the mauled man recovers, whereas in India, as surely as the hot season and its accompaniment, tiger shooting, come around, tiger and panther score several deaths, usually by blood-poisoning consequent to a mauling received from one of the two.—Scribner's Magazine.

Chinese Artillery and Dinner.

It is the custom of the best Chinese artillerymen to go to dinner punctually as the hour strikes, even in the middle of an engagement. The better-disciplined sailors do not leave their guns, but they grow horribly if their meal hour finds them unavoidably engaged. The men are cool enough to eat leisurely with the shells flying round them.—Blackwood's Magazine.

—Wisdom for a man's self is, in many branches thereof, a depraved thing; it is the wisdom of rats, that will be sure to leave a house some time before it fall; it is the wisdom of the fox, that thrusts out the badger who digged and made room for him; it is the wisdom of the crocodiles, that shed tears when they would devour.—Bacon.

KING OF PICKPOCKETS.

Career of a Man Who Established a Thieves' Trust in England.

The ex-king of pickpockets in London, Mr. Joseph Wailey, has just died of pneumonia at the age of 83 years, 40 of which he spent from time to time in jail. Like a grand old-time monarch, he had several wives; at least seven are known to have constituted his better half. His family, of course, was extremely numerous, but he didn't bother himself much about looking after them. He was born at Southampton, and commenced to practice his profession at the age of ten. He was then engaged almost exclusively in the handkerchief department, but he progressed rapidly, and was soon promoted to the branch of jewelry and pocket-books. When he was about 19 years old he was president of the first pickpocket trust ever formed in England.

Mrs. Walley, his mother, was a good and religious woman, and when her bad son, Joe, was sent to jail for the first time she died of grief. Joe cried bitterly over the loss of his mother, but soon dried his tears and resumed his old vocation. He became tired of Southampton and started for the capital.

On his way to London he was attacked by footpads. He pitched into them and killed one, but they finally succeeded in robbing him, and he arrived in London penniless. Six months after his arrival there he found himself, as he said, "in comfortable circumstances." He had now the means of extending his operations. He founded and directed for several years a band of robbers in different lines, including burglars, footpads, pickpockets and sneak-thieves, that were the terror of the suburbs of London.

Most of Wailey's companions were captured and sent to jail, but he for a long time managed to hide himself from the police. On one occasion he jumped into the Thames, and the morning papers came out the next day with an account of his suicide. But Wailey was an all-round athlete, and swimming was one of his notable accomplishments. So he reappeared at Gravesend, where he was the most successful blackmailer on record. This new branch of his profession amused him most, because he did not know before he took it up that there were so many fools in the world as there really are. What he termed his very simplest tricks brought him large revenues. The trust was extended until it had members in all the principal cities in England, and Wailey was still king, except during the interregnum that followed any one of his numerous convictions. At last, when he became rich, he began to think of retiring from business and living peaceably upon his hard-earned money.

His mind took a religious twist, probably an inheritance from his mother. One Sunday morning, while wandering through Victoria park, he noticed a large crowd gathered around a stand [illegible] preaching. The colored man was Celestin Edwardy. With the old-time instinct of a pickpocket, Wailey at first thought he would work the crowd, but he simply worked his way near enough to the preacher to be able to listen to his words; and he did listen with the greatest attention. He became moved, and tears rolled down his cheeks. Then and there he confessed his sins—no small affair. Without speaking of his ephemeral transgressions, such as his seven or eight marriages, Wailey had amassed a fortune of about $100,000 by active practice in all the various branches of his profession.

Upon the question of restitution linked to his repentance the records are silent. But at all events he got religion, and got it bad, as his pals used to say. He turned preacher, and was considered one of the most eloquent among the lurid orators of the open-air religious meetings in London. He became as great a favorite among the good and righteous as he had been among the bad and ungodly. A great throng attended his funeral, and in that throng, by way of honoring the dead, the pickpockets were present actively.—London Letter.

Friendly Insects.

A party of young people sat on the porch one evening last summer and amused themselves by trying to kill a dragon-fly that was darting about in the air. It made frequent swoops in the vicinity of their heads, when they all made a great ado, as though some venomous creature were after them. The dragon-fly is in reality a most useful creature, and where it abounds mosquitoes and flies are relentlessly pursued. It would be a good idea if these friendly helpers could be domesticated, for when one can capture a dragon-fly and offer him a common house-fly he seizes it with the utmost greediness and devours it in an instant. The lady-bird is often killed by those who are not aware what a voracious devourer of insects it is. The lady-bird industriously hunts for the eggs and young of insects that live on the under side of leaves.—N. Y. Ledger.

How Glass Decays.

Few visitors to the Metropolitan museum of art in New York are aware, while admiring the iridescence of the glass bottles, plates and other ancient articles of ornament and use discovered in Cyprus, that the prismatic hues displayed are a result of the decay of the glass. When disintegration sets in, the substance of the glass splits into exceedingly thin laminae which, as the sunlight traverses them, give rise to a splendid play of colors. Like the leaves of the forest, these delicate glasses signalize their approaching dissolution by becoming more beautiful.—Youth's Companion.

—If one only wished to be happy, this could be easily accomplished; but we wish to be happier than other people, and this is always difficult, for we believe others to be happier than they are. —Montesquieu.

Her Tender Heart.

It was the woman who will stop a horse car twice inside of 20 feet to keep from walking the small extra distance and who will let a man with both arms full of bundles stand up rather than move over half a foot to let him sit down.

"The doctor says that we must boil our water," she said to a friend.

"Yes," was the reply. "It isn't much trouble."

"No. But I hate to do it. It does seem such a horrible death for those poor little microbes and things."—Washington Star.

Not on the Market.

"So you met the English lord?"

"Yes."

"And he has shown you marked attention?"

"Yes, he danced twice with me."

"Then why so sad and dejected?"

"I have just learned that his lordship is quite wealthy."—Bay City Chat.

A Sad State of Affairs.

Ragged Haggard (sympathetically)—You are lookin' mighty blue, podner, What 's de matter?

Weary Whiskers (on his back)—Aw, it's trouble, trouble, everywhere, and not a drop to drink, as de poet so feelin'ly got off! Here I've jest laid down, an', darn it, I've got to git up ag'in after awhile.—Puck.

His Use.

Sapsmith—I begin to think I weally ought to get mawwied; don't you, Grimshaw?

Grimshaw—I see no reason why you shouldn't, Sappy; I guess you would make some man a good wife.—N. Y. World.

Affected.

Dick (at the ball)—That two-steps makes me tired.

Tom—But you've been dancing it all the evening, my boy.

Dick—That's the reason.—N. Y. Recorder.

A Definition.

Johnnie—Papa, what is meant by: "Once a knave, always a knave?"

Father—It's a typographical error for: "Once a knave, and ever afterward a rich and honest man."—Truth.

Motherly Intuition.

Mrs. Gashus (to Mrs. Slambang, whose daughter has been recently married)—How are Amantha and her husband getting along in New York?

Mrs. Slambang—Wretchedly, I fear; poorly, I am certain. She writes that she is perfectly happy—but it is just like my poor darling to try and shield the wretch that way. But, no! she cannot deceive her own mother—no, no—far from it. I leave for New York tomorrow, to see things righted or know the reason why.—Judge.

They Must Have Heard It.

When the cat's away the mice will play,
Unless, perchance, alack!
The mice have heard that noted song
Of how the cat came back.
—Detroit Tribune.

REASSURING.

Old Lady (who has just bought a pint of chestnuts)—There are no worms in these chestnuts, are there?

Boy—Yes'm; but if you take off yer glasses while you're eatin 'em you can't tell th' difference; th' worms taste th' same as th' chestnuts, ma'am.—Judge.

His Curiosity Aroused.

Proprietor—Where is the bookkeeper?

Office Boy—He isn't in. His wife sent him word that the baby was asleep, and he's gone home to see what it looks like.—Louisville Truth.

An Appreciative Soul.

He pinned upon his overcoat—
That sneering Johnny Power—
A big chrysanthemum and said:
"That's what I cauliflower."
—Chicago Tribune.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

Christmas Eve—The last look. Christmas Morning—"He's bin here."
—Golden Days.

A Heartless Parent.

Miss Bullion—Papa says we can't be married until you are able to support me.

Adorer—Great Scott! Does he want his only daughter to die an old maid?—N. Y. Weekly.

Tried and Found Wanting.

Jack Hardup—Lend me a dollar, will you? I haven't anything but a large bill in my pocket.

Amicus (to whom Jack has often applied before)—Whose is it, your tailor's?—Bay City Chat.

Two Souls.

Bride—We must do our best not to let people know we are on our wedding trip.

Groom—Indeed we must, or we'll be charged four prices for everything.—N. Y. Weekly.

THAT HORRID LITTLE BROTHER.

Charley—Your eyes always remind me of the sea, Cis.

Cis—Because they are so blue?

Charley—No. They are so watery.—Fun.

She Sent Him Off.

Clara—I am amazed to hear that you have broken your engagement.

Dora—What else could I do? His beard is so stiff and rough that I was continually going about with my face full of scratches.—N. Y. Weekly.

Obvious Though Ambiguous.

Solomon—Have you heard the sad news? Block's hat factory is on fire, and poor Block was so shocked at the loss that he fell dead.

The Idiot—By Jove! That's a loss that will be much felt.—Brooklyn Life.

At the Ball.

First Artist (admiringly)—What a faultlessly beautiful face Miss Hebe has.

Second Artist (enthusiastically)—Yes, indeed. It's as perfect as a retouched photograph.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Snapper Snapped.

Miss Antique—I don't see why young married people make such fools of themselves!

Old Goodfello—Maybe it's because they have the chance!—Truth.

An Effective Alibi.

Eastern Visitor—How was it that you did not hang that last murderer? Did he establish an alibi?

Quick Drop Dan—That's just what he did. When the sheriff went to the jail to hang him, he wasn't there.—Puck.

Interested Him.

Perry Patettie—Mister, kin you give me a dime?

Wallace—None of my good money goes for whisky, my friend.

"It don't? How do you work it?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

My Barometer.

My Lucy's eyes
Are summer skies
Whene'er her heart is light and cheery,
But when she's sad
The weather's bad
And all my skies are dark and dreary.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Truly Wonderful.

"My husband and I had a singular coincidence in our lives."

"What was it?"

"We got married at the same time."—Truth.

One on Papa.

Mrs. Fozzleton—George, the baby has just begun to take after you.

Mr. Fozzleton—How so, dearest?

Mrs. Fozzleton—He began crowing this morning.—N. Y. Recorder.

How He Used It.

Friend—Do you use tobacco?

Mr. Howell (of the firm of Gettup & Howell)—O yes. I breathe it most of the time. Gettup is a constant smoker. —Chicago Tribune.

Appropriately Named.

Hobson—Why does Newpop call his light lunch cafe "The Baby's Mouth?" That's a funny name.

Jobson—Because it's open all night. —Philadelphia Record.

He Had No Cause to Worry.

Old Bullion—It galls me to think that my money goes into your spendthrift hands when I die.

Young Bullion—Never mind, governor, it won't stay there long.—Tit-Bits.

Inexpensive.

"I promised to give my wife a surprise on Christmas."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. You see, it's all I can afford to give her."—Chicago Record.

From a Beginner's Point of View.

"What strikes you most about bicycling?"

"The earth, as a general thing."—Town Topics.

The Turkey.

Although you are this time of year
The theme of many a toast
From lips of those who love you dear,
You also get a roast.
—Judge.

Frosty.

She—Where is my picture?

He—I have it in my heart.

She—Ah, I see! Cold storage.—Judge.

FARM AND GARDEN.

HOUSES AND ROADS.

Why the Road Question Must Be Solved by the Country People.

Gen. Torrence, who is a Chicago man, is building a country house within 21 miles of the city of New York. The house and its appurtenances will cost near $2,000,000. The cost of maintaining such an establishment cannot be less than $100,000 a year, and it is likely to be more than that. Gen. Torrence's house will be but one of very many costly summer residences that adorn the neighborhood of New York.

Let us note a few consequences of the erection of such suburban palaces.

1. Land that, intrinsically, is worth but $100 an acre as farming ground becomes worth fabulous sums.

2. The adjacent farmers find a near and very profitable market for their produce among the rich residents.

3. The tone of society is elevated, and the farming community is benefited thereby.

Now, let us ask why New York is surrounded by such palaces, while some of the best building sites within 20 miles of Chicago go almost a-begging. The answer is plain: New York is surrounded by good roads while Chicago is not. Where the streets and boulevards of Chicago end, a region of undiluted mud or of overwhelming dust begins. The man who is willing to spend $50,000, $100,000 or $1,000,000 on a country home is a keeper of horses and carriages, and he needs a country through which he can drive with pleasure. The neighborhood of Chicago does not furnish him with such a country.

On the northern and southern limits of Chicago are stretches of country from which magnificent lake views can be had; but the roads are wretched. A few miles westward of Maywood the country becomes hilly and picturesque, but the roads are abominable.

There are men in Chicago, and plenty of them, who would delight in a country home, but the unsolved road question troubles them. The suburbs are, for the most part, connected with the city by good, or fairly good roads; but suburban homes are not country homes. The good-road question must be solved by the country people. It is vital throughout the state, but especially so in neighborhoods situated between 20 and 40 miles of Chicago.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

Wherever Good Roads Are Built Property Increases in Value.

The matter of building good roads has passed the stage of mere agitation in some states and the work of construction has been commenced and with very satisfactory results.

At the Good Roads congress recently held in Atlanta, Ga., the testimonials offered in regard to the actual money profit to farms and other property along which good roads have been built was astonishing. Farms that were slow sale three years ago at a low price were readily sold since rock roads had been built at an advance that had more than paid the total expense of building the roads through the farms and the payment for the road construction is not due for years yet, and is then distributed over a series of years so that the burden will be very light to the new owners.

The past season has been so dry throughout so large a part of our country that the necessity and benefit of hard roads have not been appreciated as much as they would have been had the season been one of ordinary or extraordinary wetness. It is not at all likely that the future will give us all dry seasons and it is better to improve the roads now while they are dry and labor and material is cheap.

In states where there is not proper legislation to further the building of good hard roads it is a good time to work on public opinion and push the claims of good roads upon such legislatures as may be in session the coming winter.

Good roads are needed, good roads pay, and good roads can be had if all who should be interested in them will work them.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

Butter That Always Sells.

There are a great many butter makers who never cause dealers any trouble. Their butter is fine, and is beautifully packed. Its appearance is always a guarantee of its excellence, and a dealer takes pride in showing it to his customers. If one maker of fancy butter can have his butter always perfectly packed, another maker of fancy butter can do the same thing, so there seems to be no excuse for the "accidents." Some of these makers of fancy goods have so established themselves that consumers know the shipping days. They know when the butter will reach the Chicago market, and have it ordered in advance; or, if they happen to be busy, order by telephone. It is not necessary for them to test the butter; they know it is good and are never disappointed.—Chicago Produce.

Sowing Orchards to Grass.

Some people believe that a grass pasture keeps in the moisture. Experiments made in Nebraska have proven this to be a fallacy. The orchard was divided into three parts. Two of them were in grass, one mowed and the other pastured; and the third portion was cultivated. It was proven by actual analysis that for every 100 barrels of water contained in the first 20 inches of pasture, a like amount of ground cultivated during the entire season contained over 140 barrels. The pastured portion contained a little more moisture than that mowed; but only 5 per cent. more. Apples from the cultivated land averaged nearly 14 per cent. larger in weight than those from pastured land, and over 17 per cent. larger than those from mowed land.

A vessel of water kept steaming on the stove will keep the atmosphere in a good condition for house plants.

BOXES AND CRATES.

Can Be Used for Many Purposes Around a Vegetable or Fruit Farm.

Few things on the place are in more frequent demand, and more generally useful for various purposes, than a good supply of the ordinary slatted bushel crates, which one can now buy in the flat, at a small price, from supply dealers and seedsmen all over the country We pay about 11 cents apiece for them and always try to have a good number of them on hand. Not only that we use them in gathering and hauling potatoes, beets, carrots, onions, tomatoes and other vegetables and fruits besides, but we also find them handy receptacles for storing many of these articles in cellar, barn or garret. A slatted crate or box, for instance, is much better for keeping onions and potatoes than a barrel. Indeed, the latter is about as poor a receptacle as there is, especially for the long keeping of these products. apples and pears, as also carrots, beets and other roots, may be stored in tight bins, pits, boxes or barrels. When we want to keep different kinds of potatoes, such as our own seedlings, or any other of which we only want a bushel or less of a kind, we put them in the slatted crates, carefully labeled on the outside, and pile them up as high as we please. For very small quantities, however, we use the cheap peach baskets, or for the product of true seed the first year, the ordinary strawberry baskets.

Bushel crates and boxes come also handy for taking produce to market. When we have only one tier in the wagon

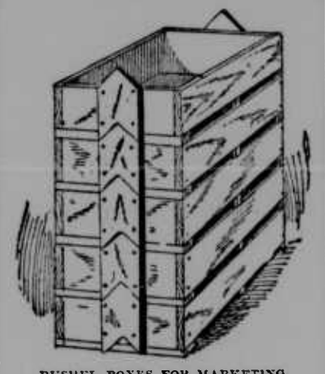

BUSHEL BOXES FOR MARKETING.

box no other precautions are required; but for a number of tiers placed one above the other we need something to prevent the upper ones from sliding about. A bushel box much used by Iowa market gardeners (as told by a writer in the Market Garden) is made of white wood or good pine as follows:

Take two side pieces one-half inch thick, five and one-half inches wide, 36 inches in length; and two end pieces one inch thick, five and one-fourth inches wide, 12 inches long. The bottom can be made in one or more pieces. The angle pieces at the ends of boxes, as shown in accompanying sketch, are one-half inch thick, fastened with four screens. After the box is made up, three strips, each one-half inch thick and one inch wide, are nailed across the bottom. This makes an inch air space between each two boxes. Three strips of light hoop iron are then nailed around the ends and middle of the boxes, which adds much to their strength. Some vegetables, like peas, heat very quickly. The air space prevents this, and is also needed to admit of a better fill. Of course, the dimensions of the box can be changed in each particular case to fit the wagon box, and they will be all right if made so as to hold 2,150 cubic inches.

Another plan to secure stability of the load by preventing tiers of boxes from sliding about, is to bore a hole one and one-half inches deep in the middle of tops of ends, into which fit a one-half inch oak or hickory pin, leaving it to stick one inch above; also bore five-eighth inch holes in bottom of ends to receive the free end of pins. The sides of the box are made one-half inch lower than ends, leaving an air space.—American Gardening.

THE CONVICT PROBLEM.

In North Carolina It Has Been Solved to Everybody's Satisfaction.

The use of convicts on public roads has been intimately connected with the growth of road improvement in North Carolina. As far back as 1867 the state made provision for the use of convict labor in road building. The Mecklenburg road law is a great improvement, and under its provisions many miles of the finest roads in the south have been constructed. Returns from 80 counties showed an average cost of 30 cents per day for keeping convicts, but by the use of convicts on the roads the cost has been reduced to a general average of 24 cents. Convicts are carefully described and photographed. Shorter term inducements are offered for good behavior. They are employed in road building much as hired men, under a superintendent and without a guard. They are allowed to remain at their homes from Saturday night to Monday morning. This novel experiment has been in operation a year and not a convict has attempted to escape or declined to labor faithfully, and the result has been a decided improvement. An examination of county records shows that but few convicts have escaped, convict health is better in road building than when in jail, that their labor is more efficient than that hired at 50 to 75 cents per day, the cost of convict keep is reduced and fine roads are thus obtained at a minimum cost.—Farm and Home.

The cow should be pushed to a safe limit of performance. If she is not there is a waste. Keep feeding more and more as long as she responds, short of doing her an injury.

There are no short cuts in fruit growing. The plants must be set out, be well cared for, so as to secure a thrifty growth, and in due time they will bear fruit.

THE BRAVE BLUE JAY.

Most Appropriately Called the "Sentinel of the Woods."

The sentinel of the woods is the well-earned name given to our bold, aggressive, pert, brave blue jay. Many an expectant sportsman has paused in dismay when his first stealthy entrance into a patch of woods was announced in piercing screams that rang through the whole region. "Here! here! here!" the blue-coated watchmen seem to yell. At their shrill warning every bird and beast scurries for a hiding place. No one seems to know just why the alarm is given. Whether to warn the jay's own family only or otherwise. Certainly the jay must be aware of the commotion he causes, and if so one can well imagine his often using it to spread a false terror just for fun. They will play all sorts of pranks on one another, and practical jokes are of hourly occurrence.

Winter has no terrors for them, and the brave fellows stay the whole winter through in our inhospitable region. Frequently they use a battered, loose-jointed old barn for a roost at night and in the day if sorely pressed by hunger they will come to dooryards for food. Through the chill autumn days they will fight with the gray and red squirrel over the division of the nut crop and repay all thefts by giving bunny timely warning of the gunner's approach. Through the aisles of leafless trees the jays can see the intruder at a great distance and render correspondingly greater service. Useless it is for the gunner to sit quietly on a log and wait for the watchmen to cease their racket. They will continue to scream so long as he is in sight.

Unlike some human watchmen these never sleep while on duty. Only one weakness they show in common with the human kind. They are apt to wander off their beat. A tryst with some fair young girl blue jay in the neighborhood grove, a feast at some benutiful chestnut or beech or a fight between their clan and another, or a hawk to be fought off—all these allurements draw them from duty, and in their absence the gunner will find his best fun with the bushy tails and the rabbits, and perhaps wonder why he never had such luck before.—N. Y. World.

A Fisherman's Queer Catch.

Some time ago we told of a man who accidently caught a tiger with a hook and line, and now we have to tell of a man who purposely caught a grouse in the same way. He had been hunting all the forenoon without success, and, becoming disgusted at his poor luck, put away his gun and started out in the afternoon with fishing tackle. While fishing he saw a grouse in the grass on the bank of the stream, and, baiting his hook with a grasshopper, made a cast to the bird. Like a fish, the grouse swallowed the bait, hook and all, and started to fly off. But he was held fast, and the fisher bagged his queer game.

A Curious Manx Oath.

The following curious oath was until recently administered in the courts of the Isle of Man: "By this book and by the holy contents thereof, and by the wonderful works that God has miraculously wrought in Heaven above and in the earth beneath in six days and seven nights, I do swear that I will, without respect of favor or friendship, love or gain, consanguinity or affinity, envy or malice, execute the laws of this isle, and between party and party as indifferently as the herring's backbone doth lie in the middle of the fish."

To California in Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars.

The Burlington Route (C., B. & Q. R. R.) runs personally conducted excursions to California, leaving Chicago every Wednesday. Through cars to California destination, fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, bedding, toilet rooms, etc.; every convenience. Special agent in charge. Route via Denver and Salt Lake. Sunshine all the way. Write for descriptive pamphlet to T. A. Grady, Excursion Manager, 211 Clark St., Chicago.

THE WIFE—"John, didn't you feel like a fool when you proposed to me?" The Husband—"No; but I was one."—Life.

County Map of the South, Free.

If you are interested in the South and would like to have a county map showing the principal counties in detail in the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and a portion of Mississippi and Florida, send your address to P. Sid Jones, Pass. Agent, Birmingham, Ala., or C. P. Atmore, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Louisville, Ky. This map is made to fold up in convenient form, and contains letters written by several northern people who have settled at different points on the Louisville & Nashville R. R.

GADZOOKS—"Old man Krankus says he has conscientious scruples against going to Europe." Zounds—"Why, how's that?" Gadzooks—"Well, you see, he is a prohibitionist, and if he went to Europe he would be described as a saloon passenger on the vessel."—N. Y. Tribune.

ENVY makes us see what will serve to accuse others, and not perceive what may justify them.—Bishop Wilson.

IN the South Sea.—"Surely you remember Mr. Twaddles who preached the Gospel to your tribe ten years ago!" "Oh, yes! I remember him very well. He was delicious."—Life.

BEAUTY is the first present nature gives to women and the first it takes away.—Mere.

"MADAM," said the new boarder, "one of your family came very near dying last night." "Indeed. I was not aware that anyone was ill. Who was it?" "The man in the room next to mine who played the cornet till three a. m. He stopped just in time to save his life."—Detroit Free Press.

OBSTINACY and contradiction are like a paper kite: they are only kept up so long as you pull against them.—Anon.

"OCEAN steamships are like promissory notes," said Hicks. "You don't begin to worry over 'em until they're three days overdue."—Harper's Bazar.

THE WAR WHEEL.—Wheeler—"And don't you think the bicycle will ever be used in warfare?" Walker—"No, I doubt if it ever will get further than its present status, as a mere instrument for assault and battery."—Indianapolis Journal.

"THAT'S the fellow I'm laying for," remarked the hen as her owner came around with a pan of cornmeal.—Texas Siftings.

A CHILD being asked: "What is the plural of forget-me-not?" answered: "Forget-us-not."—Household Words.

GOOD humor is the very air of a good mind, the sign of a large and generous soil, and the peculiar soil in which virtue prospers.—Goodman.

Great Reduction in Time to California.

Once more the North-Western Line has reduced the time of its trans-continental trains, and the journey from Chicago to California via this popular route is now made in the marvelously short time of three days. Palace Drawing-Room Sleeping cars leave Chicago daily, and run through to San Francisco and Los Angeles without change, and all meals en route are served in Dining cars. Daily Tourist Sleeping car service is also maintained by this line between Chicago and San Francisco and Los Angeles, completely equipped berths in upholstered Tourist Sleepers being furnished at a cost of only $6.00 each from Chicago to the Pacific Coast. Through trains leave Chicago for California at 6:00 p. m. and 10:30 p. m. daily, after arrival of trains of connecting lines from the East and South.

For detailed information concerning rates, routes, etc., apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address:

W. B. KNISKERN, G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

WHEN a fellow swears to a girl that he would go through fire and water for her he little dreams of lighting heaters and filling washtubs.—Philadelphia Record.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is a monthly paper published by the Passenger Department of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. It is designed to give reliable information concerning western farm lands, what can be raised on them successfully, and the experiences of farmers who live in the west. Copies of the paper will be sent to any address for one year on receipt of 25 cents. Postage stamps accepted. Address "The Corn Belt," 209 Adams St., Chicago.

THERE is not the least flower but seems to hold up its head, and to look pleasantly, in the secret sense of the goodness of its heavenly Maker.—Leigh.

To California.

Study all time cards and you will find no railroad carrying tourist cars make as quick time as the Phillips Rock Island Excursions. One hour and thirty minutes quicker time than any other route Chicago to Los Angeles.

A. Phillips & Co. have carried over 125,000 patrons to and from California. Why? Because every well-posted California traveler understands Phillips has the best regulated tourist system.

JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

AT THE PARTY.—He—"Do you know, I always feel like a fool in a full-dress suit." She—"What a pity you can't hide your feelings a little."—Truth.

"The Melancholy Days Have Come,

The saddest of the year," not when autumn has arrived, as poet Bryant intimates, but when a fellow gets bilious. The "sere and yellow leaf" is in his complexion if not in the foliage at that inauspicious time. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will soon discipline his rebellious liver, and regulate his bowels, besides toning his stomach and healthfully stimulating his kidneys. Malaria, rheumatism and nervousness are also relieved by the Bitters.

IT is the toper that would like to put a girdle round the world.—Texas Siftings.

RUSSIAN YEAST
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
Full directions how to make this celebrated YEAST CAKE at a nominal cost. Mailed on receipt of $1.00. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. GEO. MICHBERGER, CLARKSDALE, MISSISSIPPI.

OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. S. M. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA. NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

When to say "No."

When the clerk tries to get rid of some other binding by calling it just as good as the

Bias Velveteen Skirt Binding.

Simply refuse to take it. No binding wears or looks as well as the "S. H. & M."

If your dealer will not supply you, we will.

Send for samples, showing labels and materials, to the S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York City.

COLE'S NEW DOMESTIC COFFEE BERRY

BETTER THAN A GOLD MINE.

Raise your own coffee at less than one cent a pound. Let high tariff store coffee go. The poor man's friend and rich man's delight. Matures north or south in four months. Plant any time up to the 20th of June; 20,000 farmers supplied and every one praises it. Has produced over 60 bushels per acre. Some prefer it to store coffee. Produces two crops a year in the south. Large packet post-paid 20 cts.; or enough to plant 200 hills, 50 cts. or stamps. Will make 200 pots of most delicious coffee, good enough for a king. Is superseding store coffee as fast as its merits become known. Large catalogue of 50 new varieties of seeds and testimonials from patrons all over the Union sent free with each order by C. E. COLE, Seedsman, Buckner, Missouri.

☞ *Special Wholesale Prices to Farmers and Merchants, who clear over 6000 per cent. selling this wonderful SEED during winter.*
Free sample and large catalog for 5 cts. in stamps.

Danger Signals

More than half the victims of consumption do not know they have it. Here is a list of symptoms by which consumption can certainly be detected:—

Cough, one or two slight efforts on rising, occurring during the day and frequently during the night.
Short breathing after exertion.
Tightness of the chest.
Quick pulse, especially noticeable in the evening and after a full meal.
Chilliness in the evening, followed by *Slight fever.*
Perspiration toward morning and
Pale face and *languid* in the morning.
Loss of vitality.

If you have these symptoms, or any of them, do not delay. There are many preparations which claim to be cures, but **Dr. Acker's English Remedy** for Consumption has the highest endorsements, and has stood the test of years. It will arrest consumption in its earlier stages, and drive away the symptoms named. It is manufactured by the Acker Medicine Co., 16 and 18 Chambers St., New York, and sold by all reputable druggists.

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/3 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared, Steel, Galvanized-after-Completion Windmills, Tilting and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Base. Some of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

$5 Hand Bone, Shell, and Corn Mills for Poultrymen. Daisy Bone Cutter. Power Mills. Circular and testimonials Free. WILSON BROS., Box 4 Easton, Pa.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

A. N. K.—C. 1584

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

BEWARE IN TIME. The first acute twinge of **SCIATICA** IS THE WARNING

TO USE **ST. JACOBS OIL.** DELAY, AND THOSE TWINGES MAY TWIST YOUR LEG OUT OF SHAPE.

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of **Walter Baker & Co.** (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

.... A BARE OUTLINE OF ....

DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

FIRST and foremost it must be kept in mind that **DEMOREST'S** is the only complete Family Magazine published. It is affirmed that **DEMOREST'S** combines all of the most excellent points of its contemporaries, and has inimitable features of its own.

DEMOREST'S IS ACTUALLY A DOZEN MAGAZINES IN ONE.

It is a **Review** for the studious man or woman; a **Digest of Current Events and Ideas** for the busy man or woman; **a storehouse of interest for all.** Wives, mothers, sisters, daughters, matrons and maidens can find exactly what they need to amuse and instruct them, also practical helps in every department of domestic and social life.

DEMOREST'S for 1896 will chronicle every **Important Event of Daily Life,** and **Everything New in Art, Science, Mechanics, Politics, Adventure, Exploration and Discovery,** always with profuse illustrations. It will contain **a wealth of superbly illustrated papers** on general topics, applying to all classes and conditions, instructive and delightful to everybody; and, in addition, it will publish **the best and purest fiction** from the pens of acknowledged geniuses of the world. It treats at length **Out-of-Door Sports, Home Amusements and Entertainments;** it gives a great deal of attention to the **Children's Department,** and **"Our Girls,"** and has a **Monthly Symposium by Celebrated People,** in which are discussed important questions of the hour of interest to the older readers.

.... DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE has .....

THE BEST AND MOST PRACTICAL FASHION DEPARTMENT

of any magazine published. Through **DEMOREST'S** you can obtain **all the Cut Paper Patterns of any kind and size** that the members of a household can possibly require; for each number contains a **Pattern Order** good for one pattern if 4 cents be sent for postage, or from 1 to 30 additional patterns may be obtained on it by sending 4 cents for each extra pattern. **This Pattern Department** alone, at the lowest estimate, **is worth from $3 to $5 a year to every subscriber.**

READ OUR LIBERAL OFFER.

Experience has taught us that we can afford to lose money on your subscription the first year, because the chances are nine to one that you will always remain a subscriber.

We will send you **Demorest's Family Magazine,** postpaid, for the twelve months of 1896, and, in addition, the November and December (Christmas Number) issues for 1895, if you fill out the coupon below without delay, and forward it, together with **$2.00,** to the address below. This is equivalent to giving you fourteen months' for a year's subscription. ☞ This liberal offer is made for the first time, and, to avoid misunderstanding, you will please use the coupon below.

AN exquisite reproduction in *14 colors of De Longpre's water-color "Chrysanthemum" picture* (size 12x28 inches) is given to every subscriber with the *December* issue of DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE. This issue is also enlarged and is bound in a beautifully printed colored cover, and is replete with illustrations and reading-matter pertaining to the Xmas Holidays. The Chrysanthemum plate alone in this one number is worth more than the price of a year's subscription: do not fail to get it. The original painting is valued at $1,000, and the publishers guarantee that every reproduction cannot be told from the original. They will refund the money if the subscriber finds that this is not so, and that his copy is not satisfactory.

CUT HERE, AND RETURN COUPON PROPERLY FILLED OUT.

DEMOREST PUBLISHING CO., 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

DEAR SIR:—For the enclosed $2.00, please send DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE to the address below for one year, from January to December, 1896, both inclusive, and the November and December numbers for 1895. Also De Longpre's Water-color "Chrysanthemum" picture, and the other works of art that are to be published with DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE during the year.

Name, ...

P. O., ...

State, ...

Date, ...

The Republican.

BURR H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

THE REPUBLICAN is published every Thursday morning at the following rates:

One copy one year	$ 1.50
One copy six months	.75
One copy three months	.40
One copy one month	.15
Single copies	.05

ADVERTISING RATES.

First insertion for square of ten nonpariel lines $1; each additional insertion after first 50 cents per square of ten nonpariel lines. Positively no deviation will be made from the above rates.

REMITTANCES:

Remittances made by money order, postal note, registered letter or bank draft will be at our risk, if made otherwise, at the risk of the sender. Address,

THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, JAN. 9, 1896.

WE ARE now living under a Republican governor in the State of Maryland, Governor Lowndes having been sworn into that office yesterday at noon. That Mr. Lowndes will fulfill the pledges made by him during the campaign is admitted by all and the people of the State who have been living under the rule of Democracy will be benefitted to a high degree we have no doubt.

THIS week as will be noticed by referring to the head of this page, the name of D. G. Smith, Esq., appears as local editor.

Mr. Smith has been associated with THE REPUBLICAN for more than three years and in all that time he has been found true and loyal to every trust imposed in him. That he will make the local columns of this paper brighter we have no doubt as the time of the editor is taken up with other duties connected with the paper and its several departments.

THE composition of the Venezuelan commission appointed by President Cleveland seems acceptable to the leading journals of the country, irrespective of party. The New York *Tribune* says:

"The members of the Venezuelan commission are men of serious character and of much experience in weighty matters, and as a whole are necessary for the just solution of a difficult problem. If some of the commissioners are comparatively unknown abroad, they all enjoy a good repute at home, and we see no reason to fear that they will not commend themselves to the respect and confidence of the world as they proceed with their labors. The United States Supreme Court is highly honored in every civilized country, and undoubtedly the commission is strengthened in the general estimation by the fact that one of its members was chosen from that great tribunal. On this account the appointment of Justice Brewer will be regarded as especially suitable, though we must say, as we have said before, that there are grave reasons to question the wisdom of assigning any occupant of the Supreme Bench to any other public service. Judge Alvey's appointment is not open to criticism on that account, his judicial station being of a different order, and he is credited with admirable qualifications for the work before him. Mr. White and Mr. Gilman are widely esteemed for practical sagacity and sober judgement, and our fellow-townsman, Mr. Coudert, has an alert and fertile mind, and his temperament, if ardent, is not frivolous. The country will confidently expect a commission so constituted to manifest at every stage of its undertaking a deep sense of the responsibility which it has assumed. For the present this is all that it is either possible or needful to predict concerning its momentous proceedings."

Spread of Road Reform.

The road congress at the Atlanta exposition declared Massachusetts to be at the head of the list in the new movement for good roads that is begun among the different states, the standing being determined by the amount of money appropriated for road construction combined with the systematization of its use, says the *Boston Courier*. The conditions giving to Massachusetts the lead in the matter were, the State highway commission, the system under which road building is progressing and the liberality of the financial provision for the work. On all these points this State was readily admitted to take the lead.

The fact that this most interesting and important subject has seriously engaged the attention of a body like the organized exposition of industry and improvement held at Atlanta contains the sure promise of the rapid spread of its influence among the states of the Union, and incites the sanguine hope that the day is not far off when road building will become a subject of engrossing interest in all parts of our common country.

The local productions of a country may be abundant, but unless the means of transporting them at the right time to the awaiting markets are prepared they might as well be nonexistent. We may, it is true, have an oversupply of railroads, but they are fed and sustained by the ordinary roads that are virtually a part of the foundation of civilized communities. Good roads are a matter of public policy. Therefore their construction and maintenance belong to the state as sovereign over all common interests within its borders. This much being conceded, the problem afterward becomes one of detail, in which a system of construction and of expenditure shall be the purpose of the whole people. No country can justly claim to be advanced in civilization whose means of intercommunication are not at least parallel with its increasing material prosperity.

Roads of Long Island.

The movement for good roads grows apace, and nowhere perhaps is greater progress being made than in the two Long Island counties. In Queens the people are fortunate in having men at the head of the county's affairs who believe in good roads and are always pleased to carry out the wishes of their constituents in the matter. The result is that to-day the county has as fine a system of roads as can be found anywhere in the Empire State. And this system is being added to improvement becomes manifest.—Island.

Important to Clergymen.

Clerical permits, entitling clergymen to half rates, issued by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company for 1895, have been extended by general order until February 29, 1896, and will be so honored by agents and conductors. Similar permits for the year 1896 will be issued by the company upon receipt of proper application from those entitled to them. 44-1

McHenry.

Not seeing any items of news from here lately I take this opportunity to write.

We have plenty of snow and good sledding. The farmers are busy hauling coal to burn lime.

We understand that Mr. Mahlon Glotfelty has let his mill to Messrs. Pierce and Grant Glotfelty, of McHenry. They are too bright young business men and we wish them success. They will want quite a number of men as they intend to manufacture lumber on a large scale.

Mr. E. A. Weimer has a smile for every one. He say's it is a boy.

Glade Valley.

Weather cold and stormy with about 2 inches of snow.

Mr. J. S. Gnagey was the guest of David Gnegy Saturday and Sunday.

E. H. Sincell and Jas. Mason, are surveying some lands, in this vicinity at this writing.

Mr. E. T. Roth is the proud father of a big boy.

Mrs. Dick Nicholson and master Guy, who were visiting at her fathers Mr. J. H. Roth's returned home last Monday.

On last Thursday evening one of the hardest storms that has been known in this section of country for years, passed through here, blowing down a number of trees and fences.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Roth of Dobbin, W. Va., were at the Xmas tree at Red House.

How does the *Democrat* like mixed schools.

DULY QUALIFIED.

Hon. Lloyd Lowndes Is Inaugurated Governor of Maryland.

GOV. BROWN'S LAST DAY.

The New Executive at Baltimore and His Reception There Tuesday. Off for Annapolis. Brilliant Inaugural Ceremonies in The Ancient City Yesterday.

Hon. Lloyd Lowndes was yesterday sworn in as the Chief Executive of the State of Maryland. The inaugural ceremonies in connection therewith were very imposing and the "City on the Severn" was thronged with visitors from all parts of the State to witness the brilliant and interesting proceedings incident to the inauguration of the first Republican Governor of Maryland in twenty-eight years.

The train that left Cumberland Tuesday at 11 o'clock carried the new Governor to his destination in safety. It made four stops—Hancock, Cherry Run, Martinsburg and Washington. At each place people were assembled and they cheered Mr. Lowndes heartily. At Martinsburg Mr. Lowndes went to the platform and shook hands with a number of railroad men.

At Washington a large crowd was awaiting the arrival of the train. When the car stopped in the depot Representatives Baker and Wellington, of Maryland, and Lacy, of Iowa, joined Mr. Lowndes and came to Baltimore with the party. The Governor-elect stepped down to the platform of the Washington station and held an impromptu reception.

At Annapolis Junction the car "Delaware" containing Mr. Lowndes' family and friends was cut off

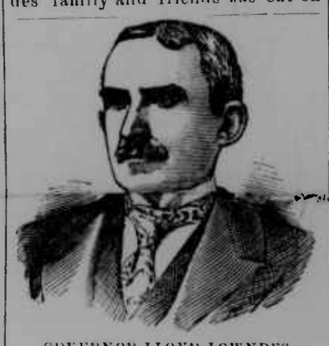

GOVERNOR LLOYD LOWNDES.

and attached to the train on the Annapolis, Washington and Baltimore railroad, which took it to Annapolis.

When Governor-elect Lowndes and party arrived at Camden Station they all went to hotels or to their homes and dressed for dinner. Mr. Lowndes went to the Stafford, and in less than an hour he was at the residence of Gen. Thomas J. Shryock, 1401 Madison avenue, where a dinner was given in his honor.

Just as soon as the dinner was over and the guests had departed Mr. Lowndes returned to the Stafford.

In the meantime officers of the Fifth Regiment Veteran Corps and the Naval Reserve had gathered in the rooms of the former, on Franklin street, near Charles street, and proceeded to the Stafford. Mr. Lowndes was there to greet them. He welcomed them cordially, and then, after talking over the inaugural proceeding, they left and he retired for the night.

"I have had a delightful time all around to-day," said Governor-elect Lowndes to a reporter at the Stafford Tuesday night just before retiring. "Above all, though, the grand send-off I got at Cumberland, my native home, touched me most. I didn't believe the people there could get up such a demonstration, but all Allegany county got together and did me honors that I will never forget.

"Of course it was not meant for me—Lloyd Lowndes the man—but for the Governor-elect of the great State of Maryland. I am happy to say that it was no party affair, but my Democratic friends were as kind to me as my Republican friends. This expression of good-will from my homefolks made me happy, and I have been in fine humor ever since, although pretty well tired out."

A special train containing Governor-elect Lowndes and party, left Camden Station, Baltimore, yesterday morning, over the Annapolis, Washington and Baltimore railroad. He was escorted to the depot from the Stafford Hotel by the Young Men's Republican Club, the Fifth Regiment Veteran Corps and several bands of music. Mr. Lowndes, the special committees and invited guests rode in carriages.

ANNAPOLIS, MD., Jan. 8.—A beautiful day and perfect arrangements start Governor Lowndes' administration. The gubernatorial party arrived in Annapolis from Baltimore on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at 10.30 this morning, and proceeded to the executive mansion, which was guarded by St. John's cadets.

At 11 30 the magnificent parade was reviewed from the stand erected on the east side of the State House. At 12 o'clock Governor Brown and Governor-elect Lowndes left the executive mansion arm in arm and walked to the State House. Senator Sloan, of Allegany county, was on Mr. Lowndes left, with Senator Applegarth on Governor Brown's right. The Lowndes family followed a short distance behind.

The distinguished party passed through the State House through the Senate Chamber to the stand erected near the east window. When all was in readiness, Governor Brown gracefully introduced the Governor-elect, who delivered, amid frequent applause, the following address:

Senators, Gentlemen of the House of Delegates and Fellow Citizens:

I came to take the oath of office, not to deliver a message, yet a time honored custom prompts me to submit to you some suggestions which I think would be conducive to our welfare. My distinguished predecessor, who to-day retires from the executive office, has recommended to the General Assembly in obedience to the Constitution of the State, such measures as in his judgment are necessary and expedient, and the report of the comptroller contains his statement of the condition of the Treasury Department. I ask you to give them your careful consideration. When I have had more experience in the office with which I have been entrusted, I may ask you to make some changes and reforms that may seem advisable.

After the most exciting campaign I, as the candidate of the Republican party, have been chosen your Executive by a phenomenal uprising of the people, who, discontented with the present order, subordinated politics to good government. We are now confronted with many important questions, which, if we would solve satisfactorily, we must remember the high importance of our position, and not be tempted to compromise our duty for partisan advantage.

As a party we can only hope to strengthen ourselves by serving the public honestly and well. We, who have been invested with the Executive and Legislative power of the State, are the trustees of the people, and what we do should be for their interests. Let that spirit animate alike the General Assembly and the Executive. Let us give the people an economical government, retrenching expenses, reforming abuses. Let us bear in mind the promises so often made during the campaign and forget none of them after a triumphant election. Let us be faithful and active, yet let us be conservative, cautious and safe.

The Republican party is pledged to a fair assessment and just taxation. In fulfillment of this promise a reassessment law should be promptly passed, in order that the burdens of taxation may be more equitably distributed. What that law should be depends upon your wisdom and judgment. A law that would be satisfactory to everyone would be a miracle, but we can have one that is just and practicable; a law comprehensive enough to require each person to bear taxes according to actual worth in real and personal property, yet so guarded as not to impose undue burdens upon any of our diversified interests. The agricultural interests should have fair consideration. For years our farmers with reduced incomes have been taxed on farm values greatly in excess of prevailing prices, thus imposing upon them an unequal share of taxation.

The elective franchise is one of the most sacred rights of a citizen, which cannot be too jealously guarded. Our election laws should be amended and so framed as to insure to the people absolutely fair registration, to guarantee to every voter the inestimable privilege of casting his vote with the right to have that vote honestly counted, and to secure to the people honest machinery of elections without any advantage to the party in power.

The use of money at elections, beyond the necessary expenses, is corrupting, its increasing use in this State is demoralizing and calls for the special consideration of this General Assembly. Violations of these laws should be clearly defined the method of proof facilitated, and prompt and severe punishment should follow conviction.

While some of our State officials should give way to those more closely allied in principle to the party in power, yet we should heed the demand for Civil Service Reform and extend whatever practicable in this State and its principal cities, the merit system of appointments to office. I should be glad to see the right of selection of many of our public officers restored to the people wherever it can be done with a due regard for the public interests this being in harmony with our theory of government and a safe guard against centralization of political power in the hands of the governor.

Our public school system should be brought up to the highest standard of efficiency; removed from politics, made subservient only to the great end and aim of its creations, the free education of all. I am ready to co-operate in the accomplishment of this object, and to approve any proper measure looking to the furnishing of free school books.

The colored people of our State should be protected in the enjoyment of those rights and privileges of citizenship which they have under the Constitution and laws of the United States, and be assisted in their laudable efforts for advancement. They have a right to ask at our hands a fostering of the present system of separate free schools for their children with teachers of their own race, if they so desire them. Their growing intelligence seeks only an equal opportunity under the law to work out their own advancement by equality of political rights to secure the civil rights which are their due.

There are other subjects of importance to our progress and welfare which would seem to call for special mention, but cannot now be considered at length. There is need of legislation to develope the agricultural interests of the state: the encouragement of immigration, more important under a conservative Republican administration than ever before; the better regulation of the liquor traffic; limitation of the debt incurring capacity of the counties and cities; the correction of the partisan abuse of the oyster police; the preservation to the people of the oyster industry a liberal policy encouraging the building of good roads; and an honest purpose to hear and heed the just demands of the workingmen. These are subjects in which the General Assembly may rely upon my hearty co-operation.

There is very urgent demands being made for a modification of our Pilot laws in the interest of trade with the port of Baltimore. I commend this subject to the careful consideration of the General Assembly.

Let us remember after the election that we are all fellow citizens of an ancient and noble Commonwealth, that the offices are few and the people are many, and those who hold the offices, hold them not for power or preferment, but a specific fulfillment of pledges to the people. Thus we may early convince the good people of Maryland that Republican administration is to become a blessing.

While I am deeply indebted for my election to the political party to which I belong, yet I am aware, unless I had the support of many independent thinkers, I could not have been successful, and while I shall try to do my part towards my party, I shall also remember I am the Governor of the whole people of Maryland, and as such give all due consideration.

I ask you, senators and gentlemen of the House of Delegates, to help me to bear the responsibility of my office, and with an honest purpose to advance every reform, and make this administration an era of good government, I invoke the guidance of a Divine hand in all our endeavors.

I am now ready, Mr. Chief Justice, to take the oath of office.

Returning to the Senate chamber which was crowded with senators, members of the house, members of the Court of Appeals and citizens generally, together with the ladies of the families of many distinguished Marylanders, Governor Lowndes received the oath, repeating the same in a firm voice after Chief Judge Robinson of the Court of Appeals, who held the bible and administered the oath, after which the Governor elect subscribed his name in the historic text book.

The Governor received the congratulations first of Roger McSherry secretary of the Senate, followed with congratulations of all present who were able to reach his hand.

The Naval Reserve began firing a salute as Rev. Mellvain begun his prayer. At its close Governor Lowndes and party went to the Executive Chamber and, in a few minutes, returned to the front of the staircase in the lobby, where he held a reception until 1 o'clock at which hour Ex-Governor Brown entertained him and his party at luncheon in the mansion.

Land For Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale 127 acres of the tract of land known as "Round Glade," lying in District No. 7, about four miles north of Oakland. For terms apply to F. R. Nethken, Deer Park, Md. 43-4

STATEMENT

Of the condition of The Garrett County Bank, of Oakland, Maryland, at the close of business January 6, 1896:

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	$ 87,048 45
Stocks and Bonds	37,385 00
Due from Banks	18,540 90
Legal Tender Notes	11,662 00
Gold Coin	2,517 50
Silver Coin, Nickles and Cents	959 92
Tax Sale Certificates	70 26
Banking House	6,342 82
Furniture and Fixtures	2,358 25
Total	$165,251 11

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$ 25,000 00
Surplus	5,000 00
Undivided Profits	5,189 70
Dividend No. 9	750 00
Demand Deposits	105,496 82
Time Deposits	22,011 51
Due Banks	1,773 11
Total	$165,251 11

STATE OF MARYLAND, } ss.
GARRETT COUNTY, }

I, S. T. Jones, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. S. T. JONES, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of January, 1896.

G. A. FRALEY, Notary Public.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, 1/4 cod prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
Keyser, W. Va.

29—1yr.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of James C. Peddicord vs. Elizabeth Phillips, the same being No. 14 Judicials to December Term, 1895, the undersigned will sell on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1896,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m. of said day, in front of the Court House door in the town of Oakland, at public auction, to the highest bidder, all the right and title of the said defendant in and to all that parcel of land situated between Oakland and Mountain Lake Park in Garrett county, and described as follows, to-wit:

All that lot, piece or parcel of land situated, lying and being in Garrett county aforesaid, known and described as Military Lot No. 860, excepting therefrom, however, ten acres of said lot, heretofore conveyed to Minnie Hanebaugh by said Elizabeth Phillips. Said property will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid judgment and costs.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash on the day of sale.

CHARLES WEGMAN,
Late Sheriff of Garrett County.

Estate of Robert Fraction, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

ROBERT FRACTION,

late of Garrett County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 10th day of July next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 2nd day of January, 1896.

B. F. CRANE, Adm'r.
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

43-3

Twenty Years Proof.

Tutt's Liver Pills keep the bowels in natural motion and clear the system of all impurities. A sure cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, constipation and hundred diseases.

"Can't be without them"

R[illegible], Chilesburg, Va. writes: "I don't know how I could do without them. I have had Liver disease for over twenty years. Am now entirely cured. Tutt's Liver Pills

Piles.

Piles is so common that every other person you meet is troubled with it more or less. It seems to be a little thing and usually gets little attention. It may not be serious at first, but it makes a man sick—makes him nervous, cross, irritable—unfit for business. It robs him of sleep, takes his appetite—cuts down his flesh—and yet he is careless about it.

Foster's German Army and Navy Cure

will cure Piles. It will cure other things, too, but it is particularly good for Piles. It stops the itch and the ache at once. It may take several days to wholly allay the inflammation and reduce the swelling, but it will do it—sure. Has done it in innumerable cases. Never has failed.

Good for Eczema, Ring Worm, Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Dandruff, Pimples, and all Skin Diseases.

50 Cents--Drug Stores.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY,
BALTIMORE, MD.

FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE cures Catarrh, Sick Headache, Sore in the Head and all Inflammation of the Nasal Passages. 50 Cents.

1896. The Sun. 1896.

BALTIMORE, MD

THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE,

FOR THE PEOPLE AND WITH THE PEOPLE.

HONEST IN MOTIVE.
FEARLESS IN EXPRESSION.
SOUND IN PRINCIPLE.
UNSWERVING IN ITS ALLEGIANCE TO RIGHT THEORIES AND RIGHT PRACTICES.

THE SUN PUBLISHES ALL THE NEWS ALL THE TIME, but it does not allow its columns to be degraded by unclean, immoral or purely sensational matter.

EDITORIALLY THE SUN IS THE CONSISTENT AND UNCHANGING CHAMPION AND DEFENDER OF POPULAR RIGHTS AND INTERESTS against political machines and monopolies of every character. Independent in all things, extreme in none. It is for good laws, good government and good order.

By mail Fifty Cents a month, Six Dollars a year.

The Baltimore Weekly Sun.

THE WEEKLY SUN PUBLISHES ALL THE NEWS of each week, giving complete accounts of all events of interest throughout the World. As an AGRICULTURAL paper The WEEKLY SUN is unsurpassed. It is edited by writers of practical experience, who know what farming means and what farmers want in an agricultural journal. It contains regular reports of the work of the AGRICULTURAL experiment stations throughout the country of the proceedings of farmers' clubs and institutes, and the discussion of new methods and ideas in agriculture. Its MARKET REPORTS, POULTRY DEPARTMENT and Veterinary columns are particularly valuable to country readers. Every issue contains STORIES, POEMS, HOUSEHOLD AND PUZZLE COLUMNS, a variety of interesting and instructive selected matter and other features, which makes it a welcome visitor in city and country homes alike.

One dollar a year. Inducements to getters-up of clubs for the Weekly Sun. Both the Daily and Weekly Sun mailed free of postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico. Payments invariably in advance. Address

A. S. ABELL COMPANY,
Publishers and Proprietors,
Baltimore, Md.

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From Loch Lynn Fruit Farm. Nursery and Greenhouse.

Our Greenhouse } A few hours by mail { Your Kitchen.

Order a pound and see how nice they are.

THE HORTICULTURAL SUPPLY CO.,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

Ripans Tabules relieve nausea

NEW ASSESSMENT BILL.

Conference of Republicans to be Held Next Wednesday.

A caucus of the Republican members of the House of Delegates and Senate will be held at Annapolis on Wednesday evening at which the subject of a party assessment bill will be taken up. This is the plan at present decided upon by the Republican leaders, and it is likely that it will be carried out.

The caucus will not be binding upon those who attend it, and for this reason it will be more of a conference than a formal caucus. It will be the effort of the leaders to present such a bill to this conference that the united support of the members and Senators can be secured for it, and if so it will be introduced the following day in the House of Delegates.

It is known that a number of prominent gentlemen are now at work on the bill. It is their idea, it is said, to prepare a broad reassessment bill, founded absolutely on the fifteenth article of the Bill of Rights, and leave out of it many of the points on which the question of constitutionality has already been raised. These points will be covered in supplemental bills. For instance, the subject of the taxation of mortgages will be covered in a separate bill, as will the plan for the taxation of bonds and other evidences of debt.

The lawyer in whose charge the bill is at present told a *News* reporter to-day that the new bill would contain radical differences from the Hayes bill in regard to the machinery for levying the assessment, and that the cost of the assessment would be much lower than the expense attached to the Hays bill.

In regard to the taxation of personal property the new bill provides, it is stated, that such estates, with the exception of mortgages, bonds and other evidences of debt, shall be taxed strictly in accordance with the Bill of Rights. While there will be a radical and effective listing system, the objectionable features of the Hayes bill will be eliminated, it is understood, especially that part requiring neighbors and others to give sworn testimony to a man's holdings.

The idea of the gentlemen in charge of the bill is to present to the Legislature a bill about which there can be little dispute, thus insuring to the people of the State a reassessment of property. The mooted points can then be attacked singly in the supplemental bills, of which it is the present purpose to have at least two, and those can be voted down or attached to the main bill as the two houses and the Governor may decide. They do not want to hazard the passage of the main bill by attaching to it the subjects on which there is much dispute among the members of the Legislature.

The Merchants and Manufacturers' Association committee in the meantime is working on the bill that it will present to the Legislature. It is likely that a third bill will come from the Democrats in the Senate.

The Society for the Suppression of Vice will present three bills to the Legislature covering changes they desire made in excise laws. One bill will provide that whenever application is made for the issuance of a license to sell liquor from any property a placard shall be posted in a conspicuous place outside the property informing passers-by that a license has been asked for and giving the date when the Liquor License Board will hear and pass upon the application. A bill similar to this was passed by the last Legislature, but was vetoed by Governor Brown because it called for immediate action and it was thought that it would interfere with the work that the Board had then done in passing on the large number of licenses that always came before it just previous to May 1st. The new bill, if passed, will not go into operation until June 1st.

Another bill calls for the opening of all blinds and removal of shutters during the hours that saloons are not allowed to keep open, in order that passers-by may see whether or not the law is being carried out.

Mr. Bernard Carter, counsel to the Police, offers to examine any premises licensed for the sale of liquor at any time in order to find out whether the law is violated on these premises.

Mr. Bernard Carter, counsel to the Police Board, some years ago gave a written opinion to the effect that under the present law the Police Commissioners had no right to authorize their officers to forcibly make an entry into premises occupied as saloons except during the hours when they were evidently open for the accommodation of the public.—Baltimore News.

Communicated.

To the Editor of The Republican.

We have had now nearly three years of Democratic government, and as time continues in its flight the utter impotency of the Gorman-Brice tariff bill is seen more plainly and the American people having had Cleveland's "object lesson," see more clearly than ever the incompetency of the Democratic party to successfully govern this great nation of seventy millions of people. From a financial point of view the present administration has been a greater loss to the people than the civil war. Witness the greatest strikes and lockouts ever known in the history of civilized man. Trade paralyzed, business almost at a standstill. How different the conditions of business to the unprecedented prosperity under Harrison's administration. The Democrats took charge of the government with great blow of trumpets, but where is the record of pledges redeemed, of promises fulfilled? As a measure to raise revenue the Democratic tariff bill is a miserable failure. It is true we have been repeatedly told by the editors of Democratic papers that it was the very thing needed, that all that was necessary was to give it a fair trial. How they fairly howled last fall about the successful manner in which the revenue was being raised, the gold reserve being kept to the required limit. In what elegant language we were told time and again of the great success of this Gorman-Brice bill as a revenue raiser. Wonder they did not get the idea copyrighted. We have waited and we see that the reports which were given out by the Democratic press last fall were not true, that the millions of which so much was said did not materialize. Instead of the increase of revenue of which we heard so much, we have to-day the sad spectacle of the President negotiating with the bond syndicate for $100,000,000 in gold, and within the next few days we will have the country bonded for $100,000,000 more of thirty-year four per cent. bonds as a result of Democratic incompetency. From March 1, 1893 to December 1, 1895, the national debt has increased $162,602,245.

A great deal has been said against the McKinley bill by Democratic politicians and editors, yet it is an indisputable fact that during the twenty five months of the McKinley bill the average monthly surplus was $1,129,821, and it is also just as true a fact that under the Democratic bill of which we had a right to expect so much, the average monthly deficiency has been $4,699,603. Our bonded debt is increasing in times of peace, a syndicate reaping a bountiful harvest. They have, if reports be true, received more for floating the bonds issued under Cleveland's administration than was paid to float the entire war debt. Is it any wonder, as we look back at the record made by the Democratic party, that when the last session of their Congress adjourned *sine die* that the reporters in the press gallery of the House sang "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow," and will it be strange if on the 4th of March, 1897, when a Republican president shall once more take hold of the helm of the ship of State, the American people shall rejoice and feel that for a generation at least we shall be rid of the blighting, withering touch of Democracy, the party which has destroyed our sheep industry, increased our debt, the party of stagnation and ruination. The past year has been one of the hardest our farmers have seen for a generation. Under the Democratic tariff bill our exports of agricultural products has been in a year $[illegible]1,578,885, while under the McKinley bill the exportations of the same products were $371,125,299 during the same time. Our farmers are feeling the effect of this and other similar actions of the Democratic party, and next November will wipe out the party of great promise and little performance, the party of stagnation and obstruction.

Now a word on State affairs. We have to-day a legislature composed of a Democratic Senate and a Republican House. The Democratic Senate voted its members twenty-five dollars worth of postage stamps (the usual amount); the Republican House voted its members twenty dollars worth—a saving to the people on their first day's session of five hundred dollars on this one item of stamps. Let the people watch and see if this legislature has to pass a deficiency bill for $38,500 as the last Democratic legislature did. The people are tired of Democracy knowing that it is synonymous to business stagnation and death to economy and prosperity.

HOOSIER.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper under the caption "We Loan Money." The Mutual Guarantee Building and Loan Association which he is representing is one of the strongest new financial institutions in the country and the largest new Building and Loan Association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management is developing it very fast. Its assets have already reached over $2,000,000, which proves it to be positively reliable in every respect. The men that carry it on are responsible and well known gentlemen. This is a good association for the investor as well as for borrower. It has a life insurance policy connected with it which beats anything in any other association. It is good for both young and old and especially for the young man, as this policy matures in 7 years, the others in 8 years. So anyone wishing to make and save money rapidly will do well to invest in this association. Those desiring to borrow or invest will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE REVIVED,

A Captain of the Ringgold Cavalry Commanded the Escort.

The Oil City *Derrick* of Christmas morning has the following account of that famous ride:

Capt. J. H. Boring, of Philipsburg, Pa., deputy grand regent of the Royal Arcanum, is in the city in the interests of that fraternity and his object is to work in company with the members of the local lodge in a determined effort to secure new members. Although willing and anxious to talk entertainingly and instructively upon the beauties of fraternity and insurance as afforded by the Royal Arcanum, there is a subject upon which Capt. Boring is singularly reticent but which has considerable interest to nearly every resident of the county. It is he that commanded the escort of seventy-five cavalrymen who accompanied Gen. Phil. Sheridan on his famous ride from Winchester to Cedar Creek on October 16, 1864.

Three weeks previous to that ride famous in song and story, Captain Boring had been wounded and when convalescent was ordered to report at Winchester, where he was placed in command of a detached company of cavalrymen. During Sheridan's ride he was detailed to command this company and after acting as an escort to near the battlefield, was ordered to form in open order and drive back straggling and faint-hearted Union soldiers. After this battle had been won by Sheridan's prompt arrival and vigorous action Captain Boring resumed his former position as captain of one the companies of the Twenty second Pennsylvania Cavalry, commanded by Col. A. T. Greenfield of this city. It is from Col. Greenfield that Capt. Boring's part in the famous ride has been learned, the captain himself declines to make any reference to his deeds as a soldier, and a brave one at that and even carries his modesty so far that his cards do not bear the slightest hint that he ever smelled gunpowder.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's [illegible].

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

THE NAME OF THE NEXT

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN

The New York Weekly Tribune,

OF NOVEMBER 4th, 1896.

Public interest will steadily increase, and the question how the men who votes in proportion the scale at the last election are satisfied with the results under the principles on which they elected, will make the campaign the most intensely exciting in the history of the country.

The New York Weekly Tribune,

the leading Republican family newspaper of the United States, will publish all the political news of the day, interesting to every American citizen regardless of party affiliations.

Also general news in attractive form, foreign correspondence covering the news of the world, an agricultural department second to none in the country, market reports which are recognized authority, fascinating short stories, complete in each issue, the cream of the humorous papers, foreign and domestic, with their best comic pictures, fashion plates and elaborate descriptions of woman's attire, with a varied and attractive department of household interest. The "New York Weekly Tribune" is an ideal family paper, with a circulation larger than that of any other weekly publication in the country issued from the office of a daily. Large changes are being made in its details tending to give it greater life and variety, and especially more interest to the women and younger people of the household.

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ACTIVE DEALERS WANTED in unoccupied territory. Liberal terms. Address,

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.,
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NEW CASH STORE AT LOCH LYNN HEIGHTS.

Having opened a store on First Street, I will receive all kinds of country produce at the market price in exchange for goods. Goods sold cheap for cash. Call and see me.

28 WILLIAM W. SWEET.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

MY LOST KNIGHT.

But one of myriads thou art
That, while I watched, have kissed the sands;
A pulse-beat from the throbbing heart
Of ocean, laving many lands.

One of the millions following close
Upon the heels of millions more,
Since first the forms of nature rose
From wildest chaos' motley store.

Now in the sunlight thou dost seem
A knight, advancing to the fray;
I see thy burnished helmet gleam,
Thy flashing falchion, far away.

Far off I saw thy nodding crest
Above thy hurrying couriers' toss,
As all the glory of the west
Shone thy resplendent plumes across.

What glorious retinue thou hast;
Rank upon rank in close array
I see them stretch, an army vast,
Clad in their glittering panoply.

Now thou advancest to my feet
With martial beck—obeisance rare;
I haste to give thee welcome meet;
—Lo! thou art not—so lately there!

Nay! Thou'rt not he my hand bespoke!
He did not pass! He's not behind!
I saw his surging rank that broke
To left and right, as fleeting wind.

I wait but vainly; nevermore,
As the white hosts come marching on,
I see that bright plume flashing o'er
The thousand crests that are as one.

Perhaps some day my watchful eye,
Straining across that restless sea,
May yet discern that helmet high—
Then shall my knight come back to me.
—Samuel Hoyt, in Youth's Companion.

"JUNITA."

"Well what is it?"

"Lady to see you, sir."

"By appointment?"

"No, sir; but very important, she says."

"Very sorry. Too busy—ask her to write."

Frank Hayler bounced away from the telephone and flung himself in his chair, muttering maledictions on the heads of all ladies or otherwise who would insist upon calling or worrying the life out of a busy editor, on what they were pleased to term important business.

That was the third time during the morning that he had been rung up on some utterly frivilous pretext, and he was angry. But his anger was intensified as the telephone bell began to ring again. He threw down his pen in despair, and rushed to the instrument, shouting at the top of his voice:

"What is it?"

"Very sorry, sir; lady won't go away. Says she must see you. She's waiting."

"Let her wait," was Frank's angry rejoinder. "No," he added, almost immediately. "Show her up."

He sighed to himself with a resigned air, and as he walked toward his writing table he could not help thinking what a fool he was to allow an importunate woman to interfere with his morning's work.

And his work that morning was particularly heavy. He was the editor of the Chatterter, a paper that had not yet taken hold of the public fancy. He was convinced that it would do so eventually—that is, if his funds lasted long enough. Meanwhile, he was doing his best to turn out some attractive articles, and here was this woman—

A timid knock at the door notified him that "this woman" was close at hand.

"Come in," he said, in what he prided himself to be his best editorial voice, although he really felt very angry.

The door opened, and when he looked at the intruder he muttered to himself:

"Poetry—or a subscription list."

The lady who had thus braved the lion in his den, as it were, was neither young nor pretty. She was rather tall, though stooping somewhat, and very dowdy-looking. Little cork-screw curls were hanging on each side of her face, which was almost completely hidden by a thick veil.

"Pardon me for intruding in this manner," she said, in a peculiarly falsetto voice, "but I felt that I must call upon you in person, and I am extremely obliged to you for seeing me. I hope I do not interrupt you in your work?"

"Not at all," said Frank, airily. "I have one or two things waiting to be done, but they are of no consequence. Won't you take a chair?"

"Thank you so much," she replied, as she sat down very carefully on a chair, with her back to the window, at some distance from Frank.

"What can I do for you?" was Frank's question.

"I just called to ask if you would be so good—" and she paused as she opened her hand bag and drew out a flat brown paper parcel.

"I knew it," muttered Frank to himself. "Poetry!"

Then, addressing his visitor in the firmest tone he could command, he said:

"My dear madam, I can assure you that we have no room for poetry."

"Poetry, sir!" she squeaked, and there was a touch of indignation almost in her voice. "I would not think of offering you poetry."

Frank thought there was just the slightest amount of emphasis on the "you," and he wondered whether she was laughing at him. He wished he could see her face, but owing to her position, with her back to the light, added to her thick veil, he could not distinguish her features at all clearly.

"No, sir," she continued. "I have here three short stories, which you will find eminently suitable for your paper, and I am sure that they will be appreciated by your readers."

Frank was so used to hear people speak in similar praise of their own work that the egotistical speech did not at all surprise him, as he replied:

"I hope that when your stories are published other people will think as highly of your work as you do yourself."

"My work!" she said, with a startled air. "I did not say that they were my work. I am here on behalf of a very dear friend of mine to offer these stories for your consideration."

"But why take all that trouble? You should have posted them to us; they would have been carefully considered."

"No, I would not trust them to the post. I wanted to see you personally and give them to you in your own hands," and, suiting the action to the word, she advanced toward Frank and offered him the parcel. He reluctantly took it from her, exclaiming:

"I am afraid I cannot promise that they will be accepted. We are overcrowded with short stories."

"I do not want you to promise that. All I ask is that you will read them."

"I will read them, certainly."

"Thank you very much. That is very kind of you. Good morning."

Frank touched the bell and politely bowed his visitor out. She responded with an old-fashioned courtesy, and with another smiling "Thank you" descended the stairs.

Frank sat himself at his table and banged the brown paper parcel down viciously. He took up his pen, but not to write. The thoughts would not be led away from the recent interview. He could not help laughing outright at the quaint old lady and her squeaky voice. Then he began to toy with the parcel. Finally he opened it; there lay the three stories neatly typewritten. He looked for the author's name and address. All that he could see immediately under the title of each story was: "By Junita." No name, no address.

"Well, this is the oddest experience I have ever had," he muttered to himself. Then he thought he might as well read one of the stories. He did so, and words of surprise and delight kept rising to his lips. Then he read the second, which gave him still more pleasure. After reading the last one he exclaimed:

"By George! here's a find. 'Junita,' my friend, I lift my hat to you, metaphorically speaking. You are a genius. If you don't make your fortune, and at the same time give the Chatterer a big leg-up, my name isn't Frank Hayler."

And after marking a big "A" on each of the manuscripts he went out to lunch.

When he returned he set to work vigorously, and whether it was the lunch or the satisfied feeling that he had accepted something that morning which would enhance the value of his journal from a literary point of view, he knew not, but he certainly surprised himself at the excellent matter that seemed to flow from his pen.

He wrote far into the afternoon. When he had finished he proudly exclaimed:

"There, if these articles don't put some life into the thing, and if 'Junita's' stories don't send up the circulation, I'm a Dutchman. Frank, old man," he continued, as he slapped himself complacently on the breast, "the Chatterer is going to boom large. I know it. I feel it. 'Junita' has come in the nick of time. She has brought me luck!"

He went home to his bachelor chambers in an excellent frame of mind. After a light dinner he dressed very carefully, and took a cab to the Pantheon theater, where he formed one of a large audience assembled to witness the debut in London of Miss Agnes Trenderville, a new actress from the provinces, who had been spoken of very highly wherever she had appeared. Frank was an enthusiastic first-nighter, for he had made up his mind that the Chatterer should be well to the fore in all dramatic matters.

He was delighted with the new actress. She was a revelation, and he felt that he could honestly praise her in the columns of his next issue. As he strolled into his club, on his way home from the theater, the first man he met was Jimmie Fleet, the eminent dramatic critic, who greeted him with:

"Well, Frank, old man, what do you think of her?"

"Think of her, my boy? She's splendid."

"So I think. You mark my words, she's the coming actress."

"Coming, Jimmie! I should say that she has arrived, very much so; and, what is more, she has come to stay."

He was right. The new actress was a success from the very start. Interviews, portraits, sketches concerning her appeared day after day in almost every paper, and Miss Agnes Trenderville was the most talked-of lady in London, while the Pantheon theater was crowded to excess every night, a thing that had not happened for many months past.

Frank Hayler was fortunate enough to be introduced to the eminent actress a few days later at a fashionable "at home." He was surprised to find how unassuming, unaffected and distinctly ladylike she was. What wonder that he fell in love with her at first sight? He was introduced to her as "Mr. Hayler, the editor of the Chatterer."

The new number of the paper had appeared that morning, containing an exhaustive appreciation of the new actress, one of his own articles, and the first of the stories by "Junita."

"Oh, Mr. Hayler!" was the remark, "your paper interested me very much this morning."

"I am very pleased to hear you say that," he replied. "I am glad you liked my criticism on your performance."

"I did not mean that. I do not take much notice of the criticisms on my acting—forgive me for saying so," as she saw a shade of disappointment across Frank's face, "for where they are all so good, there is a certain sameness about them that just becomes a wee bit monotonous."

"Yes, I can quite believe that," was all that Frank could say.

"But what I was really interested in was the story 'By Junita.' I read it over and over again."

"Did you, really? I knew people would like it at the time I accepted it."

"Oh, I do not suppose everybody would be so stupid as I am," she replied. "But it seemed to appeal to me so strongly." Then, after a pause, she said: "I hope I am not prying into any editorial secret, but do tell me, Mr. Hayler, who is 'Junita?'"

"My dear Miss Trenderville, it is a secret; so much so, that I have not the faintest idea who 'Junita' is myself."

"Mr. Hayler, you are trifling with me."

"Upon my honor, Miss Trenderville, I do not know. I would tell you with pleasure if I did."

"How very strange," she murmured.

"Yes, it is a strange story. I will tell it to you the next time I have the pleasure of seeing you."

Frank had that pleasure over and over again, and made such good use of his time that soon it was noised abroad that the editor of the Chatterer was engaged to be married to the beautiful and accomplished actress, Miss Agnes Trenderville. The circulation of the Chatterer had gone up. A series of short stories 'By Junita' was a big attraction. The stories had been sent in by registered post. The editor had eagerly accepted them and had put them in hand at once. The only thing that had worried him was that payment had never been asked for. He had no address where he could send the cheek, and he was waiting patiently for "Junita" or some one on her behalf, to make application for the money.

He was sitting in the editorial room one morning when the telephone bell rang. He went to the instrument and was told that an old lady wished for an interview. "Junita" flashed through his mind. He sent word down that she should be shown up. The old lady with the squeaky voice, which had amused Frank so much on a former occasion, entered the room slowly and advanced toward him. Frank met her with extended hand.

"My dear madame!" he exclaimed, "have you brought me some more stories?"

"You liked the others?" was her question.

"I liked them? I should think so. Everybody likes them."

"I am so pleased. I told you, if you remember, that they would be appreciated."

"You did, and you were quite right."

"And now," the old lady continued, "I have called to ask you for—"

"The check?" interrupted Frank.

"You are very kind. That is what I came for."

"Excuse me a moment. I will fill it in for you," said Hayler.

He sat down, drew out his check book, dated the check, then turned to his visitor and said:

"Pardon me, but to whom shall I make it payable?"

"To 'Junita,'" she said.

"Oh, excuse me; I can hardly do that."

"Why not?" she asked. "If 'Junita' indorses it, that will be sufficient, will it not?"

"Well, I suppose so; but it will hardly be the correct thing."

He wrote the check, tore it out and handed it to his visitor.

"You will sign the receipt, please, in your own name," as he handed her the form to fill up.

She wrote her name in a bold hand and handed the paper back to him. He glanced at it and started back in surprise; for there at the bottom, in unmistakable letters, was the name, "Agnes Trenderville."

A silvery laugh greeted his ears, and when he turned his head Agnes in reality stood before him. She had torn off her disguise, and looked like what she undoubtedly was—a charming young lady.

"Agnes!" was all Frank could say.

"Yes, dear; Agnes. Don't be cross with me; it was only a little harmless joke, and it was successful. I can explain all in a very few words. I wanted very much to see what an editor was like—I did not know you, then, dear. I wanted my stories accepted, for if my debut had not been successful I should then have had an opening in the literary world. I thought if I came in the character of an old lady I should have a better opportunity of being admitted. I came. You could not help laughing at my squeaky voice, but you accepted my stories, and that's the great thing."

"Agnes, you are a born actress," was all Frank could say.

"I know, darling. All the papers say that."

The Chatterer is one of the most successful papers of the day. The stories by "Junita" are quite the rage, but few there are that know that the charming and clever actress, Miss Agnes Trenderville, known in private life as Mrs. Frank Hayler, and "Junita" are one and the same person.—Tit-Bits.

The Worst Rebuked Mayor of the Century.

It seems that even in London alderman who for generations has been supposed to be alive only to bargains and green fat, has a sense of propriety which may on occasion be shocked. When the common council of London refused the other day to pass a vote of thanks to Sir Joseph Renals, the retiring lord mayor, it violated a precedent of more than a century's standing. But Sir Joseph was too flagrantly bad a lord mayor for even the easy-going councilmen. His attempted public dinner to Barney Barnato disgusted them, and they found still graver cause of complaint in the appearance of his name as chairman of a company for insuring against loss of liquor licenses (licenses being granted by the lord mayor), and as director in a long list of wild-cat companies, most of them now bankrupt. So the motion to thank him was lost by a vote of 75 to 50, and by sending Sir Joseph out of office the worst-rebuked lord mayor of the century the common council has demonstrated that it is not so absolutely useless as has been believed.—Harper's Weekly.

BIG GAME IN THE OLYMPICS.

A Woodman's Reasons Why the Region Should Become a Government Preserve.

F. W. Hawkins, a well-known mountain climber and woodsman, lately returned from Spokane from an expedition into the heart of the Olympic mountains. He was accompanied by one companion, made the trip with horses, and the only course laid and followed was that already mapped out by the broad elk trails which intersect the country in every direction. The trip was fruitful of a great many interesting things, though it had no other object than to investigate the extent of the grazing country that lies back of the small range of mountains parralleling in a way the coast line on the south side of the Straits of San Juan de Fuca.

Mr. Hawkins is now firmly convinced that the government ought to at once set apart a large area of the Olympic mountains as a grand game reserve, for the protection of the big game on the coast, which is fast being exterminated. There is no doubt that the Olympic mountains are the greatest elk country in the union to-day, and up to the present time but little known to the big sportsmen of the country.

Soon after leaving the lower levels of the Olympic mountains indications of big game begin to show up in a most wonderful manner. Broad trails, which are veritable highways, cross the lower mountains in almost every direction, leading from plateau to plateau, from grass field to grass field, from valley to valley. These trails run along the mountain side and have been so much traveled that although they may be on a mountain side at an angle of 45 degrees they become almost flat from long tramping, and as solid as the hills themselves. These trails are two and three feet broad, and so readily traveled that Mr. Hawkins and his companion had no difficulty in following them on horseback 50 miles into the mountains. They are sometimes obstructed by fallen timber, but it is of a light kind, being above the regular forest belt, and a horse can easily surmount it. One beauty of the country is that one cannot get off the trail.

It is impossible to travel long through the country without falling in with one of these trails, and it always leads somewhere. These trails, or elk highways, are as characteristic of the Olympic mountains as the mounds are in a prairie dog village.

The elk country lies above the country adapted to agriculture, and even above the forest belt, from which the merchantable timber is reduced. It is timbered, but the growth is that of the Alaska cedar, not large, as timber is considered in this country.

For the very reason that to make of this a great elk and game preserve would not interfere with nor curtail either agricultural or timber interests in this state, it is urged that the government ought to set it apart as such.

On top of these mountains, which reach an elevation of 4,500 and 5,000 feet above the sea, are to be found great areas of bunch grass land several thousands of acres in extent. These are the great elk pastures, to and from which lead the broad paths referred to above.

In reaching this section Hawkins and his fellow wanderer went in from Port Angeles, but did not follow the government trail, which strikes boldly across the mountains that come down close upon the coast. They took the course somewhat east of the town, and did not go far till the last ranch was left behind. They edged their way around the first mountains, and thereafter laid a course toward the Lillian river, a tributary of the Elwha. They had not the least difficulty after leaving the settlement in following the elk paths. They made camp 45 or 50 miles in the interior, and every day while out ascended one or the other of the nearest mountains to explore the elk pasturage to be found near the top. At night they returned to camp, and the following day took another elevation. Mount Olympus, the senior grand of the peaks in the coast range, stood out in its grand magnificence a little southwest, while Mount Constance was in an almost directly opposite direction, and almost or quite as far toward the east.

An area of several hundred miles in territory could be included in a great game preserve in the center of these mountains, and thus protect and perpetuate indefinitely the noble game that is there to be found.

The country, as a whole, can never be put to other use than possibly as a grazing ground for isolated herds, and this is improbable. As it is at present, the land is unsurveyed public domain, and it is Mr. Hawkin's belief that concerted action ought to be taken to have the government declare it a public reserve, and preserve the game.

Small hunters have long been in the habit of hunting elk in the mountains near the settlements, but occasionally are heard instances of shameful slaughter on the part of reckless and careless people. Last winter one criminally inclined individual slaughtered a band of 30 head of elk which had been driven into the foothills by the excessive snowfall on the upper elevations.—Portland Oregonian.

Stick to One Style.

The woman who cannot afford an assortment of hats and bonnets and who is also wise never experiments. When she has found a shape that suits her face she modifies and changes it, but always retains its essential style and conformation, the general outline which serves as an "improveer" never being lost sight of. She knows that it is the shape of a hat far more than its mode of trimming or even its prevailing hue that makes it becoming or otherwise.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

Jimson—Before Miss Thinleigh's father made his fortune she used to be long and lanky.

Weed—Well; has she changed?

Jimson—Oh, yes! Now she is divinely tall.—Puck.

How completely THE BLACK CAT, Boston's new five-cent magazine, has captivated the story-reading world, is shown by the fact that in three months it has already reached a sale of 150,000 copies. And the favor it has found with the press is equally well indicated by the editorial comments of leading papers throughout the country. The New York Mail and Express, for instance, refers to it as "the literary pet," while the Louisville Commercial says: "We predict that this delightfully original and interesting magazine, which is published by the Shortstory Publishing Co., Boston, Mass., will have the largest sale ever reached by any publication. Its cleverly told stories of mystery, exciting detective tales, and thrilling stories of adventure render THE BLACK CAT a delightful new departure in story telling."

"I HEARD you were out sleighing with Miss De Riche, Spooner! Playing for high stakes, aren't you?" "Well, I held a full hand on that occasion," said Spooner, thoughtfully.—Detroit Free Press.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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IN families well ordered there is always one firm, sweet temper, which controls without seeming to dictate. The Greeks represented Persuasion as crowned.—Bulwer.

IRRITATION OF THE THROAT AND HOARSENESS are immediately relieved by "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Have them always ready.

ALL that is good in art is the expression of one soul talking to another, and is precious according to the greatness of the soul that utters it.—Ruskin.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. PATTERSON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

"HOW MUCH was that diamond ornament you had stolen from you worth?" asked the theatrical interviewer. "Fifteen columns," answered the actress, absent-mindedly.—Boston Bulletin.

BEECHAM'S PILLS for constipation 10c and 25c. Get the book (free) at your druggist's and go by it. Annual sales 6,000,000 boxes.

A RELIGION that does not stick to a man during business is no good after business hours.—Texas Siftings.

IT takes much marble to build the sepulchre. How little of lath and plaster would have repaired the garret.—Bulwer.

Aches

And pains of rheumatism can be cured by removing the cause, lactic acid in the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures rheumatism by neutralizing this acid. Get only

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Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

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unfastens by itself, you have to attend to that. Secure, reliable, strong: The DeLONG patent Hook and Eye.

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TWO SIZES, 50c. and $1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

TEMPERANCE.

THE SHOEMAKER'S REFORM.

How He Was Awakened to a Realizing Sense of His Condition.

I write down the following story from memory. It was related by one of the original Crusaders of Ohio, in an audience where I was present:

"One morning during the crusade, a drunkard's wife came to my door. She carried in her arms a baby six weeks old. Her pale, pinched face was sad to see, and she told me this story: 'My husband is drinking himself to death; he is lost to all human feeling; our rent is unpaid, and we are liable to be put out into the street; and there is no food in the house for me and the children. He has a good trade, but his earnings all go to the saloon on the corner near us; he is becoming more and more brutal and abusive. We seem to be on the verge of ruin. How can I, feeble as I am, with a babe in my arms, earn bread for myself and children?'

"Quick as thought the question came to me, and I asked it: 'Why not have this husband of yours converted?'

"But she answered hopelessly: 'Oh, there's no hope of such a thing; he cares for nothing but strong drink.'

"'I'll come and see him this afternoon,' said I.

"'He'll insult you,' she replied.

"'No matter,' said I, 'my Saviour was insulted, and the servant is not above his Lord.'

"That very afternoon I called at the little tenement house. The husband was at work at his trade in a back room, and his little girl was sent to

"DO YOU THINK I'M A FOOL?"

tell him that a lady wished to see him. The child, however, soon returned with the message: 'My pa says he won't see anyone.'

"But I sent him a message proving that I was indeed in earnest. I said: 'Go back and tell your pa that a lady wishes to see him on very important business, and she must see him, if she has to stay until after supper.'

"I knew very well that there was nothing in the house to eat. A moment afterward a poor, bloated, besotted wreck of a man stood before me.

"'What do you want?' he demanded, as he came shuffling into the room.

"'Please be seated and look at this paper,' I answered, pointing to a vacant chair at the other end of the table where I was sitting and handing a printed pledge to him.

"He read it slowly, and then throwing it down upon the table, broke out violently:

"'Do you think I'm a fool? I drink when I please, and let it alone when I please. I'm not going to sign away my personal liberty.'

"'Do you think you can stop drinking?'

"'Yes, I could if I wanted.'

"'On the contrary, I think you're a slave to the rum shop down on the corner.'

"'No, I ain't any such thing.'

"'I think, too, that you love the saloon-keeper's daughter better than you do your own little girl.'

"'No, I don't, either.'

"'Well, let us see about that. When I passed the saloon-keeper's house I saw his little girl coming down the steps, and she had on white shoes, and a white dress, and a blue sash. Your money helped to buy them. I came here, and your little girl, more beautiful than she, has on a faded, ragged dress, and her feet are bare.'

"'That's so, madam.'

"'And you love the saloon-keeper's wife better than your own wife.'

"'Never, no, never.'

"'When I passed the saloon-keeper's house, I saw his wife come out with the little girl, and she was dressed in silks and laces, and a carriage waited for her. Your money helped to buy the silks and laces, and the horses and the carriage. I came here and find your wife in a faded calico gown, doing her work. If she goes anywhere she must walk.'

"'You speak the truth, madam.'

"'You love the saloon-keeper better than you love yourself. You say you can keep from drinking if you choose, but you helped the saloon-keeper to build himself a fine brick house, and you live in this poor, tumble-down old house yourself.'

"'I never saw it in that light before.' Then, holding out his hand, that shook like an aspen leaf, he continued: 'You speak the truth, madam; I am a slave. Do you see that hand? I've got a piece of work to finish, and I must have a mug of beer to steady my nerves, or I cannot do it, but to-morrow, if you call, I will sign the pledge.'

"'That's a temptation of the devil. I did not ask you to sign the pledge. You are a slave, and cannot help it. But I do want to tell you this: There is One who can break your chains and set you free.'

"'I want to be free.'

"'Well, Christ can set you free, if you'll submit to Him and let him break the chains of sin and appetite that bind you.'

"'It's been many a long year since I prayed.'

"'No matter; the sooner you begin the better for you.'

"He threw himself at once upon his knees, and while I prayed I heard him sobbing out the cry of his soul to God.

"His wife knelt beside me and followed me in earnest prayer. The words were simple and broken with sobs, but somehow they went straight up from her crushed heart to God, and the poor man began to cry in earnest for mercy.

"'O God! break these chains that are burning into my soul! Pity me, and pity my wife and children, and break the chains that are dragging me down to hell. O God! be merciful to me, a sinner.' And thus out of the depths he cried to God, and He heard him and had compassion upon him, and broke every chain and lifted every burden; and he arose a free and redeemed man.

"When he rose from his knees he said: 'Now I will sign the pledge and keep it.'

"And he did. A family altar was established; the comforts of life were soon secured—for he had a good trade—and two weeks after this scene his little girl came into my husband's Sunday school with white shoes and white dress, and a blue sash on, as a token that her father's money no longer went into the saloon-keeper's till.

"But what struck me most of all was that it took less than two hours of my time thus to be an ambassador for Christ in declaring the terms of Heaven's great treaty whereby a soul was saved from death, a multitude of sins were covered, and a home restored to purity and peace." — Frances E. Willard.

MOTHER AND SON.

Sad Scene Enacted in a New York Police Court—The Work of Rum.

Here are the facts in a story of real life. They are taken from the police reports of the New York Herald, and are true in every detail except the names.

One morning last winter a policeman came into the Jefferson Market court in charge of a stout lad of 20. The boy stared vacantly about him, and his face, which was honest and good humored, was bloated with a long and heavy debauch. Close behind him came a little old woman, decently clad. Her hair was white and her countenance pale and anxious.

"Who's this, officer?" the justice said, when the boy's turn came.

"It's John Cleary, your honor. We've got his mother to enter complaint against him for habitual drinking. We think if he had a month at the island, it would give him a chance to pull up."

"You can do nothing with him yourself, Mrs. Cleary?" said the kindly magistrate, who, used as he was to scenes of suffering, was startled by the dumb agony in the old woman's face.

"I cannot, sor. It's five years since he took to the drink. It's not Johnny's fault. There's four saloons near by. He was as good a boy as ever mother had. He's good now when he's himself."

"He's mad when he is drunk," the policeman interrupted. "He tried to kill her twice."

"Sign the compact, Mrs. Cleary," the magistrate ordered, nodding to a clerk who had laid a printed form on the table before her, saying: "Write your name on that line."

She took up the pen, and then turned to the justice again. Her thin face was bloodless.

"Sor," she said, "he's all the child I've got. I've been fightin' the devil for him for five year. If I sign that paper, I'll hev let him go. He'll never forgive me. He'll never come home again."

"It's the only chance to save him," the officer said.

She wrote her name. John was told to stand up.

"Now go into the witness-box," a policeman directed her. "You must swear agen him."

Her foot was on the step. She suddenly turned. "I can't swear agen him! I can't!" She clutched her breast with both hands. "It's killin me! Johnny, come here!"

Her son sprang toward her, but she fell at his feet. She was dead when he lifted her.

"Mother! mother! I'll quit the drink!" the startled lad cried, but she did not answer. The physicians said it was heart disease.

An ambulance was summoned. Some one whispered to the justice.

"Discharged," he said, and the wretched lad followed his dead mother home, to be probably held by his vile habit to a life of shame ending in a pauper's grave.

Effect of Tobacco on the Stomach.

Mr. Lyon, an eminent French physician, has recently published in the Union Medicale an account of careful researches which he has carried out respecting the effects of tobacco upon the stomach. He finds that tobacco lessens the contractility of the muscles which partly compose the walls of the stomach, thus producing indigestion and dilation. This is an important addition to the charges which medical men have brought against tobacco.

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

FILL man with whisky and he can give the pig points.—Ram's Horn.

IF you are not against the saloon, what are you doing in the church?—Ram's Horn.

PROVE that there is no devil, and the saloon keeper will be your friend.—Ram's Horn.

THE drink bill is estimated at $1,000,000,000, and yet there are tens of thousands of people living on the charity of those who do not drink.

THE most horrible picture of heathenism is that picture of a woman who carries her sweet babe to the banks of the Ganges and tosses it on its turbulent waters, watching its murmuring lips sink beneath its tide; but here in Christian America we water's 200,000 a year, hopeless drunkards, take their wives and children and throw them into the turbulent waters of a drunkard's life.—Sam P. Jones.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—There are six tunnels in the world which have a length exceeding 21,000 feet—St. Gothard, Mont Cenis, Hoosac, Severn, Nochistongs and Sutis.

—A small planet, the tenth discovered this year and the 408th in the list, was recently discovered by Prof. Max Wolf, of Heidelberg.

—It is said that the inferior grades of tea are greatly adulterated by the Chinese, who use for this purpose plumbago, turmeric, indigo, prussian blue, china clay and other substances.

—Coca, like mate, confers wonderful powers of endurance. Under its influence, Indian runners have been known to travel continually for 30 hours, covering in that time a distance of over 100 miles.

—Lake George is 326 feet above the sea and 225 feet above Lake Champlain, with the upper end of which it is parallel through most of its course, and but a few miles distant from it. The descent to Lake Champlain is made over a succession of falls at Ticonderoga.

—When Anna Jones and W. A. Donovan were beardless children they were playmates. As they grew older they became lovers, but fate separated them. Anna married a man named Elliott, and became celebrated as Barnum's Bearded Lady. A few days ago she was divorced from her husband, and on the following day she became Mrs. Donovan.

—Twelve miles west of Hereford, at the southern end of the Golden valley, the nave of the old Cistercian abbey of Dore was dug up last summer. There were nine bays to the nave, divided by columns 3½ feet in diameter. Parts of the rude screen and fragments of a shrine in 13th century carving, with traces of color, were found, together with armorial and embossed tiles.

—The biggest moose head ever seen in Maine was brought into Bangor the other day by T. D. M. Cardeza, of Philadelphia. The antlers spread 62 inches, just two inches more than those on a head owned by Hon. C. B. Hazeltine, of Belfast, Me., which was, until Mr. Cardeza secured his trophy, the biggest moose head in Maine. Mr. Cardeza shot the moose at the foot of Chesuncook lake.

—An interesting relic was discovered near San Bernardino, Cal., recently. It is an immense sculptured arrowhead, four feet four inches long and weighing more than 200 pounds. It is of bluish granite and shaped in perfect imitation of the smaller arrowheads frequently found in that region. On the mountain side, near where the stone was found, is a natural formation in the shape of an arrowhead many feet in length and conspicuously visible for many miles.

RUNAWAY BLACK BOYS.

Escaped Samoan Slaves Who Live in the Thick Woods.

Boys sometimes run away from the plantations and live alone in the forest, building little sheds to protect them from the rain, and sometimes planting little gardens for food; but the most part live the best they can upon the nuts of the trees and the yams that they dig with their hands out of the earth. I do not think there could be any where in the world people more wretched than these runaways. They cannot return, for they would only return to be punished; they can never hope to see again their own people—indeed, I do not know that they can hope but just to find enough yam every day to keep them from starvation. And in the wet season of the year, which is our summer and your winter, when the rain falls day after day far louder than the loudest thunder-pump that ever fell in England, and the room is so dark that the lean man is sometimes glad to light his lamp to write by, I can think of nothing so dreary as the state of these poor runaways in the houseless bush. You are to remember, besides, that the people of the island hate and fear them because they are cannibals; sit and tell tales of them about their lamps at night in their own comfortable houses, and are sometimes afraid to lie down to sleep if there is a lurking black boy in the neighborhood. Well, now, Alick is of their own race and language, only he is a little more lucky, because he has not run away; and how do you think that he proposed to help them? He asked if he might have a gun. "What do you want with a gun, Alick?" was asked. He answered quite simply, and with his nice, good-natured smile, that if he had a gun he would go up into the High bush and shoot black boys as men shoot pigeons. He said nothing about eating them, nor do I think he really meant to. I think all he wanted was to clear the plantation of the vermin, as gamekeepers at home kill weasels or rats.

The other day he was sent on an errand to the German company where many of the black boys live. It was very late when he came home. He had a white bandage round his head. His eyes shone, and he could scarcely speak for excitement. It seemed some of the black boys who were his enemies at home had attacked him, one with a knife. By his own account he had fought very well; but the odds were heavy. The man with the knife had cut him both in the head and back; he had been struck down; and if some black boys of his own side had not come to the rescue, he must certainly have been killed. I am sure no Christmas box could make any of you children so happy as this fight made Alick. A great part of the next day he neglected his work to play upon the one-stringed harp and sing songs about his great victory. To-day, when he is gone upon his holiday, he has announced that he is going back to the German firm to have another battle and another triumph. I do not think he will go, all the same, or I should be uneasy; for I do not want to have my Alick killed; and there is no doubt that if he begin this fight again, he will be likely to go on with it very far.—Robert Louis Stevenson, in St. Nicholas.

TO MARK THE TOMB OF A HERO.

Monument to Be Erected on the Grave of Gen. John C. Fremont.

In the far west, a mountain, capped with everlasting snow, is an enduring monument to Gen. John C. Fremont, and it is now proposed that he shall have one in the east. The Associated Pioneers of the territorial days of California have started a movement to obtain funds for a statue to be erected on the grave of the "Pathfinder," who made it possible to settle the states of the Pacific coast and who preserved the territory for the United States.

The final interment of Fremont's remains took place in 1894. He died in the city of New York July 13, 1890. The body was placed temporarily in the vault of Trinity church and was afterward removed to the receiving tomb of Rockland cemetery on the Hudson. The site selected for his grave overlooks Tappan Zee and the Hudson. The panorama of nature, which the great explorer loved so well, is no more beautiful on any spot on the globe. The quaint little villages of Hastings, Dobb's Ferry, Irvington, Tarrytown and Sing Sing are on the opposite shore. In the distance the waters of Long Island sound add to the beauty of the location.

The long delay between Gen. Fremont's death in 1890 and his burial in 1894 arose in part because it was undecided whether to lay his body in the earth or in a mausoleum to be erected above ground, and the final determination was not reached until the fall of 1894, when Mrs. Fremont made a request to have the remains taken from the receiving tomb and laid to rest in the ground—"in the open air, for suns and snows to fall upon his grave, as he so often unflinchingly met them in his life of toilsome duty done."

It was Mrs. Fremont's wish to have the final interment private and without publicity, but his old comrades in arms and others who loved and revered his memory felt that the name of Fremont and his remains belonged to the nation, and that they should be permitted to attend his burial. In deference to this feeling the final interment and services incident thereto took place under the auspices of the Associated Pioneers.

When the question of erecting a memorial was spoken of at the grave of the Pathfinder, and afterwards more fully discussed at the annual meeting of the pioneers, the opinion obtained that very many, if not all of the early day Californians, would feel it to be a privilege and also a duty to cooperate with the Associated Pioneers in contributing and in raising funds necessary for a monument. The opinion was also expressed that if the general public were invited to contribute to this grateful and patriotic work a fund sufficient to erect a very expensive and imposing structure, a monument worthy of the man, would be readily contributed; but upon the suggestion that this great publicity would probably wound the feelings and the sensitiveness of Mrs. Fremont, it was deemed best to confine the cost of the monument to $10,000, and also confine the movement to the pioneers of California, as also his military, political and personal friends.

Mrs. Fremont was notified and sent the following answer:

"This will assure you that the idea of a memorial by the Pioneers and Loyal Legions is entirely congenial to my feelings, and for some reasons better than any personal memorial. The general did belong to his country, and did do it great and unselfish service, and, while I could not ask, I can value and thankfully accept so appropriate and friendly a tribute."

Upon receiving this response a number of artists and sculptors were asked to submit designs for a monument that would express artistically and impressively the following story:

In Fremont's first expedition across the continent in 1842 they had made the ascent of what is called Fremont's peak, now in Wyoming, where, by act of legislature, it is reserved as a state park.

Returning to their camp of deposit near a great rock 1,000 miles beyond the Mississippi, to which the national name of "Rock Independence" has since been given, he wrote:

"Here, not unmindful of the custom of early travelers and explorers in our country, I engraved on this rock of the far west a symbol of the Christian faith. I made on the hard granite the impression of a large cross, which I covered with a black preparation of india rubber, well calculated to resist the influence of wind and rain."

A number of designs were received; several of them were very artistic and beautiful, but the design submitted by Mrs. Clio Hinton Hunker, of this city, whose genius and fame as a sculptor will soon become world-wide, was unanimously preferred and accepted. The statue is to be of heroic size and the feet of the figure will be on a pedestal 14 feet high, making the total height of the monument 22 feet.—Chicago Tribune.

The Indian Sold Him His Own Grain.

A good story is told by Jim Quinlan of Isaac D. Smith, who was post trader of Casa Blanca, on the Gila river, 25 years ago. It was after harvest, and the Indians had been blessed with a large crop of grain and the post trader was kept busy taking in wheat and dealing out such merchandise as poor Lo fancied. At a short distance from the store was a large adobe building, in which the purchased grain had been dumped loose from the sacks, and it was almost full to the ceiling. One day Smith was unusually busy, the Indians standing in a row waiting to dispose of their wheat, and it was not till later that he learned he had bought 16,000 pounds of his own grain. The Indians had tapped his storehouse in the rear, and as the grain rushed out it was caught in sacks and again marketed.—Tucson (Arizona) Citizen.

—Taking the whole land surface of the globe into consideration, there are 22½ acres for each inhabitant of this planet.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The world's annual crop of tea is said to be about 456,000,000 pounds. Of this Great Britain uses 184,000,000 pounds per annum.

—The tea plant succeeds well in California, and a number of years ago extensive gardens were planted in that state by a colony of Japanese.

—As much mocha coffee comes from Brazil as from Arabia. The Brazilian mocha consists of small round beans growing at the tops of the branches. These are culled out from the others with great care and sold at a much higher rate.

—A new smoke-consuming device for furnaces is an attachment automatically feeding a quantity of oil to the fire when fuel is added. As the oil burns it consumes the smoke, the injection of oil being adjusted at will to the amount of smoke expected at each fresh charge of fuel.

—It is stated by Mr. R. M. Bache in the Psychological Review that negro children are quicker in their motions than the offspring of white persons, and he suggests that the higher mental qualities of civilized white races may have been gained at the sacrifice of quickness of response to outside stimuli.

—M. Woitoff, professor of bacteriology in Moscow, was experimenting with the bacteria that produce putrefaction a year ago, when the bottle containing the microbes burst, and a small fragment of the glass scratched his neck slightly. The wound healed, but he became ill, and after suffering a year has just died of the poison.

—A growing thought with bacteriologists is that the healthful actions of life are dependent as much on bacterial action as those which seem to have a deleterious effect. The sugar of the maple tree, undoubtedly useful in the tree's economy, seems the result of bacterial action. While, however, one form of bacterium may be at work in the sugar factory, another, with other views, may be laboring to upset its work.

CHINESE DEFEAT ORDAINED.

Their God of War Planned a Scourging Jap Invasion.

We know why the Japanese won. It was because the Chinese neglected their god of war to worship at the shrine of Marco Polo. Of course, the god of war resented this. He had to have revenge, and he arranged it, saying: "They made a god of Marco Polo, the European, and I am going to make room in the Chinese heaven for two or three Japanese deities. The Chinese are stanch in their likes and dislikes, but all their other dislikes together cannot compare with their dislike of the Japanese. Therefore, I will give them a Japanese invasion." Everybody knows the result.

You may find an allegory in the foregoing. It was a dream that came to an Englishwoman in a Peking palace, after placing upon a wonderfully-carved black table a queerly-shaped yellow cup from which she had drained "the semi-nectar that had never known the insult of sugar or the disgrace of milk." It's symbolism, true enough. For the Chinese did run after strange gods to the neglect of their own, and weakness resulted. With this there is a picture of the god who got mad. He is called Wing Tai, and has a Punch-like face, and something Spanish about his earrings, but from the throat down he is altogether a man of China.

"It is possible," she remarks, "that so wise a god will be apparently cruel to be ultimately kind, and is trying to teach the Chinese a lesson. The people have already gone back to his worship, and sooner or later," she adds, "unless China be quite torn from her place among the nations, Wing Tai will forgive his votaries, and when Chinese patience (there is no perfect patience except the Chinese) has done its perfect work, when China has learned from Japan, for the great have to learn once in awhile from the little, then China may become united and entire." In that day she will not need Russia or England or the allied powers, for her citizens are as the grass blades of the field in numbers.—N. Y. Press.

FAST COLORS WERE THESE.

Egyptians Knew the Art of Making Dyes That Lasted for Years.

In antiquity besides indigo and purple few colors were employed, and these were obtained for the most part from the vegetable kingdom, but their purity was so great that they have kept well to our own times, after having undergone for centuries the action of the air and the sun. The fact is very remarkable in the Egyptian tombs; the stone has been disintegrated by weathering, while the colors have been preserved. The color that we meet most frequently is a mixture of reddish brown oxide of iron (red hematite) and clay, known under the name of Pompeiian red. This color, which has resisted for 4,000 years the sun of Egypt and the action of the air, is equally proof against acids. The Egyptians reduced it by rubbing between stones under water to a degree of fitness that we cannot obtain nowadays by chemical precipitation. An equally precious yellow pigment, also much used, was formed of a natural oxide or iron mixed with much clay, chalk and water and browned by the action of the heat; this mixture gives orange. For this yellow color gold bronze or gold leaf was also employed. For blue they used a glass covered with copper minerals; this pigment was not less permanent than the preceding, even acids having very little effect upon it. Gypsum or plaster of paris furnished white and also formed the basis of pale colors when organic pigments were added to it, probably madder for red. The colors were always thinned and rendered adhesive by means of gums. It is interesting to know, as is proved by inscriptions, that the artists regarded their colors as imperishable.—Cosmos.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Stewed Cabbage—Slice or chop the cabbage, stew until tender but not soft, drain, add a little sweet cream or milk, simmer ten minutes and season with salt and pepper.—Farm and Fireside.

—White Potato Salad—Take five boiled potatoes and cut them in thin slices. Mix one tablespoonful of vinegar, one of oil, a pinch of salt, a little pepper, one small onion minced fine, one egg sliced or chopped, and a little mustard.—Boston Budget.

—Potato Slices—Fill brick-shaped pan (wet with cold water) with freshly mashed potatoes (left from dinner) and let stand till evening. Remove from mold, cut in slices, dip in beaten egg, then in cracker dust and fry in hot butter.—Farmer's Voice.

—Potato a la Marie—To six boiled potatoes add three tablespoons butter, one-half teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon celery salt, one-eighth teaspoon white pepper, one-fourth to one-half cup cream. Beat until creamy and light, like thick cream. —Orange Judd Farmer.

—Stuffed Apples—Wash a number of apples of equal size, and cut out the cores, but do not pierce the apples through. In the cups thus formed place finely chopped and highly seasoned cold veal or chicken with an equal quantity of bread crumbs, and bake. Stuffed apples are nice for supper when a warm dish is relished.—Housekeeper.

—Fruit Compote—Peel and chop fine three eating apples; slice fine three bananas; mix together. Boil to a sirup one cup granulated or brown sugar with one-half cup milk. Flavor with vanilla or juice of one-half lemon, according to your taste. Pour over fruit and serve cold. Any combination of fruit, such as oranges and bananas, oranges and apples, etc., will be found excellent.—Chicago Record.

—Steak with Horseradish Butter—Procure a medium sized steak, season with salt and pepper, baste with oil and broil rather rare, put on a dish and baste over with horseradish butter. Horseradish Butter—Scrape off the outside and grate four ounces of horseradish, knead with half a pound of butter and lemonjuice, and rub the whole through a fine sieve. Keep on ice till wanted.—N. Y. Ledger.

A POPLAR-TREE HEDGE.

Some Fine Ruins Found in the Jungles of Kashmir.

We observed a row of enormous poplars planted very close together, and their leaves forming a thick and solid wall of foliage. These poplars are so managed as to form a real hedge of a strength equal to any masonry, and infinitely more beautiful. They are so planted that when full grown there is not more than two or three feet of space between them. While very young, the bark is slit open and the end of a stout pole is inserted under it, the other end being similarly inserted into the next tree; about a foot higher up this process is repeated, and so on for eight or even ten feet. As the young trees grow, these poles are firmly clasped by the bark, which completely incloses them, and the pole becomes, in fact, a part of the tree. Nothing could be simpler or more effectual. When the trees are well grown, vines and other creepers are trained up them, and these keep out inquisitive eyes as completely as the trees and poles prevent access to the garden within. The poplars grow to an immense height, and a more stately and magnificent hedge cannot easily be imagined.

The residency at Srinagor is surrounded by such a hedge, and the row of poplars we saw at Baramoula was evidently the last relic of some once beautiful garden, belonging, perhaps, to some former king, but now long deserted and forgotten. Such relics are strewn broadcast all over India. A few ruined archways and pillars tell of a huge palace, where some splendid monarch held his court, and royal revels made those now silent archways resound with mirth. Often in the heart of a wild jungle have I found and mused over these gigantic remains, perhaps an immense tank that once had a solid cement floor; beautiful marble steps led down to the water; a colonnade with pillars and much carved work surrounded it. Who built it? Who enjoyed it? No one can tell; the basin is filled up with rotten leaves, the roots of the peepul tree have split the marble stairs in every direction; a crumbling mass of brickwork in the center indicates where stood the rajah's pleasure pavilion; the ruined colonnade is inhabited only by snakes and monkeys.—Cornhill Magazine.

False Modesty.

The enormous grizzly stood irresolute upon the iceberg, seven-eighths of which, as may be seen by the most cursory reference to Ganot's "Physics," is beneath the surface of the water. He was in doubt. The reference is to the grizzly, and not to Ganot. On the wind came the voice of the north pole explorer. "There's another of those fellows," Bruin muttered. "They always bring their wives with them, and I wouldn't be caught here for anything in my bear skin." On the word he made off in a westerly direction, unwitting inexperienced chap as he was, and remote from news of the latest fads, that the new woman can stand 'most anything.—N. Y. Recorder.

Binks's Good Luck.

Mr. Binks—Don't you think it's about time our daughter began to think about a husband? She is getting on, and she'll be an old maid the first thing she knows.

Mrs. Binks—Indeed it is time, high time. But she's me over again. I never thought of marriage until my mother warned me that if I ever married at all I had no time to lose. I tell you I was scared.

Mr. Binks—Um—I suppose so.

Mrs. Binks—Yes, indeed. I made up my mind to take the first stick that offered, and that very evening you came. —N. Y. Weekly.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6th, 1896

The Republican House does not propose wasting any time while waiting for the tariff and bond bills to be reported from the Finance Committee and acted upon by the Senate. It is the policy of the Republican leaders in the House to make the session a short one, so far as the action of one branch of Congress can do so, and in accordance with that policy the regular appropriation bills are to be passed as rapidly as possible. The pension appropriation bill will be reported to the House this week. It carries an appropriation of $137,900,000 and three important amendments to the pension law. First, one providing that no pension shall be suspended on a charge of fraud until the charge of fraud until the charge shall have been adjudicated in a U. S. District Court, except where the alleged fraud constitutes a plain violation of statute, as in the cases of the remarriage of a widow; second, one providing that any claim granted under the act of 1890 shall date from the date of application, instead of from the date of adjudication as at present; third, one repealing the section of the act of 1890 which requires a widow to show that she is dependent for her support on her daily labor.

It is expected that the Senate Finance Committee will report one or more bills to the Senate this week but it is not certain that it will, and the exact nature of the bill or bills which will be reported is even more uncertain, although the impression is growing among Republicans that the tariff bill will be reported without amendment, just as it was passed by the House, and that it will be pushed to a vote at an early date. It is for the finance committee to decide whether the tariff or bond bill will be first reported. It is now regarded as probable that if Mr. Cleveland succeeds in making a big bond issue he will feel independent of the revenues provided by the tariff bill and will veto that measure, if the Senate passes it, which it will almost certainly do.

Representative Clark, of Iowa, has introduced a bill providing that greenbacks shall be paid out by the Treasury only in exchange for gold, and that none of the gold now in the Treasury shall be paid out until the total amount on hand exceeds $100,000,000. The difference between this bill and the joint resolution offered by Senator Sherman is that this bill would stop the redemption of greenbacks and Treasury notes until the gold reserve exceeds the sum named, while Mr. Sherman's resolution provides for the continued redemption of those notes with gold but prohibits the reissue of notes so redeemed except for gold.

Senator Elkins, of W. Va., gave out some very interesting figures while he was speaking in favor of his resolution against the disposal of by private contract or in any other way than by publical advertising. He had searched the Treasury record and showed by the official figures that the U. S. Government had only paid about $5,500,000 in Commission to the bankers who assisted in selling the $2,500,000,000, of bonds which represented the debt incurred during the late civil war, less than one half the amount made by the syndicate which took the last $62,000,000 of bonds issued by the Cleveland administration. It is not surprising that Congress should be opposed to Mr. Cleveland's reported deal for another issue of bonds through the same syndicate. The only thing that prevents Congress depriving Mr. Cleveland of the authority to issue more bonds under the old law is the fear that such action might be used by the European money gougers to cause a financial panic.

No surprise was caused in Congress by the publication of Ambassador Bayard's alleged intention to remain in England after he retires from office, and about the only comment heard is that if we had the right sort of administration he would not have to wait long for his retirement. The report that Bayard had been reprimanded by Secretary Olney is not believed here.

Utah having become a full fledged state is now represented in the House by its first Representative, in the person of Hon. C. E. Allen, and Delegate Cannon retires from the House to go—his friends believe to the Senate. Representative Allen says of Utah: "I think the State will remain Republican for a long period, because our people are decidedly in favor of the protective system." He declined to express an opinion as to the personality of the two senators to be elected by the Utah legislature, further than that they would both be good Republicans and that one would be a Mormon.

The Venezuelan Boundary Commission made an excellent start by electing Justice Brewer, of the U. S. Supreme Court, president. It will hold its next meeting on the 11th inst.

A resolution for the investigation of Comptroller Bowler's action in holding up the sugar bounties has been introduced in the House.

Reformation.

To the Editor of The Republican

I wish to call attention to a statement made by your Selbysport correspondent in last week's REPUBLICAN.

He stated that a man from Pennsylvania came into that neighborhood with an instrument of torture miscalled a "dehorner." He said it should have been called a "deformer." The instrument may have been miscalled but it should have been called a "reformer" instead of a "deformer," for a great reforming act it is when properly performed. I have never seen this so-called man of cruelty from Pennsylvania, but let the instrument of torture be either of the instruments now manufactured in this country, it seems to stay. He also stated that it is rather a curious fact that after several thousand years of daily observation men should just discover that God made a mistake in giving cows horns and thus thwart his designs by chopping them off. We do not claim that God made a mistake in putting horns on cows. Nature put the horns on cattle, for what? For the purpose of defense from the many beasts of prey that roamed the world at the time they were created; cattle being strictly vegetarian if they had not some way of defense the meat eating animals would have quickly destroyed them. But man has stepped in and dumbcreated the cow. He has taken it from the animal that will weigh 300 to 500 pounds of tough wild meat and raised it to a walking mountain of juicy delicate morsel of tame flesh weighing almost a ton. He has taken it from the cow that would not give enough milk to raise a respectable offspring and converted it into a delicate refined sensible machine that gives enough pure rich milk to raise an offspring superior to herself and still have enough left to feed her masters' offspring and sometimes his neighbor's offspring so that dehorning is only another step toward making this useful animal the most useful that God placed upon the earth, when He placed man here and told him to "subdue it, and have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the fowls of the air and over every every living thing that moveth upon the earth."

This act of dehorning is the greatest act that has ever been done toward "subduing" the wild nature of cattle. It has a christianizing effect because it teaches the cattle to do unto others as they would be done by. That is they leave each other alone. It is an advancement toward civilization all will admit, because it makes a more domesticated animal. It is humane because it saves hundreds of lives every year. It saves thousands of dollars worth of stock and untold amount of worry By all means give the matter of de-horning serious consideration. Cast prejudice aside and act for your own and your cattles' welfare by casting aside the useless, cruel, dangerous emblems of the bovine.

W. G.

For Sale.

A large Lighthouse double heating stove. Will sell for cash or trade for lumber. Call at furniture room.

D. E. BOLDEN.

ECCLESIASTICAL COLUMN.

Rev. J. W. Butler, Pastor St. Mark's Lutheran Church, Editor.

As this is the first contribution to the ecclesiastical column of THE REPUBLICAN, perhaps some words in reference to the idea of such a column will not be out of place.

This seems to be a good arrangement which the editor has made. Any step toward bringing our pastors and people closer together is a good one; but this move seems to accomplish more than this: in making the pastors of the town editors of this column, they are not only enabled to speak to their flocks and the people at large, which begets a growing interest in the messages thus communicated, but an opportunity is presented of furnishing them with a news [illegible] as to the news of the several churches at home, and to some extent, abroad. May not this plan also have a tendency to accomplish the much desired and needed end of bringing the Oakland pastors into a more intimate and fraternal fellowship and of begetting in them a spirit of mutual and deeper sympathy in the work for the Lord and His church. The true spirit of love cannot be caged with iron, or fenced off by any lines drawn by human agency or ingenuity, but will raise above these and make the universe feel the warmth of its pulsations; it "wants all of heaven" and all of earth and all the church "to sing in."

The writer would be glad if this introduction of the church column into THE REPUBLICAN would eventually lead to the organization of conferences amongst the Oakland ministers. There might and ought to be such an association of the preachers, to meet bi-weekly or monthly, for a comparison of notes and methods of work and the consideration of subjects and issues relative to our mutual interests and the common good of the people and the church.

May this new departure in this first month of a new year lead to new development that will result in new usefulness.

A happy and prosperous New Year to all "who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth."

* * *

A movement is on foot by which a Garrett and Preston county edition of the *Young Lutheran* will be published and furnished monthly at twenty cents per year. It is hoped that the Lutheran people of the several congregations will send in their twenty cents at an early date for this sixteen and twenty page paper. Those of Oakland, Deer Park, Piedmont, Crellin, Aurora and Davis congregations and charges send names and amounts to Rev. J. W. Butler, editor for Garrett and Preston counties, lock box No. 90, Oakland, Md.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending January 11, 1896, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

A. T. Morris	J. M. Eaton
Hall & Co.	Miss Maggie Adams
Miss Ina Louis	Miss Maida Meldrum
	Miss Anny Kisner

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

The Oakland School of Music.

Which was closed on Thanksgiving for a short vacation, will reopen classes on Thursday, January 2nd.

I take occasion here to thank all my friends for past favors, and to kindly solicit a continuance of the same during 1896. I seek to please all—to disappoint none. Day and evening classes open for piano, violin, organ and vocal culture. A special teacher will be employed to give lessons on the mandolin, guitar and banjo. For terms, etc., address,

Mrs. K. D. Bacon,
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TRUMAN WEST, Manager.

26—26t.*

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, October 20, 1895. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.	Daily	2.48 A. M
No. 3.	Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 49.	Express, daily except Mon.	3.5o A. M
No. 71.	Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 17.	Daily except Mon	10.19 A. M
No. 55.	Express, daily	6.22 P. M
No. 15.	Accommodation daily	6.45 P. M
No. 1.	Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8.	Daily	5.59 A. M
No. 2.	Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 14.	Accommodation daily	9.05 A. M
No. 72.	Accom daily except Sun	4.52 P. M
No. 16.	Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4.	Daily	12.20 A. M

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Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
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2nd. It is a home school (co-educational and for a limited number) and is conducted with all the loving, care-taking ministrations for individual development that the name implies.

3rd. Students require the most bracing, nerve building climate, and here they have it. Among the recreations are skating, boating, tennis, bowling.

4th. English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish German, Musical and Art courses. Bible study and high christian teaching will fit him for a noble Christian career.

E. B. SWAN, Principal,
18 1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

Educational Meetings and Teachers' Associations.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS OF GARRETT COUNTY.
OAKLAND, MD., December 31, 1895.

Educational meetings will be held in Garrett county as follows:

Oakland, January 2d at 7.30 p. m.
Accident, January 16th at 7. 0 p. m.
Grantsville, January 31st at 6.30 p. m.
Selbysport, February 13th, at 7.30 p. m.

The public is cordially invited and earnestly requested to attend said meetings. Addresses will be delivered on topics of importance and interest to all interested in the public schools of our county.

A Teachers' Association will be held at each of the above named places on the following day, (Saturday), at 9.30 a. m. All teachers are expected to attend at least one of these meetings, and as many more as they conveniently can. The following are the programs for said associations:

ACCIDENT.

How to Teach Reading	L. L. Englehart.
Topical Talk, Attention	Miss Ella Turney.
Primary Work	Harvey Speicher.
School Government	Miss Jennie Miller.

GRANTSVILLE.

Reading	John P. Miller.
Language and Composition	Miss Mollie Darsey.
School Government	M. H. McKenzie.
Attention	S. H. Ralston.

SELBYSPORT.

School Government	G. H. Frazee.
Primary Work	Geo. W. Dunham.
The Teacher's Preparation	J. A. Fike.
Reading	Norval Speelman.
Attention	Jasper Earnhouse.

The Fall Term will close January 8, 1896. Teachers will then, carefully and neatly, make out their reports, including an itemized statement of incidental expenses, and send to secretary of the board on or before January 18, 1896.

The Board of School Commissioners will meet in their office on Tuesday, the 21st day of January, 1896, to audit reports of Fall Term, and to transact any other business requiring their attention.

WM. HINEBAUGH,
Secretary.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county for a continuation of the road known as the Kinmell road, commencing at the north end of said road and running through the lands of —— Henderson, W. L. Shaffer, E. G. Miller, Samuel Green and —— Hoge, intersecting the McHenry and Altamont road near the southeast corner of Lake Woods' farm. Distance, one mile, more or less.

E. G. MILLER.
W. L. SHAFFER,
W. H. CHADDERTON.
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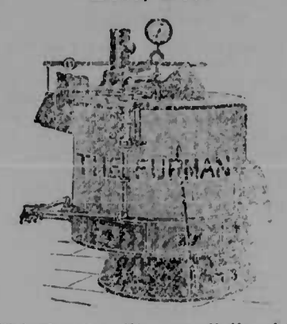

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2211 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

S. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent.
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres and under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $100; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400 balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.

H. H. SWANN,
Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1896 NUMBER 45.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Send your job work to THE REPUBLICAN office.

Thomas Moon, of Deer Park, was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. E. B. Hook, of Krug, was in town last Monday on business.

Mr. G. Arthur Friend, of Sang Run, was an Oakland visitor Sunday last.

Just received, at Dixon & Kelso's store, car shelled corn, to sell cheap for cash. 41-2.

Fine repairing a specialty. No botch jobs. F. G. Hyde, Oakland jeweler.

The ice houses about town are being filled with nice clear ice ten inches thick.

Mr. John P. Jones, of Terra Alta, W. Va., was an Oakland visitor on Tuesday.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Mr. John Shartzer returned Tuesday night from a trip to Baltimore and Annapolis.

Mr. Eugene Teets, brother of our townsman, A. S. Teets, gave us a pleasant call on Friday.

Mr. D. M. Mason has been confined to his room several days with an attack of rheumatism.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

DeWitt Minard furnishes coal delivered into your coal houses from the Deal mine for $2.10 per ton.

Mr. Joseph Johns, who has been attending school at Masillion, Ohio, returned home last Monday.

WANTED.—A man to sell fertilizer; good salary guaranteed. apply P. O. box, 41, Oakland, Md.

Mr. George Loar, of Grafton, W. Va, was visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Loar, over Sunday.

When you want a diamond ring F. G. Hyde will sell you one. It will be the cheapest in the long run.

Mrs. S. C. Smith has been sick with and attack of the grip for several days, but is better at this writing.

Wm. Sharpless, of Swanton, and A. C. Wagner, of New Germany, were registered at the Central Tuesday.

Messrs. Daniel Wilson and J. T. Harvey, of Blaine, W. Va., were in town on Tuesday and gave us a call.

Mr. Walter Ravenscraft and wife of Ridgway, Pa., are here visiting his parents, Dr. and Mrs Ravenscraft.

Mr. E. H. Sincell went to Annapolis Tuesday morning, where he has business before the Court of Appeals.

Mr. Walter Meyers, who is now located near Friendsville, was visiting his brother, Mr. J. S. Meyers, on Tuesday.

Have you used agricultural lime? If not address the Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va., for prices.

Miss. Ella Jamison gave a birthday party in honor of her nephew, Master Victor Fairall, on Monday evening last.

For prices on agricultural lime, delivered in car load lots, address Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont W. Va.

One Minute Cough Cure is a popular remedy for croup. Safe for children and adults. Oakland Pharmacy.

Have you used agricultural lime? If not address the Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va., for prices. 45-tf.

A car of fifteen race horses and their jockeys passed through Oakland yesterday morning on train No. 3 en route for St. Louis.

Mr. J. S. Lakin, of Terra Alta, was in town yesterday.

Mrs. Wm. Jarboe who has been in Pittsburg since last October returned home last night.

Mr. T. J. Peddicord was at Annapolis the first of this week where he had a case in the Court of Appeals.

For prices on agricultural lime, delivered in car load lots, address Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va. 45-tf

De Witt's Little Early Risers for biliousness, indigestion, constipation. A small pill, a prompt cure. Oakland Pharmacy.

Rose-comb American Dominique cockerls, $1 each at express station; 25 cents less at farm. Jonas B. Miller, Grantsville, Md. 43-*3

Mr. Thomas Loar, of Reedsville, W. Va., and his sister, Mrs. Wesley Ringer, of Terra Alta, spent yesterday in town as the guests of friends.

If you want a cheap present or an expensive present, you can get it from F. G. Hyde. No trouble to get your wants satisfied there.

If the devil would come here and set up a shop, some people would think he was an angel and a dandy of the first water. F. G. Hyde, the jeweler that has stood the test.

Mr. Dick Sharpes, of Wheeling, who is traveling for a Wheeling surgical company, was calling on his many friends in Oakland a couple of days this week.

During the present month THE REPUBLICAN and *New York Weekly Tribune* will be furnished to all new and old subscribers who pay one year in advance.

Piles of people have piles, but De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve will cure them. When promptly applied it cures scalds and burns without the slightest pain. Oakland Pharmacy.

Some valuable dogs in and about town have been poisoned this week. It seems that the good dogs are always the ones that get the poison, and the worthless curs that run about the streets remain unhurt.

Money to loan on first mortgage on improved town property in Oakland, Mt. Lake Park, Deer Park and Loch Lynn Heights. Apply to E. H. Sincell, Attorney, Oakland, Md. 44-tf

All ladies having a few hours leasure each day should write me at once regarding pleasant home work which easily pays $18 weekly. This is no deception and will certainly pay you to investigate, Reply with stamped envelope. Miss M. A. Stebbins, Lawrence, Mich.

A. G. Bartley, of Magic, Pa., writes: I feel it a duty of mine to inform you and the public that DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured me of a very bad case of eczema. It also cured my boy of a running sore on his leg. Oakland Pharmacy.

One Minute Cough Cure is rightly named. It affords instant relief from suffering when afflicted with a severe cough or cold. It acts on the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs and never fails to give immediate relief. Oakland Pharmacy.

No excure for sleepless nights when you can procure a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure. This will relieve all annoyances, cure the most severe cough and give you rest and health. Can you afford to do without it? Oakland Pharmacy.

In another column will be found the professional card of Mr. Julius C. Renninger, who has located here permanently for the practice of law. He will be found in his office in the Nelson building opposite the post-office, and we have no doubt any business entrusted to his care will be carefully attended to.

Coughing irritates the delicate organs and aggravates the disease. Instead of waiting, try One Minute Cough Cure. It helps at once, making expectoration easy, reduces the soreness and inflammation. Every one likes it. Oakland Pharmacy.

A MORNING BLAZE.

One of Oakland's Largest Business Houses Goes up in Smoke.

INCENDIARY ORIGIN.

The Alarm Given by one of Oakland's Young Ladies. The Fire Department Does Good Work.

On Friday morning last about half past three o'clock fire was discovered in the large store building belonging to Mr. John Shartzer, located on Second street near the Garrett County Bank. The building was a large two-story wooden structure with two business rooms and spacious ware rooms on the first floor. One side was occupied by Mr. Shartzer as a general merchandise store, and the other room together with the second story was lately occupied by the firm of Shartzer & Bolden as a furniture store. But luckily for this firm they had moved most of their stock of furniture into their new store room across the street just two days before the fire occurried.

The cry of fire and the ringing of the bells soon brought the fire department and a large crowd of the citizens to the scene. The night was still, but notwithstanding this the flames made rapid headway. The fire was under such headway when discovered that it was impossible to think of saving the building or even getting any of the contents out. The only thing that could be done was to protect the buildings near, and by hard work the flames were prevented from destroying other houses in close proximity. The hardest fight was to save a ware room belonging to Mr. D. E. Offutt across a sixteen foot alley west of the burning building. This structure was also of wood and contained several tons of grain, hay, flour, etc. It was thought at one time that it would be impossible to save this building and so most of the contents were removed into the street, but the persistent efforts of the firemen saved the building. The lads acquitted themselves nobly, refilling their chemical extinguisher rapidly as each charge was exhausted.

The losses sustained as near as can be estimated, are as follows: Mr. John Shartzer, owner of the building, $7,000 with an insurance of $4,500. This includes the building and his stock of general merchandise. Shartzer & Bolden had goods, consisting of their stock of wall paper and coffin and casket fixtures, to the amount of about $1,600. There was an insurance of $2,000 on their whole stock of furniture, but part of it being removed to the new building, they will collect only the proportion of the value of the stock burned. The insurance is in the Lloyd, of New York. This company was formed when the old line companies raised the rate of insurance, by leading business men of New York and other eastern cities, as a mutual company. Mr. George Wilt, a carpenter working for Mr. Bolden, had his tools stored in the building and his loss is about forty-five dollars.

There are numerous evidences that the fire was of incendiary origin. At three o'clock Dr. J. Lee McComas was called to see a patient and as he passed the building there was no sign of fire, and it is thought that it could hardly have gained such headway between that and the time it was discovered unless aided by something. This together with the facts that the fire originated in the rear of the building where no stoves were located, and the time it originated, leaves no doubt in the minds of not a few that it was the work of an enemy. On being interrogated on the subject, Mr. Shartzer said he could not think that he had an enemy that would do such a thing, but at the same time he was positive it never originated from a stove or flue. Just nine years ago this month a building belonging to Mr. Shartzer, located on the site of the Garrett County Bank was burned, and he has met with similar losses at Davis and Bayard, W. Va.

Several of the fire boys met with slight burns about the face and hands, and one had his thumb badly mashed by a ladder.

Miss Nettie Michael, who first gave the alarm, is to be commended for her very quick action.

Wife—Here's an account of a man who shot himself rather than longer the pangs of indigestion. Husband—The fool! Why didn't he take De Witt's Little Early Risers? I used to suffer as bad as he did before I commenced taking these little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

Carlton Cornwall, foreman of the Gazette, Middletown, N. J., believes that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy should be in every home. He used it for a cold and it effected a speedy cure. He says: "It is indeed a grand remedy, I can recommend to all. I have also seen it used for whooping cough, with the best results." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Many stubborn and aggravating cases of rheumatism that were believed to be incurable and accepted as life legacies, have yielded to Chamberlain's Pain Balm, much to the surprise and gratification of the sufferers. One application will relieve the pain and suffering and its continued use insures an effectual cure. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

There is good reason for the popularity of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Davis & Buzard, of West Monterey Clarion Co., Pa., say: "It has cured people that our physicians could do nothing for. We persuaded them to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and they now recommend it with the rest of us." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by the Oakland Pharmacy.

If suffering with piles, it will interest you to know that De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve will cure them. This medicine is a specific for all complaints of this character, and if instructions (which are simple) are carried out, a cure will result. We have tested this in numerous cases, and always with like results. It never fails. Oakland Pharmacy.

"I know an old soldier who had chronic diarrhoea of long standing to have been permanently cured by taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," says Edward Shumpik, a prominent druggist of Minneapolis, Minn. "I have sold the remedy in this city for over seven years and consider it superior to any other medicine on the market for bowel complaint." 25 and 50 cent bottles of this remedy for sale at the Oakland Pharmacy.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper under the caption "We Loan Money." The Mutual Guarantee Building and Loan Association which he is representing is one of the strongest new financial institutions in the country and the largest new Building and Loan Association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management is developing it very fast. Its assets have already reached over $2,000,000, which proves it to be positively reliable in every respect. The men that carry it on are responsible and well known gentlemen. This is a good association for the investor as well as for borrower. It has a life insurance policy connected with it which beats anything in any other association. It is good for both young and old and especially for the young man, as this policy matures in 7 years, the others in 8 years. So anyone wishing to make and save money rapidly will do well to invest in this association. Those desiring to borrow or invest will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars.

ECCLESIASTICAL COLUMN.

Rev. S. M. Engle, pastor Presbyterian Church, Editor.

Home Training.

On account of recent protracted services the week of prayer has not been formally observed this year in Oakland by the churches, but there is one of the topics that had been assigned for the week that is of such importance that it may be well to call attention to it publicly, viz: The family or home training. The exceeding importance of home training and of rearing children upon rules and principles drawn from God's words, has its foundation in the fact that all government, spiritual and temporal, is based upon the family. As are the families that constitute it, so is the church and its future; as are the families that constitute it, so is the state and its future. The stream will rise no higher than its fountain head. If in the home the training of sons and daughters is so neglected that instead of principles, true, beautiful and good, all sorts of noxious and hurtful ones are permitted quietly to establish themselves, the consequence in after years is shame to the home, harm to the church, and trouble in the community of which they become citizens. What a tremendous responsibility, therefore, rests upon the parents of children. What a momentous signification attaches to the name of *Father* or *Mother*. The fact is that the destiny of children, for time and for eternity, is placed instrumentally in the keeping of the parents. *Read that again.* This is true because the tenor of a whole life is determined, as to its general outline, by the caracter of its early training. Some good authorities affirm that the general direction of a life is determined by the time the child has reached its seventh year. Observation would seem in many cases to confirm such an opinion. The home becomes under such considerations inexpressibly sacred and the neglect of proper parental training therein, more than criminal. Some parents lightly and indolently affect to shift this Heaven-imposed responsibility, saying that they will make no effort to choose for the child the principles that are to determine the course of its life, but rather permit the child to make its own choice when it comes to years of discretion. Satan is most surely the author of this delusion, inasmuch as the child thus left to shift for itself until it comes to years of maturity will by that time inevitably have imbibed already principles that will have stamped upon its character the general outline of its life. The child has in such cases been cruelly and criminally left without help at the most critical period of its life. If ever there is need of a molding hand it is at this most plastic time of life, from birth to not later than ten years of age. Principles of Heavenly beauty and eternal worth then imprinted by the parents upon the characters committed to their care will remain through life. Like inscriptions made upon soft clay that is afterward to be hardened to rock, these imprints remain to be read in after years, as those from Babylon and Nineveh. But just waste *the first ten years*, and the parent awakes to the fact that now the impressions must be made in granite! Cut and drill the characters upon the hardened stone if you can, for Heaven is still holding you responsible! It is much easier to retain the locomotive upon the track than to replace it when once derailed. So with the *genus homo*. "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it," says God, our only reliable guide. Modern society may have its so-called "advanced opinions" in regard to these matters, but our only reliable rule is that which has *God for its author* and never changes: "Therefore shall ye lay up my words in your hearts and in your soul—and *ye shall teach them your children*, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine home and thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down and when thou risest up."

What Napoleon said of France in his day is true of the world now: "What France most needs is *mothers*." And we add not of the new woman order. When these Heaven-sent rules are put in practice by parents there will be no utterance of oaths by children upon the street, there'll be no meeting of incoming trains for flirtation purposes, saloons will close their doors for want of patronage, and churches will be filled, children sitting by their parents in the pews. Parents, all Heaven is looking on.

FREE

COURSE BY MAIL

WITH THE

Capital City Commercial College.

TO ADVERTISE OUR COLLEGE

We will give a thorough course of instruction in Double and Single Entry Book-keeping and Commercial Arithmetic, by mail,

FREE OF CHARGE

to a limited number of persons. This course will be completed in forty lessons. No charge for diplomas.

ADDRESS,

CAPITAL CITY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,

P. O. DRAWER B,

TOPEKA, - KANSAS.

26—1yr

MOUNTAIN STATE

Business College,

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

Malette

Has just received a big line of Xmas Goods, Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, Candies, Fruits, which he will sell at a very low price. We have anything you want.

All kinds of produce taken in exchange for goods.

Don't forget the Diamond Ring. You may be the lucky one.

Give us a call.

W. H. Malette.

Died.

SCHERR.—At the home of its mother in Eglon, W. Va., on Tuesday morning, the three-year-old child of Mrs. Julius Scherr, jr.

CRYSTAL.—On Monday evening, at Davis, W. Va., Ellen, the youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Crystal. The remains were brought to Oakland on Tuesday and buried Wednesday in the Catholic cemetery.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

Coal! Coal!

At the Chauncey Kimmell mine, 4 cents per bushel for lump; 75 cents per ton for lime stone coal. Always on hand. 43-4*

A YANKEE MONTE CRISTO.

BY ALBERT CLAYPOOL WHITE.

The strange and eventful career of Henry Meiggs on the Pacific slope of South America reads like a tale from "The Arabian Nights," and as an exhibition of what Yankee brains and energy can accomplish it is unparalleled.

Who has not heard of him?—that versatile adventurer, the associate of Ralston, the California banker, the bosom friend of Sharon, Mackay, O'Brien, Baldwin, and one of the princes of the golden era of '49. He was born in Catskill, N. Y., in 1811, and amassed a fortune in the lumber trade before he was 27 years old. During the panic of 1837 he lost everything, but he recovered from bankruptcy within two years. When gold was found at Sutter's Mill in 1849, Meiggs joined the Argonauts and sailed for California in a vessel loaded with lumber, which he sold in San Francisco for 20 times its cost. He built a wharf—long famous as Meiggs' wharf—and a sawmill on the bay, and sent men in the woods to cut trees. His business prospered, and possessing a genial nature and a liberal disposition he soon won the friendship and confidence of the people, and they made him treasurer of the city and county of San Francisco.

He was the custodian of many thousands of dollars, and in addition held the fortunes left by deceased persons pending the administration of their estates. Money flowed into the vaults so freely, and he had such a strong hold upon the confidence of the people, that he began to believe that he had some sort of equity in the treasure. Friends who had assisted him to office solicited temporary "loans," which they never repaid. A craze for speculation ensued at this time, and Meiggs fell a victim. He looted the treasury and the money held in trust, and when the financial crash of 1854 came he was compelled to flee the city. He bought a small schooner and, with his wife, departed secretly by sea.

It was a long time before his victims heard from him, and then the report came that he was engaged in extensive railroad building in Chili. The people in Chili rather distrusted him, but he was soon upon his feet. His genius found an opportunity. Having no experience in railroad construction—not even a rudimentary knowledge of surveying—he, nevertheless, turned his attention to that business. The Chilians were anxous to have a railroad from the seaport of Valparaiso to Santiago, the capital, and Meiggs promptly undertook it. Previously, an English company had built the road from the coast to the foot of the great Andean range which lies between the two cities. This was half-way, and it was the easiest part to build. The lofty mountains discouraged the English, and they threw up the contract. To finish the road was a stupendous piece of engineering, and nothing similar had ever before been attempted in South America. The chief feature of the contract was a question of time. Meggis agreed to perform the work within a given time, stipulating, however, that if he made shorter work of it, he was to receive an enormous bonus for every day saved. There was a small fortune in each day; but it appeared to the Chilians such an impossible task that the government did not hesitate to accept Meiggs' terms. He made over $1,000,000 out of it. He demonstrated to the conceited Chilians what a Yankee could do in the way of railroad construction.

After this, Meiggs made money rapidly in various enterprises, for nothing succeeds like success. He erected in the suburbs of Santiago a magnificent home—a structure of rare beauty and conspicuous example of extravagance—costing over $1,000,000, every timber and brick and tile being imported, the marble staircase alone costing $40,000. He then began a career of social splendor that dazzled the natives. Some time after the death of his wife, Meiggs married again, and the manner in which he secured his second wife is to this day related with great relish by the gossips of Chili.

In Chili, mantas and skirts of white flannel are worn by penitentas—women who have grieviously sinned, and thus advertise their penitence. They haunt the churches, and kneel for hours before the images of saints. In the large cathredals, as in the smaller churches, these white figures are visible, kneeling, crouching, motionless, looking like statues. Ladies of high rank are to be seen among the penitentas, as well as beautiful girls of lower station. It is strange to learn that this method of securing absolution is very fashionable, and when the gayety of the summer season is over, and at the beginning of Lent, the ranks of the penitentas are full. Souls that cannot be cleansed by this course retire to a convent south of Santiago, called the Convent of the Penitents, when they scourge themselves with whips, wear sack-cloth, sleep in ashes, and live upon water and crusts, until the priests give them absolution. Within the walls of this convent was a fair senorita, of whom Meiggs became enamored, and, with the help of an American dentist, he began a courtship romantic beyond the imaginings of a Boccaccio. For it involved notes tied to stones and thrown over the walls, impromptu scenes from "Romeo and Juilet," a rope ladder, excited nuns, angry parents and a scandalized church. But it all ended happily, however, in parental forgiveness and a fashionable wedding.

Again falling in debt, he next looked to Peru as a new field to conquer. He had to borrow a thousand dollars to defray the expenses of a journey there; but his reputation had gone before him, and the Peruvians gave him valuable railroad contracts. In Peru, and in fact along the whole west coast of South America, the cloud-piercing Andean cordillera stretches from the north to the south, holding in its embrace many valleys of surpassing richness, while here and there along the seashore are narrow plains of greater or less fertility. Throughout Peru, Bolivia and Chili, however, Meiggs' enterprises eventually extended, affording the mines in the mountains, the estates and sugar haciendas in the valleys, and the nitrate-beds in the Province of Iquiqui easy egress to the markets of the world.

The most notable contract secured by Meiggs was the Oroyo road, which is classed as the eighth wonder of the world; there is nothing in America or in Europe that compares with it in scenic grandeur or as an example of engineering science. But beautiful scenery or engineering skill alone cannot make a railroad pay, especially if it goes nowhere. The money gave out when it reached the town of Chicla, nestling in the heart of the Andes, just 100 miles from its first goal. To connect the capital, Lima, with the silver mines of Cerro del Pasco, and thence to the head of the Amazon river navigation, and so on to the Atlantic, had long been the dream of Peruvian statesmen. The idea was as grand as its consummation appeared visionary and impossible. With his usual energy, however, Meiggs at once took hold of the work, and in 1870 the railroad was begun. Commencing at Lima, it ascends the narrow valley of the holy Rimac river, and rises 5,000 feet in the first 45 miles to a pretty valley which is now used as a summer resort. Then it follows a giddy, serpentine pathway along the edge of great precipices and over bridges that seem to float in the air, tunnels the Andes at an altitude of 16,000 feet—the highest spot in the world where a piston rod is propelled by steam—and reaches the town of Oroyo, 13,000 feet above the level of the sea. The track has been forced through the mountains by a series of 65 tunnels, aggregating six miles in length. The tunnel of Galera, at the top of the Andes, is 4,000 feet long, and it is the highest tunnel upon the surface of the earth. As the canyons were too narrow for a curve, the system of reverse tangents had to be adopted, and the track zig-zags up the mountain sides on the switch and back-up principle, until the summit is gained; hence, there are often five or six lines of track parallel to each other, one above another, on the mountain side. Nearly the whole length of the road was made by blasting, and there is no earth visible except what was carried there. Grading was done with the drill and hundreds of pounds of powder. During the six years the road was under construction, over 7,000 lives were lost. Human life is cheap, however, in Peru.

Meiggs made millions in Peru. At one time he had contracts with the government in his own name amounting to $80,000,000. He employed the best American engineers obtainable, and paid them salaries of $20,000 a year each, besides large bonuses in addition. When the Arequipa road was completed, he chartered two ocean-going steamers of the Pacific Steam Navigation company, fitted them with wines and provisions, and invited the Peruvian congress, all the national officials, and the leading men of the country to be his guests at the celebration of the opening of the road. To relieve the monotony of the sea voyage, he took along an Italian circus company. For two weeks the distinguished company enjoyed themselves in a grand spree.

In Peru the people follow the Spanish proverb: "He who pays commands"—and Meiggs was an uncrowned king. With the magic wand of gold he virtually controlled the Peruvian minister of finance, the supreme court justices, and the influential members of congress. He lived in a marble-fronted palace in the aristocratic part of Lima, and kept open house like a prince. No viceroy of the golden days of Spanish rule lived so royally or dispensed favors with such a prodigal hand. His wines were the best money could buy, and his cigars, made especially for him in Cuba, were of the same brand used by Emperor Napoleon III.

Meiggs' greatest ability was as a financier. While practically uneducated, he possessed excellent common sense, and he understood human nature as few do. When building railroads in Peru, he was paid, of course, in national bonds, and he personally placed them, in England and France, upon far better terms than the Peruvians had ever been able to do. Bolivia had a reputation for never meeting her obligations, yet he succeeded in disposing of Bolivian bonds to excellent advantage in England. But as an organizer and contractor of great works, and as a manager of men, Meiggs was never equaled in South America, and rarely surpassed anywhere.

Artists and writers never sought his assistance in vain. It was Meiggs' custom to educate young girls, claiming their favors in early womanhood, afterward giving a large dowry as an inducement to marry. Like the count of Monte Cristo, he would pour pure gold by the handful into the laps of women who craved his aid. His wedding present to the daughter of the Peruvian president was a diamond necklace that cost $125,000. He was the personification of lavish liberality, and the descendants of the Incas—the Cholos of to-day—almost deified him.

Meiggs could not, however, forget the shadow which hung over his earlier life in the United States, and the fact that he was a criminal and a fugitive continually troubled him. Finally, by the use of money and the help of friends, the legislature of California was induced to grant him amnesty. He was invited to return, but he never availed himself of the privilege.

In October, 1877, in the 65th year of his life, a stroke of paralysis carried him off. The amount of the fortune he left is not known, but along the west coast of South America his name and fame will never be forgotten.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A RED-HANDED OUTLA

The Terrible Deeds of Apache Ki Renegade Indian.

The Apache Kid is what they c Indian outlaw whose name has cination, a terror for every de upon the southwestern border of zona and New Mexico. Its me will make the most daring fron man clasp his weapon with a fir grip. It will send children trem to their mothers from their play.

The person who thus terrorizes wild region, where ordinary cri pass current, is a renegade Apach Indian, with all the devilish inger of that fleadish race. His Indian is Es-ki-bi-Nadci, and he is unde 30 years of age. He was educated a Hampton Indian school, from wh was sent to the government re tion at San Carlos, where h trained by a scout for the army. His natural aptitude soo him familiar with the military and the mode of scrutiny and fi of the United States troops neither education nor associati white men could repress the sa of his nature, and he incited a break among the Indians on the vation and set fire to the scho This offense was promptly by the arrest of the Kid and his followers. On the 2d of N 1889, while they were being con to jail in a stage coach by the sh and his posse, they broke their bonds near Riverside, A. T., killed the sheriff and escaped to the Sierra Madre mountains, in the province of Sonora, Mex., just over the line from Arizona and New Mexico.

That was the beginning of a career of crime that has no parallel in Indian atrocity. Secure in these arid mountains, whose every approach is guarded by a barrier of nature formidable and awful, with trackless mazes of desert sand hills, and having only at great distances water holes and patches of cultivation—here the Kid's band has been constantly increased by disaffected Indians from the reservations and from Mexico. They have raided the border and penetrated far into the interior, leaving a trail of blood behind them. They are even now destroying the homes of ranchmen, waylaying travelers along the desert roads, ambushing gold seekers in the arid hills, picking off cowboys on their lonely ranges, stealing into settlements in the stillness of night, plundering and killing the sleeping inhabitants, until hundreds of people have met death by the hand of the Apache Kid and his band during the past four years.

Though a reward of $5,000 by the governor of Arizona and $2,000 by the governor of New Mexico have been placed upon his head and repeated expeditions of government troops have been sent out for his capture, he has thus far eluded pursuit, ranging over a vast extent of country, comprising thousands of square miles, where no white man can follow for lack of water.

The Kid does not by any means confine himself to forays and murderous outrages. He has a passion for stealing girls for wives. His first achievement in this line was the capture of Jo-ash-ay, an Apache maiden, whom he took from the door of her wickiup on the San Carlos reservation in September, 1890. He next secured the mild-faced Natheth-lay, who was but 13 years old. He came upon the girl and her mother at Cibicu crossing of the Salt river on the reservation, May 17, 1892. He killed the mother and made captive the daughter, but released her shortly after and she returned to the reservation. His third victim was Nah-tah-go-yah, the daughter of Indian Scout Jack Long. She was forcibly taken by the Kid from the reservation October 25, 1892. While he was engaged in this abduction his first wife, Jo-ash-ay, escaped from his camp and made her way to the reservation alone. She has since acted as guide for the troops in pursuit of the Kid. It was through her that Jack Long effected the rescue of his daughter.

The most notable expedition hitherto led against the Kid was in 1892 by Lieut. Williams, of Fort Whipple, near Prescott, Arizona. He took a detachment and 13 Apache scouts, keen-scented as bloodhounds. They struck the trail of the Kid and followed him for weeks, sometimes camping in the evening where he had camped the previous night, till the trail led farther and farther into the arid region on the south, where they were compelled to abandon their quest, not being permitted to cross the Mexican border into the fastnesses where he sought refuge.—Boston Traveler.

A Small Justice.

This story is told by Chauncey F. Black, of Pennsylvania: "There is in my town a member of the legal profession of very diminutive size who rejoices in the name of Chris Magee, though not of kin to the well-known politician of the same name. Some time ago Magee was elected to the bench, and one of the first cases before his honor was that of a brawny Irishman whose colossal figure was in perfect antithesis to that of the little judge. The son of Erin had committed an assault and battery, and was told to stand up by the court. The defendant did so, and though he was six feet six inches tall, he could barely see the top of the magistrate's head appearing behind the desk. Raising himself on tiptoe and bending forward with his hands before his eyes as if to peer at some distant object, the Irishman shouted: 'Holy Moses! and is Patrick O'Minehan going to be tried by a fairy?'"—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

—His Favorite Feature.—"Say," said the watch dog to his friend, the goat, "which of your interesting features are you most charmed with?" "My browse," answered the goat as he absorbed another mouthful from the clothesline.—Detroit Free Press.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Patented artificial skin is now produced in Germany. It is made by removing the outer and inner mucous membranes of the intestines of animals and partly digesting them in a pepsin solution. The fibers are then treated with tannin and gallic acid, the result being a tissue which can be applied to wounds like a natural skin, and is entirely absorbed in the process of healing.

—Acetyline gas is believed to have one of the most abominable odors devised by chemistry, a fact urged in its favor, as it can be detected at once when it escapes. M. Moissan, who discovered it, says, however, that the pure gas made from pure crystallized carbide of calcium has an agreeable etheric odor, which he has inhaled in small quantities without inconvenience. When the carbide is obtained with impure coal and lime it may contain sulphides and phosphides of calcium, and in that case the stench is nauseous.

—That tuberculosis is increased by living in thickly settled communities is shown by statistics collected by Dr. Petit for 662 French towns. In Paris the proportion of deaths from tuberculous disease in 100,000 inhabitants is 490; in 11 towns of from 100,000 to 430,000 inhabitants it is 363; in 46 towns with a population between 30,000 and 100,000 it is 305, in 50 towns of from 20,000 to 30,000 inhabitants it is 288, in 127 towns between 10,000 and 20,000 it is 271; in 332 towns between 5,000, and 10,000 it is 216, and in 95 towns with a population below 5,000 it is 181.

—A car load of redwood for use in making lead pencils was shipped from Sunger, Cal., for Nuremburg, Germany, last week. Some time ago experts from Germany investigated the timber resources of the Pacific coast in an effort to find a substitute for cedar, the forests in Europe from which the supply of that wood for lead pencils has hitherto been obtained having become almost exhausted. It is said that the redwood from the east slope of the Sierras is the only wood besides cedar with a sufficiently straight grain to make it suitable for pencils.

—Using the same process by which he obtained the carbides, M. Moissan has succeeds in forming silicides of iron and of chromium. Crystallized silicon and soft iron placed in the electric furnace fused at 1,200 degrees, which is 200 degrees less than the melting point of iron and 400 degrees less than that of silicon. The result was a button of silicide of iron. Silicon, therefore, like carbon and boron, must, before liquefying, emit vapors with a tension strong enough to enter the metal, by an action analogous to cementation. With chromium a crystallized silicide was obtained. With silver the silicon combines while hot, but on cooling comes to the surface in a crystalized form.

LARGEST MIRROR IN THE WORLD

It Arrived in This Country from France Recently.

The largest French plate-glass mirror ever brought to this country, and, according to the importer, the largest mirror in the world, was set up in the dining-room of the new portion of the Hotel Savoy recently. It took two days and a night, with over a score of workmen to get it from the steamer to the hotel and to set it in place.

The dimensions of the mirror are 158x158 inches, making about 174 square feet of glass. It is nearly half an inch thick. The glass alone weighs 900 pounds, and the combined weight of it and the case it came in was over a ton.

The mirror is not only the largest but the most expensive in the world, its actual cost being in the neighborhood of $5,000. The cost of manufacturing the one glass would have been about $1,000, but five different glasses had to be cast before this perfect one was made. The expense of moving it was fully $500.

The package was so large that there are but two steamships in commission which could bring it across the ocean. These are the Friesland and the Kensington. It came on the Friesland, which tied up at the Jersey City docks of the Red Star line.

Sixteen men had hard work in hoisting the monster mirror out of the hold of the ship, and after it had been loaded on the dock an unlooked-for difficulty arose. There is not a single ferryhouse on the Jersey side of the Hudson large enough to accommodate the big package, and upon measuring all the ferryboats it was found that it could not be got on any of them.

The mirror was finally loaded on a barge and taken across the North river to the foot of West 40th street. It was taken through that street to the Savoy on a low float.

At the hotel another difficulty arose. It was feared that a part of the stone walls of the building would have to be torn down before the glass could be taken inside; but this was averted by removing the doors, transom, moldings and all accessories to the main entrance, and even then it was a tight squeeze to get the box through. It took 12 men under the personal supervision of Mr. Kahn nearly all night to roll it through the corridor of the hotel and across the dining-room, where it is to be set up, and all the following forenoon to put it in place. All of the guests of the hotel and many people from outside watched to see if the huge glass would be damaged when unpacked. It was perfectly sound.

The mirror was made at the old St. Gobain glass factory in Paris, the oldest plate-glass factory in the world. It was, of course, made to order, and it was a long time before the company could be persuaded to undertake the job. It was only through Mr. Kahn going to Paris and making a personal request that it be done that the company consented. So large a mirror could not possibly be made in the United States with the present facilities in this country.—N. Y. World.

Worked Too Well.

Agent—I have called, sir, to show you our new patent cash register which I am introducing—prevents all peculation, sir; makes it utterly impossible for any clerk to steal a cent.

Mr. Slowgo—Don't want 'em.

Agent—You don't?

Mr. Slowgo—No, sir. My neighbor next door put in one o' them things last Monday, an' before night the hull force had struck for higher wages.—N. Y. Weekly.

Unchanged.

He married his old flame,
And finds she's yet the same,
For, as a woman will,
She flares up at him still.
—Bay City Chat.

SIMPLY IMPOSSIBLE.

"He could not tell a lie."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Political Maxim.

Remember in thy days of stress,
The fewer bosom friends you make,
When time brings fame and prominence,
The fewer friends you'll need to shake.
—Indianapolis Journal.

Prepared.

Mrs. Hobb—My husband came home last night and told me he was ruined. Do you know, I think I must have had a premonition of it.

Mrs. Nobb—Why?

Mrs. Hobb—It was only last week that I ordered a complete new wardrobe.—N. Y. World.

STOPPED!

"THE UNITED STATES IS TO-DAY PRACTICALLY SOVEREIGN ON THIS CONTINENT, AND ITS FIAT IS LAW."—MR. OLNEY TO LORD SALISBURY.

A Brilliant Success.

First Actor (on the Rialto)—Why, how de do, Buskin? Where have you been?

Second Actor—On a western tour.

First Actor—Was it a success?

Second Actor—Glorious! Immense! Brilliant success! Why, sir, we came back by rail.—N. Y. Weekly.

His Great Work.

First Doctor—Your practice must be increasing enormously.

Second Doctor—What makes you think so?

First Doctor—I hear the death rate in your district never was so high.—Town Topics.

Used No Knife.

Stranger (sarcastically)—I hear you use a knife in partaking of your water here.

Chicago Man (with dignity)—Possibly some of the lower classes use a knife, but everybody who is anybody uses a fork, sir.—Detroit Tribune.

A Trouble That Troubles.

Doler—Are you troubled with the toothache?

Moler (in agony)—Great Caesar! Did you ever know a person to have toothache without being troubled with it?—Roxbury Gazette.

Climatic.

Bersford (in an undertone) — Your Aunt Roxana reminds me very much of our New York weather, Miss Fay.

Miss Fay—Because she's erratic?

Bersford — No. She won't clear away.—Leslie's Weekly.

Harder Work.

Lingo—I suppose your idea in going to a French table d'hote every day is to learn to speak the French language.

Bingo—No, it is to learn to eat French food.—Brooklyn Life.

A Sorry Truth.

The world will come to those who wait,
It has been truly said,
But when it does, oh, sorry fate!
It's apt to find them dead.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

His Inspiration.

Mrs. McSwat (at the front window)—How beautiful our lawn looks this evening in its mantle of snow. It's a poem!

Mr. McSwat—It is, my angel, and I swear it makes my heart feel light as air to see that little lawn to-night arrayed in robes of spotless white and think how many months must pass before I'll need to cut the grass with that loud, beastly lawn machine that—

Mrs. McSwat — Billiger, I think you're as mean as you can be!—Chicago Tribune.

Safe in Africa.

First Missionary—Let us give thanks that we are here in Africa among the heathen.

Second Missionary—Why so?

First Missionary—I see by an American paper that our brother who recently returned to his Christian home has been sand-bagged in the streets of Omaha and a bishop has been mobbed in Denver.—N. Y. Weekly.

Of Two Evils.

"I speak plainly, I believe," said Mrs. Newun, decisively, "when I say that in riding a wheel I shall wear bloomers or nothing, despite your objection."

"You do speak plainly," replied Mr. N——, in the voice of one who has given up, "and I have nothing more to say. I prefer the bloomers to the alternative."—Judge.

Tells It to Mrs. Browne.

"Browne tells a good club story, doesn't he?"

"Well, yes, very late at night."

"When he has grown mellow, I suppose?"

"No; it's after he gets home."—Chicago Record.

Evidence of It.

Mr. Dolley—Do you know what Miss Fosdick's religion is?

Mr. Gurley—No; do you?

"Yes; she's a Shaker."

"Nonsense."

"Yes, she is. She shook me."—N. Y. World.

Qualified to Judge.

"He had the reputation of being a good man, but I consider him the toughest citizen I ever struck!"

With this remark the cannibal chieftain put the lid on the pot again and added fresh fuel to the fire.—Chicago Tribune.

Youthful Wisdom.

"Did you tell that awful bore who called that I had gone to Calcutta?"

"Yes sir; I said you started this morning."

"Good boy. What did he say?"

"He wished to know when you'd return, and I told him I didn't think you'd be back till after lunch, sir."—Tid-Bits.

Patrick's Idea.

The Teacher—Patrick, why didn't the lions eat Daniel when he was put among them?

"Shure, mum, Oi don't know, onless dey were good Catolicks and it happened on Fridhay."—Life.

NO WONDER.

She—And, Baron, how are you getting on with Miss Moneybags?

He—Ah! very nice indeed, tank you. She smile upon my suit.—Ally Sloper.

The Dreariness of Perfection.

Miss Prim—When people become fully civilized there will be no more foolish love-making.

Jack Goodfelio—I suppose not. There won't be a girl left worth spooning over!—Truth.

Why He Stopped.

Cobble—Miss Spinlow says that you don't write any more poetry to her. What's the matter, old man?

Stone—I am trying to marry her.—N. Y. World.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BUT HE CAN'T ADVERTISE.

A physician sits in his office chair,
And there broods on his face a look of care,
While he groans and wails and tears at his hair.

"Alas! and alas! and alack!" he cries;
"Surely fame and fortune would both arise
If old Ethics would let me advertise."

At last a bright thought comes into his brain,
Says he: "I must try that old racket, 'tis plain,
It worked O. K. once, and I'll work it again."

He wrote half a page on "The Evils of Pork."
And the case of a man who swallowed a cork,
And a spoon and a knife, but got stuck on a fork;

Told how he cured an imprudent fellow
Who swallowed entire a gingham umbrella,
And brought it intact from the patient's patella.

The newspapers all extended their thanks;
He opened accounts at the various banks;
He'd baited with Ethics and caught all the cranks.

—Chemist and Druggist.

CHARLEY, THE MASCOT.

The Feline Pet of the United States Cruiser Yorktown.

Col. John A. Cockerill, the New York Herald's special correspondent, writing from Chemulpo, Corea, sends an interesting story about the sports of the naval officers who happen to be attached to the Asiatic squadron in Corean waters, and also of the mascot of the Yorktown, "Charley." Col. Cockerell writes:

I found the United States steamer Yorktown here riding at anchor a mile and a half out in the harbor, and by invitation I visited her this afternoon. She arrived on this station ten days ago, and Commander Folger and all his officers declare that dull as Chemulpo is they prefer it to Cheefoo, China, their late billet. The October weather here is superb, and the officers of the Yorktown find the shooting excellent. By going up the river in a sampan a few miles they can make a nice bag of snipe,

CHARLEY THE MASCOT.

geese and edible birds in a few hours. Game of all kinds is abundant, and further up the country pheasants of the most delicious flavor are plentiful. The Yorktown, despite her steady years of service, is in excellent trim, and officers and crew are proud of her.

While on board the Yorktown I was presented to the feline mascot, "Charley," the most famous of cats. "Charley" joined the Yorktown in 1889. He has traveled something like 150,000 miles in her, and is the oldest member of the crew, with the exception of one seaman, Martin Foley. Officers and sailors come and go, court-martials are held, desertions take place and penalties are inflicted, but "Charley" remains the pet of the ship and the most exalted cat, marine or otherwise, on the globe. The hundreds of scattered people who have served on the Yorktown will be delighted to learn that "Charley" is still "on deck," so to speak. He has lost his hearing on account of the heavy firing in target practice, but he is still amiable and lovable.

They tell a funny story about this famous cat. When the Yorktown was on Behring sea duty she moored one day at a dock on the opposite side of which an English gunboat lay. As was his wont "Charley" walked out on the dock to take a view of things. Some English sailors, observing his swagger, remarked that "Ginger" should be brought out and introduced.

One of them went on board the English gunboat and brought out "Ginger," a lusty cat of lofty British pretentions and aristocratic mien. The two cats met on the dock and touched noses in a disdainful way, when, all of a sudden, "Charley" let fly his right paw, striking the Briton on the jaw and knocking him overboard. This act performed he strutted back to his ship as if to say: "Did you see me do 'im?" His performance was cheered by the Yorktown jackies and that cat's stock rose 50 per cent. then and there. The picture of the Yorktown's pet which accompanies this is in the possession of nearly every officer and sailor on the ship. Scores of them have been sent home and thousands of people in the United States know about the Yorktown's feline mascot. All such will be pleased to know that "Charley" is fat and hearty, despite his weight of years, and the most beloved cat afloat.

Not a Matter of Morals.

Ethel—So Gertrude de Montmorency Fitz Vere de Vere has lost her good name?

Sybil—Has she? Well, there, I'm not surprised. How d'you know?

Ethel—It says so in the paper; says she's married a Mr. Bloggs!—Ally Slopper.

A Risky Experiment.

"You cant tell whether a man is a bachelor or the father of a family simply by his looks."

"Certainly not; but there is one infallible method of finding out."

"What may that be?"

"Give him a young baby to hold."—N. Y. Recorder.

WONDERFUL HORSE.

Plays the Harmonium and Also Acts as a Nursemaid.

The horse Alpha has astonished London theater goers with his intelligence. A blackboard is brought upon the stage, and he is asked to show his arithmetical powers. The animal turns to the figures, thinks a moment, apparently, and then paws out on the floor figure after figure, till his subtraction or addition or multiplication sum is correctly done. Sometimes he makes a mistake, and with an impatient shake of his mane and a vicious light in his eyes, he begins again and rights the wrong. Somehow, the British mind refuses to believe that a horse, even of the Alpha

THIS HORSE PLAYS THE HARMONIUM.

breed, actually "does sums;" one suspects some hidden trick by which the trainer causes his horse to make certain signs that look like the result of thought. But whether or not his trainer employs these "artistic" means, the result is certainly most striking, and if trick there be, it is concealed in a most marvelous manner.

Alpha also plays the harmonium, and his rendering of "God Save the Queen" on an enormous keyboard is a startling performance, and a more correct one than in many other cases. The clever creature also selects letters from the alphabet, tells the time, plays a game of nap, and fires a gun, for which latter feat, strange to say, he shows a decided predilection. The performance ends with a grotesque transformation of the beautiful horse into a nurse in skirts, white apron, tartan shawl and gorgeous poke bonnet. Little Betn, a fat two-year-old pony, which is only just being trained for an artistic career, is caused to sit on its haunches in a perambulator, and the nurse Alpha wheels him across the stage.—N. Y. Herald.

A HOG-POWER MINE.

How a Californian Made His Porkers Earn Their Living.

"I was riding through the mountains in Trinity county a few days ago," said a California miner, "when I happened to take a trail that led by old 'Burlap' Johnson's cabin. I took a dinner—cold corn-bread and bacon—with him, and then sat down for a smoke.

"'Wouldn't you jest as soon do your smokin' outside, podner?' he asked.

"'Certainly,' said I, 'but you don't object to the smoke of a cigar, do you?' I was naturally surprised, for he was already puffing away at an old corncob pipe.

"'No, course not, seein' as I've smoked nigh on to 50 years; but I want to keep my hogs to work.'

"My curiosity was aroused, but I said nothing. He took down a double-barreled muzzle-loading shotgun and his powder horn. Then he went out to a shed and got a pan of shelled corn.

"He sat down on a bench at the cabin door, rammed down a couple of charges of powder, and poured a handful of corn in each barrel. He put on a percussion cap, pressed it down with the hammer, cocked both barrels, and blazed away at the side hill across the little gulch.

"The roar had not died away till a drove of hogs came running, grunting and squealing, and commenced to root the side hill for the corn. Whenever they slacked up in their work the old man fired another charge of corn.

"'That's a mean trick,' said I. 'Why don't you feed it to them in a trough?'

"'Feed it to 'em!' he repeated, in amazement. 'Then they wouldn't work. Besides, they don't need it.'

"'What do you want to make them work for, and why do you waste corn on them if they don't need it?'

"'Why, man alive, they do as much work as four men would! They root up the dirt, and when the rain comes, all I have to do is to sluice it.'

"Then I understood that he was using the hogs to help him mine."

Hercules and the Hawk.

Some passengers over one of the Berlin canal bridges the other day noticed the sudden appearance of two black points in the sky at a considerable distance away, which developed into two ducks. Behind them, at a lower level, flew another bird, which suddenly rose into the air above the ducks and then shot down upon them like an arrow. One of the ducks flew sideways toward the Thiergarten; the other, closely pursued by its enemy, flew slanting into the canal, and, reaching the water exactly behind the bridge, dived, while the hawk, in his blind haste, struck against the head of a statue of Hercules and fell, once more flapping its great wings, dead on the pavement of the bridge. The bird was a splendid specimen, the wings having an expansion of more than three feet.

Good Eyesight.

While Mrs. McFadden was working for Mrs. Dixon she came frequently to her saying she could not find things. On one occasion she could not find the poker, high or low. Mrs. Dixon joined in the search.

"Why, here it is, Mrs. McFadden," called Mrs. Dixon, "right on top of the stove."

"Shure an' I didn't see it there, ma'am," replied Mrs. McFadden.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Mrs. Dixon, "you are near-sighted, Mrs. McFadden."

"Indade and I'm not, ma'am; I can see as far as I can look," was the reply.—Ram's Horn.

THE FARMING WORLD.

PERMANENT ICEHOUSE.

No Dairy Farm Should Be Without One of These Structures.

The end view of an ice-house, designed for use on a farm, is illustrated below. The wall consists of boards standing perpendicularly and nailed to a light frame of 8 or 12 inch scantling at the top and bottom, with a third one in the middle to stiffen the sides, with similar boarding on the inside. Additional bracing will be found necessary unless the building is located in a sheltered place. Use building paper on the under side of the outside boards. Fill the 8 or 12 inch space with saw-

A NEAT PERMANENT ICE-HOUSE.

dust. Use the kind of lumber suitable to the builders means, as the cost of the house will correspond with the quality of the lumber used. The foundation is fixed to drain thoroughly and is filled to a depth of 6 inches with cobble stones and a floor of 2 inch plank placed upon them. Have the floor boards an inch apart to allow drainage. Put 10 inches of sawdust on the floor or, if not available, use finely-cut rye straw. Oat straw is not as good for this purpose as rye, for being soft it packs too closely. In putting in the ice, leave a foot of space between it and the wall and pack this with sawdust or straw as the wall of ice goes up. Place boards across the door spaces to prevent too heavy pressure on the doors. When the house is full, put a layer of sawdust or straw 8 to 10 inches thick over the top. The triangular windows at the ends provide thorough ventilation, which is an essential matter in keeping ice. Much the extreme rapidity of the movements constructed, or a stock of ice buried with sawdust or straw will keep ice far into the summer. — Farm and Home.

THE AMERICAN DAIRY.

Destined to Become More Prominent from Year to Year.

The dairy promises about as well if not better than any other branch of farm industry. The well defined disposition of legislators is to put a stop to the competition of imitation butter, the chief complaint against which has been that it is sold as genuine butter. There is not much to fear on the part of dairymen with respect to oleomargarine competition if every pound of the stuff is sold for just what it is. No person who has studied its character will care to eat it; and the average consumer, even if he is ignorant of the character of oleomargarine, wants no imitation butter on his bread. But notwithstanding the laws that have been enacted providing for the plain marking of imitation butter, thousands of pounds are consumed on boarding-house, hotel and restaurant tables by those who suppose that they are eating butter, and every pound of it takes the place of the honest product. The disposition, we repeat, is to put a stop to this fraud, and probably within a year there will be universal legislation to accomplish this, and it will be greatly to the interests of the dairy. The fact, too, is becoming more generally recognized that the dairy is less drain upon the soil than almost any other branch of farming, and this is leading to the adoption of dairying. Then there is the old fact being more deeply impressed all the time that dairy products are of comparatively small bulk and can be more easily and more cheaply shipped than other products of the farm. To all this may be added that winter dairying is being more and more generally followed, and as it is adopted, the profits of the business are greatly increased; and while there is a brightening future for beef production, it may be clearly seen that the American dairy will become more and more prominent.—Farmer's Voice.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

Black rot is caused by the growth of a fungus upon the affected parts of the grape.

Under no consideration should water be allowed to stand around the roots of plants.

Gooseberries and currants are easily grown and there is rarely an oversupply of them.

Young strawberry plants are often killed by the application of strong fertilizers.

No other fruit requires so much manure or such thorough cultivation as the quince.

During the early winter is a good time to haul out and spread manure in the orchard.

Sugar maple is good either as a forest or an ornamental tree. It will do well on a rocky hillside.

Successful fruit growers are those that have clean orchards—this means clear of rubbish as well as weeds.

Fruit trees, grape vines and bushes have no place in the garden, as they draw nourishment from the soil.

One of the most serious objections to giving the sheep the run of the orchard, especially at this time, is their propensity to gnaw the bark of the trees.

Pruning when the plant is dormant aids to impart vigor, but if done when a plant is growing or in leaf it checks growth. For this reason a feeble tree should always be pruned in winter.—St. Louis Republic.

THE WORLD OF ART.

A monument to the late Bishop Wyman (colored) will be erected in Baltimore.

Twenty-one sculptors competed for the statue of Sarah Siddons to be erected in London. The model chosen is by a Frenchman, Chevalier.

"The Sleeping Cavalier," by Meissonier, which belonged to the late Mrs. Paran Stevens, has been sold for $3,500, a sum much below its supposed value.

No other painter has a home of such artistic luxuriousness as Alma-Tadema. Perhaps its most remarkable feature is the wall, which is paneled with tall, slim pictures, each of them by a different painter. Leighton, Boughton, Sargent, Calderon and a full score of the artist's friends have contributed to this remarkable embellishment.

EARLIEST ONIONS PAY.

The [illegible] a market gardener in Minnesota. He is prosperous, makes his money on earliest vegetables, gets seeds from Salzer, follows Salzer's instructions how to grow 1000 bushels per acre and sells Salzer's King of the Earliest onion already in July and gets $1.50 a bu.! Catalogue tells all about it and of lots of other seed for garden and farm! 35 packages earliest vegetables $1.00.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND it with [illegible] stamps to John A. Salzer, La Crosse, Wis., you will get free his catalogue and a package of yellow watermelon sensation. (K.)

Winter on the gifts we prize
Other things above,
Forgiver sluce the world began,
To have fallen into love.
—N. Y. Recorder.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

THE same man does the kicking,
As the seasons come and go;
He grew profane at summer,
And does the same towards snow.
—Washington Star.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is a monthly paper published by the Passenger Department of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. It is designed to give reliable information concerning western farm lands, what can be raised on them successfully, and the experiences of farmers who live in the west. Copies of the paper will be sent to any address for one year on receipt of 25 cents. Postage stamps accepted. Address "The Corn Belt," 209 Adams St., Chicago.

OH, "busy bee," exalted so,
We'd work like you, we vow,
If we could loaf six months or so
As you are loafing now.
—Washington Star.

To California.

Study all time cards and you will find no railroad carrying tourist cars make as quick time as the Phillips Rock Island Excursions. One hour and thirty minutes quicker time than any other route Chicago to Los Angeles.

A. Phillips & Co. have carried over 125,000 patrons to and from California. Why? Because every well-posted California traveler understands Phillips has the best regulated tourist system.

JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. P. A.,
Chicago, Ill.

THE influence of custom is incalculable; dress a boy as a man, and he will at once change his conception of himself.—B. St. John.

—The perfumed tea is scented with the essential oils of different flowers. The most popular for this use are those of the tea olive, or the Cape Jessamine, though others are used. The flowers are generally packed with the tea while the latter is in process of curing and are afterward picked out by hand.

—The wealthy people of China never make their tea in teapots, which are only used by the poor; in good Chinese society tea is always made in cups, a small quantity of the leaves being placed in the bottom of each cup and hot water poured in.

THE mind itself must, like other things, sometimes be unbent; or else it will be either weakened or broken.—Sir P. Sidney.

BEECHAM'S PILLS for constipation 10c and 25c. Get the book (free) at your druggist's and go by it. Annual sales 6,000,000 boxes.

"I TELL you what, Sharp, marrying an heiress has its drawbacks." "Yes; but think of the greenbacks, Bond."—Harper's Bazar.

VISITOR—"Does mamma give you anything for being a good boy?" Tommy—"Nome. She gives it to me when I ain't."—Detroit Free Press.

NOT SURPRISED.—"Hear what happened to Davis? Held up on Broadway at two o'clock this morning." "I saw him at one, and he looked as if he'd need something of that kind before long."—Puck.

A GENTLEMAN one day took his little lad out for a walk, but the boy, from some cause or other, got lost, and meeting a policeman, tearfully asked: "Please, sir, have you seen a man without a little boy? 'Cause, if you have, I'se that little boy!"—Tit-Bits.

PRUDENCE is the necessary ingredient in all the virtues, without which they degenerate into folly and excess.—Jeremy Collier.

AGREED.—Charley—"There is nothing I admire more than a good deed." Tom—"Nor I—if it is made out in my name."—Detroit Free Press.

SHE.—"I have heard that you said I was fond of the sound of my own voice." He—"Well, you have yourself admitted that you like music."—Philadelphia Record.

TO KNOW the pains of power, we must go to those who have it; to know its pleasures we must go to those who are seeking it. The pains of power are real; its pleasures imaginary.—Colton.

HE who, silent, loves to be with us, and who loves us in our silence, has touched one of the keys that ravish hearts.—Lavater.

"DOES position affect sleep?" asked a medical writer. It does when the man holds the position of night watchman.—Texas Siftings.

"I THOUGHT marrying him would make a different man of him," she sighed. "And—" "It made an indifferent man of him."—Indianapolis Journal.

TOPER—"I shay, mister, can you tell me (hic) where the sidewalk is? I am a shranger here."—Fliegende Blaetter.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are unrivalled for relieving Coughs, Hoarseness and all Throat Troubles. Sold only in boxes

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

The Best of all Cough Medicines is Dr. Acker's English Remedy. It will stop a cough in one night, check a cold in one day, prevent croup, relieve asthma, and cure consumption, if taken in time. It is made on honor, from the purest ingredients and contains neither opium nor morphine. If the little ones have croup or whooping cough, use it promptly. ★★★★★★
Three Sizes—25c., 50c. and $1 per bottle.
At Druggists.
ACKER MEDICINE CO.,
26 and 28 Chambers Street, New York.

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/3 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared, Steel, Galvanized Aftercompletion Windmills, Tilting and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Buzz Saw Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st, at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

$5 Hand Bone, Shell, and Corn Mills for Poultrymen. Daisy Bone Cutter. Power Mills. Circular and testimonials Free. WILSON BROS., Box 24 Easton, Pa.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

A. N. K.—C. 1586

FIELD AND HOG FENCE WIRE.
26, 33, 42, 50, or 58 inches high. Quality and workmanship the best. Nothing on the market to compare with it. Write for full information.
UNION FENCE COMPANY, DE KALB, ILL.

Be sure to bring

Battle Ax PLUG

and no other, for it is

the largest piece of Good tobacco ever sold for 10 CENTS

toast bread

and keep it dry. There'll be no danger of its molding. But moisten the bread with water, and see the result, in a short time it is covered with mold. It is just so with consumption. Its germs will not grow in the lungs unless everything is suitable to them. Weakness, poor blood, loss of appetite, coughs and colds often prepare the ground for the development of the germs of consumption. To destroy germ-life the system must be kept in a well-nourished condition. *Do not lose flesh.* Take Scott's Emulsion, with hypophosphites, as a preventive. It furnishes the reinforcements necessary for the body to conquer in the easiest possible form. The oil is in a state quickly taken up and rapidly transformed into the organs and tissues.

When you ask for Scott's Emulsion and your druggist gives you a salmon-colored package with the picture of a man and fish on it—you can trust that man with your prescriptions!

50 cents and $1.00 SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York

The Republican.

[illegible] E. [illegible], Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, JAN. 16, 1896.

The Permanence of Protection.

The remarkable revulsion last year of the American people against Free Trade and toward Protection for home industry was not simply the result of the disgust excited by the brief experience of the hurtfulness of Democratic misrule. It represented the return of the Nation to submission to the instinct of self-preservation. The people once again put themselves into line with the best precedents in their own history and with the policies of their fellow men all over the globe.

The first tariff act passed (by some of the men who laid the foundations of the Republic) plainly declared in the preamble that one of its purposes was to promote home industry. The fundamental theory was found then, and it is found now, in the right of every nation to develop its own national life. The soundness of this theory and the wisdom of employing this particular method are demonstrated by the fact that, outside of the British Islands, it is in practical operation in every part of the civilized world.

This is a point of no small significance. Every country in continental Europe gives tariff Protection to its industries. Free Trade outright is found nowhere in our hemisphere. Even the colonies of Great Britain, which are strong enough to do as they please, are protected against Great Britain. Germany and France and some of the Australian colonies tried Free Trade for a time; but all of them abandoned it and returned to Protection. Thus men of different races, speaking various languages, living under all forms of government, from pure absolutism to Republicanism, and producing materials of the most diverse character, agree in one thing—namely, that tariff Protection is required by self-interest. Thus the Protective doctrine may, without much exaggeration, be said to exist by the common consent of mankind. What other principle of government is accepted with such unanimity? Concerning what other economic policy are differences of opinion so small?

Examined in the light of such a fact, is will be perceived that no standing room is left for the favorite Free-Trade contention that Protection is for the sole advantage of certain favored manufacturers. It is more than absurd to argue that men engaged in manufacturing industry dominate the legislation of the world to the injury of men who employ themselves in other kinds of business. If the American manufacturer can bribe Congressmen to give him favors, who bribes the despot of Russia, the nearly absolute Emperor of Germany, the dictator in Mexico, and the ruling powers in all the other protected countries? Such an accusation is answered finally by the manifest impossibility that a single industry should have such potential influence. No other explanation of the almost universal preference of the nations for this system can be discovered but in the conviction of all of them that the benefits are gained by the whole body of the people, and not exclusively by the few. The man, therefore, who fears or hopes that Protection sooner or later will be abandoned by this Nation is certain to encounter disappointment. The Protective system will become more secure, rather than less secure, as the years roll by.—N. Y. Press.

Communicated.

To the Editor of The Republican.

The *Mountain Democrat* had an editorial last week on the railroads of the country. It says, "according to the *Railway Age* only 1,782 miles of new track were laid in 1895, but one hundred miles more than in 1855." This is a bad showing. An excuse must be found. "In 1887, 12,983 miles were laid. At that time confidence in our intention and ability to pay sound money still possessed foreign investors." Why the change? Why such a collapse in our railway system? The *Democrat* says, "But since 1890, when the Sherman act was passed, foreign capital has been withdrawing and the result is seen in the more rapid decline of railway construction and in the stagnation of many other industries." Stagnation of many other industries, and yet for one and a half years the Gorman-Brice tariff bill has been the law of the land, and the Sherman act which they would have us believe is the cause of all this trouble, has been repealed for two and one-half years. The Sherman act had nothing to do with it, but the Democratic party, by their threats and attempts to destroy the protective principle of our revenue system is the cause of the trouble. Not only did their policy cause a decline in the laying of new track, but it stopped the wheel of progress and caused such a terrible stagnation in the business of our country.

Is it not a fact that during Harrison's administration there was no lack of confidence with plenty of work at good wages—thousands of miles of railroad being built, and even after the passage of the Sherman act, which Democratic editors would have us believe has brought all this calamity upon us, the country was in a most prosperous condition. This is a fact which all who will stop and think will soon recall. Let us call a Democratic witness to the stand—Mr. Peck, commissioner of the Bureau of Statistics for the state of New York. His annual report shows that in that state alone in 1891, the year after this bad law was enacted, that there was an increase in railroad equipment over the previous year of $1,459,343.66, and an increase in wages of this industry of $136,790.17, and an increase in that state alone in wages in 1891 over 1890 of $6,377,925.09, and an increase in the value of the product of $31,315,130.68. This does not look like the Sherman act had injured the business, does it? We might refer you to Peales' Report and others to show that the trouble has not come from the Sherman act. Under Harrison we had great prosperity—labor employed at good wages—never was a time when the country was more prosperous. But not so under Cleveland, and it will not do for any man to try to fasten upon the Republicans, directly or indirectly, the terrible financial disaster with which the country has been struggling. Why talk about sound money? Mr. Gibson, a Maryland Democrat, when the question was before Congress, voted in favor of the free coinage of silver, while the Republican members from the state voted for what the *Democrat* is pleased to call sound money.

The Sherman act did not injure the business of the country, in our opinion, and we cite as proof of this President Cleveland's message calling an extra session of Congress August 7, 1893. In that message he says that "with plenteous crops, with abundant promise of remunerative production and manufacture, *with unusual invitation to safe investment*, and with satisfactory assurance to business enterprise, *suddenly* financial distrust and fear sprung up on every side."

Although this was nearly three years after the passage of the Sherman act Cleveland says "that with unusual invitation to safe investment," this panic had "suddenly," not three years before, but "suddenly sprung up on every side." We claim that it began on the 9th day of November, 1892, the day after Cleveland was elected. According to Poor's Manual for 1892, we find that we had at that time 170,607 miles of track. According to the *Democrat* we have now 181,000 miles. In three years under Democracy, the party of stagnation and ruination, we have laid 10,393 miles of new track, 2,590 miles less than was laid in 1887, according to the *Democrat's* own figures. The people have had the "object lesson." You cannot pull the wool over their eyes. Wait until November and listen to hear something "drop." HOOSIER.

A Communication.

To the Editor of The Republican.

The shrewd business man of the present generation does not ask "what will it cost?" but does ask, "will it pay?" and that is the proper view to take. Of course [illegible] far reaching schemes of Gould, Vanderbilt, Rockefeller and all other enterprising financiers cost immense sums, but they have made proportionately. He who learns to economize in every way generally gets cheap returns—cheap [illegible] or is dear at any price; cheap [illegible] ing is never read; cheap [illegible] cannot be leased, and so on throughout the whole category of sale and barter. It is an unwritten law of the business world that you cannot get something for nothing; and that brings us to the point of this article.

Miss E. B. Swan has a first class academy at Briar-Bend Seminary, Mt. Lake Park. There are three perfectly competent, highly educated teachers and the school only lacks one thing to make it a perfect success and that is *patronage*. Shame on the citizens of this county who will allow their children to grow up in ignorance or the next thing, the over crowded short-term public schools of this county, from a false idea of economy, when there is such an opportunity at their very door. There are young people there from all parts of the United States, but very few from this locality.

It would be a lasting stigma on Garrett county should this public spirited enterprise of academical education fail to meet the success it so justly deserves.

The writer has in mind a young man who has attended the public schools here from infancy to sixteen years of age, who has been attending Miss Swan's academy for the past three months and is satisfied that he shows a greater improvement in all the branches of his education in the past three months than in any three years of the public schools. Now doesn't that pay?

I wish to state that this is not an advertisement; that Miss Swan knows nothing of this; she will first see it in these columns, but it is a grateful testimonial from one who has been benefitted by her careful, systematic attention to every detail of her chosen calling.

WORK OF THE COMMISSIONERS.

Road Supervisors Appointed for This Year.

The Board of County Commissioners met in their office on Monday, Jan. 6th, 1896, with Messrs. Friend, Abernathy and Layman present.

The following road supervisors were appointed:

DISTRICT NO. ONE.

Patrick Laffey, road from Frankville to Custer's corner; $40.

John E. Barnard, road from Meadow mountain road to Beckman's tram road gate; $37.50.

Buckner Mason, road from Mason's to Narrows of Deep Creek to line district No. 1; $25.

Joseph Glass, road from Beckman's tram road gate to Swanton; $37.50.

Lewis Blocher, road from Swanton to Folly run; $24.

A. M. T. Warnick, old state road from river road near Jos. Paugh's; $45.

Sampson Harvey, road from Folly run to Kitzmiller's and Altamont and Kitzmiller's road to Swanton; $33.

John L. Fitzwater, road from Beckman's gate to Meadow mountain road near Geo. O'Brien; $35.

Rudolph Beckman, road from Glendale church to Altamont road; $33.

Francis M. McRobie, road from Swanton to Edmund's road; $32.

John B. Friend, road from Swanton road to Wilson's store; $30. Road from railroad at Swanton to Altamont road; $30.

Ben Davis, road from top of mountain to mountain ridge road at Kitzmillersville; $75.

J. W. Kimmell, road from Sell's to Wilson's fields; $67.

Robert C. Wilson, Kitzmillersville road to Swanton; $15.

DISTRICT NO. TWO.

Melville Coddington, road from Speelman's mill to line of District No. 5; Newton Guard's road and all other roads north; road from Neil's mill to District line No. 5; $60.

Silas Teats, road from Bear creek bridge at E. Friend's to line of District No. 5, by Henry Brown's; $70.

Otho Speelman, road from Pa. line at Swalp's by J. Guard's to near M. E. church at Selbysport and to Guard's bridge; $25.

John Riley of G., Morgantown road from west end of river bridge at Selbysport to line of District No. 5 on winding ridge; $70. Road from M. E. church to Mill run; $20.

W. W. Griffith, road from John Riley's to Mill run road by McCleary factory; $20.

Jonas Teats, road from Selbysport bridge to Bear creek bridge at E. Friend's; $50.

Silas T. Cuppett, road from Bear creek bridge at E. Friend's to district line No. 5, by John Coddington's; $75.

Isaac T. Frazee, road from Kim. Frazee's to Pa. line by Ridge school house and by Jeff Lowdermilk's to glade road; $60.

Geo. W. Frazee, road from Morgantown road to Buffalo run; $15.

John M. Meyers, road from Selbysport bridge, west end, to Hiram Humberson's; $35.

Jefferson Frazee, road from Guard's bridge by S. K. Frazee's to Pa. line at Daniel Umble's house; $70.

Noah Humberson, road from east end of Friendsville bridge to Reckner lane by James H. Rush's; $35.

Amos Umble, road from Rickner lane to W. Va. line and from A. Thomas' to W. Va. line; road from Morgantown road to Blooming Rose church; $45.

Milton H. Rush, road from Rush's watering trough to Buffalo run; $15.

Lenius Deitrick, road from Ira E. Friend's to Sand Spring; $35. Road from Friendsville road to Sand Spring road; $20.

Elijah T. Fike, road from near Jeff Frazee's to McDermott farm; Glade road to W. Va. line; $30. Road from Sand Spring to I. M. Umble's; $25.

Geo. Humberson, road from Reckner place to Sand Spring road by W. F. Meyers'; $25.

Alfred Reckord, road from L. H. Johnson's to Ira E. Friend's; $20.

Yankee John Friend, road from L. H. Johnson's to Whiterock run; $20. Road from Whiterock road to John H. Friend's; $15.

John T. Garey, road from Friendsville bridge to gate at Hook farm; $40.

Alfred Kelley, road from gate at Hook farm to Ira E. Friend's; $60.

William H. Friend of John, road from cross roads at Ira E. Friend's to W. Va. line by Faulkner's and to W. Va. line by John H. Friend's saw mill; $45.

William Frazee, road from covered bridge to Morgantown road at Frey farm; $10.

DISTRICT NO. THREE.

Patrick Engle, road from Daniel Brenneman's to Swanger's mill road; $20

Samuel J. Brenneman, road from Bittinger via Samuel Brenneman's to intersect Meadow mountain road; $25. Road from Meadow mountain road via Daniel J. Brenneman's to intersect John Bender's road; $30.

James Ross, road from John Bender's to top of mountain; $20.

Ralph Engle, road from Whoover's bridge via Engle's school house to Gideon Gnagey's; $45.

Joel Orendorf, road from shook shop to Bittinger; $20.

Hanson B. Durst, road from old Custer to Mary Otto's lane; $20.

Charles E. Railey, road from Lutheran church via Brenneman's to Meadow mountain to Swanton road; $40.

Jacob L. Durst, road from iron bridge to shook shop; $60.

Jonas C. Beachy, road from river bridge to line of District No. 6, and from Mary Beachy's to Meadow mountain, $45. Road from Mary Beachy's to Christian Soelders; $10.

Wesley Durst, road from National road by David Pope's to McKenzie's saw mill; $25.

Horrace R. Chaney, road from Piney Grove to line of District No. 11; $25.

Jacob Fresh, New Germany road from church to Patrick Dorsey's by Bancord's; $20. Road from German settlement to district line No. 11; $30

John J. Michael, road from Geo. Hetz' to Israel Garlitz lane; $25.

Janas Bittinger, road from Bittinger to Mary Beachy's; $25.

A. J. Lancaster, road from Lonaconing road to New Germany thence to Brown farm; $30.

Joel D. Brenneman, Negro mountain road to State line; $25.

James M. Durst, Meadow mountain road from Mary Otto's to Sam Swanger's farm; also road from John Warnick's to farm; $30.

James Wiley, Amish road; $30.

Uriah M. Stanton, road from Stanton's barn to State line (river road); $40.

Elias Orendorf, road from Bittinger to Mill road by Widow Hetrick's; $25.

Christian Gingerich, road from National road to State line; $25.

Jonas Folk, road from Benders to Ridgley school house and from Whoover's bridge to intersect Grantsville road near Benedict Beechy's; $15.

Jacob Beechy, road from iron bridge to Grantsville and from National road to Widow Miller's; $75.

John Baker, road from Engle school house to covered bridge; $15.

Christian Orendorf, road from shook shop to district line No. 5, near Becket place; $35.

Israel Glotfelty, road from National road by Glotfelty's mill to Pa. line; $30.

Ross Compton, road from Compton school house to National road; $35.

Moses D. Yoder, road from Swan's shook shop to Pa. line; $45.

Abraham Maust, Stone house road; $50.

C. J. Otto, road from Otto's post office by Dorsey's to National road; $55.

Frederick Otto, road from Mary Otto's lane to cross roads at the church; road from Swanger's mill to Otto's mill; $30.

Jacob Gnagey, road from National road to C. J. Otto's post office; $45. Road from Beacher's school house to forks at Garlitz farm and from same point to little glade; $25.

DISTRICT NO. FOUR.

Henry Bernard, road from Frankville to Folly run, $55.

Jesse Michael, road from Westernport by Firm Rock church to district line No. 11, Mill run road and road from Phil Michael's to Firm Rock church, also road from Michael's to John H. Wilt's; $75.

John Murphy, road from Frankville to mouth of Crab Tree run, thence to line of District No. 12; $60. Road from district line to Meadow mountain road at Riley's; $20.

Nathaniel Rowns, road from ford of Savage to Jesse Michael's; $20. Road from mouth of Dry run to ford of Savage; $20.

William Groves, road from Garrett county line to Phil Michaels' and from race bridge to Allegany county line; $60.

Joshua Titchinell, road from Bloomington to Folly run; $55.

Gilbert B. Warnick, Bloomington road from Allegany county line over mountain to Folly run; $65.

DISTRICT NO. FIVE.

Christian Klotz, road from Widow Stark's to widow Hetrick's; $30.

Eli Brown, road from William Fisher's to Morgantown road by Sam Hileman's and from Caroline Frazee's to Fike road and from Morgantown road to Bear creek bridge; from Geo. Schlossnagle's to Kease's mill; $80

John M. Fisher, road from Cove church by A. Fisher's to Morgantown road and from church by William Fisher's to Wesley Hileman's; Morgantown road from line of District No. 2 to Cove road, from Cove road to National road Lewis Herman road, $88.

Frank Suter, road from Matthias Frazee's by Solomon Boyer's to Accident road at Rock lick; road from Ode DeWitt's to near Charley DeWitt's and from Sol Boyer's to Wiler's mill; $33.

Jesse Frazee, Cove road by Jerry Strawn's to National road; Spruce hollow road; Mill road to district line No. 2; $30.

E. H. Margroff, road from Engles mill to Mud pike, and from Engle's mill to line of district at Charley Hetrick's; $30.

D. C. Bowman, road from Accident to Bear creek, and from Boyer's to Georg's and from Accident by Georg's to Bear creek; $75.

Christian Beitzell, road from Grantsville road to Amish church; from Grantsville road to Bear creek; $32. Road from district line No. 12 to Joel Bender's and thence the Bender road through to line of District No. 7; $55.

Leonard Shartzer, road from Accident to line of District No. 2; from Zehner's gate to Bear creek bridge; $82.50.

James W. Beeghley road from Accident to line at Boyer's and Truman Pysell's by Jerry Beeghly's to District No. 6; from Melchoir Miller's to Truman Pysell's and Hinebaugh's and Jacob Shartzer's to William Hartman's; $75.

J. M. Lowdermilk, Legislative road from Ode DeWitt's to line of District No. 2. Road from Legislative at Flat rocks to Bishoff's school house and by school house to Legislative by Brtson Welch's farm; $50.

J. J. Beeghly, road from Bear creek bridge, south side, to Cove church, and from Brethren church to district line; $55.

DISTRICT NO. SIX.

John Elsey, road from Crane's lane to Hinebaugh's mill road and from same road to W. Va.——

Elijah Friend of E. road from Crane's lane to White Rock run; $35.

John DeWitt, road from Joseph Frantz's to Johnstown; $25.

James DeWitt, road from William Lowdermilk's to Elijah Friend's on the mountain; $25.

D. Harrison Friend, road from Crane's lane to Joseph Frantz's by Sang Run; $55.

J. W. Johnson, road from Sang Run to Hoyes run; $30.

Marshall Sines, road from Hoyes run to Deep creek; $40.

Noah Pysell, road from Ode DeWitt's to McHenry; $40. Road from McHenry to line of District No. 5; $45. Road from Joseph Frantz's to Glotfelty's field at McHenry road; $20. Road from Seabold's to Ed. Bishoff's by Casteel farm; $20. Road from Johnstown to district line No. 5; $15. Road from McHenry road to line of District No. 5; $20. Road from Deep Creek to McHenry; $40. Road from Finger board to Glendale church; $20.

James Hoschstedler, Grantsville road from Sand hole to Bear creek bridge; road from Mud pike by Jonas Hoschstedler to intersect county road; $25.

Jesse Glotfelty, road from Bender's to McHenry; $30.

The following were appointed constables for the various Districts: District No. 1, Joseph F. Friend; No. 3, Baker Johnson; No. 4, Robert Morehead; No. 5, Silas Teats; No. 6, Stephen W. Friend; No. 7, David Stephens and Thomas McRobie.

STATEMENT

Of the condition of The Garrett County Bank, of Oakland, Maryland, at the close of business January 6, 1896.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	$ 85,048 45
Stocks and Bonds	36,283 00
Due from Banks	19,503 90
Legal Tender Notes	11,062 00
Gold Coin	2,517 50
Silver Coin, Nickles and Cents	959 92
Tax Sale Certificates	70 20
Banking House	6,342 92
Furniture and Fixtures	2,584 25
Total	$165,251 14

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$ 25,000 00
Surplus	5,000 00
Undivided Profits	5,189 70
Dividend No. 9	750 00
Demand Deposits	105,496 82
Time Deposits	22,911 51
Due Banks	1,773 11
Total	$165,221 14

STATE OF MARYLAND, } ss
GARRETT COUNTY, }

I, S. T. Jones, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. S. T. JONES, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of January, 1896.

G. A. FRALEY, Notary Public.

Twenty Years Proof.

Tutt's Liver Pills keep the bowels in natural motion and clear the system of all impurities. An absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, constipation and kindred diseases.

"Can't do without them" R. P. Smith, Chilesburg, Va. writes I don't know how I could do without them. I have had Liver disease for over twenty years. Am now entirely cured.

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only increase the irritation and heat the Blood. What Eczema needs is a cooling, healing application that brings comfort to body and mind, and which at the same time has strength enough to penetrate a clogged skin and to dissolve the scales of Eczema and Dandruff.

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is the only perfect preparation of this kind. It will cure Eczema, Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Dandruff, Itching Piles, Ring Worm, Ringbone, Blotches and other diseases of the skin. Sometimes it will cure in a few days—sometimes it takes longer—but the cure is certain and permanent. There is no question about it. It has been proven times without number.

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FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Cold in the Head and all inflammation of the nasal passages—50c.

1896. The Sun. 1896.

BALTIMORE, MD

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LOSS BY BAD ROADS.

Enormous Waste of Labor in Transporting Products.

The office of road inquiry of the department of agriculture has completed an interesting investigation relating to the uses of the common roads in the United States. With the aid of the division of statistics of the department, reports have been gathered from about 1,200 counties, giving the average length of haul in miles from farms to market or shipping points, the average weight of loads hauled, and the average cost per ton per mile, and from this is deducted the average cost per ton for the whole length of haul.

These returns have been arranged in groups of states, and the result shows that the average length of haul in the eastern states 5. 9 miles in the northern states 6. 9 miles, in the middle states 8. 8 miles, in the cotton states 12.6 miles, in the prarie states 6.8 miles, in the Pacific coast and mountain states 22. 3 miles and in the United States 12. 1 miles.

The average weight of load for two horses in the eastern states is 2,216 pounds; northern states, 2,136 pounds; middle southern states 1,869 pounds; cotton states, 1,397 pounds; prarie states, 2,409 pounds; Pacific coast and mountain states, 2,197 pounds; and the United States 2,002 pounds. The average cost per ton of 2,000 pounds per mile in the eastern states is 32 cents; northern states, 27 cents; middle southern states, 31 cents; cotton states, 25 cents; prarie states, 22 cents; Pacific coast and mountain states, 22 cents; and the United States, 25 cents. The average total cost per ton for the whole length of hauls in the eastern states, $1.89; northern states 1.86; middle southern states $2.72; cotton states, $3.05; prarie states, $1.94; Pacific coast and mountain states, $5.12, and the United States, $3.02.

With these data it becomes possible to obtain approximately the total cost of the entire movement of farm products and other classes of materials over country roads. The chief of the forestry makes the very safe estimate that 5,750,000,000 cubic feet are hauled over the public roads annually. Adding timber used for railroad construction—485,000,000 cubic feet—making a total 6,235,000,000 which, at 30 pounds per cubic foot, gives 93,525,000 tons of 2,000 pounds. Adding this to the total farm product gives 313,349,227 tons, which at the average cost above stated, $3.02 per ton makes a grand total for the annual cost of haulage on the public roads of $946,414,665,54.

The immensity of the charge will be best realized by comparing it with the value of all farm products in the United States for the year 1890—$2,460,190,454. That portion of the total cost of haulage chargeable to bad roads can be better ascertained when the report from our consuls abroad regarding the cost of haulage on good roads is received.

The information has been asked for from the state department by secretary of agriculture in a recent communication. The actual increase in cost of haulage done is by no means the only loss by bad roads. The loss of perishable products for want of access to market, the failure to reach market when prices are good, and the failure to cultivate products that would be marketable were markets accessible all the year add many millions to the actual tax of bad roads.

Moreover, the enforced idleness of millions of men and animals during large portions of the year is a loss not always taken into account in estimating the cost of work actually done. Information already in possession of the office of road inquiry indicates that, all things being considered, nearly if not quite two-thirds of the vast expense may be saved by road improvement and at a cost not exceeding the losses of three or at the most four years by bad roads.

There is at least enough in these facts to justify the assertion of the National League For Good Roads, indorsed by the chamber of commerce of the state of New York that "the movement for good roads deeply concerns every commercial and financial interest in the land. We are handicapped in all the markets of the world by an enormous waste of labor in the primary transportation of our products and manufactures, while our home markets are restricted by difficulties in rural distribution which not infrequently clog all the channels of transportation, trade and finance."

Sang Run.

As we have seen nothing from this vicinity in the columns of your valuable paper, we will try to pen you a few items from this place.

We have been having plenty of good sledding snow, and our farmers are busily hauling coal, etc.

Mrs. Elizabeth Friend is lying very ill at this writing and is not expected to recover.

Mr. S. W. Friend made a business trip the past week to near Sunnyside, Md.

Mr. Dan. Thayer and Mr. John DeWitt, of Hoyes, have moved into our quiet little town and we are glad to see such good neighbors as these come to our village.

Mr. D. Arthur Friend made a flying trip to Oakland Sunday.

Rumor whispers a wedding in our vicinity some time in the near future.

Mr. W. H. DeWitt has bought out the store at this place, formerly owned by Mr. J. A. Friend, and is doing a good business. We wish him success in his new undertaking. He has also moved his apairy of bees from Sunnyside, Md., to this locality and will run the bee business in connection with the store.

We understand that Mr. S. P. C. Friend is making arrangements to make a business trip to Swan Meadows soon.

We understand that arrangements are being made to take in cross ties at this place for the Pittsburgh and Deer Park Connecting Rail Road Company and that work will be commenced at once.

Mrs. Effie Chisholm is visiting her parents at this place.

Mr. Joseph F. Frantz has been on the sick list for some time time, but we are glad to say that he is able to be about again.

Our Quartely Meeting will commence at this place January 17th and we are informed that it will be protracted from that date.

Mr. L. L. Savage, our blacksmith is going to move his shop to this place at once.

Mr. Thomas DeWitt, of Sunnyside, Md., has purchased a farm of Mr. S. M. Friend and has moved to this vicinity and is making arrangements to put up a saw mill.

Mr. Daniel C. DeWitt, of Cranesville, was in our town this week.

The school at this place is progressing nicely under the management of Mr. James A. Friend.

TAORN AND THISTLE.

Accident.

Not seeing any items from here I think a few would be of interest.

The sledding snow is played out again.

Our farmers made good use of the snow last week. We noticed abont 40 teams on the road hauliug limestone some dnys.

That is right, farmers; we think we can well say we have the best farmers in Garrett, and if the railroad ever runs either up Bear Creek or through Accident we will be on top of the pile.

Mr. G. F. Knight wears a smile—it is a boy.

Our Dr. F. H. Ravenscroft is busy at this time.

John Spoerline's children are getting better of the measels.

Mrs. Cassie, wife of Henry Cassie, died last Monday night.

We noticed our friend, Mr. Wm. Hinebaugh, in our yillage. He is on his trip to visit the schools in the county.

Mr. Silas Teats is in good spirit. He is constable.

Mr. J. L. Richter is preparing to build a barn next summer.

Messrs. Fred Kemp and G. F. Ault were Oakland one day last last week on business.

Our two brass bands have consolidated and organized a new band. They call it the Military Band. The prospects are now that we will have one good baud.

Rev. G. A. Royer resigned as pastor of the Accident charge. We hope there may soon be another minister come in his stead.

Our school is progressing under the management of Mr. J. L. Englehart as principal and Mr. Henry Specher as assistant.

Elbow.

Our fine sleighing snow is fast disappearing,

Yarnick Bros. are busily engaged in getting out shingle wood.

J. W. McIntyre visited New Germany recently.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Broadwater were the guests of Mrs. Henry Crowe last Thursday.

A. J. Broadwater is hauling shingle wood to E. Merrill's mill.

Lloyd Wiland and Henry Duckworth captured a large otter last week.

The young people of this place are attending the protracted meeting at Mt. Bnlah church, New Germany.

Our school is progressing nicely under the management of Miss Ida Stemple. She deserves great praise.

Miss Florence Gregg has returned home from a visit at Westernport.

Rev. J. T. Green preached a very interesting sermon Sunday to a large audience.

T. H. Gregg is running his flouring mill to its fullest capacity.

Mrs. D. W. Groye is visiting friends at New Germany.

Miss Annie Warnick, of Moscow, is home visiting her parents.

Lloyd Wiland passed through here on his way to Barton last week.

John Merrill, who had his foot badly cut is able to be out again.

G. L. Broadwater, who was home on a visit, has returned to Piedmont where has been working at the paper mill. SNOW BIRD.

Laurel Run.

Weather very disagreeable.

Stanley Jacobs one of our most prominent young men, is attending the high school of Lonaconing.

The Jacobs school is progressing nicely under the management of Wm. Sterling, of Elder, this county.

Some of our folks were to Lonaconing on Saturday last to see the baloon ascension.

Preaching at the Jacobs school house Sunday next at 3 p. m. Everybody cordially invited to attend.

Mr. W. P. Hansell was in Lonaconing Monday on business.

Not seeing any items from this section of Garrett county we take up the correspondence for this place.

Swanton.

Mr. Ira Clifford, of Wheeling, has purchased two lots of C. T. West, and will build a residence here in the spring. He is traveling for a prominent Wheeling firm, and will build the house for a home for his mother. We are glad to know that he will be a resident of this village in the near future.

Mrs. Walker, of Keyser, has been visiting relatives here.

The measles are epidemic at North Glade.

D. R. Demming is on a visit to friends in New York.

The young people had a dance at Meadow mountain Saturday evening. CRABTREE.

Glade Valley.

Good sleddiug.

Farmers are busy hauling coal and limestone.

Mr. John Bowman, who had been visiting his brother-in-law, Mr. Daniel Gnegy, started for his home at Sinclair Mills, W. Va., on the 4th inst. Before reaching his destination he was so near frozen to death that he will not be able to do any work all winter.

Rev. Brininger preached at Red House Sunday.

Mr. Gus Roth bought a horse of John Bowman.

Cornelius Gnegy, of Carthage, Mo., is visiting his father and friends here. Mr. Gnegy left his home in Garrett county abont twenty-three years ago, going to Ohio. After staying there about eight years he moved to Charthage, Mo., his present home. He reports grain very low in price; corn sells there at 13 and 15 cents per bushel. Mr. Gnegy says that a man with limited means, who wishes to secure a home for himself, had better stay in the Glades. TRILBY.

For Sale.

A large Lighthouse double heating stove. Will sell for cash or trade for lumber. Call at furniture room.

D. E. BOLDEN.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

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PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN

The New York Weekly Tribune,

OF NOVEMBER 4th, 1896.

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The New York Weekly Tribune,

the leading Republican family newspaper of the United States, will publish all the political news of the day, interesting to every American citizen regardless of party affiliations.

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I furnish all sizes, kinds and colors of No. 1 Slate.

All work and material guaranteed to be strictly first-class.

I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.

Estimates made and plans executed for barn building.

For prices apply to or address,

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Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

Your Face

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Of Fine Finish and Perfect Adjustment,
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ACTIVE DEALERS WANTED in unoccupied territory. Liberal terms. Address,

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO., CLEVELAND, O.

NEW CASH STORE AT LOCH LYNN HEIGHTS.

Having opened a store on First Street, I will receive all kinds of country produce at the market price in exchange for goods. Goods sold cheap for cash. Call and see me.

38 WILLIAM W. SWEET.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

THE BLEACHER.

On mountain bare and field grass-shorn,
On hedgerow, bright with bloom new-born,
In frowning winter's tempests rude,
In smiling summer's kindly mood,
'Neath morning ray and starry light,
The bleacher toils through day and night.
"Aye, white and whiter still!" cries he.
"As white as snow my work must be!"

Upon the warp and woof new-spun,
Fall chill of frost and fire of sun,
The bitter storm's relentless pain,
The gentle dew and nursing rain,
The while the bleacher's watchful eye
Each spot and blemish doth descry.
"Without a blot or fault," cries he,
"As pure as snow, my work shall be!"

Unwearied plies his skillful hand,
Fulfilling all his thought hath planned,
Nor doth the bruised flax complain,
Or question aught he may ordain,
But meekly yields each fold and shred,
Until the cleansed and chastened thread,
Transformed to stainless, lustrous white,
Shines in effulgent beauty bright!

We stand bewildered with our woe—
God's mysteries we may not know—
The fiery trial, whose keen dart
Doth pierce and burn our inmost heart—
Old disappointment's blighting chill,
Dark sorrow's storms—all do His will;
For bleached at last we all must be,
If we His purity would see!
—Zitella Cooke, in Youth's Companion.

JANEY'S EVENT.

BY LIZZIE HYER NEFF.

THE room was full of tremulous green light from the vine-hung window, which was open to admit the sweet-scented, languorous breeze. The deep pence of the summer afternoon rested upon the sunny landscape outside and the two women in the quiet, clean room. The one lying in the bed strained her eyes toward the window.

"Just raise me a little more, Lyddy, and pull back the honeysuckle, then I can see first rate. They're starting up the hill now," she said. Her sister pushed a third pillow under the thin shoulders and drew back the swinging vines.

"That's the new hearse, Janey, and four white horses; can you see?" she asked, in the pleasantly patient tone that had grown habitual through long nursing. "That's Squire Plummer's new carriage—the shiny one just after the mourners'—and the next one is the Briggses' from Summerfield, as sure as anything. Who'd think of their coming so far," she added.

"What's that wagon next?" asked the weak voice from the pillows.

"It must be her Sunday-school class. It is full of girls, all in white, and that next one is full of boys. I shouldn't wonder if it was her Band of Hope. Yes, that's just what it is. And more buggies! The end of the procession hasn't left the church yet!" said Lydia.

"Who'd think they could get it up so quick! She was taken so sudden," mused Janey.

"Well, she was such a great worker, and so good, and had done for so many, that everybody would want to do all they could for her, and this is the last chance," replied Lydia, with innocent cruelty.

"Yes," said Jane, slowly; "but isn't it a pity after she has done so much good that she can't know how she is loved? She is shut up in her coffin, deaf and blind, and she don't know one word of it. She never had any fuss made over her while she was alive and could enjoy it."

"But, Janey, maybe she does know."

"Oh, yes, I suppose she does; but it isn't like being here where she can see folks and speak back. I wonder—I don't s'pose—it ain't likely there'll be much done over me, but what little there is, I'd like to hear it. I'd just like to hear it the best kind in the world. I wish—"

"What is it, dear?" asked Lydia.

"I wish you'd get my buryin' clothes ready now and let me see them, and help fix them. Then I could sort of see how it's all goin' to be in my mind."

"That would be a good idea, Janey. I've often heard of folks' picking out

"JUST RAISE ME A LITTLE MORE, LYDDY."

the text and the hymns and all. It don't—hurry things say, and it's a comfort afterward to the friends to know that they did what was wanted. And the clothes, too. It would help to pass the time and give you something to be planning for."

"Oh, I've planned it many and many a time—hundreds of times—in these years, but I never told anybody. I've been it all over and over again—going up the hill to the new cemetery in sight of the window here, but to save me I can't make but ten buggies besides yours."

"Why, Jane, what nonsense! The whole village would go."

"No, not for me, Lyddy, not for me. The folks that I used to know have sort of forgotten me. And I never did much, anyway. No, there wouldn't many go, but I'd like to know who did. It's 15 years since I've seen folks at any kind of a doin's, and it would be a wonderful treat. There's the last buggy now, and I do believe it's Billy Buxton's folks in the old rockaway. What a turnout it is, and who would ever thought of me watching her funeral go up the hill, she that was in here yesterday week, well and hearty, and me lying here 15 years! I wonder why the Lord took her and left me, when she was so good and useful. But I don't question His wisdom. Yes, it would be a comfort to get things ready, and sort of enjoy it myself. You will see to it, Lyddy?"

"Jane, I shall go to the store the first thing to-morrow morning and get your dress. I've got the money laid by ready. You be thinking to-night what you want."

"I have thought, Lyddy, long ago. I want a gray henrietta, a light gray, like Mary's wedding dress. I thought that was the prettiest thing, and I don't want a shroud. I want it made up pretty and in style, with white chiffon around the neck, and—I've wondered how it would do to have—to have—big sleeves!"

The long-dormant femininity stirring to life within her had brightened her eyes and tinted her transparent cheeks as nothing else had done in years.

"Why, it will be just lovely, and you shall plan it yourself and have it just as you like," said Lydia, heartily.

"And, Lyddy, you'll promise me, sacred, one thing," begged the eager voice.

"Of course, dear, anything you want."

"Then promise me, sure, to crimp my hair the way you do yours on those patent pins. I've wondered if it wouldn't look as pretty as yours does that way; you know, it wasn't in style when I was taken down. Now, you won't forget, dear?"

"Indeed I won't," said the sister, suddenly realizing an unthought of privation in this patient life.

"I will make you look as pretty as a bride. I tell you, Janey, if you can stand it, we'll try on your dress as soon as it is done, and fix you all up just as you are to be, and let you see yourself in the big glass. Would you like that?"

"Oh, I should like it above all things. I do believe, Lyddy, that's the kindest thing you've ever thought of in all these years that you've been so good to me!"

A few days later the minister stopped at the gate of the sisters' home with an anxious look on his youthful face.

"I hope Miss Jane is not worse, Mrs. Birney," he said. "I came as soon as I got the word. I was not at home when you sent for me."

Lydia leaned her mop against the door frame, and quickly unpinned her looped up skirts. "No, she's not particularly worse, but she wants to see you again about her funeral. That was why she sent for you. She thought it over after she talked with you, and now she's got a new idea. Come right in, if you don't mind the wet steps. I ought to have scrubbed them earlier."

There was a pleasant air of preparation in Mrs. Birney's sitting-room, quite unusual to the quiet house. A dressmaker sat by the front window, with a shimmering, pearly-gray dress in her lap, into which she was sewing a shirred yoke of softest chiffon. A package containing white silk stockings and a lace handkerchief lay open on the table, and a pair of dainty white slippers lay beside it.

"Come right into Janey's room, Mr. Howard," said Lydia, leading the way. "Janey, here is Mr. Howard. You can talk to him about your idea yourself, and see what he thinks."

"It isn't much," said the invalid, deprecatingly, as the young man took her slim hand. "When I come to tell you I'm afraid you'll think it's dreadful foolish. You talked so kind about my funeral the other day, and picked out such a beautiful text, I've been thinking since that—that—if it wouldn't be any harm, I'd kind of like—to have it—to have it—before I'm gone. It's all going to be so beautiful, and all about me, and I'd enjoy it so much. Lyddy, she thinks it might make talk, but I don't s'pose folks would say much; do you think they would?"

"Do you mean that you wish the sermon that we talked of preached while—you are still with us?"

"I would like everything; to have the folks come, and the singing and the sermon and all, and when they walk around to take leave I could see them. And Lyddy would put on my dress and fix me up. You see, I never had an 'event' in my life, a wedding, nor even a party. I thought once—I began to think—but then I was taken down, and it never could be. I've never amounted to anything, and if folks think enough to come and see me once more it would be a great comfort."

No such kindly, sympathetic eyes as those looking into Janey's could resist the pleading of her wistful face. The minister cleared his throat, hesitated, and looked at Lydia.

"What does David say, Mrs. Birney?"

"Oh, he says to do as we please. He don't see any harm."

"Really I cannot see any objection, myself. I cannot think that anything unkind would be said."

"There! I knew he would favor it, Lyddy," panted poor Janey, who was very short of breath this morning. "Then you'll preach that sermon you planned so I can hear it. And there might be—people come from a long distance—that I hadn't seen for years! I should love to see—them—once more." And a tender flush came into the delicate cheeks.

"When would you like it to be?" asked the minister gently.

"Right soon," replied Janey. "We don't want to be too late, now, since I've set my heart on it so! Let's have it next Saturday—this is Tuesday—Saturday afternoon at two o'clock; it's so much handier for the women after dinner. And you tell the choir about it, and about singing 'Cool Siloam,' won't you? Tell them to practice it special."

Such an unusual stir filled the sleepy little Ohio village on that Saturday afternoon, as had never been known to be aroused by even that most interesting gathering, a village funeral. Within David Birney's house all was ready. The muslin curtains were looped back for the delicious summer breeze. The parlor organ was surrounded by the choir. In front of the fireplace stood a cot softly padded and draped in white, upon which Janey's slight figure, attired in a beautiful gown with wonderful sleeves, lay restfully. Soft waves of brown hair lay on her calm, white forehead, and her face was radiant with pleasure.

She was touched that so many came. First, the parlor, filled with silent, reverent people; then the big, airy sitting-room with its light rag carpet and cane-seated rockers; then the low-ceiled dining-room, the hall, the porches, and, finally, the yard.

They all brought flowers, luxuriant June flowers, whose perfume filled the house, as the blossoms were heaped in every available place. One great bunch of odorous pink roses tied with satin ribbon so pleased Janey that she took them in her hand and laid them on her bosom.

There was tense silence as the minister took his place beside her. Some were weeping softly with a sympathetic exaltation of feeling that was not sorrow. The minister, with a look on his face that none had ever seen there before, spoke: "We meet to-day, not to

THE MINISTER TOOK HIS PLACE BESIDE HER.

mourn with our dear sister that she is leaving us, but to rejoice with her that the voice of her Lord is calling her home, that the gates of the City Radiant are parting for her entrance. It needs no sermon to sanctify this gathering. We all know that she has lived so near the Lord that His summons is to her but a welcome home, and that His hand is outstretched in greeting to her. We have witnessed the weary probation so patiently served, and there are many here for whom these busy hands have wrought on the sick-bed. We have come to bear her loving companionship to the threshold and to rejoice that for her the way is so smooth."

Then followed the reading of a favorite Psalm, with a brief exposition. The selected hymns were sung, and when their echoes had floated out upon the summer air, the minister said: "The friends will please walk around through the hall in the usual manner to greet our sister. She cannot shake hands nor even speak to you, but she wants to see you all."

It was a strange, tenderly silent procession that passed in last review before those clear, gray eyes, so soon to look upon the Unrevealed, and many a face answered Janey's smile that she had not seen since her youth. When the concourse had filed out and were exchanging hushed greetings in the yard, a tall man, a stranger, who had driven a fine span of blacks, crossed the room and bent over her.

"Janey, dear Janey," he said.

She gave a soft, glad little cry. "Oh, Robert, I am so glad! I thought you would come!" and lifted her weak hands. He took them in his strong ones and, stooping, kissed her solemnly.

"Good-by," she whispered.

She watched him pass out of the door and closed her eyes with a sigh of ineffable peace.

The doctor, sitting beside her, laid his hand upon her wrist.

"She is very tired," said the minister, bending over her.

"No," said the doctor; "she is at rest."—Peterson's Magazine.

A Mark for Beggars.

Dr. Dobbin, an old-fashioned clergyman of Dublin, was noted for his kindness to the poor and for his simplicity in trusting them. Once a man was begging at the clergyman's carriage window. Having no change about him, he handed the beggar a guinea, saying: "Go, my poor man, get me change for that and I will give you a shilling." He never saw the beggar's face again. One day his wife, on coming home, found him in the hall with his hands behind his back, as if hiding something. She insisted on knowing what it was, and he timidly brought out from behind his back a roasted leg of mutton. He had quietly taken it from the spit in the kitchen to give to a poor woman waiting at the door.—San Francisco Argonaut.

—When first introduced from the east tea was sold in England for £10 a pound—over $50. The best grades brought twice this sum.

—The leg bones of animals like the elephant are very heavy, indeed almost solid, being designed to support great weight.

MACKEREL FISHING.

When the School Comes There Is Lively Work with the Lines.

This is the home of the Cape Cod catboat, or, at least, craft of that model are much in vogue in these waters. With few exceptions, the catboats that rendezvous at Edgartown in the fishing season are as clean as need be. Of course, a man's home associations are exemplified in the care he takes of his possessions, but these catboats, ranging from 20 to 30 feet in length, are in apple-pie order, resplendent with fresh paint, and bright with white sails, new cordage and polished spars. Speed is always a factor considered, next to seaworthiness, in these boats, and yachtmen who visit Vineyard sound are often surprised at the great sails the boats swing, even in fresh winds.

Most of the fishing cats are provided with cabins and two good bunks. An oil stove and icebox are prime necessities. In the cockpit or standing room are stowed the kit of fishing gear and tubs. A peculiar box-like mill for grinding bait is fastened to the top of the centerboard box, and fish lines festoon the cockpit combing. These fish lines are armed with small steel hooks, on the upper end of which is an oval-shaped piece of shining lead. This hook, with its attachment, is known to the craft as a "jig," and in its way is a cruel implement.

The fish lines are usually about the only twine made use of by family grocers to tie up small packages. The usual length is four to five feet. When the fish are biting freely one man handles three lines. The bait mill is constructed on the principle of a stone crusher. Porgies and other fish are dropped into the hopper, and with a few turns of the crank come out in a semi-liquid mass called chum. Porgies have long been used for the purpose because of the oily nature of that species. Chum of the proper consistency is like an anni-seed bag to the wily fox, and a good deal more effective. When mackerel are hungry they are not very particular as to what company they keep, and to this fact much of the success of a fisherman is due.

When a catboat is ready to put to sea out of the south passage—and it is only at certain stages of the tide and sea when this feat can be successfully undertaken—the first duty is to raise the mackerel. The fish travel in "schools" near the surface of the water, which is kept in continual motion by them, as if disturbed by the wind. When the lookout sees the mark of a "school" the boat is sailed into the locality and hove to on the starboard tack on the windward side of the "school." Ground bait, a mixture of shredded fish and water, is then thrown overboard.

The greasy "chum" spreads over the water in an oily slick, and as the particles of bait spread on the waves the mackerel swim toward it in search of food. To the market fisherman their wake or ripple as they advance gives much gratification, but the city man can hardly restrain his excitement. The fish reach the boat, tracing the slick as fire licks up oil. They fight among themselves for the shreds of fish bait until the water is bright with flashing colors. The jigs are dropped overboard sometimes, but not always baited. With the taste of chum the mackerel become ravenous. Any bright substance looks to them like food. They dash at lead-encased hooks, and the fishermen get very busy. Three lines to a man is the proper number, and the length of line is such that it is easy with one motion to pull the fish out of the water. If the hook is not disengaged the mackerel comes into the boat with a jump, and by a simple twist of the wrist it is jerked off the hook into the tub that awaits it. Very often a pole, armed with hooks, is thrust into the swarm of fish with great success. One man has good luck when he catches six barrels of mackerel a day. This feat has been accomplished on many occasions this season by the crews of boats hailing from Edgartown. When the mackerel sell for ten cents, each fisherman is starting properly to accumulate wealth. But mackerel are capacious. One moment they may bite ravenously, and then sink from sight.

The fish caught in Vineyard sound by professionals are shipped, as a rule, to New York, but some quantities reach Boston by way of Hyannis. A steamer is employed in freighting the fish, and as the vessel is not large it often makes trips loaded to the plank shear.—Boston Herald.

Queen Victoria in a Snowstorm.

In the midst of a snowstorm Queen Victoria, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, and attended by Lady Ampthill, drove in an open carriage from Balmoral recently and honored the Earl and Countess Clanwilliam and their daughters with a visit. Her majesty had caused to be erected in Crathie church-yard, near Balmoral, over the grave of the late Mr. Francis Clark, her personal attendant, a handsome headstone in unpolished gray granite. The memorial bears the following inscription: "In grateful remembrance of Francis Clark. Born at Belmore, Aberarder, September 1, 1841. Died at Buckingham palace July 7, 1895. For 25 years the faithful and devoted Highland attendant of Queen Victoria, who has erected this stone. He was brave, honest and true. He feared not death, and was prepared to meet his God. 'Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching.'" A carved scroll forms the top of the headstone, and above and below the inscription are carved in relief bands of interlaced Celtic work.—Chicago Chronicle.

Large Fire Engines.

What are claimed to be the largest fire engines in the world are the two built recently in London. One is capable of throwing 1,400, the other 1,800 to 2,000 gallons of water per minute. The machines weigh 3½ tons each, and can be readily drawn at full gallop by four horses.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—He (to elderly young lady, after a long waltz)—"You must have been a splendid dancer!"—Punch.

—Yeast—"Do you give your dog any exercise?" Crimsonbeak—"Oh, yes; he goes for a tramp nearly every day."—Yonkers Statesman.

—Considerate.—Father—"Why did you permit young Mushman to kiss you in the parlor last night?" Daughter—"Because I was afraid he'd catch cold in the hall."—Brooklyn Life.

He—"When you are asked to sing and don't wish to, you always have such a convenient cold. Where do you get them?" She—"Oh, they're kept 'on draught' all over town."—Harlem Life.

—She—"So there are the Alps at last!" He—"Must be. You don't suppose a first-class tourist company like this would work off any substitutions or imitations on its patrons?"—Household Words.

—Harry—"What girl was that you had in tow last evening?" Willy (indignantly)—"What you are pleased to call tow is usually spoken of by people of culture as blonde tresses."—Boston Transcript.

—Dealer—"This violin, madam, is a Stradivarius. It is nearly 200 years old." Mrs. Newrich—"You don't suppose I would take that? I can afford the latest style, let me tell you."—Philadelphia Record.

—"If I had my way," said Dollard, "I would fine everybody who made a joke." "You would never have a chance to fine yourself," retorted his friend, and Dullard hasn't seen the point yet.—Detroit Free Press.

—"How did you get Borely out of your whist club—did you ask him to resign?" "No; we didn't like to do that; but we all resigned except Borely, and then we all got together and formed a new club."—Harper's Bazar.

—Rev. Mr. Saintly—"I hope you go to Sunday-school, Bobbie." Bobbie—"Yes, sir. And that's how I get ahead of father and mother." Rev. Mr. Saintly—"How so?" Bobbie—"They have to go to church."—Brooklyn Life.

—"I want to pay this bill," he said to the hotel clerk. "But I think you have made a slight error here in my favor. I've been reading over the extras, and I cannot find that you have charged me anything for telling me you thought it might rain."—Tid-Bits.

—She—"No, Ned, it wouldn't be judicious for us to marry until after you have your salary increased." He (pleadingly)—"But we can live cheaper than one, you know, Nellie." She—"Yes, I know, that's what people say. As a matter of fact, they have to."—Somerville Journal.

—How He Won Her.—"A penny for your thoughts," said Miss Ricketts, playfully, to Mr. Gildersleeve. "They are worth far more than that, Miss Ricketts," replied the young man, "for I was thinking of you." When he proposed a little later, she didn't say a word about its being so sudden.—Detroit Free Press.

RICH MAN'S APOLOGY.

Why He Pinned a $100 Bill to the Baby's Dress.

Among the many passengers on a Union Pacific train was a traveling man, an eastern capitalist, and a young man with a child. The train was two days out from San Francisco, and persons who have made this trip realize how tired the passengers must have been, especially those who traveled from the far east. The babe was cross, fretful and irritable, like most babies generally are, and often its cries could be heard all over the car. The father, for such the young fellow proved to be, did everything in his power to quiet the child, but without success, and for hours the passengers withstood the torture without a murmur. The capitalist was one of those cranky individuals, and moved his seat a number of times, but go where he would the pitiful cries of the child reached him.

Finally he lost his patience, and with his face red with anger walked up to the seat occupied by the young father.

"Take that brat to its mother," he exclaimed loud enough for everybody in the car to hear. "What the deuce do you mean by keeping it here and disturbing everybody in the car? No doubt she's asleep and cares little whether the baby annoys us or not."

The father slowly raised his eyes, and as he did so the tears trickled down his cheeks like rain. Finally he spoke, but it was with a great effort.

"My wife," he said, "is in her coffin in the baggage car. I don't know much about children, but I am doing the best I can."

The capitalist's face was a study. He saw that it would be useless to offer an apology, and without saying a word he walked back to his seat. The passengers could see that he was deeply moved, and what his thoughts were can better be imagined than expressed. The traveling man, who occupied the seat behind the father, reached over and said:

"Let me take your child. I have a little girl at home, and maybe I can quiet yours."

Without a word the father handed the child over the seat to him. The youngster watched the transaction with wondering eyes, and for a moment was inclined to cry. Then it became interested in his watch charm, and in a little while was asleep. The loud talk was hushed and even the poker party broke up. The father also dropped asleep, and while he was enjoying his much-needed rest the capitalist walked to the seat in which the baby was cuddled up. Long and earnestly he gazed at the innocent face, and there was something about his eyes which looked like tears. The passengers saw him reach in his pocket, and when he drew it out again the fingers clutched a $100 bill. This he pinned to the child's dress and returned to his seat. This was his way of soothing the wounded feelings of its father.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

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Sarsaparilla has over and over again proved itself the best blood purifier medical science has ever produced. It cures when other medicines utterly fail. Its record is unequalled in the history of medicine. Its success is based upon its intrinsic merit. Hood's

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MAY—"They tell me your engagement with Charley Gumphleigh is broken. How did it happen?" Carrie—"It is no great mystery. The fact is, he was too fresh to keep; that's all."—Boston Transcript.

Ghosts Are Pale and Shadowy,

Say those who profess to have interviewed them. Whether spooks are tallow-faced or not, mortals are whose blood is thin and watery in consequence of imperfect assimilation. When invalids resort to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and use that unequalled tonic persistently, they soon "pick up" in strength, flesh and color. It should be used also to prevent malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints, and to remedy constipation, sick headache and nervousness.

AFTER physicians had given me up, I was saved by Piso's Cure.—RALPH ERIEG, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1895.

"AND did he say he remembered me when I was a girl?" "No; he said he remembered you when he was a boy."—Life.

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TEMPERANCE NOTES.

WHICH WILL YOU TAKE?

The Crisis in a Man's Life and How He Met It.

A writer in the Saturday Evening Call relates a touching episode in everyday life as follows:

Entering the office of a well-known merchant, I lifted my eyes and found myself confronted with the brightest and most thrilling temperance lecture I ever steered myself against in the whole course of my life. It was an inscription marked with a pen on the back of a postal card nailed to the desk. The inscription read as follows:

WHICH?

WIFE OR WHISKY?

THE BABES OR THE BOTTLES?

HOME OR HELL?

"Where did you get that and what did you nail it there for?" asked the merchant.

"I wrote that myself and nailed it up there," was his reply, "and I will tell you the story of that card. Some time ago I found myself falling into a drinking habit. I would run out once in awhile with a visiting customer, or at the invitation of a traveling man or on

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

every slight offered. I soon found that my business faculties were becoming dulled, that my stomach was continually out of sorts, my appetite failing, and a constant craving for alcoholic stimulants becoming dominant. I saw tears in the eyes of my wife, wonder depicted on the faces of the children, and then I took a long look ahead. One day I sat down at this desk and half unconsciously wrote the inscription on that card. On looking at it upon its completion, its awful revelation burst upon me like a flash. I nailed it up there, and read it over a hundred times that afternoon. That night I went home sober, and I have not touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since. You see how startling is its alliteration. Now I have no literary proclivities, and I regard that card as an inspiration. It speaks out three solemn warnings every time I look at it. The first is a voice from the altar, the second from the cradle, and the third and last from—"

Here my friend's earnestness deepened into a solemn shaking of the head, and with that he resumed his work.

GENERAL GLEANINGS.

EVERY time a new saloon is opened the devil takes a long breath.—Ram's Horn.

THE saloon is an agent for the corruption of the morals of the home of every man who is a patron of it.

THE czarina has recently issued an edict forbidding the ladies of her court to smoke in her presence or even to come near her with the odor of tobacco about them.

FIVE saloons in Chicago near the "Nickel-Plate" shops are reported to have gone out of business since the order went into effect forbidding employes to visit such places.

A LITTLE boy, while engaged in defining words, made a mistake which was not at all a mistake. He said: "A demagogue is a vessel that holds beer, wine, gin, whisky or any other intoxicating liquor." He was probably thinking of a demijohn, but he hit the truth just the same.

IS THERE an inebriate neurosis? If the doubters will study the inebriates who appear in the police courts and jails and the inmates of asylums the answer will be clear and unmistakable. The defective degenerates both in appearance and history furnish abundant facts, far more impressive than any theories, however well presented.

Alcohol in Shock.

Dr. Wood is authority for the statement: "That alcohol is probably of no value whatever in shock; indeed, I am perfectly sure that a large dose of alcohol in shock puts one nail in the coffin of the patient, and if you want your patients to come out of shock you will be very careful in giving them alcohol. Alcohol stimulates the heart, but it paralyzes rather than stimulates the blood vessels." The theory is, "by its action on the blood cells it checks oxidation and limits the power of absorbing oxygen and eliminating carbonic gas."

Why They Drink.

There is in a large number of inebriates an underlying strata of mental impairment and defect of organization which prevents their acting along lines of rational self-control. They have feeble powers of resistance to pain and suffering, and act on any suggestion, both within or from without, for relief. Such persons suffer from physical pain and exhaustion, and alcohol or any narcotic is a grateful exemption.—Journal of Inebriety.

Bound to Have Sober Employes.

The Waterbury Traction company is the last railroad corporation that has decided to have none but teetotalers in their employ, and they have issued the proclamation that the rule prohibiting motormen and conductors entering saloons at any time for any purpose will be rigidly enforced. The general manager says it is his intention to have sober employes, cost what it may.

ALCOHOLIC DRINKS "NASTY."

Some Facts of Science That Ought to Disgust Every Drinker with the Intoxicating Cup.

Everybody but the drinker has known for years that many of the processes about breweries and wineries were not carried on in the cleanliest manner. We have known that some of the most renowned English breweries use water that looks dirty, and which contains much sediment, "because fermentation goes on faster, and we can turn our own money more frequently." We have known that all the English brewers add a half pound of salt to every bushel of malt, solely to create thirst in the drinker, so that he may "drink and come again," to the profit of "the trade." That vast quantities of wine are made in France without a drop of grape juice has long been known. That London dealers make in their own cellars and put on sale at once an article that the best "tasters" pronounce the real thing, from this or that winery, and of such or such a vintage, when there is not one drop of grape juice in it, has also been long known in London, if not out of it.

But even temperance workers experienced a new sensation when they read a recipe for wine which carried off a prize at the French exposition a few years ago. The chief stipulations were that no grape juice should be called for, and that the deception, called "similation," must be perfect.

The recipe that won the prize called for quite a quantity of refuse from tables, in other words, "swill," and to perfect "the old and smoky flavor" belonging to this sort of wine added "extract of leather boots and shoes."

But we have again experienced a sensation. We bear it calmly, since it does not affect us.

Nobody is anybody to-day if he be not scientific. As science is progressing by leaps and bounds, some little effort is necessary on the part of total abstainers to keep up with the latest conclusions.

Scarcely had we the formula that the oxygen of the air destroys sugar in solution, and in fresh combination produces poisons, alcohol and carbonic acid gas, than the great germ theory takes its place. Before that is taught to half the people, another statement, apparently the ultimate one, comes rushing upon us.

"Microbes" cause fermentation. Science says to-day that microbes are everywhere, that disease and decay, or rotting, are largely caused by them; that the offensive odors accompanying decay, rubbish heaps, decayed fruits and vegetables, spoiled meat, carrion, etc., are caused by the excretions of different species of microbes.

Microbes may be successfully cultivated for purposes of observation. Such work is generally done in a glass tube; such an experiment is called a "culture."

Then every cider barrel, every wine vat or beer tank is an enormous "culture" or pasture land for microbes. They eat and multiply, and multiply and eat, if not interfered with, until all the sugar in the liquid is consumed.

The products resulting are carbonic acid gas, which floats off into the air if allowed. We send off the same by every breath exhaled. This carbonic acid gas produced by ourselves and all living animals, including microbes, is an excretory secretion; yet the vintners and brewers bottle their products, so as to secure a quantity of this substance for the use of their customers.

The other resultant product of fermentation is alcohol. The late Dr. Carpenter, of England, the first toxicologist of his time, declared it "a deadly irritant, narcotic poison, not a true stimulant." Now we know its nature still more fully. Alcohol is a poisonous excretion of microbes. This explains the impossibility of its digestion by a human stomach.

"Alcohol is a ptomaine or septine, and when taken pure (absolute alcohol) is as deadly as the ptomaines of chicken cholera or putrid meats; although a larger quantity is required to produce the same effects.

"The different flavors and odors of liquors are imparted to them by the microbes that caused the decomposition of the fruit or grain. When fermentation is complete the grain or fruit has been entirely consumed by the germs, only colored water and excrement (alcohol) remaining.

"A barrel of beer does not contain as much nourishment as a loaf of bread, but contains enough ptomaine (absolute alcohol) to kill within ten minutes 35 men who are not accustomed to its effects."—Microbes and Men.

In the above-cited case the alcohol must be separated from the beer by distillation, and given clear, upon an empty stomach, to produce death as stated.

When we think of the wine of commerce, "who wore the boots?" seems a pertinent question.

"Alcohol is poisonous excrement of microbes," is a refrain that few drinkers would like to add to their songs.

Delectable drink! How delicate dudes of both sexes do dote upon it! Drinkers, you are welcome to it! I prefer clean water!—Mary Clement Leavitt, in National Temperance Advocate.

A POWERFUL OBJECT LESSON.

Marked Bills Paid to Workingmen Found in the Coffers of the Saloonkeeper.

Rev. Father McSweeney, in the Catholic World, says that a large manufacturing concern in Massachusetts recently paid their workmen on a Saturday night, 700 ten-dollar bills, each bill being marked. By Tuesday, of the following week, 410 of these marked bills were deposited in the bank by the saloon keepers of the city; $4,100 were swept from the workmen's pockets into the tills of the saloon keepers from Saturday night to Monday afternoon, at the latest. With a good deal of force, Father McSweeney adds: "Well might these men cry out to the state: 'Save us from ourselves!' and their hapless wives and children: 'Save us from our husbands and fathers on the Lord's day, at least.'"

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—It is said that a dog in Milliken, Mich., possesses and uses daily a full set of artificial teeth. The dog is very old, and it is a family pet. When it lost its teeth recently its owner, according to the story, had the local dentist make the animal a full set of teeth, and they are said to be a perfect working success.

—The old notion that southern women are languid, feeble folk ought to be dispelled by the act of four women in a suburb of Macon, Ga. A house took fire during the night and the neighbors gathered to help the inmates in saving their effects. Four women carried a large upright piano from the parlor all the way out into the middle of the street unassisted.

—A fox and a hunter together stalked a partridge near Tyson, Vt., the other day, but each unknown to the other. The bird alighted in an apple tree behind the barn, and the hunter tiptoed around one side of the barn and brought the bird down. But as the bird dropped the fox, coming round the other side of the barn, seized it and was off with his dinner before the hunter could appreciate what had happened.

—The tail of the crawfish serves that animal as an oar. By a peculiar jerk of the tail the animal can retire from dangerous object with almost incredible swiftness. The tail is much more effective in moving the animal backward than forward, a singular instance of adaptation to its situation, for by means of its tail it can withdraw into its hole with such swiftness as in an instant to place it out of danger.

—The latest story of a wonderful gold find in Alaska is of a lake whose bed is literally paved deep with gold dust. The lake is 1,000 yards long, 400 yards wide and 150 feet deep. It is fed by water from a glacier, and its only outlet is a little stream two feet deep, but of incredible swiftness. The assay of the sand which a sea captain brought to Seattle recently showed $8 to $10 a cubic yard, and on this basis a man alone could take out $10,000 a year.

—The big white moose recently shot in the Maine woods by a Mr. Sargent, of Grafton, has greatly interested naturalists as well as sportsmen. It is the only white moose ever seen in Maine, and very few have ever been heard of elsewhere. The naturalists say it is, of course, not strange that there should be an albino moose, resulting from a freak of nature, as white deer and other albino game animals are not uncommon. But white moose are a great rarity.

MARY ANDERSON'S BEGINNING.

Rehearsing in the Kitchen Before a Little Negro Servant.

In the south most of the servants were negroes. Among ours was a little mulatto girl ("nut-brown maid" she called herself) whose chief attraction to me was her enthusiasm for the theater.

One night in desperation I went to her while she was washing dishes in the kitchen and there unfolded all my hopes. It was to her I first acted, and she gave me my first applause. The clapping of those soapy, steaming hands seemed to me a veritable triumph.

Believing that a tragic manner alone would sufficiently impress the situation on the "nut-brown maid," I began with a hollow voice and much furrowing of the brow: "Juli, wilt thou follow and assist me when I quit my childhood's home to walk in the path of Siddons, Kemble and Booth?" "Oh, Miss Mamie, you kin count on dis pusson, fo' de Lor' you kin! Why, my stars, what a boss actor you is! But you mus' 'low me to call you' maw," and in a trice she was gone.

A few moments later she reentered the kitchen with my mother, who was greatly surprised by my performance in the fourth act of "The Lady of Lyons," which could not have been acted in a more appropriate part of the house. She, in turn, called the critic of the family, Dr. Griffin, who, likewise, was astonished, and made my heart bent with joy by saying: "You'll make a good actress some day. Your scene has thrilled me, and I would rather have rough work and a good thrill than any amount of artistic work without it."

Spurred on by such encouragement I worked harder than ever, often staying up half the night to get some effect while trying to look into the heart and mind of the character under study. After that evening in the kitchen I read scenes or acted them nightly to our small household, usually from "Hamlet," "Richard" or Schiller's "Maid of Orleans."—Mary Anderson, in North American Review.

Doubted the Bill.

One of the principal men in the bureau of printing and engraving had a somewhat peculiar experience in New York recently.

He had occasion to visit the metropolis on business, and after a stay of several days at one of the chief hotels he called for his bill. When it was given him he tendered in payment a brand-new $20 silver certificate. The clerk looked at it for a moment and then passed it back.

"What is the matter?" said the official.

"I can't take that," replied the clerk. "I don't think it's good."

"Not good!" exclaimed the official. "Not good! Why, man, I know it's good. I made it myself."

"Yes," said the clerk, "that's just what I thought."—Washington Post.

A Kind Answer.

Mudge—If there really is anything in this reincarnation theory, I don't know but that I would like to be a good, fat, comfortable hog. They seem to enjoy life so.

Yabsley—But, as I understand it, in reincarnation one becomes something different from what he was.—Indianapolis Journal.

HOT BREAD AND CAKES.

Delicious Things for Breakfast and Tea.

One of the delights of the old-fashioned tea-table was the delicious "tea bread," baked of wheaten flour and eggs and made in thin sheets like old-time shortcake. These cakes, with shortcake and Johnny cake, are also excellent breakfast breads. All such cakes are baked in shallow pans and are not over 1¼ or 1½ inches thick when baked.

The old-fashioned tea bread is made with a butter the size of an egg beaten to a cream with a quarter of a cup of sugar and the yolks of two eggs added. The whole is to be stirred vigorously with a wooden spoon, finally adding two cups of milk. Meantime, sift four cups of flour with two even teaspoonfuls of cream tartar and a half a teaspoonful of soda. Pour the eggs, milk, butter and sugar into the flour; beat out lumps and beat the batter till it blisters," and then "fold in" the stiff whites of the eggs and bake the cakes in two shallow biscuit pans of tin. They will take about 20 minutes or less in a quick oven. This is an excellent bread to serve with coffee.

Johnny cake is made by soaking two cups of yellow cornmeal in four cups of sour milk or buttermilk overnight or for six or eight hours. In the morning add half a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of brown sugar or good molasses, one egg and a large teaspoonful of soda. Beat the batter well. It will be quite thin. Pour it into two shallow biscuit pans and bake from half to three-quarters of an hour in a hot oven. This is a very delicious though simple bread.

The term pancake as applied to our American griddle is a misnomer in several ways. The true cake baked in a pan is thinner than griddle cake and must be composed of an entirely different batter to be a success. The special delicacy of the pancake consists in its wafer-like thinness. It is made of one of the most delicate batters known to the cook, and requires the liberal use of eggs to keep it in form. If it were thick enough to be baked on a griddle these eggs would make it tough, but because of the delicacy of this batter and the more rapid baking of the pan they are a necessity. The shortening necessary to a perfect griddle cake is omitted because if it were used in so thin a cake as the pancake it would not endure the process of tossing, but would break apart in the pan.

The pancake is made of the best wheaten pastry flour mixed with milk and eggs. Sift a pint of pastry flour and a heaping tablespoonful of powdered sugar into an earthen bowl. Add a pint of milk gradually, beating out all the lumps, and finally add three well-beaten eggs. Beat this batter vigorously with the large-sized patent beater used for eggs. Bake the batter, using three tablespoonfuls at a time, to form a single cake. Fry in the center of a frying pan of sheet-iron buttered lightly for the purpose.

Dredge powdered sugar over each pancake as it is baked, and roll it up, slip it on a hot plate, and fry another. Serve the plateful with quarters of lemon, which are squeezed over them as they are eaten. These cakes do not fry properly on a griddle. If you wish jelly pancakes omit the powdered sugar and spread the cakes instead with plum, currant, quince or any jelly you prefer. Roll them up and glaze them by dredging them with powdered sugar and searing them each in three or four places with a red-hot iron. A straight poker washed clean and heated will do the work admirably. Pineapple jelly or marmalade is especially nice with these pancakes.

A thicker German pancake may be made by pouring all the batter of this rule into a large sheet-iron frying-pan and letting it cook for three minutes on one side. After this spread it with preserved pineapple or ordinary rich apple sauce, dredge it with sugar and set it in a hot oven to cook for six minutes longer. These are the pancakes universally known in French families and always prepared on Shrove Tuesday, when it is customary for all the family to toss one up for "good luck." The process of tossing, when, by a deft twist of the wrist, the professional cook turns his pancake or omelette, may well be omitted on ordinary occasions and the cake turned with a regular griddlecake-turner. There are comparatively few modern household cooks who can successfully toss a "flapjack," and such triumphs may be relegated to sailors and "campers-out" with no modern utensils to work with.—N. Y. Tribune.

She Knew the Combination.

The next time Sergt. Willard and Detective Wells attempt to "josh" any little girls they will wait until no one else is around. The other afternoon Chief Rogers, Detectives Phillips, Wells and Philbrick, Jailer Peer and Clerk Reed were on the front porch of headquarters, when a little girl, not more than six years of age, stood on the sidewalk below listening to the conversation. "Hello, little one, what are you 'rubber-necking' there for?" said Willard. "Yes," added Wells, "take the rubber out of your neck and go along." With a look of scorn, mingled with one of amusement, the little one said, pointing first to Wells and then to Willard: "If I had the rubber out of your neck and the wheels out of that fellow's head I could make a bicycle and ride away." With this quick retort the young miss walked away with a self-satisfied grin on her pretty face, amid peals of laughter from the chief and other listeners.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

The Conscientious Waiter.

Waiter (to cook)—Steak for one. Gent don't want it raw, nor he don't want it burned black.

Cook (angrily)—Is that what he said?

Waiter—No, not exactly. I asked him how he wanted it, an' he said "medium!"—N. Y. Weekly.

A CONCENTRATED ARMY RATION

Why Experiments Have Resulted in Failure.

The recent experiments of the United States government to test the value of a concentrated army ration have quite naturally proved a failure. They were instituted by the secretary of war with a view to reducing the bulk and weight of food without impairing its nutritive functions. This appeared to be necessitated by the fact that the American army is more in need of possible improvements in this line, in view of the heavy, tedious and long transportation of supplies across the plains and through districts that are incapable of affording the proper amount and quality of food in times of emergencies.

The German army, for example, when moving in small bodies always purchases supplies on the march as wanted. The same is true of the French, Russian, Austrian and other European armies, but at the same time the soldiers usually have in their knapsacks what is called an "emergency" ration, generally sausage or preserved meat of some kind. The soldiers of the Japanese army in the late war with China carried an emergency ration of rice in a little tin case strapped to the top of their knapsacks.

The reports made by the different military departments to which the questions were referred are interesting as bearing upon the value of food products generally and on the physiological questions involved in the digestive and nutritive processes more particularly. Theoretically speaking, it would appear that the problem had been solved regarding the amount of food necessary to sustain life and the varieties of sustenance that gave in minimum compass the greatest amount of nourishment.

All the observers agree, however, that the old-fashioned ration of bacon and hard-tack in suitable bulk is the most practical that has ever been suggested. The quantity of food necessary to keep a soldier in good condition is fixed at 22 ounces. The latter amount is increased for obvious reasons to 26 ounces.

When the theories were put to a practical test the result was as might have been anticipated. Various concentrated food tablets were employed in Colorado, but more than half the men who were victims to the experiment became candidates for hospital treatment. The following extract from the report speaks very significantly on some very essential and striking facts:

"A company of the Seventh infantry, at Fort Logan, near Denver, was detailed and furnished with condensed rations, consisting of coffee, soup, bread and bacon. The coffee and soup were in small tablets, which, when placed in boiling water, were ready for consumption in two minutes. The bread was in small, flat cakes, the weight and hardness of a brick, but when moistened swelled out like a sponge. The bacon was compressed and only needed to be warmed in a frying-pan. The soldiers started out with ten days' rations, but the campaign was brought to an abrupt end after four days of 15-mile marches. The food not only did not satisfy the hunger or give strength, but seemed to irritate the stomach. After the first meal, two of the enlisted men had to be placed under the surgeon's care. At the end of the second day 30 of the 70 men in the company were ill, and on the fourth day the whole command went into camp, and couriers were sent to town for hard-tack and ordinary coffee and bacon. Some of the soldiers were seriously ill with a stomach complaint, and were confined to the hospital for several days."

All this goes to show that not only very much is to be learned regarding laboratory feeding, but that we are also far from the proper appreciation of nature's complex requirements in food taking. Thus far the human laboratory, with its multiple, interdependent, and complementary methods, has a monopoly of its own in fixing the proper standards for digestion, assimilation and subsequent growth. There is a natural law pervading the whole that must not be violated by too radical attempts at modification or improvement.

The stomach pouch is constructed with a certain capacity for food which cannot be gainsaid by any chemical formula which mere human ingenuity may create or theoretical reasoning devise. Each of the varied and subtle processes of digestion must necessarily adapt itself to the construction and functions of an organ that has a purely vital as well as a merely chemical duty to perform.

The stomach must earn its living in its own way, as by such purely physiological effort in bringing each and all of its mechanical, vital and chemical functions into play, it can best maintain its health, activity and usefulness. No prepared or concentrated food can relieve it of any or all of its activities in that gradual conversion of a legitimate quantity and quality of food that constitutes a natural and perfect digestion.

In such an aspect a moderately full stomach is something more than a feeling. Its work must be distributive rather than restrictive. It must be healthfully distended with food bulky enough to occupy spare places; otherwise, its most important function is hampered, while for lack of mechanical stimulus the intestines become stagnated into almost helpless inactivity.

Hence it is easy to see how the experiments failed and the victims paid the penalty of outraged physiological laws. So far, at least, there is not sufficient reason, because a man becomes a soldier that his stomach should be puckered around a desiccated soup tablet or that it should wrestle alone in some dark corner of an accommodating fold with some soggy and glazed albuminoid.—Medical Record.

—The Tigris is 1,150 miles long.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Frosted Glass.—A solution of sulphate of magnesia, mixed with gum in hot water, and put on the glass with a brush; or a mixture of Epsom salts and beer—two ounces of the former to a half teacupful of the latter. Apply with a bit of muslin.

—Cocoanut Drops.—Grate a cocoanut and weigh it, then add half the weight of powdered sugar and the white of one egg beaten to a stiff froth. Stir the ingredients together, then drop the mixture with a dessert spoon upon buttered white paper or tin sheets and sift sugar over them. Bake in a slow oven 15 minutes.—Western Rural.

—Stuffed Onions.—Peel medium-sized onions and punch out the hearts. Mince a little beef or mutton, parsley and bread crumbs. Beat with an egg, salt and pepper. Stuff the onions with this, and lay in a baking dish with a little gravy. Bake until the onions are tender, and serve very hot. Baste the onions frequently to prevent burning.—Prairie Farmer.

—Meat Loaf.—A nice meat loaf is made by saving all scraps of meat, beef, mutton, veal and chicken combined, and a bit of suet; chop all together, season with pepper, salt, sage, parsley—and onion, if liked; add rolled crackers of bread crumbs and a well-beaten egg. Make into a loaf; pour water enough into the pan to keep it from burning; bake slowly and baste frequently. This mixture can be made into balls and fried for breakfast.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—Snow Cake.—A small cup of granulated sugar, same of uncolored butter, nine whites of eggs, a cupful of flour, same of cornstarch, the juice of half a lemon or a small teaspoonful of cream tartar, a half cupful of milk, flavoring extract to taste. Warm the butter enough to soften it, rub to a cream with the sugar, add the whites of eggs, a little at a time, without previous beating, then the starch and flour. When these are well mixed add the milk and lemon juice of cream of tartar and the flavoring. Grease and flour a mold and bake the cake about half an hour. It is best when not too deep in the mold.—Chicago Record.

DRESSING THE HAIR.

Some Sensible Suggestions for the Young Ladies.

The prettiest way to arrange your hair? Especially if it is very long, very thick, and a most beautiful color, yet cannot be worn hanging down in braids, because you are too tall for anything so childish, nor fastened up in a graceful Psyche knot at the back of the head, quite near the neck, because it is too heavy, and comes tumbling down at inconvenient seasons. Lovely hair, but an embarrassment of riches, is it not?

If I were my hair, and I were the dear young girl who finds it a bother and a burden, I would coil it up on top of my head and wear it like a crown. I wouldn't mind its having the effect of making me look taller, and I would stand up very straight, and look as tall as I could. In my opinion height is a beauty, and I never care about a girl's being tall, except to admire her. Tall girls must mind that they carry themselves well, and do not stoop nor crane their head forward as if they had lost something and were perpetually looking for it. You remember Tennyson's picture, do you not, a word picture such as only a poet could paint:

"A daughter of the gods,
Divinely tall, and most divinely fair."

If the coronal effect were unbecoming, or gave a feeling of weight on top of my head, then I would braid the hair in several strands, and mass it all over the back of the head. I would simply part it in the middle, and avoid fringes, and bangs, and little curls, crimps, and other attempts at decoration in front. When hair has a natural wave or ripple it is very pretty, and should have its way, but straight hair is pretty too, and girls should be satisfied to wear their hair in the style nature intended for them.—Harpers' Round Table.

SHOULDER STRAPS.

Their Effect Upon the Form Is Very Bad.

"A number of women have hopelessly deformed their shoulders by the wearing of shoulder straps," said a physical culture enthusiast the other day to a class of ladies. "The weight of the skirts on the straps has worn little furrows in the heavy muscles of the shoulders. Just notice the shape of women who wear narrow straps. Of course, it is not observable when they are dressed in ordinary costume, but in evening dress I can pick out everyone in the room who is in the habit of wearing straps.

"The proper thing is a fitted waist with heavy material set in around the armholes and down the sides as stays or strengthening pieces. To these are attached the buttons or hooks that sustain the weight of the skirt.

"It is absolute suicide to hitch these things upon the ordinary corset. That throws the whole of the weight upon the body below the waist and is the cause of more distress than one can well imagine. There are a great many people who could not be induced to put shoulder straps on growing children; indeed, the waist is in every respect more desirable. It need not be high in the neck, but should cover the curve of the shoulders so that the weight of the garments may rest evenly over them.

"The physical culturist has a wide field, and the time is coming when the possibility of developing the figure of a child will be studied as carefully as the development of the mind."—N. Y. Ledger.

One Satisfaction.

Mrs. Newlywed—We raise our own vegetables.

Mrs. Oldun—That is pleasant, but not economical.

Mrs. Newlywed—I know that; but then we know they are not adulterated.—Judge.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 13th, 1896.

Republicans outside of the Senate find it difficult to comprehend the deadlock in the Senate Finance Committee over the House tariff bill. A caucus of Republican senators decided that the bill should be reported to the senate without amendment, just as it was passed by the House, but instead of the bill being reported or whether it will be reported or whether it will be reported at all. Is it any wonder that Republicans are asking what was the use of reorganizing the Senate committees if a bill ordered reported by a Republican caucus can be deadlocked in a committee which has a majority of Republican members. The alleged cause of the deadlock is the action of Senator Teller, of Colo., a Republican member of the Finance Committee, in declining to allow the tariff bill to be reported to the Senate unless it be amended to provide for the free coinage of silver. What makes the action if Senator Teller inexplicable what the Financial Committee has already reported a bill for the free coinage of silver as a substitute for the House bond bill which is now before the Senate and will almost certainly be passed by the Senate. That being the situation, what can Senator Teller, or any other silver man man hope to gain by putting a free coinage amendment on the tariff bill. The tariff bill was passed by the House as an emergency measure intended solely to furnish the revenue needed by the government, and if it is passed by the Senate in that shape it would at least have a chance to become a law. With a free coinage amendment it will not have even a ghost of a chance. It might get through the Senate, but it could not get through the House, and even if it could it would be met by the President's veto to a dead certainty. Senator Teller's intentions are unquestionably good, but nothing but harm can come from the killing of the House tariff bill, and that will be the result if he maintains his present position.

Hon. Geo. Prince, a S. C. Democrat now visiting Washington, probably gave away more than he intended when he said of the political situation in his State: "For some time it has been evident that the Democrats would sooner or later have to contend with another party and now that all danger of black supremacy has been removed (by constitutionally restricting the right to vote), and the Democrats have virtually ceased fighting each other it is apparent that the Republican party will come into the field prepared for vigorous battle on purely economic issues. South Carolina has of late years grown to be heavily interested in cotton and woolen mills and other manufacturing enterprises. The people who have put their money into these are becoming strongly impregnated with the doctrine of protection. With the race problem settled, a great many of them will not hesitate to ally themselves with the Republican party on the ground of its fostering attitude toward American industries. From this source will come the future danger to Democracy in South Carolina."

There was one portion of the speech of Senator Jones, of Ark., in favor of free coinage substitute for the House bond bill that was pleasing to all Republicans regardless of their position on the silver question. That was where he said that it was perfectly plain that the revenues of the government were at present insufficient and that they were not likely to become large enough without additional legislation. That has been the position of the Republicans from the first, and the attempts on the part of Mr. Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle to make it appear otherwise have not changed anybody's opinion. As has been repeatedly shown by Republicans in both House and Senate it has been a lack of sufficient revenues that has kept the Cleveland administration in hot water, and that will keep it there until more money is provided.

Notwithstanding Mr. Cleveland's grandiloquent letter to Senator Chalfery, of La., denying that he made a deal with the Morgan syndicate for those bonds, those best informed are predicting that the Morgan syndicate will get practically all the bonds when they were issued.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has almost unanimously decided that a resolution affirming the Monroe Doctrine shall be reported, and a sub-committee was appointed to draw up the resolution which will be along the lines of the one offered by Senator Lodge early in the session. The one dissenting voice in the committee came from a Democrat, Senator Gray, of Delaware. The committee also appointed sub-committees to consider the Cuban and American questions. The friends of Cuba ought to be well satisfied with the committee put in charge of the question—Senators Sherman, Lodge and Morgan. The House committee on Foreign Affairs has entrusted the Cuban question to a sub committee composed of Representative Hitt, of Ill., Adams, of Pa., and Draper, of Mass.

Marriage Licenses.

Notley Benson and Stella Ervin.

Walter V. Wright and Emma Jane Wagner.

John H. Miller and Ida Ryan.

Isaac Shultz and Ynony Minor.

Charles W. Tarleton and Cora Freeman.

John W. Smith and Minnie Darnley.

J. L. Kennedy and Sarah L. Kiger.

McHenry.

Sledding is good farmers are busy.

Mr. Nelson Brenneman has built a blacksmith and wagonmakers shop at this place. He will be ready to go to work in a few days.

Mr. Frank Glotfelty, our young school teacher, was the guest at Mr. William Riley's last Sunday.

Mr. Brison Glotfelty was visiting friends at Markleysburg last Sunday.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending January 18, 1896, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

T. F. Lampert	Edmond Wolfe
Wm. F. Smith	John Bohnder (2)
Willie P. McDowell	J. D. Bridaham
Illiey Flannn	Mrs. Dave Gower.
Mrs. Mapesa Deritz	Miss Lillie Weimer

Miss Nancy Hawkins

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

The Oakland School of Music.

Which was closed on Thanksgiving for a short vacation, will reopen classes on Thursday, January 2nd.

I take occasion here to thank all my friends for past favors, and to kindly solicit a continuance of the same during 1896. I seek to please all—to disappoint none. Day and evening classes open for piano, violin, organ and vocal culture. A special teacher will be employed to give lessons on the mandolin, guitar and banjo. For terms, etc., address, MRS. K. R. RASCHE.

43–3 Oakland, Md.

Land For Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale 127 acres of the tract of land known as "Round Glade," lying in District No. 7, about four miles north of Oakland. For terms apply to F. R. Nethken, Deer Park, Md. 43-4

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

The people of Potsdam buy fine carriages, but the roads make polygons of the wheels and kindling wood of the rest forthwith.

The young man buyeth a $100 bicycle, and anon starteth out with joy, but the roads send him home bearing his wreck with him.

Verily no name will describe the roads. They are too muddy for stone and too rocky for brickyards. —Norwood (N. Y.) News.

A LOSS TO MARYLAND.

Death of Chief Judge Robinson, of the Court of Appeals.

ANNAPOLIS, MD., Jan. 14.—Chief Judge John M. Robinson, of the Court of Appeals of Maryland, died at about noon to-day of neuralgia of the heart, aged sixty-eight years. He had suffered from several previous attacks. Sunday night he had a very severe attack, and on Monday made up his mind to consult Dr. William Osler, of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, who had treated him before for the same trouble. His daughter, Mrs. Lloyd, wife of Lieutenant Richard Lloyd, jr., of the navy, telegraphed upon him to go to her house before he died. He had partially made his preparations to go to Baltimore and his associates on the bench who called at his boarding house were informed that he had resigned.

When the news came to the Court of Appeals that the chief justice had expired Mr. Semmes, of Cumberland, was addressing the court upon a case from Garrett county. The news came upon the court as a shock. They thought that he had gone to Baltimore, and, although they feared that his attack was serious, they were not prepared for this sudden termination. The argument in progress was stopped at once and court adjourned. There will be no session of the court until Tuesday.

The death of Judge Robinson removed from the appellate bench the last of the judges elected in 1867. Judge Alvey is now the only one of that distinguished body alive, and he is chief justice of another court. Judge Bryan is now the senior member of the court. His term of office expires in 1898 and he will reach the age of seventy years one year before the expiration of his term. Next in seniority is Judge James McSherry, whose term runs to 1902. Judge Robinson's death makes the first break in the bench of the second judicial circuit, all three of the judges, Robinson, Wickes and Stump, having been elected in 1867 and re-elected in 1882, a period of twenty-nine years these three men were together on the bench.

The successor of Judge Robinson will be appointed by the Governor, his first appointment, to serve until November, 1897. The appointment may be made from either of the five counties—Caroline, Talbot, Queen Anne's, Kent or Cecil.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office opposite postoffice, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

Estate of Clinton Dewitt, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

CLINTON DEWITT,

late of Garrett County, Maryland, deceased. All persons having claims against the decease are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 24th day of July next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 11th day of January, 1896.

JACOB S. MEYERS, WALTER G. MEYERS, } Adm'rs.
45-3 Oakland, Md.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, low down prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of James C. Peddicord vs. Elizabeth Phillips, the same being No. 14 Judicials to December Term, 1895, the undersigned will sell on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1896,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m. of said day, in front of the Court House door in the town of Oakland, at public auction, to the highest bidder, all the right and title of the said defendant in and to all that parcel of land situated between Oakland and Mountain Lake Park in Garrett county, and described as follows, to-wit:

All that lot, piece or parcel of land situated, lying and being in Garrett county aforesaid, known and described as Military Lot No. 800, excepting therefrom, however, ten acres of said lot, heretofore conveyed to Minnie Hinebaugh by said Elizabeth Phillips. Said property will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid judgment and costs.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash on the day of sale.

CHARLES WEGMAN,
Late Sheriff of Garrett County.

Estate of Robert Fraction, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

ROBERT FRACTION,

late of Garrett County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 10th day of July next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 2nd day of January, 1896.

B. F. CRANE, Adm'r.
43-3 Mt. Lake Park, Md.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

THE OAKLAND HARNESS CO.

carry the best stock of heavy, hand made harness and horse furnishing goods to be found in the country.

Alder Street, opposite G. S. Hamill's office.

TRUMAN WEST, Manager.

26—26t.*

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, October 20, 1895. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	Daily	2.48 A. M
No. 3	Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 49	Express, daily except Mon.	8.5 A. M
No. 71	Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 47	Daily except Mon	10.19 A. M
No. 55	Express, daily	6.2 P. M
No. 15	Accommodation daily	8.45 P. M
No. 1	Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	Daily	5.59 A. M
No. 2	Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 14	Accommodation daily	9.43 A. M
No. 72	Accom daily except Sun	4.32 P. M
No. 48	Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4	Daily	12.29 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.

C. F SCHROEDER, Agent.

WHEN COMING TO DEER PARK

Don't fail to give NETHKEN BROS. a call.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE AND GROCERIES.

We also carry latest styles in Fall and Winter Millinery. Has trimmed to order.

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.

Come and be convinced you do not have to pay two prices for your goods, because we sell for cash. Remember the place.

NETHKEN BROS,
Main Street,
DEER PARK, MD.
31—1yr

WHY SHOULD YOU SEND YOUR CHILD —TO— **BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.**

1st. He (or she) can be prepared for college; he can study book keeping, shorthand, type writing, etc, and be fitted for business; he can begin his course in medicine or pharmacy under a teacher who has made the subject of chemistry a specialty.

2nd. It is a home school (co-educational and for a limited number) and is conducted with all the loving, care-taking ministrations for individual development that the name implies.

3rd. Students require the most bracing, nerve building climate, and here they have it. Among the recreations are skating, boating, tennis, bowling.

4th. English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish German, Musical and Art courses. Bible study and high ethical teaching will fit him for a noble Christian career.

E. H. SWAN, Principal,
18 1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

Educational Meetings and Teachers' Associations.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS OF GARRETT COUNTY.

OAKLAND, MD., December 31, 1895.

Educational meetings will be held in Garrett county as follows:

Oakland, January 3d at 7.30 p. m.
Accident, January 10th at 7.30 p. m.
Grantsville, January 31st at 8.30 p. m.
Selbysport, February 14th, at 7.30 p. m.

The public is cordially invited and earnestly requested to attend said meetings. Addresses will be delivered on topics of importance and interest to all interested in the public schools of our county.

A Teachers' Association will be held at each of the above named places on the following day, (Saturday), at 9.30 a. m. All teachers are expected to attend at least one of these meetings, and as many more as they conveniently can. The following are the programs for said associations:

ACCIDENT.

How to Teach Reading..... ....J. L. Englehart.
Topical Talk, A Lention.....Miss Ella Turney.
Primary Work.....Harvey Speicher.
School Government.....Miss Jennie Miller.

GRANTSVILLE.

Reading.....John P. Miller.
Language and Composition.....
.....Miss Mollie Dorsey.
School Government.....M. H. McKenzie.
Attention.....S. H. Ralston.

SELBYSPORT.

School Government.....O. B. Frazee.
Primary Work.....Geo W. Dunham.
The Teacher's Preparation.....J. A. Fike.
Reading.....Norval Speelman.
Attention.....Jasper Barnhouse.

The Fall Term will close January 8, 1896. Teachers will then, carefully and neatly, make out their reports, including an itemized statement of incidental expenses, and send to secretary of the board on or before January 18, 1896.

The Board of School Commissioners will meet in their office on Tuesday, the 21st day of January, 1896, to audit reports of Fall Term, and to transact any other business requiring their attention.

WM. HINEBAUGH,
43-1 Secretary.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county for a confirmation of the road known as the Kimmell road, commencing at the north end of said road and running through the lands of —— Henderson, W. L. Shaffer, E. G. Miller, Samuel Green and —— Hoge, intersecting the Mellhenry and Altamont road near the southeast corner of Lake Woods' farm. Distance, one mile, more or less.

E. G. MILLER,
W. L. SHAFFER,
43-3* W. H. CHADDERTON.

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS, FANCY STATIONERY, DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.

31—26

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

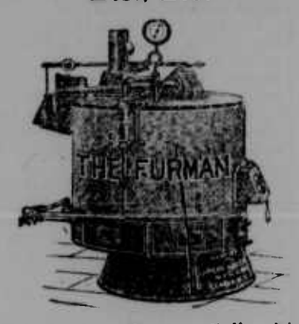

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23—1yr.

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

11 1y

WE LOAN MONEY

On Real Estate, City Town and Village property, to buy, build and improve your houses, and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS OVER $2,000,000.00.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. RINKER,
WILSON, Grant Co., W. VA.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above.

34 inches high. Top can be adjusted to any angle or height Revolving. Case 15 x 15 x 12 inside. Holds about 80 vols Law size. Strong well finished Metal Base and Sides With Solid Oak Shelves and Top.—100,000 now used. Sent knocked down (30 lbs). On approval. Address: **Marsh M'f'g Co.** CHICAGO.

Agents Wanted.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M. RATHBUN & CO., PLANING MILLS,

And BUILDING MATERIALS.

MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does something or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

38 13*

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments. Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe WITH J. B. WILLIAMS.

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

4193.yr——

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Petty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate. CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING. Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June 1st to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county, Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate. P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6'22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 **SELBYSPORT, MD.**

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 61, Oakland, Md. 48 26t*

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

H. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

--WANTED--
WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER
Also White Oak Timber Land.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.
Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
21tf 218 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.

M. M. ARMSTRONG.

CHAS. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Westernport, Md.

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13t.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $3,600. Cash payment of $100; balance in 10 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antoinette Yoder containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400 balance in 10 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1896 NUMBER 46.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Send your job work to THE REPUBLICAN office.

MONEY TO LOAN.—J. C. Renninger, attorney at law, Oakland, Md. 46-4t.

Mr. Samuel Lawton made a business trip to Piedmont Tuesday morning.

Mr. Washington Taylor, of Friendsville, was here on business yesterday.

Mr. R. P. Crellin, of White Haven, Pa., was here and at Crellin on last Friday.

Judge David W. Sloan, of Cumberland, was in town a few hours on Friday last.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Mr. R. T. Frazee, of Friendsvill, House, was in the city last evening and this morning.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

DeWitt Minard furnishes coal delivered into your coal houses from the Deal mine for $2.10 per ton.

FOR SALE.—A double heating Lighthouse stove. Apply to Miss Ella Jamison, Oakland, Md. 46-3t.

Miss Blanche Riley, of Elkins, W. Va., has been here for several days visiting friends in and about town.

WANTED.—A man to sell fertilizer; good salary guaranteed. apply P. O. box. 41, Oakland, Md.

Messrs. Samuel C. and William D. Hoye, of Deer Park, were here Tuesday for a few hours on business.

Mr. J. Lee Harne, of Clarksburg, W. Va., spent Sunday in town as the guest of friends and relatives.

Miss Ella Jamison went to Cumberland Tuesday morning to spend a few weeks with relatives and friends.

Have you used agricultural lime? If not address the Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va., for prices.

Have you used agricultural lime? If not address the Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va., for prices. 45-tf.

Mr. Walter D. Collier, of Friendsville, was in the city a few hours yesterday. He returned to his home this morning.

Mrs. Amanda Hyde, of Brandonville, W. Va., is here on a visit to her son, Mr. F. G. Hyde and his estimable wife.

For prices on agricultural lime, delivered in car load lots, address Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont W. Va.

It not only is so, it must be so. One Minute Cough Cure acts quickly, and that's what makes it go. Oakland Parmacy.

Mrs. Robert Felty returned from Buckhannon, W. Va., Friday where she had been for several weeks visiting friends and relatives.

For prices on agricultural lime, delivered in car load lots, address Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va. 45-tf

Rose-comb American Dominique cockerls, $1 each at express station; 25 cents less at farm. Jonas B. Miller, Grantsville, Md. 43-*3

During the present month THE REPUBLICAN and *New York Weekly Tribune* will be furnished to all new and old subscribers who pay one year in advance.

Ex-Sheriff Charles Wegman was up from Grantsville a couple of days last week attending to the selling of some property which he had previously advertised.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot went to Kingwood this morning where he will assist Rev. S. P. Crummett in the revival services now being held there.

Mr. T. J. Peddicord and daughter, Mrs. G. O. Miller, and Miss Rebecca Thayer left Saturday morning for the former's home in Covington, Ky.

A high liver with a torpid liver will not be a long liver. Correct the liver with DeWitt's Little Early Risers, little pills that cure dyspepsia and constipation. Oakland Pharmacy.

The residence of School Commissionor Samuel C. Hoye at Deer Park was discovered to be on fire Tuesday night, caused by a defective flue. An alarm was sounded and the fire put out before it had done much damage.

"Give me a liver regulator and I can regulate the world," said a genius, The druggist handed him a bottle of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mrs. Leonard Stoddard, who visited friends and relatives in Philadelphia and other points in Pennsylyania, returned to her home in Oakland last Friday night.

One Minute Cough Cure touches the right spot. It also touches it at the right time if you take it when you have a cough or cold. See the point? Then don't cough. Oakland Pharmacy.

The church column this week is edited by Rev. Romanus Mattingly, pastor of St. Peter,s Catholic church. The article contributed by him is well worth the reading of all. Next week Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, pastor of St. Paul's church, will have charge of this department.

Quick in effect, heals and leaves no scar. Burning, scaly skin eruptions quickly cured by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, Applied to burns, scalds, old sores, it is magical in effect. Always cures piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Howard Smouse, who has spent several years in the employ of J. M. Davis & Son as clerk in their hardware store, left on Saturday for Terra Alta. Mr. Smouse, together with his brother, will engage in the hardware business in the above place.

Don't invite disappointment by experimenting. Depend upon One Minute Cough Cure and you have immediate relief, It cures croup. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results. Oakland Pharmacy.

There will be services at St. Paul's M. E. Church next Sunday, January 26. Rev. L. A. Rudisill, of Mt. Lake Park, will preach at 10.30 a. m. The evening service will be in charge of Rev. J. M. Davis. All are cordially invited to these services.

Soothing, healing, cleansing. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the enemy to sores, wounds and piles, which it never fails to cure. Stops itching and burning. Cures chapped lips and cold-sores in two or three hours. Oakland Pharmacy.

A lighted lamp fell from the ceiling of the room above Mr. A. Nelson's meat store Monday night and exploded. The flames spread over the floor, but by the quick action of a number of persons in the room at the time the fire was extinguished without doing much damage. The fire department was on hand within two minutes after the alarm was given but as usural the fire was out when it arrived.

J. W. Pierce, Republic, Ia., says: "I have used One Minute Cough Cure in my family and for myself, with results so entirely satisfactory that I can hardly find words to express myself as to its merit. I will never fail to recommend it to others, on every occasion that presents itself." Oakland Pharmacy.

Carlton Cornwall, foreman of the Gazette, Middletown, N. J., believes that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy should be in every home. He used it for a cold and it effected a speedy cure. He says: "It is indeed a grand remedy, I can recommend to all. I have also seen it used for whooping cough, with the best results." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Money to loan on first mortgage on improved town property in Oakland. Mt. Lake Park, Deer Park and Loch Lynn Heights. Apply to E. H. Sincell, Attorney, Oakland, Md. 44-tf

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

There is good reason for the popularity of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Davis & Buzard, of West Monterey, Clarion Co., Pa., say: "It has cured people that our physicians could do nothing for. We persuaded them to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and they now recommend it with the rest of us." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by the Oakland Pharmacy.

An exchange thus truthfully puts it; "Just let your subscription go. Its only a dollar or two—the publisher don't need it. If he asks you for it get just as mad as you can and tell him to stop the paper—you never read it anyhow. Then go and borrow your neighbor's. When the reporter comes for news always be busy. Make him feel as if he were an intruder—that your time is worth $100 a minute. When the advertising and job man comes tell him you don't need to advertise—everybody knows you; that you will try to get along without any printed stationery—it's too expensive; that business is slack and you must economize. Never drop in to see the editor unless you want a free complimentary notice or a lengthy obituary for a beloved relative. Never recommend the paper to anybody. When you speak of it always say, "Yes, we have a little sheet but it don't amount to much." Keep this up a year or two and you will have a dead newspaper, a dead set of merchants and a dead town."

"I know an old soldier who had chronic diarrhoea of long standing to have been permanently cured by taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," says Edward Shumpik, a prominent druggist of Minneapolis, Minn. "I have sold the remedy in this city for over seven years and consider it superior to any other medicine on the market for bowel complaint." 25 and 50 cent bottles of this remedy for sale at the Oakland Pharmacy.

Many stubborn and aggravating cases of rheumatism that were believed to be incurable and accepted as life legacies, have yielded to Chamberlain's Pain Balm, much to the surprise and gratification of the sufferers. One application will relieve the pain and suffering and its continued use insures an effectual cure. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper under the caption "We Loan Money." The Mutual Guarantee Building and Loan Association which he is representing is one of the strongest new financial institutions in the country and the largest new Building and Loan Association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management is developing it very fast. Its assets have already reached over $2,000,000, which proves it to be positively reliable in every respect. The men that carry it on are responsible and well known gentlemen. This is a good association for the investor as well as for borrower. It has a life insurance policy connected with it which beats anything in any other association. It is good for both young and old and especially for the young man, as this policy matures in 7 years, the others in 8 years. So anyone wishing to make and save money rapidly will do well to invest in this association. Those desiring to borrow or invest will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars.

Coal! Coal!

At the Channcey Kimmell mine, 4 cents per bushel for lump; 75 cents per ton for lime stone coal. Always on hand. 43-4*

Land For Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale [illegible] acres of the tract of land known as "Round Glade," lying in District No. 7, about four miles north of Oakland. For terms apply to F. [illegible]thken, Deer Park, Md. 43-4

For Sale.

[illegible] acres, more or less, of good timber, 11 room dwelling, large orchard of never failing fruit. Make good summer stock farm. For particulars call on premises or address, Mrs. Thos. Cornwall, Sunnyside, Md. 46-5t*

When she was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

$20 Reward.

I will pay a reward of $20 to any one giving information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the person who strewed poison along the streets and in the yards and gardens in Oakland and thus poisoned my setter dog.

46-4t J. M. JARBOE.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending January 25, 1896, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Mr. P. O. J. Ruben Mr. Geo. Nevill
Mr. Charles Annise Miss Sallie M. Farber

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

For Sale.

A large Lighthouse double heating stove. Will sell for cash or trade for lumber. Call at furniture room.

D. E. BOLDEN.

The Oakland School of Music.

Which was closed on Thanksgiving for a short vacation, will reopen classes on Thursday, January 2nd, 1896. I take occasion here to thank the many friends for past favors, and to kindly solicit a continuance of the same during 1896. I seek to please all—to disappoint none. Day and evening classes open for piano, violin, organ and vocal culture. A special teacher will be employed to give lessons on the mandolin, guitar and banjo. For terms, etc., address, MRS. K. R. RASCHE.

43-3 Oakland, Md.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

Died.

WILLETT.—On January 14, 1896. John Willett, aged 47 years, 11 months and 29 days. The funeral occurred on January 16, the services being conducted at Underwood Chapel by Rev. D. R. Wagner and interment made in the Miller burying ground.

CASEY.—At his residence near Hutton on Monday morning, Jan. 20, 1896, Mr. James Casey, aged about sixty-eight years. The remains were brought to Oakland Tuesday morning and conveyed to St. Peter's Catholic church, where Rev. Romanus Mattingly said mass for the repose of the soul of the dead. From the church the remains were taken to the Catholic cemetery and interred.

To The Public.

Fifty pairs of shoes will be given away in 1896 by the Great Bargain Store. For every twenty-five dollars' worth of goods purchased for cash, the customer will be presented with a pair of shoes free, also the one having purchased the largest amount during the year will be presented with a ten-dollar gold piece.

LEWIS GORTNER,

Agent for the Weaver Organ, the best in quality and price. Sample on hand. 46-3t

A Handsome Wedding.

The following notice of the wedding of Dr. Ravenscroft, brother of Senator Ravenscroft, of Accident, and Miss Vernie Smith, of Hoyes, appeared in the Kingwood *Journal* of the 9th inst:

HENRY, December 27.—This evening at the hotel of J. D. Browning the most brilliant wedding of the season took place when Miss Vernie Smith become the wife of Dr. Ravenscroft, a rising young doctor of this community. At ten o'clock the wedding march was played by Mrs. Effie Browning, when the bride and groom, preceded by their attendents, proceeded to the spacious parlor, which was handsomely decorated with lace and flowers, in the east window were pronounced man and wife by Rev. Woodruff, of the M. E. church. The natural beauty of the bride was enhanced by an elegant tan colored satin, and the groom was attired in conventional black. Mr. Joseph Feather and wife of "Hacklebarney" were the attendants. Aside from Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Browning and Mrs. Vanmeter, the hostess, were the following guests: Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Feather, Mr. and Mrs. Zal White, Mr. and Mrs Frank Jenkins, Mrs. Hannah Engle, Mr. Ora Feather, Miss Mary Engle, Miss Effie White, Mr. Chas. Engle and two gentlemen from Fairmont. After congratulations were tendered the happy couple by the friends above named, the shooting of firecrackers and the tooting of horns on the outside indicated the fact that a number of friends had collected together for the purpose of giving them an old time serenade which was done. The next day, (Saturday) the Doctor and his fair lady went to Accident, Md., there to remain for three months in order to take charge of the practice of his brother who was elected to the State Senate of Maryland. May success attend you Doctor, and may your pathway through life be strewn with flowers.

Real Estate Transfers.

Benj. F. White and Roland P. Crellin to the Preston Lumber and Coal Co., twenty acres of "Small Meadows;" $449.13.

J. A. Connell et al. to O. W. Stull & Co., 15,350 feet of Loraw property; $175.

Eugene Teets and wife to Wm. L. Riley, 21 acres of land; $421.

Parley DeBerry et al. to O. W. Stull & Co., lot of ground in Crellin $500.

Yough Manor Land Co. to M. C. and Lucian Teets, 107 acres of land; $321.

John P. Hubbard and wife to James M. Spiker, military lot 1183. 50 acres; $50, etc.

John A. Connell et al. to Preston Lumber and Coal Co. 6 acres Loraw mill property; $300.

Joel Diehl to School Commissioners, ½ acre of land; $1.

John H. Georg and wife to School Commissioners, ½ acre of land; $18.

Christopher Miller and wife to School Commissioners, ½ acre of land; $10.

Elijah E. Harvey and wife to School Commissioners, ½ acre of land; $1.

Wm. H. Hall to School Commissioners, ½ acre of land; $10.

Charles Miller and wife to School Commissioners, ½ acre of land in Swanton; $50.

Samuel C. Lorchel and wife to School Commissioners, ½ acre of land; $1.

Theo. Beckman and wife to School Commissioners, 84 perches of land; $1.

Edward Z. Tower, executor, to Wm. Hinebaugh and other trustees of the Ev. Lutheran Church of Oakland, part of lot No. 4 in Totten's sub-division to Oakland; $1400.

G. S. Hamill and J. T. Mitchell trustees, to Samuel W. Vandersall, line of railway of the Deer Park and Pittsburg Connecting Railway Co; $1500.

Fred A. Thayer, attorney in fact to Sarah E. Fries, lots Nos. 31, 32 and 33 in East End; $240.

Truman Mosser et al. to J. F. Friend, jr., lot No. 12 in Swantou; $50.

Lloyd Lowndes and wife to Albert G. Ross, lots 47 and 48, Brant's addition to Oaktand; $250.

Louisa Stanton ot ux. to Wm. T. Stanton, all their undivided interest in military lots 2264, 2265, 2266 and 2267 fifty acres each; $2000.

Louisa Stanton et al. to Mandana Hachmau, all their undivided interests in military lots Nos. 2214, 2215, 2216 and 2217, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2262, 2263; $1500.

Louisa Stanton et al. to Mary A. Custer, all their undivided interest in Warnick's New Settlement, 107 acres and 156½ perches; also part of Palo Alto, 110 acres and 91 perches; $1800.

Louisa Stanton to Annabel Resh, "Linnger Luck," 125 acres, and military lots Nos. 2575, 2576, 2577, and 2578, fifty acres each; $1800.

Louisa Stanton et al. to Thomas Stanton, their undivided interests in military lots Nos. 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, and also 2½ acres of Kelly Lots; $1500.

Elizabeth F. Cecil to Thomas Gerry, four acres and fifty-seven perches of lot 3279; $43.56.

John P. Hubbard and wife to W. T. and Henry Sines, military lots Nos. 1562, 1563, 1564, 1546, 1548; $450.

Rudolph Beckman and wife to Emma McRobie, 56¼ acres of "Hinch's Discovery;" $280.

Mt. Lake Park Association to Oscar F. Hall, lot 1138 in Mt. Lake Park; $200.

Mt. Home Co. to Mrs. D. L. Wagner, lot of ground in Loch Lynn Heights; $260.

FREE
COURSE BY MAIL
WITH THE
Capital City Commercial College.

TO ADVERTISE OUR COLLEGE
We will give a thorough course of instruction in Double and Single Entry Book-keeping and Commercial Arithmetic, by mail,

FREE OF CHARGE

to a limited number of persons. This course will be completed in forty lessons. No charge for diplomas.

ADDRESS,
CAPITAL CITY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,
P. O. DRAWER B,
TOPEKA, - KANSAS.
26—1yr

MOUNTAIN STATE
Business College,
PARKERSBURG, W. VA.
Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

Malette

Has just received a big line of Xmas Goods, Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, Candies, Fruits, which he will sell at a very low price. We have anything you want.

All kinds of produce taken in exchange for goods.

Don't forget the Diamond Ring. You may be the lucky one.

Give us a call.

W. H. Malette.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1896 NUMBER 46.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings In and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

Send your job work to THE REPUBLICAN office.

MONEY TO LOAN.—J. C. Renninger, attorney at law, Oakland, Md. 46-4t.

Mr. Samuel Lawton made a business trip to Piedmont Tuesday morning.

Mr. Washington Taylor, of Friendsville, was here on business yesterday.

Mr. R. P. Crellin, of White Haven, Pa., was here and at Crellin on last Friday.

Judge David W. Sloan, of Cumberland, was in town a few hours on Friday last.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Mr. R. T. Frazee, of Friendsvill, House, was in the city last evening and this morning.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

DeWitt Minard furnishes coal delivered into your coal houses from the Deal mine for $2.10 per ton.

FOR SALE.—A double heating Lighthouse stove. Apply to Miss Ella Jamison, Oakland, Md. 46-3t.

Miss Blanche Riley, of Elkins, W. Va., has been here for several days visiting friends in and abont town.

WANTED.—A man to sell fertilizer; good salary guaranteed. apply P. O. box, 41, Oakland, Md.

Messrs. Samuel C. and William D. Hoye, of Deer Park, were here Tuesday for a few hours on business.

Mr. J. Lee Harne, of Clarksburg, W. Va., spent Sunday in town as the guest of friends and relatives.

Miss Ella Jamison went to Cumberland Tuesday morning to spend a few weeks with relatives and friends.

Have you used agricultural lime? If not address the Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va., for prices.

Have you used agricultural lime? If not address the Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va., for prices. 45-tf.

Mr. Walter D. Collier, of Friendsville, was in the city a few hours yesterday. He returned to his home this morning.

Mrs. Amanda Hyde, of Brandonville, W. Va., is here on a visit to her son, Mr. F. G. Hyde and his estimable wife.

For prices on agricultural lime, delivered in car load lots, address Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont W. Va.

It not only is so, it must be so. One Minute Cough Cure acts quickly, and that's what makes it go. Oakland Parmacy.

Mrs. Robert Felty returned from Buckhannon, W. Va., Friday where she had been for several weeks visiting friends and relatives.

For prices on agricultural lime, delivered in car load lots, address Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va. 45-tf

Rose-comb American Dominique cockerls, $1 each at express station; 25 cents less at farm. Jonas B. Miller, Grantsville, Md. 43-*3

During the present month THE REPUBLICAN and *New York Weekly Tribune* will be furnished to all new and old subscribers who pay one year in advance.

Ex-Sheriff Charles Wegman was up from Grantsville a couple of days last week attending to the selling of some property which he had previously advertised.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot went to Kingwood this morning where he will assist Rev. S. P. Crummett in the revival services now being held there.

Mr. T. J. Peddicord and daughter, Mrs. G. O. Miller, and Miss Rebecca Thayer left Saturday morning for the former's home in Covington, Ky.

A high liver with a torpid liver will not be a long liver. Correct the liver with DeWitt's Little Early Risers, little pills that cure dyspepsia and constipation. Oakland Pharmacy.

The residence of School Commissionor Samuel C. Hoye at Deer Park was discovered to be on fire Tuesday night, caused by a defective flue. An alarm was sounded and the fire put out before it had done much damage.

"Give me a liver regulator and I can regulate the world." said a genius, The druggist handed him a bottle of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mrs. Leonard Stoddard, who visited friends and relatives in Philapelphia and other points in Pennsylvania, returned to her home in Oakland last Friday night.

One Minute Cough Cure touches the right spot. It also touches it at the right time if you take it when you have a cough or cold. See the point? Then don't cough. Oakland Pharmacy.

The church column this week is edited by Rev. Romanus Mattingly, pastor of St. Peter,s Catholic church. The article contributed by him is well worth the reading of all. Next week Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, pastor of St. Paul's church, will have charge of this department.

Quick in effect, heals and leaves no scar. Burning, scaly skin eruptions quickly cured by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, Applied to burns, scalds, old sores, it is magical in effect. Always cures piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Howard Smouse, who has spent several years in the employ of J. M. Davis & Son as clerk in their hardware store, left on Saturday for Terra Alta. Mr. Smouse, together with his brother, will engage in the hardware business in the above place.

Don't invite disappointment by experimenting. Depend upon One Minute Cough Cure and you have immediate relief. It cures croup. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results. Oakland Pharmacy.

There will be services at St. Paul's M. E. Church next Sunday, January 26. Rev. L. A. Rudisill, of Mt. Lake Park, will preach at 10.30 a. m. The evening service will be in charge of Rev. J. M. Davis. All are cordially invited to these services.

Soothing, healing, cleansing. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the enemy to sores, wounds and piles, which it never fails to cure. Stops itching and burning. Cures chapped lips and cold-sores in two or three hours. Oakland Pharmacy.

A lighted lamp fell from the ceiling of the room above Mr. A. Nelson's meat store Monday night and exploded. The flames spread over the floor, but by the quick action of a number of persons in the room at the time the fire was extinguished without doing much damage. The fire department was on hand within two minutes after the alarm was given but as usural the fire was out when it arrived.

J. W. Pierce, Republic, Ia., says: "I have used One Minute Cough Cure in my family and for myself, with results so entirely satisfactory that I can hardly find words to express myself as to its merit. I will never fail to recommend it to others, on every occasion that presents itself." Oakland Pharmacy.

Carlton Cornwall, foreman of the Gazette, Middletown, N. J., believes that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy should be in every home. He used it for a cold and it effected a speedy cure. He says: "It is indeed a grand remedy, I can recommend to all. I have also seen it used for whooping cough, with the best results." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Money to loan on first mortgage on improved town property in Oakland, Mt. Lake Park, Deer Park and Loch Lynn Heights. Apply to E. H. Sincell, Attorney, Oakland, Md. 44-tf

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

There is good reason for the popularity of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Davis & Buzard, of West Monterey, Clarion Co., Pa., say: "It has cured people that our physicians could do nothing for. We persuaded them to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and they now recommend it with the rest of us." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by the Oakland Pharmacy.

An exchange thus truthfully puts it; "Just let your subscription go. Its only a dollar or two—the publisher don't need it. If he asks you for it get just as mad as you can and tell him to stop the paper—you never read it anyhow. Then go and borrow your neighbor's. When the reporter comes for news always be busy. Make him feel as if he were an intruder—that your time is worth $100 a minute. When the advertising and job man comes tell him you don't need to advertise—everybody knows you; that you will try to get along without any printed stationery—it's too expensive; that business is slack and you must economize. Never drop in to see the editor unless you want a free complimentary notice or a lengthy obituary for a beloved relative. Never recommend the paper to anybody. When you speak of it always say, "Yes, we have a little sheet but it don't amount to much." Keep this up a year or two and you will have a dead newspaper, a dead set of merchants and a dead town."

"I know an old soldier who had chronic diarrhoea of long standing to have been permanently cured by taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," says Edward Shumpik, a prominent druggist of Minneapolis, Minn. "I have sold the remedy in this city for over seven years and consider it superior to any other medicine on the market for bowel complaint." 25 and 50 cent bottles of this remedy for sale at the Oakland Pharmacy.

Many stubborn and aggravating cases of rheumatism that were believed to be incurable and accepted as life legacies, have yielded to Chamberlain's Pain Balm, much to the surprise and gratification of the sufferers. One application will relieve the pain and suffering and its continued use insures an effectual cure. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper under the caption "We Loan Money." The Mutual Guarantee Building and Loan Association which he is representing is one of the strongest new financial institutions in the country and the largest new Building and Loan Association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management is developing it very fast. Its assets have already reached over $2,000,000, which proves it to be positively reliable in every respect. The men that carry it on are responsible and well known gentlemen. This is a good association for the investor as well as for borrower. It has a life insurance policy connected with it which beats anything in any other association. It is good for both young and old and especially for the young man, as this policy matures in 7 years, the others in 8 years. So anyone wishing to make and save money rapidly will do well to invest in this association. Those desiring to borrow or invest will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars.

Coal! Coal!

At the Channcey Kimmell mine, 4 cents per bushel for lump; 75 cents per ton for lime stone coal. Always on hand. 43-4*

Land For Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale 127 acres of the tract of land known as "Round Glade," lying in District No. 7, about four miles north of Oakland. For terms apply to F. R. Nethken, Deer Park, Md. 43-4

For Sale.

25 acres, more or less, of good land, 50 of fine timber, 11 room dwelling, large orchard of never failing fruit. Make good summer resort or stock farm. For particulars, call on premises or address, Mrs. Thos. Cornwall, Sunnyside, Md. 46-5t*

When she was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

$20 Reward.

I will pay a reward of $20 to any one giving information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the person who strewed poison along the streets and in the yards and gardens in Oakland and thus poisoned my setter dog.

46-4t J. M. JARBOE.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending January 25, 1896, the parties addressed being unkuown to the postmaster.

Mr. P. O. J. Ruben Mr. Geo. Nevill
Mr. Charles Annise Miss Sallie M. Farber

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

For Sale.

A large Lighthouse double heating stove. Will sell for cash or trade for lumber. Call at furniture room.

D. E. BOLDEN.

The Oakland School of Music.

Which was closed on Thanksgiving for a short vacation, will reopen classes on Thursday, January 2nd. I take occasion here to thank all my friends for past favors, and to kindly solicit a continuance of the same during 1896. I seek to please all—to disappoint none. Day and evening classes open for piano, violin, organ and vocal culture. A special teacher will be employed to give lessons on the mandolin, guitar and banjo. For terms, etc., address, MRS. K. R. RASCHE.

43-3 Oakland, Md.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

Died.

WILLETT.—On January 14, 1896. John Willett, aged 47 years, 11 months and 29 days. The funeral occurred on January 16, the services being conducted at Underwood Chapel by Rev. D. R. Wagner and interment made in the Miller burying ground.

CASEY.—At his residence near Hutton on Monday morning, Jan. 20, 1896, Mr. James Casey, aged about sixty-eight years. The remains were brought to Oakland Tuesday morning and conveyed to St. Peter's Catholic church, where Rev. Romanus Mattingly said mass for the repose of the soul of the dead. From the church the remains were taken to the Catholic cemetery and interred.

To The Public.

Fifty pairs of shoes will be given away in 1896 by the Great Bargain Store. For every twenty-five dollars' worth of goods purchased for cash, the customer will be presented with a pair of shoes free, also the one having purchased the largest amount during the year will be presented with a ten-dollar gold piece.

LEWIS GORTNER,

Agent for the Weaver Organ, the best in quality and price. Sample on hand. 46-3t

A Handsome Wedding.

The following notice of the wedding of Dr. Ravenscroft, brother of Senator Ravenscroft, of Accident, and Miss Vernie Smith, of Hoyes, appeared in the Kingwood *Journal* of the 9th inst:

HENRY, December 27.—This evening at the hotel of J. D. Browning the most brilliant wedding of the season took place when Miss Vernie Smith become the wife of Dr. Ravenscroft, a rising young doctor of this community. At ten o'clock the wedding march was played by Mrs. Effie Browning, when the bride and groom, preceded by their attendents, proceeded to the spacious parlor, which was handsomely decorated with lace and flowers, in the east window were pronounced man and wife by Rev. Woodruff, of the M. E. church. The natural beauty of the bride was enhanced by an elegant tan colored satin, and the groom was attired in couventional black. Mr. Joseph Feather and wife of "Hacklebarney" were the attendants. Aside from Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Browning and Mrs. Vanmeter, the hostess, were the following guests: Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Feather, Mr. and Mrs. Zal White, Mr. and Mrs Frank Jenkins, Mrs. Hannah Engle, Mr. Ora Feather, Miss Mary Engle, Miss Effie White, Mr. Chas. Engle and two gentlemen from Fairmont. After congratulations were tendered the happy couple by the friends above named, the shooting of firecrackers and the tooting of horns on the outside indicated the fact that a number of friends had collected together for the purpose of giving them an old time serenade which was done. The next day, (Saturday) the Doctor and his fair lady went to Accident, Md., there to remain for three months in order to take charge of the practice of his brother who was elected to the State Senate of Maryland. May success attend you Doctor, and may your pathway through life be strewn with flowers.

Real Estate Transfers.

Benj. F. White and Roland P. Crellin to the Preston Lumber and Coal Co., twenty acres of "Small Meadows;" $449.13.

J. A. Connell et al. to O. W. Stull & Co., 15,350 feet of Loraw property; $175.

Eugene Teets and wife to Wm. L. Riley, 21 acres of land; $421.

Parley DeBerry et al. to O. W. Stull & Co., lot of ground in Crellin $500.

Yough Manor Land Co. to M. C. and Lucian Teets, 107 acres of land; $321.

John P. Hubbard and wife to James M. Spiker, military lot 1183. 50 acres; $50, etc.

John A. Connell et al. to Preston Lumber and Coal Co. 6 acres Loraw mill property; $300.

Joel Diehl to School Commissioners, ½ acre of land; $1.

John H. Georg and wife to School Commissioners, ½ acre of land; $18.

Christopher Miller and wife to School Commissioners, ½ acre of land; $10.

Elijah E. Harvey and wife to School Commissioners, ½ acre of land; $1.

Wm. H. Hall to School Commissioners, ½ acre of land; $10.

Charles Miller and wife to School Commissioners, ½ acre of land in Swanton; $50.

Samuel C. Lorchel and wife to School Commissioners, ½ acre of land; $1.

Theo. Beckman and wife to School Commissioners, 84 perches of land; $1.

Edward Z. [illegible] executor, to Wm. Hinebaugh [illegible] other trustees of the Ev. Lutheran Church of Oakland, part of lot No. 4 in Totten's sub-division to Oakland; $1400.

G. S. Hamill and J. T. Mitchell trustees, to Samuel W. Vandersall, line of railway of the Deer Park and Pittsburg Connecting Railway Co; $1500.

Fred A. Thayer, attorney in fact to Sarah E. Fries, lots Nos. 31, 32 and 33 in East End; $240.

Truman Mosser et al. to J. F. Friend, jr., lot No. 12 in Swanton; $50.

Lloyd Lowndes and wife to Albert G. Ross, lots 47 and 48, Brant's addition to Oakland; $250.

Louisa Stanton et at. to Wm. T. Stanton, all their undivided interest in military lots 2264, 2265, 2266 and 2267 fifty acres each; $2000.

Louisa Stanton et al. to Mandana Hachman, all their undivided interests in military lots Nos. 2214, 2215, 2216 and 2217, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2262, 2263; $1500.

Louisa Stanton et al. to Mary A. Custer, all their undivided interest in Warnick's New Settlement, 107 acres and 156¼ perches; also part of Palo Alto, 110 acres and 91 perches; $1800.

Louisa Stanton to Annabel Resh, "Liringer Luck," 125 acres, and military lots Nos. 2575, 2576, 2577, and 2578, fifty acres each; $1800.

Louisa Stanton et al. to Thomas Stanton, their undivided interests in military lots Nos. 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, and also 2½ acres of Kelly Lots; $1500.

Elizabeth F. Cecil to Thomas Gerry, four acres and fifty-seven perches of lot 3279; $43.56.

John P. Hubbard and wife to W. T. and Henry Sines, military lots Nos. 1562, 1563, 1564, 1546, 1548; $450.

Rudolph Beckman and wife to Emma McRobie, 56¼ acres of "Hinch's Discovery;" $280.

Mt. Lake Park Association to Oscar F. Hall, lot 1138 in Mt. Lake Park; $200.

Mt. Home Co. to Mrs. D. L. Wagner, lot of ground in Loch Lynn Heights; $260.

FREE
COURSE BY MAIL
WITH THE
Capital City Commercial College.

TO ADVERTISE OUR COLLEGE
We will give a thorough course of instruction in Double and Single Entry Book-keeping and Commercial Arithmetic, by mail,

FREE OF CHARGE

to a limited number of persons. This course will be completed in forty lessons. No charge for diplomas.

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CAPITAL CITY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,
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MOUNTAIN STATE
Business College,
PARKERSBURG, W. VA.
Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

Malette

Has just received a big line of Xmas Goods, Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, Candies, Fruits, which he will sell at a very low price. We have anything you want.

All kinds of produce taken in exchange for goods.

Don't forget the Diamond Ring. You may be the lucky one.

Give us a call.

W. H. Malette.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

A MOUNTAINEER'S STORY.

OME years ago, while on an extended hunting tour on the Rocky mountains, Colorado, I, one afternoon, became separated from my party, and finally lost my way in a particularly wild and—to me—utterly unknown region.

Unfortunately, I had no compass with me, and could form no idea as to my whereabouts, nor could I get an answer to any of my repeated signal shots.

So at last I ceased wasting ammunition, which might yet be wanted to procure food, and wandered helplessly to and fro until, with bitter cold, darkness closed in around me. Then, gropingly getting a few dry sticks, I was about to kindle a fire and pass the night as best I could, when, not very far away, I heard that, under the circumstances, most welcome sound—the barking of a dog! Struggling toward it through scrubby underbrush, over or around huge bowlders and into and out of black ravines, I presently saw the front of a lonely cabin, from whose open door streamed a flood of light.

But now, evidently scenting my approach, the chained hound bayed so furiously that its owner, rifle in hand, stepped out of the doorway and peered into the surrounding gloom as if expecting to see somewhere the "shine" of a prowling wild beast's eyes. Loudly hailing the man I stated my predicament, and was at once warmly welcomed.

On entering the cabin I found its only occupant to be a mountaineer, apparently about 60 years of age—one who had evidently been at some time in far different circumstances; for, notwithstanding his rough dress, his appearance, language and demeanor were those of a gentleman. Indeed, I afterwards learned that he, John Norwood by name, had once been a prosperous St. Louis merchant; but a failure in business, followed by the death of his wife, had so disgusted him with civilization that, accompanied by his only child, Frank, then only eight years old, he had wandered off to these wilds, where, for nearly a quarter of a century, he and his son—the latter now a man of 33, and temporarily absent on a trip to Denver—had lived by trapping and hunting.

Nothing could exceed Mr. Norwood's hospitable kindness. He quickly prepared for me an appetizing supper of venison and mountain trout, after which we sat far into the night engaged in mutually pleasant converse. When at last shown to the absent Frank's single puma skin of such unusual size and so beautifully dressed that I could not forbear expressing my admiration of it.

"Yes, it's a magnificent pelt," said the old hunter. "We've had it 12 years, and no money could buy it. But you must go to rest now, and hear its history to-morrow."

Next morning, on seeing in one corner of the hut a particularly heavy and formidably-spiked bear trap, I remarked:

"That's a fearful-looking affair, Mr. Norwood. Any wild beast caught in those terrible jaws would have small chance of escape."

"Or any human being, either," significantly replied my host. "But look here" (baring his still sinewy left arm), "do you see those scars above and below the elbow?"

"Very plainly, indeed," I answered. "But surely—"

"Yes, sir, they were made by the teeth of that identical trap."

"Great Heaven, man!" I exclaimed.

"I PRESENTLY SAW THE FRONT OF A LONELY CABIN."

"Do you really mean to say that you were caught in it?"

"Not only caught, but held there 48 hours," was the astounding reply.

Shuddering with horror, I said: "Please tell me about it, Mr. Norwood."

"Well, sir, a long time ago, when my son, then about 20 years of age, had gone to Denver with a burro load of furs, I went out alone one morning to visit my traps. I soon got around to all, except two that were set close to a spring in Bear gulch. On reaching there I was surprised to find both spring and the baits gone; and, from unmistakable signs, I knew that some large animal had robbed them early that morning or the night before.

"Determining to catch the crafty brute, I made very careful preparations for that purpose. First, I shot a deer and laid its carcass near the spring. Then I placed logs and brushwood in such a manner as to render it impossible for any beast to get at the meat except from two directions, in each of which would be a trap that the thief must pass over in order to reach the dead deer.

"I had properly set and concealed the lighter trap about 15 feet to the right of the bait, and was pressing down the spring of the heavier one on the left—the very trap you're now looking at—when the pole I was using as a lever broke off and I fell into its half-opened jaws, which, suddenly closed by the released spring, caught my left arm, just then bent at right angles, and drove those terrible spikes through muscles and tendons to the bone, causing such exquisite pain that I fainted away.

"Many hours must have passed before I came to, for when I did so it was dark. The nights are always chilly up here, and now, in addition to the agony of my wounds, I began to suffer from cold. But all this was as nothing compared with the horror I felt at my fearful position—lying at full length on the ground and held fast in a 100-pound trap secured by a strong chain and staple to a sapling!

"On reflecting that some beast of prey, probably a grizzly or cinnamon bear, had eaten the bait from this same trap not long before, I felt convinced that he would come back for more, and that I, not the more conveniently placed deer, would furnish his next meal. I half deliriously wondered how the brute would begin on me; whether he would take my head, leg or arm first. I even speculated as to how he would enjoy such an unusual feast!

"The horrors of that awful night are utterly beyond my powers of description. Minutes seemed hours, and hours weeks. To my tortured fancy, the swaying trees became monstrous wild beasts, thirsting for my blood, and the snapping of wind-swept twigs the crunching of my bones. Yet, strange to say, no unfriendly creature came near me.

"When morning came, and the sun had climbed high in a cloudless sky, its fierce rays beat down upon me and added to my sufferings that most intolerable one of all—a raging thirst. For a single draught of water from the spring so near at hand and yet, to me, so impossible of access, I would have given all I possessed in the world.

"Slowly, oh, so slowly, in my unutterable anguish, the day wore on, and soon would close down on another night of terror. In that lonely gulch, scores of miles from any human habitation, there was no hope of rescue. Why prolong my agony? I determined to end it. Surely such a resolve could not be sinful, since, either from ravenous beasts or exhaustion, if not from cold, I must inevitably perish before next morning. My rifle stood against a bush, which I could reach by dragging the trap to the length of its chain in a half circle, and this I did, but fainted again from excessive pain as I touched the gun.

"When I revived, the sun was low, but my resolve was unshaken. There zine. I threw one up into the chamber, and set the hammer at full cock. I would place the muzzle to my forehead, pull the trigger with my moccasined toe and so end my sufferings. Still I hesitated. First I must pray that my sin, if such it were, might be forgiven, and that my son might never know that I had taken my own life.

"While revolving this thought, I heard a rustling in the brush at my back, and next moment a big buck, closely followed by the largest mountain lion, or puma, I have ever seen, darted past me. The great cat sprang at the deer just as the latter leaped over and clear of the set trap, alighting on the terrified creature's haunches, but could not maintain its hold. The powerful buck shook him off right on top of the trap, and he was caught by one of his hind legs.

"At this, the astonished brute screeched and yelled in frantic rage, as he thrashed around in his efforts to escape; but, like the one holding me, the trap was chained to a tree, and, soon giving up, the cowardly beast laid himself down, whining and moaning like a whipped cur.

"Admonished by my own sufferings, I ought, perhaps, to have pitied the unfortunate creature and put him out of misery by a merciful rifle-shot. But, cruel as it may seem, I felt a sort of comfort in having a companion in misfortune. This startling incident restored my senses and banished all thoughts of self-destruction. I would manfully await death, in whatever shape it might come, and would prolong my life to the last possible moment.

"Wholly engrossed by his own tortures, the lion had not yet seen me, but soon his sense of smell detected my presence, and, rising on three legs, he gazed at me with evident fear. Then he tried to slink into the brush; but the chained trap prevented, and the pain caused by his abortive movements roused him again to such furious anger that, screaming in frenzied rage, he dashed blindly toward me. It was useless. He could not reach me, and so sank to the ground once more, spitting, snarling and gnashing his teeth.

"There we lay, not 30 yards apart, through all that second night. The lion could doubtless see me plainly, but I could see only his baleful eyes, glowing in the darkness like two balls of green fire, and hear his harsh cries and pitiful howling, which last, I presume, warned other beasts away; for, so far as I know, none such ever approached us.

"Once again the sun rose, bright and clear, but I no longer dreaded it. I felt no thirst now—no hunger—no pain. Nature had given out; a deadly numbness had crept over my long tortured nerves, and life was fast ebbing away, when suddenly, as in a dream, I seemed to hear a distant shot and then a thrice repeated, 'Hello! Hello! Hello!' I tried to answer, but my voice was gone. Again and again I heard the hope-inspiring sounds, but the loudest res[cue] I could make hardly reached the ears of the chafing brute opposite me. [Tempted] to grasp my rifle to fire, [but] my right hand refused to obey my [will]. It seemed to be completely paralyzed.

"By and by, as I vainly strug[gled] against the hideous nightmare of [help]lessness, there came a trans[port] through the bushes, and, opening [my] fast-glazing eyes, I saw—oh, my [be]Heavens! my son coming straight [along] the path in which lay the captive lion! I tried to utter a warning shout, but no sound came from my swollen lips.

"All unconscious of danger, the boy came on, so intently regarding the trickling spring on his left that he did not notice either my own half-hidden form or that of the low-crouching puma until the savage brute bounded upon him, when he instantly fired [point]-blank raising the rifle above his head. Too late, too late! for I saw the lion's long-armed paw descend upon his head, and he sank to the ground beneath its terrible foe.

"This sight was too much for me. I felt myself about to swoon again, but, by a supreme effort of will, did not. On the contrary, the shock banished my lethargy, power returned to my free limbs, sensation to my nerves and my mind became clear. The lion lay motionless. Had that close shot killed him the moment he [sprang] on my boy? Were both dead?

"A passionate longing to rush and once more embrace my son quickened my wits. I did what I had never thought of doing during my 48 hours of captivity—raised myself partly up, pressed the muzzle of my rifle against a link of the chain and fired. The 52-caliber bullet cracked, but did not wholly break it; and now my only hope was in the remaining cartridge. Murmuring an agonized prayer, I worked the loading lever, threw the cartridge into the chamber and again pulled the trigger; when, oh, joy! the weakened link flew off and the trap was free!

"Then, with my last ounce of strength, and in spite of the awful pain caused by the movement, I dragged myself and the clinging trap to Frank's side. Lifting the dead lion's paw off his blood-stained face, I laid my head on his and groaned in unspeakable anguish; for surely he, too, was dead! I could feel no breath from his lips, no

UNCONSCIOUS OF DANGER, THE BOY CAME ON.

pulsation of his heart. The one solace of my life was gone, and I prayed to die. But such was not God's will. Mercifully, He gave me relief in a flood of blessed tears, and I sank into a deep sleep, the first I had known for two long days and nights.

"When I awoke 'twas midday; my arm was free, and beside me, tenderly bathing my face, knelt my boy, alive and well! That Heaven-directed shot had pierced the lion's brain, and so mitigated the force of its downward blow that it had merely stunned and inflicted a slight scalp wound upon its intended victim.

"I won't attempt to describe the joy of that meeting. No words of mine could do the subject justice. 'Twas as if we had been given back to each other from the grave itself.

"Before accounting for his presence Frank kindled a fire, boiled some coffee, which, with other refreshments, he had providently brought along—soaked biscuit in it and fed me as one might do a baby until it became safe to give me stronger food. Then he told me that on returning from Denver the evening before and not finding me in the cabin he had fired signal shots at intervals all night, and early that morning had started out to look me up, though never for a moment imagining that I could be in real peril. He supposed that I had, perhaps, killed an elk or some other large game at so great a distance from home that I could not get in with the meat that night and might require help.

"After taking off the puma's pelt—the very one you so much admired last evening—we made our way back to this hut, and for several weeks my left arm was entirely useless.

"I'm not at all superstitious, but since then I've never used that trap. I simply can't bear to touch it. Since then, too, we've always kept a hound, not for hunting—game is so plentiful here that one is not required for that—but merely to follow the trail in case either of us, when out alone, should fail to return within a reasonable time."

After thanking Mr. Norwood for his thrilling story I told him in what range our camp was situated, when he very kindly, and without once faltering in his course, guided me to it over a route directly opposite to the one I should have taken! Though myself quite an experienced mountaineer, I had, in my blind wanderings among those lofty peaks and profound ravines, become completely "turned around"—a bewildering state of affairs which any old hunter will readily understand.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Every ancient city of note was located on or near the sea or a river.

BY-PRODUCTS OF THE ABATTOIR

How Every Component of a Slaughtered Animal Is Utilized.

If only the edible portions of slaughtered animals could be utilized, meat would be a luxury and at a high figure, since only about one-third of the weight of the animal consists of products that can be eaten. The utilization of the waste products of large abattoirs as in Chicago, where no fewer than 9,000 steers, 1,000 calves, 15,000 hogs and 6,000 sheep have been received in a single day, becomes a matter of considerable importance. The market value of the by-products represents an enormous sum, and the concentration of small products that a butcher would allow to go to waste. In the process of slaughtering the ox is killed by the blow of a hammer on the head. The jugular vein and carotid artery are cut, permitting the escape of the blood, which is collected. When cold it coagulates. The fluid portion, containing soluble salts, is liberated. It is employed for sizing paper. The best qualities of blood are used in refining sugar. The sugar contains many impurities. When dissolved in a solution of water and pure ox blood and heated, the albumen of the blood rises as a scum and carries the impurities in suspension. The sugar is afterward filtered through cotton and then bone-black. The latter is also a product of the abattoir, being made from calcined bones. Inferior qualities of blood are used for many purposes, as in the manufacture of buttons, which are hard to distinguish from hard rubber ones. The poorest quality of blood mixed with other by-products is used as a fertilizer. The skin is converted into leather. The portions of the stomach, intestines, etc., are separated into the parts that go to the drying-room, the portion that enters into the composition of fertilizers, and also that which is to be converted into oil and then into margarine and butterine. Residue particles of meat and fat are collected and sold to manufacturers of axle grease, soap and candles. The bladder is cleaned, inflated, tied, dried, and sold to manufacturers of mastic, snuff, etc. As the bladder is impermeable no evaporation occurs, hence, its use also by the perfumer and druggist for covering corks of bottles.

The guts, which are treated in a similar manner, are glued together end to end and used in breweries for lining pipes, so as to prevent the beer from coming in contact with the metal. The intestines are also prepared for goldbeaters' use, in which alternate layers of skin and gold leaf are beaten to about one ten-millionth of a millimeter. This delicate membrane formed from the external membrane of the large intestine of the ox, is of particular value. It is used in surgery for closing wounds and for making plasters. Glue is made from the coarser and gelatine from the finer parts of such by-products as parings of skins, the ears, a portion of the tail, the feet, the muzzle, the bones of the skull and jaws, and the interior of the horns. The hair from the interior of the ears is very fine and used in making cheap "camel's" hair brushes. The feet, freed from the horn, serve for the manufacture of an oil used to dress leather. The horns can be heated, welded, split, colored, molded, etc., and imitate many well-known objects. The hair removed in making glue is burned in a closed vessel, and serves for the manufacture of ammonia, used extensively in refrigerating machines. Even the undigested food in the stomach, hay and Indian corn, is compressed and dried, and forms a food known as "Texas nut." The young calves furnish the rennet used in cheese, etc. The bile (ox gall) is used for cleaning and painting and binding. Large quantities of excellent fertilizing material are produced from miscellaneous offal. The same by-products are obtained from the hog as from the ox, with pepsin and bristles in addition.—Scientific American.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Hints Gathered Here, There and Everywhere.

Common seashore sand will greatly improve the appearance of old velvet and remove all the dust. Sprinkle the velvet well with the fine sand and then brush until none remains, always brushing the pile the wrong way.

Funeral flowers are no longer all white, and set pieces are not desired. Boxes of loose flowers are most often sent by friends, although small wreaths are still used, but have become so full that they are more like a round mat of flowers. At a recent funeral each member of a large family laid a wreath of violets on the mother's coffin.

Nice handkerchiefs should not be ironed. When rinsed, pass them through a wringer, after they have been folded in a fine towel. Spread on a sheet of glass (a clean marble-topped table, if that abomination is left in the household, answers), and smooth till every wrinkle is out. The linen or muslin will cling to the marble or glass and dry with that finish that is on the fine, unstarched kerchiefs just from the shops.

Sofa pillows are covered with plain silks in delicate colors and have a three-inch double frill around the edge. A square of renaissance lace is then laid over the pillow and is large enough to partly cover the frill. In place of the plain silk two shades of plain satin ribbons may be used, weaving them in and out, basket fashion, and allowing the ribbons to extend three inches over the pillow and fringe the ends for a finish.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Earth.

"Yes," said Miss Cashton, "Mr. Blickton proposed to me."

"Indeed," said her dearest girl friend; "what was the reply?"

"I told him he wanted the earth."

"Wasn't that—er—just a little exaggerated?"

"No. My father owns a lot of brick yards, you know."—Washington Star.

—The cutting teeth of a rat are always sharp. The outer edge is composed of enamel, this layer being harder than the portion immediately beneath, and the latter, of course, wears away much more rapidly, thus leaving the outer edges always in good condition for work.

—Where it is desirable to see the tongue of a very small child, the object may be accomplished by touching the upper lip with a bit of sweet oil, which will cause the child to protrude its tongue.

$400 IN PRIZES ON OATS AND CORN

Last year we offered $200 for the biggest yield of oats. 209 bushels Silver Mine Oats was the highest. This year we offer $200 more on oats, $100 on Silver King Barley, a barley yielding in 1895 116 bushels per acre, and $100 on Golden Triumph Yellow Dent Corn, the corn of your dreams!

What's Teosinte and Sand Vetch and Sacaline and Lathyrus and Giant Spurry and Giant Incarnate Clover and lots of such things? They'll make you rich if you plant a plenty. Catalogue tells you!

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND it with 10c. postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., LaCrosse, Wis., you will get free 10 grasses and grains, above oats, barley, corn and their catalogue. Catalogue alone, 5c. (K)

Prof. Archibald Geikie, the distinguished British geologist, is coming to the United States soon on a lecturing tour.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

NOT AT HOME.—"Unless he discovers me," she whispered, as she shrank behind the curtains of her window, "he'll find me out." With beating heart she listened, while the hired girl went to the door and made the talk.—Detroit Tribune.

Cheap Excursions to Great Southwest.

On January 14 and 28, February 11 and March 10, 1896, the Santa Fe Route will run a series of homeseekers' excursions from the East to principal points in Arkansas, Arizona, Southern Missouri, Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Texas.

Ticket rate will be about one fare for round-trip, with liberal limits and stop-over privileges. These Santa Fe Route excursions will enable you to take a Midwinter trip to a new country.

By addressing G. T. NICHOLSON, G. P. A., Monadnock Building, Chicago, you can obtain free literature descriptive of the Great Southwest.

WHAT this country needs is maple sugar that will pass a thorough civil service examination at all seasons of the year.—Baltimore American.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is a monthly paper published by the Passenger Department of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. It is designed to give reliable information concerning western farm lands, what can be raised on them successfully, and the experiences of farmers who live in the west. Copies of the paper will be sent to any address for one year on receipt of 25 cents. Postage stamps accepted. Address "The Corn Belt," 209 Adams St., Chicago.

A BRIGHT boy in a Boston school was asked to name six animals of the Arctic zone. With the confidence of a college professor, he promptly answered: "Three polar bears and three seals."

Sebastopol Was Not Impregnable,

For it was taken by assault, but a physique built up, a constitution fortified by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, may bid defiance to the assaults of malarious disease even in localities where it is most prevalent and malignant. Emigrants to the ague-breeding sections of the West should bear this in mind, and start with a supply. The Bitters promptly subdues dyspepsia, rheumatic and kidney complaints, nervousness, constipation and biliousness.

CONSIDERATE.—Father—"Why did you permit young Mushman to kiss you in the parlor last night?" Daughter—"Because I was afraid he'd catch cold in the hall."—Brooklyn Life.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me many a doctor's bill.—S. F. HARDY, Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, '94.

MISS GUSH—"O, captain, were you ever boarded by a pirate?" Capt. Stormis—"Yes. He charged me $11 a day for a hall room on the fourth floor."—Indianapolis Journal.

BEECHAM'S PILLS for constipation 10c and 25c. Get the book (free) at your druggist's and go by it. Annual sales 6,000,000 boxes.

Loss of opportunity is Life's greatest loss. Think of suffering with

NEURALGIA

5 Years 10 Years 15 Years

when the opportunity lies in a bottle of

ST. JACOBS OIL.

IT CURES.

See that

hump?

It's the feature of the DeLONG Pat. Hook and Eye. No matter how you twist and turn, it holds the eye in place.

Send two cent stamp with name and address, and we will mail you Mother Goose in new clothes—containing ten color plates; ten black and white pictures; and lots of lively jingles.

RICHARDSON & DeLONG BROS., Philada.

Feed

The nerves upon pure blood, and they will be your faithful servants and not tyrannical masters; you will not be nervous, but strong, cheerful and happy. To have pure blood, and to keep it pure, take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

Clean Oat Meal

Free from hulls and superior flavor and quality. That's

Friends' Oats

They cost more to make but are sold at the same prices as inferior goods. They are

Kiln Dried

Muscatine Oat Meal Co. Muscatine, Iowa

25 YEARS IN THE POULTRY YARD

108 pp. 51st Ed. Written & sold by a farmer and Poultryman of 30 years experience. A plain, practical system, easily learned. Describes their diseases, how to make hens lay. Cholera, Gapes & Roup you need not have. Price, 25c. FREE PARTICULARS.

A. M. LANG, Box 821, Chicago, Ill.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

W. L. DOUGLAS $3. SHOE BEST IN THE WORLD.

If you pay $4 to $6 for shoes, examine the W. L. Douglas Shoe, and see what a good shoe you can buy for $3.

OVER 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS, CONGRESS, BUTTON, and LACE, made in all kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and sell more $3 Shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

None genuine unless name and price is stamped on the bottom.

Ask your dealer for our $5, $4, $3.50, $2.50, $2.25 Shoes; $2.50, $2 and $1.75 for boys.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you, send to factory, enclosing price and 36 cents to pay carriage. State kind, style of toe (cap or plain), size and width. Our Custom Dept. will fill your order. Send for new Illustrated Catalogue to Box R.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

DOCTOR Acker's ENGLISH Remedy

will stop a cough in a night, check a cold in a day, and cure consumption if taken in time. If the little ones have Croup or Whooping Cough, use it promptly. Croup is a very fatal disease. Fully one-half of those attacked die. The great danger is in delay.

The disease progresses so rapidly that the loss of a few hours in treatment is often fatal. ACKER'S ENGLISH REMEDY will cure Croup, and it should always be kept in the house for emergencies. A 25 cent bottle may save your child's life.

Three sizes: 25c, 50c, $1. All Druggists.

ACKER MEDICINE CO. 26 & 28 Chambers St., New York.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/3 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared, Steel, Galvanized-after-Completion Windmills, Tilting and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Beam Saw Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA. MENTION THIS PAPER every time you write.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

CHRISTMAS MOONSHINE.

A Tale from the South Showing the Terrible Curse of Illicit Distilling.

Looking along the popular lane one warm July day, Vienne saw a woman with a baby in her arms reclining in the shade, and apparently weary.

"The ground is too damp after yesterday's storm for anyone to sit there," said Vi's mother, when the child had informed her. "Run out there, dearie, and invite her to come to the house and rest."

But Vi was too shy to go alone. They went together, Vienne's chatter arousing the young woman before they reached her. She was a very pretty blonde and girlish looking. The infant was like a white blossom half hidden by a withered leaf; for she lay on her mother's lap beneath a fragment of an old faded shawl. Faint, tiny rings of soft gold lay on her temples; her cheeks were shaded by long, curved, golden lashes. Mother and child were soon in the cool dining-room, bread, butter, fruit and a glass of milk on a stand beside them.

"Lie down on the lounge if you want to after you have eaten," said the hostess. "I have no help and must attend to my work."

By and by the woman told her story, or a part of it. She was an "up-kentry" girl, and 2½ years ago she had married a son of one of Mrs. Max's Virginia neighbors. No one on either side had approved; the young man being wild and the young woman "beneath" him socially. The short married life had been so far all down hill. A few months before her husband had been injured so that he could not follow his profession. She had done her best to nurse him and supply the family necessities, but they had had a hard winter; she was not strong, and now she had come 40 miles to see her husband's father, bringing her baby (and walking most of the way, they afterward learned), in the hope that it might help to win his heart. He was a widower and his late housekeeper had

LIKE A FRIGHTENED CHILD.

married. She hoped to be taken in as a servant if he denied her a daughter's right.

"He is a relentless man," said Mrs. Max. "But the baby is sweet enough to win anyone if he can be won. Should he prove at his worst, come back here and rest before returning to your husband."

They put a white embroidered cape on the baby instead of the piece of old shawl, and she looked lovely and dainty as any princess. But ah! the hard old man shut the door in the two pretty faces, then ordered the dogs unchained.

Mother and baby returned to Mrs. Max at nightfall; the mother pale, terrified and almost ill.

"Oh, mamma," murmured Vienne in her mother's neck, "if we could only keep that baby! She is sweeter than even my Daisy," her favorite doll.

So it came to pass that the wealthy Mr. Kenby's granddaughter became Vienna's prime pet, and the pet's parents servants to the Maxes. How the old gentleman raved when he heard of it! And it amused the Maxes to see how "dead" they were out at every chance meeting.

Young Kenby (called Victor!) was an undisciplined but generous-hearted and fairly sensible man, who hopefully accepted his changed prospects in life; and, under the kindly but unobtrusive influences of the Maxes he was learning what mighty evils lay in strong drink and unprincipled companions.

Mrs. Kenby as well as her husband had evidently been trained to consider alcoholic stimulants as a general cure-all in illness. Mrs. Max more than suspected that little Isa's diminutiveness was due to the restrictful influence of alcohol. To have weighed ten pounds at the age of a week and only 16 in her tenth month pointed to a lack of nutrition. No doubt the baby's mother had been half starved. Once again she said to Mrs. Max:

"I'm afraid my baby has had too much moonshine," and again Mrs. Max did not comprehend.

But what a glow came into Mrs. Kenby's face when she realized one day that liquor was not a necessity, even as a medicine.

"Oh," she cried, with clasped hands. "Oh, thank God! Thank God! Now I can hope! Now I see Heaven!"

In the latter part of November—it was the day before Thanksgiving—a letter came to Mrs. Kenby from her father. Her hands shook as she opened it; the blood left even her lips. It was the first he had written her since she left home. The letter for which she had hoped and prayed and longed for through nearly every hour for three years!

"I cannot read it, Mrs. Max," she whispered, sinking into a chair in the low, warm dining-room. "I cannot see! I dare not—dare not—oh, read it, please."

So Mrs. Max read it, with Vienne and little Isa listening; and Isa's young mother, white and shivering, sank on the floor and clung to the skirts of Mrs. Max like a frightened child.

The letter was regretful, hearty, fatherly. There was good news, too, besides that conveyed in the blessed fact of restoration. He (her father) had come into a little inheritance, and she was to come home for a long visit. The expense of the journey would be borne by him. They all wanted to see her and Victor and little Isa very much.

Mrs. Kenby had thrown herself on the floor in an abandon of happy tears. Baby, in soft staccato notes, with authoritative frowns, was, unheeded, tugging anxiously and inquiringly at her mother's sleeve.

Then Max read:

"Tell Victor not to fail us, for we expect to have plenty of Christmas moonshine—and—"

"It isn't too good news to endure, is it, my dear?" asked Mrs. Max, laying a soothing hand on the cheek of the pale and trembling woman.

"It is all good—oh, poppy! It is all good, but—but—the—moonshine."

"What do you mean by 'moonshine?'" asked Mrs. Max, bewildered.

"It is brandy!"

Then his eyes fell and the red stain slowly faded.

"They think no harm in it there."

The words followed each other slowly; then sitting erect she added with a little sparkle:

"My poppy means only goodness. I know he wants us. Oh, baby!"

She caught up Isa; and as Mrs. Max handed her the letter she thrust it in her bosom, but gave the envelope to the child.

"A letter from poppy! Yes; a letter! Read it, precious. Dah! Dah!"

The joy had conquered. It needed only her husband's remarks to kill the fear. He said with a firm, proud set of his head, as he finished reading the letter at night:

"We will dispense with the moonshine, I think. It's a good thing to let alone. I'll sign the pledge, Mr. Max, before I go."

Later Victor Kenby thought he would wait till he had returned from "up kentry" before pledging himself to total abstinence. He was hoping for his father's favor, since the "little inheritance" had somewhat modified his wife's position. But Mr. Kenby, senior, showed no signs of relenting.

They went to the mountains and the moonshine.

In three weeks the Muxes wondered that neither had written. Soon there were ghastly rumors. Then came the tragical facts. While "unsteady" from liquor two boyish uncles of little Isa tossed her from a hammock in the barn, and the injury proved fatal. Victor accused them of killing the child and driving his wife mad. He was promptly shot, but lingered for several days, a wonder to all who beheld him for fortitude, gentleness and resignation.

His wife survived him only a few weeks. All three sleep together in a little churchyard that overlooks the Shenandoah. And the fiery traffic still glitters on the mountains and dazzles in the valleys; and stars and men look coldly down upon the curse.—Jessie MacGregor, in National Temperance Advocate.

VARIOUS NOTES.

IT is stated that Lady Henry Somerset is about to visit India in the interests of temperance.

THE saloon is the instigator of the most of the violence and the mother of nine-tenths of the crime of our large cities.

A PESSIMISTIC scientist has announced that civilization is a failure. He must have been viewing the world through a saloon.—Pacific Ensign.

STOCKHOLM, the citadel of the Gottenburg system, is said to have the largest death roll from alcoholism of any city in the world. Ninety in 1,000 die from excessive use of intoxicants.

IN estimating the crime of an inebriate, his life history, with heredity, and all the circumstances and conditions which entered into the act are necessary to form some conception of the responsibility and power to have done otherwise.

HENCEFORTH tobacco is to be eschewed in the law department of the Boston university. The following notice, which Dean Bennett has caused to be posted, is worthy of remembrance: "Students who are unwilling to give up the use of tobacco while in this building may withdraw, and the proper proportion of their tuition fees will be returned upon demand. Further discussion, in addition to what has been held, seems unnecessary."

A HOME RUINED.

Seemingly Innocent Use of Brandy That Brought Degradation and Shame to One Woman.

A very sad case was developed in one of our police courts recently, when a woman was brought before the judge on a charge of drunkenness. About a year ago she commenced drinking, and by degrees sold every vestige of furniture and carpet in the house, to pay for the liquor she craved. When arrested, she was lying on a bare floor, in an almost nude state, so that the policeman had to wrap her in a blanket, before placing her in the patrol wagon. When brought into court, she made a pitiful plea, as she clung to the railing in front of the magistrate's desk. She claimed that her taste for drink was acquired in her days of prosperity, through holding in her mouth the paper covers of preserve jars, which she had soaked in whisky or brandy, to prevent the fruit from molding. Her husband was a well-known mill worker, and refused to give his wife money, as she spent it all for liquor. The family were once prominent and well to do, in the locality where they live.

If arguments are needed against using liquors of any kind in cookery, here is a painful case. A thrifty home ruined, a young life blighted, and possibly a soul lost forever.—Temperance Tribune.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—In both Egypt and Assyria porcelain rings were in common use. They were often painted with great delicacy, the painting being burned into the enamel.

—When Alarie besieged Rome, A. D 408, and was on the point of taking the city, he demanded as its ransom from pillage an immense quantity of gold, silver and jewels, and, among other things, 3,000 pounds of pepper.

—Perhaps the most striking evidence of thrift since that referred to by Hamlet is furnished by a Maine town, where apple trees are to be planted in a grave yard and the proceeds from the sale of the fruit are to be devoted to the repairing of the fences and the cutting of weeds.

—As far as recorded, the loss of life by shipwreck in 1895 was 4,250; by railway accidents, 3,632, and by other casualties over 24,000. Add to these dismal figures the 5,759 reported murders in the United States alone, and we have a total of 37,641 violent deaths, or an average of over 100 for every day in the year.

—The fox's reputation for smartness was well sustained by a member of the tribe near Falmouth, Me., the other day. A couple of hounds and a hunter were after it, and the fox led the hounds to a frozen pond, and out on ice so thin that it just supported the fox, which escaped, while the hounds went through and were drowned.

—Passmore Edwards, editor of the London Echo, a paper which the Spectator describes as "the most honest and most faddy in the world," gives away thousands of pounds every month to philanthropic undertakings of various kinds. These he is said to select with great judgment, but he always takes care to exploit his good deeds at great length in his own paper, and persistently asks other journalists to do the same in their own publications.

—A $150 lawsuit over a $1.25 pig has just been ended in Michigantown, Ind., and the town treasury is out the former amount. A month ago the city marshal impounded a pig belonging to a farmer named Hillis. The farmer refused to pay the $1.50 pound charge and replevined the pig. The town sued him, and after three trials the circuit court gave a verdict for Hillis, with $1.01 damages. More than half the people in town were summoned as witnesses, and the total amount of money lost over the pig runs to a pretty high figure.

—Edison believes that he can solve the problem of air ships either by using balloons or aeroplanes; but, to use his own words: "I would construct actual ships of the air—yachts, schooners and brigantines—which would tack and jibe, and sail before the wind. My idea is that the lifting power for these air ships should be gas stored in the sails. In other words, you apply the balloon principle in such a way that the gas bag, instead of being an impediment, as it at present, would be the actual means of propulsion. I would construct gas bags shaped like the sails of a yacht."

RED TABBY CATS IN LONDON.

Entertainingly Described by a Milwaukee Lady Who Saw Them.

A Milwaukee lady who has recently returned from abroad says that one of the most interesting exhibits which she saw in Europe was the National Cat show of England, which was held at the Crystal palace, London, in which about 700 cats were shown, says the Milwaukee Sentinel. "The decided feature of the exhibition," she said, "was the number of superb red tabbies, together with a fine assortment of pure blacks, smoke-colored cats and cats with that peculiar tone of glossy coat known as cat blue. The efforts of the English cat breeders this last year have been blue and black cats. In the opinion of many experts a black cat without any markings whatever of white is the most perfect variety that is known, and it is proof of the appreciation of this that certain dishonest people pluck the white hairs out of a cat one by one. It has been noticed that the classes that are open to workingmen in this national exhibition are particularly strong in blue black cats. Blue-eyed, white-coated cats are getting to be highly valued in England now, and one of these bore off the other day a substantial money prize that was offered by Louis Wain, the great cat artist. Another prize-winner of the show was a brown tabby tom, Champion Xenophon, which its owner values at $5,000."

Sure Proof.

It is said that Hon. Samuel Galloway, of Columbus, O., was one of the plainest men ever known in the state. He told many stories relative to his own personal ugliness of face with great good humor. One which he often related with much relish was that of the remark made by the little daughter of a friend in another city with whom he was dining. "Mamma," he heard the child say, in an awe-struck whisper, after a prolonged survey of the peculiar features of the guest, "that gentleman's mamma must have loved children mighty well." "Why so, my dear?" inquired the unsuspecting parent. "Oh," returned the child, in the same audible whisper, "'cause she raised him!"—Youth's Companion.

Common Case.

The Scotchman's disposition to regard his own judgment as the best that can be found is well illustrated in a story once told of the moderator of a Scotch presbytery. This man's opinion differed widely on a certain question relating to church discipline from that of the associates with whom he was ostensibly consulting. At last he said that he would lay the matter before the Lord in prayer and then wait for His guidance. "O Lord," said the moderator, fervently and with perfect sincerity of purpose, "O Lord, grant that we may be right in this matter, for Thou knowest we are very decided."—Youth's Companion.

ARCTIC POSSIBILITIES.

Dr Borchgrevink Thinks There May Be a Future for Commerce There.

The recent antarctic expedition was a commercial one, and commercially it was a failure, because we did not find the right whale, so valuable for its whalebone. The Antarctic was fitted out for the hunt of that particular kind of whale; nevertheless, I have no doubt that the commercial result of the expedition would have been much better had we worked under more favorable conditions.

I do not by any means consider the fact of our not having met with the right whale in those seas as conclusive proof of their nonexistence in the bay at Victoria Land. The Antarctic found the right whale at Campbell island in the winter time; the boats fastened to five of them, of which, however, only one was caught. Now, to me it does not seem improbable that these whales go south to the bay of Victoria Land, where Ross saw them, in the summer, and then return north in the winter. It would seem incredible that a man of Sir James Ross' standing, supported as he was by able scientists and experienced whalers, should have made a grave error when he said that this valuable whale was to be found in large numbers in these southern latitudes.

The difference in the appearance of the blue whale, as we found it there, and the right whale, in the method of [illegible] is so striking that even the most casual observer could not easily be deceived. Very possibly, had we penetrated farther into the large open bay discovered by Ross in the vicinity of the volcano peaks Erebus and Terror, we, too, would have found the right whale in great numbers. We saw very many blue whales, but had not the appliances to take them.

As I remarked at the international geographical congress, we found few seals. They increased, however, in number as we worked eastward, and seemed afraid of the land. All of the seals that we met on the shore showed much uneasiness and speedily made for the water, a fact which strengthened my belief in the existence of a large enemy of the seal on the continent. I do not doubt that the seals congregate together in larger numbers at some places on the bay.

I consider the guano beds which we discovered of great commercial importance, and they ought to be well worth the attention of enterprising business men. The specimen which I brought back with me contains a large percentage of ammonia.

Furthermore, from the analysis of the specimen of rock which I brought back with me, the possible and probable presence of valuable minerals on the continent is proved, although the lava and the volcanic aspect of the coast line do not speak favorably for the presence of heavy metals near the surface.—C. E. Borchgrevink, in Century.

MAN AT THE WHEEL.

Some of the Ingenious Devices for Navigating a Great Steamer.

Let us spend an hour with Capt. Randall of the Atlantic [illegible] on the bridge in mid-ocean. He first takes us into the wheelhouse. It is a room ten feet wide with a curved front. A wheel about three feet in diameter is placed in the center of the room, and you are surprised to see that the quartermaster keeps turning it almost constantly. You have always thought that he had simply to keep his eye on the floating compass in the box directly in front of him and hold the ship steady on her course. As you look at the compass you see the ship veering now this way and now that, as she rolls and plunges, or as one screw turns faster than the other, and thus pulls the ship around. It is hard to make two independent screws go exactly at the same speed, and so this man at the wheel is busy all the time turning the ship straight. He has to fight the waves and the screws and the winds at the same time, and he is a busy man.

This steering wheel controls the ship by means of a small column of oil in a little tube. By turning the wheel this way or that the oil in the tube is forced up and down, and that opens or closes certain valves in the steam-steering gear 400 feet away, and the rudder is turned as easily as if a child had done it. In most steamships the steam-steering gear is controlled by hydraulic power—that is by water—but the use of a column of oil is an improvement.

As you look about you see fastened to the cornice directly in front of the wheelman a little scale in black with white lines marked off on it. There is a dial on it, and as the ship rolls you see that this is a device to mark the degree of the roll. You may notice that it takes about a second for every degree of a roll. On each side of the room is another long black gauge, and the dials point to certain figures, generally between 90 and 95. These dials are little electrical devices, showing exactly how many revolutions the screws are making. The captain at a glance knows what is going on in the engine-rooms.

Over in the corner of the room is another curious electrical device. It is a little box with a clock in it. The captain tells you it is the machine that controls the whistle in time of fog. The law requires a long blast of the whistle at such times every two minutes. By pressing a button on this little clock apparatus, and by setting the clock in a certain manner, the whistle is blown automatically for seven seconds every minute. There can be no error of man in that work. Just as sure as every minute comes around that whistle will blow seven seconds. Under the old way, when a man pulled the whistle cord, there was no exactness in the work. When the fog is over the button is released and the whistle stops.—Harper's Round Table.

—Until the 17th century a ring formed part of the official dress of every priest of the Roman church.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Hassal, the London chemist, found that in ground pepper, linseed meal cake, wheat flour, oat meal, husks of mustard and several other materials of vegetable origin had been introduced as adulterants.

—The total value of coke made last year in the United States amounted in cost to more than $12,000,000. Nineteen-twentieths of American coke comes from the Appalachian coal fields, while Pennsylvania produces three times as much as any other state.

—Prof. Frederick Starr, of the University of Chicago, has just started on a three months' tour of Mexico and Guatemala in the interest of archaeological science. He intends to examine the drowned Aztec city at the bottom of Lake Chapala, and investigate the pygmies in the Chapala mountains in the interior of Guatemala.

—Aluminum is not proving to be of such value for surgical instruments as was expected. It does not oxidize readily, but is deficient in elasticity, and stays bent after pressure. It is also so light that the surgeon does not feel as if he had hold of anything when grasping an instrument made of it.—Popular Science News.

—It has long been known that oil and natural gas exist in Kentucky and Tennessee, and oil men are beginning to give those states more attention. Experts who have been over the ground lately report the existence of both lubricating and illuminating oil, and are confident that there will be no famine in petroleum for many years to come.

—Florida furnishes the country from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 boxes of oranges a year. Georgia ships over 10,000 carloads of watermelons every season. In the aggregate the shipment of early fruits and vegetables north and west probably amounts to $50,000,000 a year. The business is increasing very rapidly. Ten years ago it was of trifling importance.

—Viper's blood it is that contains the poisonous substance which makes the animal's bite fatal, according to the researches of MM. Bertraud and Phisalix. It contains also an anti-toxic element that stands heat longer than the venom, so that blood heated to 58 degrees centigrade proved not only innocuous when injected into guinea pigs but rendered immune against injections of blood that had not been heated.

—In Germany 6,626 cases of diphtheria have been treated by serum inoculation, 2,460 of them in hospitals, according to a report of the government's medical department. Of these 86.5 per cent. recovered, 12.9 per cent. died, and the rest were still under treatment. In the hospitals alone the cures were 80.5 and the deaths 19.5 per cent. The remarks attached to the reports of the cases were highly favorable to the treatment in 4,871 and unfavorable in 60.

WINTER FLANNELS.

Although Expensive They Are a Necessity.

There are few articles that task the purse so heavily as a first-class outfit which one cannot avoid. Even those sorely tempted on the score of economy it is common to choose some makeshift. Good all-wool flannels, which every one ought to be able to obtain, because, like wholesome flour and wholesome meat, they are necessities, seldom cost less than two dollars apiece. A great many people must go without some other necessity. In old-fashioned times people knitted all their stockings, and it was not an unsurmountable task. Where there is plenty of leisure, it is a possible thing to knit undershirts in ribbed pattern of Saxony yarn, which should be shrunk before it is knit. Such undershirts will outwear any shirts bought in the market at three times their price. It is not possble to get any ribbed underwear that will not shrink in time, but these homemade shirts are as nearly unshrinkable as it is possible to have these garments. Invalids and little children always should be provided with shirts in this way if it is possible. It is also possible to make very comfortable garments out of flannel. In order to increase their warmth they should be made double across the chest and bowels, and the seams may be covered between the double layers. It is not universally known that two layers of flannel are much warmer than is one of double thickness woven in one piece. —N. Y. Tribune.

Unpardonable Presumption.

"You know those people that live in that two-story house across the way—the Gumpersons, or some such name?"

"Yes, I know them when I see them."

"I have a passing acquaintance with them. Speak to them when I meet any of them on the street. Well, one of the girls stopped me while I was out walking the other morning. She said: 'Miss Highly, your house wasn't broken into last night and robbed, was it?' I said: 'No. Why?' And she said: 'I'm glad to hear it. I dreamed last night somebody got into your house through the kitchen window and stole ever so many valuable things.' Think of the presumption of it! Dreaming about us! And they aren't in our set at all!"—Chicago Tribune.

An Apology.

"What do you think, Ethel, Maude has accepted that horrid Mr. Biggsleigh."

"You don't say so! Why, he's only an apology for a man."

"Yes, that's it. Maude says no one should ever refuse to accept an apology."—Philadelphia Call.

Potatoes for Children.

A mother who is an authority on foods advises mothers to give their children potatoes only twice a week, and then only those that are baked. Give them boiled rice the other five days, and some delicate green vegetable every day.—N. Y. Post.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Gum arabic and gum tragacanth in equal parts, dissolved in hot water, make the best and most convenient mucilage to keep in the house.

—A Rich Pudding. — One pound of raisins stoned, one pound of currants, half a pound of beef suet, quarter of a pound of sugar, two spoonfuls of flour, eight eggs, a cupfuls of blanched almonds and one of sweetmeats. Mix well and boil in a mold for eight hours. —N. Y. Observer.

—Jumbles.—One-half pound butter; one pound sugar mixed to cream; two eggs; two tablespoons extract of rose; add flour enough to make dough still enough to roll out quite thin, cut in any shape, bake on well greased cake tins, when baked should be one-sixth of an inch thick.—Mrs. S. B. Sheets, in Womankind.

—Coffee Cream Cake.—For any good layer cake make a filling as follows: Three tablespoonfuls of coffee and a cup and a half of cold water; steep and strain. Thicken with corn starch, sweeten. Add whipped cream to taste. Milk may be added to the coffee before thickening, in place of the cream. It tastes like coffee ice-cream soda.—Farmer's Voice.

—Apple Rice Pudding.—Pare, quarter and core three tart apples and spread loosely in a buttered agate pudding dish. Add three-quarters cupful of sugar and three tablespoonfuls rice to one quart of milk; turn the mixture over the apples, spread a few bits of butter over the tops and bake in a moderate oven four hours. Serve hot with sweetened whipped cream.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Steamed Bread and Fruit Pudding. —One pint of bread broken into small pieces. Add one cup of milk, one-third of a cup of molasses, one egg, well beaten, and one cup of raisins, stoned and cut in halves. Mix thoroughly, then sift in half a teaspoonful each of cinnamon, grated nutmeg, salt and soda. Turn into a buttered pudding boiler and cook in boiling water about two hours.—Chicago Chronicle.

—Boiled Plum Pudding. — Half-pound white bread crumbs, four ounces sugar, four ounces chopped suet, four ounces raisins, four ounces currants, half a coffeecupful milk, one egg or two yolks, one teaspoonful mixed ground spices, a little salt and a pinch of soda. Mix the dry articles together, the bread grated or chopped very fine; add milk and egg with salt and soda dissolved in them; tie up in a bag and boil for four hours.—Chicago Record.

Large Enough.

A foot-traveler through one of the hilly regions of Ireland came one day upon a curious little cabin, so small as to seem hardly large enough for a human habitation. While she was whimsically considering as to whether it might not be the abode of the famous "good people," about whom so many loving superstitions cling, the figure of a short, stout old man emerged from the cabin, and stood confronting her in smiling silence. After salutations had been exchanged, the traveler laughingly told the old man that she had half fancied his dwelling the home of fairies. "No, lpdady, ma'am, but it's plied the old man. "But surely you cannot stand up in it?" said the traveler, curiously. "An' fwhat nade to shtand, ma'am?" returned the owner of the tiny house. "Shure, an' Oi can come outside to do that same, an' whin Ol'm insoide, it's mesilf that can either go to bed or sit down, ma'am!" There was such warmth in the smile with which this cheerful philosophy was propounded that the traveler was not disposed to pick flaws in it, and smiled acceptance of its truth.—Youth's Companion.

"Good Morning" in Samoa.

I had to go down to Apia five or six different times, and each time there were 100 black boys to say "Good morning" to. This was rather a tedious business; and, as very few of them answered at all, and those who did, only with a grunt like a pig's, it was several times in my mind to give up this piece of politeness. The last time I went down, I was almost decided; but when I came to the first pair of black boys and saw them looking so comic and so melancholy, I began the business over again. This time I thought more of them seemed to answer, and when I got down to the tail-end where the carts were running, I received a very pleasant surprise, for one of the boys, who was pushing at the back of a cart, lifted up his head, and called out to me in wonderfully good English: "You good man—always say good morning." It was sad to think that these poor creatures should think so much of so small a piece of civility, and strange that (thinking so) they should be so dull as not to return it.—Robert Louis Stevenson's "Letters to a Boy," in St. Nicholas.

"Mother's Pies."

We none of us realize that it is ourselves who change, and not the food that delighted us in our youth. Said a crusty, hard-to-please husband: "Wife, I wish you would make pies that would taste as good as my mother's used to do." "Well, my dear, you run out and bring me in a pailful of water, a hodful of coal and an armful of wood, just as you used to do for your mother, and maybe you will like my pies as well." He concluded the pies would answer the purpose just as they were. —Good Housekeeping.

"The Greatest Service."

One of those men who say something which they had better left unsaid addressed the late Rev. Charles Spurgeon as he was passing out of church. Grasping the preacher by the hand, the man said: "I see you have forgotten me, sir; and yet you once did me the greatest service that a clergyman can render to anybody." "What service was that?" asked Spurgeon. "You buried my wife," replied the man, his eyes suffused with tears.—Youth's Companion.

The Republican.

B[illegible]INGELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THURSDAY, JAN. 23, 1896.

Senator Wellington.

In the issue of THE REPUBLICAN of Nov. 7th we predicted that Hon. George L. Wellington would be the next United States Senator from Maryland. How well our prediction turned out can be seen by reading the news columns of to-day's REPUBLICAN, as he was yesterday made the choice of the representatives of the Republican party of Maryland for that high and honored position. This is as it should be. No man in Maryland has given to his party the work and attention that Mr. Wellington has and its overwhelming victory of last November is directly attributable to his magnificent leadership and indomitable perseverence and political skill. Mr. Wellington is a type of the highest manhood and his success is due to his own unaided efforts. He is the best example in American public life to-day of what a poor boy with a lofty ambition can attain. His eloquence is of the kind that made great name and fame for Webster and Clay, but the most prominent characteristic of the man is his fidelity to his friends and to this may be ascribed his rapid advancement in public life. We predict that he will in the Senate of the United States take his place among the great men who are sent there by the sisterhood of [illegible] that will be lasting and imperishable.

Some Startling Truths.

Senator Sherman in his great speech in the United States Senate on the 3d inst. made a complete expose of the faulty financiering of the Cleveland Administration. Among the significant facts and figures which he gave to show the disastrous results of the Democratic assaults upon American interests were the following:

The Secretary of the Treasury reports a deficiency of $69,803,260,58 during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1894, and for the year ending June 30, 1895, $428,05,223,18 and for the six months prior to Dec. 1, 1895, $17,613,539,24; in all $130,-221,023.

I have a statement showing the receipts and expenditures under each law, each month; the McKinley law from its passage to the election of Cleveland, and the Wilson law from its passage to Dec. 1, 1895. During the twenty-five months of the McKinley law, the average monthly surplus was $1,129,821. During the existence of the Wilson law the average monthly deficiency was $4,699,603.

The agricultural imports during the first year of the Wilson law (all of which are such as are produced in the United States) were of the value of $107,342,522. During the last year of the McKinley law the imports of the same farm products were of the value of $51,414,844.

Notably during the same time the importations of two articles that we can produce in the United States were, under the Wilson law, wool valued at $22,589,791, and hides. $24,623,238. Under the McKinley law, wool valued at $10,299,934 and hides valued at $10.480,562 were imported. Importations of wool were increased under the Wilson law six fold, and of hides two and a half fold. The American farmer was thus deprived of his home market.

Other importations made during the year under the Wilson law of articles which we can readily produce in this county were valued at $263,684,513, while under the McKinley law the value of the same articles imported was $172,743,-610.

Under the Wilson law we exported in a year agricultural productions valued at $301,578,885, while during the last year of the McKinley law we exported similar productions valued at $371,125,299.

The American farmer is getting the markets of the world with a vengeance!

Florida Letter.

To the Editor of The Republican.

The kindly visits of your excellent REPUBLICAN gives us a weekly reminder that your Southern correspondents have grown exceedingly remiss. This is not as it should be.

Since the burning of our house last May, this correspondent has done very little work with the pen. Rebuilding has been a great strain on me, and other matters have been put aside. But through kindness of God and men, and persistent effort on our part, the house is so far restored as to render us comparatively comfortable.

The present winter has been, so far, less severe than the preceeding, yet cold enough to make it unusual for this climate. In this, higher latitudes have had similar experience, it seems, on this continent at least. The southward flow of emmigration has certainly not been checked by the operations of "Jack Frost" in this direction. Many, very many, are coming, more especially farmers, into all the Gulf states, and Florida receives a good quota.

I desire, in this letter, to direct the attention of old soldier comrades among your patrons, to an immense colonization enterprise in southern Georgia, known as the "Old Soldiers' Colony." Through the efforts of Mr. Fitzgerald of the *American Tribune*, Indianapolis, Indiana, aided by ex-Governor Northen, of Georgia, a tract of some 40,000 acres of fine lands have been secured in Irvin and Wilcox [illegible] acre. This vast body of land is divided up among some 10,000 shares of stock mainly held by ex-federal soldiers: and at this time 5,000 or more of these men are on the ground, building southern homes. The location is only a little above 100 miles north of us, and we, having two shares of stock, think of making a home there also, some time in the future.

This is the largest colonization scheme ever carried to success in this country, and it is most likely that the community will become one of the most prosperous centres of the State and Fitzgerald one of the leading cities.

I want to add that this is nobody's speculation. The colony is under a co-operative system, with no salaried officers, and all sharing equally. Another year will see 20,-000 people on the lands.

Should be glad to answer any questions by "Old Boys," should they feel interested.

J. B. SHOUP,
Jan. 17, 1896. Mikesville, Fla.

Accident.

Roads muddy.

The Accident Military Band is in full blast.

Mrs. G. A. Royer is visiting friends at bittinger.

Mr. Will Gnagey is housed up with the measles.

Dr. Ravenscroft's harness which were taken from his stable without permission were returned to him on last Tuesday.

Mr. John Bowman's house burned to the ground, with all its contents. Mr. Bowman is a good neighbor and has the sympathy of all who know him.

Mr. Silas Teats is preparing to build a barn next summer.

Our young and enterprising merchant, Mr. J. L. Englehart, is doing a good business.

The people of Potsdam build fine churches, but the roads keep the sinner at home, and the saint thinketh swear words on his way to the synagogue.

WELLINGTON IS NOMINAT[illegible]D

Receives the Unanimous Reput[illegible]can Caucus Nomination for Sena[illegible]

ANNAPOLIS, MD., Jan. 21-[illegible]he result of the sixth joint ballo[illegible]a successor to Charles H. G[illegible]n, taken at noon to-day result[illegible]as follows:

Wellington (Rep.)—Senate [illegible]3, House 26; total, 29.

Goldsborough (Rep.)—Sena[illegible]e 3, House 24; total, 27.

Westcott (Rep)—Senate 3, [illegible]ouse 12; total, 15.

Mullikin (Rep)—Senate 1, [illegible]ouse 2; total, 3.

Dixon (Rep.)—Senate 2, [illegible]ouse 1; total, 3.

Mudd (Rep.)—House 1; total[illegible].

Smith (Dem.)—Senate 9, House 12; total, 21.

Pattison (Dem)—Senate 4, House 5; total, 9.

C. C. Crothers (Dem)—House 1; total, 1.

Total vote, 109. Necessary to a choice, 55.

ANOTHER BALLOT TAKEN.

The seventh joint ballot followed immediately after the first. [illegible]tion was made to adjourn, but Speaker Mudd first directed the clerk to have another ballot. This resulted as follows:

Wellington (Rep.)—Senate 3, House 30; total, 33.

Goldsborough (Rep.)—Senate 3, House 22; total, 25.

Westcott (Rep.)—Senate 3, House 12; total, 15.

Mullikin (Rep.)—Senate 1, House 2; total, 3.

Dixon (Rep.)—Senate 2, House 1; total, 3.

Democratic vote the same.

Total number of votes cast, 110.

The joint assembly then adjourned.

SPEAKER MUDD SPRINGS A SENSATION.

Rumor was thick this morning that something was to happen today, and it developed when Speaker Mudd ordered a second ballot. He called Mr. Bankard to the chair, and taking the floor himself, explained his vote which is the technical way of making a speech in favor of a favorite candidate.

Mr. Mudd's speech was artfully and dramatically constructed. He is well posted on the value of a peroration which reveals nothing

SENATOR GEORGE L. WELLINGTON.

with a dramatic climax. His climax was a vote for Geo. L. Wellington.

The Wellington forces and the crowd of strangers in the galleries went wild with enthusiasm as the Speaker finished, for nearly every other man down here among the visitors is a Wellington man, while the Goldsborough people sat dazed in their chairs. It had only been on the previous ballot that Mr. Mudd had voted for the Dorchester county man for the first time, and here he was leading the break for Wellington. It took some minutes for the excitement to subside.

GOLDSBOROUGH MEN EXCITED.

The Goldsborough leaders moved around among their forces, steadying them, while Senators Day and Wilkinson also got around among the Gary votes in Southern Maryland, cautioning them to stand to their guns. As the roll call proceeded and it was seen that the break was not general enough to carry the day on this ballot, all hands seemed to steady up.

Senator Scott crossed the room to speak to Mr. Geo. R. Gaither, Jr. These two are managing the Goldsborough forces between them. The Senator's face was red, but Mr. Gaither was pale and nervous. Mr. Scott said, "I thought it was all up with us that time," and Mr. Gaither heaved a sigh of relief.

THREE VOTES FOLLOW THE SPEAKER.

The only men who followed Speaker Mudd in changing their ballots to Wellington were Krems and Jones, of Anne Arundel, and Norman of Charles. Goldsborough lost three of these votes. Mr. Jones has been persistently voting for Mr. Mudd. Goldsborough, however, gained the vote of Cole, of Anne Arundel, thus making his total loss three.

Every Wellington man has stood closely to his guns, and Mr. Cunningham has a telegram from Mr. Schilling, who is sick in Baltimore, saying that if he were present he would vote for Wellington. Thus the Congressman has 34 votes, seven short of a caucus nomination.

It would seem that nothing now can prevent his being a winner, except the absolute consolidation of the Eastern Shore forces and all the votes they control. This may or may not be done. Wellington assuredly has the control of the situation and his stock is up to fever heat among his followers.

REASON FOR THE BREAK.

Speaker Mudd's going to Wellington is believed to be the consequence of the Governor's position. There can be no further doubt that the Governor is extremely anxious to see Mr. Wellington elected, and while he has stuck closely to his determination to keep the patronage out of the fight, it is very easy to be seen that if his personal preference is to be consulted. Mr. Wellington is far and away his choice.

The sending of the name of Captain Tyler as Liquor License Commissioner to the Senate on the sole indorsement of the Wellington men in the city delegation was enough to convince all the doubters as to where the Governor stands.

To-night's caucus will be interesting. The Goldsborough people may go to Westcott people may come to Goldsborough.

OUTCOME STILL IN DOUBT.

No man can tell what will be the final wind-up as far as the Eastern Shoremen are concerned. Mr. Geo. R. Gaither said, when asked what he thought of the situation:

"We will elect an Eastern Shoreman to-night. No, I don't know whether or not it will be Goldsborough; though I hope so, but we will elect an Eastern Shoreman to-night."

Senator Scott said: "I think Speaker Mudd's action has made it certain that Mr. Wellington will not be elected now. We will all combine against him."

There is also much talk about there being a sufficient number of people with conscientious scruples on the Eastern Shore law to prevent the election of Mr. Wellington, but this is somewhat visionary, for when consciences are counted on the floor of the House and Senate it is hardly likely that they will amount up sufficiently to defeat the caucus nominee. The Eastern Shoremen are badly demoralized by Mr. Mudd's jump, there is no denying. Furthermore, they know he has not reached the end of his influence yet. There are more men who will follow him in to-night's caucus who were unwilling to let it be seen that they blindly follow him when they change their vote. To-night's caucus will probably settle it.

It makes all the difference in the world whose ox is gored. The Goldsborough people welcome Mr. Mudd with open arms when he voted for Goldsborough for the first time this morning, but when he changed to Wellington they were outraged at his actions and suggested all sorts of things as the reason for his change of base. Mr. Mudd says that he lead the break to Goldsborough first in order to give him all chance possible, but when he found it was not successful, then he turned to Wellington, determined to break the deadlock if it were possible.

THE SPEAKER'S EXPLANATION.

Mr. Mudd, in explaining his vote, said: "I think it is appropriate that I should leave the chair and make a brief explanation of the vote I am about to cast. We are approaching the end of the first month of the three months that this Legislature will be in session, and we have done nothing in the way of legislation. It is time for this Legislature to go to work and elect a Republican Senator. We have been here voting for more than a week endeavoring to find reasons for sustaining what is called the Eastern Shore law and have gone to our homes each night feeling that our reasons have grown slimmer. We have made a pretense of this void stature. I think the time has come for decisive action. I intend to emancipate myself. I do not wish to refer to politics, but it is necessary that I should to a small extent.

"Upon the Republican party rests the responsibility of electing a Senator. I want to see a Republican go to the United States Senate who is a man of equal dignity and mental stature to the man who is already there from Maryland. I want to see this old State send as a Senator a man who is the peer of any Senator who sits in that body. I have looked with hope and confidence, but, it must be confessed, with disappointment, to the Eastern Shore for such a man. I intend to vote for a man of reputataion and fame —one whose name and popularity is not confined to a single section of this State, but one whose name is known from one end to the other. I here desire to properly represent my constituents and the best interests of my party, cast off my shackels and vote for that distinguished son os Allegany."

CONFUSION REIGNED SUPREME.

That was as far as he got. The name of Wellington was swallowed in the tumult of applause that followed. Confusion reigned supreme. Some one in the galleries proposed three cheers for Sidney E. Mudd, and they were given. Then the Speaker resumed his seat and ranping for order, told the clerk to proceed with the roll call.

Chesley, of St. Mary's, is the next name on the list He has always voted for Wellington, and when he repeated his choice he was cheered. So was Jones, of Anne Arundel county; who came next, and Krems, of Anne Arundel. After this there were very few changes.

The changes in to-day's vote, with the exceptions mentioned, were not important. Senator Dryden left Goldsborough and voted for Robert B. Dixon. Cole of Anne Arundel voted for Westcott on the first ballot and Goldsborough on the second. The three Baltimore county men, Householder, Whitaker and Dehoff, who voted for Goldsborough in the caucus yesterday, came back to Wellington. Logan and White of Cecil changed from Mulikin to Goldsborough. Markell of Frederick, who has been supporting Westcott, has gone over to Goldsborough. The Baltimore city votes remained unchanged.

Messrs. Smith of Cecil and Markell of Frederick, in explaining their votes made speeches upholding the Eastern Shore law. Messrs. Rouses. of Frederick, Huggins, of Baltimore city, and Cook, of Washington county, supported Mr. Wellington in explaining their votes.

MR. WELLINGTON NOMINATED.

The deadlock in the Maryland general assembly was broken tonight in a joint caucus of Republican members of the Senate and House and Congressman George L. Wellington, of Allegany county, was declared the nominee for the seat in the United States Senate now occupied by Hon. Charles H. Gibson. His six year term of office will begin March 4th, 1897.

When the roll was called Mr. Wellington received 43 of the 76 votes cast; Goldsborough 24, Westcott 7 and Dixon 2. After the names had all been called and it was shown that the Allegany Congressman had won, there was a rush to change votes. Before the result of the ballot was announced sixty members had been enrolled for Wellington as against sixteen for Goldsborough. Mr. Wellington's nomination was made unanimous.

Yesterday at noon the final vote was taken which was as follows:

Wellington (Rep.) — Senate 9, House 54; total 63.

Goldsborough (Rep.) Senate 1; total 1.

Smith (Dem.)—Senate 10, House 13; total 23.

Pattison (Dem.) — Senate 3, House 3; total 7.

Edgewood (Dem.) — House 1; total 1.

Total vote, 96.

This being a majority of the members of the joint assembly present voting for Mr. George L. Wellington, Speaker Mudd thereupon declared Mr. Wellington duly elected Senator.

For Better Roads.

Conrad W. Sams, representing the wheelmen, and H. W. Williams of the Road League, have prepared a bill to create a State department of roads and highways, for the purpose of investigating and reporting on the road question and for improving the county roads.

The bill provides for the appointment by the Governor of an engineer every two years at a salary of $5.000 a year who shall employ necessary assistants, engineers and clerks under such civil service rules as may be enacted, their salaries to be fixed by the board of public works. It is made the duty of the attorney-general to give his counsel to the engineer whenever requested to do so by the governor.

It is made the duty of the engineer to investigate the condition of the roads of the State and report on the best means of improving them on or before January 1, 1898, and to suggest a general plan for road administration either by the State or counties or jointly. The engineer is subject to the call of county road commissioners for advice in making road and bridge improvements. The effect of the bill is to make the beginning of a system which will eventually bring about improved highways all over the State.

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

Ripans Tabules relieve nausea.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In affect April 1st, 1894.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS	NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1		No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 00*	8 00* lv	Cumberland ar	*12 00	†7 00
3 31	8 31	Rawlings	11 29	6 29
3 56	8 56	Keyser	11 01	6 01
4 09	9 09	Westernport	10 51	5 51
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. June.	10 48	5 48
4 37	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5 23
5 00	10 00	Harrison	10 00	†5 00
5 45	10 45* ar	Elk Garden	8 55	*3 55
5 35	10 35† lv	Gorman	9 21	4 21
5 41	10 41	Bayard	9 15	4 15
5 52	10 52	Bobbin	9 04	4 04
6 23	11 23	Thomas	8 34	3 34
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	8 00	2 55
6 27	11 27 lv	Coketon	8 31	3 31
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	8 07	3 07
6 57	11 57	Bretz	8 01	3 01
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 58	2 58
7 30	12 30	Kerens	7 20	2 20
8 00	1 00† ar	Elkins	lv 47 00	†2 00
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 35
				P. M.
	2 55* ar	Bealington	lv	*11 50
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

After January 6th, 1896, and until further notice, Sunday trains will be discontinued.

C. L. BRETZ, General Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

SHERIFF'S SALE

—OF—

REAL ESTATE!

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett County, and to me directed, at the suit of the State of Maryland, use of Calvin C. Wooden, against Cyrus H. Shreve, J. C. Rodeheaver, W. S. Lantz, W. D. Hoye and Jacob L. Ours, being No. 58 Trials to May Term, 1888, I have levied upon, seized and taken into execution the following described real estate of the said Jacob L. Ours and will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, in the town of Oakland, in front of the Court House door, on

Saturday, the 15th of February, 1896,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., all of said real estate described as follows:

All that piece or parcel of land in Garrett County, Maryland, adjoining Mt. Lake Park and Loch Lynn Heights and beginning for the same at the end of 90 perches and 18 links on the first line of Military Lot No. 986, and running thence N. 22° E. 2 perches, N. 63° E. 90 perches, to the county road, and with it S. 59¾° E. 2 perches, to the limits of the B. & O. R. R. and with said limits S. 63° W. 92 perches, to the beginning, containing one eighth of an acre, and conveyed to the said Jacob L. Ours by Martin S. T. C. Grayson by deed dated 11th of August, 1883 and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 7, folio 615.

Said land will be sold to satisfy said judgment and interest thereon and all costs.

AUSTIN BROWN,
16-3t. Sheriff.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

OF VALUABLE

Real Estate

In District No. 8, of Garrett County, Maryland.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett County, passed on the 14th day of January, 1896, in a cause in said court pending, wherein Lloyd Lowndes, Trustee, is complainant, and Alexander C. Goodell, al. are defendants, it being No. 614 on the Equity Docket of said court, the undersigned trustee will sell at public auction in front of the post office in the town of Oakland, Garrett County, Maryland, on

SATURDAY,

the 15th day of February, 1896,

at the hour of one o'clock p. m.,

the real estate in the proceedings mentioned to-wit:

1st. All that part of a tract of land called "Sandy Spring" situate, lying and being in Garrett County, Maryland, and described as follows to-wit:

Beginning at the end of the second line of Military Lot No. 1201 and running thence with the third line thereof and with the third line of each of Military Lots Nos. 322 and 321 S. 20° W. 250 perches, to the given line of the whole tract, and with it N. 46° E. 194 perches, thence N. 13¾° W. 87½ perches, thence N. 76° W. 30 perches, to the beginning, containing

46 5-8 ACRES.

2d. All those other portions of said tract called "Sandy Spring" described as follows:

A. Beginning at the beginning of the whole tract called "Sandy Spring" and running thence with the first and part of the second lines thereof N. 81° W. 40 perches, N. 29° W. 73 perches, to the second line of a tract called "Chance," and with it reversed S. 45° W. 21 perches to the end of the 24 lines of Military Lot No. 1203 and with the 3d line thereof and with the 3d line of Military Lot No. 1202 still S. 45° W. 127 perches, S. 70° E. 30 perches, S. 13¾° E. 87½ perches, to the given line of the whole tract and with it N. 44° E. 173 perches, to the beginning, containing

83 3-4 ACRES.

B. Beginning at the end of the first line of a tract of land called "Mount Pleasant," and running thence with the second line thereof N. 29° E. 20 perches, to the beginning of Military Lot No. 321 and reversing its given line S. 70° E. 63 perches, to the given line of the whole tract and with it reversed S. 44° W. 146½ perches, to the second line of a tract of land called "Covent Garden" and with it reversed W. 18° E. 112½ perches, to the beginning, containing

26 ACRES.

The Trustee reserves the right in case a bid for the first above described portion of "Sandy Spring," is not adequate to its value to withdraw the same and offer it with the remaining portion as one entire tract.

A plat showing the sub-divisions of said land can be seen at the office of the undersigned at Oakland.

This land is covered (except a small portion) with a fine growth of spruce, hemlock, poplar, while oak and red oak timber.

TERMS OF SALE, As prescribed by the decree.—One-third cash on day of sale, one-third in six months and one-third in twelve months from the date thereof, the deferred payments to bear interest and to be secured by the bonds of the purchaser or purchasers thereof, endorsed to the satisfaction of the trustee—or the entire purchase money may be paid in cash on the day of sale.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
46-4t. Trustee.

Estate of Clinton Dewitt, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

CLINTON DEWITT,

late of Garrett County, Maryland, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 24th day of July next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 14th day of January, 1896.

JACOB S. MEYERS, } Admr's.
WALTER G. MEYERS, }
15-3 Oakland, Md.

ECCLESIASTICAL COLUMN.

Rev. Romanus Mattingly, pastor St. Peters Catholic Church, Editor.

Christmas Sermon. The Incarnation.

Man, created to the image of God in sanctity and justice, transgressed the law of his creator. Defiled with the stain of sin, he became unfortunate himself, and made his posterity sharers in his misfortune. Such is the teaching of faith. But it would avail us little to know the origin of our evils, if we did not also know their remedy. This so necessary remedy, religion teaches us, is to be found in the mystery of the Incarnation, that is to say, in the mystery of the Son of God made man, a mystery which we profess to believe every time we recite the Creed, wherein we say; "I believe in Jesus Christ, His only Son, Our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary."

That we may conceive a just idea of the mystery of the Incarnation, let us first give ear to the Apostle St. John. "In the beginning," he says, "was the Word," that is to say, the Son of God, "and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. All things were made by Thine, and without Him was made nothing that was made * * He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not * * * And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us. And we saw his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father full of grace and truth."

This is the most sublime and touching expression possible of the mystery of the Incarnation. We see here the eternal Word, the second person of the most Holy Trinity, in all the majesty, which becomes Him as God; but this eternal Word, by whom all things were made, and without whom nothing was made; this great God who filled the whole world with his presence, and whom the world knew not, to what was He not reduced that He might come and dwell among us, and thus make himself known to the world? "He was made flesh," that is to say, He is united to the flesh in such a manner, that He was made but one with the flesh. "He is made flesh," but the Son of God took also a soul like ours. Why then does the Apostle speak here only of the flesh, only of that body composed of flesh and bones, which had its origin from the slime of the earth? It was that we might see more clearly the wonderful humiliation to which the Son of God reduced himself through love of us.

"The Word was made flesh," the Son of God became perfectly like unto us poor creatures. Sin and concupiscence alone excepted, Jesus, the Son of the Eternal God, was as we are. Like us he had a body subject to hunger, to thirst, to fatigue, to sleep, to pain, and to death. Like us, he had a soul sensible of joy, sadness, fear, hope and pity. St. Paul admirably expresses this when he says that our divine Saviour "was tempted in all things like as we are, yet without sin."

The Word was made flesh, and the body which He assumed, He took in the chaste womb of the Virgin Mary, who was of the royal family of David. In her chaste womb he was conceived by the Holy Ghost in a manner miraculous and divine. The same God who created heaven and earth, who formed from dust the body of the first man, and his soul from nothing, thus great God, from the pure blood of the Virgin Mary, formed a body like ours, for which he created and to which he united a human soul, but a soul all pure and holy. At the very instant when God formed this body and this soul, the Eternal Word, the Second person of the Blessed Trinity united himself to this body and to this soul, by a tie which even death could not sever. The Son of God became the Son of man!

Guided by faith, let us penetrate as far as possible into the mystery of the Son of God, made man. Jesus Christ is at the same time perfect God, and perfect man. He is God like His Father, and in all things equal to Him; He is man like us, and in all things like us, except in sin. As God, says St. Augustine, He has a Father who begot Him from Eternity, and He has no mother. As man He was created in time, and has no Father. As God, Jesus Christ is Eternal, and was before Abraham had been created. As man, He was the descendant of Abraham. As God he changed water into wine, He healed with a word, the most incurable diseases, restored the dead to life, and commanded nature. As man, He was born in Bethlehem, fled into Egypt, ate, drank, rested, slept, was troubled, afflicted, suffered and died. Had then our divine Saviour, in His one person, two distinct natures, a divine and a human one? Yes, and each of these natures had a will and a power proper to itself. The Sacred humanity of Jesus Christ and His Divinity make but one and the same person. The soul, the body, and the divine Word make but one Jesus Christ true God and true man.

What follows from this mysterious union? That Jesus Christ being both God and man, everything that he has said, done and suffered, belongs equally to one and to the other; that the birth of Jesus Christ, perfect man, His tears, His sufferings, His blood and His death are no less than His most divine works. What further follows from this mysterious union? That the Blessed Virgin Mary is truly, really, properly, and in all the force of the term, the mother of God. It is true she had no part in the Eternal generation of Jesus Christ as God; but Jesus Christ, both God and man, was not less wholly and completely her son, than we are wholly and completely, soul and body, the children of our mothers, although they had no part in the creation of our souls.

The Blessed Virgin Mary is truly, really and properly the mother of God, because she conceived and brought forth as a mother that divine person who is perfect God and perfect man.

McHenry.

Farmers are busy hauling limestone and coal.

Rev. Jacob Pysell is busy building his son Noah a very large barn. We think he will soon be one of our leading farmers.

A new blacksmith shop in our town.

Mr. C. R. Weimer, one of our young school teachers who is teaching at Mt. Zion, was home on a visit last Sunday.

Messrs. George and Frank Glotfelty are progressing nicely with their schools.

Friendsville.

[The following letter was received from our Friendsville correspondent last night with the request that it be published just as it was written, and to comply with the wishes expressed we do so.—EDITOR.]

John Shartzer is holding a big auction here.

The Crawford House, owned and managed by R. T. Frazee, is being overrun with guests. The Crawford House is one of the best managed houses in Garrett county.

On last Friday night fire was discovered on the roof of the auction house owned by Mr. "Bud" Custer. Mr. Custer owns very valuable property on each side of the building that was on fire. The first to appear on the scene was Mr. Custer who rendered very valuable assistance—he did. Mr. Custer first ran up stairs—he did—and hollowed for water and no one would bring it—they wouldn't. He then ran down stairs—he did, and got a bucket of water and returned to the second floor. By this time the fire was burning very fiercely, which of course excited Mr. Custer very much. He set the bucket of water on the floor and then sprang to the rafters overhead—he did— and then couldn't reach the water, which was still on the floor. While Mr. Custer was performing his acrobatic feats on the interior of the building some of the citizens ran a ladder to the roof from the outside and quenched the fire in a few minutes. Mr. Custer was seen in the crowd and heard to say, "I wonder who ponred all that water through the roof on me, I am nearly drowned—I am."

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

WORK OF THE COMMISSIONERS.

Road Supervisors Appointed for This Year.

DISTRICT NO. SEVEN.

William White, road from Oakland to Gortner's mill; $85. Road from West Union road at Gortner's mill to Mason's lane; $20. Road from West Union road at Totten farm by White's to Youghiogheny river bridge at Glotfelty's lane on location; $50.

Ralph Ashby, Ashby and Hutton Switch road and new road from Yough bridge at Glotfelty's lane to W. Va. line; $45.

Daniel Lewis, road from Cranesville road to Sang Run road by the river; $20. Road from Deep Creek to Bray school house; $25.

Stephen Browning, road from Oakland to White road by Stephen Browning's and to Crellin; $60.

G. B. M. Friend, White and Barnard road; $50.

Henry Fredlock, road from Kings run to Broadford; $15. Road from Schooly's fence to Oakland; $70. Road from Oakland to Hinebaugh's mill road by William Hall's; $85. Road from finger board near [illegible] bridge to W. Va., line and from same road to Hutton Switch; $35. Road from Oakland to Bray's school house; $75. Road from Terra Alta road to Cranesville road by Davis'; $40. New road from Hutton Switch road to W. Va. line; $10.

Andrew Shartzer, road from near Alexander Lower's to near Glendale school house; $20. Baker road from railroad at Mountain Lake Park to district line No. 8; $40. Wonderly road from railroad to line of District No. 8; and from Lewis Thompson's to Wonderly's; $20. Road from Ryan's Glade road to Foglepole's; $10. Beckman road; $20. Road from Hooppole road to Pysell's, to cross roads; $25. Road from Oakland to broadford and from broadford to Maddigan's; from broadford to Deer Park by Riley farm; road from Shaffer's to Mountain Lake Park; from Ryans Glade road near Mountain Lake Park to Boiling springs; all roads north of railroad by Mountain Lake Park to Oakland between railroad and hooppole road and Lake Mail road; $195.

P. H. Rodeheaver, road from Schooly's fence to Deep Creek bridge in the middle and to Delawder's; $80. Road from Narrows of Deep Creek to Legislative road; $15. Altamont road to J. Sell's; $10.

Chauncey Kimmel, new road from hooppolo to Sang Run road to Henry Jordan's and to Dodge school house; $30.

DISTRICT NO. EIGHT.

W. P. Lee, Wilson road to Wilson; $70.

John H. Sanders, Mansfield road; W. Mc. Brown, Bayard county road; $20.

J. M. Conneway, Abernathy road from top of mountain at pike to Wilson road; $55.

Dennis Rinker, road from Wood place to Dobbin; $55.

David Gnagey, Shaffer road; $50.

Jeremiah Harvey, Mason road from Clement's; $50.

Elisha Harvey, Ryans Glade road from Gorman to district line; $110.

J. M. Miller, Miller and Ganer road from Red House to W. Va. line; $40.

Thomas J. Moreland, Northwestern pike from top of mountain to Gorman; $75. Road from pike to White's lane by B. F. Harvey's.

Peter F. Nine, Sunnyside road; $20.

Marcellus Wolfe, road from end of Mason's lane to top of mountain; road from Mason school house to Bowman's; pike from top of mountain to W. Va. line at Chisholm's mill; $100.

James E. Moreland, King and Wilderson road; $50.

Jonas Yutzy, road from Gortner's mill to Chisholm's mill; road from Marion Howser's to Red House; $90.

Parker Ashby, the Parker Ashby and Thomas DeWitt road; $25.

DISTRICT NO. NINE.

Henry Finzell, Johnson road to Pa. line; $35.

Samuel S. Meese, road from Johnson's by Willhem's to Pa. line; $40.

Thomas Lohr, road from top of Savage to line of District No. 11; $40.

Edward Finzell, road from top of Savage to Pa. line; $40.

Richard Durst, Lowery road to Pa. line; $15.

DISTRICT NO. TEN.

James L. Harvey, road from Deer Park to line of District No. 8; and from Jerry Tasker's to river; $100.

George W. Moon, road from Jerry Tasker's by Paughs school house to Eagle rock; $55.

James H. Wilson, road from Kitzmiller's to Paugh's school house from Bush farm to Ryans Glade road; $70.

James Walters, Paradise road; $25.

W. H. Chadderton, road from Wilson's fields to Riley farm; Kimmel road from Delawder's school house to Deer Park; $60.

Francis McRobie, road from Wil[illegible]n's fields to top of mountain by [illegible]ilson's store; from Wilson's store [illegible] Deer Park road on mountain; [illegible]st office road; $70.

DISTRICT NO. ELEVEN.

August Durst, road from Swaug[illegible] mill to Burned camp; $10.

Samuel Wiland, road from burn[illegible] camp to Bancord's lane; $5

John Stark, road from burned [illegible]mp to Savage river bridge; $25.

Wm. P. Hansell, Laurel run road [illegible] Allegany county line; $15.

J. A. Strickland, new road from [illegible]. Leighton's to Lonaconing road [illegible] Spiker's; $45.

Peter McIntyre, road from west [illegible]nd of Savage river bridge to huckleberry patch; $15.

Peter Colmer, road from Huckle[illegible]erry patch to Allegany county [illegible]ne; $25.

James Weir, road from Allegany county line to J. A. Strickland's; $25.

John Wilhelm, road from Strickland's to Frostburg road; $55.

Hiram S. Coleman, road from [illegible]illow Brown's lane to Frostburg [illegible] thence to line of District No. [illegible] $55.

Jesse Warnick, bear pen road, mountain ridge road (new road) from Wesley Broadwater's to Gregg's mill; $55.

David Merrill, road from Noah Garlitz's mill by Robinson's to Lancaster's lane; $5.

William Clark, Huckleberry road to Jesse Michael's, $10.

NATIONAL ROAD.

Jasob McKenzie, the National road from Allegany county line to the first mile post in Garrett county $50.

D. B. Layman, second mile west of Allegany county line; $50.

Henry Blocher, third mile west of Allegany county line; $37.50.

George W. Blocher, fourth mile west of Allegany county line: $37.50

Peter Pope, fifth mile west of the Allegany county line; $35.

David Pope, sixth mile west of Allegany county line; $35.

Charles Hetz, seventh mile west of Allegany county line; $30.

William Turner, eighth mile west of Allegany county line; $30.

Joseph Joy, ninth and tenth miles west of Allegany county line: $50.

Samuel J. Beechy, eleventh and twelfth miles west of Allegany county line; $50.

Josiah W. Durst, thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth miles west of Allegany county line; $60.

Henry Reichelt, sixteenth and seventeenth miles west of Allegany county line; $40. From National road to district line No. 5; $10.

Abraham Miller, from end of eighteenth mile west of Allegany county line to Pa. line; $36.

Grantsville.

News items have been a very limited article for some time past in this region: at least little of note was found by your quill manipulator.

Since the late shifting of party fortunes and consequent governmental responsibility and incumbency the number of would-be patrons of the public crib has been quite numerous in anticipation of the alteration presumed to occur under the new regime and doubtless many a man hath willingness to condescend to accept office of public service and trust at a personal pecuniary sacrifice, that his great and estimable talents and competencies may be of service to his country. Lo! until now of the greatness of ability of some of the Commonwealth's citizens the "half had never been told."

Miss Louise Wagner is visiting at Lonaconing.

Ex-Sheriff Wegman and J. E. Gnagey were at Oakland last week.

Henry Miller recently sold an excellent gray grade Percheron horse to a Mr. Falinger, of near Keyser, this vicinity, for nearly seventy dollars.

A contagious or epidemic disease among horses is in this region. It is a form of distemper. Mr. Mellinger had a very spirited bay roadster mare, which died of this disease.

Samuel Baker, of Elk Lick, Pa., has purchased timber from W. S. Yoder, E. S. Miller and S. J. Miller, about two miles north of town, and has arranged with G. D. Miller and John W. Folk to set their saw-mill and convert the timber into lumber this spring. There are now six saw mills—nearly all of large capacity—within a radius of less than four miles from town.

The remains of Savannah, daughter of E. W. Bender, of near Tub, Pa., who died Monday, 13 inst., were interred in the Amish Mennonite cemetery, north of town the 15th inst. Funeral services were conducted by J. S. and J. J. Miller. Text was the central and principal clause of Mark 10: 14: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." Deceased was 8 years, 6 months and 20 days old. Over two hundred people attended the funeral. Those who pass from this life in pure and innocent childhood are beyond peradventure truly blest.

THE NAME OF THE NEXT

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN

The New York Weekly Tribune,

OF NOVEMBER 4th, 1896.

Public interest will steadily increase, and the question how the men who votes turned the scale at the last election are satisfied with the results under the administration they elected, will make the campaign the most intensely exciting in the history of the country.

The New York Weekly Tribune,

the leading Republican family newspaper of the United States, will publish all the political news of the day, interesting to every American citizen regardless of party affiliations.

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Having opened a store on First Street, I will receive all kinds of country produce at the market price in exchange for goods. Goods sold cheap for cash. Call and see me.
38 WILLIAM W. SWEET.

1896. The Sun. 1896.

BALTIMORE, MD

THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE,

FOR THE PEOPLE AND WITH THE PEOPLE.

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FEARLESS IN EXPRESSION.

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PINCH TENSION, TENSION INDICATOR —AND— AUTOMATIC TENSION RELEASER,

The most complete and useful devices ever added to any sewing machine.

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

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ECCLESIASTICAL COLUMN.

Rev. Romanus Mattingly, pastor St. Peters Catholic Church. Editor.

Christmas Sermon. The Incarnation.

Man, created to the image of God in sanctity and justice, transgressed the law of his creator. Defiled with the stain of sin, he became unfortunate himself, and made his posterity sharers in his misfortune. Such is the teaching of faith. But it would avail us little to know the origin of our evils, if we did not also know their remedy. This so necessary remedy, religion teaches us, is to be found in the mystery of the Incarnation, that is to say, in the mystery of the Son of God made man, a mystery which we profess to believe every time we recite the Creed, wherein we say; "I believe in Jesus Christ, His only Son, Our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary."

That we may conceive a just idea of the mystery of the Incarnation, let us first give ear to the Apostle St. John. "In the beginning," he says, "was the Word," that is to say, the Son of God, "and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. All things were made by Thine, and without Him was made nothing that was made * * He was in the world, and the world was made by Him, and the world knew Him not * * * And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us. And we saw his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father full of grace and truth."

This is the most sublime and touching expression possible of the mystery of the Incarnation. We see here the eternal Word, the second person of the most Holy Trinity, in all the majesty, which becomes Him as God; but this eternal Word, by whom all things were made, and without whom nothing was made; this great God who filled the whole world with his presence, and whom the world knew not, to what was He not reduced that He might come and dwell among us, and thus make himself known to the world? "He was made flesh," that is to say, He is united to the flesh in such a manner, that He was made but one with the flesh. "He is made flesh," but the Son of God took also a soul like ours. Why then does the Apostle speak here only of the flesh, only of that body composed of flesh and bones, which had its origin from the slime of the earth? It was that we might see more clearly the wonderful humiliation to which the Son of God reduced himself through love of us.

"The Word was made flesh," the Son of God became perfectly like unto us poor creatures. Sin and concupiscence alone excepted, Jesus, the Son of the Eternal God, was as we are. Like us he had a body subject to hunger, to thirst, to fatigue, to sleep, to pain, and to death. Like us, he had a soul sensible of joy, sadness, fear, hope and pity. St. Paul admirably expresses this when he says that our divine Saviour "was tempted in all things like as we are, yet without sin."

The Word was made flesh, and the body which He assumed, He took in the chaste womb of the Virgin Mary, who was of the royal family of David. In her chaste womb he was conceived by the Holy Ghost in a manner miraculous and divine. The same God who created heaven and earth, who formed from dust the body of the first man, and his soul from nothing, thus great God, from the pure blood of the Virgin Mary, formed a body like ours, for which he created and to which he united a human soul, but a soul all pure and holy. At the very instant when God formed this body and this soul, the Eternal Word, the Second person of the Blessed Trinity united himself to this body and to this soul, by a tie which even death could not sever. The Son of God became the Son of man!

Guided by faith, let us penetrate as far as possible into the mystery of the Son of God, made man. Jesus Christ is at the same time perfect God, and perfect man. He is God like His Father, and in all things equal to Him; He is man like us, and in all things like us, except in sin. As God, says St. Augustine, He has a Father who begot Him from Eternity, and He has no mother. As man He was created in time, and has no Father. As God, Jesus Christ is Eternal, and was before Abraham had been created. As man, He was the descendant of Abraham. As God he changed water into wine, He healed with a word, the most incurable diseases, restored the dead to life, and commanded nature. As man, He was born in Bethlehem, fled into Egypt, ate, drank, rested, slept, was troubled, afflicted, suffered and died. Had then our divine Saviour, in His one person, two distinct natures, a divine and a human one? Yes, and each of these natures had a will and a power proper to itself. The Sacred humanity of Jesus Christ and His Divinity make but one and the same person. The soul, the body, and the divine Word make but one Jesus Christ true God and true man.

What follows from this mysterious union? That Jesus Christ being both God and man, everything that he has said, done and suffered, belongs equally to one and to the other: that the birth of Jesus Christ, perfect man, His tears, His sufferings, His blood and His death are no less than His most divine works. What further follows from this mysterious union? That the Blessed Virgin Mary is truly, really, properly, and in all the force of the term, the mother of God. It is true she had no part in the Eternal generation of Jesus Christ as God: but Jesus Christ, both God and man, was not less wholly and completely her son, than we are wholly and completely, soul and body, the children of our mothers, although they had no part in the creation of our souls.

The Blessed Virgin Mary is truly, really and properly the mother of God, because she conceived and brought forth as a mother that divine person who is perfect God and perfect man.

McHenry.

Farmers are busy hauling limestone and coal.

Rev. Jacob Pysell is busy building his son Noah a very large barn. We think he will soon be one of our leading farmers.

A new blacksmith shop in our town.

Mr. C. R. Weimer, one of our young school teachers who is teaching at Mt. Zion, was home on a visit last Sunday.

Messrs. George and Frank Glotfelty are progressing nicely with their schools.

Friendsville.

[The following letter was received from our Friendsville correspondent last night with the request that it be published just as it was written, and to comply with the wishes expressed we do so.—EDITOR.]

John Shartzer is holding a big auction here.

The Crawford House, owned and managed by R. T. Frazee, is being overrun with guests. The Crawford House is one of the best managed houses in Garrett county.

On last Friday night fire was discovered on the roof of the auction house owned by Mr. "Bud" Custer. Mr. Custer owns very valuable property on each side of the building that was on fire. The first to appear on the scene was Mr. Custer who rendered very valuable assistance—he did. Mr. Custer first ran up stairs—he did—and hollowed for water and no one would bring it—they wouldn't. He then ran down stairs—he did, and got a bucket of water and returned to the second floor. By this time the fire was burning very fiercely, which of course excited Mr. Custer very much. He set the bucket of water on the floor and then sprang to the rafters overhead—he did— and then couldn't reach the water, which was still on the floor. While Mr. Custer was performing his acrobatic feats on the interior of the building some of the citizens ran a ladder to the roof from the outside and quenched the fire in a few minutes. Mr. Custer was seen in the crowd and heard to say, "I wonder who poured all that water through the roof on me, I am nearly drowned—I am."

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

WORK OF THE COMMISSIONERS.

Road Supervisors Appointed for This Year.

DISTRICT NO. SEVEN.

William White, road from Oakland to Gortner's mill; $85. Road from West Union road at Gortner's mill to Mason's lane; $20. Road from West Union road at Totten farm by White's to Youghiogheny river bridge at Glotfelty's lane on location; $50.

Ralph Ashby, Ashby and Hutton Switch road and new road from Yough bridge at Glotfelty's lane to W. Va. line; $45.

Daniel Lewis, road from Cranesville road to Sang Run road by the river; $20. Road from Deep Creek to Bray school house; $25.

Stephen Browning, road from Oakland to White road by Stephen Browning's and to Crellin; $60.

G. B. M. Friend, White and Barnard road; $50.

Henry Fredlock, road from Kings run to Broadford; $15. Road from Schooly's fence to Oakland; $70. Road from Oakland to Hinebaugh's mill road by William Hall's; $85. Road from finger board near ... bridge to W. Va., line and from same road to Hutton Switch; $35. Road from Oakland to Bray's school house; $75. Road from Terra Alta road to Cranesville road by Davis'; $40. New road from Hutton Switch road to W. Va. line; $10.

Andrew Sharrzer, road from near Alexander Lower's to near Glendale school house; $20. Baker road from railroad at Mountain Lake Park to district line No. 8; $40. Wonderly road from railroad to line of District No. 8; and from Lewis Thompson's to Wonderly's; $20. Road from Ryan's Glade road to Foglepole's; $10. Beckman road; $20. Road from Hooppole road to Pysell's, to cross roads; $25. Road from Oakland to broadford and from broadford to Maddigan's; from broadford to Deer Park by Riley farm; road from Shaffer's to Mountain Lake Park; from Ryans Glade road near Mountain Lake Park to Boiling springs; all roads north of railroad by Mountain Lake Park to Oakland between railroad and hooppole road and Lake Mail road; $195.

P. H. Rodeheaver, road from Schooly's fence to Deep Creek bridge in the middle and to Delawder's; $80. Road from Narrows of Deep Creek to Legislative road; $15. Altamont road to J. Sell's; $10.

Chauncey Kimmel, new road from hooppole to Saug Run road to Henry Jordan's and to Dodge school house; $30.

DISTRICT NO. EIGHT.

W. P. Lee, Wilson road to Wilson; $70.

John H. Sanders, Mansfield road; W. Mc. Brown, Bayard county road; $20.

J. M. Conneway, Abernathy road from top of mountain at pike to Wilson road; $55.

Dennis Rinker, road from Wood place to Dobbin; $55.

David Gnagey, Shaffer road; $50.

Jeremiah Harvey, Mason road from Clement's; $50.

Elisha Harvey, Ryans Glade road from Gorman to district line; $110.

J. M. Miller, Miller and Ganer road from Red House to W. Va. line; $40.

Thomas J. Moreland, Northwestern pike from top of mountain to Gorman; $75. Road from pike to White's lane by B. F. Harvey's.

Peter F. Nine, Sunnyside road; $20.

Marcellus Wolfe, road from end of Mason's lane to top of mountain; road from Mason school house to Bowman's; pike from top of mountain to W. Va. line at Chisholm's mill; $100.

James E. Moreland, King and Wilderson road; $50.

Jonas Yutzy, road from Gortner's mill to Chisholm's mill; road from Marion Howser's to Red House; $90.

Parker Ashby, the Parker Ashby and Thomas DeWitt road; $25.

DISTRICT NO. NINE.

Henry Finzell, Johnson road to Pa. line; $35.

Samuel S. Meese, road from Johnson's by Willhem's to Pa. line; $40.

Thomas Lohr, road from top of Savage to line of District No. 11; $40.

Edward Finzell, road from top of Savage to Pa. line; $40.

Richard Durst, Lowery road to Pa. line; $15.

DISTRICT NO. TEN.

James L. Harvey, road from Deer Park to line of District No. 8; and from Jorry Tasker's to river; $100.

George W. Moon, road from Jerry Tasker's by Paughs school house to Eagle rock; $55.

James H. Wilson, road from Kitzmiller's to Paugh's school house from Bush farm to Ryans Glade road; $70.

James Walters, Paradise road; $25.

W. H. Chadderton, road from Wilson's fields to Riley farm; Kimmel road from Delawder's school house to Deer Park; $60.

Francis McRobie, road from Wilson's fields to top of mountain by Wilson's store; from Wilson's store Deer Park road on mountain; post office road; $70.

DISTRICT NO. ELEVEN.

August Durst, road from Swaung mill to Burned camp; $10.

Samuel Wiland, road from burned camp to Bancord's lane; $5

John Stark, road from burned camp to Savage river bridge; $25.

Wm. P. Hansell, Laurel run road to Allegany county line; $15.

J. A. Strickland, new road from Leighton's to Lonaconing road Spiker's; $45.

Peter McIntyre, road from west end of Savage river bridge to huckleberry patch; $45.

Peter Colmer, road from Huckleberry patch to Allegany county line; $25.

James Weir, road from Allegany county line to J. A. Strickland's; $25.

John Wilhelm, road from Strickland's to Frostburg road; $55.

Hiram S. Coleman, road from widow Brown's lane to Frostburg thence to line of District No. [illegible] $35.

Jesse Warnick, bear pen road, mountain ridge road (new road) from Wesley Broadwater's to Gregg's mill; $55.

David Merrill, road from Noah Garlitz's mill by Robinson's to Lancaster's lane; $5.

William Clark, Huckleberry road to Jesse Michael's, $10.

NATIONAL ROAD.

Jasob McKenzie, the National road from Allegany county line to the first mile post in Garrett county $50.

D. B. Layman, second mile west of Allegany county line; $50.

Henry Blocher, third mile west of Allegany county line; $37.50.

George W. Blocher, fourth mile west of Allegany county line; $37.50

Peter Pope, fifth mile west of the Allegany county line; $35.

David Pope, sixth mile west of Allegany county line; $35.

Charles Hetz, seventh mile west of Allegany county line; $30.

William Turner, eighth mile west of Allegany county line; $30.

Joseph Joy, ninth and tenth miles west of Allegany county line; $50.

Samuel J. Beechy, eleventh and twelfth miles west of Allegany county line; $50.

Josiah W. Durst, thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth miles west of Allegany county line; $60.

Henry Reichelt, sixteenth and seventeenth miles west of Allegany county line; $40. From National road to district line No. 5; $10.

Abraham Miller, from end of eighteenth mile west of Allegany county line to Pa. line; $36.

Grantsville.

News items have been a very limited article for some time past in this region: at least little of note was found by your quill manipulator.

Since the late shifting of party fortunes and consequent governmental responsibility and incumbency the number of would-be patrons of the public crib has been quite numerous in anticipation of the alteration presumed to occur under the new regime and doubtless many a man hath willingness to condescend to accept office of public service and trust at a personal pecuniary sacrifice, that his great and estimable talents and competencies may be of service to his country. Lo! until now of the greatness of ability of some of the Commonwealth's citizens the "half had never been told."

Miss Louise Wagner is visiting at Lonaconing.

Ex-Sheriff Wegman and J. E. Gnagey were at Oakland last week.

Henry Miller recently sold an excellent gray grade Percheron horse to a Mr. Falinger, of near Keyser, this vicinity, for nearly seventy dollars.

A contagious or epidemic disease among horses is in this region. It is a form of distemper. Mr. Mellinger had a very spirited bay roadster mare, which died of this disease.

Samuel Baker, of Elk Lick, Pa., has purchased timber from W. S. Yoder, E. S. Miller and S. J. Miller, about two miles north of town, and has arranged with G. D. Miller and John W. Folk to set their saw-mill and convert the timber into lumber this spring. There are now six saw mills—nearly all of large capacity—within a radius of less than four miles from town.

The remains of Savannah, daughter of E. W. Bender, of near Tub, Pa., who died Monday, 13 inst., were interred in the Amish Mennonite cemetery, north of town the 15th inst. Funeral services were conducted by J. S. and J. J. Miller. Text was the central and principal clause of Mark 10: 14: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." Deceased was 8 years, 6 months and 20 days old. Over two hundred people attended the funeral. Those who pass from this life in pure and innocent childhood are beyond peradventure truly blest.

THE NAME OF THE NEXT

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN

The New York Weekly Tribune,

OF NOVEMBER 4th, 1896.

Public interest will steadily increase, and the question how the men who votes turned the scale at the last election are satisfied with the results under the administration they elected, will make the campaign the most intensely exciting in the history of the country.

The New York Weekly Tribune,

the leading Republican family newspaper of the United States, will publish all the political news of the day, interesting to every American citizen regardless of party affiliations.

Also general news in attractive form, foreign correspondence covering the news of the world, an agricultural department second to none in the country, market reports which are recognized authority, fascinating short stories, complete in each number, the cream of the humorous papers, foreign and domestic, with their best comic pictures, fashion plates and elaborate descriptions of woman's attire, with a varied and attractive department of household interest. The "New York Weekly Tribune" is an ideal family paper, with a circulation than that of any other weekly publication in the country issued from the office of a daily. Large changes are being made in its details tending to give it greater life and variety, and especially more interest to the women and younger people of the household.

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Having opened a store on First Street, I will receive all kinds of country produce at the market price in exchange for goods. Goods sold cheap for cash. Call and see me.

38 WILLIAM W. SWEET.

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CHAS. O. SCULL
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C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

A SEA HERO.

How Harry, the Cabin Boy, Atoned for His Sin.

Everybody who knows anything about Bath, Me., and her ships must, necessarily, know the Reaper. She is one of those trim-looking craft that Feaimore Cooper might naturally have pictured for his Skimmer of the Seas. Bulky of hull, shaped like a sword-fish, with wings of enormous spread, there was a time when the Reaper had more "quick work" about her frame than the "twenty periaguas built into a single craft," of which the great American author used to tell.

Few who were anywhere near Bath on a certain day during the centennial year can ever forget with what enthusiasm the Reaper was consigned to her native element. She won distinction on the high seas from the very start, and when it was not in winning races or carrying notable cargoes it was in rescuing some poor wretch clinging to a piece of timber. It is only a few years since the Reaper arrived here the winner of a 15,000-mile race around Cape Horn from Astoria, Ore. Her competitor on this occasion was the sturdy and speedy bark Western Belle. The sum of $1,000 was staked on this event, and the Reaper took the prize.

But the Reaper is now in trouble, and her many friends will be glad to learn that the marine doctor entertains hopes of her recovery. She is at Portland, where she arrived the other day badly broken down in health and spirits, after the longest and roughest passage in her experience, from ocean to ocean, and that is saying a great deal for a craft that has doubled the cape as many times as has the Reaper.

Not only were her hull and wings badly crippled, but she lost a little hero, and those who remained on the battling craft were a struggling, emaciated, exhausted and starving lot when the vessel finally reached the head of the Columbia river. The story might never have been known on this side had not the nine-year-old daughter of Capt. Young, the master of the vessel, written briefly of the same to Mrs. H. W. Morris, of Brooklyn. The little girl's name is Henrietta, and she accompanied her mother to the Pacific coast in the Reaper. Henrietta is a sea nymph, if there ever was one. She loves the sea as she loves her doll, and not only can she spin a yarn as well as any of the fo'k'sle hands, but she can write an interesting one, too.

There never was a tougher lot of "hands" collected at the instance of any shipping master than that which tumbled aboard the Reaper as she lay in the stream off Liberty island last May.

Hardly had the ship got off shore from Sandy Hook when the mates discovered that half a dozen of the sailors who had been singed as A. B.'s were as green as the sheathing on the ship's bottom. Some masters believe in introducing a capstan bar on occasions of this kind; but Capt. Young is a humane man, and, with a sigh, he simply logged the men, and determined to put up with a bad bargain.

The mess or cabin boy who went in the ship was known to the officers as Harry. He had never been to sea before, although he told Capt. Young when he came on board that he had made a deep water voyage in an English bark. He was a good lad for a time, and it was not necessary to ask any questions to discover that at one time he had felt the influences of a good mother's hand. He was only 15 years old, rather tall for his age, with a full, open face, light curly hair and blue eyes that rivaled the clearness of the sea itself. Somehow or other he evinced a fondness for that little water sprite Henrietta immediately after she came aboard. It was one of those attachments that an older brother forms for his little sister, and at the beginning of the passage he made frequent trips between the cabin and the headquarters of Charley Noble to get some dainty for his little queen. But after the ship had been at sea seven weeks it was noticed that Harry was irregular in his habits, and that his devotion "to the little woman aft" was not as marked as it should be. The lad had had much occasion to associate with the men in the usual course of events, and presently his conferences with the green hands became so frequent and pronounced that Capt. Young was obliged to reprove him.

It was like casting water on a duck's back, though. These men seemed to have some unknown power over the boy, but the extent of this power was not learned until the stewardess one day discovered that somebody was stealing the condensed milk. A watch was maintained, but still the milk continued to disappear, and finally the butter began to take French leave. Then the flour followed to keep it company, and was soon joined by the sugar. Those whose duties called them aft began to suspect one another, but never for a moment was a thought given to the honesty of Harry. Little Henrietta vouched for him, and that was enough. He had told her repentedly that his ambition was to grow up a good, brave man that he might command a majestic ship like the Reaper, and on Sunday afternoons, when he pored over the little finger-stained Bible that some Christian mother had given him as an heirloom and read aloud therefrom to the girl, Harry was watched with envy. But the dreadful blow came at last.

Harry was discovered redhanded one morning stealing a quantity of stores. To have the stores stolen bit by bit was sorrow enough, but to learn that Harry, esteemed and loved by all, was the guilty wretch was a crushing blow. The stewardess wept in concert with Henrietta, Capt. Young felt as if he had lost a dear friend and the mates shook their heads in sympathy. As for Harry, he told it all. The green hands had induced him to bring them a can of condensed milk one day, and when they asked for another and he had refused to get it they threatened to tell on him unless he obeyed. He thought too much of the good will of his superiors aft to let the men carry their threat into execution, and as a natural sequence he met their demands. And their demands grew larger as his duplicity increased, until finally it was too late for him to make his book of conscience ever balance.

After that Capt. Young and his mates did not trust him. He could not go anywhere without watchful eyes upon him, for he had been tried and found wanting. But he could count upon one friend and comforter, after all. Henrietta knew him when he was a good boy, and she would not desert him when he had fallen from grace.

"Oh," she exclaimed one afternoon, as a sort of exhaust to her wounded feelings, "why did you do anything like that, Harry; why did you do anything like that? It was dreadful for you to steal for those bad, wicked men. Now we must all suffer for it. The ship has been making such bad weather of it that papa says the passage will last more than six months, and because of your helping yourself to everything we must run short of provisions before we arrive. It was dreadful of you to do."

There was no mistaking the fact that the craft was making bad weather of it. Fifteen days had been consumed in an endeavor to round the cape in blinding snowstorms and gales that were dead ahead and as sharp as the point of a needle. Twice Capt. Young had a conference with his mates on the advisability of wearing ship and putting before it so as to finish the passage by way of the Cape of Good Hope. When it was not blowing great guns it was a series of calms with the ship fanning along, as sailormen say when the canvas collapses every other minute. In these light airs she was as slow as a blind man groping his way. The topsawers of the crew said they never saw such weather before, and they were about right. The gales had played sad havoc with the sails and spars, and the lusty seas which arose in their wrath ate big chunks out of the decks, their fixtures, and the hull itself.

Then the food gave out, as was predicted, and dark looks were flashed at Harry. The butter, milk and sugar had been exhausted some time when the news was passed around that the flour had given out. The growling became general then, and even the green hands turned up their noses every time Harry put in an appearance. Something had to be done. The last few pounds of flour had been used one Sunday, when Capt. Young thought of some old wheat, the sweepings of that famous cargo which was stowed in the lower hold forward. This wheat the hens on board had previously refused to eat, probably because of its bilgelike color. How to get it was the thing that troubled Capt Young most, for he knew that hungry men would not refuse it even if chickens would.

There was only one thing to do, and that was to break out the cargo stowed under the fore hatch. It was a long and difficult job, and the deck of the ship was like a huge dry goods establishment while it was in progress, but it was gotten at last, the green hands working harder than anybody else, their appetites urging them on, perhaps. Once on deck the wheat was ground in the coffee mill and the steward converted it into what Henrietta describes as "good bread and pancakes." It could not last forever, though, and finally it gave out, too. Then the last remaining stores were taken in hand. These consisted of peas and beans, and Mate Harris thought them so valuable just then that he had them counted as a prelude to distribution.

Harry, who was primarily responsible for all the trouble, did not suffer from hunger as much as did the other men. A worse fate was reserved for him. The Reaper was about a month in the Pacific when she encountered a terrific storm that lasted three days and nights.

There was an old man in the crew who had made several voyages in the ship before and who was as capable a sailor as ever let go and hauled. Toward midnight on the second day of the storm this old man was struck by a sea which came on board, and the ship being well heeled over was being rapidly carried over the side, when Harry, who was passing, grabbed him. In doing so the lad fell and a succeeding wave caught him, and, picking him up much as it would a straw, tossed him into the dim, dark sea alongside.

The cry of "man overboard!" brought all hands to the deck, and the roars of the mates could be heard above the howling of the wind and the painful creaking of the spars. An attempt was made in response to an order to get the ship around, and though the helm was hard to weather, all efforts to get the vessel before the wind proved unavailing. Harry was never seen again. There was great gloom among the hands after that, and Mate Harris that night read from Brainard, where he says:

"At the piping of all lands,
When the judgment signal's spread—
When the islands and the lands
And the seas give up the dead,
And the south and the north shall come;
When the sinner is dismay'd,
And the just man is afraid,
Then Heaven be thy aid,
Poor Tom."

The Reaper was nearly 200 days on the passage, and was more like a wreck than her old self when she reached Portland.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

—"Great Scott!" howled the boss, "does it take you four hours to carry a message three squares and return?" "Why," said the new office boy, "you told me to see how long it would take me to go there and back, an' I done it."

GLASS IS BECOMING SCARCE.

American Manufacturers Not Able to Supply the Home Demand.

Foreign window glass has been almost completely shut out of the United States. The latest reports show a rapid falling off in imported glass, and during the last few months imports have been lower than ever before in the history of the trade. All the glass needed in this country will be manufactured at home, as prices and wages across the water are at the lowest notch, while the workers are considering the advisability of demanding an advance in wages. Editor Frank M. Gessner, of the National Glass Budget, who is well posted on the condition of the glass trade says:

"The Belgian manufacturers seem to have about given up the idea that the United States is a dependency of the little kingdom so far as window glass is concerned. Our markets do not even afford good fighting ground for them, under present conditions. Wages abroad are about as low as they can be reduced, for even now such organization as exists in Belgium is preparing to demand higher wages at the first favorable opportunity. Owing to the large curtailment resulting from the strike last April and May there has been sufficient trans-Atlantic demand to fairly absorb the product until within a very reasonable period.

"A very slight increase in exports to the United States is noted during September, when there was an uncertainty about American factories starting up, and importers placed increased orders in the belief that late resumption would seriously curtail available stock. The very full resumption of American factories and the organized condition of our manufacturers, the wise and liberal policy which has been adopted in their dealings with the distributing trade, the ready acceptance of changed conditions by the jobbers and the promptness with which they have placed their orders, together with the firmness of manufacturers and the satisfactory condition of jobbers, has about convinced Belgian manufacturers that they have little profit to seek in this country in the future. The 31 tank furnaces in operation in Belgium are turning out more glass than can be marketed, now that the American market absorbs so little of their product, and for the first time in the past quarter of a century they are called upon to cope with the problem of overproduction.

"At a recent meeting the matter was fully discussed, and it was decided to reduce production after January 1, proportioned to the capacity of firms operating. The matter of arranging details was left to a committee of five, and it is believed that production will be reduced fully one-third for several months in the new year. This is the most convincing proof that American window-glass manufacturers have about fought their most formidable foreign rivals to a standstill, and it is hoped they will make full use of their opportunities, and not only simply supply the entire demand, but take prompt measures in their organized capacity to bring the average quality up to the high standard established and admirably maintained by the leading tank manufacturers of the country.

"Enough glass to satisfy the demand, and of uniform high quality, must be made the watchword of both the Pittsburgh and western manufacturers, and unless prices are foolishly advanced to such a point as to again stimulate imports we ought to be able, in a few years, to completely establish our industrial independence."

The demand for window glass still keeps up and is in excess of the immediate supply. This is largely attributable to orders stimulated by discounts offered large buyers and members of the Jobbers' association by the organized manufacturers, and on account of building activity. The regular demand, however, is very large.

Advices from Belgium were that an agreement had been reached among manufacturers which will curtail production during December, each of 31 firms operating tank furnaces having agreed to close their factories temporarily in order to prevent overproduction.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Distrust the Looking Glass.

Every girl who is dissatisfied with herself should remember that she is better looking than the most kind of looking glasses bid her believe. A mirror, it is contended, cannot flatter a face that is in its natural state, that is, not "made up." Even the very best plate glass has a pale green tinge, which reflects a color a trifle less clear than original; hair also has always a more glossy sheen than the glass shows. If it is wavy the glass never shows the best of the waves, and if it is straight the glass accentuates the straightness. More important and still better to be remembered and carefully treasured, no one ever looks at the face so closely or so critically as the owner of it looks at the reflection in the glass. Blemishes that are a grief to a nonconceited girl may pass quite unnoticed by her friends. The two or three gray hairs that appear unfairly soon on the head of a girl who overworks her brain simply have the effect of high lights in a picture and pass for an extra gloss. The figure that looks heavy when seen only as far as the waist in a glass may be absolutely in graceful proportion when seen with the rest of the figure.—Table Talk.

—Whatever can lead an intelligent being to the exercise or habit of mental enjoyment contributes more to his happiness than the highest sensual or mere bodily pleasures. The one feeds the soul, while the other, for the most part, only exhausts the frame, and too often injures the immortal part.—Anon.

—The tail of the otter serves not only as a rudder, but also as a means of propulsion, its movements closely resembling those of a screw propeller

PROF. MOORE'S KITE.

A Balloon Holds It Up in Calms and Is Protected by It in Gales.

The meteorologists have admitted for many years that some knowledge of the condition of the upper air will be very valuable as an aid to weather prediction. The upper air strata are peculiarly inaccessible in the case of an attempt to suspend meteorological instruments for many hours above any local point, owing to sudden gusts and equally sudden calms. A captive balloon during strong winds is apt to be disabled by the variable pressure upon its immense globe of confined gas. The wind, if very powerful, may drive the tethered balloon downward sidewise and force the gas out of its neck, causing loss of buoyancy.

According to recent drawings, made in London, Prof. Willis L. Moore, chief of the United States weather bureau, is experimenting with a combination of the balloon and the kite, by which during dead calms the gas bags at the back of the kite may carry it upward, while during strong winds the kite would take the pressure and protect the gas apparatus behind it.

The Moore kite, as drawn, has a tail, which may ultimately be dispensed with, as in the case of the kites devised by me in 1891, says the writer, Prof. William A. Eddy, and used recently in the Sunday World photographic experiments above New York. The tail kites used by me on February 4, 1891, for probably the first thermetric kite observation in the world, were hexagonal, and carried upward a very steep string, almost equalizing the perpendicular ascending power of the tailless kite, the first experiments with which were begun in the spring of the same year.

Instead of a very large kite, such as the drawing of Prof. Moore's kite indicates, I sent up several hexagonal tail kites, about five feet in diameter, flying in tandem from one main line. Of course, in using tail kites, the branch line, extending to each kite, had to be about three times as long as that used for tailless kites, so as to prevent the tails of the upper kites from becoming entangled with the branching tandem lines below.

I found that when sufficient line was allowed to each kite there was no trouble in using tail kites with which to send up my thermometer. Prof. Moore's possible plan for sustaining a balloon by means of a tail kite is more likely to be immediately successful than if he attempted to balance in the air a balloon tailless kite, because I found during hundreds of kite ascensions that nobody knows what the wind will do next.

Since flat kites of light construction, in mild winds, require little tail, it seems to follow that a gas-inflated kite will need very small tail weights to balance it if the wind is light. In a strong wind a tail about 300 feet in length will be required. Prof. Moore's proposed line of experiment is interesting and valuable, and if all the weather bureau stations are equipped with such an apparatus the predictions would be more exact.

The experiments made with my kites at Blue Hill observatory, near Boston, where ink-recording instruments were held up in the air during successive days, amply established the fact that cold waves reach the upper air several hours in advance of their appearance on the earth's surface. I announced this theoretically in the American Meteorological Journal for July, 1891, but I had few observations from aloft in support of it, and I thought then that it might have been due to a coincidence. Since that time the elaborate experiments at the Blue Hill observatory in August, 1895, have reaffirmed it. The curves have been carefully worked out at the observatory by H. H. Clayton, indicating that abnormal coolness of the air aloft denotes the approach of a cold wave which soon reaches the surface. When the air rushes up Mount Washington or Pike's Peak it carries with it the kite observations. A released balloon drifts away with the approaching cold wave, and so the decline of temperature aloft is not properly compared with the surface temperature.

Kites of light construction can maintain themselves aloft six days in seven at New York, and probably four days in seven at Cincinnati, where the wind is light, if night winds in both cities are included in the estimate. But Prof. Moore's kite, if he uses gas, would doubtless make the record almost continuous. Since there is often plenty of wind aloft and none at the surface of the earth, the facts are only approximately known at present.—N. Y. World.

Outdoor Neckwear.

Just a suggestion of outdoor neckwear to those who have no furs and cannot afford them or feathered boas either. Get two yards of black India silk, that which cost about 50 cents a yard, and cut it in six-inch strips—lengthwise. Sew them together neatly, pink each edge and plait it in triple box plaits. It will be a yard or more in length when completed, and is an excellent substitute for a boa of fur or feathers. Put narrow black ribbons where you wish to fasten it close about the throat. Such a boa, if bought at the shops, would cost you about three dollars. It need not cost you over one dollar. If you desire one for the neck only a yard of silk cut in three strips will suffice. It will be very pretty edged with narrow lace.—St. Louis Republic.

His Best Wishes.

"I had a letter from Clara in London in which she said she was to be presented to court."

"I hope the poor girl will be acquitted."—Judge.

—Ideas are the factors that lift civilization. They create revolutions. There is more dynamite in an idea than in many bombs.—Bishop Vincent.

When All Seemed Darkest.

"Courage, papa!"

The ruined merchant raised his head and gazed into a loving daughter's eyes.

"You know I took lessons in elocution. I will recite; that will at least keep the wolf from the door!"

A gleam of hope shone in his eyes.

"It will that!" he said. And with a lighter heart he turned to his task of formulating a compromise with his creditors at 20 cents on the dollar.—Puck.

The Considerate Boy.

Said a New York boy to his father: "Pa, what makes you look so angry?"

"I look angry because I am vexed at hearing your mother scold you for your badness."

"Well, pa, you should do as I do. I hear ma scolding you for your badness 40 times a day, but I never remind you of it, for I always think you have been punished enough already." — Texas Siftings.

AN APPROPRIATE PART.

"What part am I to take?" said Chappie.

"You are to be the heroine's father," replied the stage manager.

"What does he do?"

"He dies ten years before the curtain rises on the first act."—Collier's Weekly.

Very Dear.

Mrs. Spendall—Just look at this lovely bonnet, John, that I bought to-day.

Mr. Spendall (resignedly)—Well, how much?

"Only $18, and it is such a beauty. Don't you think it is, dear?

"Yes; very dear."—Texas Siftings.

Real Jealousy.

Of course we do not show it,
Although it much provokes
A fellow when he hears his girl
Laugh at another's jokes.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

His Natural Bent.

Fond Father—If that boy of mine has any particular bent I can't find it.

Philosopher — What experiments have you made to find out?

"Very thorough ones. I gave him a toy printing press, a steam engine, a box of paints, a chest of tools, and a lot of other things carefully selected to find out whether his tastes were literary, mechanical, artistic, commercial, or what, and I know no more than I did before."

"What did he do with them?"

"Smashed them up."

"Ah, I see. He is to be a furniture mover."—N. Y. Weekly.

Naturally Elated.

Miriam—Oh, Ferdy! you know those nice picture frames and worsted mottoes and horseshoe paper-weights that I made, and which I took to the church sale at your suggestion?

Ferdinand (hopefully)—They were all sold, dear?

Miriam (elatedly)—Yes! The auctioneer, such a nice man, described them so beautifully, and they looked so utterly lovely and too sweet for anything, that I just bought every last one of them back again myself!—Judge.

Money in It.

Jimson—Hello, old boy, I hear you spent several hundred dollars learning a new, sure, quick and easy way of getting rich.

Jamison—Yes, I did.

"Making any money?"

"Lots."

"How?"

"Teaching other people the new, sure, quick and easy way of getting rich."—N. Y. Weekly.

The Last Straw.

Nodd—You say your baby doesn't walk yet? Mine does. Same age, too. Your baby cut his teeth yet?

Todd—No.

Nodd—Mine has, all of them. Your baby talk?

Todd—Not yet. Can yours?

Nodd—Great Scott, yes.

Todd (desperately)—Does he shave himself or go to a barber's?—Truth.

A Superfluous Question.

"Do you believe in women lecturers?" the man in the fur cap was asking.

The man with a thin chest opened it and produced one of his apologetic coughs.

"Sh—speak easy," he said, nervously; that's my wife in the next seat."—N. Y. Recorder.

'Fess Up.

If you love a girl, why, tell her so,
Nor keep her spirit sad.
If you've a business, make it "go"
By putting in an ad.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

DRESSING GOWN WITH ANGEL WINGS.

Very Different.

He was counted very knowing
When, his boyish wild oats sowing,
He snickered at the warnings of his ma;
But it wasn't quite so funny
When his father called out: "Sonny,
Come march into the woodshed with your pa!"
—Chicago Record

A SOFT ANSWER.

"Susan, just look here! I can write my name in the dust on the top of this table!"

"Lor', mum, so you can! Now, I never had no edgercation myself!"—Punch.

With His Uncle.

She—What! Going so soon, Mr. Brown? I will get your coat; it is hung up in the hall, isn't it?

He—No, I hung it up before I came in.—Town Topics.

Diplomacy.

"Belle, how do you keep Bob at home nights?"

"I had a folding bed made that looks just like a sideboard."—Chicago Record

In Terse Sentences.

"Why don't you speak up and answer the questions?" angrily demanded the judge.

"Gimme time, judge!" the prisoner smartly retorted.

And the judge gave him 90 days, with privilege of renewal at maturity.—N. Y. Recorder.

Able to Pay.

Club Man—Why didn't you recognize Clarence Fastchapp when we met?

Sister—He has disgraced himself. I was told that he was turned out of the Hightone club for not paying his dues.

Club Man—That's a base slander. It was only for "conduct unbecoming a gentleman."—N. Y. Weekly.

Where the Shoe Pinched.

Fakerly—Our standard of public morality is frightfully low.

Beezletop—I'm afraid that too many of our legislators can be bought.

Fakerly—Oh, no trouble about that! But you can't depend on the rascals when you have bought 'em.—Puck.

Job Lots.

In her impotent rage her grace could only scowl at the duke, her husband.

"This," she bitterly exclaimed, "is what a woman gets by buying what she doesn't want just because it's cheap."—Detroit Tribune.

Very Circumspect.

Miss Pert—Is Miss Straight Lace circumspect?

Miss Caustic—Circumspect! Why, she won't accompany a young man on the piano without a chaperon.—Salem Gazette.

No Mystery.

Mistress (severely)—How did this fire happen to go out?

New Girl (innocently)—I guess you forgot to tell me to put coal on.—N. Y. Weekly.

BUILDING AND SCIENCE.

PRETTY COTTAGE HOME.

Its Cost Need Not Exceed Eighteen Hundred Dollars—It Contains Eight Rooms and Is Supplied with Every Known Convenience—Description of Materials to Be Used.

Written for This Paper.

This house contains 8 rooms, including the reception hall. The sizes of the rooms are as follows: Parlor, 13x16 feet; dining-room, 13x17 feet 6 inches; kitchen, 11 feet 6 inches by 12 feet; reception hall, 11x12 feet; one chamber, 12x23 feet; three chambers, 12x15 feet; bathroom, 8x9 feet; pantry, 7x8 feet. The bay and front of veranda in the bathroom will be of the latest styles. The height of the first story is 9 feet 6 inches, second story 9 feet, basement 7 feet. The basement is concreted and the stone foundation wall where it comes in contact with the ground on the outside will be plastered with a good heavy coat of cement. Art ginss is used wherever shown.

GEORGE A. W. KINTZ.

FRONT ELEVATION OF $1,800 HOUSE.

are brill up with bowlder stones as shown on front elevation. The veranda is very large. The size of studding is 2x4; roof rafters, 2x6; joist, 2x10; plates, 2x12; beams, 8x10. All floors are double, sheathed with flooring. The gables are shingled, the cedar shingles on the roof being dipped in silver-grny creosote stain. The veranda ceiling is to be ceiled with narrow ceiling. Make all floors of verandas and porches double. All doors are to be 2 feet 8x7x1⅜, excepting front doors

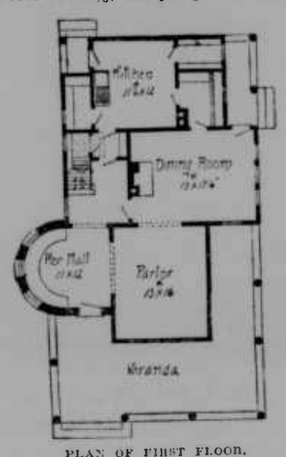

PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR.

and outside doors. These will be wider and heavier. All plastering is to be two-coat work, and all painting on the exterior three-coat work. The entire finish will be of Georgia pine finished with hard oil.

The siding shown will be 4-inch O. G. laid 2½ inches to the weather. The columns shown will be turned from 8-inch stuff and capped with a neat cap. The front door will have a long plate glass panel. All glass used is to be American, double thick, free from defects of all kinds. The mantel in the dining-room is to be of a neat design and of red oak,

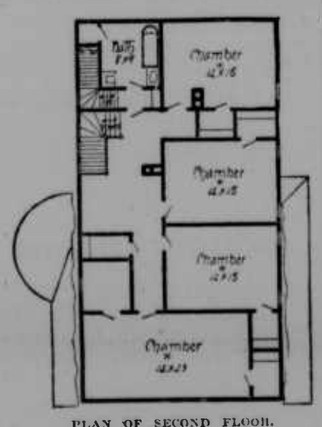

PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR.

and all shelf hardware is to be of a neat pattern.

All closets are to be fitted up with shelves. The gutters, down spouts, flashing and chimney drops are to be of galvanized iron. Make floors of clear pine, 3¼ inch face, well nailed to every bearing. All lumber used is to be of the best grade for its respective place.

The fencing used for roof boards must be laid 2 inches apart for air space.

Place tar paper between the double floors and beneath siding and shingles on the gables. The color of the exterior of the house will look well painted a dark lemon, provided all trimmings are of a chocolate color. All sashes are with weights. There is to be a sink in kitchen. The laundry, coal rooms, furnace room, fruit room, etc., are in the basement. The rooms projecting over the veranda on the second floor will have the space between the floor joists well packed with mineral wood. All outside walls will be back plastered to insure a good warm house in winter and a cool house in summer. The fixtures less privately for seven or eight years past in many technical industries, and for various special purposes, has now been taken over by a company and placed on the market. To the man in the street probably the uses of a contrivance of this nature seem scarcely very obvious at first sight. This only shows how little the man in the street knows about the matter. For the uses of the tintometer are believed to be nearly endless. This will be realized when it is borne in mind that in the case of practically every substance, natural or manufactured, known to man color is an absolute index of its quality. Consequently, you have only to ascertain its color exactly in order to know at once the quality of the substance you are dealing with. And this is what the tintometer enables you to do. Take flour. The quality of flour can be told to a nicety by its color. Hence you have only to ascertain the position of any given specimen of flour in the color scale tod know its value. "But how about adulteration?" some one will ask at once; "cannot an inferior flour be colored by the addition of some foreign substance to match the shade desired?" Certainly it can be. But the tintometer would detect the fraud at once.

What, then, is the tintometer? Briefly it consists of a carefully graded series of colored glasses—about the size and shape of small microscope slides—by means of which, used singly or superimposed one on top of the other, any desired shade or color can be matched with absolute exactitude. And when it is realized that there are just 60,000,000 shades which can be obtained in this fashion, it will be understood that the color which cannot be matched by the tintometer must be very hard to find, indeed. In point of fact, there is no color or tint perceptible to the ordinary human eye which cannot be obtained. These slips of glass are placed on a slide at the end of a double parallel-sided wooden tube, something like an elongated stereoscope to look at, with two small apertures at the lower end and eye-pieces to look through at the upper. The substance to be matched is placed under the one aperture, and then, by changing the slips of glass to the required extent beneath the other, the desired tint is readily obtained.—Westminster Budget.

Curiosities of Frog's Eggs.

Frogs' eggs are laid before they really become eggs in the true sense of that word. They are always laid under water, and when first deposited are covered with a sort of envelope in the shape of a thin membrane. In this shape they are very small, but as soon as they come in contact with the water they rapidly absorb that element, and in so doing go through a queer transformation. The thin membrane containing the little seed-like eggs is quickly changed into great lumps of a clear jelly-like substance, each section joined to the other, the whole forming a string from a few inches to several feet in length. On the inside of each of these lumps of jelly the eggs come to perfection, and in due course of time add their quota to the frog population of the world.

Minerals in the Human Body.

Dr. Lancaster, of London, the first person to scientifically analyze a human body, obtained some curious results for his pains. The body operated upon was that of a man weighing 158.4 pounds. From this he obtained 23.1 pounds of carbon, 2.2 pounds of lime, 22.3 ounces of phosphorus and about 1 ounce each of sodium (common salt), iron, potassium, magnesium and silicon. Besides the above solids he extracted 5,595 cubic feet of oxygen gas and 105,900 cubic feet of hydrogen gas, the former weighing 121 pounds and the latter 15.4 pounds.

When Eyes Are Troublesome.

Oculists say that the period during which people have the most trouble with their eyes is between 20 and 30 years of age.

FARM AND GARDEN.

WINDMILL NOVELTIES.

Two Recent Attempts to Improve on the Prevailing Styles.

The use of windmills for developing power in the rural districts is steadily increasing, and much thought is now being given to the possible improvement of existing designs. Herewith we rudely indicate the principles of two recent inventions. Dr. H. M. Shaw, of Genoa, N. Y., would have four horizontal arms of frames, to each of which he would attach, by hinges, one or more vertical sails, either entirely flat or made of slats, shutter fashion, whose angle with a perpendicular could be varied. The first diagram gives an idea of this plan. The solid arrow shows

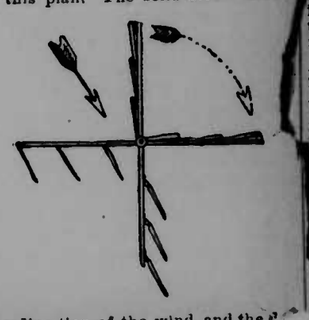

the direction of the wind, and the dotted one the direction of rotation. It will be seen that as each set of sails come into the right position for work they slow down gently against the arm which supports them and carry it with them half way around the circle. The wind then penetrates under the free lateral edge of each and swings them all out backward, so that they offer no resistance as the arm comes up into the wind again. As yet, Dr. Shaw has not yet completed his model, but he believes that there will be no serious slamming as the sails suddenly swing back. Should there be trouble of this kind, however, he would interpose spring buffers to lessen the noise and destructive action consequent upon the battering of his shutters. An automatic regulator, not represented here, throws the sails out of action in a gale.

Another device, patented by a carpenter of Topeka, Kan., also has sails revolving in a horizontal plane, and is provided with means for keeping their edges to the wind when moving against the latter. Through a vertical shaft (which conveys the power obtained down to suitable transmitting mechanism) he runs two horizontal shafts, at right angles with each other. These shafts are arranged to rock, or undergo a partial rotation first in one direc-

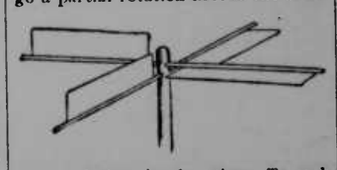

tion and then in the other. To each half of a shaft is rigidly secured a blade or sail, in such a manner that when one of the pair stands upright the other will be lying down. A simple and ingenious attachment rocks these shafts and automatically raises and lowers the blades, according to the requirements of the service. The sails are "feathered" as a skillful boatman's oars are.

An important feature of the latter wind engine is that he has provided for the storage of power. The force developed by his machine operates so as to lift a heavily weighted platform. Any expenditure of this force tends to lower the burden. Elevation of the latter to its full height involves about half a day's work. Grist mills, pumps, dynamos and other mechanical or electrical devices dependent on the wind engine for power can be run for a few hours during a calm if the storage platform has been previously raised to the top notch, say, during the night.—N. Y. Tribune.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

Lime on dry soils will show its effect at once and one application will show for years.

It is better to hold your corn, if you can. There is little use in selling at present prices.

If your hay is dusty wet it before giving it to horses. Dusty hay is a source of great injury to horses.

It is worth while to take extra pains to keep the rats out of the corn crib. It is a good plan to nail projecting tin around the edges.

Taking all things into consideration, the matted row system of growing strawberries is the most profitable, especially if care is taken not to let the plants grow too thick in the rows.

A St. Louis paper thinks that the corn crop has been over-estimated to the extent of 600,000,000 bushels. That is a pretty high figure, but that the crop has been over-estimated we do not doubt. Crop reports are nearly always exaggerated to keep prices down. The potato crop is also over-estimated in our judgment.—Farmers' Voice.

Leg Weakness in Fowls.

During this season there have been very large number of complaints of leg weakness in fowls. Heretofore it has been very unusual. There are several causes of leg weakness, among them the feeding of sulphur. If sulphur is given in damp weather it acts almost as a poison, and affects the bones, causing pains in the limbs similar to rheumatism. We have experimented with its use and found the results as stated. Then again, dampness of the quarters conduces to leg weakness, and so will overfeeding. When the hens have good appetites, and appear well except unable to move freely, remove them from the male, as often his attentions are the cause of the difficulty.—Prairie Farmer.

RESULTS OF MALARIAL AND TYPHOID FEVERS.

Case Cited in Three Oaks, Mich., That Will Interest Delicate Women.

The Effects of the Fever Were Felt in the Weakest Spots.

A WARNING TO MOTHERS.

From the Press, Three Oaks, Mich.

Out at Three Oaks, Michigan, lives Mrs. S. Flowers, from whom we publish part of a most interesting letter. The first part of the letter was taken up with a description of her sufferings as a result of malarial and typhoid fevers. These consisted of rheumatism, nervous prostration, boils, severe pains in head and back, etc., etc. The feature of her letter, which will be of the most interest, however, follows, and it will interest many women and particularly mothers of young daughters:

"I had also been a sufferer for sixteen years with painful menstruation. Every time I would have to lie down most of the time, as it was impossible for me to stand. At last, as a result of this remedy (Pink Pills), they nearly disappeared. Every time they should come I would cramp and would have to use hot applications, and would take hot slings, teas and every known remedy, but of no avail. After using Pink Pills two months they came on without any pain whatever. It had been two years since there had been any color. The doctors said it might be the turn of life, but as I was too young, only thirty-three, he thought it strange if it was. Now I am just as anyone should be at those times.

"Another trouble I had was a weak stomach from a child. Every little while I would have had vomiting spells, consequently the doctors found me a very hard patient to treat. My physician said he had spent more time in studying my case than that of any patient he ever had. Several physicians advised me to use an electric battery. We got one and I used it for some time before I commenced using the pills, and continued it for awhile after I began using them, but I found out I could get along as well without it and just depended on the pills.

"When I commenced using them I was so discouraged that I had given up the thought of ever being any better, as after every attack I was so much weaker and more helpless. It seems almost a miracle to me that after trying so many remedies that your medicine should have helped me so much. I can now walk quite a distance without getting very tired, and the hunch on my back is much smaller than it was.

"I can furnish plenty of proof that these statements are all true from friends who have seen me suffer and know just how helpless I was when I commenced using your medicine. I have used in all thirty-two boxes. I am perfectly willing to tell what has helped me and have recommended your pills to several persons who are now using them. I do not believe I would have been alive now had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and am very thankful that there is such a medicine, for they have helped me when everything else failed."

Respectfully,
MRS. J. S. FLOWERS.

Sworn and subscribed to before me this 19th day of October, A. D., 1895.
DWIGHT WARREN, *Notary Public*,
Berrien County, Michigan.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

HE (feeling his way to a knowledge of her accomplishments) — "Can you darn stockings, Arabella?" She (with distant frigidity)—"I don't expect to marry a man who needs to wear darned stockings."—Illustrated Bits.

To California in Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars.

The Burlington Route (C., B. & Q. R. R.) runs personally conducted excursions to California, leaving Chicago every Wednesday. Through cars to California destination, fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, bedding, toilet rooms, etc.; every convenience. Special agent in charge. Route via Denver and Salt Lake. Sunshine all the way. Write for descriptive pamphlet to T. A. Grady, Excursion Manager, 211 Clark St., Chicago.

HIT makes no difference how hard he may try, I doant believe dat a red-nosed man can look coldly intellectual.

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

CHIEFLY, the mold of a man's fortune is in his own hands.—Bacon.

SUFFERERS FROM COUGHS, SORE THROAT, etc., should be constantly supplied with *'Brown's Bronchial Troches."*

THE safe flew open, and there inside
A receipted gas bill lay,
The baffled burglar shook his head,
"I've come a little too late!" he said,
And he mournfully turned away.
—Chicago Tribune.

MRS. BINGO—"I wish you would tell that servant girl that we don't require her any more." Bingo—"Certainly, my dear. (Later to servant) Bridget, Mrs. Bingo wants to see you."—Life.

UPON the unjust and the just
Alike the rain doth fall;
But the unjust frequently purloin the
good umbrellas of the just
And don't get wet at all.
—Philadelphia Record.

"THAT whisky is fifteen years old. I know it, because I've had it that long myself." The Colonel—"By jove! sir, you must be a man of phenomenal self-control."—Life.

THE bonds most sought for by a duke
With mortgaged patrimony
Invariably you will find
Are those of matrimony.
—N. Y. Recorder.

HARD LINES.—"They say he hadn't a penny when he married. How, then, has he managed to keep a wife?" "He has kept her in suspense, probably."—Detroit Free Press.

THE most insignificant people are the most apt to sneer at others. They are safe from reprisals, and have no hope of rising in their own esteem but by lowering their neighbors.—Hazlitt.

"A WOOD-SAWING contest by women!"
That seems up-to-date and quite pat.
The "sawing," I hear, was successful—
But the "say nothing" part, how was
that?
—N. Y. Recorder.

"IT is hard to believe that a man is telling the truth when you know you would lie were you in his place."—Boston Transcript.

WE always have time enough, if we will but use it aright.—Goethe.

To California.

Study all time cards and you will find no railroad carrying tourist cars make as quick time as the Phillips Rock Island Excursions. One hour and thirty minutes quicker time than any other route Chicago to Los Angeles.

A. Phillips & Co. have carried over 125,000 patrons to and from California. Why? Because every well-posted California traveler understands Phillips has the best regulated tourist system.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

Sarsaparilla Sense.

Any sarsaparilla is sarsaparilla. True. So any tea is tea. So any flour is flour. But grades differ. You want the best. It's so with sarsaparilla. There are grades. You want the best. If you understood sarsaparilla as well as you do tea and flour it would be easy to determine. But you don't. How should you?

When you are going to buy a commodity whose value you don't know, you pick out an old established house to trade with, and trust their experience and reputation. Do so when buying sarsaparilla.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been on the market fifty years. Your grandfather used Ayer's. It is a reputable medicine. There are many sarsaparillas. But only one Ayer's. IT CURES.

A GOOD THING - PUSH IT ALONG

BATTLE AX
Plug Tobacco
A Great Big Piece for
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Be Sure

'Tis pure Cocoa, and not made by the so-called "Dutch Process."

Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure — no chemicals. WALTER BAKER & CO., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

Out of sorts

—and no wonder. Think of the condition of those poor women who have to wash clothes and clean house in the old-fashioned way. They're tired, vexed, discouraged, out of sorts, with aching backs and aching hearts. They must be out of their wits. Why don't they use Pearline (use with out soap)? That is what every woman who values her health and strength is coming to. And they're coming to it now, faster than ever. Every day, Pearline's fame grows and it's patrons increase in number. Hundreds of millions of packages have been used by bright women who want to make washing easy. 601

Millions NOW USE Pearline

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 20th, 1896.

Senator Davis, of Minnesota, has received many congratulations for the vigorous Americanism which stands up in every line of the Monroe doctrine resolution which has been reported to the Senate from the committee on Foreign Relations. The resolution was written by Senator Davis, he having been appointed a sub-committee of one to perform that duty, and the resolution itself furnishes the best evidence that the task could not have been put in better hands. There are a few timid men in Congress—mostly Democrats—who are a little bit afraid that the resolutions goes too far, especially that portion of it which declares the United States to be the sole judge when it comes to determining the question of infringement of the Monroe doctrine but Congress is practically unanimously in favor of the assertions contained in the resolution, and there is no doubt that the resolution will be adopted by both Senate and House, and that even the timid individuals referred to will record their votes in its favor when put to the test.

There is practically no change as to the status of the House tariff bill which is tied up in the Senate Finance Committee. Something may develop at this week's regular meeting of the Committee that will result in getting the bill reported to the Senate in some shape, although there is nothing certain about it.

Rumors of an intended special Cuban message from Mr. Cleveland to Congress have been floating around for several days, but no definite information on the subject can be obtained either at the White House or at the State Department. Meanwhile there is considerable adverse comment heard upon the slowness of Secretary Olney in furnishing the Cuban information called for by a resolution adopted by the House several weeks ago. It is not at all evident what he is waiting for, except to delay favorable action of Congress towards the Cubans, which might follow his answer.

Ex-Secretary Noble, of President Harrison's cabinet, who is in Washington in connection with the Commission charged with selecting the site and design for the Sherman equestrian statute that is to be erected, has been pumped energetically by the newspaper men for information as to Gen. Harrison's intention towards the Presidential nomination, but if he knows anything he kept it to himself. The following remarks made to one newspaper man is in substance what the Ex-Secretary said to all: "I am out of politics. I have no idea about these matters. Whoever is nominated by the Republican Convention will be elected. The Democrats haven't one chance in a million to win, it doesn't matter what kind of a platform they promulgate or who they nominate."

The General Pension Appropriation bill was passed by the House just fifty days earlier in the session than the same bill passed either of the last two Democratic Houses. Several of the proposed amendments to the bill were ruled out under points of order raised by a Democrat, but they will all be covered by the Pickler Pension bill, which is now in the hands of the Committee on Invalid Pensions, but which will soon be reported to the House and passed by that body. The Pickler bill has been approved by the Legislative Committee of the G. A. R.

Senator Butler, of North Carolina, has lost the benefit of the good impression his appearance made when he entered the Senate. The reason is the same that has killed so many other promising men in both branches of Congress—he talks when he has nothing to say, just for the pleasure of hearing his own voice.

Democrats openly acknowledge that their committee broke the old custom of the party in power holding its National Convention first solely with the hope that the Republicans will make some mistake in their candidate or platform which the Democrats by holding their convention several weeks later will be able to profit by. This merely shows the desperate straits to which the poor old Cleveland-ridden Democratic party is reduced. Within less than six months of the holding of their National Convention they have no idea what they intend doing, further than to take advantage of any loophole that may be left by the Republican platform, to put forward some sort of a plea that may bamboozle the voters. But the impression is widely abroad that the bamboozling of voters by a Democratic platform will never again be successful. It was done once too often. This bit of cowardice is strikingly characteristic of the Democratic party as well as in striking contrast with the Republican party under similar circumstances. During its long control of the government the Republican party never failed once to hold its National Convention first. But, the Republican party has always known where it stood upon every great question, and has never attempted to straddle questions or to make platforms which may be construed to mean anything or nothing according to the construer, which makes quite a difference.

In The Whirl at Washington.

To the Editor of The Republican.

Probably in no other city in the world is there as much gaiety crowded into a few weeks as here in Washington. The season commenced with the brilliant reception given by the President Jan. 1st and will end officially at the beginning of Lent, which comes as a blessed season of rest and recuperation for jaded humanity early in February.

The reception given Jan. 8th to the Diplomatic corps was the most brilliant affair occurring during the present administration, if indeed it was not the most notable in the history of the White House.

It was a gorgeous pageant, a glittering panorama of flashing lights, glittering jewels and splendid uniforms.

The Diplomats were of course the central figures of the affair being resplendent in their magnificent court dresses covered with gold lace, gilt cords, ribbins, cordons, crosses and jewels that paled the splendor of the noonday sun.

Sir Julian Pauncefote was the observed of all observers and headed the diplomatic family. He is a red faced burly Briton with an aggressive look and a pompous air; also a Roman nose.

Baron Fava, of Austria, has a patrician face, snow white hair and mustache and a *blase* air; also an eye glass.

Mons. Patenotie, the elderly French ambassador, was accompanied by his young and pretty American wife, glittering with jewels purchased probably, by her papa's money, which also doubtless purchased the titled son-in-law.

Twenty-five of thirty years ago the man and woman who are now father-in-law and mother-in-law to this Embassador were 80-dollar-a-month-clerks here in one of the departments. A venture as publisher of a cheap family newspaper led on to fortune and now to fame, as their beautiful home overlooking this city is one of the show places of the District.

The ladies of the South American Ministers wore a great profusion of costly jewels, but their clothes were not at all striking or tasteful. They nearly all have the Jewish type of physiognomy.

The Chinese Minister was accompanied by his No. 3 wife. Her face was most elaborately enamelled and painted. Her hair plastered down very smoothly and surmounted by a queer little cap having a huge bunch of tawdry looking flowers bobbing just over each ear. Her tiny feet encased in silken slippers were perched upon little stilts about 4 inches high covered with white kid and shaped liko solid horse shoes. It gave her a most peculiar gait. Her little bead like eyes peeped and peered round at every thing and everybody in a highly inquisitive and most entertaining manner.

The crafty, cruel looking Turk was also there—his bullet shaped head covered with a scarlet fez: its vivid color a reminder of the bl[oo]d of the Christians now soaking [in] soil of his native land.

Mrs. Cleveland stood at the Pr[esi]dent's right gorgeously arrayed [in] white velvet spangled with sil[ver] passementerie. She wore her d[ia]mond necklace, diamond combs [in] aigrette and ornaments of the s[ame] costly jewel in her corsage. [Her] hands were ungloved and she sho[ok] hands with every one presented [to] her. The wives of all the Cabinet officers were also in line all arrayed in their "Sunday-go-to-meeting" duds.

The East room was an artist's dream—the floral and electrical efforts defying adequate description. The ceiling was a canopy of evergreen in which thousands of t[iny] red, white and blue electric lights twinkled. The mantels were banked with rare roses and orchids and fringed with feathery ferns. Every niche and corner was filled with palms and evergreens and each door and window mullion was outlined with floral mosaics of the most exquisite description.

Hundreds of Army and Navy officers in full uniform added their touch of color to the beautiful spectacle.

This week the Attorney General and Mrs. Harmon give a dinner on Monday. On Tuesday Sec'y and Mrs. Lamont dine the President and Mrs. Cleveland. Wednesday, the Japanese minister gives a dinner in honor of Vice President Stevenson. On Thursday occurs Sec'y and Mrs. Carliste's dinner and that of the Chinese Minister; also President Cleveland's reception to Congress and the members of the Supreme Court.

On Friday comes a dinner by the French Ambassador and Mrs. Patenotre and one by the Brazilian Minister and Mrs. Mendoncor, besides dozens of social events of lesser note given by smaller people.

Afternoon teas are the social fad par excellence this season. After your friends have said, "I've had *such* a lovely time" and you have said for perhaps the three hundredth time, "O I am *so* glad to hear it," it becomes a little monotonous and you feel like saying it in a way a certain society lady did who is slightly deaf. One guest varied the formula by saying "Well I really *must* go," and the hostess said in her very heartiest manner, "O, I am *so* glad to hear it," and her guest drew herself up and left in a huff, and then a bystander enlightened the entertainer upon her unfortunate *faux pas* and she had one experience more and one visitor less for the future.

Jan. 18th 1896. M. A. YOST.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

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"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

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"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

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34 inches high. Top can be adjusted to any angle or height Revolving Case 15 x 15 x 12 inside. Holds about 30 vols Law size. Strong well finished Metal Base and Sides With Solid Oak Shelves and Top.—100,000 now used. Sent knocked down (30 lbs). On approval. Address: Marsh M'f'g Co. CHICAGO.

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I also furnish galvanized iron, steel or tin eve troughs, gutters, valleys, etc.

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Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE. AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
40-1yr.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN, SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.
LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.
Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26t

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.
A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

--WANTED--
WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER
Also White Oak Timber Land.
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO., Cumberland, Md.
Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.
CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
23tf 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass on my land known as "Swanton," by cutting timber, clearing land or by farming or pasturing land that is cleared on my premises, fishing, or in any other way trespassing, as I have instructed my agent to prosecute all trespassers to the fullest extent of the law.
M. M. ARMSTRONG.
CHAS. A. WILT, Agent, Westernport, Md.
9—1yr.

W. F. KING, Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13t.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 160 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 40 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400 balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty., Oakland, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1896. NUMBER 47.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Send your job work to THE REPUBLICAN office.

Mr. J. Arthur White spent Monday in Piedmont, W. Va.

Mr. Jesse Frazee, of Cove, was a caller at this office on Thursday last.

MONEY TO LOAN.—J. C. Renninger, attorney at law, Oakland, Md. 46-4t.

Mr. James D. Hamill spent Thursday of last week in Keyser, W. Va.

Mr. H. B. Mansbach, of Cumberland, was here looking up trade Monday.

Attorney W. C. Devecmon, of Cumberland, was in town on business Saturday.

Mr. Walter D. Smith, of Terra Alta, was here and at Mt. Lake Park Saturday.

The oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Bolden at Terra Alta is very dangerously ill.

Mr. Scott T. Jones spent a day or two in Wheeling, W. Va., since our last issue.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Assemblyman Hilleary and Senator Ravenscroft have our thanks for public documents.

Prof. R. G. Richardson, of Piedmont, was here Monday on a visit to relatives and friends.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

Mr. Eli Lohr, of Bittinger, was in the city yesterday as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Ashby.

Mr. John Wheeler, of Altamont, spent Sunday in town as the guest of his sister Mrs. D. H. Loar.

The B. & O. pay car passed through Oakland Tuesday and made the hearts of many glad.

DeWitt Minard furnishes coal delivered into your coal houses from the Deal mine for $2.10 per ton.

WANTED.—A man to sell fertilizer; good salary guaranteed. apply P. O. box, 41, Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE.—A double heating Lighthouse stove. Apply to Miss Ella Jamison, Oakland, Md. 46-3t.

Have you used agricultural lime? If not address the Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va., for prices. 45-tf.

Harper Bartlett was indisposed for several days last week, and Bowie Johnson filled his place in the postoffice.

Have you used agricultural lime? If not address the Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va., for prices.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Pritchard, who spent several months with friends in Ohio, returned to Oakland Tuesday.

It not only is so, it must be so. One Minute Cough Cure acts quickly, and that's what makes it go. Oakland Parmacy.

Senator R. A. Ravenscroft and Mr. George D. White were up from Annapolis the latter part of last week visiting their families.

For prices on agricultural lime, delivered in car load lots, address Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont W. Va.

Mr. John Shartzer was in Baltimore a few days this week purchasing goods for his numerous stores throughout the country.

Rose-comb American Dominique cockerls, $1 each at express station: 25 cents less at farm. Jonas B. Miller, Grantsville, Md. 43-*3

A high liver with a torpid liver will not be a long liver. Correct the liver with DeWitt's Little Early Risers, little pills that cure dyspepsia and constipation. Oakland Pharmacy.

Among the sick in Oakland are Mrs. David Little, who is very ill, and Mrs. Britt, whose recovery is very doubtful.

For prices on agricultural lime, delivered in car load lots, address Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va. 45-tf

In compliance with the request of the W. C. T. U., Rev. J. W. Butler will preach on narcotics and stimulants Sunday, Feb. 2nd, 1896.

Dr. Henry W. McComas, who is taking a special course in Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, spent Sunday in Oakland with his family.

By request of the W. C. T. U., Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot will preach on the subject of narcotics and stimulants Sunday night, Feb. 2nd, 1896.

Will Shartzer, who has been at Meyersdale, Pa., for several months clerking in his father's store at that place, spent several days at home this week.

There will be preaching in Sturgiss' Hall, Oakland, next Sunday at 10.30 o'clock, conducted by the German Baptists, to which all are cordially invited.

During the present month THE REPUBLICAN and *New York Weekly Tribune* will be furnished to all new and old subscribers who pay one year in advance.

Mrs. Amanda Hyde, of Brandonville, W. Va., who was here on a visit to her son, Mr. F. G. Hyde, last week, went to Fairmont to-day to visit relatives and friends.

Big Auction of one thousand dollars worth of dry goods, notions, groceries and hardware at Mt. Lake Park in post office building, Saturday afternoon and night. Big bargains expected. 47 1t

Miss Tillie Litzinger, of Grafton, W. Va., who has been here for several days visiting her brother, Editor Litzinger, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Bolden, of Terra Alta.

Messrs. Gilmor S. Hamill, Fish Commissioner Browning and R. T. Semmes, of Cumberland, left Oakland Tuesday morning for Kingwood, where they went to attend court.

"Give me a liver regulator and I can regulate the world," said a genius. The druggist handed him a bottle of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Thomas Cline, of Grafton, was in the city a few hours last night calling on friends. He will resume his duties as telegraph operator and ticket agent in Oakland on February 1st.

One Minute Cough Cure touches the right spot. It also touches it at the right time if you take it when you have a cough or cold. See the point? Then don't cough. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. William Broderick has commenced the harvest of ice from his lake on the east outskirts of town. He expects to store nearly a thousand tons this season and will dispose of it the coming summer.

Mr. Joseph E. Harned, the druggist, is engaged in compounding a number of household drugs which will bear his name. His Magic Cream for chapped hands, face and lips cannot be excelled.

Next Sunday, Feb. 2nd, will be Candlemas-day, a festival of the Catholic church. The blessing, and distribution of candles will take place in St. Peter's church at the usual hour for service, 10.30 o'clock.

Many stubborn and aggravating cases of rheumatism that were believed to be incurable and accepted as life legacies, have yielded to Chamberlain's Pain Balm, much to the surprise and gratification of the sufferers. One application will relieve the pain and suffering and its continued use insures an effectual cure. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

Quick in effect, heals and leaves no scar. Burning, scaly skin eruptions quickly cured by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, Applied to burns, scalds, old sores, it is magical in effect. Always cures piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. James Andrews butchered a Garrett county steer one day last week which netted nearly eight hundred pounds. It was purchased of Mr. W. T. Jamesson. Mr. Andrews purchased two other steers from the same gentleman, both of which are considerably larger.

Don't invite disappointment by experimenting. Depend upon One Minute Cough Cure and you have immediate relief. It cures croup. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Samuel P. Specht, one of Deer Park's leading business men, was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday. While in the city Mr. Specht gave us a nice order for job printing, for he knows that at this office he can always be satisfied with the work entrusted to us.

Soothing, healing, cleansing. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the enemy to sores, wounds and piles, which it never fails to cure. Stops itching and burning. Cures chapped lips and cold-sores in two or three hours. Oakland Pharmacy.

Messrs. J. Z. Browning and F. R. Nethkin, of Deer Park, were here Tuesday afternoon on business. Mr. Nethken, while here on Tuesday of last week, stepped on a nail in the platform which penetrated his foot and made a very painful wound.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

The office of the Mayers' Drug Company has been moved from Oakland to Wheeling, West Va., where the business is being carried on. Mr. Henry Kahl, book keeper of the above concern, left Oakland for the above city last Friday and will remain in the employ of the company.

Garrett Lodge No. 113, K. of P., is preparing to organize an Endowment Rank of the order at this place. This is an insurance feature of the lodge by which members can carry a good life insurance at a nominal cost and we have no doubt will be a lasting benefit to those who join.

J. W. Pierce, Republic, Ia., says: "I have used One Minute Cough Cure in my family and for myself, with results so entirely satisfactory that I can hardly find words to express myself as to its merit. I will never fail to recommend it to others, on every occasion that presents itself." Oakland Pharmacy.

There is considerable excitement among the farmers and residents in the Friendsville district caused by the death of a cow from rabies owned by Mr. Salathiel Savage. The animal was a very fine one and milk from it was used by a number of families. It is feared that a mad dog was in the neighborhood some time ago and bit the cow, from the effect of which she died.

Carlton Cornwall, foreman of the Gazette, Middletown, N. J., believes that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy should be in every home. He used it for a cold and it effected a speedy cure. He says: "It is indeed a grand remedy, I can recommend to all. I have also seen it used for whooping cough, with the best results." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy.

There is good reason for the popularity of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Davis & Buzard, of West Monterey, Clarion Co., Pa., say: "It has cured people that our physicians could do nothing for. We persuaded them to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and they now recommend it with the rest of us." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by the Oakland Pharmacy.

We notice that the tannery buildings are still spreading. Several new houses have been erected and fall, and the enterprise now begins to look like a town itself. The tannery is one of the biggest investments in this part of the country, and from present appearances it must be a paying one. —Oracle.

"I know an old soldier who had chronic diarrhoea of long standing to have been permanently cured by taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," says Edward Shumpik, a prominent druggist of Minneapolis, Minn. "I have sold the remedy in this city for years and consider it superior to any other medicine on the market for bowel complaint." 25 and 50 cent bottles of this remedy for sale at the Oakland Pharmacy.

Senator Robert A. Ravenscroft, of Garrett county, received a telegram at Annapolis Monday announcing that his wife was seriously ill and he left for home at once. Dr. Ravenscroft was one of the physicians who attended Congressman Wellington during his illness. He says Mr. Wellington had a close call from pneumonia, but he is out of danger now.

The toughest lot of tramps it has been our misfortune to see was on the streets last night. They numbered seven and were put in the town lock-up by the bailiff after having been solicited to do so by a citizen. They were turned loose this morning and spread over town begging and carrying dread to the timid housewives.

At the Musical College, Freeburg, Snyder county, Pa., none but the best methods are used, and are always striving to broaden its sphere of usefulness with a more advanced spirit, so that to-day it is recognized as one of the foremost schools of music in the country. $33 will pay for a term of six weeks. Spring Term will begin May 4. For catalogues address, Henry B. Moyer, Director. 47-1t

Oakland Chapter No. 1165, Epworth League, at their meeting Monday evening, installed the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot; 1st vice president, Miss Mollie Hamill; 2nd vice president, Miss Lanra Harne; 3d vice president, Mrs. F. G. Hyde; 4th vice president, Mrs. S. C. Smith; secretary, Miss Percie Brady; treasurer, Mrs. F. A. Thayer; organist, Miss Daisy Harne.

Winter has not been doing much in the way of snow. Skaters have had a good deal of sport, but the sleigh bells have had little part to play so far in the program of the season. There is still a month or two left, however, in which it is possible for the weather to redeem its record, and nature has a way of evening up matters which makes it moderately certain that by the end of the year we shall have all that we are entitled to expect.

John Ambrose Blackiston, a Baltimore and Ohio engineer, fell from his engine last Saturday while descending the seventeen-mile grade, sustaining painful and dangerous injuries. His head, face and hands were frightfully cut and bruised. His fireman did not miss him for some time. An engine was detached from a freight train at Piedmont and sent after him. He was brought home to Piedmont and attended by three surgeons.

Last week THE REPUBLICAN job office turned out a handsome job of stock certificates for the Maryland Supply Company, of which Mr. Henry E. Felty, of Oakland, is president and general manager. The capital stock of the corporation is twenty thousand dollars, with the main office in Oakland. The company will do a jobbing business in general merchandies and have stores in Oakland, Piedmont, Swanton and Lonaconing.

The *Mountain Chautauqua* for January is on our table. It is filled with good things promised the patrons of the Assembly this year. Such men as Jahu DeWitt Miller, T. DeWitt Talmage, Bishop Vincent and others will take part in the program. Rev. Dr. Talmage will lecture on the 13th and 14th of August. A more extended notice of the program will be given in a later issue of THE REPUBLICAN.

The season of 1896 will witness the greatest improvements yet made in the Park. The work of the past years will show to a better advantage because of the improvements now being made. The drives along the lake shore, from Wheeling avenue to the lake, on either side of the "Lake Meadow," to Deer Park, via Central Drive, which bring the famous hotels of the B. & O. R. R. within two miles of the Park, will add to the charms of out-door life The lake will be much larger than it was last autumn, and the surroundings much prettier.—Mountain Chautauqua.

The following from the *World*, published at Cameron, W. Va., will doubtless be read with interest by many of our readers. After a week of continued prayer meetings the interest in the revival services in the M. E. church continues to grow. The services are well attended, the church being filled almost every evening. Rev. Kepler is one of the best workers we have ever seen, and every member should co-operate with him through the entire meeting. All indications at present point to the fact that we are on the brink of one of the greatest revivals in religion that has ever been held in town.

Remembered.

The members of the Oakland Fire Department have been remembered by the firm of D. E. Offutt & Son for the valiant service rendered by that organization in saving the firm's ware house the night of the recent fire. By their hard work and at the risk of their lives the two-story building belonging to the above firm which stands adjoining the lot whereon Mr. Shartzer's building was burned, was saved and to reward the fire laddies the Messrs. Offutt have placed an order with a western firm for an equipment of gum coats and helmets for the entire department. The coats are made of the best material and especially designed for firemen, whilst the helmets are the regulation firemen's headgear.

This movement on the part of one of Oakland's leading firms in recognizing the organization is very commendable and shows a public spirit worthy of imitation on the part of others.

The Oakland L. and A. Club.

On Saturday evening last a number of the young ladies and gentlemen, both married and single, of Oakland, met at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Benj. H. Sincell for the purpose of organizing a literary and amusement club.

After a short time spent in pleasant chat the meeting was called to order by Mr. F. A. Thayer, who stated the objects and intentions of the organization that was about to be effected. Upon motion the meeting was organized by electing the following officers: President, Mr. F. A. Thayer; vice president, Mrs. B. H. Sincell, and secretary, Miss Alice Kepner. Committees were then appointed on by-laws and program. Refreshments were served and the committee on program announced the following for the next meeting: Ten minutes talk on the object and work of the organization, by Edward H. Sincell; violin solo, D. G. Smith; recitation, Robert Townshend; song and guitar accompaniment, Miss Nettie Michael; piano solo, Mr. Eugene Hart.

On motion it was decided to hold the meetings on Thursday evenings. An hour and a half will be devoted each meeting to literary and musical exercises and an hour and a half spent in social amusements, making three hours of good enjoyment. We do not doubt the complete success in every way of this organization, as the parties who are at the head of the organization has a reputation of making go anything they undertake.

The Oakland public school building has been secured in which to hold the meetings, the first one to take place there to-night, when the program as announced above will be rendered, and many new members enrolled.

FREE

COURSE BY MAIL

WITH THE

Capital City Commercial College.

TO ADVERTISE OUR COLLEGE

We will give a thorough course of instruction in Double and Single Entry Book-keeping and Commercial Arithmetic, by mail,

FREE OF CHARGE

to a limited number of persons. This course will be completed in forty lessons. No charge for diplomas.

ADDRESS,

CAPITAL CITY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,

P. O. DRAWER E,

TOPEKA, - KANSAS.

26—1yr

MOUNTAIN STATE

Business College,

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

Malette

Is selling Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Groceries, Candies, Fruits and Vegetables at hard time prices. Call and get a bargain.

Coal! Coal!

At the Channcey Kimmell mine, 4 cents per bushel for lump; 75 cents per ton for lime stone coal. Always on hand. 43-4*

For Sale.

A large Lighthouse double heating stove. Will sell for cash or trade for lumber. Call at furniture room.

D. E. BOLDEN.

Land For Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale 127 acres of the tract of land known as "Round Glade," lying in District No. 7, about four miles north of Oakland. For terms apply to F. R. Nethken, Deer Park, Md. 43-4

$20 Reward.

I will pay a reward of $20 to any one giving information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the person who strewed poison along the streets and in the yards and gardens in Oakland and thus poisoned my setter dog.

46-4t J. M. JARBOE.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending February 1, 1896, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Mr. John Galerman Mr. T. B. Davis
Miss Louisia Caton

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

LOOK FORWARD.

Never back to the rose hues of sunrise,
Though at even the clouds be gray,
Does he turn who would know the full meaning
Of the busy, care-laden day.

Not the dimples and smiles of our childhood,
Nor the innocence dear of our youth,
But the wisdom and strength of the victor
In the cause of eternal Truth.

Show most clearly the love of the Father,
Underlying all mystery,
Give us hope in the night of our sorrow
And comfort with prophecy.

As the mighty swift current of being
Hastens upward and onward alway,
Let us look not behind but before us
For a gleam of the perfect day.

—Frances G. Richard, in Union Signal.

ON THE LARAMIE PLAINS.

THE Pacific overland, west bound, pulled out of the station at Medicine Bow and straightened for the run across the Laramie plains to Rawlins. Down through the gap where the North Platte breaks the barrier of the Rockies the north wind came sweeping, bearing before it great drifts of snow that eddied and swirled about the cabs of the two locomotives, but with no sign as yet of banking up on the track.

The engines, puffing and blowing, made brave way against the blizzard, and from the cab of the foremost the engineer looked out, keen-eyed, against the blast, though the bits of ice in the wind stung his face like the flicks of a whip. The firemen, swart with coal dust and stripped to their undershirts even in that temperature, steadily kept the fires going, and now and again bent low to the furnace doors to melt from their hair the icicles formed of the perspiration which ran from their open pores and froze as it ran

In the smoking-room of the last sleeper of the train little Dickey Culver dozed as the night fell, arousing himself now and again to look out with a great weariness upon the white waste. Little Dickey Culver had arrived at the dignity of a vacation and had taken it in a trip to Chicago.

"It's devilish queer taste at this time of year," Fessenden had said to the boys at the club, after a night of seeing Dickey off, "but a man must take his vacation when it comes, and I suppose we all feel a longing to get back into the world once in awhile. I know I look forward to a reincarnation myself some day."

Dickey had his vacation, at all events, in his own way—which is the only proper kind of a way—and now he was on his way back to San Francisco, finding the road almost interminable in the wintry weather. You see, there is always so much to look forward to for a Californian who comes back.

Night comes down fast upon the Laramie plains when it comes bearing a blizzard, and as the darkness closed in the wind arose, moaning and shrieking the chorus of the lost. It dashed particles of ice against the double windows of the car, and there was a shivery feeling in its million voices, though no touch of it came into the snug smoking compartment of the sleeper.

The porter came in presently, touched a button and lighted the incandescent lights. That shut out the sight of the sweeping drifts of the blizzard, but could not shut out the moaning of the wind or the beating of the ice particles against the windows.

"It's a beastly night, porter," Dickey said, in sheer desperation for somebody to talk to.

"Dat's right, boss. Hit's the wustest one I've had this fall."

He went out feeling the same human craving for company in the storm that Dickey did, but finding it more to his liking in the porter of the next car forward. Then Dickey dozed again.

He was the only passenger in the car,

HE LIFTED THE CHILD IN HIS ARMS.

as it chanced, and winter travel over the Pacific railroads is dreary business, even when there is plenty of company. Presently he shook himself together and lighted a cigar. Then he looked out into the darkness. There was a curve in the track just there, and he saw the two brave engines beating their way into the teeth of the wind, fighting it down, and the long train, like a great serpent of fire, defiled before him. Then the engines vanished into a cloud of steam, lurid with their own passing fires, and the lights were gone into the darkness.

"If I were in San Francisco to-night," said Dickey, thinking aloud from a kind of hungry desire to hear a voice, even if his own, to drown the wailing of the wind, "I would give a dinner at the Frenchman's, and I would have all the boys I could get—and there would be a lot, for it is a long ways from payday. These fellows at the east may be ahead of us in some minor matters of civilization, but they do not know how to eat. I haven't had a square meal since I left San Francisco."

It will be observed that Dickey Culver had a pronounced case of nostalgia, and the surroundings were favorable to its perfect development. The Californian who does not develop homesickness on an eastern winter night is no true child of the sun—and surely he must become utterly homesick when he faces a Wyoming blizzard, even from the safe shelter of the window of a vestibuled Pullman sleeper.

"I wonder," he went on, still thinking aloud and peering out into the darkness, "whether there is any soul abroad on these plains to-night? I suppose not. The people who live here must have sense enough to keep to whatever houses they have on such a night as this. It seems to me we are going slower and slower. I suppose two engines can pull us along all right, but it would be something frightful to become snowbound in such a desolation as this."

The axles creaked and strained, the wailing of the storm's voices was unceasing, but the engines beat their way forward steadily. They seemed almost to bound into the darkness, to advance by a succession of leaps, and in the train behind them the passengers were preparing for bed as naturally as though they had been safely in their own widely scattered homes—all but little Dickey Culver, alone in the last sleeper. He smoked his cigar and looked out into the darkness.

Overcome presently by nervousness he arose from his lounging chair in the smoker and walked to the rear door of the car. He could see no more than from the window of the smoker, but it rested him to get a new aspect of the darkness. The wind was wailing here, too, and the rattle of the ice against the glass was even more startling. It seemed almost to strike him in the face.

As he stood there he chanced to glance down at the snow drifted into the rear vestibule of the car—and then with an exclamation he threw open the door. It was as though hundreds of little knives were cutting the flesh of his face, but he had seen that in his downward glance which made him careless of bodily pain. The little curly head of a child was there, buried in the snow, and he could see even through the fierce blast of the wind a ragged form huddled close against the door. The form almost fell into his arms, but there was a tearing of the frozen garments loose from the floor of the platform as he drew the child in and quickly shut the door. He lifted the child in his arms, stepped back into the smoking compartment and rang the bell for the porter. The form was that of a little girl, possibly six years old, with tear drops frozen upon her face, and it was so still and white that, as the light fell upon it, Dickey thought he had taken it out of the blizzard only to give it into the hands of an undertaker at the next station.

He rang the bell again, chafing the child's hands meanwhile and striving to start again the flow of her feeble life current. As a reporter Dickey had been through many curious experiences, but this was new. It does not fall to the lot of San Francisco newspaper men to revive those perishing of cold.

Again he rang the bell, and this time the porter came. Perhaps he thought it was time "bis gentleman" was going to bed—or, possibly, the other porters were too busy putting their gentlemen to bed for further gossip. At all events, he came, and there was a series of sharp orders given, and presently Dickey had plenty of company. There was even a physician on the train—there usually is, as you will find out if you will take the trouble to ascertain the next time you happen to travel—and the physician having no office hours while he was traveling, came along with the conductor and the brakeman and a few curious and fewer merciful passengers to give what help he could. The physician's practice lying in a cold country, he knew precisely what to do in this emergency, and Dickey gladly released the principal responsibility to his more experienced hands, while he told over and over again for the benefit of the curious possengers how he chanced to see the little one lying on the rear platform.

The physician worked steadily over the child for ten or perhaps 20 minutes. "She'll do now," he said at last, "let her sleep."

The porter, under Dickey's direction, and with his dusky palm crossed with silver, made up an extra berth in the car, in which the child was laid. She was sleeping the warm sleep of childhood, wrapped in Mr. Pullman's blankkets and with Dickey's heavy overcoat thrown across her feet. The doctor and the curious passengers had returned to their own berths, and the conductor and his men had gone back to their work of seeing to the safety of the train, after assuring the porter of the last car that he would be held to no responsibility for the passenger he carried without ticket or berth check.

The storm wailed across the Laramie plains and the ice particles beat upon the windows of the coach. Still steadily and fiercely the great throbbing engines fought their way into the storm, and from his lofty seat in the cab the engineer of the head locomotive looked out upon the track while the ice stung his face and his breath congealed in his mustache. The firemen, water pouring out at their pores and freezing upon them, still fed the flames that were the life of the train, keeping it up to the motion that warded off icy death, and the stream from the cylinder froze and fell in a rain of ice beside the steel rails through all the night.

In the last sleeper little Dickey C[ulver] sat and smoked, while the child [slept] peacefully in the luxury of a do[uble] lower berth, and from the state[room] came the steady snore of the porte[r].

Dickey did not even doze in the n[ight] for that was his day, and he was [puz]zling over how the child came t[here] on the platform. Certainly she had been there when the train left Medi[cine] Bow, for he had stood upon that [plat]form himself and watched the [last] out of sight—and it had been bre[ak]fast then. The train had stopped n[ow] and yet how absurd it was to s[uppose] that the child had been put ther[e] the cars were in motion. How [could] she have been, and who could [have] done it? Even a Wyoming blizz[ard], strong as it was, did not bear little [girls] about on its wings and deposit t[hem] upon the platforms of the sleeping [cars] for passengers to pick up.

Dickey could never tell afterward h[ow] many cigars he smoked that night, but he exhausted his supply. It was in the early gray of daylight and the storm had spent its force when the child awoke. The train was making fast way through the desolation that lies along Bitter creek and over the v[ast] plains was a mantle that glittered though studded with a million mounds. They are rare jewels that carried in the blizzard when the wind has done its work of spreading them out to deck the white bosom of the snow-covered plain. Far away to the north there was a gleam of mountains, white above blue, and in the northern sky beyond the hills a plainsman would have told you there was still more snow to come. Dickey only saw a sort of ashen gray sky, flushing to pink as the sun came up, which was like no sky he had ever seen in California, but was nevertheless most beautiful.

"Winter has its compensations," he thought—and then, hearing the child's voice, he hastened into the sleeper proper and parted the curtains of her berth.

"I want my mamma," the little one said, smiling up into his face—the sweet smile of childhood just awakened.

Here was a dilemma. "Where is your mamma, little one?" Dickey said—a man's blundering capacity for saying the wrong thing.

"Why," she said, "don't you know? We were going to my papa in California and we rode a long ways, and we had no more money and the man would not let us ride. Then we walked and I was tired. It was cold, too. My mamma put me on the steps and told me to be good—but the dark came and it was

DICKEY TOLD THE BOYS ABOUT IT AT THE GREEN SHADES.

cold, and so I opened the door. Then I could not open the other door—and so I cried and went to sleep."

"And where did your mamma go, little one?" Dickey Culver's voice could be gentle as a mamma's upon occasions.

"Why, don't you know? She said she was coming, too."

Dickey dropped the curtains of the berth and went into the forward car to look for the conductor. One of the curious passengers of the night before, an early riser, stopped him as he went along and presently a good woman, the curious passenger's wife, went back into the sleeper and came out with the child in her arms. The matter was well known to all the women in the train by this time, and, as women will, from mysterious recesses of handbags and satchels, they drew enough material to make the child presentable in no time at all. She was a pretty child enough, with dimpled cheeks and blue eyes and golden hair, and she told her story, all she knew of it, over and over again to whoever asked her—but there was a quiver in the warm, red lips now when she asked for her mamma.

Dickey in the meantime had found the conductor. The train stopped at Green river anyway, and that was only a few miles further on.

When the station was reached Dickey and the train men jumped down from the rear platform of the last sleeper and peered under the trucks. What with snow and the clothes they could see nothing at first, but presently the brakeman muttered a curse and crawled under the car. The others followed. There, on top of the trucks, wedged in so hard and fast that it was amazing how she had ever gotten into such a position, was the body of a woman. Of course it was frozen stiff. Nothing that lives can survive the blizzard that sweeps across the Laramie plains. And upon the body was no scrap of paper giving the faintest clew to her name.

Dickey told the boys about it at the Green Shades on the first night after he came home. They were drinking hot punches at the time, Dickey and Fessenden and the third assistant, and the third assistant called for another and shivered and swore in his beard that he would adopt the little girl.

"Why no," said Dickey, "you cannot do that exactly, either. She came to California to find her father, and I propose that she shall find him."

"But how?"

"That, my dear fellow, is a story not yet told."—San Francisco Bulletin.

LONG HAIR FOR MUSICIANS.

Its Value Practically Illustrated Through M. Ysaye.

"Is long hair an unfailing mark of genius?" The answer is: No, not necessarily, but it is certainly a mark of policy. It does not require any profound wisdom on the part of a public performer to know that it is better to be talked about for his ugliness or his eccentricity than not to have his personality discussed at all, and if a man be so unfortunate as to possess a normal face and figure, with the average number of features and limbs, in what quarter must he look for individuality save in his hair?

M. Aime Lachaume, the young French pianist who is this year touring with Rivarde, and who did the same last year with Ysaye, tells how he happened this season to bloom out as one of the long-haired brethren. When he first came to this country M. Lachaume wore his hair in every-day fashion, and also cultivated a rather tentative beard. People heard him play, exclaimed: "How unassuming!" went away, and forgot him. Since his conversion, however, the same persons cry: "How hideous! but the man is evidently a genius. Bravo!" and they depart, and this time do not forget.

It was Ysaye who brought this change about. Last year, in the course of their travels, the two artists found themselves in a town somewhere in the west. They were sitting in a room together, when Ysaye exclaimed: "It's no use, Lachaume, I can't stand that beard of yours any longer; it is too ugly, and it must come off!"

"But, my dear man," answered the alarmed pianist, "I have taken such pains to grow that beard; it has cost me years of labor and anxiety; besides, you know one must have something distinctive about one."

"Yes, of course, I know that, but all you've got to do is to let your back hair grow like mine. And there's no time like the present, either, so you just sit down in that chair there and we'll make short work of the business."

No sooner said than done. In a few seconds Lachaume was sitting trembling in the chair, while the great Ysaye wielded the razor about his devoted chin.

"In future, my dear boy, use a razor, but never scissors, and you are sure to become famous."—London Truth.

BULLION EMBROIDERY.

Little Shops Where Uniforms Are Made Gorgeous with Gold.

One sees from the sidewalk of a quiet street east of Third avenue a big basement shop where two or three girls are bending over well-worn embroidery frames. The samples of their work displayed in the windows show that they are making bullion embroidery to decorate the coats or caps of military officers, policemen, and others whose trades or professions require uniforms. There is less to be done in the bullion embroidery trade in this city than in most old world cities, but there is a constant and growing demand for the handiwork of the bullion embroiderers, and the trade is one that keeps its own in spite of labor-saving devices.

Bullion embroidery worked directly upon the stuff of the cap or coat is still the proper thing for the uniformed man who would have all his accouterments right. The embroidery shops are usually little places, and the proprietor is sometimes a woman. The frame is a simple device of hard wood, enlarged or reduced in accordance with the needs of the particular piece of work in hand. The embroiderers are usually girls, often very young, though the designers are sometimes men. Embroidery designing is not a very difficult business, because little originality is demanded, since the trade has well-established traditions, and there are plenty of books to guide the designer. There are no new designs to be made in masonic, military or naval emblems, and even the myriad shooting clubs of the German quarter are not likely to require anything that will demand great ingenuity of the embroidery designer.

The girls that do the actual work of bullion embroidery are often native Americans, though the trade is mainly controlled by foreigners, French and German for the most part. The particular shop here indicated is managed by a Hebrew, and the pretty girls visible from the street as they lean over their work seem to have Jewish features.—N. Y. Sun.

THE QUEEN AND THE "ORB."

How the Brave Girl Suffered Silently at the Coronation.

At the coronation the ceremonies lasted more than four hours, and throughout the queen played her part with wonderful composure. Care, says a writer, had been taken to provide a crown suitable for her small head, but no one had thought about reducing the size of the orb which she was required to carry in her tiny hand.

"What am I to do with it?" she asked, in concern.

"Carry it, your majesty," replied Lord John Thynne.

"Am I? It is very heavy," the queen answered in a tone of amazement. However, it was too late for protest, and she obeyed the exigencies of the situation.

A worse mistake had been made with regard to the ruby coronation ring. The jeweler had made it to fit her majesty's little finger, whereas the archbishop declared that according to the rubric it must be put upon the larger finger, and accordingly forced it into that position. The queen bore her painfully swelling finger with the same heroism that she carried the weighty orb. Afterward the finger had to be bathed in ice water before the ring could be drawn off.—Westminster Budget.

—The British Islands are better provided with rivers than any other country of the same size on the globe.

EARLIEST RADISHES AND PEAS.

The editor urges all readers to grow the earliest vegetables. They pay. Well, Salzer's Seeds are bred to earliness, they grow and produce every time. None so early, so fine as Salzer's. Try his radishes, cabbages, peas, beets, cucumbers, lettuce, corn, etc.! Money in it for you. Salzer is the largest grower of vegetables, farm seeds, grasses, clovers, potatoes, etc.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., with 10c postage, you will get sample package of Early Bird Radish (ready in 16 days) and their great catalog. Catalog alone 5c postage. (K)

A MEMORY without blot or contamination must be an exquisite treasure, an inexhaustible source of pure refreshment.—C. Bronte.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is a monthly paper published by the Passenger Department of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. It is designed to give reliable information concerning western farm lands, what can be raised on them successfully, and the experiences of farmers who live in the west. Copies of the paper will be sent to any address for one year on receipt of 25 cents. Postage stamps accepted. Address "The Corn Belt," 209 Adams St., Chicago.

THEOLOGIES are well in their place, but repentance and love must come before all other experiences.—Beecher.

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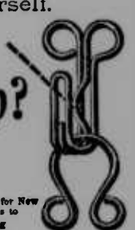

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TEMPERANCE.

PATHETIC SCENE IN COURT.

Sorrow and Shame of a Husband Caused by His Wife's Uncontrollable Appetite for Liquor.

In a drama in real life that was played in Yorkville court, Bruce Craue, an artist of 339 Eighth avenue, and his wife were the principal actors.

All lovers of fine painting know of Bruce Crane, whose work has been generally admired for years, and society extended a warm welcome to him and his handsome wife until such time as her conduct made it impossible. The woman is a drunkard.

As told in the New York Recorder, she was found in a helpless condition the other evening, lying upon the sidewalk in Eighth avenue, near her home, and, as blood was flowing from a wound over her left eye, a policeman sent her to Roosevelt hospital in an ambulance. The physicians at the hospital soon saw that the woman's injuries were slight, but that she was intoxicated. She was kept over night, however, and next day was arraigned before Magistrate Crane.

She is a middle-aged woman, and in her youth must have been remarkably good-looking. In fact, she is handsome yet, and her face, notwithstanding the marks of dissipation, is very pleasant. Her figure is particularly good and her yellow hair is soft and luxuriant. When her case was called she walked unaided to the "bridge," and there her husband joined her. Little attention was paid to either of them, for,

"PLEASE, PLEASE TAKE ME HOME."

apparently, it was an ordinary police court case and no one was prepared for a pathetic scene.

"You are charged with intoxication," said the magistrate, addressing Mrs. Crane. "What have you to say?"

The woman paid no attention to the inquiry of the court. Instead she turned to her husband and in a weak, unsteady voice said:

"Take me away, Bruce, I'm frightened; please take me home to the children."

Her husband, however, never looked at her, but, with his gaze fixed on the face of the magistrate, and while his lips quivered and his eyes filled with tears, exclaimed:

"Your honor, I don't know what to do with my wife, for she is an habitual drunkard. I have done all in my power to bring her to herself, and she and my friends have aided me, but all without avail. She has been in all kinds of institutions and sanitariums; private physicians have treated her and she is no better to-day than she was years ago. I can think of nothing better than that she be placed under restraint—"

"Oh, no, Bruce," Mrs. Crane broke in at this point, at the same time throwing her arms around her husband's neck and beginning to cry. "Don't send me away; don't keep me here another minute. If you do, I'll surely go crazy. Please, please take me home."

"I can't take you home," he said. "You have wrecked our home, you have wrecked my life."

"Don't say that," Mrs. Crane replied. "You ought not to say it after all I've done for you; oh, for the love of God, don't send me to prison; set me free and I'll go right to mother in Troy; or, at least, I'll go just as soon as I've seen the children; but whatever you do, don't send me to prison."

"You have disgraced your children, you have disgraced me," said Mr. Crane.

"No, no, darling; don't say that;" the woman exclaimed, while tears rolled faster down her cheeks; "don't say that, for you know how I love you and how you love me. Take me away at once."

At this Mr. Crane began to relent, and, covering his face with his hands, he sobbed audibly. That made his wife cry more bitterly.

"Try me just once more, Bruce, dear," the woman went on, realizing, evidently, that this was her chance if she had nay. "and, as I live, I'll never taste liquer agnin. Oh, try me just once more —for my sake and the children's sake —for the sake of my unborn child, for—"

But here the magistrate broke in.

"No, Mr. Crane," he said, "you have a duty to perform, and you must face it like a man. It is a strange duty and a harsh one, perhaps, but it is your duty, nevertheless. It is much better for your wife that she should be cared for. You must brace up, both for her sake and your own. I think I'll adopt your suggestion and commit her to prison until to-morrow morning. Then you can consult as to what it will be best to do with her."

At this Mrs. Crane shrieked: "Oh, don't do that; don't let them keep me; take me away; for God's sake take me away."

Mr. Crane could do nothing, however, and court officers stepped forward to lead the woman away, but scarcely had they touched her, when she fell fainting to the floor. Then she was carried from the room. Later a Record reporter saw her in the prison.

"Had it not been for my drinking," she said, "our home would have been without a care. My husband and I are devoted to each other, but liquor has made trouble ever since a year after our marriage. I was the widow of a wholesale jeweler, whose name was Brainerd, when I met Mr. Crane, and I never drank then. But shortly before my first child by Mr. Crane was born a physician advised me to take stimulants, and that started it. Now liquor has got the better of me."

As she talked the woman held a handkerchief to her left eye, which was terribly swollen and discolored. She was very anxious to send a message to her husband, and so the reporter went to the Van Dyke, and there he saw a man completely broken down and overwhelmed with grief.

"No," said Mr. Crane, when he learned the import of the reporter's visit, "I can do nothing; the law must take its course this time. I have tried and tried and tried to reform that woman, and now I am discouraged. Because of her my heart is broken, and I am bankrupt in purse and spirit and courage. I have had her in every care for dipsomania, I have sent her all over the country hoping to benefit her, and everything has failed.

"She talks about dreading to spend a night in a prison, when she has been in every prison in New York, and, on one occasion, spent five days and five nights at Jefferson Market. I sent her money to-day to buy some delicacies, but I can do nothing more. She has been acting in this way for nearly eight years, and now I am discouraged."

Magistrate Crane said concerning the case:

"It was the only thing to do. She was drunk as she stood at the bar, and it would have been manifestly improper to release her even in the custody of her husband. It is almost certain she would have continued drinking, for it is evident, since she has been arrested so many times, that her husband cannot restrain her. The thing to do was to keep her here until she should become herself, and then she would be the better able to say whether she will stop drinking of her own accord or whether she does not think herself that she would be better off in some institution. I must say I think it is a case for the commissioners of charities and correction."

TOBACCO INSOMNIA.

Drugs Should Not Be Used for Its Alleviation or Cure.

Many brain-workers suffer from inability to sleep. This is frequently met with among those who work late at night. The sufferers complain that they feel most lively just when the time for retiring has come, and that a long period of restlessness precedes a troubled slumber, from which the slightest noise awakens them. This is very often caused almost entirely by over-indulgence in tobacco. They smoke just before going to bed, ignorant of the fact that not only may tobacco prevent sleep temporarily, but that it may render it less deep, and consequently less refreshing. A grave responsibility attaches to those who lightly seek to relieve a symptom which is really a warning by recourse to a dangerous palliative. The inability to sleep is often merely the outcome of an unnatural mode of life, and if this be corrected the disability disappears of itself. Men who work late are commonly addicted to the tobacco habit. To them tobacco is not a relaxation after a day's work, but a nerve stimulation which enables them to accomplish tasks which would otherwise be difficult of accomplishment. When the mouth becomes dry, alcohol in some form or other is resorted to as a fillip to enable the smoker to tolerate still another cigar or two. Under these circumstances tobacco acts as a cerebral irritant and interferes with the vaso-motor centers of the brain to such an extent that the vessels are unable to adjust themselves forthwith to the condition required for healthy and untroubled sleep. Discretion in tobacco use would save many from this distressing condition of chronic insomnia. Smoking early in the day should be discontinued, and it is equally undesirable within an hour or so of retiring to rest. The best remedy for the tobacco habit, short of total abstention, is to take a short walk in the open air after the last pipe. Under no circumstances should drugs be used for this form of nocturnal restlessness.—Pacific Medical Jounral.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

A BREWER'S horse fares better than a drunkard's child.—Ram's Horn.

SUNDAY closing of saloons in Scotland has obtained for 40 years.

THERE have been 3,548 arrests for drunkenness in Cork during the past years.

THE barkeeper's "good moral character" has never yet made whisky a good moral drink.—The Voice.

I HAVE yet to learn that God had abdicated control of this earth six days in the week and resumes it only one day in each seven. If it is sinful to drink on Sunday, then it is sinful to drink on every other day in the week.—Dr. Emil G. Hirsch.

WHETHER they are athletes or explorers, mechanics or merchants, students or statesmen, youths or maidens, the class that does not use tobacco will come out ahead. It is the testimony of science which cannot lie if it would, and would not if it could.—Frances E. Willard.

Action of Cocaine.

Maurel says that cocaine kills by: 1. Dilating the small vessels. 2. Paralyzing the leucocytes; strong doses taken by the stomach act in this way. The toxic effect is proportionate to the number of leucocytes paralyzed. Small doses, hypodermically, or in the veins, may act by paralyzing some cells which then become emboli. Large doses may be injected into the arteries without killing.—Omaha Clinic.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—A man released from jail in Winchester, Ind., a few days ago, after serving a long term, went straight to the railroad station to take a train for his home, and in attempting to board it fell under the wheels and was killed.

—Lee, Mass., prides itself considerably on its spry old people. Mrs. Swan celebrated her 103d birthday recently, Capt. Norton is 99 years old, Mrs. Harriet Hinckley is 94 and Mrs. Baker is 93. Octogenarians are too young to be taken seriously here.

—Something of new record was established by thieves in Adams county, Wash., recently. They stole a big barn belonging to the county auditor, pulling it down during the night, loading it on wagons and hauling it to parts unknown.

—A number of converts walked over the shore ice, scrunched through the thin edge and waded out into the icy sea at Orr's island, Me., to be baptized a few days ago. Even in the middle of summer the sea in that region is so cold that few people bathe in it.

—A horse which Gen John Morgan rode in his famous raid in 1862 died near Versailles, Ky., a few days ago. Morgan rode the horse into Versailles and left it there, taking in its place a fine mare. The horse was, when it died, more than 37 years old.

—J. M. Stanley, his wife and young son killed four bears on their ranch near Uklah, Cal., [illegible] recently. The largest of the bears weighed 700 pounds, and there was about as much risk as fun in the hunt and fight that preceded the slaughter of the quartette. The big game is being driven far down into the valleys in that region by heavy snow in the mountains.

—"Smelling parties" are the latest and swellest diversions in some Maine villages this winter. A score or more bottles, containing odorous or malodorous substances, are provided, and the contestants are required to determine what each bottle contains. The person making the most correct guesses gets the prize. It will be seen that this sort of thing offers interesting opportunities.

—Thirty years ago J. B. Garrison, of Plant City, Fla., a machinist, ran a small sliver of steel into his right hand at the base of the thumb. The wound was treated and finally healed, the doctor saying that the steel had been expelled. But ever since that time Garrison has suffered with severe pains in his right arm, which he attributed to rheumatism. The other week the pains became more acute in his right shoulder. He went to a doctor, and the doctor drew from just under the skin of his shoulder the steel sliver that entered his hand in 1865.

A HORSE'S PRESENCE OF MIND.

He Saved His Own Life and That of His Driver in Broadway.

The remarkable presence of mind that a horse can display in case of an emergency was illustrated the other evening at 31st street and Broadway. Not only did the equine prove conclusively to several hundreds of people that an animal was capable of saving its own life when the necessity presented itself, but portrayed also to the many who saw the act that he could save the life of his master as well.

South-bound cable car No. 89 of the Columbus avenue division was going down Broadway at a rapid rate of speed. The horse, which was attached to a delivery wagon, was going from east to west, also at a very rapid gait. The driver, who had a companion in the person of a boy 12 years old, unmindful of the approach of the car, failed to reduce his speed when Broadway was reached.

Neither the gripman nor the driver saw each other until it seemed too late to avoid an accident. By this time the horse was half way across the east track and the car was close upon it. The gripman let go his grip and put on the brakes, but the people who witnessed the sight did not think for a moment that either the horse or its driver would come out of the accident alive, but the horse, with common sense which would do credit to many human beings, instead of trying to get across the track, with the possibility of wrecking the wagon and killing its occupants, stopped short directly in front of the car, reared on its hind legs and let the car come on.

When it was upon him he intelligently let his front feet down over the dashboard and into the car. This done, he quickly raised his hind legs on to the steps, and after the horse gave a short neigh of happiness the car came to a standstill and the equine backed off.

The car proceeded on its journey downtown and the wagon suffered only the breaking of one of its shafts.—N. Y. Evening Telegram.

Children's Voices.

They say a lovely woman, a ship in full sail and a field of waving corn are the most beautiful sights on earth. If I were to be asked what is the most bewitching sound I should unhesitatingly vote for that proceeding from the fresh, innocent voices of a crowd of children, free, unfettered and clean-souled. I have heard the delicious strains of hands at fashionable garden parties; I have listened to the frou-frou of the dresses that emit their expensive triple-distilled scents upon the summer air; I have been smitten with the thrill of the nightingale and the soft drone of the bees; I have been witched with the magic spell of music on moonlit waters. The chorus of childhood transcends them all. It is the highest output of humanity—a rehearsal of the great festival in the Children's home. All the divines who ever dogmatized, the preachers who ever prophesied, the Calvinists who ever gloomified—all the ecclesiastics of every church beneath the glowing sun shall never persuade me that laughter dies on earth and has no entrance into Heaven.—"A Country Doctor," in London Telegraph.

WHERE MORMONS JOURNEY.

Their Mecca Is in One of the Historic Spots in the Sunflower State.

During the past two months hundreds of Mormons residing near Independence, Mo.; Nauvoo, Ill., and in Lee county, Ia., have been making their annual pilgrimages to the old Mormon crossing of the Big Blue river in Marshall county. Near this historic spot are Alcove springs, where so many of the people were massacred by the Indians in 1846 as they were making their way across the Great American desert to Salt lake. They have been visiting the old crossing in small bands since the first of September, crossing the Big Blue where their forefathers did and resting a few days near the springs, where religious services were regularly held in commemoration of the early pioneers who braved the dangers and opened the way to the new Mormon settlement at Great Salt lake. The old Mormon or "Independence" crossing of the Big Blue is one of the most historic spots in Kansas. It has been visited by thousands of Mormons since the days of 1846 and the people who now live in the vicinity look forward to the pilgrimage of these people every year as one of the incidents of special note in Marshall county. It is the most beautiful and romantic spot in all Kansas. The Big Blue river is a stream as clear as crystal, and the Alcove springs are located in a sequestered nook, which seems to have been made by nature for such gatherings as these.

When the first immigrant trains carrying the Mormon people and their belongings to the Great Salt lake crossed the Big Blue at this now historic spot there was scarcely a vestige of civilization in that region of country. For ages its prairies had been covered with a waving sea of wild grasses; vast herds of buffaloes had for numberless years wandered almost unmolested across them. Nothing disturbed its solitude save an occasional band of nomadic Indians in search of prey or plunder and the hardy frontiersman, who is always found far in advance of civilization. As early as 1820 Maj. Stephen H. Long crossed that part of Kansas now known as Marshall county in command of an expedition from Pittsburgh to the Rocky mountains. Gen. Fremont, on his expedition to the Rocky mountains in 1842-44, passed through that section of the state and mentions in his travels several immigrant wagons en route to Oregon. It was in 1847 that John Smith, the Mormon apostle, with his band of followers from Illinois, opened his way through this country, crossing the Big Blue river at the old Mormon "Independence" or "California" crossing. This was six miles below the present town of Marysville, the county seat of Marshall county. For two years the exiled Latter-Day Saints passed over the trail that led to this crossing of the Big Blue river. At one time a Mormon camping party was surrounded by Indians at this famous spot and all were killed. Among the party were several elders of the Mormon faith who were going to the western home to look after the spiritual welfare of the pioneers who had gone before. Ever since the Mormons of Missouri, Illinois and Iowa have made annual pilgrimages to Alcove springs, where appropriate services are held.—St. Louis Republic.

CANADIAN STATESMEN.

How They Act While Attending Their Duties in Parliament.

It is a mistake to think that the act which led to the confederation of the various provinces in 1867 has attained no higher meaning in the life of the Canadian people than that of a constitutional union. It carries with it a meaning of far deeper import—a union of hearts, whose offspring is oneness of patriotic aim and purpose. Of course it would be idle to say that the Canadian people are a unit upon all questions of vital interest to the life and growth of the dominion. The geographical interests of Canada are so varied that there must necessarily be at times some friction and clashing of provincial needs and ambitions. This is the case at Washington; this is the case, too, in so small a confederation as the cantons of Switzerland.

A stranger visiting the gallery of the Canadian house of commons is struck with the dignity and decorum which mark the proceedings and surround even the warmest and keenest of debates. Parliamentary procedure being rigidly adhered to, there is little room for unseemly encounters, which usually grow out of uncalled for personalities in the heat of a discussion. Sometimes, however, when the house has been sitting for hours, wearied with the perplexities and incoherencies of some member from "way back," suddenly, as if through the unity of desperation, the usual dignity of the house is relaxed and grave members from such intellectual centers as Montreal and Toronto play the schoolboy and outvie one another in "shying" blue books at the heads of slumbering and inoffensive members. Of the 215 members that make up the house of commons, in point of ability and gifts, 20 per cent. of them are below mediocrity; 20 per cent. of them occupy the plane of mediocrity; 40 per cent. possess admitted ability, and the remaining 20 per cent. are men of commanding talent. —Donahoe's Magazine.

On the Desert.

One Traveler—If yonder silent Sphinx could speak, what a lot she would say."

Another Traveler—I don't think she knows much!

One T.—Why not?

A. T.—Because the wind is always throwing dust in her eyes.—To Date.

How It Is Done.

Sensick Traveler—How can you eat such a breakfast when it is so rough?

Tourist from United States—I'm an American, so I bolt it down.—Town Topics.

FROM FOREIGN SHORES.

Some Peculiar Facts About Sex Among Emigrants.

The publication of articles on the subject of European immigration into the republic of Venezuela has called attention again to one of the curiosities of emigration which has never been clearly explained and remains therefore something of an enigma. It is well known that the foreign immigration into this country from the northern nations of Europe—Great Britain, Germany, Russia and Scandinavia—have, like the early colonists from the same countries, been pretty evenly divided between the two sexes. The emigration from the southern countries of Europe, on the contrary, Spain, Italy, Greece and Portugal, has been chiefly male, and to this fact, perhaps, more than to any other, is due the intermarriage of emigrants and natives in South and Central America, and the general absence of such marriages in North America, particularly in the United States and Canada. The emigration from Ireland, for instance, for many years, has been more largely made up of female than of male emigrants, while from Italy, on the other hand, the proportion for a period of more than 20 years is, male, 75; female, 25.

The total number of emigrants to the United States from 1845, the first year of large emigration, to 1895, a period covering half a century, was in excess of 16,000,000, and more than 40 per cent. was female, whereas the large Spanish and Italian emigration to South America has been almost exclusively male. As this matter is not one of early occurrence, but continues at present (the census figures resuming their old dimensions since the improvement of the times), it might be supposed that the number of women in those European countries from which there is and has been practically no female emigration, would be much larger than in those countries which have suffered a steady diminution through the emigration of persons of both sexes. But the contrary of this is shown by the figures of the Almanach de Gotha. In Italy, from which there is very little female emigration, the number of female inhabitants is actually less than the male inhabitants—in the ratio of 99 to 100. In Roumania it is 93 to 100. On the other hand, in Great Britain, from which the emigration of women has been continuous, they outnumber the men in the proportion of 104 to 100. In all the other countries of Europe from which there is and has been a large female emigration a majority of the inhabitants are women. In Russia the proportion is 102 women to 100 men, in Germany 104 women to 100 men, in Sweden 106 women to 100 men; in Switzerland 104 women to 100 men, and in Denmark and Austria 103 women to 100 men. In France and Belgium the equality of proportion between the sexes is evenly preserved. Thus, in France there are 1,004 women to 1,000 men, and in Belgium the difference is smaller, there being 1,001 women to 1,000 men.

A still more peculiar manifestation of the same paradox, if it may be so considered, is found in the official reports recently published in England of the emigration from that country during the last quarter of a century. In 1860 48½ per cent. of the population of Great Britain was male and 51½ per cent. was female. Between 1860 and 1870 the female emigration was the larger, yet by the census of 1871 the female population increased the more rapidly. From 1870 to 1880 the male emigration was the larger, but the female population increased the more rapidly.—N. Y. Sun.

HAD NO BAD HABITS.

But He Was Not an Angel, Just the Same, and So Told the Merchant.

A boy, rather bright looking, almost pert, in fact, was before a Main street merchant. He was there in response to an advertisement that called for a "bright, reliable boy, with no bad habits." He looked all right, but the merchant concluded to quiz the youngster, partly for amusement and partly to get some idea of his aptitude.

"Do you ever smoke cigarettes, young man?"

"No, sir."

"Go to Sunday school every Sunday?"

"Yes, sir; some Sundays."

"Ever swear when you're mad?"

"Sometimes I say 'dern it.'"

"You never sass your father, I hope?"

"You bet I don't. He's bigger'n me."

"I hope you always keep yourself tidy and clean."

"Yes, sir; in summer time, always."

Right here the merchant stopped to get a good one ready, and the boy concluded to say a few words.

"Say, mister, didn't you advertise for a boy?"

"Yes; why?"

"Why, I kinder thought maybe you was lookin' fur an angel, and I duane where you can git one."

The interview ended and the merchant didn't get a chance to hire the boy.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Properly Named.

"I want to buy a make-up box," said the young married man

"A make-up box?" the confectioner echoed. "We don't keep theatrical supplies."

"I mean a box of candy to take home to my wife. I promised to be home three hours ago."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Sure.—It was still in the honeymoon period, and he was sentimentally reviewing the situation. "I would like," he said, wistfully, "to live to a green old age." And she answered, reassuringly: "Whatever age you live to, darling, it will be a green one."—Detroit Free Press.

—The Providence that watches over the affairs of men works out their mistakes, at times, to a healthier issue than could have been accomplished by their wisest forethought.—Froude.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Teacher—"What was Joan of Arc made of?" Bright Pupil—"Made of dust."—Boston Transcript.

—"I seem to be getting pretty close to the home plate," chuckled the burglar, softly opening a drawer in the sideboard.—Chicago Tribune.

—"Wouldn't it be better to call it an internephew war? The nieces never have anything to do with war."—Harper's Round Table.

—She (sentimentally)—"What poetry there is in a fire!" He (sadly)—"Yes; a great deal of my poetry has gone there."—Harper's Bazar.

—Wrong as to Sex.—Heber—"Papa, we call a war between people of the same nation an internecine war, don't we?" Father—"Yes, my boy." Heber —The Bachelor—"It's easier to break things than to make them." The Engaged Young Man (dubiously)—"I don't know about that."—Philadelphia Record.

—"What are you thinking of, Madge?" 'Whether I would rather have you for a friend or Jack for a husband." "Well, can't you have both?" "That depends upon Jack."—Harlem Life.

—Bobbie—"Father will be down in a moment. Have a cigar?" Von Blumer —"Are you sure these are the kind he gives to his friends?" Bobbie—"Yes, sir. They are some that mother gave him."—N. Y. Herald.

—The situations in which men frequently find themselves in dreamland was well illustrated by an Irishman, who, when recently relating a remarkable dream he had had, remarked: "Then I thought I was walking about naked, wid me hands in me pockets."—Tit-Bits.

—"Have you anything to say before sentence is pronounced against you?" asked the judge. "The only thing I am kicking about," answered the convicted burglar, "is bein' identified by a man that kept his head under the bedclothes the whole time. That's wrong."—Tit-Bits.

—What Cross-Examination Can Do. —Magistrate—"Your name?" Bashful Maiden—"Anna Lang." "Religion?" "Protestant." "Age?" (No answer.) "When were your parents married?" "In 1863." "When was the first christening?" "1864." "How many brothers and sisters have you?" "Five." "Are you the eldest?" "Yes." "Then you are 31 years of age." "Yes (sotto voce)—I have given my age away. I am surprised!"—Dorfbarbier.

DELIGHTS OF TRAVEL.

How Great a Commotion a Fire Maketh in a Little Town.

My most amusing experience—from a retrospective point of view—occurred upon my first visit to Lorain, O., some ten years ago. I arrived at night, and the proprietor of the only hotel in the place put me to bed with a man who inhaled with a basso-profundo snore, and exhaled as near as I could judge, through a tin whistle. I did not sleep well, and in the stilly night, when the landlord put his head in the door and remarked: "Fire!" in a tone of voice which made the furniture jump up and down, I nearly awoke. A few minutes later, the landlord repeated the remark with so much emphasis that my bedfellow arose with alacrity, and, poising momentarily with one ample but sultry foot upon my thoughtful countenance, he stepped lightly into the street, taking part of the window-sash with him.

As the room began filling with smoke it suddenly occurred to me that the fire department consisted for the most part of four buckets of water and a chorus of hoarse shouts. I therefore decided to retire from the room. The other guests seemed to feel the same way about it, and as I reached the hall I noticed a dignified, elderly lady from Sandusky going swiftly down the stairs seated upon a sample trunk of a young man from Toledo. Outside all was commotion. Strong, brave men were ringing the town bell, while noble-hearted women were wringing their hands. A young lady from Berea, clothed in a Gainsborough hat and an air of deep concern, was galloping madly up and down the street with a pillow under her arm. An investigation disclosed that a large amount of excitement was being wasted over a small amount of fire. The fire was caused by cigar sparks, which flew into a hair mattress—a defective "flew," so to speak. The fire was extinguished by throwing the mattress out of the window. It fell on the town marshal an knocked him senseless, after which the town once more lay down to sweet dreams of future greatness.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

All the Same.

"Have you any flounces?" asked Tony Pippin, with an abstracted air, as he inserted his legs under a table in one of those quick-dispatch restaurants in Park row.

The fluffy-haired waitress glanced down at her plain black skirts, blushed laboriously and said:

"What was that you wanted?"

"Flounces."

"How'll you have 'em—baked, boiled, shirred or bias?" the girl responded, facetiously. She thought Mr. Pippin was given to repartee.

"I want them fried with bacon," Tony responded, with some severity. "Will you take my order?"

"Yes, if you call for anything on the bill. This hain't no Chinese laundry."

Struck by a sudden fear, Mr. Pippin grabbed the thumb-printed menu, scanned the oyster list for a moment, and then said, meekly:

"I made a mistake. It's scallops I want."—N. Y. Journal.

Not a Bit.

Jack—A woman doesn't know how to conceal her feelings.

Jess—Doesn't, eh? She can kiss the woman she hates.

Jack—Of course; but she doesn't fool the woman any.—Puck.

The Republican.

BE[illegible]INGER, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md

THURSDAY, JAN. 30, 1896.

GOVERNOR LOWNDES has appointed Judge McSherry, of Frederick, as Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals.

Mr. Elkins and the Presidency.

The Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* in the last of a series of articles setting forth the fitness of the various men who are mentioned in connection with the presidency, pays its respects to Senator S. B. Elkins, of this State. The article which occupies considerable space, is principally biographical, and while it does not speak of any intention on the part of the West Virginia to formally present Mr. Elkins's name at the St. Lonis convention, it presents him in the light of a possibility in a certain contingency, in the event of which West Virginia would expect to see his fitness recognized, and West Virginia's delegation would be found ready for the opportunity.

As the *Intelligencer* has before said, Senator Elkins is not a candidate for the nomination and there is no organized movement in the direction of forcing him to become one; nor should there be at this time. The fact remains, however, he is just now being more talked about as a possibility in the event of a certain situation than any other man among those who are not active candidates. This honor has not been sought by the Senator. The kindly and even enthusiastic mention of him in all sections of the country has been spontaneous and in recognition of his distinguished merit.

The fact is not less pleasing to the Republicans of West Virginia than it is to the Senator himself, and should the occasion arise West Virginia will be ready to grasp the opportunity presenting itself to bring to the front the State and a man who can be elected.

Of the men who are avowed candidates for the presidency, there is no donbt that the favorite among West Virginians is Governor McKinley, and if tho overwhelming sentiment of the State is correctly represented a solid McKinley delegation will go to the convention. This is a duty the Republicans owe to themselves. After that developments will shape themselves, and should the convention demand some other man for the honor West Virginia has the available material.—Wheeling Intelligencer.

Our Electoral College.

Ex-President Harrison, in writing of "The Presidential Office," in February *Ladies Home Journal*, presents an interesting bit of information regarding our method of choosing a Chief Magistrate. "The origin of the Electoral College," he says, "has been the subject of much speculation. The only American precedent is found in the first Constitution of Maryland, where provisiou was made for the choice of State Senators by electors chosen by popular vote in specified districts. In the Masachusetts convention Mr. Bowdoin said: 'This method of choosing the President was probably taken from the manner of choosing Senators nuder the Constitution of Maryland. An attempt has been made to find the suggestion of the Electoral College, as we have come to call it, by some in the method then in use of choosing the German Emperor, and by others in tho method of choosing a Pope, by the College of Cardinals; Sir Henry Maine thinks that the members of the convention 'were to a considerable extent guided by the example of the Holy Roman Empire'. And as Maryland, where the Electoral College was first used, was a Catholic colony, the suggestion seems plausible. But there was this difference; our electors are not a permanent body, but fresh men chosen every four years."

Uncle Sam in Rags.

Since Rev. O. C. Miller returned to San Francisco he has resumed the publication of his paper, the *Golden Gate Pentecost*, and from its columns we take the following which was published over Mr. Miller's signature, entitled; "Uncle Sam in Rags—his address to Congress:"

I want to tell you Congressmen, as you mighty well know, that I've had some awful hard luck here of late, and what bothers me, is that you fellows seem unconcerued. I want you to quit dancing on my collin-lid, and what's more, I don't feel I can carry you much longer. Pass a resolution to deny yourselves half your salaries this term. Divy up with the old man; help him out, he's always been mighty good to you. If you don't, some of you Jonas will have to go overboard, and that right soon. Put your hands in your own millionaire pockets, you've had them in mine long enough; plagued if I ain't mighty-nigh busted, and where will you all be then? You certainly must lighten up the old ship, or she's goin' down sure. Mr. Cleveland must think my back is mighty strong; these plagued bonds have got me all bent over now. What father wants to tax his unborn children to pay up after they land here! The bigger my farm is, the more chance it gives them pesky rascals to steal from me. I tell you what is the truth, these New York gold-bugs are gettin' their hands in my pockets altogether too much here of late. There's a lot of fellows all over the country that begin to mistrust me, and they're makin' banks out of their stockings: that's where a mighty lot o' my gold eagles are roosting. I tell you what grinds me the most of all is to see that Johnnie Bull standing on tho other side of the water with his hands crammed down into his well-lilled pockets, chuckling to himself, and saying: "Uncle Sammy is got more than a tea-party on his hands just now." I tell you, he never could have done this, if my own children had not turned against their poor old father. Talk about tariff, I tell you there's no "if" about it, it's all "tear," and it's just tearing me all to pieces, blessed if it aint. And what's all this I hear about free trade? Just "*trade*" places with me, and try how *free* it is, it's the tightest fit I ever had. Ain't you ashamed to see how it brings my knees and elbows through this old thread-bare suit? Don't talk to me about *patriotism*; that's the ghost of your forefathers: the long-vanished dream of my happier days—it's all *selfism* now. My children are too much like bees on a peach, they sit and suck all they can hold. Patriotism is like that dear old Monitor of mine, gone down at sea. No foolishness about it, take your hands out of the old man's pockets, ease up a little, or we'll all go into the hands of a receiver, and the greenest countryman won't touch one of my greenbacks. Oh, my poor old back aches under this load. Lighten up a little. Don't you millionaires hear your brethren crying for bread? Be just, go help up your brother Joseph ont of the pit, or you will send your old father Sam down to his grave mourning.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper under the caption "We Loan Money." The Mutual Guarantee Building and Loan Association which he is representing is one of the strongest new financial institutions in the country and the largest new Building and Loan Association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management is developing it very fast. Its assets have already reached over $2,000,000, which proves it to be positively reliable in every respect. The men that carry it on are responsible and well known gentlemen. This is a good association for the investor as well as for borrower. It has a life insurance policy connected with it which beats anything in any other association. It is good for both young and old and especially for the young man, as this policy matures in 7 years, the others in 8 years. So anyone wishing to make and save money rapidly will do well to invest in this association. Those desiring to borrow or invest will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars.

England's Triumph.

The *American Economi[illegible]* says: Last week we received a special cable, and published in the *American Economist*, the total value of the exports of woolen goods from Bradford up to December 31, 1895, the first completo year of free trade experience in actual free trade in wool. The result confirms what every Protectionist anticipated and proclaimed. Our free trade was of more benefit to English than to American manufacturers. Bradford shipped us woolen goods worth £5,701,242. This was an increase of £3,472,649 over and above the annual shipments during the full McKinley tariff period from 1891 to 1894. American free trade in wool benefited Bradford to the extent of an additional $17,000,000 in a single year.

The annual returns of the British board of trade for 1895 were made public in London on the day morning. The total exports of wool, of woolen tissues, of worsted tissues, of woolen and worsted yarns from all ports in the United Kingdom, for the full year of 1895, were promptly cabled us. They appear in the following table. Exports of wool and woolens from Great Britain to the United States:

	Protection. 1891-1894.	Free Trade. 1895.	Free Trade. Increase.
Annual Av.			
Wool	£2,144,663	£4,018,221	£2,183,701
Woolens	2,505,595	6,446,983	3,850,383
Totals	£5,030,058	£11,061,207	£6,034,111

Our experiment with free trade in wool for one year has enabled the English manufacturers of yarns, woolens and worsteds to sell moro than four times as much of their goods as they did in 1894, and 150 per cent. more than their averago annual sales during the entire protection period from 1891 to 1894, inclusive. So much for the boon of free raw material to our woolen manufacturers.

Now as to wool. Tho United Kingdom sent us, in 1895, over 150 per cent, more English, foreign and colonial wool than in 1894, the increase in values being $14,000,000. Compared with the entire McKinley protection period, 1891 to 1894 inclusive, this increased value of wool sent hero last year was almost $11,000,000—that amount more money taken away from American farmers, while our manufacturers lost trade worth $19,000,000.

Never within thirty years have we imported into the United States from all countries, as much wool as was sent us from the United Kingdom alone last year, and we have yet to learn the value of our wool imports that were shipped directly to this country from Australia and South America. Then we must take cognizance of the shrinkage in the price of wool, as compared with the McKinley period, that our farmers did sell, before we can arrive at any correct idea of the entire loss inflicted upon American sheep farmers by one year's policy of Democratic free trade, which, it was intended, should be a robbery of the many farmers for the benefit of the few manufacturers. Tho Democratic scheme was partly successful. It has robbed the farmers; but it has failed to be of any benefit to tho manufacturers. It has robbed them too.

The United Kingdom shipped to this country last year, more woolen tissues than in 1891 and 1892 combined, and more in tho three years of 1892, 1893 and 1894 combined; more than twice the quantity shipped in 1891 or 1892; three times as much as in 1893, and considerably more than four times as much as in 1894.

As to worsted tissues, tho United Kingdom sent us, last year, almost as much as in 1891 and 1892 combined, more than as much as in 1892 and 1893, and almost four times as much as in 1894. Of yarns she sent us 50 per cent more than in all four McKinley tariff years.

We have to go back to 1873 before we find that the United Kingdom made us such largo shipments of her woolen manufactures. In 1890 tho output of our domestic woolen factories and our imports of foreign woolen goods together were worth a total of $380,000,000. Last year worth $32,000,000. To this we must add the imports from France and Germany, which will probably aggregate $30,000,000 for the year, the combined shipments of the two countries having averaged $20,000,000 a year for ten years past. This will give us a total of $60,000,000 worth of foreign woolens imported under the first year of free trade in wool.

Not only this. There was an average advance of 7 per cent. in the price of wool last year while there was less than 1 per cent. of advance in the price of woolen goods. If our woolen manufacturers have not had experience enough with free raw material, then they will never get it. Of last year's American wool clip there were 302,000,000 pounds unsold in dealers' hands on January 1, 1896. The value of the unsold woolen goods it is impossible to arrive at. But it is infinitely more than the demand of our people, whose purchasing power has been so greatly restricted in a town s[illegible] 1893.

Narcotic Sunday.

Sunday, Feb. 2nd, 1896, has been set apart by the W. C. T. U. as Narcotic Sunday. Ministers all over the world have been invited to make this day memorable by preaching against the terrible evils that result from the use of narcotics and intoxicants and thus by united action voice the Christian sentiment of tho people. Many thanks are herein tendered to the reverend gentlemen in Oakland who have so kindly consented to "lend a hand" in this great work. We bespeak for them largo audiences.

E. B. SWAN,
County Supt. of Press Work.

The Miller's Grist.

Said a friend to me the other day, The motto of most men of the present day is: "First I, second myself, third, me again." How sad that selfishness, like a triple coat of mail, should shut a man's heart from his brother in need. Unrelenting selfishness, like a cut-throat, is bleeding business men to death; it is devouring society, destroying true friendship, disintegrating the State and disabliug the church. Most of the men and women of today use their friends like their shoes, wear them for all they can get out of them and then throw them off. The friendship that dies with favor bestowed, is unworthy the name. Ingratitude is becoming the rule instead of the exception. A man once came to President Lincoln and told him that another was saying all manner of evil against him falsely. The response of the wise ruler of men was. "Let me see, did I ever do that man a favor. Yes, I did." So it is, the ones for whom we do the most, often prove the most ungrateful. All this is true, but we must not let it embitter us. No heart ever felt more keenly the sorrow of ingratitude than the dear loving heart of Jesus; but He did not recoil; and thus His life reincarnated in our humanity has become the only remedy for the world's cold selfishness. Tho Psalmist said in his haste, "All men are liars," bnt well he knew it was a hasty saying, for there are true hearts that live and love, amid the surrounding selfishness.—Golden Gate Pentecost.

The Oakland School of Music.

Which was closed on Thanksgiving for a short vacation, will reopen classes on Thursday, January 2nd.

I take occasion here to thank all my friends for past favors, and to kiudly solicit a continuance of the samo during 1896. I seek to please all—to disappoint none. Day and evening classes open for piano, violin, organ and vocal culture. A special teacher will be employed to give lessons on the mandolin, guitar and banjo. For terms, etc., address, MRS. K. R. RASCHE.

43-3 Oakland, Md.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

THE ROADS OF POTSDAM.

A State of Affairs That Is Not Confined to Any Particular Locality.

Potsdam township has over 100 square miles of territory, but its roads are the abomination of desolation.

Potsdam is assessed more real estate than any other town in the county, but Wick would bo ashamed of its roads.

The people of Potsdam own more personal property than any other town in the county, but they use roads that waste their substance faster than war.

The people of Potsdam pride themselves on their civilization, but their roads would make an Ashantee sick.

The people of Potsdam lead in education, but they travel roads built in ignorance and repaired without understanding.

The people of Potsdam raise fine horses, but the roads they use them on would put a spavin on an Assyriam camel in a Sabbath day's journey.

The people of Potsdam buy fine carriages, but the roads make polygons of the wheels and kindling wood of the rest forthwith.

The young man buyeth a $100 bicycle, and anon starteth ont with joy, but the roads send him home bearing his wreck with him.

Verily no name will describe the roads. They are too muddy for stone and too rocky for brickyards. —Norwood (N. Y.) News.

Bethlehem.

The timber is covered with a very heavy coat of sleet which has caused many trees to loose a number of their branches; also some orchards have shown its affect. There is hope that the melting sleet will raise the waters to their usnal standard which they have not been since the continued drouth of last fall.

Jane Hardesty, daughter of Henry A. Hardesty, died Jan. 23, of typhoid pneumonia. Interment took place on Jan. 24, at 3 o'clock at Thomas Moon's. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. Cook of the M. E. church.

Our school is progressing very nicely under the management of Mr. A. L. Lee.

The second quarterly meeting for Glade circuit will be held at Bethlehem church Feb. 1st and 2nd, after which the protracted meeting will begin. All christian workers are invited.

The chickenpox is around: look out children.

W. W. Harvey by the assistance of his hounds has taken in one wild cat and some foxes. Hope he will succeed in catching several more of the sly animals before the winter closes.

Cross tie making is now in progress in this vicinity; also a number of mine props are being cut. CHUM.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

To The Public.

Fifty pairs of shoes will be given away in 1896 by the Great Bargain Store. For every twenty-five dollars' worth of goods purchased for cash, the customer will be presented with a pair of shoes free, also the one having purchased the largest amount during tho year will be presented with a ten-dollar gold piece.

LEWIS GORTNER,

Agent for the Weaver Organ, the best in quality and price. Sample on hand. 46-3t

For Sale.

200 acres, more or less, of good land; 50 of fine timber, 11 room dwelling, large orchard of never failing fruit. Make good summer resort or stock farm. For particulars, call on premises or address, Mrs. Thos. Cornwall, Sunnyside, Md. 46-5t*

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett County to appoint viewers to locate a county road beginning at a point near the bridge that crosses Savage river on the Grantsville and Barton road, running through the lands of Elias Merrill, Amos Broadwater, John Broadwater, Mrs. Fannie Weitzel, Wm. H. Merrill and John F. Robeson to intersect the road leading from Noah Garlitz's mill to the head of A. J. Lancaster's lane, a distance of four miles.

E. MERRILL,
AMOS BROADWATER,
JOHN F. ROBESON,
and others.

47 3t

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In affect April 1st, 1894.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS	NORTHWARD	
No. 8	No. 1		No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 00*	8 00† lv	Cumberland ar	*12 00	*7 00
3 31	8 31	Rowlings	11 29	6 29
3 56	8 56	Keyser	11 04	6 04
4 00	9 00	Westernport	10 51	5 51
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	5 48
4 37	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5 23
5 00	10 00	Harrison	10 00	*5 00
5 16	10 16* ar	Elk Garden	8 55	*3 56
5 25	10 35† lv	Gorman	9 21	4 21
5 41	10 51	Bayard	9 15	4 15
5 52	10 52	Doboin	9 04	4 04
6 23	11 23	Thomas	8 34	3 34
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	8 00	2 58
6 27	11 27 lv	Cokelon	8 31	3 31
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	8 07	3 07
6 57	11 57	Bretz	3 01	3 01
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 58	2 58
7 39	12 39	Kerens	7 20	2 20
8 00	1 00† ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	*2 00
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 35
				P. M.
	2 55* ar	Beallington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

After January 6th, 1896, and until further notice, Sunday trains will be discontinued.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

SHERIFF'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE!

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett County, and to me directed, at the suit of the State of Maryland, use of Calvin C. Wooden, against Cyrus H. Shreve, J. C. Rodeheaver, W. S. Lantz, W. B. Hoyeand Jacob L. Ours, being No. 58 Trials to May Term, 1888, I have levied upon, seized and taken into execution the following described real estate of the said Jacob L. Ours and will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, in the town of Oakland, in front of the Court House door, on

Saturday, the 15th of February, 1896,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., all of said real estate described as follows:

All that piece or parcel of land in Garrett County, Maryland, adjoining Mt. Lake Park and Loch Lynn Heights and beginning for the same at the end of 90 perches and 18 links on the first line of Military Lot No 986, and running thence N 25° E 2 perches, N. 65° E. 10 perches, to the county road, and with it S. 36½° E. 2 perches, to the limits of the B. & O. R. R. and with said limits, 66° W. 12 perches, to the beginning, containing one eighth of an acre, and conveyed to the said Jacob L. Ours by Martin S. T. C. Grayson by deed dated 11th of August, 1883 and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 7, folio 615.

Said land will be sold to satisfy said judgment and interest thereon and all costs.

AUSTIN BROWN,
46-3t Sheriff.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
Real Estate
In District No. 8, of Garrett County, Maryland.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett County, passed on the 15th day of January, 1896, in a cause in said court pending, wherein Lloyd Lowndes, Trustee, is complainant, and Alexander C. Good et. al. are defendants, it being No. 611 on the Equity Docket of said court, the undersigned trustee will sell at public auction in front of the post office in the town of Oakland, Garrett County, Maryland, on

SATURDAY,
the 15th day of February, 1896,

at the hour of one o'clock p. m., the real estate in the proceedings mentioned to-wit:

1st. All that part of a tract of land called "Sandy Spring" situate, lying and being in Garrett County, Maryland, and described as follows to-wit:

Beginning at the end of the second line of Military Lot No. 1201 and running thence with the third line thereof and with the third line of each of Military Lots Nos. 322 and 321 S. 20° W. 253 perches, to the given line of the whole tract, and with it N. 44° E. 191 perches, thence N 13¾° W. 87½ perches, thence N. 70° W. 30 perches, to the beginning, containing

46 5-8 ACRES.

2d. All those other portions of said tract called "Sandy Spring" described as follows:

A. Beginning at the beginning of the whole tract called "Sandy Spring" and running thence with the first and part of the second lines thereof N. 81° W. 40 perches, N. 50° W. 73 perches, to the second line of a tract called "Change," and with it reversed S. 45° W. 21 perches to the end of the 2d line of Military Lot No. 1203 and with the 3d line thereof and with the 3d line of Military Lot No. 1202 still S. 45° W. 127 perches, S. 70° E. 30 perches, S. 13¾° E. 87½ perches, to the given line of the whole tract and with it N. 44° E. 173 perches, to the beginning, containing

83 3-4 ACRES.

B. Beginning at the end of the first line of a tract of land called "Mount Pleasant," and running thence with the second line thereof N. 20° E. 20 perches, to the beginning of Military Lot No. 321 and reversing its given line S. 70° E. 63 perches, to the given line of the whole tract and with it reversed S. 44° W. 145½ perches, to the second line of a tract of land called "Covent Garden" and with it reversed W. 18° E. 112½ perches, to the beginning, containing

26 ACRES.

The Trustee reserves the right in case a bid for the first above described portion of "Sandy Spring," is not adequate to its value to withdraw the same and offer it with the remaining portion as one entire tract.

A plat showing the sub-divisions of said land can be seen at the office of the undersigned at Oakland.

This land is covered (except a small portion) with a fine growth of spruce, hemlock, poplar, white oak and red oak timber.

TERMS OF SALE. As prescribed by the decree.—One-third cash on day of sale; one-third in six months and one-third in twelve months from the date thereof, the deferred payments to bear interest and to be secured by the bonds of the purchaser or purchasers thereof, endorsed to the satisfaction of the trustee—or the entire purchase money may be paid in cash on the day of sale.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
46-4t. Trustee.

Estate of Clinton Dewitt, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

CLINTON DEWITT,

late of Garrett County, Maryland, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 21th day of July next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 11th day of January, 1896.

JACOB S. MEYERS, } Admr's.
WALTER G. MEYERS, }
45-3 Oakland, Md.

ECCLESIASTICAL COLUMN.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, pastor St. Paul's M. E. Church Editor.

Songs of Degrees.

Bible readers who possess Bibles or Psalms Books containing the "chapter headings" have doubtless noticed that all the Psalms from 120 to 134 are named "A Song of Degrees." It is safe to say outside of the New Testament there is no other portion of God's Word which contains, within the same space, so many lofty outbursts of praise to God as these "songs of degrees." It is not the intention of the writer to enter into any exegetical commentary or historical analysis of these beautiful Psalms, (even if he possessed the ability to do so).

If this article will serve to direct the attention of a single reader to this mine of precious truth the object of the writer shall have been accomplished.

In the "Help to the study of the Bible" the Psalter is compared to an Oratorio in five parts. The second sub-division of the fifth part is entitled, "The return to the sanctuary of God." This sub-division comprises the fifteen Psalms under consideration and shows according to the best judgment of many commentators, these Psalms were songs sung by the different bands of pilgrim Jews at different stages of their journey as they traveled up to Jerusalem, and to the temple; to the great yearly feasts which were held in the city of David all of these fifteen Psalms have certain features in common: "With one exception (the 132 Psalm) they are all short;" the utterance of a single thought or feeling, a sigh, a joy. They are alike in tone, in diction, in rhythm and climatic form. They are all pervaded by the same quiet, graceful, tender beauty, the charm of which was so felt by a Spanish commentator that he does not hesitate to say, "that this collection is to the rest of the Psalms what Paradise was to the rest of the world." Perowne's book of Psalms vol. 2, p. 369.

Only the most general intimation can be given as to the contents of these inspired songs. They will amply repay a careful, prayerful reading. No christian can read these products of genuine zeal for God's House and filial devotion and praise to Almighty God without having his religious nature stirred to its depths.

In the first of these "Songs of Degrees" (Psl. 120) the pilgrim or pilgrims is or are at a great distance from Jerusalem surrounded by enemies traveling through a strange land. In the second he recognizes that all his true help must come "from the Lord which made heaven and earth" and that the Lord is his keeper and shall preserve his "going out and coming in from this time forth, and even forevermore." He is made glad by other pilgrims or bonds who give him an invitation to join their company, in the third "song of assent." The fourth song has been beautifully named by Alsted *Oculus Sperans:* "The Eye of Hope." Luther says of this Psalm, "it is a deep sigh of a pained heart, which looks around on all sides and seeks friends, protectors and comforters, but can find none, therefore it says, 'Unto thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the Heavens.'" While the last Psalm many have been the sigh of an exile. The next two (the fifth and sixth) songs of going up, are made up of a joyful acknowledgement that deliverence has been vouchsafed (Psl. 124) and a description of the safety of the pilgrim or pilgrims girt round by the protection of Jehovah, "as the mountains are about Jerusalem," (Psl. 125). In the seventh the pious Jew finds himself again in his own native land and nearing the holy city. The joyful fact seemed too good to be true. We were like them that dream, he says. "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." The eighth and ninth songs represent the prosperity and happiness of the religious family. How true indeed is it, "except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." How happy the man that realizes, "The Lord shall bless the out of Zion." It is a good thing, after we have been delivered to look back to the pit from whence we were digged, and in the tenth song this is what the pilgrim is directed to do or rather is represented as doing. But while the first part thus reverts to the past the last part ends in a prayer, which is also a hope for the future. The holiness that is suggested by the temple, the priests and the sacrifices well calls the attention of the pilgrim to his own sinful condition and hence it is very natural that we find him in the eleventh and twelfth songs crying out for forgiveness. "Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord" is or has been the experience of us all. May we all have (or come to) the experience which will enable us to say to others "Hope in the Lord from henceforth and forever." The thirteenth song (Psl. 132) is the longest of all these "Songs of Degrees," containing 18 verses. Dr. Perowne describes this Psalm as a prayer that God's promises to David may not fail of fulfillment, that He will dwell forever in the habitation which He chose for Himself in Zion, and that David's children may forever sit upon his throne. One of the most beautiful and as well known as any of the songs in this collection is the fourteenth (Psl. 133). A plea for unity among (*a*) brethren of the same family (*b*) brethren of the same tribe or nation (*c*) brethren of the same religious faith (*d*) among all with whom we are brought into contact. The last of these beautiful Songs of Degrees is a doxology of praise and blessings. Ninth contains both an exortation, "Lift up your hands in the sanctuary and bless the Lord," and also a benediction, which the writer prays may rest upon every reader of these lines, "The Lord that made heaven and earth bless thee out of Zion."

Bittinger.

As I never see this place represented in your columns, I deem it necessary to represent it. The *Democrat* has items from this place and it looks as if the Republicans lack intelligence, but then when we see the old Democracy stand up even in common lyceums it only takes one Republican to defeat a half-dozen Democrats. It of course takes "cheek" Sam, especially when you rise up before a people who passed a school house—but *stuff*: you can preach and of course the unintelligent will believe.

Plenty of good sledding snow.

Mr. L. J. Durst closed the debate last Saturday evening with a song which was very appropriate to subject discussed and appreciated by all.

Mr. Edward Gilpin, from North Glade, is visiting friends near Bittinger, being principally the guest of Mr. Geo. Liminger.

Prof. S. S. Dellinger has gained such a victory as never before was known at "Bittinger Literary Society." The Dam-o-crats are no whar.

The graded school at Bittinger is very much improving, and Sam is the boy that can run it just about right. He is a good teacher—only he is a Democrat.

The grand street parade in this village last Saturday evening excited the morality esteemed by the good citizens of our community. Children sent for fire water are very prone to handle it improperly.

Mr. Henry Platter, jr., from this place, has been visiting friends near Bevansville, being the guest of Mr. Jeremiah Handwerk.

Mr. Joel J. Brenneman and Mr. Oliver Beechy are hauling limestone to burn on their respective farms. This looks like farming. The people hereabout know how to use lime and in fact are expert successful farmers.

We have read the report of the road supervisors. Some are very good ones. In the place of having a public road along every hog path in the county why not open a road down Savage river to Bloomington. Now we pray that our County Commissioners will please observe the twelfth commandment, or else we must strike, I don't just know which way.

PETER SWIFT.

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

FROM WASHINGTON.

Our Special Correspondent Contributes Another Well Written Article.

The National Womans Suffrage Convention has been in session here during the most of the past week and will continue till the middle of the present one.

A believer induced me to accompany her to one of the meetings on Saturday night and I came home knowing pretty nearly how it feels to be talked to death. They began at 8 and kept it up till 11 o'clock. A number of bright women said wise things and some were otherwise.

Susan B. Anthony presided groomed in a handsome black silk with a lavender vest and balloon sleeves. Her clear cut kindly face looks just as shrewd and no older than it did twenty years ago when I first saw her although she is getting far on into the seventh decade.

Mrs. Manning, a niece of Roscoe Conklin, reported progress for Susan Louis. Mrs. Stetson, a daughter of Lyman Beecher, read an original poem. She is the "poet of the Pacific," as well as a preacher and is as keen as a razor and bright as a mirror but has a thin crooked little face, dark as an Indian's and no figure at all.

The famous New Yorker, Lillie Devereaux Blake, sat on the platform superbly costumed but growing fat and gray haired.

Miss Annie Shaw, the only woman ever ordained by the Methodist Episcopal church, was present, looking like a silver crowned cherub with her fluff of white hair and her dimpled cheeks. Each passing year seems but to add another charm to this wonderful woman. She has graduated in law, medicine and theology, and is one of the braniest women of the 19th century able to pack the largest church or hall to the outermost door.

The young son of Governor Hughes, of Arizona, made an impassioned boyish speech saying that just as soon as he was old enough to deposit a ballot his vote should be given for equal rights for his, mother and sisters, with himself. The delegate from North Carolina made one of the good points of the evening. "Men," said she, tell "us that politics are too corrupt for us to sully our purity with, that it will unsex and degrade us to go to the ballot box and vote once a year: but they seem to forget that we have to live for 365 days in the year with those who have made politics what they are. Let men be better and politics will be made pure."

The observed of all observers was a little Indian maid of 5 or 6 years of ago who showed the restless activity of her race by running up and down the aisles and occasionally going on the platform and leaning trustfully up against "Aunt Susan" or climbing up into the lap of her adopted mother, Mrs. Clara Colby, wife of General Colby, of Nebraska. This little Sioux Indian has a sadly interesting history. Four or five years ago during the "ghost dances" among the Indians all her relatives were killed by white soldiers at the massacre of "Wounded Knee." Two days after the murderous attach this child, a babe of only a few months, was found nestling up to the frozen breast of its dead mother. Its life having been preserved through the awful cold, because the dying squaw had wrapped it in nearly all of her own poor apparel.

When I said to a Congressman "Why in the name of liberty and humanity don't you recognize Cuba?" he answered, "because this is a presidential year," and then he told me that it was quite unlikely that recognition would be granted for many months *if at all* for the reason, as he said, that up at the Capitol every mother's son there feels himself to be a presidential possibility and fears to do anything that could possibly endanger his chances for nomination. There are other darker hints of a Spanish corruption fund being used here to defeat the hopes of the struggling Islanders. Several wealthy American citizens have had valuable property destroyed there during the present rebellion and they are working here for the supremacy of Spain because S[illegible] says, "If I win you get your [illegible] if not, you loose."

Alas; [illegible] *pocket* should be paramount t[illegible] triotism.

Frye, [illegible]ine, made things hum in the S[illegible]n Friday in a speech on the [illegible]ian horrors. He is in favor [illegible]emorializing Russia and say[illegible] take Armenia into possessi[illegible] protect those Christians an[illegible] the United States will stand behind you with all its power and all its resources."

The Spaniards and the Turks have never been the butchers of the world wherever they have gained a foothold, their steps have streamed with blood and the hands of time have been turned backward on the dial of progress.

Congress is still haggling over the Bond and the Tariff bills. It is thought the former has no hope of passing. The latter will go through if a silver rider is not tacked on to the tail end of it by the [illegible] members.

The "Monroe Doctrine" amendment still hangs fire and is beginning to develop opposition to its passage in its present comprehensive form. Many fear that it will commit this country to the policy of "biting off more than it can conveniently masticate" some time in the future.

Madam Ying gave a reception or "tea" on Friday assisted by her husband, the Chinese Minister, and her interpreter. Her only English consists of "How-do-do," "Good-by" and "yes." When I asked if her child was a boy or a girl she said "yes," and she uses that for everything except greeting and leave taking. Her child looks like a little bronze idol about 3 feet high and was dressed just like she was, and had its face enamelled, its cheeks painted and its fingers tinted like a minature copy of mamma. It went around among the guests in the drollest and most solemn manner shaking hands and saying "How, How," with never a smile on its sphinx like face. The father is a handsome stout man of near 60 years of age. Only tea and tiny cakes were served. The house is very handsomely furnished in American style with the exception of vases, paints and draperies which are of Chinese manufacture.

M. A. Y.

Accident.

Farmers are looking blue—there is not enough snow.

Milton Gnagey is sick with the measels.

Little Mabel Royer, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Royer, is sick at this time.

Mr. D. C. Bowman is recovering from a blow which he received some time ago. While cutting some timber Mr. Bowman lodged a tree on some small timber, and while attempting to cut it down one of the small sticks struck him a fearful blow on his face.

Mrs. G. A. Royer has returned home from a visit at Bittinger.

Mr. Will Gnagey is recovering from the measels.

The young people of Accident and vicinity had a social party at Mr. Fred Hoffman's some time ago. They report a good time.

Mr. J. H. Atkinson and Mr. C. C. Speicher paid a visit to friends and relatives at Frostburg. Mr. Speicher has been afflicted with rheumatism since his return from Frostburg.

Mr. Ed. Geiso is at home on a visit to relatives and friends.

Mr. Alex Hanftling, the post master at this place, is preparing to build a new house next summer.

The steam mill at Accident is doing a big business under the management of Mr. John Hoffman.

The Y. P. S. C. S. is moving along nicely. May much good be done by the Society.

For Two Male Voices.

"Henry!"

"Yes, your excellency."

"There seems to be no doubt that our esteemed political opponent, Mr. Harrison, is about to marry again."

"The report has been verified, your excellency."

"Then, Henry, we shall have to have my touching solo, 'Life Is One Graud, Sweet Song,' rearranged for a male duet."

THE NAME OF THE NEXT

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN

The New York Weekly Tribune,

OF NOVEMBER 4th, 1896.

Public interest will steadily increase, and the question how the men who votes turned the scale at the last election are satisfied with the results under the administration they elected, will make the campaign the most intensely exciting in the history of the country.

The New York Weekly Tribune,

the leading Republican family newspaper of the United States, will publish all the political news of the day, interesting to every American citizen regardless of party affiliations.

Also general news in attractive form, foreign correspondence covering the news of the world, an agricultural department second to none in the country, market reports which are recognized authority, fascinating short stories, complete in each number, the cream of the humorous papers, foreign and domestic, with their best comic pictures, fashion plates and elaborate descriptions of woman's attire, with a varied and attractive department of household interest. The "New York Weekly Tribune" is an ideal family paper, with a circulation larger than that of any other weekly publication in the country issued from the office of a daily. Large changes are being made in its details tending to give it greater life and variety, and especially more interest to the women and younger people of the household.

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Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to Geo. W. Best, Room 2, Tribune Building, New York City, and sample copy of The New York Weekly Tribune will be mailed to you.

NEW CASH STORE AT LOCH LYNN HEIGHTS.

Having opened a store on First Street, I will receive all kinds of country produce at the market price in exchange for goods. Goods sold cheap for cash. Call and see me.

WILLIAM W. SWEET.

1896. **The Sun.** 1896.

BALTIMORE, MD

THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE,

FOR THE PEOPLE AND WITH THE PEOPLE.

HONEST IN MOTIVE,

FEARLESS IN EXPRESSION,

SOUND IN PRINCIPLE,

UNSWERVING IN ITS ALLEGIANCE TO RIGHT THEORIES AND RIGHT PRACTICES.

THE SUN PUBLISHES ALL THE NEWS ALL THE TIME, but it does not allow its columns to be degraded by unclean, immoral or purely sensational matter.

EDITORIALLY THE SUN IS THE CONSISTENT AND UNCHANGING CHAMPION AND DEFENDER OF POPULAR RIGHTS AND INTERESTS against political machines and monopolies of every character. Independent in all things, extreme in none. It is for good laws, good government and good order.

By mail Fifty Cents a month, Six Dollars a year.

The Baltimore Weekly Sun

THE WEEKLY SUN PUBLISHES ALL THE NEWS of each week, giving complete accounts of all events of interest throughout the World. As an AGRICULTURAL paper The WEEKLY SUN is unsurpassed. It is edited by writers of practical experience, who know what farming means and what farmers want in an agricultural journal. It contains regular reports of the work of the AGRICULTURAL experiment stations throughout the country of the proceedings of farmers' clubs and Institutes, and the discussion of new methods and ideas in agriculture. Its MARKET REPORTS, POULTRY DEPARTMENT and Veterinary columns are particularly valuable to country readers. Every issue contains STORIES, POEMS, HOUSEHOLD AND PUZZLE COLUMNS, a variety of interesting and instructive selected matter and other features, which makes it a welcome visitor in city and country homes alike.

One dollar a year. Inducements to getters-up of clubs for the Weekly Sun. Both the Daily and Weekly Sun mailed free of postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico. Payments invariably in advance. Address

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Publishers and Proprietors,

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From Loch Lynn Fruit Farm. Nursery and Greenhouse.

Our Greenehouse } A few hours by mail } Your Kitchen.

Order a pound and see how nice they are.

THE HORTICULTURAL SUPPLY CO., Mt. Lake Park, Md.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 50 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400 balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirely or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.

E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

Your Face

Will be wreathed with a most engaging smile, after you invest in a

White Sewing Machine

EQUIPPED WITH ITS NEW

PINCH TENSION, TENSION INDICATOR —AND— AUTOMATIC TENSION RELEASER.

The most complete and useful devices ever added to any sewing machine.

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ACTIVE DEALERS WANTED in unoccupied territory. Liberal terms. Address,

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO., CLEVELAND, O.

WHY SHOULD YOU SEND YOUR CHILD —TO—

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

1st. He (or she) can be prepared for college; he can study book-keeping, shorthand, typewriting, etc., and be fitted for business; he can begin his course in medicine or pharmacy under a teacher who has made the subject of chemistry a specialty.

2nd. It is a home school (co-educational and for a limited number) and is conducted with all the loving, care-taking ministrations for individual development that the name implies.

3rd. Students require the most bracing, nerves-building climate, and here they have it. Among the recreations are skating, boating, tennis, bowling.

4th. English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, German, Musical and Art courses. Bible study and high ethical teaching will fit him for a noble Christian career.

L. H. SWAN, Principal,
18-1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

THE OAKLAND HARNESS CO.

carry the best stock of heavy, hand made harness and horse furnishing goods to be found in the country.

Alder Street, opposite G. S. Hamill's office.

TRUMAN WEST, Manager.

26—26t.*

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, October 20, 1895. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—	Daily	2.48 A. M
No. 3—	Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 49—	Express, daily except Mon.	3.55 A. M
No. 71—	Accom daily except Sun	.30 A. M
No. 47—	Daily except Mon	10.49 A. M
No. 55—	Express, daily	0.22 P. M
No. 15—	Accommodation daily	0.45 P. M
No. 1—	Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—	Daily	3.50 A. M
No. 2—	Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 14—	Accommodation daily	9.03 A. M
No. 72—	Accom daily except Sun	4.32 P. M
No. 46—	Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4—	Daily	12.29 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

ECCLESIASTICAL COLUMN.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, pastor St. Paul's M. E. Church, Editor.

Songs of Degrees.

Bible readers who possess Bibles or Psalms Books containing the "chapter headings" have doubtless noticed that all the Psalms from 120 to 134 are named "A Song of Degrees." It is safe to say outside of the New Testament there is no other portion of God's Word which contains, within the same space, so many lofty outbursts of praise to God as these "songs of degrees." It is not the intention of the writer to enter into any exegetical commentary or historical analysis of these beautiful Psalms, (even if he possessed the ability to do so).

If this article will serve to direct the attention of a single reader to this mine of precious truth the object of the writer shall have been accomplished.

In the "Help to the study of the Bible" the Psalter is compared to an Oratorio in five parts. The second sub-division of the fifth part is entitled, "The return to the sanctuary of God." This sub-division comprises the fifteen Psalms under consideration and shows according to the best judgment of many commentators, these Psalms were songs sung by the different bands of pilgrim Jews at different stages of their journey as they traveled up to Jerusalem, and to the temple: to the great yearly feasts which were held in the city of David all of these fifteen Psalms have certain features in common: "With one exception (the 132 Psalm) they are all short;" the utterance of a single thought or feeling, a sigh, a joy. They are alike in tone, in diction, in rhythm and climatic form. They are all pervaded by the same quiet, graceful, tender beauty, the charm of which was so felt by a Spanish commentator that he does not hesitate to say, "that this collection is to the rest of the Psalms what Paradise was to the rest of the world." Perowne's book of Psalms vol. 2, p. 369.

Only the most general intimation can be given as to the contents of these inspired songs. They will amply repay a careful, prayerful reading. No christian can read these products of genuine zeal for God's House and filial devotion and praise to Almighty God without having his religious nature stirred to its depths.

In the first of these "Songs of Degrees" (Psl. 120) the pilgrim or pilgrims is or are at a great distance from Jerusalem surrounded by enemies traveling through a strange land. In the second he recognizes that all his true help must come "from the Lord which made heaven and earth" and that the Lord is his keeper and shall preserve his "going out and coming in from this time forth, and even forevermore." He is made glad by other pilgrims or bonds who give him an invitation to join their company, in the third "song of assent." The fourth song has been beautifully named by Alsted *Oculus Sperans:* "The Eye of Hope." Luther says of this Psalm, "it is a deep sigh of a pained heart, which looks around on all sides and seeks friends, protectors and comforters, but can find none, therefore it says, 'Unto thee lift I up mine eyes, O thou that dwellest in the Heavens.'" While the last Psalm many have been the sigh of an exile. The next two (the fifth and sixth) songs of going up, are made up of a joyful acknowledgement that deliverence has been vouchsafed (Psl. 124) and a description of the safety of the pilgrim or pilgrims girt round by the protection of Jehovah, "as the mountains are about Jerusalem," (Psl. 125). In the seventh the pious Jew finds himself again in his own native land and nearing the holy city. The joyful fact seemed too good to be true. We were like them that dream, he says. "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." The eighth and ninth songs represent the prosperity and happiness of the religious family. How true indeed is it, "except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." How happy the man that realizes, "The Lord shall bless the out of Zion." It is a good thing, after we have been delivered to look back to the pit from whence we were digged, and in the tenth song this is what the pilgrim is directed to do or rather is represented as doing. But while the first part thus reverts to the past the last part ends in a prayer, which is also a hope for the future. The holiness that is suggested by the temple, the priests and the sacrifices well calls the attention of the pilgrim to his own sinful condition and hence it is very natural that we find him in the eleventh and twelfth songs crying out for forgiveness. "Out of the depths have I cried unto thee. O Lord" is or has been the experience of us all. May we all have (or come to) the experience which will enable us to say to others "Hope in the Lord from henceforth and forever." The thirteenth song (Psl. 132) is the longest of all these "Songs of Degrees," containing 18 verses. Dr. Perowne describes this Psalm as a prayer that God's promises to David may not fail of fulfillment, that He will dwell forever in the habitation which He chose for Himself in Zion, and that David's children may forever sit upon his throne. One of the most beautiful and as well known as any of the songs in this collection is the fourteenth (Psl. 133). A plea for unity among (*a*) brethren of the same family (*b*) brethren of the same tribe or nation (*c*) brethren of the same religious faith (*d*) among all with whom we are brought into contact. The last of these beautiful Songs of Degrees is a doxology of praise and blessings. Ninth contains both an exortation, "Lift up your hands in the sanctuary and bless the Lord," and also a benediction, which the writer prays may rest upon every reader of these lines, "The Lord that made heaven and earth bless thee out of Zion."

Bittinger.

As I never see this place represented in your columns, I deem it necessary to represent it. The *Democrat* has items from this place and it looks as if the Republicans lack intelligence, but then when we see the old Democracy stand up even in common lyceums it only takes one Republican to defeat a half-dozen Democrats. It of course takes "cheek" Sam, especially when you rise up before a people who passed a school house—but *stuff:* you can preach and of course the unintelligent will believe.

Plenty of good sledding snow.

Mr. L. J. Durst closed the debate last Saturday evening with a song which was very appropriate to subject discussed and appreciated by all.

Mr. Edward Gilpin, from North Glade, is visiting friends near Bittinger, being principally the guest of Mr. Geo. Lininger.

Prof. S. S. Dellinger has gained such a victory as never before was known at "Bittinger Literary Society." The Dam-o-crats are no whar.

The graded school at Bittinger is very much improving, and Sam is the boy that can run it just about right. He is a good teacher—only he is a Democrat.

The grand street parade in this village last Saturday evening excited the morality esteemed by the good citizens of our community. Children sent for fire water are very prone to handle it improperly.

Mr. Henry Platter, jr., from this place, has been visiting friends near Bevansville, being the guest of Mr. Jeremiah Handwerk.

Mr. Joel J. Brenneman and Mr. Oliver Beechy are hauling limestone to burn on their respective farms. This looks like farming. The people hereabout know how to use lime and in fact are expert successful farmers.

We have read the report of the road supervisors. Some are very good ones. In the place of having a public road along every hog path in the county why not open a road down Savage river to Bloomington. Now we pray that our County Commissioners will please observe the twelfth commandment, or else we must strike, I don't just know which way.

PETER SWIFT.

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

FROM WASHINGTON.

Our Special Correspondent Contributes Another Well Written Article.

The National Womans Suffrage Convention has been in session here during the most of the past week and will continue till the middle of the present one.

A believer induced me to accompany her to one of the meetings on Saturday night and I came home knowing pretty nearly how it feels to be talked to death. They began at 8 and kept it up till 11 o'clock. A number of bright women said wise things and some were otherwise.

Susan B. Anthony presided groomed in a handsome black silk with a lavender vest and balloon sleeves. Her clear cut kindly face looks just as shrewd and no older than it did twenty years ago when I first saw her although she is getting far on into the seventh decade.

Mrs. Manning, a niece of Roscoe Conklin, reported progress for St. Louis. Mrs. Stetson, a daughter of Lyman Beecher, read an original poem. She is the "poet of the Pacific," as well as a preacher and is as keen as a razor and bright as a mirror but has a thin crooked little face, dark as an Indian's and no figure at all.

The famous New Yorker, Lillie Devereux Blake, sat on the platform superbly costumed but growing fat and gray haired.

Miss Annie Shaw, the only woman ever ordained by the Methodist Episcopal church, was present, looking like a silver crowned cherub with her fluff of white hair and her dimpled cheeks. Each passing year seems but to add another charm to this wonderful woman. She has graduated in law, medicine and theology, and is one of the braniest women of the 19th century able to pack the largest church or hall to the outermost door.

The young son of Governor Hughes, of Arizona, made an impassioned boyish speech saying that just as soon as he was old enough to deposit a ballot his vote should be given for equal rights for his, mother and sisters, with himself. The delegate from North Carolina made one of the good points of the evening. "Men," said she, tell "us that politics are too corrupt for us to sully our purity with, that it will unsex and degrade us to go to the ballot box and vote once a year: but they seem to forget that we have to live for 365 days in the year with those who have made politics what they are. Let men be better and politics will be made pure."

The observed of all observers was a little Indian maid of 5 or 6 years of age who showed the restless activity of her race by running up and down the aisles and occasionally going on the platform and leaning trustfully up against "Aunt Susan" or climbing up into the lap of her adopted mother, Mrs. Clara Colby, wife of General Colby, of Nebraska. This little Sioux Indian has a sadly interesting history. Four or five years ago during the "ghost dances" among the Indians all her relatives were killed by white soldiers at the massacre of "Wounded Knee." Two days after the murderous attach this child, a babe of only a few months, was found nestling up to the frozen breast of its dead mother. Its life having been preserved through the awful cold, because the dying squaw had wrapped it in nearly all of her own poor apparel.

When I said to a Congressman "Why in the name of liberty and humanity don't you recognize Cuba?" he answered, "because this is a presidential year," and then he told me that it was quite unlikely that recognition would be granted for many months *if at all* for the reason, as he said, that up at the Capitol every mother's son there feels himself to be a presidential possibility and fears to do anything that could possibly endanger his chances for nomination. There are other darker hints of a Spanish corruption fund being used here to defeat the hopes of the struggling Islanders. Several wealthy American citizens have had valuable property destroyed there during the present rebellion and they are working here for the supremacy of Spain because S[illegible] says, "If I win you get your [illegible] if not, you lose."

Alas; *pocket* should be paramount t[illegible] triotism.

Fryo, [illegible]ine, made things hum in the S[illegible]n Friday in a speech on the [illegible]ian horrors. He is in favor [illegible]emorializing Russia and say[illegible] 'take Armenia into possess[illegible] protect those Christians an[illegible] the United States will stand behind you with all its power and all its resources."

The Spaniards and the Turks have never been the butchers of the world wherever they have gained a foothold, their steps have streamed with blood and the hands of time have been turned backward on the dial of progress.

Congress is still haggling over the Bond and the Tariff bills. It is thought the former has no hope of passing. The latter will go through if a silver rider is not tacked on to the tail end of it by the [illegible] members.

The "Monroe Doctrine" amendment still hangs fire and is beginning to develop opposition to its passage in its present comprehensive form. Many fear that it will commit this country to the policy of "biting off more than it can conveniently masticate" some time in the future.

Madam Ying gave a reception or "tea" on Friday assisted by her husband, the Chinese Minister, and her interpreter. Her only English consists of "How-de-do," "Good-by" and "yes." When I asked if her child was a boy or a girl she said "yes," and she uses that for everything except greeting and leave taking. Her child looks like a little bronze idol about 3 feet high and was dressed just like she was, and had its face enamelled, its cheeks painted and its fingers tinted like a minature copy of mamma. It went around among the guests in the drollest and most solemn manner shaking hands and saying "How, How," with never a smile on its sphinx like face. The father is a handsome stout man of near 60 years of age. Only tea and tiny cakes were served. The house is very handsomely furnished in American style with the exception of vases, paints and draperies which are of Chinese manufacture.

M. A. Y.

Accident.

Farmers are looking blue—there is not enough snow.

Milton Gnagey is sick with the measels.

Little Mabel Royer, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Royer, is sick at this time.

Mr. D. C. Bowman is recovering from a blow which he received some time ago. While cutting some timber Mr. Bowman lodged a tree on some small timber, and while attempting to cut it down one of the small sticks struck him a fearful blow on his face.

Mrs. G. A. Royer has returned home from a visit at Bittinger.

Mr. Will Gnagey is recovering from the measels.

The young people of Accident and vicinity had a social party at Mr. Fred Hoffman's some time ago. They report a good time.

Mr. J. H. Atkinson and Mr. C. C. Speicher paid a visit to friends and relatives at Frostburg. Mr. Speicher has been afflicted with rheumatism since his return from Frostburg.

Mr. Ed. Geiso is at home on a visit to relatives and friends.

Mr. Alex Hanftling, the post master at this place, is preparing to build a new house next summer.

The steam mill at Accident is doing a big business under the management of Mr. John Hoffman.

The Y. P. S. C. S. is moving along nicely. May much good be done by the Society.

For Two Male Voices.

"Henry!"

"Yes, your excellency."

"There seems to be no doubt that our esteemed political opponent, Mr. Harrison, is about to marry again."

"The report has been verified, your excellency."

"Then, Henry, we shall have to have my touching solo, 'Life Is One Graud, Sweet Song,' rearranged for a male duet."

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38 WILLIAM W. SWEET.

1896. **The Sun.** 1896.

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26—26t.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, October 20, 1895. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

	GOING WEST.	
No. 7.—	Daily	2.48 A. M
No. 3—	Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 49—	Express, daily except Mon.	8.55 A. M
No. 71—	Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 47—	Daily except Mon	10.48 A. M
No. 55—	Express, daily	6.22 P. M
No. 15—	Accommodation daily	6.45 P. M
No. 1—	Daily	10.01 P. M
	GOING EAST	
No. 8—	Daily	5.50 A. M
No. 2—	Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 14—	Accommodation daily	9.05 A. M
No. 72—	Accom daily except Sun	4.32 P. M
No. 46—	Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4—	Daily	12.29 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
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"TOP AND BOTTOM."

There are people imbued with a certain love of adventure, and there are other people abnormally curious. I belong to the latter class, and my curiosity often gets the better of me.

My friend Wilson, who is a member of the secret service or the police force, the night before had been relating to me some rather interesting reminiscences of his experience with a certain element of society known to us as "confidence men," and he was inconsiderate enough to arouse my curiosity.

"Curio," he said (that is my nickname among the boys), "your desire to investigate all phases of humanity may lead you into trouble one of these days, but if you have a mind to try the experiment and will follow my instructions I think I can provide you with enough amusement to-morrow to last you for several weeks."

I couldn't stand the pressure and jumped at the chance.

"You have all the natural requirements," said Wilson. "You look very green and unsophisticated, and you will at once become an object of interest to the confidence 'steerer.' The part you will play is a simple one. All you have got to do is to make the opportunity and the 'steerer' will do the rest. Remember one thing—under no circumstances bet or loan money to anyone you chance to meet."

Then Wilson gave me my lesson. A suitable wardrobe was arranged for me to impersonate a green country youth, and bright and early the next morning I alighted from a train at the Northwestern depot. I was looking for a confidence man, and though Wilson assured me I would not meet with any serious injury or serious trouble so long as I kept my eyes open, still I must confess I felt a certain sense of nervous uncertainty which in a timid man might be attributed to fear.

My instructions were limited. When I reached the depot in the garb of a country youth, all that was required was to conduct myself as a stranger naturally would; stand around the waiting-room for a few moments, and if no one approached me to go to the street and gaze up and down as if uncertain which way to proceed.

I first waited in the depot until the passengers had all left, but as no one approached me I decided to try the street. Here I met with no danger signals other than a lot of cab drivers, who tried to persuade me they knew more of my business than I did myself, and insisted that I wanted to take a ride. But I was looking for a confidence man, and I gave these fellows to understand that I was a very positive-minded country boy.

Between Erie and Huron streets on Wells there is a small dry goods store with rather an odd display in the window, and as I came along there were several people standing in front inspecting the wares. As I always want to see everything that anybody else considers worth looking at I stopped also. Among the spectators was a man who looked to me to be a Swedish emigrant, and as his curiosity was apparently as abnormal as mine we were both standing there when the rest had gone.

As I was about to move on the Swedish emigrant turned to me and in broken English said:

"Meester, yo ean tell me var Ay fint State street?"

It would have been just as easy for me to tell the truth, and there was no apparent reason why I should do otherwise, but it was my mission that morning to appear in the light of a stranger, so I answered that I was a stranger in the city myself and could not tell him where to find State street. There seems to be an affinity of soul between strangers in a strange land, and the Swede warmed towards me. Ordinarily the Swedish emigrant is not my choice of companion, but I had been disappointed in my morning escapade, and when he asked me which way I came from and where I was going I allowed myself to gradually drift into conversation. I informed him I had just come in from Dakota, where I had been working on a farm, and was on my way to my home in Ohio.

"Det so? Ay ben yust from Noo York, var Ay ben vid mne uncle six mont since Ay come from Ole Country. Ay go now to Meenesota to vork. Yo know det place?"

No, I did not know much about Minnesota, only having passed through the state on my way to Dakota.

The conversation drifted from one thing to another as we walked along Wells street, until, passing by one of those institutions calculated to cheer the inner man, my new acquaintance asked me to have something warm. I am not a drinking man, but the weather was cool, and I decided a stimulant would not be bad, so I accepted his invitation.

As we were about to order something a well-dressed, genteel-looking man came in and spoke to us.

"Going to have a drink?"

I answered that we were.

"Well, I thought I'd have something myself. Won't you join me?"

"Ye can't do det," said the Swede.

"Why not?"

"Vel, dar ben two of us und yust but von of yo; yo drink vid us."

"No, but I'll shake you the dice to see who pays the bill."

The Swede consented, but said he only knew how to shake one kind of dice. He explained his way of shaking, and the slick-looking man agreed that it would save time, so we proceeded.

One of the party was to turn the dice box, containing three dice, upside down, and we were all to make a guess at the number the tops and bottoms of the three dice added together would make, and the one farthest from the mark was to pay for the drinks. Our slick friend guessed 17, I guessed 23, and the Swede 20. We turned the box over, counted the tops and bottoms, added them together, and found the number to be 21.

The new gentleman became interested and wanted to try it again, but the Swede said I had paid for one drink and he would pay for the next. No, the stranger wouldn't have that, so my Swedish friend said he would play if we would allow him to pay for the drinks in case he failed to call the exact number. We both demurred, but the Swede insisted and chose 21. Sure enough, that was the number again. The slick-looking friend became more interested at this, and volunteered that the Swede could not do it again, and that he would bet any amount of money that he couldn't. I said nothing, and the Swede said he never gambled, but was sure he could guess the correct number.

Our friend excused himself for a moment to run across to the drug store, but asked us to wait for him. Now this fellow looked to me thoroughly like a sharper, and when the Swede explained the dice trick to me during his absence I could scarcely contain myself.

"Ay don't vanten yin his money from him," said the Swede, "but I can do det ever time. Ay learn det in Noo York. Har been de vay to dout."

You see one side of the dice added to the one just opposite will always make seven, and the three added together will always make 21. Much as I have shaken dice this never occurred to me.

When our friend returned and offered to wager $20 that the Swede could not guess the number again I was forced to turn my head to conceal my laughter. The Swede said he was sure he could, and did not want to win the man's money, whereupon the stranger became a trifle sarcastic and made a few remarks about people's nerve that were decidedly distasteful to me. That Swede called me to one side and asked my advice. Now I may be wrong, but I have no sympathy with what are known as "fresh" people. The Swede had only $10, and I just made up my mind that we would let the slick man lose his entire $20, so I gave him $10 more.

It was decided to let the bartender count the dice, to make sure of no mistake. Poor fellow, I really began to feel sorry for the man of polish, and half made up my mind to return my ten dollars of the winnings, accompanied with a little good advice not to go and do it again.

The Swede turned the dice box upside down and guessed 21; the bartender lifted it off, displaying a four, one and six on the top side, making a total of 11. The dice were turned over, and—you have probably at some time had that peculiar feeling, wondering how it happened—there was a three, five and one, making nine. The total, you see, was 20. No one said anything for a moment, and the bartender quietly gave the slick-looking man the money. He courteously bought the cigars, and bid us good morning.

The poor Swede, his heart was broken. He had lost all the money he had in the world and had a long journey before him. He said he had a railroad ticket, but not even money to provide himself with a meal. Although he caused me to lose ten dollars, I really felt sorry for him and gave him another dollar to get something to eat. That seemed to cheer him up a little. He gave me his name and the place where he was going to work, saying he would send me the money, and I then bade him good-by.

Last night Wilson called to see me.

"Well, Curio, how did the experiment work? Did you succeed in being buncoed?"

"Not much. I never even saw a confidence man. Guess you were trying to play a practical joke on me."

"No, I was not. Did you follow my instructions?"

"To the letter."

"That's strange. You must try it again. So your venture was fruitless?"

"Well, no, it was not altogether fruitless. A rather peculiar circumstance happened," and I explained all that had taken place from the time I left the depot. When I had finished Wilson looked at me in blank amazement for a moment and then lapsed into a convulsive fit of laughter.

Now I don't like being ridiculed and never did, and as I could not see where the joke came in insisted upon an explanation.

"Curio, my boy," said Wilson, "you are an object of pity." That made me mad, but I kept quiet. "How it is possible for a man of your apparent intelligence to know so little I can't conceive."

I muttered something about people who were not fond of my style not being compelled to cultivate me, but Wilson only laughed.

"I suppose you have been wondering ever since how it happened."

To be perfectly honest I had, but I wouldn't tell him so.

"You see, Curio, you ran up against the little game known to confidence men as 'T and B' (top and bottom). You are not the first victim. Your Swedish friend is one of the best-known confidence 'steerers' in Chicago, and the slick man is his confederate. And now, dear boy, the next time you go out looking for confidence men leave your money at home."

"That sounds well, but you haven't told me yet how it happened."

"Well, you see, while you were turned away trying to conceal your laughter from the slick man your Swedish friend was substituting dice made to order, on which the top and bottom added together will not make seven."

Perhaps Wilson was right, but tomorrow I'm going to see if I can't find a confidence man that I'll recognize as soon as I meet him.—Chicago Tribune.

—When suffering has broken up the soil and made the furrows soft, then can be implanted the hardy tissues which outbrave the storm.—Punshon.

—Anglo-Saxon rings were fashioned after knotted cables, the knot being worn on the outside of the hand.

SPLENDID S[illegible]ERS.

United States Cavalryman Not He Surpassed.

Up to a comparatively recent date individual horsemanship and the training of horses received little systematic attention in the cavalry service. The nature of the duties [illegible] of that arm of the service, which kept it in the field from the early spring until the snows of winter—and frequently all the winter—made it impracticable to engage in instruction beyond the simplest movements of the drill regulations. No adequate facilities were afforded at the recruiting depots for instruction in equitation, and cavalry recruits rarely knew anything beyond the manual of the carbine and saber when they joined their troops. The men and horses frequently arrived on the eve of a campaign, and even during a campaign.

After a time the men made good soldiers, and in some respects good cavalry soldiers. The handy men and those who had some previous knowledge of horses and riding "caught on," but the inexperienced, the clerks, shopkeepers, foundry men, etc., who had never been on a horse's back, kept the surgeons busy patching up their skins, and the veterinarians busy patching up the horses' skins. When a new man and a new horse came together it was tough on man and beast. Nothing could be done in the way of horse training beyond riding [illegible] with a stiff curb bit in the column day after day. Field work is a good school in many respects, but it is impracticable to instruct new men in the many details absolutely essential to make a horseman, and it is impossible to subsequently cure the bad habits contracted by green hands when left to themselves.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the American cavalryman has always been able to meet any emergency as it arose, and, while he may not have been a finished horseman or have ridden a trained horse, he has had the faculty of "getting there" in good and effective shape. But he has been forced, in a great measure, to work out his own salvation. It was, in most cases, a question of the survival of the fittest, and some splendid specimens of rough riders survived.

The passing away of constant field service, the concentration of troops in large garrison, the erection of riding halls etc., have made it not only possible for, but incumbent upon, every commander of troops to educate his men in every detail entering into the make-up of a trained soldier.

So well has the opportunity been seized by the cavalry branch of the service that I say without hesitation the American cavalryman is to-day the best soldier on the face of the earth, barring none. I don't believe any army in the world can parade ten regiments of horsemen—dragoons, hussars, or what not—possessing the offensive and defensive qualities of our ten regiments of cavalry.

Not only this, but they are the best rough riders in the world. They can fight on the ground or on horseback, with saber or revolver, as occasion requires. Their ability to shoot with infantry has been attested year after year at the target competition, and their proficiency with the revolver mounted is such that five years ago it was believed to be impossible of attainment. At all the larger garrisons cavalry progress has been most satisfactory.

The post at Fort Riley has one of the finest riding halls in the world, built of stone, lighted through the roof and inclosing an open clear space of 100 by 300 feet. During the season, from January 10 to May 1, each troop at the post (eight organizations) exercises in the hall one hour every day, except Saturdays and Sundays. At other times during the year the hall is utilized for the instruction of recruits, under the direction of an officer specially adapted to the work.

The instruction of the troops is under the direction of the respective troop commanders, supervised by the squadron commanders and the director of the cavalry school.

Bitting, saddling, turning, backing, passaging, accustoming to sound of firearms, teaching to lie down, jumping, gaiting to the regulation paces; in fact, everything a horse should know, goes on at the same time as the instruction of the men, as provided in the drill regulations.

As a means of relaxation and relief from the tedium of formal drill, riding school movements and acrobatic feats are introduced by some officers, and others even employ the tricks of the sawdust ring to the same end.—Maj. E. A. Garlington, in Rider and Driver.

In 1900.

"You advertised for a coachman, sir?" said the applicant.

"I did," replied the merchant. "Do you want the position?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you had any experience?"

"I have been in the business all my life."

"You are used to handling gasoline, then?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you are posted on electricity?"

"Thoroughly."

"Good. Of course, you are a machinist also?"

"Certainly."

"Also I presume you have an engineer's license?"

"Of course."

"Very well. You may go around to the barn and get the motocycle ready. My wife wishes to do a little shopping.—Chicago Post.

—Have a time and place for everything, and do everything in its time and place, and you will not only accomplish more, but have far more leisure than those who are always hurrying, as if vainly attempting to overtake time that had been lost.—Tyron Edwards.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Some kinds of jellyfish are said to have over 10,000 mouths. Every pore is a mouth, through which nourishment is absorbed from the surrounding water.

—The last census shows that while in 20 years the increase of men in all industries has been 150 per cent., the increase of women at work has been 1,500 per cent.

—The insect known as the water boatman has a regular pair of oars, his legs being used as such. He swims on his back, as in that position there is less resistance to his progress.

—An investigation has been made as to the extent of one of three large troughs of coal recently found in Newfoundland, resulting in an estimate that it contains 12,000,000 tons of superior quality. The deposits are well located for moving the product when mined, in being near the St. Lawrence river and within a few miles of the open ocean.

—Prof. Virchow refuses to accept the missing link (pithecanthropus erectus) reconstructed from fossil bones discovered by Dr. Dubois in Java. The skull, he says, is that of a large gibbon; the thigh bone may have belonged to a man, but just as likely to an ape; the teeth look like human teeth, but are not identical with them, and there is nothing to show that all the bones belonged to one body.

—Hot waves are caused by low areas appearing in the northwest and moving east and south, thus bringing about warm winds from the south, and disappearing as the development of high areas in the northwest. One of the accompanying phenomena of hot waves was hot winds coming from the southwest, their cause being somewhat obscure. Dr. Frankenfield states that as a rule they move in narrow belts, ranging from 100 feet to half a mile in width. No good cause can be assigned for this, save, probably, local topography.

—Preliminary statistics of the foreign trade of the United States for November show a total value of exports amounting to $87,249,746, an increase of nearly $7,300,000 as compared with the corresponding month of 1894. The imports were valued at $63,343,759, an increase of nearly $12,800,000 as compared with November, 1894. The duty-free goods showed an excess over the dutiable goods for the month, whereas in November of 1894 the excess was on the other side. The exports showed an excess of over $15,000,000 for the month.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

Remarkable Career of an Infant Left in a Foundling Hospital.

One night in 1801 a little girl about one year old was deposited in the drawer of the foundling hospital at Brest. She was dressed with much finery, and a note attached to her skirts told that her name was Solange, and that she would be reclaimed by her father.

When she was 12 years old she was sent out into the streets to sell flowers, and her beauty and her modesty attracted many people's good will; but she grew weaker and weaker, and at last died, or, at least, it was thought so.

According to French custom she was buried in an open basket, and, as it was winter and the soil was frozen, she was laid into the grave covered only with a thin layer of sand. During the night she awoke, and, pushing the sand away, crept out from the grave.

Not exactly understanding what had taken place, she was not so very much frightened; but in crossing the glade between the cemetery and the fortifications, she was suddenly stopped by the cry: "Qui vive?" and, as she did not answer, the sentinel fired, and she fell to the ground.

Brought into the guard house, her wound was found to be very slight, and she soon recovered. But her singular history, and also her great beauty had made so deep an impression on a young lieutenant of the garrison—Kramer—that he determined to be her protector, and sent her to one of the most fashionable educational establishments in Paris.

During the next few years Kramer was much tossed about by the war; but when, in 1818, he returned to Paris, he found Solange a full-grown woman, not only beautiful, but accomplished and spirited, with no more trace of intellectual weakness or nervous fits. He married her, and for several years the couple lived happily in Paris.

Meanwhile investigations were made concerning the girl left in 1801 in the foundling hospital at Brest, and, as these investigations were made by the Swedish ambassador, and in a somewhat official manner, they attracted some attention.

Capt. Kramer heard about the inquiry and sent a note to the ambassador, and a month later the ambassador came in state to bring Mme. Kramer a formal acknowledgment from her father, the former Marshal Bernadotte, afterward King Charles XIV. of Sweden. Capt. Kramer and his wife went immediately to Stockholm and were ennobled. Their son some time ago was appointed attache to the Swedish legation in Paris.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Virginia Fricassee.

Divide a fowl into eight pieces, wash well, put into a stewpan and cover with boiling water; season with a teaspoon salt, a little pepper, a good bouquet of parsley, four cloves and a blade of mace. Let it boil 20 minutes. Pass the stock through a sieve into a basin; take out the pieces of fowl, trim nicely, then put into another stewpan two ounces of butter, with which mix a good spoonful of flour. Moisten with stock, put in the pieces of fowl, stir occasionally until boiling, skim well, add onions to taste. Let simmer until the onions are tender, when add a gill of cream with which you have mixed the yolks of two eggs; stir in quickly over the fire, but do not let it boil; take out the pieces, dress in pyramid upon the dish and serve.—St. Louis Republic.

Explicit Directions.

In order to save time the young man who had come for a marriage license handed in a card containing the names of Nokkolaus Blohockenschimpff and Varina Morff.

"These are the names of the parties, I suppose," said the county clerk's deputy.

"Yes, sir."

"You are Mr. Bl—Bl—"

"Yes, sir."

"May I ask how you pronounce that name?"

"Yes, sir. Two coughs and a sneeze."—Chicago Tribune.

Love's Anatomy.

My subclavian fossa disgusts her,
She scorns my parietal bone,
Yet sweet is my love as the morning
That breaks in a tropical zone.
To her I will bend my patella,
On her fix my optical ray,
In thinking of her my medulla
Will wear all its "pia" away.
Yet, tho' perish my poor oblongata
And the pith of my ossa decay,
Still to me she's the persona grata
I most like to find in my way.
—London Fun.

Aristocratic Hens.

Neighbor—What beautiful hens you have, Mrs. Stuckup.

Mrs. Stuckup—Yes, they are all imported fowls.

Neighbor—You don't tell me so! I suppose they lay eggs every day?

Mrs. Stuckup (proudly)—They could do so if they saw proper, but our circumstances are such that my hens are not required to lay eggs every day.—Texas Siftings.

What She Said.

A charming young belle of the Sioux
Stooped over to lace up her shioux,
But she said as she laced,
"I must have these replaced,
For I see they no longer will dioux."
—Chicago Record.

And Then He Proposed.

There had been a brief interval of silence, and he felt that he ought to say something.

"I see that the students of sociology have figured it out," he began, "that education—"

He paused, as if in doubt whether he ought to proceed.

"Yes," she said, encouragingly.

"—that education is having a bad effect upon matrimony," he continued; "especially the education of women."

"I never did believe in too much education," she said, softly.

She waited for him to speak, but he said nothing.

"I am glad I never knew my lessons, anyway," she added.

Some men are slow to take a hint, but they are quick to understand when they are hit with an ax.

He saw the point.—Chicago Post.

Provident Sailor.

"I am afraid," said the girl's father, "that Harold will not be much of a success in life."

"He seems very prudent and far-seeing."

"In what way?"

"He said that if we were to marry he was sure that there was no reason why our lives should never know want."

"H'm. What makes him so sure?"

"He said he had looked up your rating in the commercial agencies."—Washington Star.

It Will Not Answer.

Spatts—What do you think of the new French idea of curing diseases by the application of cold?

Bloobumper—I don't think there can be anything in it. If the theory were true, a man who happened to be married to a Boston woman would never be ill.—To Date.

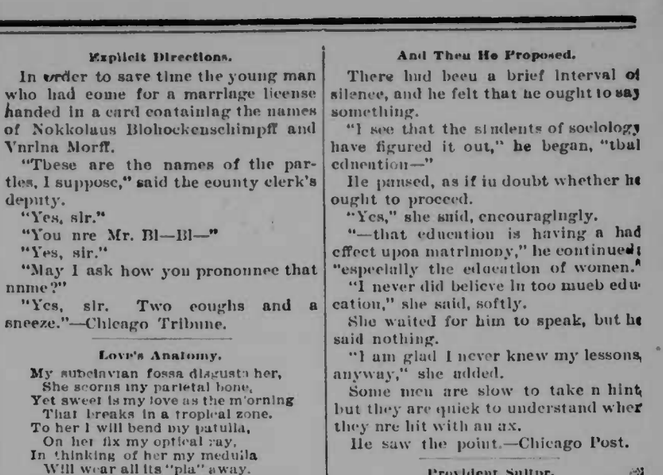

PRUDENT COUNSEL.

Sufferer—I've got a lump at back o' my neck, can yer give me somethin'to cure it?"

Chemist—I'm afraid I can't give you anything for it at the back of your neck; but I should advise you to keep your eye on it.

Taken Orders.

Mrs. Jones—And so your son left college and has taken orders.

Mrs. Smith—Yes, and I think he will now be successful in ministering to humanity.

Mrs. Jones—Has he entered the Episcopal church?

Mrs. Smith—Oh, no, he hasn't entered any church; he is a waiter in a restaurant.—Texas Siftings.

The Usual Fate.

Brown—You looks as if you had the blues.

Robinson—So I have. I've lost my beautiful new silk umbrella.

"Where did you leave it?"

"I didn't leave it anywhere. The owner met me and took it away from me."—Spare Moments.

SHREWD YOUNGSTER.

Mother—Tommy, why don't you give your little brother half of your apple?

Tommy—Can't do it, ma. Father tells me never to do things by halves.—Texas Siftings.

To Be Expected.

Customer—See here! all the buttons came off this coat the first time I wore it.

Dealer—Yah. So many beobles admire dot coat, you shwell up mit pride and burst dose buttons off.—N. Y. Weekly.

Plaint of a Pessimist.

I never had a pencil that
I'd spent both time and skill to mend,
But what it fell upon the floor
And always on the sharpened end.
—Chicago Tribune.

He Understood.

"Walk right in, dear! Your supper's ready, your slippers are right where you can find them easily, and your pipe and tobacco are on the writing desk, handy for you!"

"All right, Molly," groaned the tired, suspicious husband, "you can get that new cloak to-morrow."—Atlanta Constitution.

Words.

If you have gracious words to say,
Oh, give them to our hearts to-day;
But if they hold for us a sorrow,
Pray keep them till the last to-morrow.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

JUDGED BY APPEARANCES.

She—Every family has a skeleton in it, and ours is no exception.

He—Er—so—I see.—Judge.

Had Gone Out.

Caller—Is Mrs. Highupp at home?

New Girl—No'm.

Caller—Ah, she has taken advantage of this delightful weather, I presume.

New Girl—Yes'm. She said that all sorts of people would be makin' calls on'er dny like this; so she went to the dentist's.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Born Fighter.

"No, sir, a man with a face like that is never a coward."

"How do you know?"

"It's so homely that he couldn't have any fear of spoiling it."—Chicago Record.

A Sure Indication Lacking.

"In love? I guess not!"

"How do you know?"

"They never sit silent for a minute!"—Chicago Record.

THE FARMING WORLD.

ABOUT FARM DAIRYING.

What Prof. Wing, of Cornell University, Thinks of It.

Many think that the creamery butter is better than can be made on the farm.

Now, this is entirely erroneous. Not only is it perfectly possible to make as good butter on the farm as can be made, but is a matter of no great difficulty and does not require an expensive or elaborate equipment. The principles that govern the manufacture of good butter are the same in either case; their observance will result in good butter on the farm just as surely as their neglect will result in bad butter in the factory. That this is so is seen in the fact that numerous private dairymen, having recognized these principles, are getting more for their butter made up in a small way in a private dairy than is given for the very best grades of creamery butter. Indeed, from the fact that the private dairymen can control the cows, their feed and care, and the milk from the time it leaves the cow until the finished product goes on the market, he should be able to make a finer and more uniform product than the factory man, who cannot control these important conditions. Notwithstanding the possibilities of the case, the facts are that to-day the great mass of butter made on the farms is sold for a less price than that made in creameries. Let us look for a moment at some of the reasons for this condition of affairs.

In the first place, there is a large amount of butter made on farms that is not good to begin with, and justly should not bring any more than it usually does. This sort of butter is made where the cows and butter making are a sort of side issue of the farm, where the milk and butter must await the demands of all the other farm and house work before they receive attention. It is made where the maker is ignorant, careless and dirty. The cows are milked at the convenience of the hired man, and the milk is strained and put into the creamery at some indefinite time thereafter, when the hired girl gets ready. Sometimes the cream is removed in 24 hours, and some times not in four days. In hot weather the cream gets too sour, and in cold, it sometimes never gets sour at all. It is churned at a temperature sometimes too low, but oftener too high, and never twice alike. The buttermilk is not completely removed, salt is added by guess, and it is worked by main strength till the dairy maid gets tired. During the whole process it associates more or less intimately with the cooked and uncooked food in the family pantry, and the wonder is, not that it is bad, but that it is as good as it is.

ABOUT FILLED CHEESE.

The Practice of Making It Is a Very Reprehensible One.

It is a fact that American cheese makers have lost their prestige in the markets of the old world on account of the character of the product sent from this country, and Canadians have, to a great extent, taken the place thus left vacant.

There is probably more filled cheese made in Illinois than in any other state in the union, though Wisconsin is a good second. The practice of making filled cheese is a reprehensible one, and the evil is a growing one, for Chicago contains a long list of sinners in this respect.

If the cheese thus made could be sold to the consumers for just what it is, there would not be so much harm in it, for he could buy it or let it alone, just as best suited him. It is due the makers of filled cheese in Chicago to say that they make no pretense that it is full milk cheese, but make and sell it for exactly what it is; but after it leaves the hands of the maker it is palmed off as pure cheese, regularly made, and this is what gives American cheese the reputation it has abroad, and what has taken the trade away from us and given it over into the hands of Canadian cheese makers.

There should be laws to make this state of affairs impossible, but so far there has been no effective movement to check the making and sale of hog-fat cheese for full cream.—Farm and Fireside.

FROST-PROOF PUMP.

A Box That Will Prevent Freezing Even in Very Severe Weather.

A box of the right size and shape is procured, and, with one end removed, is set about the pump and firmly and tightly fastened to the platform. The

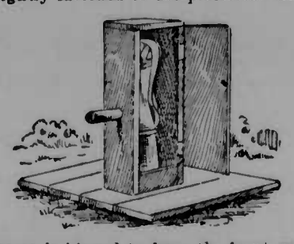

cover is hinged to form the front, and a longer spout is used instead of the one that belongs to the pump. This long spout can be bored out of a piece of pine in a few moments. The inclosed air about the pump will keep it from freezing, even in very severe weather if the door to the box shuts snugly, and no other cracks let in the cold air.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Annual Loss from Poor Roads.

Gen. Roy Stone, government engineer in charge of the department of road inquiry, said at the National Good Roads conference at Asbury Park last year that there are about 500,000,000 tons of freight hauled over roads every year on the United States, and 60 per cent. of the cost of doing it was due to bad roads. He believed that the loss from poor roads in this country would aggregate no less than $623,000,000 annually.

FRUIT BARK BEETLE.

Although a Recent Importation It Has Done Much Harm.

This insect is comparatively new to the farmers and fruit growers of the United States, having been known in this country less than 20 years. It has been a serious pest to various kinds of fruit trees in Germany for over 50 years and was found working upon fruit trees in the vicinity of Elmira, N. Y., in 1877. It has gradually spread in all directions, especially through the south and central west. It was observed in large numbers in orchards in South Carolina in 1885-86, and was very destructive to fruit trees in Illinois in 1888. Two years later it was found in Indiana, and is now well established throughout the central Mississippi valley.

My attention has been called to it many times during the present year, in orchards throughout central and southern Illinois. It is becoming a very serious pest, and many orchardists and farmers are becoming greatly alarmed. It does not confine its attacks to fruit trees, but is found working on shade and ornamental trees as well; usually the maple, elm and mountain ash.

The beetle will attack perfectly healthy trees, but has a decided preference for weak and sickly ones. A tree infested with this insect can be easily detected by a little careful observation. The trunk and larger branches are usually peppered full of little round holes, about the size of a pin head, as shown in the accompanying illustration at Fig. 2. In many instances the gummy excrdation from these punctures is very conspicuous, standing out in bead-like masses or running down the branches and trunk. I have seen many trees, especially cherry, in the

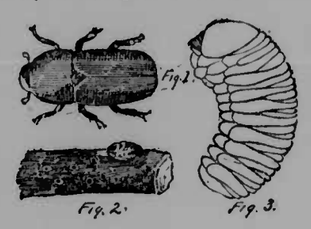

Fig. 2. Fig. 3.

condition the present season. The little beetle responsible for this mischief, is about one-tenth of an inch in length and one-third as wide. It is nearly black in color, somewhat cylindrical in general form, and under a glass of moderate power shows a clothing of yellowish hairs on the head and wing covers. The head is vertical and the jaws are short and stout. The beetle is shown in Fig. 1, very much enlarged.

The adult beetle after making a hole in the tree, deposits her eggs in little grooves made in the inner bark.

The young, that hatch from these eggs, feed upon the inner bark and sap wood, making long channels running in all directions from the central groove. These young worms frequently become so numerous as to completely girdle the branch or trunk as the case may be. The young have no feet, and are white, with small brown heads, of the general shape shown in Fig 3. They transform in these channels, and in due time the adults cut their way out, thus making more openings similar to the ones made by the female when depositing her eggs. There are probably two broods each year. One brood deposits its eggs in September and the insect passes the winter as larvae or worms under the bark. These transform in the spring, and begin to emerge as adults as early as the middle of March. I have also found full grown larvae the last of July.

The fact that the fall brood passes the winter in the larvae state, the first remedy that suggests itself, is the cutting down and destruction, by burning, of all infected trees during the winter. I would recommend this procedure only in extreme cases or where the trees are of no special value. An attempt at extermination would mean the absolute destruction of every tree showing even the least attack. Experimentation with various sprays and washes for controlling this pest has not been carried forward very rapidly. Trees sprayed with a strong solution of Bordeaux mixture and Paris green combined, at about double the strength which is generally used, have given very promising results. The first application should be made about April 1 and the second two weeks later. In order to be most effectual, the spraying should be done before any of the characteristic marks of the insect are found upon the trees as it will be much easier to prevent the attack than to destroy the beetles after they have once entered the tree.—Prof. W. G. Johnson, in Western Rural.

GARDEN AND ORCHARD.

All the dead plants should be removed from the flower beds and gardens.

Grapes will grow usually without any care. But that is not the way to get good crops.

Large quantities of water are being constantly evaporated from leaves of trees in summer.

The Miller Queen raspberry is highly spoken of as vigorous and an early and productive bearer.

Bordeaux mixture will not prevent rust on strawberry vines, at least not in all cases. That has been proved.

The fruit grower that prefers hardiness in small fruits to quality is affected with luziness, whether he knows it or not.

The reading on winter evenings should include a good work on insects. A knowledge of insects and insecticides is absolutely necessary to the fruit grower and gardener.

It is the honest nurseryman who sells stock true to name whose business lasts. In our time we have known a good many honest nurserymen to go to the wall. That does not mean, however, that those who have failed have been dishonest.—Farmer's Voice.

SHE WAS ONLY HALF HANGED.

Expiated Her Crime on the Gallows, But Lived Many Years Afterward.

A curious instance of the hangman's rope failing to perform its fatal work gave to Margaret Dickson, an English woman of a century and a half ago, the nickname of "Half-Hanged Maggie"—a name by which she was known throughout the British isles. Maggie had been convicted of some capital offenses (there were several such offenses catalogued in the English statutes at that time), and was finally taken to the gallows on the hill at Edinburgh. After the drop fell she was allowed to hang several hours before friends claimed the remains and started with them in a cart for Musselburg, six miles away. On the way some drunken apprentices rudely halted the cart and opened the coffin in order to see the woman who had been hanged. This let in fresh air and the air and the jostling of the cart combined to revive the supposed dead woman long before the home of the relatives was reached. Arriving there, she was carried into the house alive but very faint and barely conscious. A minister was called to pray for her, but she soon recovered sufficiently to demand that the preacher be dispatched for a doctor, who could administer relief that would be of far greater value to her at that moment than any minister's spiritual importunings. The physician soon arrived and Maggie quickly recovered, but was never again tried or even arrested for her crime. Later on she married and became the mother of several children. She lived to be quite old, but the nickname of "Half-Hanged Maggie" stayed even after death, being engraved on the sandstone slab that marked her grave. St. Louis Republic.

SUPERSTITIONS are, for the most part, but the shadows of great truths.—Tryon Edwards.

HURRAH FOR PENNSYLVANIA.

The farmers of Pennsylvania are to be congratulated. M. M. Luther, East Troy, Pa., grew over 200 bushels Salzer's Silver Mine Oats on one measured acre. Think of it! Now there are thirty thousand farmers going to try and beat Mr. Luther and win $200 in gold! and they'll do it. Will you?

Then there is Silver King Barley, cropped on poor soil 116 bus. per acre in 1895. Isn't that wonderful—and corn 230 bus. and potatoes and grasses and clovers, fodder plants, etc., etc. Freight is cheap to all points.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND it with 10c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will receive their mammoth catalogue and ten packages grains and grasses, including above oats, free. (K.)

YOUNG BUSINESS MAN—"When do you think is the best time to advertise?" Old Business Man—"All the time, young man."—Somerville Journal.

To California in Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars.

The Burlington Route (C., B. & Q. R. R.) runs personally conducted excursions to California, leaving Chicago every Wednesday. Through cars to California destination, fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, bedding, toilet rooms, etc.; every convenience. Special agent in charge. Route via Denver and Salt Lake. Sunshine all the way. Write for descriptive pamphlet to T. A. Grady, Excursion Manager, 211 Clark St., Chicago.

WHEN asked why she rejected me,
Her reasons were most frank;
She weighed me in the balance—and
I had none in the bank.

A Trip to the Garden Spots of the South.

On January 14 and 28, February 11 and March 10, tickets will be sold from principal cities, towns and villages of the north, to all points on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida and a portion of Kentucky, at one single fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good to return within thirty days and will allow stop-over at any points on the south bound trip. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he can not sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD child aptly described imagination as looking at things you cannot see.—Texas Siftings.

The Gift of a Good Stomach

Is one of the most beneficent donations vouchsafed to us by nature. How often it is grossly abused! Whether the stomach is naturally weak, or has been rendered so by imprudence in eating or drinking, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best agent for its restoration to vigor and activity. Both digestion and appetite are renewed by this fine tonic, which also overcomes constipation, biliousness, malarial, kidney and rheumatic ailments and nervousness.

THIS is the course of every evil deed, that, propagating, still it brings forth evil.—Coleridge.

WITH all his experience the barber had to employ another man to shingle his roof.—Boston Transcript.

DOOLAN—"Fitzgerald says he's disbarred from some of the greatest houses in Ireland." Mulcahy—"Mushal So he did many's the time—on a ladder!"—Puck.

NELL—"Mr. Sophtsope said I was a perfect picture." Belle—"Yes; he asked me where you bought your color."—Philadelphia Record.

DOCTOR—"You have something wrong with your digestive organs." Patient—"Well, considering my three daughters are learning to cook, it is hardly to be wondered at."—Fliegende Blaetter.

TRULY we do not half appreciate the good things in this life. When a man is in the midst of a sound and dreamless sleep he has no idea of what a good time he is having.

HE—"I guess there's going to be some more quarreling in our church choir." She—"You don't mean it!" "Yes, I do; the contralto is going to marry the tenor."—Yonkers Statesman.

I LOVE to flirt with the college boys
Because they are so nice;
And when they kiss me once I know
They're going to kiss me twice.
—Harvard Lampoon.

PUZZLING CASE.—Miss Gushington—"Oh, Jack, I could not live without you." Jack Impecunious—"I don't see how the dence you are going to live with me."—Detroit Free Press.

WIFE—"I can remember the time when you followed me wherever I went; now you do not care to go anywhere with me. I never thought that your love would so soon grow cold." "Nonsense! A man doesn't run for a street car after he has caught it."—Boston Transcript.

"I HAVE only myself to blame," said Rivers, shaking the moisture from his garments and shivering. "The weather man gave fair warning it would be 'fair and warmer' and I came down town with my light overcoat and no umbrella."—Chicago Tribune.

Deaf.

...not Be Cured

...as they cannot reach ... of the ear. There is ...re deafness, and that is ...medies. Deafness is ...d condition of the mu... ...stachian Tube. When ...d you have a rumbling ...earing, and when it is ...ess is the result, and ...tion can be taken out ...d to its normal con... ...be destroyed forever; ...re caused by catarrh, ...an inflamed condition ...es.

...Hundred Dollars for ...s (caused by catarrh) ...ed by Hall's Catarrh ...ures, free.

...NEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by ...ggists, 75c.

Hall's ... Pills are the best.

"THIS is a sad occasion for you, sister," essayed the comforter. "I allow it is," assented the widow. "But it is a heap sadder for Bill."—Indianapolis Journal.

Cheap Excursions to Great Southwest.

On January 14 and 28, February 11 and March 10, 1896, the Santa Fe Route will run a series of homeseekers' excursions from the East to principal points in Arkansas, Arizona, Southern Missouri, Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Texas.

Ticket rate will be about one fare for round-trip, with liberal limits and stop-over privileges. These Santa Fe Route excursions will enable you to take a Midwinter trip to a new country.

By addressing G. T. NICHOLSON, G. P. A., Monadnock Building, Chicago, you can obtain free literature descriptive of the Great Southwest.

SHE—"I wish you wouldn't smoke that cigar in my presence." He—"Then I'll throw it away." "Oh, I didn't mean that."—Life.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CONSOLATION.—She—"Poor uncle! And to be eaten by undiscovered savages!" "Yes, but he gave them their first taste of religion."—Life.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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SELF-CONTROL is promoted by humility. Pride is a fruitful source of uneasiness. It keeps the mind in disquiet. Humility is the antidote to this evil.—Mrs. Sigourney.

THE Florida Limited, of the Queen & Crescent Route, leaves Cincinnati to-day at 8:00 a. m., gets to Jacksonville to-morrow morning at same hour. It is a solid vestibuled train. 109 miles shortest line.

THERE would not be any absolute necessity for reserve if the world were honest; yet even then it would prove expedient.—Shenstone.

I AM entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—LOUISA LINDAMAN, Bethany, Mo., Jan. 8, '95.

THE seat of pride is in the heart, and once there; and if it be not there, it is neither in the look nor in the clothes.—Lord Clarendon.

FOR relieving THROAT DISEASES AND COUGHS, use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*"

A TYRANT never tasteth of true friendship, nor of perfect liberty.—Diogenes.

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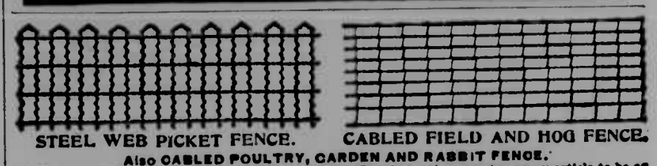

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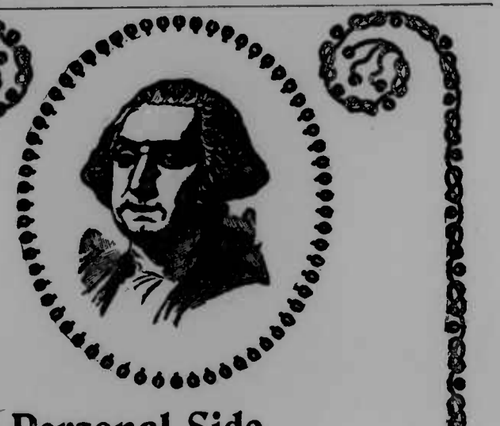

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"Save my child!"

Dr. Acker's English Remedy is unsurpassed as a cure for croup and whooping cough. It quickly removes the poisonous phlegm, membrane and inflammation so dangerous in these dreaded complaints.

It puts a stop to the wheezing, hoarseness, soreness, difficult breathing and suffocating sensations endured by those afflicted with asthma, grip and bronchitis.

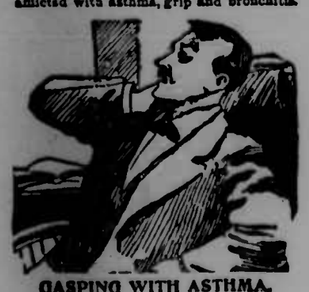

GASPING WITH ASTHMA.
"Why can't I breathe?"

"It Started with a Cold."

So said one of the greatest of doctors, and he was right.

All throat and lung diseases begin with a cold. There is only one way to cure them. Something must be taken to quickly remove the soreness, and inflammation. For years the greatest scientists and physicians sought for some discovery and at last it was found in the form of

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Dr. Acker's English Remedy prevents the dangerous after-effects of a deep-seated cold. It checks tonsilitis, croup, influenza, diphtheria, and pneumonia. It assists nature, is very agreeable to the palate, and can readily be taken by children. It is pure.

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The worst cases of chronic catarrh have been and can be cured by Dr. Acker's English Remedy. It effectually cures sore throats and restores the senses of taste and smell. It stops hawking and sneezing.

If taken in time it will cure consumption. Bear in mind that you may have consumption and yet "you do not know it." Let us hope this may be a warning.

WASTING CONSUMPTION.
"It started with a cold."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[From the Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27th, 1896.

Senator Allison has returned from Iowa and is receiving the congratulations of his friends and colleagues on his re-election to the Senate just as modestly as he will receive them after the St. Louis convention, should he be fortunate enough to capture the prize of the Republican Presidential nomination. That modest way of wearing his honors is one of the many reasons why almost everybody likes Senator Allison, but it is also a source of weakness to him as a candidate for the Presidential nomination, because it causes some people to think that he lacks aggressiveness.

Strange to say Gen. Harrison's visit to Washington was not followed by a flood of Presidential talk. One reason for this somewhat unusual exception was that Gen. Harrison himself positively declined to discuss the subject, saying that he was for the time out of politics.

In adopting that Armenian resolution the Senate gave the world to understand that Congress is willing to go to any length in supporting the President in protecting American citizens in foreign countries.

A lot of tomfoolery has been widely circulated concerning the opposition in the Senate to the Davis Monroe doctrine resolution which was last week reported to the Senate from the Committee on Foreign Relations. It can be stated upon the authority of Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, who has made a careful and thorough canvass of the Senate, that the resolution will be adopted, and that at the outside there will not be more than eight votes cast against it in the Senate. It may not be voted upon for ten days or two weeks yet, as many Senators wish to make speeches upon it, and the free coinage substitute for the House bond bill is still taking up the greater portion of the time of the Senate. But that bill will, it is expected, be disposed of this week, and then there will be a clear deck for the Monroe doctrine speeches, and for Senator Davis to press his resolution to a vote.

The career of Representative and Senator-elect Money, of Mississippi, as viewed from the Washington end of the line, furnishes a somewhat striking picture of the ups and downs of the Southern politician. Mr. Hernando De Soto Money—ain't to blame for his name at any rate—made his debut in National politics as Representative of the fourth Mississippi District in the forty-fourth Congress. He remained in the House until the close of the forty-eighth Congress. Then he became a cheap Congressional lobbyist, and remained such—his appearance indicated that he had a hard time too—until he succeeded in getting himself elected to the fifty-third Congress from the same old district. Then things began to go his way, although some of those who had employed him as a lobbyist must have given him some bad half-hours after his return to Congress. He was re-elected to the present House, and last week was elected for a full term in the Senate, beginning the day his term in the House expires—March 4, 1897. There is more than one "ex" hanging aronnd Washington, lobbying a little, borrowing a little and drinking a great deal, who would like to find out how Mr. Money managed to get up again after his first knock down.

Senator Baker, of Kansas, made a good impression with his speech in favor of the coinage of the American product of silver, in accordance with his amendment to the free coinage substitute for the House bond bill, which is now before the Senate. He divided the money ranks into three classes, gold monometallists, silver monometallists and bimetallists, and announced his own allegiance to the last named. He said he was very positive that the question of tariff and finance would be settled by the Republican party alone. Mr. Baker isn't a great orator, but he seems to have a supply of hard, horse sense that is likely to be beneficial to Kansas and to the Republican party during his Senatorial term.

It is now practically certain that the House committee on Foreign Affairs will report a resolution censuring Ambassador Bayard for those anti-American speeches he made. So much has been agreed to by the sub-committee consisting of Draper, of Massachusetts, Pearson, of North Carolina, and Densmore, of Arkansas, to which the matter was referred. It would be comparatively easy for the Republicans on the committee to get any sort of a resolution passed by the House that they might choose to report, even to the extent of recommending Bayard's recall; but as they wish the matter to be shorn of all partisanship by having the resolution reported unanimously from the committee, the resolution to be reported will be merely one of censure and so worded that it will be supported by the Democratic members of the committee, who agree with their Republican colleagues in believing that Bayard deserves to be censured.

MARYLAND LEGISLATURE.

Speaker Mudd Appointed Additional Committees—Bills Reported.

ANNAPOLIS, Jan. 28—The Senate met at noon, with President Bruce in the chair. On motion of Senator Michael, the bill providing for three additional judges in Baltimore city was recommitted in order that the Bar Association might be heard on the subject.

Mr. Talbott presented a bill providing a fund for the payment of costs in State cases in the Court of Appeals.

Mr. Randall introduced a bill to establish a supervision over proposed laws and amendments to laws. The bill requires that all proposed laws shall be filed with the Secretary of State at least 30 days before they are introduced; that a petitioned signed by at least 20 people shall be filed with the bill; that the proposed laws shall be printed at the expense of the promoters and publication is also provided for with a direct notice to corporations affected. It also provides for a joint committee of revision, who shall have the assistance of a counsellor who shall have had 10 years' experience at the bar.

CIVIL SERVICE BILL.

The Bruce civil service bill came up at 1 o'clock under a special order, and after it was read, which took 35 minutes, the amendments proposed by the committee were read. One of them gives the preference in appointments to residents of Maryland, which was adopted. The section prohibiting the appointment of persons who have been convicted of crimes or punishment was amended so as not to apply in certain trival offenses where fines are imposed. Several other amendments, making slight typographical and other corrections were adopted.

Mr. Randall offered an amendment providing that the three commissioners should be selected from the two political parties polling the largest vote at the preceeding election, not more than two of whom shall come from any one party.

Dr. Carrico offered an amendment which practically relieved the counties from the effect of the law.

Senators Talbott, Michael and Bond opposed the bill.

THE HOUSE.

The House met at noon, with 85 members present.

Chaplain Edwards in his prayer asked the Lord to open the eyes of the members so that they be not blinded by partisan prejudice, but act for the welfare of the public.

The Speaker laid before the House the report of the Telephone Commission, which was referred to the committee on ways and means.

ADDITIONAL COMMITTEES.

Speaker Mudd announced the following standing committees.

Public Records — Pennington, (chairman), Cunningham, Cook, Robertson, Cover, Pyles, Hopkins, Van Sant, Harmanson.

Contingent Fund—Dick, Crum, Hilleary, Carew, Deholf, Holmes, White, Catlin, Hutton.

Amendments to Constitution—Herman, Patzel, Bankard, Jones of Anne Arundel, Porter, Smith of Carroll, Hopkins, Johnson, Lewis.

Insolvency — Huggins, Burns, Markell, Logan, Brad[illegible], Wilhelm, Janeizke, Nicholson, [illegible]ert.

Expiring Laws — [illegible]ngham, Bankard, Koontz, [illegible] Porter, Whitaker, Cox, Tru[illegible]illips.

Pensions — Woo[illegible]erson, Pindell, Schooley, [illegible] Padgett, Warrenburger, Moo[illegible]ips.

Currency — Hous[illegible] Cole, Bradley, Pyles, Log[illegible]erson, Carew, Ireland, Catl[illegible]

Committee on Section [illegible]rticle 3, of the Constitution, [illegible]rber, Bankard, Applegarth, Cheston, Cook, Whitaker, Hopkins, Panaway, Truitt.

Petitions were presented asking the extension of Judge Bryan's term.

A long discussion took place over an order to print the testimony in the Calvert county election contest, in which the main point was the cost of the job. The rules were suspended and the order adopted, the Democrats voting in the negative and the Republicans in the affirmative.

A large number of local bills were introduced and ordered to special committees.

The general routine was gone through with, and when the ways and means committee made an unfavorable report on a bill to pay Mrs. Laura Webb $1,000 for a boat destroyed by Captain Howard of the oyster navy in Chester river, a discussion arose on motion to substitute the bill. Mr. Ford made an impassioned speech in favor of the bill, and others spoke on both sides of the question, the discussion lasting for some time.

In the course of his speech Mr. Ford made a bitter attack on Commander Howard, and said that Howard and his boat, with the whole Oyster Navy, should have been blown out of water or sunk to the bottom years ago. He accused Captain Howard of "climbing to power over the blood of his victims, whom he had killed or sunk to the bottom of the bay. Before this General Assembly has adjourned sine die something will drop about this Oyster Navy which will astonish the people of the State."

Mr. Ford continued his attack on Captain Howard at considerable length, and Mr. Phillips, Democrat of Queen Anne's county, defended Commander Howard and justified his acts. The bill was then substituted for the unfavorable report and placed on the files by a large majority.

The only bills of general importance introduced was as follows:

By Mr. Putzel—To amend the law of husband and wife so as to make it a criminal offense for a husband to desert his wife and minor children.

By Mr. Padgett—To make September 12 a legal holiday.

By Mr. Schilling—To fix the retail tobacco license at $50.

By Mr. Herman—The two bills prepared by the Good Roads League.

At 1:25 o'clock the House adjourned to Wednesday at noon. Before the adjournment Speaker Mudd urged the committees and delegates to hurry up their work and present it for action by the House. He said that the desks were clear, and the committees should get their bills ready for action as soon as possible.

Tabules relieve nausea.

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Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
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DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 4 22 6m

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Residence and P. O. Address,
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JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate
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Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.
Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
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W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
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LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.
Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 20t*

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D. E. OFFUTT, President.
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Also White Oak Timber Land.
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.
Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.
I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Real," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.
CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
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Fine carriage work a specialty.
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LAND FOR SALE!
I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.
All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.
Call on or address:
C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1896 NUMBER 48.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Send your job work to THE REPUBLICAN office.

F. E. Merrill has the best line of late style neck wear in town.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bolden, on Friday, a daughter.

Just received a fine new line of late style shirts at F. E. Merrill's.

MONEY TO LOAN.—J. C. Renninger, attorney at law, Oakland, Md. 46-4t.

The ground hog was wise enough on Sunday to get in out of the wet.

Mr. F. O. Hinebaugh, of Deer Park, was an Oakland visitor Friday.

Go to F. E. Merrill's for ladies' shirt waists. A large line to select from. 47-3t.

Mr. James W. Harvey, of Blaine, was in the city Tuesday and called to see us.

Mr. G. A. Bolden, of the *Oracle*, was in Oakland a short time Friday afternoon.

Mr. McCulloh Brown, of District No. 8, was a caller at this office on yesterday.

Mr. Harry Schwartzwelder, of Cumberland, was an Oakland visitor yesterday.

Mrs. Amos E. Finegan, of Meyersdale, Pa., is in town to-day on a visit to friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Orval Feather, of Cranesville, were in town several days this week.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Mr. A. Knabb, of Krug, this county, was in the city a few days last week on business.

Messrs. Bert and Robert Bolden of Meyersdale, Pa., were in the city several days last week.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

Mrs. Thomas White and children, of Waverly, Md., are here on a visit to relatives and friends.

Mr. S. Tanzer, one of Cumberland's leading merchants, was an Oakland visitor last Thursday.

DeWitt Minard furnishes coal delivered into your coal houses from the Deal mine for $2.10 per ton.

Mr. John W. Biggs and son, Goldy, of Wilson, W. Va., were callers at this office on Monday.

Mr. L. L. Loar and children, of Grafton, were visiting his parents in Oakland Monday and Tuesday.

WANTED.—A man to sell fertilizer; good salary guaranteed. apply P. O. box, 41, Oakland, Md.

FOR SALE.—A double heating Lighthouse stove. Apply to Miss Ella Jamison, Oakland, Md. 46-3t.

Mr. Will Shartzer will go to Annapolis Monday morning to enter St. John's College for the spring term.

Attorney J. C. Renninger, who has been at Cumberland for several weeks past, returned to Oakland Monday.

Have you used agricultural lime? If not address the Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va., for prices.

Several of the crossings in this town are beyond the scraping brigade—it would take a mud scow to clean them.

Have you used agricultural lime? If not address the Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va., for prices. 45-tf.

It not only is so, it must be so. One Minute Cough Cure acts quickly, and that's what makes it go. Oakland Parmacy.

For prices on agricultural lime, delivered in car load lots, address Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont W. Va.

Mr. Thomas J. Peddicord, of Covington, Ky., was here a few days last and this week on professional business.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry E. White, of Hutton, spent Sunday in Oakland as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. J. Newman.

Rev. John Hackett, a Presbyterian divine from Kingwood, W. Va., is in the city as the guest of the editor and wife.

For prices on agricultural lime, delivered in car load lots, address Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va. 45-tf

Mr. W. A. Moffett, who is teaching the Bloomington school this winter, was in Oakland last Saturday for a short time.

At Aurora they are having a very successful revival of religion. It is reported that over 100 conversions have taken place.

Mr. E. C. Harvey, of Gorman, was in the city a short time Thursday of last week, and while here he smiled in on THE REPUBLICAN.

Mrs. Perry W. Rock departed for Sherwood, Ohio, last Thursday morning, where she will visit relatives and friends for a few weeks.

Miss Cyndia Hinebaugh, of Oakland, Md., is in town, the guest of Mrs. Lee Forman, at her pleasant home in Elliott's Grove.—Oracle.

A high liver with a torpid liver will not be a long liver. Correct the liver with DeWitt's Little Early Risers, little pills that cure dyspepsia and constipation. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mrs. M. A. Yost, who spent several weeks this winter in Washington, returned to Oakland last Friday and is visiting Miss Lon A. Thayer on Oak Street.

"Give me a liver regulator and I can regulate the world," said a genius. The druggist handed him a bottle of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Asa Wilson, of Cumberland, deputy internal revenue collector, was in Oakland Monday and drove through to Accident for the purpose of inspecting the distillery near that place.

One Minute Cough Cure touches the right spot. It also touches it at the right time if you take it when you have a cough or cold. See the point? Then don't cough. Oakland Pharmacy.

The Ladies' Aid Society, of St. Paul's M. E. church, will give an "Old Folk's Concert" on the evening of February 18, 1896, at Offutt's Hall. A full program of same will appear in these columns next week.

Don't invite disappointment by experimenting. Depend upon One Minute Cough Cure and you have immediate relief. It cures croup. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results. Oakland Pharmacy.

Delegate N. S. Cook, of Washington county, has introduced in the House of Delegates a bill providing that in making an oath a man shall be required merely to lay his hand upon open pages of the Bible.

Quick in effect, heals and leaves no scar. Burning, scaly skin eruptions quickly cured by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, Applied to burns, scalds, old sores, it is magical in effect. Always cures piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Meshech Mattingly, of Johnstown, was in the city Thursday of last week and made this office a pleasant and agreeable call. This was Mr. Mattingly's first visit to Oakland in more than a year. He said the town had improved wonderfully, a fact in which he seemed to take pride.

Soothing, healing, cleansing. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the enemy to sores, wounds and piles, which it never fails to cure. Stops itching and burning. Cures chapped lips and cold-sores in two or three hours. Oakland Pharmacy.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Lewis Peacock has been found guilty of perjury at Cumberland. He swore falsely in the Zufall case in which he accused R. D. Johnson Jr., of murder. John James, indicted with Peacock, was tried Monday and found guilty of the same charge—perjury.

A man named Smith had his wife arrested because she "went through" his trousers pockets. The magistrate discharged her. If all the wives who exercise the time-honored prerogative of rifling hubby's pockets were to be arrested what a round-up there would be!

J. W. Pierce, Republic, Ia., says: "I have used One Minute Cough Cure in my family and for myself, with results so entirely satisfactory that I can hardly find words to express myself as to its merit. I will never fail to recommend it to others, on every occasion that presents itself." Oakland Pharmacy.

A number of horsemen of Oakland and parties out of town have set a movement on foot to establish a race course and hold annually an agricultural fair for this county. The promoters of the affair have met with considerable success and if the proper recognition is given the enterprise by the citizens of Oakland and the county it will be assured and could be made a success.

J. Harry Neff has gone to Fort Sheridan, Ill., near Chicago, where he will remain for considerable of time. He joined the regular army as a telegraph operator and will serve three years. He is in Co. E. 1st artillery. Harry is an expert "lightning slinger" and we have no doubt he will be rapidly promoted until he gets into the signal service department. — Kingwood Journal.

Rev. Mr. Arbuthnot, of Oakland who has been assisting Rev. Crummett with his revival services here, has created a favorable impression among our people. His sermons are entertaining and beneficial. He is a very pleasant gentleman socially and popular with the young people. Rev Arbuthnot is a graduate of the Ohio Wesleyan University.—Kingwood Journal.

Rev. Romanus Mattingly, pastor of St. Peter's Catholic church, Oakland, will lecture in Offutt's Hall on Monday night, Feb. 17, at 8 o'clock, on the "Analysis and the Synthesis of Scientific Thought." No doubt the reverend gentleman will be favored with a large audience as the subject selected for the lecture is one that is deeply interesting. Smith's Military Band will furnish music for the occasion.

The results of meetings which the evangelist, C. M. Howard, held here (Oakland) with the zealous pastor of the church, Rev. S. M. Engle, will be found chiefly among the church members. A large number of members had been received into the church here in a recent protracted meeting, and as is so often the case, the faithful labors of the pastor and special nurture of Mr. Howard's continued service were of great benefit to them, as well as to others.—Christian Advocate.

Married.

FRIEND—REXROAD.—On January 29, 1896, by Rev. William E. George, at his residence in Deer Park, Henry Walter Friend and Maggie Elizabeth Rexroad, both of Garrett county.

$20 Reward.

I will pay a reward of $20 to any one giving information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the person who strewed poison along the streets and in the yards and gardens in Oakland and thus poisoned my setter dog.

46-4t S. M. JARBOE.

Public Meeting.

The town council has issued a call to the citizens of Oakland for a public meeting to be held in Offutt's Hall, Oakland, on Friday evening, February 7th, at 7.30 o'clock at which time the new charter for the town will be read and opportunity given for the discussion of its merits. It is desired that all citizens of the town be present.

Almost a Riot.

A correspondent at Bayard, W. Va., writes as follows, under date of Monday: "Just as train No. 3 on the [illegible] Virginia Central railroad stopped at the station Saturday afternoon a fight took place in the smoking car between some lumber men from Wilson and this place. In a few minutes at least a dozen people, friends of both sides, were engaged in the scrap, which soon developed into a young riot. Conductor Crawford was powerless to move his train, and as a consequence was detained some six or eight minutes, until the two elements were by hard work separated. The town sargeant was sent for but could not be found. This was one of the most disgraceful affairs we ever witnessed in this town. We predict the railroad authorities will make it lively for some of the participants.

Westminster League.

Last Wednesday evening's exercises in the Presbyterian Westminister League were unusually interesting. This occasion was the induction into office of the newly elected officers. Mr. G S. Hamill, the outgoing president, made an encouraging address, reviewing the steady progress and usefulness of the League. He then administered the pledge of office to the incoming president, Mr. Wm. A. Daily, which was followed with a carefully prepared and valuable speech by Mr. Daily. So appreciative was the League of Mr. Daily's speech that they thereupon unanimously passed a vote of thanks. The new president then with the formal pledge inducted the other newly elected officers into office.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending February 8, 1896, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Charles Whitmore	Thomas Starkley
J. L. Harvey	Miss Lillian Ward
Miss Bertha Lewis	Miss Stella F. Hanlan

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Saw His Shadow.

Sunday was "ground hog day," on which occasion the animal is presumed to leave his den in the earth and step out upon *terra firma*. If his shadow is visible he returns to his den, there to remain six weeks longer, during which time, according to the old saw, the weather will be disagreeable.

The weather Sunday morning for the space of five minutes was as bright as a day in springtime hence the gronndhog must have seen his profile reflected on mother earth, and returned from whence he came. Straightway the clouds commenced to gather, and down came the "disagreeable weather" which, if it continues for six weeks to come, will make up for the beautiful weather that was experienced during the first half of the winter.

Death of Estella Baldwin.

On Friday, January 24, 1896, Miss Estella Frances, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Baldwin, of North Glade, was called from our midst by Death's grim messenger. Her death was caused by a combined attack of measles and scarlet fever. Deceased was 16 years, 9 months and 1 day old. She was a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal church for the past three years, and bore her part of the burden, and faithfully performed all the duties incumbent upon her.

Her illness though transitory, was borne without a murmur of complaint, and when called from this earth to that quiet shore from whence none ever return, she departed as calmly and composed as if she were indulging in a sweet breathing sleep. Her remains were interred in the burying ground on the farm of Mr. Stephen Rhodes on Sunday, and was largely attended by the relatives and friends of the deceased. We extend the sympathy of this community to the bereaved family.

'Tis hard to break the tender cord,
When love has bound the heart;
'Tis hard, so hard, to speak the words,
"Must we forever part?"
Dearest loved one we have laid thee,
In the peaceful grave's embrace;
But thy memory will be cherished,
Till we see thy heavenly face.

We miss thee from our home, dear—
We miss thee from thy place;
A shadow o'er our life is cast,
We miss the sunshine of thy face.
We miss thy kind and willing hand,
Thy fond and earnest care;
Our home is dark without thee,
We miss thee everywhere.

Call not back the dear departed,
Anchored safe where storms are o'er,
On the border land we left them,
Soon to meet and part no more.
Far beyond this world of changes,
Far beyond this world of care,
We shall find our missing loved one,
In our Father's mansion fair.

M. R. F.

Died.

BRITT.—On Sunday afternoon, Feb. 2nd, at the residence of her son in-law, Mr. George Geissman, in Oakland, Mrs. Minnie Britt, after an illness of four months. The deceased lady was born in Hanover, Germany, June 10, 1839. The interment took place at Eglon, West Va., on Tuesday, the funeral services being conducted by Rev. J. W. Butler, pastor of St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church, of which denomination she was a member.

CODDINGTON.—After an illness extending over a year death released from his sufferings, Mr. Thomas Coddington, on Saturday night last. The deceased was born near Selbysport, this county, Nov. 6, 1834. About the year 1853 he removed to Wisconsin and married a Miss Thompson. From this union one son was born, William, who resides at Piedmont, W. Va. After the death of his wife Mr. Coddington returned to Garrett county and was united in marriage to Miss Cecelia, daughter of the late 'Squire R. B. Jameson, Mr. Coddington removd to Oakland in 1869 where he has resided continually. He was elected as the first sheriff of Garrett county and was re-elected to that office in 1877. He leaves a widow and nine children surviving him, William, by his first wife, Mrs. Mary Dent, of Schell, W. Va.; Mrs. Alice Feather, of Cranesville, W. Va.; Frank, Lucy, Emma, Horace, Richard and Rosalie, all of Oakland. The funeral occurred on Monday morning, the interment being made in Shaffer's cemetery. The funeral services were conduceed by the Rev. Father Romanus Mattingly, of St. Peter's church.

For Sale.

A large Lighthouse double heating stove. Will sell for cash or trade for lumber. Call at furniture room.

D. E. BOLDEN.

Lincoln's Birthday.

The anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln will fall upon the 12th inst. The occasion will be taken advantage of by *The Philadelphia Sunday Press* of the 9th inst. to spread abroad a lesson in patriotism which cannot fail to be wholesome. On that day *The Press* will publish much interesting matter concerning the life of the Great Emancipator that has not hitherto been printed. Speaker Reed has lent his aid and will contribute an estimate of Lincoln's character which is certain to be entertaining and instructive. Each reader of *The Sunday Press* of the 12th will also receive a splendid portrait of Lincoln done in oil.

Following out the same idea, all readers of *The Sunday Press* on the 16th will receive a picture of "Washington Crossing the Delaware" and on the 23d a picture of the new battleship "Philadelphia." The pictures for the 16th and 23d will be on cards so arranged that the figures can be cut out. The effect will be an actual portrayal of Washington's famous adventure and an exact model of the "Philadelphia" as she appears cleared for action.

The project is worthy of encouragement and there is certain to be large demand for *The Sunday Press*.

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WITH THE

Capital City Commercial College.

TO ADVERTISE OUR COLLEGE

We will give a thorough course of instruction in Double and Single Entry Book-keeping and Commercial Arithmetic, by mail,

FREE OF CHARGE

to a limited number of persons. This course will be completed in forty less ons. No charge for diplomas.

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26—1yr

MOUNTAIN STATE

Business College,

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

Deer Park.

A car load of high grade fertilizer has just arrived and will be used on Mr. J. W. Williams' farm.

Mr. H. H. Hardman and Mr. Smith, of Sistersville, are visiting their many friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Jones and family have just returned from a visit to friends in Pennsylvania.

Rev. Wm. E. George has been on the sick list, but is now able to attend to business again.

Mr. F. C. Nethken's large ice house is completed and nearly filled with ice.

Mr. Nethken is now preparing to build a meat store and a large dwelling house. Frank is a hustler.

The lumber is arriving for Mr. Smith Browning's new house in Spiker's addition to Deer Park.

Messrs. Van Grim and Will B. Miller, who have been at Bayard, W. Va., for some time, are home with their families at present.

Mr. W. H. Chaddertou has bought the Miller property and is preparing to build new porches and to weatherboard and paint the house.

We hear a good deal of talk about the Deer Park and Pittsburg railroad. What we want to see is the railroad. If the Pittsburg people fully realized the healthy climate and water that we have we think the road would soon be here.

The Ecclesiastical Column is quite an addition to THE REPUBLICAN.

Mr. Frank Thrasher has improved his property by building a large porch.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Garrett and son have just returned from a visit to friends in Baltimore.

Mr. F. R. Nethken has a very painful wound in his foot, but we are glad to see that he is able to move around again.

Mr. Walter Foreman is on the sick list.

Mt. Zion.

A number of the young men of this vicinity were at Swanton Saturday night attending a meeting of the Jr. O. U. A. M.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Masteller, of Barnum, were visiting in this section last week.

Mr. Gus Barnard, of Walnut Bottom, was visiting in this section Sunday.

Mrs. Anna Pangh, who has been ill for some time, is convalescing.

Mr. Truman Turner was visiting at Walnut Bottom Sunday last.

Mrs. Wm. Meyers is very ill at this writing.

Mr. Wm. Uppole, of Swanton, was a visitor to this section one day last week.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

THE MARINERS.

Weary, brother, and discouraged? Life is
full of care and cross,
And your life is like another's—count it
gold or count it dross
As you may, the total value of life's profit
and life's loss.
If the scope of your horizon is shut in and
circumscribed
So that other sails you see not, toiling with
the wind and tide,
Still life's mariners are legion on that
ocean, rough and wide.

Did the helmsman grow disheartened at
the tempest and the sea,
Never would the good ship anchor in the
harbor—never be
Beacon lights at last to welcome downcast
sailors such as we;
But he holds his vessel steady on her
course, up to the wind,
And despite the wrathful billows leagues of
space are left behind,
Till, all peril past, he brings her into port.
So we shall find

If life's cares and if life's crosses serve to
make us stout and brave
Even hurricanes will only hasten us across
the wave—
All the buffetings of fortune fail to fright
us or enslave;
And some time in the hereafter, bronzed
with weather and with sun,
Tenfold stronger for our hardships, we
shall as our sires have done,
Under crimson skies of evening, softly into
haven run.

—Joseph W. Stephen, in N. Y. Observer.

THE CELIBATE CLUB.

BY LEWIS GRESWICKE.

Characters: Miss Hngar Hunch, president; Miss Dora Darlish, secretary; Mrs. Egerton and Mrs. Clare Graham, visitors; and the "Celibates," eight in number.

SCENE 1.: THE CLUB ROOM.

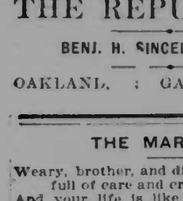

ISS HUNCH — O, Mrs. Egerton, you are just in time. We are now to take the oath binding ourselves to refuse all offers of marriage.

Mrs. Egerton—Perhaps I had better retire; as wife and mother of a family I—

Miss Hunch—Certainly not; we welcome any witness, and, after all, we owe much to married women, since every one of them is a Curtius who, by a leap into the chasm of publicity, may save a doomed multitude!

Mrs. Clare Graham (laughing)—Gracious! I did not know I could leap anywhere. Pray tell me how it is done?

Miss Hunch (glaring through her spectacles)—The subject is too serious for trifling. Marriage is calculated to pen the free instincts of the feminine community. You know our motto: Aut viam inveniam aut faciam?

Mrs. Egerton—I see it all over the room, but that doesn't tell me what it means.

Miss Hunch—It means that we will find a road out of our bondage or make one.

Mrs. Clare Graham (giggling)—Sail from Scylla into Charybdis, eh? You see I allow the tragedy of both destinations.

Miss Hunch (sarcastically)—A kind concession, but frivolous; still we prefer the risk of the unknown to the horror of the known.

Mrs. Graham to Mrs. Egerton (aside)—What on earth does she mean? How many times has she been married?

Mrs. Egerton (aside) — Hush. You mustn't offend the prejudices of the club. Ah, how do you do, Miss Darlish?

Dora Darlish (joining them) — Charming rooms, aren't they? So glad to see you here, Clare.

Mrs. Clare Graham—Thank you, but I feel like a fish out of water. It takes a long time to cultivate amphibiousness—

Dora—O, we're not amphibious—we mean to keep high and dry—

Mrs. Clare Graham—I thought you didn't forswear love and romance and all that kind of thing, but—

Dora—Nor do we; we look on love as the divine revelation of life—

Mrs. Clare Graham—O! And then?

Dora—When love has ceased to be love, we—

Mrs. Clare Graham—Scramble to the bank to sun yourselves till ready for another dive? I must tell Charlie—

Dora—Don't. You will put wrong

"I MEAN TO MARRY DORA."

constructions on things. Of course we would merely preserve the right to scramble out in self-defense—

Mrs. Clare Graham (laughing)—I thought so! How about amphibians? You ought to rechristen the club!

Miss Hunch (speaking above the buzz of conversation)—Let us join hands and make oath that, however pressed to marry, we will refuse.

(The "Celibates" join hands.)

Mrs. Clare Graham (clutching Dora's dress and whispering)—Dora, don't be a fool. You know Charlie is devoted to you—

Miss Hunch (severely)—Let me beg silence while the oath is taken.

Chorus of "The Celibates" (with clasped hands)—We solemnly swear that, however pressed to marry, we will refuse.

Mrs. Clare Graham (pulling Dora to her side)—Dora, I am disgusted with you. Only yesterday you gave my brother a book with an inscription.

Dora—Well?

Mrs. Clare Graham—I read it—there was something about "Pure romance of love, Idyllic and ideal as could be, All policy and prudence far above."

Dora—I'm not ashamed of it. Why shouldn't our love be idyllic and ideal? Why should wedlock of soul mean padlock of individual?

SCENE II: MRS. GRAHAM'S DRAWING-ROOM. (Charlie Cheyne and his sister, Mrs. Clare Graham, are seated.)

Mrs. Clare Graham—Now, I have told you the whole story surely you don't intend to proceed with your absurd courtship?

Charlie—I mean to marry Dora, if that's what you are driving at.

Mrs. Clare Graham—It's impossible! However much she wanted to accept, she would be bound—as a matter of honor—to refuse.

Charlie (stroking his chin contemplatively)—After all, marriage is merely a matter of form, and if it pleases Dora—

Mrs. Clare Graham (warmly)—To please Dora you'll let Jane's boy inherit the estates?

Charlie—Still Dora loves me, and she will do anything I ask.

Mrs. Clare Graham (rising irately to leave the room)—I tell you she won't! Women with convictions are obstinate as Cork pigs.

(Enter Dora in a Parisian bonnet.)

Charlie—Oh, Dora, here you are! We've been expecting you for hours.

Dora—I'm afraid I've disturbed the conversation; I see Clare is ruffled.

Mrs. Clare Graham (abruptly)—No; I was going out. Good-by. (She goes out.)

Dora—She is in a huff with me about something. Why?

Charlie (hesitatingly)—No—that is—she was angry with me.

Dora—About?

Charlie—Oh, because you and I agree

"AND YOU MADE LOVE TO ME?"

with each other so well on all subjects, marriage included.

Dora (pressing his hands)—My beloved!

Charlie—I said it was a rotten institution—or something of the kind.

Dora (charmingly)—An effete conventionality—

Charlie (putting his arm around her waist)—Only suited to reckless people who risk the disappointments of the future for the effervescence of the present.

Dora—What did she say?

Charlie—She began to talk about my sister's boy inheriting the property, as though we cared.

Dora—Will he?

Charlie—Of course. It's entailed. But he's a fine lad, and we, who will be all in all to each other, need not grudge it him.

Dora (thoughtfully)—I suppose not.

Charlie—I believe that is the source of Jane's affection for me. She knows how safe I am in the matter of marriage.

Dora—Then you have never contemplated it?

Charlie (emphatically)—Never.

Dora (horrified)—And you made love to me without any idea of proposing?

Charlie—You forget; you explained your creed at the outset.

Dora (paling)—Then you deliberately availed yourself of the opportunity—

Charlie (drawing his mustache over the corners of his lips)—Of adoring a girl whose theories correspond with my own? Yes.

Dora (with tears in her eyes)—Oh! You mean—you would not have loved me if your courtship had involved marriage?

Charlie—I can't say. We both abhor to be handicapped by legalities, don't we? We both enjoy the same rights of independence—

Dora (rising angrily)—Then, if loving me had necessitated the surrender of your liberty you could not have done it?

Charlie (earnestly)—Could you?

Dora (sobbing)—Could I? I would have loved you always.

Charlie (taking her in his arms)—I would have loved you in the same way.

Dora—Not if I had wanted to marry you?

Charlie—I won't say. You never put me to the test.

Dora (excitedly)—But if I should? Oh, Charlie—tell me, would you—won't you—marry me?

(Mrs. Graham enters, and, finding them in each other's arms, prepares to leave.)

Charlie—Clare! We want your congratulations. Dora has proposed to me, and I am to name the happy day.

Mrs. Clare Graham—What! And how about her oath?

Dora (blushing)—Oh, I only vowed that, however pressed to marry, I would refuse. But I was not pressed; was I, Charlie?

Charlie (sedately)—Certainly not.—Black and White.

TIGER LOOSE IN A DAIRY.

Surprise of a Thirsty Bull When the Big Cat "Woughed" in His Face.

There was considerable excitement at Mysore recently. One of the maharajah's tigers got loose and was not recaptured for over 48 hours. Allowing tigers and other wild animals to escape out of confinement seems a common event in Mysore. During the time of the late maharajah one got out of his cage in the menagerie, and also during his father's reign a tiger loafed all over the fort a whole day, going in and out of people's houses, but strange to say, on none of these occasions has anyone been injured.

The tiger in the present instance is one which is kept by his highness' dairy to keep away the "evil eye" from the cattle. He was netted for Lord Lansdowne to shoot when his excellency visited Mysore a few years ago and is a splendid brute. The dairy is a very large yard, with open sheds all round, in which the cattle are tied, the tiger's cage being close to one end and a fountain near the other. The tiger got out about seven p. m. and calmly strolled around, the place being full of cattle and people at the time; but, fortunately, he had no desire whatever to taste stall-fed beef, or Hindoo either, though he passed within a few [illegible] the cows and the men, and after [illegible] inling them all quietly lay down by the fountain.

By nine o'clock a couple of elephants brought down the nets and a cordon was run around the place, preventing the tiger escaping or getting at the cattle, when two rather amusing incidents occurred. A cow managed to get into the yard, and after skipping about for some time rushed into a part of the net closest to the tiger; and for some time struggled frantically to get loose. Every one fully expected that the cow would be killed. Finally, however, a number of men went out and held the wretched animal down and removed the net. Hardly was this over when a splendid stud bull got over a part of the net which had fallen down, and after careening about the yard just as the cow had done, rushed right up to the fountain and dipped his nose into the water. Evidently he had no idea the tiger was there or he would never have gone up in the style he did. However, after drinking, he looked up, when the tiger, who could not have been more than a few feet away, "woughed" in his face, and the way that bull went away after, that did one's heart good to see. There were two grand opportunities for witnessing "how the tiger seizes his prey," particularly as there were several sportsmen about, but unfortunately it was not to be.

After worrying the poor brute for two days and two nights, during which time he got into the net once, he quietly walked into his cage and was shut up. The cool and indifferent way in which Bassapali Urs' fossilized hunters, with their fearfully and wonderfully made bundooks, walked up and down past the tiger was most amusing. What they would have done in the event of the tiger making for one of them it is hard to tell. The claws have grown into the pads of the tiger, and the wretched animal seems to be suffering great pain. Had it not been for this there would doubtless have been a very different tale to tell.—Asian.

ODD SUPERSTITIONS.

One Queer Belief in Scotland That Results in Good.

In the New England states of this country there is a superstition that bees will never do well if the people of the house quarrel about them.

The beaver hunters of the early days of this country believed that the severity of the coming winter was indicated by the thickness of the beaver huts.

Sailors have an idea that a barnacle broken off a ship and thrown in the water will turn into a goose. The origin of this superstition is unknown.

In some southern localities the colored people believe that if a crow croaks an odd number of times foul weather will follow; if even the day will be fine.

Many of the East Indians, particularly among the Hindoos of southern India, believe that monkeys can speak, but will not do so for fear they will be put to work.

In the Ural mountains the peasantry believe that if a wolf sees a man before the man sees the wolf, the man will be struck dumb and remain so as long as the wolf lives.

In many countries there is a superstition that when ants are unusually active, running to and fro about their nests, foul weather is sure to occur in a very short time.

Several ancient authors narrate the superstition common in both Greece and Rome that the basilisk can throw its poison to a considerable distance and thus slay its victims.

In England and Scotland milkmaids believe that if they forget to wash their hands after milking their cows will go dry. The superstition is diligently fostered by the owners of the cows.

There is a superstition among many colored people in the south that to meet a frog is a lucky incident, indicating that the one thus favored is about to receive money from some unexpected quarter.

In parts of Austria and Italy there is a superstition that the human saliva is a cure for blindness. The idea probably originated in the miraculous healing of a blind man recorded in one of the Gospels.—Boston Post.

At Least Something.

His highness condescends to take part in a bowling evening of the "Social Brothers." He throws a ball which hits nothing. As the prince is near-sighted, he asks: "Well, how many is it?" Painful silence. At last the president makes a desperate effort and says, with a deep bow: "Your highness, two of the pins—wobbled!"—Fliegende Blatter.

BALLOONS IN WAR TIMES.

During the Siege of Paris Sixty-Six Ascended from the City.

The last big European war taught the French more about ballooning than they would otherwise have learned in a generation. At the beginning of the war the government rejected many proposals from balloon makers to construct a number of war balloons, but when they were shut up in Paris they gladly turned to the balloon to help them. They turned all their disused stations into balloon factories, and sought the services of the few experienced aeronauts then available for the teaching of the use and management of the balloon to the people. During four months 66 balloons left Paris, of which number only three have never been accounted for. This is remarkable when it is remembered that no lights were allowed in the night ascensions, and the balloons could only be sent up under cover of darkness.

One hundred and sixty persons, including Gambetta, were carried safely over the Prussian lines, and 2,500,000 letters were sent. The balloons also took with them pigeons, which were sent back to Paris with letters and dispatches. The messages were written and photographed down very small on exceedingly thin paper. This was rolled up, inserted in a quill and attached to the tail feathers of the pigeon. When it was received in Paris the photograph was put under a microscope and the message read. One of the balloons, the Ville d'Orleans, left Paris at 11 o'clock at night, and arrived near Christiana, Norway, 15 hours later, having crossed the North sea in its remarkable voyage. Most of the aeronauts were sailors, who were chosen because of their familiarity with the management and steering of boats at sea, and they proved very capable. During the entire siege balloons formed the only means of communication with the outside world for the imprisoned inhabitants, and nothing could have taken their place.

Since then ballooning has been made an important branch of military study, and the course through which the ballooning corps has to pass is becoming daily more scientific and severe. The war balloon must be compact, always ready for action, and very strong. It is not large enough for two. It is always captive—that is, it is secured to the earth by a cable. It is seldom emptied of its gas, and is, therefore, always ready for action at a moment's notice. The equipment of a balloon corps, besides the balloon itself, consists essentially of two wagons, one large and heavy, somewhat resembling a lumber truck, and the other considerably smaller. The former is used to fasten the balloon to, and is provided with large reels containing about 2,000 yards of twisted wire rope. The smaller wagon is filled with iron pipes containing gas, and is technically called the "tube wagon."

At the word of command the balloon, always inflated, is released, and bounds upward to the height of several hundred feet, uncoiling the rope after it. The officer in the car takes up with him maps of the surrounding country and a field glass. The position and arrangement of the enemy are marked down on the maps with different colored pencils, indicating cavalry, infantry, etc. These marked maps are then placed in a leather bag, which is attached to a ring, which slides down the cable to the ground, where a mounted officer awaits it, and carries the message to the general in command. Other means of communicating the information have been tried, such as by telephone and phonography, but many officers still cling to the colored pencil method, which, they say, is very sure and effective.—Chicago Record.

THEY TOOK NO CHANCES.

Congressman Helped Mike Out in Dispensing Hospitality.

One of the Massachusetts congressmen lives near Boston. He has a beautiful estate, his admiration for which is shared by his coachman, Mike. The other day Mike brought a couple of his Irish friends upon the place and after escorting them around the grounds and showing them the stable ushered them into the hall.

There, somewhat to his surprise, he met his employer, but the latter was determined not to be outdone in hospitality by his coachman. "Bring your friends into the dining-room, Mike," he said, and into the dining-room the trio followed him. "Now, my men, of course you can have what you like," he remarked, as he stood by the sideboard; "but I have a drink here that I think you will like. There is a story to it, by the way," he added, "which may interest you. It is called Benedictine, and it is made by monks up on the Alps. They fill a little flask with it and send out their St. Bernard dogs to find travelers who may be overcome by the cold. When a poor, half-frozen fellow is found he drinks a little of this cordial from the flask and then he is able to follow the dogs to a place of shelter." The men listened to the story in silence. Finally one of them mustered up courage to speak. "Have you any gin?" he asked. "Certainly," said the congressman, as he laid aside the cordial. "Help yourself." The men took a good, substantial drink of the gin and smiled happily over its familiar taste. "That wasn't bad," said one of them. "Now bring on your dog liquor;"—Washington Post.

The Explanation of It.

The Chairman of the Hod Carriers' Convention—Dere's a mistake bin made. Ivery man has voted. Here's 19 ay ye, an' de count shows tin ayes an' only eight noes.

The Clerk—Well, Flannerty only has wun eye.—Philadelphia Record.

—"John, did you find any eggs in the old hen's nest this morning?" "No, sir; if she laid any, she mislaid them."—Tit Bits.

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S ARMY.

Organization of the Most Perfect of War Machines.

The German emperor may declare war, though such declaration is subject to the consent of the federal council. If, however, the country is invaded, then what the emperor says prevails, without federal ratification.

An American may think that the young kaiser talks a good deal about his function as war lord, and takes a good deal of room in discharging it, but, by the imperial constitution of 1871, after the Franco-Prussian war had ended in German unity, the emperor is rightfully the first soldier in the empire, the entire forces of which, in war and peace, are under his command. It is his to see that the army is kept in fighting trim, and his to secure this end by imperial legislation. The Bavarian army is, however, a distinctive contingent, by itself, though practically coordinated and subordinated in the imperial army system. Saxony and Wurtemburg, also, preserve a certain military identity, in that each puts up an army corps for itself.

It is provided that the entire land forces of the empire shall consist of 21 army corps.

Germany keeps less men under arms than either Russia or France.

Every German is liable to service. No substitute is allowed. No one escapes unless a member of a sovereign house, and he would deem it proper to serve voluntarily. So the army of Germany is the people's army.

When a German boy has finished his 17th year he finds a drill master wailing for him. When he puts away the tools of war for good he is 46 years old. But practically his service will begin in his 20th and close in his 39th year. During this period he will serve actively three years in the ranks, four in the reserve, five in the first levy of the Lanwehr, then, until he is 39, in the second levy of the Landwehr, and finally until he is 45 in the Landsturm. A young fellow, however, of means and education, who bears all expenses and passes an examination gets off with one year's service in the ranks. The duty of the Landsturm is to take part in the defense of the country. Neither the Landsturm nor the second levy of the Landwehr is called out in peace, but the men in the Ersatz (relief) reserve share in annual exercises covering 20 weeks.

The institution of the one-year volunteers is an advantageous exception to what an American might call a military despotism.

Under this exception, young men of professional inclinations not only receive the military training that prepares them for duty in the reserve, but also continue their studies with less detriment to their education than if they devoted three valuable years to a soldier's life exclusively. But a fellow must pay for this one-year privilege, his legitimate military expenses amounting to from $350 to $500.

The military forces of the several German states are administered through their own war ministries, which are all subject to the Prussian war ministry. To control this vast military system there are, besides the war ministries, the emperor's military cabinet, the commission for the defense of the country, the general staff, the head of which is directly responsible to the emperor, and the great general staff, which in the most scientific sense is intrusted with the defense of the empire.

Generally speaking, an army corps is recruited in the district where it is garrisoned, but the Prussian guard corps is recruited throughout the country. In the case of Alsace-Lorrinne, the province taken from the French, Germany discreetly takes no chances of disaffection among her troops there garrisoned. The men she raises in this province of French antecedents are soldiers of unquestioned loyalty.

The cavalry of the German army is the only branch which has been increased since the French war. Its strength is 93 regiments, or 465 squadrons. France has 45 squadrons less, but of field batteries she has 45 more. Germany's field batteries is smaller than that of any standing army.

As regards uniform, the infantry, artillery, dragoons and pioneers wear the helmet, the officers the "kaeppi," the Uhlans the "czapka," the hussars the fur cap, the cuirassiers the steel helmet. The cuirass nowadays is only worn on parade. The infantry coat is dark blue. In color, style and equipment there is much dissimilarity in the German army, but there is complete uniformity in marks of rank distinction.

A German officer finds a private income a useful adjunct. A second lieutenant's monthly income is about $30. When a man has nothing he may perhaps get a stipend from special funds or from the emperor. A captain of the first class draws annually about $1,250; a major or lieutenant colonel, $1,650; a colonel, $2,250. There is also an allowance for outside lodgings. A young officer cannot possibly live up to his social station if he has a family to support. If a young officer wants to marry he must get the emperor's permission, and satisfactorily prove that his income is at least (in Prussia) $450 a year. The future wife of an officer must be worthy the army—she must be of unblemished reputation, and be of a family of unquestioned respectability.

There are pensions for the old and infirm, though no age limitation exists as with us.

When a German recruit takes the oath the act is made as solemn as possible. No criminal is allowed to wear the uniform of the German army.

A German soldier's pay is between seven and eight cents a day, and he is allowed one and two-thirds pounds of bread.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—In the 14th century astrological rings were fashionable in Italy. The settings were carved with various emblems and symbols.

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Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

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is a LOCAL DISEASE and is the result of colds and sudden climatic changes.

It can be cured by a pleasant remedy which is applied directly into the nostrils. Being quickly absorbed it gives relief at once.

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is acknowledged to be the most thorough cure for Nasal Catarrh, Cold in Head and Hay Fever of all remedies. It opens and cleanses the nasal passages, allays pain and inflammation, heals the sores, protects the membrane from colds, restores the senses of taste and smell. Price 50c. at Druggists or by mail.

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TEMPERANCE NOTES.

BILL BEASLEY.

Being the account of a very singular circumstance.

Well, it's as I 'spected. Bill's finally pegged
Outen this spere, I vum;
Wus planted to-day in the potters' field,
As the preacher'd say "gathered hum."
And it's a kind of a singular circumstance
Bill's carousin' 'n' drinkin' so,
'N' losin' all pride 'n' respect fer hisself,
'N' disgracin' us all, ye know.
Bill didn't 'pear to hev eny sense
Nor know nothin' nor seem ter think,
How he wus believ'en us, ev'ry one
By his continual drink 'n' drink.

I says to him more'n once, says I,
Don't make a beast outen you,
But drink, says I, mod'rate es men oughter should,
Es you've noticed the helft of us do.
'N' don't go fer ter makin' a pig o' yerself
Es Slater did down to the Run.
But Bill says, says he, "While I'm 'bout it I guess
I'll go the hull hog er none.
'You've said,' said he, 'it's good fer the heat,
'Nd et's good fer the cold 'n' wet,
'Nd good fer the stomach 'nd good fer the soul,
'Nd I wants all the good I ken get.' "

An' so he went et fer all thet wus out,
Et wus spree on the top of each spree
Enstead of indulgin' es gentlemen should,
Fer instance, es you 'nd me.
I felt consid'rable hurt et the way
Bill was doin' fer I'd been the means
Of introducin' him ter serciety,
'Nd his goin' ter such extremes
I couldn't have did'n't prognosticate
A feller's favor, ye know,
A bringin' disgrace on his 'sociates,
'Nd I frequently told him so.

'Nd his wife 'peared like she didn't hev eny sense
Ner respect fer eny of us,
Fer one night she walked right up to the bar
'Nd raised a regular muss.
Her face wus es white es the snow on her shoes
'Nd her hair wus a hangin' down
In a shiftless way 'nd she seemed half froze
Inside of her old thin gown.
'Nd she walked up ter Bill (he wus drinkin' thet night
In his usual reckless style)
'N' lays her hand on his shoulder, so—
'Nd withouten a nod er smile

Ter me who had been the principal means
Of introducin' of him somewhat,
She says, says she, in a slow, dull way
(To this day I hain't forgot),
"William," says she, "excuse yerself
Ter yer friends fer an hour er two,
Fer baby is dyin' up there in the dark,
'Nd she hes ben cryin' fer you."
'Nd Bill he stood like one as wus stunned,
Fer maybe a minute er two,
'Nd then he turned round 'nd staggered away
With his woman out inter the snow.

Well, the baby was dead, but et wasn't long
Thet the two were put apart,
Fer its mother she died thet very night,
Bill said of a broken heart.
'Nd the town et buried the mother 'nd child,
Sech things look disgracin' tu me,
'Nd after the fun'ral Bill came tu this spot,
'Nd says he ter me, says he,
"I curse you, man, with a husband's curse,
'Nd the curse of a ruined life
Rest on ye, you who tempted me,
'Nd made me murder my wife.

'Nd I curse ye, too, with a father's curse;
The curse of a man made wild
Rest on ye, you who led me on
'Nd made me murder my child.
'Nd I curse you again with the curse of a man
Whose ruin no words ken tell,
Whose life 'nd soul in ruins lie,
In the depths of a drunkard's hell."
'Nd withouten a word of apology
Ter me who had es I said afore
Been the principal means of introducin' him,
Turn'd round 'nd went out the door!

'Nd frum thet day ter this I hain't seen Bill,
But he lost all his pride, I heard,
A caronsin' round with a reckless set
What drank pretty hard, I'm afeared.
Bill wus all right es fer es he went,
But he wusn't the right kind o' stuff,
Fer a strong minded-man, sech es me 'nd you is,
Es knows when nuff is a nuff.
He wus prosperin' once 'nd I introduced him
Fer ter give him a decent chance,
'Nd ter think he wus buried ter-day by the town,
Seems ter me a sing'lar circumstance.

—S. B. McManus, in Ram's Horn.

BITS AND BREVITIES.

"THERE is not a colored brewer or distiller in all the land."

THE sparkle in the wine is made by one of the devil's sharpest teeth.—Ram's Horn.

GOOD Templars in Ireland have celebrated their 25th anniversary by a series of meetings.

THE saloons bring sorrow to thousands of homes where peace und plenty would have reigned if these dens of infamy were closed.

THE Knights of Labor, of Peoria, Ill., have asked the people of the city to aid them in an effort to lessen the influence of the saloon upon workingmen. It would be well if the knights generally took this stand.

THE brewers of New York city claim that they are losing $150,000 a Sunday through the enforcement of the Sunday liquor laws. A marked increase in the savings banks deposits, as noted by the newspapers, shows where some of that money is going.—Christian Standard.

Novel War Against the Saloon.

A novel plan of combating the saloons is being tried in a Michigan town. During each Saturday afternoon when farmers and traders come to town with their produce, the churches will keep open house. Music, light refreshments and non-alcoholic drinks will be offered the visitors in the hope of keeping them from the saloons.

WHISKY DROPS.

How Bibulous New Yorkers Get Around the Sunday-Closing Law.

The very latest phase of social wickedness is the bon-bon with a little "jag" concealed beneath its sugary exterior. You can get drunk on candy. With your chocolate creams and gum drops you can buy whisky or brandy, and from a box of sweets you can imbibe enough spiritus frumenti to make you merry and give you a head next morning.

As the innocent-looking confection dissolves on your tongue, a liquid trickles out that has the unmistakable flavor of the same old stuff. "That's whisky," you say. Whisky it is, and as it mixes with the sugar coating that has held it a prisoner, the combination suits the taste.

The steady drinking man who is not on good terms with the bartender on the corner finds in these whiskyized candies the next best method of getting around the Roosevelt restrictions. He gives the wink to his druggist, receives a little box, and goes home equipped against a dry Sunday.

The confectionery stores are reaping a rich harvest. Although they have no license to sell liquor, they do not fear any trouble from what, at first glance, may seem to be a harmless infraction of the law. But as young girls and boys, as well as grown men and women are buying the drops, the excise board will have every excuse for interference as soon as they have read this article.

A New York World reporter bought rye whisky bon-bons at two places on Broadway last Sunday and at one place on Columbus avenue, near 72d street. He also bought brandy in bon-bons at two places. In two pounds of this mixture of whisky and candy was enough intoxicating liquor to produce a decided "feeling."

The chocolates put up with whisky in them were not put on sale in this city until two weeks ago. Since then the demand for the article has been great.

Brandy drops were made years and years ago on a small scale, but not until the screws were put on Sunday drinking did the whisky drop make its appearance. The whisky drop is not different in appearance from the old chocolate or brandy drop, and is about the same size. At some of the shops it is covered with plain chocolate, while at the more stylish places it is wrapped in tin gold foil.

In some of its forms it is composed of a little jug made of crystallized sugar, into which the liquor is squirted with a syringe. Then the small opening is filled with sugar and dipped in boiling chocolate and laid out on boards to dry. The foil is put on to hold the compound together in case it is exposed to a damp atmosphere.

People who have not bought whisky drops, and who have no idea of the amount of the juice of the rye contained in them, will be surprised by the following figures, derived from an analysis:

In a pound of chocolate drops there are 60 pieces. Each piece weighs 95 grains, Troy weight. After a drop is broken and the whisky is poured out there are found 55 grains of sugar and chocolate and 40 of whisky. Counting 80 drops to the pound, there are 3,200 grains of whisky in each pound box of the new mixture.

A half-pint of good rye whisky weighs 3,255 grains. Thus in each pound of chocolate whisky drops there is a half-pint of whisky, less 55 grains.

There is a gallon of whisky, according to the statement of a manufacturer, in every 16½ pounds of this candy. The price of the candy, of course, depends on the quality of the brandy. Some boxes cost 30 cents, others cost 60 cents.

Bartenders say the average New Yorker does not pour out more than one-sixth of a half-pint for a drink. According to this, there are about six average drinks of whisky in every pound of the new candy.

Diluted opium is mixed with chocolate drops in China, and in New Orleans a factory has been making absinth drops for the past five years.

The salesgirl in one of Broadway's largest candy stores said:

"We have been selling 'wink drops,' as we call them, for the past two weeks, and the sale is growing every day. I suppose that we sell at least 15 pounds here a day. You have no idea how many young fellows, schoolboys, between 15 and 18 years, buy them. They cannot buy liquor in saloons, so they buy whisky drops and think they are real sporty.

"Grown men purchase them, too, on Sundays especially, and say, you would die laughing to see how embarrassed some of them are when they come in. They don't know how to ask for them, and I suppose feel a bit ashamed at buying candy for the liquor there is in them.

"We put up two classes of 'winks,' brandies and whiskies. It's hard work for anyone not in the business to tell them apart. In fact, in their innocence lies their charm. A number of our women customers, and we have any number of them, have discovered the case where the drops are kept and instead of saying that they want whisky or brandy drops, merely point to the tray and say: 'A pound of those, please.' To the uninitiated they appear to be purchasing ordinary chocolate creams.

"We have been selling brandy drops for years without being bothered by the law, and it was only to meet a sudden demand that whisky was used. The idea of a person getting intoxicated on brandy or whisky drops may sound funny, but there was a girl who formerly worked here that ate them to such an extent that she used to get sleepy in the middle of the day. She lost her place on account of her devotion to the 'wink drops.'"

THE Free Church of Scotland Temperance society has just laid the corner-stone of its new offices in Edinburgh.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—English law takes no account of libels on the dead. Not so in France. A Parisian lady has just obtained a verdict against an author who published some defamatory statements of her grandfather.

—Before the coming of the whites to America the Mississippi river was known by a different name every few miles in its course. Each tribe that dwelt along its banks gave it a name, and more than 30 of these local designations are preserved in the narratives of the early travelers.

—Sportsmen's enthusiasm is not always contagious. It worked distinctly the other way in the case of a resident of Bayside, Me., who recently was stopped on the highway by a party of sportsmen and made to wait with them an hour and a half, so that he would not scare away a deer which others of the hunting party were trying to drive out of the bordering wood.

—A late official report shows that, contrary to common belief, cases of religious mania are rare in the British isles. It also discloses the strange fact that more mental aberration is developed among the tribe of peddlers than among any other class, physicians and druggists coming next. Melancholia prevails most in Ireland.

—The archer fish has a natural blow gun. This animal possesses the curious property of being able to shoot drops of water from its mouth with extraordinary accuracy to considerable distances. This singular faculty is of use to the animal in securing its food. A fly or small insect passing over the water has very little chance of escape from the deadly aim of the archer fish. The drop of water brings down the insect, which is then incontinently devoured.

—Experiments are being made in Arizona in the establishment of carrier pigeon messenger service between remote mining camps and the nearest town or railway shipping points. So far as tried the service has proved successful and very valuable. The trails out from some of the large camps are long and difficult to traverse at times, and the carrier pigeons insure a great saving of time in exchanging communications.

—Five thousand horses in one bunch were rounded up on the Flathead Indian reservation in Montana a week or so since. So large a band of horses is seldom seen now except on a few of the Indian reservations where there is an unrestricted range. For almost a week before the bunch was gathered in the Indians and half-breeds were scouring the valleys, canyons and mountain sides, driving every horse they found toward the common center, ready for the annual cutting out into individually owned bands.

HOWARD'S FIRST CLIENT.

He Came on Mighty Particular Business, But It Was Not a Divorce

When Representative M. W. Howard, the populist member from Alabama, first hung out his shingle as a lawyer he was 19 years of age. His patience was nearly exhausted by days spent in vain waiting for his first client to come, when one day he heard a knock at the door. On calling "Come in!" a darky, known as Sam, stepped into the little office.

"What can I do for you?" the lawyer asked, as visions of his first fee came to him.

"'Scuse me, sah," said Sam, "but 'deed I wants to see you on partikler business."

Mr. Howard, thinking that the man most likely wanted a divorce, said: "Sit down and explain everything carefully."

"'Deed, sah, I would like to close de dore, fo' de bizness am mighty pertikler," said Sam. After having closed the door he took the proffered chair. Then he explained:

"Sah, I has got a gurl in Georgah dat I wants you to write a letter to fo' me."

"Do you love her?" asked the lawyer. "Do you want to marry her? Does she love you?" and many questions of a like nature.

To all these questions Sam replied: "Suttingly."

The replies being satisfactory, he proceeded to write the letter. After having finished it he read it to Sam to see whether it agreed with his ideas.

"'Scuse me, boss," said Sam, scratching his woolly head; "'scuse me if I offer a sugghestan; I would like to put something else in dar also; something like dis:

De roses am red,
And de vylets bloo;
De pinks am preaty,
And so is you.

And having put it in, Howard asked if that was all. Sam scratched his woolly head a minute and then said: "Boss, dar am one mo' thing dat ought to go in dar—dis: 'I hopes dat you will 'scuse de pore, mizerable writin' and de bad speliin'."—Washington Post.

The Fagot Party.

If one has a wide fireplace and a number of friends who are good story-tellers, a fagot party may be a pleasant form of entertainment. Give to each guest a ribbon-tied bundle of fagots or bits of wood, place cozy seats about the fire and ask number one (the ribbons should be numbered) to throw her fuel upon the fire. As it burns a story is to be told, neither longer nor shorter than the time of its burning, and as the light dies out number two begins his tale. A room for a fagot party should be lighted only by candles and the firelight. Finish the evening with an informal dance, if your guests are of the dancing habit, and with a light and dainty supper, as most of us are of the eating habit.—N. Y. Post.

Couldn't Serve Him.

Drummer (hurriedly)—Can't wait for dinner—have to catch 11:10 train—I'll just have a quick lunch. Can you open me some oysters?

Landlord Smithville Hotel — Very sorry, sir; but the cook broke the can-opener this morning.—Puck.

WENT HOME TO DIE.

The Old Man's Face Was Wreathed in Smiles When They Found Him.

They told me in the dining car of a train on the Louisville & Nashville road that in the smoking car was an old colored man who was going south to see his old plantation home again before death claimed him. By and by I went in to have a talk with him. He was wrinkled and white haired, and evidently very old, and when I expressed wonder that his friends in Kentucky should have let him set out on such a long journey he replied:

"Dey just couldn't help deirselves, sah. I tole de chill'en I was bound to cum, an' dey jes had to let me."

"And how long since you left the old plantation?"

"Way back in wah times, sah. I dun went right off wid some Yankee sogers, an' dat's de last I eber did see of Murs. Thomases folks. Ize gwine down to 'sprise 'em."

"Where is it?"

"Jest a leetle ways out o' Selma. Dey tell me da' am great changes 'bout Selma, but I reckon I kin walk right down de road an' find de plantashun in de night. Bress de Lawd, sah, but I dean' reckon I could hev closed my eyes in death if dey hadn't let me cum. Dar's bin sich a longin' to see de ole place again dat I couldn't stand it."

Three or four of us chipped in to get his meals and make him comfortable, but we saw that the journey was telling on his strength. On the morning of the day we were to reach Selma I could see that he was weak and nervous, and when I sat down beside him he said:

"Ize feelin' sort o' skeart 'bout myself dis mawnin'. I had a dream last night dat I was walkin' long de road an' met a funeral, an' when I axed who was gwine to be buried a white man spoke up and said:

"'Pon my soul, if dat hain't Mars Thomases old nigger Job, who runned off doorin' de wah! Heah boy, let me tole you somethin'. Yo' has cum too late to see yo'r ole mars; dat's him in de coffin, an' he was a axin' 'bout yo' jes de day befo' he died.'"

I told him that dreams did not signify, and after a bit had him quite chirped up. I got him some tobacco for his pipe, saw that he had breakfast, and as I left him he smiled all over with happiness, as he said:

"Only two hours mo' to Selma! Ize mons dun got dere!"

Thirty minutes later the conductor beckoned to three or four of us to come into the smoker. The old man sat in his chair, leaning against the side of the car, and seemed to be sleeping.

"He's been dead ten minutes," quietly observed the conductor, "and he died as peacefully as a child falling asleep!"

So he had. There was a smile on his old black face—a smile of anticipation, and the pipe had not fallen from his fingers. Death had come like a soft and fleecy mantle, and its touch had been painless.—Detroit Free Press.

PRETTY JAPANESE INTERIOR.

How the Effect Can Be Obtained at Little Cost.

A Japanese interior will always be in favor with persons of moderate means, because so good an effect may be obtained at so slight a cost. Hang the wall from baseboard to ceiling with cartridge paper of dull old red simulating a frieze by setting the bamboo picture rail 18 inches below the ceiling. Form a dado and panels with bamboo, and stencil both dado and frieze with Japanese designs in bronze and copper. Put a greenish white cream matting on the floor, and spread it with jute rugs in imitation of Daghestan and Kazue, and some of these imitations are really wonderful.

There must not be a single picture on the walls. The divan must be low—a spring mattress laid directly on the floor. Cover this with a Japanese print, and have pillows covered with Chiaml cloth, cotton crepe, and Japanese prints.

Over the head of the divan suspend a big Japanese umbrella, and also over the head, but more to the right, hang a Japanese lamp, or, better still, use a standard lamp of terra cotta, with dragon decorations. Dark reddish brown denin will answer admirably for hangings in this room.

Have very few chairs, and let these be of bamboo, but let the big pillows, covered with Japanese chintzes, take their place. If this is a parlor, let the ten table be of bamboo and covered with a bit of Japanese drapery; use a Japanese tea service, and a gong of Japanese bronze. If it is a library let the desk be of bamboo, as well as such book-cases as are not built into the walls.

For a square hall a few touches in the way of a Moorish iron hanging lantern, a bit of oriental drapery—if only of chintz, hung over a spear—a rug thrown over the balustrade above, a jute rug on the floor, or a seat built under the stairs and covered with Japanese chintz or a Bagdad rug, will give the effect of a newly-furnished hall.—N. Y. World.

Necessary Preparation.

Little Miss de Fashion (meeting noted author in the park)—How-de do, Mr. Unemind! Mamma is awful glad you is coming to her reception.

Great Author—I am delighted to learn that she is pleased.

"Yes, she says you is the biggest society lion of the season, and she's so glad she got ahead of that Mrs. De Style. Mamma has told everybody you are comin', and they is all worked 'most to death. Mamma's head aches awful this morning.

"Um—to what do you refer, my dear?"

"Why, you know, everybody is nearly killin' theirselves tryin' to read your books, so they can talk to you about 'em."—Los Angeles Herald.

—Before we passionately desire anything which another enjoys, we should examine as to the happiness of its possessor.—Rochefoucauld.

PATENTS ARE VERY EXPENSIVE.

Cost of Exclusive Rights for an Intricate Invention Is Exceedingly High.

The government has recently granted two patents, which cover probably the most intricate and complex machine ever constructed. It is claimed that before the first machine was perfected the company constructing it had expended $1,500,000. The first application filed contained 204 sheets of drawings, having over 1,000 separate views. During the eight years the case was pending in the office before allowance the number of sheets was reduced to 163. When it is remembered that the majority of patents have but a single sheet of drawings, and that to require as many as ten sheets is quite an exception, the magnitude of the invention can be understood. The fees charged by the patent office are uniform for all cases, no matter how complex or how simple—$15 for filing the case and $20 additional on allowance of the patent.

When this case was filed it was turned over for examination to an examiner, who received a salary of $1,800, and he spent six weeks in studying the case before being able to make the first action. The entire specification was twice rewritten, each time by a different attorney. How much this cost the inventor is not known, but it is rumored that the attorney who first prepared the case received a fee of $10,000 and an allowance of $2,000 extra to pay for the drawings. While the case was pending the examiner who first had it in charge resigned from the office, and it was turned over to another assistant of the same rank. This assistant went over the entire ground three times, consuming several weeks, and finally he was authorized to go to Chicago and spend a month in examining a working machine. When the request was first made of the commissioner that the examiner be permitted to make the trip it was promptly refused. For argument the chief of the division then carried in the papers, making a pile some two feet thick of unfolded drawings and typewritten specification, and the commissioner said: "He can go." The machine is for the setting, justifying and distribution of type. It comprises no less than 18,000 separate parts.

The patent office is a money making institution. It earns, above expenses, about $200,000 per year, and now has deposited in the treasury a neat little balance of over $4,000,000. Upon this job, however, it cost about $1,000 worth of time of the various patent office officials before maturing into a patent, and when issued the patent rule had to be followed of preparing copies for sale at the regulation price of ten cents each. The 244 sheets of drawings had to be photo-lithographed and the entire body of the specification and claims set up in type, costing for the third edition, as estimated by the ordinary rules, a few cents over six dollars per copy. These copies are sold to the public for ten cents each, or 20 cents for the two patents, covering the entire invention. As soon as one edition is exhausted another is ordered. A great many people order copies of the patents just for curiosities.—Washington Star.

DIVORCE IN TURKEY.

The Only Formality Is the Return of the Bride's Dowry.

Divorce in Turkey is obtained with a facility which would surprise even our transatlantic cousins. As easily as Abraham cast forth Hagar, the bondwoman, and her child, so also can the Turk open the door of his harem and send out into the world the woman who no longer pleases him. He has but to give her back her dower and personal effects. In the upper classes, however, certain legal formalities are gone through, and indeed, as the lady is usually protected by her parents, divorce is, comparatively speaking, rare. There are instances, however, in Constantinople of ladies in the highest official circles who are not yet very far advanced in years, who have been divorced twice, thrice, and even ten times. Among the lower orders divorce may be described as a farce. Many girls who are not yet 20 years of age have been divorced and remarried a dozen times.

The surprises of divorces are among the most amusing features of Turkish social life. A very great personage, second only to the sultan in rank, unless, indeed, it be the Sheik Ul Islam, married some few years ago, when his position was very inferior to what it is at present, a highly educated lady, of good connection and fortune, but, according to his excellency's version of the story, of ungovernable temper. Within the year they were divorced and remarried. The lady soon found her new husband disagreeable, and was once more divorced. It must be remembered that if a Turk can divorce his wife, she can only divorce him at his pleasure by making herself as unpleasant to him as possible. In former times he tied her up in a sack and had her dropped into the Bosphorus. Today he divorces her.

To return to the lady in question. The next time she was heard of by her friends was as a teacher in the Mohammedan high school for girls at Scutari. A few years back she was selected as governess for the children of the khediva, and is now her highness' private secretary, in which quality she accompanied her imperial mistress to Constantinople last year and actually found herself seated at a state banquet at Yildiz Kiosk next to the third wife of her first husband, who quietly asked her who she was. Tableau! The ease with which divorce can be obtained in Turkey leads to many abuses and creates a state of affairs not unlike our prostitution.—Fortnightly Review.

—"Our whole neighborhood has been stirred up," said the regular reader. The editor of the country weekly seized his pen. "Tell me all about it," he said. "What we want is the news. What stirred it up?" "Plowing," said the farmer.—Tit-Bits.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—If you possess a cozy corner with a shelf at the top have a zinc trough made to fit it and fill this with some hardy foliage and flower plants. They will last a long time and add greatly to the beauty of the room.

—Small pieces of toilet soap which are too little to be used may be utilized. Make a bag of Turkish toweling about seven inches square and put into it all the small pieces of soap. When it is three-quarters filled sew up the end and use the bag as if it were a cake of soap.

—Cream Toast with Poached Eggs.—Prepare toast as usual. Lay each slice in a saucer before adding dressing, and then finish with a delicately poached egg. Eggs broken into separate sauce dishes or patty pans, and steamed until the whites are set, will present a more appetizing appearance than when dropped into water.—N. Y. Ledger.

—To make pastry successfully, it is important that it should not be much handled, and that the hands should be cool. It is, in fact, acknowledged that persons with cold hands make lighter cakes than others, generally speaking. For this reason a china rolling-pin will be found preferable to one of wood.—Liverpool Mercury.

—Salmon Steak.—Steep for an hour or so four middle-cut, good-sized salmon steaks with a glass of sweet oil, salt and pepper and the juice of a lemon. About half an hour before serving, broil them light brown over a charcoal fire, and garnish with quartered lemons and serve with a bowl of tartar sauce.—Boston Budget.

—Crumbs spread over the tops of dishes should be mixed evenly with melted butter over the fire. This is a better method than having lumps of butter dotted over the crumbs after they are spread. When the sauce bubbles through the crumbs on top of a scallop dish the cooking is completed.—The Cook.

—Egg Dressing for Salads.—Take the yolk of one hard-boiled egg, one teaspoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of made mustard and one tablespoonful of butter. Cream the ingredients and add gradually two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Chop the white of the egg fine and add it to the salad. This is especially desirable for cabbage.—Housekeeper.

GOING UP-STAIRS.

To Do This Gracefully Is to Be Accomplished.

The woman who finds herself at the top of a flight of stairs, breathless and exhausted, gasping and blowing in a distressing manner, has undergone an awful physical strain. The heart and the stomach have been made to do double duty, that of the lungs and their own combined, with more often only one-half of the room required to do it in, from the compressing force of the stays. Consequently, one of the most graceful actions that a woman is called on most often to illustrate is transformed, by the ignorance of a few rules of physical culture, into one of the most ludicrous and sorry sights imaginable.

The woman who clutches her skirts in front midway between the hip and the knee hends her body from the hips almost in a bow and drags up, laboriously exhausting her vital energies at every step, is making a foolish and ridiculous mistake, for which she suffers severely long before arriving at the top.

One of the handsomest pictures painted of feminine beauty is that of a lovely woman ascending a fine, old staircase. Her slender figure is gracefully erect, her lovely face on the column-like throat turned half over her shoulder. The arms are bare, and droop with perfectly natural grace to her knees, where the silken skirts are daintily lifted to allow the free play of tiny, slippered feet. The lady is in the act of ascending, and seems to float upward, the personification of grace itself.

One imagines that he can see her catch her silken skirt at either knee, lifting it just to the ankle, expand her chest, hold her shoulders well back and her arms down. Then the slender body rests squarely on the hips, not dragging forward, and, standing perfectly erect, she glides upward, easily and gracefully.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Domino Evening Cloak.

The latest make of evening cloak recalls the domino style, well plaited in at the back, so that the base is wide and ample. These plaits have to be diminished and arranged in a most clever way on the lining that supports them to prevent the back looking clumsy. Immense hanging sleeves, wide enough to take in any other kind of sleeve, add to the voluminous appearance of the garment. An elegant one worn by a marquise at the fetes given to the king of Portugal was of yellow lampas broche, with silver, lined with ermine, and revers of the same fur, showing in front a long white satin gilet covered with point d'Angleterre. The same lace was quilled inside the ermine-lined sleeves, falling on the arms in a most becoming way.—Detroit Free Press.

One Point in His Favor.

"I haven't lived with you 25 years without finding out you're a brute!" wrathfully exclaimed Mrs. Rangle. "I know a million reasons why I'd hate to be you, and only one why I'd like to be you!"

"What is that one reason, madame?" fiercely demanded Mr. Rangle.

"Because you've got a good wife!" she screamed.—Chicago Tribune.

Finance, National and Personal.

"No," said the man who picks up bits of wisdom wherever he can, "I never like to hear Illykins start out to show how all the indebtedness of the country can be liquidated and financial affairs put into shape at short notice."

"Why not?"

"He nearly always winds up by borrowing two dollars on his own account."—Washington Star.

The Republican.

EDWARD H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THURSDAY, FEB. 6, 1896.

AS AN issue, free silver will serve to defeat the Democratic party as well as anything else.

BY ITS vote in the Senate on the silver bill the Democratic party shows conclusively that it is still in favor of a deficit.

THERE will be five eclipses of the year—two of the moon, two of the sun, and one of the Democratic party.—Davis Republican.

A WASHINGTON correspondent says the name of Postmaster General Wilson is under consideration for President on the Democratic ticket. Republicans will not put a stone in the way of his nomination.

SPEAKER REED last Thursday honored Mr. Wellington by assigning him to the important committee on labor. This committee is one which is much sought after by the representatives. The Speaker showed his good judgment in the selection of Mr. Wellington for this very important committee.

THE history of this country for the past two years conclusively shows that the financial and industrial dspression is the direct result of Democratic incompetency. Any attempt to show that it is due to anything else must fail for lack of evidence. And, moreover, the intelligent people of the country understand the situation thoroughly. This is why the next President will be a Republican.

THE MOST deplorable spot in the world, civilized or savage, to-day is fair Cuba. Manufacturing is stopped, the sugar plantations have been destroyed, the tobacco crop will be devoured by the worm and choked out by weeds. Foreign commeree will cease very shortly, for Cuba will have nothing to ship abroad. Hot weather will soon be again upon the doomed people of the island. The Spaniards are not now so near to conquering the revolutionists as they were two months ago, and still Spain holds on with the fatuousness of an obstinate old dotard who drifts onward to his own destruction rather than yield. In the name of humanity it is time for other powers to step in and stop this thing. If other governments will not, then let the United States play a lone hand in the matter. Spain has had a long enough trial to show that she cannot down the patriots.

Judge Stake's Prophesy.

Judge Edward Stake of the Fourth Judicial Circuit was a member of the House in 1886. At that session there were only ten Republicans in the House and four in the Senate, and the regular Democrats, in the arroganee and pride of their power and control of affairs, generally rode rough-shod over the minority, of which Judge Stake was the leader. One day, when the regulars had been particularly discourteous and arrogant to the minority, and was reinforced by several independent Democrats in support of a certain reform measure, Judge Stake made an eloquent speech, in which he uttered a warning to the ring leaders in very nearly the following words, which he recalled on his visit to Annapolis last week:

"Injustice and unfairness to a helpless minority," he said, "is never wise, and sooner or later they will react and cause the overthrow of those who are guilty. The proud and arrogant majority may override us, may be able to suppress us in our endeavor to do what is best for the people of the State, but the day will come when the people themselves, regardless of party, will rise and hurl from the control of their affairs the men who have abused their trust. It may be a generation before that day comes, and I may not live to see it, but if the majority keeps on its present course session after session, the time of reckoning will come, and the Democratic party will go down in the dust of defeat and suffer for the sins that are being committed here to-day."

Judge Stake spoke of his prophesy at Annapolis, and said that the day of retribution had come sooner than he expected, and that it gave him great pleasure to see his party installed in power in the State.

Our Senator.

The Maryland Legislature, after a somewhat prolonged contest, has elected Hon. George L. Wellington to the United States Senate, to succeed the "little yellow dog" under the Gorman wagon, Mr. Gibson. Mr. Wellington's term in Congress will expire on March 4, 1897, when his Senatorial career will begin.

The *Examiner* was outspoken in his behalf from the beginning, having the honor of being one newspaper with two others that fought his battles, emphatically and unceasingly advocating the repealing of the Eastern Shore law, which eminent jurists have declared to be undemocratic, unconstitutional and unjust.

There were those who protested against his election, on the ground that the supposed Eastern Shore law should be obeyed. While the opponents were moved from a deep sense of duty in this regard, yet as reasonable and honest men and good Republicans, we cannot be led to believe other than that they will prove sincere devotees to the Republican cause—to forget unpleasant memories and do all in their power for Republican success.

We sincerely believe that by the election of Mr. Wellington to the Senate, the Maryland Legislature has recognized new blood in the Republican party that will continue to achieve new victories. We sincerely believe that Senator Wellington was the choice of the majority of representative leaders of the party, and that his election will be heartily endorsed by the rank and file of the party.

It is a fact that the Eastern Shore was responsible for its own defeat. There were too many candidates and they would not unite. Therefore they conducted a hopeless fight. The followers of Mr. Wellington, like the memorable 300, stood firm until a divided opposition came to the support of the hero of the hour.

Senator Wellington is now elected for the whole people and his record in the past proves conclusively that he will prove true to his party and bring honor to his State. He was not trained in a Gorman or Quay school of politics and can be relied upon to shun all kinds of "deals" and "combines" with the enemy. On the financial question, which is the burning question of the hour, he will be at home in the Senate and he will rank with the leaders of his party. He is an able and eloquent exponent of the tariff and on all the leading questions of the day. He is a statesman and a true patriot. Old Maryland can congratulate herself on having so able a representative in the United States Senate. Long may he live to do her honor!—Frederick Examiner.

The Elections Bill.

The new elections bill, prepared by the Reform League of Baltimore, and introduced in the State Senate by Senator Dobler, is a very voluminous document. Apparently every detail in the election processes of the State is provided for with great minuteness and care, so that, as far as possible, every avenue to fraud may be guarded against. Some of the provisions of the bill have met with hostile criticism, notably the requirement that supervisors of election shall be chosen by ballot, at the general elections, as other officers are elected, the minority party to have the choice of one supervisor. The power of veto, which existed in the old law until the word was changed to "vote," by the juggling of Mr. John P. Poe, is restored in this bill, and is an absolutely necessary provision if the law is to be of any value whatever.

The bill provides for four judges of election—two of each leading party—and two clerks, similarly classified. They are to be appointed by the supervisors, and the judges of each precinct or election district are also to constitute a board of registration for such precinct. General registration is to be annual in Baltimore city and quadrennial in the counties, the period of such general registration in the latter being fixed for the years in which Presidential elections shall occur. Intermediate registration is also provided for.

The method of making nominations is also defined and full provision is made for independent candidates and for the right of the elector to vote for some individual not named as a candidate.

Official ballots and glass ballot boxes shall be provided, very much as under the present system.

At elections each party having candidates duly selected shall have the right to designate and keep a challenger or watcher at the place of election. (The same right is given at each place of registration also). Such watchers "shall be assigned to such position near the judges of election, inside the registration or polling room as to enable them to see each person as he offers to register or vote, and they shall be protected in the discharge of their duty by the judges of election and the police."

The voting booths to be provided by the supervisors of election "shall be constructed of planks not less than one inch in thickness, and shall be of such width, depth and height that the voter in marking his ballot therein shall be screened from the observation of others, and for this purpose a short curtain shall be hung across the front of each compartment at a convenient height and so as to extend a little below the shelf" on which the ballots are to be marked. This provision supplies an important omission in the present law, and shuts the voter out of sight of the prying eyes of those whose espionage would be a constraint upon his freedom of action. It is really one of the most important features of the law, although there are others to protect the voter and to prevent every other person from obtaining any actual knowledge of the character of his ticket. He is subject to a penalty for his exhibiting his ticket in any manner by which another might ascertain for whom he votes. Five minutes is the limit of time allowed a voter in the booth to mark his ballot. Soliciting votes within a hundred feet of the polling place is prohibited under a penalty.

Duplicate returns of the election are to be made, in the counties one copy to be filed with the clerks of the Circuit Courts and one with the County Commissioners, and in Baltimore City with the clerk of the Superior Court and the Mayor.

The custody of the ballot-boxes containing the ballots and the poll-books, is provided for. Canvassing boards are created by the law. In the counties these boards are to be constituted of the supervisors of elections, the State's attorneys and the presiding judges of the Orphans' Courts. The Secretary of State, Comptroller, Treasurer, Clerk of the Court of Appeals and Attorney-General are to constitute the State board. The county boards are to canvass county elections on the Tuesday following such election; and the State board the vote for State officers within thirty days. These boards are a new feature in Maryland elections and appear to be superfluous.

Severe penalties are provided for offences against the provisions of the law.

The State is districted for members of Congress and the Legislature, as at present, and the manner of electing United States Senators is defined, apparently unnecessarily, as the laws of the United States make ample provision on the subject. The bill, however, reiterates the famous law which has just been ignored in the election of Senator Wellington, and requires that "one of the Senators shall always be an inhabitant of the Eastern Shore and the other of the Western Shore of this State." And it is generally conceded that this requirement is without the authority of the Constitution of the United States. It will probably be eliminated. Senators and members of the House of Delegates have taken an oath to support that instrument and can hardly in conscience vote for such a provision.

North Glade.

Our school has been suspended on account of measles. Both teacher and pupils have them.

Nearly every family in this community has been afflicted in some way since Christmas.

Miss Della Savage, who is teaching Fort Hill school, has had quite a serious time with measles.

Estella Baldwin died on the 24th ult. with scarlet fever and measles. She was a good Christian girl, nearly seventeen years old.

We have met but few applicants for office from No. 1. We are very modest in our demands, you know, although there is plenty of good material down here.

It has been amusing to see Mr. O. I. C. trying to explain his position in reference to the school question and other matters. He evidently realized that it is difficult to explain such stuff as he has made public. He is certainly in a pitiable predicament. He has taken great interest on the rising generation for a few months; how unfortunate he didn't commence sooner! He eulogizes the present teacher, but insinuates that her predecessors were incompetent and not fit to teach. He arrays his exalted judgment against the majority of the patrons of our school, and of course against the school commissioners and examiner for sending out as teachers those who are unqualified to teach and unfit to govern schools, but then his own words are characteristic of the man, viz., "We are the people and must be respected."

UNOME.

To The Public.

Fifty pairs of shoes will be given away in 1896 by the Great Bargain Store. For every twenty-five dollars' worth of goods purchased for cash, the customer will be presented with a pair of shoes free, also the one having purchased the largest amount during the year will be presented with a ten-dollar gold piece.

LEWIS GORTNER.

Agent for the Weaver Organ, the best in quality and price. Sample on hand. 46-3t

Grantsville.

We have had an abundance of rain the past week. Roads are very muddy.

A young horse became ill and died for Christian Beachy, of near Bittinger, while Mr. Beachy was visiting his uncle, Jonas J. Beachy, over Sunday.

Mrs. Wm. King, who had been very ill, was convalescing at latest accounts.

Educational and teachers' meetings were held here as appointed Friday and Saturday. A large number of people were present on Friday evening, many of whom were there with the anticipation of hearing Prof. Sanner, of Somerfield, Pa., speak, whom it was currently reported, would take part in the exercises of the evening, but he did not appear, thus many were disappointed. Examiner Hinebaugh is officially visiting the public schools in this region, presumably his last visit to our schools here, in his present official incumbency.

Married, at the bride's home, near New Germany, on Jan. 26, 1896, by Rev. H. M. Gelnett, Matthew Kiddy, of Pekin, Allegany Co., Md., to Annie M. Stark, of New Germany, Md.

The remains of a son of Barney Klink, who lived about nine miles east of this place, were brought here for interment Monday.

John Opel, jr., is moving his saw mill from the vicinity of St. Paul, Pa., to the tract of land on which is part of the timber recently purchased of Messrs. Miller and Yoder by Mr. Baker, which purchase we announced in our last items. Miller & Folk's mill required repairs, thereby delaying operations and preventing immediate sawing of Mr. Baker's timber.

GEN. HARRISON WITHDRAWS.

Will Not Allow His Name to be Presented as a Candidate

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Feb. 4.—Capt. John K. Gowdy, chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, has received the following communication from Ex-President Harrison.

"In view of the resolution passed by the State Central Committee at its recent meeting, and of the fact that the delegates to the National Republican Convention are soon to be chosen in this State, I conclude that some statement from me as to my wishes and purposes should now be made to my Indiana friends. Hitherto I have declined to speak to the public upon the matter, but scores of friends with whom I have talked, and many scores more whom I have written will recognize in this expression the substance of what I have said to them. To everyone who has proposed to promote my nomination I have said 'No.' There never has been an hour since I left the White House that I have felt a wish to return to it. My Indiana friends have been most devoted and faithful, and I am their grateful debtor. The Republican party has twice in National Convention given me its endorsement and that is enough. I think the voters of our party are now entitled to have a new name. For the sentiment, great or small, that has been manifested for my nomination, I am grateful, and of that wide respect and kindness, breaking party lines, which have been shown me in so many ways I am profoundly appreciative. I cannot consent that my name be presented to or be used in the St. Louis Convention, and must kindly ask my friends to accept this as a sincere and final expression upon the subject."

Although Mr. Harrison's declination will cause considerable confusion in Indiana Presidential politics, it is generally admitted that McKinley will have the major part of the delegation from this State, and some believe that he will secure nine out of every ten delegates, Mr. Harrison's influence will no doubt be thrown to Senator Allison, but it is conceded that his personal choice will not control the people to any considerable extent.

Cranesville.

It has been quite a while since we have seen any items from this place.

We are on the top of the Alleghenies, where the far-famed Pine Swamp knob can be seen from adjacent states.

The farmers of this community keep pace with the times in the tilling of the soil, which will yield for them an abundant harvest.

There will be at least forty or fifty thousand bushels of lime burned this spring.

The old adage is if the ground hog sees his shadow he will return to his burrow for six weeks, so if this be true we may expect some more severe winter weather.

The stockholders of the telephone company held their first meeting on last Wednesday evening in the hall of the I. O. O. F., and transacted the line of routine business. The line will extend from Henry via Cranesville and Pleasant Hill to Terra Alta. Over three hundred dollars are on subscription. Work will begin as soon as a permit can be secured from the county court.

John Strawser has purchased two lots of Samuel A. Teets for thirty-five dollars. He will erect a dwelling house on them early this spring.

Rev. E. P. Idleman just returned home from Aurora where he had been assisting Rev. Jones in a revival service.

Those who are reported sick at this writing are Mrs. J. C. White, Mrs. J. H. Roach and baby and Clinton Sanders, but we are glad to say he is improving slowly.

Mr. C. L. Falkenstine and wife were in town Sunday visiting B. F. Jenkins.

Mr. Wm. Guseman has been doing a good bit of surveying in this community.

Dr. F. H. Ravenscroft and wife, of Accident, were on our streets a few days this week and visiting some of his patients in this community. He reports the sick improving.

Considerable excitement is astir in this county over the mad dog scare. The court has passed an order to have all dogs muzzled to protect man and stock from the cruelty of such animals.

Jos. and H. B. Lewis are operating a saw mill located on Grayel run near Toliver.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In affect April 1st, 1891.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS		NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1			No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.			NOON	P. M.
3 00*	8 00†	lv Cumberland	ar	*12 05	†7 00
3 31	8 31	Rawlings		11 29	6 29
3 56	8 56	Keyser		11 01	6 01
4 09	9 09	Westernport		10 51	5 51
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. June.		10 48	5 48
4 37	9 37	Shaw		10 23	5 23
5 00	10 00	Harrison		10 00	†5 00
5 45	10 45*	ar Elk Garden	lv	8 55	*3 55
5 35	10 35†	lv Gorman	ar	9 21	4 21
5 41	10 11	Bayard		9 15	† 15
5 52	10 52	Doboln		9 01	4 01
6 23	11 23	Thomas		8 31	3 31
6 55	11 55	ar Davis	lv	8 00	2 55
6 27	11 27	lv Coketon	ar	8 31	3 31
6 51	11 51	Hendricks		8 07	3 07
6 57	11 57	Bretz		3 01	3 01
7 00	12 00	Parsons		7 58	2 58
7 30	12 30	Kerens		7 20	2 20
8 00	1 00*	ar Elkins	lv	*7 00	†2 00
	1 30*	ar Beverly	lv		*1 35
					P. M.
	2 55*	ar Bealington	lv		*11 30
P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

After January 6th, 1896, and until further notice, Sunday trains will be discontinued.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

SHERIFF'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE!

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett County, and to me directed, at the suit of the State of Maryland, use of Calvin C. Wooden, against Cyrus H. Shreve, J. C. Rodeheaver, W. S. Lantz, W. D. Hoye and Jacob L. Ours, being No. 58 Trials to May Term, 1888, I have levied upon, seized and taken into execution the following described real estate of the said Jacob L. Ours and will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, in the town of Oakland, in front of the Court House door, on

Saturday, the 15th of February, 1896,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., all of said real estate described as follows:

All that piece or parcel of land in Garrett County, Maryland, adjoining Mt. Lake Park and Loch Lynn Heights and beginning for the same at the end of 90 perches and 18 links on the first line of Military Lot No. 986, and running thence N. 23° E. 2 perches, N. 67° E. 10 perches, to the county road, and with it S. 59½° E. 2 perches, to the limits of the B. & O. R. R. and with said limits S. 66° W. 12 perches, to the beginning, containing one eighth of an acre, and conveyed to the said Jacob L. Ours by Martin S. T. C. Grayson by deed dated 11th of August, 1883 and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 7, folio 615.

Said land will be sold to satisfy said judgment and interest thereon and all costs.

AUSTIN BROWN, Sheriff.

46-3t

TRUSTEE'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
Real Estate
In District No. 8, of Garrett County, Maryland.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett County, passed on the 15th day of January, 1896, in a cause in said court pending, wherein Lloyd Lowndes, Trustee, is complainant, and Alexander C. Good et. al. are defendants, it being No. 61 on the Equity Docket of said court, the undersigned trustee will sell at public auction in front of the post office in the town of Oakland, Garrett County, Maryland, on

SATURDAY,
the 15th day of February, 1896,

at the hour of one o'clock p. m.,

the real estate in the proceedings mentioned to-wit:

1st. All that part of a tract of land called "Sandy Spring" situate, lying and being in Garrett County, Maryland, and described as follows to-wit:

Beginning at the end of the second line of Military Lot No. 1201 and running thence with the third line thereof and with the third line of each of Military Lots Nos. 322 and 321 S. 26° W. 250 perches, to the given line of the whole tract, and with it N. 44° E. 191 perches, thence N. 13½° W. 87½ perches, thence N. 70° W. 30 perches, to the beginning, containing

46 5-8 ACRES.

2d. All those other portions of said tract called "Sandy Spring" described as follows:

A. Beginning at the beginning of the whole tract called "Sandy Spring" and running thence with the first and part of the second lines thereof N. 81° W. 40 perches, N. 20° W. 73 perches, to the second line of a tract called "Chance," and with it reversed S. 45° W. 21 perches to the end of the 2d line of Military Lot No. 1203 and with the 3d line thereof and with the 3d line of Military Lot No. 1202 still S. 45° W. 127 perches, S. 70° E. 30 perches, S. 13½° E. 87½ perches, to the given line of the whole tract and with it N. 44° E. 173 perches, to the beginning, containing

83 3-4 ACRES.

B. Beginning at the end of the first line of a tract of land called "Mount Pleasant," and running thence with the second line thereof N. 20° E. 21 perches, to the beginning of Military Lot No. 321 and reversing its given line S. 70° E. 63 perches, to the given line of the whole tract and with it reversed S. 44° W. 14½ perches, to the second line of a tract of land called "Covent Garden" and with it reversed W. 18° E. 112½ perches, to the beginning, containing

26 ACRES.

The Trustee reserves the right in case a bid for the first above described portion of "Sandy Spring," is not adequate to its value to withdraw the same and offer it with the remaining portion as one entire tract.

A plat showing the sub-divisions of said land can be seen at the office of the undersigned at Oakland.

This land is covered (except a small portion) with a fine growth of spruce, hemlock, poplar, white oak and red oak timber.

TERMS OF SALE. As prescribed by the decree.—One-third cash on day of sale; one-third in six months and one-third in twelve months from the date thereof, the deferred payments to bear interest and to be secured by the bonds of the purchaser or purchasers thereof, endorsed to the satisfaction of the trustee—or the entire purchase money may be paid in cash on the day of sale.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
46-4t. Trustee.

Estate of Clinton Dewitt, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

CLINTON DEWITT,

late of Garrett County, Maryland, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 28th day of July next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 14th day of January, 1896.

JACOB S. MEYERS, } Admr's.
WALTER G. MEYERS, }
45-4 Oakland, Md.

ECCLESIASTICAL COLUMN.

Rev. J. W. Butler, pastor St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran Church, Editor.

Sabbath Observance.

The origin of the Sabbath is known to every one that has read the first three verses of the second chapter of Genesis, or learned to repeat the third commandment.

Revelation, history, reason and experience all teach us that the Sabbath is a divine institution; and if divinely instituted, its observance is as obligatory as any of God's ordinances and commands.

Hear what God says to us upon the subject in the book of Gen. II. 1, 2, 3.—Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it; because that in it He had rested from all His work which God created and made."

This institution, thus appointed at the creation, God designed to be a law, and right, and blessing to mankind in all time: and he would have us prize it as a day to us of physical rest and spiritual refreshment and invigoration.

In passing from the patriarchial to the Jewish dispensation, we find that this aboriginal holy day was not superseded, but was retained with additional tokens of respect. As we hear the voice of Almighty God giving forth the Law of the Decalogue from Sinax, one of the utterances is, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shall not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man servant, nor thy maid servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates, for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the seas and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: Wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it.

"This Decalogue was not a code prescribed to the Jews only, to be abrogated as other laws of Moses, but is an abridgment of the duties of the human family in all places and at all times."

Christ taught on various occasions that Christians are obligated to the Decalogue, as in his conversation with the young rich man.

The apostles also recognized the permanent continuance of the ten commandments. Paul in Romans gives expression to this truth. James also writes in his epistle, "whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all. This principle verifies this statement, "He that said, honor thy parents, said also, remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Now if thou do no dishonor to thy parents, yet if thou profane the Sabbath, thou art become a transgressor of the law."

When we contemplate the sacred day in all its holy influences, its physical and intellectual adaptations, its economic and domestic benefits, its moral and religious effects, in short, its every influence upon the respectability and happiness of individuals and nations, does it not present itself to our reason in the fairest light as a divine institution, designed to be observed by all people, through all time.

Among the Jews the law of the Sabbath was strictly complied with. "It was their custom to make preparation for the Sabbath, towards the close of the sixth day. (Mark XV. 42.) On that day they would cease from labor at the time of the evening sacrifice; and from that hour till the sun went down, all busied themselves in getting ready for that holy season. Cooking was done, and all things were attended to needful for orderly and decent appearance: Such as washing the person, trimming the beard, etc., that the sacred day might be entered upon without confusion, and in a manner of reverence and respect. Just before sunset the Sabbath candle was lighted in each house, in expression of gladness at the approach of God's day. On the Sabbath morning they went to their synagogues, or if they lived in Jerusalem, and desired, they went to the temple to worship."

The fact that the Sabbath was changed by our Lord, from the seventh to the first day of the week, makes its rigid observance no less binding upon chrisitians that it was upon the Jews.

Indeed, may not its observance be more binding upon us because it is not only a continual memorial of God's goodness and power displayed in the creation, but also a memorial to the end of time of the resurrection of Christ from the dead, and the bringing of life and immortality to light.

It is a day of holy rest. Not merely of languid repose, or cessation from physical toil. Its purpose is of a higher character. It is a season of spiritual refreshment: a time for gathering ourselves together in holy places, to engage in the services of prayer and praise. It is a day of sacred study and meditation; of gathering the children together for instruction in God's word. In view of this truth, how sad and awful was the characteristic langnage of that mother, not long since, "I don't care how much my children run out on Sunday just so I get rid of their noise and dirt." It is also essentially a season for family devotion and worship. The daily sacrifice under the law was doubled on the Sabbath day, and in the temple service of Ezekiel, was tripled. So while family worship is inexcusable on any day it would be criminal to omit it on the Sabbath.

The extent of Sabbath desecration among the masses is alarming. Amusements and pleasures of the most worldly character are indulged in. Pleasure excursions, driving, rambling, visiting, drinking, feasting, ball and card playing, and all kinds of sinful and social past-times are common.

And in secular pursuits we find the same desecration. O, what a penalty the railroad companies are incurring in their Sabbath desecration! What a sin this government will have to answer for in the evil of its Sunday mails! And alas! it is a sad fact that this desecration is not only found among the worldly, but also among professing Christians. They are no less eager for their Sunday mail than the non-Christian. They rush to the post-office, and devour their business letters and Sunday newspapers with as much relish as the most un-Godly.

And now, let us epitomize in the beautiful language of another:

"The Sabbath is the most sacred of the days. It is as old as man. It has come down with him from the days of his innocence. It is a part of that moral code delivered on Sinai, and written on the granite rock to last as long as the world. It is a sweet remembrance of God and His great works of power and goodness. It tells of that joyous time 'when the radiant morn of creation broke, and the world in the smile of its God awoke.' It carries back our thoughts to the period when the whole earth was sinless, and man in his innocence was blessed. It now celebrates the Savior's triumph over death—the bursting forth from Joseph's tomb of the germ of another creation, brighter than the first—the bringing of life and immortality to light. It tells of rest that was, and rest that is to be. I love this holy day, this solemn pause amid our earthliness, this breathing space for man, this halt of toil's exhausted caravan, this weekly drop of heavenly sweetness in the bitter cup of life. I hail it as the channel of heaven's sublimest gifts to man. It was given before sin had touched or soiled our noble nature, and it is to be the crown of that redemption which removes those stains again. It was the inheritance of man in his innocence at the beginning; and when he leaves this earthly tabernacle, it shall meet him with a soothing calm on every breeze, and greet him with a heavenly sweetness and quiet, on every ray, transcending all that ever attached to it before. The Saturday of life's weary week brings after it an everlasting Sabbath in the skies."

Whatever then may be the sorrows and burdens of earth, the consolation is that there remaineth a Sabbath of rest for every pilgrim child of God.

"He who would enjoy this Sabbath of rest must Sundays observe; think when the bells do chime, 'tis angels' music, therefore come not late; God then deals blessings; let vain or busy thoughts have there no part; bring not thy plow, thy plots, thy pleasures thither: Christ purged his temple, so must thou thy heart."

ANNAPOLIS.

A Very Interesting Letter From the Capital City

ANNAPOLIS, Feb. 5, 1896.

The selection of police commissioners for Baltimore city is at present the all obsorbing question. The Republican party took high ground in the recent campaign, and there is a determined purpose on the part of the leaders of the party to maintain it.

Under the Democratic regime these positions were given to the most unscrupulous partisans; the police force of Baltimore city was organized and drilled as a political machine. From a connection with partisan politics to positive venality the step was short, and many developments of recent years have shown the entire organization to be permeated with corruption. Instead of protecting the citizen in the exercise of his right of franchise it became, in the hands of politicians, the most powerful agency in dispoiling him of the rights and privileges of a freeman.

It was to rescue the police power of the city from the hands of the ring, and to place it in the control of men, and under the protection of a system that would insure its efficiency in the preservation of order and the protection of the personal and political rights of the citizen, that the Republican party was placed in power by the people.

It was not simply to change from Democratic to Republican control that the people sought. It was more than that that the Republicans promised, and they must keep that promise is the hope to retain the confidence of the people. This is the view Governor Lowndes and his friends take of the situation, and they have determined that the two police commissioners to be elected shall be men who will commend the respect of all classes of the people: they must be men whose fitness is unquestioned, and they must be chosen more with reference to their qualifications for the responsibility of their position, than in consideration of their political of party standing.

The Republican party must place the police force of Baltimore beyond the reach of the politicians of either political party, and that is the work which Gov. Lowndes and his friends now have in hand. Who will the commissioner be? That is an unsettled question as yet, but when they are elected the people will see that the Republican party is true to its pledge.

Mr. Ohr informs me that the committee of ways and means, of which he is a member, has agreed to recommend an appropriation of $150,000 to purchase books for the pupils of the public schools.

He has received a petition, signed by nearly all the members of the Allegany county bar, asking the Legislature to extend the time of service of Judge Bryan beyond the constitutional limit. From the way in which the lawyers assume to dispose of matters of this kind, it might be supposed that no one had any interest in the perseryation of the efficiency of the bench except members of the profession.

Messrs. Campbell and Dick are preparing a bill to amend the law providing for the inspection of mines in Allegany and Garrett counties. Not having seen the bill I cannot give a very correct idea of its features, but I understand it provides for checkweighmen and makes the office of inspector elective by the people.

Upon the subject of minority representation upon the boards of election supervisors for the counties the Democrats kicked before they were spurred. Gov. Lowndes invited the Democratic members, as well as the various Democratic committees through Chairman Talbot, to name their men for these positions several weeks ago. The threat to hold up nominations unless this was conceeded was therefore very much out of place. No one likes to be bulled, and the threat of holding up nominations has put the Republicans in a bad humor.

The State house was invaded at an early hour this morning by a swarm of office seekers. The governor was kept very busy, but it is wonderful how he maintains his *equi poise* under the pressure. He is inst the the same at the close of a hard day, as he was in the morning, and the persistent clamor, and endless talk of those who think only *their man's* appointment will save the country, seems neither to discourage nor depress him. He is showing great staying qualities.

Yesterday while in conference over appointments a delegation of five colored men was announced. They entered, and the leader extended an invitation to the governor to attend a reception a at church social in this city the same evening. They all sooke well, and were very good representatives of their race. When each one had greeted the governor the leader said: "Now governor, we are waiting to hear you turn the wheel of conversation around the axletree of our understanding." This original and figurative expression caused a general laugh, and I think Judge Sloan and Senator Rayenscroft entered it down in their note books for future use. Of course the governor accepted the invitation, and called on his colored friends at 8 o'clock last night.

It will not do to place too much reliance in the accounts of the political situation as it is described in Baltimore papers every day. The relations between the governor and Senator Talcott, chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee are not strained, and there is no likelihood of appointments being held up. The appointments for Garrett would have gone in today, but for the reason that the governor wants to send in all the supervisors of election first, and the Democrats of Garrett and some other counties have not agreed upon the supervisor. If Mr. L. L. Hamilton is not appointed it will be because the Democratic committee for Allegany protests against him, which is not considered likely.

Hon. J. V. L. Findlay, of Baltimore city, Col. L. A. Wilmer, of Charles, Geo. R. Gaither, of Baltimore, and Col. Carter, of Howard, were among the visitors here today.

The mine inspectorship is still undecided, and no appointment is likely to be made for a week at least. I would like to give you the names of the new magistrates and registrars for Cumberland, but I am not permitted to do so at this time. They are all good appointments and will be so pronounced.

The Allegany delegateon is working hard to obtain places in the House or Senate for a number of good Republicans who have claims upon the party. It is to be hoped their friends in Allegany will not imagine they are idle. The Garrett delegation is also active in that direction.

Senator Wellington was here last night, but left for Baltimore this morning. He is a sick man, and should go away from all excitement for at least two weeks.

The governor left at 3.30 p. m. for Clarksburg, W. Va. He expects to return Thursday. Mac.

Laurel Run.

Plenty of rain and mud.

Mrs. Carpenter, of Lonaconing, is the guest of Mrs. Will Jacobs this week.

Quite a number of our citizens attended the funeral of Miss Becca Weir who died Thursday evening and was interred in the cemetery at Westernport Saturday at about 3.30 p. m. The bereaved have our greatest sympathy.

Everyone in this section are suffering from colds and coughs.

Miss Maggie Hansel is on the sick list this week.

Preaching at the Jacobs school house Sunday last by Rev. Dr. Nice also next Sunday at 7 p. m. by Rev. Buckle. All are cordially invited to attend.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

THE NAME OF THE NEXT

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN

The New York Weekly Tribune,

OF NOVEMBER 4th, 1896.

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Having opened a store on First Street, I will receive all kinds of country produce at the market price in exchange for goods. Goods sold cheap for cash. Call and see me.
38 WILLIAM W. SWEET.

1896. The Sun. 1896.

BALTIMORE, MD

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26—26t.*

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, October 20, 1895. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.48 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 49	—Express, daily except Mon.	3.56 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 47	—Daily except Mon	10.49 A. M
No. 55	—Express, daily	6.22 P. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	6.45 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	—Daily	5.50 A. M
No. 2	—Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	9.00 A. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	4.32 P. M
No. 46	—Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	12.25 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

THE TROUBLES OF JONES.

I am Thomas Jones, of the Limes, Hatchington Green, Hatchington, the celebrated Jones, though I say it myself—Jones, the solicitor, at the corner house on the Green, the great Jones, whom everybody knows.

I state this as a simple truth. I am not a vain man; if I feel that I am superior to all the other Joneses in Hatchington, that is a natural opinion—and my own private opinion—which I am not likely to thrust upon the attention of my fellow-creatures. Heaven forbid!

Jones is not an uncommon name, and one must infallibly encounter other Joneses in the course of one's pilgrimage through the world, and be taken for those other Joneses at times in the newspapers, no matter what objectionable proceedings, civil, uncivil or criminal, those other Joneses may have been up to.

That is the excessively awkward part of it, and that accounts for the story I am about to relate as graphically as my powers will allow.

My enemies—and all remarkable men have their enemies—will tell you another kind of story. "A water-on-the-brain kind of man," "a swelled-head sort of fellow," my enemies have been heard to whisper of me; but I am above their petty calumnies—far away on the mountain tops above them.

And now for the other Jones, who must come and pitch his tent on Hatchington Green also, or rather in a little trumpery house just around the corner of the Green.

Mr. Timothy Jones arrived at the little corner house, and began business there as a minor poet. I came across his name sometimes in the newspapers, and once across his portrait, size of a postage stamp, at the top of a paragraph of a half-penny evening newspaper, and the exact image of a sooty Jack Sheppard, without the fringe, a monstrous picture, and labeled "T. Jones, of Hatchington Green."

"Don't think a great deal of your husband's portrait in the Evening Periwinkle," one of my wife's friends wrote to Mrs. Thomas Jones; "very unlike him, especially about the nose. I am surprised to find that your husband is a poet, too."

If I had wanted to write poetry I could have turned off reams of rhyme, I dare say. I consider to be confounded with the man at the corner in the Evening Periwinkle was my first humiliating blow.

Presently it came to packets of proofs being left at my house by the mistakes of blundering postmen, and then to important letters of mine going to his house, and his trumpery correspondence coming to mine.

Once this Timothy Jones called on me to inquire if I had taken in a New Zealand leg of mutton by mistake; it should have reached him from Leadenhall market by 12 noon.

He was a civil enough young fellow, was Timothy Jones, but overconfident. I was glad to put him in his place, now that the opportunity had presented itself.

"No, sir; we do not deal in New Zealand mutton here," I explained. Mrs. Jones has an insuperable objection to cheap meats, and your mutton would not have been allowed to come into the house."

All this was very aggravating to me; still more aggravating when I found that my servants had taken the New Zealand mutton in after all. It had come by carrier's cart and the other Jones had not suggested itself to the servants' minds.

And there it was discovered on our premises at five in the afternoon, and I had heard Timothy Jones say that his dinner was fixed for six.

I sent the mutton around by the page, and as Mrs. Thomas Jones thought it was our duty to apologize I followed the mutton when it had got a good way upon the road—out of sight and smell.

Timothy Jones was out, so I saw Mrs. Timothy Jones, a pretty little woman enough, with too much of a smile, perhaps. I made my apology deliberately and formally, and I think that she was impressed by it.

She hoped that I had not troubled myself to bring the mutton around—great Heavens!—it was of no consequence now, as another joint had been procured from the local butcher, and so forth.

Mrs. Timothy Jones offered to shake hands with me, which I thought a rather familiar proceeding. But I shook hands, and I actually kissed that sticky boy and wished—odd that was—that there were three such children running about that big house of mine.

A few weeks later came the great source of annoyance, even of shame—just as if it were any fault of my own!

There is published on Saturday in Hatchington a weekly paper principally consisting of advertisements, cribs from other papers, local news and random readings. I never looked at the rag, and therefore its startling poster outside the office door failed to catch my eye; but on the station, whilst waiting for my customary train to town, I was considerably astonished to see in huge Brobdingnagian capitals:

THE MISSING LADY.

Mysterious Disappearance of Mrs. T. Jones, of Hatchington Green.

You might have knocked me down with a feather—it seemed so remarkably lifelike and homelike. For a minute or two I forgot about the other Jones and sat down with a swimming in my head and a general feeling of "sinks."

It was a ridiculous sensation. Presently I found myself feeling sorry for the other Jones and wondering what had happened to that bright-faced, cheery little woman I had called upon with my apologies. And those three children—two girls and the sticky boy—what were they doing without a mother's skirt to hang on to?

That was all a sickly sentimentality of feeling, and it was quickly dissipated by Reginald Chips—young Chips of the war office—a stuck-up individual with whom I travel to town every morning. I hate Chips to this day, mind you.

"Here's the train—jump into this carriage—all the people are staring at you, and no wonder, poor fellow. It must be a great blow to you."

"What is the great blow?"

"Your wife's running away," he gabbled on. "It's no use evading the question, with that infernal poster all over Hatchington. Here you are—jump in," he said, opening the door of a first-class carriage.

I was boiling with rage, but I let him foster his absurd delusion, intending to crush his monstrous and silly fancies into powder when we were in the carriage together.

The idea of Mrs. Thomas Jones running away from me!

"Now, tell me," said Chips, when the train had begun to move and his red-hot paw had clasped mine in his solicitude, "when did you first suspect Parker?"

"Parker—what the—"

"Don't get excited, there's a good fellow," he interrupted. "The only thing is to take these matters dispassionately, coolly, with the sangfroid of a man of the world—to consider that, after all, it is the best—a good riddance of a bad wife, and so look the future boldly in the face."

"Perdition!"

"The Hatchington Post has treated the affair very delicately, no allusion to Parker whatever," he ran on, 'but of course we have all noticed—why, you must have noticed yourself—how extra attentive Parker has been to your wife all summer. 'How old'—I beg your pardon—'how Mr. Jones can stand that doctor fellow sneaking and simpering over his young wife, the Lord knows,' I have said half a dozen times or more. I should have told you, but no one likes to interfere in such matters too hastily."

"You—you—officious and blithering jackass!" I shouted out at last, "you impertinent addlepate, you silly idiot of the deepest dye—it isn't my wife. It's Timothy Jones' wife, round the corner!"

"What, Jones the poet?"

"Yes; there's no other Jones, is there? And my wife is at home—and is always at home, and what do you mean by her simpering and smirking with Parker?—our medical man—do y-y-you dare to insinuate that there is anything wrong between my wife and him? You'll have to pay heavy damages for this libel, sir—thundering heavy damages—see if you don't!"

"Parker's gone, too, you know," Chips gasped out feebly, "and—oh, dear—with the other Mrs. Jones, then? I never thought of that. God bless my soul, what a mix-up! I was sure it was your wife who had bolted. I am sorry—I mean, my dear fellow, I congratulate you heartily that the rumor as regards yourself is entirely false—I do, indeed!"

I was unhappy in that office through thinking of Parker and my wife, who was younger than I by two-and-twenty years.

The green-eyed monster took possession of me and stuck its claws into my heart. What right had that Chips to tell me that Mrs. Thomas Jones was "carrying on" with Dr. Parker?

And then I thought of Mrs. Timothy Jones and felt sorry for Timothy Jones and wondered what had become of those two rosy-faced girls and that fat, sticky boy, and, presto, once more into the foreground stalked that abominable suspicion that Chips had had of my wife.

I met Timothy Jones in the down train, and we were both "down" enough to match. He had a copy of the Hatchington Post in his hand. He was traveling third-class, but I got into the same carriage with him, and disregarded any thought of "appearances" in my impulse to converse with him.

"Mr. Jones," I said, "I am extremely sorry to hear the news."

"We haven't got any news, Mr. Jones," he said quite sharply in reply. "That's the worst of it."

"Have—have you heard anything of Parker?" I inqured.

"What do you mean?"

"I—I don't know. But I heard that Parker—"

"You mean Parker, the surgeon?"

"Yes."

"To tell you the truth, he went away on his honeymoon, quietly, last week. He's a friend of mine. There will be an account of the wedding at his father's in town in the next number of this infernal Post."

"Oh, will there? But—don't you suspect—"

"Mr. Jones, I suspect nothing—only that the editor of this paper is an infernal and meddlesome fool! My wife has been missing several days, but that's no reason why he should make a sensation of it with his innuendoes, and 'a gentleman missing from Hatchington at the same time,' and all that nonsense, for which I shall have great pleasure in pulling his hooked nose in the course of the evening. No, no, something has happened to her, sir. That's the dreadful thought and certainty."

And so something had happened. Mrs. Timothy Jones had gone to London, fallen in the street, broken her ankle, been picked up insensible, and her message to her husband had not been delivered to him by the hospital authorities.

The second message was awaiting Timothy at home that very evening, however, and he came round to my house to tell me, and I was very glad to see him, and to hear that his wife was going on very favorably, indeed.

I was sitting with Mrs. Timothy Jones in the drawing-room when he came in. We were talking about Parker's marriage, I remember.—Holly Leaves.

FICTIONS ABOUT ELEPHANTS.

Prof Lockhart Discourses on Popular Errors About These Animals.

Errors and extravagances—Oriental, classic, medieval and modern superstition—cluster about "my lord the elephant," as he is called in India. There is hardly an animal about which so many fictions exist or which is so little understood.

The popular opinion is that the elephant's memory is as retentive as man's. Stories are constantly floating about to this effect. The last one I met with asserted that an elephant had killed a man who, 20 years before, when a small boy, had given him a piece of tobacco, or had in some way maltreated him. Of course this story is preposterous. In the first place most elephants love tobacco, and instead of killing a man for giving him a chew, he would be most likely to trumpet a welcome and caress him every time he presented himself. But as to his remembering anybody for 20 years or 20 months even, it is sheer nonsense. There is hardly an animal whose memory is so capricious.

An equally unaccountable fiction is that there recurs a period each year when a gland swells on each side of the animal's head about six inches back of the eyes, and which emits a watery discharge of unpleasant odor. At such times the elephant is supposed to be a very dangerous creature. As I never knew an elephant to be especially disagreeable when he had a cold in his head, I am inclined to class this with the other ridiculous and absurd yarns so often repeated.

It is commonly supposed that the elephant is unable to give definite expression to his feelings. This is a mistake. He always expresses his pleasure in one way, by blowing through his trunk. The noise made is exceedingly shrill. When in want, he expresses it in a low note made by the mouth, and when in anger or when in a revengeful mood, he makes a terrific roar with his throat, which sounds like distant thunder. He never mixes these sounds; they always stand for definite states of feeling, and are as well understood by the trainer as are the deep, slow-drawn and far resounding snores heard at midnight in the elephant's stable.

The elephant's wisdom has so often been extolled that "sagacious as an elephant" has passed into an axiom. In point of fact an animal will cross a rotten bridge full of holes if you will permit him to do so. Even in his wild state, though possessed of a proboscis which is capable of guarding it against such dangers, the elephant readily falls into pits dug to receive it, which are only covered with a few sticks and leaves. Its fellows make no effort in general to assist the fallen, as they might easily do by kicking in the earth around the edge, but fly in terror. It commonly happens that a young elephant tumbles into a pit, near which its mother will remain until the hunters come, without doing anything to help it—not even feeding it by throwing in a few branches. Whole herds of elephants are led into inclosures which they could break through as easily as if they were made of cornstalks, and which no other animal would enter; and single ones are caught by their hind legs being tied together by men under cover of tame elephants. Animals that happen to escape are captured again without trouble; even experience will not bring them wisdom. I do not think that I traduce the elephant when I say that it is, in many things, a stupid animal.

Regarding an elephant being unable to express with his countenance feelings of affection, fear, desire, I think all those who have seen Boney simulate drunkenness at Proctor's pleasure palace, in the pantomime, "From Cafe to Police Station," will readily acknowledge this error. It is really wonderful how much facial expression an elephant really has—with a face skeleton so imperfect; that is to say, its nasal bones are rudimentary, while the mouth, all of the lower half of the face, is concealed beneath great muscles attached to the base of the trunk. But in spite of that, and with his ears uncocked and his probosels pendant, an elephant's countenance is full of character.

The truth about the elephant is that, treated kindly and considerately, he is a great, good-natured beast, who, for his master, will perform any possible labor or feat. They are very affectionate and exceedingly jealous of attentions from their master. There are "rogue" elephants, of course, but they are seldom met with except in large herds, and where attendants do not understand how to treat the brutes in their charge.—N. Y. Journal.

House of Lords.

Probably the house of lords is the least sentimental assembly in the world, yet it is peculiarly susceptible to the authority and magic of a strong personality. On a celebrated occasion Lord Lyndhurst recited at enormous length all the black-letter authorities on a subject. Lord Lyndhurst got his way, not by the weight of his black-letter citations, which the pastoral peers who swell our full-dress debates could hardly be expected to appreciate, but by the accustomed, yet ever vivid, impression of Lord Lyndhurst on his legs. Thus when Lord Salisbury rises to recommend a perilous success to the cohorts he controls, when the house "gives audience and attention still as night" to the sequence of a clear-cut argument and illustration, every phrase poised to a hair, every point piercing to the quick, the whole speech acting like oxygen on the languid air of the house of lords, it is easy to realize the burden of responsibility which personal ascendency lays upon the leader of the conservative party in the house of lords.—Nineteenth Century.

A Correction.

"Jones doesn't seem to think that other people are made of the same kind of clay that he is."

"Oh, yes, he does, only he thinks there is a great deal of difference in the workmanship."—Bay City Chat.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The coffee crop of Venezuela amounts to $15,000,000 a year in value. The average crop is 60,000 tons of coffee. Two-thirds of this product is exported, mostly to England. Maracaibo is one of the centers of trade; Maracaibo coffee is known everywhere.

—A long series of experiments, in which dogs were fed alternately with each substance during four consecutive periods, has shown, it is stated, that natural butter and manufactured oleomargarine are practically equal in digestibility and nutritive value.

—A correspondent writes to Nature that carp are very fond of the larvae of mosquitoes, and, as this fish thrives in the only kind of water in which the larvae of the mosquitoes can live, he suggests that these fish might be employed to exterminate this pestiferous insect.

—Africa is becoming a very good customer of the Pacific states. Lumber and flour are the staples of the trade, and the shipments are rapidly growing in importance. The largest shipment of flour ever made from the Puget Sound region for African ports was being loaded a few days ago at Port Blakely. It consisted of 8,000 sacks.

—About 15,000 tons of starch have been made from potatoes this season in the three states of Wisconsin, Minnesota and North Dakota. Not far from 3,500,000 bushels of potatoes have been thus used, and yet this represents about half the product of the potato belt. The farmers have received an average price of ten cents a bushel for the potatoes.

—The latest discovery of a new star was made by a woman without looking at the heavens. Mrs. Fleming, of the Harvard observatory, found it from standard photographs a few days ago, attention having been directed to it by a peculiarity of the spectrum taken in Peru last July. The new star is in the constellation Centaurus, and appears to have changed into a gaseous nebula.

—The saltiness of the sea has much to do with the ocean currents, which distribute the heat of the tropics over the colder regions of the earth. Currents are largely due to the difference between the specific gravity of sea water and the fresh water of rains. Thus when rain falls on a certain part of the ocean the effort of the heavier salt water of the ocean to establish an equilibrium causes a current.

—The minute creatures that have lived in the sea for ages past have left enduring monuments in the shape of islands, rocks and continents. If the sea had not been salty, these marine animals could not have existed and secreted the hard substance known as a "calcareous skeleton," which has largely contributed to the growth of continents. Among these early inhabitants of the sea were corals, crinoids, sea urchins and star fishes.

THREE TIMES THREE.

California Woman Who Never Condescended to Anything Short of Triplets.

In an almost inaccessible mountain fastness in Mendocino county, 18 miles northeast of Ukiah, is the home of nine children, all triplets. The mother of this remarkable family is Mrs. George Walters. All the children are well and happy, and the last trio are as healthy a set of youngsters as can be found anywhere.

The Walters home is in an out-of-the-way part of the Mendocino forest district. Two of the sets of triplets were by Mrs. Walters' first husband, Orville Orrin Oates, a Missourian. Three years elapsed between the birth of the first and second triplets, and 12 years between the birth of the second and third sets.

Mrs. Walters' maiden name was Ellen Elaine Emmery. She was born in Quebec about 1855. She met her first husband during the Centennial exposition at Philudelphia. After their marriage they moved to Alton, Mo. It was at Alton in 1897 the first triplets were born. They were named Wheeler Henry, James Rutherford, and Martha Christine, being two boys and one girl. The family moved to California in the fall of 1880, and settled at first in Inyo county. From there they moved to the Little Bear valley, San Bernardino county. There, in October, 1882, the second triplets were born. They were all girls, and were named Matilda Ann, Rebecca Elizabeth, and Marie Louise. While out on a prospecting tour, seeking a fortune for his fast-growing family, Mr. Oates became lost in the vast deserts of western Arizona, and was never again heard from.

The widow then determined to move to the upper part of the state with her six children. They traveled north by easy stages, and on the way she met Mr. Walters. He helped her and her children along the way, proposed marriage, and was promptly accepted. They kept on their journey north, seeking for some far-away valley, where they could set up their home. They found it in the location already described. There in June, 1894, the last triplets were born. They were named Grover Eldord, Jasper Otis, and Ruth Ellen.

The children of the first two sets of triplets do not resemble one another at all, but the last, the babies, look so much alike that they cannot be told apart. The only way to distinguish them is to dress them differently, and when put to bed they wear different kinds of night dresses, so that the mother can tell which is which.—San Francisco Examiner.

Measles Microbes.

Dr. Joseph Czajkowski, after four years of investigation, announces the discovery of a microbe which may be the cause of measles. Two other investigators have found the same microbe in the blood of measles patients. One of the most interesting peculiarities is that while rabbits suffer no inconvenience when inoculated with it, it appears to be sure death to mice.—Youth's Companion.

Domestic Economy.

"What's this?" exclaimed the young husband, referring to the memorandum she had given him. "One dozen eggs, a pound of raisins, bottle of lemon extract, can of condensed milk, dime's worth of ground cinnamon and half a dollar's worth of sugar. What do you want of all these things, Belinda?"

"I've got a dry loaf of baker's bread," replied the young wife, "that I'm going to save by working up into a bread pudding. I never let anything go to waste, Henry."—Chicago Tribune.

AN IDEAL DEVICE.

Prevents the necktie from slipping up the collar. Every man should have one.—Life.

How to Sell Shoes.

She had vainly striven to pry her number four foot into a number 2½ shoe, and the salesman saw that all efforts would be useless. Then he said:

"Madam, let me show you a shoe especially made for Cinderella feet."

He produced a pair which fitted perfectly.

"I'll take them," she beamed.

They were four's, marked 2b.—Bay City Chat.

Professional Pride.

District Attorney (summing up)—Gentlemen of the jury, the audacity and skill displayed by the prisoner in committing this burglary exceeds anything in my previous experience.

Prisoner to Reporter—Now don't forget to get that into your paper.—Dallas (Tex.) Sifter.

A Roland for an Oliver.

Husband (reading Sunday newspaper)—Mary, here's something new in the household line. I have had your baker's and grocer's home-made bread, pies and chocolate; here is a whole column about home made desolate. (Thinks he is funny.)

Wife—You needn't read it. You can get the recipe at your favorite bucket shop.—Truth.

Suggestive.

"I am very much obliged to you, James, for this fine writing set, with heavy parchment paper," said the wealthy Mr. Oldbatch to his nephew, "but really do very little writing."

"True, uncle," replied the affectionate relative; "but I thought you might want to write your will."—Bay City Chat.

He Was Astonished.

"You know," said the lady who with sincere ardor desires only the best for the human race, "that a dog will not touch whisky?"

Col. Kyshter passed his hand over his brow in a troubled way, and said:

"Madam, do you mean to tell me that anybody was ever guilty of such outrageous extravagance as to offah whisky to a dog?"—Washington Star.

Precocious Children.

"Come, Mary, let us play 'father an mother.' I'll be the father, and you'll be the mother, with a child in your arms."

"All right, you begin."

"Oh, I wish that I had never married! What a fool I was!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Too Tame for Her.

Maud—I don't see how you can stand being engaged to a man who has to work nights!

Marie—He comes to see me afternoons.

Maud—Pshaw! How insipid! When he's gone, you must feel as though you had been to a matinee.—Puck.

No Sleight-of-Hand, Either.

Little Johnnie—Isn't this a funny horn, pa?

Brown—Yes, my boy; and if you don't stop making that large noise you will come out of the small end of it.—Judge.

THE ONLY WAY OUT OF IT.

"Oh, Edgar, instead of a street gown the dressmaker has made a traveling costume for me."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"The only way out of it that I can see is to spend the winter in Southern California."—Fliegende Blaetter.

In for a Trade.

"Can I sell you a vase to-day?" inquired a china merchant at the door of a house where a big row was in progress.

"No, you can't," snapped the woman of the house, "unless you want to trade for a family jar four times as big as your vase."—Detroit Free Press.

Not Her Class.

Mandy Ann—Say, 'Rastus, de Waydown furniture store is advuttisin' mahogany ladies' rockers fur $1.57. Yo' got to git me one.

'Rastus—Git you one nuffin'. You ain't no mahogany lady; you's ebony.—Indianapolis Journal.

Heartrending.

Rural Clergyman (sympathetically)—Terrible accident, terrible, wasn't it? Six men blown to atoms with nitroglycerine.

Undertaker (tearfully)—Heartrending! Not enough left of them for a funeral.—N. Y. Weekly.

Financial Reasons.

Wayte—What made you change doctors? I thought Dr. Pellett was your family physician.

Browne—So he was; but I never like to owe one doctor more than $100.—Somerville Journal.

Taking It Literally.

"This morning the doctor ordered me to drink water an hour before every meal, and here I've been drinking for the last 40 minutes; but I'll be jiggered if I can swallow another drop."—Humoristische Blaetter.

Danger in the Pastime.

He skimmed the glassy surface of the lake
And there, in full, his signature he wrote;
Just then a better skater took the cake—
He scratched above a promissory note!
—Chicago Record.

A Distinction, at Least.

"He was under the influence when he did it."

"Of drink?"

"No; of his wife."—N. Y. World.

Sticking to Business.

Little Boy (at toy store window)—Mamma, won't you buy me a top?

Mamma (meditatively)—It is now too cold to spin tops.

"Well, then, buy me a double ripper sled and some new skates, and we'll let the top go."—N. Y. Weekly.

Woman in the Case.

Lawyer—You say the prisoner stole your watch. What distinguishing feature was there about the watch?

Witness—It had my sweetheart's picture in it.

Lawyer—Ah! I see, a woman in the case.—Scottish American.

A Useful Man.

"Brown is weak financially, isn't he?"

"He hasn't much money, but he gives employment to a great many men."

"Who are they?"

"Other people's bill collectors."—Brooklyn Life.

THE LOOSE TOOTH.

"Let her go, Jimmy, when I count t'ree!"—Truth.

The Modern Ambassador.

Tommy—Paw, what is an ambassador?

Mr. Figg—He is used chiefly as a chip which the other country knocks off when it wants to declare war.—Indianapolis Journal.

FARM AND GARDEN.

NESTS FOR TURKEYS.

All the Hens Want Is a Place That Looks Somewhat Secluded.

If turkeys are kept at all they should be kept properly. Instead, however, they frequently get no attention worthy the name. A writer in the American Poultry Advocate calls attention to one serious neglect. He says that much time is annually lost and not a few good turkey eggs by the hens making their nests in far away isolated places, where they are not readily found, except by the wily crow, skunk or other sharp-eyed marauders. And this loss is all the more inexcusable as it can readily be avoided by a little ingenuity and judgment on the owner's part. He claims to know a breeder of quite a strain of Bronze turkeys who seldom got more than half the eggs laid by his ten or twelve Bronze hens. There was a large wood near his house into which his hens regularly each spring plunged and sought for nests. He complained of his loss from crows and other vermin and when told how easily it could be prevented, he expressed surprise, and was willing to make the attempt to save more of his turkeys' nests. According to our instructions he placed some rough piles of brush about the corners of the fence near the house and barn, and in the orchard. He also laid some empty barrels about in out-of-the-way places, putting straw and leaves in them, and some brush on and about them. This was done in February and again in April, all his hens were laying and all the nests were inside his own ground. The work of finding the nests was reduced about three-fourths and all the eggs saved.

All the hens want is a place that looks somewhat secluded. They do not care for a far-away nest especially, but like a place that gives some promise of not being a prominent public curiosity. If a loose pile of brush is thrown in any out-of-the-way place, say behind a clump of shrubbery and near a fence, in a corner of the fence, a barrel covered up with brush, one end only visible slightly, a few boards leaned against the fence and covered with rubbish, etc., will any or all make a desirable place for madame turkey to deposit her eggs.

It is best to not disturb the nest too much when once the hen has begun laying. Let her have her eggs. If the nest has a proper quantity of straw or leaves in it the hen will keep the eggs covered sufficiently to keep them from freezing. Some hens will not mind having eggs taken out of their nests, but others will soon look for some more secluded place, the chances being in favor of being placed away out in some field or along the hill or mountain deep in the wood. Of course if the hens get broody before they are wanted to set, the eggs must be taken out of the nest and the hens broken up for the time being.

FOR FANCY POULTRY.

House for Keeping a Small Number of Fowls in Fine Condition.

The accompanying engraving illustrates a poultry house, or pheasantry, for keeping a limited number of fowls in the best condition. The interior of the closed portion of the building must be arranged with nests and roosting places to suit the kinds of fowls to be kept. The henvier, full-feathered breeds require only straw bedding on a low, dry platform, just off the floor, while the light breeds do better on

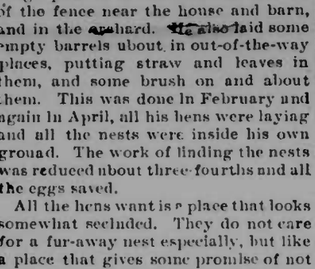

A FANCIER'S POULTRY HOUSE.

higher perches. The nests, too, must be of a proper size, and placed to suit the requirements of the birds to be kept. The roofed, wire-sided inclosure can only be appreciated by those who have seen the better condition of birds so favored. If the house stands in an exposed position, the north and east side should be inclosed during winter, leaving only the south side open, as seen in the sketch. Fowls do best when given an open-sided, roofed inclosure. Especially the crested breeds require such a protection during rainy weather, as a severe wetting often proves fatal to them. Another advantage it possesses is that the plumage is not bleached by the sun after a spell of rain, as is the case with many birds running loose in changeable weather. In fair weather as large an inclosure may adjoin the house for the birds as can be afforded them, as the more freedom they enjoy at such times the better will be their condition.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Indigestion in Poultry.

Indigestion is one of the commonest troubles of fowls and one of the most easily prevented. Grit takes the place of teeth with fowls. It requires to be sharp in order to grind up the food and prepare it for digestion. Yet how often is the supply deficient? Crushed oyster shells or sharp gravel should be accessible to the hens. Acidity of the stomach is the result of indigestion. It may be corrected by mixing very finely pulverized charcoal with the food or by keeping a supply of broken charcoal in the neighborhood of the fowls. One of the best methods of giving it is to char a couple of corncobs once a week in the oven and then let the fowls have them to peck at. The feeding of charcoal is excellent at all stages of the hen's existence, but is particularly desirable when the fattening process is going on.

The Pilgrim Mothers.

It was Fanny Fern, who, in speaking of the entire passing over of the Pilgrim foremothers in the popular celebrations of our Puritan ancestors, wittily remarked that "these women had not only to endure all that the Pilgrim fathers had to endure, but they had to endure the Pilgrim fathers too." And it may safely be assumed that these worthy men were trying to their families, for we all know that a poor dinner and a cold, uncomfortable house do not conduce to managing amiability. That they were censorious is quite certain, for one of their chronicles severely records that a certain Mrs. Johnson was given to unseemly pride of apparel because she wore whalebone in her sleeves, which would seem to show that the "sleeve extender" is not a new invention after all. And the devout and solemn Pilgrim fathers went further even than that memorable legislation which voted upon the crinoline question, for they sat in solemn conclave, and decided definitely how many and how wide the ribbons worn by the Pilgrim mothers might be and yet be consistent with a "godly walk and conversation."—Detroit Free Press.

Good for Rheumatism.

Winks—I forgot all about my rheumatism last evening. I went to the minstrels, and laughed straight along. Didn't feel a twinge. Funniest end-man I ever saw, only he was awfully hoarse.

Minks—Hoarse chestnuts are good for rheumatism.—N. Y. Weekly.

THE PACE THAT KILLS.

Fast Work and Fast Eating Make Three Score Years and Ten a Ripe Old Age These Days.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

The American people live too fast, eat too fast and drink too fast. This has brought upon many of us a train of nervous and stomach orders that are very difficult to manage. Investigation and chemical analysis to discover such compounds as will help those suffering from such ills has resulted in the discovery of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which has taken very high rank as a specific remedy.

H. P. Owens, a traveling man thirty years of age, who is well-known in this community and generally liked because he is a bright, energetic young fellow, resides with his mother at 335 Central Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. He has been a victim of dyspepsia which took the form of continuous constipation, and, strangely enough, his mother suffered from the same trouble. Mr. Owens testified to the merits of Pink Pills, in a most enthusiastic way, and said to the *Enquirer* reporter:

"I am glad to say anything I can for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because they did me great good and other people ought to know of their virtues as a medicine in stomach troubles. It was some time ago when I felt a heavy feeling in my stomach and I grew very constipated. I did not consult a doctor, but having heard of the Pink Pills I bought a box of them. In two or three days the heavy feeling in my stomach disappeared and my bowels were regular. I did not have to use more than a box of them before I was well. Since that time I have occasionally been troubled with constipation and I never get worried because I know just what to do. Mother was also troubled with indigestion and the Pink Pills did the same for her they did for me—cured her, didn't they, mother?"

When appealed to Mrs. Owens answered: "That is right. I found that it was a great medicine, so easy to take and so quick and lasting in its results."

Mr. Owens continued: "I believe that these pills are also good for nervousness. When I had my stomach troubles I was also quite nervous and that disappeared with the dyspepsia. The Pink Pills were all that were claimed for them. You can make any use of this testimonial that you see fit."

H. P. Owens has occupied several positions of trust in this city. He was for a time an employe of the *Commercial-Gazette*. He will go on the road in a few days for a prominent business house here. Mrs. Owens is quite as enthusiastic as her son about the Pink Pills and her host of lady friends can verify her good opinion of this wonderful remedy if they feel disposed to do so at any time. Where the testimony is so general and unanimous as to the excellencies of Pink Pills as the Enquirer has found it to be there is certainly good reason to believe all the good things said—about the safe and simple remedy.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., at 50c. per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

—History is a voice sounding across the centuries the laws of right and wrong. Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall, but the moral law is written on the tablets of eternity.—Froude.

"Isn't he rather fast?" asked the anxious mother. "Yes, mamma, in one sense of the word. I don't think he can get away."—Indianapolis Journal.

As old as the hills—The valleys.

"All I demand for my client," shouted the attorney, in the voice of a man who was paid for it, "is justice!" "I'm very sorry I can't accommodate you," replied the judge, "but the law won't allow me to give him more than fourteen years."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Serious Charge.—Alkali Ike—"Why didn't you stay in Texas?" Panhandle Pete—"Them people down at Cowskin City charged too much." "How do you mean?" "Charged me with stealin' a hoss."—Puck.

"What did you buy this piece of music for?" asked Mr. Darley, crossly, as he took up a sheet from the piano. "I bought it for a song," replied Mrs. Darley, sweetly.—Detroit Free Press.

"Say, Jimmie, 'd yer mallek yer?" "Naw, you bet she didn't." "Geel you got off easy." "Yep; you see she was 'fraid I'd holler so loud I'd wake the baby."

The Exasperative Agent.—"Now as to the salary—" "Fifty per cent. is what I shall expect." "What! Fifty per cent. of the gross!" "Dear me, no. Fifty per cent. of what your press agent will say you are paying me." "O!"—Indianapolis Journal.

Hillson—"Shall you send your son to college?" Millson—"What's the use! He could not achieve any honors." Hillson—"Hasn't he brains enough?" Millson—"Brains—brains! He has enough for two; but he's fast losing his hair, and no football team would have him."

A reporter, in describing the murder of a man named Jorkins, said: "The murderer was evidently in quest of money, but, luckily, Mr. Jorkins had deposited all his funds in the bank the day before, so that he lost nothing but his life."—Tit-Bits.

Mrs. Gossipy—"I think young Mr. Chatter is a delightful conversationalist." Mr. Gossipy—"Well, yes, he succeeds pretty well for a man who never has anything to say."—Truth.

"Say, kid, wuz dey a fight over yere? Kid sez dey wuz." "Wuz one, but it's over now." "D' you see it?" "See it! I'm de kid wot got licked!"—Chicago Record.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

We can stand the horseless carriage—
Think it's just as fine as silk,
But we kick hard, harder, hardest,
When they mention cowless milk.
—West Union (Ia.) Gazette.

To California in Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars.

The Burlington Route (C., B. & Q. R. R.) runs personally conducted excursions to California, leaving Chicago every Wednesday. Through cars to California destination, fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, bedding, toilet rooms, etc.; every convenience. Special agent in charge. Route via Denver and Salt Lake. Sunshine all the way. Write for descriptive pamphlet to T. A. Grady, Excursion Manager, 211 Clark St., Chicago.

She—"Why does a woman take a man's name when she gets married?" He—"Why does she take everything else he's got?"—Truth.

EARLIEST VEGETABLES ALWAYS PA

That's so, the editor hears Mr. Market Gardener say. Well, why do you have them? Simply because you don't plant Salzer's northern grown seeds. His vegetables are bred to earliness and they never disappoint you. Salzer is the largest grower of vegetables, farm seeds, grasses, clovers, potatoes, etc.

If you will cut this out and send it to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., with 10c postage you will get sample package of Early Bird Radish (ready in 16 days) and their great catalog. Catalog alone 5c postage. (K)

"Love makes the world go round." The world seems to go round, but love makes your head swim; that's the explanation.—Boston Transcript.

Fits.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A paragraph in a provincial paper reads: "A thunderstorm made Beranger a poet, a mother's kiss made West a painter and a salary of 30 shillings a week makes us a journalist."—Tit-Bits.

The Queen & Crescent is the only line operating a through sleeper to Florida via Asheville, N. C. Three car lines daily to Florida. Unequaled service.

Girls and billiard-balls kiss each other with just about the same amount of real feeling.—Truth.

For Bronchial and Asthmatic Complaints, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have remarkable curative properties.

How calmly we may submit ourselves to the hands of him who bears up the world.—Richter.

Actors, Vocalists, Public Speakers praise Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

"Is marriage a failure?" "No; not as a means of grace." "Er—what?" "It leads to repentance."—Truth.

Piso's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs.—Rev. D. Buchmueller, Lexington, Mo., Feb. 24, '94.

An exchange heads a local item: "He pants for the bloomer girl." That's what they are—"he pants."

Beecham's pills for constipation 10c and 25c. Get the book (free) at your druggist's and go by it. Annual sales 6,000,000 boxes.

If the devil were to take off his hat every time he met a hypocrite, he would long since have died of exposure.—Texas Siftings.

The New Orleans Limited, via the Queen & Crescent Route, makes the trip Cincinnati to New Orleans in 24 hours. 90 miles shortest line.

PAIN often concentrates all its MISERY in

Rheumatism

Use at once

ST. JACOBS OIL

If you want to feel it concentrate its healing in a cure.

WE HAVE NO AGENTS.

but sell direct to the consumer at wholesale prices. Ship anywhere for examination before sale. Everything warranted. 100 styles of Carriages, 90 styles of Harness, 44 styles Riding Saddles. Write for catalogue.

ELKHART Carriage & Harness Mfg Co.
W. B. Pratt, Secy Elkhart, Ind.

LATEST AND BEST **WELL DRILLING MACHINES** 100 ft. to 2,000 FEET.

HORSE, STEAM AND GASOLINE POWER..... ADDRESS LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.

KLIPS Binds Papers. A Volume a Minute. Samples 25 cts. Price-list FREE. Covers to order. At all STATIONERS. E. H. BALLARD, 258 Pittsfield, Mass.

HURRAH FOR PENNSYLVANIA.

The farmers of Pennsylvania are to be congratulated. M. M. Luther, East Troy, Pa., grew over 200 bushels Salzer's Silver Mine Oats on one measured acre. Think of it! Now there are thirty thousand farmers going to try and beat Mr. Luther and win $200 in gold! and they'll do it. Will you?

Then there is Silver King Barley, dropped on poor soil 116 bus. per acre in 1895. Isn't that wonderful—and corn 230 bus. and potatoes and grasses and clovers, fodder plants, etc., etc. Freight is cheap to all points.

If you will cut this out and send it with 10c postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will receive their mammoth catalogue and ten packages grains and grasses, including above oats, free. (K.)

She—"I really don't think I shall take part again in theatricals; I always feel as though I were making a fool of myself." He—"Oh, everybody thinks that!"—Pick Me Up.

Cheap Excursions to Great Southwest.

On January 14 and 28, February 11 and March 10, 1896, the Santa Fe Route will run a series of homeseekers' excursions from the East to principal points in Arkansas, Arizona, Southern Missouri, Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Texas.

Ticket rate will be about one fare for round-trip, with liberal limits and stop-over privileges. These Santa Fe Route excursions will enable you to take a Midwinter trip to a new country.

By addressing G. T. Nicholson, G. P. A., Monadnock Building, Chicago, you can obtain free literature descriptive of the Great Southwest.

The gay cravat which she selected
Will leave him soon a wreck
While he with truth remarks, dejected,
"I'll get it in the neck."
—Washington Star.

A Canal Choked Up

Is practically useless. The human organism is provided with a canal which sometimes becomes choked up, namely, the bowels, through which much of the effete and waste matter of the system escapes. When they are obstructed—constipated, in other words—Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will relieve them effectually, but without pain, and institute a regular habit of body. This medicine also remedies malarial, bilious, dyspeptic, rheumatic, nervous and kidney trouble, and strengthens the entire system.

Hen So—"Do you believe men are the architects of their own fortunes?" Saidso—"Certainly; but too many of them fall in with Buddensieck contractors."—Life.

To California.

Study all time cards and you will find no railroad carrying tourist cars make as quick time as the Phillips Rock Island Excursions. One hour and thirty minutes quicker time than any other route Chicago to Los Angeles.

A. Phillips & Co. have carried over 125,000 patrons to and from California. Why? Because every well-posted California traveler understands Phillips has the best regulated tourist system.

Jno. Sebastian, G. P. A.,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentle Hint.—Charlie—"Dear auntie, I congratulate you on your birthday, and promise you not to lose the dollar."—Fliegende Blaetter.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is a monthly paper published by the Passenger Department of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. It is designed to give reliable information concerning western farm lands, what can be raised on them successfully, and the experiences of farmers who live in the west. Copies of the paper will be sent to any address for one year on receipt of 25 cents. Postage stamps accepted. Address "The Corn Belt," 209 Adams St., Chicago.

Jackson—"Any sleeping apartment in the club you belong to?" Saarleigh—"Not one, except the reading-room."—Household Words.

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action; but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently overcome habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

The Chicago—"And do you find the water here so very bad?" The Elsewhere—"O, no. With salad dressing it is not at all bad."—Detroit Tribune.

Danger Signals

More than half the victims of consumption do not know they have it. Here is a list of symptoms by which consumption can certainly be detected:—

Cough, one or two slight efforts on rising, occurring during the day and frequently during the night.
Short breathing after exertion.
Tightness of the chest.
Quick pulse, especially noticeable in the evening and after a full meal.
Chilliness in the evening, followed by
Slight fever.
Perspiration toward morning and
Pale face and *languid* in the morning.
Loss of vitality.

If you have these symptoms, or any of them, do not delay. There are many preparations which claim to be cures, but **Dr. Acker's English Remedy** for Consumption has the highest endorsements, and has stood the test of years. It will arrest consumption in its earlier stages, and drive away the symptoms named. It is manufactured by the Acker Medicine Co., 16 and 18 Chambers St., New York, and sold by all reputable druggists.

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/5 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared, Steel, Galvanized after-Completion Windmills, Tilting and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Buzz Saw Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

Bubbles or Medals.

"Best sarsaparillas." When you think of it how contradictory that term is. For there can be only **one** best in anything—one best sarsaparilla, as there is one highest mountain, one longest river, one deepest ocean. And that best sarsaparilla is———? . . . . There's the rub! You can measure mountain height and ocean depth, but how test sarsaparilla? You could, if you were chemists. But then, do **you** need to test it? The World's Fair Committee tested it,—and thoroughly. They went behind the label on the bottle. What did this sarsaparilla test result in? Every make of sarsaparilla shut out of the Fair, **except Ayer's.** So it was that Ayer's was the only sarsaparilla admitted to the World's Fair. The committee found it the best. They had no room for anything that was not the best. And as the best, Ayer's Sarsaparilla received the medal and awards due its merits. Remember the word "best" is a bubble any breath can blow; but there are pins to prick such bubbles. Those others are blowing more "best sarsaparilla" bubbles since the World's Fair pricked the old ones. True, but Ayer's Sarsaparilla has the medal. The pin that scratches the medal proves it gold. The pin that pricks the bubble proves it wind. We point to medals, not bubbles, when we say: The best sarsaparilla is Ayer's.

You are discharged I have no use for any one that has not sense enough to chew

BattleAx A GREAT BIG PIECE FOR 10 CENTS **PLUG**

The largest piece of good tobacco ever sold for 10 cents and The 5 cent piece is nearly as large as you get of other high grades for 10 cents

General Harrison ON The Presidential Office

A striking article in the February issue of

The Ladies' Home Journal

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This is Walter Baker & Co.'s Cocoa box—be sure that you don't get an imitation of it.

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Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

EARLY FIRM RADISH **SALZER'S NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS** POTATOES $1.50 PER BU.

PRODUCE THE EARLIEST, FINEST VEGETABLES IN THE WORLD. They are bred to earliness; full of life and vigor. That's the universal verdict. A trial will convince the most doubtful. Prices dirt cheap. Wholesale list for market gardeners. Send 15c in stamps and get our Mammoth Plant and Seed Catalog and a package of the pumpkin yellow watermelon sensation. Catalog alone 5c for postage. It will pay you to get it.

JOHN A SALZER SEED CO LA CROSSE WIS

$5 Hand Bone, Shell, and Corn Mills for Poultrymen. Daisy Bone Cutter. Power Mills. Circular and testimonials Free. WILSON BROS., Box 4 Easton, Pa.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 3rd, 1896

Fifteen Republican Senators voted for the free coinage substitute for the House bond bill, which passed the Senate by a vote of 42 to 35 and three Republican Senators who would have voted for it—Hansbrough, of N. Dakota, Dubois, of Idaho, and Wolcott, of Colo.,—were paired. As there is no possibility that the substitute can become a law the only interest attached to the matter was the record made by the vote. With the exception of Senator Cameron, of Penn., all of the Republican are believed to have voted in accordance with the views of a majority of their constituents.

The Democratic members of the House committee on Foreign Affairs having refused to agree to any resolution submitted by the Republican members of that committee, the Republicans adopted, and, of course, the House will also, a resolution expressing the sense of the House that Ambassador Bayard's un-American utterance in recent speeches in Great Britain were improper and that he be censured therefor. If Bayard has any sense of manhood left he will resign when the House adopts that resolution.

Senator Pettigrew of S. Dakota, sometimes has a prophetic mood. While one of them was on him he said: "The bond bill will die in conference. The House will not agree to the free coinage substitute of the Senate, and all of the various compromises that may be proposed will go into the waste basket. There is no common ground upon which the Houses can meet. The revenue bill will be reported from the Committee on Finance without amendment, and will pass the Senate in the same shape it passed the House. It will then go to the President, who will knock it in the head with his little vote and end financial legislation for this session. We will then pass the appropriation bill and go home before the first of May, making the shortest long session on record.

Speaker Reed has been presented with a gavel from Mr. Blaine's birthplace, accompanied by the following letter, which is self-explanatory: "The wood for this gavel was taken out of the window frames of the Blaine House. A living shrine is more satisfactory than a dead one—a man's house is more attractive than his grave. To see the rooms in which he lived and talked, the bed on which he slept, the chair and table where he wrote, the very pen which his living fingers guided—these very sights bring the man before us and he lives again. James G. Blaine belongs to history. Knowing the Hon. Thomas B. Reed to be a friend of the dead statesman, we send him this gavel as a token of our esteem and respect for him personally, and as our standard bearer in 1896. We hope when taps of this gavel shall call the House to order, it will call before the members the form of Hon. James G. Blaine, whose words have echoed through the chamber which now knows his voice no more."

While there are many men in both branches of Congress who are as much opposed to Mr. Cleveland's policy as Senator Tillman, of S. C., is or can be, there are few men in Congress who do not openly condemn the blackguard language which Tillman used to express his opposition. The President's position should protect him from personal abuse.

The Union Republican Club, of Washington, proposes to celebrate the fortieth birthday of the Republican party by holding a big mass meeting on the evening of Feb. 22nd. A large hall has been engaged, and already the invitations of the club have been accepted by a sufficient number of Republicans of National reputation to make it certain that the celebration will be the brilliant success it deserves to be.

If the Democratic members of the Senate all follow the example of the Election committee, it will be left for the populists to decide whether Senator Dupont, of Del., shall get the seat to which he was legally elected. The Election Committee has, by the vote of every Republican member, reported in favor of Senator Dupont's right to the seat, but if the Democrats all vote against him he will have to get some Populists votes to get in. Neither Senator Dupont nor his friends have any doubt of his final success.

It is said by some that the reason of the Republican senators oppose making a change in the offices of Secretary and Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate is that they control more patronage under the present Democratic officials than they could hope to retain under new ones. An attempt is to be made the last of this week to settle the question at a caucus of Republican Senators.

Senator Gorman virtually acknowledged the hopelessness of the Democratic cause when he announced his intention to retire from the Democratic National Committee and all participation in National politics, in order to fight for his own political life at home. He knows that the Republicans of Maryland will leave no stones unturned to have him succeeded by a Republican and that he has no time to devote to National forloin hopes.

Gorman.

Nice weather for this season.

The recent rains have raised the water considerably.

J. F. Shillingburg died last Sunday night, typhoid fever being the cause of death

Mr. S. C. Baker has moved to Porter, W. Va., where he is engaged in business.

Rev. J. H. Koch has just closed a successful meeting at the White church.

Miss Nina Clement, of Short Run, was visiting friends in the vicinity last Saturday.

Accident.

Roads muddy.

Miss Hannah Kemp is on the sick list.

Little Mabel Royer, who was reported sick last week, is slowly recovering.

On last Tuesday Miss Maggie Miller returned home from the West where she was visiting friends and relatives.

Last Wednesday Mr. Ed Geise was married to Miss Katie Kahl by Rev. Holboght. After the ceremony the Accident Military Band favored the happy couple with some of their selections, for which they received a handsome treat. Mr. and Mrs. Geise have gone to Frostburg where they expect to make their future home.

The sawmill on Mr. Clark Rush's land and owned by Daniel Turney and Redstock, is doing a good business.

Mr. John Margroff is visiting his father Mr. Ed. Margroff. John is employed at Hindman, Pa., as telegraph operator,.

Kearney.

The recent rain has raised the waters to their usual fullness, and driving stock and hauling water is at an end.

Rev. Jesse Cook closed the protracted meeting at this place Sunday night with twenty conversions and several reclaimed. May the good work go on and his labor still bring forth good fruit.

Stock is looking extra well for this time of year, and if the winter remains mild there will be plenty of hay summered over, notwithstanding the dry summer of '95.

This section has opened up quite an active industry in mining since any items appeared in THE REPUBLICAN. At the foot of Backbone mountain on the south side is the Keystone mine, with Mr. N. B. Harvey general manager. Keystone mine is putting out some bright, sparkling coal. Hardscrabble mine is operated by J. D. Harvey, who puts on the market some No. 1 coal, and lime is being found in small quantity, but is good, and prospects are that there will be opened a paying lime stone mine here in the near future.

The firm of Lish & Harvey, general merchants, are doing a fine business and welcome their customers with smiles on their faces and bargains on their shelves.

Some of us farmers would like some of the correspondents of THE REPUBLICAN and the editor to give us some hints in the columns during 1896, touching on the experience with some crop on feeding tests. Just a few lines would be good to us who have had but little experience.

The Sunday school at the White church is holding over this winter for the first time in the history of the church. So far this quarter there has been a total average of 45 every Sunday. Come out and help in the Sunday school. There is work for all.

Those on the sick list are Capt. J. W. White, Mr. Elmer Harvey and Mrs. Eliza White. The latter is very low at this writing.

Loch Lynn Heights.

Messrs. William C. Combs and "Bert" Caton who have been on the sick list, we are glad to note are convalescent.

Ground is being broken on Third avenue for the erection of Mr. Daniel Pleasant's house.

Quite a large number of our people have been attending the successful revival meetings, which are being held at Glade Valley.

Mr. W. W. Sweet has sold his store to Mr. H. E. Felty.

Messrs. G. P. White and B. F. Crane bought Mr. J. J. Caton's blacksmith shop, on second avenue. It will be used by Messrs. C. M. Rathbun & Co. as a store house.

Lumber is being placed on the ground for the extension of Mr. W. A. Hough's tin-shop.

The Horticultural Supply Co. have been shipping away a large quantity of mushrooms lately.

Capt Cochran's house is being inclosed.

Mr. J. C. Gibson has moved into the house lately occupied by Mr. Jere Moon, on Paull street.

Major J. C. Alderson, who has been confined to his room for several weeks with a severe attack of the la grippe, at Lewisburgh, Virginia, we are glad to state, is able to be around in his room.

Hon. C. E. Hillery, our Assemblyman, was the guest of G. P. White last Sunday.

The Hildreth house, on Lothian street, is ready for plastering.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Ashby are on a visit to friends and relatives at Crellin.

Mr. J. M. Crane's house, on Loch Lynn street, is in a fair way towards completion.

Mr. J. J. Caton, who is working at Dobbin, W. Va., was home on a visit to his family last week.

Work has begun on Mr. A. H. Frey's livery stable on the old base ball grounds.

We understand Mr. S. P. Baker is soon to leave for the eastern part of Virginia, where he contemplates buying a farm. We dislike to see Mr. Baker leave us as he has made many friends while here.

Capt. S. M. Taylor and family will occupy their cottage next week. They intend making this their future home.

Mr. Jonas Kennedy recently attempted to ford the creek when it was high and consequently part of his wagon floated down the creek. After a great deal of difficulty he recovered it.

There has been a great deal of interest manifested in the Sunday school lately. It meets at two o'clock every Sunday.

Messrs. C. M. Rathbun & Co. received two car loads doors and sash last week.

INVESTIGATOR.

New Germany.

Hon. C. J. Otto, member of the House of Delegates, spent part of Saturday and Sunday at home.

After a month of earnest labor, during which time between thirty and forty souls were added to the flock, Rev. Faulkner closed his protracted meeting at this place.

J. B. Emory, of this place, and Harry M. Ankeny, of Backwoods, attended the local teachers' institute at Grantsville on Friday and Saturday last.

Mr. Christian Fresh, for some months past an employee of the Marvin Cracker Co., of Pittsburg, Pa., is home again.

The recent rains have taken all the snow and given us in its stead a generous supply of mud, which is a great inconvenience to many, and a disappointment to some, especially to those who "slip" (intentionally) that they may be restored to their equilibrium at the hands of a sympathetic young gentleman.

Maust Bros., of Salisbury, Pa., expect to commence operations on the Baneord timber the first of the week.

A certain young man, being caught in the perpetration of the "parting scene," and being asked if it was nice, replied, "I think it am," but being approached on the subject now, he will inform you that you will have to ask some one else, which proves that "great minds will differ."

Mr. Edward Gnagey, of Grantsville, was the guest of Mr., or perhaps more correctly speaking, of Miss Otto, on Sunday.

The best proof of the severity of the recent cold weather was given by a young man, who upon being invited into the house by a young lady said, "I will warm my feet and then I must go," and when we consider that he did not go until the "wee sma' hours," we cannot doubt the severity of the weather.

LOIN.

For Sale.

200 acres, more or less, of good land: 50 of fine timber, 11 room dwelling, large orchard of never failing fruit. Make good summer resort or stock farm. For particulars, call on premises or address, Mrs. Thos. Cornwall. Sunnyside, Md. 46-5t*

Ripans Tabules relieve nausea.

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Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
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"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
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Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett County to appoint viewers to locate a county road beginning at a point near the bridge that crosses Savage river on the Grantsville and Barton road, running through the lands of Elias Merrill, Amos Broadwater, John Broadwater, Mrs. Fannie Weltzel, Wm. H. Merrill and John F. Robeson to intersect the road leading from Noah Garlitz's mill to the head of A. J. Lancaster's lane, a distance of four miles.

E. MERRILL,
AMOS BROADWATER,
JOHN F. ROBESON,
47 51 and others.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT
C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,
PLANING MILLS,
And BUILDING MATERIALS.
MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS.

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.
Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.
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PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR
Monuments.
Headstones,
AND
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WITH
J. B. WILLIAMS
FROSTBURG, MD.
AGENTS WANTED.
4193.yr—*

WHEN COMING TO DEER PARK

Don't fail to give NETHKEN BROS. a call.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE AND GROCERIES.

We also carry latest styles in Fall and Winter Millinery. Has trimmed to order.

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.

Come and be convinced you do not have to pay two prices for your goods, because we sell for cash. Remember the place.

NETHKEN BROS,
Main Street,
DEER PARK, MD.
31—1yr

OAKLAND PHARMACY,
OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,
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DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY,
DAY OR NIGHT.
PRICES REASONABLE.
JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.
31—26

SAMUEL LAWTON,
—DEALER IN—
Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.
23-1yr.

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DEALERS IN
FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES
WALL PAPER
—AND—
GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

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WE LOAN MONEY

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For full particulars and terms apply to
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P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.
Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

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Special attention given to real estate.
CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING.
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OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

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Office in Sincell Building,
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Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
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LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
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JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
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AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

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Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
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SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.
LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.
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$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.
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LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.
All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.
Call on or address:
C. A. WOLT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1896 NUMBER 49.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Miss Alice Kepner is on a visit to friends in Cumberland.

Mr. C. M. Miller, of Swanton, was in Oakland on Friday.

W. C. Devecmon, of Cumberland was in Oakland Monday.

Rev. J. W. Butler and several members of his family are ill.

Mr. D. E. Offutt made a business trip to Clarksburg on Friday last.

Mr. J. Alvin Friend, of Sang Run, was in Oakland on Friday last..

W. C. Kidd, the popular salesman, of Baltimore, spent Sunday in town.

Miss Elizabeth Weber went to Cumberland last Monday evening on a visit.

Mr. C. Paugh, of Bayard, W. Va., was a caller at this office on Saturday last.

Mr. John Roth, of District No. 8, was in Oakland a few hours on Tuesday.

Attorney D. J. Blackiston, of Cumberland, was in the city last Thursday.

The free school book bill passed the House yesterday afternoon by a vote of 71 to 3.

Assemblyman Hilleary is confined to his room at Annapolis with an attack of erysipelas.

Owing to some cause our correspondent at Annapolis has failed to send in his weekly letter.

Messrs. Chas. A. Sinsel and Geo. M. Whitescarver, of Grafton, were registered at the Glades on Monday.

Mr. J. O. Cleveland left Oakland on Friday for Staunton, Va., where he goes to visit his parents, who are ill.

Mr. J. S. Meyers returned last week from a visit to friends and relatives at Friendsville and Selbysport.

Ex-Judge Henry Sanders went to Terra Alta yesterday to visit his son John, who is ill with pneumonia.

Mrs. G. O. Miller, who has spent several weeks visiting her parents in Covington, Ky., returned home Tuesday.

Mr. E. H. Sincell went to Annapolis Monday, where he goes to attend a session of the Court of Appeals.

Messrs. D. E. Offutt and Samuel Lawton are in New York purchasing new dynamos for the electric light plant.

Mrs. R. A. Ravenscroft, wife of Senator Ravenscroft, who was ill several weeks recently, has recovered her usual health.

The case of John Shartzer, trustee, vs. The Mtn. Lake Park Association comes up in the Court of Appeals this morning.

Master Harry and Miss Virgie Richardson, of Piedmont, W. Va., spent several days last week visiting relatives in Oakland.

Messrs. D. E. Offutt and J. M. Davis went to Washington Monday to attend a meeting of the Mountain Lake Park Association.

Mrs. S. C. Smith left on Tuesday night for Lexington, Mo., where she will spend two or three months visiting friends and relatives.

Miss Margaret Sincell gave a party to quite a number of her friends last Thursday evening in honor of her sixteenth birthday.

$20 Reward.

I will pay a reward of $20 to any one giving information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the person who strewed poison along the streets and in the yards and gardens in Oakland and thus poisoned my setter dog.

46-4t J. M. JARBOE.

Dr. H. W. McComas has finished his special course on diseases of women and children and returned to Oakland to resume the practice of his profession.

The story entitled "The Old and the New," found on another page in to-day's REPUBLICAN, was written by Miss Nannie Weber, a student at Briar-Bend Seminary.

Mr. C. J. Newman went to Baltimore on Monday to attend the annual meeting of the grand lodge of the K. of P. Mr. Newman goes as a delegate from Garrett Lodge No. 113.

A party of fourteen young people, chaperoned by Miss Bessie Browning, went from Oakland to Deer [illegible] were entertained at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Garrett.

The bicycle craze bids fair to be here with renewed vigor next summer. An agent stopped off here Monday for a few hours and sold six new wheels to our boys, to be delivered when the bicycle season opens.

Miss Mayme Gesner, of Annapolis, who is well known among the people of Oakland, has been very dangerously ill at her home. Her condition at this time is very much improved and hopes of her recovery are entertained.

Mr. George A. Spedden suffered an attack of heart failure at the railroad station in Oakland yesterday, but was revived in a short time and taken to his home on First street. His condition this morning is somewhat improved.

Mr. Ray Bell, of Newburg, West Va., who was here as telegraph operator and ticket agent, has been removed to the office at Keyser. His position in the Oakland office is now filled by the former operator, Mr. Thomas Cline, of Grafton.

Rev. S. M. Engle, pastor of the Presbyterian congregation in Oakland, went to Elk Garden, West Va., on Monday to hold a series of meetings. He will return the latter part of this week and conduct the regular Sabbath services in his church here on the 16th inst.

In order to get some money to pay some bills that may be pressing before long G. W. Mason, at the City Roller Mills will sell all kinds of grain, feed, flour, etc., at a reasonable price. 2t

The Maryland Supply Company of Garrett county, mention of which was made in these columns a week or two ago, will erect a two story frame business house on Liberty street, opposite the Memorial church, where the wholesale trade of the company will be carried on.

The President of the Oakland Literary and Amusement Club has been notified by the school Board that the use of the school building is denied the use of the club by order. There will be no meeting therefore to-night but arangements are being perfected by which the club will be installed in other and better quarters.

The firm of Hayden & Eckles, who until they were burned out at Mountain Lake Park, conducted a general mercantile business, has been dissolved. Capt. Hayden, the senior member of the firm, will rebuild on the site of the burned building and put in a stock of groceries and cottage furnishings and will be ready for business about May 1st.

Rev. Romanus Mattingly, pastor of St. Peter's Catholic church, Oakland, will lecture in Offutt's Hall on Monday night, Feb. 17, at eight o'clock, on the "Analysis and the Synthesis of Scientific Thought." No doubt the reverend gentleman will be favored with a large audience as the subject selected for the lecture is one that is deeply interesting. Smith's Military Band will furnish music for the occasion. Thirty-five and fifty cents. Tickets for sale at Offutt's store.

Rev. J. L. B. Jones, of Aurora, W. Va., was in town a few hours on Tuesday on his way to Clarksburg and other West Virginia towns. Mr. Jones has just closed a very successful series of revival meetings at Aurora in which one hundred and sixty persons were converted. There were only four persons in the neighborhood who were not influenced by the meeting, and these four could not be induced to attend the church.

Mr. Ed. Slabach met with what might have been a very serious accident on last Wednesday afternoon. As he was driving a span of Deer [illegible] to the [illegible] road the horse became frightened and ran away. After going a few rods the horse fell, his head turned under his shoulders and the rider with both legs tightly wedged between the body of the horse and the road. After a struggle lasting some minutes Mr. Slabach extricated himself from his position and assisted the horse to his feet. Mr. Slabach received some severe bruises, but the horse was not injured very much.

The lumber for Mr. John Shartzer's opera house and office building is being put on the ground. The new plans for the building are on an extensive scale. The first floor will be fitted up for offices and store rooms. On the second floor will be apartments for offices also. The third floor will be used exclusively as a theater. This room will have a floor space capable of seating five hundred persons. The floor will slope gradually from the stage to the rear of the hall. A number of private boxes will be erected immediately adjoining the stage. The ceiling will be twenty-four feet high. The whole building will be heated with steam and lighted by electricity. The estimated cost will be six thousand dollars.

Marriage Licenses.

Charles E. Lloyd and Mrs. Margaret Shanabarger.

Jonathan Costan and Fannie Nethken.

Charles Butler and Mary Blough.

David Satterfield and Mollie D. Baker.

Willie B. Mick and Myrtle L. Moore.

Matrimony Under Difficulties.

Sometime on Sunday Mr. David Satterfield and Miss Mollie D. Baker, of Fairmont, W. Va., registered at the Commercial hotel. A glance by an observer would indicate that they were on matrimony bent, and this was soon proven by the fact that the prospective groom soon started on the hunt of a court officer for the purpose of securing a marriage license. The official was found, but refused to grant a license on the Sabbath. This was a sad state of affairs. The groom was a pedagogue and had left his school for the purpose of getting married, and a failure to report for duty on Monday morning meant the losing of his situation. Nothing daunted, however, he made special arrangements with the clerk of the court to issue the coveted papers immediately after midnight. Accordingly the license was procured a few minutes after the clock struck the hour of twelve, and Rev. Arbuthnot made them man and wife at 12.30 o'clock Monday morning. They departed on train No. 7, at 2.48 a. m., for their home. May the journey so roughly begun, end in peaceful sailing on the matrimonial sea.

For Sale.

200 acres, more or less, of good land; 50 of fine timber. 11 room dwelling, large orchard of never failing fruit. Make good summer resort or stock farm. For particulars, call on premises or address, Mrs. Thos. Cornwall, Sunnyside, Md. 46-5t*

OAKLAND'S NEW CHARTER.

Two Meetings Held to Adopt It—The Saloon License.

It has long been a fact known to many of our citizens that the present charter of Oakland is defective in many of its provisions, some of its measures being too liberal for the public good and others too stringent with regard to the powers of the council, etc.

With a view to the reparation of these evils, the town council of Oakland prepared and submitted to the citizens of the town a new charter, which, after some amendments, was adopted, and will be sent to the General Assembly of Maryland for approval.

Two meetings of the citizens were held in [illegible]'s Hall on Friday night of last week and Tuesday night of this week. The meeting Friday night was called to order by president of the council, Mr. Jos. Smithman. Upon motion Mr. John Shartzer was called to the chair and Mr. Robert Townshend made secretary. The charter as passed by the council was read and then taken up by sections and adopted. The principal changes from the old charter that will effect the people most, as near as we can gather them, are about as follows:

The right of the council to remove the bailiff or other appointive officers for non-attendance to duty or other just causes. This right was denied the council in the old charter, and we think it just that the council should have this power, for a mistake is sometimes made in the appointment of these officers, thus leaving the town practically without official capacity.

Another change will materially effect the collecting of taxes. The levy is made on the first of June and the power is given to collect these taxes by law after sixty days from the time said levy was made. Heretofore taxes were only collectible by process of law after January 1st, and this gave a great many transient property holders a chance to get away from the town before the taxes could be collected.

A section gives the council the right to collect a license from circuses, theatrical troops, peddlers, livery stables, drays, delivery wagons, stores, meat shops, etc.

A tax not to exceed one dollar was also placed on dogs, at the discretion of the council.

The licensing of saloons brought forth considerable discussion. A clause of the charter as adopted on Friday night left it to the discretion of the council to fix the license not to exceed three hundred nor less than twenty-five dollars. This, it was feared, would result in having a fight at every municipal election for a low license or a high license council. At the meeting on Tuesday night it was moved to amend this clause to fix the license at one hundred and fifty dollars, which amendment carried bo a vote of sixty to forty-seven. This amendment also makes it compulsory for the saloons to close at 10.30 o'clock p. m.

At the meeting Tuesday night the council desired the expression of the citizens in regard to the lighting of the town. The will of the majority as expressed gives the council the right to put up six extra are lights, and run the lights all and every night, and were instructed to make such contract with the owner of the electric light plant.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending February 15, 1896, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

John Naville	Irze Hason
J. P. Martindell	Mrs. Malissa Martin
Mrs. Ella King	Mrs. Charles Glotfelty
Miss Lizzie Willett	Layton & Griffin

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Ye Olde Folks Concerte.

Programme of the great concert to be given by the Ladies' Aid Society of St. Paul's M. E. Church, on February 18th, 1896, at Offutt's Hall. Admission, 25 cents; children, 15 cents; reserved seats, 35 cents. Tickets for sale at Sturgiss' Drug Store, Oakland Pharmacy and Davis' Hardward Store. Diagram can be seen at latter place.

YE GREATE CONCERTE.

Wielder of ye baton.....Simeon Snifiles.
Harpsichordists, Ruth & Dorothy Schoonven

YE FIRSTE PARTE.

1. "My Countrie, 'Tis of Thee," all ye men and women singers.
2. Instrumental solo, Ruth Schoonven.
3. Four mouth piece, "Come Where the Lillies Bloom," Prof. Simeon Snifiles, David Doolittle, Charily Jewsberry and Mercy Vain.
4. Round, "I Saw Esau Kissing Kate," all ye men and women singers.
5. One mouth piece, "Within a Mile of Edinboro Town," Tirzan Ali Allen.
6. Two mouth piece, "Matrimonial Sweets," Priscilla and Uriah Hasselbach.
7. One mouth piece, "Nancy Lee," Josiah Allan.
8. Solo, "Old Folks at Home," Priscilla Alden (she that was a Mullins), assisted by Charity Jewsberry, Joseph Jefferson and Prof. Simeon Snifiles.
9. Instrumental solo, on ye fiddle, Dr. Bumpus.
10. "Old Black Joe" (worldly song), Joseph Jefferson.

After breathing a spell, we will goon with

YE SECONDE PARTE.

1. "Cousin Judiah," all ye men and women singers.
2. "Annie Laurie," (worldly song), Keziah Jones.
3. Two mouth piece, "Far Away," Charity Jewsberry and Martha Washington Brown.
4. Round, "Three Blind Mice," all ye men and women singers.
5. Ye worldly song, "Anchored," Roxana Jewsberry, (she that was a Bumpus.)
6. "Auld Lang Syne," all ye men and women singers.
7. Worldly Song, "Bonnie Sweet Bessie," Mercy Vain.
8. BURLESQUE BAND.

POSTSCRIPT.

N. B.—Ye whole of ye towne folk may attend, as ample provision hath been made for the comfortable sitting of ye same, and much moneys and tyme hath been expended in preparing ye concerte.

N. B.—All ye old men and wimmen of four score years and ten will be admitted free, and all ye young folks less than six months will be excluded.

N. B.—Ye singers will bring ye tune books, candles and slippery elm for ye voices.

N. B.—Ye men and wimmen will be suffered to sit to-gether.

N. B.—All ye singers and players will have their best clothes on.

Young Man Lost.

On last Thursday about 11 o'clock Amos Sines, son of Solomon Sines, who lives near Sang Run, started out in the woods above the house to cut a dry pole for kindling wood. A short time afterwards his mother heard the sound of his ax, and that is the last that has been seen or heard of him.

His mother became alarmed at his absence and started in search of him, but the search was fruitless and she returned home. Toward evening the father came home and learning of his son's absence, started on the search, but could not find him. Next morning a party was organized and the search kept up until Sunday. His ax was found and also where he had cut down a dry locust pole. The pole was missing, and as it could not be found it is supposed he carried it with him. The young man was twenty-two years of age, and has never been of sound mind. He was until a year ago subject to fits, and it is supposed these came on him again while in the woods and in his derangement wandered away.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

F. E. Merrill has the best line of late style neck wear in town.

Just received a fine new line of late style shirts at F. E. Merrill's.

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Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Go to F. E. Merrill's for ladies' shirt waists. A large line to select from. 47-3t.

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Have you used agricultural lime? If not address the Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va., for prices.

Have you used agricultural lime? If not address the Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va., for prices. 45-tf.

It not only is so, it must be so. One Minute Cough Cure acts quickly, and that's what makes it go. Oakland Parmacy.

For prices on agricultural lime, delivered in car load lots, address Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont W. Va.

For prices on agricultural lime, delivered in car load lots, address Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va. 45-tf

One Minute Cough Cure touches the right spot. It also touches it at the right time if you take it when you have a cough or cold. See the point? Then don't cough. Oakland Pharmacy.

A high liver with a torpid liver will not be a long liver. Correct the liver with DeWitt's Little Early Risers, little pills that cure dyspepsia and constipation. Oakland Pharmacy.

"Give me a liver regulator and I can regulate the world," said a genius, The druggist handed him a bottle of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

Don't invite disappointment by experimenting. Depend upon One Minute Cough Cure and you have immediate relief. It cures croup. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results. Oakland Pharmacy.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Soothing, healing, cleansing. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the enemy to sores, wounds and piles, which it never fails to cure. Stops itching and burning. Cures chapped lips and cold-sores in two or three hours. Oakland Pharmacy.

Quick in effect, heals and leaves no scar. Burning, scaly skin eruptions quickly cured by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, Applied to burns, scalds, old sores, it is magical in effect. Always cures piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

J. W. Pierce, Republic, Ia., says: "I have used One Minute Cough Cure in my family and for myself, with results so entirely satisfactory that I can hardly find words to express myself as to its merit. I will never fail to recommend it to others, on every occasion that presents itself." Oakland Pharmacy.

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

A RIDE BY NIGHT.

BY EDWARD W. THOMSON.

Mr. Adam Baines is a little gray about the temples, but still looks so young that few could suppose him to have served in the civil war. Indeed, he was in the army less than a year. How he went out of it he told me in some such words as these:

An orderly from the direction of Mead's headquarters galloped into our parade ground, and straight for the men on guard before the colonel's tent. That was pretty late in the afternoon of a bright March day in 1865, but the parade ground was all red mud with shallow pools. I remember well how the hind hoofs of the orderly's galloper threw away great chunks of earth as he splashed diagonally across the open.

His rider never slowed till he brought his horse to its haunches before the sentry. There he flung himself off instantly, caught up his saber, and ran through the middle opening of the high screen of sapling plaes stuck on end, side by side, all around the here or so occupied by the officers' quarters.

The day, though sunny, was not warm, and all the men of my regiment were in their huts when the galloping was heard. Then they harried out like bees from rows of hives, ran up the lines between the lines of huts, and collected, each company separately, on the parade ground opposite the officers' quarters.

You see, we had a notion that the orderly had brought the word to break camp. For five months the army of the Potomac had been in winter quarters, and for weeks nothing more exciting than vidette duty had broken the monotony of our brigade. We understood that Sheridan had received command of all Grant's cavalry, but did not know but the orderly had rushed from Sheridan himself. Yet we awaited the man's reappearance with intense curiosity.

Soon, instead of the orderly, out ran our first lieutenant, a small, wiry, long-haired man, named Miller. He was in undress uniform—just a blouse and trousers—and bareheaded. Though he wore low shoes, he dashed through the mud and water toward us in a great hurry.

"Sergeant Kennedy, I want ten men at once—mounted," Miller said. "Choose the ten best aide for a long ride, and give them the best horses in the company. You understand—no matter whose the ten best horses are, give 'em to the ten best riders."

"I understand, sir," said Kennedy.

"Halt, boys!" he cried. "Sergeant, I'll pick out four myself. Come yourself, and bring Corporal Crowfoot, Private Badger and Private Absalom Gray."

I remained near Kennedy, for I was so young and green a soldier that I supposed I had no chance to go.

"Hurry up! Parade as soon as possible. One day's rations; light marching order—no blankets—fetch overcoats and ponchos," said Miller, turning; "and, in choosing your men, favor light-weights."

That was, no doubt, the remark which brought me in. I was lanky, light, bred among horses, and one of the best in the regiment had fallen to my lot. Kennedy wheeled, and his eye caught on me.

"Saddle up, Adam, boy; I guess you'll do."

Away we went, not a man jack of us knew for where or what. The colonel and officers, standing grouped before regimental headquarters, volleyed a cheer at us. It was taken up by the whole regiment; it was taken up by the brigade; it was repeated by regiment after regiment of infantry as we galloped through the great camp toward the left front of the army.

To this day I do not know precisely where we went, nor precisely what for. Soldiers are seldom informed of the meaning of their movements.

What I do know is what we did while I was in the ride. As we approached the dense pine woods the lieutenant turned in his saddle, slackened pace a little, and shouted: "Boys, bunch up near me!"

He screwed round in his saddle so far that we could all see and hear, and said:

"Boys, the order is to follow this road as fast as we can till our horses drop, or else the Johnnies drop us, or else we drop upon three brigades of our own infantry. I guess they've got astray, somehow; but I don't know myself what the trouble is. Our orders are plain. The brigades are supposed to be somewhere on this road. I guess we shall do a big thing if we reach those men to-night. All we've got to do is to ride and deliver this dispatch to the general. You all understand?"

"Yes, sir! Yes, sir! Yes, sir!"

"It is necessary you all should. Hark, now! We are not likely to strike the enemy in force, but we are likely to run up against small parties. Now, Kennedy, if they down me, you are to stop just long enough to grab the dispatch from my breast; then away you go—always on the main road. If they down you after you've got the paper, the man who can grab it first is to take it and hurry forward; so on, right to the last man. If they down him, and he's got his senses when he falls, he's to tear the paper up and scatter it as widely as he can. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir! Yes, sir!"

"All right, then. String out again!"

He touched the bay with the spur, and shot ahead.

I was still thinking of the probability that I should get further on the way than any comrade except the lieutenant, or perhaps Crowfoot and Bader, whose horses were in great shape; I was thinking myself likely to win promotion before morning, when a cry came out of the darkness ahead. The words of the challenge I was not able to catch, but I heard Miller shout: "Forward, boys!"

We shook out more speed just as a rifle spat its long flash at us from about 100 yards ahead. For one moment I plainly saw the southerner's figure. Kennedy reeled beside me, flung up his hands with a scream, and fell. His horse stopped at once. In a moment the lieutenant had ridden the sentry down.

Then from the right side of the road a party, who must have been lying around the camp-fire that we plainly saw in among the pines, let fly at us. They had surely been surprised in their sleep. I clearly saw them as their guns flashed.

"Forward! Don't shoot! Ride on!" shouted Miller. "Bushwhackers! Thank God, not mounted! Any of you make out horses with them?"

"No, sir! No, sir!"

"Who yelled? Who went down?"

"Kennedy, sir," I cried.

"Too bad! Anyone else?"

"No, sir."

"All safe?"

"I'm touched in my right arm; but it's nothing," I said. The twinge was slight, and in the fleshy place in front of my shoulder. I could not make out that I was losing blood, and the pain was scarcely perceptible.

"Good boy! Keep up, Adam!" called the lieutenant, with a kind tone. I remember my delight that he spoke my front name. On we flew.

Possibly the shots had been heard by the party half a mile further on, for they greeted us with a volley. A horse coughed hard and pitched down behind me. His rider yelled as he fell. Then two more shots came; Crowfoot reeled in front of me, and somehow checked his horse. I saw him no more. Next moment we were upon the ground with our pistols.

How many of my comrades had gone down I knew not, nor beside whom I was riding. Suddenly our horses plunged into a hole; his stumbled, the man pitched forward and was left behind. Then I heard a shot, the clatter of another falling horse, the angry yell of another thrown rider.

On we went—the relics of us. Now we rushed out of the pine forest into broad moonlight, and I saw two riders between me and the lieutenant—one man almost at my shoulder and another galloping ten yards behind.

Bader and Absalom Gray were nearest me. Neither spoke a word until we struck upon a space of sandy road. Then I could hear, far behind the rear man, a sound of galloping on the hard highway.

"They're after us, lieutenant!" shouted Bader.

"Many?" He slacked speed and we listened.

"Only one!" cried Miller. "He's coming fast."

The pursuer gained so rapidly that we looked to our pistols again. Then Absalom Gray cried:

"It's only a horse!"

In a few moments the great gray of fallen Corporal Crowfoot overtook us, went ahead, and slacked speed by the lieutenant.

"Good! He'll be fresh when the rest go down!" shouted Miller. "Let the last man mount the gray!"

Suddenly the hoofs of Crowfoot's gray and the lieutenant's bay thundered upon a plank road whose hollow noise, when we all reached it, should have been heard afar. It took us through wide orchard lands into a low-lying mist by the banks of a great marsh, till we passed through that fog, strode heavily up a slope, and saw the shimmer of roofs under the moon. Straight through the main street we pounded along.

Whether it was wholly deserted I know not, but not a human being was in the streets, nor any face visible at the black windows. Not even a dog barked. I noticed no living thing except some turkeys roosting on a fence and a white cat that sprang upon the pillar of a gateway and thence to a tree.

Out of the village we went off the planks, again upon sand. I began to suspect that I was losing a great deal of blood. My brain was on fire with whirling thoughts and wonder where all was to end. Out of this daze I came, in amazement, to find that we were quickly overtaking our lieutenant's thoroughbred. Had he been hit in the fray and bled to weakness? I only know that, still galloping while we gained, the famous horse lurched forward, almost turned a somersault, and fell on his rider. "Stop—the paper!" shouted Bader.

We drew rein, turned, dismounted, and found Miller's left leg under the big bay's shoulder. The horse was quite dead, the rider's long hair lay on the sand; his face was white under the moon!

We stopped long enough to extricate him, and he came to his senses just as we made out that his left leg was broken.

"Forward!" he groaned. "What in thunder are you stopping for? Oh, the dispatch! Here! away you go! Good-by!"

In attending to Miller we had forgotten the rider who had been long gradually dropping behind. Now, as we galloped away—Bader, Absalom Gray, myself and Crowfoot's riderless horse—I looked behind for that comrade, but he was not to be seen or heard. We three were left of the 11.

From the loss of so many comrades the importance of our mission seemed huge. With the speed, the noise, the deaths, the strangeness of the gallop through that forsaken village, the wonder how all would end, the increasing belief that thousands of lives depended on our success, and the longing to win, my brain was wild.

Bader led; the riderless gray thundered beside him; Absalom rode stirrup to stirrup with me; he was a veteran of the old war. Where it was that his sorrel rolled over I do not remember at all, though I perfectly remember how Absalom sprang up, staggered, shouted: "My foot is sprained!" and fell as I turned to look at him and went racing on.

Then I heard above the sound of our hoofs the voice of the veteran of war. Down as he was, his spirit was unbroken. In the favorite song of the army his voice rose clear and gay and piercing:

"Hurrah for the Union!
Hurrah, boys, hurrah!
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom!"

We turned our heads and cheered him as we flew, for there was something indescribably inspiriting in the gallant and cheerful lilt of the fallen man. It was as if he flung us, from the grief of defeat, a soul unconquerable; and I felt the life in me strengthened by the tone.

Old Bader and I for it! He led by 100 yards and Crowfoot's gray kept his stride. Was I gaining on them? How was it that I could see his figure outlined more clearly against the horizon? Surely dawn was not coming on!

No; I looked round on a world of naked peach orchards, and cornfields ragged with last year's stalks, all dimly lit by a moon that showed far from midnight; and that faint light on the horizon was not in the east, but in the west. The truth flashed on me—I was looking at such an illumination of the sky as would be caused by the camp fires of an army.

"The missing brigade!" I shouted.

"Or a southern division!" Bader cried. "Come on!"

"Come on!" I was certainly gaining on him, but very slowly. Before the nose of my bay was beyond the tail of his roan, the wide illuminations had become more distinct; and still not a vidette, nor a picket, nor a sound of the proximity of an army.

Bader and I now rode side by side, and Crowfoot's gray easily kept the pace. My horse was in plain distress, but Bader's was nearly done.

"Take the paper, Adam," he said; "my roan won't go much farther. Good-by, youngster. Away you go!" and I drew now quickly ahead.

Still Bader rode on behind me. In a few minutes he was considerably behind. Perhaps the sense of being alone increased my feeling of weakness. Was I going to reel out of the saddle? Had I lost so much blood as that? Still I could hear Bader riding on. I turned to look at him. Already he was scarcely visible. Soon he dropped out of sight; but still I heard the laborious pounding of his desperate horse.

My bay was gasping horribly. How far was that faintly yellow sky ahead? It might be two, it might be five miles. Were union or southern soldiers beneath it? Could it be conceived that no troops of the enemy were between me and it?

Never mind; my orders were clear. I rode straight on, and I was still riding straight on, marking no increase in the distress of my bay, when he stopped as if shot, staggered, fell on his knees, tried to rise, rolled to his side, groaned and lay.

I was so weak I could not clear myself. I remember my right spur catching in my saddle cloth as I tried to free my foot; then I pitched forward and fell.

Not yet senseless, I clutched at my breast for the dispatch, meaning to tear it to pieces; but there my brain failed, and in full view of the goal of the night I lay unconscious.

When I came to, I rose on my left elbow and looked around. Near my feet my poor bay lay stone dead.

Crowfoot's gray!—where was Crowfoot's gray? It flashed on me that I might mount the fresh horse and ride on. But where was the gray?

As I peered round I heard faintly the sound of a galloper. Was he coming my way? No; faintly and more faintly I heard the hoofs.

Had the gray gone on then without the dispatch? I clutched at my breast. My coat was unbuttoned—the paper was gone!

Well, sir, I cheered. My God! but it was comforting to hear those far-away hoofs, and know that Bader must have come up, taken the papers and mounted Crowfoot's gray, still good for a ten-mile ride! The dispatch was gone forward; we had not all fallen in vain; maybe the brigades would be saved!

How purely the stars shone! When I stilled my groaning they seemed to tell me of a great peace to come. How still was the night! and I thought of the silence of the multitudes who had died for the union.

Now the galloping had quite died away. There was not a sound; a slight breeze blew, but there were no leaves to rustle. I put my head down on the neck of my dead horse. Extreme fatigue was benumbing the pain of my now swelling arm; perhaps sleep was near—perhaps I was swooning.

But a sound came that somewhat revived me. Far, low, joyful it crept on the air. I sat up, wide-awake. The sound, at first faint, died as the little breeze fell, then grew in the lull, and came over more clearly as the wind arose. It was a sound never to be forgotten—the sound of the distant cheering of thousands of men.

Then I knew that Bader had galloped into the union lines, delivered the dispatch and told a story which had quickly passed through wakeful brigades.

Bader I never saw again, nor Lieut. Miller, nor any man with whom I rode that night. When I came to my senses I was in hospital at City Point. Thence I went home invalided.

No surgeon, no nurse, no soldier at the hospital could tell me of my regiment, or how or why I was where I was. All they could tell me was that Richmond was taken, the army far away in pursuit of Lee, and a rumor flying that the great commander of the south had surrendered near Appomattox Court House.—From Old Savarian and Other Stories.

A "LAST CHANCE" YEAR.

It Will Be a Long Time Before Women Can Propose Again.

The leap year which now begins is, however, to a certain extent peculiar, since another will not occur for eight years. Such an interval has occurred twice before in the history of Scotland, and only once in the history of England, and two centuries will elapse before it occurs again. The last year of the present century, 1900, will not be a leap year, but 2000, the last year of the succeeding century, will. The year 2100 will again be a common year, so that the next period of seven consecutive common years will be between 2096 and 2104.

The rule by which this seemingly arbitrary interference with an established order of things is regulated is comparatively simple, but its history is in many respects both curious and interesting. As everyone knows, the earth revolves round its axis, and also travels round the sun, the one revolution causing the alternation of day and night, the other that of the seasons. From the earliest times men have made use of both these series of changes as a means of reckoning time, and had there been a simple numerical relation between them, there need never have been any trouble with leap years and such devices.

Unfortunately, however, this is not at present the case. The number of revolutions which the earth makes when it goes once round the sun, instead of being a whole number, is a number and a [illegible] or, in other words, the earth goes round the sun in 365 days 5 hours and 48 minutes 46 seconds, or 365.2422 days. This was not, however, discovered in a day. Various guesses were made at the proper length of the year, and calendars were drawn up in accordance with them. But in the course of time the error accumulated, with the result that the seasons changed places, and the vernal equinox, instead of remaining at a fixed place in the calendar, moved backward or forward, according as the approximation was in excess or defect, and extra days had to be intercalated or omitted to set things right.

By the time of Julius Caesar the Roman year, which consisted of 355 days, had worked loose by three months, so that the winter months had been carried back into autumn. In order to prevent such confusion in future, with the aid of Sosigenes, he fixed the length of the year at 365¼ days, or three years of 365 days, followed by one of 366. At the same time, to bring back the equinox to its proper place, he intercalated 90 days into the current year of 355 days, making it 445 days—probably the longest year on record. This was the Julian calendar, and to it we owe to this day the leap year which comes every fourth year.

But the approximation on which the calendar was based, though much more accurate and convenient than any that had preceded it, gave too long a year by the difference between 365.25 and 365.2422, the error amounting to a day in 128 years. In the course of the centuries, the equinox gradually receded toward the beginning of the year. Caesar had fixed it on March 25; by the time of the council of Nice, and by 1582 it had receded to March 11. In order to restore the equinox to the position it occupied in 325, when the council of Nice had drawn up regulations for the fixing of Easter, Pope Gregory, in 1582, decreed ten days to be suppressed, and as the error was found to amount to three days in 400 years, he laid down that in future the last year of every century should be an ordinary year, unless it is divisible by 400, in which case it was to be a leap year. Thus 1900 will be an ordinary year, but 2000 will be a leap year.

Pope Gregory's correction gives an average year of 365.2425 days, or 26 seconds longer than the true year. These odd seconds will amount to a whole year in 3,323 years, and it has been proposed to allow for this error by providing that the year 4000, and all its multiples, shall be common years. But this would be a pedantic foresight, and it is unnecessary to discuss the question whether the year 4000 ought or ought not to be a leap year. In ages yet to come, when the friction of the tides has so retarded the rotation of the earth that 365 days make a year, leap years will be unnecessary. But that is a still remoter contingency, and in the meantime Pope Gregory's calendar is likely to remain in its present form.—Edinburg Scotsman.

Japanese Ladies in Washington.

The native ladies of the Japanese legation in Washington are a most polite and friendly coterie, and hospitable to a degree, with quaint and gentle manners. Sometimes at their afternoon entertainments they serve tea grown in their own gardens in their own faraway land, the tea being gathered, dried and brought or sent to this country. These kindly foreigners have their particular mode of brewing their favorite beverage. From a kettle of boiling water they pour into an earthen or china teapot enough to heat the pot thoroughly; then they empty out the water and put in the tea, over which they pour boiling water, let stand for five minutes, and serve. The teapot must not touch the stove. A little tea-cozy of Japanese paper is clipped over the teapot the moment the water is poured on, and a delicious cup of tea is thus secured without having extracted the injurious ingredient—the tannin. The Japanese are very generous with their material, using twice as much tea as the Americans to the same quantity of water.—St. Louis Republic.

—Stranger (to young man)—"You are not looking well this morning, my young friend." Young Man—"No, sir; I toyed with too much Jersey lightning last night." Stranger—"Ah! and how does this lightning, as you call it, make you feel?" Young Man—"It makes me feel like thunder."—Harlem Life.

—No might nor greatness can censure escape; back-wounding calumny the whitest virtue strikes. — Shakespeare.

—There is no art of science that is too difficult for industry to attain to; it is the gift of tongues, and makes a man understood and valued in all countries and all nations; it is the philosopher's stone that turns all metals, and even stones, into gold, and suffers no want to break into its dwellings; it is the northwest passage that brings the merchant's ships to him as soon as he can desire; in a word, it conquers all enemies, and makes fortune itself pay contribution.—Clarendon.

MRS. SUNRAN—"I thought you said it was the little boy next door who was making all the noise?" Little Johnnie—"So it was, ma. I was hitting him with a stick."—Tit-Bits.

SILVER KING BARLEY, 116 BU.

The barley wonder. Yields right along on poor, good or indifferent soils 80 to 100 bus. per acre. Thnt pays at 20c. a bushel!

Salzer's mammoth catalogue is full of good things. Silver Mine Oats yielded 201 1-3 bushels in 1895. It will do better in 1896. Hurrah for Teosinte, Sand Vetch, Spurry and Giant Clover and lots and lots of grasses and clovers they offer. 35 packages earliest vegetables $1.00.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND it with 10c. postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get free ten grain and grass samples, including barley, etc., and their catalogue. Catalogue alone 5c. (K)

EVANGELIST—"Do you ever have any revivals in your town?" Mr. Bute—"Nope; they mostly dies once they gits plugged."—Judge.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

THE mind is found most acute and most uneasy in the morning. Uneasiness is, indeed, a species of sagacity—a passive sagacity. Fools are never uneasy.—Goethe.

To California in Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars.

The Burlington Route (C., B. & Q. R. R.) runs personally conducted excursions to California, leaving Chicago every Wednesday. Through cars to California destination, fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, bedding, toilet rooms, etc.; every convenience. Special agent in charge. Route via Denver and Salt Lake. Sunshine all the way. Write for descriptive pamphlet to T. A. Grady, Excursion Manager, 211 Clark St., Chicago.

THE Professor (awakening)—"Is there anybody in this room?" The Burglar—"No, sir." The Professor—"Oh, I thought there was." (Falls asleep again.)—Life.

Cheap Excursions to Great Southwest.

On January 14 and 28, February 11 and March 10, 1896, the Santa Fe Route will run a series of homeseekers' excursions from the East to principal points in Arkansas, Arizona, Southern Missouri, Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Texas.

Ticket rate will be about one fare for round-trip, with liberal limits and stop-over privileges. These Santa Fe Route excursions will enable you to take a Midwinter trip to a new country.

By addressing G. T. NICHOLSON, G. P. A., Monadnock Building, Chicago, you can obtain free literature descriptive of the Great Southwest.

"ONE soweth and another reapeth" is a verity that applies to evil as well as good.—George Eliot.

We Are Poisoned by Air and Water

When they contain the germs of malaria. To annihilate these and avoid and conquer chills and fever, bilious remittent or dumb ague, use persistently and regularly Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which also remedies dyspepsia, liver trouble, constipation, loss of strength, nervousness, rheumatism and kidney complaint. Appetite and sleep are improved by this thorough medicinal agent, and the infirmities of age mitigated by it. A wineglassful three times a day.

MR. X. (who has bow-legs, to the photographer)—"For mercy's sake, hurry up, I can't hold my knees together any longer."—Fliegende Blaetter.

To California.

Study all time cards and you will find no railroad carrying tourist cars make as quick time as the Phillips Rock Island Excursions. One hour and thirty minutes quicker time than any other route Chicago to Los Angeles.

A. Phillips & Co. have carried over 125,000 patrons to and from California. Why? Because every well-posted California traveler understands Phillips has the best regulated tourist system.

JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. P. A.,
Chicago, Ill.

NOT AN ENTHUSIAST HERSELF.—Mrs. Upton Greene (who has been watching an Italian collect cigar stamps)—"Dear me! I've heard of this mania for collecting things, but that's carrying a fad too far!"—Puck.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is a monthly paper published by the Passenger Department of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. It is designed to give reliable information concerning western farm lands, what can be raised on them successfully, and the experiences of farmers who live in the west. Copies of the paper will be sent to any address for one year on receipt of 25 cents. Postage stamps accepted. Address "The Corn Belt," 209 Adams St., Chicago.

HUSBAND—"How do you suppose the saying: 'There is nothing new under the sun,' ever originated?" Wife—"Really, I don't know, unless some woman who wore a honnet like mine said it to her husband."—Household Words.

THE Florida Limited, of the Queen & Crescent Route, leaves Cincinnati to-day at 9:00 a. m., gets to Jacksonville to-morrow morning at same hour. It is a solid vestibuled train. 109 miles shortest line.

"SOME folks," said Uncle Eben, "gits de reputation of bein' great leaders, when, ez a matter er fack, dey is jes' bein' shoved forward f'um behind."—Washington Star.

FITS stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

"I TELL you, Bluks, tennis is a great game." "Really, Jones, you should be more careful in your English. Tennis was a great game."—Bazar.

PISO'S Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. Blunt, Sprague, Wash., March 8, '94.

ALTERNATE rest and labor long endure.—Ovid.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are an effectual remedy for all Bronchial Affections.

Scrofula

Manifests itself in many different ways, like goitre, swellings, running sores, boils, salt rheum and pimples and other eruptions. Scarcely a man is wholly free from it, in some form. It clings tenaciously until the last vestige of scrofulous poison is eradicated from the blood by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands of voluntary testimonials tell of suffering from scrofula, often inherited and most tenacious, positively, perfectly and permanently cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

Don't buy cheap, trashy bindings that are dear at any price. You pay but a trifle more for

S. H. & M. BIAS VELVETEEN SKIRT BINDINGS

and save your time, your money and your dress.

Look for "S. H. & M." on the label and take no other.

If your dealer will not supply you we will.

Send for samples, showing labels and materials, to the S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York City.

Saves Temper,

saves time. When hooked stays hooked. Simple, durable, strong. The DeLONG —PATENT— Hook and Eye.

See that hump?

Send two cents in stamps for New Mother Goose Book in colors to Richardson & De Long Bros., Philadelphia.

CATARRH

Is a LOCAL DISEASE and is the result of colds and sudden climatic changes. It can be cured by a pleasant remedy which is applied directly into the nostrils. Being quickly absorbed it gives relief at once.

Ely's Cream Balm

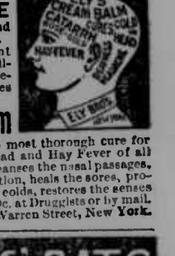

Is acknowledged to be the most thorough cure for Nasal Catarrh, Cold in Head and Hay Fever of all remedies. It opens and cleanses the nasal passages, allays pain and inflammation, heals the sores, protects the membrane from colds, restores the senses of taste and smell. Price 50c. at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 66 Warren Street, New York.

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is beyond question the greatest of all modern medicines. It will stop a Cough in one night, check a cold in a day, prevent Croup, relieve Asthma, and *cure* Consumption if taken in time. "You can't afford to be without it." A 25c. bottle may save your life! Ask your druggist for it. Send for pamphlet. If the little ones have *Croup or Whooping Cough* use it promptly. *It is sure to cure.*

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SEND FOR CIRCULAR. E. KRAUSER & BRO. MILTON, PA.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

A CHRISTMAS REFORM.

The Prayer of a Little Girl and How It Was Answered.

Far up in one of the highest stories of a big tenement house, a building old and dilapidated and avoided by all decent families, is a desolate room whose broken windows are stuffed with rags, door panels cracked, plastering tumbling down, walls black and gloomy; a room empty of furniture save a rickety table and chair, and a heap of something in one corner to serve for a bed; a cupboard bare but for two or three cracked and empty dishes; a handful of coals on the hearth to replenish whose dying glow nothing can be seen.

Seated in the broken chair beside the rickety table, her head laid upon her arm, a woman weeps, her slight form shaken by such sobs as only the deepest anguish wrings from a torn heart.

A life of such painful vicissitude as that of Ada Westbrook might well break the strongest nature; yet rarely does she thus yield to grief and despair. Had you been here a short half hour ago you, too, would have wept in sympathy as you heard the artless pleading of her little child.

"Oh, please, mamma! do hang up my stocking as we used to at home! Doesn't Santa Claus come to this place, mamma? I wish he wouldn't forget poor little girls like me!"

"GOD BLESS PAPA AND MAKE HIM NICE AGAIN."

Then the little one, kneeling by her mother's side, in sweet tones repeats: "Now I lay me down to sleep," then "God bless papa."

"I wish papa would come—as he used to mamma—not cross, you know, mamma, and not—rough, or—or—stumbling, or—or—" there was a sob in the voice now, but it went on: "I think I wouldn't mind then, mamma, if Santa Claus didn't come, or put anything in my stocking," and she looked wistfully at the pathetic little network of darning. "That's what I mean, mamma, when I say 'God bless papa,' 'Make him nice again;' I'd rather have that than anything else in the world, wouldn't you, mamma?"

With bursting heart, but struggling to repress all emotion, Mrs. Westbrook simply bowed her head.

But now as the little one is peacefully sleeping the mother finds some relief for her agony in the bitterest tears a woman can shed. Yet the hand of a loving Father is even now interposing in her behalf.

Something in the atmosphere of the day has filled with unrest the spirit of Philip Westbrook so that he has found no pleasure in his usual haunts. He has wandered to and fro, and his eyes, less dimmed than usual by the mists of liquor, have observed much that would ordinarily be overlooked. And now, as night has fallen, in passing one of these beautiful edifices, his ear is greeted by a burst of music, the familiar words and tune of grand old "Antioch" almost in spite of himself draw him within the doors. As in a dream he gazes upon the brilliant room, the rich decorations, the laden trees, the sea of happy faces. Now arises the incense of prayer, and again children's voices joined in praise bring to his ear the beautiful words of the Quaker poet set to appropriate music—words that stamp themselves indelibly upon that erring heart:

"We touch Him in life's throng and press
And we are whole again."

With the words a new courage seems to enter his soul, a sense of divine love and compassion and help fills his mind. By and by the stir, as half a dozen little girls trip forward to the platform, arouses him to hear their fresh voices trill out that sweet, simple song that will never lose its charm: "Hang Up the Baby's Stocking." But it is too much for him; it brings to him memories which will not be banished. It was a favorite of his wife's. Many a time has he heard her singing it to delight her wee ones in the happy past. "Little Phil," now an inhabitant of the land where sorrow and sickness are unknown, made his first attempts at singing, trying that little song; and when the sweet earth blossom nipped by untimely frosts faded away his last audible words, pointing to his baby sister, were: "Hang up baby 'tockie!" Oh, the haunting memories flashing through the father's mind! How they sting him and hurry him onward!

With a groan he turns, and as though driven by the Furies hurries on and is soon climbing the stairs to his own dismal abode, such a contrast to the scene just beheld! Slowly he climbs the last flight, softly approaching the door, where he pauses. He hears the child's pleading voice, and through the broken panel sees his wife hang up the poor little stocking to gratify her. He hears the prayer of the little one and her tender words of love for her wretched father. Such torture as wrings the heart of the listener!

Down the long flights of stairs he slips and with all speed makes his way to a former employer. "You were very patient and forbearing with me, Mr. Norton, and I know I tried you severely. And even when at last you were compelled to send me away you spoke kindly, hoping for my reformation. That was months ago, and I have been very low since then, though I have, indeed, tried many times to reform. But, sir, the Lord has just given me such a view of my miserable self and what my innocent wife and child are suffering through my sin that I want to try once more—no, sir, not in my own strength, I find I have none, but in that of Him who is 'mighty to save,' 'a present help in trouble.' Will you give me another chance, Mr. Norton?"

"Indeed I will, Westbrook, very gladly. Come 'round Monday and I will put you at work. Meanwhile here is something to help you to keep our dear Lord's birthday. He is, indeed, 'a friend in need,' and will be a strength sufficient for you."

Again Philip Westbrook softly approaches his own door, signaling great caution to the lad who follows him with a load which he sets down in the corridor. Having again taken observations through the convenient crack, Mr. Westbrook quietly enters the room, and as he looks about him his heart, grown so tender in one short afternoon, bleeds with remorseful sorrow. Upon his wife's face four years have drawn deeper lines than would have been graven in a quarter of a century of happiness.

Her head lies upon her arm on the table beside which she sits, but, exhausted by her outburst of grief, she sleeps, drawing deep, sobbing breaths, which tell of the unforgotten woe of her heart.

But for the moment that poor little empty stocking appeals more powerfully to the father's heart than even his wife's distress, and he hastens to fill it—candies and raisins, nuts and oranges, leaving place for only the feet of a gayly-dressed doll, which he contrives to perch on top of all.

Then he goes to his wife's side, and, kneeling, passes his arm gently about her.

"Ada, my love, my dear wife, God has heard our little girl's prayer and has answered it. Papa is himself again, and, with God's help, will never come home cross and rough and stumbling. Forgive me, dear wife, for what I have made you suffer, and the remaining years of life which God may give shall be devoted to atoning for the past, so far as I may. And never again, God helping me, shall you weep on Christmas eve because you have nothing with which to fill your child's empty stocking."—Meta E. B. Thorne, in Union Signal.

WORLD'S WINE PRODUCTION.

The United States Is Fifteenth in Point of Importance.

The French embassy at Washington has received from the International Wine exhibition at Bordeaux, France, the second bulletin on the wine production of the world. It says that the United States is 15th in importance among wine-producing countries, being preceded by Chili, Roumania, Servia, Greece, Argentine Republic, Switzerland, Turkey, Servia, Greece, Roumania, Argentine Republic, Chili the United States of America, Brazil, Australia, Cape of Good Hope, and a few others producing only a very little. By the side of the French production is placed that of Algeria and Tunis, colonies which yield about as much as the German wine growing.

At one time Italy appeared to be about to take the first rank; it was after the vintage of 1886, which produced 836,000,000 gallons. The eight years preceding only yielded an average vintage of 508,860,396 gallons, whereas in France the average during the same period was 673,424,114 gallons. In 1893 Italy reached 704,000,000 gallons, but France came up to the figure of 1,100,000,000 of gallons, not including Algeria and Tunis. In 1894 Italy made 528,000,000 gallons; France, 858,000,000 gallons, without the African colonies.

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

BRIDGET starts her fire with coal oil. The devil uses alcohol.—Ram's Horn.

IF there is any of his work the devil is proud of, it must be the drunkard's home.—Ram's Horn.

I CONSIDER the temperance cause the foundation of all social and political reform.—James A. Garfield.

THE saloon is called the poor man's club. Yes, it clubs thousands into poorhouses, asylums, jails and hell.

IF angels know what the saloons are doing, it must puzzle them to understand why God holds the judgment back.—Ram's Horn.

THE liquor traffic is one of the most criminal methods of assassination for money hitherto adopted by the bravos of any age or country.—Ruskin.

A GANG of young men in Bathgate seem to make a practice of watching drunken men and relieving them of any money they have.—Scottish Reformer.

A PRACTICAL experiment made by the clergymen of Worcester, Mass., has proven conclusively that for $100,000 received from 100 additional licenses, the city actually lost in trade, in increased charities and other expenses caused by poverty and crime, $2,000,000.

Drinking in Secret.

The man who is willing to do wrong in secret will after awhile be willing to do so in public. The fear of God is a better protection than the fear of man. The drink habit is indulged in secret only for a little while. Where principle is lacking, policy will not long restrain.—United Presbyterian.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The 63,500 people who live in Charleston, S. C., are located over five and one-third square miles of ground.

—The assessed valuation of all taxable property in Chicago in the beginning of 1895 was stated at $247,425,442.

—Harrisburg, Pa., has 50,000 population and nine square miles of territory; it owes $1,005,000 and is worth $22,500,000.

—The latest plan of the rainmakers is to produce a fog and then turn it into rain by an ingenious application of dynamite. London is suggested as a field of experiment, but Londoners may object.

—The jury system established by Utah is an innovation that will be watched with a great deal of interest in this country. Eight jurors will be substituted for 12 in all cases not involving capital punishment, a verdict being permitted on the vote of six out of eight jurymen.

—G. F. Henriques, a Brooklyn man, enjoys the distinction of being the owner of what is considered the oldest poll parrot in existence. The parrot is vouched for by several of its owners to be the mate of one kept by President George Washington, and a cousin of one of the royal parrots kept by George III. It is one of the Australian variety, and is over 90 years old.

—According to Prof. Wilcox, of Cornell university, the American people are gradually "settling down"—do not migrate so much from state to state as formerly. In 1860 exactly one-fourth of the population of the United States had emigrated from the state where they were born. But since 1870 the tendency to stick to the old home has steadily increased. This tendency is more marked in New England than elsewhere.

—Men of brains are paid handsome salaries to devise new schemes. The latest and one of the most humorous amused the patrons of New York theaters for three or four nights and succeeded in escaping the notice of managers. A bald-headed man is the instrument. On his shining pate is painted in indigo blue the name of a patent medicine. He sits in the front row and conducts himself with propriety, while people behind him are convulsed with laughter, each observer supposing that here is a practical joke someone has played on an unsuspecting friend.

A GRAND OLD COUPLE.

Mrs. Gladstone as Popular in England as Her Famous Husband.

Much of Mr. Gladstone's marvelous success in life, the good which he has accomplished for his country and the hold which he has obtained on the affections of his countrymen is due to the happiness of his home life and domestic surroundings. Never was a family more truly united than that of the Gladstones. They constitute the most wholesome type of the English country family, wholesome in mind and wholesome in body, and no breath of dissension or scandal has ever disturbed the serenity of their mutual relations. Sons and daughters, as well as those who have entered the family by marriage, all vie with one another in reverence and devotion for the one who has done so much to render the name which they bear illustrious, a synonym for justice, piety and generosity.

But superior to them all on that score is the "Grand Old Woman," as the venerable Mrs. Gladstone, the once famous beauty, Carry Glynn, is affectionately described throughout the United Kingdom. No wife is more watchful and devoted than she, and Mr. Gladstone has made few political speeches in parliament when she has not sat in the gallery, inspiring him with the knowledge of her presence, and few public addresses outside the walls of Westminster when she has not sat by his side, either on the platform or on the hustings. Indeed, upon one occasion, when about 15 years ago he was called upon to speak in the open air at Greenwich to an exceedingly hostile audience, she won the day for him by standing throughout by his side, holding an umbrella to shield his silvered locks from the glare of the sun. Instead of the hisses, the howls and even the missiles that were anticipated from the mob, there were cheers for the "Grand Old Couple" and for their "Grand Old Gamp."—Philadelphia Times.

Skating Suits.

Fashionable women have returned to their love of skating, and some pretty fur-trimmed costumes will be worn in their rather exclusive rinks. These differ little from the cloth tailor gowns seen every day, but are slightly shorter in the skirt, and not too wide. Well-fitted jacket waists with fur vest or a fur Eton jacket set on are prescribed by tailors, while others wear the new belted jackets of baby-lamb or of sealskin, with a cloth skirt bordered narrowly with the same fur. A bright bit of color is liked for these cloth frocks, as purplish-red, or leaf green, or else golden-brown trimmed with capucine velvet or with glowing poppy red. Capes are not affected by skaters while on the ice, though useful afterward to prevent chill. A small close hat with soft puffed crown, or a genuine turban of fur or of cloth or velvet is far preferable to wider-brimmed hats for skaters.—Harper's Bazar.

Borchgrevink, the Norwegian Explorer.

Borchgrevink is a Norwegian, some 30 years of age, of medium height and of modest mien, and has the typical Scandinavian fairness of hair and floridity of complexion. His face gives signs of that determined spirit and fixity of purpose which Norse explorers have shown from the early vikings to this latest voyager. His hardships, incident to service before the mast in a whaler, were almost ignored, and he dwelt on the Antarctic sea and its conditions. The intelligent audience noted his impersonal and retiring disposition, and showed its own appreciation by generous applause.—Gen. A. W. Greely, in Century.

LAUNDERED AIR IN CHICAGO.

After Being Washed, Rinsed and Dried It Is Fit to Breathe.

Air that has been thoroughly laundered is good enough for breathing purposes, just the same as if there were no smoke inspectors.

It is really as good as if brought from the mountains or some seaside resort, in the opinion of about 200 "hello" girls employed by the telephone company. The officers of the company are inclined to believe the same thing, judging from an economic instead of a hygienic point of view. These opinions have been formed as the result of the adoption of an ingenious method of ventilation for the operating-room of the main office of the company.

This system, so far as known, is not in operation elsewhere in this country, and its remarkable success is attracting much attention from architects and manufacturers. It has suggested an innovation in the construction of the big office buildings which may lead to a revolution in heating and ventilating systems.

In its workings the system, which has been recently perfected by A. V. Abbott, chief engineer of the telephone company, resembled nothing more closely than a laundry. The air breathed by the little army of young women on the top floor of the building is first washed, then dried, then heated or cooled, as the case demands, and finally, to carry out the comparison, it is pressed.

The washing removes a wagon load of soot and dust and disease germs, the mere sight of which is enough to arouse wonder in the average man's mind how he lives in the climate of Chicago.

The drying removes every trace of moisture, the heating or cooling brings the air to just the right temperature, and the compression follows as a natural consequence of the introduction of several thousand cubic feet of air every minute into a big room almost hermetically sealed.

It was to overcome conditions which seriously impaired the efficiency of the telephone company's service that the present system of ventilation was devised. The delicate apparatus of the huge switchboard was in a constant state of disorder, owing to the dust and soot that entered the room. Subscribers were continually complaining that their telephones were out of order, as many as 400 complaints being on file in General Manager Hibbard's office at once.

The trouble was not in the telephones, but in the operating-room. In this room, 40x90 feet, is a switchboard in which are 190,000 little holes, each hole representing four wires. When a subscriber asks for a connection with some other subscriber the operator pushes a brass plug into one of the holes, which raises a delicate spring, known as a "jack." The presence of a speck of dust or soot on one of these "jacks" renders a connection impossible, and then the subscriber complains.

Pure, fresh air, always of the same temperature, now makes the operating-room about the most desirable place to work in in Chicago. Down in the basement of the building is a big rotary fan that sucks in the air which the ordinary citizen is obliged to breathe. As the current enters the basement through a huge tube it passes into a tightly-closed chamber, in which a rainstorm is constantly raging.

This condition is effected by three rows of small nozzles or atomizers, which discharge a perfect cloud of spray and remove every particle of dirt from the air. The dirt passes off into a well, while the air is whirled through a battery of spiral tubes.

The twisting motion, or centrifugal force, removes the last trace of moisture from the air, and it then passes into another chamber, where it is heated in the winter or cooled with ice in the summer. Then the current is directed upward through a shaft that leads to the top floor of the building and into the operating-room.

Every window in the operating-room is tightly closed and sealed around the edges, while double doors make it necessary for one to enter the room through what constitutes an air-locked passage.

The supply is forced through vents, or registers, opening through the ceiling from a tube that runs around the room. It is compressed air, although its density is so slight as to be almost inappreciable.

Every three minutes the air is completely changed, the supply being calculated at 10,000 cubic feet a minute.—Chicago Times-Herald.

War Trains in Canada.

The Canadian Pacific railway, after many months of labor, has constructed at an enormous cost two special military or war trains, comprising 14 cars for men, two cars for cooking, two Pullman cars for officers, two cars for arms and stores and two dining cars. The officers' cars are luxuriously fitted out and contain staterooms, lavatory, smoking-room, etc. Each train is composed of 11 cars and engine, and gives ample sleeping accommodations for 306 men and 15 officers, although over 100 more men could find room. The men's cars are well finished and furnished with modern improvements. The kitchen car has all the utensils of a large-sized hotel, and requires six cooks and two helpers. This one car can turn out over 1,500 meals a day. During a trip from Halifax to Vancouver on the war train 5,500 meals for officers and men were prepared. The Canadian Pacific railway expects to cover the distance from the Atlantic to the Pacific in 5½ days.—N. Y. World.

—To be always intending to live a new life, but never to find time to set about it; this is as if a man should put off eating and drinking and sleeping from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed.—Tillotson.

—The cities which stood the longest sieges during the civil war were Vicksburg, Miss., and Petersburg, Va.

LEGEND OF A LAKE.

It Tells How a Princess Was Lost with Her Humble Lover.

For some past a series of explorations has been carried on at the bottom of Lake Nemi, an extinct crater in the Alban hills, about 15 miles from Rome. The place is most picturesque, and a little village, with a tall medieval tower and red and yellow roofs, regards its reflection in the limpid waters of the lake far below.

The dwellers along the banks of the little lake, "the nymphs and satyrs of the chestnut alleys," have thrown the poetry of their vivid imaginations around the story of a lost ship and have woven around it a strangely picturesque legend.

This legend in its briefest form relates that once upon a time in the misty ages of the past a king lived here with his one only child, the fair Princess Diana. She was a noted huntress and went daily to the chase, attended by a group of girls, spirits kindred to her own.

One day the fortunes of the chase separated her from her companions and after wandering about, tired and hungry, she saw in the distance a youth engaged in whistling, imitating the birds of the forest, especially the nightingale, whose rippling notes he had caught exactly. He was as handsome as a dream and was a strawberry-gatherer. He gave the princess a basket filled with strawberries and a pretty bunch of cyclamens, which abound in these woods. It may be noted here that Nemi is celebrated for the flavor of its wild strawberries.

Next day the princess separated again from her companions of the chase, but now it was by design and not by accident. She again met the peasant youth with the strawberries and the cyclamens. The wandering away of the princess from her companions became as much a habit with her as meeting with the handsome young man who whistled like a nightingale. These two became fond lovers. The king was informed of the matter and the hunting was stopped and the princess was relegated to a sort of mild imprisonment.

She wandered about in a wooded garden, open on the lake side, but inclosed with great walls on the land side.

A great barge or boat was moored near the land, and when the days were warm she sought the coolness of this retreat. The barge, according to the legend, was an enchanted island, united to the shore by a well-guarded drawbridge. It was a retreat just suited for lovers and had a sort of resemblance to that dreamed of by Claude Melnotte as a fitting residence for his bride Pauline.

Love laughs at locksmiths and overpasses great obstacles. On a wide, low-spreading plane-tree that hung over the water, the strawberry youth with the nightingale notes walked along the spreading branch and dropped down into the barge. He saw Diana and he was happy.

One evening every one was overcome with the hot sirocco wind. A storm arose. The princess and the strawberry lad were on the barge. The huge ship broke from her moorings. She sprung a leak and began gradually to settle down in the water. The storm raged and the terrible darkness was only broken by the flashes of vivid lightning which illuminated the scene for a brief moment. When the morning broke the lake was smooth and tranquil, but no boat broke the shine of its surface. The barge, with Princess Diana and her lover with the nightingale notes had perished, and no more was ever heard of the hapless pair.—Baltimore Sun.

A COZY RECESS.

An Odd Corner in the Wall Can Be Fitted Up Attractively.

A recess in the wall, or a jog, as it is frequently called, can be tastefully fitted up as a wall bookcase with but little trouble. If the walls of the room are papered the jog will probably be papered, too. But if the paper shows an aggressive pattern it will not serve well as a background for the books and ornaments, and the jog should, in such cases, be papered with a plain paper of suitable coloring. A flock paper, which will look like a velvet lining, will be preferable, and the color should be such as to harmonize well with the wall color. Maroon and golden olive make good backgrounds for books. If the jog runs all the way up to the ceiling, have a panel of lattice in squares let in at the top, and under this set a pole in sockets, secured to side pieces of wood nailed up for the purpose of securing the lattice transom.

This pole might be a one-inch brass pole, from which to suspend curtains before the shelves. A really elegant appearance will be given to the room if the lattice is nicely made and the curtains are of good color and design. If the room shows walls covered with paper of a pronounced pattern and coloring the lattice might be of mahogany color and the curtains of perfectly plain material. If the room has walls of a single color the curtains may show either a set figure at intervals or else an all-over figure, but the colors should be quiet and subdued.

The shelves of the impromptu bookcase may be simple pine or some other wood that can be stained by rubbing in thin oil paint of the desired color. If the shelves are not needed for books some may be utilized for the keeping and displaying of bric-a-brac. In a bedroom the jog may be turned into a clothes press with shelves or into a wardrobe or closet.—St. Louis Republic.

The Plan Should Be Effectual.

Brown—I understand that some of the English peers are suspected of being engaged in a conspiracy to abolish the house of lords.

Jones—How?

Brown—By reminding the British public of its existence.—Brooklyn Life.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—No receptacle for soiled clothing, even if handsomely decorated, should be kept in a sleeping apartment.

—Steamed Fig Pudding.—Moisten two cupfuls of finely grated graham bread crumbs with half a cup of rich milk. Mix into it a heaping cupful of finely chopped fresh figs and a quarter of a cup of sugar. Add last a cup of sweet milk, turn all into a pudding dish, and steam about 2½ hours. Serve at once with orange sauce.—Good Health.

—Poached Eggs.—Break two eggs into scalding water to which have been added a little butter and half a teaspoonful of vinegar. Let cook till the yolk is set, then dip out with a skimmer. On a heated platter place small squares of toasted bread moistened well with cream, and place an egg on each, dust with salt and serve.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Piquante Sauce.—Put a tablespoon of butter in a small saucepan and set over the fire until brown; add a tablespoon of flour and mix until smooth; thin with a cupful of stock and stir until it boils. Have two tablespoons of finely chopped onions, one gill of vinegar, one tablespoon of capers, a sprig each of thyme and parsley cooked in a saucepan; add to the sauce; season with salt and a pinch of cayenne; stir all together well and serve.—Western Rural.

—A Stuffed Steak of Beef.—Cut a thick slice of beef from the round, say about two pounds, have it free from bone; two gills of bread crumbs well seasoned with salt, pepper, onion; spread out your beef, and spread the seasoned bread crumbs all over it, roll up close; tie it up carefully to keep it in shape. Fry, and brown a slice of salt pork; take from the spider, lay in your roll of beef, brown it on all sides. Then stew it slowly in a little water, keeping it closely covered, having in the water a little salt and tablespoonful of vinegar. Let it stew two hours or more, then take off the strings. It cuts nicely through the roll, and it keeps well. The water makes a good gravy.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

GEROME'S GREAT PICTURES.

They Cover a Wide Range of Subjects and Are World-Renowned.

Gerome has painted so many important pictures having a world-wide reputation that it is impossible to go into many particulars about them in the present article. The illustration of "Napoleon before the Sphinx" will, however, give some idea of his remarkable powers of invention and his fertility of ideas. The incident was suggested by the Egyptian campaign of the great mysterious stone figure, the origin or the meaning of which no man has yet been able to explain. In the distance we see the legions of the French army, while on the horse, calmly, and with speculative eye, sits the marvel of his age. The little man, humble of birth, without influence or money, rising by the force of circumstances and his own strong will and character to the mightiest position among the rulers of the earth, gazes steadfastly at the storm-beaten, time-worn monument of past ages. The contrast is full of suggestiveness.

Or let us take his "Thirst." What wonderful strength is here! On the bot, shimmering, sun-dried sands crouches the mighty King of Beasts, a very baby in his weakness, overcome by the desire to wet his parched tongue, and panting for a drop of water. What awful loneliness! What fearful solitude, and what a dreary waste!

It were more pleasant to turn to the glimpse he gives us of the great oriental city whose housetops, minarets and spires gleam under the brilliant eastern sky, where the pious Mussulman calls the faithful to prayers. Here may be noted the artist's wonderful powers of observation, and the extraordinary finish, nothing, apparently, escaping his attention. So, too, in the "Pachn's Runners," where the reproduction does not, of course, give an idea of the color, though Gerome's coloring is not always fine. His best skill appears in drawing and in the arrangement of his compositions. In the "Bull-Fighter" we find that the artist is quite as much at home in Spanish scenes as in classical, oriental, or modern French life. He enters into the brutality of the bull ring, and, showing us the coarse picadors and the excited audience, brings the incident before us very vividly. In short, no matter what he undertakes, he prepares himself for the task with much earnestness and great deliberation. He makes careful studies, he looks well into his subjects, and he takes no end of pains. Pictures do not come of themselves, nor are they executed without almost endless trouble. Artists are generally supposed by thoughtless people to be more or less inspired, and to dash off masterpieces at will; but the truth is, a picture that has any claim to live and to deserve high appreciation is undertaken with as much forethought as the building of a ship. First the painter makes a sketch, searching out, in a general way, the best method of putting his idea on canvas; then, after many changes and alterations, studies are made of the principal figures, of the draperies, and of the accessories. Now the scheme of color must be arranged, and finally comes the painting, and the painstaking completion of all the parts.—Arthur Hoeber, in St. Nicholas.

There Are Others.

Mr. Cityman—I say, Mr. Medders, the advent of the bicycle and the consequent decline of the horse must have hurt you farmers considerably by cutting off the demand for one of your chief products.

Mr. Medders—What product is that?

Mr. Cityman—Why, it must be of little use to raise oats now!

Mr. Medders—Yes; that's so! The bicycle has done us on that; but when one door shuts another always opens. We raise the arnica plant now.—Puck.

The Republican.

BI SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G SMITH, Local Editor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, FEB. 13, 1896.

The Appointments for Garrett.

In another column of to-day's REPUBLICAN will be found the appointments for this county as made by Governor Lowndes last Friday. The appointments, as far as the Republicans are concerned, are perfectly satisfactory, but much dissatisfaction has been expressed by the leading Democrats of the county at the appointment of the Democratic Election Supervisors.

A number of letters has been filled with the Governor endorsing Mr. John L. Richter, of Accident district, for the place but he did not seem to suit the Democratic county committee and another name was submitted. In accordance with the desires of that committee the appointment was made and confirmed. Mr. Richter is a man of good repute and would have reflected credit upon his party, but nevertheless he was turned down and a man of inferior ability placed in his stead.

Disturbing Public Worship.

A letter was received at this office one day recently signed by Senator Ravenscroft and Assemblymen Otto and Hilleary asking that the law now on the statute books relating to the disturbing of public meetings be published. The gentlemen in the letter say that they have received numerous letters from their constituents asking that such a law be passed when it is already a law and has been for half a century or more. The section of the law referred to reads as follows:

If any person shall disturb any congregation, society, or meeting assembled for the purpose of religious worship, by blowing horns or trumpets, firing guns, or by any riotous or disorderly conversation, or by any other means, with intent to interrupt or disturb the worship, devotion or exercises of such congregation, society or meeting, or of any of the persons attending such meeting, he, on conviction before any justice of the peace in the county wherein such offense shall be committed, shall be fined not less than five nor more than twenty dollars, and be committed to jail until the fine and costs are paid.

Garrett Appointments.

On Friday of last week Governor Lowndes sent to the Senate the names of the appointees for this county, as follows:

Justices of the Peace—Jos. F. Friend, Louis Litman, Edward J. Frantz, Levi C. Fike, Peter Nathan, Peter J. Stevens, George W. Warnick, Eli McMillen, Henry Kolb, David W. Fraker, John C. Dunham, David H. Loar, Wm. J. Brown, Henry G. Sanders, Daniel B. Layman, Claude E. Rafter, John L. Wheeler, Simeon W. Green, Christian Brenneman.

Registers—Jno. L. Fitzwaters, Walter M. Lowdermilk, Charles H. Durst, Lloyd Duckworth, John Daniels, Wm. Callis, B. Frank Westlake, Bradford Bloeher, John T. Moore, Wm. A. J. Broadwater, Jonas Bittinger.

School Commissioners — George W. Legge, 2 years; Dr. Bruce Lichty 4 years; Dr. John W. Laughlin, 6 years.

Notaries Public—George A. Fraley, Louis A. Rudisill, Newton R. Selby.

Supervisors of Election—Allen G. Sturgiss, J. Alvin Friend, Rep., Frederick Reese, Dem.

Money to loan on first mortgage on improved town property in Oakland, Mt. Lake Park, Deer Park and Loch Lynn Heights. Apply to E. H. Sincell, Attorney, Oakland, Md. 44-tf

RAILROADS AND WAGON ROADS.

A Thorough System of Good Roads Would Benefit Railroads.

Many of the railroad companies of the land have expressed their friendly interest in the good roads movement by offering to transport materials and machinery for the improvement of highways at reduced rates.

This seeming liberality of the railroad companies is merely a display of good sense and good business, remarks *The L. A. W. Bulletin*. But the incentive for their acts, like "the flowers that bloom in the spring, have nothing to do with the case" except it is a hopeful sign that business and not sympathy prompts them to do as they have done.

It is a well understood fact that the distance to market should be measured largely by the dynamometer rather than by the surveyor's chain. Hence the better the roads the larger the area from, which a railroad will derive patronage, and the less likelihood of competing or other lines being asked for and constructed.

Produce that cannot be hauled to the railroad with profit to the farmer is so much business lost to the railroads.

On ordinary roads the cost of hauling produce to the local railway station is several times as much as the railroad charges for conveying it to the metropolis or seaboard.

It is clear that bad roads may make the marketing of much produce unprofitable and unwise, whereas good roads would make it worth transporting, and thus they would greatly increase the railroad's income and at the same time benefit the farmers.

Under present conditions railroad traffic in many sections of the country depends on every change of the weather that may effect the wagon roads. In very muddy times, no produce is marketed, and a sudden freeze up may precipitate a rush, which proves inconvenient to the railroad company. Good weather proof roads would insure a more regular shipment of farm products and a more even market for the same.

All in all a thorough system of good roads would benefit the railroads very greatly. Every wagon road is a feeder to a railroad. The better and more extended the former, the more business for the latter.

It is simply good business for the railroad companies to do all they can to encourage and materially aid in the improvement of highways

A Pair of Horses Killed.

Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock Mr. John Mackin, who resides a few miles west of Oakland, was engaged in hauling lime stone to his farm from a quarry situated near the old mill seat belonging to Mr. D. E. Offutt on the Youghiougheny river. To the sled upon which the lime stone was loaded he had two valuable horses hitched and in endeavoring to cross the railroad tracks at Lloyd's switch the sled dropped down between the ties and could not be moved, it having become wedged so firmly. A freight train was approaching and Mr. Mackin ran down the track to stop the train. The engineer did not see him and as a result the engine struck the horses, killing one instantly and maiming the other so badly that it died in a few minutes. The point at which the accident occurred is unused as a crossing and the question arises as to the liability of the railroad company.

All Night Lights.

At a special meeting of the city council last night the propsition to enter into contract with Mr. D. E. Offutt, owner of the electric light plant, for another year, was discussed, resulting in ordering six additional lights being placed in dark places of the town and to have the power of the lights increased from 1200 candle power to 2000 candle power, and also to have the lamps kept burning all night, every night in the year. The cost of each lamp for this service will be $85.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

Real Estate Transfers.

Wm. H. Dawson, trustee, to Harry E. Clark and John W. McCullough, 424 acres of "Bear Creek Iron Works," and 289 acres "Ormo's Delight;" $4520.

Resley C. Rush and wife to Harry E. Clark and John W. McCullough, 28¾ acres of a tract of land called "Long Boat;" $175.

Harry E. Clark and others to Resley C. Rush, 107 acres and 2 perches of "Ormo's Delight."

H. F. E. Hinebaugh and wife to Henry E. Felty, a lot of ground in the town of Swanton; $45.

The Mountain Home Company to Lucy Kimmell, lots 4 and 5 in block 34 on the plat of the Mountain Home Company; $120.

Charles W. Ross and others to Mary C. Merryman and others, an undivided one-third interest in a tract of land called "Recourse;" $1, etc.

John S. Hamill to Burt Wilson, four acres and 70 sq. perches of land; $330,

Verna A. Smith to William A. Smith, an undivided one-ninth interest in the home farm of which Daniel Smith, late of Garrett county, died seized and possessed; $150. Also all her undivided interest in the town property at the village of Hoyes, of which the said Daniel Smith died siezed; $50.

Mountain Lake Park Association to Frederick Clair, lots Nos. 1387 and 1385 on the plat of Mt. Lake Park; $125.

Charles M. Miller and wife to John E. Steiding, 142¼ acres of land; $569.

John W. Ridenour to George L. Bosley and Hattie A. Bosley, lots Nos. 21 and 23 in Braut't Addition to Oakland; $800.

Sarah E. Metts and husband to John T. Metts, 50 acres of "Glen Eyre;" $395.

Loch Lynn Heights.

The good sledding snow has made our streets lively with sleds.

Messrs. W. A. Moffett, of Bloomington; Capt. Cochrane, of Cumberlrnd; Rev. W. E. Powell, of Parkersburg, W. Va.; George M. Whitescarver and Chas. A. Sinsel, of Grafton, W. Va., were visitors to Loch Lynn since your last issue.

Mr. Chas. A. Ashby and wife, who have been visiting at Crellin, returned home the early part of the week.

Mr. Jacob Spiker has moved to Accident.

Messrs. Joseph Spiker and W. W. Sweet, who have been confined to their rooms, we are glad to state, are improving.

The Odd Fellows Lodge is increasing rapidly. They are taking in new members every meeting.

Mr. Jacob Caton has sold his span of steers to Mr. Louis Bowman.

Mr. Thomas Callis, who is working at Schell, is home on a visit to his family.

INVESTIGATOR.

Notice to Teachers.

Teachers, do not forget the educational meetings at Selbysport next Friday evening and Saturday. Prof. Wauful, of Bryant & Stratton College, Baltimore, Prof. R. R. Sanner and others will be present. The public is cordially invited. Let us have a good attendance.

WM. HINEBAUGH, Examiner.

Excursion to Washington, D. C.

The second of the series of mid-winter excursions to the National Capital via the popular B. & O. R., is announced for Thursday, February 20th.

No better time than this could be selected for a trip to our beautiful Capital. Congress will be in session and the gallerys of both Houses will be open to visitors. Pleasant side trips has also been arranged by the B. & O. Railroad to points of interest in and about Washington, Richmond, Old Point Comfort, Mt. Vernon, Annapolis and Baltimore; all being within a few hours ride of the Capital.

We give below a list of stations in this vicinity, showing time of trains and rates of fare:

	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	RATE.
Terra Alta..	.....	12 06	5 41	4 53	$6 45
Oakland.....	6 31	12 29	5 59	5 12	6 25
Piedmont...	7 21	1 29	6 51	6 01	5 40

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

Tickets will be good ten days, and will be valid for passage from Washington to Baltimore at any time within the life of the ticket.

For Pullman Car accommodation and guide to points of interest in Washington, apply to nearest B. & O. agent. 40-2t.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

FRIENDSVILLE.

A Miner Killed—Matter of Lesser Note.

A gloom was cast over our community by the sad death of David Evans, who was killed by a fall of slate in J. Myer's coal bank on Friday, the 7th inst. Mr. Evans was one of our best miners and citizens. He loaves a wife and one son to mourn their loss. We extend our deepest sympathy in their bereavement.

Our schools are much reduced and some have closed on account of measels.

Resley Friend received a bad wound on the nose in the stave mill at Krug. He is doing well under the treatment of Dr. A. J. Mason.

Mrs. M. N. Myers, who has been very ill is now convalesing.

J. I. Ringer, who has measels and pneumonia, is improving.

Taylor Friend, who has been confined to bed for some weeks, we are glad to state, is up again.

Mrs. Ellie Travers is very low at this writing and not expected to live.

Messrs. J. H. Fearer & Son have rented their store and property to Mr. Myers, of Markleysburg, Pa., and steam grist mill.

[illegible] has purchased Mr. Walter Myers [illegible] B. F. Friend's store in Friendsville.

Senator R. A. Ravenscorft was in Friendsville the 8th.

We sympathize with our old wounded soldier, S. Hoff, who is unable to work, and went into the poultry business. He raised 76 chickens, sold three, bought two, ate one and had three left. Be of good cheer, Sam, if this administration did reject your pension claim and you cannot keep chickens. It will all be over soon if things go this fall as they did last.

Mrs. George Frantz takes great pride in show Gov. Lowndes picture which she so elegantly framed.

The G. A. R. post will hold a festival at Friendsville on Feb. 22. All are cordially invited to attend. A special invitation to G. D. F. who has not visited our town but once since the election, and that was to get a tooth drawn.

Sledding good, cross tie and stave business booming.

PROCTOR.

North Glade.

Plenty of snow at present, and the girls are all smiling, to think they will get another sled ride this winter.

Miss Ada Beckman, Miss Lizzie Hall and Mr. Joe. Beckman were the guests of Mr. J. C. Pence, on Sunday last.

Mrs. Mary Paugh and son Heerman, of Shaw, W. Va., were visiting her brother Mr. J. E. Bernard, of near this place, recently.

It is with a deep feeling of regret that we chroniele the illness of Mr. Theodore Beckman, who is lying at the home of Mr. Geo. E. Bishoff, of Hoyes, suffering from a severe attack of fever.

Mr. Albert Fitzwater, we are sorry to say, is also on the sick list.

Messrs. M. R. Frantz and J. E. Bernard were pleasant callers at Mr. Theo. Beckman's Friday evening of last week.

Mr. Klite Knox who has been sawing shingles for Messrs. Merrill & Co., of New Germany, returned home on Saturday of last week. Mr. Knox reports having cut one hundred and fifty thousand shingles in ten days.

O. I. C. of this place, informs us through the columns of the *Democrat* last week that the Legislature had passed a law probibiting the sale of whiskey within two miles of Swanton. This we deem a righteous act, and wish it were ten miles instead of two. He also told what a glorious time he had devouring the "old fat hen" at the residence of Mr. E. S. Gilpin on ground hog day, but Mr. E. S. say's "it was a rooster" so we judge from that he had been taking various other things (just for the stomach's sake) and was unable to detect the differenee.

We noticed Mr. J. E. Bernard, and J. C. Pence, hauling some very fine hay to Swanton last week.

We would advise O. I. C. to ride old Phil, the next time he tries to ride across the high bridge; and he will have better success.

Bethlehem.

The past week the roads have been so bad that they were neither fit to wagon over nor sled on, but now the snow is falling and the sleigh bells begin to jiugle.

The protracted meeting is still in progress at the Bethlehem church, D. R. Wagner preacher in charge. On account of his sick child he could not be with us on Saturday night, but Rev. Jesse Koch, of the M. E. church, came to our relief. He was welcomed into the pulpit and gave us grand and glorious instruction from the word of God. It makes our hearts glad when we can see peace and union between preachers and people. It makes us feel like saying "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." We still extend the call for all Christian workers who can come and fall into line with us.

From the present outlook sledding will be good as soon as the roads are broken and it freezes a little harder.

I notice since the heavy sleet that a number of people are prophesying a good chestnut and apple crop the coming season.

We have had some very high winds the last few days, through this section. CHUM.

Rhort Run.

Mud is plentiful in this vicinity.

We are glad to say that Mr. Sidney Wilson is convalescent at this writing.

Some time ago Mr. George Barnett was quite badly hurt in the head and has since been unable to work. Although he didn't feel able for a "pounding," he received an awful one one day the past week, to the amount of $25 worth of goods and provisions. He is very grateful to the people of this vicinity and of Blaino and of Dille for their kindness to him.

Miss Nina Clement returned on Saturday evening from a short visit to Gormania.

Miss Carrie Wilson has had to close her school at Red Oak on account of diphtheria and scarlet fever. We are sorry that she had to close school, but glad to have her again in our midst.

Last Sunday Mrs. Claude Rafter and Miss Ethel Rafter were pleasant visitors at the homes of Messrs. James and Daniel Wilson.

Judge Wilson has been growing fat since the election.

Mr. George Harvey, while trapping for foxes, caught his father's dog, which bit him severely when he went to rescue him. Upon this, his brother shot and killed the dog, much to the displeasure of the family.

The Short Run pupils are doing good work under the management of Miss Nina Clement.

Mr. M. H. Nelder is now teaching the Eagle Rock school, and is getting along very successfully.

Mr. Harlon Entler, while cutting down a tree about 3 p. m. on last Thursday, was struck by a limb, which crushed his skull and killed him instantly. He leaves a wife and one son to mourn their loss.

Milo Wilson, our famous trapper, reported a wild cat in his wild cat pen on Thursday noon. The teacher at once detailed a company of six of the oldest boys to capture him, and armed with hickory withes, they made long strides toward the pen to snare the ferocious animal. They quickly lassoed and killed him and brought the dead animal to the school house, where he was on exhibition for a short time. His hide will be made into a rug.

Mr. Alfred Harvey, while logging for Mr. Schull, came near being crushed by a heavy log.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Mount Zion.

As we have not seen anything in your valuable paper from this part of old Garrett, I will send you a few items for publication.

We have had some very rough weather since the ground hog saw his profile, and went back to his quiet nest.

Owing to the rough weather our Epworth League did not meet last Sunday evening. Our league will hold a literary meeting on Wednesday evening, February 26th. All are invited to attend; have quite an interesting program.

There has been quite a lot of sickness in this neighborhood for some time—chichen pox and sore throat, some call it diphtheria.

Our school is going on nicely.

Mr. William A. Robeson is sawing quite a lot of lumber this winter.

Miss Maud Pope is on the sick list at Mr. Adam Werner's.

Mr. Thomas Carry is doing a large lot of choppiug on his new grist mill; grinds every Monday.

Mr. George W. Blocher has the two champion steers, weighing over thirty-one hundred pounds.

Winfield S. Layman paid his uncle Ralph Engle a visit Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Maggie L. Layman has been sick for a week or so with sore throat.

Mr. Anthony Layman has a shepherd dog that he will not take a thousand dollars for.

Mr. R. T. Layman was driving a very fine horse and sleigh Sunday.

I think the girls are praying for snow more this winter than they did for the Fourth of July to come, because they know that some of the young men have good horses and sleighs.

I would like to hear from some of our other correspondents.

ROSE BUD.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In affect April 1st, 1894.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS	NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1		No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 00*	8 00† lv	Cumberland ar	*12 00	†7 00
3 31	8 31	Rawlings	11 29	6 29
3 56	8 56	Keyser	11 04	6 04
4 09	9 09	Westernport	10 51	5 51
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. June.	10 48	5 48
4 37	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5 23
5 00	10 00	Harrison	10 00	†5 00
5 45	10 45* ar	Elk Garden	8 55	*3 55
5 35	10 35† lv	Gorman	9 21	4 21
5 41	10 41	Bayard	9 15	4 15
5 52	10 52	Doblin	9 04	4 04
6 23	11 23	Thomas	8 34	3 34
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	8 00	2 55
6 27	11 27 lv	Cokelon	8 31	3 31
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	8 07	3 07
6 57	11 57	Bretz	3 01	3 01
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 58	2 58
7 39	12 39	Kerens	7 20	2 20
8 00	1 00† ar	Elkins lv	*7 00	†2 00
	1 30* ar	Beverly lv		*1 30
				P. M.
	2 55* ar	Healington lv		*11 30
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

After January 6th, 1896, and until further notice, Sunday trains will be discontinued.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

SHERIFF'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE!

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett County, and to me directed, at the suit of the State of Maryland, use of Calvin C. Wooden, against Cyrus H. Shreve, J. C. Rodeheaver, W. S. Lantz, W. D. Hoye and Jacob L. Ours, being No. 58 Trials to May Term, 1888, I have levied upon, seized and taken into execution the following described real estate of the said Jacob L. Ours and will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, in the town of Oakland, in front of the Court House door, on

Saturday, the 15th of February, 1896,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., all of said real estate described as follows:

All that piece or parcel of land in Garrett County, Maryland, adjoining Mt. Lake Park and Loch Lynn Heights and beginning for the same at the cor. of 90 perches and 18 links on the first line of Military Lot No 980, and running thence N. 23° E. 2 perches, N. 63° E. 10 perches, to the county road, and with it S. 36½° E. 2 perches, to the lands of the B. & O. R. R. and with said lands S. 66° W. 12 perches, to the beginning, containing one eighth of an acre, and conveyed to the said Jacob L. Ours by Martin S. T. Grayson by deed dated 11th of August, 1881 and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 7, folio 615.

Said land will be sold to satisfy said judgment and interest thereon and all costs.

AUSTIN BROWN,
46-3t Sheriff.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
Real Estate
In District No. 8, of Garrett County, Maryland.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett County, passed on the 15th day of January, 1896, in a cause in said court pending, wherein Lloyd Lowndes, Trustee, is complainant, and Alexander C. Goodell, are defendants, it being No. 611 on the Equity Docket of said court, the undersigned trustee will sell at public auction in front of the post office in the town of Oakland, Garrett County, Maryland, on

SATURDAY,
the 15th day of February, 1896.

at the hour of one o'clock p. m.,

the real estate in the proceedings mentioned to-wit:

1st. All that part of a tract of land called "Sandy Spring" situate, lying and being in Garrett County, Maryland, and described as follows to-wit:

Beginning at the end of the second line of Military Lot No. 1201 and running thence with the third line thereof and with the third line of each of Military Lots Nos. 322 and 321 S. 20° W. 250 perches, to the given line of the whole tract, and with it N. 40° E. 194 perches, thence N. 12½° W. 87½ perches, thence N. 70° W. 90 perches, to the beginning, containing

46 5-8 ACRES.

2d. All those other portions of said tract called "Sandy Spring" described as follows:

A. Beginning at the beginning of the whole tract called "Sandy Spring" and running thence with the first and part of the second lines thereof N. 81° W. 40 perches, N. 20° W. 73 perches, to the second line of a tract called "Chance," and with it reversed S. 45° W. 20 perches to the end of the 2d line of Military Lot No. 1263 and with the 3d line thereof and with the 3d line of Military Lot No. 1262 still S. 45° W. 127 perches, S. 70° E. 30 perches, S. 13¾° E. 87½ perches, to the given line of the whole tract and with it N. 44° E. 173 perches, to the beginning, containing

83 3-4 ACRES.

B. Beginning at the end of the first line of a tract of land called "Mount Pleasant," and running thence with the second line thereof N. 20° E. 20 perches, to the beginning of Military Lot No. 321 and reversing its given line S. 70° E. 63 perches, to the given line of the whole tract and with it reversed S. 44° W. 14½ perches, to the second line of a tract of land called "Covent Garden" and with it reversed W. 18° E. 112½ perches, to the beginning, containing

26 ACRES.

The Trustee reserves the right in case a bid for the first above described portion of "Sandy Spring," is not adequate to its value to withdraw the same and offer it with the remaining portion as one entire tract.

A plat showing the sub-divisions of said land can be seen at the office of the undersigned at Oakland.

This land is covered (except a small portion) with a fine growth of spruce, hemlock, poplar, white oak and red oak timber.

TERMS OF SALE. As prescribed by the decree.—One-third cash on day of sale; one-third in six months and one-third in twelve months from the date thereof, the deferred payments to bear interest and to be secured by the bonds of the purchaser or purchasers thereof, endorsed to the satisfaction of the trustee—or the entire purchase money may be paid in cash on the day of sale.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
46-4t. Trustee.

Estate of Clinton Dewitt, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

CLINTON DEWITT,

late of Garrett County, Maryland, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 24th day of July next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 14th day of January, 1896.

JACOB S. MEYERS, } Admr's.
WALTER G. MEYERS, }
45-3 Oakland, Md.

ECCLESIASTICAL COLUMN.

Rev. S. M. Engle, pastor Presbyterian church, Editor.

Reformation versus Regeneration.

We live in an age of precipitate haste and eagerness for results; an age of great reforms, but in which not a few of the reforms are superficial, and therefore ephemeral and shadowy. Reform! The command goes forth, and with the eager desire for immediate results, it is often discovered, when too late, that the foundation has been laid in sand—that the rock foundation of true and solid principle has not been reached. Reformation may be superficial, or it may be deep and abiding, all depending upon the foundation. The greatest reformer that ever lived upon the earth said, in reference to the matter in hand: "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man he walketh through dry places, seeking rest, and findeth none. Then he saith, I will return into my house, from whence I came out; and when he is come he findeth it empty, swept and garnished (i. e. adorned). Then goeth he and taketh with him seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there; and the last state of that man is worse than the first." (Matt. 12. 43–45.) Our Savior's illustration of mere reformation, teaching that such formal dealing with outward habits alone, in the end, makes men eight times worse than at first. Contrast this species of outward reformation with the true scriptural species that has its root in and springs from regeneration only.

A *regenerated*, that is to say, a new-born or *converted* person is one, who, having a knowledge of Christ Jesus as the Heaven-appointed Savior, teacher and ruler of his soul and body, is led by the Holy Spirit to accept for himself Christ, firmly desiring and striving to follow Him, —1st, as his Savior from wrath and *from sin;* 2nd, as his teacher of how he should live and die: 3rd, as his ruler forever according to rules set forth in scripture; in all of which the person is started, led, witnessed with and sealed by the Holy Spirit, working in and through the person's will and mind both to will and to do of God's good pleasure. With the life and behavior of such a person, contrast the life and doings of the *merely reformed outwardly*, as follows:

(1.) Jesus says in the illustration that the latter is "empty," i. e., as to head-knowledge and heart-principle founded thereon, and so has nothing upon which to build steadfastness. The spiritual world abhors a vacuum quite as much as the natural, and so the mind and heart that are not filled with good principles, are likely soon to be filled with bad ones. They find no rest while empty, so that he that is void of *Scripture instruction* and of *heart principle* founded thereon, is as mistable as water.

Contrast the regenerated person as defined—filled head and heart with precious and assuring truths, which, accepted when Christ was received as his teacher, fill his heart with rest and peace, and feed his soul as with heavenly manna. He is not led by impulses, but by principle based on Scripture and taught by the Spirit.

(2.) The reformed, having only laid aside the evil habit, has not conquered it: it is "*my house*" still. No logical process is needed to show that habits are stronger than men. Laid aside they return at will, and unless repulsed by a stronger power they say, "*I will return.*" That stronger power the regenerated receive from Him who gives the new heart and fills it, and who taught Paul to say "I can do all things through Christ." Only the regenerated conquer evil habits through power from Jesus.

(3.) Outward reform fails to satisfy and give rest, and the person declaring the old habit, with its modicum of sinful pleasures, better than emptiness, and disappointed with its experience, returns to the habit. Not so with the regenerated. He that said, "Come unto me and I will give you rest," never disappoints. He that said, "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink," is a perennial spring of living water. He aids those who come that with joy they may draw water from wells of salvation, and so fills and satisfies the thirsty with the water of life that overflowing, they become well-springs of joy to others.

"Thou frail vessel Thou has made
Only Thine hands can fill,
All waters of this world have failed
And I am thirsty still."

(4.) Mere reformation teaches confidence in human help alone and so invites defeat. The habit, being stronger than he, defeats him, and knowing no other power, he surrenders, saying, "I've lost it all." Not so the regenerated, having learned from his bible of the mighty arm of Jesus outstretched to defend His people, and led by his sin to see that he has drifted too far from that Savior, he returns for help, crying, "In thy cleft, O, Rock of Ages, hide thou me."

(5.) Outward reformation may spring from *any motive*—fear, force, criticism of society, etc. Only one origin is there for regeneration; i. e., the blessed Holy Spirit. *The origin determines the character.*

(6.) "And the last state of the man of mere outward reform is worse than the first," *eight times.* Experience constantly reaffirms our Savior's statement, that he who enters upon any course from mere impulse, with no definite knowledge or settled principle, should have occasion to repent it. Moreover, once deceived is often to lose all confidence, and such persons seem as hard to impress with truth as statues of stone. That history proves the truth of the foregoing positions evidence is abundant. Cæsar the Dictator attempted to force reform of Roman society and morals without laying foundation. He failed, and the empire decayed to its fall. Leo the Isaurian attempted reform in worship by smashing the images and destroying the pictures in churches. He, too, failed and the result we see to-day. But look at Alfred the Great, of West Saxony, reforming his subjects by teaching them self-restraint, cultivation and study, with a result in which even the England of to-day rejoices. Witness the great reformation that began in Europe in 1517 with the posting of Luther's theses, and his challenging the world to refute them. A true reformation, due to the fact that Luther thereby recalled men's minds to the study of Scripture, resulting in the discovery of truths there taught of God, that have given to the world of to-day millions of people protesting against unscriptural teachings and practices. Such illustrations are legion. Mere reformation whitewashes the building, while regeneration rebuilds it from the ground. Our conclusion is, let us accept Christ Jesus as the basis and centre of all lasting reformation, knowing that only this species begins at the heart. The more men's hearts are abiding places of Jesus, the weaker becomes the power of sinful habits. Let us also more closely rally round the church. It is the only divinely instituted organization for the true reformation of the world. We need not more machinery, but a more regular, consistent and conscientious use of what we have. Generals may march their victorious armies in magnificent display of force, but the kingdoms of this world will have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and the glorious reign of the Prince of Peace be inaugurated only when the heart of the nation, of the home and of the church shall have experienced that kind of reformation that prompted an individual heart to sing—

"Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

The Beginning of the Seasons.

It is somewhat surprising that persons of intelligence and education mistake this. A good teacher lately contended that winter begins the first day of December. The same mistake was made recently by a learned and popular divine who said he was preaching his "winter sermon" on the first Sabbath of December. Let it be remembered that the *equinoxes* and *solstices* mark the period of the opening of the seasons.

Spring begins March 20.
Summer begins June 21.
Autumn begins September 23.
Winter begins December 21.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

"Oh, Katie! just think! a big New Year's party at Gertrude Hilleary's!" cried pretty willful Alice Carroll as she ran into her sister's sitting room, one bright day in December, and threw her school books one way and her hat and coat another.

Kate looked kindly at the pretty face, now flushed with excitement; she was very fond of her little sister, as could be inferred from the fact that she had given up her life to care and provide for her. Their father and mother were both dead before Alice was seven years old, and Katie, who was then sixteen, took the full responsibility of providing for her baby sister and herself, so that now she seemed more a mother than a sister to Alice.

Kate was an excellent needlewoman, and in that way managed to keep Alice and herself in fairly comfortable circumstances.

"Well," said the impatient Alice, "have you nothing to say?"

"To say? You know how glad I am of anything that makes you happy, but what dress have you to wear? I suppose the girls will all have nice new gowns, and my pretty little girl will have to wear her old white mull."

"Indeed, Kate, if you think I am going to do any such thing you think very wrongly for I will *not*. You will have to get me a new gown or I will stay at home; so there?"

"No, no, you shall not stay at home, but I really cannot give you a new gown, Alice."

"Very well, at home I shall stay. I think it real mean of you, Kate. I've worn that old white dress to every party for fully three years. Gertrude has such a sweet pale blue silk. I saw it to-day. Kathleen Mavourneen, if you love me grant me this."

A delicate pink flush stole into Kate's cheeks. That term, "Kathleen Mavourneen," had been used by one to whom she was fondly attached.

"I'll see, darling. You know I never refuse you anything that I can reasonably give, but you must not be at all disappointed if you do not get the dress."

Alice kissed her and knew she had won the day, as she always did, but she little thought what it would cost her sister.

Kate took in more sewing, she sat up at nights, and often the great time-keeper in the church tower near by chimed out the hour of midnight, and still she stitched away, while the one for whom she did all this, was long since wrapped in peaceful slumber, dreaming happy dreams.

The day before the party came, and as Alice had heard nothing of the new gown, she supposed of course that she would not get it; she was therefore, very cross and disagreeable. She went to her friend Gertrude and disclosed her troubles to her in the following manner:

"Gertrude, I am very sorry that I cannot come to the party."

"Cannot come to the party! Oh Alice, why not, pray? It will be a failure without you. I was depending on you."

"Well, the reason is, I've nothing to wear. Kate was real mean; she promised me a new dress, and she has not kept her promise. I'm sure I don't know why, for she has been doing extra work, unless—indeed—oh, I have it? She sits up every night sewing on her wedding dress. That horrid Dr. Gordon has been coming to the house a great deal lately, and I just know that they are going to get married."

"Why, how old is your sister, Alice?"

"Indeed, Gertrude, I could not begin to count her years, they must be as the sands of the sea." At this they both laughed, and after some further talk Alice went home.

"Alice, dear, I want to fit this dress on you."

"Oh yes, Miss Kate, you can make me useful in all sorts of ways, but what do I get for it," said Alice in an undertone, but nevertheless she went and put the dress on. She thought it was the most charming dress she had ever seen, the soft pink silk fell in rich folds around her perfect figure. Kate often fitted the rich Miss Robin's dresses on her, as they were of the same size exactly, and she thought of course that the dress was Miss Robin's. As she stood before the mirror and saw the lovely reflection therein, a thought flashed through her mind, a thought that made her face burn and her heart thump. "Suppose—oh no," then after a minute's pause she said, "Kate are you going to take this gown to Miss Robin to-morrow?"

"No dear, I shall not take it away to-morrow."

Next evening Kate was called away on business, and she asked Alice to wait until she returned before going to the party.

Meanwhile, Alice was in her room, two gowns lay upon her bed, an old one and a new one. A fierce struggle was going on in her heart. She seemed to hear two voices, one said "Wear it, nobody will ever know, and instead of being the unnoticed one you shall have more attention than anyone else in the room."

The other said, "No, you know it would be very wrong, suppose anything should happen to the dress, what would Miss Robin say; what would Kate say—dear, patient, loving Kate."

"No," said Alice, "I will not do it, but at any rate, it will not matter if I just put it on."

So she put it on, then went to the mirror.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "I cannot help it, if I *do* say it myself, I am beautiful!"

She trembled, hid the picture from her sight, turned and looked again, and yielded to the temptation.

"I cannot help myself now; Kate could; I am not like Kate."

So she went to the party, not waiting for her sister's return; she talked, laughed, sang and danced, and was indeed the centre of all attraction, but in the course of the evening some careless body spilled a glass of lemonade on her (Miss Robin's) dress. Oh, woeful misfortune! Cold chills seemed suddenly to run through her body; she felt sick, she wanted to go home to Kate. Just then some one said, "Dr. Gordon wishes to see Miss Alice Carroll." She walked as if though in some painful dream to the reception room. Upon seeing her Dr. Gordon said, "Miss Alice, you must come home." She did not ask why, she thought she knew. Kate had found the dress missing and knew she had worn it. When they reached home Dr. Gordon said "Miss Alice, you do not know why I came for you?"

"I know why you came?" replied Alice.

"You know that your sister is very ill?"

"What, Kate ill?" cried Alice, bursting into tears, and not waiting for an answer, rushed for her sister's room.

There lay Kate, but oh! what a pale, changed Kate it was. Alice knelt by the bed and sobbed aloud. "Oh, Kate forgive me, it was wicked of me to do it. I think I must have been mad, and Oh! Kate, it is ruined; some one stained it with lemon juice."

"Stained what, darling?"

"The dress, Miss Robin's pink dress."

"The dress is not Miss Robin's, it is your own."

"My own!" cried Alice in astonishment. Then when she had heard all, what a world of remorse came over her, but it brought her to her senses.

Six months passed away. Kate had indeed been very ill, and all through her illness Alice was her devoted nurse; she never left her side by day or night.

At one time her life was despaired of by all except one. Arthur Gordon never gave up, and at last by his patience and skill, she revived, and now she and Alice are in a beautiful home, for she was married and is happy at last.

But Alice never forgot that lesson given her in the chapter of truth on that eventful night when she donned the pink silk dress, and always afterward she lived the beautiful, unselfish life her Creator meant her to live when he sent her to this world.

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1896. **The Sun.** 1896.

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26—26t.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, October 20, 1895. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.48 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 13	—Express, daily except Mon.	3.56 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 17	—Daily except Mon	10.40 A. M
No. 55	—Express, daily	6.22 P. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	8.45 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	—Daily	5.50 A. M
No. 2	—Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	9.05 A. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	1.32 P. M
No. 16	—Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	12.29 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL,
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

THE years have slipped away, love,
And older we have grown
Since on a Cupid's day, love, my heart
to you was shown.

It happened in this way, love, as you remember, too,
I wrote a tender lay, love, and sent it straight to you.

It was a valentine, love, in which I truly said
Unless you would be mine, love, I would, alas, be dead.

I praised in every line, love, your sweet and perfect ways,
And placed you in my shrine, love, to worship all my days.

I said that roses red, love, were in your cheeks a-bloom;
Your eyes were stars, I said, love; your breath a sweet perfume.

Your voice was music rare, love; your grace a fairy's own;
And that your wealth of hair, love, like golden sunshine shone.

I promised to be true, love, and ever to adore;
All this I said to you, love, in happy days of yore.

And now, though years have flown, love, our hearts are still as young
As when at Cupid's throne, love, our first glad songs were sung.

That valentine of yore, love, I now repeat to day
With praises even more, love, than when I wrote the lay.

I thought I loved you then, love; I know I love you now;
To you I kneel again, love, and greater love avow.

You're dearer every way, love, more beautiful and sweet
Than when that Cupid's day, love, allowed me to entreat.

I've found you are divine, love, your purity and worth
Have made this home of mine, love, a heaven on the earth.

So place this valentine, love, beside the one of yore,
And tell me you are mine, love, as sweetly as before.

You are my sweetheart yet, love, and your true love am I,
And we will not forget, love, to be so till we die.

—H. C. Dodge, in Chicago Sun.

An Unexpected Valentine

WHEN my dear Aunt Maud died — she died the very summer I graduated—I was really too heart-broken to care what became of me. Still, I had to be disposed of in some way, so it was decided that I go to live with my brother Richard.

I had always lived with my aunt, had known no other mother, therefore her death was the greatest blow possible to me. And this brother, Richard, I knew only slightly, and that when I was a mere child. If I had been in a state of mind to care about anything, I should have hated the idea of going very much. As it was, I went without a murmur. I took the journey alone almost clear across the continent, and subsequently, after many ups and downs, arrived at Dick's town, a queer little village in South Carolina.

Dick is a moderately young bachelor. He is an attorney-at-law, and has a very fair practice indeed. Anterior to my advent, he had lived by himself in a pretty cottage on the prettiest street, and was rather a central figure, and was quite the most eligible young man about town. He was not spoiled, though. I found him to be a very dear old fellow, and determined in my heart to be to him such a faithful cooperator and satisfactory housekeeper, that he would never need or desire any other.

We got on famously together, so famously that in all probability the last chapter would have found us still there, he a grizzly old bachelor, I a grizzled old maid, had not something occurred which brought about a change.

It all grew out of what happened one St. Valentine's eve.

On this day, memorable above other days, just about an hour after dinner Dick received a telegram to go up that evening to A——, a city 50 miles away, to meet an important client. He did not have time to come home, for the train was then in sight, but he scribbled me the following note, which I did not get until nearly night, because the office-boy neglected to bring it until that time:

2:10 p. m.

Dear Girl: Have to leave on next train to meet a man in A——. Probably won't get home till to-morrow noon. Spend the night with the Ancient (a dear old lady friend of mine). Be sure to put that money in the bank before it closes at 4. Don't fail.

DICK.

It was such a bore to lock up at that late hour and go out for the night. It had been such a gloomy afternoon, and looked like it would rain. Altogether I did not feel like it. I was not afraid, though I had never stayed alone all night in a house. And the money—several thousand dollars collected for a client—surely I could not at seven put money in a bank that closed at four. I could not very well carry it with me to the Ancient's, and I certainly could not leave it.

I had never heard of any burglaries in the village, so I made up my mind that I would stay at home that night and take the risk, if there were any, because it was troublesome to do otherwise.

I did not want any tea, so I let the servant girl go early; and sat, neglecting even to light the lamps, before a big oak fire in the sitting-room "thinking up" one of Dick's cases. It was a murder case, that had a great deal of circumstantial evidence leading in various directions.

I soon became deeply absorbed; so deeply that I presently went to sleep at it, and in a dream saw our poor man tried, convicted and actually sentenced to be hanged, and was myself possessed of a frantic desire to attend the hanging in person, my non-appearance being wholly due to the fact that I could not find my shoes, being separated from them for some unexplainable reason.

I woke up suddenly, frightened to find myself enveloped in darkness, relieved only by an uncanny red glow from the fast-dying coals upon the hearth. Everything was so still. Not

I SOON BECAME DEEPLY ABSORBED.

the smallest sound except the ticking of a little clock in my darkened bedroom, and the clicking of the dying coals.

I was possessed with a strange sinking fear. I was afraid to move, afraid to turn my head to the left or right lest I see something lurking in the gloomy corners. I was cold, too, and trembling. The room was chilled; I fancied it must be just before dawn.

My fear increased rather than diminished as the moments dragged by. I could hear my heart beating. I soon became enthralled by terror. I had a kind of instinctive animal fear of impending danger. I thought of the money. It was locked up in the cabinet at my right hand, not two yards away. I found myself listening painfully, torturously. My throat seemed swollen. I swallowed in gulps.

I endeavored to rally my courage, to persuade myself that I was awakened from a nightmare and was nervous; that there was nothing to fear, and that I was making a baby of myself. All to no purpose. Something was going to happen; something was happening at that moment which would bring me hurt.

I could not throw off the notion. Just then it began to rain—a regular downfall, as if the bottom had suddenly fallen out of the clouds. I have never known it to rain so heavily. A perfect deluge, and every drop seemed to penetrate my soul. I did not move. I lay back in my cushioned chair helpless, and felt that I could not have raised my hand to my face if my life were the forfeit. Such pouring! I found myself listening behind the rain—behind all the patteriug noise—listening for another sound. I had a grotesque idea that the elements and this something that was coming to me were colleagued together, the one to screen the approach of the other.

I was listening with every fiber of my body drawn taut. Listening for what? I did not know. Something beyond, behind the rain. Then I heard it. A sound distinct from the rain-patter. A sound emanating from our little drawing-room—a scraping, sawing sound. It came from the front portico. I knew some one was cutting through the Venetian blinds into the house. My faintest doubt vanished soon, when I unmistakably heard the blinds dragged back and the sash crenk as it was pushed up. Some one was entering the house! This person, whoever it was, knew of my brother's absence. Good Heavens! I thought of Henry, our office man. He brought the note—an open note. It was he who caused the delay which prevented my depositing the money. It was as clear as day. I rose rigidly to my feet. In a twinkling my mind was acutely active, and a thousand ways of escape surged through my brain in a moment. I unlocked the cabinet and grasped the large pocketbook which contained the notes, and thrust it into my bosom. To what purpose I did not know. I retreated into the dense darkness of my own bedroom, where I stood uncertain and shivering.

The windows were too high from the ground to admit of my jumping therefrom without incurring the risk of a broken limb; besides, there was no time. At the first sound of my putting up the sash, I would be detected and overpowered. I heard a heavy tread along the hall. An idea flashed into my head like the incision of a blade. I clutched the money in my bosom and stepped into the empty fireplace. In another moment I was scrambling up the sooty chimney with the agility of a finished chimney-sweep, and I kept scrambling till I made a stronghold for myself.

What went on down below I did not know. In the cessation of the rain I could hear the heavy tread passing to and fro in a search, I knew, for that money. But I, from my lofty vantage ground, could only thank Heaven again and again for such a blessed deliverance.

I was so benumbed with cold and fright that I think I lost consciousness, and would probably have tumbled down the chimney but that I was so rigid and so walled in I could not.

The next thing I remember was opening my eyes and seeing the square of wan light above me. Then realizing all, my strength gave way, and I fell heavily, striking my head against something which left me senseless for hours. When I came to myself, I was in the arms of a young man whom I had never seen before. He sat upon the floor, and held my head across his knees, while he wiped the blood from my cut forehead with a pocket handkerchief, which every now and then he would squeeze out in a basin of water at his elbow.

I don't suppose there was ever a more terrified young man upon this earth of ours. Imagine an inoffensive young man turning up in a town where an intimate friend lived, coming in on the very train that takes this intimate friend out. Imagine the intimate friend cordially inviting the newcomer to his house, telling him there was nobody in it, but that he could put up there, make himself lord and master, and plenty to eat by foraging around and get a good bed. Then to make the thing complete, give him the wrong keys by which to let himself in. Imagine this newcomer booming about town until 11 o'clock, then striking out for his friend's abode; overtaken by the rain; at last to arrive at his intended abiding place to discover he has the wrong keys, which necessitates his climbing into the house like a burglar. Imagine him piling into the first bed he comes to, very soon sinking off into the untroubled slumber of the innocent at heart, to be awakened at the peep of day by a something tumbling down the chimney. Not a hobgoblin—that were better—but a young woman, bespattered and grimy, but still a young woman and one probably more dead than alive. Imagine it all, if you can, for that is what happened to the misguided young man, who held me across his knees and wiped the blood from my broken forehead on that memorable St. Valentine's morning.

Imagine it, and tell me if men through stupidity don't cause half of all the trouble in the world. We explained it all to each other as best we could, for I was really ill, and quite ready to go off into another swoon.

When the servant girl came he went for the doctor, and Mary got me to bed.

Dick came at noon, and was horrified at what had happened. But the doctor had pronounced me more frightened than hurt; and really, but for the dreadful cold I caught, and my wounded forehead, it did not amount to anything, and soon became a tremendous joke.

And it turned out that this friend of Dick's, whose acquaintance I made in such an unconventional fashion, was the very client whose money I defended.

And it also came about that—that he—that I—that we have—we have grown to know each other very well; and Dick—Dick is to look out for another cooperator before next fall; because—well, for reasons best known to myself.—Bessie Tobin, in Detroit Free Press.

My Valentine.

It lies before me on my desk,
All framed in paper laces fine;
I found it in my morning's mail,
And knew it for a valentine.

Oh, hazel eyes, so deep and wise!
Oh, rosy lips that dare not laugh!
What valentine could equal it—
My little daughter's photograph!

I kneel and kiss your dimpled hand
Oh, winsome little maid of mine!
To think, of all your blithe young world
You chose me for your valentine.

—Ethelbred B. Barry, in Our Little Ones.

His Disappointment.

"Git any valentines?" asked Tommy.

"No! Didn't git nothin' at our house 'cept a baby," sniffed Johnny. "Girl, too!"—Chicago Tribune.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The 90,000 operatives at Fall River, Mass., live on 41 square miles. The city is very rich for its size, being valued at $60,534,005, while the public debt is only $2,650,491.

—Fifty thousand tons of starch have been made from potatoes this season in Wisconsin, Minnesota and North Dakota. This enormous output necessitates the use of nearly 3,500,000 bushels of potatoes.

—One firm on the Clyde, without making the slightest fuss about it, built, launched and delivered to the agents of the Spanish government within six months of receiving the order six fairly powerful gunboats for service in patrolling and guarding the Cuban coast.

—Lithium, which was recently shown by M. Guntz to absorb nitrogen when heated to below red heat, has been proved by him and M. Deslandres to absorb it also slowly when cold. The action is analogous to the slow absorption of oxygen by phosphorus, and is unique as a reaction of nitrogen.

—The ant's mouth consists of a pair of powerful mandibles. In the case of warrior ants, which do the fighting of an ant community, the mandibles are the most prominent features of the insect. They are so strong that when fixed in the flesh of an enemy, the ant's head may be pulled off before the mandibles will lose their hold.

—According to M. Chervin, in a paper to the Societe d'Anthropologie, the low birth rate in France is largely due to prodigality in Paris and thrift in the provinces. M. Rochard, however, ascribes it mainly to alcoholism, the annual consumption of alcohol having enormously increased of late years in France. Paris has a wine shop for every three houses.

—Diphtheria of the skin, a very rare disease, has been cured by the use of anti-toxin in a little two-and-a-half-year-old Berlin girl recently. She had been badly scalded with boiling water, and as the skin was healing was kissed by her mother on the wounded spot. The mother had diphtheria and thus communicated it to the baby's skin; the throat was not affected.

—According to the Maritime Journal of Philadelphia there are 154 full-rigged ships flying the United States flag, the largest being the Roanoke, of 3,400 tons register, hailing from Bath, Me. There are 323 barks and barkentines sailing under the stars and stripes, and 62 brigs and brigantines. A list of schooners has not been compiled. They are mostly engaged in coastwise trade, while the 539 vessels enumerated carry the United States flag into foreign seas and ports.

CAUGHT A FOX ASLEEP.

Reynard Had to Pay Dearly for His Lack of Vigilance.

It is an old saying of hunters among the Connecticut hills that a weasel is caught napping never, and a red fox seldom. Fox Hunter Jim Smith, of Rockville, however, had the rare experience not long ago, while tracking a full-grown fox "sleeping sound as a log," as Smith said, in an angle of a rail fence in a patch of half cleared, breezy pasture land.

The hunter had just emerged from the forest and was striding down the sloping field along winding, grassy paths between clumps of bayberry bushes, when glancing well ahead he dimly espied a tawny, curled-up figure on the ground, motionless and seemingly lifeless. A slight wind now and then ruffled the red hair of the sleeper—Jim could see that from his stand, 20 rods away—otherwise a novice might well have mistaken it for an uprooted and dead young juniper bush. But the sportsman's practiced eye readily assured him that the form was that of a fox, "but," he reasoned with himself, "he's dead, sure enough; dead as a tick." Very cautiously and silently, however, with trailing gun, he stole along toward the sleeping beauty until he was less than 30 feet away from its grassy couch in the fence angle, and there he halted and studied his game.

Poor Reynard, evidently overcome by his exertions in a tedious nocturnal raid on some distant hen roost, had dropped down on the ground, not far from his lair, for a 40-wink nap, and was sleeping as serenely as a house dog sleeping off his dinner on his velvet cushion. It seemed much like butchery to dispatch him in his sleep, but, then, foxes are altogether too plentiful and destructive in eastern Connecticut to challenge magnanimity on the part of farmers and sportsmen. Mr. Smith clapped his piece to his shoulder—bang! and Reynard was dead.

He was an old, tough, wiry, lean and handsome dog fox, very heavy, weighing about 14 pounds. Scattered all about the short grass near his napping place was about half a peck of Plymouth Rock hen feathers, showing plainly why Reynard had yielded to the inclination to open-air slumber. He had gorged himself by the wayside, and so paid the penalty. The fox was such a remarkably fine one, with such a heavy flowing brush, that Jim Smith exhibited him in a Rockville show window for a day or two and many hunters came to see him.—N. Y. Sun.

Mysterious Disappearance.

The mysterious disappearance from Brussels of a Mme. Van Cutsem and five children, together with a Mme. Lemoine, who lodged in the same house, has caused considerable sensation, the more so that the theory of robbery is unsupported by any of the surrounding circumstances, while that of a crime is equally untenable. Mme. Von Cutsem's disappearance dates from September 20 last, and since then the police have made active inquiries in London, Paris, Amsterdam and elsewhere without throwing any light on the whereabouts of the lady or the six others who are supposed to have accompanied her.—Chicago Chronicle.

This May Be the Reason.

They were discussing the training of children.

"Don't take any stock in all these books that pretend to tell you all about the subject," advised the older matron.

"But I found them so serviceable in many ways," protested the younger.

"Nonsense," returned the elder. "They are of no value whatever."

"They are a little contradictory at times, but—but—"

"Pooh! How do you think children were brought up before these books were written? Eve had none."

"That's true," admitted the younger matron, thoughtfully, "and you should remember that Cain went wrong."—Chicago Post.

HE PROTESTED TOO MUCH.

George Washington Jones (aged five)—Mamma, I fink somebody's been at ze jam, but it wasn't me. I have no idea who it was but it wasn't me. I fink it may have been ze cat, but it wasn't me.

His Mother—Good gracious, child! don't say any more. You ought to have been born a woman.—Judge.

Or With a Knife.

"Most wonderful woman, Daisy Hawkius—such eyes—by jove, there's nothing she can't do with 'em!"

"Really? Well, that is wonderful. I'd like to see her sharpen a lead pencil with 'em."—Harper's Bazar.

Wants to Be Won.

An old maid never can play chess,
The reason here is stated,
She always plans her moves so that
She may be quickly mated.
—N. Y. Recorder.

Rapid Recovery.

Husband—My dear, you should go out and take a walk. You need exercise.

Wife—Can't you see I'm nearly dead? Exercise, indeed!

"Oh, I didn't know you were so ill. Well, if you are unable to go out, you won't want that $50 I brought home for you to go shopping with, and I might as well take it back."

"N—o, dear; leave it. I think I'll be better soon."—N. Y. Weekly.

How It Happened.

"So she has succeeded in marrying her daughter to an earl, has she?"

"She has."

"I had no idea that she was a rich woman."

"She isn't."

"Then how did she—"

"My dear sir, she's an experienced bargain hunter."—Chicago Post.

Kind.

Mudge—If there really is anything in this reincarnation theory, I don't know but that I would like to be a good, fat, comfortable hog. They seem to enjoy life so.

Yabsley—But as I understand it, in reincarnation one becomes something different from what he was.—Indianapolis Journal.

One View of It.

"Let's see," said the duke of Brokeboro; "your society is known as the Four Hundred?"

"Ya-as," said Chappie. "We are very exclusive, you see."

"Well, I suppose you have to be, but it seems to me that it has taken your country a long time to develop that many gentlemen."—Harper's Bazar.

Wife's Cruel Thrust.

"I wonder," said the man who had been out for the evening, "why some bright women marry such insignificant husbands."

"William," she said, admiringly, "you are really too modest; you nearly do yourself an injustice."—Washington Star.

Three of a Kind.

Griggs—Do you mean to say you have been married three years and have three children?

Briggs—Yes, and that isn't the worst of it.

Griggs—What do you mean?

Briggs—They are all the same age.—Bay City Chat.

HE SUFFERS TERRIBLY.

MARGUERITE—Since she has married again I don't believe she deplores the death of her first husband at all.

MELITA—No; but her last husband does.—Demorest's Magazine.

His Loss.

Tourist (in Oklahoma)—When you drew your bowie and sprang at the stranger who had called you a liar, did he lose his head?

Alkali Ike—Nope; only his ear.—Truth.

Too Much Risk.

Castleton—I want to call on Miss Redbud, and I came away and forgot my cards.

Tutter—Why not use one of mine?

Castleton—No, old man; I want to see her.—Harper's Bazar.

Her One Failing.

The new woman can wheel with the grace of a bird;
She can outdo a golfer in pluck;
She can swim like a fish in the brine of the sea—
But she always will run like a duck!
—Town Topics.

Authoritative.

Big Sister—Dick, I think it is time little folks were in bed.

Little Dick (on Mr. Nicefellow's knee)—Oh, it's all right. Mamma said I should stay here until she came downstairs.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Flatterer.

Mr. Softly (despairingly)—But do you not think you could learn to love me?

Miss Brightly—Oh, dear me, Mr. Softly! what a prodigious student you must think I am.—Judge.

A Familiar Phenomenon.

Oh, the man who comes talking and talking and talking,
And keeps up his talking for aye;
Seems somehow to be
Invariablee
The man who has nothing to say.
—Washington Star.

A Tale of Woe.

Tomlinson—Blame the luck! I lost a valuable silk umbrella yesterday.

Hankins—How so?

Tomlinson—Maddox came along and recognized it.—Puck.

Action.

Mrs. Hicks—When husband saw the burglar there was some lively shooting.

Mrs. Dix—Who did it?

Mrs. Hicks—Both of us—I in a closet, he under the bed.—N. Y. World.

Exactly.

After the lottery awards:

"Where did you get that blank look?"

"Drew it!"—Chicago Record.

An Unfair Advantage.

At the meeting of the Hod Carriers' association:

Clancy—Mr. Chairman, Oi think we should expel Murphy fur not attendin' meetin's. He's absent agin the noight.

Brady—Ye're no gintleman, Clancy, fur t'make thot complaint behoind a man's back.—Philadelphia Record.

Squelching a Fact.

Said a Dallas poet to Hostetter McGinnis: "In my poems you can discern the picture of my lady love."

"Is she lame, too, like your verses?" asked Hostetter, and now they do not speak as they pass by.—Dallas (Tex.) Sifter.

JUST DID IT.

Jagabout—And why do you like champagne?

Miss Clincher—I don't know; perhaps because it p-p-pops so beautifully.—(Scene 2—Trinity church.)—Ally Sloper.

Sarcasm.

Chumley—Bah Jove! Miss Newman, I thought you were a man, don'tcher-know?

Miss Newman—I never made any such mistake as that about you, Mr. Chumley.—Brooklyn Life.

Ruling Passion.

Miss Wallflower—If you would only show—

Mr. Tapleigh (absent-mindedly)—No trouble to show anything, miss, even if you do not intend purchasing to-day.—N. Y. World.

A Cruel Brother.

She—I wonder which most men prefer—dark-haired girls or light-haired girls?

Brother (absent-mindedly)—Light-headed girls!—St. Paul's.

FARM AND GARDEN.

ROAD LEGISLATION.

An Ohio Paper's Timely Appeal to the State Legislature.

The thing needed is such legislation as will give the most liberal encouragement to the construction of paved roads. It is now a fact that nearly the whole people favor these improvements. Each citizen is willing to bear a fair proportion of the burden of the expenses needed. This is the almost unanimous sentiment. There is no other part of our indebtedness more cheerfully paid than that which is incurred in the construction of good roads. The expense is so small compared with the vast benefits received

Oh, wouldn't journeying be bliss
If all the ronds were just like this?

in return, that the desire is general to improve all the roads on which there is much travel. The present law is good enough as far as it goes. Under its operations, however, only a few of the more favored roads can be improved. What is needed is a law that permits all roads to be improved as soon as a majority of the persons most interested and who must bear the chief burden of the expense desire to do so.—Toledo (O.) Commercial.

BRAN FOR HORSES.

It Acts as a Laxative and Is Tempting to the Appetite.

Bran stands decidedly foremost as the food most generally in use for the invalid horse; it acts as a laxative, is frequently tempting to the uppetite and easy of digestion. There is no part of the general treatment more universal than offering this substance as a change of food. Does the horse show slight symptoms of cold or fever, a warm bran mash is a convenient plan of steaming and consequently of soothing the irritable mucous membranes of the air passages; it is a substitute for the more stimulating diet he is accustomed to and gently promotes the activity of the digestive apparatus; it is also a convenient medium for the giving of certain simple remedies. When it is necessary to administer purgative medicine, a bran mash or two renders the bowels more susceptible of its action, and a smaller drug is therefore required to produce the desired effect. Bran mashes may be given hot or cold—cold are perhaps quite as grateful to the horse—but the nibbling of hot mash in catarrhal affections is particularly beneficial from the necessary inhalation of the steam.—Farm and Home.

To Prevent Scouring in Calves.

Scouring in calves usually indicates indigestion, and is to be avoided by rational feeding and good care. Calves should be fed as near as possible to the manner in which they feed naturally when with their dams. The quantity should be small, and the feeds frequent. Milk should never be given cool, but in temperature similar to that which flows from the udder. The temperature of a calf's stomach is 98 degrees. Supposing we feed it with liquid at 50 degrees, that liquid must be raised to 98 degrees before digestion begins. A delicate stomach refuses to do this, and rids itself of the cold mass in the form of scour. Sour milk is quite unfit for young calves, and separated milk should have a little flaxseed jelly added to it, so as to compensate for the fat removed. A tendency to scouring may be checked by giving a teaspoonful of lime water in each feed.—N. Y. World.

Remedy for Hard Milking.

Hard milking is commonly due to a small milk duct or want of elasticity of the muscles that close the end of the teat. This may be remedied by making a smooth wooden or bone peg, slightly thicker in the middle than at each end, and with a small knob at one end, to prevent it from slipping into the duct. After milking, this is well greased with fresh vaseline and inserted in the teat. In a few days the tensions on the muscle will loosen it, and the milking will be freer. It must not be continued too long, or the contrary condition—a running of the milk—may be caused.—Rural World.

Trees Need Moisture in Winter.

It is an almost universal mistake to think that trees require no water, or but very little in winter. There is evaporation and a great deal of it all through the winter, and if moisture is not close at hand the tree will die. Keeping this in mind it will be seen why there is great benefit in mulching newly planted trees. It keeps the frost from the roots if placed on the ground thick enough, which it should be, and in this way it is easier for the roots to sustain the calls the tree makes for moisture to meet the loss by evaporation.—New England Farmer.

THE COST OF BUTTER.

Experiments Prove Dairy Farming to Be Founded on a Rock.

In the dairy contest at the world's fair butter was made at a cost of about 12½ cents per pound. The Minnesota experiment station has since made it at a cost of 10 cents per pound. Many leading dairymen figure the cost at about 12 to 13 cents. This includes the cost of feed at the market price, but also the cost of labor, interest on the investment, etc. You hear dairymen talk on every hand when the price of creamery butter gets below 20 cents per pound that there is no money in the creamery, for when the four cents per pound for making is deducted it brings the price received nearly or quite down to the cost, that is, figuring the cost as above, at 10 to 13 cents. But there is one thing, and a very important one, too that they seem to overlook. In making a pound of butter cost 12 cents we have received pay for our crops at market value and have sold them to our cows right at home. We get the cash for our crops at a market value when we sell butter at the cost of production (12½ cents per pound), and we have saved ourselves the trouble of drawing those crops to market. A man can better afford to sell butter at the cost of production than he can corn or oats or wheat when the cost of a pound of butter includes the feed and labor at their market value, as it does in the above estimates because he has already received his profits on his crops in the 12½ cents per pound for butter. This explains why the dairy farmer, if he understands his business, is more prosperous than his neighbor who sells his hay and grain instead of feeding it to good cows right at home. Do you ever stop to think that some farmers are selling their very farm load by load, in hauling their crops to market every year and putting nothing back on their farm? The basic principles of dairy farming, and more especially butter making, are correct, for it consumes the products of the farm and returns the manurial elements to the soil after the marketable dairy products have been taken out. A ton of gilt-edge butter does not contain over 50 cents in value in fertilizing elements. Dairy farming is founded on a rock, and the farmer who has energy and knowledge enough to get a good herd of cows and keep them as they should be kept, will surely be successful, and he will leave to future generations a soil that is capable of feeding the human race at a profit.—Hoard's Dairyman.

KEEPING COWS CLEAN.

A Simple Device Which Will Accomplish This Important End.

A simple device for keeping cows clean in the stable is made by fastening a board (A) across the stall over the

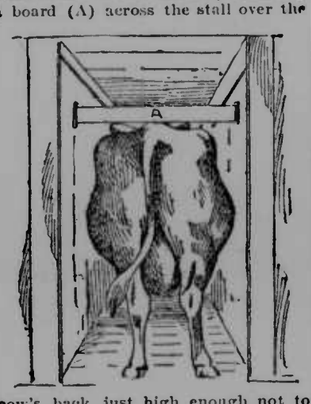

cow's back just high enough not to touch her when standing at ease. When she voids excrement she arches her back; the board obliges her to step to get the desired position and the excrement falls into the gutter. The board may be padded so as to prevent rubbing off the cow's hair and must be adjusted for each cow, according to her height and length. The plan is effective, cheap and does not interfere with the animal's comfort.—Farm and Home.

ARSENIC ON SOIL.

When the Use of Insecticides Is Injurious to Vegetation.

We are asked if arsenic falling from sprayed trees is not injurious to vegetation. With the action of the rains and the falling of the leaves most of the arsenic which is applied to trees finally reaches the soil. What then becomes of it? If lime has been used with the spray, the arsenic will be insoluble when it falls upon the soil. It is possible that the organic acids in the soil, and also carbonic acid, may dissolve some of the arsenic, but it would be almost surely made immediately insoluble again by combination with lime or other soil constituents. If soluble arsenic is placed on the soil, it probably almost immediately goes into insoluble combinations, and remains where it was placed unless slightly washed down by mere mechanical means. Now some plants appear to have the power to take up every minute quantities of arsenic and still thrive—probably so minute that the nicest chemical test can scarcely discover it—but any appreciable quantity of soluble arsenic in the soil quickly destroys the roots. If, therefore, the grass and other plants under sprayed trees continue to live, there need be no fear that the arsenic will injure the soil.—Farmers' Voice.

Why Butter Production Pays.

There is one advantage the dairyman has who sells butter, and that is he does not sell the fertility of his farm. The real value of the manurial substances remain in the skim milk. Butter is carbonaceous, and may be said to be composed of nothing that comes from the soil. As a dairyman expressed it: "Butter is sunshine and water." Dairy farms most always increase in value, not only because but little if anything is carried away in the butter, but also because a large quantity of manure is made and the soil thus becomes more capable of producing each succeeding year.

THE KEY DID FIT.

It Also Gave Its Owner Considerable Uneasiness.

The narration of several experiences of travel led one of the Americans in the smoking-room of the steamer to tell this story: "There is in Hanover, as some of you know," he began, "a beautiful garden, Herrenhausen, on which the kings of Hanover, when there were kings of Hanover, lavished much attention. Some years ago I visited Herrenhausen with my wife and children and some persons whose acquaintance we had made on the steamer. It was a beautiful day in summer, and we all felt in the highest spirits. It happened that at the hotel some one had told me of the statue of a former margravine of Hanover which was soon to be unveiled in Herrenhausen. It was to stand in a shell-shaped structure, the whole of which was boarded over at that time.

"When our party reached the shed-like affair I began to tell what it was there for, who the margravine was and so on, pretending a vast knowledge of the whole business. One of my children then wanted to know if we couldn't see the statue. In a joking way I said certainly, and going up to the gate of the shed drew a bunch of keys from my pocket. I did it as if I were going to open the lock, and actually put the key into it, taking the first that came to hand. I turned the key, to carry out the joke, and was astonished beyond measure to find the lock yield and the door open.

"My little daughter clapped her hands and exclaimed: 'O, papa's opened the door,' and rushed in to see the statue. The others followed, while I for a moment was too dazed to say a word. I began to feel more or less alarm. I had heard a great deal about the strictness of German enforcement of law, and knew that technically I had committed burglary. The question also arose in my mind whether I could not be hauled up for lese majeste and sent to prison for six months. At the same time it would have been embarrassing and humiliating to confess to my children that I had made a mistake and had no right in there.

"The statue was covered with cloth, and so I managed to hustle the party out of the shed after a short time. One of the laborers chanced to pass, and he was evidently surprised to see us in there. He must have taken me for the sculptor or something of the kind, and did not summon a policeman. I was in the greatest trepidation until I relocked the door and finally got away with my family and friends. There were probably a million chances to one that my key wouldn't fit that particular lock, but I haven't liked to be too practical in my jokes since that time."—Philadelphia Ledger.

FISH NOTES.

In Iceland codfish beaten to a powder are used as bread.

It is now generally believed that new lakes, canals, etc., become filled with fish by means of birds. The birds, after feeding on fish-spawn elsewhere alight on these new waters, and drop some of the spawn from their bills.

A sturgeon weighing 920 pounds was taken from the Fraser river by a fisherman recently. It was the largest caught this season. The wholesale price of the fish is one cent a pound, but even at that rate it was a profitable day's fishing.

Fisherman say that the use of nets in fishing for sturgeon is rapidly supplanting other methods of taking the big fish in the upper Columbia and Snake rivers. The nets are from 600 to 900 feet long, and the meshes vary in size between 12 and 19 inches.

A Sympathetic Gent.

Old Bachelor—Great Jinks! What a soul-destroying yell! The idea of allowing a brat to squall like that!

Nurse—This baby, sir, hasn't any mother.

"Oh! Poor little child! Too bad! No one to spank it!"—N. Y. Weekly.

A Slow Match.

The minister had been unexpectedly delayed, so the bridal couple had to wait. The bride became a trifle impatient, so she said:

"We have been engaged nine long years, and now have to wait another half hour!"—Dallas (Tex.) Sifter.

THE HOSTESS—"Oh, yes! Her people were as poor as church mice; but since her marriage to wealthy John Gotmore she has it easy." The Visitor—"Easy! I should say so! Why, she hasn't a single thing to do all day but sit and worry."—Puck.

CLARA—"Mr. Softerly paid me a great compliment yesterday. He said I grew more beautiful every day." Maude—"Well, practice makes perfect, you know."—Life.

"A MAN dat am allus lookin' foh er argyment," said Uncle Eben, "am in frequent cases de man dat orter be lookin' foh work."—Washington Star.

"FREDDIE, why did you drop the baby on the floor!" "Well, I heard everybody say it is a bouncing baby, and I wanted to see it bounce."—Truth.

"A FRIEN' in need," said Uncle Eben, "am I'ble ter be de frien' dat yoh done paid back when you horried money en previous occasions."—Washington Star.

"THE love of money is the root of all evil," quoted Mrs. Lamb. "No," replied Mr. Lamb, who had been shorn lately. "Wall street is the route of all evil."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

CLASSIFIER.—Wade—"What do the papers mean when they speak of 'The Man of the Hour?'" Butcher—"A fellow forgotten the next moment."—Puck.

CONTENT is the wealth of nature.—Socrates.

RESOLUTION is omnipotent.—John Foster.

SARCASM poisons reproof.—Wigglesworth.

NO ROCK so hard but that a little wave may beat admission in a thousand years.—Tennyson.

WAIF.—"Prof. Garner is in Africa again, talking with monkeys." Butcher—"Giving pluk tease!"—Puck.

THERE are some men who act according to their lights, but there are more who act according to their livers.—Boston Transcript.

"Who gave you away when you were married?" "The press." Saying which she fetched several large scrap-books.—Detroit Tribune.

TO MAINTAIN an opinion because it is thine, and not because it is true, is to prefer thyself above truth.—Venning.

A BOOK OF TRAVEL.

The Southern Pacific Marks an Era in Railway Literature by the Publication of a Sumptuous Book.

The railway literature of the past decade has, in some instances, been so surprisingly good that as examples of book-making it has occasioned revolutions in the art of printing.

The Passenger Department of the Southern Pacific is about to put forth a book which will make a distinct advance upon anything heretofore achieved in this line, and which is likely to astonish those conservative people who wonder how costly books, especially prepared, can be given away. The work referred to is entitled "Through Storyland to Sunset Seas," and was written by H. S. Kneedler. It will be issued as a handsome volume of 250 pages, printed on enamoled paper, made especially for the work, and illustrated by two hundred fine half tone engravings executed in the highest style of art. The work contains no advertising, except as the narrative indirectly advertises the Southern Pacific.

It is a narrative, largely in dialogue, of the journey which four people made over the entire Southern Pacific System, and it tells cleverly all the things of interest which they saw and learned along the way. The unpublished romance which attached to the section of Louisinna traversed—the story of the Acadian and the traditions of La Fitte, as well as much of romance in family history, are dwelt upon, together with anecdotes of the Texas plains and the table lands of Arizona and New Mexico where Indian and Spanish rule have left a legacy of tragic history. Then up and down through California the story takes the reader to every point of interest, and as far North as Portland, Oregon, and out on the Central Pacific across the Sierras to Salt Lake.

The book is the embodiment of careful research and it describes all the points of interest along the line and tells so graphically the story of what is to be seen that it is a perfect guide book, while at the same time narrative style which has been adhered to makes it out of the class of guide books and makes it what it really is—a work of travel, and one as fascinating to a person who has never seen the great Southwest or the Paradise of the Pacific Coast, as to him who has traversed all the region. It is a book which people will read and keep, and when one contemplates the cost of publishing such a work it is a marvel that the Southern Pacific generously offers to send it to any applicant who will send 20 cents in stamps to pay the cost of postage. Write to S. F. B. Morse, General Passenger Agent, Southern Pacific, New Orleans, La., enclose 20 cents in stamps and receive in return a book which, in the regular way, would cost you $1.50 or $2.00.

Why Time glides so swiftly
All history shows,
That the reason of this
Is by cycle he goes.
—Harlem Life.

WHERE DID YOU GET THIS COFFEE?

Had the Ladies' Aid Society of our Church out for tea, forty of them, and all pronounced the German Coffeeberry equal to Rio! Salzer's catalogue tells you all about it! 35 packages Earliest vegetable seeds $1.00.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND with 15c. stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get free a package of above great coffee seed and our 148 page catalogue! Catalogue alone 5c. postage. (K)

WE cannot too often think there is a never-sleeping eye, which reads the heart, and registers our thoughts.—Bacon.

Time and Tide.

"Time and tide wait for no man," saith the adage—but there are many other things of the non-waiting kind which will not be put off and ought not to be. Half the misery of the world is caused by delay, and Rheumatism is one of those insidious ills which demands prompt attention, especially in mid-winter, when the cold accelerates its action and intensifies pain. If allowed to have its way, it will wait for no man in its rapid development of the chronic stage. When this is reached, then come troubles, not only in its misery but in many ways where a helpless condition throws the sufferer out of work and money. But whether in its acute, chronic or inflammatory stage, don't wait. The tide of pain will go on and so will loss of time. At the same time we all know that St. Jacobs Oil is made and sold for the express purpose of curing the worst cases in their worst form at any stage. It has cured and will cure in nine cases out of ten.

HIS REASON.—"Why did Brumley say that he was not a hero?" "He is his own valet."—Detroit Free Press.

A Trip to the Garden Spots of the South.

On January 14 and 28, February 11 and March 10, tickets will be sold from principal cities, towns and villages of the north, to all points on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida and a portion of Kentucky, at one single fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good to return within thirty days and will allow stop-over at any points on the south bound trip. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he can not sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.,

TO HAVE what we want is riches, but to be able to do without is power.—G. Macdonald.

THREE through sleeping car lines to Florida daily via the Queen & Crescent Route.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Miss OLDUN (playfully)—"I'm older than you think I am." Miss Caustique—"I doubt it."—Tit-Bits.

BEECHAM'S PILLS for constipation 10c and 25c. Get the book (free) at your druggist's and go by it. Annual sales 6,000,000 boxes.

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Sprain, Soreness, OR Stiffness,

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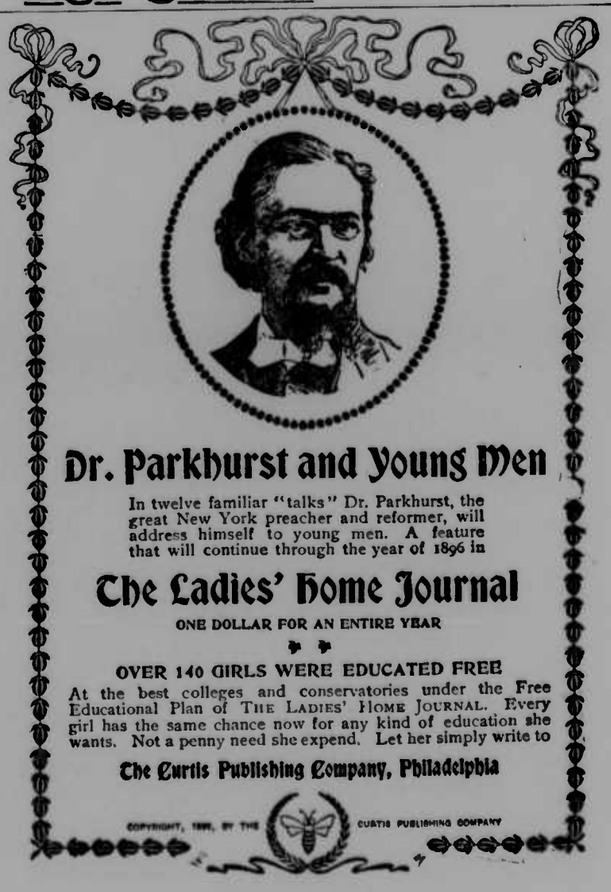

Dr. Parkhurst and Young Men

In twelve familiar "talks" Dr. Parkhurst, the great New York preacher and reformer, will address himself to young men. A feature that will continue through the year of 1896 in

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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 10th, 1896

The caucus of Republican Senators which nominated Mr. W. S. Shaw, of Spokane, Washington, to be Secretary of the Senate; Mr. H. L. Grant, of N. C. to be Sergeant-at-Arms, and Mr. Alonzo Stewart, of Iowa, to be Assistant Doorkeeper authorized Senator Sherman to call up the question of the election of these officers whenever he sees fit, but he is not expected to do so until assured that they can be elected. In other words, until certain that at least one populist will vote with the Republicans. That leaves matters in an indefinite shape. Senator Frye has been unanimously elected President pro tem., but when the other Republican officials can be elected nobody knows. It may be to-morrow it may be not at all.

The outlook for the House tariff bill is not encouraging no matter whether Senator Quay's resolution, to recommit the free coinage substitute, which the Finance committee last week reported, to the committee, be adopted or not. If adopted there is nothing to show that Senator Jones, of Nevada, who holds the balance of power, will allow anything but a free coinage substitute to be reported from the committee. And if it isn't adopted, there is little hope of getting the tariff bill through the Senate.

The House will this week refuse to concur in the Senate free coinage substitute for the House bond bill, and the substitute will be sent to conference, where it is likely to remain.

The syndicate represented by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan will get about one-third of that bond issue; simply because its bid for the entire issue was a tiny fraction higher than that put in by the syndicate represented by another New York banker. Whether Mr. Morgan made his close shave by reason of advance information—he probably did—is a question, but the most important fact connected with Mr. Morgan's bid was that, although the market quotation for these bonds was a little lower than it was last year when he made that private deal with Mr. Cleveland for the $62,000,000 bond issue, and that these bonds will have one year less to run his bid for these bonds was about seven cents on the dollar—$7,000,000, in all—in excess of the price he paid for the same bond one year ago.

Has the Senate a right through a select committee to investigate the election of members of a State Legislature which elects a U. S. Senator? That is the problem which has been referred to a sub-committee of the Senate Elections Committee, and the answer will probably determine what action the committee will take upon Senator Allen's resolution for an investigation of the Alabama legislative election which preceded Senator Morgan's last election to the Senate.

The vote of forty to twenty-eight by which the Senate referred the providing for the distribution of several of the regular appropriation bills among committees—they now all go to the Appropriations committee—to the Committee on Rules with instructions to report back on the first day of the next session, was a great compliment to Senator Allison, who is chairman of the Committee on Appropriations. There is very little doubt that a majority of the Senate would have voted for the change had it not been for the fear that such action by the Senate at this time would have been constructed by some people as a reflection upon Senator Allison.

The report of the Nicaragua Canal Commission is not encouraging to Congressional action on the canal; at least, not on the lines here tofore proposed. In addition to nearly doubling the estimate of the cost of its construction, the report says plans must be changed or it cannot be constructed at all. A majority of both branches of Congress favors the construction of the canal, but they are far from agreeing as to just how it should be done. This will result in delaying anything like positive action.

Justice Brewer, President of the Venezuelan Boundary Commission, has made a public statement denouncing the stories published in sensational newspapers about the luxury and extravagance of the Commission. Justice Brewer says, and his word has never been doubted that instead of being extravagant the commission has been very economical, and that he expects it to continue to be economical until its work is completed.

Delegate Catron, of New Mexico, has received many congratulations for the cleverness he displayed in pushing his bill, against prize fighting in territories and the District of Columbia, through the House and Senate without delay or even a single adverse vote. The bill became a law as soon as it reached Mr. Cleveland, who for once agreed with Congress.

There is no doubt about the leading position Maine holds in this Congre . With Senator Frye President pro tem. of the Senate, Senator Hale, Chairman of the Printing Committee, Speaker Reed presiding over the House, and Representatives Dingley, Boutelle and Milliken chairman of three important House Committees, surely Maine may be said to be "in it".

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper under the caption "We Loan Money" The Mutual Guarantee Building and Loan Association which he is representing is one of the strongest new financial institutions in the country and the largest new Building and Loan Association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management is developing it very fast. Its assets have already reached over $2,000,000, which proves it to be positively reliable in every respect. The men that carry it on are responsible and well known gentlemen. This is a good association for the investor as well as for borrower. It has a life insurance policy connected with it which beats anything in any other association. It is good for both young and old and especially for the young man, as this policy matures in 7 years, the others in 8 years. So anyone wishing to make and save money rapidly will do well to invest in this association. Those desiring to borrow or invest will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars.

A sensation was sprung last Thursday in the United States Court at Wheeling, Judge Goff presiding, which brought to a sudden termination the celebrated King-Mullins land suit involving 1,500,000 acres of valuable coal and timber land in West Virginia, the title of which has been in dispute for many years, and enlisted the efforts of litigants in two Continents. When court opened, the attorney for the defendant asked for a verdict, claiming that the land in question had been forfeited to the State, by not being entered on the tax books, a State provision being that land not entered for taxes for five successive years shall be forfeited to the State. The plaintiffs' counsel argued that the statute is contrary to the 14th amendment of the United States Constitution, which says, that no man shall be deprived of his life, liberty or property without due process of law. The point was hotly contested, and Judge Goff, on request for binding instructions of the jury, ruled that the West Virginia law relating to the forfeiting of land for the non-payment of taxes is not in violation of the Federal Constitution, and instructed the jury to bring in a verdict for the defendants. This the jury did. This abrupt ending of the famous case, involving so many millions of dollars, was a surprise to everybody and the case will doubtless be appealed. One hundred squatters on the land in dispute who were in the court as witnesses for the defendants are jubilant, as the virdict allows them to retain the land they live on. Among them are the famous Hatfield family of Hatfield-McCoy fame. The land mostly lies in Logan county. The costs in the case have been enormous, this being the second trial, the jury having disagreed at the former hearing, about six months ago.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

PRESTON BRICK.

The Oakland Coal and Coke Co.'s Works.—The Making of Brick.

Corinth is a pretty little town, nestling between the hills, and situated about 6 miles west of Oakland, Md., and 3 miles east of Terra Alta, W. Va. Nine years ago it only contained 6 or 8 dwelling houses, and no public works of any sort. Mr. R. I. Andesson, of Oakland, the well-known and genial business man who understands the mineral matters thoroughly, became possessed of the knowledge of the whereabouts of a coal field in the vicinity, and forthwith proceeded to locate it. After discovering it was valuable he got together a small influential company of men who bought the ground and opened the coal mine, and each one owning equal shares. Quite a lot of expense was incurred by laying tracks inside of the mine, and from the outside to connect with the B. & O. R. R. for shipping purposes.

After the coal mine had been in operation three or four years the company had one hundred coke ovens built, which have been quite a success. In the meantime quite a number of families moved to the place and worked in the coal mine, and on the coke ovens, and built houses to live in, and the company also had twenty houses erected for the accommodation of their workmen

In the spring of 1895 fire clay was discovered on the ground belonging to the company. Excavations were made in several places and sample of each different kind of clay was sent to Chicago for test in a brick press. It was pronounced by experts there as one of the finest grades that had ever been discovered. After receiving such a message the company decided to build a brick factory in Corinth, just across from the coal mine and the coke ovens.

Quite a number of men were employed by the superintendent to make the entrance under ground into the clay mine. A track runs to the interior of it, and the clay is brought out in small cars and put into the machinery until it is as fine as powder; with the last process it goes into the Simpson press and makes four bricks every two seconds. The different colors, after the brick are burned, are red, light brown, buff and gray, according to the clay, and the styles are Roman tile, Pompeiin (with iron ore mixed through them), and the ordinary smooth brick. Two kilns have been built, the capacity of each is 100,000 brick.

I had the pleasure of perambulating all around the premises, and think the company deserve great credit for the manner in which they so lavishly expend their money in building up the town. At the present time there are three stores, a church and about one hundred dwelling houses, a post office, freight and express department, which is manipulated by Charles Anderson, the polite and intelligent son of R. I. Anderson, one of the stock holders and superintendent in the Oakland Coal and Coke Company's works, at Corinth, W. Va.—Terra Alta Oracle.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett County to appoint viewers to locate a county road beginning at a point near the bridge that crosses Savage river on the Grantsville and Barton road, running through the lands of Elias Merrill, Amos Broadwater, John Broadwater, Mrs. Fanule Weltzel, Wm. H. Merrill and John F. Robeson in intersect the road leading from Noah Garlitz's mill to the head of A. J. Lancaster's lane, a distance of four miles.
E. MERRILL,
AMOS BROADWATER,
JOHN F. ROBESON,
47 3t and others.

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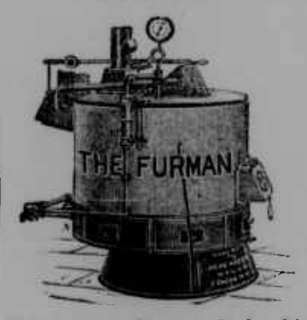

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A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,
C. A. SNOW & CO.
OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHIN

LAND FOR SALE!
I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.
All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.
Call on or address:
C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1896 NUMBER 50.

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Sheriff Brown sold at Sheriff's sale to Mr. L. A. Rudisill the lot of ground advertised in THE REPUBLICAN last week for $112.

Mr. E. H. Sincell, acting as attorney for Governor Lowndes, sold to Messrs. John and Henry Roth 157½ acres of timber land in District No. 8 for the sum of $954.75.

The New Electric Equipment.

As stated in these columns last week, Messrs. D. E. Offutt, owner of the electric plant, and Samuel Lawton, superintendent, were in the east purchasing new machinery. Two new dynamos with a capacity of thirty two-thousand candle power lamps each were purchased of the General Electric company. The machines will be received here some time this week and put in position in the plant.

New lamps were also purchased, and as six additional lamps were ordered by the corporation authorities, the town with the increased candle power and the increased number of lamps, will be fairly well lighted. After the new equipment has been installed and tested the electric plant will be run all night instead of until midnight as is now the case.

Another Enterprise for Oakland.

A gentleman, who desires to keep his name out of public print, representing H. J. Klingler & Co., merchant millers and grain shippers, whose main office is in Butler, Pa., was in Oakland one dry last week endeavoring to procure land near Oakland upon which his firm desires to erect a large roller process flouring mill, oat meal and starch factory and barrel and box works.

The gentlemen representing this firm informed a prominent business man of Oakland that the oats raised in this county were superior for the purpose of manufacturing oat meal of any oats of the world, while the potatoes of the mountains were the best for starch manufacture.

It is the purpose of the firm to begin the erection of their factories as soon as the ground can be procured and when in full blast it will require from fifty to seventy-five men to operate the several departments.

The Race Course and Agricultural Society.

Agreeable to a call issued by several prominent gentlemen of Oakland, about one hundred citizens of the town met at Offutt's Hall on last Saturday night to devise ways and means for the purpose of establishing a race course and Agricultural Society for this county.

Dr. E. H. Bartlett was made president of the meeting and Mr. Chas. Sweeney secretary. Speeches were made my both of these gentlemen setting forth the benefits to the citizens of the town and county to be derived should the project prove a success. Several other gentlemen made talks upon the subject. A committee of eight gentlemen consisting of Messrs. Chas. Sweeney, Richard Maroney, James W. Leathers, E. H. Sincell, ex-Senator Browning, R. S. Jamison, C. E. Offutt and James A. Delawder was appointed to ascertain the probable cost of a parcel of ground sufficiently large for the purpose of the association and report at the next meeting to be held on Saturday night of this week.

Father Mattingly's Lecture.

The lecture delivered by Rev. Father Romanus Mattingly, in Offutt's Hall, on last Monday night, the subject being "The Analysis and the Synthesis of Scientific Thought," reflects very great credit on that reverend gentleman. The hall was well filled and that too with an intelligent and appreciative audience who gave the strictest attention to the lecturer. His power of simplifying his subject, thereby making it interesting and intelligible even to the more illiterate, was generally commended by all who had the good fortune to be present. His illustrations were drawn from immediate surroundings and were so well placed and appropriate as to give great force to his argument.

Such lectures, while entertaining, are very instructive and beneficial to any community. The simple point made by the lecturer showing the necessity of basing our reasoning on some principle and sticking to that principle in the solution of all problems, as well as the fallacy of beginning at the top of the ladder, or, as the lecturer well expressed it, taking up the big books before mastering the smaller ones—trying to compel a child to read before it can spell.

These are questions that may well be thought over by many and may have the effect of arresting some one who may have started out on this false principle.

All have expressed themselves as being well pleased with the lecture and hope it will not be the last time they may have the pleasure in listening to the gentleman for whom all have the highest admiration and regard.

The Jury for the March Term

On last Saturday Judge David W. Sloan came up to Oakland and drew the following names from the jury box to serve as jurors at the March term of the Circuit Court:

District No. 1.—F. R. Sharpless, Rudolph Beckman, Ebenezer Kitzmiller.

No. 2.—William W. Frazee, Archibald Casteel, Garrett V. Dixon, Silas F. Cuppett, Jonas Teats, William Welch, John H. Riley.

No. 3.—Levi Resh, Otho L. Garlitz, Morgan Robeson, Jacob L. Durst, George W Custer.

No. 4.—William L. Dick, sr., William C. Titchenell, George L. Michaels, John T. O'Neal, O. C. Fazenbaker.

No. 5.—John M. Lowdermilk, Adolphus P. Enlow.

No. 6.—Andrew J. Alexander, William A. Smith, Walter M. Lowdermilk, George E. Bishoff, J. Alvin Friend.

No. 7.—John A. Connell, Thos. Harne, Henry N. Fredlock, Edmund Jamison, James O. Cleveland, James W. Leathers, John T. Sincell, Ralph T. Ashby.

No. 8.—Wm. H. Knepp, John C. Bowman, Benjamin F. Harvey, William McC. Brown, John Blambel, Jonathan W. Baker.

No. 9.—James Carey.

No. 10.—Benjamin F. Snyder, Franklin L. Warnick, William W. Speicher, Columbus L. Paugh.

No. 11.—None.

No. 12.—Daniel J. Brenneman, Perry Bowser.

For Sale.

200 acres, more or less, of good land; 50 of fine timber, 11 room dwelling, large orchard of never failing fruit. Make good summer resort or stock farm. For particulars, call on premises or address, Mrs. Thos. Cornwall, Sunnyside, Md. 46-5t*

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COURSE BY MAIL

WITH THE

Capital City Commercial College.

TO ADVERTISE OUR COLLEGE

We will give a thorough course of instruction in Double and Single Entry Book-keeping and Commercial Arithmetic, by mail,

FREE OF CHARGE

to a limited number of persons. This course will be completed in forty lessons. No charge for diplomas.

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Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.50 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

Died.

CHAMBERS.—On Tuesday morning Alice, the nine year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Chambers. The funeral occurred yesterday, the interment being made in Odd Fellows' cemetery.

F. E. Merrill has the best line of late style neck wear in town.

Just received a fine new line of late style shirts at F. E. Merrill's.

Quick in effect, heals and leaves no scar. Burning, scaly skin eruptions quickly cured by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Applied to burns, scalds, old sores, it is magical in effect. Always cures piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

For Sale.

A large Lighthouse double heating stove. Will sell for cash or trade for lumber. Call at furniture room.

D. E. BOLDEN.

For Sale.

A cottage containing 7 rooms, attic and cellar. Has a well of good water upon the premises, and an acre of land attached. Purchaser can have the choice of more land up to two acres. Will sell cheap and on good terms. Situated opposite Mt. Lake Park on Oakland road. Mt. Lake Park, is a good market for vegetables and poultry. Apply to F. P. Arnold, Mt. Lake Park, Garrett county, Md. 50-13t.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending February 22, 1896, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Delphia Dewitt	Eddie Watson
John Homepton	Mrs. J. V. Brann

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. 25 cents per box.

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Last Saturday three pieces of property in this county changed owners at public auction.

Mr. D. James Blackiston, through Messrs. Peddicord & Peddicord, sold the Mayers building on Second street at mortgagee's sale to Senator R. A. Ravenscroft for $3,850.

Sheriff Brown sold at Sheriff's sale to Mr. L. A. Rudisili the lot of ground advertised in THE REPUBLICAN last week for $112.

Mr. E. H. Sincell, acting as attorney for Governor Lowndes, sold to Messrs. John and Henry Roth 157½ acres of timber land in District No. 8 for the sum of $954.75.

The New Electric Equipment.

As stated in these columns last week, Messrs. D. E. Offutt, owner of the electric plant, and Samuel Lawton, superintendent, were in the east purchasing new machinery. Two new dynamos with a capacity of thirty two-thousand candle power lamps each were purchased of the General Electric company. The machines will be received here some time this week and put in position in the plant.

New lamps were also purchased, and as six additional lamps were ordered by the corporation authorities, the town with the increased candle power and the increased number of lamps, will be fairly well lighted. After the new equipment has been installed and tested the electric plant will be run all night instead of until midnight as is now the case.

Another Enterprise for Oakland.

A gentleman, who desires to keep his name out of public print, representing H. J. Klingler & Co., merchant millers and grain shippers, whose main office is in Butler, Pa., was in Oakland one dry last week endeavoring to procure land near Oakland upon which his firm desires to erect a large roller process flouring mill, oat meal and starch factory and barrel and box works.

The gentlemen representing this firm informed a prominent business man of Oakland that the oats raised in this county were superior for the purpose of manufacturing oat meal of any oats of the world, while the potatoes of the mountains were the best for starch manufacture.

It is the purpose of the firm to begin the erection of their factories as soon as the ground can be procured and when in full blast it will require from fifty to seventy-five men to operate the several departments.

The Race Course and Agricultural Society.

Agreeable to a call issued by several prominent gentlemen of Oakland, about one hundred citizens of the town met at Offutt's Hall on last Saturday night to devise ways and means for the purpose of establishing a race course and Agricultural Society for this county.

Dr. E. H. Bartlett was made president of the meeting and Mr. Chas. Sweeney secretary. Speeches were made my both of these gentlemen setting forth the benefits to the citizens of the town and county to be derived should the project prove a success. Several other gentlemen made talks upon the subject. A committee of eight gentlemen consisting of Messrs. Chas. Sweeney, Richard Maroney, James W. Leathers, E. H. Sincell, ex-Senator Browning, R. S. Jamison, C. E. Offutt and James A. Delawder was appointed to ascertain the probable cost of a parcel of ground sufficiently large for the purpose of the association and report at the next meeting to be held on Saturday night of this week.

Father Mattingly's Lecture.

The lecture delivered by Rev. Father Romanus Mattingly, in Offutt's Hall, on last Monday night, the subject being "The Analysis and the Synthesis of Scientific Thought," reflects very great credit on that reverend gentleman. The hall was well filled and that too with an intelligent and appreciative audience who gave the strictest attention to the lecturer. His power of simplifying his subject, thereby making it interesting and intelligible even to the more illiterate, was generally commended by all who had the good fortune to be present. His illustrations were drawn from immediate surroundings and were so well placed and appropriate as to give great force to his argument.

Such lectures, while entertaining, are very instructive and beneficial to any community. The simple point made by the lecturer showing the necessity of basing our reasoning on some principle and sticking to that principle in the solution of all problems, as well as the fallacy of beginning at the top of the ladder, or, as the lecturer well expressed it, taking up the big books before mastering the smaller ones—trying to compel a child to read before it can spell.

These are questions that may well be thought over by many and may have the effect of arresting some one who may have started out on this false principle.

All have expressed themselves as being well pleased with the lecture and hope it will not be the last time they may have the pleasure in listening to the gentleman for whom all have the highest admiration and regard.

The Jury for the March Term

On last Saturday Judge David W. Sloan came up to Oakland and drew the following names from the jury box to serve as jurors at the March term of the Circuit Court:

District No. 1.—F. R. Sharpless, Rudolph Beckman, Ebenezer Kitzmiller.

No. 2.—William W. Frazee, Archibald Casteel, Garrett V. Dixon, Silas F. Cuppett, Jonas Teats, William Welch, John H. Riley.

No. 3.—Levi Resh, Otho L. Garlitz, Morgan Robeson, Jacob L. Durst, George W Custer.

No. 4.—William L. Dick, sr., William C. Titchenell, George L. Michaels, John T. O'Neal, O. C. Fnzenbaker.

No. 5.—John M. Lowdermilk, Adolphus P. Enlow.

No. 6.—Andrew J. Alexander, William A. Smith, Walter M. Lowdermilk, George E. Bishoff, J. Alvin Friend.

No. 7.—John A. Connell, Thos. Harne, Henry N. Fredlock, Edmund Jamison, James O. Cleveland, James W. Leathers, John T. Sincell, Ralph T. Ashby.

No. 8.—Wm. H. Knepp, John C. Bowman, Benjamin F. Harvey, William McC. Brown, John Blambel, Jonathan W. Baker.

No. 9.—James Carey.

No. 10.—Benjamin F. Snyder, Franklin L. Warnick, William W. Speicher, Columbus L. Paugh.

No. 11.—None.

No. 12.—Daniel J. Brenneman, Perry Bowser.

For Sale.

200 acres, more or less, of good land; 50 of fine timber, 11 room dwelling, large orchard of never failing fruit. Make good summer resort or stock farm. For particulars, call on premises or address, Mrs. Thos. Cornwall, Sunnyside, Md. 46-5t*

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Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.50 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

Died.

CHAMBERS.—On Tuesday morning Alice, the nine year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Chambers. The funeral occurred yesterday, the interment being made in Odd Fellows' cemetery.

F. E. Merrill has the best line of late style neck wear in town.

Just received a fine new line of late style shirts at F. E. Merrill's.

Quick in effect, heals and leaves no scar. Burning, scaly skin eruptions quickly cured by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Applied to burns, scalds, old sores, it is magical in effect. Always cures piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

For Sale.

A large Lighthouse double heating stove. Will sell for cash or trade for lumber. Call at furniture room.

D. E. BOLDEN.

For Sale.

A cottage containing 7 rooms, attic and cellar. Has a well of good water upon the premises, and an acre of land attached. Purchaser can have the choice of more land up to two acres. Will sell cheap and on good terms. Situated opposite Mt. Lake Park on Oakland road. Mt. Lake Park, is a good market for vegetables and poultry. Apply to F. P. Arnold, Mt. Lake Park, Garrett county, Md. 50–13t.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19–tf.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending February 22, 1896, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Delphia Dewitt	Eddie Watson
John Homepton	Mrs. J. V. Brann

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. 25 cents per box.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

A MISER'S TREASURE.

The miser lay on his dying bed,
And no voice by him made moan;
No prayer was said, and no tears were shed—
He died as he lived, alone;
And his trembling fingers, damp and cold,
Drew the iron band away
From the guarded casket, stained and old,
Where his hoarded treasures lay.

But his death-dimmed eyes in the fading light
Looked not on the rubies rare,
Nor the deep-sea pearls, nor the diamonds bright
That an empress well might wear;
And the gold that he erstwhile loved so much,
That he perilled his soul to gain,
Was brushed aside with a careless touch,
And a glance of cold disdain.

And when strangers looked on the dead in awe,
In his close-clasped icy hands
Not Golconda's flashing gems they saw,
Nor the gold of Afric's sands:
And no jewels fair beyond compare
'Tween the fingers stiff shone through,
But a golden tress of a woman's hair
In a ribbon of faded blue.

—Chambers' Journal.

SELLING A MINE.

BY MRS. J. GLADWYN JEBB.

Don Manuel Escordo had recently come into possesion of a small silver mine, and, according to the immemorial custom of mine owners, he was extremely anxious to sell it to some one else.

Don Manuel began preliminaries by preparing an expert, and this gentleman prepared a report. A few disagreeable people expressed entire disbelief in both; but, as Don Manuel had found occasion to observe before, this is n skeptical age. As a matter of fact, he held a low opinion of that sagacity upon which the world, and especially the commercial world, so prided itself. There was that exploded idea for instance, about there being always large numbers of widows and orphans scattered about the globe, simply waiting to be taken in, and fraudulently entreated hy any astute person who chose to take the trouble. For his part, although he had often gone to great exertion in attempting to turn an honest penny at their expense, Don Manuel had invariably found that the average widow held fixed and inconvenient ideas as to interest, while an orphan had once nearly succeeded in overreaching Don Manuel himself.

Although he sought diligently for n purchaser for his latest acquisition, during several months he sought in vain. So unpromising seemed his quest that he felt on the verge of despair; when, at the last moment, a beneficent Providence threw an Englishman across his path. Not an elderly, ease-hardened Englishman, either, but a nlee, fresh, beardless youth, apparently but just out of leading-strings. Moreover, as though to prove that he had been sent especially on Don Manuel's behalf, he had plenty of money.

The lad's name was Frank Jerningham—a cognomen so completely beyond the capacity of the ordinary Mexican tongue that its owner came to be known simply as "El Amigo de Don Manuel." The latter gentleman was charmed by the bestowal of this title, as it seemed to give him a sort of prescriptive right in his young friend, besides serving to warn off any other adventurer who might be casting covetous eyes upon his prize. Don Manuel lost no time in bringing the merits of his mine to the notice of his Amigo, and in enlarging upon the fortune to be derived from it. The report, which he exhibited with pride, set forth that the mine contained free-milling ore of a high grade, and that in order to work it with satisfaction and profit a very small capital, with but a trifling amount of labor, were all that would be required. In fact, after perusing this document, it seemed impossible to feel any other emotion than wonder that Don Manuel could bring himself to part with so promising a property. There was, however, one trifling omission, which, had it been known, might have altered somewhat the complexion of affairs. This circumstance was that for many years the mine had been full of water, and that it was extremely doubtful whether, even by the aid of the costliest pumps, the flooding could be altogether remedied.

But this depressing fact being carefully withheld from the Amigo, he cheerfully sold out several thousand pounds' worth of consols, in order to put the money so obtained into this very desirable investment. In extenuation of his action, it should be explained that he had but recently come of age, and was anxious to prove to his late trustees that he was fit to be trusted with the management of his own affairs. Also, he had been brought up by a maiden aunt in that policy of thinking no evil, which usually results in its votaries suffering from a good deal.

The wonder was how he ever got so far as Mexico without being fleeced. His native shrewdness may have protected him to some extent, but when Don Manuel got hold of him, matters put on a different aspect. When he was first let into the secret of the existence of the mine, he regarded it as a mark of confidence and esteem, surprising from a comparative stranger. Don Manuel fostered this view by declaring that he had already several good offers, on the ground that the people making them did not intend working the ore themselves, and he would not lend his countenance to a mere speculation.

The Amigo blushed with pleasure and paid half the purchase money in advance. Before completing the purchase, however, he was to accompany Don Manuel on a visit of inspection.

The mine being situated at some distance from the city, they arranged to ride there one day, spend the night at the village maison, and return the next day. This plan was carried out, and on their arrival they were met by a man in Don Manuel's employ, who conducted them at once to the mine. It was already provided with a cage, so there was no obstacle to going down at once. The new owner gazed at the surface with delight, while his companion held a whispered consultation with the man. Then the two seated themselves in the cage, preparatory to being lowered. They were let down very slowly, in order, as Don Manuel explained, that his young friend might examine the walls at his leisure, thus assuring himself of the richness of the quartz.

The Amigo, being extremely ignorant of the whole subject, did his best to look wise. It may be imagined, however, that there was little intention of allowing the youthful purchaser to go very far, and, accordingly, at a preconcerted secret signal, the cage began unmistakably to ascend again. The Englishman exclaimed with surprise, and Don Manuel gave vent to impatient ejaculations concerning the stupidity of natives.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded, with seeming anger, when they reached the top. The man in charge of the windlass, with many excuses, said that he had just discovered a flaw in the chain, and did not think it safe for the seniors to descend further until this had been repaired. Therefore, he had drawn them up as quickly as possible.

The Amigo was enchanted with what he had already seen, and went off to the maison in a contented frame of mind. The lad was too excited to sleep, and lay tossing upon his comfortable bed until daybreak, when he arose and dressed.

He felt that he could not tear himself away from his newly-acquired property without seeing it once more, if only from the outside, so he went quietly out of the house, and directed his steps towards the mine. It did not take him long to reach it, and he gradually became possessed by an overwhelming desire to go down again. He was a light-weight, and if he chose to risk the faulty chain, the chances were that nothing serious would happen. Crossing over to where an Indian was regarding him curiously from the door of a solitary hut near by, he contrived, in gnide-book Spanish, to make known his wishes.

He explained the reason of yesterday's interrupted descent, and asked the man if he could not secure the chain with rope, and then lower him into the mine. The Indian indulged in a broad grin before replying.

"The chain is all right," he said, slowly. "We of the village, we know why it is not permitted that the senor descend. If the senor gives me pesetas, then I will tell him things of much value." The Amigo hesitated, while a sort of chill passed over his youthful enthusiasm.

"I'll tell you what," he said, after a moment's pause; "don't say any more, but lower me into the mine, and let me find out for myself what is wrong. Then, if I see that you have spoken truly, you shall have money."

"Good," replied the man; "it is as the senor pleases. But it is desirable that he look about him with care, and give the signal to be drawn up with much speed."

The two walked over to the mouth of the mine, where the Amigo stepped into the cage, while his new acquaintance went to the windlass and began lowering him. The lad had taken the precaution of borrowing a candle, and by its aid he recognized all the landmarks that they had passed the previous day. He gazed at the glistening walls with curiosity, and then the fancy seized him to glance below in order to see how far he still was from the bottom.

As he looked, he recoiled in horror, for beneath him rose a perfect sea of black water, stagnant and dull. It almost touched the cage, which he now noticed had stopped, and it filled the mine.

This, then, was the reason of yesterday's frustrated journey, and he had been cheated grossly. He was no financial genius, after all, but only a raw youth who had come very near being outwitted by a Mexican sharper. He flushed angrily in the semi-darkness as he signaled to be drawn up.

Don Manuel had behaved shamefully, but he would get even somehow. And by the time that he reached terra firma, the outlines of a plan of revenge were shaping themselves in his brain.

The Indian came forward with a smile. "Did the senor see enough?" he asked.

"Plenty," replied the youth, laconically.

"Look here," he continued, presently. "I may want you to do something for me in an hour or two. Will you wait about here until I return? If you do as I tell you without saying anything, I'll pay you well. See, here is a handful of pesetas to go on with, and you shall have more afterwards."

"The senor is a caballero of degree," said the man, gravely, "and I will serve him with devotion."

"Then stay here," replied the Amigo; "and when I come back, don't take any notice of me unless I speak to you."

He found Don Manuel just on the point of sitting down to breakfast, and he joined him in the meal, doing his best to appear at ease, and giving no hint of the manner in which he had spent the last hour.

When they had finished, he suggested that while the horses were being saddled, he and Don Manuel should stroll along in the direction of the mine; and the latter, nothing loth to increase the infatuation of his young friend, willingly consented. As they drew near that interesting spot, they saw that, with the exception of a stray Indian standing idly near the windlass, there was no one in sight.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the A... though struck by a sudden ... should much like to have a lum... quartz to take away with me. ... down a few feet and knock ... That man over there will lowe... If we did not go far, there wo... danger of the rope breaki... come!"

Now, Don Manuel had hope... risk of discovery was over, an... not at all enjoy the notion of ... deliberately into danger agai... he felt obliged to give a reluct... sent. "But I won't go any dista... declared, firmly; "it would be ... ly dangerous!"

"It would, indeed!" respon... Amigo, dryly.

"We had better send for my man to let us down," suggested Don Manuel, when he had yielded the point.

"Oh, it is not worth while for such a few feet," said the Amigo; "that Indian over there will do just as well."

"But he will not know how far to send us," objected Don Manuel.

"Show him yourself, then," returned the lad. "You can tell how far it is safe to go."

Somewhat soothed by this concession, Don Manuel gave the necessary instructions. This done, he stepped back to the cage, and, with true Mexican politeness, motioned to his companion to be seated. But not to be outdone in courtesy, the latter insisted upon giving the older man precedence, and after much hesitation Don Manuel seated himself. Scarcely had he done so, when the Indian, in obedience to a rapid gesture from his patron of the morning, swung the cage off, and began to lower it with its sole occupant.

"Stop! stop!" shouted Don Manuel, excitedly. "My Amigo is coming with me!"

"No, he is not," replied that young gentleman, calmly. "You seem to be unacquainted with some important details in the character of your mine," he went on, "and I am going to give you an opportunity of finding them out. I have already done so, and do not, therefore, intend to descend again. I hope that you will have a pleasant expedition. Good-by!"

"Let me out!" screamed Don Manuel, as the cage began to sink. "I won't go down! I shall be drowned! Murderers! Murderers!"

As his head disappeared from view and his voice grew fainter, the lad went over to the man at the windlass. "Lower him quickly," he said, "so that when he touches water we shall hear the splash. Then pull him up as fast as you can, but don't bring him quite to the top."

The Indian nodded, proceeding to obey his instructions to the letter. As the cage went deeper, Don Manuel's agonized entreaties died away in the distance, until at last a wild yell and a noise of water showed that he had gone far enough. He was then drawn back to within a foot of the mouth of the mine, where he hung helplessly in space, a drenched and shivering object.

"You see I was right," said the Amigo; "you had omitted to acquaint yourself with important particulars. Now, I know that you still have my check for half the purchase money in your pocket, because you told me so yesterday. So I will give you your choice. You may hand it to me at once, or you may still further increase your store of information regarding that mine by exploring it again."

"The money belongs to me," exclaimed Don Manuel, angrily. "How dare you attempt to rob me in this way? Still, as the property appears to be less valuable than I thought, I will let you off paying the half that you still owe me. That ought to content you."

"Perhaps. But it doesn't," replied the Amigo, quietly. "Lower him again," he added, to the Indian.

"Wretch! brigand! I'll give you the check! Pull me up! Oh, que desgracia!" yelled Don Manuel, as he began to descend.

But his persecutors paid no attention to these appeals. Once more was heard that significant splash, and once more was Don Manuel drawn to the surface, looking even more like a drowned rat than before.

With his wet hands he tried to dash the water out of his eyes; then, without a word, he commenced fumbling in his pockets. After several efforts he succeeded in drawing out a damp pocketbook and, diving hastily into its recesses, he produced a piece of paper which he reluctantly held out to his tormentor.

"Take it!" he said, with a mellifluous, though forcible, Spanish oath, "and let me out of this place!"

The Amigo stooped down cautiously to possess himself of the check, then stood up to examine it carefully. Having assured himself that it was indeed his own, he tore it into minute fragments and threw the pieces down the mine. "There, that's done with," he said; "and now you can come out. I hope that you have not taken a chill!"

Disdaining to notice this civility, Don Manuel stepped on to the ground, and was beginning to walk sulkily away, when a new thought appeared to strike him. "Look here," he inquired, "are you an orphan?"

"Yes," replied his late Amigo, with surprise. "Why do you ask?"

"I might have known it," groaned Don Manuel. "No other class of human being has ever got the better of me. Before I enter upon another business negotiation, I'll have a medical certificate to say that the man's relatives are all alive!"—From "Some Unconventional People."

Where Nutmegs Grow.

Nutmegs grow in the Banda Islands. The Dutch long enjoyed a complete monopoly of this spice and supplied the whole of Europe with them. They frequently destroyed large numbers to prevent the price from falling by their abundance. The harvest for them is in June.—N. Y. Times.

GOLD MINES OF CRIPPLE CREEK.

Those of Them That Are Productive and Those That Are Not.

Cripple Creek, so far as is now known, embraces a little area with a radius of not more than three miles. It contains, all told, perhaps eight or ten square miles of ground. This at the outside world yield 600 or 700 full claims. On these there would be a possibility, I do not say a probability, of finding veins rich enough to bear the cost of working. There are in the district, so far, some 12,000 located claims. You may judge of the probable value of the most of them.

Of these 12,000 claims of course the many are merely fractional. About 1,300 are patented, and have title established. Of these 1,300, 200 are shipping ore. In other words, there are 10,000 odd claims in the district that so far as developed are practically worth nothing at all.

To put the matter in another way, upwards of 900 companies have been organized thus far to operate in the district, and dozens more are being put in the field each week. Of these 900 or more companies about six per cent., of 50 or 60 in all, own producing mines. And of the latter but 12 of 15 are dividend-payers.

Of course, in the clever and seductive circulars which the countless mining brokers scatter broadcast, you will read of this or that company which will be a dividend-payer the very next week, or the very next month, or something like that, and whose stock may be bought now for a song, and later be worth par. And they point to numerous instances—to such splendid mines as the Portland, for example. Just a year ago stock in the Portland was selling at 40 cents, and now it is somewhere around 200, and paying a dividend of 12 per cent. on its value. There are a number of such instances as this, so that it is slight wonder that people should lose their senses and invest in all sorts of worthless and "wild-cat" schemes that are thrown on the market. But if you will recall to mind that the gold kings of California did not make their money mining in the hills, but by manipulation on the stock exchanges, you may perhaps conclude to keep your money in a safe place. I do not mean that all of the stocks offered on the exchanges of Colorado are worthless, but I do mean to say that most of the companies that are being floated or offered in the east are the sort that have no standing, or will bring in Colorado nothing like the price asked for them east. It is a fact that more money is always spent on the claims next adjoining a bonanza mine than is ever taken out of the mine itself.

In Colorado, or, for that matter, all over the mining west, they divide mineowners into producers and consumers—into the men who put money into a mine and the men who get money out of it. The meaning of this is that mining has come to be a business or a science which requires skill and training, and technical knowledge, and the same amount of shrewdness and ability which is required for success in any other line of trade. There may be greater follies than for an eastern man to put his money into Colorado gold mines. Just at the moment I think of one—that is, speculating in mining stocks.—Harper's Weekly.

STANLEY AND THE CONGO.

The Great Explorer Tells of His First Journey Down the River.

The geographical world was anxious to know what was this mysterious river the quest of which had occupied Livingstone's declining years. The London Daily Telegraph joined with the New York Herald in defraying the cost of this second expedition. The story of how I set out a second time from Zanzibar, circumnavigated the Victoria Nyanza, discovered Lake Albert Edward, voyaged around Lake Tanganyika, and reached Livingstone's farthest point — Nyangwe — on the banks of the Lualnba, has been told in detail in my book "Through the Dark Continent." It also relates how, after a tedious land journey parallel with the river, I made ready my English boat collected about a score of native canoes embarked my followers, and how, after a course of nearly 1,800 miles, we reached the Atlantic ocean at the mouth of the Congo. By this river voyage the question which had puzzled Livingstone for 11 years was solved. It is a noticeable fact that when I began my descent of the Congo I was the only white man—excepting my companion, Frank Pocock—to be found between the Zambesi and the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and between Zanzibar and the Lower Congo.

It may easily be understood why, on returning from the discovery of the great African waterway, I should be anxious that England should avail herself of it. In 1816 England had dispatched a naval expedition under Capt. Tuckey to ascend the Congo, but it terminated disastrously 200 miles inland. In 1873 Capt. Grandy, another English officer, had attempted the task. In 1876 Admiral Hewitt's expedition had suppressed the pirates of the Lower Congo. For over 60 years England had kept watch over the Congo slavers. Half of the expenses of my expedition had been contributed in England. She was also rich, tender and just toward the natives, and her people were the best colonizers in the world. All these facts were, in my opinion, claims that might justify England in stepping forward and taking possession.—Henry M. Stanley, in Century.

Uncle Allen Observes.

"Man is a perverse animal," said Uncle Allen Sparks. "When nature begins to assist him in parting his hair in the middle he suddenly takes a notion to part it away down on one side."—Chicago Tribune.

—The public debt of Cleveland is $6,211,499 and the taxable property is valued at $129,745,710.

Natural Flowers Imbedded in Tiles.

Cut flowers, petrified by a process which preserves their color and then imbedded in a hard, transparent substance, the composition of which is secret, is now used for decorative tiling or flooring. A material has been discovered combined with a process, which is the inventor's secret, for completely hardening, and, so to speak, petrifying natural flowers (and what is more wonderful, preserving their colors), and imbedding them flush into the surface of a kind of liquid marble, or alabaster, the whole receiving several coatings of a transparent polishing substance, and drying hard as a rock. Some dadoes and friezes in a new house were made by this method, with sunflowers, peonies and dahlias, and are said to be very handsome. The London residence of one of our countrymen, whose identity is concealed by the description, "a wealthy American gentleman," has the conservatory floor studded by this new process with Chrysanthemums of every known variety and color. Another floor is a deep-water effect, with white lilies and with minnows swimming below a transparent surface. The treatment is beautifully applied, it is said, to table tops and small panels, for decorative purposes.—Upholsterer.

"We have no use for bear stories," said the editor. "Our readers demand something spicy." "Well," said the man with the manuscript, "this story is about a cinnamon bear."—Sports Afield.

FATTENING HOGS COSTS ONE CENT.

The editor recently heard of a farmer fattening hogs at less than one cent n pound. This was made possible through the sowing of Salzer's King Barley, yielding over 100 bu. per acre, Golden Triumph Corn, yielding 200 bu. per acre, and the feeding on Sand Vetch, Teosinte, Hundredfold Peas, etc. Now, with such yields, the growing of hogs is more profitable than a silver mine.

Salzer's catalogue is full of rare things for the farmer, gardener and citizen, and the editor believes that it would pay everybody a hundred-fold to get Salzer's catalogue before purchasing seeds.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND it with 10 cents postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., they will mail you their mammoth seed catalogue and 10 samples of grasses and grains, including above corn and barley. Catalogue alone, 5c postage. (K)

BY HALVES.—"I always meet trouble half way," said the man who had paid half of his promissory note and arranged for an extension of the other half.—Detroit Free Press.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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This is precisely the kind of mistake a man makes if he "turns out" on the wrong side of the road when a vehicle comes toward him. No less absurd is the error of the individual who takes drastic medicines to relieve his liver. That organ is on the right side, and the road to its relief is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine also adapted to the relief of dyspepsia, constipation, kidney and rheumatic ailments and malaria.

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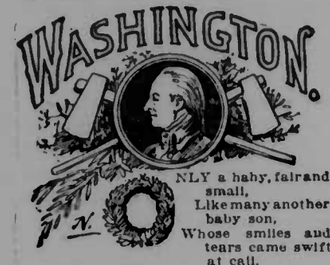

NLY a baby, fair and small,
Like many another baby son,
Whose smiles and tears came swift at call,
Who ate and slept and grew, that's all—
The infant Washington.

Only a boy, like other boys,
With tasks and studies, sports and fun:
Fond of his books and games and toys;
Living his childish griefs and joys—
The little Washington.

Only a lad, awkward and shy,
Skilled in handling a horse and gun;
Mastering knowledge that, by and by,
Should aid him in duties, great and high;
The youthful Washington.

Only a man of finest bent,
Hero of battles fought and won;
Surveyor, general, president,
Who served his country, and died content—
The patriot, Washington.

Only—ah! what was the secret, then,
Of his being America's honored son?
Why was he famed above other men,
His name upon every tongue and pen,
The illustrious Washington?

A mighty brain, a will to endure,
Passions subdued, a slave to none,
A heart that was brave and strong and sure,
A soul that was noble and great and pure,
A faith in God that was held secure;
This was George Washington.
—W. Va. School Journal.

An Unconditional Surrender

[Original.]

"SOMETHING has to be done," declared Mrs. Haskins, compressing her lips and settling back in her chair with a most determined air. "Why, one would think we were a lot of mummies, the way we have vegetated here this winter. There hasn't been a thing excepting that New Year's party at the Forsythe's, and you know what a dismal affair that was."

Miss Payne winced slightly. She certainly did know what a dismal affair the Forsythe party had been—for her, more than for anyone else. She was quite, quite sure that Tom didn't care at all, and that he was glad that their little misunderstanding had occurred and freed him from an engagement that was disagreeable to him. But she didn't speak of this to Mrs. Haskins, although she knew that little person was fully aware of the late unpleasantness, and was taking a fiendish delight in making delicate reference to subjects calculated to remind her friend of it. Miss Payne only assented, with a little nod and a half-articulate murmur, and Mrs. Haskins went on:

"Now, let's not sit and talk about it, merely, but let's do something. Of course, we can't celebrate Washington's Birthday without a costume affair. Suppose we have a sleighing party, to wind up at The Hills with a supper and dance, with everyone in revolutionary costume. And, oh!" the malicious little wretch went on, enthusiastically, "you and Mr. Enright shall be Martha and George, and lead the minuet—a regular 18th century minuet."

"N-no, I'd rather not," interrupted Miss Payne, in a half-stifled voice. "I don't—really, I'd rather not take such a prominent part"

"Nonsense, child!" chirped Mrs. Haskins, cheerfully. "You'll make a perfectly lovely Martha, and Tom Enright can be so stately and dignified when he chooses—and, besides, he's one of the very few men in town who can afford to be seen in short trousers."

And the little woman went on to outline her plans for the celebration, ignoring Gladys' all-too-apparent misery, and the poor girl's efforts to decline the unwelcome honor she proposed to thrust upon her.

"I won't! I can't!" Gladys declared to herself, passionately, as she hurried down the graveled pathway of the Haskins' place. "I'd rather die, indeed I would, and still I couldn't explain it to her, even if she does know already—the spiteful wretch! I hope he'll manage to decline, though."

But Mr. Enright did nothing of the kind. In fact, he had felt for some time as though he would give anything on earth for an opportunity to speak to Gladys and tell her how sorry he was for the way he had acted over her dancing with Neville three times at the Forsythe party—the fact being, however, that he really had just cause for being jealous and indignant, and that Gladys was the one from whom the apology was due. So, when Mrs. Haskins broached her plans to him, she was rather taken aback at the alacrity with which he consented to impersonate the Father of His Country, for she had anticipated her usual keen enjoyment in probing another's wound.

"The Hills" was a little summer hotel situated in a pleasant valley about ten miles from Millston, and, although closed to the general public through the winter, was the scene of occasional festivities inaugurated by Millston people. It had a delightful ball-room, and, better yet, the couple who had charge of the premises from season to season were phenomenal caterers.

The 22d of February came, and the morning ushered in delightful weather, which, together with a recent snowfall, combined to make it an ideal day for sleighing. Most of the merry-makers gathered at Mrs. Haskins' house in the afternoon, and Enright looked eagerly for Gladys, hoping, yet half afraid, that she would be a member of the same party as himself—and when he saw her go by, flushed and happy-looking, in young Neville's cutter, alone with that most objectionable youth, he was very bitter, and was almost ready to give up going. But he didn't. Instead, he devoted himself most assiduously to a certain Miss Glazer, much to her gratification and the mystification of several of the others, who were not aware of his disagreement with Gladys.

There had been a change of programme, which involved dinner at The Hills, more sleighing, then some Washington tableaux, and the ball, and Enright and his ex-fiancee met at dinner—thanks to Mrs. Haskins, who, following her usual malicious tactics, had so managed as to seat them next to each other.

"I hope," quietly said Enright, with polite gravity, just after the soup was served—"I hope, Miss Payne, that you do not think this meeting one of my seeking. I would have avoided it had it been possible to do so."

"Pray don't be distressed, Mr. Enright," replied the girl, icily. "We are quite agreed on that point; so, perhaps, the less said the better."

Thenceforward, throughout the meal, Enright directed his conversation elsewhere, savagely noting, however, the feverish gayety and apparent indifference to himself of the girl he had once expected to marry.

"Cold, cruel, utterly heartless!" he declared to himself, after the fashion of jealous lovers from time immemorial. And, after the fashion of the same, he proceeded to act as though he, too, were entirely indifferent, or, indeed, rather glad that it was all over between them.

As for Gladys, she vehemently told herself half a dozen times that she "didn't care," and, to demonstrate this, she went on with her flirtation with young Neville to a most outrageous extent, noting with great satisfaction that Tom, notwithstanding his apparent devotion to plain little Miss Glazer, was absolutely white with jealousy and rage.

However, when they met after dinner, on the steps of the hotel piazza, to join the few who were for taking

"I BEG YOUR PARDON," SHE SAID.

a half-hour drive by moonlight, he again spoke to her, taking advantage of a moment when Neville went to hasten the dilatory hostler in his work.

"See here, little girl," he began, hastily, with a glance about, to see if anyone could overhear him, "I can't stand this. I just—"

Gladys turned upon him with eyes opened wide in mock surprise.

"I beg your pardon," she said, in her coldest "who-are-you-anyway" tones.

Enright said something—a bad word—between his teeth, but went on desperately:

"Can't we make it all up, little girl? Can't I say or do something to show—"

"Yes, sir, you can," said the "little girl," snappily. "You can try to be a gentleman and confine your attentions to me to those called for by the programme—nothing more."

Enright shut his teeth savagely and turned away. He was quite positive of it now—he was altogether certain that of all the cold-hearted girls in the world, Gladys Payne was the worst. But he watched her (for his party passed and was passed in turn by the Neville cutter several times) just the same, and he was almost willing to swear that he once saw Neville kiss the girl just after they entered the shadow of the pines on the hillside. He was almost right, too, for Neville did attempt to kiss her, but was good-naturedly repulsed. It had not come to that point with Gladys, although, to be sure, Tom couldn't but think so, and it maddened him almost to desperation to have to sit quietly and chatter small talk to little Miss Glazer—who, by the way, was enjoying his attentions immensely. So after they had returned to the hotel, he proceeded to make a fool of himself. Meeting Neville in the men's dressing room he hissed between his clenched teeth:

"I'll have it out with you for this, Mr. Neville."

"For what?" queried that gentleman, in his most urbane manner.

"You know, sir. Your attentions to Miss Payne are—"

"Ah, indeed," quote Mr. Neville, sneeringly. "If Miss Payne prefers my attentions to yours, it is her privilege, I believe," and he turned away with a look of supreme contempt at his jealous rival, who clenched his fists and looked, for an instant, as if he would use them, but wisely thought better of it, and walked in the other direction.

He walked straight into the presence of Mrs. Haskins, to whom he declared his intentions of refusing utterly to take any part in the tableaux or the subsequent proceedings, and to that lady's protest that it was childish he answered that such might be the case, but that he could not, in justice to himself, take part with Miss Payne in anything, and that he was going home immediately. He knew that he had mortally offended Mrs. Haskins, but that was immaterial. His sole desire was to get away from Gladys's presence, and he was resolved to get away from Millston, too, by the very first train going anywhere.

Therefore, he made his curt adieux and hiring the care-taker's saddle horse he dashed off towards town, his whole being animated with rage and despair, and his brain filled with just that one idea—to get away as far as possible. But, by the time he had reached the top of Four-Mile mountain the chill air and the active motion of riding had calmed him somewhat, and he drew rein and looked back.

Heavens! What was that? From the roof of the hotel, from all the windows on the west side of the building, he could see, through the clear moonlight, a dense volume of smoke pouring—and, as he looked, the flames burst out in places, and angry tongues of fire shot forth here and there.

Tom Enright hesitated for one dazed second—the next he was dashing back down the road at the top of his horse's speed.

The front yard was full of people when he galloped up, but a first glance showed him no sign of Gladys.

"Where is she? Where's Gladys—Miss Payne?" he asked of those nearest him, as he leaped from his horse. And as though in response, came the wild, despairing cry:

"Tom! Tom! Save me!"

After Mrs. Haskins had announced to her the sudden departure of her jealous lover, Gladys, who had been breaking her heart all the evening, gave way utterly, and at once went upstairs to have her cry out—and there she lay, utterly oblivious of all that went on about her, until the crash of falling timbers, the crackling of flames and the smoke rushing under the door roused her from her apathy. It was too late, she thought, to escape by the door—the smoke was almost suffocating her even with the door closed—and she rushed to the window, threw it open and lifted her voice in that wild cry:

"Tom!"

What did he care for flames and smoke, or for any kind of danger, with that cry ringing in his ears? With one bound he was inside the door, and though half-blinded before he had half reached the upper hall, groped onward, trying door after door, until, at last, he found her, and she fainted in his arms. How he ever got her safely out he never knew, but get her out he did, and when she opened her eyes, half an hour later, it was to find herself on the sofa in a near-by farmhouse, with Tom's arms about her and Tom's kisses raining on her face.

"Darling!" she whispered, "do you think you can forgive me?"

"My sweetest Martha," he answered smilingly, "I cannot tell a lie"—you know I do."

She lifted her face to be kissed.

"Is the surrender unconditional?" asked Tom, presently.

"Yes, dear."

"Then," he said, proudly straightening his broad shoulders, "I have made a conquest of which the Father of His Country might be jealous—and we're much obliged, after all, aren't we to Mrs. Haskins? For, if she hadn't cast us for Martha and George, we might not—"

"Oh, yes, we would—anything but making up, for us, would be impossible, you know," she interrupted, confidently.

LESTER KETCHUM.

—The saddest failures in life are those that come from not putting forth the power and will to succeed.—E. P. Whipple

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—[illegible], the capital of Minnesota, has a population of 124,408,205, and owes $8,442,-100.

—A [illegible] owned by a man in Addison, Mich., [illegible] 40 miles away, [illegible] home, [illegible] old [illegible].

—A [illegible] of timber 119 feet long and 22 inches square, without a knot or blemish, was cut in a mill at Hoquiam, Wash., recently. It is the longest piece of timber ever cut in that neighborhood, the most nearly perfect any of the lumbermen there has ever seen.

—[illegible] of the buildings at the Tennessee centennial exposition will be erected entirely with money provided by the children of the state. Everything in it and around it will be arranged for the pleasure and profit of children. In the tower will swing a fine set of silver chimes.

—When Kentucky does draw the line on whisky it is drawn tight. A young man in Crittenden county was held recently to answer in the circuit court on a charge of giving liquor to a minor, because he gave a glass of eggnog to his sweetheart. Somebody, maybe a rejected suitor, saw the occurrence and reported it to the local authorities.

—Seven brothers, all over 65 years old, had a reunion in Fresno, Cal., recently, and a notable photographic group is an interesting memento of the occasion. The brothers are of the Funck family. There are three sisters in the family, too, all very near the three-score and ten years mark. The eldest of the brothers is 84 and the youngest 65. A noticeable fact is that each wears a long white beard and none is bald.

—"The underground railroad" was a secret arrangement, legally a conspiracy, by which fugitive slaves were concealed and sent secretly from place to place in Canada, which, being a British colony, was a safe place for them. It extended all over the north. Covington, Ky., was a principal station, and there were other stations all through Ohio and Indiana. Levi Coffin, of Cleveland, was the president more than 30 years.

—One of the many natural wonders of Arizona scenery just made accessible by the opening up of new rail and stage roads is a remarkable natural bridge in the Tonto Basin, not far from Flagstaff. The bridge is 550 feet long and spans a canyon some 200 feet deep, at the bottom of which flows the river. The bridge is of rock, and is perfectly proportioned. The under side is gracefully arched and the upper perfectly level. The walls of the canyon are honeycombed with caves, in which is a great profusion of stalactites and stalagmites.

CONJURER WAS CONFIDENCED.

His Accomplice in a Trick Did Not Live Up to His Agreement.

An illusionist was talking the other day of some of the accidents that sometimes spoil the art of the conjurer.

"It was in Nashville, Tenn.," he said, "that I experienced a real knock-down blow. I was performing the well-known trick of passing a marked coin into the center of an uncut orange. At least, that's what a good many people thought I was doing. I used a silver dollar and emphasized the trick by passing the coin into the pocket of some boy whom I had enticed on to the stage. I will openly confess that the boy had to be a confederate and that the marked coin had its fellow in one previously prepared by me. One night as I was entering the theater, I looked around for a likely youth to aid me in my double dealing. I picked a boy and promised to pass him in if he would follow my instructions.

"'I am a conjurer,' I said. 'I want you to put this dollar in your right-hand trousers pocket. I'll get you a seat in the front row. When I ask for somebody to come on the stage you must come. Then I will ask you to produce the dollar.'

"The boy promised everything, and, after making arrangements for him at the door, I left him. When I was ready for the dollar trick, I saw my young confederate sitting open-mouthed in the front row. I had prevailed upon another member of the audience to lend me a dollar marked exactly as was that I had given to the boy.

"I passed that borrowed dollar into the orange, cut the fruit open and out dropped the coin. Then I went on:

"'And now, ladies and gentlemen, I will perform a still more difficult feat. I have passed the dollar into the orange. Now I will ask some member of the audience to step on the stage, and, without going anywhere near him, I will pass the same dollar, marked as you have seen, into the right-hand trousers pocket.'

"True to his bargain, the boy stepped to the stage, I stepped opposite him and asked:

"'Now, sir, have you ever seen me before?'

"'No, sir,' was the answer.

"'I have here a dollar,' I continued. 'I am going to pass it into your right-hand trousers pocket. One—two—three—go!'

"I made the proper magician's pass, and smiled upon my audience.

"'Now,' I said to my assistant, 'put your hand into your right-hand trousers pocket, and give me the dollar.'

"The boy looked a bit sheepish, but he dived his fist down. Then, to my unutterable horror, he produced a handful of silver and said:

"'I've only got 90 cents of it left, sir.'

"I went out in a hurry and took a drink."—N. Y. Times.

An Awkward Fix.

"What! you say that Herr Schmidle, the merchant, has gone blind? Here's a pretty how d'ye do—I've got a bill on the man which made it out, 'payable at sight!'"—Dorfbarbler.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Some Hints Which the Wise Woman Will Do Well to Note.

There is little change to record in table linen, except that the pretty colored lunch cloths are no longer in vogue, and I am sorry. They were much more cheerful than the small square of linen in the center of a bare oak table now preferred. The colored cloths now serve as a cover when the table is not in use. There are very pretty ones, in delft blue and white; and another dainty pattern shown is on pale pink and silver.

If you wish pie-crust to be very nice, fold it, lay it on a plate, and stand in the refrigerator over night. This will improve a good plain paste so that it is almost as flaky as a puff paste. In sealing a pie moisten the inside, but not on the edge, with a pastry-brush dipped in water or the white of an egg. Put the upper crust in place and press the two together with the thumb dipped in flour. Press together, but not on the exact edge, or the pastry will not rise.

When the ice chest smells queer and yet it is immaculately clean in every nook and cranny of the compartment, pour some boiling hot soda water down the escape pipe and look at the fearfully and wonderfully made rope of solid matter that is washed down by the soda water. The pipe ought to be thus flushed once a week to keep the refrigerator sweet. No servant does this of her own free will. Many mistresses don't, either. Pour in cold water afterward to cool off the box and wipe dry. Food keeps better in a dry, cold atmosphere than it can in a damp, cold one.

A great many women in this world who fancy themselves good cooks spoil every bit of food that they prepare, except, perhaps, hard-boiled eggs and baked potatoes. They are careless and indifferent. If a recipe calls for more than they happen to have they make it up with water; if they do not happen to have the herbs and seasonings for the turkey stuffing, they do not bother to go or send to the grocer's for them—just leave them out. They cut down the amount of butter that a recipe calls for because butter is expensive, and the result of these little economies and carelessnesses is that the food is flavorless, spiritless and wearisome to the palate. Really, they waste a good deal because the food, not being especially good, is not all eaten, and some must be thrown away. Generally, economy is excellent, but not economy of that kind.

When particular baking is receiving attention and several unfamiliar dishes are being manufactured, it is of special importance to have the oven in perfect condition, and as far as possible under the control of the cook. The best of stoves, says an experienced housewife, are tricky sometimes, and bear watching. Nearly each one has its pet peculiarity. A tendency to burn at the bottom, or a habit of scorching at the top, while the lower part remains raw and sodden. Familiarity will enable the cook to correct these difficulties. She will overcome the first fault by placing the grating of a pan under the baking dish, and the other by covering the cake or loaf with a pan or paper until the bottom is done. A plain piece of manilla paper laid over the top of a cake will insure thorough, even baking, when without this arrangement the top would become scorched long before the cake was baked through.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Asthmatic Attacks.

The immediate cause of the distress of an asthmatic patient struggling for breath is the contraction of the bronchioles, which prevents the exhalation of the air from the lungs without the greatest effort. Temporary relief from an asthmatic attack may nearly always be obtained by causing the patient to inhale some narcotic vapor, by means of which the pneumogastric nerve is obtunded, and thus the spasms are made to cease. This, however, is objectionable, as it not infrequently gives rise to a drug habit. Before trying the narcotic, it is best to obtain relief, if possible, by attacking the cause of the trouble. For instance, if it be accompanied by a fit of indigestion, washing out the stomach by means of a stomach tube will often relieve the most distressing paroxysm. If caused by a prolapsed stomach or a free kidney, permanent relief may be obtained by restoring these organs to proper position. Hot and cold sponging of the spine and the application of an ice compress, or a rubber bag filled with broken ice, on the front part of the neck, are also means which have been found of great service in this trouble.—N. Y. Ledger.

Locks of All Colors.

An Atchison young man gets a lock of hair from every new "steady" and has collected an elaborate array during the ten years he has been in the market. The color of the hair in his collection varies from a bright red to a coal-black. He has over 60 specimens, which shows that he has averaged a new "steady" every two months during the time he has been gathering his collection. Some of his specimens have faded badly, showing that the maid had been dyed. One specimen has changed from a deep black to red and gray. He prizes his collection very highly and keeps it locked up for fear some one will steal it. Whenever he sees a girl with a shade of hair which is different from anything he has in his collection he immediately goes after her and she becomes his "steady" until he gets a lock of her hair. Then he goes after another girl with a new shade of hair. He has heard of girls who had blue hair and is now looking for one. He claims to have seen a girl with a little blue mustache, but was afraid to ask for a specimen.—Atchison Globe.

Explained.

"Mame, what is classical music?"

"Oh, don't you know, it's the kind that you have to like whether you like it or not."—Puck.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Almond Cake.—Two cups of powdered sugar, one-half cup butter, one cup of milk, two and one-half cups of flour, one teaspoon of baking powder, the beaten whites of five eggs, one pound of finely-chopped almonds.—Boston Budget.

—Here is the correct way to carve a fish. Run a knife down the back, cutting through the skin. Remove the fins. Then cut into even pieces on one side. When these pieces are served remove the bones and cut the under side in the same way.

—A Good Hominy Pudding. — Two cupfuls of cold boiled hominy, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, three well-beaten eggs and a cup of sweet milk; mix thoroughly, season to taste and bake in a buttered pan for half an hour. This pudding may be served with the meat course at dinner.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Beef Fritters.—Are nice for breakfast. Chop pieces of cold roast beef very fine; make a batter of milk, flour and an egg; mix the meat with it. Put a little lard or butter in the skillet; then drop the batter into it from a large spoon. Fry until brown, season with pepper, salt and a little parsley if liked.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

—A Pleasant Pudding.—Place a quarter of a pound of sponge cake crumbs and three ounces of preserved ginger, cut small, in a basin. Boil rather more than a gill of milk with one ounce of fresh butter, ditto sugar, and add to it when very hot a tablespoonful of the ginger syrup, and let stand to cool. Beat three eggs thoroughly, and stir into the sponge cake, etc. Butter a plain mold, and garnish with split raisins and strips of angelica. Steam for one and a half hours, and serve with a good custard sauce. — Liverpool Mercury.

—Calf's-Head Croquettes.—Cut the meat from the bones of a cold boiled calf's head, chop it fine with the brains; to every pint of meat allow half a pint of rich milk, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a teaspoonful of salt, a little grated nutmeg and cayenne pepper. Boil the milk, thicken with butter and flour rubbed together; take from the fire, add the meat and seasoning, mix well, and turn out on a large dish to cool. When firm, make into small croquettes. Dip first in egg, then in grated bread crumbs, and fry in boiling fat. Serve at once.—Ladies' Home Companion.

ROMANCE ON THE ICE.

Reasons for the Coolness That Exists Between Two Brooklyn Lovers.

She was a poor skater, she said, but her escort, who thought she was just about perfect in everything else, insisted that she could skate well enough for anybody's criticism and that he wasn't much of a skater himself, so they went to the park together one day last week and were very soon on the ice. Perhaps you might have seen them, for they were as noticeable as ever were two lovers from the country when they first visit New York and take a walk on Broadway.

Each had told the truth, but each secretly believed that she and he respectively was a better skater than she and he had pretended. When they were fairly "launched," so to speak, they took hold of each other's hands, and in their attempt to maintain upright positions their wrigglings and sawings of the air with their arms not in use suggested St. Vitus' dance. "Look out there! Where are you going?" shouted a skilled skater whom they suddenly plunged into and nearly upset. He had braced himself for the onset, and they split on him, as it were. She went one side and he the other. Two pairs of hands were in the air as if trying to claw chunks out of the sky, then came the collapse. He went down on his back, and she—well, she tried to sit down, but made quite a frantic and unnecessary effort. The ice seemed to her to meet her half way, and there was a very dull thud indeed.

"There! I told you so!" shouted the skilled skater. He was addressing himself to the young lady's escort, and at the same time gallantly went to the side of the young lady, apologized to her very handsomely for running into him, and assisted her to rise before her escort had found time to do anything but glare at him. Then the skilled skater said to the young lady: "Permit me!" Holding her firmly in position, he gave her a fine "spin" across the lake and back again. By that time the escort had gained a tolerably erect position.

"Hurt?" asked the skilled skater, patronizingly. No, the escort was not hurt, except as to his feelings. He said, with a feeble attempt at politeness, that he was not injured and this time directed his glare at the young lady. The skilled skater smiled mischievously, raised his hat to the young lady and glided away.

"For my part," snapped the escort, when they were left alone, "I think the ice is no good." "Would you like to go home?" she asked, with a shade of stiffness and three shades of sarcasm. They might as well, he grumbled. And when they got their skates off and started homeward the temperature seemed to grow colder. He said he might not be "up" that evening, as he expected to be detained in "the city," and he has not been "up" since.—Brooklyn Standard-Union.

Advice to a Candidate.

"I know what I'll do," said the young candidate. "I'll lay in a big supply of plug tobacco, and every time I meet one of the hayseeds I'll offer him a chew."

"You will do nothing of the sort," said his manager. "You will go out without a bit and borrow a chew from every man you meet. Haven't you got sense enough to know that the man you are under obligations to always feels warmer toward you than the man you have done a favor?"—Indianapolis Journal.

The Republican.

E. [illegible] ELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, FEB. 20, 1896.

THE bill to appropriate $1,562.01 to Garrett county out of the public school fund, withheld in 1895, passed the House of Delegates on last Friday.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the Pittsburg *Times* says the impression of the best informed at the capitol is that after the skirmishing in the St. Louis convention the fight will narrow down to a contest between McKinley and Allison. If so there will be no bad medicine for the Republicans to take. McKinley and Allison are both equipped for the presidency. The country would have great confidence in either of them. Maryland will give her electoral vote to the nominee.

A SOUTHERN magazine has investigated the agricultural condition of the South and as a result of five hundred inquiries it finds that generally: "The farmers are carrying less debt than ever before, they are producing more provisions for home consumption, farm improvements are general and household comforts are much in advance of what they were at even so late a period as five years ago. A single product, that of corn, indicates what the Southern farmers are doing. The corn crop in fourteen Southern States last year was 607,566,017 bushels, an increase of 124,000,000 bushels over that of 1893, the next best year."

The Law Regarding Disturbances.

Last week we published in these columns the law in regard to the disturbance of public meetings, worship, etc., as found in the Code of Maryland, Acts of 1878, but since then that law has been repealed and the following enacted in its stead:

Whosoever shall wilfully interrupt or disturb any religious congregation, society or meeting, or person attending such congregation, society or meeting, by blowing horns, exploding fire-arms, horse racing, noisy, riotous or disorderly conduct or conversation, shall, on conviction before a justice of the peace in the county wherein such offense shall be committed, shall be fined not less than one dollar nor more than twenty dollars, and be committed to jail until the said fine and costs are paid.

A Model Syndicate.

The Morgan syndicate was represented to be nothing if not audacious, but it sinks into insignificance when compared with another syndicate which had its birth in Boston, and which failed to make its raid on the new bonds a brilliant success simply because it could not command a few million dollars in ready money. This daring syndicate consisted of two persons only, a man and his wife, and they deserve a high place among the "Napoleons of finance" who have made the world ring with their great achievements in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Their operations involved the purchase of millions of bonds, but their cash capital amounted to only forty-four cents, most of which was expended in stationery and stamps. Strangely enough, their bids were accepted, and but for a ruling of the Treasury Department, it is said they would have been able to turn their purchase over to persons who had ready cash and have netted a handsome profit, enough to have kept them in luxury for the balance of their days. But the Treasury Department has decided that allotments of bonds are not transferable but that the original bidders must accept and pay for them. Very fortunately there are bankers who will be glad to buy all the bonds which have been allotted to persons who cannot command gold, and the treasury will not have any trouble in disposing of them. The Boston syndicate of two will immediately dissolve, and no doubt some enterprising dime museum manager will be glad to engage them to illustrate the qualities of New England "cheek."

The C. & O. Railroad

Under date of Feb. 16, a telegram in the Baltimore *Sun* from Oakland says:

"A plan to complete the Confluence and Oakland railroad is now under consideration by well known capitalists from Philadelphia, Pittsburg and other leading cities. The idea is to complete the road to a junction with the Baltimore and Ohio near Oakland, so as to make a new short line from Pittsburg to the mountain resorts of Deer Park and Oakland.

"A journey of 204 miles is now necessary to reach Oakland from Pittsburg, via Cumberland, but by the proposed route this would be reduced to 124, a difference of 80 miles. To complete the Confluence and Oakland only 19 miles of railway would have to be built. It is said that this could be done at a cost of $200,000.

"Confluence is on the Pittsburg division of the Baltimore and Ohio, almost directly north of Oakland, which is 54 miles west of Cumberland, and the Confluence and Oakland road runs southward from the first named place 19 miles to Manor Lands in the heart of a coal and timber country. It is asserted that the extension would prove quite as profitable as the original line, which has had a thrifty existence.

"The new line would run through a mountainous section, and it could not, it is stated, be completed for less than $10,000 a mile. But those who favor the road assert that there would be ample freight to make it a profit-earner from the beginning."

Five Safes Cracked

On the south wall of the marble and onyx refectory, 25 Park Row, which is given over to Bibical precepts, the consumption of pie and the sale of Dennett's surpassing coffee and cakes, is the following framed quotation: "Come unto Me, all ye that are heavy laden." A little to the right of this sentiment and resting snugly under the wing of the cashier's desk, is one of the five big safes scattered over the building, which serves as the headquarters of the Dennett Surpassing Coffee Company. The unregenerate burglars walked away from the safe on which they had just operated with complete success, some time in the small hours of Sunday morning. They were laden with $1375 of Mr. Dennett's big bank roll. In prying open the door of the safe they were compelled to keep their eyes on the precept the moral lesson of which they were turning to such practical account. That safe was the last in the series of five handled by the enterprising couple. Over each one was a Biblical text.—N. Y. World.

Miss Minnie Thomas.

Miss Minnie, daughter of Mrs. Alexander Thomas, of Sand Spring, Md., died on February 14, 1896. Her death was caused by a complication of diseases. Deceased was a consistent member of the church of Christ for the past three years, and faithfully performed all the duties incumbent upon her. During a revival meeting some four weeks ago her wonderfully spirited prayers had great and good effect on the young of the community, and will be a star in her crown. Her illness, though transitory, was borne without a murmur of complaint, and when called to go passed away with a smile to join her father on the other shore, who died January 12, 1896. Her funeral was conducted by Rev. Woods. Her remains were interred in the burying ground at Sand Spring. We extend the sympathy of the community to the bereaved family.

A FRIEND.

EUROPEAN LETTE[illegible]

Our Special Correspondent [illegible] Writes From Spain.

GRANADA, SPAIN, Feb[illegible] 1896.

The one great charm of [illegible]el in Spain is the absence of fe[illegible] tourists. The "Noctar of rou[illegible] and adventure" has not all b[illegible]ained by curious Americans and [illegible]scontented English, and one [illegible] the people as musical, picture[illegible] and unclean as could be wishe[illegible] The local color and life have w[illegible]ood the comparatively little in[illegible]n of travel, and though Grana[illegible] with its incomparable Alhambra has been the goal of more curiosity and sight seeing than other Spanish cities, it retains many of its purely characteristic and delightful features. One of these is the gipsy camp in the outskirts of the city. We drove there late one afternoon and saw the gipsy in his native lair. Cervantes alone describes these people as, "Just as God made them and oftentimes worse." Education has never laid her rule or ferule on them; honesty and morality have passed them in despair, and if the proverb affirming the proximity of cleanliness and godliness is true the gipsies are "way off." It has been enough for them that they live and they have never asked those enigmatical questions whence, why and whither. Their houses are caves and we were allowed to go through one. The first room was the kitchen and the last and choicest one the abode of the pigs. There were many of those compartments about the size of a steamer state room, and as one groped his way by the aid of a small candle into the depths of the hill, the smell became painfully prominent. The pigs, though, like the gipsies, were contented and the fact of being kept in the parlor or spare room added no arroganee to their amiable manners. Evidences of certain luxurious taste were to be seen in the cave such as a piece of carpet before each bed on the floor, and a stovepipe running up from the kitchen fire place. Indeed artistic taste was also manifest for hanging over the bed in one of the rooms was a highly colored advertisement of a German beer.

When we left the cave we were told that we could see the real and genuine gipsy dance for the modest sum of seven dollars, but we declined. Our interpreters after a consultation with the gipsies told us that our economy would be respected and the dance given for five dollars. As we drove regretfully away we were informed that though it was a great sacrifice and altogether unparalleled in the annals of history, we might see it for three dollars. We accepted this proposition, though it developed that we really paid four dollars, the last one being in redemption of a counterfeit dollar that had been substituted for the good one we had given. The coin was probably a product of gipsy ingenuity, and so far as I know the transaction may be one of their established ways of making an honest dollar, so to speak. The dance, however, was quite worth the experience. Accompanied by our two guides and two policemen who, it was explained, were necessary for our safety and, who only added to our general feeling of insecurity, we went up a dark alley, and a darker flight of steps and into a tiny room where the orchestra and the dancers were assembled. The orchestra consisted of three men who played the guitar, mandoline and tambourine. The dancers were four ugly women and a pretty one all gorgeously arrayed in bright calicoes and with artificial flowers in their coarse dark hair. The services opened with a fearful song that nearly deafened the audience, which on account of the size of the room was within two feet of the singers. Then the women danced together—an active, spirited dance such as Kiralty labors in vain to get. This was followed by a sort of *danse du ventre*. There were several graceful figures danced by the woman and then one, "La Hata" by the tambourine player and the pretty girl which was quite the prettiest of all, and would compare favorably with the best dances on the American stage. During the performance I wondered that some enterprising American had not imported them all to America and made his fortune by putting them on the stage. One does not find such abandon, animation and natural grace in the dancers who learn on chalked squares while they count one, two, three, one, two, three. The pretty woman had a four months old baby in the room, and the little creature actually waved its arms when the mother danced as though already interested in its future employment. The father had been sent as a soldier to Cuba, the mother cheerfully explained, and the cares of maternity and widowhood sat lightly on her mind. It was only another demonstration that women don't always weep while their husbands war, and her devotion to the tambourine player led me to think she might be preparing for the future if "the worst should come to the worst" in Cuba.

We escaped from this place with our lives and were not robbed; the latter because we decided to give them all we had and save them the exertion of taking it. As we drove away I looked among the children for some of those that common report says the gipseys steal, but I saw none, and judging from the number that have been sent in the natural and approved way to the camp, I see no reason for thinking that the gipsies find it difficult to resist the temptation of stealing others. I should be glad to think they experienced the same lack of temptation about more portable and desirable articles; with all their depravity though they are an interesting picturesque people.

Signs Foon War.

KITTSMILLERSVILLE, Md., Feb. 4, 1896.

I gits scheered mit myself; I don't liko to go to de war mit myself for dey say dey shoost shoot mit a feller any blace; shoost as soon shoot him in de het as in de feet.

Id dond bin long wen won morning I go mid myself to de postoffice. I see Charley Bray mit himself all schwelled up and anoder feller he say, wat it bin Charley. Ho say a boy. Shust a day or too I see Klyde Schmit; he bin a schmilen all over mit himself; some feller say, wot makes you so merry dis morning, Klyde. He say, it bin a boy. Shust a couple days after dat I see Lige Robison seddin mid himself a schtraddle mit a saw log a whislen Yankee Doodle. I say, wat been de madder Lige? He say, a boy.

Day before yisterday nite some feller bin schtannin mit himself on de bridge dreemin of his schweet hart, wen all at wonee he dink de bridge bin braken down. But in about a haf a second he seen Arly Schmit a flien past him. He said schmit only hit de bridge mit his feet dree dimes as he wend over, de rest of de time he bin a flien. Next morning he bin dryen to klime mit a delegraph bole up to delegraph mit his friends: it bin a boy. Now if you dink dat bin a suro sine of war blease let me know and I will hunt me a kavo to hite mit myself till de war blows over.

Good by,
HANS.

Mt. Nebo.

I will take the opportunity to write a few items to represent Mt. Nebo. I am a reader of the highly appreciated REPUBLICAN. I see a great many places of Garrett county represented in THE REPUBLICAN, but no items from one among the wealthiest parts of the county, namely, Mt. Nebo, lying three miles south of Grantsville.

The weather is extremely cold in our country at the present writing, and the landscape is covered with a glittering whiteness, but still not as severe as it was February 8, 1895.

John Billmeyer, of Cleveland City, will offer his store goods at public auction February 11th.

Our new neighbor, Mr. Mullen, living on the soldier property known as the Livengood property, is making some improvements since he is here. He has built a fine cave to store his potatoes in, and he has torn the old corn crib down and chopped it up for fire wood.

C. A. Bender closed his school on account of being sick.

A few of the farmers have scalded their sugar vessels.

SENATOR BOND DEAD.

Another Senate Vacancy—Its Political Bearing.

ANNAPOLIS, Feb. 19—Senator John J. Brooke Bond, of Calvert county, who was taken ill last week with congestion of the liver, died at 8:25 o'clock last night at the residence of his brother-in-law, Thomas M. Tongue, on Cathedral street this city.

Mr. Tongue at once conveyed the sad news to the Senate, which had just begun discussion of the free school book bill, and Dr. Hering, of Carroll county, made a brief announcement of the death, whereupon the Senate, out of respect to the memory of the deceased, immediately adjourned.

Senator Bond caught cold last week and on Thursday became quite sick. His illness was not, however, supposed to be serious until Monday. In the evening he was quite low, but next morning his physician found him somewhat better, and hope of his recovery was entertained. Later in the day he took a turn for the worse, and continued to sink until death came.

By the death of Senator Bond the Democrats, while not robbed of a majority in the Senate, are deprived of their power to enact legislation without aid from the Republicans. As matters stood before they had just an even 14 votes—a constitutional majority. Thus, with all their members present, they could pass laws without assistance from the other side. The body now stands, 13 Democrats and 12 Republicans.

Loch Lynn Heights.

Mr. Robert E. Burley has accepted a position with Mr. P. T. Garthright as clerk.

Our tin-smith, Mr. W. A. Hough, is building an additional story on his tin shop. It will be used by him as a residence.

Capt. S. M. Taylor and family have moved into their new cottage.

Mr. David E. Sanders, of Sunnyside, was seen on our streets Saturday and Sunday last.

'Squire B. F. Crane was on a business trip to Huttons and vicinity the early part of the week.

Mr. Thomas Callis, who is working at Schell, was called home on Tuesday on account of the serious illness of his little daughter.

Mr. Truman Upole, of Wilson, W. Va., was here Tuesday and sold his property in Loch Lynn to Mr. Daniel Pleasants.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Loch Lynn Store Company, which was called for last Saturday, adjourned until February 29th, on account of there not being a quorum present.

Capt. Cochran, of Cumberland, was here the early part of the week looking after the erection of his house.

Rev. D. R. Wagner favored the people at Loch Lynn Sunday night by one of his excellent sermons.

Major J. C. Alderson is slowly improving from his illness.

Mrs. Sarah Paugh, of Oakland, has moved into Mr. John Moore's house on Shenandoah avenue.

INVESTIGATOR.

Frankville.

Mr. Frank Wilt is very ill with rheumatism.

Our school is progressing very nicely under the management of Mr. Wado Lohr.

Miss Mary E. Laffy is on the sick list.

Mr. Monahan, who was recently injured in Oakland, is on the road to recovery.

Mr. Alee Reed, of Dry Run, was seen on our streets one day last week.

Mr. Henry Wilt is wearing a smile and a stove pipe hat—it's a boy.

Miss Laura Murphy is very ill with scarlet fever, and recovery is not expected, as is also Miss Florence, her sister.

Mrs. Thos. McFadden is on the sick list.

A number of our young people attended the ball at Swanton. Among them were W. H. Lohr, Miss K. McHugh and Miss Mary Laffey.

Messrs. Fredlock & Gleeson's lime works are running in full blast.

At the Capital

ANNAPOLIS, Feb. 18, 1896.

The governor being away there is no crowd upstairs to-day. The slates are all made up and ready to be sent into the Senate to-morrow.

Gov. Lowndes will take a new departure in making appointments to boards of management of certain charitable institutions. He will name a number of ladies for these positions, and hopes to see good results follow the introduction of the fair sex into the management of institutions created for the education and control of the incorrigible youth of both sexes. Some educational boards will likely for the first time have ladies among the directors on the part of the State.

Dr. Wm. F. Twigg is here to-day looking after the bill providing for the election of school commissioners by the people in Allegany and Washington counties. It has passed the House.

Dr. J. Leo McComas has made a hard and gallant fight for the appointment of Mr. J. C. Peddicord, of Oakland, as one of the State fish commissioners. The Doctor is a good talker, and if he fails in his mission it will not be for the lack of effort.

In connection with this position Messrs. F. A. Thayer and John Shartzer, of Oakland, are here to-day. They represent the sentiment of Oakland in favor of Mr. Peddicord, and at this hour are laboring hard to bring Senator Ravenscroft and Delegate Otto to their way of thinking. Mr. Hilleary, who favors Mr. Peddicord, is absent on account of illness.

Mr. Petherbridge, who who will take the place of Mr. Rowleson as superintendent of public buildings and grounds at Annapolis, is the leader of the element in Anne Arundle which supported Mr. Lowndes in the primaries. He is a splendid gentleman, and the appointment is received here with universal satisfaction.

The opinion seems to prevail here that Mr. Otto Hohing will not accept the position of inspector of mines. If he declines the office it will most likely go to Lonaconing. It ought to go to that place anyhow although Mr. Horing would make a most popular official.

The bill to pay the canal claims will very likely pass this week.

It will be a difficult matter to bring the House around to the support of the Bruce civil service law.

The election of the right persons as police commissioners is another difficult matter. The Senate fears the election of W. W. Johnson, one of the most popular Republicans of Baltimore city, and hence that body will refuse to go into joint convention as long as he is a formidable candidate. The fact that his name is said to have been dropped from the list of license commissioners in favor of Mr. Weiss, yesterday, makes him a stronger candidate for the police commissionership than he was some time ago.

Senator J. B. Bond, of Calvert county, died at 8.30 this evening.

McC.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In effect April 1st, 1894.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS		NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1			No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.			NOON	P. M.
3 10*	8 00	lv	Cumberland	ar 12 00	7 00
3 31	8 31		Rawlings	11 29	6 29
3 56	8 56		Keyser	11 01	6 01
4 00	9 00		Westernport	10 51	5 51
4 12	9 12		W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	5 48
4 37	9 37		Shaw	10 23	5 23
5 00	10 00		Harrison	10 00	15 00
5 45	10 45*	ar	Elk Garden	8 55	*3 55
5 55	10 55†	lv	Gorman	9 21	4 21
5 41	10 41		Bayard	9 15	4 15
5 52	10 52		Dobbin	9 04	4 04
6 23	11 23		Thomas	8 34	3 34
6 55	11 55	ar	Davis	8 00	2 55
6 27	11 27	lv	Coketon	8 31	3 31
6 51	11 51		Hendricks	8 07	3 07
6 57	11 57		Bretz	8 01	3 01
7 00	12 00		Parsons	7 58	2 58
7 30	12 30		Kerens	7 30	2 30
8 00	1 00†	ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	12 00
	1 30*	ar	Beverly	lv	*1 35
					P. M.
	2 55*	ar	Beallington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. Daily except Sunday.

After January 5th, 1896, and until further notice, Sunday trains will be discontinued.

C. L. BRETZ, General Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Feb. 18, 1896.

The County Commissioners will meet at their office in Oakland on

Tuesday, March 10, 1896,

For the purpose of hearing appeals on assessments and noting transfers.

Persons having business before the board will observe the following days and dates and attend accordingly:

Wednesday, March 11, Districts Nos. 3, 2, 5.
Thursday, March 12, Districts Nos. 8, 10, 9.
Friday, March 13, Districts Nos. 7, 4, 1.
Saturday, March 14, Districts Nos. 6, 12, 11.

By order of the board,
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

ECCLESIASTICAL COLUMN.

Rev. Romanus Mallingly, pastor St. Peter's Catholic Church, Editor.

The Parable.

"Therefore, do I speak to them in parables; because seeing they see not, and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand."

A parable is a continued and well arranged narrative of some possible but fictitious event, applied to the illustration of some sacred truth. Parable and proverb differ in this, that the former is a continued narrative; the latter is always brief. The former expresses the comparison; in the latter when a comparison exists, it is only implied. The Greek word for parable occurs only in the three first Evangelists. St. John in every instance terms them, not *parabolai* (parables), but *paroimiai* (proverbs). Both words are often interchanged and used as convertible terms, and identified. The Hebrew word for both is the same, *marshah*. Hence the Septuagint translators of the book of Solomon render it *paroimiai* (proverbs), and the same word is often rendered by them *parabolai* (parables). The latter they did when there was a comparison expressed and the narrative longer. Parable and proverb are moreover identified in this, that both, at least in their origin, were obscure and hard to be understood. Again, although a proverb conveys no comparison, it is sometimes a figurative form of expression. For example, *Desire, when it cometh, is a tree of life.* They resemble each other in this respect also, that a *proverb* is but a condensed parable; it is the essence and substance of a parable.

"Of some possible, but fictitious event." The parables of the New Testament always refer to events that are in accordance with the laws and ordinary course of nature; events that often occurred, and were probably in many instances suggested by what was actually occurring before the eyes of the person who uttered them. Thus, for instance, our Redeemer, in the parable of the *Sower*, might be looking at some sower in on adjoining field.

"Applied to the illustration of sacred truth." In this it differs from a *fable*, the moral of which is always intended to illustrate some high spiritual maxims.

The parable appears to bear the same relation to the simile that the allegory does to the metaphor; and hence in Scripture the parable is generally introduced by some such form as "*The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto*," etc., from which it would appear that the parable is but a prolonged simile.

It was common with the people of the East, and well suited to the natural temperament of Eastern nations to employ parables for the purpose of conveying and illustrating abstract moral truths. St. Jerome tells us this was quite usual among the people of Palestine particularly. His words are, "*Familiare est Syris et maxime Palestinis ad omnem Sermonem suum parabolas jungere.* Hence our Redeemer, accommodating Himself to the prevalent usages and manners of the people frequently employs parables to convey and illustrate His heavenly doctrines. This method of illustrating moral truths was attended with many advantages. Besides fixing the attention on the subjects treated of, and of exciting curiosity, it served to impress more vividly on the minds and imaginations of the hearers the abstract truths illustrated through the medium of sensible images, and of objects familiar to them; and thus served as a most powerful help to the memory.

It was attended with another advantage—it protected the sacred word from the disrespect with which the ill-disposed would have received it, had it been plainly announced.

In the explanation of Scripture parables two things must be principally attended to—1st. That in parables, persons are not compared with persons, nor the parts of the parable with the parts of the thing signified, but the *whole parable* is compared with the *whole thing* which it illustrates. 2ndly. In the interpretation of parables, all things in the parables are not to be applied to the thing signified. Some things are introduced in the parable, merely for the purpose of rendering the narrative consistent throughout—mere ornaments to the narrative.

Elder.

The old ground hog is surely giving us the kind of weather he promised.

Mr. S. F. Cuppett lost a valuable horse one day last week by breaking of the fore legs.

We have several new houses in our vicinity and more being erected.

Mr. Frank Welch, of Selbysport, has moved into our vicinity, and we are sure he is a pleasant addition to our community.

Mr. George Sterling, of Frazee's Ridge, was calling on his parents here Sunday.

Mr. Jas. W. Friend, of Sang Run, was a caller at Mr. Isaiah Friend's Saturday and Sunday.

Rev. Dr. Morrison, of the Baptist church, preached an interesting sermon to a large audience the 16th inst.

Mr. W. H. Savage and wife, of Krug, were visiting Mr. Robert Sterling Sunday.

Mr. Geo. Glotfelty, of McHenry, was calling on Mr. Cuppett Sunday.

Our school is progressing very nicely under the management of Mr. Chas. Frazee.

Rev. Skidmore, of the Friendsville M. E. church, preached an excellent sermon for us Saturday night.

Mr. Walter Coddington is smiling again—it's a boy.

Miss Maggie Cuppett, who has been sick for several weeks, is slowly convalescing, and we hope will soon be well again.

TAM O'SHANTER.

Cranesville, W. Va.

The sunshine has taken the snow banks out of our sight.

Our fair sex are taking advantage of leap year. We noticed two of our young lassies escorted two of our young gentlemen from church to the home of Mr. E. G. Albright, where they were courteously entertained.

Mr. J. W. Feather returned home from Bruceton, where he was visiting his parents, who have been on the sick list.

Mrs. J. C. White is improving very slowly.

Rev. E. P. Idleman is holding a protracted meeting at Chidister.

We have five weeks and three days of school yet.

Several of our young people have been attending meeting at Mt. Carmel during the past week.

Two men were here from Pittsburg during the past week, and in company with N. C. Browning were looking up mineral and timber lands. We hope they may be successful and Cranesville will yet enjoy one of the greatest enterprises in Preston county.

Our literary society is progressing very nicely. They reported a very nice time last Friday night. The program was as follows: Select readings, Troy Feather, Watson Wolf, Floyd Albright, Bert Sanders; mock trial; recitations, Samuel Jeffers, Staley Albright, Delpha Wolf; subject for discussion, Resolved, That United States Senators should be elected by direct vote of the people; affirmative, O. A. Beerbower, E. G. Albright, D. W. Frazee, T. A. Mattingly; negative, C. G. Teets, J. H. Dunham, M. H. Frankhouser, D. C. Feather. Subject for Friday night, February 21: Resolved, That nature has a greater influence in the formation of character than education. Affirmative, J. H. Dunham, C. G. Teets, D. C. Feather, O. F. Feather, C. Lipscomb; negative, D. W. Frazee, E. G. Albright, J. H. Mattingly, S. W. Jeffers, S. A. Dunham.

Clinton Sanders is able to go about in his room.

Preaching in the M. E. church next Sunday night. All the young folks invited. A special sermon.

Jos. Feather has bought J. C. White's property.

SAPPHIRE.

Selbysport.

On last Saturday the last link in the chain of educational meetings held throughout the county, was inserted. As not unfrequently is the case, the best was kept for the last.

Examiner Hinebaugh, having spent a portion of the week visiting schools in this section, proclaimed far and near that a treat was in store for all who would attend. All felt that the promise was verified when the morning train brought in Profs. Sanner and Fike, of the Confluence schools, Prof. Wafful, of Bryant and Stratton's Business College, at Meadville, Pa., and Mr. Black, a very entertaining elocutionist, also of Confluence, Pa.

At seven o'clock Examiner Hinebaugh called the meeting to order, stated the purpose of the meeting and in a few but very complimentary words introduced Prof. Sanner

This gentleman gave us as good a talk on moral culture as we have ever had the pleasure of listening to. The vast audience was held spell-bound, the professor leaving a deep and lasting impression.

This address was followed by a solo by Prof. Fike entitled "Stammering Jim." The applause that followed this song showed that it was well received.

Prof. Wafful was then introduced and made some apt illustrations. He spoke of tact and gave some very instructive remarks on penmanship.

Mr. Black recited "The Minister's Wooing" and in response to an encore recited "Foreign Views of Statue."

After some well fitted words by the examiner, an adjournment was taken until nine o'clock Saturday.

This session proved no less interesting than the preceding one.

After music the regular program was taken up.

Mr. G. B. Frazee read a paper on school discipline. This paper indicated that Mr. Frazee is master both of the theory and practice of school discipline. A general discussion of this subject followed, the principals being Profs. Fike, Wafful, Sanner and Barnhouse.

Primary work was talked on by Prof. Fike and others.

A solo entitled "No Sir," at this point by Prof. Fike, furnished some mental recreation.

The morning session passed very rapidly under such circumstances. By common consent the remainder of the time was given to Prof. Sanner to talk on the subject of reading.

Mr. Black furnished the audience with a recitation entitled "John Burns at Gettysburg." General remarks by visitors and teachers.

A recitation entitled "The Bald Headed Man," by Mr. Black, won the admiration of all.

Parting words by friends of the institute.

A general good feeling prevailed. New friends were added. Old friends were more unified in purpose. All left feeling it was good to be here.

May the new board go on in the work thus nobly begun.

Bethlehem.

As Saturday is generally used as market day, a certain number of sleds started for Deer Park that morning, but alas! the snow melted and at least a part of the number that sledded out over some snow had the pleasure of returning through the mud, but they took it cheerfully, and the sleigh bells jingled all the same.

Christian Coar is moving his saw mill from the land of John Uppolo, where he has been engaged in sawing for the past few months.

Rumor has it that Wm Tasker was out in the woods with his dog, seeing a fox, the dog also seeing it. William tried to get the dog to catch the fox, but the dog failed to discharge his duty in that respect and returned to his master. The master secured a club and knocked the dog in the head, making short work of Mr. Dog.

I would guess that one of the pretty girls of this neighborhood will be married in the near future. Oh! young men of this and the surrounding neighborhood, will you allow some one from a more distant community to come and take her and you not so much as shake your head or stamp your foot at him? If you will allow this who will pity you if you do have to mourn the fate of old bachelors.

May Thomas, daughter of J. W. Thomas, is confined to her bed with pneumonia fever.

J. [illegible] Lipscomb is also on the sick [illegible].

[illegible] weather has been very changeable [illegible] last few days, but Monday morning finds the sun casting its golden rays about us, but we don't know what a day may bring forth.

CRUM.

[illegible] A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper under the caption "We Loan Money." The Mutual Guarantee Building and Loan Association which he is representing is one of the strongest new financial institutions in the country and the largest new Building and Loan Association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management is developing it very fast. Its assets have already reached over $2,000,000, which proves it to be positively reliable in every respect. The men that carry it on are responsible and well known gentlemen. This is a good association for the investor as well as for borrower. It has a life insurance policy connected with it which beats anything in any other association. It is good for both young and old and especially for the young man, as this policy matures in 7 years, the others in 8 years. So anyone wishing to make and save money rapidly will do well to invest in this association. Those desiring to borrow or invest will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars.

Money to loan on first mortgage on improved town property in Oakland, Mt. Lake Park, Deer Park and Loch Lynn Heights. Apply to E. H. Sincell, Attorney, Oakland, Md. 44-tf

Your Appearance MAY BE MARRED,
Your Health MAY BE AFFECTED,
Your Comfort MAY BE DISTURBED

by humiliating, annoying and disfiguring eruptions or humors of the skin, known in their various forms as

ECZEMA, SALT RHEUM, TETTER, PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, RING WORM AND ITCHING PILES.

Foster's German Kemp and Navy Cure

IS THE CERTAIN AND PERMANENT REMEDY FOR THESE AND ALL SKIN DISEASES.

Hundreds of cases CURED attest its wonderful efficacy. SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSEHOLD.

Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents.

FOSTER MEDICINE COMPANY, BALTIMORE, MD.

For CATARRH, HAY FEVER, COLD IN THE HEAD and all inflammatory conditions of the Nasal Passages, use FOSTER'S GERMAN ARMY AND NAVY CATARRH CURE. It is a positive remedy.

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL
ROOFING.
SPOUTING, ETC.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
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Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,
W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.
7—261.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ½ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
T. R. CARSKADON,
Keyser, W. Va.
26—1yr.

34 inches high. Top can be adjusted to any angle or height Revolving. Case 15 x 15 x 12 inside. Holds about 30 vols Law size. Strong well finished Metal Base and Sides With Solid Oak Shelves and Top.—100,000 now used. Sent knocked down (30 lbs). On approval. Address: Marsh M'f'g Co. CHICAGO.
Agents Wanted.

THE NAME OF THE NEXT
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN
The New York Weekly Tribune,
OF NOVEMBER 4th, 1896.

Public interest will steadily increase, and the question how the men who votes turned the scale at the last election are satisfied with the results under the administration they elected, will make the campaign the most intensely exciting in the history of the country.

The New York Weekly Tribune,

the leading Republican family newspaper of the United States, will publish all the political news of the day, interesting to every American citizen regardless of party affiliations.

Also general news in attractive form, foreign correspondence covering the news of the world, an agricultural department second to none in the country, market reports which are recognized authority, fascinating short stories, complete in each number, the cream of the humorous papers, foreign and domestic, with their best comic pictures, fashion plates and elaborate descriptions of woman's attire, with a varied and attractive department of household interest. The "New York Weekly Tribune" is an ideal family paper, with a circulation than that of any other weekly publication in the country issued from the office of a daily. Large changes are being made in its details tending to give it greater life and variety, and especially more interest to the women and younger people of the household.

A SPECIA CONTRACT enables us to offer this splendid journal and "THE REPUBLICAN" for

One Year for Only $1.75
CASH IN ADVANCE.

(The regular subscription for the two papers is $2.50.)
SUBSCRIPTIONS MAY BEGIN AT ANY TIME.
Address all orders to
THE REPUBLICAN.

Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to Geo. W. Best, Room 2, Tribune Building, New York City, and sample copy of The New York Weekly Tribune will be mailed to you.

NEW CASH STORE AT LOCH LYNN HEIGHTS.

Having opened a store on First Street, I will receive all kinds of country produce at the market price in exchange for goods. Goods sold cheap for cash. Call and see me
98 WILLIAM W. SWEET.

1896. The Sun. 1896.
BALTIMORE, MD.

THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE,
FOR THE PEOPLE AND WITH THE PEOPLE.

HONEST IN MOTIVE.
FEARLESS IN EXPRESSION.
SOUND IN PRINCIPLE.
UNSWERVING IN ITS ALLEGIANCE TO RIGHT THEORIES AND RIGHT PRACTICES.

THE SUN PUBLISHES ALL THE NEWS ALL THE TIME, but it does not allow its columns to be degraded by unclean, immoral or purely sensational matter.

EDITORIALLY THE SUN IS THE CONSISTENT AND UNCHANGING CHAMPION AND DEFENDER OF POPULAR RIGHTS AND INTERESTS against political machines and monopolies of every character. Independent in all things, extreme in none. It is for good laws, good government and good order.

By mail Fifty Cents a month, Six Dollars a year.

The Baltimore Weekly Sun.

THE WEEKLY SUN PUBLISHES ALL THE NEWS of each week, giving complete accounts of all events of interest throughout the World. As an AGRICULTURAL paper The WEEKLY SUN is unsurpassed. It is edited by writers of practical experience, who know what farming means and what farmers want in an agricultural journal. It contains regular reports of the work of the AGRICULTURAL experiment stations throughout the country of the proceedings of farmers' clubs and institutes, and the discussion of new methods and ideas in agriculture. Its MARKET REPORTS, POULTRY DEPARTMENT and Veterinary columns are particularly valuable to country readers. Every issue contains STORIES, POEMS, HOUSEHOLD AND PUZZLE COLUMNS, a variety of interesting and instructive selected matter and other features, which makes it a welcome visitor in city and country homes alike.

One dollar a year. Inducements to getters-up of clubs. For the Weekly Sun. Both the Daily and Weekly Sun mailed free of postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico. Payments invariably in advance. Address
A. S. ABELL COMPANY,
Publishers and Proprietors,
Baltimore, Md.

MUSHROOMS

From Loch Lynn Fruit Farm, Nursery and Greenhouse.
Our Greenhouse } A few hours by mail } Your Kitchen.
Order a pound and see how nice they are.
THE HORTICULTURAL SUPPLY CO.,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 40 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400 balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

Your Face

Will be wreathed with a most engaging smile, after you invest in a
White Sewing Machine
EQUIPPED WITH ITS NEW
PINCH TENSION,
TENSION INDICATOR
—AND—
AUTOMATIC TENSION RELEASER,

The most complete and useful devices ever added to any sewing machine.

The WHITE is
Durably and Handsomely Built,
Of Fine Finish and Perfect Adjustment,
Sews ALL Sewable Articles,

And will serve and please you up to the full limit of your expectations.

ACTIVE DEALERS WANTED in unoccupied territory. Liberal terms. Address,
WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.,
CLEVELAND, O.

WHY SHOULD YOU SEND YOUR CHILD —TO— BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

1st. He (or she) can be prepared for college; he can study book keeping, shorthand, typewriting, etc., and be fitted for business; he can begin his course in medicine or pharmacy under a teacher who has made the subject of chemistry a specialty.

2nd. It is a home school (no edventure) and for a limited number; and is conducted with all the loving, care-taking ministrations for individual development that the name implies.

3rd. Students require the most bracing, nerve-building climate, and here they have it. Among the recreations are skating, boating, tennis, bowling.

4th. English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish German, Musical and Art courses. Bible study and high ethical teaching will fit him for a noble Christian career.

E. H. SWAN, Principal,
Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.
98-1yr.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

THE OAKLAND HARNESS CO.
carry the best stock of heavy, hand made harness and horse furnishing goods to be found in the country.
Alder Street, opposite G. S. Hamill's office.
TRUMAN WEST, Manager.
26—261.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, October 20, 1895. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.48 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 19	—Express, daily except Mon.	3.55 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 37	—Daily except Mon	10.40 A. M
No. 55	—Express, daily	6.22 P. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	6.45 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	—Daily	5.50 A. M
No. 2	—Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	9.00 A. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	4.32 P. M
No. 16	—Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	12.29 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL,
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

"A HOUSE TO LET."

BY GEORGE WEMYSS.

IT WAS advertised in the papers after this fashion: "A bijou residence, suitable for small family; charmingly situated on one of the loveliest reaches of the Thames. A house of unique design and exceptional sanitary arrangements; sloping garden to river, boat, boathouse, stabling, fruit garden, etc., etc."

Yet, despite the alluring character of this announcement, the bijou residence went through two seasons unlet—its notice boards leaning lower and lower as the sessons went on over the stone, box-fringed garden walls, with pathetic irresponsibility.

At length, simultaneously one morning in late July, two people caught the glow of that announcement from opposite corners of England—the one a man, the other a woman, and they bent their faces in its direction.

A geographical, as well as a railway time book, dispensation decreed also that those two people should make their debut simultaneously at the little wayside station, situated some mile and a-half from the bijou residence in question. After that, how much fate or destiny had to do with it? how much man? how much woman? remain problematical. I defy two people of the opposite sexes to walk for a mile and a-half along a boxed-in country lane and not be oppressively conscious of each other. I deny a man possessed of the slightest moiety of taste not to pick out the various beauties of that woman, if she have them, and briefly tabulate them on the retina of his appreciation as he walks.

Finally, the two drew up at the garden gate, if not simultaneously, almost so, the man pushing the gate wide for her and waiting, and they arrived face to face under the trellised porch.

The sound of advancing footsteps—footsteps presumably of the care-taker—roused him from his temporary aberration. It occurred to him that speech was the only thing possible to save the situation. He raised his hat, displaying a grizzled, but patrician, head, and smiled.

"Is the house let, then?" he asked.

The woman showed a gleam of teeth under the rich undulating curve of her red lips.

"That was just the question I was going to put to you," she answered.

"No," he said; "I have merely come from Dorchester to look at it."

"And I have come from Cromer."

In the pause of which announcement, a woman, in sun-bonnet and clogs, with that reticence which the caretaker exhibits when she does not want to let the house, slowly opened the door. She moved back, making room for them to enter, making at the same time a depreciatory movement with her bare arms. "It's all very nice an' convenient like," she said, indicating the tiny drawing-room on the right, the tiny dining-room on the left, the Lilliputian kitchen in perspective—the narrow stairway intervening, "fur a bach-

THE MAN PUSHING THE GATE WIDE OPEN FOR HER.

elor or a spinster, but not for them as is married. For them as is married—an' I flatter myself as I knows, being myself a married woman, this 'ere bijou residence ain't 'alf, nor yet a quarter, large enough. A man may be as fond o' his wife as ever it is possible for 'im to be; a woman may be as fond of 'er 'usband as 'er ever kan be, but they don't want to be knocking up again each other all the live-long day."

Here the figure in the rowan berries summarily disappeared into the tiny drawing-room. The tall patrician man, preternaturally embarrassed, strode into the tiny dining-room, and the garrulous caretaker was left to finish her speech to empty benches. She imagined herself to be a woman of singular penetration, however. It was her boast that she could grasp a situation at a glance, and take it all in. Therefore she was by no means disconcerted till a flutter of skirts smote her ear, and the woman with the rowan berries reappeared, the man having gone upstairs, saying, in a whisper, with indignation traceable in every word:

"That gentleman is a perfect stranger to me. I have never seen him before to-day in my life. We chanced to arrive at the station together. And to walk up to the house together. And now you can go. There is no occasion for you to follow me over the house—I prefer to look at it alone. By the by," she added, "I should advise the owners of it to put it in other hands. You evidently don't want to let it."

It does not take long to look over a six-roomed cottage. In ten minutes the man was out on the slope of the garden in the rear looking idly ahead of him across the reach. He had seen in a flash through the staircase window the rowan berries going upstairs. He caught in a flash now the rowan berries going down.

"Would she go straight out by the hall door?" he asked himself; "or come into the garden?"

A rustle of the silk skirts coming down the path towards him, a glimpse of a comely figure silhouetted momentarily against the pendent ivy, was the agreeable answer to this query.

"As we have both come very long distances, and indisputably upon the same quest," she began, "it is but fair—indeed, the right and civil thing to do, I think—to ask you if you have come to any decision about the house? I believe"—here her eyebrows went up and she showed a gleam of teeth—"in all business matters man takes precedence."

"But in matters of sentiment," he interrupted her, "woman."

"Sentiment?" she said. "Do you think, then, even in her business transactions, a woman is necessarily sentimental?"

"I certainly do," he answered.

"Ah! if you knew me better," she said, "you would find that I am a most prosaic creature. I threw aside sentiment ten years ago, when I threw aside my youth. My head at this moment, if you could only see the workings of it, is full of the prosiest speculations as to the drainage of the cottage, the exact character of the soil on which it stands, for I have a strong suspicion it is built upon clay. I am propounding,

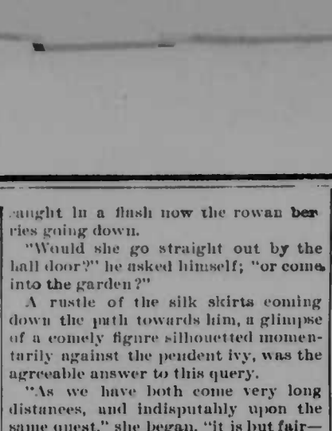

"THAT GENTLEMAN IS A STRANGER TO ME."

too, whether I like the kitchen range. The scullery strikes me as having been thought of afterwards; and about the bathroom fittings I am just wondering. It seems to me they are inadequate, as compared with the flowery suggestion of sanitary perfection conveyed in the Daily Telegraph; and, well, the drawing and dining-rooms are certainly rather circumscribed, aren't they?"

"Yet, at the same time, you are agreeably pleased on the whole?" he suggested.

"On the principle that nothing, even in six-roomed cottages on the banks of the Thames can entirely reach the fulness of our expectations, yes."

He smiled and spread his hands.

"In that respect the best of us are but as little children, ever searching after what is absolutely impossible in this world—perfection," he answered.

"Yes, why is it? We should not like it if we could get it, either. Yet we search, search, search, and waste our whole lives."

She turned her arched glance towards him and waited.

"It is our disease. Perhaps it is put there purposely, that we should not grow too fond of living. Besides—and here comes the irony of it—if everything were perfection we shouldn't know it."

"No, we should want counteracting foils, like milestones, to show us it is perfection." Her eyes traveled up the green slope towards the house, and she added, reverting to it: "But you, you also, like this by no means faultless bijou residence. Yes, I can see by your face—your face assures me that you have seen something to-day that pleases you."

He dropped his hazel eyes upon her and leaned on his cane.

"Yes," he said, slowly; "I have certainly seen something that pleases me to-day. But," he added, quickly, "I am willing to waive priority, if I have it, which I doubt, in your favor and back out of all competition with regard to the bijou residence. After all, what does it signify? I am a bachelor, anything will do for me."

"And I am a spinster," she said, with a smile. "Why should not anything do for me?"

"For all their never 'avin' met till this 'ere morning, they seem to be mighty friendly," observed the caretaker, watching their departure down the shady road together later. "It seems to me to be more a question of taking each other than taking the house. They ain't said nothing about the house one way or t'other, but they have said a good deal about each other, judging by their eyes."

The woman picked more wild flowers as she went back, the man assisting her. Midway down the dusty lane they rested on a fallen oak, the victim of a recent cyclone, and told each other their biographies. At the inn, close to the railway, they lunched together in the inn parlor, criticising the proprietor's ideas of art afterwards, a task of elastic quality according to the degree of opportunity for lingering desired. And she—she never looked prettier, even in her palmiest days.

Have you ever traced the genesis of an acquaintance? It may be quite as capable of wide advances and undreamed conclusions as the genesis of speech. You may begin in the Tropic of Cancer and end in Siberia; or you may begin in Siberia and end in the Tropic of Cancer; it's all a matter of chance. But this man and this woman began and ended in the Tropic of Cancer, and so there was a marriage in the paper; but the bijou residence is still unlet.—St. Paul.

ENGLAND IS COWAR[D]Y.

Will Do Nothing to Relieve Armenian Situation.

Lord Salisbury's Humiliating and Disgusting Confession—The Work of Slaughter to Proceed Without Further Objections.

The astonishing statement m[a]de by Lord Salisbury at the banquet of the Nonconformist Unionist associ[a]tion touching the Armenian question will leave the world in some doubt as to whether England is indifferent or impotent, or perhaps both, as to the massacres in that afflicted country. [A]nd the methods necessary to prevent their further continuance. "The Berlin treaty," Lord Salisbury said, "merely bound the signatory powers that if the sultan promulgated certain reforms they would watch over the execution of those reforms." The Berlin treaty provision went further than this. The sultan bound himself in explicit terms to give the Armenians equal rights under the law and the same religious privileges as all other subjects in the Turkish empire. This he has failed to do. On the other hand, he has sanctioned if not inspired the slaughter of thousands of Armenians and the destruction of their property for the reason, on the one hand, that they demanded these privileges, and on the other to render it impossible for them to make similar demands in the future by reducing their numbers, their influence and their property-holdings through the horrible cruelties of the Kurdish and Circassian butchers. But even if Lord Salisbury's statement were absolutely correct, if the powers were only to watch over the execution of certain reforms, which it is notorious are not being executed, of what avail is it for the war vessels of these powers to remain at the Dardanelles? As no reforms are being executed, what is there to watch?

Lord Salisbury goes further and makes the humiliating confession that there is nothing in the convention which obligates England to interfere in behalf of the sultan's subjects. Then why not call off the English fleet and leave these subjects to his tender mercies? Lord Salisbury then proceeds to gloss over the conduct

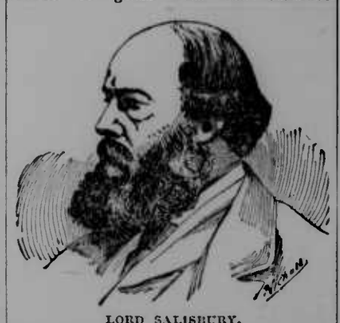

LORD SALISBURY.

of the sultan, while acknowledging that his government is "weak, wretched, impotent and powerless;" to attribute the massacres to the hatred of race and creed factions; to assert that England has not the power of military usurpation to prevent them, that none of the European powers wish to interfere, and that if England does not act with the great powers she "must act against them and produce far more awful and terrible calamities than the Armenian atrocities."

It is evident from this humiliating confession, says the Chicago Tribune, that the Armenians are to be left to their fate, and that the great powers, civilized, Christian England among them, are disposed to give the sultan all the time he wishes in the prosecution of his infamous policy. Lord Salisbury says: "It is our duty to give the sultan time. It is not for me to pass judgment on that view, but no other remedy has been suggested."

That is exactly what the sultan wants. Leave him alone and give him time enough, and what with killing, burning, plundering and starving there will soon be only a remnant of the Armenian race left, and that remnant too small and weak and too terrorized by the Moslems to dare ask for the rights guaranteed with these indifferent powers. It is little wonder that the London Chronicle indignantly declares this utterance will do England grievous harm and that his confession of failure with regard to Armenia is a most ignominious admission, and that the London Daily News says: "The little monster who gloats at Constantinople over the butcheries will receive Lord Salisbury's statement as glad tidings. It will be read with inexpressible shame by thousands of decent men and women in England. We might at least abstain from encouraging the sultan in his hellish work." Even the great Thunderer is compelled to regard Lord Salisbury's statement as apologetic and inferentially to regret it. The world will echo the sentiments of these newspapers, and will learn with profound sorrow and indignation from the lips of the English premier that there is no hope for the Armenians and that the work of slaughter must proceed until they are reduced to a condition so weak and helpless as to be unable to utter complaints or demand rights promised them in solemn treaties.

The Natural Death Time.

Buffon, Flourens, Humboldt and a great many other eminent naturalists, scientists, etc., were of the opinion that the natural limit of earthly existence among the animal creation is five times as long as the time expended by them in reaching maturity. Buffon gives the following table to substantiate that peculiar belief: The camel grows for eight years, lives 40; the horse grows for five years, lives 25; the ox grows for four years, lives 15 to 20; the lion grows for four years, lives 20; the dog grows for two years, lives 10 to 12; the man grows for 20 years, lives 100.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

Walter Baker & Co.'s Cocoa to Be Sold in Ohio.

On the 5th December last, Messrs. Walter Baker & Co., Limited, Dorchester, Mass., well and widely known for more than a century as manufacturers of Cocoa and Chocolate preparations, issued a circular to the trade in which they stated that they had decided to withdraw all their grocers' goods from sale in Ohio. "We take this course," they said, "because it seems the only one open to us in view of the numerous prosecutions that have been instituted against parties selling our products since the recent decision of the Court of Common Pleas of Cuyahoga County in the proceedings against Mr. Rose, of Cleveland, for selling our Breakfast Cocoa.

"In that case the chemist employed by the State testified that the sample 'was made from pure cocoa, with no other adulteration than the removal of the oil.' He also testified that he never had examined any powdered cocoa 'except the oil had been removed or starch or sugar added;' and that, without such removal or addition, it was impossible to make a powdered cocoa which would keep in our climate.

"The name Breakfast Cocoa is applied only to powdered cocoa; and we have always stated conspicuously, on every can, exactly how ours is made—namely, by removing 'the excess of oil' without the use of any chemicals and without the addition of starch or sugar.

"Our object has been to produce an extract of cocoa containing the stimulating and exhilarating properties of the bean in the most convenient, concentrated and digestible form; and our success has been fully attested by the leading physicians and teachers of cooking. We fully believe we have adopted the best method known for the purpose, and there is no question that the demand for the product is great and greatly increasing."

On the 18th January, Messrs. Walter Baker & Co., issued another circular to the trade in which they said:

"The Circuit Court of Cuyahoga County has reversed the decision of the Court of Common Pleas to which we referred in our circular of December 3, and decided that our Breakfast Cocoa, being a pure article, made from the cocoa bean by the removal of the excess of oil, is not within the provisions of the food law of Ohio, and that it may be sold with its present label. This sustains us in the position which we have already maintained,—that the law is intended to prevent adulteration and not to interfere with trade in purified products, when sold under their appropriate names.

"We therefore take pleasure in announcing to you that we shall at once place our Breakfast Cocoa on sale again in Ohio; and for the convenience of the trade we shall see that a full supply reaches the State at an early day to replace what has been withdrawn."

A SAGACIOUS HORSE.

He Led Those Who Trusted Him Out of Danger.

Some 40 or 50 years ago a party of surveyors had just finished their day's work in the northwestern part of Illinois when a violent snow storm came on. They started for their camp, which was in a forest of about 80 acres in a large prairie, nearly 20 miles from any other trees. The wind was blowing very hard and the snow was drifting so as to almost blind them. When they thought that they had nearly reached their camp they all at once came upon footsteps in the snow. These they looked at with care and found, to their dismay, that they were their own tracks. It was now plain that they were lost on the great prairie, and if they had to pass the night there in the cold and snow the chances were that not one of them would be alive in the morning.

While they were shivering with fear and cold the chief man caught sight of one of their horses, a gray pony, known as Old Jack. Then the chief said: "If anyone can show us the way to camp out of this blinding snow Old Jack can do it. I will take off his bridle and let him go, and we can follow him." The horse, as soon as he felt himself free, threw his head and tail in the air, as if proud of the trust that had been confided in him. Then he snuffed the breeze and gave a loud snort, which seemed to say: "Come on, boys follow me. I'll lead you out of this scrape." He then turned in a new direction and trotted along, but not so fast that the men could not follow him. They had not gone more than a mile when they saw the cheerful blaze of their campfires, and they gave a loud huzza at the sight and for Old Jack.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Beautiful Cotton from the Orient.

Some of the eastern cottons, with their rich colorings intermixed with the sheen of metal threads, keep their color and their brightness so long that they are an excellent investment for the economical woman who likes artistic things. A square of such a fabric, costing not more than two dollars, lately seen, had as a background a thin white cotton, under which was the glint of gold threads made silvery by the white woven over them. The fabric was figured with soft shades of blue, rose, olive and yellow, and, although it had been in use two years, is as beautiful as at first, looking like some priceless treasure from the orient. Such bits for a table-spread or pillow cover are often to be found in the upholstery department of large city stores of the better class, or at stores making a specialty of eastern goods.—St. Louis Republic.

How He Committed Himself.

Hattie—What do you think! Young Van Billions proposed to me in church to-day during the sermon.

Agnes (coldly)—Oh, you mustn't mind that. I've heard he talks in his sleep.—Town Topics.

"PROFESSOR," said a graduate, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know." "Pray do not mention such a trifle," was the reply.

Sui Generis.

"Do you want to hire a freak?" he said to the museum manager.

"I am always willing to hire a good freak," was the reply. "What have you to offer?"

"Myself."

"Yourself! You don't look like a freak."

"No, but I am one. I'm the only presidential impossibility in the country!"—Town Topics.

She Couldn't.

She golfed and biked and hunted, and she emulated man
In every sport and pastime that a daring woman can;
But despite her mannish style of dress, her place in mannish strife,
She could not tie a four-in-hand to save her little life.

—Chicago Record.

AND SHE NEVER TUMBLED.

"I'm glad, Mr. Goodman, that you are to put my skates on to-day, rather than that Mr. Soaker. He don't know the first thing about skates."

Goodman (facetiously) — You surprise me, Miss Vassar. I thought he was an adept at getting on skates.—Brooklyn Life.

Enterprising.

Tourist (in Oklahoma)—Col. Handy Polk, the real estate dealer, is a very enterprising man, isn't he?

Alkali Ike—Wal, I should shout! Why, he can make a mountain out of a mole-hill an' then have no trouble in sellin' it to some fool easterner.—Truth.

A Terrible Disappointment.

Mother—Why, my dear, what's the matter? Something has happened at Mrs. De Musle's party, I know. Tell me all about it, my child.

Daughter—Boo-hoo! Mrs. De Musle asked me to play, and—and when I told her I was out of practice she said she was "so sorry," and didn't ask me again, boo-hoo-hoo!—N. Y. Weekly.

Nice Man.

Wiggles—Do you know old Walker?

Waggles—Yes.

Wiggles—What sort of a man is he, anyway?

Waggles—Well, if he wanted to marry my mother-in-law, I shouldn't have the least objection.—Southbridge (Mass.) Journal.

How He Won Her.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Miss Ricketts, playfully, to Mr. Glidersleeve.

"They are worth far more than that, Miss Ricketts," replied the young man, "for I was thinking of you."

When he proposed a little later, she didn't say a word about its being so sudden.—Detroit Free Press.

Baxter Street Arithmetic.

Fond Father—How many do two and two make?

Hopeful Son—Six.

F. F.—You ignorant little beggar! Don't you know that two and two make four?

H. S.—Oh! yes. I know that, but I thought you'd beat me down a bit.—N. Y. Recorder.

Truly Shocking.

"Mme. Hulda does not sing as well as she did three years ago."

"She does not. What a shock it must be when a singer discovers that she has lost her voice."

"It is still more shocking when she does not discover it."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Unsurpassed in One Respect.

First Little Girl—How many teeth has your baby got?

Second Little Girl—Four.

First Little Girl—Ours has seven.

Second Little Girl—Well, your baby hasn't the ammonia, anyway, and ours had it when she was only two months old.—Somerville Journal.

Yes, Indeed.

Miss Gusher—I have four cats, and I adore them.

Rusher—Indeed? How poetical!

Miss Gusher—How so?

Rusher—To be so devoted to the mews, you know.—N. Y. World.

Of Course.

"Look here, Hopkins, you said you were going to New York on legal business, and you went and got married."

"Well, isn't getting married legal business?"—Chicago Record.

THEY RECOGNIZED HER.

Two cows met a "bloomer girl" on a century spin.

"What sort of a creature is this?" said one. "It looks something like a man."

"Nothing of the kind," said the second. "It's only one of those 'new women.'"

"How do you know?" asked the first cow, curiously.

"Because she has crossed a field to avoid meeting us."—Chicago Record.

Demoralizing Pleasures.

"Hobbs, your little boy is getting horribly rough."

"Yes, I must stop his going around with his mother on bargain days."—Chicago Record.

Those Fearful Price Marks.

"It's no use," she said, sadly. "We'll have to keep this ourselves and get something else for Aunt Hannah's birthday present."

"Why?" he asked.

"They must have put the hargain-day price-mark on this with indelible ink. It won't come off."—Chicago Evening Post.

His Mistake.

I caught her in the hall,
And twenty times I kissed her,
And then contritely said:
"I thought you were my sister!"
But what a sell, by Jove!
I felt so like a clam!
The girl I kissed laughed gayly;
"You silly boy, I am!"

—Syracuse Post.

The Special Time.

"After all, Americans are a gifted people," remarked the Horse Editor.

"They are," replied the Snake Editor; "especially about the holiday time."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

A Contradiction.

"It's queer about a married man," enunciated N. Peck to himself very softly. "The more he is blown up the smaller he feels." And he felt quite consoled by his little joke.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Different Question.

"What will you take for that picture?" said Hunker, to his artist friend, indicating a painting just finished.

"The price is $500."

"Exactly; but what will you take for it?"—To Date.

Medical Item.

Dr. Perkins Sooner remarked to a friend: "Medical science has made wonderful strides in the last 50 years."

"I can't see it. People died then just the same as they do now."—Dallas (Tex.) Sifter.

Same Thing.

"We don't speak any more."

"Did you have a falling out?"

"No; but our wives did."—Chicago Record.

TEMPERANCE.

THE BARKEEPER'S MOODS.

A Pictorial Illustration of the Hospitality of the Saloon.

AWFUL HERITAGES.

Effect of Drunkenness on Children and Children's Children.

Dr. M. Legrain, of Paris, who is the physician-in-chief to a Parisian asylum for the insane, and the author of several previous works on different phases of the drink evil, has lately published a work entitled: "Degeneresscence Sociale et Alcoholisme." This work is divided into two parts. In the first he treats of the posterity of drinkers; and in the second, he speaks of the prevention and dimunition of alcoholism. The whole of the first part of the work is written to prove that the descendants of chronic drinkers are very seriously menaced with the same vice.

This opinion seems to have been held by good observers even in ancient Greece, and the Biblical expression, of the sins of the parents descending to the third and fourth generation, is in unison with the facts observed by Dr. Legrain. He finds from cases seen in his wards, and from the examination of these successive generations, that alcoholism entails the most terrible evils on children. As to the first generation from the drunken parent, he gives the cases of 215 parents with 518 of their children, who are all affected in their nervous system or general health by the vices of the parents. These unfortunates were found to be either degenerated, or affected with convulsions, or addicted to drunkenness; or, lastly, prone to die of phthisis or scrofula.

In the second generation, 98 observations represent a total of 294 persons. In 54 of these families, mental weakness and idiocy were noted, with almost entire loss of mental sense, and often danger to their neighbors. Deafness, strabismus, congenital hernia, and hydrocephalus were noted, and a tendency to marriage with equally degraded partners. Numbers of abortions and early deaths among the posterity of drunkards were noted by our author. "The drunkard kills his children," says Dr. Legrain. In 819 births, there were 174 abortions, dead births or infantile deaths, occurring among the posterity of drunkards. The portrait of the descendant of the drunkard is rapidly sketched as follows: He is degenerate, feeble, and epileptic or insane.

The conclusion is that alcohol should be considered as a cause of degeneration for the individual and the race; as a cause of depopulation; as a danger to society, and as a source of social expense, if the great cost of the insane be considered. He sums up his views in three aphorisms:

1. When both parents drink, there exists an irresistible tendency to drink in the children.

2. Absinthe drinking in the parents is an almost certain cause of epilepsy in the children.

3. The union of epilepsy and absinthe drinking in the parents produces (without fail) epilepsy in the children.

Finally, as far as Dr. Legrain's observations, 17 in number, go, he finds that in the third generation of drunkards, the race is almost exhausted. All the 17 cases he cites were degenerate types, weak in mind imbeciles, or idiots. Some were criminals and vagabonds, some epileptic, and others scrofulous or greatly affected in health, and useless.

A family history is given where the grandfather was a drunkard and libertine, and the grandmother had a tendency to melancholy. They became the parents of three children, one of whom was weakly, another, tuberculosis, and the third also of delicate health. The third, a woman, married a drunken and dissipated man, and this union resulted in nine unfortunate children, seven of them having suffered from convulsions, meningitis, and epilepsy; the eighth was born prematurely, and the ninth weak and vicious.

In another case a drunkard was the father of a daughter who married an inveterate drunkard. From this union sprung 12 children of whom five died in infancy of convulsions, and all the rest either succumbed, or became drunkards and vagabonds, or were affected with some disease of the nerves.

About one-fifth of the 761 cases of the posterity of drunkards, according to the notes of Dr. Legrain, were affected with some form of insanity. Such persons are not only useless, but dangerous, and surely society must be protected against them. Without mentioning the dangers to individuals, such children become the inmates of idiot asylums or prisons. As to epilepsy, it has long been looked on as the effect of alcohol; and is especially dangerous in that there are few diseases so certainly hereditary. Hence, according to our author, clinical observations tell us that one or two generations of alcoholians are enough to destroy the individual and the race, by means of diseases of the nerves, convulsions, epilepsy, and insanity. The accidents of hereditary alcoholism produce themselves early in infancy and even in the fœtus, the hereditary alcoholic is marked, and clearly shows the marks of his origin. Insanity of this kind is extremely precocious, just as the child had a number of insane ancestors. Such insanity sometimes appears before the period of adolescence; but more frequently at the moment of its appearance. Dr. Legrain gives many cases to prove this from his clinique.

The disastrous influence of the drunkenness of parents ought, we may surmise, to be more intense when both parents are addicted to drink. In 50 such families the posterity amounted to 287. Of these unfortunate children, 75 were found to be backward; 24 were insane; 34 were drunkards; 30 were epileptic and hysterical; 51 had infantile convulsions; 52 were either born dead or died early; 9 were morally insane, and 12 had meningitis. This is a picture of human misery which we recommend to the attention of the ordinary careless rhetorician or callous statesman. If anything like true to nature, it is very important that such facts should be known.

Prophylaxis, says our author with much truth, is the medicine of the future. Let us not then forget that the drunkard leaves a race of children deteriorated in their physical and intellectual condition. It is not, therefore, enough to treat the drunkard; we must also attempt to get rid of alcoholism.—Medical Pioneer (Eng.).

A TOWN WITHOUT LIQUOR.

Hangesund, in Norway, Is Free from Intoxicating Drink.

The rector of Hangesund, in Norway, has called attention to the fact that it has had no intoxicating liquors sold in it for 29 years. He says: "People are so wedded to the thought of the necessity of such dealing that they in full earnest ask: 'A town without sale of spirits—how can that be?' The answer is just to the contrary; we can't imagine how it would do to have it. Nobody misses it, except people used to 'a toddy,' who may order it from other places, or housekeepers who want a bottle of brandy for dressing certain dishes. That's all. For the rest, the town is in a most excellent condition. Here is a most astonishing sobriety, an intoxicated individual being almost a prodigy. Some beer shops (four) we have, but I doubt if they prosper very much. But smuggling, you may guess, of spirits is rife? No; far from it, it is very seldom heard of, while there more frequently occurs illicit sale of beer, strange to say, though this beverage is licensed under certain restrictions."

EMPLOYERS ARE AIDING.

Growing Sentiment in All Lines of Business Against Use of Alcoholic Stimulants.

It is interesting and encouraging to note that, upon economic grounds, the employers of labor, in increasing numbers, are finding it desirable to require abstinence from intoxicants on the part of those whom they employ, at least while on duty. A civil engineer, who is much interested in the temperance reform, calls our attention to the following extract from specifications for an improved sewerage system in Providence, R. I.: "(67) The contractor shall not furnish, nor allow others to furnish, spirituous liquors to the workmen in his employ, or to any person or persons on or about the line of the work. This provision is understood as prohibiting entirely the use of ardent spirits as above." We hail every such practical protst against the use of intoxicants as foreshadowing the better time coming when injurious social drinking usages will be abolished altogether.—National Temperance Advocate.

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

IT doesn't make much difference what church a man goes to if he bows down to the saloon.

THE man who begins by drinking sometimes may end by having to drink all the time.—Ram's Horn.

READ up and form intelligent convictions on the liquor question—the giant of crimes.

THE man who has not decided that he will never drink has more than half decided that he will drink. — Ram's Horn.

IT is estimated that 4,600,000 barrels of beer are consumed annually in New York city, 2½ barrels for each man, woman and child.

THE saloon has no more right to exist than the auction block of slavery. One has gone, the other will soon follow it.—Rev. J. M. Thoburn, Methodist, Detroit, Mich.

THIS national crime is a thing that God will reckon with, and I wish it may not lie on the nation a day longer than you have an opportunity to find a remedy.—Oliver Cromwell.

Norwegian Women Vote Against Saloons.

Under the Norwegian system it will be remembered that every resident in a locality, whether man or woman, above 25 years of age, has a right to vote on the question of establishing or continuing a saaling or dispensary for the sale of spirits in the town or borough. There are 13 saalags whose concessions expire this year. In two of these—Gjovik and Arendal—the vote has created considerable excitement. But in both places the women's vote has closed the saloons. It is generally anticipated that the same result will transpire in the other places. All honor to the gallant women of Norway!

College of Scientific Temperance.

The new American university at Washington, D. C., will have as one of its departments a college of scientific temperance. This decision has been reached after a conference with the Temperance Educational association, which has agreed to secure for the new department an endowment fund of $250,000. Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, of Boston, is the originator of the idea. The course of study will be chiefly along the line of original research.

FARM AND GARDEN.

DESTROYING WEEDS.

Description of the Cocklebur and How to Fight Its Advances.

The cocklebur is a rapidly-growing, coarse weed with an irregularly branching stem that grows to a height of from one to two feet. The leaves, which are borne on long leaf stalks, are broadly triangular in general outline and more or less toothed and lobed on the borders. There are two kinds of flowers borne on separate heads or clusters on the same plant. The male or staminate flowers are produced in roundish heads at the top of the stem. After shedding their pollen these drop off, and the female or pistillate flowers, which are in clusters of two or three at the base of the male spike, enlarge and form thick, hard, oblong burs beset with stiff hooked prickles, and bearing two strong beaks at the upper end. These burs, like those of the burdock, adhere to clothing and the coat of animals. The upper portion of a plant of cocklebur is shown in Fig. 5 at the top of the stem the heads of male or staminate flowers

COCKLEBUR.

are seen, and at the base of the leaves, those of the female or pistillate flowers.

At the right, near the top of the figure, is a staminate flower enlarged; at the left of the base of the main stem is a head of pistillate flowers, showing the bur-like covering with its hooked prickles, and at the top, the protruding styles; at the left is shown the same when older, and at the right the same when cut through lengthwise. Each bur, when mature, incloses two seeds, one of which may germinate the first year, and the other may lie dormant until a later time.

It has been said that the plant is poisonous to cattle, but this is probably a mistake. It is at least known that cattle sometimes eat sparingly of it without serious results.

The cocklebur is common to barnyards, along roadsides, in waste places and cultivated grounds. There are several other species all of which are less troublesome to the farmer than the X. strumarium.

How Best Destroyed.—As the root of the cocklebur is not creeping, and does not live in the ground over winter, clean culture with some hoed crop, or seeding to clover or meadow grass, with frequent mowing, will keep it under subjection. It should be carefully prevented from seeding, not only in cultivated grounds, but in waste places as well, and this is the only means that will prevent its becoming troublesome. It is often necessary to go through corn and stubble fields in August or September for this purpose. Fortunately, nature helps us to curb this noxious weed by making it the host plant for several parasitic fungi.—Wisconsin Experiment Station Bulletin.

NEWSY FARM NOTES.

Sheep do well on corn fodder.

An egg freezes at about ten degrees above zero.

A sugar refining company is about to be formed in Japan.

Feed the table scraps before they have become soured.

Cranberries are being successfully cultivated in Dare county, N. C.

Feeding the fowls too much cayenne pepper is apt to produce liver trouble.

In Butte county, Cal., eight olive trees are reported to have yielded 450 gallons of oil.

A large part of the food used on the farm goes back to the land through the manure heap.

A warm house, a varied diet, plenty of exercise and very early hatched last spring's pullets are the chief ingredients of the winter eggs.

The New York horse show cleared about $100,000 for the stockholders. The trotting-bred horses won nearly all the prizes in driving and carriage classes.

In feeding barley to hogs the best results are obtained by grinding the grain and soaking it for five or six hours before feeding. If given whole much of the barley will pass undigested.

While the first cross often unites the good qualities of both parents, any attempt to breed from it causes the blood that the progenitors have in common to prevail, and the offspring revert back to the original unimproved type.

Over-Feeding Is Dangerous.

Over-feeding of fattening hogs is a fruitful source of disease and waste. Many think it makes no difference if hogs do leave a lot of feed at one meal, that they will return and eat it up when hungry, so that there is nothing wasted. If hogs are overfed it knocks them off their regular feed for a time, and this is always a loss; besides, it renders the inception of disease much easier, especially the "thumps" and apoplexy. It is best to feed regularly, at stated times, and when fattening, all that they will eat up clean. They will keep better and thrive better than is possible by keeping feed before them all the time. It is what the animals digest and assimilate and not what amount they eat that determines the gain in proportion to the amount of food eaten.—Colman's Rural World.

PARALYSIS.

From the Press, New York City.

Mr. Preslaner of No. 1 Pitt Street, New York, who is real estate agent and collector of rents, caught a severe cold early last spring, which settled upon his kidneys. He began to suffer severe pain in his back, sides and chest. His symptoms rapidly more alarming, until at last he was helpless as a child and could scarcely move as he lay on his bed. As Mr. Preslaner is well-known in the part of town where he resides, he had many sympathizers, who did all they could to help him.

Though a native of Berlin, Mr. Preslaner served in this country for forty years, having served the country of his adoption three years' hard service in the civil war. He enlisted with the Nineteenth Illinois Infantry, taking part in many battles and marching with Gen. Sherman to the sea. While in Georgia Mr. Preslaner was promoted to first sergeant for bravery on the field of action. He is now a member of Kohler Post, G. A. R., and is one of the most popular men in the Post.

Mr. Preslaner told a reporter the story of his dreadful illness and the wonderful recovery. The reporter met him as he was returning from a long walk, and, saying that he had heard of his wonderful cure, asked him to tell the story. When Mr. Preslaner was comfortably seated in his pleasant parlor, he told the following story, which, he said, he hoped everyone who was suffering as he had suffered would read. His words were as follows: "To begin with, I was taken sick just a year and a month ago, having taken a severe cold which settled on my kidneys. At first I thought the pain I suffered would soon pass away, but, instead of doing this, it grew more intense every day, so that in a week I could walk only with considerable difficulty.

"I called in a doctor, who said I had locomotor ataxia and began treating me for that disease. He did me no good, and all summer long I could scarcely attend to my business at all. Then I called another doctor and took his medicine for several weeks, but experienced no relief. Dr. Truman Nichols, of No. 287 East Broadway, who I at last called in, helped me more than any of the other doctors, but along towards fall I grew worse, despite his treatment. I think Dr. Nichols is a good doctor and understood my case, but despite this fact his medicines did me no lasting good.

"Early in November the little strength I had in my legs left me and I was unable to stand. The pain in my back and sides became almost unbearable, and my limbs grew cold. An electric battery I bought failed to help me, and for weeks I felt myself gradually growing weaker until all hope left me.

"Some time before this I had read of a wonderful cure a man had received from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but was so prejudiced against what I thought was a patent medicine of the usual worthless character that I could not make up my mind to try them. As my pain increased and death seemed coming near, I thought of what I had read and of the symptoms of the man who had been cured. They were precisely the same as mine, and at last, with my wife's earnest entreaty, I consented to try the Pink Pills.

"I am now convinced that these pills saved my life. Gradually my strength began to return, the desire to live grew stronger within me. After having taken three boxes I left my bed. This was early in March. All pain had left me, and that terrible dead feeling in my legs had gone away. I was still very weak, but before I had taken the fourth box I was able to get down stairs for a short walk in the open air. Now I feel as if I had been born again and am as happy as a child. Every pleasant day I take a walk, and am sure that in a month I will be as well as ever."

All diseases, such as locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, partial paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous headache, palpitation of the heart, effects of la grippe, pale and sallow complexions, and all forms of weakness, either in man or woman, disappear when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are taken. Pink Pills can be bought of any dealer, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50—they are never sold by the hundred or in bulk) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

"Oh, how can I leave thee, my jewel,
My precious one?" Sadly he spoke,
But the case was an urgent one, very;
So the diamond was put into soak.
—Kansas City Journal.

BROWN—"Ever see such a quarrelsome character as Smith?" Jones—"Never. I think he'd provoke a professional pugilist into a fight."—Brooklyn Life.

"My dear boy, observe the postage stamp; its usefulness depends upon its ability to stick to one thing until it gets there."—Life Savers' Record.

TEACHER—"Where were you yesterday?" Pupil (whimpering)—"It was all Billy Smith's fault, he hipnertised me an' made me go skatin' with him."—Truth.

If lovely silence is golden,
As we are often told,
Oh, how can lovely woman
Be worth her weight in gold?
—Truth.

READY TO SYMPATHIZE.—Maria—"It says here they're very partickler in England about who'll go down first to dinner." Silas—"Don't they have enough for everybody?"—Puck.

"Did you ever come out ahead in a horse trade?" asked Wimples of Pinns. "Yes," said Pinns; "but, heavens! how the other fellow was cheated!"—Harper's Bazar.

A girl can ride a wheel all day
And still be sweetly cheery,
But she cannot sew a button on,
Because it makes her weary.
—Washington Star.

My love is laughing in her sleeve;
I know it but I do not care;
For I can readily perceive
There's room for arm and laughter there.
—Truth.

AN INSURMOUNTABLE OBJECTION.—"Can't I rent you this house next to the church?" "No; my wife likes to come in late."—Chicago Record.

IN THE TENEMENT DISTRICT.—"I seen yer buy de apple, Susy Roach, an' if yer don't gimme half, I'll rub ag'inst yer an' yer'll catch der measles."—Life.

LET THE EARTH REJOICE AND farmers sing. With our new hardy grasses, clovers and fodder plants the poorest, most worn out, toughest, worst piece of land can be made as fertile as the valley of the Nile. Only takes a year or so! At the same time you will be getting big crops! Teosinte, Giant Spurry, Sacaline, Lathyrus, what a variety of names! Catalogue tells you!

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND it to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., with 14c. postage, you will get free their mammoth catalogue and ten grass and grain and fodder samples (worth $10.00 to get a start). They are fine, the editor believes. (K)

"In Italy," he was telling her, "they make flour out of chestnuts." "Do they?" she answered, sweetly; "what a bonanza you would be to them."—Detroit Free Press.

Since 1861 I have been a great sufferer from catarrh. I tried Ely's Cream Balm and to all appearances am cured. Terrible headaches from which I had long suffered are gone.—W. J. Hitchcock, Late Major U. S. Vol. & A. A. Gen., Buffalo, N. Y.

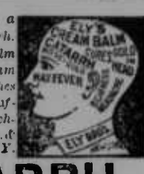

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Protects the Membrane from colds, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

STARK TREES BEAR FRUIT TESTED 70 YEARS Salesmen and club makers wanted for GOLD plan, etc. Stark, Louisiana, Mo., Rockport, Ills.

Never Out of Work. Never idle in a search for those who suffer most from **PAINS** and cannot work. **ST. JACOBS OIL** will cure and fit them for work when the chance comes.

EARLY RUBY RADISH **SALZER'S NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS** POTATOES
PRODUCE THE EARLIEST, FINEST VEGETABLES IN THE WORLD. They are bred to earliness; full of life and vigor. That's the universal verdict. A trial will convince the most doubtful. Prices dirt cheap. Wholesale list for market gardeners. Send 12c in stamps and get our Mammoth Plant and Seed Catalog and a package of the pumpkin yellow watermelon sensation. Catalog alone 5c. for postage. It will pay you to get it.
JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO. LA CROSSE, WIS.

Now on Sale in Ohio!

Under the decision of the Ohio Circuit Court it is held that

Walter Baker & Co.'s

Breakfast Cocoa

is manufactured and put up in conformity to the Pure Food Laws of the State. It is an absolutely pure, delicious and nutritious article, and costs less than one cent a cup. Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Walter Baker & Co., Limited,
Dorchester, Mass.

"Your BATTLE AX or your life"!
"Must have it"!

BattleAx A GREAT BIG PIECE FOR 10 CENTS

PLUG

The largest piece of good tobacco ever sold for 10 cents
and
The 5 cent piece is nearly as large as you get of other high grades for 10 cents

Rattlesnakes, Butterflies, and . . . ?

Washington Irving said, he supposed a certain hill was called "Rattlesnake Hill" because it abounded in—*butterflies*. The "rule of contrary" governs other names. Some bottles are, supposedly, labeled "Sarsaparilla" because they are full of . . . well, we don't know what they are full of, but we know it's not sarsaparilla; except, perhaps, enough for a flavor. There's only one make of sarsaparilla that can be relied on to be all it claims. It's Ayer's. It has no secret to keep. Its formula is open to all physicians. This formula was examined by the Medical Committee at the World's Fair with the result that while every other make of sarsaparilla was excluded from the Fair, Ayer's Sarsaparilla was admitted and honored by awards. It was admitted because it was the best sarsaparilla. It received the medal as the best. No other sarsaparilla has been so tested or so honored. Good motto for the family as well as the Fair: Admit the best, exclude the rest.

Any doubt about it? Send for the "Curebook."
It kills doubts and cures doubters.
Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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DROPSY Treated free. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases pronounced hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE. TEN DAYS TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE by mail. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Specialists, Atlanta, Ga. MENTION THIS PAPER every time you write.

Bible and Its Story By Josephine Pollard. 280 illustrations. 576 pages. Size, 8½x11¾ inches. Substantially bound in cloth, with design, $1. Agents Wanted. GEO. ROUTLEDGE & SONS, Limited, 28 West 23d St., New York.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION. 25 CTS.

A. N. K—C. 1591

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17th, 1896

Senator Quay has been jollied no little by his friends, and that includes about everybody in Congress, since his candidacy for the Republican presidential nomination was announced, but no man in either branch of Congress could take it more good naturedly than he does. The other candidates for the nomination, in the Senate, have all had a crack at him, and Speaker Reed has also had his say. Whether Mr. Quay's candidacy is to be merely of a complimentary nature only time can tell but there is no doubt that he would make a President who would please most Republicans. It is very well known to all who are on confidential terms with Mr. Quay, that he doesn't wish to be President, but he is human, and the man who would refuse a nomination to the Presidency is not yet born, especially when, as will be the case this year, the nomination will be equivalent to election.

The situation of the House tariff bill is an unsolvable puzzle at this writing. Had the four Republican Senators who voted against taking it up several days ago voted with the party, it might have been passed by the Senate by this time, but as they didn't it is still hanging in a dangerous position. It is not very clear what those four senators are driving at. Had they wished to make it impossible for the bill to become a law, they would have voted to take up the bill, and then voted for the free coinage substitute, which would have sent the bill to certain death in the House, where the free coinage substitute for the House, bond bill had just been killed by such an overwhelming majority. The only explanation they have given to their action was to say that they were opposed to taking the bill up and making it the "unfinished business" of the Senate without any previous notice of such an intention having been given. Republicans outside of the Senate had supposed that when the Republican senatorial caucus decided that the bill should be supported without amendment it was assured of a solid Republican vote.

The number of members who dodged the silver vote in the House was much smaller than is usually the case when votes are taken upon questions which have strong supporters upon both sides in many districts. Only 37 out of the 356 members failed to vote or to pair for or against the concurrence of the House in the free coinage substitute for the House bond bill, which had been passed by the Senate. The silver men could only muster 90 votes while the anti's piled up 215.

General Groner, of Va., doesn't take as hopeful a view of the Republicans chances of carrying the old dominion as some of the other prominent Republicans of that state who occasionally visit Washington do. Speaking of the outlook, Gen. Groner said: "What is the use talking about it. The Democrats will count themselves in, no matter what majority has been polled against them. On a square count the state is Republican by 50,000, but with all the election machinery in their hands they can get any returns they want." He added that he saw nothing to indicate that a legislature could be elected that will amend the election law in a way that will prevent dishonesty in manipulating the votes.

There seems to be a misapprehension as to the Republican birthday celebration on the 22nd inst., which was started by the Union Republican Club of Washington, and has been pushed along as a good thing by the National officials of the League of Republican Clubs, to judge by publications in Washington and elsewhere. It has been pointed out by numerous gentleman and may be by some ladies, too, that the Republican party is more than 40 years old. That there were local organizations of Republicans in several states more than forty years ago was well known to those who first proposed this celebration of the fortieth birthday of the party. But its birthday as a National organization was at the National Convention—held at Pittsburg, Feb. 22nd and 23rd, 1856—which nominated John C. Fremont for President and launched the Republican party, which four years later elected Lincoln President, as a National organization. That is the birthday that is going to be celebrated. It is worthy of mention that two of of the few surviving delegates to that first convention of the party—Hon. A. M. Clapp, who was a delegate from New York, and Hon. Lewis Clephane, who was a delegate from the District of Columbia—are now honored members of the Union Republican Club of Washington and will take part in the celebration of the fortieth birthday. May they and the party live to enjoy many more.

The adage, "Give a dog a bad name—" etc., is recalled by the experience of Representative Howard, of Ala., who wrote a scandalous book before the populists elected him to the House. He has been almost completely ostracised by members of the House ever since he took his seat, and several days ago when he was carried out of the House very ill, everybody declared "Howard is drunk", and, notwithstanding the statement of his physician to the contrary, many people continue to believe that he was drunk.

MONEY TO LOAN.—J. C. Renninger, attorney at law, Oakland, Md. 46-4t.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Go to F. E. Merrill's for ladies' shirt waists. A large line to select from. 47-3t.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

DeWitt Minard furnishes coal delivered into your coal houses from the Deal mine for $2.10 per ton.

FOR SALE.—A double heating Lighthouse stove. Apply to Miss Ella Jamison, Oakland, Md. 46-3t.

WANTED.—A man to sell fertilizer; good salary guaranteed. apply P. O. box, 41, Oakland, Md.

Have you used agricultural lime? If not address the Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va., for prices.

Have you used agricultural lime? If not address the Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va., for prices. 45-tf.

It not only is so, it must be so. One Minute Cough Cure acts quickly, and that's what makes it go. Oakland Parmacy.

For prices on agricultural lime, delivered in car load lots, address Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont W. Va.

For prices on agricultural lime, delivered in car load lots, address Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va. 45-tf

One Minute Cough Cure touches the right spot. It also touches it at the right time if you take it when you have a cough or cold. See the point? Then don't cough. Oakland Pharmacy.

A high liver with a torpid liver will not be a long liver. Correct the liver with DeWitt's Little Early Risers, little pills that cure dyspepsia and constipation. Oakland Pharmacy.

"Give me a liver regulator and I can regulate the world," said a genius. The druggist handed him a bottle of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

Don't invite disappointment by experimenting. Depend upon One Minute Cough Cure and you have immediate relief. It cures croup. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results. Oakland Pharmacy.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Soothing, healing, cleansing. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the enemy to sores, wounds and piles, which it never fails to cure. Stops itching and burning. Cures chapped lips and cold-sores in two or three hours. Oakland Pharmacy.

In order to get some money to pay some bills that may be pressing before long G. W. Mason, at the City Roller Mills will sell all kinds of grain, feed, flour, etc., at a reasonable price. 2t

CLAY MAKES GOOD ROA[D]

With Deep Side Ditches It F[orms] a Tough and Durable Highw[ay]

Clay of itself alone is not [gen]erally considered as a good m[ate]rial for roads. A correspondent [of] the *Pittsberg Dispatch* is of the o[pin]ion after years of experience with [clay], that properly drained it ma[kes] a durable and smooth highway. He says:

Cut the ditches down three or four feet lower than the roadway. Use a two horse scraper to curve the surface, and the natural forces set in operation will do all the rest. The water drains out of the body of the roadway, the mud surface dries and toughens as it dries. The scraper fills all ruts and cuts away all vegetation, the sun and air dry a horn hard surface, rainstorms simply wash it off clean, and in an hour or so after the rain it is as hard as before.

The greater portion of clay roads—probably 90 per cent.—are in front of farms and owned or rented by people who do not have the money necessary to macadamize them. They really cannot afford to do so, and it is to their assistance I desire to direct these thoughts. This is such a simple matter and so thoroughly effective that I desire you to consider the analysis. The existence of the open ditch, with clean bottom, gives water a chance to drain out of the body of the roadway and run away. The tough mud worked up by hoofs and wheels becomes tougher and more compact as it drains from below and dries from above.

The scraper drawn by two slow draft horses attacks the surface when sufficiently dry, all loose stones are moved into the wheel tracks, everything is moved toward the middle of the roadway, no vegetation remains between the wheelways and the ditches, and travel compacts the still damp material in its new position.

A rain may soften some of it again. So much the better. The scraper trims it smooth again, and about the third time the road is smooth, hard, compact and dry. It sheds the water of a storm because of its curve, and especially because of solid impenetrable surface of tough, dry material. Thus it remains and nets until frost sets in. If the freeze up is rapid, the road is all right and remains so. If alternate freezing and thawing take place it will roughen up somewhat, but the ditches are at work, and very little water can remain in the roadway, and the road dosen't get bad enough to speak of.

It takes water and clay to make mud. Get the water out as soon as possible. The ditches do that, and it is no longer in the roadway; therefore there is not much mud. It has been a very interesting study to me and I have watched it in all its varying phases for many years.

ORDER NISI.

Lloyd Lowndes, trustee, vs. Alex. C. Good et al.

No. 611 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

On this 19th day of February, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting in equity, that the sales made and reported in the above cause by Edward H Sincell, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 14th day of March, 1896; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county for three successive weeks before the 14th day of March, 1896, the report states the amount of sales to be $954.75.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castor[ia].

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

D. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

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Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 47—1y

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett County to appoint viewers to locate a county road beginning at a point near the bridge that crosses Savage river on the Grantsville and Barton road running through the lands of Elias Merrill, Amos Broadwater, John Broadwater, Mrs. Fannie Weltzel, Wm. H. Merrill and John F. Robeson to intersect the road leading from Noah Garlitz's mill to the head of A. I. Lancaster's lane, a distance of four miles.

E. MERRILL,
AMOS BROADWATER,
JOHN F. ROBESON,
and others.

37 3t

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M RATHBUN & CO.,
PLANING MILLS,

And BUILDING MATERIALS.
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DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still building

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

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Headstones,
AND
Chimney Pipe
WITH
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FROSTBURG, MD.

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GENERAL MERCHANDISE AND GROCERIES.

We also carry latest styles in Fall and Winter Millinery. Has trimmed to order.

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Come and be convinced you do not have to pay two prices for your goods, because we sell for cash. Remember the place.

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31—1yr

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

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DAY OR NIGHT.
PRICES REASONABLE.

JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.

31—26

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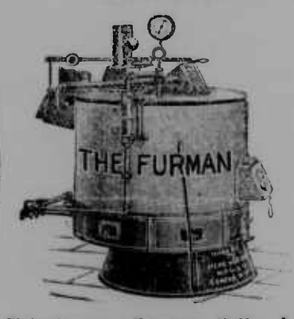

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ASSETS OVER $2,000,000.00.

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

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Residence at Central Hotel

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate. P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

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JONAS C. BEACHY,
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ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

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Long experience enables me to locate tracts and millinery lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

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LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26tf

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Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

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Also White Oak Timber Land.
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
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Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
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W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
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Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
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LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of land known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

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9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1896 NUMBER 51.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings In and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

Naylor has two sleighs left. Will sell cheap. 50–3.

Mr. A. Krug, of Krug, was here on Saturday.

Send your job work to THE REPUBLICAN office.

County Commissioners' meeting Monday, March 9th.

Mr. C. L. Paugh, of Thayerville, was in Oakland on Friday.

Try one of Naylor's two-horse iron shovel plows for new ground. 50–3.

The March term of the Circuit Court meets on Monday of next week.

Assemblyman Hilleary was home from Annapolis a few days last week.

Mr. S. Rinard, of Terra Alta, W. Va., was in the city last Friday and Saturday.

Hon. A. F. George, of Swanton, was a caller on THE REPUBLICAN Saturday.

Mr. Goldy Biggs, of Wilson, W. Va., was in Oakland a few hours on Saturday.

Mr. J. M. Litzinger, of the *Democrat*, spent Sunday in Grafton with relatives and friends.

The Orphan's Court was in session Tuesday and transacted the regular routine business.

Miss Cora Calvert, of near Wheeling, is in Oakland visiting her sister, Mrs. S. K. Arbuthnot.

Mr. Merritt Wilson, of Wilson, W. Va., was in Oakland a few hours last Friday and gave us a call.

Court boarders wanted: 50 cents a day. Mrs. John Schlossnagle, Liberty street, Oakland, Md. 1

FOR SALE.—A town lot 60x160 feet, on Pennington street. Also a one horse sled. Apply to this office.

Mr. E. C. W. Ryland, of Friendsville, was registered at the Central hotel in Oakland on Saturday last.

Mr. James D. Hamill has been confined to his bed for several days suffering with an attack of illness.

Mr. H. J. Frear has been appointed freight and ticket agent at Hutton, vice W. T. White, resigned.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Bush and son Ernest, of Eglon, W. Va., were visiting the family of E. J. Fringer on Friday last.

The Town Council has ordered platforms laid along Third street where it runs through Crook's addition to Oakland.

Miss Annie Townshend, who spent several months in Baltimore visiting friends, returned home Saturday evening.

The past week our job presses have been kept at full speed filling orders for trade in Maryland, Ohio and West Virginia.

WANTED, Court boarders; fifty cents a day; apply to Ella P. Russell, corner First and Water Streets, Oakland. 50–3t.

Mrs. U. G. Palmer, of Hutton, accompanied by her little son and Mrs. Schrader, were in Oakland on Tuesday for a short time.

For lack of funds, as stated in the advertising columns of to-day's paper, the public schools of this county will close March 13th.

Miss Daisy Grant, who spent several weeks in Baltimore and Washington visiting relatives, returned to her home in Oakland last Saturday evening.

Mr. Andrew Mullin, of Bloomington, ex-County Commissioner, was in the city a short time Monday morning and paid his respects to this office.

Messrs. Morton, of near Richmond, Va., and Keating, of Ohio, two of Mt. Lake Park's winter visitors, paid this office a friendly call yesterday afternoon.

A meeting of Division No. 9, U. R., K. of P., is called to meet in the sitting room of the Glades hotel on Friday night of next week. It is urgently requested that all members be present.

An alarm of fire was sounded Monday afternoon, caused by soot burning in the chimney of Mr. C. C. Michaels' house on Railroad street and falling on the roof. No damage was done.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot is engaged in holding a series of protracted meetings at Mountain Lake Park. So far several have been converted and many seekers. The meetings may close this week.

We have just received from the manufacturers another large lot of stationery and envelopes which we are running out at low figures for the class of work furnished our customers. Give us a call.

Mr. Harry Butler, an old soldier, who resided in Oakland for a number of years and who removed to Terra Alta a few years ago, is lying very ill at the above place with very little chance for his life.

This week's session of the Oakland Literary and Amusement club will be held at the residence of Mrs. Kate Raschc on Water street where the members of the club will have a piano and other instruments at their disposal.

The new machinery for the electric plant has been received and is being installed by Mr. Samuel Lawton, the superintendent. It is thought that by the end of the week the new machinery will be in running order.

At a meeting of the stockholders of the Consolidated Coal Company in Baltimore city on Wednesday of last week a new board of directors was elected, which upon organization elected Mr. C. K. Lord, of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, president of the company.

The new line of electric cars between Washington and Baltimore seems an assured fact. The name of the road is the Columbia and Maryland Line. Contracts were last week awarded for the machinery for the power houses.

The Shartzer Purchasing company has bought out another stock of goods. This time they purchased the stock consisting of dry goods, notions and furnishings belonging to a gentleman named McIntyre, residing at Elk Garden.

Mr. and Mrs. Gdofrey Felty, accompanied by their two children, left Oakland on Monday morning for Martinsburg, W. Va., where they will visit the family of Mrs. Felty and other relatives and friend for a few weeks.

Mr. George Fleming, who was at Moosic, Pa., several weeks recently in charge of the large lumber yards belonging to the Preston Lumber company, returned to Oakland last Tuesday and resumed his duties in the office of the above concern.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of the Maryland Supply company, which is found in another column to-day. This corporation, though just launched, is gathering a great deal of trade and indications point to a successful business.

A. D. Naylor informs the public that he will have a finer line of vehicles this season than ever before. Prices to suit the times. Will carry in stock daytons, surreys, traps, spring wagons, open and top buggies, and one-horse road wagons. Will have a fair line on hand March 1st. 50–3t.

A party of young people drove from Oakland to Aurora last Friday evening, took supper at the Lantz Hotel and returned the same night. The company consisted of Misses Nettie Michael, Daisy Bosley, Edith Townshend and Grace Loar, and Messrs. C. D. Smith, T. Claggett, John W. Davis and Robert Townshend.

A meeting of the committee having in charge the matter of securing the ground for the race track and agricultural society, will meet on Saturday night and call a public meeting for some night during the coming week, when the matter will assume a definite shape. The committee have been at work looking for available ground for the affair.

The female minstrel troupe, advertised to appear in Oakland on last Saturday night, failed to put in an appearance for some reason. A telegram was received, however, by the manager of the opera house that the troupe would appear later in the season.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot was in Grafton, West Va., Tuesday attending a meeting of ministers having charge of formulating the program for the Epworth League convention to be held at Kingwood June 30th, July 1-2, 1896. At this convention many delegates are expected to be present and will come from different sections of Maryland and West Virginia.

In the early part of last summer Morris Cohen, one of Washington's tailors, opened a tailor shop in Oakland as an experiment, and it proved so successful that he has made arrangements to keep a tailor shop in Oakland the year round and will attend to it personally. His prices are the same as in Washington, which are far below that of Cumberland and Wheeling. Such enterprises should be encouraged.

Messrs. Henry Weber & Sons, the Oakland florists, have captured several more prizes at the flower shows recently. Last week at the carnation show in New York they carrred off fourteen first and six second prizes, making twenty in all. The reputation of this firm is rapidly spreading all over the country and in a few years we may expect it to stand at the head of the flower growing industry. We have the climate suitable for the growing of flowers and no one realizes this fact better than the Messrs. Weber.

From "T. Jay's" Pen.

The following interesting items were clipped from the Cumberland *News* of Monday, appearing over the signature of "T. Jay," writing from Covington, Kentucky:

Mrs. Fortney, wife of ex-Prosecuting Attorney Neil J. Fortney, who was severely injured in a railroad wreck at Tunnelton last fall, has brought suit against the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company in the United States Court at Parkersburg, W. Va., claiming fifteen thousand dollars damages for the injuries she sustained. The Fortneys reside in Kingwood.

John Wagner, Esq., who was proprietor of the Glades hotel at Oakland during the season of 1894, has purchased the lease, furniture, fixtures and good will of the Sherwood hotel in Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. Wagner is an experienced hotel man and has successfully conducted hotels at Parkersburg, W. Va., Gallipolis and Greenfield, Ohio.

Fred Droege, the telegraph operator who caused a collision between the B. & O. Southwestern trains a short time ago which resulted in the death of several people, is dying with typhoid fever, at his home in this city. It is said he will never answer in our courts to the indictments which have been found against him, but will soon answer perhaps before a court from which there is no appeal.

A Land Deal.

We have been reliably informed that Major J. C. Alderson has sold forty acres of his farm lying east of and adjoining Mr. Henry Weber's place about a mile from Oakland to a syndicate of wealthy Washington Hebrews for $16,000, who will erect a large hotel for themselves and also a large number of cottages.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

School Entertainment.

Friday afternoon the Oakland public school opened its doors to the good citizens of Oakland and vicinity who were invited to be present to witness the exercises in commemoration of the birthday of the "Father of this Country." Appropriate and patriotic songs were sung, essays read, recitations delivered and musical selections rendered in a manner which reflects great credit upon the participants and those in charge of the entertainment. The national colors were conspicuous on every hand, and the flag we so much love in the hands of bright boys and girls vigorously and enthusiastically waived at the proper times during the rendering of the program, was an inspiring sight and the visitors present were impressed with the thought that patriotism in the Oakland public school is in no wise on the wane, but that the efficient corps of teachers in charge of the school believe in educating the rising generation to be good, true and loyal Americans as well as bright and intelligent citizens.

The whole program was very good but two or three features deserve especial mention.

The primary department in its calisthenic drill greatly pleased the audience.

Helen Fay, a young miss of about thirteen summers, displayed wonderful ability for one of her age in rendering her piano solos.

Masters Will Rice, Paul Mitchell, Earl Kildow, Victor Fairall, Frank Harne and Grover Stemple brought forth rounds of applause by the manly way in which they delivered their combined gesture recitation entitled "The Choice of Trades."

All participants were liberally and deservedly applauded and the visitors came away well satisfied with the progress our boys and girls are making in their studies.

ONE OF THE VISITORS.

Died.

DIXON.—Last night at 8.30 o'clock, Alta, aged two years and seven months, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Dixon, at their residence on Second street, Oakland. The funeral will occur to-morrow afternoon at 2.30 o'clock from St. Paul's M. E. church, the services to be conducted by Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot. The primary cause of the child's death was pneumonia, superinduced by complications.

WHITE.—On Friday evening, February 14, Mrs. Eliza White, aged 88 years. Deceased was a sister of Mr. Wright Thayer and a daughter of Murry Thayer, of Massachusetts, who was a pioneer to this county and settled at Deep Creek, where she married John White and removed to Ryans Glade. She was a devout christian woman and a member of the Methodist church; was very much beloved and will be missed in the circle from which she has been taken.

KNEPP.—On Sunday, Feb. 16, 1896, at 11 o'clock, Gertie, the four year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Knepp, of Mt. Zion, of diphtheria, and also on Monday Feb. 17th, at 1 o'clock Lucretia the nine year old daughter of the same parents and of the same disease. Both children were buried in the Blocher cemetery by a few of the neighbors, the doctor forbiding one of going to the house more than could be helped. The neighbors extend their heart-felt sympathies to the bereaved parents and may God bring the thoughts to their minds of meeting those dear little ones in that home that is prepared for them by one that has said, "suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Great Bargains at Garthright's Store.

I will offer during the next sixty days my entire stock of boots, shoes, hats, caps and queensware at cost. Have about four thousand dollars worth of these goods, and there are splendid bargains in the above line of goods. Have just laid in a large stock of the No. 40 Oliver Chilled Plows, which is decidedly the lightest running plow in the field; also barb wire and wire nails. Will take in exchange lumber and first class shingles for goods except those sold at cost. Parties owing old notes and book accounts will please come and make a friendly settlement at once.

51–2 P. T. GARTHRIGHT.

Hardware and Implements.

1896 finds us in our new store building better prepared than ever to supply the trade with hardware, farm implements, stoves, ranges, tinware, oils, paints, etc., etc. The greatest possible care has been taken in investigating and selecting these goods, not, however, to find a low grade of goods, but to get the very best at the lowest possible price. Nearly all our goods are bought from manufacturers direct. While we do not profess to do what others in the same business cannot, yet we do propose to give a man as much value for his money as he can get anywhere. First quality of goods is generally sold at less profit than the inferior; but the customer is always best pleased with the good. Our wagons, plows, nails, wire, harrows, sewer pipe, cultivators, etc., are shipped in car loads from factory so as to save freights and benefit the customer. We have now on hand the best line of shovel plows and cultivators we ever handled. In mowers the new Champion, also the new Ideal roller and ball bearing Deering machine; the latest improved Pennsylvania grain drill, and three grades of hay rakes. We can offer to the trade good steel frame spring tooth harrows at greatly reduced prices It will afford us much pleasure to show goods and quote prices to persons in need of anything in our line. Many persons are deceived by sending for goods they see advertised at lower prices than good articles are worth in the market. The tendency of the age is to cheapen goods rather than increase durability, hence the necessity of careful examination before purchasing.

Yours,

51–3 J. M. DAVIS & SON.

Laurel Run.

Roads very muddy.

Mr. Wm. Jacobs was at Moscow Saturday cutting and hauling ice to fill his ice house for summer use.

Mr. W. P. Hansel was in Lonaconing Saturday.

Those reported sick at our last writing are now able to be out again.

Mr. Clice's saw mill at this place is still at work. They are expecting to remove it pretty soon.

There was a large audience at the Jacob's school house to hear the gospel expounded from the 8th chapter and 3rd verse of Romans by Rev. Buckle.

Preaching next Sunday at 3 o'clock p. m. by Rev. Dr. Nice, of Barton. All are invited to attend.

Pea Ridge.

Please allow me a small space in your valuable paper for a few items from this section of Garrett county.

The recent snow has vanished and mud is here again.

Our school is progressing very well under the management of M. H. McKenzie.

Mrs. Brown, who has been on the sick list, is convalescing.

Preaching here next Sunday at 10.30 o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend.

Mr. Henry Merrill has returned from Mount Pleasant, Pa.

Mr. Oscar Robeson takes great pleasure in visiting M. H. McKenzie.

Mr. Walter Lancaster took a trip to Harpers Ferry recently.

Wm. H. Merrill & Co. are cutting logs for the spring drive.

John Broadwater, sr., purchased a fine blooded mare for breeding purposes.

Mr. Cambridge Crow, of Lonaconing, visited this place Sunday.

Mr. Noah Garlitz is doing a booming business with his flouring mill since the winter rains.

Mr. Peter Broadwater, employe of the Garlitz Milling company, has resigned his position.

Mr. Burman Lancaster gave the young people a taffy pulling, and they report a good time.

It is reported that Perry Broadwater got slightly hurt while working in his coal mine.

Mr. Amos Broadwater has returned home from West Virginia where he has purchased some fine property.

Mr. Fred Custer is dealing largely in fine breed cows for dairy business.

Mr. Curtain Chaney visited J. L. Robeson's Sunday last.

FREE

COURSE BY MAIL

WITH THE

Capital City Commercial College.

TO ADVERTISE OUR COLLEGE

We will give a thorough course of instruction in Double and Single Entry Book-keeping and Commercial Arithmetic, by mail,

FREE OF CHARGE

to a limited number of persons. This course will be completed in forty lessons. No charge for diplomas.

ADDRESS,

CAPITAL CITY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,

P. O. DRAWER B,

TOPEKA, - KANSAS.

26–1yr.

MOUNTAIN STATE

Business College,

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.40 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

Mr. A. J. Lancaster is busy hauling lumber.

Mr. Jonas Wampler traded for a fine colt recently.

Mr. Winfield Crow is busy stocking Michael's mill with logs.

Quick in effect, heals and leaves no scar. Burning, scaly skin eruptions quickly cured by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, Applied to burns, scalds, old sores, it is magical in effect. Always cures piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

For Sale.

A cottage containing 7 rooms, attic and cellar. Has a well of good water upon the premises, and an acre of land attached. Purchaser can have the choice of more land up to two acres. Will sell cheap and on good terms. Situated opposite Mt. Lake Park on Oakland road. Mt. Lake Park, is a good market for vegetables and poultry. Apply to F. P. Arnold, Mt. Lake Park, Garrett county, Md. 50–13t.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19–tf.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending February 22, 1896, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Delphia Dewitt — Eddie Watson
John Homepton — Mrs. J. V. Brann

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. 25 cents per box.

Free Informrtion.

Messrs. C. A. Snow & Co., of Washington, D. C., lawyers and agents for procuring patents, will send free to any address pamphlets with information about homo and foreign patents, caveats, copyrights, trade-marks, infringments, design patents, abstracts of decisions, etc., as well as the cost of patents in United States and foreign countries.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

A SOLDIER LOVER.

It was while staying with my friend, Tom Grantham, at his father's parsonage, in the quaint little town of Retford, that I met the St. Cyrile girls. They were famous all the country over for their beauty; in fact, it is safe to say that no single family in Westmoreland, and perhaps in all England, contained the equals in physical loveliness of these three sisters. Their family was an old one, very proud, and their grim, gray-headed old father was as proud as his lineage was lofty and his income scant.

They were all blonds of the purest north of England type. Maude, the eldest, was the tallest of the three, and a veritable queen in her manner and gait. Laura, the second, was almost as stately, and had the same royal poise of the head as her elder sister. But it was Eunice, the youngest, a child of 17, who, to my mind, carried off the palm as the fairest of the three.

And it was of Eunice, with here soft cheeks of cream and rose, that my friend Tom was enamored.

He had left school three years before me, and was now a lieutenant in the army, but our friendship had not been forgotten. Tom was the idol of his father and mother, and as handsome a young officer as any to be found in her majesty's army.

His beauty was quite the opposite to Eunice's. He was very tall and broad-shouldered for his 23 years and had thick, coal-black eyebrows and hair. His face was as yet innocent of a mustache, but his resolute mouth and squarely set jaws gave it all the manliness necessary.

I remembered how bitterly I envied him when he slipped Eunice's arm into his own in the church porch and led the way toward the St. Cyriles' house, while I followed with Maud and Laura, to whom I had previously been introduced. I defy the world to produce a handsomer pair than these two. Eunice's head reached scarcely to her lover's shoulder, and the bewitching yet childlessly innocent way she had of glancing up into his face would have lured a lifelong hermit from his solitude to woo her.

In the course of the three weeks I spent at Retford I had plenty of opportunities for observing how violent, how desperate, was my friend's passion. Indeed, he spoke to me of it often himself. Young as he was, his speech was that of a man who has made his cast for all that he values in life, and is determined to abide by the issue. Boy though I might be, I could see that it was a case of life or death with him.

Eunice's father, who was prudent, as most widowers are, had given a reluctant consent to their engagement, but insisted on an improvement in the young man's worldly position as a condition of the setting of the wedding day. And how a poor lieutenant, and the son of a country parson at that, was to overcome that condition it was hard to perceive.

I had been a guest at the Granthams' for about ten days when a visitor came to the St. Cyriles'. He was a retired Indian merchant, with a saffron complexion and small piercing eyes, but fabulously rich, so they said. He treated Tom and myself with quite evident condescension when we dined with the family a couple of days afterward. His name was Denton, and he talked of buying property in the neighborhood. From the first moment I noticed his marked attention to Eunice, and I could not help shuddering at the sight

THE MERCHANT'S ARM WAS ABOUT THE GIRL'S WAIST.

of that evil face so close to hers. By Tom's pallor, too, I was aware that he felt as I did. It was a dismal dinner, and though the merchant ate enormously, I do not think any of the rest enjoyed it.

All through the next week Tom was taciturn and unsociable. He failed to rhapsodize to me about Eunice, and I felt instinctively that some evil was about to happen.

Shall I ever forget that night when she, whom my boyish fancy had pictured as a seraph, fell headlong from the pinnacle upon which he had placed her? I can see her now, as she stood an hour before it happened, by Tom's side, looking up into his face with the smile of an angel out of Heaven.

We were again dining at old St. Cyrile's. It was a farewell dinner, given in my honor, for I was to leave on the morrow. The party was gay enough, though the elderly Indian merchant (who, by the way, appeared to be on the closest terms of intimacy with the master of the house) appeared to still regard our presence as an intrusion.

The evening sped quickly. It was about ten o'clock; Maud and Laura were at the piano, busy with a duet, and Tom was turning the music.

Without thinking where the others could be, I stepped out on the veranda and lighted a cigarette. It was a perfect night. The air was filled with the warmth of early summer, and the moon lit up the tops of the birch trees in the meadow beyond the garden, while far across the fields gleamed Allswater lake like a broad strip of silver.

Suddenly there came two figures pacing slowly across the lawn—Denton and Eunice. I gasped with astonishment, for the merchant's arm was about the girl's waist; and they walked so until they came close beneath the place where I stood, when they stopped.

The wall behind me was covered with ivy and they could not see me, and just as I was about to make my presence known—oh, shame and confusion—I saw the girl's snowy neck bend, and her head droop upon the stranger's shoulder. Then he took her face between his hands and kissed her on the mouth.

I barely repressed a cry, for that moment I felt a hand grasp my arm with the force of a vise, the fingers fairly sinking into my flesh. The pair on the lawn walked slowly round to another door of the house with arms about each other, as lovers walk, Eunice looking like a spirit in her clinging, white dress. Then I turned and looked into the face of Tom Grantham, and the look of agony there I hope I shall never see again in the face of a human being.

When we returned to the drawing-room presently Denton and Eunice were there. She was as fair and unruffled as the saint I had thought her. Denton held an envelope in his hand which he handed to Tom. "A telegram for you, lieutenant," he said, coldly. "I took it from a boy at the gate. Your father, it seems, sent it on here."

Tom took the telegram and read it. I marveled at his composure. "The regiment is ordered to Africa," he said, and thrust the paper in his pocket.

Eunice gave a heart-breaking shriek and rushed upon him.

"How very unfortunate," observed Denton, with a perceptible sneer.

Grantham turned about and struck him to the floor with a blow from his fist. Then he strode from the room without a glance behind him. Eunice fainted. Her two sisters were too busy attending to her to notice me, and their father was nowhere to be seen. Feeling my presence unnecessary, I followed my friend just as the fallen merchant from India was preparing to rise.

How I came to be a passenger on the troop ship that carried the Eighth from Plymouth does not matter much. The commercial house that commanded my valuable services had some affairs to settle at Cape Town, and as I was the only person in the office ready to volunteer for the mission my offer was eagerly accepted.

Though I was young my employers were good enough to admit that I had brains. To settle this business was an easy matter, and having a taste for adventure, it wasn't difficult—everything considered, including a little distance—to seek out my friend Tom at the headquarters of his regiment.

How he managed it I do not know, but when I obtained permission to accompany the Eighth in the guise of a war correspondent, or anything else I might choose to call myself (on condition that I kept out of sight at the proper time, and refrained from talking too much), I availed myself of the privilege with the ardor of a schoolboy let out for a holiday.

The campaign has gone into history, and it is not my purpose to describe it, or justify it either, for that matter. The part played by the Eighth was not a conspicuous one, hard marches through a dreadful, rough country, with very little to eat and a broiling sky over our heads, were for long our sternest lot.

On these long marches, and in the quiet watches about the campfire, my friend never once spoke of his great sorrow. From the tenor of his conversation, however, I could easily perceive that life had no charm left for him, and that he would welcome as a boon the chance shot or assegai thrust that could end it. His hair, too, was growing gray. Think of it—a soldier, three years out of school, and gray at 24.

When we heard of the death of the prince imperial, the widowed Eugenie's only son, Tom sighed and said he envied him. When news reached us of the awful catastrophe of Rorke's Drift, where so many brave fellows went down, he gritted his teeth and vowed he would like to strike a blow for vengeance before the war was over.

The final battle of Ulundi, which was followed shortly by the capture of Cetewayo and the termination of the war, was a most bloody affair. It was here that the Eighth performed its magnificent and almost only service of the campaign.

Through the long afternoon the Zulu warriors fought with the superb ferocity that has marked them out as the heroes of all the savage tribes. Their superior numbers availed them little. Again and again, with dauntless bravery, they hurled themselves upon the British line, only to be slaughtered in masses by the murderous artillery fire. They were doomed, and they knew it, but black and naked as they were, they swarmed to their fate and died like men.

But too many of her majesty's soldiers were falling; the victory was being delayed too long. At last the Eighth received the coveted order to charge and put the black hordes to rout.

By some means or other a sort of fever had got into my blood. I did not ache to go into action, but certain smiles and witticisms exchanged by some of the officers in my hearing had produced a desire in me to show that though not a professional warrior I was hired to kill blackamoors at so much a day, I was not wholly without courage.

This was why I sidled dexterously upon my gray mare until I was within a few paces of Tom, who sat motionless in his saddle, calm as an icicle, with a red spot on each of his cheeks. I had pistols in my holsters and a good cavalry saber in my hand, and when the trumpet sounded the charge and that superb body of horses went thundering over the plain, something seemed to snap in my head, and away I went! Involuntarily, perhaps, but with an insane desire to take part in the fray.

A couple of troopers, pierced through the breast with assegais, fell crashing from their saddles, and I came up with the advancing line at a furious gallop. In another instant we were in a mass of savages. In a sort of dream I saw a sea of fierce black faces about me. Some of the savages crouched under the bellies of the horses and disemboweled them as they were trampled under foot. Others, giants in stature, stood straight up, with their brawny, naked arms raised to heaven, and actually laughed as the troops cut them down. These blacks knew no fear. In solid detachments they stood before the onslaught of the enemy, no man flinching before the certain death that was imminent, as each fought desperately against the trained troops of a powerful country.

I saw Tom's face, set and stern, as he hewed about him like a templar of old, one hand gripping the bridle rein and in the other his deadly saber rising aloft and falling to cleave a woolly skull.

For myself, I suppose I was fighting like the rest. I was conscious only of a wild feeling of exhilaration—a sort of composed joy that I was a participator in such a matchless scene. I felt a spear thrust that pierced the fleshy part of my arm above the elbow and slashed mechanically at the head of the gigantic savage who had dealt me the wound.

And just as suddenly as the attack began the heroic foeman melted away. With loud cries they turned and fled. In all directions they scattered, leaving the dead upon the field. The quick African dusk was stealing down as the trumpets sounded a retirement and I drew rein with the rest. The battle of Ulundi was won, and the Zulu war was over.

Many and many a gallant trooper lay prone upon the rank grass. Some were

"SEE!" HE SCREAMED.

clasped in the embrace of a dark foe with whom they had fought to the death. And as I paused, watching the flight of the vanquished enemy, there came upon me a most terrible apparition.

Lieut. Grantham threw his charger back upon his haunches in front of me. His helmet was gone and his black hair was disordered, while a thin stream of blood trickled down his cheek. "Ha!" he shrieked, "is it not glorious, this—this butchery? It is the first thing I have found yet that could make me forget!"

I felt my hair rising on end, for I saw by the glare in the man's eyes that he was a maniac. And then (I can see the dreadful picture as I write) he slowly raised his left arm, and I saw that his left hand had been almost severed at the wrist. It was hanging by a mere thread of flesh.

"See!" he screamed, as I tried to catch his bridle and lead him from the field. "See, my boy, they gave me as good as I brought"—holding the ghastly, blood-streaming hand aloft. "I am going now—forever. This hand has her ring upon it. Take it back to her and say I sent it."

With a wild yell he wheeled his charger and dashed headlong all alone after the fugitive black rabble, leaving his terrible relic behind him. I tried to follow him, but, weakened perhaps by the loss of blood from the wound in my arm, I reeled and fell from my saddle to the ground.

For days afterward we searched for him. Dead or alive, he was never found. Was he captured or cut to pieces by the vanquished foe, or does he live to-day in the African forests among the savages, saved by his madness from a knowledge of his fate?

To England the report went back with the rest of the tragic list: "Lieut. Thomas Grantham—missing."

In a quiet English village a white-haired clergyman and his wife wait in vain for the son who never came back.

Mrs. Denton, they say, is quite the belle of the county, and her diamonds are the admiration and envy of all the countryside.

It is a spiteful thought, but sometimes I wish I could have found that hand, with the diamond ring upon it, on the field of Ulundi, to bring back to her as I was bidden.—N. Y. Dispatch.

When Thought Of.

Hungry Hugh—Say, de yer t'ink de rich blokes ever t'inks of us?

Weary Waggles — Yes, when dey reads de comic newspapers.—Truth.

PROGRESS IN LEARNING.

Illiteracy in the United States as Shown by Official Report.

Some pertinent facts as to illiteracy in this country are brought out in the report of the national commissioner of education, recently printed. The figures, and, of course, the deductions, are all based on the census of 1890, and, while changes have taken place since, allowance can be made for them and a pretty accurate idea of the present situation as to illiteracy gained. To some neighborhoods and classes of the population the figures will be found encouraging, while to others they will be just as discouraging. The amount of illiteracy in the country, taken as a whole, is, however, appalling.

In 1890 there were 47,413,599 inhabitants in the states and territories 10 years old and over, and of these 6,324,702 could not read and write. So the illiterates composed 13.3 per cent. of the population 10 years of age and over. According to the census of 1890 the population of the same age was 36,607,607, of whom 6,239,958, or 17 per cents., could not read or write. Between 1880 and 1890 the population of the whole country increased 12,466,467, or nearly 25 per cent.; but the rate of illiteracy fell from 17 per cent. in the first year to 13.3 per cent. in the second year, a decrease of 3.7 per cent. Had the same percentage of illiteracy prevailed in 1890 as in 1880 there would have been in the former year 8,060,305 illiterates, or 1,735,603 more than there actually were. This is a gratifying decrease, indicating more than twice the progress in education made between 1870 and 1880.

Of the male population over 10 years of age 12.4 per cent. are illiterate, and of the female population of the same age 14.4 per cent. showing a 2 per cent. greater illiteracy among the females than among the males. Both sexes show a gain over 1880, the males of 3.4 per cent. and the females of 3.8 per cent., or 0.4 per cent. in favor of the females. But it is not so encouraging to see that the percentage of illiteracy among the males in the North Atlantic division of states, which includes all New England, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, increased 0.5 per cent., although female illiteracy in the same states decreased 0.5 per cent. In the South Atlantic and South Central divisions of states, which include all the southern states, the decrease in the illiteracy of the sexes maintains about the same ratio, showing that the colored women are keeping steady step with the colored men in gaining an education.

Some of the facts brought out are surprising, and if the figures were not official there would be a hesitancy about accepting them. Nebraska, for instance, ranks at the head of the states in literacy, only 3.1 per cent. of its population being unable to read and write. In fact, no state west of the Mississippi river, with the exception of the four southern states, ranks as low as Massachusetts in the number of illiterates in its population. No one of them has over 6 per cent. of illiterates, while Massachusetts has 6.2 per cent. In Pennsylvania 6.8 per cent. of the population is illiterate. It will be a matter for regret to learn that such states as Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and New Jersey increased the percentage of their illiterates between 1880 and 1890, and that Pennsylvania's illiterates decreased only 4.2 per cent. in the same time. This shows how large a percentage of the better educated element in these states had emigrated to the far western states, their places being taken by illiterate foreigners.

Perhaps the most encouraging fact brought out in the report is the progress shown among the colored people of the south. In 1880 there were 4,601,207 colored people over 10 years of age, of whom 3,220,878, or 70 per cent., could not read and write. In 1890 the colored population over 10 years numbered 5,482,485, and of these 3,112,128, or 56.8 per cent. could not read and write. This is a decrease of over 13 per cent. in 10 years, a rapid and gratifying decrease; but it must not be forgotten that the colored illiterates still make up very nearly one-half the total number of illiterates in the United States. Louisiana stands at the foot of the column, with 45.8 per cent. of her total population unable to read and write.—Philadelphia Press.

A Natural Mistake.

She is a very affable woman, and she would invariably say the right thing at the right place if she were not near sighted.

"I see," she said, as she entered the drawing-room of her friend, "that you have caught the annual craze."

"To what do you refer?"

"The rage for chrysanthemums. And that one which you have tossed so carelessly into the corner is one of the biggest and most beautiful I ever saw. What an exquisitely odd color!"

"Yes," was the reply. "It's beautiful, and I prize it very highly. Only it isn't a chrysanthemum. It's my skye-terrier taking a nap."—Washington Star.

A Future Convenience.

Diggles had been working hard for a long time with a refractory heating apparatus. He came out of the basement with blue fingers and a red nose, and an expression of repressed emotion on his face.

"Marin," he said, "there's one comfort about it."

"What is it?"

"We needn't worry about ice next summer. I think I have struck a plan that's entirely reliable. If we want to get anything good and cold we'll take it down and put it into that heating apparatus. Only we must be careful not to leave it too long, or it'll freeze."—Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

—If a proud man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is that he keeps his at the same time.—Swift.

—Albany, N. Y., has an area of nine square miles and a debt of $2 202,865.

THE WORLD'S EARLIEST POTATO.

That Salzer's Enrliest, fit for use in 28 days, Salzer's new late potato, Champion of the World, is pronounced the heaviest yielder in the world, and we challenge you to produce its equal! 10 acres to Salzer's Earliest Potatoes yield 4000 bushels, sold in June at $1.00 a bushel—$4000. That pays.

NOW IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND it with 10c. postage you will get, free, 10 packages grains and grasses, including Teosinte, Lathyrus, Sand Vetch, Giant Spurry, Giant Clover, etc., and our seed catalogue. (K)

PARROTT—"Do you think that Henpeck could ever keep a secret from his wife?" Wiggins—"Well, I'll bet that he never lets her know what he really thinks of her!"—Truth.

Prosperous Farmers.

Yankton Press and Dakotian: In Yankton County, South Dakota, there are at least one thousand farmers who came here poor as the proverbial turkey of Job, and who today count their worldly possessions by thousands. Many of them started in with a house built of sod, and almost empty handed so far as horses and cattle go. Today they occupy fine dwelling houses, have large barns, fine horses, cattle, hogs and sheep, granaries filled with grain, fruit orchards, and money in hand. We mention this to show that South Dakota farmers are the prosperous class. Prosperity is the rule—not the exception. With fair prices for grain and live stock they would be rolling in wealth. Prices, however, have nothing to do with the fertility of the soil and the favorable character of the climate. These natural advantages are here to stay and assure prosperity to the farming classes.

A copy of an illustrated pamphlet on "Irrigation in South Dakota," just issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, can be had by addressing W. E. Powell, General Immigration Agent, Chicago, Ill.

His head was turned, yet fame had laid
No laurels at his feet,
He simply saw a pretty girl
While passing on the street.
—N. Y. Herald.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

DUER—"It is almost impossible to get seats for the grand opera, and it is a poor company, too. I don't understand it." Duell—"Well, the singers have such weak voices that they do not disturb the conversation."—Harlem Life.

"Through Storyland to Sunset Seas"

Is the title of a sumptuous volume of 250 pages, printed on fine enameled paper and illustrated by 200 exquisite half tone engravings, which the Passenger Department of the Southern Pacific has just issued. It contains no advertising matter, but is a gracefully-told story of the romance of the country traversed by the Southern Pacific, and the narrative of what a party of four saw in a journey over this great trans-continental highway. As an example of bookmaking it is far in advance of anything heretofore attempted by any railway, and it is one of the marvels of modern commercial enterprise that the book is given away. By at once sending 20 cents to pay postage, you can, on application to S. F. B. Morse, General Passenger Agent, Southern Pacific, New Orleans, La., secure a copy of this work.

He that is ungrateful has no guilt but one; all other crimes may pass for virtues in him.—Young.

Cheap Excursions to Great Southwest.

On January 14 and 28, February 11 and March 10, 1896, the Santa Fe Route will run a series of homeseekers' excursions from the East to principal points in Arkansas, Arizona, Southern Missouri, Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Texas.

Ticket rate will be about one fare for round-trip, with liberal limits and stop-over privileges. These Santa Fe Route excursions will enable you to take a Midwinter trip to a new country.

By addressing G. T. NICHOLSON, G. P. A., Monadnock Building, Chicago, you can obtain free literature descriptive of the Great Southwest.

"ORDER in the court!" shouted the judge. "This is the worst disgrace this court has suffered since I was elected to the judgeship!"—Indianapolis Journal.

FITS stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

WAYWORN WATSON—"Pardner, do you eat pie wit' a knife?" Perry Patettic—"Wot pie?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THREE through sleeping car lines to Florida daily via the Queen & Crescent Route.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

NERVOUS

People wonder why their nerves are so weak; why they get tired so easily; why they do not sleep naturally; why they have frequent headaches, indigestion and

Nervous Dyspepsia. The explanation is simple. It is found in that impure blood feeding the nerves on refuse instead of the elements of strength and vigor. Opiate and nerve compounds simply deaden and do not cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla feeds the nerves pure, rich blood; gives natural sleep, perfect digestion, is the true remedy for all nervous troubles.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

THIS is the famous DR. LONG PATENT HOOK AND EYE. When hooked it stays hooked. Never unfastens except at the will of the wearer—then it's easy. It's too simple to get out of order—too strong to break. If you want it say to the dealer

See that

hump

Send two cents in stamps—with name and address for Mother Goose in new clothes, to Richardson & DeLong Bros., Philadelphia.

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mon., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement, "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mon.

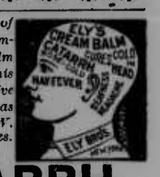

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Protects the Membrane from colds, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

A penny —or two

all extra profit.

That's the merchant's reason who urges an inferior binding for a costly skirt. It's not (*nothing is*) as good as

THAT'S S·H·&M· MADE

Bias Velveteen Skirt Binding.

Look for S. H. & M. on the label and take no other.

If your dealer will not supply you we will.

Send for samples, showing labels and materials, to the S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York City.

DOCTOR Acker's ENGLISH Remedy

will stop a cough in a night, check a cold in a day, and cure consumption if taken in time. If the little ones have *Croup* or *Whooping Cough, use it promptly.*

Croup is a very fatal disease. Fully one-half of those attacked die. The great danger is in delay. The disease progresses so rapidly that the loss of a few hours in treatment is often fatal. ACKER'S ENGLISH REMEDY will cure Croup, *and it should always be kept in the house for emergencies.* A 25 cent bottle may save your child's life.

Three sizes: 25c, 50c, $1. All Druggists.

ACKER MEDICINE CO.

15 & 18 Chambers St., New York.

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/3 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared, Steel, Galvanized-after-Completion Windmills, Tilting and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Buzz Saw Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

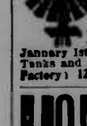

HOMESEEKERS!

The PLANT SYSTEM has FOR SALE 1,100,000 Acres OF FINE Farming Lands in Florida. The Plant System's "Compendium of Reliable Facts," a valuable Handbook for Farmers and Investors, FREE on APPLICATION. Write W. W. WRENN, Pass. Traffic Manager, Savannah, Ga., for Literature, Maps, etc.

Bible and its Story By Josephine Pollard. 250 Illustrations. 576 pages. Size, 8½x11¾ inches. Substantially bound in cloth, with design, $1. Agents Wanted. GEO. ROUTLEDGE & SONS, Limited, 26 West 23d St., New York.

STARK TREES BEAR FRUIT TESTED 70 YEARS Salesmen and club makers wanted for GOLD plum, etc. Stark, Louisiana, Mo., Rockport, Ills.

OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA. NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

RECLAIMED AT LAST.

How a Wife, by Tender, Patient Love, Won Her Husband from the Ruinous Wine Cup.

"If I had known all this I could not have married you. Oh, why did I do it?" was the despairing cry of a young wife.

"You did know it. You knew I liked wine, and you never said one word against it before we were married. You can't put a bridle on me. I'm my own master yet, and shall be for some time, I fancy!" angrily retorted the husband. He slammed the outside door and went down the steps. He had gone, perhaps not to return till daylight.

Margery Brooks was a cherished niece, her parents having died some years before. Her two aunts had lavished everything upon her. She was loved and sought by all who knew her. She met Henry Morris in Paris. He had just come into possession of a large property, so there was no drawback to his enjoyment of the gay capital. Careless and happy, agreeable, fine-looking, and, more than all, most devoted to her, it was plain from the beginning that Margery had met with the ideal of her young dreams. In a few months after her return these two young persons united their destinies and went to their luxurious home under the most auspicious circumstances.

The conversation just recorded occurred two years after that time, and, as one may know, this could not have been the first reproach. Gradually the breach had widened and husband and wife had come to open dispute. His Sundays were now passed on the bay with his shooting club and the evenings were rarely spent at home. He often returned towards morning, flushed, talkative and unsteady of step. That morning as her husband closed the door the unhappy woman threw herself upon a sofa in despair.

"Oh, we are so far apart, and it is only two years since we could not live without each other! I want to love him. Can my love be dead? I have no influence over him. What can I do? How can I reclaim him? He is mine. I will save him, but how?" It was a long, desperate day, but at last a faint gleam of light shone in upon her darkness. She said, aloud: "I must be taught; I am so helpless!"

Mrs. Morris calmed herself by a strong effort and made her way to the church where she had been married. Dr. Borden had just begun his sermon as she entered. She slipped quietly into a seat and was soon lost in the associations of the place. It was Dr. Borden who had pronounced them husband and wife, and she remembered how sweet his voice had sounded to her then.

A deep silence in the church brought her to herself. The preacher paused, and leaning over the desk with folded hands, said: "My friends, charity suffereth long and is kind. God is the all-good. He cannot give us anything that is not good. He is the all-love. Talk with Him. Put away human reasoning and live in His love. Are you not one with Him? Talk with God. Would you continue to beg of your earthly father if he offered you all that he had and told you it was yours? Would you not rather take and use? Every one of you is God's dear child. Have you a burden? Talk with God. Are you weak? Tell it to Him. Let His love into your hearts, oh, my friends! I must repeat—let His love in!"

These were the words of life to the tempest-tossed wife. She went back to her lonely room, and it was morning before the conflict was stilled.

"If I am God's child and may reflect Him, as Dr. Borden said, then I may have love and strength. Yes, strength to bear with and reclaim my husband. Can I act this God-part, and not self? Will I?"

It was late when she awakened. Her husband had not come. She made her usual toilet and went down to breakfast. A note lay on her plate. The contents ran thus: "I am going down the bay for shooting. I don't know when I shall get back. Henry."

A week passed. Henry had not come. On the last evening of the second week she sat alone in her own parlor upstairs. She heard a step at the outside door, then a moment later some one trying to turn the key. Knowing too well what it meant, she ran down the stairs and opened the door, her heart beating so loudly she thought she could not speak. In reality there was no need of a word from her, for her dread was sadly realized.

She helped her husband up the stairs, and while she was attending to the comforts he needed he was utterly unconscious that anyone was about him, and was soon asleep.

Then it was time for the inner voice to speak, falteringly, at first, it is true. "Think of the erring one as a child of God." Did not Dr. Borden say so, "and the good within him will respond to love."

Placing a pitcher of water and a glass beside him, his slippers and dressing gown on a chair near the bed, she went into the adjoining room and closed the door.

When the clock on the mantel was pointing to the morning hours, the husband awoke. He drank greedily of the water, and then lay back and thought. He had a dim, stupid recollection of what had happened the evening before, and a certain feeling of contrition took possession of him. He would find his wife, and if she reproached him, he could defend himself, he felt sure of that.

Putting on his dressing gown and slippers, he opened the parlor door. In the dim light he saw her leaning back in her study chair, her face upturned and pale as marble, her eyes closed. Her lips moved. He had to listen, for he could not move one step beyond.

"Father, we are both Thy children," she prayed. "Give me grace to forgive him. Oh, if Thou lovest me, I can love him with Thy blessed love." A silence, and then—"Thou knowest it all. I am helpless, but I lay it down before Thee; Thou hast compassion and love."

He heard no more, but closing the door as softly as he had opened it, he went back to his room.

"Beast, brute that I am, not fit to live!" he cried, aloud. "And this is what I have brought upon her! What did I promise when I made her my wife? I have not fulfilled one condition, not one!" he moaned.

Thoroughly aroused now, penitent and stricken, he knelt by the bed and buried his face in his hands.

An hour passed, and another. New thoughts were battling for place in that man's mind. He saw now that he had starved his wife for the love she had wanted; that he had made her suffer cruelly. What a vision her prayer had opened to him.

"How can I repair this wrong?" he questioned over and over. "Ah, there is another part to us all. I have a soul, and God can make me free." He knelt a long time, and when he rose he said, quietly: "I will go to her now."

He walked with a firm step, as a man who had come to his right estate at last, and opened her door. A look of glad surprise overspread the face of the young wife, and she rose to meet him. Taking her hand and tenderly pressing a kiss to her forehead, he tried to speak, but words failed. It was a sacred silence, for spirit was answering spirit in renewed vows of love and fidelity; it was the true marriage at last.—Susanna B. B. Merrifield, in Union Signal.

CALIFORNIA WINE TRADE.

Statistics Showing the Immense Business Done During 1894.

The San Francisco Examiner gives the following statistics of the wine trade of California:

The shipments eastward by rail in September were 381,900 gallons (exclusive of Los Angeles and south) and 7,537,500 gallons for the nine months ended September 30. During the first nine months of 1894 the shipments by rail were 8,155,200 gallons.

There were 268,931 gallons and 38 cases sent to New York, etc., by sea in September, and 2,661,400 gallons and 415 cases during the first nine months of the year. The shipments east by sea in the first nine months of 1894 were 1,342,141 gallons and 379 cases.

Foreign countries took 58,583 gallons and 1,016 cases in September and 472,645 gallons and 11,174 cases during the nine months ended September 30. In the first nine months of 1894 there were 371,584 gallons and 785 cases sent to foreign countries.

A SERMON IN A PICTURE.

Immense Lake of Poison Into Which Thousands Are Throwing Themselves.

TRINITY CHURCH AND ONE YEAR'S LIQUOR.

[New York's most famous church would be completely immersed if dropped into a great keg containing the 170,531,000 gallons of liquor which the city drinks annually.]

GENERAL GLEANINGS.

APPETITE for drink is the devil's iron chain on the drunkard's neck.—Ram's Horn.

THERE is no sin that a man inflamed with drink may not commit.—Ram's Horn.

MANY a man puts his family into the dark to help the saloon pay its gas bill.—Ram's Horn.

RUM outwits alike the teacher, the man of business, the patriot and the legislator.—Channing.

WHEN a man gets up early in the morning to drink he is apt to spend the day in doing nothing else.—Ram's Horn.

THE public houses of Cork, Ireland, if placed in one line allowing 25 feet frontage to each, would extend 2 3-5 miles.

TO TALK about a respectable saloon is sheer nonsense. You might as well talk about an honest thief or an innocent criminal.

SIDE by side with Father Mathew, Ireland boasts of Mrs. Carlisle, who in the declining years of her life induced 70,000 men and women to abandon the drink, so impressed was she with the havoc it wrought, while engaged in prison mission work in Dublin.

Isn't It Our Business, Though?

We are told that it is none of our business what men sell or drink; and so we are to hold our lives in constant peril, and at the mercy of drunken engineers, drunken conductors, drunken sea captains, drunken drivers, drunken policemen, drunken doctors, drunken hoodlums, drunken men of every class, any one of whom may cause our death when intoxicated; and yet we have no right to protest against the traffic which works ruin and destruction on every hand.—Safeguard.

Nationality of Saloonkeepers.

An inquiry into the nationality of persons engaged in retailing liquor in Philadelphia has resulted in the following statement: Chinamen, 2; Jews, 2; Italians, 18; Spaniards, 140; negroes, 265; Welsh, 160; French, 185; Scotch, 497; English, 598; Germans, 2,851; Irish, 3,041; Americans, 205. Total, 8,034. Of this number 7,638 are Roman Catholics; 3,696 are women, all foreigners but one, and all Roman Catholics

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The youngest sea captain in New England, and, perhaps, in the country, is Capt. John A. York, of the schooner Charles J. Willard of Portland, Me. He is just turned 18 years of age and has had command of the vessel, with a crew of six men, for a year. His boat plies between Maine ports and New York.

—The oldest man in Kansas is George W. Walshe, of St. Paul, Neosho county. He was born in Scotia, near Schenectady, this state, in 1791. He is in good health, and his memory is unclouded. He voted for Madison for president. He was engaged in active work as a master mechanic in railroad construction as late as nine years ago.

—Jake Gregory, an old negro living near Waverly, Ky., last week traded his wife to a neighbor for an old mule, a pointer dog and five dollars in cash. The woman was a willing party to the swap, and even borrowed the mule from her ex-husband to carry her to her new home.

—A well-known rifle shot says: "It is not generally known that an orange hit in the exact center by a rifle ball will vanish at once from sight. Such, however, is the fact, and that is no way of making an orange disappear—shooting it through the center, which scatters it into such infinitesimal pieces that it is at once lost sight of."

—It is reported that the Germans, who have recently made heavy purchases of American apples, intend to use this fruit in the manufacture of champagne by an entirely new and secret process. Whether this is true or not, the American apple is gaining a firm foothold in European markets, in spite of the enormous quantities of French and Dutch fruit.

—A San Francisco woman is suing her sister for $250,000 for "services rendered" in promoting the successful marriage of the latter. In her bill of particulars the plaintiff specifies that she "interviewed" the prospective bridegroom in respect to the engagement between him and her sister, and "solicited him to keep, fulfill and perform said contract," and that the interview was had at her sister's request.

—In Switzerland and other mountainous countries the goat leads long strings of animals daily to and from the mountains, but it is in South Africa that it is regularly kept and employed as a leader of flocks of sheep. Should a blinding storm or rain or hail drive the silly sheep before it, or cause them to huddle together in a corner, so as to suffocate each other, the trained goat will wake them up, and by a method best known to himself will induce them to follow him to a place of safety.

CURIOUS SPORT IN CUBA.

Cruel and Barbarous Amusements with Ducks, Chickens and Bulls.

Cubans of the middle and lower classes indulge their sporting blood in pastimes which would not be tolerated in a country having a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals.

On fete days in the smaller towns and villages which can't support a bull fight, a favorite sport is to hang a sleek fat duck by the feet from a wire or rope stretched between two trees or posts on the village plaza. The head of the duck hangs just out of reach of a man on horseback, and the "sport" consists in riding under the poor duck at full speed, grabbing it by the neck and pulling its head off. A duck's neck will stretch a great deal, and it requires a firm hold and a determined jerk to yank off the prize.

The duck frequently resists the efforts of half a dozen riders before parting with its head. The horsemen sometimes miss the duck entirely, lose their balance and roll out of the saddle into the dust. This furnishes fun for everybody except the duck.

The game may also be played on the water, in which case the line on which the duck hangs is stretched between the masts of two anchored boats, and rowboats are substituted for horses.

In another country game a chicken is buried alive in the ground to the neck, its head alone being visible. The men who enter the game are blindfolded and armed with a machete, a long knife used in cutting cane. They are walked around in confusing circles for a few minutes and then released for an attack on the chicken's head. The one who cuts off the head clean in the fewest number of strokes wins the prize.

In default of a bull fight the Cubans indulge in a bull baiting game on which money is wagered. A bull is released in an inclosure which is too small to give him much play and from which he cannot escape. Anyone who wishes may enter a dog to fight the bull. The dog which succeeds in securing a neck or a nose hold on the bull and brings him to the ground wins the game. From half a dozen to fifteen dogs are often entered against one bull and their owners bet large sums on their candidates. Although all the dogs worry and fight the bull and consequently all are responsible for his ultimate overthrow, yet only the dog which actually brings him to earth is the winner.—N. Y. World.

Made-Up Horses.

There are, perhaps, half a dozen horses in New York that have false tails. The horse so provided is generally a fine animal, perhaps a fine carriage horse. It may have been provided by nature with a poor tail, or it may have lost its own flowing tail in a fire. It is easy to get a tail to match. A small portion of the hide is removed with the tail, and when this has been cured the tail is provided with straps and buckles on the under side to hold it to the tail of the horse that is to wear it, and the hide attached is stitched to the crupper of the horse's harness. The fact that the tail is false would not be discovered except upon close and careful inspection. The tail is taken off with the harness. Horses are occasionally provided with false manes, in the same general manner, and sometimes with false ears.—N. Y. Sun.

CHUMS NO LONGER.

Friendly Amenities Cut in Twain by Army Regulations.

The old saying that truth is stranger than fiction is most truly exemplified and the inexorable army regulations most perfectly illustrated by the odd case of two young men now wearing the blue at Fort Thomas. The strangeness of their positions would give, in the hands of one expert at story building, an excellent theme for a good story.

The army regulations provide that any young man under 28 years of age, who has served for two years in the ranks, and who passes the prescribed moral, mental and physical examination, shall be commissioned a second lieutenant. Last September there were at Fort Thomas two young men who had enlisted for the purpose of obtaining this coveted position. During the two years preceding these two young men had been inseparable. They roomed together, were "bunkies," in soldier parlance, ate and studied together—in fact, they shared each other's pleasures and worries. They reported before the examining board and returned together to the fort to await the report of the result of their examinations. A day or two after their return an official letter was handed to each. With trembling hands each opened his letter, for he knew how much depended upon the contents.

From one envelope was drawn a commission as second lieutenant, and from the other a notice that the candidate had been found physically disqualified by being under weight, and, therefore, could not be commissioned. Picture the happiness and disappointment of these two young men. They knew from that moment that a wide breach was between them, and that their companionship for two years was at an end, for in one moment one had become a commissioned officer and the other remained a sergeant, and between the rank and file the regulations allow no intercourse, except in an official way. They had together saluted every officer who had passed them during their life together. Now the sergeant must salute his old "bunky" every time he passed him, must stand at attention and answer: "Yes, sir," when spoken to, and never sit down in the presence of his superior officer. Such is the queer status of those two young men, who are still attached to one another, but by the inexorable army regulations so widely separated. Their case has probably never had a parallel in the history of the service. It frequently happens that two young men go from the same station to be examined by the same board of officers. One may pass and the other fail, but the one who passes is sent to fill a vacancy in some other regiment. In this particular case there happened to be a vacancy in the regiment and at the same station, thus bringing about this peculiar state of affairs, and a very trying state indeed, to the young men in question. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

ARTISTS IN COOKERY.

Attractive Dishes Displayed at a Recent Philadelphia Exhibition.

Expert chefs develop a skill and taste in preparing fancy dishes that fairly entitle them to be ranked among artists. Philadelphia has just had an "exhibition of masterpieces" in this line, and a number of the fancies in jelly, wax, pastry and other eatable materials were marvels of ingenuity. Some of the pieces had been several weeks in making and had cost $500 or more to fashion. The little boys who came with their parents had to be held firmly by their coat collars to keep them from trying to eat their way through a Swiss chalet of white sugar or a minaret of pate de fois gras crowned with truffles. When the orchestra played lively music one expected to see the white horses and lions and cherubs dance in saccharine glee and the little boys in the sugar farmyards turn handsprings, which is a tribute to the realism of the modeling of the figures and basrelief work.

One of the most gorgeous pieces was "Le Buffet Moderne." From base to top the structure was ten feet high, tapering all the way. The several stories were supported by columns and arches, and the material of manufacture was mainly mutton fat mixed with stearine, gleaming like white marble. A tiny fountain played at the base, and real live fish swam in the white basin. On the wings of the airy structure were luscious baked fish, flanked by artistic designs in pressed meat, jellies, truffles, pate de fois gras and scarlet prawns, the colors blending harmoniously. In the middle, toward the top, a pheasant in gorgeous plumage sat within a wall of dainty pheasant pattles, and the topmost turret was made of prawns that showed dark red, like a roof of Moorish tile.

Then there was a great beehive, or Ruche d' Abeille," made entirely of macaroni and spaghetti; big sticks for the walls, fine yellow strands for the thatched roof, while in the decorative design around the base there were 7,000 tiny pieces of macaroni of varied shades in a sort of mosaic work. Another chef watched over a Russian sleigh drawn by two horses, that could not be made to order for less than $500. "There are $75 worth of truffles in that piece," said the creator proudly. The horses were admirably modeled and the sleigh was so tempting that the banqueters in the evening wrecked it and looted the marble-like slabs of meat jelly, in which all sorts of designs were cleverly imbedded. One chef touched a patriotic chord, and on a lofty pedestal Washington and La Fayette shook hands, with the tri-color and the star-spangled banner over them. The molds for these figures, modeled after the statue in Paris, cost $150, which shows that the chefs take this exhibit very seriously. And all these wonderful creations were not only beautiful but good—to eat.—Troy Times.

BOY SOLDIERS OF GERMANY.

Their Patriotism After the First Napoleon Captured Berlin.

About the same time that Steffens was stirring the war passions of the Breslau students, the father of the German gymnastic clubs, the "Turnvater Jahn," was kindling in Berlin a patriotic fire that was soon to singe the French garrison with its flames. All through the winter he had been drilling the schoolboys of the capital in manly exercises, addressing them in stirring language on the duty of patriots, and teaching them rousing war songs, which they sang on the march to and from the field of exercises. Like Steffens, he could name the common enemy without saying Frenchman; and one of the most stirring of war-calls was an imaginary speech which he placed in the mouth of the German champion Arminius (Hermann), who with it is presumed to inflame his followers against the Caesar in Rome. He delivered learned lectures on German national life, which drew crowded audiences, for Jahn spoke straight to the German heart. One day he marched with a band of schoolboys under the Brandenburg gate, the triumphal arch from which Napoleon had carried away the bronze chariot of victory which had formerly stood on top. He stopped the lads and said to one boy: "Do you see that our Victory has been taken away? What do you think of that?" The boy answered, indifferently, that he thought nothing about it. Jahn was too good a teacher to waste such a chance. He boxed the boy's ears, and then said: "Now you have got something to remind you of this, that you must lend a hand in getting this Victory back from Paris, and put it up again on top of the Brandenburg gate." The story was known all over Berlin; and Berliners who passed the gate from that time on thought of Jahn's reminder.

As soon as the king's call for volunteers reached Berlin, Jahn was on his way to Breslau. Hardenburg had followed the king on January 24, but before leaving he had talked with Jahn about the impending war, and had encouraged the idea of forming an independent corps made up of volunteers from all parts of the Fatherland—what Germans called Freikorps, or free corps. Jahn eagerly seized upon this idea; called his patriot friends together; told them he was going to Breslau to prepare the ground, and would give them the signal when the right time should have arrived.

On February 7 Berlin first heard of the king's call for volunteers, four days after publication in Breslau. The university at once enrolled 258 of its students as 'warriors:" one grammar school sent 113 boys; another, 134. The French government sought to arrest those who tried to make their way to Breslau, but with no effect. The youngsters started in different directions, and united when well beyond the city walls. They traveled at their own expense, and cheerfully ran the risk of their lives for a king whom they imagined a hero in temporary distress.—Harper's Magazine.

WATER NOT POPULAR.

An Exhaustive Medical Review of Its Use Three Centuries Ago.

It needed a very bold man to resist the medical testimony of three centuries ago against water-drinking. Few writers can be found to say a good word for it. One or two only are concerned to maintain that "when begun in early life it may be pretty freely drunk with impunity," and they quote the curious instance given by Sir Thomas Elyot in his "Castle of Health," 1541, of the Cornish men, "many of the poorer sort, which never, or very seldom, drank any other drink, be notwithstanding strong of body and like and live well until they be of great age." Thomas Cogan, the medical school-master of Manchester fame, confessed in his "Heaven of Health," 1589, designed for the use of students, that he knew some who drank cold water at night or fasting in the morning without hurt; and Dr. James Hart, writing about 50 years later, could even claim among his acquaintance "some honorable and worshipful ladies who drank little other drink, and yet enjoy more perfect health than most of them that drink of the strongest." The phenomenon was undeniable, but the natural inference was none the less to be resisted. Sir Thomas Elyot himself is very certain, in spite of the Cornish men, that "there be in water causes of divers diseases, as of swelling of the spleen and liver." He complains oddly also that "it flittith and swimmith," and concludes that "to young men, and them that be of hot complexions, it doeth less harm, and sometimes it profiteth, but to them that are feeble, old and melancholy it is not convenient." "Water is not wholesome cool by itself for an Englishman," was the version of Andrew Borde—monk, physician, bishop, ambassador and writer on sanitation—as the result of a life's experience. And to quote the "Englishman's Doctor:"

Both water and small beer, we make no question,
Are enemies to health and good digestion.

But the most formal indictment against water is that of Venner, who, writing in 1622, ponderously pronounces "to dwellers in cold countries it doth very greatly deject their appetites, destroy the natural heat and overthrow the strength of the stomach, and consequently confounding the concoction, is the cause of crudities, fluctuations and windiness in the body."—Hospital.

Reason Enough.

A man named Simmons is said to have declined to become the private secretary of a man named Green for a peculiar reason. The salary was tempting and the work would have been light and agreeable, but, then, as he said, he couldn't bear the thought of signing letters: "Green, per Simmons."

—Newark, N. J., has 18 square miles of territory and 220,000 population.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Moderately strong salt and water taken by the teaspoonful at intervals is a cure for catarrhal cold.

—Old potatoes should be put into cold or boiling water according to the kind of potato. Boil for 20 minutes with the lid on the saucepan. Then strain off the water, shake well, and stand at the side of the fire for ten minutes to drain.

—Beef Croquettes. — One cup of chopped cold beef, one cup of bread crumbs, one egg well beaten, a pinch of salt, pepper and a tiny bit of sage. Moisten the bread crumbs with a little gravy or stock, then mix thoroughly, form in cakes and dip in egg and cracker crumbs and fry in boiling lard. —Boston Budget.

—Delicious Potato Pancakes.—Boil six medium-sized potatoes in salted water until thoroughly cooked, mash them and set aside to cool; then add three well-beaten eggs, a quart of milk and flour enough to make a pancake batter. Bake quickly on a well-greased griddle and serve very hot.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Roast Beef.—Remove the ribs from a roast of beef, roll the meat and tie it up; place it in a baking-pan and dredge lightly with pepper. Add a teaspoonful of salt to a cupful of boiling water and pour in the pan. Set it in a very hot oven; baste every ten minutes, and let bake 15 minutes to every pound. One hour before the meat is done make the pudding. Pour the gravy from the pan, turn in the pudding, and bake one hour.—Ladies' Home Companion.

—Apple Meringue Pie.—Pare, slice and stew juicy apples, sweeten, and season with nutmeg, or stew some lemon peel with them. Line your pie-pan, fill with the apples, and bake. When done, spread over the top a thick meringue made of the whites of three eggs whipped to a stiff froth, three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, and rose or vanilla flavoring. Beat until it will stand alone. Cover the pie three-quarters of an inch thick and put back into the oven until the meringue is well set. Sift powdered sugar over it if it should get too dark colored. Serve cold. Peaches are even more delicious when used in this way. — Prairie Farmer.

A SCHOOL FOR MONKEYS.

Calcutta's Novel Institution Where Our Speechless Relatives Are Taught.

There has just been founded at Calcutta an institution for the education of monkeys. Probably the prime movers of the affair never heard of Prof. Garner, the celebrated American simiologist, who has gone again to Africa to make an exhaustive study of the language of monkeys, or else they have deemed it easier to teach the monkeys than to learn from them in simian tongue. At any rate, one of the methods employed in this strange educational institution is the following:

A young monkey is taken and before him is placed a set of blocks on which are painted in capitals the letters of the alphabet. These blocks are, in fact, exactly similar to those which children play with in every civilized country in the world, and they are used in precisely the same way as if the monkey were a young specimen of the human race. There is one professor for each monkey, and the monkey is taught by means of the blocks to spell certain words. If the word is "fruit" for example, the monkey, after having been taught to arrange the blocks so as to spell the word quickly and without error, received a bit of fruit as his reward. The same exercise is repeated with other words, and it is hoped that in time the simians will learn how to read and spell and understand English if they cannot speak it.

Only young animals are taken, for they learn more quickly than old ones. There is no danger of this queer school lacking scholars, for there are thousands of monkeys to be found in India where Calcutta is situated. An effort will be made, it is said, to educate these beasts so that they may become fairly efficient domestic servants. The school is so young as yet, however, that what it will accomplish is entirely a matter of speculation. Its "professors" are enthusiastic about their novel work, and seem to think that a new field of usefulness will soon be opened up for these chattering little beasts.—Paris Journal des Debats.

A STARVED MIND.

Why a Girl Shook Her Head When Dickens Was Mentioned.

It is a fact that the children who have had in abundance the old nursery tales, who have worn out numerous copies of Mother Goose, to whom Christmas and birthdays mean new books, of rhyme and story, being led thence by graduated steps to the uplands of history, poetry and romance, seldom go down before the malignancy of the "blood and thunder" so freely offered them. It is the starved childhood that seizes and feeds upon these.

A girl of 12 years had occasion to call at the home of a lady who had befriended her. Scattered about the floor of the sitting-room were the books of a small nephew, among them a copy of Little Red Riding Hood. Her life, barren and hard, had known nothing of literature save her few school books. She picked up the volume and was soon absorbed in the story. When the lady came in, she extended it to her, saying, eagerly: "Is it true?"

It was her first step in the realm of enchantment, but it came too late. She had experienced the real; it was hard, bitter. The same girl a few years later awaited her turn at the library, and begged the attendant to choose for her. The lady hesitated, then extending a volume by Dickens, said: "Will you have this?"

She shook her head, saying: "I tried to read one of his once. He writes of rags and poverty and hard times. Give me something livelier, please."—Lippincott's Magazine

The Republican.

H. NES. G. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, FEB. 27, 1896.

Progress of Legislation.

People who are criticising the General Assembly on account of apparant delay in legislation should remember that the task laid out for their representatiyes, at the present session, is not of small proportions. Necessarily the Elections and Assessment bills are very voluminous and require much time for proper and careful consideration. Bills on these subjects, differing in form, and to some extent in substance, are pending in both the Senate and House of Delegates, and each House will probably pass its own measures. Then will come disagreement and conference committees, and it is important that all the provisions of the bills should be carefully studied and thoroughly digested before submission to such committees.

The Republicans, we believe, may be trusted to put the reforms they have promised, into the measures they will pass, but the Democratic Senate may block the way by insisting on changes to which the House cannot consistently agree. In that case the Senate must take the responsibility of defeating legislation. We incline to the belief, however, that no serious division will take place, and that elections and assessment bills will be passed.

A Foolish Joke.

Some Republican papers are saying very complimentary things about the supposed candidacy of Senator Quay, of Pennsylvatia, for the Presidency. Of course the whole thing is a joke. It cannot be that any man seriously thinks the Republican party would stultify itself by nominating a mere selfish politician who has never shown any signs of being even an average statesman, for the exalted office of President of the Republic. His nomination would certainly be followed by the same calamity that followed his nomination of Delamater for Governor of Pennsylvania. The ticket would be so cut that a Democratic victory would be almost assured, especially if the Democratic party nominated one of their few statesmen. The nominee must be a clean man and a man with a great deal more ability than Mr. Quay has ever shown. In one particular perhaps, he would be a successful rival of Mr. Cleveland. He could spend as much time duck shooting and fishing in the south.

We regard the talk about the nomination of Governor Morton, of New York, as a little wiser than that about Mr. Quay. While we regard Mr. Morton as a very much abler and less objectionable man than Mr. Quay, he is too old for the office, and, while he makes a pretty good Governor of New York, he has hardly shown the ability necessary to fill well the Presidential chair. When we have such an abundance of good timber there is no need to take anything second class for the place, nor would it be wise to do it. Reed, McKinley, Alison, Elkins and others will afford us plenty of room for choice. It would not be unnatural that our own first choice should be Reed, but we could cordially support either of the other gentlemen named if he received the nomination, but it would be a very bitter pill to have to support Quay, Platt or Cameron.—Keyser Echo.

Sweet Pink.

This little town is situated near the head waters of Buffalo Run and derived its name from Bold Calvin, an old soldier, who fought and killed a mad bull during the war and at its close located here and started a town, naming it after his wife.

Our little town and community just at this time is in a fighting humor on account of what we suppose to be one of old Hoke Smith's pension detectives going around and hunting up fraud. Our people are aware of the fact. This administration is manifestly unfriendly to the soldier and charges him with perjuries and fraud. I deny that gross frauds and perjuries are frequent in obtaining pensions and assert that no class in all our courts are as free from false testimony as pension cases. I think it is infinitely better that ninety-nine get more than they are entitled to than one poor deserving soldier should be refused and go down to his death, his last sighs and thoughts being of an ungrateful country which he had defended in its peril.

It seems to be the custom of this administration to write to postmasters and other outside parties for their opinions on cases, and to pay more attention to those opinions than to the sworn testimony of the applicants, their comrades and physicians. I consider such an infamous reflection upon American manhood and a disgrace to the American nation.

This nation has done much for the brave boys; it should do more. It can never do too much. A pension is not a gratuity on a charity. It is a sacred debt which no statute of limitation will bar, for there must be no limitation to the honor and patriotism of the American people.

When we look at the Surgeon General's report we find 6,059,048 cases treated in the hospitals during the Rebellion. These were so serious that 304,369 resulted in death and 285,245 had to be discharged on account of disability, while hundreds of thousands more, though badly wounded, clung to their colors to the end in the patriotism and pride of youth, and then went home to fight a long bitter losing struggle with the advancing years, when they finally lost the fight and were compelled to surrender to that greatest of all Generals. They left to the care of the country they had helped to save at such great cost to themselves their widows and orphans. Does one not wonder that the pen-roll is no larger?

Oh be carful, Grover, that you are not submerged beneath that gulf which the maimed and halt and blind have shed under your administration. GILPIN.

Kearney.

Weather cool and pleasant.

Mr. N. B. Harvey has abandoned his old mine, "Keystone," and has opened a six foot vein on his farm. A few more discoveries of this kind will have a tendency to make plenty of work.

The Shook Shop school is progressing very nicely under the management of Miss Emily F. Hamill.

We noted the illness of Mrs. Eliza White two weeks ago. She passed over the river of Death on Friday evening, the 14th. Her last days were her happiest. She left the testimony that she would join the loved ones gone before. Her remains were laid to rest in the family cemetery on the farm of J. M. White. The deceased was in her 88th year. She was a kind, loving wife and mother and a true friend and neighbor: always kind and true to all. The pall bearers were Henry Thompson, J. G. C. Riley, T. K. Harvey, Elisha Aronholt, B. F. Harvey, and J. J. Thompson.

Those on the sick list are Elmer Harvey, Ned King and Mrs. S. G. Steyer. Mrs. Stever is very ill.

Blocherville.

We are having some nice weather again.

Thursday morning, February 20th, was the coldest morning of this winter. The thermometer registered ten degrees below zero.

Mr. George S. Garlitz is busy hauling mine props.

Mr. Bruce Blocher, who has been stopping with Mr. Winfield Durst, of Avilton, returned home last Sunday.

Mr. John Chaney, better known as "Long John," of Avilton, passed through here last Sunday on his way home.

Mr. H. A. Friend is meeting with success as teacher of the Beall school. He reports an enrollment of fifty-nine pupils.

Mr. Richard Robinson was a pleasant caller at Mr. Thomas Ravenscraft's last Sunday evening.

Married, February 17, 1896, Miss Sallie Ravenscraft, one of our charming young ladies, and Mr. Olen McKenzie, one of our enterprising young men. They secured a carriage and were driven to Frostburg and the nuptial knot duly tied. They immediately returned to the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ravenscraft, where there was an elegant dinner prepared for them. We wish the happy couple a long and prosperous life. About seven o'clock in the evening a happy band of serenaders arrived, numbering about fifty, who furnished them with music for one hour, and then the refreshments were passed around, when the happy couple started for their home.

Mr. H. A. Friend spent last Saturday and Sunday in Frostburg.

Mr. Bruce Blocher spent last Monday evening in Frostburg.

Mr. Wm. A. Robinson's wife is very ill at this writing.

Mr. Charles Layman, who is working for Mr Ralph Engle, was visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Layman, last Sunday.

Rev. Faulkner delivered a very interesting sermon to a large audience last Sunday.

Mr. Thomas Carey's chopping mill does first-class work. He is kept very busy.

A few days ago while Mr. Henry Blocher and son were hauling saw logs through his farm, they saw a fine drove of wild geese light in the field close by.

The Mt. Zion Epworth League is progressing very nicely under the presidency of Mr. Thomas H. Layman.

We will close with our best wishes to THE REPUBLICAN. ZERO.

Thayerville.

We are having such changes in the weather through here that almost everybody complains of being sick.

There has been a protracted meeting in progress here for several days held by Rev. G. W. White, which closed Sunday night with an able sermon by the Elder, Rev. Baumgardner.

The second quarterly conference for Deer Park charge was held here on Saturday, the 15th, and after the general routine or conference business the following committees were appointed: T. J. Browning, C. L. Paugh, Frank Nethken, J. F. Browning, Wm. Rodeheaver, John A. Sowers and J. J. Garrett to view and consult as to the advisability of building a Methodist church somewhere between Sand Flat and Thayerville, so as to consolidate Thayerville, Hooppole and Davis' Mill appointments. This is a good move in the right direction. We hope the good work will move on. A committee was also elected to locate a church at Wilson.

EUREKA.

Deer Park, Delayed.

Mr. C. Cohr has removed his saw mill from over the mountain to Mr. Rawleston's farm near this place.

Mr. Joseph McRobie has a badly bruised thumb, caused by striking at some other thing and hitting the thumb.

Mr. Charles Pysell is very ill, also Mrs. S. C. Hoye.

Mr. Wallace Browning, of Cranesville, W. Va., is visiting his lady friends here.

It is reported that the Maryland Supply Co. will have a store here in the near future.

Sheriff Brown was here on business the other day.

As Mr. W. H. Chadderton was going to Deer Park on Saturday morning he found a man lying in a snow drift on the side of the road not more than four hundred yards from the Chaddertou house. The man's hands and face were covered with blood and blood stains all over the snow around where the man lay. Mr. C. thought he was dead: however, he soon discovered the man was alive, and was Mr. Chas. West, of near Deep Creek. Mr. C. helped him on his feet and led him part way to his house. Mr. West then said he could go himself, so Mr. Chadderton told him to go in the house and wash himself and get his breakfast, as Mr. C. wanted to take the early train to Oakland. Mr. West had left Deer Park about 10 o'clock on Friday night and was thrown from his horse and dragged considerable distance by his foot getting fast in the saddle. There was blood stains for half a mile along the road, and in one place it appeared as if there might have been a hog killed.

North Glade.

George S. Lee, who is more than seventy years old, has the measles. He escaped a long time.

Miss Della Savage, who had the measles some time ago, is suffering severely with inflammatory rheumatism.

Miss Anna Howell, of Westernport, paid her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Howell, a ten days visit recently.

We are glad to learn that George W. Moon is succeeding nicely as principal of the Deer Park school.

We are pleased to note that Theodore Beckman is able to be around again.

Rev. G. W. White will commence his protracted meeting here Tuesday evening, March 3d.

O. I. C. continues to hold up our teacher before the public in spite of her remonstrances. He had boasted of being "the people," of employing a "Democratic teacher," but that became obnoxious even to himself. He then boasted of the teacher's qualifications, and he continues to boast of the same. We believe our teachers are generally well qualified for the arduous duties devolving upon them, but we would like to ask what O. I. C. knows about the qualifications of any teacher. UNOME.

Loch Lynn Heights.

The present pleasant moonlight nights are enjoyed very much by the church-goers who attend the successful revival meetings which are being conducted by Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot at the Park.

Mr. H. L. Shipley, of Baltimore, has opened a barber shop on Alderson street. It will be open only on Wednesdays and Saturdays. We wish him success.

Rev. G. W. White, of Deer Park, is visiting among the members of his class here this week.

Mr. Wilson Green, of Crellin, was a visitor to Mr. Amandus Hawk Sunday last.

Mr. Charles A. Ashby has fenced his property on Roanoke avenue.

Mr. J. J. Caton, of Dobbin, W. Va., was on a visit to his family here last week.

Mr. Thomas Callis' baby is convalescing.

Mr. J. J. Loraw, of Crellin, was seen on our streets Monday.

Too much praise cannot be given to Mr. John Hipsley for his religious cartoons that he produces from week to week for our prosperous Sunday school.

Messrs. Bert. and Robert Caton have gone to Schell, where they will be employed on Mr. A. S. Teats saw mill.

On account of the present revivals being held at Pleasant Valley and the Park, Rev. D. R. Wagner will not preach Sunday evening as announced.

Mr. John Shartzer, of Oakland, was here on business Monday.

Two car-loads of framing lumber have been placed on the old baseball grounds for the erection of Mr. A. H. Frey's livery stable.

Hon. C. E. Hilleary, our Assemblyman, was the guest of Mr. C. A. Ashby Sunday.

Mr. C. M. Rathbun will occupy the Lake View house April first.

INVESTIGATOR.

Instrumental music and harmony taught with success by Mrs. W. H. Malette. All grades of musical students from beginners upward to the most advanced, receive a uniform, excellent and systematic instruction in all branches of instrumental music. Terms, $8,00 for instrumental, $5.00 for harmony, for 24 lessons. Address, Mrs. W. H. Malette, 301 Water St., Oakland, Md. 51-5.

ANNAPOLIS.

The Democrats Don't Want a New Assessment Law Passed.

ANNAPOLIS, Feb. 25, 1896.

It has been extremely quiet in Annapolis yesterday and to-day. Governor Lowndes has fully recovered and is himself again. The refusal of Mr. Tompkins to serve as one of the board of license commissioners for Baltimore brought a delegation down this morning, and opened up a very vexatious matter that the Governor thought was off his hands. Who will succeed Mr. Tompkins it is impossible to say.

The office of State fire marshal is also being much sought after, as the ineligibility of Senator Wilkinson makes it vacant. Attorney General Clabaugh is urging the appointment of Mr. Ed. Lawyer, of Westminister, to the place. Mr. Lawyer is president of the State Firemen's Association.

Mr. Jas. M. Sloan, jr., son of Hon. Jas. M. Sloan, State Senator, came down to Annapolis to-day to enter upon a course of preparation for admission to the Naval Academy to succeed Cadet Frank Hilleary, of Cumberland, resigned. Mr. Sloan has been selected by Hon. G. L. Wellington for the position, and will be admitted about the middle of May.

A conversation with Senator Sloan convinces me that with possibly one or two exceptions all of the governor's appointments will be confirmed this week. There is some opposition to Mr. Laird and also Mr. Orr, but it may not prove strong enough to defeat either of them.

The death of Senator Bond opens up two important questions. The first is whether, in contemplation of the constitution, thirteen affirmative votes is sufficient to pass any act of legislation. The Senate is composed of twenty-six members, and a majority of all the members elected is necessary to pass a measure. There were fourteen Democratic members, but the death of Senator Bond leaves that party with but thirteen. A number of lawyers have hastened to be heard upon the question, and several of them have tried to convince the world that thirteen is a majority of twenty-six. But our school arithmetic argued differently.

Another feature is, what becomes of Mr. Dowell's rights as a contestant if a new election is ordered in Calvert county? Mr. Dowell is ready to prove that he and not Bond was elected, and if a new election is ordered, how can he prove his case?

The bill to repeal what is known as the Avirett inebriate act will probably pass the Senate to-day. At the request of several citizens of Cumberland who are tired of this exceedingly vicious measure, I spoke to Senator Norwood about the matter this morning, and he assured me it should pass the Senate to-day. Every effort will then be made to hurry it through the House.

The appointment of Mr. Orr, as labor statistician, was withdrawn from the Senate to-day. A committee from the federation of labor is now in consultation with the governor, and the new appointee will likely be either C. H. Myers, or a gentleman named Wade, a printer of Baltimore city.

Mr. J. H. Holzshu, of Cumberland, arrived here this morning. Mr. R. R. Henderson has been here for several days. Both are interested in legislation.

A caucus of Republican members of the House has decided to give the assessment law the right of way until it reaches final action. The difficulty with this measure is that it is, and has always been, for that matter, in the hands of persons who persist in holding on to all the inquisitorial features: they will hear of no concessions, however slight and will sacrifice the entire law rather than allow any of its drastic features to be disturbed. Then, when the bill is killed, they again pose before the people as the advocates of a reassessment, and rave at those who defeated the bill. Now it is beginning to be suspected here that these gentlemen do not want any new assessment and never did. They are always engineering a law which they *know* cannot pass. They will have that or nothing, and when they get nothing their end is accomplished. I think I can see the hands of the enemies of re-assessment in both parties working on this line now.

Hon. A. E. Ohr is one of the hardest working members of the House. As a member of the committee of ways and means he is engaged from early in the morning until noon. Then the session of the House takes up his time until three p. m. After that hour there is more committee work which frequently extends into the night.

The governor was much mortified to learn this morning that among the Baltimore magesterial appointments there were two men whose reputations were shady, to say the least of them. He was not long in withdrawing their names. An examination of their endorsements shows them to have been well recommended, and yet the proof is positive that both have criminal records. Of course Governor Lowndes had no personal knowledge of either, but appointed them altogether upon the recommendation of those in whom he confided. The endorsers of these men are very busy explaining this morning.

The nomination of Mr. Melvin for State Librarian, was also withdrawn this morning. The persons who recommended him withdrew their support, and there is another vacancy on the slate.

Col. W. W. Johnson and Hon. D. C. Heddinger, the new police commissioners-elect, both called on the Governor this morning.

The Governor says he will await the fate of the bill now pending to abolish the office of fire marshal before sending in another name.

In the Senate the new election law has been under discussion for several days. In the House the reassessment bill holds the boards.

Senator Strobridge bears a strong resemblance to Col. Geo. A. Pearre both in manner and in person, and he is a very important factor in Baltimore polies just now.

Mr. John Shartzer, of Oakland, is at the capital to-day.

Senator Ravenscroft this morning introduced a bill to enlarge the powers of the city of Oakland by amending the charter.

The bill incorporating Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, has passed to a third reading in the House. McC.

Money to loan on first mortgage on improved town property in Oakland, Mt. Lake Park, Deer Park and Loch Lynn Heights. Apply to E. H. Sincell, Attorney, Oakland, Md. 44-tf

SHERIFF'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, and to the undersigned directed, the same being No. 17 Judicials, March Term, 1896, at the suit of C. A. Stanton use J. S. Broadwater vs. Marshall Beachy, I will offer at public auction to the highest bidder, on

SATURDAY, THE 21ST DAY OF MARCH, 1896,

at the hour of eleven o'clock of said day, in front of the Livengood Hotel in the town of Grantsville, all that lot of land situated in said town containing three-quarters of an acre and belonging to said Marshall Beachy on the north side of the National road, formerly occupied by Abraham J. Beachy and known as the "John Faillinger Property," and purchased from him by Abraham J. Beachy, and which the said Marshall acquired from the said Abraham J. Beachy by his last will and testament.

Said property is improved by a dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings.

The defendant's interest in the above property will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN,
51—3 Sheriff of Garrett County.

EVERYBODY APPRECIATES A GOOD NEWSPAPER.

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PITTSBURGH CHRONICLE TELEGRAPH

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CHRONICLE TELEGRAPH,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

ECCLESIASTICAL COLUMN.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, pastor St. Paul's M. E. Church, Editor.

Practical Points From Philemon.

If we judge Paul's Epistle to Philemon from the amount of matter contained therein, it will be found to be among the smaller books of the Bible. Of all the books of the Bible but two, the 2d and 3d Epistles of John, contain fewer verses, yet in this brief letter the great apostle to the Gentiles introduces politico-religious questions which are agitating our modern Christian civilization. Love as a motive power, slavery, the relation of rich and poor, of employer and employee are some of the questions brought up by Paul in the twenty-five verses which make up the Epistle to Philemon.

An examination of the book itself (to which the reader is referred) will show that the following divisions of its contents may be made:

I. Salutation; vss. 1–3.

II. Thanksgiving; vss. 4–7.

III. Plea for favorable reception of Onesimus; vss. 8–21; (1) ground of plea—love's sake; (2) personal considerations; (3) Onesimus' evil over-ruled for good; (4) Onesimus' obligations assumed by Paul; Philemon reminded of his indebtedness to the Apostle; (5) Paul's confidence that Philemon will do as requested.

IV. A promised visit; vs. 22.

V. Closing words and greetings of Paul's companions; vss. 23–24.

VI. The apostolic benediction; vs. 25.

The evident aim of this letter is the "b speaking a kindly welcome for a runaway slave, who has been induced to perform the unheard-of act of voluntarily returning to servitude." The book is not doctrinal, yet it contains the basis of many doctrines. While this letter had to do with a singularly private matter, not a single word needs be changed to make it apply to our return to God. Luther has truly said, "We are all God's Onesimuses and Jesus Christ acts the part of mediator or intercessor" to bring us back again to our rightful master.

The prominent part that Love plays, as a motive factor, is one of the remarkable things of this Epistle. Years ago Paul discovered and put into practice a fact which has recently been made prominent by a modern professor, viz., "Love is the greatest thing in the world." A few quotations from various sources showing something of the power of love may here be introduced: "Love naturally beseeches and does not order; love tends to obliterate the hard distinctions of superior and inferior, which finds its expression in laconic imperatives and silent obedience. The lightest wish breathed by loved lips is stronger than all stern injunctions, often, alas! than all laws of duty." From Paul's example in winning Philemon by love there is an object lesson for all human relationships. "Fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, friends and companions, teachers and guides of all sorts should set their conduct by this pattern, and let the law of love sit ever upon their lips. There is a glimpse here into the very heart of Christ."

It seems a strange irony of fate that after dwelling for a time upon the power of love we should next refer briefly to slavery. To be sure in our country since slavery has become an effete institution, this book, along with multitudes of others, has lost much of its interest as bearing upon this question. However, when Paul wrote, "For perhaps he therefore departed for a season, that thou shouldest receive him forever; not now as a servant, but above a servant, a brother beloved," and "If thou count me therefore a partner, receive him as myself," he sounded the death-knell of slavery. A true, deep spiritual apprehension of the teachings of the gospel is always repugnant to all forms of human slavery. Paul in his epistles and Christ through the Gospels have laid down principles which the world is working out to-day. One of the results coming from their teaching upon the subject of slavery is that one by one the civilized and christianized nations of the globe are abolishing the practice of human slavery, and holding (in theory at least) the equality and common brotherhood of mankind. A historic statue stands in Park square, Boston, Mass. It represents Abraham Lincoln lifting his hands in blessings over the kneeling form of a negro, from the arms and feet of whom have fallen the broken chains of slavery. This picture in bronze is simply a tangible illustration, a natural outcome of Paul's idea of "brother." We who accept the gospel message have but one master—Christ Jesus, our Lord.

Owing to the diversity of gifts and the naturally differing dispositions of man, even if the Christian idea of the brotherhood of man were fully realized, there would still exist the distinction of rich and poor. Paul was "instant in season, out of season," in laboring for the good of both classes. He not only preached *to* the poor, but he also preached *for* the poor. He rebuked covetousness, arrogancy, pride, selfishness and laziness the prime causes of poverty. He spoke against the rich man who ground down the face of the poor. Above all by preaching and proving the poor man is a brother to the rich, and pleading for a brother's treatment. Paul has furnished a solution to the vexed question of the rich and poor which is agitating civilization to-day. This solution does not consist in gracious benefactions on the one hand and a cringing receiving on the other, neither is it found in anarchy nor social equalization, nor community of goods, none of these so-called reform measures have yet fathomed the problem. When we come to recognize every man as our brother, and when we learn to love our brother as ourselves, and when we realize that to wrong our brother is to wrong ourselves, the rich and poor problem will then be settled upon a Christ-like and Pauline basis.

This short epistle also suggests a solution for another great question which is just now prominently before the peoples of all civilized lands, viz: the labor question, or the relation of employer and employe. In these days of uneasiness and unrest and even distrust between these natural partners, when selfishness seems to predominate both classes, when pride and arroganev characterizes the one, and anarchy and discontent are apparent in the other, when strikes and lock-outs are of so frequent occurrence, when the red flag of the socialist, the torch and destructive bomb are abroad, it is high time that lovers of humanity and civilization as well as lovers of Jesus seek earnestly for a true solution of this great problem, and certain it is that we can find no higher authority than the words of Holy Writ, no better solution can be found than in knowing and obeying its teachings. But does the Bible speak definitely upon this subject of capital and labor? Assuredly it does. Paul says, it is true, "Servants obey your masters," but he also adds, "Masters, provoke not your servants to wrath, knowing ye have one master which is Christ." The question after all is not, how many hours shall the workingman labor, nor how much per cent. of the profits shall be receive, but that men shall love one another. This love is not to be confined to the churches alone, nor on Sundays, neither to the lodge rooms nor secret fraternities, but it must be a practical every-day commodity shown on the streets, in the shops, at the market place, in business, in society, everywhere. It is objected that all this is visionary, unreal; that there is nothing tangible in this proposed solution to base action upon, that love is only an emotion. It is admitted to the natural sinful man the solution of love will indeed appear chimerical, but to the one who has realized its transforming power in his own life it is plain. Christ never made a mistake when he gave the Golden Rule, which Paul reiterates and applies. It was meant to be a panacea for all the woes, the discontent, the dissatisfaction, the injustice and inequality that sin brings into this life. This is the Rule that would make strikes impossible, that would place employer and employe on the true basis, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

GOOD ROADS.

Judge Stake Explains His Views at Annapolis.

Judge Stake, on Thursday, submitted his views to the chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means, as a member of the Executive Committee of the Maryland Road League. He does not agree with the provisions of the present bill relating to good roads. Its effect, he said, will only be to develop under the best possible results, a highway or two with the largest possible expenditure of money. The road system of the state, to be of the best possible service to the largest number of people, must be, he contended, uniformly improved, because for practical use in the movements of the people, corps and supplies, the roadway must be of uniform condition. If there be ten miles of good road and one mile of bad road, the farmer must load for the bad mile, and cannot get the benefit of the ten miles of good road. Money enough cannot be collected into the public treasury to make uniform good roads throughout the state, but enough can be wisely spared to produce the same result aided by individual effort.

"My plan" continued the judge, "is a modification of the system by which the sidewalks of the cities of the country are constructed and maintained. Each individual land owner must be required to maintain the public highway abutting on his land to a uniform standard, reasonably safe and convenient for travel, and this obligation must be enforced by appropriate remedies. We will then in a comparatively short space of time have better roads, alike available for the abutting owner and the wayfarer on foot, vehicle, or bicycle. The wayfarer has no right to expect something better for his uses than is given to the resident citizens who bear the burden of construction.

"But it is not equitable for the abutting owner to pay the whole cost. He ought to bear the greater portion of it, for in practice and actual use he gets the largest and most use of it. A sum ought to be levied and paid by the public treasury to the abutting owner based upon the number of rods of road constructed by him. This will go far to relieve him. His own labor, skill and attention make the improvement, and the amount paid to him in some compensation and recognition for his efforts. This labor and skill on his part is not a total loss, for its results are betterment to his land, and will increase the value of the abutting land.

"For the best results, it is necessary to get close to the people in all the details of the operation of this system. Hence it is a mistake to have a state, and necessarily to some extent a political bureau or supervision. The levy and payment in aid of the landowner should be though the local management, the county commissioners, they being under our state organization the authoritative representatives closer to the people.

"The difficulties in the past and now attending the road management is its removal from the people. It is absolutely necessary to bring it into the closest possible relation to them, which will be accomplished by this system. A state bureau or superintendent with a state appropriation, in my opinion, with the experience I have gained with the splendid turnpike system of our county, will be a positive evil.

"The best thing for the legislature to do is, to provide for the appointment by the governor of an unpaid commission to formulate a law in accordance with the system I have outlined, to be reported for legislative action."

Crusaders.

At the home of Rev. S. M. Engle on Tuesday night last a new method of treatment was tested. Mr. Engle had been for some days in the grasp of La Grippe, and without any warning a company of his congregation entered his study and began the work of rescue in the true Crusader style. They pounded him and his family with such modern weapons as dry goods, groceries, money, etc., and it is reported that there was sound sleep and dreams of kind faces in his home that night. La grippe will succumb to such treatment. We may add that the gentleman has recovered his usual health.

A Correction.

In our last issue a paragraph in the Ecclesiastical Column read, "A[illegible]plied to the illustration of some sacred truth. In this it differs fro[illegible] a *fable*, the moral of which is alw[illegible]ys intended to illustrate some hig[illegible] spiritual maxims." The mista[illegible] was an oversight which occurred in the manuscript. The paragraph should have read, "In this it differs from a *fable*, the moral of which is always intended to illustrate some maxim of human prudence. The *parable* is always intended to illustrate some high spiritual maxims."

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Farmers, now is a chance to take advantage of a good fertilizer. All who have tried HARVEST QUEEN speak well of it.
Keep your eye on one of the stores of
THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO.
51-1yr.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS OF
GARRETT COUNTY.
OAKLAND, MD., February 26th, 1896.

For the want of funds, we will be compelled to close the public schools of Garrett county on the 13th day of March, 1896. All schools not having made full time will be allowed to run two weeks longer, if necessary, to make up lost time, but all schools *must* close on the 27th day of March, 1896.

SCHOOL BOARD MEETING.

The Board of School Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office on the
2nd Day of April, 1896,
to audit teachers' reports and to transact any other business requiring their attention.
By order of the Board.
WM. HINEBAUGH, Sec'y.

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL
ROOFING.
SPOUTING, ETC.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
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T. R. CARSKADON,
20—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

THE NAME OF THE NEXT
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN
The New York Weekly Tribune,
OF NOVEMBER 4th, 1896.

Public interest will steadily increase, and the question how the men who votes turned the scale at the last election are satisfied with the results under the administration they elected, will make the campaign the most intensely exciting in the history of the country.

The New York Weekly Tribune,

the leading Republican family newspaper of the United States, will publish all the political news of the day, interesting to every American citizen regardless of party affiliations.

Also general news in attractive form, foreign correspondence covering the news of the world, an agricultural department second to none in the country, market reports which are recognized authority, fascinating short stories, complete in each number, the cream of the humorous papers, foreign and domestic, with their best comic pictures, fashion plates and elaborate descriptions of woman's attire, with a varied and attractive department of household interest. The "New York Weekly Tribune" is an ideal family paper, with a circulation than that of any other weekly publication in the country issued from the office of a daily. Large changes are being made in its details tending to give it greater life and variety, and especially more interest to the women and younger people at the household.

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Having opened a store on First Street, I will receive all kinds of country produce at the market price in exchange for goods. Goods sold cheap for cash. Call and see me.
38 WILLIAM W. SWEET.

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FOR THE PEOPLE AND WITH THE PEOPLE.

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RIGHT PRACTICES.

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Our Greenhouse } A few bones by mail { Your Kitchen.
Order a pound and see how nice they are.
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FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $100; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $100 balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.
E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
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Will be wreathed with a most engaging smile, after you invest in a
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The most complete and useful devices ever added to any sewing machine.
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Durably and Handsomely Built, Of Fine Finish and Perfect Adjustment, Sews ALL Sewable Articles,
And will serve and please you up to the full limit of your expectations.
ACTIVE DEALERS WANTED in unoccupied territory. Liberal terms. Address,
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WHY SHOULD YOU SEND YOUR CHILD
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BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.
1st. He (or she) can be prepared for college; he can study book keeping, shorthand, typewriting, etc., and be fitted for business; he can begin his course in medicine or pharmacy under a teacher who has made the subject of chemistry a specialty.
2nd. It is a home school (co-educational and for a limited number) and is conducted with all the loving, care-taking ministrations for individual development that the name implies.
3rd. Students require the most bracing, nerve-building climate, and here they have it. Among the recreations are skating, boating, tennis, bowling.
4th. English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, German, Musical and Art courses. Bible study and high ethical teaching will fit him for a noble Christian career.
E. E. SWAN, Principal,
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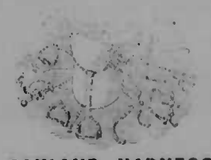

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carry the best stock of heavy, hand made harness and horse furnishing goods to be found in the country.
Alder Street, opposite G. S. Hamill's office.
TRUMAN WEST, Manager.
26—26t.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, October 20, 1895. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.48 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 49	—Express, daily except Mon.	8.55 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 47	—Daily except Mon	10.49 A. M
No. 55	—Express, daily	6.32 P. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	6.45 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	—Daily	5.59 A. M
No. 2	—Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	9.08 A. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	4.32 P. M
No. 48	—Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	12.20 A. M

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A TROUBLED CONSCIENCE.

It Leads Many Wrongdoers to Make Restitution.

Stray Leaves from Uncle Sam's Confessional—A Strange Letter Received by President Cleveland—Contributions to the Conscience Fund.

During the past year over $700 was sent to the treasury department by 17 different persons who confessed that they had come by it dishonestly at the expense of the government. This sum was dropped into the treasury as the "conscience fund." The public occasionally notices acknowledgments for conscience contributions published by the government in the newspapers. Although few have heard definite information concerning it, Uncle Sam conducts a sort of confessional agency of his own. He encourages wrongdoers to repent and ease their consciences by returning money for value dishonestly taken from him in the past. He guarantees that there shall be "no questions asked" and no effort made to prosecute a penitent person brave enough to purge his soul in this way.

The correspondence which this system brings to the secretary of the treasury and to other government officials—often to the president himself—is extremely interesting. The writer has been given the unusual privilege of examining the official files in which these odd communications are preserved.

A letter recently received by the president is from a child, evidently but 15 years of age. It reads:

DEAR PRESIDENT: I am in a dreadful state of mind, and I thought I would write and tell you all. About two years ago, as near as I can remember it was two years, I used two postage stamps that had been used before on letters, perhaps more than two stamps, but I can only remember of doing it twice. I did not realize what I had done until lately. My mind is constantly turning on that subject, and I think of it night and day. Now, dear president, will you please forgive me and I promise you I will never do it again. Inclosed find cost of three stamps, and please forgive me, for I was then but 13 years old; for I am heartily sorry for what I have done.

FROM ONE OF YOUR SUBJECTS.

This pathetic appeal for forgiveness was not dated, nor did the writer sign his or her name. The penmanship is characteristic of a child, probably a girl, but the spelling is good, the whole indicating youth rather than ignorance.

A letter dated Washington is from a clergyman who signs his name and incloses four dollars and a fraction. He explains that it was owed to the government as duty, and interest since accruing, on several cheap watches smuggled into this country a number of years ago by a man who has since confessed to him. "The man who pays this money," the writer goes on to say, "was converted a few weeks ago in the —— meetings held in this city regularly. This act attests the genuineness of the work of regeneration by the Holy Spirit."

A person evidently at one time connected with the navy wrote to Secretary Carlisle from New York several weeks ago. His communication was printed in square letters upon a sheet of foolscap from the top of which the manufacturer's stamp had been carefully torn. Inclosed was five dollars which the sender explained was "for conscience fund, navy 1889." "I forwarded to you," he continues, "October 4, ten dollars for the same purposes and on the 17th of October, 1895, I mailed ten dollars more to the treasurer of the United States, Washington, D. C., because you did not comply with my request to acknowledge receipt of the same through the New York newspapers, neither did the treasurer. You will confer a great favor on me—a conscience-stricken man—if you will kindly inform the Herald and other New York papers and request publication of receipt and proper disposition of the total amount—twenty-five dollars ($25)."

All conscience money is acknowledged through the newspapers of the city or town post-marked upon the envelope in which it is received. Very often, however, the senders of the money fail to notice these acknowledgments which simply state that the treasury department has received a certain amount from a person living in that locality. The name is never published, even though signed by the sender of the money.

Another penitent spirit who squares up his old scores on the installment plan, writes from New York city, although the postmark is all that gives evidence of his whereabouts. The envelope is addressed to Secretary Carlisle in an intelligent man's cramped backhand, with no apparent attempt to disguise. Inside $40 was inclosed in a smaller envelope, upon which was written: "The treasurer of the United States. The inclosed belongs to the United States." A similar indefinite communication inclosing $50 was received from the same person a few weeks later.

Several weeks ago another contribution was received by President Cleveland. In this was a five-dollar note upon which was pinned a small scrap of paper with the following scratched upon it in pencil:

"DEAR SIR: This belongs to the United States Government. IGNOTUS."

The largest conscience contribution received during the past year was a note for $165 drawn by a bank of Montreal upon a bank of New York. It was addressed to the secretary of the treasury in an illiterate hand and inclosed in a piece of paper which bears a note in pencil requesting that it be deposited in the national fund. The sender signs a name, but it is believed that it is fictitious. In almost all cases where acknowledgments are sent by the department to contributors giving their names, the receipts fail to reach anyone and are returned.

A yellow envelope postmarked Boston, and addressed to "John G. Carlisle," contains a sheet of ruled paper upon which is stated that the inclosed six dollars "closes the account of an overpaid soldier." It is signed simply "Union Soldier."

A conscience-stricken smuggler sends an envelope postmarked Brooklyn, inclosing six dollars folded in a sheet of plain note paper, upon which is written the single word "Duties." Smugglers are said to be the most numerous of all offenders who have yet made amends through the conscience fund.

A feminine hand writes to the secretary of the treasury under New York postmark.

"Fifteen dollars to pay duty on a piece of embroidery bought of a poor lady in Canada to help her along, but contrary to my wish brought 'across the line' by her brother, without paying any duty. The United States consul informed him at the time that there was a duty of 60 per cent. on that class of work."

A similar case is that of a person, evidently a man, writing from Hartford, Conn. He addresses himself to Secretary Carlisle and says:

"DEAR SIR: Though I disapprove as heartily as you do of the recent tariff laws, I think it the duty of every honest man to declare fully the duty of articles subject to the same, as he can only avoid doing so by perjuring himself. I did so when I returned from Europe, with the exception of a few trifles, which, if examined, would have involved putting about the contents of my trunk to the injury of my property, but with the intention of sending the full duty thereon to you."

Continuing, the writer expresses the hope that the secretary will have the present laws altered, and winds up by saying:

"I hope this less on account of the economic ignorance which they display, than because of the terrible demoralizations which they have powerfully aided to bring about. Very respectfully, A. B. C."

This sample of eloquence accompanied $40 in greenbacks, the duty owed on the "few trifles."

An envelope postmarked Pleasant Lake, N. D., registered and bearing a name, evidently intended for that of the sender, upon the outside, crosswise along the edge, is apparently from an old person. He incloses ten dollars, assuring the secretary that "there is a little more due in the near future," and concludes: "All of us become honest as we near the great hereafter. I need only sign my name as 'Conscience.'"

A letter postmarked Pomeroy, O., and inclosing $38, betrays a desperate effort to appear illiterate, on the part of the writer. The note simply states: "Money I owe to the public." Another who poses as an ignoramus addresses his envelope, postmarked Washington, in an exceedingly artistic hand, and incloses two dollars wrapped in a slip of paper, upon which is scrawled: "Two the conshius fund." This spelling and chirography is looked upon as an intentional disguise. Similar attempts have been made before. Several envelopes have been received inclosing small sums of money accompanied by slips of paper is half written, half printed "Konscience fund." The curves in the script letters are gracefully made and indicate intelligence. It is not thought improbable that these misspelt communications are from the same person—maybe a penitent department employe who has been dishonest.

A few weeks ago the superintendent of the mint in Philadelphia received an anonymous letter inclosing five dollars, which the sender requested to be put in the mint appropriation. This was sent to Secretary Carlisle to be added to the conscience fund.

A letter received by the secretary some months further back reads:

"SIR: Please find my thirty dollars ($30) to be placed to the credit of the conscience fund, from the awakened conscience of an old veteran who has been laying aside a little at a time for some time, and who has not been able yet to figure just what it is, but who hopes to light on the data yet and restore it before he is called to meet his God."

This appears upon a broad sheet of foolscap, in an even business hand.

Ten dollars was also found with a letter in a woman's handwriting which states: "A number of years ago I omitted or failed to pay a tax on an article possessed by my family. I do not remember exactly how much it was, but I think ten dollars will cover it. And I here inclose ten dollars to you as payment to the United States government for said tax, etc. Yours, Name Not Necessary."

The largest amount of conscience money ever received from one person was $8,000, sent by mail some years ago. This was in the form of a note, which the sender cut diagonally in half. He mailed one-half and retained the other until after he had received acknowledgment of the former through the press. The note was, of course, good for the face value when both parts were in possession of the treasury. It was never learned what the offense of this person had been.

It is believed by the treasury officials that many of the contributions received through this agency are from feeble-minded persons suffering from the hallucination that they are debtors to the government. This type of crank is said to exist in contradiction to the individual who has claims against the government for alleged services rendered or property confiscated. On the whole, however, this confessional agency is an enterprise to be encouraged. It not only pays Uncle Sam, but it lifts a crushing weight from many a repenting soul.—Detroit Free Press.

A Strong Hint.

"Uncle" Peter Bates was a local celebrity who kept the tavern in Randolph, Vt., in the old staging days. He was noted for his dry humor, and was never at a loss for a retort or for a method of expressing his ideas. One morning, after breakfast, as a stranger was about to depart without paying his bill, Uncle Peter walked up to him and blandly said: "Mister, if you should lose your pocketbook between here and Montpelier remember you didn't take it out here."

—Toledo, O., has 110,000 people living on 28½ square miles of ground; the city is worth $44,883,440, and its bonded debt is $4,708,275.

WEALTH OF PELTS AND FURS.

Large Fortunes Made in the Hide and Leather Business.

Truly, this age is not all wool and cotton and flax, while still the stout old merchants of the swamp maintain the tradition of the days when the foundations of great New York fortunes were laid in furs and pelts. In the weird shadows of the old warehouses one would scarcely be surprised if the painted ghost of a chief of the Manhatoes should step forth from the draperies of leather, with his coat-in moccasins, spurning the prosaic dust of commerce. Back of him might rise another phantom—Savage Man, as Carlyle describes him, with his "thick natural fell" and naught else!

Not all in the swamp is tame, domestic. Calfskins and cowhides are there, of course, the great staples of the leather trade. But a hundred beasts of the wilderness have taken Scriptural counsel and yielded their mantles to their enemies. Their pelts adorn the shelves of the merchants yonder, from the canvas spread of the Asiatic elephant to the pathetic hands-breadth of the Brazilian lizard.

It is a long day since the hide of an elephant has appeared in Spruce street. The market is supplied by traveling showmen who have the big brutes die on their hands. No hides are shipped from Asia or Africa. They would spoil in transit. About once a year an elephant skin reaches the swamp. It takes a twelvemonth for tanning and there is only one establishment in the country where the business is carried on. That is in Newark.

An elephant hide so prepared is worth $500. It is so thick that it is split a dozen times, thus amplifying the area of the skin in much the same ingenious fashion in which Dido's city was laid out. These splits are used for making pocketbooks and carpetbags, which sell at a prince's ransom. The pocketbooks bring as high as $25 and the bags as high as $100. Only two houses are known to manufacture them. The elephant has a rival in the walrus hide, which is corrugated and marvelously tough. It has no use of vestment, but it is valuable for polishing purposes, emery wheels and the like. Another sea animal, the porpoise, yields a hide which is cut into strips and makes shoe strings. There is some small trade in it in the leather district.

The scalp of "that old serpent, the natural enemy of woman," now dangles in triumph from her girdle. Snake skins are in high favor for reticules, belts and pocketbooks. Chiefly the rattlers and boa constrictors are sought out for destruction. A skin eight inches wide and eight feet long brings about $2.50. For similar use the jungles have witnessed a run on Java and Brazilian lizards. The skins of the former are sometimes three feet long, while the Brazilian variety is only a few inches in length, but brings even a higher price.

Every house in the swamp has an alligator hide hanging on a nail. There is a tender strip of skin on the belly of the gigantic saurian that answers the same purposes as the garb of his little brother the lizard. This segment of epidermis sells for about $1.25. Very few shoes are any longer made of alligator skin. On the back of the brute is an area rough as a cobblestone pavement, that has recently been leveled upon with artistic results for the coverings of bags. Occasionally a crocodile hide comes into the market, and then it takes one of the older heads to distinguish the Egyptian from his American cousin. There is always a lively business in kangaroo leather. The raw hides are shipped here from Australia in casks, pickled away in brine. When turned they bring 20 to 45 cents a square foot.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

LEO IS A GREAT POPE.

Marion Crawford Compares Him with Other Rulers of Europe.

Of the pope's statesmanship and Latinity the world knows much and is sure to hear more—most, perhaps, hear, when another and smaller man shall sit in the great pope's chair. For he is a great pope. There has not been his equal, intellectually, for a long time, nor shall we presently see his match again. The era of individualities has not gone by, as some pretend. We of middle age have seen in our lifetime Cavour, Louis Napoleon, Garibaldi, Disraeli, Bismarck, Leo XIII., and the young emperor of Germany. With the possible exception of Cavour, who died—poisoned, as some say—before he had lived out his life, few will deny that of all these the present pope possesses in many respects the most evenly-balanced and stubbornly sane disposition. That fact alone speaks highly for the judgment of the men who elected him, in Italy's half-crazed days, immediately after the death of Victor Emmanuel.

At all events, there stands at the head of the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic church as wise a leader as any who in our day has wielded power; as skilled, in his own manner, as any who hold the pen; and better than all that, as straightly simple and honest a Christian man as ever fought a great battle for his faith's sake.

Straight-minded, honest and simple he is, yet keen, sensitive and nobly cautious; for there is no nobility in him who risks a cause for the vanity of his own courage, and who out of mere anger against those he hates squanders the devotion of those who love him. In a sense, to-day, the greater the man the greater the peacemaker. And so it should be; for if peace be counted among blessings, the love of it is among the virtues. "Blessed are the peacemakers."—Marion Crawford, in Century.

When Thought Of.

Hungry Hugh—Say, de yer t'ink de rich blokes ever t'links of us?

Weary Waggles — Yes, when dey reads de comic newspapers.—Truth.

TITLED AMERICANS.

Romance of the Heritage of English Noblemen.

By a decision of the house of lords in 1800 in favor of Rev. Bryan Fairfax the title of Baron Fairfax of Cameron was acquired and quietly pigeonholed along with other outworn vanities by the Fairfaxes of Virginia and Maryland. In like manner the heir to the title and estates of Kingsale and Ringrone, the oldest barony in Ireland, which included the questionable right to wear the baronial hat in the presence of royalty, is at this present writing enjoying bucolic peace and ease on his ancestral grounds of Cheston-upon-Wye, in Queen Anne's county, contemplating with satisfaction his cattle and sheep (appropriately beasts of gentle blood and high degree) and wondering, if ever he gives a thought to the matter, how a gentleman, because he happens to be a premier baron of Ireland, can fail to doff his beaver to a lady because she happens to be merely queen of England. This is Dr. William Henry De Courcy, of the ancient stock of that name, whereof a branch was transplanted to Maryland about 1653 by younger sons of the house of Kingsale—descendants of that doughty earl of Ulster, whose prowess is celebrated in the ballad:

"So they gave this hearty honor
To the bold De Courcy race,
That they ever should dare their helms to wear
Before the king's own face."

"And when every head is unbonneted,
They walk in cap and plume."

The actual holder of the title inherits from a sailor who hailed from Rhode Island, and whose elevation to the dignities and emoluments of the barony was accomplished by an ingenious and complicated scheme of imposition after the death of Gerald, the 24th baron, in 1759, that recalls the notorious Tichborne conspiracy. It is even probable that Arthur Orton or his abettors may have found their inspiration and instructions in the case of the De Courcys, of "My Lord's Gift" and Cheston-upon-Wye in Maryland. The daughters of Gerald warmly espoused the cause and claim of the Maryland family. A lady of the Kingsale connection, writing from London to William De Courcy, of Cheston, in 1763, says:

"The late earl was, in his latter days, weak in his understanding and open to imposture, being greatly anxious to continue the honors of his family with his name. A certain great Personage, and a party who had their own views, foisted in this man as his relation, tho' 't is plain he is an Impostor, and deceived the Earl by information drawn from himself. 'T is not the purpose to give an account of him. They call him a despicable Shave, who was bred a ropemaker and waterman. He is, however, the first peer in the Kingdom, and has actually exercised the Privilege of wearing his hat in the Royal presence."

In a petition to the "Right Honorable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled," the daughters of the earl of Kingsale assert that for some years before, and to the time of his death, his lordship "laboured under a constant Indisposition of Mind, and was weak in his Understanding, easy of belief, open to imposition, and a proper object for designing Persons to work upon, by whose Creatures he was constantly surrounded; that in this Melancholy state of Mind it was first contrived by improper insinuations to alienate his Affections from his said children, and then to introduce, as the real Heir male of that Antient Family, a person of the name of John Courcy or De Courcy, brought from a state of Obscurity and the lowest Degree in life—a Common Boatman, then plying for Hire at Portsmouth in Great Britain; a Person before unheard of, and unknown to the Family. * * * Your petitioners are well assured, and doubt not to prove if they are permitted to do so, that William De Courcy, Esq., of Queenstown, in Maryland, is the real and true Heir male of the Family, and as such respected and considered in that Country; and the late Lord, before he fell into that Melancholy state of Mind, and the Hands of designing Persons, did publickly declare that William De Courcy, son of Miles De Courcy, was the next Heir male of his Family."

But these eastern shore De Courcys, being content with their terrapin and oysters and ducks, and the honorable regard of their neighbors, and especially wary of tedious and costly litigation, just "let the old thing go," while they concerned themselves rather for the independence of the colonies, and proceeded to equip a gallant young captain for the army of the revolution. So the Rhode Island boatman had it all his own way, and, singing:

"Fare thee well, my trim-built wherry,
Boat and oars and badge, farewell!"

took coach for London and immediately begun to talk to his betters "through his hat."—John Williamson Palmer, in Century.

Two Irish Stories.

An Irish relative of mine found two countrymen in the dust of the highway. The uppermost was thumping the beaten foe severely. The newcomer cried: "Let him get up. 'Tis a cowardly thing to hit a fellow when he's down." The victor panted: "Yer honor'd never be after asking me to let him up av ye knew the thrubble 'twas I had to down him." The same gentleman tells how he visited a wild beast show, and saw a countryman come in, bearing unmistakable signs of having had a glass too much. A tiger scratched the back of the hand with which the man grasped a bar of the cage. The laceration was severe and the pain great. The sufferer danced about and twirled his shillalah, crying: "Let him out, let him out, till I have me will av him." A companion tried to soothe the irate dancer with this neat impromptu: "Never mind, Pat! Sure he only wanted to scrape acquaintance wid ye!"—Westminster Gazette.

She Believed It.

"So, you really think you are a hypnotist, do you?" she asked.

"I am satisfied that I have considerable hypnotic power," he replied.

"Well, perhaps you are right," she said thoughtfully. "That would explain a good many things that have bothered me at times."

"Really?" he exclaimed, showing his pleasure.

"Unquestionably."

"Such as what?"

"Well, for one thing, it would explain how you were ever able to induce me to marry you," she answered insinuatingly.—Chicago Post.

Provided, Now.

Though she usurps our trousers,
We do not greatly care,
Since she can now no longer say
She hasn't a thing to wear.
—Detroit Tribune.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

She—An inner voice tells me—

He—What, you've got an inner voice, too!—Fliegende Blaetter.

A Polite Little Boy.

Johnnie Chatlie had been told to always put his hand before his mouth when he yawned. The other day he said:

"Grandma, put your hand over my mouth. I've got a piece of cake in one hand and something else in the other."—Dallas (Tex.) Sifter.

A Sure Cure.

Family Doctor—Your wife needs outdoor exercise more than anything else.

Husband—But she won't go out. What am I to do?

"Give her plenty of money to shop with."—N. Y. Weekly.

Masculine Conceit.

Mr. and Mrs. Fogg were having almost a quarrel over their youthful son, who had not been conducting himself in a way to please his mother.

"I don't care," Mrs. Fogg exclaimed, "Henry is just like you. Even a stranger could tell in a minute that he was your son."

"Sh, Hannah," Mr. Fogg broke in. "Don't say such things in his presence. You'll make the little chap as vain as a peacock."—Boston Transcript.

An Important Witness.

Dallas Lawyer—You say you made an examination of the premises. What did you find?

Witness—Oh, nothing of consequence; only "a beggarly array of empty boxes," as Shakespeare says.

Lawyer—Never mind what Shakespeare says. He will be summoned later and will speak for himself, if he knows anything about the case.—Dallas (Tex.) Sifter.

An Important Distinction.

"I suppose that it would take a great deal of observation and experience to enable a man to pick the fastest horse entered for a race," she remarked.

"Yes," replied the man of mournful experience; "but that isn't what you are trying to do. What you want is to pick the horse that is going to win."—Washington Star.

Their Need.

Miss Cycleton—Mrs. Wheeler's husband is too mean to live!

Miss Sprockett—How so?

Miss Cycleton—Why, the other day, he overheard me saying to his wife that we ought to have a bicycle club, and he sang out coarsely: "What's the matter with an ax?"—Puck.

Properly Described.

"He's one of those self-acting clerks," said the proprietor of the little gun-shop, in speaking of the young man who had quit his employ.

"How is that?" asked the patron.

"He discharges himself."—Chicago Post.

Made Her Tired.

The teacher of the infant class at the Sunday school, to interest the little ones, had begun to tell them the story of the fall of man, when a mite of a girl was heard to exclaim aloud: "Oh, I'm so tired of that story about the Adamses."—Boston Transcript.

[Copyright, 1896.]

A Mother Wanted.

Repentant Son—Mother, you warned me, when I married Miss De Pink, that I'd made my bed and must lie in it.

Mother—Indeed I did.

"Well, I shan't ask you to remake the bed, but I do wish you'd come and superintend the cooking."—N. Y. Weekly.

A Long Course of Instruction.

"He skates very gracefully," said one young woman to another. "I asked him to teach me."

"And is he going to?"

"Yes. He says he'll begin next summer. The first thing to do if you are going to skate in this climate is to learn to swim."—Washington Star.

He Obeyed Instructions.

Mrs. Wreakhard (the landlady)—How is it that you are taking your medicine after dinner? I thought the doctor told you to take it before meals.

Mrs. Oldboarder—He said it didn't make any difference as long as I took it on an empty stomach.—Life.

He Sold Out.

"An opening for capital," so ran the luring line,
And a certain man with money caught its spell,
Up his hope flew like a rocket,
Yet that opening was the pocket
Of a chap who had experience to sell.
—San Francisco Examiner.

She Read the Papers.

Dealer — Cabinets? Yes, madame. How would you like a Louis XVI.?

Fair Customer—I have not seen Louis XVI. cabinets mentioned in the papers for some time. Let me see a Cleveland cabinet, please.—N. Y. Weekly.

Consoling Her.

Mrs. Spooner—Why, Algy, you haven't smoked but one cigar out of that box I got you a month ago!

Spooner—Well, dear, cigars are like wine, you know; they improve with age!—N. Y. World.

Brand New.

Freddy Wyze—Say, pa, Aunt Phyllis is a new woman, isn't she?

Mr. Wyze — Why do you ask that, Freddy?

Freddy Wyze—'Cause when she kissed me some of the varnish rubbed off her cheek on my coat.—Judge.

A Freak.

Sally Gay—Fred Broadback is the most remarkable man of my acquaintance.

Dollie Swift—How so?

Sally Gay—Why, it is actually possible for him to look dignified while wearing ear-muffs!—Puck.

THE DAY BEFORE THE WAKE.

Pat—Now, min' phin yez see th' tree shtartin' t' fall, yank me up out av har-rm's way.—Judge.

Singular Enough.

"Isn't it funny, papa?" said Willie, as he played with the typewriter. "When I use a pen, my writing is very different from yours, but with this machine you couldn't tell 'em apart."—Harper's Bazar.

FARM AND GARDEN.

KEEPING ROADS GOOD.

Seventeen Rules Recommended by an English Association.

The Road Improvement association, of London, England, recently issued a circular containing 17 rules for the guidance of roadmasters in keeping macadam and telford roads in proper repair, as follows:

1. Never allow a hollow, a rut or a puddle to remain on a road, but fill it up at once with chips from the stone heap.

2. Always use chips for patching and for all repairs during the summer season.

3. Never put fresh stones on the road if, by cross-picking and a thorough use of the rake, the surface can be made smooth, and kept at the proper strength and section.

4. Remember that the rake is the most useful tool in your collection, and it should be kept at hand the whole year round.

5. Do not spread large patches of stone over the whole width of the road, but coat the middle or horse track first, and when this has worn in coat each of the sides in turn.

6. In moderately dry weather and on hard roads always pick up the old surface into ridges six inches apart, and remove all large and projecting stones before applying a new coating.

7. Never spread stones more than one stone deep, but add a second layer when the first has worn in, if one coat be not enough.

8. Never shoot stones upon the road and crack them where they lie, or a smooth surface will be out of the question.

9. Never put a stone upon the road for repairing purposes that will not freely pass in every direction through a two-inch ring, and remember that smaller stones should be used for patching and for all slight repairs.

10. Recollect that hard stones should be broken to finer gauge than soft, but that the two-inch gauge is the largest that should be used under any circumstances where no steam roller is employed.

11. Never be without your ring gauge; remember Macadam's advice, that any stone you can not easily put into your mouth should be broken smaller.

12. Use chips, if possible, for binding newly-laid stones together, and remember that road sweepings, horse droppings, soda or grass and other rubbish, when used for this purpose, will ruin the best road ever constructed.

13. Remember that water-worn or rounded stones should never be used upon steep gradients, or they will fail to bind together.

14. Never allow dust or mud to lie on the surface of the roads, for either of these will double the cost of maintenance.

15. Recollect that dust becomes mud at the first shower, and that mud forms a wet blanket which will keep the road in a filthy condition for weeks at a time, instead of allowing it to dry in a few hours.

16. Remember that the middle of the road should always be a little higher than the sides, so that rain may run into the side gutters at once.

17. Never allow the water tables, gutters and ditches to clog up, but keep them clear the whole year through.

Every roadmaster and supervisor should cut these rules out and paste them in his everyday hat. To make a good road is one thing and to keep it in good repair is quite another thing.

The finest roads in Europe are the result of a splendid repair system where every defect is promptly corrected before it has time to cause serious damage to the highway.

TWO OBJECT LESSONS.

Why Rain and Snow Injure a Good Many Highways.

The two cross sections of country roads shown herewith are in the nature of object lessons that tell their own story. The first (Fig. 1) is that of hundreds of country highways—ditches at the sides, a high grass-grown edge or "shoulder" on either side of the wheel

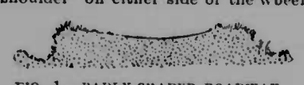

FIG. 1.—BADLY-SHAPED ROADWAY.

track, and a concave roadbed. When rain falls on such a highway how can it do otherwise than run along the center of the road, washing away all loose soil in its course, until it finds a chance to escape into one of the side ditches? Where such a road is upon rising or falling ground, the washing is especially severe, because of the force of the water, which on steep hills

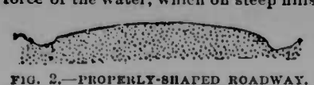

FIG. 2.—PROPERLY-SHAPED ROADWAY.

often becomes a perfect torrent, pouring down the middle of the highway The proper form of a roadway is shown in Fig. 2. The "shoulders" have been moved and carried into the middle of the road, the whole surface being nicely rounded from one side to the other. Rain falling upon such a road will run off at once into the ditches, leaving the roadbed firm and dry. — Orange Judd Farmer.

True Way of Testing Cows.

It is now established as a fact that the only true method of testing cows for butter is not by churning the milk, but by the use of the tester. It is not satisfactory, after churning the milk, to find quite a large percentage of the butter fat in the buttermilk. There is more skill required in handling the milk and cream to insure perfect success than ordinary dairymen are willing to bestow. The temperature, the churning, the age of the cream and even the food are conditions to be met in testing cows.

Too much pruning is as bad as too little. Both extremes should be avoided.

KINDNESS TO COWS.

Without It Success in the Dairy Is Almost Impossible.

The long domestication of the cow and the large demand made upon her have in some cases directed almost her entire vitality into the production of milk as if for her progeny. Cows selected especially for the dairy are of this kind, and they must have cultivated along with this unselfish giving of themselves for others a habit of kindness amounting almost to love for those for whom they live. This would be directly expressed to their own offspring and would be reciprocated were not the kindness of the cow by artificial means directed into the channel of supporting the human milker, instead of her own progeny; hence, the best dairy cows are of a kindly disposition and express their kindness in their constant effort to supply the demand made upon them. This naturally expects and deserves reciprocation on the part of those who are benefited by her unselfish life.

The dairyman who has this proper love for his cows will think nothing too much trouble that he can do for the comfort of his cows. And happily in this case, as in all others, it pays to be kind, for cows have brains and kindly emotions, if properly cultivated.

Herein may be found the apparent hidden cause why one milker can get more milk and butter from the same cow than others can, and that the one who gets the most milk and butter is not always the best milker when judged by his skill, but he is nevertheless the best milker for that cow, because she likes him the best; his touch and manner have in them a kindness which puts her in a humor to give him all her milk and to give it in the best possible condition.—Farm News.

DISHORNING STEERS.

How It Is Done and the Kind of Stanchion to Be Used.

It is a pinin stanchion, set in the mouth of a chute three feet wide, built inside of a strong corral. The stanchion is built like any other, except the bar, P, which is nailed across about 20 or 24 inches from the ground. The one-half-inch rope, E, should be about 12 feet long, with a three-inch ring tied

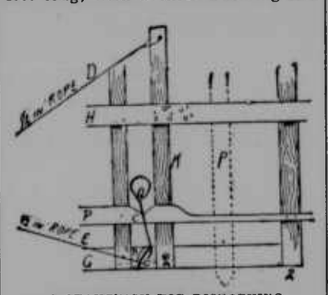

A STANCHION FOR DISHORNING.

to the end of it. When the steer's head is in place, the stanchion closed by means of the rope, D, and fastened by the pin at X, put the rope, E, over his neck back of the ears, bringing the ring down under his chin. Then take a tight of rope, poke it through the ring and bring the loop up over the nose. Let a man pull on the other end of the rope, and the steer's head comes down in the notch, C, so tight that he can neither move nor bawl. B is a small block fastened to the bottom part of the stanchion by a staple; P is a temporary bar set up while the steer is being put in the stanchion. When the horns are off, take the bar, P, down, and dishorned steers pass out into another pen, and are thus kept separated.—Rural New Yorker.

TWENTY MILLION DOLLARS.

That's What It Costs Every Year to Keep Our Roads in Repair.

The total length of the common roads in this country, good, bad and indifferent, is estimated by Gen. Stone, of the road bureau of the department of agriculture, at something over 1,300,000 miles. The majority of these roads have been opened by common laborers, hired by local supervisors, and no engineering principles have been observed in their construction. As a result, it costs more to keep them in repair than if they were as many fluely macadamized roads.

Keeping these poor roads in repair and opening new thoroughfares cost Massachusetts in 1893, outside of cities, $1,136,944, or $66.30 per mile, and New Jersey $778,407.82, or $43.25 per mile The total expenditure for roads in that year amounted to about $20,000,000. As a greater part of the enormous sum was spent in repairing poorly-constructed roads, that would need exactly the same attention next year, it is not an exaggeration to say that most of the money was wasted.

Fine roads can be constructed all the way from $400 to $500 per mile, according to the nature of the country through which they pass, the cost of crushed stone and other engineering problems. The cost of keeping these roads in repair is infinitely smaller than that required to repair the ordinary dirt roads each winter and spring, when great gullys and ruts are washed into them by the rains and floods. The secret of the success of the fine roads in France is attributed to the prompt and systematic repairs made at all seasons of the year.—Manufacturer.

Sheep Destructive to Insects.

Do you know, says a writer, that there is no animal in the world that is as destructive to insects as sheep. When troubled with the clover midge he turned the sheep right on it and fed down the clover until about the 1st of June; then when the clover grew again the fly had gone, and, of course, couldn't deposit his eggs, and he got rid of them. Next year he thought that little round worm would eat up all the clover, and turned the sheep onto the clover and fed it all off. In taking the clover they would take the worms into their stomachs and grind them up and assimilate them into wool and carcasses.

For Home Wear.

There is the inevitable teagown, which is now made with the loose empire front shirred at the neck and then falling unchecked to the feet. This center front should be of Japanese silk, cotton crepe or some such soft goods. A Watteau back is the most becoming, and a Berthn fall of lace or full epaulette ruffles and large sleeves. For midsummer, percale and white lawn Mother Hubbard wrapper are the most convenient. A silk blouse can be worn if it really drops in front over the waist line. Striped lawns are made up with a blouse waist and always look very well. House sacks of lawn, cashmere or flannelettes are useful and may be trimmed up in quite a dressy fashion. Select small-figured or narrow-striped goods. Have white or light dainty shades in place of gay colors. Have yokes put on all of the under petticoats, and if draw-strings are put in the back part at first no further enlarging will be necessary. Avoid any decided belting, be it wide or narrow. For a change a pointed jacket effect just below the waist-line in front is not a bad idea, with a soft draped plastron showing between. Above all, dress as comfortably and appropriately as possible.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Electricity for Fishing.

An electrical genius has come to the aid of night fishermen. Men who catch eels and other fresh water fish for the market sometimes set as many as a dozen lines, says the New York World. These must be taken up from time to time for examination. The new device is an arrangement by which, when the fish or eel is hooked, the first pull closes an electric circuit—a fine wire running alongside the line—and a tiny bell at the shore end sounds the alarm. A small storage battery is part of the equipment, as a matter of course.

A Practical Boy.

"Remember that politeness always pays, my boy," said the benevolent old gentleman to the bootblack.

"Mebbe," replied the practical boy; but I'd rather have a nickel than a 'thank ye' for blacking shoes."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

At Vassar.

Professor—Miss Huggum, what kind of a noun is a kiss?

Miss H.—Common; very common, indeed.

"Decline it?"

"I? Never!"—N. Y. World.

The Turn of the Wheel.

Fannie—George says he thinks he could bear reverses of fortune.

Minnie—I think he could. I hardly know what shape a reverse of fortune could take in his case unless he should marry an heiress or inherit money.—Bay City Chat.

Through Storyland to Sunset Seas.

This is the title of a handsome volume of 250 pages, printed on fine enameled paper and illustrated by 200 fine half tone engravings, which the Passenger Department of the Southern Pacific at New Orleans has just issued.

As an example of beautiful printing it is one of the most perfect specimens of bookmaking of the year. As an evidence of railway enterprise it is a marvel, for the giving away of so sumptuous a volume, so artistic in its details of workmanship, is the very triumph of that spirit of progress which attracts people to a railway. It is a clever narrative of the romance of the Southwest, together with a running description of the country traversed by the vast systems of the Southern Pacific, calling attention to the strange people and novel sights and beautiful natural scenery from New Orleans to Portland, Oregon. "Through Storyland to Sunset Seas" belongs to that class of fascinating works of travel which so delight and instruct one and is a book which will be read and kept as a valuable addition to the library.

It cost 30 cents to mail this book. If you will send this amount to cover postage to S. F. B. Morse, General Passenger Agent, Southern Pacific, New Orleans, La., the work will be forwarded to you.

See the young woman. Is the young woman being suddenly and unexpectedly kissed? Ah, yes. And does the young woman raise a hue and cry? The young woman raises a slight hue, but no cry.—Detroit Tribune.

A Trip to the Garden Spots of the South.

On February 11 and March 10, tickets will be sold from principal cities, towns and villages of the north, to all points on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida and a portion of Kentucky, at one single fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good to return within thirty days, on payment of $2 to agent at destination, and will allow stop-over at any points on the south bound trip. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he can not sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

It is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence and turn upon the poles of truth.—Bacon.

Indulge in procrastination, and in time you will come to this, that because a thing ought to be done, therefore you can't do it. —C. Buxton.

There is no doubt that there are particular moods of mind, aspects of feeling or of life, that can be adequately expressed only by particular kinds of music.—W. Knight.

"Yes I kissed her when she wasn't expecting anything of the kind." "Lemme see; a young man, a young woman, and nobody about; and the young woman not expecting to be kissed. H'm. Ha! Pooh!"—Indianapolis Journal.

Tommy—"I think mamma is an awful gossip." Ethel—"Oh, Tommy! How can you say such a thing!" Tommy—"Well, she is; everything I do she immediately goes and tells papa."—Harper's Bazar.

With many readers, brilliancy of style passes for affluence of thought; they mistake buttercups in the grass for immeasurable gold mines under ground.—Longfellow.

"How do the De Tompkyns manage with the baby in that tiny flat?" "Oh, they have a first-rate scheme. They keep him in the deepest bureau drawers, and when he cries they shut him up at once!"—N. Y. Tribune.

"O, dear," sighed Mrs. Cumso as she tossed about in bed, "I'm suffering dreadfully from insomnia." "Go to sleep and you'll be all right," growled Mr. Cumso as he rolled over and began to snore again.—Judge.

"Realistic!" repeated the critic; "well, I should say he was realistic. You just ought to see the excitement in the Quartier Latin when he drew the corks in a dinner scene he was painting the other day."—Detroit Tribune.

"Beauty is only skin deep," said the zebra, with an attempt to liven up the gloom of the menagerie. "I know," replied the rhinoceros, trying to be cheerful, "but think what that means in my case."—Chicago Tribune.

Decision in Favor of the De Long Hook and Eye.

Judge Acheson, in the United States Circuit Court at Pittsburgh, has just rendered, in the case of Richardson & De Long Brothers vs. Campbell & Smith, an important decision of great interest, sustaining letters patent owned by Richardson & De Long Brothers, which were granted to Frank E. De Long for a hump hook and eye, and enjoining the defendants from selling the "Golden Spring" hooks and eyes.

The hooks dealt in by the defendants were manufactured by the Golden Spring Hook and Eye Company, of Springfield, Mass. In these hooks the positions of the straight and curved portions of the De Long loop were reversed. The Court held that this did not void infringement, and directed a decree to be entered for the plaintiffs.

The case, which was a test one of great importance, was contested at great length, and has been pending for almost two years.

Messrs. Richardson & De Long Brothers were represented by Messrs. Strawbridge & Taylor, Bradbury Bedell, and Jan G. Johnson, of Philadelphia, and Frederick P. Fish, of Boston, and the defendants by Messrs. Allan Webster and William L. Pierce.—N. Y. Times, February 3, 1896.

Scales Which Weigh Pencil Marks.

Scales are now being made with such accuracy that they will weigh a small mark made by a pencil upon paper.

AMERICA'S GREATEST SEED GROWERS.

Thirty years ago when the Salzers were conducting in a small but profitable way, a market garden and green house business in La Crosse, Wis., they little dreamed that within a third of a century they would be the leaders in the seed-growing and seed-selling industry of America. The secret of this phenomenal success was quality, liberality, push. Nothing in the world advertises itself quicker and better, and more lasting than quality and to the superior merit of Salzer's northern grown seeds; to their unusual life and vigor and to their absolute surety of growth, in conjunction with their great producing qualities, and this coupled with the great liberality of the firm in the way of rare and many extras to each order and push back of all, has placed the firm in the van and entitles them to the proud distinction of America's greatest seed growers! The production of rare vegetable sorts and new farm seeds has long been a great specialty with this company, owning and operating many thousands of acres of land. Their great eight hundred acre trial farm in South Dakota was visited by thousands interested in higher farming, and all railroads gave half-fare rate within the state to any wishing to see the farm. The Salzers pay great attention to the new grasses, clovers and fodder plants, and their catalogue contains the largest list of rare farm seeds found in America.

A strong point of the John A. Salzer Seed Co. is that they keep large stocks of everything in the seed line on hand, so that a customer ordering of them is always sure of getting what he orders.

A slight idea of the magnitude of this firm's business can be gathered that they issue probably the largest number of catalogues of any American firm; that they use over $60,000 postage a year, employ in the packing and distributing of their seeds upwards of six hundred hands and require for their distributing warehouse over ten acres of floor room.

A five cent postage stamp sent to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., will bring you their great catalogue.

Sam—"Do you think we are going to have a war?" He—"Yes, I do." "What do you think we are going to make war on?" "On paper."—Yonkers Statesman.

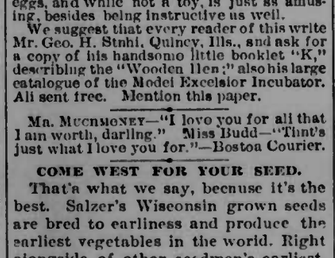

"The Wooden Hen."

The illustration shown herewith is small in size, but really large when we consider that the "Wooden Hen" is no larger than a live hen, yet has double the capacity. It weighs only 15 pounds, has a capacity of 28 eggs, and while not a toy, is just as amusing, besides being instructive as well.

We suggest that every reader of this write Mr. Geo. H. Stahl, Quincy, Ills., and ask for a copy of his handsome little booklet "K," describing the "Wooden Hen;" also his large catalogue of the Model Excelsior Incubator. All sent free. Mention this paper.

Mr. Muchmoney—"I love you for all that I am worth, darling." Miss Budd—"That's just what I love you for."—Boston Courier.

COME WEST FOR YOUR SEED.

That's what we say, because it's the best. Salzer's Wisconsin grown seeds are bred to earliness and produce the earliest vegetables in the world. Right alongside of other seedmen's earliest, his are 20 days ahead! Just try his earliest peas, radishes, lettuce, cabbage, etc! He is the largest grower of farm and vegetable seeds, potatoes, grasses, clovers, etc!

If you will cut this out and send it to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., with 10c postage, you will get sample package of Early Bird Radish (ready in 16 days) and their great catalogue. Catalogue alone 5c postage. (K.)

Every human being is intended to have a character of his own; to be what no other is, and to do what no other can.—Channing.

Personally Conducted Excursions to California,

Via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line, in upholstered tourist sleeping cars, leave Chicago every Thursday via the North-Western Line. Low rates, picturesque route, quickest time and careful attention are advantages offered to those who join these excursions. Cost of berth only $6.00. Ask your nearest ticket agent for full particulars or address W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some.—Franklin.

Throat Diseases commence with a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give immediate and sure relief.

To California.

Study all time cards and you will find no railroad carrying tourist cars make as quick time as the Phillips Rock Island Excursions. One hour and thirty minutes quicker time than any other route Chicago to Los Angeles.

A. Phillips & Co. have carried over 125,000 patrons to and from California. Why? Because every well-posted California traveler understands Phillips has the best regulated tourist system.

Jno. Sebastian, G. P. A.,
Chicago, Ill.

Although a girl may be bright enough to know that "kiss" is a noun, she's frequently unable to decline it.—Philadelphia Press.

Sifted from the Blood

By the kidneys, impurities pass off harmlessly. The inactivity of the organs named not only cause these impurities to remain and poison the system, but also leads to the degeneration and destruction of the organs themselves. Prevent Bright's disease, diabetes, dropsy, gravel and other ailments which affect the kidneys and bladder with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which likewise overcomes malarial, dyspeptic, bilious, nervous and rheumatic complaints.

Querious—"How did such a place ever get the reputation of being a great health resort?" Cynicus—"Two or three prominent men died there."—Tit-Bits.

To California in Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars.

The Burlington Route (C., B. & Q. R. R.) runs personally conducted excursions to California, leaving Chicago every Wednesday. Through cars to California destination, fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, bedding, toilet rooms, etc.; every convenience. Special agent in charge. Route via Denver and Salt Lake. Sunshine all the way. Write for descriptive pamphlet to T. A. Grady, Excursion Manager, 211 Clark St., Chicago.

"Why did they let that man go who stole the bicycle?" "They had to; they couldn't get a jury to try him—every man in the county rides a wheel."—Chicago Record.

Beecham's pills for constipation 10c and 25c. Get the book (free) at your druggist's and go by it. Annual sales 6,000,000 boxes.

They who have light in themselves will not revolve as satellites.—Anon.

We have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—Lizzie Ferrel, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, '95.

The Florida Limited, of the Queen & Crescent Route, leaves Cincinnati to-day at 8:00 a. m., gets to Jacksonville to-morrow morning at same hour. It is a solid vestibuled train. 109 miles shortest line.

A lie that is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies.—Tennyson.

THE KING CURE OVER ALL FOR Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, IS ST. JACOBS OIL.

I LOVE YOU YET

By America's Great Song Writer, Monroe H. Rosefeld. Is the prettiest song ever written. Ask your music dealer to show it to you, or send 25 cts. in stamps, which is just half price, to CHARLES W. REID, Publisher, 1098 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and he will mail it to you.

Agents Wanted. KLIPS Binds Papers. A Volume a Minute. Samples 25 cts. Price-list FREE. Covers to order. At all STATIONERS. H. H. BALLARD, 832 PITTSFIELD, Mass.

$5 Hand Bone, Shell, and Corn Mills for Poultrymen. Daisy Bone Cutter. Power Mills. Circular and testimonials Free. WILSON BROS., Box A Easton, Pa.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

A. N. K.—C. 1592

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

SALZER'S NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS ARE THE BEST! Salzer's Seeds Sprout Quickly, Grow Vigorously, Produce Enormously. That's their record every where whether in the east or west, north or south, in every state and every clime. We are the largest growers of Farm and Vegetable Seeds in America. Our Mammoth Plant and Seed Catalogue and 10 samples of new creations in grain, grass and forage plants, is mailed you upon receipt of 10 cents postage. Catalogue alone 5 cents. Send to-day. $1.50 PER BBL. JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO. LA CROSSE, WIS.

STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE. CABLED FIELD AND HOG FENCE.

Also CABLED POULTRY, GARDEN AND RABBIT FENCE.

We manufacture a complete line of Smooth Wire Fencing and guarantee every article to be as represented. Ask your dealer to show you this Fence. CATALOGUE FREE.

DE KALB FENCE CO., 122 HIGH ST., DE KALB, ILL.

Pure Pearline

You are sure of Pearline — its record is positive — imitations of Pearline injure hands and clothes.

LOOK OUT. Look out for the man who says he has something just as good as pearline — he's fooling you — there is nothing else so good as Pearline — Pedlers peddle poor stuff — Pearline is only sold at first-class stores. Made by James Pyle, New York.

Battle Ax PLUG A GREAT BIG PIECE FOR 10 CENTS

As good as can be made regardless of price

5⅓ Ounces for 10 cents

Other Brands Only 3⅕ Ounces for 10 cents

Don't take our word for it, but buy a piece and see for yourself.

FARM AND GARDEN.

KEEPING ROADS GOOD.

Seventeen Rules Recommended by an English Association.

The Road Improvement association, of London, Englnnd, recently issued n circular containing 17 rules for the guidance of roadmasters in keeping macadnm and telford roads in proper repair, as follows:

1. Never allow a hollow, a rut or n puddle to remain on a road, but fill it up at once with chips from the stone heap.

2. Always use chips for patching and for all repairs during the summer season.

3. Never put fresh stones on the road if, by cross-picking and a thorough use of the rake, the surface can be made smooth, and kept at the proper strength and section.

4. Remember that the rake is the most useful tool in your collection, and it should be kept at hand the whole year round.

5. Do not spread large patches of stone over the whole width of the road, but coat the middle or horse track first, and when this has worn in coat each of the sides in turn.

6. In moderately dry weather and on hard roads always pick up the old surface into ridges six inches apart, and remove all large and projecting stones before applying a new coating.

7. Never spread stones more than one stone deep, but add a second layer when the first has worn in, if one coat be not enough.

8. Never shoot stones upon the road and crack them where they lie, or a smooth surface will be out of the question.

9. Never put a stone upon the road for repairing purposes that will not freely pass in every direction through a two-inch ring, and remember that smaller stones should be used for patching and for all slight repairs.

10. Recollect that hard stones should be broken to finer gauge than soft, but that the two-inch gauge is the largest that should be used under any circumstances where no steam roller is employed.

11. Never be without your ring gauge; remember Macadam's advice, that any stone you can not easily put into your mouth should be broken smaller.

12. Use chips, if possible, for binding newly-laid stones together, and remember that road sweepings, horse droppings, soda or grass and other rubbish, when used for this purpose, will ruin the best road ever constructed.

13. Remember that water-worn or rounded stones should never be used upon steep gradients, or they will fail to bind together.

14. Never allow dust or mud to lie on the surface of the roads, for either of these will double the cost of maintenance.

15. Recollect that dust becomes mud at the first shower, and that mud forms a wet blanket which will keep the road in a filthy condition for weeks at a time, instead of allowing it to dry in a few hours.

16. Remember that the middle of the road should always be a little higher than the sides, so that rain may run into the side gutters at once.

17. Never allow the water tables, gutters and ditches to clog up, but keep them clear the whole year through.

Every roadmaster and supervisor should cut these rules out and paste them in his everyday hat. To make a good road is one thing and to keep it in good repair is quite another thing.

The finest roads in Europe are the result of a splendid repair system where every defect is promptly corrected before it has time to cause serious damage to the highway.

TWO OBJECT LESSONS.

Why Rain and Snow Injure a Good Many Highways.

The two cross sections of country roads shown herewith are in the nature of object lessons that tell their own story. The first (Fig. 1) is that of hundreds of country highways—ditches at the sides, a high grass-grown edge or "shouider" on either side of the wheel

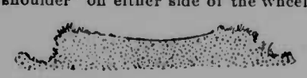

FIG. 1.—BADLY-SHAPED ROADWAY.

track, and a concave roadbed. When rain falls on such a highway how can it do otherwise than run along the center of the road, washing away all loose soil in its course, until it finds a chance to escape into one of the side ditches? Where such a road is upon rising or falling ground, the washing is especially severe, because of the force of the water, which on steep hills

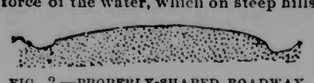

FIG. 2.—PROPERLY-SHAPED ROADWAY.

often becomes a perfect torrent, pouring down the middle of the highway The proper form of a roadway is shown in Fig. 2. The "shoulders" have been moved and carried into the middle of the road, the whole surface being nicely rounded from one side to the other. Rain falling upon such a road will run off at once into the ditches, leaving the roadbed firm and dry. — Orange Judd Farmer.

True Way of Testing Cows.

It is now established as a fact that the only true method of testing cows for butter is not by churning the milk, but by the use of the tester. It is not satisfactory, after churning the milk, to find quite a large percentage of the butter fat in the buttermilk. There is more skill required in handling the milk and cream to insure perfect success than ordinary dairymen are willing to bestow. The temperature, the churning, the age of the cream and even the food are conditions to be met in testing cows.

Too much pruning is as bad as too little. Both extremes should be avoided.

KINDNESS TO COWS.

Without It Success in the Dairy Is Almost Impossible.

The long domestication of the cow and the large demand made upon her have in some cases directed almost her entire vitality into the production of milk as if for her progeny. Cows selected especially for the dairy are of this kind, and they must have cultivated along with this unselfish giving of themselves for others a habit of kindness amounting almost to love for those for whom they live. This would be directly expressed to their own offspring and would be reciprocated were not the kindness of the cow by artificial means directed into the channel of supporting the human milker, instead of her own progeny; hence, the best dairy cows are of a kindly disposition and express their kindness in their constant effort to supply the demand made upon them. This naturally expects and deserves reciprocation on the part of those who are benefited by her unselfish life.

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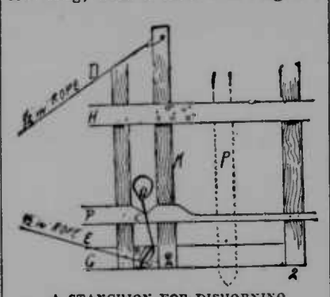

A STANCHION FOR DISHORNING.

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That's What It Costs Every Year to Keep Our Roads in Repair.

The total length of the common roads in this country, good, bad and indifferent, is estimated by Gen. Stone, of the road bureau of the department of agriculture, at something over 1,300,000 miles. The majority of these roads have been opened by common laborers, hired by local supervisors, and no engineering principles have been observed in their construction. As a result, it costs more to keep them in repair than if they were as many finely macadamized roads.

Keeping these poor roads in repair and opening new thoroughfares cost Massachusetts in 1893, outside of cities, $1,136,944, or $66.30 per mile, and New Jersey $778,407.82, or $43.25 per mile The total expenditure for roads in that year amounted to about $20,000,000. As a greater part of the enormous sum was spent in repairing poorly-constructed roads, that would need exactly the same attention next year, it is not an exaggeration to say that most of the money was wasted.

Fine roads can be constructed all the way from $400 to $500 per mile, according to the nature of the country through which they pass, the cost of crushed stone and other engineering problems. The cost of keeping these roads in repair is infinitely smaller than that required to repair the ordinary dirt roads each winter and spring, when great gulleys and ruts are washed into them by the rains and floods. The secret of the success of the fine roads in France is attributed to the prompt and systematic repairs made at all seasons of the year.—Manufacturer.

Sheep Destructive to Insects.

Do you know, says a writer, that there is no animal in the world that is as destructive to insects as sheep. When troubled with the clover midge he turned the sheep right on it and fed down the clover until about the 1st of June; then when the clover grew again the fly had gone, and, of course, couldn't deposit his eggs, and he got rid of them. Next year he thought that little round worm would eat up all the clover, and turned the sheep onto the clover and fed it all off. In taking the clover they would take the worms into their stomachs and grind them up and assimilate them into wool and carcasses.

Fur House Wear.

There is the inevitable teagown, which is now made with the loose empire front shirred at the neck and then falling unchecked to the feet. This center front should be of Japanese silk, cotton crepe or some such soft goods. A Watteau back is the most becoming, and a Bertha full of lace or full epaulette ruffles and large sleeves. For midsummer, percale and white lawn Mother Hubbard wrapper are the most convenient. A silk blouse can be worn if it really drops in front over the waist line. Striped lawns are made up with a blouse waist and always look very well. House sacks of lawn, cashmere or flannelettes are useful and may be trimmed up in quite a dressy fashion. Select small-figured or narrow-striped goods. Have white or light dainty shades in place of gay colors. Have yokes put on all of the under petticoats, and if draw-strings are put in the back part at first no further enlarging will be necessary. Avoid any decided belting, be it wide or narrow. For a change a pointed jacket effect just below the waist-line in front is not a bad idea, with a soft draped plastron showing between. Above all, dress as comfortably and appropriately as possible.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Electricity for Fishing.

An electrical genius has come to the aid of night fishermen. Men who catch eels and other fresh water fish for the market sometimes set as many as a dozen lines, says the New York World. These must be taken up from time to time for examination. The new device is an arrangement by which, when the fish or eel is hooked, the first pull closes an electric circuit—a fine wire running alongside the line—and a tiny bell at the shore end sounds the alarm. A small storage battery is part of the equipment, as a matter of course.

A Practical Boy.

"Remember that politeness always pays, my boy," said the benevolent old gentleman to the bootblack.

"Mebbe," replied the practical boy; but I'd rather have a nickel than a 'thank ye' for blacking shoes."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

At Vassar.

Professor—Miss Huggum, what kind of a noun is a kiss?

Miss H.—Common; very common, indeed.

"Decline it?"

"I? Never!"—N. Y. World.

The Turn of the Wheel.

Fannie—George says he thinks he could bear reverses of fortune.

Minnie—I think he could. I hardly know what shape a reverse of fortune could take in his case unless he should marry an heiress or inherit money.—Bay City Chat.

Through Storyland to Sunset Seas.

This is the title of a handsome volume of 250 pages, printed on fine enameled paper and illustrated by 200 fine half tone engravings, which the Passenger Department of the Southern Pacific at New Orleans has just issued.

As an example of beautiful printing it is one of the most perfect specimens of book-making of the year. As an evidence of railway enterprise it is a marvel, for the giving away of so sumptuous a volume, no artistic in its details of workmanship, is the very triumph of that spirit of progress which attracts people to a railway. It is a clever narrative of the romance of the Southwest, together with a running description of the country traversed by the vast systems of the Southern Pacific, calling attention to the strange people and novel sights and beautiful natural scenery from New Orleans to Portland, Oregon. "Through Storyland to Sunset Seas" belongs to that class of fascinating works of travel which so delight and instruct one and is a book which will be read and kept as a valuable addition to the library.

It cost 20 cents to mail this book. If you will send this amount to cover postage to S. F. B. Morse, General Passenger Agent, Southern Pacific, New Orleans, La., the work will be forwarded to you.

See the young woman. Is the young woman being suddenly and unexpectedly kissed? Ah, yes. And does the young woman raise a hue and cry? The young woman raises a slight hue, but no cry.—Detroit Tribune.

A Trip to the Garden Spots of the South.

On February 11 and March 10, tickets will be sold from principal cities, towns and villages of the north, to all points on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida and a portion of Kentucky, at one single fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good to return within thirty days, on payment of $2 to agent at destination, and will allow stop-over at any points on the south bound trip. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he can not sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

It is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence and turn upon the poles of truth.—Bacon.

Indulge in procrastination, and in time you will come to this, that because a thing ought to be done, therefore you can't do it. —C. Buxton.

There is no doubt that there are particular moods of mind, aspects of feeling or of life, that can be adequately expressed only by particular kinds of music.—W. Knight.

"Yes I kissed her when she wasn't expecting anything of the kind." "Lemme see; a young man, a young woman, and nobody about; and the young woman not expecting to be kissed. H'm. Ha! Pooh!"—Indianapolis Journal.

Tommy—"I think mamma is an awful gossip." Ethel—"Oh, Tommy! How can you say such a thing!" Tommy—"Well, she is; everything I do she immediately goes and tells papa."—Harper's Bazar.

With many readers, brilliancy of style passes for affluence of thought; they mistake buttercups in the grass for immeasurable gold mines under ground.—Longfellow.

"How do the De Tompkyns manage with the baby in that tiny flat?" "Oh, they have a first-rate scheme. They keep him in the deepest bureau drawers, and when he cries they shut him up at once!"—N. Y. Tribune.

"O, dear," sighed Mrs. Cumso as she tossed about in bed, "I'm suffering dreadfully from insomnia." "Go to sleep and you'll be all right," growled Mr. Cumso as he rolled over and began to snore again.—Judge.

"Realistic!" repeated the critic; "well, I should say he was realistic. You just ought to see the excitement in the Quartier Latin when he drew the corks in a dinner scene he was painting the other day."—Detroit Tribune.

"Beauty is only skin deep," said the zebra, with an attempt to liven up the gloom of the menagerie. "I know," replied the rhinoceros, trying to be cheerful, "but think what that means in my case."—Chicago Tribune.

Decision in Favor of the De Long Hook and Eye.

Judge Acheson, in the United States Circuit Court at Pittsburgh, has just rendered, in the case of Richardson & De Long Brothers vs. Campbell & Smith, an important decision of great interest, sustaining letters patent owned by Richardson & De Long Brothers, which were granted to Frank E. De Long for a hump hook and eye, and enjoining the defendants from selling the "Golden Spring" hooks and eyes.

The hooks dealt in by the defendants were manufactured by the Golden Spring Hook and Eye Company, of Springfield, Mass. In these hooks the positions of the straight and curved portions of the De Long loop were reversed. The Court held that this did not void infringement, and directed a decree to be entered for the plaintiffs.

The case, which was a test one of great importance, was contested at great length, and has been pending for almost two years.

Messrs. Richardson & De Long Brothers were represented by Messrs. Strawbridge & Taylor, Bradbury Bedell, and Allan G. Johnson, of Philadelphia, and Frederick P. Fish, of Boston, and the defendants by Messrs. Allan Webster and William L. Pierce.—N. Y. Times, February 3, 1896.

Scales Which Weigh Pencil Marks.

Scales are now being made with such accuracy that they will weigh a small mark made by a pencil upon paper.

AMERICA'S GREATEST SEED GROWERS.

Thirty years ago when the Salzers were conducting in a small but profitable way, a market garden and green house business in La Crosse, Wis., they little dreamed that within a third of a century they would be the leaders in the seed-growing and seed-selling industry of America. The secret of this phenomenal success was quality, liberality, push. Nothing in the world advertises itself quicker and better, and more lasting than quality and to the superior merit of Salzer's northern grown seeds; to their unusual life and vigor and to their absolute surety of growth, in conjunction with their great producing qualities, and this coupled with the great liberality of the firm in the way of rare and many extras to each order and push back of all, has placed the firm in the van and entitles them to the proud distinction of America's greatest seed growers! The production of rare vegetable sorts and new farm seeds has long been a great specialty with this company, owning and operating many thousands of acres of land. Their great eight hundred acre trial farm in South Dakota was visited by thousands interested in higher farming, and all rail roads gave half-fare rate within the state to any wishing to see the farm. The Salzers pay great attention to the new grasses, clovers and fodder plants, and their catalogue contains the largest list of rare farm seeds found in America.

A strong point of the John A. Salzer Seed Co. is that they keep large stocks of everything in the seed line on hand, so that a customer ordering of them is always sure of getting what he orders.

A slight idea of the magnitude of this firm's business can be gathered that they issue probably the largest number of catalogues of any American firm; that they use over $60,000 postage a year, employ in the packing and distributing of their seeds upwards of six hundred hands and require for their distributing warehouse over ten acres of floor room.

A five cent postage stamp sent to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., will bring you their great catalogue.

She—"Do you think we are going to have a war?" He—"Yes, I do." "What do you think we are going to make war on?" "On paper."—Yonkers Statesman.

"The Wooden Hen."

The illustration shown herewith is small in size, but really large when we consider that the "Wooden Hen" is no larger than a live hen, yet has double the capacity. It weighs only 15 pounds, has a capacity of 28 eggs, and while not a toy, is just as amusing, besides being instructive as well.

We suggest that every reader of this write Mr. Geo. H. Stahl, Quincy, Ills., and ask for a copy of his handsome little booklet "K," describing the "Wooden Hen;" also his large catalogue of the Model Excelsior Incubator. All sent free. Mention this paper.

Mr. Muchmoney—"I love you for all that I am worth, darling." Miss Budd—"That's just what I love you for."—Boston Courier.

COME WEST FOR YOUR SEED.

That's what we say, because it's the best. Salzer's Wisconsin grown seeds are bred to earliness and produce the earliest vegetables in the world. Right alongside of other seedmen's earliest, his are 20 days ahead! Just try his earliest peas, radishes, lettuce, cabbage, etc! He is the largest grower of farm and vegetable seeds, potatoes, grasses, clovers, etc!

If you will cut this out and send it to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., with 10c postage, you will get sample package of Early Bird Radish (ready in 16 days) and their great catalogue. Catalogue alone 5c postage. (K.)

Every human being is intended to have a character of his own; to be what no other is, and to do what no other can.—Channing.

Personally Conducted Excursions to California.

Via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line, in upholstered tourist sleeping cars, leave Chicago every Thursday via the North-Western Line. Low rates, picturesque route, quickest time and careful attention are advantages offered to those who join these excursions. Cost of berth only $6.00. Ask your nearest ticket agent for full particulars or address W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some.—Franklin.

Throat Diseases commence with a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give immediate and sure relief.

To California.

Study all time cards and you will find no railroad carrying tourist cars make as quick time as the Phillips Rock Island Excursions. One hour and thirty minutes quicker time than any other route Chicago to Los Angeles.

A. Phillips & Co. have carried over 125,000 patrons to and from California. Why? Because every well-posted California traveler understands Phillips has the best regulated tourist system.

Jno. Sebastian, G. P. A.,
Chicago, Ill.

Although a girl may be bright enough to know that "kiss" is a noun, she's frequently unable to decline it.—Philadelphia Press.

Sifted from the Blood

By the kidneys, impurities pass off harmlessly. The inactivity of the organs named not only cause these impurities to remain and poison the system, but also leads to the degeneration and destruction of the organs themselves. Prevent Bright's disease, diabetes, dropsy, gravel and other ailments which affect the kidneys and bladder with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which likewise overcomes malarial, dyspeptic, bilious, nervous and rheumatic complaints.

Quericus—"How did such a place ever get the reputation of being a great health resort?" Cynicus—"Two or three prominent men died there."—Tit-Bits.

To California in Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars.

The Burlington Route (C., B. & Q. R. R.) runs personally conducted excursions to California, leaving Chicago every Wednesday. Through cars to California destination, fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, bedding, toilet rooms, etc.; every convenience. Special agent in charge. Route via Denver and Salt Lake. Sunshine all the way. Write for descriptive pamphlet to T. A. Grady, Excursion Manager, 211 Clark St., Chicago.

"Why did they let that man go who stole the bicycle?" "They had to; they couldn't get a jury to try him—every man in the county rides a wheel."—Chicago Record.

Beecham's pills for constipation 10c and 25c. Get the book (free) at your druggist's and go by it. Annual sales 6,000,000 boxes.

They who have light in themselves will not revolve as satellites.—Anon.

We have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—Lizzie Ferrel, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, '95.

The Florida Limited, of the Queen & Crescent Route, leaves Cincinnati to-day at 8:00 a. m., gets to Jacksonville to-morrow morning at same hour. It is a solid vestibuled train. 109 miles shortest line.

A lie that is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies.—Tennyson.

THE KING CURE OVER ALL FOR Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, IS ST. JACOBS OIL.

I LOVE YOU YET

By America's Great Song Writer, Monroe H. Rosenfeld, Is the prettiest song ever written. Ask your music dealer to show it to you, or send 25 cts. in stamps, which is just half price, to CHARLES W. REID, Publisher, 308 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and he will mail it to you.

Agents Wanted. KLIPS Binds Papers. A Volume a Minute. Samples 25 cts. Price-list FREE. Covers to order. At all STATIONERS. H. H. BALLARD, 332 PITTSFIELD, Mass.

$5 Hand Bone, Shell, and Corn Mills for Poultrymen. Daisy Bone Cutter. Power Mills. Circular and testimonials Free. WILSON BROS., Box 4 Easton, Pa.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

A. N. K—C. 1592

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

SALZER'S NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS ARE THE BEST! Salzer's Seeds Sprout Quickly, Grow Vigorously, Produce Enormously. That's their record every where whether in the east or west, north or south, in every state and every clime. We are the largest growers of Farm and Vegetable Seeds in America. Our Mammoth Plant and Seed Catalogue and 10 samples of new creations in grain, grass and forage plants, is mailed you upon receipt of 10 cents postage. Catalogue alone 5 cents. Send to-day. 50 PER BBL. JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO. LA CROSSE, WIS.

STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE. CABLED FIELD AND HOG FENCE.

Also CABLED POULTRY, GARDEN AND RABBIT FENCE.

We manufacture a complete line of Smooth Wire Fencing and guarantee every article to be as represented. Ask your dealer to show you this Fence. CATALOGUE FREE.

DE KALB FENCE CO., 122 HIGH ST., DE KALB, ILL.

Pure Pearline

You are sure of Pearline—its record is positive—imitations of Pearline injure hands and clothes.

LOOK OUT. Look out for the man who says he has something just as good as pearline—he's fooling you—there is nothing else so good as Pearline—Pedlers peddle poor stuff—Pearline is only sold at first-class stores. Made by James Pyle, New York.

Battle Ax PLUG A GREAT BIG PIECE FOR 10 CENTS

As good as can be made regardless of price

5⅓ Ounces for 10 cents

Other Brands Only 3⅕ Ounces for 10 cents

Don't take our word for it, but buy a piece and see for yourself.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24th, 1896.

Secretary Carlisle has furnished the silver Democrats with a wedge that will be used to split the Democratic party, at the Chicago convention. This wedge was Mr. Carlisle's letter declining to ask the anti-silver Democrats in the Kentucky legislature to vote for Blackburn for Senator, and saying in effect that he thought a minority justified in refusing to sacrifice their belief in the interests of party harmony. It is thought by some that this letter was deliberately planned and written as the first step towards a bolt on the part of the administration Democrats should the silver Democrats control the Chicago convention, but if that be correct those administration Democrats who have been working so hard to get the silver Democrats to commit themselves in advance to the support of the candidate and platform of the Chicago convention were not taken into Secretary Carlisle's confidence. His letter has undone all their work and the silver Democrats are now saying among themselves that they will be justified in bolting the convention if they can't control it, and have gone so far as to announce their intention of doing so. Mr. Carlisle's letter is taken to mean that the administration men intend to bolt if they don't control the convention. So the split seems inevitable.

Senator Carter will this week call up his motion to recommit the tariff bill to the Finance committee: and will make a speech explaining why he voted against taking up the bill the other day. It is expected that the three other Republican Senators who voted against consideration of the bill will also make speeches on the same lines. Whether Senator Carter's motion will be carried will probably depend upon the attitude of the populist Senators which at this time appears to be doubtful, as the votes of the other senators can be pretty accurately predicted.

There are numerous members of both House and Senate who are of the opinion that Secretary Carlisle placed himself in a position that is almost, if not quite, criminal, when he sold the Morgan syndicate the bonds upon which the original bidder failed to make the first payment at the stipulated time, at a price just six cents on the dollar less than they could have been sold for in the open market, and some who think Congress should probe this favoritism to the bottom. Among the last is Representative Barrett, of Mass., who has openly denounced the action of Secretary Carlisle. The conservative members of Congress are loth to authorize an investigation, because of the fear that a Treasury scandal might be productive of much more harm to the country than its exposure could possibly do good.

Notwithstanding the abuse showered upon the Republicans of N. C., by the Democrats of that and other states for having made that combination with the populists which resulted in wresting the state from Democratic control and in the election of two U. S. Senators, one a populist and the other a Republican, the Democratic leaders of North Carolina are now trying to entice the number of prominent Democrats from that State are now in Washington conferring with Senator Marion Butler and Dr. Mott, who is in charge of the silver party's campaign, the North Carolina populist leaders. Free silver and white supremacy are advanced by these Democrats as the foundation stones of the proposed new deal.

Ex-Congressman McDuffie, of Alabama, is enthusiastic over Republican prospects in that state. He said: "All elements will be united in Alabama this year to defeat the organized Democracy. The fusion will consist of the Republicans and Populists, under the banner of fair elections and protection for home industries, and there will be no dissatisfaction in our ranks. This will be the first good chance the Republicans have had to do anything in state politics in twenty years or more, and we propose to take advantage of the opportunity. The presidential electors will be equally divided between the populists and the Republicans."

Speaker Reed has succeeded in keeping the ex-members of Congress, who are engaged in lobbying, off the floor of the House to a greater extent than has ever before been done. The rules give ex-members of both branches of Congress the privilege of the floor, but the rules also say that this privilege can only be enjoyed by those who are not interested in legislation. Early in the present session Speaker Reed instructed the doorkeepers of the House to admit no ex-member not provided with a pass signed by the Speaker, and to send all who applied for admission without a pass, to him. He has only issued passes to the ex-members who convinced him that they were not lobbyists.

Elder.

A current of air from the Arctic regions struck us the 16th, and it kept getting colder until the 20th, when it registered 10 degrees below zero.

Mr. Silas Sterling was visiting relatives at Frazee Ridge a few days last week, returning the 24th and reporting a good time.

Miss Lillian Gilbert, of McKeesport Pa., is staying with friends in this vicinity.

Mr. Hamilton Friend is working on the stave mills at Krug at present.

Miss Minnie Enlow, of Oakland, was visiting relatives here the past few days.

We are glad to hear that our old friend, Wm. McKean, is coming to live at this place again, and we are sure to give him a warm welcome as we do all our best citizens.

Business is becoming more lively since the removal of the Brown & Frantz's saw mill to this place.

Our farmers are busy hauling coal and limestone for their spring crops.

Singing school and prayer meeting every Sunday evening at the Elder Hill school house.

There will be preaching here Saturday night by Rev. Skidmore.

Mr. Chas. Frazee was calling on friends at Friendsville Saturday.

TAM O'SHANTER.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper under the caption "We Loan Money" The Mutual Guarantee Building and Loan Association which he is representing is one of the strongest new financial institutions in the country and the largest new Building and Loan Association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management is developing it very fast. Its assets have already reached over $2,000,000, which proves it to be positively reliable in every respect. The men that carry it on are responsible and well known gentlemen. This is a good association for the investor as well as for borrower. It has a life insurance policy connected with it which beats anything in any other association. It is good for both young and old and especially for the young man, as this policy matures in 7 years, the others in 8 years. So anyone wishing to make and save money rapidly will do well to invest in this association. Those desiring to borrow or invest will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

DeWitt Minard furnishes coal delivered into your coal houses from the Deal mine for $2.10 per ton.

Have you used agricultural lime? If not address the Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va., for prices.

Have you used agricultural lime? If not address the Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va., for prices. 45-tf.

It not only is so, it must be so. One Minute Cough Cure acts quickly, and that's what makes it go. Oakland Parmacy.

J. W. Pierce, Republic, Ia., says: "I have used One Minute Cough Cure in my family and for myself, with results so entirely satisfactory that I can hardly find words to express myself as to its merit. I will never fail to recommend it to others, on every occasion that presents itself." Oakland Pharmacy.

For prices on agricultural lime, delivered in car load lots, address Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont W. Va.

For prices on agricultural lime, delivered in car load lots, address Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va. 45-tf

One Minute Cough Cure touches the right spot. It also touches it at the right time if you take it when you have a cough or cold. See the point? Then don't cough. Oakland Pharmacy.

A high liver with a torpid liver will not be a long liver. Correct the liver with DeWitt's Little Early Risers, little pills that cure dyspepsia and constipation. Oakland Pharmacy.

"Give me a liver regulator and can regulate the world," said a genius. The druggist handed him a bottle of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

Don't invite disappointment by experimenting. Depend upon One Minute Cough Cure and you have immediate relief. It cures cronp. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results. Oakland Pharmacy.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Soothing, healing, cleansing. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the enemy to sores, wounds and piles, which it never fails to cure. Stops itching and burning. Cures chapped lips and cold-sores in two or three hours. Oakland Pharmacy.

In order to get some money to pay some bills that may be pressing before long G. W. Mason, at the City Roller Mills will sell all kinds of grain, feed, flour, etc., at a reasonable price. 2t

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In affect April 1st, 1891.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS	NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1		No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 30	8 00‡ lv	Cumberland ar	*12 00	*7 00
3 31	8 31	Rawlings	11 29	6 29
3 56	8 56	Keyser	11 04	6 04
4 09	9 09	Westernport	10 51	5 51
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	5 48
4 37	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5 23
5 00	10 00	Harrison	10 00	*5 00
5 15	10 15* ar	Elk Garden	8 55	*3 55
5 35	10 35‡ lv	Gorman	9 21	4 21
5 41	10 41	Bayard	9 15	4 15
5 52	10 52	Doboln	9 04	4 04
6 23	11 23	Thomas	8 34	3 34
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	8 00	2 55
6 57	11 57 lv	Coketon	8 31	3 32
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	8 07	3 07
6 57	11 57	Bretz	8 01	3 01
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 58	2 58
7 39	12 39	Kerens	7 20	2 20
8 00	1 00‡ ar	Elkins	lv 7 00	‡2 00
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 35
				*P. M.
	2 55* ar	Beallington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	A. M.

‡Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

After January 6th, 1896, and until further notice, Sunday trains will be discontinued.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Feb. 18, 1896.

The County Commissioners will meet at their office in Oakland on

Tuesday, March 10, 1896,

For the purpose of hearing appeals on assessments and noting transfers.

Persons having business before the board will observe the following days and dates and attend accordingly:

Wednesday, March 11, Districts Nos. 3, 2, 5.
Thursday, March 12, Districts Nos. 8, 10, 9.
Friday, March 13, Districts Nos. 7, 4, 1.
Saturday, March 14, Districts Nos. 6, 12, 11.

By order of the board,

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

Lloyd Lowndes, trustee, vs. Alex. C. Good et al.

No. 611 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

On this 19th day of February, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting in equity, that the sales made and reported in the above cause by Edward H. Sincell, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 11th day of March, 1896; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county for three successive weeks before the 14th day of March, 1896. The report states the amount of sales to be $954.75.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office opposite postoffice, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett County to appoint viewers to locate a county road beginning at a point near the bridge that crosses Savage river on the Grantsville and Barton road running through the lands of Elias Merrill, Amos Broadwater, John Broadwater, Mrs. Fannie Weitzel, Wm. H. Merrill and John F. Robeson to intersect the road leading from Noah Garlitz's mill to the head of A. J. Lancaster's lane, a distance of four miles.

E. MERRILL,
AMOS BROADWATER,
JOHN F. ROBESON,
and others.

47 3t

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M. RATHBUN & CO., PLANING MILLS,

And BUILDING MATERIALS.

MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

38 13·

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments. Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

4193.yr

WHEN COMING TO DEER PARK

Don't fail to give NETHKEN BROS. a call.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE AND GROCERIES.

We also carry latest styles in Fall and Winter Millinery. Has trimmed to order.

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.

Come and be convinced you do not have to pay two prices for your goods, because we sell for cash. Remember the place.

NETHKEN BROS,

Main Street,
DEER PARK, MD.

31—1yr

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

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PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.

31—26

SAMUEL LAWTON,

—DEALER IN—

Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

23—1yr.

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FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

11 1y

WE LOAN MONEY

On Real Estate, City Town and Village property, to buy, build and improve your houses, and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS OVER $2,000,000.00.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. RINKER,
WILSON, Grant Co., W. VA.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate. CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED, SURVEYING. Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 8-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW. OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY. OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1614-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Sincell Building. Residence at Commercial Hotel.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Mayers building. Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel. Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEGARDH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street. Residence at Central Hotel

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.*

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Residence and P. O. Address, 2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate. Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE. AUCTIONEER! *Will sell Real or Personal Property*

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN, SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26t*

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted. Prompt attention to collections. 112

--WANTED--

WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER

Also White Oak Timber Land.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO., Cumberland, Md.

Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE, 221f 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

W. F. KING, Carriage, Sign and House Painter, OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street. Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention. 50-1m.

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES. OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington. Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured. A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.

OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHIN

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent, 9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 19. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1896. NUMBER 52

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

March came in like a frozen-footed duck.

Naylor has two sleighs left. Will sell cheap. 50-3.

Send your job work to THE REPUBLICAN office.

Seuntor Ravenscroft was in the city yesterday attending court.

Mr. Aden Duckworth, of near Westernport, was here Tuesday.

Try one of Naylor's two-horse iron, shovel plows for new ground. 50-3.

Mr. Owen Brinegar, of Wilson, was in the city Tuesday on business.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Mr. Walter Smith, of near Terra Alta, was in the city Tuesday afternoon for a few hours.

Rev. W. C. Davis and family, of Brownsville, Pa., are here on a visit to Rev. Davis' parents.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

DeWitt Minard furnishes coal delivered into your coal houses from the Deal mine for $2.10 per ton.

Mr. S. P. Specht, of Deer Park, was here Tuesday for a short time, as was also 'Squire Wm. D. Hoye.

FOR SALE.—A town lot 60x160 feet, on Pennington street. Also a one horse sled. Apply to this office.

Ex-Sheriff Chas. Wegman, of Grantsville, was in Oakland Tuesday as a spectator at the session of court.

Have you used agricultural lime? If not address the Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va., for prices.

Mr. Daniel E. Offutt went to Baltimore Monday night on a business trip, returning to Oakland yesterday.

Have you used agricultural lime? If not address the Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va., for prices. 45-tf.

Mr. J. D. Uppole, of Keyser, was in the city Thursday looking for a house which he desires to rent and move into.

Messrs. B. A. Richmond and R. T. Semmes, of the Cumberland bar, attended court in Oakland a day or two this week.

The editor has been engaged every day this week at the court house which accounts for the scarcity of local news matter.

For prices on agricultural lime, delivered in car load lots, address Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont W. Va.

It not only is so, it must be so. One Minute Cough Cure acts quickly, and that's what makes it go. Oakland Parmacy.

Mr. John Sines, of near Sang Run, this county, has been granted a pension of $6 per month. He also received as back pay $113.

For prices on agricultural lime, delivered in car load lots, address Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va. 45-tf

Mr. Henry Feik, one of district No 5's oldest and highest respected citizens, was a pleasant caller at this office last Thursday.

Messrs. Martin and Hugh Maley, formerly of Swanton, but now engaged in the oil business at Findlay, O., were in the city Monday.

The ladies of the Epworth League of Oakland will tender a needle social to their friends on Friday night of this week at Sturgiss' Hall.

Don't invite disappointment by experimenting. Depend upon One Minute Cough Cure and you have immediate relief. It cures croup. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results. Oakland Pharmacy.

Rev. D. Tasker arrived in Oakland one day last week from Dennison, Texas, and will probably remain here several months with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. John Johns, of near Oakland, who spent several week with relatives and friends in Massillon, O., returned to Oakland last Friday night.

Last Friday Mr. Gilmor S. Hamill, as attorney sold the farm of J. W. Painter, situated near Wilson's store, this county, to Mr. Theodore Beckman for the sum of $1,600.

Ladies, I make big wages doing pleasant home work, and will gladly send full particulars to all sending 2 cent stamp. Miss. M. A. Stebbins, Lawrence, Michigan. 32-2t

Hon. G. L. Michaels, who is in the city this week as a juror, made this office a very agreeable call Monday morning, as did Mr. Wm. A. Smith, of Hoyes, who is also a juror.

Messrs. W. M. Osborne and Wm. Cole of Clarksburg, W. Va., were in the city Tuesday and yesterday. Mr. Osborne being the complainant in a claimant's case before the court.

A high liver with a torpid liver will not be a long liver. Correct the liver with DeWitt's Little Early Risers, little pills that cure dyspepsia and constipation. Oakland Pharmacy.

WANTED, I will pay $4.00 per cord for sound white oak, cut into bolts 35 inches long, pelled and knots bolted out, delivered at Oakland, Maryland. R. A. Orentt & Co. 53-3t.

One Minute Cough Cure touches the right spot. It also touches it at the right time if you take it when you have a cough or cold. See the point? Then don't cough. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. L. J. Lock, of Baltimore, accompanied by his wife, were here one day last week endeavoring to secure a house in which to reside, as they contemplate moving here and residing permanenly.

We have just received from the manufacturers another large lot of stationery and envelopes which we are running out at low figures for the class of work furnished our customers. Give us a call.

"Give me a liver regulator and I can regulate the world," said a genius, The druggist handed him a bottle of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Soothing, healing, cleansing. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the enemy to sores, wounds and piles, which it never fails to cure. Stops itching and burning. Cures chapped lips and cold-sores in two or three hours. Oakland Pharmacy.

WANTED—A reliable lady or gentleman to distribute samples and make a house-to-house canvass for our Vegetable Toilet Soaps. $40 to $75 a month easily made. Address Crofts & Reed, 842 to 850 Austin Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 52-2t*.

J. W. Pierce, Republic, Ia., says: "I have used One Minute Cough Cure in my family and for myself, with results so entirely satisfactory that I can hardly find words to express myself as to its merit. I will never fail to recommend it to others, on every occasion that presents itself." Oakland Pharmacy.

The Oakland Amusemen and Literary club held quite an interesting meeting on last Thursday night in the rooms of the club at the residence of Mrs. Kate Rasche on Water street. A number of new members were added to the roll. Quite an interesting program was rendered and the program for to-night announced, a copy of which was furnished us but mislaid. All members are requested to meet this evening in the rooms as above stated.

Ex-deputy Sheriff Welter G. Meyers, has purchased the stock of goods formerly belonging to B. E. Friend at Friendsville, and launched himself upon the commercial sea. Mr. Meyers has the well wishes of a number of Oakland's citizens for his success, the editor's among them.

Quick in effect, heals and leaves no scar. Burning, scaly skin eruptions quickly cured by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, Applied to burns, scalds, old sores, it is magical in effect. Always cures piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

A. D. Naylor informs the public that he will have a finer line of vehicles this season than ever before. Prices to suit the times. Will carry in stock daytons, surreys, traps, spring wagons, open and top buggies, and one-horse road wagons. Will have a fair line on hand March 1st. 50-3t.

Instrumental music and harmony taught with success by Mrs. W. H. Malette. All grades of musical students from beginners upward to the most advanced, receive a uniform, excellent and systematic instruction in all branches of instrumental music. Terms, $8.00 for instrumental, $5.00 for harmony, for 24 lessons. Address, Mrs. W. H. Malette, 301 Water St., Oakland, Md. 51-5.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper under the caption "We Loan Money." The Mutual Guarantee Building and Loan Association which he is representing is one of the strongest new financial institutions in the country and the largest new Building and Loan Association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management is developing it very fast. Its assets have already reached over $2,000,000, which proves it to be positively reliable in every respect. The men that carry it on are responsible and well known gentlemen. This is a good association for the investor as well as for borrower. It has a life insurance policy connected with it which beats anything in any other association. It is good for both young and old and especially for the young man, as this policy matures in 7 years, the others in 8 years. So anyone wishing to make and save money rapidly will do well to invest in this association. Those desiring to borrow or invest will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars.

From the "Oracle."

Mrs. Margaret Connell, of Huttons, spent several days of last and this week in Terra Alta, the guest of her daughter Mrs. Parley DeBerry. Mrs. Connell has been quite unwell for several weeks past, but has now quite recovered, greatly to the gratification of her many friends. The lady returned home on Tuesday morning.

Mr. W. H. Butler has been dangerously ill for a few days past, at his home in the far end of town. We are glad to note that he is somewhat better at this writing. Dr. W. F. Dailey is in attendance. On Tuesday Dr. Henry W. McComas, of Oakland, was called into consultation.

Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Offutt, of Oakland, Md., were in town on Monday, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. S. Lakin.

Fire At Altamont.

Last Friday afternoon about five o'clock Mr. Herman Beckman's house at Altamont, this county, was set on fire by a spark from the kitchen chimney, and before help arrived to extinguished the flames the whole structure was burned to the ground, entailing a loss of the house, clothing, furniture and about forty dollars in money belonging to Mrs. Beckman. The entire loss sustained by Mr. Beckman will foot up nearly one thousand dollars. There was no insurance.

For Sale Cheap.

1 Model 40 Columbia Bicycle, 1 No. 1 Hartford Bicycle, 1 Boy's Hartford Bicycle; all 1895 models and practically as good as new.

S. T. JONES,
Oakland, Md.

B. AND O. RELIEF DEPARTMENT.

Members of That Association to Be Protected.

When the fact of the appointment of receivers for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, became known great consternation was felt by all employes, who are members of the Relief Department of that company. It became noised about that the appointment of the receivers would effect the Relief Department and that the members would be the losers.

The officials were besieged by employes who were anxious to get the facts, but as no one could state what the outcome would be, Superintendent S. R. Barr sent out the following communication:

BALTIMORE, March 1, 1896.

To all Operators and Agents:

The receivers of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company authorize me to give the following notice:

By the order of the United States Circuit Court, appointing receivers for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, all obligations of the relief department are thoroughly protected, and will be fulfilled to the court's orders. The relief department will be continued practically in the same manner as under the company's management, and members of the relief department will receive benefits with the same regularity and certainty as heretofore.

The funds belonging to the relief department both savings and pension features, under the order of the United States Circuit Court, are perfectly safe, and the appointment of the receivers and their management of the relief department under the supervision and with the approval of the circuit court, absolutely insures the members of all features of the relief department against loss. Payments of benefits pensions and deposits will continue as before the appointments of the receivers. The relief department not being really effected by this appointment in any way. The savings and building feature will continue to loan money to employes as heretofore.

S. R. BARR,
Superintendent.

Marriage Licenses.

Joel C. Schlabach and Susanna Miller, both of Garrett county.

Wylie Woodward Poole, of Tucker County, W. Va., and Annie M. Winters, of Preston county, W. Va.

Samuel Beauregard Montgomery, of Newburg, W. Va., and Grace Orr, of Kingwood, W. Va.

William Albert Estep and Maggie Gertrude McFann, both of Littleton W. Va.

One Way to Improve Roads.

Select the worst piece of road over which the people of your neighborhood frequently travel, says an exchange, and see how many of your neighbors will join in covering it with gravel or broken stone. Or, if there is no good road material to be had, see who will join in ditching the road so that it may dry quickly. At this season some farmers' teams are often idle, and in many neighborhoods the farmers can easily be induced to turn out for a few days of volunteer work, making a short piece of good road at a point over which they all travel. And if this is kept up for a few years an effective object lesson as to the value of good roads will be furnished, while the very act of doing volunteer work will arouse enthusiasm on the subject.

For Sale.

A cottage containing 7 rooms, attic and cellar. Has a well of good water upon the premises, and an acre of land attached. Purchaser can have the choice of more land up to two acres. Will sell cheap and on good terms. Situated opposite Mt. Lake Park on Oakland road. Mt. Lake Park, is a good market for vegetables and poultry. Apply to F. P. Arnold, Mt. Lake Park, Garrett county, Md. 50-13t.

Large Real Estate Sale.

H. G. Davis & Bro. have just sold to the J. L. Rumbarger Lumber Co., of Dobbin, eighteen thousand acres of timber land lying on the headwaters of Stony river. The tract is in Tucker and Grant counties. The price, we are informed, was $300,000. The Rumbarger company have a logging railroad built to this tract, the distance is about ten miles from Dobbin. It is understood the Rumbarger company will enlarge the capacity of their already large saw mill, and will build some twenty dwelling houses at once. A boom for Dobbin.

Hardware and Implements.

1896 finds us in our new store building better prepared than ever to supply the trade with hardware, farm implements, stoves, ranges, tinware, oils, paints, etc., etc. The greatest possible care has been taken in investigating and selecting these goods, not, however, to find a low grade of goods, but to get the very best at the lowest possible price. Nearly all our goods are bought from manufacturers direct. While we do not profess to do what others in the same business cannot, yet we do propose to give a man as much value for his money as he can get anywhere. First quality of goods is generally sold at less profit than the inferior, but the customer is always best pleased with the good. Our wagons, plows, nails, wire, harrows, sewer pipe, cultivators, etc., are shipped in car loads from factory so as to save freights and benefit the customer. We have now on hand the best line of shovel plows and cultivators we ever handled. In mowers the new Champion, also the new Ideal roller and ball bearing Deering machine; the latest improved Pennsylvania grain drill, and three grades of hay rakes. We can offer to the trade good steel frame spring tooth harrows at greatly reduced prices It will afford us much pleasure to show goods and quote prices to persons in need of anything in our line. Many persons are deceived by sending for goods they see advertised at lower prices than good articles are worth in the market. The tendency of the age is to cheapen goods rather than increase durability, hence the necessity of careful examination before purchasing.

Yours,
51-3 J. M. DAVIS & SON.

Great Bargains at Garthright's Store.

I will offer during the next sixty days my entire stock of boots, shoes, hats, caps and queensware at cost. Have about four thousand dollars worth of these goods, and there are splendid bargains in the above line of goods. Have just laid in a large stock of the No. 40 Oliver Chilled Plows, which is decidedly the lightest running plow in the field; also barb wire and wire nails. Will take in exchange lumber and first class shingles for goods except those sold at cost. Parties owing old notes and book accounts will please come and make a friendly settlement at once.

51-2 P. T. GARTHRIGHT.

Estray Notice.

Estrayed, to my place in December last, a red yearling steer with an underbit out of left ear and a swallow fork out of right.

Owner will please call, pay charges and take same away.

J. W. FEATHER,
52-2 Cranesville, W. Va.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

Free Informrtion.

Messrs. C. A. Snow & Co., of Washington, D. C., lawyers and agents for procuring patents, will send free to any address pamphlets with information about home and foreign patents, caveats, copyrights, trade-marks, infringments, design patents, abstracts of decisions, etc., as well as the cost of patents in United States and foreign countries.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

FREE

COURSE BY MAIL

WITH THE

Capital City Commercial College.

TO ADVERTISE OUR COLLEGE

We will give a thorough course of instruction in Double and Single Entry Book-keeping and Commercial Arithmetic, by mail,

FREE OF CHARGE

to a limited number of persons. This course will be completed in forty lessons. No charge for diplomas.

ADDRESS,

CAPITAL CITY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,

P. O. DRAWER B,

TOPEKA, - KANSAS.

26—1yr

MOUNTAIN STATE

Business College,

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, President.

Let Us Treat March Fairly.

Let us be fair with the month of March, though it be not fair to us. Some of our esteemed contemporaries are disseminating the misinformation that spring begins on the 1st of March, and are making unkind remarks about the quality of the spring weather which March is issuing. Some of these purveyors of inaccuracies even go so far as to say it is spring by the almanac. This is an additional unkindness, for it does the almanac, as well as March an injustice. We do not like to see the almanac or the month of March misrepresented in that fashion. No almanac which prides itself on its accuracy says that spring begins coincidenly with the opening of the third month of the year, and this leads us to believe that the people who lay upon the almanac the responsibility of announcing March 1st as the first day of spring, do so without consulting that authority. If they had taken the trouble to ascertain exactly what the almanac did say, they would find that spring begins officially on the 19th of March in this year of grace, 1896. Let us be fair to March, brethren, and not expect vernal weather until the vernal equinox.

Reduced Rates to Washington via B. & O. R. R.

Washington is beyond a doubt the most attractive city in this country, and is declared by many to be the most beautiful city in the world. The beginning of a new Congress and recent political events will add additional interest and make a visit at this time particularly enjoyable.

The excursions inaugurated by the B. & O. Railroad make it possible for every one, however limited the pocket-book, to spend a short time at the National Capital. The third excursion of the series, via this popular line, is announced for Thursday, March 19th. Pleasant side trips have also been arranged to points of interest in and about the Capital.

We give below a list of stations in this vicinity, showing time of trains and rates of fare:

	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	RATE.
Terra Alta..	.....	12 06	5 11	1 53	$0 45
Oakland....	6 21	12 39	5 38	5 12	6 25
Piedmont...	7 21	1 29	6 51	6 01	5 40

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

Tickets will be good ten days, and will be valid for passage from Washington to Baltimore at any time within the life of the ticket.

For Pullman Car accommodation and other information, address nearest B. & O. agent.

Don't forget the date, Thursday, March 19th.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. 25 cents per box.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

THE EAR DOCTOR.

BY JOHN PRESTON TRUE.

"Hi! Come quick! Jimmie's in the drink!"

A small boy stood on one foot and yelled that statement in tones of dismay as he frantically waved in air a mitten that was like a superlatively good doughnut, since it was chiefly hole.

There was no doubt about the truth of his announcement. Jimmie was indeed "in the drink," in an exceedingly frog-like attitude, with his arms flat on the ice before him, and both feet kicking vigorously to keep himself from sliding backward further down into that deep, dark water. He had no skates on, which was a good thing, to be sure. On the other hand (or foot), it was that same skatelessness which led to his failure to check himself when he saw that airhole right ahead. Then, too, he had no business whatever to be sliding on the south side of Jamaica pond, since that was where the ice cutters earned their living and their summer lemonade. But it was too late to discuss that now.

Up came a dozen of us whirling 'mid the grind of scratchy irons as the feet "toed in" and checked their course. Every voice yelled: "Hold on hard!"

Needless yell! Jim was holding on as hard as circumstances allowed. He needed help more than advice just then, but advice, being the easiest to give, was what he got most of, and plenty of it, too, to make up for the other's scarcity. Good intentions—we all know what sort of paving stones they make. But these did not seem to warm that water any.

"Shut up, everybody!" cried Chet Bryant, who always had his wits about him. "Here, Mickey, you're light; gimme your foot. That's it! Don't be afraid; I've got hold of your skate-iron. Now then, out you go—sit on my feet, somebody! Hold out your other foot to Jim."

In a twinkling Jim's fingers froze to the iron of that other skate, and a long line of us tailed on to the other end of the line of communication, while a yell went up from the devoted Mickey. Did we mean to pull him apart? Then the yell stopped abruptly in a crash and gurgle. There were two in now, but the rest of us had firm foothold and, with a long heave, we brought them out together, a very chilly pair. That done, we put our hands in our pockets to warm them, and looked at the twain as at a pair of curiosities, while we felt extremely virtuous, and that we had done our full duty. Perhaps we had.

"What's the matter with Mickey Sullivan and Jim Ballou?" was the question agitating "Pie Alley"—that thoroughfare so convenient to the offices of the great newspapers.

"They seem to have kinder lost their grip. If a feller keeps holdin' out a 'Herald' when a 'Rekid's' wanted, he must expect another 'Rekid' ter cut in ahead." Thus spake Dan Haggerty, king of newsboys, and all the other long-haired youths around applauded,

THE RESCUE.

save one alone—the dark-skinned one from Joy street, most silvery-tongued of all the lads from Joy street as he ranged along the settees on the Common Mall of a summer's day, shouting his war cry: "Shine?" Few got more nickels or "shined" more boots than he.

"That ain't a white show, Dan, and you know it. They got water in their ears when they broke in, skating, and can't hear. The fellers orter give 'em a chance."

"Well, don't we?" said Dan, indignantly. "I've stocked 'em up twice myself."

There was silence for a space. The fact was undeniable. Then George Washington from Joy street began again, persuasively:

"That don't do no good. It don't begin at the right end of it. (George will be a statesman yet, if he lives!) What they orter do is to go to a real good ear man right off now, before it grows worser, and get fixed. There's one up on the hill here—a first-class one. I've shined his boots lots of times. 'F I told him they was fr'n's of mine, he'd do it cheap—for him. Course they don't want to go to no infirm'. We ain't beggars, none of us. Now, we can't stand givin' 'em quarters right along, but if we all give a quarter ter once, and just once, mebbe we won't ever have to again. So I says, le's take 'em up to Dr. Lance right off now; take 'em by the collar if they won't go easy. Anybody got a better plun?"

Nobody had. Even Dan Haggerty assented to its quality somewhat grudgingly; and that is how it happened that a delegation of about 20 newsboys, with two pale and undetermined victims in their midst, crowded into a waiting-room that just held them, to the wrath of several patients who came later in carriages, and this time "had to wait." It is safe to say that Dr. Lance was reasonably astonished by the number of guardians controlling his new patients.

Of course it did not take him long to master the situation, and to sift out patients in esse from patients in posse; and, without troubling himself to ask circumstances, he picked out the frightened twain and had them in his operating-room in a twinkling, with a stout door closed between them and the rest of the noisy crowd—with one exception. George Washington, of Joy street, was as active as a thin pig, and the door was shut altogether too late to shut him out. This was well for the educating influence which he swayed over his mates in after days. It also made the long and semi-silent wait outside somewhat more endurable. George would keep an eye out, never fear, and tell them all about it afterward.

Still, it was a long, long hour of waiting. It gave the boys time to sober down and do some pretty serious thinking. Not a sound had come from beyond that door as yet; and yet—and yet! Jim and Mickey were both plucky ones. They might be half killed before they'd yell a note. Nobody heard Jim whimper the night when he got rolled along the irons beneath the fender of the south-bound electric car, when the brake-chain snapped and let it come flying into the crowd. And yet the emergency men could hardly find a square inch on him that did not have its black-and-blue reminder of that rolling. There wasn't much in the room itself, either, to enliven their meditations. The sofa—well, they could not see the sofa. There were too many on it. There were two chairs, a part of which were visible. There was also a certain landscape on the wall, an old English painting—a fine work of art, no doubt, to one born under gloomy skies, but wonderfully depressing to sons of the sunny "North End," both Jew and Gentile—and there were plenty of both present. Outside, through the window, there was just the blank wall of the next building, with a gleam of a white cloud glancing down over its shoulder. The room had a cell-like effect, on the whole, and some of them knew something of the genuine article.

"S'pose he's cuttin' into 'em?" asked somebody, with a shiver, breaking into a long silence.

Dan shook his head gloomily, pessimistically. He couldn't say. It had not been his plan. He assumed no responsibility in that direction. There was no knowing what those doctors did when they got their chance! and thereupon, seeing the sensation aroused, he proceeded to add to it by judicious, somber hints of tales that he had heard and could tell if it were the proper place and time—but he had a predilection for a safer place, himself; till at last a somewhat skeptical youth in his audience rebelled, and cried: "You don't know any more about it, Dan Haggerty, than a cross-eyed hen!" And since that particular fowl is a very rare bird, indeed, and with correspondingly few opinions, their spirits perceptibly rose again; in the midst of which the door opened quietly and the three boys sidled in, sheepishly smiling, although two of them were still a little pale. The third was not made that way.

"Come again a week from to-day," said a voice, "and we'll see how it lasts." And then, somehow, they all found themselves out in the street again and hunting for a sunny corner.

"Now, then, Joy Street, tell us all about it!" cried Dan Haggerty, with authority.

George, of Joy street, was perfectly willing. It was his plan, and to him belonged the credit. It was right that he should now reap a little.

"My! but you just orter been in there!" he began, his eyes rolling, a deep pause just adding to the tantalized interest of his audience. [George may be a novelist when he grows up, he understands so well the art of building air castles on slim foundations.] "There's a table in there, with a glass top. Fust-rate idea, that, for you can see everything that's in the drawer under the top; and I tell you he has some mighty shiny tools there! All sorts of things—long-handled nippers, one that had a pair of scissors on the end of 'em, and knives that looked as sharp as—b-r-r-rr!" The boys all shivered in harmony. "Then he had a lot more on the top. Lots of cotton, too, stuffed into fat glass bottles, to wipe blood with, you know." [There was a sigh of admiration at that fellow's advantages. What luck he had.] "The doc he told Mickey ter squat; but Mickey couldn't hear 'im. He told him to again louder. No go. Then he picked him up by the arms and sat 'im down easy-like in the chair. Then the doc picked up a little round lookin'-glass with a round hole in the middle to peek through, and strapped it onto his own forehead with a sort o' harness."

"Wot for?" cut in somebody.

"Dunno. Yesido! Ter flash light into where he was lookin'. Then he took some pinchers with a funny thing on the end like a split tin horn that would come apart or shut up whole. He stuck that into Mickey's ear, sprung it open some, and peeked. Then he did the same to his nose—"

"Get out!"

This prophet must relate things reasonable, if he would be believed. But Mickey and Jim both backed him up.

"What had Mickey's nose to do with his ears?" demanded another young skeptic.

"'Bout everything, in this case!" said G. W., stoutly. "Oh, it's so! He looke up their noses both sides, just as I te you. Then he took a piece of wire, be the end, stuck it into a bottle of son thing, and then poked it 'way Mickey's nose. My word! how Mic did sneeze!"

"Well, it tickled!" explained t hero, with an air of injured innocen and the boys all roared, then stopp suddenly, eager for more.

"He did that two or three times, wai ing a little between. Then he took so little iron clappers and a sort of fo that twanged when he hit it. He l it a lick and held it to Mickey's head. 'Hear it?' says he, good and loud. Mickey bobbed. Then he clicked the clappers, close up at first, then further off, till he found where Mickey couldn't hear at all; and by that time it was time to make him sneeze some more. After that he did a mighty odd thing. He had a rubber bottle. He had a little tube, 'bout so long, with a crook in the little end, where it fined down to about nothing. He stuck that crook sort o' careful into Mickey's nos. Then—no—fust he put one end of a rubber tube into his ear, same side, and the other end into his own ear. Then he took that bottle, put its nozzle into the big end of the tube in the mi and squeezed hard, a lot of times."

"So he did to mine," cut in Jim. "It hurt, too. Not much, but some. I could

"TELL US ALL ABOUT IT."

feel the air he squeezed in go hissing 'way into my head and into my ear; and it felt exactly like cold air when you breathe it into a sore throat." And Jim subsided.

"When he squeezed he sort o' listened through the other tube, and so knew what was going on in Mickey's ear, you see," went on George. "Then he gave him a rest and put Jim through the whole biz. Then he tried Mickey again with the squeezer, and tried the clappers on him; and may I be switched if he couldn't hear 'em further off now than I could. It's a fact! Oh, he's a bang-up doctor! But he said it was mighty lucky we didn't put off coming any longer. If we had, they wouldn't 'a' got a livin' by sellin' 'Eralds. 'N' that's all, 'cept that they've got ter go again to sort o' clinch things."

"'Nother quarter all round?" asked Dan, suddenly.

"No," said Mickey, hoarsely still. "He said as how he wouldn't tax us no more for that job."

"Hum!" and Dan went off into a brown study. Wild Bedouin that he was, it yet seemed to him that they owed the doctor on the hill something more than money. Quick with his fist was Dan, and ready. Return what he got was his motto; thus far his returns in the main had been what he got—hard knocks; and he was altogether out of practice at returning any other kind. The whole situation made him uneasy and reflective.

"Look here, fellers," he said, days later, "we orter square things better with that ear man. Now, we can't buy 'im anything that he can't get better hisself, but p'r'aps we can make him something he might like. Le's get one o' them calendars with leaves fer every day in the year and write suthin' on every blamed leaf; suthin' that he'll mebbe like ter know, yer see. Then w'en he rips one off in ther mornin' he'll know that he's got a fren' down here in Pie Alley a-thinkin' of 'im."

It struck the other boys that Dan had got hold of a good idea; and that is how it happens that Dr. Lance is saving up to show his acquaintances various slips of paper which at times arouse Homeric laughter, and now and then a thought worth while. Lance says that some of them he means to put in a glass frame, especially:

If yer hit a lick fer a cove ter-day, mebbe
he'll hit one fer you ter-morrer.
Don't bee Frade ter GITT a Hustl On.
Keep kool. Twon't last. Nuthin duz.
—N. Y. Outlook.

Too Small a Measure.

"Once, during a performance in a little town in Kentucky," said Herrmann, the magician, "I remarked: 'I am about to undertake a feat in which I shall require a pint flask of whisky.'

"There was a dead silence.

"'Will some gentleman in this audience please let me have a pint flask of whisky?' I asked, advancing to the front of the stage.

"Everybody sat and stared at me, and the silence was becoming embarrassing.

"'Surely,' said I, 'in a Kentucky community I ought not to be compelled to ask a second time for such a thing. I pledge you my word that I will return it uninjured. Is there no—'

"'Stranger,' inquired a tall, gaunt, raw-boned man in the front seat, 'wouldn't a quart flask do just as well?'

"'Why, certainly. I merely—'

"But the audience had risen as one man and was rushing toward the platform."—San Francisco Post.

—New Orleans has 255,000 people and extends over 60 square miles of territory.

—The deer really weeps, its eyes being provided with lachrymal glands.

FARM AND GARDEN.

PEAT AS A MANURE.

Scientific Side of an Important Agricultural Question.

The economic importance of the increased use of moss litter, from the point of view of manure, is inculcuable. Prof. Fleisher points out that, comparing peat and straw manure by chemical analysis, it is found that the former, while slightly poorer in potash, lime, and phosphoric acid, is very considerably richer in nitrogen. But the difference is still more in favor of the peat manure in respect to the easily soluable nitrates, for the reason that these originate solely in the animal excrement, in which they are present in the form of a volatile body, which is noticeable in the stall by its pungent smell. He says:

"In the power of fixing this substance, which so injures the health of beasts, and so materially heightens the good operation of the manure, is to be discovered one of the most valuable properties of moss litter."

From his figures it appears that in a stall of ten head of cattle, through the use of moss litter, about 140 kilograms of easily soluble nitrates yearly, worth at least $35, would be preserved in the manure, which in employing straw, are lost.

According to the comparative studies of Lavalard on the subject of manures from animals fed in the same manner, the richness in nitrogen is 0.68 for peat manure and only 0.51 for straw manure. Peat litter is also said to be the best possible material for use in fowl houses, on account of its deodorizing qualities and its power of banishing insects. Bielawski mentions that it is used in the great military pigeon houses in Paris, which contain more than 500 pigeons.

It is stated that the best bedding, both as regards the beasts and as regards the manure, is a layer of straw over a good thick bed of moss litter. In this way, the animals have the most comfortable bed and the stall looks nice and fresh; the urine and the ammonia which the straw cannot absorb are absorbed by the peat below; the manure has the advantage of the elements in which each substance is richest, and nothing is lost either in the stable or outside.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

FARM MEAT SMOKER.

A Device for Cooling Smoke Before It Reaches the Meat.

Every farmer who cures hams and bacon requires a smokehouse. There is no need for an elaborate building. It may be as simple as possible, and should not be air-tight, as the meat requires ventilation as well as smoke for the drying that is essential to good keeping and eating qualities. But the most important point in smoking is that the smoke be cooled before coming in contact with the meat. The accompanying cut shows how this may be satisfactorily accomplished. The

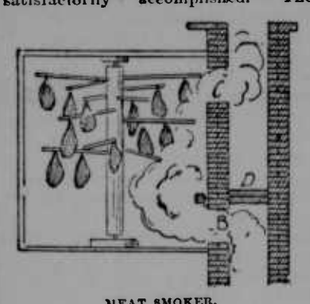

MEAT SMOKER.

smoke is generated in the usual way, and then carried through a flue to the smokehouse, where the meat is hanging. The damper at D regulates the admission of smoke, which passes out at C. The meat should be smoked with green wood—hickory, elm or sugar maple chips or sawdust should be used. Pine should never be employed, as it affects the flavor of the meat. Corncobs are excellent for smoking, as they impart a sweet and pleasant flavor. The temperature of the smokehouse should never rise above 80 degrees. The smoking should be done a little each day until the meat is suitably colored.—N. Y. World.

NEWSY FARM NOTES.

Peach trees must be cultivated to do well.

To get size among tree fruits, cultivate often and thin.

The gooseberry flourishes best in a heavy, low, but not wet soil.

Neither black nor white currants are grown extensively for the market.

Authorities are generally agreed in recommending early seeding of clover.

In Siam the leaves of the banana plant are used to make wrappers for cigarettes.

It is very hard to get a new tree to grow thriftily when surrounded by those in bearing.

The pullet that begins to lay earliest in life is the one to lay the largest number of eggs through life.

When cows have been long in milk, churning is difficult, because the milk has become glutinous and the fat globules will not cohere. Heating dissolves them and increases the fluidity of the cream.—N. Y. World.

How to Prepare Tobacco Dip.

Speaking of tobacco dip, a writer says it will require for 100 sheep 100 gallons of water, and to make that strong enough to kill ticks and the scab it will require the addition of all the fluid that can be extracted from 25 pounds of tobacco. The tobacco should be thoroughly steeped and boiled so as to get all the strength out of it. To this mixture 10 pounds of sulphur should be added. The sulphur should be mixed separately in a pail of hot water, and after being thoroughly stirred should be added to the dip. If tobacco stems are used, at least three times the weight mentioned should be steeped.

HIGH PRICE FOR POTATOES.

The John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., pay high prices for new things. They recently paid $300 for a yellow rind watermelon, $1000 for 30 bu. new oats, $300 for 100 lbs. of potatoes, etc., etc.! Well, prices for potatoes will be high next fall. Plant a plenty Mr. Wideawake! You'll make money. Salzer's Earliest are fit to eat in 28 days after planting. His Champion of the World is the greatest yielder on earth and we challenge you to produce its equal.

IF YOU WILL SEND US 10c. in stamps to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get, free, ten packages grains and grasses, including Teosinte, Spurry, Giant Incarnate Clover, etc., and our mammoth catalogue. Catalogue alone 5c. for mailing. (K.)

SNOBBERLY—"What do you think I found last year when I was at Long Branch?" Knickerbocker—"I've no idea. Was it a pocketbook?" Snobberly—"No, I found that everything was very dear."—Texas Siftings.

Prosperous Farmers.

Yankton Press and Dakotian: In Yankton County, South Dakota, there are at least one thousand farmers who came here poor as the proverbial turkey of Job, and whotoday count their worldly possessions by thousands. Many of them started in with a house built of sod, and almost empty handed so far as horses and cattle go. Today they occupy fine dwelling houses, have large barns, fine horses, cattle, hogs and sheep, granaries filled with grain, fruit orchards, and money in hand. We mention this to show that South Dakota farmers are the prosperous class. Prosperity is the rule—not the exception. With fair prices for grain and live stock they would be rolling in wealth. Prices, however, have nothing to do with the fertility of the soil and the favorable character of the climate. These natural advantages are here to stay and assure prosperity to the farming classes.

A copy of an illustrated pamphlet on "Irrigation in South Dakota," just issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, can be had by addressing W. E. Powell, General Immigration Agent, Chicago, Ill.

SUE SAID THE WRONG WORD.—"Dearest girl, wilt thou be mine?"
He asked her, and she wilted.
They're married now, but some opine
He wishes he'd been jilted.
—Detroit Free Press.

"Through Storyland to Sunset Seas"

Is the title of a sumptuous volume of 250 pages, printed on fine enameled paper and illustrated by 200 exquisite half tone engravings, which the Passenger Department of the Southern Pacific has just issued. It contains no advertising matter, but is a gracefully-told story of the romance of the country traversed by the Southern Pacific, and the narrative of what a party of four saw in a journey over this great trans-continental highway. As an example of bookmaking it is far in advance of anything heretofore attempted by any railway, and it is one of the marvels of modern commercial enterprise that the book is given away. By at once sending 20 cents to pay postage, you can, on application to S. F. B. Morse, General Passenger Agent, Southern Pacific, New Orleans, La., secure a copy of this work.

"IN Paris, I understand, the latest fad is for 'impressionist' menus." "I presume the idea is that the guests should become accustomed to nightmares before leaving the table."—Chicago Post.

Cheap Excursions to Great Southwest.

On January 14 and 28, February 11 and March 10, 1896, the Santa Fe Route will run a series of homeseekers' excursions from the East to principal points in Arkansas, Arizona, Southern Missouri, Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Texas.

Ticket rate will be about one fare for round-trip, with liberal limits and stop-over privileges. These Santa Fe Route excursions will enable you to take a Midwinter trip to a new country.

By addressing G. T. NICHOLSON, G. P. A., Monadnock Building, Chicago, you can obtain free literature descriptive of the Great Southwest.

"MAID of Athens, ere we part,
Give me back my silver heart."
"I can't," the clever damsel cried,
"My new beau's picture is inside."
—Chicago Record.

To California in Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars.

The Burlington Route (C., B. & Q. R. R.) runs personally conducted excursions to California, leaving Chicago every Wednesday. Through cars to California destination, fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, bedding, toilet rooms, etc.; every convenience. Special agent in charge. Route via Denver and Salt Lake. Sunshine all the way. Write for descriptive pamphlet to T. A. Grady, Excursion Manager, 211 Clark St., Chicago.

LET dogs delight to bark and bite;
To do so is their fate.
They can't be turned: they never learned,
You see, to urbitrate.
—Washington Star.

THERE is money to be made in Cripple Creek. When you go take the "Rock Island Route" to Colorado Springs. This is the only direct line—saves several hours' time to Cripple Creek. Send for full information. JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

A COLLECTING agency in New York is run by women exclusively, which seems to disprove the adage a woman's work is never done.—Texas Siftings.

FITS stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

THE child taught to believe any occurrence a good or evil omen, or any day of the week lucky, hath a wide inroad made upon the soundness of his understanding.—Watts.

THE Queen & Crescent is the only line operating a through sleeper to Florida via Asheville, N. C. Three car lines daily to Florida. Unequaled service.

"YES, doctor, it still hurts me to breathe—in fact, the only trouble now seems to be my breath." "Oh, well, I'll give you something that will soon stop that."—Life.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

W. L. DOUGLAS $3. SHOE BEST IN THE WORLD.

If you pay $4 to $6 for shoes, examine the W. L. Douglas Shoe, and see what a good shoe you can buy for **$3.**

OVER 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS, CONGRESS, BUTTON, and LACE, made in all kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and sell more $3 Shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

None genuine unless name and price is stamped on the bottom.

Ask your dealer for our $5, $4, $3.50, $3.00, $2.25 Shoes; $3.50, $2 and $1.75 for boys.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you, send to factory, enclosing price and 35 cents to pay carriage. State kind, style of toe (cap or plain), size and width. Our Custom Dept. will fill your order. Send for new illustrated Catalogue to Box R.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

March

April, May are most emphatically the months for taking a good blood purifier, because the system is now most in need of such a medicine, and because it more quickly responds to medicinal qualities. In winter impurities do not pass out of the body freely, but accumulate in the blood.

April

The best medicine to purify, enrich and vitalize the blood, and thus give strength and build up the system, is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands take it as their Spring Medicine, and more are taking it to-day than ever before. If you are tired, "out of

May

sorts," nervous, have had taste in the morning, aching or dizzy head, sour stomach and feel all run down, a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla will put your whole body in good order and make you strong and vigorous. It is the ideal Spring Medicine and true nerve tonic, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared. 25 cents.

"There's Room at the Top"
for the CUPID hair pin.
It never slips out, and keeps each particular hair in place.
It's in the TWIST.

Manufactured by
Richardson & DeLong Bros., Philadelphia.

Makers of the famous DELONG Hook and Eye.

CATARRH

is a

LOCAL DISEASE

and is the result of colds and sudden climatic changes. It can be cured by a pleasant remedy which is applied directly into the nostrils. Being quickly absorbed it gives relief at once.

Ely's Cream Balm

is acknowledged to be the most thorough cure for Nasal Catarrh, Cold in Head and Hay Fever of all remedies. It opens and cleanses the nasal passages, allays pain and inflammation, heals the sores, protects the membrane from colds, restores the senses of taste and smell. Price 50c. at Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

Danger Signals

More than half the victims of consumption do not know they have it. Here is a list of symptoms by which consumption can certainly be detected:—

Cough, one or two slight efforts on rising, occurring during the day and frequently during the night.
Short breathing after exertion.
Tightness of the chest.
Quick pulse, especially noticeable in the evening and after a full meal.
Chilliness in the evening, followed by *Slight fever.*
Perspiration toward morning and
Pale face and *languid* in the morning.
Loss of vitality.

If you have these symptoms, or any of them, do not delay. There are many preparations which claim to be cures, but **Dr. Acker's English Remedy** for Consumption has the highest endorsements, and has stood the test of years. It will arrest consumption in its earlier stages, and drive away the symptoms named. It is manufactured by the Acker Medicine Co., 16 and 18 Chambers St., New York, and sold by all reputable druggists.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

FLORIDA. The GREAT HOTELS of the PLANT SYSTEM are now open. FINEST HUNTING and FISHING in the world. "GUN and ROD on the WEST COAST of FLORIDA," a Handsome Sportsman's Manual, FREE on application. Write B. W. WRENN, Passenger Traffic Manager, SAVANNAH, Ga.

TEMPERANCE.

IF I COULD WRITE.

[The liquor dealers are now scattering broadcast pictures of beautiful women with alluring eyes, holding aloft glasses of whisky or beer. If grinning skeletons or sneering devils were substituted for the women, the picture would be more truthful.]

If I could write, my burning pen
Should move the souls—the minds of men;

THE ALLURING CUP.

The pit I'd paint—its lurid glare—
In words of flame: "Beware! Beware!
Shun the saloon, the devil's den!"

Who Satan serves, a denizen
Of his domain becomes. Oh, when
Weak ones are drifting to despair,
If I could write!

More fair—a land beyond their ken—
Than sunset glow o'er moor and fen!
If eye could see or tongue declare
The joys which God hath garnered there,
Longing, some souls might seek Him then,
If I could write!
—Anna H. Woodruff, in Union Signal.

IT IS A PARALYZER.

Physiological Action of Alcohol on the Brain Tissues.

These gray cells are brought into action by coming into contuct with the blood. The blood feaches the cortiele structure of the brain through the vascular membrane known as the pi-amater, which fits the convolutions, like a glove fits the fingers of the hand. It is a physiological fact, that, owing to the vascularity of this membrane and other blood vessels that pass into this great center, one-fifth of the blood of the body contiuuously circulates in the brain, especially during the waking hours. During great mental exeitement there is mor blood even than this in contact with the cephalic structure. We tind, too, that the brain is capable of contracting and expanding as the blood fills the organ and recedes from it during the hour of sleep. There is another kuown physiological fact of importance in studying this center, and thut is this: As we all know, many people drink alcohol to excess, and we know, too, that alcohol is indigestible; that when taken into the stouach it is absorbed into the blood without undergoing any catalytic change. When absorbed it circulates in the blood as alcohol. When eliminated by the execretory organs it is thrown off as uleohol, und if not then one-fifth of the amount of alcohol that is in the blood must necessarily come in contact with the tissues of this important structure. It is also a known fact that when nerve tissue is exposed to diluted aleohol, it excites it, and when brought in eontact with a strong solution of nleohol, or aleohol that is not properly diluted, it paralyzes it; so that if one-fifth of the blood of the body continuously circulates in the brain, then one-fifth of the aleohol that is taken by man and absorbed into the blood must necessarily come in contact with this delieate structure, and when it does, it first, in small nmounts, exeites the action of the cells. But when the blood is overcharged with alcohol it then paralyzes these cells—a fact that we see demonstrated when men are under the influnce of this agent. We find that the gray eells are ineapable on account of this paralyzation of performing their functions, and the man talks ineoherently or at random and is temporarily insane. If the man is very much under the influenee of alcohol, it paralyzes the gray eells that preside over the motor functions first, and we find him incapable of moving his limbs as he should, and as the effeet increases it invades the center that presides over sensation, and he is completely narcotized from it, so much so that he is not conscious of bodily injuries that he may receive while under the influence of the drug. If this alcoholism is crowded still further, it may not only invade the intellectual, motor and sensory ganglia, but it may go on and paralyze the centers that preside over respiration and circulation, and when this is the case the individual dies from alcoholie poison.

Understanding, as we do, the physiological action of this agent upon the nerve centers, we cannot help condemning, in the strongest terms, the use of an agent that has for its end the continuous exhaustion of the important part of man.—Medieal and Surgical Reporter.

It Increases Mortality.

Shepard Homans, the well-known actuary, long the president of the Providence Life Insurance society, shatters another popular superstition. He says: "It is my observation that malt liquor, taken habitually by the moderate drinker, tends to increase mortality, for it is a fact that the rate of mortality is greater nmong the Germans than among our native American people."

The Public House That All Can Close.

An English tempernnee orator, speaking on the subject of the possibility or impossibility of closing the saloons, said: "This is n difficult question, truly, my friends; but we will do well to remember that:

There is a little public house which every one may close;
It is the little public house just underneath the nose."

THE ROOT OF THE EVIL.

Address of Georgs May Powell on the Cause of Hard Times.

The National Reform organization is holding congresses on the various brnnches of its work in churches and halls over the city, state and country. Recently one of these gntherings was held ut the Scotch Presbyterian church in Philadelphia, on Seventeenth street, below Race. The subject was the "Economies of Intoxieants." George May Powell, one of the speakers, said the Intoxieants trade, more than all other causes combined, was at the bottom of the "hard times" now vexing capital and labor. He said no matter which side of the silver and tariff questions was taken, the gross amount involved in them both together was uot a quarter of the retail Intoxieant trade of our country. Analysis of United States customs and internal revenue returns on malt, fermented and distilled liquor, showed $900,000,000 to be a pretty fair figure. But this represents only the npproximately pure liquor. Hardly a quarter of the liquor retailed, however, is pure. Therefore, if you throw out $200,000,000 on the above pure liquor total, leaving it $700,000,000, and multiply it by four, we have a grand total of between $2,000,000,000 and $3,000,000,-000! This trade, if put in legitimate channels of operations of our merchants and manufacturers, would set commercial nnd industrial interests of labor and capital moving to the tune of plenty of work and good pay. These facts and philosophies apply to the affairs of all who buy and sell, or earn or pay wages in honest business. When chambers of commeree and boards of trade see these things in their true light they will drive the liquor traffic from their organizations as the great robbers nnd pirates of all their equitable interests. It is folly to answer this by saying that bad business keeps money circulating, and so prevents instead of ereates hard times. Its circulation is destructive of healthy business.

Finally foreign capital has within the last few years bought up Amerlean distilling and brewing plants to a great extent—such an extent that the dividends they take out of the country every year are four times the value of the entire annual product of our gold mines, this drain alone being several times as much as the $100,000,000 balance in the United States treasury, about which we hear so much. This totnl nnnual drain is 20 times as much as the present United States bond issue.

The retail merehants' sales are cut, because their normal constituency is expending so much more for intoxleants than for useful products. This cuts down the trade of the wholesale merehant, so of course the output of the manufacturer is reduced. So, too, the demand for labor in factories and stores and in farms and in other correlated industries has the life crushed out of it. Outside of its religious or of its moral reform elements, the cold cash side of this subject needs thorough examination by bankers and merehants and voters and taxpayers.

POVERTY, VICE AND CRIME.

This Triad of Curses Finds Its Chiefest Source of Strength in the Saloon.

Three of the darkest shadows which lie across the pathway of the human race, three of the most terrible and threatening forms which stand over ngainst human happiness and peace—poverty, viee and crime—these three, this triad of curses all find their chiefest source of strength, if not their origination, in the traffic in intoxicating drinks. The slum, the brothel and the thieves' den, with all their wretched, brazen and besotted denizens, all these are the progeny of the drink shops. Wherever the latter are found, the former are sure to be not far away. As surely as the appearance of snakes and toads betokens the presence of n noisome bog, so surely does the existence of rags and wretchedness, lewdnesss, brutality and crime betoken the propinquity of the places where strong drink is sold. And the rags, the wretchedness aud crime increase in proportion to the increase of the places of their breeding. Every grog-shop means the ruin of at least ten homes and ten times as many lives. No mother ean feel that her boy is safe while a single saloon exists within the circle of his daily walk to throw out a snare for his feet. The saloon lives and thrives always and everywhere by drawing in fresh victims—tempted and wandering boys, moderate drinkers and weak men—these make the grist which it grinds out for the workhouse, the jail and the asylum—youth, manhood, high hopes, fond ambitions at one end of the hopper, rags, disease, imbeeility and death at the other.—Christian Work.

VARIOUS NOTES.

DRINK first dims, then darkens, then deadens, then damns.

IN order to live the saloon must have 100,000 boys a year. Have you a boy to spare?

A MAN who thinks meanly of his occupation, must think meanly of himself. No saloonkeeper likes to be asked by a stranger what his business is.—Ram's Horn.

AUSTRIA proposes to deal with persistent drunkards by treating them as if they were mentally incapable, and locking them up in special retreats for a term of two years.

MRS. PHUNNELL'S Sister—"Stella, if I had a husband that drank as hard as John does I'd make him buy a plaster and stick it over his mouth." Mrs. Phunnell—"It wouldn't do any good, Jennie; he'd buy a porous pluster."

AND thus I stand—a clergyman without a cure, n barrister without brief or business; n father without n child; a husband without a wife; a son without a parent; n man with scarcely a friend; a soul without a hope — all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink.—Rev. J. J. Talbot, of Indianapolis.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Philadelphia in area is one of the largest cities in the world, having 129 1-3 square miles.

—The butcher has 978 patents which may be employed or not, as he chooses, in his business. Most of them are devices used in the large pork packing establishments.

—The common house fly is said to be provided with 16,000 eyes; that is to say, his two compound eyes have each 8,000 facets. By this singular arrangement he is enabled to see in every direction, and to elude with great skill and success the many dangers that threaten his daily existence.

—Peter Dorsey, a negro, who said he was 140 years old, died nt Tallahassee a few days ago. He looked as if he might be as old as he said, but most likely he was not. He was undoubtedly a very old man, however, and his neighbors figured that he was, at any rate, far past the century mark.

—Maine's labor commissioner has been gathering statistics on the cost of living in that state. He figures that the average daily cost of living is 31 cents a day for each individual in the average family. The cost of living to single men, boarding, is 46 cents. These figures cover rent, fuel and light.

—Curly hair indicates exuberent vitality, the curl being caused by the heat or electricity which pervades the system. Straight hair mostly denotes more evenness of character. Coarse hair mostly accompanies large muscles, and would thus suggest physical strength, while fine hair denotes refinement, sensitiveness and effeminate tastes and feelings. Very sensitive people have excessively fine hair, and their eyelashes always correspond.

—Perhaps the oddest pet a man ever had is a shark, seven feet long and weighing probably 250 pounds, which is owned, in a sense, by G. W. Fife, of Tacoma, Wash. The shark was harpooned in the bay off Tacoma by Mr Fife and towed to his boat house. It was not badly injured, so Mr. Fife passed a chain cable round its tail and tied it up to the pier. It was still alive up to last accounts, was feeding heartily, and was apparently becoming accustomed, if not reconciled, to captivity.

—Some idea of the extent of the coyote nuisance in the west may be got from the experience of one sheepman of Fossil, Ore. Since last fall, when the sheep were brought down from the mountains, the coyotes have killed about 100 of them. One night recently a herder left about 30 sheep out over night, and when he went to hunt for them in the morning he found 23 dead, their throats torn by the coyotes, and coyotes were chasing the remaining seven. In Crook county this sheepman has lost $200 in three months by the coyote raids on his flocks.

NOT AT HOME.

A New Way of Getting Rid of a Bill Collector.

The death of Tom Hannum, one time a well-known habitue of the press galleries on both sides of the capitol, was sincerely deplored among the old-timers the other day, and some amusing anecdotes were told of the popular newspaper man by his friends in the course of the day. One of the best is worth repeating.

Hannum was in the habit of taking a late breakfast at the Press club every morning. On one occasion, while he was vigorously discussing n hearty repast of ham and eggs, a bill collector suddenly walked up to Hannum's side, and laid his account before him. Hannum looked at the bill and then at the collector, and in a deliberate tone began:

"You blamed fool, can't you observe the amenities of ordinary civilized society. Don't you know that a man's club is like his home, and that you are in danger of being summarily ejected for coming in her without n eard of membership and without being introduced? The rules of this club require that if you have business with a member you wait in the lobby outside until a writer takes in your eard and ascertains whether the gentleman with whom you have business is present. Now, you go out into the lobby—take this bill with you—and comply with the rules of this club."

The collector apologized for the infraction of the rules of the Press club, which, to tell the truth, were never enforced on anything, and waited until the steward came to ascertain his wishes.

"Please announce me to Mr. Hannum," said the collector.

The steward told him to wait, and he carried the man's eard to Hannum who looked at it carefully, then handed it back to the steward, and said: "Not at home."—Washington Post.

Brittle Finger Nails.

Many women who have pretty hands are constantly mortified in cold weather by the rough appearance of their finger nails, caused by the fact that they break and split. The intense cold causes the nails to become so brittle that it seems impossible to trim them so as to make them smooth. The possessor of such nails should cut them with nothing except well-sharpened manicure scissors, and the nails must never be cut or filed unless the fingers have first been soaked in warm water. The brittleness may sometimes be lessened by rubbing almond oil thoroughly into the nails and finger ends on retiring at night. An old pair of kid gloves must then be pulled on. The housekeeper whose nails break easily should never stir anything on the hot range without first slipping on a loose glove, as the dry heat from the fire will make her nails more brittle than ever. Neither must she allow herself to stay out of doors for a moment without having her hands protected from the cold, which is even more injurious than the heat. All these precautions may seem to be a bother, but in the end are worth while.—Harper's Bazar.

EDUCATIONAL DISCOVERY.

New Science Brought to Light by New York Psychologists.

The old theory of education was that children had about the same mental power. The chief difference was that some were possessed to a greater degree than others with the perverse wit of Adam, and required, in consequence, a more frequent and intense application of the birch stick to quicken their mental operations. The present theory is that the difference lies very largely in the quality of their brains. The aim of psychology now is to determine in some definite way the amount of this difference.

This science is called paidology. It is pursued with great care in the psychological laboratory of the New York school of pedagogy. Prof. Scripture, of Yale university, is investigating it also. Instruments have been invented that enable the investigator to determine with absolute accuracy the rapidity of children's thoughts, the extent to which they can bear pain, the degree of their nervousness, and many other points of interest relative to their mental power. When sufficient data have been obtained it will be possible to grade pupils much better than now. They will be graded according to the quickness of their mental operations—the slow ones being grouped in classes, and the quick ones grouped in other classes. There will then be no complaint that the former are permitted to retard the progress of the latter.

One of the instruments used in this investigation is the graphic chronometer. A child is told to look at a shutter, and, when it is seen to fall, to press a button. The interval between the time that the shutter falls and the moment that the button is pressed measures the child's power to respond to an optical impression. The interval varies in different children. The aim of the experiment is to determine an average to be applied in grading children. Another experiment with this instrument is to determine the time it takes a child to write the letter "o" and the letter "g," the former being the easiest and the latter the most difficult to write.

The algometer is the name of the instrument used to determine the amount of pain that a child can endure. It is described as resembling a small pump, with a spring balance in the handle. "A piston," continues the description, "with a metal disk about the size of a silver quarter at one end, projects from the tube. The disk is pressed against the temporal of the child's forehead until a slight pain is felt. The amount of pressure exerted to produce this effect is indicated on the spring of the pressure gauge, and shows the sensitiveness of the child."

The third instrument is called the plethismograph, which is used to test the child's nervousness and general emotional sensibility. It is a little rubber bellows, attached to a rubber tube which carries a small lever. The lever is in contact with a revolving drum. The bellows is applied to the wrist just above the pulse. The heart beats cause little puffs of air to pass through the bellows into the tube to the lever, which moves in response to them and records their rapidity on the drum. The different degrees of sensitiveness of children to the same effect may thus be accurately obtained. A practical result of this information will be the grading of punishments.

There are other instruments, to test the hearing, the eyesight and the touch. Spools wound with wire of different sizes are used to test the sense of touch. The more highly sensitive the touch, the smaller the size of the wire that can be detected.—Rochester Herald.

EMPEROR AND DUMPLINGS.

Ferdinand of Austria Insisted on Having the Dish.

An anecdote which was current of Ferdinand I. of Austria at one time greatly delighted his subjects and gave rise to a common saying. One summer day he was hunting in the Styrian mountains and was overtaken by a violent thunderstorm. He sought refuge in a farmhouse whose occupants were just then at dinner, and his fancy was caught by some smoking dumplings, made of coarse flour. He tasted them, liked them and asked for more, and when he got back to Vienna, to the horror of the royal cooks, he ordered the same dumplings to be served up daily.

The courtiers were scandalized that such a coarse dish should figure on the menu, but he now showed that he had a will of his own and persisted in gratifying his new fancy. Finally the physicians pretended that it was dangerous to his health to be living on dumplings and insisted on his giving them up.

The hitherto docile sovereign stamped his foot and declared he would never sign another official document if his diet were denied him.

"Emperor I am," he shouted, "und dumplings I will have!"

To prevent a stoppage of the government machinery opposition was withdrawn and his majesty clung tenaciously to his dumplings. Then the imperial phrase became proverbial, and thereafter, when anyone insisted on gratifying a silly whim, some one was sure to say:

"Emperor I am, and dumplings I will have!"—Youth's Companion.

Cheapest Coal.

The United States possesses the cheapest coal in the world. The census of 1890 established the fact that the average price of bituminous coal throughout the United States in 1889 was 99 cents per ton. The average price of English coal during recent years has been 72 cents higher.

—Her Failing.—"How tedious it is playing whist with such a partner as that Miss Gadabout!" "Yes; I believe that girl would ask the angel Gabriel 'What's trumps?'"—Detroit Free Press.

BANANAS A PROFITABLE CROP.

Immense Quantities of the Fruit Are Raised at the South.

As the banana is grown in this latitude solely for its shade and as an ornamental plant, it is hard for us to realize how indispensable it is to the inhabitants of the tropics, or to what extent it furnishes them with their daily food. Upon those rare occasions when the fruit ripens here it is far from attaining the size and flavor of the banana of the torrid zone, and those that are imported, being cut while green and allowed to ripen in warehouses, lack the perfection of fruit matured under tropical suns and eaten fresh from the tree. But notwithstanding these disadvantages, the consumption of bananas is rapidly increasing, and in 1892 there were 13,-000,000 bunches brought into the United States, valued at the custom house at $4,000,000. The imports of the last two years doubtless much exceed that amount, and this calculation takes no account of those raised in the southern states and in California, so it will be seen we are fast becoming a banana-loving people.

So far the fruit has been used here simply as fruit, with the exception that in the south it is occasionally fried or baked, but it has not become an article of ordinary diet, as it is in those lands where it is indigenous. There it takes to a great extent the place of our cereals, and the laborers greatly prefer it to our standard articles of diet, bread and potatoes, while we learn from Stanley that, in the interior of Africa, the banana and plantain constitute almost the only food of the negroes. They have for them the great recommendations that they require so little culture, and are so easily propagated, and that their yield is so much greater than other crops. It is said that an acre planted in them produces a ton of fruit, while their productiveness as compared with wheat is as twenty-three to one, and to potatoes forty-four to one. The coarser kinds are chiefly used in a dry state and reduced to meal, when they make a palatable cake or porridge, but it would need some education to make European nations relish them in that form, as the great recommendation of our stable articles of food, rice, potatoes and bread is the absence of any peculiar flavor or sweetness.

It is difficult to define the difference between the banana and the plantain, except that the latter is rather coarser and has less flavor than the banana, and is therefore more frequently cooked than eaten raw. There is, however, a great variety of plants belonging to this class, varying from the Chinese banana, which is of dwarf growth, not reaching more than four or five feet in height, with fruit five inches long, to the giant bananas of central Africa, which attain to the height of 40 feet, and bear fruit that measures 20 inches in length and eight in circumference, with from 50 to 100 of them in a bunch. One of these monsters might well serve for a meal for a small family.

In those countries where the banana grows luxuriantly it is useful to the natives in many ways besides as food. The native huts are thatched with the leaves, they are made into baskets for holding various things, the fiber is used as thread for sewing and cord for tying, the young buds and tender shoots are cooked and eaten as we would asparagus, or made into salads. Some varieties have a fine white powder on the under side of the leaves that when melted becomes a pure white wax, and all of them have so much tannin in the juice of the stem that it can be used in dyeing or as ink. The burnt leaves and stalks produce a potash that takes the place of soap, and the plant can be utilized in many other ways. But perhaps the most useful article made from the plantation is the manilla hemp of commerce from which ropes, mats and numerous other things are made, while the old ropes are utilized by paper manufacturers to make a strong quality of wrapping paper. This species of the banana grows so luxuriantly in the Philippine islands that 50,000 tons of it are exported annually in the shape of manilla hemp.—Charleston News and Courier.

All the Same.

"Have you any flounces?" asked Tony Pippin, with an abstracted air, as he inserted his legs under a table in one of those quick dispatch restaurants in Park Row.

The fluffy-haired waitress glanced down at her plain black skirts, blushed laboriously and said:

"What was that you wanted?"

"Flounces."

"How'll you have 'em—baked, boiled, shirred or bias?" the girl responded, fuectiously. She thought Mr. Pippin was given to repartee.

"I want them fried with bacon," Tony responded with some severity. "Will you take my order?"

"Yes, if you call for anything on the bill. This ain't no Chinese laundry."

Struck by a sudden fear, Mr. Pippin grabbed the thumb-painted menu, scanned the oyster list for a moment, and then said, meekly:

"I made a mistake. It's scallops I want."—N. Y. Journal.

—It is a remarkable fact that 5,472 patents have been issued for devices used in wearing apparel. Many of them relate to the method of cutting and fitting, while others are concerned with peculiar devices employed to strengthen the material in certain parts of the garment.

—Oysters are provided with eyes, but the oysters' eye is not located where public opinion places it. What is called the eye of the oyster is the great muscle which holds the shells together, and which is separated by the knife of the opener.

—Mme. de Brinvilliers had large blue eyes, the upper lid of which almost concealed the pupils.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Baroness, have you heard—" "Is it a secret, your excellency?" "Yes." "Then I have heard of it."—Fliegende Blaetter.

—Such a Question.—Young Artist—"Do you paint, Miss Bloomhunter?" Miss Bloomhunter (indignantly)—"No, sir, I don't even powder."—Detroit Free Press.

—Art Up to Date—"Has Mrs. Catchon an artistic home?" "Yes; her pictures are hung so low that you have to lie down on the floor to look at them."—Chicago Record.

—Cawker—"The goat is an impressive-looking animal." Curaso—"I don't think so." Cawker—"Have you ever reflected what a striking forehead he has?"—Harper's Bazar.

—Watts—"There seems to be some truth in the saying that Heaven helps those who help themselves." Potts—"Of course there is. They are the only kind worth helping."—Indianapolis Journal.

—A Vivid Imagination.—Mrs. Chaffie—"Johnnie, I have discovered that you have taken more cake than I gave you." Johnnie—"Yes, ma, I made believe that there was another little boy spending the day with me."—Texas Sifter.

—Might be Worse—The heroine tore her hair. "Oh, that I should come to this," she moaned. "Well, you didn't have to pay to come," hissed the villain, with a meaning glance in the direction of the audience.—Detroit Tribune.

—Yeast—"Who is that richly dressed lady coming out of that fashionable restaurant?" Crimsonbeak—"She's an artist's model." "And this seedy-looking fellow coming out of the free lunch saloon?" "Oh, he's the artist."—Yonkers Statesman.

—Little Irene (entertaining Mr. Noodle)—"Do you play very hard with my sister Clara, Mr. Noodle?" Mr. Noodle—"Play with your sister? Why, no, I don't play. Why do you ask?" Little Irene—"Well, she says you make her awful tired."—Brooklyn Life.

—Hard Fate—"This, ladies and gentlemen," said the dime museum orator, leading his auditors over to the next platform, "is the armless wonder, Sig. Basil Bagstock, who was not only born without arms, but is also deaf and dumb. The great grief of his life, ladies and gentlemen, is that he can neither say anything nor can he saw wood."—Chicago Tribune.

HE CLUBBED GEN. GRANT.

New York Has a Policeman Who Gave Him a Deserved Punishment.

Once upon a time Gen. Grant was beaten. He was beaten in less than half a minute, and he made no attempt to fight back. As a result of this beating there is to-day in New York a trembling policeman, and here is the story of the affair. Jacob Riis tells it. When it happened he was a reporter.

"The Masonic temple was on fire," says Mr. Riis. "The temple is on the corner of Twenty-Third street and Sixth avenue, and the fire happened more than ten years ago. The fire lines were formed, snow was falling and the police were out of temper. Along from the the Fifth Avenue hotel there came a small man, with his hands in his pockets and a big cigar sticking out of the corner of his mouth. He did not notice the fire lines or anything, but walked straight ahead with his head down. He ran into the arms of a big policeman who had tired himself pushing people back. 'Blank, blank, blank!' said the policeman, 'do you take me for a wooden Indian?' Without waiting for an answer, the policeman seized the small man by the collar and, with a few more blanks, brought his club with a loud whack across the small man's back below the waist. The small man said not a word, barely looked up and resumed his walk, with his hands still in his pockets. I said to the policeman, whom I knew: 'Great Heavens, man! do you know what you've done? Do you know who that was you clubbed?' 'Naw,' said the policeman, 'I don't.' 'Well,' I said, 'it's Gen. Grant,' and his face felt almost a foot."

The man who clubbed old Gen. Grant is still on the force, and Mr. Riis knows him. At present Gen. Grant's son is a police commissioner with the power of blighting policemen's lives. The policeman who clubbed the commissioner's father is now wondering and trembling as he wonders whether by any chance his name or number was handed down in the Grant family. He need not wonder, for it was not, and Mr. Riis does not propose to tell who the policeman was. Besides, says Mr. Riis, Gen. Grant set a good example when he took his beating like a little man and walked on without a murmur. He knew that he had run into a sentry on duty and was pleased to escape so easily. Gen. Grant's son would probably not take as calm a view as Mr. Riis does of Gen. Grant's clubbing, but it is not very likely that he would be very vengeful. He is a mild man, not anxious for gore or trouble.—N. Y. World.

No Kissing in Japan.

The women in Japan thoroughly dislike to see a man with a beard. Their dislike may be a reason for the universally clean shaven face of the Japanese men. I think it was in Chicago that several young ladies warmly debated the question of beards from an osculatory standpoint, the question being, is it more agreeable to kiss a man with a beard or one without? Kissing, however, has nothing to do with the Japanese woman's dislike for a beard, and this for the very good reason that a kiss, as we understand it, is an unknown thing in Japan; not unknown to the gay maiden of Tokio, Yokohama, or Kobe, the demi-mondaines of that country, whose business it is to amuse foreigners with their dances and songs—but unknown to the great majority of people. A young man never kisses his sweetheart, a wife never kisses her husband, a mother never kisses her children.—Munsey's Magazine.

The Republican.

B[illegible] [illegible], Editor and Proprietor
D. G SMITH, Local Editor.

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A Political Mix-up.

Whether the free silver apostles in the Senate have helped or hindered their cause by their uncompromising opposition to the revenue bill is a matter that time and the coming elections only can make plain, but it is certain that not for many years has there been such a mixed-up condition of political affairs as now prevails. And the condition seems likely to continue for a season, for those who are now most conspicuous in their advocacy of free silver decline to leave the Republican party, although many of their followers want them to, while some of their unwilling Republican associates are earnest in suggesting divorce proceedings. Free silver men who are also Democrats are equally unwilling to forsake their party entirely; they hold on to membership with a vigor which suggest that their faith in the silver idol is of the sort that wavers. White metal Republicans and Democrats alike seem imbued with the missionary spirit that hopes against hope for the conversion of both old organizations, and to this spirit they have added that variety of cautious shrewdness which was conspicuously absent in the dog who lost his beefsteak and was immortalized by Esop. —Washington Star.

The B. & O Receivership.

The passing of the B. & O. railroad into the hands of a receiver is a startling event even in this age of railroad bankruptcy. It is the pioneer railroad of the country, begun before steam locomotion was practically accomplished. Many important problems in railroad building were first worked out upon it, and its early reports were text books of railroad engineering, held in the highest esteem in Europe as well as in this country.

It was one of the first railroads to achieve great financial success, and for many years its position was regarded as impregnable. Its stock was never watered, and up to 1891 was less than $15,000,000, or less than one-third the surplus fund shown by its financial statement. In 1881 the price of its common stock ranged as high as 210, and for years B. & O. securities ranked with government bonds in the favor of Baltimore investments. The Quaker millionaire, Johns Hopkins, had great faith in the B. & O. railroad, and a large part of the endowment of the great university bearing his name, was in stocks and bonds of the road. Fortunately, the university was supplied with other resources, so that the depreciation of the B. & O. securities, while a hard blow, has not crippled it.

The causes of the downfall and collapse of the B. & O. are well understood by railroad men. The old management of the road was not sufficently fore-sighted and did not make timely provision for the needs of the future. Toward the close of the Garrett management, when the true policy would have been to devote all the resources of the company to the improvement of its plant and the extension of its facilities, a vast amount of money was spent in establishing express and telegraph companies. The B. & O. Telegraph extended its lines all over the country and carried on a ruinous competition with the Western Union. Eventually the express company and the telegraph company were sold at a great loss and the railroad was relieved of a terrible drain upon its resources, but it has never recovered from the exhausted state in which it was left. It has since had an active and intelligent management, but the load of debt under which the company has staggered has been too heavy for it. The inherent strength of the road, is, however, very great. It has been, and still will be, one of the great trunk lines of the country, but it needs to be put in shape to handle economically the great traffic which belongs to it. The receivership was necessary in order to carry out the systematic reorganization of its finances which the situation requires.

At the Capital.

ANNAPOLIS, March 2 1896.

The absence of the Governor as well as a large majority of members of the Legislature made Annapolis exceedingly dull yesterday.

The financial difficulties of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company has for the time being absorbed public attention to the exclusion of matters of legislation and the quest for office.

It is expected that the Senate will hold an executive session to-night, at which the Allegany appointments will be confirmed.

The "prominent lawyer" with his opinion that the civil service law with referendum attachment, is an unconstitutional measure, is very much in evidence just now. Whether their lawyers have ever heard of local option laws passed subject to the approval of the people or not we cannot say. But if they are correct in their opinion now, no local option law that ever passed under such conditions was constitutional.

It seems that the promoters of the Bruce law was afraid that the people would not favor the bill, and they wish to force it upon the books against the will of the people. This may be reform but it is not in accordance with the teachings of either of the great parties.

An assessment law, nearly approaching the Hayes bill, is now an assured fact. A new election law is also in sight, as well as every reform measure promised. What more could the Republicans do?

Mr. Campbell has introduced a bill which devotes half the fines collected in Allegany county to the use of the Bar association for the purchase of law books for the library. Such a measure was vetoed by Gov. Hamilton in 1880. McC.

Loch Lynn Heights.

Mr. James H. Jarboe and family will move into Mr. C. B. Lee's house on Second avenue April 1st.

Mrs. William Sweitzer was on a visit to friends and relatives at Swanton last week.

Fast men—penitentiary birds.

Mr. John Dunhill has accepted the office of secretary of the Horticultural Supply company.

Mr. W. S. Lantz is building a dwelling near Loch Lynn.

Lumber was being unloaded off the car last week for the erection of Capt. James A. Hayden's store at the Park.

Mr. A. H. Frey purchased a span of horses last week for his livery stable.

Mr. C. A. Ashby was on a business trip to Crellin the early part of the week.

Mr. Thomas Callis was taken very suddenly ill Sunday night, but we are glad to state is convalescent.

Mr. A. S. Teats, of Schell, was seen on our streets Monday.

Mr. Jonas Kennedy's horse took fright Tuesday evening and ran away, breaking up the wagon badly.

Mrs. Jonathan White is numbered among the sick. She is threatened with pneumonia.

On April 1st, Mr. O'Donnell and family will occupy their house on Second avenue.

Mr. William Welsh, of Selbysport, is here on a visit to Mr. Brison Welsh.

Mr. William Rhodes, of Connelsville, Pa., is here on a visit to his brother.

Died, at her home near Loch Lynn, Mrs. Elizabeth Foglepole, aged 73 years. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. D. R. Wagner. Fullest sympathy of the community is extended to them in their personal loss.

We notice that the planing mill has begun to improve the time, by running more steady.

MR. COWEN SPEAKS.

The Receivers to Operate the R[illegible] Until Plans for Reorganization Are Completed.

About dusk on Saturday, aft[illegible] special meeting of the Balti[illegible]e and Ohio directors, General Att[illegible]ney Hugh L. Bond, on behalf [illegible] the company, applied before Judges Nathan Goff and Thomas J. Morris for the appointment of Presid[illegible] John K. Cowen and First Vice President Oscar G. Murray as receivers.

The court immediately granted the application and the two officers qualified, giving bonds of $200,000 each.

Steps will at once be taken by a special committee to accomplish a reorganization of the company.

The following statement was given to the press by President Cowen:

"A committee composed of the New York directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad company has been engaged for some time on a plan for funding the floating debt of the company and to provide additional capital. Until this morning there was the strongest belief upon the part of the committee and the members of the syndicate who have been aiding the company that the plan proposed would be adopted in time to meet the company's requirements.

"After full consultation, however, it was found to be inexpedient to carry out all the details of the plan without the aid of the court, and for that reason it became necessary for the railroad company and the Mercantile Trust company, of New York, representing the syndicate which has been aiding the company, to begin a friendly suit for the appointment of receivers, who should hold the property and operate it pending the consummation of a plan for its reorganization.

ACTION OF THE BOARD.

"Prior to the commencement of the suit, however, the whole matter was laid before the board of directors of the company, and they unanimously passed a resolution authorizing the company's officers to confess a judgment in favor of the Mercantile Trust company for the amount of the debt due to that company, held by it on behalf of the syndicate, and also consenting in the appointment of receivers for the property.

"The action was taken after full deliberation, and after the presentation of the whole case to the directors. The board at the same time passed a resolution requesting the New York members of the board, namely: Messrs. Lewis Fitzgerald, Eugene Delano, Edward R. Bacon, Howland Davis and William A. Read, who have been preparing a plan for the rehabilitation of the company without the foreclosure of any of the mortgages, to organize themselves as a committee with power to add to their number, or to associate with them a committee in London for the protection of all the security and shareholders, with a view to the immediate reorganization of the company and its affairs."

As stated, these gentlemen have been engaged for some time upon a plan for the rehabilitation of the company and its finances, they will continue to this effort and they expect to have appointed in London another committee of security and shareholders to co-operate with them in the presentation of a plan which will have for its object the extinguishment of the entire floating debt of the company and the furnishing of new capital and the placing of the company's finances upon a firm and stable basis.

RECEIVERSHIP NECESSARY.

The board of directors and the officers of the company greatly regret the necessity of asking the intervention of the court but the demands upon the company were so pressing that it was impossible to deal with the subject of readjustment without getting the delay which arises from a receivership and the administration of the property under the orders of a judicial tribunal.

The persistent rumors spread through the public press to the effect that the report of the noted expert, Mr. Stephen Little, did not confirm the report of the company's accounting officers mode to the syndicate under date of February 1, 1896, are entirely without foundation. On the contrary, Mr. Little's examination fully confirms the report of the company's acoounting officers, made February 1, 1896, of the company's floating indebtedness, income, etc.

There is no basis whatever for such rumors heretofore passing through the public prints.

Court Proceedings

On Monday morning the March Term of the Circuit Court for Garrett county convened, with His Honor Judge David W. Sloan on the bench.

The Grand Jury was empanneled with Mr. W. McC. Brown as foreman. Judge Sloan delivered a very impressive charge to the jury, calling attention to those infractions of the law coming under their personal observation.

The several dockets were called over and on Tuesday the work of the court was well under way.

Yesterday morning Chief Judge Boyd came up from Cumberland and joined Judge Sloan on the bench.

APPEAL DOCKET.

1. Mortimer G. Williams vs. Mason C. Pendleton; stet.

2. Samuel T. Davis vs. the Horticultural Supply Co.; appeal; dismissed for non-payment of costs.

3. James Hardinger vs. Jos. C. Alderson; continued.

4. G. W. Delawder vs. Wm. H. Spiker; appeal dismissed and judgment confirmed for non-payment of costs.

5. W. H. Malette vs. S. T. Davis; judgment reversed and each party to pay their own costs.

6. C. R. Savage vs. Andrew Mullen; held sub curia by court.

7. William Upole and John Upole vs. Michael Wolf & Son; jury trial; verdict for appellees for $52.57.

TRIALS.

1 to 13 inclusive, continued.

14. John S. Siloco vs. Arthur Townshend, adm'r; dismissed under rule security for payment of costs.

15. Grace McCulloch vs. John Friend et al.; continued.

17. Aden C. Duckworth vs. Robert M. McMillan; ejectment; continued.

19. V. W. Thalman vs. Joseph C. Alderson; continued, and submitted to court at July term.

21, 22, continued.

23. State of Maryland vs. the North Branch Manufacting Co.; stet.

24. W. W. Howell vs. David P. Mays; judgment of condemnation and property attached.

25. Same vs. same; judgment for $56.83

26, 27, continued.

28. J. H. Fout vs Minnie and Thaddeus Hinebaugh; judgment for $104.74.

29, 30, continued.

32, continued.

33. Henry J. Mayers vs. R. A. Ravenscroft; dismissed.

34. Thomas C. Jenkins vs. Baker Johnson, et al.; stet.

35. Harvey W. Shope vs. George W. Engle and Patterson Engle; judgment for $71.42.

37, 38, continued.

39. State of Maryland vs. The Oakland Improvement and Development Co.; stet.

41. R. S. Jamison vs. Williams Carter; judgment for $233.14.

43, 45, continued.

47. The Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Co. vs. L. J. Brown; judgment on rule.

48, 49, continued.

52. Henry W. McComas vs. Elizabeth Philips, et al.; judgment for $180.85.

53, 54, 55, 56, continued.

57. Crawford Bros. vs. Loch Lynn Store Co., judgment for $150.90.

58. Edward A. Prior & Co. vs. the Oakland Candy Co.; judgment for $202.20.

59, continued.

60. Schwartz, Mansbach & Co. vs. John Noon; judgment for $205.30.

61. Garrett County Bank vs. W. H. Barnard; judgment for $258.40.

63. Hayden & Eckles vs. Mary Kalbaugh and Wm. Hocking; judgment for $128.39.

64. The Exchange Bank of Wheeling vs. J. C. Alderson; continued.

66. Jonas Frazee vs. F. C. Browning, et al.: judgment for $69.86.

67. Tracy, Morris & Co., vs, Speicher & Nethken; judgment for $147.10.

69. L. H. Friend vs. Henry E. Felty; dismissed.

ORIGINALS.

1. Benjamin Miller vs. Henry Clair; off.

12. Schuykill Mills vs. Theodore H. Spear; judgment of condemnation as per schedule.

19. Richard T. Frazee vs. Clark Rush. dismissed.

CRIMINAL TRIALS.

2. State vs. John W. Harvey; continued.

3, 4. State vs. Mason C. Pendleton; continued.

7. State vs. John E. Elliott; indictment quashed and case dismissed.

Bittinger.

Not seeing any items chronicled from this place I will send you a few.

We appreciate the appointment of Jonas Bittinger as register of this district to succeed Joseph Buckle, and C. J. Brenneman as justice of the peace to succeed Geo. Ralston.

Mrs. Jennie Snyder has been critically ill for the past two weeks and continues so, but we hope she may have a speedy relief from sickness.

Ed. Gilpin was on a flying trip to Piedmont last week.

The farmers of this vicinity have begun making maple sugar.

One of the most interesting features of this village is the Bittinger Literary Society. The following program was dispensed with last Saturday night: Singing, "My Country 'Tis of Thee;" prayer by the president; select reading, by Daniel Orendorf; recitation, Miss Laura Wiley; music by the Accident band; an oration, by J. H. Ralston, on Washington. The next was the debate: question, Resolved, That the Tariff Plank of the National Democratic party of 1892 is right for the best interest of the American people. The question was affirmed by William Miller, of Accident: denied by A. F. George, of Swanton. It was an interesting affair. The society was highly pleased with the able speeches made by these two gentlemen, and no doubt each one won respect from the people of Bittinger irrespective of political parties. We were also equally pleased with the music rendered by the band, led by the famous "Happy Lew."

Grantsville.

Snow and wintry blasts have succeeded last week's few days of balmy sunshine and warmth.

Sugar makers' recent saccharine dreams have been rudely dispelled by atmospheric rigor and velocity. A portion of our sugar producers have made some sugar; others have not tapped their trees yet.

Mrs. Gregory Bevans died at her home west of town, last Wednesday night. The funeral was held in Frostburg, and was conducted by the pastor of the Roman Catholic church of that place, the congregation here, of which the deceased was a member, being a part of the same pastorate. The husband alone survives his companion, an only child having died several years ago. Age of deceased was about thirty years.

J. S. Broadwater is disposing of his remaining stock of merchandise at public auction, which began last Wednesday and was continued Thursday, Saturday and Monday and is to be continued until goods are all sold if attendance justifies continuance. An immense crowd attended the first day, which has decreased in proportion to the decrease of goods and supplying of wants. The sales included "bargains" of two classes one for the purchaser and the second for the seller, with a preponderance of the latter, we believe.

It seems, judging from reports in circulation, there is something radically wrong with a school, in one of our adjoining districts. As is usually the case, when strife and disagreement exist there the talebearer and gossip monger plies his virulent and inflammatory vocation. Perhaps in this case as in many others both sides are in fault and blameless to a greater or less extent. We do not intend nor is it our desire to pass judgment upon this matter, as a self constituted tribunal, but we reiterate, there is something radically wrong and it is a duty incumbent upon *all* concerned to make proper amends for wrongs, so that a just adjustment of affairs may take place. It is indisputable that a teacher should have more ability, discretion and self-control than the average of his pupils, because he is generally more ripe in years, has more experience and must essentially in all qualities that make up the qualifications of a teacher be superior, thus the effect of his administration is to correct and remedy the pigheaded stupidity and obstinacy of that class of pupil instead of provoking and aggravating it. Again some schools have vicious leaders, who make it a point to be contrary and to master the master, who instead of reforming continue in their folly to increase notoriety and then be "smart", in their own minds.

Accident.

We have cold weather and snow, but not enough to sled on.

Mrs. Annie Glotfelty is sick at her daughter's Mrs. G. F. Kight.

Mrs. Thomas Turney is sick with erysipelas.

Mr. Melchoir Miller, uncle of M. J. Miller, is dead He was buried in the Cove cemetery by Rev. Halbaugh, of the German Lutheran church, of which he was a member for many years.

The Accident band boys extend their thanks to F. C. Reice, the new election supervisor, for $5, which he presented to them for a serenade.

There will be preaching at the English Ev. Lutheran church next Sunday at 10 o'clock a. m., by a minister from Hagerstown whose name the writer did not learn. All are invited to be present.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending March 8, 1896, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

John F. Wolf — James Paul
Miss Ella Gibson — Miss Ruth McRoble
Miss Lee Shirley (2)

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

SHERIFF'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, and to the undersigned directed, the same being No. 17 Judicials, March Term, 1896, at the suit of C. A. Stanton use J. S. Broadwater vs. Marshall Beachy, I will offer at public auction to the highest bidder, on

SATURDAY, THE 21st DAY OF MARCH, 1896,

at the hour of eleven o'clock of said day, in front of the Livengood Hotel in the town of Grantsville, all that lot of land situated in said Town containing three-quarters of an acre and belonging to said Marshall Beachy on the north side of the National road, formerly occupied by Abraham J. Beachy and known as the "John Faillinger Property," and purchased from him by Abraham J. Beachy, and which the said Marshall acquired from the said Abraham J. Beachy by his last will and testament.

Said property is improved by a dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings.

The defendant's interest in the above property will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN,
51—3 Sheriff of Garrett County.

EVERYBODY APPRECIATES A GOOD NEWSPAPER.

You want to keep posted on all the events of the day, and in order to do so you must read a paper which contains all the news. The

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CHRONICLE TELEGRAPH,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

ECCLESIASTICAL COLUMN.

Rev. J. W. Butler, Pastor St. Mark's Lutheran Church, Editor.

Narcotics and Stimulants.

Isaiah 5. 11-23.

Tho subject of narcotics and alcoholic stimulants is one of so serious and great magnitude that it cannot be discussed in a few moments.

All who have attended the lectures of Dr. Tracy, or even one given in December by our evangelist Howard, must have a fair idea of the injurious effects of these drugs upon the human system.

However, their evils are practically and best seen in the physical and demented victims in our midst to-day, to say nothing of the poverty stricken homes and the doomed souls.

A chemical analysis of these producers of evil is not necessary here, nor a scientific exposition of their evil effect upon the human constitution.

In them our liberties, our virtues and our homes are exposed to an enemy more dangerous and daring than the wild beasts and savage red men that prowled in the darkness about the homes of our fathers.

Much has been claimed for their medical uses and stimulating effects against pain and suffering.

But while they render insensible to pain we are as insensible to the habit that is begun and the disease that is invited, far more perilous in their nature to both body and soul, than any affliction of body or mind.

"No drunkard can enter into the kingdom of God."

The Bible teaches us that this drink plague is no new thing. It has a long and fearful history. Wine and strong drink may be traced back to the Hebrew nation. We read of Noah who planted a vineyard and got drunk on the wine he made.

Here is one of their royal proverbs: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

Although men go to the use of these beverages among this ancient nation as a means of self-justification in similar indulgences, it appears that they had learned that strong drink was a very Satan, making a mock of all its promises: giving weakness instead of strength; sickness instead of health; poverty instead of wealth; foolishness instead of wisdom; unrest and pain instead of peace and joy. These Hebrews had found that, which would be exhilarating, to become "raging" instead: having the semblance of a furious beast or a madman.

Let us look still further at these proverbs: they serve as an index to the conceptions these lovers and junkers of strong drink had of its iniquitous effects:

"He that loveth pleasure shall be poor: he that loveth wine shall not be rich."

"Be not among winebibbers: for the drunkard shall come to poverty and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags."

Habakkuk wrote, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him and maketh him drunk also."

"Who hath sorrow? Who hath woes? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine: they that go to seek mixed wine."

"Brawls, blows, bruises, quarrels, red eyes and noses, blear faces and wretched aches and feelings, were the common penalties of the wicked drink habit in Palestine, among the chosen people, as in modern times and among modern men."

No wonder the conclusion of the Hebrew moralist was, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

The tetotalers found among the Rechabites and Nazarites of the Hebrews show the prevalence of the drink plague was sufficient to be opposed, and to demand a reformation. These total abstainers, samples of whom we find in Samson and John the Baptist, "stand like pillars of light on the bleak plain of Hebrew history," testifying of the viciousness of the great evil in their day.

Among the ancient Pagan nation we find a winebibbling people. It was true concerning Egypt according to pictures found upon her ancient monuments. In these at Thebes, wine presses, wine dressers and wine drinkers were represented: also servants with wine cups, slaves carrying their masters home drunk and maids tonding their drunken mistresses

We find Confucius, who died 478 B. C., counciling the Chinese against the use of wine and the evils of intoxication.

The old Greek poet Homer sang unctiously of wine and the ivy-wreathed wine cup, and of wine drinking. The Spartans, the most courageous and virtuous people among the Grecks, were tetotalers.

Though Rome began her career with more abstemiousness, after her nation began the use of strong drink, they, in a few hundred years, went out as a consumed candle flickers and is gone.

So it was in Gaul, Spain and ancient Britain, beer was made from grain and other vegetable products, and drink and drunkenness were common.

Everywhere men have discovered means and ways of producing intoxicating drinks.

While distilation was unknown to the ancients, it was discovered in time to become well known by the twelfth century in parts of Europe, and to give at that early period a new start and ally to the drink curse.

We must look this demon in the face and learn where he came from, and what it has done and what it is still doing. It has had time to entrench itself in the blood and nerves of mankind. This it has done, through the customs of the ages; in the courtesies and pleasures of society; in the calling and business of the money getter and the dram seller: in the prejudices and weaknesses of politicians; in the wilfulness and wickedness of the outlaw.

The fact that some have lived above and stood up against the terrible deluge; that, they are not all brutes and demons, ought to encourage us all to take heart and rise up and resist the foul tide that it go not down to our children; that we send down to our posterity a stream of purer life.

This is the time for a desperate effort, a death struggle, a radical change, "a reversal of the old order." Our eyes have been opened, our minds have been educated, our consciences have been quickened, scientific development and progress have been made, until a new power has come to us as from above, which brings the possibility of producing a society that shall abrogate the drink plague and prohibit its continuance.

The time is here for vigorous measures against this ancient tyrant: for individual uprising and combined resistance, for moral appeal and political action, to purify society of the curse of all the ages.

What will become of our dear children if this multi-form, hydra-headed demon, destroyer, is let go? If it were altogether an external foe, there might be some hope that some of them might be equal to the conflict. But this is largely an internal enemy that they must contend against. The peril of our children is best seen in the solution of the problem, "Who are we?" We pride ourselves as modern Americans, upon our ancestry. We answer, "We belong to the Anglo-Saxon race."

But there is always something back. Who are the Anglo-Saxons? Without trying to look into the heterogeneity of their ancestors, and the conglomerateness of their blood, let us hear Mr. Taine's description of them when they became known to the civilized world. In his English Literature he says, "They had huge white bodies, were cold blooded with fierce blue eyes, redish flaxen hair, ravenous stomachs filled with meat and cheese, heated with strong drink; of a cold temperament, slow to love, home-stayers, prone to brutal drunkenness." This is a short outline of our ancestors as they were 2000 years ago in the forests of Germany and Denmark. And as you find them settled in England, the same author says they are only changed for the worse. Their familiarity with, and fondness for drunkenness, was one of their chief characteristics.

So just below the surface of our modern morality and respectability and good breeding "flows the dull current of the old ancestral stream" and a favorable opportunity will bring the gust for strong drink to exposure in a good many of us yet, if we don't watch.

The old enemy is deep rooted. No wonder that every temperance reform movement has been met and resisted with a stolid, "I won't give over: I won't be convinced."

Is it not strange that educated, virtuous Christian people will tolerate saloons and drunkenness on their streets, and brawls and rowdyism before their doors, painted windows and screened doors, to conceal their children from their view, as they walk the streets searching for their wayward sons, and wondering where they are? Is it not strange that professing Christians will rent their property to a characterless money gull for the purpose of setting up these places of temptation for their boys? Is it not strange that Christian men will, through partisanism and anxiety for office, sell their liberty and right to oppose an evil so giant-like as the sale of rum? That for immediate success they will pledge themselves to keep their hands off the monster, and their mouths shut about him. Is it not stranger still that Christian men will go on the bonds of those saloon men to aid them to procure license to deal out the accursed stuff? Thank God! there is a christianity that loves the homes, and the mothers, and the children, and the youth, and the manhood of our country, and is strongly resisting the ignoble reign of this Anglo Saxon appetite, and the uncompromising sway of the liquor traffic.

The great awakening began sixty years ago, when the moral quickening of christianity gave our fathers a feeble sense of the danger to their homes and their sons on account of this drink mania initiated. They then based their arguments for a reform upon the ground of respectability. Talking of temperance in this mild way, call attention to the subject, and men became serious about it, and began to speak with authority, and the sin of drunkenness began to dawn on christian minds and souls, until the "Washingtonian Movement" came. This was followed by the "Woman's Crusade," when the cause took on moral force and sanctified feelings, and assumed the form of "Home Protection," with views principally to the training of the children.

Then the second way of work, followed by the noble women, was that of "Moral Suasion," carried on by preaching, lecturing, pledging, organizing and persuading. Now as a third way of carrying on the great work they are active and earnest in trying to bring the law to take hold of the matter. And they are not any longer alone in their effort. They have a mighty host marshaled on their side, right where every christian man, woman and child should be.

Temperance laws have been enacted, the most notable of which is that of high license. This has been done for a two-fold object—to bring revenue into the public treasury, and as a means of punishment for the evils which liquor selling inflicts on a community. This does not accomplish the latter object, as the punishment falls on the very persons who are injured by the traffic, and not on the one who does the injury. Indeed, the most innocent have to suffer—the mother and the children, who are made to suffer for the necessaries of life, and to bear the abuse and scandal of drunken husbands and fathers.

Another form of legislation on this subject is that of local option, which has not met the long desired end. Another and yet to be the greatest, is prohibition. It has worked well in the states where it has been tried. It is to be commended because it is an honest effort to stop an evil thing. It is allied with fairness and righteousness. But on account of the fluctuation of legislatures, and the capriciousness of the popular will and the vacilation of the human mind, unless this law can be incorporated in the fundamental laws of the states and of the general government, it may come short of permanency. This will involve a change of constitution by amendment, or in some way.

This sentiment has grown rapidly and wonderfully throughout the country and is destined to grow still more. May it be so, until the liquor traffic shall be wiped out root and branch. It is not needed surely to point out and describe all the evils of this trafic to persuade us to do our duty in reference to it. We are sadly and sorrowfully too familiar with them. It goes hand in hand with every other degradation and crime. By keeping it in our midst we force it upon many an unwilling victim against his protest. See what God's word says about it long before it reached its present gigantic proportions It is described as an unmerciful tyrant, bringing in its cruel reign woe upon all its slaves.

It transforms the angels of social life into demons. It carries the harp, the viol, the tabret, the pipe, and every instrument of music into the haunts and holes of sin and degrades them to the use of Satan, v. 12. It deadens the moral nature, vs. 12, 13. It brings great numbers to destruction, vs. 14, 16, 17. It leads to defiance of God, vs. 18, 19. It distorts the perception of right and wrong, v. 20. It leads to self conceit, v. 21. It leads to excess, v. 22. It leads to the perversion of justice, v. 23. How could it do otherwise, when it is, "a barrel of headaches, of heartaches, of woes; a barrel of curses, a barrel of blows; a barrel of tears from a world weary wife; a barrel of sorrow, a barrel of strife; a barrel of all unavailing regret; a barrel of cares, and a barrel of debt; a barrel of crime and a barrel of pain; a barrel of hope ever blasted and vain; a barrel of falsehood, a barrel of cries, that fall from the maniac's lips as he dies; a barrel of agony, heavy and dull; a barrel of poison, of this nearly full; a barrel of liquid damnation that fires, the brain of the fool who believes it inspires; a barrel of poverty, ruin and blight; a barrel of terrors that grow with the might, a barrel of hunger, a barrel of groans; a barrel of orphans' most pitiful moans; a barrel of serpents that hiss as they pass, from the bead on the liquor that glows in the glass."

Gregg's Mill.

The cry among the farmers is mud, mud!

Merrill Bros.' shingle mill has been on the standstill for a couple of weeks.

School is progressing finely.

Misses Florence Gregg and Nina Stemple were the guests of W. W. Broadwater last Sunday.

James Merrill contemplates visiting friends in Pittsburg in the near future.

Ben Broadwater, the ticket agent at Westernport, is home on a visit.

Messrs. P. P. McAndrews, Elias Merrill and William Broadwater, also Miss Ida Stephen, were the guests of T. J. Broadwater Sunday last.

Mr. Jonas Broadwater was thrown from his horse on last Monday night on returning home from church at the Swamp Run school house, and had his arm sprained.

Warnick Bros. are running their mill in full blast. A. P. G.

Bethlehem.

The weather is still very changeable and the roads very bad.

February has passed away with its leap year day, but I have not noticed any of the ladies taking any new steps toward courtship.

March makes its appearance with the snow flying and the wind howling.

Sugar making, which seemed to be putting in its appearance, is now delayed.

We are glad to state that Miss May Thomas, who has been on the sick list, is now better.

James Tasker is quite ill; the ailment is not known to the writer at this time.

I would be glad if the correspondent of Kitzmillersville would be so kind as to report the success of the revival effort which has been put forth at that place.

CHUM.

Back Again

AND READY FOR BUSINESS.

With the finest line of spring and summer effects this side of Washington.

Fine Tailoring

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

You can have that old suit of yours cleaned, dyed and repaired at small expense to look like new by our expert workmen. We also do ladies' work.

M. COHEN, Xpert Cutter.

Railroad Street, OAKLAND, MD.

51-tf.

—THE—

MARYLAND SUPPLY CO.

OF GARRETT COUNTY,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

EVERYTHING.

FLOUR, FEED, GRAIN, SALT, GROCERIES

OUR SPECIALTIES.

We have superior facilities for buying cheap, and can therefore sell cheaper than ever known.

We have made special arrangements by which we can sell

—THE—

HARVEST QUEEN

AT $25 PER TON.

Farmers, now is a chance to take advantage of a good fertilizer. All who have tried HARVEST QUEEN speak well of it.

Keep your eye on one of the stores of

THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO.

51-1yr.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ¼ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. B. CARSKADON,

28—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

THE NAME OF THE NEXT

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN

The New York Weekly Tribune,

OF NOVEMBER 4th, 1896.

Public interest will steadily increase, and the question how the men who votes turned the scale at the last election are satisfied with the results under the administration they elected, will make the campaign the most intensely exciting in ide history of the country.

The New York Weekly Tribune,

the leading Republican family newspaper of the United States, will publish all the political news of the day, interesting to every American citizen regardless of party affiliations.

Also general news in attractive form, foreign correspondence covering the news of the world, an agricultural department second to none in the country, market reports which are recognized authority, fascinating short stories, complete in each number, the cream of the humorous papers, foreign and domestic, with their best comic pictures, fashion plates and elaborate descriptions of woman's attire, with a varied and attractive department of household interest. The "New York Weekly Tribune" is an ideal family paper, with a circulation than that of any other weekly publication in the country issued from the office one day. Large changes are being made in its details tending to give it greater life and variety, and especially more interest to the women and younger people of the household.

A SPECIA CONTRACT enables us to offer this splendid journal and **"THE REPUBLICAN"** for

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Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to Geo. W. Best, Room 2, Tribune Building, New York City, and sample copy of The New York Weekly Tribune will be mailed to you.

Arrest disease by the timely use of Tutt's Liver Pills, an old and favorite remedy of increasing popularity. Always cures

SICK HEADACHE.

sour stomach, malaria, indigestion, torpid liver, constipation and all bilious diseases.

TUTT'S Liver PILLS

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS OF GARRETT COUNTY.

OAKLAND, MD., February 26th, 1896.

For the want of funds, we will be compelled to close the public schools of Garrett county on the 13th day of March, 1896. All schools not having made full time will be allowed to run two weeks longer, if necessary, to make up lost time, but all schools *must* close on the 27th day of March, 1896.

SCHOOL BOARD MEETING.

The Board of School Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office on the

2nd Day of April, 1896,

to audit teachers' reports and to transact any other business requiring their attention.

By order of the Board.

WM. HINEBAUGH, Sec'y.

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL

ROOFING.

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.

PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.

REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.

SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH,

Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In affect April 1st, 1895.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS		NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1			No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.			NOON	P. M.
3 00	8 00	lv	Cumberland	ar	12 00	17 00
3 31	8 31		Rawlings		11 29	6 29
3 56	8 56		Keyser		11 04	6 04
4 01	9 00		Westernport		10 51	5 51
4 12	9 12		W. Va. C. June.		10 48	5 48
4 37	9 37		Shaw		10 23	5 23
5 00	10 00		Harrison		10 00	5 00
5 45	10 45	ar	Elk Garden		8 55	3 55
5 35	10 35	lv	Gorman		9 21	1 21
5 41	10 41		Bayard		9 15	4 15
5 52	10 52		Dobbin		9 01	4 01
6 25	11 25		Thomas		8 31	3 31
6 55	11 55	ar	Davis		8 00	2 55
6 57	11 57	lv	Pokelon		8 31	4 31
6 51	11 51		Hendricks		8 07	3 07
6 57	11 57		Bretz		8 01	3 01
7 00	12 00		Parsons		7 58	2 58
7 30	12 30		Kerens		7 20	2 20
8 00	1 00	ar	Elkins	lv	6 40	12 00
	1 30	ar	Beverly	lv		11 35
						P. M.
	2 55	ar	Bealington	lv		11 30
P. M.	A. M.				A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

After January 6th, 1896, and until further notice, Sunday trains will be discontinued.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 40 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400 balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty., Oakland, Md.

Your Face

Will be wreathed with a most engaging smile, after you invest in a

White Sewing Machine

EQUIPPED WITH ITS NEW

PINCH TENSION, TENSION INDICATOR

—AND—

AUTOMATIC TENSION RELEASER.

The most complete and useful devices ever added to any sewing machine.

The WHITE is

Durably and Handsomely Built, Of Fine Finish and Perfect Adjustment, Sews ALL Sewable Articles,

And will serve and please you up to the full limit of your expectations.

ACTIVE DEALERS WANTED in unoccupied territory. Liberal terms. Address,

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO., CLEVELAND, O.

WHY SHOULD YOU SEND YOUR CHILD —TO— **BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.**

1st. He (or she) can be prepared for college; he can study book keeping, shorthand, typewriting, etc., and be fitted for business; he can begin his course in medicine or pharmacy under a teacher who has made the subject of chemistry a specialty.

2nd. It is a home school (co-educational and for a limited number); and is conducted with all the loving, care-taking ministrations for individual development that the name implies.

3rd. Students require the most bracing, nerve-building climate, and here they have it. Among the recreations are skating, boating, tennis, bowling.

4th. English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, German, Musical and Art courses. Bible study and high ethical teaching will fit him for a noble Christian career.

E. B. SWAN, Principal, Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

18-1yr.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

THE OAKLAND HARNESS CO.

carry the best stock of heavy, hand made harness and horse furnishing goods to be found in the country.

Alder Street, opposite G. S. Hamill's office.

TRUMAN WEST, Manager.

26—26t.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, October 20, 1895. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.48 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 19	—Express, daily except Mon.	3.55 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 47	—Daily except Mon	10.40 A. M
No. 55	—Express, daily	6.22 P. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	6.45 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	—Daily	5.50 A. M
No. 2	—Daily	8.31 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	9.03 A. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	4.32 P. M
No. 46	—Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	12.29 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.

C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

TRIAL BY FIRE.

The major was one of the many well-born Englishmen who come to California with a younger son's portion and a small monthly allowance, and hope to make a fortune on a vineyard or a wheat ranch. The plan always looks feasible in England, and the agent assures his victim that the £1,000 will buy a ten-acre plot, plant vines, build a decent bungalow and tide the owner over until the vines shall bear and bring him a harvest of good American gold.

The major was going the way of many of his English friends. The £1,000 legacy was gone, and the monthly allowance of £20 (which, viewed from a distance, seemed large) always grew painfully small as it neared California and the debts it was supposed to cover. The major's little mountain vineyard had been destroyed by phylloxera, and he was living on the uncertain promise of a number of green shoots, called, respectfully, "the olive orchard." But the major was not unhappy. When he was not tilling the soil, he sat on his little veranda, with his briarwood pipe between his teeth, and studied the long, narrow, picturesque Napa valley far below.

It may be that the major's failure to succeed in the grape business was not the fault of the country, but that his genial, unpractical nature was the true obstacle to success. The major was, in fact, the most helpless Englishman who ever came to California to take care of himself. The poor fellow became so convinced of this after a short trial that he engaged a man to act as valet to himself and incidentally cook the meals for both. The major was a solitary bachelor then. The gods alone know in what unpropitious moment he picked up Pete, to hang about his neck, a mill-stone of inefficiency. Pete's poverty must have been his recommendation and the major's poverty the excuse for keeping him. Pete had about as much knowledge of laying out and caring for a man's wardrobe as the major had of running a ranch. The consequence was that the major often presented himself at his friends' houses in the most surprising garb, a combination of white duck trousers, black frock coat and russet hunting boots being one of Pete's masterpieces. In his capacity as cook Pete was not one whit more efficient, and often suffered mental agony over the ponderous directions of the major's French cook book, which were like the hieroglyphics of the ancients to his clouded intellect. Considering the diet of sour bread and tinned meats which Pete provided, it is only less than marvelous that his benefactor was still alive.

When the major married Ellie Smith, a pretty San Francisco girl, Pete was promoted to be manager of the ranch, and expended his grooming talents on the pet mule. The major's wife was "artistic." She had studied sketching, and did some really clever bits. Her admiring husband was sure that she possessed the divine afflatus, and consequently much time was devoted to art and little time to ranching.

But this was not without protest from one individual. Not that he was disturbed by lack of work, but poor Pete was oftener than not the unwilling model for Ellie's clever studies. One day Pete posed for "The Man With the Hoe." His temper was particularly tried on that occasion, for he had taken up his tool with the honest intention of weeding the primitive vegetable garden. Though he had scudded through the back yard and climbed the rear fence, he had not counted on meeting his young mistress in the barnyard. He began to wrestle with the weeds and pretended not to see her. His education, however, had not included a sight of Millet's picture, or he would have fled down the mountain side in utter despair.

"Stop, stop, Pete, right there. Don't move an inch," called the sweet voice that drove him to madness. "Kenneth," Ellie called to her husband. "Look. Isn't it wonderful? The lights, the pose, the very landscape like—"

"'The Man with the Hoe,' shouted the major, gleefully. "I'll get your paints, Ellie. Hold on, Pete," and before that honest son of toil had time to collect his scattered senses he found himself posing in a very uncomfortable attitude, with the Napa valley lying at his feet and the major's familiar phrases ringing in his ears—"Fine pose—jolly good subject—delicious coloring."

After Pete posed for a hundred or more indifferent works of art without names, he began to think of deserting his master and leaving him to a just and awful fate. But this stupendous blow was averted by the arrival of Brompton Edwards, another Englishman, who had come to learn practical ranching under the direction of his father's old friend, the major.

After a week had been given up to driving his protege about the valley and introducing him to the English colony, the major returned to his daily routine of pruning olive trees and digging out worm-eaten grape vines. Ellie soon discovered in the young man's clean-cut features and fine athletic figure an entirely new field for art study, and Edwards found the time pass more pleasantly as a model than as an embryo rancher. They were together during most of the daylight hours. When Brompton was not posing for a wild Norseman or a Greek hero, he was sitting very close to Ellie, criticising, in soft, caressing tones, the sketches of himself which she had been doing. Without actually straying from the path of duty, Ellie was treading on dangerously uncertain territory. She quite frankly admitted to herself that she was pretty and charming, and, being of that mind, she did not repress comparisons between her husband and the younger man.

Matters had arrived at a state where a warm-hearted, but vain, young woman needed a friend with the strength to hold up a good, powerful unrelenting mirror for her to gaze into. Pete could have held up the mirror with right good will, but he did not know how. In those days he followed the major around with dog-like devotion, and only glowered when Ellie came out to the orchard one morning with her paints and succeeded in bringing upon herself a scolding from her over-indulgent husband. She held her head very high and stiff, and marched over the hill some distance away, where she seated herself and pretended to sketch, but was in reality nursing her injured feelings to keep them alive. The major watched her disappear with a pained expression on his good-natured face, and then went dejectedly into the house. Pete was deeply incensed against Ellie, and made another solemn vow to desert the ranch. It was the ninety-and-ninth time that he had done so, and this time he sealed the vow with an oath.

The long grass on the Napa hills was burned and crisp, and Ellie was daubing yellow ochre and burnt umber over her canvas with vicious strokes. She was not giving any attention to her work, however, for an athletic form stood between her and the landscape, and she was indulging in a very foolish day dream. To do the little woman justice, she was not in love with Brompton, but her vanity had been stimulated to such wonderful activity by his youthful gallantries that she fancied he was deeply infatuated with her. She wondered if he would ever tell her that he loved her. If she could only have some test of his love, what a satisfaction it would be!

Over on the mountain side, a half mile away, Pete leaned on his hoe, and watched a thread of fire crawling, like a red snake, through the underbush of chaparral and manzanita. He knew only too well that no human power could stop it, and that within a few minutes the gentle breeze would cause a flying spark to fall upon the long dry grass, and puff!—the crawling snake would become a great swirling, galloping mass of flame and smoke, and would pass over the very place where Ellie sat sulking and dreaming. Pete had firmly determined to leave the ranch. He had washed his hands of these people. He would not—but the grass was on fire, and Pete made a dash for the house, yelling at the top of his lungs for the major.

The volume of smoke was rising high when Ellie rose to her feet and sniffed the air. Before she could gather up her paints a thin rim of fire ran along the top of the little hill above her. The small birds and insects rose from the ground with a whirr, and scattered down the hillside. Ellie glanced quickly backward, and saw the fire licking up the grass as it bore down upon her and the smoke rolling heavenward in dense, sooty clouds. She did not lose her presence of mind, but remembered a small plowed field a short distance away, where the flames could not reach her, and ran nimbly down the hill, with her fluttering skirts gathering cockle burs and sticker weed as she sped.

When she was fairly on the plowed ground and gasping for breath, she saw the young Englishman tearing along the hill at a frantic rate. Through the smoke he looked pale and frightened. Ellie felt a thrill of satisfaction; here was the longed-for proof of his love; he thought she was in danger and had come to her rescue. A deep blush mounted to her cheeks and her heart beat to suffocation. But he did not seem to see her. It was evident to her that he was crazed with fear and would plunge into the fire in search of her. Merciful God! he would be burned.

"Brompton!" she screamed; "dear Brompton, I am here, safe!"

The fire was very close, and she had to throw herself flat upon the ground to escape being burned. She gave one more despairing cry as she felt the hot breath scorch her clothing:

"Brompton! Brompton! Brompton!"

A great wave of smoke and flame swept around the edges of the plowed ground, and for a minute nothing could be seen or heard. Fortunately for Ellie, the dry grass burned like tinder, and the fire was soon roaring down the hill toward the valley.

When Ellie, choked and frightened, lifted her head, she saw the thin, long, scantily clad legs of her husband bounding over the blackened earth toward her. His duck trousers were smeared with soot, and he had a wet blanket about his shoulders. He could not speak, but caught Ellie in his arms and burst into stifled sobs.

Back of them was heard the voice of Brompton Edwards.

"Hello, there, major," he called; "I had a very narrow squeak of it. My hammock and books are burned to tinder by this. By Jove, old fellow, you are burned yourself, aren't you? Your wife was safe enough. I knew she could take care of herself."

But Ellie buried her head in the wet blanket with a shudder, and burst into tears of shame and contrition.

"Well, well," gasped Pete, who had stumbled up the hill with a bundle of wet sacks. "I never was so plaguey scared in my life. Thought you'd be burned sure, Miss Ellie. Me an' the major'll have a fine time next week clearing—"

For Pete had reconsidered his ninety-and-ninth vow. Indeed it was only a week later when he was speculating if there was ever a happier couple than the major and his Ellie. And Pete beamed as he thought of the ignoble part Brompton Edwards played on the day of the fire. — San Francisco Argonaut.

—The young American idea is taught to shoot by means of 793 patents issued on as many educational appliances. The old-fashioned birch ruler or section of rubber hose used in education is not protected by a patent and may be employed by any pedagogue.

SLAVES INSURED IN LOTS.

A Glimpse of the Old-Time Way of Protection from Loss in Human Property.

The Picayune was lately shown by a prominent insurance agent a life policy, which, in the light of the present methods of insuring, is a curiosity in more ways than one.

It was sent here by a Memphis agent, headed "Negro Policy," numbered 365, issued by the Phoenix Insurance company of St. Louis, dated in that city the 10th of March, 1851, and signed by John B. Camden, president, and W. H. Pritchartt, secretary.

The premium paid was $85.39, and the risk was for $8,000 for three months from noon of March 4, 1851, to noon of June 4, 1851, on 16 slaves, as follows:

Tom, Frank, Sophie, Evline, Jordan, Daniel, Ann, Hester, Henry, Lew, Zelina, Ellen, Nelson, Mary, Charlotte, and Ann, in favor of Bolton, Dickins & Co., of Memphis, Tenn., being at the rate of $500 on the life of each one who might die during the continuance of policy.

The restrictions in the document read that the said slaves "shall have only the privilege of traveling in the usual conveyances on land, rivers, lakes, or inland seas, and of residing in any of the states and territories of this union, or the British provinces of North America, north of 30 degrees north latitude and 20 degrees west longitude from Washington city, except that from the 15th of July to the 1st day of November, in each and every year, it shall not be lawful for the insured to visit or reside south of 34 degrees north latitude, and 20 degrees west longitude from Washington city, or enter into the military or naval service whatever (the militia now in actual service excepted) without such permission previously obtained and indorsed on this policy, or in case they shall die in consequence of a duel or by the hands of justice, or in the known violation of any law of this state or of the United States, or of the said provinces, or if the said slaves shall be engaged in any capacity on a steamboat, raft or vessel of any description, without the permission of said company previously obtained and indorsed on this policy, or shall run away or be kidnaped; then and in all such cases the said company shall not be liable for the payment of the said sum insured or any part thereof, and this policy, so far as relates to such payment, shall be entirely void. This policy shall be void if assigned without the consent of the company."

There was a loss sustained under this policy, as the following indorsement will show:

"Received of the Phoenix Insurance company $498.08 in full, in payment of negro girl, Charlotte, insured under this policy, No. 365, less 47 days' interest. BOLTON, DICKINS & CO.

"Memphis, May 21, 1851."

—N. O. Picayune.

IN THE DEEP SEA.

A Noted Writer Tells of the Forms of Life Found There.

I read the other day something that I thought would interest so great a sea bather as yourself. You know that the fishes that we see and catch, go only a certain way down into the sea. Below a certain depth there is no life at all. The water is as empty as the air is above a certain height. Even the shells of dead fishes that come down there are crushed into nothing by the huge weight of the water. Lower still, in the places where the sea is profoundly deep, it appears that life begins again. People fish up in dredging buckets loose rags and tatters of creatures that hang together all right down there with the great weight holding them in one, but come all to pieces as they are hauled up. Just what they look like, just what they do or feed upon, we shall never find out. Only that we have some filmsy fellow-creatures down in the very bottom of the deep seas, and cannot get them up except in tatters.

It must be pretty dark where they live, and there are no plants or weeds and no fish come down there, or drowned sailors either, from the upper parts, because these are all mashed to pieces by the great weight long before they get so far, or else come to a place where perhaps they float. But I daresay a cannon sometimes comes careering solemnly down, and circling about like a dead leaf or thistledown; and then the ragged fellows go and play about the cannons and tell themselves all kinds of stories about the fish higher up and their iron houses and perhaps go inside and sleep, and perhaps dream of it all like their betters.

Of course you know a cannon down there would be quite light. Even in shallow water, where men go down with a diving-dress, they grow so light that they have to hang weights about their necks, and have their boots loaded with 20 pounds of lead—as I know to my sorrow. And with all this, and the helmet, which is heavy enough of itself to anyone up here in the thin air, they are carried about like gossamers, and have to take every kind of care not to be upset and stood upon their heads. I went down once in the dress, and speak from experience. But if we could get down for a moment near where the fishes are, we should be in a tight place. Suppose the water not to crush us (which it would), we should pitch about in every kind of direction; every step we took would carry us as far as if we had seven-league boots; and we should keep flying head over heels, and top over bottom, like the liveliest clowns in the world.—Robert Louis Stevenson, in St. Nicholas.

The Old Man's Joke.

"Jane," said her father, "I thought you hated stingy people, and yet your young man—"

"Why, pa, who says he is stingy?"

"Oh, nobody says so; only I could see that he was a little 'near' as I passed through the room." — Boston Transcript.

—The bonded debt of Philadelphia is $52,738,845 and the assessed valuation is $769,930,542.

NATURE'S QUEER PRANK.

Shelter Rock, Near Great Neck, a Strange Phenomenon.

Nature played some queer pranks when she formed Long Island. Evidences of these are the peculiar topography of the island, its still more peculiar position upon the map, and its striking outline, which, with its topography, make it resemble a great leviathan with a protruding backbone. There is in this neighborhood one more striking freak—a gigantic rock in a place which is, for miles around, almost totally devoid of stones of any kind. This great rock is called Shelter rock, and is on the road between this place and Manhasset.

There are some geologists who claim that Long Island was the result of a great seismic disturbance which shattered it from the mainland—now Connecticut and Rhode Island. Others hold to the opinion that it was a floating mass of lava which settled here in the plastic period of the earth. Shelter rock could owe its existence to either of these processes. It could have been hurled here from some stony portion of the country by a power so immense as to be almost inconceivable, or it could have floated here upon a sea of lava when the earth was "without form and void."

William Chester owns the land upon which this interesting stone stands. He keeps a stock farm, and his sheep use the rock for shelter. It was from this fact that it got its name. It is about 30 feet high, 50 feet in width and 75 or 80 feet in length. Upon the top grow bushes of purple and white lilacs, twice the height of a man, and their roots extend down into crevices in the rock. On its south side it shelves out toward the top, leaving beneath a sheltered territory where a flock of sheep can find protection during a storm.

There is on the west surface of the rock a large hollow niche where a man could sleep with plenty of room. Great cracks, showing the strains which have been upon it at different ages, radiate through it in all directions. Lichens and moss cling to it. Besides the lilac bushes upon its top several good-sized maple trees grow. The roadway from here to Manhasset passes directly by the east side of the rock.

There is but one rock like Shelter rock in all this region. That is what is called Kidd's rock, near Sands point, where, legend says, the great pirate captain buried some of his much-sought-for treasure. Kidd's rock, however, is small. Shelter rock has been for years the subject of much speculation and study. Classes of students from St. Paul's school at Garden City have made a critical study of it. Mineralogists and geologists from other institutions have examined it. Among them was Prof. Reis, of the Columbia college school of mines, who examined it in the interest of the Columbia department of geology and mineralogy.

Those who have dug down in the earth alongside the big stone have been unable to reach its bottom. It must extend downward for many feet; in fact, it is thought that only a small part of the real stone can be seen. In Westchester county there are many rocks similar, but none so large. There was a smaller one not far from here, but that was broken up some years ago to make stone walls. It was once suggested that Shelter rock, which is of a good quality of gray stone, be broken up and used for macadam roads. An engineer was sent here and made careful measurements of the rock. Guessing at its depth, he estimated that it contained enough stone to macadamize all the roads in North Hempstead town and many more besides. Chester was offered a handsome sum for the rock, but he refused it.

Not only are there no other big stones in the neighborhood of Shelter Rock, except Kidd's rock, but there are but few stones of any kind. The immediate neighborhood is entirely free from them, but it seems as if all the stone thereabout had been solidified into one great mass.

It has been suggested that the top of the big stone be leveled off and the rock used as the foundation for a meeting hall, or a memorial building of some kind. This would probably have been done before were it not for the owner's unwillingness to sell. The old meeting-house formerly used by the Quakers of this village is but a short distance away.

No one has ever estimated the weight of Shelter rock, but the number of tons must be pretty well up in the thousands. To blast it to pieces for road-making or wall-building would require many pounds of dynamite.—N. Y. Times.

No Chance for the Judge.

At Harrodsburg the other day Judge Cardwell summoned a negro boy in his court to testify in a case. The following conversation took place between his honor and the boy:

"Do you know good from bad?"

"Yes, sir, boss; 'spec er duz."

"Can you distinguish the truth from falsehood?"

"Yes, sah, I kin extinguish truth or anything else eff you'll gimme nuff water."

"Do you know what will become of you if you testify to a lie?"

"No, sah, judge. Duz you?"

"Where does the devil live?"

"You'll neber git to see him; he lives in Heaven."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Overdoing It.

"Now, I maintain," said Miss Strong, "that there is no place filled by a man which a woman cannot fill. Is that comprehensive enough?"

"It is very comprehensive," replied Mr. Northside, "but I am prepared to go further in advocacy of woman's ability."

"Are you?"

"Yes, I am. On the seat of a street car, for instance, she can fill two men's places.' — Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

LIFE IN ALASKA.

How the Juneau Indians Spend Their Time—Sobriety Not Popular.

The Indians of Auk village have been entertaining a number of Kakes during the past week. Four canoes of the latter tribe were here attending court, and judging from the amount of noise emanating nightly from the village the entire outfit are guests. Small potlatches and bl-yu dancing are principally indulged in, while hootchinoo flows like water. The other evening there was not a sober Auk or Kake within 50 miles of Juneau.

We have been requested to state that a Mr. Franklin, who has been collecting money for the purpose of sending Louis Grainer to the soldiers' home and using the name of the Horseshoe saloon, who is supposed to act as custodian of funds, has no authority whatever for doing so. While the object is most worthy, yet it is not the desire of the Horseshoe to pose as the treasurer of a fund they have never seen and know absolutely nothing of.

Inasmuch as the recent conviction and the subsequent infliction of the death penalty upon Tla-koo-yel-lee, the Kake island murderer, is the first in the history of Alaska, the sentence and the death warrant will possess in future years somewhat of a historical interest. Until the time the prisoner was brought into court for sentence he was kept in ignorance of his fate, and when the sentence was interpreted to him it brought to the surface several kinds of demons, and had not shackles been placed upon him he might have made things lively in the courtroom for a few moments. He was removed to his cell, and he made many boasts that he would never hang. It is characteristic of the Kakes that when they perceive death to be fixed and inevitable they lose all fear of the grim destroyer and will resort to any and every manner possible in which to kill themselves.

Recent news from Kake island discloses the fact that during the present week a huge, big celebration is being held in the Indian village and, strange to relate, the usual accompaniments of hootchinoo, broken noses, chewed ears and other pleasantries are not down on the programme. Comprising the Kake tribe of Indians are the Otter, Sea Otter, Blackfish, Crow, Dogfish, Cedar and Eagle families. The family now in the ascendancy, and who in fact have held the throne for a number of years, is the Sea Otter branch, and the occasion of the feasts and dancing now being held is in commemoration of the death a year ago of the mighty chief, Gashun, and the accession of his successor, Augusho.

Several weeks ago five large war canoes, containing 52 men, were sent out with a great deal of ceremony to procure a log suitable for a totem pole for the dead Gashun, the chief being in the last canoe with a large American flag flonting at the stern. A spruce stick 25 feet long and three feet in diameter was secured, and in tow of the five canoes it was brought to the village in great state at racehorse speed. The carvers were set to work, and now there has been evolved from the plain log of wood a most elaborate totem, entirely covered from top to bottom with figures symbolical of the proud ancestry of the deceased, marvels of beauty to the eyes of the untutored Siwash, yet so hideous to others as to develop a well-defined case of snakes at first sight.

This pole, in company with numerous smaller totems, was erected last Monday on the grave of Gashun amidst great ceremonies. Over 300 Indians have congregated in the Kake village, to witness the scenes and partake of the new chief's hospitality. After the totem was in place all the dead chief's blankets, numbering over 300, were brought to the grave and torn into strips, each person present receiving one or two of the pieces, which they regard as amulets. On Saturday the new chief brought the festivities to a close by giving a big potlatch, during which time he distributed $1,000 worth of blankets, bolts of bright calicoes and other articles of value to different members of the tribe. Religious ceremonies and feasts are held every day, and during the night dancing is indulged in until everyone is exhausted. —Juneau (Alasks) News.

A Typical Turkish Prison.

Few Christians have been allowed to visit a Turkish prison. The one on the Island of Cyprus, now under English control, was visited some years ago by Archibald Forbes. Here is what he wrote of it: "The average Turkish prison has nearly 600 inhabitants. Among them are malefactors of every dye: Murderers, robbers, political prisoners and forgotten suspects. I have seen not a few horrible sights. I have ridden across a battlefield on which lay five-and-thirty thousand dead and dying soldiers; I have seen a whole field full of famine-stricken miserables; I have frequented the pest houses of Metz after the siege, where lay neglected the wretched victims of black smallpox and spotted typhus; I have trodden the corridors of the Grand hotel, of Paris, heartsick because of the fetid effluvium from sloughing wounds and hospital gangrene; I have seen the bodies of men who had been roasted alive; I have been in a cholera hospital; but never have I witnessed a more noisome spectacle than that which the foul Turkish prison dungeons afford." — St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

—The biographies of Napoleon differ as to the color of his eyes. One says they were blue, another declares them to have been gray. It is possible that they were of that steely blue sometimes found in the eyes of persons of cold, calculating temperament.

—What might be done if men were wise, what glorious deeds, my suffering brother, would they unite in love and right, and cease their scorn of one another.—Charles Mackay.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—There are from four to six grains of aqueous humor in the eye.

—Homer attributed a protruding eye to Juno. He called her the ox-eyed Juno.

—The Journal of Insanity says that "genius oftentimes seems to have about it a touch of madness, and insanity sometimes shows streaks of genius, but the relation between the two is accidental, not essential. If this has been said before, it will do no harm to say it again, as an antidote to the mixture of each to which Nordau and Lombroso and others are just now treating the civilized world."

—A new mode of treatment for intermittent fever has been proposed to the Paris academie de medecine by Dr. Critzmun. It consists of feeding the patients with beef spleen and marrow in order to increase the power of the phagocytes, the white corpuscules in their blood, to devour the haematozoa that Dr. Lavedan has discovered in the blood of people living in swampy lands, which he believes to be the cause of the fever.

—In the Caucasus MM. Sommier and Sevier have discovered tracts where a flora of giguntic size grows, which in other respects is like the flora of the valleys. A campanula which in the lower regions grew to two feet here measured six, and a valerian leaf could be used as a parasol. They are uncertain whether the phenomenon is due to the accumulated richness of the soil or whether it marks the survival of archaic giant forms.

—California olive growers say that a big demand has sprung up this season in the eastern states for California olives, and practically the whole product of the state is already sold. Orders for California olives have come from many old and conservative grocery houses in New York, Boston and other eastern cities, whose proprietors say that, now the Californians have mastered the art of pickling the fruit, the native product will drive the foreign olives out of eastern markets.

—An official report on Dr. Marmorek's new serum for erysipelas and puerperal fever will be made soon by Prof. Chantemesse. At the Necker hospital it has been tried in four cases of puerperal fever, with astonishing results. One patient who had been given up recovered under the serum treatment. Dr. Pozzi, a Paris surgeon, is confident that one of his patients was saved by it. At the St. Louis hospital they are more skeptical, and wish to see more cases before pronouncing on the value of the discovery.

SUNDAY BASKET BRIGADE.

New Feature of New York Street Life Added by Liquor Law Enforcement.

"There goes the basket brigade."

"The what?"

"Basket brigade. Those fellows across the street with the market baskets on their arms. Know what's in 'em? No? Why, beer jugs, water pitchers, milk cans, growlers of all shapes, kinds and descriptions.

"Follow 'em up for a few blocks and you'll catch 'em trying every saloon door they come to. As they march down the avenue they gather fresh recruits, and by the time they strike a side door that isn't guarded by a policeman they'll be a big crowd of 'em."

An artist who takes his revenge on Roosevelt by drawing caricatures of the commissioner for a newspaper owns a silk hat, and, what is more important, a stout leather hat box. A friend met him on the street last Sunday with the silk hat on his head and the hat box in his hand.

"Moving or going out of town?"

"Nope."

"Hat pressed?"

"Nope."

"What are you doing with the hat box?"

"Got a 'growler' in it and I'm going to work the side door of the corner saloon."

His "growler" was a large sized tin bucket, not the very best in the world in which to carry beer; but it fitted the inside of the hat box nicely.

This artist, like many other beer drinkers, is financially able to buy bottled beer and lay in a stock on Saturday night to last over Sunday, but he doesn't like bottled beer. There are others just like him—many of them.—N. Y. World.

HOLES IN THE CANVAS.

Important Discovery That Increases the Efficacy of Sails.

An Italian sea captain, Gio Batta Vasallo, of Genoa, has made a very interesting innovation in the use of sails or ordinary sailing vessels. He claims that the force of wind cannot fully take effect in a sail, since the air in front of it cannot properly circulate in the inflated part and remains stationary immediately in front of part of the sail proper. He avoids this stagnation of air, as he calls it, by the application of a number of small holes in that part of the sail where the depression is deepest when it is filled. These holes are reinforced like a buttonhole, so that they will not tear out.

Trials made in various weather have resulted as follows: With a light wind a boat with ordinary sails made four knots, while the new sails increased the speed to five and one-half knots. In a fresh breeze the respective speeds were seven and eight and three-quarters knots, and in a strong wind they were eight and ten knots an hour. It stands to reason that the doing away with a layer of air which cannot escape past the side of a sail must increase the efficiency of a sail boat. Where the wind formerly struck a cushion of air which acted like a spring mattress, decreasing the actual pressure of the wind against the canvas, this current of air now strikes the sail direct and, of course, has a greater efficiency. Vasallo has received much encouragement from practical sailors as well as theoretical scientists.—Philadelphia Record.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

ON GUARD.

You have a little prisoner,
He's nimble, sharp and clever,
He's sure to get away from you,
Unless you watch him ever.

And when he once gets out he makes
More trouble in an hour,
Than you can stop in many a day,
Working with all your power.

He sets your playmates by the ears,
He says what isn't so,
And uses many ugly words
Not good for you know.

Quick, fasten tight the ivory gates,
And chain him while he's young!
For this same dangerous prisoner
Is just—your little tongue!

—Priscilla Leonard, in United Presbyterian.

TOBOGGAN FOR HORSES.

They Get a Free Ride Down Hill Every Day and Like the Fun.

Here is a street car for the accommodation of horses which is the very latest thing in the west. Such a car is now in operation in Denver, and it is pronounced a great success by all able to give an opinion on the subject. The horses themselves are dumb, but if their judgment could be had it would no doubt be favorable.

By the introduction of cable and electric motive power, the bicycle and the automatic carriage, man has done much of late to relieve the afflictions of the equine race. But this latest move, that of taking the horse up off the ground and placing him on board a car so that he may have a ride just like the other passengers is a radical departure indeed.

It must be confessed, however, that these free rides are given in a spirit of thrift. The managers of the road find that by this means they save wear and tear on the horses' hoofs, and that they are thus able to remain in the service

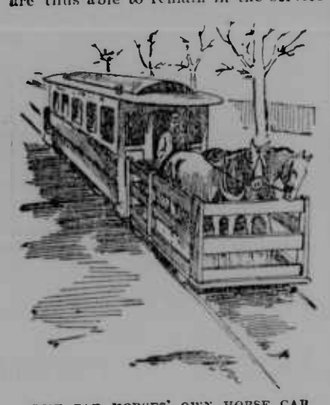

THE CAR HORSES' OWN HORSE CAR.

longer. The plan is a very simple one, and like all other simple things that are new it makes you want to know why it was never thought of before.

The riding car for the horses consists of a platform mounted on small wheels protected at the sides by a sufficiently high railing, while the front and rear are provided with gates. These permit the horse to get on and off the car without backing.

When the regular passenger car has been drawn to the top of the long ascent, the "horse car" is hooked to the forward end, the horses are driven aboard, and by a few deft turns of the brake, the descent is made safely.

At first the horses showed some hesitation about embarking on what appeared to be a perilous adventure. But they soon became accustomed to it, and are said to even enjoy the experience, expressing their pleasure by broad smiles and prolonged whinnies.

There is no reason why this plan should not be adopted with profit elsewhere. There are many car lines which run for almost their entire length on more or less steep inclines. The additional force required to be exerted in drawing a car up hill is turned into a propelling force when the car begins the descent. This force might well be employed in giving the horses a ride, and thus saving wear and tear on their feet.

It might be supposed that the additional pull imparted to this human passenger car, when on the down grade, might cause the brake to slip, but this is not the case. It is only necessary to make the brake a little more powerful than that on the ordinary street car.

Having arrived at the foot of the incline, the gate of the horse passenger car is unfastened, and the animals once more take their places in the traces, drawing both cars behind them up the hill. The entire load is not much heavier than a single car on a level street, as the car in which the horses ride is very light.—N. Y. World.

The Babbler's Stone.

On the side front of the Mulhouse town hall there is hung up a stone called the "Klapperstein" or "Babbler's Stone." It bears an inscription in German, of which the following is a translation:

I am called the stone of babblers,
Well known to evil tongues;
Anyone who is of a quarrelsome or slanderous turn
Will be compelled to carry me through the town.

This stone, which was brought into requisition for the last time in 1871, served as a penalty for excessive use of the tongue. Its services were often required, and never a week passed without some man or woman being condemned to carry it through the streets of Mulhouse.—Tribune de Gneve.

A Strange Nest.

There was a nest found recently in Switzerland that has been presented to the Museum of Natural History. It was picked up in the woods under a tree. The nest was made of the finest wire used in the springs of watches. It is supposed that the birds who built the nest picked up the discarded springs of watches that had been thrown on to the ground and found the wire good material to work with and used it. The nest is said to be very pretty.

TAME WILD ANIMALS.

Down in Maine Deer Sometimes Become Quite Neighborly.

Some of the people who live on the edge of the Maine woods have been betwixt the "devil and the deep sea," as the phrase is, with the game law on one side of them and the disposition of the protected animals to be neighborly on the other. Said a woman in the Piscataquis backwoods:

"A deer can be tamed as easily as any other animal, and sometimes they are bound to be tamed whether you want them or not. A few years ago a young deer came out with our cattle and grazed round with them and came up to the barnyard at night. He didn't seem a bit frightened, and I gave it some milk. It drank readily, and next day wanted some more. I could pat it and fondle it as well as I could a cosset lamb. It stayed around with our cattle for several weeks, when one day a game warden came and said I was liable to a penalty for keeping the deer and feeding it. Then I tried to drive it away, and the way he would come up in spite of my threats and attempts to scare it, and coax for milk was pitiful to see. I had the hardest work to make him go away, and for a long time he'd keep coming back to our place."

A similar case occurred in Portland last summer, where a seal came to a fisherman's boat and followed it for a number of days and wouldn't drive off.

These instances of tame "wild" animals remind a Maine gentleman of what he saw in Mayfield a few years ago. He was driving through that town, and at a place where he stopped his hostess, a handsome young woman, asked him if he wanted to see a deer. Taking a dish with some grain in it, or something of that sort, she went down the lane to the edge of the woods and stopped, calling in a low tone some name. Presently a fine large buck came out of the woods and trotted up to her as tame as any colt could be. He stuck his nose in the dish and munched the food, while she patted his neck and talked to him. When she left him to come back to the house he followed her to the fence and seemed really anxious to go to the house, too. —Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

KILLED HER OFFSPRING.

Rather Than See Them Captives an Oriole Poisons Her Young.

It has been claimed by observers of birds that some of the feathered tribe will feed their young if they are caged, and if they fail after a certain time to release them they will bring them a poisoned weed to eat, that death may end their captivity, says the Carson Appeal.

About a week ago at the Holstein ranch the children captured a nest of three young orioles, and they were immediately caged and hung in a tree. The mother was soon about calling her young, and in a little while brought them some worms. She continued feeding them regularly for several days, without seeming to pay much attention to persons about.

But on Sunday came the tragic ending that demonstrated the theory relative to birds. She brought them a sprig of green on Sunday morning and disappeared. In less than an hour they all died. The sprig was examined and proved to be the deadly larkspar, weed that will kill full-grown cattle.

The little creatures lay dead in the cage and slightly foaming at the mouth, victims of their mother's stern resolve that her offspring should die by her own act rather than live in captivity.

MIRACULOUS BALANCING.

Amusing Experiment Which Would Seem Almost Impossible.

The harder a thing seems, the more interesting it is. Here is a little experiment, very simple, too, which seems almost impossible on the face of it—it seems to defy the law of gravitation.

You take a tumbler, says the Popular Science News, filled partly with water,

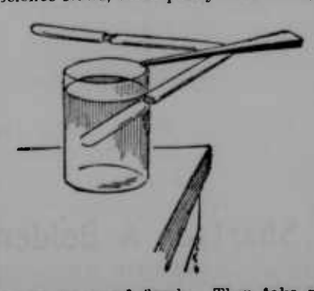

so as to stand firmly. Then take a strip of wood, about the length of an ordinary lead pencil, half an inch wide and an eighth of an inch thick and tapering to a point at one end. About one-third of the way from this end you wedge two ordinary table-knives into the strip. Now balance the "tongue" of the strip carefully upon the edge of the tumbler, moving it slightly backward or forward to make the equilibrium perfect. When you have found the center of gravity—which may occasion you a little trouble at first—you will be rewarded by seeing the frail contrivance delicately poised in an exquisite balance, which at first sight seems almost miraculous.

Paris Has a Baby Life Saver.

The other day, at the Trocadero, in Paris, a life-saving medal was awarded to Eugene Poiret, a boy three years old. One day, when the boy was playing with his brother, aged two, in the yard of his home, the latter fell into a tub of water. Eugene ran to the rescue, but succeeded only in keeping the baby's head above water. His loud cries of "Mamma!" were not heard, and the little hands were getting weak. Then he hit upon the idea of calling "Julie!" the name by which his father called his mother. This brought the mother upon the scene, and in another moment she had both children in her arms.

SOUTH AFRICAN COOKERY.

The Native Hill of Fare Carries Dismay to the White Man.

A very palatable dish is made of an elephant's foot by putting it in a hole, building a fire around and over it and keeping it going for five or six hours. Elephant's tail is said to be very delicious when washed, scraped and fried until it is a rich dark brown. A novel way of making a stew is practiced by one tribe who use the animal's skin as a receptacle for water; put in this water vegetables and pieces of meat and then add red hot stones. This generates vast quantities of steam and makes the water boil without injuring greatly the surrounding hide. At the end of an hour the contents are cooked and the water has become a very fair soup, but a little peculiar on account of the amount of cinders, sand and fragments of stone it contains. Still another tribe cook locusts, grasshoppers, katydids and the like, and say they taste a great deal like an overcooked shrimp. None of the native tribes, so far as known, ever eat the lion, but they have no such feeling toward other carnivora.

The jackal, wolf and fox are more or less popular, and are reported to give a very palatable meat. Where our people hang mutton, game and the immortal goose to season it and give it a rich flavor, many South American tribes secure the same result by burying meat in the earth and leaving it there for several days. No civilized man has ever been able to eat it in this condition, but the savages pronounce it a delicacy of extraordinary merit. Not alone is cannibalism practiced to a large extent, but our Darwinian cousins of the monkey tribe share the same fate. In the districts where they are employed as food they are very timid and fly at the sight of a human being even at a great distance. In other territories, where they are unmolested, they are about as tame and fearless as in South America or India. In nearly all of these tribes the woman is the cook and the waiter, very often the butcher and sometimes the hunter.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

HIS "GOOD LITTLE WIFE."

England's Queen Is a Woman of the Most Perfect Grace and Bearing.

The heart of gold, the will of iron, the royal temper of steel, the pride, the patriotism and the deep piety of Victoria have been enshrined in a small, but vigorous frame, the mignonne aspect of which especially strikes those who behold her for the first time in these her "chair days." It was reported how, when Prince Albert was dying, he roused himself from a period of wandering to turn with ineffable love to his spouse and sovereign, saying to her with a kiss: "Good little wife!" And when the Prince Consort was actually passing away after those 21 years of wedded happiness, it was told how the queen bent over him and whispered: "It is your little wife," at which last words the angel of death stayed his hand while once again the dear eyes opened and the dying lips smiled.

But though this be so, no one who has been honored by near approach to her majesty, or has ever tarried in her presence, will fail to testify to the extreme majesty of her bearing, mingled always with the most perfect grace and gentleness. Her voice has, moreover, always been pleasant and musical to hear, and is so now. The hand which holds the scepter of the seas is the softest that can be touched; the eyes which have grown dim with labors of state for England, and with too frequent tears, are the kindest that can be seen.—Sir Edwin Arnold, in Forum.

Would Not Be Sold.

A dog owned by a man in Addison, Mich., walked back home a distance of 40 miles recently. Its owner gave it away, but the dog didn't like its new home and quietly trotted back to its old kennel.

THE New Orleans Limited, via the Queen & Crescent Route, makes the trip Cincinnati to New Orleans in 24 hours. 90 miles shortest line.

BEECHAM'S PILLS for constipation 10c and 25c. Get the book (free) at your druggist's and go by it. Annual sales 6,000,000 boxes.

HEAVEN, the treasury of everlasting joy. —Shakespeare.

I CAN recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. D. TOWNSEND, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, '94.

A MAN'S best friend are his ten fingers.—Robert Collyer.

ALL my experience of the world teaches me that in 99 cases out of 100 the safe and just side of a question is the generous and merciful side.—Mrs. Jameson.

FEATURES—the great soul's apparent seat. —Bryant.

BIGGS—"I am so stout that I know exercise would do me lots of good." Tams—"Then why don't you get out and shovel that snow off the walk?" Biggs—"That's not exercise, that's work."—Truth.

WILLIE—"I know sister would be glad to go skating with you." Ringway—"What makes you think so?" "She says she has been dying all winter to have you break the ice."—Life.

MANY historians take pleasure in putting into the mouths of princes what they have neither said nor ought to have said.—Voltaire.

WHEN I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were rich.—Pope.

IDLENESS is the burial of a living man.—Jeremy Taylor.

"HOW is it that you, a simple citizen, call yourself a marquis?" "My parents live on the Marquises Islands."—Le Figaro.

HER SPECIALTY.—She claims to be an artist, though
Art scarcely can define her,
But looking on her face we know
She is a calcimiaer.
—Detroit Free Press.

WILLIE—"I knew you were coming tonight." Castleton—"Why, Willie?" Willie—"Sister has been asleep all the afternoon." —Truth.

THERE is this good in real evils—they deliver us, while they last, from the petty despotism of all that were imaginary.—Colton.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.—He—"Her treatment of Jack has made him an anti-vivisectionist." She—"How is that?" He—"He knows what it is to feel cut up."—Puck.

THE FIGHT IS ON.

There is an intense rivalry between the watermelon and tomato growers as to who can produce the earliest. Salzer's Earliest Watermelon ripened in 70 in 52 days. That record is to be beaten, and Salzer pays $100 to the winner. Then on tomatoes the record on "52 days the Earliest Tomato" in 1895 was 68 days. That's to be beaten, and $100 paid. Salzer challenges the world to produce earlier melons, tomatoes, cabbages, radishes, peas or sweet corn than he offers. Get his mammoth catalogue. There is money in it.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND it with 12c. stamps to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get their great catalogue and a package of the yellow rind watermelon seed. (K)

A NORTHERN exchange asks: "Why do not authors wear their hair long?" "Because barbers cut for cash."—Atlanta Constitution.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,
[SEAL] *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

GOD oft descends to visit men, unseen, and through their habitation walks, to mark their doings.—Milton.

Through Storyland to Sunset Seas.

This is the title of a handsome volume of 250 pages, printed on fine enameled paper and illustrated by 200 fine half tone engravings, which the Passenger Department of the Southern Pacific at New Orleans has just issued.

As an example of beautiful printing it is one of the most perfect specimens of bookmaking of the year. As an evidence of railway enterprise it is a marvel, for the giving away of so sumptuous a volume, so artistic in its details of workmanship, is the very triumph of that spirit of progress which attracts people to a railway. It is a clever narrative of the romance of the Southwest, together with a running description of the country traversed by the vast systems of the Southern Pacific, calling attention to the strange people and novel sights and beautiful natural scenery from New Orleans to Portland, Oregon. "Through Storyland to Sunset Seas" belongs to that class of fascinating works of travel which so delight and instruct one and is a book which will be read and kept as a valuable addition to the library.

It cost 20 cents to mail this book. If you will send this amount to cover postage to S. F. B. Morse, General Passenger Agent, Southern Pacific, New Orleans, La., the work will be forwarded to you.

BY nature's laws, immutable and just, enjoyment stops when indolence begins.—Pollok.

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On February 11 and March 10, tickets will be sold from principal cities, towns and villages of the north, to all points on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida and a portion of Kentucky, at one single fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good to return within thirty days, on payment of $2 to agent at destination, and will allow stop-over at any points on the south bound trip. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he can not sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

ANY feeling that takes a man away from his home is a traitor to the household.—H. W. Beecher.

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Perhaps, but rheumatism need not add to the calamities to which we are more or less subject, when there is such an efficient means of counteracting the diro complaint as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. When the liver, bowels or stomach are out of order, or the kidneys or nerves troublesome, the Bitters is also an efficient remedy. It prevents and remedies all malarial disorders.

THE innocence of the intention abates nothing of the mischief of the example.—Robert Hall.

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To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the Spring time comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family and costs only 50 cents; the large size $1. Buy the genuine. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only, and for sale by all druggists.

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FOR COUGHS, ASTHMA AND THROAT DISORDERS "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are an effectual remedy. Sold only in boxes.

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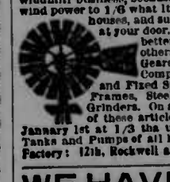

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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, March 2, 1896.

Who's afraid? Somebody is, and it seems that his name is Grover Cleveland. He is afraid that Congress is about to compel him to aid the Cubans. He succeeded in getting the resolution declaring the Cubans entitled to immediate recognition as belligerents and asking that the President use his good offices to persuade Spain to recognize the independence of Cuba, which was adopted by the Senate with only six dissenting votes, made "concurrent," instead of "joint," which makes it just about as valuable to the Cubans as the concurrent resolution adopted by both branches of Congress some weeks ago and which is now hid away in a pigeon-hole in some White House desk has been to the Armenians whom it was intended to help. He wanted the resolution made concurrent because it would then leave him free to act just as he pleased and just as though a resolution had never been heard of. He was afraid that the resolution would be made joint, as many Senators wished it to be, as in that case he would have been compelled to show his hand, either by vetoing it or allowing it to become a law, with or without his signature.

Although he succeeded in getting his way in the Senate, Mr. Cleveland is very much afraid that he will not in the House, and there is good ground for his fear. Unless there is an unexpected change in the existing sentiment of the House, there is little doubt that the Cuban resolution which will be adopted by the House this week will be made joint and it is probable that it will also be made stronger than the Senate resolution. Then if the Senate will adopt the House resolution without amendment Mr. Cleveland will have to come out of the woods and let the country see just where he stands upon this question, within ten days after its final adoption. If he vetoes it it will be adopted over his veto, and he will be compelled to carry out its instructions.

It is a rather extraordinary state of affairs when men in Congress who are disposed to be his friends have to acknowledge that try as they will they have been unable to ascertain where the President of the United States stands upon such an important question—so important that the most conservative men in the Senate have publicly stated that it may lead the United States into war with one or more European countries. And what makes the situation even more extraordinary is the repeated cablegrams from Spain saying that the Spanish minister in Washington has assured his government in the most positive terms that he has personal knowledge that Mr. Cleveland has no immediate intention of recognizing the belligerency of the Cubans. It might be supposed that these cablegrams alone would have been sufficient to have caused Mr. Cleveland to have at least taken his friends in Congress into his confidence, but no; he takes nobody into his confidence. Consequently there exists a belief that he is afraid to define his position. This is an unfortunate conclusion to arrive at, but what else can people think.

Mr. Cleveland gave Congress quite a surprise by vetoing the bill providing for the leasing of school lands in Arizona by the territorial authorities, which was passed unanimously by both House and Senate, and the House returned the favor by promptly passing the bill over his veto by a vote of 200 to 38 and there is little doubt that the Senate will also pass it with the required two-thirds vote. What made the veto all the more surprising was that a similar bill was passed by the last Congress for Oklahoma and has worked profitably for that territory.

The rumors alleging that certain Republicans were working to have a special meeting of the Republican National Committee called for the purpose of deposing Chairman Carter, have received no serious attention in Washington, for the very good reason that everybody knew them to be entirely without foundation. Senator Carter will retire from the chairmanship of the National Committee when the St. Louis convention names the new National Committee, and his successor will be chosen as usual by the man nominated for President by that Convention. Even if Chairman Carter were trying to injure the Republican party, although nobody in Washington would credit him with being engaged in such business, he could do the party so little injury during the few months he has to remain at the head of the National Committee that it would really be a waste of time to call a special meeting of the committee to depose him.

The Senate committee on elections will probably report favorably Senator Allen's resolution providing for an investigation of the election of Senator Morgan, of Alabama, and as the populists have been specially clamorous for this investigation its adoption by the Senate would seem to be a certainty, but recent votes in that body have made people very cautious about saying that anything not already accomplished in the Senate is a certainty.

Elder.

We are having regulation court weather.

Miss Lillian Gilbert was visiting relatives at Selbysport a few days last week.

Mr. Silas Sterling is working for for Mr. J. M. Lowdermilk while Mr. L. is attending court.

Mr. George Shartzer and wife, of Oakland, were calling on friends in this vicinity a few days last week.

Mr. H. K. Friend made a business trip to Friendsville Saturday.

We notice our friend, Mr. Wm. Augustine, of Addison, Pa., in our vicinity Sunday on his way to Oakland to attend court.

Miss Maggie Cuppett, who was reported as convalescing a few weeks ago, is suffering from a relapse.

Mr. George Sterling, who is teaching at Frazee Ridge, was calling on friends here Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Chas. Frazee made a flying trip to Friendsville Saturday.

Mr. S. F. Cuppett is attending court as a juror.

News is very scarce in this vicinity this week.

TAM O'SHANTER.

Cranesville.

Mud frozen up.

March came in like a lion.

Snow and sleet in abundance.

Mr. E. J. Fringer, of Oakland, was calling among friends during the past week.

D. F. Hartman, Jno. G. Elsey and D. C. Feather made a business trip to Oakland on Thursday last.

Rev. W. H. Berry held communion services in the Ev. Lutheran church on Sunday last, but owing to the weather being so bad his congregation was small.

Our farmers are all making preparation to burn a kiln of limestone in the early spring. There will be from 15,000 to 25,000 bushels of rock burned in this community, which means good land, good crops and hustling farmers.

Jno. O'Neil, of Fayette county, Pa., drove out forty head of fat cattle during the past two weeks, price paid $3.50 to $3.65 per cwt.

Mr. Jno. E. Otto, one of our best citizens, is preparing to build a fine large stable in which he contemplates fattening cattle for the winter market.

Mr. M. E. Feather has gone to Bruceton to visit his parents who have been sick during the past three months but we are glad to say they are both improving.

Rev. Idleman is now holding a protracted meeting at Chidister with bright prospects for a good meeting.

D. SEE.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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The farm belonging to Elizabeth Maley, situated two miles north of Deer Park, adjoining the lands of Jack Cooper, Fundenberg, Miller and Ravelston. Contains 113¼ acres, about 68 acres cleared, and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the premises. 32-4m.*

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only increase the irrita and heat the blood. What skin needs is a cooling, heal application that brings comfo body and mind, and while the same time has strength to penetrate a clogged sk to dissolve the scales. Eczema and Dandruff.

is the only perfect preparation of its kind. It will cure Eczema, Tetter, Itch, Salt Rheum, Dandruff, Itching Piles, Ring Worm, Pimples, Blotches and other diseases of the skin. Sometimes it will cure in a few days—sometimes it takes longer—but the cure is certain and permanent. There is no question about it. It has been given times without number.

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COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Feb. 18, 1896.

The County Commissioners will meet at their office in Oakland on

Tuesday, March 10, 1896,

For the purpose of hearing appeals on assessments and noting transfers.

Persons having business before the board will observe the following days and dates and attend accordingly:

Wednesday, March 11, Districts Nos. 3, 2, 5.
Thursday, March 12, Districts Nos. 8, 10, 9.
Friday, March 13, Districts Nos. 7, 4, 1.
Saturday, March 14, Districts Nos. 6, 12, 11.

By order of the board,
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

Lloyd Lowndes, trustee, vs. Alex. C. Good et al.

No. 311 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

On this 19th day of February, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting in equity, that the sales made and reported in the above cause by Edward H Sincell, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 14th day of March, 1896; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county for three successive weeks before the 14th day of March, 1896. The report states the amount of sales to be $951.75.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

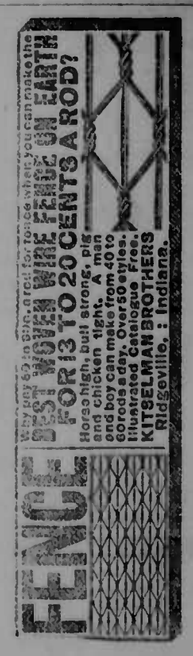

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ROAD NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that after the expiration of thirty days from the first publication of this notice the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett County to appoint viewers to locate a county road beginning at a point near the bridge that crosses Savage river on the Grantsville and Barton road running through the lands of Elias Merrill, Amos Broadwater, John Broadwater, Mrs. Fannie Weltzel, Wm. H. Merrill and John F. Robeson to intersect the road leading from Noah Garlitz's mill to the head of A. J. Lancaster's lane, a distance of four miles.

E. MERRILL,
AMOS BROADWATER,
JOHN F. ROBESON,
and others.

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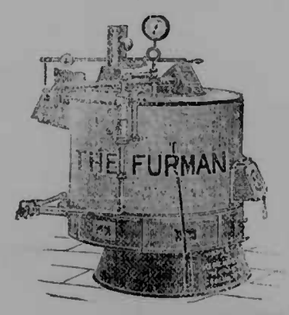

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Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
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OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.
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C. A. SNOW & CO.
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LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31 000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:
C. A. WILT, Agent,
6—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1896. NUMBER 1.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Send your job work to THE REPUBLICAN office.

Next Tuesday is St. Patrick's day. Look out for a storm.

Editor Litzinger was in Cumberland on business Saturday afternoon.

If you want to buy honest goods at honest prices, go to S. P. Specht. Deer Park, Md. 1-tf.

Mr. D. J. Brenueman, of New Germany, was an Oakland visitor last Saturday.

No trouble to show goods at S. P. Specht's, where you can buy cheap for cash. 1-tf.

Dr. F. A. Ravenscroft and wife of Accident, were here Saturday last for a short time.

Mr. Wm. Frantz, of near Friendsville, was a caller at the editor's sanctum yesterday.

Mr. Michael Wolf, of Floyd, was in the city on Friday last and made this office a pleasant call.

A new boiler for the purpose of heating the B. & O. station has been received and installed.

Mr. N. B. Fearer, of Fearer, this county, was in the city Saturday and made our office a very agreeable call.

S. P. Specht has just received and opened up the best assortment of shoes ever brought to Deer Park. Call and examine goods and prices. 1-tf.

Wm. Moody, of Bloomington, Md., has been confined to his bed for the past five weeks with inflamatory rheumatism.

Work on Mr. John Shartzer's office building and opera house was commenced last Friday and will be pushed to completion as fast as possible.

Mr. Daniel W. Dorsey, of Grantsville, was here a day or two this week on business before the County Commissioners.

Mr. William W. Frazee, of near Selbysport, who is serving on the jury, made this office a pleasant call last Friday evening.

A comet is traveling toward the earth at the rate of 1,700,000 miles an hour and is due to strike on Saturday. Look out for a shock.

Mr. M. M. Bradford, who suffered several days recently with an attack of the grip, has recovered and is out again attending to business.

Dr. J. W. Laughlin, of Deer Park, a member of the in-coming Board of School Commissioners, was in the city a short time yesterday on business.

Mr. Jacob Brown, the learned and respected Nestor of the Allegany county bar, is in the city this week attending the session of the Circuit Court.

Miss Letitia Parks, of Kingwood, was here Monday afternoon visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Jones. Miss Parks left on train No. 1 the same night for Crawfordsville, Indiana.

WANTED.—Six experienced dining room girls (white) for Brookside Hotel, during the summer. $12 per month. Address, stating experience, S. Prescott Wright, Brookside, W. Va. 1-4*

We have just received from the manufacturers another large lot of stationery and envelopes which we are running out at low figures for the class of work furnished our customers. Give us a call.

Mr. T. B. Thomas, representing the well known Chamberlain Medicine Co., of Des Moines, Iows, manufacturers of Chamberlain's remedies, was in the city yesterday and made THE REPUBLICAN a business call. We found Mr. Thomas an agreeable gentleman and the house he represents one with which the printer is always delighted to transact business.

Capt. Cochrane, of the B. & O. R. R., was in the city a short time Saturday. He is having erected at Loch Lynn a beautiful cottage which will be occupied by his family during the coming summer.

Joseph Haslan has been granted a divorce from his wife, Elizabeth Haslam, by Judge Cox, of Circuit Court, No. 2, Washington, D. C. Both parties were residents of Oakland for a number of years.

Mr. David Ridenour, the aged father of Mrs. George L. Bosley, of Oakland, is lying dangerously ill at his home in Aurora, Preston county. Little hope for his recovery is entertained by his relatives.

At the regular monthly meeting of the town council held the 1st inst., the following election officers were nominated: Judges, John Helbig, George Loughridge and M. B. Ross; clerks, Edmund Jamison and J. O. Michaels.

The Uniform Rank, K. of P., has had new life instilled into it and the members are now putting it upon a working basis. Election of officers will be held in a short time and the work of drilling will be resumed.

The books for the Oakland Public School library have been received and are being issued to the scholars of the school. About three hundred volumes compose the library, among them being many standard works.

Quick in effect, heals and leaves no scar. Burning, scaly skin eruptions quickly cured by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Applied to burns, scalds, old sores, it is magical in effect. Always cures piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Misses Nannie and Elsie Kennedy, of Wheeling, W. Va., who have been visiting their sister, Mrs. H. C. Sincell, for several months past, returned home Saturday morning. They made many friends while here who were sorry to see them go.

An organization of the insurance feature of the lodge of Knights of Pythias has been formed in connection with the lodge here. Several members have made application for membership to this branch. The insurance rate is very much cheaper and as safe as insurance in the standard life insurance companies.

Don't invite disappointment by experimenting. Depend upon One Minute Cough Cure and you have immediate relief. It cures croup. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results. Oakland Pharmacy.

Last Saturday morning court adjourned until yesterday, and the grand jury was dismissed from further service. Judge Sloan went to his home in Cumberland Saturday evening, but returned to Oakland yesterday and took up the criminal docket. Court will probably adjourn Saturday.

Representative Wellington introduced in the House Saturday a bill to refund to the corporate authorities of Frederick city the sum of $200,000, exacted of them by the Confederate army in 1864: also a bill for the relief of Jeremiah Everly of Cumberland, and a petition from the Jr. O. U. A. M. asking for the passage of the Stone immigration bill.

Young man what are you going to do this year? Are you going to sit or stand on the street corner waiting for some good easy job to hunt you up? If so, you will be standing at the same place when the year closes. Work is not to be found in such places. If you want a job go out and hunt for it. The street corner young man is not entitled to a job of any kind; he would not hold a job if he had it. Young man, get to work at something. If you can't do any better go to the mine and dig coal, go to the farm and plow—do anything rather than do nothing. You are not too good to work. Get off the streets; do something. Apply a man. You had better work for 5 cents a day than to while away your time doing nothing.—Exchange.

The March session of the Board of County Commissioners convened Tuesday morning with President Friend, Commissioners Abernathy and Layman and Clerk Meyers present. Routine work consumed the greater part of Tuesday and yesterday appeals from assessments were taken up and disposed of. The board will probably adjourn to-morrow.

Mr. Andrew Pysell, of near Deer Park, was in to see us Saturday. Mr. Pysell is one of Garrett county's enterprising farmers and is much interested in the prospective oat meal, flouring and starch mills in Oakland. He says that if we had sufficient milling facilities Garrett would not need to buy a pound of flour but that she could and would raise enough wheat to amply supply her wants.

Amos, the twenty-three year old son of Solomon Sines, residing near Sang Run who strayed away from his home several weeks ago, is given up for dead by his family. Hunting parties have scoured the country for miles around his home but no trace of the missing man could be found. The theory now advanced is that he became bewildered during the storm of the day following his disappearance and wandered into the laurel near his home and there either froze or starved to death.

Mrs. Jessie Davis, the versatile Somerset young woman who was associated with Jasper Augustine in the well known Uniontown "syndicate" case, is said to have been secretly married last week. The bridegroom is alleged to be a well-known young Pittsburg man, who formerly lived at Uniontown. It is said they met in Pittsburg last week, went to Ohio and were married. Mrs. Davis will have to attend court at Uniontown this week to prosecute her case of assault and battery against Charles Walker, the detective who, it is alleged, dragged her from a sickbed. —Somerset Democrat.

A canvass among the druggists of this place reveals the fact that Chamberlain's are the most popular proprietary medicines sold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, especially, is regarded as in the lead of all throat trouble remedies, and as such is freely prescribed by physicians. As a croup medicine, it is also unexcelled, and most families with young children keep a bottle always handy for instant use. The editor of the *Graphic* has repeatedly know Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to do the work after all other medicines had failed.—The Kimball S. D. *Graphic*. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Seventy-two pilgrims, who had sacrificed farms and business in the West in order to spend the remainder of their lives in the Holy Land, have just sailed from Philadelphia for Jerusalem. It is said they have chartered the steamer Rameses of the Moss Line for Jaffa, and expect to arrive at their destination April 7. They were an odd-looking throng and seemed no more concerned over their strange departure than they would have been over ordinary routine of life. In the party were a number of Scandinavians and a few Hebrews, but the majority claimed to be Americans. The leader of the party is Mrs. Annie Spafford, an elderly woman, who was accompanied by her two daughters. "Our object," she said, "is religious work, and we feel called upon to go to Jerusalem, where we can worship and be surrounded by the scenes that greeted the eyes of the earliest Christians. This we do for reasons set forth in the Bible, and our object is to come to a unit for the purpose of bringing the world to God."

The new dynamos at the electric station have been placed in position and tested, working very satisfactorily to those interested. The street lamps were turned on Friday night, retaining the 1200 candle power lamps. The 2000 candle power lamps will be put up and used April 1st, the date upon which the new contract with the council will take effect. In this connection it may be well to state that new lamps will be placed as follows: One at the head of Second street; one at the corner of Liberty and Procter streets; one at the corner of Second and Alder streets; one at the corner of Third and Oak streets; one at the south end of the Youghiougheny bridge on Third street; one at the corner of Green and Sixth streets. With the lamps distributed as above and with a few changes as decided upon by the council the town will be very well lighted up.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper under the captiou "We Loan Money." The Mutual Guarantee Building and Loan Association which he is representing is one of the strongest new financial institutions in the country and the largest new Building and Loan Association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management is developing it very fast. Its assets have already reached over $2,000,000, which proves it to be positively reliable in every respect. The men that carry it on are responsible and well known gentlemen. This is a good association for the investor as well as for borrower. It has a life insurance policy connected with it which beats anything in any other association. It is good for both young and old and especially for the young man, as this policy matures in 7 years, the others in 8 years. So anyone wishing to make and save money rapidly will do well to invest in this association. Those desiring to borrow or invest will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars.

For Sale Cheap.

1 Model 40 Columbia Bicycle, 1 No. 1 Hartford Bicycle, 1 Boy's Hartford Bicycle; all 1895 models and practically as good as new.

S. T. JONES,
Oakland, Md.

Estray Notice.

Estrayed, to my place in December last, a red yearling steer with an underbit out of left ear and a swallow fork out of right.

Owner will please call, pay charges and take same away.

J. W. FEATHER,
52-2 Cranesville, W. Va.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending March 14, 1896, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

C. H. Tissue — Mrs. Joshua Horner
Miss Maggie Adams — Miss Dellie M. Bowers

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

New Goods.

Just received, a full and complete line of Dress and Waist Ginghams, Waist Plaids, Percales, Drapery, Lawns, India Linons, Outings, Serges, Henriettas, Bohemian Plaids, and a full line of Dress Linings; also spring line of mens' Clothing. Suits and Pants, boys' Suits, long and short Pants and extra Pants, good goods at low prices. These goods, as well as a new line of Hats, Caps, Shoes, Dress Shirts and Scarfs for spring, at prices to suit the times, rock bottom, are to be had at S. L. Townshend & Son's. 1-4t.

In Limbo Again.

Mrs. Belle Freeland, of Terra Alta, who served a short term in the Illinois penitentiary for passing raised money during the World's Fair, was arrested in Clarksburg, W. Va., a few days ago on the same charge and taken to Parkersburg to await the action of the United States Court. Mrs. Freeland came down to Oakland some time ago and passed a raised $20 bill on Mr. M. Boyle. This bill Mr. Boyle had changed by Messrs. Hamill & Little, who did not discover it was spurious until it was taken to the bank for deposit, where it was detected. She also operated in Piedmont and Cumberland. Her husband, Judson Freeland, is still in the penitentiary in Illinois, he having received a longer term than his wife.

Junior Epworth League.

On Wednesday afternoon the Junior Epworth League of St. Paul's M. E. church was treated to a delightful entertainment.

The genial gentleman and eminent physician, Dr. Henry W. McComas, kindly brought his phonograph into the League, and for an hour or more highly entertained the boys and girls, together with their teachers. The machine reproduced many choice selections of vocal, instrumental and band music. The entertainment and interesting remarks of the Doctor in explaining the mysterious workings of the phonograph, and introducing the various selections, served to increase the enjoyableness of the occasion.

The Junior League desires to return its thanks to its generous benefactor and will be delighted to have him come again.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. 25 cents per box.

Hardware and Implements.

1896 finds us in our new store building better prepared than ever to supply the trade with hardware, farm implements, stoves, ranges, tinware, oils, paints, etc., etc. The greatest possible care has been taken in investigating and selecting these goods, not, however, to find a low grade of goods, but to get the very best at the lowest possible price. Nearly all our goods are bought from manufacturers direct. While we do not profess to do what others in the same business cannot, yet we do propose to give a man as much value for his money as he can get anywhere. First quality of goods is generally sold at less profit than the inferior, but the customer is always best pleased with the good. Our wagons, plows, nails, wire, harrows, sewer pipe, cultivators, etc., are shipped in car loads from factory so as to save freights and benefit the customer. We have now on hand the best line of shovel plows and cultivators we ever handled. In mowers the new Champion, also the new Ideal roller and ball bearing Deering machine; the latest improved Pennsylvania grain drill, and three grades of hay rakes. We can offer to the trade good steel frame spring tooth harrows at greatly reduced prices. It will afford us much pleasure to show goods and quote prices to persons in need of anything in our line. Many persons are deceived by sending for goods they see advertised at lower prices than good articles are worth in the market. The tendency of the age is to cheapen goods rather than increase durability, hence the necessity of careful examination before purchasing.

Yours,
51-3 J. M. DAVIS & SON.

For Sale.

A cottage containing 7 rooms, attic and cellar. Has a well of good water upon the premises, and an acre of land attached. Purchaser can have the choice of more land up to two acres. Will sell cheap and on good terms. Situated opposite Mt. Lake Park on Oakland road. Mt. Lake Park, is a good market for vegetables and poultry. Apply to F. P. Arnold, Mt. Lake Park, Garrett county, Md. 50-13t.

FREE

COURSE BY MAIL

WITH THE

Capital City Commercial College.

TO ADVERTISE OUR COLLEGE

We will give a thorough course of instruction in Double and Single Entry Book-keeping and Commercial Arithmetic, by mail,

FREE OF CHARGE

to a limited number of persons. This course will be completed in forty lessons. No charge for diplomas.

ADDRESS,

CAPITAL CITY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,

P. O. DRAWER B,

TOPEKA, - KANSAS.

26—1yr.

MOUNTAIN STATE

Business College,

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.0 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

ATTENTION, FARMERS!

THE OAKLAND HARNESS CO.

carry the best stock of heavy, hand made harness and horse furnishing goods to be found in the country.

Alder Street, opposite G. S. Hamill's office.

TRUMAN WEST, Manager.

26—26t.*

MUSHROOMS

From Loch Lynn Fruit Farm, Nursery and Greenhouse.

Our Greenhouse } A few hours by mail } Your Kitchen.

Order a pound and see how nice they are.

THE HORTICULTURAL SUPPLY CO., Mt. Lake Park, Md.

A Railroad up Bear Creek.

We were informed by a gentleman residing in the community of the Cove that one day last week the rails for a narrow gauge railroad up Bear Creek to the large track of pine timber land known as "The Rights of Man," had been received in Friendsville and that the work of grading and laying the track would be commenced immediately.

The work is to be done by the owners of the track of land who will put a large lumber plant at Friendsville on Brown's Bottom, where they will manufacture the lumber into sash, doors, etc.

This enterprise will be quite a boom for that section of Garrett county and we hope that it will be pushed to completion as speedily as possible.

Reduced Rates to Washington via B. & O. R. R.

Washington is beyond a doubt the most attractive city in this country, and is declared by many to be the most beautiful city in the world. The beginning of a new Congress and recent political events will add additional interest and make a visit at this time particularly enjoyable.

The excursions inaugurated by the B. & O. Railroad make it possible for every one, however limited the pocket-book, to spend a short time at the National Capital. The third excursion of the series, via this popular line, is announced for Thursday, March 19th. Pleasant side trips have also been arranged to points of interest in and about the Capital.

We give below a list of stations in this vicinity, showing time of trains and rates of fare:

	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	RATE.
Terra Alta	.....	12 05	5 41	4 31	$6 45
Oakland	6 31	12 29	5 59	5 12	6 25
Piedmont	7 21	1 29	6 51	6 01	5 40

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

Tickets will be good ten days, and will be valid for passage from Washington to Baltimore at any time within the life of the ticket.

For Pullman Car accommodation and other information, address nearest B. & O. agent.

Don't forget the date, Thursday, March 19th.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND. : GARRETT CO., MD.

IN SCHOOL.

There is a school with a teacher stern,
With lessons long and hard to learn.

A school that is found in every clime,
And that keeps in session all the time.

Its open doors are free to all,
The black and white, the great and small.

And all must go, the bad and good,
For none could shirk it if they would.

And all must study with weary pain,
Old, old lessons over again.

Lessons of sorrow, of loss and care,
Of hopeless waiting and despair.

And forever we cannot choose but look
Till death shall close life's lesson-book.

And we see at last, with all made plain,
That our weary tasks were not in vain.

Doubtless we give some pitying thought,
To those who stand with the strife unfought.

To those who lift with present pain
Our old, old crosses over again.

Who strive as we strove, for gold and pelf,
Who learn as we learned, each one for himself.

For the school shall be taught in the long years hence,
By the same old dame, Experience.

—Detroit Free Press.

TWO INDIAN EXECUTIONS.

Both of the Men Kept Their Word to Come and Die.

EVERAL years ago I attended an execution in the Choctaw Nation 30 miles from Fort Smith, Ark. A description will give an idea of how the work is ordinarily done. It was a cold, dreary December day when we left for Fort Smith. Our way was along the muddy roads through Poteau bottom, through dense forests of pecan, walnut and oak. At Scullyville we were joined by the Indian sheriff, who is ex-officio "lord high executioner."

It was about ten o'clock in the morning of our second day out when we visited the Indian courthouse and jail, a rude log structure built on the style of most of the storehouses and better class of Indian Territory dwellings. Levi James, the unfortunate man whose death we were soon to witness, was seated on a bench in the building, with his weeping wife and two little children by his side. He was a full-blooded Choctaw, about 25 years of age, with a fair education. He belonged to one of the best families of the tribe. He had killed another Indian while drunk, and without cause or provocation. His victim belonged to an influential Choctaw family, who had prosecuted the case against James very zealously. Efforts were made for a commutation of sentence, but without success. Family influence might have secured executive clemency, but under Indian laws no pardoning power is vested in the chief or governor of a tribe, the courts alone having the power to impose a penalty or grant a pardon.

After sentence of death had been passed upon him, the Indian convict was released upon his own recognizance until a few days before the time set for his death, when he was placed in jail to prepare himself to meet the Great Spirit. He had made no effort during his liberty to flee the country or "go on the scout," as dodging the officers of the law is called in the Indian Territory.

An Indian missionary prayed with in the jail with the condemned man, and then went his way. James, who was a cripple, was assisted into the open woods behind the jail, a blanket was spread upon the ground, and he took his seat upon it. His wife stood near, her baby in her arms, and a four-year-old boy by her side. The executioner se

HIS AIM WAS TRUE.

lected by the sheriff was an aged Indian who had acted in that capacity for 40 years and had grown gray in his gory work. When he stepped out in front of the man to be shot and drew his pistol the heartbroken wife wept as few Indians ever weep. Kneeling beside her condemned husband, she was soon clasped in his arms for the last time in life. The two little children, without realizing the awful situation, sobbed and cried most bitterly because their mother was weeping, and the husband and father, whose impending fate had not moved him, and who, Indian-like, had shown no emotion, was forced to give way to his feelings. No longer able to control himself, his tears mingled with those of his loved ones. To the few spectators of that scene the situation was one never to be forgotten.

The sheriff was finally forced to tear the weeping wife from the arms of her husband; then, with one last, lingering look, she clasped her baby closer to her bosom, took her little boy by the hand, and hurried away through the woods to be out of hearing of the fatal shot.

The sheriff unbuttoned the coat and vest of the condemned man, baring his left breast; then, feeling for the beating heart, he pressed his finger for an instant on the spot to give the executioner a mark at which to shoot. This done, he held one of James' hands while a deputy sheriff held the other. The old executioner sat on a stump 20 feet away, and as soon as the officers stretched out James' arms he raised his six-shooter with both hands and instantly fired.

His aim was true. The bullet struck the exact spot indicated by the finger mark. There was a quick jerk, both hands were torn loose from the grip of the officers, and a stream of blood spurted from a ghastly wound. A few spasmodic quivers and twitchings of the muscles and Levi James was dead. The bullet had passed entirely through his body, and blood trickled from a wound in his back where the bullet had passed out. The old executioner blew the smoke out of his pistol barrel; then, placing the weapon in its scabbard, walked off as unconcernedly as if he had shot a tree.

A messenger was dispatched to inform the waiting wife that all was over. She came back with her children and threw herself upon the prostrate body of her husband, weeping most plaintively. Then, with an affectionate farewell kiss to the dead, she departed from the scene, her clothing soiled with the blood of the man she had so faithfully loved. The dead man's relatives soon came to claim the body, and took it away for burial.

The old executioner was afterward seen sitting upon a rock smoking his pipe, seemingly indifferent as to the surroundings.

"Do you always shoot them through the heart?" I asked him.

"No," he said, in very good English. "If you shoot a man through the heart he may life four, five or ten minutes, but shoot through the big blood vessel above the heart, and cut it in two, then he will die in a minute."

Another Choctaw execution possessed of some very interesting features occurred a short time prior to the one mentioned. Folsom, I think, was the name of the victim. He died like a hero, but there were no such scenes as attended the shooting of James.

Folsom was a youth of about 20, handsome, stalwart and brave. He had been released upon parole immediately after being sentenced to death. He gave his word that he would be on hand at the time set for his execution, then

ANNOUNCED THAT HE WAS READY.

went about his business as if nothing unusual had happened, and as if unmindful of the fact that death for him was not far distant.

The morning of the day for Folsom's shooting arrived. A large number of men had gathered at the spot to see the tragedy enacted. It was near a hawthorn thicket in the wilds of the Choctaw nation, and fully 50 horses were hitched to the bushes around the place where the shooting was to take place.

The hour set for the execution was ten o'clock. It was near that time, but Folsom had not yet put in an appearance. The man who was to play the leading part in the tragedy was not there. An incredulous white man, who did not believe that a man's word could be sufficiently binding to cause him to come forth voluntarily to be killed, expressed some doubt as to the condemned man's coming at all. His remarks were overheard by a near relative of young Folsom, who, with eyes flashing, answered:

"When a Folsom gives his word he keeps it. You can count on that. He'll be here on time."

As if to prove the truth of the assertion, some one said: "He has come."

Just then young Folsom rode up. Dismounting, he hitched his horse to a hawthorn bush, and then, walking up to the sheriff, announced that he was ready. He was permitted to select his own executioner, and named his cousin, who was present.

Everything being in readiness, Folsom took a letter from his pocket, tore off a small piece of the envelope, and then, buttoning up his coat, pinned this paper on the outside of his coat immediately over his heart. This was the target at which his cousin was to fire.

With hands clasped behind his back, he stood facing the man he had chosen to kill him. A sharp report rang out. The white paper, with a bullet hole in the center, was stained with blood, and Folsom lay dying. In two minutes life was extinct. He was a murderer, but his high sense of honor and bravery almost caused that fact to be forgotten.

His relatives had a coffin ready, and the remains of the young Choctaw were hauled away for burial. The admiring spectators mounted their horses and rode away. They had witnessed one of the coolest and most businesslike shootings that ever occurred anywhere, whether prompted by the mandates of law or by the anger of man.—Chicago Record.

WHIPPING-POST IN DELAWARE.

Some Reasons Why the State Clings to an Ancient Method of Punishment.

The present law relating to the whipping post in Delaware is that "the punishment of whipping shall be inflicted publicly, by strokes on the bare back well laid on." It shall be done by the sheriff or his deputy, or by a constable. The whipping post and pillory shall be in or near the jailyard of each county. Women are exempted from whipping. The whipping of minors is left to the discretion of the court in each case. Whenever corporal punishment is a part of the judgment, the day for its execution must be fixed in the sentence. Whenever a convict, at the same time, receives several sentences of whipping, the court shall so graduate them that under all of them he shall not receive more than 60 lashes, nor stand in the pillory more than one hour.

Whipping is inflicted as a punishment for the following crimes: Attempt at poisoning, mayhem, highway and house robbery, setting fire to offices, vessels or stores, burglary, larceny, embezzlement, making forged plates, obstructing railroad tracks, etc. The pillory is generally added as a further punishment, or else fine or imprisonment.

"But why," asks the outsider, 'since whipping was abolished in the United States laws in 1893, and even in the navy in 1850, does Delaware cling so fondly to it? Is she wiser than the rest of the country, or simply more uncivilized?" Well, it would be hard to explain, to the average outsider, whose idea of the whipping post is made up of a tortured prisoner, a gory cat-o'-nine tails, and a mob of brutalized spectators, the easy-going indifference of the average Delawarean about the whole thing. The large majority of the citizens of Delaware, indeed, have never so much as seen the whipping post, and those who have, have never been heard to complain of any brutality in connection with it. The movement for prison reform, now active in the state, has no condemnation for the whipping post; it fixes on overcrowded cells and idle prisoners as far greater causes for complaint. Many would approve, indeed, an extension of the punishment, so as to include the crimes of prize-fighting, cruelty to children and animals, and wife-beating, now punishable only by fine and imprisonment. The reasons for this general acquiescence are rooted in (1) the past history of the state, (2) its geographical position, and (3) the conservative character of its inhabitants. They may be briefly stated as follows:

1. Delaware has always had a large free negro population. Now, the negro is given to petit larceny, and he does not greatly mind being imprisoned for it. In some cases he has been known to commit petty offenses at the approach of winter, with the avowed desire of getting a home in jail until spring. This tendency can be successfully combated only by corporal punishment, which he does not like, and avoids if possible. The whipping post has solved this problem for Delaware justice during the past, and its value is established until some better substitute can be devised.

2. Delaware is a small agricultural state, lying between the large cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore. It is a natural haven of refuge for criminals from both cities, and would be overrun with thieves and small offenders if the quality of Delaware justice was not bitter to their taste. The whipping post is an abomination to the criminal from outside. He gives the state a clean berth on its account. One gang of bank burglars did select Wilmington as a field of operations some years ago. They were caught and soundly whipped. They had no difficulty, being experts, in breaking out of the old fashioned jail at Newcastle afterwards, as easily as they had broken into the bank; but the whipping rankled in their minds; and they left on record their determination never again to enter the state where "gentlemen in their line of business were whipped like slaves." Whereat all Delaware chuckled!—Priscilla Leonard, in Outlook.

An Irishman's Patience.

In a neat little white painted house up in Maine a baby's gold ring hangs upon the wall, tied with a bit of ribbon. The owner, an Irishman, a humorous scion of his race, when interrogated about it told the following story: While fishing one day in an adjacent lake he accidentally dropped the ring out of his pocket, and, slipping off the edge of the boat, it sank down through the clear water. As he watched it disappearing a large fish darted through the water, and, opening his mouth, gulped it down. The Irishman sadly lamented the loss of the ring, as it belonged to his little baby. He resolved to fish that lake until he found the rascally thief, and day after day he hauled in the shiny, struggling members of the finny tribe and cut them open in search of his ring. Weeks went by, and grew into months, until the cold weather arrived, but with a fisherman's patience he continued in his task, even to cutting holes in the ice to fish through. One day after a severe and long-protracted struggle he hauled in a fine fish, and some intuitive instinct told him he had at last caught the thief, which, on cutting him open, proved to be the case.—Harper's Round Table.

—Nature does not capriciously scatter her secrets as golden gifts to lazy pets and luxurious darlings, but imposes tasks when she presents opportunities, and uplifts him whom she would inform. The apple that she shyly drops at the feet of Newton is but a coy invitation to follow her to the stars.—Whipple.

—The blind are often almost preternaturally gifted with the sense of smell.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE SPELLING MATCH.

Ten little children, standing in a line,
"F-u-l-y, fully," then there were nine.

Nine puzzled faces, fearful of their fate,
"C-i-l-l-y, silly," then there were eight.

Eight pairs of blue eyes, bright as stars of heaven,
"B-u-s-s-y, busy," then there were seven.

Seven grave heads, shaking in an awful fix,
"L-a-d-y, lady," then there were six.

Six eager darlings, determined each to strive,
"D-u-t-i-e, duty," then there were five.

Five hearts so anxious, beating more and more,
"S-c-o-l-l-a-r, scholar," then there were four.

Four mouths like rosebuds on a red rose tree,
"M-e-r-y, merry," then there were three.

Three pairs of pink ears, listening keen and true,
"O-n-l-e-y, only," then there were two.

Two sturdy laddies, ready both to run,
"T-u-r-k-y, turkey," then there was one.

One head of yellow hair, bright in the sun.
"H-e-r-o, hero," the spelling match was won.

—N. O. Picayune.

ROBBING A SPIDER.

A Simple Device for Reeling Out the Web from Its Spinners.

This is written for boys only. Girls, of course, wouldn't touch the nasty things—not for anything. Unless, indeed, there is a "new" girl, too; and I rather hope there isn't, for I am such an old boy now that I don't like innovations. The old girls—that is, the sort of girls I used to know—seem to me hardly to admit of improvement. And they just hated spiders.

One day I was watching a fine large specimen completing his web. The stay-ropes were already stretched across the open window; and beginning where they crossed he was hobbling round and round fastening the cross-lines of fresh shiny silk.

Suddenly it occurred to me that I might reel out that silk for my own use—or amusement. Really, I fancied myself on the verge of a great discovery. Why might not a most beautiful fabric be made of that glistening material? Who could tell what might come of it?

So I managed to get hold of the end of the strand, and began to draw it out. Now if there is anything that a spider particularly detests it is to be robbed of his silk; no pack-peddler values his stock half so highly. As soon, therefore, as my victim perceived what I was at, he reached back with a claw and snipped the thread. This was repeated several times.

Then I saw that I must devise some means for preventing this sort of interference. So I cut a small round hole in a bit of cardboard, and made a slit from the hole to the edge—see cut. This arrangement I slipped about my

DUEL BETWEEN SPIDER AND LARGE ANT.

spider's wasp-like waist. As his legs were on one side of the card, and his abdomen with the spinners on the other, he could no longer meddle with the thread; neither could he get out of the sort of pillory in which I had placed him. He wasn't hurt in the least, but he was altogether helpless and in the worst of humors. Then I got hold of the strand with a pair of tweezers and proceeded to draw out as much silk as I pleased, winding it about my finger.

But this process was slow, and did not satisfy me. I wanted spider's silk in bulk; my head was full of schemes for producing a new and beautiful fabric from this bright and elastic material. I therefore mounted a spool upon a spindle in such a way that I could make it rotate with great speed by means of a band running from a wheel—about eight inches in diameter—which I turned with a crank. To this spool I attached the end of the thread, and set my machine in motion. It was a great success. The spindle sang like a humming-top as it spun on its bearings, reeling his precious silk from that disgusted spider until the glistening thread covered the spool as with a sheet of varnish. An angrier insect, I fancy, never lived; but what could he do about it? And afterwards I fed him well by way of compensation.

Thus far my plans had worked to perfection; but when I endeavored to utilize the material so unscrupulously obtained, like many another thief I became involved in difficulties. I found that the adhesive strands—so perfectly adapted to the owner's own business of fly-catching, were not so well suited to manufacturing purposes as I had fondly hoped. In fact they had glued themselves together so firmly that I was never able to unwind them from the spool; and my invention, though highly interesting, did not prove remunerative—a lucky thing for the spiders.

There were other experiments that I tried with these ungainly pets—some of them too cruel, as I now realize, but I was quite unconscious of it then. For example, I often wafted flies against a large fresh web, and in this way I presently discovered that the ordinary spider, though he has eyes with numberless facets, is really almost blind. He does not trust to sight at all. He stands waiting at the center of his web, his feet clutching the strands. When a fly strikes against the meshes the spider gives the whole fabric a sharp shake. If the fly remains still the owner of the web seems unable to locate him, but if he buzzes or struggles Mr. Spider is down on him in an instant, and hastily incasing him in a winding sheet of silk, bears him back and hangs him up to be devoured at leisure.

Once, I remember, I presided at an encounter between a spider and a bumble bee. The bee, of course, buzzed loudly. The spider rushed upon him, was stung, and hastily withdrew. Again the bee buzzed, and again the spider, unable to resist his instinct, rushed to the attack—with the same result. At last, however, the spider managed to

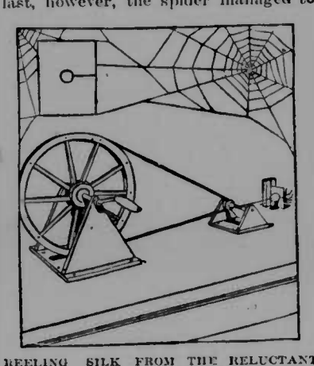

REELING SILK FROM THE RELUCTANT SPIDER.

get his silken shroud about his formidable prey, and bore him off in triumph.

He was not so fortunate, however, with a large, black ant which I treacherously dropped upon his web. The ant began to struggle, and down came the spider; whereupon the ant coolly bit off one of his legs. The spider withdrew in dismay. But being a ravenous old fellow of great size, the destroyer of unnumbered flies, he could not forbear a second attack. He strained his mandibles without effect on the hard armor of the ant, who meanwhile nipped off another leg.

In the third attack the ant began to operate on his enemy's abdomen; and the spider, escaping with difficulty, retreated utterly discomfited. Then the ant proceeded to break the meshes, and fell unharmed to the floor. Thus were the flies avenged. C. KAY.

PATROLING THE BEACH.

A Duty Which the Life Savers Are Called Upon to Perform.

The patrol from sunset to sunrise is one of the most important duties in the service, and the most careful rules are laid down in regard to its performance. When stations are near together, as on dangerous coasts, the two patrolmen from Station "B," starting along the beach in opposite directions, walk until they meet patrolmen from "C" and "D," with whom they exchange checks, and return to their own station. At the end of a week the checks are returned to their proper stations, and this is kept up during the season, week after week.

The keepers of lonely stations provide the surfmen with time-detectors. A time-detector is similar to a clock with a hinged cover, fastened by a lock—the key to which is retained by the keeper; beneath the cover a revolving plate supporting a paper dial is placed and a die so arranged that when a patrol-key is inserted and turned in the clock a mark is made upon the paper dial recording the hour of striking. At the end of the "beat" is a post to which a key is affixed; when the patrolman reaches this he winds the clock—the dial-plate is marked; failure to be at the clock, without good and sufficient reason, is punished by dismissal.

At midnight, at such a station, the keeper gives to the two patrolmen a clock containing fresh dial-plates, and these two men, going in opposite directions, patrol the beach till four in the

PATROLMEN EXCHANGING CHECKS.

morning. When these return to the station, two other men take their places till sunrise. The next night, at sunset, two new men keep guard until eight in the evening, and at that hour their places are taken by two others until midnight. Then, returning to the station, the keeper is called, new dial-plates are inserted in the clocks, they are locked and given to two new patrolmen, who walk till four in the morning. So from sunset till sunrise our American coasts are patroled by solitary watchmen, on the lookout for vessels in danger.

No weather is severe enough to daunt these brave men, and they trudge all night in rain, hail, wind or snow, while we are comfortably sleeping.

The patrol duty at a station is so arranged that those men who have the long patrol one month are put on the short patrol the next; the night-watches are divided into three watches of four hours each.—"The Story of a Life-Saving Station," by Teresa A. Brown, in St. Nicholas.

A SLIGHT COLD, IF NEGLECTED, often attacks the lungs. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give immediate and effectual relief.

THE doing of an evil to avoid an evil cannot be good.—Coleridge.

BEECHAM'S PILLS for constipation 10c and 25c. Get the book (free) at your druggist's and go by it. Annual sales 6,000,000 boxes.

DO YOU—dare you to taunt me with my born deformity?—Byron.

Scrofula

Infests the blood of humanity. It appears in varied forms, but is forced to yield to Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies and vitalizes the blood and cures all such diseases. Read this:

"In September, 1894, I made a misstep and injured my ankle. Very soon afterwards,

A Sore

two inches across formed and in walking to favor it I sprained my ankle. The sore became worse; I could not put my boot on and I thought I should have to give up at every step. I could not get any relief and had to stop work. I read of a cure of a similar case by Hood's Sarsaparilla and concluded to try it. Before I had taken all of two bottles the sore had healed and the swelling had gone down. My

Foot

is now well and I have been greatly benefited otherwise. I have increased in weight and am in better health. I cannot say enough in praise of Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. H. BLAKE, South Berwick, Maine.

This and other similar cures prove that

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Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1 Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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ELY'S CREAM BALM Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Protects the Membrane from colds, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

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TEMPERANCE NOTES.

ONE GLASS OF RUM.

Costs a Sailor His Vessel and His Wife and Two Children.

I think it was Dr. Richard Newton who related the following story. A sailor arose in a temperance meeting. He said:

"My friends, I don't know how to make a speech, but I want to tell you what one glass of rum did for me. I had a small vessel on the coast. My brother was the mate and there were two other sailors. I had my wife and two children on board. One night it was stormy. My brother was to keep watch that night. The sailors persuaded him to take one glass of rum to help him through the night. He was not used to liquor. It overcame him and he sank into a heavy sleep. I woke after midnight to find my vessel a wreck. I took one of my little ones in my arms and my wife took the other. For hours we battled with the cold waves. After a long struggle the waves swept the little one from my embrace. Before long the other little one was swept from the arms of my wife, and our darlings were lost from us forever. We battled on with the storm and the waves. Then I looked at my wife and she was cold in death. I struggled on and made my way to the shore. Then I found that my wife, my children and all I had in the world were snatched away from me by one glass of rum."

One glass of rum always calls for more, for "within the cup there lurks a curse which all who drink shall feel," as the poet says. Drunkenness destroys both sense and soul.

A drunkard remarked boastfully: "I can drink more liquor than any other man I ever heard of"—as if the shameful fact was something to be proud of. Perhaps he had never heard Thomas Randolph's opinion of such men, viz.:

"For he that holds more wine than others can,
I rather count a hogshead than a man."

In the time of Oliver Cromwell the magistrates in the north of England punished drunkenness by making the

THE "DRUNKARD'S CLOAK."

drunkards carry what is called the "Drunkard's Cloak." This was a large barrel with one head out and a hole in the other through which the offender was made to put his head, while his hands were drawn through two small holes, one on each side. With this he was compelled to march along the public street.

It is wise to beware of the first glass,
Avoid that and you are safe.

Some one tells a pathetic tale of the first step to drunkenness, viz.: "Tell me," said a gentleman to a poor drunkard, when urging him to give up the intoxicating cup, "where it was you took your first steps in this intemperate course?" "At my father's table," replied the unhappy young man. "Before I left home to become a clerk I had learned to love the drink that has ruined me. The first drop I ever tasted was handed me by my now heart-broken mother."

There is an old stereotyped excuse for drinking that we have become disgusted with, viz.: "Didn't God make grapes?"

Some one relates an amusing incident concerning this argument.

"Harorotune, a converted Armenian on the Harpoot mission field, is a strong temperance man. He lives among those who love 'native wine.' To one who drank a glass of wine and by way of excuse asked: 'Didn't God make grapes?' he indignantly exclaimed: 'God made dogs. Go eat some dog carcass! He made poisons, too. Go eat them and kill yourself!'"

With many a drunkard the first glass of liquor begins his farewell to all that is pure and lovely and of good repute It is the "beginning of the end."

St. Ambrose tells this sorrowful tale of Theotymus:

"On being told by his physicians that except he did abstain from drink and excess he was likely to lose his eyes, his heart was so desperately set upon his sin that he said: 'Vale lumere amicum'—'Farewell, sweet light, then; I must have my pleasure in that sin; I must drink, though I drink out my eyes. Then, farewell eyes, and farewell light and all.'"

"Thick as billows of the seas
Are the graves of debauchees.
Shall we warning take of these,
Since they form of death the line?
See the faces white with care,
See the pictures of despair,
See the shadows in the air,
Coming from the cup of wine!

"And the beads which bubbling rise
Are the serpent's glittering eyes,
And its fangs are in the wine."

—Ernest Gilmore, in National Temperance Advocate.

Brain Drinker's Argument.

The dram drinker is apt at saying tea and coffee are stimulants, and that those who use them are on a par with the liquor consumer. But, did coffee or tea ever make a husband beat his wife, stain his hands with blood, or dishonor his own name? Does the mayor have to issue a proclamation on election day, closing the coffee houses, from fear of riot?—Ram's Horn.

ALCOHOLISM AND INSANITY.

Important Statistics Showing Their Relation in France and America.

In the course of a report recently submitted to the state department by Mr. C. W. Chancellor, United States consul at Havre, France, he gives some important statistics in reference to the relation of alcoholism and insanity. He says:

"In France it has been found that insanity has increased pari passu with the increase of drunkenness. It is computed that in 1884 the number of insane persons in France had increased to 133 per 100,000 inhabitants; in 1885 the number had increased to 136, and it is fair to assume that the increase has progressed with an equal step since then, so that the number of insane in France at this time may be reckoned at 166 per 100,000 of population, the increase being, it is said, in a direct ratio to the increased production and consumption of alcoholic drinks.

"Comparing statistics, we are led to infer, if like causes produce like effects, that alcoholism is on the increase in other countries besides France. In 1883 Italy contained 67 and Germany 82 insane persons, respectively, for every 100,000 of population—a noticeable increase over previous years. The United States in 1850, with a population of 23,000,000 inhabitants, had 15,610 insane; in 1860, with 31,000,000 inhabitants, there were 24,042 insane; in 1870, with 38,500,000 inhabitants, there were 37,432 insane; in 1880, with a population of 50,000,000, there were 91,997 insane. Thus it will be seen that while the population of the United States from 1850 to 1880 had only a little more than doubled, the number of insane had sextupled, and in the following ten years—from 1880 to 1890—for an increase of 30 per cent. of inhabitants there has been an augmentation of 115 per cent. of insane.

"But it is illogical to attribute this alarming increase of insanity in the United States solely to the increased consumption of alcoholic drinks. There are in the United States contributing causes which do not operate to the same extent in other countries, and one which has no existence in any other country. We have, in common with other countries, morphinism, cocainism, chloralism, chloroformism, the ever-growing conflicts between labor and capital and the excessive thirst for wealth which exists in the United States, and which tends to enfeeble the mind and dethrone the reason. The effects of our great war have also added materially to the insanity percentage. The theory of the French moralists that alcoholic liquors alone are responsible for the increase of insanity in France, cannot, therefore, properly be wholly applied to the United States, where there are other potential conditions at work to produce similar results.

"Undoubtedly it would be a great desideratum to effect a modification of the use of alcoholic drinks in the United States, and to substitute for them cheap wines, as it is proposed shall be done in France, both as to brandy and absinth; but the question is, how can it be accomplished?"

NOTES BY THE WAY.

No man is strictly sober who has taken intoxicating liquors.

Why is a life-boat half full of water like a drunkard in prison? Because they want bailing out.

A match may start a conflagration and a teaspoonful of brandy a thirst for liquor.

Don't wait for public sentiment to kill the rum demon. If your sentiment is all right, strike!

Make it right to sell whisky, and it cannot be proven that anything else is wrong.—Ram's Horn.

Gen. Wolseley says that never in the history of the British army has there been so little intemperance as now.

Dean Farrar, addressing 600 soldiers who attended Canterbury cathedral on the eve of their departure for India, strongly urged upon them the advisability of becoming total abstainers if they wished to preserve their health in that hot climate.

A Startling Illustration.

The people of the republic spend for liquor $900,000,000 annually. A silver dollar is nearly one-eighth of an inch thick. Pile dollars up as many as would pay our bill for strong drink, and you would have a column 1,578 miles high. A silver dollar is about two inches wide. Lay them down, and they will make a chain 12,604 miles long, which would measure the earth's diameter one and one-half times. Our liquor bill, made into an equator of silver dollars, would, in two years, girdle the globe. How would "In God we Trust," look on that zone, repeated millions of times?—Ram's Horn.

Rather Die Than Drink Brandy.

An incident occurred recently illustrating a remarkable strength of resolution. Walter Alley was thrown from a wagon, and the wagon then overturned upon him. He was taken to a drug store near by, and restoratives applied. Some one brought a glass of brandy and put it to his lips. He shook his head and murmured: "Let me die before you give me that." It seems that at one time in his life Mr. Alley would occasionally imbibe. Several years ago he made a resolution never to touch another drop as long as he lived, and he has stuck to it.—Nashville Sun.

Law Not Enforced in Kentucky.

Kentucky has had on her statute books for nearly three years a law requiring that the effects of alcoholic drinks on the human system shall be taught in the public schools, similar to the law now stirring things in New York public schools. But the law has been practically ignored, perhaps from a feeling among Kentucky teachers that it in some way implies a libellous or disloyal suggestion concerning the sour mash state.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A Wise Child—"Dickie, what do you want for your birthday present?" "Oh, papa, get me a savings bank that mamma can't get nickels out of with a hairpin."—Chicago Record.

—Ardent Lover—"If you could see my heart, Belinda, you would know how fondly—" Up-to-date Girl (producing camera)—"I intend to see it, Ilram. Sit still, please."—Chicago Tribune.

—Above the Normal.—Mrs. Boston—"Is my daughter's cold better, doctor? How did you find her temperature?" Doctor (absently)—"Just above the freezing point."—Detroit Free Press.

—"Dear father, we are all well and happy. The baby has grown ever so much and has a great deal apply sense than he used to have. Hoping same of you, I remain your daughter, Molly."—Tit-Bits.

—"Ah! that's a great strain!" exclaimed the tenor, who was exercising his voice in his bedroom. "A great strain it is," replied his room-mate, "on those who have to listen to it."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

—Probably Not.—Susy—"Say, auntie, dear, you're an old maid, aren't you?" Aunt Emma (hesitatingly)—"Certainly, Susy; but it is not nice of you to ask such a question" Susy—"Now, don't be vexed, auntie; I know it isn't your fault."—Herriedener Laubfrosch.

—"I see," remarked Mrs. Hoyt, at the breakfast table, "that the coffee crop of Honduras has been seriously reduced by two unusually dry seasons." "That's odd," replied the Star Boarder; "I never noticed a scarcity of water in the coffee."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

—In Advance of the Times.—"Sir," began the high-browed man with the rolled manuscript, "in me you behold a man who is in advance of the age." "Yes," said the editor. "You are situated somewhere along about next summer, I presume." "Next summer?" "Yes. I notice that you left the door open."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Determined.—"John," said Miss Blykins, "what is that in your overcoat pocket?" "It's a tin horn, Maria." "And what have you in your hand?" "A red lantern. I have a police whistle in my vest pocket and a red flag inside my vest. I'm going to see if I can get a gripman to stop the cable car for me."—Washington Star.

EQUINE PATHFINDER.

Remarkable Instinct of Some Quadrupeds as to the Way Home.

Horses and mules are known by all who have much experience with them as famous pathfinders.

A good story of this power in the horse tribe is told of a mule by John T. Campbell, of Rockland, Ind. In the early days of prospecting in Oregon a party was in the field, and had covered a very circuitous course, which they depended on a civil engineer to enable them to retract, should they see any objects worthy of a revisit. Having decided to return to the home camp by the most direct route, the engineer, after calculating latitudes and departures, pointed out what he believed to be the correct direction along which they must proceed to reach the desired point. When night overtook them they found that they were not at the home camp, as they expected to be, though the engineer assured them that they were not far away from the desired point, although he was quite unable to say in which direction it was best to turn. At this stage of their wanderings the driver of the team turned one of the mules loose, and at once, much to the discomfiture of the engineer and the amusement of the rest of the party, it set off in a direction that brought them to the home camp. Now, this mule had never before been allowed to wander in this locality, for fear that it would stray and become lost, nor had it ever before been over the route by which they had reached the point where the engineer was at fault. It was after dark; there was no one at the camp to make any noise that its sharp ears might detect, and the way was entirely unknown to it. How had it at once taken the route that would lead to camp?

A case allied to this happened to me in the Blue mountains of Jamaica, where a pony that had never before been in the parish, where I was lost in a tropical storm, took me back to the point from which we had started in the morning, and that by a much nearer route, entirely new to both of us. While I was aware by the growth of the trees that we were headed in the right general direction, it was at any time impossible for me to see more than 100 yards ahead. At the time that I left the main trail and got on what afterward proved to be a much shorter cut, it was impossible for me to see anything in the blinding fury of the cloudburst. How the pony found its way with so much satisfaction to itself—it never for an instant appeared to falter on its course—I was unable to determine. It was more than once my experience after that, when we had any difference of opinion as to the ramified ways in those Jamaica hills, that the pony's judgment was the best to depend upon, to find the place where it last had its fodder, although it was at times annoying when that place was not where I wanted to go.—Popular Science News.

Dampness Should Be Avoided.

Dampness in dairy houses should be studiously avoided. Dampness produces fungoid growth, not only developing but increasing organic germs; and there are, when the conditions are favorable, countless invisible germs floating in the air to attack the milk and spoil it and the butter. Then beware of damp floors. A little lime scattered around, or placed in a box in the dairy house, will absorb a large quantity of the moisture. But the first important step to take is to see to the drainage; see that it is as perfect as possible.—Farmers' Review.

HOW TURKISH WOMEN DRESS.

Wearing Neither Corset Nor Stockings, They Have Curious Articles of Attire.

In not a single respect is a Turkish lady's attire similar to that worn by the women of the occident. Amazingly little is known, in fact, about the wardrobe of the women of the harem, and the average American woman has little idea regarding it, save that all Turkish women wear trousers and a veil.

The two most interesting and important points are that the Turkish woman wears no corsets and no stockings. She has nothing whatever in the place of corsets, but instead of stockings knitted woolen socks. Often these are openworked very skillfully, and have a mixture of silk threads. Some are elaborately embroidered in colors and in gold.

The very first garment the woman of the orient puts on is a long-sleeved chemise of Broussa crepe gauze. This is made exactly like the seamless holy coat of Treves, and its neck is cut out and hemmed in a close roll.

The trousers are made most often of chintz or cretonne, and are vivid and startling in color. They are put on immediately after the chemise, and are about four inches longer than the leg. They are fastened by a drawing-string at the waist, tied in front, and they hang down over the ankles.

The entarri, a garment taking the place of the trained skirts of the west, comes next. It is of cotton, wool, silk or satin, perhaps of rich brocade, perhaps of a brilliant tint, but of whatever material it may be made it is bright and gay. It consists of four breadths.

Next in order come the sash and the jacket, the latter being worn only in warm weather. It is shaped like what we call an Eton jacket, and buttoned to the waist line with small jewels or gold buttons. The sleeves are sometimes elbow sleeves, always loose and often left flowing below the elbow. The curious thing about this jacket is that while it is well fitted in the back, all the portion that should cover the breast is cut away, leaving the entire bust exposed.

While the other portions of the costume worn by Turkish women are wonderfully picturesque, the most pride of all is taken in this jacket. Velvet, silk or satin are the materials used for it. The wives of the richest Mohammedans have it embroidered with seed pearls, turquoise or coral, and always with gold and silver threads.

Exceedingly important, too, really the most important article in this attire, is the yashmak, or Turkish veil. The Turkish woman wears no hat, but she nevertheless is not debarred from the usual feminine prerogative, for it is invariably in order for her to query whether her yashmak is on straight. In fact, a woman shows whether she has style or not by the way she wears this veil. It is a law of the prophet that Mohammedan women shall never be without it when outside of their homes; and this law is rigidly adhered to.

One valuable use the veil has. It etherealizes by its folds the entire face, a very necessary thing when the feminine custom of painting the whole countenance is taken into consideration. Without her veil the Turkish woman looks rather ghastly when she is in full regalia. Her eyebrows are blackened with kohl, her lips are crimsoned, her cheeks are dyed carmine and the rest of her face is whitened with arsenic paste or some similar compound.—N. Y. World.

EXPLAIN THE FIGURES.

Facts That Illustrate the Value in Gold of Quantities Frequently Mentioned.

The total amount of the bids received at the United States treasury for the last government bond issue was $568,000,000. This amount of money would make a block 10 feet square by 14 1-3 feet high.

The total imports of the United States for 195 were valued at $731,969,965, which would make a gold block 10 feet square by 18½ feet high.

The total exports of the United States for 1895 were valued at $793,392,599, which would make a block of gold 10 feet square by 19 2-3 feet high.

The production of wheat in the United States for 1894 was 460,267,416 bushels, the value of which, at 60 cents per bushel, would make a gold block 10 feet square by 7 feet high.

The assessed valuation of all the taxable property in Chicago, real and personal, for 1895 was $244,476,825, which would make a gold block 10 feet square by 6 feet high.

The assessed valuation in 1890 of all property, real and personal, in Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Idaho, Utah and Nevada was, in round numbers, $568,000,000, the amount of the bond bid.

The amount of the bond bid, coined into $20 pieces, would make a pile of gold containing, approximately, 1,500 cubic feet. The amount of cash on deposit in the country's savings banks alone, in 1895, was $1,810,597,023, or a fraction over three times the amount of the bond bid.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

Modern Englishwoman.

An Englishwoman, by name Mrs. Bygrove, made a flying visit to Washington last week. She appeared at the patent office clad in an improved garment, comprising bifurcations and skirts. Just what it was technically called isn't told yet. Mrs. Bygrove had made a number of improvements, on which her attorneys here filed applications for patents. Mrs. Bygrove gave an exhibition to the authorities of the working of the patent bifurcations, then announced that her business was done, and she would return to England on the following day. It then came out that she had only arrived from England a day before, and had come over here simply to patent her dress reform improvements and rush back. There's a sample of the modern woman.—Chicago News.

NAPOLEON AND LOUISA.

Meeting of the Emperor and Queen of Prussia at Tilsit.

It was at this crisis of Prussia's affairs that the king, after much urging, consented to summon his queen. The rumors and insinuations concerning the czar's undue admiration of her, so industriously spread by Napoleon, had made him over-sensitive; but as a last resort he felt the need of her presence. She came with a single idea to make the cause of Magdeburg her own. She had suffered under the malicious innuendos of Napoleon regarding her character; she had shared the disgrace of the Berlin war party in the crushing defeat at Jena and Auerstadt; she had been a wayfarer among a disgraced and helpless people; but her spirit was not broken, and she announced her visit with all the dignity of her station. The court carriage in which she drove, accompanied by her ladies in waiting, reached Tilsit on July 6, and drew up before the door of the artisan under whose roof were the rooms of her husband. Officers and statesmen were gathered to receive and encourage her with good advice; but she waved them away with an earnest call for quiet, so that she might collect her ideas.

In a moment Napoleon was announced. As he climbed the narrow stairway she rose to meet him. Friend and foe agree as to her beauty, her taste and her manners; her presence, in a white dress embroidered with silver, and with a pearl diadem on her brow, was queenly. In her husband's apartment she was the hostess, and as such she apologized for the stair. "What would not one do for such an end!" gallantly replied the somewhat dazzled conqueror.

The suppliant, after making a few respectful inquiries as to her visitor's welfare and the effect of the northern climate on his health, at once announced the object of her visit. Her manner was full of pathos and there were tears in her eyes as she recalled how her country had been punished for its appeal to arms, and for its mistaken confidence in the traditions of the great Frederick and his glory. The emperor was abashed by the lofty strain of her address. So elevated was her mien that she overpowered him; for the instant his self-assurance fled, and he felt himself but a man of the people. He felt also the humiliation of the contrast, and was angry. Long afterward he confessed that she was mistress of the conversation, adding that she stood with her head thrown back like Mlle. Duchesnois in the character of Chimene, meaning by this comparison to stigmatize her attitude and language as theatrical.

So effective was her appeal that he felt the need of something to save his own role, and accordingly he bowed her to a chair, and in the moment thus gained determined to strike the key of high comedy. Taking up the conversation in turn, he scrutinized the beauties of her person, and, complimenting her dress, asked whether the material was crape or India gauze. "Shall we talk of rags at such a solemn moment?" she retorted; and then proceeded with her direct plea for Magdeburg. In the midst of her eloquence, when the emperor seemed almost overcome by her importunity, her meddling husband most inopportunely entered the room. He began to argue and reason, citing his threadbare grievance, the violation of Ansbach territory, and endeavoring to prove himself to be right. Napoleon at once turned the conversation to indifferent themes, and in a few moments took his leave.

"You ask much," he said to the queen on parting; "but I promise to think it over." The courageous woman had done her best, but her cause—if, indeed, it was ever in the balance—was lost from the moment she put her judge in an inferior position. Her majestic bearing was fine, but it was not diplomacy. She might, nevertheless, have succeeded had she been the wife of a wiser man. Long afterward Napoleon thought she might have had considerable influence on the negotiations if she had appeared in their earlier stages, and congratulated himself that she came too late, inasmuch as they were already virtually closed when she arrived.—Prof. Sloane, in Century.

PUNG RIDING IN BOSTON.

A Very Unique Way of Indulging in Fun.

Speaking of sleighs, the practice of pung riding on the part of young girls seems to be alarmingly on the increase. It has been common enough in other years, but recently it has, to judge without an actual census, been unprecedented. The driver of a grocery wagon says that he can get along with the boys, but that the girls beat him. "You can lick off the boys," he says, "but how are you going to lick off girls?"

Certainly they won't take no for an answer, and generally they do not observe the formality of asking permission to mount a sleigh. They jump on anywhere—on the runner, on the rear, on the seat with the driver; they tumble in backward over the tailboard, and drag screaming behind, holding on by the tips of their fingers. Some of the girls who thus assault the passing sleighs are alarmingly small, and others are alarmingly large. Some are also alarmingly well dressed. The centers of the pung riding diversion are such streets as Columbus avenue, West Newton street, and other South end thoroughfares, but the sport is not unknown on Commonwealth avenue, and even Beacon street! To leave out of the discussion the question whether the amusement is a decorous one, it certainly should be discouraged, because it is dangerous. In these days of electric cars, young children should hardly be allowed to run at large on the streets, especially in the pursuit of an amusement that often absorbs their attention so completely that they cannot be depended upon to look out for passing cars.—Boston Transcript.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS

—The Greek nose was straight and tolerably prominent.

—The one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation.—Emerson.

—Among the 1,000 persons making up the population of Alfred, Me., are 24 between the ages of 80 and 90 years.

—Springfield, Ill., is built on 5½ square miles of ground and has 30,000 population, who owe $962,450 and own $5,837,495.

—Among the Mongolians, Indians and negroes, the internal cavities of the nose are more largely developed than among the Caucasians.

—A woman working in a factory at Coloma, Mich., for 75 cents a day, last week fell heir to a fortune of $62,000 through the death of an uncle in Germany.

—The tapir's snout is an extension of his nose. This singular animal is regarded by some naturalists as the intermediate class between the elephant and the pig.

—The whale's nose is on top of his head, at least his nostrils are situated there, through which he expels the columns of water during the action known as "spouting." Whales only spout when they are feeding.

—The shovel fish uses his nose as a tool to make his living. By means of his nasal protuberance he turns over the mud of the bottom of the sea and unearths the worms and small shell fish on which he feeds.

—The treasury circulation statement issued February 1 gives the amount of gold in the United States, outside the treasury, as $499,110,535. The amount of all kinds of money in circulation is placed at $1,589,720,607, an increase since January 1, 1896, of $10,513,883. The per capita circulation is $22.47.

—Strangely enough, the city of Philadelphia has never had a fitting monument to its most illustrious citizen, Benjamin Franklin. But it will have at least two in the near future. Justus C. Strawbridge, of Philadelphia, has commissioned John J. Boyle to model a statue of Franklin, and another statue of him will soon be erected by the Fairmount Park Art association.

THE NEGRO IN THE SOUTH.

Customs in Regard to His Treatment Are Slowly Changing.

The southern people say that a northern man, after living south a few years, is a fierce negro-hater, far outdoing the southern man in his antagonism to the negro race, much more intolerant of the negro's inherent characteristics. It is, however, the northern people who are helping the negroes to educate themselves. This is not said in criticism of the southern people, for conditions were made for them long ago, and their feelings and opinions in regard to the whole negro question are the result of hereditary environment, which will in time be changed by the new conditions.

It is simply impossible for them to look at the negro as we do. Illustrations of this are constantly met in going about the city. One morning, when starting for the fair grounds, a 'bus driver on his way back from the grounds drew up his horses to the walk, where several were waiting for the car, and said if we would make up a load he would turn around. When we started off there was room for two more in the 'bus and room for one on the seat with the driver. I sat next to the driver on the inside, and we had gone only a few rods when a neatly-dressed, very respectable young colored woman and a boy, also well-dressed, signified by a slight gesture that they wanted to ride. The driver did not see it, so I said: "There are two passengers." He drew up to the walk and the woman and boy got in. The driver looked around at them, and then, utterly regardless of their feelings, said in a loud voice: "If I had known it was a nigger I wouldn't have stopped." But he did not turn them out. A few rods further an Italian, dirty and ill-kept, stood with his harp by his side, as if he also were waiting for a ride, and our driver pulled up his horses and pointed to the seat beside him; but the harpist was not ready to go, so we drove on.

It is simply a conflict of ideas, not personal antipathy. A young southern woman was shocked because we two northern women went to lunch in the negro building. She acknowledged that a colored cook always prepared her meals, and a colored waiter always served her, but to go to a restaurant where a colored man's brain managed the business, and a colored man or woman might occupy a table next to you—that she could not conceive of a white person's doing.

The negro has, however, made a great stride by this exhibition. Not so much by the simple showing what they can manufacture as by the fact that they are allowed to do it in such a peaceable and even friendly way, and have brains enough to manage their department, and to manage it so well. It seems there was some misunderstanding at the outset, for their are notices put up all through the negro building stating that colored people are not restricted to their own building, but are at liberty to go wherever they please inside the grounds, enjoying the same privileges as their white neighbors.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

An Electric Hen.

An electric hen has recently been invented, which is claimed to be superior to the natural article of flesh, feathers and blood, except that it cannot lay eggs. When the electric incubator has produced the chickens, an electric foster-mother takes them in charge. The upper part is devoted to the freshly hatched, while the lower part is so arranged that the young can run around on the ground and at the same time find heat and protection when they require it.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1896.

OUR esteemed contemporary, the *Mountain Democrat*, came to us last week with a new heading, very much improving the appearance of the first page of that journal.

TO-DAY THE REPUBLICAN enters upon its twentieth year. We had hoped to surprise our readers with something new in the make-up of the paper, but unforeseen circumstances prevented it, therefore we are compelled to forego the contemplated improvement for a time at least.

GOVERNOR LOWNDES has issued a proclamation declaring a large portion of the West and Southwest, where the splenetic or Southern fever exists among cattle, in quarantine, so far as the importation of cattle into this state until November 15 next.

The effect of the quarantine will be to prohibit the dispersion of cattle from the infected districts on the grazing grounds of Maryland. It does not interfere with the shipment of cattle abroad, which is under the control of the United States Bureau of Animal Industry.

Good Roads.

The New York *Tribune* says: "At a recent gathering of Pennsylvania road reformers, Mr. A. J. Albertson, a well known civil engineer, who has done effective work in the reconstruction of roads in New Jersey, gave some interesting facts bearing on the progress of road reform in recent years. It has been proved, he says, that on sandy roads 30 bushels of grain are a load for two horses: on so-called pike roads 50 bushels are the maximum load: on macadam roads 100 bushels, and on the best grades of telford roads, 200 bushels can be carried. If these figures are correct, and there is no reason to question them, they furnish an impressive argument for the improvement of roads—an argument moreover, which ought to appeal most powerfully to farmers, whose interest in the question has thus far been rather sluggish. The agitation for good roads accomplished little so long as it was discussed from the speculative point of view. People who read appeals on the subject, agreed with them in theory, perhaps but they saw no reason why they should personally do anything in the matter."

Communicated.

To the Editor of The Republican.

It may seem rather early to bring the question of our next Congressman to the attention of your many readers, but I do not think it early when we consider that the field is open for new material this fall. Garrett county never had a man nominated for that position, but we believe that we have the very best material in our midst—one especially who is clean in every respect and who would command the full and popular vote of the Republican party throughout the entire district.

I believe we have such a man in the person of Dr. J. Lee McComas, a man whom the Republicans of Garrett county could and would be proud of and one who would be fully qualified to fill the high office with honor and credit to his constituency.

I hope the people of the county will look favorably upon the gentleman named above and give their best efforts looking to his nomination.

A REPUBLICAN.

AT THE CAPITAL.

The Assessment Bill Passed the House Tuesday Night.

ANNAPOLIS, March 10, 1896.

Uncle George Colton, looking just as disconsolate as he did when he wept outside the gates of Joppa over the sins of an unregenerated world, was upon the floor of the Senate to-day. Horrible to relate, the man who lectures upon "Woman, Her Heroism and Her Love," was lobbying against a measure in which the sex is taking an aggressive interest. He is opposing the local veto law, which is the special order in the Senate. A count of noses shows that it will pass, if all its friends remain at the post. The opposition can be counted on to be present.

Senator Day, a strong advocate of the bill, declares that the temperance people have $20,000 to spend in behalf of the bill. This is about the most imprudent utterance the Senator could have made, as this Legislature, or the House part of it at least, is more hostile to lobby influences than any legislature that has assembled here in twenty years.

The friends of Gov. Lowndes are much pained, without being greatly disturbed, at the course which that gallant old veteran, Maj. A. M. Hancock, is now pursuing. He was an ardent Wellington man in the Senatorial contest. The charge that Gen. Agnus had threatened Mr. Schilling, of the House, with discharge from his employ, if he voted for Wellington, which I sent you for publication, was written by Mr. Hancock, and if you have preserved the copy it will be found to be in Hancock's handwriting. He was willing, at the time, to trade every office in the gift of the governor for votes for Wellington, and became angry because the governor would not consent. In fact the gallant major left our headquarters in disgust because Gov. Lowndes refused to trade his patronage for votes for Wellington, and it seems now that the ire of the old soldier, (whom I like very much, and hope to see in a better humor) is aroused because he thinks the governor did the very thing that he had found fault with him for not doing.

Maj. Hancock has performed so much good service for the party and State, that it seems a pity he should now endeavor to devote both to eternal perdition merely because it was not deemed advisable to make him a license commissioner for Baltimore city. But Maj. Hancock will be forgiven in advance. He has earned the right to scold a little, and it is to be hoped that his anger will cool in time.

There will be no confirmations by the Senate this week I am told. Just why this policy has been adopted I am unable to explain. There may be some adroit statesmanship behind it, but I am unable to discover it.

Gen. Adam E. King, and other prominent citizens of Baltimore, are here to-day.

The canal claims bill is hung up in the Senate. The reason for it involves a chapter of politics that may prove interesting hereafter, but for the present it would not be advisable to talk.

Messrs. W. C. Devecmon and R. R. Henderson, of Cumberland, are here to-day.

The committee on enrolled bills did not finish engrossing the new assessment bill until after one o'clock this morning. Hence it did not come up in the House last night. It will be ready for this evening's session.

The local veto bill is encountering bitter opposition in the Senate, where it was the special order to-day. Senator Wilkinson spoke against time and prevented a vote being taken.

The action of the Baltimore City council in taking the appointing power from the hands of a mayor disposed to abuse it, meets with general approval here. It will revolutionize the control of municipal corporations along the line of progress and reform. There is always more or less friction between the mayor and city council and as the council is just as likely to elect competent officials as the mayor is to appoint them, there can be no reasonable objection to a change in the system. The city council of Baltimore has taken a healthy step forward in this matter, and its example is likely to be followed by other municipal bodies. The mayor still retains the power of removal, and officials who hold position in opposition to his will are likely to be more careful and more energetic in the discharge of their duties than they would if they felt they had an indulgent friend in the mayor. I look upon the recent action of the Baltimore City council as a step forward.

Judge Stake, of Hagerstown, was at the capital to-day.

Col. Jas. Donnelly, chief of police at the State House, has not made any arrests yet, but he continues to assume a very fierce and determined aspect. His labors are very arduous.

The assessment bill passed the House to-night. Ayes 72, noes 5.

McCARDELL.

Grand Jury Report.

To the Honorable the Judge of the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

We, the grand inquest of the State of Maryland for the body of Garrett county, respectfully beg leave to make the following report:

We have discharged the duties incumbent upon us as grand jurors by examining all witnesses sent before us, making presentments in all cases where we considered the evidence sufficient and by dismissing without unnecessary delay all witnesses as soon as might be after their testimony had been received.

We have visited the jail and examined it carefully. The present building is lacking both in providing for the security of prisoners and in regard to its sanitary arrangements, but we are at a loss to recommend any radical change to the present building. We would, however, strongly advise the County Commissioners to at once provide some simple and inexpensive manner of thorough ventilation by the use of some forced draught, provided by means of a fan run by a naptha engine or by wind power. This power would pump water into a tank for general use. We would advise the substitution of six electric lights in said jail in place of the oil lamps now used, and that these lights be kept burning all night; the putting on of a new lock upon the front door of the jail and that the window sashes be renewed. The jail was in good order and as clean as it is possible for the Sheriff to keep it under the present conditions.

The sanitary condition of the court room and the jury room is very bad and we would recommend that these rooms be thoroughly ventilated from floor to ceiling by use of the same power which should provide ventilation to the jail.

It is our belief that both these recommendations could be carried out at comparatively small expense to the county and that it would be a great relief to the court and to all witnesses who are obliged to attend.

We, the grand jurors, recommend that no license to sell spiritous or fermented liquors in Garrett county be issued by the Clerk of the Circuit Court to Owen Reynolds or to John Noon, they being in our opinion not proper persons to engage in that business.

Having completed our labors so far as we know, we now ask to be discharged.

W. McCULLOH BROWN,
Foreman.

In Favor of Economy.

"Henry!"

"Yes, your excellency?"

"There is a good deal of talk now about cheaper gas for Washington City."

"There is, sire."

"I don't wonder at it, Henry. The expense of maintaining the Congress is very high."

All last winter Mr. Geo. A. Mills, of Lebanon, Conn., was badly afflicted with rheumatism. At times it was so severe that he could not stand up straight, but was drawn over on one side. "I tried different remedies without receiving relief," he says. "until about six months ago I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. After using it for three days my rheumatism was gone and has not returned since. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

TWO OLD PIONEERS DEAD.

Thomas Bosley, of Oakland, and Thomas Ashby, of Crellin, both Dead at the Age of 86.

BOSLEY.—At the home of his son, Mr. George L. Bosley, in Oakland, on Sunday morning, March 8, 1896, at 1 o'clock, Mr. Thomas Bosley, aged eighty-five years and five months.

About four years ago Mr. Bosley suffered an acute attack of the grip, which debilitated him very much, and from its effects he never fully recovered. About ten days ago his mind became affected, but at times he was perfectly rational. Saturday afternoon, however, he was stricken with paralysis and never regained consciousness, passing to his reward surrounded by his near relatives.

The deceased gentleman was born in Baltimore county, Maryland, in the year 1810; was left an orphan at an early age and in the year 1819 he came to this section of Garrett county with the family of George Loar, who died many years ago, and settled on the old Loar farm near Oakland, residing in this vicinity for over seventy-five years.

In 1834 Mr. Bosley was married to Miss Louisa Rinehart, who died about fifteen years ago. By this union two children were born, viz.: Mr. George L. Bosley, of Oakland, and Mrs. Louisa Stanp, of Amboy, Ill., both of whom are very highly respected in the communities in which they reside.

The deceased was a member of the Lutheran church for over fifty-five years, having been made a member of that church in the old log church in the Yutzy settlement.

The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. John M. Davis, of Oakland, in the absence of Rev. J. W. Butler, of St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church, assisted by Revs. Wm. C. Davis and S. M. Engle. The interment took place Monday afternoon in the Odd Fellows' cemetery, where the remains of "Uncle Tommy," as he was familiarly called, were deposited beside those of his wife.

Thus ended a long and useful life.

ASHBY.—On Thursday morning of last week Mr. Thomas Ashby, aged about eighty-seven, died at his home farm near Crellin, of old age. Mr. Ashby was one of the oldest settlers in Garrett county, having been born and raised in the immediate neighborhood in which he died. He was the father of seven children, four of whom are dead. His wife died in 1886 or 1887 at a ripe old age.

The deceased was one of three brothers born at the same time. One died in infancy and the other, Mr. William Ashby, sr., survives, and is probably the best preserved man for his age residing in Garrett county.

The funeral occurred on Saturday, the interment being made on the old home place.

Died.

On Friday, March 6, 1896, near the Red House, Alice D. Ridder, youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ridder, aged 11 years, 4 months and 10 days. The deceased was a bright affectionate child, kind and obedient at home and in school and one whose loss will be deeply felt and mourned by the members of the household in which she was the cherished pet. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Breininger, who based his remarks on 2 Samuel 12: 22—23.

Yes, we'll miss thee, darling Alice.
While the years roll slowly on;
But we would not call thee back
From that bright and happy home.

Thou art gone to dwell with Jesus
On that fair celestial shore,
There to wait and bid us welcome,
When our stormy voyage is o'er.

There to sing with happy angels,
In the Father's house above,
Where there is no pain nor parting,
But where all is peace and love.

HER TEACHER.

HAUN.—At his home about three miles south of Oakland Tuesday evening, Mr. Isaiah Haun, sr., aged about seventy-eight years, of dropsy. He was sick about ten days. The funeral will occur this afternoon at three o'clock, the interment to be made in the Ynzay burying ground.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

ME AN MY OLE 'OMAN.

[Written for The Republican.]

No, sah, I doan wo'ke any mo'e,
Dese ole lim's ob mine am mighty stiff and mighty so'e,
Dis hea rbnmatism hab stiffend my baa's an' my legs,
Hit seems like I'se walkin' roun' on two wooden pegs.
Yes, sah, dis col' weather wher pesky hahd foh us two,
I mean de ole 'oman an me, but we worried de wintah thro.'
How ole am I? Well, sah, I'm 'bout eighty-six
"And the old woman?" Well, sah, she's somwhar betwix'
Seventy o' eighty, she says she's eighty-foe;
You see, mistah, we doan recon like we did befo' de wah,
We jes' done gone an' fo'git jes' how ole we am,
Hut hit doan mattah, we'm jes' as happy as a clam;
We am chuck full o' ligion, an' we trust in de Lawd,
An we pray an' read de bible an' believe hit ebery wo'd.
One col' night we whar goin hungry to onh bed,
De flah done gone out, when de ole' 'oman said—
"Come 'long, honey." I followed; we knelt down on de flo,'
An' we prayed to de Lawd as we nevah prayed befo'e;
We went to onh bed widout anythin' to eat,
But layin in each otha's arms, we slept jis' as sweet
As if onah cubbo'd whar full, an' plenty finh in de grate,
Foh we slept an' snohed 'till de old clock struck eight.
No, sah, it dida't pester us, we know'd de Lawd was good.
When we woke up in de mawnin' He'd sent us a load ob wood.
We nevah whar so happy as on dat wintah's morn,
When some Christian ladies fotched in some bacon and some cohn.
I tell you, mistah, hit pays foh to trust in de Lawd,
An' foh to read de bible and to believe hit, ebery wo'd.
Well, sah, I want de ole 'oman to go first to de blessed home;
I doan want her to stay heah by herself, all alone!
I can stan' hit bettah heah in dis world ob sin,
Besides, between heaben an heah, de wall am mighty thin.
Not long any mo'e, mistah, till we go thro de gate ob de tomb,
Bettah git ready, mistah, dar am always plenty room;
Jis' ask de good Lawd foh a ticket to de odder sho'e;
Listen, doan you heah Him callin'; He's callin' you once mo'e.

Mountain Lake Park, Md.

The E. L. Needle Social.

On the evening of Friday, March 6, 1896, the young ladies of the Epworth League of St. Paul's M. E. church, gave a social to a number of their friends, which was a most enjoyable affair, and pronounced to be A No. 1. The social was held in Sturgiss' Hall, which was prettily decorated for the occasion with flags, potted plants, etc.

An excellent musical and literary program was rendered to the delight of the audience. Amusements of several kinds were provided for the guests, chief amongst them being the "progressive needle threading," which game was participated in by about fifteen couples. The lucky pair who had the greatest number of needles on their strand of thread at the end of the given time, were Mr. and Mrs. Will Malette, on whom the prize (a box of fine French candies) was bestowed.

Refreshments were served, consisting of cake, coffee, caramels and lemonade, all of which were abundant and of the best quality.

The young ladies who had charge of the entertainment were Misses Daisy Harne, Nellie Sturgiss and Alice Kepner. Much credit is due these ladies for the success of the social, and their guests, one and all, fully appreciated their kindness and courtesy in extending to them so delightful an entertainment.

ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

Briar-Bend Literary.

The literary society connected with Briar-Bend Seminary, Mt. Lake Park, held its second meeting Friday evening, Feb. 28, 1896, and was called to order by the president, Prof. F. M. Noa.

A varied and very attractive literary and musical program was presented.

The following papers were read: An article on the Armenian atrocities and what America ought to do in order to put a stop to them. The author took strong ground that the most effective manner in which to accomplish this would be for the whole civilized world, America included, to meet in International conference.

The second paper, which was prepared and read by Miss Nannie Weber, gave a very beautiful account of the life and songs of Robert Burns the Poet of Nature. Miss Weber's selections from "The Cotter's Saturday Night" were very much appreciated by the audience.

After a musical selection Miss Mamie E. Swan read a carefully prepared paper upon "Water and its uses." She took very strong ground in favor of temperance.

The amusement committee ended the program by giving a laughable presentation of "The Old and New Woman," the two disputants "Miss Melvina Swansdown" and "Miss Georgia Steele" engaging in a heated discussion.

Free Information.

Messrs. C. A. Snow & Co., of Washington, D. C., lawyers and agents for procuring patents, will send free to any address pamphlets with information about home and foreign patents, caveats, copyrights, trade-marks, infringments, design patents, abstracts of decisions, etc., as well as the cost of patents in United States and foreign countries.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS OF GARRETT COUNTY.
OAKLAND, MD., February 26th, 1896.

For the want of funds, we will be compelled to close the public schools of Garrett county on the 13th day of March, 1896. All schools not having made full time will be allowed to run two weeks longer, if necessary, to make up lost time, but all schools *must* close on the 27th day of March, 1896.

SCHOOL BOARD MEETING.

The Board of School Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office on the

2nd Day of April, 1896,

to audit teachers' reports and to transact any other business requiring their attention.

By order of the Board,
WM. HINEBAUGH, Sec'y.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, low odd prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
T. E. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

GEN. SHERMAN'S MEMOIRS.

TO BE PUBLISHED IN

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

It will be of the greatest interest to all veterans, and to all others who are interested in any degree in the history of the Rebellion, to learn that that great family paper, THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, of Washington, D. C., has purchased the exclusive right to publish in serial form that intensely interesting work, the

Personal Memoirs of Gen. W. T. Sherman.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE will begin the publication of these within the coming month and they will run through the year. They will be profusely illustrated by maps, portraits, battle scenes, etc. This is the

FIRST OF THE GREAT WAR BOOKS

to be given the public in this popular form, and subscribers to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE will get for a year's subscription what has hitherto cost several dollars. The narrative begins with the general's birth and parentage, his boyhood life in Ohio, life at West Point, experiences in California, and then gives a vividly interesting history of the war. Every line is fascinating.

Subscription price $1 a year, in advance.

SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE,

so as not to miss a number.

"Commanders of the U. S. Army."

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE has published a handsome booklet, giving fine half-tone pictures of all the Commanders-in-Chief of the United States Army since its formation 107 years ago. These are printed on heavy "plated" paper, and accompanied by a sketch of each General. Something never before published, and very fine. Sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. Address—

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE,
1721 New York Ave., Washington, D. C.

SHERIFF'S SALE

—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, and to the undersigned directed, the same being No. 17 Judicials, March Term, 1896, at the suit of C. A. Stanton use J. S. Broadwater vs. Marshall Beachy, I will offer at public auction to the highest bidder, on

SATURDAY, THE 21st DAY OF MARCH, 1896,

at the hour of eleven o'clock of said day, in front of the Livengood Hotel in the town of Grantsville, all that lot of land situated in said town containing three-quarters of an acre and belonging to said Marshall Beachy on the north side of the National road, formerly occupied by Abraham J. Beachy and known as the "John Fullinger Property," and purchased from him by Abraham J. Beachy, and which the said Marshall acquired from the said Abraham J. Beachy by his last will and testament.

Said property is improved by a dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings.

The defendant's interest in the above property will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN,
51—2 Sheriff of Garrett County.

EVERYBODY APPRECIATES A GOOD NEWSPAPER.

You want to keep posted on all the events of the day, and in order to do so, you must read a paper which contains all the news. The

PITTSBURGH CHRONICLE TELEGRAPH

is the best home paper published, and its facilities for obtaining the most reliable information are unexcelled. Special care is taken to give the most accurate and unbiased news obtainable.

THE SPECIAL FEATURES

embrace, in addition to the latest news, a financial, sporting and society department, each of which contains a complete and accurate account of the day's events. Handled in all surrounding towns by agents. One cent a copy or six cents a week. Send postal card for sample copy.

CHRONICLE TELEGRAPH,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

ECCLESIASTICAL COLUMN.

Rev. S. M. Engle, pastor Presbyterian church, Editor.

Personal Influence.

There is upon reflection something surpassingly beautiful in the thought that persons have been associated for mutual helpfulness in life's business, in society and in the home. Human beings are gregarious—naturally predisposed to association. Hence we have the home growing out of the principle long since established by Him who said, "It is not good for man to be alone." Thus also grounded in principle and predisposition, we have business relations established, and society properly bound together only by the mutual recognition of dependence and by mutual care of our personal influence. It is by no means insignificant that upon a steady effort to determine for correct ends our personal influence upon others, largely depends our own deepest pleasure and highest good. This rule applies most perfectly, of course, in the normal condition: i. e., where the conscience has not been too greatly seared, or where its voice is unheard by reason of too habitual disregard of its warnings and suggestions.

That person, therefore, has made a discovery equal in value to the Kohinoor diamond, who has learned well the divine truth that in the same proportion as energy is put forth by acts of kindly encouragement, and sympathetic help, in just the same proportion comes similar good to the author. In making glad the lives of others, we gladden our own. In lightening the cares of others we lose our own. Blessed fact, that the more of blessing we impart to others the more we have ourselves. Therefore, Jesus says, "Bless, and curse not." Notice the implication here that this rule applies as well in the opposite direction also. Wrong to others in many cases, be it intended or otherwise, rebounds upon the author. "He that diggeth a pit for his neighbor shall fall therein himself, and he that rolleth a stone it shall return upon him." Such the divine order of things. He that imparts evil influence gets in return hurt to his own soul. Ponder deeply and be convinced. Now since everyone living has personal influence upon others to a greater or less extent, it is well to examine, with the foregoing truths in view, the character of that influence. Varying in accordance with your circumstances, reader, what is the character of your personal influence upon your associates? Christ Jesus has declared, *and He ought to know*, that everyone shall, on a tremendous day coming, stand before Him to give an account of our personal influence, and that upon that day He will say to each one—"Inasmuch as you did it or you did it not to one of the least of these, you did it or you did it not to me." It is well, therefore, to transfer ourselves in imagination to that day, and to try to bring before our mind's eye some of the scenes then to be witnessed by us all. Jesus seated upon His throne, around Him are gathered the myriads of the great Judgment Day. The judgment is just ended and the two great companies are about to go to their respective places. Here comes a person meeting his former friend and crying, "Oh, I'm lost—lost forever! You were kind to me in the world, as you thought then, and how flattered I was when you invited me to your champagne party. I tasted champagne at your home that night for the first time and liked it much. When it no longer satisfied me I took brandy and whisky. It finally ruined me body and soul, and I trace my lost soul back to your personal influence. *Oh! why did you start me downward?*"

A young man is yonder meeting a former lady friend, and holding up his hand in remorse exclaims—Ah, I see you are recalling the evenings we spent over cards. None of us thought there was any harm in just playing for a prize cup, and we enjoyed it so. But I can see it all now and can trace it remorsefully. When some of us men met one evening, we, having no prize cup, thought it just the same to put up its equivalent in money, and I was seized with the passion of gambling. I followed it madly until about 3 o'clock one morning I had lost all my money and I went out and shot myself. Oh! I did not know that euchre ever led to this. Would that your influence had led me away from such things as this, for you started me here. And so we see fathers and mothers, kindred and associates wringing their hands and ascribing their ruin to bad influences in connection with some *apparently innocent* amusement that lost them Heaven. Then a great voice says aloud, "Woe to him by which offense cometh, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were drowned in the depths of the sea."

But look again. Here comes one with beaming face and robed in radiant splendor. He takes his whitehaired wife of earth by the hands, and hear him say, Oh! blessed angel of God; under Jesus I ascribe to your consistent life my eternal salvation. Your influence led me to Jesus. And see! here approaches the daughter, more beautiful even than when she was on her earthly missions of mercy. Mother, you gave me to my Savior when a baby and taught me to pray, and often I've heard you praying for me when you supposed me asleep. Here we give thanks together. Then come the boys and join in thanking the parents for leading them to Jesus in their infancy. One of them points out the stars in the beautiful crowns and they now all understand these visits to the poor, these helps for the sick. Stars in the daughter's crown correspond with the young men brought under her personal influence.

And so, reader, the scenes will pass before our eyes. Each of us is now engaged in determining the part we shall act therein. How is your influence tending? Will scathing remorse or unfeigned thanks be tendered us by friends before that august assembly?

Cove.

Not having seen any items from this place for some time, we will send you some of the happenings of the day.

Farmers are beginning their spring work, but look disappointed because they did not get their lime hauled.

Mr. Lewis Kamp and Mr. Henry Baugh have opened their sugar camps.

Mr. John Hetrick, who has been very sick, is better.

Melchoir Miller, sr., one of the oldest and most respected citizens of this community, died Feb. 28th, aged eighty-five years. His daughter, Christena, cared for him in his declining years, and will receive a rich reward for faithfulness to an aged and helpless father.

Mr. John Glass, of the Hollow, was a visitor at our county capital last week. We also noticed Milford Frazee and Noah Fearer *en route* to Oakland.

H. J. Kolb, our new Justice of the Peace, has been seen wending his way toward Hileman Hill quite frequently of late. Some one informs us that he is taking semi-weekly lessons in law from the ex-'squire. If H. J. follows his instructor he will certainly make an excellent J. P.

Mr. Chas. Baldwin's family, of the Ridge, have been very sick, but under the skillful treatment of Dr. F. Ravenscroft, all are convalescent.

J. W. Daniels is doing good work with his new chopping mill.

J. M. Fisher & Son have taken the contract of chopping timber for A. Cramer.

August Georg and George Hetz have taken the contract for making ties and peeling tan bark for the same party. MORE ANON.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Fearer.

Weather very unpleasant and the roads impassable.

Isaac Savage & Co's saw mill has been moved to Buffalo Run. Hoff Bro's are cutting the logs.

Mrs. Harvey Frazee is very sick at present with the measles. Dr. Ravenscroft, of Accident, is waiting on her.

Freeman Savage is now in the stave block business.

Mrs. John Fearer returned from the Cove Sunday last from a visit to her daughter.

Telephone from Hazelton, W. Va., via Fearer to Friendsville is now the talk. We hope it will go through.

Ison Ringer who has been very sick for some time past is up again.

Geo. D. Savage expects to move to Friendsville soon. We wish him success.

The old soldiers of this vicinity are very much aroused on account of a private detective stationed near here and not the government detective as was stated in the last issue of THE REPUBLICAN.

Hurrah for the Sand Spring Opera!

Harry Burges, of this place, was at Oakland last week attending court.

NIPLIG.

Blocherville.

We are having cold, stormy weather.

Carey & Bros. have been busy making saw logs.

Mr. Bruce Blocher is working for Mr. James Carey while he is attending court.

Miss Rosa Facenbaker is very low with scarlet fever.

Mrs. Wm. A. Robinson, who has been very low, is slowly convalescing.

Mr. Wm. A. Robinson has been running his saw mill in full blast. He is sawing for Mr. Bradford Blocher.

Messrs. H. A. Friend and Bruce Blocher attended the literary meeting at McKenzie school house last Saturday evening.

Mr. Thomas H. Layman and daughter Maggie were visiting Mr. Ralph Engle's near Grantsville last Sunday.

Mr. A. J. Moore was calling on the Hon. George W. Blocher last Sunday.

Mr. Thomas Loar is busy clearing land and improving his farm.

Mr. Howard Layton and wife expect to go to housekeeping in Mt. Savage in the near future.

Mr. Bradford Blocher made a business trip to Frostburg last Saturday.

Mr. Thomas H. Layman has been hauling a fine lot of saw logs to Mr. Wm. A. Robinson's saw mill.

Mrs. John Michael was visiting Mrs. Wm. P. Murphy last Saturday and Sunday.

Some of the young men in this vicinity have been receiving some leap year proposals.

ZERO.

Not to be Trifled With.

(From Cincinnati Gazette.)

Will people never learn that a "cold" is an accident to be dreaded and that when it occurs treatment should be promptly applied? There is no knowing where the trouble will end; and while complete recovery is the rule, the exceptions are terribly frequent, and thousands upon thousands of fatal illnesses occur every year ushered in by a little injudicious exposure and seemingly trifling symptoms. Beyond this, there are to-day countless invalids who can trace their complaints to "colds," which at the time of occurance gave no concern, and were therefore neglected. — When troubled with a cold use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is prompt and effectual. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park, for 25 and 50 cents per bottle.

Loch Lynn Heights.

Messrs. Bradford Bros., of Oakland, have the contract for finishing Capt. Cochrane's house.

Rev. G. W. White, of Deer Park, will commence a series of meetings on Saturday evening, the 21st.

Mr. Leonard Schell, who is operating a saw mill at the foot of the Backbone mountain, fell a few days ago, breaking two ribs.

Mr. Daniel Pleasants moved last Monday into the house lately purchased by him of Mr. Truman Uphole near Loch Lynn.

Mr. Miller, of Glade Valley, will run a dairy and vegetable wagon next summer on our streets.

Our Sunday school, with an enrollment of ninety, is in a prosperous condition.

Mr. Erastus Rathbun will visit Mrs. D. M. Moxey, of Edinburg, Scotland, at Washington, D. C., next week.

Mr. W. W. Sweet and family will move to Swanton next month, where he will take charge of the Maryland Supply company's store at that place.

Mr. Clarence J. Rathbun and family will occupy the house lately finished by Mr. C. J. Bunce on Paull street the first of next month.

Mr. J. J. Caton, who has been here with his family, who have been sick, left Tuesday for Dobbin, W. Va.

Master Orval Lantz, who has been working the past week at Aurora, W. Va., returned home Monday.

Mr. E. Crane and son Lloyd, were on a business trip on the W. Va. C. & P. railroad last week.

Mr. Jere Moon is on the sick list.

Mrs. Custer and son, of Accident, were visitors to their daughter, Mrs. Abraham Spiker.

Mrs. Bessie Reams, of Glade Valley settlement, has been granted a pension.

Our public schools, after a successful session, under Mr. Brison Welsh, and Miss Maggie Stemple as assistant, will close to-morrow.

Mrs. Jere Upole, of near Loch Lynn, died at her home Tuesday night of heart trouble.

INVESTIGATOR.

Court Proceedings.

The following cases were disposed of in the Circuit Court since the last issue of this paper:

TRIALS.

16. James Reynolds vs. John Noon; continued.

18. Theodore Beckman vs. Geo. O. Miller & Co.; jury trial; judgment for plaintiff for $248.50.

20. W. H. Malette vs. The People's Building, Loan and Saving Association; continued.

31. Sincell Bros. vs. Baer's Sons Grocery Co., continued.

36. W. S. Burt & Co. vs. Wm. Broderick, jury trial; judgment for plaintiff for $150.12.

40. T. T. Perry vs. Benj. Paugh, trial.

42. Peddicord & Peddicord vs. B. Hughes & Co.; continued.

46. S. T. Davis vs. Elmer McMillen; continued.

50. Martin Curlander vs. Thos. J. Peddicord; continued.

51. Lillie B. Coddington vs. Erastus C. W. Ryland; satisfied.

62. Garrett County Bank vs. Wm. H. Barnard; judgment for plaintiff for $258.40.

65. Raymer & Bros. vs. B. F. Friend & Co.; continued.

68. Thos. A. Nethken vs. A. S. Sell et al., jury trial; verdict for plaintiff for $174.59.

70. Peddicord & Peddicord vs. John T. Davis, garnishee of B. Hughes & Co.; continued.

71. Gilmor S. Hamill, adm'r, vs. John W. Hart, trustee; continued.

72. Wm. H. Malette vs. Henry J. Mayers, attachment; attachment quashed.

73. W. H. Malette vs. Henry J. Mayers; judgment in favor of plaintiff for $52.16.

74. Robert A. Ravenscroft vs. Henry J. Mayers; attachment; quashed.

75. Robert A. Ravenscroft vs. Henry J. Mayers; judgment in favor of plaintiff for $533.75.

76. Hilda Erickson, claimant, vs. Gilmor S. Hamill, adm'r; continued.

77. Wm. M. Osborne, claimant, vs. Benj. H. Sincell and the Mayers Drug Co.; verdict finding against the claimant and judgment that petition be dismissed with costs to the defendant.

78. Ida V. Wolf, claimant, vs J. Z. Browning, et al.; verdict for claimant and judgment for the property set out in her petition.

Last season Ike L. Hall, druggist of West Lebanon, Indiana, sold four gross of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and says every bottle of it gave perfect satisfaction. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Do You Wear Pants?

I must get your trade. Therefore all pants that I originally marked $5.00 and $6.00 for this season, I will make for

$4.50.

These goods are the latest effects from the woolen mills for the season of '96. They include Clay Diagonals, Imported Cheviots and Harris Cassimeres. They will be made to your measure and guaranteed to fit.

You Can Have That Old Suit of Yours

Cleaned, dyed and repaired at small expense to look like new by our expert workmen. We also do ladies' work.

M. COHEN, Tailor,

1-tf Railroad St., Near Depot, OAKLAND, MD.

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL

ROOFING.

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In effect April 1st, 1896.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS		NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1			No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.			NOON	P. M.
3 00	8 00† lv	Cumberland ar		*12 00	*7 00
3 31	8 31	Rawlings		11 29	6 29
3 56	8 56	Keyser		11 04	6 04
4 03	9 03	Westernport		10 51	5 51
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. Junc.		10 48	5 48
4 37	9 37	Shaw		10 23	5 23
5 00	10 00	Harrison		10 00	5 00
5 45	10 45* ar	Elk Garden		8 55	*3 55
5 35	10 35† lv	Gorman		9 21	4 21
5 41	10 41	Bayard		9 15	4 15
5 52	10 52	Doddin		9 01	4 04
6 25	11 25	Thomas		8 34	3 34
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis		8 00	2 55
6 57	11 57 lv	Coketon		8 31	3 31
6 51	11 51	Hendricks		8 07	3 07
6 57	11 57	Bretz		8 01	3 01
7 00	12 00	Parsons		7 58	2 58
8 30	12 30	Kerens		7 20	2 20
00	1 00† ar	Elkins	lv	*7 00	*2 00
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv		*1 35
					P. M.
	2 55* ar	Burlington	lv		*11 30
P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

After January 6th, 1896, and until further notice, Sunday trains will be discontinued.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 50 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400 balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.

E. H. SINCELL, Atty., Oakland, Md.

—THE—

MARYLAND SUPPLY CO..

OF GARRETT COUNTY,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

EVERYTHING.

FLOUR, FEED, GRAIN, SALT, GROCERIES

OUR SPECIALTIES.

We have superior facilities for buying cheap, and can therefore sell cheaper than ever known.

We have made special arrangements by which we can sell

—THE—

HARVEST QUEEN

AT $25 PER TON.

Farmers, now is a chance to take advantage of a good fertilizer. All who have tried HARVEST QUEEN speak well of it.

Keep your eye on one of the stores of

THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO.

51-1yr.

FOR SALE.

The farm belonging to Elizabeth Maley, situated two miles north of Deer Park, adjoining the lands of Jack Cooper, Fundenberg, Miller and Rawleston. Contains 119¼ acres, about 68 acres cleared, and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the premises. 52-1m.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Office opposite postoffice, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 46—1yr

Your Face

Will be wreathed with a most engaging smile, after you invest in a

White Sewing Machine

EQUIPPED WITH ITS NEW

PINCH TENSION,
TENSION INDICATOR
—AND—
AUTOMATIC TENSION RELEASER,

The most complete and useful devices ever added to any sewing machine.

The WHITE is

Durably and Handsomely Built,
Of Fine Finish and Perfect Adjustment,
Sews ALL Sewable Articles,

And will serve and please you up to the full limit of your expectations.

ACTIVE DEALERS WANTED in unoccupied territory. Liberal terms. Address,

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.,
CLEVELAND, O.

WHY SHOULD YOU SEND YOUR CHILD —TO— **BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.**

1st. He (or she) can be prepared for college; he can study book keeping, shorthand, typewriting, etc., and be fitted for business; he can begin his course in medicine or pharmacy under a teacher who has made the subject of chemistry a specialty.

2nd. It is a home school (co-educational and for a limited number) and is conducted with all the loving, care-taking ministrations for individual development that the name implies.

3rd. Students require the most bracing, nerve-building climate, and here they have it. Among the recreations are skating, boating, tennis, bowling.

4th. English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, German, Musical and Art courses. Bible study and high ethical teaching will fit him for a noble Christian career.

E. B. SWAN, Principal,
18-1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, October 30, 1895. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.48 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	7.02 A. M
No. 9	—Express, daily except Mon.	3.55 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 47	—Daily except Mon	10.49 A. M
No. 5	—Express, daily	6.22 P. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	6.45 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	—Daily	3.50 A. M
No. 2	—Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	9.03 A. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	4.32 P. M
No. 16	—Daily except Monday	5.12 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	12.29 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

WE LOAN MONEY

On Real Estate, City Town and Village property, to buy, build and improve your houses, and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS OVER $2,000,000.00.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. RINKER,
WILSON, Grant Co., W. VA.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above.

ORDER NISI.

Lloyd Lowndes, trustee, vs. Alex. C. Good et al.

No. 611 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

On this 19th day of February, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting in equity, that the sales made and reported in the above cause by Edward H. Sincell, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 11th day of March, 1896; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county for three successive weeks before the 11th day of March, 1896.

The report states the amount of sales to be $954.75.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

A COLD WAVE.

BY MARTHA S. FILLSBURY.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the thermometer registered 81 degrees of heat in the shadow of our little veranda, where 'Gene sat fanning herself after putting away lunch.

"Mat, I am glad mother didn't come down to Florida this winter," she said to me through the open window. "I don't believe such hot weather as this, in February, would agree with her, after spending 51 winters in Vermont."

"But it will be necessary for her to come some time if we stay," I replied; "and since father left his property invested here, we are obliged to stay, even if we do not like it."

"Oh, well, I do like it, I suppose," said 'Gene, reflectively. "But I should like to see just one good old snow-drift and hear sleigh-bells jingle once this winter."

"Oh, you are a born northerner, 'Gene. But for one, I am glad poor father had the resolution to leave that rocky old Vermont farm," said I.

"Ah, but think of the maple sirup we would make up there this spring!" cried 'Gene.

"But think of the 'eukes,' tomatoes, oranges and pineapples we shall have here," I exclaimed, "not to mention strawberries, eggplants, stringbeans, green peas, mangoes, new potatoes, beets and corn! Thirty acres of them, worth $4,000! More than we could grub from that old Vermont farm with ten years of hard work!"

"What's that about 'ten years of hard work?' " said Ruel, coming around the corner with a phosphate bucket on his arm, bringing a ghastly odor of it with him. "Yes, it is hard work seeding and weeding such weather as this. My, but isn't it hot, though?" he groaned, throwing himself on the floor of the veranda.

"I cannot work half an hour without feling wearied," he went on. "I suppose it's those Vermont winters thawing out of my blood. But it is great weather to make things grow! I can see those long rows of string-beans breaking ground! Fact, girls! The ground over those bean-heads is hopping all along the rows, like little toads!

"But 'Gene wants maple-sirup," said I, mischievously.

"Oh, well," exclaimed Ruel, "we can send up to Vermont for a couple of gallons—if she must have some."

Florida was a new country to all three of us, for although my father had bought a hundred acres here, and had the cottage built and orange-groves planted seven or eight years before, we young people had not gone south with him, and had now been there but ten weeks. Busy weeks they had been, seeding, "fertilizing" and preparing our first crop of garden vegetables for shipment north.

Our orange and grapefruit trees were not yet bearing, and, in fact, had been nipped hard by the December frost the week before we came; but the weather had been so warm after our arrival that we found it difficult to believe that a really cold night was possible in Florida.

Yet even as we sat there fanning ourselves a negro, known as "Dandy" Green, who works a little "patch" of his own in the pine woods, half a mile beyond our place, came clattering, muleback, along the road that leads to Citrus park. Seeing my brother on the veranda, Dandy pulled up and shouted:

"De's a cole wabe comin'! Look out fer yer eukes!"

Ruel laughed outright. It sounded like a joke.

"Oh, I'se a-tellin' you de troof, Cap'n Rool!" Dandy cried. "She's comin' fer sho'!"

"Bring on your cold wave," Ruel remarked, laughing. "Just come out into the field, girls, and see those bean-heads poke up the dirt!" he continued, swinging to his feet. We all followed him, but had scarcely turned the corner when I felt a cool puff of wind from the northwest.

"Ah, doesn't that feel refreshing?" 'Gene exclaimed.

"Yes; fetch on the 'cole wabe,' " said Ruel, and he stopped to take a good long breath. We then noticed that the sky in the northwest had turned a dull, dark color.

"Well, that's queer!" Ruel said, looking along the bean-rows. "They've stopped hopping. But don't the rows of whitish-green bean-heads look odd, just coming out of the ground? What would they think of this in old Vermont for the 7th day of February? You must write mother about it, Mat."

While we stood there for less than ten minutes, looking at the beans, the sky darkened so rapidly that the sunshine faded out, and scattered drops of rain fell. Such cool puffs of wind came that quite suddenly 'Gene turned up the collar of her thin shirt-waist.

"You're not cold!" Ruel said.

"No; but it is really a great deal cooler," she replied.

'Gene and I went back to the house, and in ten minutes more we were closing the windows. The wind blew in gusts, and the whole sky had turned dark.

Ruel came in and put on his "sweater," then wheeled out his bicycle.

"I'm going up to the Park Station," he said to us.

The distance is three miles, and he was gone about 40 minutes, I should think; but before he came back, 'Gene and I had kindled a fire and put on our wool dresses.

"Did you ever see such a wind?" Ruel exclaimed, as he opened the door on the west veranda. "Here, 'Gene, come shut this door when I take in my wheel, or you will be blown out of the room. 'A cutting cold wind, too. I could hardly keep warm riding.

"And do you know what the operator at the station says, girls?" he added. "He says there's a norther coming, and I begin to believe it. Have you looked at the thermometer?"

We had not, but we found on inspection that the temperature had dropped to 54 degrees, a full 27 degrees in two hours.

"Well, thank fortune, it is still 22 degrees above the freezing point!" Ruel replied, coming to the fire. "I don't believe it will drop low enough to freeze the crops. it's because we wear thin clothes and the early part of the day was so hot, that we shiver so."

The wind increased toward night, and so did the cold. 'Gene and I bestirred ourselves to prepare a warm supper. Ruel was out of doors stopping the windmill, which had pumped the tank full of water and was flooding the back yard. He looked blue and cold when at last he came in.

"No oranges or grape fruits for me to-night! Fry some bacon, girls, and let's have some nice hot, baked potatoes," said he.

While we were cooking he went out into the field to secure three or four fertilizer barrels that the wind was rolling about. It grew dark by six o'clock—an inky kind of darkness. One could not see objects two yards distant from the veranda steps, and the searching wind blew out the two hanging lanterns which we usually kept burning near the door.

"Forty-six degrees!" Ruel announced when he came in. "Girls, I'm frightened! You don't suppose everything is going to freeze, do you? Think what that'll be to us! Why, our all is in it!"

For the first time real anxiety was felt by us, and the hot supper failed to cheer us, for frost would destroy nearly everything we possessed. In Vermont we had sometimes lost a few green plants in the spring or in the fall, but had never known any real anxiety from the cold weather. Here we had 32 acres of tender, green vegetables which had just broken the ground under a temperature of 80 degrees; and now the mercury was sinking deep into the forties, and what felt like a wintry hurricane was raging.

Ruel pushed back his plate, and went to the blackening window. "This will be a tough night for cucumbers!" he muttered. "Who would have believed it?"

Few Florida houses are built to withstand wild weather. Draughts wandered in and played crisscross about our sitting-room. Cold puffs of piercing air drove us close to the little fireplace, the heat from which appeared wholly lost. The house creaked; the lamp flared and smoked at each rush of the storm. Ruel was obliged to fetch the thermometer close up outside the window to read it. Once an hour he dashed out to see how it stood. At eight o'clock it indicated 41 degrees, and at nine 38.

"Thirty-six degrees!" Ruel announced to us grimly at ten o'clock, and at eleven 34 degrees; and at midnight when he came in and pushed the door to, he said: "A low 32 degrees, girls; the cucumbers are catching it now! You may as well go to bed. The mischief is probably done."

The wind drove the cold into the room. There was an icy chill in the air such as we had never felt in the north.

"The water-pipes, Ruel!" said 'Gene. "Will they not all freeze up and burst?"

"So they will!" he cried. "I never thought of them. Open all the faucets. We will let the tank run dry. The low bends of the pipes that the water will not run out of must be wrapped with towels."

From twelve to one o'clock we were busy looking to the pipes. A whole basketful of wraps was got ready. At two o'clock the mercury had fallen to 28 degrees.

We were too greatly disturbed and excited to feel sleepy, but to humor Rule, who, boy-like, wished always to take command, 'Gene and I consented to go to bed.

The windows of our sleeping-room rattled and shook, and the wind fairly blew one's hair about on the pillows. We put all our blankets on the bed, and then threw on our wraps and even our dresses!

At last we fell asleep, and when I awoke it was broad daylight. The wind still rattled the windows, but the sun shone dimly. It lacked 20 minutes of seven.

There was ice in the wash-bowl. 'Gene crept out shivering and tried to break it. Ruel, like a good fellow, came to the door and set a pitcher of hot water where we could get it.

"Guess how cold it is," he called.

"Forty degrees below zero," cried 'Gene.

"Twenty-five degrees," said I.

"Twenty," said 'Gene.

"Seventeen," replied Ruel.

"But the poor cucumbers and beans?" I cried.

"All frozen solid," said Ruel.

"I suppose we are ruined, Mat," 'Gene said, dolefully, as she poured hot water into the bowl.

As Ruel had sat up all night nursing the water pipes, he had a good fire on the kitchen stove. 'Gene and I got breakfast. We were very glum and scarcely spoke. Out in the field the bean-heads had fairly gone from sight; but while we were at table our next neighbor came to the door. He was Dr. Isaac Felt, a Pennsylvanian, who had been in Florida five years.

He cheered us up and advised us to plan again and gave us what seed we needed. So the next morning we began our second planting. It will be difficult for some readers to believe that at one o'clock that day the thermometer stood at 80 degrees in the sun.

For a week we worked 15 hours a day, and seeded our entire 32 acres again; and as I write this, February 22, 1895, I cannot see but that our crops look as well as before the frost.

Nevertheless, our young orange trees are probably dead. In place of them we now intend to put out the hardier Satsuma orange and a grove of pecan-nut trees.—Youth's Companion.

HE SHIPS THE GOLD.

The Washington Man Who Handles the Treasury Coin.

A sturdy old man whose office is in a dingy little building down town is an important factor in the gold shipments that are made from this country. James Shay is the man's name, and he supervises the handling of nearly all the gold coin and bullion that is shipped abroad. Shay is a cooper by trade, and at his little shop at 18 Fletcher street are made nearly all the kegs and boxes in which the precious yellow metal is shipped.

It is needless to say that the cooper of Fletcher street has been a very busy man these last few years, and conservative estimates of the gold which he and his assistants have handled during the last 12 months would be $150,000,000. When it is added that Mr. Shay has been in the business over 30 years, the enormous fortunes which have passed through his hands without the loss of a single dollar can best be appreciated.

When a banker or some large exporting house finds it necessary to make a shipment to Europe, about the first thing that is done is to send for Mr. Shay, who has a virtual monopoly of this part of the business. Gold for shipment abroad is packed in kegs and boxes, just as the fancy of the shipper may dictate. For amounts exceeding $500,000 kegs are generally used, as they are easier to handle, and contain $50,000 each. The empty kegs are made of well-seasoned oak, and banded with hoops of steel. When packed and sealed each keg weighs nearly 200 pounds. The boxes used by the cooper are made of basswood or oak, neatly dovetailed. These are also bound with strips of steel. When Cooper Shay receives an order from a banker to pack a quantity of gold, the boxes or kegs are sent from his shop to the bank. There, with the help of a few trusted assistants, the packing is done in a room used for that purpose.

After the gold has been put in stout canvas bags, containing $5,000 to $10,000 each, and carefully sealed, they are put in the boxes or kegs, which, in turn, are sealed with tape and wax in three or four places. They are then placed on a truck and conveyed to the steamship pier. Not once has anyone ever tried to molest the truckman, but this may be through ignorance of the precious load he is driving. Another reason, too, is that the truck is always guarded by several armed men.

It is no exaggeration to say that the amount handled by Mr. Shay, if converted into double eagles, would make a pathway 100 feet wide around the globe. Certain it is that if the money were all his, Mr. Shay's wealth would be greater than that of the Rothschilds, Vanderbilts, Rockefellers, Goulds and Astors put together.

"Are you not sometimes possessed of a strong desire to run away with a portion of the many millions which you handle?" asked the reporter.

"Never," said the cooper, with a smile. "The metal weighs too much, and I don't think I could carry it very far before I got caught myself."

The old cooper has been engaged at his trade for upward of 35 years. He has amassed a modest competence, and lives with his family of grown-up children in a neat little house in Brooklyn. When he goes home at night he forgets all about the fortunes which pass through his hands, and is probably more contented than any of the millionairs of Wall street. —Washington Star.

The Sarcasm of Destiny.

A friend of ours who has made a national reputation for his wit and humor, and indulged in that vein because it procured bread and meat for his family is, to our knowledge, a great classic scholar, a profoundly pious and serious gentleman, a producer of some of the noblest essays on great histrionic themes. These are the masterpieces that he would prefer to be remembered by, but, by some "sarcasm of destiny," as it is called, he has been compelled to seek another and more profitable outlet for his genius. Writing to a friend, some years ago, he said: "Alas, Is it not deplorable that I have been forced to become a clown in my old age?" He exaggerated his position, for there is an immense amount of valuable material in his productions, which, however, have a minor chord of the comic. But while the world demands and pays for his "fun," he is really averse to such composition, and the fame he has won has an element of bitterness and disappointment to him.—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

The Sense of Direction.

If there be, as some suppose, a sixth sense, by which animals, birds and insects know in what direction to move toward a given spot, how many strange things it explains! The late Prof. Riley once hatched some Japanese ailanthus silkworms in Chicago. He confined a female moth in a small cage; he carried a male of the family by night to another part of the city, a mile and a half away, and liberated it, having first attached a silk thread to its abdomen. In the morning the male moth was hovering around the cage of his imprisoned sister.—Youth's Companion.

—Presidential coincidences have been many and peculiar. John Adams was eight years older than his successor, Thomas Jefferson; he eight years older than James Madison; he eight years older than James Monroe, and he eight years older than John Q. Adams. George Washington ended his term as president in his 65th year, and so, too, did John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and James Monroe. Thomas Jefferson and John Adams died on the same day, July 4, 1826, exactly 50 years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

—A life of pleasure makes even the strongest mind frivolous at last.—Bulwer.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A 50-foot granite shaft, the largest piece of granite ever taken out of a quarry in Vermont, was quarried at Barre a few days ago.

—Cats can smell even during sleep. When a piece of meat is placed immediately in front of a sleeping cat's nose the nostrils begin to work as the scent is received, and an instant later the cat will wake up.

—"Instead of colds coming from atmospheric changes, as people generally suppose," says a noted physician, "they generally originate, in my opinion, by breathing impure air. Ninety-nine per cent. of what are termed colds are nothing more nor less than the poisoning of the mucous membranes by bad air."

—Orange growing in Arizona is declared to have passed the experimental stage, and will become an important industry in the territory. This year's crop in the Salt river valley, where most of the experimental groves are situated, is large and of excellent quality. The Arizona oranges ripen somewhat earlier than those in southern California.

—Seventy thousand tons of the stern and rock-bound coast of Maine were shipped from two quarries alone last year. The total amount of granite shipped away yearly reaches an astounding figure, and the geography of the Maine coast is being considerably changed by the cutting out and shipping away of islands of granite and not a little of the mainland.

—Last year 25,115,903 fewer cigars were made in the United States than in 1894, and 8,358,380 more pounds of smoking tobacco was manufactured. During the year there were manufactured in the country 4,180,915,203 cigars, 3,768,911,677 cigarettes, 256,160,505 pounds of tobacco and 11,705,414 pounds of snuff. There was an increase in the output of cigarettes by 435,767,077 over 1894, and a decrease of 477,120 pounds in the amount of snuff manufactured.

—Mixtures of air with less than 7.7 per cent. of acetylene burn completely to water and carbon dioxide, according to M. Le Chotelier's experiments, reported to the Academie des Sciences; with between 7.7 and 17.4 per cent. of acetylene the products consist of water, carbon monoxide and dioxide, and hydrogen, with a larger percentage of acetylene, free carbon and unburnt acetylene are found. With oxygen mixtures containing between 2.8 and 93 per cent. of acetylene will catch fire with air; the limits are 2.8 and 65 per cent. In tubes these limits are narrowed down, till in tubes of one-half a millimeter or less it is impossible to propagate a flame.

FAMILY ARITHMETIC.

A Connecticut Mathematician and His Queer Freak.

The strange names bestowed upon helpless children by their parents have formed the subject of many amusing stories. In a Connecticut town, some years ago, there lived a peculiar couple who selected the names of their children apparently with a view of educational exercises. There were 9 children in the family, and they were named for the numerals in regular order, beginning with "One."

The father was locally famous as a mathematician and during the early years of his children they had a daily tuition which seemed extraordinary to their playmates, who were provided with everyday names.

"Three and Four go out to the woodbox and get your mother some kindlings," the mathematical father would say, appearing before a group of his numerical offspring.

Three and Four would keep on playing ball, or whatever game happened to be engrossing their attention, but a diminutive person who commonly answered to the name of "Seven" was sure to drop his play, and start for the woodbox.

One member of this family, who rejoiced in the cognomen "Two," lived to attain considerable distinction, and the record of some of his achievements and successes is preserved in the town history, together with a short account of the various sums in addition, subtraction, multiplication and division which his father devised from the material afforded by his children, and in which the youthful "Two" played an important part.

The Near-Sighted Woman.

What a curious manifestation of vanity it is which prevents a near-sighted woman from wearing glasses. One such woman was a member of a party that took a trip over the Rockies. She heard the others exclaiming over the beauties of the landscape through which they were passing. Not wishing to be behindhand: "Look! look there!" she presently exclaimed, "isn't that exquisite? What a picturesque ruin!" The "picturesque ruin" turned out to be a stable or a barn painted with: "Use Pain's Painless Plaster, etc." Undeterred by one such error she raved in ecstasy over the loveliness of some "stunning woman," until a kind-hearted companion checked her by pointing out that the fair one was an antique guy with a wig.—N. Y. Herald.

An Elizabethan Tomb.

A superbly rich Elizabethan tomb is left to us in Boreham church, Essex. This was erected to the memory of Thomas Radcliffe, earl of Sussex, lord chamberlain, and known as the stern opponent of Leicester. Three knights in martial costumes lie on the tomb slab, one of which is his son and the other his grandson. Walpole incidentally states that the earl bequeathed £1,500 to be expended on this tomb, and that his executors agreed with a Dutch sculptor, Richard Stevens, to execute his part of the work for £292 12s 8d. The earl and his son were first buried in the Church of St. Laurence Poultney, in the metropolis, and then removed to Boreham at the instance of the grandson.—Cornhill Magazine.

A Boomerang.

The victim of the subjoined remark is doubtless still pondering as to whether ignorance or malice prompted it.

The season ticket holder happened to have a peasant seated next to him in the train. Noticing that the conductor took up no ticket from his neighbor, the peasant commented on the fact.

"Oh, I travel on my good looks," remarked the other facetiously.

"Then probably you ain't goin' far," observed the peasant.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Prompt Action.

"John," said his wife, "on our way home from church to-night, Mr. Smith's dog came very near biting mother. As it was he frightened her seriously. I think you ought to do something about it."

"I will," responded John, promptly, "I'll see Smith the first thing in the morning, and if he doesn't want too much for the dog I'll buy him."—Bay City Chat.

EASILY DONE.

"Had I a lock of Celia's hair,"
Said Fred, "I'd be enchanted."
"Good!" cried his friend, "seek the abode
Of her purveyor, Mme. Mode,
And have your longing granted."
—Lippincott's Magazine.

At Lonelywood.

Mrs. Commuter—I don't think much of those new neighbors of ours, Ferdinand.

Mr. Commuter—Well, my dear, it isn't necessary for you to be on more than borrowing terms with them unless you care to.—Judge.

The Changeful Climate.

'Tis a time of insidious terror
When the strongest of men holds his breath:
You are dodging a sunstroke one moment
And the next you are freezing to death.
—Washington Star.

Not Disposed to Quibble.

While the two urchins who had adjourned to the alley in the rear of the barn to fight were stripping for action the larger one said:

"Kid, I'll let ye off if ye're 'fraid. I can lick ye in two minutes. I'm ten pounds heuvier'n you be."

"That's all right," responded the other. "If you'd wash the dirt off'n that mug o' your'n we'd weigh 'bout the same."

The fight that immediately followed was the fiercest one the neighborhood had seen for many a day, and it is with a melancholy satisfaction the historian records the fact that the smaller boy whipped—Chicago Tribune.

Musical Item.

A boy with a package rang the bell of an Ervay street mansion, and to the young lady who opened the door he said:

"Miss, here is a book for you. It is 'How to Play on the Piano.' "

"I never ordered that book."

"No, miss, but your next-door neighbor did. He said you needed it the worst kind."—Dallas (Tex.) Sifter.

Students of Human Nature.

Two pickpockets saw a gentleman receive a large sum at the bank, and followed him for some time to get a chance at it. Finally the watched turned into a lawyer's office, and one of the watchers said: "That settles it. He's gone. Come along."

"No! no!" said the other. "Wait till the lawyer comes out. We'll tackle him."—Bay City Chat.

A Matter of Money.

A couple of Dallas gentlemen met, and one of them remarked:

"You look down in the mouth. What's the matter? Is it love or business that is troubling you?"

"Business. That rich girl to whom I have been engaged for the last six months has 'sbook' me." — Dallas (Tex.) Sifter.

Took Time to Make It.

"That was a very fine speech you made the other night," said one Pittsburgher to another.

"I didn't make it the other night," replied the latter. "I delivered it the other night, but it took me a month to make it."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Natural Resentment.

"Little boy," asked the sympathizing lady, "why do you cry so?"

"Is there anything in the manner of my expressing my grief, madam," responded the Boston boy, "that strikes you as being outre or inappropriate? Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!"—Chicago Tribune.

Broke the Silence.

For a long time after he had succeeded in inserting himself through the door at three a. m., she regarded him in silence.

At length she spake.

Also she spake at length.—Westchester Globe.

A Remarkable Creature.

May—I must introduce you to Mr. Gayly. He is quite a noted character.

Pamela—Is he?

May—Yes. He made love to 12 girls last summer without causing them to become jealous of each other.—Town Topics.

A Descriptive Ailment.

Jiggs—I hear old Bragg has the typhoon fever.

Briggs—You mean the typhoid fever, don't you?

Jiggs—No, I mean the typhoon. He centers everything in himself, and he's all wind.—N. Y. World.

A Considerate Father.

Mr. Chaffie, of Dallas, is a very sensible man. He put his son, Johnnie, at a private school and said to his teacher:

"That boy is no good. If he cuts up, just do me the favor to kick the stuffing out of him. I'll do as much for you some day."—Dallas (Tex.) Sifter.

Had Heard It.

"Baroness, have you heard already that—"

"Is it a secret, your highness?"

"Yes."

"Then I have already heard it."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Cut Out for the Work.

"What made Blimmer become a detective?"

"He wanted to be able to poke his nose into other people's affairs while minding his own business."—Chicago Record.

Different.

Lobbs — A boy's will is like the wind's will.

Bobbs—Wrong! One raises the air, while the other has no heir to raise.—N. Y. World.

How Nice That Will Be.

Cawker (reading) — An artificial larynx has been invented, and persons who lose their voices can have new ones put in at short notice.

Cumso—Then I suppose we shall soon be reading the sign: "Your voice extracted while you wait."—Judge.

Not Appropriate.

Maud—I hate a man that takes all evening to propose to you.

Marie—Why?

Maud—Why? How are you going to say: "This is so sudden!" when he has finished?—N. Y. World.

The Difference of a Word.

"There's nothing so bad," the optimist cries,
"But it might be worse;" while the pessimist sighs
And moans and groans, in prose and in verse:
"There's nothing so bad but it will be worse."
—Puck.

THE CALLER'S HYPOCRISY.

Mistress—What did you tell those ladies who just called?

Bridget—Oi told them that yez was not in, mum.

Mistress—And what did they say?

Bridget—"How fortinit," mum.—Leslie's Weekly.

Why Papa Shuddered.

Davie was pulling nails — creaky, raspy, rusty nails—with a claw-hammer.

"Here, boy, what are you doing?" said his papa.

"Playin' pullin' teeth 'thout pain," replied Davie.—Judge.

A MODERN LOVE AFFAIR.

Up-to-Date Young Lady (to suitor who has just asked for her hand)—Just at present, I am sorry to say, I cannot accept you, as I feel no affection for you whatever; but—you had better call again, say, an hour hence.—Fliegende Blaetter.

FARM AND GARDEN.

STRIKING AN AVERAGE.

Traction on Good and Bad Roads Scientifically Considered.

Aside from the comfort, convenience and pleasure of good roads, their commercial value in saving or increasing the efficiency of tractive power will demonstrate their utility.

Comparison of tractive power necessary to draw a given load under similar conditions will give a basis for judging the merits of different materials for road covering.

Experiments have been made by eminent engineers on this line, and the results epitomized in Trautwine Engineer's Book and other standard works.

The results given below were ascertained by the use of a dynanometer. The roads were practically level and a speed of about three-quarters miles per hour was used in making the observations.

The roads were newly constructed and in fair condition.

A four-wheeled wagon, 2¼-inch tire, was used.

The weight of the load, including wagon, was one ton. The tractive force is given in pounds.

Kind of Road.	Tractive Force.
Plank	35
Cubical block	40
Macadam, small stone	70
Gravel, unpacked	160
Gravel, packed	100
Telford	50
Common earth, packed	100
Common earth, unpacked	200 to 500
Common earth, packed wet	300 to 400
Steel rails with locomotive	5

A good average-trained horse weighing not less than 1,000 pounds, well fed and trented, when actually walking 2½ miles per hour, can exert a tractive force of 100 pounds.

From the above table we see one horse can draw approximately three tons on a plank road, 2½ tons on cubical blocks, one ton on packed gravel or packed earth, one-half to one-fifth ton on unpacked earth dry and one-third to one-fourth ton on packed earth after rains.

The exceedingly low tractive force on steel rails explains the assertion often made that it is often cheaper to haul freight by rail from points in the Mississippi valley to the seaboard than to deliver it from the farm to the railway station.

This is especially true during hard winters, when all farm products are higher than at any other time and more in demand.

The final decision of what material should be used in constructing a road

ONE OF NEW JERSEY'S MANY GOOD ROADS.

must necessarily depend upon complex conditions, and it is not often that the one is selected that offers the least resistance to traction.

The kind of material at hand, its durability, the kind of traffic to be accommodated, all enter into the question of selection.

The use of material that will insure a permanent, smooth surface, wet or dry, and unaffected by frosts, besides being obtained at reasonable price, is to be commended.

While the results given above are approximate, as the exact tractive force varies over the same road, probably every day in the year, and very probably no two roads are exactly the same, yet they are a fair average and believed to be reliable for basing computations.—Hiram Phillips, C. E., in Rural World.

OF NATIONAL INTEREST.

The Improvement of Roads Is by No Means a Local Issue.

There is not a man, woman or child in the land that has not a personal interest in the question of better roads. There is no article produced, imported or exported, the cost of which is not in some degree affected by the character of the common roads over which it is transported from the field, the mine, the mill or the shop to the user or consumer, and the worse the roads over which it is transported the less it yields the producer, and the more it costs the user or consumer; and the loss thus borne year after year by the entire people of the nation is so enormous that it cannot be reasonably approximated. It costs less to transport commodities across the continent by rail, or from continent to continent by water, than it does over a single mile of our common roads during nearly half the year.

Bad roads do not pay. When the people realize this, the question becomes a national one.—Wm. H. Rhawn, in Southern Cultivator.

Attributes of a Good Farmer.

The Southern Farm Gazette asserts that no man is a good farmer who does not at least maintain year in and year out the average productiveness and fertility of his farming lands. It is not a hard thing to do this either for any intelligent farmer. Little better can be expected of an ignorant negro tenant than to make it his invariable rule to squeeze out of the soil all that the soil will bear, paying back nothing in the way of plant food for future crops, practicing the plan of soil robbery as a matter of course, but we surely expect better things of intelligent white farmers and land owners.

A FARMER'S COMPASS.

Little Implement That Is Useful for a Variety of Purposes.

Inclosed please find a diagram of a farmer's compass, a little implement which I find very handy in setting buildings, squaring up fields, etc. Take a pine board 18 or 20 inches square; lay off a perfect square and put a brad in each corner. Draw lines diagonally across so as to find the exact center, and drive a brad in it. File sharp, and be sure they line up exactly. Fasten a sharpened stick or post to the board, or nail the board securely to a stake, and the implement is done.

In this country (northwestern Ohio), where the land is laid off by range or section, it is easy to run lines at right angles to the roads. By setting the compass so the brads will range with a given line and by looking across the other way you have a right angle, and by setting stakes in range you can run as many angles as you choose.

The idea is not original with me. I got it from a Scotchman named

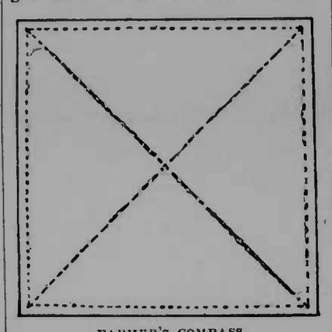

FARMER'S COMPASS.

"Sandy," who said they used the same in laying off the "lands" in the plowing matches in Scotland. It is a great advantage to have the fields a perfect right angle or the sides of same parallel, to avoid short rows. We frequently pass fields that have short rows on one side, owing to the fences not being placed as they should be. I have loaned this tool to mechanics to set buildings.—Malcolm Crockett, in Ohio Farmer.

PIG-FEEDING TESTS.

Results of Experiments at the Danish Experiment Station.

The following are the results of 36 series of trials during five years, with 893 pigs in all, separated into 175 lots, conducted at the Danish agricultural experiment station. Whey for pigs has a greater feeding value, pound for pound, than turnips. Corn and skim milk is great stuff to make pigs grow fast and fat, but the pork is rather soft, hence substitute barley for the corn when the pigs weigh 125 pounds, and the quality of the flesh, if killed at 185 pounds' weight, will be improved, and the shrinkage is no larger. Barley alone gave better results than when sunflower seed oil cake was substituted for part of it. One pound of barley equaled in pork-producing power six pounds of skim milk or 12 pounds of whey. Young pigs weighing 33 to 75 pounds required 3¾ pounds of grain, or its equivalent in milk or whey to make one pound increase; at 150 to 200 pounds, about five pounds was needed, and old hogs weighing over 200 pounds consumed 6 to 6½ pounds of grain for each pound of increase in weight. The animals ate but slightly more in winter than in summer, but it required nearly half a pound more grain feed for one pound of grain in winter than in summer. There was no marked difference between the food required per pound of grain in light and heavy feeding. Nor was there any difference between the rate or cost of grain in barrows or sows.

FRESH COWS NEEDED.

Stearine Fats Are Bound to Predominate in Strippers' Milk.

The professional instructors in buttermaking have had a time of it in explaining why a certain creamery is troubled with the body of its butter, the commission firm saying that the body is short and brittle and crumbles badly in retailing. One says there is too much water in it, one says it was worked too cold, one questions if the feed did not do the bad job, etc. It is not easy for the creamery men to get to the bottom facts in all cases, as they do not know how the cows are handled. A private dairyman finds that feed does effect the hardness of the butter fats, that a warm water bath after washing the butter will soften it so it will not be so brittle, but the main reason for hard fats and brittle body is the lack of fresh cows. When the strippers are dried and fresh cows take their place this trouble disappears. Stearine fats predominate in strippers' milk as truly as they do when cottonseed is fed, and more warmth is required to soften the hard fats in either case, but the butter cannot be made quite so good anyhow, as butter from fresh cows' milk.—Rural Life.

Economic Features of Orcharding.

When considered in connection with farming, trees give the advantage of the use of overhead space that cannot be otherwise utilized at all. Small areas in great cities that are sold for fortunes are used to erect structures to utmost limits of corporate laws. Cut orchard trees to the ground and it will be found that they occupy as much space on the ground as in the air. The overhead space is brought into economic use. The trees can make use of space and forces in it which otherwise will avail a planter nothing. The ground while best if kept in a high state of cultivation, can be cropped with leguminous crops, and made runs for calves, shoats, poultry, and the orchard itself made a windbreak to a homestead.—American Gardening.

That's What It Is Now.

A country road should be something more than a weedy strip of land between two farms.

DOCTOR ALBRIGHT.

A Broad-Minded Physician with Progressive Ideas.

Believes in Recommending Any Medicine That He Knows Will Cure His Patients—Thinks Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a Great Discovery—He Cites Some Marvelous Cures.

From the Examiner, Lancaster, Pa.

"Akron, Pa., April 24th, '95.

Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.:

Gentlemen—While it is entirely contrary to the custom of the medical profession to endorse or recommend any of the so-called proprietary preparations, I shall, nevertheless, give you an account of some of my wonderful experiences with your preparation, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The fact is well-known that medical practitioners do not as a rule, recognize, much less, use preparations of this kind, consequently the body of them have no definite knowledge of their virtue or lack of it, but soundly condemn them all without a trial. Such a course is manifestly absurd and unjust, and I, for one, propose to give my patients the best treatment known to me, for the particular disease with which they are suffering, no matter what it is, where or how obtained. I was first brought to prescribe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills about two years ago, after having seen some remarkable results from their use. Reuben Hoover, now of Reading, Pa., was a prominent contractor and builder. While superintending the work of erecting a large building during cold weather, he contracted what was thought to be sciatica. He having first noticed it one morning in not being able to arise from his bed. After the usual treatment for this disease he failed to improve, but on the contrary grew rapidly worse, the case developing into Hemiplegia, or partial paralysis of the entire right side of the body. Electricity, tonics and massage, etc., were all given a trial, but nothing gave any benefit, and the paralysis continued. In despair he was compelled to hear his physician announce that his case was hopeless. About that time his wife noticed one of your advertisements and consulted to try your Pink Pills.

"He had given up hope and it required a great deal of begging on the part of his wife to persuade him to take them regularly.

"He, however, did as she desired, and if appearances indicate health in this man, one would think he was better than before his paralysis.

"'Why,' says he, 'I began to improve in two days, and in four or five weeks I was entirely well and at work.'

"Having seen these results I concluded that such a remedy is surely worth a trial at the hands of any physician, and consequently when a short time later I was called upon to treat a lady suffering with palpitation of the heart and great nervous prostration, after the usual remedies failed to relieve, I ordered Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The result was simply astonishing. Her attacks became less frequent and also less in severity, until by their use for a period of only two months, she was the picture of health, rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed, as well as ever, and she has continued so until to-day, more than one year since she took any medicine. I have found these pills a specific for chorea, or as more commonly known, St. Vitus' dance, as beneficial results have in all cases marked their use. As a spring tonic any one who, from overwork or nervous strain during a long winter has become pale and languid, the Pink Pills will do wonders in brightening the countenance and in buoying the spirits, bringing roses to the pallid lips and renewing the fountain of youth.

Yours Respectfully,
J. D. Albright, M. D."

"Man wants little here below"—
So runs the good old song;
If he but advertises, though,
He doesn't want that long.
—Printers' Ink.

"Through Sturyland to Sunset Seas"

Is the title of a sumptuous volume of 250 pages, printed on fine enameled paper and illustrated by 200 exquisite half tone engravings, which the Passenger Department of the Southern Pacific has just issued. It contains no advertising matter, but is a gracefully-told story of the romance of the country traversed by the Southern Pacific, and the narrative of what a party of four saw in a journey over this great trans-continental highway. As an example of bookmaking it is far in advance of anything heretofore attempted by any railway, and it is one of the marvels of modern commercial enterprise that the book is given away. By at once sending 20 cents to pay postage, you can, on application to S. F. B. Morse, General Passenger Agent, Southern Pacific, New Orleans, La., secure a copy of this work.

Mrs. Manhattan—"What objection have you to marrying Mr. Severnuce?" Mrs. Lakeside—"A very serious one. He's paying big alimony already."—Truth.

Cheap Excursions to Great Southwest.

On January 14 and 28, February 11 and March 10, 1896, the Santa Fe Route will run a series of homeseekers' excursions from the East to principal points in Arkansas, Arizona, Southern Missouri, Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Texas.

Ticket rate will be about one fare for round-trip, with liberal limits and stop-over privileges. These Santa Fe Route excursions will enable you to take a Midwinter trip to a new country.

By addressing G. T. Nicholson, G. P. A., Monadnock Building, Chicago, you can obtain free literature descriptive of the Great Southwest.

The chameleon, which is said to feed upon nothing but air, has of all animals the nimblest tongue.—Swift.

Treat is money to be made in Cripple Creek. When you go take the "Rock Island Route" to Colorado Springs. This is the only direct line—saves several hours' time to Cripple Creek. Send for full information. John Sebastian, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

He (gallantly)—"I couldn't kiss anyone but you, dear!" She—"If that's the case, you can't kiss me."—San Francisco Wave.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is the name of an illustrated monthly newspaper published by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R. It aims to give information in an interesting way about the farm lands of the west. Send 25 cents in postage stamps to the Corn Belt, 209 Adams St., Chicago, and the paper will be sent to your address for one year.

"Mamma," asked the little girl, peering in between two uncut leaves of the magazine, "how did they ever get the printing in there?"

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a Cough medicine.—F. M. Abbott, 383 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 4, 1894.

SILVER KING BARLEY, 116 BU.

The barley wonder. Yields right along on poor, good or indifferent soils 80 to 100 bush. per acre. That pays at 20c. a bushell.

Salzer's mammoth catalogue is full of good things. Silver Mine Oats yielded 201 1-3 bushels in 1895. It will do better in 1896. Hurrah for Teosinte, Sand Vetch, Spurry and Giant Clover and lots and lots of grasses and clovers they offer. 35 packages earliest vegetables $1.00.

If you will cut this out and send it with 10c. postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get free ten grain and grass samples, including barley, etc., and their catalogue. Catalogue alone 5c. (K)

"All the good things have been said—"
Staylate murmured with a sigh;
Mabel yawned and shook her head—
"Well, suppose you try 'good-by.'"
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Evil of Restricted License.—Old Party (sadly)—"My poor man, why do I always find you hanging around this saloon?" Bibulous Bill—"I can't help meself, Mister. It's the only one in town."—Puck.

To California in Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars.

The Burlington Route (C., B. & Q. R. R.) runs personally conducted excursions to California, leaving Chicago every Wednesday. Through cars to California destination, fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, bedding, toilet rooms, etc.; every convenience. Special agent in charge. Route via Denver and Salt Lake. Sunshine all the way. Write for descriptive pamphlet to T. A. Grady, Excursion Manager, 211 Clark St., Chicago.

To the thinker, the most trifling external object often suggests ideas which extend, link after link, from earth to Heaven.—Bulwer.

Stop, Thief!

Stop a small malady, which is stealing your strength, before it outruns your power to arrest it, and recover what it took from you. The safest and promptest recuperator of waning vitality is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which renews vigor, flesh and nerve quietude because it restores activity to those functions whose interruption interferes with general health. Use the Bitters for dyspepsia, malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints and biliousness.

Show us the man who never makes a mistake and we will show a man who never makes anything.—Wayland.

Cheap Excursions to the West and Northwest.

On March 10 and April 7, 1896, the North-Western Line (Chicago & Northwestern Ry) will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets at very low rates to a large number of points in Northern Wisconsin, Michigan, Northwestern Iowa, Western Minnesota, Nebraska, North Dakota and South Dakota, including the famous Black Hills district. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

"How no you sell this music paper?" asked the customer at the stationery store. "I'm not certain about it," said the new clerk, "but I think we sell it by the choir."

Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Personally Conducted Excursions to California.

Via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line, in upholstered tourist sleeping cars, leave Chicago every Thursday via the North-Western Line. Low rates, picturesque route, quickest time and careful attention are advantages offered to those who join these excursions. Cost of berth only $6.00. Ask your nearest ticket agent for full particulars or address W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

"Oh, papa!" said a Pittsburgh little girl, "Susie Ganwell has subscribed for a magazine and got such a beautiful picture—a yard of cats. Mayn't I subscribe, too?" "No, my dear," replied papa, kindly yet firmly. "Nearly every yard on this street is full of cats after dark, and I don't think we ought to add to the number."

At the Boys' Boarding School. — Fair Patron—"What do I see? You make your pupils saw wood for you?" Principal—"Again you see the fruition of a plan of progress which I have realized—to combine gymnastic exercises with practical results."

The human heart is like Heaven: the more angels the more room.—Fredrika Bremer.

A boy of seven protested earnestly after his holidays against being sent back to school. "What!" said his father, "don't you want to go to school?" "Yes, but not to that school." "And why not to that one?" "Because they want to teach me a lot of things that I don't know anything about."

Every one that flatters thee is no friend in misery.—De Foe.

"None of your sauce," as the boarder said when he refused the Worcestershire.

The teacher was asking questions. Teachers are quite apt to ask questions, and they sometimes receive curious answers. This question was as follows: "Now, pupils, how many months have 28 days?" "All of them, teacher," replied the boy on the front seat.

The shortest way to glory is to be guided by conscience.—Home.

Mrs. Nurop—"Oh, you must come and hear baby talk." Uncle Bob—"I shall be delighted—but you must act as interpreter."

Thought plunged in ills and exercised in care, yet never let the mind despair.—Phillips.

Now the timid, doubting suitor,
By Professor Roentgen's art,
May, before he speaks, discover
If she has a marble heart.
—Indianapolis Journal.

BEWARE IN TIME.

The first acute twinge of

Sciatica

is the warning to use

ST. JACOBS OIL.

Delay, and those twinges may twist your leg out of shape.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

TROPICAL TOURS. ...CUBA, JAMAICA... The magnificent United States Mail Steamships of the **PLANT STEAMSHIP LINE** leave Port Tampa semi weekly for Key West and Havana. For Jamaica Jan. 31st, Feb. 14th and 28th, March 13th and 27th, landing at Mantego Bay, Jamaica, connecting with Jamaica Railway for Kingston and interior points. Write B. W. Wrenn, Passenger Traffic Manager, Savannah, Ga., for rates and information.

Bible and its Story By Josephine Pollard. 280 Illustrations. 576 pages. Size, 5½x7¾ inches. Substantially bound in cloth, with design, $1. Agents Wanted. Geo. Routledge & Sons Limited, 28 West 23d St., New York.

DOCTOR

Acker's ENGLISH Remedy

for Coughs, Colds, and Consumption

is beyond question the greatest of all modern medicines. It will stop a Cough in one night, check a cold in a day, prevent Croup, relieve Asthma, and *cure* Consumption if taken in time. "You can't afford to be without it." A 25c. bottle may save your life! Ask your druggist for it. Send for pamphlet. If the little ones have *Croup or Whooping Cough* use it promptly. *It is sure to cure.*

Three Sizes—25c., 50c. and $1. All Druggists.

ACKER MEDICINE CO.,
16 & 18 Chambers St., N. Y.

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/6 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared, Steel, Galvanized-after-Completion Windmills, Tilting and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Buzz Saw Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

STARK TREES BEARFRUIT TESTED 70 YEARS. Salesmen and club makers wanted for GOLD plan, etc. Stark, Louisiana, Mo., Rockport, Ills. STARK TRADE MARK

I LOVE YOU YET

By America's Great Song Writer, Monroe H. Rosenfeld, is the prettiest song ever written. Ask your music dealer to show it to you, or send 25 cts. in stamps, which is just half price, to CHARLES W. HELD, Publisher, 308 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and he will mail it to you.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

A. N. K.—C. 1594

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

Best Quality! Largest Size! Lowest Price!

How Weak

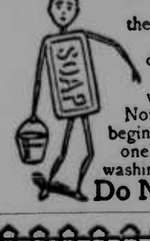

the soap and water seems when you begin your washing! You don't get any strength out of it till the work is about done. Plenty of hard work and rubbing and wear and tear, even then—but more of it at the beginning; when the water is weakest.

Now with **Pearline**, the water is just as strong at the beginning as at the end. This is one of the reasons (only one) why **Pearline** acts so much better than soap, in all washing and cleaning. Use no soap. 435

Do Not Accept Substitutes or Imitations.

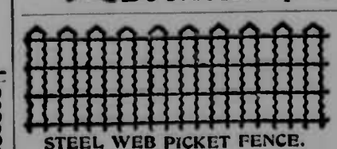

STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE.

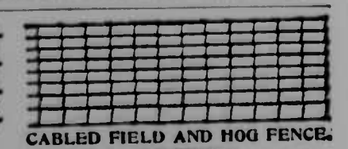

CABLED FIELD AND HOG FENCE.

Also CABLED POULTRY, GARDEN AND RABBIT FENCE.

We manufacture a complete line of Smooth Wire Fencing and guarantee every article to be as represented. If you consider quality we can save you money. CATALOGUE FREE.

DE KALB FENCE CO., 122 HIGH ST., DE KALB, ILL.

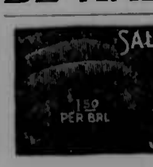

SALZER'S NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS ARE THE BEST!

Salzer's Seeds Sprout Quickly, Grow Vigorously, Produce Enormously.

That's their record every where whether in the east or west, north or south, in every state and every clime. We are the largest growers of Farm and Vegetable Seeds in America. Our Mammoth Plant and Seed Catalogue and 10 samples of new creations in grain, grass and forage plants, is mailed you upon receipt of 10 cents postage. Catalogue alone 5 cents. Send to-day.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO. LA CROSSE, WIS.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, March 9, 1896.

Secretary Olney, the only member of the Cleveland cabinet who possesses the slightest bit of individuality, is reported to be about to resign because of what Mr. Cleveland said about the statement given out by him, defining the attitude of the administration towards Cuba and saying in effect that no notice would be taken of the concurrent resolutions adopted by Congress, declaring that the beligerney of the Cubans should be recognized, and that the United States should intervene, if necessary, to put an end to the war. Mr. Cleveland did not deny the correctness of the statement, but wrote with his own hand, "I am in no way responsible for it, nor in any way related to it." Now, although Secretary Olney's name was not signed to that statement, and did not occur therein, it is well known to a number of persons that it was written by him; also that it correctly represented the attitude of the administration, as shown in cabinet discussions of the matter. His connection with the statement being so well known, it is not expected that Secretary Olney is going to pocket such a snub; hence his resignation is predicted.

If the Senate agrees with the House, pensioners will no longer be paid in person by pension agents, but will have their checks mailed to them, the latter body having agreed to the change without a division.

There is no doubt about where Senator Cannon, of Utah, stands on the Cuban question. In the course of a few remarks made by him at the installation of officers of the department of the Potomac G. A. R., he said, "Every American citizen holds in his hand some portion of the rights and liberties of the people of this world. We should so conserve our powers and we should so use them that when America shall say, 'Cuba thou art free,' she shall be free. That time will come, speed it Almighty God, when the people of the United States, free themselves, shall make the world free also."

Senator Cullom, of Illinois, says he is in the field for the Republican nomination for President, and expects to remain there until the St. Louis convention names the candidate, regardless of the instructions for McKinley in some of the Illinois districts. Mr. Cullom says he could have had quite a number of delegates instructed for him, but that he has from the first opposed instructing the delegates for anybody, believing that an uninstructed delegation would wield more influence in the National Convention.

A member of the Huntington Pacific railroads lobby is credited with having said that Huntington now has things, meaning Congressmen, in such shape that he is certain of preventing legislation that would result in a foreclosure sale of the roads by the U. S. Government and hopeful of getting his own pet measure, extending the indebtedness for one hundred years at two per cent., through. So many propositions are being advanced for the settlement of the indebtedness of these roads to the government that it is impossible for any man to say what will eventually be done, but unless many Senators and Representatives vote very differently from the way in which they now talk there isn't much show for Huntington's bill. Huntington's manifest intention to confuse instead of enlighten the Senate Committee, in the hearings which have been given him, has injured his bill in the eyes of a number in both Senate and House which might have been won to its support. These men think that he has shown that he deserves no favors from the government.

A strong effort is being made by administration Democrats to get the Carlisle boom on the road. It has been O. K.'d by Wall Street, and Mr. Cleveland is said to be agreeable. Still it doesn't go. Secretary Carlisle was once popular with his Democratic colleagues in Congress, but he isn't now. The silver Democrats don't want him, because they accuse him of being a renegade, and the anti-silver element in the Senate, composed of such Democrats as Gorman, Brice, Hill and Smith, will not move a finger to help him, because they regard him as merely a Cleveland dummy. In fact, neither Brice nor Gorman are taking the slightest interest in the Democratic nomination for President. They both regard the case as so hopeless that they have declined even to take the trouble to attend the Chicago convention.

The friends of Governor McKinley in Congress indignantly deny the report scattered broadcast by his enemies that manufacturers are being solicited to contribute to a fund to be used to bring about his nomination. They say that he has no barrel, and no need for one, and that they daily grow more confident that his great personal popularity will result in his nomination.

Instrumental music and harmony taught with success by Mrs. W. H Malette. All grades of musical students from beginners upward to the most advanced, receive a uniform, excellent and systematic instruction in all branches of instrumental music. Terms, $8.00 for instrumental, $5.00 for harmony, for 24 lessons. Address, Mrs. W H. Malette, 301 Water St., Oakland, Md. 51-5.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Soothing, healing, cleansing. De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve is the enemy to sores, wounds and piles, which it never fails to cure. Stops itching and burning. Cures chapped lips and cold-sores in two or three hours. Oakland Pharmacy.

WANTED—A reliable lady or gentleman to distribute samples and make a house-to-house canvass for our Vegetable Toilet Soaps. $40 to $75 a month easily made. Address Crofts & Reed, 842 to 850 Austin Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 52-2t*.

J. W. Pierce, Republic, Ia., says: "I have used One Minute Cough Cure in my family and for myself, with results so entirely satisfactory that I can hardly find words to express myself as to its merit. I will never fail to recommend it to others, on every occasion that presents itself." Oakland Pharmacy.

"Give me a liver regulator and I can regulate the world," said a genius, The druggist handed him a bottle of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

A high liver with a torpid liver will not be a long liver. Correct the liver with DeWitt's Little Early Risers, little pills that cure dyspepsia and constipation. Oakland Pharmacy.

WANTED, I will pay $4.00 per cord for sound white oak, cut into bolts 35 inches long, pelled and knots bolted out, delivered at Oakland, Maryland. R. A. Orcutt & Co. 53-3t.

One Minute Cough Cure touches the right spot. It also touches it at the right time if you take it when you have a cough or cold. See the point? Then don't cough. Oakland Pharmacy.

Ladies, I make big wages doing pleasant home work, and will gladly send full particulars to all sending 2 cent stamp. Miss. M. A. Stebbins, Lawrence, Michigan. 32-2t

For prices on agricultural lime, delivered in car load lots, address Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va. 45-tf

For prices on agricultural lime, delivered in car load lots, address Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont W. Va.

It not only is so, it must be so. One Minute Cough Cure acts quickly, and that's what makes it go. Oakland Parmacy.

Have you used agricultural lime? If not address the Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va., for prices. 45-tf.

Have you used agricultural lime? If not address the Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va., for prices.

FOR SALE.—A town lot 60x160 feet, on Pennington street. Also a one horse sled. Apply to this office.

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Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

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"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

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"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

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The Republican Job Department.

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The New York Weekly Tribune,

OF NOVEMBER 4th, 1896.

Public interest will steadily increase, and the question how the men who votes turned the scale at the last election are satisfied with the results under the administration they elected, will make the campaign the most intensely exciting in the history of the country.

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the leading Republican family newspaper of the United States, will publish all the political news of the day, interesting to every American citizen regardless of party affiliations;

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LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.
All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.
Call on or address:
C. A. WILT, Agent,
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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 20 | OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1896. | NUMBER 2.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Dixon & Kelso will exchange clover and timothy seed for oats. 2-4t.

Miss Nettie Kepner, who spent the winter in Baltimore, returned home last week.

Hon. George L. Michaels, of Westernport, was in to see THE REPUBLICAN Saturday last.

The members of St. Mark's church choir are engaged in practicing music suitable for the Easter services.

Mr. George D. White, an employe in the House of Delegates, spent Sunday and Monday with his family in Oakland.

Mr. J. S. Miller, a prominent lumber merchant of Tunnelton, W. Va., was in the city Tuesday morning for a short time.

Mr. John C. Shaw, of Moscow Mills, Allegany county, was in the city Saturday and made this office a very pleasant and agreeable call.

Mr. Stanley Boyer and sister Miss Bertie, spent a day or two with relatives in Accident last week, returning to Oakland Sunday afternoon.

The maple sugar crop is again coming into market. The yield promises to be a large one this year, and the sugar is selling at fair prices.

Mr. B. F. Snyder, one of the jurors to the recent term of court, called to see us before he departed for his home in the lower end of the county.

The recent heavy fall of snow brought a great many farmers to the city this week, in consequence of which the merchants experienced a lively trade.

We received, too late for publication in this issue, an interesting report of the closing exercises of the Painter school, from our Swanton correspondent.

Mr. Richard Bartlett, who has been in Baltimore this winter attending a course of lectures in dental surgery, returned to his home in Oakland last night.

Mr. J. T. Mitchell returned from Pittsburg, Pa., yesterday morning in which city he had been negotiating the sale of a large body of timber land in this county.

Mrs. P. L. Merrifield is prepared to do cutting, fitting and fashionable dress making; also all kinds of sewing, at her residence opposite B. & O. depot. 2-4t*.

The farm known as the Daniel Hinebaugh farm, at Accident, will be divided and sold at public auction Thursday, April 2nd. Will sell one acre or the entire farm. 2-2t.

The County Commissioners adjourned on Monday after having been in session eight days. They transacted routine business, giving their special attention to appeals from assessments.

Dr. T. E. Ballard will be at Mrs. Phillips' place, near Oak Hall, for a few weeks, prepared to do all kinds of dental work. Artificial teeth inserted by the latest method. Painless extracting. 2-4.

Mr. A. L. Hall, who has been associated with Mr. A. S. Teats in the lumber business for several months, has dissolved partnership with the latter gentleman and will locate at Rowlesburg, W. Va., and open a grocery store.

Mrs. L. Stoddard received a telegram Saturday from her home in Pennsylvania stating that her father was dangerously ill and his death momentarily expected. Mrs. Stoddard departed for the bedside of her parent the same day.

S. P. Specht has just received and opened up the best assortment of shoes ever brought to Deer Park. Call and examine goods and prices. 1-tf.

This office has recently finished twelve thousand tax bills for the new County Treasurer, Mr. Thomas B. Wiley. It was a pretty big job of work for one run but our presses turned them out in a little less than four hours.

As Mr. Robert Felty was driving from Aurora to Oakland last Thursday afternoon, the tongue attached to his buggy dropped down, and striking the ground, brought the buggy to a sudden stop, which threw Mr. Felty out of the buggy, injuring him very severely about the face.

Sheriff Austin Brown has advertised the stock and fixtures in the Climax saloon lately owned by John Noon for sale at public auction. The sale will take place April 2d, and is made to satisfy a judgment in favor of James Clark & Co., of Cumberland.

The firm of Dixon & Kelso, merchants, whose store front was injured because of the close proximity of the Shartzer fire a few months ago, has been repaired and the firm is now having large enclosed display windows fitted up by Mr. John Ault.

We have received a letter from Major George D. DeShields, superintendent of the B. & O. hotels, that the Oakland hotel would not be open this season for the accommodation of guests, but that the Deer Park hotel would be in readiness for the reception of guests June 22d, as usual.

An immense amount of wood for the purpose of manufacturing it into staves is being hauled to Oakland and unloaded at the old flouring mill whence the stave mill of Messrs. Orcutt & Co., will be removed and placed for this work. The firm recently entered into a contract of manufacturing 500,000 staves for one of the large oil companies.

President Cleveland has approved the act of Congress, which makes the unexplained absence of a soldier for seven years prima facie evidence of his death. The dependent wife, or widow of a soldier, who served 90 days in the late war, may now procure a pension under the act of June 27, 1890, by showing that her husband has been absent seven years without being heard from.

Last season Ike L. Hall, druggist of West Lebanon, Indiana, sold four gross of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and says every bottle of it gave perfect satisfaction. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The case of H. P. Tasker vs. the County Commissioners of Garrett county, which was to have been heard at Hagerstown this week, has been postponed until the next term of the Circuit Court, which will be held in September next. It will be remembered by our readers that Mr. Tasker entered suit against the Commissioners for fifteen thousand dollars damages for not fulfilling a contract he had with them. The case was heard at Hagerstown last March and a verdict rendered in favor of the commissioners. The suit was appealed and the decision of the lower court reversed, which sent it back to that court for trial upon its merits.

A canvass among the druggists of this place reveals the fact that Chamberlain's are the most popular proprietary medicines sold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, especially, is regarded as in the lead of all throat trouble remedies, and as such is freely prescribed by physicians. As a croup medicine, it is also unexcelled, and most families with young children keep a bottle always handy for instant use. The editor of the *Graphic* has repeatedly know Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to do the work after all other medicines had failed.—The Kimball S. D. *Graphic*. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Send your job work to THE REPUBLICAN office.

No trouble to show goods at S. P. Specht's, where you can buy cheap for cash. 1-tf.

If you want to buy honest goods at honest prices, go to S. P. Specht, Deer Park, Md. 1-tf.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

DeWitt Minard furnishes coal delivered into your coal houses from the Deal mine for $3.10 per ton.

Have you used agricultural lime? If not address the Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va., for prices. 45-tf.

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One Minute Cough Cure touches the right spot. It also touches it at the right time if you take it when you have a cough or cold. See the point? Then don't cough. Oakland Pharmacy.

WANTED.—Six experienced dining room girls (white) for Brookside Hotel, during the summer. $12 per month. Address, stating experience, S. Prescott Wright, Brookside, W. Va. 1-4*

WANTED, I will pay $4.00 per cord for sound white oak, cut into bolts 35 inches long, pelled and knots bolted out, delivered at Oakland, Maryland. R. A. Orcutt & Co. 53-3t.

A high liver with a torpid liver will not be a long liver. Correct the liver with DeWitt's Little Early Risers, little pills that cure dyspepsia and constipation. Oakland Pharmacy.

We have just received from the manufacturers another large lot of stationery and envelopes which we are running out at low figures for the class of work furnished our customers. Give us a call.

Quick in effect, heals and leaves no scar. Burning, scaly skin eruptions quickly cured by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, Applied to burns, scalds, old sores, it is magical in effect. Always cures piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

J. W. Pierce, Republic, Ia., says: "I have used One Minute Cough Cure in my family and for myself, with results so entirely satisfactory that I can hardly find words to express myself as to its merit. I will never fail to recommend it to others, on every occasion that presents itself." Oakland Pharmacy.

Soothing, healing, cleansing. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the enemy to sores, wounds and piles, which it never fails to cure. Stops itching and burning. Cures chapped lips and cold-sores in two or three hours. Oakland Pharmacy.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

All last winter Mr. Geo. A. Mills, of Lebanon, Conn., was badly afflicted with rheumatism. At times it was so severe that he could not stand up straight, but was drawn over on one side. "I tried different remedies without receiving relief," he says, "until about six months ago I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. After using it for three days my rheumatism was gone and has not returned since. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Don't invite disappointment by experimenting. Depend upon One Minute Cough Cure and you have immediate relief. It cures croup. The only harmless remedy that produces immediate results. Oakland Pharmacy.

A Card

To the Editor of The Republican.

I have been confidentially informed that a young man is going around telling that before Senator Ravenscroft went to Annapolis that I went to him for the purpose of securing the appointment as assessor which is an untruth; nor did I ask him or anyone else for an appointment of any kind.

WM. M. LOHR.

The Noss Family Coming.

Oakland's favorites on the stage, the Noss family, will be here tomorrow night at Offutt's Hall in their new farce, "The Kodak." They have in their roster as strong an aggregation of fun makers as have ever appeared in Oakland. Besides the original Noss family several additions to the troupe have been made since their last appearance here, amongst them being Mr. Frank P. Haven, character comedian, and Mr. Chas. R. Sweet, Irish comedian, singer and dancer. Limited space does not admit of praising the qualtites of each member of the company, but a word in regard to the plot would not be out of place.

Two detectives arrive at the same summer resort in search of the same man, who is wanted for passing counterfeit money, each detective picks out "or spots" one another for the guilty party, whereby they exchange their good money from one to the other thinking it counterfeit, which with the summer boarders, servants, the always-to-be-found tramp and others, create trouble and excitement all around.

There is just enough dialogue to not become tiresome, and at the same time admit of the different specialties so as not to mar the sense of the play. Comedy runs throughout the play and the audience is kept in a throughly good humor all the while, while every act, speech and specialty is given with snap, vim and life.

A Sad Accident.

On Saturday morning last a young man named Burnap, who is employed in the picker room of the woolen mill, went to the boss of the picker and carding department and told him that the feed roll of the picker, which is in the attic story of the mill, would not work. Mr. Gustav Kober, the boss, went at once to see about it. Young Burnap had thrown the driving belt of the picker onto the loose pulley and turned to attend to some other matter, and when he looked again Mr. Kober's left arm was drawn into the picker, the left side of his head was badly lacerated and he was insensible. The unfortunate man was taken out of the machine, which had stopped, and a physician was at once called. Dr. Hoffman responded, but it was plain that, as one of the cruel, long, curved teeth of the picker had entered the brain, nothing could be done. Mr. Kober died in about an hour. The left hand and arm were torn to strings and the left side of the face horribly mangled, one of the picker arms penetrating the brain to a depth of three or four inches.

Mr. Kober was an exemplary young man and regularly sent a considerable portion of his wages to his mother and sister, who live in Maryland, about six miles from Washington. He was a native of Germany, where his father and a brother or two still reside. He was engaged and expected to be married in a few weeks to a young lady in Barnum. He came to Keyser from Massachusetts, where he had been employed in a woolen mill and has been in the employ of Mr. Scherr ever since the woolen mill started in this place. His age was about 26 years.

His funeral services were held in the Presbyterian church on Monday morning, being conducted by the pastor, and were numerously attended and very impressive. The woolen mill shut down to allow all the fellow workmen of the deceased to attend the services.

The above was clipped from last week's issue of the *Keyser Echo*. Mr. Kober was well and favorably known by all the people of Oakland and the news of his shocking death brought from his friends feelings of deep regret.

Died.

SMITH.—On Saturday morning Elias Smith, residing near Thayerville, aged sixty-one years. The day previous to his death he suffered a stroke of paralysis. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. W. Butler Monday morning at the Thayerville Baptist church, the interment being made in the Thayer burying ground.

WHITE.—On last Saturday morning at an early hour, Mrs. Thomas White died at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Mattingly, near Cranesville, W. Va. Mrs. White had been a sufferer with consumption for two or three years and came from her home in Baltimore a few weeks ago with hope of regaining her health. She leaves a husband and two children to mourn. She was buried Monday morning from St. Peter's Catholic church, where a requiem high mass for the repose of her soul was said by the pastor, Rev. Romanus Mattingly, a second cousin of the deceased. The interment was made in the Catholic cemetery.

SPITZER.—At his home in Mountain Lake Park, Mr. Albert Spitzer, aged about seventy-eight years. The deceased was formerly a resident of Albermarle county, Virginia, coming to Mountain Lake Park a few years ago. He leaves an aged wife. He was a consistent member of the Methodist church for a number of years. The funeral took place Tuesday, being conducted by Rev. Arbuthnot, of Oakland. The interment was made in the Odd Fellows' cemetery.

RIDENOUR.—At his home in Aurora, West Va., Mr. David Ridenour, aged seventy-eight years. The funeral took place Monday, the interment being made at Aurora.

Westminister League Sociable.

The sociable held at the Glades Hotel on Tuesday evening under the auspices of the Westminister League, was an exceedingly pleasant and enjoyable affair, and reflects great credit upon the social committee of that organization.

The chief event of the evening's amusements was the dressing of the "New Woman." That young lady, however, was left very much out in the cold, owing to the great diversity of opinion as to how the forty five different articles of apparel should be applied.

Great credit is due to the culinary genius of the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. E. I. West, who contributed largely to the enjoyment of the evening by a bountiful spread of a substantial collation.

The prizes were awarded respectively to Miss Lizzie Little, Rev. S. M. Engle, Bessie Offutt and Annie West.

Not to be Trifled With.

(From Cincinnati Gazette.)

Will people never learn that a "cold" is an accident to be dreaded and that when it occurs treatment should be promptly applied? There is no knowing where the trouble will end; and while complete recovery is the rule, the exceptions are terribly frequent, and thousands upon thousands of fatal illnesses occur every year ushered in by a little injudicious exposure and seemingly trifling symptoms. Beyond this, there are to-day countless invalids who can trace their complaints to "colds," which at the time of occurance gave no concern, and were therefore neglected. — When troubled with a cold use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is prompt and effectual. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park, for 25 and 50 cents per bottle.

Instrumental music and harmony taught with success by Mrs. W. H. Malette. All grades of musical students from beginners upward to the most advanced, receive a uniform, excellent and systematic instruction in all branches of instrumental music. Terms, $8.00 for instrumental, $5.00 for harmony, for 24 lessons. Address, Mrs. W. H. Malette, 301 Water St., Oakland, Md. 51-5.

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	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	RATE.
Terra Alta..	.....	12 06	5 41	4 53	$6 45
Oakland....	6 31	12 29	5 59	5 12	6 25
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THEY THAT MOURN.

BY SHAN F. BULLOCK.

Dunn Market was over, its hurry and haggle. In corners and quiet spots of the big market-yard you saw men and women carefully counting their little stores of silver, testing the coins with their teeth, knotting them firmly in red pocket handkerchiefs, finally stowing them away in their long, wide pockets as cautiously as though every sixpence was a diamond. In the streets people were leisurely moving towards the shops, where tills were rattling and counters teeming, and trade, for a few hours, flourishing, after its whole six days of blissful stagnation.

A cart laden with butter, chiefly in firkins, issued from the market-yard gate, a man between the shafts, one at either wheel, two pulling behind, all noisily endeavoring to keep the cart from running amuck down hill into the river. Close behind, like chief mourners after a hearse, one might fancy, came Tim Kerin and Nan, his wife—a battered, slow-footed couple, heavily burdened with the big load of their years, white haired, both of them, and lean as greyhounds. Heavily they shuffled along in their clumsy boots; the man with one arm across his back, the other swinging limply; the woman holding up her skirt with one hand and gripping with the other the handle of a big, empty basket; both looking over the tail-board of the cart at the few pounds of butter for which they had slaved hard for weeks, and for which, after hours of haggling, they had just received a few most precious shillings. Fixedly they watched it, and mournfully they were bidding it a last farewell.

They passed through the gate, straggled across the footpath, and silently watched the cart zigzag down the street, run presently along the curb, and, amid great shouting, discharge its contents into the packing house.

"Faith," said Tim across his shoulder, "'twas cliverly done. I wonder, some day, they don't break their necks." He wagged his head dubiously; Nan tucked up her skirt; the two turned their faces up hill and set out to share their profits with the shops. The butter was gone, and sorrow go with it!—'twas a heart-break.

Tim Kerin's share of the profits was a shining sixpence, reluctantly tendered to him by Nan, his wife, who now walked a couple of steps behind him, with 18 pence shut tight in her hand and the remainder of the butter money (only a shilling or two) tied fast in a cotton bag and safely stowed away in the neck of her linsey-woolsey dress. Threepence of Tim's sixpence was to buy tobacco, a penny might go in the purchase of a weekly newspaper, a penny would buy a pair of "whangs" (leather laces) for his boots; the penny remaining, when all those luxuries had been honestly paid for, would buy a whole tumblerful of frothing porter. A whole tumblerful! At sight of it, with his mind's eye, Tim's lips dried, and his feet went quicker over the cob blestones.

Nan's lips were tight, her brow wrinkled. She was figuring. It would take her to be powerfully 'cute to fill her basket with the things she wanted; tea, sugar, bacon, a herring for the Sunday's dinner, a bit o' white bread, and—and supposing there was a penny or two over (with knowing bargaining there might be), was it likely now that Mr. Murphy, the draper, would let her have a cheap yard of narrow, soiled lace to go around the border of her night caps. Twopence might do, threepence would be sure to— Aw, glory be to goodness! did anybody ever hear of such romancin', such extravagance; sure it was running wild her wits were! Threepence for lace indeed!

A friend stepped from behind a cart and caught Nan by the arm. What, was it pass a neighbor like that, Mrs. Kerin would do? Pass her ouldest friend, Mrs. Brady, as if she was a mile-stone, and never pass the time of day, or tell how she sold her butter, or how the world was using herself!

"Och, och, Mrs. Kerin," moaned Mrs. Brady, "what have I done to ye, at all, at all?"

Nan stopped and put out her hand, then volubly began explaining; sure, sorrow the sight of Mrs. Brady she had seen; sure, she never passed a neighbor without spaking; sure, 'twas walkin' along romancin' she was, figurin' in her head, seeing how far she could make the few shillings go. "An' how are you, ma'am?" asked Nan, when full pardon for her oversight had been generously given and gratefully received. "How are you, an' all your care?"

Meanwhile, Tim, his sixpence hot in his palm, had taken a turn through the throng of the streets, had questioned his neighbors about sales and prices (just as though he were a man of stomach and capital), had spelt out the time on the big market-house clock as he stood by the town pump listening to the hoarse drone of a ballad-singer; and now, on the sidewalk of Main street, stood dreamily looking through a shop window at a pile of newspapers which stood precariously among an array of tobacco pipes and sweet bottles. If he bought a paper, Tim was thinking, he would have a whole week's diversion o' nights; if he didn't buy it, he would save the price of another tumblerful o'— A heavy hand fell on his shoulder.

"Hello, Tim!" said his neighbor, Shan Grogan; "havin' a wee squint at the sugar-sticks, is it ye are?"

"Aw ay," answered Tim, turning: "aw ay! I was just lookin' at the papers there, an' wonderin' what an ojus lot o' news they give us nowadays for a penny. Enough to keep one goin' for a week."

"Yis," said Shan, "it's a wonderful world. But aisy, Tim; ha' ye been to the post lately?"

"Naw," said Tim.

"Well, look in there if you're passin', me son. The lassie that sells the stamps asked me to tell ye. Gwan quick; mebbe she'll give ye news for nothin'."

"Me name is Kerin, miss," he said to the clerk, very humbly as to one of the representatives of mighty government itself; "Tim, for Christian; an' they tell me ye'd mebbe be havin' somethin' for me?"

The girl handed him a letter bearing the Chicago postmark, stamped in one of its bottom corners, and carrying its address thence right up to the top of the envelope. Tim bore it tenderly to the door and carefully inspected it, then took it back to the counter.

"Whose countersign might that be, miss, if ye please?" he asked, and placed his thumb over the postmark. Humbly he asked; curtly he was answered.

"Chicago?" said Tim. "Ay, ay! I'm obliged to ye, miss—I'm obliged to ye. May the Lord be good to ye an' send ye a duke for a husband! Good day to ye, miss," said he, then stepped out into the street with his hand deep in his pocket and the letter in his hand, and went off in search of Nan.

"Its from Padeen," he kept thinking to himself, and he walked joyfully along, his feet clattering loosely on the pavement, his old face turning here and there, watching for his wife; "it's from Padeen, sure as ever was!" Aw! but he was glad. Aw! but Nan would be glad. So long it was, ages and ages ago, since they heard from him. 'Twasn't Padeen's hand-write—nawl but sure it might have altered; everything altered in the big country. Ay! 'twas only poor ould Ireland that kept the same—never any worse, never any better. But where was Nan? Sure, she ought to be in the shops. He was dying to find her. Up and down he went; at last he found her, still bobbing heads at the top of Bridge street with her friend Mrs. Brady.

"Aw, it's here ye are, Nan?" he said, coming up. "An' me huntin' the town for ye. It's yourself is well, Mrs. Brady, I'm hopin'? That's right, that's right."

His voice came strangely broken and shrill; his eyes danced like a child's; still his hand gripped the letter in his pocket.

"What's the matter, Tim?" whispered Nan. "Ha' ye heard news?"

"Ay, ay," he said. "Come away till I tell ye; come away."

He turned, and, with Nan at his heels, set off almost at a run down-hill towards the river. Aw, but his heart was thumpin'! "Aisy, Tim," cried Nan behind him; "aisy, man, or me breath—me breath—"

Without answering or slackening his pace, Tim went on, turning through the butter-market gate, crossed the empty yard, came to the furthermost corner of one of the long, low sheds, and there halted, with his face to the wall. Aw! but his heart was thumpin'. Presently, Nan came to him, panting and flurried.

"What is it, Tim?" she asked; "what is it?"

Slowly Tim brought out his letter, and, holding it by both hands, let his wife look at it.

"It's—it's from Padeen!" cried she; "it's from Padeen!"

"Yis," said Tim. "It's not his hand-write, but it must be from him."

"Ah, Tim, open it quick," she panted, "open it quick!"

"Mebbe," said Tim, "we'd better wait till we get home. The light's bad, an'—"

"No, no, Tim; no, no; it'd kill me to wait."

"Ay?" said Tim, then slowly drew his knife from his pocket and tenderly cut open the top of the envelope. His fingers trembled greatly as he fumbled with the inclosure. Nan's hand went quick to her heart

"Aw, quick, Tim!" she cried. "Quick, quick!"

"Don't—don't flooster me, woman," said Tim. "I can't— can't—" The next moment his shaking old fingers held a sheet of notepaper, and a black-edged card on which glared out a long silvern cross, and beneath it, in large letters, the words Patrick Kerin.

Nan fell back a step; her fingers clutched at her dress over her heart. Tim's knife clattered upon the stones, and the envelope fluttered down. For awhile they stood there silent, dread-stricken. At last Nan spoke.

"Read, Tim," she said. "Read!"

"I—I can't."

"Ye must, Tim; it's better. Let us know the worst, for God's sake!"

"I—I—" Tim began; then quickly opened the sheet. "It's—it's too dark here," he mumbled. "I—I want me specs."

"Read what ye can, Tim, an' quick, for God's sake!"

So Tim, still with his face to the wall, raised the letter to catch the light, and began to read:

"Chicago City, U. S. A.

"DEAR—DEAR MISTER KERIN: It is my—my sad duty to in-form you that your son Patrick died [Aw, Padeen, Padeen!] of ty—typhus here on the 2d of this month at 12 o'clock a. m. ['God's mercy!" cried Nan]. As his oldest friend, I was with him at the end. He died in peace. He was buried, at his request, in —— Cemetery, I—I send you something to—to keep....."

"Aw, I can read no more," said Tim, with a groan; "it's too dark. I can read no more. Me poor ould Padeen!"

Nan turned and looked vacantly across at the busy street, dry-eyed and gray-faced. Ah! her poor Padeen, dead and buried away among the strangers, dead and buried, and never, never would she see him again, never hear his voice, never grip his hand! Dead, dead! her big, handsome, noble son.

She turned to Tim and caught him by the sleeve.

"Come away, Tim," she said. "Come away wi' me."

"Aw! Nan, Nan," he said, as the big tears sprang to his eyes. "Nan, me girl, but it's hard!"

Nan plucked at his sleeve.

"Come away home, Tim," she said, "come away." And at the word Tim raised his head, dried his eyes, and set off slowly after Nan up the long, dusty road that wearily led towards home.—The Sketch.

THE SOUTH AFRICA COMPANY.

Nearly All of Britain's Royal Family Have Made Money Out of It.

While there are some who allege that, owing to its aristocratic composition, the chartered company of South Africa, of which Mr. Cecil Rhodes is the presiding deity, will never forfeit its charter in spite of the inconceivable act of aggression upon the Transvaal republic by its officers and administrators, there are others of a more cynical turn of mind and acquainted with the financial circumstances of the company, who claim that the forfeiture of the charter would be the happiest thing that could possibly happen to the company, and that Dr. Jameson's raid across the British border was undertaken with the express purpose of bringing about that event. There is no doubt that the company for some time has been in a very bad way financially, that it finds itself unable to fulfill its promises and pay to its stockholders dividends on the shares which the present holders have purchased at enormous premiums from the now founders of the enterprise.

If the company were to go into liquidation by ordinary bankruptcy, due to the failure to fulfill its undertakings, there would be a terrible row in London, one which might affect even the stability of the throne, since it would be found that not only members of the aristocracy but even of the reigning house have realized vast sums of money by the sale of shares in the concern at huge premiums to the present unfortunate holders, most of whom will be ruined. The natural disposition of people under such circumstances is to allege fraud, and, unfortunately, there has been much in connection with the enterprise that appears exceedingly fishy, to say the least.

Now, a forfeiture of the charter would practically relieve the company of much of the odium with which it would otherwise be saddled in the event of failure, and the blame of the latter could be laid to a great extent upon the government, the directors of the company claiming that they could easily have fulfilled all their engagements had not the British government stepped in and ruined the concern by repealing its charter.

This is the only plausible excuse for the otherwise absolutely insane freak of Dr. Jameson, one of the most clever, level-headed and brilliant of lieutenants of Mr. Cecil Rhodes—in one word, a man possessing all the traditional shrewdness of the Scotchman coupled with the spirit of adventure of the Englishman. He is just the kind of man ready to sacrifice himself to cover the retreat—the financial retreat—of his associates and friends.

The founders of the company are, first and foremost, Cecil Rhodes, a member of the queen's privy council and prime minister of Cape Colony, next in importance to his principal partner in the concern being the duke of Fife, son-in-law of the prince of Wales, and the one of all the members of the British nobility to whom the queen has shown the greatest degree of favor. Then there is the duke of Abercorn, chief of the prince of Wales' household, the leader of the conservative party in Ireland and brother of Lady Blanford, mother of the duke of Marlborough. A fourth is Earl Gray, son of that Gen. Gray who was so many years private secretary to the queen and the prince consort and governor of the prince of Wales before the latter attained his majority.

It will be seen from these names that the social and political importance of the leading spirits in the South Africa company are such that neither Lord Salisbury nor Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, the secretary of state for the colonies, would dare to take upon themselves the responsibility of annulling the charter save with the consent and approval of the two dukes, the earl and the privy councilor and colonial premier chiefly interested in the affair.

Let it be added that there is hardly a member of the royal family, from the prince of Wales down to Prince Henry of Battenberg, who has not made money out of the concern and held shares in it, and the same may be said of the principal members of the royal household and society, the grand send-off which Cecil Rhodes' company received being in a great measure due to the discrimination which he displayed in allotting founders' shares only to those who, either through their social or official influence, could promote the interests of the concern. Most of them, however, have been clever enough to unload their holdings when the shares were at the highest notch.—Chicago Record.

A Mr. Malaprop.

A real Mr. Malaprop was discovered the other day in the person of a Broadway cable-car conductor. The car was on a downtown trip, and had but few passengers until it reached Fourteenth street. There half a dozen people, five women and one man, got aboard. Three of the women and the man found seats together, but the other two went to another part of the car, thereby leaving it doubtful as to whether they were members of the party or not. The man with the three, instead of giving the exact change, offered a half-dollar in payment of the fares, and the conductor was as much in the dark as ever. To inquire was plainly the only way to arrive at the truth. With a polite wave of his hand toward the two women in the further corner, he asked blandly: "Are those ladies implicated?"—N. Y. Tribune.

—All our progress is an unfolding like the vegetable bud. You have first an instinct, then an opinion, then a knowledge, as the plant has root, bud and fruit. Trust the instinct to the end, though you can render no reason. —Emerson.

—One line, a line fraught with instruction, includes the secret of Lord Kenyon's final success—he was prudent, he was patient, and he persevered. —Townsend.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—A Reno (Nev.) Chinaman sports a "pigtail" which is five feet eleven inches long.

—Women dentists are coming to the front. Two of them have hung out their shingles in Chicago.

—The water of Niagara falls was so scanty on March 31, 1848, that the rocks there were plainly visible for an entire day. No man then alive had ever previously seen the bare rocks at the falls.

—It is estimated that since the government began putting paper money in the hands of the people it has made a profit of no less than $30,000,0000 as a result of bills being mutilated, wasted, buried, lost or burned.

—Total area of the Indian territory is 31,662 square miles. Total population, 180,182, of which the five civilized tribes number 178,097. The latter are divided as follows: Whites, 109,553; Indians, 59,055; colored, 18,636; Chinese, 13; number of banks, 3; miles of railroads, 1,048, newspapers, 11.

—Bishop B. W. Arnett, the negro clergyman to whom accommodation was refused by a hotel in Boston recently, is making a tour of the western cities in which negro churches have been established. He says that the outlook for the future of the negro in America is bright and that the race is making substantial progress everywhere.

—A new system of auxiliary membership, or reserve supply, has recently been inaugurated by a national guard regiment in Tacoma, Wash., and is highly commended by the adjutant general. The regiment has about 20 young men, non-members, drilling with it all the time, and when a vacancy occurs it is filled by one of the auxiliaries, and the standard of the regiment is thus always kept at the top notch.

—Treasure seekers are digging in Elysian park, Los Angeles, for $100,000 in coin and jewels said to have been buried by a wealthy Spaniard in the days when the country belonged to Spain. An Indian peon helped the don to bury the treasure, and the story was handed down, in the manner such legends run in the southwest, until it came to the knowledge of the Arizona miner who has now obtained permission to try and find the alleged treasure.

HAD FEARS FOR HIM.

Wife Who Believed That He Never Would Stop.

He had been bitten early by the cycling fever. He prided himself upon the fact that he was one of the "old-timers" and that he wore upon his breast a veteran's bar. He had begun in the good old days of the ordinary, days when there was a real exhilaration awheel. He had marked the passing of his friend of old in sadness, but he had taken to the safety with renewed enthusiasm.

He had filled every office within the gift of the league. In his declining years he refused the higher honors, but consoled himself with membership in 13 clubs of his city, and with presidencies and secretaryships and treasurerships and captaincies galore. He had been a "warm member." He had ridden centuries up to the last, last week, and was bedizened with golden bars like unto the Pharaohs of old.

On off days, and other occasions, he had been a good husband to the sorrowing woman who now mourned, and mourned, and mourned. His taking off had been sudden, but he had died at peace with the world, and the world was fairly well satisfied, too. The 13 A. A. A. A. C.'s were arranging for the funeral awheel. It had been his last request. But his sorrowing widow mourned and mourned.

"Madam," said the white-haired clergyman, with tremulous voice, "do not weep. Your husband is resting now."

"Nay, nay!" she wailed, remembering how her departed spent the Sabbath awheel, and not in sober worship. "Nay, nay! I fear he is scorching yet." —Bearings.

INSIDE THE TEAKETTLE.

It Is Well Worth While to Note Its Condition.

A helpful suggestion is to be welcomed, from whatever source it may come, and this bit of moralizing regarding certain kitchen practices, is just as valuable as though it appeared for the first time in some publication claiming to be devoted especially and exclusively to the interests of Bridget and her mistress. It is often the simplest details of kitchen labor that are the most neglected. The hot water kettle, for example—how many cooks pay any attention to it? Stale water simmered, and with all vitality cooked out, is its perennial portion, with an occasional filling up and sudden boiling as the need requires. If every housekeeper who reads this paragraph should go straight to her kitchen, lift the kettle, and carry it to the window, where a strong light will disclose its interior, nine out of ten of them will find a rusty layer of lime, iron and dregs, that effectually prevents any good-flavored water from issuing from it. The kettle needs the same frequent and thorough care that any kitchen utensil needs. Into such, having it already warm, put fresh filtered water, boil rapidly, and use at once, and one of the large aids to palatable food is secured. —N. Y. Times.

Ominous.

"Genius," said the lecturer, "too often is short-lived, while mediocrity lingers to a good old age. Methuselah did nothing worth mentioning, and he lived till he was 969 years old. Virgil died at 51, Dante at 56, Shakespeare at 52, and Moliere at 51."

At this point a wild, despairing cry came from the back part of the hall, and John Alfred McCracken, author of "Lines on Spring" and "Ode to Uncle Leonidas Horney's Old Brindle Cow," was found to have fainted.—Chicago Tribune.

A Strange Logical Process.

"It is a wonder to me," said Willie Wishington, "to see how quickly the minds of some men act. There are people who can decide in an instant what it would take others a long time to consider. I met a man the other evening who is that way."

"Was he a lawyer?"

"I don't know. But he had an intellectual gwasp that was astounding. I met him in the hall just as he was reaching for an umbwella. 'Is that your umbwella?' he inquiahed. 'No,' weplied I. 'In that case,' he answered, 'it's mine.'"—Washington Star.

Born That Way.

There's a confidence man, they say,
Whose patronymic is Kay,
And his friends all claim
He lives up to the name,
For he is always after the jay.
—Chicago Tribune.

STARTED HIM ANYWAY.

Willie—If there was a war in South Africa you would go, wouldn't you?

Cholly—No, Willie, I don't think I would. Why do you ask?

Willie—'Cause I heard Sister Annie say the other day that you was a bore. —N. Y. World.

The Way of the Trade.

"Scrivener lives and writes entirely in the future."

"Thinks the present generation is unappreciative and unsympathetic, eh?"

"No, not exactly; but he has to write his Fourth of July jokes about Christmas time, and his Christmas jokes about Fourth of July time."—Puck.

A New Source of Pleasure.

"How did you enjoy yourself at the show?" asked Gilhooly of a fat friend.

"First rate. I'd go every evening if those contortionists were there."

"What is there about those contortionists that affords you so much pleasure?"

"Well, you see, when I sit there comfortably in the orchestra and see those contortionists twist themselves out of shape, it tickles me almost to death to know that I don't have to do that for a living."—Texas Siftings.

Wasted Enough.

Young De Fast (who has been out very late the night before)—Have you filled the bath-tub as I told you?

Valet—Yes, sah.

"With cold water?"

"Yes, sah."

"Then lead me to it."

"Watah's awful cold for a bath, sah."

"I don't want a bath. I want a drink."
—N. Y. Weekly.

So They Have.

The teacher was asking questions—teachers are quite apt to ask questions and they sometimes receive curious answers. This question was as follows:

"Now, pupils, how many months have 28 days?"

"All of them, teacher," observed the boy on the front seat.—Utica Observer.

There Are Others.

She plays a stunning game of golf;
Is winner at the goal;
Looks captivating at the links,
And does not miss a hole.
But when the maiden tries her hand
At making pumpkin pie,
Her victims writhe in agony,
Give up the ghost and die.
—N. Y. World.

His Mission in Life.

Mrs. Bunting—My James is so cruel. He is always torturing the cat, throwing stones at dogs and sticking pins in little girls. What will he do when he grows up?

Mrs. Larkin—Oh, he'll easily get a place as attendant in an insane asylum. —Life.

The Cheerful Idiot.

"Now is the time," said the patriotic boarder, "for some one to get up a national air that shall be distinctly American."

"What is the matter already," asked the Cheerful Idiot, with 'You Can't Play in My Yard?'" — Indianapolis Journal.

LATEST THING IN CYCLES.

Over in London they have a new cycle—whether to give it the pretty uni or bi has not yet been determined—which is altogether different from the models seen in this country. Instead of being on the wheel, the rider is inside. As shown in the above picture, there are two wheels, one inside the other. The inner wheel maintains a stationary position, which is necessary because it has fastened to it the rider's seat. Around it revolves the outer wheel, with which it has three points of contact, three grooved wheels, that form a runway. The power is obtained by the simple action of a spring attached to the treadles, and it is promised that great speed will be made when the wheel is properly used. Lightness and simplicity of construction seem to be its best points. The rider, being suspended below the machine's center of gravity, maintains a level seat whatever the seat or grade.

A Poloter.

Mrs. Brown—You should never point, Johnnie, it is very rude.

Johnnie—But what are you going to do, ma, when you don't know the name of the thing you want to see?

Mrs. B—Why, let the man show you everything in the store till he comes to it.—To Date.

She Knew It Herself.

Miss Wanterno—I have brought this book back. Mamma says it is not fit for me to read.

Librarian—I think your mother must be mistaken.

Miss Wanterno—Oh, no, she isn't. I've read it all through.—N. Y. World.

Hurt His Business.

"Say, boss, haven't you an old overcoat you can give a feller?"

"Why, that's a fine coat you have on."

"Yes, dat's de trouble, boss. It's too fine. Nobody will give me anything on account of me fine coat."—Harper's Bazar.

Chicago Strictly In It.

Jinks—Chicago people have a great many excellent plans for the future upbuilding of their city.

Winks—Yes; the place may be said to be paved with good intentions.—Town Topics.

The Difference.

Biggs—I am so stout that I know exercise would do me lots of good.

Tams—Then why don't you get out and shovel that snow off the walk?

Biggs—That's not exercise, that's work.—Truth.

Good at Imitation.

Miss Uptodate (spiritedly) — One thing you may be sure of—the new woman will have plenty of brains.

Van Sharp—Yes; I suppose her imitation of man will be well-nigh perfect. —Town Topics.

Her Appetite Still Good.

She (after the theater party)—If you will remain just a little longer I will have some refreshments served.

He—Pray, don't bother! You know when man's in love he has no appetite.

She—Then you can watch me eat.—Puck.

Why Did It Fail?

"The cause of death," said the physician, "was heart failure."

"That was what I supposed," replied the young man. "Most of us die of heart failure, but what I am anxious to learn is what caused his heart to fail. —Chicago Evening Post.

NO FALSE MODESTY.

"Harold, papa calls you a fortune hunter. I'm sorry I'm rich."

"So am I. Everybody will say that you bought me."—Bay City Chat.

Not a Novelty.

She—Did you go to see the pantomime by that French company?

He—Well, every play I ever saw by a French company was a pantomime to me.—Puck.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE NOBODY MAN.

I walked one day, a long, long way,
  Down to Topsy-Turvy Town,
Where it's day all night, and it's night all day—
  In the Land of Upside Down.
And who do you think was walking round?
  Imagine it if you can:
In the land of Upside Down I found
  The Nobody Man!

His head was bowed, and he groaned aloud,
  With the burden that he bore:
Misdeeds and mishaps, a wonderful crowd,
  Till there seemed no room for more.
"And why are you so heavily tasked,
  On such an unequal plan?"
As I sat on a wayside seat, I asked
  The Nobody Man.

He sat him nigh with a doleful sigh,
  And he said: "It needs must be;
What 'Nobody' does at home so sly
  Is shouldered here by me.
The slips and mishaps that are, soon or late,
  Denied by the careless clan,
In the Land of Upside Down all weight
  The Nobody Man."

He passed along with a doleful song,
  This overburdened wight,
And, bowed with the weight of other folks' wrong,
  He hobbled out of sight;
And I don't understand how it all can be,
  Or why he should bear this ban,
But—well, 'twas a wonderful thing to see
  The Nobody Man!
—Winthrop Packard, in St. Nicholas.

SMART BLACKBIRDS.

Gen. Lew Wallace Tells a Good Story of Their Sagacity.

Gen. Lew Wallace related an incident which shows to a remarkable extent the wonderful sagacity and memory of blackbirds.

"At my home over in Crawfordsville," said the general, "we have a large number of tall trees on the lawn, and in the course of time these trees became the roosting place at certain times of the year for hundreds of thousands of blackbirds. They came in great, black clouds, and in spite of all I could do they refused to leave. Of course, they were a great nusiunce, and I was in despair as to some means of getting clear of them. I stood for days with my gun firing into them of an evening and killing hundreds of them, but the rest did not seem to be sufficiently struck by fear or grief to want to part company with me and my hospitality. I then devised a new scheme.

"Procuring a number of Roman candles one evening I lighted them one by one after dark, when the boughs of the trees were bent low with the weight of the croaking birds, and I poured the candles into the tops of the trees at a great rate. The sudden innovation startled the birds as nothing had ever done before, and they became panic-

A FEW SHOTS PUT THEM TO FLIGHT.

stricken. That night I was free of them.

"The next evening, however, the habit of returning there to roost was stronger than fear, and they began coming in by thousands as soon as the evening approached. After dark I began with another volley of candles, and the birds begun to realize that there was a determined bombardment in progress. They fled precipitately, and the third evening only a few returned. A few last shots put them to flight, and I was troubled no more.

"But what do you think those birds did? My dividing fence runs between the trees on my property and the trees on the property of my neighbor, which are equally high and suitable for a home for the blackbirds. When the the birds were driven from my lot they flew over across the dividing fence to the trees of my neighbor and settled. There was no bombardment over there, and they stayed there ever since.

"This was a long time ago, but never since the last Roman candle was fired into them has one of those birds settled on one of my trees. They are 'tabooed' as effectually as though they were on fire. The great clouds of birds each morning and evening fly directly over my trees, going and coming, but not a bird settles upon a tree that is on my side of the dividing fence.

"Another strange thing is that if anyone of an evening stands in my lawn and makes a slight noise, as slapping his hands, there will be the wildest commotion among the birds in the neighboring trees. They become restless and almost panic-stricken. If, however, the same person crosses the fence and stands directly under them and makes twice as much noise, they pay no attention whatever to him. He can even shoot up into them without driving them from their perches.

"I have wondered several times just what impression those birds have of me and my property that they have so decidedly given me the cold shoulder. They know every tree that is on the other side of the fence within a few feet of the dividing line. Of course, I have not bothered them over there, as they were not my guests."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

DOT'S ADVENTURE.

In One Way It Was Not a Howling Success, in Another It Was.

Uncle Ned was really to blame for it, though he had not the least thought of such a thing when he said to Dot, as she came up with her round music box under her arm:

"Hello, little Dagoi Where'a your monkey?"

Now, Dot lives in the city winters, and knows all about the organ men and their queer little beasts. She comes with mamma in summer to the biggest country town in which mamma herself was a little girl. She had always thought it would be a fine thing to have an organ and go about the streets gathering pennies. As Uncle Ned sauntered off she grew very thoughtful. Then her face brightened. She ran down the garden calling excitedly to her little sister:

"Mab! Mab! I want you! Aunt Sarah said yesterday you were one perfect monkey."

Dot was just turned five, and Mab three, but the two were almost of a size, since Dot was a mere mite, and Mab deliciously chubby. When lunch time came without bringing them,

MAB "PLAYING MONKEY."

Grandmother Allen began to fidget, and wonder what had become of those precious little dears. At first Dot's mamma only laughed, saying:

"They will be here in a little while, bright as a new penny."

But when three o'clock saw them still away, she too, grew uneasy, and went to search for them.

So did Uncle Ned, but he chose another way. Somehow, he remembered Dot's face as he saw it last. "It would be just like her; she is the most original little morsel!" he muttered, as he took his way along the shady streets to a big hotel much frequented by summer visitors.

About the same time Dot was saying a little tearfully: "It's your fault, Mab; you're too big. Nobody won't believe you're my monkey when I tell them so. And you don't hold your cap out right; you drop it as soon as they don't put things in it. You ought to keep holding it till they were sorry and gave you something."

"My arm gets tired. I'm hungry. I want to go home. We have got the five cents Cousin Anna gave us when she met us as we started," Mab whined disconsolately, tugging at the string that bound her to Dot's arm.

"Bah! old cry face!" Dot said, with dignity. "I want to get enough pennies, so we can have ice cream soda and some pep'mints. Come! we'll try this place. It looks nice and big, with heaps of people on the porch."

"I want mamma," Mab said, disconsolately, but followed Dot up the piazza steps obediently, holding out her red fez, while Dot turned the crank of her music box so vigorously that no sound of any sort came from it. People began to stare at them. One young woman bent and kissed Mab's hot cheek, saying: "You poor little angel! Have you got nobody belonging to you?"

Mab did not answer; her eyes were fast on some one coming up the steps. With one bound she broke from Dot's hold, and flung herself tempestuously into Uncle Ned's arms, crying out:

"Uncle Ned! I want to go home. I won't ever be Dot's monkey any more."

"No, you shall be mine," Uncle Ned said, swinging her upon his shoulder and walking away in triumph.—Out look.

SIR JOHN.

The Family Cat Takes His Place at the Table.

"Whose chair is that, Jennie?"

"Why, don't you know, Cousin Beth? It's Sir John's."

"Sir John!" said Beth, in surprise. "Who is he?"

Beth had just come on a visit to her cousin Jennie. The family were taking their seats at the dinner table. A high baby-chair was placed by Uncle Enoch's side. This was the chair that puzzled Beth.

"There he comes now!" exclaimed Jennie, with a laugh.

A large and handsome cat bounded into the room. He leaped upon the chair and sat down very gravely.

This was Sir John. The children called him so because John by itself was too small a name for so great a cat.

Uncle Enoch tied a napkin about Sir John's neck. Sir John purred: "Thank you," very sweetly.

There was a little plate before him. A piece of fish was put into the plate, and Sir John began to eat. He did not use a knife or fork, but he handled one paw much more neatly than some children use a spoon.—Our Little Ones.

Friends.

These two dogs, Dutch and Curley, were great friends. Curley was a house-dog, and Dutch a watch-dog, who was chained to a kennel. Curley was very fond of Dutch, and would carry bones and dainty morsels to his friend's kennel. One morning Curley came into the house whining. The family went out to the kennel and found Dutch was dead. He was buried in the garden, and Curley for a long time carried bones to his grave.

A cubic foot of gold weighs 1,203½ pounds avoirdupois.

FARM AND GARDEN.

THE SCOTCH GRAYS.

A Profitable Poultry Breed Which Deserves Some Attention.

This once famous Scotch breed of poultry is again attracting attention abroad. In America it is as yet unknown, but if the efforts of its admirers are successful we shall soon see it in our midst. For this reason the following description of the breed will be of interest:

The Scotch Gray is supposed to have resulted from the union of the common barnyard fowl of Scotland with the Cuckoo Dorking. For a long time the Dorking type prevailed in the offspring, but it is now going out of favor. The standard of points adopted for the modern Scotch Gray cock is as follows: Plumage, cuckoo feathered; ground color of body, thigh and wing feathers should be bluish white, while that of the hackle, saddle and tail feathers may

SCOTCH GRAY COCK.

vary from bluish gray to light gray. The color of the burring must be glossy black, with a metallic lustre. The barring on the body, thigh and wing feathers should be straight across, while that on the hackle, saddle and tail may be slightly angled or V-shaped, and the alternating bands of black and white should be equal in width and should read throughout—i. e., be the same shade from head to tail and be free from red, black, white or yellow feathers, and the hackle, saddle and the tail should be distinctly and evenly barred, while the marking all over should be rather small, even, distinct and sharply defined. The markings of the hen are the same as the cock, but larger and more distinct. They have a straight single comb and red ear lobes. The breed is considered hardy and profitable, and we might do well to add it to those we already possess.—N. Y. World.

POISONOUS HOG BITES.

Antiseptics Should Be Applied to the Wound Without Delay.

It is a serious thing to be bitten by any animal, for even though there may be no poisonous glands, the saliva in the mouth of animals that bite is always more or less poisonous. The bite of the hog is more apt to be serious than that of any other domestic animal. It requires skill and activity to handle large numbers of hogs without endangering those who hold them. The hog is an omnivorous eater, and is not at all particular about getting particles of dirt or excrement with its food. Old hogs, which are most apt to bite, often destroy mice and snakes, and though they get no venom in their mouths, it will poison wherever such saliva reaches abraded skin. No one who has a sore on his hand should be called upon to assist in butchering hogs, as he may be infected from contact with the saliva without being bitten. In all cases of bite or cut a wash of some antiseptic should be applied. Diluted carbolic acid in the proportion of one to fifty of water is good, as is also a weak dilution of corrosive sublimate in proportion of one of the poison to 1,000 or 2,000 parts of pure water. These poisons thus diluted do no harm, and they will prevent poisons from working in cuts and bruises of any kind.—American Cultivator.

CLEANING THE PLOW.

How to Remove Rust in Three or Four Applications.

Buy from a drug store four ounces of sulphuric acid and pour it carefully into a pint of water. Do not spill a drop of it on the flesh or clothing, as it will burn like fire. Cork the bottle tightly. When ready to use, pour a little on the rusty surface, and let it soak in; when dry give another coat. If the plow is very rusty three or four applications may be required. Scour off with fine sand and water. Rub dry with cloth. Rub over the steel a mixture of crude petroleum and lard, equal parts. Set the plow upon board floor in barn, free from rain or snow. A plow thus treated will scour bright after a round or two, and, with a good team, the furrow will turn over without a break. When the plow is being cleaned is a proper time to examine the nuts and bolts to see that they are all screwed up, and that the threads of bolts are not so much worn as to work loose. It is of advantage to have a few plain and center points and a dozen bolts, such as bolts for points, landseape and mold boards. — Massachusetts Ploughman.

Keeping Poultry Houses Clean.

It is not a pleasant part of the farm duties to keep a poultryhouse clean, and in winter it is too often neglected; but there is nothing so necessary to the health of the flock as to attend to the matter of cleanliness in winter, when the fowls are indoors most of the time. It is much easier to keep the house clean if a good, thick bed of chaff or short straw is kept on the floor constantly, for this can be taken out easily and renewed in a few minutes. No poultryhouse should ever be allowed to become foul and ill-smelling, and no good poultry keeper ever neglects this matter.—Farm and Fireside.

THE OLD "STATE OF PIKE."

Once Extended to the Pacific Ocean!—Site of the Largest Nursery in the World.

From the St. Louis Republic.

The county of Pike is older than the State of Missouri itself, having been laid out in 1819. The town of Louisiana was laid out in the same year, so that Louisiana, Mo., and the "State of Pike" came into history at the same time.

When the Territorial Government established Pike County its southern boundary was the northern line of St. Charles County. The western line was along the divide between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, to the extreme northern line of the Territory of Upper Louisiana, and . . . extended to the Pacific Ocean on the west and to the forty-ninth degree of north latitude . . . .

One of the biggest institutions in Louisiana, Mo., is the Stark Bros. Nurseries . . . . Eighty years ago there came from Kentucky to Pike County the late Judge Stark, then a young man fresh from Old Hickory's New Orleans campaign. He started the nursery and planted the first grafted orchard in the state, having brought the scions on horseback from Kentucky.

The business has descended from father to son, and is now conducted by the third generation, assisted by the fourth. This firm has more than 1,000 salesmen and wants as many more; business men, professional men, mechanics, farmers and others, however inexperienced, are taught the business and work the year round—receiving good pay weekly. The company employs more people in its offices than would be necessary to run a large manufacturing concern. The extensive packing-houses are connected with the railroad by special track, whence hundreds of car loads of trees are shipped annually. The nursery grounds embrace a number of farms convenient to the city, and even extend to Rockport, Ill., where there is a plant of several million trees.

A peculiarity of the concern is the establishment of large orchards. These orchards, in 24 states, aggregate nearly 50,000 acres, 3,500,000 trees, on the partnership plan. The firm is also interested in nearly as many more trees on the co-operative arrangement. . . . The Nurseries have been beneficial not only to their home, but Missouri owes no little of her prestige as a fruit-growing region to the progress and work of development of this firm.

WICKEDNESS may prosper for awhile, but at the long run he that sets all knaves at work will pay them.—L'Estrange.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is the name of an illustrated monthly newspaper published by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R. It aims to give information in an interesting way about the farm lands of the west. Send 25 cents in postage stamps to the Corn Belt, 209 Adams St., Chicago, and the paper will be sent to your address for one year.

ANNA—"Is it an interestlng story?" Daisy—"Extremely interestlng! I don't tblak I skipped 20 pages."—Tit-Bits.

THERE is money to be made in Cripple Creek. When you go take the "Rock Island Route" to Colorado Springs. This is the only direct line—saves several hours' time to Cripple Creek. Send for full information. JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

HE travels safe, and not unpleasantly, who is guarded by poverty and guided by love.—Sir Philip Sidney.

FITS stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

IF there is anything in a young man the Rontgen rays should bring it out.—Yonkers Statesman.

BEECHAM'S PILLS for constipation 10c and 25c. Get the book (free) at your druggist's and go by it. Annual sales 6,000,000 boxes.

FOR ALLAYING HOARSENESS AND IRRITATION OF THE THROAT, use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" 25c a box. Avoid imitations.

WHAT a man can do is his greatest ornament, and he always consults his dignity by doing it.—Carlyle.

"NEITHER rhyme nor reason. Now, what could that be, I wonder?" "Why, poetry, of course, you stupid!"—Indianapolis Journal.

THOU canst not tell how rich a dowry sorrow gives the soul.—Alford.

ALL have the gift of speech, but few are possessed of wisdom.—Cato.

"WHAT are you crying for, child?" "Lolo hurt me." "How, pray?" "I was going to hit him with my fist, when he ducked his head and my fist hit the wall."—Etoile Belge.

RESPECT is better secured by exacting than soliciting it.—Grevillo.

"FOR the life of me," said the young man, "I don't see why a woman was not born with the same capacity for swallowing excuses that she has for ice cream!"—Indianapolis Journal.

WHEN time glides on insensibly, and deceives us; and there is nothing more fleeting than years.—Ovid.

STRANGER (from Nebraska) — "What? That the Chicago river?" Chicago Man—"Yes." Stranger—"Great snakes! Why don't you plow it up?"—Chicago Tribune.

TIME is the old justice that examines all offenders.—Shakespeare.

THE mendicant stood before the wayfarer with outstretched hand. "Please, sir," he said, "I have seen better days." "Well, that's no affair of mine," said the wayfarer; "make your kick to the weather man if you don't like this kind of a day."—Chicago Post.

RESTRAIN thy mind and let mildness ever attend thy tongue.—Theognis.

"YEARS ago," said Mr. Barnes Tormer, the eminent tragedian, "I started out to be the architect of my own fortunes, but in the school of experience I have learned that a successful architect ought to be able to draw good houses."—Indianapolis Journal.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

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OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

OPIUM and **WHISKY** habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA. MENTION THIS PAPER every time you write.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

A. N. K.—C. 1505

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Premium No. 1 Chocolate

Made by Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass., has been celebrated for more than a century as a nutritious, delicious, and flesh-forming beverage. Sold by grocers everywhere.

"Big as a Barn Door."

BattleAx PLUG

A GREAT BIG PIECE FOR 10 CENTS

For 5 cents you get almost as much "Battle Ax" as you do of other high grade goods for 10 cents. Before the days of "Battle Ax" consumers paid 10 cents for same quality. Now, "Battle Ax"—Highest Grade, 5 cents. That's true economy.

The Ins and Outs of It.

If you get best wear out of a coat, best work must have gone into it. You can't get good bread out of poor flour.

Moral: You can't get the best out of anything, unless the best is in it; and the best has to be **put** in before it can be taken out. Now, we have a rule to test those sarsaparillas with a big "best" on the bottle. "Tell us what's put in you and we'll decide for ourselves about the best." That's fair. But these modest sarsaparillas say: "Oh! we can't tell. It's a secret. Have faith in the label." . . . Stop! There's one exception; one sarsaparilla that has no secret to hide. It's Ayer's. If you want to know what goes into Ayer's Sarsaparilla, ask your doctor to write for the formula. Then you can satisfy yourself that you get the best of the sarsaparilla argument when you **get Ayer's.**

Any doubt left? Get the "Curebook."
It kills doubts but cures doubters.
Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

The OLD BLUE-BACK SPELLER was erstwhile thumbed by how many who read these words! And the old familiar picture!—each heart recalls a different scene, but all remember well how, cribbed, confined and confined while sunshiny afternoons dragged their slow length along, the feeling akin to pity grew into real admiration for the "young sauce-box" who would NOT come down, either for words or grass.—It TAKES stones and bull-dogs to drive boys out of STARK Trees!

STARK TREES BEAR FRUIT — not leaves only Tested 70 Years

When you plant a Stark tree, you can depend upon it—you have the BEST THEREIN. You can't afford to take chances. No man wants to lay the ax to the roof of a tree, or dig it up, just when old enough to bear. A TREE IS KNOWN by Its Fruit. Stark trees bear fruit—the finest science has ever produced. For instance—

Gold ($3,000) Plum —The choicest among not 10,000 but 20 MILLION! A child of science, sprung from crossing our hardy fruitful American plums and the beautiful and exquisite plums of Japan. "It is four times larger than its parents, and free wreathed and smothered with gloriously handsome golden globes—nothing on earth so beautiful or good." No marvel, then, that such a jewel of purest ray serene is worth a small fortune; nor that we were glad to pay full $5,000.00 for a single tree! A rare ornament, needs but small space—6 feet square. Bears in two years. Controlled by us under patented trade-mark.

SALESMEN and CLUB-MAKERS WANTED—CASH PAY WEEKLY. Millions of trees! Write us—LOUISIANA, Mo., ROCKPORT, Ill.

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The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1896.

OUR FRIEND, the *Mountain Democrat*, in its attack on the present Legislature last week failed to tell its readers that the upper house, or Senate, has a Democratic majority, and as that body acts on all measures does it not seem incompatible with the policy of the *Democrat* to comment so strongly?

THE ACTION of the authorities in refusing to open the B. & O. hotel the coming season is something which should be regretted by all the citizens of the town.

Although the hotel, when open, does not effect the business of the town to any great extent, yet the fact that it will remain closed will be detrimental to the reputation of Oakland as a summer resort.

We think that if a petition setting forth the fact that the people of Oakland bought and gave to the railroad company the ground upon which the hotel is situated, and asking the management to reconsider their action, it would have a wholesome effect and may bring about an order rescinding that which has been published concerning the matter.

Our Municipal Election.

The fact that the time is near at hand when the voters of Oakland will be called upon to cast their ballots for new municipal officers brings to mind that men for the offices to be filled, that of Mayor and three Councilmen, should be sound and rehable business men, wholly identified with the interests of our town, and men who would be in sympathy with any movement that would have a tendency to awaken and bring to life a movement looking to the improvement of the town in general.

We have within the lines of the Republican party gentlemen of ability to fill these offices, and, moreover, we have within the town Republicans enough to elect, provided the right material is selected and placed upon the ticket.

At the election two years ago a mixed ticket was placed before the people and elected. The result: Nothing has been accomplished. The streets of the town are in as bad condition, probably worse, than they were when the new council and mayor went into office; laws were enacted by the council only to be ignored; the town in debt more than twelve hundred dollars for lighting the streets alone; the treasury depleted and everything gone by the board.

This is the record made by the mixed or "mugwump" ticket and the Democrats of the town are responsible, the Republicans having had a ticket composed of gentlemen of superior ability before the people, all of whom were defeated.

The Republicans should again nominate a straight out Republican ticket, for we think that this time, having been taught by experience right at home that the Democracy is incompetent in local as well as National affairs, it can be elected by a good majority.

Give us a Republican council and a mayor who will carry out the desires of the council and we feel safe in making the assertion that at the end of two years the town will not be in debt one cent nor will its streets be in as foul and unsightly condition.

The Question of Revenue.

Is the tariff bill dead? Senator Frye thinks it is, and likens its mortuary condition to that of Julius Cæsar, who undoubtedly is dead. Senator Aldrich seems to take this same view. And yet, as a matter of fact, the tariff bill, in the legislative world is still alive. No bill is dead until it has been formally declared so, and its cerements provided.

The tariff bill is still on the calendar, subject to a motion for consideration at any time. That motion may be made. There is a growing feeling that the measure at least merits discussion. Senator Carter has criticised it, and Senator Teller has indicated a desire to do so, but no Senator has had an opportunity to champion it. There are many Senators who cordially approve of it, and fair play alone would seem to demand that an occasion be afforded them to express their views.

If the condition of the treasury were in any doubt; if a deficiency were only a matter surmised; if the weight of experience with it went to show that the Wilson tariff law under ordinary circumstances would justify itself, there might be some excuse for inaction by this Congress on the tariff question. But everything is to the contrary. The condition of the treasury is well known and confessed; a deficit, already large and growing, is a fact beyond dispute, while experience with the Wilson law as a revenue producer is about as encouraging as trying to make two and two foot up six. The law may be a beautiful thing in theory, but its mathematics as applied to the needs of this government is the puzzle and despair of all practical men.

In the face of this, can Congress afford to adjourn without at least making a serious effort to correct the evil? The House has acted, and with moderation. It considered only the pressing question of a deficiency, and met that. The Senate is called upon to go no futher, though, of course, no limit is prescribed as to what it should do. If more revenue should be provided the Senate can declare itself. If the amount suggested by the House should be differently arranged in assessment, that is open to correction. But that something should be done—some effort made to remedy what everybody is aware of and is complaining of—calls for no extended argument. North, south, east and west alike are interested. Even those journals that lead in the cry for free trade, and were so enthusiastically sure that a low tariff would bring about a commercial millennium, where the devil of hard times would be chained up for a thousand years, are now admitting that the government's allowance is inadequate to its proper support.—Washington Star.

Pea Ridge.

We take pleasure in representing this place through the columns of THE REPUBLICAN.

Everybody seems to be enjoying the good sledding snow.

Our school closed March 14th, with a good many scholars absent on account of sickness.

We are in need of a new school house here, and we hope to have one by the opening of the next term of school, for the one we have is dangerous and hardly fit to pen cattle in.

The choir, under the leadorship of Prof. Robeson, held singing services in the German Baptist church Sunday at 10.30 o'clock a. m.

G. F. Coleman, of Westernport, Md., was in our midst last week.

Waldo Broadwater has finished threshing rye for Simeon Green.

'Squire John F. Robeson, who has been on the sick list, is improving at this writing.

Mr. Simeon Hamilton and family of Bloomington, are the guests of Mrs. Brown.

Rev. John T. Green preached an excellent sermon here last Sunday to a large congregation.

John Tomlinson, of Frostburg, spent last Saturday and Sunday as the guest of Mr. A. J. Lancaster.

SCOUT.

"Give me a liver regulator and I can regulate the world," said a genius, The druggist handed him a bottle of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

THE ELECTORAL VOTE.

Its Probable Division Between Parties and the Lesson it Teaches the Republican Party.

Rochester Post-Express (Rep.)

The next electoral college of the United States will consist of 447 members, distributed among the various states as follows:

Alabama	11	Nevada	3
Arkansas	8	New Hampshire	4
California	9	New Jersey	10
Colorado	4	New York	36
Connecticut	6	North Carolina	11
Delaware	3	North Dakota	3
Florida	4	Ohio	23
Georgia	13	Oregon	4
Idaho	3	Pennsylvania	32
Illinois	24	Rhode Island	4
Indiana	15	South Carolina	9
Iowa	13	South Dakota	4
Kansas	10	Tennessee	12
Kentucky	13	Texas	15
Louisiana	8	Vermont	4
Maine	6	Virginia	12
Maryland	8	Washington	4
Massachusetts	15	West Virginia	6
Michigan	11	Wisconsin	12
Minnesota	9	Wyoming	3
Mississippi	9	Utah	3
Missouri	17		
Montana	3	Total	447
Nebraska	8		

In making a careful and conservative estimate of the probabilities of the electoral vote, the following states may be safely set down as Republican:

Connecticut	6	New Jersey	10
Illinois	24	New York	36
Indiana	15	Ohio	23
Iowa	13	Pennsylvania	32
Maine	6	Rhode Island	4
Massachusetts	15	Vermont	4
Michigan	11	Wisconsin	12
Minnesota	9		
New Hampshire	4	Total	227

We give the following states to the Democrats:

Alabama	11	South Carolina	9
Arkansas	8	Texas	15
Florida	4	Virginia	12
Georgia	13		
Louisiana	8	Total	80
Mississippi	9		

The following we class as doubtful:

California	9	North Carolina	11
Colorado	4	North Dakota	3
Delaware	3	Oregon	4
Idaho	3	South Dakota	4
Kansas	10	Tennessee	12
Kentucky	13	Washington	4
Maryland	8	Wyoming	3
Missouri	17	West Virginia	6
Montana	3	Utah	3
Nebraska	8		
Nevada	3	Total	131

It will be seen that several states are placed in the doubtful list which the Republicans are reasonably assured of carrying. Among these are Delaware, Kansas, Kentucky, Maryland, North Carolina, Tennessee and West Virginia. Here are sixty-three votes to be added to the Republican column, to say nothing of certain western states which upon all issues save free coinage, are staunchly Republican. The lesson of the figures is obvious. The Republicans must enunciate a sound money platform. It must be positive in expression. There must be no equivocation nor evasion. It must be in consonance with the record of ths party, which from the first has been for an honest dollar and the maintenance of the national good faith.

The figures also show that the Republican party can afford to be honest, by being true to itself and to the country. They indicate that it need not yield, in the slightest measure, to the clamor of ignorance or the demand of dishonesty. The party will march to triumph, even if every one of the so-called silver states desert it on the way. It is not required to dicker with them upon the temptation of securing their votes. It can get along without them.

Swanton.

Our new postmaster, Mr. C. T. West, commenced his duties on Saturday evening last, the office boxes and fixtures being removed to his store, he having purchased the same of Mr. L. H. Friend, our former efficient postmaster.

If the people who take so much trouble to note all the callers at Brookside would wear a pair of spectacles or use a telescope they would not be liable to make so many mistakes in the names as they did in last week's issue of the *Independent*.

We regret to learn that Mrs. Truman Mosser is ill at this writing. We wish for her a speedy recovery.

The Maryland Supply Co. are expectiug to carry on quite an extensive business in Swanton. The R. M. Fairall store is being put in repair for their use. A. F. George is doing the carpenter work and J. B. Deming, a fine young painter from New York, is doing the painting.

If a certain member of the Jr. O. U. A. M. would read the by-laws a little more thoroughly he would find that the school house flag was not intended to be laid away in a band box, but to be seen floating over the school building by the public, that they may be ever kept in remembrance of their country's freedom and liberty.

Mrs. Tricket, whose illness was recently mentioned, died on Sunday night last at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. C. Beekman.

There are several cases of measles still on record in this vicinity.

Wm. Sweet, of Loch Lynn Heights, will have charge of the Maryland Supply Co.'s store at this place. We are also pleased to learn that he will remove his family to his dwelling house here.

The farmers and teamsters have been making good use of the fine sleighing which the late snows have made, but as yet we have seen no pleasure parties out with their merry bell(es).

Three young ladies and a gentleman from Keyser were visiting at R. M. Fairall's on Saturday. Base ball was at one time the leading sport of Swanton, but on Saturday last our people were treated to an exciting game of leap-frog by our out of town visitors.

Messrs. W. T. Comp and A. B. Huff took a flying trip to Bloomington Monday.

Among the visitors of the Swanton school on Monday we noticed Messrs. W. H. Lohr, of Bittinger, and E. W. Noonan, from Gilbertsville, New York.

We wish to make mention of our public school of Swanton, which closed on Monday of this week. Too much praise cannot be given to the estimable young lady, Miss Cora Ashenfelter, who has so ably conducted the school this winter. The children have not only improved in their class books, but in manners and morals. Prizes were awarded to Artie Murphy and Francis Deming for not being absent nor tarday the whole winter.

Grantsville.

Mother Earth has a thick warm coat of royal ermine colored congealed moisture. The first fall of snow was eight or nine inches deep, which was followed by a storm and it in turn by clear cold weather. On Friday morning mercury in self registering thermometers stood at one degree below zero. On Sunday morning more snow was falling and when it ceased Monday afternoon about twelve inches covered the first fall.

Willie, son of Louis Hachman, died last Thursday morning from a combination of ailments, among which was spinal fever. The funeral was held here on Friday. Services were conducted by Rev. Johnson, of Salisbury, Pa., who is pastor of the Lutheran congregation here. The departed was twelve years and twenty days old.

Michael Nathan has rented the Grantsville planing mill of Mr. Hershberger for one year.

Ex-sheriff Wegman intends to go to Baltimore to-day (Tuesday) on business.

Samuel Yutzy, son Daniel, and daughters, Misses Mary and Ida, of Greenville, Pa., were the guests of S. D. Yoder and family over Sunday.

Loch Lynn Heights.

Mr. A. H. Frey was at Clarksburg, W. Va., last week on business.

Mr. E. W. Williams, of Clarksburg, W. Va., was on our streets last week.

Mr. Wm. H. Biggs who has been confined to the house all winter with sickness, we are glad to state is improving.

The bill for the incorporation of our town passed the House of Delegates last week. We expect to have it passed and made a law soon, and then our thriving little burg will put on metropolitan airs.

Miss Lucy Friend, of Selbysport, was a visitor to Mr. Brison Welsh, the early part of the week.

There has been a great deal of checker playing here during the late stormy weather. It has developed two classes of players—those who can't play and those who won't play.

The measels are in some of the families here.

Mr. Samuel Jones, of Swanton, was on our streets on day this week.

Its Pap Hamilton now. He is awful proud of his little boy.

Mr. Thomas Callis, we are glad to state, is convalescent.

INVESTIGATOR.

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

THE STATE CAPITOL.

The Bill to Make the Mine Inspector Elective Passes the House

ANNAPOLIS, March 17, 1896.

The Shamrock has the floor today, nearly every member of both Houses as well as the fellows in the lobby are wearing the green in honor of the day, and the weather is bright and balmy.

There is an immense crown here this morning, all parts of the State being represented.

Hon. B. A. Richmond and W. C. Deveemon are here looking after the canal claims bill which is still in possession of the Senate committee on finance, a majority of which are Democrats. Senator Jackson, (ex-governor), is chairman of the committee, and it is said they will not allow interests on the claims if they report the bill favorably.

The best information I have today is to the effect that the Senate will agree to go into joint convention to elect police commissioners on Thursday. The Senate, being Democratic, has not been able to adjust itself to the new order of things, and will not agree to any line policy that smacks of liberty without a concession. They have made a compliance of the law, and a fulfillment of their sworn duty in respect to the election of police commissioners a subject of political bargain, and the Republicans have been compelled to abandon any attempt to secure an investigation of the management of affairs in Baltimore in order to induce the Senate to discharge a plain duty.

The election committee will make a report this afternoon upon the contest from Worcester county, and it is said the Democratic members will retain the seats. The testimony does not show fraud sufficient to vitiate the election.

The local veto bill will be talked to death in the Senate. That body is about equally divided upon the bills, and it is very evident now that it would not pass, as its opponements have decided to prolong the discussion until the end of the session if necessary. It came up at one o'clock to-day and an hour was lost in discussing various amendments, after which its further consideration was postpoued until Thursday.

Messrs. Dick and Campbell have introduced a bill to amend the law providing for the publication of notices of the setting of officers of registration in Allegany county. The authors of the bill claim that this advertising is unfairly distributed to the various papers of the county, and that the newspapers on the creek have been discriminated against in this matter. The amended law provides that the registration advertising shall be distributed so as to give the county papers a much larger slice of the patronage than they have heretofore enjoyed. The bill has passed its second reading, and will undoubtedly pass the House.

The bill to change the hours of holding the police courts in Baltimore city passed the House to nay. It had previously passed the Senate.

Under the old law the police justices opened their courts at six o'clock in the morning. The new law provides that they shall open at nine.

A joint resolution submitting a constitutional amendment to the votes of the people, providing that no municipal corporation shall contract debts to a value of the assessable property within the limits of the corporation, passed the House last night. This is in fulfillment of another pledge made by the Republican party in convention at Cambridge.

The appropriation for the State militia will probably come up in the House to-night, when Mr. Dick is expected to make a strong speech in opposition.

The fate of quite a number of the governor's appointments still hang in the balance. Mr. Orr, the first appointee for labor statistician, objects to being "pulled off" the track and Senator Dobber is fighting his battle for him. Nevertheless, Mr. Myer will likely be confirmed.

The Democrats are whetting their knives for Hon. Philip Laird, nominated for Land Commissioner, and say they will turn him down whenever his name is reported from the committee.

Mr. Mervin, nominated for State Librarian, is contending with some serious charges, and is not yet out of the woods.

Dick and Campbell's bill to make the office of inspector of mines elective by the people, passed to House to-night. It now goes to the Senate.

Senator Sloan had the semi-mouthly pay bill passed to a second reading to day. It has passed the House.

McC.

FOR SALE.—A town lot 60x160 feet, on Pennington street. Also a one horse sled. Apply to this office.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS OF
GARRETT COUNTY
OAKLAND, MD., February 25th, 1896.

For the want of funds, we will be compelled to close the public schools of Garrett county on the 13th day of March, 1896. All schools not having made full time will be allowed to run two weeks longer, if necessary, to make up lost time, but all schools *must* close on the 27th day of March, 1896.

SCHOOL BOARD MEETING.

The Board of School Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office on the

2nd Day of April, 1896,

to audit teachers' reports and to transact any other business requiring their attention.

By order of the Board.

WM. HINEBAUGH, Secy.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, good prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
T. R. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

GEN. SHERMAN'S MEMOIRS.

TO BE PUBLISHED IN

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

It will be of the greatest interest to all veterans, and to all others who are interested in any degree in the history of the Rebellion, to learn that that great family paper, THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, of Washington, D. C., has purchased the exclusive right to publish in serial form that intensely interesting work, the

Personal Memoirs of Gen. W. T. Sherman.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE will begin the publication of these within the coming month and they will run through the year. They will be profusely illustrated by maps, portraits, battle scenes, etc. This is the

FIRST OF THE GREAT WAR BOOKS

to be given the public in this popular form, and subscribers to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE will get for a year's subscription what has hitherto cost several dollars. The narrative begins with the general's birth and parentage, his boyhood life in Ohio, life at West Point, experiences in California, and then gives a vividly interesting history of the war. Every line is fascinating.

Subscription price $1 a year, in advance.

SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE,

so as not to miss a number.

"Commanders of the U. S. Army."

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE has published a handsome booklet, giving fine half-tone pictures of all the Commanders-in-Chief of the United States Army since its formation 107 years ago. These are printed on heavy "plated" paper, and accompanied by a sketch of each General. Something never before published, and very fine. Sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. Address—

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE,
1329 New York Ave., Washington, D. C.

SHERIFF'S SALE

—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, and to the undersigned directed, the same being No. 17 Judicials, March Term, 1896, at the suit of C. A. Stanton use J. S. Broadwater vs. Marshall Beachy, I will offer at public auction to the highest bidder, on

SATURDAY, THE 21ST DAY OF MARCH, 1896,

at the hour of eleven o'clock of said day, in front of the Livengood Hotel in the town of Grantsville, all that lot of land situated in said town containing three-quarters of an acre and belonging to said Marshall Beachy on the north side of the National road, formerly occupied by Abraham J. Beachy and known as the "John Fallinger Property," and purchased from him by Abraham J. Beachy, and which the said Marshall acquired from the said Abraham J. Beachy by his last will and testament.

Said property is improved by a dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings.

The defendant's interest in the above property will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs.

TERMS OF SALE—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN,
51—3 Sheriff of Garrett County.

EVERYBODY APPRECIATES A GOOD NEWSPAPER.

You want to keep posted on all the events of the day, and in order to do so, you must read a paper which contains all the news. The

PITTSBURGH CHRONICLE TELEGRAPH

is the best home paper published, and its facilities for obtaining the most reliable information are unexcelled. Special care is taken to give the most accurate and unbiased news obtainable.

THE SPECIAL FEATURES

embrace, in addition to the latest news, a financial, sporting and society department, each of which contains a complete and accurate account of the day's events. Handled in all surrounding towns by agents. One cent a copy or six cents a week. Send postal card for sample copy.

CHRONICLE TELEGRAPH,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

ECCLESIASTICAL COLUMN.

Rev. Romanus Mat(ingly), pastor St. Peter' Catholic Church, Editor.

Restitution and Indemnification.

"What shall I do, for my lord taketh away from me the stewardship?" Luke 16:3.

When the unjust steward, mentioned in the Gospel, saw that he would lose his situation because of malfeasance in office, he asked himself the question; "What shall I do for my lord taketh away from me the stewardship?" Why does he ask this question? Does he repent of his malfeasance, and has he the will to repair it as best he can? No such thought enters his mind; he thinks rather of some means to extricate himself from his predicament. Instead of repairing his injustices he commits new ones; he makes great abatements to the debtors of his lord, hoping that they will be grateful to him and provide for his support.

Many people act like the unjust steward. They live beyond their means and get into difficulties. They take the property of others in various ways, commit many injustices in business in general, but hardly ever think of making restitution or reimbursing for loss or damage.

Restitution and indemnification are necessary for salvation,

I. *Because the obligation is founded on the law of nature.* The natural law which God has inscribed in the heart of everyone tells us: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." If anyone has taken something from us unjustly, or has done us some damage, we certainly wish him to give back what he has taken, and to indemnify us. According to this principle we must deal with our neighbor; we must restore to him what we have take away unjustly, and repair the damage. He who does not do this sins against the natural law.

Restitution and indemnification are necessary,

II. *Because God expressey commands it.* "If any man steal an ox or a sheep and kill it, or sell it, he shall restore five oxen for one ox; and four sheep for one sheep." Exodus 22 : 1. We see here that the law of Moses required not only a simple restitution, but according to circumstances a four and five fold. In regard to indemnification we read in the law of Moses: "If any man hurt a field or a vineyard, he shall restore the best of whatsoever he hath in his own field, or in his vineyard according to the estimation of the damage." Exodus 22 : 5.

Restitution and indemnification are necessary,

III. *Because without it no forgiveness of sin is possible.* No power on earth can dispense from the obligation of restitution. It is a law of nature, and God is the author of nature. Almighty God himself cannot dispense from it, for infinite justice, as well as every other perfection, is one of God's attributes, and Almighty God can no more annul one of His attributes than he can deny his own nature, or cease to be God. The duty of restitution and indemnification never falls under the right of limitation. Let it be twenty, thirty or forty years and longer since you have stolen, cheated or done damage, you are just as rigorously obliged to restitution and indemnification as if you had committed the injustice yesterday or to-day.

Only the *impossibility* frees from the obligation of restitution. No one is bound to the impossible is a principle of ethics. But the impossibility must not be a fancied, but a true and real impossibility; or *remission*, when the injured party voluntarily remits the obligation.

On the circumstances of restitution and indemnification, we may consider the following questions:

1st. Who must restore or indemnify? In the first place, *he who possesses the property of others, or has caused them damage.* He is the author of the injustice, therefore he is obliged to repair it. If he dies without having satisfied his obligation, it passes over to his heirs. Therefore if parents commit injustices, their children as heirs must repair their injustices. If they omit the duty of restitution, they are just as accountable before God as their parents. Children cannot validly inherit from their parents property that the parents never owned.

If he who has committed the injustice does not make restitution, the duty passes over to those who have co-operated in the injustice, or not hindered, although they could and were obliged to hinder it. Those who co-operate are the cause of the injustice done to the neighbor, and must make restitution if the principal author does not. The same is to be said of those who did not prevent the injustice when they could and by virtue of their office or state of life were obliged to hinder it. Thus parents must repair the injustices of their children when they could have prevented them.

To whom must the property of others be restored, or the damage be repaired? The answer is, to the proprietor, or if he is no longer living, to his heirs, because they enter into the rights of the testator. Only in two cases can, and must restitution be made to the poor or for pious purposes; first, when there is question of a very insignificant amount and restitution to the owner would be connected with great inconvenience, and secondly, when the proprietor is unknown or when it would be impossible to restore to him.

How much must be restored? We must distinguish here whether somebody has appropriated to himself and possesses the property of another *willingly* and *knowingly*, i. e., in *bad faith*, or *unwillingly* and *unknowingly*, i. e., in *good faith*. He who with knowledge and will, therefore in bad faith, appropriates or possesses the property of another must indemnify the proprietor; that is, he must place him in the same situation in which he would be if no injustice had been done to him. He is obliged, therefore,

First, To restore the goods of another, or if he no longer possesses them, their full value;

Secondly, To compensate the proprietor for all the gain of which he has deprived him, and,

Thirdly, To repair all the damage which he has caused him. He is allowed to deduct only those expenses which the owner himself could not have possibly avoided had he remained in the quiet possession of his property.

He who without knowledge and will, therefore, in good faith appropriates or possesses the property of another, is obliged as soon as he finds out that it belongs to another to restore what he still possesses of it, and as much as he has become richer by it.

When must we restore, or indemnify? It must be done as soon as possible. He who does not restore ill-gotten goods when he can, has not an earnest will to make restitution, for what one earnestly wills to do, he will do as soon as he can. Moreover, restitution becomes more difficult by delay, for attachment to property usually grows, and the damage or loss which accrues to the neighbor by delay, becomes greater. Finally, no one should defer restitution and indemnification, for he exposes himself to the danger of being overtaken by death without having fulfilled his duty. If one cannot make restitution at once, he must have the sincere will to do so as soon as possible. If he cannot restore it all at once, he must do so little by little, and continue until he has restored the whole. If he cannot restore all, he must at least restore partially in as far as it is possible for him, for if the owner has a right to all his property he has a right to all the parts of it.

All the above is founded on the following principles, copied from St. Alphonsus Ligouri's Moral Theology:

First and universal principle:—The owner himself has *per se*, or in himself the right of possessing his property, and he does not lose the dominion of it no matter in whose hands it may come. This is the universal principle. The four general principles are,

First, The thing cries out for its owner (*res clamat domino*), that is the strict right of recovering his property belongs to the owner wherever he may find it.

Second, The thing or the property increases in value with the owner. (*Res fructificat domino*), which means that the use and enjoyment of the property is necessarily included in the idea of perfect ownership.

Third, The thing or the property naturally perishes with the owner. (*Res naturaliter perit domino*). The thing or the property perishes with the owner because the object of dominion failing, the ownership itself vanishes.

Fourth, No one has the right to enrich himself from the goods of another.

EUROPEAN LETTER.

Our Special Correspondent Writes From Italy.

(From our special correspondent.)

ROME, ITALY, March 7, 1896.

Our stay in Rome has been extremely pleasant and profitable.

Now I want to mention that we have seen during the last week, the Capitol, the Aventine, the Pantheon, Paul's prison, the Kings Stables, the Jesuit Church of St. Ignazio and Gesu, one of the most gorgeous churches in Rome.

On Sunday we went to the Villa Borghese, where they had fitted up the bed of what was formerly a large lake as a race course and were having horse and chariot races there witnessed by thousands of people. It seemed strange to me to pay admission and attend this performance of a wild west order (excepting of course, the chariot races) on a Sunday afternoon. But it was for the benefit of the wounded in Africa. A thousand more soldiers left here last week for Africa, to recruit the ranks of the wounded. They departed amid bursts of martial music and great enthusiasm. But the sensative ear detected many minor notes. They came from the broken hearts of mothers, wives and sisters who were embracing the loved they might never see again. Oh, it was terribly sad. It makes me boil with indignation when I think on what trivial pretexts nations that call themselves civilized, resort to war. I admire England for the pacific attitude she took in our recent little wrangle. She kept a level head. Until a man is ready to enlist in the first volunteer regiment, it does not become him to blow about war.

On the Aventine we saw a very handsome new monastery, a vista opening upon St. Peters, and St. Sabina, an old church dating from the early fifth century. Here we were followed around by an old Franciscan monk who took us into the monastery gardens and gave us flowers. This reminds me that in Rome there are as many uniformed and official as unofficial beggars. The former class kept little gates and doors locked on public highways or in buildings, which the visitor has a perfect right to enter free of charge. But not so, rule these beggars in brass buttons. They appoint themselves Custodian of the Key, and you must ring and wait in their officious service. They bow around and make a great pretence of assistance. Once away from them you are confronted by the deformed and wretched looking beggars at every church door who often project themselves in front of you and all but catch hold of your sleeve. If you refuse them, maledictions are hurled after you. This is one of the very disagreeable features of European travel. I shall never forget a beggar, this time in the garb of a priest, whom we encountered in the great Cathedral of Seville. He asked for money in every way but in words. I did not mind this so much as I did his face. It was the most voluptuous, repugnant face I have ever seen. Alas! that his lips have ever taken the vows of Holy Church. He might grace the Bowery, but his physical make up was suggestive of every thing but sanctity.

On Thursday we went to the Kings stables, where Paul was greatly delighted with the 150 horses. They were pleasing to look at, fine, fat, sleek, intelligent-looking fellows, with nothing to do but contemplate their fortunate (or unfortunate) lot in life; for they looked like they longed for an outing and would gladly exchange places with the cabhorses on the highway if only they could get sunshine and exercise. Meanwhile, doubtless, their weary cab brothers long to step into their shoes. All of which goes to prove that happiness is relative and that horses, like men, are slaves to imagination.

At the Capitol we saw the Municipal Council rooms, busts of the Kings and the Prince of Naples, a beautiful statue of Cleopatra by a Roman sculptor, and a number of other pictures, all historical.

Near the Capitol we went into an old building and down narrow, winding stairs into a dungeon which is believed to be the identical one in which Paul was confined.

Walking along a street the other day I saw a crowd collected in front of a house and looking up, I thought, at it. A nearer approach showed the house to be a Catholic scool for young girls. They were leaning over the high baleonies in pure white garments which seemed to differ in no respect from *les robes du nuit*. Strange, I thought, that a strict institution should permit its inmates to appear in their night dresses at the windows as to attract a crowd of people. But I soon discovered that a funeral service was taking place in a house on the opposite side of the street and that the girls were entirely proper in appearing in their seminary uniform.

Oak Hill.

The snow is twenty-eight inches deep.

On last Friday our teacher made the children happy by giving them each a treat.

Almost all the farmers have their limestone hauled for their spring crops.

Mr. Clark Rush is building a new barn which will be 44x80 feet. Mr. Fred Hoffman is doing the work.

Mr. Adam Schlossnagle expects to move to Friendsville soon. He will be missed in this community.

Mrs. J. W. Schroyer and Mrs. Sarah Teats are both ill at present.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending March 21, 1896, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Jacob D. Martin J. H. Perkins

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

For Sale Cheap.

1 Model 40 Columbia Bicycle, 1 No. 1 Hartford Bicycle, 1 Boy's Hartford Bicycle; all 1895 models and practically as good as new.

S. T. JONES,
Oakland, Md.

New Goods.

Just received, a full and complete line of Dress and Waist Ginghams, Waist Plaids, Percales, Drapery, Lawns, India Linons, Outings, Serges, Henriettas, Bohemian Plaids, and a full line of Dress Linings; also spring line of mens' Clothing. Suits and Pants, boys' Suits, long and short Pants and extra Pants, good goods at low prices. These goods, as well as a new line of Hats, Caps, Shoes, Dress Shirts and Scarfs for spring, at prices to suit the times, rock bottom, are to be had at S. L. Townshend & Son's. 1-4t.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper under the caption "We Loan Money." The Mutual Guarantee Building and Loan Association which he is representing is one of the strongest new financial institutions in the country and the largest new Building and Loan Association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management is developing it very fast. Its assets have already reached over $2,000,000, which proves it to be positively reliable in every respect. The men that carry it on are responsible and well known gentlemen. This is a good association for the investor as well as for borrower. It has a life insurance policy connected with it which beats anything in any other association. It is good for both young and old and especially for the young man, as this policy matures in 7 years, the others in 8 years. So anyone wishing to make and save money rapidly will do well to invest in this association. Those desiring to borrow or invest will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars.

Do You Wear Pants?

I must get your trade. Therefore all pants that I originally marked $5.00 and $6.00 for this season, I will make for

$4.50.

These goods are the latest effects from the woolen mills for the season of '96. They include Clay Diagonals, Imported Cheviots and Harris Cassimeres. They will be made to your measure and guaranteed to fit.

You Can Have That Old Suit of Yours

Cleaned, dyed and repaired at small expense to look like new by our expert workmen. We also do ladies' work.

M. COHEN, Tailor,

1-tf Railroad St., Near Depot, OAKLAND, MD.

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL ROOFING.

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In effect April 1st, 1894.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS		NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1			No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.			NOON	P. M.
3 00*	8 00† lv	Cumberland	ar	12 00	7 00
3 31	8 31	Rawlings		11 29	6 29
3 56	8 56	Keyser		11 01	6 00
4 09	9 09	Westernport		10 51	5 51
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. Junc.		10 48	5 48
4 37	9 37	Shaw		10 23	5 23
5 00	10 00	Harrison		10 00	5 00
5 05	10 45* ar	Elk Garden		8 55	3 55
5 35	10 35† lv	Gorman		9 21	4 21
5 41	10 41	Bayard		9 15	4 15
5 52	10 52	Dobbin		9 01	4 01
6 23	11 23	Thomas		8 31	3 34
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis		8 00	2 55
6 57	11 27 lv	Coketon		8 31	3 28
6 51	11 51	Hendricks		8 07	3 04
6 57	11 57	Brelx		8 01	2 61
7 00	12 00	Parsons		7 58	2 58
30	12 30	Kerens		7 20	2 20
00	1 00† ar	Elkins	lv	*7 00	12 00
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv		11 35
					P. M.
	2 55* ar	Beallington	lv		11 30
P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

After January 6th, 1896, and until further notice, Sunday trains will be discontinued.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland;

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 30 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400 balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

3. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirely or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty., Oakland, Md.

—THE—

MARYLAND SUPPLY CO..

OF GARRETT COUNTY.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

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FLOUR, FEED, GRAIN, SALT, GROCERIES

OUR SPECIALTIES.

We have superior facilities for buying cheap, and can therefore sell cheaper than ever known.

We have made special arrangements by which we can sell

—THE—

HARVEST QUEEN

AT $25 PER TON.

Farmers, now is a chance to take advantage of a good fertilizer. All who have tried HARVEST QUEEN speak well of it.

Keep your eye on one of the stores of

THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO.

31-1yr.

FOR SALE.

The farm belonging to Elizabeth Maley, situated two miles north of Deer Park, adjoining the lands of Jack Cooper, Fundenberg, Miller and Rawlesion. Contains 115¾ acres, about 68 acres cleared, and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the premises. 52-4m.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
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Office opposite postoffice, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

Your Face

Will be wreathed with a most engaging smile, after you invest in a

White Sewing Machine

EQUIPPED WITH ITS NEW

PINCH TENSION,
TENSION INDICATOR
—AND—
AUTOMATIC TENSION RELEASER,

The most complete and useful devices ever added to any sewing machine.

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Durably and Handsomely Built,
Of Fine Finish and Perfect Adjustment,
Sews ALL Sewable Articles,

And will serve and please you up to the full limit of your expectations.

ACTIVE DEALERS WANTED in unoccupied territory. Liberal terms. Address,

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.,
CLEVELAND, O.

WHY SHOULD YOU SEND YOUR CHILD —TO— BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

1st. He (or she) can be prepared for college; he can study book keeping, shorthand, typewriting, etc., and be fitted for business, he can begin his course in medicine or pharmacy under a teacher who has made the subject of chemistry a specialty.

2nd. It is a home school (co educational) and for a limited number, and is conducted with all the loving, careful attention for individual development that the name implies.

3rd. Students require the most healthful, nerve-building climate, and here they have it. Among the recreations are skating, boating, tennis, bowling.

4th. English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish German, Musical and Art courses. Bible study and high ethical teaching will fit him for a noble Christian career.

L. B. SWAN, Principal,
18 1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.10 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	7.05 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 47	—Daily	10.40 A. M
No. 55	—Express, daily	6.25 P. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	6.45 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	10.00 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	—Daily	5.50 A. M
No. 2	—Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	9.05 A. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	1.26 P. M
No. 16	—Daily	3.02 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	12.20 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHRODER, Agent.

WE LOAN MONEY

On Real Estate, City Town and Village property, to buy, build and improve your houses, and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly installments.

ASSETS OVER $2,000,000.00.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. RINKER,
WILSON, Grant Co., W. VA.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above.

ORDER NISI.

Lloyd Lecandes, trustee, vs. Alex. C. Good et al.

No. 611 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

On this 19th day of February, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting in equity, that the sales made and reported in the above cause by Edward H. Sincell, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 11th day of March, 1896; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county for three successive weeks before the 11th day of March, 1896.

The report states the amount of sales to be $951.75.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

A DIFFICULT APOLOGY.

BY H. B. MARRIOTT-WATSON.

WAS a little alarmed when I found myself in the room, but after my behavior on the previous evening it was absolutely necessary that I should see Power. I began, bluntly: "I have come," I said, "to offer an apology for—for what happened last night." She opened her eyes and regarded me with an innocent stare in which, however, some haughtiness mingled. "I do not understand," said she. "Did you trip on my dress? Well, at any rate, I hate apologies. Will you have some tea?" "Thank you," said I, seating myself and putting my hat on the floor. "You see, when we came out of the hall, and there was that rush, I had no idea—" "Yes, it was an abominable crush," put in Miss Power, hastily. "I wonder, Mr. Radcliff, if you would mind ringing the bell?" "You remember," I explained, as I returned from the bell, "how, just as we reached the door—" "Oh, dear me," cried Miss Power, suddenly, "this teapot is such a silly thing! I hope nothing went over you." "Not at all," I said, politely. She examined her dress carefully, and I waited in patience. "I think a tea-stain is worse than a wine-stain, don't you, Mr. Radcliff?" she went on; "and one can't put salt on it either." "No," I assented, cautiously. "But when we were being pressed so hard against the door, and trying to get out, you were on my right, and the rush suddenly sent me—" "You take sugar, don't you?" interposed Miss Power, abruptly. "How hot the weather is!" "One lump, please," said I. "And then some one pushed me, and I suppose someone pushed you, and the next thing I knew was that our cheeks were—" 'Mr. Radcliff," interrupted Miss Power, quickly, her cheeks flaming, "I think we had better forget silly things and go on with our tea." She spoke with some dignity, and even with an air of rebuke.

"That's what I want to do," I explained, eagerly. "But I have had it on my conscience to explain to you. You see, I couldn't help our cheeks touching." "Mr. Radcliff," said Miss Power, rising, "if you will not leave stupid accidents alone—" "No, no," said I, "I owe you an apology. You see, it wasn't that." "Wasn't what?" asked Miss Power, after a pause, and as if she did not want to ask it. "It wasn't an accident," I murmured, in a shamefaced way. I felt she was looking at me; and I felt, too, that her cheeks were crimson, and then she laughed an uneasy, discordant sort of laugh. "You can make yourself extremely ridiculous," she said, suavely. "But please don't invent nonsense like that, and let us both forget an unpleasant episode." "I suppose it was unpleasant," said I, dubiously. "Highly," she said, with asperity, and, turning away, began to arrange some flowers in a vase.

"But you see," I began again, in a shuffling manner, "I can't rest—I mean, I want you to say you forgive me." "I don't think," observed Miss Power, tranquilly, "that there is anything to forgive, seeing that it was entirely accidental." I will confess that her persistence baffled me; I almost began to think it must have been an accident. Still, I persevered; it was my duty. "But it wasn't an accident," I cried, dolefully. "Mr. Radcliff, you are intolerable," said she, quickly. "You yourself have just explained that it was the crowd, and—" "Yes," I put in, eagerly, "that was when our cheeks—when we—" "Yes, yes," she exclaimed, impatiently. "But that was not all," I added. Miss Power elevated her eyebrows, but did not face me. "Really," she said, indifferently, but I could have sworn that she was flurried. "You don't know what happened, then?" I asked, meekly. "We came away, I suppose," said Miss Power, with the assumption of carelessness still upon her. "Yes," I said, meaningly, "after something else." "Upon my word, you are very tedious," she said. "I neither understand, nor wish to understand you." I am sure she was agitated. "Were you not aware," I asked, "that I—that I—?" Miss Power made no remark, but was much occupied with her flowers—"that I—well—I thought you must have known." Still I got no help, and her back was toward me now. "I took advantage of the juxtaposition to—" I heaved a sigh and got it over, "to kiss you!"

Miss Power turned round abruptly, and her eyes were full of honest anger. She surveyed me with great dignity, and then, in very cold tones, said: "You seem determined to use the cap and bells to-day." "Indeed," I said, earnestly, "this tone and—" "How dare you?" said Miss Power, fiercely. Now to say the truth, I did not think she would have made this fuss about it, because I imagined that she had known, and—well, she had been polite enough when I came in. But she was obviously very angry indeed, and this confounded me. I stammered more apologies. "I—you—the temptation!" I murmured. "Temptation!" I murmured. "Temptation!" she echoed, with scorn. "A man is a poor creature who cannot—who has no self-restraint, and must insult every girl he runs across, and—" "Oh, but it isn't every girl," I cried, hastily. "It was only you. I wouldn't have taken advantage of anyone else, and—" "That is a pretty compliment to me," she interrupted, with angry hauteur, "that I should be the one chosen for your assault!" I moved my hands helplessly in protest. "Oh, but—you don't understand," I declared. "I understand you quite well enough," she said, looking at me with contempt. "The temptation!" I murmured again in confusion. She curled her nostrils. "I would not have done it in any other case, because there would not have been the same overpowering temptation," I said, bravely. "I dare say not," she exclaimed, with a sneer. "You see," I went on, breathlessly, "no one could look at you without wanting to—" "I think we have discussed this enough," said Miss Power, curtly. "It was your eyes that first gave me the irresistible impulse," I continued, humbly. Miss Power snorted—very daintily, of course. "I have never seen eyes that color," I added, earnestly. "Eyes are common enough," returned Miss Power, severely, as she turned away again. "No," said I firmly, "not that strange, sweet combination of hazel and brown, and—" "I don't think this is very interesting, Mr. Radcliff," said she, coldly. "Then, that peculiar shade of auburn I've never seen in any hair in the world," I cried, eagerly. Miss Power shrugged her shoulders. "That is ridiculous," she said. "It's true," I declared, "those wavering masses—I've often wondered and wondered how it looks when you take it down at night." "I don't think you have any right to do that," remarked Miss Power. "I can't help it," I explained; "and the shape of your face." "There are plenty of people with faces as—much the same as mine," said she, refingering the flowers. "Where are they?" I demanded. "I've knocked about the world a good deal, but I've never come across one within miles of it."

"You're rather extravagant, Mr. Radcliff," said Miss Power. "I often lay awake at night thinking of you," I continued. "I can call up every single detail of your face and expression. And—I know you will think me very foolish and—wrong, but sometimes I—well, I can't go to sleep without pretending to—to do what I did last night, you know!" "How foolish you are!" said Miss Power, with a faint laugh. "That was the reason," I explained, "why, when I found myself, not of my own doing, you know, but just found myself close to you—I couldn't have helped it for the world. I just—well, it seemed all so wonderful and beautiful, and my heart went thump, and I

"DO YOU FORGIVE ME?"

became quite unconscious of the crowd and everyone; and then I caught your eyes, and—well, I did it before I knew."

There was a pause, and then, "Oh, but you shouldn't let such things influence you like that," observed Miss Power, in a softened voice. "I am very sorry," said I, humbly. "Did you mind very much?" "Of course," she replied, promptly, and then hurriedly went on: "That is, I mean, when our cheeks—" and stopped in a rare confusion. "But you didn't mind my kissing you, then?" I asked, innocently. "Certainly I did," said Miss Power, quickly. "That is—I mean—no, I didn't know, you see" "Of course, you didn't," I answered, looking crestfallen. "I should have minded very much if I had known," said she, as though anxious that there should be no mistake. "I know you would," said I, more lugubriously. "I am a brute." "Oh, I wouldn't make too much of it, Mr. Radcliff," said she, kindly, looking out of the window. "You have apologized, you know. And, of course, well, I can understand from what you have said, that you had—some excuse, you know." "Do you forgive me?" I asked, moodily. "Oh, yes," said Miss Power, cheerily; "of course, and I wouldn't think anything more about it if I were you." "But I can't help thinking about it!" I said, desperately. "But, Mr. Radcliff—" she began, and was silent. "How can you ask me to forget all about it with the memory of that—with that memory?" I asked. I arose, and from where I stood I was conscious that Miss Power's cheek was tinged with color. "You—you shouldn't have done it, then," said she, with a tremulous little laugh. I approached her, hat in hand. "I couldn't help it," I said, with a sigh. "Oh, but that's nonsense," said she, very gently, regarding the traffic in the street. "Whenever I am close to you, I have the same temptation," I said, drawing nearer. "But that's not nice of you," exclaimed Miss Power. "All the time we have been in this room I have been struggling with a singular desire to do the same thing," I said, "and now it seems to be quite mastering me." "Oh, you mustn't give way," murmured Miss Power, but she did not move, and I was now very close to her. "I can't help it," I explained. Apparently Miss Power could not help it, either.—New Budget.

—Lord Brougham had a wonderful nose. When listening intently to a speech in parliament it was his habit to close his eyes that he might hear the better, and while his attention was concentrated on the utterances of the speaker, the tip of his nose was in almost continual motion, working up and down and sidewise in a most comical fashion.

—A dream concerning the eyes means a loss of property.

PRIMITIVE DWARFS.

The Peculiar Inhabitants of the Lonely Andaman Islands.

A remarkable ethnological collection from the Andaman islands has just reached the National museum from Dr. Enrico Giglioli, director of the Florence museum. It comprises a large number of objects illustrating the arts and industries of the strange race of dwarfs which inhabits an archipelago in the Bay of Bengal. Sailors have long known these dwarfs as "Little Niggers," because the average height of the men is only about four feet ten inches, while the ordinary stature of the women is four feet seven inches. Perhaps the oddest thing about them is that they look like babies all their lives.

Withal they are probably the most primitive savages in the world. Until quite recently the dwarfs of the Andamans did not know how to make fire. On one of the islands of the archipelago there is an active volcano, from which they were accustomed formerly to obtain fresh supplies of fire at intervals. Special expeditions for this purpose were not often necessary, inasmuch as they knew how to keep fire burning in decayed wood. The people of a village, when leaving an encampment with the intention of returning in a few days would take with them one or more smoldering logs. At the same time they would place a large burning log or fagot in a sheltered spot, where it would smoulder for a long while.

There are several shades of color among these little persons, ranging from bronze to shiny black and sooty. Their hair is extremely frizzly, growing in spiral tufts. It is fine in texture and seldom more than two or three inches long. Most of the women shave their heads once a week, leaving only two narrow strips of hair from the crown to the nape of the neck. Many of the men follow the same practice, though the style is different. Men sometimes shave each other's heads, but only when the services of a woman are not available, for it is one of the duties of the fair sex in these tribes to act as barbers.

These dwarfs are nearly naked. The women wear small aprons of leaves, and never appear without them. As a protection against the hot tropical sun the people smear their bodies with a white-wash of clay and water. Efforts to reclaim the Andamanese from their savage state have not been productive of unmixed good. Homes have been established for their benefit by missionaries, but the native inmates of these institutions are fat and lazy, spending their time for days together in singing, dancing and feasting.

The most remarkable custom among these little persons is the wearing of necklaces of human bones. When a child dies the body is buried, only to be dug up after awhile. The father takes it to the seashore or the nearest creek, and there removes the flesh from the bones with the utmost care. This done, he brings the skull and bones back to his hut and breaks up the latter into small pieces suitable for necklaces. The mother, after painting the skull with a yellow pigment and decorating it with small shells attached to pieces of string, hangs it around her neck. Sometimes her husband wears it himself. Infants' skulls, being fragile, are preserved carefully from risk of injury by being entirely covered with string.

The next few days are spent by the mother in stringing the bones into necklaces, and when several have been made she and her husband pay visits to their friends, among whom they distribute these mementoes. Such necklaces are worn as charms to ward off disease, and also during illness, by friends or relatives of the dead child. Teeth taken from human skulls are sometimes strung together for necklaces. Every Andaman islander has at least one necklace of human bones.

The villages are usually short lived, and very dirty. Crows and hermit crabs serve as scavengers and clean them up as soon as a migration takes place. Before the arrival of the whites the Andamanese knew nothing of agriculture, never planting a seed in the ground. Though they prefer the fruits of the cultivated fields to the spontaneous products of their jungles, they cannot be induced to do farming work. It is an old story that wherever civilization goes, with its diseases and whisky and tobacco, it wipes out the primitive savage races. The Andaman islands afford no exception to the rule. Both sexes drink and smoke. The aboriginal population there is rapidly disappearing, the death rate far exceeding the birth rate, and before very long this interesting little people will be practically extinct.—N. Y. Journal.

A Little More of the Same.

Little four-year-old Florence was caught wading in a mud puddle in front of her home.

"Now," declared her mother, as she led her in the house by the arm, "I am going to whip you first, and then send you to bed, and you can't get up again till to-morrow morning, all because you disobeyed me and went outside in the mud."

After a deal of preparation that was intended to be impressive, Florence was duly spanked, and she boo-hooed lustily.

"Now, then, I am going to put you to bed."

"Oh, don't, mamma," begged Florence; "whip me some more, mamma, please, and let me stay up."—San Francisco Post.

Beaten by the Best Man.

Jones—I hear that you were the best man at a wedding the other night.

Brown—Technically, yes.

Jones—What do you mean?

Brown—I mean that I was and I wasn't.

Jones—I don't understand you

Brown—Well, the paper said I was the best man; but it is evident that I wasn't or the bride would have married me; I asked her a month ago.—To Date.

THE LATEST WAISTS.

Half a Dozen Dainty Confections in Fancy Bodices.

The first in the line of bodices illustrated is made of white chiffon, and the zouave effect and cape epaulets are composed of white satin, with a vine of embroidery in old-time colors on the edge; pearl and steel trimming may be substituted for this, and with black dotted bows the effect is charming. Black lisse dotted all over with sequins makes a pretty evening waist, over colored or black satin, as you like, with a transparent yoke and a band trimming of jetted velvet, which forms the girdle belt in front, tied with black satin ribbon. The basque frill is of the net, doubled and gathered. A coat bodice of printed velvet shows draped revers of white satin, edged with Bruges lace, and a narrow vest of purplish red velvet, covered with handsome passementerie. Something more elaborate is made of pale blue crepe de chine, draped to form a fichu, with ecru lace and trimmed with narrow bands of sable. A novelty in sleeves is shown in the next chiffon waist with fichu drapery, and these are wrinkled from the shoulders to the waist in a fitted lining of satin, and shirred ruches of chiffon stand out from the arm. The new sleeve may seem simpler than the old because it is smaller, but it is as intricate in design, with its mysterious little puffs and frills, that any attempt at description is sure to be a failure. Some sleeves puff slightly at the top and again at the elbows, others are plain at the shoulders and flare out in wide frills at the elbows.

Among the pretty evening waists is one of Nile-green satin, draped with Mechlin net and worn with a skirt of the same materials. The bretelles and wide belt are of plain satin, and braces of roses over the shoulders hold the bodice in place. White chiffon, covered with black lace silver spangled, makes a pretty bodice, and yellow chiffon under a cream lace figured net, made over a yellow satin lining and trimmed with ermine, is a charming combination, while colored chiffon striped with velvet embroidery is another novelty for waists. Plain white mousseline de soie collars, with a narrow border of black silk muslin hemstitched on, are extremely novel, and these are usually decorated with cream applique lace figures set at intervals not very close together.

Low-necked evening waists of spangled tulle are made up in colors to match the skirt with which they are worn, and black Brussels net is in great favor for waists of black evening gowns. They are cut round and low in the neck, well off from the shoulder, and pointed slightly at the waist line, where they are sometimes finished with a soft basque frill of net.

A dinner dress of white satin illustrates another new mode in sleeves, made plain and quite close down to the elbow, where it ends in a deep frill of lace.—N. Y. World.

A PORTUGUESE HERO.

His Story a Striking Illustration of National Ingratitude.

An act of historical justice has just been done by Portugal to the greatest of its Indian viceroys and soldiers, Affonso d'Albuquerque, who died the victim of his sovereign's ingratitude.

In the ruins of the church at Goa, in which he was first of all buried, there was found the other day the slab, with its inscription, which had covered his remains, until in 1566 his son moved them to Lisbon. The governor-general of Goa, which Albuquerque first captured in 1510 and made the capital for a time of an eastern empire said to cover 4,000 leagues, has formally made over the precious slab to the president of the geographical society of Lisbon, who is to be congratulated on the acquisition. The commandant of the Vasco da Gama man-of-war, on its way home after the suppression of a foolish rebellion, was directed to receive the stone under a salute from every saluting battery in Goa and to convey it with all honor to the society.

Albuquerque was the most dreaded enemy of the British as well as the Dutch before we were able to supplant the Portuguese power of the east, and the Royal Geographical societies of London and Scotland may well congratulate that of Lisbon. The date of the Portuguese hero's death is December 16 on the slab, and not December 15, as hitherto recorded in history. The Portuguese and the French have always failed as colonizing powers because of their distrust of and ingratitude to some of the greatest sons in the east. Even Comoens was a victim.

Against such cases, and those of Dupleix and Lally in French India, we have, however, to set the treatment of Clive with his sad end, and the impeachment of Warren Hastings, for both of which history has since atoned. In one respect Albuquerque was greater than any of these—from Goa he captured the trade of Asia for the sea powers, beating back both Soliman the Magnificent of Constantinople, and the sultan of Egypt at Alexandria, who, with Venice and Genoa, had monopolized it all.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

An Acquired Habit.

"You heard Mrs. De Voe recite 'The Lost Child' last night, didn't you?"

"Of course."

"Notice the queer way in which she worked her chin?"

"Certainly; but you know the reason for that."

"Double-hinges on her jaw?"

"Oh, no; she worked in a chewing-gum factory for five years before her marriage, and had to sample every lot turned out."—Detroit Free Press.

A Masterpiece.

Auctioneer—Here, gentlemen, we have a masterpiece from the brush of the famous painter, Schmierinsky, in a gold frame.

Art Patron—I offer three shillings.

"Three shillings? But, my dear sir, the picture alone is worth that much!"—London Tit-Bits.

WHERE DID YOU GET THIS COFFEE?

Had the Ladies' Aid Society of our Church out for tea, forty of them, and all pronounced the German Coffeeberry equal to Rio! Salzer's catalogue tells you all about it! 35 packages Earliest vegetable seeds $1.00.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND with 15c. stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get free a package of above great coffee seed and our 148 page catalogue! Catalogue alone 5c. postage. (K)

THE brakeman's "all aboard!" ere long
Will be of little worth,
When from the airship rings the song,
"Come, all get off the earth!"
—Truth.

Home Seekers Excursions.

In order to give everyone an opportunity to see the Western Country and enable the home seekers to secure a home in time to commence work for the season of 1896, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry has arranged to run a series of four home seekers excursions to various points in the West, North-West and South-West on the following dates: March 10, April 7 and 21 and May 5, at the low rate of two dollars more than ONE FARE for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address GEO. H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

"You told me you and Harry loved at first sight." "Yes, but we quarreled on acquaintance."—Truth.

To California in Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars.

The Burlington Route (C., B. & Q. R. R.) runs personally conducted excursions to California, leaving Chicago every Wednesday. Through cars to California destination, fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, bedding, toilet rooms, etc.; every convenience. Special agent in charge. Route via Denver and Salt Lake. Sunshine all the way. Write for descriptive pamphlet to T. A. Grady, Excursion Manager, 211 Clark St., Chicago.

"WHICH would you rather do, Jarley, kiss a girl on her lips or on her eyes?" "Her eyes, of course. You have to do it twice to cover the ground."—Harper's Bazar.

Personally Conducted Excursions to California.

Via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line, in upholstered tourist sleeping cars, leave Chicago every Thursday via the North-Western Line. Low rates, picturesque route, quickest time and careful attention are advantages offered to those who join these excursions. Cost of berth only $6.00. Ask your nearest ticket agent for full particulars or address W. B. KNISKERN, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

BESS—"If I were in your shoes—" Madge—"Don't talk of impossibilities."—Boston Courier.

Cheap Excursions to the West and Northwest.

On March 10 and April 7, 1896, the North-Western Line (Chicago & Northwestern Ry) will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets at very low rates to a large number of points in Northern Wisconsin, Michigan, Northwestern Iowa, Western Minnesota, Nebraska, North Dakota and South Dakota, including the famous Black Hills district. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address W. B. KNISKERN, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

A CLEAR CONSCIENCE.—"Don't some of these old songs haunt you?" "No; I've never murdered any of them."—Chicago Record.

Don't Be Too Late for the Steamer,

And don't omit when you are packing up your effects preparatory for the voyage, to include among them a supply of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the great remedy for sea sickness. Travelers for pleasure or business seeking foreign climes, or who locomote by steamboat or train, besides yachtmen and mariners, testify to the remedial and preventive efficacy of the Bitters, which is incomparable for nausea, headache, dyspepsia, biliousness, rheumatism, nervous and kidney trouble.

FIRST BURGLAR—"Now mind yer, Bill, no murder." Second Burglar—"Why not?" First Burglar—"It's sich a reflection on yer sanity."—Truth.

When Traveling,

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneys, liver, and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches, and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cent and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only.

WE are commonly taught our duty by fear or shame, but how can they act upon a man who hears nothing but his own praises! —Johnson.

I HAVE found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine. F. R. LOTZ, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1895.

I KNOW no such thing as genius; it is nothing but labor and diligence.—Hogarth.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

W. L. DOUGLAS $3. SHOE BEST IN THE WORLD.

If you pay $4 to $6 for shoes, examine the W. L. Douglas Shoe, and see what a good shoe you can buy for **$3.**

OVER 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS,

CONGRESS, BUTTON, and LACE, made in all kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and sell more $3 Shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

None genuine unless name and price is stamped on the bottom.

Ask your dealer for our $5, $4, $3.50, $2.50, $2.25 Shoes; $2.50, $2 and $1.75 for boys.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you, send to factory, enclosing price and 30 cents to pay carriage. State kind, style of toe (cap or plain), size and width. Our Custom Dept. will fill your order. Send for new Illustrated Catalogue to Box R.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/6 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared, Steel, Galvanized-after-Completion Windmills, Tilting and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Buzz Saw Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

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but sell direct to the consumer at wholesale prices. Ship anywhere for examination before sale. Everything warranted. 100 styles of Carriages, 60 styles of Harness, 41 styles Riding Saddles. Write for catalogue.

W. B. PRATT, Secy. ELKHART CARRIAGE & HARNESS MFG CO. ELKHART, IND.

Bible and its story By Josephine Pollard. 250 Illustrations. 576 pages. Size, 8½x11 inches. Substantially bound in cloth, with design, $1. Agents Wanted. GEO. ROUTLEDGE & SONS, Limited, 28 West 23d St., New York.

Spring Medicine

Your blood in Spring is almost certain to be full of impurities—the accumulation of the winter months. Bad ventilation of sleeping rooms, impure air in dwellings, factories and shops, over-eating, heavy, improper foods, failure of the kidneys and liver properly to do extra work thus thrust upon them, are the prime causes of this condition. It is of the utmost importance that you

Purify Your Blood

Now, as when warmer weather comes and the tonic effect of cold bracing air is gone, your weak, thin, impure blood will not furnish necessary strength. That tired feeling, loss of appetite, will open the way for serious disease, ruined health, or breaking out of humors and impurities. To make pure, rich, red blood Hood's Sarsaparilla stands unequalled. Thousands testify to its merits. Millions take it as their Spring Medicine. Get Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

I used Ely's Cream Balm for catarrh and have received great benefit. I believe it a safe and certain cure. Very pleasant to take.—Wm. Fraser, Rochester, N. Y.

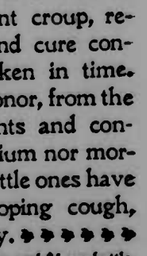

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Protects the Membrane from colds, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

The Best of all Cough Medicines is Dr. Acker's English Remedy. It will stop a cough in one night, check a cold in one day, prevent croup, relieve asthma, and cure consumption, if taken in time. It is made on honor, from the purest ingredients and contains neither opium nor morphine. If the little ones have croup or whooping cough, use it promptly.

Three Sizes—25c., 50c. and $1 per bottle. At Druggists.

ACKER MEDICINE CO., 26 and 28 Chambers Street, New York.

There's MONEY in it!

No business pays as well on amount invested as DRILLING WELLS with our modern machinery! "IT SUCCEEDS! THAT'S the Reason!" LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.

TEMPERANCE.

MADE A DEMON BY RUM.

Narrow Escape from a Horrible Death of a Helpless Wife.

The Buffalo News, of December 21, reports this narrow escape of a helpless wife and mother from an awful death at the hands of her drunken husband:

"A woman struggling in the clutches of her infuriated and drunken husband, who was trying to light with the flame of a smoking lamp her oil-soaked garments, was the sight witnessed by Policeman William McNamara, of the Pearl street station, at 111 Oak street last night at ten o'clock.

"The woman was Mrs. Jennie White. The man whose murderous designs were frustrated by the appearance of the policeman was Thomas White, her husband. He has lived on part of the money earned by his hard-working little wife, but not satisfied with squandering the lion's share of the poor woman's earnings to gratify his love for liquor, he has made her life a torment with his threats and abuse.

"He staggered down Oak street last evening drunk and exceedingly ugly because he could not obtain more money. His wife was lying on a couch when he lurched into the room, and he ordered her to get up.

"The children, three pretty little ones, were in bed, but they were still awake, and when they heard him they began to cry, well knowing from past

THE DRUNKARD'S RAGE.

experiences that trouble was coming. White wanted money, and when the woman told him she had none, he grabbed her by the throat and choked her until her face grew black.

"'Give it to me,' he yelled, 'or I'll smash everything in the house.' He went to a shed in the rear, but the next minute he was back with an ax. He swung it over his head and brought it down with all his force on the stove, again and again, until there was little left of the stove but fragments. Then he ran into the next room, where another stove stood. Three or four heavy blows with the ax wrecked it. The kitchen stove went next, and after that tables, chairs, dishes, pictures and everything else in the house were sacrificed in the gratification of his insane destructive fury.

"His wife, pale-faced and terror-stricken, stood by and watched the demolition of her house. The frightened children crept out of bed and crowded around their mother. None of them uttered a cry until he threw down his ax and started toward the little group. The children screamed and fled back into the bedroom. They were unable to get out, for White had locked the door separating the rooms from the hall, and the key was in his pocket. He changed his mind when the children ran, as if his purpose had been to frighten them off, and went to the kitchen.

"The terrified wife stood in the corner. White came back with an oil can in his hands. The cover had been taken off the can, and while he held her with one hand he soaked her dress with kerosene. For the first time she understood his awful intention. Fear gave her voice and she screamed repeatedly. The children joined in her appeals for help and their outcry was heard by Policeman McNamara, who chanced to be passing. Guided by their cries he made his way to the door in the darkened hallway.

"It was locked. He placed his shoulder against it and burst it open. He was just in time. A moment later and the woman's garments would have been blazing."

TERSE TEMPERANCE TRUTHS.

Scraps of Wisdom from John Ploughman's Almanac.

Fools' mouths and tavern doors are best closed.

Where the devil does not go he sends his agent, drink.

In the "Mantrap Arms" they catch fools.

Blue ribbon and blue sky make many evils die.

The cup of devils should be put away by a child of God.

A gin-shop is a bad spot to find good spirits.

A drinking dame is a special shame.

Grog-blossoms are not pretty flowers.

Which is more foolish, washing swine or drinking wine?

Interpreted His Father's Dream.

A little boy in the north heard his father, when he came down to breakfast, muttering, and feeling very uncomfortable as most men feel after drinking over night. "I had a dreadful dream last night," he said, "and I can't get over it. All night long there seemed to be three rats sitting on my chest. One rat was a fat one, one was a thin one and the other was a blind one." "Father, I can tell you what that dream means," said the lad. "You can?" asked the father. "Yes, I can," he replied. "The fat rat was the publican, the blind rat, father, was yourself, and the thin rat was mother and me."

THE natural effect of one glass of grog is to create a desire for more.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

Why It Should Be Practiced as a Remedy for Intemperance.

A correspondent requests us to state in brief reasons why total abstinence should be practiced as a remedy for intemperance. With this request we gladly comply. Total abstinence is the practice of that principle which restrains the individual from either taking or giving intoxicating liquors, and induces him to discountenance all the causes and practices of intemperance. Its design is to suppress and prevent intemperance: by the former to effect the reformation of the drunkard, by the latter to secure the permanent sobriety of the sober.

That it is sufficient to accomplish this two-fold object will be manifest when we consider (1) It is safe in its operation; from the very nature of total abstinence it cannot possibly injure anyone in any respect, either as regards man's physical, intellectual or moral nature, or his domestic or social welfare.

(2) It is simple and definite. Simplicity in anything is a great recommendation, and so it is here. The principle is so simple that a child can understand and practice it. It is also definite; in this it is in striking contrast to moderation claimed by some to be a remedy. No one can mistake the prescription of total abstinence. It is to abstain from everything that can lead to intemperance.

(3) It is efficacious. If it was deficient in this respect, however excellent otherwise, it would still be deficient in that which could alone recommend it to practical use. But in this respect, as well as in others, its character is fully vindicated, for both reason and experience concur in demonstrating its efficacy. Reason teaches, for it is the plainest of all truisms, that if a man never drinks that which will intoxicate he can never become a drunkard; or, if he is one and ceases to drink, he will cease to be a drunkard.

Experience all testifies to its efficacy.

In enterprises of a worldly nature, men are induced to engage in them by a prospect of future gain; here it is different. True, we may point to the good that will yet be accomplished—for much remains to be done—but at the same time we can triumphantly point to the good which it has already achieved as an evidence of what it can and will yet do. We can point to thousands and hundreds of persons who have been rescued from a state of utter degradation and restored to the church and the community by means of total abstinence. Turn to the annals of the triumphs of this reform and see not merely persons so benefited, but families whose homes were once scenes of wretchedness now scenes of happiness; husbands and wives whom intemperance had separated now united, and children who were growing up to be pests of society now trained up in the way they should go; in short, in every part of the world where the principle of abstinence has prevailed, there are multitudes of living witnesses testifying to its practical efficiency.—National Temperance Advocate.

IT DOES NOT PAY.

The Rum Traffic an Expensive Curse Upon Humanity.

It does not pay to hang one citizen because another citizen sells him liquor.

It does not pay to have one citizen confined in the county jail because another citizen sold him liquor.

It does not pay to have one citizen placed in the lunatic asylum because another citizen sold him liquor.

It does not pay to have 50 workingmen ragged in order to have one saloonkeeper dressed in broadcloth and flush with money.

It does not pay to have ten smart, active, intelligent boys transformed into thieves in order to enable one man to lead an easy life by selling liquor to them.

It does not pay to have 50 workingmen and their families live on bone soup and half rations in order that one saloonkeeper may flourish on roast turkey and champagne.

BITS AND BREVITIES.

BEER is never as fat as the man who drinks it.

WHY is a drunkard like a spoiled child? Because the more he gets the more he wants.

IT is a great deal better to be a temperance crank than a drunken crank.—Judge Van Valen.

FOUR professors of physiology in Switzerland have indorsed the view that alcoholic drinks are not in any way to be classed with foods.

IT is computed that the aggregate wealth of eight millionaire brewers of New York city is $52,500,000. The money spent by workingmen to help provide these eight men with palatial residences would furnish 52,500 of their families with pretty $1,000 cottages.

An Unwholesome Influence.

The following is very significant respecting the influence of the rich on laborers. A large number of workingmen's clubs in London were formed with the aid of others than workmen. At the beginning no liquors were allowed, but afterwards it seemed to the leaders of the movement hardly reasonable that the rich man should be allowed his wine at his club, while the poor man was refused his beer at his club. Since then the clubs have nearly all allowed the use of liquors.

From Whisky to Food.

One result of the strict enforcement of the excise law on Sundays in New York has been the increase in the custom of the people's five-cent restaurants. So great has been the Sunday demand at one branch since the cold weather set in that the management of the restaurant is completing extensive alterations which will enable 12 persons to get a comfortable five-cent meal at the same time. The restaurants were started some time ago under the auspices of the Industrial Christian alliance. There are now three of them.

PREPARING WHALEBONE.

Factories Where the Raw Material Is Handled.

The establishment of the whaling station at Monterey bay will, it is expected, increase the demand for skilled labor employed in this city in the manufacture of whalebone. This is looked upon by the Merchants' association as another indication of good times for California, and the whaling industry on this coast will be fostered.

In itself, the whaling trade is considerable at this port, but its increase means more to landsmen and the manufacturing interests of the city than is generally known. It means that within the next few years San Francisco will become not only the whaling port of the world, but also the center of the whalebone manufacturing interest.

Already a whalebone factory has been established in this city, and before long the six other factories in the United States—now located in the eastern states—will undoubtedly be moved to this city. This proposition is almost self-evident when it is considered that at present five-sixths of all the whalebone manufactured in America is shipped from this port across the continent before it is prepared for the market.

New Bedford, once the great whaling port of the world, does not send out more than one or two ships after the leviathan now, and all the rest of the trade is centered at this port. It was this fact which called into existence the whalebone factory and that will bring other factories of the same kind to this city.

The price of this commodity is on the increase, if anything, though the whaling industry itself has fallen into comparatively insignificant proportions. Many refined oils have been found to take the place of sperm oil, but no substitute has ever been found for whalebone. Many efforts have been made to find some substance that could be used in the place of whalebone, and many experiments on various metals and substances have been made, but to no purpose. For corsets and dress bodices, no other substance will answer. Nothing else is so pliable and so lasting at the same time.

It is not generally known, but it is a fact, that whalebone may be used over and over again, and is practically indestructible. When bent out of shape it can be straightened by first steaming and then placing it under pressure. Aside from the part it plays in woman's apparel, its chief use is for whips. The process of cleaning and drying the crude whalebone when first taken from the ships is interesting. It is scrubbed and drenched with fresh water when unloaded at the yard, and then stood up in bunches to dry in the sun. Down at the yards of the Pacific Steam Whaling company at the Potrero the stranger who sees the vessels unloading from a distance and beholds the washed strips of bone stacked up to dry, is very likely to mistake it for some rank growth of weeds or vines.

When thoroughly dried it is bundled up and taken to the factory on California street, or shipped east to the factores, there to be still further scraped and dressed, then steamed and polished and cut into marketable strips. From first to last a good many men are required to handle the bone product that is brought to this port by the whaling vessels, and when it is considered that each one of these vessels is manned and provisioned here the real importance of the entire industry is seen to be not at all insignificant to the material welfare of California.—San Francisco Call.

FIREDAMP TELEPHONES.

No Danger of Explosions in Mines Hereafter Without Warning.

For inventors the ever-present danger to miners from firedamp has always been a problem. Sir Humphrey Davy, with his non-explosive lamp, decreased the chances of danger considerably, but the frequent fatal accidents reported show that the risk is still alarming.

At last, however, a French scientist, Hardy, by name, has patented an invention which entirely obviates the danger, and has thereby earned the gratitude of the hundreds of thousands of workers underground in America and Europe.

Some years ago M. Hardy made a discovery, which he communicated to the French academy, which reported favorably upon it, and suggested its use for the purpose of mining. Acting upon the suggestion, the inventor has been working upon the idea ever since, and has now perfected a system by which any outbreak of firedamp becomes immediately known all over the mine that is threatened.

The system is a simple one. M. Hardy found that different gases could be made when connected with telephonic arrangement, to produce several sounds. The system he has invented connects all the shafts of a mine with a central point, at which an operator is stationed. Any outbreak of the fatal gas is immediately discovered by him, however minute its quantity, and he at once notifies the miners of their danger. They are able, therefore, to escape long before the gas could accumulate in any quantity sufficient to be dangerous.

The invention is already in successful operation in a few of the French mines, and will doubtless come into general use all over the world.—N. Y. Press.

Beforehanded.

Daughter—Charley Huggard kissed me last night.

Mother (indignantly)—That is outrageous! Did you sit on him for it?

Daughter—I was.—Puck.

—We must define flattery and praise; they are distinct. Trajan was encouraged to virtue by the panegyric of Pliny; Tiberius became obstinate in vice from the flattery of the senators. —Louis XVI.

AN INTERVIEW.

Such as Will Be Incidental to Future Political Campaigns.

"To what am I indebted for the honor of this call?"

It was Mrs. Mary Ellen Ricketts who spoke. She held in her hand the card of Mrs. Samantha Jenkinson, which had just been laid on the desk by the office girl, for the card was followed almost instantly by the entrance of the person whose name it bore.

There was really no necessity for the use of the card for the two had frequently met.

Mrs. Ricketts was the candidate for congress on the republican ticket, while Mrs. Jenkinson was the democratic nominee. Under the circumstances it was natural for her to be surprised at receiving a call from her opponent.

"I came to see you on a small matter of business," replied the visitor.

"Pray proceed."

"I have learned from good authority that your managers are bent upon a campaign of personalities and that they intend to give to the press certain slanderous gossip about me, intended to injure my candidacy."

The speaker paused and Mrs. Ricketts said, interrogatively:

"Well?"

"Well," echoed Mrs. Jenkinson, "we must keep personalities out of the campaign."

"I must, must we?"

"We must."

Mrs. Ricketts sneered.

Mrs. Jenkinson waxed wroth.

"Look here, Mary Ellen Ricketts," she exclaimed, "don't you dare to turn up your snub nose at me, now."

"Samantha Jenkinson," retorted Mrs. Ricketts, "my nose is not snub, and don't you presume to dictate what my managers shall or shall not do in this campaign."

"We'll see about that. Mary Ellen Ricketts, you were engaged to my husband of your young days, a good many years ago."

"I'm not nearly as old as you, I'd have you know."

"You are!"

"I'm not, you insulting thing!"

"You are!"

"I'm not!"

"We will pass that point, but I want to say that when I married my husband all your love letters were in his possession I have them now."

"You spiteful thing!"

"Many a good laugh I've had over them. What a perfect goose you were!"

"I just hate you—so, there!"

"And I merely wish to add that, on the very first publication of a personality about me in your newspaper organs I shall print in the Daily Bugle every single one of your mushy, lackadaisical epistles. Do you understand?"

The two women glared at each other half a minute, and then Mrs. Samantha Jenkinson withdrew, leaving Mrs. Mary Ellen Ricketts deep in thought.

The campaign was conducted without any personalities.—Harper's Bazar.

COULD NOT BE BLUFFED.

Yet the Pretty Mountain Maid Got the Better of the Congressman.

A somewhat gay and gallant member of the house, unusually handsome, even for a member, was telling to a small group of listeners, of which a Star reporter was one, some of his campaign experiences.

"On one trip in the mountains," he said, after narrating several good ones, "I was riding along a road up a picturesque valley with my campaign companion, when we met a buxom, pink-cheeked, good-looking country girl on foot. As I spoke to her after the custom of the country, she stopped us."

"'Have you seed anything of a red-headed, freckled-faced feller down the crick?' she inquired.

"'We have met three or four men in the last hour,' I replied, 'and one of them was red-headed. How old was he?'

"'Bout my age, I reckon.'

"'So young as that?' I asked with all my courtliness.

"'That ain't so powerful young,' she said, without the slightest apparent comprehension of my compliment. 'He's 21 and so'm I.'

"The man we met with the red head was twice that old. He couldn't have been the one you were looking for, could he?'

"'I reckon not. The man I'm lookin' fer and me wuz to git married yistiddy, an' when the time come he wazn't thar. Pap started up the road fer him with a gun this mornin' an' I come this way.'

"This made it interesting and I at once felt it to be my duty to offer my assistance.

"'Tell me his name,' I said, 'and I'll make inquiries along the road.'

"'Slan Johnson, and I'd give a ten-acre farm to git holt uv him.'

"Her anger heightened her color and put such a brightness in her eyes that she was positively handsome and I just couldn't help trying another delicate compliment on her.

"'You must excuse me,' I smiled and bowed and sent forth my softest glances, 'but with such a pretty girl as you are after me I'd like to be Sim Johnson.'

"This time it was a ten strike."

"'Wall,' she responded, as she looked me over critically, not to say admiringly, 'I hain't no objections.'

"It was the only time I ever laid down before a bluff," continued the member, "but that one knocked me flat and I never did know how I got away."—Washington Post.

He Is Deliberate.

Mrs. Sparks—Your husband is a very deliberate man, isn't he?

Mrs. Slowman—Indeed he is.

"Did you ever know him to do anything in a hurry?"

"Never! He plans every movement with the utmost deliberation and lingers studiously over every detail. I have often thought that if he ever dies suddenly it will be an awful shock to him."—Richmond Dispatch.

FILLING DOG'S TEETH.

The Odd Occupation of a New York Dentist.

A New York dentist makes a specialty of filling the teeth of dogs. His practice, it is said, is quite large.

The extraction of the decayed teeth of dogs has been common for years, but the filling of them is a new branch of the business. The teeth of a dog are meant to be exercised on tough meat and hard bones, but when he is fed on chicken, pate de foie gras and such delicacies the teeth do not get enough work, and consequently decay. My lady's pet dog then begins to howl with pain. Formerly the only remedy was to yank out the offending tooth. Now the sufferer is taken to the dog dentist and goes away smiling with a polished gold filling in the tooth.

The operation is comparatively simple, except with a vicious or unmanageable dog. The dentist's assistant holds the animal's head while his chief examines the decayed tooth and decides upon the best way to fill it. When he has reconnoitered the ground he takes a hand excavator, very much like the instruments of the dentist with which most of us are painfully familiar, and cuts away the decayed part. The following operation is exactly the same as putting in amalgam filling in a human tooth.

He fills up the cavity with amalgam and holds the dog's mouth open until it has had time to set. The animal comes down next day. The rough edges are filed off and the filling burnished. Instead of the aching molar there is then a serviceable tooth in the dog's mouth. The filling requires renewing every two years, sometimes oftener. Many wealthy owners insist that only the best material is fit to go in the dog's precious mouth, and gold must be used. The dentist sighs resignedly and complies, but the operation is very tedious and can only be performed on quiet dogs. Gold has to be hammered in with a great deal of care, and the process is lengthy—almost as lengthy as the bill, which is very high for gold fillings. A vicious dog has to be chloroformed before his teeth can be filled. Back teeth are, of course, much harder to fill. A wooden gag is employed to keep the mouth open.

"How do you manage with a big dog?" the dentist was asked.

"I wear thick gloves, and if the animal is vicious I put him under an anaesthetic. It's mighty strange, though, how often my opinion and that of the owner differs upon the disposition of the dog. 'Gentle as a lamb' doesn't mean much to me, I can tell you. I am a pretty good judge of a dog, however, and take no chances. If I see any trouble in sight I chloroform the beast before operating upon it. There is no reason why a dog should lose its teeth any more than a human being if they are properly looked after. Of course, if a dog eats bones and good, hard, wholesome food, that filling would not stay in a week. But, then, if he were fed that way his teeth would not decay, so there you are. Dealers often wedge a dog's teeth with little wooden wedges when it is a puppy in order to shape the teeth and make them set even. This is prohibited, but cannot be detected when properly done. Very often a fine dog is overshot or undershot—that is, the top and bottom teeth do not meet. In such a case a little judicious wedging will add largely to the value of the animal."—Chicago Journal.

MOURNING IN THE ORIENT.

The Dismal and Doleful Wail of the Arab Woman.

Seated in my tent outside the village watching the horses feed, and wondering if, after all, it was really worth while ever to return to England, I heard a wail. Like the Celtic "coronach" the Arab wail is something outside humanity. No jackal or coyote can produce a sound more dismal. It makes you sad at once, and yet sadness must be a kind of mental convention after all, for both the "coronach" and the Arab cry are just as doleful when they issue from the lips of a professional mourner. Fancy a mute at a funeral impressing one with sadness, or inducing thoughts of anything but gin and water. At the door of a little hut appeared a woman scarcely veiled, her hair streaming like a pony's tail. After her another, and then a group of children, all raising the same doleful cry. Then from the other beehives and huts came groups of women, to comfort and to wail in concert; in the midst was the widow, with tears running down her cheeks, and striking her nails into her arms and breast. The night before a house had fallen on her husband and killed him.

The sorrow that is dumb is not for Arabs, the reserve of power we hear so much of and which makes our grief, our joy, our eloquence, our acting, seem so unreal to all except ourselves, is not for those who see the sun. "Eyes of my soul, how lightly didst thou ride over the desert. True was thy aim at the enemies of the Prophet. Generous thou wast and noble. Protector of the poor, stay of the childless, father of the downtrodden. How shall I forget thee, life of my life?" Most likely the horseman had never ridden except to market on a stumbling, spavined horse, or fired a shot except at a wild duck in his life; and as to being generous or noble, these are merely terms of comparison. Still, in an epitaph (in Latin, so that the common people may not read it) even in England, you may occasionally see apocryphal virtues set forth. Be that as it may, the tears, the grief, the utter self-annihilation, were as touching as if the tears had filtered through a cambric hemstitched pocket handkerchief. —Saturday Review.

Easy After That.

May—How did you learn to manage a husband so well?

Agatha—I haven't been four years learning how to handle a bicycle for nothing, let me tell you.—N. Y. World.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A nose of proper proportions should be one-third the length of the face.

—Cats and dogs cannot live at a greater elevation than 16,000 feet above sea level.

—Indigestion has often been cured by drinking every morning, half an hour before breakfast, a glass of hot water.

—The paper mills soon to be established at Way Crosse, Ga., will utilize the palmetto plant, which grows in profusion in that section.

—Cholera, typhus and swamp fever are due to lack of ozone, according to Dr. Toveau de Courmelles, of Paris, but grippe and inflammatory diseases are aggravated by its presence. The latter are apt to become fatal during the magnetic storms coincident with the aurora borealis.

—M. Lowell's observations give a little larger dimensions to the satellites of Mars than have been hitherto accepted. He assigns to Phobos, the one nearest the planet, a diameter of 26 miles, and to Deimos, the outer one, a diameter of ten miles. The older estimates were seven and five respectively.

—The planet Mars resembles the earth more closely than any other of the solar system that we know anything about. Mars is smaller than the earth, and its specific gravity is less. Its atmosphere is rarer than that on the highest mountains. It has probably no oceans and very little free water, except in spring, when the snow melts. As to Mars being inhabited, it is not impossible.

—Fresh Columbia salmon are soon to be shipped from British Columbia to England and Australia in steamships fitted with refrigerators. Experimental shipments have proved a success, and a company has been formed, with British capital, to undertake the enterprise on a large scale. The company is building a large cold storage warehouse at Vancouver for storing the fish while awaiting shipment. The company expects to make more profit than is made by the salmon canners.

—Last year's mackerel catch was almost a failure, and few of the many vessels engaged in the fishery paid expenses. Bad weather and fog prevented a good catch in the early part of the season, and the fish were not at all plentiful. Later in the season the weather was good, and large bodies of mackerel were seen at different points along the Atlantic coast, but for some reason they were wild, did not school and could not be taken. The same conditions are said also to have been noticed abroad. The Norwegian and Irish mackerel catches were very poor.

AN INDIAN'S ENGLISH.

He Has a Vocabulary Considerably Larger Than Is Manageable.

The Times of India prints the subjoined remarkably-worded petition from an ex-member of the Silledar mounted police. The request which the writer wishes to convey was that he might be furnished with a formal certificate of his service in the police force:

"The humble petition of ——, late Silledar mounted police, ——, most humbly showeth—That pity my grievances, by trumbling steps have dragged me before your honor's most greeted chair, my days dwindling to the shortest span, blessed Lord give me relief and Heaven will bless your honor's stores. That owing to my adverse fates, which had then frowned my wife and my sister to retire out from their public lives leaving my father and sister in bed of hopeless healths. Mr. father exposed out his perishable dispositions. There is not a soul into my family elder or younger than me, to attend on the sickness as above, which then compelled me by noiens volens, to tender resignation of my former post by my own, leaving me no time to apply your honor for certificate. By the blessing of God and your honor, my father and my sister restored to their former health, but the money so saved for future expenses. When necessary for has been exhausted on medicining them.

"When I found quite involved in poverty, that we endured severe fastings from the flummery floor even, I came in Bombay in search of my prey, presented by circumstances to the commissioner of police, who asked me for a certificate of my former post, without which I am refused by my bread. My humble services extended over two years under your honor's most auspicious orders, during which I toiled impatiently by my assiduity and attention with a view to start with my further advancement in life honestly. Under the stern cravings of hunger, I crave your leniency will be graciously pleased to stretch forth your honor's cannibal hand to fill up my wallet spread for a certificate for the time being under your honor's august orders, only to relieve our lives from the panic clutches of starvation.

"Pray let me test the gold of my fortune in the alembic of success, but let not my ardent hopes be refused by rejection, because your honor's one word would supply my low wants. Pray do not blast out my fervent hopes without which I am not to be taken in any kind of service. For which boon of your honor's merciful philanthropy and equity in charity, I shall jointly invoke heavenly choicest blessings to dwell with your honor's long life in years and advancing chair."—N. Y. Times.

Theory and Practice.

Doctor (to brother physician)—Yes, sir, the sovereign remedy for all ills is fresh air and plenty of it. People don't let enough air into their houses. Well, I must hurry off; I'm on an errand.

Brother Physician—Going far?

"No, only down to the hardware store to get half a mile of weather strips."—N. Y. Weekly.

Presence of Mind.

He (whispering)—I hear your father coming. Shall I turn up the gas?

She—No. Turn it out.—Truth.

O[illegible] WASHINGTO[illegible] LETTER.

[illegible] (postponed.)

WASHINGTON, March 16, 1896.

It might be inferred from the stories sent out from Washington by those more anxious to furnish sensational matter than to tell the truth that the Republicans in Congress who support the several gentlemen who are willing to lead the Republican party to victory this year are going around scowling at each other, ready to quarrel and fight every time one of them says a word in favor of his candidate. This is all tommyrot. There never has been a contest carried on with friendlier words than the present up to this time. Every one of the candidates for the nomination has friends in Congress who lose no opportunity to talk up the fitness of their man, and it is common to find in a group of half a dozen Republicans the champions of three or four candidates, but the discussions are thoroughly good natured. There is no blackguarding. Every one is willing to concede that all the other candidates are good men, but of course, his is the best. It is doubtful if a single case could be given of a Republican member of either branch of Congress saying a word derogatory to a candidate for the Republican nomination, although every one of them is pulling all the wires at his command to elect delegates for his choice. The Senate divided the past week between talking about Cuba and Col. Dupont's claim for a seat in that body, and incidentally heard a four hour anti-administration silver speech from Senator Cockrell, of Missouri.

With the exception of unseating Robbins of the fourth Alabama district and listening to a rather startling exposure of Democratic methods in that state, the House has been devoting itself to the appropriation bills.

Senate committees have been authorized to make favorable reports on Senator Mitchell's resolution to amend the constitution so as to provide for the election of Senators by direct vote, and on Senator Gear's bill for the admission to statehood of New Mexico.

There is little doubt of the animosity of the administration towards General Miles. Mr. Cleveland only gave him the promotion to which he was clearly entitled because he could not deprive him of it without such manifest injustice that even Mr. Cleveland would not be guilty of. Now this animosity has been shown in a new way. Secretary Lamont has written a letter to Senator Hawley, Chairman of the committee on Military Affairs, against the bill which has been introduced in both branches of Congress, to revive the grade of of Lieutenant-General of the Army for Gen. Miles. There would have been nothing improper in the administration opposing this bill, although no further back than in the last Congress it favored indentically the same bill for the benefit of Gen. Scofield; but there is no question about its having been improper for Secretary Lamont to imply that he opposed the bill for no other reason than that he did not consider Gen. Miles worthy of the distinction. However, Gen. Miles ought to be able to stand that sort of thing if the administration can.

Neither Chairman Bodcock, of Wis., nor vice chairman Apsley, of Mass., had any opposition for their old positions on the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee. Nor did they deserve to have any. Their work in the last Congressional campaign has never been excelled for thoroughness. How thorough it was may be judged from the fact that just a week before the election of '94, Chairman Babcock wagered a fine supper for nine newspaper men that the Republican membership in the House of the fifty-fourth Congress would exceed 232. At the time it was though that Mr. Babcock made the wager solely for political effect. But he didn't. He made it on the close canvass of every congressional district which has been made under his supervision for the committee. When the figures were made up, he had twelve members to spare, as the Republicans elected 244. He proposes that the Committee's work shall be just as thoroughly done this year.

Col. S. L. Howlette, who has been more than casually mentioned as the Republican candidate for Governor of the State of Washington, is visiting the National Capital. He says of politics at his home: "Washington is easily a Republican state, and there will be no difficulty in holding it in line. The favorite Presidential candidates in our state are Reed and McKinley, although any of the rest would be satisfactory to us."

Maj. E. B. Stahlman, owner of the Nashville Banner, and, of course a Democrat, evidently thinks the Republicans have more than a fighting chance to carry Tennessee. He says: "It's a serious question whether a Democrat can be elected Gov. of Tennessee this year. Beyond the fact that the party is badly split on the silver issue, a great many citizens who have always acted with the Democracy have never condoned the action of the legislature in counting out H. Clay Evans, whom they honestly believe was fairly elected Governor in 1894."

Deer Park.

Mr. W. H Hyller, of Cumberland, is with his family for a few days.

Mr. Linzy Hogge has bought Mr. George Walters' farm near Deep Creek and moved thereon. Mr. Walters has moved on the property he bought of Mr. Hogge.

Mr. Van Grim has the contract for building Mr. Herman Beckman's house at Altamont.

Mr. Will B. Miller is improving the Chadderton property.

Mr. T. J. Garrett, who has been in Baltimore for some time, returned home last week.

Wanted, a man in Deer Park who can attend to his own business and let other people's alone.

Judging from the neat appearance of Commissioner Laughlin's property, there will be some improvement on our school property shortly.

Mr. Charles West, who was found some time ago in a snow drift, had his feet so badly frozen that he was unable to walk for several weeks.

Our public school closed Friday last with an entertainment in the evening which was enjoyed by all present. Mr. George W. Moon, the principal, gave splendid satisfaction as a teacher, and made many friends while here.

We are reliably informed that the Deer Park hotels will be opened the coming summer as usual, by the railroad company, under the able management of Mr. George D. DeShields, notwithstanding the reports to the contrary.

YOU KNOW.

Accident.

Plenty of Snow and the farmers are wishing that they had more limestone quarried.

Mr. Stanley Boyer, of Oakland, was in our town last Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Carrie Boyer has returned home from Thayerville, where she had been teaching school this winter.

Our school closed Monday with a spelling bee at nigh. The scholars did well and they with their teachers deserve much credit. Mr. W. B. Glotfelty is at home from Salisbury Pa., where he attended school this winter.

On last Saturday Mr. Bernhard Zeptner died and was buried in the German Lutheran church yard.

Mr. Ruben Fox is prospecting for coal on his farm. He says he thinks he has the four foot veid of coal on his place.

Mrs. Henry Kamp is seriously ill with rheumatism.

The famous "Happy Lon" has left the Accident boys and decamped for parts unknown.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

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Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

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Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
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"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
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ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

A "JUNK SHOP,"
A "BLACKSMITH,"
"TWO-CENT APPLE BUTTER,"
"ROTTEN STOCK" and
A "HUNCHBACK,"

is a poor combination from which to expect a production of anything respectable in the job printing line.

A "junk shop" means a worn-out assortment of type, rules, etc.; a "blacksmith" is a bunglesome printer; "two-cent apple butter" is synonymous of the poorest quality of printing ink; "rotten stock" is poor-made and cheap paper; and a "hunchback" is a press which is so old that it has naturally worn out of shape and usage.

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in our Job Printing Department, our skill and our materials; that's the reason why we do such splendid work.

A $5 BILL WILL

get a nice lot of letter heads and envelopes properly and appropriately printed.

IF you believe it, try it: IF you don't believe it, the more need to try it.

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Why pay 60 to 90c. a rod for fence when you can make the
BEST WOVEN WIRE FENCE ON EARTH FOR 13 TO 20 CENTS A ROD?
Horse high, bull strong, pig and chicken tight. A man and boy can make from 40 to 60 rods a day. Over 50 styles. Illustrated Catalogue Free.
KITSELMAN BROTHERS
Ridgeville, : Indiana.

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PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN

The New York Weekly Tribune,

OF NOVEMBER 4th, 1896.

Public interest will steadily increase, and the question how the men who votes Oct[illegible] the scale at the last election are satisfied with the results under the administration they elected, will make the campaign the most intensely exciting in the history of the country.

The New York Weekly Tribune,

the leading Republican family newspaper of the United States, will publish all the political news of the day, interesting to every American citizen regardless of party affiliations.

Also general news in attractive form, foreign correspondence covering the news of the world, an agricultural department second to none in the country, market reports which are recognized authority, fascinating short stories, complete in each number, the cream of the humorous papers, foreign and domestic, with their best comic pictures, fashion plates and elaborate descriptions of woman's attire, with a varied and attractive department of household interest. The "New York Weekly Tribune" is an ideal family paper, with a circulation than that of any other weekly publication in the country issued from the office of a daily. Large changes are being made in its details tending to give it greater life and variety, and especially more interest to the women and younger people of the household.

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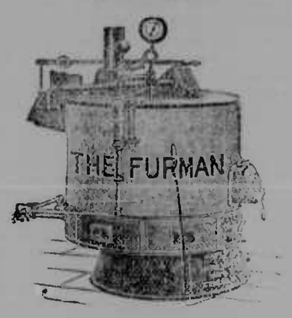

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Come and be convinced you do not have to pay two prices for your goods, because we sell for cash. Remember the place.

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Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

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I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.
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I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 3,000 acres of land known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson heirs," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and graz-

All trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
Call on or address—
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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1896. NUMBER 3.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Send your job work to THE REPUBLICAN office.

Mr. Thos. J. Hilleary, of District No. 6, was in Oakland last Thursday.

Mr. H. J. Mayers, of Wheeling, W. Va., was here a day or two last week.

Laces and embroideries of all kinds just received at Offutt & Son's.

Have you seen the stacks of new dress goods just opened at Offutt & Son's? 3-2t.

Mr. Franklin P. Green, of Lonaconing, was an Oakland visitor on last Thursday.

Mr. Patrick Maroney has been very ill for some time with an affliction of his eyes.

No trouble to show goods at S. P. Specht's, where you can buy cheap for cash. 1-tf.

Judge G. F. Englehart, of Accident, was in town on Tuesday and called to see us.

Dr. Wagner, a former Oakland resident, but now of Bloomington, was here last Friday.

If you want to buy honest goods at honest prices, go to S. P. Specht, Deer Park, Md. 1-tf.

Blank deeds for sale at this office. The deeds are specially ruled and printed very neatly.

Charles E. Hilleary, of the Maryland House of Delegates, was in the city Sunday afternoon.

THE REPUBLICAN and *The New York Weekly Tribune* one year, for only $1.75 cash in advance.

Crepons, ducks, serges, ginghams and everything in dress material just opened at Offutt & Son's.

DeWitt Minard furnishes coal delivered into your coal houses from the Deal mine for $2.10 per ton.

The latest *toes* for 1896 in men's fine shoes in calf, enameled leather ann Russia calf. Offutt & Son.

Dixon & Kelso will exchange clover and timothy seed for oats. 2-4t.

'Squire John W. Hill and Mr. Walter Smith, both of Terra Alta, were in Oakland on business Monday.

Have you used agricultural lime? If not address the Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va., for prices. 45-tf.

Mr. Adolphus Felty, of Parkersburg, West Va., spent a day or two in Oakland recently with relatives and friends.

Have you used agricultural lime? If not address the Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va., for prices.

Joseph Martin, of Oakland, Md., was a visitor to Beverly last Saturday for a few hours.—Beverly Enterprise.

Messrs. Thomas and John Browning, of Thayerville, were in Oakland Tuesday on business before the Orphans' Court.

It not only is so, it must be so. One Minute Cough Cure acts quickly, and that's what makes it go. Oakland Parmacy.

For prices on agricultural lime, delivered in car load lots, address Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont W. Va.

Mrs. J. M. Faulkenstine spent a week since our last issue visiting friends and relatives at and near Cranesville, W. Va.

Mr. John B. Fay, United States Land Agent, whose station is in South Dakota, is in Oakland this week visiting his family.

For prices on agricultural lime, delivered in car load lots, address Piedmont Lime and Stone Co., Piedmont, W. Va. 45-tf

S. P. Specht has just received and opened up the best assortment of shoes ever brought to Deer Park. Call and examine goods and prices. 1-tf.

Mr. G. H. Falkenstine, of Cranesville, W. Va., was in the city Tuesday and yesterday and ordered THE REPUBLICAN sent to his address.

Hon. A. F. George, of Swanton, was in the city a short time Tuesday and made this office one of his usual pleasant and agreeable calls.

Mrs. P. L. Merrifield is prepared to do cutting, fitting and fashionable dress making; also all kinds of sewing, at her residence opposite B. & O. depot. 2-4t*.

Attorney E. H. Sincell went to Kingwood, W. Va., Tuesday to try a case before the Circuit Court in that town. He returned yesterday morning.

The farm known as the Daniel Hinebaugh farm, at Accident, will be divided and sold at public auction Thursday, April 2nd. Will sell one acre or the entire farm. 2-2t.

Mrs. M. C. Hinebaugh, and little child, left Oakland on Thursday for Baltimore, where she will spend several weeks visiting friends and relatives.

Dr. T. E. Bullard will be at Mrs. Phillips' place, near Oak Hall, for a few weeks, prepared to do all kinds of dental work. Artificial teeth inserted by the latest method. Painless extracting. 2-4.

Mr. S. H. Ralston, of this county, left Saturday for Westerville, Ohio, where he goes to enter school. He cannot do without THE REPUBLICAN while away from home.

WANTED, I will pay $4.00 per cord for sound white oak, cut into bolts 35 inches long, pelled and knots bolted out, delivered at Oakland, Maryland. R. A. Orcutt & Co. 1-3t.

WANTED.—Six experienced dining room girls (white) for Brookside Hotel, during the summer. $12 per month. Address, stating experience, S. Prescott Wright, Brookside, W. Va. 1-4*

Mrs. John H. Riley, of Elkins, West Virginia, who was visiting friends and relatives in and near Oakland for the past two weeks, returned to her home yesterday.

Invitations for the annual Easter ball have been sent out by the committee of ladies and gentlemen having the affair in hand. Quite a large number of strangers are expected to attend.

Japan and China are well represented by our grand display of Mattings We have the most beautiful designs for 1896. Also Linoliums, etc. Offutt & Son.

Rev. J. Ed. Kildow, who has been at Beverly, West Va., for about a year editing the Randolph Enterprise, has resigned that position. Mr. Kildow was in the city last Saturday and talks of removing to Oakland with his family.

Call and get our special low prices for 1896 on Fertlizers for cash or produce. Also wagons, buggies, harrows, plows, etc., timothy and clover seed. Sewing machines at less than half the usual prices. Offutt & Son. 3-2.

We have just received from the manufacturers another large lot of stationery and envelopes which we are running out at low figures for the class of work furnished our customers. Give us a call.

Attorney Fred. A. Thayer has been appointed by the court receiver of the Mayers' Drug Company, who will wind up the affairs of that concern. The petition for a receiver was filed several weeks ago by Thomas J. Peddicord, Esq., attorney for the company.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

In connection with the literary program at the next meeting of the Epworth League to be held Monday night next, Superintendent Rudisill of Mountain Lake Park, will carry the members of the League in a journey through America by the use of numerous views exhibited upon a canvass by means of the stereopticon. Mr. W. R. Johnson, of the Park, will have charge of the lantern. Superintendent Rudisill has appeared before Oakland audiences in these lectures at numerous times and has always met with a hearty welcome and afforded great pleasure to his hearers.

For the next ten days we will furnish and print one thousand best white envelopes for only $1.50, cash to accompany the order. We use nothing but the best inks, and guarantee satisfaction. Other printed stationery at the same remarkable low prices. Place your order now.

Attention is called to the professional card, found in another column of our efficient county surveyor, Mr. F. P. Green. We have no doubt that all business entrusted to his care will receive prompt and careful attention.

Last season Ike L. Hall, druggist of West Lebanon, Indiana, sold four gross of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and says every bottle of it gave perfect satisfaction. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Parley DeBerry and children and Miss Ellen Connell spent Sunday last with relatives at Hutton, Md.—Miss Laura White, of Hutton, spent several days in Terra Alta since our last issue, the guest of Mrs. John B. Casseday.—Oracle.

Prof. McGlenn is in the city endeavoring to establish a writing school among the young ladies and gentlemen of the town. If he should be successful the sessions of the school will be held in Hamill & Little's hall.

All last winter Mr. Geo. A. Mills, of Lebanon, Conn., was badly afflicted with rheumatism. At times it was so severe that he could not stand up straight, but was drawn over on one side. "I tried different remedies without receiving relief," he says, "until about six months ago I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. After using it for three days my rheumatism was gone and has not returned since. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The dwelling house belonging to Mr. Chas. S. Harvey, three miles north of Swanton, was destroyed by fire last Wednesday morning. The fire originated from an overheated stove pipe which projected through the roof of the building. Mr. Harvey's loss was in the neighborhood of six hundred dollars, with no insurance. The only things saved by him was the clothing he and his family of three wore at the time.

A canvass among the druggists of this place reveals the fact that Chamberlain's are the most popular proprietary medicines sold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, especially, is regarded as in the lead of all throat trouble remedies, and as such is freely prescribed by physicians. As a croup medicine, it is also unexcelled, and most families with young children keep a bottle always handy for instant use. The editor of the *Graphic* has repeatedly know Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to do the work after all other medicines had failed.—The Kimball S. D. *Graphic*. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

New Goods.

Just received, a full and complete line of Dress and Waist Ginghams, Waist Plaids, Percales, Dranery, Lawns, India Linons, Outings, Serges, Henriettas, Bohemian Plaids, and a full line of Dress Linings; also spring line of mens' Clothing. Suits and Pants, boys' Suits, long and short Pants and extra Pants, good goods at low prices. These goods, as well as a new line of Hats, Caps, Shoes, Dress Shirts and Scarfs for spring, at prices to suit the times, rock bottom, are to be had at S. L. Townshend & Son's. 1-4t.

Ripans Tabules relieve nausea.

THE COL.'S CLIMAX.

N. Ward Fitzgerald Returned to Dixie.

From the N. Y. Morning Advertiser.

Colonel N. W. Fitzgerald, who rose to fame in New York because he was proprietor of a restaurant in Nassau street called the Climax, sold his business on Wednesday night and left rather suddenly yesterday morning "for his old home in West Virginia," but exactly where no one could tell.

When Mr. Fitzgerald's selling out and departure became known several men who said they were his friends called at the Climax and made anxious inquiries regarding his whereabouts and the condition of his affairs.

Superintendent Chapman answered all inquiries as best he could. He said he had been in Mr. Fitzgerald's employ for a year and a half, and that he did not believe there was a more honorable man in the world; that he was more than able to pay all his debts, and he was positive he would return and do so.

"In fact," said Mr. Chapman, "I believe he can pay $10 for every $1 he owes. Here is a letter I received from him at 2 o'clock this afternoon in which he says he will return in a few days and settle all his obligations."

Superintendent Chapman would not state if Mr. Fitzgerald owed much money. Nor would he divulge the names of the purchasers beyond saying "a new company would take hold in a couple of days."

The Climax has had a rather romantic and sensational career. So has its former owner. First of all, it employed girls as waitresses. They soon became popular with the patrons of the place because of their attractive appearance and Democratic ways.

But when the novelty had worn out Mr. Fitzgerald conjured up another attraction. He fitted out his girls with bloomers. This drew such crowds in front of the house that it took several policeman to prevent the street from becoming impassable. The police practically placed Fitzgerald under arrest. He was taken to court and the charge of "maintaining a nuisance" was preferred against him. He was discharged on promise of doing away with the bloomers. He had announced his intention of suing the city for $100,000 damages for interfering with his business.

Mr. Fitzgerald ran for Congress in West Virginia against Mr. Wilson, of Wilson bill fame. He was defeated. He was tendered another nomination, but declined and came here to start the restaurant.

The Climax was doing business as usual yesterday and the girls wore their wonted smile, which indicated that they at least were not among the creditors Mr. Fitzgerald is said to have left behind him.

In addition to the Climax restaurant Col. Fitzgerald had a controling interest in the Fowler & Wells Company, publishers of phrenological works, on Twenty-first street.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending March 28, 1896, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Walter Kisner, Birl Dolle, Mrs. Maria Pleasant, Mrs. McDonald, Miss Nellie Gorden, Mrs. Florence McAbee, U. H. Preacher in charge Parsonage.

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Miners to Receive an Increase in Wages.

FROSTBURG, MD., March 23.—Notices were posted at all the mines in the George's Creek coal region to-day stating that on and after April 1st the price of mining coal will be forty-cents per ton. This is five cents per ton more than the miners have received since the ten cent reduction in 1894. All mine laborers will receive a proportionate increase. For some time past the miners had been expecting a ten cent raise, and there is not general satisfaction among them over the five cent raise.

In March, 1894, the rate for mining was cut from fifty to forty cents per ton. The strike of May and June, 1894, followed, but on July 1st the miners went back to work at the forty cent rate, and have been working at that rate ever since. At the time the reduction was made, two years ago, the operators promised the men that as soon as the market justified it the price of mining would be increased.

Sang Run.

The snow was two feet deep last week. How is that for March.

Orval Lowdermilk is very ill with pneumonia fever at this writing.

Mr. J. Alvin Friend made a flying trip to Friendsville last week.

Miss Harriette Lowdermilk, Josephine Hoye and Robert Hoye called at E. N. Casteel's last Sunday.

Miss Estella Frantz is staying with her sister, Mrs. Travers, in Friendsville.

Rev. E. P. Idleman, pastor of the M. E. church at Cranesville, W. Va., called at Wm. Hoye's last Thursday.

Mr. Reuben Frantz has returned from his school. We are glad to see him again.

Mr. James Friend, our teacher, gave the scholars a nice treat the last day of school. We think it should have been reversed and he should have been treated by the scholars.

William Hoye lost a good cow last week. STRANGER.

Not to be Trifled With.

(From Cincinnati Gazette.)

Will people never learn that a "cold" is an accident to be dreaded and that when it occurs treatment should be promptly applied? There is no knowing where the trouble will end; and while complete recovery is the rule, the exceptions are terribly frequent, and thousands upon thousands of fatal illnesses occur every year ushered in by a little injudicious exposure and seemingly trifling symptoms. Beyond this, there are to-day countless invalids who can trace their complaints to "colds," which at the time of occurance gave no concern, and were therefore neglected. — When troubled with a cold use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is prompt and effectual. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park, for 25 and 50 cents per bottle.

School Report.

As a patron of Painter public school I will say a few words of well merited praise in regard to the teacher, Miss Grace Chisholm. By her management of the school during the winter she showed that she was not only an efficient teacher, but that she possesses the rare quality of winning the regard of the pupils and controlling them in a remarkable manner by kindness. The fact that she did not have a switch in the school room nor whip a scholar during the winter speaks well for teacher and pupils, while as a teacher she gave entire satisfaction to the patrons of the school. Pupils and patrons hope to have Miss Grace come back next fall and take charge of the school again. On Friday last the school closed with the following program:

Singing, "Twilight," by the school. Recitations as follows: "William's Goat," Etta Friend; "Twinkle Little Star," Alice Hershberger; "The Autograph Album," Clifford Friend; "Little Prisoner," Robert Friend; "Daisy Gray," Bessie Martin; "Luck and Labor," Henry Friend; "Pain in the Side," Melissa Martin; singing, by nine girls, which was very good; "I Love God Best," May McRoie; "Who Loved Best," Percie George; "Scramble Quick," Charlie Wright; "The Babes in the Wood," Pearl George; "Temperance Girls," Bessie Friend; "Happy Boy," Grover Beckman; "Be Firm and Be Faithful," McComas George; "She Bothers Me," Pearlie Martin; "The Dying Mother," Pearl George; "A Wayward Life," Grace Chisholm; singing, "America," by the school. Addresses were made by John L. Fitzwater and Rev. G. W. White, after which Miss Grace treated each to candy, oranges, etc. The school ended with hopes that Miss Grace would come back and teach our school again next winter.

A PATRON OF THE SCHOOL.

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We will give a thorough course of instruction in Double and Single Entry Book-keeping and Commercial Arithmetic, by mail,

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From Loch Lynn Fruit Farm. Nursery and Greenhouse.

Our Greenhouse } A few hours by mail } Your Kitchen.

Order a pound and see how nice they are.

THE HORTICULTURAL SUPPLY CO.,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

For Sale.

A cottage containing 7 rooms, attic and cellar. Has a well of good water upon the premises, and an acre of land attached. Purchaser can have the choice of more land up to two acres. Will sell cheap and on good terms. Situated opposite Mt. Lake Park on Oakland road. Mt. Lake Park, is a good market for vegetables and poultry. Apply to F. P. Arnold, Mt. Lake Park, Garrett county, Md. 50-13t.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Isaac A. Rinker desires to call the attention of the public to the advertisement to be found in another column of this paper under the caption "We Loan Money." The Mutual Guarantee Building and Loan Association which he is representing is one of the strongest new financial institutions in the country and the largest new Building and Loan Association in the east. Its improved methods and business-like management is developing it very fast. Its assets have already reached over $2,000,000, which proves it to be positively reliable in every respect. The men that carry it on are responsible and well known gentlemen. This is a good association for the investor as well as for borrower. It has a life insurance policy connected with it which beats anything in any other association. It is good for both young and old and especially for the young man, as this policy matures in 7 years, the others in 8 years. So anyone wishing to make and save money rapidly will do well to invest in this association. Those desiring to borrow or invest will find it to their interest to call upon or write Mr. Rinker for full particulars.

"AN AWKWARD FIX."

ONFOUND it! Wherever can Charlotte be?"

It is M. Chapoulot who speaks, and, as the words show, M. Chapoulot is out of humor. Ordinarily M. Chapoulot is as good-tempered and easy-going as one would expect in a man of 60, who, having been, like John Gilpin in his day, a linendraper bold, has in good time retired to enjoy a modest competency in repose. Your wealthy London tradesman, now, who has grown rich beneath the shadow of St. Paul's, if he retires at all before death or disease puts him suddenly hors de combat, flies off to spend his fortune at Brighton, or Bath, or Cheltenham—anywhere rather than in the great metropolis where he has made it. But M. Chapoulot, like the true Parisian he is, will never desert his Ville Lumiere, and has retired no farther than from the bustle of the boulevards to the more peaceful Rue de la Trocadero.

There he now lives with his only daughter Charlotte and an old faithful servant of the family, and it is the former whom he is at this moment impatiently awaiting.

It is dinner time with the Chapoulots, who dine at six. One might see it by the snowy tablecloth, the neatly-rolled serviettes with their little ivory rings, the plates, the glasses, and there, lifting its head in sovereignty over all, the tall wine bottle with its petit blanc vin, which is to the Parisian what tea and coffee and beer and all the beverages of the day are to the average Englishman.

M. Chapoulot always begins his dinner with punctuality, but he has never begun it without Charlotte. And Charlotte comes not. Five minutes past six, and M. Chapoulot's impatience becomes annoyance; ten minutes, and it is even anger; a quarter past, and he is furious. Hunger, they say, will tame a lion, but it will none the less ruffle the equanimity of a saint. Wherever can Charlotte be? She has gone this afternoon to take her music lesson in the Boulevard Barbesse. She goes three times a week, and always returns in ample time for dinner. Twenty past, anger begins to give way to nervousness; five-and-twenty, it is alarm; half-past six and no Charlotte, M. Chapoulot is trembling with anxiety. Hurriedly he summons the old servant, asks for his hat and boots; he will go out himself and see whatever may have happened.

But suddenly there is a merry little rap at the door, and Charlotte enters. No evil can have come, for there she stands in the doorway, smiling, radiant, in all the ease and grace of la petite Parisienne.

"Oh! papa—I—"

But M. Chapoulot's fear gone, his impatience again usurps supremacy, and reassured about the safety of his daughter, he begins to feel anxious for the flavor of his dinner.

"Come to table first. You can tell me while eating. I shall understand better then."

"Oh! but, papa! you don't know. I have had an adventure!"

"An adventure!" exclaims M. Chapoulot, starting from his seat and dropping his spoon into the soup upon which he has already commenced.

"Yes, papa! an adventure in the omnibus with a young man."

"The omnibus—with a young man! Parbleu!"

"But with a young man comme il faut, papa, I can assure you."

"You ought to know, Charlotte, that a young man comme il faut has no adventures, above all in an omnibus. Whatever do you mean?"

"It is very simple, papa. You need not make such a cruel face. I had forgotten my purse. That is a thing

"AN ADVENTURE," EXCLAIMS MR. CHAPOULOT.

which happens often enough—"

"Yes, yes; especially to those who haven't got one. Go on."

"I never discovered it until the conductor held out his hand to take my fare. What could I do? What could I say? I should be taken for a pauper—for an adventuress, perhaps. I was crimson, I was pale, I felt that I should faint; when, happily, a young man who sat next to me gave the conductor a piece of silver, saying: 'Take for two.' This gentleman, seeing my embarrassment, had kindly paid for me."

"Well, miss, you have done a nice thing. Accept six sous from a stranger! You had better have explained to the conductor, to the driver, to all the company. But people should not forget their purses—I never do. And now, how will you return his money? You will never think of keeping it?"

"I have his card, papa: M. Agenor Baluchet, clerk at the ministry of—"

"What? This gentleman, not content with insolently heeling his six sous, has had the impudence to force his card upon you into the bargain! He is a very scoundrel, your young man comme il faut."

"But papa, I could not return his money if I did not know his address."

M. Chapoulot has not a word to answer to this ingenious argument, but, with a gesture of the intensest irritation, throws down his serviette upon the table.

"It is written that I shall not dine this evening," he says to the old servant. "Find me a cab at once. I am going to restore to this Agenor his six sous immediately, and to tell him a few truths as well."

"But, papa, that will be ingratitude. You must remember that this young man has saved your daughter from an faux pas."

"An faux pas! He has rather led you into one. But, silence, miss! I am not going to receive lessons; above all, lessons in memory, from a silly girl who forgets her purse."

M. Chapoulot has taken his hat and looks even more enraged than ever.

The old servant comes back. "A cabman is at the door, but he will only agree to a single journey."

"Oh, that will do! I can easily find another to return."

And M. Chapoulot goes out in furious haste, while Charlotte timidly confides to the sympathizing servant that she knows even more of the young man than she has dared to say. For a month past he has regularly traveled in the same omnibus, and she has noticed that he has noticed, etc., etc.

Agenor, in his bachelor apartment, sits thinking over his experience of the evening and vowing he will not wash until the morning the hand that had been touched by the dainty fingers of Charlotte when she received the card.

Suddenly a sharp rap at the door, a violent opening and a stout gentleman out of breath, his hat upon his ears and cane in his hand, breaks in upon his dreaming.

"Monsieur!" exclaims the invader, "your conduct is scandalous. You are not worthy the name of a French gentleman. An honest man would never take advantage of the embarrassment and inexperience of a young lady. To profit by the absence of a father and a purse, to offer your money—and your

"YOU SHALL TELL YOUR TALE AT THE POLICE OFFICE."

card into the bargain—to an unprotected girl, it may be a good investment, but it is a bad action. I have brought you your six sous again, and would have you know, sir, that, as for my daughter and myself, we wish to have nothing to do with you."

And the stout gentleman, trembling with his vehemence, puts his hand into his pocket to get the money, when, before Agenor has time even to recover from his bewilderment, a new actor enters upon the scene. It is the cabman, all furious, with an oath upon his lips and brandishing his whip in a threatening manner.

"Eh! you! What do you mean? You engage me for a single journey. I tell you I cannot stay. You even order me to hurry. And then you jump from my cab like a madman and rush in here without a word. None of that for me. I have only one thing to ask. Pay me my money quickly, or—" And the whip goes round again more emphatically than before.

Agenor understands nothing of it. But the stout gentleman, who has searched vigorously in all his pockets, becomes suddenly pale, then red, then redder still, then crimson, then violet. He is silent in stupefaction a minute, and then, in answer to a more vigorous demand from the cabman, he manages to falter:

"I have—forgotten—my—purse!"

"Oh, yes! I know," cries the enraged cocher. "I have seen that dodge before. You needn't try it on with me. Come along! you shall tell your tale at the police office." And he begins to drag away by the shoulders the unfortunate Chapoulot, who is ready to fall into an apoplectic fit.

But Agenor, a true providence for the family, draws from his pocket the necessary sum and dismisses the driver.

"You will allow me, sir," he says to M. Chapoulot, who, all at once understanding that it is possible to forget one's purse, and that of all friends a friend in need is one indeed, can only reply with a smile:

"Monsieur—M. Baluchet, I believe—20 centimes for the omnibus and one franc 75 for the cab, that makes 41 sous I owe you. If you will be good enough to dine with me this evening, we will settle our affairs at once. As an old business man, I like not outstanding debts. Besides, ready reckonings always make good friends."

A quarter of an hour later the servant puts a third plate upon the table in the Rue de la Trocadero. A month later there is a still larger party, when the wedding of Charlotte and Agenor is celebrated. And M. Chapoulot will often say to those who care to hear him:

"Beware of borrowing, oh! fathers of families. C'est un faux pas. I made once a debt of 41 sous, and could only repay it with a dowry of 20,000 francs."
—Strand Magazine.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The eye of the octopus is said to be black, large and as vicious as that of a snake.

—The export of horses from this country to Europe has increased largely in the last two or three years.

—The only eclipse visible in North America in 1896 will occur August 22 and 23—a partial eclipse of the moon.

—Dr. Aronson, of Berlin, has succeeded in infecting a goat with tuberculosis and in making other goats proof against the disease.

—Large deposits of platinum have been discovered at Fitfield in New South Wales. One bed of platiniferous lead ore is a mile long and from 60 to 150 feet wide. The crude metal contains about 75 per cent. of platinum and sells on the field for six dollars an ounce.

—Of 1,571 breweries in the United States 289 are in New York, 251 in Pennsylvania, 174 in Wisconsin, 122 in California and 100 in Illinois. These are the states which have no breweries: Arkansas, Florida, Maine, Mississippi, North Carolina, Vermont and Wyoming.

—The silk that comes from the looms of Japan compares in gloss and fineness with any in the world, and Japanese crapes have a reputation in almost every market for softness of beauty and harmony of color; but for substantial wear, for lasting quality, the silk goods of China are most favorably known to the merchants of all lands.

—The Western Electrician tells the curious story that property owners on a Chicago thoroughfare have held a meeting and decided to bring proceedings against the Chicago City railway to compel that corporation to substitute for the present horse cars an overhead trolley system. It seems that the company had made arrangements for the change, but there had been delays, and that property owners became impatient.

'FRISCO'S CHINATOWN.

Its Glory with Its Population Is on the Wane.

The glory of Chinatown is on the wane. Large areas of the once crowded quarter, in which arrests of Chinese lodging-house keepers for violating the cubic air ordinance were at one time frequent, are now but thinly populated, and in the most populous locality rents are 50 per cent lower than they were in 1885. The Chinese like to live huddled in alleys. Wide thoroughfares and streets open to the sun and the eye of the tourist and the hoodlum are obnoxious to them, and they are deserting the bazar-lined stretches of Dupont and Commercial streets and congregating in the packed lodging houses of the narrow, dark alleys which connect the wide arteries of traffic. The population of the quarter, that authorities now say has always been overestimated, and was never more than 25,000, has diminished since 1888 to 15,000. That this number is steadily decreasing is proved by the numbers of Chinese that leave by every steamer, at least one-half of them never intending to return. The China on one outward voyage carried 700 Chinese, more than 500 of whom are not coming back. The glory of the New Year festival is also rapidly departing. The hoodlum element invaded the quarter on the days of the great feast, and were so aggressive in their demonstrations of disfavor and ridicule that the Chinese were forced to celebrate their festival behind closed doors and shutters. Where the streets were once brilliant with illuminated shops and bazars, and crowded with the Mongolians in the full magnificence of gala array, they are now lined by darkly-shuttered windows, above which lines of lanterns swing in the breeze, and full of staring tourists and local Caucasians.—Harper's Bazar.

Attracted by Her Bravery.

It is a common occurrence for men to win the favor of women by a display of courage. Out in California the tables have been turned. Miss Wiletta H. Robinson won a lover and a husband—a rich one, too—because she captured a burglar. She found the prowler in her mother's room, but, instead of screaming or fainting, ordered him to surrender, and then marched him down to the parlor, where she kept him a prisoner until the police arrived. It was while Miss Robinson was startling friends by these exploits at a hotel in San Francisco that she met young Hendrickson. He admired her not only for her bravery and cleverness, but for her beauty and charming disposition as well. They became fast friends and then lovers. Not content with having cemented her engagement, she has made it doubly secure by capturing another burglar, this time in Seattle. She has also played detective to good advantage. It must also be stated that in addition to courage and beauty this young woman has a fortune as well.—N. Y. Press.

Russia's Plague of Rodents.

Russia has suffered from a genuine plague of rats and mice, and the story is attractively told by the United States Consul Heenan at Odessa, in a report to the state department. The vermin first appeared in southern Russia in the autumn of 1893, and they increased in number with marvelous rapidity, owing to the heavy grain harvests leaving much unthrashed grain, and to the mild weather. In addition to the common house and field mouse, another and new variety appeared, having a long sharp nose. These mice overran every place, and they moved in vast numbers like armies, and in instances did not hesitate to attack men and animals. While the rats were not so numerous as the mice, they were more destructive, eating everything, gnawing away woodwork, and even ruining entire buildings. After exhausting all other means, the plague was finally terminated in 1894 by resort to bacteriology, when the vermin were destroyed by the inoculation of a few rodents with contagious disease germs.—Washington Post.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Evidence.—Husband (in the early dawn)—"It must be time to get up." Wife—"Why?" Husband—"Baby has just fallen asleep."—Truth.

—Humpton Belle—"I wouldn't allow a horrid man to kiss me, would you?" Newport News Girl—"Of course not; I don't know any such."—Norfolk Pilot.

—"What! You say that Herr Schmidle, the merchant, has gone blind? Here's a pretty how d'ye do—I have a bill on the man which is made out 'payable at sight!'"—Dorfbarbier.

—Harold was told to write a sentence containing the word "copse." He came from the city, and the word had a familiar sound. His sentence read: "The boy dodged the copse."—Youth's Companion.

—"I've been told Rivers' name is in old Rooksworthy's will." "Yes, his name is in it; he signed it as a witness. That's all, and—good gracious! What's the matter?" "Nothing, only I've lent him $500 on the strength of it."—Chicago Tribune.

—Gotrox—"I think young Cheekly is a foreign nobleman in disguise." Wigwag—"What makes you think so?" Gotrox—"Well, he has succeeded in borrowing a thousand dollars from me, and now he wants to marry my daughter."—Philadelphia Record.

—Romantic Miss—"Have there not been moments in your experience when life seemed full of unsatisfied wants?" Mr. Hardhead—"Y-e-s, that's so." "At such times I always fly to music for relief. What do you do, Mr. Hardhead?" "I advertise."—Spare Moments.

—The mother of a family showed the ticket collector on the railway a couple of half-fare tickets for her two children. The official, after looking at her doubtfully, said: "How old are they?" "They are only six, and they are twins." "Ah!" Then, after a moment's pause, the man inquired: "And where were they born?" "This one was born in London, and the other in Brighton."—Tit-Bits.

CAPES FOR DRESSY WEAR.

Coats Have Been Discarded for the Sleeve's Protection.

Although the big sleeve is decried so much, it has brought us much to be thankful for. But for it capes would not have been brought to so great a perfection. Their beauties would have been undiscovered, since in that case coats would hold sway over all.

Capes should be all a-glitter with beads or lined with fur. They should be soft and dainty, to add a bewitching look to any lady as she hides herself within the carriage.

Fish-net does not seem the proper material, and yet it is the foundation for one of the prettiest capes of the season. White cloth is appliqued upon it with gilt card. The cloth is all a-glitter with beads and pale-green silk peeps from beneath the fish-net. A band of white angora edges the cape, and the lining and collar are of the same material.

Another is dull-green duchesse satin, with a deep edging of chinchilla about it. To match the fur a scroll work of steel beads is sewed on the satin. The collar is of the fur and the lining pink velvet.

As in the illustration, many capes have huge hoods, cut after an 18th century pattern. These hoods encircle the neck and add a quaint air to the garment.

A cape for the promenade is of tight-curled, black astrakhan. In shape it is a driving cape, double-breasted and fastened with large pearl buttons. A collar of Alaska sable completes it.

Of still another I could tell, of sable with velvet points appliqued and jet and white ribbon. But of capes, there is no end.—Chicago News.

The Ingleside.

The ingleside, which is a bay or recess in the side of the room capable of receiving a hooded fireplace and usually having windows and seats at the side, is an exceedingly picturesque feature of the modern halls. Like most picturesque features, it is a revival. The old ingle corners were famous seats in old manor houses, and were probably the only ones where the draughts that poured in around door and through crevices did not reach. These recesses in large halls with high ceilings did not extend up to the ceiling, but were much lower, and the front over the ingleside was furnished with a shelf for the display of fine pottery or any curios. In a dining-room the shelf was used for the display of plate. In some recent houses an ingleside is arranged under the stairs. The outside of the house shows the chimney displayed on the outside of a bay, or a projection similar to a bay window, but with windows at the sides only. Upstairs above the ingle this projection is used as a closet, lighted at the side. —N. Y. Tribune.

How a Swamp Has Grown.

A correspondent gives the history of the Saugee morass in Sangerville, Me., where 40 years ago there was but a small mudhole in the road, which grew larger until the whole width of the road was sunk, and a log was laid along the side for people to cross on. At last the mud became so deep that it was difficult for teams to cross, so rocks were put in, until at last the town was obliged to build a bridge 50 feet long. All went well for awhile, when it was observed that this structure was sinking. Again the town had a bridge laid upon this, which was then sunk in the mud and water, extending several feet more in length than the first. As the years passed this bridge sank in like manner, and then the town took a vote to see whether it would build a road around the swamp or lay another bridge. It was decided to build the bridge, which is 180 feet long, but this bridge also is constantly sinking, and will soon have to be covered by another, and lengthened 100 feet or more. —Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

He Liked the Idea.

After he had been through all the departments of the penitentiary the visitor called the warden to one side.

"Say," he said in a whisper, "do you suppose I could arrange to be shaved here?"

"Shaved!"

"Yes. I'd like to make a permanent arrangement. I like your methods, you know."

"Why, they are much the same as—"

"Oh, not at all. You don't permit your barbers to talk."—Chicago Evening Post.

Truthful If Not Poetical.

I asked of a maiden fair,
With a wealth of sun kissed hair,
"Did a golden ray
From a gorgeous sunset
Entangled for aye,
In thy silken net,
Lend thy tresses their heavenly hue?"
"No, indeedy," she said, with a practical air;
"'Twas water and soda that bleached my hair,
And blondine, sometimes, I use, too."
—Washington Times.

WHY SHE WAS AFRAID.

Mother (on her daughter's marriage day)—Why are you so afraid of married life, Evelyn?

Daughter—On account of the curtain lectures; you know, mamma dear, I have no oratorical talent whatever.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Rare Kindness.

Eminent Physician's Clerk—Shall I make out Mr. Younghusband's bill and send it to him?

Eminent Physician (a man with a soft heart)—Well, no, not yet. He seems to be in a seventh heaven over the arrival of that baby, and I hate to intrude on his innocent joy.—N. Y. Weekly.

She Knew the Difference.

Mr. Topnoody is no lawyer, but his wife is an able woman. He was stumped in his reading the other evening and appealed to her.

"Are you up on Latin, my dear?" he asked.

"What do you want to know?" she inquired, with proper caution.

"I want to know the difference between de jure and de facto."

Mrs. T. studied a moment.

"Yes," she said, "you are at the head of this family de jure."

"Yes," he put in, "I understand that."

"And," she concluded, with some vigor, "I am the head of it de facto."
—N. Y. Mercury.

Didn't Need Him.

"You talk mighty independent," said the ward heeler, with an ugly scowl, "but let me tell you, boss, you'll never run your little boom through my precinct unless I do the steerin'."

"I think I'll get along without you," replied the candidate. "If I need to have any steering done, sir, there are rudders."

And he sternly bowed him out.—Chicago Tribune.

Inherited It.

"How much do you love me this evening, Gracie?" asked papa, putting away his cane and taking off his gloves and overcoat.

"That 'pends on how much candy you've brought me, papa," replied Gracie, rummaging his pockets.

"How like you, dear," rejoined papa, absent-mindedly, "your mother was ten years ago!"—Chicago Tribune.

His First Impression.

"That umbrella you lent me yesterday—" said the man who had just come into the office.

"Yes?"

"Here it is. I came to return it."

"Dear me," was the absent-minded reply, "I had no idea it was in such bad condition as all that!"—Washington Star.

An Excellent Home Motto.

Woman (in book store)—I want a motto of some kind to hang up in my parlor.

Clerk—Yes, madam. How does "God Bless Our Home" strike you?

Madam—Old-fashioned, ain't it?

Clerk—It is a trifle old-fashioned. Well, there's "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just."—Bay City Chat.

SHE WOULDN'T LIE.

"Jane, if any one calls, tell them I am not at home."

"If you think I'm going to tell a lie for you, Mum, you make a great mistake. You must tell them yourself."

Honesty Not Politic.

Maud—What is the trouble between Alice and Kate?

Ethel—Why, you see, Alice asked Kate to tell her just what she thought of her.

Maud—Yes.

Ethel—Kate told her.—Claremont (N. H.) Eagle.

Poor Girl.

"I can overlook his past," sighed the grieved and mortified young woman, after a careful inspection of the ring she had just received from her lover, "but I own I am bitterly disappointed with his present."

The diamond was paste.—Chicago Tribune.

Had Not Heard of It.

"It was simply shocking, miss," said the maid of the eminent actress.

"What was shocking?"

"The bold manner in which your diamonds were stolen last night."

"Oh, was it? I haven't read the papers yet this morning."—Washington Star.

Pastor and Flock.

First Vestryman—It must make a clergyman feel very unhappy to discover that he has outlived his usefulness in a parish.

Second Vestryman—Not so unhappy as it makes the people when he doesn't discover it.—N. Y. Tribune.

His Interest Doubtful.

Jones—Smith is in business for himself, isn't he?

Brown—For himself? Well, I should say he is in business for the benefit of an extravagant family.—Brooklyn Life.

Quite Likely.

"Timmins says his last novel is bound to make people talk."

"I guess so. I fancy they would rather talk than read it."—Indianapolis Journal.

Willing to Investigate.

Lady of the House—Would you be willing to work if you had the chance?

Wary Willy—How remote is the chance?—Puck.

One Who Approved.

"Well, you may say what you please about our cooking class, Harold, but there is one man who knows how to appreciate it."

"Our family physician, I suppose; but he only looks at it from a professional point of view."—Chicago Evening Post.

Artless Infancy.

"What's your name, little boy?"

"Bobbie."

"But what's your other name?"

"Sometimes papa calls me holy terror."—Chicago Record.

He Had a Preference.

Mrs. Dogood—I hear your husband taboos the wine glass.

Mrs. Frankleigh—Yes; he prefers to drink out of the bottle.—Town Topics.

SIX FOR A QUARTER.

"You are suffering from a complication of diseases, Mr. Stein, at least six."

"How much discount you gif me on half a dozen, doctor?"—Life.

To Be Proved.

Ethel—Have you any very expensive tastes, Charlie?

Charlie—Well, I don't know—I'm very fond of you.—London Tid-Bits.

Pretty Near.

Chappy—What's the latest thing in trousers?

Tailor—The bloomer girl.—N. Y. World.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A CHILD'S LESSON.

Far down in the silent ocean,
Where the sunbeams never fall,
Never comes the storm's commotion,
Dwells the coral insect small.

Days, and months, and years are passing,
Still he climbs to reach the sun;
Every hour his work is growing
Till the coral reef is done.

Upward slowly, ah! but surely
Climbs he brighter every year;
From this little coral insect
Let us learn to persevere.

—Chat.

WRECK ON THE COAST.

How Uncle Sam's Life Savers Succor Those in Distress.

On the discovery of a wreck by night, the patrolman burns a red signal light (with which he is always supplied) to notify those on the wreck that they have been seen, and that assistance will be rendered.

He then hastens to the station, and the whole crew turns out; the boat is run out on its carriage, all apparatus is collected, and they proceed to the part of the beach nearest the wreck. If practicable, the life-boat is launched, each man wearing a life-belt. They pull off to the wreck, and under the keeper's orders, which are promptly obeyed, the passengers are taken off to the beach, and the boat returns until all have been rescued.

If the boat cannot be used on account of the surf and the weather, they proceed to rig the breeches-buoy line between the wreck and the shore.

Coming abreast of the wreck, preparations are made to get a line to the vessel. Each man has his part of the work to do; the keeper, assisted by

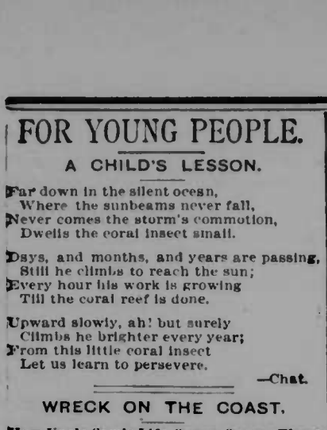

SAVING A SAILOR BY MEANS OF THE BREECHES-BUOY.

man No. 1, has been loading the gun; he puts in it a projectile to which is fastened a strong braided line, 600 yards long, and so coiled in a box that it may follow the shot without getting entangled. If their aim is well taken, the shot will pass over the wreck and the short-line will fall across some part of the vessel.

The crew on the wreck haul in this line, to which the life-savers have attached a pulley with a heavier rope through it; both ends of this rope are kept on shore.

Fastened to this pulley, or tail-block, is a tally-board with directions in French and English, instructing the wrecked men how and where to make it fast.

When it is fast on board the vessel, the life-savers fasten a hawser to one side of the whip-line and haul on the other, and the hawser is pulled out to the wreck; this hawser also bears a tally-board, directing that it be made fast two feet above the whip-line.

Now there is one endless small rope, and a large one three and a half inches in circumference, connecting the wreck with the shore.

To this large rope is fastened the breeches-buoy (whose form is well known) by a snatch-block; this block can be opened at one side and closed securely after it has been slipped over the hawser.

Meantime, the surfmen have buried the sand-anchor deep in the sand, and tackles are hooked to this anchor and the hawser, which has been made taut. Then a crotch is set under it upon the beach, which raises it over eight feet from the ground. The breeches-buoy now hangs from the hawser by the snatch-block; to the slings by which the buoy is attached to the block one side of the whip-line has been made fast, and the buoy is hauled off to the wreck; a man gets in, putting a leg into each opening, and is hauled to shore through surf that often covers him; he is taken out, and the breeches-buoy travels to and fro over this aerial railway till all are rescued.

Then the apparatus is recovered as far as possible, the beach-cart is drawn back to the station, the boat and gear are put in order, and the rescued ones are attended to.—"The Story of a Life-Saving Station," by Teresa A. Brown, in St. Nicholas.

A Girl's Essay on Boys.

"Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are women that will be young ladies by-and-by. Man was made before woman. When God looked at Adam, He said to Himself: 'Well, I think I can do better if I try again,' and then He made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than Adam, that there have been more women than men. Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything, but soap. If I had my way, half the boys in the world would be girls, and the rest would be dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy."—St. Andrew's Church Record.

St. Sophia She Meant.

Ruth is learning many things,
And often home from school she brings
Rare bits of learning and research.
To-day, with shining eyes, she said:
"Oh Mamma! have you ever read
'Bout Turkey and its 'normous church?
Its name is Saints Are—I know
Because my teacher told me so."
—Anna M. Pratt, in Youth's Companion

CANINE VOCALIST.

Tennessee Has a Dog of Whom the People Are Justly Proud.

While on a trip through Moore county, Tenn., recently, I was the guest of Rev. Frank M. Downing, who lives in the neighborhood of a small settlement called County Line. His family consists of himself and wife and a small yellow dog, which I noticed received an unusual amount of care and attention. As there was nothing particularly attractive about the dog, which was only a mongrel cur, I rather wondered at their manifest affection, and one day inquired the reason for it. Mr. Downing, for answer, called: "Benchi" and placed him in a chair, commanding him to "crow." My astonishment was unbounded when the dog gave a perfect imitation of a Shanghai rooster, and without further command followed it with the neigh of a horse, lowing of cows, grunts and squeals of pigs, whining of cats, and various noises incident to farm life. He could give all the yelps of a pack of hounds in pursuit of a fox, and in so realistic a manner that you could scarcely help believing that a hunt was in progress.

Mr. Downing said nobody had taught the animal, and his peculiar imitative powers were discovered by accident. The summer previous, when Bench was a mere puppy, Rev. John Malcolm, the preacher for their circuit, was ill at Downing's house, and was made extremely nervous at night by a rooster crowing at all hours beneath his window. The people who were attending him could not discover the rooster, but one morning Mrs. Downing, in passing the window, was startled by seeing the puppy throw back his head and crow. She hastened to relate the circumstances to her husband, who was incredulous and carefully watched the dog. He quickly corroborated his wife's story, and for some time the neighbors flocked to see the wonderful dog. He quickly learned to crow at command, and each day picked up some new sound. Last November a neighbor of Mr. Downing carried Bench to Nashville while the Barnum & Bailey show was there, and the manager offered a handsome price for him, saying that he was convinced Bench could be taught to talk, but Mr. Downing refused to give him up. In appearance Bench is not prepossessing, his color being a dirty yellow, his hair coarse and wiry, his legs short, and his body rather unwieldy. In his eyes, however, there gleams an intelligence almost human. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SNOW MERRY-GO-ROUND.

Lots of Fun in Towns Where There Are No Hills to Coast Down.

Did you ever hear of a snow merry-go-round? It's great fun, especially in a town where there are no hills to coast down. One of the readers of the boys' and girls' department describes just how the merry-go-round is made. A stout post is driven at the center of a level plot of ground, and to the top of this a long pole or plank is fastened on a pivot. This is all that is necessary. A sled may now be tied to either end or one at each end of the pole, and a

SNOW MERRY-GO-ROUND.

few boys at the center can keep the merry-go-round spinning with great rapidity. Of course the boys on the sleds, who are called "rushers," have an exciting ride, and they take turns occasionally with the "pushers." If the snow wears out the track can be iced by pouring water over it and letting it freeze.—Chicago Record.

Pet Goat as a Smuggler.

The customs authorities of an English port have unearthed a new method of smuggling. On a passenger steamer plying to France there was a pet long-haired goat, which regularly accompanied the crew. A discharged sailor gave away the scheme, and on the next trip the goat was seized. Examination showed that the goat's own hair had been clipped very close, then round its body were packed cigars, lace and other dutiable articles, and then the false coat was skillfully put on and fastened with hooks and eyes. After this experience, even a poodle dog is pinched and pulled around by the officers before being allowed to pass.

A Watch That Speaks.

A wonderful mechanical contrivance is announced from Switzerland in the shape of a watch that calls out the hours in a voice like that of a human being. This mechanical curiosity is the invention of one Casimir Livan, who bases its principles upon his knowledge of the workings of the phonograph. The case, instead of containing a striking apparatus, as some of the late costly watches do, is provided with a phonographic cylinder, which is fitted with a sensitive photographic plate, which has received the impression of a human voice before being inserted in the watch.

In No Danger.

Dinkley (who has owed a bill for medical attendance for four years and never mentions a settlement)—Doctor, I woke up in a cold sweat a little while ago, but feel so much better now I am sorry I sent for you. I am easily frightened and am afraid I am losing my nerve.

Dr. Grimby (who has been called at two a. m., dryly)—No, I don't think you are.—Judge.

FARM AND GARDEN.

WASTEFUL DAIRYMEN.

Two Ways of Doing the Same Thing Described and Illustrated.

This article is respectfully dedicated to the dairymen of the country, remarking by the way that the illustration of Peter Tumbledown's barn is a little exaggerated, but not beyond a condition all are liable to reach who pursue his method. Rain from the eaves is conveying his manure down into the nearest ravine. This will save him the labor of carting it to the fields. Just now the poor man is having a hard time. There is a depression in the barnyard where he has to walk when coming to the barn or returning from it. It is filled with a black solution of cow manure. He has to drain it away or wade through it. The latter would be the easier way and he would continue to do so were it not for the fear of his patient wife, Nancy, who has said so many times: "Now, Peter, just look at your nasty boots!" This part of the picture is not overdrawn. The "Peters" are very numerous. The rents in his barn covering furnish plenty of fresh air and sunshine for his cows, and "them book fellers" say these are necessary to prevent tuberculosis. But not all Peters are just like this one. There are many grades of them.

Cows pass half the year in the stable, and here is where they are fed all the grain they get. The quality of the manure, of course, depends much upon the amount of grain fed. I think any observing farmer would indorse me in saying that on the average where manure is thrown under the eaves, as in Peter's case, there is easily an annual loss of fertility by leaching as much in value as five dollars per cow. A roof to cover the manure as represented in one of the illustrations can be erected for 50 cents a cow. Now a 20-cow dairyman who throws the manure under the eaves loses nearly $100 a year

by his shiftlessness. Is not this a serious leak? One might just as well throw so much money in the fire. Attention is called to this matter now because it is the most suitable time to get a few logs out of the woods and have them manufactured into suitable lumber for a shed. In such case all the cash a shed would cost would be the price of a few nails and the sawing bill. Ordinary dairymen have a dread of contracting any unnecessary expense. A shed is looked upon as involving more expenditure to construct than is necessary. A man having 24 cows and no shed refused to subscribe for a farm paper because he "could not afford it." It is hoped this will set some such manure-wasters to thinking.

Persons who have not been on tours of observation through dairy sections can have but a faint idea of how extensive the waste is in this respect. It amounts to many millions of dollars annually in the state of New York alone. Probably one-half of the dairymen would plead guilty to this indictment. But there are many honorable exceptions. Some keep their manure under a shed cover, and the more able have their cow barns so constructed that they can drive a team through behind two rows of cows. A vehicle is kept standing in the stable, and when a load is obtained it is driven

to the field and spread. This is the most sensible way. When the country was new the soil filled with sweet native grasses and the butter made had a delicious flavor. By the lax system of dairying the soil gradually became depleted of fertility, the tame grasses slowly went out and weeds and coarse grasses came in. The butter made now is not of as good quality as formerly. A few of the best dairymen, observing whence they were drifting by this system of depletion, changed their methods, fed more grain, especially cottonseed meal, carefully husbanded and applied all the solid manure made, and now the tame grasses are driving out the weeds and other wild growth. This is farming on right lines. It must be understood that most dairy lands are not tillable. The dairymen might go further now and utilize the liquid manure, which is almost wholly neglected.—Galen Wilson, in N. Y. Tribune.

The old canes should be cut off the raspberry bushes in order to give the young canes a better stand to grow.

ALMOST CRAZED.

Thought Her Child Was Going to Die.

The Terrible Ordeal of a Mother—Her Little Girl Almost Faded Away—Saved in the Nick of Time—A Story That Will Touch the Heart of Every Mother.

From the Journal, Detroit, Mich.

Every grateful mother in Mrs. A. L. [illegible]ess, of 676 Grand Avenue, Detroit, tells of a wonderful cure which her daughter has received by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Said Mrs. Hartness: "Yes, my daughter's life has been saved by using Pink Pills, thanks to a kind friend who recommended them to me.

"Blanche was sick for over three years. She had the care of the best physicians procurable, and no expense or trouble was spared to give her relief. She was so thin that she was fairly skin and bones, her digestion was out of order and she had the most awful headaches. We gave up all hope of her recovery. Her long, thin, listless face made me nearly crazy, and we did everything in our power to give her strength and induce her to take an interest in anything.

"One day a friend told me about the Pink Pills, and Mr. Hartness went down town and got three boxes. She had taken about one box when, to my amazement, one morning I heard her playing on the piano. I could hardly believe it, for it had been over [illegible] since the piano had been opened.

"Soon she began to take short rides on her bicycle, and soon she went singing around the house, our own happy, hearty little daughter once more.

"She thinks nothing of a spin on her wheel over to Mt. Clemens or Pontiac, and is as well as she ever was.

"I had a girl living at our house who was a great sufferer from impoverished blood, and who received instant and permanent relief from the use of one box of the pills.

"If this information can be of any use to help some poor sick one, it is given with the greatest of pleasure."

The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills state that they are not a patent medicine but a prescription used for many years by an eminent practitioner who produced the most wonderful results with them, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves, two fruitful causes of almost every ill to which flesh is heir. The pills are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, all forms of weakness, chronic constipation, bearing down pains, etc., and in the case of men will give speedy relief and effect a permanent cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. They are entirely harmless and can be given to weak and sickly children with the greatest good and without the slightest danger. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

What you keep by you, you may change and mend; but words once spoken can never be recalled.—Roscommon.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Old Bachelor—"Now that your sister has married, it is your turn." Young Lady—"Is that meant as an offer?"—Lustige Blaetter.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is the name of an illustrated monthly newspaper published by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R. It aims to give information in an interesting way about the farm lands of the west. Send 25 cents in postage stamps to the Corn Belt, 209 Adams St., Chicago, and the paper will be sent to your address for one year.

There is in every true woman's heart a spark of heavenly fire, which beams and blazes in the dark hours of adversity.—Irving.

Free to "Comrades"

The latest photograph of Honorable I. N. Walker, Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R. Write to F. H. Lord, Quincy Building, Chicago, and you will receive one free.

Will the new woman preacher kiss the bridegroom or the bride when she ties the wedding knot?—Chicago Times-Herald.

There are but three classes of men: the retrograde, the stationary and the progressive.—Lavater.

Beecham's pills for constipation 10c and 25c. Get the book (free) at your druggist's and go by it. Annual sales 6,000,000 boxes.

Men must love the truth before they thoroughly believe it.—Smith.

"Do you believe in hypnotism?" "Well, I can't say positively. But if there is nothing in it, I can't explain why a large number of marriages occur."—Truth.

Higgles—"Old Bilson called in four doctors in consultation over him the day he died." Miggles—"Good! There's no danger of his being buried alive."—Brooklyn Life.

"I," wailed the poetic young man, "am ever misunderstood." "Then," asked the practical girl, "why do you not try to talk United States?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Repartee is the highest order of wit, as it bespeaks the coolest, yet quickest exercise of genius, at a moment when the passions are roused.—Colton.

"These problems in arithmetic
Are harrowing, I vow.
Last leap year she was thirty
And she's twenty-seven now."
—Washington Star.

Men and things have each their proper perspective; to judge rightly of some it is necessary to see them near, of others we can never judge rightly but at a distance.—Rochefoucauld.

Reason elevates our thoughts as high as the stars, and leads us through the vast space of this mighty fabric; yet it comes far short of the real extent of our corporeal being.—Johnson.

Rubber Up Against Them.—Hazel—"Riding a wheel is a great thing to polish a person up, isn't it?" Nutte—"How so?" Hazel—"Since I've been riding I've come in close contact with some of the finest people in town."—Truth.

Miss Newwoman—"I will have to go to the city to-morrow and make some purchases." Miss Stronginind—"Can't you get what you want here?" Miss Newwoman—"No, there isn't a goat's furnishing store in town."—Life.

"This is leap-year," remarked the maiden, timidly, "and I am disposed to avail myself of my sex's privilege. Mr. Tillinghast, I love you. Will you be mine?" "But can you support a husband?" asked Mr. Tillinghast, anxiously.—Judge.

Home Seekers Excursions.

In order to give everyone an opportunity to see the Western Country and enable the home seekers to secure a home in time to commence work for the season of 1896, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y has arranged to run a series of four home seekers excursions to various points in the West, North-West and South-West on the following dates: March 10, April 7 and 21 and May 5, at the low rate of two dollars more than ONE FARE for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within tweaty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Cynicus says that he has observed that the people who complain that divorce is too easy under the present laws are usually unmarried.—Somerville Journal.

The Unkindest Cut of All,

As Shakespeare says, is to poke fun or sneer at people who are nervous, under the half-belief that their complaint is imaginary or an affectation. It is neither, but a serious reality. Imperfect digestion and assimilation of the food is a very common cause of nervousness, especially that distressing form of it which manifests itself in want of sleep. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters speedily remedies nervousness, as it also does malarial, kidney, bilious and rheumatic ailments. The weak gain vigor speedily through its use.

As the mind must govern the hands, so in every society the men of intelligence must direct the man of labor.—Johnson.

Cheap Excursions to the West and Northwest.

On March 10 and April 7, 1896, the North-Western Line (Chicago & Northwestern R'y) will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets at very low rates to a large number of points in Northern Wisconsin, Michigan, Northwestern Iowa, Western Minnesota, Nebraska, North Dakota and South Dakota, including the famous Black Hills district. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

Father—"She is a beautiful singer, my son." Son—"Yes, she is, father, but she doesn't sing beautifully."—Wrinkles.

There is money to be made in Cripple Creek. When you go take the "Rock Island Route" to Colorado Springs. This is the only direct line—saves several hours' time to Cripple Creek. Send for full information. John Sebastian, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

The Master—"Is it raining very hard, Thomas?" The Servant—"No, sir; only hailstones, sir."—Roxbury Gazette.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. Williams, Antioch, Ill., April 14, 1894.

To California in Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars.

The Burlington Route (C., B. & Q. R. R.) runs personally conducted excursions to California, leaving Chicago every Wednesday. Through cars to California destination, fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, bedding, toilet rooms, etc.; every convenience. Special agent in charge. Route via Denver and Salt Lake. Sunshine all the way. Write for descriptive pamphlet to T. A. Grady, Excursion Manager, 211 Clark St., Chicago.

I envy Bings whene'er he sings,
So much does he deserve;
'Tis not his voice makes me rejoice—
I envy him his nerve.
—Judge.

There are many diversities of vice; but it is one never-failing effect of it to live displeased and discontented.—Seneca.

Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Patience—of whose soft graces I have her sovereign aid, and rest myself content. —Shakespeare.

FARM LANDS for Sale.

In the states of Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky. Land Excursions from the Northwest to Southern Ry Points April 7 and 21 and May 5. Detailed information with maps and descriptive pamphlets will be sent free upon application to M. V. Richards, Land Agent Southern Railway, Washington, D. C. He will also send to any address free, a 16 page journal, "THE SOUTHERN FIELD," which should be read by every Northern family.

SMOKE YOUR MEAT WITH KRAUSERS LIQUID EXTRACT OF SMOKE. SEND FOR CIRCULAR. E. KRAUSER & BRO. MILTON PA.

I LOVE YOU YET

By America's Great Song Writer, Monroe H. Rosenfeld. Is the prettiest song ever written. Ask your music dealer to show it to you, or send 25 cts. in stamps, which is just half price, to CHARLES W. HELD, Publisher, 308 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and he will mail it to you.

Bible and its Story By Josephine Pollard. 250 Illustrations. 576 pages. Size, 8½x11¼ inches. Substantially bound in cloth, with design, $1. Agents Wanted. Geo. Routledge & Sons, Limited, 28 West 23d St., New York.

OPIUM and **WHISKY** habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga. NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

A. N. K—C. 1596

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

THE KING CURE OVER ALL FOR **RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA** IS SAINT JACOBS OIL TRY IT

These stopped using soap, long ago.

This one stopped because—well we'll have to guess why. Perhaps, because it gave him too much work to do. That's what everybody thinks, for that matter, when there's nothing but soap at hand, and there's a good deal of dirt to be removed from anything.

But this one stopped because she had found something better than soap—Pearline (use no soap). Something easier, quicker, simpler, more economical. No rubbing to speak of, no wear—easy work and money saved, whether it's washing clothes, cleaning house, or any kind of washing and cleaning

Millions NOW USE Pearline

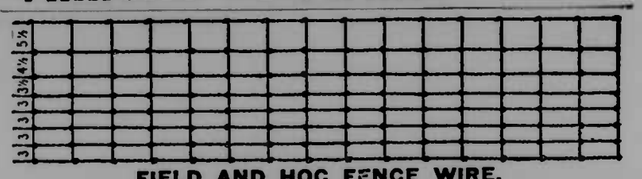

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26, 33, 42, 50, or 58 inches high. Quality and workmanship the best. Nothing on the market to compare with it. Write for full information.

UNION FENCE COMPANY, DE KALB, ILL.

Off for a Six Months' Trip.

BattleAx PLUG

When you spend a dime for "Battle Ax" Plug, you get 5½ ounces. When you spend the same amount for any other good tobacco, you get 3½ ounces, or for 5 cents you get almost as much "Battle Ax" as you do of other high grade brands for 10 cents.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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One copy one month	.1
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First insertion for square of ten nonpariel lines $1; each additional insertion after first 50 cents per square of ten nonpariel lines. Positively no deviation will be made from the above rates.

REMITTANCES:

Remittances made by money order, postal note, registered letter or bank draft will be at our risk. If made otherwise, at the risk of the sender. Address,

THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1896.

REPUBLICANS, ATTENTION.

The Republican voters of Garrett county are hereby requested to assemble in primary meetings in their respective districts on

SATURDAY, the 11th day of APRIL, 1896,

at the hour of two o'clock p. m., for the purpose of selecting five delegates from each election district to attend a County Convention to be held in Oakland on

MONDAY, APRIL 13th, 1896,

at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m. to elect three delegates to represent Garrett county at a District Convention which will be held at Hagerstown on Wednesday, April 15th, 1896, and also to elect three delegates to represent Garrett county at a State Convention which will be held in Baltimore on Wednesday, April 22nd, 1896. JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Chairman Committee

THE re-assessment bill as reported to the Senate by the conference committee, passed that body Tuesday morning and Tuesday night it passed the House. It only requires now the signature of Governor Lowndes to make it a law.

Lincoln Was a Protectionist.

Witnessing the government as we do to-day, with its debt increasing, bond-issuing, gold-depleting, labor-destroying, low-tariff policy, with what mighty force the words of Lincoln written more than half a century ago, come to us in the hour of emergency! They read as if written for one living present, not for the forgotten past. Why, do you know that as far back as March 1, 1843, at a Whig meeting in Springfield, Ill., Mr. Lincoln offered a series of resolutions relating to the tariff, which could well be accepted here to-night? They were then instantly and unanimously adopted, and Mr. Lincoln himself appointed to prepare "an address to the people of the State" upon the subjects which they embraced. Let us read from this address his profound observations upon tariff and taxation and their relation to the condition of the country.

"The first of our resolutions," said Mr. Lincoln, "declares a tariff of duties upon foreign importations, producing sufficient revenue for the support of the general government, and so adjusted as to protect American industry to be indispensably necessary to the prosperity of the American people; and the second declares direct taxation for a national revenue to be improper.

"For several years past the revenues of the government have been unequal to its expenditures, and consequently loan after loan, sometimes direct and sometimes indirect in form has been resorted to. By this means a new national debt has been created and is still growing on us with rapidity fearful to contemplate—a rapidity only reasonably to be expected in time of war. This state of things has been produced by a prevailing unwillingness either to increase the tariff or to resort to direct taxation. But the one or the other must come. Coming expenditures must be met, and the present debt must be paid; and money cannot always be borrowed for these objects. The system of loans is but temporary in its nature, and must soon explode. It is a system not only ruinous while it lasts, but one that must soon fail and leave us destitute. As an individual who undertakes to live by borrowing soon finds his original means devoured by interest, and, next, no one left to borrow from, so must it be with the government.

"We repeat, then, that a tariff sufficient for revenue, or a direct tax, must be resorted to, and, indeed, we believe this alternative is now denied by no one. But which system shall be adopted? Some of our opponents, in theory, admit the propriety of a tariff sufficient for a revenue; but even they will not in practice vote for such a tariff; while others boldly advocate taxation. Inasmuch, therefore, as some of them boldly advocate direct taxation, and all the rest—or so nearly all as to make exceptions needless—refuse to adopt the tariff, we think it doing them no injustice to class them as advocates of direct taxation. Indeed, we believe they are only delaying an open avowal of the system, till they can assure themselves that the people will tolerate it.

"Let us then briefly compare the two systems. The tariff is the cheaper system because the duties, being collected in large parcels at a few commercial points, will require comparatively few officers in their collection, while by the direct tax system the land must be literally covered with assessors and collectors, going forth like swarms of Egyptian locusts, devouring every blade of grass and other green thing.

"By this system (the protective) the man who contents himself to live upon the products of his own country pays nothing at all. Surely our country is extensive enough and its products abundant and varied enough to answer all the real wants of its people. In short, by the protective system the burden of revenue falls almost entirely upon the wealthy and luxurious few while the substantial and laboring many who live at home and upon home products go entirely free.

"By the direct tax system more can escape. However strictly the citizens may exclude from his premises all foreign luxuries—fine cloths, fine silks, rich wines, golden chains and diamond rings—still for the possession of his house, his barn and his homespun, he is to be perpetually haunted and harassed by the tax gatherers. With these views we leave it to be determined whether we or our opponents are the more truly democratic on the subject."

Perhaps it was not entirely accidental that these views of Mr. Lincoln found almost literal expression in the Republican national platform of 1860. Nor is it strange that this year, as in 1860, no chart is needed to mark the Republican position upon this great economic question. The whole world knew a year in advance of its utterances what the Republican platform of 1860 would be, and the whole world knows now, and has known for a year past, what the Republican platform of 1896 will be.

Then the battle was to arrest the spread of slave labor in America; now it is to prevent the increase of illy paid and degraded free labor in America. The platform of 1896, I say, is already written—written in the hearts and at the homes of the masses of our countrymen. It has been thought out around hundreds of thousands of American firesides—literally wrought out, by the new conditions and harsh experiences of the past three years.—Wm. McKinley in a eulogy delivered in Chicago on Lincoln's Birthday.

Thayerville.

Our public school closed on Friday, the 13th inst. The teacher gave to each of the scholars a nice treat and the one not missing a day during the session received as a present for punctuality a china cup and saucer, which was given to Lee Browning. The average attendance was not so good this term as last, it being only 16½. Miss Carrie Boyer was the teacher, who has the best wishes of both scholars and patrons for her future success.

Mr. Stephen Browning, of Oakland, spent Sunday with his mother here Mrs. John L. Browning. Also Mrs. J. H. Riley, of Elkins, and Miss Lou A. Thayer, of Oakland.

The committee appointed some time ago to decide upon building a Methodist church in this vicinity has met and performed its labors. The president was Mr. T. J. Browning and the secretary Mr. C. L. Paugh. Six of the seven members was present at the meeting and the vote to erect the church at Sand Flat was unanimous. H. H.

ANNAPOLIS LETTER.

Some Bills of Importance to the Garrett County Folk.

The Governor signed the following bills on the 19th: House bill to protect birds and game in Garrett county;" "To prohibit fishing in Garrett county on Sunday."

The bill incorporating Loch Lynn Heights has passed through the House, and through the Senate on the second reading, and is being engrossed for final passage. By the time THE REPUBLICAN is at press the bill will be a law. The bill authorizing the community of Mountain Lake Park "to issue bonds to the amount of one-tenth of the assessed valuation of property; to give corporations owning property at the Park a vote at the meetings of the community, and to allow owners of property contiguous to the Park to become members of the community upon certain conditions," by the time of the next issue of THE REPUBLICAN will have become a law.

Messrs. Edward and Benjaman Sincell, Ex-sheriff Wegman and Supt. Rudisill were Garrett county visitors at Annapolis last week.

Garrett county will receive $5,500 from the State Treasury for the benefit of the public schools, for the next two years.

A bill is before both Houses at this time, authorizing any election district to petition the judge of the Circuit Court to issue a call for an election to decide for or against license upon the petition of one-third of the voters of that district. It is hoped that this bill will become a law, as it is a fair and just proposition. It is practically a local veto bill for this county.

A bill has been introduced by Mr. Hilleary dividing the seventh election district.

The bill incorporating Loch Lynn Heights has a clause which prevents the sale of intoxicating liquors within a mile of its boundaries in all directions.

The local veto bill was killed in the Senate last Thursday. A large number of special local option bills have passed both houses.

When the Legislature shall have adjourned, it will be found that the Republican party will not be ashamed of the record made by its representatives. Never before has a more sober lot of delegates occupied both houses than this year.

The new charter for Oakland only awaits the signature of the Governor to become a law. X

Cranesville.

Snow.

Plenty of it.

Sleigh bells jingling.

Young folks having a fine time.

Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Browning spent Saturday and Sunday at Terra Alta.

Our school closed on Friday last with an entertainment at night. The house was crowded and all present enjoyed a good hearty langh.

Quite a lively crowd of young folks drove in from Terra Alta on Tuesday evening. They took supper at the hotel and after a few hours of social enjoyment they returned home.

Mrs. J. M. Faulkenstine, of Oakland and her father, Mr. Isaac Leighton, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Faulkenstine.

There are a few cases of scarlet fever reported in and about town, but as yet none have proved serious.

A certain young doctor and wife were in town on Wednesday last, and in the evening they drove to Henry to visit his wife's mother and step-father. While the doctor was putting his horses away his wife rushed to the house to inform her mother that they had come to stay all night and take supper and breakfast with the old folks once more, but much to their surprise when the doctor came to the house the old gentleman met him with the fire shovel and for a few minuets you would have thought our country was at war with Spain.

The firm of Bishop & Jenkins has moved the entire stock of merchandise in the room lately purchased by Mr. Jenkins from Mrs. VanMeter. May much success follow them.

Mrs. C. W. Cuppett, who has been seriously ill, we are glad to say is improving very fast.

Bear Creek, District No. 5.

Our school closed on the 13th inst. with an enrollment of 36 scholars and an average of 32 and a fraction. If any one can beat that for a country school we would be pleased to hear from them. They also had an entertainment in the evening which was very nice. Much praise and credit is due the teacher Miss Ella E. Turney for her part, as the programme was excellent. Owing to the bad weather they did not get to practice much. The singing was very nice by the little childred. They also had some very fine music on the organ and violin.

Rev. David Hochstedler is reported ill at present.

Mr. Peter Brown, who is working in the tannery at Confluence, Pa., was home on a visit to his parents the past week on account of sickness.

Mr. Jonas Hershberger and family spent Saturday and Sunday as the guests of Mr. J. J. Beeghly.

Rev. G. A. Royer was the guest of Mr. Lewis Kamp Sunday evening. He also preached his farewell sermon in the Coye the same evening which was an excellent one.

The farmers have been busy hauling lime stone the past week.

Mr. Austin Speicher has been hauling several loads of shingles the past week from Mr. P. P. Lohr's, of Bittinger. He intends putting a new roof on his house in the near future.

Mr. Lineas Camp and wife, of Tub, Pa., were the guests of Rev. David Hochstedler over Sunday, and also Mr. Joel H. Miller, of the same place, was the guest of Mr. Joel Diehl.

Loch Lynn Heights.

On last Friday evening our quiet little hamlet was awakened from its slumber by the cheerful voices and the merry sleigh bells of a group of young ladies from Oakland. The party was composed of Misses Nina and Maggie Stemple, Flora Brooks, Alice and Bertie Cleveland, Belle Martin and Messrs. William Cleveland, jr., and Clarence Stemple. They were the guests of Mr. David Hawk.

Dr. Hildreth, of Wheeling, W. Va., was here last week looking after the erection of his house, which is nearing completion.

Mrs. Adaline McGeary, of Brookside, W. Va., has rented a number of rooms in the Loch Lynn Store Co.'s building. She will conduct a dressmaking business.

Our Assemblyman, Hon. C. E. Hilleary, wrote Mr. B. F. Crane that the bill for the incorporation had passed the Senate last Friday night, but later heard that the bill had been ordered laid on the table.

Mr. Clarence J. Rathbun moved into Mr. C. J. Bunce's house on Paull street last Saturday.

Cap't Cochrane and family, of Fairmont, W. Va., moved into Mr. A. R. Sperry's house in the Park, which he will occupy until his house is completed. INVESTIGATOR.

Obituary.

On Friday morning, March 13th, 1896, near Meadow Mountain, Grace Lohr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Lohr, died of pneumonia, aged 2 years, 2 months and 21 days. The deceased was a bright affectionate child and one whose loss will be deeply felt and mourned by the members of the household. Two weeks illness had scarcely elapsed when God judged her ripe for the crown and gatherad this flower for heaven. The funeral services took place on Sunday at 2:30 o'clock p. m., conducted by Rev. Geo. A. Royer, and the remains were interred in the family burying ground.

Yes, we'll miss thee, darling Gracie,
While the years roll slowly on;
But we would not call thee back
From that bright and happy home.

Thou art gone to dwell with Jesus
On that fair celestial shore,
There to wait and bid us welcome,
When our stormy voyage is o'er.

There to sing with happy angels,
In the Father's house above,
Where there is no pain nor parting,
But where all is peace and love.

A FRIEND.

DANA'S Sarsaparilla is not only the *best* of all remedies for the Nerves, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, and Blood; *but if no benefit, you can get you money back.* The same guarantee applies to DANA'S Pills, Cough Syrup and Plasters. For sale by DeWitt & Ferguson, Sang Run, Md. 3-3m.

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

How the Lads and the Lassies Enjoy Themselves in the Sugar Districts of the Alleghenies.

A Somerset correspondent of the Pittsburg *Chronicle-Telegraph* writes to that journal the following very interesting letter on maple-sugar making in that section.

Here, in the forest clad ranges of the Alleghenies, nearly every farmer has a maple grove, and just now everything presents a busy aspect. All other work has been abandoned and the farmer and his whole family have turned out to take a hand in the sugar making. The few who are not so fortunate as to own a grove of their own, help their neighbors, and for their services receive a supply of the sweet product. Night and day the work of collecting the sweet sap and boiling it down to sugar or syrup goes on. During the short season there is no rest for anyone about the mountain farm, but all of this work goes on good-naturedly. Throughout the day the ring of the axes cutting wood to feed the furnaces, the shouts of the drivers collecting the sap, and the merry voices of the whole family at work about the grove ring out loud and clear, and at night the real fun of sugar making is ushered in.

This is indeed a joyful time for the young folks of the mountain section. Almost nightly they gather at some sugar camp, in much the manner of a surprise party, and there they are always received with open hospitality. During the evening they virtually take possession of the camp. The young men assist in the work of collecting the sap and preparing the fuel, and the rosy-cheeked girls busy themselves with other duties. At length, however, the taffy is cooked, and then the feast begins. Many of Pittsburg's staid business men were born and grew to manhood in the mountains, and well can they remember the time when in their youthful glee they enjoyed these rural treats.

As soon as the sweet dainties are disposed of, the good old fashioned sports are ushered in and all enter into them with a will. In all of these sports kissing holds a prominent place and the young people seem to enjoy it, for while ordinarily they are somewhat bashful, this all disappears in the excitement of these sports. This merriment is kept up until far into the night, but the participants are always ready for the labors of the succeeding day.

The delicious syrup when it appears on the table, is a most delectable treat. With it the hot pancake is all that could be desired, and here your get the cake as well as the succulent syrup. But these good things are not alone on the mountain table for there are innumerable other dainties. While these are plentiful at all times, they are unsparingly served up for the stranger. One could not wish for any more good things than furnished by the maple sugar region at this season of the year.

The people of this region are of the good old stock. While they are an industrious people, they know how to enjoy life, and above all else are blessed with a great big slice of contentment. The social condition is characteristically primitive, but among all the people the most cordial good fellowship exists.

Whenever you go in this glad country the evidences of the maple sugar season are ever to be seen. All along the narrow creek bottoms and out upon the hillsides in thick profusion, the stately sugars and maples rear their lofty heads. The smoke lazily curling above the groves marks the location of the cabin-like building where the sweet sap is converted into sweeter syrup. A notable fact about this country is that it is one of the few of our country which has not been changed in the wonderful inventive genius which Americans have displayed along all lines. Here the industry is carried on in the same primitive manner as it was by the first settlers.

The market for the syrup and the sugar cakes is good, and the farmers find no difficulty in disposing of all that they make. A few years ago some ingenious person conceived the idea of putting the syrup up in bottles and now this is done by many of the farmers under their own label. In this form the product is sold for 80 to 90 cents per gallon.

Gorman.

Plenty of snow and good sledding.

The church at this place is being enlarged. The new bell is quite an improvement over the old one.

Misses. Mame Liston and Winnie Deal, who taught the Ft. Pendleton and Oak Grove schools this winter departed for their homes in Pennsylvania last Sunday.

Quite a lot of cross-ties have been put in here this winter.

North Glade.

The happenings of the past few weeks in this vicinity are about as follows:

Instead of spring commencing the 20th of this month, winter was raging furiously with two feet of snow.

Revival services held here by Rev. White was a source of strength to the members of this church.

George S. Lee died the 4th inst. The immediate cause of his death was measles. He was seventy years of age and had been a member of church more than forty years.

Mr. P. Lohr lost a little girl, who died the 14th inst.

Miss Della Savage, we are glad to learn, is convalescing. She is now at Mt. Lake Park with her sister, Mrs. H. B. Ferguson.

Chas. S. Harvey met with a considerable loss on the 18th inst. His house, with all its contents, was destroyed by fire. The family barely escaped.

Miss Lilian Garlitz, who has been teaching near Cranesville, returned home last week.

James and Miss May Fitzwater were visiting at Barton recently.

Mr. Wm. O'Brien has taken his new wife to Bayard, W. Va., where they will make their future home.

Miss Lizzie Hall will close her school here on Friday, the 27th inst.

The writer had the pleasure of attending the closing of the Deer Park school on the 13th, and can say that the boys and girls of Deer Park know how to get up an entertainment.

Henry Paugh is preparing to build a new house this spring.

Theodore Beckman has sold his saw mill to Mr. Casteel. He has been operating his mill for Mr. C. near Sang Run the past winter.

The funeral of Estella Baldwin will be preached here at 10.30 a. m. on Sunday, April 26th, by her former pastor, Rev. C. E. Feather.

SHERIFF'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of Henry Robett et al., vs. John W. Jankey, the same being No. 6 Judicials, July Term, 1896, Circuit Court for Garrett county, the undersigned Sheriff will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the store house of W. C. Jones in the town of Deer Park, all the right and title of the said John W. Jankey in and to all those two Military Lots situated about four miles north-east of said town, which are known and designated as lots Nos. 111 and 115, containing fifty acres of land each, on

SATURDAY, THE 18TH DAY OF APRIL, 1896,

at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m. of said day.

Said property is partially improved and is now in the possession of a tenant.

Terms of sale. Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN,
51—3 Sheriff of Garrett County.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., March 25, 1896.

The County Commissioners will meet at their office in Oakland on

Tuesday, April 14, 1896,

For the purpose of making the Annual Levy for 1896. All persons having claims against the county must have them filed in the office on or before the above date, otherwise may be excluded from payment of same.

By order of the board,
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county at their first meeting after thirty days from the date of this notice, for a public county road beginning at the west end of Clark DeBerry's land on new road running on north side of Red Run, through the lands of Clark DeBerry, the H. G. Davis lands and others, crossing Deep Creek above mouth of Red Run and to intersect the river road at or near Henry S mes; a distance of 2½ miles.

THOS. J. BROWNING,
ASHLEY WEAR,
R. T. BROWNING,
3—1 And Others.

I HAVE PURCHASED
THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT
COAL,
KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

ECCLESIASTICAL COLUMN.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, pastor St. Paul's M. E. Church, Editor.

Palm Sunday and Passion Week.

[The writer expresses his indebtedness for many facts and figures to Dr. Edersheim's valuable book, "The Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah."]

Throughout christendom, but especially among the ritualistic churches, the Sunday preceeding Easter is called Palm Sunday, and the week intervening is known as Passion Week. The first is a solemn festival celebrating Christ's only triumph which he received while upon earth from the populace. The latter is a sad but sweet remembrance of the last week of our Lord prior to his crucifixion. The current calendar fixes Palm Sunday on the 29th of March and Passion Week is from March 30th to April 4th. Palm Sunday cannot but bring to every true follower of Jesus emotions both of joy and of sorrow. Joyful emotions when we only look upon the surface of the scenes enacted upon that "bright spring day in the year 29 when the festive procession set out from Bethany to go up to Jerusalem." In our imagination we follow Christ and his disciples with the ever increasing crowd as they slowly make their way to the Holy City of David as the two disciples bring the ass's colt, and the two streams of people meet, one seeking Jesus from the city and the other following Jesus from Bethany, it is no wonder the meeting crowd should be kindled to the highest pitch. For had they not in their midst and as the central figure "Him of whom Moses and the prophets did write?" No wonder the disciples spread their garments on the colt and the multitude cast their loose outer garments in the way, and all joined in waving palm branches and shouting hosannas of welcoming praise to "Him that cometh in the name of the Lord." This is the bright side of the picture and stirs our hearts even to-day as we read the inspired account as related by the evangelists.

However, while the joy of the multitude is rising to almost fever heat, there are some in the throng who are not sharing in the rising enthusiasm. The Pharisees, His constant enemies, who through enriosity or some baser motive, mingle with the multitude, exchange dark lowering looks as they whisper one to the other, "Behold how ye prevail nothing; see, the world has gone after Him." It brings to the christian a tinge of sadness as well as reveals the mutability of our weak humanity when we read only a few days after this enthusiastic outburst that the multitudes, forgetting or unmindful of their hosannas are crying at the instigation of these same Pharisees, "Away with Him, crucify Him, crucify Him!" But His enemies would put a stop to any further demonstration, and seeing they are powerless to avail aught with the multitude, with brazen effrontery they appeal to Him who is the centre and cause of the zeal and excitement of the people. "He could be silent no longer, but pointing to the rocks and stones he told those leaders of Israel that if the people held their peace the very stones would cry out. It would have been so in that day of Christ's entry into Jerusalem, and it has been so ever since. Silence has fallen these many centuries upon Israel: but the very stones of Jerusalem's ruin and desolateness have cried out that He, whom in their silence the rulers rejected, has come to the world as king in the name of the Lord."

Travelers tell us that in going over the road which the triumphal procession doubtless followed, from Bethany to Jerusalem, the city remains hidden from view until the road leads to the summit of a knoll and in an instant the whole city bursts into view. It is believed to be at this point where Jesus caught sight and wept over Jerusalem, at the same time amidst his lamentations uttering the woeful prophecy against it, "They shall lay thee even with the ground and thy children with thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation." As those nearest Jesus in that strange triumphal procession saw the tear-stained face and heard the words of woe they must have wondered indeed at this marvelous sight. Nevertheless the procession sweeps on and up into the city, the palm branches are still waving, the multitude still shouting, the whole city is moved and the citizens ask one another, "Who is this?" We who believe in Him today gladly answer "Jesus, the King of kings and Lord of lords. So at the temple at Jerusalem ended this remarkable procession and as the shadows of evening are coming and sad he once more returned with the twelve disciples to the shelter and rest of Bethany."

MONDAY OF PASSION WEEK.

In attempting to trace the events of our Lord during his last earthly days we can only hope to point out some of the chief happenings. According to the commentators there are at least three things which are to be credited to this day.

Early in the morning Jesus and his disciples left Bethany again for the city, as on the previous day; as they journied the scripture narrative tells us of Jesus, "He hungered and seeing a fig tree covered with leaves by the roadside, He drew near to eat of the figs". Instead of finding figs upon the apparently thrifty tree he "found nothing but leaves." And for the first and only time of His earthly ministry Jesus pronounced upon it a curse. How destructive that curse the disciples saw the next day when they found the fig tree withered from its very roots. This destruction of the fig tree has always been considered symbolical of the fate of those who may make a profession of faith in Christ, and yet have nothing to show but leaves only when the master comes expecting fruit.

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During the afternoon of Thursday the Master sends Peter and John to the city to make ready the passover. Later the Lord, accompanied by his disciples, made his last journey into Jerusalem. In the city Peter and John have made ample preparation so that the little company together may partake of the passover. After the meal is over, but before dispersing from the table Jesus gives a new significance to the Paschal Supper. Breaking the bread, after blessing it, He passes it to each of his disciples saying, "This is my body which is given for you; this do in remembrance of me. Likewise also the cup after supper, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you." Then follows the tender discourse recorded by John upon the "Vine and the branches," which is followed by the matchless, sympathetic and comprehensive prayer for the disciples and for all who "shall believe on me through their word." Then after they had sung a hymn, "He went forth with his disciples over the brook Cedron, where was a garden, into which he entered, and his disciples". This garden is Gethsemane, the time is near midnight. He leaves the body of the disciples shortly after entering the garden and takes with him Peter, James and John farther into the garden and then warning them to watch with him, the Son of God goes down to prayer. He wrestles in such agony that "He sweat as it were great drops of blood;" but at length He gains the victory. Then comes Judas with the soldiers and Jesus is led away.

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Avilton.

Squire Robeson, who has been seriously ill for some time, is, we are glad to say, slowly improving.

Mr. and Mrs. John Durst, of Paw Paw, are here visiting friends and relatives.

Mr. Cletus McKenzie is making preparations for building a large barn this spring.

We notice Mr. Walter Crow has returned home from Bayard, W. Va., where he has been engaged in the lumber business. Glad to see you, Walter.

Nelson Lancaster has just returned from a prelonged visit among friends in Allegany county.

Rev. David Morrell preached a very able and interesting sermon to a large audience Sunday last at the Cherry Grove church. Services every two weeks at 10.30 a. m.

Mr. Simeon Green, of near Lonaconing, has purchased the Brown farm for the sum of $4,500, and expects to take possession April 1st.

Mr. Henry Merrell, one of our most prominent young men, has just left for Piedmont, W. Va., where he expects to be employed by his uncle Andrew Morrell, who is engaged in the coal business.

Elbow.

Farmers should begin their spring work, but look disappointed on account of this big snow.

Measles is the order of the day.

Mr. J. H. Gregg is doing a big business with his flouring mill.

Some of our young folks attended the entertainment at Red Hill last Friday night.

Miss Carrie Broadwater was visiting friends and relatives at Red Hill.

Mr. H. M. Miller, of New Germany, passed through this vicinity one day last week on his way to Lonaconing.

Miss Effie Merrill is visiting her sister, Mrs. C. DeWitt, of Westernport.

Mr. J. W. McIntyre contemplates going to West Virginia in the near future.

Mrs. Ellen McIntyre, who has been sick, is convalescing.

Mr. John Bancord, of New Germany, took his departure last week for Clarksburg, W. Va.

Mr. Charles Merrill, of Pennsylvania, is visiting his parents.

Mr. G. L. Broadwater, of Westernport, was at New Germany last Sunday.

Married, at the groom's parents on Savage River, March 12, 1896, by Rev. John Green, Mr. Jonas Broadwater and Miss Edith M. Broadwater.

Merrill Bros. are running their single mill at full blast.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson Broadwater were visiting their uncle, Mr. Junkins, last Sunday.

[illegible] would like to hear from the Germany correspondent once again.

Swanton.

Mr. Charles Murphy died at his residence in Swanton the 20th inst. of paralysis. Interment was made the 22nd at the Wilson burial ground. Rev. White, of the M. E. church, conducted the funeral services.

Mrs. [illegible] tho Paugh, of Mt. Zion, is visiting Mrs. Maggie Rhodes, of this place.

All officers and members of Swanton Council No. 95, Jr. O. U. A. M., are requested to assemble at council chamber on Saturday evening, April 4th, as there is important business to be transacted.

I suggest that some people of Brookside would do well to purchase a telescope for the coming season, as the style in ladies' waists will be much longer than they were last fall. If they prefer spectacles Mr. J. K. Wheeler can supply them at reasonable cost, guaranteed to fit any nose.

Pitch is the leading game of our town at the present time.

Mr. J. W. S. Painter had a very severe case of cerebro spinal meningitis, but glad to say he is around again.

ORIDLE.

For Sale Cheap.

1 Model 40 Columbia Bicycle, 1 No. 1 Hartford Bicycle, 1 Boy's Hartford Bicycle; all 1895 models and practically as good as new.

S. T. JONES,
Oakland, Md.

Grantsville.

More snow.

One of the unpleasant phases of sugar making was experienced this and a previous week when the sap gatherers were compelled to wade through the snow, and have the same element precipitated upon them while collecting the sap from the vessels at the trees.

Our schools closed last Thursday. Those in charge of the schools in town—J. P. Miller, assisted by Miss Martha Hinebaugh—were well esteemed in general, we believe, as we heard of little complaint. Now boys and girls, the schools are again closed. Another winter has been added to the forever gone, never-to-be-recalled and never-to-return past. Time wasted can never be recalled to be improved, and not only does this apply to pupils, but to parents and all as well. We must either improve or decline; progress or retrograde. There is no such thing as a neutral position in this respect, in this life. Time flows on unceasingly, and if we do not improve it and opportunities as they come we are declining. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," is a scriptural principle which applies to every one, both great and small. Those who thoughtfully and studiously read good books and periodicals will harvest an abundance of knowledge and wisdom. Those who devour in great voracious gulps trashy, sensational and inferior literature, when their harvest is reckoned, among the products of their seed will be found impaired memory, principles of character ditto, and an hundred fold of intellectual vacuum. It is a physical law, that an organ or member of the body in order to be strong and healthy, must have necessary exercise and action, and the brain, the seat of intellect, is no exception. We should not allow our minds to become "rusty," and they, like iron, require being used continually to prevent its accumulation. Too often are the school books neglected from the close of school to its reopening. The dust accumulates upon them, and,

When one's books are dusty,
The mind is as "rusty."

Remember it is not so much what we *knew* as what we *know*.

It is not so much, knowledge obtained,
As it is by knowledge retained,
That much is gained.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL

ROOFING.

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In affect April 1st, 1894.

SOUTHWARD No. 3 P. M.	No. 1 A. M.	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2 NOON	No. 4 P. M.
3 00*	8 00† lv	Cumberland ar	*12 00	†7 00
3 31	8 31	Rawlings	11 29	6 29
3 56	8 56	Keyser	11 01	6 04
4 09	9 09	Westernport	10 51	5 51
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. June.	10 48	5 48
4 37	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5 23
5 00	10 00	Hardison	10 00	*5 50
5 05	10 05* ar	Elk Garden	8 55	*3 55
5 53	10 35† lv	Gorman	9 21	4 21
5 41	10 41	Bayard	9 15	4 15
5 52	10 52	Doholn	9 04	4 04
6 28	11 28	Thomas	8 34	*3 31
6 55	11 54 ar	Davis	8 09	2 55
6 27	11 27 lv	Coketon	8 31	3 31
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	8 07	3 07
6 57	11 57	Bretz	3 01	3 01
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 58	2 58
7 39	12 39	Kerens	7 20	2 20
7 00	1 00† ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	12 00
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 35
				P. M.
	2 55* ar	Huntington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $500; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400 balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.

E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

—THE—

MARYLAND SUPPLY CO.,

OF GARRETT COUNTY,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

EVERYTHING.

FLOUR, FEED, GRAIN, SALT, GROCERIES

OUR SPECIALTIES.

We have superior facilities for buying cheap, and can therefore sell cheaper than ever known.

We have made special arrangements by which we can sell

—THE—

HARVEST QUEEN

AT $25 PER TON.

Farmers, now is a chance to take advantage of a good fertilizer. All who have tried HARVEST QUEEN speak well of it.

Keep your eye on one of the stores of

THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO.

51-1yr.

Your Face

Will be wreathed with a most angelic smile, after you invest in a

White Sewing Machine

EQUIPPED WITH THE

PINCH TENSION,
TENSION INDICATOR
—AND—
AUTOMATIC TENSION RELEASER,

The most complete and useful devices ever added to any sewing machine.

The WHITE is

Durably and Handsomely Built,
Of Fine Finish and Perfect Adjustment,
Sews ALL Sewable Articles,

And will serve and please you up to the full limit of your expectations.

ACTIVE DEALERS WANTED in unoccupied territory. Liberal terms. Address,

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.,
CLEVELAND, O.

FOR SALE.

The farm belonging to Elizabeth Maley, situated two miles north of Deer Park adjoining the lands of Jack Cooper, Funderburg, Miller and Rawleston. Contains 153¾ acres, about 68 acres cleared, and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the premises. 2 mo.*

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office opposite postoffice, OAKLAND, MD

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 5—1yr

WHY SHOULD YOU SEND YOUR CHILD
—TO—
BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

1st. He (or she) can be prepared for college; he can study book keeping, shorthand, typewriting, etc., and be fitted for business; he can begin his course in medicine or pharmacy under a teacher who has made the subject of chemistry a specialty.

2nd. It is a home school (co-educational and for a limited number) and is conducted with all the loving, care-taking ministrations for individual development that the name implies.

3rd. Students require the most bracing, nerve-building climate, and here they have it. Among the recreations are skating, boating, tennis, bowling.

4th. English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish German, Musical and Art courses. Bible study and high ethical teaching will fit him for a noble Christian career.

E. H. SWAN, Principal,
18-1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.36 A. M
No. 1	—Daily	7.07 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 47	—Daily	10.40 A. M
No. 55	—Express, daily	5.22 P. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	6.45 P. M
No. 3	—Daily	10.06 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	—Daily	5.59 A. M
No. 2	—Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	9.05 A. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	4.20 P. M
No. 16	—Daily	5.02 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	12.29 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

WE LOAN MONEY

On Real Estate, City Town and Village property, to buy, build and improve your houses, and allow eight years to repay loans by small monthly Installments.

ASSETS OVER
$2,000,000.00.

For full particulars and terms apply to

ISAAC A. RINKER,
WILSON, Grant Co., W. VA.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, low prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

GEN. SHERMAN'S MEMOIRS.

TO BE PUBLISHED IN

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

It will be of the greatest interest to all veterans, and to all others who are interested in any degree in the history of the Rebellion, to learn that that great family pape, THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, of Washington, D. C., has purchased the exclusive right to publish in serial form that intensely interesting work, the

Personal Memoirs of Gen. W. T. Sherman.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE will begin the publication of these within the coming month and they will run through the year. They will be profusely illustrated by maps, portraits, battle scenes, etc. This is the

FIRST OF THE GREAT WAR BOOKS

to be given the public in this popular form, and subscribers to THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE will get for a year's subscription what has hitherto cost several dollars. The narrative begins with the general's birth and parentage, his boyhood life in Ohio, life at West Point, experiences in California, and then gives a vividly interesting history of the war. Every line is fascinating.

Subscription price $1 a year, in advance.

SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE,

so as not to miss a number.

"Commanders of the U. S. Army."

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE has published a handsome booklet, giving fine half-tone pictures of all the Commanders-in-Chief of the United States Army since its formation 107 years ago. These are printed on heavy "plated" paper, and accompanied by a sketch of each General. Something never before published, and very fine. Sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. Address—

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE,
1329 New York Ave., Washington, D. C.

EVERYBODY APPRECIATES A GOOD NEWSPAPER.

You want to keep posted on all the events of the day, and in order to do so, you must read a paper which contains all the news. The

PITTSBURGH CHRONICLE TELEGRAPH

is the best home paper published, and its facilities for obtaining the most reliable information are unexcelled. Special care is taken to give the most accurate and unbiased news obtainable.

THE SPECIAL FEATURES

embrace, in addition to the latest news, a financial, sporting and society department, each of which contains a complete and accurate account of the day's events. Handled in all surrounding towns by agents. One cent a copy or six cents a week. Send postal card for sample copy.

CHRONICLE TELEGRAPH,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

FOR SALE.—A town lot 60x160 feet, on Pennington street. Also a one horse sled. Apply to this office.

ECCLESIASTICAL COLUMN.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, pastor St. Paul's M. E. Church, Editor.

Palm Sunday and Passion Week.

[The writer expresses his indebtedness for many facts and figures to Dr. Edersheim's valuable book, "The Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah."]

Throughout christendom, but especially among the ritualistic churches, the Sunday preceeding Easter is called Palm Sunday, and the week intervening is known as Passion Week. The first is a solemn festival celebrating Christ's only triumph which he received while upon earth from the populace. The latter is a sad but sweet remembrance of the last week of our Lord prior to his crucifixion. The current calendar fixes Palm Sunday on the 29th of March and Passion Week is from March 30th to April 4th. Palm Sunday cannot but bring to every true follower of Jesus emotions both of joy and of sorrow. Joyful emotions when we only look upon the surface of the scenes enacted upon that "bright spring day in the year 29 when the festive procession set out from Bethany to go up to Jerusalem." In our imagination we follow Christ and his disciples with the ever increasing crowd as they slowly make their way to the Holy City of David as the two disciples bring the ass's colt, and the two streams of people meet, one seeking Jesus from the city and the other following Jesus from Bethany, it is no wonder the meeting crowd should be kindled to the highest pitch. For had they not in their midst and as the central figure "Him of whom Moses and the prophets did write?" No wonder the disciples spread their garments on the colt and the multitude cast their loose outer garments in the way, and all joined in waving palm branches and shouting hosannas of welcoming praise to "Him that cometh in the name of the Lord." This is the bright side of the picture and stirs our hearts even to-day as we read the inspired account as related by the evangelists.

However, while the joy of the multitude is rising to almost fever heat, there are some in the throng who are not sharing in the rising enthusiasm. The Pharisees, His constant enemies, who through curiosity or some baser motive, mingle with the multitude, exchange dark lowering looks as they whisper one to the other, "Behold how ye prevail nothing; see, the world has gone after Him." It brings to the christian a tinge of sadness as well as reveals the mutability of our weak humanity when we read only a few days after this enthusiastic outburst that the multitudes, forgetting or unmindful of their hosannas are crying at the instigation of these same Pharisees, "Away with Him, crucify Him, crucify Him!" But His enemies would put a stop to any further demonstration, and seeing they are powerless to avail aught with the multitude, with brazen effrontery they appeal to Him who is the centre and cause of the zeal and excitement of the people. "He could be silent no longer, but pointing to the rocks and stones he told those leaders of Israel that if the people held their peace the very stones would cry out. It would have been so in that day of Christ's entry into Jerusalem, and it has been so ever since. Silence has fallen these many centuries upon Israel: but the very stones of Jerusalem's ruin and desolateness have cried out that He, whom in their silence the rulers rejected, has come to the world as king in the name of the Lord."

Travelers tell us that in going over the road which the triumphal procession doubtless followed, from Bethany to Jerusalem, the city remains hidden from view until the road leads to the summit of a knoll and in an instant the whole city bursts into view. It is believed to be at this point where Jesus caught sight and wept over Jerusalem, at the same time amidst his lamentations uttering the woeful prophecy against it, "They shall lay thee even with the ground and thy children with thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation." As those nearest Jesus in that strange triumphal procession saw the tear-stained face and heard the words of woe they must have wondered indeed at this marvelous sight. Nevertheless the procession sweeps on and up into the city, the palm branches are still waving, the multitude still shouting, the whole city is moved and the citizens ask one another, "Who is this?" We who believe in Him today gladly answer "Jesus, the King of kings and Lord of lords. So at the temple at Jerusalem ended this remarkable procession and as the shadows of evening are coming and sad he once more returned with the twelve disciples to the shelter and rest of Bethany."

MONDAY OF PASSION WEEK.

In attempting to trace the events of our Lord during his last earthly days we can only hope to point out some of the chief happenings. According to the commentators there are at least three things which are to be credited to this day.

Early in the morning Jesus and his disciples left Bethany again for the city, as on the previous day; as they journied the scripture narrative tells us of Jesus, "He hungered and seeing a fig tree covered with leaves by the roadside, He drew near to eat of the figs". Instead of finding figs upon the apparently thrifty tree he "found nothing but leaves." And for the first and only time of His earthly ministry Jesus pronounced upon it a curse. How destructive that curse the disciples saw the next day when they found the fig tree withered from its very roots. This destruction of the fig tree has always been considered symbolical of the fate of those who may make a profession of faith in Christ, and yet have nothing to show but leaves only when the master comes expecting fruit.

The other two events of this day may be named to-gether as the one follows immediately upon the other. Jesus and his disciples came without further incident to the temple where the Master asserts His authority over His own by again cleansing the temple, saying to them as he did so, "My house is a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." After the polluters of the temple had been driven out the blind and the lame came to Him in the temple and He healed them. The children which were there could restrain themselves no longer, but took up the shout of the day before crying out "Hosanna to the Son of David," thus fulfilling the prophesy. "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." After the day spent in the temple, Jesus and his disciples return again to Bethany to pass the night.

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Again the Messianic company comes to the temple, where Jesus passes a busy day in teaching. So voluminous are the records of His teachings upon this day, that we must be content to touch only upon prominent points which were brought out. The temple authorities early demanded to know "by what authority Thou doest these things," but Jesus by His wise counter question throws them into confusion. Foiled in their first attempt they try to involve Him with the Roman government by demanding to know if it was lawful for Jews to pay tribute to Cæsar, but here again their evil machinations came to naught. To this day also is ascribed Christ's immortal commendation of the widow's mites, declaring them to be more than the gifts of the rich. Then came the Greeks who would see Jesus. The Master speaks of the grain of wheat that must fall into the earth: He makes a last appeal in the temple. The last controversies with Sadducees and scribes follow, and a final warning is given to the people. The eight woes are pronounced, the last series of parables are given and Jesus and his disciples go to spend the night upon the Mount of Olives. Here in the evening twilight, perhaps, he talks with his disciples concerning the last things and the world to come: here also he reveals to them the parables of the ten virgins and the talents.

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Aylton.

Squire Robeson, who has been seriously ill for some time, is, we are glad to say, slowly improving.

Mr. and Mrs. John Durst, of Paw Paw, are here visiting friends and relatives.

Mr. Cletus McKenzie is making preparations for building a large barn this spring.

We notice Mr. Walter Crow has returned home from Bayard, W. Va., where he has been engaged in the lumber business. Glad to see you, Walter.

Nelson Lancaster has just returned from a prolonged visit among friends in Allegany county.

Rev. David Morrell preached a very able and interesting sermon to a large audience Sunday last at the Cherry Grove church. Services every two weeks at 10.30 a. m.

Mr. Simeon Green, of near Lonaconing, has purchased the Brown farm for the sum of $4,500, and expects to take possession April 1st.

Mr. Henry Morrell, one of our most prominent young men, has just left for Piedmont, W. Va., where he expects to be employed by his uncle Andrew Morrell, who is engaged in the coal business.

Elbow.

Farmers should begin their spring work, but look disappointed on account of this big snow.

Measles is the order of the day.

Mr. J. H. Gregg is doing a big business with his flouring mill.

Some of our young folks attended the entertainment at Red Hill last Friday night.

Miss Carrie Broadwater was visiting friends and relatives at Red Hill.

Mr. H. M. Miller, of New Germany, passed through this vicinity one day last week on his way to Lonaconing.

Miss Effie Merrill is visiting her sister, Mrs. C. DeWitt, of Westernport.

Mr. J. W. McIntyre contemplates going to West Virginia in the near future.

Mrs. Ellen McIntyre, who has been sick, is convalescing.

Mr. John Bancord, of New Germany, took his departure last week for Clarksburg, W. Va.

Mr. Charles Merrill, of Pennsylvania, is visiting his parents.

Mr. G. L. Broadwater, of Westernport, was at New Germany last Sunday.

Married, at the groom's parents on Savage River, March 12, 1896, by Rev. John Green, Mr. Jonas Broadwater and Miss Edith M. Broadwater.

Merrill Bros. are running their single mill at full blast.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson Broadwa- were visiting their uncle, Mr. Junkins, last Sunday.

would like to hear from the Germany correspondent once again.

Swanton.

Mr. Charles Murphy died at his residence in Swanton the 20th inst. of paralysis. Interment was made the 22nd at the Wilson burial ground. Rev. White, of the M. E. church, conducted the funeral services.

Mrs. Otho Paugh, of Mt. Zion, is visiting Mrs. Maggie Rhodes, of this place.

All officers and members of Swanton Council No. 95, Jr. O. U. A. M., are requested to assemble at council chamber on Saturday evening, April 4th, as there is important business to be transacted.

I suggest that some people of Brookside would do well to purchase a telescope for the coming season, as the style in ladies' waists will be much longer than they were last fall. If they prefer spectacles Mr. J. K. Wheeler can supply them at reasonable cost, guaranteed to fit any nose.

Pitch is the leading game of our town at the present time.

Mr. J. W. S. Painter had a very severe case of cerebro spinal meningitis, but glad to say he is around again. ORIOLE.

For Sale Cheap.

1 Model 40 Columbia Bicycle, 1 No. 1 Hartford Bicycle, 1 Boy's Hartford Bicycle; all 1895 models and practically as good as new.

S. T. JONES,
Oakland, Md.

Grantsville.

More snow.

One of the unpleasant phases of sugar making was experienced this and a previous week when the sap gatherers were compelled to wade through the snow, and have the same element precipitated upon them while collecting the sap from the vessels at the trees.

Our schools closed last Thursday. Those in charge of the schools in town—J. P. Miller, assisted by Miss Martha Hinebaugh—were well esteemed in general, we believe, as we heard of little complaint. Now boys and girls, the schools are again closed. Another winter has been added to the forever gone, never-to-be-recalled and never-to-return past. Time wasted can never be recalled to be improved, and not only does this apply to pupils, but to parents and all as well. We must either improve or decline; progress or retrograde. There is no such thing as a neutral position in this respect, in this life. Time flows on unceasingly, and if we do not improve it and opportunities as they come we are declining. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," is a scriptural principle which applies to every one, both great and small. Those who thoughtfully and studiously read good books and periodicals will harvest an abundance of knowledge and wisdom. Those who devour in great voracious gulps trashy, sensational and inferior literature, when their harvest is reckoned, among the products of their seed will be found impaired memory, principles of character ditto, and an hundred fold of intellectual vacuum. It is a physical law, that an organ or member of the body in order to be strong and healthy, must have necessary exercise and action, and the brain, the seat of intellect, is no exception. We should not allow our minds to become "rusty," and they, like iron, require being used continually to prevent its accumulation. Too often are the school books neglected from the close of school to its reopening. The dust accumulates upon them, and,

When one's books are dusty,
The mind is as "rusty."

Remember it is not so much what we *knew* as what we *know*.

It is not so much, knowledge obtained,
As it is by knowledge retained,
That much is gained.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

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Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

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In effect April 1st, 1894.

SOUTHWARD	STATIONS	NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1	No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.	NOON	P. M.
3 00*	8 00† lv	Cumberland ar	*12 00 *7 00
3 31	8 31	Rawlings	11 29 6 29
3 50	8 50	Keyser	11 01 6 04
4 09	9 09	Westernport	10 51 5 51
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. June.	10 48 5 48
4 37	9 37	Shaw	10 23 5 23
5 00	10 00	Harrison	10 00 *5 00
5 45	10 45* ar	Elk Garden	8 55 *3 55
5 35	10 35† lv	Gorman	9 21 4 21
5 41	10 41	Bayard	9 15 4 15
5 52	10 52	Dobbin	9 04 4 04
6 23	11 23	Thomas	8 34 3 34
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	8 00 2 55
6 27	11 27 lv	Coketon	8 31 3 31
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	8 07 3 07
6 57	11 57	Bretz	8 01 3 01
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 58 2 58
7 20	12 20	Kerens	7 20 2 20
7 00	1 00† ar	Elkins	lv *7 40 *2 00
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv *1 35
P. M.	2 55* ar	Healington	lv A. M. *P. M. *11 30 A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $100 balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

I also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

—THE—

MARYLAND SUPPLY CO.,

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

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We have made special arrangements by which we can sell

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ACTIVE DEALERS WANTED in unoccupied territory. Liberal terms. Address,

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.,
CLEVELAND, O.

FOR SALE.

The farm belonging to Elizabeth Maley, situated two miles north of Deer Park adjoining the lands of Jack Cooper, Friedsbe g, Miller and Rawlesston. Contains 175½ acres, about 68 acres cleared, and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the premises. 2 tm.*

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2nd. It is a home school (co-educational and for a limited number) and is conducted with all the loving, care-taking ministrations for individual development that the name implies.

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4th. English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish German, Musical and Art courses. Bible study and high ethical teaching will fit him for a noble Christian career.

E. B. SWAN, Principal,
18-1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15. 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 1	—Daily	2.46 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	7.07 A. M
No. 7	—Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 47	—Daily	10.49 A. M
No. 55	—Express, daily	6.24 P. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	5.45 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	10.06 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	—Daily	5.59 A. M
No. 2	—Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	9.05 A. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	2.30 P. M
No. 46	—Daily	5.02 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	12.29 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.

C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

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ISAAC A. RINKER,
WILSON, Grant Co., W. VA.

P. S.—Anyone wishing an agency for this association will address as above.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, Gold prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

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2—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

THREE LIVES.

Dives, racked with pain and driving down the street,
Passed close beside a digger in the ditch.
"Alas!" he thought, "had I his rugged strength,
And naught beside, still would I deem me rich."

The digger, pausing, gazed with envious eye
Upon the passing mockery of health,
And, frowning, thought: "How gladly would I change
My strength and want for his disease and wealth."

The sick man died. The digger, through the years,
Had scanty portion of the world's delight,
Each least desired the treasure that he held,
And each, unhappy, passed from mortal sight.

Within a tiny cottage by the way
A bent and gray-haired woman made abode,
Nor strength nor riches had she, yet she found
A means to lighten oft' a neighbor's load.

Where sickness came to deepen want's degree
Of misery, she also came to cheer;
And when she putient toiled among the poor,
They felt that God's own minister was near.

So, laboring, praying, helping to the end,
In her last moments healing others' fears,
She sank, serenely happy, to her rest,
Pearl-crowned by humble neighbors' honest tears.
—Frank Putnam, in Chicago Times-Herald.

A SILVER TEA SET.

BY JUDITH SPENCER.

"I declare to goodness, ef tain't the strangest thing I ever heard!" Mrs. Bassett declared, emphatically. "All that elegant silver stole, monnygram an' all, an' Mis' Pettigrew's hip broke, into the bargain! Somehow, I didn't rightly take it in. Now, 'Mandy," with persuasion, "s'pose you set down an' tell me jest how it all happened, over again."

So Amanda Perkins dropped down on the nearest chair and began her story once more, with an air of mingled horror and enjoyment.

"Well, you see, Mis' Bassett, 'twas this way; an' I got it from Farnum's boy when he come over with the milk, an' he got it straight from Farnum, who see there was somethin' wrong as he was passin' 'bout daybreak—her front door was standin' open, an' hearin' queer moanin' noises. So he went in, an' there lay Mis' Pettigrew at the foot of the stairs in her night gown an' cap, groanin' an' cryin' out: 'They've stole my silver tea set, an' kilt me into the bargain—an' it's a jedgement on me for my sins!'"

"Poor thing!" sighed Mrs. Bassett. "Though I dunno ef it didn't serve her right, she was that proud of her high connections an' her fam'ly silver."

"Well, Farnum tried to lift her," Amanda continued, glibly, "but she hollered out awful, an' fainted dead away. An' he was that scar't that he emptied half his bucket o' milk over her, 'fore he knew what he was doin'! Then he ran for the doctor, hard's ever he could go. An', as luck would have it, Dr. Phelps was out, early as 'twas, so the young assistant come, an' he said her hip was broke an' 'twarn't likely she'd survive the shock."

"Dear, dear!" sighed Mrs. Bassett. "an' jest to think of the poor thing left all alone to the mercy o' that young doctor, an' him experimentin' an' settin' her poor bones wrong, no doubt."

"She wain't left alone," corrected Amanda, "for Farnum run over for Phoebe Allis, an' she's goin' to stay an' look after Mis' Pettigrew till she gits round again, she says—which won't never be, accordin' to the young doctor—an' Mis' Pettigrew declares herself she's goin' to die. I wonder how she likes Phoebe's bein' there, after the way she's snubbed her—not to speak of the rest of us—ever sence that rich ould aunt in the city died an' left her the silver tea set. She ain't never been the same woman sence, an' she never was a pleasant one to git along with, Mis' Pettegrew warn't, poor as poverty, an proud as Lucifer, always talkin' of her rich relations—an' she takin' in sewin', an' workin' out by the day to git her livin'."

"But, deary me, who could 'a' stole the tea-set?" queried Mrs. Bassett.

"Well, a tramp was seen hangin' round pretty much all day, an' they think 'twas him. He'd heard tell o' that tea set, or maybe he seen her carryin' it up to her room, some night. You know, she ain't got a sign of a curtain, an' I always said 'twas temptin' Providence to keep sech valoobles in sech a ramshackle old house without a winder that locks or a door that ketches tight.

"It seems they found the pantry winder open, an' the thief crept up into her chamber, an' put the tea set, every piece, into an old table-cover. My! but it makes crawlers go up an' down my back only jest to think of it! An' hearin' it rattle she sprang up an' hollered: 'Thieves! murder!' an' caught holt of him in the dark. An' down they went, rollin' over an' over all down them narrer stairs, she holdin' tight onto him all the time. An' when they got to the bottom he jumped up an' run out, tea set an' all. An' there she lay moanin', poor creetur, till daylight come, an' Jim Farnum come in an' found her.

"Providence has some mysterious ways," Amanda continued, piously, "an' they do say pride always goes afore a fall.

"An' now, Mis' Bassett, I must be goin', for Mis' Parsons'll be glad to hear the news—to say nothin' of my bread bein' in the pans, an' I guess it's riz by this time, sure."

Amanda had gone no farther than the gate when she caught sight of a girl hurrying down the road, and she paused to hear what further news was being brought that way so fast.

"It's Farnum's darter Mary," she called back to Mrs. Bassett, who stood in the doorway watching her departing visitor.

"Oh, Miss 'Mandy," the girl cried, breathlessly, as she drew near, "Mis' Pettigrew's dyin', an' she wants you an' Mis' Bassett an' everyone to come quick! I'm going for the minister. She says she can't go easy till you've all heard her dyin' words."

It was a strange, awed, solemn group of women, old and young, interspersed with a few of the sterner sex, who found themselves gathered together in Mrs. Pettigrew's small bed-chamber shortly after this unexpected summons. They were waiting in embarrassed silence the arrival of the young minister, for Mrs. Pettigrew had refused to speak her dying words until he should come.

The injured woman was lying on her bed with her eyes fast closed, and the sharp face looked pitifully white and worn. There were those among the hushed and waiting throng whose hearts were stirred with pity they had seldom felt for this poor alien needlewoman who had come to cast her lot among them three years before, and whose sharp, boastful tongue had won for her few friends.

Phoebe Allis, the self-appointed nurse, was not there. It was during her unexplained absence that Mrs. Pettigrew had sent young Mary Farnum, left there by Phoebe in her stead, abroad with that strange summons.

Except for the Farnums, Phoebe was Mrs. Pettigrew's nearest neighbor, and she had always shown unvarying kindness to the poor, solitary soul, and had listened patiently to the never-ending stories of those rich city folk, those fine connections, on whose grand ways Mrs. Pettigrew so loved to dwell. And it was Phoebe who had cared for Mrs. Pettigrew's abandoned cat when its mistress had suddenly gone on that eventful journey whence she had returned more overbearing than ever, and laden with her inheritance of family silver—the immediate cause of her recent downfall and her present precarious condition.

At last the young minister arrived, and Phoebe Allis, coming in breathless at almost the same moment, regarded the throng which filled the small low-ceilinged room with an astonishment which more than equaled his own.

He had been summoned, as he supposed, to pray over the departing soul of this wayward sister, so suddenly brought low; and he felt strangely embarrassed by the presence of this unlooked-for audience.

As he bent over her, Mrs. Pettigrew's eyelids were suddenly raised, and revealed a pair of hard, gray, scintillating eyes. With a bony hand she waved him aside.

"I didn't send for you to come pray over me. That won't do me no good in the condition I am in," she said, in her high, ringing voice.

"I've been a wicked woman, an' now I'm sufferin' for it—I know all that. I sent for you to listen to my confession, my dyin' words, an' I want ye all to hear."

Phoebe Allis, breaking through the throng, caught the sufferer's hand. "For goodness' sake, Mis' Pettigrew, don't say another word," she whispered, anxiously. "You'll work yourself into a fever. She ain't quite herself," she added, turning to the eager listeners; "so won't you jest quietly go an leave her alone with me?"

But Mrs. Pettigrew imperiously shook off the restraining hand. "I am myself," she declared, sharply. "An' I won't be shut up by Phoebe Allis nor no one else. I'm goin' to speak my dyin' words, for I've deceived you all, an' I mean you all to hear."

"Hush, hush, for mercy's sake! Jest you wait a minute till I tell ye—" Phoebe pleaded, but her gentle voice was drowned by the other's rising treble.

"I come here among you goin' on three years ago," Mrs. Pettigrew went on, shrilly, "an' you tried to be kind to me, but I was that disagreeable you couldn't stand havin' me boardin' round among you for what sewin' I could do, an' so Jim Farnum let me have this tumble-down old house to live in myself, rent free; but I warn't grateful even then—though, goodness knows, it's the only real home I ever had.

"Pettigrew deceived me. I married him for a home I never got, an' when he died I left the place where I'd lived a dog's life, an' come here where no one knew me. I've had a quarrel with Providence all my life. I've always wanted to have things decent an' be somebody, but anythin' I ever undertook to do has failed.

"So I was jealous an' hated every one o' you for bein' better off 'n myself. I wanted to get even with you, somehow, so I made a plan, an' bragged of my rich relations an' how elegant they lived.

"An' all the time I was workin' my fingers to the bone, an' pinchin' an' starvin' to save some money—the first I was ever able to lay up—an' by an' by, when I thought I'd got enough, I gave out that my rich aunt was dead an' I was called away sudden to her fun'ral.

"An' when I come back I brought that silver tea set. I said it was fam'ly silver, an' my inheritance—but it was a lie! Do you hear? It was a lie! For I never had no rich relations. I never had no aunt to die an' leave me anythin'. Why, I never had no fam'ly at all; I was nothin' but a poor, miserable little foundlin' child brought up on charity, an' Pettigrew married me out o' the workhouse.

"That silver tea set was bought with my own hard-earned an' saved-up money, an' jest to prove to you, that didn't know, that I was somebody—when I warn't—an' so to take you down. 'Twarn't silver, anyhow," with an inflection of scorn, "but only plate, an' second-hand at that!"

There was a murmur of amazement among the listeners, but the shrill voice went quickly on:

"It's been the death o' me, now, an' it's a just punishment—I don't deny it. But I wanted you to know. You never liked me, an' now you'll despise me. I give you leave. But you can't never say that Sarah Pettigrew died with a lie on her conscience. Them's my dyin' words. I've nothin' more to say. Now go."

She turned her head from them and resolutely closed her eyes, while one by one they descended the narrow stairs in astonished and pitying silence, but till they found themselves gathered under the maple tree in the great dooryard did the murmur of bewilderment at what they had heard swell into an audible hum.

The young minister lingered and looked doubtfully across at Phoebe. But when she shook her head and quietly formed the word "to-morrow" with her lips, he also silently withdrew.

The slow minutes passed while Phoebe noiselessly busied herself both upstairs and below. At length she approached the bedside, and, bending above the rigid, prostrate figure, gently touched the hard, knotted hand.

"Come, Mis' Pettigrew," she said, pleasantly, "here's a bowl o' hot broth, jest off the fire; it'll do you good. Open your mouth now an' drink it down."

Mrs. Pettigrew moved her head and murmured resentfully: "Phoebe Allis, can't you go 'way an' let a dyin' woman be in peace?"

"But you ain't goin' to die," Phoebe replied, cheerfully. "I thought so all along, an' I know it now."

"Ain't goin' to die! Phoebe Allis, didn't you hear what the young doctor said?"

"Yes, I heard. But sence then I've been two miles down the road to the Spriggins, where they've got a little baby not three hours old, an' I saw the old doctor, an' I told him the whole story an' jest what the young doctor said an' did. An' he says what he done's all right, an' what he said's all wrong, an' you're goin' to get round again, sure, 'less you go an' work yourself up into a fever; an' he'll be in to see you himself as soon as ever he gets back."

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall I do?—when I've gone an' said my dyin' words!" was Mrs. Pettigrew's pathetic wail.

"I tried to stop you," Phoebe reminded her, mildly.

"An' after all I've said an' done an' been through, to live an' be despised! But I might 'a' known. It's all of a piece. I never did succeed in doin' anythin' I wanted to, in all my life—not even in dyin' now," she moaned.

"Who's goin' to despise you?" Phoebe challenged, warmly. "I don't for one, an' I can't see no reason why the others should. By the time you're able to set up, I guess you'll be surprised to see how many real good friends you've got. We always was ready to be a deal more friendly than you gave us credit. Come now, Mis' Pettigrew," persuasively, "you know I ain't goin' to leave till you get round again, an' if you want ever to be rid o' me you better drink this broth down quick. It'll keep your strength up while your bones is knittin'."

"Oh, but that dretful tea set! I'm glad it's gone. But they'll never get over that," Mrs. Pettigrew wailed.

"Why not?" said Phoebe, calmly. "I did. An' let me tell you, Mis' Pettigrew, I've knowed it warn't silver ever sence that night I was over when the minister stayed to tea, an' you was flustered an' upset the sugar bowl—if you remember? I saw 'Rogers Plated Ware' stamped on the bottom of it, then."

There was a moment of absolute silence. Then, without further protest, Mrs. Pettigrew took the broth which her good neighbor was still holding at her lips.

And Phoebe, as she afterwards smoothed the pillow, saw that the sharp, pinched face was relaxing its usual grimness, and there were suspicious quiverings about the still fast-closed eyes.

Just before milking time Jim Farnum came around to the back door. He carried a shapeless bundle tied up in what seemed the remnant of an old red table cover.

"Mis'—Pettigrew's—silver—tea set!" he whispered, explosively, with an amazing grin. And then he went on to tell Phoebe how it had been found in the woods about a mile away, where the thief had evidently paused in his flight to examine his cumbersome booty, and on finding out his mistake had angrily crushed and wrenched the plated pieces out of all recognizable shape and then had abandoned them.

"An' I want to know," said Farnum, still grinning broadly, "what's to be done with it now?"

Phoebe suddenly dropped down on the doorstep, shaken between a desire to laugh and to cry. "For goodness' sakes, neighbor Farnum, throw it into the river, or bury it—deep—where it won't never come to light!" she said, with hysterical emphasis.

"An' whatever you do," she added, "don't never refer to it before her, in any way. I don't see how she ever thought o' doin' such a thing, but she's awful 'shamed of it, an' dretful mortified to think, after all she's said, that she ain't a-goin' to die. But she'll get round again, on crutches anyway, an' she's goin' to come out different. You'll see. But she's had a real hard life, an' make things jest as easy for her as we can."—Lippincott's Magazine.

—Hubert Herkomer has devised a new process of reproducing pictures "without the intervention of photography or any preliminaries, such as biting, rocking, etc." He paints in monochrome on a copper plate as he would on a panel or canvas, covers his painting with fine bronze powder, which hardens the surface, and takes an electrotype from it. The results are said to be very good. Prints of his portraits of Dr. Jameson have been taken in this way.

IMPS OF DARKNESS.

Grotesque Little Chimney-Sweeps of Charleston.

"Speaking of city-bred boys who gain a livelihood by doing odd jobs here and there, the little chimney-sweeps in Charleston are interesting," said a woman who spent last winter in that conservative old town. "From continually shoving their way up and down the narrow flues their clothes become one mass of shreds and tatters, to which the soot clings obstinately. I saw a number of them dancing like imps of darkness on a street corner one afternoon. They were inky black from head to heel, the soot clinging even to their eyebrows."

"Don't the people burn coal in Charleston?"

"Oh, yes. But a great many won't hear of using anything but wood in their sleeping-rooms, and the big two-story brick kitchens belonging to the houses, originally built to accommodate an army of slaves, but now occupied by families of more or less irresponsible negroes, all have open fireplaces, in which wood, usually lightwood, is burned. The law requires that each of these chimneys shall be swept at least once a month. The city is divided into districts, each district leased out to a contractor, who engages to attend to the sweeping, and he in turn hires a small black sweep, who can easily get up and down the chimneys to clean them. I think ten cents a story is the charge for sweeping a chimney."

"And what wages do the sweeps get?"

"Anything, nothing, according to their need or the inclination of the contractor. They make a living, such as it is, and that is all they expect. They don't work all day, and as they are full of mischief they generally give the contractor plenty of occupation in looking after them. They play truant and all sorts of fantastic tricks, and frequently stop more than once on the way to some appointment to have a jig or breakdown in the streets or some vacant office. The contractor treats them well, because the office of sweep not being in high repute, or much sought after, he finds it difficult to secure employes."

"How do they clean the flues?"

"They have a short-handled brush, not unlike a hearth brush, only it has bristles on both sides, and a three-cornered iron scraper. They rest their feet on the projecting, uneven bricks on either side of the chimney and climb up in that way. It is part of their duty to sing when they get up to the top."

"To sing?"

"Yes, in order to show that they have gone all the way up. They have a peculiar rhythmic cry, which they repeat over and over: 'Rah-r-a-h, rah-r-a-h!' People in the neighborhood go to the windows when they hear this cry to see the sweep. Grotesque enough he looks, with half his body protruding from the chimney; a black goblin up among the roofs, an army of dislodged bats and chimney swallows fluttering about his head.

"'Rah-rahs' the children call them, and many timid little ones are afraid of them, thinking them something uncanny.

"It is a famous trick with these little imps to brush up against pedestrians in the most unseemly way in the world, doing it purposely so as to soil their clothing. They walk along carelessly to all appearance, with their heads turned around behind them, and then are all apologies when the collision they designed takes place.

"There was quite an excitement one day in a house in our neighborhood. A sweep got stuck fast in the chimney, and could neither move up nor down. The contractor thought he was fooling at first, but afterward a bricklayer was sent for and a hole made in the chimney, through which the little prisoner escaped from his irksome position."—N. Y. Tribune.

WHEN DID THEY LIVE?

A Question Concerning the Lake Dwellers of Pre-Historic Switzerland.

One of the most interesting questions relating to the early history of Switzerland is that of the probable length of time that has elapsed since the people called the "Lake-Dwellers" occupied the curious houses whose remains are now found there. A fresh examination of this question has lately been undertaken by M. Vouga.

The earliest of the lake-dwellers belonged to the age of stone, and they were succeeded by others who made weapons and implements of bronze. M. Vouga thinks that the people who made the stone implements lived during only one, or at most two, centuries on the shores of the Swiss lakes, and that for some reason, perhaps because of an inundation, they suddenly deserted their homes.

Then for 3,000 years the waters continued to deposit a slowly thickening layer of mud upon the sites of the abandoned villages. At the end of that time another people, who had acquired the art of making bronze, appeared upon the scene, the lakes having in the meantime, perhaps, sunk to their former level. These people remained there for two or three centuries, and then in their turn disappeared, and another layer of mud, occupying 3,000 years more in the process of deposition, covered the remains of their dwellings and the relics of their art and industry.

The muddy bottom of a lake forms a strange record-book for human history, but it is better than none at all.—Youth's Companion.

—Oliver Cromwell was, unfortunately, endowed with a very big and painfully red nose. This circumstance gave rise to many nicknames. He was called "The Almighty Nose," "The Nose of Old England," "The Copper-Nosed Saint," together with other names more descriptive than polite.

—Cleopatra had blue eyes. She was not an Egyptian, but a Greek, with yellow hair and fair complexion.

LUCKY FOR THE RUSTLER.

He Won the Toss and Was Saved from a Quagmire by the Cowboy.

As we wound around the base of the hill and approached Wolf creek we saw a man off to the left who seemed to be sitting on the earth. After gazing at him for a minute the cowboy who was acting as our guide remarked:

"I reckon that's one of the fellers we drove off Big Four ranch the other day, and he's goin' to git what's good fur him!"

"What's he doing there?" was asked.

"Got bogged. He's on hossback, but his hoss is purty well out o' sight. He must a ben ridin' round our camp airly this mornin'. We needn't go to no trouble about him!"

But the rest of us insisted that it would be inhuman to leave the man to perish, and we rode down to the edge of the bog. The spot was about a quarter of an acre in extent, and the surface so closely resembled hard ground that only an old plainsman could have told the danger.

The stranger's horse had been drawn down out of sight, but the saddle still afforded him a seat, and he was taking the situation very coolly.

"Hillo, you!" shouted the cowboy, as we halted our horses.

"Hillo, yerself!" was the reply.

"What ye doin' thar?"

"Sorter waitin'."

"You are one of the fellers we hustled off'n Big Four t'other day?"

"And what of it?"

"Nuthin', only you won't bother us no more! You'll be out of sight in an hour!"

"Don't you bank on that!" growled the stranger. "I've bin in wus fixes."

"You'll never come out o' that, and it'll sarve ye just right!"

The man thrust a hand into his trousers pocket and brought up a coin, and, holding it up between thumb and finger, he called out:

"I'm willin' to take chances. If I win you help me out; if I lose you kin ride and be hanged to you!"

It was an appeal the cowboy couldn't refuse, and after a minute he replied:

"You rustlers don't deserve no show, but let 'er go. If you lose, though, I'll leave you to go to the bottom! Toss 'er up and call out!"

"I say tails!" exclaimed the man as he flirted the half-dollar to the bank.

"Tails she is!" replied the cowboy, as he bent in his saddle. "Now, then, ketch the end of this lariat and come ashore, and jest let me tell you that if you don't make yourself skeerce the boys will either hang or shoot you!"

"Skeerce she am!" said the man, as he got his breath and cast off the lariat, and without waiting to scrape off the mud he started up the river and was soon lost to sight.—Detroit Free Press.

WHERE DID YOU GET THIS COFFEE?

Had the Ladies' Aid Society of our Church out for tea, forty of them, and all pronounced the German Coffeeberry equal to Rio! Salzer's catalogue tells you all about it! 35 packages Earliest vegetable seeds $1.00.

IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND with 15c. stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get free a package of above great coffee seed and our 148 page catalogue! Catalogue alone 5c. postage. (K)

"MAY I take this seat, madam?" said the traveling man to a lady in the railroad car. "No, sir," said the female, witheringly; "I have been keeping it for a gentleman."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Spring Trip South.

On April 7 and 21, and May 5, tickets will be sold from principal cities, towns and villages of the north, to all points on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida and a portion of Kentucky, at one single fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good to return within twenty-one days, on payment of $2 to agent at destination, and will allow stop-over at any point on the south bound trip. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

FOR COUGHS, ASTHMA AND THROAT DISORDERS, use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Sold only in boxes. Avoid imitations.

Free to "Comrades"

The latest photograph of Honorable I. N. Walker, Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R. Write to F. B. Lond, Quincy Building, Chicago, and you will receive one free.

SATAN as a master is bad; his work much worse; his wages worst of all.—Fuller.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

Spring

Is the season for purifying, cleansing, and renewing. The accumulations of waste everywhere are being removed. Winter's icy grasp is broken and on all sides are indications of nature's returning life, renewed force, and awakening power.

Spring

Is the time for purifying the blood, cleansing the system and renewing the physical powers. Owing to close confinement, diminished perspiration and other causes, in the winter, impurities have not passed out of the system as they should but have accumulated in the blood

Spring

Is therefore the best time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, because the system is now most in need of medicine. That Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier and Spring medicine is proved by its wonderful cures. A course of Hood's Sarsaparilla now may prevent great suffering later on.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

Cock-a-doodle doo—
My dame has lost her shoe;
But CUPID Hair-Pins held her hair—
Or she'd have lost that too.

It's in the TWIST.

By the makers of the famous DeLONG Hook and Eye.

Richardson & DeLong Bros., Philadelphia.

CATARRH

Is a LOCAL DISEASE and is the result of colds and sudden climatic changes. It can be cured by a pleasant remedy which is applied directly into the nostrils. Being quickly assorbed it gives relief at once.

Ely's Cream Balm

Is acknowledged to be the most thorough cure for Nasal Catarrh, Cold in Head and Hay Fever of all remedies. It opens and cleanses the nasal passages, allays pain and inflammation, heals the sores, protects the membrane from colds, restores the senses of taste and smell. Price 50c. at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

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Acker's ENGLISH Remedy

will stop a cough in a night, check a cold in a day, and cure consumption if taken in time. If the little ones have *Croup* or *Whooping Cough, use it promptly.*

Croup is a very fatal disease. Fully one-half of those attacked die. The great danger is in delay.

The disease progresses so rapidly that the loss of a few hours in treatment is often fatal. ACKER'S ENGLISH REMEDY will cure Croup, and *it should always be kept in the house for emergencies.* A 25 cent bottle may save your child's life.

Three sizes: 25c, 50c, $1. All Druggists.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

TEMPERANCE.

THE OLD DOCTOR'S STORY.

His Part in the Romance and Tragedy of a Beautiful Wedded Pair.

I was placed next the old doctor at a fashionable dinner some days ago, and a chance occurrence led to the promise, on his part, to tell me one of his stories when opportunity came. Last night he fulfilled the promise, and if you are willing, I will tell the story to you; not as the dear old doctor told it to me, for it must lack the accompaniment of those keen yet kindly glances that came from his clear, blue eye, and the mellow cadence of his gentle voice, but, as nearly as possible, I will follow his words: The doctor said:

"I was attracted to them the moment they entered the long dining hall—by their youth, their beauty and by that indefinable something which envelops, as a rosy cloud, those who are newly wedded and who love and are beloved. They were (and are, for that matter, though that was 20 years ago, and I have ushered into existence for them since that day a whole houseful of rosy boys and dainty girls!) the handsomest couple I ever set my two eyes upon. He, with an imperial, stately carriage and dark, splendid coloring and beautiful clear features, which brought to my mind all the heroic stories I had read of the knights of old. She, fair, with a delicate, appealing loveliness, which went straight to my foolish old heart. I liked everything about her. The quiet eleganee of her modest gray gown, her smoothly banded hair, her clear, candid brown eyes.

"The waiter placed them at my table, and I was pleased with the fond, yet unobtrusive, attention bestowed upon her by her husband; but even then I could but observe the fact that there was some weight on her heart, some anxiety, which would not be stilled. This was evidenced, I thought, by the nervous, hurried glances she cast at her husband, and by a look of dejection which now and again settled on her lovely face.

"That night after a dreary round among my charity patients, to which I gave each Thursday afternoon, I sat toasting my old shins by a comfortable

HIS FACE SWOLLEN BEYOND RECOGNITION.

fire, thinking of the pinched and wasted faces I had seen; contrasting them, unconsciously, with the lovely face I had watched with such interest at dinner, when a bell-boy rushed excitedly in, handing me a card from the clerk on which was penciled: 'Urgent call for a doctor in Number 83—please respond.' Was it that my mind had been dwelling upon the lovely, fair face, or what was it that told me swiftly, surely, that my patient would prove to be the bride about whom I had allowed myself to sit dreaming? Be that as it may, when I reached number 83 it was her pale, unconscious face that my eyes met as I entered, while a distracted and voluble chambermaid buzzed about her, making ineffectual attempts to restore consciousness to the languid form.

"For a long time I, too, labored in vain, trying first one remedy, then another; but finally the long lashes were lifted and a wild, frightened glance scanned my face. It really seemed that the attraction between us had been mutual, for in a few moments the terrified look left her uplifted eyes, and at a sign from her I bade the chambermaid leave us.

"No sooner had the door closed upon her than my patient half raised herself on her elbow to exclaim: 'You are a doctor?' To my nod of affirmation she made answer: 'I know you have a good, kind heart and will befriend a friendless woman. No woman ever lived more in need of help.'

After a brief spell of trembling, she grew more quiet, and I sat waiting for her to tell me her troubles. From time to time I touched lightly the soft hair thrust back from her brow, and murmured words of sympathy. The best way to win a woman's confidence, I have long since learned, is to give her plenty of line and then—wait. Of course, all this time I was puzzling my brain as to the whereabouts of her husband, at the same time unconsciously connecting him with her distress. Finally she drew herself up to a sitting position and essayed to speak, but tears began to flow and heavy sobs impeded her utterance. After awhile though, she managed to get her trouble into words.

"I will spare you the broken and ejaculatory narrative that I heard and just give you the grist of it all. It seemed that she had no near relatives, none on either father or mother's side; was a governess in a family of wealth and position; met the man who afterward became her husband. Young, ignorant of the world, he dawned on her as some splendid realization of her most lofty dreams—a god who deigned to stoop and lift the lonely, friendless girl to the high estate of his wedded wife! Questions she had none to ask. Her gentle, guileless heart gladly yielded its richest flowers of love and trust to him, and when he did indeed make her his wife, her life seemed to open before her an endless vista of splendid joy and quiet content.

"'I had not been long married,' the poor girl said, 'when I found my lover-husband a slave to the vile habit of secret drinking. Urbane, perfect in courtesy to all, gifted and cultured, each nightfall saw his transformation into a besotted beast—a beast to whose unclean embraces I must submit, whose foul kisses must pollute my lips, or exposure would follow. For, when under the influence of liquor, he seemed lost to all sense of shame or propriety, and would threaten to publish me to the world as a wife who did nothing that a wife's duty called for. Frightened, bewildered, lost in a sense of my misery, for a time I submitted. But, to see my beautiful, lordly lover thus besotted, his face swollen beyond recognition, on his lips the fetid odor of the stuff that had cost us our happiness, his beautiful eyes glaring with strange, threatening glances; or to lie beside him after he had fallen into a brutish slumber, and tremble for fear he should awake! Oh! only God knows what I have suffered! He is so restless, traveling from place to place; and I? what could I do but follow him and pray for strength to endure!

"'Last night the climax came. I determined to leave him, to return to my life of drudgery, forsaking forever any hope of happiness. I seized the opportunity before his evening carouse to announce to him my unalterable decision; and—ah, me!' Here the poor child broke into a passion of grief at some memory that smote her tender heart, and continued her pitiful story, interrupted by long-drawn sighs: 'What made it harder for me was the fact that his excesses had not robbed me of his love. His desecration of the vigorous body, the splendid mind, had not caused the spirit of love to fly from him. It shone from his eyes, it trembled in his voice, it smote him with dismay as I spoke solemnly to him of his course toward me, of my friendless dependence on him; and he besought me to try him once more. But I hardened my heart and would not; until finally, in a paroxysm of rage and sorrow, he fled from the room, threatening his life, and I have not seen him since. If he does destroy himself' (she rose and began to pace up and down the room, wringing her hands)—'I, I, the woman who swore to love him, to honor him—but how could I? How could I? I shall have caused his death! I cannot endure it! You must find him, dear, good doctor, and bring him to me.'

"I will not weary you," the doctor unnecessarily said, "by a detailed account of how and where I found him; it is sufficient to say that I did find him, did take him back to the hotel with me, but, alas! when we reached the room the poor wife had gone into violent convulsions, and from them passed into a protracted spell of brain fever.

"Now comes the gist of my story. Through all those long, dreary days, during which I fought a hand-to-hand battle with death, his devotion never once flagged. Not one drop of any intoxicant passed his lips, nor did he ever evince the slightest desire for it. All through her illness the touch of his hand, the sound of his voice would quiet her most raging delirium. But when the turn came and she began to improve day by day, then it was that I felt powerless. She actually seemed to draw back from recovery, to dread the return of her strength. Full well did I know the cause. Nature, however, asserted herself, and pale roses began to bloom on her wan cheeks and her eyes to look less hollow. So a day came when, by means of great persuasion, I induced her to sit up, and, going to her side, I said: 'Dearie, I am going to take Harry out for a walk, and when we return you must be prepared for a pleasant—nay, a happy—surprise.' Then I left her, taking her husband (who was in my secret) with me, and—when we returned, there on his breast, appearing as fair to the poor child as did the star of Bethlehem to the shepherds, fluttered a tiny white ribbon, the badge of her husband's freedom.

"That," concluded the dear old doctor, "was one of the proudest moments of my life, for I had persuaded him to take the pledge which would help him to be the man that God meant him to be."—Julia Neely Finch, in Union Signal.

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

THE saloon is an open gate to perdition.

WHISKY has been called the "dynamite of civilization."

THE Swiss government made a profit of £200,000 last year on its monopoly of spirits.

THE man who thinks more of the drink-sellers wife than of his own wants whipping.

ONE of the men of whom the devil is surest is the moderate drinker who thinks he is safe.—Ram's Horn.

THE fellow who drinks whisky in winter to keep warm is a half-brother of the fellow who drinks whisky in the summer to keep cool. One freezes to death, the other invites a sunstroke.—Chicago Eagle.

HE who stands behind the saloon bar will one day stand before the judgment bar. They who put him behind the one will stand with him before the other, and they who plead for him now will have none to plead for them then when gold hath lost its power and sin his charms.—Dr. Joel Swartz.

A Lesson for Drunkards.

This is how diminutive dogs are produced in Paris: Snatched from its mother's breast when it is but a few hours old, it is put on an alcoholic diet instead of a lacteal diet. When it reaches a certain age, alcohol under different forms constitutes almost the sole diet of the animal. The young dogs do not die, but what is far more important, they do not develop and appear to be wasting away continually. They soon cease to grow entirely. By coupling these products the Lilliputian animal is obtained after two or three generations. What a terrible lesson for drunkards and absinth consumers!—N. W. World.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—It is said that stammerers rarely, if ever, show any impediment of speech when speaking in whispers.

—A dream that you have lost your sight indicates that you will soon discover the perfidy of a trusted friend.

—The sailboat for the pilot's use is going out of date, and the steamboat is taking its place. One is in successful operation in New York waters.

—The natives of Canada do not scruple to take out patents in Washington; 293 have been granted by our patent office to our cousins on the other side of the St. Lawrence.

—The otter is becoming more rare each year. Anthony Dokey caught one in a trap a few days ago in Black river, at Lee, Mich. It weighed 25 pounds, and the pelt is valued at $15.

—One of the greatest war records in Maine belongs to the safe of a company in Bars Mills, which has been blown open three times by burglars, and now has three holes in it, filled with powder, left by a recent marauding party.

—The average yearly sunshine in England, according to a recent work by Dr. Van Bebber on meteorology and hygiene, is 1,400 hours; in Germany, 1,700; in Italy, 2,300; and in Spain, 3,600. London averages 23 hours of sunshine out of a possible 100, and Madrid 66.

—A tramp visited all the houses at Cloverport, Ky., and begged from every kind lady he met a postage stamp with which to send a letter to his sick mother. He got the stamp every time and went out of town with several dollars in his pockets as a result of the successful ruse.

—It is stated that an electric hen has recently been invented, which is claimed to be superior to the natural article of flesh, feathers and blood, except that it cannot lay eggs. When the electric incubator has produced the chickens, an electric foster mother takes them in charge. The upper part is devoted to the freshly hatched, while the lower part is so arranged that the young can run around on the ground, and at the same time find heat and protection when they require it.

THE BURIATS.

Something of the Habits of a Peculiar Siberian People.

A St. Petersburg correspondent gives an abstract of a recent account given by a Russian physician, Dr. Shendrikofski, of the Buriats, a race inhabiting from time immemorial the regions around Lake Baikal, in Siberia. "They are an entirely pastoral race. They all, men and women, practically live in the saddle. In summer they dwell on the plains; in winter, when the snows come, they retire to the hills and live in yurts, huts built of wood or felt, rickety and dirty. They drink sour milk and 'brick' tea. They seldom eat meat, but whenever they do they eat it in enormous quantities, six pounds or seven pounds at a time, without salt or bread. They are insatiable smokers, men and women, even children indulging inordinately. There is scarcely any social life among them. Each clan, of five or six families, generally related, lives its own separate existence. Their religion was formally Shamanism, but about a century ago the Mongol Llamas were permitted to preach Buddhism among them, and Shamanism has now but few followers. The Buddhists have a Llama of their own, appointed by the Dalai of Thibet, in a monastery near Selenginsk. In this monastery is a school of divinity and one of medicine. According to the medical teaching of the Llmas most diseases arise from disorders of the liver, which is looked upon as the most important organ in the body. Diagnosis, however, depends solely upon the condition of the pulse. The Buriats suffer mostly from scrofula and scurvy. Skin diseases are rare, notwithstanding their want of cleanliness. Idiotism, cretinism, malformations and mental disorders are not uncommon, possibly on account of frequent intermarriages; but the race is not dying out, as is shown by the fact that between 1863 and 1895 their numbers increased by 20.4 per cent."—London Lancet.

Peculiarities of February.

The month of February in a leap year has some peculiarities of which not many people are aware. This year, for example, February has five Saturdays. This has occurred just once in every 28 years for the last 124 years. February will have five Saturdays again in 1908, 12 years from now, because at the turn of the century there comes a break in the 28 year period, which is reduced to 12 years. Twenty-eight years later, in 1936 we will again have five Saturdays in the month of February. This same rule holds good for every day in the week, each recurring five times in the leap year month of February every 28 years, with the exception of Monday and Wednesday. During the last 200 years these two days have come five times in February at one interval of 12 years, while the rest of the days have been 40 years apart once during the same period for 200 years.—St. Louis Republic.

Famous Twins.

Montagu Williams and Sir Douglas were known as "The Twins." On one occasion they had been fighting before an alderman at the Guildhall, and on leaving the building they linked their arms and went off together in the direction of the Garrick club. "Lor', Bill," cried out one of the loafers outside the court, "ain't we bin sold? Why, we thought they was quarrelin' together inside like cat and dog. It's all a put up job, Bill. Just look at 'em now, arm in arm, and roarin' with laughter, like two old pals." Who does not remember Mr. Pickwick's horror when Mr. Serjeant Snubbin said "good morning" to Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz? And what can their respective followers think of it when they hear of Arthur Balfour and John Morley linking their arms and going together to Saturday pops?—London News.

ESTATES WITHOUT OWNERS.

Held in Trust by the Courts of Foreign Countries.

Holland is another country where it is supposed by many Americans that vast estates, from the value of $12,000,000 down, have been lying unclaimed for the last 200 years, and that nothing is necessary but to demand them at some probate office. For the last 17 years the American legation at The Hague has notified claimants, either directly or through the department of state, that there are no probate courts in Holland and that wills are generally left in the care of the notary who drew them up. He makes a duplicate copy, registers the title and subject matter, with a number in his register, which is examined and verified by the clerk once a month. It is evident, therefore, that names, dates and localities are usually generally the case in the absence of claimants, that, after the lapse of one or two generations, all traces can be found only, if at all, by extensive advertising. In 1852 the Dutch parliament established a state commission for the settlement of claims on the estates of deceased persons, as well as those against the government. This commission gave notice that all claims to property then in their hands must be sent in within five years and six months, after which time such estates would escheat to the state. The great estate sought for in Holland is that of a Gen. Metzgar who died about 200 years ago, leaving, as is currently supposed, some $12,000,000. One of the claimants admitted to our minister at The Hague that if ordinary interest were added to the principal of this claim, all the European governments together would be unable to pay it, but that she was willing to wait for the interest.

Our embassy in Paris does not give the names of any claimants of estates, but says that the number of inquiries is large, and that in no case has the existence of the supposed estate or of the unclaimed fortune been verified. The legislation of France is such as to dispose effectually and without appeal of all claims, even if inherently just and founded on an actual and known heritage, which were not presented and proven within the period prescribed by the French statute of limitations. Under French law the liquidation of estates is ordinarily in the hands of a notary, and in searching for an estate the usual method is to address a circular letter to every notary in the city and department where the estate is likely to be, giving the name and date of death of the original owner. When there is no landed estate the heirs at law can divide the property among themselves without legal proceedings. If nobody claims an estate, the state takes it in trust, and the department of justice inserts notices of the fact in the official journal. The period of proscription as regards unclaimed estates is 30 years from the date of decease, after which all claims are barred, unless some irregularity in the liquidation can be proven.

In Germany there is likewise a statute of limitations, and there, too, not a case is known to our embassy where the existence of an unclaimed estate has been verified. As a rule, the data furnished by claimants are insufficient to substantiate any claim, or to identify the locality of a single estate, even when the statute of limitations does not apply to great periods of time elapsing since the testator's death. One great drawback for the claimants is the absence of all probate machinery, and the fact that estates are usually divided amicably among the heirs without resort to any court, transfers of landed estate being made on the land register of the locality, in the presence of the grantor and grantee. Wills have to be deposited in a court during the lifetime of the testator, except in the Rhine provinces, where a will entirely holographic is valid. Wills are opened by the court for interested parties when they produce a certificate of death, or at any rate six weeks after the testator's known death. After 56 years have elapsed since the deposit of the will without information of the testator's death, the supposed heirs are summoned by advertisement to appear. If in six months no one comes forward, the will is opened to ascertain whether charitable institutions are mentioned in it. If this be the case, such beneficiaries are called upon to prove the death of the testator. The will is then closed again. When the fact of death is established, the will is opened once more and published. A certificate of heirship is issued by the court on adequate proof. If the proof is inadequate, or no heirs come forward, a further notice of three months is given in the official gazette; and should this receive no response, the state regards the property as derelict, and takes possession of it. Even then, if a rightful heir appears within 30 years, his title is acknowledged under certain restrictions. Continued possession by the state for these 30 years gives a valid title if not disputed in the meantime, in which case it is temporarily in the custody of a special official. As there are several hundred courts thus holding estates, it is essential that claimants should ascertain accurately which court holds the estate in trust. As far as can be learned by the embassy, after careful inquiry, there is not at present any large estate that for more than 30 years has been awaiting distribution, and every effort to discover alleged unclaimed estates has been fruitless. The consuls have permission to investigate claims to estates when their official duties permit, and if remuneration for their services be guaranteed.—Atlantic.

—She—"Don't you think our minister is a very dramatic preacher?" He—"Very. I saw old Rockenrigh go out for a drink between 'sixthly' and 'seventhly.'"—Brooklyn Life.

—The American farmer will probably be surprised to learn that there are 10,122 different models of plows in the patent office, on all of which patents have been issued.

A PUZZLING SUBJECT.

Speed of Trains as Affected by the Revolution of the Earth.

It is as far from Buffalo to New York as it is from New York to Buffalo, yet if we are to believe the reasoning of Mr. Alexander Hogg, a correspondent of the Railway Gazette, the railway run can be made more easily in the former direction because the speed of the eastward moving train being added to that of the rotating earth, the reduction of weight due to centrifugal force is greater. We quote such portions of Mr. Hogg's letter as do not involve difficult mathematics:

"In 1891 the New York Central & Hudson River railroad ran a train 436½ miles in 425 minutes and 42 seconds, or an average of 61½ miles per hour. The weight of this train was 460,000 pounds. The same company, on September 11, this year, made the remarkable run of the same 436½ miles in 407 2-5 minutes; this was an average of 64.26 miles per hour.

"The New York Central, in starting both times from New York city, unnecessarily retarded its own speed. From Albany to Buffalo, due west, the train encountered not only the prevailing west wind, but the force of the earth's revolution eastward.

"Owing to the diurnal rotation of the earth, bodies at the equator press toward the earth with 288-289ths of the pressure they would were the earth deprived of its rotation. If, therefore, the rotation of the earth could be accelerated until it took only 1-17th of the present sidereal day to make a complete turn or revolution, the centrifugal tendency would be increased (17) 2 fold; that is it would be 289 times as great as now, and bodies at the equator would have no pressure downward, or, as we say, would weigh nothing. This rate of revolution would not be sufficient to deprive bodies anywhere else of their entire weight.

"Now, let us apply this to railroad trains. A train running east at the equator would be lightened as compared with the weight on a still earth. If running due west, the result would be (less). And the difference of weight between the same train, running east and west with the same velocity, would be (a certain) fraction of its total absolute pressure. Example: Taking a a train running say 70 feet per second, or nearly 48 miles per hour, this fraction would not be far from 1-1,600th part; in running 60 miles per hour, it would be 1-1,280th part, and if running 100 miles per hour, or 147 feet per second, it would be the 1,765th part, nearly, and it would be greater as both speed and weight of the train are increased. The train of the New York Central was 337 feet long and weighed 565,000 pounds.

"This calculation, it will be observed, as said, will be true for the equator. The New York Central train ran from Albany to Buffalo upon about the 42d parallel of latitude, and * * * therefore, this calculation should be corrected for this latitude, and would be about 7-10th as great."

Other correspondents agree with Mr. Hogg in principle, though not accepting all his mathematics. One of them ends his letter with the following rather jocose suggestion:

"It is well known that when the moon is above us it draws movable objects away from the earth, and when it is on the opposite side of the earth it draws the earth away from movable objects here, thereby causing the tides. It might be well to suggest to the New York Central officers, that, as the tides travel from east to west, they may perhaps offset the disadvantages under Mr. Hogg's theory by starting when the position of the moon is propitious, and, as they would 'keep in the tide,' while going west, they may still be able to make fast time going west, even if the engineers, or indeed the engines themselves, learn of the disadvantages of centrifugal force when they are trying to make Buffalo."—Literary Digest.

Number of Gallons in the Ocean.

The mathematicians figure on everything nowadays, from the number of leaves in a given extent of forest to the probable number of molecules of matter that it takes to make up the universe. One of the most curious calculations which we have met with recently is one in which a German professor gives figures to show the number of gallons of water in the Pacific ocean. He first considers the average depth and then the average length and breadth, and then throws the whole into a square and the square into a globe. He finds that this aqueous globe would be exactly 726 miles in diameter. Next he considers ocean water as weighing 10 pounds to the gallon, and finds that this immense sphere, were it a hollow metal globe, would hold 200,000,000,000,000 of gallons! Those figures represent the number of gallons of water now in the largest division of the earth's seas. It would take that amount of water more than 1,000,000 years to pour over the precipice at Niagara!—St. Louis Republic.

Banking in Russia.

In Russia the state bank advances money at 4½ per cent. a year on all kinds of goods in amounts as high as two-thirds of their value. It takes money on deposit at 1½ per cent. A little while ago, to assist the grain trade, the government bought largely direct from the producers and will soon be the largest holder of grain in the country. It has nearly completed the absorption of private railroad lines, has acquired the monopoly of the manufacture of spirits and the control of the retail trade, is about to take the wine and sugar trade into its hands and very likely the coal trade as well. —Chicago News.

—The last recorded sale of a seat in the New York stock exchange realized $16,000. Seats were selling one year ago at about $20,000.

—An idler is a watch that wants both hands, as useless if it goes as if it stands.—Cowper.

GEORGE ASSERTS HIMSELF.

But Laura Was Right with Him at the Finish.

"All these years, Laura," exclaimed young Ferguson, pausing in his impatient walk to and fro long enough to turn the gas a trifle lower and resuming with a brisk staccato movement his march up and down the little parlor, "all these years I have danced attendance at your elbow, and the end seems as far off as ever!"

"The end of my elbow, George?" inquired the young woman, with grieved surprise.

"No! The end of my dance! You know what I mean. How long do you think I'm going to stand it to—"

"Doesn't it make you awfully tired, George?" she asked, with tender, yearning sympathy in her voice.

"Tired? It's driving me mad. I didn't come here to be made fun of this time. Look here, Laura Kujones, do you know how long we've been engaged to be married?"

"Years, I should say. Let me see—was it not—"

"Years? It's centuries! It's an eternity and a half! When I think of it and wonder how much longer—"

"Wasn't it some time during that hot summer of—"

"Yes!" he broke in. "You remember it on account of the hot weather, do you? I was a clerk on $15 a week. I thought it was a big salary until the ice cream season hit me. If I was good enough then—"

"I was so young, you know!"

"So was I, but I'm overcoming that infirmity mighty fast, let me tell you! And you yourself—"

"Sir!"

"Well, of course, you're as young as ever. But that isn't the point. You've put me off year after year because we couldn't afford it. I'm getting $3,000 a year now, with a prospect of a partnership after awhile, and it does seem to me—"

"But think of what it costs for gas and hired girls, George," she murmured.

"Listen to me. I'm doing the preaching now. I've been thinking the matter over and I'm going to say my say. You've had your 'freedom' long enough. The party of the second part has some rights. He's going to assert them. You needn't try to scare me off with that yawn, either. It isn't genuine. I know a spontaneous yawn when I see it, and that's a three-ply, cut and dried, machine-made fraud. You ought to be ashamed to try to introduce a yawn like that into good society. It gives itself away every time. Don't do it again, dear, or I'll say something about it. This is business. There's a nice little house down here on Michigan avenue—it isn't 'in' Michigan avenue because it's not out in the road, it's above the ground, and it's 20 feet back from the sidewalk—and it can be had for $40 a month. I—yes, I've been making inquiries about it. I acknowledge it. I have also been posting myself as to the price of furniture, the probable quantity of milk and eggs a family of two persons will be likely to consume in a week, and the desirability of the neighborhood from a social point of view. There's no telling when I may take a notion to speak to the minister. Don't drive a desperate man too far, proud girl. I don't want to have to hire a couple of ruffians and a cab and abduct you. It would get into the papers and I'd have to dodge reporters for the next six weeks. Moreover—"

"George Ferguson, if you are going to talk to me like that I'll simply—"

"No, you won't. Sit still. If you make any fuss I'll call your father. I've got the floor. When I have finished my talk you can agitate the atmosphere and I'll listen. Don't you see this sort of thing can't go on forever? It'll have to stop some day. If I should die of old age while I'm waiting for you to marry me you would never forgive yourself. The engagement ring on that finger is worn almost through. I'll have to buy you another one if you don't look out. Who ever heard of such a thing as that? In all the history of long engagements I don't believe there's a case in which a man has had to get a second engagement ring on account of the first one wearing out. Are you trying to break a record? Great Scott! Sometimes the idea occurs to me that you are only trifling with me—that you don't mean to be my wife, and never did. Sometimes, when I am alone in my own room and I think of the possibility of such a thing, and the shadow of the wasted years rises before me and I turn to the future and see nothing ahead of me but the gloom and desolation of hopes unfulfilled, is it any wonder that I walk the floor in misery—"

"George, dear," said Laura, tenderly, and in a trembling voice, her hands clasped together and her whole being radiant with tenderness and compassion, "is it possible you, too, suffer from corns?"—Chicago Tribune.

Density of Population in Two Cities.

The density of population in this London area was 373 persons to the acre, against 168 persons to the acre in the whole of Bethnal Green. There are three wards in New York city more densely populated. Of them the Tenth ward shows a density of more than 621. This is in a large measure due to the greater height of the New York buildings; but, covering as they do, in some especially bad blocks almost, if not quite, as large a proportion of the ground area as those destroyed in London, it is not likely that their upper stories get more light and air than the two stories which made up the London rookeries, and it is likely that their lower stories get a great deal less. —Edward Marshall, in Century.

Gray Hair Frozen Black.

Dr. George W. Griffiths reports the case of a man 65 years of age, who had had gray hair for eight years; for three years his hair had been perfectly white. He was exposed one night to severe cold, and his eyebrows and whiskers got wet and were frozen stiff; it was found next day that his hair had turned black.—Popular Science.

WASHINGTON LETTER

[illegible] Regular Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, March 23, 1896

A day spent with Republican Senators and Representatives, trying to ascertain which of the Presidential candidates is the ranking favorite in Congress, has convinced me that the average man, in or out of Congress, always sees future political events as he hopes they will be. The McKinley men will not admit that any other candidate for the nomination is really in the race. Many of them claim his nomination on the first ballot, and nearly all of them not later than the third. The Reed men are quite as confident that the Speaker is bound to win. The Allison men claim that they will hold the balance of power and that after there has been a sufficient number of ballots taken to show that neither McKinley nor Reed can win that Allison will be nominated with a hurrah. The Morton men and the Quay men are not saying much, except that they are playing a waiting game and expect to win, while the Cullom men, the Manderson men and the friends of several other candidates say just wait; this is going to be a dark horse campaign, and our man's chances are as good as those of anybody else.

Those Cuban resolutions have now been before Congress for four weeks, and while it is expected that they will be disposed of this week, there is nothing certain about it. If Senator Morgan's joint resolution for the recognition of the belligerency of the Cubans had come to the Senate through the committee on foreign relations, it might be adopted but the Senate very seldom ignores its committee reports. Therefore it may be set down as certain that the end of the matter whenever it comes will be the adoption of the committee report, in favor of accepting the House resolutions as a substitute for those oridinally adopted by the Senate.

If Secretary Lamont intends to remain in politics for the purpose of becoming Democratic candidate for Governor of New York, as many believe he made a great mistake when he wrote that letter attacking Gen. N. A. Miles, by imputation, if not directly, in order to prevent Congress passing the bill providing for a revival of the grade of Lieutenant-General of the Army for Gen. Miles. Already it must have become manifest to Secretary Lamont that he has stirred up a regular hornet's nest. Gen. Miles has many friends, especially among the old soldiers, and they have already began to take steps towards heading off any political aspirations Secretary Lamont may have.

Nearly all the answers received to the circular letter sent out by the House Ways and Means Committee to importers and manufacturers interested in the export trade strongly favor a renewal of the reciprocity treaties abrogated by the Democratic tariff bill passed by the last Congress. This week the Committee will devote to verbal hearings on the subject. It is almost certain that the result will be a bill providing for a renewal of the reciprocity treaties, but there is not much probability that such a bill will become a law until after a Republican president takes his seat.

From London Congress gets undoubtedly authentic information that Secretary Olney and Lord Salisbury have resumed the Venezuelan negotiations just where they were brought up to the Monroe doctrine communication, but at the State Department in Washington, neither Congressmen or newspaper men can get a word about what is being done. It may have occurred before but your correspondent does not remember to have heard what our state department was doing in important international matters for the first time by way of the European cables until the Cleveland administration come in with its mysterious policy and dark lantern methods of conducting public business. It has been the rule during the last three years to find out what our government was doing through the published utterances of officials in foreign capitals.

Those who have anything to say either for or against the Nicaragua Canal will be given a chance to be heard before the House committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce decides what sort of a report shall be made. These hearings will begin this week.

Secretary Carlisle hasn't made any friends by his letter to the Senate committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, opposing the joint resolution providing for the erection of a bronze statue of Gen. Spinner, formerly U. S. Treasurer, on one of the approaches or buttresses of the Treasury building. And he wasn't satisfied with opposing the resolution as it now is but added that there was no place for the statue in the grounds attached to the Treasury building. Gen. Spinner was a popular official, and the money to pay for this statue was raised by popular subscriptions. But he was also a Republican.

Death of Chas. Murphy.

Died, at his home in Swanton, Md., Thursday evening, March 19th, Mr. Charles Murphy, aged 68 years, 10 months and 14 days.

Mr. Murphy had been confined to his home most of the time for nearly four months, but it was not thought death was so near, as on the day he died he ate a hearty dinner and was able to walk about the house until late in the afternoon. A short time before six o'clock he was stricken with paralysis and in a few moments he had entered upon that rest that remaineth for the people of God.

The deceased was born near Keyser, W. Va., in 1827. When a boy he helped farm the land on which Piedmont, W. Va., now stands. At the breaking out of the war he enlisted in Co. B, 3d Reg't West Va. volunteer cavalry, and with thousands of brave men who went to the front in defense of country, left his home, offering his life, if necessary, to prevent one single star from being torn from his country's flag. Serving until the close of the war, he returned to this section where he spent most of his time since, always a moral man, a good citizen, a kind husband, a loving father, a constant friend.

A little more than two years ago he joined the M. E. church at this place, and although on account of failing health he was unable to do as much for the Master as he desired, yet he was faithful in his attendance at Sunday school and church services, setting an example that is worth following.

Mr. Murphy leaves a wife, eleven children, a brother and sister to mourn his loss. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. G. W. White assisted by Rev. A. F. George. The text was, "This is My Friend." Sol. Song, 5:16. The pall bearers were all comrades of the war: F. McRobie, A. G. Friend, J. Harshbarger, William Rhodes, W. A. Dudley, Richard Tasker and Wm. Wright, and with the flag which in his young manhood he had fought to defend wrapped around the casket, all that was mortal of Charles Murphy was followed by the largest number of people that ever attended a funeral from the village of Swanton, and at Wilson cemetery was consigned to mother earth, there to await the time when the earth and the sea shall give up their dead.

A. FRIEND.

Keyser and Piedmont papers please copy.

Bethlehem.

Plenty of good snow for sledding and some are making use of it.

Some sleighing parties of this neighborhood went to the Ryan's Glade settlement to attend a spelling school, a few evenings ago.

Our school closed by the scholars receiving a liberal treat from their teacher. Scholars, we hope that the kindness of your teacher will never be forgotten.

Miss Dora E. Lipscomb, who taught the Shields Run school, returned home.

The Bethlehem Sunday school has been organized and will commence the first Sunday in April.

May Thomas is quite ill again. Considerable sickness through this section at this writing. It is reported that one of James Tasker's children has diphtheria.

March beats January for winter this time, and if winter holds on this way very long it will make hay hard to find in some mows.

The sugar crop is supposed to be injured by the January sleet breaking so many limbs, causing the sap to waste.

CHUM.

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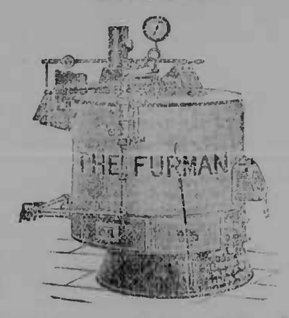

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Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

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Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
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Will sell Real or Personal Property
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Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

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PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
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Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
40-1yr.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
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LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26t*

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$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.
CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
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Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
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LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.
All trespassing will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
Call on or address:
C. A. WILT, Agent,
Box 16 Westernport, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

ESTABLISHED MARCH 3, 1877. BENJ. H. SINCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1896 NUMBER 4.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Hon. A. F. George, of Swanton, was in the city Monday.

Mr. Gilmor S. Hamill visited Cumberland professionally Monday.

Dixon & Kelso will exchange clover and timothy seed for oats. 2-4t.

Mr. Editor Litzinger was in Annapolis last week on important business.

Laces and embroideries of all kinds just received at Offutt & Son's.

Mr. D. C. Feather, of near Cranesville, W. Va., was in the city Monday for a few hours.

Have you seen the stacks of new dress goods just opened at Offutt & Son's? 3-2t.

Mrs. M. E. Davis has received her new stock of spring and summer millinery. 4-2*

Mr. Daniel E. Offutt made a business trip to Ohio on Monday last, returning to-day.

Mr. George Loar, of Grafton, W. Va., spent Sunday and Monday with his parents in Oakland.

Crepons, ducks, serges, ginghams and everything in dress material just opened at Offutt & Son's.

Master Semmes Hamill, who has been attending the Allegany Academy returned home last night.

The latest *fors* for 1896 in men's fine shoes in calf, enameled leather ann Russia calf. Offutt & Son.

Mr. Michael Conneway, of Sommerfield, Pa., is here on a visit to his brother, Mr. D. L. Conneway.

Quite a number of Mt. Lake Park people attended the lecture at St. Paul's M. E. church Monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Felty returned last week from an extended visit to friends and relatives in West Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Lee McComas, of Chicago, arrived in Oakland last Saturday and will probably reside here permanently.

Work on Mr. John Shartzer's office building and opera house was resumed Monday. A large force of men are engaged on it.

Mr. Wade Hinebangh, who has been attending The Maryland Agricultural College, returned home this morning to spend Easter.

If April should prove a worthy successor to March the corn planting season will be tranferred to somewhere along about July 1st.

Messrs. Spedden Bros., the Oakland contractors, have a force of men at Mountain Lake Park erecting two dwellings for parties there.

Mrs. Brown, of Winchester, sister to County Treasurer Sollars, was here a week or two visiting his family. She returned to her home yesterday.

Good agents wanted to make $10 per day. Good territory in West Virginia and Maryland. Address, P. O. Box 112, Mountain Lake Park, Md. 4-6

Mrs. P. L. Merrifield is prepared to do cutting, fitting and fashionable dress making; also all kinds of sewing, at her residence opposite B. & O. depot. 2-4t*.

Japan and China are well represented by our grand display of Mattings. We have the most beautiful designs for 1896. Also Linoliums, etc. Offutt & Son.

We have one or two local letters that will have to go over until next week, among them being obitnaries of the late Mr. Allen Spitzer and Mr. David Ridenour.

A special communication of Oakland Lodge No. 192, A. F. & A. M., will be held on Saturday evening next. Immediately following the labors of the lodge the members will be entertained at the residence of the Worshipful Master, Capt. J. M. Jarboe.

Capt. J. M. Jarboe is having his Alder street property remodeled and a four-room addition built to it. After its completion Dr. Mahlon C. Hinebaugh will move into it.

There will bo services in St. Mark's Lutheran church Good Friday night at 7.30 oclock. Communion service next Sunday morning, and Easter services at night.

Dr. T. E. Ballard will be at Mrs. Phillips' place, near Oak Hall, for a few weeks, prepared to do all kinds of dental work. Artificial teeth inserted by the latest method. Painless extracting. 2-4.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Leifer, of Big Piney, Wyoming, who were here visiting the family of County Treasurer Sollars, departed for their home in the west yesterday. Mrs. Leifer is a sister to Mr. Sollars.

Call and get our special low prices for 1896 on Fertlizers for cash or produce. Also wagons, buggies, harrows, plows, etc., timothy and clover seed. Sewing machines at less than half the usual prices. Offutt & Son. 3-2.

Samuel P. Friend, aged 22, from Garrett county, Maryland, and Mary Engle aged 18, native of Preston, were married by Rev. Crummett at the M. E. Parsonage here Sunday evening.—Kingwood Argus.

Mr. John Pfeiffer, a former resident of Oakland, but now residing on the line of the W. Va. C. & P. R. R., was here a few days last and this week visiting his daughter, Mrs. Geo. Little, and other relatives.

Bernard Murphy, a Cumberland lawyer, shot and killed himself at his father's residence, Midland, Sunday. He is said to have been handling a gun when it was accidentally discharged. He was 28 years old, and a graduate of St. John's College.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

A fire at Weston, W. Va., Saturday night did $125,000 damage. The insurance is $44,000. The McDonald and Commercial Hotels were destroyed. A suspension bridge over West Fork river gave way during the fire, and a number of people who were on it were injured.

Robert Nelson, youngest son of Mr. Andrew Nelson, was thrown from a pavement along Railroad street last Saturday afternoon by a playmate, resulting in the breaking of his left forearm. Dr. J. Lee McComas rendered surgical aid and reduced the fractnre.

Another "big meeting" has broken ont down at the Bishop Chapel below town, conducted by Charles Young Bishop, assisted by John Gidley, as leader of the choir. Both were "converted" again not long since at the revival held down at the old Slaughter House. The debt on the church has been paid off, we learn, and Charley is in his glory once more. The meeting has been in progress a week and they have about ten seekers.—Kingwood Argus.

During the winter of 1893, F. M. Martin, of Long Reach, West Va., contracted a severe cold which left him with a cough. In speaking of how he cured it he says: "I used several kinds of cough syrup but found no relief until I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which relieved me almost instantly, and in a short time brought about a complete cure." When troubled with a cough or cold use this remedy and you will not find it necessary to try several kinds before you get relief. It has been in the market for over twenty years and constantly grown in favor and popularity. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park, for 25 and 50 cents per bottle.

Mr. E. D. Hoffman, of Baltimore, who is interested in the Oakland Coal & Coke company, was here yesterday on business connected with that concern.

Mrs. Belle Freeland, of Terra Alta, who has gained somewhat of a reputation because of her alleged connection with handling spurious money, was here yesterday.

We have just received from the manufacturers another large lot of stationery and envelopes which we are running out at low figures for the class of work furnished our customers. Give us a call.

Those who are troubled with rheumatism should try a few applications of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, rubbing the parts vigorously at each application. If that does not bring relief dampen a piece of flannel with Pain Balm and bind it on over the seat of pain and prompt relief will surely follow. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

As previously announced in these columns, Rev. L. A Rudisill delivered his illustrated lecture, "A Tour Through America," in St. Paul's church Monday evening. The house was well filled and the lecture enjoyed by all. The lecture was under the auspices of the Epworth League, and Mrs. F. G. Hyde, who had the meeting in charge, is to be congratulated upon securing so good an entertainment for our people.

DANA'S Sarsaprilla is not only the *best* of all remedies for the Nerves, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, and Blood; *but if no benefit, you can get your money back.* The same guarantee applies to DANA'S Pills, Cough Syrup and Plasters. For sale by Dr. J. W. Laughlin, agent, Deer Park. 4-13t.

Mr. J. G. Peddicord [illegible] telegram Tuesday from a relative in Howard county, this state, announcing the sudden death of his uncle, Mr. James A. Peddicord at his home in that county. He was aged about forty years, being the youngest brother of Mr. Thomas J. Peddicord. Mrs. Geo. O. Miller, a niece of the deceased gentleman, has gone to attend the funeral which occurs this morning.

DANA'S Sarsaparilla is not only the *best* of all remedies for the Nerves, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, and Blood; *but if no benefit, you can get you money back.* The same guarantee applies to DANA'S Pills, Cough Syrup and Plasters. For sale by DeWitt & Ferguson, Sang Run, Md. 3-3m.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

For Sale Cheap.

1 Model 40 Columbia Bicycle, 1 No. 1 Hartford Bicycle, 1 Boy's Hartford Bicycle; all 1895 models and practically as good as new.

S. T. JONES.
Oakland, Md.

For Sale.

A cottage containing 7 rooms, attic and cellar. Has a well of good water upon the premises, and an acre of land attached. Purchaser can have the choice of more land up to two acres. Will sell cheap and on good terms. Situated opposite Mt. Lake Park on Oakland road. Mt. Lake Park, is a good market for vegetables and poultry. Apply to F. P. Arnold, Mt. Lake Park, Garrett county, Md. 50-13t.

An Affidavit.

This is to certify that on May 11th, I walked to Melick's drug store on a pair of crutches and bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm for inflammatory rheumatism which had crippled me up. After using three bottles I am completely cured. I can cheerfully recommend it.—Charles H. Wetzel, Sunbury, Pa.

Sworn and subscribed to before me on August 10, 1894.—Walter Shipman, J. P. For sale at 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

AT THE CAPITAL.

Canal Claims Bill Passed.—New Election Law Also Passes.

ANNAPOLIS, MD., March 29, 1896.

The Senate passed the canal claims bill at 2 o'clock this morning. The telegraph office here had closed at the time. Senator Ravenscroft had the bill in charge and deserves much credit for his efforts in getting it before the Senate.

In the House Speaker Mudd placed guards at the doors, and by that means kept a quorum at work until every House bill had been acted upon and sent to the Senate. At the hour of 2 o'clock a. m., the members got in a funny mood; Lewis, of Caroline, was called to the chair; a new assessment bill was introduced, and every member required to make a speech. The speech that elicited the greatest amount of applause was from Hon. David Robertson, the father of the Allegany delegation.

Great pressure is being brought to bear upon Gov. Lowndes to induce him to veto the assessment law. But the belief that he will approve is still very strong.

The Democrats of the Senate surrendered last night and allowed the new election law to pass. It is entirely non-partisan. There will be two registers of voters in each district, who will also be judges of the election. Two other judges of election and two clerks of opposite politics will also be appointed. There will be a new registration of voters all orer the State next fall. The election machinery provides every possible safeguard against fraud, requiring every voter who can write to sign his name on the books of registration. The object of this is to prevent the [illegible] of voters. The law also gives the supervisors of election the power to create new election districts at their discretion.

The passage of the election law, and a joint resolution providing for the submission of an amendment to the constitution placing all the appointment machinery of the State and municipal governments under a civil service law, completed the fulfillment of every pledge made by the Republican party at Cambridge last summer.

All the local bills for Garrett and Allegany counties officially passed to-day. Both counties have certainly had industrious delegations in both Houses. They all attended to the business entrusted to them with rare fidelity, and they deserve the confidence of their constituents.

Everybody, except perhaps the people of Annapolis, hail with pleasure the near approach of the end of the session. I shall accept an invitation for a sail down the bay to-morrow, and shake the dust of Annapolis from my feet as early Tuesday morning as I can find a train. Col. James Donnelly will follow toward the end of the week, as his services may be required a few days longer.

All the watchful members are now carefully scrutinizing bills in search of "snakes." Many have been detected and killed. A "snake" is something in a bill that a casual reader does not see, but it has a sting, all the same. McC.

Reassessment Bill Signed.

ANNAPOLIS, March 30, 1896.

The last day of the session brought an immense crowd to the capital, all the early trains being crowded. The conference committee on the supplemental bill to the assessment law had a conference with the governor this morning. It is said that an agreement will be reached.

Both Houses went into session at 10:30, and the passage of local bills was resumed. The bill to incorporate Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, and the bill giving Garrett county a local veto law, similar to the bill that was defeated in the Senate, passed finally Saturday night.

The bill dividing Oakland into two election districts has been amended so as to provide for a new precinct in the Oakland district. Delegate Hilleary, who was called home on account of illness in his family, returned this morning.

A SAIL ON THE BAY.

The sail on the bay was quite a delightful trip. Anchor was hoisted at 3 a. m., and the trouble commenced before the boat got out of the harbor. Mr. W. R. Percy at first wanted to be mate and then captain. For further particulars see Mr. Adam E. Hichens. The party caught 4,000 herring. Mr. Percy has made such an extensive acquaintance that it is now uncertain when he will come home.

As a reading clerk Mr. Ohr has made himself quite a reputation. It is frequently found necessary to relieve Mr. C. L. Wilson, and none of the members who have tried it have shown the capacity for the duties which Mr. Ohr has displayed. With Ohr at the desk and Mudd in the chair business goes with a rush. I learn that Mr. Ohr is booked for a clerkship in the office of Insurance Commissioner Kurtz.

SPEAKER MUDD HONERED.

At four o'clock this afternoon the House took a recess during which Speaker Mudd was presented with a solid service of silver by the officers of members of that body. The presentation speech was made by Hon. Albert E. Ohr, of Allegany.

Speaker Mudd replied in his usual happy manner, talking of the kindly relations that had existed between himself and the officers and members of the House, and expressing a desire to disturb them.

It is the universal sentiment here that Speaker Mudd has made one of the ablest presiding officers the House has ever had, and that he has shown neither favoritism nor partisanship in his rulings.

The mine inspectorship has just passed the Senate.

As this letter closes both Houses are still in session. As I have been deceived as to an executive session so often I will make no predictions as to whether another will be held or not.

REASSESTMENT BILL SIGNED

The assessment bill, together with the two supplemental measures, which passed both Houses of the Legislature, were signed by Governor Lowndes just before twelve o'clock to-night.

The Senate has confirmed the appointment of A. B. Jeffries as State librarian. The nomination of Philip D. Laird, for land commissioner, was rejected by the Senate last night.

Both houses wound up the business of the session and adjourned sine die at 1:45 a. m. McC.

Robbery at Swanton.

On last Friday night the store belonging to Mr. Chas. T. West at Swanton, this county, was robbed for the fourth time in less than a a year. Upon this occasion the thieves took about one hundred dollars worth of shoes, etc. It is the general supposition that the thieves were in the store in hiding when Mr. West locked up Friday night, indications pointing to the fact that they made their escape from the building by breaking a window from the inside. Mr. West figures his total loss by these four robberies at fifteen hundred dollars.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending April 4, 1896, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

J. Alvin Friend Jas. Galloway
Mathias Frazee

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

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COURSE BY MAIL
WITH THE
Capital City Commercial College.

TO ADVERTISE OUR COLLEGE
We will give a thorough course of instruction in Double and Single Entry Book-keeping and Commercial Arithmetic, by mail,

FREE OF CHARGE

to a limited number of persons. This course will be completed in forty lessons. No charge for diplomas.

ADDRESS,
CAPITAL CITY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,
P. O. DRAWER B,
TOPEKA, - KANSAS.
26—1yr.

MOUNTAIN STATE
Business College,
PARKERSBURG, W. VA.
Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.50 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

Cranesville, W. Va.

The mud is almost as deep this week as the snow was last week.

Mr. Geo. Falkenstine smiles and says it is a girl.

Mr. Jerome Kelly purchased several very fine cattle of Harrison Friend.

There is a certain young man in this community that needs callin down in the same manner that he has been called down heretofore. The people of this vicinity rejoiced a few years ago when they heard he had secured a position in an adjoining state, thinking they would be forever rid of him. But only about two years had elapsed when we heard that his [illegible] was he was asked to resign his position in favor of someone else, which he did and came home. His mere presence seemed to cast a gloom over the entire community. We notice since he came home the last time that he has been continually misrepresenting some of our most respected citizens through the columns of our local papers. In his last communication to one of our most excellent papers, he tells an infamous falsehood on an old gentleman who resides in a quiet little town about a mile and a half from this place, called Henry. Now the question is, why did he tell such an unreasonable falsehood on a good, respectable old man who has never harmed anyone. Well, this is a question rather difficult to solve, yet we might get at it in this manner. At one time this young man was very much in love with this old gentleman's stepdaughter, and as this was his first experience in love affairs and naturally a little on the soft order, he made his visits at short intervals. This annoyed the old gentleman so very much and deprived him of the peaceful slumbers of night, that he concluded not to tolerate it any longer, so one night he got up from his bed and started this young man home. He failed to get the young lady, and now it seems as if he is trying to put all the blame on this old gentleman, and thinks he will get even with him by falsely representing him through the columns of our papers. Now we would advise this young lad to stop and consider before he gets into trouble. He must remember that this old gentleman who he is trying to lower in the estimation of the people, has a wife, children, relatives and friends who will protect him in his old age. We do hope this young man will see the errors of his ways and try to make a man of himself before it is forever and eternally too late. But if the shoe pinches his foot we expect him to squeal again, but he must be more careful and not squeal so loud or we might remind him of a great many incidents of his past life that he thinks we know nothing about.

Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

This is the best medicine in the world for bowel complaints. It acts quickly and can always be depended upon. When reduced with water it is pleasant to take. Try it, and like many others you will recommend it to your friends. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

HOW THE RANCH WAS SAVED.

Journey in a Postal Car Which Ended in a Smash-Up.

Scramble for a Mail Pouch—$300,000 of Uncle Sam's Money in Danger—Interview with the Postmaster-General—An Expedited Pension.

[COPYRIGHT, 1896.]

"There is no use in figuring, Mandy, unless I get the pension and the back pay we'll lose the place," said Mr. Jenifer, gloomily, as he pushed away the pencil and paper. Mrs. Jenifer looked at her husband, blankly. "Is it as bad as that, Hiram?" she asked.

"There is no help for it," replied Mr. Jenifer. "The mortgage company at Omaha will foreclose the mortgage on the ranch unless the note is paid. The wheat and the corn are harvested, and at outside prices won't meet the note by $200."

There was silence for a few minutes, broken only by the click of Mrs. Jenifer's knitting needles.

"What did the pension lawyer at Washington write in his last letter about the prospects of your claim getting through?" she asked.

"Why, you know what he wrote, Mandy. He said there were 3,000 or 4,000 cases ahead of mine, and that the pension bureau is very strict about considering cases in their regular order. He said it might be over a year before they reached mine. When it is taken up though he thinks I'll get the pension and the back pay—that's about $3,000, you know—for the proof is all right, and I have a clear case under the law."

"It seems kind of hard that, if the government is going to give you the back pay some time, you can't get it in time to save the ranch from being sold over our heads," sighed Mrs. Jenifer.

"Yes, and the hardest part of it is that they do sometimes take up cases out of order," replied her husband, "but the lawyer said it requires influence to have that done, or some one must show the commissioner of pensions that there is a special reason for it. I have no influence away out here on a Nebraska ranch. I can't even get down to Washington to plead my own case. There really seems to be no help for us."

During the course of this conversation there had been an interested but silent listener on the opposite side of the table, who now arose and passed through the kitchen door. This was Aleck French, Mr. Jenifer's nephew. He sat down on the bench outside and looked across the dusky prairie, lying grim and still in the moonlight. In one the station.

"If they only knew all about it at Washington," he thought, "I am sure they would take up our case first. Oh! if I could only get to Washington and tell them!" A long time he sat there, thinking, with his chin in his hands, looking out over the prairie. As he gazed he saw a light some distance away, moving rapidly along. He knew it was the headlight of a locomotive, for he had often watched them, miles away, creeping over the level plain. Soon he could hear the rumble of the cars, and by the absence of lighted windows knew that it was not a passenger train. When it stopped at the station the lowing of the cows and some discordant squawks and grunts told him it was a stock train bound for Chicago. Every day these long stock trains passed, and sometimes they stopped while the cattlemen fed and watered the live cargo. The cattlemen always accompanied the train, and Aleck had often envied the lot of the young men who were going to see the great city.

Then an idea came to Aleck—the possibility of doing something to save the ranch. He soon stole away to his bed, where he fell asleep thinking about it, and took it up again early next morning when he went to feed the stock.

After breakfast he went into the kitchen, where his aunt was washing the dishes. There he told her his plan, growing enthusiastic in the recital. He wanted to go to Washington and tell the commissioner of pensions the story of their troubles and ask him to act upon his Uncle Hiram's claim at once. As he talked she, too, became interested, and her wan face was lighted up for a moment by hope; but she soon became grave again.

"But, Aleck, we could not spare even five dollars to buy your food on the way, for perhaps your plan might fail. No, it won't do," said his aunt, shaking her head.

Aleck went out of the kitchen with a heavy heart and walked towards the barn. When he reached the gate his own little pony, Brown Bess, came running to the bars and affectionately thrust her nose at him to be stroked. As he patted the mare's head another idea came to him. In a moment he was in the harness room, tugging at his saddle on the hook; and five minutes later he was galloping over the prairie towards the station. Up the principal street he rode, without drawing rein until he stopped before the post office. Mr. Brand, the postmaster, was standing at the delivery window as Aleck came in, and seemed surprised to see him.

"Why, Aleck, there ain't any mail this time of day," he began.

"I didn't come for mail," Aleck replied. Then he continued, hastily: "Mr. Brand, you offered me $20 for Brown Bess two months ago, and I refused to sell her."

"Yes, that's so."

"Well, I've come to take your offer."

"Why, what's the matter now, Aleck, that you are so anxious to sell?"

"I need the money," answered Aleck, choking back a sob.

Mr. Brand came out and looked at the horse. After some further talk the bargain was concluded, and Aleck started out of the post office with four five-dollar bills. Before he reached the door, however, he turned and said: "Mr. Brand, is your son George still a postal clerk on the railway?"

"Yes, Aleck. His 'run,' as they call it, is from Chicago to Pittsburgh."

As Aleck left the post office he passed by his pony, still hitched to the rack; and Brown Bess neighed in an inquiring manner as he went down the street, as if to say: "Where are you going without me, Aleck?"

But he hurried on without looking back. Reaching home, however, he slipped in the back way, and, climbing into the loft of the barn, lay face down in the hay, and cried as if his heart would break as he thought of the empty stall below him.

Great was the astonishment of Mr. Jenifer that evening when his wife revealed to him Aleck's plan; and when the lad laid the four five-dollar bills on the table before him his surprise was complete. Far into the night they talked it over, for it was a momentous step in a young boy's life. Finally Mr. Jenifer settled it. "I'll let you go, Aleck; it's to save the ranch, and may God bless you, boy."

On the evening of the third day after the sale of Brown Bess, Aleck French was at Chicago in the office of the division superintendent of the railway mail service. George Brand, the postmaster's son, was with him, and they were anxiously awaiting a reply from the gray-haired, stern looking official who sat at the desk before them.

"It is very unusual to permit anyone

to ride in the postal car," said the superintendent, gravely.

"I know it, sir," answered Brand, "but this is a special case. Aleck would not ask it, and I would not, sir, if it were not to save the ranch."

Here George told the story of Aleck's sacrifice of Brown Bess in his efforts to help his uncle, and of the difficulty he had experienced in getting to Chicago. "I only ask that you 'deadhead' him to Pittsburgh in my car," concluded Brand in an appealing voice.

"Well, you are a brave boy, and I will do it," said the superintendent, "and I'll make it good to Washington."

A few moments later the boys left the room with a pass in the superintendent's own writing. Aleck had come to Chicago on a stock train in the care of a neighbor, who was bringing a train load of cattle to the market, earning his passage by helping the men feed and water the cattle on the way.

When they reached the depot and climbed into the postal car, Aleck was first introduced to the clerks. Then he made himself comfortable upon a pile of empty mail sacks, while Brand, who was the clerk in charge of the registered mail, began his work of checking the pouches. He told Aleck that these sacks contained money and valuable packages and that in one of them were several hundred thousand dollars going to the United States treasury. "I'll keep my eye on that pouch, I tell you," laughed Brand; and Aleck's eyes opened wide at the idea of so much money so near him. The next afternoon they arrived at Pittsburgh, and the mail for Washington was transferred to another car. Aleck was sorry to part with Brand, but found his new acquaintances very pleasant fellows. He saw the registered pouch with the treasury money in it stowed away beside the registry clerk's rack. That pouch seemed like an old friend, and he felt that he almost had a personal interest in its safe delivery.

That night the train was running down the eastern slope of the Allegheny mountains, swinging around the curves at a lively rate. Aleck was still awake, curled up on his pile of sacks in the registry clerk's end of the car, wondering how many pensions could be paid out of the money in that registered pouch. Then there was a sudden jarring under the car, and a terrible crash. The lights went out, and Aleck felt himself rolling over and over, with mail sacks under and above him. There was an awful stillness for a moment; then the silence was broken by groans and cries of pain. Aleck tried to raise himself, but found both legs pinned down by a great piece of timber. He could see nothing for a few minutes; but presently, through the twisted mass of wreckage above, he saw the light of a lantern and heard voices.

"Help! Help! Here I am!" shouted Aleck.

The ring of an ax and the sound of crashing timber told him that help was coming, and in five minutes more a hole had been made above him. A man passed down to him a saw, with which he soon severed the beam that held him. Scrambling out, he found himself on top of the ruins of the mail car and the baggage car. The engine and two cars had jumped the track and rolled down a steep embankment, but the breaking of the coupling had kept the remainder of the train on the track. The engineer and fireman were badly hurt, and every man in the baggage and mail cars had been bruised and scratched; but fortunately all had been dug out of the wreck.

It was none too soon, for the wreck had taken fire, and one end was now blazing briskly. While the passengers and trainmen were grouped around Aleck, who was the last one taken out, the registry clerk came up to them crying: "Oh, where is that registered pouch with the treasury money? There are $300,000 in that wreck."

Like a flash it came to Aleck that the pouch was near him when the car rolled over. Without a word he dropped back into the hole from which he had just emerged, and in a moment he was groping for the pouch.

It was not so dark down there now, for the burning wreckage, not 20 feet away, cast a ruddy glow through the mass of twisted iron and splintered wood. By this light he finally saw the pouch beneath a heap of sacks, and began tugging and hauling at the pile. He had heard the crowd above shouting to him to return, and saw the flames licking up the inflammable wreckage close at hand. At last he loosened the pouch, and in another moment had clambered out of the hole, dragging the bag after him.

The postmaster-general at Washington sat in his office talking to four men and a boy who were standing before him. The men had bandages around their heads; their faces were seamed with court-plaster, and the boy had strips of court-plaster upon both hands and across the bridge of his nose.

"So this is the boy who saved the registered pouch, is it?" said the postmaster-general, looking kindly at Aleck.

"That's the boy," replied the registry clerk, who then related the details of the story, and told of their arrival in Washington that morning upon the relief train sent to the wreck. The great man listened attentively, and seemed much interested in the account of Aleck's scramble after the treasury pouch.

"But how did this boy happen to be in the postal car?" he asked. Then Aleck in a straightforward manner told his story, from the time he had resolved to try to get his uncle's pension, and in simple language pictured the trouble hanging over the Nebraska ranch. "And now I've come to Washington to try to find some one with influence, to help our pension case along," said he, in conclusion.

"You shall have it, my boy," said the postmaster general; and he took Aleck's hand in his own and pressed it warmly. Then he told his messenger to call his carriage and drove with Aleck to the pension bureau, where they were immediately shown into the presence of the commissioner of pensions. There Aleck had to tell his story over again to the commissioner.

"And, now, Mr. Commissioner," said the postmaster general, "I ask you to take up this pension case as a favor to me. This boy has saved the government $300,000, and it is as little as we can do to help him in this way."

The commissioner said he would be glad to do so, and promised to have Mr. Jenifer's claim examined at once.

That same night Aleck left for home, traveling in a Pullman car and on a pass which the postmaster general procured for him. There was great rejoicing in that little home in Nebraska when he returned; and when, one week later, Mr. Jenifer's draft came and was cashed at the bank, the first money used was to buy Brown Bess from Mr. Brand.

He Was a Brute.

It was in the train, and he was trying to read. There was the usual variety of passengers, and among them a lady with a very sprightly little girl that had blue eyes, a head of glistening gold, and an inquisitorial tongue. She plied him with questions and toyed with his watch chain. The mother, who was a widow, fairly beamed upon him. He was becoming nervous, and, turning to the mother, said: "Madam, what do you call this sweet little darling?" The widow smiled enchantingly, and replied, with a sigh: "Ethel." "Please call her, then." It was said quietly enough, but for a moment the other passengers half hoped there would be an accident or something to relieve the tension.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—To dream of flying indicates great increase in wealth.

GAME BIRDS SCARCE.

Prairie Chickens and Quail Are Fast Disappearing.

Western lovers of that beautiful sport, hunting wild game birds, must be well satisfied with the vigilance of the Illinois game warden, Mr. Blow, aided by those gentlemen who hold similar positions in adjacent states. Energetic as their efforts are, however, it is to be feared they come too late to save the prairie chickens (pinnated grouse.) No measures, it is certain, can ever make them as plentiful on our prairies as they were a quarter of a century ago. Even if their slaughter were forbidden for a term of years, the utmost vigilance on the part of Mr. Blow and his assistants could not prevent the annual destruction of large numbers. Quail are becoming equally scarce, and unless the different hunting clubs take some steps to replenish the stock, game of the grouse family will soon become extremely rare.

England has always been a great game preserving country, but even there, where the game laws are very stringent, it has been found necessary to import large numbers of birds from foreign countries.

The dark-necked pheasant (phasianus colchicus) has long reigned as the king of English game birds. This pheasant was first brought from Asia, but has been indigenous in England for centuries. They are polygamous in their habits, and as the brilliant plumage of the male bird is in contrast to the somber brown of the hen, good sportsmen can easily distinguish them apart. They invariably let the females pass unscathed, so that the supply is fairly well maintained.

It is impossible, however, when a covey of partridges gets up, to distinguish the different sexes, so that both male and female have to fall alike to the unerring aim of the English country gentleman. Consequently they would become very scarce could not eggs and birds be obtained from abroad. The first imported were the French, or red-legged variety (caccabis rufa), but they proved very unsatisfactory, as when disturbed they prepared to run rather than fly. In addition, they did not interbreed with the native variety, but being larger and more pugnacious threatened to exterminate them. A few years ago it was discovered that the Hungarian partridges not only very nearly resembled the English species, but would interbreed, and dwell in harmony with it. This discovery has led to the importation of myriads of these birds; indeed, the business has grown to such proportions that over a dozen firms are engaged in it, and last season over 100,000 brace were shipped from Fiume on the Adriatic, the only port for the large extent of country over which these birds are trapped.

Most of them are taken on the broad plains and low foothills of the Carpathians, and in the valleys of the Bohemian Alps. In the dense woods that pheasants are also very plentiful and large numbers are trapped and imported. In England live Hungarian partridges bring about $1 to $1.25 a brace (male and female), pheasants $2.25 to $2.50; partridges' eggs, $8 to $10 a hundred, and pheasants' about $7, a pretty high price considering that only about 80 per cent. of these eggs are fertile. They are usually hatched by bantams, or common barnyard fowls.

Both partridges and pheasants are prolific egg producers, their nests containing from 13 to 17 eggs, olive-brown in color, much rounded at one end, but pointed at the other. Their nests, however, are always on the ground, and the owners make but slight attempts to conceal them, so that the contents fall an easy prey to their many enemies. The English variety lay measurably well in confinement, but their eggs are frequently infertile. This, however, is not the case with the Hungarian birds, who, if not too closely confined, lay large numbers of eggs, a surprising percentage of which will hatch out. The young birds are much hardier and easier to raise than those of the English variety.

Their hardiness would enable them to withstand the rigors of this climate. So if some of our gun clubs, who have large territories at their command, were to obtain a consignment, their preserves would soon be stocked with this very desirable game bird. They never fly high, so that the expense of inclosing a few acres of land suitable for them to breed on would be trifling.

Another bird which has attracted the attention of game preservers in Ireland and Scotland, who control large areas of waste land, is the guinea fowl (gallina numidica). They are occasionally met with in this country in a domesticated state, but those who have shot them in the African jungles will readily acknowledge that few game birds surpass them, either in the excellence of the sport they furnish or their edible qualities. This bird has been strangely neglected by epicures in this country, though he is really better eating than any other of the domesticated fowls. In consequence hunting clubs could obtain large numbers at a nominal price. If these were turned out on some wide expanse they would become as wild as hawks in the second generation, and would increase very rapidly, as they surpass all other game birds in the number of eggs they lay, and the cunning with which they conceal their nests. — Chicago Inter Ocean.

Predestination.

Dubson (gleefully) — My little son, Tommy, is the smartest boy alive. You know he was born on Washington's birthday, and I am sure he will grow up to be a great man, of world-wide renown. But why are you weeping, old man?

Wilkins (counterfeiting violent grief) —My cup of sorrow is full! To think that my sweet little Ethel, who was born on Labor day, will have to carry the hod.—Puck.

FADS IN THINGS TO EAT.

Articles of Diet Which Are Alleged by Cranks to Have Medicinal Value.

Celery is invaluable as a food for those suffering from any form of rheumatism, for disease of the nerves, and nervous dyspepsia.

Lettuce for those suffering from insomnia.

Watercress is a remedy for scurvy.

Peanuts for indigestion. They are especially recommended for corpulent diabetes. Peanuts are made into a wholesome and nutritious soups, are browned and used as coffee, are eaten as a relish simply baked, or are prepared and served as salted almonds.

Onions are almost the best nervine known. No medicine is so useful in cases of nervous prostration, and there is nothing else that will so quickly relieve and tone up a wornout system. Onions are useful in all cases of coughs, colds and influenza; in consumption, insomnia, hydrophobia, scurvy, gravel and kindred liver complaints. Eaten every other day they soon have a clearing and whitening effect on the complexion.

Spinach is useful to those with gravel

Asparagus is used to induce perspiration.

Carrots for sufferers from asthma.

Turnips for nervous disorders and for scurvy.

Raw beef proves a great benefit to persons of frail constitution and to those suffering from consumption. It is chopped fine, seasoned with salt, and heated by placing it in a dish of hot water. It assimilates rapidly and affords the best nourishment.

Eggs contain a large amount of nutriment in a compact, quickly available form. Beaten up raw with sugar they are used to clear and strengthen the voice. With sugar and lemon juice the beaten white of egg is to relieve hoarseness.

Honey is wholesome, strengthening, cleansing, healing and nourishing.

Fresh ripe fruits are excellent for purifying the blood and toning up the system. As specific remedies oranges are aperient. Sour oranges are highly recommended for rheumatism.

Cranberries for erysipelas are used externally as well as internally.

Lemons for feverish thirst in sickness, for biliousness, low fevers, rheumatism, coughs, colds, liver complaint, etc.

Blackberries as a tonic. Useful in all forms of diarrhea.

Tomatoes are a powerful aperient for the liver, a sovereign remedy for dyspepsia and indigestion. Tomatoes are invaluable in all conditions of the system in which the use of calomel is indicated.

Figs are aperient and wholesome. They are said to be valuable as food for those suffering from cancer; they are used externally as well as internally.

Apples are useful in nervous dyspepsia; they are nutritious, medicinal and vitalizing; they aid digestion, clear the voice, correct the acidity of the stomach, and are valuable in rheumatism, insomnia and liver troubles. An apple contains as much nutriment as a potato in a pleasanter and more wholesome form.

Grapes dissolve and dislodge gravel and calculi and bring the stomach and bowels to a healthy condition.

Pie plant is wholesome and aperient; is excellent for rheumatic sufferers and useful for purifying the blood.—Housekeeper.

The Ways of the Opossum.

Just why the great zoologists of the present day should have chosen to consider the opossum an animal of a lower order than the stupid and helpless sloth, and the third order from the lowest of all, is not so easy to understand as it ought to be. As a matter of fact, nature has done a great deal for the opossum—far more than for the great majority of quadrupeds. Note what the creature is, and can do, and match it if you can. It eats almost everything that can be chewed—wild fruit, berries, green corn, insect larvae, eggs, young birds and quadrupeds, soft-shelled nuts and certain roots. It is a good climber, and has a very useful prehensile tail. It forages on the ground quite as successfully as any squirrel. It usually burrows under the roots of large trees, where it is impossible for the hunter to dig it out; but sometimes it makes the mistake of choosing a hollow log. When attacked, it often feigns death to throw its assailants off their guard. Like the bear and woodchuck, it stores up a plentiful supply of fat for winter use, when food is scarce; and, above all, the female has a nice, warm pouch in which to carry and protect her helpless young. Instead of leaving them in the nest to catch their death of cold, or be devoured by some enemy.—W. T. Hornaday, in St. Nicholas.

In Real Life.

"You have no heart."

Pale, but tearless, she stood before him, and looked him squarely in the eye.

She was poor, but proud. Adverse fortune had reduced her wardrobe to a calico basis, driven her and her only surviving mother to the top flat of a Wabash avenue apartment house, and hardened the lines about her still beautiful mouth, but it could not dim the luster of her blue-black eye or tame the unconquerable spirit that animated every fiber of the lissome form standing erect with unconscious grace and awaiting his answer.

"You have no heart," she repeated.

"No, miss," replied the butcher, "but we've got some mighty nice liver. Will that do just as well?"—Chicago Tribune.

Orange Sauce.

Put in a saucepan four egg yolks, three ounces of sugar, a tablespoonful of flour, the rind of an orange, grated or chopped fine. Mix well, add a pint of boiling milk, stir on the fire until it thickens. Add a wineglass of curacoa, and beat with a small wire whip until the sauce is frothy.—N. Y. Ledger.

Sour

Stomach, sometimes called waterbrash, and burning pain, distress, nausea, dyspepsia, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This it accomplishes because with its wonderful power as a blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla gently tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, invigorates the liver, creates an appetite, gives refreshing sleep, and raises the health tone. In cases of dyspepsia and indigestion it seems to have "a magic touch."

"For over 12 years I suffered from sour

Stomach

with severe pains across my shoulders, and great distress. I had violent nausea which would leave me very weak and faint, difficult to get my breath. These spells came oftener and more severe. I did not receive any lasting benefit from physicians, but found such happy effects from a trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I took several bottles and mean to always keep it in the house. I am now able to do all my own work, which for six years I have been unable to do. My husband and son have also been greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla—for pains in the back, and after the grip. I gladly recommend this grand blood medicine." MRS. PETER BURBY, Leomtaster, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills and Sick Headache. 25 cents.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

W. L. DOUGLAS $3. SHOE BEST IN THE WORLD.

If you pay $4 to $6 for shoes, examine the W. L. Douglas Shoe, and see what a good shoe you can buy for $3.

OVER 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS, CONGRESS, BUTTON, and LACE, made in all kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and sell more $3 Shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

None genuine unless name and price is stamped on the bottom.

Ask your dealer for our $5, $4, $3.50, $2.50, $2.25 Shoes; $2.50, $2 and $1.75 for boys.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you, send to factory, enclosing price and 30 cents to pay carriage. State kind, style of toe (cap or plain), size and width. Our Custom Dept. will fill your order. Send for new Illustrated Catalogue to Box R.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

Danger Signals

More than half the victims of consumption do not know they have it. Here is a list of symptoms by which consumption can certainly be detected:—

Cough, one or two slight efforts on rising, occurring during the day and frequently during the night.
Short breathing after exertion.
Tightness of the chest.
Quick pulse, especially noticeable in the evening and after a full meal.
Chilliness in the evening, followed by *Slight fever.*
Perspiration toward morning and *Pale face* and *languid* in the morning.
Loss of vitality.

If you have these symptoms, or any of them, do not delay. There are many preparations which claim to be cures, but Dr. Acker's English Remedy for Consumption has the highest endorsements, and has stood the test of years. It will arrest consumption in its earlier stages, and drive away the symptoms named. It is manufactured by the Acker Medicine Co., 16 and 18 Chambers St., New York, and sold by all reputable druggists.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

It is the medicine above all others for catarrh, and is worth its weight in gold. I can use Ely's Cream Balm with safety and it does all that is claimed for it.—B. W. Sperry, Hartford, Conn.

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Protects the Membrane from colds, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

Bible and Its Story — By Josephine Pollard. 280 Illustrations. 576 pages. Size, 9½x7¾ inches. Substantially bound in cloth, with design, $1. Agents Wanted. GEO. ROUTLEDGE & SONS, Limited, 28 West 23d St., New York.

TEMPERANCE.

THE BONDAGE OF DRINK.

You think I love it! If this nerveless hand
Could gain immortal strength this very hour
I'd sweep the hellish traffic from the land
And crush its blighting, maddening, nightmare power.
Yes, now, with all my latest dying breath,
I'll curse the thing that drags me down to death.
Love it? I loathe it! Yet I drink and drink,
And hate my bondage with a loathly hate,
And hate myself as through the town I slink.
The pledge? No! Too late—too late!
The pledge? I've tried it twice—a waste of breath;
Too late—there's no release for me but death.
It's bad enough to drink; but not to

drink!
Doth such a train of ghastly horrors wake
As in one hour would leave me dead, I think;
Ah, keep away, ye fiends, for pity's sake.
The very thought of them affects my brain;
My end will be when they shall come again.
Love rum? I'd love to hold my head up high
And breathe God's air a free and fearless man;
And look with undimmed eyes on earth and sky,
With steady nerves to do and head to plan;
I'd love to grapple trials as they come,
In manly fashion, brave and strong.
Love rum? If I could only go into some land
Where no drink is, God knows how willingly
I'd fight these dreadful torments of the damned
That clutch the soul of one who would be free.
But marshal up those grizzly shapes of woe,
To fall again as twice before. No, no!
Ah, if I might have known how it would be
In those old college days so wild and gay.
When first I drank in youthful revelry,
How easy then to put the cup away.
A mother's hope and joy I was just then,
Now see me trembling—ha! those eyes again!
Back, fiery eyes, to hell where you belong!
I'll drink ye down—what, blood—drink blood!
Help, help! They come, a hideous, devilish throng!
Back, get back, they'll toss me in the flood!
Long, crooked hands are clawing in my hair;
Is this the end? Ha, ha, too late for prayer.

—Texas Sifter.

A SPLENDID TRIBUTE.

Sobriety of American Editors Surprises a Liverpool Gentleman.

Rev. Dr. Henry M. Field, editor of the New York Evangelist, thus notes an interesting feature of the recent meeting of the National Editorial association at St. Augustine, Fla., which he attended: "Sitting near the entrance of the hall, and thus seeing from end to end, I did not see a single man touch a glass of wine or mug of lager beer. Father Nugent, of Liverpool, spoke of it with amazement, saying that in England, if over 300 men sat down together at a table, they would not rise up before some of them would show the effects of liberal potations. I confess I was surprised at what I could have hardly believed except for the testimony of my own senses, but which was most gratifying, not only for the editorial profession, but for the country which they represent."

TEMPERANCE LACONICS.

THERE never was a cow that gave milk punch.

ONE small saloon can throw a shadow over a whole village.

WHAT a world of misery and crime will vanish with the saloon.

THE saloon is the great breastwork behind which Satan carries on his deadly warfare for human souls.

WHISKY has no respect for bullion nor birth; it will stagger a millionaire or a prince as quickly as a pauper or a tramp.

TEMPERATE people do not seek to do the saloon man harm. Their struggle is to prevent him from doing others harm.

SHOW me a liquor-selling landlord that Christ counts an honest, respectable man, and I will secure for him a job as a freak in a dime museum at a salary of $1,000 per week.—Attila, in Phalanx.

A New Name for Drink.

A little girl in Manchester attended a Band of Hope meeting, and on the speaker remarking that the drink stripped homes of furniture and women and children of their clothes, she excitedly exclaimed:

"That's just what it does at our house."

On reaching home her father insisted upon sending her to the public-house for drink. Arrived there, she dashed the money upon the counter and passionately asked for three pennyworth of "strip-me-naked."—National Temperance Advocate.

Effects of Cigarettes.

Expert Shrady, of New York, says that "cigarettes attack the physical system through brain, heart, stomach and lungs, harden the membranes, ruin digestion, shatter the nervous system and impair both mind and body." Is that all? They certainly smell badly enough to do much more than that.

SIN OF INTEMPERANCE.

Hideousness of It in the Sight of God and His Judgment Against the Drunkard.

We should emphasize the sin of intemperance more than we do. Without saying less of the evil, we should say more of the guilt. As an evil it is so overshadowing, is so terrible in all its bearings, is so destructive of all that is good in society, that the philanthropist and the statesman, the Christian and the citizen, may well bend all their energies to overcome and eradicate it. It has so fortified itself in custom and law, has so entrenched itself in the passions of men, that no more difficult problem than its destruction presents itself to us. But as a sin it is even more terrible, and calls for the deepest compassion for those bound by it and for their unhappy victims, and the most earnest effort for their salvation.

There is much said of heredity in intemperance, and of the diseased condition of the brain and whole system. And much is truly said, but unhappily the effort is often to turn the mind away from the personal guilt. The drunkard himself feels that he is the victim of circumstances; that he lives in conditions which he did not directly bring about, and which he cannot control, and, therefore, while suffering, he fails to see himself as he appears in the sight of God, as one to be cast out forever if he continues in his sinful course. We do inherit conditions and tendencies from our parents. The features of the parents appear in the children; the peculiar cast of mind appears, often greatly exaggerated. The child of a drunken father lives under unfavorable conditions, and this must be taken into account in dealing with him. But this is true of other things as well as of intemperance, and yet we see that in them heredity can be largely overcome. The law of heredity applies to the daughters as well as to the sons, but it is the sons who become the drunkards, and with all the cases which appear to establish this law, we have examples on every hand of the children of drunken fathers growing up to temperance and every virtue. The home life, the associations and society of the years following childhood are potent factors.

There is derangement of the nervous system and disease of the whole body, partly inherited, it may be, and partly developed, but withal there is the free act of the person, in which he follows his evil way because he chooses to do so, and loves to do it. All this may be said of the whole life of sin in men. We are by nature the children of wrath, dead in trespasses and sins, walking according to the course of this world because we love to have it so. But the grace of God is revealed as able to save. That grace attacks all evil as sin, and overcomes it by the regeneration of the heart. No remedial agency is disregarded, but over all is grace, for at the root of the evil is guilt.

This guilt should be preached until the conscience is awakened; until the conscience of the drunkard is awakened; until the conscience of everyone whose feet are taking the [illegible] in the way of death is awakened, until all the people are startled into life and activity by the fact that the very gates of hell are open near by their feet, and that they also are guilty if they do not hasten to save those who are pressing into them, and build guards to save others from being drawn into the same death-going multitude.

God has barred His kingdom against the drunkard. Nor thieves, nor drunkards shall inherit the kingdom of God. Drunkenness is one of the fruits of the earthly and sensual nature, and cannot find a place where only the Spirit dwells. There is pardon for the penitent drunkard; but so long as he continues in his intemperance, the woe of God rests upon him. It is a woe that begins to be poured out in this life and continues unchecked forever. Does God's denunciation of woe seem too terrible? What can be too terrible for a sin that not only transgresses the law of God, as all sin does, but in its nature and in its workings is revolting to God and destructive as few other sins are? In the Bible the murderer, the adulterer and the drunkard are classed together, for they destroy the image of God in man. Intemperance is the fruitful seed of all sins. It so blinds the mind, so debases all manhood, so inflames passion, so destroys the moral sense, so breaks down the power of conscience and of the will, that there is not any sin or vice that does not follow as its legitimate product. Its touch is the hand of Satan, its breath is death. Can a woe be too terrible for a sin that is so destructive of all good, that so makes the soul the dwelling place of evil spirits?

Therefore, with all other effort against intemperance, this guilt of the intemperate person should be preached with all the power of deep conviction of Divine truth. We should preach it to those who are already ensnared, that they may lay hold on mercy and be saved. We should preach it to those in danger, that they may be kept from the way of death. We should preach it with added woe for themselves, to those who tempt others to drink. And we should preach it to all that they may see their complicity, in social life and in legislation, with the destruction of the vast multitude that goes down this road to death; a multitude in which old men and decrepit, strong men and boys are walking hand in hand.—United Presbyterian.

They Go Hand in Hand.

A French scientific review recently published statistics concerning liquor drinking and crime in Paris. The prison records showed that of every 100 murderers 53 are "alcoholics," and the same is true of those condemned for rape or public indecency; 57 out of 100 incendiaries, 70 of each 100 beggars and vagabonds, and 90 out of every 100 condemned for assault and battery are also declared by medical authority to be the victims of habitual alcoholic poisoning.

LOOKING UNDER THE BED.

We were a large family of boys and girls, now all married and scattered at various distances from the early home and aged parents, with the exception of two—a bachelor brother and a widowed sister. I was the eldest girl and had married and settled not 40 miles from home. But as I was something of an invalid, and the journey between my place of residence and my old home was broken by more than one change of railroad and a disagreeable wait of over two hours at a little wayside station, I did not often take advantage of the nearness of my people.

One night, in the fall of 1886, I awoke from an unpleasant dream about my father and next morning at breakfast astonished my husband by declaring that I was going home to see my parents. My husband made no objection to this move on my part, except regretting that he could not accompany me. I was driven to the station and in due time arrived in the town of Middleton, the little place where I was born.

It was a typical New England town, with its pretty, quaint, box-like houses with their green-painted blinds, the narrow village streets well shaded with noble elms and maples, the latter now looking like enormous bouquets in their gaudy autumnal coloring.

I found my father quite well and in the best of spirits, but several other members of the family had, like myself, been taken with a desire to visit the old folks, for I found that nearly all my brothers and sisters, with their respective families, were there before me, so that the old place looked quite like former days.

While mother and Sister Kate were evidently very much pleased with the idea of having a kind of an unexpected family gathering, I could see that they were not a little perplexed as to how they were going to provide sleeping quarters for so many. My advent did not help in the least, as I was enough of an invalid to be a very poor sleeper and a bad night was the forerunner of a 48-hours' headache, a headache that had so far baffled medical skill. Where to put me, therefore, in order that I might be quiet enough to obtain sufficient sleep not to spoil my visit, was the question which troubled my mother and Kate. However, my bachelor brother was the one who settled the matter by saying that I could have his room, and that he could "bunk," as he termed it, elsewhere.

Nat was the postmaster—had held the position through several administrations—and was a person of note in the place. His room was an extension built on to the side wing of the house and as remote as possible, in order that his comings and goings should not disturb mother, who was a light sleeper.

Mother and Kate were alike relieved by this arrangement, and I rejoiced in having a room where no household noise could possibly disturb my slumbers.

We were a jolly crowd when we got together. I had forgotten [illegible] dream and was, in my quiet way, as merry as the rest. The fun and frolic continued until quite late. It was almost midnight when Sister Kate escorted me to my room, and, after seeing that everything was provided for my comfort, retired, leaving me to my own devices to pass the time until I fell asleep.

After Kate left me I looked about the apartment. It was to me the only strange room in the house where I was born. I also felt lonely, as I was not accustomed to room alone, and coming from the brightly-lighted sitting-room into the dimmer one may have brought about a strange feeling which oppressed me, though I was not nervous at all.

The room itself was not attractive. It was an oblong apartment, not very high, with a door leading into the grounds, as well as the one connecting with the house, and these doors were at least 15 feet apart. The furniture was not remarkable, except that it was decidedly old-fashioned. The bedstead was a high four-poster. It stood with its side close to the outer wall of the room, and at the foot of it was an iron safe. It was a comfortable bed, though, however uninviting its position, and I felt weary enough to sleep even in a strange place, so retired after paying due attention to the fastenings of the outer door, which I found of massive make and in good order, and, strange to say, I fell asleep as soon as my head touched the pillow and slept soundly for some time.

How long the duration of that sleep was I never knew. I awoke with a start from the self-same dream which I had the preceding night, and amid what appeared to be a babel of voices, one of which I heard say distinctly:

"Not now until the 15th."

There had been something strange about the dream of the preceding night. While it left the impression of undue unpleasantness and I knew that it concerned my father, I could not recall a single incident of it. But now I could remember that there was in it some reference to the 5th, and that was all, although I had evidently dreamed it the second time. When I had fully recovered my waking senses I sat up and tried to pierce the intense darkness of the room. The voices had undoubtedly been dream voices, for no one was in the room. Yet the words had made such an impression on me that they had apparently fastened themselves in my brain, for "Not now until the 15th" seemed to shine as if branded in fire on the deep gloom of my chamber.

The day before had been the 5th of the month; ten days off was the 15th! What was to occur upon that date?

There is no need for one to say that that night was full of horrors. Every form of trouble and disaster paraded before my mental vision, until the darkness through which my eager eyes could not pierce began to grow appalling to me, and the silence which had succeeded to my disturbed dream was so oppressive that it seemed to me at that moment I would have welcomed any sound, however disagreeable.

I had sunk back upon my pillow, after my first uneasy start, and now raised myself once more to a sitting position, resolved to get out of bed and procure a light to dissolve my fancies, when a sound fell upon my strained sense of hearing, at first astonishing me, later filling me with alarm and finally entirely removing from me any desire to get out of bed, for the present, at least. This sound was the rhythmical breathing of a man, who was evidently sunk in the profoundest slumber. To listen to the sound of snoring is not pleasant at any time, but to hear the whole scale run up and down the gamut of sound from under one's bed is appalling. As soon as I had located the sound it robbed me of the last remnant of courage, while my late ghostly fancies gave way at once to fears.

Could I have indeed heard voices outside my dream? Was there a plot to rob my brother, who, as postmaster, had about this date considerable cash on hand from the money order business, Middleton being a factory town, and numbers of non-residents working there in the busy season and sending home their earnings to family and friends? What was I to do? How was I to act under the circumstances? I can never describe the agony of terror which I endured as I lay there, listening, afraid to breathe myself, to those unmusical sounds.

When the first faint peep of day came creeping through the shutter slats I began to form my plan of reaching the door. As the bed was against the wall I had, of course, only one side to choose from in getting out. But I thought if I could work my way toward the foot, I should have at least a gain of a few feet nearer the inside door in my favor. Slowly and painfully I worked my way through the bulging feathers, rejoicing that no modern bedstead upheld me, for not the faintest creak did the frame upon which I rested emit as I pursued my plan of retreat. I had almost reached the foot of the bed when the sounds beneath me suddenly stopped. In mortal terror now of the consequences I became desperate, and given one headlong plunge forward toward the door, at the same time uttering a piercing shriek. Then I fainted.

When I came to myself my head was very wet and I was stiff all over. I heard voices, two of which I recognized as those of Nat and Kate. There was also a third voice, which I soon made out to be the doctor's. I was not very partial to medical men, perhaps, because I had seen so many of them. I heard Nat say:

"It was a great wonder that he did not attack her before. I suppose he must have stolen in when I went there to get my things in the evening."

"It was a mercy that you came, Nat," said Kate.

The doctor added:

"She is coming to. You must keep her quiet and try gradually to find out what led up to the attack. I will call later."

I opened my eyes to find myself upon a couch in the sitting-room and Nat's serious face bending over mine.

"Did you catch him?" I asked.

"Catch who, Fan, dear?" inquired Nat, with a puzzled expression.

"Why, the burglar, to be sure."

"There was no burglar to catch."

"Well, that is calm, to say the least," I remarked, sarcastically, rising to a sitting position and putting both hands to my drenched head. "After the terrible night that I have put in, why did you let the wretch escape?"

"It was not a burglar, Fan."

"If he was not a burglar, pray what was he, and why was he secreted under the bed? I only wonder that he did not kill me outright, though I am sure I could not have suffered more if he had. First frightening the life nearly out of me by his snoring and then actually bouncing upon me at the last when I tried to call assistance. And after all this you calmly tell me there was no burglar! You will tell me next that there was no man!" I exclaimed, savagely.

"Neither was there any man, Fanny, dear," said my brother, with a dawning smile. "Your burglar was a burglar-catcher—my good mastiff, Watch."

"What!" I exclaimed, "have I endured all the terror of the past dreadful night because of an old dog?"

"Certainly, because of a dog, my dear Fan, though not by any manner of means an old one. Watch is possibly two years old at the utmost. I am awfully sorry, Fan, that you, with your poor health, should have been disturbed. Others have complained of his ability in the snoring line. I, myself, never hear him. But I am so thankful that he did not injure you that I have no room for grief over your discomfort, for, remember, you were a stranger to him. He was standing over you in a very threatening attitude when Kate found you. Fortunately, I came in just then, as I was restless and could not sleep. But I learned something, my dear sister, of which I was before doubtful, and that is that there is one woman who does not examine under her bed before retiring." This last was said with a laugh, in which Kate joined as soon as she saw me sitting up.

"No, but you better believe that I will after this," I made answer, as I fell back on the couch.

I was not seriously hurt by my fall, though I had cut my head a little. I caught a bad cold from the drenching the old doctor administered to bring me around. I did not hear the last of the burglar during the remainder of my visit, nor, indeed, for many a long day afterward. Nothing happened to my dear father on the 15th, nor up to this day. But out of that night of terror grew the habit in which so many of my sex indulge of looking under the bed. My husband says that if I slept upon a single mattress on the floor I would raise the edge to look under to see if a burglar was flattened out beneath.—Philadelphia Times.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—On stoves and furnaces 18,340 patents have been issued covering every part of these indispensable articles of comfort.

—Five generations of one family are living on a homestead at Bardstown, Ga. The head of the family, W. O. Cherry, has 136 living descendants.

—After the cocoons intended for the silk manufacture have been finished the worms are killed by the heat either of steam or of hot water. If the insects were allowed to escape the value of the cocoons would be lessened.

—For several years an old soldier has been compelled, by poverty, to live in the poorhouse of Carroll county, Mo. He has just received a pension, and has decided to remain in the poorhouse and pay his board, because he likes his home there so well.

—Indiana's oldest residents are Alexander Ferguson and his sister of Frankton. Alexander is 103 years old and his sister 107. Alexander worked on the farm every day, doing the ordinary chores of the place until he had passed his 100th birthday, and is still in excellent health. He takes a daily walk of a little more than two miles. His wife is over 90 and is in good health.

—The army rules are that two-inch ice will sustain a man or properly-spaced infantry; four-inch ice will carry a man on horseback or cavalry or light guns; six-inch ice, heavy field guns, such as 80 pounders eight-inch ice, a battery of artillery with carriages and horses, but not over 1,000 pounds per square foot on sledges; and ten inch ice sustains an army or an innumerable multitude. On 15-inch ice railroad tracks are often laid and operated for months.

—The most important, as well as the commonest metal in the world, is iron. It is almost everywhere in nature. We are bombarded from cosmic spaces by meteorolites of nearly pure iron; the spectroscope finds it in stars so distant that the naked eye sees but emptiness in the abysses wherein they burn. It makes a 12th part of the crust of the earth. Its particles are mingled in the dust of every country road, in the air we breathe, in the water we drink, in the food we eat. It is the great colorist of nature. Even the red of our blood is due to its presence.

HE WAS RIGHT.

The One Juror Who Stood Out Against Eleven Obstinate Men.

A standing joke around the Maine courts is the juror who stands out and refuses to agree with the eleven obstinate men, who don't think as he does. Judges are not apt to take kindly to this style of man, and have been known on occasions to give him a terrible snubbing. "There is still living in this city," says a Bangor gentleman, who thinks jurors have rights of opinion as well as judges, "a man who is very proud of a little experience he had as a juror. It cement [illegible] was on the bench. The jury had heard an important case, and failed to agree because this particular juror stood out against the arguments and solicitations of his fellows, and declared he would stay there till the [illegible] ate him up and carried out his remains through the keyhole before he would consent to what he believed to be an unjust verdict. Judge Cutting asked how they stood, and the foreman replied, 'eleven to one, your honor.' 'Who is the one?' asked the judge, angrily. 'Let him stand up.' The juror arose and received a scathing rebuke from Mr. Cutting, who peremptorily discharged him from further duty. The case went over to the next term, and was again tried, resulting in a verdict in accordance with the views of the one juror. It was then taken to the law court on motion for a new trial and was upheld by the full bench as manifestly right. The man says that whenever he thinks of that case, he thanks God he had the sand to stick to what he believed to be right, and take the rebuke a mistaken judge gave him for so doing." This will do for an exceptional case, but the one man against the 11 is not always filled with good judgment as this one seems to have been.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Volcanoes and Icebergs.

In recent years the size and number of icebergs seen in the south Atlantic and south Pacific oceans have both been enormous, and various suggestions have been made to account for the phenomenon. Evidently something unusual has been going on in the unknown regions surrounding the south pole. The latest suggestion bearing on this subject comes from Mr. H. C. Russell, who has presented it before the Royal Society of New South Wales. His idea, in brief, is that there has been an extraordinary outburst of the great volcanoes known to exist within the Antarctic circle, and that the consequent shaking of the ice-clothed shores of the Antarctic continent has resulted in the breaking off of immense fragments of ice, which have afterward been driven northward by winds and currents.—Youth's Companion.

Humor in the Family.

"One of those lazy, good-for-nothing tramps called to-day and wanted a piece of pie," said the landlady, during a momentary silence.

The bachelor boarder faltered and laid down his knife and fork.

"And did he get it?" he queried, anxiously.

"Not much," returned the landlady; "he got a piece of my mind instead."

"Which probably destroyed his," piped the thin boarder in the tenor voice from the foot of the table.

"His what?" demanded the landlady, sternly.

"Peace of mind," explained the thin boarder, apologetically.

Everybody cried out in applause at this. One could even hear the pea soup and see the jelly roll.—Chicago News.

A PRANCING EMPEROR.

The Kaiser's Passion for Saying and Doing Sensational Things.

The most interesting figure in Europe at present is the young German emperor. He is the last of the kings among men who go to the housetop to proclaim that in their sacred persons the sovereign rules by "divine right," and that a king is still "the Lord's anointed." Like to Webster's old soldier, he is a ruler that has come down to us from a former generation, or rather a former age, the dark or the middle one, when there was no pretension that royalty might not aspire to which was not readily acknowledged by the popular mind. The elder king might and did claim that a divinity did hedge him about, and that the leper who touched only the hem of the royal mantle would depart whole and clean, and his claims to anything, natural or supernatural, were conceded to be good. "The king can do no wrong" is still a pleasant legal fiction, but it was once a matter of popular belief. Nobody really believes it now, but the young emperor tries to make it appear as if everybody believes it, and he has no doubt convinced himself that he does. How he can do so in view of the criticisms made upon him and his conduct by even a part of the press of his own country and the caricature and ridicule of the foreign newspapers, especially of the London Punch, seems incomprehensible. That he is not at all like one of the old kings of the middle ages, as he pretends to be, who ruled absolutely, whose will or whim was the only law of his subjects, is easily demonstrated, not only by the fact that the people have their representative legislature, who make the laws, impose taxes, and make or refuse to make appropriations, but that his old chancellor, banished and stripped of all authority, can and does arraign and defy him and his policy, and cannot be silenced or punished for his obduracy.

The truth is that Emperor William is really a make-believe survivor of the old sort of kings who ruled autocratically, absolutely, and, as was contended, were kings by divine right. He does the most extraordinary things and says them, and all the world, even in Berlin, looks on at the spectacle and laughs as if the kaiser were a king of a sprightly burlesque set before them on the stage. He is always in evidence in one way or another, and always suggesting an elder sort of royalty. At the banquet of the Brandenburg diet, speaking apropos of the silver jubilee of the empire, he made a number of exceedingly florid and sentimental references to the special grace of Heaven to him and his house since he has been emperor. He exalted kingship and his grandfather directly, and thereby, indirectly, himself. "What have we witnessed," he said, "and what has been effected, we owe solely to the great Emperor William and his trust in God. The entire celebrations of the victories of the German arms, which were held in 1896, culminated in, the [illegible] nothing less than holy to us." Not a word about the old chancellor, who was not royal except in his majesty of mind and purpose; but who was the master of William and who really won all those victories and out of them constructed the mighty German empire, with comparatively insignificant Prussia as a nucleus, and out of its king created an emperor, and gave this brash young swashbuckler a chance to make himself so interesting and picturesque a personage.

Referring further to his grandfather, and as if to wholly obliterate Bismarck and what he had done, the emperor said: "It is our sacred duty to preserve his personality and hallowed memory against all comers," including, of course, Bismarck and all that group of great statesmen and soldiers who planned and fought with him for the making of the empire, and who gave William II. the opportunity he is now enjoying of posing as an old-time king, to the great amusement of the 19th century. The czar of Russia is a real autocrat, but even he is an up-to-date monarch. He does not send hysterical messages to Mr. Kruger, write songs or paint allegorical pictures, make ridiculous speeches or pretend to be absolute with the Reichstag saying nay to his schemes of education, taxation, or militarism. The young emperor is a source of universal interest, not only because of what he does, but of the expectation of the more extraordinary or ridiculous things he may do next. He keeps alive, by his prancing and posing, memories of a royalty that is forever past, and suggests, not what a king is, but what a king would be if 19th century civilization and political progress would let him disport himself to the top of his bent. Nobody except England and Bismarck gets really angry with him, barring members of the family of his grandfather that he turns out of doors or locks up in their castles when the royal humor takes him; he is not offensive, but amusing, interesting and picturesque as a pretender to a sort of majesty that has no existence outside of history.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Joshua's Spoons.

Abraham and Joshua had been invited to a splendid dinner.

It was impossible for Joshua not to make capital out of such an opportunity; accordingly he managed to slip a silver spoon into his boot.

Abraham was green with envy at Joshua's success, for he had not even manipulated a salt-spoon.

But an idea struck him.

"My friend," he cried, "I will show you some dricks."

Taking up a spoon, he said: "You zee dees spoon?—Vell, it ees gone!" he cried, passing it up his sleeve. "You vill find it in Joshua's hood."

It was found.—Bay City Chat.

Twentieth Century.

Farmer—Tom, press th' button 'n set th' cornfield plow goin'.

Tom—Oh, pshaw! Let Bill do it! I'm tired.—London Tit-Bits.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1896.

REPUBLICANS, ATTENTION.

The Republican voters of Garrett county are hereby requested to assemble in primary meetings in their respective districts on

SATURDAY, the 11th day of APRIL, 1896,

at the hour of two o'clock p. m., for the purpose of selecting five delegates from each election district to attend a County Convention to be held in Oakland on

MONDAY, APRIL 13th, 1896,

at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m. to elect three delegates to represent Garrett county at a District Convention which will be held at Hagerstown on Wednesday, April 15th, 1896, and also to elect three delegates to represent Garrett county at a State Convention which will be held in Baltimore on Wednesday, April 22nd, 1896. JAMES C. PEDDICORD.
Chairman Committee.

THE public can readily understand why the *Democrat* is so friendly to the present city council, and why it holds its acts up before the people as being right: Patronage and a brother-in-law as president of that board. But all such things have an end.

A NEWSPAPER man in San Francisco, Cal., has been sued for $25,000 damages. It is such little things as these that make the life of newspaper men an unhappy one. It is not the trifling amount involved, but the worry and vexation occasioned by the unavoidable delay of the laws that preys upon his spirits and makes him such a cold-poets thru such.

Republican Enthusiasm.

There is always a great revival of enthusiasm in the Republican party during the presidential years, but this year its early beginning and deep intensity far exceed anything of former years.

The Republican party enters into the coming campaign with every assurance of success.

The enthusiasm is by no means confined to the party workers alone, but it comes direct from the people. On every side can be heard the friends of the different candidates discussing the situation with the greatest confidence in the success of their party, if not of their favorite candidate. Nearly every one has a second choice, not far removed in his estimation from the first. This enthusiasm has been gathering for four years and it is now beginning to vent itself in the various state and county conventions. But these instead of lessening its intensity will only add the more to it.

It is hard to predict what the Republican majority will be in November.

This is the result of the people's repentance for their endorsement of such an un-American policy as free trade four years ago.

THE REPUBLICAN, when convinced that it is in the wrong, is ever ready to recede from a false position. This it does with reference to the strictures contained in an editorial of week before last commenting upon the amount of money due the Electric Light company for lights furnished the town.

The information we received was taken as strictly true, but after investigating the matter we found that the amount due Mr. Offutt included about five hundred dollars on an old debt due him.

THE REPUBLICAN, however, recedes from its position in this particular only.

We still maintain that money has been wasted, that the credit of the town is away below low water mark, that the treasury is depleted and that the town's financial condition is one truly to be deplored.

In one or two instances we feel that the citizens of the town have been imposed upon by the present administration, whether it be Republican, Democratic or "mugwump."

They are taxed to keep up the streets, to have police protection, etc.

The amount of money expended on the streets, according to a statement appearing in the *Democrat* last week, was in round numbers, $750. This money was uselessless expended. There is not a street crossing passable at this time unless a person literally wades shoe top in the mud. The roadways are not as good as our average county roads, and as for police protection we simply have had none.

Maryland's New Election Law.

By passing a new election bill the Maryland Legislature has done a piece of work which alone will justify the holding of the present session. The bill provides for an entirely new registration throughout the State and for an annual registration in the City of Baltimore. One of its terms is unique. Every person, on registering, is compelled to state whether or not he can read and write, and if he can write he must sign his name on the registration book. This will aid in identifying voters on election day, and in preventing that evasion of the secrecy of the Australian ballot law which the voter can do by asking for assistance in preparing his ballot on the plea that he could not read. The bill was passed almost exactly as it was drawn by the Reform League, and its enactment into a law will be a distinct victory for that organization. Those who are conversant with the way in which elections have been conducted in Maryland, and how much fraud and corruption have attended them, will rejoice that a new era is to begin.

A Magnificent Record.

No legislature in recent years has made such an enviable record as that which adjourned last Monday night. The most partisan Democrats will away prejudice, and enable them to form a just estimate of the body. The Republicans had a large majority in the House, something that had not occurred for nearly thirty years, while the Democrats had a working majority in the Senate. The members of the House were nearly all new members, inexperienced in parliamentary procedure and legislation. It was natural to expect great confusion and delay, but it was surprising how soon they set to work and undertook in earnest the task they had promised the people to perform. They became the targets for the disparagment and abuse of the Democratic and so-called independent press, but they were in no wise discouraged. They adhered strictly to their duties, and have covered theis detractors with confusion.

Every pledge made to the people was fulfilled. The Republican House passed a civil service law in literal conformity to the Cambridge platform. That it failed was no fault of the Republicans. To say that the House should have done more or other than it did is to say that a party must seek success on one promise, and substitute another entirely different after success has been achieved. Such logic would enable a party or a legislature to disregard a pledge whenever it pleased. The Cambridge platform called for the refrendum, and the House gave. That platform was good enough in November, when the election was held. It suited the people, and they voted for it by an overwhelming majority. The House moreover, passed the best election law the state has ever had, and finally forced a Democratic Senate to recede from its partisan objections and adopt it.

This is really a remarkable achievment, when considered in connection with the course pursued by previous Democratic legislatures. Many years elapsed before the Democrats could be forced to concede the very imperfect law under which the last election was held. Legislature after legislature was importuned by the best men in Maryland to enact a new election law, and each legislature would take a hand in a tinkering, and do just enough to enable the party workers to use the machinery for all it was worth, or for all they thought it was worth for they seemed to think that the fate of the party depended upon the flimsiness of the law. Under such circumstances, the law as it stood was a strong temptation, but the Republicans put it sternly behind them, and passed a genuine reform law, that will enable every citizen to cast his ballot and have it honestly counted. In like manner the Republican House addressed itself to the subject of reassessment, and kept the promise made to the people of Maryland.

In other ways the legislature was a credit to the state. There has been less fear during the past winter of profligate legislation than for many years. Lobbyists were conspicuous by their absence from the sessions, and when they did visit Annapolis they met with little encouragement. The Republican majority in the House was more solicitous for the public good than for personal or party gain, and in this way it has rendered the highest service to the Republican party.

A New Assessment.

The people of the State of Maryland are to be congratulated upon their good fortune in electing to power a party that has justified the trust by the fulfillment of its pledges. It is an object lesson such as Maryland has not known for more than a quarter of a century, and it is an assurance that hereafter a party must be true to its promises or must forfeit the support and the respect of the public. In order to understand what this means we have only to recall in a few sentences the high expectations and the disappointments and the unfaithfulness of the past ten years.

First, the question of reassessment was diplomatically met by an attempt at a new Constitution. This was overwhelmingly defeated. Then came the two Democratic administrations elected on their promises to pass reassessment bills. Governor Jackson vetoed the bill that came to him, and Governor Brown, after working the farmer vote for all it was worth, and getting his office because of this fact, defeated reassessment in both sessions of the legislature during his term of office. The Democratic record on this measure has been faithless and treacherous all the way through. After more than twenty-five years of experience, the party could not carry out a simple pledge to the people.

It was this recreancy which contributed wonderfully to the political revolution in Maryland last fall, and the revolution was so complete that even the most hopeful of Republicans feared that, with such a large majority of men new to legislative work, there might be another ninety days of misfortune, and the misgivings continued almost to the very close of the chapter. And yet, what do we find? The Reassessment bill is passed, and signed, and the hope of years, which the Democrats continually destroyed, has been realized in three months of Republican government. It is a piece of legislation that, while not entirely satisfactory, is so safe in its operations and in the time of its enforcement that no one can object to it.

And the marvel, after all, is that reassessment is a fact, that the despair of years has given away to actual achievement. It shows that the Republican party has justified the trust of the people, that it is a party to be kept in power, in order that the will of the voters may be obeyed. The proof of its competency is in its record, and that record in legislation is the best ever made by any legislature in this grand old commonwealth.

Spring Time Is Here,

And it is very important that you take some good blood medicine to eradicate disease and tone the system. You will find Harned's Sarsaparilla just what you need. Large bottles, small dose; price to suit the times--only 50 cents. For sale at Oakland Pharmacy. 4-4

PLAN OF REASSESSMENT.

Features of the Bill Passed by the General Assembly.

The first taxing sections of the new assessment bill follows closely upon the line of the Hayes bill, passed in 1894, and are taken largely from the Hering bill.

Ships are valued at the residence of the owners.

The real estate of corporations is to be taxed as at present.

Shares of stocks are assessed to the owners where they reside.

All personal property in which any resident of the State has an equitable interest with the legal title to the same in some other person or corporation who is a non-resident is also subject to taxation in this State. As are all bonds issued by any State or Territory, bonds of corporations, private securities, real property and the personal property not having capital stock divided into shares.

The property, real and personal, of steam railroads shall be taxed for county and municipal purposes as the property of individuals. No extra valuation is to be levied upon bridges over streams forming a part of the roadbed of any railroad or turnpike, but they shall be valued as any equal portion of the road is valued.

Bank and other stocks are to be taxed upon the valuation of the tax commissioner for 1896, and this valuation is to be sent to the assessors. The valuation of stocks is to be returned by the assessors to the tax commissioners.

EXEMPTIONS FROM TAXATION.

The following are among the exemptions from taxation:

United States bonds or the property of the United States, the State or any county or city.

Houses used exclusively for public worship, parsonages, grave-yards, cemeteries not used for profit.

Crops in the hands of producer or his agent.

Tools of mechanics worked by hand power.

Farm implements to the value of $300.

Wearing apparel, except diamonds and costly jewelry not habitually worn.

Fish in possession of fishermen.

Hospitals and charitable institutions, educational institutions and as much as forty acres attached thereto.

Personal property of a corporation in this State whose shares are subject to taxation. The shares of railroads incorporated in the State which pay tax on gross receipts and [illegible] and municipal [illegible]

Book accounts of merchants paying tax on average value of stock in trade and every person engaged in commercial business shall pay tax on his average stock in trade.

The exemption of homestead or building association shares was stricken out.

The president of every corporation doing business in the State must furnish to the county commissioners or appeal tax court a statement of real estate owned and the valuation of this real estate is deducted from the total value of stock as at present. The shares of stock are to be valued for county and municipal purposes to the owner in the county or city in which he resides. The tax on shares owned by non-residents shall for county and municipal purposes be taxed where the corporation is situated, and the tax shall be collected from the corporations and may be charged by the corporation to the stockholders.

All steam railroads doing business in Maryland shall be subject to the tax on gross receipts.

RAILROAD TAX.

A tax is levied on all steam railroads doing business in the State. A state tax—as a franchise tax—of two per cent. is levied on the gross earnings of telegraph or cable, express or transportation, telephone, parlor car, sleeping car, safe deposit, trust, guarantee or fidelity company incorporated or doing business in the State; one per cent. on the gross receipts of oil pipe line companies, title insurance companies incorporated in the State; three-quarters of one per cent. from the receipts of electric light companies; one and one-half per cent, on electric construction and gas companies incorporated in this State, and every fertilizer company doing business in the State.

Railroads and pipe lines, telegraph, express and other similar companies partly in the State shall pay in proportion to their trackage of business in the State. All companies such as above enumerated except fertilizer companies are subject to the gross receipts tax.

MORTGAGES.

A tax of 8 per cent. upon the revenues of mortgages is imposed—one-fourth to go to the State and three-fourths to the county or city or to be payable where the mortgage is recorded. Provision is made for the manner of collecting this tax and penalties provided for its evasion, the mortgage itself being subject to sale for non-payment of taxes and all covenants by the mortgagor to pay the tax to be null and void. Where the mortgagor has to pay the tax on existing mortgages he is to get credit when he pays taxes on the mortgaged property. The mortgagee must make oath that he has not or will not require the mortgagor to pay the tax.

Clerks of the Circuit Courts are to render lists of all unrealized mortgages.

THE ASSESSORS.

There is to be one assessor in each election district of the State to be appointed by the county commissioners. The election districts are grouped into assessment districts, for each of which there are two assessors at large to be appointed by the Governor, by and with the consent of the Senate. One is to represent each party and to be selected by the Governor from three names furnished to him by party committees. These two assessors at large act in conjunction with the district assessors in the several districts.

The county commissioners act as boards of control and review. For Baltimore city all the assessors are appointed by the Governor, each ward is an assessment district and there is an assessor for each precinct in addition to the assessors at large. There are six boards of control and review for the city, and they are all appointed by the Governor.

The assessors are to receive $4 a day. The expenses of assessment are to be paid for by the city and counties respectively.

Instructions for assessors are to be prepared by the State tax commissioner, and he will have proper forms of schedules of real estate and personal property printed at the expense of the State with proper interrogatories for compelling the disclosures of property.

The work of reassessment will begin on the first Tuesday of June next and be completed by the first Tuesday of September. The Governor may extend this time to the first Tuesday of October.

Immediately on entering upon their duties the assessors shall deliver or send by mail to property owners a form of schedule together with notice requiring to be filled out and filed with the assessor within twenty days, a complete list of his property subject to taxation. Specific directions are provided for property valuations by the owner.

Schedules must be ready to be sworn to when the assessor calls for them, within twenty days after they have been received. All trustees, guardians and corporations must likewise prepare these schedules of property, including equitable interests. The requirements of this section are strict and specific, and all schedules must be sworn to. It shall be the duty of every person in the State owning personal property liable to taxation to appear before the assessor, fill up his schedule, and failing to do so, the assessor shall, on the best information he can obtain, put the utmost valuation in cash on such property, and as a penalty double taxation shall be imposed.

The assessor shall have the right to examine persons under oath to ascertain whether they possess taxables or not.

Any person or officer who shall willfully and corruptly make false and fraudulent returns shall be deemed guilty of perjury, and upon conviction sentenced to pay a fine not exceeding $500 or imprisonment not exceeding two years and be forever disqualified from becoming a witness in any matter of controversy.

An assessor who shall accept a return without requiring the oath or who shall make any charge for administering the oath shall on conviction be fined not exceeding $500.

Any agreement by an assessor with any person or officer of any corporation to return a less amount of property than should be returned shall be deemed guilty of a conspiracy, and either person connected thereof shall be subject to $1,000 fine and imprisonment for three years.

New Goods.

Just received, a full and complete line of Dress and Waist Ginghams, Waist Plaids, Percales, Dranery, Lawns, India Linons, Outings, Serges, Henriettas, Bohemian Plaids, and a full line of Dress Linings; also spring line of mens' Clothing. Suits and Pants, boys' Suits, long and short Pants and extra Pants, good goods at low prices. These goods, as well as a new line of Hats, Caps, Shoes, Dress Shirts and Scarfs for spring, at prices to suit the times, rock bottom, are to be had at S. L. Townshend & Son's. 1-4t.

Only 50 Cents

For a regular dollar size bottle of sarsaparilla, guaranteed to contain the purest and best combination for the renovation of the blood and building of the system—a splendid appetizer. Manufactured at Oakland Pharmacy. 4-4

Heard in Equity.

Yesterday morning in Chambers Judge Boyd heard argument on the motion of the attorney for Mr. Wm. Pearre to dismiss the petition of Zelma Loreua Robinson, which was filed March, 1895, for a rehearing of the decree of divorce between the parties above named.

The petition was filed with the late Judge Hoffman over a year ago but owing to ill health, followed later by death, nothing had been done with the case.

Counsel for Mr. Pearre asked the court to dismiss the petition on the ground that the matter alleged therein could not be made the basis of a petition for a hearing, but could only be brought in on an original bill in equity and further more, that under a rule of court, no petition for a rehearing could be filed after the decree was thirty days old.

Judge Boyd has reserved his decision.

Mr. Pearre was represented by Benjamin A Richmond, Esq., while E. H. Gans, Esq., of Baltimore city and James A. McHenry, Esq., appeared for Mrs. Robinson.—Cumberland News.

Rails for County Roads.

A steel rail tramway for country roads has been proposed by Mr. John O'Donnell, of Lowville, N. Y., formerly State Commissioner, to facilitate traffic of wagons and other road vehicles. The rails are about one-quarter inch thick and five inches wide in the tread, with crib or flange about one-half inch high on each side, the flanges also extending below the flat part of the rail and being spiked to the longitudinal timbers upon which the rails rest. These timbers rest upon cross-ties on the sub-grade of the road, and gravel or broken stone is filled in up to the level of the rails. The cost of finished road is estimated at $3000 to $5000 per mile, the latter being for a good macadamized road. The timber and steel tramway is estimated to cost $2500, the balance being for the paving.

SHERIFF'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of Henry Bobett et al., vs. John W. Jankey, the same being No. 6 Judicials, July Term, 1895, Circuit Court for Garrett county, the undersigned Sheriff will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the store house of W. C. Jones in the town of Deer Park, all the right and title of the said John W. Jankey in and to all those two Military Lots situated about four miles north-east of said town, which are known and designated as lots Nos. 1141 and 1115, containing fifty acres of land each, on

SATURDAY, THE 18th DAY OF APRIL, 1896,

at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m. of said day.

Said property is partially improved and is now in the possession of a tenant.

Terms of sale. Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN,
51—3 Sheriff of Garrett County.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., March 25, 1896.

The County Commissioners will meet at their office in Oakland on

Tuesday, April 14, 1896,

For the purpose of making the Annual Levy for 1896. All persons having claims against the county must have them filed in the office on or before the above date, otherwise may be excluded from payment of same.

By order of the board,
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

FRANKLIN P. BREEN,
COUNTY SURVEYOR FOR
GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Postoffice, LONACONING, MD.

All work entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished on short notice. 3-5m*

MUSHROOMS

From Loch Lynn Fruit Farm, Nursery and Greenhouse.

Our Greenhouse | A few hours by mail | Your Kitchen

Order a pound and see how nice they are.

THE HORTICULTURAL SUPPLY CO.,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

Estate of Elizabeth Compton, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

ELIZABETH COMPTON,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 19th day of October next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 28th day of Mar., 1896.

RUSS COMPTON, Executor,
4—3 Grantsville, Md.

LICENSES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all persons or bodies, corporate or politic, who may be required to take out license, that they must obtain the same on or before the

1st Day of May, 1896.

According to the provisions of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, every person or persons doing business for gain or profit except the maker, grower, or manufacturer, are hereby notified that they must take out a license.

AUSTIN BROWN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

ECCLESIASTICAL COLUMN.

Rev. J. W. Butler, Pastor St. Mark's Lutheran Church, Editor.

As this has been a busy week with me, I will give the readers of the "Ecclesiastical Column" of THE REPUBLICAN some clippings from the *Lutheran Visitor*.

The first is a timely article on "Our Foreign Work," by Rev. L. G. M. Miller, of Roanoke, Va. The second is some questions by a "layman," upon some modern methods of raising funds for missionary and other church work.

OUR FOREIGN WORK.

There is something truly awful in the stolid indifference of the larger portion of the church to God's claim upon her means for the publishing of the gospel to all the world. Jesus said, "He that is of God heareth God's words; ye therefore hear them not, because ye are not of God." That is a test, a universal test, of sincere discipleship—humble, careful, reverent, obedient hearing of His word. To those who are "of God" His every utterance is precious. It outweighs everything else whatsoever in the universe. It is good, it is holy, it is infinitely worthy of all acceptation. One word that fell from His lips will outweigh all the libraries of the world.

Now this is His word, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations," and "ye shall be witnesses unto me, both in Jerusalem, and all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." He explicitly included too the very last and least of mankind, in the obscurest nook or corner of earth, when He said, "Preach the gospel to every creature." If we be indeed "of God," will we not "hear" these, His words? But the masses of the church to-day manifest cold unconcern with reference to them. They utterly disregard them. They often belittle and oppose them. They argue against them. The urging of them awakens no response. They become weary and impatient at them. Is there not gravest reason to ask whether the Master's words do not apply in this case, "ye therefore hear them not, because ye are not of God?" If we were, would there not be holy trembling at this, His word, and an eager, earnest, hearty abiding effort to execute the commission, the great commission, even to the uttermost? These are most solemn considerations, in view of the state of things now existing in the church. They ought to weigh upon our hearts. Surely the admonition comes to us, "Consider your ways."

Our Southern Church has something like 40,000 communicants. Among these, through "the good hand of our God upon us" there is no little means. I don't mean to say that we are as wealthy as some. But God has given us much, very much, and our people are in the enjoyment of it to-day. Our 40,000 members are apportioned for foreign work only $4,500 a year. That, small as it is, is not all raised. We actually contribute say between $3,000 or $4,000, or something like 10 cents a member. Is this a fair response to our Lord's last command to publish the gospel to all the world? Dare we say it is? Does this meager sum adequately measure the strength of the church's yearning that all the heathen might hear the glad tidings, in which we have been made to rejoice? Surely I can't appreciate very much His saving grace, if I am willing to give only ten cents a year to tell of it to others who know it not. And yet what we do and give to execute the great commission does fairly measure our love to Christ, and the sincerity and depth of our desire for the world's salvation. That is the fact, hide it from ourselves as we may. How would the love and obedience of those who give out of their abundance, ten cents a year, compare with the love and obedience of those whose "deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality," or those who being "possessors of lands or houses, sold them and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the apostles' feet?" It was well enough for Jesus, though He was rich to become poor, that we through His poverty might be made rich. But the sacrifice must all be on His side—we could not be expected to give even as much as a dollar a year that the nations might hear of Him.

"Is it time for us to dwell in our circled houses and this house to lie waste?" Our conduct seems to say, with ancient, careless Israel, "The time is not come that the Lord's house should be built," and this too when He, by so many indications, doors opened, and opportunities multiplying, is calling His people, as never before, to build into its glorious walls the living stones, now scattered and unhewn, among the heathen peoples. They are perishing for lack of knowledge, for whom Christ died, but what matter it, so we may "join house to house, and lay field to field?" We, forsooth, must be occupied with such practical questions as "What shall we eat? What shall we drink? Wherewithal shall we be clothed?" Though He has expressly said it should not be so with His people, but rather, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness and these things shall be added unto you." And again, "Bring ye all the likes * * and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

QUESTIONS.

Will the editor of *The Visitor*, and other conservative Lutheran pastors answer through *The Visitor* the following questions:

1. Is it right, spiritual, and the way to cultivate the true spirit of beneficence for Women's Missionary societies, congregations, Lutheran Leagues to raise money for missions by holding festivals, entertainments, cake walks, etc., etc.?

2. Is it just that such congregations, leagues, or societies raising their money by such methods for the extension of Christ's Kingdom, should be called bannor societies or congregatious because they succeeded in raising more money than some others whose pastors condemn, and will not favor the methods referred to?

3. Will not the result of such efforts tend eventually to retard the work of the church, by discouraging the faithful and demoralizing others, whose only desire is entertainment, fun and frolic?

4. And really is the congregation where these methods are used making the contributions themselves, or do not the delegations from other churches, and from the world put in their appearance, and with their money paid for the privilege of the entertainment, whatever it is, help to swell the amount received and put down to the credit of the church holding the fair.

5. And finally will not such methods be hurtful to the church in the end, however they may succeed at first, by destroying the true spirit of Christian giving. Giving to God's cause with the proper motives is worshiping God Almighty. But how can the true spirit of worship be cultivated by such questionable methods?

Fearer.

Mr. Frank Humberson has purchased and moved on the Myers farm near here.

Commissioner Ira E. Friend paid this place a visit Saturday.

Joshua Moyers, of Markleysburg, Pa., was here on business last week.

Miss Gertrude Savadge, who is teaching the Lynn Dale school, was here visiting her grandparents Saturday and Sunday.

The stockholders of the proposed telephone line from Friendsville, Md., to Hazelton, W. Va., met and elected directors to transact business for the comyany. The work of putting up the poles was let to Samuel Lininger and Jno. H. Fearer, the work to commence at once.

Geo. D. Hoff is home from Connellsville. He expects to go back soon to resume the carpenter trade.

Morgan Savage has become quite an active horse trader. We wish him success in the business.

Chas. W. Hoff proposes to embark for Wilson, W. Va., where he expects to find employment for the summer.

Loch Lynn Heights.

Mr. C. M. Rathbun and family moved into the Lake View house last Tuesday.

Mr. Samuel Levers finished plastering Mr. W. A. Hough's tin shop Wednesday.

Mr. L. A. Rudisill received a telegram last Saturday from Hon. C. E. Hilleary, saying that the bill incorporating our town had passed the Senate, and now only awaited the Governor's signature to make it a law.

Mr. Brison Welsh and family moved to Friendsville, this county, Wednesday.

Mr. Erastus Rathbun returned home from a visit to Washington, D. C. He reports having enjoyed himself.

Mr. Homer White, of Kingwood, W. Va., was here on a visit to his father, who is conducting a series of revival meetings.

Mr. James H. Jarboe and family moved into Mr. C. B. Lee's house, on the corner of Second avenue and Paull street.

Allow us to congratulate THE REPUBLICAN on the many local letters that appear in its columns from week to week. Keep it up, as they are read with a great deal of interest here.

Mr. C. A. Ashby is confined to his room by a bad sore on the foot, having run a nail into it.

Mr. James L. Burley is having his large building on First Avenue lathed.

MY STRANGE EMPLOYEE.

[Written especially for The Republican.]

While sitting in my office, worrying my brain about securing the services of a first-class mechanic to do some steam and gas fitting in a public building for which I had the contract, there entered a plainly dressed man about forty years of age. "Good evening," he said. "Are you in need of a plummer?" He presented the appearance of a tramp, and I was about to answer in the negative, as my former experience had taught me that no matter how badly tramps needed work, they would remain only long enough to get sufficient money to go on a spree and then leave me. But I hesitated and questioned him as to his competency, etc., etc. I finally concluded to give the man a trial. I sent him to work on the building in order to get some idea of his workmanship. I spent several hours with him during the day, watching him closely. He called at my place of business in the evening, and asked me if I had any plans and specifications for the work to be done. I told him I had.

"Well, sir, if I am to work any length of time, I want the plans." I said I would make a contract with him for three months, and would give him full charge of the work. He proved to be master of his trade; therefore I was willing to pay him good wages. I said:

"My man, as I told you before, I will make a contract with you. These are the terms: I will pay you at the rate of four dollars per day, and furnish two other plummers to work with you. You are to have general supervision of the men and work. If you abstain from all intoxicating drink and remain with me for the time specified, I am to pay you the sum already mentioned. If you do not comply with the terms of the contract, I will dismiss you from my service and pay you off at the rate of three dollars per day."

In answer to this, he indignantly replied: "I will entertain no such contract with you. I have made a contract with one higher in authority than yourself, that I would never drink, and the contract is a verbal one."

"With whom did you make this contract?" I asked.

Looking me in the face, he replied: "With my Lord and Master."

"All right, sir; you are my man; go to work. I can trust you with your verbal contract far better than to enjoin you with pen and ink."

On the following Thursday night I was surprised to see him at prayer meeting. This awakened in me no little interest for my employee. I invited him to call at my office. The following evening, Friday, he came around. "Well, Frank," I said, "I am glad to see you. Take a chair." We talked about various topics of the day, upon which he seemed well informed, and by degrees I led him to give me a brief history of his life, which is about as follows:

"Eight years ago I began doing journey work for a firm in my native city, Philadelphia, Penna. I received good wages, and in a short time I was made foreman. During the first three years that I worked at my trade I did not know what the taste of liquor was. I commenced playing pool, and I gradually acquired a liking for beer. I was two years in preparing myself for a whiskey drinker. At the expiration of that time I had become a slave to the accursed stuff. My employer used every effort to have me leave off drinking, but all in vain. I remained with him for three years more, but I was so unreliable that he was compelled to let me go. I took to the road, working at my trade now and then as I went along. It was not long, however, until I resolved that I would not work any more. For two years I followed the life of a tramp. My sole aim in life was to travel from place to place and drink, drink, drink. About six months ago I landed in Cincinnati, Ohio. I was getting off of a spree; my head was aching; my whole nervous system was shattered; I was hungry; whiskey was dying in me. I was in that deplorable state when I would have almost given my life for a drink. I started for a police station for a night's lodging, hoping on the way to find some means to satisfy my burning thirst for liquor, when I stopped in front of a church in which there was a revival going on. It was raining, and I stepped into the vestibule. The congregation was singing a hymn that used to be sung by six persons, viz: My father, mother, two sisters, one brother and myself. That was a long time ago. All the others have passed over the river, save my dear old mother. I sat down on the steps of the church. The panorama of my whole life passed vividly before me. I was again with that happy family. I was kneeling at our family altar. We were singing the hymn that was being sung in the church, 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul.' I tore myself away from the sweet music and walked to an electric light. I took from my pocket a letter well worn with its many handlings, and stained with the tear drops of my dear old mother. I read it over again and baptised it with my own penitent tears. As I read, I could almost hear the anxious pleading of my mother for my return to her bosom. Then it seemed I could hear my loving Savior in accents of love and mercy calling: 'My son, my son, how can I give thee up. Return unto me and I will return unto thee.' I folded the letter and placed it in its hiding place, after which I returned to the church. I entered the vestibule, and while I hesitated about going in these words fell upon my ears: 'Though thy sins be as scarlet, they shall be made whith as snow.' I opened the door and walked forward to the altar. Turning to the congregation, I said: 'Friends, will you please pray for me?' It seemed that [illegible] had taken me by the hand that my heart was so full of the love of God that it filled [illegible] hearts more full, and made [illegible] such soul. Not a few of the congregation joined me in tears. I left the church a new man. I feel better for telling you my story. When I fulfill my engagement with you, I shall return to my dear old mother and devote myself in making her last days happy ones."

"Oh no, sir, my mother does not live alone; nor is she poor. Three years before I left home I was engaged to be married to an estimable young lady. Not even for the love I bore her, would I break off drinking. I left her, promising to return a sober man. She has been my mother's companion during all these years." He took a letter from his pocket and insisted on reading it:

PHILADELPHIA, PENNA., Sept. 14, 1895.

MY DEAR FRANK:—

Mother and I received your dear letter. Mother is now writing. As I watch her she stops now and then to brush away a tear of joy. Our prayer has been answered. Oh, Frank, what joy, what heavenly bliss, your words have brought into our home. Let me tell you what I have often thought it was that brought so much sorrow to my heart. I worshiped too much at your shrine, and not enough at the feet of Jesus. Now that you are a true follower of our blessed Master, our love will be blessed of God. Nothing but death can sever us. I shall be patient in the Lord and wait your coming. May He who doeth all things well, who ever sees and watches the little sparrow, may He bless and keep you as in the hollow of His hand is the prayer of your own

EMMA.

Handing the letter back to the brave fellow, and wishing him God-speed, we separated for the night. After completing his engagement with me, he went home. A letter from him last week told of his marriage with his former sweetheart.

Corinth W. Va.

Did you get fooled?

Plenty of mud.

Save your eggs.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Dan Frankhouser's family is sick with measles.

Mr. James Arnold has gone to Frostburg to spend a few days.

Miss Savilla Leathers, of Oakland, was the guest of Miss May Loughridge Saturday and Sunday at Mr. and Mrs. Wesley DeBerry's.

Mr. Clevenger gave the young people of Corinth a quilting party one night last week.

Mrs. James Arnold spent Saturday at Terra Alta the guest of Mrs. Kate Foreman.

Oscar Fuller, who has been working at Thomas, has returned home.

On the 24 inst. Mr. Joe Everly, of Terra Alta, while crossing the B. & O. track, had his horse killed by a west-bound freight train. Mr. Everly just made his escape.

Our school closed two weeks ago on account of the teacher having measles.

E. B. Fuller has the contract of erecting a fine residence on Wm. DeBerry's lot. Mr. D. is a very enterprising man and means to do his part in building our town.

Mrs. G. H. Sharp, of Cleveland, O., is visiting her many frinds at this place.

Mr. Wesley DeBerry has gone into the poultry business.

Mrs. Will Copp and Master Jacob of Keyser W. Va., are the guests of Mrs. Wm. Newman, of Brookside.

John Crane has just moved in the house recently vacated by E. B. Fuller.

It is said that John Crane has sold his house and lot to Mr. Felton of Salt Lick.

D. Williamson is home on a visit from Simpson, W. Va.

Mr. James Nordick talks of erecting a new dwelling in the near future on his lot on Main street.

GYPSY.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL

ROOFING.

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING. PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER. REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS. SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In effect April 1st, 1896.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS	NORTHWARD	
No. 3 P. M.	No. 1 A. M.		No. 2 NOON	No. 4 P. M.
3 00*	8 00 lv	Cumberland ar	*12 00	*7 00
3 31	8 31	Rawlings	11 29	6 29
3 56	8 56	Keyser	11 04	6 04
4 01	9 00	Westernport	10 51	5 51
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	5 48
4 37	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5 23
5 00	10 00	Harrison	10 00	*5 00
5 45	10 45* ar	Elk Garden	8 55	*3 55
5 35	10 35† lv	Gorman	9 21	4 21
5 41	10 41	Bayard	9 15	4 15
5 52	10 52	Doblin	9 01	4 01
6 23	11 23	Thomas	8 31	3 31
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	8 00	2 55
6 27	11 27 lv	Coketon	8 31	3 31
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	8 07	3 07
6 57	11 57	Bretz	8 01	3 01
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 58	2 58
7 39	12 39	Kerens	7 20	2 20
7 00	1 00† ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	*12 00
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*11 35
				*P. M.
	2 55* ar	Burlington	lv	*11 20
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $600; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $600 balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.

E. H. SINCELL, Attys.,
Oakland, Md.

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD.

Spring is the time in the year that your Horses, Cows, Hogs, Sheep, Poultry, etc., need some good article to purify their blood. The International Food is the best article known for stock of all kinds; 3 feeds for one cent. Don't use any other. For sale only by

THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO.

DRINK LUXURY COFFEE

and get the best Coffee made and get either Ladie's or Gentleman's Gold Watch, guaranteed for 25 years. Use no other, because Luxury Coffee is the best.

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We only handle the best western seed. Garden Seeds in abundance of all kinds. Fertilizer, Salt, Groceries, General Merchandise, and anything you may need. Don't fail to call at the stores of THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO., at

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PINCH TENSION, TENSION INDICATOR —AND— AUTOMATIC TENSION RELEASER,

The most complete and useful devices ever added to any sewing machine.

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The farm belonging to Elizabeth Maley, situated two miles north of Deer Park, adjoining the lands of Jack Cooper, Funderburg, Miller and Rowleston. Contains 115¾ acres, about 65 acres cleared, and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the premises. 52-4m.*

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1st. He (or she) can be prepared for college; he can study book keeping, shorthand, typewriting, etc., and be fitted for business; he can begin his course in medicine or pharmacy under a teacher who has made the subject of chemistry a specialty.

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E. B. SWAN, Principal,
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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.46 A. M
No. 1	—Daily	7.07 A. M
No. 11	—Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 5	—Daily	10.29 A. M
No. 55	—Express, daily	6.22 P. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	6.45 P. M
No. 3	—Daily	10.06 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 4	—Daily	5.50 A. M
No. 2	—Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	9.45 A. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	1.20 P. M
No. 6	—Daily	5.02 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	10.22 A. M

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Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

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GEN. SHERMAN'S MEMOIRS.

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CHRONICLE TELEGRAPH,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county at their first meeting after thirty days from the date of this notice, for a public county road beginning at the west end of Clark DeBerry's land on new road running on north side of Red Run, through the lands of Clark DeBerry, the H. G. Davis lands and others, crossing Deep Creek above mouth of Red Run and to intersect the river road at or near Henry Sines; a distance of 3½ miles.

THOS. J. BROWNING,
ASHBY WOLF,
R. T. BROWNING,
And Others.

3—4

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Glessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

WITH joy we welcome balmy days,
The first wild warblers hear;
Like laden ships o'er stormy ways,
The glad spring months appear;
They bring us bud, they bring us bloom,
They bring us hope and cheer;
How welcome after winter's gloom,
The Easter of the year.

The brooks make music—heavy now,
And now a lighter strain;
Till birds that flit from bough to bough,
Repeat its notes again;
Forth into song the mountains break,
The little hills take part—
All nature, hymns of praise awake—
Glad Easter of the heart.

Beyond the clouds of sin and doubt,
Beyond the realms of woe,
(Oh, life, what were thy gift without?)
There breaks the Easter glow.
It sheds a joy o'er pain and gloom,
The broken heart makes whole,
With life and love beyond the tomb—
Blest Easter of the soul.
—Sarah E. Howard, in Good Housekeeping.

MARION ARMITAGE opened her eyes on Easter morning and found that the steamer on which she was a passenger had anchored in the beautiful Bay of Palermo. Dressing herself with hurried care, she went on deck and saw the City of the Sun, with its great gateway, higher than the highest houses, and the white marble marina outside with its great length stretching towards Pellegrini, and the picturesque boats dancing in the harbor, besieging the steamer for custom.

The chaperon of the party, Mrs. Fortune, was also the aunt of Marion, and she engaged one of the boats, after much haggling with a fisherman in a red shirt, whose sunburned face was like the pictures of Scriptural type, and who was lazy enough to be a survivor of his Galilean prototypes. As the party landed they were greeted everywhere with the Easter salutation:

"Surrexit" (He is risen).

And they joined in the antiphonal response.

"Vere surrexit" (He is risen, indeed).

For this was their Sunday of joy, the queen of festivals. Bells were ringing, salutes were fired in the streets, the flowers were in full bloom and the joy of resurrection was in the air. It was the day the Sicilians had honored for nearly 2,000 years, and Marion, who had visited St. Mark's on a similar occasion, felt that this union of elements in such an atmosphere of symbolic worship, combined with an intense, rapt devotion, had in it a sincerity which the service of the great cathedrals lacked.

In Palermo, Easter seemed enshrined as in her own stronghold, and when the little party entered the old English church embowered in its tropical verdure, with roses and oranges clustering together, Marion felt an indescribable peace steal into her heart, as if she had reached the summit of happiness.

If anyone had whispered to her that like the fabled bird of the Persians she was about to find the winged mate of her wingless soul, henceforth "to sail through all the heavens wide" in perfect union, she would have believed; therefore, when a devotional man, an American like herself, moved to make room for her, then shared his book with her and chanted a musical second to her responses, she was not surprised—she seemed to have been waiting for him all her life. Her aunt's frowns of propriety did not disturb her. The good woman had not noticed the proximity of the agreeable stranger and was ready to frown him down, and was as tactless in her methods as the head of the school procession who turned to her young ladies with the command:

"Don't look! Shut your eyes and keep them closed. There's a horrid, handsome man coming this way."

The man was really not handsome, but he had the strength, the magnetism, that is more than manly beauty; he was almost another Sir Launcelot. Was Marion to be Elaine, and "love him with the love that was her doom?" We hear of such fatalities in the comedy of life.

Mrs. Fortune, the aunt, was really obliged to recognize the stranger, for the clergyman was a townsman of her own, and he introduced him on the strength of being a compatriot. And he was a charming man to know—fine manners and a devotional spirit, so he won both aunt and niece. There was only this day to see Palermo and its wonders, and Philip Neff accompanied them to the steamer and said good-by. And they did not know whether he was a single or a married man, and Marion had only a bunch of flowers and a lava ornament, which he had bought for a trifle, and dropped into her lap with the flowers as an Easter offering.

"You have made a joyful Easter for me," he had said, and asked permission to call upon her when he returned in a year's time to his home in America, which was in the great city where she lived herself.

"I will expect you next Easter," she had said, gayly, and with that they parted.

A year—how short! "Why, it was only yesterday," we say, and now it is Easter again. And we are sorry, with a transient human pain, for some who have missed it, as if the more typical keeping of Easter could compare with that Easter which they have entered upon.

"Our lilies bloom and pass away,
But theirs shall live and bloom for aye."

Marion had made a very curious discovery after the steamer had left Palermo. She had found in the folds of her dress, as if it had been dropped there, an antique ring—a curious arrangement of ancient gems, set in silver, which she had noticed on the hand of the American, Mr. Neff. Her first impulse was to show it to her aunt; her next, to keep it as a bond between them until she could forward it to him. Then the idea occurred to her that he might have given it to her purposely—but no, she did not think he would have ventured to do such a thing—yet love was daring, and Marion ended the matter by forgetting it until she reached home. After that she wore it as a souvenir of travel, intending to return it when its owner came home.

But a strange thing happened before that time. During the Lenten season Marion had devoted herself to charitable work. She had gone into the slums to rescue the most wretched and degraded. She had visited the charity wards of the hospitals, and in St. Mary's she had found a young creature who was fast leaving a world that had been most cruel to her. She had helped this poor soul up into the blessed sunlight of divine peace, and knowing that she had cruelly suffered, had sought to win from her the story of her life. But her lips were sealed. She admitted that she was a wife abandoned by her husband. Since she had lost love she would have nothing else, and had stolen away to die in a fit of jealous despair.

It happened one day that Marion wore the souvenir ring, and as she bent over the sick girl, who was known only as Mabel, the eyes of the latter rested upon it. She gave a great cry.

"My husband's ring!" she exclaimed, and fainted.

It was days before she rallied, during which time the ring reposed on her own finger; then she proved her right to it by naming the letters engraved on the inside.

Marion did not at once return to her

"YOU HAVE MADE A JOYFUL EASTER FOR ME."

charge. Easter Sunday was drawing near, and she had arranged that the young minister who assisted at St. Jude's should conduct a service in the hospital ward.

She had looked forward to the day with unspeakable longing. The stranger who had made such an impression upon her young heart in that far-off Sicilian town would present himself—no longer a stranger, but almost a friend, for she had received letters and credentials, and soon he would speak for himself. There was nothing to fear, but all things to expect, and now—

"Philip Neff is my husband."

These were the words spoken by the pale lips of the sick girl, and Marion knew that they were true.

But she had seen anger and jealousy in the eyes of the woman she had befriended, and, cruelly hurt, she had withdrawn from any contact with her until Mabel had sent for her to come and make a full explanation.

What was there to explain? The ring had dropped from the hand of Neff when he laid the flowers in the lap of Marion, as he explained in answer to her letter of inquiry. He had asked her to keep it until he came, as it might be lost in returning it to him, and that was all. Other letters had passed, but there had been no phrase of sentiment, nothing but the well-turned sentences of a graceful writer, such as he might have written to the chaperoning aunt. If Marion had colored them with the hues of imagination, who then was to blame? Not he, surely?

Little by little Mabel told her story, and it revealed a sad state of affairs between herself and the man who had married her. She had worn out his love with her jealousy, and ran away from him in a fit of pique to hide with an old nurse. She was a creature of impulse, and he had not known how to manage her. And he had gone away without a word—where, she did not know, nor did she ask if he had made any provision for her. Passionate and revengeful, she declared she would die in the hospital ward, and be buried in the potter's field, rather than ask help of him.

Marion lay awake all the night preceding Easter Sunday trying to comfort her own disappointed heart, and to evolve a plan to bring those two together again. In the morning she went to church with a distracted mind, but as soon as the joyous and beautiful Easter anthems were sung all her doubts were gone.

"I have loved the creature instead of the creator," she said, and gave her whole soul to the service.

"He is risen."

"He is risen, indeed."

The scent of the lilies and the grand notes of the organ drove out all thoughts "of sin or folly born." When the benediction was pronounced she was filled with a sweet compassion for all weak and suffering humanity, and in that spirit she passed out and met Philip Neff face to face.

It was well that she had made an Easter offering of herself that morning. She was friendly—there was no need to be more. She did not take his outstretched hand, but she said to him in a composed way:

"Come to me at two o'clock; I have an engagement for you then."

"I will come," he said, and there was a glad look in his eyes that caused her a moment's pang, it was so welcome.

He found her, to his surprise, ready to go out, but he cheerfully acquiesced in her wish that she should accompany him, even when she informed him that her errand was to a hospital.

The young assistant of [illegible]'s was there awaiting them. So were flowers had been brought from the [illegible] adorn the little table drawn up to the side of the sick girl. She had partaken of the feast of Easter, and was lying back on her pillow when Marion led Philip Neff to her bedside, and waited for a mutual recognition.

But the young man seemed to feel himself an intruder at this sacred scene, and looked distressed, and Mabel scarcely glanced at him before turning her head wearily away.

"Do you know her?" asked Marion.

"I? No, Miss Armitage, I never saw her in my life before," answered Philip Neff, firmly, and without hesitation.

"Then why does she claim this ring?" asked Marion, stepping forward and lifting the thin hand to view.

"That is my ring," came the faint answer from the sick girl's lips.

"Who gave it to you?" asked Marion.

"My husband, Philip Neff."

"Oh!" exclaimed Neff, stepping to the side of the narrow white bed; "then you are the wife of my Cousin Philip. He is in South America, and he gave me that ring before he left."

The sick girl frowned and turned her head aside. The pain-distorted soul was almost at peace, and resented the intrusion of either earthly love or hate. The compassion in Philip Neff's face and voice were alike lost on her now. The solemn tones of the young minister broke the stillness. He was singing a canticle of Easter:

"The strife is o'er, the battle done
The victory of life is won,
The song of triumph has begun,
Alleluia."

Philip Neff knelt by the side of the dying girl and gently chafed her cold hands. She smiled, and her lips faintly responded: "Alleluia." Then one of the sisters approached, and Philip drew Marion away. She was crying softly, and he said:

"She has found her Easter, and our Sunday of joy dawns. Alleluia!"—Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Free Press.

The Origin of Easter.

The English name Easter and the German Ostern are most probably derived from the name of the feast of the Teutonic goddess Ostra, which was celebrated by the early Saxons in the spring of the year, and which was supplanted by the Christian feast. The old word oster, which means rising, adds significance to the name, the time of the resurrection of nature being an appropriate time to commemorate the resurrection of Christ. It is from the heathen feast, however, that the customs of Easter fires, Easter eggs and the like have their origin.

Easter Bells.

Ring, bells of brass, with clear accord,
Chime out your music sweet and clear,
Ye tell the rising of our Lord
With joy that all the world may hear.

Ring, flower bells, your message brave
Is sent to those who hold you dear,
Like Christ, ye leave a silent grave
And rise—our first fruits of the year.

Ring, holy bells of prayer and praise—
More sweet than any flowers we ken—
More strong than brazen tongues—ye raise,
Glad songs to Christ, who's risen again!
—Judith Spencer, in Good Housekeeping.

The Norse "Hel."

In Norse mythology all persons who die of old age are consigned to Hel (one "l"), a region of perpetual mist and fog.

THE RAIL-SPLITTER.

Stories of Abraham Lincoln in Early Life.

In the summer of the year 1830 Abraham Lincoln exercised the right of majority and started out to shift for himself. When he left his home to start life for himself he went empty-handed. He was already some months over 21 years of age, but he had nothing in the world, not even a suit of respectable clothes; and one of the first pieces of work he did was "to split 400 rails for every yard of brown jeans dyed with white walnut bark that would be necessary to make him a pair of trousers." He had no trade, no profession, no spot of land, no patron, no influence. Two things recommended him to his neighbors—he was strong and he was a good fellow.

His strength made him a valuable laborer. Not that he was fond of hard labor. Mrs. Crawford says: "Abe was no hand to pitch into work like killing snakes," but when he did work it was with an ease and effectiveness which compensated his employer for the time he spent in practical jokes and extemporaneous speeches. He would lift as much as three ordinary men, and "My, how he would chop!" says Dennis Hanks. "His ax would flash and bite into a sugar tree or sycamore, and down it would come. If you heard him fellin' trees in a clearin' you would say there was three men at work by the way the trees fell." Standing six feet four, he could outlift, outwork and outwrestle any man he came in contact with. Friends and employers were proud of his strength, and boasted of it, never failing to pit him against any hero whose strength they heard vaunted. He himself was proud of it, and throughout his life was fond of comparing himself with tall and strong men.

He drove the oxen on the removal of the Lincoln family from Indiana to Illinois, he tells us, and, according to a story current in Gentryville, he succeeded in doing a fair peddler's business on the route. Capt. William Jones, in whose father's store Lincoln had spent so many hours in discussion and story-telling, and for whom he had worked the last winter he was in Indiana, says that before leaving the state Abraham invested all his money, some thirty odd dollars, in notions. "A set of knives and forks was the largest item entered on the bill," says Mr. Jones; "the other items were needles, pins, thread, buttons and other little domestic necessities. When the Lincolns reached their new home near Decatur, Ill., Abraham wrote back to my father, stating that he had doubled his money on his purchases by selling them along the road."—McClure's Magazine.

CARE OF HATS.

Specks of Dust, Ruffled Feathers and Pinholes Are Not to Be Commended.

The essential of woman's attire, for which she pays the most fanciful price, is her hat. A simple felt shape plainly trimmed with velvet and wings costs no mean sum, and when a more betrimmed and befurbelowed affair is chosen, the drain on the purse makes the wearer wince. Yet how few women take proper care of the dainty creations after they are purchased. It is the abuse, not the use, of the hat, that makes it rapidly become shabby.

When it is put on for the first time the wearer must decide just where to insert the point of the hat pin so that it will cause least harm. When the hat is worn thereafter care must be taken to put the pins in the holes made by them at first. If not, the crown will soon become roughened and marred with many punctures. When the hat is taken off it must be carefully brushed with a soft whisk broom and every particle of dust dislodged from the brim and from the crown. The loops and bows must then be pulled straight and the feathers or wings smoothed into place if the wind has blown them into disorder. A large hand box lined with tissue paper is the proper receptacle for this easily injured head covering.

She who is the happy possessor of a large hat trimmed with ostrich plumes must determine never to wear it in damp or stormy weather. The beauty of the plumes lies in their fluffy curl and this is speedily destroyed by dampness. Then the whole hat is transformed from a thing of beauty into a caricature. Unless a woman can afford a toque or other small bonnet in addition she would better content herself with a less elaborate construction whose simple prettiness is proof against damp airs and boisterous winds. —Harper's Bazar.

Parsnips.

An entirely new way of serving parsnips is in the shape of an English walnut, with a nut in the middle. The parsnips are first boiled and mashed fine. Then to each pint there is added a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a dash of pepper and two tablespoonfuls of milk. Mix well over the fire, and when smoking hot add a thoroughly beaten and very fresh egg. Spread the mixture on a dish to cool. Then take the nut of an English walnut, and roll around it the parsnip pulp until you have a good-sized nut. Roll in egg and cracker dust and fry a light brown in deep fat that is smoking. Serve hot.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

No More Book Proposals.

Search reveals the amazing fact that the proposal—in literature, at least—is becoming obsolete. Stories there are of a plenty, but in the English publications they mostly relate to mysterious disappearance of diamonds, or are tales of conspiracy or intrigue, and in the American product the proposal is all done behind the scenes—the reader is introduced to the engaged couple or to the married pair. The sentimental age is passing, evidently, and we contemptuously hurry over the romantic episode to reach those dramatic crises in life which seem to occupy the attention of both writers and readers.—Chicago News.

His Price a Difficulty.

"Every man has his price," sententiously announced the philosopher of the all-night drug store, where the street-railroad franchise was being discussed.

"Well," said the wit of the establishment, "I wish somebody would discover my price and offer it to me."

"My boy," solemnly remarked the perfumery drummer, who had not spoken before that evening, "there is no smaller coin made than a cent."

And for several seconds there was no sound heard save the drip, drip of the real mineral waters from the hydrant. —Buffalo Express.

The Patient Fish.

First Fish—How are you getting along?

Second Fish—No luck at all. The man at the end of that line is a chump, or else he's as full as a goat.

First Fish—What's the trouble?

Second Fish—I took the bait off his hook an hour ago, and I've been waiting ever since for him to put some more on.—Detroit Catholic.

"ON SAFER GROUND."

First Doctor—I ordered him an ice-cold bath every morning.

Second Doctor—What! when he had influenza!

First Doctor—Yes. It will give him pneumonia, and I made my whole reputation curing that.—Punch.

Establishing His Reputation.

Burden—Goodly must be an awful liar.

Banting—How can you say such a thing? He has the reputation of being the most truthful man in the country. Nobody ever doubts his word.

Burden—That's exactly why I say so. Truth is so much stranger than fiction that a man must be a very clever liar to get himself believed.—Truth.

Sat Down On.

Lady—Are you acquainted with Miss Schmidt?

Dude—Yaas, I talked with her for half an hour the other night at the ball. Awful stupid cweature.

"How so?"

"Why, you see she nevah opened her mouth the whole time I wath talking to her."

"What! Didn't she even yawn?"—Texas Siftings.

Drawing the Color Line.

"They do say," said one new congressman, "that the pink-tea habit is interfering with the work of statesmanship."

"Well," was the thoughtful reply of his colleague, "I shouldn't wonder if it did. I don't take any stock in these epicureau innovations. If a man must drink tea at all let him stick to the good, old-fashioned green tea he was used to at home."—Washington Star.

In 1900.

Mrs. Emancipus (offering box)—Will you have a cigarette?

Mrs. Findesiecle—What brand are they?

Mrs. Emancipus—I don't know. They are some my husband bought for me last Christmas.

Mrs. Findesiecle (hurriedly)—Thank you, I don't care to smoke just now.—N. Y. World.

Just the Other Way.

"Why are all those knots tied in your handkerchief, Stimson?"

"Oh, they represent various errands my wife commissioned me to do."

"And you made them on purpose to remember?"

"No. On purpose to forget."—Detroit Free Press.

The Pink of Politeness.

Miss Westend—Here are cards for my cousin's wedding reception; but as it is in Chicago, of course I can't go. In sending my card, should I write "Congratulations," or anything?

Chicago Aunt—Certainly, my dear; write on it: "Many happy returns."—N. Y. Weekly.

A Refutation.

"There doesn't seem to be a great deal of money in stories," remarked the young man with literary aspirations.

"That's where you are palpably mistaken," replied the architect. "Just go out and take a look at that seven-story building I have been putting up."—Washington Star.

No Fair Weather.

A king must have a stormy life,
For though he reconcile
All elements of war and strife
He's reigning all the while.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

THE ARCTIC STEAMSHIP "FRAM."
In Which It is Reported the Explorer, Dr. Nansen, Is Returning from the Polar Region.

Force of Habit.

Bicycle Manufacturer—Where am I? Nearest Angel—Why, this is Heaven. Isn't it delightful?

Bicycle Manufacturer—Yes, indeed. It's very pleasant. But, I say (looking about critically) you ought to have better roads.—Southbridge (Mass.) Journal.

On Cross-Examination.

"What kind of meat did you have for breakfast?"

"Don't know."

"Do you mean to say to the court that you don't know what kind of meat you had for breakfast?"

"I do—it was sausage!"—Chicago Record.

Where Mystery Dwells.

There's beauty in the sunset's glow,
And in the azure sky,
There's grandeur in the vasty deep,
And in the mountains high;
There's terror in the tempest black,
And in the lightning's flash;
There's wonder in the firmament,
And mystery in the hash.
—Kansas City Journal.

Unmistakable Encouragement.

"I am going to propose to Miss Jinkles," said Whykins, thoughtfully.

"Has she given you any encouragement?"

"I should say so. Why, she is afraid I am spending too much money for bouquets and matinee tickets."—Washington Star.

His Great Mistake.

The Wife—When you proposed to me, John, did you think I would accept you?

The Husband—Not the first time.

"The second?"

"I wasn't going to propose but once."—Puck.

She Was Left.

"Has Miss Scorcher abandoned her wheel?"

"No; her wheel has abandoned her."—Detroit Free Press.

Never Fails to Satisfy.

Romantic Miss—Have there not been moments in your experience when life seemed full of unsatisfied wants?

Mr. Hardhead—Y-e s, that's so.

"At such times I always fly to music for relief. What do you do, Mr. Hardhead?"

"I advertise."—Odds and Ends.

The Exceptions.

Mrs. White—And do you mean to say that you and your husband always agree about everything?

Mrs. Black—Always — except, of course, now and then, when he's out of humor or pig-headed or something of that sort.—London Answers.

WHY SHE DISLIKED HIM.

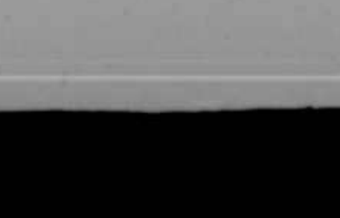

Ethel—How do you like Foppington, Miss Borrow?

Miss Borrow—Not at all. He can't pronounce his r's, and I do detest being addressed as Miss Bow-wow.—Collier's Weekly.

A Necessary Trip.

Miss Newwoman—I will have to go to the city to-morrow and make some purchases.

Miss Strongmind—Can't you get what you want here?

Miss Newwoman—No, there isn't a gent's furnishing store in town—Life.

FARM AND GARDEN.

NEW CHOLERA CURE.

How a West Virginia Physician Cured a Lot of Chickens.

Several subscribers have asked us for a cholera cure, and we suspect the disease is quite prevnlent. We take plensure in giving the followlng letter from n valued correspondent in West Virginia. He says: "I am a physician, a country doctor, with two acres of land and several hobbies, one of them chickens. Four years ago cholera broke out among my flock, and I tried every remedy I could think of. Finally, I took some antiseptic tablets, consisting of 7 3-10 grnins corrosive sublimate and 3 4-5 grnins of citric acid in each and dissolved one in one gallon of boiling hot water and gave as a drink. Cholera-stricken fowls will drink lf they do not eat. From that on I lost but one or two that were too far gone to drink, and in another instance, where I found it present, I repeated the treatment with equal sueeess. Sinee then I usually give it once a month as a preventive, continuing it for three days. If occasion offers, I would like you to try the remedy, and lf it is a success in your hands it could be incorporated in a future edition of the Biggle Poultry Book. The tablets are a deadly poison —used, as of course you know, aa external applications in solution in surgical eases. The good, if I nm correct in their doing this good, lies in the antiseptic action of the corrosive sublimate —the citric acid merely favoring the solubility of the tablet; the tableta I advise because of the dosage being certain."—Farm Journal.

A FEEDING EXPERIMENT.

Why the Professor's Chickens Died, One After the Other.

This may not be new, but it was new to the reporter who overheard it on a Boston car, so it is likely that there are others who have never heard it. The young man who told it was evidently a collegian, as was his companion:

"I heard a good one on Prof. ——, of Andover," he said.

"What was it?" queried the other.

"Well, you know he was married during the winter and went to housekeeping just outside the village. Last spring he thought he would add a few hens to his stock; he already had a dog. He set a couple of hens, and in time had two large broods of chickens. He was very proud of them, but in a week or so the chickens began to die. He called in a neighbor to look at the chickens and offer advice. They were certainly n pretty scaly lot of chickens that the neighbor viewed. They were skinny looking and apparently without ambition.

"'What did yer feed 'em?' asked the neighbor, after a brief survey.

"'Feed them?' responded the professor, as though he didn't hear aright. 'Why, I don't feed them anything. I thought the old hens had milk enough for them.'"

WATERING POULTRY.

How It Can Be Done in a Cleanly and Effective Manner.

Watering a large flock of poultry can be accomplished in a cleanly manner by carrying a pailful of water to the poultry quarters and inverting it in a pan, as shown in the sketch. This prevents the fowls getting into the water, while the water is let down as fast as needed. A couple of sticks should be laid across the bottom of the pan or a hole made in the pail an inch from the top, that the

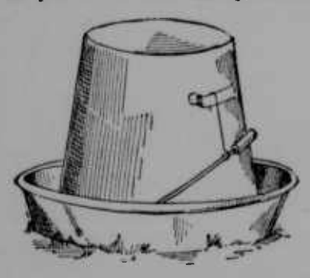

water may rise in the pan. With this arrangement there is little danger of the hens upsetting the water dish, which in cold weather makes such trouble in the poultry house. Moreover in cold weather a pail of water will keep warm much longer when inclosed in this way—an important advantage. —American Agriculturist.

Cost of Handling Ear Corn.

A gentleman from the country says that the cost of carrying ear corn one year, or longer, is probably greater than many figure it, on account of the shrinkage. For instance, the cost of 1,000 bushels of corn at 21 cents is $210; interest at 7 per cent. for a year, $14.70; expense of crib, $20; cost of the corn at the end of one year, $244.70. But it is estimated that the shrinkage will amount to 20 per cent., or 200 bushels; therefore, there will remain but 800 bushels to sell. So $244.70 actually represents the cost of 800 bushels at the end of one year, or a fraction over 30 cents a bushel, without figuring anything for insurance or risk in holding—showing that 21 cents now is equal to about 30 cents a bushel one year from now.—Farmers' Review.

The Best Ration for Horses.

Bulletin 20, of North Dakota station, details experiments with various winter rations for horses. These trials prove that chopped wheat is a good ingredient of a mixed ration, but not a good ration to feed alone. Also, the bran and shorts mixed in equal weights are nearly equal to oats. Also, that low grade and even rejected wheat makes better horse feed than the best grades, because richer in nitrogen. With oats at 15 cents per bushel, bran and shorts are worth ten dollars per ton; with oats at 25 cents, bran and shorts are worth $15 per ton, for horse feed.

ORIENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

Seek not every quality in one individual.—Shoo King (bk. ii.); Keum (ch. xii.).

To see what is right and not do it, is want of courage.—Confucian An., Wei Ching (ch. xxiv.).

Beware. What proceeds from you will return to you again.—Mencius, King Hwny (pt. ii., ch. xii.).

Great as heaven and earth are, men still find things in them with which to be dissatisfied. — Doctrine of the Mean (ch. xii.).

In ancient times men learned with a view to their own improvement. Now-a-days men learn with a view to the approbation of others.—Confucian An., Heen Wan (ch. xxv.).

A poor man, though living in the crowded mart, no one will notice; a rich man, though dwelling amid the remote hills, his distant relatives will visit.—Confucian Proverb of Foo Chow.

The man who, in view of gain, thinks of righteousness; who, in the view of danger, is prepared to give up his life; and who does not forget an old agreement, however far back it extends—such a man may be reckoned a complete man.—Confucian An., Heen Wan (ch. xiii.).

THE UNUSUAL AND QUEER.

Horses sold at auction in Chillicothe, Mo., a few days ago at eight dollars apiece.

George F. McQuillan, of Portland, Me., has a cherry tree on which a pear grew last year. A pear tree stands close to the cherry tree.

A corporation has been formed at Des Moines, Ia., "to insure banks against burglary and the loss of money in transit."

Georgia jokers are having much fun over the recent Honey-Mooney wedding in Rome, Ga., where Mr. William Honey was married to Miss Mattie Mooney.

Doylestown (Pa.) people were treated to a novel sight several days ago, when a coach passed through the borough with a little red pig trotting along behind like the proverbial yellow dog.

On one of the calmest forenoons recently two Peak's Island (Me.) fishermen were startled by the sudden descent upon them, while in White Head passage, of a whirlwind of sufficient force to lift the bow of their boat fairly out of the water. It lasted hardly half a minute.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

A safety purse, for ladies' use, has been invented. It has two straps, one to be connected with a ring on the finger, and the other to be attached to the wrist. It cannot be dropped or wrenched away.

A waterproof fabric to prevent the rotting of the cover of umbrellas by the rusting of the framework, the fabric being placed between the cover and the topnotch joints, has been invented.

By the side of the Scientific American now appears the Scientific African, a monthly journal of South African science, arts and crafts. It marks in a surprising way the extent to which the white man has established his civilization in the dark continent.

She Didn't Want Them to Fight.

I was going along a bridle path in West Virginia when I heard a young man and young woman talking earnestly:

"I don't want yo' all to fout," said the girl.

"But yo' done promised to marry the one thet whopped," remonstrated her escort.

"I don't keer. I didn't think no way."

"Well, maybe neither of us'll get shot."

"I don't keer."

"If one got killed, you'd marry 'other?"

"Yaas."

"An' ef both got killed thar's plenty more wants yo'."

"Yaas, thar's Sam, an' I think a heap of Sam. But that ain't it. S'posin' one gits killed and tother gits crippled so he kaint tote water from the spring? You've both done promised to tote the water if I marry yo'. Kaint yo' all play keards, fer I kaint abide to marry a cripple no how, and I'd be bound if yo' all had the fout."

"Well, I'll see Tom, but I'm afeard he kin beat me at keards, but I kin outshoot 'im sho'."—Philadelphia Times.

A MAN'S life is an appendix to his heart.—South.

JOYS are our wings, sorrows are our spurs.—Richter.

AN ounce of prevention is worth a ton of reform.—Truth.

"HOW WAS the bride given away?" "By her complexion."—Chicago Record.

KNOWLEDGE of all avails the human kind for all beyond the grave are joys of mind.—Hogg.

HE who always prefaces his talk with laughter is poised between impertinence and folly.—Lavater.

THERE is nothing quite so tiresome as the person with an acquired taste for classical music.—Washington Post.

LITTLE troubles are as distressing as big ones. A man will run from a hornet as swiftly as he will from a lion.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

WHEN a man boasts that he has done Europe he usually means that Europe has done him.—Philadelphia Record.

AS MAMMA SAW IT: Mrs. Youngloye—"See this beautiful ring John brought me." Mrs. Oldbird—"What's he been up to now?" —Puck.

THE road to Heaven is so narrow that some people have about decided there is not room for two at a time.—Atlanta Constitution.

A LIGHTNING stroke—that given by the grocer when he scoops off the quarter of an ounce over from your pound of coffee.—Boston Transcript.

UNFORTUNATELY, some young men have to be pulled while they are green.—Galveston News.

LIBERALITY does not consist so much in giving a great deal as in giving seasonably. —La Mierre.

DIPLOMACY consists largely in backing down with dignity when you have gone too far.—Puck.

ROD AND GUN.

Maine's game commissioners estimate that fully 4,000 deer have been killed in the Maine woods this season.

A skate measuring five feet ten inches in length and four feet two inches from fin to fin, and weighing 90 pounds, was taken by hook and line in San Francisco bay the other day. It was the largest fish of the kind ever caught thereabouts, and it took half an hour of pulling and hauling by half a dozen men to land it.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

[SEAL] A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"THIS is leap year, I know," said the maid; "but I do not think I could so far forget my maidenly modesty as to propose to a man. Yet—" "Yet what?" asked the youth, seeing she hesitated. "I might jump at an offer if it were made to me."—N. Y. Herald.

When Nature

Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company.

AN EMBARRASSING QUESTION.—Schoolmaster (to new boy)—"What is your father by trade?" Boy (perplexed)—"I haven't to tell." S.—"But you must." B. (after a great deal of hesitation)—"Please, sir, he's the bearded woman at the circus."—Almanach Amusant.

Cheap Excursions to the West and Northwest.

On March 10 and April 7, 1896, the North-Western Line (Chicago & Northwestern R'y) will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets at very low rates to a large number of points in Northern Wisconsin, Michigan, Northwestern Iowa, Western Minnesota, Nebraska, North Dakota and South Dakota, including the famous Black Hills district. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address W. B. KNISKERN, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

A TIMID HOUSEKEEPER.—Mrs. Newed—"We will have to have a speaking tube from the dining-room to the kitchen." Mr. Newed—"Why?" Mrs. Newed—"Well, I must get some way of talking to the cook without having her throw dishes at me."—Truth.

To California in Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars.

The Burlington Route (C., B. & Q. R. R.) runs personally conducted excursions to California, leaving Chicago every Wednesday. Through cars to California destination, fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, bedding, toilet rooms, etc.; every convenience. Special agent in charge. Route via Denver and Salt Lake. Sunshine all the way. Write for descriptive pamphlet to T. A. Grady, Excursion Manager, 211 Clark St., Chicago.

PEDANTRY crams our heads with learned lumber, and takes out our brains to make room for it.—Colton.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is the name of an illustrated monthly newspaper published by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R. It aims to give information in an interesting way about the farm lands of the West. Send 25 cents in postage stamps to the Corn Belt, 209 Adams St., Chicago, and the paper will be sent to your address for one year.

THUS grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure, marry'd in haste, we may repent at leisure.—Congreve.

THERE is money to be made in Cripple Creek. When you go take the "Rock Island Route" to Colorado Springs. This is the only direct line—saves several hours' time to Cripple Creek. Send for full information. JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

HE—"At times I lose myself." She (bored to death)—"How?"—Detroit Tribune.

THE well known firm of newspaper advertising agents, Alden & Faxon, Cincinnati, Ohio, will hereafter be known as the Frank H. Alden & Sons Company, being composed of Frank H. Alden and his two sons, Frank W. and Clarence H. Alden.

THE noblest motive is the public good.—Virgil.

FITS stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

OPINION, a sovereign mistress of effects. —Shakespeare.

EXPLOSIONS of Coughing are stopped by Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Price's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

LET them obey that know not how to rule. —Shakespeare.

MUD-MADE MEN.

Thousands Rejuvenated in 1895—Remarkable Vitalizing Power of the Famous Magno-Mud Cure and Lithia Water Baths.

INDIANA MINERAL SPRINGS, Ind., Jan. [Special]—During the year 1895 a large number of physicians from all over the country have personally investigated the remarkable natural combination of cures found here for rheumatism, kidney and nervous diseases. This treatment, consisting of the Magno-Mud Cure and Magno-Lithia Baths, taken in connection with the drinking of Magno-Lithia water, has been found by the profession to be the most remarkable and successful remedial power as yet discovered. The end of the year brought reports from many eminent medical men, a number of whom have discussed and recommended the cure in the leading medical journals.

Since the accidental discovery of the virtues of Magno-Mud and Lithia water four years ago, this little valley has become world famous. A big hotel has been built with all modern improvements, electric light, steam heat, and directly connected with a large bath-house especially constructed for the requirements of Magno-Mud and Lithia Water Baths. People in search of rest, health and pleasure from all over the United States have come in numbers to tax the capacity of the establishment and have gone to help spread the fame of the cure.

The proprietors, the Indiana Springs Co., have opened offices at 105 Hudson St., New York City, and 45 Randolph St., Chicago, where all detailed information can be obtained concerning location, whether personal or by letter.

"THESE are your heaviest wraps to wear [illegible] a-skating go,
[illegible]gh for frost you do not care;
[illegible]reak the fall, you know.
—Washington Star.

A Spring Trip South.

On April 7 and 21, and May 5, tickets will be sold from principal cities, towns and villages of the north, to all points on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida and a portion of Kentucky, at one single fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good to return within twenty-one days, on payment of $2 to agent at destination, and will allow stop-over at any point on the south bound trip. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

MRS. GUMMY (with deep curiosity)—"O Mrs. Glanders! Do tell me about Mrs. Ten spot's scandal, won't you?" Mrs. Glanders—"My dear, it is not nearly so dreadful as you hope."—Judge.

Home Seekers Excursions.

In order to give everyone an opportunity to see the Western Country and enable the home seekers to secure a home in time to commence work for the season of 1896, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y has arranged to run a series of four home seekers excursions to various points in the West, North-West and South-West on the following dates: March 10, April 7 and 21 and May 5, at the low rate of two dollars more than ONE FARE for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address Geo. H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

"SOME folks," said Uncle Eben, "doan' 'pear ter take no pride in speakin' de truf 'ceppin' when it gwine ter hurt somebody's feelin's."—Washington Star.

An Idle Scavenger.

The bowels act the part of a scavenger, inasmuch as they remove much of the debris, the waste effete matter of the system. When they grow idle, neglectful of duty, it is of the utmost importance that they should be impelled to activity. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters effects this desirable object without griping them like a drastic purgative. The Bitters is also efficacious for malaria, bilious, dyspeptic and kidney trouble.

DINGUS—"By the way, Shadbolt, talking of those X rays—" Shadbolt (sheering off)—"No use, Dingus. You'll make no X raise from me this time."—Chicago Tribune.

For St. Paul and Minneapolis.

The "North-Western Limited," sumptuously equipped with buffet, smoking and library cars, regular and compartment sleeping cars, and luxurious dining cars, leaves Chicago via the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y) at 6:30 p. m. daily, and arrives at destination early the following morning. All principal ticket agents sell tickets via this popular route.

HE surely is in want of another's patience who has none of his own.—Lavater.

NO SAFER OR MORE EFFICACIOUS REMEDY can be had for Coughs, or any trouble of the throat, than "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*"

IF a man is endued with a generous mind, this is the best kind of nobility.—Plato.

WE think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs.—JENNIE PINCKARD, Springfield, Ills., Oct. 1, 1894.

FARM LANDS for Sale.

In the states of Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky. Land Excursions from the North-west to Southern R'y Points April 7 and 21 and May 5. Detailed information with maps and descriptive pamphlets will be sent free upon application to M. V. Richards, Land Agent Southern Railway, Washington, D. C. He will also send to any address free, a 16-page journal "THE SOUTHERN FIELD," which should be read by every Northern family.

"I am sixty years of age and from girlhood have been familiar with the name of Ayer..... Five years ago, I become nervous, sleepless, and lost flesh. I took a variety of medicines without benefit. At last I began a course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I became stronger, gained flesh, and*

"A Word in Season"

The season is Spring,—Spring when you call on your body for all its energy, and tax it to the limit of effort. Does it answer you when you call? Does it creep unwillingly to work? It's the natural effect of the waste of winter. So much for the season. Now for the word. If you would eat heartily, sleep soundly, work easily, and feel like a new being, take

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

* This testimonial will be found in full in Ayer's "Curebook" with a hundred others. Free. Address J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

It's Pure

Walter Baker & Co.'s Cocoa is Pure—it's all Cocoa—no filling—no chemicals.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

KNOCK THE SPOTS OUT. A sore spot, green, black, or blue, is a **BRUISE** Use ST. JACOBS OIL and watch the color fade, the soreness disappear. IT IS MAGICAL.

"No wonder poor Dinnie's so tired, carrying all day that great big piece of

BattleAx PLUG

No matter how much you are charged for a small piece of other brands, the chew is no better than "Battle Ax." For 10 cents you get almost twice as much as of other high grade goods. The 5 cent piece is nearly as large as other 10 cent pieces of equal quality.

150000 Copies of Demorest's Magazine

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS? THAT MEANS THAT 70,000 more SUBSCRIBERS have been Added to its LIST since Oct. 1st, 1895! Why is this? Because in its improved form it has no equal as a magazine for the family circle.

DEMOREST'S Is Actually a Dozen Magazines in One.

It is a Review for the studious man or woman; a Digest of Current Events and Ideas for the busy man or woman; a Storehouse of Interest for all.

DEMOREST'S for 1896 will chronicle every Important Event of Daily Life and Everything New in Art, Science, Mechanics, Politics, Adventure, Exploration and Discovery, always with profuse illustrations. It will contain a wealth of superbly illustrated papers on general topics, applying to all classes and conditions, instructive and delightful to everybody; and, in addition, it will publish the best and purest fiction from the pens of acknowledged geniuses of the world.

DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE has THE BEST AND MOST PRACTICAL FASHION DEPARTMENT of any magazine published.

Through DEMOREST'S you can obtain all the Cut Paper Patterns of any kind and size that the members of a household can possibly require; for each number contains a Pattern Order good for one pattern if 4 cents be sent for postage, or from 1 to 30 additional patterns may be obtained on it by sending 4 cents for each extra pattern. This Pattern Department alone, at the lowest estimate, is worth from $3 to $5 a year to every subscriber.

FOR ONE DOLLAR ($1.00)

We will send you DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE postpaid from APRIL to NOVEMBER, 1896 (seven months), and in addition will mail you FREE OF CHARGE, as a premium, a copy of De Longpre's Beautiful Water-Color "Chrysanthemum" picture (size 12x28 inches). This is an exquisite reproduction of this famous flower piece and is so well executed that none but an expert can tell it from the original painting which, by the way, cost $1,000.

CUT HERE, AND RETURN COUPON PROPERLY FILLED OUT.

DEMOREST PUBLISHING CO., 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

DEAR SIR:—For the enclosed $1.00, please send DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE to the address below, for seven months, from April to October, 1896, both inclusive. Also De Longpre's Water-color "Chrysanthemum" picture, and the other works of art that are to be published with DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE during the year.

Name, ...

P. O., ...

State, ...

Date, ...

WE MAKE THE MOST HEATED AND REG 100 EGGS CAPACITY. EASILY ULATED

..HATCHERS AND BROODERS..

In the market. We can send you a COMPLETE OUTFIT FOR $15.00. Two stamps will get you CIRCULAR AND CATALOGUE No. 24. Cut this out and send to INVINCIBLE HATCHER COMPANY, SPRINGFIELD, Ohio.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

WE HAVE NO AGENTS

but sell direct to the consumer at wholesale prices. Ship anywhere for examination before sale. Everything warranted. 100 styles of Carriages, 90 styles of Harness, 41 styles Riding Saddles. Write for catalogue.

W. B. PRATT, Secy. ELKHART CARRIAGE & HARNESS MFG CO. ELKHART, IND.

LATEST and BEST WELL DRILLING MACHINES 100 feet to 2000 ft.

LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.

I LOVE YOU YET

By America's Great Song Writer, George N. Rosenfeld, is the prettiest song ever written. Ask your music dealer to show it to you, or send 25 cts. in stamps, which is just half price, to CHARLES W. HELD, Publisher, 208 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and he will mail it to you.

OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA. MENTION THIS PAPER every time you write

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, March 30, 1896.

Speaker Reed can certainly afford to smile at the Democratic stories of that "revolt" of the House against him. The aforesaid "revolt" consisted of the House voting to devote a day to the consideration of private bills on the calendar, instead of following the advice of Chairman Cannon, of the Appropriation committee and going ahead with the sundry civil appropriation bill. Speaker Reed had no more to do with the matter than the reader of this paragraph, and the only reason for the vote was that many of the members realizing, especially since the offering of Senator Platt's resolution for adjournment on May 2, that the session is rapidly drawing to a close, were anxious to try to get action upon private bills in which they are interested. That is all there was to it.

The Cuban business will be finished, so far as Congress is concerned, as soon as the House accepts the conference report in favor of the House adopting the Senate resolution instead of its own. The change was made because it became clear that there was an intention on the part of a few Senators to prevent a vote being taken on the original conference report, which was in favor of the House resolutions being adopted as a substitute for those of the Senate. There will probably be some talk on the subject in the House, but no protracted debate is agreed to. If those who are assuming the right to speak for Mr. Cleveland know what they are talking about, the resolution will not be of any material benefit to the Cubans.

The sentiment of the Republicans in Congress is practically unanimous in favor of passing the appropriation bills and adjourning as early as possible, it having been fully demonstrated that no other important legislation can be gotten through at this session.

Secretary Hoke Smith may find when he returns from his present Georgia crusade against the free silver senatorial candidacy of Ex-Speaker Crisp that he has got mixed up in an ugly scandal. Just before he left Washington he issued orders reducing Sergeant Perry and Captain Watson, of the Pension Bureau watch, and their friends intimate that the reduction is a punishment for not doing what some of Secretary Smith's friends wanted done, rather than for any neglect of duty. It is reported that Senator Voorhees and Turpie, of Indiana, who although they are Democrats are not in love with Secretary Smith and his methods, particularly those relating to Pension Office matters, will take up the cases of the reduced men and get them justice if they have to have the whole business investigated by a Congressional committee.

Ex-Senator Warner Miller, of New York, told the House commerce committee that the Nicaraguan canal company, of which he is President had never asked Congress for aid and was not now asking for aid. He said that all the company asked from Congress was a definite answer as to the position this government intended to occupy in the matter, and that if the government didn't want to control the canal and would say so, the company could get private capital to carry out its plan, but that it could do nothing while the attitude of this government was uncertain.

Congressmen were reminded of the adage "Go away from home to hear the news", when a telegram from Mass. was published in a local paper saying that a Democratic member of the House, now in that state, was authority for the statement that Mr. Cleveland had written a letter announcing his desire to retire to private life and positively stating that he would not allow his name to go before the Chicago convention as a candidate. If he had stopped right there his story might have had some believers. But he killed everything by adding that it had been Mr. Cleveland's intention to publish that letter some time ago but he had been persuaded by members of the Democratic national committee to hold it a while longer. Now it is well known to every man and woman and even the children who have reached the age of discretion, that Mr. Cleveland has never, since he became President, been persuaded into doing or not doing anything.

The all absorbing topic whenever two or three Republicans are gathered together is the election of delegates to the St. Louis convention. The claims of nomination are not being so positively made by the friends of any of the candidates as they were a short time ago. It is now generally admitted that Gov. McKinley will have a good lead on the first ballot but that he will not have enough to nominate him. The conundrum that is most discussed is, will he gain after the first ballot? His supporters say he will, and his opponents that he will not, and both are ready to present argument to prove that they are right. Speaker Reed will be second in strength on the first ballot.

Elder.

Plenty of rain and mud.

Mr. Reuben Enlow's infant son is very ill at present.

Miss Maggie Cuppett, who was reported ill a few weeks since, is slowly improving in health.

Rev. McEndoe, of Ursina, Pa., preached a very interesting sermon to a large and attentive audience Monday night, the 30th.

Mr. Wm. Sterling, who has been teaching at the Jacob's school near Lonaconing returned home the 26th.

Mr. and Mrs. D. O. DeWitt, of Hoyes, were the guests of Mr. Isaiah Friend the 25th.

Mrs. Robert Sterling is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Arch Casteel, at Frazee Ridge at this writing.

Prayermeeting every Sunday night to which all are invited, especially the church members.

Mr. Clarence DeWitt, of Frostburg, is visiting friends in this vicinity.

H. K. Friend, Brother & Co., are engaged in building a tramroad for Clark & McCullough from the Brown & Frantz mill to the Elder Hill school house.

Rev. Skidmore preached an excellent sermon the night of the 28th to an attentive congregation.

Mrs. Adam Schlossnagle, of Oak Hill, was a caller at her old home the 26th.

Our Sunday school was reorganized the 29th and we think we have as good officers as could be found in the county and we are looking forward to having a good school this summer. There is no reason why we should not but the only way is for all to attend and help make the school a success.

TAM O'SHANTER.

A Newspaper Helps.

The effort of any newspaper to build up a town is practically nullified unless it is backed up by the business men. A stranger turns from the news columns of a paper to its advertising pages, and if he fails to find there the business cards of the merchants and professional firms, he comes to the conclusion that the publisher is not appreciated in which case it is a good place for him to keep clear of. No town ever grew without the active assistance of its newspaper. Nor can papers grow and build up their localities without the assistance of the town. Business men should realize this and to remember in giving support to the newspapers they are not only building up their own business, but helping to support that which is steadily working for the growth of the whole town.—Franklin Transcript.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

FOR SALE.—A town lot 60x160 feet, on Pennington street. Also a one horse sled. Apply to this office.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office opposite postoffice, OAKLAND, MD.
Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.
Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

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CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

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"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
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"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

A "JUNK SHOP,"
A "BLACKSMITH,"
"TWO-CENT APPLE BUTTER,"
"ROTTEN STOCK" and
A "HUNCHBACK,"

is a poor combination from which to expect a production of anything respectable in the job printing line.

A "junk shop" means a worn-out assortment of type, rules, etc.; a "blacksmith" is a bungle some printer; "two-cent apple butter" is synonymous of the poorest quality of printing ink; "rotten stock" is poor-made and cheap paper; a "hunchback" is a press which is so old that it has naturally worn out of shape and usage.

WE TAKE PRIDE

in our Job Printing Department, our skill and our materials: that's the reason why we do such splendid work.

A $5 BILL WILL

get a nice lot of letter heads and envelopes properly and appropriately printed.

IF you believe it, try it; IF you don't believe it, the more need to try it.

The Republican Job Department.

Is there a blot on your health?

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
will remove it.

GUARANTEE.

We will refund the purchase money to any person who takes *Brown's Iron Bitters* as directed and fails to be benefited if suffering from any of the following diseases: Dyspepsia, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Biliousness, Female Infirmities, Impure Blood, Weakness, Nervous Troubles, Headache and Neuralgia.

[SEAL] BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

THE NAME OF THE NEXT
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES
WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN
The New York Weekly Tribune,
OF NOVEMBER 4th, 1896.

Public interest will steadily increase, and the question how the men who votes turned the scale at the last election are satisfied with the results under the administration they elected, will make the campaign the most intensely exciting in the history of the country.

The New York Weekly Tribune,

the leading Republican family newspaper of the United States, will publish all the political news of the day, interesting to every American citizen regardless of party affiliations;

Also general news in attractive form, foreign correspondence covering the news of the world, an agricultural department second to none in the country, market reports which are recognized authority, fascinating short stories, complete in each number, the cream of the humorous papers, foreign and domestic, with their best comic pictures, fashion plates and elaborate descriptions of woman's attire, with a varied and attractive department of household interest. The "New York Weekly Tribune" is an ideal family paper, with a circulation than that of any other weekly publication in the country issued from the office of a daily. Large changes are being made in its details leading to give it greater life and variety, and especially more interest to the women and younger people of the household.

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PURE DRUGS,
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DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.
PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY,
DAY OR NIGHT.
PRICES REASONABLE.
JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.
31—26

SAMUEL LAWTON,
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Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.
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OAKLAND, MD.
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MATTING, OIL CLOTH,
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WALL PAPER
—AND—
GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.
REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.
11 1y

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT
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MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.
DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding
DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,
at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 99 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.
FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS.
Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.
Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.
38 13

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR
Monuments.
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AGENTS WANTED.
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COMING TO
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Don't fail to give NETHKEN BROS. a call.
GENERAL MERCHANDISE AND GROCERIES.
We also carry latest styles in Fall and Winter Millinery. Has trimmed to order.
NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.
Come and be convinced you do not have to pay two prices for your goods, because we sell for cash. Remember the place.
NETHKEN BROS,
Main Street,
DEER PARK, MD.
31—1yr

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.
I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.
Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

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Special attention given to real estate.
CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING.
Office in Boyer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

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Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

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DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
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Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
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Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by anerold barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26

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$50 REWARD.
I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Resl," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.
CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
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LAND FOR SALE!
I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," but better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of minerals; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.
All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.
Call on or address:
C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

ESTABLISHED MARCH 3, 1877. BENJ. H. SINCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOLUME 20 OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1896. NUMBER 5.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

FOR RENT. — Dwellings; five rooms; inquire at this office. 5-2

Mr. and Mrs. Perry E. White were visiting friends at Hutton Sunday.

Cashier Scott T. Jones was Washington, D. C., Friday last on business.

Mr. Merritt Wilson, of Wilson, was in the city last Friday and Saturday.

Mr. H. B. Sharps, of Wheeling, W. Va, spent Sunday in town with friends.

Rev. C. W. Baldwin, of Baltimore, was an Oakland visitor on Tuesday.

A pension has been granted to County Commissioner Ira E. Friend, of Friendsville.

Editor Litzinger was in Grafton last Friday on a visit to his father and other relatives.

Mr. Nathan C. Browning, of Sang Run, was in the city last Saturday on business.

Hon. T. R. Carskadon, of Keyser, W. Va., was registered at the Glades on Tuesday.

Mr. Henry Kamp, of Accident, was here Monday and made this office a very pleasant visit.

County Commissioners' meeting Tuesday, the 14th inst., when the annual levy will be made.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Crane, of Kingwood, are in Oakland as the guests of the editor and wife.

Mr. H. H. Mansbach, of Cumberland, was here a day or two this week looking up trade.

Messrs. Geo. T. Brew and Chas. M. Miller, of Swanton, were business visitors to Oakland on Monday.

Dr. J. Lee McComas was called to Cumberland Monday professionally to visit Mrs. L. C. Roessler.

Mrs. M. E. Davis has received her new stock of spring and summer millinery. 4-2*

Mr. W. Z. Grove, of Selbysport, spent Sunday in Oakland as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Grove.

On Friday last Mr. Nathan C. Browning was appointed postmaster at Sang Run vice J. Alvin Friend, resigned.

Dr. John E. Legge, of the Maryland Medical College, is home for the summer vacation, having arrived last Friday night.

Good Friday was observed in Oakland by the bank and post office being closed and services in St. Mark's church at night.

Hon. George C. Sturgiss, of Morgantown, W. Va., was here a day or two this week visiting his brother, Col. A. G. Sturgiss.

Mr. L. Stoddard has rented Mr. G. W. Delawder's residence on Second street and will move into it about the 15th inst.

Mr. Ed Smouse, recently of Mt. Lake Park, is preparing to erect a dwelling house on a lot he recently purchased in the west end of town.

Mr. John Shartzer has relaid the platform abutting on Liberty street which was destroyed by fire at the time his store building was burned.

A ball was given on Monday night in Offutt's Hall by the members of the A. O. H. of Oakland. Dancing was indulged in until the early hours of morning.

Good agents wanted to make $10 per day. Good territory in West Virginia and Maryland. Address, P. O. Box 112, Mountain Lake Park, Md. 4-6

Mrs. P. L. Merrifield is prepared to do cutting, fitting and fashionable dress making; also all kinds of sewing, at her residence opposite B. & O. depot. 2-4t*.

Dr. T. E. Bullard will be at Mrs. Phillips' place, near Oak Hall, for a few weeks, prepared to do all kinds of dental work. Artificial teeth inserted by the latest method. Painless extracting. 2-4.

Mrs. Henry E. Felty, who has been extremely ill for a number of weeks, is recovering, and hopes are entertained by her friends and relatives for her complete restoration to health.

Sunday was a beautiful day and afforded the young ladies an opportunity to display all that is new in the millinery line. The young gentlemen also displayed the latest in spring attire.

Misses Maggie and May Browning entertained quite a number of their friends at a party Monday night last. Dancing and games were indulged in, after which refreshments were served.

We have just received from the manufacturers another large lot of stationery and envelopes which we are running out at low figures for the class of work furnished our customers. Give us a call.

Messrs. Hamill & Little, the wide awake merchants of Oak and Third streets, are having a ware house erected in the rear of their store building in which they will carry a line of agricultural implements.

Mr. and Mrs Henry Weber, jr., spent Easter with relatives at Lonaconing, Allegany county. Mr. Weber returned to his home Monday, Mrs. Weber remaining at Lonaconing where she will visit for several days.

Rev. Henry P. Hamill, president of the Staunton Female Seminary, is here on a visit to his mother and other relatives. Mr. Hamill preached to the congregation of St. Paul's church Sunday night, the edifice being crowded to the doors.

Mr. William Bray, residing about five miles north-west of Oakland, suffered a stroke of paralysis last Sunday. His speech and whole right side were effected. At this time, however, he has partially recovered the use of the articulation organs.

Call and get our special low prices for 1896 on Fertlizers for cash or produce. Also wagons, buggies, harrows, plows, etc., timothy and clover seed. Sewing machines at less than half the usual prices Offutt & Son. 3-2.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Messrs. D. E. Offutt & Son will remodel the fronts of their store building as soon as the weather will permit. The lower story will be almost entirely of plate glass. An improvement will also be made in arrangements of the interior of the building.

DANA'S Sarsaparilla is not only the *best* of all remedies for the Nerves, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Blood; *but if no benefit, you can get you money back.* The same guarantee applies to DANA'S Pills, Cough Syrup and Plasters. For sale by DeWitt & Ferguson, Sang Run, Md. 3-3m.

At Wheeling, W. Va., Thursday morning Mrs. Emma F. Brown, daughter of the late Gen. H. F. Feeney and a cousin of the late Col. W. P. Thompson, president of the Ohio River Railroad Company, was killed by an electric motor on Main street while attempting to cross in front of the car. She was fifty years of age.

Last Friday night Mr. and Mrs. Gilmor S. Hamill entertained a number of the young ladies and gentlemen of Oakland at their residence on Liberty street in honor of their guest, Prof. John T. Edwards, principal of the Allegany County Academy, who was making them a visit. Dancing and other amusements were indulged in, after which delicious refreshments were served.

Those who are troubled with rheumatism should try a few applications of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, rubbing the parts vigorously at each application. If that does not bring relief dampen a piece of flannel with Pain Balm and bind it on over the seat of pain and prompt relief will surely follow. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

For Sale.

A cottage containing 7 rooms, attic and cellar. Has a well of good water upon the premises, and an acre of land attached. Purchaser can have the choice of more land up to two acres. Will sell cheap and on good terms. Situated opposite Mt. Lake Park on Oakland road. Mt. Lake Park, is a good market for vegetables and poultry. Apply to F. P. Arnold, Mt. Lake Park, Garrett county, Md. 50-13t.

DANA'S Sarsaprilla is not only the *best* of all remedies for the Nerves, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, and Blood; *but if no benefit, you can get your money back.* The same guarantee applies to DANA'S Pills, Cough Syrup and Plasters. For sale by Dr. J. W. Laughlin, agent, Deer Park. 4-13t.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of Messrs. A. C. Rawlings & Co., seedsmen, of Floyd, this county. This firm has been in business but a short time and have built up a very lucrative trade among the citizens of a section of this county. The bargains they offer in their advertisement should bring them large returns.

Capt. J. M. Jarboe, W. M. of Oakland Lodge A. F. & A. M., and his estimable wife, entertained the members at their residence last Saturday evening. Twelve members of the lodge were present. Light refreshments consisting of ice cream, cake, fruit, etc., were served with a bountiful hand, all of which was enjoyed very greatly by the guests. Those present were Messrs. S. T. Jones, Dr. E. H. Bartlett, John Shartzer, James Andrews, Geo. A. Spedden, R. I. Anderson, Gilmor S. Hamill, E. J. Fringer, Chas. J. Newman, Robert C. Townshend, H. J. Frear and Benj. H. Sincell.

During the winter of 1893, F. M. Martin, of Long Reach, West Va., contracted a severe cold which left him with a cough. In speaking of how he cured it he says: "I used several kinds of cough syrup but found no relief until I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which relieved me almost instantly, and in a short time brought about a complete cure." When troubled with a cough or cold use this remedy and you will not find it necessary to try several kinds before you get relief. It has been in the market for over twenty years and constantly grown in favor and popularity. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park, for 25 and 50 cents per bottle.

Dixon & Kelso will exchange clover and timothy seed for oats. 2-4t

For Sale Cheap.

1 Model 40 Columbia Bicycle, 1 No. 1 Hartford Bicycle, 1 Boy's Hartford Bicycle; all 1895 models and practically as good as new.

S. T. JONES,
Oakland, Md.

An Affidavit.

This is to certify that on May 11th, I walked to Melick's drug store on a pair of crutches and bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm for inflammatory rheumatism which had crippled me up. After using three bottles I am completely cured. I can cheerfully recommend it.—Charles H. Wetzel, Sunbury, Pa.

Sworn and subscribed fo before me on August 10, 1894.—Walter Shipman, J. P. For sale at 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Only 50 Cents

For a regular dollar size bottle of sarsaparilla, guaranteed to contain the purest and best combination for the renovation of the blood and building of the system—a splendid appetizer. Manufactured at Oakland Pharmacy. 4-4

Spring Time Is Here,

And it is very important that you take some good blood medicine to eradicate disease and tone the system. You will find Harned's Sarsaparilla just what you need. Large bottles, small dose; price to suit the times—only 50 cents. For sale at Oakland Pharmacy. 4-4

Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

This is the best medicine in the world for bowel complaints. It acts quickly and can always be depended upon. When reduced with water it is pleasant to take. Try it, and like many others you will recommend it to your friends. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

Junior Epworth League Entertainment Extraordinary.

The Junior Epworth League of St. Paul's M. E. church will give its first public entertainment next Tuesday evening, April 14th, in the church. Great care has been taken in drilling and training the children, and an entertainment of rare merit may be expected. The exercises will consist of recitations, singing, concert recitations, drills, marches, etc. About sixty children will participate. The Juniors will charge an admission of ten cents. The proceeds will be used by them to advance the interests of the church and league. The children and their teachers will be glad to see all of their friends at this their first appearance before the public.

Annual Easter Ball.

The famous old hostelry, the Glades Hotel, in Oakland, was alive with mirth and music on last Tuesday night upon which occasion the young men of Oakland gave their annual Easter ball.

The occasion was heartily enjoyed by all those whose good fortune it was to be present and emphasized the fact that the young gentlemen who had charge of the arrangements understood perfectly well all those essential points that go to make perfection.

The ball room was tastefully decorated with flags and buntings from floor to ceiling and was pronounced by many as being the prettiest and most appropriate decoration yet seen at any of the numerous Easter balls given here.

It is conceded by all that the daughters of Maryland are fair to look upon, and truly none are more so than those who gathered Tuesday night to share the pleasure provided by those of the opposite sex.

About twenty-five couples were present, among them being quite a number from a distance. We have been furnished a list of the ladies and gentlemen in attendance, as follows:

Mrs. J. M. Crane, garnet velvet and silk with bead trimming, Mrs. P. J. Crogan, white corded silk with lace, and Mrs. W. B. Parkhurst, white silk and chiffon, Kingwood, W. Va.,; Miss Fitz-Gerald, pale blue silk crepe with velvet and lace trimming, and Miss Alma Fitz Gerald, pale pink silk with chiffon trimming, Terra Alta.; Miss Minnie West, Keyser, W. Va., pale blue satin with net drapery; Miss Shaw, of Moscow, Md., pale pink silk and white roses.

Oakland and vicinity.—Miss Carrie Browning, black silk, pink roses; Miss Nellie Browning, black silk, jet trimming and red roses; Mrs. H. C. Sincell, pale green organdie, pink roses; Miss Carrie Bartlett, white organdie, lace trimming; Miss Hattie Bartlett, white organdie, red roses; Miss Jennie Johnson, pale blue silk, net drapery, red roses; Miss Anna Townshend, nile green, swiss drapery, pink roses; Miss Button, white organdie, blue ribbons and lace, with pink roses; Miss Weber, white india silk, American Beauty roses; Miss Lizzie Weber, white mull, lace trimming, with violets; Miss Bertie Bover, yellow crepe, bride roses; Miss Nettie Michaels, yellow mull, yellow roses; Misses Gracia and Helen Bartlett, black skirts, red silk waists, white roses; Misses Annie and Daisy Grant, white mull with white roses; Miss Margaret Sincell, pale blue organdie; Miss Belle Browning, white lawn, purple ribbons and violets; Miss Florence Fay, white swiss over pale pink, pink roses. Mrs. Dr. Bartlett, Mrs. Richard West, Mrs. Truman West and many others were present.

The gentlemen in attendance were Messrs. Crane, Crogan and Parkhurst, of Kingwood; Mr. Mortimer Southard, of Baltimore; Hamill Spedden, Chas. Tower, Chas. Bosley, Bowie Johnson, H. C. Sincell, Geo. Fleming, Will and George Weber, Ed. Offutt, Semmes and Stewart Hamill, Harper Bartlett, Harry Lowenstine, F. E. Merrill, Eugene Hart and others.

The music was furnished by an orchestra from Frostburg.

A collation of the choicest dainties of the season, besides many substantials, was served about midnight by Mr. West, proprietor of the Glades, which was enjoyed to the utmost.

The party did not disperse until nearly four o'clock yesterday morning when the sweet strains of "Home, Sweet Home," broke upon the ear and the merry dancers with many sweet remembrances of the night they had enjoyed went home and to bed, there to dream again the scenes of the enjoyable occasion.

A Gretna-Green Incident.

Oakland has come into prominence as the Mecca toward which all West Virginia's fond lovers turn their steps when stern parents frown upon their "love's young dream."

Last Tuesday night when the iron horse rushed steaming into the station a couple from the wilds of Webster county, W. Va., dismounted and began a search for the "clerk who keeps licenses to sell." Their search was unavailing, so perforce they went to the hotel, Glades, where the bachelors of Oakland were entertaining their friends. The genial host invited the maid and youth to enter the ball room, and many a *Mecca* maiden cast envious glances at the fair bride elect adorned with her wreath of orange blossoms, but the "Romeo by his Juliet's side" plainly expressed his preference, and though many would have been charmed to dance with the bride-to-be they feared to encounter the sturdy mountaineer's wrath, so ere long the couple, hand in hand like the babes in the wood, wandered away and were lost to sight, though to memory dear. We follow in imagination on their return to the mountains to face stern but no longer shot gun father and brothers, to whom they will relate the wonders they saw when they "was to the city of Oakland where they had 'lectric lights that you couldn't blow out, an' the gals hadn't any idee it was cold, 'cause they had low cut necks and short sleeves in their white dresses, white shoes and stockings, and had on roses and johnny jump-ups, and the fellers wore spike tail coats that were too small to button together and jest showed the whole front of their biled shirts, and their boots was peaked as a hickory stick and greased till they shined like a new tin pie plate."

The clerk was found yesterday morning at his office, who smilingly issued the license to the couple, and who later in the dry were joined in wedlock by one of Oakland's ministers.

Approved by the Governor.

The following laws relating to Garrett county have been approved by Governor Lowndes:

Amending the charter of the community of Mt. Lake Park.

Incorporating Loch Lynn Heights.

Providing for the election by ballot of the mine inspector for Garrett and Allegany counties.

Enabling the voters of any district in the county to determine by ballot as to the sale of liquors in the district.

Preventing hunting and fishing on lands without the consent of the owner.

Dividing the seventh election district into two precincts.

Easter In the Churches.

In St. Paul's M. E. church the morning services consisted of a special sermon, preached by the pastor, from the text found in Job 14:14. The sermon was a masterly effort and was listened to by a large congregation The special feature of the Sunday school, held in the afternoon, was a good sized missionary collection. In the evening Rev. Henry P. Hamill, of Staunton, Va., occupied the pulpit.

The morning service in St. Mark's Lutheran church consisted of a sermon by the pastor and the administration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. In the evening an elaborate program, consisting of readings, recitations and music, was carried out. A liberal collection was taken for the Church Extension Society. These meetings were attended by large congregations. The day was beautiful and Oakland seemed to turn out *en masse* to attend divine services.

In St. Peter's Catholic church the day was celebrated by High Mass and a sermon by the pastor, Rev. Romanus Mattingly, on the Resurrection. A special collection was taken for the benefit of St. Charles' college in Howard county.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

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We will give a thorough course of instruction in Double and Single Entry Book-keeping and Commercial Arithmetic, by mail,

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Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. C. SINE, PRESIDENT.

Church Notice.

In the absence of the pastor at the spring meeting of the Winchester Presbytery, meeting in Martinsburg, Rev. E. R. Leyburn will preach in the Garrett Memorial church Sunday morning and night, April 12th. Mr. Leyburn is a relative of the Dr. Leyburn, of Baltimore, who was requested by Mr. J. W. Garrett to dedicated this church.

Dead Letter List.

List of mail matter remaining unclaimed in the postoffice at Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, for the week ending April 11, 1896, the parties addressed being unknown to the postmaster.

Edmond Twigg	B. Savage
Bud. Heatherly	H. F. Fleming
S. A. Mollett	F. Crawford
John Calhoun	Richard Allen (Col'd.)
Mrs. Elin Miller	Mrs. Annie Dolson

Miss Mollie T. Fike.

One cent on each article is chargeable for advertising. Parties calling for this matter, will please say it is advertised, otherwise they may not receive it.

E. H. BARTLETT, Postmaster.

Obituary.

On Thursday morning, March the 19th, at the Bittinger post office, Mrs. H. V. Savage *nee* Lohr, died of a complication of diseases, aged 25 years, 8 months and 13 days. The funeral was conducted by Rev. Royer who preached an able sermon from the words, "What I do thou knowest not now but thou shall know hereafter." The interment was made in the Forks cemetery. She leaves a husband and son three years old and many friends to mourn their loss.

Yes, she is dead! No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain; so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God and waiting for the breath of life—not one who had lived and suffered death. Well may we exclaim with the poet:

"I know thou art gone to the land of thy rest;
Then why should my soul be so sad?
I know thou art gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad.
Where love has put off, in the land of its birth
The stain it had gathered in this;
And Hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,
Lies asleep in the bosom of bliss.

A FRIEND.

Bethlehem.

The first days of April have been somewhat wintry, but look more favorable now.

Mr. Jacob Moon has the measles in his family.

Mrs. Ida M. Wagner, of Keyser, is paying her father, Mr. Garrett V. Moon, a visit.

Mr. Albert Lee, who taught our school, started March 30th for California, Pa., where he will attend school for the next few months.

Farmers are now looking forward to the time of sowing and planting.

The passing winter has not seemed so long since the first snow fell, but since some of the farmers of this neighborhood began feeding a portion of their stock it has been quite a while; probably by the time feeding is ended it will measure up to about eight and one-half months.

Sugar making has been rather unfavorable up to this time.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

RIVALS AND PARTNERS.

BY THOMAS P. MONTFORT.

[Written for This Paper.]

MAGIC CITY already had one newspaper, and that seemed to be enough for a town of 250 population. It is true, Magic City was a place with great expectations, and there was probably not one man or woman in the town who was not sanguine that within a few years it would grow into a city of 20,000 or 30,000 people. But a newspaper cannot live and prosper on what a town expects to be, however great its expectations are.

The Magic City Breeze very sensibly and tersely expressed its views on the subject when it became known that another paper was to be established in the town. It said editorially:

"We are confident of the future of Magic City. There is no doubt but that it will become within a few years a great commercial center, teeming with business and thousands of population. We are proud of our town, as every Kansan is proud of his town, and we want to see it grow. We are ready and eager to welcome here every new enterprise that is calculated to add to our importance and growth. We want people, we want capital, we want business. But, to use a somewhat common and vulgar expression, we don't want to crowd the monkey! We don't want to bring business enterprises here that cannot possibly live. Such action is not only ruinous to the enterprises themselves, but it works a great injury to our town. If there was room here for another paper we would say let it come. We would be among the first to hold out a welcoming hand. But there is not room for another paper, and there will not be so long as we are compelled to run a feed store and meat market in connection with the Breeze in order to keep the paper alive."

Notwithstanding the remarks of the Breeze, the people of Magic City encouraged the new enterprise, and one day the very next week a wagon drove into town with an old army press and a small assortment of second-hand printing material and type. The stuff was set up in a little box cabin, and in due time the Magic City Maverick made its appearance.

The initial issue of the new paper was not much to look at, for, besides being exceedingly small, it was so poorly printed that a great deal of it was illegible. Its orthography was eccentric, and, to judge by the number of typographical errors, it was evident that no attempt had been made at proof reading.

The following issue of the Breeze, as is customary with country papers, gave its contemporary a notice in its editorial columns. It welcomed its rival to the town, hoped it would meet with success, and then rather caustically referred to its mechanical get-up. It intimated rather broadly that the Maverick editor would do better if he would go to school awhile and learn to spell. It also hinted that it might be a good idea for the Maverick man to invest in some type and material for printing a paper, since those were very good things to have and were usually considered quite essential in the newspaper business.

"It may do in some parts of the country," the Breeze concluded with a fine burst of sarcasm, "but in Kansas, and especially Magic City, the day has long since passed for a man to set up in the newspaper business with a sausage grinder and a couple of pounds of sixpenny nails and expect to succeed. Our contemporary will discover full soon how true this is."

The Breeze had very little room to talk, since its own appearance was not above reproach, and its typography and print were far from perfect. The Maverick had ample grounds on which to

"I HAVE JUST BEEN TO SEE MORRIS."

"come back" at its neighbor, and people generally supposed that it would. Its next issue was watched for with considerable interest, for almost everyone felt that a big newspaper fight was brewing and a great many were preparing to enjoy it.

However, when the Maverick came out again it was found to contain no reply to what the Breeze had said. This was a disappointment to the public, who wanted a sensation, as well as to the Breeze, who was eager for a fight. But the latter did not despair, and in its next issue made several facetious allusions to its new contemporary, some of which were so pointed and personal that it was thought the Maverick could not fail to reply. But these allusions, like the notice preceding them, passed unmentioned. The Maverick either feared or disdained its neighbor.

The Breeze grew bold and desperate and the following week indulged in bitter abuse. Still eliciting no response, it became more abusive yet, and not only spoke of the Maverick's disreputable appearance but remarked on the evident cowardice of its editor. Thus a month passed and then the editor of the Breeze became so emboldened that he penned and printed the following:

"The editor of the so-called newspaper down the street offers a direct insult to the people of Magic City when he foists upon them such a miserable apology for a paper as the Maverick is. For a man to attempt to force such a sheet on the public is a direct thrust at their intelligence and respectability, and he is guilty of an offense greater than those for which men have been tarred and feathered before now. What the past life of the Maverick man has been is something of a mystery, but it is evident that he fears exposure, else he would not remain silent under the poignant but truthful statements of the Breeze. At all events, he is an interloper here, and his publication is a shameful burlesque on decent journalism."

The people of Magic City knew very little about the editor of the Maverick, for he was not communicative on any subject, and he was especially reticent regarding himself. His name was Morris, and he was a man of middle age, and he had no family save a little son. That was about all anybody knew of him personally. He had come to Magic City from a small town 40 or 50 miles distant, where he had tried to establish a paper, but preceding that he had lived somewhere in the east, and no one in Magic City knew where.

The fifth number of the Maverick made its appearance in the form of a half-sheet. It was more poorly printed and worse blurred than usual, and its typographical errors were more numerous. The appearance of the paper clearly indicated that it was in hard straits, and the editor of the Breeze was highly elated. His rival would soon be out of his way, and once more he would have a clear field.

While the Breeze man was felicitating himself on his good fortune, one of his patrons and best friends dropped in to see him.

"Have you seen the last number of the Maverick?" the patron asked.

"Yes," the editor replied; "I was just looking it over. And I guess it is the last number."

"Yes, it's gone under, and you have a clear field again. I presume you will not shed many tears over your deceased rival?"

"No, not many," and the editor laughed as though he appreciated and enjoyed the joke. "I shall not weep a great deal, I'm sure."

"I should think not," the other replied, joining in the laugh. "But, by the way," he continued, directly, "don't you want a great bargain in the material in the Maverick office? I loaned Morris a little money on it not long since, and he can't pay it off, so the stuff will have to be sold. The debt is $25, and it will go for that, though it is worth four times as much. The loan will be due in ten days, and I am going to close it out. If you want the material you can get it, for there will be no one to bid against you."

"Good!" the editor of the Breeze said. "I need the material and I'll take it.

A week passed by and then there was a rumor to the effect that Morris was sick. The rumor reached the Breeze office and the editor made a four line local mention of it, but gave it no further consideration. He put on his hat and walked out and on the street he met Brown, the man who held the claim against the Maverick material.

"I have just been to see Morris," Brown said. "He sent for me and wanted to know if I wouldn't give him a little extra time on his loan and also advance him a little more money. The poor devil is in a bad shape, I guess. He has no business, no money and no friends."

"And is sick, I understand?" the editor added.

"Yes, he's sick."

"Did you give him more time, or increase his loan?"

"No. I can't afford it. I didn't think you would be willing to pay more than $25 for the material, and I felt sure you would want it now."

"You were right," the editor said, as he started on. "I can't afford to pay more, and if I am to have the stuff I want it now."

As he walked on down the street he mused over the matter, and the more he thought on it the better satisfied he seemed to grow.

"I need that material badly," he said to himself, "and it is a piece of great good fortune that I have a chance to get it this way. It's hard on Morris, but what hurts one helps another, and in this case I make a clear saving of at least $100, and that's no small affair to a poor man in this town."

How he came to do it he was not sure himself, but from some unaccountable cause he was led to direct his footsteps toward the Maverick office and to enter the door of his rival's house. It was the first time he had been in the office of his contemporary for a month, and he had not been friendly with Morris when they had met on the street.

There was no one in the office when he entered, but he heard voices in the back room and something in the tone of them attracted his attention and caused him to stop and listen. It was Morris and his little boy who were talking.

"There is no help for it, Emitz," he heard Morris say. "No one will loan us money and Brown will not extend the time on his mortgage, so the material will be sold, and we shall not get one dollar out of it."

"Oh, pa!" the boy replied, in stifled tones, "What shall we do to live?"

"Heaven only knows, my child," the father said, with a sigh. "There seems to be nothing left to us but suffering. If I was only well and strong, so that I could do something, we could get along somehow. But I am not well, and shall not be again. I shall not live very long now, my dear child."

"Dear pa, don't say that," the boy pleaded. "You will get well again. You must."

"There, my boy, I didn't mean to alarm you. I only wanted to prepare you for the worst, so that when it comes the shock will be less terrible. There, we'll say no more about that now, but think and talk about things of more immediate interest."

"Yes, we will talk about the paper," the boy said, in a relieved tone. "Do you suppose there is no one who would aid us in our difficulties if we asked?"

"No. I tried everywhere for assistance before I was taken sick. No one has any confidence in the future of our business and nobody wants to risk a dollar in it."

"If we could keep the press and material I could manage to keep the paper alive, pa," Emitz observed. "You know I have done the most of the work since we came here, for you've never been well, and I almost got out the last two issues without any help."

"But it's too hard work for you my boy, and you couldn't hold up at it. Besides, we can't possibly keep the office. Brown says it must be sold."

There was a long silence, and the editor of the Breeze thought of making his presence known, but at last before he had moved Emitz spoke again.

"Pa," he said, "there is one man you have never asked for help, and I believe if we asked him he'd aid us."

"Who is that?" the father questioned.

"Why, Mr. Barstow."

"What! The editor of the Breeze?"

"Yes, pa. I like his looks, and I don't believe he is a bad man at all. He is a newspaper man, you know, and even if

"YES, PA, I LIKE HIS LOOKS."

he is our rival. I think he would aid us if he knew that you were sick and in such hard straits. He would be a cruel, unfeeling man if he didn't, and I can't believe that he is that."

"My child, I wish that your opinion of Barstow was correct, but I'm sorry to say that it is not. It is he who proposes to buy our material, and he is going to take it for $25, when he knows it is worth four or five times as much. No, Emitz, we can't expect anything of him. There is no hope for us at all. Our office is lost and we are ruined."

Barstow stole from the office and for a few minutes paced energetically up and down the walk, his mind heavy with thought. After awhile he came to a sudden halt, and, planting his foot down hard, said:

"I'll do it, no matter what the loss. I'll be a man, such as that child pictured me. I won't disappoint him and I won't help rob a sick man and a helpless child. I never thought before how bad my conduct is. It's shameful. I'm poor, but I'll help them hold that office if I can."

He walked leisurely back and again entered the Maverick office. The boy had come out and when Barstow went in he was standing at a case with his head resting on his arms and with his back to the door. He had been weeping, he was sure, for when he heard him enter he hastily drew his hand across his eyes which looked very red. He had never noticed before how pale and thin and pinched the boy was.

"I want to see Mr. Morris," he said, kindly.

"Then just walk into the other room," the boy replied.

He went in and the boy accompanied him. After the exchange of a few civilities, a little awkward and constrained on both sides, Barstow said:

"Mr. Morris, there is not room in this town for two papers, do you think?"

"No, and there is not likely to be two, Mr. Barstow."

"I was thinking now," Barstow went on, "what a great idea it would be for us to consolidate the two offices into one and get out a better paper than either of us get out now. It could be done much cheaper than our present method is, and we would make as much off the one paper as we now make off the two. I would like very much to make such an arrangement, and if it isn't too much of a sacrifice on your part I hope you will agree to it. It will be a great benefit to me in a business way."

"If such an arrangement can be made it would be a great thing for us," Mr. Morris said. "But I can't see how it will benefit you any."

"Well, I can," Barstow replied.

"But there is a small mortgage on our office that is due."

"We'll arrange that all right. I have enough money to pay it off."

So it was settled, and the next week one paper appeared instead of two, and it was named the Breeze-Maverick. Mr. Barstow and Emitz did the work, and a year later when Mr. Morris died of consumption they became the publishers under the firm name of Barstow and Morris.

They have a good business now, Magic City having grown to 3,000 or 4,000 people, and the junior member of the firm is so useful that Mr. Barstow considers that he made the best business move of his life when he proposed consolidating the two papers.

ABODES OF PREHISTORIC MAN.

Hill Caves of Yucatan Will Be Explored for Scientific Relics.

If there is one thing more than another which archaeologists would hail with delight it would be the discovery which would unlock the mysteries of the Maya stone monuments and give to the world the keys to the history of the early races of Central America, as the discovery of the Rosetta stone unlocked the history of ancient Egypt. There has been for many years a dispute as to the degree of antiquity which is to be accorded to the remains that are found in Central America. One savant carries them back to a time almost contemporary with ancient Egypt, while another will not allow that they are much earlier than the days of the Montezumas or the time of the discovery of the continent by Columbus. If the Maya tongue was as open a book as the records of ancient Egypt this question might be settled. Who were the builders of Uxmal? Whence came the ancient race that carved the strange figures and characters that are found on the altar slabs at Palenque? No one can tell. After years of research we are but a little closer to the heart of the riddle than we were half a century ago.

Recently the inquiry has taken another turn and the effort has been made to ascertain something about the prehistoric races that it was supposed might have preceded the Mayan Indians in the occupation of the Yucatan peninsula. There are in the hills of Yucatan many caves, not large in extent, but which it was believed would, upon investigation, show in the deposits which might be found on their floors some traces of prehistoric man in that region. The earlier races found shelter in caves, built fires there, and in the refuse of the ash heap are found the bones of the animals they consumed and the fragments of the tools, utensils and weapons that they used. Relics of importance might be found in the hill caves of Yucatan, and so an expedition was sent out from the University of Pennsylvania to examine these caves and investigate the "kitchen middens," or "culture beds," as science calls the soil of which the floors of these caves is composed. The expedition was in charge of Henry C. Mercer and was known as the Corwith expedition, and Mr. Mercer has written an entertaining and valuable account of their researches. Ten caves were examined, and the method followed was that usually employed in such cases. Trenches are dug across the floor with great care, the earth removed in layers and carefully examined for relics and fragments of pottery, bones of animals, arrowheads and other weapons. It was hoped that there would be found traces of a race anterior to the Mayas. In this the explorers were doomed to disappointment. They did not find any traces of the prehistoric man; but they found that the people who came to the caves were generally identical with the race that had reared the cities whose ruins have excited so much attention and wonder. They brought with them whatever degree of culture they were possessed of and had not developed after their arrival in Yucatan. It was also established that these people had reached the country in geologically recent times. It will thus be seen that not all the results of the expedition were of a negative character and that some of them were of importance from a scientific point of view. It was ascertained that in all probability the ancient Mayas were cannibals. They were an agricultural people and not given to hunting to any great extent.

Nearly all the caverns contained water, and it was that fact which first led these earlier races to resort to them. The party devoted its entire time to cave explorations and did not study the ruined cities. The fact was established that no prehistoric race preceded the Mayas on the Yucatan peninsular, but no fresh clews were obtained as to how far back into the past that occupation extended.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Not for Carriage Wheels.

It is not generally understood as it should be, perhaps, that bicycle wheels seldom or never are subjected to lateral strains. They need to resist only those strains which pass through their own plane and in this plane only have they any strength worth speaking of. This is worth remembering when the use of wheels of this type is being considered for three or four wheeled vehicles, where the conditions are essentially different and where, in turning corners rapidly, or in going over ground that causes the vehicle to be inclined sideways, a very considerable lateral strain may be brought upon the wheels—a strain which the ordinary bicycle wheel is, very properly, entirely unfitted for. This is to be considered also in connection with devices for attaching two bicycles side by side to make a duplex or four-wheeled machine of them. Neither the frame, the bearings nor the wheels of a properly constructed bicycle are adapted to such use without injury.—Chicago News.

Menu for a Children's Party.

A very good menu for a child's party may consist of bonillon, with breadsticks and celery, creamed chicken in little paper cases, served with tiny homemade biscuits, sandwiches of tongue and white bread rolled with celery, and ice cream, with such light cakes as macaroons and lady fingers. Lemon or orange jelly in orange shells may be served in place of ice cream. Have for favors the bonbons that contain pretty tissue paper caps and bonnets, and a cake containing a ring, or in its place a little gift for each child.—Philadelphia Times.

—The duke of Marlborough showed military talent in boyhood. He was fond of the society of military men, and before he was 15 astonished them by his questions with regard to military maneuvers and by his acute criticisms on strategic movements.

FIRE ENGINES IN TEXAS.

Great Times for the Natives When the Bells Sound the Alarm.

Si Larkins, of El Paso, Tex., was standing at the door of the Arlington talking with a Washington friend a few days ago, when a fire engine and hook and ladder rushed past with a great clanging of bells en route to the fire.

"Great spectacle, that," remarked the Washington man.

"Yep, considerable show," responded the Texan.

"Never see anything of that sort down in El Paso, I s'pose?" said the Washingtonian, with a questioning inflection in his statement.

The Texan turned and gave his friend a searching look, in which pity and contempt seemed to struggle for the mastery, and then proceeded to give him a few pointers on fires and fire departments as he knew them at home.

"Why," snorted Mr. Larkins, "if we couldn't get up a better show and more enthusiasm than that when a fire broke out in our town we'd let her burn down and move over into Paso del Norte and live in 'dobes with the greasers. Talk about a 'great spectacle!' You'd think it was a universal panorama if you could see the fire department of El Paso turn out once.

"Why, man, it is counted the greatest honor that a man in our town can have conferred on him to be elected a member of the fire department. All the best citizens belong. When the big bell strikes you bet everything else stops until that fire is put out. It is the only occasion when the deal stops at the faro banks, and when a fire comes on Sundays that teachers all dismiss their congregations with a mighty short benediction and hoof it for the scene of the conflagration.

"Then you ought to see our engine. She's a daisy, and don't you forget it. Double handles at each side, and room for four men at each handle. Everything painted red and a brass eagle on the top of the pump barrel. We keep four Spanish mules standin' in the stable all the time, harnessed and ready to pull out at a moment's notice. Hank Tompkins, the driver, is the slickest man in his business in the whole southwest. When he pulls out for a fire you can bet your last simoleon everything else has got to stand from under. He turns the corners so fast that the boys on Red Betsey, as they call the engine, have to hang on to the outside curve to keep her from upsettin'; sometimes she goes clean over, but not often, and it only takes a minute to right her agin. Sometimes the boys do it before Hank gets the mules to a dead stop, and off they go agin.

"Oh! I tell you it is a grand sight to see Hank comin' down the street with his whip a-crackin' and thea two little blue leaders just a-standin' on their hind feet and clawin' out at the air like. When he passes it takes half an hour for the dust to settle where he went along. An', then, you ought to see the crowds. Why, you never see anything like it. Men, women and children all turn out to see the boys lick the fire. When they go through 'Dobertown Hank mos' always runs over two or three greaser kids; they're always so slow 'bout gettin' out er the way. And dogs, oh, Lord! I'll bet I've seen 400 if there was one all ruanin' an' rippin' an' barkin' behin' Hank and the engine. Sometimes Hank runs over eight or ten of 'em, but he can't stop for dogs or nuthin' else for that matter.

"Say, pard, 'deed you never have seen a fire turnout in this town, if that which just went by is a sample."—Washington Star.

SPIRITS OF TURPENTINE.

Some of Its Uses in the Arts and Manufactures.

Very few people have any correct notion of the number of uses to which the products of turpentine have been put. Let us mention some of the different ways spirits of turpentine enters into the arts and manufactures. Many who read this article by gaslight will remember when they read their newspapers by the smoky light furnished by "camphene." This was before the introduction and use of petroleum. Camphene is prepared by mixing the rectified oil of turpentine with alcohol. Although kerosene is now so cheap, the rectified spirits of turpentine is still used for illuminating purposes in some backwood sections of the south.

Perhaps the most common uses of the spirits of turpentine are those in the arts, where it enters into the preparation of paints and varnishes, and especially in the manufacture of india-rubber goods. The paint and varnish industries take about 5,000,000 gallons annually, while the rubber industry requires about 3,500,000 gallons a year.

But spirits of turpentine has other uses not so well known to most readers. How many would enjoy their salad oils and other vegetable oils if they knew that they were adulterated with turpentine oil? How many invalids know that their medicines contain spirits of turpentine, or that the liniment or ointment which relieves their aches and pains is largely composed of turpentine?—Lee J. Vance, in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

Where They Hang People.

"Pshaw!" petulantly ejaculated Mrs. Dubby, looking up from little Johnny's geography. "I can't find it!"

"Can't find what?" grunted Mr. Dubby, with his nose buried in his newspaper.

"Effigy."

"Eh?"

"Effigy, I tell you! I have looked all over the map of Oklahoma and cannot find it. I was certain it—"

"Here, now!" exclaimed Mr. Dubby, emerging from his abstraction. "What's that you are looking for?"

"They're always hanging people in Effigy, and I want to know where it is, I supposed, of course, that it was in Oklahoma, but perhaps I ought to look at the map of Texas."—N. Y. World.

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Cough

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TEMPERANCE.

THE SILVER ANNIVERSARY.

Old John Adams' Touching Story of His Reformation.

Great piles of snow covered the fences and loaded down the trees and stood knee-deep on the level ground. The mercury had reached ten degrees below zero. Long icicles hung down from the scalloped edges of the old-fashioned porch, the sleighbells tinkled frostily and everything outside suggested winter. But inside the farmhouse of old John Adams there was mirth and song and laughter. The big, comfortable dining-room had been packed to its utmost three times and now the merry party had assembled in the great, handsome, old-fashioned parlors. Old and young were there, sons and grandsons, and neighbors for miles around.

They had come in response to an invitation sent them to attend the silver wedding of old John Adams. They didn't one of them understand what it meant, for they well remembered the grand good time they had had at his silver wedding some ten years before. Over and over again had he been asked why he kept the anniversary a second time, but to each and all was the same reply: "After supper you shall know all about it." And now they were wild with excitement to hear the story, for they knew that John Adams always had a reason for everything.

He sat now in his big armchair and in a low rocking-chair by his side was Sarah Adams, his faithful, loving wife. Curled upon a sofa near him was his little grandson, John, and clustered all around were sons and grandsons and neighbors and friends. The room was perfectly quiet, however, when the old man began his story.

"Yes, boys and girls, it was just 25 years ago; it don't seem possible, but it was, and 25 years ago yesterday was just such a day as this is. You wonder why I remember it, don't you? But I can see in memory the piles of snow and the great big icicles, and can almost breathe the frosty air. Little John and I were

TAKING GOOD CARE OF HIM.

going to town that day. Not you, Johnnie," said the old man, patting his grandson on the head, "no, not you, but our boy John. He was just nine years old. Ah, me! I can see him now, with his warm overcoat and big cap and his scarf that mother tied so tightly over his ears. And then he drew on his big fur mittens that she had made out of a bear skin, mittens that were just like mine and the pride of his heart. And then he threw his arms around his mother's neck and gave her a big hug and kiss." (The old man's hand trembled now as it rested on his wife's bowed head.) "Then he said, 'Come on, papa, I'm all ready."

"But mother had a few words to say to him. I didn't hear all she said, but I caught the words: 'Be sure to take good care of him.' Angrily I turned around and said: 'Sarah, aren't you ashamed of yourself, asking that boy to take care of me?' A flush of pain and sorrow overspread her face, but she never said a word, and without even bidding her good-by, we got into the sleigh and away we went.

"I was taking a big load of grain to market, and I well knew what Sarah feared, for in Knowlton was the same old saloon that is there to-day, only 25 years ago it was kept by Sam Price. I knew even then what a curse the old thing was, but get by it I could not, and many a time the old horses had to find their way home because they knew more than the driver. Well, that day I just made up my mind that I'd never drink a drop and show Sarah that she needn't ask a little nine-year-old chap to take care of a strong man like me, his own father, too.

"Well, I'd sold my grain and pocketed the money, and Johnnie and I were going for the horses when we met Jim Brown, who used to live on the Hill place.

"'Hello, John!' said he; 'come on and take a drink.'

"'Thank you, Jim,' said I, 'but I'm in a hurry; we'll have to get home.'

"'Pshaw!' said he, 'you'll have to go right by Sam's, and it won't take more'n a minute.'

"I hesitated. John pulled my sleeve. 'Come, papa,' he said, 'let's hurry home; it's getting late.' There was a little anxious quiver in his voice, and it made me mad. Sure enough, he was trying to take care of me, and wasn't I old enough to take a drink and be none the worse for it, and stop, too, when I had enough? My pride got the better of my reason, and I said: 'All right, Jim, I'll stop for a glass.'

"'Oh, papa, don't; please, don't,' said Johnnie. Angrily I struck him on the head. 'Stop your noise. I'll do as I please, I guess.'

"Into the saloon we went, my conscience making me mighty uncomfortable. Johnnie never said another word, but stood by the stove, looking at me with his big, pleading eyes. I set the glass down twice before I tasted it. I really felt as if I couldn't swallow a drop.

"'Why, John, what's the matter with you?' said Sam Price. 'Never knew you to grow sick over a glass of brandy before. Growin' faint-hearted? Take a little to warm and liven ye up.' I raised the glass and drank the contents; the blood went like fire through my veins. 'Here, give me another, Bill; it'll keep me warm on the road.' I drank another glassful. My boy's face began to swim, but I could still feel the two big, pleading eyes fixed upon my face. Glass after glass followed, and I knew no more."

John Adams stopped. Great drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. Everyone knew they were caused by an agony too deep for words.

"Oh, friends, how can I tell you the rest? When I came to myself I was at home and a bright fire was burning on the hearth. The kettle was singing in the kitchen, but it seemed so still. I listened, and I could hear a low sobbing from the next room. I arose and crept to the door. There on the big lounge was my boy, and kneeling by him was his mother, and bending over him was old Dr. Moore. I was too frightened to speak, but I heard distinctly every word that was said.

"'Is there no hope, doctor?' It was my wife's voice; oh, how I listend to catch the answer. It came at last: 'I can do nothing more. He is in God's hands.' Just then Johnny opened his eyes. 'Mamma, oh, mamma,' he cried, 'I did try to take care of him, but it was so cold, so awful cold, and the sleet blinded me. I just knew he'd freeze lying there so white and still, and so I took off my overcoat and spread that over him with the blankets, but oh, it was so cold, and the wind blew right through me, and it seemed as if we'd never get home, but I held onto the horses, and oh, mamma, I'm so glad we're here at last.'

"The voice stopped. I never stirred. The doctor put his hands on my boy's heart; it was still beating. His mother cried out in a perfect agony of grief: 'Oh, Johnnie, darling, speak to mamma!' A great wave of joy came over the little face that had been so full of pain. 'Oh, mamma, it's all so light, so warm, so beautiful, and Jesus is here. Oh, mamma, tell papa I'll always take care of him now; God will let me. Papa, papa, papa—' Not another word—he was dead."

The old man's voice broke down, and sobs were heard all over the room. Little Johnnie crept into his lap and put his arms around his neck and kissed him, saying, softly: "Poor grandpa, poor grandpa."

John Adams at last began again: "I can't tell you all about it, just how my boy gave his fresh young life, every bit of it, to save his miserable, drunken father; but this I must tell you. Twenty-five years ago to-day I knelt by my boy's dead body and signed the pledge. A silver wedding to-day? Yes, friends, 25 years ago to-day I gave my heart and my hand to the temperance cause, and I've been kept, kept safe by my boy in Heaven.

"But children and friends and neighbors, I asked you to come to-day because I saw there were some of you standing just where I stood 25 years ago, drinking an occasional glass, thinking you're strong enough to do it without any harm—too proud, some of you, to be persuaded to stop altogether, too proud to sign the pledge. But I want to ask you all, in my boy's name, to sign the pledge to-night. Oh, friends, let this anniversary be the beginning of a stronger, truer life to every one of you, and then unitedly we may work for the redemption of the world."—Edith S. Davis, in Union Signal.

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

WINE opens the damper to let all the fires of evil in a man burn.—Rum's Horn.

ALL the gold and iron and coal which Australia produces in 50 years it drinks away in ten.

NO MAN dreads death more than the drunkard; yet how often is he heard saying that he wants to die?—Stilla.

AN Illinois lady recently succeeded in having a judge prohibit smoking in a courtroom where she was obliged to spend the day. With a clear-headed judge and jury and a denarcotized atmosphere, justice doubtless reigned that day, in one courtroom, at least.

LOTS of people can develop untold holy horror over the Armenian atrocities who are as blind as bats and as dumb as oysters regarding drink atrocities just around the corner from their own doors. Distance lends horror to the horrible as well as enchantment to the view.—Vineland (N. J.) Outlook.

THE love of money has been called the root of all evil. But the love of strong drink has been found to be the stronger. The love of mother, wife, children and friends is strong; but the love of strong drink is found to be stronger. It is stronger than the love of one's own life. It overcomes fear. To gratify his appetite for strong drink the drunkard will sacrifice all his hopes, temporal as well as eternal.—Rev. J. W. Hohman.

One Certain Method.

There is one absolutely certain method of avoiding the miseries of drunkenness, and that is given in the moral law for our guidance. It is written: "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright: at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." If every youth in the land would solemnly determine to conform to the spirit of that law and shun everything which intoxicates, there would be no more drunkards.—Silver Cord.

The Intemperate Man.

Whatever tends to brutalize a man, whatever robs him of his intelligence and dethrones the reason which should guide him in the paths of rectitude, unfits him for the duties of citizenship. The intemperate man is a curse to the state; he is a cancer on the social body; he not only consigns to destruction his own God-given prerogatives, but he casts aside every kindly feeling and destroys the home that was destined to be the sanctuary of virtue.—Boston Temperance Cause.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Alabama has 27 national banks with a combined capital of $3,694,000. The state banks number 11.

—All the members of the Vanceboro (Me.) board of health are quarantined on account of scarlet fever in their families.

—Of the eighteen people who died at Norwich, Vt., during 1895 ten were more than 73 years old, and of these ten five were more than 80 years old.

—A box of earth has been sent from the grave of Gen. Lafayette to the Daughters of the American Republic at San Francisco, in which to plant a tree of liberty.

—A hunter in Bracken county, Ky., last week cut down a tree to get at a 'possum, and when the tree came down he found it contained four 'possums, two coons, five young squirrels and about 100 pounds of honey.

—An authority on deaf-mutes says that the ratio of deaf-mutes to hearing is about one to each 1,600, according to which there are about 40,000 such persons in the United States and about 1,000,000 in the world's entire population.

—The oldest postmaster in New England, in point of continuous service, is believed to be Samuel S. Fuller, of Mansfield, Conn. He has been postmaster in that place during the past 45 years. He is a democrat, but his place has never been threatened by political considerations.

—The Norwegians are supposed to have been the first who attempted the perilous enterprise of killing the whale. The Biscayans engaged in a regular whale fishery in the twelfth century, but the whales then caught were of a small size and were employed as food. Whalebone appears to have been then used for the first time.

—The boundary line between Canada and the United States is marked with posts at mile intervals for a great part of its length. Cairns, earth mounds and timber posts are also used, and through the forests and swamps a line a rod wide, clear of trees and underwood, has been cut. Across the lake artificial islands have been put to support the cairns, which rise about eight feet above the high water mark.

SMUGGLING BY RAILWAY.

Engineering Appliances as Carriers of Contraband Goods.

There is a story of several years' standing to the effect that at one time a locomotive on one of the lines running across the German-Russian frontier was used most successfully as a carrier of contraband goods, and that the fraud, so long practiced, was discovered only while overhauling the engine in the repair shops. The exact circumstances cannot now be called to mind, though the essential facts of such illegal use having been made of a legitimate piece of engineering work is brought back to memory by a recently published item which chronicles a somewhat similar bit of deception. The Belgian customs authorities, it appears, knew for a long time that large quantities of jewelry were smuggled over the French border, but how it was done puzzled them. In the luggage van of the express which runs between Paris and Brussels is a case which holds the accumulators when the train is electrically lighted. A key of the case is held by the conductor of the express, a foreman porter and an excise official of the border station, but none of these ever appear to use it. The other day, as the train ran into Quevy, the border town, a customs inspector took it into his head, more through officiousness than suspicion, to open the chest. To his amazement, it was filled to the lid with watches, chains, rings, bracelets and all kinds of dutiable jewelry. It was found that the foreman porter at Quevy had, for a long period, been carrying on a contraband traffic for a well-known Paris jeweler, who, it is said, had had to disgorge heavily, both in jewelry and hard cash, in consequence of the disclosures of his frauds.—Carrier's Magazine.

Speed of the Dragon Fly.

It is the popular belief that the flight of birds is much swifter than that of insects, but a number of naturalists, who have been making a study of the matter, think that is not the case. A common house fly, for example, is not very rapid in its flight, but its wings make 800 beats a second and send it through the air 25 feet, under ordinary circumstances, in the space of that time. When the insect is alarmed, however, it has been found that it can increase its speed to 160 feet per second. If it could continue such rapid flight for a mile in a straight line it would cover that distance in exactly 33 seconds. It is not an uncommon thing, when traveling by rail in the summer time, to see a bee or wasp keeping up with the train and trying to get in at the windows. A swallow is considered one of the swiftest of flying birds, and it was thought until recently that no insect could escape it. A naturalist tells of an exciting chase he saw between a swallow and a dragon fly, which is the swiftest of insects. The insect flew with incredible speed, and wheeled and dodged with such ease that the swallow, despite its utmost efforts, completely failed to overtake and capture it.—Golden Days.

Blubber Baths for Rheumatism.

In Australia they have a whale cure for rheumatism which is said to be effective, though disagreeable. It was discovered by a drunken man, who was staggering along the beach near the whaling station at Twofold bay, and who, seeing a dead whale cut open, took a header into the decomposed blubber. It took two hours for him to work his way out, but he was then not only sober but cured of his rheumatism. Now a hotel has been built in the neighboring town of Eden, where rheumatic patients wait for the arrival of a whale in order to take blubber baths.—Detroit Free Press.

COURTSHIP IN SALVATION ARMY

Strict Rules Regulate Affairs of Love and Marriage Among the Soldiers.

Love at first sight doesn't go in the Salvation Army. There's no room there for lovesick maids or for sighing swains, and such amusements as flirtations are frowned upon from headquarters down to subalterns. No exceptions are made to these rules in any case. They apply to the commanders as well as to the humblest recruit just received on probation.

This was admirably exemplified in the case of Commander and Mrs. Booth more than ten years ago. Ballington Booth, son of the general, met and fell in love with Maud Charlesworth, who had recently joined the army in London. She was only 17 and he was 23. The rule says that a Salvation Army woman must be 21 before she marries, and there was nothing for the couple to do but wait. Gen. Booth hustled his son off to Australia to look after the new field there, and to make sure that his affection for Miss Maud was lasting. As soon as Staff Capt. Charlesworth became of age she married the commander of the American forces.

This marriage was remarkable from the length of the engagement. Most engagements in the army last about two years. The first year it is termed courtship, and no girl in the army can be engaged until she has served at least one year. If a formal engagement follows it must last at least one year. There's no backing out, however, after the engagement has been entered into, although there is nothing binding on either side during the courting period.

As soon as the courting begins everybody is appraised of the relations, for the superior officers of the army must interest themselves in the couple. A girl cannot be courted by an outsider unless he promises to enlist in the army and then he cannot marry her if he is below her rank. If the lover is below her rank he must show ability that will bring promotion, and this ability must be certified by his superior officers before the engagement can be announced. This requisite ability must be positive, moreover. The young man must be indorsed as being capable of filling a position at least three stations above that which he holds when the courtship ended.

All the Salvation Army laws relating to marriage are for officers. They do not affect the rank and file of the enlisted men and women. They are left free to do as they choose. The laws are framed, though, to protect the women, because three-fourths of the officers in the army consist of women. They are as a rule superior in mentality to the men, and the aim of the rules is to spur the men on by making them work hard for what they desire. Some men in the army do not amount to much until they begin to court a girl, when they "take a brace" and soon win promotion. It might be noticed in passing that this is frequently true of men in other walks of life. The Salvation Army insists on this display of energy before a man can aspire to the hand and heart of one of the army's daughters, no matter how humble she may be.

Before persons can be in line for the position of officers they must state clearly whether or no they are in love, and must subscribe to each of the seven rules regarding courtship and marriage. The most important of these is the one forbidding engagements with outsiders. There must be unquestioned proof that the outsider will become an officer in the army before even the courtship is allowed. Strict as are the rules, they are not always lived up to. Girls even in the Salvation Army will fall in love and in forbidden directions. Disobedience to the rules means disipline and sometimes expulsion, and not infrequently the army loses a bright young female officer simply because she insists on loving and clinging to a man who will not join the army.

Officers must not be allowed to carry on any courtship in the town where they are appointed. Their influence is destroyed when it is known that they are engaged to soldiers. The laws add that soldiers so situated should ask for removal when "surrounding influences are found to be too strong."

In everything lovers are told that helpmates must be chosen "for the war," and "consent will never be given to any engagement or marriage which would take the officers out of the army." In explaining the object of this law the field book states that the army cannot afford to educate and train officers to have them leave. In leaving they are impressed that they violate their most solemn pledges.—N. Y. Press.

The Most Crowded Spot on Earth.

The most crowded spot on the earth's surface is that portion of the city of Valetta, Island of Malta, known as the "Manderaggio." In the whole of Valetta the proportion is 75,000 human beings to the square mile, but in the Manderaggio there is one locality in which there are 2 574 persons living on a plot of ground less than two acres and a half in extent. This would give no less than 636,000 persons to the square mile, or 1,017.6 to the acre. In Liverpool, the most crowded city in Britain, the most densely populated portions have only 116.4 to the acre.—Atlanta Constitution.

Cream Cake.

Beat one tablespoonful of butter, the yolks of two eggs and three-fourths of a cup of sugar together, until light; then add one cup of water; add one tablespoonful of baking powder to one and one-fourth cups of flour, and sift carefully. Stir this into the other mixture and beat thoroughly; then stir in the well-beaten whites of the eggs, and bake in two or three layers. This may be put together with soft icing or with a mixture of fruit and icing.—Boston Globe.

—"Muscadine" is a disease to which silkworms are liable. It consists of a fungus growth in the body, which breaks through the skin and speedily kills the insect.

CENTER OF THE FUR TRADE.

An American City Leads the World in This Business.

Perhaps incredulity will sit in the eyes of the readers, but it is nevertheless a fact that in St. Paul every year there are upward of 225,000 dogs cut up for the manufacture of fur coats. In the last year or two there has been a scarcity of dogs, and the prices naturally have advanced. The dogs come from China, and are that peculiar animal with the black mouth and black tongue. They are a queer animal, and are known in China by the name of "the monks."

Nobody is prepared to believe, perhaps, that in this city annually about 450,000 coonskins are cut up and made into coats, but it is true, for we have the word of a prominent fur man who deals extensively in all kinds of skins, from the skunk to the seal. In 1893 his firm cut up 163,000 coonskins alone, and will keep it up so long as the animals exist.

There are certain animals that have survived civilization, as, for instance, the skunk, the raccoon and the opossum, while the wolf, the bear and animals of their nature have almost entirely disappeared.

In Louisville there lives an old fur buyer by the name of John White, who has followed the business of buying and selling furs for the past 50 years. When asked a short time ago by a St. Paul fur man what difference he noticed in the business now from the first time he went into it, White replied that the people are getting more coons, opossums and skunks now than ever before, proving conclusively that these animals are not affected by civilization, and go ahead multiplying without stint.

The vast majority of the otter, beaver, mink and other skins of that ilk are captured in the northwest, throughout Manitoba and the northwestern states. The wombat of Australia was for many years a drug on the market, and dealers found it impossible to dispose of them until the coat manufacturers of St. Paul took them up. They were found very excellent for the purpose of coat-making, and the hunters who had previously become discouraged and refused to kill any more found their occupation renewed and profitable. In the last two years the stock has been cleaned out, the wombat has become scarce and the prices have advanced proportionately. Everything seems to be declining in quantity but the raccoon, the skunk and the Chinese dog or monk, and these constitute the bulk of furs from which the coats are manufactured to-day.

The buffalo coat at one time was the most popular of them all, and it was the prevalence of the buffalo that gave St. Paul such a start in the industry of fur coatmaking. At the time the buffalo were plenty on the western plains fully 90 per cent. of the fur coats manufactured were made of buffalo skins. It was a great industry, not alone for the Indian, but the white hunter, who flocked to the buffalo swamps by the hundreds. The decline of the buffalo was so rapid as to almost exceed belief.

When the industry first started the plains fairly swarmed with the animal, and it was the easiest thing in the world to kill all that were desired, but in three years this noble animal was almost entirely extinct. When the Northern Pacific road was put through to Miles City, Mont., in 1883, there were 225,000 or 250,000 buffalo hides shipped out of that town. That was in 1883 alone. All that number had been killed by white hunters, while the Indian collection amounted to 20,000. The Indians, of course, were not possessed of the improved firearms and other methods of destroying the restless creatures, and that accounts for the size of their collection. So that in 1883 the collection, all told, amounted to about 270,000 hides and robes.

In 1884 there were not over 20,000 collected by the Indians and white hunters, and in 1885 there were less than 5,000. In 1886 there were none, and now the only buffalo that exist are the property of the government and live under its protection in the Yellowstone park. Previous to 1883 all the southern herds were killed off, then the northern herds were attacked, and they disappeared, it seemed, in the twinkling of an eye.

One fur that is not used extensively in St. Paul is the seal, although a great many ladies' garments, coats, muffs and the like are made from this most desirable of furs. Strange to say, every seal that is captured in Canadian or American waters must be shipped to London, England, for dressing and dyeing. They are then returned to the United States and made up. Naturally, all this transportation adds to the cost of the garment, and that explains why seal is so much higher than the other furs. Raw skins, of course, have no duty on them, and most other skins can be made up in this country, but all efforts to dress and dye the seal successfully in this country have failed.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Doctors Starving in France.

In the British Medical Journal a Paris correspondent says at least 2,500 physicians in France are battling with starvation, and he adds that physicians themselves are largely responsible for this state of affairs. They "have taught lady patronesses of different societies to diagnose diseases, to dress and bandage wounds, to vaccinate their own children and those of their neighbors. Medical science is vulgarized in every way. Doctors write to important daily papers explaining how bronchitis and cramps of the stomach are to be cured, and in fashion journals they teach how to cure pimples and avert headaches. Five hundred thousand gratuitous consultations are given yearly in Paris dispensaries, and in this way a large amount of fees is diverted from the medical profession." — Chicago Journal.

—He who opposes his own judgment against the consent of the times ought to be backed with unanswerable truths; he that has truth on his side is a fool, as well as a coward, if he is afraid to own it because of the currency or multitude of other men's opinions.—De Foe.

THE OLD YELLOW RIVER.

Romance of the Wreck and Recovery of the Twilight's Cargo.

One foggy morning just about dawn in August, 1865, the side-wheel steamboat Twilight was making her way cautiously up the Missouri river. In the wheelhouse the pilot stood, dripping with the heavy mist, calling to the wheelman:

"Keep her jackstaff on the lone cottonwood on the starboard shore and swing her stern around."

The Twilight was ching-chugging along slowly against the current. Right ahead was a bend in the river. Suddenly there was a jar. The hog chains snapped with a report like a cannon and the boat, heavily "hogged" or bulged up in the middle, began to sink. She had struck a huge submerged sycamore tree of huge dimensions, having got out of the channel in the fog.

The passengers were cared for by the farmers in the vicinity and taken to Kansas City, 20 miles distant, by a boat that came up the river that night. The cargo of the Twilight was very rich. It was composed of 300 barrels of whisky, hundreds of cases of wines, liquors and canned goods and a large stock of general merchandise.

For several years she lay on the log in the river, visible when the water was low and again covered. She was a thing of fascination to country boys, who dreamed of all sorts of exploits to get the treasure out of her. There was an air of mystery about her that thrilled the farm lads like the tales of Capt. Kidd or the stories of the adventures of wreckers.

Four years after she was sunk an unsuccessful attempt was made to get the cargo. Several years after that farmers in the vicinity got two barrels of whisky out of her and when they went for more she could not be found. The treacherous river had shifted and she was buried in a sand bank. Then the river cut in along the south bank close under the bluff and the great rise of 1887 made a sand bar on top of her, buried her deep and left her far inland, under 39 feet of sand, 100 yards from the bank of the river at high water and half a mile from shore when the river was down.

Last year a number of Kansas City gentlemen organized a company to recover the sunken cargo. By a series of ingenious mechanical devices they located the wreck in 39 feet of water and found the freight in comparatively good condition. There have been many interruptions of the work, but a large part of the merchandise has already been recovered.

The 300 barrels of whisky in the hold are in a perfect state of preservation. One of them was tapped and the whisky was found to be beyond compare. A glass of it, which was poured out before a company of men in the Kansas City club, filled the entire floor with its aroma. It was thick and oily, almost of the consistency of New Orleans molasses, and after the glass was emptied it clung to the sides as sirup would.

The whisky will not be taken out until the government officials shall become satisfied that it is tax free. The taxes were paid at the distillery where the stuff was made more than 30 years ago.

There is a rumor that aboard of where the whisky was found is the purser's cabin, and in it is a safe containing a large sum of money, which was being carried from St. Louis to up-river merchants and army posts. The money question, however, is forgotten for the present in the joy of the wreckers at the finding of the whisky. Speculation is rife as to what will be the profits of the wreckers. Experienced dealers say that the whisky will sell readily for at least $400 a barrel.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE FACE IN ILLNESS.

To the Trained Eye It Quickly Shows a Patient's Condition.

The face is a good index to the state of one's physical being, and from it symptoms of disease can be detected almost before the patient is aware that anything serious is the matter with him. For instance, incomplete closure of the eyelids, rendering the whites of the eyes visible during sleep, is a symptom in all acute and chronic diseases of a severe type; it is also to be observed when rest is unsound from pain, wherever seated.

Twitching of the eyelids, associated with the oscillation of the eyeballs, or squinting, herald the visit of convulsions.

Widening of the orifices of the nose, with movements of the nostrils to and fro, point to embarrassed breathing from disease of the lungs or their plural investment.

Contraction of the brows indicates pain in the head; sharpness of the nostrils, pain in the chest, and a drawn upper lip, pain in the abdomen.

To make a general rule, it may be stated that the upper third of the face is altered in expression in affections of the brain, the middle third, in the diseases of the organs contained in the abdominal cavity.—The Trained Nurse.

Pathos in Congress.

A very conspicuous and absurdly sentimental member of the house from New England, who loves to weep over the wickedness of the world, and was pathetic over pensions, gave utterance to this burst of eloquence when the pension appropriation bill was under consideration by the house: "Why did he weep? Why did he weep? I say, Mr. Speaker, why did he weep? I repeat, Mr. Speaker, why did he weep? His heart was broken. Yes, Mr. Speaker, I knew this man. He died of a broken heart! He died of a broken heart. I repeat, Mr. Speaker, he died of a broken heart! He never smiled again. They refused him the pitiful increase of two dollars a month on his pension. I say, Mr. Speaker, he never smiled again. I repeat, he never smiled again!" and there were tears in the member's voice as he closed this outburst of pathos.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1896.

REPUBLICANS, ATTENTION.

The Republican voters of Garrett county are hereby requested to assemble in primary meetings in their respective districts on

SATURDAY, the 11th day of APRIL, 1896,

at the hour of two o'clock p. m., for the purpose of selecting five delegates from each election district to attend a County Convention to be held in Oakland on

MONDAY, APRIL 13th, 1896,

at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m. to elect three delegates to represent Garrett county at a District Convention which will be held at Hagerstown on Wednesday, April 15th, 1896, and also to elect three delegates to represent Garrett county at a State Convention which will be held in Baltimore on Wednesday, April 22nd, 1896. JAMES C. PEDDICORD,
Chairman Committee.

A CASE was made up in Baltimore Saturday to go immediately to the Court of Appeals, to test the validity of that section of the new reassessment law which places a tax of eight per cent. on the gross revenue derive from mortgages, which section is deemed by many Baltimore lawyers to be unconstitutional.

THE marriage of ex-President Harrison and Mrs. Dimmick, of New York City, was celebrated on Monday afternoon at a little past six o'clock. Immediately after the ceremony the newly wedded pair departed for Indianapolis, Ind., in a special car over the Pennsylvania lines.

SENATOR GORMAN guesses he won't take any hand in the National campaign this year. But as the struggle progresses and the poor Democracy begins to grab despairing at floating straws within its reach there will probably come a loud and plaintive cry for the Maryland statesman to guess again.

THE African king who so unmercifully walloped the Italian troops now wants indemnity to the amount of 40,000,000 lire—about $8,000,000. The canny king has an eye to business. Not content with administering a wholesale drubbing to his enemy he wants his enemy in the honr of defeat to pay him damages for trespass. It looks very much as if the wily Russian, who has been behind the king, had a hand in this latest demand and has put the king up to his new tricks.

Promise and Performance.

Hagerstown Herald (Rep.): An epitome of the Cambridge platform:

We promised reassessment—Fulfilled.

We promised limitation upon the debt-incurring capacity of cities in Maryland—Fulfilled by a Republican House; defeated by a Democratic Senate.

We promised a new election law—Fulfilled.

We promised free school books—Fulfilled.

We promise to submit civil service to a popular vote—Fulfilled.

We promise to let the people elect School Commissioners—Fulfilled by the Republican House; defeated by the Democratic Senate.

Not a single important measure vetoed by the Governor.

An unblemished record.

No Demand for Wool.

It is to be noticed, says the *New York Press*, that in its market report the *Commercial Bulletin* of Boston says: "The wool market is quieter than at any period in years. There is simply no demand for wool."

Why? we wonder. Does't the Free Trade Liar say that our mills are flourishing under the Wilson law beyond their wildest expectations? Does't he tell us that at last we are able to make woolen goods without paying an extortionate tariff, and that, therefore, looms are working with the greatest industry? Doesn't the Free Trade Liar repeat over and over again that our woolen manufacturers are at least able to conduct business legitimately and, therefore, prosperously?

Of course he does, and therefore it makes no difference that mills all over the country are running on reduced time, that they have discharged from one-third to two-thirds of their hands, that others have shut down completely and that still others are soon to shut down. It makes no difference that manufacturers cannot sell in an impoverished and declining market the goods they have turned out. It makes no difference that they have ceased to buy wool when to manufacture it under present conditions is folly.

There is simply no demand for wool, but the Free Trade Liar keeps on lying. He can't help it. His moral nature is constructed that way. But next November, when the votes are counted, there will be a Republican ballot for every Free Trade lie, and that will mean—well, it will mean an avalanche!

IT IS with a great degree of pleasure that we note the candidacy of Mr. James W. White, editor of the *Preston County Journal* for the nomination for House of Delegates in his native county. Mr. White made a splendid record while in the House two years ago and we feel that he should again be honored, even though we reside in another State.

Another whom all of Oakland's residents feel an interest in and who would make a representative in the West Virginia House of Delegates worthy of the name, is Mr. G. A. Bolden, editor of the Terra Alta *Oracle*. Mr. Bolden is a live young business man, and no doubt that if he would announce himself as a candidate he could secure the nomination and be elected by a handsome majority, for over in Preston county the Republicans feel blue unless they roll up a majority of two thousand.

The New Assessment.

Peter J. Campbell, a prominent lawyer of Baltimore city, calls attention to the more important points in the new assessment bill as it finally passed the Legislature. He calls attention to the fact that the law went into effect on Monday night last, and also that by section 146D of the law an addition to the words of the oath referring to the consideration heretofore taken by mortgagees or officers of corporate associations making loans on mortgage.

BONDS AND STOCKS.

First—Bonds and stocks not exempt by the laws of this State are assumed and taxed according to a plan devised and suggested by Mr. B. F. Newcomer, of Baltimore. All bonds and stocks are assessed at their full market value and upon that valuation there is to be paid the full State tax, what it may be, (at present 17½ cents,) on the hundred dollars and an additional tax of 30 cts. on the hundred dollars for local purposes. The tax for local purposes is to be uniform over the State, so that the resident of the city will not have to pay any greater tax upon his bonds than the resident of the counties.

Under the supplemental bill, to illustrate its operation, a bond assessed at $1,000 will pay a State tax of $1 77½ and an additional tax of $4 for city or county purposes as the case may be. The total tax, therefore, on a $1,000 bond, valued at par, will be $4 77½.

The great importance of the Newcomer amendment and its difference from the ealing system of the original bill as passed will be shown by a calculation of the tax upon a $1,000 six per cent. bond, for instance, which would have been exacted by that bill. The receipts into the State treasury from this source will be unchanged, while in the city of Baltimore the receipts from the stock taxation will be less than one six as much as at present, supposing the volume on the taxbooks is as great.

If it were a 6 per cent. bond, it would be assessed at $500. Upon this the State tax of 17½ cents on the $100 would have been levied making 88¾ cents, and in Baltimore the full city rate of say $2 05 would have been levied making $10 25, total $11 13¾ or over 18 per cent. of the interest. But the 6 per cent. bond would have cost the investor about $1200, and so the State and city would have taken from the investor nearly one fourth or 25 per cent. of his income.

In the new assessment law as modified by the supplemental bill, the same rule of taxation applied to stocks. Under the existing law the tax commissioner assesses stocks as near as he can at the cash or market value, and upon that valuation the full State and local tax rate is levied.

TUNNELS AND BRIDGES.

Second—The supplemental bill restores to the new assessment the method of valuing tunnels, which now prevails since 1876. It is that no extra assessment shall be laid and no extra tax shall be levied upon tunnels and bridges over streams forming part of the roadbed of any railroad or turnpike, it being the meaning that such bridge or tunnel shall be valued at the same rate as any equal portion of such railroad or turnpike.

This provision is, of course, intended to apply especially to the three great tunnels under Baltimore city and which, under the new bill as passed, would have been subject to assessments at their cost.

MORTGAGE CLAUSE.

Third—The supplemental bill also permits corporations executing mortgages to secure bonds to covenant to pay the tax on those bonds. The mortgage taxing clause of the assessment bill prohibits mortgagors from making such covenants to pay taxes. But it was feared that corporations might be unable to float or market bonds upon which the holders would have to pay a tax, and so this precautionary measure was passed.

BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS.

Fourth—The fourth point covered by the supplemental bill is that exempting the shares of building associations incorporated in Maryland and doing business solely therein to the extent such shares represent mortgages on property wholly within the State and executed by members of the said association. It is well known that the shares of building associations are not usually paid up, but the amount due on them is secured by the mortgage, and so the mortgage and the shares usually represent the same property.

RAILROAD ROLLING STOCK.

Fifth—The remaining feature of the supplemental bill is that which is to tax the rolling stock of railroad companies in the counties and cities through which the road passes, dividing the tax according to the mileage of the road in such cities or counties. This would appear to deprive the city of Baltimore of any considerable portion of the tax on rolling stock, as the mileage in the city is small. It, of course will give the roads the advantage of the lower rate of taxation prevailing in the counties. Under the main assessment bill the rolling stock is taxed at the situs of the main office of the company if in the State.

The National Capital, Reduced rates via B. & O.

The City of Washington is an object of perennial interest to all patriotic Americans. Not alone because it is the great throbing heart of the mightiest and grandest Republic the earth has ever known, but also on account of its material magnificence. All Americans take pride in its beautiful avennes, majestic architecture, stately homes, and well stored galleries and museums as things of grandeur and beauty in themselves, apart from the historic interest with which they are invested. It is a hope and aspiration of all "young America," at least, at some time or other to visit the Capital of his country.

The Baltimore and Ohio R. R. offers unequaled facilties in inaugurating a series of popular excursions at reduced rates. A number of persons from this section have availed themselves of these excursions and found the train service and other arrangements in keeping with the liberal policy of the B. & O.

The third excursion of the series, via this popular line, is announced for Thursday, April 23d. Pleasant side trips have also been arranged to points of interest in and about the Capital.

We give below a list of stations in this vicinity, showing time of trains and rates of fare:

	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	RATE.
Terra Alta..	.....	12 06	5 41	4 53	$6 15
Oakland....	6 31	12 29	5 59	5 12	6 25
Piedmont...	7 21	1 29	6 51	6 01	5 40

Parlor cars on the day express.
Sleeping cars on the night express.
Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

Tickets will be good ten days, and will be valid for passage from Washington to Baltimore at any time within the life of the ticket.

For Pullman Car accommodation and other information, address nearest B. & O. agent.

Don't forget the date, Thursday, April 23d.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

PUBLIC LOCAL LAWS.

CHAPTER 123.

AN ACT To repeal Sections 167 to 195 A. inclusive, of article 12 of the Code of Public Local Laws, title "Garrett County" subtitle, "Oakland," as said sections were enacted by Chapter 343 of the Acts of 1892, and to add certain sections to said article to follow section 195 A and to be designated as Sections 195 B, 195 C, 195 D, 195 E, 195 F, 195 G, 195 H, 195 I, 195 J, 195 K, 195 L, 195 M.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland that Sections 167 to 195 A, inclusive, of Article 12 of the Code of Public Local Laws, title "Garrett County," subtitle "Oakland," as said sections were enacted by Chapter 343 of the Acts of 1892 be and same are hereby repealed and re-enacted with amendments and certain new sections be and the same are hereby added to said Article to follow Section 195 A, to be designated as Section 195 B 195 C, 195 D, 195 E, 195 F, 195 G, 195 H, 195 I, 195 J, 195 K, 195 L, 195 M, the whole to read as follows:

167. The inhabitants of the town of Oakland, in Garrett county, are a corporation by the name of the Mayor and Town Council of Oakland and by that name may have perpetual succession, may sue and be sued, and may have a common seal which may be altered at pleasure and may purchase and hold such real, personal or mixed property as may be required for the purpose of said corporation and may dispose of such property when necessary for the benefit of the said corporation, and all the property and funds of every kind belonging to said corporation are vested in the Mayor and Town Council of Oakland.

168. The officers of the said corporation shall be a Mayor, a Town Council, which shall be composed of six members; a President of the Town Council, a Town Clerk, a Treasurer, a Tax Collector, a Police Magistrate, an Attorney, Bailiff and a Weighmaster, who shall severally perform such duties and have such powers as may be prescribed by this act, and the ordinance passed in pursuance thereof.

The Mayor and the members of the Town Council shall be elected by the voters in said town. The Town Clerk, Treasurer and Tax Collector shall be elected by the Town Council. The Police Magistrate, Attorney, Weighmaster and a Bailiff shall be appointed by the Mayor, by and with the advice and consent of the Town Council. All the officers elected by the Town Council or appointed by the Mayor shall hold their respective office for one year from the first Monday of April in the year for which they are appointed and until their successors are elected and qualified.

169. The Town Council shall, as soon as practicable, provide by ordinance for a survey and map of the limits of said Town, and for the location upon said map of the streets and alleys already laid out and opened for public use, and also the streets and alleys heretofore laid out on the original plat of said town, and on the plats of the several additions to said town which have not been opened for public use and such parts when made and approved by the Town Council and Mayor shall be recorded in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, and when so recorded said maps or a copy properly certified by said clerk under the seal of his office, shall be evidence. The limits of said town as they have heretofore been established by law shall remain. The Mayor and Town Council shall have power to extend the limits of said town not exceeding one-half mile from its present limits, when in their discretion they may deem proper to so do. The limits of the said town of Oakland shall begin at a stone marked eight hundred and forty-one, and running thence north sixty-seven degrees east one hundred perches, south twenty-three degrees west two hundred perches, south sixty-seven degrees east ten perches, to the summit of the Hooppole ridge, thence with the summit of said ridge south sixty-seven degrees east one hundred perches, north twenty-three degrees east one hundred and seventeen perches, thence to the place of beginning.

170. The inhabitants of the town of Oakland who have resided therein for six months next preceding any municipal election and who are qualified to vote for members of the General Assembly of Maryland if any objections are made to anyone voting the said qualification shall be determined by sworn testimony before said judges of elections when in their discretion they deem proper to take the same, shall on the second Monday in March, eighteen hundred and ninety-six, and on the same day in every second year thereafter elect by ballot one person to be Mayor of said town and the said voters qualified as aforesaid shall, on the second Monday in March, eighteen hundred and ninety-six and on the same day in every year thereafter elect three persons to be members of the Town Council and the members of the Town Council who have been elected and are now in office shall hold their office until the term for which they have been elected shall have expired and until their successors are elected and qualified.

171. No person shall be eligible to the office of Mayor unless he shall have attained the age of thirty years and shall have resided two years next preceding his election in said town and shall be a freeholder in said town of Oakland. The Mayor elected at any regular election shall hold office for two years from the first Monday in April next after his election and until his successor is elected and qualified. Should a vacancy occur in the office of Mayor by reason of removal from the town, removal from office, death, resignation or otherwise, the president of the Council shall perform all the duties of Mayor and act as such until the next general election of the Mayor or Town Council. Wilful neglect of duty or misbehavior in office on the part of the Mayor is hereby declared to be a misdemeanor, and on conviction before a Justice of the Peace or in the Circuit Court for Garrett county he shall be removed from office by the Justice of the Peace or Judge who shall sit in the case, and any person who shall be convicted and removed from the office of Mayor as aforesaid shall thereafter be disqualified from holding any office in said corporation. The Mayor shall have power to appoint and employ all agents, servants and employees not otherwise provided for by law, who may be required by said corporation. He shall on the second Monday in April in each year appoint and send to the Town Council for confirmation the names of persons for the offices of Police Magistrate, Attorney, Bailiff and Weighmaster respectively. He shall have power to remove for cause any officers, agent, servant or employee of said corporation who has been appointed by him or employed by him and to fill any and all vacancies which may occur in offices which he has the power to fill. He shall have general supervision of the town, see that the ordinances are enforced and shall from time to time report to the Town Council such matters as may in his judgment require the attention of the Town Council. He shall read and sign the minutes of the Town Council after each and every meeting. He shall have power to administer oaths and certify the same in all matters pertaining to said corporation and which may be required by the business or transactions of said corporation. He shall in the absence or sickness of the Police Magistrate, and in such case only, have power to hear and determine all cases to which said corporation may be a party and over which the Police Magistrate may have jurisdiction, and for this purpose he is hereby clothed with all the power and authority of a Justice of the Peace. No ordinance shall be valid without his approval unless the same be passed over his veto by a two-thirds vote, nor shall any order or resolution for the payment of money out of the town treasury be valid without his approval in writing. He shall during his official term hold no other corporation office, nor shall he be interested in any contract to which the said corporation is a party or when the money for any contract is to be paid out of the corporation treasury. He shall receive the sum of fifty dollars a year for his official services to be paid in quarterly installments of twelve dollars and fifty cents. Before entering upon his duties, he shall take and subscribe before the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county the oath prescribed by Section six, Article one of the constitution of Maryland.

172. The Town Council shall be composed of six members who shall be elected as herein provided and shall hold their office for two years from the first Monday in April next after their election and until their successors are duly elected and qualified. Before entering upon their duties the members of the Council shall make oath before the Mayor or a Justice of the Peace, that they will diligently perform all the duties required of them by law as members of the Town Council without fear, partiality or prejudice.

173. No person shall be eligible as a member of the Town Council unless he shall have resided two years next preceding his election in the town of Oakland, and shall be a freeholder in said town, and shall also be twenty-five years of age.

174. The Town Council shall meet on the first Monday in each month, and at such other times as it may deem necessary for the public business. The members of the Town Council shall be entitled to one dollar per day each for attending the sessions of the Council, or attending to the other public business required of them; not, however to exceed twenty-four dollars to any member in any one year.

175. The Town Council shall appoint three judges of election and two clerks for the purpose of holding each general or special election which may be held under the provisions of this act or the ordinances passed in pursuance thereof. Ten days notice shall be given of all elections, general or special.

176. If any vacancy shall occur in the Town Council by reason of death, resignation, removal from the town, removal from office or otherwise of any member, the Town Council shall have the power within itself to fill such vacancy.

177. The members of the Town Council shall meet at their regular place of meeting on the first Monday in April in each year to organize; they shall elect one of their number to be President of the Town Council, who shall preside at their meetings and in the absence of the Mayor or in case of a vacancy in that office shall exercise the clothed with all the powers and perform all the duties of Mayor. The Town Council shall also at said meetings elect a Town Clerk, Treasurer, and Tax Collector.

178. The Town Council may appoint a supervisor or supervisors of the streets, lanes and alleys of said town whenever in their discretion they may deem proper to so appoint and direct in what manner the same shall be kept up and repaired and may allow such supervisor such compensation for his services as they may deem reasonable.

179. The Town Council may from time to time cause an assessment to be made of all the property real and personal, in the town by three persons appointed by them and may levy thereon a tax not exceeding in any one year fifty cents on every hundred dollars worth of assessable property.

180. The Mayor and Town Council shall have power to levy and collect taxes not to exceed fifty cents on the one hundred dollars worth of assessable property in any one year and whenever the said Council shall levy a tax which levy shall be made on the first Monday in May in each year and a alphabetical list of the persons chargeable therewith, shall be made out and affixed thereto the respective sums to be collected from each person, and annexed to said list shall be a warrant to the Bailiff or Collector to collect the same, and said Bailiff or Collector shall within twenty days after the receipt of such warrant and list rendered to each person named therein an account of his tax and may unless the same be paid within sixty days after the date of said levy collect the same by distress or other due process of law and sale of goods and chattels of the delinquent and the said Bailiff or Collector shall account for the amount of such levy with the Mayor and Town Council within three months from the receipt of such warrant and list, and pay over the same collected under the penalty of double the amount thereof to the Treasurer of said town. The Mayor and Town Council may in their discretion allow a discount on all taxes paid within the said sixty days not to exceed three per cent.

181. All fines, penalties and forfeitures imposed by this charter, or for the violation of any of the ordinances of said town, shall be recoverable in the name of the corporation as small debts, before such Justice of the Peace of the state of Maryland residing in said town as may be elected Police Magistrate for the said town by said Council and no other; and said monies so collected shall be paid over into the hands of the Treasurer of the town, and should the Bailiff arrest anyone for violating any ordinance of the corporation or provision of this charter he shall carry the offender before the Mayor or Police Magistrate who shall hear the charge and determine the like according to the ordinances of said corporation or the said provisions of this charter.

182. All taxes levied by said Mayor and Council for the general purpose of said town shall be a lien on the property from the date of said levy of the party or parties against whom said tax may be charged, whether such persons be a resident or non-resident of the town, whether adult or infant, *non compos fene coneet* or otherwise, and it said tax cannot be made out of the personal property of such person or corporation then the same may be collected out of the rents of his, her, their or its real estate by due process of law, or the Bailiff or Collector may sell such real estate for payment of taxes by complying with the same requirements as the Treasurer of Garrett county has under the local laws of Garrett county.

183. The Bailiff or Collector shall collect and pay over to the Town Treasurer all taxes collected of the levy placed in his hands for collection monthly, dating from the date of said levy and shall give bond conditional on collecting and all taxes remaining unpaid after the first day of January next following the said levy he shall charge and collect interest from the said first day of January at the rate of six per cent. per annum to be accounted for with the tax and in all suits by the said Mayor and Council upon the bond of said Bailiff or Collector for any neglect of duty or for his default in not collecting any tax placed in his hands according to law, or for breach of his duty in not paying over money collected by him, proof of the delivery of the levy list shall be sufficient prima facia evidence to entitle said Mayor and Council to receive judgment in such suits unless the said Bailiff or Collector shall show that he has discharged his duty in such case according to law. It shall be the duty of the said Bailiff or Collector to assess from time to time, subject to an appeal to said Mayor and Town Council any property in said town liable to taxation and which shall come to his knowledge as having been omitted from the assessment books of said town and all property brought into said town from time to time and becoming liable to taxation; and provided further that this Act shall not affect the right of any present or past due taxes placed in his hands under the then existing law.

184. The Town Council shall provide for maintaining town scales and a lockup or town prison where all offenders against the ordinances of the town may be imprisoned by the tribunal having jurisdiction to hear such offenses.

185. No member of the Town Council shall during his term of office, hold or be interested in any other office under the corporation, nor be a party directly or indirectly to or interested in any contract in which the corporation is interested.

186. A majority of all the members elected to the Town Council shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

187. It shall be the duty of the Town Clerk to be present at all the meetings of the Mayor and Council; he shall keep a correct record of their proceedings, and an account of all their financial proceedings; he shall enter all ordinances passed by the Mayor and Council and signed by the Mayor, in a book kept by him for that purpose, and the books of said corporation shall be open for the inspection of any tax payer at all times, and copies of all ordinances shall be put up in the public places in said town.

188. The Council shall have power to pass all ordinances not inconsistent with the existing laws of the State, as they may deem necessary for the good government of the town; for the preservation of peace and good order and securing persons and property from violence, danger and destruction; for the removal of nuisances no matter from what source proceeding and all obstructions from the streets, lanes and alleys and from any lot adjoining thereto within the limits of the town; for the removal of any dangerous house or building; for the paving, grading, repairing, draining, levelling, surveying, laying out, extending, widening, opening, closing, straightening, relocating, improving or repairing any street, sidewalk or alley in said town; and may condemn or purchase the right of way of any street or alley which they may determine should be opened for the public good; for the preservation of property, rights and privileges; for the regulation of the sales of the streets, alleys or public places in said town; for the weighing of hay, coal and other property, for the suppression of vice and immorality; for the suppression of concealed weapons; for suppressing the practice of discharging fire arms, fire crackers, torpedoes or other explosives; for regulating the handling and storing of all kinds of explosives; for the prevention of gambling; for licensing of theatricals or other public amusements; to suppress tramps; for lighting the streets; for preventing swine, cattle, dogs or other animals from running at large on the streets; for imposing a tax on dogs; for locating of hog pens, privies and stables; and the Mayor and Town Council shall have full power and authority to pass all such ordinances as may be necessary to carry out and to give full force and effect to the powers conferred upon said corporation by law; and be it further enacted.

That the Mayor and Town Council shall have the right to provide for the organization, equipment and government of Fire Companies and to permit said Fire Company to organize as a body and to provide within itself all rules and regulations of its members and property appertaining thereto subject to the general supervision of the said Mayor and Town Council.

189. The Mayor and Town Council shall have power to levy a tax upon dogs not to exceed one dollar for any one dog and also a tax not to exceed two dollars upon any one bitch, within the said corporation.

190. Wherever it shall, in the judgment of the Town Council, become necessary to condemn land for the purpose of opening or widening a street or alley the corporation or any person aggrieved by the condemnation proceedings may appeal to the Circuit Court under such regulations as may be prescribed by ordinance.

191. A member of the Town Council may be removed from office for the same cause and in the same manner that the Mayor may be removed as provided for by this Act.

192. It shall be the duty of owners or possessors of property abutting on any street or whenever in the discretion of the Mayor and Town Council they deem it necessary for the safety and use of the public to make and to keep the sidewalk upon which the said property so abuts in good repair at his own cost and expense and such owner shall be responsible for any damages which may be occasioned by his negligence in repairing such sidewalk or failure to keep them in good and proper repair. If the owner or possessor shall fail to make or repair any sidewalk after due notice, according to the ordinances of the town, the corporation shall repair the same and charge the same to the owner, possessor or other person responsible for such repairs and may proceed to collect the same according to law, and all sidewalks shall be constructed or repaired in such manner as may be required by ordinance, but the Mayor and Town Council of Oakland shall not be responsible for any damage which may be occasioned by reason of failure on the part of lot owners to keep their sidewalks in proper repair.

193. The Town Clerk before entering upon his duties shall take the oath herein prescribed for members of the Town Council and shall execute such bond as may be prescribed by ordinance.

195 A. The Treasurer shall, before he enters upon his duties, execute a bond as required by the ordinance of the corporation and shall take the same oath which is prescribed for members of the Town Council. He shall have the custody of all corporation funds and shall receive, disburse and report the same in such manner as may be prescribed by ordinance.

195 B. The Tax Collector before entering upon his duties shall execute a bond as required by the ordinance of the town and shall take the oath prescribed for the members of the Council. He shall collect all taxes and other claims which may be due the corporation and shall pay over and account for the same at such time and in such manner as may be prescribed by this Act or the ordinances made in pursuance thereof. He shall assess all the improvements or additions to property in the town which may be made after a general assessment and an appeal shall be from his valuation in the Town Council.

195 C. The Police Magistrate shall be a Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland in and for Garrett county, residing within the town of Oakland. He shall have full authority, power and jurisdiction to hear, determine and pass sentence in all cases of the violation of the ordinances of said corporation and may suspend fines for such violations or may imprison offenders or may both fine and imprison offenders against said ordinances and in default of the payment of any fine imposed by him shall commit the offender to the lockup or county jail until the same be paid as may be provided by the ordinances of the town; provided that no ordinance shall be passed providing for a fine of not less than one nor more than twenty-five dollars or for a term of imprisonment for more than thirty days.

195 D. The Attorney for the corporation shall render such legal services as may be required of him from time to time by the Mayor and Town Council and shall receive such compensation as the Town Council may prescribe by ordinances.

195 E. The Bailiff shall qualify in such manner as the Town Council shall require. He shall perform all the police duties of the town and or this purpose he is clothed with all the powers of a constable under the general law. He shall promptly bring all violators of the ordinances of the town to trial before the Police Magistrate. He shall enforce the ordinances of the town and shall be subject to the orders of the Mayor and Council provided such orders are not contrary to the ordinances of the town. He shall receive the same fees as a constable in Garrett county for making arrests or serving any process for violation of the ordinances of the town or in the discharge of his duties as Bailiff.

195 F. The Baltimore and Ohio Company shall keep a flagman to guard the crossings of the tracks of said company over second street in the town of Oakland between the hours of seven o'clock a. m. and nine o'clock p. m.

195 G. The Mayor and Town Council shall have power to require license from all circuses, menageries, concerts, theatrical and all other exhibitions exhibiting for gain in said town. They shall have power to require license from the owners and keepers of hacks, carts, wagons, drays and every description of wheeled vehicle and carriages in said town or that may be brought into said town for hire; also from auctions, stores, hawkers, peddlers and meat shops in said town.

195 H. And be it further enacted That the Mayor and Town Council shall pass all such ordinances as may be necessary to impose a license tax upon each and every saloon and hotel or other place where spirituous and fermented liquors are sold with a view to profit, which license tax shall be collected at the date of the granting of said license. The proceeds of said tax shall be paid into the treasury of said town as any other tax. The said license tax shall be in such and every year the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, said license to be applied for and granted by the Mayor and Town Council of the town of Oakland to be dated from the first Monday in May in each year, and for any portion of a year to be regulated by ordinances in the discretion of the Mayor and Town Council, and further the said saloons, hotels or other places, where spirituous and fermented liquors are sold with a view to profit, shall be closed at ten-thirty o'clock p. m. and opened at five o'clock a. m., each day and the said Mayor and Town Council shall provide by ordinances now in force and operation in said town shall remain and be in full force and effect until regularly repealed, provided that nothing herein contained shall be construed to prevent the compounding or sale of any such liquors by a regular pharmacist or druggist having a license for such business under the laws of this State, upon written bona fide prescription of a regular practicing physician of such district or county whose name shall be signed thereto.

195 I. All ordinances now in force and operation in said town shall remain and be in full force and effect until regularly repealed.

195 J. The Town Council may by ordinance provide for the codification of all ordinances which have been or may be passed by it; and for the pending of such codification thereof and the ordinances so issued by the authority of the Town Council, may be read in evidence from the printed codification.

195 K. And be it enacted, that all laws relating to the corporation of Oakland conflicting or inconsistent with the provisions of this act be and the same are hereby repealed.

195 L. And be it enacted that this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

195 M. And be it further enacted that in the event of this act not becoming a law before the first day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, then the election for Mayor and Town Council for Oakland shall be held on the present year under the law heretofore enforced.

Approved, March 27, 1896.

CHAPTER 7.

AN ACT To prohibit the sale of spirituous or fermented liquors or lager beer at any place in Garrett county, within two miles of Anderson Chapel, in the village of Swanton, Maryland.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, that it shall not be lawful for the clerk of Garrett county, Maryland, to issue license to any person or persons to sell spirituous or fermented liquors or lager beer at any place in Garrett county within two miles of Anderson Chapel, in the village of Swanton, Garrett county, Maryland.

SECTION 2. And be it enacted, that this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved February 17, 1896.

Estate of Elizabeth Compton, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

ELIZABETH COMPTON,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 10th day of October next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 28th day of Mar., 1896.

ROSS COMPTON, Executor,
Grantsville, Md.
1—3

Salesmen Wanted

on Salary, to sell Pennsylvania grown Nursery Stock, which is the best in the world. All the new specialties as well as the standard varieties of Fruits and Ornamentals. A fine outfit furnished and all traveling expenses paid. Salary dates from day work is commenced. Write for terms stating age.

HOOPES, BRO. & THOMAS,
Maple Avenue Nurseries, West Chester, Pa.
5—1

ECCLESIASTICAL COLUMN.

Rev. S. M. Engle, pastor Presbyterian church, Editor.

Essentials of Teaching.

There are many qualifications that enter into the composition of a successful teacher, but there are those that according to the best judges, are absolutely necessary. The key word of each qualification is *knowledge*. Knowledge of (1) what, (2) knowledge of whom, (3) and knowledge of how to teach. That these three qualifications as to knowledge are necessary will appear from a proper definition of teaching. Teaching consists in the arousing in the mind of the pupil those intellectual acts that result in his acquisition of knowledge. Dr. Trumbull defines teaching more simply, but less exactly, by saying, "Teaching is causing to know." Now to cause another to have any definite knowledge, it is of course essential that the teacher shall first possess it himself. He cannot give what he has not. Hence the scriptnre in commenting npon this subject interrogates, "Can the blind lead the blind? Shall they not both fall into the ditch?" Exceptions to this rule are only apparent. In case the pupil acquires knowledge under a stupid or unprepared teacher, the credit is due the pupil's study and thought alone. Preparation therefore to meet one's class involves very much. In the Sunday school lesson are involved not only the understanding of the lesson's correct meaning with its doctrinal points and the practical application of the truths taught, but questions also of geography, needing maps, and questions of chronology and archæology, requiring a good bible dictionary and exposition. A plan of study then becomes necessary in the preparation: a flexible plan, to guide to a creditable understanding of the lesson and its surroundings. As such a guide some have adopted the five w's—initial letters of where, when, what, whom and why. He that has satisfied creditably the requirements of the five w's with reference to his subject will be prepared to meet his class in so far as the knowledge of his lesson is concerned. Certainly every consciencious teacher should aim at no less. In this classification of his information, the wise teacher will recall the individual characteristics of his pupils that he may store up something especial for each. To give exactness to the preparation it is well to put in writing an outline of the work—this outline not to be used in teaching, but only to be helpful in fixing it exactly in the teacher's mind. Such preparation presupposes the possession of a good teacher's bible such as the Oxford, and with the addition of some good bible dictionary such as Schoff's, and a Sunday school help in exposition, the teacher will be armed.

2. Next in importance is the teacher's knowledge of whom he is to teach. The pupil's degree of attainment, characteristics of mind and heart, and home surroundings must be known. Coleridge says, "To cause one to comprehend our knowledge, we must comprehend his ignorance." The class as a whole may appear to belong to the *genus puer*, but a closer acquaintance with the boys may reveal characteristics of that anthropoidean quadrumanous mammal that gives color to Dr. Woodrow's theories. Boys differ also in attainments. One that loves to study or taught much at home is certainly not to be dealt with in the same manner as his opposite. They differ, too, in character. The swearer and the reverent, the tippler and the temperate, the kindly and the morose are not to be reached in the same manner. A wise Philadelphian aptly compares individual learners with different metals. Gold cannot be worked like iron, or lead as brass. What will succeed with one will destroy the other. So with the child, whether in the home or in school. Now the effort to acquire this knowledge of the pupil requires care and attention worthy of a true teacher, and only such greatly succeed.

3. Of equal importance is the teacher's knowledge of how to teach. The teacher may have knowledge of both lesson and pupil, but unless he can bring the two into contact, his knowledge does not benefit the pupils. Like Tantulus the thirsty, standing in water to his lips, and with the impossibility of tasting it, there is no benefit until imparted. Telling or hearing a recitation, or correcting mistakes may not teach—the pupil must be led to know. As the light flashes from the perfect crystal, whichsoever facet is turned to the eye, so there may be many ways of turning truth to the learner. Each teacher must adopt the method best suited to him and to his pupils. Having knowledge of subject and learner, the proper method will suggest itself to the wise teacher. This much of plan must be settled beforehand, viz: The teacher must have the exact manner of the beginning fixed, be it illustration, question or other. The attention having been arrested by a bright illustration at the start, may be held in interest by a definite and animated plan, in which simple and clear statement is interspersed with pointed illustrations and questions. Let the scene of the lesson be made real to the pupil's mind, the doctrines concisely stated, and the application of the practical points clearly made. Let there be a heart thoroughly interested in the welfare and salvation of the pupils of his class individually, behind these three acquisitions of knowledge concerning what, whom and how to teach, and we have a teacher thoroughly prepared for success and whose reward in heaven shall be great. By such a teacher intellects will be awakened and an interest in study aroused in the minds of the scholars that will follow them throughout life.

Died.

On Saturday March 14, 1896, at Aurora, David Ridenour, aged 78 years, 2 months and 26 days. The deceased was born in German settlement, Monongalia county, Virginia, (now Aurora, Preston county, West Virginia,) December 18, 1817. He was married to Sarah J. Wheeler in 1846, and lived a true and happy life together, until May 24, 1880, when his companion was called to rest. He was converted in the year 1840, and united with the M. E. church and was a member of the same until death called him home. His home was always the home of the ministers; he loved to have them with him. He was not permitted to hear a sermon for several years, (on account of deafness,) but he was never happier than when he was with God's people. The deceased leaves four children, J. M. Ridenour, of Bedford, Pa., Mrs. G. L. Bosley, of Oakland, Md., Mrs. W. J. Scott and E. O. Ridenour of Aurora. L. S. R.

SPITZER.—Mr. Allen Spitzer died March 14, 1896, in his eighty-third year. He was born in 1813 in Rockingham county, Va. In 1835 he went to Licking county, Ohio, where he married and raised a family. His wife died in 1865. He was married again in 1866 to Mrs. Maria Carey, who still survives him. For a number of years they came to Oakland where they might escape the malaria with which Mr. Spitzer had been afflicted for many years. They afterwards built a nice cottage at Mt. Lake Park, where they made their permanent home. Like Zacharia and Elizabeth, they walked together for many years "blameless before the Lord," but our beloved friend and brother has gone a little in advance to the better land, for which he had long been earnestly seeking. His suffering was short but very severe. As he had hoped, he had but a brief time to remain in bed—less than a week. He remained conscious to the last hour, giving frequent and clear testimony that all was well. He made all the arrangements for his funeral and burial, which were carried out as nearly as possible. He died on Saturday about half past twelve, and Monday afternoon Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, his pastor, held a prayer and praise service at the cottage. He was then carefully laid away in the Odd Fellow's cemetery in Oakland. We will greatly miss the cheerful and happy face of our brother, but we can always think of him as being forever with the Lord. J. A. E.

WALKER.—On Thursday, April 2, 1896, Clara B., wife of Leo D. Walker, and daughter of the late Henry C. and Louisa Morgan.

The above was read in the Baltimore *Sun* at Oakland last Friday morning and was as a thunderbolt coming from a cloudless sky. The deceased lady had been ill but ten days at her home in Baltimore, her friends in Oakland who are numberless, not having a suspicion that her illness would prove fatal. The funeral occurred on Monday morning from Mt. Cavalry church, Baltimore and the interment was made the same day.

M. MACDONAGH.

A Tribute to His Memory From One Who Loved Him.

Mr. Michael MacDonagh died last Wednesday morning from the effects of the terrible injuries he received on the night of the 20th of last April, in that disastrous wreck upon the Baltimore and Ohio at Fredericktown, when No. 8, running over 50 miles an hour, collided with a freight train. The only life sacrificed as a result of that collision is that of the brave Engineer MacDonagh, who, after making a heroic struggle for life for eleven months subsequent to receiving those terrible injuries, had to give up the unequal contest and quietly passed away after having suffered more during these eleven months than man is often called upon to endure in a lifetime.

What makes the matter seem harder is that he was in no way to blame for what occurred on that night, on the contrary what might have resulted in the loss of several lives was averted by his bravery and competency. With only a few seconds going around a sharp curve, and the glare of the headlight of the freight engine, the only intimation of the impending danger, yet in those few seconds he was able to do what probably saved many lives. He did not think of personal safety first, he thought only of duty, and, if possible, preventing the catastrophe which appeared so imminent.

He reversed his engine and her steam and sand and put on the air so that the engine literally slid along the rails; and the momentum was so reduced that the passengers scarcely knew there was a collision. He literally sacrificed his life in the discharge of his duty, for had he jumped when he first became cognizant of danger he, in all probability, would have escaped with slight, if any, injuries. His death is the result of negligence.

Under the running rules, the freight train should have been side tracked over ten minutes when the accident occurred, and it seems almost incredible that men of a modicum of intelligence would take such a silly, or rather criminal risk, and it is too bad that one of the best engineers on the Baltimore and Ohio, and one who was liked by his fellow employes in a marked degree, and who had the respect of all who knew him, should have to suffer and die for the carelessness of other men.

Mr. MacDonagh was born in Ireland June 10th, 1849, and had all his life been a constant member of the Episcopal church, in which he was confirmed in his own parish church in Ireland on Sunday, October 5th, 1862, as is recorded in a Bible which he brought with him when he came to this country a boy about fifteen years old.

Mr. MacDonagh leaves a wife and five children to mourn his sad and premature decease. In the community in which he lived it is unnecessary to say that he was a model husband and father; all who knew him knew how he loved his home and family and how when not in the engine cab how he spent his time in his home with his family. He was a good man in every sense of the word, a good neighbor, a true friend, in short, one of natures gentlemen.

"Howe'er that be it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good,
True hearts are more than coronet,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

An autopsy was held on the remains of the late Michael MacDonagh yesterday by Drs. Mitchell and Palmer. His death was found to be due to injuries received in a wreck at Fredericktown, about a year ago. A splinter of bone was found imbedded in his brain, and both lungs were completely hepatized.

The funeral will be from Trinity Episcopal church at 2 p. m. Saturday.—Newark (O.) American.

[Mr. MacDonagh, referred to above, spent last summer in Oakland as a guest at the Glades Hotel. He will be remembered by many of Oakland's citizens as a gentleman often seen walking around the streets wearing a black silk skull cap and carrying on his face the marks he received in the wreck which ultimately caused his death. While sojourning in Oakland he made many friends, who will be pained to hear of his demise.—ED REPUBLICAN.]

Mt. Lake Park.

The green grass is beginning to make its appearance, an indication that the spring season is at hand.

Mrs. Stine, of Baltimore, and Mr. Martin, of Washington, D. C., are here putting Mountain Lake Hotel in shape for the coming season. The hotel will open about the first week in June.

Hotel Dennett the past winter has had a major general overhauling. The building of 1895 has been lost in improvements. A three story front has been added, and a two story kitchen, etc., erected in the rear of the old building. A magnificent fire place has been put to the new addition. It will accommodate logs six feet long. The hotel is to be lighted by gas, and will have the modern hotel appliances.

A number of new houses have been erected since my last letter. About a dozen more will go up between now and June. The material is being put on the ground for the Hall of Physiology. This will be one of the prettiest buildings in the Park and is located between Philadelphia avenue, Arbutus Glade Drive and I street.

Hon. Wm. L. Woodcock, of Altoona, Pa., has given Mr. Johnson the contract to erect a six room cottage on Allegheny Drive, to be ready for use by June 1st. Mr. Woodcock was the first president of the Epworth League of this General Conference District. He is a prominent Sunday school worker. A few weeks ago he sent his check to Chaplain McCabe for $1000 to help pay the debt against the Missionary Society. We are pleased to have him interested in the Park. May his investments extend through our county.

Railroad Agent Sperry has rented his cottage to a lady in Baltimore, who will open it as a boarding house.

A number of cottages have been rented for the coming summer. The outlook seems to be encouraging. The program for the season will be of unusual interest. The spring announcement is now in the hands of the printers, and will be ready for distribution in a week or so. Dr. Talmage, Gen. Gordon and other noted speakers will take part in the Chautauqua.

It is expected that there will be five hundred preachers and evangelists at the camp meeting, which opens July 4th. Hotel Dennett has arranged to accommodate one hundred persons during camp meeting. So we think we are safe in saying "that the woods will be full of people" this summer.

Superintendent Rudisill "houses" about one thousand tons of natural ice, which will be placed on the market. It is expected that a large wholesale trade can be built up, and Mountain Lake ice be shipped all over the country.

The lake is a great big success. About 25 acres of water. My, what boating there will be. The boats will be put out about the first of May.

About twelve acres of meadow will be seeded down to grass.

Capt Hayden will open his store about the 20th inst. He will have a choice stock of goods to offer the public. The new store building is nearing completion.

Mrs. Isabel Whetsell, of Cranesville, has purchased a house on E street and moved into it.

Prof. Rambean, of Johns Hopkins University, has also purchased a cottage for summer use. XX

Pea Ridge.

Friday and Saturday of last week were cold and stormy, but to-day (Sunday) the sun is shining and the snow fast disappearing.

Preaching and song service held Sunday were largely attended considering the disagreeable traveling.

Talk about the new railroad through here seems to be the order of the day. We would like to see the road go through.

If some of our farmers should be so lucky as to find lime on their farms, in a few years we would have our land in a very fertile condition.

We would like to have some of the readers of THE REPUBLICAN tell us how to get rid of blue thistles. Give us your opinions.

Dr. D. O. McKinley, a dentist of Salisbury, Pa., passed through here Sunday on a professional trip to Lonaconing.

Miss Rachel McKenzie, who has been staying with relatives at Confluence, Pa., for some time, is home again.

Miss Zilphia Durst, of New Germany, was calling on her many friends here Sunday.

Mr. Elijah Gould, of Lonaconing, who spent last summer at this place, has gone to Pittsburg in search of employment.

We notice Silas Bittinger, of Savage River, on the Ridge again.

Mrs. J. Wesley Broadwater, of Backwoods, was visiting friends and relatives here Sunday.

Several of our young people attended the literary society at the McKenzie school house.

Mr. James McKenzie has just left on a business trip to Barton.

Geo. Brown made a business trip to Frostburg one day last week.

Wm. D. Broadwater is erecting a handsome dwelling on his farm. William is a hustler and we predict his success.

Mrs. Frank Lancaster was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Robeson Sunday last.

Mr. Joseph Goodwin, of near Lonaconing, will occupy the Brown farm in the near future.

We would like to hear from the Avilton correspondent again.

RAWLINGS & CO.'S SEEDS WILL PRODUCE.

To introduce our Home Grown Garden, Field and Flower Seeds into new homes where they have not yet been tried, we will, on receipt of sixty cents (60c), send to any address, post paid, 11 pkts., consisting of the following:

1 pkt.	All Early Cabbage	10c
1 "	Golden Queen Tomato	5c
1 "	First of All Sweet Corn, the earliest corn on the market	10c
1 "	Extra Long Green Cucumber	5c
1 "	Vick's Early Water Melon	5c
1 "	White Strasberg Radish	5c
1 "	Twenty Day Radish, ready for use in 20 days from time seed is planted	5c
1 "	Early Curled Simpson Lettuce	5c
1 "	Danvers Carrot	5c
1 "	Sugar Parsnip	5c
1 "	Large Red Wethersfield Onion	5c
1 "	Red Top Sugar Beet	5c
1 "	Golden Wax Bean	10c
1 "	Choice Flower Seed	5c
	Total	85c

All for 60 cents or two collections for $1.00.

Stamps taken for amounts less than one dollar. Seeds guaranteed fresh and true to name.

Protect your home industry and give us at least a trial order.

Address all orders to

A. C. RAWLINGS & CO.,
FLOYD, Garrett Co., MD.

In your order for seeds, state where you saw this advertisement. 5—4

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL ROOFING. SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In effect April 1st, 1891.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS	NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1		No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 40	8 00 lv	Cumberland ar	12 00	7 00
3 31	8 31	Rawlings	11 29	6 29
3 26	8 36	Keyser	11 04	6 04
3 09	8 53	Westernport	10 51	5 51
3 02	9 00	Bloomington	10 44	5 44
2 57	9 05	Barton	10 39	5 39
2 52	9 10	Lonaconing	10 34	5 34
2 46	9 16	Gorman	10 28	5 28
2 42	9 20	Wilson	10 24	5 24
2 36	9 26	Stanton	10 18	5 18
2 31	9 31	Midland	10 13	5 13
2 27	9 35	Carlos	10 09	5 09
2 22	9 40	Ocean	10 04	5 04
2 17	9 45	Borden	9 59	4 59
2 12	9 50	Klondike	9 54	4 54
2 07	9 55	Ellerslie	9 49	4 49
2 02	10 00	Bowman	9 44	4 44
1 57	10 05	Bittinger	9 39	4 39
1 52	10 10	Deer Park	9 34	4 34
1 47	10 15	Oakland	9 29	4 29
1 42	10 20	Swanton	9 24	4 24
1 37	10 25	Altamont	9 19	4 19
1 32	10 30	Bloomington	9 14	4 14
1 27	10 35	Piedmont	9 09	4 09
1 22	10 40	Westernport	9 04	4 04
1 17	10 45	Luke	8 59	3 59
1 12	10 50	Borden Mine	8 54	3 54
1 07	10 55	Wolfden	8 49	3 49
1 02	11 00	Jennings	8 44	3 44
12 57	11 05	Shaft	8 39	3 39
12 52	11 10	Meadow Brook	8 34	3 34
12 47	11 15	Elk Garden	8 29	3 29
12 42	11 20	Helmick	8 24	3 24
12 37	11 25	Parsons	8 19	3 19
12 32	11 30	Davis	8 14	3 14
12 27	11 35	Coketon	8 09	3 09
12 22	11 40	Hendricks	8 04	3 04
12 17	11 45	Bretz	7 59	2 59
12 12	11 50	Thomas	7 54	2 54
12 07	11 55	Davis	7 49	2 49
12 02	12 00	Coketon	7 44	2 44
11 57	12 05	Hendricks	7 39	2 39
11 52	12 10	Bretz	7 34	2 34
11 47	12 15	Parsons	7 29	2 29
11 42	12 20	Kerens	7 24	2 24
11 37	12 25	Elkins	7 19	2 19
11 32	12 30	Beverly	7 14	2 14
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

P. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 166 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $300 balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

1. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles south of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty., Oakland, Md.

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD.

Spring is the time in the year that your Horses, Cows, Hogs, Sheep, Poultry, etc., need some good article to purify their blood. The International Food is the best article known for stock of all kinds; 3 feeds for one cent. Don't use any other. For sale only by

THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO.

DRINK LUXURY COFFEE

and get the best Coffee made and get either Ladie's or Gentleman's Gold Watch, guaranteed for 25 years. Use no other, because Luxury Coffee is the best.

Don't fail to call at the stores of The Maryland Supply Co. for

TIMOTHY AND CLOVER SEED.

We only handle the best western seed. Garden Seeds in abundance of all kinds. Fertilizer, Salt, Groceries, General Merchandise, and anything you may need. Don't fail to call at the stores of THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO., at

Mt. Lake Park, Md.
Oakland, Md.
Swanton, Md.
Lonaconing, Md.

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Your Face

Will be wreathed with a most engaging smile, after you invest in a

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PINCH TENSION,
TENSION INDICATOR
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AUTOMATIC TENSION RELEASER,

The most complete and useful devices ever added to any sewing machine.

The WHITE is

Durably and Handsomely Built,
Of Fine Finish and Perfect Adjustment,
Sews ALL Sewable Articles,

And will serve and please you up to the full limit of your expectations.

ACTIVE DEALERS WANTED in unoccupied territory. Liberal terms. Address,

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.,
CLEVELAND, O.

FOR SALE.

The farm belonging to Elizabeth Maley, situated two miles north of Deer Park, adjoining the lands of Jack Cooper, Fundenberg, Miller and Rawlesion. Contains 115½ acres, about 68 acres cleared, and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the premises. 52 4m.*

WHY SHOULD YOU SEND YOUR CHILD —TO— BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

1st. He (or she) can be prepared for college, he can study book keeping, shorthand, typewriting, etc., and be fitted for business; he can begin his course in medicine or pharmacy under a teacher who has made the subject of chemistry a specialty.

2nd. It is a home school (co-educational and for a limited number) and is conducted with all the loving, care-taking ministrations for individual development that the name implies.

3rd. Students require the most exacting, nerve-building climate, and here they have it. Among the recreations are skating, boating, tennis, bowling.

4th. English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish German, Musical and Art courses. Bible study and high ethical teaching will fit him for a noble Christian career.

L. E. SWAN, Principal,
18 1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.46 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	7.07 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 47	—Daily	10.49 A. M
No. 55	—Express, daily	6.22 P. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	8.45 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	10.06 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	—Daily	5.59 A. M
No. 2	—Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	9.05 A. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	4.26 P. M
No. 6	—Daily	5.07 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	12.29 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, Jersey cattle also new and three good 2-in hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
C. C. SPAKADON,
2—1yr Keyser, W. Va.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., March 2d, 1896.

The County Commissioners will meet at their office in Oakland on

Tuesday, April 14, 1896,

For the purpose of making the Annual Levy for 1896. All persons having claims against the county must have them filed in the office on or before the above date, otherwise may be excluded from payment of same.

By order of the board,
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

FRANKLIN P. GREEN,
COUNTY SURVEYOR FOR
GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Postoffice, LONACONING, MD.

All work entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished on short notice. 3-5m*

MUSHROOMS

From Loch Lynn Fruit Farm. Nursery and Greenhouse.

Our Greenhouse } A few hours by mail } Your Kitchen.

Order a pound and see how nice they are.

THE HORTICULTURAL SUPPLY CO.,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

SHERIFF'S SALE —OF— REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of Henry Bobett et al., vs. John W. Jankey, the same being No. 6 Judicials, July Term, 1884, Circuit Court for Garrett county, the undersigned Sheriff will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the store house of W. C. Jones in the town of Deer Park, all the right and title of the said John W. Jankey in and to all those two Military Lots situated about four miles north-east of said town, which are known and designated as lots Nos. 1111 and 1115, containing fifty acres of land each, on

SATURDAY, THE 18th DAY OF APRIL, 1896,

at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m. of said day.

Said property is partially improved and is now in the possession of a tenant.

Terms of sale. Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN,
51—5 Sheriff of Garrett County.

LICENSES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all persons or bodies, corporate or public, who may be required to take out license, that they must obtain the same on or before the

1st Day of May, 1896.

According to the provisions of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, every person or persons doing business for gain or profit except the maker, grower, or manufacturer, are hereby notified that they must take out a license.

AUSTIN BROWN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office opposite postoffice, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county at their first meeting after thirty days from the date of this notice, for a public county road beginning at the west end of Clark Delferry's land on new road running on north side of Red Run, through the lands of Clark Delferry, the H. G. Davis lands and others, crossing Deep Creek above mouth of Red Run and to intersect the river road at or near Henry Sores'; a distance of 3½ miles.

THOS. J. BROWNING,
ASHLEY WOLF,
R. T. BROWNING,
And Others.
3—4

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

A VALUABLE CLAIM.

BY WILL LISENBEE.

Buck Simmons walked behind the huge prairie-breaking plow, watching, with evident satisfaction, the chocolate-colored ribbons of earth which the plow was turning over. The two yokes of oxen that drew the plow were showing no inclination to hurry through life, which disposition was in perfect harmony with Buck's own feelings on the subject. He did not believe in physical precipitation in connection with common labor. To be in a hurry seemed to him to be a species of folly that was totally inexcusable.

On reaching the end nearest the cabin he brought the team to a halt, and, allowing the cattle to graze on the luxuriant grass, seated himself on the beam of the plow and lighted his pipe.

"There ain't much better land than this in these parts," he mused, "an' as fer watermelons, it can't be beat this side uv the Rockies."

A covered wagon, drawn by a pair of shabby sorrel mules, came to a halt in the road close by, and a bushy-bearded man got out.

"My name's Billings—Zeke Billings," he said, as he came up to the spot where Buck was seated. "I'm looking for a claim to buy. Can you direct me to where I can find a good one which I could purchase at a reasonable figure?"

"Ye couldn't 'a' struck it better if ye'd 'a' searched fer a week," replied Buck, removing his pipe from his mouth and blowing a cloud of smoke from his bearded lips.

"That's fortunate," responded the stranger. "Then I may infer that you can give me the desired information?"

"Ye've sed it."

"Thank you. Is the land in question near here?"

"'Bout six inches from where ye're standing."

"Ah, I see. Your own claim is for sale?"

"It can be bought."

"How much land is in your claim? A full quarter section?"

"Ye've sed it."

"Is the land good?"

"Think I'd be a-plowin' pore land? What do ye take me fer? Must think I'm powerful fond uv work!"

"No offense, I assure you," replied Billings. "What advantages does your claim possess besides that mentioned?"

"'Tain't more 'an four miles ter water."

"Why, do you call four miles from water close?"

"Ye would if ye'd hauled it 26 miles fer one season."

"But I wouldn't live in such a country as that. A man wouldn't get anything but water-hauling done."

"Thar warn't anything else ter do thar."

"Didn't you raise any crops?"

"Nary crop."

"What made you stay in such a country?"

"Couldn't git away."

"What made you go there?"

"Fer git a claim."

"Why, what on earth could you want with a claim in a place like that?"

"A man's got ter meck a livin'."

"Make a living? How did you expect to make a living in a desert where nothing would grow?"

"Sell my claim."

"How did you happen to find a buyer?"

"It allus rained oncet a year; then we hus'led ter sell out 'fore the ground dried. That was our bizy time."

"What do you suppose a man would think of you for selling him such a claim?"

"I never stayed ter see."

"I suppose not. What did the man that bought your claim do when he found out what kind of a place he had got into?"

"Lived thar till the next rain."

"What then?"

"He sold out ter another feller. The west is a great edleator. A feller can't stay hyar long an' be a tenderfoot. Ye'll say so 'fore ye're hyar a year. Now, this yere claim uv mine—"

"To be sure—we were talking about your claim. I can see that the land is very good, and I suppose water could be got by sinking a well. I like the lay of this piece of land, and if your price is reasonable, I might strike a bargain with you."

"Ye've sed it."

"What would you call a fair price for your claim?"

"'Bout er thousan' dollars."

"A thousand dollars! Why, man, I can get as good a claim as can be found in the county for $200. Remember you can give no deed, but only quit your claim."

"I likewise knows all that; but this yere ain't no common claim. Say $500?"

"No. Two fifty is the most I can give."

"Then the claim's yourn."

"Very well. I will come back in a few days and have the papers fixed up."

"That seems fair-like; but I puts it like this: Ye're a stranger ter me, an' mebby ye comes back, an' mebby ye don't. If I holds this yere claim fer ye, ye pays me now $25 in hand, the rest ter be paid in three days, when ye gits the claim."

The stranger took out a book, and, writing the desired documents, gave them to Buck to sign, while he counted out the required sum of money. When the amount had been paid and the papers signed, Billings said:

"That fixes the matter all right. I will come back in three days and pay the rest of the money and take possession of the claim."

He was about to retrace his steps to his wagon when Buck stopped him with a wave of his hand.

"As I war jist sayin'," he said, "this yere is no common claim; but thar aire fellers that would try ter meck out like this—they wouldn't have the claim as a gift."

"Why, what do they say is the matter with it?" asked Billings, growing interested.

"'Tain't hardly worth repeatin'," went on Buck, in a careless tone. "I puts it that it is jealousy uv them, seein' I've got the best claim in the settlement. If you seed one uv them fellers it's likely he'd say that thar can't be no water got on this yere claim. He'd say that the well-borer war hyar an' bored about 600 feet an' got no water. That would be a lie, 'cause he only bored 400 feet, but I'll allus believe he'd 'a' got water if he'd 'a' bored deep enough. Then some object ter the claim 'cause they says I've settled on a school section, which ain't open for settlement, an' that I'll haf ter git off soon as a school board is organized. But how the Sam Hill do they know who the school board's goin' ter be, an' how can they tell what they're goin' ter do 'fore they're elected? Some people does meck me have that tired feelin'!"

"Why, if that is the case," broke in Billings, "I don't know as—"

"I ain't through yit," put in Buck. "Let me tell ye all the onery skunks aire doin' ter ruin the repertashun uv this yere claim. Some puts it that it is too close ter the line uv the Injun territory, an' that the road agents an' robbers would kill a feller off as fast as he could come hyar, an' that sich visbus invirunments would be the sp'ilin' uv the society uv the neighborhood; but thar hain't been but two men killed on this yere claim since I come here, which is full six months ago, an' them war both strangers who war campin' in the road hyar, an' never a-standin' g'ard none. Whatever else could sich chumps expect?"

"That is horrible!" said Billings, with a shiver. "As I were going to say, in that case—"

"I ain't through yit," continued Buck. "I's an honest man, an' b'lieves in tellin' the whole story which them slanderers aire so fond uv exaggeratin'. Some puts it that the snaiks on this yere claim is its greatest drawback, an' ter hear 'em talk ye'd think that a feller couldn't stay hyar 15 minnets without bein' swallered by them; but wait till I tells ye the true facts. Now, these yere snaiks aire perty bad, 'less ye know how ter take 'em. A feller must wear high boots an' keep his eyes peeled. Then I wears er buskskin suit under my other clothes, which has saved my life more 'an once. Now, thar was Ruggy Jones, who lived over thar on the next claim. He comes over ter see me one day, 'lowin he ain't afeared of no snaik livin'. He warn't the man ter listen ter no reason; he comes a-wearin' of them low dude gaiters, an' the first thing he knows he's bit with one uv them snaiks. Well, he slobbers 'round a little, takes a fit, tryin' ter kill everybody, then curls up an' dies deader 'an Moses. 'Twarn't my fault, seein' as how he had been warned: but some folks will be fools. Uv course, accidents will sometimes happen, even with the most keerful. Thar's my wife, Mandy, now. You couldn't find a keerfuler woman 'an her, but it all happened like this: One night one uv them dad blamed snaiks gits an' hides itself in the bed, an' the first thing we knows Mandy is bit. It warn't her fault, fer who'd think uv wearin' snaik pertecters in the bed? Well, she pumps a gallun uv my best whisky down her throat, an' it kinder newteralizes that yere pizen, so instead uv dyin' she only has some fits. Mandy ain't no slouch in a skirmosh, an' when them fits comes on ye'd be safe in 'lowin' that I had my hands full. She gits the corn-knife, 'lowin' that everybody is after her, an' out she goes, slashin' at everything, dangerus like. It's about daylight by this time, an' she meets Sol Miller, who is out early lookin' fer his mules. She mecks fer him, an' 'fore he gits on ter what she's drivin' at, she has sliced off one uv his years, an' he only 'scapes by bein' one uv the best runners in the settlement. She next slashes the head uv my best dog off, an' after she had sliced the tail off one uv my hosses, I finally ropes her. She gets quiet like after awhile, but them fits will come back on her—"

"That is enough," interrupted the stranger. "I wouldn't live on this claim for all the land in the county. Give me back my money, and we will call the trade off."

"No, we don't," replied Buck. "I reckon the contract don't say nothin' about givin' the money back. If ye want the claim, pay the rest an' it's yourn; but if not, the 25 is mine. That's the contract."

He was interrupted by a shriek which issued from the cabin, and the next moment the figure of a woman emerged from the door and came running wildly across the prairie, flourishing a corn knife about her head.

"Blame my cats, that's Mandy havin' one uv them fits!" cried Buck. "Look out fer yerself an' team, stranger, while I runs fer a rope!"

But Billings did not wait to listen. With one bound he was in his wagon, and a moment later had lashed the mules into a gallop and was disappearing down the trail in a cloud of dust.

Buck darted around the cabin, the woman in hot pursuit, and this was kept up till the stranger was well out of sight. Then the two went into the house.

"I reckon he's gone for good," said Mandy, laying the corn knife on the table.

"Ye've sed it. That snaik story fixed him. It allus does."

"How much did you get out of this bargain?" asked the wife.

"Twenty-five. That's the fourth this week. A hundred a week ain't so bad. I reckon I'll knock off work for the day."

And he sat down and began to examine the money he had received, assuring himself that it was genuine.

"I'll tell ye, Mandy," he said, "a feller can't be too keerful in dealing with them eastern sharpers. They are allus up ter some swin'lin tricks ter beat honest people."—N. Y. Ledger

MOVING SOUTHWARD.

The Tide of Immigration Is Tending in That Direction.

The next great movement of population that the world is to witness will be southward. The conditions are now all favorable. It has required a quarter of a century since the war to bring about the changes that were necessary to make the south a thoroughly attractive country for northern and western farmers. All the questions relating to possible race troubles had to be settled. All the prejudices engendered on both sides by the war had to die out, and the fact that the south could produce other things than cotton had to be demonstrated. The construction after the war, of railroads through the west and northwest by the aid of enormous land grants made it absolutely necessary that these roads, controlled as they were by the leading financial powers of Europe and America, should bend their energies and unite the influence of all the financial forces concentrated in them to turn population westward. The south was in no condition to invite immigration, even if it had been in its power to accomplish anything against such a combination of forces as were at work in behalf of the west.

But a great change has come and all the disadvantages under which the south has labored are being removed. During the last five or ten years there have settled here and there all over the south a few northern and western farmers, whose great success is now being made known to all their friends in their former homes. This is awakening a direct interest in the south in all parts of the west—an interest such as could be aroused in no other way.

From every section of the north, the west and northwest, and even from California, requests for information about the south and its advantages for settlers are being received. Items of news from several thousand towns and villages from Maryland to Texas pass before the writer every day. The most striking feature in this mass of news—so pronounced that it would impress itself even upon the most casual reader—is the number of settlers reported from day to day as locating in the south.

This is entirely a new thing. A year ago items of this kind were rare. Now every issue of every southern paper has something in it about immigration matters and the incoming of new people, and even now thousands of western and northern farmers are settling in the south.—Richard H. Edmonds, in Chautauquan.

UPSTAIRS BY EXPRESS.

The Through Elevators Run in Tall Buildings.

"All aboard—seventh floor, first stop."

This cry greeted a reporter the other day as he stepped into a down-town office building and faced a half dozen elevators. He wished to go to the ninth floor. He stepped into an elevator over which was the sign: "Express—first stop, seventh floor."

In it there were three men and a middle-aged woman. The starter said "All right," and the elevator man grasped the throttle of the "express." It was the usual cable rope, and as the man pulled it began its journey upward. The lone woman passenger gave vent to a slight "Oh," and held her breath.

Floor after floor was passed at a speed of about eight miles an hour. When the sixth floor was reached the woman wanted to get off, but was informed that she was on an express, and it was against the rules to stop an express until its destination was reached. The elevator arrived at the seventh floor on time. It took exactly eight seconds to make the upward journey of 85 feet. The elevator man then announced that the next stop would be the top floor, 100 feet above. The top floor, according to the directory, was the 14th, and the elevator flew upward once more, arriving near the roof a few seconds later.

"We can make a round trip in 45 seconds, including short stops," said the engineer of the express, "but we have made it in about 40 without stops. There are two express elevators and four regulars, that we call way trains. They stop at every floor and for everybody who shouts. Often I get passengers who want to get out at the sixth or tenth floors. They get mad, too, when they are told they must go up and take another elevator down. The other express makes no intermediate stops at all during the busy hours."—N. Y. Press.

How to Pronounce Peking.

It is a very singular thing that so few persons know how to spell or pronounce the name of a Chinese city which we all spell and pronounce so many times over, especially since all Chinese affairs have become of more consequence to us in the last year. That city of Peking. No one, except some person who has lived in China, or who has been told by some one who has lived there, ever calls it anything but Pekin. Even the geographies make the same mistake. Yet it is as incorrect to omit the "g" as it would be to leave off the "k" in New York. It should be pronounced with the accent on the latter syllable, instead of, as most people give it, on the first.—Golden Days.

To Freshen Silk Bodices.

A very easy and charming way to freshen a black, white or colored silk or satin bodice is to cover it with an over-waist of chiffon the shade of the bodice, or, if liked, of a contrasting color. As there are neither darts nor side seams, this airy drapery is easily adjusted, and to finish the waist, one can purchase in any of the fancy dry goods houses accordion-plaited or crimped chiffon frills in white, black, cream and fancy colors, with Persian, ribbon or beaded edges. Shoulder straps of satin ribbon carried down the front and back would serve to keep the fullness of the chiffon in place, thus giving a slender look to the figure.—St. Louis Republic.

ROLLED CAKES.

Easily Prepared If You Only Know How to Proceed.

There are several species of rolled cakes which require special treatment. The best known of these are the rolled sponge cakes, which are usually spread with jelly, custard, soft chocolate or some fillings rolled up while warm, and when cooled cut off in slices from the end. These cakes are easily prepared, although the amateur is often unsuccessful because of her failure to observe two or three simple things necessary to success.

Beat the yolks of four eggs with two-thirds of a cup of powdered sugar. This portion of the work can be done effectually with a patent beater, because all that is necessary is a vigorous stirring. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth with an egg whip, add a tablespoonful of lemon juice to the yolks and sugar. Stir it in. Fold in the beaten whites of the eggs, being careful not to stir or you would break down the whites. Sift two-thirds of a cup of pastry flour with half a teaspoonful of baking powder twice, then sift it into the other ingredients. Mix it in carefully with an egg whip. Spread the cake batter evenly on a flat biscuit tin and bake it 15 minutes. Take it out of the oven and spread it while warm with jelly. The edges of the cake are apt to be dry and hard; trim these off evenly. Begin rolling a little firmly at first and continue until the roll is formed. Pin it in compact form in a napkin or a strip of clean cotton, when it will stay in place. Cut off slices half an inch thick from the ends. Currant or crab-apple makes excellent jelly. When the cake is flavored with vanilla use a soft chocolate to spread on it. Soak a tablespoonful of gelatine in three tablespoonfuls of cold water for two hours. Add a quarter of a cup of boiling water and one and two-third cups of powdered sugar. Scrape fine two ounces of chocolate and melt it over the fire with two tablespoonfuls of water, and stir it with the other ingredients until a smooth paste is formed. Spread it on the cake and roll it up rapidly. This cake is very nice spread with a boiled icing in which a cup of grated cocoanut has been stirred. Flavor this cocoanut cake with orange extract.—N. Y. Tribune.

SPRING WRAPS.

Capes and Jackets Will Both Be Worn, with the Latter in the Lead.

It is too early for genuine novelties in spring wraps which can be accepted as the reigning style of the season, but a few models which are at least new may serve as suggestions of things to come. Capes and jackets will both be worn, and the latter, cut with loose fronts and sack back, seem destined to lead the styles in coats. They are made in smooth-faced cloths and in velvet as well, when the yoke is usually trimmed with jet. The plaited back is much more graceful than the straight cut, and the yoke of the velvet coat is covered with colored silk passementerie, while accordion-plaited chiffon forms the epaulets and full neck ruche.

Another coat of black cloth is slightly curved at the side seam to fit in to the figure, and the fullness is arranged in two decided box plaits. The epaulets are of white satin, closely beaded with black. Capes are cut reasonably full and more sloping on the shoulder to hang gracefully over the drooping sleeves, and finished at the neck with a ruche of ribbon and chiffon, unless made of cloth, when they have a high standing collar. One model is carried out in black duchess satin, decorated with applique figures of colored passementerie, and has a V of black velvet down the back and front, edged with a frill of black kilted chiffon.

The second cape is decidedly a summer garment, and is made of gauzy black grenadine over a black glace silk lining. Chine silk flowers are applied at intervals with opal colored beads and black paillettes, and the ruffle on the edge and ruche around the neck are double, of black chiffon over white. Tailor-made capes are in all the shades of fawn cloth, stitched around with white silk, and a stylish high collar is cut out in squares around the edge, where it is faced with velvet.—N. Y. Sun.

Glazed Chops.

Procure a dozen French chops; have the end bone entirely taken off. Fasten all the chops together with a skewer and tie them tightly in a good shape. Put them in boiling water, add a sliced onion, bit of celery and bay leaf. Boil hard for five minutes, and then simmer for one hour. Take out and cool. When cold separate chops and trim neatly. Make a half pint of cream sauce; add to it while hot a quarter of a box of gelatine that has been soaked a quarter of an hour. Stir the sauce until it begins to thicken. Dip each chop in this and lay on a flat dish and put in the refrigerator until wanted. These will stand for one or two days. When ready to serve arrange them around a mound of mayonnaise of celery. Garnish each chop with a bit of tomato aspic and serve.—St. Louis Republic.

A Brain Association.

Prof. Wilder, of Cornell university, is the founder of the most unique association in the world. It is known as "The Cornell Brain Association," and it seeks to induce educated and eminent persons to bequeath at death their brains for scientific examination for the benefit of mankind. Up to date eight brains have been secured and 25 persons of note have promised the society their brains when the owners have no further use for them. Among these 25 are Mrs. McGee, daughter of Simon Newcomb, the astronomer, and Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, of Elmira. Blank forms of bequest are constantly sent out, with circulars explaining the objects, to the men and women who are acknowledged leaders in the literary, artistic and scientific world.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Peaceful Acquisition.

A lawyer gave a dinner party, after which the gentlemen retired to the smoking-room for a weed and a chat. Suddenly the host got up, took down a sword which hung in a trophy, and, brandishing it in the air, exclaimed: "Ah, gentlemen, I shall never forget the day when I drew this blade for the first time."

"Pray, where did you draw it?" asked an eager guest.

"At a raffle," was the lawyer's rejoinder.—Pearson's Weekly.

SOLD HIMSELF FOR PELF.

She—And what would you be now if it weren't for my money?

He—A bachelor.—Collier's Weekly.

Desire vs. Capacity.

Mr. Callipers—What kind of a boy is Willie Wiggles?

Little Clarence—He is a liar, pa.

Mr. Callipers—You shouldn't talk so about one of your playmates, Clarence.

Little Clarence—Well he is, pa! Why, at the church supper the other night, when one of the ladies asked him if he had eaten all he wanted to, he told her: "Yes, ma'am," instead of saying that he'd had all he could hold.—Truth.

Molded with a Cast.

She wounded men's hearts in a way that was strange;
Her method but few could descry.
The truth was she managed this wonderful change
By the cast in her beautiful eye.
—N. Y. World.

A Misunderstanding.

Mr. Hendricks had just informed the minister, who was enjoying a Sunday dinner with the family, that he rarely drank coffee, as it tended to keep him awake, when Bobby had the following to say:

"You drink it late at night, don't you, pa?"

"Never, Bobby; what put that idea into your head?"

"I heard ma say that whenever you came home late at night she made it hot for you, and I s'posed she meant coffee."—Bay City Chat.

Cheap by Comparison.

"It's all wrong," said the old man from the country. "Young men nowadays spend too much money on the young women in whose eyes they are anxious to find favor. Courtship is altogether too expensive."

"On the contrary," returned the man of the world, "it is comparatively cheap."

"Comparatively!"

"Yes, it's a lot cheaper and more satisfactory than paying alimony."—Chicago Post.

The New Woman.

She was "swagger" and bold, she was heartless and cold,
An Amazon, body and mind.
He a white-livered youth, fuzzy-lipped and uncouth,
Of the goody-good, "mamma's boy" kind.
She was laying her plan to annihilate man
And build a new world, but one day
He said: "Will you wed?" and she pillowed her head
On his vest in the old-fashioned way.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

A Great Political Fact.

"Grandma," asked Johnnie Chaffie, "are all presidential candidates musicians?"

"Not that I know of," replied the old lady. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, because I heard pa say that they all had organs," was the response.—Texas Sifter.

A Genuine Blessing.

Green (to Black, who is preparing for a continental trip)—How do you get on with your language, old fellow?

Black—Capitally. Why, I've got so far now that I can think in French.

Green—Well, that's a blessing, for it's more than you could ever do in English.—Tit-Bits.

Similar Occupation.

Papa (busy with his accounts) — I wish you wouldn't read aloud, Rachel. You disturb me.

Miss Rachel—This is the morning paper, papa. I'm reading "Notes on Society."

Papa—So am I, child, and I've got some here that are awfully hard to collect.—Chicago Tribune.

Business Is Business.

Helen—Have you made a leap-year proposal to Jack yet?

Ethel—Yes, indeed.

Helen—What did he say?

Ethel—He sent me a beautiful printed circular saying that he reserved the right to reject any and all bids.—Judge.

And She Believed Him.

She—I don't see why you keep on paying 15 cents for cigars when you can get one just as pretty for five cents.

He—I know they are just as pretty, but those five-cent ones are cigars that have soured. You wouldn't buy soured fruit just because it was cheaper, would you?—Indianapolis Journal.

The Fin-de-Siecle Way.

There was a girl in our town
And she was wondrous wise;
She kissed a man with a week-old beard
And scratched out both her eyes.
And when she saw her eyes were out,
It gave her no great pain;
She went and looked for another man
To scratch them in again.
—San Francisco Wasp.

It Was Her Custom.

Agitated Young Bridegroom (immediately after the ceremony)—Serena, shall — shall I—shall we—shall we kiss?

Self-Possessed Bride (it being her third experience)—It is my usual custom, William.—Bel Air Democrat.

Before the Operation.

"Er—I suppose, doctor, there is some chance of saving him?"

"Absolutely none; he will die whether operated upon or not."

"Well, what are you doing it for then?"

"For $350."—Life.

A Matter of Experience.

"I don't know," muttered Rivers, picking himself up from the sidewalk and moving on with a perceptible limp, "whether there is any such thing as a bicycle face or not, but I am thoroughly convinced of the existence of the phenomenon known as the banana skin."—Chicago Tribune.

Kneaded.

Though life's a fight for daily bread,
This much all surely know:
'Tis not so hard to get it if
You've only raised the dough.
—N. Y. World.

AN IDEA FROM GERMANY.

How the witty artist of Fliegende Blaetter would utilize the trolley after midnight.

Bargain Prices.

"What is the amount of the poll-tax, John?" asked Mrs. Cawker.

"One dollar," replied Mr. Cawker.

"When we women get the ballot we shall mark it down to 99 cents."—Harper's Bazar.

Other Opinions Not Required.

Mr. Wynham—Do you like the young man who is paying attention to your daughter Mary?

Mr. Warrington — What difference does that make? Mary does.—Southbridge (Mass.) Journal.

FARM AND GARDEN.

GOOD MILK TANK.

Home-Made Device That Can Be Used With or Without Ice.

Some one asked for plans for a home-made milk tank or creamer for six or eight cows, to be used with or without ice. I describe one that we have used with good satisfaction with water only. It is simple, convenient, durable and cheap.

Any kind of cans can be used. Common cans, holding 14 quarts, can be had of a tinner for about 75 cents, with cover. Have them made to order, with a flange all around the bottom and a bail like a pail to lift by. A round can of this description, 8½ inches in diameter and 15 inches deep, will hold about 3½ gallons. It is a nice size, convenient to handle, and in my judgment preferable to an oblong can.

To accommodate four cans of this size the tank ought to be about 44x19 inches inside, and 18 inches deep. By making it 20 inches longer it will hold two extra cans, and it will be a good place in which to keep the cream cans in hot weather. The additional cost will be but little.

The tank can be made of two-inch material, well fitted and firmly bolted; it can be made of lighter boards and lined with galvanized iron. It should have tight-fitting hinged cover, and if unprotected from the direct rays of the sun, the cover ought to be double, with an air space between. The tank should be placed near the pump, and be connected with it by a three-quarter-inch pipe, or larger if the tank is much

larger. The pipe should enter the pump about 18 inches below its discharge spout, and should enter the tank at the top. Every time the pump is used there will a gallon or more flow into the tank, depending upon the bore of the pump, the size of the pipe and the length of time the pump is used. The hotter the weather, the more pumping is done, as a rule, and the cooler the water will be kept in the tank.

The tank must have an outlet at the opposite end from which the feed pipe enters, and a little larger than the feed pipe. This outlet must be about two inches lower than the top of the cans. The water should always be a little higher than the milk.

If it is possible to utilize the waste water for stock it should be done. It will save that much extra pumping. In our case it is conveyed through an underground pipe (G) into the barn basement, into a tank, and used for the horses as needed.

In the diagram, the water enters the tank through the feed pipe(F). The overflow escapes through the discharge pipe (D) into the funnel (C). E is a faucet for emptying the tank, which we sometimes find necessary in hot weather, when more water is needed in the stable. The tank is then refilled with fresh water. In case we wish to pump direct to the stable, the pipe is closed at B, in the tank, the funnel removed, and the pipe closed at C. The water is pumped into a reservoir or trough at A, and finds its way to the stable through the under-ground pipe (G) independent of the tank. Where this plan can be adopted it will be found very satisfactory, but can only be used where the tank is higher than the stable.—Ohio Farmer.

KEEPING COWS CLEAN.

Just Before Milking Is the Best Time for Grooming.

If one-half is true that the scientists tell us about the extreme susceptibility of milk to taints and disease germs, the importance of keeping cows clean cannot be exaggerated.

Assuming that, for their own comfort and for the sake of keeping the milk clean, the cows are to be brushed and groomed, where and when shall it be done? If in the stables where they are to be milked, then the atmosphere of the stables must soon become loaded with the dust and dirt, brushed or curded from the cows, and the milk is more likely to be contaminated than if the filth had been allowed to stay on the cows. The practice in good horse stables is to take the horse out of the stall for grooming.

The cow needs grooming more than the horse, and in the opinion of the Jersey Bulletin, it is of vastly more importance to those who are to drink her milk. Certainly, then, the cow is entitled to as much pains, as the horse, and should be groomed in a separate place from that in which she is milked. For this purpose, an open shed is perhaps best. As a practical test of the value of grooming cows, we suggest that those who doubt it, make a fair trial by carefully weighing the milk of two or three cows for three weeks or 30 days without grooming them, and then, grooming them thoroughly for the same time, note if there is any perceptible difference that can be fairly attributed to the grooming. That the cows will feel better, look better and really be better off, we have not the least doubt.

As to the time for grooming, it has been found that just before milking is the best.

Same Would Never Be Missed.

This country has 1,300,000 miles of common roads. This would encircle the globe 50 times, or go to the moon more than five times. But if most of them would go there just once and not come back, earth would be just about as happy.

The Iowa creameries last year made butter to the value of more than $13,000,000, according to the estimate of the state dairy commissioner.

HIGHWAY COMMISSION.

Bill Recently Introduced in Congress Provides for One.

A bill has been introduced in the house of representatives and referred to the committee on appropriations for the creation of a special commission on highways. It provides that one senator, two representatives, the chief of engineers of the army, the director of the geological survey and the chief of road inquiry of the department of agriculture shall constitute a commission to continue during the life of the present congress, to make reports by bill or otherwise, and to inquire generally how the government may promote the improvement of highways by the scientific location of roads on the public domain, the employment of the geological survey in the discovery of road materials, the free testing of road materials, the construction of model roads and instruction in roadmaking at agricultural colleges and experiment stations, the military academy, and, when practicable, at all institutions having a military instructor. The commission is also to confer with the interstate commerce commission and with railway officials to secure reduced rates for the transportation of road materials, and by conference with state authorities and organizations to aid in awakening general interest in road improvement.

It is not the function of the national government to undertake the construction of wagon roads in the states, but Mr. Crisp's objection, made four years ago, that it is an infringement of state rights to inquire into the condition of roads in the states and to encourage their betterment, is not worthy of serious consideration. The educational enterprises of the federal government have gone too far for the revival of the old internal improvements controversy of 70 years ago, and it is not proposed to repeat the experiment of those times and build post roads through the states with national revenue. The efforts of the department of agriculture to promote local prosperity and distribute useful information are as revolutionary as the modest proposal that the government encourage road building. If this may not be done, the Smithsonian institution should be careful not to infringe on state prerogatives in scientific research. The bill before the house demands no large outlay. It simply appropriates $10,100.95, being the amount returned to the treasury unexpended from the last two years' appropriations for road inquiry. The office of road inquiry of the department of agriculture has done valuable work in circulating information regarding improvements in different states and hints on methods of construction and repair available under varying conditions. It is believed by those who are doing the chief work for improved highways that the proposed commission would be a valuable aid in the enterprise, and their opinion is entitled to consideration.—N. Y. Tribune.

EUROPEAN ROADS.

Their Perfection Is a Source of Delight to American Tourists.

As one good road in a community is an incentive for the people to build others, so the good roads of one country inspire the people of other countries to emulate the good example.

Since European bicycle tours have become popular, the excellence of the highways of foreign countries has been

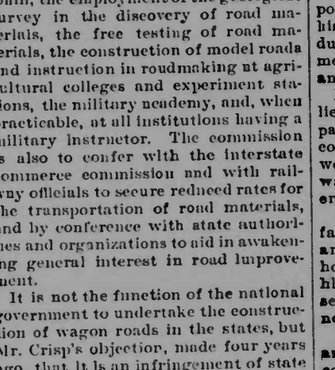

ST. BERNARD ROAD, SWITZERLAND.

made known to all Americans, through the tongue and eye of the pen and the camera.

"If we only had such roads at home!" has been the wish, and from it has come efforts that have served to set the people thinking and doing. Americans, who excel in so many of the arts and sciences, will sometime attain their proper place as the builders of perfect highways.—Good Roads.

Modern Methods in Horse-Raising.

Good brood mares, that is, those that are nicely bred, good size, and can show some action and speed, are becoming more valuable every day, and those that are poorly bred, small in size, no matter if they do show a little action and speed, are growing less in value every day. The progressive man is the up-to-date man, no matter if the times are hard and business quiet, for he knows there will be a reaction some time, and when it comes he will have on hand just what other progressive men want, and therefore can sell it at the most advanced prices; while the man with the stuff on hand several generations behind time will forever continue to feed it or will try to give it away, and to give it away, who will want it?—Colman's Rural World.

Wants No Class Legislation.

One member of the Massachusetts legislature wants to pass a bill providing for a tax of two dollars on bicycles, the amount so raised to be applied to the improvement of roads. This will afford an opportunity for the wheelmen to pay their own freight, as it were, and that of the teamsters, carriage owners and pedestrians also. If vehicles are to be taxed, let every man who uses the highway pay his own freight. Discrimination is not popular, even in legislation.—Cycling Gazette.

CAPT. MOLLY.

A Woman Who Did the Cause of Freedom Heroic Service.

An old book containing records of revolutionary days in New Jersey gives one or two facts of individual heroism which, though authentic, are probably unknown to most readers.

At the battle of Monmouth, a farmer's wife followed her husband, who was an artilleryman, to the field, and carried water to him and his comrades, when they were exhausted, from the neighboring stream.

Her thin gown being burned by a shell, she put on the coat of an American private soldier and the plumed hat of a British officer, taking them from their dead bodies.

Her husband was shot dead at his post, but Molly stepped quietly into his place and served the gun so expertly during the action that she was commended to Washington for her coolness and courage.

He appointed her to the rank of a lieutenant, and retired her on half-pay. She was the heroine of her county as long as she lived, always wore an epaulet on her shoulder, and was known as Capt. Molly to two generations.

Tunis Forman was a boy of 17 in a family whose men were all in the army. Tunis was compelled to stay at home, but one day a rumor reached him that two British soldiers had been seen in the woods which were situated near his home in Freehold.

He seized his gun, ran to the woods, and found the men in a thicket. He covered them with his musket and shouted to them to drop their guns or he would shoot. The men, not knowing how many Yankees were in the bushes, obeyed. Tunis then ordered them to march to the town, and following with his gun aimed at them, actually brought them in single-handed and delivered them, prisoners, to the authorities.

We seldom hear of such dramatic displays of daring now from either men or women. Yet are we less brave? During the civil war countless Americans rushed into the field, the men to kill, the women to nurse, for the cause which they deemed the best.

Now, men are silently risking their lives every day in pursuit of science, in medicine, in the life-saving service and in a thousand unnoticed duties, and hosts of women are being trained to nurse the sick with skill and intelligence, and to carry cleanliness and decency into death-breeding slums, almshouses and prisons.

Surely the "arts of peace" are not all dull and slavish," as the poets tell us; and it requires as fine a courage to save life as to destroy it.—Youth's Companion.

How to Make Mince Scallops.

A nice way to utilize cold meat is to cook one teaspoonful of onion cut fine in two tablespoonfuls of butter, until it turns a golden yellow. Add one cup of fresh bread crumbs, one cup of cooked meat chopped fine, one saltspoon of salt, a half saltspoon of pepper, a quarter saltspoon of nutmeg, and one teaspoon of thin, yellow rind of lemon, and a half-cup of water or weak stock. Allow it to simmer five minutes. To this add two well-beaten eggs. Serve on thin slices of brown bread or between two square crackers. —Chicago Tribune.

Cheap Excursions to the West and Northwest.

On March 10 and April 7, 1896, the North-Western Line (Chicago & Northwestern R'y) will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets at very low rates to a large number of points in Northern Wisconsin, Michigan, Northwestern Iowa, Western Minnesota, Nebraska, North Dakota and South Dakota, including the famous Black Hills district. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address W. B. KNISKERN, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

A TORPID liver has frequently succeeded in convincing man that he is fairly reeking with statesmanship and independence.—Washington Post.

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION

At St. Louis, June 16, 1896.

The Wabash is the direct line to St. Louis via Chicago, Toledo or Detroit, and is noted for its fast time and elegant equipment. Through Sleepers, Free Reclining Chair Cars and Buffet Parlor Cars to St. Louis without change. Before making arrangements for your trip write to any representative of the Wabash Railroad for maps, time tables and guide to St. Louis, or to C. S. CRANE, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

"SCIENTISTS say now that handshaking conveys disease." "Of course; that's the way the grip got started."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

IT is tough but true that a man generally does not get any foresight until he is too old to have anything to look forward to.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

He went out west to find a place,
Where he could have full swing,
Then stole a horse in Cripple Creek
And got that very thing.
—N. Y. Herald.

CRITICS of the Melodrama.—Jimmy—"Say, de detectives wuz no good, wuz they?" Tommy—"Dey were dead slow. I wuz onto de feller what killed de old man, right from de start."—Puck.

'Tis wrong for any maid to be
Ahroad at night alone,
A chaperon she needs till she
Can call some chap 'er own.
—Kansas City Journal.

WHY is it that the man of 40 or thereabouts can realize so well how old he is when he is talking to a youth of 18, but seems to forget all about it when he meets a girl of that age?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE old family cat awoke from a nap before the fire and stretched himself in the manner common to cats. Margie looked at him with distended eyes. "My goodness!" she exclaimed: "I dess ze tat's doin' t' boil over."—Judge.

APPLICANT FOR SITUATION.—"Perhaps I should say I have a collegiate education." Merchant—"O, we shan't mind that, you know. You'll soon get over that if you only take hold in the right way."

CLEVERNESS is a sort of genius for instrumentality. It is the brain of the hand. In literature cleverness is more frequently accompanied by wit, genius and sense than by humor.—Coleridge.

ALMOST every one has a predominant inclination to which his other desires and affections submit, and which governs him, though perhaps with some intervals, through the whole course of his life.—Hume.

IT is not enough that poetry should be so refined as to satisfy the judgment; it should appeal to our feeling and imagination.—Horace.

Sciatic Rheumatism and Its Cure.

From the Gazette, Burlington, Iowa.

The story of Mr. Tabor's nearly fatal attack of sciatic rheumatism is familiar to his large circle of acquaintances, but for the benefit of others and those similarly afflicted the Gazette has investigated the matter for publication. Mr. Tabor is Secretary and Treasurer for the Commercial Printing Company with offices in the Hedge Block and resides at 417 Bassett Street, Burlington, Ia. The Gazette man sought an interview with Mr. Tabor at his place of business to-day, and, although he was busily engaged with imperative duties, he talked freely and feelingly on the subject of his recent severe sickness and subsequent wonderful cure.

"Yes," said Mr. Tabor, "I can safely say that I am a well man, that is, my old trouble with rheumatism has entirely disappeared, but I am still taking Pink Pills and will keep on taking them as long as I continue to grow stronger and healthier, as I have been every day since I began to use them. You will not wonder at my profound faith in the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People after you have heard what I have to tell you. About one year ago I was stricken suddenly with sciatic rheumatism and was confined to my bed. It grew worse and rapidly assumed the form of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered constant and acute pains and all the tortures which that horrible disease is capable of inflicting. At length under the constant care of a local physician I was enabled to return to my work, but only at intervals. Severe attacks would appear regularly in my back and descend into my limb and foot, and threatened to make me a permanent cripple. I tried various remedies for rheumatism, but without any beneficial results. I grew pale, weak and haggard, and my family and friends grew alarmed at my condition.

About eight weeks ago my mother induced me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and you know the result. Before I had used one box I felt greatly relieved and much stronger. I continued their use and improved rapidly. I have now taken eight boxes and feel like a new man and completely cured, all of which is due to the efficacy of Pink Pills. They are invigorating and thoroughly wholesome, and have helped me in every way."

In reply to inquiries Mr. Neary, the druggist, stated that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were having a large sale, that it was particularly gratifying to him to know that the customers themselves were highly pleased with the benefits they had derived from their use; that many of them stated that the pills were the only medium that had done them any good; that they not only gave quick relief but permanent benefit. That the pills do sell and that the pills do cure is a certainty.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes only at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

BE honest in your heart. Whitewash may look like paint for awhile, but the world soon learns the difference.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"YES," said the cornfed philosopher, "it is not so difficult to get something for nothing, but when one gets it it is not worth the price."—Indianapolis Journal.

Home Seekers Excursions.

In order to give everyone an opportunity to see the Western Country and engage in the home seekers to secure a home in time to commence work for the season of 1896, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y has arranged to run a series of four home seekers excursions to various points in the West, North-West and South-West on the following dates: March 10, April 7 and 21 and May 5, at the low rate of two dollars more than ONE FARE for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address GEO. H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

IT is a peculiar fact that tramps and others who have no money with which to pay doctor's bills never have appendicitis.—Atchison Globe.

A Spring Trip South.

On April 7 and 21, and May 5, tickets will be sold from principal cities, towns and villages of the north, to all points on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida and a portion of Kentucky, at one single fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good to return within twenty-one days, on payment of $2 to agent at destination, and will allow stop-over at any point on the south bound trip. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

OLD MAID—"Is this the newspaper office?" Clerk—"Yes, ma'am." Old Maid (blushingly)—"I see the mayor has advertised for proposals, and I would like to advertise, too."—Philadelphia Record.

PHONETICALLY there is nothing that interests land owners more at this time of year than fencing. They want to secure the very best article they can for the purpose they desire to use it, and at the cheapest price going. While this is good business, price should not take the place of quality. In building a smooth wire fence you do not build it for temporary use but expect it to last for years, and to get this kind of an article it requires a certain amount of good material to make it.

The De Kalb Fence Co., of De Kalb, Illinois, has the largest and most complete line of smooth wire fencing of any plant in the country. They desire particularly to call your attention to their goods. Write them for a catalogue, which they will mail you free. No line of goods has grown so rapidly in demand or given such general satisfaction as the fencing manufactured by this company. Their steel web picket fence for lawn and yard purposes; their cabled field and hog fence for farm use; their cabled poultry, garden and rabbit fence are all they claim for them. You will hardly do yourself justice if you do not thoroughly investigate their lines before placing your order.

"WHO was the first to discover that the earth went round?" "Noah—in the vineyard."—N. Y. Times.

I BELIEVE Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—MRS. ALLIE DOUGLASS, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 20, '95.

A DOLLAR saved is a dollar somebody else will probably spend. — Philadelphia Bulletin.

THERE is money to be made in Cripple Creek. When you go take the "Rock Island Route" to Colorado Springs. This is the only direct line—saves several hours' time to Cripple Creek. Send for full information. JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

For St. Paul and Minneapolis.

The "North-Western Limited," sumptuously equipped with buffet, smoking and library cars, regular and compartment sleeping cars, and luxurious dining cars, leaves Chicago via the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y) at 6:30 p. m. daily, and arrives at destination early the following morning. All principal ticket agents sell tickets via this popular route.

MALICE and hatred are very fretting, and apt to make our minds sore and uneasy.—Tillotson.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is the name of an illustrated monthly newspaper published by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R. It aims to give information in an interesting way about the farm lands of the west. Send 25 cents in postage stamps to the Corn Belt, 209 Adams St., Chicago, and the paper will be sent to your address for one year.

WHEN a man gets to thinking that he can do it all, the only way to bring him to his senses is to let him try it.—Hartford Herald.

Saved from Destruction.

This is what happens when the kidneys are rescued from inactivity by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. If they continue inactive they are threatened with Bright's disease, diabetes or some other malady which works their destruction. Malarial, bilious and rheumatic ailment and dyspepsia are also conquered by the Bitters, which is thorough and effective.

THE truth is bound to leak out, but the trouble with some men is that it leaks out all at once.—Philadelphia Record.

To California in Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars.

The Burlington Route (C., B. & Q. R. R.) runs personally conducted excursions to California, leaving Chicago every Wednesday. Through cars to California destination, fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, bedding, toilet rooms, etc.; every convenience. Special agent in charge. Route via Denver and Salt Lake. Sunshine all the way. Write for descriptive pamphlet to T. A. Grady, Excursion Manager, 211 Clark St., Chicago.

THE only way for a rich man to be healthy is by exercise and abstinence, to live as if he were poor.—Sir W. Temple.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

At Chicago, Ill., July 7, 1896.

The Wabash Railroad is the best line from Detroit to Chicago, with its magnificent equipment of vestibuled trains, with Buffet and Compartment Sleeping Cars. See that your tickets read via the Wabash. For maps, time tables, etc., address any representative of the Wabash or C. S. CRANE, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

I HAVE lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate.—Adam Clark.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

McKINLEY Bright men and women are making $10 to $25 a day handling the Life of McKinley, our NEW BOOK. Everybody wants this authentic biography of the brilliant advocate of protection and our next President. Finely illustrated. Sold only by subscription; exclusive territory given; act quick as time is money. For terms, etc., address the publishers, THE N. O. HAMILTON PUB. CO., 305 The Arcade, Cleveland, Ohio.

A. N. K.—C. 1598

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Such ills as SORENESS, STIFFNESS, and the like,

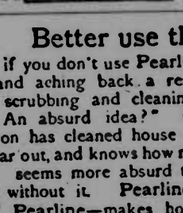

ST. JACOBS OIL WIPES OUT Promptly and Effectually.

Better use them this way,

if you don't use Pearline Give your tired arms and aching back a rest, somehow, when you're scrubbing and cleaning.

"An absurd idea?" Of course But when a person has cleaned house with Pearline, year in and year out, and knows how much work it saves, nothing seems more absurd than to try to clean house without it. Pearline—no soap with it—just Pearline—makes house-cleaning easy

Millions NOW USE Pearline

"A very smooth article."

BattleAx PLUG

Don't compare "Battle Ax" with low grade tobaccos—compare "Battle Ax" with the best on the market, and you will find you get for 5 cents almost as much "Battle Ax" as you do of other high grade brands for 10 cents.

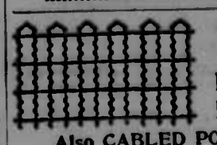

STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE.

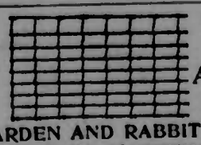

CABLED FIELD AND HOG FENCE.

Also CABLED POULTRY, GARDEN AND RABBIT FENCE.

We manufacture a complete line of Smooth Wire Fencing and guarantee every article to be as represented. Ask your dealer to show you this Fence. CATALOGUE FREE.

DE KALB FENCE CO., 122 HIGH ST., DE KALB, ILL.

FARM AND GARDEN.

GOOD MILK TANK.

Home-Made Device That Can Be Used With or Without Ice.

Some one asked for plans for a home-made milk tank or creamer for six or eight cows, to be used with or without ice. I describe one that we have used with good satisfaction with water only. It is simple, convenient, durable and cheap.

Any kind of cans can be used. Common cans, holding 14 quarts, can be had of a tinner for about 75 cents, with cover. Have them made to order, with a flange all around the bottom and a bail like a pail to lift by. A round can of this description, 8½ inches in diameter and 15 inches deep, will hold about 3½ gallons. It is a nice size, convenient to handle, and in my judgment preferable to an oblong can.

To accommodate four cans of this size the tank ought to be about 44x18 inches inside, and 18 inches deep. By making it 20 inches longer it will hold two extra cans, and it will be a good place in which to keep the cream cans in hot weather. The additional cost will be but little.

The tank can be made of two-inch material, well fitted and firmly bolted; it can be made of lighter boards and lined with galvanized iron. It should have tight-fitting hinged cover, and if unprotected from the direct rays of the sun, the cover ought to be double, with an air space between. The tank should be placed near the pump, and be connected with it by a three-quarter-inch pipe, or larger if the tank is much

larger. The pipe should enter the pump about 18 inches below its discharge spout, and should enter the tank at the top. Every time the pump is used there will a gallon or more flow into the tank, depending upon the bore of the pump, the size of the pipe and the length of time the pump is used. The hotter the weather, the more pumping is done, as a rule, and the cooler the water will be kept in the tank.

The tank must have an outlet at the opposite end from which the feed pipe enters, and a little larger than the feed pipe. This outlet must be about two inches lower than the top of the cans. The water should always be a little higher than the milk.

If it is possible to utilize the waste water for stock it should be done. It will save that much extra pumping. In our case it is conveyed through an underground pipe (G) into the barn basement, into a tank, and used for the horses as needed.

In the diagram, the water enters the tank through the feed pipe (F). The overflow escapes through the discharge pipe (D) into the funnel (C). E is a faucet for emptying the tank, which we sometimes find necessary in hot weather, when more water is needed in the stable. The tank is then refilled with fresh water. In case we wish to pump direct to the stable, the pipe is closed at B, in the tank, the funnel removed, and the pipe closed at C. The water is pumped into a reservoir or trough at A, and finds its way to the stable through the under-ground pipe (G) independent of the tank. Where this plan can be adopted it will be found very satisfactory, but can only be used where the tank is higher than the stable.—Ohio Farmer.

KEEPING COWS CLEAN.

Just Before Milking Is the Best Time for Grooming.

If one-half is true that the scientists tell us about the extreme susceptibility of milk to taints and disease germs, the importance of keeping cows clean cannot be exaggerated.

Assuming that, for their own comfort and for the sake of keeping the milk clean, the cows are to be brushed and groomed, where and when shall it be done? If in the stables where they are to be milked, then the atmosphere of the stables must soon become loaded with the dust and dirt, brushed or carded from the cows, and the milk is more likely to be contaminated than if the filth had been allowed to stay on the cows. The practice in good horse stables is to take the horse out of the stall for grooming.

The cow needs grooming more than the horse, and in the opinion of the Jersey Bulletin, it is of vastly more importance to those who are to drink her milk. Certainly, then, the cow is entitled to as much pains, as the horse, and should be groomed in a separate place from that in which she is milked. For this purpose, an open shed is perhaps best. As a practical test of the value of grooming cows, we suggest that those who doubt it, make a fair trial by carefully weighing the milk of two or three cows for three weeks or 30 days without grooming them, and then, grooming them thoroughly for the same time, note if there is any perceptible difference that can be fairly attributed to the grooming. That the cows will feel better, look better and really be better off, we have not the least doubt.

As to the time for grooming, it has been found that just before milking is the best.

Same Would Never Be Missed.

This country has 1,300,000 miles of common roads. This would encircle the globe 50 times, or go to the moon more than five times. But if most of them would go there just once and not come back, earth would be just about as happy.

The Iowa creameries last year made butter to the value of more than $13,000,000, according to the estimate of the state dairy commissioner.

HIGHWAY COMMISSION.

Bill Recently Introduced in Congress Provides for One.

A bill has been introduced in the house of representatives and referred to the committee on appropriations for the creation of a special commission on highways. It provides that one senator, two representatives, the chief of engineers of the army, the director of the geological survey and the chief of road inquiry of the department of agriculture shall constitute a commission to continue during the life of the present congress, to make reports by bill or otherwise, and to inquire generally how the government may promote the improvement of highways by the scientific location of roads on the public domain, the employment of the geological survey in the discovery of road materials, the free testing of road materials, the construction of model roads and instruction in roadmaking at agricultural colleges and experiment stations, the military academy, and, when practicable, at all institutions having a military instructor. The commission is also to confer with the interstate commerce commission and with railway officials to secure reduced rates for the transportation of road materials, and by conference with state authorities and organizations to aid in awakening general interest in road improvement.

It is not the function of the national government to undertake the construction of wagon roads in the states, but Mr. Crisp's objection, made four years ago, that it is an infringement of state rights to inquire into the condition of roads in the states and to encourage their betterment, is not worthy of serious consideration. The educational enterprises of the federal government have gone too far for the revival of the old internal improvements controversy of 70 years ago, and it is not proposed to repeat the experiment of those times and build post roads through the states with national revenue. The efforts of the department of agriculture to promote local prosperity and distribute useful information are as revolutionary as the modest proposal that the government encourage road building. If this may not be done, the Smithsonian institution should be careful not to infringe on state prerogatives in scientific research. The bill before the house demands no large outlay. It simply appropriates $10,100.95, being the amount returned to the treasury unexpended from the last two years' appropriations for road inquiry. The office of road inquiry of the department of agriculture has done valuable work in circulating information regarding improvements in different states and hints on methods of construction and repair available under varying conditions. It is believed by those who are doing the chief work for improved highways that the proposed commission would be a valuable aid in the enterprise, and their opinion is entitled to consideration.—N. Y. Tribune.

EUROPEAN ROADS.

Their Perfection Is a Source of Delight to American Tourists.

As one good road in a community is an incentive for the people to build others, so the good roads of one country inspire the people of other countries to emulate the good example.

Since European bicycle tours have become popular, the excellence of the highways of foreign countries has been

ST. BERNARD ROAD, SWITZERLAND.

made known to all Americans, through the tongue and eye of the pen and the camera.

"If we only had such roads at home!" has been the wish, and from it has come efforts that have served to set the people thinking and doing. Americans, who excel in so many of the arts and sciences, will sometime attain their proper place as the builders of perfect highways.—Good Roads.

Modern Methods in Horse-Raising.

Good brood mares, that is, those that are nicely bred, good size, and can show some action and speed, are becoming more valuable every day, and those that are poorly bred, small in size, no matter if they do show a little action and speed, are growing less in value every day. The progressive man is the up-to-date man, no matter if the times are hard and business quiet, for he knows there will be a reaction some time, and when it comes he will have on hand just what other progressive men want, and therefore can sell it at the most advanced prices; while the man with the stuff on hand several generations behind time will forever continue to feed it or will try to give it away, and to give it away, who will want it?—Colman's Rural World.

Wants No Class Legislation.

One member of the Massachusetts legislature wants to pass a bill providing for a tax of two dollars on bicycles, the amount so raised to be applied to the improvement of roads. This will afford an opportunity for the wheelmen to pay their own freight, as it were, and that of the teamsters, carriage owners and pedestrians also. If vehicles are to be taxed, let every man who uses the highway pay his own freight. Discrimination is not popular, even in legislation.—Cycling Gazette.

CAPT. MOLLY.

A Woman Who Did the Cause of Freedom Heroic Service.

An old book containing records of revolutionary days in New Jersey gives one or two facts of individual heroism which, though authentic, are probably unknown to most readers.

At the battle of Monmouth, a farmer's wife followed her husband, who was an artilleryman, to the field, and carried water to him and his comrades, when they were exhausted, from the neighboring stream.

Her thin gown being burned by a shell, she put on the coat of an American private soldier and the plumed hat of a British officer, taking them from their dead bodies.

Her husband was shot dead at his post, but Molly stepped quietly into his place and served the gun so expertly during the action that she was commended to Washington for her coolness and courage.

He appointed her to the rank of a lieutenant, and retired her on half-pay. She was the heroine of her county as long as she lived, always wore an epaulet on her shoulder, and was known as Capt. Molly to two generations.

Tunis Forman was a boy of 17 in a family whose men were all in the army. Tunis was compelled to stay at home, but one day a rumor reached him that two British soldiers had been seen in the woods which were situated near his home in Freehold.

He seized his gun, ran to the woods, and found the men in a thicket. He covered them with his musket and shouted to them to drop their guns or he would shoot. The men, not knowing how many Yankees were in the bushes, obeyed. Tunis then ordered them to march to the town, and following with his gun aimed at them, actually brought them in single-handed and delivered them, prisoners, to the authorities.

We seldom hear of such dramatic displays of daring now from either men or women. Yet are we less brave? During the civil war countless Americans rushed into the field, the men to kill, the women to nurse, for the cause which they deemed the best.

Now, men are silently risking their lives every day in pursuit of science, in medicine, in the life-saving service and in a thousand unnoticed duties, and hosts of women are being trained to nurse the sick with skill and intelligence, and to carry cleanliness and decency into death-breeding slums, almshouses and prisons.

Surely the "arts of peace" are not all dull and slavish," as the poets tell us; and it requires as fine a courage to save life as to destroy it.—Youth's Companion.

How to Make Mince Scallops.

A nice way to utilize cold meat is to cook one teaspoonful of onion cut fine in two tablespoonfuls of butter, until it turns a golden yellow. Add one cup of fresh bread crumbs, one cup of cooked meat chopped fine, one saltspoon of salt, a half saltspoon of pepper, a quarter saltspoon of nutmeg, and one teaspoon of thin, yellow rind of lemon, and a half-cup of water or weak stock. Allow it to simmer five minutes. To this add two well-beaten eggs. Serve on thin slices of brown bread or between two square crackers. —Chicago Tribune.

Cheap Excursions to the West and Northwest.

On March 10 and April 7, 1896, the North-Western Line (Chicago & Northwestern Ry) will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets at very low rates to a large number of points in Northern Wisconsin, Michigan, Northwestern Iowa, Western Minnesota, Nebraska, North Dakota and South Dakota, including the famous Black Hills district. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address W. B. KNISKERN, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

A TORPID liver has frequently succeeded in convincing man that he is fairly reeking with statesmanship and independence.—Washington Post.

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION

At St. Louis, June 16, 1896.

The Wabash is the direct line to St. Louis via Chicago, Toledo or Detroit, and is noted for its fast time and elegant equipment. Through Sleepers, Free Reclining Chair Cars and Buffet Parlor Cars to St. Louis without change. Before making arrangements for your trip write to any representative of the Wabash Railroad for maps, time tables and guide to St. Louis, or to C. S. CRANE, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

"SCIENTISTS SAY now that handshaking conveys disease." "Of course; that's the way the grip got started."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

IT is tough but true that a man generally does not get any foresight until he is too old to have anything to look forward to.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

He went out west to find a place,
Where he could have full swing,
Then stole a horse in Cripple Creek
And got that very thing.
—N. Y. Herald.

CRITICS of the Melodrama.—Jimmy—"Say, de detectives wuz no good, wuz they?" Tommy—"Dey were dead slow. I wuz onto de feller what killed de old man, right from de start."—Puck.

'Tis wrong for any maid to be
Abroad at night alone,
A chaperon she needs till she
Can call some chap 'er own.
—Kansas City Journal.

WHY is it that the man of 40 or thereabouts can realize so well how old he is when he is talking to a youth of 18, but seems to forget all about it when he meets a girl of that age?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE old family cat awoke from a nap before the fire and stretched himself in the manner common to cats. Margie looked at him with distended eyes. "My goodness!" she exclaimed: "I dess ze tat's doin' t' holl over."—Judge.

APPLICANT FOR SITUATION.—"Perhaps I should say I have a collegiate education." Merchant—"O, we shan't mind that, you know. You'll soon get over that if you only take hold in the right way."

CLEVERNESS is a sort of genius for instrumentality. It is the brain of the hand. In literature cleverness is more frequently accompanied by wit, genius and sense than by humor.—Coleridge.

ALMOST every one has a predominant inclination to which his other desires and affections submit, and which governs him, though perhaps with some intervals, through the whole course of his life.—Hume.

IT is not enough that poetry should be so refined as to satisfy the judgment; it should appeal to our feeling and imagination.—Horace.

Sciatic Rheumatism and Its Cure.

From the Gazette, Burlington, Iowa.

The story of Mr. Tabor's nearly fatal attack of sciatic rheumatism is familiar to his large circle of acquaintances, but for the benefit of others and those similarly afflicted the *Gazette* has investigated the matter for publication. Mr. Tabor is Secretary and Treasurer for the Commercial Printing Company with offices in the Hedge Block and resides at 417 Basset Street, Burlington, Ia. The man sought an interview with Mr. Tabor at his place of business to-day, and, though he was busily engaged with important duties, he talked freely and feelingly on the subject of his recent severe sickness and subsequent wonderful cure.

"Yes," said Mr. Tabor, "I can safely say that I am a well man, that is, my old trouble with rheumatism has entirely disappeared, but I am still taking Pink Pills and will keep on taking them as long as I continue to grow stronger and healthier, as I have been every day since I began to use them. You will not wonder at my profound faith in the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People after you have heard what I have to tell you. About one year ago I was stricken suddenly with sciatic rheumatism and was confined to my bed. It grew worse and rapidly assumed the form of inflammatory rheumatism. I suffered constant and acute pains and all the tortures which that horrible disease is capable of inflicting. At length under the constant care of a local physician I was enabled to return to my work, but only at intervals. Severe attacks would appear regularly in my back and descend into my limb and foot, and threatened to make me a permanent cripple. I tried various remedies for rheumatism, but without any beneficial results. I grew pale, weak and haggard, and my family and friends grew alarmed at my condition.

"About eight weeks ago my mother induced me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and you know the result. Before I had used one box I felt greatly relieved and much stronger. I continued their use and improved rapidly. I have now taken eight boxes and feel like a new man and completely cured, all of which is due to the efficacy of Pink Pills. They are invigorating and thoroughly wholesome, and have helped me in every way."

In reply to inquiries Mr. Henry, the druggist, stated that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were having a large sale, that it was particularly gratifying to him to know that the customers themselves were highly pleased with the benefits they had derived from their use; that many of them stated that the pills were the only medium that had done them any good; that they not only gave quick relief but permanent benefit. That the pills do sell and that the pills do cure is a certainty.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes only at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

BE honest in your heart. Whitewash may look like paint for awhile, but the world soon learns the difference.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"YES," said the cornfed philosopher, "it is not so difficult to get something for nothing, but when one gets it it is not worth the price."—Indianapolis Journal.

Home Seekers Excursions.

In order to give everyone an opportunity to see the Western Country and enable the home seekers to secure a home in time to commence work for the season of 1896, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y has arranged to run a series of four home seekers excursions to various points in the West, North-West and South-West on the following dates: March 10, April 7 and 21 and May 5, at the low rate of two dollars more than ONE FARE for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address GEO. H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

IT is a peculiar fact that tramps and others who have no money with which to pay doctor's bills never have appendicitis.—Atchison Globe.

A Spring Trip South.

On April 7 and 21, and May 5, tickets will be sold from principal cities, towns and villages of the north, to all points on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida and a portion of Kentucky, at one single fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good to return within twenty-one days, on payment of $3 to agent at destination, and will allow stop-over at any point on the south bound trip. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

OLD MAID—"Is this the newspaper office?" Clerk—"Yes, ma'am." Old Maid (blushingly)—"I see the mayor has advertised for proposals, and I would like to advertise, too."—Philadelphia Record.

PROBABLY there is nothing that interests land owners more at this time of year than fencing. They want to secure the very best article they can for the purpose they desire to use it, and at the cheapest price going. While this is good business, price should not take the place of quality. In building a smooth wire fence you do not build it for temporary use but expect it to last for years, and to get this kind of an article it requires a certain amount of good material to make it. The De Kalb Fence Co., of De Kalb, Illinois, has the largest and most complete line of smooth wire fencing of any plant in the country. They desire particularly to call your attention to their goods. Write them for a catalogue, which they will mail you free. No line of goods has grown so rapidly in demand or given such general satisfaction as the fencing manufactured by this company. Their steel web picket fence for lawn and yard purposes; their cabled field and hog fence for farm use; their cabled poultry, garden and rabbit fence are all they claim for them. You will hardly do yourself justice if you do not thoroughly investigate their lines before placing your order.

"WHO was the first to discover that the earth went round?" "Noah—in the vineyard."—N. Y. Times.

I BELIEVE Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—MRS. ALLIE DOUGLASS, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 20, '95.

A DOLLAR saved is a dollar somebody else will probably spend. — Philadelphia Bulletin.

THERE is money to be made in Cripple Creek. When you go take the "Rock Island Route" to Colorado Springs. This is the only direct line—saves several hours' time to Cripple Creek. Send for full information. JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

For St. Paul and Minneapolis.

The "North-Western Limited," sumptuously equipped with buffet, smoking and library cars, regular and compartment sleeping cars, and luxurious dining cars, leaves Chicago via the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y) at 6:30 p. m. daily, and arrives at destination early the following morning. All principal ticket agents sell tickets via this popular route.

MALICE and hatred are very fretting, and apt to make our minds sore and uneasy.—Tillotson.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is the name of an illustrated monthly newspaper published by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R. It aims to give information in an interesting way about the farm lands of the west. Send 25 cents in postage stamps to the Corn Belt, 209 Adams St., Chicago, and the paper will be sent to your address for one year.

WHEN a man gets to thinking that he can do it all, the only way to bring him to his senses is to let him try it.—Hartford Herald.

Saved from Destruction.

This is what happens when the kidneys are rescued from inactivity by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. If they continue inactive they are threatened with Bright's disease, diabetes or some other malady which works their destruction. Malarial, bilious and rheumatic ailment and dyspepsia are also conquered by the Bitters, which is thorough and effective.

THE truth is bound to leak out, but the trouble with some men is that it leaks out all at once.—Philadelphia Record.

To California in Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars.

The Burlington Route (C., B. & Q. R. R.) runs personally conducted excursions to California, leaving Chicago every Wednesday. Through cars to California destination, fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, bedding, toilet rooms, etc.; every convenience. Special agent in charge. Route via Denver and Salt Lake. Sunshine all the way. Write for descriptive pamphlet to T. A. Grady, Excursion Manager, 211 Clark St., Chicago.

THE only way for a rich man to be healthy is by exercise and abstinence, to live as if he were poor.—Sir W. Temple.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

At Chicago, Ill., July 7, 1896.

The Wabash Railroad is the best line from Detroit to Chicago, with its magnificent equipment of vestibuled trains, with Buffet and Compartment Sleeping Cars. See that your tickets read via the Wabash. For maps, time tables, etc., address any representative of the Wabash or C. S. CRANE, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

I HAVE lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate.—Adam Clark.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family luxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

McKINLEY Bright men and women are making $10 to $25 a day handling the Life of McKinley, our NEW BOOK. Everybody wants this authentic biography of the brilliant advocate of protection and our next President. Finely illustrated. Sold only by subscription; exclusive territory given; act quick as time is money. For terms, etc., address the publishers, THE N. D. HAMILTON PUB. CO., 308 The Arcade, Cleveland, Ohio.

A. N. K.—C. 1598

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Such ills as **SORENESS, STIFFNESS,** and the like,

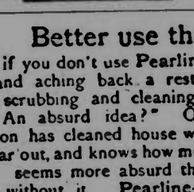

ST. JACOBS OIL WIPES OUT Promptly and Effectually.

Better use them this way, if you don't use Pearline. Give your tired arms and aching back a rest, somehow, when you're scrubbing and cleaning.

"An absurd idea?" Of course. But when a person has cleaned house with Pearline, year in and year out, and knows how much work it saves, nothing seems more absurd than to try to clean house without it. Pearline—no soap with it—just Pearline—makes house-cleaning easy.

Millions NOW USE Pearline

"A very smooth article."

BattleAx PLUG

Don't compare "Battle Ax" with low grade tobaccos—compare "Battle Ax" with the best on the market, and you will find you get for 5 cents almost as much "Battle Ax" as you do of other high grade brands for 10 cents.

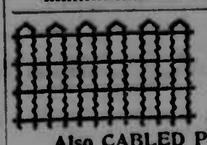

STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE.

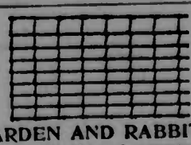

CABLED FIELD AND HOG FENCE.

Also CABLED POULTRY, GARDEN AND RABBIT FENCE.

We manufacture a complete line of Smooth Wire Fencing and guarantee every article to be as represented. Ask your dealer to show you this Fence. CATALOGUE FREE.

DE KALB FENCE CO., 122 HIGH ST., DE KALB, ILL.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

[Our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, April 6, 1896.

The Republican leaders in Congress are men of too much experience in such matters to allow themselves to become the tools of the Democrats and to begin fighting each other, instead of the common enemy. They know that the little hope that Democrats allow themselves to indulge in of ever regaining control of this government again is based entirely upon their ability to stir up dissension among the supporters of the several candidates for the Republican presidential nomination. Notwithstanding the action and talk of a few of the over-zealous friends of some of the Republican candidates, your correspondent has no hesitation whatever in asserting that the contest for the nomination will not be allowed either before or during the St. Louis convention to degenerate into a cat and dog fight that will leave sores for the Democrats to throw salt on during the campaign. Each of the candidates have warm supporters among the national leaders of the Republican party, and each of these leaders will use every honorable effort to bring about the nomination of his candidate, as he has a perfect right to do, but there will be no blows below the belt with their sanction, and when the nomination shall have been made every man of them will be found cordially supporting the nominee. In Washington these things are well known because Republicans all know the cordial personal relations which exist between Speaker Reed, Govs. McKinley and Morton and Senators Allison, Cullom and Quay, and that should any one of the six be chosen that he would receive no warmer or more heartfelt congratulation than would come from the other five, but they are here written for the special benefit of those Republicans who sometimes make the mistake of getting their information as to Republican affairs from the Democratic or assistant Democratic press.

Representative McCall, of Massachusetts, has been impressed with the alleged reform made in the consular service by the Cleveland administration. On the contrary, Mr. McCall thinks our consular service might be improved in many ways which would add to its efficiency, and he has introdneed a bill providing for a thorough investigation of the system by a non-partisan commission, which shall report a plan of reorganization to the President in time to be acted upon by the fifty-fifth Congress at its first session. The bill is now in the hands of the committee on Foreign Affairs, and Mr. McCall hopes to get it favorably reported and placed on the calendar before the close of the present session, and get it passed at the next session.

Speaker Reed's explanation of why he reversed his ruling in the fifty-first Congress, that the presence of a majority of the entire number of members entitled to seats in the House was necessary to constitute a quorum, and last week ruled that a majority of the living members of the House was a legal quorum, is perfectly logical. He was compelled to make his first ruling on short notice and not desiring to take any chances chose that view of the question which could not possibly be upset by the courts—at the time it will be remembered that the Democrats were threatening to carry every ruling he made into the courts. Since then he has made a careful study of the matter and become satisfied that a majority of living members are a constitutional quorum.

For the second time since he has been a member of the Senate, Senator Quay's committee room has been burglarized. The first time was in 1888, when he was chairman of the Republican National Committee. There is no doubt that the object of the burglary in both instances was the same — political information which it was though could be obtained from Mr. Quay's private papers. The last burglary was no more successful than the first, as about three weeks ago the Senator had all his important private papers removed from his committee room to his house. Mr. Quay's health has not been good of late and his physician ordered him to Florida to remain there until the weather gets warmer in Washington. He declined to discuss this last burglary before his departure, further than to say that somebody had taken a lot of trouble and the chance for a term in the penitentiary for nothing.

The Cuban question is now up to Mr. Cleveland the House having voted in favor of the original Senate concurrent resolution declaring in favor of the immediate recognition of the belligerency of the Cubans and of taking steps looking towards the independence of Cuba. Nobody seems to be authorized to say whether Mr. Cleveland will pay any attention to these resolutions, but the impression prevails in Washington that he will not. Many believe that the report, prevalent here a month or two ago, that Mr. Cleveland has promised the Spanish minister to take no action before June, was true.

Real Estate Transfers.

Real estate transfers recorded in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county during the month of March, 1896:

Samuel Durst to Emannel Durst, Samuel Durst Farm, comprising 150 acres; $150.

Susan Steele and others to Jonas Teats, a parcel of land in Friendsville; $50.

Levi J. Fike and wife to George D. Savage, part of Texas, 17 acres 89 perches and part of "Texas Border," 12 acres and 15 perches. $450.

John G. Paugh to George W. Bray, part of "Clifton," 50 acres; $500.

Elijah Livengood and wife to Lewis Horehler, 19 acres and 18 perches of land; $229 65.

Davis N. Murphy and wife to Riley Murphy, Military lots Nos 1328, 1387 and 1386, containing 150 acres; $500.

John Shartzer and wife to Darius M. Dixon, part of lot No. 2 in John Shartzer's sub-division of the town of Oakland; $157.50.

Thomas W. Frost and wife to Isarel Glotfelty, part of "Wrights Grove," 113½ acres of land; $682.50.

Wm. Upole to Elizabeth Upole, part of "Bank Territory," 90 acres; $1.

Charles Hetz and wife to William A. Hetz, Military Lot No. 745; $350.

Yough Manor Land Company to C. W. Friend, part of "Yough Manor," containing 75 acres and 104 perches of land; $378.25.

Garrett V. Moon to Charles L. and Sandford A. Moon, Military Lots Nos. 287, 388, 389 and 391; $200.

Daniel Thayer and wife to William Glotfelty, Military Lot 1132; $90.

John H. Riley and wife to Adam J. Schrover, 5 acres of Military Lot No. 3953; $90.

Henry G. Davis and others to Lorenzo T. Yoder, all their interest in the following tracts of land: "Strawberry Plains Resurveyed Corrected," "White Oak Point," "Enterprise," "Cranberry Swamp," "Roman Nose," "The Gleanings," "Emancipation," "Deep Creek Farm," also part of Military Lots Nos. 1625, 1626, 1713, 1714, 1721 and 4155, part of "Davis Discovery," Military Lots 1726, 1697, 4158, 3009, 4156 and 4157, "Geneva," excepting those parts and parcels of the aforesaid tracts and lots of ground heretofore sold and conveyed by the said Henry G. Davis and others to divers other parties; $28,925.

John B. Moore and wife to Joseph C. Alderson, Lots Nos. 12 and 13 in Block No. 24 on the plat of the Mountain Home Company; $400.

Louisa Beckman and husband to Rudolph Beckman, 167½ acres of land; $1000.

Gilmor S. Hamill, trustee, to Bridget Ellwood, Lots Nos. 41, 42 and 43 in the town of Bloomington; $700.

Daniel E. Offutt and others to "The Wilson Lumber Company of Garrett County," a tract of land called "Troas Resurveyed," 933½ acres; $3000.

The Mountain Home Company to Mary J. Cook, Lots Nos. 3 and 4 in Block No. 20 on the plat of the "Mountain Home Company;" $225.

Thomas J. Peddicord, trustee, to the Vestry of St. Matthews Parish, Garrett county, Maryland, Lot No 43 in Pennington's Addition to Oakland.

Elliott W. Williams and wife to Franklin P. Jones, 5½ acres of land at Loch Lynn Heights, commonly known as the Elliott Williams Brick Yard; $650.

Solomon Fike and wife to Marcellus S. Wolf, 9½ acres of a tract of land called "The Royal Charlotte;" $124.

The Yough Manor Land Company to Basil Garlits, Lot No. 10 on the plat of The Yough Manor Land Company; $40.

The Yough Manor Land Company to Ellio Travis, Lot No. 11 on the plat of The Yough Manor Land Company; $40.

John W. G. Lewis and wife to John W. Beckman, Military Lot No. 3058; $400.

John M. Fisher and wife to Milton Fisher, Military Lot No. 2579 and 8 acres of Lot 2638; $1000.

Charles W. Baldwin to Annie M. Baldwin, two lots of ground in Mountain Lake Park; $5.

Charles Wegman, ex-sheriff, to Alexander Hænftling, Military Lots Nos. 3243, 3244, and 4138; $250.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company to James Swan Frick, a parcel of land containing 30 5-10 acres; $113.25.

Austin Brown, Sheriff, to Lewis A. Rudisill and S. L. Townshend, a parcel of ground adjoining Mountain Lake Park and Loch Lynn Heights, containing ¼ of an acre; $113.25.

What is

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Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

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DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

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"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

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A "BLACKSMITH,"
"TWO-CENT APPLE BUTTER,"
"ROTTEN STOCK" ana
A "HUNCHBACK,"

is a poor combination from which to expect a production of anything respectable in the job printing line.

A "junk shop" means a worn-out assortment of type, rules, etc.; a "blacksmith" is a bunglesome printer; "two-cent apple butter" is synonymous of the poorest quality of printing ink; "rotten stock" is poor-made and cheap paper; and a "hunchback" is a press which is so old that it has naturally worn out of shape and usage.

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in our Job Printing Department, our skill and our materials; that's the reason why we do such splendid work.

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Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

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PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

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The New York Weekly Tribune,

OF NOVEMBER 4th, 1896.

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I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; so suitable for farming purposes and grazing.
All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.
Call on or address:
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THE REPUBLICAN.

ESTABLISHED MARCH 3, 1877. BENJ. H. SINCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOLUME 20 OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1896 NUMBER

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Go to S. P. Specht's for ladies' shirt waists.

Mr. W. E. Crooks, of Keyser, was here a short time yesterday.

Flies and straw hats are undergoing the resurrection process.

This is good growing weather for grass and Presidential booms.

Mr. S. T. Jones is having a stable erected in the rear of the bank.

FOR RENT. — Dwellings; five rooms; inquire at this office. 5–2

Mr. H. C. Sincell went to Baltimore on business Tuesday morning.

Mr. Jonas Frazee, of Pittsburg, Pa., was an Oakland visitor on Monday.

Judge Thomas Cuppett, of Hoyes, was a caller at THE REPUBLICAN on Tuesday.

Mr. Bradford Blocher, of near Frostburg, was in the city a day or two this week.

Mr. Wm. Newman has been confined to his room for a few days with serious illness.

Mr. Ed. Baldwin, of Wheeling, here Tuesday calling on [illegible] ners and friends.

[illegible]ee Porter, of Cumberland, H[illegible] calling on friends a few rect[illegible]esday of this week.

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may[illegible] Julius C. Renninger would[illegible]mberland last and this or elseisit to his parents.

indicat[illegible] of men's working and a truss[illegible] S. P. Specht's, Deer hay[illegible] 6–3t.

Fi[illegible]

boar[illegible]on saloon property was floor[illegible]rtgagee's sale on last Sat- as Mr. G. S. Hamill for $900. doul[illegible] city[illegible]atmospheric indications we the[illegible]he impression that the sq[illegible]hog has done his worst and quit.

Mr. M. M. Bradford, of the firm of Bradford Bros. spent several days in Clarksburg, W. Va., since our last issue.

S. P. Specht has just received a car load of flour and feed which he will sell very low for cash. Call and see him.

Mr. W. A. Moffatt, one of Garrett county's genial pedagogues, of Johnstown, was in Oakland a day or two this week.

School Board meeting May 6th, at which time trustees for the ensuing year will be appointed. See advertisement.

Mrs. D. I. Totten, who has been visiting friends and relatives at Morgantown, W. Va., returned to her home Tuesday.

The Orphans' Court was in session Tuesday with all three judges present. No business of public importance was transacted.

Ex-Sheriff Charles Wegman, of Grantsville, was in town a few days last and this week, attending to the selling of some property.

Nearly all the frame work of Mr. Shartzer's opera house is up. From foundation stone to cornice the building will be forty-four feet high.

Don't fail to call and examine S. P. Specht's stock of merchandise which is now as complete as is generally found in a first class general store.

Mr. John B. Fay, who was here from the west visiting his family, returned to South Dakota Sunday morning accompanied by his son Edward.

Prof. Morton, who has been at Mountain Lake Park for a number of months, will probably leave there in a short time and locate at Morgantown.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Crane, of Kingwood, who were here a few days last week on a visit to friends, returned to their home last Friday afternoon.

Dr. E. H. Bartlett spent several dass last and this week on a visit to friends and relatives in Cumberland, returning to Oakland Tuesday evening.

Mr. M. Cohen, of Washington, D. C., who conducted a tailoring establishment here last summer, arrived here yesterday morning with his family.

Mr. John M. Duvall, who has resided for a year or two near Offutt's mill, has moved to Tunnelton, W. Va., where he will work at the carpenter trade.

Squire A. B. Gonder has moved to his country residence and Mrs. John B. Fay and family have moved into Maryland Cottage, vacated by Squire Gonder.

Summer came suddenly.

Mr. H. B. Friend, mother and daughter, of Deer Park, were in Oakland Tuesday, made us a call and were shown some of the mysteries of the art preservative.

Owing to the crowded condition of our columns this week local letters from Cranesville, Fearer and Deer Park are unavoidably crowded out. They will appear later.

Senator Ravenscroft went down to Dawson, Allegany county, Monday to see his aged mother, who is quite ill. He returned to his home in Accident Tuesday morning.

We have had no spring weather yet—all mid-summer, the thermometer registering up in the eighties Sunday and hovering about that during the remainder of the week.

Mr. Will C. Kidd, the Baltimore traveling salesman, was in the city two or three days last and this week. The attention of our readers is called to Mr. Kidd's card in this issue.

Mr. E. J. Fringer is beautifying his residence and ground by planting a number of shade and ornamental trees. Dr. Ravenscraft has recently been engaged in doing likewise.

Mr. Daniel E. Offutt, president, and Mr. Scott T. Scott, cashier, represented the Garrtt County bank at the first annual bankers' convention of Maryland in Baltimore last Thursday and Friday.

We have just received from the manufacturers another large lot of stationery and envelopes which we are running out at low figures for the class of work furnished our customers. Give us a call.

Mr. F. L. Fredlock, one of the members of the Piedmont Lime Company, was in Oakland Monday and made this office a call. Mr. Fredlock says that the orders for lime far exceed the supply.

Dr. D. O. McKinley will visit Crellin April 20th; Oakland, 22nd and 23d, rooms at Central hotel; McHenry, April 25th; Hoyes, April 27th. Teeth extracted without pain. All work warranted. 6–1

Mr. W. H. Hagans has let the contract to Spedden Bros. for a six room cottage to be erected on his lot on Third street in Crook's addition. The house will be ready for occupancy by September next.

Mr. Thomas Little, of the firm of Hamill & Little, is making arrangements to erect a cottage on the lot he recently purchased on Sixth street. Messrs. Spedden Bros. will superintend the building.

By a private letter received a few days ago we learn that Mr. J. E. Kildow will not move to Oakland this summer but that he will continue to edit the Randolph *Enterprise* another year. May success attend him.

On Monday Mr. E. J. Fringer had the ground staked off for the foundation of his store building on Second street adjourning the building owned by Messrs. Dixon & Kelso. Mr. Fringer's structure will be 25x50 feet, two stories high.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

The Board of County Commissioners is in session this week making the annual levy. We are informed that the tax rate will be about the same as it was last year on account of the large sum of money to be levied to defray the expenses of making the new assessment.

DANA'S Sarsaprilla is not only the *best* of all remedies for the Nerves, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, and Blood; *but if no benefit, you can get your money back.* The same guarantee applies to DANA'S Pills, Cough Syrup and Plasters. For sale by Dr. J. W. Laughlin, agent, Deer Park. 4–13t.

Mr. Julius Scherr, of Eglon, W. Va., was in the city Tuesday and made this office one of his customary pleasant calls, leaving a nice order for job printing, remarking at the time that the work turned out from this office is the superior of any he has seen in many a day.

Only 50 Cents

For a regular dollar size bottle of sarsaparilla, guaranteed to contain the purest and best combination for the renovation of the blood and building of the system—a splendid appetizer. Manufactured at Oakland Pharmacy. 4–4

Mr. M. M. Bradford's new and handsome residence is nearing completion. It will be quite an addition to the east end of town when completed and shows up well. Mr. Bradford designed the house himself, which speaks well for his architectural ability. May Oakland have many more such residences.

DANA'S Sarsaparilla is not only the *best* of all remedies for the Nerves, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, and Blood; *but if no benefit, you can get your money back.* The same guarantee applies to DANA'S Pills, Cough Syrup and Plasters. For sale by DeWitt & Ferguson, Sang Run, Md. 3–3m.

Joseph P. Hawks, of Parkersburg, who was arrested on the testimony of Mrs. Belle Freeland, as having been concerned in the circulation of counterfeit money, has been examined and discharged, there being no evidence except that of Mrs. Freeland against him. He was able to prove that her evidence was false.

Those who are troubled with rheumatism should try a few applications of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, rubbing the parts vigorously at each application. If that does not bring relief dampen a piece of flannel with Pain Balm and bind it on over the seat of pain and prompt relief will surely follow. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Monday afternoon a warrant was sworn out before Justice Delawder by William Morrow, of Westernport, Allegany county, charging a colored man named John W. McAbee with stealing a number of articles from his store in the above town. After the theft had been committed McAbee came to Oakland but was followed by Morrow. The warrant was placed in Sheriff Brown's hands who soon had his man in jail. He will be taken to Cumberland for trial.

Burglars attacked a Corliss safe in a bank in Whitinsville, Mass., April 4th. Terrific charges of dynamite and nitro-glycerine were used but without effect. The square door safe in the bank was blown open. This is probably the first attempt made by burglars to rob a safe of this kind and at the outset they met with defeat. One of these safes is used by the Garrett County Bank in Oakland and is globular in form presenting no surface whatever for a burglar to get in his work.

During the winter of 1893, F. M. Martin, of Long Reach, West Va., contracted a severe cold which left him with a cough. In speaking of how he cured it he says: "I used several kinds of cough syrup but found no relief until I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which relieved me almost instantly, and in a short time brought about a complete cure." When troubled with a cough or cold use this remedy and you will not find it necessary to try several kinds before you get relief. It has been in the market for over twenty years and constantly grown in favor and popularity. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park, for 25 and 50 cents per bottle.

The county bridge at Crellin, crossing the Yough river fell down Monday evening last about seven o'clock just after a lady had crossed it with her team. This structure had been condemned about a year ago and a contract was made at that time for the erection of a new bridge. The contractors, however, did not comply with the terms of their agreement with the County Commissioners and since that time the matter has been in a state of *statu quo*. The time has arrived now when some vigorous action must be taken by the board as the people living in the vicinity of Crellin are entirely shut off so far as getting to this side of the river with teams is concerned.

Since the above was put in type we learn that the contractor has commenced work on the bridge and will have it completed in a few weeks.

For Sale.

A cottage containing 7 rooms, attic and cellar. Has a well of good water upon the premises, and an acre of land attached. Purchaser can have the choice of more land up to two acres. Will sell cheap and on good terms. Situated opposite Mt. Lake Park on Oakland road. Mt. Lake Park, is a good market for vegetables and poultry. Apply to F. P. Arnold, Mt. Lake Park, Garrett county, Md. 50–13t.

A GHASTLY FIND.

The Body of the Long Missing Louis Fine Discovered on the Shores of Lake Cleveland.

On last Friday morning, Mr. Wright Thayer, who resides on the Hoopple road near Deep Creek, had occasion to cross over Lake Cleveland, on his way to the home of his son, who was ill, and in doing so he discovered the body of Louis Fine, a Polish peddler, who so mysteriously disappeared on November 12th last as was noted in these columns at that time.

The story as printed at that time was that some time during November last Louis Fino was traveling through the lower end of the county selling his wares and stock. He was accompanied by his brother Samuel, both of whom resided at Lonaconing. On or about November 10th the two brothers arrived at Accident, and on the 12th they were arrested for selling without a proper license. They were taken before the squire who released Samuel after he had paid his fine, but his brother refused to do so and was given into the custody of Constable Frederick Kolo with instructions from the justice to take him to jail in Oakland.

On the evening of the same day the constable returned to Accident and reported that his prisoner has escaped from him in the vicinity of Lake Cleveland.

After a few days Samuel Fine, not hearing anything from his brother, organized a searching party and scoured the woods for miles around the vicinity in which Louis had escaped from the officer. A reward of one hundred dollars was also offered by Samuel. At different times searching parties went out but nothing of the missing man could be learned until last Friday, when as stated above, Mr. Wright Thayer discovered the copse lying upon the banks of Lake Cleveland where it had been washed by the high waters of a few days previous.

Immediately upon the discovery Mr. Thayer reported it to the proper officials. A jury of inquest was summoned and after a post mortem had been made by Dr. M. C. Hinebaugh and a number of witnesses examined the jury brought in a verdict that "Louis Fine came to his death by being struck with some blunt instrument in the hands of some party unknown."

Dr. Hinebaugh stated to THE REPUBLICAN that the only bruise about the person of the deceased was a large dark spot under the ribs on right side, and upon an incision being made by him clotted blood came out.

The dead man when found was dressed as last seen alive by his brother, having on three shirts and suitable outer clothing. Nearly five dollars in money and a check of twenty-five dollars was found upon his person. His watch was missing.

The brothers of the unfortunate man were telegraphed for who came up to Oakland on Friday and on Saturday morning the corpse of their deceased relatives was taken to Cumberland for burial in the Jewish cemetery in that city.

Although the body has been recovered the strange disappearance still remains a mystery.

Republicans of Oakland.

The Republicans of Oakland are requested to assemble in Sturgiss's Hall to-morrow evening, April 17, 1896, for the purpose of nominating a Republican municipal ticket.

A Painful Accident.

Mr. Frank Sowers, aged about twenty-five, son of Mr. Alex. Sowers, of near Deep Creek, whilst engaged at the farm of Mr. Jefferson Ralston, near Deer Park, in logging, met with a very painful and serious accident Monday afternoon.

Young Sowers had been chopping with a double bit axe and burying one blade of it in a log he went to assist the driver of the log team to move some heavy timber. After the horses had started one end of the log turned and in doing so it struck the young man with such force as to throw him considerable distance he alighting on the axe, which penetrated the hip ranging in and up the spinal column, making a very serious and painful wound. In addition to this he was bruised about the body in several places and it is feared that he received some internal injuries also.

Dr. W. H. Ravenscraft was hastily summoned who responded and did all he could for the injured man, leaving him resting as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

Our New Machine.

To-day's REPUBLICAN goes to its numerous patrons in a different form than heretofore—rather folded in a different manner and by an improved method over the old and slow way of folding them by hand.

We have put in a Sidney folder and it is now one of the fixtures of the office, being driven by our little gasolene engine at a speed of thirty papers a minute or more than three times as fast as they can be folded by hand. If you have never seen a paper folder at work drop in and we will take pleasure in showing you around the office.

Junior E. L. Entertainment.

The Junior Epworth League of St. Paul's M. E. church was organized over a year ago. Since that time the work has been carried on by the young members and their teachers, and the principal knowledge that the casual observer had of their existance was the announcement each Sabbath at divine service of their meeting at a quarter past four o'clock on the following Wednesday afternoon.

But on Tuesday night last the good and thorough work of this young people's organization burst upon the public as the sun from a thick cloud, when the first public entertainment of the Junior League was held in St. Paul's M. E. church. The meeting was called to order by Master Earl Townshend, president of the League who conducted the entertainment with a grace and ease that would do credit to a much older head. The program consisted of songs, recitations, drills, etc., and was indeed well rendered. We have not the space to give the program in full. Suffice it to note that several of the recitations and a shepherd's crook drill were especially well done. One special feature of the evening was the presentation of St. Paul's church by the League of a pair of beautiful collection plates. The receipts of the evening were about fifteen dollars. The teachers of the League are to be commended for the thoroughness of their instruction in this organization. May the work of these young people prosper.

The National Capital. Reduced rates via B. & O.

The City of Washington is an object of perennial interest to all patriotic Americans. Not alone because it is the great throbing heart of the mightiest and grandest Republic the earth has ever known, but also on account of its material magnificence. All Americans take pride in its beautiful avenues, majestic architecture, stately homes, and well stored galleries and museums as things of grandeur and beauty in themselves, apart from the historic interest with which they are invested. It is a hope and aspiration of all "young America," at least, at some time or other to visit the Capital of his country.

The Baltimore and Ohio R. R. offers unequaled facilties in inaugurating a series of popular excursions at reduced rates. A number of persons from this section have availed themselves of these excursions and found the train service and other arrangements in keeping with the liberal policy of the B. & O.

The third excursion of the series, via this popular line, is announced for Thursday, April 23d. Pleasant side trips have also been arranged to points of interest in and about the Capital.

We give below a list of stations in this vicinity, showing time of trains and rates of fare:

	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	RATE.
Terra Alta..	.....	12 06	5 41	1 53	$6 45
Oakland....	6 31	12 29	5 59	5 12	6 25
Piedmont...	7 21	1 29	6 51	6 01	5 40

Parlor cars on the day express. Sleeping cars on the night express.

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

Tickets will be good ten days, and will be valid for passage from Washington to Baltimore at any time within the life of the ticket.

For Pullman Car accommodation and other information, address nearest B. & O. agent.

Don't forget the date, Thursday, April 23d.

Stuck in the Mud.

With 100 years of experience our American farmers are paralyzed by the presence of a simple mixture of dirt and water. Last year our railroads carried 1,000,000,000 tons of freight. Every year the amount increases. Every pound of this freight is carted and carried over our roads and streets before it gets to the railroads. Millions of tons more are hauled in wagons and sold in the country towns and consumed by the local buyer. Here is the farmers end of it: Hay, 54,000,000 tons. Think of it! Look at one of these pictures and think of hauling 54,000,000 loads of hay to market on roads like that, 90,000,000 tons of cereals, 6,000,000 tons of potatoes, 2,000,000 tons of cotton; total, 152,000,000 tons, not counting the mud on the wagon wheels.

The road and the wagon are the twin handmaidens of agriculture that attend the farmer on every journey to market, and they are forever at odds with each other. If the man who sold that wagon to the farmer had tried to sell that road to him, homicide would have become a virtue. One hundred and fifty-two million tons of produce! Five hundred million dollars paid for farm implements and machinery to harvest it with! Twelve hundred millions invested in farm horses and mules to drag it to market! Think of it! Think of being director in a corporation with that amount of business on hand, with countless millions of paid up capital invested and think of doing business in a mortar bed! Think of waiting for the mud to dry up! Sixteen million horses and mules idle in the stable! Four million dollars a day for horse feed! Twenty-eight millions a week! Think of the loss of time and labor the dwarfed and shrunken values of our farms, of the slack supply and good prices when the roads are impassable! Think of the procession of farmers that rush to town and glut the market in the first days of dry weather, and think of the paltry prices they get when everybody is trying to sell to an overstocked market!—J. B. Potter.

FREE

COURSE BY MAIL

WITH THE

Capital City Commercial College.

TO ADVERTISE OUR COLLEGE

We will give a thorough course of instruction in Double and Single Entry Book-keeping and Commercial Arithmetic, by mail,

FREE OF CHARGE

to a limited number of persons. This course will be completed in forty lessons. No charge for diplomas.

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TOPEKA, - KANSAS.

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MOUNTAIN STATE

Business College,

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

Estate of Elias Smith, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

ELIAS SMITH,

late of Garrett County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 21th day of October next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 11th day of April, 1896.

NANCY SMITH, Adm'x,
6—3 Oakland, Md.

SCHOOL BOARD MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS OF GARRETT COUNTY,
OAKLAND, MD., April 15th, 1895.

The Board of School Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office on the

6th DAY OF MAY, 1896,

for the purpose of appointing a board of three trustees for each district in the county.

Patrons of schools where there are no trustees or where vacancies exist are urgently requested to recommend one, two or three, as the case may require good men, so that we may have a full board for each school.

By order of the Board,

WM. HINEBAUGH,
6—2 Secretary.

Arrest disease by the timely use of Tutt's Liver Pills, an old and favorite remedy of increasing popularity. Always cures

SICK HEADACHE,

sour stomach, malaria, indigestion, torpid liver, constipation and all bilious diseases.

TUTT'S Liver PILLS

FORTUNE TELLING.

When on the grain was summer's gold,
And blue was summer's sky,
We went to have our fortunes told,
A witching maid and I.
The Gypsy sibyl seemed uncouth
And weird to look upon,
And yet for each of us, in sooth,
A merry tale she spun.

Mine was a kindly horoscope;
I heard my birth above
Had hung the happy star of hope,
The lambent star of love.
The star of love that bringeth bliss,
I learned, still shed its glow.
Much more the sibyl said, but this
Was all I cared to know.

Then into Sylvia's slender hand
I saw the Gypsy peer,
And words I longed to understand
Were whispered in her ear;
While on her cheek a blush had birth
That spread in rosy fire,
As when the winter-wakened earth
Feels spring's divine desire.

We left behind the Gypsy old,
And 'neath a dusky pine
Again was that fair story told
That ended: "Sweet, be mine!"
Then Sylvia, the roguish-eyed,
Laughed in her winning way:
"That's what," triumphantly she cried,
"The Gypsy said you'd say!"
—Clinton Scollard, in Harper's Bazar.

THE THEATER HAT.

"WHAT have you got to do this evening?" said Cmythe.

"Nothing whatever," I replied.

"Well," said he, "I have a couple of seats for the California. Don't you want to come?"

"I should be delighted, my dear boy."

And in a few minutes we were in a cab, rolling toward the theater.

Scarcely had we settled ourselves in our seats when I saw, entering the row in front of us, a tall, thin blond, who seated herself in the chair immediately in front of mine. And then I saw with stupefaction that she wore upon her head a curious sort of hat cocked down in front and cocked up behind, garnished with flowers, with vegetables, with shrubs—in fact, a veritable garden. As she had cocked her cocked hat over her eyes, it resulted that the rear of this vegetable garden towered above the top of her blond chignon, so that I could see no more of the stage than if I had been in far Cathay.

The bell rang; the curtain rose; I heard voices—presumably of actors—but it was impossible for me to tell. At the risk of acquiring a telescopic neck, I leaned to the right, then to the left. But I had not counted on the balloon sleeves of the blond, which were perfect monsters of swollen silk, and which masked completely both wings of the stage as her hat did the middle.

"Holy smoke!" said I to my friend, "that hat is going to be ruther a nuisance."

The blond lady heard me; she turned slightly, put up her lorgnon, and surveyed me with the utmost haughtiness. Then, shrugging her shoulders, she pulled up her sleeves, so that it was impossible for me to see even the proscenium arch. Then she braced up her feet against the chair in front, and hoisted herself up a few inches, so that by this gymnastic feat she succeeded in elevating her vegetable garden even more than before.

In a melancholy tone I said to Cmythe: "It seems to me I would have been better off if I had stayed at the club and toasted my toes in the cafe in front of the fire. I would not have been incommoded or discommoded, and I would have seen fully as much of this piece as I am seeing now."

Hearing this, the blond lady turned around once more, and favored me with the most sneering smile that I have ever seen. It provoked me, and I determined to give her a lesson if I could. For I might as well have been in a theatrophone listening at a telephone. I could hear, but I could see nothing. Voices—female voices, male voices—confusedly came to my ear. You know how perplexing it is when you cannot

HAVING REVENGE.

see the personages upon the stage, when you cannot note their gestures nor the play of their faces. But the first act terminated in the midst of roars of applause. A man I knew, three seats to my right, was shaking with laughter. Everybody in the theater seemed to be intensely amused at the play except myself. And the blond lady would still turn from time to time, and favor me again with her sneering smile.

Seated immediately in front of the blond lady was a very little man who looked like a hunchback, his head was so sunken between his shoulders. I looked at him carefully. He had the appearance of being a dead-head, owing to his rather shabby attire. I tapped him on the shoulder, and asked him if he would go out with me between the acts for a few minutes. When we were outside, I said to him:

"My dear sir, I have a particular interest in occupying your chair, No. 48. If you will pardon the liberty I take, I would like to give you this trifle" (I slipped a five-dollar piece into his hand), "and, in exchange, I would like to have your seat and you may have mine, No. 92."

The little man's face lighted up with pleasure. He slipped my five-dollar piece into his waistcoat pocket, and said: "Certainly, my dear sir. You are very good. I will take your seat with pleasure."

Thus was I placed in possession of seat 48. Now I could see the stage, but still I was not revenged. My first idea was to install myself there, wearing my own high hat, but I reflected that this manifestation might not be understood, would seem discourteous to the actors, and that I would be forced to take it off. Suddenly an idea flashed across my mind—an inspiration. I left the theater and walked a block or two until I came to a milliner's shop. I entered and demanded of the saleswoman to sell me a hat—the most gigantic, the most arboriferous, the most pyramidal hat she had. She opened a drawer and exhibited to me a monument in black felt, with an enormous knob of black velvet upon its top, and on top of the black felt knob a puff of black flowers, extremely high. Without haggling, I paid her the price, and swiftly returned to the theater.

To the stupefaction of Cmythe, who was still seated in his chair, No. 90, I seated myself in No. 48, immediately before the blonde lady with the big hat, and then, with a perfectly serious countenance, I placed upon my head the black velvet monument. I do not know what sort of a figure I cut with my long mustaches under the velvet hat, but if a bomb had burst in the orchestra it would not have produced a greater effect. Exclamations came from every direction, and people climbed up on their seats to see me, amid roars of laughter.

The men—poor wretches, they do stand together once in awhile—understood the motive of my protest, and cried: "Bravo! Bravo! He is right!" while the agitated Cmythe screamed to me across the blonde lady's balloon sleeves: "Why, old man, you are going crazy." None the less, I remained impassive in the midst of the tempest which I had let loose. But the usual reverse came. Two ushers, after consultation, came to me and politely begged me to take off my hat. "Certainly," said I, "if you will make this lady take

I CONDUCTED HER TO MY SEAT.

off hers." This response provoked the utmost enthusiasm from the men. But the ushers would not listen to reason, and they made me leave my seat.

The lady with the vegetable garden triumphed, but not for long.

Looking up toward the family circle, I saw a colored damsel wearing a small turban. I mounted to the circle. I went to the colored lady. "Pardon me," said I, "but I have just purchased a hat which cost me $15 only a quarter of an hour ago." I exhibited the black velvet monument, and the colored lady's eyes bulged out in amazement and admiration.

"And what about it?" said she.

"Nothing but this: it is yours if you will do me the favor to occupy my seat in the orchestra, No. 48, until the play is over."

In a second she swept off the little turban which she wore, placed the black velvet monument upon her head, gave it two or three taps before the mirror in the lobby, shook out her skirts, and then, taking my arm, I conducted her to orchestra chair No. 48.

Oh, if you had only seen the convulsive joy among the men in the orchestra when they saw my monumental hat reappear upon a feminine head. This time the ushers had nothing to say. The lady with the vegetable garden was vanquished. She could see nothing during the rest of the piece, and served as a focus from opera glasses from all over the house.

Revenge! Revenge! At last I was revenged. Ha, ha!—San Francisco Argonaut.

He Didn't Know.

Magistrate Peter Hughes, who loves a good joke, tells of a recent personal experience with great glee. In a certain case the other day a big colored woman was a witness. She testified that she had whipped her little boy very severely, and as she went on with the story of the exceedingly stiff beating she had administered the judge's clear brow grew a little darker, and he interrupted her to ask if it had been necessary to chastise the boy so severely. The witness opened her eyes widely at the question. Gazing intently at the court, she inquired: "Jedge, wuz you eber de father of a wuthless mulatter boy?" "No, no," responded Magistrate Hughes, hastily. "Then, jedge, you don't know nuffin' about de case."—Philadelphia Record.

In a Restaurant.

Guest (to waiter)—This beefsteak that you brought me isn't fit to eat; it must be three weeks old.

Waiter—I beg your pardon, sir, I made a mistake; I brought you antelope steak instead.

Guest (tries it again)—Why that tastes delicious; why didn't you tell me before that it was antelope steak!"—Texas Siftings.

WOMEN OF THE SEA.

These Have Followed a Life on the Wave from Choice.

The sailors' superstitious fear that a woman's presence on shipboard invites ill-luck has failed to deter women whose hearts yearn for the sea from gratifying this desire. The pages of the maritime history of the world contain the names of many matrons and girls in various periods who, disguised as men, have followed a life on the ocean wave. The majority of them not only proved excellent sailors, but even fought bravely with cutlass, pike and pistol against the foes of their native land.

They did not even shrink from sailing under the black flag; for the English women, Anne Bonny and Mary Read, joined the buccaneers, the typical pirates of the Antilles, in order to gain booty to their hearts' content.

A German writer gives a number of names of women who have gone to sea, among which the following are interesting:

Jean de Belleville, to avenge her husband, who was murdered in the year 1343 in Paris, fitted out a squadron of ships and ravaged the coast of Normandy, burned castles and illumined the sea at night with the glare of blazing villages. Jean de Belleville was famed in her age as one of the most beautiful women in Europe.

Sometimes jealousy has sent a young wife to sea in sailor garb. The ballad of bold Hannah Snell is now known by all sailors. This woman was born in London in 1723, and in the course of time married a German sailor named Jacob Summs, who squandered her little property and then deserted her. To seek this faithless fellow, Hannah donned men's attire and went to sea. Her experiences during her quest would fill volumes grave and gay, tragic and comic incidents alternated. She served only on English men-of-war, took part in numerous battles and received several wounds. After many years she had the news that Jacob, in punishment for a serious crime, had been put into a sack and thrown into the sea somewhere in France. From that time she left the royal service, where her disguise had never been discovered, and returned in woman's clothes to London. The government granted her an annual pension of £50 sterling for life. She is said to have gone on the stage afterward and acquitted herself admirably in sailor characters.

There are also high-hearted women who have performed many brave, heroic deeds while sailing the seas with their husbands. Among them Louise Dittmar, the wife of the captain of the Prussian steamer Edgar, deserves the highest praise. On the way home the entire crew, except the captain and helmsman, were attacked with serious illness. The two men undertook to attend to the engine, while the woman stood at the helm and steered the ship, and this was done night and day, almost without relief, for weeks! The steamer arrived in port safely, after seven of the crew had died on the passage. In this case the valuable vessel had actually been saved solely by the captain's wife, for it is difficult to estimate what the two men could have done without her aid. Captains whose ship owners forbid them to take their wives with them might aptly cite as an opposing argument of the example of Louise Dittmar.—Detroit Free Press.

WHAT SEEMS AND IS.

This Little Dialogue May Serve to Make the Stranger Less Diffident.

The palaces of America are the New York hotels. The visitor from the back district enters a New York hotel office in the same spirit that he would invade St. Peter's, in Rome. There is something in the architectural grandeur, in the richness and extravagance of form and color, in the mellow light coming from vaulted ceilings and colored glass that touches the spirit with a sense of calm. And the man behind the rosewood and onyx counter! What dignity of mien! What austerity of countenance! What Jove-like front! And the gentleman coming yonder across the mosaic floor. He may be the head of a great educational institution, or a statesman, high in the councils of the nations. He is followed by a black servant in livery, carrying his personal effects.

But, ah! Human nature is the same in the midst of all its impressiveness as it is in Princeville or Jackson's corners. The distinguished-looking gentleman seizes by the hand the dignitary on the other side of the counter and says: "Heilo! old stockin', how are you? You look fit to run four miles!"

"Bully! bully! Charley, old man! Ain't seen you for a coon's age. How are they comin' with you?"

"Full-handed, never better, feelin' like a yearlin'. Wow! Ain't it cold! Got a good, hot room for me?"

"Fix you proper, my boy. Have to put you up pretty high this morning, but'll get you down on the second floor by noon. How'll that do you?"

"Have to stand it, I suppose. Can't you give me that hot room you gave me last summer? Zip! but that was a scorcher!"

"Have a fire built up there now?"

"No, guess not—what's that? Number 411? Can't you add 44 to it? I'll go out and play it."

"Can't do it. It's beyond the limit of the house. Been to breakfast?"

"No; I'm hungry as a wolf."

"Go right in. The bacon's on the iron. Hist! Front! Baggage to four-eleven."—N. Y. Sun.

Literally True.

Mr. Dolley—What do you mean by saying that your father made light of my proposal?

Miss Giggles—Well, he did. He used it to ignite his cigar with.—Detroit Free Press.

—The first exportation of American silk was in 1734, when eight pounds were sent from America to England.

WHEN THE MONK DIED.

Rites Observed When Death Entered a Monastery and Claimed a Victim.

In the "Durham Rites" we read how before the high altar were "three marvelous faire silver basons hung in chaines of silver;" these contained great wax candles, "which did burne continually both day and night, in token that the house was always watchinge to God." Many and various are the estimates which men make as to the efficacy of prayer in changing or modifying God's purposes toward men; few will, however, be found to deny the moral beauty of this conception, which was the common heritage of all the monastic orders. The ideal of every monastery was the ideal typified by the Durham ever-burning lights. "The house was always watchinge to God." The well-known collects and prayers enshrined in the solemn liturgy of the Church of England are in large measure the prayers and collects prayed and sung for so many centuries, by day and by night, in the 1,000 abbeys and chapels of the monks; they were thus forever interceding "for all sorts and conditions of men."

But, besides the perpetual prayers for others, a peculiar spiritual fellowship existed between the "religious" of the same order, and indeed was often extended to those of other orders. Mr. Hunt ("An Account of the Priory of St. Peter and St. Paul at Bath") gives us a remarkable illustration of this fellowship in the bond of prayer made between the priory of Bath and six other Benedictine convents, as far back as A. D. 1077, in which the parties agreed to pray for one another and their brethren, and to be loyal to the king and queen with one heart and one soul. "It will be observed," adds Mr. Hunt, "that two of the abbots were of the conquering race, and their union with their English brethren is pleasant to contemplate."

When a monk died a messenger was dispatched to all the religious communities from which prayers were due, and indeed to many others, with the mortuary roll, having at the head an announcement of the death and a short account of the deceased. Each community acknowledged the receipt of the roll by writing upon it a promise of prayer for the soul of the departed, and, as a rule, a request for similar prayers for their deceased brethren and benefactors was added. The benefits of these prayers seem to have been granted to a large number of benefactors and others. Nor was this privilege by any means confined to the great and wealthy; a very small, even a normal payment, such as a pound of wax, seems to have qualified a man or woman to receive it, if otherwise fitting, into the number of "fratres" or "sorores" of the convent. Those so admitted knew that the Divine sacrifice was daily offered for them in the church of the monastery, and that prayer was continually made for them while they lived, and that after death the welfare of their souls would be the subject of special intercession.—Quarterly Review.

ENGLISH VITAL STATISTICS.

The Marriages, Births and Deaths During the Year 1894.

The 57th annual report of the registrar general of marriages, births and deaths in England and Wales in 1894 has just been published. His statistics are based on a population estimated to number in the middle of the year 1894 30,060,763 persons (14,565,660 males and 15,495,103 females). The number of marriages registered was 226,449, corresponding to a rate of 15.1 persons married per 1,000 living. The rate in 1893 was 14.7, and the average rate from 1884 to 1893 was 14.9. This recovery coincided with a slight fall in the value of British exports, and with a fall in the price of wheat of 13.3 per cent. below that of 1893, which had been the lowest on record. Of the marriages contracted in 1894 155,352, or 686 per 1,000, were celebrated according to the rites of the Established church, and 71,097, or 314 per 1,000 otherwise. Of the 221,213 couples whose ages were stated in the register the mean ages were 28.41 for men and 26.15 for women. The figures for 1894 show the first notable break in the increase of the mean age at marriage, which has been going on for several years. This is not accompanied by any increase in the proportions of under-age marriages.

Births during the year numbered 890,289, and were in the proportion of 29.6 per 1,000 persons living, being the lowest on record, and showing a fall of 2 per 1,000 below the mean rate in the preceding decennium. The deaths amounted to 498,827, a proportion of 16.6 per 1,000. The average rate in the preceding ten years was 19.2. The death rate in 1894 was considerably lower than in any previous year on record. In 1894 the death rates at the several age groups were not only considerably lower than the mean rates in the previous four years, but were also lower even than the exceptionally low rates of 1888 and 1889. The death rate in the urban districts was 17.1, or more than 15 per cent., and in the rural districts 15.6, or nearly 11 per cent. below the decennial average. The deaths from smallpox numbered 820, or 27 per 1,000,000, as compared with 49 per 1,000,090 in 1893. The scarlet-fever rate was the lowest, and the enteric-fever rate almost the lowest on record. On the other hand, the diphtheria mortality was 55 per cent. above the decennial average. The deaths attributed to suicide were 2,729, or 91 per 1,000,000, the highest rate on record.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Sore Spot.

Alkali Ike—He accused me of havin' been tarred-an'-feathered an' run out of town, in Texas, about four years ago.

Judge Stringer—Well, that did not warrant you in trying to shoot him.

"Huh! I reckon if you had been tarred-an'-feathered an' run out of town, yourself, you'd be jest as touchy about it as I am!"—Puck.

Perfectly Safe.

Wife (petulantly)—Such a lump of selfishness! The house was full of strange noises last night, and I didn't dare close my eyes once; and there you were, sleeping like a log. Burglars might have carried us both off and you wouldn't have known it.

Husband (wearily)—Don't fret, dear. If they ever carry you off they'll bring you back.—N. Y. Weekly.

Had No Use for Reggy.

Reggy—Sweet Arline, will you be mine?

Sweet Arline—Before I answer your question let me ask you one. Do you swear when you lose your collar button?

Reggy—Never!

Sweet Arline—Then it cannot be; I cannot marry a man who has no spirit.—Town Topics.

IT WAS NOT LOST.

Mrs. Vansock (indignantly)—Mrs. O'Lone, the color all came out of my new table-cover on account of the horrible washing-fluid you use.

Mrs. O'Lone (pacifyingly)—Niver moind, mum. Shure it all wint into the other clothes, mum.—Judge.

Produces the Same Effect.

"Look at the color in her cheeks. One would almost think she had been drinking."

"Well, I guess she has been painting things red, all right enough."

Presently they drifted apart.—Detroit Tribune.

Only for a Moment.

He saw her standing 'neath the mistletoe,
And in the twinkling of an eye—alack!
Her head upon his shoulder lay, and, lo!
Her golden hair was hanging down his back.
—Chicago Tribune.

Knew Herself.

Stranger (at the door)—I am trying to find a lady whose married name I have forgotten, but I know she lives in this neighborhood. She is a woman easily described, and perhaps you know her—a singularly beautiful creature, with pink and white complexion, seashell ears, lovely eyes, and hair such as a goddess might envy.

Servant—Really, sir, I don't know—

Voice (from head of stairs)—Jane, tell the gentleman I'll be down in a minute.—N. Y. Weekly.

No Need of Legal Compulsion.

"Blest if I can understand this currency question. I asked somebody what a legal tender was, and he said it was like this: If I owe you $2, and I offer you a $2-bill to settle the debt, you must take it."

"Well, that's right!"

"Yes; but what a blooming idiot you would be if you wouldn't take it!"—Puck.

His Head All Right.

"We don't seem to have any No. 13 collars," said the haberdasher, after looking through his stock. "People are not wearing 13's now, anyhow. Won't a No. 14 do just as well?"

"I think not," stiffly answered the young man on the ontside of the counter. "I may have a little neck, but I am not a clam."—Chicago Tribune.

A Generous Landlord.

Tenant—That chandelier in the parlor is so shaky I'm afraid some time, when the children are romping under it, the whole thing will fall.

Landlord—Well, that chandelier ain't worth more than its price for old brass, anyhow. It doesn't matter whether it gets broken or not.—N. Y. Weekly.

Her Husband Was an Expert.

Mrs. Shears (in a jeweler's shop buying diamonds)—I wish my husband were here.

Jeweler—Is he an authority on diamonds, madam?

Mrs. Shears—Not exactly; he is an editor, and knows paste whenever he sees it.—Odds and Ends.

Easy Way Out of It.

First Teacher—I am very much noyed by my pupils coming late.

Second Teacher—I used to noyed in the same way, but I hav out how to bear it.

"What is it?"

"I come late myself."—Tit-I

THE FOOLERS FOOLED.
A Fair Exchange Is No Robbery.

Origin of an Expression.

Yeast—I believe in battle the musicians always go to the rear?

Crimsonbeak—Yes; and that is the reason so many would-be soldiers think they would be willing to fuee the music.—Yonkers Statesman.

Guessed Exactly.

Squilliig (newspaper in hand)—Here's an account of a terribly-bungled execution.

McSwilligen—Couldn't the sheriff get the hang of it?—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

An Expert Definition.

"What's the difference between a bachelor girl and an old maid?"

"Well, a bachelor girl thinks she could get married if she wanted to, and an old maid knows she couldn't."—Chicago Record.

Strictly a Private Affair.

"What," demanded the angry bride, "do you take me for?"

The brute shrugged his shoulders.

"Ask your father," he sneered. "I don't feel at liberty to disclose the terms."—Detroit Tribune.

A Woman's Wrong.

Blabton—Why are the women of today so heavily laden?

Ratley—Give it up. Why?

Blabton—Because they carry a leg of mutton on each arm.—Demorest's Magazine.

Clever Bridget.

"They have potatoes to burn out in North Dakota."

"That's nothing; Bridget has them right here in our kitchen."—Chicago Record.

So Informed.

Saidso—Whom do your children favor?

Ilerdso—I'm told the pretty one looks like his mother, and the other one looks like me.—N. Y. World.

A Masculine Discovery.

"Gamsby, what do you consider the most trying characteristic of women?"

"Why, their tendency to lose much of their good looks when they get old enough to have sense."—Chicago Record.

A Rural View.

Josh—Silas, do you understand what they mean by collateral?

Silas—Oh, it means them good-for-nothin' stocks and bonds the banks get stuck with.—Brooklyn Life.

FRESHLY LAID.

Grocer—Didn't that lady ask for fresh-laid eggs?

Clerk—She did, sir.

Grocer—And you said we hadn't any?

Clerk—I did, sir.

Grocer—Didn't you see me lay those eggs, myself, right down there not ten minutes ago, you mendacious scoundrel? You are discharged, and see that you don't refer to me for a character, either!—Judge.

Silence Is Golden.

Jinks—My wife agrees with all I say.

Blinks—You don't do much talking, do you?—Town Topics.

A Wife's Pet Fiction.

"I didn't care a bit, but John was awful mad."—Judge

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

DURABLE HAY SHED.

An Investment Which No Progressive Man Will Ever Regret.

The yearly losses of western farmers in hay and fodder, through exposure to the weather, aggregate an enormous amount. Extensive inquiry convinces me that nearly or quite one-fourth of the feeding value of all the hay and fodder cut and put in stacks, ricks and shocks is thus sacrificed. It is nothing uncommon to see a whole meadow of little misshapen stacks and ricks so damaged and weather-beaten as not to be worth over half what it would have been if properly secured in the barn, and kept in first-class condition.

The best and strongest cheap hay shed I have seen is that shown in the accompanying cuts. Figure 1 is an end view of the framing. Posts A A, of the heigh required, say 16 to 20 feet long, are set in the ground to form the framing of the shed, while other similar posts, E E, are set four feet out from the former—that is, at the bottom, though at the top they are brought to-

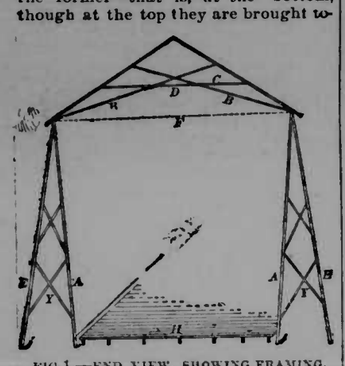

FIG. 1.—END VIEW, SHOWING FRAMING.

gether. The inner posts, A A, should lean outward, so as to make the horizontal width along the dotted line, F, two feet more than the floor width at H. The posts A and E are placed directly opposite each other, and braced together as indicated at Y. The rafters may be of the usual structure, which would require cross ties, or joists, at F; or else a truss frame may be made as indicated at B B and C. A roof on such a truss frame will not spread, and the hay carrier may be swung at D.

Fig. 2 represents the shed weather-boarded down to within six feet of the floor. The door, A, may be hinged so as to swing down, or may be made double and open into the barn. In either case the space for admitting the hay should be at least six feet square, and, in fact, eight feet is better. The rail for the hay carrier would extend out at B, if truss roof is used; in ordinary roof, the carrier would be at top of rafters. If long enough posts (A and E, Fig. 1) may not be bad, use the longest available 2x6 pieces, and spike strongly the lower ends to short posts placed well in the ground.

A drive crosswise through this shed would be more convenient in many ways. If the hay is to be baled, the bales could be conveniently stored. If intending to bale, put the hay into the shed in sections, ten to twelve feet long, the entire width of the shed, as it will be much more convenient that way for getting out. Indeed, it will be the better way even if the hay is to be hauled out, in which case arrange the floor so as to back the wagon under at K, Fig. 2. A shed of this style can be built 20 feet wide and 18 feet high, at a cost of only $2 to $2.50 for each ton of contents, and it will last 20 years. The siding, S

FIG. 2.—SHOWING WEATHER-BOARDING, DOOR, ETC.

S S, may be of cheap material, as the slight slant inward will prevent the water from running in. The floor, for economy's sake, may be of rails or poles.

The practice of cutting up and shredding the fodder is rapidly gaining ground. A shed built built on the foregoing plan would answer admirably for storing such feed. Slats would have to be nailed across the lower openings, of course. The elevator would carry the cut fodder in at the door, A. It is hardly necessary to say that when barn room and protection for stock are to be taken into account, in addition to economy of handling, it is cheaper to so construct the building as to give up the entire floor space to stock, using only the upper part for feed.—G. W. Waters, in St. Louis Journal of Agriculture.

NOTES FOR BEEKEEPERS.

Bees, small fruit and poultry make a good combination.

The queen bee is the only perfectly developed female in the hive.

The queen lives several years and is useful as a laying queen for three years.

A young queen is more liable to produce a working progeny and an old one drones.

In the spring if a frame of dirty comb is put in the hive the bees will clean it up and make it fit for use.

Worker bees are undeveloped female bees, and are hatched from the same kind of eggs that the queens are.

A good, strong colony of bees, located where there is plenty of honey-producing flowers will, with good management, produce 100 pounds of comb honey and still allow another strong colony to be made from it.—St Louis Republic.

SERVIAN BEE FARMS.

They Are to Be Conducted on Strictly Scientific Principles.

A new industrial departure of great interest has been taken in Servia, where a "society for bee and fruit culture" has been established, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. This society seeks to introduce a system of beekeeping on scientific principles, and of developing the industry on a profitable basis throughout that country, where, until lately, the peasants have been in the habit of keeping their bees in conical straw skeps daubed with mud or plaster, and destroying the bees to obtain the honey. It is probable that the society will provide the peasants with cheap straw skeps with supers, as well as bar-framed hives and other desirable agricultural appliances. The farm of the society contains about 200 hives, placed in regular rows over the ground, six feet six inches from each other, facing north. These hives are all on the bar-frame principle, and of the pattern generally known as Dzierzon hives, and they contain about 80 pounds of honey in the comb when full. They are made of wood, with draw sides, and cost about $2.25 each. The bees appear to be a species of the common bee (Apis mellifica), but are rather small in size, and unusually tractable. The Italian bee (Apis ligustica) does not succeed well in Servia, becoming quickly merged into the indigenous stock.

The bee farm is provided with two centrifugal honey-extractors of very simple design, but perfectly practical. After extraction, the honey is put into glass bottles, with neat screw tops, imported from Austria, containing respectively half pound, one pound and two pounds. The price of the honey is about 17 cents a pound, exclusive of the bottle, for which an extra charge is made. The wax is sold to the wax dealers for making into church candles, and realizes about 30 cents a pound. The importance of encouraging bee culture is evidently fully realized by the members of this society and others interested, and the introduction of a law is in contemplation obliging all priests, schoolmasters and certain others holding employment under the government to turn their attention to the keeping of bees.

SHELTER FOR CHICKS.

Excellent Device for Keeping the Brood Warm and Comfortable.

It is not a difficult matter to hatch out chicks early with hens. It is a more difficult matter to make them live and grow when hatched in cold weather. They must stay under the hen almost constantly in order to keep warm, but after a few days the hen

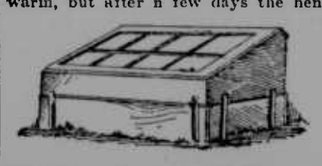

will not continually brood them, even if cold, and the chicks become chilled. The engraving shows a device for keeping the brood warm. It is a coop with glass top set on top of a pen filled with heating horse manure. It is, in fact, a coop on top of a hot bed. The bottom of the coop is of thin boards, so that sufficient warmth will go up into the coop to make it very comfortable. The hen and the chicks are placed inside and sand and chaff given to scratch in. A score of early chicks can thus be raised that will set to laying early in the fall.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Indigestion in Poultry.

Indigestion is one of the commonest troubles of fowls and one of the most easily prevented. Grit takes the place of teeth with fowls. It requires to be sharp in order to grind up the food and prepare it for digestion. Yet how often is the supply deficient? Crushed oyster shells or sharp gravel should be accessible to the hens. Acidity of the stomach is the result of indigestion. It may be corrected by mixing very fine pulverized charcoal with the food or by keeping a supply of broken charcoal in the neighborhood of the fowls. One of the best methods of giving it is to char a couple of corncobs once a week in the oven and then let the fowls have them to peck at. The feeding of charcoal is excellent at all stages of the hen's existence, but it is particularly desirable when the fattening process is going on.

Feeding Bees for Profit.

Many beekeepers must change their location, go to the flowers, or change their methods of management. The beekeeping public says at present, and perhaps always will say, that sugar-honey must not be produced, but there is no objection to bees living on 4 cent sugar instead of 15-cent honey. It has been estimated, and we think fairly, that a colony of bees consume 60 or 70 pounds of honey during the year. If a good portion of this can be cheap sugar instead of high-priced honey, it may make all the difference between a fair profit and a serious loss. A change to a better location is preferable, if a change can be made, as there is more profit in plenty of honey from natural sources than in exchanging sugar for honey in a poor locality.—Southern Cultivator.

The Control of Swarming.

To control swarming, remove one of the prime factors. Brood is the only factor we can remove and not defeat our object—honey. The removal of brood, instead of decreasing the honey yield, rather increases it. We may remove the brood by direct confiscation, or we can do it more gradually by the removal of the queen. The first method would be better where the flow is very short and profuse, the second better where the flows lasts 40 to 60 or more days. The cause of swarming is instinct; its control, broodlessness. Other methods at times seem effective, but the only method of controlling swarming that is at all times a success, is broodlessness.—Southern Cultivator.

PAY OF OUR TEACHERS.

Cause of the Displacement of Male Teachers by Females—Unjust Discrimination.

Mr. Hewes has shown that the average salary of the American teacher, counting 52 weeks to the year, is $5.67 per week for such male teachers as remain in the ranks and $4.67 for female teachers. "As a partial index of the disposition of our population to our public school system" this is not reassuring. The highest average salary, according to the report of the commissioner of education, is $1,181 per year in Massachusetts, and the lowest $213 per year in North Carolina. "The average pay of teachers in our public schools furnishes them with the sum of $5 a week for all their expenses." In 1885 salaries were higher than they are now, but in 1889 the average salaries of American teachers were lower, so that, on the whole, we are just now improving. The $95,000,000 spent in this country for teachers in the public schools every year must be divided among 368,000 teachers—more than twice as many as in any other country of the world.

Although these figures take no account of the fact that many rural teachers are engaged in other vocations a large part of the year, they are appalling enough. And the reason for the displacement of male by female teachers, until in many parts of the country the former seemed doomed to extinction, is apparent. At present the American school system as a whole owes its high quality in no small measure to the noble character, enthusiasm and devotion of women who make teaching not only a means of livelihood, but in addition thereto a mission service of love for their work and for children. To increase this love is to increase the best part of their services, and to diminish it is to degrade it to mere drudgery and routine. As the culture of women gradually rises it becomes more and more evident how unjust have been the discriminations against them in this field, where their services are becoming no less valuable than men's.—Dr. G. Stanley Hall, in Atlantic.

The Baritone and the Donkey.

Mr. Clifford Hallé tells the following amusing anecdote: "It was at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, where I was announced to give a concert. The room in which I sang was situated in a part of the town where the population seemed to consist mostly of geese, ducks, pigs and other domestic animals. It was hot, and the main entrance was kept open to admit the fresh air. I had run through a couple of items, after which I began to sing the well-known song: 'Bruder, gehst du hier vorüber?' (Brother, comest thou this way?) to the apparent satisfaction of the audience. The song ends with the words: 'Bruder, Bruder, sage Ja' (Brother, brother, do say yes—yah), when just at that moment one of the four-footed asses of Port Elizabeth thrust his head in at the door and bellowed out a 'Y——ah,' which drowned all other noises. The audience roared with laughter. The governor's wife was convulsed; her husband stepped up to me with tears in his eyes and said: 'Dear Hallé, if you want to be taken seriously by our people here in South Africa, you had better leave—your relations at home.'"—Gartenlaube.

The Benefit of Silence.

If the effort be not made to clothe thought in proper language, it will be at the expense of the former; for words not only form "the link between the object and the memory of it," but thoughts unassociated with words very soon die away from the memory. What, then, is the remedy? The cultivation of deliberation and originality, and the encouragement of occasional silence. To do this is sometimes difficult, for it implies the mending of long-existing habits, and in some measure the very loss of individuality; for many of us are apt to take refuge in conversation behind phrases and tricks of speech that have served us well in the past. Good listening is conducive to expressive speech, and the words that are formed from violent impressions are not those betokening the exercise of clear thought.—Allen Mc Lane Hamilton, in Century.

Gird your hearts with silent fortitude, suffering yet hoping all things.—Mrs. Hemans.

If little labor, little are our gains; man's fortunes are according to his pains.—Herrick.

Mr. Dolley—"What do you mean by saying that your father made light of my proposal?" Miss Giggles—"Well, he did. He used it to ignite his cigar with."—Detroit Free Press.

A crystal river diaphanous because it travels slowly, soft is the music that would charm forever; the flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.—Wordsworth.

A Man of Repose.—Western Train robber—"Hold up your hands!" Reggie Languid—"Aw—go to my man, deah fellaw; he always awanges about my twaveling bills."—Truth.

Soggy pie is mentioned as one of the causes of dyspepsia. One of the causes of soggy pie is the young married woman.—Texas Siftings.

"What is the most convenient and economical way to travel in America?" asked the visiting Englishman. "On a pass," replied Trotter, dryly.—Harper's Bazar.

Parrott—"Do you think that Henpeck could ever keep a secret from his wife?" Wiggins—"Well, I'll bet that he never lets her know what he really thinks of her!"—Truth.

Mrs. Nix—"I hope you are not afraid of work." Weary Willie (uneasily)—"I ain't exactly afraid, mum; but I always feel fidgety when dere's anything like dat around."—Truth.

"I'm afraid your young man is not economical." "Yes, he is, papa; he asked me to go sleighriding to-night, and he wants to borrow your cutter."—Chicago Record.

It may not be polite to count the change when a friend obliges you by changing a bill, but it is just as well to do it if you want your cash to balance.—Century.

My pen is at the bottom of a page, which being finished here my story ends; 'tis to be wished it had been sooner done, but stories somehow lengthen when begun.—Byron.

Why should you yearn for fame? Maybe,
When death has ended earthly ills,
Posterity may blush to see
Your name adorning some one's pills.
—Chicago Record.

Everything English.

"Kitty, how did you make the rector so angry?"

"Well, he showed me the lion and the unicorn on the vestry curtain, and I asked him when he was going to write to Queen Victoria to bring the throne and come over."—Chicago Record.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Waldino, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

New Palace for the Czar.

A space has been cleared near Soehi, Russia, for the erection of a palace for the czar. The site is most picturesque, and the edifice will face the waters of the Black sea. Its construction will be begun in the spring.

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION

At St. Louis, June 16, 1896.

The Wabash is the direct line to St. Louis via Chicago, Toledo or Detroit, and is noted for its fast time and elegant equipment. Through Sleepers, Free Reclining Chair Cars and Buffet Parlor Cars to St. Louis without change. Before making arrangements for your trip write to any representative of the Wabash Railroad for maps, time tables and guide to St. Louis, or to C. S. Crane, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

Bob—"Say, ain't you going to stand treat? I thought you had money to burn." Dick—"I should have if you would furnish the draft."—Boston Transcript.

Cheap Excursions to the West and Northwest.

On April 21 and May 5, 1896, the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y) will sell "Home Seekers" excursion tickets at very low rates to a large number of points in Northern Wisconsin, Michigan, Northwestern Iowa, Western Minnesota, Nebraska, North Dakota and South Dakota, including the famous Black Hills district. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

A Definition.—"What is a critic?" "He is a man who rips things to pieces without knowing how to put them together again."—Chicago Record.

To California in Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars.

The Burlington Route (C., B. & Q. R. R.) runs personally conducted excursions to California, leaving Chicago every Wednesday. Through cars to California destination, fitted with carpets, upholstered seats, bedding, toilet rooms, etc.; every convenience. Special agent in charge. Route via Denver and Salt Lake. Sunshine all the way. Write for descriptive pamphlet to T. A. Grady, Excursion Manager, 211 Clark St., Chicago.

Lady Customer in china shop)—"Do you break these sets?" Dealer—"No, madam; the purchasers' servants usually attend to that."—Tit-Bits.

The Rack, the Thumbscrew and the Boot

Were old fashioned instruments of torture long since abandoned, but there is a tormentor who still continues to agonize the joints, muscles and nerves of many of us. The rheumatism, that inveterate foe to daily and nightly comfort, may be conquered by the timely and steady use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which likewise eradicates neuralgia, bilious, malarial, bowel, stomach and nerve complaints.

Glory is like a circle in the water, which never ceaseth to enlarge itself, till by broad spreading it disperse to naught.—Shakespeare.

Flattery is often a traffic of mutual meanness, where, although parties intend deception, neither is deceived.—Cotton.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

At Chicago, Ill., July 7, 1896.

The Wabash Railroad is the best line from Detroit to Chicago, with its magnificent equipment of vestibuled trains, with Buffet and Compartment Sleeping Cars. See that your tickets read via the Wabash. For maps, time tables, etc., address any representative of the Wabash or C. S. Crane, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

Thrice plunged in ills and exercised in care, yet never let the noble mind despair.—Phillips.

The Pilgrim—Easter Number

Will be ready the early part of April. Everything in it will be new and original. It will contain articles by Capt. Chas. King, U. S. A., Ex-Gov. Geo. W. Peck, of Wisconsin, and other noted writers. An entertaining number, well illustrated. Send ten (10) cents to Geo. H. Heafford, publisher, 415 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill., for a copy.

True happiness ne'er entered an eye; true happiness resides in things unseen.—Young.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is the name of an illustrated monthly newspaper published by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R. It aims to give information in an interesting way about the farm lands of the west. Send 25 cents in postage stamps to the Corn Belt, 209 Adams St., Chicago, and the paper will be sent to your address for one year.

A bitter and perplexed "What shall I do?" is worse to man than worst necessity.—Coleridge.

The Modern Beauty

Thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health and her face blooms with its beauty. If her system needs the cleansing action of a laxative remedy, she uses the gentle and pleasant Syrup of Figs. Made by the California Fig Syrup Company.

In sleep, when fancy is let loose to play, our dreams repeat the wishes of the day.—Claudius.

A Dose in Time Saves Nine of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for Coughs. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

A Spring Trip South.

On April 7 and 21, and May 5, tickets will be sold from principal cities, towns and villages of the north, to all points on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida and a portion of Kentucky, at one single fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good to return within twenty-one days, on payment of $2 to agent at destination, and will allow stop-over at any point on the south bound trip. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

Were it not better for a man in a fair room to set up one great light, or branching candlestick of lights, than to go about with a rushlight into every dark corner.—Bacon.

Home Seekers Excursions.

In order to give everyone an opportunity to see the Western Country and enable the home seekers to secure a home in time to commence work for the season of 1896, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y has arranged to run a series of four home seekers excursions to various points in the West, North-West and South-West on the following dates: March 10, April 7 and 21 and May 5, at the low rate of two dollars more than ONE FARE for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

The Bible tells the sluggard to go to the ant, but in these days most of them go to the father-in-law.—Atlanta Constitution.

There is money to be made in Cripple Creek. When you go take the "Rock Island Route" to Colorado Springs. This is the only direct line—saves several hours' time to Cripple Creek. Send for full information. John Sebastian, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

Were it not better for a man in a fair room to set up one great light, or branching candlestick of lights, than to go about with a rushlight into every dark corner.—Bacon.

CATARRH

is a

LOCAL DISEASE

and is the result of colds and sudden climatic changes.

It can be cured by a pleasant remedy which is applied directly into the nostrils. Being quickly absorbed it gives relief at once.

Ely's Cream Balm

Is acknowledged to be the most thorough cure for Nasal Catarrh, Cold in Head and Hay Fever of all remedies. It opens and cleanses the nasal passages, allays pain and inflammation, heals the sores, protects the membrane from colds, restores the senses of taste and smell. Price 50c. at Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

Bible and its Story By Josephine Pollard. 250 illustrations. 576 pages. Size, 5¼x7¼ inches. Substantially bound in cloth, with design. $1. Agents Wanted. (Geo. Routledge & Sons, Limited. 28 West 23d St., New York.

OPIUM and **WHISKY** habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.

Name this paper every time you write.

The nervous system is weakened by the

Neuralgia Torture.

Every nerve is strengthened in the cure of it by

SAINT JACOBS OIL TRY IT

A. D. 1780.

Try Walter Baker & Co.'s Cocoa and Chocolate and you will understand why their business established in 1780 has flourished ever since. Look out for imitations.

Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

BattleAx PLUG

5⅓ ounces for 10 cents. You may have "money to burn," but even so, you needn't throw away 2 ounces of good tobacco. For 5 cents you get almost as much "Battle Ax" as you do of other high grades for 10 cents.

"In the springtime of the year I always take your Sarsaparilla as I find the blood requires it, and as a blood purifier it is unequalled. Your pills are the best in the world. I used to be annoyed with ....." *

Poets Break Out

in the springtime. And a great many who are not poets, pay tribute to the season in the same way. The difference is that the poet breaks out in about the same spot annually, while more prosaic people break out in various parts of the body. It's natural. Spring is the breaking-out season. It is the time when impurities of the blood work to the surface. It is the time, therefore, to take the purest and most powerful blood purifier,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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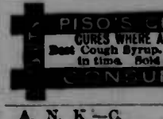

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The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md

THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1896.

A WEST VIRGINIA man who moved to Dakota, a few years ago, started back to this State recently and left the following "farewell" written on the side of his Dakota residence: "Four miles from a neighbor; sixteen miles from a post office; twenty-five miles from a railroad; fourteen miles from a school house; forty-one miles from a church; one hundred and eighty miles from timber; two hundred miles from a Democrat; half a mile from water; a quarter of a mile from Sheol, and the same distance from a Republican. 'God bless our home. Gone to West Virginia, which is God's country, to get a fresh start."—Logan Banner.

Poor fellow. If he still desires to remain at an equal distance from hell and Republicans he will be compelled to emigrate again. But the question arises, where can he go?

A SPECIAL from Washington to the New York *Republican League Leader* of last week, in giving the political situation as it is being discussed by leading Republicans from all sections of the country at the capital, says they seem to that in case a western man is nominated for the Presidency the Vice Presidency will go to one of the Southern States and mentions the names in connection with it of Governor Lowndes, of Maryland; Senator Elkins, of West Virginia; Governor Bradley, of Kentucky; Hon. H. C. Pritchard, of North Carolina; Hon. H.C. Evans, of Tennessee, and Hon. G. L. Wellington, of Maryland. In speaking of the latter the article says:

"Hon. George L. Wellington, Congressman and Senator-elect, whose name has not been mentioned in the same category, is a brilliant orator, a scholar and a deep thinker, and is probably the prince of Southern politicians. He is of easy approach, kind and affable, modest and unassuming. He is a strong protectionist, and possesses sound financial views."

"Stop My Paper."

Every man has a right to take a paper or to stop it, for no reason at all. But at the same time there is a certain responsibility attached to all actions even to so trival a one as stopping a paper because the editor says something one doesn't agree with. There is a complaint that newspaper editors lack fearlessness and honesty; that newspapers are too generally mere partisian organs which disregard the claims of truth and justice when political interests are at stake. There is too much truth in the charge but let us ask, how is it possible for a fearless, out spoken journal to live, if every man is to cry "stop my paper!" whenever he reads something which doesn't accord with his views? The men who insist that the paper shall never say anything contrary to their views are the ones who are, in a large measure, responsible for the craven cowardice and the weather cock propensities of modern journalism. In a community composed entirely of these "stop my paper" people, true independent journalism would be an impossibility. when you are convinced that a paper is dishonest and deceitful, stop it. When convinced that it is unclean stop it. When it lacks enterprise and fails to give you the news stop it. But don't stop a paper which you believe to be honest, courageous, enterprising and clean, simply because its editor has written his own sincere views instead of yours or somebody's else; for if you do you are putting a premium on insincere journalism, and serving notice on an editor that the way to succeed is to write what he thinks will best suit his readers, instead of what he honestly believes to be the truth.—Ex.

HAGERSTOWN CONVENTION.

Delegates Elected—Resolution Adopted—Other Matters.

The Republican convention held at Hagerstown yesterday morning for the purpose of electing delegates to the national convention to be held at St. Louis, June 16th, was a most harmonious ono.

The convention organized by the selection of E. H. Sincell, Esq., of Oakland, Md., as chairman, and G. W. Snyder, of Cumberland, secretary.

The ballot resulted in the election of Dr. S. T. Haffner, of Frederick county, and Robert B. Crawford, of Washington county, both pronounced McKinley men, as delegates to the national convention. Alternates, D. E. Dick, Allegany county, and E. S. Jones, Montgomery county.

The convention adopted resolutions endorsing McKinley for President, but delegates were not instructed. Other resolutions adopted unanimously endorsing Hon. G. L. Wellington as Maryland's representative on the national committee.

Merritt Wilson, of Garrett county, was elected district elector.

Hon. James M. Sloan, of Allegany county, was made chairman of the committee on permanent organization. Capt. W. E. Griffith, chairman of committee on resolutions.

Loch Lynn Heights.

[Received too late for publication last week.]

Mr. William R. Craig, of Grafton, W. Va., is here. He is employed by the planing mill company.

The protracted meetings, which were being held by Rev. G. W. White, of Deer Park, closed last Thursday evening.

Mr. A. H. Frey's livery stable, on the old base ball ground, is being enclosed.

Mr. S. H. Shaw's well boring machine is engaged in boring a well on Mr. Charles A. Ashby's property.

The time for holding the Sunday school was changed last Sunday from 2 o'clock in the afternoon to 9.30 in the morning.

Mr. W. A. Hough and family moved into the addition recently built to his tin shop.

Mr. Frey and wife, of Pennsylvania, are here on a visit to his brother, A. H. Frey.

Mr. Edward R. Hamilton left last week for Romney, W. Va., where his mother is lying very ill.

Mrs. S. M. Taylor is on a visit to friends and relatives at Baltimore.

The bill for incorporating our town was signed by the Governor last Saturday. The following officers were appointed by the Legislature until the first Monday in May, on which date an election will be held: Mayor, A. H. Frey; treasurer, C. A. Ashby; clerk, Brison Welsh; bailiff, C. A. Combs; councilmen, C. M. Rathbun, A. L. Spiker, Robert E. Burley, G. P. White, B. F. Crane and W. W. Sweet. TRUMPETER.

B. & O. Hotels.

A special from Grafton, W. Va., says:

"The B. & O. hotel at this place has been closed by order of the receivers for the reason that it has been losing money for the company. Capt. Hoover submitted a proposition by telegraph to the B & O. authorities to take the house himself and run it. The offer was promptly accepted by the officials, and he was as promptly notified of the fact. Capt. Hoover at once reopened the house and it was but a few hours until it was in running order. It is reported that the Queen City at Cumberland will also be closed in the near future."

Last evening Major G. D. DeShields was seen by a reporter in reference to the closing of the Queen City Hotel, and stated that if the company is to close that hotel he is perfectly ignorant of the fact.

"I think, however," continued the major, "that the report is groundless, as I surely would have been apprised of the matter. I know as a matter of fact that there are some contemplated improvements, which will shortly be begun, but to what extent I am unable at this time to say. In reference to the Deer Park Hotel Major DeShields stated that arrangements are being perfected to open that place on the usual date, June 22."—Cumberland News.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

Good agents wanted to make $10 per day. Good territory in West Virginia and Maryland. Address, P. O. Box 112, Mountain Lake Park, Md. 4-6

A SHOCKING DEATH.

Anthony Shaffer, Jr., a Railroad Man, Killed by a Train

Last Thursday afternoon after THE REPUBLICAN had been mailed to its subscribers the body of Anthony Shaffer, the track walker between Oakland and Mountain Lake Park, was brought here and placed in the undertaking establishment of Messrs. Shartzer & Bolden where it was prepared for burial.

The unfortunate man met his death whilst engaged in performing his duties as track walker near Mt. Lake Park in a manner that evidently was the fault of the trainmen and through no carelessness of his own. The ballast train was engaged in loading ties near the Park and crossed over the south track to give a west bound train the right of way. After crossing over to the south track it ran backwards to the place where the ties had been loaded and when nearing that point the tender of the engine struck Mr. Shaffer in the back, throwing him to the track and dragging his body a considerable. As quickly as possible the train was moved from over his body and upon examination it was found that life was already extinct, his neck being broken and the right side of his head cut in several places.

The funeral of the deceased occurred on Saturday from St. Peter's Catholic church of which he had been a member from childhood. He leaves a widow and three children to mourn, the younger being eleven months old and the eldest being fifteen years of age.

Loch Lynn Heights.

Mr. Harvey Spiker, of Accident, this county, was here on a visit to relatives last week.

Mr. F. P. Jones, of Clarksburg, W. Va., purchased half interest in Mr. E. W. Williams' brick yard here. Mr. Jones will have full charge of it this year. Work will begin this week.

Mr. F. P. Arnold, who has the contract for plastering the Crane house, began work this week.

Capt. Cochrane's house is being enclosed.

Mr. C. A. Ashby was elected secretary of the Sunday school last Sunday in the place of Mr. Brison Welch, who moved to Friendsville.

Mr. A. H. Frey's livery stable is nearing completion.

Mr. Joseph Spiker is very low with the measles, which have been in our neighborhood quite a while, no one suffering much with them except Mr. William Rhodes, who has taken cold on them, and is now lying low with pneumonia fever.

Briar-Bend Seminary had a debate last Friday. The following resolution was debated with credit to each side: Resolved, That inventors have done more to advance civilization than reformers. The negative won.

In reply to your correspondent of last week who desires to know how to get rid of the blue thistle, we give an extract from the Encyclopedia Britannica which says, "Partial uprooting may indeed increase the mischief, for each fragment left behind may grow into a distinct plant. Annual species might be kept in check were they cut down before the flowers appear, but unless all the cultivators in a particular district co-operate, the efforts of individuals are of little avail.

TRUMPETER.

Shooting Affray.

MONTGOMERY, W. Va., April 1—Ex-Mayor J. C. Montgomery and Col. B. W. Moore, the present city attorney, had a quarrel last night, and when reason deserted them, both pulled their pistols and began firing. Five shots were exchanged before the combatants were separated.

Two of the shots fired by Montgomery took effect in Col. Moore's body, and the wounds are such as to render his recovery doubtful.

The Col. Moore above referred to is a brother of Rev. J. H. Moore, of the Presbyterian church of Keyser. The account is only partly true. Colonel Moore was in the postoffice when Montgomery came in and, without warning struck him and knocked him down, stunning him. While he lay partially insensible on the floor Montgomery fired two shots into him. Before Col. Moore could use his pistol, Montgomery was taken away by his friends. We have these facts from a private letter received on Tuesday by Rev. Mr. Moore.—Keyser Echo.

An Affidavit.

This is to certify that on May 11th, I walked to Melick's drug store on a pair of crutches and bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm for inflammatory rheumatism which had crippled me up. After using three bottles I am completely cured. I can cheerfully recommend it.—Charles H. Wetzel, Sunbury, Pa.

Sworn and subscribed to before me on August 10, 1894.—Walter Shipman, J. P. For sale at 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

PUBLIC LOCAL LAWS.

CHAPTER 123.

AN ACT To repeal Sections 167 to 195 A. inclusive, of article 12 of the Code of Public Local Laws, title "Garrett County" subtitle, "Oakland," as said sections were enacted by Chapter 371 of the Acts of 1892, and to add certain sections to said article to follow section 195 A and to be designated as Sections 195 B, 195 C, 195 D, 195 E, 195 F, 195 G, 195 H, 195 I, 195 J, 195 K, 195 L, 195 M.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland that Sections 167 to 195 A, inclusive, of Article 12 of the Code of Public Local Laws, title "Garrett County," subtitle "Oakland," as said Sections were enacted by Chapter 371 of the Acts of 1892 be and same are hereby repealed and re-enacted with amendments and certain new Sections be and the same are hereby added to said Article to follow Section 195 A, to be designated as Sections 195 B, 195 C, 195 D, 195 E, 195 F, 195 G, 195 H, 195 I, 195 J, 195 K, 195 L, 195 M, the whole to read as follows:

167. The inhabitants of the town of Oakland, in Garrett county, are a corporation by the name of the Mayor and Town Council of Oakland and by that name may have perpetual succession, may sue and be sued, and may have a common seal which may be altered at pleasure and may purchase and hold such real, personal or mixed property as may be required for the purpose of said corporation and may dispose of such property when necessary for the benefit of the said corporation, and all the property and funds of every kind belonging to said corporation are vested in the Mayor and Town Council of Oakland.

168. The officers of the said corporation shall be a Mayor, a Town Council, which shall be composed of six members; a President of the Town Council, a Town Clerk, a Treasurer, a Tax Collector, a Police Magistrate, an Attorney, Bailiff and a Weighmaster, who shall severally perform such duties and have such powers as may be prescribed by this act, and the ordinance passed in pursuance thereof.

The Mayor and the members of the Town Council shall be elected by the votes in said town. The Town Clerk, Treasurer and Tax Collector shall be elected by the Town Council. The Police Magistrate, Attorney, Weighmaster and a Bailiff shall be appointed by the Mayor, by and with the advice and consent of the Town Council. All the officers elected by the Town Council or appointed by the Mayor shall hold their respective office for one year from the first Monday in April in the year for which they are appointed and until their successors are elected and qualified.

169. The Town Council shall, as soon as practicable, provide by ordinance for a survey and map of the limits of said Town, and for the location upon said map of the streets and alleys already laid out and opened for public use, and also the streets and alleys heretofore laid out on the original plat of said town, and on the plats of the several additions to said town which have not been opened for public use and such maps when made and approved by the Town Council and Mayor shall be recorded in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, and when so recorded said maps or a copy properly certified by said clerk under the seal of his office, shall be evidence. The limits of said town as they have heretofore been established by law shall remain. The Mayor and Town Council shall have power to extend the limits of said town not exceeding one-half mile from its present limits, when in their discretion they may deem proper to so do. The limits of the said town of Oakland shall begin at a stone marked eight hundred and forty-one, and running thence north sixty-seven degrees west one hundred perches, south twenty-three degrees west two hundred perches, south sixty-seven degrees east ten perches, to the summit of the Hooppole ridge, thence with the summit of said ridge south sixty-seven degrees east one hundred perches, north twenty-three degrees east one hundred and seventeen perches, thence to the place of beginning.

170. The inhabitants of the town of Oakland who have resided therein for six months next preceding any municipal election and who are qualified to vote for members of the General Assembly of Maryland (if any objections are made to anyone voting the said qualification shall be determined by sworn testimony before said judges of elections when in their discretion they deem proper to take the same, shall on the second Monday in March, eighteen hundred and ninety-six, and on the same day in every second year thereafter elect by ballot one person to be Mayor of said town and the said voters qualified as aforesaid shall, on the second Monday in March, eighteen hundred and ninety-six and on the same day in every year thereafter elect three persons to be members of the Town Council and the members of the Town Council who have been elected and are now in office shall hold their office until the term for which they have been elected shall have expired and until their successors are elected and qualified.

171. No person shall be eligible to the office of Mayor unless he shall have attained the age of thirty years and shall have resided two years next preceding his election in said town and shall be a freeholder in said town of Oakland. The Mayor elected at any regular election shall hold office for two years from the first Monday in April next after his election and until his successor is elected and qualified. Should a vacancy occur in the office of Mayor by reason of removal from the town, removal from office, death, resignation or otherwise, the president of the Council shall perform all the duties of Mayor and act as such until the next general election of the Mayor or Town Council. Wilful neglect of duty or misbehavior in office on the part of the Mayor is hereby declared to be a misdemeanor, and on conviction before a Justice of the Peace or in the Circuit Court for Garrett county he shall be removed from office by the Justice of the Peace or judge who shall sit in the case, and any person who shall be convicted and removed from the office of Mayor as aforesaid shall thereafter be disqualified from holding any office in said corporation. The Mayor shall have power to appoint and employ all agents, servants and employees not otherwise provided for by law, who may be required by said corporation. He shall on the second Monday in April in each year appoint and send to the Town Council for confirmation the names of persons for the offices of Police Magistrate, Attorney, Bailiff and Weighmaster respectively. He shall have power to remove for cause any officers, agent, servant or employee of said corporation who has been appointed by him or employed by him and to fill any and all vacancies which may occur in offices which he has the power to fill. He shall have general supervision of the town, see that the ordinances are enforced and shall from time to time report to the Town Council such matters as may in his judgment require the attention of the Town Council. He shall read and sign the minutes of the Town Council after each and every meeting. He shall have power to administer oaths and certify the same in all matters pertaining to said corporation and which may be required by the business or transactions of said corporation. He shall in the absence or sickness of the Police Magistrate, and in such case only, have power to hear and determine all cases to which said corporation may be a party and over which the Police Magistrate may have jurisdiction, and for this purpose he is hereby clothed with all the power and authority of a Justice of the Peace. No ordinance shall be valid without his approval unless the same be passed over his veto by a two-thirds vote, nor shall any order or resolution for the payment of money out of the town treasury be valid without his approval in writing. He shall during his official term hold no other corporation office, nor shall he be interested in any contract to which the said corporation is a party or when the money for any contract is to be paid out of the corporation treasury. He shall receive the sum of fifty dollars a year for his official services to be paid in quarterly installments of twelve dollars and fifty cents. Before entering upon his duties, he shall take and subscribe before the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county the oath prescribed by Section six, Article one of the constitution of Maryland.

172. The Town Council shall be composed of six members who shall be elected as herein provided and shall hold their office for two years from the first Monday in April next after their election and until their successors are duly elected and qualified. Before entering upon their duties the members of the Council shall make oath before the Mayor or a Justice of the Peace, that they will diligently perform all the duties required of them by law as members of the Town Council without fear, partiality or prejudice.

173. No person shall be eligible as a member of the Town Council unless he shall have resided two years next preceding his election in the town of Oakland, and shall be a freeholder in said town, and shall also be twenty-five years of age.

174. The Town Council shall meet on the first Monday in each month, and at such other times as it may deem necessary for the public business. The members of the Town Council shall be entitled to one dollar per day each for attending the sessions of the Council, or attending to the other public business required of them; not, however to exceed twenty-four dollars to any member in any one year.

175. The Town Council shall appoint three Judges of election and two clerks for the purpose of holding each general or special election which may be held under the provisions of this act or the ordinances passed in pursuance thereof. Ten days notice shall be given of all elections, general or special.

176. If any vacancy shall occur in the Town Council by reason of death, resignation, removal from the town, removal from office or otherwise of any member, the Town Council shall have the power within itself to fill such vacancy.

177. The members of the Town Council shall meet at their regular place of meeting on the first Monday in April in each year to organize; they shall elect one of their number to be President of the Town Council, who shall preside at their meetings and in the absence of the Mayor or in case of a vacancy in that office shall ex-officio be clothed with all the powers and perform all the duties of Mayor. The Town Council shall also at said meetings elect a Town Clerk, Treasurer, and Tax Collector.

178. The Town Council may appoint a supervisor or supervisors of the streets, lanes and alleys of said town whenever in their discretion they may deem proper to so appoint and direct in what manner the same shall be kept up and repaired and may allow such supervisor such compensation for his services as they may deem reasonable.

179. The Town Council may from time to time cause an assessment to be made of all the property real and personal, in the town by three persons appointed by them and may levy thereon a tax not exceeding in any one year fifty cents on every hundred dollars worth of assessable property.

180. The Mayor and Town Council shall have power to levy and collect taxes not to exceed fifty cents on the one hundred dollars worth of assessable property in any one year and whenever the said Council shall levy a tax which levy shall be made on the first Monday in May in each year and alphabetical list of the persons chargeable therewith, shall be made out and affixed thereto the respective sums to be collected from each person, and annexed to said list shall be a warrant to the Bailiff or Collector to collect the same, and said Bailiff or Collector shall within twenty days after the receipt of such warrant and list rendered to each person named therein an account of his tax and may unless the same be paid within sixty days after the date of said levy collect the same by distress or other due process of law and sale of goods and chattels of the delinquent and the said Bailiff or Collector shall account for the amount of such levy with the Mayor and Town Council within three months from the receipt of such warrant and list, and pay over the same collected under the penalty of double the amount thereof to the Treasurer of said town. The Mayor and Town Council may in their discretion allow a discount on all taxes paid within the said sixty days not to exceed three per cent.

181. All fines, penalties and forfeitures imposed by this charter, or for the violation of any of the ordinances of said town, shall be recoverable in the name of the corporation as small debts, before such Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland residing in said town as may be elected Police Magistrate for the said town by said Council and no other; and said monies so collected shall be paid over into the hands of the Treasurer of the town, and should the Bailiff arrest anyone for violating any ordinance of the corporation or provision of this charter he shall carry the offender before the Mayor or Police Magistrate who shall hear the charge and determine the fine according to the ordinances of said corporation or the said provisions of this charter.

182. All taxes levied by said Mayor and Council for the general purpose of said town shall be a lien on the property from the date of said levy of the party or parties against whom said tax may be charged, whether such persons be a resident or non-resident of the town, whether adult or infant, *non compos sane compot* or otherwise, and if said tax cannot be made out of the personal property of such person or corporation then the same may be collected out of the rents of his, her, their or its real estate by due process of law, or the Bailiff or Collector may sell such real estate for payment of taxes by complying with the same requirements as the Treasurer of Garrett county has under the local laws of Garrett county.

183. The Bailiff or Collector shall collect and pay over to the Town Treasurer all taxes collected of the levy placed in his hands for collection monthly, dating from the date of said levy and shall give bond conditional according and on all taxes remaining unpaid after the first day of January next following the said levy he shall charge and collect interest from the said first day of January at the rate of six per cent. per annum to be accounted for with the tax and in all suits by the said Mayor and Council upon the bond of said Bailiff or Collector for any neglect of duty or for his default in not collecting any tax placed in his hands according to law, or for breach of his duty in not paying over money collected by him, proof of the delivery of the levy list shall be sufficient prima facia evidence to entitle said Mayor and Council to receive judgment in such suits unless the said Bailiff or Collector shall show that he has discharged his duty in such case according to law. It shall be the duty of the said Bailiff or Collector to assess from time to time, subject to an appeal to said Mayor and Town Council any property in said town liable to taxation and which shall come to his knowledge as having been omitted from the assessment books of said town and all property brought into said town from time to time and becoming liable to taxation; and provided further that this Act shall not affect the right of any present or past due taxes placed in his hands under the then existing law.

184. The Town Council shall provide for maintaining town scales and a lockup or town prison where all offenders against the ordinances of the town may be imprisoned by the tribunal having jurisdiction to hear such offenses.

185. No member of the Town Council shall during his term of office, hold or be interested in any other office under the corporation, nor be a party directly or indirectly to or interested in any contract in which the corporation is interested.

186. A majority of all the members elected to the Town Council shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

187. It shall be the duty of the Town Clerk to be present at all the meetings of the Mayor and Council; he shall keep a correct record of their proceedings, and an account of all their financial proceedings; he shall enter all ordinances passed by the Mayor and Council and signed by the Mayor, in a book kept by him for that purpose, and the books of said corporation shall be open for the inspection of any tax payer at all times, and copies of all ordinances shall be put up in the public places in said town.

188. The Council shall have power to pass all ordinances not inconsistent with the existing laws of the State, as they may deem necessary for the good government of the town; for the preservation of peace and good order and securing persons and property from violence, danger and destruction; for the removal of nuisances no matter from what source proceeding and all obstructions from the streets, lanes and alleys and from any lot adjoining thereto within the limits of the town; for the removal of any dangerous house or building; for the paving, grading, repairing, draining, leveling, surveying, laying out, extending, widening, opening, closing, straightening, re-locating, improving or repairing any street, sidewalk or alley in said town; and may condemn or purchase the right-of-way of any street or alley which they may determine should be opened for the public good; for the preservation of property, rights and privileges; for the regulation of the sales of the streets, alleys or public places in said town; for the weighing of hay, coal and other property, for the suppression of vice and immorality; for the suppression of concealed weapons; for suppressing the practice of discharging fire arms, fire crackers, torpedoes or other explosives; for regulating the handling and storing of all kinds of explosives; for the prevention of gambling; for licensing of theatricals or other public amusements; to suppress tramps; for lighting the streets; for preventing swine, cattle, dogs or other animals from running at large on the streets; for imposing a tax on dogs; for locating of hog pens, privies and stables; and the Mayor and Town Council shall have full power and authority to pass all such ordinances as may be necessary to carry out and to give full force and effect to the powers conferred upon said corporation by law; and be it further enacted.

That the Mayor and Town Council shall have the right to provide for the organization, equipment and government of Fire Companies and to permit said Fire Company to organize as a body and to provide within itself all rules and regulations of its members and properly appertaining thereto subject to the general supervision of the said Mayor and Town Council.

189. The Mayor and Town Council shall have power to levy a tax upon dogs not to exceed one dollar for any one dog and also a tax not to exceed two dollars upon any one bitch, within the said corporation.

190. Wherever it shall, in the judgment of the Town Council, become necessary to condemn land for the purpose of opening or widening a street or alley the corporation or any person aggrieved by the condemnation proceedings may appeal to the Circuit Court under such regulations as may be prescribed by ordinance.

191. A member of the Town Council may be removed from office for the same cause and in the same manner that the Mayor may be removed as provided for by this Act.

192. It shall be the duty of owners or possessors of property abutting on any street or whenever in the discretion of the Mayor and Town Council they deem it necessary for the safety and use of the public to make and to keep the sidewalk upon which the said property so abutts in good repair at his own cost and expense and such owner shall be responsible for any damages which may be occasioned by his negligence in repairing such sidewalk or failure to keep them in good and proper repair. If the owner or possessor shall fail to make or repair any sidewalk after due notice, according to the ordinances of the town, the corporation shall repair the same and charge the same to the owner, possessor or other person responsible for such repairs and may proceed to collect the same according to law, and all sidewalks shall be constructed or repaired in such manner as may be required by ordinance, but the Mayor and Town Council of Oakland shall not be responsible for any damage which may be occasioned by reason of failure on the part of lot owners to keep their sidewalks in proper repair.

193. The Town Clerk before entering upon his duties shall take the oath herein prescribed for members of the Town Council and shall execute such bond as may be prescribed by ordinance.

194 A. The Treasurer shall, before he enters upon his duties, execute a bond as required by the ordinance of the corporation and shall take the same oath which is prescribed for members of the Town Council. He shall have the custody of all corporation funds and shall receive, disburse and report the same in such manner as may be prescribed by ordinance.

194 B. The Tax Collector before entering upon his duties shall execute a bond as required by the ordinance of the town and shall take the oath prescribed for the members of the Council. He shall collect all taxes and other claims which may be due the corporation and shall pay over and account for the same at such time and in such manner as may be prescribed by this Act or the ordinances made in pursuance thereof. He shall assess all the improvements or additions to property in the town which may be made after a general assessment and an appeal shall lie from his valuation in the Town Council.

195 C. The Police Magistrate shall be a Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland in and for Garrett county, residing within the town of Oakland. He shall have full authority, power and jurisdiction to hear, determine and pass sentence in all cases of the violation of the ordinances of said corporation and may impose fines for such violations or may imprison offenders or may both fine and imprison offenders against said ordinances and in default of the payment of any fine imposed by him shall commit the offender to the lock-up or county jail until the same be paid or may be provided by the ordinances of the town; provided that no ordinance shall be passed providing for a fine of not less than one nor more than twenty-five dollars nor for a term of imprisonment for more than thirty days.

195 D. The Attorney for the corporation shall render such legal services as may be required of him from time to time by the Mayor and Town Council and shall receive such compensation as the Town Council may prescribe by ordinances.

195 E. The Bailiff shall qualify in such manner as the Town Council shall require. He shall perform all the police duties of the town and for this purpose he is clothed with all the powers of a constable under the general law. He shall promptly bring all violators of the ordinances of the town to trial before the Police Magistrate. He shall enforce the ordinances of the town and shall be subject to the orders of the Mayor and Council provided such orders are not contrary to the ordinances of the town. He shall receive the same fees as a constable in Garrett county for making arrests or serving any process for violation of the ordinances of the town or in the discharge of his duties as Bailiff.

195 F. The Baltimore and Ohio Company shall keep a flagman to guard the crossings of the tracks of said company over second street in the town of Oakland between the hours of seven o'clock a. m. and nine o'clock p. m.

195 G. The Mayor and Town Council shall have power to require license from all circuses, menageries, concerts, theatricals and all other exhibitions exhibiting for gain in said town. They shall have power to require license from the owners and keepers of hackney coaches, drays and every description of wheeled vehicle and carriages in said town or that may be brought into said town for hire, also from auctions, stores, hawkers, peddlers and meat shops in said town.

195 H. And be it further enacted. That the Mayor and Town Council shall pass all such ordinances as may be necessary to impose a license tax upon each and every saloon and hotel or other place where spirituous and fermented liquors are sold with a view to profit, which license tax shall be collected at the date of the granting of said license. The proceeds of said tax shall be paid into the treasury of said town as any other tax. The said license tax shall be in each case for every year the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, said license to be applied for and granted by the Mayor and Town Council of the town of Oakland to be dated from the first Monday in May in each year, and for any portion of a year to be regulated by ordinances in the discretion of the Mayor and Town Council, and further the said saloons, hotels or other places, where spirituous and fermented liquors are sold with a view to profit, shall be closed at ten-thirty o'clock p. m. and opened at five o'clock a. m., each day and the said Mayor and Town Council shall provide by ordinances now in force and operation in said town shall remain and be in full force and effect until regularly repealed, provided that nothing herein contained shall be construed to prevent the compounding or sale of any such liquors by a regular pharmacist or druggist having a license for such business under the laws of this State, upon written bona fide prescription of a regular practicing physician of such district or county whose name shall be signed thereto.

195 I. All ordinances now in force and operation in said town shall remain and be in full force and effect until regularly repealed.

195 J. The Town Council may by ordinance provide for the codification of all ordinances which have been or may be passed by it; and for the pending of such codification thereof and the ordinances so issued by the authority of the Town Council, may be read in evidence from the printed codification.

195 K. And be it enacted, that all laws relating to the corporation of Oakland conflicting or inconsistent with the provisions of this act be and the same are hereby repealed.

195 L. And be it enacted that this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

195 M. And be it further enacted that in the event of this act not becoming a law before the first day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, then the election for Mayor and Town Council for Oakland shall be held for the present year under the law heretofore enforced.

Approved, March 27, 1896.

CHAPTER 7.

AN ACT To prohibit the sale of spirituous or fermented liquors or lager beer at any place in Garrett county, within two miles of Anderson Chapel, in the village of Swanton, Maryland.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, that it shall not be lawful for the clerk of Garrett county, Maryland, to issue license to any person or persons to sell spirituous or fermented liquors or lager beer at any place in Garrett county within two miles of Anderson Chapel, in the village of Swanton, Garrett county, Maryland.

SECTION 2. And be it enacted, that this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved February 17, 1896.

Estate of Elizabeth Compton, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

ELIZABETH COMPTON,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 16th day of October next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 28th day of Mar., 1896.

ROSS CIMPTON, Executor.
4—3 Grantsville, Md.

Salesmen Wanted

on Salary, to sell Pennsylvania grown Nursery Stock, which is the best in the world. All the new specialities as well as the standard varieties of Fruits and Ornamentals. A fine outfit furnished and all traveling expenses paid. Salary dates from day work is commenced. Write for terms stating age.

HOOPES, BRO. & THOMAS,
Maple Avenue Nurseries, West Chester, Pa.
5—1

ECCLESIASTICAL COLUMN.

Rev. Romanus Mattingly, pastor St. Peter' Catholic Church, Editor.

Easter Sunday,

Only a very brief sketch of Easter Sunday can be given in this article. The Jews every year celebrated the pasch in grateful remembrance of their deliverance from the slavery of Egypt, and the gracious exemption from the death of their first born. The Jewish pasch was a typo of our Christian Easter. All men were languishing in the slavery of Satan, but God had compassion on them and sent them another Moses—his only begotten Son, who broke their chains and set them free. Gal. 4:5. Coming forth from the sepulchre on Easter Sunday, he overcame Satan, demolished his dominion of four thousand years' duration, and purchased for us grace, liberty and life. Who would not rejoice on Easter Sunday and exclaim with the apostle: O death, where is thy stiug? O grave, where is thy victory?

That the significance of the Easter feast may become clearer to us, we may consider the following:

1. The time of this Easter celebration.

With regard to the time of the celebration of Easter, two questions are to be answered, namely: *When does it take place? How long does it last?*

1. After an obstinate controversy of more than a hundred years between the East and the West as to the time of the celebration of Easter, the first general council of the church, held in the year 325 at the city of Nice in Bithynia, decreed that Easter should every year be celebrated on the first Sunday following the full moon after the vernal equinox. By the vernal equinox, we understand that day on which the sun crosses the equator in spring, and which by the most careful observation and computation, was found at the time of the council to have fallen on the 21st of March; hence if the full moon falls on the 21st of March, and this 21st of March is a Saturday, the next day will be the first Sunday after full moon, and it will be Easter Sunday, but suppose that the moon would be full on the 20th of March, this moon will not be considered the Easter moon, but the next full moon, twenty-nine days later, which will be on the 18th day of April, will be the paschal moon. Now should this 18th day of April be a Sunday, Easter would be on the following Sunday, or the 25th day of April. Easter, therefore, can be no earlier than the 22nd of March, nor later than the 25th of April. But though Easter may come earlier, or later, it always falls, at least in our hemisphere, in the time of spring. This time is significant and symbolizes very beautifully the mysteries of the Easter feast.

In winter the days are short and only sparingly illumined by the sun of heaven; the wind is sharp and cold, everything is gloomy. This sad time of winter is an eloquent picture of the wretched condition of mankind before this redemption. There was no knowledge of God any more upon earth; with the exception of the Jews, all nations were sunk into the most abominable idolatry; vice and abomination of every description prevailed. Behold the gloomy winter of the human race! Finally Christ appears, announces his heavenly doctrine, suffers and dies, rises from the dead and establishes His church. Now everything assumes a more cheerful aspect; a light arises to men, they know how far they have erred from the way of truth and virtue, and converted by the preaching of the apostles, embrace christianity. Behold the springtime of grace which came to men through Christ the risen Redeemer!

Easter has a long after celebration which strictly taken, extends to the feast of the Ascension of Christ, but in a wider acceptation, to Pentecost. This after celebration is nothing else than a continual echo of the Easter joy. The church rejoices at the triumph of her risen Founder and Bridegroom and at the accomplished work of our redemption. She manifests this Easter joy by the white color in which she celebrates her divine mysteries during the whole Easter time, and by the allelnia which in the breviary and in the mass is numberless times repeated.

As angels proclaimed to the world the nativity of Jesus Christ, so they announced to the devout women at the sepulchre the joyful news of his glorious resurrection. "*You seek*," said the heavenly messenger, "*Jesus of Nazareth who was crucified. He is risen*, He is not here." His glory was veiled by his humility, and concealed in the obscurity of his birth in the manger, and of his sufferings and ignominions death on the cross; but it is displayed in the mystery of his resurrection. By his resurrection the ignominies of his death are repaired, his labors are crowned, his divinity is manifested, his humility exalted, his wisdom unfolded, his religion established, and his doctrine confirmed.

Jesus Christ by forsaking the mansions of the dead, and rising gloriously from his tomb, demonstrated his divinity, fulfilled the prophesies, verified his own predictions, and plainly indicated that his members shall also rise from their graves at the end of the world to follow him and be united to him as their head.

As Christ died for our sins, so he *rose again for our justification*, as the apostle says, Rom. 4:25. His resurrection, therefore, is the confirmation of our faith, the accomplishment of our redemption, and the foundation of our hope, that we shall rise one day from death to a life of immortal glory. But to partake of the blessings our Savior has procured us by the mystery of his resurrection, our spiritual resurrection must be conformable to his resurrection; for as his resurrection is the pledge of future resurrection, so it must likewise be the model of our resurrection from the grave of sin to a new life of grace and virtue. Two faults are generally to be found in our spiritual resurrection. First that it is not always true and sincere; second that it is not constant and permanent. Jesus Christ teaches us by his resurrection to guard against these two illusions, for he rose truly from the dead to die no more; his resurrection was real. This discovers the falsehood of our spiritual resurrection. His resurrection was constant and permanent. Death shall *no more have dominion over him*, which should make us tremble for the inconstancy of our spiritual resurrection.

Jesus Christ rose truly and in reality; his resurrection was not merely apparent or fantastical, like that of Samuel, but a real reunion of his soul and body.

Jesus Christ died by man's cruelty, and he arose from death by his own power. The one was an argument of his infinite love, the other of his omnipotence; the one a proof of his humanity, the other a work of his divinity, and both together a cause of perfect and plentiful redemption; for he was willing to die for our sins, so he rose again for our justification.

He died once for the salvation of man says St. Paul, and he will live eternally for the glory of his Heavenly Father, for having conquered death, he is no more to be its victim; first, because he contains in himself the principle of life; and, secondly, because he was willing to deprive the Jews of all power to make any further attempt against his person. By expiring on the cross his divinity appeared, as it were, eclipsed; but by his resurrection, it shined in all its lustre, not unlike the sun, when it darts its brilliant rays through a thick cloud, and diffuses its splendor on every side with magnificence. It effaced the obscurity and ignominy of his death in such a manner that the apostle says everything was renewed in this mystery; and if Jesus Christ was before believed to be man by his death, he is now known to be God by his immortality.

A Card.

To the Editor of The Republican.

It has been charged that Mr. Hilleary failed to do his duty in putting before the late Legislature a petition sent him by a number of voters of District No. 8 to have a polling place at Sunnyside. I desire to exonerate Mr. Hilleary from the charge as the petition did not reach him in time to have it acted upon by the Legislature.

DAVID GNEGY.

Married.

HARRIS—ECHARD.—At Pleasant Rest Hotel, Deer Park, Md., by Rev. G. W. White, April 5, 1896, Mr. Thomas J. Harris and Miss Estella M. Echard, both of Mountain Lake Park, Md.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued by Clerk Tower for the month of March, 1896:

Albert Martin and Ida Odal.

Jonas Broadwater and Edith May Broadwater.

David Sylvester Everett and Mary Etta Pangh.

Alvin Harper and Mollie Carr.

William Ellis Loy and Iva Coffman.

Franklin Benoni Shaffer and Anna Slabach.

Benjamin Franklin Keener and Lulu Maud Nazum.

THE WOMAN NEW.

[Contributed to The Republican.]

I dreamt a dream the other night;
I dreamt our house was full of roomers—
I dreamt we saw a ghost dressed in white
And this ghost was clad in bloomers.

Its head was crowned with a Derby hat,
Its waist had stays of steel—
It was a gay one, big and fat,
And it rode a Columbia wheel.

"What apparition is this?" I cried,
As past our house it flew.
"'Tis not a ghost," a roomer replied.
"'Tis but a woman new."

THE NEW ELECTION LAW.

A Synopsis and What it Provides For.

The new registration and election law passed by the Legislature has been signed and is now a law. By its passage all registration officers appointed by the governor have been legislated out of office.

The law provides that three election supervisors shall be appointed by the Governor, and those appointed before the passage of this act shall remain as though appointed since its passage.

They shall receive the sum of $100 each per year where there are less than fifteen districts; if more than fifteen districts the county commissioners can increase the salary to $150.

The county commissioners shall allow the supervisors free use of public buildings for election and registration purposes and furnish such clerk or clerks as may be necessary.

In counties the supervisors shall select before July 1st in each year, two judges of election and in September two more judges and two clerks for each election district or precinct in the county. Two of the judges and one clerk shall be from each of the two political parties, so that both parties shall be equally represented at all times.

Each judge and each clerk appointed under this act shall be a legal voter residing in his district, of good capacity and character, able to speak, read and write the English language and thoroughly versed in the four fundamental rules of arithmetic. Not holding any other public office or not a candidate for office at the next election. He shall be exempt from jury duty during his term of office and for one year thereafter.

All persons selected above shall appear for examination, and, selections made to be published. If such persons are objected to, supervisors to make new selections and publish the same as the first selections are published, in two papers of opposite political faith. All papers, books and records of registrars or election supervisors are to be open to public inspection.

Ten days notice of registration shall be given and there will be six sittings. In 1896 there will be a new general registration in the counties, and every eight years thereafter. In Baltimore city there will be an annual registration.

The two judges of election appointed in July shall be the officers of registration for the district in which they reside and they will sit one day each on the seventh, sixth, fifth, fourth and third weeks before election day.

Nominations can be made by political conventions or primary elections without conventions. Also by signatures of 500 voters for State office: 300 for county or Annapolis, Frederick, Hagerstown or Cumberland. Independent nominations shall contain the signature, occupation, residence and place of business of the voter. These papers to be sworn to before a justice of the peace and by a voter or voters (known to the magistrate) who is well acquainted with and knows the persons who sign such papers to be registered voters in the district or ward in which they claim to reside, and that they saw said voter or voters sign such paper. The sheriff shall be allowed $12 and no more for duties to be performed at each election by him.

Registration officers, judges and clerks shall be paid $3.00 per day for their services, or 30 cents per hour for each fraction of a day.

The bounds of districts to remain the same as now, but before the next general registration they shall be changed so as not to have more than 450 voters in each.

The law as passed contains 152 sections.

Gorman.

Nice weather.

Sugar making is past. Quite a large amount of sugar was made in spite of the short season.

The farmers are busily engaged at their spring work. Some plowing has been done already.

Rev. J. H. Koch is holding a successful revival meeting at this place.

Spring Time Is Here.

And it is very important that you take some good blood medicine to eradicate disease and tone the system. You will find Harned's Sarsaparilla just what you need. Large bottles, small dose; price to suit the times—only 50 cents. For sale at Oakland Pharmacy. 4-4

Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

This is the best medicine in the world for bowel complaints. It acts quickly and can always be depended upon. When reduced with water it is pleasant to take. Try it, and like many others you will recommend it to your friends. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

THE COUNTY CONVENTION.

A Harmonious Gathering of Republicans. The Resolutions.

On Monday afternoon at two o'clock the Republican delegates elected to attend the county convention to be held here on that day, assembled in the court house and was called to order by Chairman Peddicord of the county committee.

Mr. Geo. E. Bishoff, of Hoyes, was made chairman of the convention and Mr. Geo. W. Engle, of Bittinger, secretary.

One member of the convention from each district was named as a committee on resolutions and credentials, who retired and in a few minutes thereafter seated all who had been selected by the primaries held on Saturday.

The nominations for delegates to attend the Congressional district convention held in Hagerstown yesterday was declared in order and Messrs. E. H. Sincell, Wm. H. Jacobs and Hon. A. F. George were unanimously elected to attend that convention.

Immediately after John Shartzer, Senator Ravenscroft and ex-Sheriff Wegman were elected to attend the state convention to be held in Baltimore next Wednesday.

The following resolutions were then introduced and adopted amid storms of applause.

Resolved, by the Republicans of Garrett county in convention assembled:

1st. That we recognize in the brilliant achievements, personal worth, eminent statesmanship and sound Republicanism of the Hon. William McKinley, those qualities which commend him to the people of this country as the logical candidate of our party for the high office of President.

2nd. That we congratulate the Republican party upon the course of the General Assembly in redeeming and fulfilling the pledges made in the platform of the Cambridge convention, and especially in the passage of the reassessment, election and free school book laws.

3d. That we heartily endorse the State administration.

4th. That in the election of the Hon. George L. Wellington to the well-merited position of United States Senator, the Legislature has emphatically endorsed the peoples' choice and that the following named persons are hereby declared to be the choice of this convention as delegates to the State convention to be held in Baltimore April 22nd, and they are instructed to use all honorable means to secure the election of George L. Wellington as a delegate-at-large from Maryland to the National Republican Convention at St. Louis: John Shartzer, Senator R. A. Ravenscroft and Charles Wegman.

5th. Also the following named persons to represent Garrett county in the Congressional district convention and one district elector: E. H. Sincell, Wm. H. Jacobs and A. F. George.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE

IN OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Alfred C. Brooke to Jacob S. Jamesson bearing date the 17th day of December, 1891, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T., No. 18, folio 236, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, which said mortgage was assigned to William Pearre by Jacob S. Jamesson, by assignment bearing date the 20th day of March, 1896, and assignment recorded the 26th day of March, 1896, in the Mortgage Records of Garrett county. Default having been made in the payment of the principal and interest of said mortgage, the undersigned William Pearre, assignee of Jacob S. Jamesson, mortgagee, will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, in front of the post office, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, on

Saturday, the 9th Day of May,

1896, at one o'clock p. m., all that lot, piece or parcel of ground situate, lying and being in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, and described as follows:

Beginning at the end of eighty-two and a half feet from the end of the first line of lot No. 24, and running thence with Second street north twenty-four and a half degrees east eighty-two and a half feet to the corner of Pennington street, then north sixty-five and a half degrees west two hundred and sixty-four feet, then south twenty-four and a half degrees west eighty-two and a half feet, then by a straight line to the beginning, being the

Northern Half of Lot No. 25

in Pennington's Addition to the town of Oakland which was conveyed to A. C. Brooke by Eliza Brooke by deed recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, folio 337, etc.

This property is on one of the most desirable streets in Oakland for a residence, and is improved by a

FINE DWELLING HOUSE

and the necessary outbuildings. It is also a corner lot and the late residence of Henry J. Mayers.

TERMS: Five hundred dollars cash on day of sale, balance to be paid upon ratification of sale by the Court.

WILLIAM PEARRE,
Assignee of Jacob S. Jamesson, Mortgagee.

WILLIAM C. KIDD,
Representing
JOHNSON, DOMINICK & CO.,
WHOLESALE NOTIONS, Etc.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

A specialty of Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear
RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.
6—26

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL

ROOFING.

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In effect April 1st, 1891.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS	NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1		No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 00*	8 00† lv	Cumberland ar	*12 01	4 10
3 31	8 31	Rawlings	11 29	3 39
3 56	8 56	Keyser	11 04	3 04
4 09	9 09	Westernport	10 51	2 51
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	2 48
4 37	9 37	Shaw	10 23	2 23
5 00	10 00	Harrison	10 00	1 60
5 15	10 45* ar	Elk Garden	8 50	*1 50
5 36	10 35† lv	Gormania	9 21	1 21
5 41	10 41	Bayard	9 15	1 15
5 52	10 52	Dobbin	9 04	1 04
6 23	11 23	Thomas	8 34	34
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	8 00	2 55
6 27	11 27 lv	Coketon	8 31	3 31
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	8 07	3 07
6 57	11 57	Bretz	8 01	3 01
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 58	2 58
7 31	12 31	Kerens	7 26	2 26
7 00	1 00* ar	Elkins	lv *7 50	*2 30
	1 30† ar	Beverly	lv	*1 35
				P. M.
	2 55* ar	Buckhannon	lv	*11 29
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 40 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Yoes' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400 balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.

E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD.

Spring is the time to the year that your Horses, Cows, Hogs, Sheep, Poultry, etc., need some good article to purify their blood. The International Food is the best article known for stock of all kinds; 3 feeds for one cent. Don't use any other. For sale only by

THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO.

DRINK

LUXURY COFFEE

and get the best Coffee made and get either Ladies or Gentlemen's Gold Watch, guaranteed for 25 years. Use no other, because LUXURY Coffee is the best.

Don't fail to call at the stores of The Maryland Supply Co. for

TIMOTHY AND CLOVER SEED.

We only handle the best western seed. Garden Seeds in abundance of all kinds. Fertilizer, Salt, Groceries, General Merchandise, and anything you may need. Don't fail to call at the stores of THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO., at

Mt. Lake Park, Md.
Oakland, Md.
Swanton, Md.
Lonaconing, Md.

51-1yr.

Your Face

Will be wreathed with a most engaging smile, after you invest in a

White Sewing Machine

EQUIPPED WITH ITS NEW

PINCH TENSION,
TENSION INDICATOR
—AND—
AUTOMATIC TENSION RELEASE,

The most complete and useful devices ever added to any sewing machine.

The WHITE is

Durably and Handsomely Built.
Of Fine Finish and Perfect Adjustment.
Sews ALL Sewable Articles,

And will serve and please you up to the full limit of your expectations.

ACTIVE DEALERS WANTED in unoccupied territory. Liberal terms. Address,

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.,
CLEVELAND, O.

FOR SALE.

The farm belonging to Elizabeth Maley situated two miles north of Deer Park, adjoining the lands of Jack Cooper, Poundenberger, Miller and Ravenstein. Contains 115½ acres, about 60 acres cleared, and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the premises. 52-4m.*

WHY SHOULD YOU SEND YOUR CHILD
—TO—

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

1st. He (or she) can be prepared for college; he can study book keeping, shorthand, type writing, etc., and be fitted for business; he can begin his course in medicine or pharmacy under a teacher who has made the subject of chemistry a specialty.

2nd. It is a home school (co-educational) and for a limited number; and is conducted with all the loving, care-taking ministrations for individual development that the name implies.

3rd. Students require the most bracing, nerve-building climate, and here they have it. Among the recreations are skating, boating, tennis, bowling.

4th. English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, German, Musical and Art courses. Bible study and high ethical teaching will fit him for a noble Christian career.

E. L. SWAN, Principal,
18-4yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7—	Daily	2.46 A. M
No. 6—	Daily	7.07 A. M
No. 71—	Accom daily except Sun	2.20 A. M
No. 47—	Daily	10.49 A. M
No. 55—	Express, daily	6.24 P. M
No. 15—	Accommodation daily	8.45 P. M
No. 1—	Daily	10.06 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—	Daily	5.59 A. M
No. 2—	Daily	6.51 A. M
No. 14—	Accommodation daily	9.03 A. M
No. 72—	Accom daily except Sun	1.26 P. M
No. 10—	Daily	5.02 P. M
No. 4—	Daily	12.29 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

SHEEP Soroptimists, M. D. Turkeys, Fox prices also new and three good 200 hand ENGLISH SAW MILLS, 12 to 40 inches, etc. Cat. CARSKADON, Keyser, W. Va.
2—1y

FRANKLIN P. GREEN,
COUNTY SURVEYOR FOR
GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Post office, LONACONING, MD.
All work entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished at short notice. 5-21y

MUSHROOMS

Prom Loch Lynn Mush Farm, Nursery and Greenhouse.

Our Greenhouse } A few hours by } Your mail. } Kitchen.

Offer a perfect mushroom like they are.

THE HORTICULTURAL SUPPLY CO.,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

SHERIFF'S SALE
—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of Henry Robert et al., vs. John W. Jankey, the same being No. 6 Judicials, July Term, 1896, Circuit Court for Garrett county, the undersigned Sheriff will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the store house of W. C. Jones in the town of Deer Park, all the right and title of the said John W. Jankey in and to all those two Military Lots situated about four miles north-east of said town, which are known and designated as lots Nos. III and III, containing fifty acres of land each, on

SATURDAY, THE 18th DAY OF APRIL, 1896.

at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m. of said day.

Said property is partially improved and is now in the possession of a tenant.

Terms of sale. Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN,
51— Sheriff of Garrett County.

LICENSES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all persons or bodies, corporate or politic, who may be required to take out license, that they must obtain the same on or before the

1st Day of May, 1896.

According to the provisions of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, every person or persons doing business for gain or profit except the maker, grower, or manufacturer, are hereby notified that they must take out a license.

AUSTIN BROWN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Office opposite postoffice, OAKLAND, MD.
Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.
Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Conveyancing and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

I HAVE PURCHASED
THE OAKLAND COAL YARD
of Mr. D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

RAWLINGS & CO.'S SEEDS WILL PRODUCE.

To introduce our Home Grown Garden, Field and Flower Seeds into new homes where they have not yet been tried we will, on receipt of SIXTY cents (60c.), send to any address, post paid, 14 pkts., consisting of the following:

1 pkt.	All Early Cabbage	10c
1 "	Golden Queen Tomato	5c
1 "	First of All Sweet Corn, the earliest corn on the market	10c
1 "	Extra Long Green Cucumber	5c
1 "	Vick's Early Water Melon	5c
1 "	White Strasberg Radish	5c
1 "	Twenty Day Radish, remarkable in 20 days from time seed is planted	5c
1 "	Early Curled Simpson Lettuce	5c
1 "	Danvers Carrot	5c
1 "	Sugar Parsnip	5c
1 "	Large Red Wethersfield Onion	5c
1 "	Red Top Sugar Beet	5c
1 "	Golden Wax Bean	10c
1 "	Choice Flower Seed	5c
	Total	85c

All for 60 cents or Two collections for $1.00.

Stamps taken for amounts less than one dollar. Seeds guaranteed fresh and true to name.

Patronize your home industry and give us at least a trial order.

Address all orders to

A. C. RAWLINGS & CO.,
FLOYD, Garrett Co., MD.

In your order for seeds, state where you saw this advertisement. 5—1

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

What is a gentleman? Is it a thing
Decked with a scarfpin, a chain and a ring,
Dressed in a suit of immaculate style,
Sporting an eyeglass, a lisp and a smile,
Talking of operas, concerts, and balls,
Evening assemblies and afternoon calls,
Sunning himself at "At Homes" and bazars,
Whistling mazurkas and smoking cigars?

What is a gentleman? Say, is it some one
Boasting of conquests and deeds he has done?
One who unblushingly glories to speak
Things which should call up a flush to his cheek?
One who, while railing at actions unjust,
Robs some young heart of its pureness and trust?
Scorns to steal money, or jewels or wealth,
But thinks it no crime to take honor by stealth?

What is a gentleman? Is it not one
Knowing instinctively what he should shun,
Speaking no word that can injure or pain,
Spreading no scandal and deepening no stain?
One who knows how to put each at his ease,
Striving instinctively always to please?
One who can tell by a glance at your cheek
When to be silent, and when he should speak?

What is a gentleman? Is it not one
Honestly eating the bread he has won,
Living uprightly, fearing his God,
Leaving no stain on the path he has trod,
Caring not whether his coat may be old,
Prizing sincerity far above gold,
Recking not whether his hand may be hard,
Stretching it boldly to grasp its reward?

What is a gentleman? Say, is it birth
Makes a man noble, or adds to his worth?
Is there a family tree to be had
Spreading enough to conceal what is bad?
Seek out the man who has God for his guide;
Nothing to blush for and nothing to hide,
Be he a noble, or be he in trade,
This is the gentleman nature has made.

—Young Folks.

THE COFFEE MACHINE.

"Did you think of it, dear?" my wife asked me one morning over the breakfast table, "father's birthday is day after to-morrow. What present are we to give him this year? Have you made up your mind?"

I was deeply interested in my paper, reading the report of our latest cause celebre, a murder trial, and not paying any attention to her remarks, I answered absent-mindedly:

"Ten years state's prison."

"W-h-a-t?" a startled expression coming into her eyes. "Drop that nonsense," she retorted, hotly, "and give me a sensible answer if you can."

I put the paper away and looked up, noticing for the first time that she was in a temper, and remembering the foolish remark I had made.

"Pardon me, darling," I begged, remorsefully. "You know well enough that I couldn't have meant the words in good earnest. I was so very deeply engrossed in the district attorney's address to the jury that I became somewhat confused. Overlook it, and be friends! But to the point. What are we to give the old gentleman? A nice pocketbook?"

"Would that not be like throwing out an indelicate hint?" she replied, somewhat pacified.

"Hm. I don't know! Well, then, how about a morning cap of red, white and black, with a large tassel?"

"He has one."

"Or a comfortable house coat?"

"No, no! I tell you what; a 'self-actor machine!'" she exclaimed triumphantly, "just the thing."

"A what?" I queried, shaking my head incredulously. "Heaven defend us! What kind of a thing did you say? and what in the world is he to do with it?"

"You know, dear"—Anna was all excitement now—"how fond father is of good coffee. How he scolds the cook for not making the beverage to his liking (what does she know about making coffee, anyway). Not long since I saw in Mrs. Fuber's house a newly invented self-actor-extractions coffee and tea machine. I tell you that is exactly what father wants!"

"So that is it. A coffee machine! I thought it was a sewing machine or some such thing. What did you call it? A self-actor-extraction-and-so-forth-machine? What a monstrous name! How dreadful!"

"But practical, unspeakably practical, I tell you. You pour the water into the boiler, and then some coffee into a little bowl above. Then you light the alcohol beneath. The heated water is by means of a glass tube led from the boiler into the bowl. The boiler's weight diminishes as the water lessens. The latter therefore raises itself a trifle, thus releasing a spring attached to the cover of the alcohol lamp, which falls upon the lamp and extinguishes the flame. Do you understand?

"Not the least bit!" was my energetic response. But my wife went on as though it mattered little whether I understood or whether I did not understand.

"And as soon as the boiler has cooled off, the beverage in the bowl, as the result of the pressure of the outer air—do you understand, now?"

"No!" I exclaimed more energetically than before, but with the self-same result; for my better half kept on just as if I had replied "yes" instead of "no!"

"As the result of the pressure of the outer air the now ready coffee runs by means of a sieve and the identical tube back into the boiler. Then you can empty it into cups at your convenience," she concluded deliberately. "I find that a wonderfully simple process."

"Yes, surprisingly simple, my dear," I said doubtingly. "See here, wifey, I think I shall have to take another course in physiology and technology before I would be equal to comprehending the raising of the tube by air pressure and the dropping of the lamp cover as the result of the escape of heated water. And you really intend giving such a what-do-you-call-it machine as a present to your father? I am quite sure I don't care; but I bet your father will be displeased, simply because he will not be able to make head or tail of so complicated a thing."

"You have always fault to find with my propositions," she pouted sensitively; "always. But I take the bet. What is it to be, for a kiss?"

"A kiss! as though an every day affair like that were an object for a wager."

My wife laid the index finger of her right hand onto her little nose, her favorite attitude when in a reflective mood.

"The other day," she said, "I noticed a splendid brooch in S.'s show window; just the thing."

"And I a rocking chair at F.'s, such as I always longed to possess," I added. "It is a bargain. Rocking chair against brooch. If your what-do-you-call-it-machine does its duty, you will get your brooch; if not, you are bound to buy me the chair. Shake on it!"

"All right," my wife acquiesced in a triumphant tone.

She really purchased the extraction machine, which, to judge from appearances, was a pretty neat and brightly polished little affair. The birthday arrived and we solemnly assembled in her father's house and handed him the present, but he looked rather surprised.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed, "just look at this! A filtering machine. Did you ever! I must confess I like the idea, for our city water is not very clear and the supply is poor. It may come in handy."

"What are you talking about, my dear father?" interrupted Anna excitedly, and in an almost angry tone, "you do not really mean to say that you think our love is so trifling as to buy you a filtering apparatus for a birthday present?"

The old man looked from one to the other of us embarrassed.

"God forbid," he said, feelingly, "that I should think so ill of my dear children, but, perhaps—yes, I know, that's it; one of the newly invented patent electric night lamps, eh?"

I grinned. Anna looked daggers at me.

"It is the new coffee machine, father, dear," said my wife's sister Fannie, whose head is always full of mischief. "You throw the beans in on one side and 'cafe au lait' already made flows out on the other. Plain as daylight."

"Fannie, my child," said I, with all the dignity I could muster, "please go and bring some hot water and the necessary ground coffee, and give us a chance to demonstrate to father the utility of this wonderful machine."

Fannie did so. In the meantime the old man walked several times around the table shaking his silvery locks and casting suspicious glances at the complicated thing before him. He looked positively frightened.

"Say, Otto," turning to me with an anxious face, "I hope that thing will not explode? We read every day dreadful stories about these new-fangled patents in the papers. Please be careful, children, I beg of you."

"Why, father, the whole proceeding is so simple," my wife pleaded, defending her present, "just read what it says here! I take the water," taking the vessel with the hot water from Fannie—"and pour it into the boiler like this, see, just so. Aw!" she suddenly cried out. She had scalded her fingers.

It was my turn now. "Please step aside," I said, going up to the table, "let me try. You will injure yourself worse with your experimenting. Hand me the water, Fannie; that's it, thank you, dear! And now I'll light the lamp. Zounds, the stuff won't burn!"

"It is prepared non-inflammable alcohol for medicinal purposes," said father.

"Well, then, send for some that will burn," I cried, out of patience, after I had wasted a dozen or so matches in the vain attempt to ignite the lamp.

"I know what I am going to do. I am going to sacrifice my bottle of eau de cologne," Fannie exclaimed, magnanimously, "what is the difference!"

She ran off and pretty soon returned with the odorous fluid, emptying it into the lamp after I had poured out the "medicated" alcohol.

The cologne burned all right, and pretty soon a low, melodious singing could be heard, showing that the machine was beginning to do its work. My wife's countenance was all aglow. Now she was happy, only father looked still anxious-like and worried.

"Children, better not go near it," he admonished, "only yesterday three little girls were terribly scalded, you know."

Pretty soon the steam seethed inside the machine, the cover fell upon the lamp and the flame was extinguished. I looked sideways at my wife with a grin.

"According to the receipt," I said maliciously, "the coffee ought to be done now, but I fail to smell the usual aroma. Do you?"

Just then the water in the boiler began seething and bubbling stronger, and a stream of water shot out of the latter into the glass tube and thence into the bowl on top.

"My, how nice," exclaimed my little eight-year-old brother-in-law Fred, gleefully. "For all the world like a waterfall!"

My wife was disgusted. She turned pale from subdued excitement and anger. 'What can this mean," she said, "something must be wrong!"

"I think your self-actor-extraction machine is suffering from internal troubles. There is altogether too much internal business," I ventured to remark, dryly. "I dare say, you are beginning to make up your mind where the best rocking-chairs are for sale, eh, dear?"

My wife looked as if she were considering whether it would be the better policy to fall in a fainting fit into my arms or to declare herself vanquished and pay the bet, while her father continued shaking his head until the tassel on the top of his cap swung to and fro like a pendulum.

"Well," he at last remarked, "this is the funniest apparatus I ever saw. Where is the coffee?" When suddenly Fannie, in her usual impulsive way cried:

"What a set of fools we all are! We forgot all about putting it in."

Sure enough. A napkin had been accidentally thrown over the ground coffee brought in by Fannie, and during the prevailing excitement of expectancy nobody had given it a thought.

My wife was delighted. Her machine was to be redeemed after all. After favoring me with another annihilating look, the second act of the drama began. Not a single word was spoken. We were awaiting developments.

Again the seething and bubbling sound, and even the aroma of steaming coffee filled the room. The brown fluid could be seen passing through the tube, and exclamations of surprise and gratification escaped the lips of those present. Anna was all smiles and sunshine.

"I trust," she said to me, mischievously, "that you have not forgotten the address where to buy that brooch we were talking about yesterday."

Even father nodded, satisfied and pleasantly.

"This is a practical machine," he mused, complacently pouring out the first cup of the brown beverage, "and what an aroma, but rather an odd sort of smell. Strange, isn't it? What does it smell like?"

The old man lifted the cup to his lips and tasted the contents. With a jerk he set it down again upon the table, making a wry face.

"I'll be—. I ask your pardon, but that stuff has a positively wicked taste; monstrous, abominable, fie! What the dickens does it taste like?"

He expectorated several times and pressed his hands to his stomach as if nauseated.

"Just like eau de cologne, father," I suggested, "a very agreeable smell, don't you think? A trifle odd when taken with coffee, but you will undoubtedly get used to the taste when you once become familiar with the machine."

"For shame, husband," said my wife, "how mean of you! Undoubtedly Fannie has accidentally spilled a drop of eau de cologne into the boiler while filling the lamp. Where is the harm? It is a bit unpleasant, it is true, but that is all there is to it. We will have to try again, for the machine works all right. Of that we ought to be convinced now."

"Hold!" objected father, lifting his hand with a protesting gesture toward the coffee machine, "no more of this monkey business. I would rather that Anna make us all a cup of coffee now in the old-fashioned way, and later you may continue your experiments as long as you like. The machine is just splendid, children," he continued, "and I thank you heartily for your thoughtfulness in giving it to me, but there is something strange and odd about it to which I must get used first, and that takes time for a man of my age."

"Before we go any further with it," I added, "let us tell the girl to give it a thorough cleaning. Lottie"—to the cook—"take this machine into the kitchen and scald lamp and boiler with hot water and soda or some such stuff."

The girl went off with her burden. Shortly afterward we were startled by a loud report, followed by frightened screams from the kitchen and by a sound of falling and breaking pieces. Something told me that again it was that ill-fated machine. I opened the kitchen door. Sure enough the girl in a dark corner had stumbled with her burden, and the self-actor-extraction-coffee-and-tea machine lay broken on the floor. The poor, frightened girl sobbed, Fannie scolded, my wife wrung her hands in despair; I bit my lips underneath my bushy mustache, and father looked pleased and relieved.

"Never mind, children," he said, "it is best so. I take this for a sign from above. Providence has interfered. I am conservative in my ideas, and am therefore not over fond of the present era of machinery. Stop crying, girl"—this to the cook—"and brew a good cup of coffee for my company. And now no more about the matter. I do not wish to have my birthday spoiled."

"How about our bet, Anna?" I asked my wife.

"You have lost that," she quickly responded. "The machine was in perfect order, if only—"

"Yes, if only it had not been so imperfect! No, my dear, this time you have lost and not I. You had better get ready to go for my rocking chair!"

"What bet are you quarreling about, you two?" asked the old man.

I told him all, and called on him to decide who had won.

"Both of you," was his diplomatic opinion, which created another controversy between Anna and myself. Meanwhile Lottie appeared with the coffee, made in "old-fashioned" style, and the conversation drifted into other channels and soon became general.

On the following morning, however, there appeared a messenger in our dwelling, delivering a rocking chair for me, a splendid piece of furniture, by the way; exactly five minutes later another messenger came bringing a brooch for my wife, a veritable little gem. To each of the two presents was fastened father's visiting card with the inscription: "This is my revenge for jeopardizing my life with your self-actor-extraction-coffee-and-tea machine."

"Say," I remarked to my wife, comfortably stretching myself in the new rocking chair, "you seem to have been in the right, after all, for your self-and-so-forth machine has proved itself to be very practical, indeed—in its results."—From the German.

—To dream that you are driving cattle means that you will become rich through your own energy and industry.

TOO MUCH BIKE.

Deformities Resulting from Too Close Application to the Wheel.

It is agreed by medical men that the bicycle may produce effects on the rider of decided benefit to health, always providing, of course, the the machine is used with a due appreciation of the injuries which the wheel is also capable of inflicting.

The subject of this sketch, however, is not so much the rider who rides the wheel properly and obtains benefit therefrom, as the one who rides for riding's sake and with no regard whatever for his physical welfare. In other words, the bicycle fiend, who rides with the apparent purpose of making himself ridiculous.

Of all the deformities produced by biking the strained, nervous expression known as the bicycle face is most pronounced. It is so common nowadays that a description of it here would be a waste of valuable space.

Another common deformity is the bicycle back, which is produced by the cramped, crouching and stoop-shouldered position so much affected by scorchers. This position cramps the chest and its contents, thus limiting the breathing capacity of the lungs.

The bicycle neck is also becoming more prominent every day. There are two common varieties of this deformity. The first is produced when the rider bends forward and lowers his head as if he were trying to touch the tire of the forward wheel with his nose. In this position the rider's back and neck describe a half circle. The other form of neck is produced when the rider sits astride his machine in much the same position, with the exception that he holds his head back as far as possible—in fact, so far that his head and neck form a right angle with the upper part of his back.

Bicycle arms may be seen on the boulevard any pleasant day. The fiend spins along with his back and neck as described above and his elbows projecting outward as far as possible. He is usually so accustomed to this abnormal position that he finds it next to impossible to straighten his arms and assume any other when not riding.

The hands and wrists also come in for their share in the general deformity. The hands are usually held at a pronounced angle with the arms, and are obliged to support the entire weight of the upper part of the body.

Bicycle legs are also characteristic of this peculiar specimen. They are usually knock-kneed, with an abnormal development of the calf. The peculiar position of the feet causes him to toe in, producing bicycle toes, similar to pigeon toes.

As a result of indiscriminate riding, scorching and racing, we see a long, strained and nervous-visaged, crooked-necked, round-shouldered, narrow-chested, hump-backed, knock-kneed and pigeon-toed specimen of humanity, whose elbows protrude at the times and whose hands resemble those of Johanna more nearly than those of any normal specimen of the genus homo.

Not only does this specimen disfigure himself, but he is apt to injure his eyesight. French eye specialists have recorded numerous cases of visual disturbances among bicyclers. The most common form of the trouble is found in those who ride at a very rapid pace and climb steep hills.

Riders are usually seized with severe vertigo and a sudden diminution of vision in one or both eyes. When the eyes are examined by an oculist traces of retinal hemorrhage are usually found.

The heart also suffers as a result of scorching and long-distance racing. From over-acting it may become dilated and very much enlarged, causing serious trouble.—J. F. Whitmyer, M. D., in N. Y. World.

FAITHFULLY KEPT HIS PLEDGE.

Promised His Mother He Would Never Play Cards Again.

A party of well-dressed men met at a leading hotel the other night. A game of poker was proposed, when one of them said:

"I never play, so you will have to excuse me, gentlemen."

"Why, I played with you several years ago," said one.

"Yes, but since that time my mother died. For years before her death I was a professional gambler, and it nearly broke her heart, for she had always hoped that I would make my mark in some honorable profession. At her deathbed, three years ago, I promised her that I would never touch another card, and I have kept my word. I never will."

His companions were visibly affected by this candid recital, and one of them said:

"I honor you for your course, and we will not play poker to-night. I suppose you went into a profession when you ceased your career as a gambler, and I hope you have been successful."

"Very," replied the reformed card player. "In three years I am about $50,000 ahead, and I would not have been worth a dollar if I had continued in my former course."

"May I ask what profession you now follow?"

"Certainly. I am a bookmaker. Bet on horse races exclusively."

Then silence reigned.—Washington Star.

Disappointed.

"Our whole neighborhood has been stirred up," said the regular reader.

The editor of the country weekly seized his pen.

"Tell me all about it," he said. "What we want is news. What stirred it up?"

"Plowing," said the farmer.—Boston Traveler.

The Proprieties.

"But why," persisted the native, "do you serve the missionary for dessert?"

"Oh, he was such a pudding," rejoined his wife, lightly.

The propriety of the thing was too manifest to permit further discussion.—Detroit Tribune.

UNIQUE MAIL ROUTES.

Ways in Which Snow-Bound Colorado Miners Get Their Letters in Winter.

Probably the most unique method of transporting mails known in the United States post office department is that in daily use between Telluride and Smuggler. The mining town of Telluride is located at the head of a picturesque gulch. The mountains rise in majesty to cloud-piercing heights about the town, and from every propitious draw between the giant peaks, foaming cascades, waterfalls and roaring streams come down from the snow-laden summits to swell the torrent of the San Miguel, which rushes through the town. Four miles above Telluride is Marshall basin, situated among the snowy peaks and far above timber line, and in this basin is the little mining settlement of Smuggler, where the employes of the great Smuggler-Union and Tom Boy mines make their homes. Although the inhabitants have a post office of their own, the postal authorities do not guarantee a regular service, because of the difficulty of keeping a trail open in the winter time. The dangerous snowslides constantly threaten destruction to the hardy miners who scramble through the snows up the steep trails to the settlements in Marshall basin. Until in recent years all supplies for the camp in Marshall basin were transported thither by pack animals. Timber for the miners, coal for the boilers, and iron rails were dragged over the trails or packed securely about swaying pack saddles and carried to an elevation of 12,000 feet by the burro. When winter closed down and the burro trains could not longer be driven on schedule time the miners would take turns in going down on snowshoes to get the mails and a few necessary supplies that could be carried upon their backs.

But the practical application of the endless chain by the inventor of the Huson tram has greatly facilitated the transportation of supplies from Telluride up to Marshall basin. Great iron buckets, each carrying down the mountain a half ton of ore, furnish by their weight the active power which drives the endless chain from which they are suspended. In these buckets, upon their return, the necessary supplies for the camp are placed. One of the buckets is painted a bright red color, and the letters "U. S. Mail," in black, designate the use to which it is put. The daily mail for Smuggler post office is now delivered as regularly across the four miles of precipice, snow-buried gulches, and giant mountain ruggedness with as much safety as between two settlements in the prairies of western Kansas or Nebraska.

Just over the ridge of peaks from Marshall basin is the post office of Mount Sneffels near the famous Virginius mines, seven miles above Ouray, a mining town which is as picturesquely located as Telluride. A good wagon trail leads from Ouray up the mountain side to Virginius mine, but in the winter time the trail fills with snow, an occasional slide destroys the continuity of the route so that sledding cannot be done, and the mails are carried by men with snowshoes. There are a number of snowshoe routes in the mountains of Colorado, but none more hazardous than this one. The men who carry the mails over snowshoe routes seldom meet with accident. They have learned to understand the peculiarity of snowslides, and when a high wind is blowing or other meteorological conditions make traveling along the trails dangerous, they postpone their trips until settled weather returns. Sometimes the mails are two weeks in arrears when the mail carriers dare to venture forth.

A free delivery system is in vogue in the mining districts, though the postal authorities have nothing to do with it. From every mountain post office trails diverge up every draw and gulch. A miner setting out for his cabin, perched somewhere far up on a mountain, will take with him all the mail belonging to his neighbors, though they may live miles from his place. At each turning-off point a small box will be found nailed securely to the trunk of a stout old pine tree, and upon this box is scrawled the names of all miners who must pass that tree in going to their respective cabins. Into this box the last man from town deposits all the mail belonging to miners living up that particular gulch. From that gulch a miner will occasionally descend for the mail, and as he returns up his trail he deposits in turn the several pieces of mail in other boxes placed at convenient points. In this manner one man can save many a weary step to other miners who live out the long winters in the very heart of the Rocky mountains. Mails are collected in a similar manner, and often small errands are likewise done. Money is deposited in mail boxes for the purchase of stamps, tobacco, and other notions light in weight, is always properly respected and the mission fulfilled, no matter how much the snowshoe pedestrian may be under the influence of good fellowship as he returns from town.—N. Y. Sun.

Theology by the Pound.

The wife of a minister down in Cincinnati traded a barrel of his old sermons not long ago for a new breadpan. The next spring the rag man came around again and asked if she had any more sermons to sell.

"Why do you want sermons?"

"Because I did so well with those I got here a year ago. I got sick in the summer, and a preacher in the country boarded me and my horse three months for that barrel of sermons, and he has since got a great reputation as a preacher up there. I will give you five cents a pound for all you have got."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

—It is possible for every man to assume an elegant manner, but the true gentleman is nature's own nobleman, who never forgets to be polite to every one, and it is as easy to discern the assumed from the innate good breeding as it is to distinguish paste from diamonds.—Dickens.

Of what use are forms, seeing at times they are empty? Of the same use as barrels, which are at times empty, too.—Hare.

Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

In advertising "continuous" is the word. Plunges are rarely successful.—Brains.

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—Mrs. E. C. Moulton, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, '94.

It is easier to find fault than to know what to do for it.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

In the

Selection of a spring medicine bear in mind the fact that what you need is a good blood purifier, and the best, in medicine, should always be your aim. The great cures of blood diseases by Hood's Sarsaparilla have made it known as the One True Blood Purifier. It is therefore the best medicine for you to take in the

Spring

That you need a good spring medicine is almost certain. Ninety per cent. of all the people need to take Hood's Sarsaparilla to purify their blood at this season. The warmer weather finds them greatly debilitated, and it is well known that disease is most likely to attack those who are "all run down." If you

Take

Hood's Sarsaparilla now, it will purify and enrich you, blood, give you a good appetite, prevent and cure that tired, languid feeling, which is so prevalent in the Spring, and in this way it will build you up and prevent sickness later in the year. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills the best family cathartic and liver stimulant. 25c.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

W. L. DOUGLAS $3. SHOE BEST IN THE WORLD.

If you pay $4 to $6 for shoes, examine the W. L. Douglas Shoe, and see what a good shoe you can buy for **$3.**

OVER 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS, CONGRESS, BUTTON, and LACE, made in all kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and sell more $3 Shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

None genuine unless name and price is stamped on the bottom.

Ask your dealer for our $5, $4, $3.50, $2.50, $2.25 Shoes; $2.50, $2 and $1.75 for boys.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you, send to factory, enclosing price and 36 cents to pay carriage. State kind, style of toe (cap or plain), size and width. Our Custom Dept. will fill your order. Send for new Illustrated Catalogue to Box R.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

The Best of all Cough Medicines is Dr. Acker's English Remedy. It will stop a cough in one night, check a cold in one day, prevent croup, relieve asthma, and cure consumption, if taken in time. It is made on honor, from the purest ingredients and contains neither opium nor morphine. If the little ones have croup or whooping cough, use it promptly.

Three Sizes—25c., 50c. and $1 per bottle. At Druggists.

ACKER MEDICINE CO., 26 and 28 Chambers Street, New York.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

There's **MONEY** In It!

No business pays as well on amount invested as **DRILLING WELLS** with our modern machinery. "IT SUCCEEDS—THAT'S THE REASON!" LOOMIS & NYMAN, : TIFFIN, OHIO.

TEMPERANCE.

NO GOOD EXCUSE.

The man who drinks because he's hot
And drinks because he's cold,
Then drinks because quack doctor thought
On life 'twould help him hold.

The man who drinks for social cause
Or drinks for business gain,
Will later say: "A fool I was;
I must have been insane."

The man who drinks to ma' s him cute
Or drinks to make him wise,
Will find he wears a misfit suit,
To chafe him till he dies.

The man who drinks to drown the ill
Or drinks to make him brave,
Is quickly going down the hill,
To fill a drunkard's grave.

The man who drinks to stimulate,
Then drinks to soothe his frame,

Though he be called to legislate,
He'll bring his calling shame.

The boy who drinks to ape the man
And thinks it booms life's chance,
Will find his folly in the can,
As he ..id time advance.

The girl who drinks to flush her face,
To add to beauty's store,
Sees her delusion when disgrace
Has wounded to the core.

The dame who drinks that milk may flow,
Her nursling babe to feed,
Will lead the child to pain and woe,
Misguided mothers, heed!

To all who drink, expecting good
Will flow down with the glass,
You're senseless as the stick of wood
That walloped Balaam's ass.

—Ira C. Saxe, in Chicago Lever.

WANAMAKER'S INN.

Unique Plan of the Philadelphia Merchant to Help His Fellow-Men.

A writer in the New York Observer describes the unique plan by which John Wanamaker, the famous Philadelphia merchant, proposes to assist his fellow-men.

Ex-Postmaster-General and Philanthropist John Wanamaker, has purchased the old Peabody hotel, Ninth street, above Spruce, Philadelphia, and had it remodeled at a cost of $60,000. It is now the Friendly Inn, with accommodation for about 150 guests. The rooms are cozy and bright, some of them with one, others with two, three, and four single beds. For a room with only one bed, lodgers will be charged 25 cents a night. In a room with one or more others the price is 15 cents. Meals will be served, table d'hote at ten cents for breakfast or supper, and 15 cents for dinner. There is a social parlor which will be open for guests during the afternoon and evening, with magazines and newspapers for free use. This is prettily furnished. There is an employment bureau in connection with the Inn, no charge being made for help rendered in procuring work for men. Mr. Wanamaker says that the inn is not a charity, nor is it a fountain of religious sympathy. It does not propose simply to nurse a man out of his sprees in the hope of a permanent cure. It is a dead earnest effort to be the Good Samaritan to a man on the Jericho road; to light a lamp for a man, if possible, before he has gone to the almost bottomless pit of the slums; to make a sweet, clean, pure, Christian home for him every night until he can get a better one; to encourage him by Christian companionship, and by aids to employment, helping him to be worthy to be received again by the society from which by one reason or another he is a fugitive.

GENERAL GLEANINGS.

THE devil has every advantage over the man who drinks.—Attila.

THE abuse of alcohol has been the remote, sole and direct cause of more litigation in cases of life insurance than anything else that can be imagined.—Judge Jordan.

THE Journal of Inebriety states that there are 1,600,000 drunkards in the United States. Estimating the number of adults in this country at 25,000,000, this means that about one person out of every 15, more or less, is a drunkard.

WHOSE wife and daughter do you want to see well dressed this year, your own or the whisky seller's? If you help clothe his family first, you will not have much left with which to clothe your own. If you think his family is better than yours, give it the preference.—The People's Tribune.

FOR the fiscal year 1895 the United States government issued 228,000 liquor licenses, which is equivalent to a licensed saloon for each 298 people—to say nothing of the liquor dealers that are unlicensed. In the capital of the nation there are 605 licensed harrooms, or one for each 445 people. If we take out the women and children and temperance people as a class, there are less than a hundred drinkers to support each saloon in the United States.

Unique Temperance Booths.

The Church Temperance society of New York is planning to erect a number of temperance kiosks in the parks and tenement districts of that city. The kiosks will be artistic in appearance. They will consist of a single room octagonal in form somewhat resembling the Waukesha water booths at the world's fair grounds at Chicago. Hot coffee, pies, sandwiches, soft drinks, etc., will be sold at popular prices.

SAVE BY PREVENTION.

Forceful Utterances of Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler on Young Men and the Drink Demon.

Senator John Sherman, of Ohio, in his recently-published autobiography, tells us that when he was a youth of 16 he "fell into very bad habits." The young fellows of his age in the town of Lancaster met for convivial purposes, drank each other's health, and on more than one occasion he became intoxicated. Once he went home very sick from drinking. His good mother received him with much surprise and sorrow, and put him to bed and watched over him very tenderly. He says: "I was not stupid enough to be unconscious of my degradation and her affection; I then and there resolved never to be in such a condition again, and from that time to this I am not conscious of having been under the influence of liquor." He adds that, of the young men who were his contemporaries, "a very large proportion became habitual drunkards and died prematurely."

The great statesman shows his transparent candor in recalling this painful episode of his youth, and points a very solemn warning to his young countrymen. And it is a sadly-needed warning. Convivial habits, such as came very near wrecking the Ohio statesman in his youth, are fearfully on the increase. The social clubs that are so increasingly numerous among our young men are not conducted on total abstinence principles; quite the opposite. Wine, cigars and cards are well-nigh universal in these clubs. Champagne, claret, punch and other alcoholic beverages are seen more frequently at weddings, receptions and other festivities in private houses than they were a few years ago. At our watering-place hotels the basement drinking-rooms are largely patronized by young men; the billiard tables and the bars are in close proximity. Let anyone look into the gilded and gorgeous barrooms in New York or Brooklyn on any evening, and the swarms of well-dressed young men to be seen there would horrify him. The shabby and ragged young men are to be found in the low groggeries, by day as well as by night.

The ugly fact is that the state of things which Mr. Sherman described in an Ohio village 60 years ago is coming back again. Endless discussion is going on about "license, high or low;" "prohibition," "limiting the number of saloons," etc., and yet all the time the amount of liquor drinking is fearfully on the increase. Of course, the liquor is not furnished gratuitously, and the sale of intoxicants is increasing immensely. And it will go on and increase as long as good people think and talk only about liquor selling, and expend all their breath in denouncing the iniquitous "saloon." Parents, Sunday-school teachers and pastors have got to learn that prevention is about as big a word as "prohibition," and that just as long as boys and young men grow up with drinking habits liquor will be got and will be drunk and will send its victims to perdition. The simple reason why liquor is sold in certain places in Vermont, Maine, Kansas and in other regions where excellent prohibitory laws exist is that so many liquor drinkers live in these places, and will get their tipple in spite of righteous laws. An evil demand produces the evil sale.

Senator Sherman's good mother did not overlook her dear boy's temptation or danger; if she had, the nation might have lost one of its most eminent statesmen. My good mother corrected me severely in my early childhood for having once sipped some cherry wine that was left standing on the sideboard of a house not her own. Then she induced me to sign a pledge of entire abstinence; and but for that I should probably have been swamped into ruin by the drinking customs of college life. Parents have tremendous responsibility; and so have teachers; and so have pastors and churches; and their foremost duty is to save the young from the drink demon by timely precaution.

"Pshaw!" says some flippant scoffer, "that means moral suasion!" Yes, my friend, it does; and Jesus Christ meant moral suasion when He came into this world to teach us how to live. The apostles meant moral suasion. Every sensible mother means moral suasion when she teaches her child to be a Christian. All good preaching means moral suasion. Take all the moral suasion out of the world and it would be a hell. And if more efforts are not made to keep boys and young men from forming the drinking habit we shall have an unlimited amount of liquor sellers and a tremendous crop of inebriates. Let us strive hard, my good friends, to shut up the accursed drinking dens on God's Sabbath! Let us aim at suppressing them on every day of the week; but the surest way never to suppress them is to suspend all efforts to prevent young men from forming the habit of drinking intoxicants. It is the drinkers who support the sellers of alcoholics. The time to save men and women from the drink demon is—before they begin. — Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, in Young Men's Era.

PLAIN, CLEAR WATER.

Characteristic Story About the Late John B. Drake.

The Chicago Evening Post tells a number of characteristic stories about the late John B. Drake, for so many years proprietor of the Grand Pacific hotel, Chicago. On one occasion a traveling man saw him go into a little room behind the key box frame and drink some water, as was his habit, and he accosted the little man: "Say, John, why don't you patronize the bar—drink mineral water, cider, or some such thing, instead of that plain water? If I owned this place, I'd have the best, you can bet." "I had to break the ice out of the waterbucket winter mornings, and melt it to get a drink," replied Mr. Drake, "when I was a boy, and somehow just plain clear water out of a white pitcher does me quite well."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Some gleaners of human family statistics say that a man or woman of correct proportions is six times as high as the right foot is long.

—Workmen excavating for a house in Portland, Ore., a week ago, unearthed a large two-handed sword, such as was used in the early centuries.

—A baby that at its birth six weeks ago weighed only as much as the New Brunswick midget, one and one-half pounds, and is now under two pounds in weight, is living and doing well in Essex, Conn.

—One of the results of a visit of a party of scientists to Alaska is the demonstrated fact that coal abounds in our northwestern-most territory and may be mined in close proximity to the best and most accessible harbors in that region.

—The common horsefly is said to be provided with 16,000 eyes; that is to say, his two compound eyes have each 8,000 facets. By this singular arrangement he is enabled to see in every direction, and to elude with great skill and success the many dangers that threaten his daily existence.

—The tallest man in Maine is W. H. Kelley, of Phillips. He is six feet ten inches tall and of symmetrical build, weighing more than 200 pounds. He rides a bicycle, which he had to have made expressly for his own use, because of the length of his legs. He is leader of the local cornet band.

—Some idea of the immense number of rabbits in Australia may be gathered from the fact that a man in the northern territory recently came across a "mob" of them about four miles wide, and as close as they could run together. Some parts of the country are so honeycombed with burrows that it is hardly safe to ride or drive.

—A shower of dust fell on the deck of the ship Scottish Dales when she was far out at sea off the coast of the Argentine Republic on a voyage which ended at Tacoma, Wash., recently. The captain says the dust was very fine and of a light buff color. As the duststorm blew toward the ship it looked very much like snow. The dust fell thickly over the deck and rigging of the vessel. The captain supposes it came from some volcano in active eruption.

DOWNING THE DEALER.

How the Neophyte Put the "Kibosh" on the Yorkshireman.

It takes a Yorkshire man to make a horse-dealer, but this time the canny Tyke missed his mark when he tried taking in a Neophyte in the horse business.

Said the dealer:

"Now there's a little 'oss I can warrant. He's a clever, perfectly-trained, snaffle-bridle hunter, and fast; up to twice your weight across any country. Sold for no fault, well bred and powerful, highly couraged, good tempered and temperate with hounds, quiet and free from vice. Well known with her majesty's, the Surrey, Berks, Cambridge, Essex, Kent, Warwickshire, Mr. Scatton's, the Quorn, Pytchley and several other tiptop packs. Winner of many races, out of constant work; perfectly sound, grand action and thoroughly broken. Goes well in harness; has run wheeler and leader in a team, will work in a cart, plow or harrow. Never out of his place, a capital jumper, never made a mistake in his life over bank, timber, water, stone wall, hill, or vale country. Best lady's 'oss in the country; been ridden as a charger; plenty of quality and manners; splendid mount; don't shy, never stumbles; good walker and first-class trotter; excellent park hack; never sick or sorry since he was foaled, and subject to any vet.'s examination, and to be sold for a song!"

"Ah," said the Neophyte, "I'm doubtful he's scarcely enough of a 'oss for me. If he could only trap rabbits, manage foreign and fancy poultry, rear pheasants, do a little plain gardening, milk and look after a cow and pig, wait at table, teach in the Sunday school and play the organ in church, why, I wouldn't mind taking him on six months' trial! Eh?"

No deal.—N. Y. Mercury.

A Woman's Courage.

I saw a woman do a courageous act in San Rafael yesterday. Some little children were playing ball on the street, when a big black dog ran up and sprang at a six-year-old boy. He threw up both hands and screamed. The dog sprang toward him again, but did not quite reach him. The little fellow was paralyzed with fear, and could do nothing but scream as the dog made repeated springs at him. A woman on the opposite side of the street saw the little fellow's peril, and looked around for help. Then, seizing a large stone, she ran up and hurled it at the brute. It turned tail and ran down the street as fast as it could go, till it overtook the stone, picked it up, trotted back laid it at the woman's feet, and stood wagging its tail for her to throw it again. The dog wanted to play ball, too.—San Francisco Post.

Even More Wonderful.

"When you come to think of it it is wonderful how many men have achieved distinction in youth," said the man with the magazine.

"Possibly, possibly," replied the man with the newspaper, "but I run across things every day that are more wonderful than that."

"Such as what?"

"Well, the number of young men who haven't achieved distinction, but who think they have."

And the man with the magazine was convinced.—Chicago Post.

Great Light.

Mr. Goodheart—So times are dark with you, are they?

Mr. Onizuppers—Dark as midnight.

"Would a ten dollar bill brighten them any?"

"Brighten them? A ten would be a regular X ray."—Boston Courier.

WOMEN WARRIORS.

Cuban Amazons Who Show Their Men How to Fight.

The Cuban amazons recently have been playing a prominent part in the fights between the insurgents and the Spanish. These women, many of whom have husbands in the ranks of the army of Cuba, have exhibited upon frequent occasions courage, endurance, and fighting skill to a greater extent than very many of the men.

The amazons of Cuba are not, as a rule, remarkable for personal beauty or cleanliness. Anything in the nature of a dress does not prevent them from fighting. As a rule, they are negresses, strong of limb and quick of action, and able to use a machete, rifle, revolver, or knife with the best of the men. They are to be found in nearly all the insurgent camps and are increasing in numbers. When not otherwise engaged, they tend the sick and wounded, mend and wash clothes, or cook the meat, when fires are permitted and food is procurable. When regular supplies are inadequate to the demand, which is not infrequent, the amazons chew sugar cane, and are thankful to get it, and ride or tramp pluckily along with the regular Cuban troops. If there is fighting to do, they go into the thick of it with energy and dash.

There is, or was, one woman, at least, among them who may deserve more than passing notice. She came to the front in a recent engagement between the Spanish troops and a number of insurgents at Olayita. The fighting began with the usual wild firing at long range, but gradually the combatants, few in number on either side, by force of circumstances got nearer to each other, and then, as usual when they began to see the whites of each other's eyes, the insurgents went to cover and the triumphant soldiers dashed onward in pursuit. But all the insurgents did not melt away. One of them a tall, fine-looking woman, bright of eye, well-built and looking like a heroine from the top of her head to the soles of her naked feet, stood her ground bravely, calling first tauntingly and then in grand despair upon her fleeing companions to fight like men. They paid no heed to her, and the Spaniards crept closer and closer from bush to bush.

Then this woman determined to show men how Cuban amazons can die. With her back against a tree she steadily loaded and fired her carbine, taking the cartridges from the bosom of her cotton gown, almost the only garment she wore. So long as the gun worked she pumped lead at the Spaniards, keeping them well at bay. But the old carbine finally got out of order, and she threw it away with angry contempt, drew a revolver, and shouted: "Long live free Cuba!"

The Spaniards, seeing the carbine thrown to the ground, made a simultaneous dash forward, firing repeatedly as they did so. The Cuban woman calmly awaited their approach, and when they were within range of her pistol the amazon gave another cheer for Cuba and again opened fire until she fell pierced by four Mauser bullets.

Then there was another rush forward of the Spaniards, and the dying woman, half rising with difficulty on her elbow, fired her last shot at the nearest soldier of Spain, killed him instantly, and sank to rise no more, with a faint cheer for free Cuba on her lips.

This is only one of a number of instances of how the Cuban amazons can fight and die. Another amazon who recently kept at bay the Spanish troops was the daughter of the insurgent leader Socorras. She fought to the last as gallantly as any of the men, and when her last cartridge was fired she gracefully gave up her revolver to the Spaniards who had surrounded her, remarking, as she pointed to the soldiers she had killed: "I hope you will make as good use of it as I have."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Dyspeptic Oranges.

A mysterious disease which has attacked many orange trees in Florida has been discovered to be indigestion. The department of agriculture in its "Year Book" pays special attention to dyspeptic oranges, and describes the disease and its cure. Its cause is the same as that which so often brings on disease in human beings—overfeeding. Excessive cultivation and too much nitrogenous manure affect the orange tree just as too much heavy table d'hote dinners affect a man. Instead of looking pale and taking pepsin tablets, however, the orange tree turns a very dark green, and a reddish brown sap exudes from the twigs. The tips turn up and shape themselves into S-like curves. The fruit turns a lemon yellow color before it is half ripe, and has a very thick rind. As it ripens, the fruit splits open and become worthless. The reddish brown resin gets on the fruit before it is ripe and renders it unsalable.—Kansas City Journal.

Women on Wheels in War.

One of London's daily papers recently published a letter signed: "A Colonel's Wife," in which the proposition is made in all seeming seriousness that should the prophecies of continental combinations against England be realized, the duties of the army in the rear may be performed by lady cyclist orderlies. The colonel's wife announces herself "prepared to assist in the organization of a lady cyclist corps, to help resist our many enemies." Womankind has no means of knowing how England will receive such a proposition, but in America, for the most part, woman is willing to let man, the devil, and dynamite do the killing, and she busies herself in caring for the wounded, or in sending a Clara Barton to rescue the oppressed deserted by civilization. —Womankind.

—Rhode Island contains a large number of inventive geniuses, the proportion being one inventor to every 1,753 of its populatio-

SERVANTS' BALL IN PARIS.

A Splendid Affair in Which 6,000 Domestics Are Interested.

One of the great balls of Paris is that of the so-called "Bal des Gens de Maison" at the Salle Wagram, which has just been held. The "Gens de Maison" are an association comprising some 6,000 of the superior servants, the cream, in fact, and the aristocracy of the 150,000 domestics employed to wait upon the well-to-do citizens of Paris. The union is rich and eclectic, in so far as it will permit no servant to retain his or her name on the rolls who has been guilty of disgraceful conduct.

The president is M. Picard, a butler of imposing presence, who, with a broad, blue sash of office crossing his capacious white waistcoat, as the ribbon of the Legion of Honor crosses that of President Faure, received the guests at the ball with just as much dignity and stateliness as if he were the chief magistrate of the republic in person. The demeanor of the guests was irreproachable, and the attire of both men and women compared favorably with that of the people present at the municipal ball a couple of days previously. The men were in full evening dress, while the magnificent jewels that adorned the necks, the arms, and the coiffures of many of the women gave evidence of the fact that their mistresses had allowed them for the occasion free access to their caskets.

These gems, however, and the costly laces may be said to have constituted the sum total of the borrowed plumes, for it was manifest from the perfect fit of the gowns that they had been made for their wearers. This is by no means surprising when it is borne in mind that to the lady's maids, the valets, the butlers and the private coachmen in Paris this Bals des Gens de Maison constitutes the principal social event and festival of the entire year, the one for which they reserve all their finery and all their economies, as well as their best manners. Masters and mistresses seem to take pleasure in helping the members of their household to cut a good figure on this occasion, and many is the lady's maid who can boast of having had the finishing touches given to her toilet and the jewels fastened into her hair, around her throat and wrists and into her ears by the hands of her own mistress. The only feature of the entertainment calculated to cause a smile and to create some amusement was the precedence accorded to the servants of dukes over those of marquises, and to those of marquises over those of counts, the domestics of ordinary untitled citizens being content to follow meekly in the wake of their betters.—Paris Letter.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S PRIDE.

Splendid Work Done for the Free Public Library System.

New Hampshire has reason to be proud of her free public library system. Splendid work has been accomplished since 1892, and of the 233 cities and towns in the state there are now not more than 50 that have no free public library. There is every reason to expect that even this number will be greatly reduced by the action of the voters in these towns at the next March meeting. The value of these libraries, free to every citizen of a town, is so obvious that no one now seriously questions it, and it is a source of satisfaction to every friend of education to contemplate the results that will surely follow from their influence.

Under the law of 1895 every town must elect a board of library trustees, whether it has a free public library or not, and a small assessment is made compulsory unless the town votes that it "is inexpedient to establish a library." But this action must be taken each year, the evident purpose of the law being that the subject of a free public library shall be brought annually to the attention of every town in the state. In towns where there is no public library the assessment is to form a fund, in the care of the trustees, until such time as the library is established.

It was not intended by the law that the compulsory assessment should be a sufficient support for the library, and it is to be hoped that each town will make an additional appropriation in order that its library may be constantly increasing and be maintained at a high standard of efficiency. There can be no better investment in any town—after the schools have been provided for—than the judicious expenditure of money in the purchase of books that shall be free and in the reach of every citizen. It is a matter to be thought about and talked about and acted upon when the voters come together in town meeting.—Manchester Union.

HE GOT THE ORDER.

And Could Probably Have Sold Her Two or Three More.

The Gentlemanly Canvasser—'Scuse me, miss, but is your mother, the lady of the house, at home?

"I am the lady of the house."

"Impos—beg your pardon, ma'am. It came so startling. So young and with such respon—pardon me again, ma'am. And now, miss—I mean ma'am—I have an article here which I am sure will appeal to all ladies of good taste. It is called the K. K. K. K.—the Kwickly Konvertible Kombination Kostume. There, when worn in this form it is intended for the promenade. By turning up the hem it is the sloppy day ideal. Looped on these two hooks it becomes the mountain climber's pride. A loop here and a curve there and it's ready for the gymnasium. Two more hooks and a row of invisible buttons and it's a daisy on the bike. If looped on the belt in this fashion it becomes the clam digger's joy. Those elastic bands prepare it for the use of lady horsebreakers, and when worn with our multiplied skirt it is the sine qua non for skirt dancers. 'Scuse me, ma'am, but with your figure the K. K. K. K. would be a bute and a joy forever. Shall I take your order, miss—I mean ma'am? Thanks."—Cleveland Plain Dealer

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The eyes of fish and birds are round, with no angles at the corners.

—Balata is the name of a new discovery made in the forests of Surinam. It is a substitute for the rapidly disappearing india rubber and gutta percha.

—An image impressed upon the retina of the eye remains there an appreciable time. This is the reason why a torch swung rapidly seems to be a circular flame.

—The largest catch of shad ever made on the St. John's river, Florida, was taken the other week, when more than 20,000 shad were caught. Most of the fish were sent to New York.

—The total value of the foreign commerce of the United States last year was $1,547,000,000, while $25,000,000,000 would be a reasonable estimate of our internal commerce.

—Miss Lydia Tilden, who died recently in Hanover, N. H., at the age of 89, had been a member of the College church of that place and a constant attendant at the services for 74 years.

—The first bed of marble discovered in Indiana was revealed a week or two ago in the bed of Treaty creek, a mile south of Wabash. It is blue and mottled blue and white and is said to be of high quality.

—Dr. de Renzi, professor of clinical medicine at the University of Naples, reports that in 22 cases where he has used Dr. Maragliano's treatment for tuberculosis he has found a distinct improvement, and in some has cured the disease.

—In an address full of facts and figures concerning the resources of the south, ex-Senator Patrick Walsh, of Georgia, makes this surprising statement: "Alabama alone has more coal and iron and ten times as much standing timber as the state of Pennsylvania." The purpose of this illustration was to show the future manufacturing development of the south.

—In accordance with the idea that the water power of the mountains of the Pacific slope can be readily utilized for long distance transmission, a second company has been formed in Fresno, Cal., to locate a plant on King's river. The King's River Electric Power company, with a capital of $300,000, will transmit power to Reedley, Sanger, Danube, Visalia and other points in that vicinity.

"CONSIDERING."

There Were Some Drawbacks to Her Generally Good Health.

Old Mrs. Parlin had reached the age of 93 years, and her two daughters, both women of nearly 60, were often heard to say that the old woman "took as much comfort as anybody." Their unchanging affection failed to see the changes that were so pathetically apparent to others.

"Juno Ann and I don't get about so much as we would like to, on account of mother," Mrs. Patten remarked, in response to an invitation to visit a relative in a neighboring town. "You see Juno Ann, living next door as she does, takes about as much care of mother as I do, so it sort of ties us both."

"Isn't your mother well?"

"Yes, land sakes, mother's as well as can be; or she would be, if twa'n't for her age. I tell 'em mother enjoys as much as most of 'em. She can't see as well as she used to, of course; fact is, she can't see much of any; but she's real well."

"Mother don't seem to hear so well as she did," ventured Juno Ann, "but I s'pose that's no more than natural."

"She's a dreadful smart woman, if she is my mother," rejoined Mrs. Patten; "and it's wonderful for a woman of her age."

"I suppose she enjoys going about to see the neighbors," suggested the visitor.

"Pity sake! Mother hasn't set foot out of the house for more'n two years; we wouldn't dare trust her. The rheumatism has sort of crippled her up; but besides that, I don't see but she seems about as smart as ever; don't you think she does, Juno Ann?"

"Yes, she seems real well, considering her age. Her food don't agree with her, and she doesn't relish her meals as well as she might, but beyond that she gets along real well," replied Juno.

"I suppose she likes to have people run in and visit with her as well as ever," remarked the visitor.

"Well, she would like to see people as well as ever, mother would, if she had her faculties; but you see, she doesn't seem to sense much, most of the time; if it wa'n't for that she'd take a sight of comfort seeing folks. But she's able to sit up in bed considerable, and she seems comfortable except when her rheumatism sets in, or when she has one of her sinking spells. Juno Ann and I are real thankful that mother keeps up as well as she does."—Youth's Companion.

A Canine Parlor.

Miss Mayde—I wish to stop at your hotel, but you must provide an apartment for my skye terrier.

Hotel Clerk (politely)—That can be managed, miss. We have an exclusive set of apartments for ladies' dogs. (Aside to porter.) Fire that purp down cellar.

"What is the number of the apartment you have given Fido?"

(Rather staggered)—"Er—Parlor K, 9, ma'am."—Judge.

The Goat as a Guide.

In Switzerland and other mountainous countries the goat leads long strings of animals daily to and from the mountains, but it is in South Africa that it is regularly kept and employed as a leader of flocks of sheep. Should a blinding storm or rain or hail drive the sheep to huddle together in a corner, so as to suffocate each other, the trained goat will wake them up, and by a method best known to himself, will induce them to follow him to a place of safety.—Chicago Chronicle.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, April 13, 1896.

Mr. Cleveland has paid sufficient deference to those Cuban resolutions to ask Spain to accept the mediation of the United States in negotiating with the Cuban insurgents for peace; but, according to current gossip he doesn't wish Spain to agree and doesn't expect it. According to the stories whispered in inside circles, the fine hand of ex-Secretary Billy Whitney is playing the game for Mr. Cleveland, having succeeded in persuading him that the only salvation of the Democratic party lies in working up feeling towards a war with Spain. The offer to mediate is made for the purpose of convincing the world that the administration favors a peaceable settlement and will only resort to other methods when Spain refuses to entertain mediation, and to gain time. War is not wanted now; it might be all over before the meeting of the Democratic national convention, not to mention the November election. It is a deep game, to take advantage of the general sympathy of this country for Cuba to boost up the tottering Democratic party, and to go into it it was necessary for Mr. Cleveland to go against his real wishes, as he had been from the first apparently on the side of Spain.

Unless something unexpected turns up to prevent Congress is likely to break the long session record in the date of adjournment. So far as the House is concerned, it would be easy enough to adjourn by the first of May, as there remain only two appropriation bills—fortifications and general deficiencies—to be disposed of, and the first of those will be passed this week. Unless the Democratic senators become obstructionists just to delay adjournment, it is regarded as probable that adjournmen will occur somewhere in the neighborhood of May 15th.

Senator Cullom denies very emphatically that he has written or intends to write a letter withdrawing his name as a candidate for the Presidential nomination, and Senator Quay's friends make the same denial in his behalf.

Secretary Morton is in hot water again, and unless the men who are making the charges against him are out of their reckoning he may get badly scalded before he gets out of it. He and his assistants in the Agricultural Department are charged with having deliberately and intentionally misrepresented facts to Senator Proctor and Representative Wadsworth, who acted with Secretary Morton as a committee to award the contract for seeds for tree distribution, in order to get the bid of a Chicago firm, which was $10,000 below that of the firm which secured the contract, thrown out. They charge that Secretary Morton represented that the seed submitted as samples by the Chicago firm were found poor, when as a matter of fact the official records of the tests made by the department experts show them to be as good in every respect as those sent by the firm which secured the contract; that Secretary Morton told his Congressional associates on the Committee of Award that the Chicago firm declined to assume responsibility by printing their name on the packages of seed they proposed furnishing, when that firm had stated both orally and in writing that it would cut its bid $10,000 if allowed to print its name and address on every package. They charge further that Assistant Secretary Dabney worked against them because they refused to use a certain patent bag-filling machine advocated by him. It is a very serious business if these charges can be substantiated, and the men who make them say they can be.

Public Printer Benedict has had a collision with the civil service commission concerning the eligibility for reinstatement of certain printers discharged by him after the Government Printing Office passed under the Civil Service rule, and the matter has got before the Senate Civil Service Commiitee. According to one of the witnesses before that committee, Benedict said to a member of Congress who called on him to secure the reinstatement of one of the dismissed printers, on the ground of the Civil Service Commission having declared him eligible for reinstatement without examination: "I don't care what these d—— wet nurses say." The committee will investigate and make a report.

Democrats are trying to persuade Senator Hill to once more become the Democratic candidate for Governor of New York, but Mr. Hill has such a vivid recollection of the drubbing administered to him by Gov. Morton that he isn't inclined to regard the matter at all favorably.

The House Republicans held a caucus to exchange opinions on the two immigration bills now pending, one radically restricting immigration and the other slightly amending present laws. Owing to the difference of opinion among Republicans it is regarded as probable that the question will be allowed to go over to the next session.

Mountain Lake Park.

It has been awful dull here this winter. Sometimes I was almost sick because I could not get out to play. You know that little boys like me get tired staying in the house reading and playing with playthings almost a year old.

I told my pa that I wished I could be a printer so that I could run a newspaper and roast people I did not like. My pa said I might be an editor some day if I would try right hard. I am going to commence right away. I am going to send you this letter. Maybe you will print it. I want to let myself out by writing about Mountain Lake Park in winter. I will not tell you about the beauties of the Park, because you know all about them already, besides I have not gotten over my mad yet. It will take more sunshine than we have had so far to get me in a good humor.

We have awful muddy streets here. Our mud is thick and waxy, and as heavy as lead. Big men lift up lots of it with their boots and shoes, and carry it around until their feet are too heavy to walk, then they drag their feet along until they reach somebody's clean porch, upon which they manage to put their mud ladened feet and scrape the mud off just like they were leaving their card of thanks, and then they move along until they load up again, and then unload on some other person's porch.

The Park is a boss place for selling rubber shoes. I'll bet, no I won't bet because my ma said if I bet I would go to the bad place, but I dare bet in fun. I'll bet there are more than fifty pairs of rubber shoes buried in the earth here, and as soon as the frost gets out of the ground they will show up. I have seventeen shoes which I picked out of the mud this winter, and there is no two alike, they are all odds and ends. I had lots of fun watching people trying to keep their overshoes on. The young ladies had the most trouble in that line.

My pa made me a sucker. Maybe you don't know what a sucker is. It is not one of those kind that subscriber for your paper and never pay for it. The sucker that I mean is made out of sole leather. It is cut round, about as big as a cookey, and it has a little holo in the middle through which a string is put. On the lower end of the string a knot is made so that the string will not pull through. That's my sucker. I soak it in water until it is real soft, and then stick it on a brick or a big stone and yank them up just as easy as anything. My sucker will not lift mud, but it can lift twice the weight of mud in bricks and stone. Your town don't have sticky mud, does it? I told ma I wished our mud was like yours—real thin. She asked me why. I said it would be so nice because pa could buy us a boat and sis—sis is my little sister, we call her sis for short—and me could do all the marketing, and ma could stay at home and save her white skirts and fine dresses until the city folks come out here. I would pity the fellows whose duty it is to keep the streets in good shape, if they could hear the ladies roast them when the sewing society meets; they would go to work.

I want to tell you about the time I had last week. My ma was going to make soap. The lady who lives across the street told ma that she would help her. She said ma must get a sassafras stick to stir it with, and that the soap must be made when the moon is full so that ma could get a kettle full of soap. This neighbor of ours came from Pennsylvania, and she has a sign for everything she does. Ma calls her Pennsylvania dutch, but ma don't let her hear it. Well, pa sent off and got a sassafras root and our hired girl commenced boiling soap. I went into the back yard to see how the thing was going to work. I asked our hired girl to let me stir the soap. She seemed pleased and handed me the sassafras root, when our neighbor threw up both hands and screamed out, "For goodness sake, don't let that boy stir the soap!" She grabbed the root out of my hand and told me to get out. I sat down in a pail. I felt so bad that I wanted to cry. When I went up stairs my ma asked me what I had been sitting in. I told her in a pail. "Oh, you naughty, good-for-nothing boy!" she said, "you have been sitting in the soap grease." I didn't want to cry then, cry came without any effort. The hired girl came up to my room and helped me cry more. She told ma that the Pennsylvania dutch woman said if I stirred the soap that it would go back to grease and lye. I don't want to stir soap any more. I am going to get Howard Swan to teach me how to make candles; he knows how.

I must tell you a little more about our Pennsylvania dutch woman. If she meets with a white horse she will not pass him but turn round and go home or run into some house. She says it is bad luck to pass a white horse. She says it is a sure sign of a funeral. One day she wanted to go to the dress maker's house to have a new dress fit on. She sent her little boy out to see that there was no gray horses on the street. Mr. Garthright's gray horse had been hauling coal in the neighborhood all afternoon and so our neighbor could not get out that afternoon. It rained for a few days afterwards and the street was so muddy that the poor Pennsylvania dutch woman could not get to the dress maker's to have her dress made in time to wear it to the literary.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Johnson entertained the Mountain Lake Literary Society on Friday evening last. My ma took sis; I did not think I was invited, so I waited until I thought the show was about to commence; then I sneaked in. After the entertainment was all over ma said that I had been invited; then I felt real mean because I had sneaked in. Mr. Johnson had a magic lantern. It has a larger name big people call it by—a name a little too hard for me to remember. Mr. Johnson had some beautiful pictures painted on glass; he called them slides. I don't know exactly how he worked the lantern, but the pictures looked very pretty on canvass. Miss Ella Hocking, Messrs. E. Johnson and Will Baumgardner rendered exquisite music during the evening. My ma said this and she is not a slow judge, either. Miss Hocking played on an instrument that looked like a gourd, and the gentlemen played on guitars. They had a debate, too—woman suffrage. Affirmative, Grant Hayden and Gilbert Baumgardner; negative, Will Baumgardner and Rev. L. A. Ruddisill. My ma said that the affirmative outwitted the negative by allowing two widowers to act as judges. She says this was the reason why the judges rendered their decision in favor of the affirmative. She said also that one of the judges was a married man and was afraid to vote in the negative. Miss Hayden, Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Binkley read papers which were of no little interest to the guests.

WILLIE.

...les relieve nausea.

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
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"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.
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31—26

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Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.

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Don't fail to give NETHKEN BROS. a call.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE AND GROCERIES.

We also carry latest styles in Fall and Winter Millinery. Has trimmed to order.

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.

Come and be convinced you do not have to pay two prices for your goods, because we sell for cash. Remember the place.

NETHKEN BROS,

Main Street,
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I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

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Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

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I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

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I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent, 9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

ESTABLISHED MARCH 3, 1877. BENJ. H. SINCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1896 NUMBER 7.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings In and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

Go to S. P. Specht's for ladies' shirt waists.

Mr. J. G. Sines, of Hutton, has been granted a pension.

All kinds of men's working and dress suits at S. P. Specht's, Deer Park. 6-3t.

Mr. Harper Bartlett is in Baltimore this week visiting friends and relatives.

Rev. Geo. A. Royer, of Aurora, W. Va., was here yesterday for a short time.

Mr. Thomas J. Peddicord was in Cincinnati, O., two or three days this week.

FOR RENT—A first class store property on Main street apply to J. O. Michael. 7-2t

Mr. A. C. Browning, of Cranesville, was in the city yesterday for a short time.

Mr. R. G. Richardson, of Keyser W. Va., was in Oakland a few hours on Friday last.

Miss Maud Bosley spent a few days last and this week visiting at Aurora, W. Va.

Mr. E. Hershbarger, of Grantsville, was a business visitor to Oakland on Saturday.

Dr. W. H. Ravenscraft has had a handsome iron fence erected around his lot on Third street.

Don't forget Shartzer & Bolden's big days, May 1st and 2nd. Call whether you purchase or not. 2

The work of remodeling Offutt & Son's store front was begun yesterday by Capt. Jarboe and force of men.

Mrs. Dr. M. C. Hinebaugh, who spent several weeks visiting friends in Baltimore, returned home last week.

Read Shartzer & Bolden's advertisement. It will save you money to buy at home and patronize home people. 7-2t.

You may always be sorry if you fail to purchase of Shartzer & Bolden May 1st or 2nd. See advertisement. 7-2t.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bush, of Eglon, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Fringer Tuesday and yesterday.

FOR RENT.—For the season, a large tract of pasture land within one mile of Oakland. Inquire at this office. 7-2t

S. P. Specht has just received a car load of flour and feed which he will sell very low for cash. Call and see him.

Mr. John Shartzer went to Baltimore Tuesday where he attended the State Convention which was in session yesterday.

Mr. A. W. Dennett, of New York City, proprietor of Hotel Dennett, Mountain Lake Park, was registered at the Commercial Tuesday.

The Loch Lynn Heights hotel is advertised for sale on Thursday, May 21st, by the receiver, Mr. J. H. Sommerville, of Wheeling.

Mr. Daniel Hinebaugh, of Accident, was in the city a day or two this week visiting his brother, Mr. William Hinebaugh and family.

Mr. Harry Hamner, representing Messrs. Morrell & Shafenberg, of Cumberland, was in the city a short time Tuesday evening on business.

Don't fail to call and examine S. P. Specht's stock of merchandise which is now as complete as is generally found in a first class general store.

Jeweler H. C. Smouse has purchased the property on Water street formerly owned by Dr. I. D. Newman and gone to housekeeping therein.

The Columbian hotel at Mountain Lake Park was sold at mortgagee's sale yesterday morning to Messrs. Shartzer & Bolder and other creditors of A. Howell.

A report is in circulation to the effect that the Oakland Hotel has been rented to some Washington parties and will be open as usual during the season.

Mr. D. H. Loar spent several days in Grafton since our last issue. He was accompanied home Monday by his son Lawson, who will spend a day or two with his parents.

Mrs. F. G. Hyde has opened ice cream parlors at her residence on Alder street, where she will be glad to serve this congealed delicacy to the public.

Mr. Daniel W. Wilson, of Wilson, W. Va., was in town a few hours on Saturday. He was on his way home from Illinois, where he spent a couple of weeks visiting friends.

A horse belonging to Dr. King, of Monte Vista, hitched to a wagon loaded with tinware, etc., became frightened and ran away yesterday, breaking the wagon up considerably.

Mr. M. D. Yoder, a progressive farmer of Grantsville, was in town last Friday. Mr. Yoder reports the maple sugar crop in that section better than it has been for several years.

Mr. Ed. Hartman, of Kingwood, was in Oakland a short time yesterday afternoon. He was en route to New York City where he will enter the publishing house of Harper Bros.

L. H. Bell, a saddler and harness-maker of Oakland, Md., has opened a shop in the C. A. Holden plumbing establishment. He comes highly recommended.—Meyersdale Commercial.

We have just received from the manufacturers another large lot of stationery and envelopes which we are running out at low figures for the class of work furnished our customers. Give us a call.

Mr. Truman West was taken ill on last Friday very suddenly which illness has terminated into an attack of typhoid fever. He is lying very ill at his residence on Alder street at this time.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Mrs. Henry Felty, whose illness we noted a week or two ago, was taken to a hospital at Baltimore on Saturday morning last for treatment. She was accompanied by her physician, Dr. Henry W. McComas, and Mr. Felty.

A caveat to the will of the late John L. Browning has been filed in the Orphans' Court for Garrett by Ralph T. Browning, alleging undue influence and want of testamentary capacity on the part of the testator.

Rev. William Walker, who attended the African M. E. conference in Washington, D. C., last week, returned to Oakland Tuesday night. The conference assigned him to the Oakland charge, where he has been a faithful worker for two or three years.

Owing to the press of advertising matter this week we have been compelled to encroach upon the space set aside for reading matter but as soon as the levy and county laws have been disposed of we will endeavor to give our readers the usual amount of reading matter.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of Messrs. Shartzer & Bolden, which will be found elsewhere in to-day's paper. This is one firm in Oakland that evidently believes in the judicious use of printer's ink and knows just where to use it to bring the best returns. Moral, advertise in THE REPUBLICAN, a paper having twice the circulation of any other paper published in the county.

Those who are troubled with rheumatism should try a few applications of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, rubbing the parts vigorously at each application. If that does not bring relief dampen a piece of flannel with Pain Balm and bind it on over the seat of pain and prompt relief will surely follow. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The partnership of the firm of Geo. O. Miller & Co., existing between Messrs. Geo. O. Miller and G. W. Delawder, expired March 1st by limitation, but as the parties interested could not agree to a settlement of their affairs, Mr. Miller petitioned the court for a receiver to wind up the business on last Saturday. The court appointed Mr. John Shartzer receiver who executed a bond for twenty thousand dollars and took charge of the affairs. Both parties are solvent.

DANA'S Sarsaparilla is not only the *best* of all remedies for the Nerves, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, and Blood; *but if no benefit, you can get your money back.* The same guarantee applies to DANA'S Pills, Cough Syrup and Plasters. For sale by Dr. J. W. Laughlin, agent, Deer Park. 4-1dt.

A few weeks ago four men, representing themselves to be Pittsburg capitalists, went to Morgantown and closed a deal with the Building Investment Company for 2,000 lots in an addition to the town. They promised to put manufacturing establishments there, to employ 1,000 men, and canvassed the town to sell the lots, requiring purchasers to pay $5 down, and $200 at a future time. A good sum of ready money was secured in this way, and, finding that the people were growing suspicious of them, they skipped out, paying their board bills only on threats of arrest. Many citizens looked upon the project as one which would create a big boom and their hopes are blasted and their money gone. An effort is being made to apprehend them.

DANA'S Sarsaparilla is not only the *best* of all remedies for the Nerves, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Blood; *but if no benefit, you can get you money back.* The same guarantee applies to DANA'S Pills, Cough Syrup and Plasters. For sale by DeWitt & Ferguson, Sang Run, Md. 3-3m.

During the winter of 1893, F. M. Martin, of Long Reach, West Va., contracted a severe cold which left him with a cough. In speaking of how he cured it he says: "I used several kinds of cough syrup but found no relief until I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which relieved me almost instantly, and in a short time brought about a complete cure." When troubled with a cough or cold use this remedy and you will not find it necessary to try several kinds before you get relief. It has been in the market for over twenty years and constantly grown in favor and popularity. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park, for 25 and 50 cents per bottle.

Mr. and Mrs. John McMullin, of near Grantsville, were brought to Oakland last Friday evening by Constable Johnson, of Grantsville, and lodged in jail to await the action of the grand jury upon a charge of breaking into the sugar camp of Mr. Uriah Stanton on the morning of April 10th. Several camps in the vicinity of Grantsville had been robbed during the season of sugar making and Mr. Stanton set a watch over his. About one o'clock Friday morning McMullin and his wife, accompanied by one of their little children, made their appearance at the camp and proceeded to break the lock upon the door. After accomplishing this they entered and were in the act of transferring some of the sugar to a bucket when they were taken in charge by the watchman, with the result as above stated. Justice Peter Nathan remanded them to jail, the prisoners being unable to furnish the requisite bond.

Only 50 Cents

For a regular dollar size bottle of sarsaparilla, guaranteed to contain the purest and best combination for the renovation of the blood and building of the system—a splendid appetizer. Manufactured at Oakland Pharmacy. 4-4

From the "Oracle."

Mrs. Ella Sheridan and son James, of Oakland, spent a few days of this week in Terra Alta, the guests of relatives.

W. M. Trickett, of Selbysport, Md., and attorney Gilmor S. Hamill, of Oakland, were autographed at the Dunnington Hotel, on Monday.

Miss Martha Hinebaugh, of Oakland, was here Thursday of last week visiting friends.

Mrs. Kate C. Crane, Mrs. A. D. Naylor and Miss Edith Townshend, all of Oakland, were in town last Thursday for a few hours, on a shopping expedition.

For Sale.

A cottage containing 7 rooms, attic and cellar. Has a well of good water upon the premises, and an acre of land attached. Purchaser can have the choice of more land up to two acres. Will sell cheap and on good terms. Situated opposite Mt. Lake Park on Oakland road. Mt. Lake Park, is a good market for vegetables and poultry. Apply to F. P. Arnold, Mt. Lake Park, Garrett county, Md. 50-13t.

The Maryland Building and Loan Association.

A charter has recently been granted chartering the Maryland Building and Loan Association of Garrett county, with the following named gentlemen of Oakland as officers of the affair: President, Col. A. G. Sturgiss; 1st vice president, Mr. Fred. A. Thayer; 2nd vice president, Dr. Henry W. McComas; secretary, Mr. James C. Peddicord; treasurer and accountant, Mr. Scott T. Jones; manager, Mr. John Shartzer; general attorney, Mr. Gilmor S. Hamill; superintendent of agencies, Mr. Thomas J. Peddicord.

By a glance at the names above it will be seen that the very best business men of Oakland are at the head of the association and that the business of the institution will be conducted wholly upon business principles.

The object of the Association is to bring together a large number of persons who will unite their savings for profitable investment and by this system of co-operation receive much larger profits from their earnings than they could do by individual effort.

In addition to being an excellent arrangement for those who wish simply to invest small sums of money the association will aid its members in securing homes for themselves by the payment of such a sum monthly on purchase as they now pay for rent.

The association is purely co-operative and all its members, no matter where located, stand on precisely the same footing. There is no distinction between members.

It is generally conceded that the money of poor people put into building and loan associations has been more honestly administered by the poor people themselves than has been any other financial trust in the country.

In England, the home of the building association, the monthly dues of members foot up the enormous sums of ninety million dollars per annum. The building association has stood the that of time and gives to the investor all that money can be made to earn without engaging in [illegible] is termed speculation.

The association issues two kinds of stock to-wit: Installment and Paid-up. The shares are one hundred dollars each. Upon installment stock an applicant must pay one dollar per share at the time of signing his application. After that beginning with the last Saturday of the following month, a monthly installment of sixty cents per month must be paid for a term of eighty-four months, unless the stock is sooner matured. No more than eighty-four installments can be required.

This stock is issued in monthly series and the money paid on it may be withdrawn after six months from the date of subscription with six per cent. interest for the average time. The admission fee cannot be withdrawn, but a member having withdrawn may by application to the home office secure the same number of shares without paying a membership fee.

Paid-up stock is issued upon the full payment of one hundred dollars per share. No admission fee is required. A semi-annual dividend of four dollars per share will be paid and the investment may be withdrawn after twelve months from the date of subscription.

The funds of the Association are loaned to members on first mortgage real estate security and the interest is thereby compounded every month.

Interest and all profits are applied as dividends on the stock. With economical management the dividends will amount to about fifteen per cent. per annum.

No loan will be made on Paid-up stock.

The association being a home company deserves the patronage and well wishes of the people of Oakland and vicinity and instead of sending money away from home to some foreign building association where the officers are unknown, that money can be retained here where it will do home people the most good.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

District Assessors.

During the late session of the County Commissioners that body appointed the following named gentlemen district assessors for the several districts of the county under the provisions of the new assessment law: District No. 1, Ebenezer Kitzmiller; No 2, Edward Frantz; No. 3, Michael Nathan; No. 4, Geo. L. Michaels; No. 5, Garrett V. Dixon; No. 6, Emanuel Csuter; No. 7, John O. Michaels; No. 8, Jonas Yutzy; No. 9, John W Blocher; No. 10, Daniel W. Harvey; No. 11, John Gregg; No. 12, Christian Brenneman.

An Affidavit.

This is to certify that on May 11th, I walked to Melick's drug store on a pair of crutches and bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm for inflammatory rheumatism which had crippled me up. After using three bottles I am completely cured. I can cheerfully recommend it.—Charles H. Wetzel, Sunbury, Pa.

Sworn and subscribed fo before me on August 10, 1894.—Walter Shipman, J. P. For sale at 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Garrett County Tax Rate.

The annual levy for Garrett county was completed Saturday by the county commissioners. The total estimated expense for the year is $51,114.82. Taxable property as shown by the assessment books amounts to $4,664,902, which at $1.10 on each $100 will make the amount necessary for county purposes, and at $1.27½ the amount necessary for both State and county purposes. The increase in taxable property is $11,538 The county tax rate, $1.10, is the same as last year. Had it not been for the fact that the expenses of the new assessment is included in the above estimate the rate would have been reduced about two cents.

Call For Your Letters.

Walter K. Burke, Norman Anderson, J. Will Young, Jas. A. Anderson, Joshua Bowman, John E. Johnson, Miss Laura Hamstead

The National Capital, Reduced rates via B. & O.

The City of Washington is an object of perennial interest to all patriotic Americans. Not alone because it is the great throbing heart of the mightiest and grandest Republic the earth has ever known, but also on account of its material magnificence. All Americans take pride in its beautiful avenues, majestic architecture, stately homes, and well stored galleries and museums as things of grandeur and beauty in themselves, apart from the historic interest with which they are invested. It is a hope and aspiration of all "young America," at least, at some time or other to visit the Capital of his country.

The Baltimore and Ohio R. R. offers unequaled facilties in inaugurating a series of popular excursions at reduced rates. A number of persons from this section have availed themselves of these excursions and found the train service and other arrangements in keeping with the liberal policy of the B. & O.

The third excursion of the series, via this popular line, is announced for Thursday, April 23d. Pleasant side trips have also been arranged to points of interest in and about the Capital.

We give below a list of stations in this vicinity, showing time of trains and rates of fare:

	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	RATE
Terra Alta..	.....	12 06	5 11	1 58	$0 45
Oakland....	6 31	12 29	5 59	5 12	6 25
Piedmont...	7 21	1 24	6 51	6 01	5 40

Parlor cars on the day express. Sleeping cars on the night express.

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

Tickets will be good ten days, and will be valid for passage from Washington to Baltimore at any time within the life of the ticket.

For Pullman Car accommodation and other information, address nearest B. & O. agent.

Don't forget the date, Thursday, April 23d.

Grantsville.

Our farmers have been very busy tilling the soil and sowing during the warm and beautiful weather.

The maple sugar season, just closed, has been one of the most productive on record.

Wm. S. Yoder exchanged horses with a Mr. Speicher, of Accident, one day last week.

J. S. Miller, our extensive and enterprising orchardist and small fruit culturist, of Strawberry Hill farm, received a large consignment of apple, peach, cherry, pear and other fruit trees from Maple Avenue nurseries, West Chester, Pa., last week. This stock is mostly for friends and others for whom Mr. Miller has ordered it, giving them the advantage of wholesale prices, only adding thereto cost of freight and labor, etc., in handling. More has been done to promote fruit culture in this part of the county the last few years, by the gentleman referred to than by all the "fruit tree peddlers" combined. He also ordered a considerable number of strawberry, raspberry and other small fruit plants from Bridgeport, Ohio.

Chas. Honig, of this vicinity, and Miss Scheller, of Cumberland, were married in Cumberland on the 15th inst., by Rev. Raymond, pastor of the German Evangelical Lutheran church. Miss Sadie, sister of the groom, was bridesmaid, and G. Shaw groomsman. The wedding party returned home to the Bonig homestead the same evening, where the festivities were concluded. We wish them a truly prosperous future.

Last Wednesday night while Arnold Jinkins and his farm laborer, Geo. Yommer, were watching for thieves in the sugar camp operated by the former, a party on illegal errand bent, consisting of John McMullen, wife and little daughter, arrived, broke into the camp and began transferring sugar from the receptacle in the camp into vessels more readily transportable; at this point of the proceedings the watchers announced their presence and purpose. There were indications of a desire to stampede, which was averted by the coolness of the vigilantes, one of whom promptly proceeded to town for an officer of the law, the others guarding the captives meanwhile. It was about 1 a. m. Friday when the entrance was effected, but at the unusual court hour of 3 a. m. the prisoners had been conveyed to town and were having a hearing before Justice Nathan's court. They were held for appearance at court before a tribunal higher in legal authority, committed to the "cooler" for the balance of the night and in the morning taken to Oakland and placed in jail. They have quite a family of small children who are cared for temporarily by Jonas Bleachy. Truly the way of the transgressor is hard,

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

FREE

COURSE BY MAIL

WITH THE

Capital City Commercial College.

TO ADVERTISE OUR COLLEGE

We will given thorough course of instruction in Double and Single Entry Book-keeping and Commercial Arithmetic, by mail,

FREE OF CHARGE

to a limited number of persons. This course will be completed in forty lessons. No charge for diploma.

ADDRESS,

CAPITAL CITY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,

P. O. DRAWER B,

TOPEKA, - KANSAS.

26-1yr.

Estate of Elias Smith, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

ELIAS SMITH

late of Garrett County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 21th day of October next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 14th day of April, 1896.

NANCY SMITH, Adm'rx.
6-3 Oakland, Md.

SCHOOL BOARD MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS OF GARRETT COUNTY,
OAKLAND, MD., April 15th, 1895.

The Board of School Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office on the

6th DAY OF MAY, 1896,

for the purpose of appointing a board of three trustees for each district in the county.

Patrons of schools where there are no trustees or where vacancies exist are urgently requested to recommend one, two or three, as the case may require; good men, so that we may have a full board for each school.

By order of the Board,

WM. HINEBAUGH,
6-2 Secretary.

DIANA AND THE SPIDER.

Mrs. Jack's Tale of How She Met Defeat on the Big Muddy.

The "Band, Gusset and Seam" is a society recruited from an exclusive circle of Nob Hill's young matrons. It meets through the winter, with aggravated activity during Lent, at houses of the members; its motto, "First flannels to the indigent;" its symbol, a thimble or, crossed by a pair of seissors argent, on a background of flannel gules, surmounted by a spool of thread couchant.

The demure maid who serves bouillon, tea and chocolate to the society's fair Dorcases, hears tales from every quarter of the globe, of life in the summer colonies along the New England coast, of yachting cruises through Norwegian fiords in the yellow wake of the midnight sun, of walking tours in the Landes, and camping trips in the north woods. She knows her planet better than many whose orbits are less circumscribed, and can safely be relied upon for information regarding elk in Oregon or salmon in the Columbia, the proper time to hunt the grizzly in Assiniboia, and the relative merits of the Andalusian donkey and his twin brother, the Rocky mountain burro.

After serving the Bradamante of the society with a cup of tea and a caviare sandwich, she retires to a dusky corner of the room, refills the lamps under the brazen kettle, and rearranges the Dresden cups and saucers and the jewel-mounted spoons upon the teak-wood table.

When the fluffy-haired Mrs. Jack, the society's president and the hostess of the occasion, begins her story, there is a lull in the talk, which the wind fills in with a neatly-executed arpeggio.

Mrs. Jack's mouth droops in wistful curves, and beside her eyes an infant's would seem sophisticated.

"Jack says I must go with him to Africa, but I shall never dare to look a tiger in the face, after my experience on the Big Muddy."

Mrs. Jack's adventures have familiarized the society with Tin Cup, Big Bug, Bumble Bee and Medicine Hat. But the Big Muddy offers delightful fields for speculation, for it has not yet found a place on any map and its only highroads are the half-obliterated trails left by the Utes when they unwillingly departed for new hunting-grounds.

"You remember the big horn I shot after Jack and the guides had tracked him for ten days over the Rattlesnake range in Wyoming?" Mrs. Jack continues, plaintively.

The society remembers the big horn, as well as the giant shark in the Mexican gulf; the mountain lion and the cinnamon bear with amber eyes picked off by Mrs. Jack's rifle in the San Francisquito mountains. The idea of her not daring to look a tiger in the face under any circumstances taxes the credulity of the society. Has she ever known fear, ever quailed before beast, bird or fish—this modern Artemis?

When she accompanies her husband on his hunting expeditions she wears the woods' autumn livery—leaf-brown and scarlet—an abbreviated skirt and leggings of brown corduroy, a scarlet leather shirt with elks' teeth for buttons, a hat festooned with trout and salmon flies and shining leaders. A cartridge belt girdles her slender waist, with its depending revolver and hunting knife.

It is remarkable that Mrs. Jack has escaped the cinnamon bear's embrace, and Bruin might well be pardoned such an indiscretion.

"Jack has always said that my physical courage first attracted him. But I had never confessed to him that there was one big test to which I should be

I TOOK DELIBERATE AIM.

unequal. It came on the Big Muddy. Listen:

"We were camped in the quaking aspen. Snow had fallen, and the elk were coming down. You could hear them bugling on every side just before dawn. It is easy to stop a band of elk, as they pass near your camp, by imitating their call upon an empty cartridge shell. I have learned the trick, and Jack had no hesitation in permitting me to choose my own trail one morning and follow it alone afoot, he and the guides scattering in other directions. The taste of the camp coffee was still upon my lips; my cheeks tingled with the frosty breath of the morning air as I kept cautiously to the windward of the elk, whose trumpeting stirred me like martial music.

"A stray bear track showed here and there in the fresh snow. But I was after elk. A hundred miles lay between our camp and the nearest settlement. Ah! the solitude of those woods!"

Mrs. Jack leans back in her chair and sighs reminiscently as she gazes into the blazing hearth fire—a charming picture in her house gown of old blue, brightened with gleams of Persian embroidery, lustrous with quaint jewels.

"I had gone three miles, perhaps four, over fallen spruce, up the steep side of ragged mountain, when crash, across my trail came a band of elk, headed by a magnificent bull.

"Crouching behind a bowlder, I waited. I have waited so often for big game, from Alaska to the gulf. Jack says I have seen more than he can ever hope to see, if he lives to be a hundred. My hand was steady. Jack often gets buck fever. I never do. I took deliberate aim. The elk came toward the bullet and dropped dead without a struggle. Blazing the trail, as I retraced it toward the camp for the pack animals, I saw that there were new bear tracks. I was not out that day for bear, and I did not care to come upon one alone, although I had no thought of shirking the encounter were it forced upon me.

"A bear in a bear pit is a clumsy creature. In the woods he challenges your admiration by his clever fashion of covering the ground without apparent effort. The one I soon descried ahead of me was lumbering along like a bunch of tumbleweed, lengthening the distance between us at a rapid rate.

"Foolishly I indulged myself in a shot at him, striking his shoulder. He turned upon me with a roar of pain. At that instant I needed all my nerve. This time I chose a tree for cover and waited. He came on, without a halt, straight toward me. I fired again, missing him. I was just about to try a third shot when the test came, of which I have spoken."

"The test?" murmurs the society, breathlessly.

"The test of my courage to which I had always felt I should be unequal.

I WAS LYING ACROSS THE BEAR'S BODY.

The thing I had dreaded in my forest wanderings with Jack."

"What?" the society demands, with one voice.

"I had raised my rifle when I felt something fluttering in my hair. I fancied a leader had slipped from my hat rim. Oh, horror, it was a spider—and as I shook my head violently to dislodge it, it struggled into my ear.

"I have never been conscious of having fired that third shot. Somehow the rifle was discharged, and by the same chance the bullet laid the bear low.

"I fainted, and when I came to myself, I was lying across the bear's body, with six strange men standing around me.

"Ten thousand boiler factories were at work in my brain. 'Hear the noises,' I cried. 'Will no one stop them?'

"And now comes the strangest part of my story.

"The engineer of Jack's yacht once got a mosquito in his ear. It drove him quite mad before we could find a doctor. He hung over the yacht's side, held by six of the crew, begging for death. When the doctor arrived upon the scene, he applied a handkerchief, wet with ether, to the man's ear, quieting the mosquito's struggles and restoring the man to sanity.

"I believed myself in the man's plight, stark, staring mad, when, upon this peak of Darien, 500 miles from an ambulance and a surgeon, I heard one of the men to whom I had so wildly appealed reply, quietly: 'Have no fear, madam, you are in safe hands, for we are all doctors.'

"They deluged my ear with water from a near-by stream, which they brought in a tin cup. Finding the spider still unsubdued, one of the doctors asked for a hypodermic syringe. Five were instantly proffered. An icy arrow penetrated, seemingly, to the seat of the gray matter, still without effect upon the spider, whose pernicious activity caused me indescribable agony.

"'Ether is the only remedy,' I said, at last, and as coherently as I could I repeated the story of the engineer.

"'Ether'—cheerfully returned the doctor who was attending to me—'why, of course. Brown, fetch out your ether-bottle,' and if Brown did not produce from the depths of his waistcoat-pocket a small bottle of ether, may I be instantly retired from the presidency of our society. It transpired later that Brown was a physician with an alien hobby—entomology—and carried ether with him everywhere to anaesthetize his specimens.

"In an instant relief came — such blessed relief as only one who has passed through an experience like mine can appreciate.

"The rest of the story is soon told. When I had gathered myself together, the six doctors presented themselves to me with due formality. They dined that night at our camp, on my elk.

"Jack was thoroughly ashamed of me. For what did the elk and the bear matter, with the memory of the spider fresh in our minds?

"No, decidedly," Mrs. Jack repeats, as the maid fetches her a second cup of tea, "I shall never dare to look a tiger in the face, after my Waterloo on the Big Muddy. It would have been a pleasing legend for my tombstone—this:

" 'One
To whom the forests were an open book;
Who joined to Diana's darting the skill of her spear
Lies here
Slain by a bug in her ear.' "

—Mary Wakeman Botsford, in San Francisco Argonaut.

—G. W. M. Reynolds selected "Master Timothy" when writing his choice essays, which bore the title "Master Timothy's Bookcase."

HE ASKED FOR BUTTERMILK.

And the Weary Waiter Lived Over Again the Joys of the Farm.

"How's the buttermilk?" asked the tired man; and the weary waiter looked the ennui he felt as he answered:

"Churned fresh every hour."

"Well, now, give me a glass from the last hour, and let her be full," said the tired man. Then he unfolded the midnight edition, smiling as if memories haunted him, and never seeing a line of all the black type which tried to startle suited humanity. He was thinking of buttermilk fresh from the churn, and the big, staring headlines were as blank paper before him. The weary waiter disturbed his reveries.

"Buttermilk's all out, sir."

He said the "sir" as one who follows a vacant form, and meant nothing by it.

"I'm sorry," said the tired man, talking coffee and sandwich—of course—and still conjuring up pictures of the country.

"Great thing when you're tired," said he, smiling, and looking past the weary waiter and the coffee urn, and the blank wall beyond. "Ha! I can hear the soft chug of the churn dasher yet when the butter is coming. Gets lighter then, and splashes inside, and the yellow drifts wash down from the hollows in the lid, and you hit twice half way at once clear down, and—butter's come."

The weary waiter smiled without releasing his stare at the street, silent in midnight darkness.

"And they put the buttermilk down in the springhouse in a great big jar, and the water swishes around it, and there's a board on top, with a stone to keep it down. And Sunday morning you curry the horses and turn them out on the clover pasture, and dive off the bank in the river and take a wash, and put on a clean hickory shirt and your Sunday clothes, and lay down in the shade of the apple tree in the long, soft grass, and catch the wind from the woods and the music of the cow bells far away—and then you think of the buttermilk."

"That's right," said the weary waiter, as he rearranged the sugar bowl and spoon holder.

"And you go down and dip it up with a big tin cup, and drink it in great big swallows, and the other boys come in and we all sit there and drink and talk of the tough times we are having, and chatter about the girls, and josh each other about going home with them from meeting, and after while dinner is ready, and we go in and eat fried chicken and mashed potatoes, and biscuits and custard pie—"

"U-m-m," said the weary waiter, fervently.

"And then again along in the afternoon," resumed the tired man, "we get out there when the sun is down, and we have another cupful, and the whippoorwill is booming from some place up in the clouds, and the katydid is telling of the frost just six weeks ahead, and the cattle are standing along the barnyard fence, with the smell of fresh milk in the mellow air, and the tin cup has yellow flecks all over the sides, and we fill it again and drink—"

"Or in the harvest field," said the weary waiter.

"Yes, when the women folks send it out in a jug, with a slab of ginger bread in the long forenoon, and we take great swallows—"

"And sweat—"

"And sweat, and buckle down with the cradle and the rake, and set up a shock to shade the buttermilk—"

"And a rain comes up, and we run for the barn." The weary waiter stood erect, and smiled delightedly.

"Ah, yes! Ah, yes! That was life, after all."

The tired man took his check to the desk and waited outside for an owl car to come along; but all the time he was thinking of that mellow nectar, which mingles the acids and sweets of rural ecstacy, and all the tired insistence of his journey home could not impress the city's hopelessness upon him.—Washington Star.

Stag and Snake.

There is no beast in the world to which more legendary virtues are attributed than to the stag; partly owing to the tale of St. Hubert, partly to a supposed antipathy of stags towards serpents, partly to a peculiar mass of gristle in the shape of a cross which is found in the animal's heart. A whole book might be written on the miraculous power of the hart, and the efficacy of different parts of him against the troubles of this evil world. Foulloux, in the 16th century, gives a long list, and Master Robert Topsel fills page upon page with them; but our author in his solid English fashion is chary about accepting such stories. Men say, he admits, that when a stag is right old he beateth a serpent with his foot till she be wroth, and then eateth her, and then goeth to drink, and then runneth hither and thither until the water and venom be meddled together, and maketh him cast all his evil humors that he had in his body, and maketh his flesh come all new. But, he adds, with the solemnity of Herodotus himself, "thereof make I none affirmation." And this phrase occurs again and again, for the count of Foix is too great and noble a hunter that any assertion of his should be laughed at.—Macmillan's Magazine.

A Possibility.

Carson—Wouldn't it be an awful thing for Henpeck if his wife died?

Vokes—Not so very, unless she died by accident.

Carson—By accident! What difference would that make?

Vokes—Well, if she had time before dying, she would tell him how her funeral was to be conducted, what he was to do during the remainder of his life, and appoint a place to meet him on the other side of Jordan.—Truth.

—Health officers want $300,000 with which to fight tuberculosis in New York state. They claim that the disease is the one most prevalent among human beings and animals in the state.

ROAMING HEARTS.

Strange Instances of the Frisky Nature of That Organ.

The human heart has been up to some queer freaks of late in various parts of the United States. Indiana leads, as she usually does, in the matter of freaks. In the town of Anderson in that lively commonwealth, lives one John Reville, an enterprising and hard-working baker. It was Reville's good or bad fortune, as he looks at it, to woo and win Mary Hastings, esteemed by many of the youths of Indiana. When the engagement of the baker to Mary was announced there was much anger among the girl's less favored suitors.

Henry Jameson, who had felt certain of Mary's affections, did not content himself with mere words. He lay in wait for Reville on the night of January 30, and when the happy lover left the house of his fiancee Jameson rushed on him and, pressing a pistol to Reville's heart, pulled the trigger. That would have been the end of Reville had he been like other people. But it had happened during a recent illness his heart had shifted from the left to the right side, so that the bullet that was to have ended his life sped harmlessly between his seventh and eighth ribs, and to-day he is about again almost as well as ever, and preparing for the wedding. As for Jameson, he is in jail, thanking his stars, now that his jealousy has cooled down, that nature helped him to escape the gallows.

Almost as queer is the case of Marion Elmore, of Chicago. Marion is a young woman of 19, and is employed as a saleswoman in a dry goods store. No one ever suspected that there was anything wrong with her heart until the other day, when she underwent an examination by the medical examiner of a life insurance company. The medical man found that Marion had been born with a proper enough heart, but it had gradually worked its way over from the left to the right side, being located now close to the ribs, in the place where the liver ought to be.

Miss Hattie Benedict has a heart that for months past has been in a state of transit, moving from its normal position toward the right side and up and down and then back again. Miss Benedict lives in Marengo, Wayne county, this state. Four months ago she fell into a trance that lasted until a few days ago, when she practically regained consciousness. Dr. William Hubbell, who had her in charge, said the first words she uttered were:

"I am alive. Please do not bury me."

Then she passed her hand to her right side and declared that her "heart" was hurting her. Dr. Hubbell made an examination and found that the heart had shifted fully four inches to the right and two inches upward. The doctor was by no means surprised, as the heart had been guilty of similar eccentricity three times during the trance condition. Each time the organ went back to its old position, and Dr. Hubbell declares there is no danger to be apprehended. He can give no reason for the strange phenomenon.

Elmer Harris' heart began to change two years ago. Harris lives in Minneapolis, and the doctors there have been keeping close watch on him. They say that every three months Harris' heart has moved half an inch with absolute regularity in a diagonal line toward the lower right side of the body. The movement seems to take place in jumps that occur toward the end of every third month. When the migration is going to stop is a problem that is filling the unfortunate owner of the heart with much uneasiness. His general health does not seem to have been affected, and he says he feels no pain. He never knows that his heart has shifted until the doctors tell him so after each move.

Here in New York city Dr. Cyrus Edson has a queer case in one of the patients whom he has treated for consumption with his famous remedy. The patient had lost one lung, the right, before he came to Dr. Edson, and had been given up as a hopeless case by a half dozen physicians. Dr. Edson himself had but little hope of effecting a cure, as the left lung had been attacked. But he gave the patient the usual hypodermic injections, and to everyone's surprise the man recovered.

To-day he is apparently as well as ever he was, though he has but one lung. But a strange thing has happened. In accordance with nature's usual law of compensation by which one organ that has to perform the functions of two is correspondingly strengthened, the patient's remaining lung has been very much enlarged. So great has this enlargement become that the heart has been displaced, and now beats about the middle of the man's body.—N. Y. Journal.

Railroad Repartee.

A very smart young man wishing to supply amusement for a group of young ladies that accompanied him, accosted the conductor of a railroad train as follows:

"My dear conductor, what—er—do you call an up train?"

"Why, a train that blows up, explodes, goes to smash—anything of that sort."

"Ah, yes, to be sure. And—er—what do you call a down train?"

"Down train?—why, that's a train that goes down an embankment, or through a trestle-work; has some sort of a fall, you know."

The young ladies were laughing heartily at these answers, which embarrassed the young man, and desperately pointing to the train they were about to board, he asked: "And where might this train be going?"

"Oh," replied the conductor, "we never agree to answer those questions beforehand."—Harper's Round Table.

A Great Difference.

Smith—How are you, Jones?

Jones—Excuse me, I don't know you.

Smith—You knew me when you borrowed that ten dollars.

Jones—Well, I don't want to borrow anything now.—Bay City Chat.

MONEY IN POSTAGE STAMPS.

A Chicagoan Who Does a Paying Business of a Novel Kind.

A wholesale brokerage in stamps has netted $300,000 a year and the business has had a 17-years' history in Chicago.

The publication of hundreds and hundreds of papers of all sorts and circulation gave birth to this absolute necessity—the cashing of postage stamps in all quantities.

Consider for a moment: In one day, when the world's fair picture coupon craze was at its craziest, one of Chicago's morning dailies received $3,500 in postage stamps. What could be done with them? They were not good at the banks. The paper had no time to peddle them, and the cash must be realized at once to run business or at least to save interest.

Such a state of affairs, only of somewhat milder character, happening daily, nearly a score of years ago, came to the knowledge of one George H. Owens, who was looking for something easy. Sweeping together some bits of capital into a bank account, Owens quietly circulated among the heavier stamp receiving business concerns of the town and bid all the way from 95 to 97 cents on the dollar for all the odd job lots of vault stored stamps that he could get track of.

At first the tedious recount of the great quantities of stamps at the time of purchase was made with the aid of the merchant selling them. This, however, proved a torment — detached, wrinkled up and stuck together as most of the big lots were. After wasting of much valuable time on the part of their cashiers over what was everywhere considered an utter nuisance, the banks, newspaper offices and business houses gradually shifted the count on him altogether—save a cursory sizing up of the "pesky torments" as they came in.

Owens simply called around, picked up the bundles of little government photos, gave his check for the count indicated on the bundle, and when he got home, if there was a mistake, he charged it up to the customer, and it went as a discount on the next deal, without a question. The same thing ruled, after a time, in the matter of the packages retailed. They were paid for unhesitatingly, and any mistake his customers might afterwards speak of finding Owens would cheerfully allow. Thus absolute confidence was established.

Chicago mail order houses and newspaper counting rooms were not slow in advising their other city friends of the Chicago cure for the stamp curse, and thus the stamp broker was freely and without expense advertised from Maine to California, until after years of much profit the "old man" retired on his pile, to be succeeded by his son, who in his stock exchange office the other day showed the writer an order he had just received from an eastern brewing company for 400,000 two-cent stamps ($8,000 worth) at one per cent. discount.

Most of the stamps handled are ones, twos and threes; other denominations only as the broker has customers for them. Great quantities of Canadians are trafficked, showing an immense mail order trade for Chicago with Canada.

Many counting rooms in Chicago and over the country cash $1,000 worth of stamps every few days at either 98 cents or 99 cents, and are glad of the chance.

After reaching the broker's hands there is but one feature of interest connected with the repacking of stamps for retail delivery. This is absolutely wonderful counting by sight that is done by the girls who attend to this part of the work.

Opening upon the table before her a big envelope stuffed with all sorts of stamps, as they are brought from the merchant, the girl with one dexterous dash of her right hand sweeps the heap to a single stump level; an instant, not more, she looks at them; then one finger darts through the broad layer with evidently no more system than a streak of lightning, but that leaves the carpet of stamps looking like a colored map of the United States. Another pass or two of the infinitely dexterous fingers, and the stamps are gone. Not 20 seconds have elapsed.

What did she do? In that 20 seconds she counted, sorted, piled and rewrapped 5,000 unattached, mixed-up stamps of three denominations. It was without question the most marvelous feat of counting the writer ever witnessed—and he has seen many of the famous United States treasury finger counters. The counting of the stamp instance was done entirely with the eye—a fact that only increases the mystery, considering that the stamps were all in a crazy-quilt jumble. — Chicago Tribune.

Prize Poker Story.

Capt. John A. Duble, an old Mississippi steamboat man, tells a story of a game of cards played by a cotton broker named Weed, during the war. "He boarded my boat," he says, "at Cairo, after he had made a successful trip off a cargo of cotton for the landing. He placed in the clerk's office of the boat a box about the size of a candle box, but securely nailed and strapped with iron bands. Weed hailed me as I was passing through the cabin. 'Captain,' said he, 'send me a boy and your carpenter.' When they were on hand he told the boy to bring the box out and the carpenter to open it. It was full of crisp greenbacks. Then he proceeded to run up against the game of a gang of old river sharks, and by the time we got down stream he did not have a dollar. He told me he lost $500,000 between St. Louis and New Orleans. The last time I saw Weed he was river reporter in New Orleans, and he seemed as perfectly happy as though he still had his $500,000."—Washington Post.

—Humility is like a tree, whose root, when it sets deepest in the earth, rises higher and spreads fairer and stands surer and lasts longer, and every step of its descent is like a rib of iron.—Jeremy Taylor

STRANGE IMAGININGS.

Curious Pranks Played by the Mind on Some People.

Some years ago a number of students in Europe were concerned in the charge which demonstrated the powerful effects of imagination. In a frolic they donned disguises and arrested another student, whom they tried in a theatrically-arranged and dimly-lighted chamber, and condemned to death. For several hours they kept their horror-stricken victim in a darkened room, and, having informed him that he was to be beheaded, bandaged his eyes and led him to another apartment.

A crowd was assembled, but restrained their mirth, as the victim of the practical joke was forced to kneel down, and placed his neck across the spindle of a three-legged stool. They prepared for a great outburst of laughter as the neck of the poor young fellow was touched with a slender cane; but, instead, had to shed tears of regret for the action, as immediately upon being touched with the cane the young man fell dead.

A man had been cured of a somewhat serious illness, but had the misfortune to consider himself dead, and refused to converse with his friends or take the food and stimulants they provided. He was fast sinking when they hit upon a plan, and, hiring a coffin, they placed him inside, and with due formality proceeded to inter him—in the dark coal cellar.

Shortly afterward one of his friends was carried into the cellar also in a coffin, which, in addition to his body, contained a liberal supply of wine and food. The man who believed himself dead was surprised when he saw his "companion corpse" sit up and feast upon the good things placed in the coffin. He remonstrated with him, but being informed that it was customary to indulge in food in the world in which they were as well as in the world in which they had left, he joined in the feast. Shortly afterward he held rational conversation with his friend, and was soon recovered.

A lady holding a high position in society suddenly imagined that her husband had sustained a serious financial reverse, and, notwithstanding the protests of her husband, set about adapting herself to the supposed change in her circumstances. She disposed of her jewelry, discharged her servants and rented a small cottage and in its window displayed a card bearing the intimation that she was prepared to undertake plain sewing.

Various devices were adopted by her anxious family to convince her of the actual state of her affairs, and ultimately a friend presented her with a check for many thousand pounds. This broke down her craving, and induced her to undertake a prolonged journey on the continent. Her overstrained brain was restored to its normal condition, though she always believed afterwards that she had been in straitened circumstances.

The effect of pernicious literature upon the young lads has often been illustrated by disclosures in police courts, but it would scarcely be believed that the sensational stories published by some "boys' journals" could have serious effect upon the imagination of a man of over 60 years. Yet such actually occurred in the north of England.

He had spent a large portion of his time in reading such "literature," and eventually came to the conclusion that he was fitted for a life of frolic and adventure, like many another "hero." In the first stage of his vagaries he played tricks, such as were described in the stories, upon his neighbors, banging their knockers and ringing their bells, etc., and afterward he became an amateur highwayman, having as the implements of his adopted profession a small crape mask and a large horse pistol.

When he adopted his knickerbockers, cutaway coat, slouched hat, with the mask over his eyes and pistol under his arm, he walked through a crowded thoroughfare in midday searching for some one to hold up." He attracted a crowd, and was taken in charge by a friendly constable. He was cured of his powerful imagination by ridicule alone.

Another man came to the conclusion that he had lost his head, and was only convinced that such was not the case by having a heavy lead hat, which had been expressly made, placed upon it, and the pressure after a time made him understand that he had conceived an erroneous impression.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Feigned Deafness.

In a regiment in India a private wanted to get home and saw no other way than shamming deafness. He reported himself sick and was sent to the hospital. The doctors tried all sorts of ways to find him out, but he was too sharp for them. One day the doctor determined to try him by firing a pistol off just behind him, but he got to hear of the experiment and of course was prepared for it. As he and his chum were sitting on their cots opposite each other smoking the doctor stole into the room unawares as he thought, and fired the pistol close to his ear. He, however, took no notice of the report, but on seeing the smoke he turned to his chum and said: "Put your pipe out, you fool, the doctor will be round directly." His ruse worked.—N. Y. Post.

A Sort of Curfew Bell.

It is obligatory in Seoul, the capital of Corea, for every man to go home at sunset, when the ringing of the large bronze bell of the city is a signal for every man to retire to his home. Any man found in the streets after sunset, when the city gates are closed, is liable to be flogged for a breach of the law. The women are, however, allowed to go out to take the air and gossip with their friends. Another curious distinction between men and women is that the latter have no name before marriage, and that after marriage the husband becomes answerable for his wife's misdemeanor and, in his own person, suffers the penalty inflicted.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Question Answered.

Lecturer (who intends to trace the origin of certain dishes and give their historical significance)—Now, ladies and gentlemen, many of you will doubtless be surprised at the question I am about to ask: "Why do we eat mince pie?"

Voice (from a dyspeptic-looking auditor)—Because we are fools.—N. Y. Weekly.

Point in Etiquette.

Yahsley—Say, when a fellow calls on a girl, should he leave his hat and cane in the hall or take them into the parlor?

Mudge—Well, if the girl is living in a boarding-house, and the hat and cane are worth anything, I think he had better hang outo them.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Fickleness of Fame.

The world has very many tombs
Whose owner's names are hid,
And yet they may have done as much
As Mary ever did.

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

ROUND TO SUCCEED.

Miss Gay—I should think Miss Highflyer would go on the stage; her imitations are just splendid.

Mrs. Caustic—Yes, even her diamonds would look like the real article.—To-Date.

Nearly as Bad.

"There's a letter in my pocket that I wouldn't let my wife see for anything."

"You don't mean to say that some other woman is writing to you?"

"Oh, no; it's just one of her letters which I've been forgetting to post!"—Chicago Record.

At the Tournament.

"Say, you won the bicycle race, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Your name is Walker, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, I won the pedestrian match, and my name is Ryder."

"Great Scott! Let's go and take something."—Chicago Tribune.

No Moral Responsibility.

Judge—Murphy, you are drunk again.

M.—Yesh, your-ronor.

J.—Didn't you solemnly promise me, when I let you off last time, that you would never get drunk again?

M.—Yesh, your-ronor, but I wush drunk at the time, your-ronor. I wushn't 'sponsible for what I shaid.—Bay City Chat.

A Contingency.

"See here," said the judge, in a disgusted tone, "don't you think it is silly to charge this man with assault when all he did was to hit you with a sausage?"

"No, indeed, I do not!" savagely answered the complainant. "How do I know but it may give me hydrophobia?" Buffalo Express.

Lightning Rapidity.

"Wonderful eye that boy of mine's got," said the proud father.

"That so?" mechanically replied the man who was trying to get away.

"You never saw such a sense of proportion," cried the proud father. "Pass that boy the cake dish, and he'll spot the biggest piece on it every time."—N. Y. Recorder.

Not Altogether Inappropriate.

"How is trade?" inquired the acquaintance who had dropped in.

"Dull," gloomily replied the undertaker. "I wish I could think of some business to run in connection with this."

"How would fire insurance do?" asked the visitor, after some reflection.—Chicago Tribune.

A Disappointment.

"I was robbed last night," said Penhigh, "by a highwayman while on my way home from the shop."

"The deuce," ejaculated Deskly, sympathetically, "that was too bad."

"Precisely what the footpad said when he went through my pockets and found only 11 cents and a postage stamp."—Texas Siftings.

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UNCLE SAM—I'll be glad to have you join our School.

The Cause of It.

Stranger—Look at those ill-kempt little children. Whose are they?

Henpeck—Mine, sir.

Stranger—Indeed? Are you so poor as all that?

Henpeck—Oh, no; I've plenty of this world's goods, but my wife is a reformer.—Town Topics.

The Supreme Test.

You may be above suspicion,
Noted for your erudition,
Or have bettered man's condition
By the good that you have done,
But this fact I'm free to mention,
You have missed life's chief intention
If some second-grade convention
Has not dubbed you "favorite son."

—Chicago Record.

His Effort as a Diplomat.

Smith—I tried to pay the new woman a compliment last night, but it didn't seem to be appreciated.

Robinson—What did you say?

Smith—I said that the new woman would leave large footprints on the sands of time.—N. Y. World.

More Bad Luck.

Mr. Winks (looking over the paper)—Cheap, Drugg & Co. are selling all sorts of patent medicines at half price.

Mrs. Winks—Just our luck. There isn't anything the matter with any of us.—N. Y. Weekly.

Didn't Wait for an Answer.

Swellington (at the soiree)—I wonder if that plain woman is trying to flirt with me?

Cooler (politely)—I can find out, sir, by asking her. She's my wife.—Tit-Bits.

A Variety of Charms.

"Music hath charms," 'tis said,
"To soothe the savage breast."
Also to abstract the dollars
From the pockets of your vest
When a pretty girl says to you—
"Oh, take me to the opera! Do!"

—Town Topics.

Different.

"Her fiance is a pronounced brunette, is he not?" said one young woman.

"No," replied the other; "he is a Russian. He can be spelled, but not pronounced."—Washington Star.

Reposing Orders.

Patron (at church fair festival)—Oyster stew, please.

Waitress (to cook)—Oysters, two.—N. Y. Weekly.

Not Hard to Catch.

Newcombe—I beg your pardon, I did not quite catch your name. What is it?

Stranger—Ball.—Brooklyn Life.

How She Managed.

"I like that girl," said Woodby Witte, "because whenever I tell her anything amusing she laughs in the right place."

"Yes," replied his friend. "She told me how she manages it."

"Why—er—how is that?"

"She says she always watches you and laughs when you do."—Washington Star.

The Expected Happens.

He was Claude,
She was Maude,
They married but soon separated.
She was Maude,
He was Clawed,
A climax all anticipated.

—Detroit Free Press.

A GENTLE REMINDER.

"Golly! Dat reminds me ez how I'se beern tell dat steal 'tracts lightnin'. Guess I better be gittin out o' here."—N. Y. Herald.

She Was Both.

"So that there's a new woman, is it?" asked Uncle Ebenezer.

"It is," replied his city nephew.

"Why, dern me, I'd have put her down as an old woman."

"Well, she's that, too," admitted the city nephew, as he got a good look at her face.—Chicago Evening Post.

Willing to Forget.

"Aren't you the same beggar that I gave half a pie to last week?"

"I guess I am, mum; but I'm willin' to let bygones be bygones. It ain't in my heart to bear no malice."—Indianapolis Tribune.

Not His Brother's Keeper.

"Aren't you going to look for the man who eloped with your wife?"

"No. Why should I? He is a stranger to me and able to look out for himself."—N. Y. World.

FARM AND GARDEN

SHADED HIGHWAYS.

Why Every Progressive Citizen Should Encourage Tree Planting.

If all the road supervisors of the land were wheelmen, more attention would be paid to the planting of trees along the public highways.

The pleasure of a summer day ride is greatly heightened if the road leads where the friendly shade of trees meets full across it.

The cool fragrance of the woods is made enjoyable because of the contrast between its beautiful archways and the sunny stretches beyond. But when all the roads through woodlands, whose surroundings would become monotonous, but not so painfully so as when

A FAVORITE SUMMER ROAD.

the way is wholly in the glare of the sun.

The ideal road is that one where sun and shadow happily blend and intermingle. Such highways can be provided if sufficient attention is given to the planting and care of trees. Wheelmen should use their influence to encourage tree planting.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

TREATMENT OF GARGET.

Poke Root and Cream Will Do Much to Relieve the Pain.

The cause of garget in cows is most excessive flow and richness of milk, which, if the bag is not relieved, often causes inflammation and congestion and caking. It is always the best cow that is troubled in this way. The evil is made greater by feeding too high a diet, what will produce a large flow of milk. The bag or udder of cows should be examined frequently for several days before the cow calves. If it seems distended it should be relieved by milking out all that can be got from the teats at least once, and, better still, twice a day. We have sometimes milked ten days or more before the cow calved. If the milking is begun it must be attended to every day, as the act of milking increases the milk flow. Rubbing the udder after all the milk is drawn with a salve made of garget root or poke root and cream will do much to relieve the pain. We have used the poke root for this purpose, and have known it to be used by others. It is a weed that grows very luxuriantly on newly-cleared land, and its berries are familiar to every boy in the country, as their red juice is often used to write with. The poke root is reputed to be poisonous if eaten, but it is excellent to steep and let simmer down with cream or milk as a salve for inflamed surfaces of any kind.—American Dairyman.

AERATION OF MILK.

Some of the Reasons Why It Is Necessary in Cold Weather.

It is remarkable that many dairymen who are very particular about airing the milk during the summer become careless on the approach of cold weather. While the milk will not sour so readily at this season, it is just as necessary to rid it of the animal heat by airing it as soon as taken from the cow. Neglect of this gives the milk that peculiar animal odor of which housekeepers often complain, and which they overcome in part by pouring the milk into a shallow vessel and placing it in a current of air. Besides creating a prejudice against the use of milk, the odor affects the flavor.

Airing is, in some respects, even more necessary in winter than in summer. Not merely is the cow kept under more confined conditions, but the food is different. Instead of the tender, juicy, succulent grass, she partakes of strong-tasting food which must inevitably impart a foreign flavor to the milk. This is, of course, very objectionable; but it can be taken out by thorough airing directly after milking.

'TWOULD SET THEM THINKIN'.

Our roads would be level and hard and neat,
And planned in a better style,
If horses could ride on the cushioned seat
And men do the pulling awhile.

—Good Roads.

A Leak That Should Be Stopped.

How many farmers outside of regular dairymen ever take time to test their cows and calculate whether or not they are profitable and paying for their keep. One good cow should furnish milk and butter bountifully for any ordinary sized family, but how often do we see three or four head kept for this purpose, and then the wants of the family are not at all times supplied. This is a leak that should be stopped the coming year if you want to increase your prosperity.—Crabtree's Farmer.

KNOW THYSELF

you going to do with that
thing?" Rats, rats, I said.
rid this house of rats with
animal in no time. "Well, W
if you can do that with your
will credit you with having
an excellent trade." I ask
when I might begin work
time; now, if you wish," s
wered. I went next door to
neighbor's boy to help me cle
the rats. This lady and m
not on speaking terms. S
mad at ma as soon as she h
ma's having a pony and w
She was not mad at me, tho
She said her little boy might
me, but before she let him g
called him aside and whis
something in his ear. We w
our house and plugged up all the
rat holes we could find except
two. We left one open in the din
ing room and one in the kitchen
near the door. Ma had a party;
the ladies were sitting around the
tea table, when the neighbor's
turned the ferret into the hole in
the kitchen. I don't think it w
more than three minutes after the
ferret went to work when the fl
of the dining room was alive with
rats. The ladies overturned the
in their haste to mount the
chairs. They gathered their skirts
around themselves and screamed
and hollowed, rats, rats. I called
ont ferret; the ladies thought I
cried fire, and they cried fire. The
policeman turned in the fire alarm;
the chemical engine came thunder-
ing along and stopped in front of
our house, and the firemen unrolled
the hose and ran into our parlor
and dining room with the gas
streaming from the nozzle of the
pipe. Some of the ladies fainted
and had to be carried out. I succeeded in explaining to the chief of
the fire department the cause of all
the commotion. He turned me
over to the police who took me to
the police station. I sent for pa
who bailed me out. The next
morning I told my story to the pol
lice judge. He laughed and told
me that I was free. This I think
is the reason ma has it in for me.
And I believe the neighbor woman
whispered to her little boy to send
the ferret into the hole in the
kitchen, so as to break up ma's
party. WILLIE.

P. S. I guess pa will get a res
now. He has agreed with ma
move to Loch Lynn. The recor
charter granted for that place read
"all persons residing in Loch Lyn
six months prior to the next electio
will be entitled to a vote." M
says that will give her a vote.

W.

e Yourself

elieve.

gest stock of FURNITURE and
that was ever assembled unde
sting of

W SHADES, WALL PAPER,
PICTURES.

you the lowest prices ever a
s, all of which you will believe
hen you come to our mammot
values—guarantee them by tele
t anything you buy here, you ma
y back, if after getting it hom

ATOMS OF ELECTRICITY.

Calculation That Seems Incomprehensible to the Average Intelligence.

Have you any idea what "an atom of electricity" would look, feel, taste or smell like. In short, have you a mind that is capable of imagining what such an infinitesimal division of the incomprehensible "fluid" would be? We think not. The editor has spent his life "delving in the realms of the wonderful." Yet he is free to confess that he has no more of an idea what an atom of electricity would be than he has of what is to be understood by the words "soul" and "eternity." But there are those who have been spending hours, days and weeks exploring and investigating in the bottomless ocean of electrical mysteries, and who have arrived at some startling conclusions. That such a thing as "an atom of electricity" exists has been believed in by a number of eminent electricians and philosophers, among them the honored Helmholtz and our own Thomas A. Edison. Working on the theories advanced by the former, Prof. Richarz, a well-known European investigator, has made some experiments in that line that have startled even the electricians—men who come in daily contact with things of the most wonderful nature. According to a recent determination of Prof. Richarz, the smallest possible quantity of electricity—that which may properly be termed "an atom"—is such that 430 multiplied by 1,000,000 three times; that is to say, by the cube of million, will give the number of atoms in a coulomb of electricity.—St. Louis Republic.

What Ailed Johnnie.

Mrs. Chaffie—There is something the matter with Johnnie. He sits around all day and mopes, and he has no appetite.

Mr. Chaffie—Yes; I used to be that way myself when I was his age. He is either going to have the mumps or he is in love.—Texas Sifter.

—Tramps applying hereafter for relief in Manchester, England, will be required to perform one full day's work before continuing on their journey. On the second day's application four days will be demanded.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

I LOVE YOU YET

By America's Great Song Writer, Monroe H. Rosenfeld, Is the prettiest song ever written. Ask your music dealer to show it to you, or send 25 cts. in stamps, which is just half price, to CHARLES W. HELD, Publisher, 309 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and he will mail it to you.

A. N. K.—C. 1600

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Pain often concentrates all its Misery in RHEUMATISM

Use at once ST. JACOBS OIL If you want to feel it concentrate its healing in a cure.

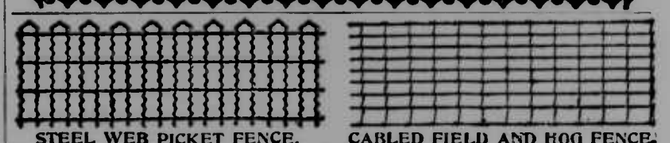

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We manufacture a complete line of Smooth Wire Fencing and guarantee every article to be as represented. If you consider quality we can save you money. CATALOGUE FREE.

DE KALB FENCE CO., 122 HIGH ST., DE KALB, ILL.

It's a slow process,

usually—education, development, and growth. But it hasn't been so with Pearline (use with-out soap). Pearline's success has been a wonder, from the start. All the more so when you consider the many poor imitations of it, which claim to make washing easy

These things tend to confuse people, of course. They're forced on the public by peddlers, prizes, substitution, etc. No doubt they're often thought to be the same as Pearline We protest. Don't judge Pearline (use no soap) by the company it has to keep. 471

MILLIONS NOW USE Pearline

The coming Artist who knows enough to paint a popular subject.

BattleAx PLUG

A GREAT BIG PIECE FOR 10 CENTS

You get 5⅓ oz. of "Battle Ax" for 10 cents. You only get 3½ oz. of other brands of no better quality for 10 cents. In other words, if you buy "Battle Ax" you get 2 oz. more of high grade tobacco for the same money. Can you afford to resist this fact? We say NO—unless you have "Money to Burn."

Different Now.

Mrs. Gaddie—Why, Mr. Gaddie, you have been drinking!

Mr. Gaddie—Yes, my dear, I have been drinking, but I am not drunk. I have been drinking, but I am not going to drink any more. I have been drinking, but I am not going to drink any more because I have been drinking.—Chicago Tribune.

Of the Same Kind.

"Do you like pie?" asked the waiter.

"Yes," answered the boarder, "but I don't like to see a man get more than his share of the same kind of pie if they have it often. A man's heart is cut out on the plan as his stomach, only on a smaller scale."—Atchison Globe.

SOW DAINTILY across the street
A woman trips with grace complete,
While man, inferior in all,
Can never trip without a fall.

—Washington Times.

DESPISE not any man, and do not spurn anything. For there is no man that hath not his hour, nor is there anything that hath not its place.—Rabbi Ben Azai.

"FINE feathers do not make fine birds."
But every harum-scarum
Is not a prince; so heed my words:
If you've fine feathers, wear 'em.

—Harper's Weekly.

IN NEW YORK.—"Hello, Jones! How did you get here?" "Walked." "Walked! from Buffalo! What did you do that for?" "Oh, we brought the baby. He's teething."—Truth.

"THERE is only one girl in this world for me,"
Is the song he was oft heard to holler;
And, come to find out, the one he adored
Was the girl on the almighty dollar.

—Yonkers Statesman.

GADDLETON—"I believe a child's ambition should be encouraged. Now, I'm sure my boy wears just as good clothes as I do." Wiggins—"H'm! Cut down to fit him, I suppose you mean?"—Texas Siftings.

SAID a bicycle boy: "Now then,
I will ride like the racing men!"
But he got into trouble,
For he beat himself double,
And couldn't head back again.

—Buffalo Express.

A Question Answered.

Lecturer (who intends to trace the origin of certain dishes and give their historical significance)—Now, ladies and gentlemen, many of you will doubtless be surprised at the question I am about to ask: "Why do we eat mince pie?"

Voice (from a dyspeptic-looking auditor)—Because we are fools.—N. Y. Weekly.

Point in Etiquette.

Yabsley—Say, when a fellow calls on a girl, should he leave his hat and cane in the hall or take them into the parlor?

Mudge—Well, if the girl is living in a boarding-house, and the hat and cane are worth anything, I think he had better hang outo them.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Fickleness of Fame.

The world has very many lambs
Whose owner's names are hid,
And yet they may have done as much
As Mary ever did.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

BOUND TO SUCCEED.

Miss Gay—I should think Miss Highflyer would go on the stage; her imitations are just splendid.

Mrs. Caustic—Yes, even her diamonds would look like the real article.—To Date.

Nearly as Bad.

"There's a letter in my pocket that I wouldn't let my wife see for anything."

"You don't mean to say that some other woman is writing to you?"

"Oh, no; it's just one of her letters which I've been forgetting to post!"—Chicago Record.

At the Tournament.

"Say, you won the bicycle race, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Your name is Walker, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, I won the pedestrian match, and my name is Ryder."

"Great Scott! Let's go and take something."—Chicago Tribune.

No Moral Responsibility.

Judge—Murphy, you are drunk again.

M.—Yesh, your-ronor.

J.—Didn't you solemnly promise me, when I let you off last time, that you would never get drunk again?

M.—Yesh, your-ronor, but I wush drunk at the time, your-ronor. I wushn't 'sponsible for what I shaid.—Bay City Chat.

A Contingency.

"See here," said the judge, in a disgusted tone, "don't you think it is silly to charge this man with assault when all he did was to hit you with a sausage?"

"No, indeed, I do not!" savagely answered the complainant. "How do I know but it may give me hydrophobia?" Buffalo Express.

Lightning Rapidity.

"Wonderful eye that boy of mine's got," said the proud father.

"That so?" mechanically replied the man who was trying to get away.

"You never saw such a sense of proportion," cried the proud father. "Pass that boy the cake dish, and he'll spot the biggest piece on it every time."—N. Y. Recorder.

Not Altogether Inappropriate.

"How is trade?" inquired the acquaintance who had dropped in.

"Dull," gloomily replied the undertaker. "I wish I could think of some business to run in connection with this."

"How would fire insurance do?" asked the visitor, after some reflection.—Chicago Tribune.

A Disappointment.

"I was robbed last night," said Penhigh, "by a highwayman while on my way home from the shop."

"The deuce," ejaculated Deskly, sympathetically, "that was too bad."

"Precisely what the footpad said when he went through my pockets and found only 11 cents and a postage stamp."—Texas Siftings.

UNCLE SAM—I'll be glad to have you join our School.

The Cause of It.

Stranger—Look at those ill-kempt little children. Whose are they?

Henpeck—Mine, sir.

Stranger—Indeed? Are you so poor as all that?

Henpeck—Oh, no; I've plenty of this world's goods, but my wife is a reformer.—Town Topics.

The Supreme Test.

You may be above suspicion,
Noted for your erudition,
Or have bettered man's condition
By the good that you have done.
But this fact I'm free to mention,
You have missed life's chief intention
If some second-grade convention
Has not dubbed you "favorite son."
—Chicago Record.

His Effort as a Diplomat.

Smith—I tried to pay the new woman a compliment last night, but it didn't seem to be appreciated.

Robinson—What did you say?

Smith—I said that the new woman would leave large footprints on the sands of time.—N. Y. World.

More Bad Luck.

Mr. Winks (looking over the paper)—Cheap, Drugg & Co. are selling all sorts of patent medicines at half price.

Mrs. Winks—Just our luck. There isn't anything the matter with any of us.—N. Y. Weekly.

Didn't Wait for an Answer.

Swellington (at the soiree)—I wonder if that plain woman is trying to flirt with me?

Cooler (politely)—I can find out, sir, by asking her. She's my wife.—Tit-Bits.

A Variety of Charms.

"Music hath charms," 'tis said,
"To soothe the savage breast."
Also to abstract the dollars
From the pockets of your vest
When a pretty girl says to you—
"Oh, take me to the opera! Do!"
—Town Topics.

Different.

"Her fiance is a pronounced brunette, is he not?" said one young woman.

"No," replied the other; "he is a Russian. He can be spelled, but not pronounced."—Washington Star.

Repeating Orders.

Patron (at church fair festival)—Oyster stew, please.

Waitress (to cook)—Oysters, two.—N. Y. Weekly.

Not Hard to Catch.

Newcombe—I beg your pardon, I did not quite catch your name. What is it?

Stranger—Bail.—Brooklyn Life.

How She Managed.

"I like that girl," said Woodby Witte, "because whenever I tell her anything amusing she laughs in the right place."

"Yes," replied his friend. "She told me how she manages it."

"Why—er—how is that?"

"She says she always watches you and laughs when you do."—Washington Star.

The Expected Happens.

He was Claude,
She was Maude,
They married but soon separated.
She was Maude,
He was Clawed,
A climax all anticipated.
—Detroit Free Press.

A GENTLE REMINDER.

"Golly! Dat reminds me ez how I'se heern tell dat steal 'traets lightnin'. Guess I better be gittin out o' here."—N. Y. Herald.

She Was Both.

"So that there's a new woman, is it?" asked Uncle Ebenezer.

"It is," replied his city nephew.

"Why, dern me, I'd have put her down as an old woman."

"Well, she's that, too," admitted the city nephew, as he got a good look at her face.—Chicago Evening Post.

Willing to Forget.

"Aren't you the same beggar that I gave half a pie to last week?"

"I guess I am, mum; but I'm willin' to let bygones be bygones. It ain't in my heart to bear no malice."—Indianapolis Tribune.

Not His Brother's Keeper.

"Aren't you going to look for the man who eloped with your wife?"

"No. Why should I? He is a stranger to me and able to look out for himself."—N. Y. World.

FARM AND GARDEN

SHADED HIGHWAYS.

Why Every Progressive Citizen Should Encourage Tree Planting.

If all the road supervisors of the land were wheelmen, more attention would be paid to the planting of trees along the public highways.

The pleasure of a summer day ride is greatly heightened if the road leads where the friendly shade of trees may fall across it.

The cool fragrance of the woods is made enjoyable because of the contrast between its beautiful archways and the sunny stretches beyond. But when all the roads through woodlands, whose surroundings would become monotonous, but not so painfully so as when

A FAVORITE SUMMER ROAD.

the way is wholly in the glare of the sun.

The ideal road is that one where sun and shadow happily blend and intermingle. Such highways can be provided if sufficient attention is given to the planting and care of trees. Wheelmen should use their influence to encourage tree planting.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

TREATMENT OF GARGET.

Poke Root and Cream Will Do Much to Relieve the Pain.

The cause of garget in cows is usually excessive flow and richness of milk, which, if the bag is not relieved, often causes inflammation and congestion and caking. It is always the best cow that is troubled in this way. The cow may be made greater by feeding too high on what will produce a large flow of milk. The bag or udder of cows should be examined frequently for several days before the cow calves. If it seems distended it should be relieved by milking out all that can be got from the teats at least once, and, better still, twice a day. We have sometimes milked ten days or more before the cow calved. If the milking is begun it must be attended to every day, as the act of milking increases the milk flow. Rubbing the udder after all the milk is drawn with an ointment made of garget root or poke root and cream will do much to relieve the pain. We have used the poke root for this purpose, and have known it to be used by others. It is a weed that grows in rich luxuriantly on newly-cleared land, and its berries are familiar to every boy in the country, as their red juice is often used to write with. The poke root is reputed to be poisonous if eaten, but it is excellent to steep and let simmer down with cream or milk as a salve for inflamed surfaces of any kind.—American Dairyman.

AERATION OF MILK.

Some of the Reasons Why It Is Necessary in Cold Weather.

It is remarkable that many dairymen who are very particular about airing the milk during the summer become careless on the approach of cold weather. While the milk will not sour so readily at this season, it is just as necessary to rid it of the animal heat by airing it as soon as taken from the cow. Neglect of this gives the milk that peculiar animal odor of which housekeepers often complain, and which they overcome in part by pouring the milk into a shallow vessel and placing it in a current of air. Besides creating a prejudice against the use of milk, the odor affects the flavor.

Airing is, in some respects, even more necessary in winter than in summer. Not merely is the cow kept under more confined conditions, but the food is different. Instead of the tender, juicy and insipid grass, she partakes of strong-tasting food which must inevitably impart a foreign flavor to the milk. This is, of course, very objectionable; but it can be taken out by thorough airing directly after milking.

'TWOULD SET THEM THINKING.

Our roads would be level and hard and neat,
And planned in a better style,
If horses could ride on the cushioned seat
And men do the pulling awhile.
—Good Roads.

A Leak That Should Be Stopped.

How many farmers outside of regular dairymen ever take time to test their cows and calculate whether or not they are profitable and paying for their keep. One good cow should furnish milk and butter bountifully for any ordinary sized family, but how often do we see three or four head kept for this purpose, and then the wants of the family are not at all times supplied. This is a leak that should be stopped the coming year if you want to increase your prosperity.—Crabtree's Farmer.

KNOW THYSELF

you going to do with that thing?" Rats, rats. I said I can rid this house of rats with the animal in no time. "Well, what if you can do that with your pet I will credit you with having made an excellent trade." I asked her when I might begin work time; now, if you wish," she answered. I went next door to get my neighbor's boy to help me electrify the rats. This lady and myself are not on speaking terms. She got mad at ma as soon as she heard of ma's having a pony and wagon. She was not mad at me, then. She said her little boy might help me, but before she let him go she called him aside and whispered something in his ear. We went to our house and plugged up all the rat holes we could find excepting two. We left one open in the dining room and one in the kitchen near the door. Ma had a party; the ladies were sitting around the tea table, when the neighbor's boy turned the ferret into the hole in the kitchen. I don't think it was more than three minutes after the ferret went to work when the floor of the dining room was alive with rats. The ladies overturned the table in their haste to mount the chairs. They gathered their skirts around themselves and screamed and hollowed, rats, rats. I called to ont ferret; the ladies thought I cried fire, and they cried fire. The policeman turned in the fire alarm; the chemical engine came thundering along and stopped in front of our house, and the firemen unrolled the hose and ran into our parlor and dining room with the gas streaming from the nozzle of the pipe. Some of the ladies fainted and had to be carried out. I succeeded in explaining to the chief of the fire department the cause of all the commotion. He turned me over to the police who took me to the police station. I sent for pa who bailed me out. The next morning I told my story to the posting police judge. He laughed and told me that I was free. This I think is the reason ma has it in for me. And I believe the neighbor woman whispered to her little boy to send the ferret into the hole in the kitchen, so as to break up ma's party. WILLIE.

P. S. I guess pa will get a res now. He has agreed with ma to move to Loch Lynn. The recent charter granted for that place reads "all persons residing in Loch Lyn six months prior to the next electio will be entitled to a vote." M says that will give her a vote.

W.

Know Yourself

Believe.

The largest stock of FURNITURE and CARPETS that was ever assembled under one roof.

Consisting of

WINDOW SHADES, WALL PAPER, MIRRORS, PICTURES.

We offer you the lowest prices ever at which you will believe us, all of which you will believe when you come to our mammoth store. Our values—guarantee them by telephone. If you can buy anything you buy here, you may have your money back, if after getting it home

ATOMS OF ELECTRICITY.

Calculation That Seems Incomprehensible to the Average Intelligence.

Have you any idea what "an atom of electricity" would look, feel, taste or smell like. In short, have you a mind that is capable of imagining what such an infinitesimal division of the incomprehensible "fluid" would be? We think not. The editor has spent his life "delving in the realms of the wonderful." Yet he is free to confess that he has no more of an idea what an atom of electricity would be than he has of what is to be understood by the words "soul" and "eternity." But there are those who have been spending hours, days and weeks exploring and investigating in the bottomless ocean of electrical mysteries, and who have arrived at some startling conclusions. That such a thing as "an atom of electricity" exists has been believed in by a number of eminent electricians and philosophers, among them the honored Helmholtz and our own Thomas A. Edison. Working on the theories advanced by the former, Prof. Richarz, a well-known European investigator, has made some experiments in that line that have startled even the electricians—men who come in daily contact with things of the most wonderful nature. According to a recent determination of Prof. Richarz, the smallest possible quantity of electricity—that which may properly be termed "an atom"—is such that 430 multiplied by 1,000,000 three times; that is to say, by the cube of million, will give the number of atoms in a coulomb of electricity.—St. Louis Republic.

What Ailed Johnnie.

Mrs. Chaffle—There is something the matter with Johnnie. He sits around all day and mopes, and he has no appetite.

Mr. Chaffle—Yes; I used to be that way myself when I was his age. He is either going to have the mumps or he is in love.—Texas Sifter.

—Tramps applying hereafter for relief in Manchester, England, will be required to perform one full day's work before continuing on their journey. On the second day's application four days will be demanded.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

I LOVE YOU YET

By America's Great Song Writer, Monroe H. Rosenfeld, is the prettiest song ever written. Ask your music dealer to show it to you, or send 25 cts. in stamps, which is just half price, to CHARLES W. HUB, Publisher, 808 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and he will mail it to you.

A. N. K—C. 1600

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Pain often concentrates all its Misery in **RHEUMATISM**

Use at once **ST. JACOBS OIL** If you want to feel it concentrate its healing in a cure.

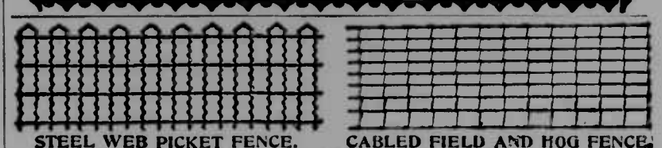

STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE. CABLED FIELD AND HOG FENCE.

Also CABLED POULTRY, GARDEN AND RABBIT FENCE.

We manufacture a complete line of Smooth Wire Fencing and guarantee every article to be as represented. If you consider quality we can save you money. CATALOGUE FREE.

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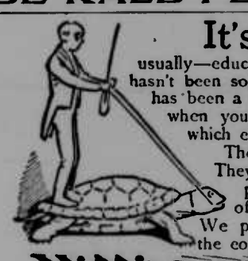

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Considerate.

Mrs. Gaswell—Why, Mr. Gaswell, you have been out all night!

Mr. Gaswell—Yes, my dear, I was afraid to come home.

Mrs. Gaswell—Afraid to come home? Why, what do you mean?

Mr. Gaswell—I was afraid I would explode the gas.—Chicago Tribune.

Not Quite Enough.

Mrs. Hicks—Why, Mr. Hicks, you have been out all night!

Mr. Hicks—Yes, my dear, I was afraid to come home.

Mrs. Hicks—Afraid to come home? Why, what do you mean?

Mr. Hicks—I was afraid I would explode the gas.—Chicago Tribune.

Not Much Left

The Republican.

B[illegible] SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
H. E. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md

THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1896.

THE brother-in-law council is about to retire to private life again, brother *Democrat*, as we predicted it would do.

WHEN the A. P. A.'s object to American citizens like William McKinley they are getting to be too good and pure for this world. They are fitted only for the company of the angels.

THE Chicago *Railroad Age* says: Baltimore & Ohio stockholders are encouraged by the statement that reorganization can be effected without any assessment on the stock. It is also stated that by the proposed refunding of the nearly $86,000,000 of bonded debt, reducing interest from 5 and 6 per cent. to 4, a saving of nearly $1,200,000 annually can made. The physical condition of the road and rolling stock is found to be much better than some unfriendly rumors had made it, and altogether the prospects for this great properly are growing brighter. The public has been well served by the B. & O. and the receivership will doubtless result in even better train service, where improvement is desirable.

A Spell of Weather.

In truth it has been "quite a spell of weather." Record-breaking has been a feature in many departments of activity in the last few years, and on several occasions we recall that it has been either the hottest or the coldest day known on a particular date since the Weather Bureau began to keep figures that can be sworn by. There has been more than one new weather record made the present year. Only a few weeks ago, early in February, in fact, we had the coldest day that the weather sharps had ever made note of, and the unofficial weather cranks were of two minds whether to match it we should have to go back to the '50s or to the first decade of the century.

But that record, and everything else in the way of phenomenal weather, has been forgotten in the sudden influx of summer that has overtaken us at mid-April. A month later it would have caused no surprise, for it is not unusual for two or three of the hottest days of the summer to come on us without warning in the last of the spring months. But precedents have been cast to the winds in a burst of tropic heat in April; not for a few hours or a single day, but for the greater part of a week.

"T. Jay's" Analysis of Oakland's New Charter.

From time to time during the past winter I read in our local papers that the subject for a new charter for Oakland was being agitated. The claim was made that the town needed additional powers which could only be acquired through amending the charter. The fact that the charter conferred upon the town all the power which it could possess or exercise seemed to have been overlooked.

Be this as it may, a new charter was submitted to and passed by the last Legislature. This document has some singular provisions and it seems very strange that it was permitted to pass in its present shape. It imposes a tax of one hundred and fifty dollars upon each saloon keeper and hotel keeper with a bar. It also requires saloons, hotels and other places where liquors are sold for a profit, to close at half-past ten p. m. This latter provision may not be so hard upon the saloon, but it will be very hard upon the hotels and drug stores. It would be a great hardship upon the Glades and Oakland hotels to close at half past ten o'clock. The same section requires all places where liquors are sold for profit to open at five a. m. This provision is perhaps the most unreasonable of all. I do not know whether the council will undertake to pass ordinances to enforce these provisions.

THE CITY ELECTION.

The Republicans Elect the Mayor and Two out of Three Councilmen.

Monday of this week the regular annual election for town officers was held in Oakland resulting in the election of Dr. Henry W. McComas as Mayor; Messrs. A. G. Ross and D. E. Bolden, Republicans, and Mr. Wm. Hinebaugh, Democrat, as members of the town council.

Out of 209 votes cast for mayor Dr. McComas had a majority over Mr. John Hart of only three. The election passed off very quietly, no work seemingly was done by candidates on neither side.

Below we give the vote as cast for the several candidates:

FOR MAYOR.

Dr. H. W. McComas, R	106
John W. Hart, D	103

FOR COUNCILMEN.

D. E. Bolden, R	111
A. G. Ross, R	112
D. M. D'Arcy, R	89
Wm. Hinebaugh, D	118
Jas. W. Leathers, D	98
Thomas L. Cole, D	80

Likes the Girls.

For some days past there has been an odd-fellow in town. He is not a member of the order of that name, however, but derives his title to that distinction through his odd notions and queer actions. He hails from that little city of Oakland, which stands on the summit of the Alleghany mountains. His name—well that does not matter, but suffice it to say that while he was once a poor farmer's son, he is now rolling in wealth, all brought about, so it is said, through a kind hearted uncle in far-away Scotland, who died and left him a vast amount of money.

Unlike most fortunes left in this manner this was one not on paper, but in solid cash, and Mr. Odd-fellow has a portion of it at least in the Oakland bank. Having fallen heir to so much money, he no doubt concluded to see some of the world, hence he came to Cumberland (?). He was not here long until he commenced to hunt up some of the poor people of the town and taking them into the grocery stores, told the groceryemen to give them what they wanted "and I'll pay for it."

Having performed various acts of charity he assumed a new role. He went to a florist and secured an uncommonly large boquet of roses which he pinned to the lapel of his coat and then started out to "mash" the ladies. He has a very soldierly bearing, and as he promenades the streets his large boquet presents a very bold front and attracts much attention. When he meets a young lady he will raise his hat like a Chesterfield, and in some instances ask the lady if she will have a rosebud from his boquet.

Yesterday he seemed to have disposed of several boquets in this manner, and whenever the rose buds gave out he would repair to the florist and indulge in a new one for which he paid one dollar no doubt and they were cheap at that if you were to take the size into consideration. It is understood that besides his bank account which he has been drawing on quite frequently since his appearance in this city, he has an income of $300 per month.—Cumb. Times.

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER.

He was going home from business—he a merchant well-to do—
The wheels of the electric car were throwing sparks of blue
And around him were acquaintances who where they stood or sat,
By look or word or gesture, were inviting to a chat.

But while ignoring all of them, except to bow and smile
When hailed by someone at the door or just across the aisle,
He read with boyish eagerness, while speeding o'er the street,
The neatly printed pages of a little country sheet.

He read of Tom Jones' enterprise in adding both a barn,
And Carmel that "Solon Huddleson has got a gin new yarn;"
That "Andy Simpkins gave a tear" that "scrapers were good;"
And that "Mat Bailey came to town and brought a load o' wood."

Well, yes, those things are trifles, perhaps, to you and me;
For to them they are reminders of the times we used to be;
And from his busy city life he glances back with joy
To see the town that circumscribed his doings as a boy.

Each short and spicy paragraph upon the village sheet
Presents a scene familiar as a friend he used to meet:
And may be—you can tell by the smiles that quickly come—
There's mention of his mother, and the other "folks" at "home."

Men wander far for fortune, and find it too, and yet,
The scenes and simple village and its folk they ne'er forget:
And there's not a thing in city life which
greater joy can give
Than the little country paper printed where they used to live.

—Columbus Dispatch.

Spring Time Is Here.

And it is very important that you take some good blood medicine to eradicate disease and tone the system. You will find Harned's Sarsaparilla just what you need. Large bottles, small dose; price to suit the times—only 50 cents. For sale at Oakland Pharmacy. 4—4

Ripans Tabules relieve nausea.

ASKED FOR BUTTERMILK.

The Weary Waiter Lived Over Again the Joys of the Farm.

"How's the buttermilk?" asked the man; and the weary waiter looked dumb! he felt as he answered:

"Churned fresh every hour."

"Well, now, give me a glass from the churn, and let her be full," said the man. Then he unfolded the mid- edition, smiling as if memories ted him, and never seeing a line of he black type which tried to startle humanity. He was thinking of ermilk fresh from the churn, and big, staring headlines were as blank before him. The weary writer rbed his reveries.

"Buttermilk's all out, sir."

"I said the "sir" as one who follows a pt form, and meant nothing by it. 'm sorry," said the tired man, tak- coffee and sandwich—of course— still conjuring up pictures of the try.

"Great thing when you're tired," said hailing, and looking past the weary r and the coffee urn, and the blank beyond. "Ha! I can hear the soft of the churn dasher yet when the r is coming. Gets lighter then, splashes inside, and the yellow s wash down from the hollows in ill, and you hit twice half way a clear down, and—butter's come."

The weary waiter smiled without re- ng his stare at the street, silent in night darkness.

And they put the buttermilk down in springhouse in a great big jar, and water swishes around it, and there's ard on top, with a stone to keep it n. And Sunday morning you curry horses and turn them out on the r pasture, and dive off the bank in river and take a wash, and put on an hickory shirt and your Sunday es, and lay down in the shade of apple tree in the long, soft grass, atch the wind from the woods and music of the cow bells far away—

"And then you think of the buttermilk."

"That's right," said the weary waiter, e rearranged the sugar bowl and a holder.

"And you go down and dip it up with tin cup, and drink it in great big laws, and the other boys come in we all sit there and drink and talk e tough times we are having, and er about the girls, and josh each about going home with them meeting, and after while dinner is , and we go in and eat fried en and mashed potatoes, and bis- and custard pie—"

"Um-m," said the weary waiter, fer- y.

"And then again along in the after- " resumed the tired man, "we get here when the sun is down, and we another cupful, and the whippoor- s hooming from some place up in onds, and the katydid is telling of rost just six weeks ahead, and the are standing along the barnyard , with the smell of fresh milk in hollow air, and the tin cup has yel- flecks all over the sides, and we fill nin and drink—"

"In the harvest field," said the y waiter.

"Yes, when the women folks send it n a jug, with a slab of ginger bread e long forenoon, and we take great lows—"

"And sweat—"

"And sweat, and buckle down with cradle and the rake, and set up a k to shade the buttermilk—"

"And a rain comes up, and we run for barn." The weary waiter stood t, and smiled delightedly.

"Ah, yes! Ah, yes! That was life, r all."

The tired man took his check to the : and waited outside for an owl car one along; but all the time he was king of that mellow nectar, which gles the acids and sweets of rural acy, and all the tired insistence of journey home could not impress the 's hopelessness upon him.—Washon Star.

Stag and Snake.

here is no beast in the world to th more legendary virtues are attuted than to the stag; partly owing he tale of St. Hubert, partly to a posed antipathy of stags towards ents, partly to a peculiar mass of he in the shape of a cross which und in the animal's heart. A whole might be written on the miraculpower of the hart, and the offen- f different parts of him against the bles of this evil world. Fouilloux, he 16th century, gives a long list, pags

RAWLINGS & CO.'S WILL PRODUCE.

To introduce our Home Grown Garden Field and Flower Seeds into new homes where they have not yet been tried, we will, on receipt of sixty cents (60c), send to any address, post paid, 11 pkts., consisting of the following:

1 pkt. All Early Cabbage	10c
1 " Golden Queen Tomato	5c
1 " First and Best Corn, the earliest corn on the market	10c
1 " Extra Long Green Cucumber	5c
1 " Vick's Early Water Melon	5c
1 " White Strasburg Radish	5c
1 " Twenty Day Radish, ready for use in 21 days from time seed is planted	5c
1 " Early Curled Simpson Lettuce	5c
1 " Hauvers Carrot	5c
1 " Sugar Parsnip	5c
1 " Large Red Wethersfield Onion	5c
1 " Red Top Sugar Beet	5c
1 " Golden Wax Bean	10c
1 " Choice Flower Seed	5c
Total	80c

All for 60 cents or two collections for $1.00.

Stamps taken for amounts less than one dollar. Seeds guaranteed fresh and true to name.

Protect your home industry and give us at least a trial order.

Address all orders to

A. C. RAWLINGS & CO.,
FLOYD, Garrett Co., MD.

In your order for seeds, state where you saw this advertisement. 5—4

WILLIAM C. KIDD,
Representing
JOHNSON, OMOHUNDRO & CO.,
WHOLESALE NOTIONS, Etc.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

A specialty of Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear
RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.
6—26

PUBLIC LOCAL LAWS.

CHAPTER 123.

AN ACT To repeal Sections 167 to 195 A, inclusive, of Article 2 of the Code of Public Local Laws, title "Garrett County," subtitle "Oakland," as said Sections were enacted by Chapter 348 of the Acts of 1892, and to substitute in lieu thereof Sections 167 A and to be designated as Sections 185 H, 185 I, 185 D, 185 E, 185 F, 185 G, 185 H, 185 I, 185 J, 185 K, 185 L, 185 M.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland that Sections 167 to 195 A, inclusive, of Article 2 of the Code of Public Local Laws, title "Garrett County," subtitle "Oakland," as said Sections were enacted by Chapter 348 of the Acts of 1892 be and same are hereby repealed and re-enacted with amendments and re-mit new sections as hereof the same are hereby added to said Article to follow section 185 A, to be designated as Sections 185 H, 185 C, 185 D, 185 E, 185 F, 185 G, 185 H, 185 I, 185 J, 185 K, 185 L, 185 M, the whole to read as follows:

167. The inhabitants of the town of Oakland, in Garrett county, are a corporation by the name of the Mayor and Town Council of Oakland and by that name may have perpetual succession, may sue and be sued, and may have a common seal which may be altered at pleasure and may purchase and hold such real, personal or mixed property as may be required for the purpose of said corporation and may dispose of such property when necessary for the benefit of the said corporation, and all the property and funds of every kind belonging to said corporation are vested in the Mayor and Town Council of Oakland.

168. The officers of the said corporation shall be a Mayor, a Town Council, which shall be composed of six members, a President of the Town Council, a Town Clerk, a Treasurer, a Tax Collector, a Police Magistrate, an Attorney, a Bailiff and a Weighmaster, who shall severally perform such duties and have such powers as may be prescribed by this act, and the ordinance passed in pursuance thereof.

The Mayor and the members of the Town Council shall be elected by the votes in said town. The Town Clerk, Treasurer and Tax Collector shall be elected by the Town Council. The Police Magistrate, Attorney, Weighmaster and a Bailiff shall be appointed by the Mayor, by and with the advice and consent of the Town Council. All the officers elected by the Town Council or appointed by the Mayor shall hold their respective offices for one year from the first Monday of April in the year for which they are nominated, and until their successors are elected and qualified.

169. The Town Council shall, as soon as practicable, provide by ordinance for a survey and copy of the limits of said Town, and for the location upon said map of the streets and alleys already laid out and opened for public use, and also for such ways and access hereinbefore and now on the original plan of said town, and on the plats of the several additions to said town which have not been opened for public use and such ways when made and approved by the Town Council and Mayor shall be recorded in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, and when so recorded said maps or a copy properly certified by said clerk under the seal of his office, shall be evidence. The limits of said town as they have heretofore been established by law shall remain. The Mayor and Town Council shall have power to extend the limits of said town not exceeding one-half mile from its present limits, when in their discretion they may deem proper so to do. The limits of the said town of Oakland shall begin at a stone marked eight hundred and forty one, and running thence north sixty seven degrees west one hundred perches, south twenty-three degrees west two hundred perches, south sixty-seven degrees east ten perches, to the summit of the Hooppole ridge, thence with the summit of said ridge south sixty-seven degrees east one hundred perches, north twenty three degrees east one hundred and [illegible] perches, thence to the place of beginning.

170. The inhabitants of the town of Oakland who have resided therein for six months next preceding any municipal election and who are qualified to vote for members of the General Assembly of Maryland may vote at said election and in case any question shall arise as to the qualification of any one voting the said qualification shall be determined by sworn testimony before said judges of elections when in their discretion they deem proper to take the same, shall on the second Monday in March, eighteen hundred and ninety-six, and on the same day in every second year thereafter elect by ballot one person to be Mayor of said town and the said voters qualified as aforesaid shall, on the second Monday in March, eighteen hundred and ninety-six and on the same day in every year thereafter elect three persons to be members of the Town Council and the members of the Town Council who have been elected and are now in office shall hold their office until the term for which they have been elected shall have expired and until their successors are elected and qualified.

171. No person shall be eligible to the office of Mayor unless he shall have attained the age of twenty years and shall have resided two years (next preceding his election) in said town and shall be a freeholder in said town of Oakland. The Mayor elected at any regular election shall hold office for two years from the first Monday in April next after his election and until his successor is elected and qualified. Should a vacancy occur in the office of Mayor by reason of removal from the town, removal from office, death, resignation or otherwise, the president of the Council shall perform all the duties of Mayor and act as such until the next general election of the Mayor or Town Council. Wilful neglect of duty or misbehavior in office on the part of the Mayor is hereby declared to be a misdemeanor, and on conviction before a Justice of the Peace or in the Circuit Court for Garrett county he shall be removed from office by the Justice of the Peace or judge who shall sit in the case, and any person who shall be convicted and removed from the office of Mayor as aforesaid shall thereafter be disqualified from holding any office in said corporation. The Mayor shall have power to appoint and employ all agents, servants and employees not otherwise provided for by law, who may be required by said corporation. He shall on the second Monday in April in each year appoint and send to the Town Council for confirmation the names of persons for the offices of Police Magistrate, Attorney, Bailiff and Weighmaster respectively. He shall have power to remove for cause any officers, agent, servant or employee of said corporation who has been appointed by him or employed by him and to fill any and all vacancies which may occur in offices which he has the power to fill. He shall have general supervision of the town, see that the ordinances are enforced and shall from time to time report to the Town Council such matters as may in his judgment require the attention of the Town Council. He shall read and sign the minutes of the Town Council after each and every meeting. He shall have power to administer oaths and certify the same in all matters pertaining to said corporation and which may be required by the business or transactions of said corporation. He shall in the absence or sickness of the Police Magistrate, and in such case only, have power to hear and determine all cases to which said corporation may be a party and over which the Police Magistrate may have jurisdiction and for this purpose he is hereby clothed with all the power and authority of a Justice of the Peace. No ordinance shall be valid without his approval unless the same be passed over his veto by a two-thirds vote, nor shall any order or resolution for the payment of money out of the town treasury be valid without his approval in writing. He shall during his official term hold no other corporation office, nor shall he be interested in any contract to which the said corporation is a party or when the money for any contract is to be paid out of the corporation treasury. He shall receive the sum of Ifty dollars a year for his official services to be paid in quarterly installments of twelve dollars and fifty cents. Before entering upon his duties, he shall take and subscribe before the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county the oath prescribed by Section six, Article one of the constitution of Maryland.

172. The Town Council shall be composed of six members who shall be elected as herein provided and shall hold their office for two years from the first Monday in April next after their election and until their successors are duly elected and qualified. Before entering upon their duties the members of the Council shall make oath before the Mayor or a Justice of the Peace, that they will diligently perform all the duties required of them by law as members of the Town Council without fear, partiality or prejudice.

173. No person shall be eligible as a member of the Town Council unless he shall have resided two years next preceding his election in the town of Oakland, and shall be a freeholder in said town, and shall also be twenty-five years of age.

174. The Town Council shall meet on the first Monday in each month, and at such other times as it may deem necessary for the public business. The members of the Town Council shall be entitled to one dollar per day each for attending the sessions of the Council, or attending to the other public business required of them; not, however to exceed twenty-four dollars to any member in any one year.

175. The Town Council shall appoint three judges of election and two clerks for the purpose of holding each general or special election which may be held under the provisions of this act or the ordinances passed in pursuance hereof. Ten days notice shall be given of all elections, general or special.

176. If any vacancy shall occur in the Town Council by reason of death, resignation, removal from the town, removal from office or otherwise of any member, the Town Council shall have the power within itself to fill such vacancy.

177. The members of the Town Council shall meet at their regular place of meeting on the first Monday in April in each year to organize; they shall elect one of their number to be President of the Town Council, who shall preside at their meetings and in the absence of the Mayor or in case of a vacancy in that office shall exercise or be clothed with all the powers and perform all the duties of Mayor. The Town Council shall also at said meetings elect a Town Clerk, Treasurer, and Tax Collector.

178. The Town Council may appoint a supervisor or supervisors of the streets, lanes and alleys of said town whenever in their discretion they may deem proper to so appoint and direct in what manner the same shall be kept up and repaired and may allow such supervisor such compensation for his services as they may deem reasonable.

179. The Town Council may from time to time cause an assessment to be made of all the property real and personal, in the town by three persons appointed by them and may levy thereon a tax not exceeding in any one year fifty cents on every hundred dollars worth of assessable property.

180. The Mayor and Town Council shall have power to levy and collect taxes not to exceed fifty cents on the one hundred dollars worth of assessable property in any one year and whenever the said Council shall levy a tax which levy shall be made on the first Monday in May in each year and a duplication of the persons chargeable thereto with shall be made out and affixed thereto the respective sums to be collected from each person, and annexed to said list shall be a warrant to the Bailiff or Collector to collect the same, and said Bailiff or Collector shall within twenty days after the receipt of such warrant and list, render to each person named therein an account of his tax and may unless the same be paid within sixty days after the date of said levy collect the same by distress or other due process of law and sale of goods and chattels of the delinquent and the said Bailiff or Collector shall account for the amount of such levy with the Mayor and Town Council within three months from the receipt of such warrant and list, and pay over the same collected under the penalty of double the amount thereof to the Treasurer of said town. The Mayor and Town Council may in their discretion grant a discount on all taxes paid within the said sixty days not to exceed three per cent.

181. All fines, penalties and forfeitures imposed by this charter, or for the violation of any of the ordinances of said town, shall be recoverable in the name of the corporation as small debts, before such Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland residing in said town as may be elected Police Magistrate for the said Town by said Council and no other; and said monies so collected shall be paid over into the hands of the Treasurer of the town, and should the Bailiff arrest anyone for violating any ordinance of the corporation or provision of this charter he shall carry the offender before the Mayor or Police Magistrate who shall hear the charge and determine the fine according to the ordinances of said corporation or the said provisions of this charter.

182. All taxes levied by said Mayor and Council for the general purpose of said town shall be a lien on the property from the date of said levy of the party or parties against whom said tax may be charged, whether such persons be a resident or non-resident of the town, whether adult or infant, *non-compos mens* or otherwise, and if said tax cannot be made out of the personal property of such person or corporation then the same may be collected out of the rents of his, her, their or its real estate by the process of law, or the Bailiff or Collector may sell such real estate for payment of taxes by complying with the same requirements as the Treasurer of Garrett county has under the local laws of Garrett county.

183. The Bailiff or Collector shall collect and pay over to the Town Treasurer all taxes collected of the levy placed in his hands for collection monthly, dating from the date of said levy and shall give bond conditional according to and on all taxes remaining unpaid after the first day of January next following the said levy he shall charge and collect interest from the said first day of January at the rate of six per cent. per annum to be accounted for with the tax and in all suits by the said Mayor and Council upon the bond of said Bailiff or Collector for any neglect of duty or his default in not collecting any tax placed in his hands according to law, or for breach of his duty in not paying over money collected by him, proof of the delivery of the levy list shall be sufficient prima facia evidence to entitle said Mayor and Council to receive judgment in such suits unless the said Bailiff or Collector shall show that he has discharged his duty in such case according to law. It shall be the duty of the said Bailiff or Collector to assess from time to time, subject to an appeal to said Mayor and Town Council any property in said town liable to taxation and which shall come to his knowledge as having been omitted from the assessment books of said town and all property brought into said town from time to time and becoming liable to taxation; and provided further that this Act shall not affect the right of any present or past due taxes placed in his hands under the then existing law.

184. The Town Council shall provide for maintaining town scales and a lockup or town prison where all offenders against the ordinances of the town may be imprisoned by the tribunal having jurisdiction to hear such offenses.

185. No member of the Town Council shall during his term of office, hold or be interested in any other office under the corporation, nor be a party directly or indirectly to or interested in any contract in which the corporation is interested.

186. A majority of all the members elected to the Town Council shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business.

187. It shall be the duty of the Town Clerk to be present at all the meetings of the Mayor and Council; he shall keep a correct record of their proceedings, and an account of all their financial proceedings; he shall enter all ordinances passed by the Mayor and Council and signed by the Mayor, in a book kept by him for that purpose, and the books of said corporation shall be open for the inspection of any tax payer at all times, and copies of all ordinances shall be put up in the public places in said town.

188. The Council shall have power to pass all ordinances not inconsistent with the existing laws of the State, as they may deem necessary for the good government of the town; for the preservation of peace and good order and securing persons and property from violence, danger and destruction; for the removal of nuisances in any matter from what source proceeding and all obstructions from the streets, lanes and alleys and from any lot adjoining thereto within the limits of the town; for the removal of any dangerous house or building; for the paving, draining, repairing, draining, leveling, surveying, laying out, extending, widening, opening, closing, straightening, re-building, improving or repairing any street, sidewalk or alley in said town; and may condemn or purchase the right of way of any street or alley which they may determine should be opened for the public good; for the preservation of property, rights and privileges; for the regulation of the sales of the streets, alleys or public places in said town; for the weighing of hay, coal and other property; for the suppression of vice and immorality; for the suppression of concealed weapons; for suppressing the practice of discharging fire arms, fire crackers, torpedoes or other explosives; for regulating the handling and storing of all kinds of explosives; for the prevention of gambling; for licensing of theatricals or other public amusements; to suppress trumps; for lighting the streets; for preventing swine, cattle, dogs or other animals from running at large on the streets; for imposing a tax on dogs; for locating of hog pens, privies and stables; and the Mayor and Town Council shall have full power and authority to pass all such ordinances as may be necessary to carry out and to give full force and effect to the powers conferred upon said corporation by law; and he it further enacted.

That the Mayor and Town Council shall have the right to provide for the organization, equipment and government of Fire Companies and to permit said Fire Company to organize as a body and to provide within itself all rules and regulations of its members and property appertaining thereto subject to the general supervision of the said Mayor and Town Council.

189. The Mayor and Town Council shall have power to levy a tax upon dogs not to exceed one dollar for any one dog and also a tax not to exceed two dollars upon any one bitch, within the said corporation.

190. Wherever it shall, in the judgment of the Town Council, become necessary to condemn land for the purpose of opening or widening a street or alley the corporation or any person aggrieved by the condemnation proceedings may appeal to the Circuit Court under such regulations as may be prescribed by ordinance.

191. A member of the Town Council may be removed from office for the same cause and in the same manner that the Mayor may be removed as provided for by this Act.

192. It shall be the duty of owners or possessors of property abutting on any street or whenever in the discretion of the Mayor and Town Council they deem it necessary for the safety and use of the public to make and to keep the sidewalk upon which the said property so abuts in good repair at his own cost and expense and such owner shall be responsible for any damages which may be occasioned by his negligence in repairing such sidewalk or failure to keep them in good and proper repair. If the owner or possessor shall fail to make or repair any sidewalk after due notice, according to the ordinances of the town, the corporation shall repair the same and charge the same to the owner, possessor or other person responsible for such repairs and may proceed to collect the same according to law, and all sidewalks shall be constructed or repaired in such manner as may be required by ordinance, but the Mayor and Town Council of Oakland shall not be responsible for any damage which may be occasioned by reason or failure on the part of lot owners to keep their sidewalks in proper repair.

193. The Town Clerk before entering upon his duties shall take the oath herein prescribed for members of the Town Council and shall execute such bond as may be prescribed by ordinance.

194. The Treasurer shall, before he enters upon his duties, execute a bond as required by the ordinance of the corporation and shall take the same oath which is prescribed for members of the Town Council. He shall collect all taxes and other claims which may be due the corporation and shall pay over and account for the same at such time and in such manner as may be prescribed by this Act or the ordinances made in pursuance thereof. He shall assess all the improvements or additions to property in the town which may be made after a general assessment and an appeal shall be from his valuation in the Town Council.

195 C. The Police Magistrate shall be a Justice of the Peace of the State of Maryland in and for Garrett county, residing within the town of Oakland. He shall have full authority, power and jurisdiction to hear, determine and pass sentence in all cases of the violation of the ordinances of said corporation and may impose fines for such violations or may imprison offenders or may both fine and imprison offenders against said ordinances and in default of the payment of any fine imposed by him shall commit the offender to the lockup or county jail until the same be paid as may be provided by the ordinances of the town; provided that no ordinance shall be passed providing for a fine of not less than one nor more than twenty-five dollars nor for a term of imprisonment for more than thirty days.

195 D. The Attorney for the corporation shall render such legal services as may be required of him from time to time by the Mayor and Town Council and shall receive such compensation as the Town Council may prescribe by ordinances.

195 E. The Bailiff shall qualify in such manner as the Town Council shall require. He shall perform all the police duties of the town and for this purpose he is clothed with all the powers of a constable under the general law. He shall promptly bring all violators of the ordinances of the town to trial before the Police Magistrate. He shall enforce the ordinances of the town and shall be subject to the orders of the Mayor and Council provided such orders are not contrary to the ordinances of the town. He shall receive the same fees as a constable in Garrett county for making arrests or serving any process for violation of the ordinances of the town or in the discharge of his duties as Bailiff.

195 F. The Baltimore and Ohio Company shall keep a flagman to guard the crossings of the tracks of said company over Second street in the town of Oakland between the hours of seven o'clock a. m. and nine o'clock p. m.

195 G. The Mayor and Town Council shall have power to require license from all circuses, menageries, concerts, theatrical and all other exhibitions exhibiting for gain in said town. They shall have power to require license from the owners and keepers of hacks, carts, wagons, drays and every description of wheeled vehicle and carriages in said town or that may be brought into said town for hire; also from auctions, stores, hawkers, peddlers and meat shops in said town.

195 H. And be it further enacted That the Mayor and Town Council shall pass all such ordinances as may be necessary to impose a license tax upon each and every saloon and hotel or other place where spirituous and fermented liquors are sold with a view to profit, which license tax shall be collected at the date of the granting of said license. The proceeds of said tax shall be paid into the treasury of said town as any other tax. The said license tax shall be in each and every year the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, said license to be applied for and granted by the Mayor and Town Council of the Town of Oakland to be dated from the first Monday in May in each year, and for any portion of a year to be regulated by ordinances in the discretion of the Mayor and Town Council, and further the said saloons, hotels or other places, where spirituous and fermented liquors are sold with a view to profit, shall be closed at ten-thirty o'clock p. m. and opened at five o'clock a. m., each day and the said Mayor and Town Council shall provide by ordinances now in force and operation in said town shall remain and be in full force and effect until regularly repealed, provided that nothing herein contained shall be construed to prevent the compounding or sale of any such liquors by a regular pharmacist or druggist having a license for such business under the laws of this State, upon written bona fide prescription of a regular practicing physician of such district or county whose name shall be signed thereto.

195 I. All ordinances now in force and operation in said town shall remain and be in full force and effect until regularly repealed.

195 J. The Town Council may by ordinance provide for the codification of all ordinances which have been or may be passed by it, and for the pending of such codification thereof and the ordinances so issued by the authority of the Town Council, may be read in evidence from the printed codification.

195 K. And be it enacted that all laws relating to the corporation of Oakland conflicting or inconsistent with the provisions of this act be and the same are hereby repealed.

195 L. And be it enacted that this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

195 M. And be it further enacted that in the event of this act not becoming a law before the first day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, then the election for Mayor and Town Council for Oakland shall be held for the present year under the law heretofore enforced.

Approved, March 27, 1896.

CHAPTER 7.

AN ACT To prohibit the sale of spirituous or fermented liquors or lager beer at any place in Garrett county, within two miles of Anderson Chapel, in the village of Swanton, Maryland.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, that it shall not be lawful for the clerk of Garrett county, Maryland, to issue license to any person or persons to sell spirituous or fermented liquors or lager beer at any place in Garrett county within two miles of Anderson Chapel, in the village of Swanton, Garrett county, Maryland.

SECTION 2. And be it enacted, that this shall take effect from the date of its passa

Approved February 17, 1896.

Estate of Elizabeth Compton, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

ELIZABETH COMPTON,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 16th day of October next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 8th day of Mar., 1896.

4—3 ROSS COMPTON, Executor, Grantsville, Md.

Salesmen Wanted

on Salary, to sell Pennsylvania grown Nursery Stock, which is the best in the world. All the new specialties as well as the standard varieties of fruits and ornamentals. A fine outfit furnished and all traveling expenses paid. Salary dates from day work is commenced. Write for terms stating age.

HARPER, BRO. & THOMAS,
Maple Avenue Nurseries, West Chester, Pa.
5—1

ECCLESIASTICAL COLUMN.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, pastor St. Paul's M. E. Church, Editor.

A Bible Reading--Jesus Among Men.

More than a year ago a somewhat celebrated newspaper man of London, England, came to this country in the interest of certain reforms. After visiting Chicago, Ill., perhaps impressed with the wickedness of that modern Babylon, he wrote a book to which he gave the strange and startling title, "If Christ Came to Chicago." We need not, however, localize Christ's coming, for while apparently some places need His purifying presence more than others, all places and all peoples alike are dependent upon Him for spiritual life.

The writer, realizing that the "scriptures contain the only rule and the sufficient rule both of our faith and practice," desires in this article to call the reader's attention to some few things about Jesus Christ.

1st. *He is a touchstone of character.* In ancient days the old alchemists and chemists all possessed touchstones which they used to try the ores whether or not they contained gold or silver. This they did by rubbing the stone over the metal, which if pure left a golden or silver streak upon the stone. Whenever a man is brought into contact with Jesus Christ he is at once tested by that pure life as witnesses. The following scripture. "and Simeon blessed them, and said unto Mary his mother, behold, this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be spoken against; (yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also), that the thoughts of many may be revealed.'" St. Luke 2:34-35.

2nd. *He is a decider of destiny.* Not in the sense that He takes the place of the old heathen idea of fate and arbitrarily exalts one man to happiness and casts another down to despair, but he sets before all life and death and commands, "Chose ye this day." Therefore, in this sense he becomes the decider of our destiny. "Not everyone that saith unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity. St. Mark 7:21, 22, 23.

3rd. *He is exalted by His worshipers, yet rejected by unbelievers.* If scripture was silent upon this point we would need only to note the different attitudes of our friends and neighbors toward Christ to prove this proposition is true. However, God's word tells us, "This is the stone which was set at naught of your builders, which is now become the head of the corner." Acts 4:11.

4th. *He is wisdom to His followers, but foolishness to those who turn from Him.* But we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God." Cor. 1:23-24.

5th. *He is precious to christians, yet offensive to sinners.* Unto you, therefore, which believe, He is precious, but unto them which be disobedient, the stone which the builders disallowed the same is made the head of the corner, and a stone of stumbling and a rock of offense, even to them which stumbleth at the word, being disobedient; whereunto also they were appointed. 1 Pet. 2:78.

6th. *He is a blessing to some, but condemns others.* "If a man love me he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him." St John 14:23. "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ let him be anathema maranatha." 1 Cor. 16:22.

7th. *He gives life to one and deals death to another.* "To one we are the Savior of death unto death, and to the other the Savior of life unto life. II Cor. 2:16.

The above quotations are but a few of the many abounding in God's word, teaching us what Jesus Christ is to the believer and to the unbeliever. Reader, what is Christ to you—wisdom or foolishness, precious or offensive, a blessing or a curse, a life-giving Savior or a death dealing Judge? Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. He changes never. It is we who change in our opinions, in our love, in our faith. May everyone who reads these lines be changed and made into the likeness of His own glorious image.

Good agents wanted to make $10 per day. Good territory in West Virginia and Maryland. Address, P. O. Box 112, Mountain Lake Park, Md. 4-6

WILLIE'S SECOND EPISTLE.

The Pennsylvania Dutch Woman Becomes a Nuisance.

I forgot to tell you in my former letter that my ma is only my stepmother, but I call her ma out of respect for my pa. Do you think I would be so mean as to write about my mother? No! sir, don't think it for a moment My ma is a Populist. She don't take your paper. Pa takes it but he is not allowed to bring it into our house My ma won't allow no Democratic paper to come in either. She takes two Populist and one Prohibition paper. She does not know I write about her, besides I ain't afraid of her finding it out. My ma has a few good traits of character anyhow. She will not gossip nor listen to gossip. She has printed rules, and she is always extremely careful to have every person who comes into our house to read them over. My ma don't like to lend things, but she says that she can hardly refuse at times. The Pennsylvania Dutch woman is great on the "borry." Most every day she runs in to "borry" something.

One time my pa had my head felt. The professor charged pa fifty cents for feeling around my cranium. He told pa to make a prize fighter or a base ball player out of me. Pa asked why. He said "because your son's organ of language is so wonderfully developed." Then he lingered around my forehead and told pa that if it were not for my gift of gab that I might succeed in mechanics, and he said further, "Your son is immense on color and size. He could measure a bolt of muslin without the use of stick or rule and not go astray in measurement one inch."

The Pennsylvania dutch woman has been playing my ma for a sucker for sometime. One day when I was in a real good humor I thought I would put ma onto this old girl's racket. Ma, I said, you are a real smart woman, but that Pennsylvania dutch neighbor of ours is just a little smarter than you are in some things. She has been Joshing you all winter. My ma gave me one of those looks which always preceeds one of her storms, and told me to attend to my own affairs. But ma, I said, kind of meek and lowly like, our dutch neighbor borrows a cup of sugar or a cup of coffee when the price of coffee or sugar is high, and she hardly ever returns it until the price gets so low that she is afraid that it will go up again. At this bit of information my ma seemed to be no little surprised. I felt encouraged and went on with my good work. I told ma I had noticed when the Pennsylvania dutch woman came in to "borry" she always had a great big cup, and when she paid ma back she brought a very much smaller cup. I told ma also that there was a vast difference in the color of the sugar "borried" and sugar returned. This made my ma red-headed, and she said, "I believe you know what you are talking about. You are authority on size and color. Here, take this money and buy me a pair of scales." Ma put the scales in the pantry for future use. A few days later on the old dutch gal came along with the same old borrowing cup. "Mrs. H," she said, "I came to borry a cup of sugar and a drawin' of tea." Smilingly, my ma said, "Oh! certainly, certainly. Mrs. G., I am only too happy to be able to accommodate you." Ma went into the pantry and weighed the cup of sugar and marked the weight on the inside of the cupboard door with a piece of chalk. When she returned to the sitting room she handed the Pennsylvania dutch woman the sugar and said, "Mrs. G., have you noticed how sugar has been advancing lately? It went up one and a quarter cents only yesterday. I hope you can return what I have loaned you by Saturday. We are nearly out of sugar and my husband has concluded to buy no more at retail." On the following afternoon Mrs. G. returned the loan. I followed ma into the pantry, and when she emptied it into the scoop I told ma to look how dark it was. Ma saw that she was beat but she quietly replied, "O, it will do for baking purposes." Ma knew I was watching the scales and tried hard to keep me from seeing how much sugar was lacking in weight. It was just two ounces short. My ma asked the dutch woman where she bought her groceries. She said, at Mr. ——'s store. "I would not deal there any more if I were in your place," my ma said." "Why," inquired the old cheat. "Because I have just weighed the sugar which you have returned, and I find it to be inferior both in weight and color to that which I loaned you a day or two ago." My stepmother had been sweetly smiling during the delivery of this neat little speech. I thought that I detected some little bitterness in her voice. Ma, I said, after the woman left, she did not return the "drawin'" of tea she "borried." "Never mind, Willie," she said, "I do not think she will trouble me any more. If she does I shall tell her about borrowing my blueing bag and returning it empty. Besides I shall revise my rules." Had it not been for my pa I should never have told how the Pennsylvania dutch woman had been doing her up. But pa is so good, so gentle and kind, he is all for peace. Why, my pa can quell a disturbance in a church choir and make the singers as happy as clams.

My ma created quite a breeze last night while we were at supper. She is always wanting pa to move to Kansas. Only the other day she picked up a newspaper and read about some small city in Kansas where the citizens had elected counsilmen, mayor and two city marshals and all were nothing but women. Ma told pa that if he would move to Kansas or Wyoming she knew that with her popularity she could be elected mayor very easily. Over this mooted question there was more than a breeze—almost a cyclone, but ma furnished all the wind.

I think the whole trouble with my ma and myself arose when we lived in Baltimore. My ma has a passion for good bargains. It is a great feast for her to read the advertising columns of the newspapers. Pa wanted her to go to the World's Fair. She wouldn't go because she said there would be a great many people go who could not afford it, and in the meantime some of these people would be sold out of house and home by the sheriff, therefore she had her mind made up to remain at home and take advantage of the great bargains which would be offered.

I must tell you about an auction my ma attended once. It was a sale of unclaimed express goods. Among the other lot of worthless stuff that she had bought and sent home was an old pine box. When it was broken open a lady's side saddle was brought to view. Then there was no peace in our house until my pa purchased a saddle pony. The first time ma rode the dear little critter it bucked and threw ma over its head, breaking her arm. When ma got well she trailed the pony off for a wheel. She came very near being run down with a street car once, and at another time a market wagon ran into it, then she offered it to me. I told her that I was too little to ride a wheel, and besides, I did not want it. "Take it anyhow," she said, "and trade it off for something you do want." I traded it to a boy for a ferret, and when I took the ferrett home my ma asked me, "what in the name of Sam Hill are you going to do with that thing?" Rats, rats, I said. I can rid this house of rats with that animal in no time. "Well, Willie, if you can do that with your I will credit you with having made an excellent trade." I asked her when I might begin work time; now, if you wish," she answered. I went next door to get my neighbor's boy to help me chase the rats. This lady and I are not on speaking terms. She got mad at ma as soon as she heard of ma's having a pony and wheel. She was not mad at me, though. She said her little boy might help me, but before she let him go she called him aside and whispered something in his ear. We went to our house and plugged up all the rat holes we could find excepting two We left one open in the dining room and one in the kitchen near the door. Ma had a party; the ladies were sitting around the tea table, when the neighbor's boy turned the ferret into the hole in the kitchen. I don't think it was more than three minutes after the ferret went to work when the floor of the dining room was alive with rats. The ladies overturned the table in their haste to mount the chairs. They gathered their skirts around themselves and screamed and hollowed, rats, rats. I called out ferret; the ladies thought I cried fire, and they cried fire. The policeman turned in the fire alarm; the chemical engine came thundering along and stopped in front of our house, and the firemen unrolled the hose and ran into our parlor and dining room with the gas streaming from the nozzle of the pipe. Some of the ladies fainted and had to be carried out. I succeeded in explaining to the chief of the fire department the cause of all the commotion. He turned me over to the police who took me to the police station. I sent for pa, who bailed me out. The next morning I told my story to the police judge. He laughed and told me that I was free. This I think is the reason ma has it in for me. And I believe the neighbor woman whispered to her little boy to send the ferret into the hole in the kitchen, so as to break up ma's party.

WILLIE.

P. S. I guess pa will get a rest now. He has agreed with ma to move to Loch Lynn. The recent charter granted for that place reads, "all persons residing in Loch Lynn six months prior to the next election will be entitled to a vote." Ma says that will give her a vote.

W.

What you See Yourself You Must Believe.

We will show you the largest stock of FURNITURE and HOUSE FURNISHINGS that was ever assembled under one roof in this city, consisting of

CARPETS, MATTINGS, WINDOW SHADES, WALL PAPER, LACE CURTAINS, RUGS AND PICTURES.

Besides that, we will show you the lowest prices ever attached to reputable goods, all of which you will believe because you will see it when you come to our mammoth store. We guarantee our values—guarantee them by telling you here and now that anything you buy here, you may return and get your money back, if after getting it home you are dissatisfied.

On May 1st and 2nd

We will offer you the largest line of Carpets, Mattings, Wall Paper and all kinds of House Furnishings that was ever brought to this city. For every

$20.00 Worth of Goods Bought

For cash, we will give you free a FINE PICTURE with glass. If you do not want to buy anything we would like you to come and examine our stock and be convinced that we have the most complete line of Furniture that you ever seen.

Thanking you for past patronage, and soliciting a continuance of the same, we remain,

Yours respectfully,

SHARTZER & BOLDEN.

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL

ROOFING.

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING. PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER. REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS. SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In effect April 1st, 1896.

SOUTHWARD No. 3 P. M.	No. 1 A. M.	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2 NOON	No. 4 P. M.
3 00	8 00 lv	Cumberland ar	*12 00	*7 00
3 31	8 31	Bowlings	11 29	6 29
3 56	8 56	Keyser	11 04	6 04
4 00	9 00	Westernport	10 51	5 57
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. June.	10 38	5 48
4 37	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5 28
4 00	10 00	Hardison	10 00	*5 00
5 15	10 15* ar	Elk Garden	8 55	*3 55
5 55	10 35 lv	Gorman	9 21	4 21
5 01	10 41	Bayard	9 15	4 15
5 52	10 52	Doloban	9 04	4 04
6 23	11 23	Thomas	8 34	3 34
6 35	11 5 ar	Davis	8 00	2 55
6 27	11 27 lv	Coketon	8 31	3 31
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	8 07	3 07
6 57	11 57	Brooz	3 01	3 01
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 58	2 58
30	12 30	Kerens	7 26	2 26
7 00	1 00 ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	*2 00
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 25
	2 55* ar	Boalington	lv	*11 50
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. H. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 40 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400 balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

I Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.

E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD.

Spring is the time in the year that your Horses, Cows, Hogs, Sheep, Poultry, etc., need some good article to purify their blood. The International Food is the best article known for stock of all kinds; 1 feeds for one cent. Don't use any other. For sale only by

THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO.

DRINK

LUXURY COFFEE

and get the best Coffee made and get either Ladies or Gentleman's Gold Watch, guaranteed for 25 years. Use no other, because Luxury Coffee is the best.

Don't fail to call at the stores of The Maryland Supply Co. for

TIMOTHY AND CLOVER SEED.

We only handle the best western seed. Garden Seeds in abundance of all kinds. Fertilizer, Salt, Groceries, General Merchandise, and anything you may need. Don't fail to call at the stores of THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO., at

Mt. Lake Park, Md.
Oakland, Md.
Swanton, Md.
Lonaconing, Md.

51-1yr.

Your Face

Will be wreathed with a most engaging smile, after you invest in a

White Sewing Machine

EQUIPPED WITH ITS NEW

PINCH TENSION.
TENSION INDICATOR
—AND—
AUTOMATIC TENSION RELEASER,

The most complete and useful devices ever added to any sewing machine.

The WHITE is

Durably and Handsomely Built,
Of Fine Finish and Perfect Adjustment,
Sews ALL Sewable Articles,

And will serve and please you up to the full limit of your expectations.

ACTIVE DEALERS WANTED in unoccupied territory. Liberal terms. Address,

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.,
CLEVELAND, O.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

IN OAKLAND, MARYLAND

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from A. C. Brooke to Jacob S. Jamesson, bearing date the 7th day of December, 1891, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T., No. 13, folio 286, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, which said mortgage was assigned to William Pearre to Jacob S. Jamesson, by assignment bearing date the 28th day of March, 1896, and assignment recorded the 26th day of March, 1896, in the Mortgage Records of Garrett county. Default having been made in the payment of the principal and interest of said mortgage, the undersigned Assignee of said mortgage, will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, in front of the post office, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, on

Saturday, the 9th Day of May,

1896, at one o'clock p. m., all that lot, piece or parcel of ground situate, lying and being in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, and described as follows:

Beginning at the end of eighty-two and a half feet from the end of the first line of lot No. 24, and running thence with second street north twenty-four and a half degrees east eighty-two and a half feet to the corner of Pennington street, then north sixty-five and a half degrees west two hundred and sixty-four feet, then south twenty-four and a half degrees west eighty-two and a half feet, then by a straight line to the beginning, being the

Northern Half of Lot No. 25

in Pennington's Addition to the town of Oakland which was conveyed to A. C. Brooke by Eliza Brooke by deed recorded in Liber E. Z. T., No. 10, folio 537, etc.

This property is on one of the most desirable streets in Oakland for a residence, and is improved by a

FIXE DWELLING HOUSE

and the necessary outbuildings. It is also a corner lot and the late residence of Henry J. Mayers.

TERMS: Five hundred dollars cash on day of sale, balance to be paid upon ratification of sale by the Court.

WILLIAM PEARRE,
Assignee of Jacob S. Jamesson, Mortgagee.

FOR SALE.

The farm belonging to Elizabeth Maley, situated two miles north of Deer Park, adjoining the lands of Jack Cooper, Funkenberg, Miller and Rawlerson. Contains 125 acres, about 65 acres cleared, and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the premises. 52-4m.*

WHY SHOULD YOU SEND YOUR CHILD —TO— BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

1st. He (or she) can be prepared for college; he can study book-keeping, shorthand, typewriting, etc., and be fitted for business; he can begin his course in medicine or pharmacy under a teacher who has made the subject of chemistry a specialty.

2nd. It is a home school (co-educational) and for a limited number; and is conducted with all the loving, care-taking ministrations for individual development that the name implies.

3rd. Students require the most bracing, nerve-building climate, and here they have it. Among the recreations are skating, boating, tennis, bowling.

4th. English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, German, Musical and Art courses. Bible study and high ethical teaching will fit him for a noble Christian career.

E. B. SWAN, Principal,
18-1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—	Daily	2.46 A. M
No. 3—	Daily	7.07 A. M
No. 71—	Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 17—	Daily	10.49 A. M
No. 5—	Express, daily	5.24 P. M
No. 15—	Accommodation daily	6.45 P. M
No. 1—	Daily	10.06 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—	Daily	5.50 A. M
No. 2—	Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 14—	Accommodation daily	9.03 A. M
No. 72—	Accom daily except Sun	4.20 P. M
No. 16—	Daily	5.02 P. M
No. 4—	Daily	12.20 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F SCHROEDER, Agent.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, at all prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. C. CARSKADON,
28—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

FRANKLIN P. GREEN,
COUNTY SURVEYOR FOR GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Postoffice, LONACONING, MD.

All work entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished on short notice. 3-5m*

MUSHROOMS

From Loch Lynn Fruit Farm, Nursery and Greenhouse.

Our Greenhouse } A few hours by mail } Your Kitchen.

Order a pound and see how nice they are.

THE HORTICULTURAL SUPPLY CO.,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

LICENSES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all persons or bodies, corporate or politic, who may be required to take out license, that they must obtain the same on or before the

1st Day of May, 1896.

According to the provisions of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, every person or persons doing business for gain or profit except the maker, grower, or manufacturer, are hereby notified that they must take out a license.

AUSTIN BROWN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Office opposite postoffice, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 15—1yr

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Glessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

JANE HERRING'S PIANO.

"I allus said you was a bit purse-proud, Jane Herring, and having known you from the cradle, so to speak, I make so bold as to say it again."

Mrs. Freeman looked over spectacles at the tall, somewhat gaunt woman before her. Certainly the purse-pride of which she spoke was not noticeable in Jane Herring's personal appearance. Nothing could be plainer or more homely than her dress nor, in fact, than her whole surroundings. She stood before her guest, looking down at the fire thoughtfully. Her sallow face, despite its habitual melancholy of expression, was not unpleasing; and there was a wonderful sweetness about her grave gray eyes, and in her voice, as she answered:

"You have no call to say I'm purse-proud, Mrs. Freeman. I only like to keep my station."

"And what's your station, gal? What your mother used to din in your ears, years ago, tellin' you you was too good for this an' that. Just a matter o' having a painer over an' above other folks, and a lot better you are for it!"

Jane Herring turned instinctively to the old instrument in the corner by the window. Its ancient rosewood case shone with much polishing; it looked quaintly out of place in that homely kitchen.

"It's not only the piano," she said, quietly. "It's the education that goes with it, and being able to play it, and—and that."

"Eddication—bosh!" remarked her guest, somewhat rudely. "It's just the painer, and all the village knows it."

"Well," she went on after a pause, as Jane made no reply, "'twas just this I came round to speak to ye about, Jane. You might have been a happy wife be-now, but for that—now, mightn't you?"

A dark flush spread very slowly over Jane Herring's sallow face; she put her hand nervously to her forehead.

"Don't," she said, huskily.

"But you might," persisted the elder woman, disregarding her evident discomfiture. "Here you are a woman of six-and-thirty, livin' alone and miserable, so to speak, when you might ha' been the wife of a good man."

"Oh! please—please, that's all past and done with, Mrs. Freeman—why do you speak of it?"

"Phineas Balm wasn't good enough for you. The Balms hadn't a painer, eh?"

Jane turned to her angrily. She was very rarely roused, but her words came quickly now, and the hot flush was still upon her face.

"You have no right to speak on such things!" she cried. "No one is concerned in that but me. I want no one to live with me. I ask no one to help me. I might refuse every man in the place if I liked."

"But it ill-becomes you. Don't you know how it angered all the folks about when you said 'no' to Phineas? 'She thinks herself too good for him,' they said. Now, Jane—"

"Why do you say this? Why bring up the past at all? Have I offended you in any way, Mrs. Freeman?"

"No. I came in your interests, so to speak, Jane, because I've got eyes and ears, and I can see what's going forward. Phineas Balm was hard hit for you 20 years ago, and it's my belief he would have you yet but for your pride. But," she added, mysteriously, "there's another woman, a young one and a pretty one, setting up to take his heart. There is, you mark me, and it's Miss Letter's new millinery 'prentice."

Jane laughed.

"Phineas is his own master," she said.

And no more. Not one word more would she say on the subject; not one word more would she hear. Mrs. Freeman, in her meddlesome solicitude, felt that she had had a wasted visit. Jane always was a queer soul; good enough and kind enough, too, in her way, but as proud as Lucifer, and nothing to be proud of.

Poor Jane Herring! Her pride did not prevent her shedding a few tears by her lonely fireside that night. This was not the first time that Mrs. Freeman had tried to introduce this subject, but it was the first time she had had so much to say.

Was it the piano? Jane rose from her low chair before the fire, and went to the corner in which the instrument stood. Truly her mother had taught her to expect great things by reason of this rare possession. Truly, as a younger woman, she had thought her station above that of her neighbors in this remote and tiny village. And when Phineas had stood there, on that very hearth, and had laid his simple love before her, this pride, this feeling of superiority, had seemed to stand substantially between them.

Was it the piano? Looking back over the years—the long and lonely 20 years—since that day, there seemed, indeed, to have been no other obstacle. She could remember the thrill of pleasure the knowledge of his honest love had brought her; she could remember, too, the pang it had cost her to send him from her. Her mother had assured her there would be plenty in a better station of life who would seek her hand. She had waited for these swains, waited through 20 years of loneliness, and they had never come.

She had seen Phineas often enough since then. She had watched him through the sick stages of his disappointment, had noted how time began to set its mark upon his honest face. She had rarely spoken to him, but when chance threw them together his manner had been so kindly, so considerate, as to spare her any embarrassment. She had never questioned as to whether he still cared for her; it had never occurred to her to suppose that he did, seeing that she had refused him. In the same way she had not questioned her own feelings; it was so natural to her now to live alone, so natural to look upon love as a thing of the past, that she had ceased to think of it.

"Another woman — a young and a pretty one!"

How strangely those words insinuated themselves into her thoughts! What a terrible aching loneliness filled her to-night, in her quiet little home! She had no heart for music. The old piano stood unopened. Jane Herring, usually so busy and so serene, paced to and fro between the fireplace and the door, up and down, up and down upon her well-scrubbed boards.

"Proud! ah! proud of what?—a lonely, selfish life, a little knowledge, and a few possessions."

She stopped before the mirror that hung above the mantel shelf, and stood looking at the reflection of her face. A melancholy face it was—the face of a woman who had let life go by without taking the best that life offered; the face of a woman whom loneliness had wasted; a love-hungry, disappointed face.

Was she jealous of this unknown woman, this young and pretty girl for whom Phineas Balm might well recall his love and his youth? Surely not. Yet what was this strange emotion, this pain about her heart, this sick restlessness, such as she had never before known? It seemed incredible that the idea of his loving another woman should rekindle in her a desire to have Phineas for herself. Yet, she experienced an intense wish to come again under his notice, to know his feelings, to have a part in his interests.

It had come upon her so suddenly in the midst of her staid, contented life. At the very mention of this stranger by the gossip of the place, there had leaped up within her an emotion which she had with difficulty repressed until she was alone. Looking round her home, so perfect in all the details of order and thrift, yet withal so barren and cheerless, she wondered more and more at her folly of having thrown away the one thing needful for her happiness. She had loved the man after all—had loved him passively for a score of years, and she loved him still. The pride that had caused her to refuse him, the consciousness of social superiority—where were they now? What did they amount to under the calm scrutiny of six-and-thirty? An income sufficient for her humble needs had bred in her a somewhat selfish independence; and she was bound to confess that this had not been without its influence in the matter. It was long after her usual early hour for going to bed when she at last put out her lamp, and the conclusion she had come to when she left the loneliness below stairs for the loneliness above was that Mrs. Freeman was not far wrong, after all, in saying that "it was the piano."

A terrible sense of uneasiness oppressed her in the days which followed. In vain she tried to occupy her thoughts as usual, and to enjoy the bright influence of the perfect winter weather. Her heart was sick within her; the frost chilled instead of invigorating her, and she found the short January days too long. She was jealous—oh! how bitterly, how increasingly jealous!—of Mrs. Letter's new 'prentice, whom she had never seen. Her heart ached to meet Phineas Balm, but as luck would have it, he seemed to have disappeared from the place. Seek him she would not, forget him she could not; and all the time she was telling herself over and over again, that she was no better than a fool to think of such things.

More than one person in the village wondered what ailed Miss Herring. As she went about, quiet, unobtrusive as ever, there was something forlorn about her tall, spare figure, something pitiful in the expression of her grave face, the lines of which seemed suddenly to have deepened. She answered all inquiries, however, with the invariable assurance that she was perfectly well.

With all her efforts, she had been unable to regain her habitual state of mind, when another event befell of which she had had no premonition.

She had been, in spite of her protestations, very ailing for some days. The unusual excitement and emotion under which she labored were beginning to tell upon her, and the maintenance of her little home had become almost irksome.

Coming downstairs after a somewhat restless night, she was hastening to kindle her fire, when a knock at her door startled her. She was greatly surprised at receiving a letter, an event which rarely occurred to her, and the sight of the one the postman put into her hand caused her an unaccountable uneasiness. She opened it hastily, standing beside the newly lit fire, and then she stood with her gaze fixed on the paper, and a terrible sense of chill creeping over her.

There had come to her the worst news perhaps that can come to a friendless, helpless woman. The bank from which her little income came each quarter as interest on invested capital had broken, and she was left penniless.

The silence of the little house was broken by a long, wailing cry, as Jane Herring sank down upon her hearth and hid her face in her trembling hands.

Penniless! Left suddenly without that which she had come to look upon as unfailing and unalterable.

No one saw her that day; no one knew of the terror with which the lonely woman had come face to face. Kneeling there on the hearth where the blow had first fallen upon her, she remained for hours, combating with this unexpected foe. Poverty—starvation? No, no, she told herself—not that, for she was strong yet, capable of work if she could find it to do. She fought it out bravely enough, that battle against inexorable circumstances, crushing down, after the first shock of horror, every temptation to despair.

There was meaning in it all, she told herself—a meaning even in the terrible loneliness which doubled all her sorrow. It was her fault, and she was justly punished; but she would bear her punishment as bravely as possible.

She rose at last, and having made up the sinking fire, began to look upon the more practical side of the matter. Having but a few shillings in hand, it was essential that she should raise some money on which to live while she sought for work. It was not without much thought and many a bitter sigh that she decided in what way this might be done. She must sell the piano!

It was very grievous, very hard to do, but in the end that would have to go from her possession—with the rest.

She was too tired, altogether too confused and overcome, to set about the business that day. She could not face the inevitable curiosity of her neighbors; she could not, indeed, have dragged her aching limbs as far as the auctioneer's to whom she meant to go.

In spite of her care, however, the village regarded her with curiosity as she set out next morning. Down the little street she passed, looking neither to the right nor to the left. The pride of which her neighbors had accused her certainly forbade her to ask their pity, sorely though she needed it now.

Mr. Meade, the auctioneer, who had known Jane Herring many years, was most kindly sympathetic, and promised to do his best to get her a good price for the piano, even adding that he would buy it himself rather than let her lose by the sale.

Then she went home again. It gave her a strange pang to enter this little house in which so many of her years had been spent; but there had been some comfort in the kindness and sympathy of Mr. Meade, and Jane did her best to be quiet and brave.

It was when the twilight began to fall, and she fell to thinking how soon she must part with the first of her household gods that her courage gave way. She sat herself down before the old piano and bowed her head upon its polished boards. The sense of loneliness would be put away no longer; the bitter grief of parting would find relief in tears.

It was quite dark in the little kitchen, save for a few glowing embers on the hearth, when she rose at last, stiff, cramped, wearied out with grief. She lit the lamp, and had just drawn the curtains, when she was startled by a knocking at the door.

"They've come—they've come—for the piano," she gasped aloud. "Ah, no, no, no, I cannot let you go!"

She spread her hands on the top of the old instrument, staring wildly at the door. In her nervous state, the sudden sound had startled her out of her usual quiet of manner, and her knees were trembling violently. For a moment she stood thus, unable to move. Then, when the knock was repeated, she turned slowly to the door, and opened it.

"May I speak with you, Miss Herring?"

Jane did not answer. She stood quite still, and her swollen, tear-stained face grew deadly white. She tried to speak, but she could not, and then, in her confusion and amazement, she covered her face with her hands and sobbed aloud.

Phineas Balm—it was he who had knocked—came into the kitchen, and shut the door after him.

"I—I'm afraid I startled you," he said, somewhat awkwardly. "And comin', as I do, in the midst of your grief; but I wanted to be the first to bid, if you don't object."

Jane Herring struggled afresh to find words.

"I—I—I—oh, dear—I—"

"There, there—you're upset, and no wonder. Sit you down, Miss Herring."

Phineas laid his rough hand gently upon her arm, and led her to a chair. Then he stood beside her in silence.

"You must forgive me," she said at last, when her sobbing had grown quieter; "I am in terrible trouble."

"I know it. Mr. Meade has just told me about—about the pianer. I'd like to give you a good price for it, if I may."

Jane Herring looked at him for the first time.

"You?" she cried.

"Yes, me."

There was a look of tenderest compassion in his eyes, a look which made her start and tremble.

"You—you are very good," she said, rising hastily, and moving to where the instrument stood. "It's but a poor old thing, after all. Look at it."

He came and stood beside her as she displayed the keyboard, but he was not looking at it. He was looking at the woman of his early choice; he was noting how time had altered her, how sorrow had marked the face he had loved so well.

As he did not answer she looked up.

"It has grown shabbier since you saw it last," she said. "It is not worth much, I fear."

"It is worth a great deal to me."

He spoke very quietly, and his grave eyes met hers with a look which recalled the past more vividly than ever. It made Jane feel young again, and she smiled.

"Thank you, Phineas," she said.

He started as she spoke his name.

"You call me that?" he cried eagerly, bending toward her, and putting his hand over hers as it lay on the piano. "You call me by my name, Jane?"

He felt her hand tremble beneath his, he saw her eyes fill with tears.

"Jane, Jane, I wish I knew how to tell you—I wish you could guess a little how I have loved you all these years. Forgive me, girl, forgive me, but I must tell you it once more. Jane Herring, I shall never love but you in this world."

He paused.

"You are not angry, are you? I know you were too good for me—you are too good now—far, far away above me. But I love you still. I long for you, Jane."

She looked up then at him, and in her eyes he read the love of 20 years.—Household Words.

—There are more faults in the humor than in the mind.—Rochefoucauld.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—There is promise of an unusually large tobacco crop in Connecticut this year. The Cape Cod cranberry growers, too, are happy. The plants in their region got through the winter better than in many years.

—The planet Neptune, which had for countless ages revolved in the heavens unseen by anyone on earth, was discovered simultaneously and independently in 1846 by Prof. Adams and M. Leverrier, the two most brilliant astronomers of the day.

—Investigation shows that the amount of carbolic acid in the air depends largely upon the character of the ground, comparatively little being yielded by a clay soil. Another influence of soil is noted in cases of summer diarrhoea, the mortality being much less on clay than on sandy soil.

—Worms that have no eyes are believed to gain information of the presence of light from some other sense than that of sight. Light is always dangerous to an earth worm and when taken from the earth and placed in the light a worm will always exhibit uneasiness and make an effort to conceal itself.

—A short time before Dr. Charcot died he said in a letter that semi-scientists had for more than 50 years ridiculed the idea that the full of the moon was a dangerous time for mad people. Better-informed men are coming back to that old-time notion, said Dr. Charcot, as the result of increased learning on the subject of earth tides, similar to the oscillation of sea tides.

—Switzerland has called for a meeting of the countries that took part in the Berne conference, to decide on a metric standard for gauging screws. The slight deviations between the pitch and thread of screws made by the English standards from those made by the metric scale form a serious obstacle to the real adoption of the metric system in countries obtaining machinery from England.

—Prof. Bell, of telephone fame, is promulgating a new idea in airships. The proper method, according to him, is to propel the ship by a kind of trolley method, in which the rod would hang down to the feed wire instead of extending upward, as it usually does. He thinks the time occupied by inventors, in working out the problem of aerial navigation by the usual gas-bag method, is time wasted.

AGASSIZ'S TEST.

Estimate of a Man's Worth According to His Faculty of Observing.

It is said that however wisely Prof. Agassiz, the famous zoologist, might differ in his opinions from another scientist, he never undervalued any contribution which a scientific opponent made to zoology.

He extended the fame of Owen, the eminent English zoologist, in this country, by enthusiastically pointing out to all questioners his grounds for a sincere admiration of that scientist, and it was only by chance that his auditors learned how widely Agassiz' opinions differed from Owen's on certain much-disputed questions.

But for amateurs who took facts at second-hand and built up systems by combining the discoveries of various specialists in science he had a somewhat contemptuous indifference. One of his friends asked him on one occasion how he felt about the attack which had been made on his scientific position by a certain accomplished scholar who had studied the different theories advanced by eminent zoologists, and had decided that Agazziz must be ranked in the second class.

To the amazement of his friend, who regarded the attack as a matter of considerable seriousness, Agassiz burst into a roar of laughter.

"Why, just think of it," he cried. "The man undertakes to fix my place among zoologists, and he is not himself a zoologist!" And then, seeing that his friend did not apparently appreciate the joke of the affair, he added, with evident enjoyment: "Why, don't you know that he has never been an observer?"

With him "observation" meant not only the training of the eye itself, but the cultivation and exertion of all the faculties behind the eye. He once said in reply to a friend who asked him, after he had been 15 years in this country, what he considered the best result of his teaching:

"I have educated live observers. One of them, to be sure, has turned out to be my deadliest personal enemy; but I still affirm that he is a good observer and that is the best compliment I could pay him were he my dearest friend."—Youth's Companion.

An Athletic Governor.

The new governor of British Guiana, Sir Augustus Hemming, who is about to pass through the United States en route to Georgetown, is especially celebrated in England as a cricketer, being renowned as one of the oldest and most successful of amateur players, a rival, indeed, of Hon. Alfred Lyttleton. He is one of the founders of the Sparts' club in London, and has only just resigned the presidency of its committee in consequence of his departure from England. His principal associate in the founding of this renowned institution was the late Sir John Astley, popularly known as "The Mate." Sir Augustus is likewise an expert knight of the wheel, and, in spite of his mature years, remains to-day what he was 20 years ago—a typical, clean-built athlete.—N. Y. Times.

Saved a Thousand Lives.

To have saved over 1,000 lives is a somewhat unique experience. This record belongs to Capt. Weiss, of the steamship Belgian King, to whom a presentation was made in Newcastle, England, recently. It has been his good luck to pick up several vessels in distress at sea, including the liner Palmyra, with 850 people on board.—Detroit Free Press.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

CONSOLATION indiscreetly pressed upon us when we are suffering under affliction only serves to increase our pain, and to render our grief more poignant.—Rousseau.

Home Seekers Excursions.

In order to give everyone an opportunity to see the Western Country and enable the home seekers to secure a home in time to commence work for the season of 1896, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry has arranged to run a series of four home seekers excursions to various points in the West, North-West and South-West on the following dates: March 10, April 7 and 21 and May 5, at the low rate of two dollars more than ONE FARE for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address GEO. H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

WHEN kings make war no law betwixt two sovereigns can decide but that of arms, where fortune is the judge, soldiers the lawyers and the bar the field.—Dryden.

A Spring Trip South.

On April 7 and 21, and May 5, tickets will be sold from principal cities, towns and villages of the north, to all points on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida and a portion of Kentucky, at one single fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good to return within twenty-one days, on payment of $2 to agent at destination, and will allow stop-over at any point on the south bound trip. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

A DOCTOR may be able to speak but one language, but he is supposed to have some knowledge of all tongues.—Yonkers Statesman.

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION

At St. Louis, June 16, 1896.

The Wabash is the direct line to St. Louis via Chicago, Toledo or Detroit, and is noted for its fast time and elegant equipment. Through Sleepers, Free Reclining Chair Cars and Buffet Parlor Cars to St. Louis without change. Before making arrangements for your trip write to any representative of the Wabash Railroad for maps, time tables and guide to St. Louis, or to C. S. CRANE, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

A CROWD is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.—Bacon.

Fair and Fruitful

As the West is, it is often malarious. But it is pleasant to know what a competent safeguard in the shape of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters exists, which absolutely nullifies the poison of miasma. Western bound emigrants should bear this in mind. Nor should it be forgotten, the Bitters is a sterling remedy for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, kidney and nervous complaints and rheumatism.

AN agricultural exchange asks: "How can we prevent cider from working?" You might get it a government position.—Texas Sifter.

Cheap Excursions to the West and Northwest.

On April 21 and May 5, 1896, the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Ry) will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets at very low rates to a large number of points in Northern Wisconsin, Michigan, Northwestern Iowa, Western Minnesota, Nebraska, North Dakota and South Dakota, including the famous Black Hills district. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address W. B. KNISKERN, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

THE creditor whose appearance gladdens the heart of a debtor may hold his head in sunbeams and his foot in storms.—Lavater.

FITS stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

MOST men have more courage than even they themselves think they have.—Grevillo.

A SHINING EXAMPLE of what may be accomplished by never varying devotion to a single purpose is seen in the history of the McCormick Harvesting Machine Co., Chicago. For 65 years they have simply been building grain and grass-cutting machinery, and while there are probably forty manufacturers in this line, it is safe to say that the McCormick Company builds one-third of all the binders, reapers and mowers used throughout the entire world.

You Must Know That the best line from Chicago to Cripple Creek, Colo., and all points shown in the accompanying map is the Chicago & Alton R. R.

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President Isaac Lewis of Sabina, Ohio, is highly respected all through that section. He has lived in Clinton Co. 75 years, and has been president of the Sabina Bank 20 years. He gladly testifies to the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and what he says is worthy attention. All brain workers find Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiarly adapted to their needs. It makes pure, rich, red blood, and from this comes nerve, mental, bodily and digestive strength.

"I am glad to say that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a very good medicine, especially as a blood purifier. It has done me good many times. For several years I suffered greatly with pains of

Neuralgia

in one eye and about my temples, especially at night when I had been having a hard day of physical and mental labor. I took many remedies, but found help only in Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured me of rheumatism, neuralgia and headache. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proved itself a true friend. I also take Hood's Pills to keep my bowels regular, and like the pills very much." ISAAC LEWIS, Sabina, Ohio.

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TEMPERANCE.

ALCOHOL A POISON.

Reports from Germany and France—Bad in Any Quantity.

J. K. Funk, of New York city, writes to the Sun of that city as follows: In your columns a teacher objects to the temperance education law because it compels her to teach her pupils that "alcohol is a poison," whereas some of these children use wine and beer," "their parents use wine and beer," and all are "healthy." To observe accurately is a rare gift. I gravely doubt this teacher's conclusions; many insurance men would deny it. Carefully collected insurance statistics demonstrate that total abstainers are about 30 per cent. safer risks than are even moderate drinkers.

The Deutsche Versicherungs-Zeitung, an insurance journal of Berlin, gives an account of a lecture delivered within the past year by Dr. Brendel before the Anthropological society at Munich, the center of beer growing and beer drinking in Germany. Dr. Brendel said: "Alcohol, which apparently brings so much pleasure to its partaker, acts as poison, if even consumed in small doses daily, by means of its cumulative action, as strikingly shown here in Munich, the center of beer consumption, by the frequent sudden cases of death of apparently healthy men."

According to the same paper, Prof. Dr. Bollinger, of Munich, proved "the prevalence of various diseases of a definite nature of the internal organs, caused by the universal drinking of beer in Munich. A normal heart or kidney is the exception here. This state of affairs also injures the progeny in a most serious manner." Dr. Demme, also of Munich, declares he "found that of the children of non-drinkers 82 per cent. were sound, while of those of drinkers only 1 per cent. were sound."

The French Academy of Medicine has recently adopted a series of resolutions, which not only declare that the drink evil has become a "permanent danger," attacking the "very life and force of the country," but lay stress on the fact that even "the purest and least poisonous alcohol is none the less always and fundamentally a poison." These resolutions were brought before the academy by MM. Bergeron and Laborde. M. Rochard, who was foremost among those taking part in the discussion, declared that "alcohol is always a poison, and the consumer who can afford to drink pure brandy may resist longer than the unfortunates who poison themselves in the saloons; but nevertheless he will succumb to alcoholism in a short time. * * * The coalition of retailers with the habitues of the wine shops, the union of those who live by alcohol with those who die by it, ought to be opposed by all interested in public health."

On this awful subject of the alcoholic drink traffic the conscience of the American people is awakening slowly, but is awakening, and when once fully awakened it will never sleep until the evil is ended.

THE DRINK HABIT.

Long Train of Evils That Dogs the Footsteps of the Drunkard.

When drunkenness has taken fast hold of a man, farewell industry, farewell emulation, farewell attention to things worthy of attention, farewell love of virtuous society, farewell decency of manners, and farewell, too, even an attention to the person; everything is sunk by this predominant and brutal appetite. In how many instances do we see men who have begun life with the brightest prospects before them, and who have closed it without one ray of comfort and consolation? Young men with good fortunes, good talents, good hearts, and sound constitutions, only by being drawn into the vortex of the drunkard, have become by degrees the most loathsome and despicable of mankind.

In the house of the drunkard there is no happiness for anyone; all is uncertainty and anxiety. He is not the same man for any one day at a time. No one knows anything of his outgoings or his incomings; when he will rise or when he will lie down to rest, is wholly a matter of chance. That which he swallows for what he calls pleasure brings pain as surely as the night brings the morning. Poverty and misery are in the train. To avoid these results we are called upon to make no sacrifice. Abstinence requires no aid to accomplish it; our own will is all that is requisite, and if we have not the will to avoid contempt, disgrace and misery, we deserve neither relief nor compassion.—William Cobbett.

VARIOUS NOTES.

WHO can tell what men and angels say on the day a young man takes his first drink?—Ram's Horn.

THE greatest remedy for poverty and disease is the banishment of the brothel and the saloon.—Attila.

THERE is a new law in England which came into force on New Year's day, protecting women against the cruelty of their drunken husbands.

LET me say that I never knew a young student to smoke cigarettes who did not disappoint expectations. I have watched this for 30 years and cannot recall a single exception to the rule. —Hon. Andrew White, ex-President of Cornell University.

IT is stated on authority that in Bohemia, 53 owners hold seventeen one-hundreds of the land and own 123 big breweries and 35 distilleries. Among these proprietors are found many aristocratic names and that of the emperor of Austria.

Drunken Men in London.

Scotland Yard, London, has issued an order to the police force to the effect that if a constable sees a drunken man approaching a public house he is to prevent his entrance, and if a drunken man does get inside a public house the policeman is to call the landlord's attention to his condition

NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS.

Strong Drink Biteth Like a Serpent Whoso Is Deceived Thereby, He Be Rich or Poor.

The secret was out at last. It was a pitiful sight. In a room where taste and luxury abounded, where the hand of love daily arranged every little article in the doctor's study—and now to find him drunk! Agnes stood gazing in amazement. He—her husband—who had so lately promised before God to cherish and protect her, already so fallen! Could she have known this she would never have left her father's house and promised to be his wife. Now what was before her? A life of humiliation and misery. She knew he drank a little wine. "But then he was wealthy, and so handsome and gay, and had a profession; surely nothing serious could come of a taste for wine." So she had argued before their marriage. Now she was to learn that this serpent, when flattered and petted by

AND NOW TO FIND HIM DRUNK.

the rich and gay, could turn and bite them when he chose to charm, as well as the poor and degraded among men. Yes, he was drunk; and the secret was discovered, the skeleton in the closet revealed. He threw off the mask and acknowledged he had no more power over himself. Slowly he went down. First in the confidence of his people, then in the eyes of the community, and lastly, in the eyes of his own wife, who, while she stood by him and clung to some faint hope, pitied him, lost her respect for him, and finally followed him to a drunkard's grave.

More than once have I seen this picture in real life. We think of the drunkard as among the poor and despised of earth—ignorant and covered with rags. It is not always so. The wealthy, the talented, the petted of society, if they tamper with the serpent, will at last feel his sting.—John E. Lightbown, in National Temperance Advocate.

A LITTLE ABOUT TOBACCO.

Old Arabic Legend Regarding the Origin of the Weed.

The origin of tobacco is thus given in an old Arabic legend, reported in the Conte Arabe:

The prophet was taking a stroll in the country when he saw a serpent stiff with cold, lying on the ground. He compassionately took it up and warmed it in his bosom. When the serpent had recovered, it said:

"Divine prophet, listen. I am now going to bite thee."

"Why, pray?" inquired Mohammed.

"Because thy race perseeutes mine and tries to stamp it out."

"But does not thy race, too, make perpetual war against mine?" was the prophet's rejoinder. "How canst thou, besides, be so ungrateful, and so soon forget that I saved thy life?"

"There is no such thing as gratitude upon this earth," replied the serpent; "and if I were now to spare thee, either thou or another of thy race would kill me. By Allah, I shall bite thee."

"If thou hast sworn by Allah, I will not cause thee to break thy vow," said the prophet, holding his hand to the serpent's mouth. The serpent bit him, but he sucked the wound with his lips and spat the venom on the ground. And on that very spot there sprang up a plant which combines within itself the venom of the serpent and compassion of the prophet. Men call this plant by the name of tobacco.

SOME SOUND ADVICE.

How Florence, the Actor, Opened the Eyes of a Friend to His Folly.

Florence, the actor, once gave some advice to a friend in these words: "My Dear ——: The gallon of whisky costs about three dollars, and contains about 65 15-cent drinks. Now, if you must drink, buy a gallon and make your wife the barkeeper. When you are dry give her 15 cents for a drink, and when the whisky is gone she will have, after paying for it, $6.75 left, and every gallon thereafter will yield the same profit. This money she should put away, so that when you have become inebriate, unable to support yourself and shunned by every respectable man, your wife may have money to keep you until your time comes to fill a drunkard's grave."

The Meanest Man on Earth.

It is as mean a thing as men are ever guilty of, to abandon the society of their wives and babies, for that of boon companions amid the coarse environments of a barroom. Say nothing about the money squandered, that ought to be spent to feed, clothe and educate the family, the practice of barroom lonfing is a low and degrading habit, that respectable men, whether they drink much or little, should not acquire. It is ridiculous to talk about a poor man having "no place to go." He can take his wife for a call on a congenial neighbor. She may have such neighbors call on her, and the two families may play games, discuss what they have read in the newspapers, and so on, all to their improvement.—Chattanooga Times.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Miss Ella Ewing, of Price, Mo., weighs 290 pounds, and is said to be seven feet two inches in height. She attends church regularly, and takes up the collection every Sunday.

—An oysterman of South Norwalk, Conn., came to New York recently with a boat load of oysters. He couldn't find profitable sale for them, so took them back and planted them again.

—An English automatic gas company does a flourishing business. Last year its penny-in-the-slot customers consumed on an average 1,875 cubic feet a month, and the amount received from the meters in the past six months was £30,000.

—The family of a farmer named Raymond, living in Calhoun county, Mich., is in the heavy-weight class. There are six sons and their combined weight exceeds a ton—considerably over 300 pounds each. Neither the father nor the mother tips the scales at more than 150 pounds.

—The grand jury returned a true bill against Elizabeth A. Short, of Verona, Pa., charging her with being a common scold. The charge is a strange one in the county courts, and is not heard of very often. Many years ago persons convicted of this crime were punished with the "ducking" stool. C. J. Mathewson, of Verona, brought the suit.

—The management of the Tennessee centennial exposition is locating the buildings of the fair so as to leave as few open spaces as possible between them in order that the visitor may not be wearied going from one to another. The walks will be constructed of asphalt and fountains and statuary will be placed at every point of vantage.

—A woman who is an enthusiastic naturalist suggests that the diminution in the number of song birds of New England is due not to the hostility of the English sparrow, or the small boy, or the fashion of wearing dead birds in bonnets, but to the general use by farmers of Paris green and other poisons as insect exterminators.

—A burglary insurance company has taken the field, which is apparently a new one in the insurance line. It is a Boston concern, and already is doing business in 11 states—meeting with a success which its managers hardly dared to anticipate. Most of its risks are for dwelling-houses, and the policies are usually for $500 or $1,000 to cover losses from the depredations of burglars.

SUSIE GOT THE SAFETY.

But It Was Not the Kind She Had Hoped For.

Susie Simpkins lives in the little back-country village of Concordia, but even in her childhood Susie was considered "powerfully smart," and too bright a girl to waste her ability in so small a sphere. As the years passed and Susie budded into young womanhood, this conviction deepened in her mind, and she longed for the things of outside life. She felt that though doomed to be in Concordia, she was not of it.

Then she took a queer fancy. She would have a bicycle, and roam the country lanes of her neighborhood in freedom and unrestraint. The city papers and the illustrated magazines —even the art-born bicycle catalogues —penetrated to her rural home, and the bicycle passion was fanned by each scrap of cycling information she perused.

One day an eastern paper found its way into her hands, and an advertisement caught her eye. An offer was made that to agents who disposed of three cases of a certain brand of baking powder a present would be made of a ladies' safety, finished in full nickel, and thoroughly guaranteed for one year.

The next outgoing mail bore away an order for the three cases of baking powder, accompanied by the cash Susie had been saving for a twelvemonth back. In the course of a week or so the baking powder arrived, but with it came a letter stating that the safety had been ordered from the factory, and would be somewhat delayed in shipping owing to an unusual demand.

Susie fretted in her impatience, for she had told the neighborhood of the safety she was expecting, but still the safety came not. She haunted the little weather-beaten railway station upon the arrival of every train, express or freight, in anxious expectation of her coming treasure.

A fortnight passed, and with its end came a letter from the baking powder concern, addressed to Susie Simpkins, and inclosing one-twelfth of a dozen of those useful little articles so familiar in the feminine toilet. It was Susie's safety.—Bearings.

Thoughts from Dumas.

To make friends with a man requires time; with a woman only occasion.

Experience and philosophy that do not result in forbearance and charity are two acquisitions that are not worth their cost.

A well-bred woman does not fall in love a second time without allowing a considerable interval to elapse. There are never two accidents in close succession on the same railroad.

It is with science and philosophy in their search after truth as with railway trains passing through a tunnel in broad daylight—darkness in the middle, but day is at both ends. Whichever side we go out it is the same light in which we entered. The same God is at the beginning of faith and at the end of science.

A woman has no power to efface radically by the sole effort of her will an image that has long filled the mind. She must replace it by another. She does not destroy, she superposes. When the second image is finer or larger than the first, so that the first is seen no more, all goes well; this is forgetfulness. When it is smaller, so that the edges of the other can be seen, things go badly; that is remorse. — Detroit Free Press.

GLIMPSE AT THE CHINESE.

A Resident of Shanghai Tells of Their Failings and Virtues.

A very handsome and distinguished-looking gentleman is Mr. Francis W. Harrell, a former citizen of Virginia, but now a resident of Shanghai, China, who, with his wife, is visiting Washington. Mr. Harrell lived for six years in Japan, occupying the chair of English in the leading university of that country, and there he met his future wife, who was the first child of white parents born in the mikado's dominions. Mrs. Harrell not only speaks Japanese like a native, but she is profoundly versed in the literature of the country. Mr. Harrell is now connected with the great shipping firm of N. J. Robinson & Co., and he comes to the United States to contract for some high-power guns, to be used by the Chinese in defending several of their important rivers.

"The Chinese government," said he, "is in a bad way, and any organized effort to overthrow it, if backed by a few capable and determined leaders, would doubtless be successful. The present dynasty is very unpopular, and a great many people were glad because of its humiliation by the Japanese. The despotic rule of the mandarins has deadened all patriotic feeling. They are non-progressive as well as tyrannical, and block the ways to the opening of the empire to railroads, telegraph lines and all other accompaniments of civilization. As long as the masses can be kept in ignorance their power and prestige will be secure. The mandarins incited the lower classes to the recent massacre of the missionaries, but the instigators were shrewd enough to escape punishment themselves."

"But it will not do to underrate the Chinese because of their defeat by a smaller nation. With proper military organization they would prove a formidable foe to any power on earth. The men are brave, and they only need training to become first-class soldiers.

"As a business people they are far superior to the Japanese. When a Chinese merchant gives his word it is sacred; there is no use in putting a contract in writing when dealing with them, and if in rare cases one defaults, his relatives or friends cheerfully comply with the obligation. On the contrary, the Japs will break their word whenever self-interest dictates, and the only way to deal with them is by written instruments. They are bright and clever, but lacking in the solid and enduring qualities of the Chinese.

"Shanghai is one of the most beautiful and well-kept cities of the east, and well deserves the title of 'Little Paris.' In some ways it is the most peculiar city on earth. The natives have a government of their own, and the foreigners are allowed to govern themselves. There are large colonies of English, Americans, French and Germans.

"The prestige of Li Hung Chang has greatly gone down of late, and the coming man of the empire is Chang Chi Chung, viceroy of Nankin. He is enthusiastic on the subject of organizing a great army after the German system, and when he accomplishes his purpose he could put himself at the head of the empire without any trouble."—Washington Post.

ORIGIN OF THE ROSE.

Queen of Flowers Is of Ancient Lineage and Distinguished History.

Some indication of the origin of the rose, both in time and in country, is probably given in its name. This undoubtedly comes to us through the Latin from the Greek "rodon," a word which is now agreed to be, in the wider sense, oriental, not Greek. But to which of the two great families of language it belongs is less certain. Heyn maintains it to be Iranian—that is, of the Aryan family—of the older tongue of Persia and Bactria; and Persia might unquestionably put strong claims to be the true native country of the rose. But Prof. Skeat, who has the majority of modern authorities on his side, declares it to be a pure Semitic word—the Arabic "ward," a flowering shrub, thus denoting the flower of flowers par excellence. It is worth noticing that the Persian word "gul" similarly meant at first only a perfumed flower, but has come to be used of the rose alone. "Ut rosa flos florum sic est domnits ista domorum" is the emphatic way in which the inscription over the lovely chapter-house at York claims it as being the very flower of architecture.

But theories, however, of the name agree with all other indications that we can trace in placing the original home of the rose, much as that of our earliest forefathers, in the central or western central district of Asia; but, instead of spreading only in a westerly direction, the rose took, apparently, a more catholic view of the earth, and expanded impartially east and west, without showing any reluctance about longitude, while disliking the more violent changes of temperature implied by an extension of latitude. It has been found by travelers as far south as Abyssinia in one hemisphere and Mexico in the other; but it never seems, voluntarily, to come very near to the equator. Northward, however, nothing seems to stop it, since it has conquered Iceland, Greenland and Kamtchatka.

"In Iceland, so (in)fertile in vegetation that in some parts the natives are compelled to feed their horses, sheep and oxen on dried fish, we find the rosa rubiginosa, with its pale, solitary, cup-shaped flowers; and in Lapland, blooming almost under the snows of that severe climate, the natives seeking mosses and lichens for their reindeer find the roses mainlis and rubella, the former of which, brilliant in color and of a sweet perfume, enlivens the dreariness of Norway, Denmark and Sweden." —Quarterly Review.

—Where lives the man that has not tried how mirth can into folly glide, and folly into sin?—Scott.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Hints Which May Be Useful to Busy Women.

Very light sunshiny rooms can bear Indian and Pompeiian reds in draperies and coloring. They have a cool effect even in midsummer.

The green coat so fashionable in oak may be given to it by using a satin of lampblack, mixed with linseed oil and turpentine. Rub the stain well into the grain of the wood, and finish with orange shellac. The shellac will change the black to green. Ash may be stained a dark green in the same way.

A novelty in the house of a woman who can afford to indulge in such novelties is a boudoir with the walls covered with rose pink crepe paper. The covering of each panel is gathered in the center under a large American beauty rose, made of flower paper, but so perfect that it looks as if fresh from a greenhouse.

The meringue on pies and puddings, which should be a dainty foam several inches high, is often but a crust of leather, produced by too hot an oven. After making a meringue it should be spread roughly but evenly over the surface of a pie or pudding that is nearly but not quite cold. Turn the heat off your oven and bake it about 20 minutes. When finished it should be a delicate brown. Professional makers of fine pastry dry or cook meringues in a very slow oven from half to three-quarters of an hour, and then brown them slightly with a salamander.

Dessert and tea services, or, in fact, china of any kind that is ornamented with gold, should never be washed with soda in the water. The safest plan to prevent chipping the edges is to have a clean wooden tub with a cloth in the bottom; in this put hot water and a piece of soap; rub the soap on a brush or with the hand to make a good lather, wash the china in the lather, and rinse in clear, warm water; then stand it on cloths spread on a table to drain, or in one of the wooden drainers specially prepared for the purpose. Wipe on a clean teacloth; then, when quite dry, polish the gold by rubbing it well with a dry soft wash-leather.

Pretty everyday doilies are made from those of the fine hemstitched linen sold in the stores, with a border of two rows of feather stitching in white silk next the hem. If, in addition, an edge of fine durable lace, such as torchon, is added, they are nice enough for everything except state occasions.

A desirable out of door wrap for the house-worker may be made large and loose, reaching to the knees, with big sleeves and a hood attached. This can easily be slipped on over the dress when there are windows to wash, clothes to hang on the line, or other out of door work to be done in cold or chilly weather.

The best cleanser for sponges is a strong solution of borax, in the proportion of a tablespoonful to a pint of hot water. It will not only cleanse the sponge, but disinfect it, destroying all micro-germs or parasites. — Chicago Inter Ocean.

TOLD HIM TO HOLLER.

Representative Bailey Found a Very Obedient Claque.

Representative Bailey is one of the most picturesque figures in congress. He affects constitutional law, wears a broad expanse of shirt front, tosses a mass of wavy black hair and glories in a sweeping Texas sombrero. Mr. Bailey's boast is that Texas congressional districts are as big as New England states. He is the subject of a story and it would be wrong to tell who is the author of it, as Mr. Bailey is a hot-blooded man. The story is that when Mr. Bailey first entered public life in Texas he was comparatively unknown. He was anxious to forge to the front, however, and to make himself heard on every occasion. A large meeting was to be held in a neighboring town. Bailey went to it on horseback. He fell in with a traveler, and in the course of conversation about speakers, remarked: "Did you ever hear of Bailey?" The yokel replied that he had not. "Well," said Bailey, "he is a good speaker, and is going to be there to-day. If you get a chance, yell for him and you will get a speech worth listening to." The traveler promised. The meeting came off, and several speakers were heard. Finally there was a lull, and then some one in the audience began to yell: "B-a-i-l-e-y! B-a-i-l-e-y!" The master of ceremonies turned to Bailey and led him to the rostrum. Bailey started to speak, but the shouter continued to yell "B-a-i-l-e-y!" Bailey stopped. The master of ceremonies said, genially: "If our friend will keep still Mr. Bailey will continue his address. The gentleman speaking is Mr. Bailey." The only reply to this was a howl of disgust from the man who had been making all the noise, and he blurted out: "Why, that's the long-haired galoot that told me to holler for Bailey!"—N. Y. Tribune.

No Business to Notice It.

See the young woman at the railway station.

She is waiting to meet relatives who are coming on the train.

See her rush eagerly to meet them.

They have come.

They are her dear cousins.

See the haste with which she runs to kiss Cousin Arabella.

She doesn't lose an instant.

But she is not in such a hurry to kiss Cousin Jack.

When she sees him approaching she does not hasten.

She seems almost provoked because he wants to kiss her.

She keeps him waiting while—

She lifts her veil.—Chicago Tribune.

At the Seventh Hour.

Deacon Yallerby (with austerity)—I see dat yo' had chickens fo' dinnah las' Sunday, Br'er Blackle, though yo' am so long out o' work.

Mose Blackie—Ya as, deacon; I got er little job 'round a hen-house late Saturday night!—Texas Siftings.

CHINAMEN WHO VOTE.

There Are in San Francisco About Two Thousand of Them.

There are about 2,000 Chinese voters in this city, and within the next five years 3,000 or 4,000 male Chinese, born in this city, will have attained the age of 21 years, and, therefore, will be entitled to vote. They acquire this privilege under the 14th amendment to the constitution of the United States. Yet, under the treaty between this country and China, the voter's father cannot be naturalized, and is, therefore, not a citizen. The population of the Chinese quarter is about 35,000, and the coming Chinese suffragists, in addition to those who have already arrived at the voting age, will soon cut an important figure in the politics of this city and state. They are now being courted by the politicians, who are looking forward to 1896.

Notwithstanding the prohibitory laws Chinese laborers percolate through British Columbia on the north and come up through Mexico on the south. The Chinese not only engage in all kinds of industrial labor, but are leading the Californians in the manufacture of many articles and are also entering the professions. They manufacture shoes and sell them at 25 to 40 per cent. cheaper than does the Caucasian manufacturer. They have numerous shops, where mending and repairing are done at cut rates, and these cobblers are largely patronized by white people who are not averse to saving a few dimes. They make fine calfskin shoes for three and five dollars, for which the white shoemaker will charge five and eight dollars. They manufacture and retail cigars at one cent, which the white man sells at "two for five." These are mainly purchased by youths and blatant hoodlums, who stand upon the corners and denounce the "heathen." Recently several new markets have been established in the Chinese quarter, where every kind of fish and game may be had fresh. Hundreds of Chinese are continually engaged in fishing and trapping game. A great deal is dried and shipped to eastern markets. But it is common to see housewives and servants in the Chinese markets bargaining for vegetables and fish. A few years ago such a thing was not to be thought of. Bevies of women are seen daily in the Chinese quarter buying ladies' and children's shoes, the manufacture of which is a specialty with the Chinese. And wherever a woman can get things cheaply she will purchase, because she will then have more money to buy other things with. The manufacture of ladies' underwear is also a specialty with these deft workers, and their stores are daily visited by feminine shoppers.

Selling vegetables and fish is one of their leading industries. Market hours continue throughout the day, and street venders on foot and in wagons may be seen in all parts of the city crying their commodities in cracked voices and broken English. . .

In addition to shoes and all kinds of clothing, they manufacture brooms, jewelry, and preserve and can all kinds of fruit for shipment. They learned this on the fruit ranches and in canneries, where they were employed at one dollar a day. Now they purchase the fruit, can it, and undersell their former employers.

When the Caucasian manufacturers imported what they termed "these heathen," they little thought that in a few years they would have a rival, and one that is gradually driving them out of business. The Chinese went to work at making shoes for $1.50 a day, supplanting white men who were receiving three dollars a day. The manufacturer who employed from 50 to 100 men prided himself upon his stroke of economy. Now the Chinese have their own factories, and in order to compete the white manufacturer must get skilled labor at one dollar a day or go out of business. The same may be said of the other branches of industry into which the Chinese have entered.

To the neglect of our own heathen, who are filling the prisons and reformatory institutions, our overzealous but misguided missionary societies undertook to Christianize this "heathen," who has a religious belief much older than our civilization. Missions and schools were established, and the missionaries passed through the slums of our city to the field of Chinatown. The shrewd Chinese took advantage of this opportunity to learn English without purse or scrip, and after they had graduated the missions saw them no more. Some of them even wore American clothing, or "civilized clothing," as it is termed, but not one of them ever cut off his queue—the badge of his religion. About the only real conversions were those of the white women teachers who married their Chinese pupils.

As an evidence of their underhanded dealing, a Chinaman will seek work in a basket factory, and in a few months after he has learned the secrets of the business, where the material may be obtained and who are the customers, he will bring his "cousin" to his employer, saying: "Me quit; me go to China; my cousin work, all same!" The fellow, instead of going to China, sets up a basket-making or broom-making shop in the Chinese quarter, and begins to undersell his former employer, and also capture his customers. The other Chinese soon quits, and brings his cousin to take his place, continuing until enough of them have learned the business to set up a large factory. It is by this means that they acquired the knowledge of shoemaking, etc.—San Francisco Cor. Philadelphia Times.

A Heavy Debt.

Mrs. Lightpurse—Here is an article in this paper, entitled: "The World's Debt to the Jews." Shall I read it?

Mr. Lightpurse—No; that's a chestnut, I guess. Nearly everybody is in debt to the Jews; we all know that. Here, put this last pawnticket with the others.—N. Y. Weekly.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, April 20, 1896.

Mr. Cleveland's kindergarten, called by courtesy his cabinet, is in a state of terror. Hilary Herbert is in disgrace and Hokey Smith is afraid that it will be his turn next. Hilary's disgrace was brought about by his having given pedagogue Cleveland false reports as to the condition of affairs at his home. He told Mr. Cleveland that the free silver Democrats of Alabama were more noisy than numerous and that the recent primaries would show the state overwhelmingly for sound money. He's sorry now he told that, and he won't forget the half hour he spent with Mr. Cleveland after it became known that the Democrats had captured the state bag and baggage. Hokey Smith has brought the same report about Georgia, and, according to ex-Speaker Crisp and other silver Democrats, they will be found to be no more trustworthy than those of Hilary Herbert. Mr. Cleveland is just beginning to realize that the silver Democrats are much more likely to control the Chicago convention than he is, and the realization has not added to his amiability.

The last appropriation bill is now before the House and will probably be passed this week. Then the House will only have to act on the Senate amendment to those appropriation bills which have not yet been finally disposed of before being ready for adjournment. Republicans in the House have no fear of Senator Gorman's threat that the present Congress will be arraigned on the stump as a do-nothing body. In fact, they hope the Democrats will make such an attempt. The record of the present House has never been excelled for business-like procedure, and the more the Democrats say about the failure of Congress to relieve the Treasury, the more creditable will appear the action of the House in promptly passing the revenue tariff bill that failed in the Senate.

The conclusion of the House committee on Ways and Means not to report a bill providing for a restoration of the reciprocity policy originated by the late James G. Blaine, which was benefitting American producers and manufacturers when repealed by the Democratic tariff bill, is on all fours with common sense. The hearings before the committe left no doubt that public sentiment favors a return to the reciprocity, but that return being impossible while a Democratic president is in office, the committee wisely decided not to waste time in preparing a bill and putting it through the Republican House only to have it hung up by the nondescript Senate, as the revenue tariff bill was, or vetoed by Mr. Cleveland if it got through the Senate. Reciprocity will come, along with the other good things which will follow the restoration of the Republicans to the control of all branches of the government.

No speaker of the House ever received a greater compliment from a political opponent than was paid to Speaker Reed by Dockery, of Mo., during a discussion of private bills before the House. Mr. Dockery said. "I want to say here in his presence, that I honor the present Speaker, Thomas B. Reed. He has stood like a lion in the path of members on both sides of the political isle who have been pressing bills carrying large sums."

Representative Grosvenor, of Ohio, is one of the heavy hitters on the Republican side of the House: "You are paralized by your own utter inefficiency. The great feature of the administration of Grover Cleveland—the only feature that will save him from future contumely—is that when the bill to repeal the great revenue-producing, industry propagating tariff law was presented to him, he said: "My name shall never disgrace its pages.' You are attempting to place in contrast an administration that paid $250,000,000 of the public debt with one that borrowed $260,000,000, and now trembles each day lest the telegraph brings the news that the gold so borrowed is drifting across the water."

Secretary Dowling, of the National League of Republican Clubs, whose headquarters are at Chicago, is in Washington on League business. His position gives him excellent facilties for knowing the trend of sentiment among the rank and file of Republicans, and he says that nearly all the requests for political literature, which are now being received from every section of the country, at the League headquarters, ask for tariff speeches and say that the most important question of the campaign will be protection. He says that comparatively few requests are received for financial literature. One of Mr. Dowling's objects in visiting Washington is to arrange for a supply of Congressional speeches for dirtribution.

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

Mountain Lake Park.

The outlook for the season of 1896 is full of encouragement; so much so that our boarding house and hotel people are making greater preparations to entertain the people than ever before.

A. W. Dennett, of Hotel Dennett, has arranged to light his new buildings with gas. One hundred gas jets will be used. Bath and toilet rooms are being put in the buildings. Large, magnificent porches have been added.

Hotel Chautauqua has given out a contract for bath and toilet rooms. The hotel is to be painted and otherwise improved.

Altamont Cottage, the Blake cottage, Fern cottage, Lee cottage and a number of other houses are already rented for the summer.

Mrs. Harmison will open the Romney cottage June 5th, to accommodate a number of guests who have engaged rooms for the season. The West Virginia cottages and the Assembly House are now open for and have guests.

Five houses are under construction, and the lumber is on the ground for three others. Five masons are at work on the foundation of the Hall of Physiology and are under contract to have it completed in ten days.

Among the visitors at the Park since my last letter have been, Supt. Sheats, wife and mother, of Grafton; R. G. Richardson, of Keyser; Rev. Richardson, of Boyd; J. M. Ruhl and Mr. Jones, of Clarksburg, W. Va.; A. W. Dennett, of New York; Miss R. McClelland and Miss Everstine, of Piedmont; Mr. Johnson, of Pittsburg; Mrs. J. M. Miller and daughter, of Cumberland.

Capt. Hayden and wife gave a very pleasant birthday party to their daughter Ellen last Friday evening. A large number of friends were present, and spent a very delightful time.

Capt. J. A. Hayden will open this week a new stock of goods in the building which he has just completed. The Captain will handle a choice line of goods.

Mr. Johnson, of near Pittsburg, has rented a cottage and expects his family here by the first of the week. He is to have charge of the brick yard.

A special and large edition of the *Mountain Chautauqua* will be mailed this week. The paper will have the announcement of the program for the summer. The attractions at the Park this season are unusually fine.

Squire Bowman was burning leaves on his lots last Monday. He left the lots for a short time and while away the fire reached a stack of oats and set it on fire, burning it nearly up. SCRIBE.

Loch Lynn Heights.

The officers of this corporation took the oath of office last Saturday evening, and we now feel that we have a government. The council met and arranged the preliminaries for the municipal election, which will take place on Monday, May 4th, between the hours of one and six o'clock p. m. The polling place designated is Mr. B. F. Crane's small building on Alderson street.

This town has the unique distinction of woman's suffrage. The bill of incorporation, as passed, says, "all persons over twenty-one years of age, who have resided within the corporate limits for the six months preceeding the election shall have a vote." So the ladies, bless their hearts, will have good times, and be courted by their husbands for at least one month preceeding the election day, as well as when said husbands wish a deed, or a mortgage signed. Hurrah for the ladies' candidates! they certainly ought to be elected.

The Loch Lynn hotel is to be sold May 21st, at ten o'clock, on the hotel premisis to the highest bidder.

Mr. J. J. Caton, who has been working at Dobbin, W. Va., a few months past, returned home last week.

Mr. Andrew Nelson, of Oakland, has rented the meat shop on Alderson street. He will conduct a meat business there this summer.

Major J. C. Alderson, who has been sick at Charlestown, this winter as previously announced in these columns, is slowly recovering. His doctor says if he continues to improve, he will be able to leave for here in about six weeks.

Mr. Alex Hanline, representing Messrs. Hanline Bros., of Baltimore, was here last week selling material for the spring trade in the painting line.

Mr. A. H. Frey was at Piedmont, W. Va., Saturday last.

Mr. F. P. Jones, of Clarksburg, W. Va., was here the latter part of last week looking after his interest in the brick-yard.

The present pleasant spring weather is causing the industrious man to get a "hustle" on, in the way of gardening, building, etc.

Mr. W. S. Lantz will move into the house lately built by him near Loch Lynn in a short time.

Mr. John Caraman, who has the [illegible] building Capt. [illegible] house, will move [illegible] Fazenbaker [illegible] avenue. [illegible] Henry Woodcock, [illegible] W. Va., [illegible] here Monday. [illegible] Miss Nadine Mc[illegible] [illegible] Goldcrest [illegible] Cox, presiding [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE REPUBLICAN.

ESTABLISHED MARCH 3. 1877. BENJ. H. SINCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1896. NUMBER 8.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings In and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

Buckwheat cakes are on a vacation.

Go to S. P. Specht's for ladies' shirt waists.

The annual horror of house-cleaning is upon us.

Mr. W. W. Shock, of Rowlesburg, was here to-day on legal business.

Oak refrigerator, cheap; good as new. Apply to Rev. S. M. Engle. 8–3*

All kinds of men's working and dress suits at S. P. Specht's, Deer Park. 6–3t.

Hon. Geo. M. Whitescarver, of Grafton, was here Friday for a few hours.

Mrs. G. A. Bolden, of Terra Alta, spent Sunday in town the guest of friends.

Rev. Wesley Davis, of Allegheny, Pa., is visiting his brother, Rev. J. M. Davis.

Mr. George J. Kolb, of Friendsville, was in the city Monday on business.

Mr. Walter D. Collier, of Friendsville, was in the city Tuesday and yesterday.

FOR RENT—A first class store property on Main street apply to J. O. Michael. 7–2t

Prof. R. G. Richardson, of Piedmont, was in Oakland a few hours this morning.

Mrs. William White, of Buffalo, N. Y., is in Oakland visiting her sister, Mrs. F. G. Hyde.

Rev. and Mrs. George A. Rover, of Anrora, were in Oakland a short time Tuesday shopping.

A stroll over the hills surrounding Oakland, clothed in their verdant spring garb, is a treat.

Mrs. Chas. O. Wilt, of Bittinger, was in the city Tuesday visiting the family of Mr. David Durst.

Mr. Frank McKinzie, of Grantsville, was in the city yesterday on business before Clerk Tower.

Messrs. D. C. Feather and George Faulkenstine, of Cranesville, W. Va., were in town on Monday.

Mr. Michael Daily, of Westernport, was in Oakland on Tuesday last and made this office a call.

Don't forget Shartzer & Bolden's big days, May 1st and 2nd. Call whether you purchase or not. 2

Quite a large number of Oakland's residents went to Cumberland Monday to see Buffalo Bill's show.

You may always be sorry if you fail to purchase of Shartzer & Bolden May 1st or 2nd. See advertisement. 7–2t.

A large number of lads and lassies journeyed to the woods Sunday in search of the pretty trailing arbutus.

Read Shartzer & Bolden's advertisement. It will save you money to buy at home and patronize home people. 7–2t.

Messrs. R. T. Frazee and Geo. Frantz, of Friendsville, were here yesterday and a short time this morning.

Mr. H. C. Sincell, of Oakland, is traveling for the wholesale dry goods firm of Strauss Bros., Baltimore, Md.

S. P. Specht has just received a car load of flour and feed which he will sell very low for cash. Call and see him.

Editor John W. Averitt, of the Cumberland *Times*, was a pleasant visitor at THE REPUBLICAN office last Thursday.

FOR RENT.—For the season, a large tract of pasture land within one mile of Oakland. Inquire at this office. 7–2t

Miss Kate C. Spedden, who spent the winter at Davis, W. Va., as a teacher in the schools, returned home last Thursday.

County Treasurer T. B. Wiley, of Bittinger, was here Monday and part of Tuesday on business connected with his office.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Crane, of Kingwood, drove over to Oakland this morning and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Hyde.

Mr. J. T. Mitchell is weather boarding and otherwise improving his residence on Second street. John Ault is doing the work.

Mr. James D. Hamill has moved from the Totten property on Alder street to the Veitch property on Oak street which he recently purchased.

Don't fail to call and examine S. P. Specht's stock of merchandise which is now as complete as is generally found in a first class general store.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of the Maryland Building and Loan association, which appears in to-day's paper.

Mr. E. O. Ridenour, wife and children, of Aurora, W. Va., spent a few days in town recently as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Bosley.

Elder Digman, of the German Baptist congregation, will preach in Sturgiss' Hall, Oakland, on next Sunday morning at 10.30 o'clock.

Mr. Perry E. Kimmell, of Confluence, Pa., was in Oakland Friday on a visit to his home folks. He returned to Confluence Saturday morning.

Mr. Henry Kahl, of Wheeling, came to Oakland Monday and Tuesday moring went down to Accident to visit his parents for a short time.

Miss Mattie Porter, who has been teaching in the Elkins, W. Va., public schools for the past eight months returned home on Monday to spend the summer.

Mr. J. S. Spedden went to Pittsburgh Sunday to visit his family. His youngest child is in a hospital in that city being treated for a spinal disease.

Our readers will find in this issue the annual levy as made by the County Commissioners at their meeting held for that purpose week before last.

Mr. Wm. T. McMillan, of Accident, who attended the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy the past winter, was in Oakland Monday on his way home.

Mr. Chas. Deffinbaugh was in Cumberland last Monday taking in Buffalo Bill's show. His place during his absence was filled by Mr. C. J. Newman.

Clerk E. Z. Tower has received from the Governor the commissions of the newly appointed justices, school commissioners and supervisors of elections.

Mr. Thomas Little returned on Thursday last from Baltimore, where he had been on a business trip to buy goods for the spring and summer trade.

Mr. Earnest Colardeau, who was confined to his bed for a few days last week with an attack of illness, has recovered and is at work at his case in the *Democrat* office.

Constable Baker Johnson, of District No. 3, was sworn in last night by Clerk Tower as deputy sheriff for this county and will assume the duties of his office at once.

There will be preaching at the Gingerich school house next Sunday afternoon, May 3d, at three o'clock by Rev. E. A. Paugh, of the United Brethren church to which all are cordially invited.

The Orphans' Court was in session Tuesday with all the judges on the bench. Several accounts were passed and Mr. John S. Sanders was made administrator of the estate of his deceased wife.

Vegetation in this section of the country is four weeks earlier than usual. Many persons fear that things are too far advanced and that frost may come and destroy fruit and early vegetables.

We have just received from the manufacturers another large lot of stationery and envelopes which we are running out at low figures for the class of work furnished our customers. Give us a call.

DANA'S Sarsaprilla is not only the *best* of all remedies for the Nerves, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, and Blood; *but if no benefit, you can get your money back.* The same guarantee applies to DANA'S Pills, Cough Syrup and Plasters. For sale by Dr. J. W. Laughlin, agent, Deer Park. 4–13t.

It is not considered remarkable now to see a girl on the street with her arm in a sling and a piece of court plaster over eye. The suggestion that she is learning to ride the untamed bicycle explains it all.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

A house on the farm belonging to Mr. John T. Mitchell and occupied by Chas. Maust near Sunnyside, was burned several days ago, causing a loss of several hundred dollars. The origin of the fire is unknown.

A great improvement has recently been made in the interior of the Oakland Pharmacy by the application of paint, etc. All the shelves, counters, cases and wood work in the store has been handsomely grained in oak and highly polished, presenting a very fine appearance.

Miss Alice Fundenburg, of near Deer Park, died recently at the home of her uncle, Mr. Robert Shriver in Cumberland. Miss Fundenburg had been a sufferer for a number of years and recently spent a winter in Europe in the hope of regaining her health.

Mr. Jonas Gnagey, proprietor of the famous Farmers' Hotel, Grantsville, was here yesterday shaking hands with his numerous friends. Jonas is still the owner of the handsomest hirsute appendage in Garrett county not excepting Jonas Frazee's of Pittsburg erstwhile Selbysport.

Mr. M. M. Bradford, of the firm of Bradford Bros., is lying very ill at Clarksburg, W. Va. He has been afflicted for some time and a few days ago went to the above place his former home, with the hope that the change would be beneficial to his health.

The Buffalo and Kangaroo on uncle 'Gus. Delawder's place near Oakland, Md., are said to be doing well this warm weather. Two members of the club will take a car-load of turtle shells and horse-radish over next week for the Kangaroo, while the Buffalo will be fed on trout eggs until the May-apple crop.—Morgantown Post.

DANA'S Sarsaparilla is not only the *best* of all remedies for the Nerves, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, and Blood; *but if no benefit, you can get you money back.* The same guarantee applies to DANA'S Pills, Cough Syrup and Plasters. For sale by DeWitt & Ferguson, Sang Run, Md. 3–3m.

Several days ago Charles Platter, of Bittinger, working for Mr. John B. Harmon, was driving a four horse team attached to a wagon heavily laden with fertilizer when he fell under the wheels which passed over him resulting in serious injury to his lower limbs and upper portion of his body. At one time it was feared that he would die but at present is slowly recovering.

Those who are troubled with rheumatism should try a few applications of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, rubbing the parts vigorously at each application. If that does not bring relief dampen a piece of flannel with Pain Balm and bind it on over the seat of pain and prompt relief will surely follow. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The members of Smith's Military band held a meeting one night last week and decided to continue the band under its old name and charter, and the managers were directed to procure some new music. The boys will practice twice each week, and soon hope to be in shape to again give us some excellent music. It will be especially appreciated by the citizens this summer, as it is not likely there will be a band at the hotel.

Yesterday evening Mr. Baker Johnson, of Grantsville, brought to Oakland the five children of John McMullin and wife, of Grantsville, whose arrest upon the charge of robbing sugar camps was noted in these columns last week, and lodged them in jail. The children range in years from two to twelve and presented a sorry spectacle as they were driven into town, all of them being barefoot and worn with travel over the forty miles of rough road lying between here and Grantsville. They will soon be taken to St. Mary's Industrial school in Baltimore, where they will receive an education and be properly cared for until they become twenty-one years of age unless sooner released by order of the court.

Tommy Walsh, an Englishman, was arrested last night in Reynolds' saloon by Sheriff Brown upon a warrant charging him with breaking a lock on the town lock-up and freeing a prisoner a week or two ago. Walsh was in jail all last winter being held as the principal witness in a case wherein he had been shot by a colored man. The sheriff had a trial with Walsh before he landed him but the sheriff is a plucky body and for the use of a little rough treatment, together with [illegible] of surrender. He will be a guest at Brown castle until the September term of court.

During the winter of 1893, F. M. Martin, of Long Reach, West Va., contracted a severe cold which left him with a cough. In speaking of how he cured it he says: "I used several kinds of cough syrup but found no relief until I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which relieved me almost instantly, and in a short time brought about a complete cure." When troubled with a cough or cold use this remedy and you will not find it necessary to try several kinds before you get relief. It has been in the market for over twenty years and constantly grown in favor and popularity. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park, for 25 and 50 cents per bottle.

Mr. J. F. Bradford, of the firm of Bradford Bros., proprietors of the planing mill at this place, has made application to the court and has had appointed as receiver of the firm Mr. John Shartzer, of Oakland, who will continue the business of the firm under orders of the court. This action was brought about by the continued illness of Mr. M. M. Bradford, the senior member of the firm and also its business manager. We understand that the firm is entirely solvent and it is the wish of community at large that Mr. Shartzer may be able to successfully put the concern upon its feet, which we have no doubt he will do in a short time.

Call For Your Letters.

Lucian Dewitt, Ab. Welch, A. B. Welch, Mrs. Mary Dorsey, Miss Bertha Martin, Miss Molie T. Fike.

Only 50 Cents

For a regular dollar size bottle of sarsaparilla, guaranteed to contain the purest and best combination for the renovation of the blood and building of the system—a splendid appetizer. Manufactured at Oakland Pharmacy. 4–4

Spring Time Is Here,

And it is very important that you take some good blood medicine to eradicate disease and tone the system. You will find Harned's Sarsaparilla just what you need. Large bottles, small dose; price to suit the times—only 50 cents. For sale at Oakland Pharmacy. 4–4

A Card.

To the Editor of The Republican.

The statement made in your issue of the 23d inst. that I am treasurer and accountant of the Maryland Building and Loan Association is incorrect. I am not an officer nor have I anything whatever to do with the management of the association.

Yours truly,
S. T. JONES.

Oakland, Md., Apr. 25, 1896.

Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

This is the best medicine in the world for bowel complaints. It acts quickly and can always be depended upon. When reduced with water it is pleasant to take. Try it, and like many others you will recommend it to your friends. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

An Affidavit.

This is to certify that on May 11th, I walked to Melick's drug store on a pair of crutches and bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm for inflammatory rheumatism which had crippled me up. After using three bottles I am completely cured. I can cheerfully recommend it.—Charles H. Wetzel, Sunbury, Pa.

Sworn and subscribed fo before me on August 10, 1894.—Walter Shipman, J. P. For sale at 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

An Innocent Statement Causing Trouble.

A few weeks ago a little item appeared in these columns written by our correspondent at Cranesville to the effect that a young man took his newly wedded wife to her home in Henry, Preston county, and that the old gentleman met them at the door with the poker and refused to allow them to enter.

Upon its face this looked like an innocent statement and the article appeared as it was written, much to the regret of the editor.

The week following the young man answered this seeming slur at himself and his wife which also appeared in these columns. Last week the regular correspondent at Cranesville sent an answer but it was so filled with personal abuse that we did not allow it to appear in print, and now we have been besieged by persons representing both sides of the controversy asking that nothing more be said about the matter, which requests we are willing to accede to, but one of the principals in the matter is not satisfied with the manner in which it stands and desires us to make a statement concerning the question involved. From the best information we can secure the original item was intended more as a joke than anything else, but it was taken seriously and the answer above referred to was published. In this answer some broad assertions were made concerning the original writer but which we think were not intended as they were written.

We have been informed by good authority that both gentlemen stand well in the community in which they reside, but that there are two factions in that community as in all small towns, which take sides with one or the other. No one regrets more than the editor that the controversy was opened and we assure our friends that it will end here as far as THE REPUBLICAN is concerned.

The moral of all this is not to send anything to a newspaper that is likely to cause trouble between neighbors and friends.

Election of S. S. Officers.

At a meeting of the officers and teachers of the M. E. Sunday school held last Sunday in St. Paul's M. E. church, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Superintendent, Rev. J. M. Davis; assistant supt., F. A. Thayer; treasurer, A. G. Sturgiss; secretary, D. G. Smith; assistant secretary, A. D. Naylor.

The reports of the officers showed the school to be in a very prosperous condition with a large increase of attendance during the past year. The teachers report gave a thoroughness of work done not hitherto reached in this school, and the school has a prosperous outlook for the coming year.

The Wonderful "New Process," Blue Flame Oil Stove.

We have added to our line a summer cooking apparatus, the "New Process," Blue Flame Oil Cook Stove, which for cleanliness, simplicity, durability, economy and absence of odor, is far in advance of all predecessors.

A stove on which there are no chimneys to break.

A stove which perfectly consumes common coal oil.

A stove that will do your work satisfactorily.

A stove that will bake and roast perfectly.

A stove that operates without the slightest smoke or odor.

A stove that is as easy to operate as a lamp.

A stove that is absolutely safe.

A stove that has a flame that cannot crawl up and smoke.

With these few words we place the stove at your disposal, and would solicit a careful examination of its merits.

8–3 J. M. DAVIS & SON.

Married.

SWINDLER—PICKENPAUGH.—On Saturday last at the Commercial hotel, by Rev. John M. Davis, Mr. Lawson L. Swindler and Miss Nellie M. Pickenpaugh. The groom is from Fairmont and the bride from near Morgantown.

For Sale.

A cottage containing 7 rooms, attic and cellar. Has a well of good water upon the premises, and an acre of land attached. Purchaser can have the choice of more land up to two acres. Will sell cheap and on good terms. Situated opposite Mt. Lake Park on Oakland road. Mt. Lake Park, is a good market for vegetables and poultry. Apply to F. P. Arnold, Mt. Lake Park, Garrett county, Md. 50–13t.

FREE

COURSE BY MAIL

WITH THE

Capital City Commercial College.

TO ADVERTISE OUR COLLEGE

We will give a thorough course of instruction in Double and Single Entry Book-keeping and Commercial Arithmetic, by mail,

FREE OF CHARGE

to a limited number of persons. This course will be completed in forty lessons. No charge for diplomas.

ADDRESS,

CAPITAL CITY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,

P. O. DRAWER B,

TOPEKA, - KANSAS.

26–1yr.

Estate of Elias Smith, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

ELIAS SMITH,

late of Garrett County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 24th day of October next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons Knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 14th day of April, 1896.

NANCY SMITH, Adm'tx.
6–3 Oakland, Md.

SCHOOL BOARD MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS OF GARRETT COUNTY,
OAKLAND, MD., April 15th, 1896.

The Board of School Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office on the

6th DAY OF MAY, 1896,

for the purpose of appointing a board of three trustees for each district in the county.

Patrons of schools where there are no trustees or where vacancies exist are urgently requested to recommend one, two or three, as the case may require good men, so that we may have a full board for each school.

By order of the Board,

WM. HINEBAUGH,
6–2 Secretary.

Died.

LOWDERMILK.—On Wednesday, April 22, 1896, near Sang Run, Orval Ross, eldest son of Thomas J. and Louisa A. Lowdermilk, died, aged 18 years and 22 days, and was buried in the Johnstown cemetery. The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. E. R. Skidmore, his pastor. From childhood Orval was a good, obedient boy; dearly beloved by all who knew him. A little over two years ago during revival services held at Sang Run by Rev. C. W. Cox, he was convinced that he was yet unsaved, but at once sought the Savior and found Him, to his joy and satisfaction. While attending school disease laid hold of him and with all the medical aid and faithful nursing by family and friends, death claimed his victim. He lived a christian life and oftimes during his sickness he said, "I am fully saved and that's enough for me." While his friends would sing and pray he would engage in the services even up to his last day upon earth. The friends of the deceased have our deepest sympathy. "We shall meet again."

B.

Marriage Licenses.

Henry Allan Faust and Edna B. Summers, both of Taylor county, W. Va.

Anmond Starkey and Mary Florence Murphy, both of Garrett county.

Edward Parsons Barnard and Mary Jane Harvey, both of Garrett county.

William Merrifield and Nora Merrifield, both of Fairmont, W. Va.

Benj. F. Hennessey and Laura D. Groves, both of Preston county, W. Va.

Samuel E. Jenkins and Ollie K. Rollins, both of Taylor county, W. Va.

Michael J. Kearney and Mary E. Treney, both of Garrett county.

Albert Brant and Mary E. Garrett, both of Garrett county.

John Andrew Jackson Cummings and Mary Maggie Gregory, both of Webster county, W. Va.

Charles Clyde McDowell and Rubie Hawkenbery, both of Fairmont, W. Va.

Lawrence L. Swindler and Nellie Pickenpaugh, both of Monongalia county, W. Va.

Benjamin Franklin Feik and Ella Bowser, both of Garrett county.

Five were marked "don't publish."

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND. : GARRETT CO., MD.

WHEN INFANTS DREAM.

Here must, O sun! thy splendor end,
When night and day together blend;
When gleaming hues of flame-red light
Defy the coming of the night,
Whose darksome shadows steal and creep,
While drowsy poppies fall asleep
Beneath the dewy touch of eve;
Each swollen bud within its sheath,
Nigh unto breaking into bloom,
Breathes fragrance through the ever gloom.

Behold, a poet sleeps, and, lo!
He sees the bobbling brooklets flow;
He hears the robin's matin song,
And views sweet nature all day long.

A great musician sleeps, and lo!
For him sweet melodies chime slow:
Once more he hears soft music's thrill
Wafted far o'er dale and hill.

A fragile infant sleeps, and, lo!
His dreaming eyes see Heaven's glow,
While from the bending azure sky
He hears the seraphs sing on high.

The poet woke in joy supreme
To write in verse his summer dream,
And in word-painting bring to view
Sweet-shaded dells where flowers grew.

The great musician woke—arose—
Like harps awakened from repose
Then thrilled upon the midnight air
A throbbing music, sweet and rare.

But still the infant lay and thought
Of Heavenly visions wonder-wrought.

Musician grent, thy music dwells
In every sylvan flower-grown dell,
And, poet, all those verses sweet
Bring many praises to thy feet.

Yet in that one pure baby breast
The sweetest rhymes and music rest;
And could we know his musings there,
Nor verse nor music were more rare.
—Ella Bentley, in N. O. Times-Democrat.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY THOMAS P. MONTFORT.

[Written for This Paper.]

Mr. Joseph Overton and Miss Matilda Fink owned and occupied adjoining claims out on the broad plain of Kansas. Mr. Overton had a family, consisting of a wife and several children. Miss Fink was alone save for a nephew whom she was bringing up. Mr. Overton was well-to-do financially, being the owner of many broad acres of splendid land, as well as other forms of property and money. Miss Fink was quite poor, possessing little aside from her almost barren claim.

Mr. Overton was an honorable man in the ordinary acceptation of that term; but, like most honorable men, he had his faults, and his greatest fault was greed. He possessed a consuming desire to accrue riches, and in carrying out that desire was not always as conscientious as an honorable man should be. In fact, in looking out for his own interests he seemed to lose sight of other people's, altogether.

Now among the articles of wealth which Mr. Overton desired to possess was the claim owned and occupied by Miss Fink. It was a good claim, and Mr. Overton just needed it to square out his farm. He wanted it very much and he resolved that he would secure it as soon as ever an opportunity offered. Miss Fink would have sold the claim any day, but that was not the opportunity Mr. Overton was looking for, since Miss Fink reserved to herself the right of fixing a price.

Two or three years passed, and Mr. Overton patiently bided his time, waiting and hoping for something to transpire to enable him to secure the claim for half its worth, or less. And at last his opportunity came.

Early in the spring Miss Fink's nephew took down with malaria and for three long months was confined to his bed. It was during the busy season on the farm, when the crop should be planted and cultivated. Miss Fink not only lost her nephew's help, but her own time was taken up in caring for him and nursing him through his sickness. So that season Miss Fink raised no crops, and when the autumn came she was almost destitute of the necessaries of life.

In order to live through the winter she was compelled to borrow money, and she applied to Joseph Overton for a loan. With a great show of reluctance he eagerly advanced her $200 and took a mortgage on her land. When the business was completed and Miss Fink had gone home, Joseph rubbed his hands together gleefully and softly

"IT WILL BE IMPOSSIBLE."

chuckled in a manner that denoted the most intense satisfaction.

"She'll never be able to pay that loan off," he mused, "and when it comes due I'll put the land up and sell it and buy it in for the debt. I've as good as made $1,000 in that deal, for that claim is cheap enough at $1,200."

Three months elapsed unmarked by any event of importance. But at the end of that time, Mrs. Overton, who had been ailing for several weeks, came down with a severe sickness. A doctor was called, and when he had diagnosed the case pronounced it very serious. In his opinion it was exceedingly doubtful whether the patient would ever recover.

"In any event," he said, "she must have the very best of nursing."

Mr. Overton sighed and looked hopeless at this announcement, and with a grave shaking of his head replied:

"That I'm afraid is something impossible. Neither myself nor the children know anything about nursing the sick, and I know of no one I could get for love or money who does know."

Miss Fink, who happened to be present, at once spoke up and said:

"Don't worry about that, Mr. Overton. Neighbors are not so plentiful out here that they shouldn't render each other a little friendly service when they can. I'll stay with your wife and nurse her through this spell, and be glad to do it."

Mr. Overton did not hesitate to accept Miss Fink's services, though he made a slight demur against her putting herself out on his and his wife's account—just demur enough to give tone to his conduct and lend it an air of unselfishness.

Three weeks went by, and the doctor's opinion proved so far correct that at the end of that time Mrs. Overton died. But Miss Fink had been true and faithful as a nurse, and Mrs. Overton died blessing her for her kindness. Mr. Overton professed the warmest gratitude, and thanked Miss Fink over and over for the great service she had rendered him and his during the trying event.

Nine months passed, and the mortgage on Miss Fink's claim came due. Miss Fink hadn't the money to take it up, but she had suffered no uneasiness about it, since she had spoken to Mr. Overton and he had assured her that it would be all right, for it was hardly possible that Mr. Overton would be hard on her after all she had done for him.

But it seems that, however long we live in this world, there are always some disagreeable new features of humanity coming to our notice. Miss Fink had only passed through thirty years of life, so it may be readily surmised that her knowledge of humanity and its shortcomings was very limited. She didn't known Mr. Joseph Overton even half so well as she thought she did.

Five days after the mortgage fell due Mr. Overton called on Miss Fink. He was smiling and affable, and showed great interest in Miss Fink's health and well-being. But after a time these commonplace subjects were dropped, and Mr. Overton approached one of much more serious import.

"Miss Fink," he said, "I am sorry to have to trouble you for that little amount I loaned you, but I find unexpectedly that I stand in the most serious need of it, and if it should be convenient for you to let me have it I should be under many obligations to you."

Miss Fink started and looked very hard at Mr. Overton.

"Why," she gasped, finally, "I understood you to say a couple of weeks ago that the loan might run until I sold this year's crops!"

"I did say so, Miss Fink, but something unlooked for has turned up, and I find I must have the money at once."

"It will be impossible for me to pay it now," Miss Fink replied, slowly and sadly, "for I haven't a dollar, and I know of no way of raising one. If you will only let the mortgage run six more months I will pay you well for it."

Mr. Overton shook his head and sighed.

"I'd be glad to," he said, "but I find it impossible to do so. I really must have the money. I cannot get along without it."

Mr. Overton went home and at once took steps to foreclose the mortgage. Miss Fink worried and pondered over the matter day and night, and in no way could she account for Overton's sudden change of mind.

"It can't be," she said to herself, "that he is in such urgent need of the money. It's curious about his conduct, and try as I will I can't make it out. There must be something at the bottom of it."

Miss Fink was right in her surmise. There was something at the bottom of it. Overton did not want the money at all. He wanted the land. As stated before, he loaned the money with the intention of getting the land, and something had developed lately to strengthen his in his purpose.

A railroad had been surveyed through the country and it had been located right through Miss Fink's claim. This much Miss Fink knew, but no more. Mr. Overton know a great deal more. He knew that a town site had been located on Miss Fink's land and that the railroad company were going to purchase 80 acres of it at a good round price.

In fact, Mr. Overton had been instrumental in bringing these things about. He had secured the location of the town site, expecting to be in possession of the land in time to close the deal with the company and reap the benefit of the transaction. Hence his haste to close the mortgage.

To the agent of the railroad company Mr. Overton had been quite communicative, though he had represented things in the best light for his own interest. In the course of his remarks he introduced the name of Miss Fink, but failed to notice the start the agent gave and how the color mounted to his face at the sound of that name.

A week after Mr. Overton's visit to Miss Fink he was one morning, at no early hour, surprised by an energetic knock at his door. Without putting himself to the trouble of rising, he called out: "Come in."

The door opened and in walked Miss Fink. Mr. Overton was more surprised than ever, for there was an air of happy triumph in her face that he could not help but note. However, his confusion was not so great but that he managed to invite her to be seated.

"No, thank you," she replied, "I called on a matter of business, and have but a minute to stop. I came to see you about that mortgage. I want to stop the sale."

Mr. Overton shook his head sadly.

"I am sorry," he replied, after a short pause, "but I really cannot consent to stop the sale. I wish I could, Miss Fink."

"Will nothing induce you to stop it?"

"No, Miss Fink. I—"

"Won't that do it?" she asked, throwing a roll of money down on the table before him.

Mr. Overton stared in breathless astonishment.

"Why," he gasped, at last, "what does this mean, Miss Fink?"

"Nothing," she answered, "except that I want to pay off the mortgage."

"But where did you get this money?"

"That I am not obliged to answer. Give me the note and mortgage."

Slowly Mr. Overton hunted out the papers and handed them over, his surprise in the meantime giving way to a feeling of the deepest disappointment. A speculation that promised him a profit of two thousand dollars had slipped through his fingers so easily that he could hardly recognize the fact.

He studied over the matter all that day, loth to let such a chance escape him without an effort to prevent it. Late in the afternoon an idea came to him, and he smiled, confidently.

"After all," he murmured, "there's a good chance to arrange it all right."

The next morning Mr. Overton dressed with the greatest care and walked across to Miss Fink's. He knocked, and after a long wait Miss Fink came and opened the door. She was as much surprised at his visit as he had been at hers, but she invited him in and sat him a chair.

There was an exchange of commonplace remarks about the state of the weather and so on, after which Mr. Overton came to the business in hand by remarking somewhat abruptly:

"Miss Fink, I've decided to get married again, for I'm beginning to feel the need of a wife a good deal. I want a woman who'll be a good mother to the children and a good, careful housekeeper, and—when — in short, Miss Fink, I want you."

Miss Fink started, stared for a moment in blank astonishment, then smiled.

"Mr. Overton," she finally said, "I shall have to ask John. Oh, John!" she called, raising her voice.

"All right, dear," a voice replied, and an instant later a man came in from the adjoining room. Mr. Overton was

"YOUR WIFE!" JOSEPH GASPED.

shocked, for the man was none other than the railroad company's agent. He and Mr. Overton bowed to each other, and the agent spoke, but Mr. Overton seemed to have lost the power of speech. He just sat there and stared in dumb astonishment.

"What is that, Matilda?" John finally asked.

"Why," Matilda replied, "Mr. Overton wants me to marry him."

"Indeed! Well, Mr. Overton certainly has some pretty strong claims upon you. It was he who got the townsite located on your claim and enabled you thereby to sell out at a good price."

"Yes, that's true," Matilda agreed.

"What Mr. Overton's motives were may be a question," John continued, "but the result was most happy, at least. Whether he did it intentionally or unintentionally he certainly rendered you a great favor."

"I admit that," said Matilda. "He did more for me, I believe, than he suspected he was doing."

Mr. Overton remained silent, looking from one to the other in doubt. They appeared to be in sober earnest, but he was not sure there was not considerable irony in their speech. He knew one thing perfectly well, and that was that their praises were unmerited.

"Mr. Overton is a very nice gentleman," John went on after a short pause, "and it would be a great pleasure for me to do him a favor in return for all he has done for us. I should like the best in the world to grant any request Mr. Overton chose to make, and it grieves me to have to deny him anything. But in this case I'm afraid I really must refuse his request, for as much as I like Mr. Overton I cannot consent for him to marry my wife."

"Your wife!" Joseph gasped.

"Yes, thanks to you," John said, "Matilda and I were married yesterday. You see, we were engaged ten years ago back at the old home, but a little misunderstanding separated us, and while I went to California she came out here, and we lost track of each other. But through your instrumentality, and your interest in Miss Fink, we were brought together again. You did, indeed, render us a great favor, Mr. Overton, and one for which we—. What! not going so soon?"

"Don't hurry away, Mr. Overton," Matilda added sweetly. "We have not half thanked you yet."

Mr. Overton did not heed their words, but snatching up his hat rushed from the house. He had lost all the thanks he wanted, and he felt that, in spite of what they said, his room was preferable to his company. He walked back across the field with much the same air that a sheep-killing dog displays just after being caught in the act of raiding a sheep fold. If he could have sold himself for two cents he would have considered that he had made a good trade.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The output of coal from the mines of India yearly is nearly 5,000,000 tons.

—Not for 30 years has the Birmingham tinplate trade been in so prosperous a state.

—Most insects are provided with a sense of smell, though by what means it is exercised is in many cases unknown.

—The pig iron production in Germany and Luxemburg for the year 1895 amounted to 5,788,798 tons, against 5,359,322 tons in 1894.

—The truffle is a most wonderful vegetable, having neither roots, stem, leaves, flowers nor seeds. It is a species of fungus allied to the mushroom, and is found most plentiful in France.

—According to Paris publications the observations of Alva Clark and Percival Lowell in Arizona have increased the number of canals visible on Mars from 79 to 183, all in geometrical proportions. The seas under these observations have turned to prairies and the lakes to oases.

—Probably the oldest timber in the world is found in the ancient temples of Egypt, in connection with stonework which is known to be at least 4,000 years old. This, the only wood used in the construction of the temples, is in the form of ties, holding the end of one stem to another.

—The Pasteur institute in Paris treated 1,520 persons were treated last year, of whom but two died, the smallest proportion yet attained. In ten years 17,337 persons have been inoculated, 85 of whom died. Nearly a third of the patients last year came from Paris and its neighborhood.

—A recent patent claims that by adding to salt glycerine, or a mixture of glycerine and cottonseed oil, in the proportion of ten ounces of glycerine to 125 pounds of salt, or two to three ounces of glycerine and two to three ounces of cottonseed oil, the caking of the table salt is entirely prevented.

PEASANTS STILL FLOGGED.

Tolstoi Denounces with Vigor a Plan for Only Partial Reform.

Count Tolstoi, in a characteristic letter to the Bourse Gazette, gives his views on a question which is causing considerable agitation of mind at present in many circles of Russian official and private life—namely, that of the abolition, in whole or in part, of the punishment of flogging in its various forms.

The provincial zemstvos of a large number of provinces, as well as several highly placed officials in Asiatic Russia, have formally decided to petition for the exemption from this degrading penalty of all peasants who have learned to read and write. Count Tolstoi, with the ardor natural to the artistic temperament, cries "Shame!" upon their niggard asking, and, in an article headed with that word, very broadly hints that, while the peasant, for the last three-quarters of a century, has been steadily advancing, his masters have in some respects failed to keep their place in the van of the march of civilization.

Count Tolstoi is a foremost authority on the life of the peasant, and the specimens he gives in this article of the abuse of the power of flogging by the small fry of officialdom are certainly striking. These insignificant members of the lower governing ranks have no uniform, but, when engaged on official duties, wear some kind of outward and visible sign of authority, generally a large medal. For "speaking his mind" to one of these village "elders" who happened to have the sign of office on at the time, a fellow villager was duly flogged, although his only fault appears to have been that he overlooked the medal which converted an ordinary neighborly difference of opinion into an insult to the czar! The poor fellow, Tolstoi relates, consoled himself with the remark that "Christ suffered stripes, and bade us suffer, too."

There are, however, many in Russia who think that the moujik is still sufficiently brutal to make the entire abolition of flogging a measure of mistaken humanity, and Tolstoi's cry of "Shame" upon the moderate reform proposed by certain zemstvos will, doubtless, be met by the not unnatural reply that Tolstoi is before all a literary artist, with all the artist's native scorn for practical measures which fall short of the ideal aimed at. The partial exemption from flogging which practical men desire would certainly prove a very powerful stimulus toward popular education, even as compulsory service in the army keeps the Russian universities filled to overflowing with men who, in a large number of cases, would do the state better service in other ways than by learning discontent in a sphere unfitted to their natural capacities or station in life.—London Standard.

Living for Self Alone.

The man who lives to himself begueaths his own folly and poverty and meanness for his monument. He has benefited nobody, while he has dwarfed and warped his own powers, and senseless stone or marble, however lavishly supplied to mark his resting place, does him no honor. He has lived in himself, he has died in himself, and all that he leaves in memory of himself speaks no word of praise in his behalf, no word of justification. This is no true life. It is the worst of failures. There are glorious opportunities in this world for service. He who wisely uses them enriches both his race and himself, and dying leaves a monument which outlasts granite and is brighter than polished brass.—Detroit Free Press.

Chesapeake Oyster Beds.

The Chesapeake oyster beds are rapidly diminishing in productiveness. Fifteen years ago they furnished about 10,000,000 bushels of oysters annually. The product this year will not be more than 3,000,000 bushels.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

BEFORE THE RAILROAD ERA.

Pennsylvania Canal Was an Important Factor in Transportation.

And what primitive transportation they did have in those old days of '46, to be sure! Railroads there were in the east, and had been for full 20 years, but not here. Pittsburgh was a far western town then, of but 30,000 inhabitants. The potient, plodding, towpath mule was good enough for the Pittsburgher of '46, who peacefully and contentedly wended his way to Johnstown in 30 hours and was well satisfied if he landed in Philadelphia in something less than a week. To us of the post-bellum generation this is hard to realize. The canal boat and the mule seem relics of the misty past almost as unreal as the Indian with his tomahawk and birch canoe. And yet there is many a hale and hearty citizen, still in his prime, to whom they are vivid and well-remembered realities.

Practically all the commerce of Pittsburgh 50 years ago was carried over the western branch of that famous waterway called the Pennsylvania canal. Its western terminus was Pittsburgh, its eastern Johnstown, the route between the two places being as follows: Crossing the Allegheny river by an aqueduct at the foot of what is now Eleventh street, then up the west bank of the Allegheny to Freeport, then across the river again by an aqueduct, up the Kishkiminetas river to Saltsburg, thence up the Conemaugh to Johnstown.

The route of the canal in this city can be traced, though not a vestige of it now remains. The basin, where most of the loading was done, was practically the end of the canal, though a tunnel which passed under the city almost in the line of the present Pan-Handle tunnel carried the canal through to the Monongahela. There were many small canal boats, which were used to bring in the products of numerous market gardeners whose farms were scattered along the fertile lowlands beside the Allegheny river. These market boats were called "Fannies;" just why, is not apparent. Possibly, in earlier times, when the first of these boats came into use, some charming, smiling Fanny used to sit at the tiller and guide her father's load of pumpkins and potatoes into the city on market day. The "Fannies" were hauled by one horse.

But the pride of the old canal was its packet boats. The handsome craft would not cut much of a figure beside the Virginia of to-day, but they were looked upon as something elegant in the '40s. This was one of the two great highways to the east, this canal, and a much-traveled highway it was, too, considering the scanty population west of the mountains in those days. People coming up the Ohio from Cincinnati or elsewhere usually preferred to keep the river, and continued up the Monongahela to Brownsville, and there took the famous old national pike to Cumberland. Cumberland had a railroad then, and so the journey to the seaboard was easy from that point.

But to return to the packet boats. They were 70 to 80 feet long and were drawn by four horses. They were not much unlike the canal boats we see today, when we see them at all, but neater and more pretentious, as was fitting for the first-class patronage they enjoyed. Many a blushing bride and groom there was that took that journey to the east.

And what a journey it was! On, up through the hills, by and over many a stream, to the foot of the Allegheny mountains; then across that formidable barrier, down into pleasant eastern valleys, and again by the picturesque canal on to the brim of the mighty Susquehanna. Here one seemed to be getting into some sort of permanent civilization; from here the iron horse made the rest of the route easy, and at last one was actually landed at the famous city of brotherly love, far away at the other end of the state, a 400-mile journey—a journey, like matrimony, not to be entered into lightly or unadvisedly, but after mature consideration. It was truly a great event, that voyage to the east.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The Cooperative Idea Among Farmers.

A striking evidence of the dominance of the associative idea among the settlers of irrigated lands is seen in the plan of a colony which settled in southern Idaho as recently as 1894. These colonists had observed that the mining-camps of that region were littered with tin cans, the labels of which bore evidence of the prosperity of distant industries. They also learned that the condensed milk used in that locality come from New Jersey, the creamery butter from Minnesota, the starch from Maine, and the bacon principally from Chicago. As the raw materials of these products are all easily grown in Idaho, the colonists determined to provide the simple industrial plants required to manufacture the raw material into marketable form. They added to the price of their land ten dollars per acre, and thereby raised a capital of $50,000, which was somewhat increased by the sale of business property in the village. This capital provided a creamery, cannery, fruit-evaporator, starch-factory, pork-packing establishment and cold-storage plant. Taken in connection with their diversified farms, these little industries constituted, in an industrial sense, a symmetrical community.—William E. Smythe, in Century.

A Simple Flying Toy.

One of the earliest flying models was made by putting four feathers into a cork so as to make a propeller. Two of these propellers with feathers sloping in opposite ways were set on a stick, one propeller being fixed, the other revolving. A bow of whalebone was attached so that its cord could be twisted around the stick. Upon winding up the cord, and then letting go, the model would be driven upward.—Tudor Jenks, in St. Nicholas.

Spring Medicine

Your blood in Spring is almost certain to be full of impurities—the accumulation of the winter months. Bad ventilation of sleeping rooms, impure air in dwellings, factories and shops, over-eating, heavy, improper foods, failure of the kidneys and liver properly to do extra work thus thrust upon them, are the prime causes of this condition. It is of the utmost importance that you

Purify Your Blood

Now, as when warmer weather comes and the tonic effect of cold bracing air is gone, your weak, thin, impure blood will not furnish necessary strength. That tired feeling, loss of appetite, will open the way for serious disease, ruined health, or breaking out of humors and impurities. To make pure, rich, red blood Hood's Sarsaparilla stands unequalled. Thousands testify to its merits. Millions take it as their Spring Medicine. Get Hood's, because

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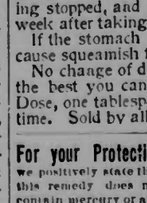

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W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

Danger Signals

More than half the victims of consumption do not know they have it. Here is a list of symptoms by which consumption can certainly be detected:—

Cough, one or two slight efforts on rising, occurring during the day and frequently during the night.
Short breathing after exertion.
Tightness of the chest.
Quick pulse, especially noticeable in the evening and after a full meal.
Chilliness in the evening, followed by *Slight fever.*
Perspiration toward morning and *Pale face* and *languid* in the morning.
Loss of vitality.

If you have these symptoms, or any of them, do not delay. There are many preparations which claim to be cures, but Dr. Acker's English Remedy for Consumption has the highest endorsements, and has stood the test of years. It will arrest consumption in its earlier stages, and drive away the symptoms named. It is manufactured by the Acker Medicine Co., 16 and 18 Chambers St., New York, and sold by all reputable druggists.

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KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

For your Protection we positively state that this remedy does not contain mercury or any other injurious drug. Nasal Catarrh is a local disease and is the result of colds and sudden climatic changes.

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TEMPERANCE.

NARCOTISM.

Optimistic View of the Situation of the Country in Regard to a Great Evil.

In the face of statistics, showing an increase in the manufacture and consumption of narcotics and stimulants, it is sometimes difficult to regard the future hopefully. A broader view of the situation, however, enables us to see, even in the darkness, the dawn of better times. There can be no question but that there is a growing sentiment against the use of narcotics among the more enlightened classes of society, with an ever-increasing number of total abstainers, and while it is true that the consumption of narcotics and stimulants is increasing per capita, the use of these poisons is becoming less general, being confined to special classes of society.

The great middle class, which in all countries from time immemorial has been the salvation of the nation is, in the United States, practically free from the habit of inebriety, the occasional exceptions only proving the truth of the statement. The growing sentiment against the use of narcotics has had the effect of intensifying their demoralizing action on the individual, and thus magnifying the prominence of the baneful action of narcotics upon the system until it is rapidly becoming to be recognized as a disease, whereas, in former years, it was only looked upon as purely a habit. The sideboard that used to be considered an indispensible article of furniture in the dining-room of nearly all classes of society is now confined to the few, and even the use of wines in our public hotels has been discontinued to a very great extent.

There can be no doubt that with the decrease in the use of stimulants by the masses there has been an increase in their abuse by the classes. The very prominence that the evil of narcotism has assumed at the present day, however, only argues its downfall. The growing sentiment of the community is strongly set against the social use of wines and liquors. The banqueting table and the middle classes are freer from this abuse than in former years, and even the dealers and manufacturers are beginning to feel the weight of public opinion. It is no longer respectable to "run a tavern" even if it be a "hotel caravansary," and the saloonkeeper is denied the right of respectable society, membership in secret lodges and communion in the Catholic church. He has become a veritable Esau, with every man's hand against him and his hand against his neighbor. The widespread abuse of narcotics has attracted the attention of the medical profession, hospitals for the treatment of inebriety are springing up in all parts of the country and the subject is receiving consideration on all sides by persons fully capable of throwing light upon this perplexing question.

A national association, composed of some of the brightest medical minds in our country, has been organized, and its late meeting at Baltimore was a prominent feature of the movement. The papers presented were of high scientific value and the discussions that followed were of great interest. The growing interest in the subject from a medical standpoint and the forced attention that narcotism is receiving from the state point to an early solution of the question. The fact that the use of narcotics is now regarded as an evil and that narcotism is classified as a disease portends much for the future.

In every phase of human experience, in sorrow, sickness and death, a philosophy may be found if it is but sought upon which may be based a rule of right living, that if applied to future generations "will work for the healing of the nations."

Back of every effect there is a cause, before every phenomenon there is a neumonan, beneath all there is a principle, force or power, even God Himself, "who worketh in His mysterious way His wonders to perform." And above and beyond is the glorious future, to make of what we will. Take courage, then; His star is in the east, and there are those who have seen it; hear them sing:

"They found the king in his beauty,
Himself henceforth to lead
The mother-heart to its duty,
'Mid the world's profoundest need.
* * * * * * *
"And they sought from the lips of men,
To dash foul cups away,
To plant where the night had been
The hope of a better day."

—W. Xavier Sudduth, M. D., in Union Signal.

Girls, Don't Marry Drinkers.

It is sad to hear a maiden at the hymeneal altar, promising to take a man "for better or worse," and then see him, through drink, go from bad to worse, and from worse to worse, while, in her grim despair, she yet clings to the wretch who disdains his every vow, and wrecks her every hope. Of all womanly infatuations, the nemesis of delusion is reached when a girl marries a man to reform him. The world is painfully full of wives who, in bitter disappointment, mourn the folly of trusting their fortunes to one bound in the adamantine chains of an unappeasable appetite. Of all home destroyers and heart breakers, the drunkard waves the palm.—Ram's Horn.

A Marked Contrast.

The contrast between the condition of the drinker and that of the drink seller has been too conspicuous to be ignored, and it speaks eloquently of the profits of the unholy traffic. The drinker and his family in rags, while the drink seller is clothed in jewels and velvets, afford a contrast that should keep any man from contributing to the seller's luxury at the expense of his own prosperity.—The People.

When the saloon is blotted out it will not take long to renovate the face of the earth.—Attila.

The easiest time to let drink alone is before the first drink is taken. — Ram's Horn

ZACHARY.

A Temperance Lesson from an Indian Chief of New England.

In the wars of New England with the Indians, the Mohegan tribe early became friendly to the whites. Their favorite ground was on the banks of the Thames river, in Connecticut, between New London and Norwich, and their government had become hereditary in the family of the celebrated chief, Uncas.

The father of John Trumbull, the historical painter, used to buy fur from several Indians of the tribe, one of whom was Zachary, an excellent hunter but as drunken and worthless an Indian as ever lived.

When this man was over 50 years old, several members of the Indian royal family died, and he found himself with only one life between him and the chieftainship. The thought sobered him, and he said to himself: "How can

"YOU ARE SERVING THE DEVIL, BOY!"

such a drunken wretch as I be the chief of this honorable race? Can I succeed to the great Uncas? I will never drink again."

He kept this resolution, but John Trumbull, then a little boy, thought there would be no harm in persuading him to break it. He shared the prevailing contempt for Indians, and though he had heard the story of Zachary's reformation, he only half believed it.

In the beginning of May, the annual election of the principal officers of the colony was held at Hartford. Mr. Trumbull attended officially, and it was customary for the chief of the Mohegans also to attend.

Zachary had succeeded to the rule of his tribe, and as Mr. Trumbull's house was conveniently near, the old chief was in the habit of coming, a few days before the election, and dining with his brother governor.

One day, when they were at dinner, the boy was struck by a mischievous desire to try the sincerity of the old man's repentance. There was excellent home-brewed beer on the table, and John looked up and said:

"Zachary, this beer is good. Won't you taste it?"

The old man dropped his knife and fork, and leaned forward, his black eyes sparkling with indignation.

"John," said he, "you don't know what you are doing. You are serving the devil, boy! Don't you know I am an Indian? If I taste your beer, I couldn't stop till I got to rum, and made myself the drunken wretch your father remembers. John, while you live never tempt a man to break a good resolution."—Youth's Companion.

THE RUM DRAGON.

Stands as a Menace and Foe to Everything That Would Advance Humanity.

Everywhere, at all times, where men and women are moving to uplift humanity and make the world a brighter and sweeter place to live in, they come, soon or late, face to face in a grapple with that black-visaged foe, the liquor traffic. In whatever line the effort may be, there stands that enemy entrenched in law and custom across the pathway. Is it missionary work among the heathen, there is the rum trade to nullify and undo all that may be done; is it industrial advancement, there is the saloon to absorb the lion's share of wages and paralyze all hopeful effort; is it political purification, there is the dram shop to poison and debauch the springs of civic life; is it educational progress, again the groggeries, outnumbering the schools three to one and teaching their lessons of vice and shame day and night the week round. Always that hateful and hideous beast in the way to destroy and devour. When shall a long-suffering world be rid of this rum dragon?—Christian Work.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Many a man could have solid comfort if he would forego liquid comfort.—Puck.

A man who was charged in a London court with being intoxicated is credited with saying that "he would not think anyone drunk unless he ran up against a lamp-post."

William Lill, the greatest brewer in America a few years ago, in giving up the business, said: "I have found it impossible to keep sober men in my brewery. It is a manufactory of drunkards in constant operation! Every man is a beer barrel in the morning and a barrel of beer at night! I will have no more of it!"—Narrative.

Every young boy in town is spotted, and when vacancies occur in banks or in other positions of responsibility they do not go to those who hang around public places, but to the intelligent lad who has a clean record for industry, honesty and sobriety—to the one who is anxious to do all he can for his employer.—Motor.

Finds Its Place Among Poisons.

That was an astute and original pharmacist in the town of St. Louis, Mich., who arranged a show window containing nothing but poisons. These were paris green, arsenic, morphine, laudinum, face powder, boxes of cigarettes, decks of cards and a bottle or two of whisky.

REAL TRAMPS' PARADISE.

California's Kindly Treatment of Her Thousands of Moneyless Tourists.

California, as we have often said, is the tramp's paradise. The vagrants of the union know this so well that unless the blessing of our climate be offset with severe artificial disadvantages the state will become each year the winter resort of the greater multitude of traveling loafers. We are already cursed with more of these pests than the law officers of the interior seem able to handle. Tramps' camps have become a winter institution in southern California. These colonies of lazy and worthless bummers are outfitted with tents. They beg and steal from the surrounding inhabitants, who are afraid of them, for arson, robbery and murder are vengeful possibilities when a tramp colony is refused what it asks. So determined are the unpleasant strangers to live without work that they adopt a military organization and are ready to give battle to the rural police. Near Riverside, the other day, the officers who descended upon one of the camps were routed, horse, foot and dragoon, after a brisk engagement. In earlier days, when mining and not agriculture engaged the people, California would have disposed of such militant bummers with rope and pistol. But farmers are of a pencenble spirit, and their occupation isolates them. Nevertheless, if the officers fail to cope with the tramps, it is probable that the exasperated ranchers will take the law into their own hands. Honest and industrious men will not continue indefinitely to be taxed and terrorized by truculent and thievish vagabonds.

How comfortable the tramp's life is made for him here, how easily he manages to exist without toil, was interestingly revealed by the recently printed narrative of a young man who, as a "hobo," made the trip from San Diego to San Francisco. His experience shows that money is not necessary in California to a man who makes up his mind to be a tourist. There is still an unlimited supply of tender-hearted people who would rather take the chance of encouraging vagrancy than run the risk of withholding help from worthy men seeking work—a character, always assumed by the tramp, of course. This amateur and a companion loitered on their journey for over a month and never went hungry. They were taken for the genuine article by the real tramps they met, and also by the police of the towns and villages, thus gaining a perfect insight into the life. In Delmar, for example, they were told that if they could induce the constable to arrest them they could get a "floater"—that is to say, be housed over night in the jail and floated onward in the morning, stayed by a good breakfast. "I am told," relates the young man, "that in some of these places the tramps are sentenced to ten days, but the constable lets him off, gives his a couple of dollars as an incentive to leave, and charges the county one dollar a day for the ten days." By stealing rides and begging houses the pair made pleasant progress. Not only subsistence, but social attention, it seems, are the agreeable portion of the moneyless tourist in southern California. As witness:

"At Carlsbad we were in great luck. My chum did some chores round a house and the lady took us both in. We got a wash, a good meal, a bed and spent the evening playing the piano and cards. Next morning the lady put up a big lunch for us, and jumped the blind baggage car when the train came along."

Sleeping in barns and haystacks by night, begging for food during the day, walking for pleasure, and taking the cars for speed, the adventure proceeded joyously. Professional tramps were encountered in large numbers. At Goshen there was an encampment with a captain in command and a negro servant to do the cooking. The company slept in tents, and regular details were sent out to forage. The community called itself the "Sons of Rest," and had for its motto the sybaritic sentiment: "Fools and Mules Work."

The amateurs found that they generally could get work when they asked for it, but, like the regulars, they were under no necessity to labor. Charity abounded, and they pursued their way without hardship. Since novices could do so well, the lot of a skilled loafer must be pleasant, indeed. It is not wonderful that the tramp looks down with contempt on the workingman who drudges for a livelihood that is to be had without exertion.

We have no snow here, practically no winter, and the tramp comes to us in the assurance that there is a plenty awaiting him. He will come, and his comrades with him, while the people and the officers of the law remain as kind as the skies. That each town is anxious to pass the vagabonds on to the next, and will even offer them a reward to go, is natural enough under present conditions, which are disgraceful to a civilized state. So long as we have this want of concert, this anarchy, this army of tramps will increase. Yet there is no sound reason why the evil should not be abated and even turned to profitable account. There are 57 counties, and all save a few of them need more roads and better roads. It ought not to be difficult for the several boards of supervisors to put themselves in communication with one another and come to an understanding. If this were done—if every tramp arrested should be given the full penalty of the law against vagrancy and compelled to work on the roads during the entire term of his sentence, a solid advantage would be reaped, and the tramps kept away from California in future.

Pending such action as this by the authorities, the duty of the individual citizen is clear. Charity to the undeserving is a wrong done the deserving. Every tramp supported in idleness is an encouragement to better men to abandon honest ways.—San Francisco Argonaut.

SHE WENT TO THE OPERA.

Terrible Experience Her Love of Music Caused the Parson's Wife.

It was the parson's fault. A clergyman with a music-loving wife ought to know better than to go out of town to a missionary conference just on the eve of a season of grand opera at home. Perhaps he never thought of it. Clergymen are not subject to the temptations which beset the rest of mankind. Besides, he knew nothing about music. One tune was like another to him, and on the only occasion when he went to an orchestra concert he fell asleep in the middle of the second movement of the symphony and never waked up until the shrieking of the Valkyries smote his ears at the close of the programme. So the parson went away with no misgiving. To tell the truth, the parson's wife had no premonition that she would fall from grace. She meant to be good.

It chanced that several worldly people called on Friday and Saturday. Worldly as they were, they loved music just as much as she did, and they could talk of nothing but the opera. They were all going. They had hoarded up their money and bought their tickets, and Heaven would open Monday night at eight sharp. The parson's wife began to wish that the opera company would stay away. Then she wished that it would come and that her husband was a doctor or a lawyer or a broker, or anything so that she might be justified in going. Alas! who is strong to stand in the hour of temptation? She had hardly wished the last wish when her husband's brother, a worldly, amusement-loving fellow, came in. "Say," said he, "come to the opera Wednesday night. Jim's away and all the church folks will be at prayer meeting, and nobody'll know the difference. Sue and I are going Monday and Tuesday, but she says she doesn't care a rap for this 'A-dea' or 'I-dea,' or whatever you call it, and she said she knew you'd enjoy it."

"Oh, you know I would, Fred, but would it be right?"

"Right? Of course. Come on. It'll do you good."

"But you know James thought he would be home by Wednesday in time for prayer meeting."

"Well, I'll fix that. Look over your apparel and come along. I'll call for you at about half-past seven."

The parson's wife had many qualms during the next few days. She said to herself over and over again that there is nothing wicked in opera, unless it is the ballet. She hoped there would be no announcement of a ballet, but there would be one nevertheless. She wanted to know what the shocking thing is like.

She was relieved when she found herself in the balcony of the music hall Wednesday night with not a soul anywhere about whom she knew. Presently two persons brushed past them and sank into the next seats, and then she heard a familiar voice cry: "Why, Sister Goodman! You here!"

Alas! for the parson's wife, two of the stanchest members of the church were there beside her. There was nothing for it but to brazen it out. They were just as culpable as she was. "Yes, I'm here. I just couldn't stay away," she said. "And you. Why are you not at church?"

"Well, we couldn't stay away, either," said Brother Baldwin. He saw that the parson's wife was somewhat ill at ease, and when the curtain descended on the first act he diverted himself at her expense. "Dear me," said he, "why it looks as though most of the fathers in Israel were here to-night."

"What? What do you mean?" asked the scandalized parson's wife.

"Why, way over there I see Brother Siddons, and there's Father Blodgett down there in a box, and—"

"Where! where?" cried the parson's wife clapping her opera glasses to her eyes. "You don't mean to say Father Blodgett would come to the opera, of all things!"

"Look out! look out! he's squinting up here and he'll see you!"

The parson's wife involuntarily ducked. Indeed, the opera was well-nigh finished before she was assured that the venerable churchmen whom Brother Baldwin had pretended to point out were not in the audience. And she was glad, for she did not think that the ballet would have been good for them. When she got home whom should she find there but the parson himself, who had arrived by a late train. "Goodness, my dear," said he, looking at the clock. "What an extraordinarily long meeting to-night."

"Yes," said she, looking at her husband's brother in agonizing appeal, "it was long."—Buffalo Courier.

Delightful Blundering.

A little boy in the course of his reading lesson came to the word "widow," and called it "window," a word more familiar to him. The teacher, who was acting as examiner, corrected the blunder, and then, wishing to improve the occasion, put the question: "What is the difference between 'widow' and 'window'? The boy's answer began: "You can see through a window, but—" and then stopped. The amusement plainly visible on the teacher's face prevented this miniature Sam Weller from completing the contrast.

Now, the blunder here, so far as it was a blunder, was entirely due to the teacher. He did not mean to impress on his pupils the transparency of a window as contrasted with a widow, but the difference in spelling between the two words.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Still Throwing It Up.

Mrs. McSwat (looking over the paper)—Billinger, here is an article about women barbers. One of them says you have no idea of the nerve it takes to shave the throat of a man who has a big Adam's apple.

Mr. McSwat—I don't wonder. It ought to fill a woman with remorse every time she sees an Adam's apple.—Chicago Tribune.

TO ABDUCT LINCOLN.

A Bold Plot of Wilkes Booth's That Miscarried by Mere Accident.

About the middle of March, 1865, word was received from those along the "underground route" that the roads and the time were propitious for undertaking the abduction, and that the horses would be held in readiness for the relays. Accordingly, at Mrs. Surratt's Booth assembled his assistants, John H. Surratt, Payne, Atzerodt, Herold, O'Laughlin and Arnold, all mounted for the kidnaping.

Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon they left the house and made for the Seventh street road, where it was reported that the president would pass that evening on his way to the Seventh street hospital.

Mr. Lincoln would frequently ride out to the soldiers' home on the Seventh street road, entirely unguarded, or, if in a carriage, with only a driver, much against the protestations of his friends, who were fearful for his safety. The coach of the president was to be seized in a secluded spot on the road near the city, and Surratt was to jump on the box (as he was more familiar with the roads) and to make for "T. B.," a collection of two or three houses and stores on the "underground route," about 22 miles southeast of Washington, and thence to the Potomac. The carriage was to be abandoned as soon as the city limits were passed. Relays of fast horses were in readiness, and the boat at Port Tobbaco was prepared to cross the river.

As the distance from Washington to Port Tobacco creek was about 40 miles, the intention was to make the entire trip the first night, and, crossing the river, to be within the lines of the confederacy at the expiration of 24 hours.

The plan was not so ridiculously absurd as at first glance it appears. It was not a difficult matter at that time to pass the pickets stationed at the navy yard bridge, and once in the country, where friends were willing, fresh horses ready, and federal soldiers few, the chances of reaching the Potomac in safety were not unfavorable.

The plot failed because Mr. Lincoln did not go out on the Seventh street road on the afternoon expected, Secretary Chase going in his stead. Booth and his companions returned to Mrs Surratt's disappointed, disgusted and enraged. Such a favorable opportunity would not likely occur again, and the conspirators disbanded. Surratt went to Richmond, Arnold secured a position at Old Point (near Fort Monroe) and O'Laughlin returned to Baltimore; but Payne, Herold and Atzerodt still hovered about their leader awaiting further developments, living at Washington at his expense.—Victor Louis Mason, in Century.

A GOOD TALKER AT BREAKFAST.

Literature Claims His Existence, But None Meet Him in Real Life.

A writer in the Buffalo Courier represents some one as asking this interesting question: "Did you ever know anyone who could converse brilliantly at breakfast?" The question is a good one. Why, indeed, should not conversation be brilliant at the breakfast table, when the brain is fresh, yesterday's worries have all been slept over and to-day's have not yet come? And were not the genial Autocrat, Professor and Poet spenkers at a breakfast table, where surely the conversation was nearly akin to brilliancy? There are other books that give, as early morning talk, conversations which their authors think worth printing, and now and then in the journal or the letters of a great man there is a reference to a breakfast-table discussion.

Yet, what one of us has ever really came in contact with brilliant talk at eight a. m.? The very fishballs and buckwheat cakes are humble, lowly, reassuring viands that somehow do not inspire the eloquence that comes with the pungent flavor of the venison, the cool self-confidence suggested by the orange ice, the epigrammatic terseness of the after-dinner coffee, the genial sunniness of the fruits and the sweetness of the candies.

Even clothes make a difference, for, more or less, we always talk on the level of what we wear—unconsciously, perhaps—and it is one thing to eat with a watch in your hand and the work before you, and another with the watch in your pocket and the work accomplished—which is the difference to most men between their breakfast and late dinner.

We are reminded, to be sure, that there are social functions known as "breakfasts," and the talk must be somewhat interesting and clever or they would have long ago died out. But these "breakfasts" take place at noon, and the buckwheat cakes and fishballs have been privately and individually served to the guests some hours before, and so these are breakfasts in name only.

There is, too, another evidence that the animal nature has the better of the spiritual usually at the breakfast hour in the circumstance that the French, who could not bear to be conversationally dull at a meal, take the first one of the day in bed. How very clever they are, and what a reputation for unfailing geniality, quickness and fascination this one custom perhaps has given to them. We believe that the most glowing description of a brilliant talker would be that he (or she) was so at the breakfast table.—Rochester Post-Express.

Our Estates by Proxy.

"How are all our great landed estates in England?" asked the American, pleasantly.

"Yours!" exclaimed the traveling Briton.

"Certainly."

"I don't see what claims you have to them."

"No? Well, perhaps you can tell me what would have become of them if it had not been for the money of our girls?"—Odds and Ends.

SIGNALS THE PITCHER.

How the Baseball Catcher Communicates with the Pitcher.

Baseball cranks are all familiar with the fact that to be successful a pitcher must govern his delivery by signs which he receives from his catcher. But very few enthusiasts know how these signs are given. There are various methods in vogue, but as a rule they do not last long, for eagle-eyed players soon discover them, and that knocks them sky high. All a catcher cares to know is whether his pitcher is about to throw a curve or a straight ball. This is absolutely necessary in order to prevent a passed ball, and the signs that the catcher gives are also a help to the infielders, who watch for them, to play their positions properly.

In these days the most effective method used by catchers in giving signs is by placing the fingers of the right hand in the center of the big mitt worn on the left hand. The catcher stoops until one knee rests upon the ground and then turns the inside of the mitt toward the pitcher. If he puts one finger in the middle of the mitt it means a straight ball or an inshoot; two fingers in the mitt call for a curved ball, and all the fingers bunched is the signal for a slow ball. The only trouble found with this method is that if a man is on second base he can readily see the signs and make them known to the batsman.

Some catchers have another way of doing the act which is also considered good. They place their hands upon their knees and work their arms. If the arms are perfectly straight the pitcher knows that a straight ball is wanted; if the elbows are bent out a curve ball is the proper caper. Catchers sometimes work their hands while they are resting on the knees. With the fingers of both hands turned in it means a straight ball or an inshoot, while putting the fingers on the outside of the knees signifies a curve.

Working with the feet is also popular with some backstops. By turning the toes of the shoes out a curve must follow, while a straight fast ball is called for by standing with the feet parallel. In this method it is necessary to do some "faking" by moving the feet about so as to throw off watchful coachers. "Doc" Bushong, the veteran catcher, had a system that he clung to while a member of the St. Louis champions. He held his hands out with the palms together and moved them back and forth in this way: By holding them on a line with the outside corner of the plate he gave a sign for a curve; with his hands on a line with the inside corner of the plate he called for an inshoot, and by putting them behind the center of the rubber he asked for a fast one right over.

In order to be even more puzzling several league "receivers" give signs with their mouths. They put their hands over the sides of their masks and open their mouths for a curve, and keep them closed for a shoot. At times they also wink their eyes on the same principle. Mike Kelly had some novel signs that were not discovered for a long time. When he caught a ball he threw it back to the pitcher in a certain way. If his throw was overhand it meant that the next ball had to be straight, while an underhand or roundarm throw told the pitcher that "Kel" wanted a curve.

Last year Dad Clarke and Schriver, his catcher, had a laughable experience in a game played at Boston. Dad told Schriver to turn one foot out for a curve and one in for a straight. The game was close and both teams were fighting hard to win, when suddenly Clarke put on a look of disgust and pointed at Schriver's feet. The red-faced catcher had become rattled and stood behind the bat with both feet turned in. Clarke walked up to him and said:

"What's the matter with yer feet, eull?"

"I can't control 'em, Dad!" said Bill, dejectedly, whereupon Clarke whispered:

"Well, wink your eyes, then!"

"I can't do that, Dad," replied Schriver, "for me eyes are too small!" Then Dad walked back to the box and tossed them in any way, while his catcher was kept on the jump until he wilted.—N. Y. Sun.

To Be Expected.

The "new woman" orator was becoming eloquent.

"Shall we permit man, our former tyrant," she demanded, "to flaunt in our faces forever that which shall serve to remind us of our days of docile and servitude?"

Intense excitement and cries of "Never!" "Never!"

"Let us wipe out all that savors of that past life!" cried the orator. "Let us blot out the memory of it for all time!"

Cries of "Hear! hear!"

"Let us put the Goddess of Liberty in bloomers this very day!" shouted the orator, in conclusion, and the shout that went up nearly wrecked the building.—Chicago Post.

Appallingly Near.

Our fair city came appallingly near lying in ruins last night.

A fire broke out in an ash barrel in the rear of the residence of our fellow-townsman, Mr. Balaam B. Binns, and had it not been for the fact that the ash barrel was situated about 100 feet from any other building and that there was no wind blowing and it was raining, and had not Mr. Binns discovered the fire and put it out in its helpiency, it might have been our sad duty to-day to record a frightful conflagration such as the city has never known and such as we pray heaven it may never know.—Bossville Banner, quoted in the N. Y. World.

There Are Others.

"You have the advantage of me, sir."

"So has any man with brains."—Truth.

—The most certain sign of being born with great qualities is to be born without envy.—Rochefoucauld.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1896.

ANOTHER craze in newspaper illustration at present is the Roentgen X ray. The artists are working it for all it is worth, and more, too. We wish it could be utilized to photograph the conscience of the advertiser and subscriber who pays no attention to dunning letters.

"THE impulse of exalted intermission" is the latest combination of words which has been given to the country by Grover Cleveland. The words appear in a letter written to George F. Parker, consul at Birmingham, Eng. Just what Grover means is a little obscure, but we judge that if some one will furnish the "impulse" at this period of "exalted intermission" in the history of the Democracy it might, to use the words of the immortal J. N. Free, "assume the pressure and lift the veil."

THE last desperate resort of the Republican bosses is to array some of the A. P. A. leaders against McKinley. The animus of the movement is too plain, and it will react against the order. It is too late in the day to assail Wm. McKinley for non-Americanism. He has been all his life fighting for America and things American as against foreignism. The A. P. A. fight against him will do him no harm but it will kill the order. The American people are not in the habit of taking their politics from a secret organization.—Gibson, (Ill.,) Courier.

Death of the Eastern Shore Law.

The discovery has been made that the famous Eastern Shore law is dead. Though reputed to be above a century's age, its demise was wholly unexpected and there is a lurking suspicion in some quarters of foul play. The law had hundreds of warm upholders and friends only a few short months ago, but not a single mourner for its loss can anywhere be found in the whole State. The Maryland Senate tenderly watched over its career in the Legislature up to within a few days of the end of the session when the time honored and storm beaten statute was abandoned to mercless destruction. By accident its death was discovered and let us be thankful for its peaceful departure.

Gen. Grant's Birthday.

If Ulysses S. Grant were still living he would not be a very old man. Compared with some of the distinguished contemporaries of his public life who are still living, both in this country and Europe, he would be their junior by several years. Grant died nearly 11 years ago. Had he lived until Monday he would have been only 75. When one considers the years attained by Mr. Gladstone, Prince Bismarck, Senator Morrill and other statesmen and soldiers who might be named, the thought that Grant died young will obtrude itself. Yet the fame of no man who ever lived is more secure than that of the sturdy American whose birthday was formally celebrated in more than forty cities Monday night.

It is quite natural for Republican organizations to take the lead in thus honoring the memory of Grant, and while speaking of his deeds to talk as well of the principles of the party which twice elected him to the Presidency of the United States; but the memory of Grant is not the exclusive possession of the Republican party or even of the North. It belongs to the union of States which he did so much to preserve. Men who were once his enemies learned to respect the man whose steady determination and persistent perseverance forced them to lay down their arms, and now they pay tribute to his memory. The Confederate Gen. Longstreet spoke at Boston Monday night in praise of Grant's skill in war and generosity in triumph; and at the Philadelphia celebration another ex-Confederate, Gen. M. C. Butler, of South Carolina, joined in the meed of praise to the great Federal captain. When men of the North and South meet together and speak thus, Grant's birthday is made the occasion of renewing the ties which bind together the sections of the country once torn asunder by war, and what better use could be made of the anniversary?

The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Case.

The Chesapeake and Ohio canal case, argued in the Court of Appeals last week, is one of vast importance to the State. The case is an appeal from an order passed by Judge Stake, in the Circuit Court of Washington county, extending the time of the operation of the canal by the trustees for the bondholders of 1844 until May, 1891, six years longer than the time granted by Judge Alvey in his decree of October 2, 1890. That decree ordered the sale of the canal to satisfy its debts, but suspended the operation of the decree for four years, or until May, 1, 1895. During this time the canal was to go into the hands of the trustees of the bondholders of 1844 to be repaired and operated by them. This was done upon the theory that according to the terms of the mortgage which was given by the canal company to secure those bonds, it was a lien upon the revenues and tolls of the canal and not upon the corpus of the work. Judge Alvey did not decide this priority but stated in the opinion which accompanied his decree that in case of of the sale of the canal the lien of the State would be superior to that of the bondholders of 1844, and in order to give them an opportunity to save themselves the canal was given to them to repair and operate for four years. If they could not show at the end of that time that the canal could earn enough to pay operating expenses, costs of repair, etc., then the decree for sale would be enforced.

Apparently these conditions were not fulfilled. The cost of repairing the damage by the great freshet was greater and the time required to complete them longer than was anticipated. Then there was a strike in the coal mines and a long interruption of traffic by a drought. The trustees further declared that the time allowed by Judge Alvey was not sufficient to justify people in investing capital in boats and otherwise in the canal. In consideration of all these things Judge Stake extended the time and gave the trustees authority to make a contract with a company to engage in the transportation business. It was said at the time that it was the purpose of this company to apply electricity to the movement of boats. It was from this order of Judge Stake that the State took appeal and asked that the decree for the sale of the canal be executed and that the court would embody in a decree the opinion of Judge Alvey, in which he decided that the lien of the State under its mortgages is prior to the preferred bonds under the act of 1844, and to be paid next after the half million repair bonds of 1878. The appeal was argued on December 10, 1892. At the present term a reargument was ordered, and the reargument was understood to be limited to the single question as to the order in which the creditors of the canal company are entitled to receive payment ont of the net proceeds of the sale of the canal. This would seem to have some significance of the decision of the court upon the main question.

If the canal should be sold it should bring several million dollars. The interest of the Stat in the work is as follows:

Common stock	$ 788,721 11
Preferred stock	1,375,000 00
Unpaid guaranteed dividends for 50 years	11,669,000 00
Mortgage under the act of 1811	1,000,000 00
Unpaid interest for 60 years	7,200,000 00
Total	$20,052,721 11

Other claims are the bonds of 1844 about $1,700,000 and interest, the mortgage of 1878, for $500,000, with accurned interest, and the labor claims and Lowndes judgments, amounting to about $125,000 more. The State at the last session of the Legislature waived its prior lien in favor of this latter amount, as it had previously done in favor of the bonds of 1878. The lien of the State upon tolls and revenues was waived in favor of the bonds of 1844. The State now claims that in case the canal is sold the security of these bonds is and the State's mortgage will take precedence next after the bonds of 1878. This is a vital question in the present case, as a decision in favor of the State may be worth a large sum to the State in case of a favorable sale of the property. The expenses of the receivers and of repairing the work by the trustees, it is claimed by the State, do not constitute a lien on the property, but that the trustees agreed under the decree to repair the canal at their own proper cost.—Balto. Sun.

RECEIVER'S SALE
—OF A—
Delightful Summer Resort.

Joseph C. Alderson vs. Loch Lynn Heights Hotel Company et al.

In the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of West Virginia.—In Equity.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of the authority vested in me, by a decretal decree rendered in said cause on the 11th day of January, 1896, I, the undersigned receiver, appointed in said cause by said court, will on

Thursday, the 21st Day of May, 1896,

at 10 o'clock a. m., offer at public auction to the highest and best bidder, on the premises at Loch Lynn Heights, near Mountain Lake Park, in Garrett county, Maryland, the following described property, which is mentioned and described in the bill and proceedings in said cause, to-wit:

First—All that lot or parcel of ground situated in the said county of Garrett and state of Maryland, and known and described as "Hotel Reserve" on the plat of the Mountain Home Company, as recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 1, folio 2, one of the plat records of the said county of Garrett, and described by the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, to-wit: Beginning at a point north 6° west 530 feet from station "C", thence north 20° 15' west 175.7+ feet; thence north 15° 08' 5 east 30 feet; thence south 20° 15' east 152.2 feet; thence north 69° west 30 feet to the beginning containing 1.12+ of an acre. [ground.

Second—All that lot or parcel of ground situated in the said county of Garrett and state of Maryland, and described on the plat of the said Mountain Home Company as "Hotel Lawn," and described by the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, to-wit: Beginning at a stake situated north 20½° east 30 feet, and south 69½° east 42° from Station "D," one of the permanent stations of Loch Lynn Heights, thence by a curvature whose radius is 129.5 feet and one-half circumference is 375.1 feet; thence north 69½° east 179 feet thence by a curvature whose radius is 119 and one-half circumference is 375.1 feet; thence south 69½° west 179 feet; beginning and containing 2.01 acres.

Third—All those lots, pieces or parcels of ground situated in the said county of Garrett and state of Maryland, and described on the plat of the said Mountain Home Company by the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, to-wit: Beginning at a corner of lot on Seneca avenue and corner of lot on which the cottage formerly owned by George P. White stands, and running thence south 69½° east 120 feet, south 20½° west 70 feet, south 69½° east 213 feet, north 20½° east 102 feet, north 69½° west 30 feet, north 20½° east 208 feet; thence north 69° west 30 feet to the beginning, containing 1½ acres, more or less.

Fourth—All of that lot or parcel of ground situated in the county of Garrett and state of Maryland and described on the plat of the Mountain Home Company by the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, to-wit: Beginning at a stake situated on the south line of A. C. Alderson's addition to Loch Lynn Heights, being south 69½° east 24 feet, and thence south 20½° west 384 feet from Station "D," one of the stations of Loch Lynn Heights, and the centre of Tallisee street, and running thence south 69½° east with the center of Tallisee street 147 feet to the centre of street; thence south 20½° west 1,230 feet with the centre of the centre of Alabama street extended; thence with the centre of Alabama street north 69½ degrees west 147 feet to White's line; thence with White's line and "Alderson's Addition" north 20½° east 1,230 feet to the beginning, containing 12½ acres of land more or less.

There is situated on the said tract No. 1 a large, elegant and well arranged modern

NEW SUMMER HOTEL,

three stories high, containing about 100 guest chambers, large, elegant and well lighted and ventilated dining rooms, reception rooms, ball room and parlor, furnished throughout with elegant new furniture, supplied with modern water closets and other conveniences and also with an abundance of water, and surrounded on three sides with a wide and beautiful veranda.

This hotel was opened to guests by Mrs. L. B. C. List for the first time last year and during the summer season was completely filled. The said tract No. 1 and the said hotel building and its furniture and appurtenances will be sold together. The said tract No. 2 will be sold by itself, and the said tracts Nos. 1 and 2 together with the said hotel building, furniture and appurtenances, will be sold subject to the terms, provisions and conditions of a certain lease thereof, executed by the undersigned receiver to the said Mrs. L. B. C. List, on the 6th day of June, 1895, for the term of two years seven months and twenty-four days beginning on the said 6th day of June, 1895, and ending on the first day of April, in the year 1898, for the sum of four thousand dollars ($4,000); nine hundred dollars of which was due and was paid on the 1st day of October, 1895; fourteen hundred dollars of which will be due on the 1st day of October, 1896, and seventeen hundred dollars of which will be due on the 1st day of October, 1897.

The terms, provisions and conditions of the said lease will be more particularly stated on the day of sale, and a copy thereof may be seen at any time at the law office of J. B. Sommerville, in the city of Wheeling, West Virginia. The purchaser of the said property will be entitled to the rent reserved in said lease from and after the day of sale, and the said lease will be assigned by the receiver to the purchaser, who will be entitled to and will be required to take the place of said receiver as landlord of the property embraced in said lease. The said third and fourth tracts are laid out and divided into lots, streets and alleys, and will first be offered as an entirety, and each of them will also be offered separately, and the said lots will then be offered separately or in pairs, and said property will be sold in the way in which it will produce the most money.

TERMS OF SALE.—Said sale will be made upon the following terms and conditions, to-wit: One-third, or so much more as the purchaser may elect, cash on the day of sale, one-third in six months and one-third in one year from the day of sale, with interest from that day at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and the purchaser shall have the option to pay the deferred installments at any time before the same shall be due, with interest to the time of payment, the deferred installments to be secured by the purchaser's notes and the title to be retained until the notes are paid. The purchaser of the hotel and furniture will be required to carry not less than fifteen thousand dollars ($15,000) insurance thereon, for the receiver's benefit.

J. B. SOMMERVILLE, Receiver.
Wheeling, W. Va., April 16, 1896. 7-4.

ANNUAL LEVY, 1896.

Annual Levy for Garrett County, Maryland, levied on the 10th day of April, 1896, by the Board of County Commissioners for Garrett County, Maryland.

ROAD LEVY, 1897.

District No. 1.—Swanton	$ 650 00
" " 2.—Selbysport	1,175 00
" " 3.—Grantsville	650 00
" " 4.—Bloomington	550 00
" " 5.—Accident	850 00
" " 6.—Sang Run	650 00
" " 7.—Oakland	1,100 00
" " 8.—Ryan's Glade	600 00
" " 9.—Johnsons	500 00
" " 10.—Deer Park	500 00
" " 11.—Elbow	500 00
" " 12.—Bittinger	550 00
National Road	600 00
Total	$ 9,025 00

CORPORATIONS.

Mayor and Council of Oakland	$300 00
" " " Deer Park	50 00
Commissioners of Grantsville	80 00
Mountain Lake Park Community	200 00
Total	$630 00

PUBLIC SCHOOL BONDS.

For redemption of bonds	$1,000 00
Interest on bonds	360 00
Total	$1,360 00

CLERK'S OFFICE.

Tower, Clerk Circuit Court	$1,182 69

COURT FUND.

Estimate to pay court expenses, July, September and December terms, 1896, and March term, 1897	$4,017 00

ORPHAN'S COURT.

Estimate to pay judges	$732 00
James W. White, Register, use J. B. Friend	60 00
James W. White, balance	69 49
Total	$861 49

SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

Austin Brown, Sheriff	$ 478 20
Charles Wegman, late sheriff, use Charles Yunkin	360 00
Charles Wegman, balance	631 85
Walter G. Meyers use E. B. Hook, boarding prisoners and warden to county jail	385 01
Walter G. Meyers, balance	200 56
W. M. Coddington, warden to jail May 1, 1895, use G. S. Hamill	106 00
W. M. Coddington, balance	31 00
Total	$2,223 25

SCHOOLS.

To the School Commissioners for the support of public schools	$10,000 00

PRINTING AND PUBLISHING.

Benj. H. Sincell, use E. B. Hook, publishing, 1895	$ 250 00
Same, balance	50 00
Same, printing, 1896	300 00
J. M. Litzinger, publishing, 1896	400 00
Total	$1,200 00

REGISTRATION OFFICERS.

Henry O Hamill, No. 1, use G S Hamill	$ 80 50
B E Friend, No 2, use C Q Hook	81 00
Isaiah Fuller, No 3, use J S Broadwater	82 50
John Collins, No 4, use Garrett County Bank	83 00
John L Richter, No 5	80 98
N C Browning, No 6, use Garrett County Bank	82 50
John A Hughes, No 7, use same	81 50
B A Shaffer, No 8	80 00
Samuel Johnson, No 9	82 00
Sebastian Hinebaugh, No 10, use Garrett County Bank	82 50
Noah S Garlitz, No 11	81 50
Joseph Buckle, No 12, use Garrett Co. Bank	81 50
Total	$981 48

MAGISTRATES' FEES.

Erb Fazenbaker	$ 12 85
Peter Nathan	10 40
L C Fike	15 30
W H Hoye	25 50
Henry Kahl	4 75
A Bayendorf	69 45
James A Delawder	16 70
Total	$154 46

ELECTION EXPENSES, 1895.

District No. 1.

Moses R Hamill, return judge	$ 7 20
Henry Paugh, judge	4 00
W M Hinkins, judge	7 64
J L McRoble, ballot clerk	2 00
J F Friend, same	2 00
P J Lohr, election clerk	4 00
Geo W Moon, same	4 00
Chas T West, house rent	5 00

District No. 2.

Jasper Guard, return judge, use Clara B Friend	7 76
Wm Welch, judge	4 00
Franklin T Fike, same	4 00
W S Collins, ballot clerk	2 00
J F Friend, same	2 00
Orval Welch, election clerk	4 00
Archibald Casteel, same	4 00
James A Denlawder, house rent	5 00

District No. 3.

James H Bevans, return judge	8 56
Geo W Broadwater, judge	4 00
C H Durst, same	8 40
John Custer, ballot clerk	2 00
J Lewis Durst, same	2 08
J C Getty, election clerk	4 00
Gideon Gnagey, same	4 00
Catharine Figge, house rent	5 00

District No. 4.

Andrew W Michael, return judge	8 40
W J Barnard, judge	4 00
Geo L Michael, judge	8 24
Lawrence Garvey, ballot clerk, use Wm Moody	2 00
Elijah Kemp, ballot clerk	2 00
Erwin Fazenbaker, election clerk	4 00
Charles C. Moody, same	4 00
Thomas Garvey, house rent	5 00

District No. 5.

James E McGeltigan, return judge	7 60
John Hoffman, judge	4 00
George M Meuhorn, judge	4 00
S K Schlossnagle, ballot clerk	2 00
Edward Margroff, same	2 00
Lyman Frazee, election clerk	4 00
Samuel Mosser, same	4 00
Geo. F. Englehart, house rent	5 00

District No. 6.

Joseph B. Meese, return judge	7 12
William Custer, judge	4 00
Thomas Welch, judge	7 12
John A Delawder, ballot clerk	2 00
Douglass McLean, same	2 00
Samuel Ralston, election clerk	4 00
J. Alvin Friend, same	4 00
Brison Welch, house rent	5 00

District No. 7.

Ali Frey, return judge	8 60
A J Harne, judge	6 00
John W Arnold, judge	6 00
W A Daily, ballot clerk	2 00
Geo P. Whitley, same	2 00
Marshall M Ashby, election clerk	6 00
William J Nair, same	6 00

District No. 8.

Henry W Bilder, return judge	6 61
Amos S Mosser, judge	4 03
John W White, judge	1 00
William C Buncutter, ballot clerk	2 00
Arthur S Abernathy, same	2 00
John C Bowman, election clerk	4 00
Daniel Rinker, same	4 03
Davis N Murphy, house rent	5 00

District No. 9.

Patrick Hoye, return judge	9 41
James Carey, judge	4 03
James Fahey, judge	9 60
Andrew J Moor, ballot clerk, use Geo W Blocher	2 00
Jacob Wilson, ballot clerk	2 00
Franklin C Graham, election clerk	4 00
George W Blocher, same	4 00
Johnson Brothers, house rent	5 00

District No. 10.

Solomon Hoge, return judge	6 88
James L. Harvey, judge	6 80
Thomas E Sellers, judge	4 03
Joseph Lashorn, ballot clerk	2 01
Charles Geauge, same	2 00
John Spiker, election clerk	4 00
P T Upscomb, same	4 00
Mrs J W Childister, house rent, use S P Specht	5 00

District No. 11.

Peter F Michaels, return judge	8 80
William Enss, judge	4 00
James Weitzell, same	8 40
David Warnick, ballot clerk	2 00
Peter McIntyre, same	2 00
Henry H Fazenbaker, election clerk	4 00
Jacob Strickland, same	4 00
Joseph Warnick, house rent	5 00

District No. 12.

Otho Fazenbaker, return judge	7 81
James M Durst, judge	8 00
Donald Simpson, same	4 00
W H Lohr, ballot clerk	2 00
Hanson B Durst, same	2 00
James Bowser, election clerk	4 00
Joseph B Harmon, same	4 00
Henry Bittinger, house rent	5 00
Total	$428 81

BRIDGE ACCOUNT.

John M Kesler, bridge on Mill Run, use C B Friend	$ 61 00
Dennis Rinker, building bridge	80 46
William White, repairing bridge	4 65
Joseph F Lewis, building bridge on Muddy Creek	84 00
George W Seibert, building bridge, subject to order	30 00
Jeremiah Bittinger, building bridge near John Friend's	40 00
Merritt Wilson, building bridge at Wilson	71 86
David Gnegy, building bridge, subject to order	20 00
Fries & Sanders, subject to order, Crellin bridge	216 10
Preston Lumber and Coal Co., lumber for Crellin bridge	181 90
Estimate to build and repair bridges	1,000 00
Total	$1,797 97

SPECIAL ROAD APPROPRIATIONS.

David T Enlow	$ 11 25
John Liston, work on new road, Bear Creek	28 50
H K Friend, same	20 62
Hamilton Friend, same	6 56
James Friend, same	16 87
J E Friend, same	12 50
Silas Teats, same	21 87
Jonas Teats, same	23 12
A J Teats, same	20 00
Calvin Coddington, same	21 87
Levi Fike, same	15 62
John Fike, same	6 87
Daniel Curling, same	6 25
Claud Brown, same	8 75
Clark & McCulloh, material furnished	24 12
Road case No. 120, subject to order	350 00
Road in and around Friendsville, subject to order	150 00
Road case No. 125, subject to order	150 00
Northwestern Pike, subject to order	100 00
Cooper and Wilson road, subject to order	50 00
National road, subject to order	250 00
P M Stemple, subject to order	25 00
Uriah M Stanton Stanton road, subject to order	10 00
Elder Hill road from John Coddington's to Friendsville	100 00
Total	$1,559 16

OUTSIDE PENSIONERS.

S P Specht support James Cummings	$ 1 00
Peter Miller support Lizzie Dietrick	25 00
Calvin H Shotterly support Esther Glotfelty	20 00
Geo A Gallinger support Mary Durst, subject to order	30 00
J O Getty sup Wm Hoover, subject to order	25 00
Same sup Wm Bittinger, subject to order	25 00
Samuel Meese sup Henry Meese	54 03
Chas Thompson sup Upton Bruce, subject to order	50 00
Caroline Frazee sup Ruth King, subject to order	75 00
John G Brenninger sup M Clingey, subject to order	75 00
S L Townshend sup Mrs Kisner	7 00
W C Jones sup Wood child	25 00
Estimate to pay paupers 1896	251 00
Total	$760 03

CONSTABLES.

Alex C Mason, use D E Offutt	$ 3 20
Fred Eddy	2 65
B F Warnick	10 70
B F Friend of W	12 85
Geo Marley	22 50
B F Friend of J, use C B Friend	25 75
J Upton Chipott	8 00
Baker Johnson	31 40
E M Coddington	7 00
Levi Eichard	75
Total	$148 45

MISCELLANEOUS.

James T Hardin Keeping Lloyd Bell in Keeley Institute, use Garrett Co. Bank	$ 100 00
Walter G Meyers, building fence and laying platform, use S L Townshend & Son	10 96
B H Sincell, printing brief in Tasker case and publishing, use Garrett Co Bank	73 50
S Lawton, agent, iron fencing around court house and jail, use Garrett Co Bank	262 60
J M Litzinger, printing ballots for election, 1895	223 95
J T Mitchell, expenses election, 1895	15 75
County Commissioners of Washington county, removal case	136 50
D W Sloan, money advanced investigation murdered man at Gormon	50 00
Henry Sines, hauling kindling wood for jail	2 50
Elias J Miller, coffin for Mrs Newman	5 00
D L Conneway, use E E Sellars, coal for court house and jail	101 00
Same, balance	10 04
John T Mitchell, election expenses '95	10 00
G O Miller & Co., lumber for platform	38 55
Isaac Walker & Co., stationery	68 16
Dr J W Laughlin, attending two inquests	10 00
Samuel Lawton, asphalt varnish cells in jail	5 10
J H Medntry, books and stationery	108 41
Joseph Harned, medicine for paupers	291 57
Wm Main Company, stationery	3 00
G A Shirer, material and work court house and jail	12 75
John Sines, kindling wood	2 50
A G Sturgiss, medicine for jail and paupers	88 70
Fred Engleman, coffin	7 00
D E Offutt, material	9 95
Dr H W McComas, county health officer	100 00
Same, physician to jail	100 00
J M Davis & Son, material	27 53
O Hart & Son, coal	13 25
Robert Fries, two coffins	13 00
A H Naylor, repairing road machine	13 75
S L Townshend & Son, goods for jail and paupers	91 32
Shartzer & Bolden, coffins and burying paupers two years	85 00
John T Mitchell, supervisor	50 00
Walter S Warnick, same	50 00
Bruce Liddy, same	50 00
Ben Stemple, use J S Meyers wood	3 00
J A Walker, use A D Naylor, cleaning closets at jail and court house	7 50
Same, balance, subject to order	37 50
Total	$760 03

WITNESS FEES BEFORE JUSTICES.

Estimate to pay same	$90 00

ALMSHOUSE AND ASYLUM FUND.

Estimate to pay same for one year	$2,000 00
Md Hospital for the Insane, treatment from Jan 1, 1896, to Dec 31, 1896	990 00
Total	$3,000 00

NEW ROADS.

Road case No. 131—
John Harned, survey and plat $12 00

Road case No. 132—
John Harned, survey and plat 7 00
Stephen Browning, examiner 2 00
R K Maroney 2 00
Geo P. Whitley, same 2 00
Bruce Whorrie 2 00
Wm Purnell 75

Road case No. 133—
John Harned, survey and plat 7 00
William White, examiner and chainman 2 50
Total $31 00

ATTORNEYS' FEES.

G S Hamill, late State's Attorney, services to Registration officers	$ 50 00
Same, 36 recognizances and 11½ misdemeanors @ $3.33	158 11
Same, 19 felonies @ $10	190 00
Same, trial fees allowed by court	340 00
F A Thayer, state's attorney, 27 recognizances and 5½ misdemeanors	108 33
Same, 3 felonies, @ $10	30 00
Same, trial fees allowed by court	135 00
Same, ½ misdemeanor and ½ felony	6 66
Peddicord & Peddicord, fees in criminal cases use H E Felty	26 66
Same, balance	13 34
Seamnes and Thayer, 1 felony	10 00
E H Sincell, fees in criminal cases, use C B Friend	33 33
Same, attorney to Commissioners, use same	150 00
J C Reuniger, 1 felony	10 00
Total	$1,171 73

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS' OFFICE.

Estimate for County Commissioners' office	$1,000 00
J S Meyers, clerk	400 00
W M Coldtugton, janitor	200 00
Total	$1,900 00

CORONERS' INQUESTS.

On body of unknown man on Perry farm.

Wm E George	$ 1 00
Joseph McHolde	1 00
Howard Nethken	1 00
A C George	1 00
W H Thrasher	1 00
F R Nethken	1 00
S C Hoye	1 00
H J Shaffer	1 00
J L Hoge	1 00
S P Specht	1 00
Chas Stenger	1 00
John M Haines	1 00
Abraham Freeland	1 00
E Taylor Perry, witness	33
W D Hoye, Justice, holding Inquest	5 00

On body of Mary Maddigan.

J C Rodebeaver	1 00
Howard Nethken	1 00
Edward Grimm	1 00
Calvin Savage	1 00
Chas Stenger	1 00
W H Chadderton	1 00
John Friend of N	1 00
H J Shaffer	1 00
W B Griffin	1 00
Chas R Savage	1 00
Joseph McKolde	1 00
Witnesses, C F Hoge	33
Mary Bailey	33
Bettie Maddigan	33
Ella Hinebaugh	33
W S Shreeve	33
W D Hoye, Justice, holding Inquest	5 00

On Body of Louis Fine.

John T Weimer	1 00
W W Echard	1 00
Samuel Bowman	1 00
William Urbane	1 00
Aaron Trent	1 00
Charles Bowman	1 00
John Edgar	1 00
William Argenbright	1 00
Robert Livengood	1 00
Wright Thayer	1 00
Edward Welsner	1 00
William Thayer	1 00
Amount allowed by jury for post mortem to Dr M C Hinebaugh	10 00
to P H Echard, holding Inquest	5 00
Wright Thayer, summoning jury	1 37

On Body of William Notes.

Geo D White	1 00
John W Hart	1 00
W Y Waltz	1 00
Thomas Martin	1 00
J M Crim	1 00
D L Conneway	1 00
J H Smithman	1 00
Charles J Newman	1 00
John Scalley	1 00
W H Liller	1 00
P H Carney	1 00
A C Mason	1 00
Witness, Richard Fraction	33
" Isaac Edmonson	33
Dr W H Ravenscraft	5 00
Dr J Lee McComas	5 00

On the Body of Charles Friend.

A G Sturgiss	1 00
S Lawton	1 00
D L Conneway	1 00
A C Whetsell	1 00
E Jamison	1 00
B Reynolds	1 00
John Feeks	1 00
D E Bolden	1 00
A Hinebaugh	1 00
Moses Wensel	1 00
J W Hart	1 00
P A Durst	1 00
Witness, Thomas Carney	33
" Bayley Feeney	33
" E Cross	33
Dr W H Ravenscraft, post mortem, allowed by jury	10 00
Total	$110 00

FOXES AND CATS.

H L James	1 foxes		$ 1 00
L C Fike	1 "		1 00
Noah Broadwater	15 "		15 00
B F Friend	2 "		2 00
W H Mason	1 "		1 00
James Robeson	2 "		2 00
Rudolph Beckman		1 cat	2 00
W T Steyer	9 "		9 00
Upton Chipott	8 "		8 00
John W Biggs	5 "		5 00
N C Browning	1 "	1 "	1 00
Maurice Custer	1 "		1 00
R E Garlitz	6 "		6 00
W C Jones	6 "		6 00
Frank Pysell	1 "		1 00
S L Townshend & Son	1 "		1 00
D E Offutt & Son	5 "		5 00
A M Chisholm	1 "	1 "	2 00
S M Friend	1 "		1 00
C B Friend	1 "		1 00
Joseph C Robeson	1 "		1 00
I T Conklin	1 "		1 00
J M Davis & Son	3 "		3 00
Charles Wegman	1 "		1 00
Martin L Trichenell	2 "		2 00
E A Weimer		1 "	2 00
Daniel Wilson	1 "		1 00
James H Wilson	1 "	1 "	6 00
Christian C Snyders	8 "	1 "	10 00
Dixon & Kelso	5 "	2 "	9 00
S P Specht	1 "	1 "	3 00
W W Harvey	1 "		1 00
Peter G Stark	2 "	1 "	3 00
I T Frazee	2 "		2 00
A J Bevans	2 "		2 00
W J Wilson	1 "		1 00
Christian Shubach	5 "		5 00
John Wilson	2 "		2 00
C C Hilleary	7 "		7 00
L E Friend	2 "		2 00
Daniel Turney	1 "		1 00
George L Mosser	2 "		2 00
H E Felty	2 "		2 00
J S Broadwater	1 "		1 00
John E Gnagey	8 "		8 00
James Bowser	8 "		8 00
P S Pangh	1 "	2 "	5 00
Sam'l E Fazenbaker	1 "		1 00
C T West	25 "		25 00
John G Steyer	3 "		3 00
Total			$290 00

TREASURER'S OFFICE.

Thomas B Wiley, Treasurer's commissions on county tax, subject to order	$2,041 59
Same, commissions on State tax	208 42
E E Sellars late treas., making 91 assessments	17 00
Total	$2,481 98
Contingent Fund	$4,265 38

RECAPITULATION.

Road Levy	$ 9,025 00
Corporations	630 00
School Bonds	1,360 00
Clerk's Office	1,182 69
Court Fund	4,017 00
Orphan's Court	861 49
Sheriff's Office	2,223 25
Public Schools	10,000 00
Publishing and Printing	1,100 00
Registration	981 48
Magistrates	154 46
Election expenses	428 81
Bridge Account	1,797 97
Pensioners	760 03
Constables	148 45
Miscellaneous	2,241 51
Witness Fees before Magistrates	90 00
Almshouse and Asylum fund	3,000 00
New Roads	31 00
Attorney Fees	1,171 73
Inquests	110 00
Foxes and Cats	290 00
Special appropriations on Roads	1,559 16
Commissioners' Office	1,900 00
Treasurer's Office	2,481 98
Contingent Fund	4,265 38
Total	$51,111 82

To pay this amount it was ascertained that the taxable property as shown by the assessment books amounts to $1,605,802, which at $1.10 on each one hundred dollars, will make the above amount for county purposes, $51,-111.82. Deducting $301,96 for corporations paying direct to the State treasurer, leaves the basis $1,311,886, at 17½ cents on each one hundred dollars, makes $7,712.17, and this added makes the taxes for state and county purposes, $58,826.99.

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

Estate of Charlotte San

ECCLESIASTICAL COLUMN.

Rev. J. W. Butler, Pastor St. Mark's Lutheran Church, Editor.

Selected for this Column.

Who Will?

By Rev. L. G. M. Miller, D. D.

I often wonder why some individual church members do not singly and alone assume the support of one or more foreign missionaries. Surely we have some who are abundantly able to do so. I do not know many whose estates and circumstances would enable them to do so, but doubtless there are not a few. These ought themselves, individually to support a man or a woman, or more in the foreign field. I don't see why such don't say to themselves, "Though I cannot go in person to publish the gospel among the heathen, yet the obligation is none the less upon me. Now what I cannot do in person, I can do in the use of the means which God has entrusted to me. I can live, and comfartably too, far more comfortably than did my Lord and his apostles, on much less than my income. I can and will send out into the great field a hearld of the glad tidings, and support him there while he does the work. Then his work will be my work, his fruit will be my fruit, the sheaves he gathers will also be my sheaves. I will be preaching the gospel by his mouth. So will I really and and truly be obeying the command, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.' So will I be a missionary, though I never leave my native shores."

Why do not some of our wealthier people look at it in that way? Some are doing so in other communions, why should not some in ours? It would be an investment, a heavenly investment, an investment that would be drawing blessed interest through all eternity. This would be, indeed, making to one's self "friends of the mammon of unrighteousness." This would be laying up "treasurers above, where neither moth nor rust corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal." Ah! my friends, the reason must be that they value earthly investments and the returns they bring more than they do heavenly investments and the returns they bring. This is the only adequate reason.

If a subscription were opened in any community to stock which would yield say one thousand per cent.—if it were sure in every respect no possibility that its dividends would no be paid promptly and in full would not members of our churches everywhere largely invest in such stock? Would they coldly hold aloof and permit you to urge and argue in vain? Oh! no. They would be up early and late, besieging the office where such subscriptions could be made. They would sell off other property that brought perhaps only five or six per cent. or less and press and contend for the opportunity to secure such wonderful gains as that. But God's investments pay far, far more than a thousand per cent. His interest is always compound interest. It expands, it piles up, it widens out, it grows greater and greater as the years roll on. It is sure as God is sure. There is absolutely no possibility of its loss. God is honest. God's books never make mistakes. Why don't men invest in God's stock then? Why don't they buy up immortal souls for Christ and Glory with their money? Who can paint the joy of being met upon the golden streets by souls from China, Japan, India, Africa, the islands of the sea, and being lovingly brought by them before the throne and hearing them say, "He led me to thee, blessed Saviour. Whilst others were squandering their means upon earthly objects and selfish ends and pleasures he spent the money thou hast entrusted to him in sending to me, perishing amid my heathen darkness, the precious gospel of thy grace. Therefore am I here to-day." What joy could be comparable to this joy? And then, above all, the Saviour's approving look, his loving "well done" as he pressed you to that heart once pierced for you—tell me, could any possible use of your money bring you such a return as that? When those scenes are transpiring there, and they surely will, if not with you why then with others, where will then be the houses and lands, the stocks and bonds, for which men are so eager now?

Why will not then some, to whom God has given the ability, send out one or more missionaries, do it singly and individually? Is faith dead? Do none prize the heavenly treasure? Do all value the perishable wealth of earth the most? Do the things which are seen and temporal outweight in the eyes of all his people to whom wealth has been entrusted the things unseen and eternal? Is it so that we have not one single man or woman among our 40,000 people, possesed of means, who will send one and support a missionary to the heathen, wholly at his or her own expense?

Roanoke, Va.

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

WELLINGTON NOT A "BOSS."

"But I May Become Leader of the Republican Party of Maryland."

The following article appeared in the Baltimore *Sun* after the Hagerstown Republican convention. Says the *Sun:*

A number of Republican politicians in different parts of the State have begun to refer to Senator-elect Wellington as the boss of the Republican party in Maryland. As it would be interesting to know just how Mr. Wellington himself defines his position in the party, a reporter of the *Sun* put the following direct question to him yesterday:

"Do you consider yourself boss of the Republican party in Maryland, Mr. Wellington?"

"Most decidedly not."

"Do you consider yourself the leader of the party?"

"I have not reached that advanced stage."

"What is your standing, then?"

"I am a member of Congress from the sixth district, Senator elect from Maryland and chairman of the Republican State Central Committee of Maryland. It was under my leadership that the Republicans won their great victory last November, but that victory did not necessarily transform me into a 'boss' or a permanent leader."

"You know that you are often spoken of as 'the boss.'"

"As I understand a 'boss,' he is a man who controls a political party for his own individual benefit. In my own behalf I wish to say that I am not controlling, nor am I attempting to control, the Republican party in Maryland for my own personal benefit. It is true that I have received certain honors at the hands of the party, but these honors were bestowed by the people who have confidence in me. I was privileged to seek those honors. I made an open fight for them. Any other citizen of the State had the same right, the same privilege which I had."

What is your idea of a political leader?"

"A leader is a man who attempts to guide and direct his party by fashioning its policy and counselling his party associates for the general good of his party and State. If I may be considered a leader I might have my faults as such. I might be regarded as too outspoken sometimes, but I am willing that everybody should know thoroughly what I do or what I intend to do. My deeds are not done in the dark. I believe that the people prefer a man who says what he is going to do, or is going to try to do, to a man who works under cover. It may be a temporary disadvantage to announce your policy in advance, but in the long run it wins."

"Did you make any combinations or any promises to secure your election to the United States Senate?"

"I did not—none that I am ashamed of: none that any other man desirous of success would not have made. My most bitter opponent can turn the most powerful X rays upon my political career and I challenge him to find a single speck on that career."

"Were you interested in any bill before the late General Assembly of Maryland?"

"In any individual bill, no. I was interested in those measures of general importance in which were embodied the campaign promises of our party. I was anxious that they should pass, and they did pass. No," he added reflectively, in conclusion, "I am not a boss, but I may become a leader."

Bethlehem.

Farmers have been busily engaged in plowing and sowing oats the past week.

Grass has made a rapid growth in the last few days and everything looks promising so far. Some have predictad a freeze yet, but it is to be hoped that it will not this spring as the early fruit trees are in bloom.

Died, April 23d, Rachael Maud Hardesty, daughter of Emily C. Hardesty, sged about nine months. The bereaved mother has the heartfelt sympathy of many friends.

Mr. Jacob Moon's family, who have all had the measles, are all better. Mrs. Moon had a severe time, but is able to be up about the house again.

Mr. Robert E. Paugh just smiles and smiles because it is another girl.

Bark peeling is now on hand and we learn that Mr. John Uppole is going to have considerable peeled.

A Browning in Prose.

"Henry!"

"Yes, your excellency."

"My letter to Mr. Parker, of Birmingham, on the occasion of the Shakespeare commemoration seems to be interesting the critics."

"Of course, sire."

"One phrase upon which they ask for light is 'the impulse of an exalted international mission.' Now, Henry, I am not prepared to make that any clearer. I don't know exactly what it means myself, but I am satisfied that it will repay study. The fact is, Henry, I am a Browning in prose."

THE

Maryland Building and Loan Association

of Garrett County.

OFFICERS:

ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney.
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencies.

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock:

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.

EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

What you See Yourself You Must Believe.

We will show you the largest stock of FURNITURE and HOUSE FURNISHINGS that was ever assembled under one roof in this city, consisting of

CARPETS, MATTINGS, WINDOW SHADES, WALL PAPER, LACE CURTAINS, RUGS AND PICTURES.

Besides that, we will show you the lowest prices ever attached to reputable goods, all of which you will believe because you will see it when you come to our mammoth store. We guarantee our values—guarantee them by telling you here and now that anything you buy here, you may return and get your money back, if after getting it home you are dissatisfied.

On May 1st and 2nd

We will offer you the largest line of Carpets, Mattings, Wall Paper and all kinds of House Furnishings that was ever brought to this city. For every

$20.00 Worth of Goods Bought

For cash, we will give you free a FINE PICTURE with glass. If you do not want to buy anything we would like you to come and examine our stock and be convinced that we have the most complete line of Furniture that you ever seen.

Thanking you for past patronage, and soliciting a continuance of the same, we remain,

Yours respectfully,

SHARTZER & BOLDEN.

Order of Publication.

John S. Sanders vs. Archibald T. Shuttlesworth, et al.
No. 3 Equity, In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

The object of this suit is to procure a decree for the sale of certain real estate in Garrett county of which the late Charlotte Sanders died seized and possessed.

The bill states that a certain Charlotte Sanders, late of Garrett county, and now deceased, was in her lifetime seized and possessed of certain real estate, lying and being in said county, particularly described in the bill and and as in accompanying exhibit; that the said Charlotte died intestate leaving as her only heirs at law and the only persons interested in her estate, the said John S. Sanders, her husband, and the said Archibald T. Shuttlesworth, John Shuttlesworth, Lee Shuttlesworth, Guy Shuttlesworth, Mitchell Shuttlesworth, Mary Emberson and Mitchell Emberson, her husband; Elizabeth Wotring and —— Wotring, her husband; Margaret McCrum and Albert McCrum, her husband; Phoebe Gordon and William Gordon, her husband; Washington Ned, who intermarried with another daughter Catharine Shuttlesworth, now dead, and Samuel Neal, son of said Catherine, all of whom are non-residents of the State of Maryland and do not reside therein, and the said Charlotte Buncutter and William Buncutter, her husband, who reside in Garrett county aforesaid.

The bill further states that the said real estate is not susceptible of partition among the parties aforesaid and cannot be divided among them to their advantage, and prays for a sale of said real estate and that the proceeds may be distributed among the parties according to their respective interest and for general relief.

It is thereupon adjudged and ordered this 29th day of April, 1896, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Maryland, sitting in equity, that the plaintiff, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county, Maryland, once a week for four successive weeks before the 29th day of May, 1896, give notice to the defendants Archibald T. Shuttlesworth, John Shuttlesworth, Lee Shuttlesworth, Guy Shuttlesworth, Mitchell Shuttlesworth, Mary Emberson and Mitchell Emberson, her husband, Elizabeth Wotring and —— Wotring, her husband, Margaret McCrum and Albert McCrum, her husband, Phoebe Gordon and William Gordon her husband, Washington Ned and Samuel Neal, who are non-residents of the State of Maryland, warning them to be and appear in this court on or before the 1st day of June, 1896, to show cause if any they have, why a decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

EDWARD STAKE.

True copy,
Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 8-4.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

This is to notify the tax-payers of Garrett county that the Annual Levy for 1896 has been made and published, and to call their attention to the following abstract of Section 45, Chapter 266, Acts of 1896, relating to the discount to be allowed and interest to be charged on all tax bills:

"All county tax shall be due and payable on the first day of September next succeeding the date of the levy thereof, and on all county taxes paid on or before the said 1st day of September, a discount of 5 per cent. shall be allowed; and after the 1st day of January all taxes shall bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until paid; the Treasurer shall take the discount from and charge interest on all tax bills for county purposes regularly in the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same upon the receipt given for taxes so paid; but the discount allowed on county taxes by this section shall not be made to any person or corporate institution unless the whole amount of State and county taxes due by such person or corporate institution for the current year be paid when the same is made."

THOS. B. WILEY,
Treasurer of Garrett County.

Salesmen Wanted

on Salary, to sell Pennsylvania grown Nursery Stock, which is the best in the world. All the new specialties as well as the standard varieties of Fruits and Ornamentals. A fine outfit furnished and all traveling expenses paid. Salary dates from day work is commenced. Write for terms stating age.

HOOPES, BRO. & THOMAS,
Chalk Avenue Nurseries, West Chester, Pa.

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL

ROOFING.

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,
W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In affect April 1st, 1896.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS	NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1		No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 00*	8 00† lv	Cumberland ar	*12 00	17 00
3 31	8 31	Rawlings	11 29	6 29
3 56	8 56	Keyser	11 01	6 01
4 00	9 00	Westernport	10 54	5 54
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. June.	10 48	5 48
4 37	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5 23
5 00	10 00	Harrison	10 00	55 00
5 45	10 45* ar	Elk Garden	8 55	*3 55
5 50	10 55† lv	Gorman	9 21	4 21
5 51	10 11	Bayard	9 15	4 15
5 52	10 52	Dobbin	9 01	4 01
6 23	11 23	Thomas	8 31	3 34
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	8 00	2 55
6 27	11 27 lv	Coketon	8 31	3 31
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	8 07	3 07
6 57	11 57	Bretz	8 01	3 01
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 58	2 58
30	12 30	Kerens	7 20	2 20
7 00	1 00 ar	Elkins	lv *7 40	*2 00
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 35
	2 35* ar	Beallington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily, *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 40 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Poles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400 balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.

E. H. SINCELL, Atty.
Oakland, Md.

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD.

Spring is the time in the year that your Horses, Cows, Hogs, Sheep, Poultry, etc., need some good article to purify their blood. The International Food is the best article known for stock of all kinds; 3 feeds for one cent. Don't use any other. For sale only by

THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO.

DRINK

LUXURY COFFEE

and get the best Coffee made and get either Ladie's or Gentleman's Gold Watch, guaranteed for 25 years. Use no other, because Luxury Coffee is the best.

Don't fail to call at the stores of The Maryland Supply Co. for

TIMOTHY AND CLOVER SEED.

We only handle the best western seed. Garden Seeds in abundance of all kinds. Fertilizer, Salt, Groceries, General Merchandise, and anything you may need. Don't fail to call at the stores of THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO., at

Mt. Lake Park, Md,
Oakland, Md.
Swanton, Md.
Lonaconing, Md.

51-1yr.

Your Face

Will be wreathed with a most engaging smile, after you invest in a

White Sewing Machine

EQUIPPED WITH ITS NEW

PINCH TENSION,
TENSION INDICATOR
—AND—
AUTOMATIC TENSION RELEASER,

The most complete and useful devices ever added to any sewing machine.

The WHITE is

Durably and Handsomely Built,
Of Fine Finish and Perfect Adjustment,
Sews ALL Sewable Articles,

And will serve and please you up to the full limit of your expectations.

ACTIVE DEALERS WANTED in unoccupied territory. Liberal terms. Address,

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.,
CLEVELAND, O.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE

IN OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Alfred C. Brooke to Jacob S. Jamesson bearing date the 17th day of December, 1891, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T., No. 18, folio 236, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, which said mortgage was assigned to William Pearre by Jacob S. Jamesson, by assignment bearing date the 24th day of March, 1896, and assignment recorded the 26th day of March, 1896, in the Mortgage Records of Garrett county. Default having been made in the payment of the principal and interest of said mortgage, the undersigned William Pearre, assignee of Jacob S. Jamesson, mortgagee, will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, in front of the post office, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, on

Saturday, the 9th Day of May,

1896, at one o'clock p. m., all that lot, piece or parcel of ground situate, lying and being in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, and described as follows:

Beginning at the end of eighty-two and a half feet from the end of the first line of lot No. 24, and running thence with Second street north twenty-four and a half degrees east eighty-two and a half feet to the corner of Pennington street, then north sixty-five and a half degrees west two hundred and sixty-four feet, then south twenty-four and a half degrees west eighty-two and a half feet, then by a straight line to the beginning, being the

Northern Half of Lot No. 25

in Pennington's Addition to the town of Oakland which was conveyed to A. C. Brooke by Elizabeth Brooke by deed recorded in Liber E. Z. T., No. 16, folio 537, etc.

This property is on one of the most desirable streets in Oakland for a residence, and is improved by a

FINE DWELLING HOUSE

and the necessary outbuildings. It is also a corner lot and the late residence of Henry J. Mayers.

TERMS: Five hundred dollars cash on day of sale, balance to be paid upon ratification of sale by the Court.

WILLIAM PEARRE,
Assignee of Jacob S. Jamesson, Mortgagee.

FOR SALE.

The farm belonging to Elizabeth Maley, situated two miles north of Deer Park, adjoining the lands of Jack Cooper, Pusterberg, Miller and Lawrence. Contains 165 acres, about 80 acres cleared, and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the premises. 52 1m.

WHY SHOULD YOU SEND YOUR CHILD

—TO—

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

1st. He or she can be prepared for college, he can study book-keeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, etc., and be fitted for business; he can begin his course in medicine or pharmacy under a teacher who has made the subject of chemistry a specialty.

2nd. It is a home school co-educational and for a limited number, and is conducted with all the loving, care-taking ministrations for individual development that the name implies.

3rd. Students require the most bracing, nerve-building climate, and here they have it. Among the recreations are skating, boating, tennis, bowling.

4th. English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, German, Musical and Art courses. Bible study and high ethical teaching will fit him for a noble Christian career.

E. B. SWAN, Principal,
18-1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.05 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	7.07 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	4.50 A. M
No. 47	—Daily	10.49 A. M
No. 55	—Express, daily	6.22 P. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	8.45 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	10.06 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	—Daily	5.59 A. M
No. 2	—Daily	9.31 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	9.03 A. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	4.26 P. M
No. 46	—Daily	5.02 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	12.29 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, low prices; also new and three good 20-h p. Ball ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
T. R. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

FRANKLIN P. GREEN,
COUNTY SURVEYOR FOR GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Postoffice, LONACONING, MD.
All work entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished on short notice. 3-5m

MUSHROOMS

From Loch Lynn Fruit Farm, Nursery and Greenhouse.

Our Greenehouse } A few hours by mail } Your Kitchen.

Order a pound and see how nice they are.

THE HORTICULTURAL SUPPLY CO.,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

LICENSES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all persons or bodies, corporate or politic, who may be required to take out license, that they must obtain the same on or before the

1st Day of May, 1896.

According to the provisions of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, every person or persons doing business for gain or profit except the maker, grower, or manufacturer, are hereby notified that they must take out a license.

AUSTIN BROWN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office opposite postoffice, OAKLAND, MD.
Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.
Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 15—1yr

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Glessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

WITH HIS CONSENT.

Alpheus Monrough had made his pile as a speculator, principally in rails, but he still amused himself by dealing now and again to the extent of $1,000,000 or so, although for general business he had practically retired from 'change. He was a widower, with an only daughter, Miss Phyllis Monrough, aged 20—a fine, handsome blonde, who had taken up the study of science.

Phyllis had, of course, heaps of offers, eligible and otherwise, but she had not met the man whom she cared to marry, and, at her urgent desire, her father had sent her to Harvard to enable her to pursue her studies.

She went to the university with a mind fully made up to devote her life to science and to abjure matrimony. In fact, as she herself put it, she had locked up her heart and thrown away the key.

But we are told that "love laughs at locksmiths," and, in confirmation thereof, she had not been long at Harvard when she found herself head over ears in love with George Stanislaus Rockerton, who was studying law there.

Young Rockerton came from a good family, was rich, good-looking, and in every way eligible; but when Phyllis wrote to her papa informing him of her tender passion and asking his consent to her engagement, she received a telegram (he was so urgent that he would not wait for the post to carry his refusal):

"No. Come home at once."

Phyllis had so rarely been denied anything that she was angry, astonished, dumfounded, broken-hearted all at once. No mere words can accurately describe her feelings. However, there was no help for it. She must obey. And so, after an interview with her lover, in which they vowed eternal attachment, she precipitately threw up her studies and her newly-found hopes of bliss and returned to New York.

Her father received her kindly, but with a firm-set countenance, which she knew from her observations of his dealings with others indicated that his mind was made up, and that nothing could alter it.

She, of course, burst into tears to begin with. But it made no visible effect on her parent.

"My dear Phyllis," he said, "you cannot imagine how it pains me to be obliged to run counter to your desire, but when I have explained matters to you, I hope you will agree with me and give up the idea of marrying this young Rockerton.

"When I was a lad, my father had a farm out west, the adjoining farm to which belonged to Ralph Rockerton, the grandfather of the young man you have met.

"I need not go into details; it will suffice for you to know that my father and old Rockerton had a bitter quarrel, and that a feud arose between the two families which can never be healed.

"But, papa," urged Phyllis, "it is a very long time ago, and I don't think that a quarrel between my grandfather and his grandfather should be any reason why Geo—I mean Mr. Rockerton—should not be a good husband to me. He is rich. I've always done as you've wished, and now, when I feel that my life's happiness is at stake, you make this stupid objection."

She sobbed afresh, but her tears were thrown away on her obdurate parent, so she tried to cross-examine him on the subject of the quarrel.

"It must have been a very dreadful quarrel, papa, for you to harbor revenge all these years. Tell me more about it. If my life is to be blighted," she said, sighing deeply, "I should like to know why."

Mr. Monrough felt himself getting into a corner with his daughter's wiles and tears, and he got a bit angry.

"It was about a stream, my dear, which ran between the two estates. Old Rockerton insisted that the water was all on his land, whereas it was the boundary, and we had the right on one side of the stream and he on the other. But it really distresses me to think about that dreadful time, when for two whole years I walked about with my life in my hand, so to speak. I beg you will say no more on the subject."

"Well, just one question, papa," asked Phyllis, with an eye to future contingencies. "Was anyone killed?"

"No. No one was killed," answered Mr. Monrough; "but your grandfather was shot in the arm, and I can never forgive them—never—never!"

II.

It soon became evident to Mr. Monrough that Phyllis was really fretting and making herself ill about "that confounded fellow Rockerton," as he said to himself. He was a man of action, and determined to give her a thorough change.

"Phyllis, my girl," he said the next morning at breakfast, "how would you like to go to England for a bit?"

"Oh, papa!" she exclaimed, with the most brilliant look on her face that he had seen there for a long time. "That would be delightful. You know I've always wanted to go across and see the old world. But can you spare the time?"

"Well, no, my girl, I can't just now," he replied. "I am obliged to remain here for a time, as I have a speculation on which requires my presence on the spot, but Mrs. Laking is going over by the next Cunarder and she would chaperon you to your uncle's in Manchester, where you could stay and amuse yourself till I arrived, which probably would be in about three months."

So it was settled, and the following week Phyllis, having first informed young Rockerton, with whom she kept up a secret correspondence, of her departure and her destination, stepped on board the mail steamship under the care of her lady friend and in due course arrived at her uncle's in Manchester.

She was warmly received by her English relatives. Thomas Spander, her late mother's brother, had a large business in the cotton spinning trade in Manchester, and resided at Birkdale, going backward and forward to his business, so that she had the benefit of the sea air. What with that and her voyage over and her new surroundings she in a very short time resumed her old healthy look; "she seemed to have entirely forgotten her love affair."

She also, of course, frequently wrote to her father. In one of her letters she said:

"I am awfully comfortable here. Everybody seems to do everything possible to make me happy. Uncle Thomas' son George is at home from the university, where he is studying for the church. He seems a very nice young man, not at all solemn, as one would think, and he plays tennis lovely. He returns to Cambridge to-morrow."

"Um!" reflected old Monrough, as he read the letter. "That's more like it, now! But I'd rather she didn't marry a parson. Still, if they knock their heads together, I won't stand in the way. I'll give her plenty of money, and" (he had rather vague ideas of church matters) "it'll get him a deanery or a bishopric, or something."

Phyllis had been in England for two months, and everything had settled down quietly, when Mr. Monrough was electrified one morning to receive a cablegram from her:

George has come all the way from Cambridge. Wants to marry me immediately. Do consent and make me happy.

PHYLLIS.

"Well! this beats cock fighting!" murmured Mr. Monrough, as he stared at the message. "He must have fallen very deeply in love with her, indeed. Oh, I consent. But how about the settlement? I suppose that Tom Spander reckons on my doing what is right, and so I will. I wish I could get over, but I'm stuck fast with that confounded speculation for another month. It might lose me a million if I left it, and I can't afford that. Well, here goes!"

And he sent this reply telegram:

Don't understand the hurry, but I consent. Am very pleased. Wish every happiness. Cannot leave here for a month. Tell uncle I will arrange handsomely.

MONROUGH.

III.

Ten days after this message, on the morning of the arrival of the Cunard steamship at New York, Mr. Monrough was sitting in his private office when the door opened and in walked his daughter, leaning on the arm of a very well-set-up young man—of course, her husband.

The old man jumped up.

"Well, this is a surprise!" he shouted. "What on earth made you in such a harry to get married? Ah! well, I was young myself once, and I know when I fell in love with your mother I was in a deuce of a hurry to get married."

"Oh, papa!" murmured Phyllis, as she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. "It was so kind of you to give your consent. I am so happy. I thought you would, though, when you knew what a long way George had come to seek me!"

"Oh, well, I guess it's not such a very long way, after all," replied her father. "England's only a little place altogether, you know."

"Well," said George, "that's true; but it's nigh upon 4,000 miles before you get there."

"Well, George, my boy," he said, as he shook his hand in a hearty grip, "I'm truly glad to have you for a son-in-law. And how's your father?"

"My father?" echoed George. "He's been dead this ten years or more."

"What does all this mean?" cried Mr. Monrough, in amazement. "Am I mad, or what is it? You have just left your father, my brother-in-law, Tom Spander, in England, haven't you?"

Phyllis threw up her arms and, with a wild shriek, fell down on the thickest part of the soft fur rug that lay before the fireplace, in what appeared to be a dead faint.

"My name is not Spander," said George, hurriedly, as he rubbed his head with one hand and supported Phyllis with his disengaged arm. "My name's Rockerton, and I went all the way from Harvard university in Cambridge, Mass., to England to secure your daughter."

The pen refuses to record Mr. Monrough's forcible language when he was thus suddenly made acquainted with the fact that he had given his consent to his daughter's marriage with the son of the family to which he had sworn deadly hatred, and the very man he had before refused, while all the time he had thought Phyllis was marrying George Spander, his brother-in-law's son.

For about five minutes the place would hardly hold him, and his anger was such that he took no means to restore his daughter, leaving her newfound husband to "bring her round" as best he could.

However, by the time he had roared himself out of breath he saw the futility of his further opposition and resentment, and, like the good business man that he was, he veered round and met the wind as it blew.

"Well! well!" he said, "I've been done, but what's done can't be helped."

He then turned to assist Phyllis, but by a strange coincidence that young lady had just come to, and in a burst of hysterical tears, begged forgiveness for the little misunderstanding.

"I forgive you, you little witch," her father cried. "But I have my suspicions about the misunderstanding."

And Mr. Monrough has never been able to decide in his own mind whether it was accidental or of malice prepense on Phyllis' part that the misunderstanding occurred. He has on several occasions tackled his daughter on the subject, but she has always managed most skillfully to evade the question, and as she and her husband are the happiest couple imaginable, and "George is not such a bad chap after all," Mr. Monrough has long since ceased to inquire into it and has also, of course, buried the hatchet with the Rockerton family.—Tit-Bits.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—A good authority on horses says that the gray will live the longest, and that the roans come next in order. Blacks seldom live to be over 20, and creams rarely exceed 10 or 15.

—Cut flowers will keep very fresh if a small pinch of common saltpeter is put in the water in which they stand. The ends of the stem should be cut off a little every day to keep open the absorbing pores.

—One of the six graduating students of the West Penn medical college blew out the gas in a hotel bedroom in Pittsburgh, Pa., the other day. All six students were sleeping in the room and all came very near being asphyxiated.

—A Buluwayo (South Africa) paper recently contained the following item: "In consequence of our local baker departing suddenly from our midst, regretted by his friends, except his creditors, Buluwayo has been without bread the greater part of the week."

—The French language contains 13 per cent. of useless letters. There are 6,800 journals published in the language, and they print 108,000,000,000 letters every year, so that 14,000,000,000 letters are useless, simply because they have ceased to be used in the French language as it is spoken.

—At a recent sale of the assets of a riding academy in New York city saddle horses brought an average of less than $30 apiece. This is said to be the lowest price on record for horses of this description, and the fact was generally noted that in New York the market value of a horse is lower than that of a bicycle.

—The ceremonies at the creation of knights have been various. The principal was a box on the ear and a stroke with a sword on the shoulders by a sovereign prince. They put on him a shoulder belt and a gilt sword, spurs and other military accouterments, after which, being armed as a knight, he was led to the church with great pomp.

ANCIENT JEWELRY.

The Early Egyptians Were More Artistic Than Their Descendants.

Among the richest of recent archaeological discoveries are those afforded by the opening of the two brick pyramids at Dashur on the Nile, the most southerly of the great chain of Memphian pyramids, and of some of the ancient tombs surrounding them. The explorers found that the tombs had long ago been plundered of most of the gold and jewels buried with the royal personages for whom they were constructed. Fortunately, however, some of those precious relics had escaped the plunderers, being carefully concealed in the tombs of some princesses situated on the north side of one of the pyramids.

Here were unearthed three splendid breast ornaments, beautifully worked in gold, set with coruelian, lapis lazuli and tarquoise, and covered with human figures and the curious insignia employed by the ancient Egyptians.

Nothing, perhaps, gives a greater interest to these specimens of jewelry than the fact that they are far more beautiful and artistic in their workmanship than similar objects made by the Egyptians at a much later time. Although they are not less than 5,000 years old, these Dashar jewels are set and finished in a manner that excites the admiration of our 19th century experts.

Not less wonderful as a specimen of the artistic skill of the men who constructed the pyramids is a statue representing the king, Ra-Fou-Ab, at the age of about 16 years, which was found in a chamber near the sarcophagus containing his mummified body. The statue is carved out of a hard, almost black wood, with great attention to detail, every muscle being carefully wrought, so that anatomical experts have pronounced it a remarkably correct representation of the human figure.

It is believed that many other not less interesting discoveries remain to be made among the tombs of Dashur.—Youth's Companion.

Coiffure Ornaments.

Some of the new Parisian novelties in hair mounts are very beautiful—off the head at least. A bunch of luscious scarlet cherries is attached to a gold pin that is to be thrust through the knot at the back of the head, letting the cherries droop slightly just above and behind the ear. Fruit in the hair, however, under any guise of enamel and metal, is not to be commended. Its incongruity is obvious. We have accepted it on our bonnets, where its use is less distasteful than the plumage of murdered birds, but in the coiffure the association is not acceptable. French women regard their hair ornaments with great attention and take as much care to suitably complete the coiffure toilet as that of the corsage. Steel, jet, gilt and silver ornaments are especially suited to dark hair. Fair-haired women could wear amber and clear tortoise shell. For evening wear, jeweled ornaments are properly much worn. Except against a beautiful neck there is no part of a woman's toilet where gems may be so well displayed as in the hair.—St. Louis Republic.

Small Fruit Salad.

The salad is made by stripping the fruit from the stalks and piling it high on a dish and sprinkling it over with powdered sugar. This may be done with strawberries, raspberries, currants or any small fruits mixed. After the sugar is well dissolved, cover over all, six large tablespoons of wine or brandy, or three tablespoons of liquor, and when the flavor is all that is desired, a little powdered cinnamon should be added. In keeping to this salad, the fruit should be lightly stirred, so that wine and sugar should be equally distributed. Any of these fruits can be made into a palatable dish separately or together, as taste dictates.—Boston Globe.

LUCKY PIGS—UNLUCKY OPALS.

Former with Two Legs No Good and Latter for Folk Born in October.

They—the girl with the violets and the girl with the feather boa—came into the public tearoom and settled at one of the small tables. She of the violets studied the menu. It was her treat. She of the boa drew her gloves off and then began to study her neighbors. Presently the order was given. It was not for a chocolate eclair and a pickle, by the way. Then she of the violets began to draw off her gloves, her companion chattering about others at luncheon in the room. Suddenly she stopped her chatter and gasped:

"Margaret! What a beauty. Where did you get it? Aren't you afraid to wear it?"

"What? Oh, my opal? Why, Charley brought me the stone from Mexico last spring, and mother had it set for me at Christmas. No, I'm not afraid to wear it. It's perfect nonsense about opals being unlucky. I don't believe in such things, anyhow. I'm not the least bit superstitious."

"Well, I wouldn't wear an opal for anything, unless I had been born in October. It may be nonsense, but since Christmas you've lost your purse—"

"Only a dime and a glove buttoner and some samples in it!"

"—And your watch; and two stick pins, to my certain knowledge; and I believe it was that opal!"

"Nonsense! It wasn't the opal at all. It was my pig."

"Your pig?"

"Yes. My lucky pig! You know Katharine gave me a dear little one, cut out of ebony, for Christmas, and on New Year's day I took it off my watch chain to show to some one, and between us we dropped it; and as I stepped back to see where it had fallen I stepped on it and broke off two of its legs. Wasn't it awful? Of course with only a two-legged pig I'm bound to have the lamest sort of luck this year."

"That was hard luck. But I thought you weren't superstitious."

"Well, I'm not. But everyone knows about lucky pigs. And the idea of blaming it on my opal. Why, opals can't do any harm, anyhow. My birthday's the 7th of October."—Chicago Times-Herald.

WHY HE SHAVED.

Senator Bacon Did Not Want His Whiskers Pulled.

There was a time when Senator Bacon, of Georgia, wore an ornate and lavish hirsute adornment like the famous whiskers of Mr. Peffer, and pictures taken at the time he was president of the Georgia senate so represent him. Now he contents himself with a simple mustache. How he happened to shear his beard was told by the senator himself recently.

"It was," he began, "when the roller skating craze broke out and invaded the best families in the south. It struck Macon, and somehow it found a victim in me. Everybody was going to the skating rink, and consequently I went. I soon acquired a remarkable degree of grace in gliding dreamily over the floor to the pulsation of exhilarating waltz strains, and my company was in great demand by ladies who were still somewhat distrustful of their own skill. I shall never forget. I was acting as the guardian angel one evening of a lady whose main support I was in her feeble efforts to prevent a collision with the floor, and we were rather tremulously gliding hither and thither among the crowd, when an invalid on skates approached us from the opposite direction. I saw at a glance that the man had lost his compass, and nothing but a blind reliance in Providence was deferring his fall. That moment came when he crashed against me. The collision disturbed the center of gravity in my fair companion, while at the same time it hastened the downfall of the other. Before I knew what was up the man, in order to save himself, grasped hold of one side of my whiskers, while the lady fastened her grip on the other half, and both held on for dear life while their feet were describing geometrical figures on the slippery floor. Considerations of gallantry prevented me from turning on the wretched being who was clinging to my beard like the proverbial straw on one side and there I was with two struggling fellow creatures in the stress of despair dangling on each side of my whiskers. That experience determined me to sacrifice the whiskers, and to circumscribe my indulgence in that line to a modest, unobtrusive mustache, which affords no comfort to unskilled skaters."—Washington Post.

Hints for the Family.

When you spill soup on the tablecloth, set your tumbler on it while your wife is not looking, and trust to Providence for the thereafter.

A hole in a garment can be ingeniously stopped by gathering up the circumference of the aperture into a sort of a neck and then tying it with a twine string.

When you go hunting, the best way to economize ammunition is to put the shot in your gun first and put the powder on top of the load.

You can keep burglars out of the smokehouse by putting strychnine on the meat and talking about it at the crossroads.

A good coupling pin for the plantation wagon can be made out of a cylindrical section of a laminated beefsteak.—Bay City Chat.

A Juvenile Diagnosis.

Children are, after all, your true impressionists, with undimmed perspicacity for taking original views of things. Small and hungry Julia climbed to her seat at the tea table the other evening and exclaimed, in most eager, delighted, expressing tones: "Oh, gelatine! We are going to have gelatine—I just love gelatine—but, mamma, what makes it so nervous?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Traveling Outfits.

Trunk Dealer—I see. Want something for a six months' tour abroad. Well, madam, in the adjoining building I have a trunk which I'm sure you will like. Can't get it in the storeroom; double door is too narrow. I thought of remodeling it and using it for a sea-shore cottage, but if it will suit you I will let you have it cheap.

Dame—I'm not the one who is going abroad; it's my husband.

"Oh! George, show the lady one of those vest-pocket hand-satchels."—N. Y. Weekly.

Courtesy.

"Did you see Broukton?" he asked as the bill collector came in.

"Yes, sir. I went in and told him I was a bill collector."

"And what did he say?"

"He said he was, too, and that if I'd leave my bill he'd take pleasure in adding it to his collection."—Washington Star.

A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

Park Policeman—Yez can't sleep here!

Tramp—Be gobbs, yez needn't be so rough 'cause you woke up first.—Truth.

A True Lover.

"I am not myself, this evening," she said.

He started—for the door.

"Why do you leave me thus?" she inquired.

"Because you say that you are not yourself, and I will not spend the evening with my other woman!"

She recovered herself.—Town Topics.

Extremely Muscular.

Magus—That man Cyr's museular power is something wonderful. He drags his opponent all over the stage.

Tagus—Oh, I don't know! I know a little 95-pound woman who drags her husband all over town shopping every Saturday.—Chicago Dispatch.

A Phenom.

The love-sick youth when calling
A phenomenon oft shows,
For he is almost always gone,
And almost never goes.
—Philadelphia Item.

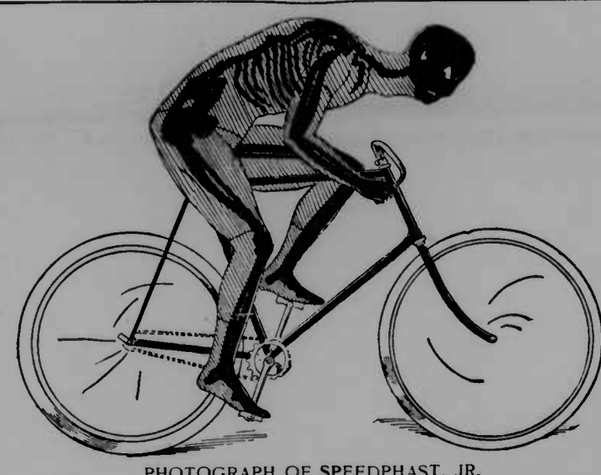

PHOTOGRAPH OF SPEEDPHAST, JR.
Taken by the Roentgen Process. —Cycling.

An Infallible Sign.

"She is determined to marry him."

"How do you know? Did she tell you so herself?"

"No, but she told me that she had begged him not to buy her an expensive birthday present, but to save his money instead."—To Date.

Her Impressions.

Mamma—Now, dear, can you remember anything about the sermon?

Small Daughter—Oh, yes, mamma. It was all about the foolish people that struin at gates and swallow sawmills.—Boston Transcript.

An Extensive Library.

Mrs. Lakeside (of Chicago)—I have had all my marriage certificates bound in book form.

Mrs. Wabash—Indeed? What a huge library it must make by this time!—Town Topics.

The Wretch.

Mr. Cawker—It has been ascertained that Trivvet is leading a double life.

Mrs. Tawker—O, horrors! Tell me the particulars.

Mr. Cawker — He was married last week.—To Date.

Her Sacrifice.

Husband—Yes, dear, you look nice in that dress; but it cost me a heap of money!

Wife—Freddie, dear, what do I care for money when it is a question of pleasing you?—Tit-Bits.

Office Essentials.

"Do you need any typewriters' supplies, Jimmy?"

"Yes, sir; I heard Miss Nimblefinger say she was bound to make this old firm buy her a new curling iron."—Chicago Record.

A Splendid Driver.

Mr. Telfair Greene—My second wife is a splendid driver.

Mr. Ellis Broadway—Indeed, I didn't know she was skilled in the art.

Mr. Telfair Greene—Oh yes, bargain driving.—Texas Siftings.

The Ladies' Sewing Circle.

They gathered at the house of Sister Bland,
They talked of science, of reform, and art.
They sewed some carpet rags together and
They ripped a neighbor's character apart.
—Chicago Tribune.

Altogether Different.

"I don't know how I'm going to make out," said the agricultural statesman who had been retired; "I've got to depend on the old farm for a living now, and I'm blest if I feel any certainty about making it pay."

"But you used to make your constituents very proud of you by showing off what you knew about farming," said his wife, encouragingly.

"I know it, Maria. But don't forget this—farming for votes and farming for crops are two mighty different things."—Washington Star.

A Good Reason.

"Is it right to tell lies?" asked a Dallas Sunday school teacher, who had a class of small boys.

"No, sir," responded every one in the class.

"Why isn't it right to tell lies?"

"'Cos you get licked fer doin' it," came from Johnnie, a boy with a sore back near the foot of the class.—Texas Sifter.

It Was Different Then.

He looked upon his daughter with a vain and swelling pride;
He was glad to see her in the social swim.
But he looked and swelled, and swelled and looked, until he nearly died,
As he counted up the cost when the bills came in.
—Philadelphia North American.

Capable.

He (thoughtfully) — Mrs. Fixem ought to make a good wife, she looks capable enough to manage a household.

She (spitefully)—Yes; anything she undertakes she finishes.

He—Eh!

She—She has buried three husbands already.—To Date.

Unpertarbed.

"I am afraid," said the young man who is candidly critical, "that there is some foreign substance in the coffee."

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Hashem. "That remark shows that you have the palate of a connoisseur. The coffee itself is imported."—Washington Star.

Pleasant Manners.

"Are you going to call on our new neighbor, Mrs. L.?"

"I think not. The fact is, I met her yesterday, and she evidently does not belong to the best society."

"How do you know?"

"Because she has such pleasant manners."—N. Y. Tribune.

Nothing to Worry About.

Young Mother (displaying the baby)—Do you think he looks like his father, Mr. Oldboy?

Mr. Oldboy—Well, ye-es, there is a family resemblance; but it isn't striking enough to worry about.—Bay City Chat.

She Guessed Not.

Mutual Friend—It really is shocking, dear, the way in which you and your husband quarrel and carry on. I wonder you don't separate from him.

Injured Wife—What! go away and leave him alone to do just as he likes? Not me!—Tit-Bits.

What Ailed Her?

Jinks (at a party)—I don't see what's the matter with that pretty woman over there. She was awful lively a little while ago, and now she won't have anything to do with me.

Stranger—I have just come in. She's my wife.—N. Y. Weekly.

When Poets Write Wrong.

When poets write
Of "voiceless night,"
We feel like saying "Rats!"
For out of doors
We hear the roars
Of several hundred cats.
—N. Y. Mercury.

THE GUILTY PARTY.

Mrs. Gossip—Mr. Puffington says that he is wholly a self-made man.

Miss Pertly—It is commendable in him to own up to it; many a man would have blamed it on his wife.—Truth.

An Impertinent Question.

"You mustn't be saucy, Fanny," said the maiden aunt to the little girl. "No one will love you if you are."

"Were you saucy when you were a little girl, aunty?" asked the guileless child.—Truth.

Possibly.

"I notice," said Morcomb, "they call it the X ray, but Y they do it I can't Z."

"Perhaps," suggested Hulsizer, "you haven't got the Q."—Chicago Tribune.

FARM AND GARDEN.

THE FIVE-ACRE FARM.

How It Can Be Made to Yield Handsome and Certain Returns.

To make the most of a small farm it must be made to yield its fruits at such times as they are the most valuable, which means to prolong the season to the greatest possible extent consistent with economy. There is great pleasure and profit in having vegetables both early and late. There is a decided relish in very early vegetables, if of our own production, and providing they can be produced at a reasonable price. The hotbed meets all these conditions; when properly managed it will furnish many vegetables nearly two months in advance of the garden, and of much better quality, because they are grown more quickly and at a moderate cost.

But the hotbed to be profitable must be made useful the entire season, or at least from March to January. After it has furnished us with an early crop of radishes and lettuce, together with plants for early cabbage, cauliflower and tomatoes, it can be made highly useful for cucumbers, not our common garden varieties, but the English frame sorts, which do finely with us in summer when grown in a frame, which should be kept well shaded on sunny days. We have grown as large and well-shaped cucumbers in these frames as we have ever seen grown in the greenhouse.

If cucumbers are not desired, sow a few seeds of tomatoes about the 1st of June, not later than the 10th; these will ripen their first fruits upon the approach of frost, when the sash should be put on, and the season of tomatoes can be prolonged for at least a month. After these are gone the frame can be filled with lettuce plants, which should be in readiness, and, with little protection, the hotbed will furnish a supply during December.

A goodly number of cold frames should be in readiness in spring to receive the young plants of tomatoes, cabbage and cauliflower, in order to harden them off before transferring them to the garden; this will afford the lettuce all the room it will require for heading, as the other plants should be sown in alternate rows in order to make all the space useful.

The importance of this kind of farming is but little understood or appreciated. It is carried on extensively near all large cities, and is made profitable by those who understand it. But it is doubly valuable to the small farmer who grows not so much for profit as for pleasure, for those who are willing to pay to their gardeners what their vegetables and small fruits would cost them in the market, and the rental of the farm besides, for the satisfaction there is in having everything fresh and strictly first-class in every respect.—Rural Farmer.

TIGHT HAY CHUTE.

How to Prevent the Escape of Fine Dust and Chaff.

Where the hay is stored in the second story hay chutes must be provided for each stall. There is a right and a wrong way to build these. The cut shows the right way. Let them grow larger as they descend, and then the hay will not catch or clog in them. At the bottom have an incline to throw the hay toward the opening, as shown. Have a guard over the top of chutes to keep

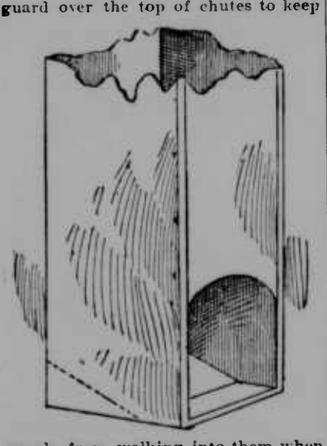

people from walking into them when moving about on the floor overhead. One sometimes sees stables where the hay is thrown down an opening over the horse's head, without the use of a chute at all. As a result the mane, foretop and hair of the horse's head is filled with dust, chaff and spears of hay—a slovenly method. Sometimes, also, one sees a chute made of slats. This is much better than a simple opening. But dust and chaff will escape through the slats and get on to the horse. Better do the work thoroughly and make a tight chute.—N. Y. Tribune.

LIVE STOCK ITEMS.

What is the difference in feeding value between white and yellow corn, we are asked. Practically none.

When the fattening process begins it should always be crowded to the very limit of the animal's appetite.

Giving the pigs the run of a good clover pasture will help materially to secure a good growth at a low cost.

At the present price for horses the owner of a mare can better afford to pay the scrub stallion owner to keep away his horse than to pay for service.

There has been a great deal of hog cholera this year, and much of it has come from bad water. The drought dried up the streams and wells and the stock got water where it could, and much of it was very bad water.

Waldo Brown says that there is less risk of loss of fall litters than of those dropped in the spring, for in March and April we are liable to severe storms and sudden changes in temperature, and it is more difficult to keep the sows in a healthy condition through the winter than in summer, when succulent food is abundant.—Farmer's Voice.

ALMOST A NECESSITY.

No Poultry Raiser Should Try to Do Without Breeding Houses.

Small breeding houses have come to be considered almost a necessity upon the average farm as well as in the yards of the fancier. The farmer has learned that it is economical and much more satisfactory to pick from his flock the most promising pullets and a well-bred male and place them in a commodious yard with a snug little house of their own. From this yard will come all the eggs that can be used for hatching. The eggs from hens having the entire range of the farm may be disposed of in the general market and used for household purposes.

The accompanying illustration is of a small breeding house which has been in use for three years. It was originally a large organ box and has been made over somewhat. Very little extra material was needed to complete it. A half sash, tar paper, hinges, hook and staple, and a few boards picked up about the farm were all the extras needed. This house accommodates in perfect comfort a pen of eight or ten hens and a rooster. The tar paper we have found expensive and shall never purchase more of it. It is rotten, does not wear

A SMALL BREEDING HOUSE.

well, and for outside purposes it is worthless. For covering, stretch muslin over the top and tack it on firmly. Apply one coat of hot tar, let it dry, then put on another. If to the tar a small proportion of fine wood ashes is added, the coat will be firmer and more lasting. Upon the last coat as fast as put on, sprinkle sand plentifully. Such a roof is windproof, waterproof, and with the addition of a new coat of hot tar every year, becomes practically indestructible.

Such houses are ideal homes for broods of chickens. Two or three hens with their flocks may occupy such a house, and with the addition of roomy yards are well provided for until the chicks are half grown. If not crowded they may remain there until removed for winter quarters. When three weeks old, the gates are opened and they go hunting all day long when the weather is suitable. When weaned they have a comfortable, permanent home to return to. I have used these houses with marked success.—Orange Judd Farmer.

DRAFT-HORSE BREEDING.

A Revival Which Means Prosperity Throughout the West.

The revival of draft-horse breeding in the horse-breeding states, after this unprecedented decline in breeding for three years, is simply the law of supply and demand. The revival of business and commercial industries calls for more big draft horses, while the supply of good horses is far short of the demand, and must be until we can produce a new supply and mature them for the markets. Prices meanwhile must advance and the weights increase to 1,800 and 2,000 pounds, while in 1892 a 1,000-pound horse was a good draft horse. Farmers have about concluded that they will stick to the farm, and if they farm draft horses are the most substantial, reliable and profitable branch of stock breeding.

The revival of draft and coach-horse breeding throughout the western states means greater prosperity. Already these horses top the markets, and the many foreign buyers are eagerly looking for the best of them, while our own city markets complain of the short supply, just when they want more of them and a little larger and better than ever before.—Live Stock Journal.

WORK OF HONEY BEES.

Calculations in Regard to the Nectar Collected by Them.

A writer in the Revue des Sciences Naturelles makes the following calculations in regard to the work done by the honey bee: When the weather is fine, a worker can visit from 40 to 80 flowers in six to ten trips and collect a grain of nectar. If it visits 200 or 400 flowers, it will gather five grains. Under favorable circumstances, it will take a fortnight to obtain 15 grains. It would, therefore, take several years to manufacture a pound of honey, which will fill about 3,000 cells.

A hive contains from 20,000 to 50,000 bees, half of which prepare the honey, the other half attending to the wants of the hive and the family. On a fine day, 16,000 or 20,000 individuals will, in six or ten trips, be able to explore from 300,000 to 1,000,000 flowers, say several hundred thousand plants. Again, the locality must be favorable for the preparation of the honey, and the plants that produce the most nectar must flourish near the hive. A hive inhabited by 30,000 bees may, therefore, under favorable conditions, receive about two pounds of honey a day.

Road Horses Are Profitable.

Plenty of people are making money out of the horse business to-day, but the majority of those who are securing a fair proportion of the coin of the realm are breeders who pay particular attention to breeding and developing trotting horses into handsome park and road horses, for which animals there is a demand at present which cannot be supplied. Too many of the breeders expect to breed in every instance sensational race horses, and pay too little attention to the carriage horse or the one for which there is a never-failing demand.—Colman's Rural World.

Corn is our mainstay for fattening purposes. Yet on an exclusive diet of corn a hog will sometimes gain less than if it had some other kinds of food.

Stallions with Great Records.

Stallions that have more than 100 standard performers to their credit are four in number: Electioneer, 151 trotters and one pacer; total, 152. Nutwood, 112 trotters and 21 pacers; total, 133. Red Wilkes, 97 trotters and 26 pacers; total 123. Onward, 92 trotters and 20 pacers; total, 112. Electioneer was foaled in 1868, and died in 1890, being 22 years old at the time of his death. Nutwood was foaled in 1870, at the present time being 26 years of age. Red Wilkes was foaled in 1874, making him 22 years of age. Onward was foaled in 1875, and is 21.

Chicory Used by Ancients.

Chicory, which is used by us in the adulteration of coffee, serves the same purpose in France and England. In France its leaves are eaten in salad. It is mentioned in the classics as a food, and Pliny comments on its use by the Egyptians as a staple article of diet.—Chicago Chronicle.

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

THERE are in business three things necessary—knowledge, temper and time.—Feltham.

A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action, and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

CORROBORATED.—New Yorker—"Are Philadelphians as slow as New Yorkers think they are?" Philadelphian (surprised)—"Do New Yorkers think we're slow?"—Truth.

THERE is money to be made in Cripple Creek. When you go take the "Rock Island Route" to Colorado Springs. This is the only direct line—saves several hours' time to Cripple Creek. Send for full information. JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

MISS DE PLAIN—"Doctor, what is the secret of beauty?" Family Physician (confidentially)—"Be born pretty."—N. Y. Weekly.

DID you write The N. G. Hamilton Pub Co., of Cleveland, Ohio, about their Life of McKinley? Better do so—chance to make money rapidly.

THE LINE.—"The voters drew the line on our candidate, did they?" "Yes, they scratched him."—Detroit Tribune.

FITS stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

WHEN two discourse, if the one's anger rise, the man who lets the coolest fall is wise.—Plutarch.

FORTIFY Feeble Lungs Against Winter with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar, Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

"YOU want to keep your eye on the woman's bonnet," says an item in a fashion paper. No, we don't want to, but under certain conditions, dear editor, we have to.—Yeakers Statesman.

AN Artistic Achievement.—"Mr. Crayons is very successful in his drawing," remarked the young woman. "Yes," replied the discourteous rival, "I understand he disposed of several pictures at a raffle."—Washington Star.

MRS. NIX—"I hope you are not afraid of work." Weary Willie (uneasily)—"I ain't exactly afraid, mum; but I always feel likety when dere's anything like dat around."—Truth.

SHE says she can't afford a cab—
Expenses she must curb,
Yet when she walks upon the street
Her carriage is superb.
—N. Y. Herald.

"MAMMA, why has the month of February 29 days every fourth year?" "What a foolish question! So that people born on the 29th of February can have a birthday once in awhile."—Texas Siftings.

"I CAN teach you law, sir, but I cannot teach you manners," said an exasperated counsel to a small, meek witness. The latter replied quietly: "That is so, sir," and people laughed consumedly.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

GIOACCHINO ROSSINI, who was a great jester, was once seen embracing a Spaniard with great effusion. Asked the reason, he replied: "Because without Spain we would be the last nation."—Argonaut.

AN Unimportant Item.—Customer—"And what would your price be if I should furnish the material?" Fashionable Dressmaker—"Oh, in that case, I should have to inform you that I never charge for material."—Brooklyn Life.

"ONLY one thing makes a woman madder than to have her husband stay down town to lunch when he had said that he was coming home." "And what is that?" "It is to have him come home to lunch when he had said he was going to stay down town."—

Free Attendant Service—The North-Western Line.

A new departure has been inaugurated at the Chicago passenger station of the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y) which will be found a great convenience to the travelling public. A corps of uniformed attendants has been provided to render both incoming and outgoing passengers all necessary attention, directing them to carriages, omnibuses and street cars, carrying hand baggage, assisting persons in feeble health, and making themselves useful in every way in their power. The attendants wear blue uniforms and bright red caps, and the service is entirely free. The North-Western Line is the through-car route between Chicago and St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Ashland, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Sioux City, Denver, Salt Lake, San Francisco, Portland and many other important cities of the west and northwest.

DE TANQUE—"You don't take enough exercise for a man of your habits." Old Soak—"Why, I have been shaking dice for drinks all the afternoon."—Philadelphia Record.

Better Than Refined Gold

Is bodily comfort. This unspeakable boon is denied to many unfortunates for whose ailments Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a promptly helpful remedy. The dyspeptic, the rheumatic, the nervous, persons troubled with biliousness or chills and fever, should lose no time in availing themselves of this comprehensive and genial medicine. It promotes appetite and nightly slumber.

"I SHORE does hope," said Uncle Mose, "dat dey will git dis heah new photograph trick so fine by summer dat man kin tell wedder melon is ripe."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Spring Trip South.

April 7 and 21, and May 5, tickets [illegible] principal cities, towns and ranges on the North, to all points on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida and a portion of Kentucky, at one single fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good to return within twenty-one days, on payment of $2 to agent at destination, and will allow stop-over at any point on the south bound trip. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

HORACE appears in good humor while he censures, and therefore his censure has the more weight as supposed to proceed from judgment, not from passion.—Young.

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION

At St. Louis, June 16, 1896.

The Wabash is the direct line to St. Louis via Chicago, Toledo or Detroit, and is noted for its fast time and elegant equipment. Through Sleepers, Free Reclining Chair Cars and Buffet Parlor Cars to St. Louis without change. Before making arrangements for your trip write to any representative of the Wabash Railroad for maps, time tables and guide to St. Louis, or to C. S. CRANE, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

"I'LL kiss you for my sister's sake."
"Pray, don't forget yourself," she said.
I straightway took her at her word,
And kissed her for myself instead.
—Truth.

DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

At Chicago, Ill., July 7, 1896.

The Wabash Railroad is the best line from Detroit to Chicago, with its magnificent equipment of vestibuled trains, with Buffet and Compartment Sleeping Cars. See that your tickets read via the Wabash. For maps, time tables, etc., address any representative of the Wabash or C. S. CRANE, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

"THOU hast a pretty wit," quoth the monarch. "Aye, and a dry humor," replied the jester. Whereupon the king pushed the button.—Philadelphia Record.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is the name of an illustrated monthly newspaper published by the C., B. & Q., Burlington and Quincy R. R. It aims to give information in an interesting way about the farm lands of the west. Send 25 cents in postage stamps to the Corn Belt, 209 Adams St., Chicago, and the paper will be sent to your address for one year.

THE discovery of what is true, and the practice of that which is good, are the two most important objects of philosophy.—Voltaire.

HE—"Do you believe in love at first sight?" Miss Thirty-Eight—"I believe in anykind of love."—Somerville Journal.

USE Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—DR. G. W. PATTERSON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

THE best hearts, Trim, are ever the bravest, replied my Uncle Toby.—Sterne.

A SHINING EXAMPLE of what may be accomplished by never varying devotion to a single purpose is seen in the history of the McCormick Harvesting Machine Co., Chicago. For 65 years they have simply been building grain and grass-cutting machinery, and while there are probably forty manufacturers in this line, it is safe to say that the McCormick Company builds one-third of all the binders, reapers and mowers used throughout the entire world.

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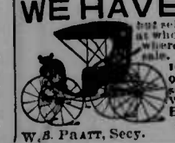

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Queer Names. "A Crick"—"A Stitch" "A Twist"—"A Jam" "A Halt"—"Raw Spots"

"Blue Spots"—"Dead Aches"—are all well known of flesh, bone, and muscle, and easily cured by **St. Jacobs Oil.**

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Made by Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass., is "a perfect type of the highest order of excellence in manufacture." It costs less than one cent a cup.

You only get of other good tobaccos 3½ ozs. for 10 cents.

You get of "Battle Ax" 5⅓ ozs. same quality, for 10 cents.

Battle Ax PLUG

A GREAT BIG PIECE FOR 10 CENTS

You get over 2 ounces more of "Battle Ax" for 10 cents than any other tobacco of the same grade. These two ounces really cost you nothing, and the 5 cent piece is nearly as large as you get of other high grades for 10 cents.

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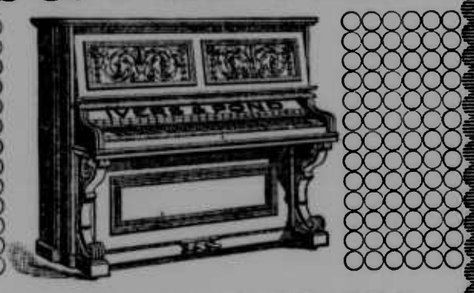

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Musically and in point of durability our pianos are not excelled. Catalogue and prices, both for cash and on easy payments, mailed promptly, free. Write for full information.

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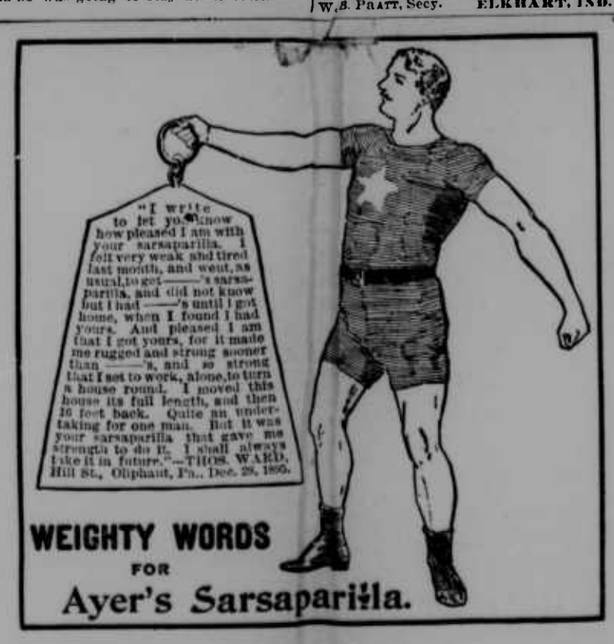

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PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER

From Our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, April 27, 1896.

Senator Tillman's head is about ten times as big, in his own mind, since he returned from his western trip. He actually believes that his chance for being nominated for President by the Chicago convention on a free silver platform is a good one, and he says there is no longer the slightest doubt that the silver Democrats will control that convention. He thinks that Western tour has make him so solid with the Democrats of that section that he is now planning for a Southern speech-making trip which will take in Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Mississipi and Texas. When Tillman's aspirations for the Democratic Presidential nomination were first talked about the Cleveland Democrats regarded it as a joke, but they don't now. Just so were the Cleveland Democrats at first disposed to pooh poob the idea of the silver Democrats controlling the Chicago convention. To-day most of them admit the probability that a majority of the Chicago convention will be silver men, but say they rely upon the influences which men like Senator Brice and ex-Secretary Whitney can bring to bear upon them after they get to the convention to prevent the adoption of a radical silver platform or the nomination of a silver man.

The Senate is now working under an understanding that nothing important shall be taken up until all of the Appropriation bills are disposed of, and some think that adjournment is probable on or about May 16, the date suggested at a recent conference of Republican senators, but everybody recognizes that there can be nothing certain about it until a joint resolution naming the day for adjournment has been actually adopted by the Senate. The House is all right and will promptly agree to any date set by the Senate to take the initiative.

Numerous Congressmen breathed easier when the announcement was made that the Venezuelan Boundary Commission had decided to send to The Hague for the purpose of having an expert examination made of the original Dutch documents in the Royal Archives, which bear upon the Venezuelan Boundary question. It has been rumored that the Commission had practically finished its work and would make its report to the President in a short time, and it was feared that if the report was made before Congress adjourned, it would result in an indefinite prolongation of the session. But it is now known that the Commission cannot complete its work until those old Dutch documents have been carefully gone over, and possibly others at Madrid, which makes it certain that the report will not be made before next winter.

The idea that the Raines Excise law, passed by the New York Republican Legislature, was going to injure the Republican party of that state is no longer held even by Democrats, on the contrary it is going to strengthen the Republicans. Here is the opinion of Judge C. W. Meade, for some years a police judge in New York City, who is now visiting Washington: "At first it looked as though the Raines law would be so distasteful to the public that the Republican party would be made to suffer for its enactment. But there has been a great change of public sentiment: the people are beginning to realize the many good points of the law, and I am satisfied that the Republicans will reap the benefit from it instead of disaster. It is about as good a statute as the ingenuity of man could contrive; it wipes out the dives where the poorest classes loaf and squander their earnings; it puts the business of selling liquor on the best possible plans by putting it in the hands of responsible men, and it does away with the corruption and blackmail of the old regime."

This administration makes a record for partiality and prejudice in everything it touches. For the second time a board of his brother officers have submitted a report to the War Department declaring Lieut. Schofield, a son of Gen. Schofield, to be unfit for promotion on account of his being very deaf—surely a good enough reason. But for the second time, Secretary Lamont has disapproved the finding of the Military Examining board, and has now directed that Lieut. Schofield be re-examined for promotion within six months. The explanation is that Gen. Schofield is one of Mr. Cleveland's chums.

The disgraceful fight with ink bottles, sponge cups and other stray bits of Government stationery which Representatives Hall, of Mo., and Money, of Miss., got into, in a House committee room the other day, indicates the present status of the silver and anti-silver Democrats. Money is a silver democrat, and Hall was originally elected as such, but he was converted by Mr. Cleveland at the extra session of the fifty-third Congress which repealed the purchasing clause of the so-called Sherman silver law, and is now anti-silver. They are all ready to fly at each others throats and nobody will be surprised if the Chicago convention should end in a free fight in which more dangerous weapons than ink bottles will be used.

Mountain Lake Park.

Since my last letter lumber has been put on lots for two more cottages.

Capt. Hayden is receiving and putting on his shelves a nice stock of goods. The store is as neat as a pin. The clerks, the Captain's sons, are pleasant and accommodating. We wish the new store much success.

The boats will be put on the lake next week. Already has there been a demand for them. There is twice as much ground covered by water as there was last summer.

Quite a number of Oakland people were seen driving around the Park. Our drives have not yet been put in shape for the summer. Mr. Andy Shartzer has put the county road between the Park and Oakland in excellent shape. Andy is a success at making roads.

Drummers were as thick on our streets last week as flies in "lasses times."

Mine host Dennett, of Hotel Dennett, spent a couple of days at the Park the past week, looking at the improvements now being made on his property.

Rev. Davis, of Allegheny, Pa., was a visitor at the Park last Saturday. He expressed much delight at the general appearance of the Park.

The April issue of the *Mountain Chautauqua* may be had of J. M. Davis & Son, Oakland. It is full of information about the Park and the coming season.

We noticed T. J. Peddicord in the Park last Saturday. A business trip.

The spring showers are causing the grass to grow as if by magic. Trailing arbutus has made its appearance.

Dr. McComas has had an addition put on to the rear of the drug store ready for the summer opening.

Fire At Cumberland.

Just as the Cumberland *News* was about to go to press Thursday morning George Stevens, the office boy, discovered fire in the rear of Frederick Perry's newly occupied storeroom in the old Belvidere building (remodeled.) The boy immediately notified the police, who at once sounded the alarm. In a short space of time the entire rear of the building was a mass of flames.

For a while it looked as though the *News* office and Y. M. C. A. building could not escape.

When Mr. Perry appeared upon the scene he stated that his stock which is entirely ruined amounts to about $10,000.

Mr. Hamburger who occupies the other half of the building, says that his stock is estimated at $15,000, all of which has been greatly damaged by water.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following transfers of realty have been made and recorded by Clerk Tower since April 1, 1896:

John G. Elsey and wife to Allie Browning, 50 acres of land; $700.

John Shartzer and wife to Amelia Fringer, a lot of ground in the town of Oakland; $875.

Andrew J. Lee and wife to Samuel F. White, military lot No. 1013; $300.

Ella P. Russell to Wm. H. Malette, an improved lot of ground in Oakland; $1500.

The Park Improvement Co. to Isabella Whetsell, lot No. 1254 in Mt. Lake Park; $800.

John W. Blocher and wife to Michael Nathan, military lots Nos. 2050, 2051, 2052; $650.

Michael Nathan and wife to Uriah M. Stanton, the above described land; $650.

M. M. Best and wife to Christian Martin, jr., military lot No. 1531 and part of lot No. 1520; $800.

E. H. Sincell, adm'r, to Edward W. Shroyer, a tract of land in Garrett county; $500.

Geo. M. Steele and wife to Leslie E. Friend, a part of a tract of land called "Look Sharp;". $100.

Weather Crop Bulletin.

The following report from this county appeared in the Maryland State Weather Report under date of Monday last:

SELBYSPORT.—The week has been remarkably fine. Wheat and grass have made rapid growth. Oats nearly all sown. Farmers are plowing for corn. A fine rain on the 21st. Cherries and pears in full bloom. Apple bloom showing. Prospects are good for a large crop of fruit.

G. W. FRAZEE.

BITTINGER.—The past week has been very favorable for farm work: farmers busy getting in their oats. Fore part of the week was very warm but cool on the 22d. A frost on the 23d, and a thunder storm on the 24th. Grass growing nicely, but wheat and young clover not very promising. Peach trees coming in bloom. P. P. LOHR.

COVE.—Frost on the morning of the 23d, but no damage to anything noticed. Farmers busy sowing oats and plowing for corn. Good prospects for fruit. Heavy rain on the 24th; warm and good growing weather. D. HOCHSTEDLER.

GRANTSVILLE. — Weather the past week has been favorable for all kinds of farm work. Heavy frost on the 23d but apparantly no damage has been done. Some oats coming up. Cherries in bloom; grass and wheat doing well.

J. S. MILLER.

MT. LAKE PARK.—Favorable weather for farm work the first three days; Wednesday cold; frost in the morning, also ice one-half inch thick; Friday, a good rain all day. So far, fruit prospects are encouraging. Crops looking well.

WM. H. BIGGS.

How To Avoid Cold Feet.

If the three prime functions of all animal life, aeration, nutrition, and excretion, be perfectly performed, the resultant condition is perfect physical health: so [illegible] symptom of disorder [illegible] learn wherein the healthful regulation of these functions has been violated. When the involuntary normal action of any organ is disturbed the weakest part of the body—often quite remote from the seat of trouble—is the first to feel it and sound the alarm. A habit of cold feet may cause serious diseases of both throat and lungs, and these troubles are always aggravated by sitting with cold extremities. The predisposition shows a torpid circulation in the lower limbs, and it checks the healthy action of the skin over the entire body. Sufferers from this habit can never hope to be really well until it is overcome, and they must not only adopt every means to end, but must avoid exposure to severe cold; never let the fingers become stinging cold by hand ice, or holding them long in ice-cold water. Ankle exercises taken at frequent intervals during the day will assist materially in stimulating the circulation of the blood: Point the toes town to the extremest limit, till slight pain is felt in the ankles, and work the feet up and down in this way eight or ten times; then devitalize them at the ankle and shake them,—just as a dog will a rat. Of course such feet must be clothed warmly, and if they are too sensitive to bear woolen or cashmere hose, silk may be worn under cotton, with felt or wool-lined shoes.—From "Spring Ailments," in Demorest Magazine for April.

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To introduce our Home Grown Garden, Field and Flower Seeds into new homes where they have not yet been tried we will, on receipt of sixty cents (60c), send (cash) address, post paid, 11 pkgs., consisting of the following:

1 pkg. All Early Cabbage	10c
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1 " Vick's Early Water Melon	5c
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1 " Twenty Day Radish, ready for use in 20 days from time seed is planted	5c
1 " Early Curled Simpson Lettuce	5c
1 " Danvers Carrot	5c
1 " Sugar Parsnip	5c
1 " Large Red Wethersfield Onion	5c
1 " Red Top Sugar Beet	5c
1 " Golden Wax Bean	10c
1 " Choice Flower Seed	5c
Total	80c

All for 60 cents or two collections for $1.00. Stamps taken for amounts less than one dollar. Seeds guaranteed fresh and true to name.

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"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

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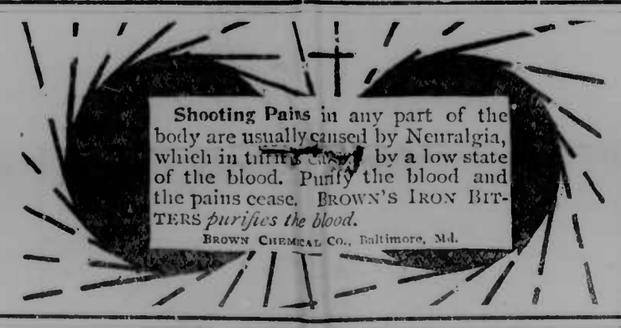

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Will visit regularly Hrough Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 9 22 6m

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LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 10-1yr.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.
LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 8 26 6m

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.
A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

--WANTED--
WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER
Also White Oak Timber Land.
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
Cumberland, Md.
Office 30 Baltimore Street. 2 15 90

$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.

CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
221f 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter.
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13l.

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OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.
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A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,
C. A. SNOW & CO.
OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address,
C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

ESTABLISHED MARCH 3, 1877. BENJ. H. SINCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1896 NUMBER 9.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings In and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

Dr. Boggess, of Terra Alta was registered at the Glades Sunday.

J. S. Broadwater, of Grantsville, is among friends here.—Cumb. News.

Mr. S. P. Wright, of Washington, was in the city yesterday for a short time.

Mr. E. J. Fringer's store building on Second street is ready for the roofing.

Oak refrigerator, cheap; good as new. Apply to Rev. S. M. Engle. 8-3*

Mrs. Robert Felty returned this morning from a visit to friends in Kingwood.

W. McC. Brown, of Bayard, W. Va., was in this city a few hours on Saturday.

The Garrett County bank building is receiving a coat of paint. A great improvement.

For sale, cheap.—Second-hand cook stove in good condition. Apply to F. A. Thayer. 1t*

Mr. John Shartzer has erected a substantial fence around his house on Third street extended.

Mrs. S. C. Smith who spent several months visiting in Missouri returned home Saturday.

J. J. Abbott, of Frostburg, made Oakland his regular monthly visit the latter part of last week.

Mr. Jonas Hochstetler, of near Accident, accompanied by his wife, were in Oaklaud yesterday.

Read the advertisement of Messrs. M. Maroney & Son which appears to-day elsewhere in these columns.

Dr. Henry W. McComas will soon begin the erection of his office adjoining THE REPUBLICAN building.

Mr. J. G. Nine, of Gormania, was in the city yesterday on business and made this office a very pleasant call.

Mrs. J. E. Harned, of Oakland, is visiting her brother, D. H. Bauer, on Bedford street.—Cumberland News.

Garthright wants two or three heavy driving horses. Apply at once at his store at Mountain Lake Park. 9-3t.

A stock company is being organized at Accident to put up a telephone line from Friendsville to that place.

Senator R. A. Ravenscroft and Mr. Eli McMillan, of Accident, were here Tuesday and yesterday on business.

Mr. T. J. Peddicord returned yesterday morning from a business trip and visit to his family in Covington, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Jamesson will leave Tuesday for Mt. Lake Park, to spend the summer.—Piedmont Herald.

The Board of County School Commissioners met yesterday and appointed school trustees for the ensuing year.

Mr. John W. Feather, of Cranesville, W. Va., was in the city last Thursday and made this office a pleasant visit.

Mr. Samuel E. Boyer, who has the agency for the Wood farming implements, is down in the county selling the goods.

Mr. W. R. McClanahan, of the firm of McClanahan & Freeland, well drillers, of Terra Alta, was in town on Tuesday.

Capt. and Mrs. Markland arrived last week from Baltimore and will spend the summer at their summer home, Crook's Crest.

Amongst the numerous visitors in Oakland yesterday were Col. N. W. Fitzgerald and Mr. Wm. T. White, of Terra Alta.

Mr. S. S. Bittinger, of Bittinger, one of our most valued patrons, was in the city yesterday afternoon and made this office a business call.

Mr. Geo. D. White, of Oakland, was on last Monday appointed assistant fish commissioner, by Mr. J. E. Gnagey, State fish commissioner. Mr. White's salary is fixed by law at $660 per year. He entered upon his duties at once as assistant and will be stationed at Lake Brown, which is owned by the State.

Don't fail to call and examine S. P. Specht's stock of merchandise which is now as complete as is generally found in a first class general store.

Mr. A. J. Alexander, of near Accident, was here yesterday and had his name enrolled on the subscription books of THE REPUBLICAN.

Fish Commissioner J. E. Gnagey of Accident, was in the city last Saturday. He received his commission and was sworn into office by Clerk Tower.

Dr. G. M. P. King and wife, of Washington, D. C., will arrive this week and take charge of their beautiful summer home Monte Vista, near Oakland.

The newly appointed Justice for District No. 5, Mr. Eli McMillan, qualified before Clerk Tower Tuesday and will assume the duties of his office at once.

Governor Lowndes passed through Oakland last evening on his way to Cumberland from Clarksburg, W. Va., where he had been on a visit to relatives.

Mr. W. H. Malette's residence on Water street is nearing completion, and work on the excavation for his building on Second and Railroad streets is being pushed.

Mr. J. L. Wheeler, the newly appointed justice of the Peace for Deer Park district, was in Saturday and received his commission and was sworn into office.

Dr. J. Lee McComas, accompanied by Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, took Miss Cora Calvert, Rev. Arbuthnot's sister-in law, to a hospital in Philadelphia last Thursday for treatment.

Mr. J. D. Hamill who recently purchased the Veitch property on Oak street, has had the house improved by a fresh coat of paint, which adds very much to its appearance.

The work of remodeling Messrs. D. E. Offutt & Son's store front has been almost completed and it is indeed a handsome piece of work. The large plate glass measuring 8x11 feet look very pretty.

Gen. Innes N. Palmer, of Washington, will not spend the summer in Oakland as is his usual custom on account of his failing health. His carriage and horse were taken to Washington Tuesday.

Hon. C. J. Otto, of New Germany, was in the city Tuesday and yesterday attending a meeting of the Republican county committee, at which time recommendations were made to the Governor for general assessors for this county.

The old building on Railroad street until recently occupied as a barber shop by Mr. C. C. Liller, was torn down Tuesday and in its stead a neat building thirty feet square and two stories high will be erected by Capt. Jarboe for Mr. D. E. Offutt.

Mr. Leo Walker accompanied by his daughter Miss Gracia arrived in town last week from Baltimore. They will ship part of their household effects at this place to their home in Baltimore and the remainder will be sold at auction at their residence on Green street.

Mr. John C. Dunham, who was appointed Justice of the Peace for this district has sent his resignation to Governor Lowndes, who has accepted it. As yet the Governor has not filled the vacancy caused by Mr. Dunham's resignation but will probably do so this week.

At a meeting of Oakland chapter, Epworth League held Monday evening last the following delegates were elected to attend a meeting of the district League to be held at Aurora, W. Va., June 2: T. Claggett, Robert Townshend, Misses Mollie Hamill and Laura Harne.

Mr. Conrad Frantz, of near Accident, started for Oakland on Saturday morning, and while driving along the Hooppole road at Sand Flat, his horse, a valuable animal, dropped dead in the road. The horse was apparently in good health and his sudden demise cannot be accounted for.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Mr. Barney Reynolds and daughters have moved from their farm to Oakland and are occupying their house on Oak street.

We desire to call the attention of the members of the several organizations in Oakland to the fact that May 30th is drawing near and that preparations should at once be made to fittingly observe the day.

Mrs. John A. Sowers, of near Oakland, received word yesterday from Baltimore stating that her sister Mrs. Barbara Temple was lying at the point of death and summoning her there. Mrs. Sowers started for Baltimore last evening.

We have just received from the manufacturers another large lot of stationery and envelopes which we are running out at low figures for the class of work furnished our customers. Give us a call.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of the Pearce Drug Company, of Frostburg, Allegany county, which appears in this issue of THE REPUBLICAN. This is another firm that evidently believes in the use of printer's ink and knows just where to use it to reach the greatest number of persons.

The members of St. Paul's M. E. church have decided to make some extensive repairs on their church building. The walls inside will be calsomined, the floor and carpet thoroughly cleaned and the building painted, all of which will add very much to the appearance of the structure. The improvements will cost about three hundred dollars.

Mr. George Crim, who has for some time run a barber shop on Railroad street, has sold the shop to Messrs. Clyde Liller and Perry Rock. These gentlemen now have complete control of the barber business of the town. One of the shops will be moved to Main street in the new Shartzer building as soon as the room is completed.

At a regular meeting of the Maryland Building and Loan Association of Garrett county held last night, the resignation of Scott T. Jones as treasurer was read and accepted. Mr. William Hinebaugh was then elected treasurer of the Association. A large amount of routine business was transacted, after which an adjournment was had subject to the call of the president.

The annual municipal election was held in Deer Park on last Monday resulting in the election of a mixed ticket with Mr. P. J. Garrett as mayor who was elected over Mr. L. D. Thrasher by a vote of 31 to 25. The councilmen elected were Messrs. S. P. Specht, H. J. Shafer, Henry Sisk and Joseph Bowser, two Republicans and two Democrats.

Samuel Gutherie, of near Wilson, was arrested last Friday by Constable Perry Lee charged with carrying concealed weapons and taken before Justice in that district. A fine was imposed and in default of payment Gutherie was committed to jail until the fine is paid or released by orders of the court. There are now confined in the jail twelve prisoners, filling it almost to overflowing.

An unknown tramp was killed by a west bound freight train just west of Corinth Sunday afternoon about six o'clock. It is said by a fellow tramp who was with him at the time that the unfortunate man was demented and that when he heard the train approaching he placed his body on the rails and waited for it to strike him. His body was horribly mangled and was taken to Terra Alta and interred.

For every quarter in a man's pocket there are a dozen uses; and to use each one in such a way as to derive the most benefit is a question every one must solve for himself. We believe, however, that no better use could be made of one of these quarters than to exchange it for a bottle of Chamberlain's Cholic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, a medicine that every family should be provided with. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin Deer Park.

DANA'S Sarsaparilla is not only the *best* of all remedies for the Nerves, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, and Blood; *but if no benefit, you can get your money back.* The same guarantee applies to DANA'S Pills, Cough Syrup and Plasters. For sale by DeWitt & Ferguson, Sang Run, Md. 3-3m.

Ripans Tabules relieve nausea.

THE CITY FATHERS

Met and Organize. Mr. William Hinebaugh Elected President.

Monday evening of this week the newly elected members of the Town Council, Messrs. Wm. Hinebaugh, A. G. Ross and D. E. Bolden, were sworn in by Mayor McComas and immediately assumed the duties of their office.

Upon the call for organization of the council Mr. William Hinebaugh was elected without opposition to the presidency; Mr. John C. Dunham was made clerk. The names of Col. A. G. Sturgiss and Mr. Jos. E. Beard were presented for the office of treasurer. Three ballots were taken on these names resulting in no choice, the vote standing three for each. On motion the nominations for treasurer was again declared open when Mr. Stemple presented the name of Mr. James A. Delawder; Mr. Harne nominated Mr. Geo. M. Mason and Mr. Bolden Mr. John O. Michaels. No choice for the office was reached until the ninth ballot when Col. Sturgiss received four votes and Mr. Mason two votes. Col. Sturgiss was declared elected.

The message from the mayor containing his appointments and recommendations was introduced at this juncture and immediately acted upon. The message was as follows:

To the members of the Town Council.

After a very careful consideration I submit to you the names of Mr. John. D. Taggart as bailiff of Oakland.

Gilmor S. Hamill as attorney.

Rowan White, weighmaster.

James A. Delawder, police magistrate.

I hereby recommend that you proceed at once to have the attorney frame the necessary ordinances under the new charter and that stringent ordinances be passed regulating the sanitary condition of the town.

I also suggest that the council order the electric light on Third street raised at least ten feet higher than it now is.

I also suggest that the stone now on Third street in front of Loughridge's be crushed and that the street be put in proper shape.

I also suggest that you appoint your committee at once to inspect the sidewalks of the town.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

W. H. McCOMAS, Mayor.

After the message had been read the officials appointed by the mayor were confirmed without opposition.

The office of tax collector having been separated from that of bailiff the council then proceeded to elect to fill that office. The names of Ernest Townshend, Edmund Jamison and John O. Michaels were presented and after the fifth ballot had been taken Mr. Michaels, was declared elected, the vote standing Jamison two, Michaels three, Mr. Stemple not voting.

Mr. Hamill, the attorney, then appeared before the council and suggested that a surveyor be employed to run out the lines of the town as laid down in the new charter. Ordered.

A committee of three was appointed to accompanied the surveyor when the survey is made to suggest the limits outside the line. Committee composed of Messrs. Hinchaugh, Bolden and Stemple.

It was ordered that the street crossing near the Commercial hotel be removed from that point to the intersection of Second and Green streets; also that the crossing on Oak street at the corner of Third be raised; ordered that the gutter along Alder street be repaired and deepened.

The report of Treasurer Sturgiss for the six months ending April 30th was presented and found correct.

After attending to some minor details the council adjourned to meet in special session to-night.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," sang the choir, and the man felt around for his rubbers. "Praise him all creatures here below" the man had slipped them both on and is reaching for his coat. "Praise Him above ye heavenly host," and he has switched himself into the coat, though some of those near him have received several punches during the operation. "Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost" by this time he has fished his gloves out of his pocket, and by the time the preacher says Amen he has them on and snatching his hat he rushes for the door, where, when once on the street, he stands and watches everybody come out.—Ex.

DANA'S Sarsaparilla is not only the *best* of all remedies for the Nerves, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, and Blood; *but if no benefit, you can get your money back.* The same guarantee applies to DANA'S Pills, Cough Syrup and Plasters. For sale by Dr. J. W. Laughlin, agent, Deer Park. 4-13t.

Mr. D. P. Davis, a prominent liveryman and merchant of Goshen, Va., has this to say on the subject of rheumatism: "I take pleasure in recommending Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism, as I know from personal experience that it will do all that is claimed for it. A year ago this spring my brother was laid up in bed with inflammatory rheumatism and suffered intensely. The first application of Chamberlain's Pain Balm eased the pain and the use of one bottle completely cured him. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park,

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

For Sale.

A cottage containing 7 rooms, attic and cellar. Has a well of good water upon the premises, and an acre of land attached. Purchaser can have the choice of more land up to two acres. Will sell cheap and on good terms. Situated opposite Mt. Lake Park on Oakland road. Mt. Lake Park, is a good market for vegetables and poultry. Apply to F. P. Arnold, Mt. Lake Park, Garrett county, Md. 50-13t.

General Manager Green In Charge.

Major George DeShields, for ten years general manager of the Baltimore and Ohio hotels, has resigned. The present manager of the system, Mr. W. M. Green, has accepted the resignation and assumed responsibility for the management of Deer Park this summer. Major DeShields will live at the Queen City for the present. His host of friends in this section regret his retirement from a position in which he has made friends by the hundred and enemies not at all.

Loch Lynn's First Election.

Monday the citizens of Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county's youngest offspring, held their first municipal election, resulting in the following ticket being chosen:

Mayor, Mr. C. M. Rathbun; councilmen, 3-year term, Capt. S. M. Taylor and C. J. Rathbun; 2-year term, A. L. Spiker and R. E. Burley; 1-year term, C. J. Bunce and Warren Rathbun; clerk, M. L. Selby; treasurer, Jerry Moon; bailiff, Lincoln Callis.

According to the charter all citizens of the town were entitled to vote. Several of the gentler sex put in an appearance at the polls, but the election judges refused them suffrage, and the result, so we are informed, is not yet settled, as the ladies think they were not treated with proper consideration.

How to Treat a Wife.

First, get a wife; second, be patient. You may have great trials and perplexities in your business, but do not therefore, carry to your home a cloudy or contracted brow. Your wife may have trials, which, though of less magnitude, may be hard for her to bear. A kind word a tender look, will do wonders in chasing from her brow all clouds of gloom.—To this we would add always keep a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house. Your wife will then know that you really care for her and wish to protect her health. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin Deer Park.

A Cure for Muscular Rheumatism.

Mrs. R. L. Lamson, of Fairmont, Illinois says: "My sister used Chamberlain's Pain Balm for muscular rheumatism it effected a complete cure. I keep it in the house at all time and have always found it beneficial for aches and pains. It is the quickest cure for rheumatism muscular pains and lameness I have ever seen." For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

THE NEW TOWN CHARTER.

Through One of its Provisions Oakland Becomes Involved in a Law Suit.

On last Thursday Mr. Edward I. West, through his attorney, Mr. Thomas J. Peddicord, filed a bill of complaint in the Circuit Court for this county, asking that an injunction be granted restraining the Town Council from enforcing the act of Assembly of 1896 and ordinances passed in accordance therewith imposing a tax of $150 upon parties within the limits of the town who are engaged in selling liquor for profit.

The bill alleges that the act is unconstitutional and abridges the rights of a citizen of the town to carry on business and that by its operations not only the bar connected with hotels is closed but that the hotel itself is closed against the public at 10.30 o'clock every night, and that it is compelled by the act to be open for business at the hour of 5 o'clock every morning. The bill also alleges that by the enforcement of the ordinance it would impose upon the plaintiff irreparable damage and loss, with the usual prayers that a bill of injunction be granted, etc.

That section of the charter as passed by the late session of the legislature to which the plaintiff in this case takes exceptions, reads as follows:

"195 H. And be it further enacted. That the Mayor and Town Council pass all such ordinances as may be necessary to impose a license tax upon each and every saloon and hotel or other place where spirituous and fermented liquors are sold with a view to profit, which license tax will be collected at the date of the granting of said license. The proceeds of said tax shall be paid into the treasury of said town as any other tax. The said license tax shall be in each and every year the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, said license to be applied for and granted by the Mayor and Town Council of the town of Oakland to be dated from the first Monday in May of each year, and for any portion of a year to be regulated by ordinances in the discretion of the Mayor and Town Council, and further the said saloons, hotels or other places where spirituous and fermented liquors are sold with a view to profit, shall be closed at ten-thirty o'clock p. m. and opened at five o'clock a. m., each day, and the said Mayor and Town Council shall provide by ordinances now in force and operation in said town shall remain and be in full force and effect until regularly repealed, provided that nothing herein contained shall be construed to prevent the compounding or sale of any such liquors by a regular pharmacist or druggist having a license for such business under the laws of this State, upon written bona fide prescription of a regular practicing physician of such district or county whose name shall be signed thereto."

The answer to the bill is being prepared by Mr. Gilmor S. Hamill, attorney for the council, and will be filed in a few days when the case will be heard and passed upon by the court.

The Wonderful "New Process," Blue Flame Oil Stove.

We have added to our line a summer cooking apparatus, the "New Process," Blue Flame Oil Cook Stove, which for cleanliness, simplicity, durability, economy and absence of odor, is far in advance of all predecessors.

A stove on which there are no chimneys to break.

A stove which perfectly consumes common coal oil.

A stove that will do your work satisfactorily.

A stove that will bake and roast perfectly.

A stove that operates without the slightest smoke or odor.

A stove that is as easy to operate as a lamp.

A stove that is absolutely safe.

A stove that has a flame that cannot crawl up and smoke.

With these few words we place the stove at your disposal, and would solicit a careful examination of its merits.

8-3 J. M. DAVIS & SON.

Lecture.

A lecture under the auspices of the Westminister League, will be delivered by Prof. A. W. Hawk, humorist, in Offutt's Hall on Monday, the 11 inst., commencing at 8 o'clock p. m. Tickets, 25 cents; children, 15 years and under, 10 cents. Your money's worth assured.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

THE SILVER SNAKE.

BY BEATRICE O'CONNOR.

John St. Lawrence sat alone in the study of Fernholme manor, while the gray dawn in the eastern sky flushed rosily before the rising sun. All night he had kept that lonely vigil, trying vainly to realize the greatness of the tragedy that had suddenly darkened his life. Again and again his thoughts went back to the events of the preceding night; in point of fact only a few short hours before—yet it seemed like part of another existence.

A grand ball was to be given at a neighboring mansion, at which he and Rosalie Beaumont—his pretty cousin Rosalie—were to make their first public appearance as a formally-engaged couple. He had dressed early and was sitting in this room—this very room—idly looking at some of the Indian curios he had brought with him from the east, when the door opened, suddenly but softly, and Rosalie stood before him, radiant in her girlish beauty, with jewels shining on her bare white throat and a brilliant star gleaming and glowing amid the pale splendor of her cloudy golden hair.

"I thought I should find you here and all alone," she said, smiling; "I knew auntie would not be ready for ever so long, so I made my escape and ran downstairs, just to give you a private peep at my dress. Look! Don't you think you ought to be proud of your fiance, John?"

"I always am that," he answered, with the grave, passionate earnestness that characterized him. "Rosalie, do you know there are moments when I am afraid to think how much, how absolutely, I love you."

"More than you have ever loved anyone else?" she asked, slyly, knowing beforehand what his answer would be. A shadow that vanished almost as it appeared passed over his handsome face at the girl's light words.

"I never knew what love might be till I met you, my Rosalie."

No doubt, what he said was true, or he believed it to be so. "There are many ways of loving, I have learned to know;" and even as he uttered the words there arose before him the vision of an Indian twilight, through which a beautiful dusky face looked at him with crimson lips parted and eyes full of mystery and passion; but the vision faded as it rose, dispelled by the merry laugh of Rosalie.

"What delightful old ornaments," the girl exclaimed, pointing to the Indian curiosities scattered about on the table. Then, picking up one that especially attracted her attention, she cried: "Why! this is a bracelet—only a bracelet—and for a moment, do you know, I really thought it was alive."

It was a silver snake—a curious specimen of Indian craftsmanship. By means of some hidden spring the creature seemed to coil and writhe as she held it.

"Yes; it is a bracelet, and a very cleverly-constructed one, too. I expect the thing has a history, if one did but know it," St. Lawrence said, carelessly. "I brought it home for you because I thought it might please and amuse you; but I should be very sorry to see you wear it."

"O, let me try it on—do," Rosalie pleaded, with a ripple of excited laughter, but the next moment the laugh was lost in a cry of fear, for as she tried to untwist the serpent it suddenly coiled itself about her wrist and round her arm like a living thing, pressed so closely against the white skin that the sharpened points of the silvery scales hurt her acutely. She tore it off and threw it on the table, her pretty face flushing, her eyes full of tears. But a few seconds later, recovering herself, she tried to laugh, and touching her lover on the arm begged him to forgive her petulance. She had not meant to be ill-tempered, but the snake, she said,

THE LAUGH WAS LOST IN A CRY OF PAIN.

had really seemed to bite her. Of course, St. Lawrence reassured her, and the young girl was speedily comforted.

A moment more and she had left him to go, as she said, and "hurry up auntie," and St. Lawrence began to replace his Indian treasures in the great chest wherein they had crossed the sea, smiling to himself as he recalled Rosalie's superstitious fears. What a dear little woman she was, how tender, and pretty, and sweet, and how he loved her; and yet by all the laws of romance, where things go by contrary, as we know, he ought to have rather disliked her. For John St. Lawrence was a boy in Eton jacket and Rosalie Beaumont still a baby when their parents decided that they should marry. Both had assented passively to what they thought their destiny, though St. Lawrence did not care for the thought of having his wife thus chosen for him. He went to India with his regiment, fell ill at an out-of-the-way hill station, where a dusky beauty nursed him back to life, was invalided home, came to Fernholme, and there and then fell over head and ears in love with his cousin; so much in love, indeed, that it is doubtful if he ever remembered how rich she was, and how the wedding would please all the relations and friends on both sides.

Half the curiosities were repacked, and he had just stretched out his hand to take the silver snake from the table, when a sharp cry of alarm rang through the house, and then—ah! he hardly knew, hardly dared to recall, what followed. Only he knew that Rosalie lay dead upstairs—that she had fallen lifeless without an instant's warning. The doctor had talked learnedly about unsuspected heart disease that had thus suddenly ended the bright young life. The house was filled by the cries of women, for Rosalie had been dear to them all; but the man who had loved her better than his life had no tears to shed. He sat, still in his evening dress, in the room where they had parted—he was stunned by the greatness of his awful grief—vainly trying to realize that it was really true that Rosalie was dead.

So the morning found him, and when the day had well begun it seemed to him that the silver snake, lying where Rosalie had thrown it, stirred strangely, for surely its head was raised and a shiver ran through all the glistening coils. He stared at the thing, wondering if it had power to move while the hand that had lately flung it down lay cold and dead. Then, as if stirred by some weird fascination, he turned his head slowly towards the long French windows that still stood open. Presently he knew why his eyes had been drawn thither; he was no longer alone, for a woman stood upon the threshold, framed, as it were, in the greenery of the creeping plants that clustered round the opening, and as he looked upon her face he sprang to his feet with one word upon his lips, and that was her name.

"Lachme!"

She came towards him, seeming to float rather than walk, her every movement full of sinuous grace and her footfall making no sound upon the soft pile of the carpet.

"Yes, it is I," she answered, as she fell at his feet, and her voice was low and sweet, though strangely monotonous, like the cooing of a dove, "my love. Ah! did you think I should forget? And I told you," she answered, laying a soft brown hand upon his wrist, "that we should meet again in another land when the fair face that was thrust between us then should be but dust. Say, did I not speak the truth?"

"Great heavens, yes!" St. Lawrence cried, and, as in horror, dragged his hand from her hold. Was it true, as the natives had said, that this was some witchwoman, and had her charms had power to rob him of his love?

"Yes, I spoke the truth!" she cried, after a pause, during which John St. Lawrence strode up and down the room, and her black eyes followed his unceasingly. "You told me you must return to your own country, to wed the wife that had been chosen for you by your people, for you were poor and she was rich. But it was me, and me alone, you really loved."

"I was mad, but I had not met her then," St. Lawrence muttered, and he hated himself for ever having uttered such wild, foolish words that to her had seemed true.

Lachme heard the words, low as they were spoken, and a sudden flush, half incredulous, half scornful and wholly angry, lit up her dusky eyes. On the table between them the silver coils of the snake gleamed and glimmered in the morning light, and more than once her brown hands stole cautiously towards it as towards an instrument of vengeance, only to pause half way.

"I asked if nothing could make your cousin's riches yours except by marrying her," Lachme went on, "and you replied that nothing could but her death. Ah, you start, now; you had forgotten those words, but you remember them well enough now. Then, I told you we should meet again when she was dead, and you, having all her wealth, would be free to claim me from all the world, free to marry me, my love—my love."

"You are mad to speak like that to me, Lachme," he said, and his tone, more than any words, told her of the gulf that yawned between them. "When I left India I told you that the parting was for ever. You can be nothing to me now."

"But she is dead—dead, as I foretold," Lachme said, and he recalled with a thrill of remorse how he had made his engagement to his English cousin an excuse for leaving this woman.

"You need not speak of her," he answered, his voice, in spite of his self-control, broken by a rising sob. "It is enough that all between us is over long ago, and can never be revived."

With a curious gesture, whose sinuous grace was strangely like the uncoiling of a serpent, Lachme rose to her feet and seized the silver snake in her hands.

"You scorn me now," she said, and her voice was a hiss. "You no longer love me, yet it was I that gave you the means to free yourself from this girl whom you were forced to marry. As I came through the village I heard them say Rosalie Beaumont lay dead, and you, her lover, were half-mad with grief. I laughed as I heard them, and I laugh again now. You play your part well, Capt. St. Lawrence, and it is wise, for your English law is strict, and you must allay suspicion—so you—you pretend to be bowed with grief—you who were her murderer!"

"What madness is this!" St. Lawrence cried. "I loved her with all my heart and strength; had she been poor I should have loved her just the same."

"Yet you murdered her!" The low, mocking voice had something in its tone that carried conviction with it; the horror of the words crept into his blood, and seemed to turn heart and brain to ice. He staggered back to sink into a chair, his lips parted to ask the question he could not frame in words.

"It is true," Lachme retorted, and with a gesture full of superb triumph she held the silver snake towards him. "You remember you told me of your betrothal to your cousin whom you did not love, and then it came to my ears that you were buying presents to take home to friends in your own far-off land. It wanted but a woman's quickness to guess which of all would be given to your future wife and so I contrived that you should buy this silver snake. The handsomest and most curious of all your gifts would surely be for her.

"That silver snake was fashioned by six men of old, there is a charm laid upon it, and poison hid amid the scales, So that any whose arm it clasps shall surely die. Look at it again, the instrument of your freedom, and of my revenge; see, I can handle it in safety, yet if those inner coils did but grip my flesh no power on earth could save me. Was I not right, then, when I said you were Rosalie Beaumont's murderer?"

"Are you fiend or woman!" he cried, hoarsely, and, indeed, she seemed more than mortal then; she might have been a bronzed statue of triumphant hate as she stood before him with that mocking smile on her dark face, the coiling snake upon her outstretched hand glittering wildly in the light. But at the words a change came to her, for suddenly the snake fell from her grasp and in a moment more she was crouching by his side, her lithe, sinewy arms twined about his neck, her red lips pressing burning kisses upon his.

"Only a woman to you," she whispered, "only a woman whom your love can make more happy, my beloved, my beloved!"

Her caress, the clinging of those soft brown arms, the murmur of that sweet voice maddened him. His loud grief

HAD BROUGHT ABOUT THIS WOMAN'S DEATH.

for his lost Rosalie ran in his heart like a delirium and he hated doubly this woman whose arts had brought about her death. Dimly he was conscious of something that seemed a fire surging to his brain, something from which a temptation sprang, and then the emerald eyes of the silver snake looked into his own, and Lachme's passion-lighted face faded from his gaze.

It was but for a moment, then a half-strangled scream rang through the room, an inarticulate cry of mortal fear that, though it was wordless, yet seemed to carry the refrain; "It was for love of you I sinned—all for love for you."

The darkness cleared away and his senses returned, for in a paroxysm of horror he sprang to his feet. Lachme's clasp had relaxed—she crouched upon the floor, inert, helpless, dying—yet with her dark eyes to the last fixed upon his face, and round her dusky neck gleamed the coils of the silver snake, and he knew his hand had clasped it there. He had used such force that drops of blood were falling from beneath the scales where the poison-covered darts were hidden. It was his hand that had brought about this woman's death even while she had caressed him, and frantic with horror of what he had done he tore the snake from her throat and flung it from him into the smouldering fire.

In that last moment of her life she understood something of his remorse, for he saw the death-dimmed eyes brighten into a faint smile as they looked into his; then from the coals where the snake writhed like a living thing there came a flash of blue flame, a cloud of pungent smoke, and when the darkness cleared away he knew that Lachme lay dead at his feet; and lo! there in the doorway, clad in the white robes of death, Rosalie his love stood piteously, with imploring hands outstretched to him.

The doctors found an explanation of Rosalie's awakening to life from the brink of the grave; but, though the world accepted it, it hardly satisfied St. Lawrence. Generally it was said that the poison concealed in the snake was one of which a minute quantity will cause a trance and a slightly larger amount inevitably produces instant death, so that though Lachme fell a victim to the awful thing from the force with which it was clasped about her throat, Rosalie escaped because, shrinking from the slight scratch the darts inflicted, she tore the serpent almost instantly from her arm.

But John St. Lawrence has his own opinion, and—though he never speaks of it—deep in his heart lurks a belief in wild Indian magic, with the memory of a legend that tells how the sacrifice of a witch may bring the dead to life. None knew exactly how Lachme died, for the story was hushed up and almost forgotten by the time John St. Lawrence and Rosalie were married—a few months later.

He is quoted as an ideal English gentleman—gentle, generous, honorable, and true—yet, as he takes his idolized young wife in his arms and kisses her, not even her charm can make him forget how his hand caused the death of the woman who, barbarian as she was, had yet loved him lavishly, as only orientals can love—as he can never hope to be loved again.—Black and White.

A SCENE IN ANCIENT GREECE.

The Great Annual Gathering at the Olympian Games.

About the first of the Olympic month war and battle-sound ceased throughout the length and breadth of Hellas. The distant roads which led to Olympia were thronged with pilgrims bound on a journey almost as sacred as that of the pilgrimage to Mecca by the devout Mahommedan. As the distance lessened and the time neared, the travelers became more numerous, and it seemed as if Greece dispatched all her bravest and strongest and noblest sons into these converging currents. On horseback and muleback, on foot and in litter, some carrying their simple luggage upon their backs, some with elaborate wagons containing splendid camp equipage and the richest wines and foods guarded by a retinue of servants, they choked each route with an army of teeming life. The five festival days were a great national picnic, where almost everything was enjoyed in the open air under a glorious midsummer sky. A few of the distinguished visitors were cared for in the temples; but a majority, even of the wealthy, chose the free life of their own tents.

The daily scene, one can fancy, was rich with life and pictorial effect. One of the fairest of Greek valleys, with snow-crowned heights in the background, its own bosom crowned with the white-pillared beauty of a hundred temples and public edifices, is filled with thousands of tents of every color, like gigantic flowers. During the hours when the visitors do not resort to the stadium to thrill with the terrible struggles of the runners or wrestlers or boxers, or to watch the smoking horses in the hippodrome, they amuse themselves at the booths of the traders and chapmen. For from all parts of the civilized world merchants have gathered to sell their wares, ranging from the rarest jewels and most elaborate goldsmith work to simple articles of daily use.

Olympia was indeed the arena of the greatest public games of antiquity, for we can scarcely call by this name the cruelties of the Roman amphitheater; but it was also the site of one of its busy and active fairs, a "national exposition" under canvas, every four years.

Mental enjoyment of the higher sort was not missing from the entertainment. The leading tragedies were represented in one of the finest theaters of Greece. Poets and historians came here also to recite their new works, and so to publish their fame to the world. It is said that many of the stirring odes of Pindar were made public in this way, and that Herodotus, the father of history, first read his delightful story before the audience at an Olympian festival.—G. T. Ferris, in St. Nicholas.

"BR—R—UTE!" SHE SAID.

The Little Man Gave Up a Seat to a "Wash Lady," Who Crushed Her Sleeves.

Verily, the worm will turn, even the downtrodden, patient made worm found in street cars. He turned the other day on the Madison avenue line. He was a sickly looking man, of middle age, who entered and gazed about anxiously for a seat. About the middle of the car he detected signs of hope where a bird of gaudy plumage had preempted a 15-cent reservation with her balloon sleeves. Even a half way civil shrinkage on her part would have made him happy, but her royal thoughts were full of Easter, and she never budged as he stood before her in the aisle.

Her neighbor's heart surrendered a few inches of space, and he used that opening wedge till the gaudy grabber, with the usual street car look of withering contempt, yielded enough more to make him easy—on a pinch.

Three or four blocks further on a stupendous recruit was added to the company. She carried a market basket and had the breadth of the Liberty statue. At once the sick-looking passenger became aroused to the demands of chivalry, offered his scant accommodations to the buxom dame and retired to the platform to watch results.

The space resigned was an awful misfit, but that didn't bother the fortunate winner. It was the furious heart of the gaudy creature that broke under the mass of determined plebeian flesh at her side. She turned red, white and blue, bit her lips at the spectacle of crushed wings, and darted javelins of wrath toward the platform. The audience gasped and smiled. She signaled a stop. As she angrily flounced past her merciless foe that dear old word "brute" came hissing hot from her mouth.—N. Y. Herald.

Great Power for High Speed.

The large amount of fuel required for very high speed racing boats has been the subject of thorough investigation by experts, in order, if possible, to reduce the quantity of coal necessary for this purpose. Some of the British torpedo boat chasers are thought to be the most perfect vessels of their class in existence, but in order to attain a 30-knot speed, they must carry 60 tons of coal. This is fully one-quarter of their entire sea-going displacement. Under high speed they consume between three and a half and four tons of coal an hour. To propel a vessel with a speed of 20 knots an hour, the consumption of fuel is tremendous. Twenty-seven knots an hour is the best speed of the ordinary torpedo boat. In order to reach the 30-knot line fully 50 per cent. more fuel is required. —N. Y. Ledger.

A New Kind of Thread.

"John," said the young wife, "mind you stop and get me a spool of poultry thread."

"What kind of thread, my dear?"

"Oh, I couldn't describe it so you'd understand. You men are so stupid. The clerk will know. Tell him you want it for basting the chicken. And you can go on down to the dress goods counter and get the dressing. Just get it in the piece and I'll make it the way the cook book says."—Texas Siftings.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Scientists say now that handshaking conveys disease." "Of course; that's the way the grip got started."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

—Photographer—"Your pose is all right, my friend, but don't you think a smile would be an improvement?" Jerseyman—"Guess it would. Fetch on the nectar."—Richmond Dispatch.

—Mr. Speckilate—"Awfully dull in the wheat pit to-day. Buyers and sellers didn't get together at all." Mrs. Speckilate—"Why don't they mark it down and have a bargain sale?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—The Old Gentleman was reading his history book aloud—"The prince of Wales in 1750—" The Old Lady—"The prince of Wales in 1750! Goodness, I didn't know he was such an old man as that!"—Tit-Bits.

—Friend—"How does it happen that you have so many Japanese things in your room?" Young Wife—"Just before I was married the contents of a Japanese store were sold at auction. All these things are wedding presents." —Fliegende Blaetter.

—Mrs. Fogg—"I've got some news for you, David. Carrie's engagement is broken." Mr. Fogg—"I'm not at all surprised. Since that new girl came into the house there has hardly been a day when something hasn't been broken."—Boston Transcript.

—"One of the strong points about this carpet, ma'am," said the salesman, "is that it won't show dirt as plainly as some others. You wouldn't have to sweep it nearly as often as—" "I shouldn't have to sweep it at all, young man," interrupted Mrs. Gaswell, with much sharpness. "We keep a hired girl."—Chicago Tribune.

—Some reformers may urge that in the ages distant, future patriotism, like the habit of monogamous marriage, will become a needless and obsolete virtue; but just at present the man who loves other countries as much as he does his own is quite as noxious a member of society as the man who loves other women as much as he loves his wife.—Theodore Roosevelt, in Bachelor of Art.

BALLAST FROM DUCKS.

A Scientific Discovery That Elucidated a Puzzling Mystery.

"Few people credit a duck with the sense he really possesses," said Fred Ozenne, a disciple of Nimrod. "For years I had been wondering what had caused the presence of a good-sized pebble bank on the shore of the lake in the Grandivola section of the Louisiana marsh. Had it been a sand bank I could have understood it, but it was composed of pebbles, all very much alike, rounded and smooth almost to a size, and apparently differing from the small stones found in the gravel beds of the south. Several of the hunters in that section had seen the pebble beach and, like myself, they could not understand it. All winter long it seemed fresher than at other times, and during the summer the grass would kinder cover its upper portion and the mud from the fresh water dim the luster of the stones near the edge. There was not another beach like it in the marsh.

"One winter, in fact, it was just when the first cold spell had struck us, I was hunting with a friend in the lake I spoke of. It was one of the finest ducking spots in the state. This was before they had begun to make glue from the eggs in Canada. When we reached the lake there was not a duck to be seen. The next morning I was hiding in the grass near the pebble beach when I heard a sound of wings and a large flock of mallard settled near me. Before I could raise my gun the entire lot walked out on the pebble bank, and to my astonishment, began to disgorge a lot of small stones like the ones already there. This occupied but a short time, and the flock began quacking and sailed into the lake, and I shot several. This settled the mystery of the pebble beach. In the spring I was again hunting in the lake. When the first warm weather came the ducks began to go home. They would come to the beach, and after a few preliminaries swallow a lot of pebbles, then fly around for a minute in order to see if their balance was all right. If they were too heavy they would disgorge a few stones, or, if too light swallow a half-dozen more.

"I found by observation that in order for the ducks to make long flights it was necessary for them to fill up with a certain number of stones to secure a proper equilibrium for the return trip. After I found this out I always had plenty of game to show my friends."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Uses of Emery.

For many years most of the emery has been brought from Turkey and the Greek islands. Its value for cutting and polishing has been known since the beginning of history. Very crude methods are in use for obtaining this substance for market. Enormous fires are built on or against the rocks, which are then broken or cracked by throwing jets of cold water against them. Emery has many uses, among which are its employment in polishing and cutting. Being so unmanagable, it for a long time defied the efforts of man to put it into available shape, but at length it was cemented into usable forms, and it was molded into wheels. Emery millstones are a later-day improvement. They are the most practical of all stones, because they are not affected by heat, and the face is always sharp. As cutting and polishing powder, emery is of great value, and emery sandpaper is an important article of manufacture.—N. Y. Ledger.

Pickled Tea.

Pickled tea is used in Burmah as a sort of sauerkraut. The young leaves are boiled, poured into pits about six feet deep, lined with plantain leaves, and covered with earth, and are kept there for months. They are then used either to make tea or are eaten after being soaked in oil with garlic or dried fish.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Nervous

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Cured

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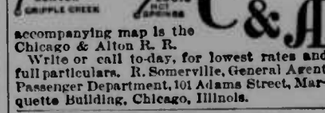

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TEMPERANCE.

AN EASTER REFORM.

How Little Carroll Brought Conviction to Her Drunken Father's Heart.

It was Easter day some years ago. A city church was beautifully decorated with sweet flowers and fragrant vines for the occasion.

The lovely service was well on the way when a little girl stole in silently, and half fearfully seated herself on a bench just within the doorway. At first she looked around apprehensively, wondering if anyone would send her out. She was small, thin, and exceedingly pale, but there was something interesting in her tear-stained face. The soul was shining through her big blue eyes as she listened to the jubilant song of the white-robed choir boys.

The birds sang too as if they would split their little throats, and the listening child, with her soul in her eyes, fancied they, too, sang:

"He is risen!
He is risen!"

The little face grew radiant. For a brief, happy moment Carroll, the little daughter of a drunkard, believed that "Gladness filled the world to-day." She had forgotten that she was hungry and that wretchedness was her portion in this world.

But a stir in the large assembly recalled her wandering thoughts from Heaven to earth; she remembered, with a twinge of pain that she was only little Carroll Breega, the daughter of a drunkard.

The service was closing. She must slip out as she had come in, unnoticed. She went out softly, and hurried along the board walk so as "to be out of sight," she told herself, "before the silks and the satins and the velvets come." Just as she was about to disappear into a narrow alleyway, she picked up a rose from the sidewalk, and a smile brightened her face again.

"Oh," she thought gladly and gratefully, "I'm so happy I found it—the dear thing! One of the silks or satins or

MOTHER AND CHILD KNELT BESIDE HIM.

velvets dropped it, most likely, and she won't care—not a bit—'cause she's got lots more—lots."

When she reached home she gave the rose to her mother, a sad-faced woman, whose beautiful brow was prematurely drawn with lines of sorrow.

"Oh, how lovely!" said the surprised mother. "Where did you get it, dear?"

"I found it on the walk on my way home from church."

"From church! You, certainly don't mean that you were at church, Carroll?"

"Yes, mamma."

"In your rags? Oh, my little Carroll, how could you go?"

"Why, you see, I just couldn't seem to help it. I was passing by, and I heard the music—it seemed as if the angels were singing, so I went in."

"Did not anyone tell you to go out?"

"No one saw me that I know of except an old man—the sexton, I guess—and he didn't say a word, only smiled. Oh, mamma, I wish you had been there, it was so lovely! It smelled like a great flower garden, and looked like one, so beautiful! And little boys—a whole lot of them—with white robes on, sang and sang and sang, and the birds sang, too:

"'He is risen!
He is risen!
Christ our Lord is risen to-day.'"

"And the minister said that we would rise, again, all of us, and I thought how beautiful it is that dear little Jamie and sweet Beth will rise again. We'll be so glad, won't we, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear, very, very glad. It gives me strength to live thinking of that blessed day."

"I am very hungry, mamma; is there anything to eat?"

The mother's only reply was a look of agony.

"Never mind," continued Carroll. "I've been thinking, mamma, if you and I should die of starvation, we would rise again and never hunger any more."

The mother sobbed aloud.

"It would be better so," she moaned.

"Mamma, dear," it was Carroll's voice again, "if papa should die, will he rise again?"

"Hush," begged the afflicted woman, wringing her hands.

She did not want to think of the resurrection day in connection with her wretched husband.

But the latter, in a little room near by, where he lay recovering from a spree, heard the question: "If papa should die, will he rise again?"

He opened his eyes suddenly, and with a great effort raised himself on his pillow, his grimy hands clutching nervously at the old bedspread. There was a look of horror in his bleared eyes. His mouth quivered, his lips moved as if he would speak, then he sank back on his pillow, where he lay prostrated with agony.

"If a man die, shall he live again?"

The question seemed dancing before his bloodshot eyes.

"If a man die, shall he live again?"

The sweat stood in great drops upon him. Oh, what a sickening problem for a drunkard to solve.

And if he should live again—then what? A rock, horrible with breakers, was just ahead of him; sometimes it would vanish like a dissolving view, but a whirlpool, cruel and treacherous, would take its place.

"If a man die, shall he live again?"

"Yes," he groaned, for he had been a man of intellect once, "yes, he will live again."

He knew that death was not annihilation, now that he thought of it. He shuddered as he realized that he might have taken a fearful leap in the dark.

"I warn you to flee from the wrath to come," sounded in his ears.

"No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God."

A spasm of coughing shook his whole body. The door of his room, which had been ajar, was wide open. His wife and her little daughter stood on the threshold, looking at him, and yet fearing to go nearer.

As soon as he could speak he called, gently:

"What do you want?"

"To help you, if I can," answered his wife, slowly approaching his bedside.

"To help you," echoed Carroll, clinging closely to her mother's skirts.

He held out his long, thin arms wistfully.

Mother and child knelt beside him.

"If I die," he said, his voice choking with tears of repentance and gratitude, "I shall live again—in Heaven. God help me!"

But he is still living in this world. The putting off of the drink habit brought him health and strength, as well as the "peace that passeth understanding."

God saved him as if by fire.

I wish you could see the home of Carroll now this Eastertide, but it is so joyous and beautiful that you would not recognize it. No one is ever hungry there or cold or sorrowful, for Carroll truly says: "Our home is a little Heaven on earth."—Ernest Gilmore, in National Temperance Advocate.

BITS AND BREVITIES.

OLD men are drunkards, because young men drink.—Ram's Horn.

THERE is a drop of the devil's gall in every glass of beer.

THINK of this boys! All the gold and iron and coal which Australia produces in 50 years it drinks away in ten.

THE consumption of absinthe in France has increased at an alarming rate. It is stated that there is one absinthe seller in Paris to every three houses.

CAN anyone furnish a single good reason why we should christen our battle ships or any other ships with wine? They float in water, they are driven by vaporized water, and with water they should be christened.—National Temperance Advocate.

THE consumption of two ounces of alcohol—obtained from three glasses of whisky—in 24 hours necessitates 6,000 extra beats of the heart, equal to lifting one ton one foot high.—Scottish Reformer.

THE boy who spends his money for beer, wine, whisky, or tobacco saddles upon himself an appetite which can never be fully gratified without most seriously endangering his life, and is quite sure, if he lives until he is 50 or 60 years of age, to spend a sum of money which would give him a comfortable home.—National Temperance Advocate.

HER BLUE RIBBON.

How a Little Three-Year-Old Explained What It Meant.

A little girl of three, the youngest in a family, was recently rescued in a mission attached to a church of the late Dr. Crosby. They all tied on the blue ribbon, and worked with and for the redeemed husband and father. It happened one day in a public conveyance that this bit of color on the little tot caught the eye of a distinguished clergyman who officiates in a neighboring church. Bending his small form to her small capacity, he said, kindly: "Can my little girl tell me why she wears this piece of blue ribbon?" "Yes, sir," replied the child, looking up into his face with artless assurance; "that means not to drink any beer. We don't any of us drink beer at our house now. And since papa has stopped drinking beer he gets us all nice clothes, and he's just the best papa that ever was." Ah, we wish this active, enterprising clergyman would give the little children of his own missions the privilege of learning such things from books and oral teaching, and forstall the teachings of the dram shop.—Neal Dow.

TEARS ENOUGH TO FLOAT IT.

Comment on the Christening of the Kentucky with Whisky.

Miss Richardson, the "belle" of Kentucky, who was selected to christen the new ship, said that as the ship was to be named Kentucky it would be appropriate to vary the wonted programme and substitute a bottle of Bourbon whisky for the bottle of wine, and then again she said that it would look too much like an advertisement of Bourbon whisky and it was arranged to get samples of all the Kentucky whiskies, and, mixing them in one bottle, break the bottle over the prow of the war ship, and this was done. A lady, commenting upon this, says: "If all the tears of women and children that have been shed in Fayette county, in which Miss Richardson and I were born, as the result of the misery and suffering induced by Kentucky whisky, had been bottled as were those whisky samples, there would be enough of this to bring bitter rain distilled from broken hearts to rechristen every one of the 76 ships of the American navy and the 567 ships of the English navy."

The Lowest Type of Creation.

The lowest type of creation is not the woman that crawls in the coffin; is not the lizzard that pollutes the well; is not the maggot that infests the carrion. Oh! where is the lady that would not rather be a green bottle fly than the creature that puts the green bottle on the tavern bar, and says: 'Well, drink hearty boys, I am with you."—Patriot-Phalanx.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Thirty years ago there were only two dozen explosive compounds known to chemists; now there are over a thousand.

—Prof. Meterieht, the Paris meteorologist, calculates that a bright, hot day in midsummer sees not less than 3,280,000,000 tons of water evaporated from the surface of the Mediterranean sea.

—California has been shipping oranges to Florida for several months, and perhaps it is only human nature that the Californians should show some little selfish satisfaction in this remarkable victory over a once strong competitor.

—Krupp, the big gun manufacturer, owns about 4,000 houses which he rents to his 27,000 workingmen on a basis of only two per cent. on the capital invested. He has also erected bathhouses, hospitals and barracks for times of epidemic diseases.

—Ants have brains larger in proportion to the size of their bodies than any other living creatures. They are endowed with a high quality of instinct, display reasoning ability and good judgment and possess powers of reflection and calculation.

—A trapper from Morristown, Vt., has just received from a fur dealer in Montreal an order for 1,000 live skunks, the second order of the kind he has had. He filled the first order with comparative ease and thinks it will be almost as easy to fill this one.

—The Edgar Thomson plant of the Carnegie steel company has begun work upon an order of 16,000 tons of steel rails for the Japanese government. This is the first order of steel rails ever placed by Japan in this country. The rails are 60 feet long and weigh 56 pounds to the yard.

PLAGUE OF RATS AND MICE.

Russian Provinces Overrun with the Pests and Crops Destroyed.

Such a plague as civilized man never experienced has, during the past two years and a half, afflicted the people of certain provinces of Russia. It is a plague of rats and mice. It has caused tremendous damage to property, and, in some instances, endangered the lives of the people. So abnormal has been the increase of the pestiferous rodents in certain localities in the agricultural districts that the afflicted provinces have literally been swept clean of grain in both field and granary. Having destroyed the crops, the little animals have invaded dwelling houses, and, in scores of cases, ruined them as places of abode. Heroic measures were adopted by the inhabitants to rid themselves of the plague. Colonies of cats and terrier dogs were imported into the districts, but after a little while neither the cats nor the dogs would pay the slightest attention to the rodents. The government was then appealed to by the suffering people and recourse was had to scientific means of ridding the country of the mice. Eminent bacteriologists were employed by the government to devise plans to inoculate the rodents with infectious disease, and so successful were they that the rats and mice died by the million. By this means the plague was practically stamped out early last summer.

The numerous stories related by Consul Heenan of how and why, in the opinion of the people, the army of rodents swarmed over the fields, country houses and village dwellings, the indifference to their presence shown by both cats and dogs, and the absolute refusal of the cats and dogs to molest the rodents, would form a chapter more sentimental perhaps than instructive. The peasantry believe that the mice undertake extensive migrations en masse under foreboding of impending failure of crops in those localities where the mice originated.

Consul Heenan says that millions of the animals were drowned in the wells and rivers, and that, therefore, the population of the afflicted localities was obliged to discontinue the use of water from the wells and to abstain from fish, particularly pike, as food, because it was discovered that they contained mice.—Cleveland Leader.

An Unaffected Princess.

Of all members of the royal family the duchess of Fife is the one who dislikes publicity the most, and probably no other princess goes into public so often without being recognized. The duchess is extremely fond of walking and does most of her shopping on foot, and as she generally wears a thick veil her identity is seldom revealed. Her great royal highness does not care about festivities and particularly dislikes the official ceremonies of the court, such as drawing-room and state concerts. The duchess is never so happy as when she is in the nursery with her two little girls, and, indeed, it may truly be said that she inherits all the home instincts of her mother, princess of Wales. The duchess, like her sisters, Princesses Victoria and Maud, is a good needlewoman, and has a knowledge of cooking such as would astonish a good many middle-class housekeepers.—Tit-Bits.

Her Idea of the Gift of Tongues.

The Boers have their own ideas as to the origin of the English language. They say that when Dame Nature was employed in giving tongues to the various nations she stood at a large table on which lay a piece of meat. She had a knife in her hand, and a pair of scissors lay on the table. With the one she cut the tongue out of the meat, and with the scissors she gave to each tongue its peculiarities. To her came all the nations. "De Franseman," "de Duitcher," and even "de Boesman" were provided for, but "de Engelsman" was not there. He had turned into a canteen on the roadside, it seems, for a drink, and when he arrived the meat was done. "Never mind," said Dame Nature, "there are plenty of snips on the floor—take half a dozen of these, join them together, and make a tongue for yourself."—Westminster Gazette.

AMERICAN JUGGLERS.

Indian Magicians Do Tricks That Astonish the Red Men.

Christian missionaries have found the Indian magic a serious obstacle to their evangelizing efforts. Sorcery is intimately associated with the aboriginal worship, and the savages, after astonishing the priests with their tricks, laugh at them, saying: "Your religion can't do such things." I happen to know of the case of a Jesuit priest who some years ago went to work among the Arapahoes and Cheyennes, west of the Mississippi. He gave up the business of saving their souls after awhile, and came away entirely discouraged. They did things which, he declared, were entirely beyond his understanding. The mystery men would go out on the bare, sandy prairie, where there was not a sprig of vegetation, and, after some chanting and various performances, grass would come up out of the ground—quite a patch of it, green and growing. He himself saw it grow, and there could be no doubt about it.

The bravest act I have ever known was performed by one of these Indian jugglers. A favorite trick of his was one that has often been performed by white magicians. It consisted in permitting himself to be shot at, the hocus-pocus being an arrangement by which the bullet fell out of the barrel into a cavity in the stock of the weapon before the latter was discharged. Meanwhile he had another bullet concealed in his mouth, which at the instant of firing he pushed outward with his tongue, so as to make it appear that he had caught the projectile between his teeth. Now, it happened that this man had a rival, who was engaged in the conjuring business in a neighboring village. On an occasion when the trick was to be performed, the juggler announcing, as usual, that he was ready to be shot at by anyone present, the rival stepped forward and said that he would do the shooting. But he demanded permission to use his own gun. Naturally the juggler objected, but his protest was overruled.

It was decided that the rival magician might use his own weapon. This meant almost sure death to the performer, yet he did not blanch. To refuse the test would have been permanent disgrace. There was one chance out of a hundred, perhaps, that the marksman might miss. He decided to take that chance, and so permitted the volunteer executioner to take deliberate aim and fire at him from a distance of half a dozen paces. An instant later he fell dead; the bullet had passed through his brain.

In some tribes of Indians it used to be the rule that a sorcerer who failed three times must pay the penalty of death. That regulation has been remarkably widespread among the savages. I understand it to have been accepted as far south as Patagonia on this continent, and undoubtedly it survives to this day in parts of Africa and elsewhere. But there was an ingenious magician of my acquaintance who saved himself from this fate by a little device of his contriving. Being permitted to furnish the bullet by which he was to be shot, he made one in a mold in which a piece of paper was inserted in such a manner that the ball was cast in two hemispheres. These he put together, causing them to hold by rubbing the edges with his knife blade. In this way at the same time the deception was concealed. On being fired from the gun, the bullet flew in halves, which, being of such a shape, scattered and left the man untouched. By this means he escaped on several occasions the penalty which ought to befall the wizard who is a failure. Finally, however, he was found out and executed.

I once saw an interesting trick performed inside of a ceremonial wigwam. There was a lot of dancing and mummery, in the midst of which a woman came forward and struck the ground in the middle of the lodge. Then a mystery man took his turn and began scratching with a stick on the spot which the woman had struck. In a minute or two were exposed to view the leaves of a full-grown wild turnip. The vegetable was dug up and thrown among the spectators, to show that there was no deception and to quell the appetite of the hungry ones. Scratching some more with his stick, the magician produced several more turnips—two or three dozen of them. It was really wonderful.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It Was a Fine Stream.

There is a "professional gentleman" in Portland who would make a successful horse swapper. Having a farm to sell recently, this descendant of the Pilgrims advertised it, and soon after words a gentleman called on him to speak about it.

"Well, judge," said he, "I have been over that farm you advertised and find it all right except the fine stream of water you mentioned."

"It runs through the piece of woods in the lowest part of the meadow," said the judge.

"What! that little brook? Why, it doesn't hold much more than a spoonful. I am sure if you would empty a bowl of water into it, it would overflow. You don't call that a fine stream, do you?"

"Well, if it were much finer you couldn't see it at all," said the judge, blandly.—Portland Express.

Complete Annihilation.

Perhaps you will allow me to send you the following specimen of a "bull" which I heard from a Roman Catholic pulpit in England. The preacher may have been an Irishman, but I am not sure. He was speaking of the transitoriness of earthly things. "Look at the great cities of antiquity!" he exclaimed, "where are they now? Why, some of them have perished so utterly that it is doubtful if they ever existed."—London Spectator.

Columbus' Example.

Columbus made the egg stand and now many of his fellow-countrymen are devoting themselves to making the peanut stand.—Philadelphia Record.

TO HELP BILL OUT.

The Poor Old Man Merely Wanted to Call All Bluffs.

One of the most innocent looking old men I ever saw came down to New York the other day from his farm in Pennsylvania to deal with green goods men, and, of course, he got left. Fortunately for him, he could raise only $150, and therefore he lost only that amount. I met him at the depot as an officer, and had him in tow to see that he got away safely, and when he had told the story of how he had been done for, I asked:

"You didn't expect to get $500 in good money for $150, did you?"

"No, I can't say I did," he replied.

"But you thought it would be money good enough to pass."

"Yes, they sent me two one-dollar bills, and they looked all right and passed all right."

"But you would be passing counterfeit money on your neighbors and causing them a loss."

"No, I wasn't goin' to pass any of it off on the nayburs. I wouldn't do sich a thing as that. I might hev got rid of some of it to chicken buyers and tin peddlers, but I wanted some of it for my son Bill. Bill is into politics and poker till you can't rest, but he hain't had a fair show. That's what I was goin' to gin him!"

"Just what do you mean?" I asked.

"Wall, when Bill goes about sayin' as how he'd bet $50 that so and so will be nominated fur president somebody yells at him to put up or shet up. He ain't got nuthin' to put up, and so he has to shet. If he's in a game of poker and got a good hand, he's got to call instead of raisin' the other fellers out o' the game. I've knowed him to lay down with three aces because he hadn't a dollar more to put up. Oh, no, I didn't mean nuthin' wrong. I wasn't goin' to beat the nayburs nor pass any of it off at the stores, but bein' Bill is the laziest and most shiftless critter in our county, I wanted to gin him a show at politics and poker, and make him airn his board and his clothes."

"But you lost your money?"

"Lost 'er slick and clean, and it was all I could raise, and from this time on Bill and me and the old woman will hev to take everybody's bluff and make the best of it. It will come hard, but some must bluff and some be bluffed, and I s'pose we'll somehow live through it!"—M. Quad, in Detroit Free Press.

SMALLEY ON THE ENGLISH.

Their Social Life Discussed by the Noted Correspondent to Yale Students.

George W. Smalley, the noted foreign correspondent, recently spoke under the auspices of the Phi Beta Kappa society at Yale on the subject, "Social Life in England." The lecture was delivered at New Haven for the first time, and was very instructive of the characteristics of society life in England. Mr. Smalley was introduced by Prof. Edward J. Phelps, of Yale, ex-minister to England. Mr. Smalley admitted in his prefatory remarks that there was much paltry and ignoble in London society, but he confined his description to the bright side of English social life. Mr. Smalley declared that not wealth, fame, honor, nor even rank alone, gave position in English society, and stated that many of the titled personages of the realm were outside the gates of what is known as society. He said that position in society in England was obtained and held only by a combination of leading traits of mind and character.

Mr. Smalley interspersed his talk with a vast number of pertinent anecdotes illustrating the different phases of London society life. He spoke of the manifest regard for the company of others by the members of London society, and declared that Mr. Gladstone was the only person in the last half century who had ever been able to ignore this rule without paying the penalty. He enumerated many of Gladstone's characteristics, showing him to be arbitrary at all times in society. In concluding, Mr. Smalley called the English "the greatest of actual races," and said that we had much to learn from them, they from us and the world from both.—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

Favored Lucindy Jane.

A noted eastern lecturer says that the most surprising compliment she ever received was at the close of a lecture she gave in a town in Idaho. The hall in which she lectured was crowded, and she noticed in the audience an elderly man who riveted his eyes upon her and listened with open mouth to every word she said.

He came up to the platform at the close of the lecture and said, heartily, while he grasped her hand until she winced with pain:

"Yer the livin' immidge o' Lucindy Jane, my first wife, an', what's more, you talk perzactly like her."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, you do. She could outjaw any other woman that ever walked the earth, an' ev'ry time you opened your mouth I could of took my oath it was Lucindy Jane come back to life. You only made me uncomfortable, seein' as I've been married three times since Lucindy Jane left me. Beats all how you favor Lucindy Jane. I tell you that you an' her would of made a great team."—Detroit Free Press.

Feminine Financiering.

Husband—Did you get that ten-dollar check your uncle sent you cashed yet?

Wife—No, I haven't been out.

Husband—Well, I am sending an order to a cigar dealer for two boxes of five dollar cigars. I don't want to send money in an envelope. You take this ten dollars and give me your check.

Wife—Certainly.

Husband (a day later)—More money! Why, my dear, what did you do with the ten dollars your uncle sent you?

Wife (in a huff)—You took it for cigars.—N. Y. Weekly.

Hopeless.

Wife—What do you think of Bridget's cooking?

Husband—I think if she tried to boil water, she'd burn it.—Tit-Bits.

FARMERS' BOYS' PLEASURES.

Always a Treasured Corner in His Memory in After Days.

It is probably true that a large proportion of the most ardent and enthusiastic sportsmen are those whose boyhood days were spent upon the farm; whose early associations were with the woods and fields, and whose recreations were largely found in hunting and fishing. Led by inclination or the force of circumstances to the large towns, confined to sedentary occupations and deprived for the greater part of the year of open air and freedom and exercise, men find that although the cords which bound the boy to his country home were very elastic when he pulled away, later in life they become tense and tug at the heart. Echoes and whisperings of the old days come back to the city man at his desk or counter, in the crowded streets or amid the whir of machinery. The odor of a flower, the note of a bird may bring the past all back to him; the subtle influence will be potent, and, a barefooted boy, he will again drive the cows to pasture through the dew of the morning. Again, the bubbling song of the bobolink or the clarion call of the bluejay will be borne to his ears; again the odor of the fresh-turned soil or the smell of the ripening corn will greet his nostrils; and yet, again, visions of summer fields rippling in the heat, or still autumn woods, whose leaves are falling "at the jarring of the earth's axis," will appeal to him and draw him—aye, drive him—to the meadow and forest once more.

In the sparsely-settled farming districts of the north one is apt to find his sympathy and commiseration going out to the children whose homes are in these lonely and seemingly unattractive places. Remote from towns and villages and compelled through scant companionship to rely upon their own resources for enjoyment, it would indeed appear that in their isolation and homely surroundings were things to be regretted. But if we knew all that these little people know, perhaps, we would find that they have less need of pity than ourselves; they are very close to nature, and nature takes care of her own. The first messages of spring are given to the farmer's boy. The mild south wind which softens the ice and sets the meadow brooks to overflowing also causes his spirits to thaw and overflow. It is to him that the first bluebird calls out her sweet and cheery welcome, and it is his sharp ears and eyes that discover the pioneer robin in the top of the tall maple. In his brown fist he brings home the earliest spring flowers, blue violets, anemones and adder's tongues. The pussy willow blooms for him before others see it, and all the creeping, crawling and flying things report their advent to him before the rest of the world is aware of their arrival. It is not always he who travels furthest that learns the most. The intelligent boy who has spent a dozen years or more on a 50-acre farm, almost every square foot of which he has worked over with hoe or ax or scythe, gets to have a very thorough knowledge of a large part of the earth's surface, even though he may never have crossed the limits of the county in which he was born. Being for the most part mechanically employed, his faculties are free to what is going on around him. He sees the wild creatures in all their moods, surprises them on their most furtive errands, and sooner or later draws their secrets from them.—Forest and Stream.

His Opportunity.

"Mean! Why, he's the meanest man that ever lived!"

"What has he been doing?"

"He has made a collection of all the presents that his wife has made him in the course of their married life—dressing-gowns, embroidered suspenders, shaving sets, slippers, neckties and hat bands—"

"And then?"

"Why, ever since she has put on bloomers he has been giving them back to her as anniversary presents on the anniversary of everything connected with their married life. In that time he hasn't bought her a single thing that pertains to femininity."—Chicago Post.

By the Roadside.

Boss Tramp—Here, w'at's dat awful smell in camp? Wa't's up?

Lazy Bones—O, dat Swoggies faked a clozeline las' night, and brung in a hull bundle of clean cloze. The smell on 'em is makin' us all plum sick.

"Dat's it. My nose is mighty sensitive, and I kin smell a washtub further'n I kin see it. Here, Swoggles, take dem cloze over to leeward o' camp, where de wind'll be away from us on 'em. Hain't you no consideration for our feelin's?"—National Tribune.

The Gem of the Collection.

Baron X—— had been going over the museum of a little country town, and when about to leave he asked the curator if there was anything more to be seen.

"Yes, baron," was the reply; "there remains a little casket."

"No doubt used as a deposit for the jewelry of some eminent personage?" inquired the baron.

"No, sir; that is where I put the tips given to me by visitors to the museum."—L'Illustration.

Cream Biscuit.

One pint of sour cream, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little warm water. Stir the soda into the cream, the white of one egg, well beaten, and a pinch of salt. When the cream foams nicely, stir into it as quickly as possible enough sifted flour to make a soft dough. Roll out, cut in biscuit form and bake in a quick oven.—N. Y. Ledger.

A Moral Certainty.

Caraway—Five years from now you won't find any liars at all among the Indians.

Hooks—What makes you think so?

Caraway—Why, by that time the government won't allow what is left of them to retain even a mental reservation.—Bay City Chat.

The Republican.

BENJAMIN SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G SMITH, Local Editor.

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THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1896.

THE election in Maryland in November will be for eight electors of the President and Vice President of the United States, six members of the House of Representatives of the United States, the entire First Branch of the City Council in Baltimore city and a judge of the Supreme Bench in Baltimore city.

MR. F. ALBERT KURTZ, formerly Assistant Postmaster of Baltimore, has been decided by Judge Dobler to be entitled to the office of Insurance Commissioner, which he was appointed by Gov. Lowndes. Thos. P. Townshend, who was appointed to the place after the resignation of I. Freeman Rasin in December, attempted to hold on to the office for the full term, Goy. Brown having issued to him a trick commission which omitted to state that he was appointed to fill out Rasin's unexpired term. Mr. Kurtz sued out a writ of mandamus to compel Townshend to give up the books and other property in the office, and Judge Dobler, sitting as of the Superior Court decides that he must do so. Townsend is awfully anxious to hold on to the office, and will carry the case to the Court of Appeals.

A Good Sign.

If you do not believe that the tide of Republicanism is still sweeping over the country, and is confining itself to no particular section, analyze the results of the recent State election in Louisiana. The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* mournfully goes at the task and extracts a significant object lesson.

The *Times-Democrat* calls attention to the fact that there are twenty-five parishes in the State of Louisiana which have in them a majority of white voters of 49,472, or rather of white males over twenty-one years of age. Instead of carrying these parishes by 49,472 majority, "as the Democracy ought to have done, and as it did in the old fight against the Republicans," it has actually lost them by 5,437. Twenty of these white parishes went Republican and only five went Democratic. The *Times-Democrat* also noted that in the New Orleans section of the State, where the voters are three white to one colored, the figures are almost reversed on the State ticket.

The result is significant in showing that the white people of Louisiana are ready to lay aside their old time prejudices and are willing to vote against the party with which they have been so long affiliated because its policy has brought upon them so much diaster. In the sugar districts race and sectional prejunices were forgotten completely. It is a good sign and the moral effect of it on the people of other southern States will be very great.

Money Measure.

Money is not only a measnre of values but a representative of values as well. In this it differs from a yardstick. The latter measures but does not represent. Two dollars measures, let us say, the value of a day's work. It also represents a day's work. At the close of the day the workman goes up for his wage. He wants food and clothing. That is what he has been working for. But it would be manifestly inconvenient for him to receive fresh meat which might spoil before he could carry it home, or other things which he might not be just then ready to receive, so the employer gives him two dollars in money. That represents his day's work, and he can exchange it at his convenience for such things that he may require and as he requires them. It is of great importance to the workman that the two dollars he receives for his work shall be good dollars, with the greatest possible purchasing power. At one time during the war two gold dollars would buy as much as six greenback dollars.

No kind of dollars will be of full purchasing power unless it can be readily exchanged for a gold dollar. And yet at this time a silver dollar will buy as much as a gold dollar. The reason of this is that by the act of 1890 it is the declared policy of the United States to keep the silver dollar equal to the gold dollar. And the government is ready at any time, or at least no one has any difficulty in getting a gold dollar in exchange for the silver dollar. As long as that continues the two will be equal, or, in other words, the parity of the two metals will be maintained at the ratio of 16 to 1. The danger of free coinage is that so many silver dollars would be coined that it would be impossible to exchange them for gold. The very instant that happens the silver dollar will depreciate; that is, it will buy less than a gold dollar, or only as much as the bullion contained in it is worth in gold. This is what has happened in all free-silver coinage countries. In Panama, it is said, there is a hotel where the rates are five dollars a day. Recently a traveler from the United States gave a five dollar gold piece at that hotel for a day's board, and, to his surprise, he received five dollars in change. The real rate was $2.50 a day, and the silver pieces, called dollars, were, in fact, only fifty cents. Free coinage would have the effect of driving gold dollars out of the United States, and the only circulating money would be dollars worth about fifty cents each. —Balto Sun.

Judge Stake for Congressional Honors.

A special dispatch to the Baltimore *Sun* from Hagerstown under date of Tuesday, says:

"It seems to be generally conceded among the Republicans of the sixth congressional district that Washington county is entitled to the nomination for Representative in the next Congress. The candidate has not been definitely agreed upon, but it is believed that if Judge Edward Stake will accept the nomination it will be given him. Judge Stake has only served five yerrs of his judicial term of fifteen years, but some of his most intimate friends assert that a practically unanimous call from the five counties would be sufficient to induce him to resign his seat on the bench inasmuch as his election in 1891 took him out of the political arena before his ambition had been fully satisfied. He is now holding court in the western end of the circuit and is probably not fully advised of the intentions of his friends.

"Fortunately for Judge Stake his position on the bench has kept him out of the factional quarrels which have broken out in various parts of the sixth district during the last four years, and on this account he is held so be available. It is also alleged that the active interest which Judge Stake has taken in agricultural affairs has given him a standing among the farmers, which will be advantageous should he become a candidate for Congress.

General Laws.

The Governor and Attorney General have selected thirty-four acts of assembly to be published in newspapers, to be designated by the president of the Senate and the Speaker of the House of Delegates. Of this number sixteen are Senate bills and eighteen House bills. Among the important ones are the fraternity societies bills, game, warden, immigration bill, license brokers, extending jourisdiction of Orphans' Court, regulating the pratice of medicine, prescribing the regulations and conditions upon which the board of public work shall sell the State's interest in all works of public improvements, the free school books bill, relating to health in workshops and factories, bay fishing, bicycle law, oyster tonnage, geological survey and others.

Call for Your Letters.

Jacob C. Caton, A. V. McDonnell, John Speicher, Charles Jurden, Dilun & Bros., Mrs. Cora Paugh, Miss K. W. Stephenson.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

Estate of Elias Smith, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

ELIAS SMITH,

late of Garrett County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legaly authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 24th day of October next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 14th day of April, 1896.

NANCY SMITH, Adm'tr'x,
Oakland, Md.

6–3

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the new county road, beginning at a point near the bridge that crosses Savage river on the Grantsville and Barton road, running through the lands of Elias Merrill, Amos Broadwater, John Broadwater, Mrs. Emanie Weitzell, Wm. H. Merrill and John F. Robeson to intersect the road leading from Noah Garlitz's mill to the head of A. J. Lancaster's lane, a distance of four miles, and examine whether the said new road should be made, will meet on the

FOURTH DAY OF JUNE, 1896,

for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said new road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN J. MICHAEL,
F. P. GREEN,
DAVID S. WAMPLER,
Examiners.

RECEIVER'S SALE

—OF A—

Delightful Summer Resort.

Joseph P. Alderson vs. Loch Lynn Heights Hotel Company et al.

In the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of West Virginia.—In Equity.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of the authority vested in me, by a consent decree entered in said cause on the 11th day of January, 1896, I, the undersigned receiver, appointed in said cause by said court, will on

Thursday, the 21st Day of May, 1896,

at 10 o'clock a. m., offer at public auction to the highest and best bidder, on the premises at Loch Lynn Heights, near Mountain Lake Park, in Garrett county, Maryland, the following described property, which is mentioned and described in the bill and proceedings in said cause, to-wit:

First—All that lot or parcel of ground situated in the said county of Garrett and state of Maryland, and known and described as "Hotel Reserve" on the plat of the Mountain Home Company, as recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 1, folio 2, one of the plat records of the said county of Garrett, and described by the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, to-wit: Beginning at a point north 6¾° east 35 feet from station "1"; thence north 20° 15' west 175.75 feet; thence north 15.09° 45' east 39 feet; thence south 20° 15' east 154.2 feet; thence north 69° west 301 feet to the beginning, containing 1.42+ of an acre.

Second—All that lot or parcel of ground situated in the said county of Garrett and state of Maryland, and described on the plat of the said Mountain House Company as "Hotel Lawn," and described by the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, to-wit: Beginning at a stake situated north 26½° east 40 feet, and south 63½° east 42 from Station "10," one of the permanent stations of Loch Lynn Heights; thence by a curvature whose radius is 199.5 feet and one-half circumference is 375.1 feet; thence north 69½° east 173 feet; thence by a curvature whose radius is 199.5 and one-half circumference is 375.4 feet; thence south 69½° west 179 feet to the beginning, containing 2.01 acres.

Third—All those lots, pieces or parcels of ground situated in the said county of Garrett and state of Maryland and described on the plat of the said Mountain Home Company by the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, to-wit: Beginning at a corner of lot on Seneca avenue and corner of lot on which the cottage formerly owned by George P. White stands, and running thence south 63½° east 120 feet, south 26½° west 70 feet, south 63½° east 243 feet, north 26½° east 142 feet, north 63½° west 30 feet, north 20½° east 206 feet; thence north 66° west 300 feet to the beginning, containing 1½ acres, more or less.

Fourth—All of that lot or parcel of ground situated in the county of Garrett and state of Maryland and described on the plat of the Mountain Home Company by the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, to-wit: Beginning at a stake situated on the south line of J. C. Alderson's addition to Loch Lynn Heights, being south 63½° east 362 feet, and then south 26½° west 385 feet from Station "D," one of the stations of Loch Lynn Heights, and the centre of Tallise street, and running thence south 63½° east with the center of Tallisee street 147 feet to the centre of —— street; thence south 26½° west 1,230 feet with —— street to the centre of Alabama street extended; thence with the centre of Alabama street north 63½ degrees west 147 feet to White's line; thence with White's line and "Alderson's Addition" north 26½° west 1,230 feet to the beginning, containing 12¼ acres of land more or less.

There is situated on the said tract No. 1 a large, elegant and well arranged modern

NEW SUMMER HOTEL,

three stories high, containing about 100 guest chambers, large, elegant and well lighted and ventilated dining rooms, reception rooms, ball room and parlor, furnished throughout with elegant new furniture, supplied with modern water closets and other conveniences and also with an abundance of water, and surrounded on three sides with a wide and beautiful veranda.

This hotel was opened to guests by Mrs. L. B. C. List for the first time last year and during the summer season was completely filled. The said tract No. 1 and the said hotel building and its furniture and appurtenances will be sold together. The said tract No. 2 will be sold by itself, and the said tracts Nos. 1 and 2 together with the said hotel building, furniture and appurtenances, will be sold subject to the terms, provisions and conditions of a certain lease thereof, executed by the undersigned receiver to the said Mrs. L. B. C. List, on the 6th day of June, 1895, for the term of two years, seven months and twenty-four days beginning on the said 6th day of June, 1895, and ending on the first day of April, in the year 1898, for the sum of four thousand dollars ($4,000); nine hundred dollars of which was due and was paid on the 1st day of October, 1895; fourteen hundred dollars of which will be due on the 1st day of October, 1896, and seventeen hundred dollars of which will be due on the 1st day of October, 1897.

The terms, provisions and conditions of the said lease will be more particularly stated on the day of sale, and a copy thereof may be seen at any time at the law office of J. B. Sommerville, in the city of Wheeling, West Virginia. The purchaser of the said property will be entitled to the rent reserved in said lease from and after the day of sale, and the said lease will be assigned by the receiver to the purchaser, who will be entitled to and will be required to take the place of said receiver as landlord of the property embraced in said lease. The said third and fourth tracts are laid out and divided into lots, streets and alleys, and will first be offered as an entirety, and each of them will also be offered separately, and the said lots will then be offered separately or in pairs, and said property will be sold in the way in which it will produce the most money.

TERMS OF SALE.—Said sale will be made upon the following terms and conditions, to-wit: One-third, or so much more as the purchaser may elect, cash on the day of sale, one-third in six months and one-third in one year from the day of sale, with interest from that day at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and the purchaser shall have the option to pay the deferred instalments at any time before the same shall be due, with interest to the time of payment, the deferred instalments to be secured by the purchaser's notes and the title to be retained until the notes are paid. The purchaser of the hotel and furniture will be required to carry not less than fifteen thousand dollars ($15,000) insurance thereon, for the receiver's benefit.

J. B. SOMMERVILLE, Receiver.
Wheeling, W. Va., April 16, 1896. 7-4.

ANNUAL LEVY, 1896.

Annual Levy for Garrett County, Maryland, levied on the 10th day of April, 1896, by the Board of County Commissioners for Garrett County, Maryland.

ROAD LEVY, 1897.

District No. 1.—Swanton	$ 670 00
" " 2.—Selbysport	1,175 00
" " 3.—Grantsville	650 00
" " 4.—Bloomington	500 00
" " 5.—Accident	850 00
" " 6.—Sang Run	650 00
" " 7.—Oakland	1,100 00
" " 8.—Ryan's Glade	500 00
" " 9.—Johnsons	500 00
" " 10.—Deer Park	500 00
" " 11.—Elbow	500 00
" " 12.—Bittinger	500 00
National Road	600 00
Total	$ 9,025 00

CORPORATIONS.

Mayor and Council of Oakland	$300 00
" " Deer Park	50 00
Commissioners of Grantsville	80 00
Mountain Lake Park Community	200 00
Total	$630 00

PUBLIC SCHOOL BONDS.

For redemption of bonds	$1,000 00
Interest on bonds	360 00
Total	$1,360 00

CLERK'S OFFICE.

E. Z. Tower, Clerk Circuit Court	$1,182 00

COURT FUND.

Estimate to pay court expenses, July, September and December terms, 1896, and March term, 1897	$1,037 00

ORPHAN'S COURT.

Estimate to pay judges	$532 00
James W. White, Register, use C. B. Friend	66 66
James W. White, balance	32 49
Total	$631 15

SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

Austin Brown, Sheriff	$ 478 80
Charles Wegman, late Sheriff, use Charles Yunkin	200 00
Charles Wegman, balance	621 85
Walter G. Meyers use E. B. Hook, boarding prisoners and warden to county jail	382 00
Walter G. Meyers, balance	290 56
W. M. Coddington, warden to jail May 1, 1896, use G. S. Hamill	106 00
W. M. Coddington, balance	31 60
Total	$2,223 25

SCHOOLS.

To the School Commissioners for the support of public schools	$10,000 00

PRINTING AND PUBLISHING.

Benj. H. Sinnell, use E. B. Hook, publishing, 1896	$ 370 00
Same, balance	50 00
Same, printing, 1896	300 00
J. M. Litzinger, publishing, 1896	480 00
Total	$1,100 00

REGISTRATION OFFICERS.

Henry A Hamill, No. 1, use G S Hamill	$ 80 50
R E Friend, No 2, use C M Hook	81 00
Isaiah Fuller, No 3, use J S Broadwater	82 50
John Collins, No 4, use Garrett County Bank	83 00
John L Richter, No 5	80 98
N C Browning, No 6, use Garrett County Bank	82 50
H E Friend, No 7, use same	83 50
H A Shaffer, No 8	80 00
Samuel Johnson, No 9	82 00
Sebastian Hinebaugh, No 10, use Garrett County Bank	82 50
Noah S Garlitz, No 11	81 50
Joseph Buckle, No 12, use Garrett Co. Bank	81 50
Total	$981 48

MAGISTRATES' FEES.

M M Fazenbaker	$ 12 85
Peter Nathan	10 40
L C Fike	17 50
W D Hoye	25 20
Henry Kahl	1 70
A B Gonder	69 15
James A Delawder	16 70
Total	$154 16

ELECTION EXPENSES, 1895.

District No. 1.

Moses R Hamill, return judge	$ 7 20
Henry Paugh, judge	1 00
W M Junkins, judge	7 04
J L McRobie, ballot clerk	2 00
J F Friend, same	2 00
P J Lohr, election clerk	1 00
Geo W Moon, same	1 00
Chas T West, house rent	5 00

District No. 2.

Jasper Guard, return judge, use Clara B Friend	7 70
Wm Welch, judge	1 00
Franklin T Fike, same	1 00
W S Collins, ballot clerk	2 00
J F Friend, same	2 00
Orval Welch, election clerk	1 00
Archibald Casteel, same	1 00
James A Dunham, house rent	5 00

District No. 3.

James H Bevans, return judge	8 55
Geo W Broadwater, judge	1 00
C H Burst, same	8 40
John Custer, ballot clerk	2 00
J Lewis Durst, same	2 00
J C Getty, election clerk	1 00
Gideon Gnagey, same	1 00
Catharine Figge, house rent	5 00

District No. 4.

Andrew W Michael, return judge	8 40
W J Barnard, judge	1 00
Geo L Michael, judge	8 24
Lawrence Garvey, ballot clerk, use Wm Moody	8 00
Elijah Kemp, ballot clerk	2 00
Erwin Fazenbaker, election clerk	1 00
Charles L Moody, same	1 00
Thomas Garvey, house rent	5 00

District No. 5.

James E McGettigan, return judge	7 60
John Hoffman, judge	1 00
George M Menhorn, judge	1 00
S K Schlossnagle, ballot clerk	2 00
Edward Margroff, same	2 00
Lyman Frazee, election clerk	1 00
Samuel Mosser, same	1 00
Geo. F. Englehart, house rent	5 00

District No. 6.

Joseph B. Meese, return judge	7 12
William Custer, judge	1 00
Brison Welsh, judge	7 12
John A Delawder, ballot clerk	2 00
Douglass McLean, same	2 00
Samuel Ralston, election clerk	1 00
J. Alvin Friend, same	1 00
Brison Welch, house rent	5 00

District No. 7.

A H Frey, return judge	8 00
A J Harne, judge	6 00
John W Arnold, judge	2 00
W A Daily, ballot clerk	2 00
Geo P. White, same	2 00
Marshad M Ashby, election clerk	8 00
William J Nair, same	6 00

District No. 8.

Henry W Ridder, return judge	6 61
Amos S Mosser, judge	1 00
John W White, judge	1 00
William P Bannetter, ballot clerk	2 00
Arthur S Abernathy, same	2 00
John C Bowman, election clerk	1 00
Dennis Rinker, same	1 00
Davis N Murphy, house rent	5 00

District No. 9.

Patrick Hoye, return judge	9 41
James Carey, judge	1 00
James Fauzy, judge	9 69
Andrew J Moor, ballot clerk, use Geo W Blocher	2 00
Jacob Wilson, ballot clerk	2 00
Franklin C Graham, election clerk	1 00
George W Blocher, same	1 00
Johnson Brothers, house rent	5 00

District No. 10.

Solomon Hoge, return judge	6 88
James L. Harvey, judge	6 80
Thomas E Sollers, judge	1 00
Joseph Lashorn, ballot clerk	2 00
Charles George, same	2 00
John Spiker, election clerk	1 00
P T Lipscomb, same	1 00
Mrs J W Chidister, house rent, use S P Specht	5 00

District No. 11.

Peter F Michaels, return judge	8 81
William Ross, judge	1 00
James Weltzell, same	8 81
David Warnick, ballot clerk	2 00
Peter McIntyre, same	2 00
Henry H Fazenbaker, election clerk	1 00
Jacob Strickland, same	1 00
Joseph Warnick, house rent	5 00

District No. 12.

Otho Fazenbaker, return judge	7 81
James M Durst, judge	8 00
Donald Shapeon, same	4 00
W H Lohr, ballot clerk	2 00
Hanson B Durst, same	2 00
James Bowser, election clerk	4 00
Joseph B Harmon, same	4 00
Henry Bittinger, house rent	5 00
Total	$128 81

BRIDGE ACCOUNT.

John M Kesler, bridge on Mill Run, use C B Friend	$ 61 00
Bemis Rinker, building bridge	80 46
William White, repairing bridge	1 05
Joseph P Lewis, building bridge on Muddy Creek	81 00
George W Seibert, building bridge, subject to order	30 00
Jeremiah Bittinger, building bridge near John Friend's	40 00
Merritt Wilson, building bridge at Wilson	74 86
David Gnegy, building bridge, subject to order	20 00
Fries & Sanders, subject to order, A rellim bridge	216 10
Preston Lumber and Coal Co. lumber for Crellin bridge	183 90
Estimate to build and repair bridges	1,000 00
Total	$1,767 97

SPECIAL ROAD APPROPRIATIONS.

David T Enlow	$ 11 25
John Liston, work on new road, Bear Creek	28 50
H K Friend, same	20 62
Hamilton Friend, same	6 75
James Friend, same	10 87
J E Friend, same	12 50
Silas Teats, same	21 87
Jonas Teats, same	23 62
A J Teats, same	20 63
Calvin Coddington, same	21 87
Levi Fike, same	15 62
John Fike, same	6 87
Daniel Circling, same	6 25
Chand Brown, same	8 75
Clark & McCulloh, material furnished Road case No. 129, subject to order	21 12
Road in and around Friendsville, subject to order	340 00
Road case No. 125, subject to order	150 00
Northwestern Pike, subject to order	100 00
Cooper and Wilson road, subject to order	50 00
National road, subject to order	200 00
P M Semple, subject to order	25 00
Uriah M Stanton Stanton road, subject to order	20 00
Elder Hill road from John Coddington's to Friendsville	120 00
Total	$1,550 16

OUTSIDE PENSIONERS.

S P Specht support James Cummings	$ 4 00
Peter Miller support Lizzie Dietrick	25 00
Carvin H Gindle by support Esther Glotfelter	20 00
Geo A Bittinger support Mary Durst, subject to order	30 00
J O Getty sup Wm Hoover, subject to order	25 00
Same sup Wm Bittinger, subject to order	25 00
Samuel Meese sup Henry Meese	50 00
Chas Thompson sup Upton Bruce, subject to order	50 00
Caroline Frazee sup Keith King, subject to order	75 00
John G Brenninger sup M Cliney, subject to order	75 00
S L Townshend sup Mrs Kisner	7 00
W C Jones sup Wood child	25 00
Estimate to pay paupers 1896	250 00
Total	$739 00

CONSTABLES.

Alex C Mason, use H E Offutt	$ 9 20
Fred Kolb	2 05
B F Warnick	10 70
B F Friend of W	12 80
Geo Marley	22 50
B F Friend of J use C B Friend	25 75
D A Stephens	26 00
Baker Johnson	35 05
E M Coddington	7 00
Levi Eckard	75
Total	$148 15

MISCELLANEOUS.

James T Harbin keeping Lloyd Bell in Keeley Institute, use Garrett Co. Bank	$ 100 00
Walter G Meyers, building fence and laying platform, use S L Townshend & Son	10 26
B H Sinnell, printing brief in Tasker case and publishing, use Garrett Co	73 50
S Lawton, agent, for fencing around court house and jail, use Garrett Co Bank	262 00
J M Litzinger, printing ballots for election, 1895	223 95
J T Mitchell, expenses election, 1895	15 75
County Commissioners of Washington county, removed case	196 50
D W Sloan, county advanced investigation murdered man at Gormania	50 00
Henry Sines, hauling Kindling wood for jail	2 50
Elias J Miller, coffin for Mrs Newman	5 00
H L Conneway, use E E Sollars, coal for court house and jail	101 00
Same, balance	19 01
John T Mitchell, election expenses '95	10 00
G G Miller & Co., lumber for platform	58 50
Isaac Walker & Co., stationery	98 15
Dr J W Laughlin, attending two inquests	10 00
Samuel Lawton, asphalt varnish cells in jail	5 10
J H Mcfatrey, books and stationery	108 41
Joseph Barnard, medicine for paupers	29 75
Wm Mann Company, stationery	9 10
G A Suiter, material and work court house and jail	12 75
John Sines, Kindling wood	2 50
A G Sturgiss, medicine for jail and paupers	88 70
Fred Engelhart, coffin	7 00
H E Offutt, material	9 95
Dr H W McComas, county health officer	100 00
Same, physician to jail	100 00
J M Davis & Son, material	27 53
G Hart & Son coal	13 25
Robert Fries, two collins	12 00
A D Naylor, repairing typewriting machine	14 75
S L Townshend & Son, goods for jail and paupers	91 32
Shartzer & Bolden, collins and burying paupers two years	85 00
John T Mitchell, supervisor	50 00
Walter S Warnick, same	50 00
Bruce Lichty, same	50 00
Ben Semple, use J S Meyers wood	3 00
J A Walker, use A D Naylor, cleaning closets at jail and court house	7 50
Same, balance, subject to order	37 50
Total	$2,241 54

WITNESS FEES BEFORE JUSTICES.

Estimate to pay same	$200 00

ALMSHOUSE AND ASYLUM FUND.

Estimate to pay same for one year	$2,400 00
Md Hospital for the Insane, treatment from Jan 1, 1896, to Dec 31, 1896	600 00
Total	$3,000 00

NEW ROADS.

Road case No. 131—

John Harned, survey and plat	$12 00

Road case No. 132—

John Harned, survey and plat	7 00
Stephen Browning, examiner	2 00
R K Mayhorney	2 00
Bruce Wheeler	75
Wm Parnell	75

Road case No. 133—

John Harned, survey and plat	7 00
William White, examiner and examiner	2 50
Total	$34 00

ATTORNEYS' FEES.

G S Hamill, late State's Attorney, services to Registration officers	$ 50 00
Same, 36 recognizances and 11½ misdemeanors @ $3.33	158 41
Same, 10 felonies @ $10	100 00
Same, trial fees allowed by court	340 00
F A Thayer, state's attorney, 25 recognizances and 5½ misdemeanors	108 33
Same, 3 felonies, @ $10	30 00
Same, trial fees allowed by court	125 00
Same, ½ misdemeanor and ½ felony	8 66
Peddicord & Peddicord, fees in criminal cases use H E Felty	26 66
Same, balance	13 34
Seamires and Thayer, 1 felony	10 00
H B Sinnell, fees in criminal cases, use C B Friend	33 33
Same, attorney to Commissioners, use same	150 00
J C Renninger, 1 felony	10 00
Total	$1,171 73

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS' OFFICE.

Estimate for County Commissioners' office	$1,000 00
J S Meyers, clerk	900 00
W M Coddington, janitor	200 00
Total	$1,600 00

CORONERS' INQUESTS.

On body of unknown man on Perry farm.

Wm E George	$ 1 00
Joseph McRobie	1 00
Howard Nethken	1 00
A C George	1 00
W H Thrasher	1 00
F R Nethken	1 00
S C Hoge	1 00
H J Shaffer	1 00
J L Hoge	1 00
S P Specht	1 00
Chas Stenger	1 00
John M Hahnes	1 00
Abraham Freehend	1 00
E Taylor Perry, witness	33
W H Hoye, Justice, holding inquest	5 00

On body of Mary Maddigan.

J C Rodeheaver	1 00
Howard Nethken	1 00
Edward Grimm	1 00
Calvin Savage	1 00
Chas Stenger	1 00
W H Chamberlin	1 00
John Friend of N	1 00
H J Shaffer	1 00
W B Griffin	1 00
Chas R Savage	1 00
Joseph McRoble	1 00
Witnesses, C F Hoge	33
Mary Bailey	33
Bettie Maddigan	33
Ella Hinebaugh	33
W S Shreeve	33
W D Hoye, Justice, holding inquest	5 00

On Body of Louis Fine.

John T Weimer	1 00
W W Echard	1 00
Samuel Bowman	1 00
William Crane	1 00
Aaron Trent	1 00
Charles Bowman	1 00
John Edgar	1 00
William Largenbright	1 00
Robert Livengood	1 00
Wright Thayer	1 00
Edward Weisner	1 00
William Thayer	1 00
Amount allowed by jury, for post mortem to Dr M C Hinebaugh	10 00
to Dr P H Echard, holding inquest	5 00
Wright Thayer, summoning jury	1 35

In Body of William Notes.

Geo D White	1 00
John W Hart	1 00
W Y Waltz	1 00
Thomas Martin	1 00
J M Crine	1 00
D L Conneway	1 00
J H Smithman	1 00
Charles J Newman	1 00
John Scalley	1 00
W H Liller	1 00
P H Carney	1 00
A C Mason	1 00
Witness, Richard Fraction	33
" Isaac Edmanson	33
Dr W H Ravenscraft	5 00
Dr J Lee McComas	5 00

On the Body of Charles Friend.

A G Sturgiss	1 00
S Lawton	1 00
D L Conneway	1 00
A C Whetsell	1 00
E Jamison	1 00
B Reynolds	1 00
John Freey	1 00
D E Bolden	1 00
A Hinebaugh	1 00
Moses Wensel	1 00
J W Hart	1 00
D A Durst	1 00
Witness, Thomas Carney	33
" Bartley Feeney	33
" E Cross	33
Dr W H Ravenscraft, post mortem, allowed by jury	10 00
Total	$110 00

FOXES AND CATS.

H L James	1 foxes		$ 1 00
L C Fike	1	"	1 00
Noah Broadwater	13	"	13 00
H E Friend	2	"	2 00
W B Mason	4	"	4 00
James Robeson	2	"	2 00
Rudolph Beckman		1 cat	2 50
W T Steyer	9	"	9 00
Upton Cuppett	8	"	8 00
John W Biggs	5	"	5 00
N C Browning	4	" 1 "	3 00
Maurice Custer	1	"	1 00
R E Garlitz	6	"	6 00
W C Jones	6	"	6 00
Frank Pysell	1	"	1 00
S L Townshend & Son	1	"	1 00
D Enfutt & Son	3	"	3 00
M Clidsdoin		1 "	2 00
S M Friend	1	"	1 00
C B Friend	1	"	1 00
Joseph C Robeson	1	"	1 00
I T Umble	1	"	1 00
J M Davis & Son	3	"	3 00
Charles Wegman	1	"	1 00
Martin L Tabernell	2	"	2 00
E A Weimer		1 "	2 00
Daniel Wilson	1	"	1 00
James H Wilson	1	" 1 "	6 00
Christian C Sanders	8	" 1 "	10 00
Upton & Keyser	5	2 "	9 00
S P Specht	3	" 1 "	3 00
W W Harvey	1	"	1 00
Peter C Stark	2	" 1 "	4 00
I F Frazee	2	"	2 00
A J Bevans	2	"	2 00
W J Wilson	1	"	1 00
Christian Slabach	5	"	5 00
John Wiland	3	"	3 00
C E Hilleary	7	"	7 00
L E Friel	2	"	2 00
Daniel Tarney	1	"	1 00
George L Mosser	2	"	2 00
H E Felty	2	"	2 00
J S Broadwater	8	"	8 00
John E Gnagey	8	"	8 00
James Bowser	8	"	8 00
P S Paugh	1	" 2 "	5 00
Sam'l S Fazenbaker	1	"	1 00
C T West	24	"	24 00
John D Steyer	3	"	3 00
Total			$200 00

TREASURER'S OFFICE.

Thomas B Wiley, Treasurer's commissions on county tax, subject to order	$2,011 50
Same, commissions on State tax	308 40
E E Sollars late treas., making 91 assessments	47 00
Total	$2,366 90
Contingent Fund	$1,265 58

RECAPITULATION.

Road Levy	$ 9,025 00
Corporations	630 00
School Bonds	1,360 00
Clerk's Office	1,182 00
Court Fund	1,037 00
Orphan's Court	631 15
Sheriff's Office	2,223 25
Public Schools	10,000 00
Publishing and Printing	1,100 00
Registration	981 48
Magistrates	154 16
Election Expenses	1,284 81
Bridge Account	1,767 97
Pensioners	739 00
Constables	148 15
Miscellaneous	2,241 54
Witness Fees before Magistrates	30 00
Almshouse and Asylum fund	3,000 00
New Roads	34 00
Attorney Fees	1,171 73
Inquests	110 00
Foxes and Cats	200 00

ECCLESIASTICAL COLUMN.

Rev. S. M. Engle, pastor Presbyterian church, Editor.

"I Don't See Any Harm In It."

Good christian people often deceive themselves by inadvertently overlooking the proper tests of both principles and practices. This inadvertence makes it more the less certain that where by proper care and effort true principles and right practices might result, individuals will be held responsible for wrong ones. Persons are at times called unprincipled when the fact is that principles do exist, but are wrong ones. Incorrect principles lead, of course, to incorrect practices in life. The life is the outward manifestation of inward principles and beliefs. Wrong principles make bad men and women, and vice versa. With these facts in view let us examine the statement often made by men: "*I don't see any harm in it.*" Let us sincerely apply some scriptural tests.

1. If you see no harm in it, *why not?* Have you thoroughly examined the matter? Do your know the principle on which it rests and the consequences flowing from it? Matt. 13:16 says, "Blessed are your eyes for they see; and your ears for they hear." This means that we have been given powers to enable us to perceive and understand matters, and are therefore bound to apply the tests and give reasons for our opinions. If they are right be assured of that fact, and hold to them. If they are wrong, learn that fact, and in true honesty give them up for true ones. Heaven holds us responsible.

2. Is the dust of worldliness in your eyes so that you can't see properly? Isaiah 6:9 declares that some people hear and don't understand; see and don't perceive. Worldliness has a wonderful effect upon our looking upon principles and practices. It sometimes crowds out good entirely, and it might be well to examine its operations.

3. Is the moral eyesight unimpaired? Sometimes the moral eyesight is affected with the squint of insincerity. Matt. 6:22-23 says that there is no darkness so dense as that in which the very truth perceiving powers have turned in the direction of evil. The distressing part of this condition is that persons so afflicted can't perceive it, but consider their moral eyesight perfect.

4. Are you *willing* to see any harm in it? Persons become biased and prejudiced and so are no longer open to conviction. Those who won't reason are called fanatics. Such persons can't arrive at truth, since they won't search for it. He that is *unwilling to be convinced* of wrong, is in a sad plight indeed. Christ said that the Pharisees were blind and would not see, while they thought themselves right.

5. Will you see any harm in it on your dying bed? I Kings 22:25 is a good illustration of the truth that a time is to come when men shall be willing to know the truth. Better know and practice it now. The dying bed is no time to change principles and repent of life's wrong practices.

6. Would you like Christ to catch you in the very act? Would He approve it, you think? You may determine this from scripture. Whether you like it or not, *He does* see that act, and if right he will approve it some day, if wrong condemn it. Perhaps He has already condemned it in scriptnre: *look and see.*

7. Do the best christians living see any harm in it? Do you know any that condemn it? Hebrews 5:14 says that those who for long time have been consistent christians are better judges about such matters, being stronger. The judgment of church courts is to be respected highly in this.

8. Is it consistent with your profession that in accepting the cross of Christ "the world is crucified unto you and you unto the world." Gal. 6:44 says this is the position of a christian.

9. Can you commune with God as freely after it as before it?

10. Can you pray for God's blessing in the midst of it? We are directed to do this. If there is any doubt, it is wrong. So expressly says Rom. 14:23. Picture to yourself people pausing to ask God's blessing in the midst of some acts.

11. Lastly, while it may be lawful, strictly speaking, is it *becoming in a christian*, and helpful to others? We are commanded while seeking our own interest to consider the interests of others. Not to refrain from everything that some peculiar person may object to, but the consensus of the most intelligent and consistent christians.

Practices and principles that will bear the above tests will bear the light in any community. Some will not bear the light.

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

FROM THE NORTHWEST.

A Former Garrett County Boy Writes of His New Home.

To the Editor of The Republican.

If you will allow me space in your valuable paper, I will try and give my many friends in dear old Garrett a faint description of a small part of this great north-west. At the present, being best acquainted with the county of Valley, my home county, I will confine my description to it. It lies in the extreme north-eastern part of the state, and extends from the Missouri river north to the Canadian line, and from Chotean county on the west to Dakota on the east. The surface is mostly a high rolling prairie; with the exception of the two Indian reservations that lie within its borders, and the few claims that have already been taken up, it is all government land and open for settlement. Settlers can either "homestead" or "desert" claim the land, or both; but in either case one person can get a title to only 320 acres. It costs $16 for filing and five years residence to get a title to 160 acres by homesteading; then you can "desert" a claim of 160 acres. You need not live on it but have to pay the government $1.25 per acre for it—twenty-five cents per acre when you file your intentions of improving the land and one dollar when you make your final filing. You have three years time in which to make your final filing and do or have done work to the value of $150 that the law requires to be done on each 160 acres before you can get a title. If you don't wish to homestead you can desert a claim of 320 acres by paying $1.25 per acre and doing $300 worth of work.

Valley is a young county, being formed in 1893, and here, comparatively speaking, is called a small county. Yet when it is estimated by miles it is not so small, for its average width from the Missouri river to the Canada line is one hundred miles and its length is nearly three hundred miles. Estimated by the number of its inhabitants it is small, as it is yet sparsely settled. I am not able to give its exact number of inhabitants, but hardly believe its white population would reach 1500, as there are few white families. At our last election, the autumn of 1894, there were 406 registered voters. The county has quite a floating population such as ex and would-be tough "cow punchers." They are known as "grub line" riders. They ride from one camp to another in the fall and winter and they generally fare pretty well, as it is customary in this country for the latch string to be free to all who wish to enter. One can yet find a few real live cow boys, but in a few more years the tough cowboy will be a thing of the past. Stock raising is the principal industry. As yet there is very little "ranching" (farming) done, but I believe as soon as this floating population is forced out or forced to go to work and the country gets settled up with a class of people who are more inclined to farm, Valley will be one of the leading counties in the state in grain raising. There is a large and fertile valley along Milk river that extends from east to west through the county and the numerous creeks which have large bottoms that put in on each side of the river are very fertile. At present Valley is a great cattle county. Nearly all the large cattle outfits of the state are located here and it is surprising to see the number of beef cattle shipped out in a season. You may be able to form some idea of the number when some of the larger outfits each ship from fifteen to twenty thousand head every fall and from that the outfits dwindle down to two and three car loads each. Each outfit has a certain brand for their cattle and those large outfits are known by what their brand represents. For instance, if the brand is a horse shoe they are known as the horse shoe outfit. These large outfits are companies and none of the owners live in the county; but the small outfits are individual owners and live here. In this country if a man has nothing but a horse and saddle it is termed his outfit.

The largest cattle outfit of the north-west is located thirty-five miles west of Glasgow. They aim to ship twenty-five thousand beef cattle every fall. The brand is N N and they are known as the N's. The owners are three brothers and they live in St, Louis, Mo. You may wonder how they manage to feed so many cattle during the winter, but feeding is something they do not pretend to do, especially those large outfits. Their cattle have to rustle for the feed they get. An average winter cattle will keep in good shape in any part of this north-west. The grass cures on the stalk and stock will do better grazing, if the snow does not get too deep, than if they were fed hay; but when the snow gets too deep for grazing losses in cattle are heavy. That seldom occurs, as I have only seen it one winter in eight.

There are also a great many sheep in the county, but this is not a very good sheep country since our brother Democrats got in power and found they could not live without free-trade. With a duty on wool we could do well with sheep.

Glasgow, a thriving little town of three hundred inhabitants, is the county seat and largest town in the county. It being the end of a division of the Great Northern railroad, which runs from east to west through the county, it contains a round house and quite extensive machine shops. The county buildings are brick and would be a credit to a town a great deal larger, as would also its large brick school house and hotel. Besides the hotel there are three restaurants, two lodging houses, two general stores, drug store, furniture and feed store and last but not least seven saloons that are open as many days and nights out of every week. Each of the saloons run a poker game and two of them run faro tables. They generally do a good business with the games especially in the fall when the boys draw their summer's wages and come to town to have a time and try their fortune on the high card, but it is generally the poker or faro dealer that wins the fortune. Once in a great while a puncher will make a winning play, but because it came easy he must show the other boys he is the right kind of a fellow by blowing it in and all having a jolly good time. So what the faro dealer don't get the saloon keeper does, and between the two from one night to a week's time Mr. Puncher is broke and strikes for some cow camp to wait for another summer's job, when he expects to get another stake and have another good time.

With best wishes to all I will close. Yours truly,

J. T. GLOTFELTY.

Glasgow, Mont., April 27.

A Chance for Farmers to Improve Their Stock.

EMPEROR WILKES

TIME. 2.28.

PEDIGREE:

EMPEROR WILKES, by Ethan Wilkes 6417, dam Mary M.; Ethan Wilkes by George Wilkes, dam Lady Ethan; George Wilkes by Hambletonian 10, dam Dolly Spanker; Lady Ethan by Ethan Allen 43, dam Topsy dam of Hambletonian Mambrino Mary M. by Mambrino Rattler; dam by Brignolia 77, dam by Hopeful; Mambrino Rattler by Mambrino Chief 11, dam by Rattler 77.

M. Maroney & Son have decided to stand this horse at their stables in Oakland during the season of 1896 for the small sum of

$10.00 INSURANCE.

M. MARONEY & SON, Owners.

8—2m

THE

G. E. PEARCE DRUG CO.,

OF FROSTBURG, MD.

We have probably the largest stock of goods in the drug line in Western Maryland.

P. D. & CO. and S. and D. pharmaceutical preparations always in stock, supplied to physicians at jobbers' prices.

OUR LINE OF

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES AND WINDOW GLASS

IS LARGE AND COMPLETE.

We sell and guarantee LUCAS TINTED GLOSS PAINT at $1.25 per gallon.

9-25o

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the new public road, beginning at a point on the Oakland and Deer Park road, about fifteen rods westerly from the intersection of said road and the road leading past the B. & O. hotels, and running through the land of the B. & O. Railroad company, with the new road to the line of James Swan Frick then with his line and through the land of said B. & O. Railroad company to D. E. Offutt's land, and through his land along the line between him and M. J. Garrett to the land of R. H. Gordon and others, and through the land of Gordon, John K. Shaw and S. D. McKee, following the old road if practicable, to intersect one of the streets of the Mt. Lake Park Association at or near the dam, a distance of about two miles, and examine whether the said public road should be made, will meet on the

9th DAY OF JUNE, 1896,

for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said new road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

L. A. RUDISILL,
JOHN T. MITCHELL,
E. W. KELSO. } Examiners.

Salesmen Wanted

on Salary, to sell Pennsylvania grown Nursery Stock, which is the best in the world. All the new specialties as well as the standard varieties of Fruits and Ornamentals. A fine outfit furnished and all traveling expenses paid. Salary dates from day work is commenced. Write for terms stating age.

HOOPES, BRO. & THOMAS,
Maple Avenue Nurseries, West Chester, Pa.
5—4

THE

Maryland Building and Loan Association

of Garrett County.

OFFICERS:

ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney.
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencies.

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock:

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.

EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

Order of Publication.

John S. Sanders vs. Archibald T. Shuttlesworth, et al.

No. 763 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

The object of this suit is to procure a decree for the sale of certain real estate in Garrett county of which the late Charlotte Sanders died seized and possessed.

The bill states that a certain Charlotte Sanders, late of Garrett county and now deceased, was in her lifetime seized and possessed of certain real estate, lying and being in said county, particularly described in the bill and and its accompanying exhibit; that the said Charlotte died intestate leaving as her only heirs at law and the only persons interested in her estate, the said John S. Sanders, her husband, and the said Archibald T. Shuttlesworth, John Shuttlesworth, Leo Shuttlesworth, Guy Shuttlesworth, Mitchell Shuttlesworth, Mary Emberson and Mitchell Emberson, her husband; Elizabeth Wotring and —— Wotring, her husband; Margaret McCrum and Albert McCrum, her husband; Phoebe Gordon and William Gordon, her husband; Washington Neal, who intermarried with another daughter, Catherine Shuttlesworth, now dead, and Samuel Neal, son of said Catherine, all of whom are non-residents of the State of Maryland and do not reside therein, and the said Charlotte Bunentter and William Bunentter, her husband, who reside in Garrett county aforesaid.

The bill further states that the said real estate is not susceptible of partition among the parties aforesaid and cannot be divided among them to their advantage, and prays for a sale of said real estate and that the proceeds may be distributed among the parties according to their respective interest and for general relief.

It is thereupon adjudged and ordered this 28th day of April, 1896, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Maryland, sitting in equity, that the plaintiff, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county, Maryland, once a week for four successive weeks before the 25th day of May, 1896, give notice to the defendants, Archibald T. Shuttlesworth, John Shuttlesworth, Lee Shuttlesworth, Guy Shuttlesworth, Mitchell Shuttlesworth, Mary Emberson and Mitchell Emberson, her husband, Elizabeth Wotring and —— Wotring, her husband, Margaret McCrum and Albert McCrum her husband, Phoebe Gordon and William Gordon her husband, Washington Neal and Samuel Neal, who are non-residents of the State of Maryland, warning them to be and appear in this court on or before the 1st day of June, 1896, to show cause if any they have, why a decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

EDWARD STAKE.

True copy.
Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 8|11.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

This is to notify the tax-payers of Garrett county that the Annual Levy for 1896 has been made and published, and to call their attention to the following abstract of Section 45, Chapter 566, Acts of 1890, relating to the discount to be allowed and interest to be charged on all tax bills:

"All county tax shall be due and payable on the first day of September next succeeding the date of the levy thereof, and on all county taxes paid on or before the said 1st day of September, a discount of 3 per cent. shall be allowed; and after the 1st day of January all taxes shall bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until paid; the Treasurer shall take the discount from and charge interest on all tax bills for county purposes regularly in the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same upon the receipt given for taxes so paid; but the discount allowed on county taxes by this section shall not be made to any person or corporate institution unless the whole amount of State and county taxes due by such person or corporate institution for the current year be paid when the same is made."

THOS. B. WILEY,
Treasurer of Garrett County.

WILLIAM C. KIDD,
Representing
JOHNSON, OMOHUNDRO & CO.,
WHOLESALE NOTIONS, Etc.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

A specialty of Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear
RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL

ROOFING,

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In effect April 1st, 1896.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS	NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1		No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		Noon	P. M.
3 00*	8 00† lv	Cumberland ar	*12 00	†7 00
3 31	8 31	Rawlings	11 29	6 29
3 56	8 56	Keyser	11 01	6 01
4 01	9 00	Westernport	10 56	5 56
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. June.	10 48	5 48
4 37	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5 23
5 00	10 00	Harrison	10 00	*3 00
5 45	10 45* ar	Elk Garden	8 55	*3 55
5 55	10 55† lv	Gormap	9 21	4 21
5 41	10 41	Bayard	9 15	4 15
5 52	10 52	Hobbig	9 01	4 01
6 24	11 24	Thomas	8 31	3 31
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	8 00	3 00
6 57	11 57 lv	Cokelon	8 31	3 31
6 54	11 54	Hendricks	8 07	3 07
6 57	11 57	Bretz	3 01	3 01
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 58	2 58
39	12 39	Kerens	7 20	2 20
7 00	1 05* ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	*2 00
	1 30† ar	Beverly	lv	†1 30
				P. M.
	2 55* ar	Bedington	lv	*11 50
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	A. M.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

FARMS FOR SALE.

1 offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,600. Cash payment of $400; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Arillonette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400 balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.

E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD.

Spring is the time in the year that your Horses, Cows, Hogs, Sheep, Poultry, etc., need some good article to purify their blood. The International Food is the best article known for stock of all kinds; 3 feeds for one cent. Don't use any other. For sale only by

THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO.

BRINK

LUXURY COFFEE

and get the best Coffee made and get either Ladie's or Gentleman's Gold Watch, guaranteed for 25 years. Use no other, because Luxury Coffee is the best.

Don't fail to call at the stores of The Maryland Supply Co. for

TIMOTHY AND CLOVER SEED.

We only handle the best western seed. Garden Seeds in abundance of all kinds. Fertilizer, Salt, Groceries, General Merchandise, and anything you may need. Don't fail to call at the stores of THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO., at

Mt. Lake Park, Md.
Oakland, Md.
Swanton, Md.
Lonaconing, Md.

51-1yr.

Your Face

Will be wreathed with a most engaging smile, after you invest in a

White Sewing Machine

EQUIPPED WITH ITS NEW

PINCH TENSION,
TENSION INDICATOR
—AND—
AUTOMATIC TENSION RELEASER.

The most complete and useful devices ever added to any sewing machine.

The WHITE is

Durably and Handsomely Built,
Of Fine Finish and Perfect Adjustment,
Sews ALL Sewable Articles,

And will serve and please you up to the full limit of your expectations.

ACTIVE DEALERS WANTED in unoccupied territory. Liberal terms. Address,

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.,
CLEVELAND, O.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE

IN OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Alfred C. Brooke to Jacob S. Jamesson bearing date the 17th day of December, 1891, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T., No. 18, folio 236, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, which said mortgage was assigned to William Pearre by Jacob S. Jamesson, by assignment bearing date the 24th day of March, 1896, and assignment recorded the 26th day of March, 1896, in the Mortgage Records of Garrett county, default having been made in the payment of the principal and interest of said mortgage, the undersigned William Pearre, assignee of Jacob S. Jamesson, mortgagee, will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, in front of the post office, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, on

Saturday, the 9th Day of May,

1896, at one o'clock p. m., all that lot, piece or parcel of ground situate, lying and being in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, and described as follows:

Beginning at the end of eighty-two and a half feet from the end of the first line of lot No. 24, and running thence with Second street north twenty-four and a half degrees east eighty-two and a half feet to the corner of Pennington street, then north sixty-five and a half degrees west two hundred and sixty-four feet, then south twenty-four and a half degrees west eighty-two and a half feet, then by a straight line to the beginning, being the

Northern Half of Lot No. 25

in Pennington's Addition to the town of Oakland which was conveyed to A. C. Brooke by Eliza Brooke by deed recorded in Liber E. Z. T., No. 16, folio 537, etc.

This property is on one of the most desirable streets in the town for a residence, and is improved by a

FINE DWELLING HOUSE

and the necessary outbuildings. It is also a corner lot and the late residence of Henry J. Mackey.

TERMS: Five hundred dollars cash on day of sale, balance to be paid upon ratification of sale by the Court.

WILLIAM PEARRE,
Assignee of Jacob S. Jamesson, Mortgagee.

FOR SALE.

The farm belonging to Kenneth Moore, situated two miles north of Deer Park, adjoining the lands of Jack Cooper, Fannenbers, Muller and Rawleston. Contains 160 acres, about 60 acres cleared, and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the premises. 2-50t.

WHY SHOULD YOU SEND YOUR CHILD

—TO—

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

1st. He or she can be prepared for college; he can study book-keeping, shorthand, typewriting, etc., and be fitted for business; he can begin his course in medicine or pharmacy under a teacher who has made the subject of chemistry a specialty.

2nd. It is a home school—co-educational and for a limited number—and is connected with all the loving, care-taking influences for individual development that the name implies.

3rd. Students require the most exacting, nerve-bracing ethnics, and here they have it. Among the recreations are skating, boating, tennis, bowling.

4th. English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, German, Musical and Art courses. Good study and high ethical teaching will fit her for a noble Christian calling.

L. O. SWAN, Principal.
18 1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.46 A. M.
No. 3	—Daily	7.07 A. M.
No. 71	—Accom. daily except Sun	9.50 A. M.
No. 9	—Daily	10.40 A. M.
No. 5	—Express, daily	5.52 P. M.
No. 15	—Accommodation (Sun.)	6.45 P. M.
No. 1	—Daily	10.06 P. M.

GOING EAST

No. 8	—Daily	5.59 A. M.
No. 2	—Daily	6.31 A. M.
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	9.05 A. M.
No. 72	—Accom. daily except Sun	4.30 P. M.
No. 46	—Daily	5.02 P. M.
No. 4	—Daily	12.20 A. M.

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, Good prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

I. & CARSKADON,
20—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

FRANKLIN P. GREEN,
COUNTY SURVEYOR FOR
GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Postoffice, LONACONING, MD.

All work entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished on short notice. 3-52t.

MUSHROOMS

From Loch Lynn Fruit Farm. Nursery and Greenhouse.

Our Greenhouse } A few bones by mail: { Your Kitchen

Order a pound and see how nice they are.

THE HORTICULTURAL SUPPLY CO.,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

LICENSES.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all persons or bodies, corporate or politic, who may be required to take out license, that they must obtain the same on or before the

1st Day of May, 1896.

According to the provisions of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, every person or persons doing business for gain or profit except the maker, grower, or manufacturer, are hereby notified that they must take out a license.

AUSTIN BROWN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Office opposite postoffice, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Glessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

TRANSPLANTED.

It was the biggest ball of the season, and the assembly room of the fashionable watering place was looking its gayest and brightest, thanks to lavish decoration and the kaleidoscopic effect produced by the throngs of brilliantly dressed dancers as they whirled round in all the infinite variety and picturesque incongruity of fancy costume.

And yet, despite all the life and color, there was something fictitious and unreal in the brilliant gayety of the picturesque scene; just as there was an undertone of passionate pain in the sweet music of the valse which rang through the room, an undertone which seemed strangely out of harmony with the superficial enjoyment of the crowd.

Or was it only the look in a girl's face that was out of keeping, and seemed at once to give the lie to all the hollow pretense of pleasure around her? To one unobserved spectator this idea suddenly occurred with the force of a conviction.

It was a beautiful face, beautiful alike in regularity of feature and exquisite delicacy of coloring. But the smile on the sweet mouth was forced and full of unnatural gayety, while the great gray eyes had a haunting look of weariness which gave them an indescribable pathos. The girl was tall and slight, and the white dress she wore, graceful though it was, seemed almost too rich and elaborate for her slender figure. She was young—scarcely one-and-twenty—and looked even younger than her years; and the man who was watching her drew yet further back into the shadow of the heavily curtained doorway as a flood of memories rushed over him—memories held in check till now by an iron will, but released in a moment by the sight of the beautiful, sad face that was all the world to him, though for four long years it had passed out of his life. How he had missed her! Surely he had never fully realized it till now.

A chance remark arrested his attention. Two men near were talking together, commenting audibly enough on the scene before them.

"How charming Maud Carruthers is looking to-night! That girl grows prettier every time I see her!"

"Is it true that she's engaged to young Melbourne?"

"Wants confirmation, I should say. He's hard hit, and her people approve of him naturally; he's well connected and fabulously wealthy; but as to the fair Maud herself—if she is engaged to him she might look a little more cheerful over it."

"Yes, I shouldn't feel flattered in his place," the younger man assented. "She's not a bit like the other girls one meets about; don't know why, but she seems out of it some how."

"Well, her story is rather an odd one, you know."

"But I don't know more. Where does the oddness come in? Her people are conventional enough."

"Yes; but she never saw them till she was 16 or 17; for her mother married beneath her, and was cut in consequence. The marriage turned out badly, I believe, and Mrs. Carruthers died in Australia, where the child was brought up by the people with whom she was staying at the time; rather a rough and ready bringing up, I fancy."

"Then how does she come to be here, and forgiven?"

"Oh, it all came out somehow; Carruthers died, and then inquiries were made as to the child's whereabouts, and she was transplanted over here; rather a change from her experiences in the bush."

"An agreeable one, I should think."

"H'm, that depends on how you look at it! Now, from her point of view we may be a little tame and commonplace. I don't know anything about it, mind you, but it's just possible she may prefer primitive nature to our enervating and overdone nineteenth century civilization. To my mind the girl looks bored."

"Then if she marries Melbourne—"

"It will merely be to escape from the present position. Since her grandfather's death a year ago, she has found it more wearisome than ever, or I'm much mistaken. She was really fond of poor old Draycourt, but for the rest of them—'Pon my soul, I'm sorry for the girl!"

The music ceased, and the speakers moved away and the long procession of dancers began to pace out into the cooler air of the long, flower-decked corridor.

But the man near them still kept his place in the deep shadow of the curtains, and watched, with eager eyes, to see that tall, white-robed figure pass through the doorway.

But he watched in vain. He had lost sight of her just before the dance ended, and she had no doubt left the ball room by some other door. From the station he had chosen he could command the whole room, and he soon saw that Maud Carruthers was no longer there.

And to-night he held every moment wasted in which she was out of sight. For the last time—it was for the last time—and already the precious moments were slipping rapidly away!

He must find her again, even though in order to do so he must risk discovery and recognition.

Little risk that she would recognize him after four years, and in such widely different surroundings! His dress, too, with its heavy cloak and broad somber hat, would surely be a sufficient disguise. If she should still chance to retain slight recollection of her old friend and would-be brother; the man under whose roof all her happy childhood had been passed.

And even if she did know him, what then?

He was surely capable of keeping his secret still, as he had kept it in the old days. She was little likely to guess it now in all the pride of her triumphant youth and beauty; now when so many younger, richer men were at her feet. Oh, he knew his place! And he smiled grimly to himself. Had not her self-complacent relations been careful to point it out to him—most considerately, no doubt—four years ago? Certainly, there was little likelihood of his forgetting now. No, there could be no real risk in the meeting should they chance to meet. No possible risk for her, and for himself—he would gladly give the ten best years of his life just to hear her voice again; just to meet her gray eyes once more with the old frank smile in them that he knew so well. No possible risk—no; he had been a fool and coward ever to think of it; and his resolution to keep out of her way—the resolution that he had thought so wise and so good—was entirely foolish and unnecessary. She need never know the reason of his brief visit "home." Why should not he have business in England as well as another man; and how should she suspect the mad desire to see her face to face once more that had brought him from the other side of the world?

Thus thinking—if, indeed, the rapid stream of recollections, suggestions and reassuring convictions that rushed through his mind could rightly be dignified with the name of thought—he strode boldly out into the corridor; a noticeable figure enough from his commanding stature and grand breadth of shoulder. Many eyes followed him as he passed between the banks of flowers with which the wide corridor was lined on either side, and many were the speculations as to who he was, and why he was at the ball; since he spoke to no one, and nobody seemed to know him. But he passed on, unconscious alike of admiring eyes and fruitless speculation.

Meantime Maud had suffered her partner to lead her to a wide window seat at the farther end of the corridor from that where her old friend was seeking her. The girl's face looked strangely pale now that the flush dancing brought to it had died away; and there was an expression of something very like despair in her wide gray eyes as she listened to her companion's eager words.

"You know you promised me my answer to-night, Maud, and we mayn't have such a chance again. No one has found out this corner yet; but it won't escape the observation of the crowd long. I've waited patiently, and haven't bothered you a bit, and now—at last—time's up. You won't ask me to wait any longer?" A look of sudden dismay clouded the boyish brightness of his face as he spoke, but only for a moment.

"No, I won't ask you to wait any longer;" the girl's words came slowly, and with an evident effort; "but—why do you want me to say yes, when you know that I don't care for you? No, hear me out," as he would have interrupted her. "I like you, but I don't care for you in that way, and I never shall."

"But you will, Maud; you must when you see how awfully fond I—"

"No, I never shall, I know. If you insist on marrying me, you shall at least do it with your eyes open, Mr. Melbourne."

"Oh, don't speak to me like that!"

"But I feel to you like that, and I must speak as I feel. Feel!" with swift self-scorn. "What have I to do with feeling at all? If I marry you it will be to escape from my present life; to get away from myself—from the everlasting, purposeless round of dances and dinners. I have told you this before."

"Yes, and I have told you that I love you."

"And yet you don't hesitate?"

"For myself, no." He was silent a moment, a look of most unusual indecision on his face. "But you put things differently to-night," he said, at length. "You say you know you shall never care for me. I don't see how you can know that unless—"

"Unless—?" she faced him bravely, though a sudden flush showed she already grasped his meaning.

"You care for some one else," he said, very deliberately. "Do you, Maud?"

For a moment he thought she was going to break into indignant denials, then all at once her face softened and changed, and the light of a wonderful joy flashed into it as she sprang to her feet, exclaiming:

"Denzil! At last!"

Young Melbourne turned in astonishment. Who was this stately-looking man that Maud should go to meet him with outstretched hands of welcome and brilliant, rapturous smile?

No matter who he was, the boy felt that his question was answered. He took his dismissal quietly, and left them without a word; nor did anyone see him again that night.

And Denzil?

At the sight of Maud's eager eyes, and sweet, well-remembered smile, he forgot all his stern resolutions and carefully-cultivated convictions. He had never even dreamed of the possibility of such a meeting as this, and the glad recognition that rang in her voice fairly swept him off his feet, strong, self-contained man though he was.

For she loved him; he saw it in her eyes, heard it in her voice, knew it at last—astonishing, well-nigh impossible fact though it was; and this being so, nothing could come between them; no proud, disdainful relations could part them any more, and when Denzil Claxton returned to Australia after his brief visit was over, his wife accompanied him, and great was the wrath and indignation among the Draycourts, who had tried so hard to make her in all respects one with themselves, only to fail so signally at the last!

But Maud was happy, and once back again among Denzil's people, and all the congenial associations of the past, she soon regained the bright serenity and sunny sweetness of nature which she had well-nigh lost in that alien land, to which unkind fate, and Denzil's stern sense of duty, had for a time transplanted her.—Household Words.

UNCANNY SOCIETY.

Its Members Bequeath Their Brains to Science.

There is in Paris a large, carefully organized society of scientists—with several women members—which has a ghastly and horrible purpose. Each member has solemnly pledged himself that when he dies his body, instead of having ceremonious burial, shall be delivered to his surviving associates, who shall dissect it, and that his brain likewise shall be studied and probed for its secrets, and finally immersed in alcohol, it shall be ranged in a glass beside the skull which held it, along with other brains and skulls of those that have gone before.

The name of this strange organization is the Mutual Autopsy society (La Societe d'Autopsie Mutuelle). It is composed of about 100 living members, and the dead, whose skulls and brains are neatly catalogued in a glass case at one end of the meeting-room, number 14. Within a few days the 15th ghastly relic will have its place there.

This 15th was in life the property of M. Abel Hovelaeque, director of the Anthropological society, who died a short time ago. It now rests, immersed in alcohol, on the table of the dissecting room, where soon will gather the man's former comrades to weigh and cut and probe and discuss it, and try to pierce the mystery which it holds.

The Mutual Autopsy society was organized in 1876, when several professors and savants of the Anthropological society decided to offer themselves as examples in making a sacrifice to science. "Why," they asked one another, "should we render immediately to earth the deserted mortal tenement, the study of which offers so vast and interesting possibilities for the advancement of science?"

Another doctrine of the society is that it would be infinitely better for families, when an adult member died, if he should be made the subject of careful scientific study. In this way the children of relatives of the deceased might be warned of and taught how to guard against hereditary maladies which might menace them.

It was this double point of view—scientific and humanitarian—that brought about the organization of the Mutual Autopsy society. The constitution of the society is carefully drawn and each member is obliged to sign the following pledge.

"I, the undersigned, desire and wish that after my death an autopsy of my body be held under the auspices of the Societe d'Autopsie, duly authorized, and also under those as well of the Society for the Advancement of Anthropological Science, both legally recognized to be of public utility.

"Therefore, for the purpose of being useful to science, I bequeath to the laboratory of the aforesaid association my brain and any other part of my body, or my entire body, if that be judged useful in the course of the autopsy."

Not long ago one of the societaires resolved to commit suicide, and wrote to the president of the association to that effect. But at the last moment a terrible doubt passed through his mind as he asked himself if his wife would be likely, after all, to consent to his autopsy.

He therefore drew up his last will and testament, which stipulated that his fortune should go to the city of Paris in case his wife should strive to prevent the disposition of his body as he wished. Then he killed himself. After his death the Mutual Autopsy society claimed his remains and had possession of them for a short time. Then the wife, by legal proceedings, secured possession of what was left of her husband's body and had it decently interred in the provinces. The city of Paris thereupon laid claim to the estate, and the Societe d'Autopsie sued for the recovery of the suicide's brain. Both cases are still in the Paris courts.

One member of the society is quoted as saying that the thought that his brain would be taken out of its box by such eminent scientists as his confreres had robbed death of its bitterness, and that he now regarded his ultimate end with a sort of melancholy pleasure.—N. Y. Journal.

Identified by Their Brands.

On the big, unfenced ranges of the west cattle from one herd frequently stray away and join a herd belonging to another ranchman, and for mutual convenience and protection the cattlemen in the various states have associations which keep agents at the principal cattle markets to watch for such strays and see that the result of their sale is credited to their proper owner, no matter in what shipment they reach the market. During last year 3,604 head of stray cattle belonging to ranchmen in the Black hills country were picked out in Chicago and 917 head in Omaha, and through the association their owners received the money from their sale. The cattle are identified by their brands.

Thousands of Hens on One Ranch.

Some hopeful speculators who have been counting unhatched chickens are about to start a poultry ranch near San Francisco which is to be the largest in the world. It is to reach its full capacity in three years, when it is to put on the market annually 2,000,000 eggs and 90,000 chickens for broiling. The plant will include two incubators, with a capacity of 2,000 eggs each, and no end of houses and pens, which will be contained in a 40-acre ranch. There will be 900 hens laying for the incubators and 10,000 laying for the market.—Chicago Chronicle.

—A dream about an earthquake means that your business will experience a great change of some kind, favorable or otherwise.

—Burke was 26 when the "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful" was published; it is said that he began it between 20 and 21.

A PHANTOM GOAT.

All the Mississippians Who Have Seen It Tell the Same Story.

Three miles west of New Albany the Rocky ford road crosses a creek which was originally named Hog creek, but was more appropriately named Hell creek by persons who have been compelled to cross the adjacent bottom in recent years. Just beyond this is another run called Mud creek, which stream is grown up with thick and heavy underbrush, and on cloudy nights the blackness that surrounds the traveler could be sliced into chunks and sold for ink. The bottom or lowland adjacent to the stream is of unusual width for one so small, and at the best is exceedingly uninviting.

Some years ago a gentleman passing through the bottom at night was almost thrown by his horse shying to one side, and when he looked ahead was confronted by a monster goat of white color rearing upon his hind feet as if to annihilate the animal and rider. One look was sufficient, and, making a sudden turn, he galloped out of the bottom at the risk of his life, swearing that he would drink no more New Albany blind tiger liquor. Not wishing to put himself up as a target for the jeers of a suspicious public, he held his counsel and heard or saw nothing more of the weird appartition for some time.

About a year later his goatship was again on the warpath and confronted a gentleman of known sobriety, who, not daunted, urged his animal forward despite the warlike attitude of the ghostly visitor. The goat kept in the middle of the road, and when the small bridge was reached disappeared as mysteriously as he had appeared. The gentleman related his experience, which became noised abroad and gave courage to the man who had first sighted the vapory animal to relate his experience, and the two coincided so well that the people began to give them credit for having seen something to disturb their piece of mind. The story was given enough credence to cause an uneasy feeling to enter the mind of the traveler who crossed the bottom at night, and cause a chill to ramble up and down his spinal column as he passed the spot where the ghost had been seen.

Last year Mr. ——, who is not a believer in things uncanny at all, and has a supreme contempt for a man who has seen spooks, had been beyond the creek harvesting hay, and was detained until after nightfall on his return home. The night was intensely dark and a slight rain was falling. As he drove through the impenetrable gloom, trusting to the instinct of the mules that drew the rake which he was astride to find the road, the misty and uncertain form of the giant goat suddenly appeared in the road ahead of him. The mules reared and plunged, very nearly upsetting the rake. Leaping to the ground to grasped the bits and was gratified to see the phantom recede as the team moved forward. The mules, trembling in every nerve, carried him along, and when the bridge was reached he disappeared as on former occasions, much to the relief of the gentleman who did not believe in spirits or unnatural apparitions.

Since that time a number of thoroughly reliable witnesses have been placed in positions to vouch for the truthfulness of the existence of the phantom goat. Persons who travel that road to and from town make their arrangements to pass that spot before nightfall, and very few have the temerity to invade the territory of his goatship after darkness has fallen. — New Albany (Miss.) Gazette.

TIES OF BROTHERHOOD.

They Are Often Very Irksome, Says Novelist Howells.

Perhaps one reason why people dislike the notion of human brotherhood so much is because the ties of kindred are often made so irksome. Society holds you to account for your brother's behavior, and even for his character, as if you had invented it, or at least favored it; and his children can bring your children to shame by their misconduct, though they may never have seen one another.

It is hardly enough, on the other hand, that you receive a sort of reflected glory from your brother's excellence or celebrity; you are then expected to live up to him, and that may be another hardship if you have not his talent or temperament.

You feel that you are fitly answerable for your son, in a measure, though his great-grandfather on the other side, if he could be got at, might sometimes be much more justly made to suffer; but you do not feel that you are fitly answerable for your brother, and you feel that it is cruel of society to hold you so. If he is stupid or tiresome, people will shrink from you, as if you partook of his character because you partake of his origin. Often you do partake of his character. Brothers are often alike; but often they are intensely unlike in tastes, habits, manners, dispositions, temperaments. Often you shall be truly the brother of a man whom you have met rather late in life, and whom you like because he is of kindred nature, while in your heart you may fail to like the brother who is merely of kindred origin. Yet if one allowed the brother of one's blood to come to want or disgrace, society would hold one infamous. If it were the brother of one's soul, society would have nothing to say.—W. D. Howells, in Century.

Her Dower Too Small.

The suit of Marquis di Marescotti, of Bologna, Italy, against Princess Anna Maria Torlonia, of Rome, which has just come to an end in the former city, has excited widespread interest. It had a curious origin. In 1821 a Torlonia was married to a Marescotti, and brought him a marriage gift considerably less than had been promised. The marquis of that time sued for the difference, and the present marquis received a verdict of 267,000 francs against the family.—Detroit Free Press.

A Slight Difference.

"As I understand it, doctor, if I believe I'm well, I'll be well. Is that the idea?"

"It is."

"Then, if you believe you're paid, I suppose you'll be paid."

"Not necessarily."

"But why shouldn't faith work as well in one case as in the other?"

"Why, you see, there is considerable difference between having faith in the Almighty and having faith in you."—Chicago Evening Post.

A Sudden Death.

Kentucky Coroner—Yes, the papers found upon the deceased prove that he was Col. Blood.

Witness—There was also a quart bottle found in one of his pockets.

Coroner—Was the bottle empty?

Witness—No, sir, it was full—hadn't been touched.

Coroner—Poor fellow, he must have died without a moment's warning.—Bay City Chat.

VERY NICE FOR DAD.

"I say, father, there's a stuffed monkey in the Natural History museum nearly as big as you are."—Ally Sloper.

His Make-Up Complete.

"We are to have some theatricals at our boarding-house this evening," said Rankin, "and I've got to act the part of a strong man. How would you advise me to make up for it?"

"Phew!" exclaimed Fyle. "Go as you are."

Rankin had been eating onions.—Chicago Tribune.

MISS MEXICO IS IN STYLE.

She Has Found that the American Monroe Doctrine Bonnet Is Immensely Becoming to Her.

Why They Wept.

Talker—When I lectured there was not a dry eye in the audience.

Walker—Indeed, and what was your subject?

Talker—I had been addressing a school of cookery and giving a practical illustration of how to peel an onion.—San Francisco Examiner.

Meat for Breakfast.

Butcher (to lady with dog in her arms)—What will it be this evenin', mum?

Lady—Send a pound and a half of calves' liver in time for breakfast, and—let me see, Carlo won't eat liver—and a half pound of porterhouse steak.—Bay City Chat.

Present or Future.

Poor Jinks is in a quandary; he really dare not wed
For fear his growing family may not be clothed or fed;
And yet the other horn's as bad—what woes his wits engage!
Who will, if children are not had, support him in old age?

—Truth.

Economy.

Jiggs—I see that poor Scrimp is in desperate straits on account of heavy doctor's bills.

Joggs—Yes; his wife broke down under the strain of buying things below cost at bargain counters!—Texas Siftings.

Turned to Account.

"Wasn't it horrible? A man who was walking across the university campus fell in a fit of delirium tremens!"

"Yes, it was dreadful. But his ravings furnished the students with a new college yell."—Chicago Tribune.

In Washington.

First Citizen—I just passed Senator Bombshell. Never saw him look so happy.

Second Citizen—Perhaps he's discovered a new casus belli.—Brooklyn Life.

An Important Point.

Mr. Askin—My precious one, will you share my lot?

Precious One—Is there a mortgage on it?—Detroit Free Press.

The Same Thing.

Binks—Did you ever see a drunken man trying to ride a bicycle?

Tinks—No, but I have often watched beginners.—Town Topics.

He Was Happy.

Brown—Why, Smith, your wife died after all, did she not?

Smith—How did you find that out?

Brown—I knew it the moment I saw that happy expression on your face.—Texas Siftings.

Another View of It.

Gayboy—But I can't marry you now. Think what it will cost me to wed you!

Miss Gaygirl—Yes, and think what it will cost you if you don't!—Town Topics.

Had to Sprint.

He picked the bonnet up in haste,
Knowing he had no time to waste;
And ran from store to home—a mile—
For fear it would go out of style.

—Truth.

TOOK HER BY SURPRISE.

Dick—You would marry the biggest fool in the world if he asked you, wouldn't you?

Maud—O, Dick, this is so sudden.—N. Y. World.

Feminine Logic.

She (flashing)—I know, Alfred, I have my faults.

He—Oh, certainly.

She (angrily) — Indeed? Perhaps you'll tell me what they are?—Titbits.

His Motto.

"Mrs. Hobbs, my motto is 'say nothing and saw wood.'"

"Then why do you get so mad whenever I ask you to split a little kindling?"—Chicago Record.

Dangerous.

Mr. Spatts—If there are microbes in kisses what disease do they produce?

Dr. Dildulf—Palpitation of the heart.—Truth.

Brevity Rebuked.

Her name was Bessie Turner; she'd a tendency to fat;
And nothing could offend her more than any hint of that.
She had a lover who was quite addicted to the fad
Of practicing abbreviation when a chance he had.
He entered unto her one day with light and airy tread,
And with a jocund mien in tone of exultation said:
"O, Bessie T——! O, Bessie T——," and that was all of it.
A rolling-pin assisted the forthwithness of his flit.

—Richmond Dispatch.

Both Discoverers.

"I have found you out, at last!" cried Mr. Caudle, as he wakened suddenly and saw his wife searching his clothes for cash.

"Yes, dear, and I have found you out—of pocket!" sweetly replied Mrs. Caudle.

Mr. Candle did not continue the conversation. He had hidden his money in the toe of his shoe.—Town Topics.

The Old Trouble Reversed.

Mrs. Bloomernew (aggrieved)—Ferdinand, there is a button off my bloomers.

Mr. Bloomernew (sighing)—Well, my dear, you must know that after attending to the housework, washing the children, sweeping the porches and making the bread, your poor husband has absolutely no time to himself.—N. Y. World.

Cause and Effect.

Mr. Henpeck (meaningly) — Ella Wheeler Wilcox says all girls should be sunny.

Mrs. Henpeck—Huh! Most girls are sunny. It's after they become women and begin living with a husband that all the sunshine goes out of their life.

Mr. Henpeck subsides.—N. Y. Weekly.

Saved a Great Deal of Labor.

The Vicar (to sexton)—Why don't you see that the seats in the church are dusted now and then, Tombs?

Tombs (the sexton)—I do, sir; the congregation does it every Sunday morning, sir.—Answers.

Don't Hide.

"Don't hide your light under a bushel,"
'Tis thus that the Scriptures advise,
And it means if you would do the business
you should,
It is proper to advertise.

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

FARM AND GARDEN.

WIDE TIRES AGAIN.

There Is No Doubt That They Help to Improve Country Roads.

It seems to be generally understood that something must be done to improve our country roads. But the question now is: What shall we do?

I live about six miles from Rochester, N. Y., writes S. M. Harris in the New York Tribune, and am constantly driving between my home and the city, and so I am not only very much interested in the question of road improvement, but have also had abundant opportunity to observe the effects of weather and traffic on our present gravel and earth roads, and I have recently been very much impressed with the great improvement effected in the condition of the roads simply by the use of wide tires on loaded wagons.

The city of Rochester has adopted an ordinance compelling the use of tires four inches wide on all wagons designed to carry one ton or more. It, therefore, often happens that some of the wagons with wide tires that are used in the city come out a few miles into the country. The consequence is a marked improvement in the roads near the city, which, on account of the heavy traffic on them, have always been in much worse condition than those further out in the country. These wagons with wide tires, instead of cutting into the road, leaving ruts and holes to catch and hold the water until it soaks in and softens the whole roadbed, actually improve the road by rolling it down hard and leaving it smooth, so that any water that falls on it soon runs off, and does no injury. If such is the effect of a few wagons with wide tires, what would be the result if all wagons carrying heavy loads were constructed in the same way? I am fully convinced that nothing that can be done would work so much improvement to our roads with so little expense as the use of wide tires. Where once tried, I think the wayfaring man, though he be a member of our state legislature, could not help but see the great advantage to be derived from their use.

The idea of state aid in making road improvement is very popular among farmers, who seem to think that they will get good roads in this way without any trouble or expense to themselves. But even if expensive roadbeds were constructed they would soon be ruined unless the use of narrow tires was prohibited.

It seems to me, therefore, that the first thing that should be done is to enact state or county laws compelling the use of tires at least four inches wide on all wagons designed to carry a ton or more that are used on our public highways. After this is done we can go ahead and make all the improvements we can afford to, with the assurance that the work we do will not be rendered useless within a few years.

Objection is often made to the use of wide tires that they will not run in the ruts, and therefore make the wagon run hard. But if all wagons had wide tires there would not be any ruts. A wagon built with tires wide enough to keep the wheels from cutting into the road will obviously draw more easily than one that plows through the mud, instead of running over it.

In England this use of wide tires has been general for a great many years, and to this fact is largely due the magnificent condition of the roads there. Why are we so slow to adopt this easy and cheap method of improving our roads?

Let us "get out of the rut," and hereafter roll over smooth roads on wide tires.

TRANSPLANTING DEVICE.

One That Can Be Made at Home at a Trifling Expense.

A transplanting device is here shown which may readily be made at home, after making requisition upon a tinsmith for the curved blades, which he can cut from galvanized sheet iron with his shears and then bend into

shape. The handles can be cut from two thin strips of hardwood, the point of union being determined by a trial to show how much the thumb and forefinger will have to spread to open the blades sufficiently to receive a plant and a goodly bit of earth about its roots. With this tool held as one holds a pair of shears, the blades can be shoved down about a plant, a little pressure applied, and the plant lifted without disturbing the roots. It then can be set down in its new location, and no check given to its growth.—American Agriculturist.

Black Currants for Canning.

Because the black currants do not give as large yields as do the red currants, it does not follow that they are not profitable for the commercial grower. The successful grower must cater to the wants of the market, and supply everything called for that he can produce, even if there are varying degrees of profit in their cultivation. It is important in this connection to note that in some markets abroad the word currant is used for the black currants, that being the leading variety. In this country the consumption of black currants is increasing. They are used for somewhat different purposes than are the red. They are especially excellent for canning.

Ungrammatical, But Well Meant.

We want extensive county roads,
And want 'em mighty bad:
So writes an ungrammatic friend,
And yet that's what he's had.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

When the vines are allowed to run about in all directions they deprive each other of light and the fruit is poor.

PARTITIONS IN SILOS.

How They Should Be Constructed to Secure Satisfactory Results.

Where several silos are desired, or where two kinds of silage are to be stored so as to be fed at any time, one large silo with one or more partitions will be cheaper than separate silos. In the illustration shown herewith will be seen how a partition may be put in a round silo. By running a second partition at right angles to the first the silo may be divided into four pits, but it is always best to avoid partitions when possible to do so. If a partition is made it should be airtight, but if the filling takes place on both sides at the same time, it need not be as strong. In the round silo the partition should be put in after the lining. To make the partition, two thicknesses of inch

PARTITION IN ROUND SILO.

boards with paper between may be used. These should be nailed to studding made out of 6x6's sawed in two diagonally, using two pieces at each end of the partition, placed so that the sawed face fills the corner formed by the partition.

With the intermediate studs the boards should be nailed to the sawed or wide side, so as to avoid forming square corners.

If a rectangular silo is built, then two layers of matched fencing with tar paper between should be used for the lining. To lessen the spoiling of silage at the corners, these should be cut off with one layer of inch boards about 18 inches long. This should then be lined with roofing tin soldered together into a strip long enough to nail to the lining and to completely cover the two ends of the short boards by as much as two inches on each side. The tin should be kept painted with coal tar to prevent rusting.—F. H. King, in Orange Judd Farmer.

OUR COMMON ROADS.

To Repair Them Costs Nearly Twenty Million Dollars a Year.

The total length of the common roads in this country, good, bad and indifferent, is estimated by Gen. Stone, of the road bureau of the department of agriculture, at something over 1,300,000 miles. The majority of these roads have been opened by common laborers, hired by local supervisors, and no engineering principles have been observed in their construction. As a result, it costs more to keep them in repair than if they were as many finely macadamized roads. Keeping these poor roads in repair and opening new thoroughfares cost Massachusetts in 1893, outside of cities, $1,136,944, or $66.30 per mile; New York, $2,500,000, or $30 per mile, and New Jersey, $778,407.82, or $43.25 per mile. The total expenditure for roads in that year amounted to about $20,000,000. As a greater part of the enormous sum was spent in repairing poorly-constructed roads, that would need exactly the same attention next year, it is not an exaggeration to say that most of the money was wasted. Fine roads can be constructed all the way from $400 to $500 per mile, according to the nature of the country through which they pass, the cost of crushed stone and other engineering problems. The cost of keeping these roads in repair is infinitely smaller than that required to repair the ordinary dirt roads each winter and spring, when great gulleys and ruts are washed into them by the rains and floods.—Manufacturer.

BITS OF DAIRY WISDOM.

Never allow a heifer calf from a rich butter cow to be killed as a veal. If you do not want her to supply your own dairy—there are plenty who do.

If you are a dairyman or a dairywoman put your brains, your energy in it. Be an enthusiast. If you cannot, then it is not the business for you, and you will not succeed.

Be sure that all the fences are up and strong before stock is turned out. It will prevent the cattle from getting bad habits impossible to cure and perhaps an expensive lawsuit.

By selling gilt-edged butter a dairyman is not impoverishing his farm. He is selling his crops to his cows at a profit, and returning the manurial elements to the farm which becomes more productive every year.

Few remedies for caked udder are better than soft soap. Cover the bag. If the bunches and soreness have not disappeared in a few days repeat. Frequent bathing with hot water and hard rubbing will allay the fever and reduce the swellings.—Farm Journal.

Coloring Butter and Oleomargarine.

The practice of coloring butter is so universal that it is no longer regarded as being to any extent an attempt to deceive. Innocent as it is, it may have to be given up in some states for the sake of depriving oleomargarine of the same privilege. It is evident that the farmers lose more in allowing oleomargarine to be colored than they gain in being permitted to color butter. They can then well afford to advocate the passage of a law that will sweep away the privilege once for all. It is true that there would have to be a very radical change in our butter score cards, the points for color being nearly or altogether eliminated.—Farmers' Review.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Returns from life insurance companies show a great increase in business during 1895.

—A woman in Simpson county, Ky., still spins and weaves all the cloth for the clothing worn by her husband and children.

—Our globe now contains 1,470,729,000 inhabitants, according to the latest statistics. More than half of this number are claimed by Asia alone.

—The owner of an ostrich farm at Anaheim, Cal., is trying to break ostriches to drive in single, double and tandem harness. His efforts are meeting with a great measure of success.

—Collections of internal revenue for the eight months of the current fiscal year have aggregated $98,881,370, a decrease, as compared with the corresponding months of 1895, of $1,651,090.

—An Ohio girl poured a cup of hot water on the head of her fiance for making fun of her cooking. The young man sank in a dead faint, the hair dropped from his head and he is likely to die.

—The current number of a humorous publication has an illustration showing the arrest of a Turkish tramp for singing "There's Only One Girl in This World for Me" in front of the sultan's seraglio.

—It is said that Dr. Carver, of Augustine, Fla., is living in the oldest house in the United States. It was built in 1562 and was occupied by Spanish monks before St. Augustine was founded. In the house Dr. Carver has surrounded himself with the history of Florida and the Spanish, who once ruled it, that is of itself a veritable museum.

—The speed of a railway train in miles per hour can, it is claimed, be found by counting the number of rails over which a car wheel passes in 20.3 seconds, because 20.3 seconds bears the same ratio to an hour that 30 feet, the length of a rail, bears to a mile. The fish plates or the thumps may be counted. Thus, supposing that 39 thumps are made by a wheel in 20.3 seconds, the train is then running at the rate of 39 miles an hour.

WHIPPING HIS WEIGHT.

The Champion Logger Overestimated His Fistic Ability to His Sorrow.

In the logging camps of Michigan might makes right and the man who has whipped all comers in fair fights is king of his camp.

One of these, said a logger, was very boastful of his exploits. He had been the victor in a dozen fights and no one cared to enter the lists with him, but every man in the camp hated the champion. Going into a saloon one day he announced: "I'm tired of these babies in camp. I ain't had a good fight in Michigan. I can whip my weight in dogs, wildcats or anything that breathes for $100."

A meek-looking man took the bet and arrangements for the fight were made. It was to take place in a closed room one week from the time the bet was made.

The day came and the champion called: "Bring on your animals." The man who had bet against the king of the camp brought his antagonist in a large sack, which had been deposited behind the stove in the saloon where the match had been entered into, the weather just beginning to get cold. The gladiator entered the room, the sack was emptied and the people crowded at the window to see the contest. Out of the sack came three large hornet nests, the occupants of which had been revived by the heat.

They issued from the nests in swarms and lit all over the man. He fought them for a minute or two, then, with a yell, jumped through the window, carrying sash and glass with him, never stopping until he reached the river, into which he jumped.

"Said he could whip his weight in anything that breathed," remarked the meek little man, as he pocketed the stakes, "but about five pounds of hornets knocked him out in the first round."—Washington Star.

A Russian Daniel.

Not long ago a Russian judge was called upon to decide a knotty point relating to a promissory note, which the debtor had made payable on "Saint Henry's Day." Now it happens that there is no such saint's day in the Orthodox Russian calendar. Hence, how could the court give judgment on a bond in which it could not be said that the debtor had made default? Yet justice evidently required that the lender of the money should be repaid. Then it occurred to the judge, who had a share of the shrewdness of Sancho Panza or the wit of Joe Miller, that the festival of "All Saints" must necessarily include even the dubious saint in question, and he gave judgment accordingly for payment on that day.—N. Y. Post.

Consoled.

It is possible to find occasion for thankfulness under the most adverse circumstances. A good story is told of an old organ-blower who was dying. The curate was visiting him.

"Would you mind, sir, asking our organist to play the 'Dead March' over me?" asked the sick man.

"Certainly I will, Chapman," said the curate.

"Thankee, sir; none of that ere tweedledum Beethoven, you know, sir; only Handel's."

"I am sure he will do it," responded the curate.

The old man lay placidly for awhile, and then exclaimed, with fervor:

"How thankful I be that I shan't have to blow for him when he plays the loud part at the end."—London Tit-Bits.

Above Suspicion.

Mrs. Bigwad—It must be terribly embarrassing to be as poor as the Joneses—they never give anything to charity.

Mr. Bigwad—But we don't either.

"Well, they can't say that it is because we haven't got it to give.'—Vanity.

INDIGESTION.

As a Result of It, There Were Many Disorders.

The Disease Will Create the Symptoms of Heart Disease, Kidney Disease, Etc.

From the Standard-Union, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Few women have had a more miserable existence and lived to tell the tale than Mrs. Anna L. Smith of 311 Pulaski Avenue, Brooklyn. With all the comforts that money affords, with all the happiness that many loving friends can give, the joy of Mrs. Smith's life was blasted for years by the terrible ravages of sickness. The story is most interesting as told to a reporter:

"I was an invalid for years, suffering first with one complaint and then with another. My case was truly that of a complication of diseases, due to an accident which I received some years ago. The thing which caused me the most discomfort and made me offensive to my family was the worst case of indigestion imaginable. I made all around me miserable by my sufferings, and was most miserable myself. I had the best physician we could find, and occasionally his prescriptions relieved me temporarily. But the pains and misery would all soon return again. I became desperate, and started in to try remedies of which I read. Among them were the Pink Pills. Their appearance captivated me instantly, for I am a great believer in the beautiful. I took the pills and followed out the directions to the letter, and before many days I began to feel like a different woman. For six weeks I took the pills regularly, and I can truthfully add after that I was as well as any one in the family. This change for the better in my condition has caused my relatives and friends to take the pills. We buy them all from the drug store of John Duryea, at the corner of De Kalb and Summer Avenues.

"I assure you it was impossible for me to oversee my household for three years. Now I visit my kitchen every day, do my own marketing and shopping; in a word, look after everything connected with my home and family.

"Oh, yes, I still keep taking the pills. I take one daily after dinner. Prevention, you know, is better and cheaper than cure. I verily believe one half of the women who are suffering from the ills which our sex are heir to would be up and well if they could be induced to give the Pink Pills a fair trial. I certainly recommend them heartily and feel grateful to the physician who put them on the market."

Mrs. Smith is a woman of some means and standing in the community and, therefore, her testimony will be accepted without question by all thoughtful people.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., at 50c. per box, or six boxes for $2.50, and are never sold in bulk or by the dozen or hundred.

Declined a Handsome Gift.

Some time ago the Catholics of Cincinnati decided to present to Archbishop Elder a testimonial gift on the approaching 50th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. Hearing of this, Mrs. Bellamy Storer, the wife of ex-Congressman Storer, offered to give her handsome house and grounds in Cincinnati for the purpose. The committee in charge of the matter, however, has just received a letter from the archbishop declining the proposed gift, on the ground that it would not be seemly for him to accept a gift when the diocese is struggling under a debt.

Free Attendant Service—The North-Western Line.

A new departure has been inaugurated at the Chicago passenger station of the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Ry) which will be found a great convenience to the traveling public. A corps of uniformed attendants has been provided to render both incoming and outgoing passengers all necessary attention, directing them to carriages, omnibuses and street cars, carrying hand baggage, assisting persons in feeble health, and making themselves useful in every way in their power. The attendants wear blue uniforms and bright red caps, and the service is entirely free. The North-Western Line is the through-car route between Chicago and St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Ashland, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Sioux City, Denver, Salt Lake, San Francisco, Portland and many other important cities of the west and northwest.

ALL men, if they work not as in a great taskmaster's eye, will work wrong, work unhappily for themselves and you.—Carlyle.

A Spring Trip South.

On April 7 and 21, and May 5, tickets will be sold from principal cities, towns and villages of the north, to all points on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida and a portion of Kentucky, at one single fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good to return within twenty-one days, on payment of $2 to agent at destination, and will allow stop-over at any point on the south bound trip. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

CLARA—"Mr. Nicefello said my face was classic. What is classic?" Dora—"Oh, most anything old."—Good News.

THE useful and the beautiful are never separated.—Periander.

A WOAN spoken in season, at the right moment, is the mother of ages.—Carlyle.

HIS UNCLE DID IT.—"Did you say that Marks owed his financial success to his own will power?" "Oh, no, to his uncle's will power. He left everything to Marks."—Detroit Free Press.

SOCRATES was esteemed the wisest man of his time, because he turned his acquired knowledge into morality, and aimed at goodness more than greatness.—Tillotson.

DISORDER in a drawing room is vulgar; in an antiquary's study, not; the black battle stain on a soldier's face is not vulgar, but the dirty face of a housemaid is.—Ruskin.

SHE bought a pretty parasol
Of an entrancing shade;
But dared not take it in the sun
For fear that it would fade.
—Washington Star.

RUNNING DOESN'T EXPRESS IT.—McCorkle—"Isn't Tenspot running into debt pretty lively?" McCrackle—"Running isn't the word for it. He is fairly sprinting."—Detroit Free Press.

"WHAT are you crying for, child?" "Lolo hurt me." "How, pray?" "I was going to hit him with my fist, when he ducked his head and my fist hit the wall."—Boston Transcript.

LEFT OUT IN THE COLD.—"Jacques, how is it you never bring any good marks home from school?" "Oh, papa, there are such a lot of us that when my turn comes there are none left."—La Famille.

"I SHALL apply for a divorce. He is treating me like a dog and he makes me work like a horse." "Well, then, you should make your complaint to the society for the protection of animals and not to the courts."—L'Illustre de Poche.

SOMETHING THAT DOESN'T.—Twynn—"I suppose you never heard of the Keeley motor." Triplett—"What makes you suppose that?" Twynn—"You are so fond of remarking 'Everything goes.'"

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

PUPIL—"What qualifies a man to be called a master of the fence?" "Well, monsieur, he may be very clever with foils or he may be what you call a mugwump."—Brooklyn Life.

A Trinity of Evils.

Biliousness, sick headache and irregularity of the bowels accompany each other. To the removal of this trinity of evils Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is specially adapted. It also cures dyspepsia, rheumatism, malarial complaints, biliousness, nervousness and constipation. The most satisfactory results follow a fair trial. Use it daily.

"IT is queer," said Mrs. Bloocher, "that a man can take enough interest in his wife's letters to open them, but not enough to mail them."—Indianapolis Journal.

PISO'S CURE cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. CADY, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1895.

HER—"I am told that your admirers' name is legion." She (blushing)—"Oh, no, indeed, his name is Jones."—Brooklyn Life.

FITS stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

POETRY FED.—She (sentimentally)—"What poetry there is in fire!" He (sadly)—"Yes; a great deal of my pretty poetry has gone there."—Harper's Bazar.

A VICTORY is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers.—Shakespeare.

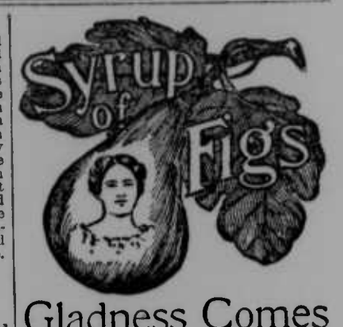

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

Loss of opportunity is life's greatest loss. Think of suffering with

NEURALGIA 5 Years 10 Years 15 Years

When the opportunity lies in a bottle of ST. JACOBS OIL. It cures.

FIELD AND HOG FENCE WIRE.

26, 33, 42, 50, or 58 inches high. Quality and workmanship the best. Nothing on the market to compare with it. Write for full information.

UNION FENCE COMPANY, DE KALB, ILL.

NEARLY 2,000,000 ACRES

Of Government Lands Now Open to Settlement

IN NORTHERN ARKANSAS

They are fertile, well-watered, heavily-timbered, and produce grains, grasses, fruits and vegetables in abundance. North Arkansas apples are noted. The climate is delightful, winters mild and short. These lands are subject to homestead entry of 160 acres each. Now is the time to get a home. For further information as to character of lands, manner of entering them, in what counties located, with maps of the district, address

E. V. M. POWELL, Immigration Agent, Harrison, Ark.

Inclose One Dollar. Remit by Money Order or Registered Letter.

Refers to Bank of Harrison and Boone County Bank, Harrison, Ark.

How it looks,

to the women who wash with Pearline (see soap), when they see a woman washing in the old-fashioned way with soap—rubbing the clothes to pieces, rubbing away her strength, wearing herself out over the washboard! To these Pearline women, fresh from easy washing, she seems to "wear a fool's cap unawares."

Everything's in favor of Pearline (see without soap)—easier work, quicker work, better work, safety, economy. There's not one thing against it. What's the use of washing in the hardest way, when it costs more money?

Millions NOW USE Pearline

Battle Ax

A GREAT BIG PIECE FOR 10 CENTS

PLUG

As good as can be made regardless of price

5⅓ Ounces

for 10 cents

Other Brands Only

3⅕ Ounces

for 10 cent

Don't take our word for it, but buy a piece and see for yourself.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, May 4th, 1896.

While nothing is certain in politics until it has been accomplished, the impression is well nigh general in Congress, although a few of those who are committed to other candidates will not publicly admit as much, that Gov. McKinley will be nominated for President by the St. Louis convention. The original McKinley men express confidence that no ballot will be taken but that the nomination will be made by acclamation. Of course it is possible that something may occur that will change matters, and it is largely upon that the opponents of Gov. McKinley are now banking, but from the best obtainable information in Washington it looks at this time as if McKinley was bound to win.

Members of the House are disposed to resent the action of the Senate in reducing the number of battleships provided for in the Naval appropriation bill from 4 to 2, and the House will probably refuse to the Senate amendments, but somehow or other the Senate always succeeds in having its way, and as members of the House are much more anxious to get home—some of them have got to fight for renomination—than the Senators, this will probably not be an exception to the rule, if the Senate refuses to recede. But the vote in favor of the amendment was close—31 to 27—and upon a fuller attendance of the Senate, enough votes may be obtained to recede from the amendment.

The House passed the general bankruptcy bill by a vote of 157 to 81. Whether the bill will be disposed by the Senate at this session is not yet certain. It will depend largely on whether an agreement can be reached to limit the debate to a given time.

Representative Baker, of New Hampshire, has offered a concurrent resolution providing for an investigation by a select Congressional committee of the recent purchase of seed by Secretary Morton. A preamble to the resolution sets forth the charges made against Secretary Morton by a Chicago firm of seedsmen; also Secretary Morton's charge that Senators and Representatives often dispose of their quota of seeds for cash instead of having them sent to their constituents.

If Senator Tillman of S. C., was given his just deserts, he would be expelled from the U. S. Senate for having insulted that body upon the two occasions he has delivered harangues on the floor of the Senate chamber, by a copious use of ungentlemanly language. Other Senators have criticised other public men just as harshly as Tillman did and it being their right to do so no objection has been made, but no other Senator has ever belched forth such a deluge of billingsgate as Tillman did, and the worst feature of it is that he claims all his blackguardism to be done in the name of the people and in the interest of reform. The reform of which Tillman is the apostle is truly to be pitied! How hollow it is may be judged from the fact that Tillman drew his salary as Senator for the period he was traveling in the West making blackguard speeches without a blush. Some of the ablest silver men in Congress believe that Tillman has done the cause of silver irreparable injury by his wild talk. It must be galling to South Carolinians to read of Tillman's boast that he has the electoral vote of that state completely under his control and can place it wherever he pleases. A more disgusting or disgraceful boast was never publicly made in this country. It is a little more than the boldest political boss has ever dared to do.

It is believed that when Senator Hill stated in his speech, on the floor of the Senate, that he didn't believe Mr. Cleveland would again be a candidate for the Democratic nomination, that the foxy New Yorker was trying to smoke Mr. Cleveland out and get him to make a definite [illegible] aration of his intentions. The [illegible] ing of the platform adopted by [illegible] ichigan Democratic convention, which was probably prepared [illegible] Dickinson, has increased the [illegible] Washington intends to capture [illegible] nomination for himself in order [illegible] silver Democrats make it [illegible] and recoby capturing the Chicago [illegible] Democratic Senators [illegible] their Republican colleagues, [illegible] they would do nothing [illegible] an early adjournment [illegible] lief in some quarters [illegible] ance had a string tied [illegible] ll become visible when [illegible] hood had been reported a resolution [illegible] setting a date for another?

He was sure [illegible] secret still, [illegible] days. She [illegible] It now in all [illegible] phant youth

gave her Castoria.
cried for Castoria.
clung to Castoria.
ve them Castoria
ed.

Kitsmillersville.

We were all very much shocked on last Tuesday evening to hear of the death of Mrs. Annie E. Wilson, wife of Heenan Wilson. Mrs. Wilson said she was feeling very well in answer to Mr. Wilson's inquiry when he came home. He picked up his milk bucket and stepped out in the yard to milk his cow, when the hired girl called him to come quick. He ran into the house and saw that Mrs. Wilson had fallen to the floor. He called in some of the neighbors, but in a few minutes her spirit took its flight to the land from whence none ever return. Mrs. Wilson made many friends while among us and her death cast a gloom over us all. She leaves a husband and three little children to mourn their loss. Blessed are they who, when the message comes, find themselves ready.

P.

McHenry.

The farmers are busy sowing oats.

Mr. Jesse Glotfelty has a very large kiln of lime to scatter.

Mr. Daniel Chrise, late of this place, who had been working for Jonas Glotfelty, returned to his home friends in Pennsylvania last week.

Mr. E. A. Weimer is preparing to build an addition to his store.

The Sunday school at this place is moving on slowly.

Grantsville.

Indications are for an immense crop of fruit in this region.

Mr. Garthright, of Mt. Lake Park, bought a car load of sugar from the farmers of this region at seven cents per pound, last week. G. D. Lichty, of Meyersdale, Pa., is also buying sugar here at the same price.

Rev. Beverage, a traveling evangelist, accompanied by his wife, began a series of meetings in the Methodist Episcopal church Monday evening.

"Bert" Ryland is at home enjoying a vacation after his recent graduation from the College of Pharmacy at Philadelphia. We are informed that the class in which Mr. Ryland graduated is a notable one, being the largest class ever known to graduate. We hope he may be successful in the professional field.

Some of our people were at Cumberland and saw Buffalo Bill's Wild West show when it was held there last week. It is pronounced superior to Barnum's great show.

John Bender, sr., had a public sale on the 4th inst. of his personal property.

Last Tuesday afternoon John Reckner, a man with a feeble and unsound mind, who is about forty years old and lives with Samuel Durst, his uncle near New Germany, strayed away from home while searching for the cows, got out to the old National road and wandered westward, passing through town at night and was finally stopped with difficulty by Mr. Bird, a farmer living near Savage, Pa., about eight or nine miles west of this place, on Friday morning. In the meantime he had not stopped at any place for food, and when stopped in his wild and bewildered rovings he was nearly famished. Searching companies were out in quest of him but had expected to find him near home.

Mountain Lake Park.

The April number of the *Mountain Chautauqua* is mailed at last. It tells of the rich feast of good things to be enjoyed at the Park this summer.

M. L. Fleming, of Fairmont, is having two rooms and porches added to his house.

Through the kindness of Fish Commissioner Browning 12,000 trout from the State hatchery were placed in the lake last Saturday. Mr. B. has, during his term, well cared for this county and our streams are being well stocked with fish. We are glad to speak a good word for this kind and obliging officer.

A number of wild geese have been on the lake the past week.

Several parties are boating on the lake. The rate for May has been fixed at 10 cents an hour.

The road machine is putting the streets in good shape, and rounding up the drives. The new drives will attract attention and be greatly enjoyed.

Our paper hangers are having a harvest. So are the painters.

X.

Died.

DAVIS.—Mrs. Maria E. Davis, a life long resident of Oakland, died of a complication of diseases in the Maryland General hospital, Baltimore Tuesday night. Her remains were brought to Oakland last night on the 6.45 train, accompanied by her two sons, Messrs. S. T. and Harry Davis. Her age was about sixty-eight years. The funeral services will occur to-day, to be conducted by her pastor, Rev. S. M. Engle of the Garrett Memorial church.

A Batch from the "Oracle."

Miss Laura White, of Hutton, spent Tuesday evening in Terra Alta, the guest of Mrs. J. B. Custeday.

Mrs. D. E. Offutt and Mrs. King Delawder, of Oakland, spent Tuesday in Terra Alta the guests of friends.

Mr. A. T. Fraley has secured a position with the Garrett County Bank, at Oakland, Md., and will begin his duties May 1st, (Friday.) Albert is a splendid accountant and deservant of most any position. We wish him abundant of success.

Rev. S. M. Engle, of Oakland, was at Crellen, on Friday last, and while there enjoyed a few hours of fishing in Laurel and other streams. He lost fifteen hooks, three leaders nine lines, four sinkers, two rods, one fish and part of his shoe, but came out of it all with a serene smile of triumph, which spoke badly for the spotted beauties.

We understand that Mr. W. H. Butler, of this place, will leave here shortly to enter the Soldier's Home at Hampton Roads, Virginia, where he will reside permanently, or until his health gets better. Mr. Butler has had quite a terrible time of it taroughout the entire winter just past most of the time being confined to his bed. At one time his life was despaired of, but through the effort of his physicians he was successfully pulled through and is now much better. Would greatly regret losing Mr. Butler from among us, as he is one of our liberal-minded and liberal handed citizens, is always ready to extend help when help is needed and is quite popular and highly respected. But we trust that if he goes to the Home he will quickly recover and return to Terra Alta.

MOUNTAIN STATE
Business College,
PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
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"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

A MAN'S $15.00 SACK SUIT $6.50
OUR 1896 SPRING LEADER
Guaranteed to be made from Imported All Wool, Black or Blue Worsted Corded Cheviot, made in latest style, lined with Imported Farmer Satin, trimmed and finished in the best of Custom Tailor manner. You cannot duplicate it in your town for $15.00.

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BOYS' KNEE PANTS SUITS, 4 to 15 years, $3.25

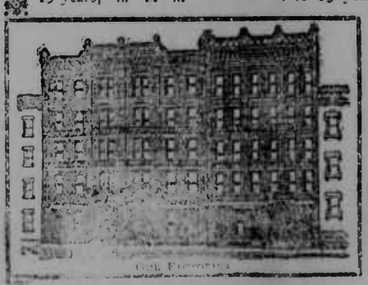

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Measure around Breast and Waist, and from Crotch to Heel for Pants. For Boys, send

WE PAY EXPRESS CHARGES to your door, and if you not feel satisfied will refund money.

WHEN you buy direct from one of the largest wholesale manufacturers a full Suit, COAT, VEST and PANTS, made to order. If you order a suit, your friends will [illegible]
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, containing [illegible] MAILED FREE. Send money by Express Order, or Bank [illegible]
E. ROSENBURGER & CO. [illegible]

High-class Tailoring
At MODERN PRICES.

We have the finest and largest assortment of cloths this side of Washington to select from, and as to PRICE, we are sure we can satisfy you.

You can have that old suit of yours cleaned, dyed and repaired at small expense to look like new by our expert workmen. We also do ladies' work.

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31—26

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Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.
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—AND—
GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

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PLANING MILLS,
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DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding
DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,
at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.
FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS.
Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.
Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.
38 13

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR
Monuments. Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe
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AGENTS WANTED.
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Don't fail to give NETHKEN BROS. a call.
GENERAL MERCHANDISE AND GROCERIES.
We also carry latest styles in Fall and Winter Millinery. Has trimmed to order.
NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.
Come and be convinced you do not have to pay two prices for your goods, because we sell for cash. Remember the place.
NETHKEN BROS,
Main Street,
DEER PARK, MD.
31—1yr

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.
Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties, of West Virginia. 38 10 6

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DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
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Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
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W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.
LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.
Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26*

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WHITE OAK LUMBER CUT TO ORDER
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$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.
CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
2215 216 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

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Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.
Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.

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OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,
C. A. SNOW & CO.
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LAND FOR SALE!
I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underland with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.
All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.
Call on or address:
C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

ESTABLISHED MARCH 3, 1877. BENJ. H. SINCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1896. NUMBER 10.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

WANTED. — A chambermaid. Apply to the Glades hotel.

Mr. Joseph Hostetler, of near Accident, was here Tuesday.

Judge G. F. Inglehart, of Accident, was in town on Tuesday.

Anything that will not grow this sort of weather should be pulled up.

Messrs. John Shartzer and D. E. Bolden were in Baltimore Monday.

Miss Annie Grant is learning the art preservative of arts in this office.

Justice L.C. Fike, of District No. 2, was in the city Monday on business.

Dr. Dailey, of Westernport, was in the city last Friday on a visit to friends.

John Shartzer will auction off the goods of George O. Miller & Co. beginning Friday, May 23, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Oak refrigerator, cheap: good as new. Apply to Rev. S. M. Engle. 8-3*

Sash, doors, and all planing mill work at cost. Call on John Shartzer, receiver.

Mr. Harry Loar, of Grafton, W. Va., spent two or three days this week visiting his parents.

Mrs. Dr. Manown, of Kingwood, was here a day or two last week visiting Mrs. E. D. Kepner.

Col. A. G. Sturgiss is having alterations and improvments made at his home on Alder street.

Judge Wm. J. Wilson, of Germania, was in town on Tuesday and made this office a pleasant call.

Dr. John G. Robinson is in Eglon and vicinity this week filling teeth and doing general dental wark.

Mr. Charles Porter, of Cumberland, came up Saturday night and spent Sunday with relatives in town.

Commissioner J. W. Abernathy, of District No 8, was in Oakland a short time on business Saturday.

John Shartzer, the big wool buyer, is buying wool for Hirsch Bros. and will pay the highest cash price.

FOR SALE.—A Columbia '95 model bicycle. In good condition. All fixtures and tools. Apply to this office.

Mrs. Gen. Grant and Chaplain McCabe are expected to be present at the summer Chautauqua, Mountain Lake Park.

Garthright wants two or three heavy driving horses. Apply at once at his store at Mountain Lake Park. 9-3t.

Mrs. Harry C. Sincell and Miss Gertie Sincell left Sunday for Wheeling where they will spend several weeks visiting relatives.

Miss Nannie Cropp, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Cropp who has been seriously ill for some time is slowly recovering.

Rev. Dr. Benj. Ison and family, who spent the winter in Washington returned to Oakland for the summer yesterday evening.

Messrs. D. E. Offutt and G. S. Hamill went to Ohio Monday looking after the interests of the heirs of the late Judge Hamill.

There were no services held in St. Paul's M. E. church Sunday on account of the repairs that are being made on the building.

Mr. Wm. Clark, of Wilson, W. Va., was visiting friends in and near town on Saturday. He made this office a pleasant call while here.

Mrs. and Mrs. C. J. Newman returned Monday from a visit to Mrs. Newman's sister, Mrs. Gayer Junkins, of near Elk Garden, W. Va.

We have just received from the manufacturers another large lot of stationery and envelopes which we are running out at low figures for the class of work furnished our customers. Give us a call.

Mr. Hamilton Frazee, of Selbysport was here two or three days last week visiting his son-in-law, Sheriff Brown. We acknowledge a call from him while in town.

If there is anything more destuctive about a house than a small boy with his Christmas present of a box of tools, it is a woman in springtime with a pot of green paint.

Messrs. Silas C. and Jonas Beachy, of Bittinger, were in Oakland this morning, having brought two tons of maple sugar to market which they disposed of to Mr. P. T. Garthright, of the Park.

Mr. Samuel E. Boyer has been appointed by Governor Lowndes as one of the justices for this district. Mr. Boyer's commission arrived Monday morning and he was sworn into office immediately.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Mr. Joseph Cogley is engaged with a large force of men in building the foundation for Mr. W. H. Malette's new store on Second street. The wall is quite large, the material used is of the best and the workmanship unexcelled.

Senator Ravenscroft was in Oakland Tuesday superintending some improvements being made to his property here. The Senator is having plans drawn by Mr. John Ault for a new residence in Accident which will be erected this summer.

Missss Sprigg and Tyler, two ladies residing in Baltimore, were in Oakland one day last week and closed negotiations whereby they will assume charge of the Rest the coming season and will open it in a few weeks for the reception of guests.

An exchange remarks that when you find man loving his neighbor as himself, the neighbor generally turns out to be a pretty girl. This may be all right, but it it is doubtful if the commandment originally given contemplated this interpretation of the word neighbor.

Mr. Fred Kamp and daughter **Miss Hannah, and Miss Clara Inglehat** of Accident, were callers at THE REPUBLICAN office Tuesday and were shown the mysteries of the art preservative. Miss Kamp was on her way to visit friends in western states. She will be gone several weeks.

DANA'S Sarsaparilla is not only the *best* of all remedies for the Nerves, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, and Blood; *but if no benefit, you can get your money back.* The same guarantee applies to DANA'S Pills, Cough Syrup and Plasters. For sale by DeWitt & Ferguson, Sang Run, Md. 3-3m.

Mr. Oscar W. Stull, who spent the winter in New York attending a dramatic school in that city, returned to Oakland last Saturday evening and will spend the summer here. He was accompanied home by Miss Mollie Stoddard, who was also in New York finishing her musical education.

Mrs. Bowling, who conducted the Rest in Oakland last summer has rented the Oakland for this season and will open it for the accommodation of guests about June 1st. Mrs. Bowling is considered a splendid hotel woman and it is excepted that she will fill the house to its fullest capacity.

On Saturday the dwelling house on Second street until lately occupied by Henry J. Mayers, was offered at mortgagee's sale. There being no bidders Mr. William Pearre, of Cumberland, the mortgagee, bid the property in at $2,300, the amount of the mortgagee and accumulated interest.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, of Oakland, Md., will occupy the pulpit in the M. E. church, Saturday evening, Sunday morning at 10:30 and Sunday evening. It is also expected that he will lecture to the Epworth League on Monday evening. All evening services at 8 o'clock.--Davis Republican.

On last Monday Mr. John E. Gnagey, of Accident sent to this office a bunch of alfalfa grass thirty-two inches long which was grown in his field in twenty-six days. It is said on good authority that four crops of this grass can be harvested in a year. The roots reach a depth of twelve feet or more.

At the recent meeting of the Garrett county school commissioners it was decided to have three normal schools in the county this summer, located and with instructors as follows: Oakland, Prof. Chas. D. Smith, principal; Accident, Prof. R. R. Sanner, principal; Selbysport, Prof. George B. Frazee, principal. The schools will open in June and continue for a term of ten weeks.

Mr. Andrew Shartzer, the road supervisor for this district, has been doing some excellent work on the Mt. Lake Park road leading from Oakland to the Park. The road has been widened in a number of places and cleared of loose stone, etc. He has also removed a number of trees standing along the road making it the best highway in the county. [illegible]

We were shown the other day a magnificant specimen of horseflesh of the Telegraph stock owned by Mr. James Leathers which he recently purchased from a gentleman residing in West Virginia. The mare is of the gennine old Virginia stock, has white mane and tail and with a record for swiftness that is hard to excel in this section of the country. He is also the owner of two yearling Kentucky colts which are very handsome and will no doubt make a record for themselves and incidentally some money for their owner.

THE REPUBLICAN is in receipt of an invitation to attend the forty-third annual commencement exercises of the Baltimore College of Pharmacy. In the class of 1896 Messers Edward H. Bartlett, jr. and William A. Sturgiss both of Oakland, graduate, the former carrying off the third prize and is also vice president of his class.

DANA'S Sarsaprilla is not only the *best* of all remedies for the Nerves, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, and Blood; *but if no benefit, you can get your money back.* The same guarantee applies to DANA'S Pills, Cough Syrup and Plasters. For sale by Dr. J. W. Laughlin, agent, Deer Park. 4-13t.

The lecture delivered by Prof. A. W. Hawks at Offutt's Hall on Monday night last [illegible] prominently a first class [illegible] tion. The versatility of the speaker was made manifest in the rapidly shifting characters combining the pathetic and comic, the sublime and ludicrous, all bubbling over with wit and humor, with splendid facial accompaniments and pantomime. The continuous rounds of applause attested the high appreciation of his audience.

A wedding will take place to-night in Oakland. The parties will be Mr. George Waters, of Clarksburg, W. Va., and Miss Lou A. Thayer, of Oakland. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot of St. Paul's church, assisted by Rev. J. M. Davis, in the presence of immediate friends and relatives. After the ceremony, which will occur at 8 o'clock, a lunch will be served and the couple will depart for Clarksburg on train No. 1 to-night. A full account of the wedding will appear in these columns next week.

Last Thursday a number of B. & O. authorities examined the Oak street bridge over their tracks and condemned it as being unsafe, the supports having in almost every case rotted away. The town officers were notified of this fact and an order was issued closing the bridge to traffic. The footway remains open. At the meeting of council Monday night no definite action looking to the repair or replacing of the bridge was taken. We have been assured, however, that as soon as certain matters can be arranged council will have a substantial iron bridge erected if the present one cannot be repaired.

Mr. D. P. Davis, a prominent liveryman and merchant of Goshen, Va., has this to say on the subject of rheumatism: "I take pleasure in recommending Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism, as I know from personal experience that it will do all that is claimed for it. A year ago this spring my brother was laid up in bed with inflammatory rheumatism and suffered intensely. The first application of Chamberlain's Pain Balm eased the pain and the use of one bottle completely cured him. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park,

MOUNTAIN STATE

Business College,

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

Communicated.

To the Editor of The Republican.

The uncalled-for action of certain members of the town council in refusing Smith's Military band the privilege of using the council chamber for a place of meeting and thus crushing a struggling organization out of existence, has called from many of the best citizens of Oakland strong words of condemnation.

Several years ago the band was organized by the young men of the town and under circumstances which at that time bore heavily upon the finances of the individual members. Instruments, music and [illegible] purchased and a leader employed, expenses for all of which were born by the members. Not a cent toward the organization was furnished by individuals outside of the band, and now to cap the climax two or three members of the town council in their extreme wisdom called themselves together as a body and after a pow-wow decided, to use the language of one of the extreme wise men, that "there was not a gentleman in the band," and forthwith gave the members notice to vacate the premises. The person who made this remark can and does fresco more square inches of floor surface with tobacco juice than any ten members of the band combined.

The reason assigned by council for this action was that the members of the band left the council chamber in an unsightly condition; that on two or three occasions the lock on the door was broken and that the lamps were allowed to burn all night. The members of the band were made to shoulder these charges when in fact at numerous times lamps have been put into this room to sleep and very seldom if at all has the door been locked. Be this it may, we think the council has taken a great responsibility upon itself in charging the band with these offenses.

At the last meeting of council the mayor submitted a recommendation that he advised council to reconsider its action. The recommendation, [illegible] plain language, showed [illegible] in plain trying to crush out such organizations they should be encouraged. This recommendation was repudiated and to show the animosity held by council toward the band a second order was issued for the band to vacate.

A CITIZEN.

Disastrous Forest Fires.

Disastrous fires are raging about Davis and Pendleton along the line of the West Virginia Central railroad. On yesterday three houses were distroyed at Pendleton and two others were torn down to prevent a spread of the flames in the town.

Specials from Davis Monday says that the town is surrounded by fire and filled with smoke, and that there is great uneasiness about the city. So far no loss has occurred in the town of Davis. At Pendleton the subsiding of the wind alone prevented the destruction of the town.

Died.

RODEHEAVER. — At his home near Thayerville, May 9th, 1896, Wm. M. Rodeheaver, after an illness of several weeks. He was born March 8th, 1855. The funeral occurred May 11th, the interment being made in the family burying ground in the presence of a large number of friends and neighbors. [illegible] will be preached next [illegible] day, May 17th, at 4 o'clock, in the church at Thayerville, by his pastor, Rev. G. W. White. The deceased leaves a wife, five children an aged mother, three brothers and five sisters to mourn, but not as those who have no hope. He was a consistent member of the M. E. church for five years and will be greatly missed in the home, church and community. Thus a good man has fallen. Peace to his memory.

W.

SCHERR.—Very suddenly at her home in Eglon Tuesday evening, of heart failure, Mrs. Ressie, relict of the late Julius Scherr, jr., whose death occurred a little over a year ago. The deceased lady was twenty-three years of age. Her funeral will occur this afternoon from the Lutheran church in Eglon, of which she was a member.

For Sale or Rent.

A very desirable property in Oakland, being the late residence of Hary J. Mayers. Also for sale the Oakland Woolen Mills property. Said property may be obtained cheap and on easy terms. Apply to J. C. Renninger, attorney, Oakland.

The Town Council.

Last Thursday evening council met in extra session with all members present except Coucilman Bolden.

Clerk-elect Dunham presented his bond which was accepted and he was sworn into office.

The message of the Mayor was read in reference to the unsafe condition of the bridge over the B. & O. tracks on Oak street.

On motion an ordinance was adopted to make a survey of the town.

The clerk was ordered to have some repairs made to the council chamber, also instructed to notify the members of the band to vacate the council chamber.

A uniform for the bailiff was ordered procured. Adjorned to meet Monday evening of this week.

Council met on Monday night with five members present, Councilman Bolden being absent from the city.

A message from the mayor was read. It was as follows:

OAKLAND, MD., May 11, 1896.

To the members of the Town Council,

GENTLEMEN: — Mr. James A. Delawder's term expiring May 8th making it necessary for the appointment of a police magistrate. I therefore suggest Mr S. E. Boyer as police magistrate for your consideration.

I have made very little progress in carrying out your orders passed at the last meeting owing to the scarcity of hands. However, I will do my utmost to push things along as fast as possible.

I should certainly suggest that you reconsider the action taken in closing the council chamber against Smith's Military band. I think we should encourage all such organizations in our community rather then to crush them ont of existence.

Respectfully,

H. W. MCCOMAS, Mayor.

The nomination of Mr. S. E. Boyer for police magistrate was confirmed.

The recommendation of the mayor to have council reconsider the order relating to [illegible] listing some about a discussion [illegible] members took part. On motion of Mr. Stemple an order was passed prohibiting the band from using the council chamber as a place of meeting.

Mr. John D. Taggart, bailiff-elect was present and after a resolution to pay the bailiff a salary of $35 per month and allow him constables' fees for making arrests, serving papers, etc., he was sworn into office by the mayor.

It was ordered that the clerk correspond with the railroad authorities in relation to the unsafe condition of the bridge over the tracks on Oak street.

Grantsville.

Lee Cossart is repairing and refitting the old Bodes woolen mill, now owned by Moses Kemp, and will soon be ready to operate this long idle plant. We have needed a woolen mill here for a number of years and there is no reason why a mill, well supplied with the necessary machinery and skillfully and honorably operated, should not be a success. We have the sheep, are improving them from time to time, and will have more when our meek bearers of the snowy fleeces are adequately protected against cheap Australian products.

John Wesley Blocher died at his residence about three miles east of town last Sunday morning, after a brief but severe illness with pneumonia and plurisy. Funeral is to be held to-day (Tuesday) at Frostburg. The deceased was in his fifty-ninty year. He leaves a wife, two daughters and three sons, all grown, to mourn his departure. His health had had not been good for a number of years, having had several severe attacks of the disease which finally caused his death.

On Saturday the funeral of the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Beachy was held at Keyser where the remains were taken for interment.

Special Fire Sale

of my entire stock of clothing. It must be sold regardless of value. Now is the opportunity of your life to get goods at a sacrifice at S. Hamburger's, 127 Baltmore street, Cumberland Md.

Trespass Notice.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned lying in District No. 6 near Accident for the purpose of either hunting or fishing.

10-3t* JONAS SPEICHER.

Ripans Tabules relieve nausea.

Attention, G. A. R.

It is earnestly desire that there should be a full attendance of all comrades of Crook Post, No. 35, G. A. R., at the next regular post meeting, Saturday, May 23d, at 2 o'clock, to make final arrangements for the proper observance of Memorial Day, May 30th.

By order, A. G. STURGISS.
H. Low, Adj't.

The Wonderful "New Process," Blue Flame Oil Stove.

We have added to our line a summer cooking apparatus, the "New Process," Blue Flame Oil Cook Stove, which for cleanliness, simplicity, durability, economy and absence of odor, is far in advance of all predecessors.

A stove on which there are no chimneys to break.

A stove which perfectly consumes common coal oil.

A stove that will do your work satisfactorily.

A stove that will bake and roast perfectly.

A stove that operates without the slightest smoke or odor.

A stove that is as easy to operate as a lamp,

A stove that is absolutely safe.

A stove that has a flame that cannot crawl up and smoke.

With these few words we place the stove at your disposal, and would solicit a careful examination of its merits.

8-3 J. M. DAVIS & SON.

Trespass Notice.

All persons are here notified not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned lying in District No. 6 near Accident for the purpose of either hunting or fishing.

3t. JOSEPH HOSTETLER.

A Cure for Muscular Rheumatism.

Mrs. R. L. Lawson, of Fairmont, Illinois says: "My sister used Chamberlain's Pain Balm for muscular rheumatism it effected a complete cure. I keep it in the house at all time and have always found it [illegible] for muscular pains and lameness I have ever seen." For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Knocked out by a Rooster.

The St. Michael's (Md.) *Comet* tells the story of how an experienced and graceful bicycle rider was tumbled in the dust by a rooster. He was "slowing off" in front of the house where some one dwelt who was admiring the curves of the rider from behind the drawn blinds.

In the midst of tho young man's glorious career a bully old rooster, a bird of great size, charged with full force squarely into the front wheel of the bicycle, and in the twinkling of an eye, as if by magic, that splendid rider and his magnificent wheel, in one confused mass, were floundering on the ground.

The rooster, as if satisfied with the result of his work, quietly withdrew. The cyclist with bruised body and limbs, his digestive organs all shaken up and wearing apparel sullied, when he discovered that he was not dead, set about to pull himself together, and with downeast look and halting gait quit the battlefield a dilapidated and disgusted wheelman.

For every quarter in a man's pocket there are a dozen uses; and to use each one in such a way as to derive the most benefit is a question every one must solve for himself. We believe, however, that no better use could be made of one of these quarters than to exchange it for a bottle of Chamberlain's Cholic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, a medicine that every family should be provided with. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin Deer Park.

How to Treat a Wife.

First, get a wife; second, be patient. You may have great trials and perplexities in your business, but do not therefore, carry to your home a cloudy or contracted brow. Your wife may have trials, which, though of less magnitude, may be hard for her to bear. A kind word a tender look, will do wonders in chasing from her brow all clouds of gloom.—To this we would add always keep a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house. Your wife will then know that you really care for her and wish to protect her health. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin Deer Park.

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

WRECK OF THE HYACINTH.

It was a wild night. The lightning flashed, and in response the artillery of heaven boomed and rolled, then crashed, as if the very skies were rent in twain to deliver one mighty blow. Streets were transformed into leaping, rushing rivers by the terrible downpour of rain, while the breakers on that lone, dreary New England coast seemed to defy the challenge of the roaring storm.

The fleet of small fishermen had scurried to a safe anchorage early in the afternoon.

"May God help any ship and crew that gets on a lee shore to-night, lads," soberly remarked Capt. "Josh" Harding, of the lifeboat, to a few of his men, as he stepped to the door and peered out into the opaque darkness.

The government at that time had not erected the neat, cozy life-saving station with all its modern appliances to rescue a crew from a stranded ship which now adorns the long, barren stretch of sand, but the crew were members of the fishing fleet, and always volunteered their services without promise of reward. A whaleboat served their purpose then, and many a despairing sailor had good cause to praise her stanchness and the bravery of her iron-hearted crew.

A flash of lightning in the early evening had revealed a large bark trying to weather the wreck-bestrewn, fatal Handkershoal, which caused the bluff, rugged mariner to utter the foregoing remarks.

"Where is John Lawrence to-night, lads? He is generally here a night like this," he continued, in an anxious tone.

"John's wife ain't very well, cap'n; so I heered as I cum daown," answered Reuben Davis, one of the crew.

"Well, go up, a couple of ye'n sec. I should hate to manu the boat without John. He's never missed a trip yet," said Capt. Harding, pacing the small room which served them as a shelter from the storm and was located on the beach, with the boat drawn up outside just above the reach of the hissing, seething waters, which seemed to recede with dispairing moans at failing to drag it into their depths.

By the bedside of his wife, holding her thin, wasted hand between the large, horny palms of his own, sat John Lawrence, one of the bravest of the volunteers.

"Oh, if I could but see Tom once more I could go easy, John," she hoarsely whispered.

"The lad's gone, Mary, 'n' we don't know where. It's bin nigh onter tew year sence I heered he'd shipped in the fo-cas'tle fer the West Indies, 'n' he hasn't writ a word hum sence."

"I know he was a bad boy, John. But don't you think that you was a little hard on him?" she continued. "He was all we had, you know."

The large eyes filled with tears and the frail form shook and trembled with emotion as the mother pleaded for her boy.

"Don't know [illegible] your wife, John. It's either a case of broken heart or some new disease. Medicine don't seem to reach it," the doctor had said, upon leaving, a few hours before.

"You'll forgive him when I'm gone, John, won't you? He didn't mean to be bad!" she said, between her sobs.

At this moment the door softly opened and the captain's messenger stepped in.

"John, there's a bark that can't weather the Ilan'kerchi'f, 'n' ther captain sent us arter ye," said Davis.

"It's no use, boys. I can't leave her ter-night. She wouldn't be here when I got back," said Lawrence, softly, rubbing his eyes and motioning toward the white cot.

HOLDING HER THIN, WASTED HAND.

The sick woman partly raised herself and in gasping tones bade her husband to go. "They are some mother's boys, John. Perhaps some one will do it for our boy some day. Don't mind me, John. I'll sleep while you are gone," she pleaded.

"I'll go, Mary, 'n' ef Tom ever gits hum he's forgiven," said Lawrence, huskily, as he kissed her, and, putting on his storm suit, went out into the night with his heart lying like a stone in his bosom.

"She'll be better, John, maybe, when we gits back," said Abner Barker, trying to cheer him, as they wended their way to the beach.

"I've seen her for the last time, Abner; she's failed fast sence noon," gloomily answered Lawrence, and said no more.

After a mighty struggle with the surf the boat was launched just as the storm began to abate, and the moon gradually forced her light through the heavy clouds and showed them the doomed vessel pounding to pieces on the shoals.

One by one the stars peeped forth in their accustomed places and turned Egyptian darkness into day.

As the boat drew near the bark was seen to raise her stern high in the air, and its cries and groans resounded loud above the breakers from the fated crew her masts went by the board. A second later, with her back broken from the awful blow, her houses washed away, with everything gone, she silently disappeared into the ocean's depths.

"My God! this is terrible!" said Capt. Harding, in a voice of anguish.

No cries were heard after the bark went down, and after searching about for some time the order was given to head for the beach.

As the boat swung about in response to the helm, John Lawrence jumped quickly to his feet, and shouting: "There's one!" grabbed a floating body by its hair, and with a mighty effort lifted it into the boat just as his foot slipped and he pitched forward, striking his head on the gunwale, and as the blood gushed from the wound just above his temple he knew no more.

One afternoon, nearly a month later, a number of the lifeboat crew were seen hurrying to the little house which John Lawrence had left on that stormy night to save the seamen aboard the stranded bark.

"Yes, it's so. Dr. Hyde sed as how he wuz comin' tew," said one, as they hurried along.

"It'll be a mirrikil of John rounds tew arter all this 'ere time," ejaculated another.

Dr. Hyde stood by the bedside of the unconscious sailor, who for nearly a month had lain in a comatose condition.

At times his breathing was barely perceptible and all hopes of his recovery

"YES JOHN, THIS IS OUR TOM."

would vanish; then by degrees he would grow stronger and the drooping spirits of those about him would revive.

As the doctor stood by, carefully noting his patient's condition, the door swung open and a number of Lawrence's former messmates filed softly in, hats in hand, and ranged themselves about the room.

"We heerd John was 'siderably better, doctor, 'n' 'lowed we'd like ter know ef sech good news wuz true," said Davis.

"Sh!" replied Dr. Hyde, raising his hand.

The eyelids fluttered, partly opened, quivered and closed. The fingers of his right hand, lying on the coverlet, [illegible] closed tightly

A spasmodic tre[illegible] of their comrade and a ray of sunshine seemed to settle on the countenances of the anxious watchers.

Suddenly Lawrence partly raised himself, and, with his head resting on his hand, his eyes opened and he looked calmly into their faces—himself again—the John Lawrence of a month ago.

No one ventured a word. Stillness reigned supreme but for the faint ticktick of the little clock on the mantel.

"You might as well read the log, doctor," he finally said, in weak tones.

"Wait till you are stronger, John. It's been a long time since you have known anything," replied Dr. Hyde.

"I am strong enuff fer that. You can't keep et frum me. She died that awful night when I left her alone, didn't she, mates?" he appealed.

No one answered, but great tears rolled down their leathern cheeks.

"I can bear 't, doctor. When was she kerried over yonder—you know!" continued the lovalid, with trembling lip and moistened eye.

"Be a man, John. You will need your old-time iron nerve now, my man," said the doctor, as he stepped from the room, motioning the others to follow, just as Mary Lawrence, alive and well, accompanied by a tall, manly-looking young fellow, entered by another door.

After this sacred meeting between husband and wife, rescued from the very brink of the grave, Mary told her story.

"Yes, John, this is our Tom, now the best man in the boat, whom you saved from the sea the night you were hurt. He was on the British bark Hyacinth, bound for Boston, and but for you we would now have been alone in the world."

"It was her boy she wanted, not medicine," said Dr. Hyde upon being questioned regarding Mary Lawrence's miraculous return to health.—Yarmouth Register.

Some Novelties in Silver.

Spoons showing open work silver bowls are preferred to dishes for serving bon-bons. They have ample capacity and are made with long, heavy handles, elaborately carved. Bread forks make the latest addition to the table department. They are of antique shape, with pierced tines and heavy chased handles. Wreaths of tiny silver flowers form the handles of embroidery scissors especially designed for gifts. The sheaths, showing similar decoration, contribute to the effect as well as to the safety. Open work shades over silk linings are seen in conjunction with candlesticks of heavy carved silver.—Chicago Tribune.

—The external ear in the human race, being of a shell-like shape, is admirably adapted to receive and transmit to the interior the vibrations of the atmosphere.

—To dream of Abraham is favorable to the dreamer, signifying that he will become rich.

FASHION AND FANCY.

Various Articles for the Feminine Wardrobe.

While many ladies do not like to order their standard suits very early in the season, as, toward the end of April new styles may appear, they may with perfect safety arrange for all the accessories and minor items of their wardrobe for the entire summer.

The petticoat is an important factor in fashionable dressing. One may have dress skirts made with lighter material for linings and with less bulky and cumbersome fittings than heretofore, provided a suitable petticoat is secured. There are firm and reliable makes of haircloth that stand out under the weight of all skirts of ordinary fabric. With skirts made on this plan one well-made petticoat serves for the entire outfit for street costumes. These may be in gray or black haircloth, and should be fitted with the utmost nicety. For evening dresses a white haircloth one answers the same purpose. Silk petticoats are in very general use, although many ladies who have worn them for years are making up the firm qualities of moreen, and like them very much better. There is a certain springiness to the moreen petticoat that one does not find in silk, which, unless very carefully cut, [illegible] wind around one's ankles, walking a weariness rather than a pleasure.

As to white petticoats, the variety and elegance of the importers' stock are simply bewildering. They remind one of the old-fashioned christening dress of an infant, such mazes of tucks, puffs, ruffles, lace and embroidery are they. There is a fancy among exceedingly dainty and fastidious women for making petticoats of fine nainsook and finishing them with a single wide hem-stitched hem. Another favorite model is made on the Spanish flounce idea. Half the length of the skirt is gored, the remaining portion being set on of straight breadths. This may have a hem-stitched hem or a plain one with a narrow flounce of lace. In all cases the hem should be the full width of the flounce, as it is much more desirable if the flounce is sewed through more than one thickness of the fabric.

While the chemise is a part of all well-kept underwear stocks, the knitted vest, either in gossamer, silk or wool, is much more generally worn. It absorbs the perspiration in summer, fits the figure without wrinkle and is by many thought to allow of much better fit of the dress waist. At all events, it has become a standard article of wear, and is so much approved that there must be a good reason for its continuance. The gossamer vest is also worn as a corset cover, and is by many preferred to those made of muslin except for dressy wear. The bicycle has had much to do with mollifying certain articles of apparel. The corset waist and the hygienic waist have come so important for whenever that it is fondly hoped that [illegible] ter shapes will be furnished. [illegible] they have points of advantage in bust, waist and hip shapes, have such exceedingly awkward and uncomfortable shoulder straps that they cannot be tolerated. A number of makes have the strap so arranged as to bunch out just above the shoulder blades, absolutely spoiling the figure and suggesting wing bones, which, while they may be desirable from an esthetic point of view, are not particularly ornamental when they push out into the back of one's dress waist.

Hosiery for the coming season is to be divided equally between black and colors. Every woman has a certain number of black hose for standard, but equally, if she desires to be stylish, she must have those of various light colors, and should have at least one pair to match each dressy costume. The boot hose, those with black feet and ankles and fancy tops, are best liked. The new all-black hose, with very wide extremely elastic tops, are becoming the wheelwoman's favorite. With the long hose and very short, full drawers of black goods, many women find themselves sufficiently well equipped as to underwear.

Manufacturers are struggling with the subject of union suits, but up to date the ideal model has not appeared. Women who have tried them complain that the underwear draws and pulls and makes them uncomfortable. They are scarcely able to tell why, but, as the same, very few of them like [illegible] This is a pity, as the union suit, properly constructed, would be of immense advantage to wheelwomen as to those who are inclined to be stout. It will be necessary to make [illegible] entirely new lines, if they are to meet with any permanent popularity. They are endurable for extremely thin people, but lack bust fullness and sufficient room to fit the curves of the figure.—N. Y. Ledger.

Parsnip and Salsify Fritters.

Wash, scrape and boil parsnips till tender, and mash fine when done; to each pint allow two tablespoonfuls of butter, salt and pepper to taste; add a beaten egg; stir all together over the fire a few minutes, let cool, shape into balls, dip into egg, then into crumbs, and fry in deep, hot fat. Salsify or oyster plant fritters are made in the same way, only when boiling add two tablespoons of vinegar to the water. Boiled parsnips, dipped in batter and fried in hot fat are excellent, and boiled, cut in halves lengthwise, buttered and peppered, they form a nice accompaniment to steak.—Boston Globe.

Evidently Quadrumanous.

A suggestion of a confirmation of the Darwinian theory is conveyed by the following colloquy:

Mrs. McGuire—Is it sick ye are, Mrs. Murphy?

Mrs. Murphy—Indade, I'm that sick. I wuz walkin' the flure wid a toot'ache all night, an' I co't cowld in the pans o' my feet.—N. Y. Herald.

AUSTRIAN SWEAT SHOPS.

Women Forced to Work Long Hours for Starvation Wages.

It was known that the condition of women labor in the Austrian capital was wretched enough, but I question if the best informed ever credited that so appallingly low depth of misery had been reached as that revealed in a semi-official report of a commissioner of inquiry just published. The investigations have been held during the past three weeks in the hall of the Austrian chamber of commerce here; but the efforts of the commissioners have been deprived of nearly all their value by the suppression of the names and addresses in the report of the labor-sweating employers. The trades inquired into were bookbinding, lithographic printing and pasteboard making. Wages, declared the labor experts examined, have a gradual tendency to decrease. In the bookbinding trade the skilled female hand, after six years' experience, receives 6 shillings 8 pence to 7 shillings 2 pence weekly. The normal hours of labor are ten daily. New hands are chiefly girls from 12 to 14 years old, who go from factory to factory seeking employment. In a certain factory a 10-year-old child works ten hours daily. Wages of new hands average from 2 [illegible] lings 6 pence to 3 shillings 4 pence [illegible] after one year's service 5 shillings weekly are paid. Many receive better wages than this. For several months in summer, during the dead season, wages of expert hands drop from 7 shillings weekly to 3 shillings 4 pence and 4 shillings 2 pence. If these girl workers have parents who can allow them during this period a little monetary aid—which is rarely the case—their condition, naively remarks the report, is somewhat bettered. The experts bitterly complain of the fines and reductions from wages. In the large factories, if a female hand chats when at work with another she is fined 1 pence, or, when discovered putting a piece of bread into her mouth, or arriving a minute after time, the fine amounts to 10 pence. In one establishment the female hands are sometimes, as a punishment, kept at work an extra half hour, just as children at school. No extra pay is then allowed. In another factory a mistake had been made in the binding of a certain book. The wretched woman had to pay for the whole edition at trade prices! What becomes of the fines the female workers have no idea. A socialist artisan at the factory had once the hardihood to demand a look at the "fines book." He was at once dismissed.

Great sensation was experienced by the commissioners when the conditions of living were inquired into. One expert said that, as a rule, out of 6 shillings 8 pence weekly wage 1 shilling 8 pence was paid for lodging; the remainder went on food and clothing. The hands each bring a small flask of coffee—which is very frequently not rewarmed—and this, with a small piece of black bread, constitutes the daily meal. Some can afford to buy at midday 3 [illegible] a penny worth of pork or cabbage, addition. For supper, also coffee and bread. On Sunday they enjoy potato soup. Sometimes a few can afford the luxury of a horseflesh steak costing 3 pence, but on Monday they are usually ill, because "the stomach is not accustomed to digest fat and flesh."

The workshops are often underground. "Damp, evil-smelling and dark" is the condition of many. In one, where gas is burned all day long, the workers have to shade their eyes when they come into daylight again. In one room where 30 work there is only one basin to wash the hands in, and one towel, which is changed once weekly. As a rule, women in these factories dry their hands with paper or shavings. A case was reported where the workers had themselves to purchase brushes and rags and clean the factory floor during the dinner hour. In another factory the room was only cleaned out once every year. One workshop floor was so full of holes that walking about was almost impossible; another was previously used as barracks, and water was continually oozing from its old walls, and in winter it was full of smoke. In such dens women toil ten hours daily; in the busy season sometimes from seven in the morning until midnight. On Sundays, notwithstanding the laws to the contrary, work is often continued till one in the afternoon without further pay. Naturally under such frightful conditions general health suffers. Rarely is a female worker over 30 years of age. Two-thirds of their number are attacked with consumption. Even the dinner hour brings little rest to their weakened systems. In many factories [illegible] far from their lodgings are not permitted to have their meals in the workshops, but must in all weathers knock about the neighboring streets or seek shelter in a people's cafe, where 1 pence per glass for coffee is demanded. All the experts examined, with one exception, complained bitterly of the course treatment the female hands experience from the male overseers. Oaths and rough pushes are general. It is very doubtful, indeed, if the kind efforts of these commissioners of inquiry will have any good effect. The interests of capital are all-powerful in Vienna, and, though there are inspectors of factories, their duties are very remiss.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Mary's Little Lamb as a Fetish.

King Prempeh of Ashanti does not understand the use of newspaper correspondents. "What are you?" he said to a Reuter's correspondent with the expedition. "You are not fighting man, you are not carrying man. What, then, are you?" He was willing, however, to find some good in everybody, so he insisted on the correspondent writing a fetish for him. He wrote as much as he could remember of "Mary had a little lamb," and the deposed king is wearing it around his neck. That correspondent is now sick of a fever. Is it a judgment of the king's insulted gods?—Odds and Ends.

Gastronomical Arithmetic.

Teacher—Suppose, Johnnie, your mother cuts a pound of meat into eight parts, what will each part be?

Johnnie Chollie—One-eighth of a pound.

"Correct. Now, suppose she cuts each eighth in two, what will each part be then?"

"One-sixteenth of a pound."

"Just so. Now, suppose she cuts each sixteenth in six pieces, what will each piece be?"

"Hash!"—Texas Sifter.

Her Disappointment.

"I was very much disappointed today," said Mrs. Northside when her husband came home from the office.

"What about?"

"It was a fine afternoon and I thought I'd return Mrs. Tawk's call."

"And she was out, was she? That was too bad."

"No; she was in."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

FEMININE LOGIC.

She (in front of shop window)—Look, Paul, that bonnet costs only $25. It will be real extravagance if you don't buy it for me.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Very Far Fetched.

There was a lull in the very earnest conversation of the whist game, when one of the players said:

"Whist is a game imported from India, isn't it?"

"How did you get that idea?"

"From the rubbers. India rubber, you know."—Town Topics.

Not the Old Times.

Things ain't what they uster to be,
You kin say jes' what you like,
Since Cupid put on bloomers
And bestrode a safety bike.
—Bay City Chat.

Thoroughly Posted.

Cigar Dealer—Yes, I want a boy here. Have you had any experience?

Youthful Applicant—Lots.

"Suppose I should mix up the price marks in these boxes, could you tell the good cigars from the bad ones?"

"Easy 'nough."

"How?"

"The wust cigars is in the boxes wot's got the purtiest pictures."—N. Y. Weekly.

The Supercilious Waiter.

A Dallas gentleman went into a restaurant, and the waiter, while serving him, looked down on him very contemptuously. After standing it for some time, the gentleman said:

"Waiter, you needn't put on so much style to me. Perhaps some of these days you may be a guest yourself."—Texas Sifter.

Of Service to Her.

"Mrs. Brown's bloomers seem to be of no use to her."

"On the contrary, they are of great advantage."

"In what way?"

"Every time her husband gets cross or ugly she threatens to wear them, and you ought to see how quickly he quiets down."—Chicago Post.

Politely Put.

"There is one thing," said a bright woman who has been visiting Washington, "that I shall say in favor of the United States senators. They are real gentlemen."

"And what, in your estimation, goes principally to make up a real gentleman?"

"Oh, that question was settled long ago. It's the art of doing nothing gracefully."—Washington Star.

Her Idea of It.

Rev. Mr. Thankful—I suppose you know, my dear friend, the difference between patience and long suffering?

Miss Leftover—Oh, yes. When a woman has a husband whose life is heavily insured and has to wait a long time for him to die—that requires patience. But when a woman has to wait years and years before she gets a husband at all—that is long suffering.—N. Y. World.

A Popular Route.

That "the way of the transgressor is hard,"
Doesn't strike us as strange any more;
For nowadays it is traveled so much,
It should be as hard as a floor.
L. A. W. Bulletin.

CHICAGO CHRONICLE.

THEATER HATS MUST COME OFF.

How It Will Be Under Ohio's New Law.

What is known as the Fosdick high hat law, which prohibits obstructing the view of persons in the theaters, halls or opera houses where theatrical performances are given, has become operative in the state of Ohio, and the theatrical managers are in a quandary as to the course they will pursue. If they ignore it they will render themselves liable to heavy penalties. If they attempt to enforce it they will doubtless offend many of their best patrons and invite serious losses. A fine of not less than $2 nor more than $10, to be paid by the house management, is provided for each offense. The effect of the new law was demonstrated in Cincinnati recently when two women refused to remove offending hats and the management had to give them seats where the view of other patrons would not be obstructed.

Pleasant Reminiscences.

Hostetter McGinnis—Why, Gus, what's the matter with you? Have you had a fight? Your face is all scratched up.

Gus De Smith—O, it's nothing to speak of. I've just had a little chat with an old flame of mine.—Texas Siftings.

Saved by His Tact.

"Never speak to me again, sir. I will teach you to tell others that the mere sight of my face would make a man climb over a wall."

(Reconciliation naturally follows.)—Titbits.

She Was Breaking the Ice.

Mother—Well, my dear, I see you are engaged to Mr. Bashful at last.

Daughter—No; he hasn't proposed yet.

"What? Not engaged? I saw you hugging and kissing him last night."

"Y-e-s, I was trying to encourage him a little."—Chicago Tribune.

She Was Interested.

He—Do you know what became of that paper? There was an article I wanted to read on the need of new coaling stations.

She—Coaling stations, John? Will they make coal any cheaper?—Brooklyn Life.

Always in a Hole.

Collector—I'm afraid I can't collect that bill, doctor. Grimes is in a hole most of the time.

Doctor—I thought he had plenty of work?

Collector—So he has, but he's a grave digger, you know.—N. Y. World.

Trouble in the Pantry.

"You're not worth your salt," said the mustard, turning up its nose at the butter.

"I don't see any occasion for you to get hot about it," retorted the butter, in a strong voice.—Chicago Tribune.

Practical Philosophy.

He took things very easily—
A philosopher, you see;
But then it was his business,
For a pickpocket was he.
—Town Topics.

A Desperate Youth.

Nell—Young Spriggins told me that if I rejected him he would go and commit suicide, but I rejected him, just the same.

Belle—And did he commit suicide?

Nell—No, but he did the next thing to it. He went and proposed and got himself accepted by that horrid Van Alstyne girl.—Somerville Journal.

An Icy Breach.

"I understand," said the man who prides himself on his cosmopolitan information, "that King Oscar II. of Sweden is not enthusiastic over Nansen."

"Without doubt," rejoined the man who tries to be funny, "there has for some time been a great deal of coolness between them."—N. Y. Press.

In the World's Nursery.

O, Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
In the way a wise merchant should do,
And you'll traffic with men and get riches and then
You won't be a little boy blue.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

UNNECESSARY PRECAUTION.

"If I can't come home to supper, dear, I'll send you a note by a messenger."

"Don't trouble yourself. I have already discovered the note in the pocket of your overcoat."—Wiener-Mode.

An Opinion Indorsed.

"A great many people are too quick to act on an assumption," observed the philosopher.

"Yes," replied the theatrical manager; "on an assumption that they know how to act."—Washington Star.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A NURSERY SONG.

Oh, Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout,
And two little goblins black!
Full oft from my house I've driven them out,
But somehow they still come back.
They clamber up to the baby's mouth,
And pull the corners down;
They perch aloft on the baby's brow,
And twist it into a frown.
And one says "Shall!" and t'other says "Shan't!"
And one says "Must!" and t'other says "Can't!"
Oh, Peterkin Pout and Gregory Grout,
I pray you, now, from my house keep out!

But Samuel Smile and Lemuel Laugh
Are two little fairies light;
They're always ready for fun and chaff,
And sunshine is their delight.
And when they creep into baby's eyes,
Why, there the sunbeams are.
And when they peep through her rosy lips,
Her laughter rings near and far.
And one says "Please!" and t'other says "Do!"
And both together say: "I love you!"
So, Lemuel Laugh and Samuel Smile,
Come in, my dears, and tarry awhile!
—Laura E. Richards, in St. Nicholas.

DORE'S GREEN CHICKEN.

A Story of the Great French Artist's First Box of Paint.

The following little story was told by the famous painter, Gustave Dore, ——illustrious Dante, Milton, Rabelais ——Don Quixote will probably never be surpassed. At an early age Dore showed wonderful talent for drawing, and in all his life he never copied from models, but painted from memory and the fullness of his mind.

This describes his experience with his first box of metal tubes: "One day," he says, "when I was to spend a week with a friend of my father's, there was brought to me the well-known oaken box, with brass handle and tube and brushes complete. I was wild with delight. I had never thought half as much of any present. I wanted to uncork all the paints there and then and cover my palette with pretty dabs of color, but they would not let me. The carriage was waiting. I had to jump in. Of course, I took my box with me under my arm, or rather next to my heart,

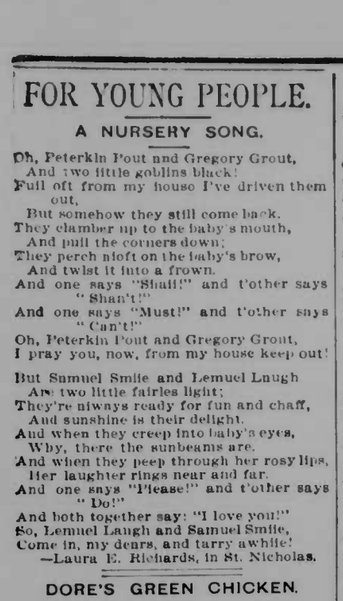

"BUT WHAT WAS I TO PAINT, AND ON WHAT?"

firmly resolved to set to work as soon as we had reached the journey's end.

"The was was longer than I had expected; we did not arrive. I was strictly forbidden to touch the paints and was ordered off to bed. Fires and lights were put out, but I could not sleep a wink. As soon as the first gray streak of daylight appeared I jumped out of bed and went downstairs and out into the yard. But alas! There was no canvas, no cardboard, no panel. All had been taken from me the night before. I felt a mad, irresistible desire to paint, and, pondering on what I should make my first attempt. I set about uncorking my bottles and spreading patches of color all over my palette. The brilliancy, freshness and cheerfulness of those colors made me quite drunk with delight. Nothing goes to the head so much as your first palette. There was a green shade especially that I could not take my eyes off. What a lovely green! Veronese green in all its glory.

"But what was I to paint, and on what? As I was still asking myself this question, my eyes fell on a poor little hen, rather prettily shaped, but with feathers of a dirty white, that was picking up crumbs two paces from where I stood. The fowl was frightfully deficient in tone. I decided to remedy the fault without further delay. The hen objected; the creature failed to see that I was laboring for its efforts, and, however, I persisted in my sure, it took every proceeded. To be green; but then, what a beautiful Veronese I had turned out!

"Two or three hours afterward I was roused out of sleep by an unusual noise of shouting and groaning. What could it be? A number of men and women had gathered in a crowd in front of the house. Some of them had their arms uplifted toward the sky; others were weeping; others again by their frantic gestures manifested the wildest despair and terror; and in the midst of them stood the fowl, to which they were pointing with their fingers, and when it went toward them they drew back in affright. Then I understood it all. I remembered a legend of the country in which a green fowl plays a terrible part. Whenever it appears all kinds of woes threaten the village—failure of crops, plague among the cattle, disease in the house. That accounted for the ville being in arms. Under my very eyes a woman fell to the ground in hysterics. Then I hesitated no longer. I ran to the master of the house, and told him everything. It took longer than an hour and a half to convince the superstitious folk at Tosserand that the saint creature had not been sent by the evil genius, and that it was my effort in painting

"At last their fears gradually subsided and I ventured to show myself. An old woman, still laboring under the excitement she had just gone through, said to me, in prophetic tones: 'You have made our people shed bitter tears; you, too, will weep before you have done with your painting!'"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—A dream about a peacock betokens that you will marry a very handsome person.

NEW OUTDOOR GAME.

English Children Like to Play It in the Days of Early Spring.

Tip and run is a game our English cousins are just learning—both boys and girls. It resembles cricket, so some one says, as a caricature resembles its original.

It is a game to play early in the spring, before cricket or tennis can be thought of, and it has this advantage over golf, that it can be played on lawns or garden plots without damage to the turf.

Tip and run involves much exercise of a rather severe kind.

This is the manner of it: The fair guardian of the wicket, armed with a bat or even a racket, takes her stand, and as soon as she has hit the bowler's ball, is bound to run as fast as she can between the wickets, as failure to hit or to run involves discomfiture and an immediate successor at the bat.

The score mounts up rapidly, as an expert batswoman hits each time and flies to and fro like a ball herself, until she can be dislodged by three successive failures to hit her ball. The other players field out, with a success generally less than more. Bowling usually taxes the skill of fair players more than batting. They do not, as a rule, bowl with the mechanical skill which marks the masculine player.

Eleven is the proper number for each team to tip and run; when men are permitted to reinforce the eleven, they play left-handed or bat with broomsticks. But, even thus handicapped, they often seem to be more than a match for their fair antagonists, though there be elevens, and there are those, who can well hold their own upon the level green, and are afraid of no man's prowess and understand all the intricacies of the game.

The maiden possessed of Atalanta's speed and grace will doubtless prove the prize player at tip and run, but every girl who indulges in the game will find herself the better and the rosier for the fresh air, sunshine and exercise it gives her.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE ALPINE VULTURE.

Bird That Has a Decided Preference for Human Prey.

In the canton of Ural a woman was living in 1854 who had been carried off by a lammergeier, or Alpine vulture, when a baby. At Handwel, in the canton of Appenzell, a child was carried off in sight of parents. On the Silberalp a vulture attacked a little boy who was watching sheep, seated on a rock, and had time to knock him over the edge of the cliff before the shepherds could drive the bird away. At Murren, above the valley of Lauterbrunnen, a vulture carried an infant to an inaccessible rock opposite the village and devoured it. But the most striking instance of the child-devouring tendency of these birds occurred in the Bernese Oberland. A child three years old, called Anne Zurbuchen, was taken up to the high Alp at hay-making time and left asleep while the father fetched a load of hay. He returned to find the child gone. At the same time another peasant, called Henri Micael, was coming up one mountain by a rough path when he heard a child cry. At the same time he saw a lammergeier raise and sail away. Running up to the place he found the little girl, unhurt except for wounds in the arm and left hand, where the bird had clutched her. She had lost her socks, shoes and cap while being transported by the bird, the distance traversed being about 350 yards. The facts were all entered in the parish archives of the village of Hakeren, and the girl, who lived to be an old woman, was always known as "Geier-Anni."—London Spectator.

INSTRUCTIVE PASTIME.

How an Oak Tree May Be Grown in a Tumbler of Water.

An oak tree has a very humble beginning. When it first sprouts from the acorn it has a fragile green stem and looks something like a young pea plant.

To examine it at this stage of its existence one can scarcely imagine that some day it may become a huge oak. Any boy or girl can sprout an oak tree in a tumbler without much difficulty. Take an acorn and run a threaded needle very carefully a little way under the shell on one side, draw the thread through and suspend the acorn so that it is partly submerged in the water of a tumbler, as shown in the cut. Keep in a warm place, and before long the oak tree will sprout, sending a tender stem upward and a root downward.—Chicago Record.

Why He Is Careful with Cents.

A gentleman standing in a hotel lobby, while taking a match safe from his pocket, accidentally dropped a cent on the floor. He picked it up carefully, and as he did so said: "I have only lately realized the value of a cent. I have a small account with a trust company, and the other day I received my book, with interest computed at $13.99. I worked at the figures quite awhile, and found that the exact amount was $13.99½. Then I argued with the secretary that it ought to be $14, but he would not consent to the increase. So I came to the conclusion that if a company with a capital of $1,000,000 can figure on half cents I ought to be careful with cents."

FARM AND GARDEN.

LOCATING AN APIARY.

Colonies Should Not Be Placed Too Near a Highway or Street.

The person who wishes to make beekeeping a sole means of procuring a living will do well to study well the honey resources of a locality before locating an apiary. Too many colonies must not be kept in the immediate vicinity, as there is danger of overstocking, and if a location can be found where there will be a succession of bloom from early spring until late in the fall, success, with the right management, will be assured. But if the design is to combine beekeeping with some other pursuit, or branch of farming, it matters but little where the apiary is located, as in almost any location a few colonies of bees can be kept with both pleasure and profit, especially so when it is remembered that bees often go miles to gather honey. So I would advise that no person who has a desire to have the most healthful of sweets to use in the family be deterred from keeping bees on account of what, to them, may appear to be an unsuitable location.

Of course, any farm, no matter how small, has plenty of room for a few colonies of bees. But many readers are engaged in mechanical and other pursuits and are living in towns. It may be well to assure them that they can, right where they are, keep a colony or a few colonies of bees, and, besides the pleasure in caring for them, they can secure for themselves honey to use, and perhaps some to spare. This, of course, if bees are properly managed.

Even in our largest cities bees are kept with profit. C. F. Muth, of Cincinnati, O., has for many years kept bees on the roof of his store building with profit. Thomas G. Newman, of Chicago, Ill., has for years successfully kept his bees near one of the main thoroughfares of the city where street cars pass every few minutes. Other instances of keeping bees in cities could be cited both in New York and Philadelphia. In one of the larger towns in this county a person has been keeping from 50 to 100 colonies of bees on a small lot, and without gaining the ill will of his neighbors.

The ideal location would be one with woods on the west and north for protection of the apiary from the cold wintry winds, especially if said woods contained maple, basswood and chestnut timber. Such a location would furnish honey and pollen in abundance. A gradual slope of the land to the south, southeast or east would also be desirable.

Where only a few bees are kept they should be located near the house where the boys and girls could see when a swarm issues. If an orchard is near the apiary it would be a great help, as the nearer they are to the field the better.

Apple bloom and good weather will help toward building up colonies for the white clover crop. It is often the case that per[illegible] honey because of weak colonies. Without a hive overflowing with bees a large yield of honey need never be expected.

It might be well to not place colonies too near the highway or street, unless there is a high fence or hedge which would cause the bees to rise in their flight to and fro, and so fly over the persons passing.—George Spitler, in Ohio Farmer.

CHEAP SHIPPING COOPS.

Why Those of Circular Shape Give the Most Satisfactory Results.

Circular shipping coops are strong and durable, easily and quickly constructed, very light, readily handled, neat in appearance, least destructive of plumage of restless fowls when en route, cost but a few cents, and save express charges. I make the coops in different sizes for peas, trios and single birds. Dimensions for larger coops are given with the illustration. Cheap full-width unbleached muslin is used for the cover. A wide hem is turned down at each selvage edge and machine

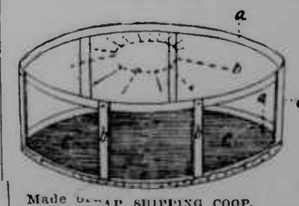

Made [illegible] SHIPPING COOP.
in diameter, a[illegible] inches long, fastened hoops (a) 6 inches clinched. The bottom (c) of lath (b) 20 ing, or partly worn grain sack single nails stitched, for the drawstring. It is seamed up by machine, for all must be made very strong, but the hems are not seamed across; simply sew from hem to hem, and with needle fasten the seam just below lower edges of hems. Strong manilla cord is drawn into the hems. The muslin case is then placed over the frame and drawn tight at both top and bottom, and fastened at the bottom. This makes the floor of the coop doubly strong. When the fowls are in and ready for shipment, the drawstrings at top are drawn tight, leaving a small opening to admit air, food and water. Before the muslin cover is seamed up, pockets are stitched on the inside of cover for corn. Thus is their food supplied in plenty for the journey, and kept clean for them. A drinking cup is made fast by encircling a pint cup with a cloth band, the ends of which are tacked to one of the pieces of lath.—Nellie Hawks, in Orange Judd Farmer.

The stock may be greatly improved if the tom turkey is two years old, and both the toms and hens are of a good size.

Turkeys must have a good range to be profitable. They are good foragers and insect destroyers if given the opportunity.

Too Precocious Child.

A South Side architect has a small son who is very bright. The youngster's latest fad is punching colored paper with the fancy-shape steel punches conductors use. The architect had just finished a series of blue-paper drawings which represented many days' labor and the next morning went cheerfully to get them from his study. He never got further than the door, for on the floor sat his son and heir in a flitting sea of blue-paper stars, crosses and crescents.

"Isn't they pretty?" calmly remarked the infant. "I'se just finishing the last sheet. Want some more."

He did not get more. He received something else.—Chicago News.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hood's Pills are the best.

"[illegible] Mr. Wickwire, "I haven't tried to get funny around the house since I told the hired girl to boil the ice—and she did."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Rock of Gibraltar

Is not steadier than a system liberated from the shackles of chills and fever, bilious remittent or dumb ague by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a perfect antidote to malarial poison in air or water. It is also an unexampled remedy for bilious, rheumatic or kidney complaints, dyspepsia and nervousness. It improves appetite and sleep and hastens convalescence.

The difference between a somnambulist and a messenger boy is trifling: One walks in his sleep, and the other sleeps in his walk.—Philadelphia Press.

To Cleanse the System

Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently overcome habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds, or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.

No matter how happy and contented a man may look, if you give him a chance he will spend the day telling you his troubles.—Los Angeles Express.

Northern Wisconsin contains many acres of fine timber and farming lands, which are attracting much attention from Home-seekers throughout the country. To meet the many requests for information relative to this section Frederick Abbot, Milwaukee, Wis., and Commissioner of the Wisconsin Central R. R., has prepared a very handsome book, filled with maps, illustrations and much valuable information, which he will send free to any one requesting the same.

"Big words an' fine clothes," said Uncle Eben, is berry frequently alike in not kibberin' much dat really 'mounts to anything."—Washington Star.

Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Tyson is like diamonds; there is nothing like made by the small trader.—Douglas Jerrold.

When physicians had given me up, I was cured by Piso's Cure.—RALPH [illegible], Wilmington, Del., Feb. 24, 1896.

Nature hath appointed the twilight as a bridge to pass us out of night into day.—Fuller.

Cure your cough with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Mrs. Moneybags—"Your son's extravagance is increasing. He wants a new plaything. This time it is a stable of race horses." Mr. Moneybags—"That's all right. I was afraid he wanted to start a newspaper."—N. Y. Weekly.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds, and, as the mind is pitch'd, the ear is pleas'd with melting airs of martial, brisk or grave, some chord in unison with what we hear is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.—Cowper.

"I'm 23," said Miss Hawkins, knocking 30 per cent. off her age. "How old are you?" "Old enough to know better," replied Mr. Dillenbeck, who remembered when Miss Hawkins was born.—Harper's Bazar.

He freely talked of dynamite,
This anarchistic churl;
He'd send the kings and plutocrats
All skyward in a whirl—
But he always let his wife blow up
The tyrant hired girl!
—Indianapolis Journal.

"Your verses are very good, miss," said the editor in his kindest manner, "but we cannot possibly use them. Our columns are too crowded." "Can't you leave out some of that stuff you publish under the head of 'Wanted!'" suggested the poetess. "It is very uninteresting."—Chicago Tribune.

The Rest Is History.—"Don't you want somebody to carry water for the elephant?" asked one of the boys who were hanging about. "No, my son," replied Noah, looking out of the window in the ark at the clouds overhead. "We are going to have plenty of water pretty soon."—Chicago Tribune.

But human bodies are sic fools, for a' their colleges and schools, that when nae real ploo'rnlex them, they make enow themsels to vex them.—Burns.

"Who do you think has derived the most benefit from the discovery of the X rays?" "The profession?" He—"Oh, darkness right is an eternal day."—Hugo.

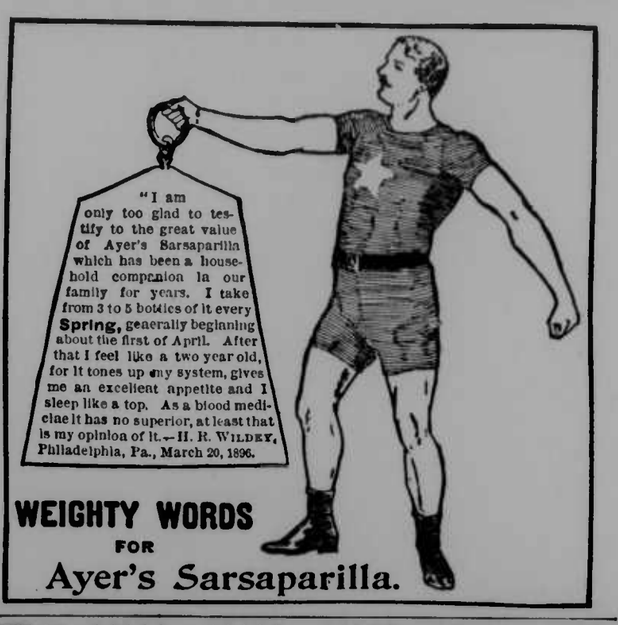

"I am only too glad to testify to the great value of Ayer's Sarsaparilla which has been a household companion in our family for years. I take from 3 to 5 bottles of it every **Spring,** generally beginning about the first of April. After that I feel like a two year old, for it tones up my system, gives me an excellent appetite and I sleep like a top. As a blood medicine it has no superior, at least that is my opinion of it.—H. R. WILDEY, Philadelphia, Pa., March 20, 1896.

WEIGHTY WORDS FOR Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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The test of 115 years proves the purity of Walter Baker & Co.'s Cocoa and Chocolate.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, Dorchester, Mass.

NEARLY 2,000,000 ACRES

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IN NORTHERN ARKANSAS

They are fertile, well-watered, heavily-timbered, and produce grains, grasses, fruits and vegetables in abundance. North Arkansas apples are noted. The climate is delightful, winters mild and short. These lands are subject to homestead entry of 160 acres each. Now is the time to get a home. For further information as to character of lands, manner of entering them, in what counties located, with maps of the district, address

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Five cents' worth of "BATTLE AX" will serve two 5 cents' chewers just about as long as 10 cents' worth of other brands will serve one man. This is because a 5 cent piece of "BATTLE AX" is almost as large as the 10 cent piece of other high grade brands.

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Is a prize fighter and champion in every contest with

RHEUMATIC PAINS

It knocks [illegible] in every round, and on its belt is written "I CURE."

For your Protection

we positively state that this remedy does not contain mercury or any other injurious drug.

CATARRH

Nasal Catarrh is a local disease and is the result of colds and sudden climatic changes.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores. Protects the Membrane from Colds. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.

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OPIUM and **WHISKY** habits cured. Book of particulars FREE. Dr. B. M. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA.

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A Man in OHIO who had barely made expenses with a cheap Well Drilling Outfit took our advice and bought one of our modern and first-class.....

Well Machines,

Did $7,000 worth of drilling with it last year. If there was one who refuse to take good advice when offered them on a silver platter? Circulars free.

LOOMIS & NYMAN, - TIFFIN, OHIO.

I LOVE YOU YET

By [illegible] is the prettiest song ever written. Ask your music dealer for it, or send 25 cts. in stamps, and I will mail it to you, or send 25 cts. in stamps, and I will mail half price, to CHARLES W. [illegible], Publisher, 208 Fulton Street, N. Y., and he will mail it to you.

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That the best line from Chicago to Cripple Creek, Colo., and all points shown in the

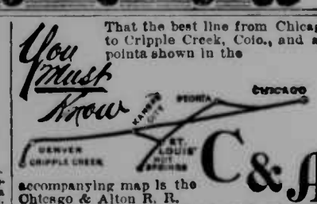

accompanying map is the Chicago & Alton R. R.

Write or call to-day, for lowest rates and full particulars. R. Somerville, General Agent Passenger Department, 101 Adams Street, Marquette Building, Chicago, Illinois.

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Bible and its Story By Josephine Pollard. 250 Illustrations. 576 pages. Size, 8½x11¼ inches. Substantially bound in cloth, with design. $1. Agents Wanted. GEO. ROUTLEDGE & SONS, Limited, 26 West 23d St., New York.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1896.

IF THERE is only one thing the Democratic party needs more than harmony, and that is votes.

The McKinley Sweep.

The great popular sentiment for Governor McKinley as the standard-bearer of the country's return to Republicanism, prosperity and progress is becoming altogether resistless. What was a powerful current a month ago is now a vertible whirlwind. Its mighty sweep surprises even the most sanguine friends of the Protection leader.

The Illinois Convention is decisive. It unanimously instructs for McKinley. After a strenuous struggle of two days and after a fair defeat on a fair trial the opponents of instruction gracefully yielded and joined in giving McKinley the solid voice and vote of the State. Bear in mind they were not opponents of McKinley—he had no opponents. They were only opponents of instructions. They favored Cullom as a State candidate for a complimentary vote, and then they were for McKinley like the rest But the majority were not for wasting any time or any votes on empty compliments. They were in dead earnest for McKinley first and last and when on a direct test they showed a majority of 300 the minority joined in making the instructions for McKinley unanimous.

Following on the heels of Vermont, will be incalculable. The Illinois Convention was the last entrenchment of the anti-McKinley combination. Its capture leaves no hopeful fighting ground. Senator Cullom, highly respected and eminently worthy as he is, had not been able to hold his State against the predominant and irresistible sentiment for the great leader who typifies to the popular mind the ideas and principles which they want embodied in administration. A candidate for President, however meritorious in himself, who lost a majority of his State delegates could not well remain in the field, no matter what his state Convention might do. But when that body follows the district in declaring for the pre-eminent national candidate, it finally disposes of the State movement and absorbs it in the great national sweep.

It is now plain that Governor McKinley will have all of the Northern States except Pennsylvania, a part of Iowa, a part of New England, and the New York three inconsequential silver camps, and in all of these sections where he is not the first choice, he is undeniably the second choice. This is saying nothing of the South where he has more votes than any other candidate. It is not partisanship which recognizes this truth, but simply observation. What is there left to do?—Philadelphia Press.

Reduced Rates to St. Louis.

The Republican National Convention will meet in St. Louis June 16. For this occasion the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell Excursion Tickets from all stations on its line East of the Ohio River for all trains June 12 to 15, inclusive, valid for return passage until June 21, at one fare for the round trip.

The B.& O. is a direct line to St. Louis, running two solid vestibuled fast express trains with through Pullman Sleeping Cars attached every day in the year.

For rates and other information apply to nearest B. & O. Ticket Agent.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

The administration cannot extract either pleasure or satisfaction from the bond question. It has scarcely recovered from the chagriu caused by the adoption of that resolution directing the Senate Finance committee to investigate everything connected with all the bond issues by this administration, with only six adverse votes, when Senator Dubois of Idaho, threw a fresh bomb shell by offering a joint resolution providing that hereafter no bonds shall be issued by any officer of the government until the president has explained to Congress the necessity for the bonds the amount of the proposed issue and Congress shall have authorized their issue. There is little probability that this resolution will ever reach the dignity of a law, as it would certainly meet a Presidential veto should it be adopted by both branches of Congress, and it could not get a two-thirds vote in the Senate. Still, it added to the unpleasant sensations of Mr. Cleveland and his Cabinet.

Speaking of vetoes, tho friends of the River and Harbor bill are so certain that Mr Cleveland will veto it that they have already made a careful canvass in both House and Senate with a view to passing it over his veto, and they express confidence of being able to do so.

It is now certain that Congress will not adjourn on the date—May 18th— set by the joint resolution which was adopted by the House last week, and not probable that adjournment will come until after June 1, although the Senate could materially shorten the session if so disposed but owing to no party having a majority in the Senate, no man can say what it will or will not do with any degree of certainty of the correctness of his assertion. There have been vague rumors of a deliberate intention to prolong the session until after the National Conventions have been held, by starting up a financial discussion, but none of the leaders on either side take any stock in such a scheme, and Senators as wide apart in their ideas as Mr. Allison of Iowa, and Mr. Gorman, of Maryland agree in expressing the opinion that Congress will adjourn before the meeting of the St. Louis convention

Considerable criticism has been aroused by the action of the House in following the example of the Senate and voting to allow members $100 a month during the entire year for the lure of a clerk, instead of only during the time that Congress is actually in session. The vote was 130 to 108.

Information at the State Department as ascertained [illegible] steps have been taken in behalf of the American citizens who were captured on the alleged filibuster, "Competitor", and who have after a so-called trial been sentenced to death by the Spanish authorities, are met with the reticence usual to that department. From other sources it is understood that Secretary Olney has made a protest against the sentences being carried out until an investigation has been made by U. S. officials. A demand backed by a warship, could have been much more fitting than a protest. These cases are exciting much interest in Congress.

The prospects of the erection of a suitable monument at the National Capital, in memory of Gen. Grant are now very promising. Senator Squier's resolution appropriating $300,000 for the monument, to be erected on ground owned by the Government, is in a fair way to become a law before the expiration of the fifty-fourth Congress, and a Grant monument association has been formed for the purpose of raising additional money by private subscription to be expended on the monument. Senator Squier, who has been elected President of this association has received a letter from Mrs. Grant thanking him for his efforts and indorsing his resolution. It will The ball is now rolling, and that must be allowed to stop until The people of the land secured. never meant to neglect to pay States able tribute to the the memory of Gen. Grant; it has merely been deferred.

Senator Hill is a Democratic statesman of high degree, as statesmen go in that party. His term as Senator will close next March, and during his nearly six years in the Senate, he has been responsible for but one bill, and that has not become a law, although it has passed the Senate and has been favorably reported from the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. And what think you is the great and momentous piece of legislation that is to be the only reminder to posterity—that is, if it becomes a law—that David B. Hill served six years in the Senate? It authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to detail a revenue cutter to control excursion and other boats which attend yacht races. Now doesn't that prove the statesmanship of Hill?

Estate of Elias Smith, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Garrett County in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

ELIAS SMITH,

late of Garrett County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 24th day of October next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 11th day of April, 1896.

NANCY SMITH, Adm'Cx
Oakland, Md.

6—4

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which a new county road, beginning at a point near the bridge that crosses Youghiogheny river on the Grantsville and Bartow road, running through the lands of Elias Arnold, Amos Broadwater, John Broadwater, Mrs. Fannie Weltzell, Wm. B. Merrill and John F. Robeson to intersect the road leading from North Garlitz's mill to the head of A. J. Lancaster's lane, a distance of four miles, and examine whether the said new road should be made, will meet on the

FOURTH DAY OF JUNE, 1896,

for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said new road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN J. MICHAEL,
F. P. GREEN,
DAVID S. WAMPLER.

RECEIVER'S SALE

—OF A—

Delightful Summer Resort.

Joseph C. Alderson vs Loch Lynn Heights Hotel Company et al.

In the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of West Virginia.—In Equity.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of the authority vested in me, by a consent decree entered in said cause on the 11th day of January, 1896, I, the undersigned receiver, appointed in said cause by said court, will on

Thursday, the 21st Day of May, 1896,

at 10 o'clock a. m., offer at public auction to the highest and best bidder, on the premises at Loch Lynn Heights, near Mountain Lake Park, in Garrett county, Maryland, as following described property, which I mentioned and described in the bill and proceedings in said cause, to-wit:

First—All that lot or parcel of ground situated in the said county of Garrett and state of Maryland, and known and described as "Hotel Reserve" on the plat of the Mountain Home Company, as recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 1, folio 2, one of the plat records of the said county of Garrett, and described by the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, to-wit: Beginning at a point north 65° east 356 feet from station "C"; thence north 29° 15' west 175.75 feet; thence north 67° 45' east 30 feet; thence south 29° 15' east 175 feet; thence north 65° west 30 feet to the beginning, containing 1.12 of an acre.

Second—All that lot or parcel of ground situated in the said county of Garrett and state of Maryland, and described on the plat of the said Mountain Home Company as "Hotel Lawn," and described by the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, to-wit: Beginning at a corner of lot on Seneca avenue and corner of lot on which the cottage formerly owned by George P. White stands, and running thence south 65° east 120 feet, south 29½° west 70 feet, south 63½° east 243 feet, north 26¾° east 112 feet, north 63½° west 50 feet, north 29½° east 236 feet; thence north 65° west 300 feet to the beginning, containing 1¾ acres, more or less.

Fourth—All of that lot or parcel of ground situated in the county of Garrett and state of Maryland and described on the plat of the Mountain Home Company by the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, to-wit: Beginning at stake situated on the south line of J. C. Alderson's addition to Loch Lynn Heights, being south 63½° east 302 feet, and then south 29½° west 385 feet from Station "D," one of the Stations of Loch Lynn Heights, and the centre of Tallisee street, and running thence south 63½° east with the center of Tallisee street 417 feet to the centre of —— street; thence south 26¾° west 1,230 feet with —— street to the centre of Alabama street extended; thence with the centre of Alabama street north 65° degrees west 417 feet to White's line; thence with White's line and "Alderson's Addition" north 29½° east 1,230 feet to the beginning, containing 12½ acres of land more or less.

There is situated on the said tract No. 1 a large, elegant and well arranged modern

NEW SUMMER HOTEL,

three stories high, containing about 100 guest chambers, large, elegant and well lighted and ventilated dining rooms, reception rooms, ball room and parlor, furnished throughout with elegant new furniture, supplied with modern water closets and other conveniences and also with an abundance of water, and surrounded on three sides with a wide and beautiful veranda.

This hotel was opened to guests by Mrs. L. E. C. List for the first time last year and during the summer season was completely filled. The said tract No. 1 and the said hotel building and its furniture and appurtenances will be sold together. The said tract No. 2 will be sold by itself, and the said tracts Nos. 1 and 2 together with the said hotel building, furniture and appurtenances, will be sold subject to the terms, and conditions of a certain lease thereof, executed by the undersigned receiver to the said Mrs. L. E. C. List, on the 6th day of June, 1895, for the term of two years, seven months and twenty-four days beginning on the said 6th day of June, 1895, and ending on the first day of April, in the year 1898, for the sum of four thousand dollars ($4,000); nine hundred dollars of which rent due and was paid on the 1st day of May, 1896, and fourteen hundred dollars will be due and payable on the 1st day of May, 1897, on the 1st day of May, 1896, and fourteen hundred dollars will be due on the 1st day of May, 1897.

The terms, provisions and conditions of the said lease will be more particularly stated on the day of sale, and a copy thereof may be seen at any time at the law office of J. B. Sommerville, in the city of Wheeling, West Virginia. The purchaser of the said property will be entitled to the rent reserved in said lease from and after the day of sale, and the lease will be assigned by the receiver to the purchaser, who will be entitled to and the purchaser, who will be entitled to and will be required to attorn to the said lessor as the owner of the property embraced therein as the same. The said third and fourth tracts of land and divided into lots, streets and alleys as laid out and divided into lots, streets and are located will first be offered as an entirety, which of them will also be offered separately or in parts, and said property will be sold in the way in which it will produce the most money.

TERMS OF SALE.—Said sale will be made on the following terms and conditions, to-wit: One-third, or so much more as the purchaser may elect, cash on the day of sale, one-third in six months and one-third in one year from the day of sale, with interest from that day at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and the purchaser shall have the option to pay the deferred installments at any time before the same shall be due, with interest to the time of payment, the deferred installments to be secured by the purchaser's notes and the title to be retained until the notes are paid. The purchaser of the hotel and furniture will be required to carry not less than fifteen thousand dollars ($15,000) insurance thereon, for the receiver's benefit.

J. B. SOMMERVILLE, Receiver.
Wheeling, W. Va., April 16, 1896. 7-4.

ANNUAL LEVY, 1896.

Annual Levy for Garrett County, Maryland, levied on the 10th day of April, 1896, by the Board of County Commissioners for Garrett County, Maryland.

ROAD LEVY, 1897.

District No. 1.—Swanton		$ 650 00
" " 2.—Selbysport		1,175 00
" " 3.—Grantsville		650 00
" " 4.—Bloomington		550 00
" " 5.—Accident		850 00
" " 6.—Snag Run		650 00
" " 7.—Oakland		1,100 00
" " 8.—Ryan's Glade		950 00
" " 9.—Johnsons		500 00
" " 10.—Deer Park		500 00
" " 11.—Elbow		500 00
" " 12.—Bittinger		550 00
National Road		600 00
Total		$ 9,025 00

CORPORATIONS.

Mayor and Council of Oakland	$300 00
" " " Deer Park	50 00
Commissioners of Grantsville	80 00
Mountain Lake Park Community	200 00
Total	$630 00

PUBLIC SCHOOL BONDS.

For redemption of bonds	$1,000 00
Interest on bonds	360 00
Total	$1,360 00

CLERK'S OFFICE.

Tower, Clerk Circuit Court	$1,182 00

COURT FUND.

Estimate to pay court expenses, July, September and December terms, 1896, and March term, 1897	$1,017 00

ORPHAN'S COURT.

Estimate to pay judges	$522 00
James W. White, Register, use J. C. B. Friend	60 00
James W. White, balance	69 21
Total	$651 21

SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

Austin Brown, Sheriff	$ 178 80
Charles Wegman, late sheriff, use Charles Yunkin	300 00
Charles Wegman, balance	671 85
Walter G. Meyers use E. E. Hook, boarding prisoners and warden to county jail	393 04
Walter G. Meyers, balance	290 56
W. M. Coddington, warden to jail May 1, 1895, use G. S. Hamill	108 00
W. M. Coddington, balance	31 00
Total	$2,223 25

SCHOOLS.

To the School Commissioners for the support of public schools	$10,000 00

PRINTING AND PUBLISHING.

Benj. H. Sincell, use E. E. Hook, publishing, 1896	$ 370 00
Same, balance	50 00
Same, printing, 1896	300 00
J. M. Lilzinger, publishing, 1896	400 00
Total	$1,100 00

REGISTRATION OFFICERS.

Henry G Hamill, No. 1, use G S Hamill	$ 80 50
R E Friend, No 2, use J Q Hook	81 00
Isaiah Fuller, No 3, use J S Broadwater	82 50
John Collins, No 4, use Garrett County Bank	83 00
John L Riedter, No 5	80 98
N C Browning, No 6, use Garrett County Bank	82 50
John A Hughes, No 7, use same	83 50
H A Shaffer, No 8	84 00
Samuel Johnson, No 9	84 00
Sebastian Hinebaugh, No 10, use Garrett County Bank	82 50
Noah S Garlitz, No 11	81 50
Joseph Buckle, No 12, use Garrett Co. Bank	81 50
Total	$981 48

MAGISTRATES' FEES.

M M Fazenbaker	$ 12 85
[illegible]	10 80
[illegible]	25 90
Henry Kuhl	4 70
A F Gomler	60
James A Delawder	16 70
Total	$154 16

ELECTION EXPENSES, 1895.

District No. 1.

Moses R Hamill, return judge	$ 7 20
Henry Pangh, judge	4 00
W M Junkins, judge	7 04
J L McRoble, ballot clerk	2 00
J F Friend, same	2 00
P J Lohr, election clerk	4 00
Geo W Moon, same	4 00
Chas T West, house rent	5 00

District No. 2.

Jasper Guard, return judge, use Clara B Friend	7 76
Wm Welch, judge	4 00
Franklin T Fike, same	4 00
W S Collins, ballot clerk	2 00
J F Friend, same	2 00
Orval Welch, election clerk	4 00
Archibald Castel, same	4 00
James A Dunham, house rent	5 00

District No. 3.

James H Bevans, return judge	8 56
Geo W Broadwater, judge	4 00
U H Durst, same	8 10
John Custer, ballot clerk	2 00
J Lewis Durst, same	2 00
J C Getty, election clerk	4 00
Gideon Gnagey, same	4 00
Catharine Figge, house rent	5 00

District No. 4.

Andrew W Michael, return judge	8 40
W J Barnard, judge	4 00
Geo L Michael, judge	8 24
Lawrence Garvey, ballot clerk, use Wm Moody	2 00
Elijah Kemp, ballot clerk	2 00
Erwin Fazenbaker, election clerk	4 00
Charles C. Moody, same	4 00
Thomas Garvey, house rent	5 00

District No. 5.

James E McGettigan, return judge	7 60
John Hoffman, judge	4 00
George M Menhorn, judge	4 00
S K Schlossnagle, ballot clerk	2 00
Edward Margrodt, same	2 00
Lyman Frazee, election clerk	4 00
Samuel Mosser, same	4 00
Geo. F. Englehart, house rent	7 12

District No. 6.

Joseph B. Meese, return judge	7 12
William Custer, judge	4 00
Brison Welch, judge	2 00
John A Delawder, same	2 00
[illegible] Welch, election clerk	4 00
[illegible] Welch, house rent	5 00

District No. 7.

A D Frey, return judge	8 00
A J Barnes, judge	6 00
John W Arnold, judge	6 60
W A Dailey, ballot clerk	2 00
Geo P. White, same	2 00
Marshall M Ashby, election clerk	6 00
William J Naly, same	4 00

District No. 8.

Harry W Ridder, return judge	6 84
Amos S Mosser, judge	4 00
John W White, judge	4 00
William C Bruentlet, ballot clerk	2 00
Abner S Abernathy, same	2 00
Jno C Bowman, election clerk	4 00
Lewis Rinker, same	4 00
Davis N Murphy, house rent	5 00

District No. 9.

Patrick Hoye, return judge	8 44
James Carey, judge	4 00
James Fanzy, judge	3 60
Andrew J Moor, ballot clerk, use Geo W Bloemer	2 00
Jacob Wilson, ballot clerk	2 00
Franklin C Graham, election clerk	4 00
George W Bloemer, same	4 00
Johnson Brothers, house rent	5 00

District No. 10.

Solomon Hoge, return judge	6 88
James L. Harvey, judge	8 80
Thomas E Sollers, judge	4 00
Joseph Lashorn, ballot clerk	2 00
Charles George, same	2 00
Jas Spiker, election clerk	4 00
W L Lipscomb, same	4 00
Mrs J W Criddister, house rent, use S P Speedi	5 00

District No. 11.

Peter F Michaels, return judge	8 80
William Ross, judge	4 00
James Weltzell, same	8 00
David Warnick, ballot clerk	2 00
Peter McIntyre, same	2 00
Henry H Fazenbaker, election clerk	4 00
Jacob Strickland, same	4 00
Joseph Warnick, house rent	5 00

District No. 12.

Otho Fazenbaker, return judge	7 84
James M Durst, judge	8 00
Donald Simpson, same	4 00
W H Lohr, ballot clerk	2 00
Hanson B Durst, same	2 00
James Bowser, election clerk	4 00
Joseph B Harmon, same	4 00
Henry Bittinger, house rent	5 00
Total	$128 84

BRIDGE ACCOUNT.

John M Kesler, bridge on Mill Run, use C B Friend	$ 61 60
Dennis Rinker, building bridge	80 10
William White, repairing bridge	1 65
Joseph F Lewis, building bridge on Muddy Creek	81 00
George W Seibert, building bridge, subject to order	30 00
Jeremiah Bittinger, building bridge near John Friend's	40 00
Merritt Wilson, building bridge at Wilson	74 85
David Guegy, building bridge, subject to order	20 00
Fries & Sanders, subject to order, Crellin bridge	216 10
Preston Lumber and Coal Co. lumber for Crellin bridge	183 90
Estimate to build and repair bridges	1,000 00
Total	$1,797 97

SPECIAL ROAD APPROPRIATIONS.

David T Enlow	$ 11 25
John Lisbon, work on new road, Bear Creek	28 50
H K Friend, same	20 62
Hamilton Friend, same	6 75
James Friend, same	16 87
J E Friend, same	12 50
Silas Teats, same	21 87
Jonas Teats, same	20 12
A J Teats, same	20 00
Calvin Coddington, same	21 87
Levi Fike, same	15 62
John Fike, same	6 87
Daniel Curtiss, same	6 25
Claud Brown, same	8 75
Clark & McCulloh, material furnished Road case No. 123, subject to order	24 12
Road in and around Friendsville, subject to order	350 00
Road case No. 125, subject to order	150 00
Northwestern Pike, subject to order	150 00
Coope, and Wilson road, subject to order	100 00
National road, subject to order	50 00
P M Stemple, subject to order	240 00
Uriah M Stanton Stanton road, subject to order	25 00
Elder Hill road from John Coddington's to Friendsville	10 00
Total	$1,550 46

OUTSIDE PENSIONERS.

S P Speedi support James Cunningham	$ 1 00
Peter Miller support Lizzie Dietrick	25 00
Calvin H Glotfelty support Esther Glotfelty	20 00
Geo A Bittinger support Mary Durst, subject to order	30 00
J D Getty sup Wm Hoover, subject to order	25 00
Same sup Wm Bittinger, subject to order	25 00
Samuel Meese sup Henry Meese	50 00
Chas Thompson sup Upton Bruce, subject to order	50 00
Caroline Frazee sup Ruth King, subject to order	75 00
John G Brenninger sup M Cluney, subject to order	75 00
S L Townshend sup Mrs Kisner	5 00
W C Jones sup Wood child	25 00
Estimate to pay paupers 1896	950 00
Total	$1,500 00

CONSTABLES.

Alex T Mason, use D E Offutt	$	9 20
Fred Kolb		2 85
B F Warnick		10 75
B F Friend of W		12 85
B F Friend of J use C B Friend		25 75
D A Stephens		26 00
Baker Johnson		30 05
W H Coddington		7 10
Levi Echard		75
Total	$	148 15

MISCELLANEOUS.

James T Harbin Keeping Lloyd Bell in Keeley Institute, use Garrett Co. Bank	$ 100 00
Walter G Meyers, building fence and laying platform, use S L Townshend & Son	40 00
E H Sincell, printing ballot in Tasker case and publishing same, use Garrett Co Bank	73 50
S Lawton, agent, iron fencing around court house and jail, use Garrett Co Bank	262 00
J M Lilzinger, printing ballots for election, 1895	263 05
J T Mitchell, expenses election, 1895	15 75
County Commissioners of Washington county, removed case	196 50
D W Sloan, money advanced investigation murdered man at Gorman	50 00
Henry Sines, hauling Kindling wood for jail	2 50
Elias J Miller, coffin for Mrs Newman	5 00
D L Conneway, use E E Sollars, coal for court house and jail	101 10
Same, balance	20 00
John T Mitchell, election expenses 95	10 00
G O Miller & Co., lumber for platform	38 50
Isaac Walker & Co., stationery	68 45
Dr J W Laughlin, attending two inquests	10 00
Samuel Lawton, asphalt varnish cells in jail	7 13
J H Medairy, books and stationery	124 40
Joseph Horner, paupers	23 25
Wm Mann Company, stationery	9 00
G A Storer, material and work court house and jail	12 75
John Sines, kindling wood	2 50
A G Sturgiss, medicine for jail and paupers	88 70
Fred Engleman, coffin	7 00
D E Offutt, material	9 95
Dr H W McComas, county health officer	100 00
Same, physician to jail	100 00
J M Davis & Son, material	27 53
D Hart & Son, coal	41 25
Robert Fries, two coffins	12 00
A D Naylor, repairing road machine	15 75
S L Townshend & Son, goods for jail and paupers	91 22
Shertzer & Bolden, coffins and burying paupers two years	85 00
John T Mitchell, supervisor	50 00
Walter S Warnick, same	90 00
Bruce Liebly, same	50 00
Ben Stemple, use J S Meyers, wood	3 00
J A Walker, use A D Naylor, cleaning closets at jail and court house	90 00
Same, balance, subject to	$2,211 54
Total	$8 FEES BEFORE JUSTICES.
Estimate to pay same	$50 00

ALMSHOUSE AND ASYLUM FUND.

Estimate to pay same for one year	$2,000 00
Md Hospital for the Insane, treatment from Jan 1, 1896, to Dec 31, 1896	630 00
Total	$2,630 00

NEW ROADS.

Road case No. 131—

John Harned, survey and plat	$12 00

Road case No. 142—

John Harned, survey and plat	7 00
Stephen Brownting, examiner	2 85
R K Maroney	2 00
Bruce Whorrel	75
Wm Purnell	75

Road case No. 153—

John Harned, survey and plat	7 00
William White, examiner and chairman	2 50
Total	$31 00

ATTORNEYS' FEES.

G S Hamill, late State's Attorney, services to Registration officers	$ 50 00
Same, 36 recognizances and 11½ misdemeanors @ $5.00	238 41
Same, 14 felonies @ $10	140 00
Same, trial fees allowed by court	340 00
F A Thayer, state's attorney, 27 recognizances and 5½ misdemeanors	108 33
Same, 3 felonies, @ $10	30 00
Same, trial fees allowed by court	15 00
Same, ½ misdemeanor and ½ felony	5 66
Peddicord & Peddicord, fees in criminal cases use H E Felty	26 66
Same, balance	13 34
Semmes and Thayer, 1 felony	10 00
E H Sincell, fees in criminal cases, use C H Friend	33 33
Same, attorney to Commissioners, use same	150 00
J C Renninger, 1 felony	10 00
Total	$1,171 73

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS' OFFICE.

Estimate for County Commissioners' office	$1,000 00
J S Meyers, clerk	100 00
W M Coddington, janitor	200 00
Total	$1,300 00

CORONERS' INQUESTS.

On body of unknown man on Perry farm.

Wm E George	$ 1 00
Joseph McRoble	1 00
Howard Nelliken	1 00
A C George	1 00
W H Thrasher	1 00
F R Nelliken	1 00
S U Hoye	1 00
H J Shaffer	1 00
J L Hoge	1 00
S P Speedi	1 00
Chas Stenger	1 00
John M Haines	1 00
Abraham Freeland	1 00
E Taylor Perry, witness	35
W D Hoye, Justice, holding inquest	5 00

On body of Mary Mudilgan.

J C Rodeheaver	1 00
Howard Nelliken	1 00
Edward Brinum	1 00
Calvin Savage	1 00
Chas Stenger	1 00
W H Chadderton	1 00
John Friend of N	1 00
H J Shaffer	1 00
W B Griffin	1 00
Chas R Savage	1 00
Joseph McRoble	1 00
Witnesses, T F Hoge	35
Mary Bailey	35
Bettie Maddigan	35
Ella Hinebaugh	35
W S Shreeve	35
W D Hoye, Justice, holding inquest	5 00

On Body of Louis Fine.

John T Welmer	1 00
W W Echard	1 00
Samuel Bowman	1 00
William Drane	1 00
Aaron Trent	1 00
Charles Bowman	1 00
John Edgar	1 00
William Argenbright	1 00
Robert Livengood	1 00
Wright Thayer	1 00
Edward Welsner	1 00
William Thayer	1 00
Amount allowed by Jury for post mortem [illegible]	[illegible]
to Dr M C Hinebaugh	[illegible]
to P H Echard, holding inquest	[illegible]
Wright Thayer, summoning jury	1 35

On Body of William Notes.

Geo D White	1 00
John W Hart	1 00
W Y Waltz	1 00
Thomas Martin	1 00
J M Crim	1 00
D L Conneway	1 00
J H Smithman	1 00
Charles A Newcomb	1 00
John Scalley	1 00
W H Adler	1 00
P H Carney	1 00
A C Mason	1 00
Witness, Richard Fraction	35
" Isaac Edmonson	35
Dr W H Ravenscraft	5 00
Dr J Lee McComas	5 00

On the Body of Charles Friend.

A H Sturgiss	1 00
S Lawton	1 00
D L Conneway	1 00
A C Whetsell	1 00
E Jamison	1 00
B Reynolds	1 00
John Force	1 00
D E Bolden	1 00
A Hinebaugh	1 00
Moses Wensel	1 00
J W Hart	1 00
D A Durst	1 00
Witness, Thomas Carney	35
" Bartley Feeney	35
" E Cross	35
Dr W H Ravenscraft, post mortem, followed by jury	10 00
Total	$110 00

FINES AND CATS.

H L James	1	fines	$ 1 00
L C Elke	4	"	1 00
Noah Broadwater	13	"	13 00
E F Friend	2	"	2 00
W R Mason	4	"	4 00
James Robeson	2	"	2 00
Rudolph Beckman		1 cat	2 00
W T Sayer	9	"	9 00
Upton Cuppett	8	"	8 00
John W Biggs	5	"	5 00
N U Browning	1	" 1 "	3 00
Maurice Custer	1	"	1 00
R E Garlitz	6	"	6 00
W C Jones	6	"	6 00
Frank Pysell	1	"	1 00
S L Townshend & Son	1	"	1 00
D E Offutt & Son	3	"	3 00
A M Chisholm		1 "	2 00
S M Friend	1	"	1 00
C B Friend	1	"	1 00
Joseph C Robeson	1	"	1 00
I T Umble	1	"	1 00
J M Davis & Son	3	"	3 00
Charles Wegman	1	"	1 00
Augustus L Tithenecell	2	"	2 00
L A Weimer		1 "	2 00
Daniel Wilson	1	"	1 00
James H Wilson	1	"	1 00
Christian P Soelders	8	" 1 "	16 00
Dixon & Kelso	5	" 2 "	9 00
S P Speedi	1	" 1 "	3 00
W W Harvey	1	"	1 00
Peter G Stark	2	"	4 00
I T Frazee	2	" 1 "	4 00
A J Bevans	2	"	2 00
W J Wilson	1	"	1 00
Christian Simach	5	"	5 00
John Wiland	2	"	2 00
C E Hilliary	2	"	2 00
L E Friedly	2	"	2 00
Daniel Turney	1	"	1 00
George L Mosser	2	"	2 00
H E Felty	2	"	2 00
J S Broadwater	1	"	1 00
John Gnagey	8	"	8 00
James Bowser	8	"	8 00
P S Pangh	1	" 2 "	5 00
Sam'l E Enzenbaker	1	"	1 00
C T West	23	"	23 00
John G Steyer	3	"	3 00
Total			$200 00

TREASURER'S OFFICE.

Thomas B Wiley, Treasurer's commissions on county tax, subject to order	$2,041 59
Same, commissions on State tax	308 49
E E Sollars late treas., making 2 insolvents	17 00
Total	$2,367 08
Contingent Fund	$1,265 98

RECAPITULATION.

Road Levy	$ 9,025 00
Corporations	630 00
School Bonds	1,360 00
Clerk's Office	1,182 00
Court Fund	651 21
Orphan's Court	2,223 25
Sheriff's Office	10,000 00
Public Printing	1,100 00
Registration	981 48
Magistrates	154 16
Election expenses	1,428 84
Bridge Account	1,797 97
Pensioners	1,500 00
Justices	750 00
Miscellaneous	1,171 73
Witness Fees before Magistrates	30 00
Almshouse and Asylum fund	2,000 00
New Roads	31 00
Attorney Fees	1,171 73
Inquests	110 00
Fines and Cats	200 00
Special appropriations on Roads	1,550 46
Commissioners' Office	1,300 00
Treasurer's Office	1,265 98
Contingent Fund	2,309 08
	1,2 5 58
Total	$51,111 82

To pay this amount it was ascertained that the taxable property as shown by the assessment books amounts to $1,691,802, which at $1.10 on each one hundred dollars, will make the above amount for county purposes, $1,111.82. Deducting $501,906 for corporations paying direct to the State treasurer, leaves the basis $1,341,896, at 17½ cents on each one hundred dollars, makes $7,712.34, and this added makes the taxes for state and county

ECCLESIASTICAL COLUMN.

Rev. Romanus Mattingly, pastor St. Peter's Catholic Church, Editor.

Ascension Day.

"And the Lord Jesus, after He had spoken unto them, was taken up into heaven and sitteth on the right hand of God." Mark 16:19.

The feast of the Ascension is one of the most ancient in the church, dating back to the earliest ages of christianity. St. Augustine does not hesitate to ascribe its introduction to the apostles, it being but natural that they should have annually celebrated the day on which they saw their Lord and Master ascend into heaven. Since the day on which St. Helena built a magnificent church on the sacred spot where Christ ascended into heaven, this feast has been celebrated with the greatest solemnity. In the celebration of this feast at the present day the Easter candle is extingnished after the gospel of the high mass. The Easter candle symbolizes the risen Savior. Burning it for forty days at high mass on Sundays, signifies that Jesus Christ remained upon earth forty days after his resurrection, and [illegible] appeared to his disciples. The extinction of it on this day at high mass reminds us that Christ, at his ascension, withdrew his visible presence from us. We may consider a few circumstances of the ascension of Christ by answering four questions:

1st, At what time? 2nd, Where? 3rd, In what manner? and 4th, For what purpose, did Christ ascend into heaven?

Christ ascended into heaven forty days after his resurrection. Our Savior remained upon earth these forty days, first to convince his disciples of the reality of his resurrection, and secondly to give them the necessary instructions and commissions for their high calling. St. Luke says in the epistle for this festival that to the apostles "He showed himself alive after his passion by many proofs, for forty days appearing to them and speaking of the kingdom of God." The number forty is significant. Our Savior spent forty days in the desert in order to prepare himself by prayer and fasting for his public life. Again, he remained on earth forty days after his resurrection in order to ordain whatever was necessary for the welfare of his church. He had, during the forty days spent in the desert, prepared himself for the work of our redemption, and he spent the same number of days after accomplishing this great work in order to apply to us, through the church the fruit of redemption.

The forty days which Christ spent upon earth after his resurrection correspond to the forty hours he remained in the grave. On this St. Thomas, of Aquin, remarks: "As Jesus Christ remained forty hours in the sepulchre as a proof of his real death, so he remained forty days on earth as a proof of his new life." Faith in his resurrection being the foundation of our religion, Christ desired to establish it firmly by abiding forty days with his disciples.

Finally the forty days which Christ spent on earth after his resurrection, reminds us of the forty years which the Israelites, after their departure from Egypt were obliged to spend in the desert before they could enter the land of Canaan, they represent to us and symbolize the truth that we, although redeemed by Christ, have to undergo a laborious and dangerous journey before we can enter heaven.

Christ ascended into heaven on a Thursday. From Easter Sunday till Ascension Day exactly forty days intervene, for which reason the church annually celebrates the feast of the Ascension on a Thursday. The passion of our Savior commenced on a Thursday, for it was on Holy Thursday that he sweat blood in the garden of olives, was betrayed and apprehended. Thus it was to be on a Thursday on which, triumphant over sufferings and death, he entered into heaven. Herein is contained an important lesson. The very day of our greatest humiliation may be the beginning of our greatest exaltation and the beginning and cause of our salvation.

Christ ascended at noontide, because as the sun reaches the height of his course at noon, so the eternal Sun of Justice attained the height of his glory by ascending into heaven. In explanation of the words (Ps. 54:18), "Evening and morning and at noon I will speak and declare; and he shall hear my voice," St Augustine says: "In the evening I find the Lord on the cross, in the morning at the resurrection, and at noon at the ascension. In the evening I refer to the patience of the dying God-man, in the morning to the life of the risen Savior, and pray that at noon sitting at the right hand of God, he may hear me." And St. Prosper remarks, "In the evening the Lord dies on the cross, in the morning he rises, at noon he enters heaven, that the three parts of the day may be sanctified."

The place where our Lord ascended into heaven is Mt. Olivet, situated two thousand paces distant from Jerusalem. Between it and the city there is a valley through which the brook Cedron flows. It is so high that from it one can overlook the city of Jerusalem. Our Savior commenced his passion on Mt. Olivet. On the day of his ascension he passed over the brook Cedron by the very same way which he had chosen on the mournful night when he was betrayed by his ungrateful disciple into the hands of his enemies. The same mountain being thus the mount of his passion as well as of his ascension, we are reminded that Christ entered into his glory through sufferings, and that the obligation is imposed upon us to suffer with him. "We are joint heirs with Christ, yet so if we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified with him."

The manner of ascension is thus described by the evangelist: "And he led them out as far as Bethania; and lifting up his hands he blessed them. And it came to pass, whilst he blessed them, that he departed from them and was carried up to heaven." Luke 24:50, 51. Christ blessed his disciples, not by mere pious wishes, but in reality. In consequence of this blessing, the apostles were protected from the contamination of the world, they preserved the unity of faith and the bond of charity, and after a glorious martyrdom entered into the joy of their Lord.

Christ ascended into heaven by his own power. He was not alone but surrounded by all the just of the old testament. "Ascending on high he led captivity captive." Eph. 4:8. He led those souls that were captive in limbo, the saints of the old law, captive by the bonds of charity. At sight of the heavenly Jerusalem they must have exclaimed in an ecstasy of joy and admiration, "How lovely are thy tabernacles. O Lord of Hosts! my soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord" (Ps. 83:2); whilst the angelic choirs, meeting their incarnate God, hailed him saying, "Worthy is the Lamb that was to receive power, and divinity, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and benediction." Apoch. 5:12.

Christ ascended into heaven for his own sake, and for our sake. He ascended for his own sake. He celebrated his triumph as conqueror of death and hell and took possession of the crown prepared for him by his virtues and merits, to be rewarded for his obedience to the Father. "My food is to do the will of him that sent me, that I may perfect his work." John 4:34. If our heavenly father rewards those who give even a drink of water in his name (i. e. in charity,) his justice required that he should also reward his son for so many virtues. Therefore, Christ himself said to his heavenly Father, "I have glorified thee upon earth: I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do. And now glorify me, O Father with thyself, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." (John 17:4, 5). *"I am who am. Before Abraham was made, I am."*

Verily for his self-abasement and obedience unto the death of the cross. "God hath exalted him, and hath given him a name which is above every name; that in the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of those that are in heaven, on earth and in hell; and that every tongue should confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is the glory of God the Father." Phil. 2:9-11.

Christ ascended into heaven for our sake. He opened the gates of heaven for us which heretofore had been closed even to the just. "In my Father's house there are many mansions. * * * I go to prepare a place for you; I will come again and take you to myself, that where I am, you also may be." John 14:2, 3.

There is a pious tradition that Jesus Christ left his foot prints on the spot whence he ascended. His face was turned to the west, toward Europe, thus blessing our Pagan forefathers. Let us manifest our gratitude to our Divine Savior by clinging to him firmly. "We have no lasting city here, but seek one to come." Heaven is our home; there is only one way leading to it, the way of the cross and Christian self-denial. "He that will come after me, let him take up his cross and follow me."

Mountain Lake Park.

J. M. Crane's residence on F street is progressing nicely. By the the time this paper is at press the roof will be on. Henry Felty's eight room house is almost ready for the roof.

Capt. Burns, U. S. A. has engaged board for the summer for his family who will arrive at the Park early in June.

Mountain Lake hotel will be open for guests June 10th.

The Romney cottage will open June 5th with seven boarders for the season.

Judge Cuppett's eight room house will be ready for use about June 1st. It is a very pleasant home, with splendid porches.

Mrs. Neil's house on L street is completed. She will move into it in a few days

Hotel Dennett is completed. It is a good job. Mr Dennett bought a lot on Deer Park drive for an outlet.

Trees have been set out along the driveway. There is some style about Hotel Dennett and surroundings.

T. H. Mong, of Wheeling, John Ruhe, of Clarksburg, Mr. Grant and Supt. Sheats, of Grafton, have been recent visitors at the Park.

Mrs. G. W. Talson, of New York City, is at the Park looking after her two new cottages being completed by Messrs. Spedden Bros.

Mr. Johnson manager of the Lake View brick yards has brought his family to the Park. They will occupy Fern cottage.

The Assembly house and [illegible] Va. cottages have a number of [illegible] ers.

The Park is beginning to p[illegible] its summer dress. All over [illegible] Park it seems improvments are being made. One meets with pleasant surprises wherever he goes.

M. W. Southard has rented one one of the cottages facing the auditorium grounds. His mother and sister will take possession this week.

P. T. Garthright is traveling in the county buying a car load of maple sugar for the Dennett Coffee Houses.

By Saturday the bridge across Broad Ford run will be ready for use and the drive around the lake open to the public.

Supt. Rudisill will spend Saturday and Sunday at Cranesville, W. Va., assisting Rev. Idleman in a meeting.

Editor McKinley, of Fairmont, has purchased two lots on the corner of Oak and F streets.

Reduced Rates to Washington.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will hold their annual meeting in Washington, D. C., July 7 to 13.

For this occasion the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell tickets, from all points on its lines, East of the Ohio River to Washington, at one single fare for the round trip, July 6 to 8, inclusive; valid for return passage until July 15, inclusive, with the privilege of an additional extension until July 13 by depositing tickets with Joint Agents at Washington.

Tickets will also be on sale at stations of all connecting lines.

Delegates should not lose sight of the fact that all B. & O. trains run via Washington.

A Chance for Farmers to Improve Their Stock.

EMPEROR WILKES
TIME, 2.23.

PEDIGREE

EMPEROR WILKES, by Ethan Wilkes 617, dam Mary M.; Ethan Wilkes by George Wilkes, dam Lady Ethan; George Wilkes by Hambletonian 10, dam Dolly Spanker; Lady Ethan by Ethan Allen 43, dam Topsy dam of Hambletonian Mambrino, Mary M. by Mambrino Rattler; dam by Brignolli 77, dam by Hopeful; Mambrino Rattler by Mambrino Chief 11, dam by Rattler 75.

M. Maroney & Son have decided to stand this horse at their stables in Oakland during the season of 1896 for the small sum of

$10.00 INSURANCE.

M. MARONEY & SON,
Owners.

9—2m

NORMAL SCHOOLS.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS OF
GARRETT COUNTY,
OAKLAND, Md., May 11, 1896.

The normal schools for Garrett County, for the summer of 1896 will be held as follows:

At Oakland, in charge of Prof. C. D. Smith; at Accident, in charge of Prof. R. R. Sanner, and at Selbysport in charge of Prof. Geo. H. Frazee. The school at Oakland will open June 15, 1896, and at Accident June 22, one week later, and run for a term of ten weeks.

For further information apply to C. D. Smith, Oakland, Md.; R. R. Sanner, Contrarecurt, Pa., and Geo. H. Frazee, Markleysburg, Pa.

WM. HINEBAUGH,
Secretary.

10-3.

SAVE
BABY'S LIFE.

Teething time is the most trying time of infancy. The little gums are hot and swollen. They tingle and ache and smart. All the nerves in the little body are on edge. Sleep restless—digestion bad.

There's a remedy.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

soothes and cools the gums, controls the bowels, cures colic, brings good digestion, sleep and rest. 25 cents, all druggists. Guaranteed. Made by JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

THE

Maryland Building and Loan Association

of Garrett County.

OFFICERS:

FRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney.
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencies.

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock:

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.

EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

Order of Publication.

John S. Sanders vs. Archibald T. Shuttlesworth, et al.

No. 763 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

The object of this suit is to procure a decree for the sale of certain real estate in Garrett county of which the late Charlotte Sanders died seized and possessed.

The bill states that a certain Charlotte Sanders, late of Garrett county and now deceased, was in her lifetime seized and possessed of certain real estate, lying and being in said county, particularly described in the bill and and its accompanying exhibit; that the said Charlotte died intestate leaving as her only heirs at law and the only persons interested in her estate, the said John S. Sanders, her husband, and the said Archibald T. Shuttlesworth, John Shuttlesworth, Lee Shuttlesworth, Guy Shuttlesworth, Mitchell Shuttlesworth, Mary Emberson and Mitchell Emberson, her husband; Elizabeth Wotring and —— Wotring, her husband; Margaret McCrum and Albert McCrum, her husband; Phoebe Gordon and William Gordon, her husband; Washington Neal, who intermarried with another daughter Catharine Shuttlesworth, now dead, and Samuel Neal, son of said Catharine, all of whom are non-residents of the State of Maryland and do not reside therein, and the said Charlotte Buncutter and William Buncutter, her husband, who reside in Garrett county aforesaid.

The bill further states that the said real estate is not susceptible of partition among the parties aforesaid and cannot be divided among them to their advantage, and prays for a sale of said real estate and that the proceeds may be distributed among the parties according to their respective interest and for general relief.

It is thereupon adjudged and ordered this 29th day of April, 1896, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Maryland, sitting in equity, that the plaintiff, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county, Maryland, once a week for four successive weeks before the 25th day of May, 1896, give notice to the defendants, Archibald T. Shuttlesworth, John Shuttlesworth, Lee Shuttlesworth, Guy Shuttlesworth, Mitchell Shuttlesworth, Mary Emberson and Mitchell Emberson, her husband, Elizabeth Wotring and —— Wotring, her husband, Margaret McCrum and Albert McCrum her husband, Phoebe Gordon and William Gordon her husband, Washington Neal and [illegible] Neal, who are non-residents of the State of Maryland, warning them to be and appear in this court on or before the 1st day of June, 1896, to show cause if any they have, why a decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

EDWARD STAKE.

True copy.
Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 8|4.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

This is to notify the tax-payers of Garrett county that the Annual Levy for 1896 has been made and published, and to call their attention to the following abstract of Section 45, Chapter 566, Acts of 1896, relating to the discount to be allowed and interest to be charged on all tax bills:

"All county tax shall be due and payable on the first day of September next succeeding the date of the levy thereof, and on all county taxes paid on or before the said 1st day of September, a discount of 3 per cent. shall be allowed; and after the 1st day of January all taxes shall bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until paid; the Treasurer shall take the discount from and charge interest on all tax bills for county purposes regularly in the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same upon the receipt given for taxes so paid; but the discount allowed on county taxes by this section shall not be made to any person or corporate institution unless the whole amount of State and county taxes due by such person or corporate institution for the current year be paid when the same is made."

THOS. B. WILEY,
Treasurer of Garrett County.

WILLIAM C. KIDD,
Representing
JOHNSON, OMOHUNDRO & CO.,
WHOLESALE NOTIONS, Etc.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

A specialty of Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear
RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL

ROOFING.

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In effect April 1st, 1896.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS		NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1			No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.			NOON	P. M.
3 00	8 00	lv	Cumberland	ar 12 00	7 00
3 31	8 31		Rawlings	11 29	6 29
3 50	8 50		Keyser	11 01	6 01
4 00	9 00		Westernport	10 51	5 51
4 12	9 12		W. Va. C. Junc.	10 38	5 38
4 37	9 37		Shaw	10 23	5 23
5 00	10 00		Harrison	10 00	4 00
5 45	10 45	ar	Elk Garden	8 55	3 55
5 55	10 55	lv	Gorman	9 25	4 25
5 41	10 41		Bayard	9 15	4 15
5 52	10 52		Dobbin	9 01	4 01
6 23	11 23		Thomas	8 31	3 31
6 55	11 55	ar	Davis	8 00	2 55
6 27	11 27	lv	Ocketon	8 31	3 31
6 51	11 51		Hendricks	8 07	3 07
6 57	11 57		Bretz	3 01	3 01
7 00	12 00		Parsons	7 58	2 58
[illegible]	12 31		Kerens	7 20	2 20
7 00	1 00	ar	Elkins	lv 47 00	12 00
	1 30	ar	Beverly	lv	11 35
	2 55	ar	Bealington	lv	11 30
P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	A. M.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $800; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $800 balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirely or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy.

E. H. SINCELL, Atty.,
Oakland, Md.

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD.

Spring is the time by the year that your Horses, Cows, Hogs, Sheep, Poultry, etc., need some good article to purify their blood. The International Food is the best article known for stock of all kinds; 3 feeds for one cent. Don't use any other. For sale only by

THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO.

DRINK

LUXURY COFFEE

and get the best Coffee made and get either Ladie's or Gentleman's Gold Watch, guaranteed for 25 years. Use no other, because Luxury Coffee is the best.

Don't fail to call at the stores of The Maryland Supply Co. for

TIMOTHY AND CLOVER SEED.

We only handle the best western seed. Garden Seeds in abundance of all kinds. Fertilizer, Salt, Groceries, General Merchandise, and anything you may need. Don't fail to call at the stores of THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO., at

Mt. Lake Park, Md.
Oakland, Md.
Swanton, Md.
Lonaconing, Md.

5t-1yr.

Your Face

Will be wreathed with a most engaging smile, after you invest in a

White Sewing Machine

EQUIPPED WITH ITS NEW

PINCH TENSION,
TENSION INDICATOR
—AND—
AUTOMATIC TENSION RELEASER,

The most complete and useful devices ever added to any sewing machine.

The WHITE is

Durably and Handsomely Built,
Of Fine Finish and Perfect Adjustment,
Sews ALL Sewable Articles,

And will serve and please you up to the full limit of your expectations.

ACTIVE DEALERS WANTED in unoccupied territory. Liberal terms. Address,

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.,
CLEVELAND, O.

ORDER NISI.

William Pearre, Assignee of Jabob S. Jamesson, Mortgagee, vs. Alfred C. Brooke.

No. 75 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered, this 11th day of May, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by William Pearre, assignee of Jacob S. Jamesson, mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 15th day of June, 1896; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland once a week for three successive weeks before the 15th day of June, 1896.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2,560.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

WHY SHOULD YOU SEND YOUR CHILD
—TO—

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

1st. He (or She) can be prepared for college; he can study book keeping, shorthand, typewriting, etc., and be fitted for business; he can begin his course in medicine or pharmacy under a teacher who has made the subject of chemistry a specialty.

2nd. It is a home school (co-educational and for a limited number) and is conducted with all the loving, care-taking ministrations for individual development that the name implies.

3rd. Students require the most bracing, nerve-building climate, and here they have it. Among the recreations are skating, boating, tennis, bowling.

4th. English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish German, Musical and Art courses. Bible study and high ethical teaching will fit him for a noble Christian career.

L. E. SWAN, Principal,
18 1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7—	Daily	2.36 A. M
No. 3—	Daily	5.07 A. M
No. 51—	Accom. daily except Sun	5.30 A. M
No. 47—	Daily	10.40 A. M
No. 55—	Express, daily	6.22 P. M
No. 15—	Accommodation daily	6.45 P. M
No. 1—	Daily	10.06 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—	Daily	2.20 A. M
No. 2—	Daily	6.51 A. M
No. 14—	Accommodation, daily	9.05 A. M
No. 52—	Accom. daily except Sun	4.35 P. M
No. 46—	Daily	7.02 P. M
No. 4—	Daily	12.20 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, low prices; also boiler and 20hp good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, LOCOMOBILES, etc.

L. S. CARSKADON,
2—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

FOR SALE.

The farm belonging to Elizabeth Maley, situated two miles north of Deer Park, adjoining the lands of Jacob Cooper, Finnebergy, Miller and Lowestein. Contains 105½ acres, about 80 acres cleared, and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the premises. 2-3m*

FRANKLIN P. GREEN,
COUNTY SURVEYOR FOR
GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Post Office, LONACONING, MD.

All work entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished on short notice. 3-6m*

JULIUS C. KENNINGER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Office opposite postoffice, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr*

Salesmen Wanted

on Salary, to sell Pennsylvania grown Nursery Stock, which is the best in the world. All the new specialties as well as the standard varieties of Fruits and Ornamentals. A fine outfit furnished and all traveling expenses paid. Salary comes from day work is commenced. Write for terms stating age.

ROOTES, BEAL & THOMAS,
Maple Avenue Nurseries, West Chester, Pa.
5—1

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the new public road, beginning at a point on the Oakland and Deer Park road, about fifteen rods westerly from the intersection of said road and the road leading past the B. & O. hotels, and running through the land of the B. & O. Railroad company, with the new road to the line of James Swan Frick then with his line and through the land of said B. & O. Railroad company to D. Du Hall's land, and through his land along the line between him and M. A. Garrett to the land of E. H. Gordon and others, and through the land of Gordon, John K. Shaw and S. D. McKee, following the old road it practicable, to intersect one of the streets of the Mt. Lake Park Association at or near the east, a distance of about two miles, and examine whether the said public road should be made, will meet on the

9th DAY OF JUNE, 1896,

for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said new road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

L. A. RUDISILL,
JOHN T. MITCHELL,
E. W. KELSO,
Examiners.

THE

G. E. PEARCE DRUG CO.,

OF FROSTBURG, MD.

We have probably the largest stock of goods in the drug line in Western Maryland.

P. D. & CO. and S. and D. pharmaceutical preparations always in stock, supplied to physicians at jobbers' prices.

OUR LINE OF

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES AND WINDOW GLASS

IS LARGE AND COMPLETE.

We sell and guarantee LUCAS TINTED GLASS PAINT at $1.25 per gallon.

9-2m

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. B. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

OLD GOLDEN'S TAKING OFF.

The Full Story of the End of the Terror of Pike County.

How, After Years of Triumphant Conflict with Man and Beast, He Died, Facing Both, with His Back to a Rock.

"The fall and winter I was up in Pike county looking over the timber land for the day street lumber firm," said an old New Yorker, "Red Drake, the woodsman, said to me in a very mysterious manner one day:

"'I seen Old Golden yiste'day.'

"If Red noticed the puzzled look that must have been on my face he paid no attention to it.

"'First time he's been seen in this part o' the county in five years or more,' said Red. 'Don't say nothin' to nobody, and I'll take you out to-morrer and introduce you to him. He's layin' low in the woods, over around my choppin' job some'rs. I don't want it to git out, though, for to-morrer is town meetin', and if it got out that Old Golden was noshn' around here ag'in there wouldn't be a vote cast in the hull township. The hull population from the Shohola to the Panpack 'd be skitterin' through the woods, tryin' to git their hands on Old Golden. So keep mum, and me and you'll go out tomorrer and spend an hour or so with him. He'll make it worth while, if he's feelin' good. There's a reward offered to any one that takes him and delivers him at the county seat, but none o' these fellers around here is goin' to git it if I kin help it.'

"I thought to myself that here was some backwoods desperado, a fugitive from justice, and I didn't show much enthusiasm about going out and meeting him.

"'Is he a friend of yours?' I asked Red Drake.

"'Who? Old Golden?' Red exclaimed.

"'Yes,' said I.

"'Well, not to any alarmin' stretch, he ain't!' replied Red. The last time I seen him before yiste'day he knocked me down and jumped on me, and if it hadn't been for Ed Quick comin' up I'd be campin' on the happy huntin' grounds now. But he heard Ed comin' and he ent sticks and run. No, sir! Old Golden ain't no friend o' mine! Same time, I ain't goin' to let none o' these fellers round here take him, not if I kin help it. Why? 'Cause I want to take him myself. Here comes Sim Lord. Don't say a word, and to-morrer me and you'll go out and have a look at the ugly old cuss."

"Red went away, and I inwardly resolved that I wouldn't be anywhere in sight next day when he came for me to go with him to the woods. That very night, singularly enough, I heard some more about this mysterious Old Golden. Half a dozen or more backwoods citizens gathered at the tavern during the evening to talk over the prospects of next day's town meeting. Before the session was over Bill Nyce, who lived three or four miles further on, came in. He was on his way home from the county seat, and brought with him an exciting item of news. A man had been convicted of murder at Milford, and sentenced to be hanged. The man had killed a fellow-laborer on the Erie railroad a few months before, at Lackawaxen. This news was commented upon for some time, and when interest in it waned a little Nyce said:

"'I heard mother bit of news on my way in. Old Golden is dead.'

"'Wh-a-a-a-t!' came in startled chorus from the group of woodsmen.

"'So Dicky Hoffman told me,' said Nyce. 'Jake Bensley met him down in Lehman township. There was a fight, and Jake killed him. Shot him dead in his tracks.'

"'When was this?' some one asked.

"'Something like two weeks go,' said Nyce.

"'How kin that be?' said a woodsman. 'Old Golden was over on the Panpack only last week.'

"'How do you know?' asked Nyce.

"'How do I know?' replied the other. 'Didn't Marcus Kellam see him?'

"'Did Marcus Kellam say he seen him?'

"'He told me so himself, afore yiste'day.'

"This seemed to be a puzzler for everybody. Marcus Kellam was a great hunter, and if he said he saw a thing or did a thing, no one ever questioned it. But then here was news coming straight from Dicky Hoffman, who generally knew what he was talking about, that Jake Bensley had killed Old Golden a week before Marcus Killam had seen him on the Panpack, clear on the other side of the county, and Jake Bensley was a great hunter, too. And what he said folks generally believed. One wiry-looking woodsman of the group at the tavern I noticed hadn't had anything to say during the exciting conversation that ensued over the subject of Old Golden and his alleged taking off. This was Ed Quick (of the Blooming Grove country. At last, though, he roused himself and said:

"'If you go down to Porter's pond in about six weeks, when the ice is gone out, and poke around on the bottom nigh the outlet, the chances is that you'll find Old Golden. That's what Mose Coolbaugh says, anyways.'

"'When did Mose Coolbaugh say that?' asked Bill Nyce.

"'He didn't sat that, e'zac'ly,' said Ed Quick, 'but he said that three mouths ago, when the ice just come on the pond, who should come snenkin' out o' the woods on the east side o' the pond but Old Golden. Mose Coolbaugh and Bill Overfield was comin' on the west side. They seen him stop on the edge o' the pond and then start across on the ice, headin' straight for their cabin.

"'"That's him, sure!" says Mose.

"'"Him!" says Bill. "I should say it was!"

"'"Seems like a terrible shame to lay for him and git him," says Mose, "but it ought to be done."

"'"Can't be done safe no other way," says Bill.

"'So they laid for him in their cabin, but they didn't git him. Nobody else'll never git him, neither. Not unless they dredge fer him. The ice broke with him 'fore he'd gone 100 yareds, and down he went under it and never come up ag'in. Mose nor Bill didn't dast go out to try and save him, for fear they'd break through too, and so I can't see how Jake Bensley could a killed him down in Lehman two weeks ago. And if Marcus Kellam seen him last week, the old cuss' spook must be rnnnin' round the county. Mose Coolbaugh's up to Sol Westbrook's now. I heard him only last night tell about seein' Old Golden drown'd in Porter's pond. You mowt go up and ask him, if you dont' believe me.'

"'Well,' said a woodsman, 'whether Old Golden was drowned last fall or shot two weeks ago, it's a good reddance if he's gone.'

"I didn't know what Red Drake would have said to all this if he had been there, for according to him this mysterious and apparently ubiquitous outlaw, or outcast, or whatever he was, was even then in hiding in the woods hard by. I kept Red's secret though, and after the men had gone I said to Sim Lord:

"'Who is this Old Golden, anyhow? And what has he done?'

"'Who is he?' said Sim. 'Why, he's the biggest and ugliest and toughest and smartest buck that ever bossed things in anybody's woods. What has he done? He's done most everything but kill folks, and he's come pretty nigh to doin' that. For more than ten years, off and on, he's kept Pike county worried most out of her boots. Every time he shows up in the district every consarned other deer there is in it gits out of it as soon as he can. They can't live in the same woods with him, he pitches into 'em so. When he can't find his own kind to rip and tear, he don't think nothin' o' comin' right into the settlements and rippin' and tearin' folks' cattle. He skipped into John Kip's pasture lot once, up in the Promised land neighborhood, and John's shorthorn bull, that was as much ag'in bigger than him, made a rush for the buck, to show him the way out o' the lot ag'in. One o' Kip's boys seen what followed. The buck danced all around the bull and pnached him so full o' holes with his horns and his sharp front hoofs that when they took the hide off o' the bull an hour or so later, it looked like a big fish net. Kip's boy said it wasn't hardly no time 'fore the buck made the bull bite the dust—the same dust he pawed up so fierce when he started in to show the buck the nighest way out o' the pasture.

"'When Kip's boy run home and told what had happened, and they got back to the pasture lot with the dogs and guns, the old buck was gone. The dogs took his track and followed him. Only one dog ever came back out of the four that started in on the trail. The hunters kept finding dogs on the trail, bored through and through by the buck's horns. When they met the fourth one coming back on three legs and bleeding considerable they gave up the chase.

"'That buck has been hunted from the Susquehanna to the Delaware and back ag'in, and I'll bet that tons o' powder and ball has been used up firin' at him, but none of it hain't never laid him low yit. Somebody give him the name of Old Golden, and his name has been a terror to everybody, and somethin' to scare young ones with ever since. Seems to me that a three-weeks-old baby, even, will stop bawlin' if you tell it Old Golden'll ketch it if it don't. Five year ago this raupagin' old buck had drove the deer out o' the county so that some fellers at the county seat offered $50 reward for his careass. That stands good yit.

"'Dicky Hoffman says Jake Bensley killed him two weeks ago. Jake didn't do nothin' o' the kind. He killed a slammin' big buck, but it wasn't Old Golden. Mose Coolbaugh says that him and Bill Overfield seen him drowned in Porter's pond three months ago. They think they did, but they didn't. A buck that's smart enough to get the best of all the hunters and dogs that has chased it from Dan to Beersheby these ten years ain't such a lunkhead of a blame fool as to walk out on thin ice and drowned himself. Marcus Kellam says he seen Old Golden last week over on Panpack. That's more like it. I shondn't be su'prised if he was prowlin' 'round this end o' the country ag'in. He's let us alone a good while. He better keep his eye peeled, though, if he's foolin' 'round where Marcus Kellam is.'

"So Old Golden was a four-footed desperado. I felt relieved, and changed my mind about being out of sight when Red Drake came for me next morning to go to the woods with him. I was ready when he got around, and the first thing I said to him was:

"'Red, did you hear that Old Golden was dead?'

"Red dropped into the big barroom chair as if he had been knocked into it. He stared wildly at me for a spell, and then gasped:

"'Who—who—who got him?'

"'Word came last night that Jake Bensley shot him down in Lehman two weeks ago.'

"Red's grin came back to his face.

"'Which it must a been Old Golden's ghost I seen day afore yisterday then, not two miles from here,' said he. 'It mowt a been, and then ag'in it mowtn't A little more mowtn't than mowt, I've an idee.'

"'Marcus Kellam says, though, that he saw the old chap over on Panpack last week,' said I.

"'Then we got to git into the woods right away, by fury!' exclaimed Red, jumping up and grabbing his gun. 'If Marcus Kellam seen Old Golden last week, Marcus is some'rs on the rantankerous buck's trail, and we hain't got no time to waste!'

"So he hurried me off to the woods.

"'We're goin' to still hunt for him,' said Red, on the way. 'I hain't got no dog, and I hain't goin' to risk no borried dog on him. Old Golden has got a way o' borin' holes in dogs noways pleasin' to them that owns 'em.'

"We still hunted for him for three or four hours, but not a sign of Old Golden did we see. I was about tuckered out, and Red began to look disappointed.

"'The old cuss must a heerd that Marcus Kellam seen him,' said Red, 'and has jist natur'ly dug out for some other deestrie'.'

"By and by Red told me to move on until I came to a big dead pine tree that stood on the side of the ridge about a mile up the creek, while he went off to the south and circled back again and came out and met me.

"'If he ain't layin' some'rs in the bailiwick,' said he, 'he has shook the dust o' these parts off his hoofs and left us in the lurch, certain. If you see him, be sure you bring him the first shot. If you don't, the chances are he'll bore you and stamp you.'

"With this cheerin assurance he started on his course, and was soon out of sight. I moved on, with a peculiar yearning for a meeting with Old Golden. I had come within sight of the dead pine tree when I heard a great snarling and snapping off to my right. The noise sounded like a dog fight. I worked my way cautiously through the brush toward the spot the sounds came from, and found that I could probably get a good sight of what was going on from a little knoll on which there was a group of hemlock trees.

"I reached that elevation, and peering from behind one of the trees saw a sight indeed. On the further side of the opening, and not 50 feet away, was a large rock. Backed up close to the rock was an immense buck, with an amazing spread of antlers. His head was lowered until his nose almost touched the snow. In front of him, one well off to the right side and one to the left, were two fierce and bristling animals which I knew were wolves, although I had never seen a wolf before. Some distance away, lying in the snow, which was dyed red with blood, lay another wolf, dead. The picture told the story. The two remaining wolves made quick and savage dashes at the buck, that sprang as quickly forward to meet them, lunging wickedly at them with his many pointed horns. The fight evidently had been in progress for some time. I knew that the buck must be the famous, or infamous, Old Golden. My heart hammered away against my breast so that it almost choked me. Although here was such a chance as any woodsman in the county would have given all he possessed to have, I don't believe I could have plucked up nerve enough to take advantage of it if somebody else hadn't happened.

"I stood there behind the tree, peering at the fight between the wolves and the buck. I must be as pale as a ghost. By and by my eye caught a movement in the woods off to the left, and glancing that way I saw a hunter stealing up from that direction. He was so taken up with the sight in the opening that he had not discovered me. He was a stranger to me. He stopped, and I saw that he was preparing to do what I hadn't thought of doing—shoot. That decided me.

"'If that man gets Old Golden,' it flashed through my mind, 'I'll never dare look Red Drake in the face again'

"I pulled up my gun. I'll never tell you where I aimed, but I fired. I saw the big buck give one great leap in the air and then tumble in the snow and lie there with scarcely another movement. The wolves disappeared in the woods. Mechanically I glanced again at the stranger. He still had his gun at his shoulder. He was looking at me, and I'll never forget the expression on his face. We stood there staring at each other, without a word, for at least a minute. Then the hunter dropped his gun, stepped out into the opening, and gazing down at the dead buck, exclaimed:

"'I couldn't have done it any better myself!'

"Then I wilted right down where I stood, and I don't believe I could have got up if another buck as big and ugly as Old Golden had been coming for me head on. The hunter was still gazing at the dead deer when Red Drake came crashing through the brush and broke panting on the scene. When he saw the hunter, Red was a sight to look at.

"'Marcus Kellam, by fury!' he exclaimed. 'I heerd this mornin' that you had seen him over on Panpack. I was afeard I'd be a little too late! And I be!'

"Before the other hunter could reply Red saw me sitting in the snow, up against the tree.

"'Twasn't Marcus that pinged him, neither!' he shouted, rushing toward me. 'It was you, by fury! Hooray!'

"It is hardly necessary to say that there was a great time at the settlement when we got in with the great trophy. There was nothing too good for me in the county. I think I could have been elected sheriff. Yet, as I told them, it was due to Marcus that I killed Old Golden.

"'And if them wolves hadn't strayed in here from some'rs and cornered the old cuss,' growled Ed Quick, 'neither one o' you would have killed him!'

"Which was probably true."—N. Y. Sun.

—So many great illustrious spirits have conversed with woe, have in her school been taught, as are enough to consecrate distress, and make ambition even wish the frown beyond the smile of fortune.—Thomson.

—Scarlet fever and cerebro-spinal meningitis are frequent causes of deafness.

VERSATILE VAGS.

Tramps Who Work the Bicycle Racket on Dealers.

There is a new style of tramp—the bicycle tramp. Kansas City was visited by one of this fraternity recently. He came to town astride a fairly good wheel, with ten cents in his pocket. The ten cents he at once invested in something wet. Then he made inquiry as to the whereabouts of the various bicycle dealers. Selecting the nearest one, he called and secured an interview with him. Here's the kind of a man the dealer saw: Probably 30 years of age; football hair; skin tanned a deep brown; face lined by dissipation; dark sweater, very dirty; a pair of badly worn bicycle trousers, so thoroughly begrimed as to render their original color doubtful; stockings also dirty, and a pair of badly used up bicycle shoes.

The tramp made himself thoroughly at home without waiting for an invitation. He selected the best chair in the room, dragged it to the side of the dealer's desk, and, after elevating his feet, was ready to talk business. Assuming an easy, confidential tone, he said:

"Total..... here, my friend, I'm broke. Tower 'red.' I'd like a small loan—ple of dollars—so's to get on Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'm a trick rider. Let me have a decent wheel, and I'll ride it at the races and pay you back two dollars out of what I make. What say?"

"Where are you from?" asked the proprietor, after a moment's reflection.

"Been towering out west," was the response.

"Where's your home?"

"Down east."

Questioning failed to draw much more from him. He had been in every state in the union, and had earned enough to live on by doing an occasional trick "turn."

"Have you an outfit for exhibition purposes?" asked the proprietor.

"Only what I've on. I carry my freight with me. This is a combination outfit. I've a jersey bathing suit under this outfit. Just shed my woolens and pants and I'm ready for 'biz.' These clothes is all I've got." But the lack of a complete wardrobe did not seem to weigh his mind.

"Much of a rider, are you?" queried the dealer.

"Well, I guess yes," said the tramp. "Sid Black, Lee Richardson, why, doggone it, they ain't in it with me. I'll do anything they do, and more. Come out here a minute, and I'll show you a sample of my goods."

A wheel was selected from the stock, and the tramp led the way to the street, where he "showed off" to the crowd that gathered. He could ride, there was no doubt about that, and after the brief performance was over the dealer gave the bum two dollars and told him to come back the next day.

That night the tramp made a winning at the crap table. The next day he sauntered into the bicycle place swinging a cane and wearing a new suit of clothing and new straw hat with a red, white and blue band. His trousers were creased and had bell bottoms, the style several years ago, and were so long they dragged behind. A colored shirt of gorgeous pattern and dazzling neck scarf were visible in the opning of the vest. It was a complete transformation.

The transformed tramp borrowed a wheel and got an engagement to ride at a country fair. For this he received a good bit of money, but lost at gambling what he had not spent in treating the "sports." He had another engagement to ride, lost his money, and finally drifted back to the dealer who had first taken him up.

"Say, my friend," said he, "you helped me once when I was on my uppers, help me out of town, won't you? Give me enough for a square meal and a pocket piece."

He got another two dollars and was gone. But he left town in better condition than he entered it, for he had a suit of clothes. He will probably follow the same tactics all over the country until winter stops him, trick riding, passing the hat in country towns, and riding at fairs. When he goes "dead broke" he will, as he has done many times before, pawn his wheel and beat his way along on trains.—Kansas City Times.

An Ostrich's Appetite.

Broken down with consumption an ostrich recently died, and below is a list of what was found in his stomach when he was dissected by a taxidermist in this city. The bird's menu consisted in part of: One wooden clothespin, the [illegible] of two beer bottles, a mouth harmonica, five inches long and two inches wide, ferrule of an umbrella with a piece of the stick in it about four inches long, metal skate key, brass door key five inches long, woman's black horncomb, two pieces of coal, woman's silk handkerchief, three stones about an inch thick, some cabbage, grass, lettuce, celery and a quantity of sand. The bird will be mounted in a museum, and it has been proposed to preserve this collection of objects as an indication of the gastronomic prowess of the bird in life, in much the same way that brave warriors sometimes have cases containing their trophies by the side of their tombs, or as the saloons of doughty champions of the Schuetzenfest are decorated with the prizes won at the targets.—N. Y. World.

Curiosities of Grafting.

The olive has been grafted on a juniper apples on plums, a rose on an orange, peaches on myrtles, and mulberries and red and white grapes with peaches and apricots on the same stem, for, as the buds are distinct, the stem furnishes nutriment for all.—Chicago Tribune.

—The ears of the horse, cow, deer, sheep and several other animals do not necessarily move in unison. One can be directed backward and the other forward at the same time.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—He (in an argument)—"Well, thank goodness, I'm not two-faced!" She—"You ought to be thankful. One face like yours is enough."—Texas Siftings.

—Young Husband—"Didn't I telegraph you not to bring your mother with you?" Young Wife—"That's what she wants to see you about. She read the dispatch."—Harlem Life.

—Short—"There's another bill from the tailor. I wonder why he keeps sending bills to people he knows can't pay." Mrs. Short—"Perhaps, my dear, he does it as an advertisement."—Brooklyn Life.

—Ellison—"Hallon, dear boy, you look very sad this morning. What's the trouble?" Green—"I've just undergone a most annoying operation." Ellison—"What was it?" Green—"I had my allowance cut off."—Tithits.

—Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"Don't you think there was a good deal of truth in Rev. Mr. Long's sermon to-day?" Mr. Crimsonbeak—"Yes; especially when he said it was impossible for any of us to tell when the end would come."—Yonkers Statesman.

—"Do you worry about meeting your notes?" said the victim of pecuniary embarrassments. "No," said the person who is indiscriminately flippant. "I don't worry about meeting 'em. Experience has taught me that I can just sit down and trust to 'em to run across me."—Washington Star.

—Miss Caustique—"You don't know how I am looking forward to going to the country. I do so love the birds, the trees, and the flowers." Prigly—"Well, that may suit you, but, bah Jove, you know nature never appealed much to me. To my mind there's nothing in it." Miss C——"Perhaps that's because nature abhors a vacuum."—Brooklyn Life.

—Artist—"There you are, sir! I've painted you a full line of ancestors, and I'll warrant you that no one will know they are not genuine. This is your father, that is your grandfather, this your great-grandfather, and—" Mr. Newrich—"Hold on! Good heavens, man, you've made my great-grandfather a much younger-looking man than I am!"—Titbits.

A MYSTERIOUS ROADBED.

Phenomenon Not Accounted For on a North Carolina Railway.

While a representative was on his rounds the other day in search of items he met Capt. T. D. Meares, general agent of the Seaboard Air Line, and put the usual query of newspaperdom:

"What's the news?"

"Not a thing," he replied, "unless you want to make an item of a mystery on the Seaboard Air Line that up to date has not been solved."

Capt. Meares then went on to say that between the 49 and 55 miles posts on the Carolina Central railroad there is a piece of track for a distance of nearly six miles that presents a singular condition that so far amounts to an inexplicable mystery. All trains going and coming, go to grinding and start a terrible squeaking when they get on this six miles of track. The noise comes from not only one car, but every locomotive, every coach and every car of whatever kind sets up a grinding as if turning a curve.

The noise is something like the screeching of an ox cart that has no grease on it, and it is made by every truck in a train. The track is perfectly straight, and, as there is no curve at all, the cause of the grinding and squeaking has mystified the railroad people.

Every effort has been made to ascertain the cause of the difficulty. The locomotives have been examined, the coaches and cars have been scrutinized, every cross-tie and every rail has been inspected, every joint has been looked at, and every foot of the track has been reganged, but no explanation could be found. The section master has almost crawled over the six miles on his knees in search of the cause; the road master has tried his best to ferret out the matter, and the superintendent has been over the track and inspected it—all of them making repeated efforts time and again to find out what is the matter—but they have given it up as a bad job. They have not only not been able to discover the cause of the noise, but have been unable to discover any theory to explain the mystery.

It is one of the railroad mysteries of the age, and has been going on for 20 years. During that time the cross-ties and rails have been replaced several times with new ones, but without effect. Who can explain the mystery?—Wilmington Messenger.

Mistaken Appreciation.

An instance of mistaken appreciation is told of the painter Constable. He was one day leaving the Royal academy, where he had been busy with his colleagues of the hanging committee in arranging the pictures for the exhibition, and at the door he met Sam, the porter, who had been helping with the mechanical part of the work.

They had just been moving into place one of Constable's own landscapes, painted in his characteristic manner and full of the spots of light which he was accustomed to introduce into his pictures. "Well, Mr. Constable, sir," said Sam, "that's a picture of yours, sir! Wonderful, sir!"

"Glad you approve of it, Sam," said the artist, feeling in his pocket for a shilling wherewith to encourage Sam's taste.

"Wonderful, sir!" repeated the man. "I never see snow painted so natural in my life!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Germs in the Air.

There is a widespread impression that diseases are sometimes scattered broadcast by germs borne by the wind. Prof. Cleveland Abbe combats this view, and asserts that epidemics spread along the lines of travel, and that experiments show that few disease germs are able to retain their vitality when freely exposed in the air and in the sunshine, as they must be if carried far in the atmosphere.—Youth's Companion.

An Episcopal Bull.

A number of "bulls" by members of parliament and others have been printed lately, but bishops seem to perpetrate them sometimes. His lordship of Ripon, in a sermon the other day at Calverley, near Leeds, betrayed his Hibernian origin, not for the first time, in the same way. He said: "My brethren, I beg of you to take hold of your own heart and look it straight in the face.—Westminster Gazette.

The past and future are veiled; but the past wears the widow's veil, the future the virgin's.—Richter.

A man may feel happy in rags, but he doesn't look it.—Hartford Religious Herald.

That

Extreme tired feeling afflicts nearly everybody at this season. The hustlers cease to push, the tireless grow weary, the energetic become enervated. You know just what we mean. Some men and women endeavor temporarily to overcome that

Tired

Feeling by great force of will. But this is unsafe, as it pulls powerfully upon the nervous system, which will not long stand such strain. Too many people "work off their nerves," and the result is seen in unfortunate wrecks marked "nervous prostration," in every direction. That tired

Feel-

ing is a positive proof of thin, weak, impure blood; for if the blood is rich, red, vitalized and vigorous, it imparts life and energy to every nerve, organ and tissue of the body. The necessity of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for that tired feeling is, therefore, apparent to every one, and the good it will do you is equally beyond question. Remember that

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

A SHINING EXAMPLE of what may be accomplished by never varying devotion to a single purpose is seen in the history of the McCormick Harvesting Machine Co., Chicago. For 65 years they have simply been building grain and grass-cutting machinery, and while there are probably forty manufacturers in this line, it is safe to say that the McCormick Company builds one-third of all the binders, reapers and mowers used throughout the entire world.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

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W. L. DOUGLAS $3. SHOE BEST IN THE WORLD.

If you pay $4 to $6 for shoes, examine the W. L. Douglas Shoe, and see what a good shoe you can buy for **$3.**

OVER 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS,

CONGRESS, BUTTON, and LACE, made in all kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and sell more $3 Shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

None genuine unless name and price is stamped on the bottom.

Ask your dealer for our $5, $4, $3.50, $2.50, $2.25 Shoes; $2.50, $2 and $1.75 for boys.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you, send to factory, enclosing price and 30 cents to pay carriage. State kind, style of toe (cap or plain), size and width. Our Custom Dept. will fill your order. Send for new Illustrated Catalogue to Box R.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

One of the health-giving elements of HIRES Rootbeer is sarsaparilla. It contains more sarsaparilla than many of the preparations called by that name. HIRES—the *best by any test.*

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

TEMPERANCE.

WOMEN AND INTOXICANTS.

Alarming Increase in the Use of the Latter by the Former.

It has been recently observed that drunkenness has universally declined in the United States among men in the professions, the higher classes of artisanship and trades, and in commerce. Is it not true, on the other hand, that the use of intoxicants has increased among American women?

A few years ago the sight of a respectable woman drinking an intoxicant at the public table of an American hotel was unknown. To-day it is so common as almost to have ceased causing surprise. At almost any first-class restaurant women, apparently rational and retined, take the cocktail, which a few years ago they knew nothing about, with as little embarrassment as their men companions; nor is it as rare as it should be that women will order

WOMEN WILL ORDER AND DRINK COCKTAILS.

and drink cocktails even when unaccompanied by men.

The latest phase of the increase of intoxicants among women is found in the fashionable candy establishments, where under various names, small quantities of intoxicating liquors are mixed for the accommodation of a constantly enlarging demand.

American physicians are largely responsible for the increased use of all kinds of liquor among American women. They prescribe stimulants in a large number of cases of invalidism among women, with the inevitable result that, whether salutary or not for the sick, the habit grows among the healthful. It is not a long step from hops to corn, from the brew to the still.

It would surely be a melancholy phenomenon of the closing decade of the century if intemperance, declining among intelligent American men, should have made substantial and general advance among intelligent American women.

It might be worth while for the federal and city authorities to inquire into the legal liability of liquor decocting candy shops to pay the proper license fee.—Chicago Times-Herald.

CAN'T KEEP SOBER.

Sad Case of a Man Up for His Fifty-Sixth Drunk.

Hugh McCurdy, of London, Ont., recently appeared in the police court of that city and was handed a document which informed him that that was his 55th appearance before the magistrate since he first made his worship's acquaintance in an official capacity. McCurdy is a carpenter by trade, a very clever workman, and not a bad fellow when sober; but his fondness for drink has ruined him.

McCurdy looked over his record, and mournfully pronounced it correct. He admitted having twice signed the pledge. Once he had taken it before Rev. Mr. Courtice; the second time before Rev. Mr. Johnston.

"Recollect that I said I would send you to the Central prison if you ever appeared here again," said the magistrate. Are you willing to go?"

"Yes, sir," replied McCurdy, in heartbroken tones, affected or real; "I hardly like to ask mercy."

"In all the times you have appeared before me, you have never been charged with dishonesty. Otherwise I should give you a very severe sentence. You seem to be an unfortunate man, whose chief fault is getting drunk. I can't understand why you don't do better. One month in the common jail!"—Temperance.

A PLAIN ANSWER.

What Is a Christian's Duty as to the Use of Alcoholic Beverages?

We have been asked editorially to give a brief reply to this question. In doing so we call attention to two facts. The first is that no man who commences to drink can be positively sure that he will not die a drunkard. The second is that every man who uses alcoholic beverages is absolutely in great danger of becoming a drunkard.

The sad record of millions of utterly blasted lives, the sadder record of millions of utterly hopeless deaths, and, saddest of all, the fenrful record of millions of utterly gloomy and woe-inspiring graves, desolate of light and comfort as the profoundest depths of perditiou, nttest the truth of these two plain propositions. And since they are true, surely every Christian must say to the seduelng beverage with a not-to-be-mistaken emphasis: "Get thee henee, Satan!"

No Christian who professes to follow the example of Christ has any right to indulge in the use of alcoholic beverages, for in so doing he mocks God every time he repeats the Lord's Prayer and asks that he may not be led into temptation.—National Temperance Advocate.

THE landlord's patent leather shoes add no gloss to his reputation.—Attila, in Lever.

TOBACCO SMOKING IN TURKEY.

Less Nicotine in the Weed Used in That Country Than in That Used Elsewhere.

The Turk of to-day is noted for the prodigious quantity of tobacco which he consumes. Fortunately, however, the tobacco commonly used in Turkey contains n much smaller proportion of nicotine than the product of Old Virginia, so that the almost universal practice of the vice in Turkey does not altogether counteract by its baneful influence the wholesome effect of a simple dietary and the absence of alcoholic liquors.

Instead of leading the world as a connoisseur of tobacco, the Turk of a few centuries ago was a violent opponent of the introduction of this pernicious drug. The first smokers in Turkey were subject to the most severe punishments. The sultan, Asman-le-Juene prohibited its use. Tobacco users in Turkey not being able to indulge in the weed through smoking, some of those who had acquired n taste for it devised the method of taking it through the nose in the form of a fine powder under the name of bouroun oti, which, translated, signifies "herb of the nose." Smokers were even threatened with death, flogged and otherwise punished most severely for using the weed, the only effect of which seemed to be to stimulate the appetite for the forbidden herb. At the present time there is no restriction upon the practice in Turkey, and many Turks smoke almost constantly. Dr. Bessim Omer, a Turkish physician, asserts that the Tiriaki smoke every minute of their waking hours, even in bed, falling asleep while smoking, and relighting their chibouks immediately on waking.—Good Health.

NOT WINE DRINKERS.

Americans, However, Make Up on Beer and Whisky.

While it was obviously not so intended, there is encouragement to be derived from an interview with the manager of the California Wine association, recently published in the daily press: "The American people, it is said, are not wine drinkers, and you can't make them so. I thought this was all fudge, but now I know it to be a fact. Even here in California, where wine is produced, the consumption is not large, and it is useless preaching wine drinking to them. When men meet you with the statement that it does not agree with them, that it makes them bilious, there is no possible reply. In fact, the American stomach does not appear to be educated up to the point of using it as a daily beverage. As a consequence, we have to depend for the sale of our wines on the poorer classes of the people of New Orleans and New York and its vicinity. By that I mean Italians, French and people of other Latin nationalities." Coming from such a source, these statements are full of significance. Aside from those who look upon the matter from a "cold business" standpoint, there are not many who will deplore the fact that the American people do not take kindly to wine drinking. It is a pity that as much cannot be said of the business of making beer and whisky. The country could well endure a steady decline in all these branches of industry. It is certain that their decline would be attended with a corresponding up-grade movement in many useful and honorable industries.—Christian Work.

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

WHILE the saloon door is open every home is in danger.—Ram's Horn.

DRINKING under any circumstance is a useless and dangerous luxury.—National Temperance Advocate.

WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE recently remarked that he was proud of the fact that he had never been addicted to tobacco, wine or any other stimulant.

AN ex-hangman, who has sent over 500 criminals out of the world, says that not one of these was a teetotaler. There's expert testimony for you.—Golden Rule.

PRESIDENT FAURE and Alphonso Daudet are among the notable Frenchmen who have lately become teetotalers. They declare that drinking is incompatible with the hard work which brings success.

A NEW CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.—A habitual drunkard who recently underwent a surgical operation in n London hospital finds that since his recovery he has lost his appetite for alcoholic drinks. Chloroform and ether were used for the anesthesia.

DRUNKENNESS is not only the cause of crime, it is a crime, and the encouragement of drunkenness for the sake of profit on the sale of drink is certainly one of the most criminal methods of assassination for money ever adopted by the brnvoes of any age or country.—John Ruskin.

Had to Take Whisky Like Soup.

Paderewski told the story of an effective cure for intemperance the other day. "Some years ago," he said, "I was with an officer of the Russian army. This officer had in his command an officer of great ability who was addicted to strong drink. It was arranged that the man should take dinner along with us that day. Instead of soup, the first course served to him was brandy, which he must swallow a spoonful at a time, just as he would have swallowed soup. After the first spoonful he was so sick that he implored to be spared. Under cover of n revolver the officer commanded him to swallow every spoonful in the plate. The officer never drank a drop of liquor after that."

Insanity and Intemperance.

According to a high authority in mental diseases, two potent causes of insanity are hereditary transmission and alcoholic intemperance. No less than one-hak of all occurring cases of insanity are due to drink. It appears from the latest returns of pauperism that the number of insane paupers has greatly increased. Thus, in 1858, the number of insane paupers in England and Wales was under 21,000, but in 1893 the number had risen to nearly 83,000.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The deepest well on the Atlantic coast is said to be at the silk works near Northampton, Mass.; depth, 3,700 feet.

—Life insurance experts contend that a woman who is in good health at the age of 45 is likely to outlive a man of the same age, because she is, as a rule, more temperate in habits and is less liable to accidents.

—A New York magistrate has decided that a passenger on a street car which had been delayed, the passenger taking another car of the same line to continue his journey, need not pay fare a second time.

—Cannda lynxes have multiplied greatly in Maine during the past few years, and the woodsmen fear that if they continue to increase at the same rate they will prove dangerous and destructive to other game, especially to fawns.

—Twenty descendants of the pilgrims who landed at Plymouth on the Mayflower met in Boston the other day and formed the Boston chapter of the "Society of Mayflower Descendants," which was organized in New York city two years ago.

—Slate pencils are now manufactured of bone. They are not likely, however, to meet with approval to the s[illegible] as they are unbreakable, and, st[illegible] noiseless. The peculiar and [illegible] fully shrill, musical screech of [illegible] fashioned slate pencil is natu[illegible] great source of amusement to young.

—"All birds court in the spring," says Olive Thorne Miller, "although it has been discovered by recent investigations that the majority of them keep the same mates for life. Nevertheless, when that season comes around each year the male bird goes through the same demonstrations and makes every effort to charm his spouse anew."

—With the temperature at 20 degrees below zero the patriotic citizens of Houlton, Me., held a public meeting to make preparations for celebrating the Fourth of July. It is proposed to make the celebration of the Fourth this year the biggest thing in its way that has been seen in that part of Maine, and it was necessary to begin in good season.

RAN THE WRONG WAY.

This Is a Most Remarkable Baseball Story.

"I'll wager a dollar to a quart of sunshine," said ex-Umpire George W. Burnham, "that I saw the funniest play ever made on the diamond. In 1883 I was umpiring for Watkins at Port Huron. 'Dan' O'Leary came up there with the Pittsburgh Browns.

"'By the four-tongue forks of Dante's lightning, George, but I'm glad to see you. What are you doing here?' was Dan's preliminary.

"'Umpiring.'

"'Thank heaven for that! The fates are nt last upon my side!'

"Well, we went up to the park after dinner. Mountjoy was pitching for Port Huron. O'Leary had heard of the then celebrated pitcher, but had not met him. Dan headed the batting orders.

"'So this is Dunjoy, is it not?' [illegible] Dan, as he took his position at the [illegible]

"'One strike!' I shouted.

"'What's that, George? You forget we are from the same municipality. Let me have one crack at the ball, and I'll make a Canadian citizen out of it.'

"'Strike two!'

"O'Leary was frenzied. 'I'll lose the ball in spite of you.' Dan bats left handed. Mountjoy pitched him a inshoot. Dan stepped out of the lines and knocked it away over Morrison into the left.

"'Well, what do you think of me, George, you great mountain of obesity—go back on a fellow townsman, eh? Well, just tell the scorers to mark down a home run.' (Dan had made the circuit.)

"'I cannot do that, Dan,' I said.

"'Why not?'

"'You're out.'

"'Well, what am I out for?' O'Leary demanded in amazement.

"'For running the bases in the wrong way.'

"O'Leary was so excited that he actually made the circuit by way of third instead of first."—N. Y. Telegram.

Lobster Newberg.

Take the meat of a two-pound lobster and cut it into small pieces; melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a chafing dish or frying pan, add the lobster and cook for five minutes; add one tablespoonful of brandy and one of sherry; cook for three minutes, stirring often. Have ready the yolks of two eggs, beaten with one-half cupful of cream; pour this over the lobster, cook two minutes, stirring constantly to prevent curdling; serve very hot. This recipe makes enough for [illegible] sons. Season with salt, pepper and nutmeg.—Good Housekeeping.

Floral Shoulder Straps.

Flowers on ball dresses are "correct," but they are, so far, only used as shoulder straps, and generally in a combination of colors. Thus white and mauve violets and roses, wall-flower and narcissus are very happy, if, be it well understood, the flowers are of the very best quality; otherwise it is preferable to make your shoulder straps of full miroir velvet, finished off with a chou, as there is nothing more unsatisfactory than common flowers.—Philadelphia Record.

True, True.

"Apparently there is no use for horses in these days of electric cars, bicycles and horseless carriages," remarked McSwilligen.

"Oh, that's not so," replied Squilldig. "Since they commenced to slaughter horses and can them for food we can still have them in our midst."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

When Booms Stop.

Easterner—I understand the great land boom at Dugout City has collapsed.

Westerner—Yes; no use keeping it going any longer. All the land is now owned by outsiders.—N. Y. Weekly.

THE GILA MONSTER'S BITE.

Cases Showing the Terrible Power of Its Venom.

The death of three persons, one a naturalist from Chicago university, in Arizona in the last few weeks from the bite of the Gila monster has renewed discussion in this region concerning the terrible venomous nature of the reptile. Without doubt the Gila monster of the alkali plains and the hot, dry mountain canyons of Arizona and the state of Sonora in Mexico is the deadliest venomous creature known to the natural history of America.

The monster is a ridiculous misnomer. The reptile is a combination of the basilisk of India and Java and the common rattlesnake of this country. It has a counterpart in a reptile found in the lava beds of the Hawaiian Islands, but is much the deadlier of the two. It is about 20 inches in length, and in girth about the size of a boy's arm.

One of the few authentic cases of recovery from the bite of a Gila monster is that of Walter H. Vail, of Phoenix, Ari., who is one of the best known and wealthiest cattlemen in the territory. While Mr. Vail was engaged in super[illegible]-and-up of his cattle in the [illegible] region of Arizona in 1893 [illegible] heon one day in a chaparal. [illegible] resaddle his horse, after the [illegible] picking up a saddle [illegible] from the hot earth, his hand was [illegible] bitten by a Gila monster that had crawled there a moment before. Of course Mr. Vail knew instantly that he was probably a doomed man. His ranchmen came to his aid at once. The reptile was killed and the jaws were cut away from Mr. Vail's hand. Quicker than it takes to pen these words the man's arm was bound tight at the elbow to check the flow of blood, the wound was cut open and strong ammonia was poured in, while very copious draughts of whisky were poured down Mr. Vail's throat. He was put on a horse, and, accompanied by his cowboys, rode like mad for 15 miles to the home of a physician in Tucson. Several brief stops were made to force more liquor down Mr. Vail's throat and to pour ammonia on the wound in the hand. For three weeks Mr. Vail lay almost between life and death at the home of a physician in Tucson. Physicians were summoned for consultation from Phoenix and even from Los Angeles. Everything that money could buy or science suggest was done for the patient. He had a strong, vigorous constitution, and in the course of a few months he was as well as ever. He is still in the cattle business in the territory. Everyone in the southwest has heard of the wonderful recovery of Walter Vail from the bite of a Gila monster.

Several years ago a Chinese laundryman was poking his fingers through the wires of a little cage that imprisoned a Gila monster in a saloon at Tempe, Ariz. The celestial thought the reptile asleep, but when he had forced his finger too far in the cage the sluggish monster bit him quicker than a flash. The Chinaman wrenched his finger loose, making a severe wound clear to the bone. He refused whisky or any help from a physician, and took a powerful dose of opium in order to relieve the pain. Of course, everybody in Tempe expected the heathen to die, and when he lived until the next day it was the biggest kind of surprise. The Chinaman's friends gave him opium hourly for several days. The poor fellow suffered, in spite of the powerful drug, unspeakable agony, but he recovered. He was practically a physical wreck for nearly a year after the Gila monster poison went into his system, and was only able to sit or lie about his wash house. He said his backbone was paralyzed.—N. Y. Sun.

MONSTER WALNUT LOG.

Worth a Small Fortune—Tree Said to Be the Largest Ever Known.

The largest walnut tree or log in eastern Kentucky, and, perhaps, in the world, still lies on the mountain side four or five miles from this place and is as yet unsold, though thousands of the same kind have been taken from these parts. The tree, indeed, is quite a giant and is worth a good sum of money, and would have been marketed long ago but for the location, being far upon the mountain side above the celebrated "yellow rock" cliffs, almost out of reach of anything. Fifteen years ago, before the worth of walnut lumber was known in this country, thoughtless bee hunters located a swarm of bees far up in its massive branches, and obtained permission from the owner to fell it to the ground. It took [illegible] axmen one whole day to loosen [illegible] from the stump. The bees were found to be pouring from a large limb, or branch 100 feet from the ground, the branch itself being almost as large as any of the trees growing around in the forest. Seventy-eight pounds of choice honey was taken from the limb. Then the men proceeded to measure the tree, and from actual measurements found it to be nine feet in diameter at the place where it was cut from the stump and exactly 100 feet to the first limb. The bark on the log is six inches thick, and now the only appearance of decay is in the falling off of the bark. Some years ago Philadelphia capitalists undertook to purchase the log, and offered the owner a fine farm in the blue grass part of this state for it, but from unknown reasons they did not trade. Now, it is said that a lumber company from Washington city will soon purchase the log and will pay a handsome sum of money for it. If they should buy it it is a question how they will move it from its long resting place above that impenetrable ledge of yellow marble.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—Nine thousand maple trees will be cut up this summer on the upper Kennebec river, Me., to furnish material for filling an order for 1,500,000 blocks for shoe lasts.

THOUGHT IT WAS "PIANO TALK."

Abstracted Clerk Who Got Into Trouble with an Inquisitive Guest.

An absent-minded clerk and an inquisitive guest managed to get tangled up on an argument at the Waldorf that almost led to blows. Both were perfectly innocent in the matter, but enough ill-feeling was engendered to justify an international dispute. The Waldorf has on the first floor a reception-room and parlor. This is utilized for all kinds of entertainments. One day an art sale is held there, the next a display of fancy work, perhaps a musical the next, and so on. The other afternoon a musical programme was given in this reception room, and that was what caused all the trouble. The door leading to the room, which is usually open to all, was watched by an attendant who demanded cards. This aroused the curiosity of the inquisitive guest. He walked around the corridor eying the room from every possible point of vantage, and then walked up to the desk and said to the clerk, who was writing in a huge ledger:

"What is going on in there?"

The clerk jabbed his pen in the inkstand and replied tersely: "I guess it is a bird recital."

Then he continued his writing with never a quiver of an eyelash. The inquisitive guest contracted his eyebrows, then he looked for a lurking gleam of amusement in the clerk's eye, but found none. Then he turned and wandered into the cafe to think over the problem. After due deliberation he came to the conclusion that it was not all straight and he came back. He expected to see the clerk give some sign of amusement when he approached the desk, but instead the man behind the onyx was immersed more deeply than ever in the big book. The guest repeated his question, saying:

"What did you say was going on in that room?"

The clerk never raised his eyebrows, but muttered something about "four and seven make eleven and—" adding hurriedly:

"I don't know, but I think it's a piano talk."

The mystery was deepening, and the inquisitive man saw no way out of the difficulty except to go and see for himself. He could detect nothing in the clerk's manner that warranted him in believing that he was being made the butt of a joke, but he was confident that it was not all straight. So he walked up and purchased a ticket and went inside. In a few moments he came out and he had a look of set determination upon his face. He walked up to the desk, and in a rough voice he demanded:

"What did you say was going on in that room?"

The clerk was startled at the gruff tone and looked up from his book. He saw that the man was angry clear through, and he wondered at his persistency in asking about the entertainment. He said, quietly:

"I said I was not sure, but I thought it was a piano recital."

"No you didn't!" thundered the inquisitive man.

"What did I say?" asked the clerk, meekly.

"You said first it was a bird recital," said the man. "And then you said it was a piano talk, and now you say it's a piano recital. I'm not in the habit of being guyed, and you knew what it was all the time, for you told me straight enough when you knew I had found out. I paid two dollars just to find out what was going on in that hole, so I could catch you straight. You are altogether too recent for this place, I didn't—" The guest might have gone on talking indefinitely, had not the clerk apologized in the most penitent manner. He said, contritely:

"Well, you see it is this way. We have bird talks, piano recitals, musicals, picture exhibitions, and I don't know how many other kinds of affairs, in there. I was busy with the books and I got tangled up. I did not mean to mislead you." The guest was mollified, but he is not sure yet that he was not being "jollied," to use his own expression.—N. Y. Tribune.

A Busy Bee.

If there is anything more dangerously industrious than a woman let loose in the spring with a pot of green paint it is the small boy who owns any apparatus for making his mark. Not long ago some misguided parents furnished an enterprising urchin with a stencil stamp and ink pad which would print the family name. No special warnings on the subject were considered necessary, but one fatal day the mother of the lad made a startling discovery in her handkerchief box. Every handkerchief she owned had a huge purple signboard stamped conspicuously on one of its corners, the work, of course, of the small boy and the stencil. She had not the heart to bestow too severe a reprimand on the infant artist, so now at intervals, when she flourishes a dainty embroidered monchoir with a great inky stain on its border, she has to submit to this harassing exclamation:

"Wasn't that nice in me, mamma, to print your name so big on all your handkerchiefs?" — Louisville Courier-Journal.

Properly Described.

They were discussing old college days.

"Of course you remember Brown," said the first.

"Of course," replied the second. "Queer fellow, too. I haven't heard much of him since we left college, but I understand he has been married."

"Ye-es."

"Well, that really shows how little a college boy really knows about himself. According to my recollection Brown used to assert most emphatically that he was not cut out for a married man."

"Oh, I guess he was right about that, although not exactly in the way he meant it. He's been divorced three times."—Chicago Post.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY

—Over 500,000 cattle are slaughtered yearly for the manufacture of beef extracts.

—It is stated that workers in the acid rooms of sulphite pulp works soon notice that their beards and hair become very black, and remain so for several weeks. At the same time they are apt to become bald.

—New possibilities in the use of the Roentgen rays have been discovered by Dr. Frenzel, of Berlin. Twelve sheets of bromide of silver paper laid one upon the other were placed in the holder and a picture of a frog taken. The image was equally well defined on each sheet.

—There is a scheme of uniting Ceylon with India by a railway across Falks straits. It will necessitate a bridge of proportions hitherto undreamed of, since it will have to be 41 miles in length. The engineering difficulties are not so formidable as would at first sight appear.

—Norway's supply of cod liver oil is rapidly diminishing. Not only are less fish caught, but the livers of those taken are of inferior quality. While in 1892 the yield of oil was 26,813 barrels, in 1894 it was 18,500 and in 1895 12,680 barrels, with every prospect of smaller harvests in the future.

—A Frenchman has invented a recording attachment for the piano, for the use of composers, by which each key, when struck, leaves a mark on a strip of slowly moving paper. By means of this contrivance improvised music may be transcribed and fleeting ideas caught that, perhaps, it would be impossible for the composer to recall and commit to paper.

—The queen bee lives from two to five years, according to the manner in which she is raised. When raised by the natural way, as by the swarming of the bees, and the mother queen is two or more years old, she often lives four or five years. The life of the workers varies from 45 days in the honey-gathering season to five or sometimes six months during winter, taking the time of October to April. Drones very seldom live more than four or five weeks in hot weather.

TOWN HISTORIES IN DEMAND.

The New Colonial Societies Looking Up Genealogies.

To know what kind of books are most called for at the Congressional library would probably surprise 90 per cent. of the novel-reading public throughout the United States. The demand is not for general historical or scientific works, nor for romances and dramatic literature, but just for simple "town histories." Under this rubric is comprehended those works which describe the historical events of the foundation and development of general municipalities. And the most remarkable thing in connection with the constantly growing popularity of town histories is the fact that the demand comes chiefly from women.

One of the attaches of the Congressional library recently asserted within the hearing of a reporter that the demand for these municipal records by women was assuming enormous proportions.

"[illegible] history exercise in modern American womankind?" was asked of the librarian.

"For some time I was puzzled about it myself," said the librarian, "but it is no longer a secret. The craze of most women to join the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Colonial Dames is responsible for it. If you have any female relatives who might have a suspicion that they came of historic stock, just tell them what a great army of their fair sisters are doing, get the earliest history of the town in which their ancestors lived, find some family name there, and make out a prima facie case of their eligibility to membership in the Daughters or Dames, by tracing a connection with the same name on the roster of the revolutionary army. That is being done continually, and accounts for the popularity of the old town histories."—Washington Post.

"JOHNNY ON THE SPOT."

A New Phrase Which Has Suddenly Become Popular.

Current additions to contemporary slang find their way into popularity by odd means. An expression once made and often repeated gets finally a sort of vogue, especially if it seems peculiar.

The grammatical genesis of "Johnny on the spot" cannot be traced very clearly, but the phrase certainly originated from the longer and less expressive one, "Johnny is always on the spot when wanted." A "Johnny on the spot" is a man or youth who may be relied upon to be at a certain stated place when wanted, and on whose assured appearance confident expectation may be based. It is not sufficient that an alert and trustworthy individual, to be thought deserving of the name "Johnny on the spot," should restrict his beneficent activity to the matter of being at a certain place when needed. He must, in addition, render such service and attend to such business when there as the occasion may require, and such a "Johnny" must be be on the spot not merely to attend to the business of others, but also to look after his own. Hence an individual who is prompt and farseeing, alive to his own interests, and keenly sensible of means for promoting his own advantage, is a "Johnny on the spot." The expression is, to some extent, a variation or rather a continuation of that other phrase "he gets there."

The expression, "Johnny on the spot," has come into popularity very suddenly, and it will probably go out of popularity after some pretty hard usage in paragraphers' columns, variety theaters, campaign speeches and cheap plays, in an equally unconventional way, but until a successor is found it is likely to be in pretty general use hereabouts.—N. Y. Sun.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

How They Were Denied at the Loch Lynn Heights Election.

Mr. F. Williams, of the reportorial staff of the Baltimore *Sun*, was in Oakland and Loch Lynn Heights one day last week gathering data concerning the late election held at the former place on Monday, the 4th inst., at which time the judges of election would not allow the woman to vote. In writing to his paper from Oakland under date of May 8th, Mr. Williams gives the readers of the *Sun* the following interview he had with persons at Loch Lynn:

"The new charter of Loch Lynn Heights confers upon all persons over twenty-one years of age, and who have resided not less than six months in the town, the right to vote at town elections," said Mrs. Gathering Sweet, of Loch Lynn, to a correspondent of *The Sun*, "but at the election last Monday the judges of election decided that women are not persons, and so we could not vote."

"The decision," she continued, "will not do the town any good. I will not live in it. I will not let my husband live in it. I will not let him build the house he has been intending to build, and I am going sell the two lots I own here."

All this and a great deal more was said in so resolute a tone that no one who heard Mrs. Sweet make these declarations could fail to believe that she will do just what she has said unless, indeed, she should change her mind.

LOCH LYNN HEIGHTS.

There is a long story connected with this matter which has been partly given in *The Sun* and which goes back before the session of the Legislature. Loch Lynn Heights is a village on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, two miles east of Oakland, the county seat of Garrett county. It is just across the railroad from Mountain Lake Park occupying a hillside, the top of which is crowned by a fine, large summer hotel recently erected. From the hill top there is a magnificent view of the glades for several miles. Mountain Lake Park, with its cottages and hotels half hid among overhanging oaks, lies in the foreground of the picture. To the right is the lake and all around are the fields carpeted with the green grass of early spring, the woods of oak and chestnut embellished by the white blossoms of the service berry bushes and the tender green of the buckthorn.

Loch Lynn Heights is an offshoot of Mountain Lake, or rather its workshop, peopled by many who [illegible] of that community. In Mountain Lake Park there are no mechanics nor workshops and only a few stores. The inhabitants of Loch Lynn are mainly mechanics and the operatives of the planing-mill of the new mayor.

THE TOWN CHARTER.

Some months ago there was a movement for a town charter. This was opposed by Mr. Clarence M. Rathbun, the new mayor, and a number of others. But the opposing side went to work quietly, prepared a charter and before the Rathbun party knew where they were at it had been enacted by the Legislature and approved by the executive. Then Mr. Rathbun declared with mighty emphasis that since there is to be a town he and his friends would insist upon "running it." Is now looks like they will do it. This charter is a comprehensive scheme of government. It confers upon the mayor and council every prerogative known to legislative bodies and executive combined, from imposing taxes and licenses upon crowing roosters and other fowls or prohibiting them altogether to the exercise of all the functions of the State board of health within the limits of the town and in a sanitary zone surrounding them. They can levy taxes, make annual assessments, establish a fire department, open and make streets, have annual assessments of property and what not.

But it is the following clause which has made the present excitement.

"All persons over twenty-one years of age and who have resided within said corporate limits for the period of six months preceding any election of officers for this corporation, shall be entitled to vote at any election."

The words "all persons," so Mrs. Sweet says, were put in with the deliberate intention of granting female suffrage. It was suggested to W. W. Sweet, Mrs. Sweet's brother-in-law, who prepared the charter, that he should add the words, "male or female" after "persons." But he said the words he had put in were sufficient and to put in the word "female" would arouse opposition and might defeat the scheme. And just there the woman suffragists made mistake No. 1.

THE ELECTION.

Mistake No. 2 and the worst of all was made in the selection of judges of election. This was a political blunder entitled to rank as a crime. The provisional council named in the charter were women suffragists and these had the selection of the judges of election. They selected Erastus Rathbun, the father of the opposition candidate for mayor, Col. James Burley, father of Robert Burley an opposition candidate for council, and Jonathan M. White, an uncle of George P. White, the defeated candidate for mayor.

There are in the town fifty male voters and forty-three females who are up the required age of twenty-one years. In point of fact there are no unmarried women in Loch Lynn over twenty-one years. Today it was timidly suggested to Mrs. Sweet that unmarried women seldom get old enough to vote. The good dame quietly snuffed out the suggester by the remark, "yes, that is what some silly people say."

WOMAN'S VOTES REJECTED.

Early on election day Mrs. Sweet, who leads the women suffragists, went out to muster her forces. She gathered up Mrs. George P. White, the wife of the candidate for mayor; Mrs. Elizabeth White, Mrs. Chas. Ashby and Mrs. William Switzer. One or two women whom she went after wanted to join the advanced guard of freedom, but their husbands would not permit them. This aroused all the indignation and scorn in Mrs. Sweet's nature. No husband could prohibit her from voting if she wanted to vote. Then she found one or two unfortunate women who wanted to vote but had been put in charge of the store by their husbands, with the deliberate intention of defeating the inherent right of woman to vote.

"Why do you object to your wife's voting?" asked Mrs. Sweet of one of these men, "Because" he replied, "women cannot hold office." "Yes" she replied, "you want to inflict two wrongs instead of one."

But, anyhow Mrs. Sweet had herself and six other of her own persuasion, and they marched to the polls.

"If those women had gotten in their votes" said Warren Rathbun, a son of the mayor, and himself a councilman, "we would have been beaten as sure as thunder."

This was as true as gospel, for if they had been permitted to vote, others would have followed and they were solidly for White for mayor.

But they did not get their votes in, and so Mrs. Sweet was denied the distinction of being the first woman in Maryland to cast a vote at a municipal election. Judge Rathbun and Judge Burley solemnly declared that the act of incorporation could not confer suffrage upon females without contravening the fundamental law of the State, and Judge White said nothing.

MRS. SWEET.

Mrs. Sweet's wrath was terrible. She inquired sternly who had put "those three old fogies" around the ballot box and why the provisional council did not attend to their business properly. Getting no satisfactory reply, she then and there formed and gave utterance to the determination to shake the dust of Loch Lynn from her feet, to prohibit her husband from building a house in it and that she would dispose of her real estate.

Who, then, is Mrs. Sweet?

This question had best be answered by herself. "I was born," she told *The Sun* correspondent, "in Allianee, Ohio. I married young, and my husband died and I had to go into the Probate Court in settling his estate. That made a woman suffragist of me, and I have been devoted to the cause ever since. I found in the Probate Court how small and insignificant a woman is in the eyes of the law. I found that I could not be trusted to take care of my child, but that a guardian had to be appointed to come between him and his best friend, his mother. If I had died and left the child with his father no guardian would have been required. He would have been free to marry another woman to run through his property and deprive the child of his inheritance. I thought that distinction was all wrong, and that it should, along with other wrongs, be righted by female suffrage. Women are beginning to learn some sense."

WOMEN PREFER GOOD LOOKS.

Mrs. Sweet was asked why the women favored Mr. White for mayor rather than Mr. Rathbun. A young gentlemen who was present suggested that possibly it was because he was a better looking man. She turned upon him severely. "You are very young, sir," she said. "When you grow older you will know better than to make such remarks." Then turning to the *Sun* correspondent she continued: "This is one of the ridiculous things people say. Of course, women prefer good looking men in office just as they prefer good looking preachers, but they help to pay bad looking preachers and go to hear them. The women here were for Mr. White because they preferred him. He is not better looking than the other man, but we thought he would be more progressive and fix up the town. A lot of cows with bells come around my house at five o'clock in the morning until wake me up. I thought Mr. White would restrain these cows better than Mr. Rathbun. My husband entirely sympathizes with me in woman suffrage. I think he can after me sixteen times to vote, feeling I might back out. In politics I am a prohibitionist, and although the charter prohibits the sale of liquor in the town, one of the reasons I wanted to vote was the fear that saloons may creep in."

The present Mr. Sweet, as may be inferred, is Mrs. Sweet's second venture in matrimony. Like Mr. Mary Lease and husbands of other prominent women, he does not seem to obtrude his [illegible] upon the public, but his wife is observed by the subservience and pertinacy of his spouse.

She is a fair and comely woman, near forty-five years of age, and a woman can conveniently be, bright, pleasant spoken and intelligent. She keeps a confectionery store, a not inappropriate occupation for one of her name and nature.

NO CONTEST LIKELY.

In the Loch Lynn Heights election politics did not enter. Both candidates for mayor were Republicans. Mr. White said his policy, if he had been elected, would have been conservative. "Mine," said Mr. Rathbun, who was present, "will be very conservative."

The question of contesting the election upon the grounds of refusal to receive the votes of the women has not been definitely determined, although it is not considered likely that the contest will be made. Mr. White, the defeated candidate for mayor, says he does not purpose to make a contest, as far as he knows. If one is made the women will make it.

The constitution of Maryland declares that males over twenty-one shall be entitled to vote. But it does not say that females shall not be entitled to vote.

The only persons to whom the suffrage is denied by the express terms of the constitution are persons convicted of an infamous crime and not pardoned by the Governor, persons under guardianship, lunatics and persons non compos mentis.

It is suggested that even if the constitution, as is contended, prohibits female suffrage, it would not apply to municipal elections which are not political, but in the nature of corporation elections. At Ocean City non-residents vote and at Mt. Lake Park, which is the property of a company, women who are stockholders vote for the directors who manage the town.

Prompt Train Service.

During the month of April the passenger train movement on all divisions of the B. & O. system was remarkable for punctuality. The through express trains arrived at their respective destinations on schedule time ninety-five per cent. of the time. This is a performance rarely equalled by roads operating as many trains as are run on the B. & O. and speaks well for the [illegible] of the rank and file, as well as the officials of the Operating Department. 10-1t

Excursions To The National Capital.

The Baltimore & Ohio R. R. will sell excursion tickets to Washington at reduced rates from Pittsburg, Wheeling, Parkersburg, Lexington and all intermediate ticket stations for all trains Thursday, May 21st, 1896.

Side trips have also been arranged to points of interest in and about the Capital.

We give below a list of stations in this vicinity, showing time of trains and rates of fare:

	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	RATE.
Terra Alta..	.....	12 05	5 11	4 53	$6 15
Oakland.....	6 51	12 29	5 50	5 12	6 25
Piedmont..	7 21	1 29	6 51	6 01	5 10

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

Tickets will be good ten days, and will be valid for passage from Washington to Baltimore at any time within the life of the ticket.

For Pullman Car accommodation and other information, address nearest B. & O. agent.

Don't forget the date, Thursday, May 21st.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

What is
CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums that are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our [illegible] what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

High-class Tailoring
At MODERN PRICES.

We have the finest and largest assortment of cloths this side of Washington to select from, and as to PRICE, we are sure we can satisfy you.

You can have that old suit of yours cleaned, dyed and repaired at small expense to look like new by our expert workmen. We also do ladies' work.

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OAKLAND PHARMACY,
OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.
PRICES REASONABLE.
JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.
31—26

SAMUEL LAWTON,
—DEALER IN—
Steam and Water Fittings, Hand and Power Pumps, Pipes, Valves, Etc., Etc.

Telephones, Electric Bells, Line Material, Etc., Etc. Bicycle Repairing.
23—1yr.

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OAKLAND, MD.
DEALERS IN
FURNITURE, CARPETS,
MATTING, OIL CLOTH,
WINDOW SHADES
WALL PAPER
—AND—
GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.
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And BUILDING MATERIALS.
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DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does something or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS.

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Auburn, Oakland and Terra Alta line.
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PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR
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Headstones,
AND
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WITH
J. B. WILLIAMS
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COMING TO
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Don't fail to give NETHKEN BROS. a call.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE AND GROCERIES.

We also carry latest styles in Fall and Winter Millinery. Has trimmed to order.

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.

Come and be convinced you do not have to pay two prices for your goods, because we sell for cash. Remember the place.

NETHKEN BROS,
Main Street,
DEER PARK, MD.
31—1yr

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Fehy Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.
Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate.
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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

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Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June 1st to October and from October to June, 7 to 8:30 p. m.

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Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
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DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
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Will sell Real or Personal Estate
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Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

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PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
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Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
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W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
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LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.
Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including train ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26t*

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Also White Oak Timber Land.
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$50 REWARD.

I hereby offer $50.00 reward for the apprehension of any person or persons trespassing upon my property known as the "Rest," or are instrumental in removing or carrying away property or any of the personal effects belonging to the said property.
CHARLES J. BONAPARTE,
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Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
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Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
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OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured. A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,
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LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.
All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.
Call on or address
C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

ESTABLISHED MARCH 3, 1877. BENJ. H. SINCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1896. NUMBER 11.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings In and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Mr. William I. Brown, of Bayard, was in the city Monday.

Mr. A. W. Dennett, of New York city, was in town a few hours yesterday.

Mr. M. H. DeWitt, of Sang Run, was a business visitor to Oakland Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Crane, of Kingwood, are in Oakland visiting friends to-day.

Oak refrigerator, cheap; good as new. Apply to Rev. S. M. Engle. 8–3*

Dixon and Kelso are paying highest prices for wool. See them before you sell. 12–3t*

Sash, doors, and all planing mill work at cost. Call on John Shartzer, receiver.

Miss Lottie Loar left this morning for Baltimore, where she will spend a week visiting friends.

The appeal session of the town council will be held on Monday, June 1st. See advertisement.

A mad dog passed through Kingwood yesterday. In its rush through town it bit a little girl and six dogs.

John Shartzer, the big wool buyer, is buying wool for Hirsch Bros. and will pay the highest cash price.

Mrs. J. H. Riley, of Elkius, W. Va., came over yesterday to visit friends and relatives in town for a few days.

John Shartzer will auction off the goods of George O. Miller & Co. beginning Friday, May 23, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Attorney J. B. Sommerville and Mr. Henry P. Russell, of Wheeling, W. Va., were registered at the Glades Tuesday.

Garthright wants two or three heavy driving horses. Apply at once at his store at Mountain Lake Park.

FOR SALE.—A Columbia '95 model bicycle. In good condition. All fixtures and tools. Apply to this office.

J. E. Kildow, editor of the Randolph *Enterprise*, at Beverly, W. Va., was in the city yesterday.—Cumb. News.

Mrs. Catharine Knepp, of McKeesport, Pa., was visiting Mrs. Jos. Crim Monday and Tuesday of this week.

A big forest fire broke out near Cranesville on the Maryland side of the line last Saturday destroying considerable timber.

Mr. Henry E. Felty, who has been in Baltimore for several weeks past, returned to Oakland the latter part of last week.

Dr. Talson and wife, of New York city, who are stopping at the Park, were guests of Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Davis Sunday.

Mr. John L. Harne, of Clarksburg, W. Va., spent part of Sunday and Monday in Oakland with his parents and other relatives.

Register of Wills Jas. W. White went to Baltimore this morning on business connected with the estate of the late Mrs. M. E. Davis.

Mrs. L. B. C. List, of Washington, who will conduct the Loch Lynn hotel this summer, was in Oakland Saturday on business.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot went to Cleveland, O., Monday morning to attend the sessions of the general conference of the M. E. church

Mrs. S. T. Jones and daughter, of Oakland, came over Thursday evening last and remained a few days with friends and relatives.—Oracle.

Mr. James M. Litzinger took his family to Grafton Saturday where they will remain until his new residence in the east end of town is completed.

Judge Wilson's family arrived from Washington on Tuesday evening and are domiciled in their elegant summer residence north of Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Fraley came down from Terra Alta last week and have gone to housekeeping in Mrs. Hamill's house. Mr. Fraley has secured a position in the Garrett County Bank. We are glad to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Fraley in our midst.

Messrs. Ed. Bartlett and Will Sturgiss returned from Baltimore Saturday night, both bringing with them their dipomas from the Maryland School of Pharmacy.

Miss Bulah Fraley went to Oakland on Tuesday evening where she will remain for some time as the guest of her brothers, Messrs. A. T. and G. A. Fraley.—Oracle.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of Mrs. J. D. Pierce, of Mountain Lake Park, which will be found in another column of to-day's paper.

State Senator and Mrs. Ravenscroft, of Garrett county, were at the Capitol Washington, this week and spent some time watching the proceedings from the gallery in the House.—Cumb. News.

A special meeting of the town council was held last Thursday night when it was ordered that the railroad company remove the bridge which spans its tracks on Oak street.

Mr. M. Z. Dawson, of Tunnelton, W. Va., was in the city Tuesday for a few hours. Mr. Dawson recently received the nomination for justice of the peace in his district and will no doubt be elected.

Great improvements are being made at the B. & O. station in Oakland. A large force of painters are at work repainting the outside and making general repairs inside the building.

We have just received from the manufacturers another large lot of stationery and envelopes which we are running out at low figures for the class of work furnished our customers. Give us a call.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

DANA'S Sarsaparilla is not only the *best* of all remedies for the Nerves, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, and Blood; *but if no benefit, you can get your money back.* The same guarantee applies to DANA'S Pills, Cough Syrup and Plasters. For sale by DeWitt & Ferguson, Sang Run, Md. 3–3m.

The Loch Lynn Store company has gone into the hands of a receiver by petition to the court of a number of the stockholders. Mr. John Shartzer has been appointed to take charge of the affairs of the corporation and wind up its business affairs.

Evangelist W. P. Fike will begin a series of union revival meetings in Piedmont, W. Va., Sunday, May 24th, instead of the 31st as previously announced. An effort will be made to secure excursion rates to Piedmont from Oakland. The meetings will be conducted in the opera house at Piedmont and will continue for a period of two weeks or more.

Rev. D. Tasker, whose failing voice necessitated his retiring from the active ministry, has purchased the stock and fixtures of C. B. Cropp, and is putting in stock a full line of groceries, provisions, green groceries, notions. Mr. Tasker is an experienced merchant and with his son Will will do a driving business. The firm will be known as D. Tasker & Son.

Mr. M. W. Southard, until recently connected with the Calvert Building and Loan association of Baltimore, has resigned his position with that association and accepted the general management of the Maryland Building and Loan association of Garrett county. Mr. Southard has recently moved his mother and sister from Baltimore to the Park and will reside there during the summer.

Mr. D. P. Davis, a prominent liveryman and merchant of Goshen, Va., has this to say on the subject of rheumatism: "I take pleasure in recommending Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism, as I know from personal experience that it will do all that is claimed for it. A year ago this spring my brother was laid up in bed with inflammatory rheumatism and suffered intensely. The first application of Chamberlain's Pain Balm eased the pain and the use of one bottle completely cured him. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park,

DANA'S Sarsaparilla is not only the *best* of all remedies for the Nerves, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, and Blood; *but if no benefit, you can get your money back.* The same guarantee applies to DANA'S Pills, Cough Syrup and Plasters. For sale by Dr. J. W. Laughlin, agent, Deer Park. 4–13t.

On last Monday Rev. S. M. Engle left on the morning train for Memphis, Tenn. He goes as the representative of Winchester Presbytery to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church in the United States. On Sabbath next, at 8 o'clock, Rev. J. H. Moore, of Keyser, W. Va., will occupy the pulpit of the Garrett Memorial church.

Friday evening last as Dr. H. W. McComas was returning from making a professional call in Loch Lynn Heights his cart was upset, caused by running over a stump alongside the road, throwing the doctor and his driver to the ground. This frightened the horse and he ran away, breaking the cart to splinters and tearing the harness to fragments. Luckily neither the doctor nor his driver were injured beyond a slight cut received by the latter by coming into contact with a wire fence.

For every quarter in a man's pocket there are a dozen uses; and to use each one in such a way as to derive the most benefit is a question every one must solve for himself. We believe, however, that no better use could be made of one of these quarters than to exchange it for a bottle of Chamberlain's Cholic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, a medicine that every family should be provided with. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin Deer Park.

The seventh anniversary of the founding of the Epworth League was observed in the M. E. church at this place by appropriate services held Sunday evening instead of the regular preaching. The printed program furnished by the secretary of the national league was carried out. Excellent papers on some of the league work were read by Mr. F. A. Thayer, Mrs. S. C. Smith and Miss Mollie Hamill. According to the latest figures the membership of the Epworth League is over 1,350,000. At the regular meeting of the League held Monday the following delegates were elected to represent this league at the district convention to be held at Kingwood, W. Va., On June 30th and July 1st and and 2nd: Mr J. S. Meyers and Mrs. K. T. Crane, and Mrs. S. C. Smith and Miss Mattie Porter as alternates.

Trespass Notice.

All persons are here notified not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned lying in District No. 6 near Accident for the purpose of either hunting or fishing.

3t. JOSEPH HOSTETLER.

Trespass Notice.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned lying in District No. 6 near Accident for the purpose of either hunting or fishing.

10-3t* JONAS SPEICHER.

For Sale or Rent.

A very desirable property in Oakland, being the late residence of Henry J. Mayers. Also for sale the Oakland Woolen Mills property. Said property may be obtained cheap and on easy terms. Apply to J. C. Renninger, attorney, Oakland.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

A Cure for Muscular Rheumatism.

Mrs. R. L. Lamson, of Fairmont, Illinois says: "My sister used Chamberlain's Pain Balm for muscular rheumatism it effected a complete cure. I keep it in the house at all time and have always found it beneficial for aches and pains. It is the quickest cure for rheumatism muscular pains and lameness I have ever seen." For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Ripans Tabules relieve nausea.

WILLIE'S THIRD LETTER.

He Turns Over a New Leaf and Decides to treat his Ma with Respect.

Ma has returned from Baltimore where she has been to attend the funeral of her mother. When ma came back home she had changed so much that I hardly knew her at first. She was dressed in deep mourning. Her eyes were red and swollen and her face was so thin and pale I could not keep the tears back. Ma noticed this and when she bent down and kissed me I believed that she divined the cause of my tears. Along toward evening while ma was sitting alone I went up to her and put my arms around her neck and said, "Ma, I feel sorry for you." Then she placed her hands on the sides of my face and looking at me with her large dark eyes filled with tears she said, "Willie, is it possible you partako of my great sorrow?" My words lodged in my throat, but I nodded my head in answer. Ma kissed me again and again. "O, Willie," she said, "I fear we have been strangers to each others feelings. In the future will you permit me to show my love for you? I will take you into my confidence and read you a secret chapter from my book of life. Your mother was left an orphan at a very tender age. My father and your grandfather were distant relations. Through this relationship your mother was given a home in that of my own. She and myself were constant companions until the time of your mother's marriage. About six months before your mother died she sent me an urgent request to visit her. I obeyed the summons and as you know I remained in your home for two weeks after her death. During her illness she had often commenced to speak on a subject which was extremely painful to me. I had as often managed to change the topic which seemed uppermost in her mind until at last I deemed it best to hear her through. 'Lizzie,' she said, 'please bolt the door.' I did so and returned to her bedside. 'I know the subject upon which I wish to speak is both a painful and hard one through.' 'Go on, I said, 'I shall listen patiently.' 'I shall not be here very long. I am nearing the end. You know that I will leave my two darling children without a mother's care; you know what this means to me. Will you be a mother to them?' I gave her every assurance that I would, but this did not seem to satisfy her. Then she said, 'Lizzie, I fear you do not understand me: listen, you are a widow and childless, and after my death I want you to take my children to your home and in the future if a mutual feeling of love springs up between yourself and my dear husband I would like you to fill my place as wife and mother.' 'I answered her in these words: Dear sister, please be satisfied with the motherly care I have promised to give your little ones and we will leave our heavenly father to guide me in the future. With all the strength she could command with her thin and almost transparent hand she clasped my own. 'One word more, Lizzie,' she said, 'and then I will be ready to obey the Master's command. I have talked this matter over with my husband. 'Tis well.' Willie, you know the rest. Now let me into your heart. I love you; I have every reason to love you. I love you for the love your mother gave me. I love you for the confidence she reposed in me when on her death bed I love you because of the love your father bestowed upon me, and love you because it is God's will.'"

After my ma had told me all of this I felt that I had greatly wronged her. I left her and went to my room and prayed for forgiyness, and I prayed God to touch my heart with love for my ma and to to touch my lips with words of kindness.

Our home is a happy one now. Ma does not lecture my pa any more, besides ma has consented to stay in the Park this summer. I overheard her tell pa a day or two ago that since the election which was recently held in Loch Lynn that she was perfectly disgusted with politics. She said that she would not have the newspapers to sweeten her like they did some of ladies who attempted to vote for the Presidency of the U. S.

A change has come over the Pennsylvania dutch woman since her late sickness. She don't "borry" any more. We had an epidemic of the measles here. Ma asked the dutch woman if she was not afaird of catching them. "No," she replied, "there won't be enough to go around." Ma told her that it would go very hard with her if she took the measles because she was so big and fat. While ma was east the old woman took the measles. She was real bad with them. She had the doctor sometimes twice a day. I told pa that we could get a rest now because the old woman could not get out to borrow from us. Pa said, "you don't know, my son, but that she may break out." "Why, pa," I said, "she can't get out while she is so sick. "Yes," said pa, "she may break out with the measles." I looked at pa real hard and wondered why he smiled. When ma came home I told her what pa had said about the Pennsylvania dutch woman breaking out. She said it was some of pa's pleasantry. WILLIE.

How to Treat a Wife.

First, get a wife; second, be patient. You may have great trials and perplexities in your business, but do not therefore, carry to your home a cloudy or contracted brow. Your wife may have trials, which, though of less magnitude, may be hard for her to bear. A kind word a tender look, will do wonders in chasing from her brow all clouds of gloom.—To this we would add always keep a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house. Your wife will then know that you really care for her and wish to protect her health. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin Deer Park.

A Pretty Home Wedding.

One of the prettiest home weddings which ever occurred in Oakland came off at the residence of Fred. A. Thayer Thursday night. The contracting parties were Miss L. V. Thayer, of Oakland, and George Waters, of Clarksburg, W. Va.

The ceremony which was performed by Revs. Arbuthnot and Davis, was witnessed by a large number of the bride's friends, among them her Sabbath school class of young men. The bride was becomingly attired in laveudar organdie with silk lace trimmings. The Master Ralph Thayer, niece and nephew of the bride. Miss Jennie Johnson rendered Mendelssohn's wedding march in a very artistic manner. The presents were elegant. The newly wedded pair took the ten o'clock train for the west, and after a trip will be at home to their friends.

Weather Crop Report.

The following reports from this county appeared in the State Weather Crop Report of Monday:

MT. LAKE.—Crops past week look good. Fine growing weather. Vegetables doing well. Grass and clover doing well. Had some good rains, which were needed badly. Thunder showers, 13th. Good prospects for fruit—apples and cherries. Frost Saturday morning, 16th; did no harm. Stock shifting for themselves. WM. H. BIGGS.

GRANTSVILLE. — Heavy local showers (which went around us) on the 13th and 14th were very beneficial. No rain here of any consequence for twenty-two days, which I believe is all the better for tree fruit, such as apples, cherries, etc. Strawberries coming in bloom; a warm rain would be a blessing to them; also to oats and grass. Weather very fine, and farmers busy planting corn. J. S. MILLER.

SUNNYSIDE.—Weather the past week warm and dry. All crops are suffering for want of rain, grass and garden truck in particular. Corn about all planted.

JOHN G. KNAUER.

Insanity Brings Death.

William Bidinger, a woodsman of Garrett county, three miles west of Barton, who was brought here, Thursday evening, with the view of having a jury inquire into his mental condition, died in the Allegany county jail yesterday morning about 9 o'clock. During the night he tried to commit suicide by butting out his brains against the wall. He was twenty-eight years old and leaves a widow and three children. His father was unable to bear the expense of his funeral, in consequence of which, interment was made in the Allegany county burying ground yesterday afternoon at the expense of the county—Saturday's Cumb. News.

Call for Your Letters.

Clark Bowles, William Hahn, H. H. Jinkins, Mary A. Hinebaugh.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

CONSTABLE KOLB ARRESTED.

One of Garrett's Best Known Officials Arrested Charged With Murdering Louis Fine.

Tuesday afternoon Samuel Fine, of Lonaconing, came up to Oakland and went before Justice Boyer where he swore out a warrant charging Constable Frederick Kolb, of Accident, with "wilfully and deliberately and with premeditation killed Louis Fine on the 12th day of November, 1895." The warrant was placed in the hands of Sheriff Brown who went down to Accident and there placed Mr. Kolb under arrest. He was brought to Oakland and yesterday afternoon taken before Justice Boyer and given a preliminary hearing. Fourteen witnesses were examined, and after the testimony had been taken Mr. Kolb was held for the grand jury in the sum of one hundred dollars, which was promptly furnished and the accused released from custody.

It will be remembered by the readers of this journal that on or about November 12th, 1895, Louis Fine was arrested by Constable Kolb in Accident charged with selling goods without a license. He was taken before the justice at Accident, and in default of paying his fine he was given in charge of the constable, with instructions to bring him to Oakland to be placed in jail. When near Lake Cleveland, Fine jumped from the buggy and made his escape. From that time until last month, when the body was recovered, nothing had been heard or seen of him. When the post mortem examination was made the jury found that Fine came to his death by some foul means.

The greater majority of the people who were present at the hearing yesterday afternoon are of the opinion that Mr. Kolb is perfectly innocent of the charge brought against him, and that the grand jury will take no notice of it when brought to their attention in September.

State's Attorney Thayer appeared for the State, and Mr. Julius C. Renninger for Mr. Kolb.

Memorial Day at Friendsville.

Friendsville, May 20th, by Sherman Post.

Flowers contributed will be gratefully received.

Good speaking interspersed with instrumental and vocal music to entertain you from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. A day of instruction and solemnity and not of mirth.

Bring a lunch with you.

Encourage us with your presence,

GEO. E. BISHOFF, Adjt.

Two New Bishops.

CLEVELAND, O, May 19.—The dead lock in the balloting for two new bishops was broken in the M. E. Conference to-day.

On the 15th ballot "Chaplain" C. C. McCabe was elected by a plurality of 8.

On the 16th ballot Earl Cranston was elected by a plurality of 30.

General Assessor.

Wednesday of last week Governor Lowndes appointed as general assessors for Garrett county, ex-Commissioner Jacob Fresh, Republican, and Mr. Rudolph Beekman, Democrat.

Both are good appointments and give general satisfaction.

A Runaway Accident.

On Monday evening last as Miss Laura White, of Huttons, and Miss Frankhouser, of Corinth, were driving home from normal school at this place, the horse attached to the buggy became frightened at a passing team and ran away. Miss Frankhouser sprang from the vehicle and escaped without injury but Miss White was thrown back in the top of the buggy and was dragged quite a distance. Had it not been for the leather top and part of the seat giving away and becoming detached from the buggy the young lady might have met with serious injury. The accident occurred at a point near the Washington Manor farm. The buggy was badly wrecked, so the ladies came back here and took the accommodation to their homes. Miss White said at the time that she was not hurt but upon her arrival at Huttons she had to be assisted to her brother's residence where it was ascertained that she had received some very bad cuts and bruises in the accident. The horse is rather a wild one, inclined to be foolish and is the property of Miss White's father, Mr Garth White, of near Huttons. We learn that the injured lady is getting along very nicely and will soon be able to resume her studies in the school at this place.—Oracle.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

THE BLOODLESS SPORTSMAN.

"Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose and left it on its stalk?"
—Emerson.

I go a-gunning, but take no gun;
I fish without a pole;
And I bag good game and catch such fish
As suit a sportsman's soul;
For the choicest game that the forest holds,
And the best fish of the brook,
Are never brought down by a rifle shot
And never are caught with a hook.

I bob for fish by the forest brook,
I hunt for game in the trees,
For bigger birds than wing the air
Or fish that swim the seas.
A rodless Walton of the brooks,
A bloodless sportsman, I—
I hunt for the thoughts that throng the woods,
The dreams that haunt the sky.

The woods were made for the hunters of dreams,
The brooks for the fishers of song;
To the hunters who hunt for the gunless game
The streams and the woods belong.
There are thoughts that moan from the soul of the pine,
And thoughts in a flower bell curled;
And the thoughts that are blown with the scent of the fern
Are as new and as old as the world.

So, away! for the hunt in the fern-scented wood
Till the going down of the sun;
There is plenty of game still left in the woods
For the hunter who has no gun.
So, away! for the fish by the moss-bordered brook
That flows through the velvety sod;
There are plenty of fish still left in the streams
For the angler who has no rod.

—Sam W. Foss, in N. Y. Sun.

THE CELIBATE CLUB.

BY W. J. LAMPTON.

"Women," remarked Jack Forest, "are the bane of bachelor civilization."

"Woman is woe personified," remarked Arcturus O'Ryan, known as the star bachelor of the combination.

"If I had choice of all things on earth," said John Temple, "I would choose woman last."

"What in thunder are they here for?" inquired Will King.

"On one she smiles, and he is blest," scornfully quoted Frank Park, and added, "and then she smiles on all the rest."

"Fellow sufferers," said I, Thomas Tommington, by superiority of age and experience chief of the Celibate Coterie, heartily coinciding with the individual and aggregate opinions just expressed, "permit me to offer the following resolutions:

"Whereas, Woman, by her continued actions, shows that she is in favor of the utter extermination of bachelors; and

"Whereas, Woman on all occasions and at all times expresses her abhorrence of bachelors as such; and

"Whereas, Woman is constantly on the lookout for that kind of a man with that kind of a nose; and

"Whereas, Woman believes that man was provided with a nose simply as a handle for her to take hold of; and

"Whereas, Woman thinks she owns the earth, and the men thereof; and

"Whereas, She was never more mistaken in her life; therefore be it

"Resolved that we whose signatures are hereto appended do hereby assert our manhood and hurl defiance in her teeth; and

"Resolved, That we entirely ignore the existence of all womankind; and

"Resolved, That we do solemnly pledge ourselves to throw off the female yoke, to trample beneath our feet the fetters woman would forge upon us, to assert and maintain that we are one and indivisible, and that henceforth and forever we will neither marry any woman nor be married by her."

As might have been expected, these resolutions were received with vociferous applause, and the meeting of the Celibate club became so hilarious that three babies on the floor below and seven on the floor above were aroused from their angel slumbers, and soon had awakened everybody else in the building. After which we adjourned, having been implored to do so by a committee of 12 married men, who assured us that when we had children of our own we could better understand their feelings in the matter.

At this point, possibly, I might explain that the gentlemen whose names have been mentioned were unmarried men, whose years numbered from 35 to 50, who had been compelled by the emergencies by which they had been surrounded to take this means of defense. They were all good men and true, and when their word had been given there was no power on earth could break it.

We had formally resolved to be perpetual bachelors, and that settled the business.

And what a feeling of exquisite rest it gave me! For years I had been flattering women and paying court to them and murmuring sweet nothings to them, and sitting on damp piazzas in the moonlight with them, and lolling beneath the shade of summer resort trees philosophizing on love, and holding girls' hands and spending my hard-earned savings to make a maiden's holiday, and writing inane and vapid poems to their drug store complexions and their liquid blue or brown or gray eyes, as the case might be, and so on, ad infinitum de disgustibusque.

Now and then, I am willing to confess, I found one who was really quite irresistible, and I became serious, only to find, when some other chap came around, how utterly irresponsible and unreliable all women were. I confess, also, that such experiences were rather unpleasant to my general feelings and gave me seasons of depression, not to say gloom.

But with the coterie's resolutions fixed in my mind I felt a new strength, and I began life all over again, and with such an infinite sense of relief that words are quite inadequate to express my state of mind.

For three months this blissful condition continued, and then I was thrown from a horse and sustained injuries to the extent of a broken leg and numberless bruises. I had ordered myself to be taken to the hospital, where all good bachelors go when they are ill, but a cousin of mine, a fine fellow, except that he was married, issued orders to the contrary and took me home with him. There I was fixed up in royal style, and his wife took charge of me with such motherly solicitude that I ceased to growl about not going to the hospital.

Within a week I began to improve, and about that time my cousin's wife's sister came to the house on a visit, and, not having much else to do, she used to amuse herself with me. I objected at first, and vowed I'd rout myself out and go to the hospital, but those two women knew they had me where I was defenseless, and they only laughed at me when I growled, and fed me on dainties when I was taciturn and silent. I didn't want to eat their truck, but my appetite was something, and it forced me to overcome any prejudice I might have formed.

Later my cousin's wife's sister took to reading to me, and she compelled me to listen to her because she did have excellent taste in the matter of books and could read exceedingly well. As to her voice, it was the sweetest I ever heard, but of course she could have no credit for that. She was born with it.

Occasionally the members of the coterie visited me, but not often, as the very presence of women was disagreeable to them. They condoled with me, however, and together we frowned upon Providence for thus throwing me into the hands of the enemy.

As time went by and my cousin's wife's sister continued to read to me I unconsciously grew into the habit of looking at her sitting on the low chair near me, with her head bending over the book, and I began to wonder what she used on her hair to make it so wavy and glossy, and when she would look up occasionally and smile in response to a laugh or remark of mine at something she had read I would have a queer kind of a feeling, as if I were threatened with some kind of heart trouble.

One day I asked the doctor about it and he actually grinned. I say "grinned," because I mean "grinned." It wasn't the kindly smile of the physician to a petulant patient, but a grin; and I would have thrown him out of the window had I been in my usual health and strength.

The first day I walked out on my crutches my cousin's wife's sister accompanied me, and I think I leaned more on her than I did on the crutch. I am sure I did, as far as the crutch on the side next to her was concerned.

During the first two or three weeks of my imprisonment I had longed for the time when I could get out once more and join the coterie; then I began to think less about it, and now, when I was ready to start forth on my journey once more, a free man, somehow after my lately acquired fashion of relying upon my cousin's wife's sister, I asked her about it.

Well, if you will believe me, I was never more surprised in my life than I was at the result of this simple question on my cousin's wife's sister. She blushed and stammered and said her sister wanted her right away, and I just stood still in my amazement. She had always been such a help to me, and now, in a little matter like this to go all to pieces, almost made me lose confidence in her. Then she looked up at me and all of a sudden I felt that old heart trouble come back and—and—and—

I hope it is not necessary for me to go into particulars. Suffice it to say that between my cousin's wife's sister and myself we managed to have the matter satisfactorily explained.

But there was the coterie and there were those infernal resolutions! What a fool a man can make of himself when he is left to his own devices passes finite comprehension and almost crowds the infinite to the wall. I, Thomas Tommington, the chief, had basely betrayed my trust, and concealment for long was impossible. But I quickly determined that concealment was my only hope, and with this hope in my bosom I attended the coterie's banquet in honor of my restoration to the charmed circle.

What a hollow mockery that restoration was!

I was there and at the head of the table, as befitted my relation to the coterie, but my spirits were elsewhere. Still I put a bold face on myself, and applauded to the echo every anti-female sentiment that was uttered. I even proposed a toast myself to the utter obliteration of women. I thought it best to draw it strong, and I did. However, at nine o'clock I pleaded that I was not yet strong enough to join in the late festivities, so I withdrew, and, shameless wretch that I was, I hurried to my cousin's house and sat up until 12 o'clock with my cousin's wife's sister.

At the next meeting of the coterie I began to feel that I was under suspicion. Perhaps it was merely a guilty conscience, but I thought my bachelor friends cooled when I appeared among them. I know that when John Temple proposed the toast: "Earth would be Heaven without women," and I did not empty my glass, every member present looked directly at me and then at each other. Any person of the most ordinary sensitiveness knows how he feels under such circumstances.

As time went by and suspicion grew apace it became evident to me that I must get out of the coterie. There was no other honorable course left me. I could see there was no longer harmony, and when I read our resolutions, as I did religiously at every meeting, they were greeted with silence. Each man suspected the other; each man seemed to have a secret that was burning him. It was evident that I was the Jonah, and I proposed to make a sacrifice of myself to save the others.

At the next meeting, therefore, when the time had come to open the exercises with the resolutions, I rose in my place and held up my hand for attention.

"Men and brethren," I said, solemnly, "I shall not read the resolutions this evening, nor shall I read them again. For some time past I have observed that our ancient harmony has been disturbed to such an extent as to threaten its very existence. [Cheers.] I feel that I am the disturbing element, and I confess to you that your ill-concealed suspicions concerning me are not unwarranted. I have betrayed the trust you have reposed in me [suppressed excitement]; I am no longer worthy to be your chief [great excitement]; I—I—I, brethren, I cannot continue what I would say to you in disparagement of my actions. All I can say is that I am to be married three months from next Monday." [Vociferous applause.]

I sat down after my effort and looked helplessly at my accusers, as I felt them to be. I was astonished at the reception of my speech and explanation, and could form no idea what action the coterie would take.

Jack Forest, as vice-chief, slowly came to his feet, and, instead of looking at me, as I feared he would, gazed about on the other members.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you have heard the statement made by our worthy (how could he ever say that?) chief, and I cannot lead you in action upon the matter, in view of the fact that I am to be married myself ten weeks from next Tuesday."

Forest sat down, and I sat in gasping expectation that the roof would fall in upon us.

John Temple, next in authority, then took the floor, and I could see that Forest was even worse rattled than I was.

"Fellow citizens," said Temple—he was a stump speaker in campaign times—"I haven't a word to say. I'm to be married a month from to-morrow morning at ten o'clock."

Park, King and O'Ryan, who was the youngest of the lot and the most vindictive and hardened bachelor I ever saw, which was why we called him the star bachelor, seemed to be dazed by this revelation, added to the two which preceded it, and King was the first to rise in response.

"Gentlemen and brothers," he said. "I might be able to say what I thought of the disclosures which have been made here this evening, but really it would be unbecoming for me to say anything. My wedding day is set for Wednesday two weeks."

As King went down Park came up.

"I can only say, gentlemen," he said, almost in a whisper, "that I am no worse than those who have preceded me. I can offer no censure, for day after to-morrow I shall be married to the one woman in the world for me."

This was rubbing it in. We who had preceded Park felt that it was enough to have confessed our crime without glorying in it, and when Arcturus O'Ryan arose, I almost hoped that he would scathe Park with scorn.

He was the ominous man in the coterie, and looked first at me, then in turn at each of the others. I felt that the lightnings of his wrath would strike us all and strike hard, but I had less fear than if I had had to stand the blow alone. However, I unconsciously braced myself as he began speaking.

"Mr. Chief and fellow members of the coterie," he said, in that majestic and overpowering manner of his, "I am pained beyond all expression at what I have heard here this evening. I had expected something better of you. I had hoped you would set me, the youngest member of this coterie, a better example. But you have failed, failed utterly. Our chief is to be married within three months, think of that, gentlemen, as you read our beloved resolutions, now withering fast away; our vice chief is to be married within ten weeks. Temple is to be married within a month, King in two weeks, and Park in two days, while I, gentlemen—I, to whom you have stood as exemplary—I, the youngest of you all, shall not marry."

O'Ryan paused, and we, culprits that we were, bowed our heads to receive the blow we felt to be so well deserved.

"No, gentlemen," he fairly thundered, "no, I shall not marry. It is not necessary for me to marry. I was married ten days ago. Congratulate me, she's the finest woman in the world."

And those remarkable resolutions had been adopted less than a year previously!

Oh, woman, woman!—N. Y. Sun.

A Thoughtful Wife.

The young physician was tired when he returned from his evening calls, but as he settled back in his easy chair, and his pretty wife of only a month or two took a seat beside him, he asked, affectionately:

"And has my little wife been lonely?"

"Oh, no, she said, animatedly; "at least, not very. I've found something to busy myself with."

"Indeed!" he said. "What is it?"

"Oh, I'm organizing a class. A lot of young girls and married women are in it, and we're exchanging experiences and teaching each other how to cook."

"What do you do with the things you cook?" he asked, interestedly.

"Oh, we send them to the neighbors just to show what we can do. There's one lodging-house gets most of it. It's great fun."

"Dear little woman," he said, leaning over and kissing her. "Always thoughtful of your husband's practice. Always anxious to extend it."—Bangor Commercial.

—God often lays the sum of his amazing providences in very dismal afflictions; as the limner first puts on the dusky colors on which He intends to draw the portraiture of some illustrous beauty.—Charnock.

—The great fire of New York took place in 1835. The value of property destroyed on this occasion was $15,000,000.

ICELANDERS IN DAKOTA.

There Are Many There and They Make Good Citizens.

There is here a large Icelandic population, says a Milton (N. D.) communication. No other people who have come to this country are better equipped to become citizens. The first settlements were made by the Scandinavians, principally Norwegians.

The Icelanders are, as we see them here, the most frugal and industrious people in the world. They never fail to utilize everything of value in life, from the shortest straw to the latest minute of time. They are at work always, all of them, from the baby just out of the cradle to the withered and hobbling great-grandfather. Every family makes sure that its own necessities are provided for. Each keeps a few sheep, some pigs, an abundance of hens, at least one or two cows, etc., but nothing that consumes without producing something in return. Most luxuries are new to them on their arrival, and they take to new articles, either of food or raiment, only when forced by their new surroundings to do so. They live within themselves, and always have something to sell—chickens, eggs, butter, mittens, socks, knit wummusses, leggins, hoods, yarns, cloth, ear tips, and, of course, farm products.

All work incessantly but moderately during daylight; and at night, while visiting as if they had just met after a long separation, knit, spin, weave, sew, work out rude implements, card wool, make butter and manufacture garments. Of course, the cloth for these garments is homemade. When something is absolutely needed from the store, the Icelander secures it by bartering an article of home manufacture—he never pays out money if it can be avoided.

The butter here is much like that common to old Iceland—that is, rancid. It is not the rancidity of the American buttermaker—where butter, sweet at first, has begun to spoil—but a peculiar sourness resulting from keeping the milk and cream until "fixed." It is very disagreeable to Americans at first, but it keeps far better than what we call "good" butter. Butter, according to the reports of the United States department of agriculture, is of the highest form, bulk for bulk, of nutriment. The Icelanders seem to have known this always, and, although their "lootah" is strong enough to drive a dog out of a tanyard, it is just as nutritious as the "gilt-edged creamery" of their Yankee neighbors, and costs less in labor before and less in care after making.

There is absolutely no picture in American life carrying so perfect an idea of domestic contentment and happiness as one may see in any ordinary Icelandic home. They are frank, cheerful and kind—never noisy—and have no vaulting ambitions, no false pride, no false modesty. This utter lack of prudery may account for their virtue and, in part, for their simple happiness.

The Icelander has no complex theories, while religion, Faith was born in Iceland. He scouts the idea that the Norsemen discovered either America or his own bleak little mole in the arctic seas. He says he was always on the latter, and always knew about the former and about Greenland and Europe. He claims with pride that nothing good in the popular form of government is new with America, or that the United States is entitled to credit for the invention of a republic. He says he had a better republic than this for 400 years, and that a long thousand years in Iceland did not develop so many sins, crooks and forms of maladministration as a year in America.

All Icelanders, of course, are very hardy. They are troubled, at first, by the extreme heat of our summers, but finally become acclimated. They do not move about, and never return to Iceland. They become Americanized even more easily than the Norwegians, if that is possible, and make reliable, peaceful citizens. The young women are the most kindly, faithful and quiet servants procurable, and all of them are honest.—N. Y. Times.

Polishing Wood.

Mahogany and all polished wood of any kind is apt to become very dull and tarnished, and the regular operation of rubbing it up is not one that is dear to the average maid, yet if it is allowed to go too long uncared for, the trouble of reviving it is endless. The best and easiest way of polishing wood is to make a "dolly" of rags, finally tying it up tightly in a piece of soft flannel; this should be slightly sprinkled with linseed oil; over it tie a cloth rag on which put a few drops of spirits of wine; run all the woodwork quickly with this prepared material, and polish quickly as you proceed with a soft silk or flannel rag. Both the oil and the spirit should be very sparingly applied, as they would otherwise moisten the wood too much and produce smears; but if the operation is briskly done, according to these instructions, no polish, however elaborate, will bring about the same brightness. — Detroit Free Press.

The Real Thing.

"Yes," said the meek-looking man, "I've no doubt you've had some great hunting experience in your travels abroad."

"I have, indeed."

"Buffalo hunting?"

"Yes."

"And bear hunting?"

"Of course."

"Well, just come round and let my wife take you house hunting and bargain hunting with her. Then you'll begin to know what real excitement is." Washington Times.

—Absolute ugliness is admitted as rarely as perfect beauty; but degrees of it, more or less distinct, are associated with whatever has the nature of death and sin, just as beauty is associated with what has the nature of virtue and life.—Ruskin.

A VERITABLE PIED PIPER.

The Strange Power of an Odd Character Over Rats.

A queer counterpart of the Pied Piper of Hamelin has been visiting the seaports of the Pacific coast lately, driving or drawing hordes of rats from the ships at the wharves and occasionally from the warehouses and big hotels. He seems to have a strange influence over rats and readily tames and makes pets of strange rats. He is not a ratcatcher, for, while there is no doubt of the thoroughness with which he rids a ship or a house of rats, he does not catch them, nor does he care what becomes of them. He only undertakes to drive them away. More than this, he claims to be able to bring the rats back again, and it is said he has done this in two or three instances where a ship's captain has played him false, and, being rid of the rats, has failed to live up to his bargain with the rat charmer.

He is, or has been, a seafaring man. His name is Joe Peoples, though he is known along the wharves as Rough-on-Rats. Usually he has his pockets full of rats—not pets of long acquaintance, but ordinary rats which he has caught recently, and which he keeps to use in his peculiar business. He says there is no art about handling rats, and that they will not bite if properly handled, but either he exercises some strange power over the animals, or else he has learned a secret of handling them that is not likely to become common property. It is the same with a rat as with a nettle, he says. If you pick up a rat as though not afraid of it the animal will not bite; and if you place it back on the ground and let it run away of its own accord it will be equally harmless. But if, having gone so far as to get hold of a rat, you place it on the floor and draw your hand away sharply, the rat will, as likely as not, take a piece of your hand away with it. At any rate, this is part of Mr. People's peculiar theories.

How he drives out the rats he is willing to explain in part, but the main secret he naturally reserves. He selects a lively old rat, ties a little bell, like a sleigh bell, with wire around its neck, paints its back with phosphorus, then drenches it in some liquid not divulged, and turns it loose. The rat runs through all its accustomed haunts, but all its late comrades run ahead of it. They don't like its blazing back and its alarm bell. But more than anything else, Mr. Peoples says, they don't like the smell it brings with him.

Mr. Peoples' doctored rats smell like a whole cageful of ferrets. Rats particularly dislike ferrets, and never stop to investigate when there is the slightest suggestion of one being near. Ordinary rat catchers corroborate Mr. Peoples in this. The consequence is, and it is a consequence in fact as well as in logic, that the doctored rat drives every other rat before it, and where the doctored rat has once been no rat will venture afterward while the smell lasts, and Mr. Peoples guarantees the smell for one year. The [illegible] bell, its illuminated back, and its terrible smell, seeks its old friends in every hole and corner, and wherever it goes it is the last rat that will go there in a year. Mr. Peoples says he has frequently known rats to jump overboard from a ship in their efforts to escape from a doctored rat, and many witnesses bear him out in this statement. There is no question of his success in entirely clearing a number of ships and warehouses at Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Port Townsend and other ports on the coast which were formerly overrun with rats.

For his claim that he can bring back the rats there seems to be only Mr. Peoples' word. He names two or three ships plying up and down the coast on which he had played his second trick. The captains told him, after the rats had all left their ships, that they guessed he hadn't done much toward it and offered to compromise. Mr. Peoples says he just doctored half a dozen rats with a different kind of medicine and set them free on these ships, and scattered some of the same kind of stuff about the holds, and he avers that in a little while there will be four times as many rats on the ships as formerly, and he will charge four times as much to charm them away.—N. Y. Sun.

Making Work Less Obnoxious.

Scullery work may be made less obnoxious by a little forethought. Cooking utensils should be filled with cold water as soon as their contents have been removed and they should then be placed on the back of the range. The water heats slowly, the particles of food are loosened and when dish-washing time comes little effort is required to clean the vessels thoroughly. A chain dishcloth is an effective aid to cleanliness. The washing of china and glass dishes is more of an art than the average maid realizes. They should be scraped, not with a knife, as the general custom is, but with a piece of bread crust, which removes the debris without scratching the dishes. Very hot water made soapy by the use of a soap-shaker should be used to wash them. Then they should be placed upside down in a wire draining-pan and deluged with clear hot water. They are easily dried after the hot bath. A little soda in the first water helps to clean china and to brighten silver and glass. — Philadelphia Ledger.

Creamy Icing.

Mix one cup granulated sugar, three-fourths cup sweet milk, and the grated rind of one lemon, and, when dissolved, boil exactly five minutes, take from the fire, pour in the bowl, add half-teaspoonful of vanilla extract, one teaspoonful flour and beat until slightly thick; spread on the cake quickly, as it soon hardens.—St. Louis Republic.

—In 1851, the year of the great fires in St. Louis, San Francisco suffered in the same way, one conflagration in May destroying $10,000,000 worth of buildings; the other in June, occasioning a property loss of $3,000,000.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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MAN carries under his hat a private theater, wherein a greater drama is acted than is ever performed on the mimic stage, beginning and ending in eternity.—Carlyle.

Choice Farming Lands in South Dakota

Along the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway can now be had upon reasonable terms. The crop prospects were never better and a glorious harvest for this year is already assured. Thousands of acres of unoccupied lands in over twenty counties are now open for settlement. For further information address H. F. HUNTER, Immigration Agent for South Dakota, No. 295 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

HEAT expands and cold contracts; but there are exceptions. Coal and gas bills are larger in winter than in summer.—Norristown Herald.

The Significance of a Gray Overcoat

Upon the tongue, yellowness of the skin and eyeballs, nausea and uneasiness beneath the right ribs and shoulder blade, is that the victim of these discomforts is bilious. The "proper caper" under such circumstances is to take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which also cures chills and fever, constipation, dyspepsia, rheumatic and kidney complaints and nervousness.

LET not mirth be thy profession, lest thou become a make-sport. He that hath but gained the title of a jester, let him assure himself the fool is not far off.—Quarles.

Cripple

The iron grasp of scrofula has no mercy upon its victims. This demon of the blood is often not satisfied with causing dreadful sores, but racks the body with the pains of rheumatism until Hood's Sarsaparilla cures.

"Nearly four years ago I became afflicted with scrofula and rheumatism

Made

Running sores broke out on my thighs. Pieces of bone came out and an operation was contemplated. I had rheumatism in my legs, drawn up out of shape. I lost appetite, could not sleep. I was a perfect wreck. I continued to grow worse and finally gave up the doctor's treatment to

Well

take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Soon appetite came back; the sores commenced to heal. My limbs straightened out and I threw away my crutches. I am now stout and hearty and am farming, whereas four years ago I was a cripple. I gladly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." URBAN HAMMOND, Table Grove, Illinois.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

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That the best line from Chicago to Cripple Creek, Colo., and all points shown in the accompanying map is the Chicago & Alton R. R.

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TEMPERANCE.

ALEC'S TEMPTATION.

Though He Yielded in Part, He Turned Before It Was Too Late.

"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." The familiar words came from the trembling lips of a mother who was about to bid farewell to a cherished son. He leaned over her and with a caressing pat of his hand upon her thin shoulder, said: "I won't, mother. Don't worry about me; I shall remember your careful training."

She could not speak as he kissed her good-by, her heart seemed trying to creep up into her throat, all the time beating so violently that she thought its throbbing must be audible; there was a ringing sound in her ears as she dropped into a chair, and when she came to herself again she was alone.

From the small sphere of a country lawyer's office he was going into a large office in the city, and quite naturally his ambition reached forward to possible fame and wealth in his new field.

Alec Hunter was no worse than scores of other young men who make their plans from a worldly standpoint, and he had the advantage at the start of a thorough home training in the virtue of strict honesty in word and deed.

Five years passed rapidly away, far more rapidly to the young man immersed in business than to the lonely widow in the little cottage at home.

So far in his career he had kept his record clean—he had taken no dollar of gain which did not justly belong to him, though there had been many a time when by a little crookedness he could have done so. Just now, however, a great temptation was before him. He had formed a friendship for a man older than himself, more brilliant, and far more unscrupulous.

Warren Chauncey had the dangerous faculty of presenting wrong principles in such an attractive light that they were scarcely recognizable.

"You are too strict, Alec," he said, so frequently that the saying was losing its first sinister sound through repetition. "A man can never succeed in business if he is always applying a

"YOU ARE TOO STRICT, ALEC."

magnifying glass to every transaction. The world loves to be gulled, why not humor it?"

He was a thorough man of the world; this short span of life the only interest which the boundless possibilities of the great, unknown universe afforded him. He called himself a liberal thinker, an advanced theorist, while in fact his thought and theory extended little beyond the narrow circle of his own selfish aims.

He had a scheme in view into which he was using every art he was master of to entice Alec Hunter.

It required a lawyer to operate it successfully, an unprincipled and fearless one, and if successful there was wealth to be had at one stroke. If it failed, the place provided for those who with itching, covetous fingers put their hands in other men's pockets.

To be sure, the transaction would not be called by the ugly name it deserved; "a stroke of business," Warren Chauncey christened it, but the ugly fact remained, call it by whatever name one would, and the young lawyer shrank from it at first with conscientious horror. Warren had one quality which, unperverted, would have been a virtue, the quality of patience. He was willing to spin his web and give his prospective fly ample time to enter his parlor. The scheme must be built upon a safe foundation of caution—an impulsive schemer could never carry it through successfully, so he bided his time and kept on spinning.

He understood the power of wine on the finer scruples of humanity. He frequently, now, took his young friend out to dinner, always seeking those places where liquors were served and freely indulged in by the patrons. While Alec had never taken any total abstinence vows which would stand at his defense in just such a time of temptation, he had always been taught the evils of the wine cup and to shun it.

He persistently refused to join Chauncey in his noonday glass, and as persistently did Chauncey try to override his scruples. He had been working too hard. He needed a tonic. A glass of wine with his dinner would invigorate him. Such was the argument he used. What would his mother think? He dismissed the thought. One glass could not harm. Ah! it was that one glass, that little step, that weakened his whole moral nature. Next time it was easier to yield. With Chauncey as his constant companion it was now the regular thing to include wine in their noon repast. As they talked over the questionable scheme Chauncey repeated his plausible councils, which, sinking into the consciousness of the ambitious young man, were slowly but surely searing over his conscience. The scheme began to look more feasible and less open to objection as he pondered its details and thought longingly of the golden results of success. He did not write to his mother those days; he could not, and he tried to forget her and her teachings as far as he could.

The Easter season approached while he was in this state of indecision. He very seldom went to church now, especially since he had become intimate with Warren Chauncey. The very atmosphere of a church was in itself a reproach, and the solemn hush, the odor of the flowers and the sound of prayer were intolerable to him in some of his restless moods.

Warren Chauncey was out of town for the day, or the young men would doubtless have been together, as usual, upon their Sunday morning stroll. As it was, Alec Hunter was free to enjoy the beautiful day and its attendant good influences without the sneering remarks of the hardened worldling filtered through them.

The church bells began to ring "Come, come, come to church, come to church, come, come."

"Well, if the very bells haven't taken up the Easter tone," he said to himself. "I believe I'll go. It's been an age since I have been to church."

It chanced that in the very seat in front of him sat a lady who reminded him of his mother; the resemblance was startling at first, and he became absorbed in the study of her face.

His mother had been in his thoughts when he entered, and it seemed as if his thought of her had been answered by her very presence as he encountered the backward glance of the lady in the forward pew.

The peace and joy of the service seemed enveloping him about like a garment, when, like an ugly hissing thing, the thought of Warren Chauncey came to him.

"It is a nice, respectable way enough of spending a dull day," he had said one Sabbath, as together they had watched the streams of people taking their ways to the churches. "It is a good cloak, this piety, to guard one against too prying eyes."

This speech came to his mind just as the face before him turned a little, giving him a better view.

There was a rapt expression upon it which reminded him still more of his mother.

Her piety had been real—a cloak to keep her warm, a lamp to guide her feet, a holy influence to permeate every action of her life; he knew that well, and he believed the lady before him was like her.

With the thought of Warren came the memory of the questionable scheme into which he was being drawn.

"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

He started. No one had spoken, yet memory and conscience had voiced themselves in the familiar words almost audibly.

He seemed to see his mother's pale, tear-stained face as he had seen it last in the little cottage home. His wavering resolution crystallized in that moment to a stern resolve to say no once and for all, to the tempter.

Nay, more, he would no longer expose himself to the temptations which this man's constant companionship entailed. He would send for his mother, and they would have their home together, humble as it might be, and he would be no longer homeless.

When the service was over the lady turned to him with a welcoming smile and introduced herself.

"We are glad to see you here," she said, warmly, as she offered her hand; "come again and worship with us."

It was so little to do, the hearty word of welcome to a stranger, but the touch of her motherly fingers thrilled away down to his heart, strengthening the resolves he had made as well as the link which would in future bind him to that particular church.

He went out from it a stronger and a better man, an Easter harmony awakened in his soul which would echo out through all his future life.—Union Signal.

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

WHEN the liquor business goes the devil's throne will begin to totter.—Ram's Horn.

THE screen in the saloon door is the snare that hides the devil's trap.—National Temperance Advocate.

"I WOULD rather be a dog and bay the moon" than to be a liquor-selling landlord and obey the devil.—Attila, in Lever.

WHEN a liquor man can lead a Christian by the nose, he doesn't want to hear the fellow talk of the power there is in religion.—Facts.

ACCORDING to the British Medical Journal, the medical superintendent of Burghill asylum states that more people were in the asylum through cider drinking than through any other cause.

THE great evil of intoxicating drink is now acknowledged by all the organs of public opinion, for it is established beyond legitimate question that it undermines the health, enfeebles the mind, separates the husband and wife, and sometimes wrecks entire families.—Father E. M. Griffin, Catholic Chicago.

You may reform a liar, but you cannot reform a lie. You may reform a drunkard, but you cannot reform "the drink." Total abstinence from lying is the only cure for a liar. Total abstinence from alcohol is the only certain cure for a drunkard. A lie is a lie, whether a wee little one or a thumper; alcohol is poison, whether by the barrel or by the smallest glass.—The Index.

Beer Will Rot Anything.

The head bar-tender of a well-known saloon says he knows a number of cases where beer drawers have, in addition to losing several fingers of both hands, lost the use of both members. "Beer will rot iron, I believe," he added. "I know, and every bar-tender knows, that it is impossible to keep a good pair of shoes behind the bar. Beer will rot leather almost as rapidly as an acid will eat iron. If I were a temperance orator I'd ask what must beer do to men's stomachs if it eats away men's fingers and shoe leather. I'm here to sell it, but I won't drink it; not much."—Temperance Nerve.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—All Irish peers not peers of parliament are eligible for seats in the house of commons and may represent any borough, county or university in England or Scotland, but not in Ireland.

—Arbor day has been celebrated in Nebraska by the planting of over a million trees between sunrise and sunset. Premiums for the largest plantings were offered by societies and individuals.

—A remarkable coincidence occurred in the death of William Crossley and John Howell, two pioneers of Stockbridge, Mich. Both died the same night, and a few years ago their wives passed away the same day.

—James Buchanan, a fisherman, living on the Duwomish river, in Washington, has recently been bequeathed $15,000 by a Texas cattle raiser. Buchanan was formerly a cowboy on the cattleman's ranch, and saved the lives of the wife and child of his employer.

—The more the battle ship Indiana is tested, the more the opinion of experts is obtained regarding her, the more clearly is the fact demonstrated that the United States of America have at this moment the most powerful instrument of marine warfare on the terraqueous globe.

—W. A. J. Glidewell, ex-sheriff of Franklin county, Ind., died the other day from a curious combination of causes. A new shoe chafed his foot and inflammation followed, resulting in gangrene. Sympathetic pneumonia completed the chain of unlucky circumstances and proved fatal.

—An immense fissure in the earth has made its appearance on the top of Iron mountain, North Carolina and Tennessee, on the Bakersville road. This opening is six to twelve feet wide and runs along on the summit for the entire length of the mountain, which is several miles. It is supposed to have been caused by the recent rains.

—An analysis of 2,000 accident policies on which benefits were paid shows 551 persons injured by falls on pavements, 243 by carriages or wagons, 75 by horse kicks or bite and 47 by horseback riding; 117 were cut with edge tools or glass, 96 were hurt by having weights fall on them, and 76 were hurt in bicycle accidents, while 72 were hurt by falling downstairs.

HORSES AND FLUTES.

How the Sybarites' Enemies Are Said to Have Won a Battle.

Born originally in Greece, it had its renascence in Italy, and Grisoni and Fiaschi must be acknowledged the true fathers of the art, however ready we may be to admit that the courts of Francis I. and Henry IV., by early adoption of the offspring, adorned its development with the courtly grace, luster and urbanity of French influence, which made the menage the art of the princes, as another nation and age made hawking the sport of kings.

"They say," wrote Ben Johnson, "princes learn no art truly but the art of horsemanship. The reason is, the brave beast is no flatterer. He will throw a prince as soon as his groom."

The Greek theory of education, as we find it in Plato, was of a twofold kind: "One of gymnastics relating to the body, the other of music for the sake of a good state of the soul;" briefly, as Mr. Pater expresses it, "a gymnastic fused in music." This system of education the Greeks applied no less to the training of horses than of men. In the earliest extant treatise on riding, Xenophon pointed out that horsemanship, like dancing, was dependent fundamentally on the play impulse, that for anything to be done well it must be done for pleasure; "what the horse does under compulsion is done without understanding, and there is no beauty in it any more than if one should whip and spur a dancer." The horse must become an artist, too, in his manner, and use his limbs with rhythmical freedom.

So far was this carried that Athenaeus relates how the Sybarites taught even their horses to dance at their feasts to the music of the flute; and on one occasion their enemies put their knowledge of this habit to humorous account, by taking out flute players to battle and winning the cavalry over to their side by causing the horses to dance to a favorite air, just as the Pied Piper played the rats of Hamelin into the Weser.—London Quarterly Review.

He Was Suspicious.

"Pardner," said Derringer Dan, "you'll excuse me, but I'll have to quit you. I ain't a-playin' no more poker this evenin'."

"But you have a lot of chips yet," remarked the young man from the east.

"I know it. And I'm goin' ter cash 'em in, too. You look like a tenderfoot, an' ye talk like one. But I've heard o' people that got buncoed and bought gold bricks even ef they did read the newspapers, an' orter to knowed better."

"I really don't quite follow you."

"I had four nine-spots a little while ago."

"Did you?"

"Sartin'. An' ye didn't do a thing but say ye'd stay out. Then I had a flush an' ye said the same. I got four kings an' an ace, an' ye laid down yer hand ez usual."

"That was remarkable."

"'Remarkable' don't seem to quite cover the ground fur me. Pardner, I don't say yer workin' one o' these here Roentgen ray outfits on me. All I say is that I ain't a-playin' no more poker this evenin'."—Washington Star.

What It Meant.

A little maiden of seven years attended the wedding of an elder brother. The Episcopal service, heard for the first time, made a deep impression on her mind. A few days after she called to see the bride, and found her sitting on her husband's lap. Looking at them wistfully for a few moments, she exclaimed: "Oh, yes; I see—to have and to hold."—N. Y. Journal.

GOT EVEN WITH TORMENTORS.

How a Practical Joker Turned the Tables on a Bevy of Pretty Girls.

A San Francisco gentleman came to this city a short time since, and with his wife quartered at a fashionable boarding house. They were a very jolly couple, and soon made friends with all the inmates, among whom were a number of young ladies. The gentleman was, as one of the young ladies said, "an awful tease," and took great delight in playing all sorts of harmless jokes on the young ladies, telling the young men that marriage was a failure and in other ways endeavoring to keep them out of the toils of matrimony, and, in short, keeping up an everlasting "joshing."

The young ladies determined to get even on him when he went away on the steamer, so all went down to see him and his wife off. Now, although he had been married to his second wife some two years, they were a fine-looking couple, and might easily be taken for a newly-wedded pair. To give all the people on the steamer the idea that they were just married and starting out on their bridal tour was the way the young ladies planned to get even. They procured a lot of rice and poured it in every crevice about the baggage of the couple, and in their pockets and among their wraps, so that rice dropped from them at every step.

One of the young ladies, who was acquainted with the officers of the steamer, explained the situation to them and secured their aid in carrying out the plot, and also a promise that the delusion should be kept up all the way to San Francisco. They then scattered rice about the stateroom of the "bride and groom" and all over the deck in front, and when the go-ashore gong sounded they just emptied their vials of rice on the unfortunates and started ashore.

The man was paralyzed for a moment, but, "catching on," he said: "Well, if this is a bridal party it is my duty to kiss all the ladies," and he went for them then and there, and he kissed them right and left, not hap-hazard, but squarely on the mouth every time, with resounding smacks which could be heard clear up on the wharf. Such an uproar had not been heard at the steamer dock since the prerailroad days.

The last to be saluted had escaped half way down the gangway, but the "bridegroom" rushed down after her, nearly knocking overboard "the last man," who was just coming up, and he kissed her the hardest of all. "They sailed away with the fair young bride" and the young ladies returned to their boarding house and have ever since been trying to decide who the joke was on.—Portland Oregonian.

UP-TO-DATE TEA GOWNS.

The Two Essentials Are Pretty Colorings and Materials Which Drape Softly.

In no gown does a woman appeal so strongly to a man as in a wrapper. There is an air of homeness, of for-us-alone, which appeals to him whenever he sees a wrapper-gowned woman.

Knowing this, women regret that etiquette does not allow the donning of wrappers outside of one's room. Nor would an arrangement of this sort be feasible, since it is the very exclusiveness of the wrapper which makes it so attractive.

A compromise between wrapper and street gown is made, however, in the tea gown. That garment has the long, clinging lines of the wrapper, the soft-draped sleeves and the flowing train. At the same time it is tight-fitting about the waist, as demanded by Dame Fashion for all gowns in which the weaker sex robes itself for appearance before men.

These general lines, set down above, are followed in all garments of this character. But so varied are the details of each that tea gowns are as diverse as the flowers of the field and quite as beautiful.

A front of chiffon, soft silk or net, draped softly, is indispensible to all up-to-date tea gowns. A band of shirring or ribbon gathers this front at the waist.

The craze for Louis jackets having affected all female apparel, tea gowns are made with elongated jackets, which open in broad revers each side the front and spread in the back to a magnificent train.

Sleeves are of several designs, all unique and exceedingly long. The mosquetaire sleeve is much favored, while cuffs conceal the hand. One charming sleeve was gored and flounces of narrow lace were inserted in the seams. The bottom of the sleeves spread out into a bell, pointed, and edged with lace. This finish, by the way, is much used on all negligee sleeves.

Persian, or printed warp silk, is the popular material, if so expensive a stuff could ever become popular. In lieu of it a soft challie may be used. This material is now to be scenred in Persian colors and is altogether attractive for the make-up of a tea gown.

As a hint to my sisters whose purses are lean let me say that the beauty of a tea gown depends not upon the price of the material used. I have known an exceedingly charming affair to be made of material that cost but 15 cents a yard. All one needs are pretty colorings and stuff that drapes softly.—Chicago News.

Is It Quite Fair.

"It doesn't seem quite fair," he said thoughtfully.

"What doesn't?" asked his companion, feeling that he was expected to say something.

"The division of labor between New York and London relative to this matter of marrying and giving in marriage. All of the giving is done on this side of the ocean and it's time that the young men over here had a chance at the marrying."—Chicago Post.

Left Out in the Cold.

"Jacques, how is it you never bring any good marks home from school?"

"Oh, papa, there are such a lot of us that when my turn comes there are none left."—La Famille.

FIGHTING MOTHS IN CARPETS.

Liquids Which Are Repugnant to the Destroyer of Woven Goods.

Carpets were never cheaper nor better than now, but until times are better we shall have to take care of our old carpets. The moth is the great enemy to be fought and defeated. There are efficacious remedies. One is to steep one-fourth of a pound of cayenne pepper in one gallon of water, then adding two drachms of strychnia powder. Strain and pour this into a shallow vessel, such as a large tinned-iron milk pan. Roll the carpet up and set each end alternately in this mixture for ten minutes, or long enough to insure the saturation of its edges for about an inch. Do this after beating the carpet. The ends should likewise be treated. Be sure the carpet is dry before tacking down, as the wet poison might injure the fingers while tacking. When done with the liquid throw where it possibly cannot harm anybody, or bottle and label for future use, marking it "Carpet moth poison." This preparation will not stain the carpet nor corrode metals in contact with the carpet.

Another mixture calls for one pound of quassia chips, one-fourth of a pound of cayenne pepper, steeped in two gallons of water, strained and used as above.

When the carpet to be treated is not to be taken up, spray ends, edges, margins and corners with the atomizer. Perhaps two or three applications might be better than one with the atomizer.

The carpet moth loves the bindings and margins of a carpet. Ingrains or three-plys may be treated successfully while down by wringing a cloth out of hot water, laying it over the bindings and edges and ironing with a hot iron. This will destroy both moth and eggs. This method is not effectual with moquettes or other heavy carpets, as the heat will not sufficiently penetrate them, besides which, ironing injures the pile of velvets; still, the tacks can be drawn occasionally and the carpet laid over on its edge, one side at a time, and steamed on the wrong side. Then wipe the floor under the carpet as far as the arm can reach with hot cayenne tea. Also wipe the edge and bindings of carpet with a hot rag, rubbing hard before renailing. Some recommend sprinkling salt around the sides of the room before nailing down the sides of the carpet, but this seems wrong, because the salt will surely attract too much moisture.

Be on the lookout for the Buffalo carpet beetle as early in the year as February and March. Look out for them on the windows and window sills, and over all woolen clothing not in frequent use. The moth has a special liking for red carpet. But the pest comes also later in the year, being sometimes brought into the house in flowers. It has a particular love for the blossoms of the spirea. It is a good plan, where the moths are unusually bad to saturate the floor with benzine, or preferably, we think, with spirits of turpentine, which is not so inflamable nor volatile, and then lay newspapers down under the carpet. This prevents an attack from the underside. It is important to remember that the moth always abhors the light, which is death to the eggs and larvae, and is really the best thing with which to circumvent them.

Corrosive sublimate and alcohol in the proportions of 60 grains of the former to one pint of the latter is useful for treating the edges of the seams of the carpet where the pest is bad, but the poison is so deadly that great caution is required in its use, especially where babies are around.

The moths deposit their eggs in the early spring. This, therefore, is the season to put away furs and woolen goods for the summer. It is not the moth, but the larvae, that does the harm. Thoroughly beat the goods with a rattan and air them for several hours in the sunlight if possible. Wrap up in a newspaper perfectly tight. If this work is done properly there will be no need of an air-tight chest or cedar chest. Moths do not have any fear of cedar or moth balls, but they will not go through paper or cotton textiles. Indeed, a cotton bag or other wrapping is just as good as paper. Once a month take out the goods and examine them in the sunlight and give them a good beating. When the moths are not so bad, as in some seasons and localities, this monthly inspection may not be necessary. But this is really the fur dealers' secret of preserving their stock. Camphor is bad for fur, as it impairs their beauty by turning them light. Camphor may be sprinkled among the woolens, but secure wrapping in paper or cotton is good enough. The above method may be used to preserve feathers also.—Good Housekeeping.

Science to the Rescue.

The curtain was up on the first scene, but the characters did not appear. In their stead the stage manager glided in and looked over the footlights. "For years," he pleasantly remarked, "we have talked of elevating the stage. You will now see it done." He waved his hand toward the prompt side and almost instantly the stage slowly rose. When it had reached a height of perhaps six feet the manager, with another gesture, stopped it. "If any gentleman in the audience is still unable to see the stage," he affably remarked, "let him speak right up and we'll cheerfully give her another hoist." Then a shrill voice arose from the back row. "Just a couple o' feet more, Mr. Manager," said the voice, "an' I'll have the ha-ha on this dum algrette in front of me!" Then the play went on.—Cleveland Post.

Appreciated.

"I owe more comfort," said Mr. Johnson, "to my shoemaker than I do to any other man."

"Why, how is that," said Mr. Billings, "when you are always complaining about tight shoes?"

"Well, every evening when I take off my shoes and put on my slippers, the comfort I feel is simply intense."—Sunny Hour.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Prof. Albert Koebele, of California, has made a three years' contract with the Hawaiian government to destroy the insect pests of the islands. His method is to get insects harmless to man to kill noxious insects.

—X rays are to be applied to practical agriculture. Dr. Graetz, of Munich, has taken a picture of a one-day-old pig, showing its bony structure. By continuing to make pictures of the pig the action of food on its growth will be shown.

—New possibilities in the use of the Roentgen rays have been discovered by Dr. Frenzel, of Berlin. Twelve sheets of bromide of silver paper laid one upon the other were placed in the holder and the picture of a frog taken. The image was equally well defined on each sheet.

—In Germany last year ships of 101,402 registered tons were built, against 117,621 tons in 1894. This is a considerable advance as compared with 1892, with but 48,208 tons, and 1893 with 66,474 registered tons. The report does not include the ships built in the government yards.

—Russia is publishing the construction of the Tiflis Kars railway as fast as possible, and will probably have it completed by August next. It will enable her to carry an army from the Caucasus to the doors of Turkish Armenia. The line is 190 miles long, and is already built as far as Alexandrapol, 50 miles from Kars.

—Dr. Pize, of Montelinar, France, has discovered a new anaesthetic. He has found that by injecting gualacol under the skin in small doses operations can be performed without pain. A committee appointed by the academy of medicine has inquired into the value of the discovery, and has congratulated Dr. Pize upon his achievement.

—Each instrument excels in some particular passage, the piano in scale passages, the harp in arpeggio, the mandolin in the rapid repetition of one note, the banjo in the rapid playing of broken chords, and so with other instruments, but the violin can beat them all on their own ground, while there is much violin music that can be played on no other instrument.

—English is the language that has altered most. Regarded merely as a Teutonic language, it is farthest removed from the parent stock. It is descended from the Saxon, which is the parent of low German and Dutch, and, as it were, the grandparent of English. But besides the Teutonic part, which is the groundwork of the language, it has suffered all the effects of a lengthy Roman occupation.

THERE ARE FEW IDEAL SPRINGS.

Practical Aspect of the Season as Compared with Poets' Fancies.

The poets are largely responsible for the popular notion that the normal spring should be all sunshine, mildness and flowers, instead of the mixture of cold and warmth and alternate storm and fairness which it usually is. Occasionally, however, a poet has "caught on" to the actual facts. It is common, especially in this latitude, to regard each particular spring as later and more disagreeable than any of its predecessors. But backward springs are not novelties, as Lowell showed when he made Hosea Bigelow say:

"I rather like our backward springs
That kind o' haggle with their greens and things."

The truth is, spring is a very indefinite quantity and neither bird, beast nor man is its accurate prophet. Every year about March time people are seized with wonder at the backwardness of the season—wonder not unmoved with irritation. "Loud were the recent denunciations at its dilatoriness. Never was the month such a lion before! Yet if my memory serves me aright we had a flurry of snow on April 17 of last year and, in many preceding years during the first week of that month, I have tracked the footprints of the rabbit in the snow." It seems not to be a question of comparison, however. Winter, before it is through, drags on the best of us. We want the warmth, the verdure and the birds again before we have lived out the allotted term of cold and snow, and so, each year, we rebel.—Boston Transcript.

A Queen's Scientific Experiments

The king of Portugal and his entire court are rejoicing over the zeal and industry with which Queen Amelie is devoting herself to the study of the Roentgen light. Her majesty puts in all her time now in photographing King Carlos and the ladies and gentlemen of the court in order to discover what their skeletons are like. For several years the queen has been a rapt student of medicine, and in her enthusiastic pursuit of medical science and by her experiments has reduced some of her ladies in waiting almost to death's door. Now that the queen has a new hobby, the Portuguese court rejoices, especially the king, as the queen was always insisting upon his trying new methods discovered by herself for reducing his growing corpulency. It is even said that in consequence the king's gratitude to Roentgen the professor is to be invited to the court at Lisbon, and will receive a high decoration from his majesty.—Washington Times.

Vulgarizing Roentgen Rays.

Roentgen rays are becoming vulgarized rapidly. Prof. Brouardel, of the municipal laboratory of Paris has used them to find the contents of infernal machines, and has seen nails, screws, cartridges and even the grains of powder in a bomb. An Englishman asserts that he can tell pure claret from adulterated by the use of the rays. In Berlin they have been introduced in a new farce. An English photographer, who sent out a picture of a foot showing an imbedded needle, received a telegram from a customer, saying: "Photograms received very tame. Send more sensational ones, such as interior of belly, buckbone, bralas, liver, kidneys, heart, lungs, soul."—N. Y. Sun.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1896.

IT IS becoming more and more apparent that the Democratic party isn't even a one-idea party.

SOME of our Democratic friends tell us that McKinley is not sound on the money question. Well let us see. When ex-Governor Campbell said he was "willing to chance it on free silver," Major McKinley said: "I will clearly and unequivocally say to you that my voice and influence are in favor of the best money that the ingenuity of man has devised. The people are not prepared to indulge in the speculation of free and unlimited coinage."

DEMOCRATIC McKinley clubs are being organized in Connecticut. It is not strange that many Democrats are willing to vote for McKinley in Connecticut. No State in the Union was benefited more by the McKinley bill. Had the law not been repealed her mills would be still running on full time and her farmers would find a ready market for their produce at good prices. But Cleveland the great "I am" was elected and the McKinley law was repealed and Connecticut's industries were paralyzed. It is not surprising to learn from the Hartford *Post* that even Democrats are preparing to vote for Mr. McKinley.

HENRY Ward Beecher once said: "In the United States every worthy citizen reads a newspaper and owns the paper which he reads. A news, paper is a window through which men look out on all that is going on in the world. Without a newspaper a man is shut up in a small room and knows little or nothing of what is happening ontside of himself. In our day a newspaper keeps pace with history and records it. A good newspaper will keep sensible men in sympathy with the world's current history. It is and ever unfolding encyclopedia—an unbound book forever issuing an never finishing."

A Juror's Sharp Retort.

The New York juror who on being reprimanded for inattention to the case he was supposed to be trying rose and rebuked the lawyers in charge of it for "asking silly questions and wasting time," did the State some service. He expedited the trial of the case by stopping the lawyers' flow of irrelevant talk and he vindicated the right of intelligent citizens to be intelligent even in the jury-box. The pratice of trying to befog jurymen, puzzle witnesses and win a case by chicanery is much too common among a certain class of lawyers not only in New York but elsewhere and it is a standing reproch to our judicial system that so much of it is permitted. It would soon be ended, however, if all jurors were as well aware of their rights and as ready to claim them as was Mr. Twombly. The last thing a lawyer wishes to do is to gain the ill-will of the jury, and if he finds that pettifogging is having that effect he will soon stop pettifogging.

Dissolution of Partnership.

This is to give notice that Nethken Bros., doing a general mercantile business at Deer Park, Md., has been dissolved by mutial consent.

All accounts have been placed in the hands of F. R. Nethken & Co., for settlement which must be either settled by note or cash immediately.

11-3t* NETHKEN BROS.

MR. WELLINGTON'S OPINION.

Maryland's Delegation to St. Louis Solid for McKinley.

A special from Washington to Friday's Pittsburg *Times*, says:

Senator-elect Wellington, of Maryland, to-night, on behalf of the delegates to St. Louis from this State, made an important statement in regard to the position of the delegation at the convention. "The claim had been made," he said, "that Major McKinley will command only one or two votes among our delegates. The statement is unfounded. Major McKinley will recive the solid support of the delegation. We believe that he will be nominated; in fact we cannot see how his selection can be prevented and to a unit we are ready to support him from the first to the last ballot. There is no doubt in our minds but Major McKinley is a sound money man. We could never reconcile ourselves to the candidacy of any one who countenances free silver legislation, and our stand is not taken without complete investigation. We are satisfied that Major McKinley is an enemy of free silver in every sense of the word, and the adherents of the gold standard who fear silver legislation, may rely upon his position on the financial issue. The St. Louis convention in our judgment will adopt a sound money platform. The Maryland delegation will go St. Louis with a distinct candidate in view for the Vice Presidential nomination. We are prepared to support Gov. Lowndes for second place, and we hope to secure his selection. He will make an excellent running mate to Maj. McKinley, as the views of the two gentlemen on leading issues are entirely harmonious. Let there be no mistake as to our position on account of the absence of instructions at our State convention. We did not desire to precipitate action but wished our delegates to deliberate untrameled. After a careful analysis of the situation we have arrived at our conclusion and believe that it is wise and logical."

The *Times* comments editorially: "Senator Wellington declares that the Maryland delegation to St. Louis will vote solidly for McKinley whose record in favor of sound finance and for adequate protection he says is entirely acceptable to the Republicans of his State. This is notice to Platt and Quay that the jig is up and that the only thing left for them to do now is to make McKinley's nomination by acclamation.

Millinery and Dress Making,

Just opened, at Mountain Lake Park, by Mrs. A. L. Pierce. First-class work guaranteed. Will carry a full line of

STAPLE GOODS.
HATS TRIMMED to ORDER,

on short notice. Miss B. C. McAndrews will superintend the business. Her long experience as a skilled workman fits her for the work. Call and see our goods. Oakland Avenue and L St. 1-3

Estate of Charlotte Sanders, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the subscriber, of Preston County, W. Va., hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

CHARLOTTE SANDERS,

late of Garrett County, Maryland, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 8th day of October next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 28th day of April 1896.

JOHN S SANDERS
8—3 Rowlesburg, W. Va.

CHAPTER 377.

AN ACT To repeal and re-enact with amendments Section 91 of Article 12 of the Code of Public Local Laws, title, "Garrett County," sub-title, "Election Districts."

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland that Section 91 of Article 12 of the Code of Public Local Laws, title "Garrett County," sub-title "Election Districts," be and the same is hereby repealed and re-enacted with amendments so as to read as follows:

Garrett county is divided into twelve election districts according to the present bounds and limits and elections for public officers shall be held in each of said districts at the place heretofore established by law, except in election district number eleven, in which district the polling or voting place shall be removed from the residence of George Warnick to the residence of Peter McIntyre.

Approved April 4, 1896.

FOR SALE.

The farm belonging to Elizabeth Maley, situated two miles north of Deer Park adjoining the lands of Jack Cooper, Fundenberg, Miller and Rawlesson. Contains 107½ acres, about 60 acres cleared, and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the premises. 52 tf

NORMAL SCHOOLS.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS OF
GARRETT COUNTY.

OAKLAND, MD., May 14, 1896.

The normal schools for Garrett County, for the summer of 1896 will be held as follows:

At Oakland, in charge of Prof. C. D. Smith; at Accident, in charge of Prof. R. R. Sanner, and at Selbysport in charge of Prof. Geo. B. Frazee. The school at Oakland will open June 15, 1896, and at Accident June 22, one week later, and run for a term of ten weeks.

For further information apply to C. D. Smith, Oakland, Md.; R. R. Sanner, Contineo, Pa., and Geo. B. Frazee, Mackleysburg, Pa.

WM. HINEBAUGH,
Secretary.

11-3.

Public Local Laws.

CHAPTER 450.

AN ACT To incorporate the town of Loch Lynn Heights, in Garrett County, Maryland.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That the citizens of the town of Loch Lynn Heights, in Garrett County be and are hereby created a body corporate by the name of the Mayor and Council of Loch Lynn Heights with all the powers and privileges of a body politic and corporate and by said name may have perpetual succession; sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded in any Court of law or equity, and may have and use a common seal.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, that the corporate limits of said town shall be as follows: Beginning at the south line of the lands of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company and at the crossing known as the Jane on crossing, and at the west side of the County road known as the Wonderly road, and running thence along said County road and Jane on line, south 71.1 degrees west 11.6 feet to a stake thence south 61 degrees west 66 feet, thence south 39 degrees east 132 feet, thence south 71½ degrees east 594 feet, thence south 42 degrees east 720 feet, thence south 45½ degrees east 1088 feet, thence south 18 degrees east 8 0 feet to the corner of W. T. Jane on's fence, thence south 28 degrees east 240 feet to the grand Boulevard as shown on the map of Loch Lynn Heights, which is duly recorded, thence along said Boulevard easterly to the west side of Price St., thence along said Price street, south 26½ degrees east 23.5 feet, thence north 63¼ degrees west 580 feet to the County road, thence with and including the County road by the meanders thereof in a northerly direction to the south line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company's lands, thence along said line of the said Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company's lands in a westerly direction to the beginning.

SEC. 3. And be it further enacted, that all persons over twenty-one years of age, and who have resided within said corporate limits for the period of six months preceding any election of officers for this corporation shall be entitled to vote at such election. The elective officers of said town shall be a Mayor, six Councilmen, a Clerk, Treasurer and a Chief Bailiff all of whose terms of office shall be three years as hereinafter provided. No person shall be eligible to the office of Councilman or Mayor unless he is a male citizen of said town and owns in his in real estate within the corporate limits thereof. In case any person having been elected as Mayor or Councilman shall cease to be a resident or free-holder in said corporation, he shall immediately cease to hold or exercise said office and it is hereby declared vacant and shall be filled as hereinafter provided. The Mayor and Councilmen shall receive no pay for their services except the Mayor who shall be entitled to the fees hereinafter allowed.

SEC. 4. And be it further enacted, that until the first Monday in May, 1896, and until their successors are duly elected and qualified, A. H. Frey shall be and is hereby constituted Mayor and C. M. Rathbun, George P. White, Wm. W. Sweet, Geo. E. Conley, Abram H. Spiker and Benjamin F. Crane shall be and are hereby constituted Councilmen; and Chas. A. Combs shall be and is hereby constituted Chief Bailiff; and Edson Welch shall be and is hereby constituted Clerk; and Charles A. Ashby shall be and is hereby constituted Treasurer, that at the first election on the first Monday of May, 1896, there shall be elected two Councilmen for the term of one year, two for the term of two years and two for the term of three years, and there shall be two Councilmen elected annually thereafter for the term of three years.

SEC. 5. And be it further enacted, that the said Mayor and Council shall have the power to appoint judges and clerks of election, and such appointees so appointed an election by ballot on the first Monday of May in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, and annually thereafter, on the first Monday of May, at such place as shall have been designated by them between one o'clock p. m. and six o'clock p. m. for the election of all officers whose terms of office then shall have expired. The Mayor and Council shall give at least ten days notice of the time and place of holding such election by posting written or printed notices in at least six public and conspicuous places in said town, one of which places shall be the outer door of the room in which the regular meetings of the Council are held.

SEC. 6. And be it further enacted, that the Mayor shall preside at all meetings of the Council, and shall vote in case there be a tie, but shall not vote in any other case, except in the absence of the Mayor for any reason, the members of the Council present shall elect one of their own number to preside during his absence who shall, for the time being, be clothed with all the powers and authority of said Mayor. The Council shall pass rules and regulations for their government while in session, not inconsistent with the office of Mayor and Councilmen and be filled by a special election called by the remaining number of said Council and held within thirty days after such vacancy shall occur, after giving a similar notice to the one required for a general election, vacancies in any other office shall be filled at the next regular or annual election by appointment by said Council.

SEC. 7. And be it further enacted, that the Council shall meet in some convenient place in said town on or before the first Monday in June next succeeding their election, and as often thereafter as may be necessary in the discharge of the duties of their office, not less however, than once in every month. A majority of the Council shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business but a less number may adjourn to a further time.

SEC. 8. And be it further enacted, that the Clerk shall keep a minute of all proceedings of said Council in a well bound book which shall be open at all seasonable times in the inspection of any person interested therein, and he shall perform such other duties as the Council may assign him.

SEC. 9. And be it further enacted, that the Treasurer shall receive all monies belonging to said Corporation and safely keep the same and pay the same out only upon the order of the Mayor and Clerk; he shall also keep a correct account of all receipts and disbursements which shall be at all seasonable times open to the inspection of said Council or any member thereof.

SEC. 10. And be it further enacted, that the Mayor shall appoint such number of under Bailiffs and for such length of time as he may deem necessary; such appointment shall be made in writing and filed with the Clerk. The Council shall allow the Chief Bailiff, under Bailiffs, Clerk and Treasurer such compensation as they may deem proper.

SEC. 11. And be it further enacted, that all the elective officers of said Corporation shall, before they enter upon the discharge of the duties of their respective offices, take an oath that they will diligently and faithfully perform the duties of their respective offices without favor, partiality or prejudice, and said oath shall be filed among the records of the Corporation; that all said officers except the Mayor, may take such oath before the Mayor.

SEC. 12. And be it further enacted, that the Clerk, Chief Bailiff and Treasurer shall give bond to the Council with such penalties and such sureties as the Council may require conditioned for the faithful discharge of the duties of their respective offices.

SEC. 13. And be it further enacted, that the Judges and Clerks of election shall make and file a return of every election held by them and shall determine all questions aversing thereunder; but any person considering himself aggrieved by such decision may appeal therefrom to the Circuit Court of Garrett County, which Court shall hear and determine such appeal and decide who shall pay the costs thereof.

SEC. 14. And be it further enacted, that said Council may pass such ordinances not inconsistent with the law, as they may deem beneficial and necessary for the preservation of peace and good order and the enforcement of the provisions of this Charter and the best interests of the town; they may open and close streets, lanes and alleys and grade and pave the same and their rights, powers and duties in relation thereto shall be the same as is provided by the Code of Public General Laws of this State for opening, altering and closing public roads by the Board of County Commissioners or the right appeal to the Circuit Court for the County; they may cause the streets to be lighted, and suitable sidewalks to be made and kept in repair along said streets, and if the abutting lots are not improved by buildings the sidewalks shall be laid in conformity with the other sidewalks adjoining the same. Such sidewalks shall be kept in repair by the owners of the lots adjoining thereto or abutting thereon or at their cost and expense in case the work is done by the Mayor and Council shall be a lien on said property enforceable as other taxes; they may remove nuisances and obstructions from the streets, lanes and alleys, restrain all disorder and disturbances; prevent all congregations of disorderly persons in public places, apprehend all tramps and vagabonds, impose a tax on dogs and on fowls, hogs and other animals running at large in the streets or totally prohibit the same, and may impose fines and commit all offenders to the lock up or County jail until the same be paid with costs, and power and authority is hereby given to the Mayor and Council of Loch Lynn Heights, and it shall be their duty to enforce these provisions by fine, imprisonment or both.

SEC. 15. And be it further enacted, that the Council shall provide a suitable lockup within said corporate limits to which all persons arrested under these provisions may be committed pending their examination or trial or upon conviction of any violation of the provisions hereof.

SEC. 16. And be it further enacted, that the Council shall have the same powers as the State Board of Health, of this State, within the corporate limits of said town and ½ mile outside thereof in every direction, except where the same will invade or interfere with the corporate limits or authority of any other incorporated town or village, and they may pass such ordinances as they may deem necessary for the preservation of the health of the town, and the removal of all nuisances from or prohibition of all business within the corporate limits thereof as shall, in their opinion, injuriously affect the sanitary condition thereof.

SEC. 17. And be it further enacted, that they shall have full power to regulate privies and direct the character of boxes or other fixtures for them, and the mode in which they shall be emptied and contents removed, and the disposition made thereof and shall prohibit the construction and maintenance of privy sinks, cess pools or other depositories of filth within the corporate limits.

SEC. 18. And be it further enacted, that they may adopt suitable measures for the removal of sewerage and garbage or they may appoint annually a scavenger and prescribe his duties and fix his compensation, which shall be paid by a special tax for the purpose to be imposed on the owners of the respective buildings and collected thereon, and the same shall be a lien on said property and collected as other taxes are collected, and the Council may pass suitable ordinances to enable such scavenger to enter upon and remove all filth from the town, and provide how he shall dispose of the same, and may rescind such scavenger's bond for the faithful performance of his duties; provided that the special tax imposed to carry out the provisions of this section shall not exceed the sum of one quarter cent per month on any private house, to be paid by the owner thereof as aforesaid.

SEC. 19. And be it further enacted, that the said Council, as often as they may deem advisable, cause an assessment to be made of all the real and personal property within said town or the corporate limits thereof, which assessment shall not exceed the assessment of the same for State purposes, and the Council may thereupon levy such taxes on the one hundred dollars worth of assessable property in any one year.

SEC. 20. And be it further enacted, that the said Council shall meet on the first Monday in June after said assessment, to hear any person feeling themselves aggrieved by such assessment, and shall have power to pass or cause any such assessment as they may deem necessary.

SEC. 21. And be it further enacted, that whenever the Council shall levy a tax they shall cause to be made out an alphabetical list of the persons charged thereon and shall cause to be affixed the respective sums to be collected from such persons, and issue a warrant to the Chief Bailiff to collect the same.

SEC. 22. And be it further enacted, that the Chief Bailiff within ten days after the receipt of said list and warrant, render to each person named therein an account or tax bill, showing the amount due from him, if he be a resident of the town, and if he be a non-resident and in consequence cannot conveniently be served with said account or tax bill, he shall mail a copy thereof to his last known post office address of said person if known and if any taxes shall not be paid within twenty days after the rendition the account, the Chief Bailiff shall report to the Council a complete list of all tax payers who are delinquent, with a description of the property and the amount of tax due upon each, and the Council shall then proceed to advertise the property named by said list, for sale, and shall sell the same at public auction for the amount of taxes, interest and costs due on each piece of property after publication and notice of the time and place of sale for at least three weeks in some newspaper published in Garrett County.

SEC. 23. And be it further enacted, that the Mayor shall execute and deliver to the purchaser a deed of the property sold, and the said deed shall convey to the purchaser of said property and shall be prima facie evidence that all the necessary laws have been complied with in making assessments, levy, sale and deed, and notice of the delinquent owner or owners of said property or his or their grantee, mortgagee, assignee or legal representative shall be served upon the owner of the property sold, or left at his usual place of abode in the town, at least ten days before the day of sale; redeem such property by paying to the purchaser or his legal representative the whole amount of money paid or due him or so much thereof as may be required by the Mayor and Council, and interest thereon at the rate of seven per centum per annum on said title shall become absolute and indefensible.

SEC. 24. And be it further enacted, that the Chief Bailiff shall make all collections required of him and pay the same to the Clerk within six months from the time the same is placed in his hands, and the said Clerk shall immediately pay over to the Treasurer the collection and pay said tax over to the Treasurer.

SEC. 25. And be it further enacted, that the Chief Bailiff shall attend all meetings of the Council and perform such duties as they shall direct, he shall preserve the peace and good order of the town and for this purpose is invested with the same jurisdiction, power and authority as any Constable of Garrett County has under the laws of this State.

SEC. 26. And be it further enacted, that the Council shall provide suitable badges which shall be worn in plain view by the Chief Bailiff and under Bailiffs and other times when in the performance of the duties of their office, the duties of the under Bailiffs, when appointed, shall be only as the Chief Bailiff, and they shall be subject to his orders and directions. For that purpose they shall have all the power and authority here conferred on the Chief Bailiff.

SEC. 27. And be it further enacted, that the Mayor shall have all the power of a Justice of the Peace in criminal cases where the Mayor and Council are a party, and shall receive the same fees as allowed Justices of the Peace in similar cases, and an appeal from his decision where the fine imposed or the fees exceeds five dollars may be taken to the Circuit Court for the County which shall determine the matter as upon the appeal from the Justice of the Peace.

SEC. 28. And be it further enacted, that the Chief Bailiff shall have the same fees for making distress for taxes as are allowed County Collectors, and for making arrests or serving process for violating any ordinance of the corporation the same fees are allowed Constables for similar services, and when the Bailiff fails to discharge any of the duties of his office he may be fined not exceeding ten dollars for any one offence.

SEC. 29. And be it further enacted, that any fines, penalties or forfeiture imposed by this Charter or by any ordinance of the Council may be collected by proceedings in the name of the Mayor and Council before the Mayor or Justice of the Peace and his and Mayor or Justice of the Peace shall have the power to commit the offender to the lock up or County jail or Bailiff may seize the fine and forfeiture until the same shall be paid with costs.

SEC. 30. And be it further enacted, that the Council shall not expend or contract to expend in any one year more money than the amount receivable from taxes and other sources for that year.

SEC. 31. And be it further enacted, that that part of the several County roads within the limits of said town are hereby declared to be public streets and avenues of said town, and shall be from time to time improved and repaired as in the discretion of the Council the public interests of the town may require, and the records of the town will permit and justify.

SEC. 32. And be it further enacted, that the Council shall keep and annually publish a tabular statement of the receipts and expenditures of the funds of the corporation.

SEC. 33. And be it further enacted, that the Council shall have power to establish building lines on all the streets in said town which shall hereafter be opened thereon to compel all persons hereafter erecting buildings in said town, to conform thereto, and the said Council shall have the power to establish one limits and width of sidewalks on said streets; that the Council shall have the power to provide for the payment for damages and expenses of opening, widening and laying out, grading, improving and keeping in good condition the streets, lanes, alleys and sidewalks in the said town and for that purpose may levy and assess the property benefitted by such improvement and damages, provided that the property owners may appeal to the Circuit Court for Garrett county in like manner as other appeals are taken.

SEC. 34. And be it further enacted, that the said council shall have the power to license and regulate all hackney coaches, carriages, carts, drays, omnibuses, wagons and other vehicles kept for hire or hired in said town, and to license and regulate the location and conduct of livery stables.

SEC. 35. And be it further enacted, that the said council shall have the power to enact ordinances for the prevention of cruelty to animals and children and to fix the penalties for the violations thereof.

SEC. 36. And be it further enacted, that the said council shall have the power to fix by ordinance the discretion of all fines and penalties happening to the violation of any of the ordinance of said town.

SEC. 37. And be it further enacted, that the said council shall have the power to establish regulations for the prevention and extinguishment of fire, to appoint firemen and appoint, organize and equip fire companies and to fix the penalties for the violations of any fire regulation.

SEC. 38. And be it further enacted, that the said council shall have power to pass ordinances requiring all circuses or theatrical performances, shows, plays and public entertainments for which an admission fee is charged to take out a license before giving an exhibition in said town, and to fix the cost of said license and shall have power to pass all ordinances to provide for regulating pawn brokers and peddlers on the streets, alleys or sidewalks of said town.

SEC. 39. And be it further enacted, that the said council may provide by ordinance for the immediate arrest, without warrant, of any person violating any town ordinance when in the judgment of the said mayor or bailiff of the town the peace necessary to the issuing of warrants and the dangers to the peace and quiet of the town, or to the lives, limbs or property of the citizens and when issued appear and the offender is so intoxicated as to render it unsafe or improper to proceed before through the streets of said town and pay the fine and costs imposed upon him for the violation of any ordinance of said town, the said officer may take charge of such person and convey him to the lock up or County jail or lodge such person in some place of safety until such offender or offenders shall become sober, and the said Council shall subject the property so taken and sold to the payment of the costs of the proceedings and the keeping of said property until the same be released according to law.

SEC. 40. And be it further enacted, that all property in said corporate limits used only for agricultural purposes and which has been laid out in lots shall only be assessed as unimproved property and not as town lots, and the County Commissioners of Garrett County, upon the collection of the said Council of Loch Lynn Heights are authorized and directed to furnish to the said Council a tax levy list of all property assessed on their books.

SEC. 41. Provided that nothing in this Act contained shall in any manner interfere or control the rights, privileges and immunities now exercised and enjoyed by the corporation of Mountain Lake Park, and no license for the sale of intoxicating liquors, wines, ale, beer or drinks of like nature shall be granted within the corporate limits of Loch Lynn Heights except in the immediate vicinity of the same for the local purposes, and the Council as aforesaid exceeding ninety cents on the one hundred dollars worth of assessable property in any one year.

SEC. 42. And be it enacted, that the said Council shall meet on the first Monday in June after said assessment, to hear any person feeling themselves aggrieved by such assessment, and shall have power to pass or cause any such assessment as they may deem necessary.

SEC. 43. And be it further enacted, that whenever the Council shall levy a tax they shall cause to be made out an alphabetical list of the persons charged thereon and shall cause to be affixed the respective sums to be collected from such persons, and issue a warrant to the Chief Bailiff to collect the same.

SEC. 44. And be it further enacted, that the Chief Bailiff within ten days after the receipt of said list and warrant, render to each person named therein an account or tax bill, showing the amount due from him, if he be a resident of the town, and if he be a non-resident and in consequence cannot conveniently be served with said account or tax bill, he shall mail a copy thereof to his last known post office address of said person if known and if any taxes shall not be paid within twenty days after the rendition the account, the Chief Bailiff shall report to the Council a complete list of all tax payers who are delinquent, with a description of the property and the amount of tax due upon each, and the Council shall then proceed to advertise the property named by said list, for sale, and shall sell the same at public auction for the amount of taxes, interest and costs due on each piece of property after publication and notice of the time and place of sale for at least three weeks in some newspaper published in Garrett County.

SEC. 45. And be it further enacted, that the Mayor shall execute and deliver to the purchaser a deed of the property sold, and the said deed shall convey to the purchaser of said property and shall be prima facie evidence that all the necessary laws have been complied with in making assessments, levy, sale and deed, and notice of the delinquent owner or owners of said property or his or their grantee, mortgagee, assignee or legal representative shall be served upon the owner of the property sold, or left at his usual place of abode in the town, at least ten days before the day of sale; redeem such property by paying to the purchaser or his legal representative the whole amount of money paid or due him or so much thereof as may be required by the Mayor and Council, and interest thereon at the rate of seven per centum per annum on said title shall become absolute and indefensible.

SEC. 46. And be it further enacted, that the Chief Bailiff shall make all collections required of him and pay the same to the Clerk within six months from the time the same is placed in his hands, and the said Clerk shall immediately pay over to the Treasurer the collection and pay said tax over to the Treasurer.

SEC. 47. And be it further enacted, that the said council shall have the power to establish regulations for the prevention and extinguishment of fire, to appoint firemen and appoint, organize and equip fire companies and to fix the penalties for the violations of any fire regulation.

SEC. 48. And be it further enacted, that the said council shall have power to pass ordinances requiring all circuses or theatrical performances, shows, plays and public entertainments for which an admission fee is charged to take out a license before giving an exhibition in said town, and to fix the cost of said license and shall have power to pass all ordinances to provide for regulating pawn brokers and peddlers on the streets, alleys or sidewalks of said town.

SEC. 49. And be it further enacted, that the said council may provide by ordinance for the immediate arrest, without warrant, of any person violating any town ordinance when in the judgment of the said mayor or bailiff of the town the peace necessary to the issuing of warrants and the dangers to the peace and quiet of the town, or to the lives, limbs or property of the citizens and when issued appear and the offender is so intoxicated as to render it unsafe or improper to proceed before through the streets of said town and pay the fine and costs imposed upon him for the violation of any ordinance of said town, the said officer may take charge of such person and convey him to the lock up or County jail or lodge such person in some place of safety until such offender or offenders shall become sober, and the said Council shall subject the property so taken and sold to the payment of the costs of the proceedings and the keeping of said property until the same be released according to law.

SEC. 50. And be it further enacted, that all property in said corporate limits used only for agricultural purposes and which has been laid out in lots shall only be assessed as unimproved property and not as town lots, and the County Commissioners of Garrett County, upon the collection of the said Council of Loch Lynn Heights are authorized and directed to furnish to the said Council a tax levy list of all property assessed on their books.

SEC. 51. Provided that nothing in this Act contained shall in any manner interfere or control the rights, privileges and immunities now exercised and enjoyed by the corporation of Mountain Lake Park, and no license for the sale of intoxicating liquors, wines, ale, beer or drinks of like nature shall be granted within the corporate limits of Loch Lynn Heights except in the immediate vicinity of the same for the local purposes, and the Council as aforesaid exceeding ninety cents on the one hundred dollars worth of assessable property in any one year.

SEC. 52. And be it enacted, that neglect or misfeasance shall not work a forfeiture of this Charter.

SEC. 53. And be it further enacted, that this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved, April 1, 1896.

CHAPTER 461.

AN ACT To enable qualified voters of any election district in Garrett county to determine by ballot whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or liquor beer shall be sold in any such election district.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland that at the next election for members of Congress of the United States from the sixth congressional district of Maryland to be held in Garrett county on the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, there shall be held an election in any election district in said county, subject to the provisions hereinafter enacted to determine by ballot whether spirituous fermented or other intoxicating liquors shall be sold in said election district of the county aforesaid; and it shall be the duty of the sheriff of said county to make proclamation of such election in case of other elections held in this State under penalty in case of neglect or refusal to perform such duty as is now provided in the election laws of this State.

SEC. 2. And it shall be enacted that said election shall be held in accordance with the law governing general elections in this State, at which said election the ballots to be cast shall be printed upon the regular ballot sheet of said election, with the words "For License," or "Against License," and be printed in separate columns and the ballot so cast shall be received by the judges of election and deposited in the regular box provided by the said sheriff and counted by them who shall, within three days thereafter make a written return of the same, under their hands, seals part of the number of ballots so cast for or against license, to the sheriff of said county, who shall record the same and it shall be the duty of said clerk, within ten days after said election, to cause to be printed and published in one or more newspapers published in said county, once a week for two successive weeks, a proclamation of the result of such election in each of said districts of the county aforesaid.

SEC. 3. And be it enacted, that if it shall be found at such election and proclaimed by the said clerk of court, that a majority of the qualified votes have been cast "against license" in any of said election districts where the sale of liquor or other intoxicating spirits is now licensed by law, it shall not be lawful for any person or persons, firm, company or body corporate on and after the first day of May in the year succeeding said election to sell or otherwise dispose of by way of barter directly or indirectly any spirituous, fermented or other intoxicating liquors or beer, medicated bitters or spirituous liquors containing alcohol, in any quantity or any compound of which alcohol forms the chief or principal ingredient, or to obtain any license to be granted for the sale of the same in any such election district of the county aforesaid; provided that nothing herein contained shall be construed to prohibit any physician from prescribing any of the liquors above mentioned when necessary in any such prescription shall be filled only by a regular practicing physician of such district, whose name shall be registered in every case of

ECCLESIASTICAL COLUMN.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, pastor St. Paul's M. E. Church, Editor.

"Don't Swear."

Three habits are particularly disgusting to all good citizens and lovers of morality, to say nothing of christian disapproval. They are drunkenness, lying and profane swearing. The first and second named vices may be treated at some future time, but for the present the reader's attention is called to consider the sin of swearing.

There is before the writer a little pamphlet bearing the caption given to this article. It was the reading of this essay together with a little reflection and the remembrance of having heard upon our streets, more than once, "language impolite," that led to the publication of this article. For the general division of the subject the author claims no credit, having followed one who is an excellent authority, the Rev. H. C. Fisk, D. D., of Newark, N. J.

DON'T SWEAR.

1st. It is forbidden in God's word. The third commandment is very explicit against swearing, and our Savior enjoins us to let our "communication be yea, yea; nay, nay, for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil." Howsoever the non-christian, but especially the disbeliever may say, we do not accept God's word as the rule of our conduct. It may be sufficient to answer such by replying, that the mental or spiritual attitude of any or all impious persons does not in the least effect the great truth, God is, and his word is a revelation of his will to men. This word declares it to be a sin to take his name in vain. Therefore, regardless of unbelivers whosoever presumes to take God's name in vain does so despite the warning of God's word and must be prepared to suffer the consequences.

2nd. It is impious. It may be admitted that not everyone who uses profane language means to fly into the face of Almighty God and attempt to defame or defy him. Yet a moment's reflection will show this is just what the swearer does. Why is it that oaths and profanity come to the relief of the angry person? It is because "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and when the angry evil passions are stirred the bar of the door of the lips is let down and a torrent of horrible profanity pours forth to shock the ear. If, as some falsely claim, "there is no harm in swearing," why are profane words rather than harmless or innocent ones used by godless and wicked persons in expressing anger, malice and evil passion? It argues nothing but an awful state of depravity, to say some persons, even while they laugh and joke, intersperse their words with oaths. Instead of this being an argument for the harmlessness of this bad practice, it should cause us to shudder to know anyone could become so thoroughly enslaved to sin as to jest and make sport with it.

3rd. It is profitless. Someone has quaintly said, "He who swears bites on the devil's bare hook." Very young persons may imagine it adds weight to their words to liberally interlace them with oaths. Older and wiser heads, however, will regard any statement with suspicion which needs to be bolstered up with swearing.

"What does satan pay you for swearing?" said a pious man to a profane youth.

"He don't pay me anything," was the reply.

"Well," added the good man, "you work cheap. To lay aside the character of a gentleman, to inflict so much pain on your friends and civil people, to suffer so much in your conscience and to risk losing your soul, and all for nothing! You certainly do work cheap—very cheap indeed."

Nothing is to be gained; much is to be lost by everyone who indulges in the bad habit of swearing.

4th. It is ungentlemanly. It could also be added with fearful emphasis that it is unladylike. Once in a great while it has been the unfortunate experience of the writer to hear a female swear; but for the most part this sinful habit of swearing belongs to that part of the genus homo designated by the male gender.

Once it was altogether too common to hear men high in the affairs of state use profane language; thanks to the educating and refining influences of christianity, it is now considered low and vulgar for any person to use profane language in any public place.

Two incidents which are attributed to the life of Washington will show his attitude against swearing. "When a favorite general protested that 'By God' he could take such a point in an attack, Washington rebuked him to the face, replying, 'don't say "by God" general, but 'with the help of God.'"

"On a certain occasion a number of his officers were dining with him, when one of them uttered an oath. In an instant the general dropped his knife and fork, and in a firm undertone said, 'I thought we all supposed ourselves gentlemen'—a thrust which the swearer keenly felt."

5th. It is soul destroying. The latter clause of the third commandment, to which allusion has already been made, plainly declares "the Lord will not hold him guiltless, (i. e. he will hold him guilty) who taketh his name in vain. No other bad habit works so directly to make its victim peevish, fiercely angry, domineering and contentious (unless it be the drink habit) as the foolish and wicked practice of swearing; as this evil habit breaks down the swearer's character, he becomes more and more a prey to all manner of wickedness and sinks deeper and deeper into sin. Swearing, if indulged in for any length of time, becomes a fixed habit, and like other strong and fixed habits, controls its victim and sways him at will. No cry for mercy, no real penitence of heart can exist where heart and mouth are defiled with impious thoughts and profane utterances. He that cursseth God and dieth, dieth as the fool dieth and sinks into endless woe.

As every minister and religious teacher knows, the above is the merest epitome of what may be written showing the sinfulness of swearing. In a closing word may we not request every middle-aged man, every young man and every boy in Oakland to refrain from profane swearing, at least upon the streets and places of public resort, as at railroad depot, hotels, stores, etc. Children are naturally imitators, and many hearing a profane word from one who is a man in stature and years, will think it manly to imitate such a pernicious example. Let us all carefully and prayerfully seek to obey the injunction of the Savior "to swear not at all."

North Clade.

A favorable spring.

Prospects for fruit is excellent.

Oats sowing and potato planting about completed.

Sheep shearing is the order of the day with many.

Some of our principal wool growers are or at least have been Democrats.

A great amount of wool, we presume, will be kept on hands, until Maj. McKinley is elected.

Miss Maggie Fitzwater has been seriously ill, but we hope she will soon recover. Maggie is a good girl.

The funeral services of Estella Baldwin were postponed until the 14th of June, when Rev. C. E. Feather will be expected to preach the same.

Quarterly Meeting at this place will commence on Friday evening, 29th inst. A large attendance is expected. Our Sunday night meeting under the auspices of the Epworth League are very interesting.

A Card of Thanks.

At a meeting of the Oakland Fire Department held on May 9, 1896, a vote of thanks was given Daniel E. Offutt & Son for the rubber coats and helmets which he so kindly presented the Fire Department as a token of their appreciation of the brave work the "boys" performed on the night of the fire of the Shartzer store building, and a committee of three was appointed to thank the said Daniel E. Offutt & Son for their substantial remembrance.

We therefore ask the editors of the Oakland papers to allow us space in their columns to extend our sincere thanks to Messrs. Daniel E. Offut & Son for the coats and helmets and the spirit which prompted them to make the donation, which will be an incentive to us to keep up our organization.

A. G. ROSS,
ERNEST TOWNSHEND,
T. C. CLAGETT,
Committee.

The Mountain Lake Literary Society.

On Friday evening last the Mt. Lake Literary Society entertained a large and appreciative audience in the upper room of the auditorium, which was kindly placed at the disposal of the society by Supt. Rudisill for the occasion. The following was the program in full:

"Gossip," Mandolin and Guitar; Overture to Barber de Seville, Miss Ella Hocking and Messrs. Will Bar[illegible] and Ely Johnson; recitation, "[illegible]," by Gilbert Baumgardner; song, "A Sweet Branch of Daisies," Miss Helen Hayden; "Light Guard Quickstep," mandolin and guitar; recitation, "Mother Hood," E. C. Blakley; song, "No Eyes in Our Eyes," (quartette) E. C. Blakley, Ely Johnson, Will Baumgardner and Gran. Hayden; song (comic) "The X Rays," Grant Hayden; recitation, "A Little Girl's View of Life," Miss Gertrude Wheeler; recitation, (original) "No Use to Rely on Me," Charles Dawson; reading, "The Watchman's Story," Miss Elsen Hayden; recitation, "The Old Oaken Bucket," Gilbert Baumgardner; music, mandolin and guitar, "Maimie's Serenade;" recitation, "He Was Blind," Gilbert Baumgardner; paper by the editor, E. C. Blakely; song, "Good Night," by quartette.

While the performance reflected credit upon all the participants, we take special pleasure in speaking of the admirable manner in which Miss Wheeler recited the piece entitled, "The Little Girl's Story of Life." It is no easy matter for a young lady to impersonate a child. Miss Wheeler succeeded well in doing so.

Mr. Charles Dawson played his part in his usual inimitable manner and deserves the thanks of the society. The residents of the Park feel themselves indebted to the president, Miss Millie Clark, and all members of the society for the many entertainments during the long winter nights, which not only served to please, but also to break the dull monotony of last winter.

K.

Lost!

On Wednesday of last week, a party of ladies and gentlemen started from the Park on a pleasure trip. Madames Hayden and Hocking were chosen as chaperones. They selected a point near Swallow Falls for their picnic grounds. There were several of the party who knew just where Swallow Falls was located, notably the two chaperones. Oh, yes! they knew all about it; could not be mistaken in the route. So did Capt. James Smith, the driver of the conveyance which contained this precious load of merry makers. They passed through Oakland about 9 a. m.; as the wheels went rolling along the road toward their destination they were too happy to think of anything but themselves. Presently one more considerate of their future happiness than the others asked Mr. Smith if the road did not look a little unfamiliar to him. Mr. S., looking dazed, acknowledged that the road did look a little strange. Thereupon a doubt arose in the minds of the entire party. "Oh! dear, what shall we do," several exclaimed in concert. "Surely we are on the wrong road." At this point a wayfaring man hove in sight. As he drew near Mr. Smith asked him, "Where are we?" "You are right here by that big stump," replied the man. "Can you tell us how far it is to Swallow Falls," asked one of the excited chaperones. "Yes, madam, go back about two miles, then turn to your right and go two miles more and you will see the falls. Why not continue on your journey; it is but a short distance to Muddy Falls, and a delightful place it is, too." "Muddy Falls! Muddy Falls! Oh! let us go to Muddy Falls!" they cried, as if by inspiration they had been impressed with the beauty and grandeur of this haven of rest. "Why, ladies, I understood you when you left the Park, that I was to drive to Muddy Falls," said the wily Capt. Smith. In due time they arrived at Lake Lewis, where their hunger was appeased by a bountiful supply of the necessaries of life. After dinner and lunch at Hotel Saw Mill this happy party returned home at about 10 p. m., singing, "Home Again, Home Again."

Memorial Day, May 30, 1896.

Crook Post No. 35, G. A. R., cordially invite old soldiers and comrades to meet at Sturgiss' Hall at 10.30 o'clock a. m., Saturday, May 30th. Also the K. of P., I. O. O. F., Jr. O. U. A. M., together with the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. Special invitation is also extended to the school children to join with the old soldiers in paying tribute to the memory of our deceased comrades on this occasion.

Donations of flowers will be thankfully received. They can be left at Sturgiss' Hall Friday evening or Saturday morning.

Let there be a large turnout.

Reduced Rates to Washington.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will hold their annual meeting in Washington, D. C., July 7 to 13.

For this occasion the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell tickets, from all points on its lines, East of the Ohio River to Washington, at one single fare for the round trip, July 6 to 8, inclusive; valid for return passage until July 15, inclusive, with the privilege of an additional extension until July 13 by depositing tickets with Joint Agents at Washington.

Tickets will also be on sale at stations of all connecting lines.

Delegates should not lose sight of the fact that all B. & O. trains run via Washington.

Reduced Rates to St. Louis.

The Republican National Convention will meet in St. Louis June 16. For this occasion the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell Excursion Tickets from all stations on its line East of the Ohio River for all trains June 12 to 15, inclusive, valid for return passage until June 21, at one fare for the round trip.

The B. & O. is a direct line to St. Louis, running two solid vestibuled fast express trains with through Pullman Sleeping Cars attached every day in the year.

For rates and other information apply to nearest B. & O. Ticket Agent.

THE

Maryland Building and Loan Association

of Garrett County.

OFFICERS:

ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. J. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney.
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencies.

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock:

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month. EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

Order of Publication.

John S. Sanders vs. Archibald T. Shuttlesworth, et al.

No. 763 Equity, In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

The object of this suit is to procure a decree for the sale of certain real estate in Garrett county of which the late Charlotte Sanders died seized and possessed.

The bill states that a certain Charlotte Sanders, late of Garrett county, and now deceased, was in her lifetime seized and possessed of certain real estate, lying and being in said county, particularly described in the bill and its accompanying exhibit; that the said Charlotte died intestate leaving as her only heirs at law and the only persons interested in her estate, the said John S. Sanders, her husband, and the said Archibald T. Shuttlesworth, John Shuttlesworth, Lee Shuttlesworth, Gay Shuttlesworth, Mitchell Shuttlesworth, Mary Emberson and Mitchell Emberson, her husband; Elizabeth Wotring and —— Wotring, her husband; Margaret McCrum and Albert McCrum, her husband; Phoebe Gordon and William Gordon, her husband; Washington Neal, who intermarried with another daughter: Catharine Shuttlesworth, now dead, and Samuel Neal, son of said Catherine, all of whom are non-residents of the State of Maryland and do not reside therein, and the said Charlotte Bonentter and William Bonentter, her husband, who reside in Garrett county aforesaid.

The bill further states that the said real estate is not susceptible of partition among the parties aforesaid and cannot be divided among them to their advantage, and prays for a sale of said real estate and that the proceeds may be distributed among the parties according to their respective interest and for general relief.

It is thereupon adjudged and ordered this 28th day of April, 1896, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Maryland, sitting in equity, that the plaintiff, by causing a copy of this order to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county, Maryland, once a week for four successive weeks before the 25th day of May, 1896, give notice to the defendants, Archibald T. Shuttlesworth, John Shuttlesworth, Lee Shuttlesworth, Gay Shuttlesworth, Mitchell Shuttlesworth, Mary Emberson and Mitchell Emberson, her husband, Elizabeth Wotring and —— Wotring, her husband, Margaret McCrum and Albert McCrum her husband, Phoebe Gordon and William Gordon her husband, Washington Neal and Samuel Neal, who are non-residents of the State of Maryland, warning them to be and appear in this court on or before the 1st day of June, 1896, to show cause if any they have, why a decree ought not to be passed as prayed.

EDWARD STAKE.

True copy.
Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 8|4t.

Estate of Elias Smith, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett county, hath obtained from the Orphan's Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

ELIAS SMITH,

late of Garrett County, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 2th day of October next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 14th day of April, 1896.

NANCY SMITH, Adm'x.
6—3 Oakland, Md.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL

ROOFING.

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—2m.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In effect April 1st, 1896.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS	NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1		No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 00*	8 00† lv	Cumberland ar	*12 00	†7 00
3 21	8 31	Bowlings	11 29	6 29
3 56	8 56	Keyser	11 04	6 04
4 09	9 09	Westernport	10 51	5 51
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. Jone.	*0 48	5 48
4 37	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5 23
5 00	10 00	Hardison	10 00	*5 00
5 45	10 45* ar	Elk Garden	8 55	*3 55
5 35	10 35† lv	Gorman	9 21	4 21
5 41	10 41	Layaid	9 15	4 15
5 42	10 42	Lobdell	9 01	4 01
6 23	11 23	Thomas	8 31	3 31
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	8 00	2 55
6 57	11 57 lv	Coketon	8 31	3 31
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	8 07	3 07
6 57	11 57	Bretz	3 01	3 01
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 58	2 58
30	12 30	Keeyes	7 29	2 29
7 00	1 00† ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	*2 00
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 35
				P. M.
	2 55* ar	Realington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

FARMS FOR SALE.

I offer for sale the following described farms, situated about three and one-half miles north-east of Oakland:

1. The farm of Mrs. Goodwin, containing 100 acres, all under fence—good barn, small frame house, young orchard, about 60 acres cleared. Price $2,000. Cash payment of $100; balance at 20 years with interest.

2. Farm of Mrs. Antionette Coles' containing about 125 acres, nearly all under fence; about one-third cleared; good barn, frame house. Price, $2,000. Cash payment of $400 balance at 20 years with interest.

These farms adjoin each other, and a rare opportunity is offered to secure a home on most favorable terms.

4. Also the "Swan Meadows" tract containing about 800 acres, lying about four miles South of Oakland. Will be sold as an entirety or subdivided to suit purchasers. Terms easy. E. H. SINCELL, Atty., Oakland, Md.

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD.

Spring is the time in the year that your Horses, Cows, Hogs, Sheep, Poultry, etc., need some good article to purify their blood. The International Food is the best article known for stock of all kinds; 3 feeds for one cent. Don't use any other. For sale only by

THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO.

DRINK

LUXURY COFFEE

and get the best Coffee made and get either Ladie's or Gentleman's Gold Watch, guaranteed for 25 years. Use no other, because Luxury Coffee is the best.

Don't fail to call at the stores of The Maryland Supply Co. for

TIMOTHY AND CLOVER SEED.

We only handle the best western seed. Garden Seeds in abundance of all kinds, Fertilizer, Salt, Groceries, General Merchandise, and anything you may need. Don't fail to call at the stores of THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO., at

Mt. Lake Park, Md.
Oakland, Md.
Swanton, Md.
Lonaconing, Md.

51-1yr.

Your Face

Will be wreathed with a most engaging smile, after you invest in a

White Sewing Machine

EQUIPPED WITH ITS NEW

PINCH TENSION,
TENSION INDICATOR
—AND—
AUTOMATIC TENSION RELEASER,

The most complete and useful devices ever added to any sewing machine.

The WHITE is

Durably and Handsomely Built,
Of Fine Finish and Perfect Adjustment,
Sews ALL Sewable Articles,

And will serve and please you up to the full limit of your expectations.

ACTIVE DEALERS WANTED in unoccupied territory. Liberal terms. Address,

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.,
CLEVELAND, O.

A Chance for Farmers to Improve Their Stock.

EMPEROR WILKES

TIME, 2.28.

PEDIGREE:

EMPEROR WILKES, by Ethan Wilkes 6417, dam Mary M.; Ethan Wilkes by George Wilkes, dam Lady Ethan; George Wilkes by Hambletonian 10, dam Polly Spanker; Lady Ethan by Ethan Allen 43, dam Topsy dam of Hambletonian Mambrino. Mary M. by Mambrino Rattler; dam by Brignolia 77, dam by Hopeful; Mambrino Rattler by Mambrino Chief 11, dam by Rattler 77.

M. Maroney & Son have decided to stand this horse at their stables in Oakland during the season of 1896 for the small sum of

$10.00 INSURANCE.

M. MARONEY & SON,
Owners.

9—2m

APPEAL SESSION.

Tax-payers of Oakland, take notice, That the Town Council of Oakland will sit at the Council Chamber in said town on

MONDAY, JUNE 1, 1896,

from 2 to 4 o'clock p. m., and from 8 to 10 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of hearing appeals and making transfers upon the assessment books of said town.

By order Council,
11—d J. C. DUNHAM, Clerk.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily		2.40 A. M
No. 8—Daily		7.07 A. M
No. 71—Accom daily except Sun.		8.30 A. M
No. 47—Daily		10.40 A. M
No. 55—Express, daily		5.22 P. M
No. 15—Accommodation daily		6.55 P. M
No. 1—Daily		10.05 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily		3.50 A. M
No. 2—Daily		6.15 A. M
No. 14—Accommodation daily		9.05 A. M
No. 72—Accom daily except Sun.		1.25 P. M
No. 46—Daily		3.05 P. M
No. 4—Daily		1.25 P. M

CHAS. O. SCULL,
Gen'l Pass. Agt.
C. F. SCHREIBER, Agent.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the new county road, beginning at a point near the bridge that crosses Savage river on the Grantsville and Barton road, running through the lands of Elias Merrill, Amos Broadwater, John Broadwater, Mrs. Fannie Weltzell, Wm. H. Merrill and John F. Robeson to intersect the road leading from Noah Garlitz's mill to the head of A. J. Lancaster's lane, a distance of four miles, and examine whether the said new road should be made, will meet on the

FOURTH DAY OF JUNE, 1896,

for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said new road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN J. MICHAEL,
F. P. GREEN,
DAVID S. WAMPLER, } Examiners.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the new public road, beginning at a point on the Oakland and Deer Park road, about fifteen rods westerly from the intersection of said road and the road leading past the B. & O. hotels, and running through the land of the B. & O. Railroad company, with the new road to the line of James Swan Frick then with his line and through the land of said B. & O. Railroad company to D. E. Offutt's land, and through his land along the line between him and M. J. Garrett to the land of R. H. Gordon and others, and through the land of Gordon, John K. Shaw and S. D. McKee, following the old road if practicable, to intersect one of the streets of the Mt. Lake Park Association at or near the dam, a distance of about two miles, and examine whether the said public road should be made, will meet on the

9th DAY OF JUNE, 1896,

for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said new road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

L. A. RUDISILL,
JOHN T. MITCHELL,
E. W. KELSO. } Examiners.

THE

G. E. PEARCE DRUG CO.,

OF FROSTBURG, MD.

We have probably the largest stock of goods in the drug line in Western Maryland.

P. D. & CO. and S. and D. pharmaceutical preparations always in stock, supplied to physicians at jobbers' prices.

OUR LINE OF

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES AND WINDOW GLASS

IS LARGE AND COMPLETE.

We sell and guarantee LUCAS TINTED GLOSS PAINT at $1.25 per gallon.

9-2m

WHY SHOULD YOU SEND YOUR CHILD
—TO—

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

1st. He (or she) can be prepared for college; he can study book-keeping, shorthand, typewriting, etc., and be fitted for business; he can begin his course in medicine or pharmacy under a teacher who has made the subject of chemistry a specialty.

2nd. It is a home school (co-educational and for a limited number) and is conducted with all the loving, care-taking ministrations for individual development that the name implies.

3rd. Students require the most bracing, nerve-building climate, and here they have it. Among the recreations are skating, boating, tennis, bowling.

4th. English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, German, Musical and Art courses. Bible study and high ethical teaching will fit him for a noble Christian career.

E. B. SWAN, Principal,
18-1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md

THE FRUIT OF THE SEA.

THE storm had spent its fury and all that remained of the tempest was the long, low swell that rose and fell so noiselessly. Along the waterway between the rocky guardians of the bay of Naples, the islands of Capri and Ischia, a fishing boat, containing two occupants, was pursuing its course, the small sails just filled, and no more, by the light breeze that swept landward from the Mediterranean. So clear was the sky that plainly revealed was the promontory bearing Castellamare, Vico and many clustering villages nestling in the vineyards and orange groves. Shoreward was, indeed, a view of the Phlegraean fields, "clothed in the delicate atmosphere of spring." One of the occupants of the boat was an old man, and the other a boy.

"You shall see how we take this fruit of the sea," said the old man, "for it is a calling you must follow when I am gone."

"Gone! I do not understand."

"Little idiot! There are storms and shipwrecks. A fisherman's time must come. Even last night they say lives were lost in the storm. Why not my boat as well as others?"

"Was not an altar raised here and did not a priest bless it?"

"Yes, boy," said the old man who, like all Neapolitan fisherman, was extremely superstitious, "but there are black spirits which infest the coast, and which may not always be exorcised."

"Then you have your amulet?" With veneration for that indispensable charm.

"True," remarked the other, glancing at the "cavallo marino" which he wore. This amulet was shaped like the sea-horse with the fish tail; the sea-horse that is so numerous on the coast of Baiae. "And yet, Pietro, who was drowned, wore a beautiful amulet of a 'sirene' seated on two winged horses. He was lost."

"When may I have a beautiful amulet? I saw one where the 'sirene' was so lovely. Her face was like that of a Madonna. There was a bell in the mouth of each horse and another at the bottom. Such a lovely 'sirene!'"

"A 'sirene' is not a Madonna," replied the old man. "I know of a boat that bore a carved head of the Siren Parthenope who should protect one from evil. She is the patron saint of the fisherman. What became of the boat? It was lost on the coast; it was shattered on the rocks. The head of the siren was floating seaward when it was found."

"What is the best amulet to wear when I become a fisherman?" anxiously asked the boy.

"The rue with the serpent is good as any; the half moon, too, is for luck."

Slowly the boat moved to its destination. Followers of the sea are generally superstitious, for much passes before their eyes and senses which seem beyond comprehension so far as natural cause and effect are concerned. But the Neapolitan fisherman has an implicit and inborn belief in all manner of supernatural agencies. The evil eye, or "jettatura," is to him a fearful realization and when turned upon him, voluntary or otherwise, dire misfortune must follow. And so the amulet is a magnet for those glances, and by use of it calamity is averted. Now the boat was motionless; the old man furled the sail, followed by the interested glances of the boy who presently asked, as the other was getting out his implements for taking the "fruit of the sea."

"What must I do to become a prosperous fisherman, father?"

"Rise early in the morning and avoid all feuds and family troubles."

"What are family troubles?"

"I know of two fishermen who had difficulty about a small matter. The boat of one had been blessed and was

THEY LEFT THE ISLAND IN THE ILL-FATED BOAT.

prosperous. The boat of the other was followed by an evil spirit, and though the priest was called it still clung there. Early and late it was always there. One prospered and the other did not. Envy is the root of all human evil nearly. The one who prospered was forbearing; the other had an evil tongue; he hated his neighbor. For years this grew; they became separated and detested each other. The prosperous fisherman had a daughter and she was such a handsome girl that the envious one hated her for her beauty. He looked after her so maliciously one day that she became frightened and fell upon the hard stones.

"'Jettatura; the evil eye!' cried the neighbors.

"But at that moment a boy ran up and lifted the little girl to her feet; it was the son of the envious one. The evil eyes blazed and the envious one boxed and cuffed the boy. The girl looked back with pity, but he took his beating bravely. Another time to show his power and hatred he looked at the child when she was carrying a pitcher of goat's milk. The pitcher dropped and was broken and she went home crying.

"The boy grew up, but he did not prosper. Something was always happening to his boat, or his sails, or nets. Though he was industrious, nothing went well—except that he was loved. The little girl for whom he had taken the sailing when a boy was now a handsome woman and looked with favor upon the tall, bronzed young fellow, who in turn wore her image in his heart like one of the medals of saints and madonnas which we place on our bosom. She gained her father's consent to their marriage, for though he hated his neighbor much he loved his daughter more, and liked the son for his manliness. But when they went to his father he turned upon them fiercely and refused. The fend of years was not to be appeased.

"'You dare not disobey me,' he said, 'because—jettatura—something terrible would happen. You fear me—all fear me.'

"For a time the young man pursued his calling, but the black spirits infested his boat and the priests could do nothing. One day he was arranging his net with despair in his heart when he heard a step. She had sought him—so rumor says—and was standing there gazing at him tenderly.

"'You have caught nothing?' she asked.

"'Nothing to speak of. There is a spell upon the boat; nothing comes. I am always unlucky. It is well you do not share my fortunes.'

"'See,' she said, 'here is my amulet. It is for you to wear. Here is the serpent for wisdom and the half-moon for luck. The key and the heart are for duty and affection.'

"'You will obey every command,' exclaimed the unlucky one.

"She gazed at him steadily.

"'Yes.'

"'Without question?'

"'Without question.'

"'Meet me here to-night at dusk.'

"'I will be here.'

"'We will leave here together and forever.' She gave an exclamation, but restrained herself. Words of protest arose to her lips, but were not uttered. Motionless as a statue she stood,

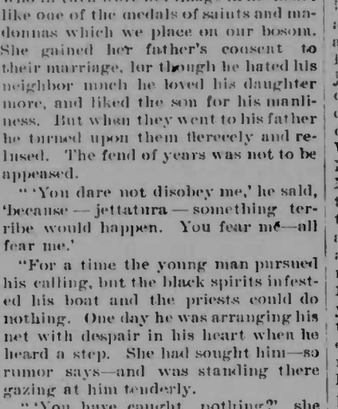

"UPON YOUR KNEES, BOY, AND PRAY."

gazing seaward with the waves caressingly lapping the sand at her feet. 'We will flee to one of the further islands,' he continued, 'and there we will be married. Only I fear the evil which hangs over the boat.'

"So much the prying neighbors tell. This was last night. This morning before setting sail we met the evil one at the beach."

"How he glared, father; I was afraid!" whispered the boy.

"Anyone fears the jettatura."

"Did you hear what he was muttering, father?"

"I was too busy with our boat."

"He would look out over the water and say: 'There was a storm last night—a storm—the boat is gone—gone for good.' And then he laughed and shook his fist over the water."

"A terrible man! Did he say anything about them?"

"No; only: 'The boat is lost—it won't come back—it's gone for good.'"

"I fear it is so," remarked the old man.

"I think they are happy," returned the boy.

"It cannot be. But here we are. Some day you will work as I am."

"And bring up pretty shells?"

"Bring up the fruit of the waters for the market. What have we here? Something very heavy. It must be a bit of wreckage."

"Then some boat may have gone down here."

"Perhaps; it was a terrible storm."

"But now it is so bright."

"A treacherous sea, as you will find when you have followed it as long as I have—Santa Maria!"

He gave a cry of awe. The boy went over and gazed with wonder at the pale, beautiful face of a young woman, whose dark hair floated on the waves which rocked the figure to and fro, tenderly, caressingly; the same waves had whispered so softly at her feet the night before, as she stood listening to her lover's commands, and had invited them, like Palinurus, to "fly with winged sails." The pallor of her countenance was like marble that was flawless, and she seemed sleeping, so peaceful was the expression; the calmness of her features were the more marked because the dark hair that stirred restlessly around her.

"The 'sirena'—a lovely siren," he whispered.

"A siren," said the man. "It is she who fled last night. Upon your knees, boy, and pray."

The boy dropped upon his knees and seemed the beautiful island, as a mist arose from the sea, partly obscuring the outlines, until they seemed vague and unreal. Unreached the earthly isle, but the soul had fled to one of Pindar's "islands of the blessed dead, by ocean breezes blown, where flowers of gold burn, some on the land from radiant trees, and some fed by the glancing waves, with which the good may twine their brows with necklaces."—Detroit Free Press.

AN ODD INSTITUTION.

How Business Is Done in a Norway National Bank.

Probably the most independent and aristocratic bank in the world is the Norges, or National bank of Norway. It seems to be wholly indifferent to doing business of any kind, and what it does do it insists upon doing in its deliberate way.

Socially, the bank is of considerable importance. The directors meet twice a week, and these friendly gatherings are said to be most enjoyable affairs. Loans and discounts form the chief subjects of conversation. No loan or discount can be made without the approval of three of the directors. Suppose the directors are to hold a meeting on Wednesday and you want to borrow 100 krone on Monday. You apply to the Norges bank, and are told that the matter will be taken under consideration at the directors' meeting on Wednesday, and you may look for an answer to your application by Thursday. It does not matter in the least that you want the 100 krone Monday, and not Thursday; you simply have to wait. After all, there is not so much absurdity or inconvenience to the borrower in this arrangement as seems at first glance. He who may want a loan only anticipates his needs and prepares for it a few days in advance, instead of waiting until the hour before he wants it. And the bank is always able to make sure that its loans are safe ones.

The origin of this institution was as peculiar as its management is unusual. Soon after the nominal union of Norway and Sweden, in 1814, the latter country began to feel the need of greater money facilities to meet the demands of the rapidly-increasing commerce. The situation was not unlike that in the United States at the formation of the first United States bank.

The problem of securing the necessary capital for a great national institution was a very simple one for the Norwegian government. It raised stockholders for the bank just as it raised soldiers for its armies. Every well-to-do citizen was compelled to take so much stock. He was always at liberty to take more if he chose, but always in amounts divisible by five. Bookkeeping was made easy on a new principle, in accordance with which sums ending in other figures than five and zero were to be excluded from the books.

This national bank is also a national pawnshop. It is authorized by law to lend money on any non-perishable goods, provided they can be deposited in the bank and kept under lock and key. For this service it charges rather less than the usual pawnbroker's interest, which may, perhaps, account for the rarity of private pawnshops in Norway. In the regular loan department the curious rule is enforced that loans may not be made for less than one month nor for more than six, and only for sums of at least 400 krone ($120).

American bank managers would look askance at the rule which subjects all deposits to a charge of one-tenth per cent. for taking them in. Vengeance is also taken with a liberal hand on the unlucky wight who happens to overdraw his account. He is fined one per cent. of the excess amount, which fine is immediately charged against him, and payment of the draft is totally refused. If by accident or for any reason an official honors such an overdraft, he is personally responsible. The Norges bank unquestionably does a safe business.—Detroit Free Press.

When a Czar Was Near Death.

The late Russian general, Tcherevin, was the founder of the Okhrana, or czar's bodyguard, composed of men of high rank or great wealth, who were sworn to protect the person of Alexander III. It is related of Tcherevin that one night, as he lay extended in the dark in front of the czar's bedroom, a figure approached. Tcherevin, believing the man whom he saw had designs on the life of his sovereign, sprang to his feet and leveled a pistol at the intruder, who simultaneously pointed one at the head of Tcherevin, each demanding to know why the other was there. Their voices revealed them to each other. The man was Alexander III. himself, who, having a haunting dread of assassination, was on a round of personal inspection of the palace.—Chicago Chronicle.

Southern Educational Advancements.

According to Prof. Alexander Hogg, state manager of public schools in Texas, while the south has gained 54 per cent. in population in the last 20 years, the increase in the enrollment of school attendance has been 130 per cent. In the same period the value of the school property has increased from $16,000,000 to $51,000,000, an addition of nearly $2,000,000 per year. Of all the people in the south, white and black, one in five is in attendance at school during some part of the year. This is the proportion in Saxony, which excels all countries in Europe. It is estimated that of the $320,000,000 expended for education in the south in the last 18 years one-fourth has been for the colored race.—Detroit Free Press.

High Waterworks.

The highest system of waterworks in the world is to be conducted this spring in Altman, Col. The altitude is about 11,000 feet. Work was begun recently. The main pumping station will be located at Grassy, a mile and a half below and 1,000 feet lower than Altman. A second station will be placed 750 feet higher than the first, and will throw the water into tanks above the town. The water is for domestic use and for fire purposes.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—Flowing water is at once a picture and a music, which causes to flow at the same time from my brain, like a limpid and murmuring rivulet, sweet thoughts, charming reveries and melancholy remembrances.—Alphonse Karr.

BRONCHO BOB WAS SUSPECTED.

He Had Been Too Long Among Civilized People to Inspire Confidence.

A sojourn of over a month in the east had made Bronco Bob no less an object of suspicion among his old companions than he had been a lion during his visit. But a place was made for him at the card table, where the usual game of draw poker was in progress.

"Gimme a stack o' red chips," he said, carelessly.

He was accommodated and the game proceeded in silence.

"I don't see ez he talks no different," said Pluto Pete, in a whisper to the man next to him.

"Just wait," said Three-Fingered Sam. "It'll come out sooner or later. He'll be takin' ginger ale on the side er sayin' 'eyether' jis' ter show off. An' ez soon ez he begins ter sling any sereicty aroun' here thur's goin' ter be trouble a foot thick. Whut'll yer hev ter drink?"

"Some red liquor," replied Bronco Bob, when his turn to speak came.

As they drew cards Three-Fingered Sam muttered:

"Wants nothin' but red chips an' calls fur red liquor. Seems ter me somebody's gettin' purty blamed hectic aroun' here."

Bronco Bob bet the limit, and when all the others had signified their intention to stay out Pluto Pete shoved in the requisite number of chips and queried:

"Whutcher got?"

"Nothin' much," was Bronco Bob's nonchalant reply. "Jest a red flush, all hearts."

Three-Fingered Sam had pulled his gun in a jiffy.

"Look here," he said, in a husky voice, "ye've bin mixin' weth the chight an' dawdlin' weth the cream delly cream, but yer might ez well understand thet ef yer settin' out ter start a lour hundred in this settlement ye'll hev ter git along without the other 399."

"Whutcher mean?" asked Broncho Bob.

"Whut I mean is thet ef ye're tryin' ter ring in a pink tea unbeknownst we're dead onter ye an' we won't stand it."—Detroit Free Press.

SAVED HIS MONEY.

Sharp Tricks Played by an Arizona Lawyer on a Stage Robber.

While Tom Fitch, the orator and politician, was practicing law in Tombstone, A. T., he had occasion to visit Phoenix. On the way there the stage was held up by a lone highwayman, who not only robbed the mail and express box, but searched all of the passengers. The fellow found about $2,000 in the express box and Fitch lost $100, besides a gold watch and chain. While still in Phoenix the robber was captured, and hearing that Fitch was in town sent for him. Fitch's face appeared familiar, but the highwayman had forgotten where he had seen it, and Fitch said nothing about the matter.

"What will you defend me for?" he asked.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," said Fitch. "I'll defend you for $500, but I'll agree to get you out and free on a writ of habeas corpus for $200."

"All right; it's a go."

The fellow told Fitch where his money was concealed, and the attorney found it. As soon as he had it safely stowed away in his grip sack he started home for Tombstone, and left the robber to take care of himself.

A couple of months later Fitch was nearly frightened out of his wits to see the robber walk into his office.

"I see you recognize me," said he, "but you needn't feel alarmed. You robbed me—"

"Yes, but you robbed me first," exclaimed Fitch. "I was on that stage."

"Well, I didn't come to reproach you for anything of the sort. I have escaped from jail, and all I want is money enough to get back to my old home in Pennsylvania, where I will lead an honest life."

"Why, certainly, my boy," declared Fitch. "Wait right here till I can go to the bank and get it."

Fitch returned a moment later with the sheriff and saved $100.—San Francisco Post.

A Dismayed Hostess.

It was Miss Katie Rooney's first appearance as table girl when company had been invited to dinner, but it was company upon whom the mistress wished to make the best impression possible. Katie was overflowing with rollicking Irish spirits and humor, but it had been emphatically impressed upon her that she must curb these propensities during the progress of the dinner, and be the embodiment of quiet dignity. All went well until Katie went to remove the soup plates when she carelessly sent a stream of soup over the back of one of the gentlemen. Instead of manifesting the least dismay or chagrin, Katie clapped her free hand to her grinning mouth and said, with an indescribable chuckle, and in a hoarse but painfully distinct whisper to her mistress: "Ain't Oi a dandy, mum?" Then she shot out of the dining-room, giving utterance to a wild howl of rollicking laughter as she ran.—Detroit Free Press.

Not Needed.

Tourist (looking back upon a difficult bit of mountain path he had just traversed)—Ugh! that's as ugly a bit of dangerous climbing as I've ever been over. There must have been a lot of accidents there. Why don't they put up a notice board to the effect that it's dangerous?

Guide—There was an accident there once, sir, and they put a notice at the entrance of the pass; but as nobody else came and fell down the chasm, they did away with the board.—Titbits.

A Cure for Hiccough.

It is stated that even in rebellious cases, hiccough may be cured by strongly pushing the tongue out of the mouth and holding it so for a few moments. If this be so the simple and easy treatment might be indicated in whooping cough and choking from irrepressible gases.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Reminder.

Down the post office steps Rev. Dr. Fytthly carefully picked his way, and then his feet suddenly shot out, and he went down right in the midst of a group of stockbrokers.

"Ah, good morning, doctor," laughed the stockbrokers, recognizing the minister, "you remind us of the wicked man, whose foot slippeth."

"Nay," retorted the good minister, "but rather do I seem like the man who went down to Jericho."

"How is that?" chorused the brokers.

"Because he fell among thieves," murmured the doctor as he got up and moved decorously away.—N. Y. Recorder.

A Man of Letters.

He voted with the G. O. P.,
He bought his groceries C. O. D.,
He died a member of the I. O. G. T.,
Was buried by the K. of P.,
And went to the better land, D. V.
—Indianapolis Journal.

OFF THE ENGLISH COAST.

"Yes, miss; it's bin a wery 'ard winter. I dunno what a poor man would 'ave done for 'is livin' if a steamer or two 'adn't run on to the sands by the blessiu' of Providence."—Sketch.

Johnnie and the Apostles.

Johnnie Chattie was in a Dallas candy store with his mother. She bought some little figures made of chocolate.

"Here, Johnnie," she said, "are the three graces for you."

"Mother, dear, I'd rather have the 12 apostles. There are more of them."—Texas Sifter.

THE SUMMER'S CONQUERING HERO.

Afraid of Himself.

"Thought you were going to run for alderman, Jaxon?"

"I've been thinking it over, and I have come to the conclusion that I haven't the gall to be a successful alderman. I guess I'll keep on peddling sewing machines."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

No Wonder.

Maud—Mr. Bashfulle, I'm told, expired just as he was trying to propose to Miss Oldgirl. What do you suppose ailed him?

Bella—Heart failure, I guess.—To Date.

A LOGICAL QUESTION.

"Don't you cry, my little boy. Crying will make you ugly."

"Did you cry very much when you were a little girl?"—Judy.

Can't Be Found.

"Yoh aebber yet," said Uncle Eben, "could fin' er man so stingy dat he ain' willin' ter share his loafin' time wif somebody dat's really busy."—Washington Star.

Cruel.

Masher—That was a rather sensible observation of mine, don't you think?

Lady—Why, certainly. Didn't you notice the look of surprise on my face?—Das Neue Wiener Tagblatt.

Not the Right Word.

"You carved your own way to success, didn't you, Paddington?"

"No; I didn't have much of anything to carve until after I achieved success."—Chicago Record.

More Information Wanted.

Lawyer (hotly)—Do you mean to say, sir, that you do not consider Mr. De Lyre a man of his word?

Witness—I do.

"You do, eh? Do you mean to insinuate that he ever lies?"

"That's about it."

"Now, sir, attention! Do you mean to say that you would not believe him under oath?"

"No, I have not said that."

"Oh, ho! I thought I'd catch you. Then you don't say you would not believe him under oath?"

"No. I haven't heard him do any talking under oath yet."—N. Y. Weekly.

Where He Failed.

He had traveled through Sahara, braved the dangers of the Nile;
Defeated enraged Mussulmans, and dined on crocodile;
Knew everything of politics, religion and the law;
Could box and fence, and row a race, and please his mother-in-law.
In short, had all the accomplishments of men both great and wise;
But he couldn't run a business, for he wouldn't advertise.
—London Tit-Bits.

Hans Was Satisfied.

Hans had climbed up into the cherry tree to gather cherries. Meantime a storm came on, and the father called out to the lad:

"Come down, Hans, it is beginning to thunder."

"There's no need, father," shouted the boy. "I can hear it where I am."—N. Y. Recorder.

The Face of Boniface.

Inn Keeper (whose bill of fare is very meagre)—And so you two gents are titled aristocrats from across the pond, are you? You didn't register so, and here I've been entertaining angels unawares!

The Two Gents—Yes—er—that is—the angels are unaware of it.—Bay City Chat.

Quite Natural.

Hoax—There was a fellow in court today charged with stealing a horse and leaving his bicycle in place of it.

Joax—What did they do? Convict him?

Hoax—No; the jury were all cyclers and they recommended that the prisoner be sent to an insane asylum.—Philadelphia Record.

Rejected.

She had determined to avail herself of leap year's privileges, so she wrote this message on a postal card and mailed it to the man of her choice:

"Knot?"

But what was her mortification when the return mail brought this comprehensive reply:

"Nit."—Harper's Bazar.

Queer.

The room was dark; their favorite chair was in its wonted place.
He stole up quietly and dropped a kiss on some one's face;
A light! It was her pa! And now he muses like to this—
"In striving thus to kiss a miss, I surely kissed amiss."
—Richmond Dispatch.

A Safe Conclusion.

Mrs. Stingicuss—What does the doctor say is the matter with my husband?

Nurse—He says he has bicycled so much that something about the size of a mustard seed has jogged down into his vermiform appendix.

Mrs. Stingicuss (revengefully)—It must be his heart.—N. Y. World.

A Poser.

"I guess I'm stuck," said the answers-to-correspondents man.

"What is it?" asked the rest of the force, in deep sympathy.

"Girl writes to know which of her fiances should have the preference in going with her to church—the first one or the second."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

She Laid Him Out.

Williamson—I hear Jagman was so drunk last night that several of you fellows had to take him home on a shutter. Did his wife think he was dead?

Hendersohn—She must have. She was certainly laying him out when we left.—Peck's Sun.

An Up-to-Date View.

Ethel—Do you approve of June being married to December?

Gussie—Yes; if I am the June, and the December is worth a million.—Town Topics.

A Soft Mark.

Though death may love a shining mark,
As we have heard full oft,
Young Cupid much prefers the kind
We designate as soft.
—Detroit News.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

WHEN TEACHER GETS CROSS.

When the teacher gets cross and her brown eyes get black,
And her pencil comes down on the desk with a whack,
We chilluns in class sits up straight in a line,
As if we had rulers instead of a spine!
It's scary to cough, and it's not safe to grin—
When the teacher gets cross and the dimples goes in.

When the teacher gets cross the tables all mix,
And the ones and the sevens begin playing tricks,
The pluses and minus is just little smears
Where the cry-babies cry all their slates up with tears.
The figgers won't add, and they act up like sin—
When the teacher gets cross and the dimples goes in.

When the teacher gets cross the readers gets bad,
The lines jingle round till the chilluns is sad,
And Billyboy puffs and gets red in the face,
As if he and the lesson were running a race!
Till she hollows out "Next!" as sharp as a pin—
When the teacher gets cross and the dimples goes in.

When the teacher gets good her smile is so bright
The tables gets straight and the readers gets right,
The pluses and minus come trooping along,
The figgers add up and stops being wrong,
And we chilluns would like (but we dassent) to shout,
When the teacher gets good and the dimples comes out.

—Rochester Express.

VERY QUEER ANIMAL.

The Great Ant-Eater Is a Funny Combination in Every Way.

With the exception of the jaguar, the great ant-eater, the ant-bear, or crested ant-bear, whichever you choose to call him, is the most showy quadruped in all South America; nor am I at all sure he is not entitled to first place. In height and bulk a full-grown specimen is about as large as a Newfoundland dog, and is really quite bear-shaped in body and legs. Its tail is long and strong, and bears a tremendous brush of coarse, wiry, brown-black hair, which makes this organ very noticeable. Its head is so small, and its muzzle so fearfully prolonged, that it reminds one of the head and beak of an ibis. Its mouth is a narrow slit across the end of that curious muzzle, its tongue is like a big angle-worm a foot long, and it has no teeth whatever! Its covering is a rough coat of long, coarse, brown hair, most strangely marked by a black band underneath the throat, which on the chest divides into a long, wedge-shaped stripe of black that extends backward and upward across the shoulder.

To me it has always been a puzzle why this creature should possess such a luxuriant coat of hair in so hot a climate. Another point still more open to criticism is his clubbed fore feet. He walks on his claws, and the outer edge of his fore feet, in a most awkward and even painful way, for which there seems to be no adequate excuse—unless his feet were formed that way to vex the souls of wicked taxidermists.

GREAT ANT-EATER.

Put them as you will, they will not look right; but to the living animal their big, strong, hooked claws are very useful in tearing the bark on decayed logs, or ripping open ant hills for the insertion of that sticky, worm-like tongue. I have often been told by South American hunters that the ant-bear uses his long, bushy tail to sweep up ants with, so that they can be devoured more expeditiously; but I fancy that is only a "yarn."

Even when it is most plentiful, the great ant-eater is a rare animal. Although I have hunted it many days, I never saw but two specimens alive, one of which was a young one in captivity at Ciudad Bolivar, on the Orinoco, and the other was a magnificent large specimen in Forepaugh's menagerie. Owing to their lack of teeth and the peculiarities of their diet, they are difficult to keep alive in captivity. North of Panama this species is found only in Guatemala and Costa Rica, and is very rare in both of those countries. It lives upon the ground, and its worst enemies are the jaguar and the puma —William T. Hornaday, in St. Nicholas.

Boy Snowballs an Emperor.

The German emperor is very much of an autocrat, but he has many kindly as well as kingly traits. One day he and the empress, while out sleighriding, came across three little boys in the Thiergarten, who were so busy snowballing as to overlook the imperial couple's approach. In consequence, one of the snowballs hit the monarch on the nose. "Did it hurt you, Herr Kaiser?" asked the little culprit, in an anxious tone. "If so, you can hit me and call it square." At this the royal couple laughed merrily, and, taking the boy's address, the emperor next day sent him a comical memento of the incident.

By Way of Experiment.

Nell—Charlie told me last night that he thought my face would stop an angel in its flight.

Belle—Don't you think you'd better practice on a clock first, my dear?—Philadelphia Record.

WATER UPSIDE DOWN.

A Very Pretty Scientific Experiment for Young People.

A pretty bit of scientific recreation which comes in handy after dinner is sometimes dignified with the classical title of "The Revenge of the Danaides" in allusion to the daughters if Danaus, who, as punishment to their crimes, were condemned to forever draw water with leaky vessels.

Fill completely two glasses of exactly the same size and shape, one with water, the other with wine. Stretch over the mouth of the glass containing the water a circular covering of tulle, somewhat larger than the glass and previously moistened.

Now smooth the lapping over the tulle as closely to the glass as possible, and, applying the palm of the right hand squarely to the mouth of this glass, seize the stem with the left and turn it quickly upside down, avoiding the entrance of the air.

Next, slide the right hand softly away from underneath, and, much to your astonishment, the tulle will remain adherent to the glass, while not a drop of water will fall out through that

A PRETTY EXPERIMENT.

exceedingly leaky tissue. You will very soon succeed in this experiment.

Hereon follows the second part: Place your full, but not dripping, glass of water, thus turned upside down, but not inside out, over the full glass of wine, and you will soon see little jets of ruby penetrating the tulle in every direction. It is the wine, progressively mounting the superior glass, which in the same proportion yields water to the lower glass in the opposite direction.

At the end of about a quarter of an hour the exchange will be complete, and you will see the lower glass filled with pure transparent water, while the upper one will be chock full of good, red wine.

STORY OF A STORK.

How It Carried a Letter to Africa and Brought One Back.

A story that comes from Germany is as quaint as it is true, says Our Animal Friends. Some children living in the northern provinces discovered that a stork had made its nest upon their roof. Being orthodox little Teutons they hailed the newcomer with favor, as storks are supposed to bring luck to a house. All the summer they shared their tidbits with their long-legged friend, which became very tame and companionable.

At the first signs of approaching cold weather the stork prepared to flit to warmer climes. The children were sad at the thought of losing their pet, but their parents consoled them with the assurance that the bird would surely return the next spring. The children, still uneasy at the idea of the stork not being cared for through the long winter, consulted together and evolved a brilliant idea, which they immediately proceeded to put into execution. They wrote a note in their best German script, stating that the stork was very dear to them and begged the good people in whose country it might spend the winter to be kind to their pet, and send it back to them in the spring.

They sealed the note, fastened it to a ribbon, tied it around the bird's neck and tucked it under its wing. The next day they sadly watched the stork wing its way toward milder skies. The snow and ice came; Christmas time brought the children gifts and fresh amusements, but their summer pet was not forgotten. When the spring came round again their little feet used to climb to the roof day by day, looking and longing for the stork's return; and behold! One fine morning there it was, tame and gentle as ever.

Great was the children's delight, but what was their surprise to discover round its neck and under its wing another bright band with a note attached, addressed to "the children who wrote the letter the stork brought." The ribbon was quickly untied and the missive opened. It was from a missionary in Africa, stating that he had read the children's note and had cared for the stork, and thought that children whose hearts had prompted them to provide for the comfort of a bird through the winter would be willing to help clothe and feed the little destitute children of his mission. A full name and address followed.

The children were full of sympathy, and the missionary's note won a golden answer from the family. Other letters came and went by post between them until by and by the children learned to know the missionary and his little black waifs almost as well as they knew the beloved stork that had proved so trusty a messenger.

A Kentucky Tramp's Ruse.

A tramp visited all the houses of a small town near Louisville, Ky., and begged from every kind lady he met a postage stamp, with which to write a letter to his sick mother. He got the stamp, or its equivalent, every time, and went out of town with nearly five dollars in his pockets as the result of his successful ruse.

Clever Boys Can Do This.

John Whalen, who is serving a year's sentence in the Cook county jail, Illinois, has made a handsome and unique picture frame from cigar boxes. The frame is 20x24 inches in size, and contains nearly 2,000 pieces of wood, beautifully carved. A common pocket-knife and a small hammer were Whalen's only tools.

FARM AND GARDEN.

FIRM COUNTRY ROADS.

Easily Secured by the Use of the Scraper and Tile Drainage.

The progress made during the past few years in the improvement of streets and public roads has been as surprising as in other lines of public concern. By the use of tile drainage and that of machinery for grading, the ordinary prairie roads are kept as smooth and firm during the larger portion of the year as the best macadamized streets of the cities. Perhaps no better implement has yet been made than the steel scraper in the form of a long blade carried at an angle suspended to a frame on wheels, corresponding to the running gears of a wagon. This machine is owned usually by a township and is operated by men and teams employed for that purpose by the day. The force necessary to operate it consists of two men and from four to six horses.

The prompt operation of a force like this answers as the ounce of prevention and the pound of cure at the same time. The work is rapid and cheaply done and if applied two or three times a year, the frequent dressing up prevents the wasting away of the roadbed and maintains at the same time the smoothness of surface not obtainable in any other way. Two or three times around carries the movable surface toward the center of the road. There are two or three methods in Illinois in force by which the funds for road making are expended. By a vote at the town meeting an assessment is provided for and the tax is invested in road improvement by the town commissioners.

Where no such vote is taken the work is principally done by the poll tax which enables people to work it out at their leisure and about as they see fit. By this plan the work is usually done in a slipshod manner. The roadmaster may be competent but the work is not sufficiently under his control to enable him to systemize and to use the labor which is legally available for such use to the best advantage. By the use of the same amount of ready money as may be represented in the poll tax, much better results may be obtained than can possibly be expected from that labor expended without any definite object in view. It is surprising to see what good roads and well kept lanes will do for a country, in the appearance and the real value they bring to those who are willing to devote some attention to the subject. In fact the character of the public roads is an indication of the character of the farmers whose holdings are tributary to them. The sides of the lanes should be kept smooth enough for the mower, which should be used as often as needed.—Farmers' Union.

STANDARD OF PURITY.

The Ratio of Water in Butter to Be Fixed by Law in England.

There has been in the analysis of butter in England considerable variation in the standard of purity because of the greater or lesser percentage of water. An application has been made to the authorities there to fix some standard so that it could be uniform throughout the whole kingdom. Some considerable correspondence and discussion was had with the local authorities by a committee appointed by the butter dealers, and the conclusion was that if the standard of purity was not sufficiently defined, it was the business of the association to approach Somerset house with a request for a national standard, and if that did not remedy the evil, to take it to the house of congress. This proves this fact: there is a variation in the the amount of water in various butters, and that oftentimes with a very high standard of quality, dealers were liable to a penalty when they were entirely innocent of any intention of handling goods that were not up to the standard.

In this country the standard has not been fixed by law, but custom has fixed it at from 12 to 15 per cent. of water in high-grade butter. Above 15 per cent. it would hardly be considered of high grade, and below 12 per cent. would be too dry for the ordinary requirements of our best markets.—Elgin Dairy Report.

A GOOD TOWN TO BE FROM.

I would not live alway, I don't want to stay,
I long for a region of bliss;
I want to find some place that's far, far away
From a town with its streets like this.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Importance of Gritty Material.

Because a flock has the run of a field is no reason for supposing that a plentiful supply of gritty material is found by the hens. A calculation will show that when the hens are searching daily over every portion of the range that only a short time is required for them to appropriate all the gritty material that can be utilized. It is not every kind of hard substance that will answer the purpose. Round gravel is not suitable. The hens should have sharp cutting material, such as flint, broken china and earthenware, or even glass. Where they are confined it is still more important that the matter of providing grit should not be overlooked. Grit is the teeth of fowls, and without it they cannot masticate their food, and thereby prepare it for digestion.—Prairie Farmer.

FOR COUNTRY'S SAKE.

An Indian Fighter Suffers Agonies from Disease.

He Was in the Battle with the Apaches When Geronimo Was Captured.

From the Press, New York City.

Worn with the exposure of army life on the frontier, and poisoned by the continual drinking of alkali water, Joseph Flegauf returned to Philadelphia eight years ago, broken down in health and unable to do any work.

He had served five years with the Ninth United States Infantry in many a desperate fight with the Indians in Arizona and other frontier States and had won an enviable record. In the fierce conflict when Geronimo, the famous chief of the Apaches, was captured, Mr. Flegauf was among the brave soldiers who, forgetful of everything but duty, charged upon the hostile Indians.

Life on the plains sent to an untimely death many soldiers who were never touched by a redskin's bullet or arrow, and Mr. Flegauf came near such a fate as that. A long time before his time was out he was taken seriously ill, but he stuck to his post until an honorable discharge was finally given to him.

When he reached Philadelphia, the Indian fighter was scarcely more than skin and bones, and for three weeks he lay desperately ill in a hospital. He felt dizzy, and his stomach felt as if it had dried up. These symptoms were accompanied by bloody dysentery, which no medicine seemed to relieve.

After two years of suffering, Mr. Flegauf went to New York and was treated by several physicians. These did not agree, some calling his disease catarrh of the stomach, and others chronic diarrhœa.

In speaking to a reporter about his illness Mr. Flegauf said the doctors helped him, but, with all the money he spent for advice and medicine, he was able to work only a small part of the time. Since moving to his present home, No. 517 West Forty-second Street, in New York, about a year ago, Mr. Flegauf has been so ill that his voice and hearing almost left him.

Then all medicines failed, and the sick man had little hope of recovery. At this critical time Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People were recommended to Mr. Flegauf, and, almost as a last hope, he began taking them.

"The beneficial effect of the medicine was felt at once," Mr. Flegauf told the reporter, "and before I had taken a box I began to eat with relish. Three boxes made me so much better that I began work and have been able to keep at it since, for five months."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are not a patent medicine in the sense that name implies. They were first compounded as a prescription and used as such in general practice by an eminent physician. So great was their efficacy that it was deemed wise to place them within the reach of all. They are now manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.

A New Treatment for Sciatica.

A Paris physician claims to have discovered a treatment for sciatica. The statement taxes credulity somewhat, but it is a very easy thing to test. The following is a description of the process, which may be tried, and certainly is simple enough: "The patient lies on his face, with his legs extended and resting easily one against the other. The most painful spot is selected, the region where the nerve proceeds from the large sciatic opening. On its trunk both thumbs are applied, and it is compressed with the greatest force; at the same time slight lateral movements are made, without changing the point of pressure or moderating its intensity. This takes from 15 to 20 seconds, and is followed by an interval of 20 minutes rest, when the procedure is repeated. After a second application, which is much less painful than the first, the patient is able to walk, and for several hours, or even a day, he may be free from pain." In order to obtain complete recovery, this procedure should be practiced about six times a day every two days, until the definite suppression of the neuralgia is obtained.—N. Y. Ledger.

Wisdom in the Jury Box.

Court Clerk—Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?

Foreman—We have.

"What say you—do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

"We do."

"You do? Do what?"

"We find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty."

"But, gentlemen, you must explain."

"Of course; you see, six of us find him guilty, and six of us find him not guilty, and we've agreed—to let it go at that."—Boston Courier.

THE REASON OF IT.—"Is your daughter going into the country for her health?" "Oh, no. Purely for art. She wishes to become bronzed."—Detroit Free Press.

BLESSEDNESS is a whole eternity, older than damnation.—Richter.

NEVER spend your money before you have it.—Thomas Jefferson.

TRUTH is the root, but human sympathy is the flower of practical life.—Chapin.

THE soul and spirit that animates and keeps up society is mutual trust.—South.

THE tear down childhood's cheek that flows is like the dewdrop on the rose, when next the summer breeze comes by and waves the bush, the flower is dry.—Scott.

HAVING an unmarried milkman who is fairly good looking will do more to keep the girls tidy around their kitchen work than a dozen yards of advice.—Atchison Globe.

HOW HE FOUND THEM.—Jimmy, the Con—"How are you finding things these hard times?" Mike, the Porchclimber—"Easy. Been usin' de X ray."—Indianapolis Journal.

WHEN a young girl is 16 the eligibility of a young man depends a good deal on what sort of a mustache he has. When she is 26 she is likely to think more about his bank account.—Somerville Journal.

MUCH significance is naturally attached to the confession of a woman that she has purchased a brick of glittering brass. The incident shows the proud upward march of the sex to that plane on which man is supposed to stand, superior and enviable.—San Francisco Examiner.

IT is not the proper thing to say that a man will make a good husband. It is the wife who makes the good husband. The bad ones only are the self-made article.—Boston Transcript.

HIPSON—"Layson is the laziest man I know." Juggles—"Is that so?" Hipson—"Yes. Why, that man won't even carry life insurance."—Philadelphia North American.

"DOCTOR," said the anxious mother, "Willie can hardly speak above a whisper." "Indeed! Has he taken cold, or did he go to the ball game?"—Washington Star.

FRANTIC HORSE'S LEAP.

He Jumps from a Precipice to a River, and His Rider Is Unhurt.

The most miraculous escape from instant death I witnessed during my residence on the Pacific coast occurred a short distance below Asotin, over 25 years ago, but the incident is as fresh in my memory as if it had only occurred yesterday.

Billy Crites, a cowboy, undertook to ride a wild horse brought in from the range. The animal was first thrown, blindfolded, and then the bridle and saddle were put on, the latter girted tightly. Then the horse was let up. Billy got into the saddle and the blind was removed. The broncho remained quiet until its flanks were touched by the rider's spurs. The horse commenced to "buck," and, after going through the first part of the grand performance, started off on a dead run down the trail along Snake river. A short distance below Howard's Ferry, at the place now known as the "Red Point," the horse gave another sudden spurt of "bucking" and leaped from the "point" into the river below, a distance of 50 feet or over.

At that time there was only a narrow path leading around the "point," instead of a good, plain wagon road, as today. When the miners and prospectors came to this place in the trail they generally dismounted and walked and led their horses around the dangerous place. Crites' horse was almost instantly killed by the fall, but Billy escaped without a scratch. When help arrived they found him on the shore trying to fish out the dead horse to recover his saddle and bridle, and this was soon accomplished when assistance came.—Robert Bracken, in Asotin (Wash.) Sentinel.

Misunderstood.

Fiance—O, Charley, I love you so much. You are all I have in this world.

He—My gracious! If this is so, I will have to break our engagement—Texas Siftings.

FITS stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

"WHAT is the best sign of spring weather?" "That delightful feeling which makes you want to sit down and watch other people work."—Chicago Record.

I AM entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—LOUISA LINDAMAN, Bethany, Mo., Jan. 8, '94.

RICHES do not exhilarate us so much with their possession as they torment us with their loss.—Gregory.

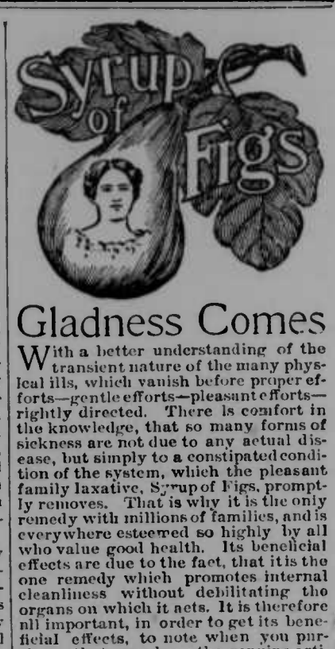

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

A SHINING EXAMPLE of what may be accomplished by never varying devotion to a single purpose is seen in the history of the McCormick Harvesting Machine Co., Chicago. For 65 years they have simply been building grain and grass-cutting machinery, and while there are probably forty manufacturers in this line, it is safe to say that the McCormick Company builds one-third of all the binders, reapers and mowers used throughout the entire world.

"No Foolin."

ST. JACOBS OIL DOES NOT "FOOL 'ROUND"; IT GOES STRAIGHT TO WORK ON PAIN AND DRIVES IT OUT AND "SHUTS IT OFF" FROM RETURNING. THAT'S BUSINESS.

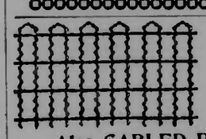

STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE.

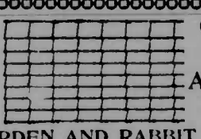

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"Judgment!!"

BattleAx PLUG

The umpire now decides that "BATTLE AX" is not only decidedly bigger in size than any other 5 cent piece of tobacco, but the quality is the finest he ever saw, and the flavor delicious. You will never know just how good it is until you try it.

HOMMER'S AWFUL DOOM.

He is Denied a New Trial by Judge Stake.

Judge Stake sentenced the prisoners convicted at the present term upon the opening of court, Saturday morning.

Simon Hommer, the slayer of Samuel McCarrier, was sentenced to death. While his doom was being pronounced by Judge Stake the utmost solemnity prevailed. Hommer sat with his eyes riveted to the floor, apparently totally unconcerned as to what was transpiring about him. When asked by the judge if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon him he answered in the negative. Judge Stake is a master of diction and pathos and the words he uttered were most affecting. He said:

Upon the testimony of a number of witnesses whose several statements make a narrative of indisputable proof, your case was submitted to an impartial jury. The law applicable to a case of homicide was intelligently expounded to it, and every theory that right and reason could suggest or eloqrence and strong language portray, was presented by able counsel in support of the theory advanced by you on the witness stand to justify your act of killing. After a patient hearing and deliberate consideration this jury has found you guilty of murder in the first degree.

Your conviction is of an offense the most heinous known to the law, for it involves the taking of human life with malice pretense, with a deliberate purpose to deprive a fellow being of that which was his by devine right, not to be interferred with save by that Omnipotent Power which rules all things, or the exigency of the State, determinable in its sovereign laws and administered by the duly constituted machinery of government.

In the heat of affray the law compassionating the infirmities of humanity makes allowance for the passions which rule in a stormy moment, for the sense of pain, for the apprehension of further injury, for the difficulty of ascertaining with due accuracy the precise degree of violence which is necessary to protect the person of the individual without annoying or injuring the assailant more than is necessary. But when the act of killing is one of premeditated revenge or malicious aforethough, the law in its regard for the welfare of the people neither can, will or ought to have sympathy or allowance.

The first and highest object of civilization is to place the law, administerd with a just regard for the rights of all in the room of that wild justice which every man cuts and carves for himself according to the length of his arm or the force and power of his weapon. The law says to the individuals of a community with a voice inferior to that of Deity, "vengeance is mine." The instant that there is time for the passions to cool and reason to interpose every one must become aware that the law assumes exclusive cognizance of the right and wrong between contending persons and oppose its inviolable and majestic buckler to every attempt of the individual to right by force his real or imaginary grievance. To this end our government is established among men.

In the matter of the affray between you and the deceased, it is impossible to discover any excuse for the violence, either in purpose or degree, which you inflicted to the extent of depriving him of life. It is true there has been a difficulty or disagreement of some kind between you two, but from the point of time when that difficulty resulted in blows, in which you, perhaps, were the sufferer, to the time of the firing of the deadly shots by you upon unarmed and defenceless man more than sufficient time has elapsed for reason to control the animosity growing out of the previous brawl, for the cooling down of stormy passions engendered by the prior blows, and for the substitution of duty in the place of hate. The *Chaud Medlee* was at an end and you and he as combatants in an unarmed struggle were bound by law to let your antagonism cease. With this breathing and cooling time as a clearly proven fact in the case, it was impossible for the jury in the application of the rule of law governing the facts, to discover any motive for your deadly act, save that of actual malice which they were bound in the absence of satisfactory explanation, to presume from the circumstances surrounding the killing, and it remains for me to impose the sentence of law, which is, that you be remanded to the jail of the county and there remain until such time as shall be designated by the governor, and from the said jail to be taken to some convenient place and there hanged by the neck until you are dead, and I most earnestly exhort you to use the time that may be allotted you from now till then in a sincere and penitent endeavor to reconcile your soul to God before whose awful judgment seat it is soon to appear. This may prove an inexpressible consolation to you in you last moments, and inspire into your soul that consciousness which can alone assuage the bitter draught you are soon to taste, and justify a hope of future peace and happiness.

When the judge finished, all eyes turned toward the prisoner, but he had never moved. At no time did he display the least concern. Right after the pronouncing of the sentence, J. G. Wilson, one of the prisoner's council, filed a motion in arrest of judgment. The object of this motion is to have the court pass upon it in order to have the case taken to the Court of Appeals. Should this court affirm the action of the lower court, executive intervention will probably be asked.—Cumberland News.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, May 18, 1896.

If Speaker Reed would abide by the wishes of the rank and file of his friends and admirers, he would take the second place on the ticket to be nominated at St. Louis, if he cannot get the first place and Gov. McKinley seems to come very near to having a mortgage on that. In fact there can be no doubt that the combination of those two names on the tiket would give satisfaction to more Republicans than any other that could be made, and aside from those who have personal reasons for wishing one or the other of them to head the ticket, it is probable that Reed and McKinley would be equally as satisfactory as McKinley and Reed. Whatever may be the relations existing between some of their individual friends, Speaker Reed and Gov. McKinley, although for the second time rivals for high party honor, are on the most cordial terms with each other; and they have already proven by the great work they did in the fiftieth Congress after having been rivals for the Speakership of the House, that work well in double harness and make a very strong team. That neither of these men should hanker after the Vice Presidency is not strange, but they are both thorough Republicans, and as such would not refuse to accept duty imposed on them by the National Convention. It is safe to predict that if the Convention selects these two men neither will decline.

It might look a little queer to see Senator Hill make a speech at the Chicago Convention nominating Mr. Cleveland for a third time but precisely that no prediction was made in my hearing by a gentleman who has been singularly fortunate in foretelling political events. Mr. Hill must be anxious to see Mr. Cleveland get a worse drubbing that the voters of New York gave to David B. when he ran for Governor against Gov. Morton, if he is really thinking about nominating Mr. Cleveland.

Mr. Cleveland has rewarded Commissioner Lochren for carrying out his pension policy by giving him a life job as U. S. Judge for the district of of Minnesota. Dominick I. Murphy, of Pennsylvania, now First Deputy, has been nominated to succeed Lochren as Commissioner and N. P. T. Dana, now chief of a division in the office, to succeed Murphy. There will be no change in the Cleveland Pension policy—until after the 4th of next March.

It has been evident for some time that Col. Dupont would not be seated as Senator from Delaware. The combined Democratic and Populist vote makes a majority of 1 in the Senate, and that was the margin upon which Col. Dupont was kept out of the seat to which he was entitled. If the Populists had voted against Col. Dupont on conviction, there would be "no kick coming" to the Republicans, but they didn't.

About six men in the Senate will prevent the adoption of Senator Morgan's joint resolution instructing the President to recognize Cuban belligerency, although all the other Senators, nine-tenths of the House and an overwhelming majority of the people of this country favor its adoption. It is the same old story. This handful of Senators have indicated their intention to talk all summer if necessary, to prevent a vote on Senator Morgan's resolution and the other Senators know that the Senate rules are such that it is only a question of physical endurance that will stand in the way of the threat being carried out. Consequently there is not much probability that the resolution will be seriously pushed. Some day the Senate will probably have rules which will enable the majority of its members, and not a determined and obstinate minority, to say what shall be done and to do it. Until then wise men will not expect too much from the Senate.

The Senate wants to know a little more about what is being done in behalf of the Americans who were tried by a Court Martial in Cuba and sentenced to death, than the meagre story the State Department has made public, that the Spanish Government had set aside the sentences and directed that the men be tried again in a civil court, and as the surest way to get what it wanted adopted without a division, a resolution calling on the President for the information.

No definite steps have been taken about adjournment by the Senate and it is not expected that anything will decided upon until the rest of the appropriation bills have been disposed of. In fact decided objection has been made by Senators to setting a date for adjournment. It is believed that it will take two more weeks to finish up the appropriations, and that adjournment will very quickly follow as it has been in a sort of tenative way agreed to by both Democratic and Republican steering committees that no bills likely to start an extended debate shall be taken up. That means that nothing of importance will be touched after the appropriations are out of the way.

The Supreme Council A. P. A., decided that the attempt of a mirror committee to boycott Gov. McKinley was unjustified.

Encircled by Forest Fires.

Information was received here by relatives that Mr. Lee Ash, formerly of Allegany county, and his wife who was Miss Carrie Osburne, of Flinstone, daughter of D. P. Osborn recently appointed assistant weigher of grain at Baltimore by Governer Lowndes, were nearly overwhelmed by a forest fire in the vicinity of Davis, W. Va., were Mr. Ash is managing a store. Mr. and Mrs. Ash were married only several weeks ago. They were returning from a walk to the Blackwater Falls, two miles from Davis, and being unacquainted with the country walked into a spot encircled by a forest fire. They became bewildered, but fortunately were rescued while the flames were leaping about them by two fire-fighting woodsmen who came upon the couple while both were on their knees praying. Their clothes badly burned and hair singed while Mrs. Ash's hat was almost consumed on her head.

The Middle Fork tract in Tucker recently purchased by Mattie & McClure, Pittsburg, for $500.000, of which $300.000 was paid in cash, is said to have been entirely devastated by forest fires.—Cumb. News.

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"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
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"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
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Ladies' and Gentlemen's Bicycles,

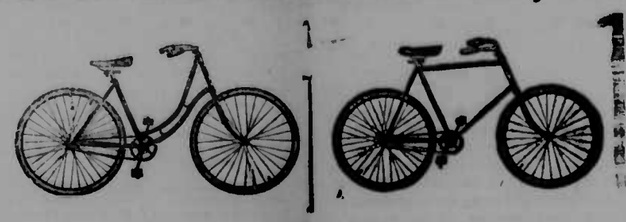

Bicycle Sundries of all Kinds, Cement, Pumps, Spokes, Tires, Wood Rims, Balls, Patching Rubber, Coasters, Lamps, Valves and Valve Stems, Repair Kits, Wrenches, Oilers, Locks, Etc., Etc.

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OAKLAND PHARMACY,

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FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

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PRICES REASONABLE.

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FROSTBURG, MD.
AGENTS WANTED.

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GENERAL MERCHANDISE AND GROCERIES.

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NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.

Come and be convinced you do not have to pay two prices for your goods, because we sell for cash. Remember the place.

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LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

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ORDER NISI.

William Pearre, Assignee of Jabob S. Jamesson, Mortgagee, vs. Alfred C. Brooke. No. 755 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered, this 11th day of May, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by William Pearre, assignee of Jacob S. Jamesson, mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 15th day of June, 1896; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland once a week for three successive weeks before the 15th day of June, 1896.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2,750.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

I HAVE PURCHASED
THE OAKLAND COAL YARD
of Mr D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of
HARD AND SOFT
COAL,
KINDLING WOOD, Etc.
All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.
3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

SAVE BABY'S LIFE.

Teething time is the most trying time of infancy. The little gums are hot and swollen. They tingle and ache and smart. All the nerves in the little body are on edge. Sleep restless—digestion bad.

There's a remedy.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

soothes and cools the gums, controls the bowels, cures colic, brings good digestion, sleep and rest. 25 cents, all druggists. Guaranteed. Made by JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

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Office opposite postoffice, OAKLAND, MD.
Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.
Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients 25—1yr

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I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.
Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

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Special attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED, SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINGELL,
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OAKLAND, MARYLAND,
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL
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Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
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DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,
at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.
FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS.
Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.
Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.
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THE REPUBLICAN.

ESTABLISHED MARCH 3, 1877. BENJ. H. SINCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1896. NUMBER 12.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Four papers of pins for 5c at Tasker & Son's. 12-tf

Mr. M. N. Wilson spent Sunday in Oakland with friends.

Mr. A. D. Naylor made a business trip to Swanton yesterday.

Soda pop on ice and milk shake lemonade at Tasker & Son's.

Fresh bread, cakes and pies every day at Tasker & Son's new store.

The Orphans' Court was in session on Tuesday with the full bench in attendance.

Mr. George W. Moon, of district No. 1, was in the city last Saturday on business.

Mrs. Harry Sincell returned from a visit to Wheeling last Friday afternoon.

Mr. R. R. Henderson, of Cumberland, was here on professional business Monday.

Don't go hungry when you can get a nice lunch at Tasker & Son's new store for 10c.

Saturday afternoon Paul Naylor was thrown from a horse and considerably shaken up.

Dixon and Kelso are paying highest prices for wool. See them before you sell. 12-3t*

The sale at National house, Mt. Lake Park, has been postponed from May 30th until June 3d. 1

Garthright is offering some rare bargains in dress goods for the cash, Come, they won't last long. 2t.

John Shartzer, the big wool buyer, is buying wool for Hirsch Bros. and will pay the highest cash price.

A very heavy rain storm visited this section Tuesday morning doing considerable damage to gardens, etc.

Mr. Joseph Helbig, of Oakland, has a number of men at work repainting the B. & O. hotel at Deer Park.

The pay car passed through Oakland last Saturday and paid the men for their previous month's work.

Mr. Wesley Ryland, assistant principal of the Lonaconing high school, was in Oakland a few hours last Friday.

Governor Lowndes has accepted the resignation of Mr. D. H. Loar as a justice of the peace for this county.

Garthright, Mountain Lake Park wants ten thousand pounds of wool at the highest cash and trade market price.

Mr. R. T. Frazee, of the Crawford Hotel, Friendsville, was in the city Monday morning and made this office a business call.

A bursted wheel under a stock car at Bloomington last Tuesday night caused a costly wreck. A number of hogs were killed.

Senator Rovenscroft, of Accident, was in the city Saturday on his way home from a business trip to New York and other eastern cities.

County Treasurer Thomas B. Wiley, of Bittinger, was in Oakland last Thursday and Friday on business connected with his office.

Dr. M. C. Hinebaugh and family are now occupying Capt. Jarboe's house on Alder street in which Dr. Hinebaugh will have his office.

The case of Hiram P. Tasker vs. the County Commissioners of Garrett county will come up for trial in Hagerstown on Tuesday, June 2nd.

Bargains in sugar, coffee, rice, lard, prunes, dates, bologna sausage, potted tongue, potted beef. Pickles 5 cents a dozen at Tasker & Son's.

The stock of goods in the Loch Lynn store company's building will be offered at public auction on Saturday, June 6th, by the receiver Mr. John Shartzer.

Ernest Murphy, twelve years of age, residing at Bloomington with his parents was brought to Oakland last Friday and taken before Justice Boyer on the charge of assaulting Miss Jennie Green. Bail was furnished the youngster and he was taken home the next morning. He is also charged with incorrigibility which will be heard later.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Peddicord and daughter Miss Mollie, who have been in Covington, Ky., the past winter, will return to Oakland for the summer this week.

The Oakland District Conference of the M. E. church, will meet at Bayard, W. Va., June 17 to 19. This conference will be represented by about twenty ministers, and the same number of lay delegates.

General Assessor Jacob Fresh, of New Germany, was in the city several days this week on business connected with his office. The work of making the assessment will be begun on Tuesday, June 2nd.

The members of the Oakland literary club are requested to meet at Mr. F. A. Thayer's office in Oakland to-night to perfect arrangements by which the club as a whole will spend the 30th at Swallow Falls.

Garthright, Mountain Lake Park, is offering to the public the largest and best selected stock of dress goods, notions, etc., ever brought to the county. He bought them at a low figure and is selling them at a small profit.

Mr. Ed. P. Anderson, of Newburg came to Oakland Tuesday afternoon and took train No. 4 the same night for Baltimore where he spent a few days with friends. He will be on duty at Deer Park after Monday of next week.

The commencement exercises at Briar-Bend seminary will be held on Wednesday, June 3d, at 2.30 o'clock p. m. A cordial invitation to be present is extended to the many friends of the institution in Oakland and Mountain Lake Park.

Messrs. E. H. Sincell and Surveyor Alex. Mason are over in District No. 8 making a survey of some land in litigation between the Wilson Lumber company and Mr. Wm. I. Brown. It will require two or three weeks to make the survey.

Miss Nellie Browning, daughter of ex-Senator R. T. Browning, of Oakland, has secured a position in a Chago training school for nurses and expects to leave for that city some time early in June. Miss Browning is well known and her many friends wish her success.

The sale of the Loch Lynn hotel property was made last Thursday. Messrs. Rulifson & Culkin bought the hotel building for $17,000. Mr. Shugluff, of Baltimore, purchased the hotel lawn for $2,800. None of the one hundred lots advertised with the hotel were sold.

Hon. A. F. George, of Garrett county, has assumed his duties at the fish hatchery in Druid Hill Park, Baltimore, with William Roten, who has been there for many years. Mr. George was appointed by John E. Gnagey, the new fish commissioner for the Western Shore.

A special meeting of the county commissioners was held last Friday morning when the recently appointed assessors were again appointed. This was made necessary by reason of the fact that the law requires them to qualify within ten days after the appointment was made and which they failed to do.

An exchange truthfully says: The publisher of a newspaper is about the only business man in a town who is expected to use his own time to build up the business of every other person in the community, without charge and often without thanks." Most publishers have experienced that fact.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Mr. James Andrews whilst engaged in helping a number of men to unload a new refrigerator for his meat market on last Wednesday fell out of the car in which he was working onto a pile of cross ties. He struck his cheek in falling bruising it very badly and knocking several teeth loose.

DANA'S Sarsaparilla is not only the *best* of all remedies for the Nerves, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, and Blood; *but if no benefit, you can get your money back.* The same guarantee applies to DANA'S Pills, Cough Syrup and Plasters. For sale by Dr. J. W. Laughlin, agent, Deer Park. 4-13t.

Mr. Adolphus Felty returned from Baltimore last Friday night where he had been reciving surgical treatment in Johns Hopkins hospital for the past two months. Several months ago Mr. Felty sustained an injury to his left thumb and it became necessary to have part of the bone removed which was done by the surgeons in Johns Hopkins last Thursday.

On Monday evening 25th inst., the Epworth League, Oakland chapter No 1165, held its regular monthly meeting in St. Paul's M. E. church, Mr. Robert C. Townshend presiding. An appreciative audience was pleased and well entertained by the following program: Violin solo, Mrs. F. G. Hyde; recitation, Miss Grace Wotring; vocal solo, Mr. C. F. Schroeder; reading, Mrs. F. A. Thayer; organ voluntary, Dr. J. G. Robinson; original oration, Mr. E. L. Mitchell.

The difference between a lady and a gentleman in mounting a bicycle, is as follows: The lady stops, adjusts her skirts, puts her foot upon a pedal, gives a little spring, settles lightly upon the saddle and away she goes! The man grabs the handle bars, stretches himself out behind the machine, puts one foot upon the step, hops along on one foot like a lame ostrich give a jump, lands "kerplunk" in the saddle, kicks about to find the pedals and then goes wabbling along for a rod or so before he gets his centre of gravity located.

For every quarter in a man's pocket there are a dozen uses; and to use each one in such a way as to derive the most benefit is a question every one must solve for himself. We believe, however, that no better use could be made of one of these quarters than to exchange it for a bottle of Chamberlain's Cholic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, a medicine that every family should be provided with. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin Deer Park.

The unsightly piles of stone which have blocked Third street for several months past were beautifully whitewashed last Monday night by some of the town boys—big boys, too. Now if some of our public spirited citizens will decorate the stones with ferns and laurel, have some rattlesnakes turned loose among them perhaps that part of the town will become more attractive to those with an artistic eye and longing for nature in all her primitive beauty.

Since putting the above in type shrubbery has been added and now only the snakes are lacking.

Mr. D. P. Davis, a prominent liveryman and merchant of Goshen, Va., has this to say on the subject of rheumatism: "I take pleasure in recommending Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism, as I know from personal experience that it will do all that is claimed for it. A year ago this spring my brother was laid up in bed with inflammatory rheumatism and suffered intensely. The first application of Chamberlain's Pain Balm cased the pain and the use of one bottle completely cured him. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park,

Trespass Notice.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned lying in District No. 6 near Accident for the purpose of either hunting or fishing.

10-3t* JONAS SPEICHER.

For Sale or Rent.

A very desirable property in Oakland, being the late residence of Henry J. Mayers. Also for sale the Oakland Woolen Mills property. Said property may be obtained cheap and on easy terms. Apply to J. C. Renninger, attorney, Oakland.

Dissolution of Partnership.

This is to give notice that Nethken Bros., doing a general mercantile business at Deer Park, Md., has been dissolved by mutial consent.

All accounts have been placed in the hands of F. R. Nethken & Co., for settlement which must be either settled by note or cash immediately.

11-3t* NETHKEN BROS.

To the Republican.

I noticed in your last issue an account of the arrest of Mr. Fred. Kolb upon a warrant sworn out by Samuel Fine charging Mr. Kolb with murdering his brother.

No doubt Mr. Fine feels sad over the loss of his brother and is determined to investigate fully to ascertain if there was foul play in causing his death. In this he is to be complimented, but when he comes into our county and swears out a warrant charging one of our best and most respected citizens with willful and deliberate murder he is pursuing a course that should be condemned by all good citizens.

The people have known Mr. Kolb for at least thirty-five years and in all that time he has lived a quiet peaceable life

Mr. Kolb, though a constable, never carred any weapons to defend himself with and I feel sure he would not know how to load or handle a gun. He is so old and feeble that he could not so much as lift a body, therefore it would be impossible for him to conceal the body of the dead man in any way.

It is the opinion not only of the writer but of all the best citizens of Oakland that Fine in running away from Mr. Kolb tried to cross lake Cleveland and when he came to the channel of the creek found the water deeper than he had supposed and drowned.

As far as can be ascertained Fine did not have an enemy in this part of the country. Neither did he have any quantity of money on his person for he could not pay the fine of $25 imposed by Justice Kahl.

Accident is one of the quietest places in the state and it is unusual for a constable to have anything to do. Mr. Kolb accepted the appointment more to accommodate the community than anything else and I think it very hard that in his old age he should be wrongfully charged with such a crime.

Pardon me, Mr. Editor, for taking up so much of your space, but I think this is justly due Mr. Kolb. Those that where he is not personally known people may think because Fine was in his custody at the time when he escaped that there might be some reason for suspicion.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Improvements.

Dr. Henry W. McComas has groundbroken adjoining The Republican building for the erection of a two sory brick building. It will be heated throughout with steam and have all the modern conveniences.

Work on Mr. D. E. Offutt's new building on Railroad street is progressing as rapidly as the weather will permit. It is nearly forty feet square and three stories high. It will contain store and office rooms.

Shartzer's opera house and office building is being sided up with pressed iron representing stone. Several rooms in the building have already been rented.

The new front at Messrs Offutt & Son's store building is being pointed and looks very pretty. The windows have been artistically dressed by Mr. Grant.

Mr. James Andrews has recently put in a new refrigator at his meat market. It is a handsome one with a capacty of several beeves and numberless lambs, and smaller animals. It is the latest improved make and meat will keep in it for a long time.

Mr. Andrew Nelson has also improved his meat market by painting the walls and ceiling and repairing the refrigerator.

Mr. Barney Reynolds has had his property on Liberty street repainted inside and outside and other repairs made. It will be occupied about June 15th by Dr. E. J. M. Button and family, of Annapolis, Md. Dr. Button has been in the Naval service to his country for forty-five years and will be retired about the 20th of June.

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3t. JOSEPH HOSTETLER.

Public Sale.

At the National hotel, Mt. Lake Park, June 3d, at 10 o'clock a. m., consisting of bed room suites, mattresses, springs, chairs, rockers, mattings, etc. Will also offer for sale the real estate consisting of the hotel and cottage. This is one the best properties in the Park.

Terms made known on day of sale. SHARTZER & BOLDEN.

Constable Kolb.

To the Editor of The Republican.

By your permission I wish to express my heart felt thanks through the columns of your paper to the voters of District No. 2 for the kindness they have shown me. I admire all that stand up for their honest convictions but do not admire any one that endeavors to tear down the business of a law abiding citizen as I think I have been.

I understand it has been asserted that the hotel keepers are no good to Friendsville, which I cannot believe. My hotel register shows that I have taken in $3,221.25 in thirteen months and five days for meals, lodging and horse feeds. I buy my oats, hay, chop, meat, butter, eggs, potatoes and vegetables and many other things from the people in and around Friendsville and no one has as yet refused to take my money because I keep a public house, but I think those who are trying to ruin my business would like to have more of my money. I know that my house has been a benefit to the traveling public and also to Friendsville. I have tried to conduct my house honestly and upon business principles and I have not abused my privileges as a landlord. I have enjoyed a good share of the public patronage and expect to continue in the same line hereafter and do not expect to be driven from Friendsville by anyone until I get ready to leave.

I again extend my thanks to our citizens for considering the interests of a law abiding citizen.

I beg the public to pardon me for the following reference to myself: I was only 17 years old when my father died, leaving a family of six. My father died on May 30th, 1862. My only brother died in the army on July 30th, 1862. That left the whole care of the family on me. I have two invalid sisters and a dear mother that is in her 86th year. She is a loving mother. She and my sisters need the constant care of some one. It cost me twenty-five years of hard and patient toil to supply their wants and make them comfortable. They are still the objects of my care. I feel proud of myself that I did my duty and my whole duty. I was left without one dollar to start on and without any education. After mother is gone all the hope she has for her loved daugthers hangs on my shoulders. I have never turned them out of a home and never expect to as long as I live and God gives me power to take care of them.

I expect I have done as much for the needy as those who make the loud prayer. I have never asked Garrett county to give my sisters one cent. I may add that I never intend to.

I hope to have as bright a crown in eterity as some of my foes. My path has not been strewn with flowers in this life, but rather with thorns and thistles, but I am content with my lot. I am over the hill top and going down the other side to meet my reward and only hope to meet both freind and foe where trouble never comes. All I have lived for are my friends.

If any one doubts the statement made above I refer them to Messrs. Matthias Frazee, John Liston and Elijah Friend, my life long neighbors, and also to Mr. William Hinebaugh, of Oakland.

R. T. FRAZEE.

Low Rates to Pittsburg via B. & O.

The Saengerbund of North America will meet in Pittsburg, June 8th to 12th.

In pursuance of this usual liberal policy the B. & O. R. R. will sell round trip tickets to Pittsburg from all stations on its line, for all trains June 6th to 8th, valid for the round trip.

Tickets will also be on sale at offices of all connecting lines.

For full information address B. & O. agent. 13-2t*

Struck by Lightning.

The barn on Mr. Wm. Frazee's farm near Cove, this county, was struck by lightning Tuesday morning, setting it on fire and burning it to the ground together with all his farming implements and one cow and calf. Mr. Frazee succeeded in getting his horses out of the barn. There was no insurance.

Bank Business.

We desire to call the attention of all who do business with banks or others where promisory notes are used, that the law passed by the last legislature goes into effect June 1st, and therefore no days of grace will be given on notes dated after that date.

Communicated.

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Died.

Mrs. Annie E. Wilson, who was born Feb. 15, 1862, died April 28, 1896, at Blaine, W. Va. She was a daughter of the late George Marvil, of Deer Park, Md. She had been a member of the United Brethen church for about twenty years. Rev. Price, pastor of the M. E. church at Elk Garden, conducted the funeral services. The interment was made in the Hamill cemetery near Blaine. She leaves a husband and three children to morn their sad loss.

How to Treat a Wife.

First, get a wife; second, be patient. You may have great trials and perplexities in your business, but do not therefore, carry to your home a cloudy or contracted brow. Your wife may have trials, which, though of less magnitude, may be hard for her to bear. A kind word a tender look, will do wonders in chasing from her brow all clouds of gloom.—To this we would add always keep a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house. Your wife will then know that you really care for her and wish to protect her health. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin Deer Park.

Reduced rates to Cumberland.

The Firemen's Association of Maryland will meet in Cumberland June 10 to 12.

For this occasion the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell round trip tickets to Cumberland at a fare and a third for the round trip from Pittsburg, Uniontown, Frederick, Hagerstown, Baltimore, Annapolis and from all ticket stations on its lines in Maryland, District of Columbia and Virginia, for all trains of June 9 to 12, valid for return passage until June 13th.

A Cure for Muscular Rheumatism.

Mrs. R. L. Lamson, of Fairmont, Illinois says: "My sister used Chamberlain's Pain Balm for muscular rheumatism it effected a complete cure. I keep it in the house at all time and have always found it beneficial for aches and pains. It is the quickest cure for rheumatism muscular pains and lameness I have ever seen." For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Weather Crop Report.

MT. LAKE.—Past week has been wet; rained some every day, which has helped crops ahead; too wet for farm work; has put plowing for buckwheat back some. Cut worms doing some damage to vegetables. Crops look prosperous. Grass has done well. Potato-bugs making their appearance. Druggists had better keep good supply of Paris green; we have them (the bugs) to fight. WM. H. BIGGS.

COVE.—Plenty of rain all week. Corn coming up nicely. Oats and grass are doing well. Wheat is improving. Potatoes coming up.

D. HOCHSTEDLER.

SUNNYSIDE.—Weather the past week wet. Farm work at a standstill. All crops are doing fine. Wheat coming in head. Cut worm being destructive to garden truck.

JOHN G. KNAUER.

Base Ball.

On last Monday evening a meeting was held at Mt. Lake Park by the young men for the purpose of organizing a second base ball club. The name of the club decided upon was the Excelsiors. It seems to be organized of good, first class ball players, as the name following will show: Eugene Binkley, "Jack" Gregge, Samuel Flowers, William Baumgardner, "Folly" Winfield, "Phil" Goff, Ed. Burley, Will Combs, Joe Johns, Grant Hayden, A. Johnson. Eugene Binkley was elected captain and Samuel Flowers treasurer. The boys would be pleased to have a game with Oakland on next Saturday, the 30th.

Reduced Rates to Washington.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will hold their annual meeting in Washington, D. C., July 7 to 13.

For this occasion the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell tickets, from all points on its lines, East of the Ohio River to Washington, at one single fare for the round trip, July 6 to 8, inclusive; valid for return passage until July 15, inclusive, with the privilege of an additional extension until July 13 by depositing tickets with Joint Agents at Washington

Tickets will also be on sale at stations of all connecting lines.

Delegates should not lose sight of the fact that all B. & O. trains run via Washington.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

THE ROCK-A-BY CHAIR.

Oh, the rock-a-by chair is a jolly old ship,
And grandma's captain and crew,
And she sings a nice song as we start on our trip,
Though I never have heard it quite through;
But it's all about islands and rivers and things,
And the treasures and dream-people there,
And this is the song that my grandmamma sings
In the wonderful rock-a-by chair:

"Oh, a beautiful stream is the river of sleep,
And it flows through the Kingdom of Nod;
And its current is broad and its channel is deep,
And its shores are so fair and so placid its sweep,
And it flows from the footstool of God,
From the fountains and footstool of God.

"There's a marvelous isle up that river so fair
Where a glow of eternity gleams;
And our hopes and our yearnings are realized there,
And freedom from sorrow, and surcease of care,
In the beautiful island of dreams,
In the misty mid-island of dreams.

"Oh, the faces so fair in that far-away isle
And the treasures that never shall rust;
There are glimpses and gleams of the sweet after while,
And the touch and the kiss and the vanishing smile
Of lips that have crumbled to dust,
Of lips that have fallen to dust."

And this is her song, but I don't know the rest
As I never have heard it quite all;
For I cuddle down close to my grandmamma's breast,
And my eyelids grow heavy and fall;
But I know that she sings about Heaven and God,
And the angels and everything there,
As we journey away to the Kingdom of Nod,
In the wonderful rock-a-by chair.

—Albert B. Paine, in N. Y. Independent.

MOTHER'S BEST.

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.

"I'm back, mother."

A bright-looking, half-grown boy had quietly entered a pretty cottage and made his way to the room in which was seated a lady dressed in deep mourning, engaged in sewing.

"My dear one! My own precious boy—but why are you here again so soon?"

"For no good reason, mother. I got into a bit of trouble."

"Not of your own fault, dear?"

"No. There was a little money missing, and in a way that I seemed to be responsible for."

"Tell me how, Philip."

"A lady was shopping at my counter and selected some books for which she laid down a $20 bill. Then she decided not to take the books, and I distinctly remember her taking back the money—it never touched my hands. In a few minutes she came back declaring she had left it—and what could I do?"

"You dear boy!" Even in the midst of his despairing depression Philip felt cheered by her loving sympathy. "But," she went on, "no one believed anything against you—surely?"

"O, they said so," said Philip, bitterly. "That is, they said nothing could be proved against me, and they were glad to believe it could only be a mistake. But when they told me they were carrying more help than they needed, and must dismiss younger rather than older clerks, I knew what it meant. And here I am—back on your hands after trying for months to get something to do."

"Back with me, dear, there's comfort in that."

"What will people here think of it? When they knew I went expecting to stay. Why, mother, it's a blot on my character. It may make a difference in my whole life."

"Dear child, we can only believe that in some way it is ordered for the best."

"I can't. It's the worst thing which could have come to me."

"O, my boy, not the worst. Think of the mothers whose sons might have done what some suppose you have done."

On the death of his father Philip had laid aside his studies, and with energy and boyish faith looked out upon the world which he believed ready to yield its treasures to those who claimed them as the reward of honest, persevering effort.

But the world, in most cases, does not respond warmly to such expectations. Some of us learn this through the passage of years—to some it comes with early youth. After wearisome delay a situation had been obtained for him in a large book establishment in a town nearest the village in which his father had been a highly-regarded physician.

For a few weeks Philip had cherished visions of rising by steps built on energy and integrity to a high place in the great business—of making a home near him for his mother. Then—this!

Philip renewed his attempts to find work—work of any kind—but only to realize as before that for every place there seemed many applicants.

"Let me pack my bag and go and seek my fortune, mother," he urged. But she would not hear of his leaving home on such uncertainty.

"I'm living on my mother. Actually letting her support me."

Many a boy of Philip's make-up may understand the feeling which led him to set his teeth and clench his hands as he walked along the street of the village.

At the sound of chat and laughter he raised his eyes, to perceive coming toward him a company of girls from a boarding school which constituted one of the features of the village.

Philip had just passed a small pond, and had mechanically strayed from his way to try with the heel of his boot the strength of the new ice.

The girls paused as they came near it. How they chattered, contradicting and chaffing each other. How bright their faces were, how dainty and pretty their fur-trimmed garments. Philip wondered if girls ever had cares like boys.

"Does it bear—"

"Yes, yes, I'm sure it does."

"It froze hard last night."

"I skated here earlier than this last season."

"Be careful, young ladies," put in the warning voice of a teacher, as two or three ran down the slight declivity to the ice.

"It's as firm as a rock."

"What a glorious slide! Come on, girls!"

The merry peals and exclamations rose higher. Philip turned his head for a moment to see members of the frolicsome crowd darting this way and that as they tried the smoothness of the ice.

A moment later sharper sounds cut through the air. A cracking and reading of the ice—screams of dismay and terror. As Philip rushed back a fearful scene met his shocked eyes. The greater part of the ice had broken away and sunk out of sight, leaving a dozen or more of the girls in water of no great depth. A few who had been so fortunate as to have remained near the shore were splashing their way out or climbing the steep banks.

With one glance Philip took in the whole situation; then, with a warning cry, ran at full speed around to the farther end of the pond. He knew every inch of it, and knew that some were threatened with danger more serious than that which might follow an icy foot path.

"Go back—go the other way," he called, wildly gesticulating to two who were making their way toward him. "The water's deep this way—go back."

One of the girls turned. The other, with eyes wild with fright and bewilderment, still came toward the quarter of the pond in which remained a surface of unbroken ice. As she advanced, the water deepened about her, and she gazed from one side to the other in increasing alarm.

By this time the news of the disaster had spread, and the people were gathering from every direction. Men ran into the shallow water to give help. Before long all had been rescued except the one whom Philip was anxiously watching.

Others were anxious, for all knew the treacherous character of the bottom of the pond just there. To approach might mean death to two instead of one. She was in the middle, water all around her, except on one side, the ice toward which she was making her way.

Philip gazed desperately around him. She must be helped out that way, but how? No one could venture on the thin ice.

On the bank lay a wooden frame or skid which had been used the winter before in the ice-cutting season. With help from others Philip drew it to the ice and made fast to it a rope which had been brought. Then he knelt upon the end of it.

"Give it a shove," he directed, and the frame slid over the ice toward the girl.

It brought him near enough to grasp one of her trembling hands, and he never forgot the look she turned upon him.

"Oh—I thought I was going down—here, with so many near."

"Not a bit of it," said Philip, cheerfully, notwithstanding a little gasp as the too vigorous push of his assistants sent his knees into the water as the ice bent under him.

"We're going to get out right off, now," he went on. "Don't take a step forward. It's deep water right ahead of you. Now—the only way for me is to drag you up on this—"

With all his strength he pulled on her hands, striving as well as her half paralyzed limbs would allow her to mount upon the skid. But to his sore dismay Philip was soon obliged to see the hopelessness of this means of rescue. With every attempt the ice bent under him, destroying the frail support.

"Can't you turn and walk the other way?" implored Philip. "See—they are ready to throw you ropes. It is your best chance."

The poor girl half turned, but whether from utter benumbing of her limbs or from the stupefication of fright, again laid trembling grasp upon Philip's hand.

"We must get a boat," was cried from the bank. "It is the only thing to do."

"A boat!" came in a gasp from the girl. "I shall die before it comes."

"You won't," said Philip, from between his chattering teeth. "You're not going to die with so many all 'round you."

The two or three boats which belonged to the school were always taken out in the autumn and stored in a building near it. Very well Philip knew that with the best efforts there would be perilous delay in bringing one.

"Where's the key?" was asked, as men hurried toward the boathouse.

No one knew.

"Batter it down."

This was quickly done, men moving with an impulse given by the knowledge that life and death were hanging on their efforts.

Philip's icy support was bending lower and lower and he was half immersed in the water.

"Oh—you'll leave me—you'll leave me."

Philip could scarcely hear it—the despairing cry from the stiffened lips.

"I will not," he said, firmly. I won't leave this till you do. They're coming—don't you hear them shouting upon the hill? Plenty of me—and all putting in their best for your help. Only a little longer."

But it seemed ages. The sun had disappeared, twilight slowly settled down and the moon showed her bright face, mocking in its serenity. Philip felt himself growing cold as he still spurred himself to the utterance of encouraging words.

The boat came, and with great difficulty the now quite helpless and unconscious sufferer was placed in it. Philip followed, surprised at finding himself almost as much in need of assistance.

"I thought things were bad enough before this."

Philip said it as he drew near the end of a three weeks' course of rheumatic fever.

"Bad enough, I thought, for me to be on mother's hands doing nothing. But now!—doctor's bills, medicines, all sorts of expense—oh my!"

He almost writhed as mountain upon mountain of difficulty seemed to pile up before him.

Much neighborly help had come to his mother. Inquiries, also, and kindly messages from all directions, especially from the boarding-schools, with gifts of fruits and flowers. His eyes rested upon the delicate blossoms, but their suggestions of luxury seemed a grotesque mockery of their pressing needs.

"You can't find much of your 'best' in all this, mother," he ventured, with a rueful half smile.

"I can't, perhaps, my boy. Especially in your sufferings."

"There are times, then, when even you can't see any best?" he retorted, with an attempt at jest.

"Yes, when I have to leave it to the One who orders for us to show us His best. Sometimes He does not see for us to show it—on this side."

There was a ring at the door, and his mother presently returned from answering it with a card.

"Henry S. Adams." Philip read it with a misty half recognition of its being familiar. But his mind was still a little dull, and there were so many Adams all about the country.

"He wants to see you," said his mother. Do you feel strong enough?"

"Yes, I think so. I believe it would be good to see a new face again."

But it was not a new one—the strong, clear-cut face with the close-trimmed beard. With his first glance at it a host of dim remembrances arose, the principal one being distinctly unpleasant.

With a second thought he had located the face. It belonged to the chief owner of the great store in which he had been employed, and he had seen it last on the occasion of his dismissal with a few cold words.

A flush of excitement arose to the boy's pale face. What could have brought him here? What could he want with him?

Neither the voice which addressed him nor the accompanying look could now be called cold.

"I have been waiting to hear of your being able to see visitors," said Mr. Adams. "I think it will be a relief to your mind to know that the lady who thought the loss of her money was in some way connected with you has written me to say that she has found it, and begs me to let her know what she can do to atone for the distress she caused you."

"And you come to tell me?" Philip's face again flushed brightly as his heart swelled with rejoicing thankfulness.

"But," he said, earnestly, a sober expression following, "I don't know of anything which could make up for such a thing—even if I wanted anybody to make up."

"I don't know, either," said Mr. Adams, in a tone of grave agreement.

He sat and eyed the boy with a face of kindly interest. Philip flushed and paled with the weakness belonging to his illness, trying to summon up courage to ask a question.

"Then might I ask, sir," he began, "if you could let me have the situation again?"

"I am afraid not."

"The finding of Mrs. Marvin's money," resumed Mr. Adams, after another pause, in which Philip was endeavoring to swallow the disappointment of his newly-awakened hope, "is not the real business on which I came. That is a small matter as compared with another that concerns us both. Did you know that it was my daughter whose life you saved that evening?"

"Why—no, I didn't."

The visitor met with a cordial grasp the thin hand held out to him in boyish impulse, while the bright eyes shone with pleasure.

"Why, I am glad—I'm so glad, sir," went on Philip. "No, I didn't. Perhaps I heard her name, but if I did I didn't pay attention."

"My only daughter," continued Mr. Adams, in his tone of quiet and deep feeling. "You can realize what this means to me. But," with a glance at the boy's excited eyes, "I must not tire you now. I only want you to understand that there is no place in my employ for which you are fitted, or may in future fit yourself for, which you cannot have. Or, if you would prefer a college course and whatever your tastes after that may lead to, the way will be made easy for your mother and yourself."

"But, sir," said Philip, in a transport of amazement, "it wasn't anything to do. Anybody would have done it."

"It was my daughter's life," said Mr. Adams, shaking Philip's hand in farewell. "And remember," he added, earnestly, "that any undue magnifying of such help as I feel it a privilege to be able to put in your way I shall take as a belittling of the precious thing you saved to me."

"Mother—mother!" cried the boy, as the two were left alone with their joy and thankfulness, "it is the best, your great, great Best."

"And through such undreamed-of ways."—Christian Standard.

—If you devote your time to study, you will avoid all the irksomeness of this life; nor will you long for the approach of night, being tired of the day; nor will you be a burden to yourselves; nor your society insufferable to others. —Seneca.

—The hairs in the ear of a cat are so sensitive that if touched, as with a pencil, the animal shudders.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Dr. Richardson figures that the blood flows through the body at the rate of seven miles an hour.

—It appears that the single state of Georgia now has more manufactories than the whole south had in 1860. This is an illustration of the remarkable change that has been taking place in southern industries during the past 30 years.

—To the list of things made from wood silk must be added. This fact is due to the experiment of a Frenchman named Chardonnier. The process of manufacture differs little from the making of paper. The wood is first ground into a pulp, steamed and chemically prepared.

—Horse power in steam engines is calculated as the power which would raise 33,000 pounds a foot high in a minute, or 90 pounds at the rate of four miles an hour. The effective force of a piston is taken at ten pounds per square inch, and is, of course, ten times the square inches in pounds.

—Last season's salmon pack in British Columbia was 566,395 cases. It is expected the pack on the Columbia river this season will be enormous if the run is good. Many canning establishments have been removed to the American side of the river, because Canadian canners are only permitted to use nets, while American canners may use any device to catch the fish.

—President Harris, of the Reading railroad, estimates the original contents of the Pennsylvania anthracite fields at 24,500,000,000 tons, of which about 15 per cent. have been taken out. This would leave nearly 12,000,000,000 tons, which at an annual rate of production of 45,000,000 tons, would last 265 years, but probably only about one-half of the amount unmined would be actually available.

—Lord Kelvin has been making experiments to discover what the effect of a cannonade of quick-firing guns would be on board the vessel firing and the ship subject to the fire. He finds that after 15 minutes' firing the survivors of the crews of both vessels would be reduced to a state of mental, if not physical, incapacity, owing to the concussion of the projectiles on the sides of the vessel and the noise of the guns.

MOUNTAINS OF MANICALAND.

A Part of South Africa That May Be Compared with Switzerland.

Two hundred miles north-northeast of Basutoland the great Kathlamba range rises in very bold slopes from the coast levels behind Delagoa bay, and the scenery of the valleys and passes is said to be extremely grand. Knowing it, however, only by report, I will not venture to describe it. Nearly 500 miles still further to the north, in the district called Manicaland already referred to, is a third mountain region, less lofty than Basutoland, but deriving a singular charm from the dignity and variety of its mountain forms.

The whole country is so elevated that summits of 7,000 or even 8,000 feet do not produce any greater effect upon the eye than does Ben Lomond as seen from Loch Lomond, or Mount Washington from Glen House. But there is a boldness of line about these granite peaks comparable to those of the west coast of Norway or of the finest parts of the Swiss Alps. Some of them rise in smooth shafts of apparently inaccessible rock; others form long ridges of pinnacles of every kind of shape, specially striking when they stand out against the brilliantly clear morning or evening sky. The valleys are well wooded, the lower slopes covered with herbage, so the effect of these wild peaks is heightened by the softness of the surroundings which they dominate, while at the same time the whole landscape becomes more complex and more noble by the mingling of such diverse elements.

No scenery better deserves the name of romantic. And even in the tamer parts, where instead of mountains there are only low hills, or "kopjes" (as they are called in South Africa), the comparatively friable rock of these hills decomposes under the influence of the weather into curiously picturesque and fantastic forms, with crags riven to their base, and detached pillars supporting loose blocks and tubular masses, among or upon which the timid Matabeles have built their huts in the hope of escaping the raids of their warlike enemies, the Matabele.—Prof. James Bryce, M. P., in Century.

The Yukon Miners.

The United States does not recognize, protect or control these mining communities in any way. No geological explorations or surveys have been undertaken, and there are no official reports upon the location, formation, development or yield of this rich placer region. There are no military posts and not a territorial or federal officer in Yukon, Alaska, save one customs inspector and postmaster. There is no law, save as the miners maintain their own unwritten code. Church missionary societies have provided for the few peaceful Indian tribes, but even spiritual comfort is withheld from the miners. "Heaven is high, and the czar is far off," despairing Russian colonists used to say long ago. Since the military occupation of Alaska ceased, in 1877, frequent appeals have been made for the establishment of a garrison at Chilkat and the construction of a military road over the pass traversed by Yukon miners for the last 16 years. Gen. Miles once considered the matter to the extent of detailing an officer to make a reconnoisance. — Eliza R. Scidmore, in Century.

Curious Herbarium.

The oldest and most curious herbarium in the world is in the Egyptian museum at Cairo. It consists of crowns, garlands, wreaths and bouquets of flowers, all taken from the ancient tombs of Egypt, most of the examples being in excellent condition, and nearly all of the flowers have been identified. They cannot be less than 3,000 years old.—Chicago News.

VIGOR OF AMERICANS.

We Are No More Nervous Than Other Nationalities.

The belief in the greater nervousness of the American seems very widespread. The late Dr. Beard, of New York, was one of the first to describe nervous prostration, and to give it its medical name of neurasthenia, so that it has often been spoken of as "the American disease." In his work on "American Nervousness" he treats chiefly of the causes of the nervousness, and its symptoms, accepting almost as an axiom the statement that Americans are more nervous than any other race, and that there is a vastly greater amount of nervous disease in this country than in Europe. He admits, however, that the severer forms of organic nervous disease, such as locomotor ataxia and apoplexy, are probably less frequent, the increase being in the so-called functional conditions, neurasthenia, hysteria and the like. It is probable that the majority of educated people not physicians in this country would admit without a murmur that as a people we are peculiarly subject to nervous disease.

Although, as I have said, the statistics are not conclusive, nevertheless such statistics as we have, and the conclusions drawn from various general impressions, absolutely contradict this belief. It is only since the war of 1812 that the American has acquired his reputation for restless energy; before that he was denounced as indolent and sluggish. Up to the period of the civil war he was also denounced as physically degenerate, inferior in bulk, strength and endurance to his English cousin. The civil war put an end to such talk. No armies endured more than ours in the field; no people endured more than those who stayed behind waiting and helping.

The record of the first Kentucky brigade in the confederate army, almost continuously in action or on the march for a hundred days in 1864; retreating from their homes, with the hope of success steadily fading away; 1,140 strong at the beginning, suffering 1,860 fatal or hospital wounds, with only 50 left unwounded, yet mustering 240 at the end, with less than ten desertions—such a record has never been surpassed. These men were of the purest American stock.

At about the same time Dr. Brown-Sequard found that the American mammals survived injuries that were inevitably fatal to the European, and our surgeons found a surprising percentage of recovery from severe gunshot wounds, greater probably than had ever been observed in Europe. Dr. B. A. Gould found that the American soldier was physically as well developed as the European, and Dr. H. P. Bowditch found that the American schoolboy was the equal in measurement of the boys of Eton and Rugby. American life-insurance underwriters, too, have found that the longevity in this country is as great as it is in Europe, or greater. The rise of the south since the civil war, and the prompt recovery of individual communities, such as Chicago, Boston and Portland, after great conflagrations, are further instances of the great recuperative power of our people.

Since the civil war our physical condition has greatly improved. The greater interest in athletics, and better cooking, have probably had something to do with this improvement. We have held the America's cup for nearly 50 years. In shooting, cricket, rowing and tennis we have not been inferior in international contests. In track athletics Yale has recently shown her superiority to Cambridge, and the New York athletes have not only surpassed their London rivals, but have established new world's records in more than one event. In the famous ride a few years ago between Berlin and Vienna the picked riders and horses of the Austrian and German armies were used up, yet our cavalrymen and express messengers on the plains, with ordinary mounts, have made better records both for the time and distance, without the slightest injury to horse or men.—Dr. Philip C. Knapp, in Century.

Paris a Great Fortress.

The German chancellor, Caprivi, in a speech said that "Paris is the largest and most formidable fortress the world has ever seen—a stronghold with 56 forts and an outer line of fortifications of nearly 100 miles." The wall of Paris is built around the inhabited portion of the city, inclosing all the monuments and business houses. It is surrounded by a broad ditch. The original plans provided for a second wall some thousand paces beyond this one, but instead there is a circle of forts from one to two miles away from the inner wall. Nearly 2,000 cannons are used to fortify these forts. The first-class forts number about 30. They are polygons in shape, strongly bastioned and bombproof, with bricked-up ditches, covered ways and outworks. — Detroit Free Press.

Queer Telegraphy.

Telegraphy by induction between parallel wires about two miles apart was successfully accomplished recently in Scotland. The cable connecting the isle of Mull with Oban broke, and experiments were made before it was repaired. The channel at this point is from 1¼ to 2 miles wide, and the distance between the overhead wire on the isle of Mull and the mainland is almost uniformly two miles. A gutta-percha insulated wire was laid along the shore of the mainland and grounded at each end. A long inductive circuit was then arranged, and messages sent through either wire could be read on the parallel wire. During four days 110 regular messages were sent, besides a press message of 120 words. The cable repairs were then completed. —Troy Times.

—Ruins in some countries indicate prosperity; in others, decay. In Egypt, Greece and Italy they record the decline and fall of great empires; in England, Scotland and Wales they mark abolition of feudal tyranny, the establishment of popular freedom and the consolidation of national strength.—R. Anderson.

Since the bicycle era envelops us quite,
All the universe seems to seek "safety" in flight.

—Boston Courier.

FITS stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

NOT IN RAGE.—"Is anything known of the prisoner or his habits?" Officer—"Nothing, your honor. He lives opposite the police station."—Judy.

HOW MY THROAT HURTS!—Why don't you use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar? Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

ARTIST—"How do you like my new picture?" Friend—"Be assured I shall always esteem you as a—nau."—Fliegende Blaetter.

PISO'S CURE for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs.—REV. D. BUCUMUELLER, Lexington, Mo., Feb. 24, '94.

SLANDER is the revenge of a coward and dissimulation his defense.—Johnson.

Boils

It is often difficult to convince people their blood is impure, until dreadful carbuncles, abscesses, boils, scrofula or salt rheum, are painful proof of the fact. It is wisdom now, or whenever there is any indication of

Impure

blood, to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and prevent such eruptions and suffering.

"I had a dreadful carbuncle abscess, red, fiery, fierce and sore. The doctor attended me over seven weeks. When the abscess broke, the pains were terrible, and I thought I should not live through it. I heard and read so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I decided to take it, and my husband, who was suffering with boils, took it also. It soon purified our

Blood

built me up and restored my health so that, although the doctor said I would not be able to work hard, I have since done the work for 20 people. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured my husband of the boils, and we regard it a wonderful medicine." MRS. ANNA PETERSON, Latimer, Kansas.

Hood's
Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

A SHINING EXAMPLE of what may be accomplished by never varying devotion to a single purpose is seen in the history of the McCormick Harvesting Machine Co., Chicago. For 65 years they have simply been building grain and grass-cutting machinery, and while there are probably forty manufacturers in this line, it is safe to say that the McCormick Company builds one-third of all the binders, reapers and mowers used throughout the entire world.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

You Must Know That the best line from Chicago to Cripple Creek, Colo., and all points shown in the accompanying map is the Chicago & Alton R. R.

C&A

Write or call to-day, for lowest rates and full particulars. R. Somerville, General Agent Passenger Department, 101 Adams Street, Marquette Building, Chicago, Illinois.

LATEST and BEST WELL DRILLING MACHINES 100 feet to 2000 ft. LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.

You are bound to succeed in making HIRES Rootbeer if you follow the simple directions. Easy to make, delightful to take.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

FARMS FOR SALE 35 in Hamilton Co., Ill.; 8 in Saline Co., Ill.; 1 in Gallatin Co., Ill.; 2 in Mason Co., Ill.; 1 in Red Willow Co., Neb.; 1 in Dent Co., Mo. Write for list. Also some excellent driving horses. C. G. CLOUD, McLeansboro, Ill.

$1200 For YEAR'S SALARY. Unprecedented Offer. Permanent situation. Want one at your home. Write for CIRCULARS to-day. Mizpah Medicine Co., Saratoga Springs, New York.

OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book of PARTS. Dr. S. B. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA. 100 WALL PAPER every time you write.

TEMPERANCE.

THE LAST GLASS.

A merry crowd, a careless throng,
Where foaming glasses, jest and song
Filled up the hours.
There gather'd rough-bearded men
And fair-faced boys, within that den
Of Satan's powers.

One came as often as the rest,
To share the flowing wine and jest;
With reckless air,
As if pursued by fiends within
He sought the place where drink and din
Soon banished care.

One night the usual glass was poured,
Amid the revel songs encored
By those who heard,
The poison almost finds his lips—
When from his hand the goblet slips,
Without a word.

A muttered oath—a dogged air—
A sudden lull—a general stare—
Then loud and clear

"I CANNOT DRINK THAT GLASS."

He spoke: "Fill me another glass;
My nerves are shaky—let it pass—
Here's to all here."

He lifted up the glass again,
But set it down and faced the men
Who sat around.
"Boys," and his voice was hoarse with dread,
"I cannot drink that glass," he said—
A sudden sound,

Like a smothered laugh—then his face,
All stern and white, subdued the place,
And silence fell.
"I cannot drink it, for there lies
Within its depths a pair of eyes,
Like Heaven in hell.

"I cannot drink it, for there swims
A face above the foam that brims—
The face of one
Whose heart would ache to see me here,
Whose heart would break, I am so dear;
Boys, I am done—

"Done with the poison; here's my hand.
With God's help I mean to stand
By all I say;
And stand by her whose dear face lies
Between me and the revelries
I leave to-day."

—Detroit Free Press.

SOCIAL LIFE OF SALOON.

Herein Lies Its Stronghold and at This Point It Must Be Attacked.

Those who intelligently seek to consider the drink problem in all its phases are more and more coming to the inevitable conclusion that the drinking habit grows largely out of the social instincts of mankind, especially of the poorer classes, rather than from any inherent purpose to drink for the sake of drinking. And right there we find the reason for the existence of the saloon. It meets the side of a man's life which is real, and the substitute must have the same note and tone if it is to have the same successful appeal to human need. It is not the drink so much as the good-fellowship which is desired, and it has often been suggested that if free and open clubs were provided, so that men could come together and feel at home, and call them their own, they would be more than a match for the saloon.

There are factors in the daily existence of the workingmen of our cities which cannot be ignored in the consideration of the abolition of the saloon, and the necessity of finding an acceptable substitute. We must consider the lives of the city laboring men, who live on poorly cooked food, in narrow limits, and have few of the comforts of home when they are through with the work of the day. When they have had supper, they either go to bed or turn out on the street, and unless there is a congenial place of resort nearby, the saloon is almost sure to draw them in. Where reading and recreation rooms have been provided, and no attempt has been made to do too much for the men, the efforts in their behalf have been most successful.

It has been proved by the actual test of experience that the daily bath, well cooked food and a clean and attractive home are the chief substitutes for that hankering after pleasurable sensations that impels many men to resort to drink. They take away the desire for it, and the substitutes for the saloon are not, therefore, any great and original changes, but chiefly the mending of what is wrong in the daily social life of the people. Meet the instincts that lead men to the saloon in some other sensible and honest way, and the substitute is revealed. It was found that when we go down to the plain facts of life, it is the changing of bad conditions in the lives of the people that chiefly leads to the correction of what is wrong.

The problem is thus shown to be sociological with regard to a large and increasing class of the population. It is the social side of the saloon which makes it such a power in our crowded cities, and which renders it an impossibility, in the belief of many clergymen, scientific men and others who have given the mater much study, to abolish it therein unless some acceptable substitute can be found. If this can be done, the men who now flock into saloons to pass their leisure time will abandon them, and the saloon will die out for lack of patronage. The facts here set forth are worthy the careful study of all who take an intelligent interest in the problem of how to pulverize the rum power.—Toledo Blade.

Good Advice to Follow Anywhere.

Dean Farrar, addressing 600 soldiers who attended Canterbury cathedral on the eve of their departure for India, strongly urged upon them the advisability of becoming total abstainers if they wished to preserve their health in that hot climate.

A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.

Importance of Instilling Total Abstinence Principles in the Young.

No one doubts that children would be safer in prosecuting the journey of life were they fortified against temptation by the principle of abstinence. What, then, is the duty of parents? Why should they deny their children the additional protection which this principle affords, and in the inculcation of this principle how important its practice on the part of parents. How grievously do some parents mistake their relation to their little ones. Flowers they think they are to perfume their wilderness journey! Yes, and if cultivated they will bloom and diffuse a sweet fragrance forever; but if neglected no deserted garden will send forth an influence half so noxious. Images of beauty, to impart to life the spirit of poetry! Ah, in that little one, now so apparently simple, there is a nature that may yet outrival an angel's grace or a devil's malignity. Playthings! If when gamboling around the parent's chair, or nestling in the parent's bosom, they could stand up in all the fullness of maturity, developed character, would not the parent grow pale and tremble before them? Go to yonder prison; enter its gloomiest and most securely guarded cell. Mark that outlaw, hardened man, and as you shrink from the being whom a seductive world has betrayed recollect that that countenance, so scowling, once sent joy to a mother's heart, and that hardened nature was once tender and pliable. And had that father as he proudly viewed his boy, and that mother as she yearned over her first-born child, abandoned the ensnaring art of drinking and instilled into the opening mind a sense of its dangerous tendencies, this day might have found that desolate home happy, and one unfit for communion with his race an ornament of society and the stay of his parents' declining years.

Upon all temperance workers we urge the claims of the children. If they would work to the best advantage we plead with them to increase their efforts for the young—not that we would have them cease all efforts to reclaim and influence the old, but, while they are seeking to "cure," we pray they forget not to "prevent."

Here, fire has broken out in a row of buildings. In spite of every effort the fire gains headway. What's to be done? Dividing the force of the fire brigade, one party advances beyond the point at which the flames have reached and saturates the building with water so as to prevent the fire spreading. So, while temperance workers continue to ply the intemperate and their allies, the moderationists, with their cold-water arguments, we urge them not to forget to saturate the untouched portion of the community, and thus the enemy, when driven from his stronghold, will in vain seek refuge among those who have been forewarned of his insidiousness and fortified of his approach.—National Temperance Advocate.

STEPS TO DRUNKENNESS.

Scientific Analysis of the Conditions Which Precede Inebriety.

Inflammations, now recognized as proceeding from some specific causes, are in many cases followed by degenerations that naturally lead to impulsive demands for relief, which spirits or other narcotics temporarily supply. Degenerations from toxemias, and poisons formed both in and without the body, fall most heavily on the nerve centers, creating the same demand for relief. Alcohol, while bringing temporary relief, rapidly increases these very conditions by adding new toxines, and new and stronger impulses for help. The brain centers become more debilitated and incapable of recognizing the danger, and the degree of actual poisoning becomes more and more intense.

In many cases there is inherited a feeble power of resistance, and inability to resist and recover from the strains of injurious agents from without or poisons generated within. Shocks and powerful emotional changes leave a permanent impress on the nerve centers. Poisons generated in the body or the first intoxication from spirits leaves degrees of degeneration from which there is no recovery. In a certain number of cases this defective organization shows a marked tendency to develop into certain forms of degeneration or disease processes. Inebriety, insanity and many of the allied neuroses are common. The tendency to either of these forms of disease may be seen in certain symptoms far in advance of its full development.—T. D. Crothers.

GENERAL GLEANINGS.

WHEN the saloon dies, the devil will put on deep mourning.—Ram's Horn.

LIQUOR talks mighty loud when it gets out of the jug.—National Temperance Advocate

AS A matter of fact, a saloon keeper cannot carry his screen beyond this life.—Attila, in Lever.

THE descent from the elaborately furnished liquor palace to the low-class drinking den is both natural and rapid.—Christian Work.

WHEN the corner stone of the Auburn prison was laid in 1886, a bottle of whisky was one of the articles inclosed in it. Strong drink is the main reason why we must have jails and prisons.—Pacific Ensign.

MISS SHERRATT, M. A., of the London university, says she considers the chief cause of intemperance among women of the upper classes, is want of occupation, and the caste feeling which so isolates people in England.

ALCOHOL, taken as a beverage, is always injurious in proportion to the quantity taken and the frequency of its use. Its use is therefore not only inexpedient as an injurious example, but is morally wrong, both as it endangers health and exposes to the insidious dominion of a deadly habit and countenances its production and use with all its sweeping desolations and woes.—Lyman Beecher, D. D.

SIX BOYS IN A BOAT.

Their Experiences on the Mississippi in the Season of Floods.

Lost in a Submerged Forest—Snakes in the Water and Dropping from Trees—Running Aground on Haystacks and Fences.

[COPYRIGHT, 1896.]

For days the Mississippi had been rising, menacing the towns and plantations along its course. The freshets, draining the vast uplands to the north and east and west, had swollen the volume of water of this great mid-continent sewer beyond the danger limit of its natural capacity.

Day and night the river banks were rigorously patrolled by guards watching for the slightest indications of a rupture, while relays of laborers worked unremittingly at strengthening the levee ramparts and repairing fissures the instant they might appear.

It was an intensely exciting time for the two Chicago lads, Bert and Dick Lincoln, who were spending the winter with an uncle on his Louisiana plantation.

They had helped drive the horses and herds to the Ridge, an elevated strip of land several miles back from the river, had assisted in clearing the lower floors of the plantation dwelling of carpets and choice furniture, and had watched the negroes haul boats up from the river and secure them to the doorposts, in preparation for a sudden flight in case of an inundation.

And all things now being in readiness, the two lads waited in secret hope for the anticipated flood.

Down in the negro quarters loaded skiffs and rafts were tied before every hut, while at Mammy June's cabin nightly prayer meetings were being held—the frightened darkies imploring that if the levee must break, that it might be upon the further side—"long 'bout de swamp, Marser"—and this was just what occurred.

Early on the morning following the breaking of the levee, the two Chicago lads with their cousin, Otto Mather, and the three Blakeslee boys from a neighboring plantation, set out in a boat to visit the crevasse.

"I'm afraid that's a dangerous combination—six boys and a boat," reflected Mather, watching them as they pulled across the river; and his anxiety increased as the morning sped on and the boys failed to return.

Landing their boat almost a quarter of a mile below the fissure, the merry crew raced along the levee that extended like a green tongue out of the swirling waters. But before they had covered half the length, there came a crumbling sound and a jarring of the ground beneath them, and some 20 feet of the levee's end was suddenly washed away—a little green island drenched in spray.

"Back!" cried Otto, who was in the lead. "The undercurrents are undermining the levee," he explained breathlessly, as they retreated precipitately to a safe distance, where they halted to review the scene.

On their right the Mississippi, seemingly as vast as ever, flowed quietly along its course, while to the left another Mississippi was rushing wildly through the broken ramparts, and tumbling in a miniature Niagara over the back levee—the obstructions in this new river bed throwing the waters into cascades and whirlpools. Now and then water snakes and great fish were tossed up on the shelving bank, to struggle helplessly a moment and then be swept away in the next in-rush.

A buzzing sound came faintly to the boys above the roar of dividing waters.

"The sawmills are high and dry yet—let's go there," cried Otto. And immediately all followed him toward the entering whir.

From the mills the boys wandered down to the canal, connecting the race course with the great inland pineries.

"If you would like to see a Louisiana

"I'M AFRAID THAT'S A DANGEROUS COMBINATION."

Venice, take my skiff and row over to Avallon," suggested the mill owner to the boys. "But keep clear of the logs," he warned them, "as the branches are loaded with snakes drowned out of their holes."

The boys leaped into the proffered skiff.

A few rods from the mills the narrow banks of the canal disappeared beneath a dreary expanse of water, spreading over miles of country about the crevasse. The roofs of cotton sheds projecting above the agitated surface, and the deserted dwellings seemed to rise and fall with the heaving current.

At Avallon the boys realized for the first time the full calamity of an inundation. The people, too poor to seek shelter elsewhere, were living in the chambers or garrets of their cottages, while many had hospitably taken in whole families of neighbors whose houses did not boast a second story. And aside from the discomfort, and the anxious watch over the little children, unaccustomed to their aquatic homes, a constant vigilance was required to guard against the reptiles infesting the waters.

On leaving the village the boys were too excited discussing the strange sights they had witnessed to give much heed to direction, and they had rowed some distance from Avallon before they discovered that they had gone wide of their course. Then, instead of turning back, they thought to gain distance by cutting across through a narrow neck of wooded swamp. The depth of the water brought the boat up close to the lower branches, and the Spanish moss, pointing in gray streamers from every limb, completely obscured the view.

"We'll have to go by instinct here," returned Otto.

"I'm afraid your instinct is not worth much," returned Sidney, alarmed by the number of snakes in the water and trees, and the increasing density of the woods.

"These snakes are altogether too sociable," remarked Dick, whisking one into the water that had dropped beside him from a moss festoon.

"They are only hungry," explained Sidney. "They don't mean any harm."

"I don't propose to have them dine off me," retorted Dick, striking out vigorously with his cane.

Black clouds had been gathering above the swamp, and now obscured the sun; and the boys, winding in and out among the trees, soon discovered that they were completely lost.

On and on for hours they rowed, with blistered hands and aching arms, through the seemingly endless swamp, for those who were resting from the oars were kept busy by the too familiar snakes.

"A whole zoology of reptilla," remarked Dick, jocosely; "and here comes

THE BOYS RACED ALONG THE BANK.

the fellow that you always see in the geographies among the products of the south,"—pointing to what looked like a great branch floating on the surface.

"Drop to the bottom of the boat, boys," commanded Otto, while he and Sidney, being the largest of the six, unshipped their oars and stood in the bow awaiting the on-coming of the huge black snake, as they now perceived it to be. But not until it was close upon them did two simultaneous, well-directed blows fall upon its horrible head; and it instantly sank from sight beneath the muddy waters. Then the frightened boys sent the boat skimming ahead.

After another hour of rowing they abruptly emerged from the cypress swamp upon a broad expanse. With a glad shout, but with weary muscles, the boys again bent to their oars. Suddenly the speeding skiff struck with terrifying shock against a submerged post. For a second the boat rocked wildly, dipping water. As it righted, Bert solemnly announced: "Boys, we're still afloat—but that was what a reporter would call 'a dull, sickening thud.'"

Cautiously they again started on, only a moment later to find their rudder entangled in a fence wire hidden just below the surface.

"We must be right over Langhorne's market gardens," concluded Otto, after encountering another post and several more obstructing wires. "Now, if we hold due east we'll come out at old Mississipp' sure."

"But where is due east?" asked Sidney, dubiously. And all searched the clouded sky for some sign of the missing sun.

Their situation was growing more and more critical, and with gathering darkness came more accidents.

"If we don't stave in the boat against these posts or get stranded somewhere between here and the gulf," Sidney was saying—when across the waste of water the booming of cannon came faintly.

"That's a signal for us," cried Otto; and they immediately headed the boat toward the sound, which was now repeated at frequent intervals.

Slowly they crept along through the darkness and the obstructions.

"The canal!" shouted Bert, who was keeping a lookout from the bow; and directly before them, faintly outlined, lay the familiar channel.

Completely exhausted they unshipped the oars, and let the boat drift with the current down to the pier. As it grazed the landing a salute of guns was fired, announcing the return of the missing skiff and its crew.

"The entire parish is out searching for you, young men—where have you been all day?" asked one of the crowd upon the wharf.

"We've been having a sort of delirium tremens time over there in the swamp," responded Otto, wearily.

When the six boys sat down that night to a late dinner, Sidney said solemnly: "But for the mercy of Heaven we would now be food for the fishes, and not they for us."

"Wonder if they would have complained of the number of bones in us," soliloquized Bert.

FLORENCE EDITH AUSTIN.

Pleasant.

A naval officer, wishing to bathe in a Ceylon river, asked a native to show him a place where there were no alligators. The native took him to a pool close to the estuary. The officer enjoyed his dip; and while drying himself, he asked his guide why there were never any alligators in that pool. "Because, sah," the Cingalese replied, "they plenty 'fraid de shark!"—Cassell's Journal.

—To her itself, when once grown transcendental, becomes a kind of courage; as most sufficiently intense, according to the poet Milton, will burn.—Carlyle.

ORIGIN OF A QUEER PHRASE.

Lawyers Have Expressions Not Understood by the Common Herd.

Among the many strange expressions used in the legal fraternity is that of "horse-shedding." It refers to the preliminary examinations of witnesses before putting them on the stand. There has been much discussion as to the origin of the term, but Congressman Grosvenor gives the following explanation, which certainly sounds reasonable: "In days gone by the Ohio courts held sessions at different county seats at certain periods known as court terms. To accommodate the large crowds of litigants and witnesses who would flock in from points for miles around the county seat when court was in session, the county authorities erected sheds near the courthouse, where the litigants and their witnesses could tie and feed their horses while they attended court, and these sheds became known as horse sheds.

"Now, owing to the limited space of the courtrooms, the lawyers who always traveled with the court, were unable to hold a private conversation with their clients and witnesses inside the walls, and so they used to take them under the horse sheds and there talk matters over with them. Among the attorneys who attended court at Chester, the county seat of Meigs county, on one occasion were Tom Ewing and Samuel F. Vinton. The court was ready to go on with the case in which the two noted attorneys were retained as opposing counsel, when it was discovered that Vinton was not present. The court looked carefully around and then asked: 'Where is Mr. Vinton?' 'I don't know, your honor,' said Ewing, rising to his feet, 'he is not here, but he is probably outside horse-shedding his witnesses.' This remark raised a general laugh, and thereafter the word horse-shedding a witness passed into popular parlance."—Washington Post.

A HOG ORCHESTRA.

The Singular Exhibition Arranged for the Pleasure of a King.

During the reign of Louis XI. of France there was attached to his court one Abbot De Baigne, a man of considerable wit. The abbot was somewhat musically inclined, and delighted the court with inventions of odd musical instruments. One day the king, after having enjoyed a hearty laugh over one of these curious contrivances, and desiring to battle this musical genius, commanded him to produce harmonious sounds from the cries of hogs. This seemed an impossibility to the king, and he prepared himself to enjoy the discomfiture of the abbot. Much to his surprise, however, the abbot readily agreed to produce them. All he required was a sum of money, upon the receipt of which he declared he would invent the most surprising thing ever heard in the way of musical atrocity.

He scoured the country and secured a large number of hogs, trying their voices as to pitch and quality, and finally, after having fully satisfied himself, he arranged the animals in a sort of pavilion richly decorated. The day of the trial arrived, and the king and his court entered the pavilion prepared for something, but greatly in doubt as to the success of the abbot with the hogs. However, there were the hogs, sure enough, and, much to the surprise and delight of the king, they began to cry harmoniously and in good tune, rendering an air that was fairly recognized. The abbot had arranged a series of stops that were connected with the hogs, and upon pulling one of them out caused a spike to prick the hog it connected with, making him squeal his note. The rest was easy, for by pulling out the different stops he produced the tune.—Philadelphia Press.

A Great Master Thief.

So long as Hind kept to the road his life was one long comedy. His wit and address were inexhaustible, and fortune never found him at a loss. He would divert suspicion with the tune of a psalm, as when, habited as a pious shepherd, he broke a traveler's head with his crook and deprived him of his horse. An early adventure was to force a pot-valiant parson, who had drunk a cup too much at a wedding, into a purely farcical situation. Hind, having robbed two gentlemen's servants of a round sum, went rumbling along the road until he encountered a parson. "Sir," said he, "I am closely pursued by robbers. You, I dare swear, will not stand by and see me plundered." Before the parson could protest, he thrust a pistol into his hand and bade him fire it at the first comer, while he rode off to raise the county. Meanwhile the rifled travelers came up with the parson, who straightway, mistaking them for thieves, fired without effect, and then, riding forward flung the pistol in the face of the nearest. Thus the parson of the parish was dragged before a magistrate, while Hind, before his dupe could furnish an explanation, had placed many a mile between himself and his adversaries.—Macmillan's Magazine.

How He Could Tell.

Some years ago, a man named Greenfield, living in New York state, killed his wife. He was convicted at the first trial, but the case was carried to the court of appeals, which reversed the findings of the lower court. Gov. Robinson then ordered a special rehearing to be held at Syracuse. Judge Daniels presided. When an examination of the jurors began, a curious circumstance occurred. One of the jurors declared that he had already prejudged the case. He was asked if he had read the printed accounts in the newspapers. He had not. Neither, he said, had he talked with anyone about it. He was accordingly excused. Judge Daniels, however, was not so easily satisfied. He sent the sheriff before the man left the courtroom to ascertain how he could reach a conclusion in a case when he had never read up on it or discussed it. "Why," he replied, "the lawyers made such darned fools of themselves examining the jurors that I knew the prisoner must be guilty."—San Francisco Argonaut.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Photographic plates are not affected by light at a depth of 553 feet in the ocean.

—It is asserted by local surveyors that the government survey located about 3,500 acres of "good farming land" inside the limits of Klamat lake, Oregon.

—Two men intoxicated and driving a large gray horse hitched to a wagon loaded with dynamite were arrested in Willimantic, Conn., the other day while driving at a gallop.

—Wooden trestle structures in the United States aggregate 2,009 miles in length and represent an expenditure of $60,000,000. As they must be replaced about once in nine years the annual outlay is about $7,000,000.

—A row has been known to recognize the picture of a calf; and the tiger is said to be drawn to a trap by a picture of a companion. The timid horse, however, takes no notice of a picture, and the cat will not spring at a painted bird.

—Mrs. Hugh Allen Spencer, a young woman of Jackson, Ky., was busily engaged in her household duties, when some children rushed in and announced that a fire had broken out in the kitchen. The excitement was too great for the woman and she passed into insensibility, dying in a short time.

—The shark, which is the most voracious of all fishes, will, if opportunity offers, readily snap up a bird. But as sea birds are far too wary to be often caught napping, the shark's diet in this form is practically confined to birds that have been wounded, or which have fallen into the sea from exhaustion, such as migratory and other land birds.

—An old liquor bill against Ethan Allen is in the possession of a resident of Fairhaven, Vt. It is dated April 15, 1789, and goes to show that, like some other sturdy heroes of revolutionary fame, Ethan Allen had a fair capacity and liking for liquor. The bill contains a number of items of "three pence for flip," and "two shillings" for bottles of rum.

—A cat belonging to a resident of Cameron, Mo., is nursing a litter of wild rabbits and caring for them with motherly solicitude. Several kittens were born to the cat a week or so ago, but they all died. A neighbor found a nest of very young wild rabbits about the same time and they were put in charge of the cat, with the happy result told.

SOME OF THE NEW HATS.

Tulle Is Used for Trimming and, of Course, Flowers Are Plentiful.

There are plenty of picture hats among the new styles, and the tulle ties and loops come in nicely as artistic additions to the costume. You can have tulle ties on any kind of a hat. It is not necessary to have a bonnet to put them on. Green and violet tulle are the prettiest colors. An exquisite little hat is made of yellow straw—straws, I was going to say, for the hat is a peculiar arrangement of little straws, set side by side, with a violet at the end, forming an edge of violets all around the brim. Tulle loops almost conceal the crown. Another dream (dream seems an especially appropriate term for a tulle hat) has a combination of two shades of green tulle. There is absolutely nothing on the hat—a round, black straw—but some stand-up frills of light and dark green tulle around the crown. Almost anybody can have a hat like this. All that is necessary to do is to buy an untrimmed hat and cover it over with tulle. A flower or two to stand up at the back or at the left side of the front is a great addition. The tulle ties are knotted in a large bow under the chin. Flowers underneath the brim are set at the back, where most of the hats turn up. In the case of "nose hats" that tip down over the face, the brim is not always bent up at the back, but instead the whole hat is propped up, as it were, with a bank of flowers and ribbon. Small button roses are very pretty for the bandeaux under the brim.

Flower hats are fashionable for women of all ages. A violet bonnet is suitable for an elderly lady with white hair, but made in another shape it befits a golden-haired lassie quite as well.—N. Y. Mercury.

A Warning to the Gents.

The annual ball of the Occidental Lyceum and Sporting society was at its height when the master of ceremonies, a gentleman in full dress vest and trousers and sacque coat, and four breastpins in his shirt front, vaulted airily into the middle of the ballroom floor and said, with an ominous glitter in his eye:

"I am informed by some of the ladies present that some of the gents from over Dead Man's Gulch way air just a little bit too exuberant in carrying out the figgers of the dances and when I sing out: 'Swing yer ducksy-daddles!' these gents swing their ladies clear off'n their feet. Now we want things to go off happy and harmonious here tonight, but if any more complaints of this sort are made some o' the Dead Man's Gulch gents 'll be likely to go home on a shutter; ye hear me! Choose yer pardners for the next kadrille an' all set a-standin'!" and they all "set" to the tune of "Granny, Will Yer Dog Bite?"—Detroit Free Press.

An Apology.

A man who has a reputation for being very careless as to his toilet was elected town clerk in one of the small towns in this state some time ago, and the local paper thought it would be a good joke to announce that: "Mr. Makeup will wash himself before he assumes the office of town clerk." On reading the notice Mr. Makeup was furious, and demanded a retraction, which the paper accordingly made the following day, in this fashion: "Mr. Makeup requests us to deny that he will wash himself before he assumes the office of town clerk." And still Mr. Makeup was not pleased. How hard it is to satisfy some people!—Our Boys and Girls.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1896.

THE following is the statement of some observing individual: Never judge a person by his outside appearance. A shabby old coat may enwrap a newspaper publisher while a man wearing a high plug hat and sporting a gold headed cane may be a delinquent subscriber.

THE Hon. Thomas Platt says: "Major McKinley is a clever gentleman, much too amiable and much too impressionable to be safely intrusted with great executive office, whose quest for honor happens to have the accidental advantage of the association of his name with the last Republican protective tariff." The distinguished New Yorker speaks for himself and a small coterie. He will find the people with minds of their own upon the subject.

"IT is now sheep shearing time," says the Weston *Independent*, "and we desire to call the attention of our readers to the fact that our Democratic contemporaries have not as yet announced a perceptible raise in the price of wool. It will sell during the season at real Democratic prices and when it is all gone out of the country, then the boys will get the price up to a good pitch just for campaign purposes. That's the way they did it for several years, and you can expect the same thing again."

Major McKinley.

The delegates to the Republican National Convention have been elected. They are divided between seven candidates in the order named viz: McKinley, Reed, Morton, Quay, Allison, Bradley and Cullom.

There will be 918 delegates in the convention, and of these Reed has 95, Morton 66, Quay 56, Allison 32, Bradley 16, Cullom 12. This leaves 641 delegates, of which McKinley will have from 600 to 630 on the opening of the convention, and as 460 will nominate it is clear that the champion of Protection will be nominated on the first roll-call, provided he be not nominated by acclamation.

The Cleveland hard times and the opposition of bosses like Quay and Platt have combined to nominated McKinley, and the same influences will give him the largest popular majority ever received by a candidate for President of the United States.

The Markets of the World.

The chief contention of the free traders in the United States is that what is called free of duty raw material would give us foreign markets. "The markets of the world" is generally a clincher among such stump speakers. It will be instructive, therefore, to learn just what we would gain if we really could get the entire foreign markets to the exclusion of all competitors, a most violent assumption, as everybody will admit. Hon. George W. Curtis has made the calculation in a work just published, according to which the total imports of all countries, exclusive of our own, is about $7,600,000,000 per annum. This sum represents the total markets of the world—Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America, Australia and all the islands of the sea. Compare this very large sum with the value of our own markets to our producers of every sort. Our manufactures amount to over $9,000,000,000; our farm products to over $7,000,000,000, and the consumption of foreign goods to about $800,000,000; total $16,800,000,000. We export between 800 and 900 millions dollars' worth. It will be seen that the American market is worth more than twice as much as all foreign markets combined, even if we could get possession of them exclusively. "It would be," says this authority, "the height of folly to sacrifice our home market in order to gain the foreign."

SECRETARY Hoke Smith's paper is becoming venomous in its attacks upon McKinley—and Grover Cleveland is not counseling moderation, either. "The pompous little man," "the Ohio dodger," and like expressions emanate from Hoke diurnally now.—Cincinnati Post.

Hokee Pokee, 'tis no jokee,
Your words are words of a clan;
Put this in your pipe and smokee
To the success of "The pompous little man."

Hokee Pokee, 'tis no jokee,
In Grover's cabinet you're a lodger;
Therein in vanity you soakee,
Booming without jokee "the Ohio dodger."

Hokee Pokee, 'tis no jokee,
The many things said of you,
'Tis not the first time you've poked
Your venom at the "Boys in Blue."

Hokee Pokee, 'tis no jokee,
That your spleen has not been all expended,
The old veterans knew you never joked
When their pensions you suspended.

Hokee Pokee, 'tis no jokee
That you're a very sly old codger,
You know 'twas Grover, not Mc that did pokee
In the 'substitute, your chief was the "dodger."

Cost of Improved Highways.

It is probably well within bounds to estimate that to every mile of main roads a thousand acres of land are tributary, says the New York Tribune. Two or three thousand dollars would transform a mile of bad road—so unspeakbly bad as for two or three months in every year to be unworthy of the name of road into good road that would be good every day in the year. That would mean a tax, provided the property owners paid the whole expense, of $2 to $3 an acre.

Is there any one who' after a study of present condition such as we have sketched in outline, doubts that the value of the land would be increased by several times the amount of that tax? Why, the simple wear and tear upon vehicles and harness and horseflesh in one season of wallowing through mud will amount to pretty nearly as much as the cost of constructing an improved road. If to that we add the loss farmer and others now suffer from enforced absention from carting or from difficulty and delay in doing it at the very seasons of the year when most carting need to be done we have an argument in dollars and cents that ought to be convincing to every intelect in favor of improved roads.

Windom Deserted.

Windom, on the line of the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg Railroad, which was a lively, brisk, mining town for some years, has become almost deserted on account of the coal being worked out, and men are now at work tearing down the coal tipple and taking up the iron rails of the mine track which are being loaded for shipment. While this mine is abandoned, a new one is being opened a few miles north of it and will soon take its place.

A Game of Base Ball.

The lovers of the national game will be given a rare treat on Saturday, May 30th at 3 p. m., at East End Ball Park. The business men of Oakland will play the Oakland Base Ball club. A small admission fee of ten cents will be charged for gentlemen and ladies will be admitted free, the proceeds to be used in improving the park. All are very cordially invited to be present and encourage the young men of this city in this manly sport.

CHAPTER 377.

AN ACT To repeal and re-enact with amendments Section 91 of Article 12 of the Code of Public Local Laws, title, "Garrett County," sub-title, "Election Districts."

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland that Section 91 of Article 12 of the Code of Public Local Laws, title "Garrett County," sub-title "Election Districts," be and the same is hereby repealed and re-enacted with amendments so as to read as follows:

Garrett county is divided into twelve election districts according to the present bounds and limits and elections for public officers shall be held in each of said districts at the places heretofore established by law, except in election district number eleven, in which district the polling or voting place shall be removed from the residence of George Warnick to the residence of Peter McIntyre.

Approved, April 4, 1896.

NOTICE TO ASSESSORS.

Notice is hereby given to the District Assessors of Garrett county to meet in the office of the Garrett County Commissioners in Oakland on

Tuesday, June 2nd, 1896,

for the purpose of organization, etc.

JACOB FRESH,
RUDOLPH BECKMAN,
General Assessors.

12—1

Public Local Laws.

CHAPTER 450.

AN ACT To incorporate the town of Loch Lynn Heights, in Garrett County, Maryland.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, that the citizens of the town of Loch Lynn Heights, in Garrett County be and are hereby created a body corporate by the name of the Mayor and Council of Loch Lynn Heights with all the powers and privileges of a body politic and corporate and by said name may have perpetual succession; sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded in any Court of law or equity, and may have and use a common seal.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, that the corporate limits of said town shall be as follows: Beginning at the south line of the lands of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company and at the crossing known as the Jamieson crossing, and at the west side of the County road known as the Wonderly road, and running thence along said County road and Jameson line, south 71.4 degrees west 107 feet to a stake thence south 63 degrees west 66 feet, thence south 89 degrees east 132 feet, thence south 71½ degrees east 39½ feet, thence south 41 degrees east 729 feet, thence south 45½ degrees east 1067 feet, thence south 18 degrees east 210 feet to the corner of W. T. Jamieson's fence, thence south 128 degrees east 240 feet to the grand Boulevard as shown on the map of Loch Lynn Heights, which is duly recorded, thence along said Boulevard easterly to the west side of Price St., thence along said Price street, south 20½ degrees east 2296 feet, thence north 63¼ degrees west 580 feet to the County road, thence with and including the County road by the meanders thereof in a northerly direction to the south line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company's lands, thence along said line of the said Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company's lands in a westerly direction to the beginning.

SEC. 3. And be it further enacted, that all persons over twenty-one years of age, and who have resided within said corporate limits for the period of six months preceding any election of officers for this [illegible] be entitled to vote at said [illegible] elective officers of said town shall be a Mayor, six Councilmen, a Clerk, Treasurer and such Chief Bailiff as of whose terms of office shall be three years as hereinafter provided. No person shall be eligible to the office of Councilman or Mayor unless he is a male citizen of said town and has the title to real estate within the corporate limits thereof. In case any person having been elected as Mayor or Councilman shall cease to be a resident or free-holder in said corporation, he shall immediately cease to hold or exercise said office and it is hereby declared vacant and shall be filled as hereinafter provided. The Mayor and Councilmen shall receive no pay for their services except the Mayor who shall be entitled to the fees hereinafter allowed,

SEC. 4. And be it further enacted, that until the first Monday in May, 1896, and until their successors are duly elected and qualified, A. H. Frey shall be and is hereby constituted Mayor, and C. M. Rathbun, George P. White, Wm. W. Sweet, Robt. E. Burley, Abram L. Spiker and Benjamin F. Crane shall be and are hereby constituted Councilmen; and Chas. A. Combs shall be and is hereby constituted Chief Bailiff; and Edson Welch shall be and is hereby constituted Clerk; and Charles A. Ashby shall be and is hereby constituted Treasurer, that at the first election on the first Monday of May, 1896, there shall be elected two Councilmen for the term of one year, two for the term of two years and two for the term of three years, and there shall be two Councilmen elected annually thereafter for the term of three years.

SEC. 5. And be it further enacted, that the said Mayor and Council shall have the power to appoint judges and clerks of election, and such appointees shall conduct an election by ballot on the first Monday of May in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, and annually thereafter, on the first Monday of May, at such places as shall have been designated by them between one o'clock p. m. and six o'clock p. m. for the election of all officers whose terms expire on that date. They shall give at least ten days notice of the time and place of holding such election by posting written or printed notices in at least six public and conspicuous places in said town, one of which places shall be the outer door of the room in which the regular meetings of the Council are held.

SEC. 6. And be it further enacted, that the Mayor shall provide at all meetings of the Council, and shall call such meetings as he shall from time to time deem necessary, but shall have no vote in any question except election except in case of tie, when he shall have the deciding vote, but in the event of the absence of the Mayor for any reason, the members of the Council present shall elect from their own number to preside during such absence who shall, for the time being, be invested with all the powers and authority of said Mayor. The Council shall pass rules and regulations for their government while in session. All vacancies in the office of Mayor and Councilmen shall be filled by a special election called by the remaining members of said Council and held within thirty days after such vacancy shall occur, after giving a similar notice to the one required for a general election, vacancies in any other office shall be filled until the next general or annual election by appointment by said Council.

SEC. 7. And be it further enacted, that the Council shall meet in some convenient place in said town on or before the first Monday in June next succeeding their election, and as often thereafter as may be necessary in the discharge of the duties of their office, not less however, than once in every month. A majority of the Council shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business, but less number may adjourn to a further time.

SEC. 8. And be it further enacted, that the Clerk shall keep a minute of all proceedings of said Council in a well bound book which shall be open at all seasonable times to the inspection of any person interested therein, and he shall perform such other duties as the Council may assign him.

SEC. 9. And be it further enacted, that the Treasurer shall receive all monies belonging to said Corporation and safely keep the same and pay the same out only upon the order of the Mayor and Clerk; he shall also keep a correct account of all receipts and disbursements which shall be at all seasonable times open to the inspection of said Council or any member thereof.

SEC. 10. And be it further enacted, that the Mayor shall appoint such number of under Bailiffs and for such length of time as he may deem necessary; such appointment shall be made in writing and filed with the Clerk. The Council shall allow the Chief Bailiff, under Bailiffs, Clerk and Treasurer such compensation as they may deem proper.

SEC. 11. And be it further enacted, that all the elective officers of said Corporation shall, before they enter upon the discharge of the duties of their respective offices, take an oath that they will diligently and faithfully perform the duties of their respective offices without favor, partiality or prejudice, and said oath shall be filed among the records of the Corporation; that all said officers except the Mayor, may take such oath before the Mayor.

SEC. 12. And be it further enacted, that the Clerk, Chief Bailiff and Treasurer shall give bond to the Council with such penalties and such sureties as the Council may require conditioned for the faithful discharge of the duties of their respective offices.

SEC. 13. And be it further enacted, that the Judges and Clerks of election shall make and file a return of every election held by them and shall determine all questions arising thereunder; but any person considering himself aggrieved by such decision may appeal therefrom to the Circuit Court of Garrett County, which Court shall hear and determine such appeal and decide who shall pay the costs thereof.

SEC. 14. And be it further enacted, that said Council may pass such ordinances not inconsistent with the law, as they may deem beneficial and necessary for the preservation of peace and good order and the enforcement of the provisions of this Charter and the best interests of the town; they may open and close streets, lanes and alleys and grade and pave the same, and their rights, powers and duties in relation thereto shall be the same as is provided by the Code of Public General Laws of this State for opening, altering and closing public roads by the Board of County Commissioners, or the right to appeal to the Circuit Court for the County; they may cause the streets to be lighted, and sidewalks to be made and kept in repair along said streets, and if the abutting lots are not improved by buildings the sidewalks shall be laid in conformity with the other sidewalks adjoining the same. Such sidewalks shall be kept in repair by the owners of the lots adjoining thereto or abutting thereon at their cost and expense in case the work is not done by the Mayor and Council shall be a lien on said property collectible as other taxes, they may remove nuisances and obstructions from the streets, lanes and alleys, restrain all disorder and disturbances; prevent all congregations of disorderly persons in public places, apprehend all tramps and vagabonds, impose a tax on dogs and on fowls, hogs and other animals running at-large in the streets or totally prohibit the same, and may impose fines and commit all offenders to the jail or Gaol or County jail until the same be paid with costs, and power and authority is hereby given to the Mayor and Council of Loch Lynn Heights, and it shall be their duty to enforce these provisions by fine, imprisonment or both.

SEC. 15. And be it further enacted, that the Council shall provide a suitable lock-up within said corporate limits to which all persons arrested under these provisions may be committed pending their examination or trial or upon conviction of any violation of the provisions hereof.

SEC. 16. And be it further enacted, that the Council shall have the same powers as the State Board of Health, of this State, within the corporate limits of said town and ½ mile outside thereof in every direction, except where the same will invade or interfere with the corporate limits or authority of any other incorporated town or village, and they may pass such ordinances as they may deem necessary for the preservation of the health of the town, and the removal of all nuisances from or prohibition of all business within the corporate limits thereof as shall, in their opinion, injuriously affect the sanitary condition thereof.

SEC. 17. And be it further enacted, that they shall have full power to regulate privies and direct the character of boxes or other fixtures for them, and the mode in which they shall be emptied and contents removed, and the disposition made thereof and shall prohibit the construction and maintenance of privy sinks, cesspools or other depositories of filth within the corporate limits.

SEC. 18. And be it further enacted, that they may adopt suitable measures for the removal of sewerage and garbage or they may appoint annually a scavenger and prescribe his duties and fix his compensation, which shall be paid by a special tax for that purpose to be imposed on the owners of the respective buildings and collected therefrom, and the same shall be a lien on said property and collected as other taxes are collected, and the Council may pass suitable ordinances to enable such scavenger to collect and remove all filth from the town, and provide how he shall dispose of the same, and may require of such scavenger a bond for the faithful performance of his duties; provided that the special tax imposed to carry out the provisions of this section shall not exceed the sum of twenty-five cents per month on any private house, to be paid by the owner thereof as aforesaid.

SEC. 19. And be it further enacted, that the said Council, as often as they deem advisable, cause an assessment to be made of all the real and personal property within said town or the corporate limits thereof, which assessment shall not exceed the assessment of the same for the County purposes, and the Councils tax thereon not exceeding fifty cents on the one hundred dollars worth of assessable property in any one year.

SEC. 20. And be it further enacted, that the said Council shall meet on the first Monday in June after said assessment, to hear any person feeling themselves aggrieved by such assessment, and shall increase or abate any such assessment as they may deem unjust.

SEC. 21. And be it further enacted, that whenever the Council shall levy a tax, they shall cause to be made out an alphabetical list of the persons and property thereon and cause to be affixed the respective sums to be collected from such persons, and issue a warrant to the Chief Bailiff to collect the same.

SEC. 22. And be it further enacted, that the Chief Bailiff within ten days after the receipt of such list and warrant, render to each person named therein an account or tax bill, showing the amount due from him, if he be a resident of the town, and if he be a non-resident and in consequence thereof cannot conveniently be served with said account or tax bill, he shall mail a copy thereof to his last known post office address of said non-resident and if any taxes shall not be paid within ninety days after the rendition the account, the Chief Bailiff shall return to the Council a complete list of all tax payers who are delinquents, with a description of the property and the amount of tax due from each, and the Council shall then proceed to advertise the property named in said list, for sale, and shall sell the same at public auction for the amount of taxes, interest and costs due on each piece of property after publication and notice of the time and place of sale for at least three weeks in some newspaper published in Garrett County.

SEC. 23. And be it further enacted, that the Mayor shall execute and deliver to the purchaser a deed of the property sold, and the said deed shall convey to the purchaser of said property and shall be presumptive evidence that all the requirements of law have been complied with in making assessments, levy, sale and deed, and unless the delinquent owner or owners of said property or his or their grantee, mortgagee, assignee or legal representative shall within two years from the date of said tax sale, redeem such property by paying to the purchaser or his legal representatives the whole amount of money paid by him for said property with interest thereon at the rate of fifteen per centum per annum, said title shall become absolute and indefeasible.

SEC. 24. And be it further enacted, that the Chief Bailiff shall make all collections required of him and pay the same to the Clerk within six months from the time the same is placed in his hands, and the said clerk shall immediately make a record thereof and pay said monies over to the Treasurer.

SEC. 25. And be it further enacted, that the Chief Bailiff shall attend all meetings of the Council and perform such duties as the shall direct, he shall preserve the peace and good order of the town and for this purpose shall be invested with the same jurisdiction, power and authority as any Constable of Garrett County has under the laws of this State.

SEC. 26. And be it further enacted, the Council shall provide suitable badges which shall be worn in plain view by the Chief Bailiff and under Bailiffs at all times when in the performance of the duties of their office, the duties of the under Bailiffs, when appointed, shall be to assist the Chief Bailiff, and they shall be subject to his order and directions. For that purpose they shall have all the power and authority herein conferred on the Chief Bailiff.

SEC. 27. And be it further enacted, that the Mayor shall have all the power of a Justice of the Peace in criminal cases, except the Mayor and Council may appeal, and shall receive the same fees as allowed Justices of the Peace in similar cases, and an appeal from his decision where the demand of the exceeds five dollars may be taken to the Circuit Court for the County which shall determine the matter as upon the appeal from the Justice of the Peace.

SEC. 28. And be it further enacted that the Chief Bailiff shall have the same fees for making distress for taxes as are allowed County Collectors, and for making arrests or serving process for violating any ordinance of the corporation the same fees are allowed Constables for similar services and if the Chief Bailiff fails to discharge any of the duties of his office he may be fined not exceeding ten dollars for any one offence.

SEC. 29. And be it further enacted, that any fines, penalties or forfeitures imposed by this Charter or by any ordinance of the Council may be collected by proceedings in the name of the Mayor and Council before the Mayor or Justice of the Peace; and this said Mayor or Justice of the Peace shall have the power to commit the offender to the lock-up or County jail on failure to pay such fine and forfeiture until the same shall be paid with costs.

SEC. 30. And be it further enacted, that the Council shall not expend or contract to expend in any one year more money than the amount receivable from taxes and other sources for that year.

SEC. 31. And be it further enacted, that all part of the several County roads within the limit of said town are hereby declared to be public streets and avenues of said town, and shall be from time to time improved and repaired, as in the discretion of the Council the public interests of the town may require, and the resources of the town will permit and justify.

SEC. 32. And be it further enacted, that the Council shall keep and annually publish a tabular statement of the receipts and expenditures of the funds of the corporation.

SEC. 33. And be it further enacted, that the Council shall have power to establish building lines on all the streets in said town or which shall hereafter be opened therein and to compel all persons hereafter erecting buildings in said town, to conform thereto; that the said Council shall have the power to establish the limits and width of the streets of said town; that the Council shall have the power to provide for the payment for damages and expenses of opening, widening and laying out, grading, improving and keeping in good condition the streets, lanes, alleys and sidewalks in the said town and for that purpose may levy and assess the property benefitted by such improvement and damages, provided that the property owners may appeal to the Circuit Court for Garrett county in like manner as other appeals are taken.

SEC. 34. And be it further enacted, that the said Council shall have the power to license and regulate all hackney coaches, carriages, carts, drays, omnibuses, wagons and other vehicles kept for hire or hired in said town, and to license and regulate the location and conduct of livery stables.

SEC. 35. And be it further enacted, that the said council shall have the power to enact ordinances for the prevention of cruelty to animals and children and to fix the penalties for the violations thereof.

SEC. 36. And be it further enacted, that the said council shall have the power to fix by ordinance the disposition of all fines and penalties imposed for the violation of any of the ordinances of said town.

SEC. 37. And be it further enacted, that the said council shall have the power to establish regulations for the prevention and extinguishment of fire, to appoint firemen and appoint, organize and equip fire companies and to fix the penalties for the violations of any fire regulation.

SEC. 38. And be it further enacted, that the said council shall have power to pass ordinances requiring all circus or theatrical performances, shows, plays and public entertainments for which an admission fee is charged to take out a license before giving an exhibition in said town, and to fix the cost of said license; and shall have power to pass all ordinances to provide for regulating pawnbrokers and peddlers on the streets, alleys or sidewalks of said town.

SEC. 39. And be it further enacted, that the said council may provide by ordinance for the immediate arrest, without warrant, of any person violating any town ordinance when in the judgment of the said mayor or bailiff of the town the delay necessary to the issuing of warrants would be dangerous to the peace and quiet of the town, or to the lives, limbs or property of the citizens; and when it shall appear that the offender is so intoxicated as to render it unsafe to permit him to ride or drive through the streets of said town, shall provide for the custody of the horse or horses, vehicle or vehicles, ridden or driven by such person, in some place of safety until such offender or offenders shall become sober, and the said Council shall subject the property so taken and deposited to the payment of all costs of the proceeding and the keeping of said property until the same be released according to law.

SEC. 40. And be it further enacted, that all property in said corporate limits used only for agricultural purposes, and which has not been laid out in lots shall only be assessed as such agricultural property and not as town lots, and the County Commissioners of Garrett County, upon the application of the said Council of Loch Lynn Heights are authorized and directed to furnish to the said Council a full levy list of all property assessed on their books.

SEC. 41. Provided that nothing in this Act contained shall in any manner interfere or curtail the rights, privileges and immunities now exercised and enjoyed by the corporation of Mountain Lake Park, and no license for the sale of intoxicating liquors, wines, ale, beer or drinks of like nature shall be granted within the corporate limits of Loch Lynn Heights or within one mile of any boundary line thereof.

SEC. 42. And be it enacted, that neglect or non use shall not work a forfeiture of this Charter.

SEC. 43. And be it further enacted, that this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved, April 4, 1896.

CHAPTER 461.

AN ACT To enable qualified voters of any election district or districts, county, to determine by ballot whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or liquor law shall be sold in any such election district.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland that at the next election for members of Congress of the United States from the sixth congressional district of Maryland, to be held in Garrett county on the next Tuesday after the first Monday in November in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, there shall be held on election in any election district in said county, subject to the provisions hereinafter enacted to determine by ballot whether spirituous, fermented or other intoxicating liquors shall be sold in said election district of the county aforesaid; and it shall be the duty of the sheriff of said county to make proclamation of such election as in case of other elections held in this state, under penalty, in case of neglect or refusal to perform such duty as is now provided for the election laws of this State.

SEC. 2. And it shall be enacted that said election shall be held in accordance with the law governing general elections in this State, at which said election the ballots to be cast shall be printed upon the regular ballot sheet of said election and the words "For License," or "Against License," shall be printed in separated columns and the ballot so cast shall be received by the judges of election and deposited in the regular box provided by the said sheriff and counted by them, who shall, within three days thereafter make a written return of the same, under their hands, seals and of the number of ballots so cast for or against license, to the clerk of the Circuit Court, who shall record the same; and it shall be the duty of said clerk, within ten days after said election, to cause to be printed and published in one or more newspapers published in said county, once a week for two successive weeks, a proclamation of the result of such election in each of said districts of the county aforesaid.

SEC. 3. And be it enacted, that if it shall be found at such election and proclaimed by the said clerk of court, that a majority of the qualified votes have been cast "for license" in any of the said election districts wherein the sale of liquors or other fermented spirits is now prohibited by law, immediately after such proclamation by the said clerk of the result of said election, such prohibition in any such district is hereby removed and any and all fermented liquors may proceed to sell liquors upon obtaining license therefor as is now or hereafter may be provided by public general or public local law.

SEC. 4. And be it enacted, That if it shall be found at such election and proclaimed by the clerk of court that a majority of the qualified votes have been cast "against license" in any of said election districts wherein the sale of liquor or other fermented spirits is now licensed by law, it shall not be lawful for any person or persons, firm, company or body corporate on and after the first day of May in the year succeeding said election to sell or otherwise dispose of by way of barter directly or indirectly any spirituous, fermented or other intoxicating liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication or any compound of which alcohol forms the chief or a principal ingredient or for the purpose to be used for the sale of the same in any such election district of the county aforesaid, provided that nothing herein contained shall be construed to prevent the compounding or sale of any such liquors by a regular pharmacist or druggist now having a license for such business under the laws of this State, upon the written bona fide prescription of a regular practicing physician of such district, whose name shall be signed thereto; and every such prescription shall be filed and kept by such pharmacist or druggist, and no one prescription shall serve for more than one purchaser, but no physician shall make or sign any such prescription unless the person for whom it is made is actually sick or such liquor is absolutely required as a medicine; and any physician who shall, after said first day of May next succeeding said election, make or sign any prescription for such liquor, except as provided for her in shall be deemed guilty of a violation of this act, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined not less than fifty nor more than one hundred dollars and costs for each offense, and be committed by the court wherein such conviction is had, until such fine and costs are paid; nor shall anything herein contained be construed to prohibit a sale by such pharmacist or druggist in case of extreme illness when delay would be dangerous to the patient.

SEC. 5. And be it enacted, that if on and after the said first day of May next succeeding said election, any person or persons, firm, company or body corporate shall in any election district of said county wherein a majority of the votes aforesaid have been cast "against license," and proclamation thereof made as aforesaid, sell or otherwise barter or dispose of, directly or indirectly, any spirituous, fermented or intoxicating liquors, or medicated bitters producing intoxication, or any compound of which alcohol forms the chief or principal ingredient as aforesaid, and except, as aforesaid, he, she or they shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined for each and every offense not less than fifty nor more one hundred dollars, and for every offense subsequent to any conviction of a violation of this law, the minimum as well as the maximum of said fine shall be doubled, the cost of every conviction to be in every case paid by the prisoner or person found guilty of a violation of this law, and in every case the party is to stand committed until his fine and costs are paid, and for a second and every subsequent offense the person so offending shall, in addition to said fine and costs, be imprisoned for not less than thirty days nor more than six months; the one-half of said fines imposed in this and the preceding section to be paid by the Sheriff to the actual informer, under order of the court, and the other half to be paid over to the proper authorities for the support of the public schools of the said county; and it shall be the duty of the said Clerk of Court to inform the grand jury of any previous conviction or convictions of any person or persons so offending upon the request of the grand jury of said county; and the said grand jury shall endorse upon or make it a part of their presentments and indictment by them found, the number of times, if any, that the person or persons presented and indicted by them shall have been previously convicted of a violation of this law.

SEC. 6. And be it enacted, that the Judges of the Circuit Court for said county shall give this act in charge to the grand jury of said county at every jury term of said Circuit Court.

SEC. 7. And be it enacted, that this act shall effect no change in the existing statue of law in any district of said county until and unless a change be made, as provided in the other sections of this act.

SEC. 8. And be it enacted, that it shall be the duty of the Judges, or any one thereof, of the Circuit Court for said county, upon the written petition of at least one third in number of the registered voters of the number of votes cast at the next preceding general election in any election district of said county presented to such Judge or Judges at any time after any general election in this State, and prior to the first day of August preceding the next congressional election following thereon, unless a counter petition from said district, larger in number than the first, is presented to said Judge or Judges before the first day of September following, in which event said Judge or Judges shall either take no action on the first petition, or countermand what action has been taken, as the case may require to pass an order within thirty days after the filing of said petition with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for said county, directing the said Clerk to proclaim notice of a new election, to be held at the next congressional election in any such election district, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors and medicated bitters producing intoxication, as hereinbefore specified, in such election district; and the Clerk of said Court shall give special notice thereof to the Sheriff of said county, whose duty it shall be, under penalty for neglect or refusal as is now, or hereafter may be, provided by law for such neglect or refusal in regard to proclamation of other elections held in this State, to give notice of the same at the time he shall give notice of the election to be held for a member of Congress of the United States from the said Sixth Congressional District of Maryland next following the filing of said petition and passing of the order thereon hereinbefore specified.

SEC. 9. And be it enacted, that the provisions of this act shall not apply to any parts of an election district of said county wherein the sale of liquor or other fermented spirits is now prohibited by law.

SEC. 10. And be it enacted, that this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved April 4, 1896.

CHAPTER 44.

AN ACT To repeal Section nine of Article 12 of the Public Local Laws, title "Garrett County," sub-title "Birds and Game," as amended by Chapter 608 of the Acts of Assembly of 1894, to re-enact the same with amendments.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland that Section 9 of Article 12 of the Public Local Laws, title "Garrett County," sub-title "Birds and Game," as amended by Chapter 608 of the Acts of Assembly of 1894, be and the same is hereby repealed and re-enacted, so as to read as follows, viz.:

It shall not be lawful for any person to kill or destroy in said county any woodcock or partridge between the first day of December and the first day of October in each year; or to kill or destroy in any manner any pheasant between the date of the passage of this Act and the first day of October in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven. From and after the first day of October in said year 1897, it shall be unlawful for any person to kill or destroy, or try to destroy, any pheasant in said county except during the months of October and November, in each year, and it shall be unlawful to snare or entrap any woodcock, partridge or pheasant at any season of the year whatsoever.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted that this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved March 19, 1896.

CHAPTER 55.

AN ACT To prohibit gunning and fishing in Garrett county, Maryland, on the Sabbath day.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, that any person or persons caught fishing, gunning or hunting in any manner on Sunday in Garrett county, Maryland, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof before any Justice of the Peace of said county, be fined not less than one nor more than twenty dollars, and in default of payment of said fine together with the costs of prosecution, shall be by said Justice of the Peace committed to the county jail for not less than one nor more than twenty days.

SEC. 2. And be it further enacted, that all fines collected under the foregoing Section shall be paid by the Justice of the Peace before whom such conviction was had, one-half to the County School Commissioners of said county for the use of the school's therein, within thirty days after having received the same and shall take duplicate receipts therefor from said School Commissioners one of which he shall file with the County Commissioners of said Garrett county.

SEC. 3. And be it further enacted, that all acts or parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act, be and the same are hereby repealed.

SEC. 4. And be it enacted that this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved April 4, 1896.

CHAPTER 394.

AN ACT To divide Election District Number Seven, of Garrett county, into two precincts.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, that Election District No. 7 of Garrett county be and the same is hereby divided into two voting precincts to be known respectively as the "First" and "Second election precincts," of the seventh election district of said county. The division line between the said precincts shall be as follows; The first precinct shall be the territory within the following outlines, to-wit: All that portion of election district number seven as now laid out and established, east of the Huppole road and on the east side of Third street in the town of Oakland, and the Aurora road. The second precinct shall be the territory of said district as now laid out and established, on the west side of Third street in the town of Oakland and the Aurora road. The voting or polling place for the said first precinct shall be at the court house in Oakland, and the voting or polling place for the said second precinct shall be at the council chamber of the town of Oakland.

SEC. 2. For the purpose of registration, the clerk of the Circuit Court for said county shall provide the register of voters for said district, before the time of registration of voters, under the provisions of Article 33 of the Code of Public General Laws, with two duplicate registry books for the registration of the voters of said respective precincts, and the said register of voters shall at his session of 1896 make a full registry of the voters of said respective precincts from the registration book of said district, allotting such voters to the precinct in which they respectively reside, by transcribing the names of such voters from the present registry of voters for said district, or in case of a new registration under any amendment of said Article 33 of the Code o. Public General Laws, the said register of voters shall register anew in said respective registries the names of all qualified voters in said respective precincts as shall apply to him and prove the proper qualifications for registry. In case the said register shall have to make a transcript instead of new registration he shall be allowed a sum not exceeding forty dollars to be paid by the County Commissioners of said county for such transcript.

Approved, March 4, 1896.

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ECCLESIASTICAL COLUMN.

Rev. J. W. Butler, Pastor St. Mark's Lutheran Church, Editor.

The Sabbath School—Its Management and Object.

The progress which the Sabbath school has made since its earliest beginning in 1781 has scarcely been equalled. Its efficiency as a means to the end in view, has been universally recognized. Horse power has given place to that of steam, and stage coaches to cars, but the Sabbath school as an agency for diffusing a knowledge of Bible truth, and inculcating those moral and religious truths which are received by Protestant churches generally as divinely inspired, has never been supplanted. But how long it will be regarded as such an important agency depends upon its continued obvious fitness and efficiency to that end. Its adequacy to fulfill its exalted mission has been especially evinced by the signal tokens of divine favor that has been shown to it, and these may well excite our gratitude and wonder. Its officers and teachers have multiplied to thousands, and through the untiring efforts the mountains and hills have broken forth into singing, and instead of the thorn has come up the fir tree, instead of the briar, the myrtle tree. Streams of light have been poured forth from the Holy book; eyes that were blind have been opened; ears that were deaf have been unstopped; the lame have been made to leap as doth the heart and the tongue of the dumb to sing praises unto God; indeed has the wilderness and the solitary place been made glad, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose.

The religious instruction of all classes of children on the Lord's day by teachers who are professors of religion, is a system unknown to the past century. And when, with this present advancement in the great work, we contemplate the aggregate influence of three hundred thousand teachers over the hearts and minds of three millions of scholars, and these for the most part children whom they meet every Lord's day for the purpose of instructing them in divine truth, and this too according to the system of the international lessons by which all study on the same Lord's day the same part of God's word, we may expect great things, even greater than we have yet seen.

The management of the Sabbath school has, since the time of its origin, been a matter of no little concern. New methods have been introduced and improvements made until there seems no longer to be room for improvement. In the future, as in the past, the position which the Sabbath school shall hold in God's favor, and in the affection and confidence of His people, must depend on the skill and success with which it is conducted. Thorough organization, libraries replete with christian literature, a large patronage of periodicals, the memorizing of verses, and strict adherence to the international lesson system, may all be considered indispensable requisites: but the success of the Sabbath school is not to be measured by these: they are important circumstances, but far remote from the grand result, *a thorough religious training of children and youth*. And in this thorough religious training lies the prosperity of the Sabbath school. So that its success depends upon the fitness and fidelity of those who are chosen as teachers: this being the condition, it is of paramount importance that the Sunday school teacher be in every particular qualified. And most important of his qualifications is a *thorough consecration to God* and a *true conception of the responsibility resting upon him*. He should also possess skill to adapt instruction to the capacities of the pupil, combined with a love for and devotion to the work. Punctuality and regularity in attendance are also important requisites. Again, the teacher should have a clear and thorough knowledge of the truths to be taught. In connection with this requisite may be considered the abuse of helps. It is a most lamentable fact that the lesson helps as we now have them in their multiplicity, have about expelled the Bible from the Sunday school and quite supplanted its use as a book. In many of our country schools scarcecely a copy of the Bible can be found and it is no less true of many of the schools in the villages and towns. I recently tested this matter in a country Sabbath school by calling for an exhibition of the Bibles in the school, when there was but one small copy of the new testament in the whole school. There is a crying demand for a more thorough acquaintance with, and a greater love for the Bible as a book. But few Sunday school teachers can name the books of the Bible in their order, and scarcely one school out of a hundred can do so, much less give the writers and the circumstances under which they wrote and something of the contents of each book. This inexcusable ignorance is caused in great part by the neglect in using the Bible as a lesson book. With the majority, the lesson paper is used as the text book and book of reference too, and the Bible is rarely ever looked into. So far as imparting a knowledge of the Bible and its contents is concerned, a vast amount of the so called teaching in our Sabbath school at the present time is futile. Lessons are taught and recited without a moment's original study and thought by both teacher and scholar. All is made to depend upon the memory of a few imperfectly understood ideas caught from a hurried and careless scanning of the lesson paper, perhaps late Saturday night with sleepy eyes, or on the way to Sunday school on Sabbath morning. The teacher who dwarfs and paralyzes his own mental powers by using exclusively the thought of other thinkers, is a weak vessel, and in his watering from the cistern of another, need not expect to be watered himself.

The object of the Sunday school is two-fold: 1, to give a knowledge of the word: 2, to lead souls to Christ; and this latter should be the grand object of each teacher. The Sunday school is the most inviting field for such christian effort. In no other position within reach of private christians can diligence and faithfulness accomplish so much for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. It is indeed the nursery of the church, where the little ones may receive the "sincere milk of the word" adopted to them by wise and faithful teachers until they are transplanted into the church, there to receive the strong meat of the preached word. In such a holy work the position of the Sunday school teacher is no less responsible and exalted than that of the minister of the gospel. A great many persons, especially parents, seem to think that the Sunday school is to take the place of home instruction. This is a grevious mistake. It is only to continue the work in the home or to co-operate with the home in saving the children for Christ. In the Sunday school the same truths which the child learned from its mothers lips in the domestic nursery are fostered, the same principles of right, which it imbibed as it sat upon her knees, and which she instilled into its mind in early childhood, are maintained, broadened and assimilated to its very being as it rises into manhood, and truly the lover that moves the world and gives success in great measure to the Redeemer's kingdom is held in the hand of both parent and teacher. Both should "study to show themselves approved unto God, workmen that need not be ashamed, sightly dividing the word of truth."

Mt. Lake Park.

The opening sermon at the Park, Sunday, June 7th, will be preached by Rev. Mullins, of Washington, D. C.

H. C. Sharp, of New Philadelphia O.; Miss Sarah Harris, of Franklin, Va.; Mr. Jones and family, of Clarksburg, W. Va., have moved into their cottages for the summer.

Adam Howell, late of Hotel Elberon, Cumberland, has leased the Allegheny House for the season.

Gilbert Baumgardner will be "baggage smasher" at the Baltimore and Ohio depot this summer.

Wm. Baumgardner and Irwin Sperry will be the clerks in the post-office this season.

Hotel Dennett is receiving its "finishing touches."

The lake drive is completed. It is one of the most delightful road ways in the county. The drive extends around the lake. The base ball grounds, lawn tennis courts and croquet grounds are being put in good shape for the summer.

The electric lights will be turned on June 15 and we will, on that date, begin to assume metropolitan airs.

Mrs. Hornbrooke and brother, of Wheeling, are among the latest arrivals.

Mrs. Shanks, of Baltimore, was here a day or two ago, letting the contract for painting her house.

Fifty cottages are now occupied. Many more will be within the next ten days.

The outlook for hay is unusually promising. The late rains have wonderfully helped growing crops. The prospects for abundant harvest are good.

Reduced Rates to St. Louis.

The Republican National Convention will meet in St. Louis June 16. For this occasion the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell Excursion Tickets from all stations on its line East of the Ohio River for all trains June 12 to 15, inclusive, valid for return passage until June 21, at one fare for the round trip.

The B. & O. is a direct line to St. Louis, running two solid vestibuled fast express trains with through Pullman Sleeping Cars attached every day in the year.

For rates and other information apply to nearest B. & O. Ticket Agent.

M. E. GENERAL CONFERENCE.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot Writes an Interesting Letter Concerning It.

To the Editor of The Republican.

CLEVELAND, O., May 22.

Last week in the Ecclesiastical column I exhorted your readers not to swear. I hope when you cast your eyes over these full pages it will not cause the sanctity of the "sanctum" to be disturbed.

It is the happy privilege of the writer to be an interested spectator at the quadrennial session of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church. Knowing that you number many Methodists among your subscribers and also believing that a few (?) remarks may not be uninteresting, I venture to give some impressions.

The place of holding the daily sessions of the conference is the new armory building of the Ohio National Guards, Cleveland, Ohio. This huge building has been lately constructed. Indeed it is not wholly completed yet. It is built of stone from the famous Berea quarries. I should judge the building was 225 feet long by 125 wide and 200 feet high. There are high towers at the four corners, and the general appearance and first impression is that of a huge mediæval castle. In the interior of this building is a temporary structure resembling a large pen. The walls of this "pen" run parallel with the walls of the building and are everywhere about twenty feet distant. So to imagine the vast room in which the general conference holds its sessions, you have first to think of a large rectangular room boarded up with new boards. This room has numerous doors opening from corriders which surround the space. This room is tastefully decorated with flags. The stars and stripes of course predominate, but in order that the foreign delegates may not be too lonesome, the national flag of every country in which the M. E. church carries on mission work is displayed.

The centre of the room is reserved for the delegates. On both sides and at the rear of the central space ran low galleries having ascending seats: these are the portion of the house assigned to the visitors. In the front of this room is the stage, elevated about five feet from the floor, and back of the stage reach in ascending plan tier after tier of seats. Now if the reader has a good imagination he has the place of meeting pretty well in mind. The bishops (sixteen in all) sit in a body upon the stage. One of their number presides over the deliberations of the body. On the first day the senior bishop always presides, the next day the one next in seniority, and so on in succession until all have presided, when they begin again in the same order. Hence the general conference always has a different presiding officer each day. But if any of my readers imagine that on that account the conference must often suffer for want of a wise ruling head, let me hasten to disabuse his mind. There are no better presiding officers of deliberative assemblies in the world than the bishops of the M. E. church.

FIRST EXPERIENCES.

My first session was that of Monday evening, May 18th. A special session of the conference had been ordered to receive the fraternal delegates from the M. E. church South and the Methodist church of Canada. Bishop S. M. Merrill was the presiding officer. To any loyal Methodist who looks for the first time upon a general conference in session must come feelings akin to those which come to the Mohammedan when he first sees Mecca, or to the devout Roman Catholic when he first visits Rome. Your writer must confess that his heart was strikingly stirred as he remembered he was at the sources of all the streams of legislative, judicial and executive powers of one of the great churches of Christianity. No attempt will be made to report the speeches or to give even a synopsis of them. It suffices to say they were all *great* speeches, breathing the deepest feeling of fraternity which recognizes the common brotherhood of all, because Christ is our great Elder Brother.

ELECTION OF BISHOPS.

One of the great powers committed to the general conference is the election of bishops. The committee on episcopacy reported in their judgment three additional bishops were needed. The general conference, however, has a way of looking at things for itself, so that upon the floor of the house the report of the committee was changed from three to two. Several ballots had been taken before I reached Cleveland, but I was in time to witness the decisive ballots which elected the popular Chaplain C. C. McCabe and Dr. Earl Cranston. The first named will perhaps be recalled by many as the man who spoke so earnestly and eloquently at Mt. Lake Park last summer on G. A. R. day. These two men will be consecrated or set apart for their high office on Tuesday next at 11 o'clock a. m.

HOW THE CONFERENCE DOES ITS WORK.

A word may not be out of place on the methods of work followed in the general conference. As every Methodist knows and perhaps every one else, this body is the highest conference in our connection and passes all laws, makes provision for their execution and sits in judgment upon their legality. The conference is made up, at present, of one minister for every forty-five Methodist preachers and two laymen for every annual conference, which is entitled to two ministers. If an annual conference should be so small as to only have one ministerial delegate then there can only be one lay delegate.

The conference immediately after its organization proceeds at once to create a large number of standing and other committees. These committees are large in number, sometimes there being as many as 150 persons on one committee. Like our United States Congress most of the work of the conference is done in these committees, and like Congress, too (only more so) the work of the committees is liable to sudden and almighty changes by the house. These committees carefully consider every side and phase of our great church. Nothing escapes. Every innovation or alteration is carefully and ably debated by men who are intellectual giants, first in the committees then on the floor of the conference.

The conference usually is a conservative body. It is made up for the most part of men who are in middle life or beyond. There are many more gray haired men than those whose hair has yet its natural hue.

SOME PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS.

Not one of the least attractive things connected with the conference is the stirring debates which are always springing up. The prince of parliamentarians and the astute debater of this great body is the Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D., editor of the New York *Christian Advocate*. Rev. T. B. Nealy, of Philadelphia; Rev. A. J. Kynett, of the same city; Rev. S. M. Bristol, Rev. Leroy Belt, and Rev. Wm. Swindells may be mentioned as leaders, although when you look upon such a body of giants it is difficult to single out any—all are great. To give the noted laymen of the conference would be but to repeat names that are already familiar to the public. There are eminent judges, lawyers, doctors and business men who give up lucrative employment for a month and devote themselves to most arduous work for the church, and all without money or without price, but simply for Christ's sake and the church. I must, however, before closing this perhaps too long letter, mention one of our own eminent laymen who has been honored by one of the high positions of trust in the general conference. The Hon. George C. Sturgiss, a brother to A. G. Sturgiss of Oakland, is easily in the fore-front among the laymen. He is chairman of the large standing committee on book accounts, and but day before yesterday presented the report of his committee and steered it through the general conference in the highest and most efficient manner. He has brought great credit to himself and honor to the conference which elected him by his able speeches before the conference and his wisdom in the arduous committee work.

The end of the session is beginning to appear. Many think conference may effect an adjournment by next Wednesday or Thursday.

Trusting I have not trespassed too much upon your space and the patience of your readers, I am,

S. K. ARBUTHNOT.

McKinley and Lowndes.

BALTIMORE, May 25.—The report that Gov. Lowndes is a candidate for the Republican nomination for the vice presidency, and that a serious effort is to be made to capture that honor for him, has been generally discussed here to-day by Republicans and Democrats alike.

Quite a little flutter of excitement has been created by the report. While many Republicans would be delighted to see a Marylander on the national ticket, conservative members of the party would regret to see the governor accept the nomination should it be tendered to him for, in the event of his election, he would be succeeded by the president of the State Senate, Mr. William Cabell Bruce, who is a Democrat.

The McKinley faction is inclined to regard the agitation of the governor's name as an effort to deflect the Maryland votes from the Ohio man, but this finds few sympathizers outside of their own circle. Experienced politicians, however, do not take the report seriously, and are outspoken in their belief that Mr. Lowndes' official career will be confined to the office to which he was elected last November.

THE

Maryland Building and Loan Association

of Garrett County.

OFFICERS:

ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
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THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock:

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.

EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL

ROOFING.

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W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING,
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
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VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
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Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

NORMAL SCHOOLS.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS OF GARRETT COUNTY,
OAKLAND, MD., May 14, 1896.

The normal schools for Garrett County, for the summer of 1896 will be held as follows:

At Oakland, in charge of Prof. C. H. Smith; at Accident, in charge of Prof. R. R. Sanner, and at Selbysport in charge of Prof. Geo. B. Frazee. The school at Oakland will open June 15, 1896, and at Accident June 22, one week later, and run for a term of ten weeks.

For further information apply to C. D. Smith, Oakland, Md.; R. R. Sanner, Confluence, Pa., and Geo. B. Frazee, Markleysburg, Pa.

WM. HINEBAUGH,
Secretary.

10-3.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In effect April 1st, 1894.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS	NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1		No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 00	8 00 lv	Cumberland ar	*12 00	†7 00
3 31	8 31	Rawlings	11 29	6 29
3 36	8 36	Keyser	11 04	6 04
4 09	9 09	Westernport	10 51	5 51
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	5 48
4 37	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5 23
5 00	10 00	Harrison	10 00	*5 00
5 45	10 45 ar	Elk Garden	8 55	*3 55
5 35	10 35† lv	Gorman	9 21	4 21
5 41	10 41	Bayard	9 15	4 15
5 52	10 52	Doblin	9 04	4 04
6 23	11 23	Thomas	8 34	3 34
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	8 00	2 55
6 27	11 27 lv	Coketon	8 31	3 31
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	8 07	3 07
6 57	11 57	Bretz	8 01	3 01
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 58	2 58
7 20	12 20	Kerens	7 38	2 38
7 00	1 00 ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	*2 00
	1 30† ar	Beverly	lv	*1 35
				P. M.
	2 55† ar	Beallington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. O. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

MOUNTAIN STATE

Business College,

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Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

A Chance for Farmers to Improve Their Stock.

EMPEROR WILKES

TIME, 2.28.

PEDIGREE

EMPEROR WILKES, by Ethan Wilkes 6317, dam Mary M.; Ethan Wilkes by George Wilkes, dam Lady Ethan; George Wilkes by Hambletonian 10, dam Dolly Spanker; Lady Ethan by Ethan Allen 43, dam Topsy dam of Hambletonian Mambrino. Mary M. by Mambrino Rattler; dam by Brignolia 77, dam by Hopeful; Mambrino Rattler by Mambrino Chief 11, dam by Rattler 77.

M. Maroney & Son have decided to stand this horse at their stables in Oakland during the season of 1896 for the small sum of

$10.00 INSURANCE.

M. MARONEY & SON,
Owners.

9—2m

APPEAL SESSION.

Tax-payers of Oakland, take notice, That the Town Council of Oakland will sit at the Council Chamber in said town on

MONDAY, JUNE 1, 1896,

from 2 to 4 o'clock p. m., and from 8 to 10 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of hearing appeals and making transfers upon the assessment books of said town.

By order Council.

15—td J. C. BUNHAM, Clerk.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—	Daily	2.36 A. M
No. 3—	Daily	7.36 A. M
No. 71—	Accom daily except Sun	9.20 A. M
No. 5—	Daily	10.09 A. M
No. 55—	Express, (mail)	0.22 P. M
No. 15—	Accommodation daily	5.45 P. M
No. 1—	Daily	10.00 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—	Daily	7.40 A. M
No. 2—	Daily	9.51 A. M
No. 14—	Accommodation daily	9.55 A. M
No. 72—	Accom daily except Sun	4.50 P. M
No. 16—	Daily	5.42 P. M
No. 4—	Daily	12.50 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the new county road, beginning at a point near the bridge that crosses Savage river on the Grantsville and Barton road, running through the lands of Elias Merrill, Amos Broadwater, John Broadwater, Mrs. Fannie Wenzell, Wm. H. Merrill and John P. Ronesson to intersect the road leading from Noah Garlitz's to Mt. Lake Park, a distance of four miles, and examine whether the said new road should be made, will meet on the

FOURTH DAY OF JUNE, 1896,

for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said new road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN J. MICHAEL,
F. P. GREEN,
DAVID S. WAMPLER,
} Examiners.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the new public road, beginning at a point on the Oakland and Deer Park road, about fifteen rods westerly from the intersection of said road and the road leading past the B. & O. hotels, and running through the land of the B. & O. Railroad company, with the new road to the line of Jones Swan Creek, then with his line and through the land of said B. & O. Railroad company to D. E. Offutt's land, and through his land along the line between him and M. J. Garrett to the land of R. H. Gordon and others, and through the land of Gordon, John R. Shaw and S. D. McKee, following the old road if practicable, to intersect one of the streets of the Mt. Lake Park Association at or near the dam, a distance of about two miles, and examine whether the said public road should be made, will meet on the

9th DAY OF JUNE, 1896,

for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said new road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

L. A. RUDISILL,
JOHN T. MITCHELL,
E. W. KELSO.
} Examiners.

THE

G. E. PEARCE DRUG CO.,

OF FROSTBURG, MD.

We have probably the largest stock of goods in the drug line in Western Maryland.

P. D. & CO. and S. and D. pharmaceutical preparations always in stock, supplied to physicians at jobbers' prices.

OUR LINE OF

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES AND WINDOW GLASS

IS LARGE AND COMPLETE.

We sell and guarantee LUCAS TINTED GLOSS PAINT at $1.25 per gallon.

9-2m

WHY SHOULD YOU SEND YOUR CHILD

—TO—

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

1st. He or she can be prepared for college; he can study book-keeping, shorthand, typewriting, etc., and be fitted for business; he can begin his course in medicine or pharmacy under a teacher who has made the subject of chemistry a specialty.

2nd. It is a home school (co-educational and for a limited number) and is conducted with all the loving, care-taking ministrations for individual development that the name implies.

3rd. Students require the most bracing, nerve-building climate, and here they have it. Among the recreations are skating, boating, tennis, bowling.

4th. English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, German, Musical and Art courses. Bible study and high ethical teaching will fit him for a noble Christian career.

E. R. SWAN, Principal,
18-1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md

MARCHING DOWN THE VALLEY.

THEY are marching down the valley at the great commander's call,
Though the way is rough and weary and the mystic shadows fall.
But the hearts that beat so bravely in the battle's fierce affray
Will not falter at the summons, nor the dangers of the way.

They are marching down the valley. Hark! the sound of tramping feet!
They go on through summer's sunshine, they go on through winter's sleet;
Banners wave, and arms a-glitter, and the music's throbbing breath
Echoes in the solemn valley, that we name the vale of death.

They are marching down the valley, and we follow gladly on,
For the music sweet and cery tells the way that they have gone;
And we'll find them camped in meadows where the waters stilly flow,
Where the sward is soft and verdant and the flowers of Heaven grow.

—Ediah G. Hawks, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

A STUDY IN BLUE AND GRAY

[Original.]

BLUE were the skies which arched above a northern village in 1861, and blue were the eyes of the pimpernels and forget-me-nots dotting the grass, beautifying the gardens, scenting, in happy unison with other blossoms, the air. Blue also was the uniform of the young officer standing at the gate leading from a comfortable mansion to the garden, and bluer still the trustful eyes of a gentle maiden encircled by his stalwart arm and leaning her golden head upon his manly bosom. The sun was setting, the blue of the western sky became blue and gold set with garnet and pearl, and the golden hair turned richer and deeper in tint as the other sunbeams from above mingled fraternally with its shining strands and kindled red fires which burned like embers in those tresses of changeful hue.

It was their parting, for the regiment was off for the war, and Capt. Falconer was one of its officers. He was a young man full of bright ambitions, prompt to obey the call of duty, holding within his stalwart form and active brain those possibilities which, in our country, make every man a possible hero, every heart an altar upon which may kindle and burn brightly martial ardor and the sacred patriotic flame. There were millions of them in 1861, there are millions more now.

Ruth Pritchard was the judge's only daughter, unspoiled by her father's wealth, unhurt by the insidious follies and gayeties which destroy the womanliness of so many in her class. Her deep, true nature did not take kindly to flatteries, the buzz of insects, the glitter of butterfly wings and ways. Therefore she was still the child of nature, unspoiled by the thin veneers and mere varnish of bright life. Of medium size, well rounded in form, with features regular and attractive and a soul which had not forgotten how to look forth from the blue, the celestial blue, of her eyes, she was a sweetheart of whom the young officer might well be proud.

And upon this evening as they talked sadly of the possibilities before the departing soldier, not then so well comprehended as later, when taught by stern experience, the blue skies faded to gray, the west to a deep blood red, paling later into the prevailing twilight hue; the blue uniform of the man and the blue dress of the maiden seemed to fade into the same tint as darkness deepened, and to harmonize the picture gray mists arose into which the soldier vanished when he at last kissed her velvet lips and bade her farewell. The troops were to start by the night train from the nearest railroad station several miles away, and as her hero rode into the gray mist and the darkness, two blue eyes left behind became impearled with tears and there arose from the depths of a tired and saddened heart an eloquent prayer in his behalf. A little later the grays again faded out of the upper sky, which changed to the deep blue of night, with stars shining against the soft background like diamonds upon cushions of velvet. They shone upon the young and untried soldier riding thoughtfully along, shone upon the upturned face of the girl he left, kneeling white-robed beside her snowy couch ere she retired to think of him, perhaps to kiss him lovingly in her dreams.

—

Blue skies again—this time arched over a southern landscape, beautiful fields in which blue violets grew, slopes covered with rank foliage and forest glades. Reaching for long distances here and there long lines of blue in motion, undulating like sinuous serpents, their scales the guns and bayonets which glistened in the summer sun. Above them here and there the glorious flag upon which stars of promise shone in a small firmament of blue, as the larger stars shine and smile in the azure sky.

Not far off, along the opposite slopes, long lines in gray, some sheltered behind low earthworks, some moving along in sinuous lines, along which glistened the same sinister steel scales which made a menacing crest for the lines in blue. On the mountain side not far away veils of gray mist just rising toward the higher summits like curtains rising upon a gigantic drama soon to be enacted amid the matchless scenic accessories of this mighty stage. And just now the hush of expectation, in which loud voices were stilled and the most conspicuous sounds were the tread of armies, the rattling of cannon wheels and accoutrements, the clear voices of command. Something of the gray tint appeared at times in human faces, a pale gray which told of grave thoughts and dire possibilities.

And then the tempest. Gray smoke rising from cannons which flashed lightning athwart the clouds and shook the earth with thunder. The rattle of musketry, the whistling of bullets, the shriek of the larger messengers of death, which cannon belched from furious throats, the rush of cavalry, the coassing and melting of the blue lines here and there, the charges and counter-charges in which blue and gray mixed and intermingled like blotches of color upon a mighty palette, with which supernatural artists were painting historic scenes. And soon there was crimson, wet and warm, in great blotches upon the palette, and shrieks punctuated the silences left occasionally by the guns as they took breath for loud defiances constantly renewed.

Here and there men in blue and gray fell writhing upon the earth, or moved no more, and into the faces of these crept the gray pallor in which is impressed deeply upon human faces the mystic seal of death.

Into this maelstrom of conflict swept the regiment to which Capt. Falconer belonged, carrying itself bravely, crossing steel with steel at the trenches, finding these foemen worthy of its mettle, hurled back again and again, but returning with thinner lines and more heroic endeavors, until its part and parcel of that red field was won. When evening came there was crimson in the sky mingled with gray, crimson marks on the earth, spotting blue and gray uniforms, crimson in the hospital tents, where surgeons, employed

A JOYFUL MEETING.

as merciful butchers, pruned men as though they were trees placed ready for their knives and saws—all part of that stern discipline through which north and south became better acquainted, first as foes, later as conquerors and conquered, later still as friends. And out of this furnace emerged truth triumphant, union forged and annealed under the hot hammers of war, flag made sacred forever by the conflict through which the cause it represented bore a charmed life, though thousands of its brave defenders fell.

In this and many succeeding battles Frank Falconer bore himself nobly, and then one day when the war neared its end he fell and was taken, wounded, into the camp of the enemy. He was reported killed, and there was mourning among his comrades and at home. He had won promotion, too, and was colonel of the regiment when he met with this mishap. Tried in the heated crucibles of conflict, his manhood had stood the test, and his talisman in every emergency had been the miniature of his fiancee near his heart, her better defined image in his soul, and the letters breathing love and devotion which she never failed to send with faithful regularity. When news of his death arrived, the gentle girl who had wept at his departure and in many lonely hours since shed not a single tear now. With quiet energy she started to the front, secured passes through the lines, and one day there came softly to the side of Col. Falconer's cot in the roughly improvised hospital a little figure in silver gray costume, with the same loyal blue eyes, from which shone immeasurable, unfathomable affection. There was a glad and joyful meeting in the soft twilight shadows, a meeting once more of blue and gray. Men saw the happy look which transfigured the pale face on the cot and the angel face bending o'er it, but God alone saw the transfiguration in each loving soul, where the azure light of hope replaced those gray shadows of grief wherein the death angel's wing had come between the tired spirit and the trust which aids the angel of healing in turning such sad cases from the verge of the dark valley. The gentle girl, watchful ever of her lover's needs, was thoughtful, too, of others, and in a few days eyes all along those shattered lines brightened at her coming, while rough voices softened as they blessed her. Then came Lettie Falconer, the colonel's pretty sister, whose presence soon became as welcome as that of the other ministering spirit, whose superior faith and intuition had led the way. And so the days passed by with these shattered hulks in dry-dock, as it were, and the great struggle at the front drawing to a close. Next to Col. Falconer's cot was that of Col. Poindexter, of the confederate army, also severely wounded, and between these two men of opposite views, but kindred courage and devotion, grew up a deep and lasting friendship. Such friendships were neither few nor far between in those days, and, thank God, they have multiplied like white roses and gold-heart daisies since then, until now they dot the fields with peaceful beauty and fill the once heated air with fragrance. Lettie Falconer wore blue nearly all the time, her union colors, as she saucily said, and so she, too, became a factor in the hospital coloring of blue and gray. Here in this world of suffering there were pleasant moments, and the blue of heaven seemed so clear and translucent that they thought they caught glimpses of the great White Throne on the day the surgeon assured them that Col. Falconer would live. Those who saw Ruth that day saw a face so radiant that it seemed to wear a halo of celestial light reflected from some unseen source.

One glad day weeks thereafter came tidings of peace. There was among the men in gray deep sadness for the cause lost, a cause which had cost them so much in treasure, so much in priceless human lives; but higher than this soared their thankfulness because carnage was ended and human passions no more to flash forth in flame and to subside in shallow graves along which bivouacked the silent soldiers who await the last grand review. There were congratulations, preparations for departure, and a flitting to the plantation home of Col. Poindexter as invited guests. It was in the woods of northern Louisiana where the Spanish moss festooning the trees, the greenish blue of the cypress foliage, together with the blue uniform of Falconer and the blue dress of his sister still displayed the tints prevailing in the pictures with which this story deals, the study in blue and gray. It was noticeable, also, that Col. Poindexter's gray uniform and Miss Lettie's blue dresses were often seen wandering together, and that inside them at such times were the wearers, not at all averse to the near neighborhood of these once conflicting colors. One evening Col. Falconer, coming hurriedly around the little pavilion in the grounds, found the gray sleeves around his sister's shapely waist, and really did not seem greatly astonished or overcome. Then came explanations, pretty confusion upon the part of the girl in blue, playful chidings from her brother because of this easy surrender to the confederacy, followed, of course, by sincere congratulations and a brother's blessing, most willingly and heartily given. Evidently the blues and grays in the picture were mixing, but the general effect was pleasing and artistic, Poindexter being dark and stalwart, Lettie a sunny-haired blonde of willowy form and delicate features. Falconer and Poindexter had but two arms between them, but two such arms were better than a million belonging to mere parlor pets and perambulating tailors' dummies. The young ladies were more than satisfied; what matter, therefore, what cavilers and critics might say?

And not long after they all went home. Poindexter had no near relatives; his plantation had been despoiled in great measure during the war, and he had ample wealth in other forms. So he went to Pennsylvania with his friends and became a resident there. The double wedding at which these well assorted pairs were married was a pleasant picture. The interior of the old church had been furnished long years before in a pleasing tone of neutral gray. Ruth wore a silver-gray wedding dress and Poindexter a gray uniform. Then there were the blue uniform of Falconer, the favorite blue in which his sister was married, the boys in blue who turned out to their commander's wedding, the spotless blue sky above from which the sun sent golden strands to brighten the burnished tresses of those beauteous brides, and in many places as well as in the canopy of bunting and flowers under which they stood to be wed, the country's starry flag with its firmament of heaven's own blue, all making another picture in blue and gray. As Ruth looked at her stalwart husband, the sunbeams in her hair, heart and eyes, she looked like one of Raphael's angels released from its canvas to make a mortal glad. It was a happy wedding, and out of it grew two happy homes.

Years came and went, summer skies of blue changed to winter skies of gray and back again. Gray came thickly into the hair and beards of the two veterans and into the sunny tresses of their bonny brides. But both these men were loyal to the core, loyal in friendship, loyal in devotion to their country's cause. Poindexter, always maintaining the sincerity of the boys in gray, who proved it by heroic courage and self-sacrifice, was not a man to do anything by halves. He saw that it was a good thing that slavery had been shot to death, that union had been established, that disintegration, though masked in specious disguise, had been forever made impossible. On Memorial day, though not of course eligible to membership in the G. A. R., he walked by invitation in the procession, and there, arm in arm, Falconer and his sister's handsome prisoner paid tribute to the heroes dead. Sometimes at public meetings and campfires they spoke, and the fervid southern eloquence of the soldier who once bravely fought in gray breathed deep devotion to the cause won by the boys in blue. Families grew up about them—athletic boys, with something of their fathers' looks and loyalty; sunny-haired girls, from whose blue eyes shone the devotion shown by their mothers in the days which tried women's souls. Two years ago, not many months apart, the fathers heard the word of command from on high, and like true soldiers obediently responded. They lie side by side in death as in life; above them gray granite slabs growing, as it were, from beds of blue violets, myrtle blossoms and emerald grass.

On last Memorial day there came to these graves, after the crowd had departed, hand in hand, two lovers. The youth was Carlos Poindexter, the maiden Dorothy Falconer, children of the men who slept at their feet. He wore a naval cadet uniform of gray, she had a clinging dress of blue, and her eyes matched her garb as his gray eyes did his neatly fitting uniform. Small union flags drooped over the grassy mounds, and on the gray granite monoliths hung chaplets of flowers, already fading. The skies above were blue, but as they stood there talking gently of the parents they loved, the gray veil of the twilight crept over the heavens, the sunset crimson flamed and then paled in the west, the stars one by one peeped out, shining softly through the thinly gathering clouds. His arm stole about her waist, hers crept about his neck, and their lips met in a lover's kiss. Was it the wind which breathed a soft benediction, or did the gentle whisper come from the graves at their feet? Suddenly and softly a few drops of rain fell, glistening in the fading light, and as they turned away the beautiful maiden laid two choice chaplets of flowers upon these cherished graves, in token of lasting love and remembrance. They were made partly of gray Spanish moss from Louisiana, and peeping out shyly from the soft outlines of these wreaths of neutral tint were blue-eyed pimpernels and blue forget-me-nots.

I. EDGAR JONES.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE SHOT.

Gen. Miles Gives His Sensations When Wounded in the Civil War.

Interview with Gen. Miles, in the Bloomington Pantagraph: "You have been wounded several times, general. How does it feel to be shot?"

"That depends upon where the ball strikes you," replied Gen. Miles. "If it passes through the fleshy part of the body without hitting the bone, it is a half mile away before you realize that you are shot. If it meets with resistance, however, you get the full force of the bullet, and it strikes you like a sledge hammer. I was shot in the neck. The ball cut along the side of my throat, under my ear and passed on. At Chancellorsville a ball struck my waist-belt plate and then deflecting went into my body. The blow paralyzed me. I could not move for weeks from my waist downward, and everyone thought I would die. I was taken home to Massachusetts, and after a few days I surprised the doctor by moving my right foot. They took this for a sign that the ball was in the opposite side of the body and probed for it, laying the bone of my hip bare. They found the bone broken and took out nine pieces, leaving one, which they failed to find. They found the bullet several inches farther down than these pieces of broken bone. At another time I was wounded in the shoulder by the half of a bullet. I was holding my sword up to my shoulder when the bullet struck the edge of the blade and was cut in two, one-half of the bullet flying on and the other going into my shoulder. At another time I was wounded in the foot, the ball striking a Mexican spur that I was wearing and going off into my foot. By the way, I think I have the spur." Here the general opened a drawer in his desk and pulled out a big Mexican spur, which was broken on one side. The break was caused by the bullet striking the spur.

An Optical Delusion.

The two eyes really see two objects. If the two forefingers be held, one at the distance of one foot and the other two feet in front of the eyes, and the former be looked at, two phantoms of the latter will be observed, one on each side. If the latter be regarded, two phantoms of the nearer finger will be observed mounting guard, one on each side.

THE CELLAR CAMPAIGN.

The Season Has Arrived for Its Vigorous Accomplishment.

As the spring draws on and "that tired feeling" so graphically portrayed by the vendors of various patent medicines takes possession of us, our thoughts, which fain would revel in swelling bud and freshening green, must, if we are housekeepers, be brought to the depths of our habitations, and the needs of the cellar—the very source and inspiration of many of our corporeal woes—receive our first attention.

In the large cities, where supplies are bought in limited quantities, the cellar debris is of a different character from that which litters the ground apartment of farm or village residence. Here repose in "mute inglorious ease" dismantled packing boxes, incapacitated coal scuttles, punctured washboilers and dislocated boards, and all too frequently a collection of "bones and paylins that the cat has dragged down unbeknownst to me, mum," and which from all appearances should long ago should have been relegated to oblivion. How, then, can the interests of health be better conserved than by devoting the first bright sunshiny spring morning to a vigorous onslaught upon this subterranean catch-all of our dwellings?

We can all realize the danger that lies in wait for those who neglect this important stronghold of disease. From an ill-kept cellar rise poisonous exhalations that permeate the house. Malaria here lies in wait for victims, and from here diphtheria and typhoid fever and rheumatism send out their impalpable but deadly miasma. For, although disease germs may originate in the cellar, they are no stay-at-homes, and soon make their way from cellar to attic, leaving destruction and even death in their wake.

Arming ourselves, therefore, for the conflict in cap and jacket and old gloves, let us lead our light brigade and proceed to fall upon the enemy right valiantly.

The first attack should be in the nature of a rout, and no quarter should be shown.

If a few potatoes are left, sprout them, and lay in a clean basket or box; then fall upon all other valetudinarian vegetables that skulk in corners and behind boxes and barrels, and give them decent sepulture in the ash receptacle. Then sweep down the cobwebs; send the most agile member of the corps with dustpan and brush into the bins, with instructions to "spare not" empty barrels and boxes. Sweep up the dirt, and let no tender sentiment withhold the avenging hand from veteran and rusty foot tubs, teakettles and coffee mills.

Boxes and barrels that are not needed can be chopped up and added to the kindling pile; pork barrels can be emptied and scalded; butter tubs scraped and washed. Brush off the swing shelves; wash out the cupboards where the canned fruit is kept, and scrub the cellar stairs. Then, with a bucket of lime and an old broom, if you have no brush, give walls and ceiling a thorough coat of whitewash. That will sweeten the air and bring cleansing and healing in its wake.

This being satisfactorily accomplished and a half peck of unslaked lime placed in an open box to absorb the moisture from the atmosphere, the troops may be withdrawn for rest and refreshment, assured that their first victory in the spring campaign is comfortably perched upon their banners.—N. Y. Times.

REYNARD IS VERY CUNNING.

Tricks by Which the Fox Catches His Prey and Escapes His Enemies.

No other still hunter can travel so quietly as a fox, and mighty few men are as crafty as the four-legged hunter when it comes to a matter of getting meat. Foxes have been seen in England, slipping from bush to bush, crawling and creeping after a feeding hare, for all the world like a man stalking a deer. The fox cannot catch a rabbit in a fair chase, but its food is mostly rabbits, in spite of their fleetness. But at no time does it display its skill so well as when running for life, with a pack of hounds on its trail.

Lord Willoughby De Broke writes to the Badminton Magazine to tell how a tired fox made straight for a flock of sheep in a pen, ran through them, and in the end escaped. Olaus Magnus, archbishop of Upsala, wrote a book called "Historia de Gentibus Septentrionalibus," of which an English translation exists. This book tells of a fox that leaped from back to back of a herd of goats. As the dogs could not follow, the fox escaped.

A curious trick of English foxes is to leap as high as possible, grasping a tree branch with their teeth, hold on till the hounds have gone on, and then, dropping to the ground, escape. This is similar to the trick of the American fox, which jumps into a tree and rests on a branch, but American dogs are not such fools as English dogs. They gather around the tree and howl until the hunter comes.—N. Y. Sun.

An Economist.

The other day Manager Wardlow, of the telegraph office in Brazil, took a telegram which read:

"Miss ——, will you be mine?"

It was delivered to the proper party, and soon she came tripping into the office to wire her reply. It read:

"Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes. Yes."

Ten words, you see, and she paid her quarter, then tripped out of the room with the sweetest kind of a blush.—Indianapolis Sun.

Shade of the Period.

"In your day, as I understand it, there was no glorious death except in battle."

Shade of Achilles—That is substantially correct. They did not operate for appendicitis then. — Detroit Tribune.

WIVES FOR BACHELOR FARMERS.

Movement to Encourage Female Emigration to the Canadian Northwest.

A great deal of money has been spent by the Dominion government in the last ten years to encourage immigration to Canada, and most of the schemes, to judge by the last census, have been more or less futile. Now the chief government organ here comes forward with another project to people the great northwest. This paper, referring to a statement by the land commissioner of the Canadian Pacific railway to the effect that the great want of the northwest is more women, says that the bachelor life of the farmers in Manitoba and the northwest makes them dissatisfied; that they soon get discouraged and write to their friends in Great Britain about the cheerless, unattractive lives they are leading; and that it is well known that these letters have been widely circulated in the English provincial press, and have had the effect of turning off the tide of emigrants to other shores—to the United States, Australia and South Africa.

"If these men," the paper adds, "had been mated with plucky wives, the stories of their failure would not have been written home. They would have found life in the northwest tolerable and would have taken a pride in overcoming their difficulties. A few thousand women of the right kind would probably do more to make that country than any other influence that could be brought to bear upon it just now. Suitable immigrants of that kind can find employment, and are not likely to have to go long without husbands."

This led to a new scheme for peopling the northwest. It was started here a few days ago, and a committee is now hard at work on the details of the plan. A preliminary meeting was held to discuss the matter, and a committee was appointed to report on the feasibility of sending girls to the northwest from the overcrowded centers of population of the older provinces of Canada. "Girls wanted" was the motto of the meeting; but, when one of the gentlemen present unwarily declared that part of the plan was to send girls out west to make wives of them for the prairie farmers, the ladies present took up arms against the matrimonial part of the scheme. They said that this was too delicate a matter to deal with, and strongly objected to associating any marriage scheme with the proposed female emigration to the west. No society, it was contended, could successfully arrange marriages between people whose modes of living had been so different, and no such plan was likely to succeed. While the ladies were willing to take part in any movement to encourage the emigration of girls to the northwest, and find employment as domestic servants for them there, they absolutely refused to have anything to do with any scheme having for its object the shipping of a train load of girls to the northwest to be married to the farmers of that part of the country. There was also the possibility of ill-mating couples, and the ladies apparently did not care to undertake the responsibility of so delicate a matter as the promotion of matrimony among the farmers. It was soon made apparent that the matter would have to be handled very cautiously, and that if the movement succeeded the question of matrimony would have to be kept in the background and the idea of marriage left to the emigrants themselves to work out in the good old-fashioned way. Lady Aberdeen, the wife of the governor general of Canada, wrote to Dr. W. E. Bessey, the organizer of the meeting, that this was one of the questions to come up for discussion at the meeting of the women's council to be held in Montreal.

S. M. Jones, secretary of the meeting, deplored the flow of girls to the cities from the country, and thought they should go to the northwest and make homes for themselves and be independent, rather than come to the centers of population and work for a pittance. But one of the ladies thought that the girls in the cities were not fit to make farmers' wives. Mr. Jones ventured the remark, rather unfortunately, that they might as well emigrate to the northwest, for the men in the cities would not marry them, anyhow, and the lady snappishly retorted that "the girls would not marry them."

A good deal of cold water has been thrown on the scheme, but the committee is hard at work, and believes that it will accomplish something. There is certainly a great lack of the softer sex in the Canadian northwest. It is estimated that there are in that part of the dominion between 40,000 and 50,000 more males than females. The organizer of the movement, who is confident of the practicability of the scheme, recalls the days in the early history of French Canada when the French king regularly shipped boat loads of girls to become the wives of the pioneer settlers in Canada. The railways would, it is thought, furnish free transportation for any number of girls who would be induced to go to the northwest, and it is hoped that government aid will be given to the scheme. Some who are unfavorable to the movement contend that the bachelor tillers of the soil in the northwest have no need for women, and that they prefer to do their own work. But there are very few who share in this opinion, and it is generally believed that the men up there know how to appreciate the companionship, sympathy and support of women.—Toronto Cor. N. Y. Sun.

Absent-Minded.

German professors are proverbially absent-minded, but none of them more so than Prof. Dusel, of Bonn. He noticed one day his wife placing a large bouquet on his desk. "What does all that mean?" he asked. "Why, this is the anniversary of your marriage," replied Mrs. Dusel. "Is that so? Well, let me know when yours comes round, and I'll reciprocate."—London Tit-Bits.

—Clingman's Dome, with an elevation of 6,660 feet, is said to be the highest peak in Tennessee.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE TWINS.

Idontseewhy and Ithinktmight
Are twins of equal size;
And their chief delight is sitting on
The lids of Robbie's eyes
When things go wrong, as they often do,
To a boy of Robbie's height.
But the twins sleep sound in the Land of Gone
When all goes smooth and right,
For smiles give chills, and dimples, pain,
Roh's laughter pricks like pins;
And shouts of glee are misery
To these peculiar twins.
So they lie asleep till morning comes,
When Roh, with sleepy frown,
Gets out the wrong side of the bed
And comes meandering down.
But the twins are first in the breakfast-room,
And when they see the boy
They climb the lids of two brown eyes
And dangle their feet in joy.
At a scowl they kick, at a whimper, grin,
A sulk is greatest glee;
And they dance and prance at such a pace
That Rob can hardly see.
"I don't see why," he whines aloud,
But mother does not know
That tricksy twin, with nimble legs,
Is telling Robbie so.
"I think I might," he whines again,
And father, with surprise,
Looks at his son, but cannot see
That twin in the brown eyes.
Ah! what boy has not seen the twins,
This most peculiar pair,
Idontseewhy, and Ithinkimight?
They're dancing everywhere;
Ready to visit those who scowl
And frot in the early morn;
But when boys laugh, these tricksy twins
Flee fast to the Land of Gone.
—Helen T. Wilder, in Leslie's Weekly.

UNEXPECTED ANSWER.

The Teacher's Last Attempt to Show Tommy Off in Public.

I was at one time a teacher of the first primary grade in the public schools at X. It was a rule to give a short oral lesson in physiology on Friday afternoons and to illustrate the lesson from a large chart. Among my pupils was a small boy called Tommy, who was almost an "innocent." Teachers had labored long and faithfully with him, but nothing had ever seemed to interest him in the least. He would only come occasionally, but I noticed that on "chart day," as the children called it, Tommy was always there. He loved that chart and his admiration for the hideous pictures on it knew no bounds.

One Friday our lesson concerned the head and brain. Knowing Tommy's love for the pictures I placed him where he could get a good view of the chart and tried long and hard to impress upon him that his head contained his brain. I really thought that at last I had made an impression and saw a gleam of intelligence on his dull little face. At that moment the superintendent happened in to make a call, and, thinking I had accomplished wonders (Tommy's fame having reached him), I called on Thomas to tell where his brain was. He gave me a blank look and remained silent. I tried again, and put the question in another form.

"Now, Tommy," I said, "tell Mr. M—— what is in your head."

The little hand shot up and Tommy fairly roared out: "A bad cold."

It was my last attempt to show Tommy off in public.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Hawk Caught by a Fish.

The fish hawk will catch and carry off a four-pound fish without any great difficulty, and nothing less than a charge of shot will make him let go. But the fish hawk sometimes gets caught himself. An old coastman relates that he once saw a big hawk, with a four-foot spread of wings, that was sailing along Monmouth beach. Suddenly he made a dive and fixed his claws in a fish's back. It was a 30-pound striped bass, and much heavier than the hawk could carry away. Then he would have let go, but he could not free his claws, nor could the fish break away. So they struggled in the water until both were dead.

Very Stale Loaf of Bread.

The oldest loaf in existence has recently passed into the hands of the British museum authorities. It was discovered in Assyria by a French explorer, M. Monthou, together with the remnants of several other pieces of bread, carefully wrapped in cloth. It is supposed that it was leavened and baked about the year 560 B. C., when it was the custom to put food in the coffin with a dead person. It resembles a penny bun in shape and color, and is in perfect condition. The flavor did not seem to impress the explorer, but this is not surprising considering its 2,000 years' entombment.

A Remarkable French Girl.

Mlle. Jeane Penaben, a young French woman, is in some respects the most remarkable person of her sex in Europe. She is now but 18 years old, yet two years ago she received the degree of bachelor of arts from one of the most famous colleges of France. She then became professor of philosophy in a woman's college at Lyons, and this year was a candidate at the Sorbonne for the important degree of licentiate in philosophy. She emerged from an extraordinarily severe examination third out of 200 candidates. She amazed the examiners by her erudition and serene composure throughout the trying ordeal.

NATIONAL CONVENTIONS.

The System by Which Delegates Are Elected Fully Explained.

The approach of the great national conventions, which will name the several candidates for the presidency, is heralded by numerous lesser conventions. The American convention system is always bewildering to foreigners; indeed, there are many Americans who have never mastered the details of the machinery by which nominations are made.

Of the several steps leading to the nomination of a presidential candidate, the primary election is the first. In towns and cities it is a caucus, or assembly of the voters of one party, all of whom in theory have the right to attend and vote. In some states the caucus is regulated by state laws; in others it is left to party usage and precedents.

In general, it is understood that those only who expect to support the party's candidates can honorably take part in the proceedings, and sometimes those only whose names are enrolled on a carefully kept list of recognized members of the party are allowed to vote.

In some parts of the country, particularly the sparsely settled regions, instead of the caucus there is a regular election, with ballot-boxes and inspectors in each precinct, conducted, however, entirely by the party by which a nomination is to be made.

WILLIAM F. HARRITY.
Chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

In one of these two ways delegates are chosen to represent the primary political divisions— the ward in a city the town or township in the country— in the state and congressional district conventions. From this point the individual vote has no further share in the choice of candidates.

The district convention usually confines itself to the choice of two delegates and two alternates to the national convention. Sometimes, nevertheless, it votes a resolution, or a series of resolutions, concerning the principal public questions at issue. Not infrequently it also names the candidates for congress, for members of the house of representatives are always elected in a "presidential year."

The state convention names four delegates and four alternates. The entire delegation of a state in the national convention is equal to the number of its senators and representatives in congress multiplied by two. A comprehensive statement of the party's principles and policies is also an invariable part of the programme. Such a pronouncement in one state, however, usually differs in more or less essential respects from similar utterances in other states, and is always of interest as indicating the views of the candidate whose supporters are in control.

Either the district or the state convention may, if it choose, instruct its delegates to vote for a particular candidate, or for a special "plank," as the phrase is, in the platform of the national convention. Whatever instructions are given or the delegates left free to exercise their discretion is usually determined by state precedents; but sometimes instructions are withheld because there is not a clear majority for any one candidate.

When the great national conventions assemble, a temporary president designated by the national committee takes the chair; but after that everything is in the hands of the delegates. The method of nominating candidates and of constructing the "platform" is too well known to require a description. In the democratic convention a two-thirds vote is required to make a nomination. In all other parties a majority vote is sufficient.

All this elaborate machinery is deemed necessary for naming each candidate for the presidency. When we remember that multitudes of other candidates for other offices are named annually, the importance of the nominating convention is apparent. It has taken years to perfect the system. Not until 1840 was the plan of holding national conventions generally adopted. It is criticised by foreigners as giving an advantage to professional politicians, since its perplexity is somewhat confusing to the individual voter. In the primaries, however, which lie at the base of the whole, the individual voters have the means of controlling party policies and candidates. David Dudley Field, the eminent reformer, was fond of declaring: "The primary is the pivot of reform."—Youth's Companion.

A Snake Story from Java.

A hunter gunning near a river one day saw some wild hogs come down to drink. A python seized a full-grown one, three feet high at the shoulder, and threw two coils about its body. The hog simply flattened out and in a minute was a strip of meat, nothing more. The snake was shot and found to be twelve feet long and seven inches through, yet it crushed the bones of its victim as though they were paper. A man who has in his possession the loincloth and jumper of a coolie who was swallowed by a boa constrictor says the cloths were knotted so tightly that they seem to have been done by hand. The only part of the coolie's body found was the lower jaw bone, all the rest having been digested by the big snake.

FARM AND GARDEN.

GOOD CORN MARKER.

It Is Easily Made and Does Its Work to Perfection.

Many may think that marking out corn ground is a small matter, yet it should not be so considered, because much convenience about other workings of the crop depends on straight rows, a thing that most farmers find it difficult to make. I have used several sorts of markers, but was never sure of doing a good job till I used one like that illustrated. I was so pleased with it that I want others to try it, for I don't think one should be selfish with providential success.

It is far ahead of the four-row folding marker; can ride or walk with equal advantage, as the tongue comes directly over the mark, giving one great advantage over the team. The tongue is light and easily put on. Bolt the pieces to the tongue, which should fit close to the sides of the runner, the front end of which should be

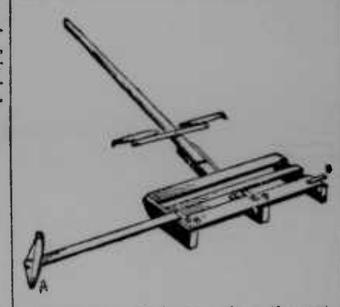

about 6 inches longer than the outside ones, and about 4 inches wide on top—as thick as end of the tongue, as far back as the pieces on end of tongue extend. Use bolts, so everything will stay.

Make the gauge the length of three spaces and 3 or 4 inches longer. Hinge it to the middle runner (at C) so that it will turn over from one side to the other. Make it of hard wood, 4 to 5 inches wide, and to exactly fit in a space between the top boards. To hinge it, thin one end of gauge to thickness of a small bolt, about 3 inches longer than width of gauge, and bend a piece of tin over bolt, and nail both sides.

Cut notches in top boards right over the center of runner, to let the ends of bolt in, with a hole in one of them for head of bolt; drive a staple over head end of bolt, close to hole, and fasten a turn-button over the other. Thus the gauge can be easily taken off when not in marking use. A turn-button over each end runner (at B and D), to hold firm when in use.

The marking end (A) should be as light as possible. Cut a gain about 3 inches wide so it will be evenly centered for the next middle row. In it fasten a piece twice as long as the width of runner, and taper to desired width at point. Brace the marking stick by putting a small hole about 2 inches from each end. Double a small wire and put through hole and fasten; draw tight over opposite edge of board and fasten in like manner; spread the wires and nail down solid. Raise the gauge when turning round. Unless rows are short, use a stake, so that any deviation from a straight line can be seen ahead; no measuring; simply stick stake where marking stick starts.—Ohio Farmer.

A WORD ABOUT ROOSTS.

Some Think They Should Be Round, Others Favor the Half-Round.

Roosts in shape should be round or half round. It is a question which of these two forms is best. We have always supposed that the all-round roost was the kind meant by nature, as the feet of all roosting birds are so constructed that they naturally grasp a round object. An Australian poultry keeper, however, believes that a roost flattened on the under side is preferred by the birds. He put both kinds in his hen house and the fowls left the round ones for the ones that had been partly flattened. He believes that the toes of the birds can grasp the latter kind of roost much better than the all-round ones.

As to the size of roosts, that must depend somewhat on the age and size of the bird. Most of our poultry houses have roosts of one size, and the fowls are expected to like them, whether they fit or not. A chick that weighs one pound must certainly find some discomfort in clinging to a roost made for a rooster weighing eight pounds. The roosts of our poultry dealers vary in diameter all the way from one to three inches. What is the best size? Probably it would be better to have different sized roosts in every pen and let the birds choose for themselves.—Farmers' Review.

Keep Everlastingly at It.

The ignorant farmer is to be pitied, but the farmer who knows better than he practices, and who, through sheer laziness and lack of purpose, fails to carry out better methods, is deserving of the sympathy of no one. Listen only to the man who has made a success in his chosen profession. Read the words of your favorite contributors with the idea in your mind that they are talking to you and not to "the other fellow." Be earnest, and whatever you undertake to do, do it with your might.—A. G. Withow, in N. E. Farmer.

Fast-Walking Farm Horses.

Any good breed of trotting horses, or any horse which has thoroughbred blood in its veins, can by practice be made to walk fast. No common-bred animal can be made a fast walker. A fast walker is made by careful exercise in that gait and it is a delightful one for a traveler if his steed walks four to five miles an hour. It is also very important to the farmer to have a fast walking team; but it depends much on the rider or driver whether a horse ever attains this highly esteemed quality.—Farm and Home.

Arbitration a Short Cut to Justice.

The traveler on the Riviera who rambles over the picturesque promontory of Monaco—that puny principality of less than six square miles, with a military band of 350 musicians and a standing army of 90 men—is struck with the ludicrous dearth of finding on its ramparts a lot of Spanish cannon of a past age, bearing the inscription: "Ultima ratio regum"—The last argument of kings. To a man of reflection the sentiment seems as antiquated as the brass on which it is engraved. Not that war is a practical impossibility; even as we write the world seems to be torn anew with wars or rumors of wars. The impossibility lies rather in the revolt of the mind against the retrogression in civilization which is implied by war, when there is at hand so potent, so tried, and so honorable a substitute as arbitration. With this short cut to justice in mind, it is inconceivable to a civilized man that the laborious achievements of generations of peace should be given to the torch in one mad hour through the revival of the barbarous instincts of fighting.—Century.

Summer Homes.

In the Lake regions of Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and Dakota, there are hundreds of charming localities pre-eminently fitted for summer homes. Nearly all are located on or near lakes which have been fished out. These resorts are reached by railway and range in [illegible] from the "full dress for dinner" to the flannel-shirt costume for every meal. Among the list are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest road in the northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. A description of the principal resorts, with list of summer hotels and boarding houses, and rates for board, will be sent free on application to GEO. H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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A THING is never too often repeated which is never sufficiently learned.—Seneca.

SCIENCE surpasses the old miracles of mythology.—Emerson.

"AT that the tramp lost all control of himself." "How do you know?" "By the way his features worked."—Detroit Tribune.

DORA (shyly)—"I became engaged to Mr. Atherton last night." CORA—"O, you lucky girl! You are sure to have a perfectly lovely time this summer now. You know I was engaged to him myself last year."—Somerville Journal.

"I," SAID the crank boarder, with the air of one who is challenging contradiction, "I am assured that Shakespeare is really Bacon." "It must be admitted," said the Cheerful Idiot, in a soothing manner, "that some of William's work is on the hog."—Indianapolis Journal.

"WHAT you want to unroll," said the publisher to the struggling author, "is writing over the heads of people." "I know it," was the answer. "I was depending on getting you to take this book so that I could come down out of the attic and do my work on the parlor floor hereafter."—Washington Star.

BAGSLEY—"By the way, how's Chumpley—" SNAGSLEY—"Haven't you heard! Why, friends are taking up a subscription to put him in the insane asylum." Bagsley—"I did not know that he had parted with his reason." Snagsley—"He has, entirely. His wife lost her powers of speech and Chumpley is suing for a divorce."—Philadelphia Press.

"HELLO, Sappy, where have you been?" "I've been to the gymnasium, exercising, old chap" "You exercising?" "Yes; watching the rest. Exercising my eye, don't you know."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

THE art of pleasing consists in being pleased.—Hazlitt.

AGAINST stupidity the very gods fight unvictorious.—Schiller.

MAMMA—"You know, Johnny, when mamma wilps her little boy she does it for his good." Johnny—"Mammy, I wish you didn't think quite so much of me."—Boston Transcript

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"HE is good-natured, is he!" "Good-natured! Why, I have known that man to wear a smiling face when he was speaking of taking off a porous plaster!"—Boston Courier.

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OUR WASIHNGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, May 25, 1896.

Mr. Cleveland's curt refusal to furnish the Senate with copies of the correspondence with Spain concerning the American citizens captured on the filibusterer Competitor, asked for by the Morgan resolution is not well received either in or out of the Senate, and unless it is proven to Senators, by allowing them to see the correspondence, that some better reason than a whim of Mr. Cleveland's exists for refusing this information, the Senate is likely to take some additional action. A report which cannot be verified says that secretary Olney refused to allow a member of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations to see this correspondence.

Senator Quay's visit to Gov. McKinley is the subject most talked about just now by the Republicans in Congress, who have nearly all concluded that unless there is a radical change not now expected in the sentiments of the delegates to St. Louis Convention, Gov. McKinley will be the Republican nominee and the next President. While nobody knows exactly why that visit was made, nor what was its result, it has certainly pleased the Republicans, those who have from the first supported Gov. McKinley as well as those who supported other candidates. It indicates for one thing that the St. Louis Convention is not to be followed by the sulking which had much to do with Republican defeat in '84 and in '92.

The House cannot be accused of having any surplus love for Mr. Cleveland, but it very promptly sat upon the notoriety seeking resolution of Representative Dingley raised the question of consideration against the resolution; Speaker Reed at once put the question, and by a practically unanimous vote the House refused to hear Howard.

There is much doubt about that investigation of the bond issues by this administration which the Senate directed to be made. According to Senator Harris, who is chairman of the sub-committee which will do the investigating, it may be finished in three days or it may take three months. It will not begin until Secretary Carlisle furnishes the committee all the details of the several bond issues. While indicating his willingness to do this, Mr. Carlisle told the committee that it would take considerable time to prepare the statement. Some criticism has been aroused by the report that the investigation would be secret.

It is well known that neither Senator Vest nor Senator Blackburn has any love for the present administration. The other day Vest approached Blackburn and said: "Joe, don't you think Morton is the blankest fool who ever held a Cabinet position?" Blackburn took a long pull on the long black cigar he had just lit and replied: "Can't answer the question, Vest; I'm committed to Hoke Smith."

Senator Sherman had no difficulty in showing that those democratic Senators who expressed their anxiety to join hands with the Republicans and pass a non-partisan bill which would give the government the revenues which all the Democrats now admit that it needs were merely making a grand stand play for the purpose of trying to escape responsiblity for being willing that Congress should adjourn without providing for the legitimate needs of the government. All that Mr. Sherman did was to call their attention to the Dingley Emergency Revenue bill which was passed by the House early in the session, and which comes as near to being an absolutely non-partisan traiff bill as any measure ever passed by either branch of Congress. That brought out the cloven foot of the Democratic Senators and they at once declared that they would never support that bill. It is the country's misfortune that the Republicans cannot poll a majority of votes in the Senate, but it will be remedied in the near future.

The bill prohibiting further issue of bonds without specified authority of Congress is being debated in the Senate. It has been virtually settled by the several test votes which gave the bill the right of way that a majority of the Senate favors the bill, but if there was any probability that the bill could pass the House it would not be allowed to come to a vote in the Senate, and it is not certain that it will anyway.

The House last week passed a bill placing additional restriction upon immigration, but the Senate committee thinks the Lodge bill a better measure, and it has been reported to the Senate as a substitute for the House bill. They shut out illiterate immigrants.

The date of adjournment is thought to depend largely upon the River and Harbor bill now in Mr. Cleveland's hands. He is excepted to veto it, and Congress will not adjourn untill after it has passed it over the veto.

M'KINLEY AND HIS LIFE.

The Interesting Career of the Apostle of Protection.

Upon no man in the United States is the calcium light of public attention concentrated more brilliantly to-day than upon William McKinley of Ohio.

His career is of more than usual interest. He is a native of Ohio and is 53 years old. He inherited from his parents who were Pennslyvanians, and especially form his father, who was a foundryman, a sturdy constitution. His early education was such as the country school afforded, but even while he was a lad of 17 he heard the call of loyal men to arms, and in May, 1861, enlisted as a private in the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteers.

Mr. McKinley's war record was excellent and when the war closed was breved a major for gallant and efficient services.

It was in 1867 that Maj. McKinley went to live in Canton, the city which has since been his home. He had studied law for two years in Warren, one of the prettiest little towns in the Western Reserve, had determined to follow the legal profession. An opportunity to run for the position of prosecuting attorney of Stark county was accepted as affording him political experience, while at the same time it was in line with his career. He was elected and served two years. Then he went back to law. The virus of public life, however, was not eradicated from his system. For five years he remained at his profession and then there came to him an opportunity which changed the whole course of his life. He was nominated for Congress, was elected, and in December, 1877, took his seat in the House. From that day to this he has been more or less in public view. He has achieved fame through devotion to one principle—the doctrine of the protection of American industries.

A recent writer speaking of Mr. McKinley, has called attention to the fact that his career teaches the value of the one-idea man. This is absolutely true. He has become famous in politics just as a physician who devotes himself exclusively to a single specially reaches the topmost round of the ladder of success. He is the great tariff expounder of the present generation. Early in his career he indicated his ability to grasp the great subject and those who knew him best predicted for him a brilliant future.

New responsibilities brought out new traits in Mr. McKinley's character. He developed a remarkable ability for gathering and assimilating details. Above all things, he gave evidence of a remarkably even temperament. Its equilibrium was never disturbed. In the midst of exhausting inquiries, despite the importunate appeals of his colleagues to regard their personal interests and notwithstanding the turmoils of debate, he was always good natured, always kind. Indeed, his very love of peace led him at times to make concessions which men of sterner mold would not have entertained.

In the convention which met at Minneapolis Mr McKinley was pledged to no man and he could of have received the nomination without a qualm of conscience. To him turned the men who were plotting for the defeat of President Harrison and who found that at the last minute that the name of James G. Blaine had lost its magical power. For two days Mr McKinley stood on the brink of a political chasm. He would not authorize his name to be used and he did not raise a protesting hand when sitting as the presiding officer of the convention, he saw the anti-Harrison element led by the Ohio delegation endeavor to rally a hopeless cause around him. The wonderful self control which Mr. McKinley exercised over himself in those exciting times was never better illustrated than when one of the orators in seconding Harrison's nomination turned to McKinley exclaimed, with something of dramatic force "Your turn, sir will come four years hence." A burst of applause rang through the great convention hall. Mr. McKinley's pale face showed not the slightest trace of color, and around his mobile lips was hardly the faintest suggestion of a smile.

Personally Mr. McKinley is a lovable man. Although cast in a serious mold he appreciates a good story, is warm and genial in the presence of agreeable companions. He is loyal to the heart's core. He is temperate in his habits, although not a prohibitionist. He is strong without being domineering; sociable without being over-bearing. He has shown that a man can be a successful politician and yet be true to his principles and preserve an unsullied character. In short, he represents the highest type of manhood a true, honest patriotic American citizen.—H. L. West in the Washington Post.

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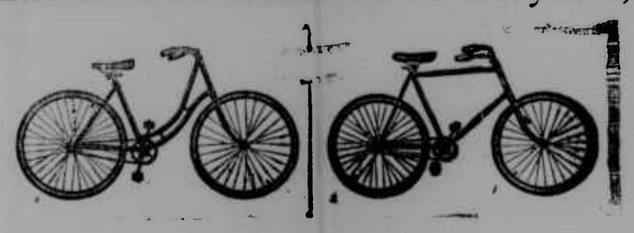

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William Pearre, Assignee of Jabob S. Jamesson, Mortgagee, vs. Alfred C. Brooke.
No. 755 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered, this 17th day of May, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by William Pearre, assignee of Jacob S. Jamesson, mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 13th day of June, 1896; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland once a week for three successive weeks before the 13th day of June, 1896.

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E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

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DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does something or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

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THE REPUBLICAN.

ESTABLISHED MARCH 3, 1877. BENJ. H. SINCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1896. NUMBER 13.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Sliced ham at D. Tasker & Son's.

We noticed Dr. Lichty, of Grantsville, on our streets last Thursday.

Four papers of pins for 5c at Tasker & Son's. 12-tf

Mr. S. I. Bowling, of Blooming Rose, was in the city last Thursday on business.

Chipped beef at D. Tasker & Son's. 13-1

Mrs. G. A. Bolden was down from Terra Alta Saturday on a short visit to relatives.

Soda pop on ice and milk shake lemonade at Tasker & Son's.

Fish Commissioner Gnagey, of Accident, was here a few hours on Thursday last.

Senator Ravenscroft was in the city Tuesday for a few hours.

Garrett county strawberries, the best in the world, are on market in Oakland this week.

Mr. John T. Sincell has bought the Loch Lynn store and will close out the stock at auction.

Home made pies and cakes at D. Tasker & Son's. 13-1

Mrs. D. H. Loar left yesterday evening for a week's visit to her sons in Grafton.

Bread, cakes and pies at D. Tasker & Son's. 13-1

Mr. Wm. Lambie, of Elkins, W. Va., was here Saturday and Sunday visiting friends.

Quite a large number of persons have arrived at Mountain Lake Park to spend the summer.

Miss Maud Anderson left Saturday morning for a two weeks' visit to friends in Piedmont.

Mrs. Dr. J. W. Laughlin and daughter, of Deer Park, were in the city shopping Tuesday.

Mr. Martin V. Flannigan, of Deer Park, was in the city Monday for a short time on business.

Mr. Arthur DeWitt, son of Mr. A. C. DeWitt, of Hoyes, was in town Monday and made us a call.

Dixon and Kelso are paying highest prices for wool. See them before you sell. 12-3t*

There will be services in the Garrett Memorial church next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Perry Bros., near Deer Park, sold at public auction yesterday a number of valuable horses.

Selling goods at cost at the Loch Lynn store. Auction Saturday night. John T. Sincell.

Garthright is offering some rare bargains in dress goods for the cash, Come, they won't last long. 2t.

There will be Dunkard preaching in Sturgiss' Hall next Sunday, June 7th. All are cordially invited.

Miss Lottie Loar, who spent two weeks in Baltimore visiting friends, returned home Saturday evening.

John Shartzer, the big wool buyer, is buying wool for Hirsch Bros. and will pay the highest cash price.

Mr. John Schaidt, county surveyor for Allegany county, was in the city Tuesday for a short time.

Plans have been prepared and Messrs. Spedden Bros. are building a large addition to The Rest in Oakland.

Garthright, Mountain Lake Park wants ten thousand pounds of wool at the highest cash and trade market price.

Miss Nyra Watson, of Kingwood, arrived in Oakland yesterday afternoon and is the guest of the editor and his wife.

Mrs. Rowan, nee Miss Ella Conner, is lying dangerously ill at her home on Water street with heart disease.

The Oakland hotel will be opened Monday for the reception of guests. It will be in charge of Mrs. Boling, of Baltimore.

Judge Wilson came up from Washington one day last week and is with his family at his summer home near here.

Mr. Fred Felty, who has charge of the Maryland Supply Co.'s store at Lonaconing, spent Sunday with relatives in Oakland.

Mr. James Bishop, accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Gilmor S. Hamill, went to Baltimore yesterday morning for a short visit.

Mr. George A. Spedden, who spent a week with relatives at Cambridge, on the Eastern Shore, returned to Oakland last Friday night improved in health.

Mr. Percy Procter and family, of Cincinnati, arrived in Oakland Monday night and are occupying their cottage on Crook's Crest.

Thursday of last week the commissioners accepted the bridge recently built at Crellin over the Yough river and opened it to travel.

Owing to the absence of Rev. S. M. Engle from Oakland the Ecclesiastical column does not appear this week, he being the editor.

Dr. G. M. P. King, of Washington, D. C., came up last Thursday and joined his family at their summer home, Monte Vista, near Oakland.

Rev. S. M. Engle returned last evening from Memphis, Tenn., where he had been for several days attending a meeting of the Presbytery.

District Assessor Emanuel Custer was here Tuesday along with the balance of the assessors and made this office a very pleasant call.

Bargains in sugar, coffee, rice, lard, prunes, dates, bologna sausage, potted tongue, potted beef. Pickles 5 cents a dozen at Tasker & Son's.

Mr. Samuel C. Hoye was appointed postmaster at Deer Park Monday by the Postoffice Department vice William E. George, removed.

The ballast train and a large number of workmen were engaged Tuesday in filling up the tracks through Oakland with a fesh supply of broken stone.

The normal schools of this county will open for a ten weeks' session Monday, June 15th. The schools will be located at Oakland, Friendsville and Grantsville.

Mr. Henry Fresh, son of ex-Commissioner Jacob Fresh, representing the Atlantic Refining company, Wheeling, was in Oakland on business Tuesday morning.

Quite a number of Oakland's summer residents have made their appearance, among them being the families of Mrs. Chas. Howard, Judge Wilson and others.

Don't forget the auction at the Loch Lynn store on next Saturday night when a large stock of dry goods, notions, shoes, etc., will be sold at a sacrifice. John T. Sincell.

The Oakland nine will play a game with the nine from Mountain Lake Park in the East End park on Saturday. Game called at 2 o'clock. Admission, ten cents: ladies free.

Photographs way down for ten days only. Cabinets $1.50 per doz. Other sizes in proportion. Finish will be as good as you get in the city for from three to four dollars per dozen. G. H. Pritchard.

For the month of June instead of opening an ice cream parlor Miss H. A. Bryan is keeping house for Captain and Mrs. Markland at Crook Crest. Mrs. Markland has been ill and Miss Bryan is there to help take care of her.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

A large fire was seen Tuesday to the north of Oakland which resembled very much a barn burning. A number of the citizens of the town went out and found a farmer burning brush. They consoled themselves with the thought that their curiosities had been satisfied anyway.

The court has granted an injunction restraining the Mountain Home company at Loch Lynn Heights from disposing of any more land. A bill has also been filed asking for the appointment of a receiver to take charge of the affairs of the corporation. The bill alleges insolvency.

Mr. James Perdue, an old soldier residing at Monroe, Mich., was severely afflicted with rheumatism but received prompt relief from pain by using Chamberlain's Pain Balm. He says. "At times my back would ache so badly that I could hardly raise up. If I had not gotten relief I would not be here to write these few lines. Chamberlain's Pain Balm has done me a great deal of good and I feel very thankful for it. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Mr. P. A. Chisholm, son of Wm. Chisholm, of Germania, was in town a few hours Tuesday and made us a pleasant call. Mr. Chisholm reports the prospects good for a big fruit crop in that section this summer.

Because of the illegal manner in which the blanks for the use of the assessors had been prepared by Tax Commissioner Keating the work of assessing in the several counties of the State has been postponed until Tuesday, the 9th inst., when the work will begin.

Fish commissioner John E. Gnagey has about completed arrangements by which he will purchase several acres of ground at lake Brown in the narrows of Deep Creek and establish a state fish hatchery. Suitable buildings will be erected at once for the purpose.

Mothers will find Chamberlain's Remedy especially valuable for croup and whooping cough. It will give prompt relief and is safe and pleasant. We have sold it for several years and it has never failed to give the most perfect satisfaction. G. W. Richards, Duquesne, Pa. Sold by Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Swartzentruber of Garrett county, Md., with their four children and two children of their friends took the train here Thursday last to visit relatives at Midland Va. Mr. Jac. S. Miller brought them in and after seeing the party on the train he returned to his home in Garrett county with his little son.

DANA'S Sarsaparilla is not only the *best* of all remedies for the Nerves, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, and Blood; *but if no benefit, you can get you money back.* The same guarantee applies to DANA'S Pills, Cough Syrup and Plasters. For sale by DeWitt & Ferguson, Sang Run, Md. 3-3m.

Ex-Justice A. B. Gonder has moved his office from the Felty building to the rooms recently vacated by Dr. M. C. Hinebaugh on Alder street, where he will practice his profession, that of law. During Mr. Gonder's term of office as justice he made an excellent officer and was held in high esteem by those transacting business before him.

DANA'S Sarsaprilla is not only the *best* of all remedies for the Nerves, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, and Blood; *but if no benefit, you can get your money back.* The same guarantee applies to DANA'S Pills, Cough Syrup and Plasters. For sale by Dr. J. W. Laughlin, agent, Deer Park. 4-13t.

The Board of Supervisors of Election for Garrett county met at the court house in Oakland Friday May 29th. The full board was present, consisting of A. G. Sturgiss, F. C. Ries and J. Alvin Friend. They organized by electing A. G. Sturgiss president, J. A. Friend secretary and Fred A. Thayer attorney. The board then adjourned to meet June 10, 1896, for the purpose of selecting registration officers for the various districts.

Has anybody a right to keep a dog that annoys the neigbors or the public? Should anybody be permitted to keep dogs in a city that run at wheelman, horseback riders, the occupants of wheeled vehicles and pedestrains and cause great annoyance and are liable to cause serious accident? — Charleston Gazette.

The questions asked above are pertinent in Oakland and should be personally appliad by all who have dogs.

If it required an annual outlay of $100,000 to insure a family against any serious consequences from an attack of bowel complaint during the year there are many who would feel it their duty to pay it; that they could not afford to risk their lives, and those of their families for such an amount. Any one can get that insurance for 25 cents, that being the price of a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. In almost every neighborhood some one has died from an attack of bowel complaint before medicine could be procured or a physician summoned. One or two doses of this remedy will cure any ordinary case. It never fails. Can you afford to take the risk for so small an amount? For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Ripans Tabules relieve nausea

Now is the time to provide yourself and family with a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as a safe guard against an attack of bowel complaint during the summer months. It costs but 25 cents and is almost sure to be wanted before the summer is over. This remedy never fails even in the most severe cases and is in fact the only preparation that can be depended upon. When reduced with water it is pleasant to take. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy. Both Pills J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park, Md.

The firm of A. Knabb & Co. are doing at Krug, this county, recently installed a mill at their already large plant with a capacity of about twenty-five thousand feet daily. This mill will be utilized in cutting the timber from the Yough Manor lands. The firm has also built a narrow gauge railroad up through the county from Krug to Hoye's Run, about nine miles north of Oakland. It is the intention of the firm to continue the road to Oakland in the future when it will become a standard gauge.

George Kamp, the eighteen year old son of Mr. Fred Kamp, residing in district No. 5, was instantly killed last Thursday afternoon by a large log falling and crushing him between it and another log. He was engaged with a number of other men in felling trees and peeling the bark from them. A large tree had been cut down and was lodged in the underbrush and when an attempt was made to trim the limbs from it it rolled and caused the death of the young man as above stated. He was the eldest son of Mr. Kamp and was well liked by all who knew him. His funeral occurred Saturday, the interment being made in the Accident cemetery.

For Sale or Rent.

A very desirable property in Oakland, being the late residence of Henry J. Mayers. Also for sale the Oakland Woolen Mills property. Said property may be obtained cheap and on easy terms. Apply to J. C. Renninger, attorney, Oakland.

A Handsome Book on Summer Travel.

The Baltimore & Ohio R. R. Co. has just issued a handsome book descriptive of the various summer resorts in the mountains and by the seaside adjacent to or reached by its system of lines.

It is finely printed and illustrated by a number of very fine cuts. Send 10 cents to Chas. O. Scull, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md., for a copy. 2 t

New B. & O. Engines.

A contract has been awarded by the Baltimore and Ohio to the Richmond Locomotive Works, Richmond Va. for twenty-five locomotives. This order is the first installment of the seventy-five locomotives which will be bought by the receivers. Contracts for the remaining will be let next week. Those ordered will be of the same type as are now in use on the Baltimore division of the road and are to be delivered in July, August and September.

Swindlers.

A neat swindle is being worked with great success in many towns. A woman book agent appears in town and goes from house to house leaving books for examination. Next day a man calls to see if they are wanted and if not he takes them away with him. A few days later the woman agent appears again and on being told that the man has taken away the book, says the villain has been collecting her books all over town, pleads poverty and accepts the proffered compensation. —Hyndman Bulletin.

Look out for them and let the officers know when they come.

Reduced Rates to Washington.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will hold their annual meeting in Washington, D. C., July 7 to 13.

For this occasion the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell tickets, from all points on its lines, East of the Ohio River to Washington, at one single fare for the round trip, July 6 to 8, inclusive; valid for return passage until July 15, inclusive, with the privilege of an additional extension until July 13 by depositing tickets with Joint Agents at Washington

Tickets will also be on sale at stations of all connecting lines.

Delegates should not lose sight of the fact that all B. & O. trains run via Washington.

Reduced Rates to St. Louis.

The Republican National Convention will meet in St. Louis June 16. For this occasion the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell Excursion Tickets from all stations on its line East of the Ohio River for all trains June 12 to 15, inclusive, valid for return passage until June 21, at one fare for the round trip.

The B. & O. is a direct line to St. Louis, running two solid vestibuled fast express trains with through Pullman Sleeping Cars attached every day in the year.

For rates and other information apply to nearest B. & O. Ticket Agent.

Commencement Exercises at Briar-Bend.

The commencement exercises at Miss E. B. Swan's seminary Wednesday, June 3d, were a grand success. The long and difficult program was carefully gone through without a single break. The high talent displayed in every single particular showed the careful and judicious training necessary.

Where so many excellent and tasteful gems of thought, fancy and music were offered it would be impossible to select any one for especial mention. None deserve criticism. Should we judge by the applause of the audience, Misses Weber, Legge, Swan and Valentine were superlative.

Dissolution of Partnership.

This is to give notice that Nethken Bros., doing a general mercantile business at Deer Park, Md., has been dissolved by mutial consent.

All accounts have been placed in the hands of F. R. Nethken & Co., for settlement which must be either settled by note or cash immediately.

11-3t* NETHKEN BROS.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

Marriage Licenses.

C. L. Allender, of Wheeling, and Bricie C. Michael, of Oxford, W. Va.

Jas. O. Fetty and Bessie Vandergrift, both of Fairmont, W. Va.

Santford Jeffries and Flora D. Kidwell, both of Grafton.

Edwin B. McDonnald and Mae Hickman, both of Harrison county, W. Va.

Virgil E. Frum and Jessie M. Goodwin, both of Harrison county, W. Va.

Blaskeney Parsons, of Bayard, and Flora M. Hopple, of Petersburg.

Harry S. Kelley and Iva M. Harvey, both of Fayette county, Pa.

Jonas A. Armentrout and Carrie B. Warnick, both of this county.

Charles H. Garard and Elizabeth Conway, both of Whiteley, Pa.

George Waters, of Clarksburg, and Lucretia A. Thayer, of Oakland.

James Smith, of Terra Alta, and Ida Wright, of Altamont.

Chas. H. Gidley and Clersie P. Smith, both of Morgantown.

Joseph A. Stafford and Minnie Freeland, both of Metz, W. Va.

Robert M. Grant, of Midway, Pa., and Opal V. Ferrell, of Metz, W. Va.

John Custer and Mary Beachy, both of Garret county.

Frederick L. Montgomery and Constance D. Martin, both of Metz, W. Va.

Walter A. Trembly and Minnie M. Vansickle, both of Garrett county.

Howard J. McMinn and Rebecca A. Miller, both of this county.

David L. Martin and Theresa Wolfe, both of Oakland.

John L. Britt and Malinda Crow, both of Fayette county, W. Va.

George Fetty and Frances Phillips, both of Marion county, W. Va.

Orval V. Murple and Laura Cooper, both of McMecken, W. Va.

Thomas J. Sell, of Tucker county, W. Va., and Alice Ward, of Elkins, W. Va.

Three with request not to publish.

MOUNTAIN STATE

Business College,

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.50 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. C. SINE, Pres'dent.

Hurrah for the Fourth!

At a largely attended meeting of the citizens of Oakland held at Hamill & Little's Hall Tuesday evening last, it was decided to hold a monster Fourth of July demonstration at Oakland this year, and to make a special effort to eclipse any former event of its kind ever held here. A large number of committees were appointed from the business men and others, who will have full charge of all details. There is no reason why Oakland should not enjoy an occasion such as this, and as all our former efforts have been eminently successful, we predict for the present one even greater success. Let the good people of our town aid this movement substantially with their means, and with the proper management, which we are assured will be had, we will have a demonstration that Oakland may well feel proud of.

The general committee having full charge of all details is as follows:

Chairman, Mayor H. W. McComas; vice chairman, R. S. Jamison; secretary, James D. Hamill; corresponding secretary, Chas. J. Newman; treasurer, E. I. West.

All committees are requested to make a report at Hamill & Little's Hall on Friday evening next at 7.30 p. m.

Decoration Day in Oakland.

Memorial Day in Oakland passed off quietly. The weather was fair and the rain that usually accompanies that day was absent. At ten o'clock a. m. a parade, consisting of the following orders, was formed in front of the G. A. R. headquarters on Alder street: Smith's Military band, Crook Post G. A. R., the school children and Knights of Pythias. The column commanded by Col A. G. Sturgiss took up the line of march for the cemetery, and while listening to strains of appropriate music the graves of comrades and friends were strewn with flowers. After retualistic services conducted by the G. A. R., the column again took up the line of march and disbanded at the starting point. This was but the repetition of this beautiful custom—the same tale that is told year by year but the tottering steps and visages of these battle scarred veterans vividly remind us that their work and their places in the memorial column will soon have to be taken by younger and stronger hands.

The game of ball played between the Oakland Base Ball club and the business men of Oakland resulted in a victory for the former by a score of twenty-eight to eight. We understand that another game will be played at the East End park on Saturday next.

The Tasker Case.

Monday morning the Board of County Commissioners, accompanied by their attorney, Mr. E. H. Sincell, Clerk Jacob S. Meyers, ex-County Treasurer Sollars and a number of witnesses, went down to Hagerstown to attend court where the case of Hiram P. Tasker vs. the County Commissioners came up for trial Tuesday morning in the Circuit Court for Washington county, the same having been removed from this county by Mr. Tasker's attorneys.

The case involves a claim of several thousand dollars which the plaintiff, Mr. Tasker, says is due him for making up an abstract of titles for public use from the land books in Annapolis. On the other hand the commissioners claim that Tasker has received sufficient pay for the work he did and that the abstracts have in no wise been of benefit to the county.

The case went through the court at Hagerstown about a year ago, the county winning, but Tasker's attorneys took an appeal. The appeal was heard in the Court of Appeals and the lower court reversed, remanding it back for a trial upon the merits of the case.

After the attorneys had gotten well into the case yesterday the plaintiff amended his declaration which worked a continuance of the case. It will now go over until next November.

For Sale.

A cottage containing 7 rooms, attic and cellar. Has a well of good water upon the premises, and an acre of land attached. Purchaser can have the choice of more land up to two acres. Will sell cheap and on good terms. Situated opposite Mt. Lake Park on Oakland road. Mt. Lake Park, is a good market for vegetables and poultry. Apply to F. P. Arnold, Mt. Lake Park, Garrett county, Md. 50-13t.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

A FRUSTRATED SCOOP.

BY ERNEST SHRIVES.

It was a hot August afternoon, and the sun's rays beat down with melting intensity upon the limestone pike that served Tannington for a principal street. The air was close and sultry, and the only respite to suffering humanity came in the shape of an occasional pine-laden breeze that stole down from the tall sentinel mountains beneath which the tiny town nestled.

Not that there was much humanity around to suffer, for though it was mid-week, the big, boisterous engines in the tannery on the hill were silent, and the cunning factory's gates were closed. Even the village store was deserted by all save a solitary clerk, who hadn't made a sale since early morning. There was a granger picnic over at Slawson's Corners, and most of the population were attending it.

Carrie Lumsden, a summer boarder from the neighboring city of Jonesville, was one of the few stay-at-homes. Having firmly resisted the pressing invitation of her hostess, Mrs. Johnson, to make one of the family party, she was now dozing in a hammock on Farmer Johnson's piazza.

The young woman had come down from Jonesville about three weeks before on an "absolute quiet" prescription. The doctor, in enjoining her to "get away from everything," had particularly specified newspapers, for it was over-zeal in the service of one of Jonesville's morning journals that was responsible for Miss Lumsden's breakdown. One of the most rapid and effective workers on the Phonograph staff, she had, for two years, supported herself and her invalid mother, working early and late, without a thought of rest or the slightest attention to the repeated warnings of her overtaxed nerves. Finally these became so pointed and peremptory as to be no longer disregarded. Pure air, simple food, and perfect rest had wrought wonders. The girl slept like a top, and her eye was as bright and her step as springy as ever. She felt equal to producing any amount of "copy," and was thinking of returning to work again ere she became lazy. She made a pretty picture as she lay there, trying to settle whether to get fully awake and resume her book, or yield to the prevailing drowsiness and fall sound asleep. She was saved the trouble of a decision by the sudden appearance of old Quarles, the Johnson man-of-all-work, who rushed into the yard, well blown by the unwonted exertion of moving slightly faster than a walk, and crying in his strident tones:

"Oh, Miss Carrie, suthin' dreadful's happened! Old Steve Arnold down to the toll gate's killed Miss Arnold with the ax an' hung hisself. Gus Robbins jess found 'em. He's over't the store. What kin we do? 'Squire Jackson's at the picnic, an' there ain't nobody to take no action."

Instantly the hitherto languid young woman was all activity and interest. She was out of the hammock and down the steps in a jiffy. Here was an opportunity to atone for a month of idleness.

"Well, that's terrible, isn't it? I suppose there's nothing to do, though, Quarles, but wait till the 'squire comes back. Then he'll hold an inquest. There'll be plenty of time for that."

The newspaper girl scented a possible "scoop," and didn't wish the matter stirred up too much.

She tossed on her "sailor" and accompanied the old man over to the store, where Robbins, a lank, yellow-haired, and exceedingly shy young man, was telling his story for the sixth time. He was considerably embarrassed when the tall, graceful, bright-eyed girl appeared and made him give his vivid recital all over again. It was much shorter this time, though, for she skillfully but charmingly headed off all tautological and superfluous statement. In five minutes she had him pumped dry, and then, piloted by the young man and old Quarles, Miss Lumsden started on foot for the scene of the tragedy, about a mile distant, filled with ardor, but not without a modicum of feminine repugnance to the gruesomeness of the matter in hand. Doing murderers and suicides had not been her line, but she shrank from nothing that fate threw in the path of duty.

By half-past six o'clock she had her story finished, and then, for the first time, began to consider how she was going to get her matter to the Phonograph office. Thirty-five miles of indifferent road and two big mountains lay between Tannington and Jonesville. There was no telegraph or telephone, and the mail carrier, on his picturesque gray mare, had left on his daily trip hours before. All of Farmer Johnson's horses were at the picnic.

The perplexed journalist consulted with Quarles and sent him out to reconnoiter. He returned with the cheerful news that the only horses in the village were Crosby's old gray, that couldn't make the journey in a week, and Turner's colt, that nobody could ride or drive. Slawson's was 15 miles away, and the earliest picnicker was not to be looked for before ten o'clock. The trip to Jonesville would take a fresh horse four hours at least.

Still Miss Lumsden kept her nerve. That copy must be gotten to Jonesville within six hours by some means. There must be a horse. Wouldn't Quarles, the dear old man go out and inquire once more? The soft-hearted man-of-all-work knew the case was quite hopeless, but he couldn't resist those pretty, appealing lips. He sallied forth, and in ten minutes was back again, this time with news of a horse, a fine bay, that had just been driven into the Piper's hotel yard by a gay young chap, who said he was from Jonesville.

"What does he look like?"

"Middlin' tall, with a pink shirt an' a sash, an' curly hair, an' a mustache."

The girl feared the very worst, but calmly asked:

"Do you know what his business is?"

"I think he must be a reporter, the way he talks."

At this all hopes of a "scoop" died in the girl's breast. From Quarles' crude description she was sure the new arrival must be Dick Ainesworth, of the Interviewer, Jonesville's other morning paper. Her acquaintance with the young man was slight, but she knew he was a "hustler."

Quarles' report of his next scout proved that her surmise was correct. Ainsworth had come down in search of political news for his Sunday edition, and intended going over to the picnic, but hearing of the tragedy, had concluded to stay in the village and bag the bigger game. He worked swiftly, and by 7:30 o'clock his notebook was full, and he was ready to drive back to Jonesville. By that time Miss Lumsden, who had been cool enough while gathering the facts and preparing her copy, was feverish at the prospect of losing all for the lack of means of getting her matter to Jonesville.

Defeat at this stage of the game would have been maddening.

When the faithful Quarles reported to the perplexed journalist that Ainsworth's horse was hitched, she made a desperate resolution. It was nothing less than to ask Ainsworth to take her up to Jonesville with him. As a young woman she might have hesitated at such a step; as a newspaper girl, she thought only of her duty to the Phonograph.

She reached the hotel just as her rival was starting. The young man had kept himself fully informed concerning the Phonograph reporter's movements, knew exactly her predicament, and was sure he had everything his own way. Nevertheless, he showed well-simulated surprise at her appearance.

He bowed politely, exclaiming:

"Why, how are you, Miss Lumsden? I didn't know you were down here!"

She extended her hand cordially.

"I came down three weeks ago for a rest, but I've decided to go back today, and have a favor to ask of you, Mr. Ainsworth, would you mind taking me up to town with you?"

This in her sweetest tone and with a winning smile.

Ainsworth, in common with most successful journalists, possessed the knack of thoroughly controlling his voice and features under all circumstances, and there was no trace of astonishment in either, and no relaxation of his pleasant manner as he replied, after the slightest pause:

"Certainly, upon one condition."

"What is that?" she asked, in an of-course-she-could-comply sort of tone.

"That you don't give your paper the Arnold tragedy."

The girl had more than half-expected this, but there was plainly expressed disappointment in the outward curve of her red lips and the slightest quiver of her eyelids as she answered: "Oh, I couldn't do that."

Ainsworth, inflexible though he had resolved to be, said mentally: "How deuced charming she looks! She'll cry next, and then what will I do?"

Then aloud: "Miss Lumsden, do you realize how much you are asking?"

"I think I do; and my experience with gentlemen reporters led me to hope you might extend the courtesy." The accent upon "gentleman" was faint but significant.

"Indeed, I'm truly sorry I can't oblige you; but you must know that my first duty is to my paper."

"Oh, very well. I'll find some other way, I suppose." She spoke slowly, with the slightest tremor in her voice.

Ainsworth felt that to tarry longer was to risk defeat. So he leaped into his buggy, and with a polite "Good-evening," whirled away toward Jonesville.

As the few loungers who witnessed the swiftly-enacted scene gazed from the vanishing vehicle to the girl's fair face, and saw a tiny tear standing in each of her bright brown eyes, they marveled how mortal man could be such a brute. Quarles shook his fist at the departing journalist, and muttered: "I'd uv tossed him out for a nickel. The (inarticulate growl) to treat a lady so."

"Never mind, Quarles, we'll beat him yet. It was mean, though." Suddenly her face brightened. "Hurrah! I've an idea." And she trotted briskly up the road, followed by the devoted Quarles.

Before Ainsworth had covered two miles of the dusky pike he had changed his mind 20 times, now resolving to return and say "Yes," and then decided that duty required him to drive on as fast as he could toward the Interviewer office, still miles and miles away.

He was a good-hearted fellow, fully informed as to the amenities of journalism, and possessing at least the average amount of gallantry. On an ordinary occasion he would probably not have hesitated a moment before aiding a fellow-worker on a rival paper, especially if that fellow was a pretty girl; but this was no common case. He had, apparently, the monopoly of a big sensational item, and his course was perfectly clear.

With twilight came refreshing coolness, that made driving delightful, and it was not long before the young man had, for the time being, forgotten his pretty competitor, and settled himself to the task of composing his story. All went well until he was ascending a long, steep hill, four miles from Tannington.

There adversity overtook him in the guise of a broken trace. The young man's talents did not include mechanical aptness, and it took him a good half hour to repair the damage. He had scarcely resumed his journey when a vision of beauty and grace swept by.

"Good evening, Mr. Ainsworth. Perhaps I'll beat you yet. I'm the tortoise, you know," floated back toward the buggy in mocking tones, as the lovely apparition melted into the night.

Miss Lumsden's bright idea had developed into action. She had remembered that Jennie Long, a Tannington girl, owned a bicycle. The Phonograph reporter was an expert wheelwoman, and to borrow the wheel from the girl's mother, get ready and start, was for our energetic heroine the work of but a few minutes. She had cut out a lively pace and overtaken Ainsworth while he wrestled on the mountain with the refractory trace.

The young man's admiration for the girl's pluck was so great that he was more than half inclined to call her back; but as he hesitated she passed out of hail, so he let the horse out, and by ten minutes' sharp driving overtook the cyclist. As he saw her whirling along in the white road, now brilliantly illuminated by the risen moon, he said to himself:

"There's no use trying to head off a girl like that; I'll do the decent thing by her. She's bound to reach Jonesville in time anyhow, and I might as well have the pleasure of her company."

When he got close enough he called: "Miss Lumsden, I can't see you going on alone. I surrender. Won't you get into the buggy?"

"Thanks; but I'm doing quite nicely. I'm not one bit afraid, and it's just cool enough to make the exercise delightful. Please drive on, and don't mind me."

He knew she meant it, and after a few unavailing words of remonstrance he pushed briskly on, but determined to keep within hail. After that he let her set the pace, urging the horse when she forged ahead, and slackening speed when she did.

A very few miles of this kind of travel were enough for the bay. He was homeward bound, and decidedly averse to poking. After several abortive attempts to break away, he finally settled matters by shying at a spectre-like tree that lifted its bare white arms across the road, and started down a steep hill at a rattling pace. The frightened driver in vain hauled and tugged upon the lines, and within half a mile the wayward beast was master. The end came swiftly. Near the bottom of the hill Ainsworth was tossed out, landing anything but gently on a pile of stones, while the nag sped merrily homeward.

There came to the luckless journalist one sharp spasm of pain and then—merciful unconsciousness. When he presently returned to anguish and the world again, a sweet-toned voice was asking:

"Are you much hurt? Can you move?" His fair rival had again overtaken him.

"Ugh! my arm!" was all he had the grace to answer. When he tried to raise his right arm it fell back like lead.

Miss Lumsden gently touched the limb and said: "I'm afraid it's broken."

Ainsworth groaned acquiescence.

"Just lie perfectly quiet while I go and explore. There must be a house near somewhere.

In less than 15 minutes the girl was back again with a horse and wagon, a stout farmer's lad and a flask. She made the injured man swallow a little of the contents of the last-mentioned find, and then she and the boy helped him to lie down on the straw in the bottom of the vehicle.

The bicycle was lifted in, Miss Lumsden followed, the boy took the reins and the eventful journey of the two journalists was resumed, this time slowly, for Ainsworth was not in condition to stand much jarring and the wagon boasted no springs. For the first half mile no one spoke. The Phonogrnph girl sat beside the sufferer, fanning him with sheets of copy paper. Ainsworth was silent, save when an exceptionally bad jolt forced a groan. At last he said:

"Indeed, Miss Lumsden, I don't deserve this. I was a brute; I know I was. I'm afraid all this delay will make you late, and you certainly deserve to catch the press after all you've gone through. Leave me at the nearest farmhouse and drive ahead fast."

"Now, do keep quiet, Mr. Ainsworth, or you'll worry yourself into a fever and me into a temper. It's only ten now, and the boy says we can make it by 1:30. You did perfectly right in refusing my absurd request; I never should have asked such a thing."

"But," he persisted, "I want you to know that I tried to keep near you—but—"

"The horse didn't share your benevolent intentions. He's in his stable by this time, I suppose. There, now, don't talk, or we shall be obliged to treat you like Jonah and throw you overboard."

He tried to say more; to tell how sorry he was, and how grateful, and what a wretch he had been; and between pain and weakness, and the bliss of being ministered to by such an angel, there is no telling what he might not have said. But Miss Lumsden was as firm as a hospital nurse and compelled silence.

When at three a. m. they reached Jonesville Ainsworth was assisted into the Interviewer office, where, between twitches and groans, he managed to dictate his story to a typewriter. Then, not a moment to soon, he waked up a doctor and had his arm set.

His companion turned in her manuscript, and then went home and fainted as a fitting finale.

But the Jonesville papers had good stories of the Arnold affair next morning. The Phonograph's city editor thought theirs was the best, and was loud in his praises of Miss Lumsden's work. Her salary was substantially increased and a great newspaper future was predicted for her. Nevertheless, she gave up journalism within the next six weeks. It was Ainsworth who persuaded her to do so. He said he wanted a dangerous rival out of the way, and, beside, he thought one brilliant journalist in the family at a time was enough.—Peterson's Magazine.

THE POPE'S ELECTION.

It Is Done by Inspiration, by Compromise and by Ballot.

Having come to order at the request of the dean, if the formality of recognizing the cardinals be dispensed with—and in so small a body it is hardly necessary, because no impostor could hope successfully to palm himself off as cardinal—the first business is to choose three scrutators, one from each order, to count the ballots, and three infermieri, who collect the votes of the sick. The canons define three kinds of election: by inspiration, by compromise and by ballot. Election by inspiration takes place when "all the cardinals, as if by inspiration of the Holy Ghost, proclaim one candidate as pontiff unanimously and viva voce." A single dissenting voice vitiates this method, which, we may remark, has perhaps never been carried out in literal conformity to rule, although several popes, after more or less wire-pulling, have been chosen by acclamation.

Election by compromise has sometimes been resorted to, after a long deadlock, by the appointment of a committee consisting of representatives of the various rival factions. The conclave merely ratifies the candidate nominated by the committee.

But election by ballot is the ordinary method. The ballots, when open, are about four inches long and three broad. In the first or upper section the cardinal writes his name; in the middle, the name of the candidate whom he proposes; in the lower section, some motto from the Scriptures. When he folds the sheet his name, being inside, is covered by the lower section, and only the candidate's name or the seal comes uppermost. To guard against the ballot's opening he seals it with a seal he has chosen, but it must not be one which the scrutators might recognize. Going to the central table he deposits the ballot in the chalice, repeating at the same time this formula: "Testor Christum dominum qui me judicaturus est, me eligere quem secundum Deum judico elegi debere et quod idem in accessu praestabo."

When everyone has voted, and the infermieri have brought the ballots of the sick members, the first scrutator takes each ballot from the chalice, and opening it (but only so far as to read the motto) hands it to the second, who, having entered the vote opposite the candidate's name on the list, passes it to the third, who reads it aloud. During this process the other cardinals keep the tally on the duplicate lists which each of them has before him. At the conclusion all the ballots are taken to the stove and burned, the smoke from the chimney being a signal which multitudes outside the palace await. According to common belief, when no smoke appears at the usual time it is a sign that the pope has been elected. The last ballots are burned like the rest, however, the difference in the volume of smoke being due to the fact that as no straw is used at the last burning there is very little smoke.

There being no election, the cardinals now return to their quarters for dinner, after which, at three o'clock or a little later, they reassemble for another ballot. This differs from the morning one in that the cardinals, instead of voting for their favorite candidates, vote for their second choice. The process is called "acceding," and seems devised for breaking a deadlock. Each must vote for some one who has received support at the morning trial; but if none of these suits him, being prohibited from again casting for his favorite, he may simply vote for "nobody." Thus it might happen that the pope chosen in the accessus, or acceding, was a candidate whom very few or none of the cardinals would select on their first choice. As a matter of fact, however, not many popes have owed their election to the accessus, in which the cardinals generally throw random votes for candidates who have little chance of success.—William R. Thayer, in Century.

BUFFALOES FIGHT.

In Spite of the Keepers' Efforts a Fine Bull is Killed.

The National zoological park in the suburbs of Washington has lost one of its valuable herd of six buffaloes, the animal having been killed in a desperate fight with one of its companions the other day. The zoo's herd of buffalo is one of the finest in the country, and great regret is felt at the killing of one of them, as it will be hard to replace it. The buffalo that was killed was one of the largest and oldest in the herd, and for a long time was the tyrant and monarch of all the others at the zoo. A year or two ago he had a very desperate fight with a younger bull, and since that time he has been kept away from the rest of the herd and confined in a pen in which there was also a young bull, who apparently was entirely peaceful. One day the old fellow amused himself by teasing the young bull and poking at him as they walked around the pen. The young bull did not like this and began to show fight.

A dozen times the beasts rushed at each other and came together with shocks that startled the other animals and brought to the inclosure all of the keepers, who endeavored to separate them, but without success. The fence around the inclosure was completely ruined, although the boards kept together sufficiently to prevent the animals from escaping. The buffaloes fought until both of them were so nearly exhausted that they could hardly stand. Then the old one was driven away, where the surgeon in charge of the zoo and his assistants labored to save his life. The last blow that he had received from the young buffalo, however, had done its work, and the animal lived but a little time after the fight was over. The post-mortem showed that he was frightfully gored and nearly all the bones of his body broken. It is a matter of surprise to the surgeons that he stood up and fought as long as he did. The young buffalo was not seriously injured.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Of the 19,084,659 acres of land contained in Scotland not quite 4,500,000 are in a state of cultivation.

—It is said that out of the 28,000 Hebrews in the city of Amsterdam 10,000 are occupied in the trade of diamond dealing.

—During the month of March last a little over 10,000,000 feet of timber was shipped from the port of Darien, Ga., to foreign and coastwise ports.

—An examination of pieces of the meteorite which recently burst over Madrid shows that its substance is identical with that of the mineral chautonnite.

—Thus far the Baltic ship canal has been a disappointment in business, the receipts for the first year reaching only 605,000 marks, while the estimate was 5,000,000 marks. But as the canal was constructed mainly as a war measure the Germans no doubt consider it a success.

—For an outside stucco, hydraulic cement and clean, sharp sand, mixed with fresh water to the consistency of plasterer's mortar, is used. A coat is applied, and a second coat over this before the first has dried. The gravel must be washed so clean that it will not discolor clean water.

—Rats, according to a showman who exhibited a tame troupe of the little beasts, are more easily taught than dogs; they have a more retentive ear for language and greater adaptability than any other animal. Louise Michel, who is also fond of rats, has discovered many virtues in them. They have respect for the aged, family feeling, and compassion for the unfortunate.

—Doctors say that if women would eat plenty of apples they would not need any other spring tonic. There are medicinal properties in the acid of the apple that are not found anywhere else. They cleanse and tone the system at the same time, and the habitual apple eater experiences a peculiar exhilaration that is almost unknown to those who abstain from the fruit.

THE SPONGE SUPPLY.

With Demand Exceeding Supply, Prices Have Been for Years Advancing.

One effect of the war in Cuba has been to diminish the export of sponges by fully one-half. The Cuban sponge fishermen get a license to fish in Cuban waters only upon condition that they shall serve in the navy if required; and so many have been called upon for this service that the take of sponges has been materially reduced.

Cuba furnishes less than a third of the sponges used in this country, but the curtailment of that supply helps to put up prices that have been advancing for years. The supply of sponges comes from Florida, Cuba, Nassau, Mexico and the Mediterranean. Ordinarily about two-thirds of the supply, in value, comes from American waters. The demand for sponges has increased naturally, while the world's supply has not kept with it. It has within recent years actually diminished, owing to careless methods of fishing and to overfishing to supply the increased demand.

The sponge is of slow growth; it takes two or three years for it to attain commercial size. In all countries in whose waters sponges grow there are laws against the pulling of little sponges until they have reached a certain growth, just as there are laws against the taking of lobsters and of some fishes under specified sizes. These laws have been to a greater or less extent ignored. In some waters sponges have been fished for with rakes and nets. This method has been prohibited in Nassau. It was found not operative in Florida waters, on account of the nature of the bottom.

With the supply not equal to the increasing demand, prices have steadily advanced. One kind of sponge that sold here less than 20 years ago at 90 cents a pound now sells at $2.50 a pound. The advance in other sponges has not been proportionately so great, but it has been large, and the tendency of prices is still upward.—N. Y. Sun.

To Save the Lagoon of Venice.

A great engineering work of immense importance to the city of Venice has just been completed. Fifty-eight years ago, in order to prevent the damage caused by the occasional overflowing of the River Brenta, the Austrian government, on the recommendation of the celebrated engineer, Paleocapa, carried out certain works by which the mouths of that river were carried into the Chioggia lagoon, some distance south of their original outlet. Since then the alluvium brought down by the river has threatened to convert a portion of Chioggia lagoon into a fever breeding swamp, and also to cause serious damage to the whole Venice lagoon by silting. It was accordingly decided to construct a new channel for the Brenta, 16 kilometers in length, giving the river a direct outlet to the sea near Brondolo, still further south. The scheme, which was estimated to cost 8,000,000 lire, and was begun in 1884, has now been brought to a successful conclusion. The new channel, by means of subsidiary canals, also provides a fresh outlet for the Bacchiglione and other rivers formerly flowing into the Venice lagoon.—London Standard.

Bicycle Rides for Birds.

"No better way to give a pet canary bird an airing has been devised," said a woman down at Coney island the other day when several other women gathered around her wheel to look at a handsome little yellow bird on the handle bars. "The poor little dearie wasn't getting his share of attention, when I happened to think of putting it on my wheel. It was a dreadfully frightened bird at first, but I only took it a couple of blocks and back again. Next time I took it further, now you see how sprightly he looks. It's only when I tumble now that it gets at all scared. I ride over 50 miles with him some days, and sometimes he sings if the road is smooth, and he always answers the little chirps of birds along the way. He's lots of company, too."—N. Y. Times.

When the Summer Breeze

Blows through the trees, most of us who can sets off for a country jaunt. Fewer cross the Atlantic. Whether it is business or pleasure calls one from home, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best accompaniment of a voyage or an outing. Yachtsmen, sea captains, commercial travelers and emigrants concur in this opinion. The Bitters is unrivalled for bilious, malarial, dyspeptic or liver disorder.

Genuine love, however rated as the chief passion of the human heart, is but a poor dependent, a retainer upon other passions—admiration, gratitude, respect, esteem, pride in the object.—Mrs. Inchbald.

Good nature is the very air of a good mind, the sign of a large and generous soul, and the peculiar soil in which virtue prospers.—Goodman.

Miss Sweetly—"How did you know I was going to wear my hair curled this evening?" Mr. Plainman—"I saw it in the papers this morning."—Brooklyn Life.

That

Extreme tired feeling afflicts nearly everybody at this season. The hustlers cease to push, the tireless grow weary, the energetic become enervated. You know just what we mean. Some men and women endeavor temporarily to overcome that

Tired

Feeling by great force of will. But this is unsafe, as it pulls powerfully upon the nervous system, which will not long stand such strain. Too many people "work on their nerves," and the result is seen in unfortunate wrecks marked "nervous prostration," in every direction. That tired

Feel-

ing is a positive proof of thin, weak, impure blood; for if the blood is rich, red, vitalized and vigorous, it imparts life and energy to every nerve, organ and tissue of the body. The necessity of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for that tired feeling is, therefore, apparent to every one, and the good it will do you is equally beyond question. Remember that

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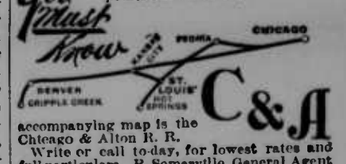

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TEMPERANCE.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

How Public Attention Was Drawn to the Awful Work of the Saloon.

"One of my friends," says Rev. Charles Garrett, "is a very earnest, shrewd man, who seems to always know how to do the best thing at the right time. One day he was passing a gin-shop in Manchester when he saw a drunken man lying on the ground. The poor fellow had evidently been turned out of doors when all his money was gone. In a moment my friend hastened across the street, and, entering a grocer's shop, addressing the master, said:

"'Will you oblige me with the largest sheet of paper you have?'

"'What for, my friend? What's the matter?'

"'Oh! you shall see in a minute or two. Please let it be the very largest you have.'

The sheet of paper was soon produced.

"'Now will you lend me a piece of chalk?' said my friend.

"'Why, whatever are you going to do?'

"'You shall see presently.'

He then quickly printed, in large letters:

"SPECIMEN OF THE WORK DONE INSIDE."

He then fastened the paper right over the drunken man, and retired a short

"WHO DID THAT?"

distance. In a few moments several passers-by stopped and read aloud: "SPECIMEN OF THE WORK DONE INSIDE."

In a very short time a crowd assembled, and the publican, hearing the noise and laughter outside, came out to see what it was all about. He eagerly bent down and read the inscription on the paper, and then demanded, in an angry voice, "Who did that?"

"'Which?' asked my friend, who now joined the crowd.

"'If you mean what is on the paper, I did that; but if you mean the man, you did that! This morning when he arose he was sober, when he walked down the street on his way to work he was sober, when he went into your gin-shop he was sober, and now he is what you made him. Is he not a true specimen of the work done inside?'"—National Temperance Advocate.

AN EX-SALOON-KEEPER TALKS.

Gives Reliable and Important Evidence Regarding the Accursed Business.

An ex-saloon keeper is our authority for the figures that follow as to the sales and profits of a saloon. He says: "You see, beer costs about $2.25 a keg, and we aim to sell about 240 glasses each keg. Take a place that uses several this makes $14, or about $9.50 profit on each keg. Take a place that uses several kegs a day and you can see where the money comes from. About whisky? Well, the boys never sell any, of course—it's wine, only wine, you know, made from corn! That sort of tipple sells at ten to fifteen cents a 'smile,' which runs about 12 to the pint, or 100 to the gallon. The truck costs all the way from one dollar to three dollars per gallon—the latter for high-toned customers. There are several ways of making a ten-gallon keg grow to 40 gallons by a judicious use of sundry things that I won't name. Of course, the business pays big, but then there are many demands made on the boys, and they lose many a dollar by dead beating. Still, let a fellow keep out of law and his mouth shut on the sniff, and he will save money. I did, but I never liked the business after all. It was not pleasant to see fellows 'blow in' their money when I knew they needed it elsewhere, and many a fellow here will tell you that I refused him. Real low fellows make a good thing out of it in making errors in change when selling to boozy fellows, who, being slightly 'off,' can't remember where the money has gone, you see. Many of them have to 'whack up' to allay persecutions, and keep the mouths shut. Then comes assessments for political purposes. It makes a big hole in the earnings, especially if some dead-beat lawyer has got the chance to come in on you. I never saw the saloon keeper who took real pride in his business, and I would not go back into it under any circumstances. Don't you print a word I have told you, or else there will be a scalp missing in the camp of the long-haired."—Oskaloosa Herald.

Reform in Birmingham, England.

Birmingham, England, has made an experiment in "regulation" by establishing a municipal public house for the sale of beer, porter and aerated waters. The profits of this civic liquor business were applied to the maintenance of a reading and recreation room, the whole idea being a small but hopeful concession to some of the principles of the temperance workers.

Worse Than Armenian Atrocities.

The Turks in Armenia have done awful murder, but it may be just as well for us to remember that the saloon keepers in our country last year killed more people and caused more crime than did the unspeakable Turks in Armenia. America has Armenia right here.—Voice.

ARE INEBRIATES SANE?

Argument That Goes to Show That the Excessive Drinker Cannot Be of Sound Mind.

This question has been recently discussed and answered in the affirmative, by several authorities who have made a study of mental disease.

To a specific question of the possibility of a person using large quantities of alcohol and opium daily for years, and retaining a degree of mental health and sanity, the answer was that it was a common occurrence. Instances were given to illustrate and prove this fact. The evidence of these statements were found to be based on general observation and the opinions of the inebriates themselves or their friends. Why should the assertions of persons who have paralyzed themselves for years with alcohol and other narcotics be accepted as evidence of sound mind, simply because it sounds reasonable? Why should the statements of such people be accepted without critical inquiry and examination in the same way as the assertions of persons notably insane are studied?

The conduct and opinions of inebriates are preeminently subject of critical study, because the toxic causes are fully recognized. The reason that this is not done in all cases is the prevalent opinion that alcohol and other narcotics are harmless in small doses, and taken in moderation.

It is impossible at present to draw lines where any drug ceases to be harmful, and say that up to this point it is safe and beyond it is dangerous. The inebriate has visibly poisoned himself; the fact that he displays no common symptoms of insanity or pronounced mental unsoundness is no evidence of mental health.

Serious diseases exist which do not manifest themselves in the ordinary changes of conduct and character. Mental soundness is not established by the presence or absence of certain fixed symptoms. The central fact that alcohol or other narcotics are used daily, is always evidence of two absolutely certain pathological conditions. One degeneration of the higher brain centers, manifest in the continuous use of these drugs. The other, paralysis of all the functional and psychical brain processes.

The continuous action of alcohol and opium, depressing and diminishing cell activities, causing complex changes, chemically and physiologically is always incompatible with mental health. The demand for spirits or drugs, whether explained by any reasoning or possible motives, is always abnormal and inconsistent with health. It may come from error of judgment in the person or his advisers, but soon it becomes a pathological state, growing more and more fixed. Theoretically and practically, no inebriate can be of sound mind. Causes that are held up as examples of persons who have used spirits for a lifetime will not bear the test of critical examination. It is extremely doubtful if any such persons exist; all the examples of persons who have used spirits 20 years or more are found to be unsound in both mind and body. Up to the present time no exceptions have been noted. The fact that little change in character and conduct was apparent to superficial observation is no evidence. An inebriate who boasted of his immunity from disease from alcohol was found to have neuritis cirrhosis, mental delusions of suspicion and illusions of spirits guiding him.

Any careful study of such cases will furnish abundant facts of disease and mental unsoundness. The medical authority who doubts this has simply to appeal to the facts for evidence which is accessible and convincing.—Journal of Inebriety.

VARIOUS NOTES.

TWENTY-FOUR members of the British house of commons are total abstainers.

STEER clear of the grog and you will avoid many troubles.—National Temperance Advocate.

WHEN a boy forgets to kiss his mother good night he is generally smoking cigarettes on the sly.—Attila, in Lever.

THE London grand division of the Sons of Temperance reported 7,114 members at its 28th anniversary lately.

IN greater London there are consumed every year about 45,000,000 gallons of malt liquor, 8,000,000 gallons of wine and 4,500,000 gallons of ardent spirits.

"I CAN drink or let it alone, as I please." Well, try letting it alone. To do so will not harm you, and it will help some one else.—United Presbyterian.

IT has been pretty well established that the children of intemperate parents are afflicted with degeneracy and various neuroses. Associate this, then, with suitable environment and the drunkard or inebriate is an inevitable result.

AN encouraging feature to the temperance reformers is that the best thought from the brightest minds and the best and most gifted men and women of the nation are in sympathy with and are aiding in carrying on the work. The most disheartening fact for the liquor dealer is that the dissolute and most diseased are supporters of the traffic.—Pacific Ensign.

Is Degrading the People.

A writer in France says that the manufacture and consumption of alcohol in that country is degrading the people mentally, morally and physically, refilling the hospitals, asylums and prisons. These physical wrecks bring into the world miserable offspring which inherit a weak body and soon show the tastes of their parents. The great danger seems to be in the consumption of liquors made from essences, and especially absinthe, which is said to be as fascinating as it is harmful. If the government would take entire control of the manufacture of alcohol and forbid the making, importation or use of dangerous essences, the evils of drinking in France would be very much lessened.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Washington is noted for the beauty of the trees which line her sidewalks, and the reason lies in the fact that for many years past she has made the care of them a municipal duty.

Boston has solved the tramp problem by requiring the "Weary Willies" to work for everything they receive at the Wayfarers' lodge, and indignant men of leisure are boycotting the place.

—The latest fashionable ailment in New York is "ammonia colds." According to the doctors who do business with the "400" they are caused by overindulgence in artificial ice rinks. The "shopping face," the "golf straddle" and the "bicycle hump" are not in it with this latest affliction.

—Nizni Novgorod, in Russia, was almost obliterated by fire in 1864. All the buildings and bazars in which were held the annual fair of merchants from all parts of Europe and Asia were blotted out, and that year most of the trading was done in tents or temporary structures.

—Of every 1,000 clergymen between the ages of 45 and 65 only 15.93 die annually, but of every 1,000 doctors between the ages of 45 and 65 no fewer than 28.03, it is said, die every year. Some statisticians attribute the high rate of mortality among medical men to the harassing nature of their duties.

—Last June James Bridgeford lost his fine $75 gold watch while plowing on his farm near Kelso, Wash. He hunted the land over at different times, drawing harrows and even forking most of it over, but never could find the watch. The other day George McClellan came through the field and picked the watch up.

—A Frenchman named Villon has invented a novel method of sealing champagne bottles. The loss and deterioration of champagne due to the escape of gas, long, he says, made some process of perfect air-tight sealing desirable. M. Villon accomplishes this by covering the cork and part of the neck with a thin layer of copper electrically deposited.

AT A WIDOW'S WEDDING.

Etiquette Which Governs This Highly Momentous Event.

Etiquette governing the wedding of a widow has been recently reorganized and temporarily, at least, is finding high vogue among certain great ladies who are making second matrimonial ventures. The widow's engagement ring is now a peridot, which in reality is an Indian chrysolite, and a deep leaf-green in color. The peridot ring is set about with diamonds, and when it arrives the lady gives her first engagement ring to her eldest daughter and her wedding ring to her eldest son.

One week before the wedding a stately luncheon is given to the nearest and dearest of the old friends of the bride to be. After the engagement's announcement she appears at no public functions. At the altar her dress may be of any subdued shade of satin. To make up for the absence of veil and orange blossoms, profusions of white lace trim the skirt and waist of the bridal gown en secondes noces. Even the bonnet is of white lace and the bouquet is preferably of white orchids. And up the aisle the lady goes, hand in hand with her youngest child, no matter whether it is a boy or girl. The little one wears an elaborate white costume, holds the bride's bouquet, and precedes the newly married pair to the church door. Where there is a large family of children and a desire on the widow's part for a trifle more display than is usually accorded on such occasions, all of her daughters, in light gowns and bearing big bouquets, support their mother to the altar.

An informal little breakfast now follows the ceremony. Such a breakfast is scarcely more than a light, simple luncheon, served from the buffet, wound up by a wedding cake and a toasting posset, but the bride of a second marriage does not distribute cake nor her bouquet among her friends. Her carriage horses do not wear favors, either, though shoes and rice can be freely scattered in her wake, and, to the comfort and economy of her friends, she does not expect anything elaborate in the way of wedding gifts.—N. Y. Sun.

To Steady Pictures.

The dealers in upholstery hardware are frequently asked for some scheme to steady a picture on a wall, especially small pictures. A housemaid with a duster is everlastingly setting askew small pictures, and the average room, after dusting, looks sadly awry. All sorts of picture hooks have been invented which are supposed to so grip the picture cord that it will always hold the picture evenly on the wall. Then, again, corner clamps have been brought out, one for each corner of the picture, the clamps being driven into the wall—but everything of that sort has some objection. The simplest and most infallible way of holding a picture immovable is by making a small gimlet hole in the extreme lower point of the inside of the frame, where it touches the wall, and at this point drive a small brad into the wall, leaving about half an inch protruding. The hole in the frame caps this brad like a socket, and the ordinary dusting of the pictures does not move it in the least.—Chicago Tribune.

Golden Toast.

Cut bread into even pieces, toast and butter the pieces and moisten them with hot water. Boil six eggs hard. Separate the whites from the yolks; chop the whites and press the yolks through a colander or sieve. Make a white sauce, using one tablespoonful each of butter and flour cooked together and then add a cupful of cream or milk. When it is well thickened add the chopped whites and season with pepper and salt. Spread this mixture on the slices of toast and cover the top with the mashed yolks. Sprinkle the yolks evenly over the pieces till they look very yellow. Serve very hot.—Good Housekeeping.

THE OLD PIANOS.

Many of Them Find a Market in Philadelphia.

"What becomes of old pianos?" was the question put to a large New York manufacturer the other day. "Well," was the rather unexpected reply, "the most of ours go to Philadelphia." The manufacturer could not explain this fact exactly to his own satisfaction. He thought perhaps it was because so many persons owned homes in Philadelphia, or possibly because the good people of the Quaker town are much given to attending concerts and love music more than the New Yorkers.

"There ought to be several hundred thousand old square pianos stowed away somewhere in the United States," said a dealer, in speaking of the subject. "I have been in the business 20 years and personally have seen but three or four of them cut into kindling wood. It is indeed a rare occurrence that one of these massive old rosewood affairs meets with such an unworthy fate.

"A biography of a good piano is sometimes very interesting. They generally start off in life gayly, having the most conspicuous position in the parlors of the finest and receiving courteous treatment. Thirty years ago a good square piano was an object of much importance and commanded vastly more respect than any piano nowadays. This is still to be seen when we go to remove an old piano to exchange it for a new one. It is purely a matter of mercantile interest to us, but not so with the owners. I have seen old folks who had bought a piano in the days of their honeymoon fairly overcome when they saw the familiar old instrument which had been with them through days of joys and sorrow hustled out of the house by irreverent hands and conveyed to the warehouse. It is the custom for piano firms now to take away the old instruments and allow a fair price for them, deducting the amount from the price of the new one. It is absolute loss to us, for we have the greatest difficulty in disposing of these landmarks which have seen better days.

"It is quite amusing to hear the old folks say, as they always do when making a selection of a new piano: 'Our old piano, if it were only tuned up, would have a much better tone than any of these.'

"A great majority of these old pianos find their way to the homes of comparatively poor people. They may be bought for a mere song. There is a class of men who make a living by disposing of these old pianos. A second-hand dealer dropped in here the other day and said he had just bought six for $50. Some firms are almost willing to pay for having them taken away.

"These old pianos are by no means worn out, after going through three or even four, hands. New strings and new hammers are put in, and the old instrument is tinkered up, so that it will oftentimes have a better tone than the cheap piano of to-day. City boarding houses, where the only object is to have an instrument capable of emitting noise, are extensive harboring places for these old 'has beens.' Many are shipped to the west and to country towns. A number find their way to museums, where they are exhibited as the piano on which George Washington was wont to play. Throughout New England, Ohio and in New York city I have seen them used as tables for kitchen purposes, the works, in many cases, being removed to allow a place for stowing away jars of fruit. Many are disposed of at auctions, too, and some very good bargains are to be secured in that way."

At the present time, according to the dealer, there are about 80,000 pianos manufactured annually in America. The same number is produced by German manufacturers, while France and England have an annual output of 40,000 each. There is very little business in the exporting of pianos. This is due to the fact that the change in climate makes it impossible for a piano when shipped to a foreign country, to keep its tone. Only 810 were exported from this country last year. They went to South America and Germany. The latter country ships quite a number to Australia and South America.—N. Y. Times.

Condensation.

The man in the bicycle suit laughed heartily.

"Very funny," he said.

"What?" asked the man with a large section of skin gone from his nose.

"Why, these 'Don'ts' for bicyclists," replied the man in the bicycle suit.

"Let's see them," said the man who was short of skin.

The man in the bicycle suit handed him the paper.

"The best one isn't there," said the man with the fantastic nose, shortly. "If it was, the rest wouldn't be necessary."

"What do you consider the best one?" asked the man with the bicycle suit.

"Don't ride," answered the man whose nose stood in need of grafting, and then he carefully put a large piece of court plaster where it would do the most good.—Chicago Post.

Brings Out the Inscription.

To read an inscription on a silver coin which, by much wear, has become wholly obliterated, put the poker in the fire, when red hot place the coin upon it, and the inscription will plainly appear of a greenish hue, but will disappear as the coin cools. This method was formerly practiced at the mint to discover the genuine coin when silver was called in.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Case of Real Distress.

The widow Flapjack recently lost her wedding ring. She was inconsolable for awhile, and went about wringing her hands and saying: "There, now, I wouldn't have lost that wedding ring for anything. I'll have to go and get married again, for I'm bound to have a wedding ring. I can't get along without it."—Texas Siftings.

MISHAP TO A SMUGGLER.

A Cab Runs Over Him and Betrays an Ingenious Device.

Near one of the gates leading into Paris an old man of stout proportions was seen one day wending his way, when a cab, driven at great speed, approached, and as the man paid no attention to the warning cry of the John, he was knocked down and the vehicle passed over his body, to the consternation of the spectators.

A crowd gathered round the venerable individual, who lay on the ground, not in a pool of blood, but in one of oil. The hero of this misadventure, who had only been slightly stunned by the shock, soon rose to his feet, with profuse thanks for all the sympathy and compassion which his accident had elicited, and then, disregarding further offers of assistance, began to shuffle off as fast as his legs would carry him.

One of the eyewitnesses of this curious scene went up to an employe of the octroi and gave an account of the episode, upon which the official, running after the victim of the accident, extended to him a polite invitation to rest in his office.

"I assure you I am not hurt," replied the old gentleman, who displayed great anxiety to take himself off.

"So much the better," replied the employe, "but I want to have a little talk with you, all the same."

Some gentle force was required to induce the corpulent one to enter the office, but once there he was made to undress, when he was found to be almost a skeleton. The mystery was soon explained. He had between his waistcoat and his shirt a skin receptacle which was capable of containing from six to seven liters of liquid. On this particular occasion it had been filled with oil, and, while it had saved the bearer from severe injury, it had betrayed him, and he was removed to the depot at the prefecture of police amid the laughter of the people who had witnessed the accident.

A quantity of receptacles of the kind described have been found at his dwelling, and another individual has already been arrested on suspicion of being an accomplice. It need scarcely be added that the oil was thus introduced into Paris with the object of evading the octroi dues. As a matter of fact, all sorts of devices are employed by persons who make a specialty of this fraud, but it is not often that a person is detected in these tragi-comic circumstances.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

She Thanked Him.

An effective reproof was that given by an elderly man to a fashionably-dressed young woman, who, as it seems, must have been surprised out of her "manners." The young woman was walking rapidly along a street shaded by many trees, when the elderly man, coming up behind her, saw a large fuzzy caterpillar on the collar of her coat. "I beg your pardon," he said, laying a detaining hand on her arm as he spoke and removed the obnoxious crawler, "I wished to take off this caterpillar, which was almost at your neck." The young woman stared haughtily and with an air of resentment at the caterpillar and was about to pass on, with no word of thanks. "If I made a mistake, and you would prefer to have the caterpillar replaced, I can easily put it back," said the gentleman courteously, suiting the action to the word. "Oh, no, no, please take it off!" said the young woman, her haughtiness quickly vanishing; and with his second removal the elderly man got his "Thank you," and the caterpillar found another resting place.—Youth's Companion.

Complexion Hints.

Overfrequent washing of the face should be avoided. Some physicians insist that the face should be washed but once a day, and then in tepid water.

A certain amount of exercise is indispensable. Brisk morning walks, regularly taken and persistently adhered to, produce a healthy glow that defies artificial imitation.

Avoid rich and greasy foods. Though it is practically useless to tell a woman to abjure sweets, it may be suggested that they are complexion destroyers, and that the fewer one eats the fairer one's skin is likely to be.

Massage is recommended by many who have made a special study of the fine art of complexion-preserving. A gentle kneading of the face at night and in the morning makes the skin soft and healthy.

Famous beauties nearly all unite in giving testimony that a thorough steaming of the face at night is wonderfully effective in producing a clear complexion. This is done by holding the face over a bowl of hot water.—Chicago Record.

Father Pat's Hospitality.

As to Father Pat's hospitality, it may be rude and rough, but there is no mistaking its warm and generous whole-heartedness. The dinner in a country parish invariably consists of a roast turkey, a boiled leg of mutton with turnips, boiled bacon with cabbage, and potatoes served in their jackets. Claret is the wine principally drunk. It is only on very important occasions that champagne makes its appearance, but there is always a plentiful supply of the best Irish whisky, and, if made in the district, of "potheen." Father Pat has, it must be admitted, a liking for whisky punch after dinner, in judicious moderation, of course, and his only other dissipation is a smoke—always a clay pipe, never a cigarette or a cigar. When a "suspended" or disfrocked priest is met with in Ireland—and that very rarely happens—his misfortune is usually to be traced to drunkenness. There is never a lady in the case.—Contemporary Review.

Gluten Gravy.

To one pint of good milk add one tablespoonful of gluten meal. Leave it surrounded by boiling water 15 or 20 minutes. Salt to taste and thicken with flour to the desired consistency.—Good Health.

A FAMILY CURSE.

It Seems to Have Held On for More Than a Century.

For more than 100 years, it was said, a fatal spell hung over the Goldsmids. Toward the close of the 18th century there died in London the Rabbi de Falk, who enjoyed a high reputation as a seer. He left to Aaron Goldsmid, a great-great-grandfather of the late member for St. Pancras, a sealed packet, with injunctions that it was to be carefully preserved, but never opened. The old Dutch merchant who founded the branch of the Goldsmid family in this country was warned that as long as his order was obeyed, so long would the Goldsmids flourish like a young bay tree. If it were disregarded, ill-fortune would for all time dog the footsteps of the race. Aaron Goldsmid left the packet inviolate for some years. One day, curiosity becoming ungovernable, he opened it. When his servant came to call him he was found dead.

Aaron Goldsmid left a large portion of his fortune to two sons, Benjamin and Abraham. These went into business on the London stock exchange, and vastly increased their patrimony. Benjamin founded a naval college and performed many acts of less known generosity. He lived long, but the curse of the cabalist overtook him. Enormously rich, the delusion that he would die a pauper fastened upon him, and to avoid such conclusion of the matter, he, on April 5, 1808, being in his 55th year, died by his own hand. Two years later his brother Abraham, being concerned in a ministerial loan of £14,000,000, lost his nerve, blundered and bungled, sank into a condition of helpless despondency, and on September 28, 1810, a day on which a sum of £500,000 was due from him, he was found dead in his room.

The fortunes of the family were restored by Isaac Goldsmid, nephew of the hapless brothers and grandson of the founder of the English house. Like all the Goldsmids, Isaac was a man of generous nature and philanthropic tendencies. With him it seemed that the curse of the cabalist had run its course. It is true that before he died he lapsed into a state of childishness. But he had at the time passed the limit of age of fourscore years, after which as one of the kings of his race wrote centuries back, man's days are but labor and sorrow. Isaac Goldsmid was succeeded in his fortune and his baronetcy by his son Francis, on whom the curse of the cabalist seemed to fall when he was fatally mangled between the engines and the rails at Waterloo station.—H. W. Lucy, in "From Behind the Speaker's Chair."

WOULD NOT CUT HIS HAIR.

Marshal Canrobert Refused to Obey the Army Regulations.

It was a singular fact that the late Marshal Conrobert, the last of the French marshals, offered in himself a constant example of the violations of the regulations of the army in which he was so conspicuous an officer. Throughout almost the whole of his military service Canrobert wore long hair flowing down his shoulders, and this hair was a sort of oriflamme to the soldiers. But ever since the year 1833 the French army regulations have positively required that every officer and soldier shall wear closely cut hair, "without any tufts, curls or ringlets whatsoever," and severe penalties are provided for persistence in letting the hair grow long.

Canrobert had a profuse mass of hair which he was very proud of. It was cropped to his great grief when he went into the military school of St. Cry in 1826, but when, as a young officer, he went into the Algerian war in 1835 he profited by the relaxation of many regulations there to let his hair grow down his shoulders again. Several years later, also, in Algeria Col. Canrobert, bareheaded, led a heroic charge at Zaatcha and his long floating hair, in the thick of the combat, served as a rallying sign to the zouaves as they swarmed through the breach. After this war Canrobert's head of hair had already become so famous that no superior ventured to command him to cut it off, though Gen. Pelissier, who hated him, once called him "professor" in a cafe in Paris, and by way of excuse affected to have mistaken him for a doctor of philosophy on account of his hair.

The emperor Napoleon III. did once venture to remonstrate with Canrobert for wearing long hair. The marshal's response was very "Frenchy."

"Sire," he said, "my hair belongs to history!"

He did not cut it off. It floated all through the French and German war, becoming legendary among the soldiers. Long since it became snow white and fell upon the old marshal's shoulders in his declining days, and it clustered about them as his body lately lay in state in Paris.—London Tit-Bits.

Canadian English.

When Jean Baptiste goes on his travels he takes a ticket, with a check for his baggage, and enters a train. (He used to go to the station in a gig, according to M. de Gaspe, but I never heard him use the word, though I know he patronizes the cab-stand rather than the "place de fiacres.") "All aboard!" shouts the French guard. "All right," says the French passenger. I remember one day, going down from Montreal to Quebec, hearing the guard ask a swarthy habitant for his "billet:" "Eh?" said he, puzzled. "Votre tiquette," explained the guard. "Oh, Je comprends. Le voici." I have even encountered a sentence like this: "Nous leur donnerons des free ticket." Jean Baptiste will also tell you, if you desire such information, that the train consists of "douze chars et un engin," instead of "douze wagons et un locomotive;" but he still finds time to call the railway itself a "ch'min d'fer," having cut down the syllables from four to two.—Contemporary Review.

—A traveler by mail routes may cover the distance between New York and San Domingo city in nine days.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
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THURSDAY, JUNE 4, 1896.

THE last Congress might have used free wool as a mighty lever to open the markets of the wool growing countries to the agricultural and manufactured products of the United States. On the contrary the Democratic party not only repealed the reciprocity laws but it conferred upon the wool growing countries the benefits of access to the markets of this country for their wool, without exacting a reciprocal benefit of any kind in return. Free wool was a free gift to the foreigners without gaining from them the benefit of an additional market among them for a single pound of American pork or American wheat.—American Economist.

A Divided Democracy.

Very interesting things are going on in the Democratic party. Developments in Illinois will serve to illustrate. There the free silver men have captured the Democratic organization and will go to the Democratic national convention determined to have 16 to 1 or bolt. The Cleveland administration men exhausted every effort to stay the tide, and all to no purpose.

Seeing at last the hopelessness of the struggle sound money Democrats declined to take any part in the primaries in Cook county. Beginning with that county as a basis they will have an organization of their own as separate and distinct from the Altgeld free silver organization as the Republican organization is.

The sound money men will demand admission to the national convention. If not admitted they will go ahead on their own line. If admitted the free silver men will go home and go into business for themselves. Illinois is merely an example of what may be expected after the Chicago convention.

Hardly anything can be more certain than that there will be two Democratic national tickets in the field, one for sound money and one for the sham silver dollar. The Republican party does not need this able assistance this year, but fate seems to be on its side.

True there may be a free silver bolt.

True there may be a free silver bolt from the St. Louis convention but it will not amount to a hill of beans. The bolters will not represent enough electoral votes to make their movement respectable.

Quay Concedes It?

The Pittsburg *Commercial Gazette*, a staunch Quay organ in an editorial quotes Senator Quay as conceding the nomination to Major McKinley. It says: "Senator Quay gave out a statement last night in which 479 of the delegates to the Republican national convention are accorded to Maj. McKinley on the first ballot. This estimate which does take into consideration the delegates favorable to him as their second choice, gives him nineteen votes more than the requisite majority. With this majority for the Major conceded by Senator Quay it will occasion no surprise if the other candidates decide not to go before the convention.

Asked as to the platform Senator Quay remarked that the Pennsylvania platform is good enough. And so it is. In it the party stand pledged as ever to the policy of protection and this is its position on finance:

"Faithful to its record, believing that the people are entitled to the use of the best money and anxious to restore and preserve the industrial and commercial prosperity of the Union, the Republican party favors international bimetallism, and until that can be established upon a secure basis opposes the coinage of silver except upon government account and demands the maintenance of the existing gold standard of value."

That is a sound plank, and, as Senator Quay has remarked is good enough for the national platform.

As to the candidates who entered into competition with Maj. McKinley for the nomination, it hardly need be said that they will give him their cordial support. As Republicans of prominence it was their right and laudable ambition to aspire to the nomination, equivalent this year to election. It was their right as it was that of Maj. McKinley, to seek the support of their respective States and to go into the national convention with this State support solidly behind them. Neither Maj. McKinley nor anybody authorized to speak for him has discredited this right. Only local bosses seeking to hide themselves behind McKinley's candidacy, have sought to indulge in that sort of belittlement.

There is now no room to doubt that the winner will be Maj. McKinley and he will be loyally supported."

Fire at Loch Lynn Heights.

Yesterday morning about two o'clock the residents of Loch Lynn Heights were awakened from their slumbers by the meessent blowing of a locomotive whistle and upon investigation it was found that the large lumber warehouse belonging to Mr. Amandus Hawk was on fire. The house contained a large stock of lumber, sash, doors, etc., which was burned entailing a loss of about $1,600 with an insurance in the Orient insurance company for $1,-100.

Near the building owned by Mr. Hawk was a stack of ten thousand feet of dressed lumber belonging to Mr. A. J. Bonafield, of Tunnelton, W. Va., and a small house belonging to Major Alderson containing about five hundred bushels of potatoes, all of which was destroyed, with no insurance.

It is the opinion of the residents of Loch Lynn that the building was set on fire by some unknown person.

Weather Crop Report.

MT. LAKE.—This week has been wet generally; farmers doing but little. Hailstorm on 26th; did considerable damage to vegetables and fruit. Some gardens were totally destroyed. Grass and oats continue to grow and look well.

WM. H. BIGGS.

COVE.—Plenty rain all week, and good growing weather for all crops. Heavy rain on morning of 26th, with heavy thunder; the lightning struck a barn in our neighborhood and burnt it to the ground. One cow and calf and all the man's farm implement in it were destroyed. All he succeeded in getting out was his two horses. Morning of the 29th the air cool and clear; all appearance for fine weather.

D. HOCHSTEDLER.

BITTINGER.—We had another very wet week; rains nearly every day, and the end is not yet. The heavy rain on the 28th did much damage on hilly land by washing. Corn and oats are covered in places Corn needs working, but the ground is too wet for that. Crops doing well. Fruit crop will be very short. Farmers getting their ground ready for buckwheat.

P. P. LOHR.

Fresh line of Marvin's fine cakes at D. Tasker & Son's. 13–1

CHAPTER 377.

AN ACT To repeal and re-enact with amendments Section 91 of Article 12 of the Code of Public Local Laws, title, "Garrett County," sub-title, "Election Districts."

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland that Section 91 of Article 12 of the Code of Public Local Laws, title "Garrett County," sub-title "Election Districts," be and the same is hereby repealed and re-enacted with amendments so as to read as follows:

Garrett county is divided into twelve election districts according to the present bounds and limits and elections for public officers shall be held in each of said districts at the places heretofore established by law, except in election district number eleven, in which district the polling or voting place shall be removed from the residence of George Warnick to the residence of Peter McIntyre.

Approved, April 4, 1896.

NOTICE TO ASSESSORS.

Notice is hereby given to the District Assessors of Garrett county to meet in the office of the Garrett County Commissioners in Oakland on

Tuesday, June 9th, 1896,

for the purpose of organization, etc.

JACOB FRESH,
RUDOLPH BECKMAN,
General Assessors.

12–1

NORMAL SCHOOLS.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS OF
GARRETT COUNTY.
OAKLAND, MD., May 14, 1896.

The normal schools for Garrett County, for the summer of 1896 will be held as follows:

At Oakland, in charge of Prof. C. D. Smith; at Accident, in charge of Prof. R. R. Sanner, and at Selbysport in charge of Prof. Geo. B. Frazee. The school at Oakland will open June 15, 1896, and at Accident June 22, one week later, and run for a term of ten weeks.

For further information apply to C. D. Smith, Oakland, Md.; R. R. Sanner, Confluence, Pa., and Geo. B. Frazee, Markleysburg, Pa.

WM. HINEBAUGH,
Secretary.

10 3

Public Local Laws.

CHAPTER 450.

AN ACT To incorporate the town of Loch Lynn Heights, in Garrett County, Maryland.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, that the citizens of the town of Loch Lynn Heights, in Garrett County be and are hereby created a body corporate by the name of the Mayor and Council of Loch Lynn Heights with all the powers and privileges of a body politic and corporate and by said name may have perpetual succession; sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded in any Court of law or equity, and may have and use a common seal.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, that the corporate limits of said town shall be as follows: Beginning at the south line of the lands of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company and at the crossing known as the Jameson crossing, and at the west side of the County road known as the Wonderly road, and running thence along said County road and Jameson line, south 71.4 degrees west 107 feet to a stake thence south 63 degrees west 96 feet, thence south 89 degrees east 132 feet, thence south 71½ degrees east 381½ feet, thence south 41 degrees east 726 feet, thence south 45½ degrees east 1089 feet, thence south 19 degrees east 810 feet to the corner of W. T. Jameson's fence, thence south 28 degrees east 240 feet to the grand Boulevard as shown on the map of Loch Lynn Heights, which is duly recorded, thence along said Boulevard easterly to the west side of Price St., thence along said Price street, south 26½ degrees east 2206 feet, thence north 6¾ degrees west 580 feet to the County road, thence with and including the County road by the meanders thereof in a northerly direction to the south line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company's lands, thence along said line of the said Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company's lands in a westerly direction to the beginning.

SEC. 3. And be it further enacted, that all persons over twenty-one years of age, and who have resided within said corporate limits for the period of six months preceding any election of officers for this corporation shall be entitled to vote at such election. The elective officers of said town shall be a Mayor, six Councilmen, a Clerk, Treasurer and a Chief Bailiff all of whose terms of office shall be three years as hereinafter provided. No person shall be eligible to the office of Councilman or Mayor unless he is a male citizen of said town and has the title to real estate within the corporate limits thereof. In case any person having been elected as Mayor or Councilman shall cease to be a resident or free-holder in said corporation, he shall immediately cease to hold or exercise said office and it is hereby declared vacant and shall be filled as hereinafter provided. The Mayor and Councilmen shall receive no pay for their services except the Mayor who shall be entitled to the fees hereinafter allowed.

SEC. 4. And be it further enacted, that until the first Monday in May, 1896, and until their successors are duly elected and qualified, A. H. Frey shall be and is hereby constituted Mayor, and C. M. Bittinger, George P. White, Wm. Sweet, Robt. E. Burley, Abram L. Spiker and Benjamin F. Crane shall be and are hereby constituted Councilmen; and Silas A. Combs shall be and is hereby constituted Chief Bailiff; and Erison Welch shall be and is hereby constituted Clerk; and Charles A. Ashby shall be and is hereby constituted Treasurer, that at the first election on the first Monday of May, 1896, there shall be elected two Councilmen for the term of one year, two for the term of two years and two for the term of three years, and there shall be two Councilmen elected annually thereafter for the term of three years.

SEC. 5. And be it further enacted, that the said Mayor and Council shall have the power to appoint judges and clerks of election, and such appointees shall conduct an election by ballot on the first Monday of May in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, and annually thereafter, on the first Monday of May, at such places as shall have been designated by them between one o'clock p. m. and six o'clock p. m. for the election of all officers whose terms expire on that date. They shall give at least ten days notice of the time and place of holding such election by posting written or printed notices in at least six public and conspicuous places in said town, one of which places shall be the outer door of the room in which the regular meetings of the Council are held.

SEC. 6. And be it further enacted, that the Mayor shall preside at all meetings of the Council, and shall call such meetings as he shall deem in time to time deem necessary, but shall have no vote upon any pending question except in case of tie, when he shall have the deciding vote, but in the event of the absence of the Mayor for any reason, the members of the Council present shall elect one of their own number to preside during his absence who shall, for the time being, be clothed with all the powers and authority of said Mayor. The Council shall pass rules and regulations for their government while in session. All vacancies in the office of Mayor and Councilmen shall be filled by a special election called by the remaining number of said Council and held within thirty days after such vacancy shall occur, after giving a similar notice to the one required for a general election, vacancies in any other office shall be filled until the next general or annual election by appointment by said Council.

SEC. 7. And be it further enacted, that the Council shall meet in some convenient place in said town on or before the first Monday in June next succeeding their election, and as often thereafter as may be necessary in the discharge of the duties of their office, not less however, than once in every month. A majority of the Council shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business, but a less number may adjourn to a further time.

SEC. 8. And be it further enacted, that the Clerk shall keep a minute of all proceedings of said Council in a well bound book which shall be open at all seasonable times to the inspection of any person interested therein, and he shall perform such other duties as the Council may assign him.

SEC. 9. And be it further enacted, that the Treasurer shall receive all monies belonging to said Corporation and safely keep the same and pay the same out only upon the order of the Mayor and Clerk; he shall also keep a correct account of all receipts and disbursements which shall be at all seasonable times open to the inspection of said Council or any member thereof.

SEC. 10. And be it further enacted, that the Mayor shall appoint such number of under Bailiffs and for such length of time as he may deem necessary; such appointment shall be made in writing and filed with the Clerk. The Council shall allow the Chief Bailiff, under Bailiffs, Clerk and Treasurer such compensation as they may deem proper.

SEC. 11. And be it further enacted, that all the elective officers of said Corporation shall, before they enter upon the discharge of the duties of their respective offices, take an oath that they will diligently and faithfully perform the duties of their respective offices without favor, partiality or prejudice, and said oath shall be filed among the records of the Corporation; that all said officers except the Mayor, may take such oath before the Mayor.

SEC. 12. And be it further enacted, that the Clerk, Chief Bailiff and Treasurer shall give bond to the Council with such penalties and such sureties as the Council may require conditioned for the faithful discharge of the duties of their respective offices.

SEC. 13. And be it further enacted, that the Judges and Clerks of election shall make and file a return of every election held by them and shall determine all questions arising thereunder; but any person considering himself aggrieved by such decision may appeal therefrom to the Circuit Court of Garrett County, which Court shall hear and determine such appeal and decide who shall pay the costs thereof.

SEC. 14. And be it further enacted, that said Council may pass such ordinances not inconsistent with the law, as they may deem beneficial and necessary for the preservation of peace and good order and the enforcement of the provisions of this Charter and the best interests of the town; they may open and close streets, lanes and alleys and grade and pave the same, and their rights, powers and duties in relation thereto shall be the same as is provided by the Code of Public General Laws of this State for opening, altering and closing public roads by the Board of County Commissioners, or the right to appeal to the Circuit Court for the County; they may cause the streets to be lighted, and suitable sidewalks to be made and kept in repair along said streets, and if the abutting lots are not improved by buildings the sidewalks shall be laid in uniformity with the other sidewalks adjoining the same. Such sidewalks shall be kept in repair by the owners of the lots adjoining thereto or abutting thereon or at their cost and expense in case the work is done by the Mayor and Council shall be a lien on said property collectable as other taxes; they may remove nuisances and obstructions from the streets, lanes and alleys, restrain all disorder and disturbances; prevent all congregations of disorderly persons in public places, apprehend all tramps and vagabonds, impose a tax on dogs and on fowls, hogs and other animals running at-large in the streets or totally prohibit the same, and may impose fines and commit all offenders to the lockup or County jail until the same be paid with costs, and power and authority is hereby given to the Mayor and Council of Loch Lynn Heights, and it shall be their duty to enforce these provisions by fine, imprisonment or both.

SEC. 15. And be it further enacted, that the Council shall provide a suitable lockup within said corporate limits to which all persons arrested under these provisions may be committed pending their examination or trial or upon conviction of any violation of the provisions hereof.

SEC. 16. And be it further enacted, that the Council shall have the same powers as the State Board of Health, of this State, within the corporate limits of said town and ½ mile outside thereof in every direction, except where the same will invade or interfere with the corporate limits or authority of any other incorporated town or village, and they may pass such ordinances as they may deem necessary for the preservation of the health of the town, and the removal of all nuisances from or prohibition of all business within the corporate limits thereof as shall, in their opinion, injuriously affect the sanitary condition thereof.

SEC. 17. And be it further enacted, that they shall have full power to regulate privies and direct the character of boxes or other fixtures for them, and the mode in which they shall be emptied and contents removed, and the disposition made thereof and shall prohibit the construction and maintenance of privy sinks, cesspools or other depositories of filth within the corporate limits.

SEC. 18. And be it further enacted, that they may adopt suitable measures for the removal of sewerage and garbage or they may appoint annually a scavenger and prescribe his duties and fix his compensation, which shall be paid by a special tax for that purpose to be imposed on the owners of the respective buildings and collected therefrom, and the same shall be a lien on said property and collected as other taxes are collected, and the Council may pass suitable ordinances to enable such scavenger to collect and remove all filth from the town, and provide how he shall dispose of the same, and may require of such scavenger a bond for the faithful performance of his duties; provided that the special tax imposed to carry out the provisions of this section shall not exceed the sum of twenty-five cents per month on any private house, to be paid by the owner thereof as aforesaid.

SEC. 19. And be it further enacted, that the said Council, as often as they deem advisable, cause an assessment to be made of all the real and personal property within said town or the corporate limits thereof, which assessment shall not exceed the assessment of the same for the County purposes, and the Council a tax thereon not exceeding fifty cents on the one hundred dollars worth of assessable property in any one year.

SEC. 20. And be it further enacted, that the said Council shall meet on the first Monday in June after said assessment, to hear any person feeling themselves aggrieved by such assessment, and shall increase or abate any such assessment as they may deem unjust.

SEC. 21. And be it further enacted, that whenever the Council shall levy a tax, they shall cause to be made out an alphabetical list of the persons charged thereon and shall cause to be affixed the respective sums to be collected from such persons, and issue a warrant to the Chief Bailiff to collect the same.

SEC. 22. And be it further enacted, that the Chief Bailiff within ten days after the receipt of such list and warrant, render to each person named therein an account or tax bill, showing the amount due from him, if he be a resident of the town, and if he be a non-resident and in consequence cannot be conveniently be served with said account or tax bill, he shall mail a copy thereof to his last known post office address of said non-resident and if any taxes shall not be paid within ninety days after the rendition the account, the Chief Bailiff shall return to the Council a complete list of all tax payers who have delinquents, with a description of the property and the amount of tax due from each, and the Council shall then proceed to advertise the property named in said list, for sale, and shall sell the same at public auction for the amount of taxes, interest and costs due on each piece of property after such collection and notice of the time and place of sale for at least three weeks in some newspaper published in Garrett County.

SEC. 23. And be it further enacted, that the Mayor shall execute and deliver to the purchaser a deed of the property sold, and the said deed shall convey to the purchaser of said property and shall be presumptive evidence that all the requirements of law have been complied with in making assessments, levy, sale and deed, and unless the delinquent owner or owners of said property or his or their grantee, mortgagee, assignee or legal representative shall within two years from the date of said tax sale, redeem such property by paying to the purchaser or his legal representatives the whole amount of money paid by him for said property with interest thereon at the rate of fifteen per centum per annum, said title shall become absolute and indefensible.

SEC. 24. And be it further enacted, that the Chief Bailiff shall make all collections required of him and pay the same to the Clerk within six months from the time the same is placed in his hands, and the said Clerk shall immediately make a record thereof and pay said monies over to the Treasurer.

SEC. 25. And be it further enacted, that the Chief Bailiff shall attend all meetings of the Council and perform such duties as they shall direct, he shall preserve the peace and good order of the town and for this purpose he is invested with the same jurisdiction, power and authority as any Constable of Garrett County has under the laws of this State.

SEC. 26. And be it further enacted, the Council shall provide suitable badges which shall be worn in plain view by the Chief Bailiff and under Bailiffs at all times when in the performance of the duties of their office, the duties of the under Bailiffs, when appointed, shall be to assist the Chief Bailiff, and they shall be subject to his order and directions. For that purpose they shall have all the power and authority herein conferred on the Chief Bailiff.

SEC. 27. And be it further enacted, that the Mayor shall have all the power of a Justice of the Peace in criminal cases where the Mayor and Council are a party, and shall receive the same fees as allowed Justices of the Peace in similar cases, and an appeal from his decision where the fine and cost of the exercise of the corporation the same fees are allowed Constables for similar services, and when the Bailiff fails to discharge any of the duties of his office he may be fined not exceeding ten dollars for any one offence.

SEC. 28. And be it further enacted, that the Chief Bailiff shall have the same fees for making distress for taxes as are allowed County Collectors, and for making arrests or serving process for violating any ordinance of the corporation the same fees are allowed Constables for similar services, and when the Bailiff fails to discharge any of the duties of his office he may be fined not exceeding ten dollars for any one offence.

SEC. 29. And be it further enacted, that any fines, penalties or forfeitures imposed by this Charter or by any ordinance of the Council may be collected by proceedings in the manner of the Mayor and Council before the Mayor or Justice of the Peace; and this said Mayor or Justice of the Peace shall have the power to commit the offender to the lockup or County jail on failure to pay such fine and forfeiture until the same shall be paid with costs.

SEC. 30. And be it further enacted, that the Council shall not expend or contract to expend in any one year more money than the amount realizable from taxes and other sources for that year.

SEC. 31. And be it further enacted, that that part of the several County roads within the limit of said town are hereby declared to be public streets and avenues of said town, and shall be from time to time improved and repaired, as in the discretion of the Council the public interests of the town may require, and the reconveyance of the town will permit and justify.

SEC. 32. And be it further enacted, that the Council shall keep and annually publish a tabular statement of the receipts and expenditures of the funds of the corporation.

SEC. 33. And be it further enacted, that the Council shall have power to establish building lines on all the streets in said town or which shall hereafter be opened therein and to compel all persons hereafter erecting buildings in said town, to conform thereto; that the said Council shall have the power to establish the limits and width of the streets of said town; that the Council shall have the power to provide for the payment for damages and expenses of opening, widening and laying out, grading, improving and keeping in good condition the streets, lanes, alleys and sidewalks in the said town and for that purpose may levy and assess the property benefitted by such improvement and damages, provided that the property owners may appeal to the Circuit Court for Garrett county in like manner as other appeals are taken.

SEC. 34. And be it further enacted, that the said council shall have the power to license and regulate all hackney coaches, carriages, carts, drays, omnibuses, wagons and other vehicles kept for hire or hired in said town, and to license and regulate the location and conduct of livery stables.

SEC. 35. And be it further enacted, that the said council shall have the power to enact ordinances for the prevention of cruelty to animals and children and to fix the penalties for the violations thereof.

SEC. 36. And be it further enacted, that the said council shall have the power to fix by ordinance the disposition of all fines and penalties imposed for the violation of any of the ordinances of said town.

SEC. 37. And be it further enacted, that the said council shall have the power to establish regulations for the prevention and extinguishment of fire, to appoint firemen and appoint, organize and equip fire companies and to fix the penalties for the violations of any fire regulation.

SEC. 38. And be it further enacted, that the said council shall have power to pass ordinances requiring all circus or theatrical performances, shows, plays and public entertainments for which an admission fee is charged to take out a license before giving an exhibition in said town, and to fix the cost of said license; and shall have power to pass all ordinances to provide for regulating pawnbrokers and peddlers on the streets, alleys or sidewalks of said town.

SEC. 39. And be it further enacted, that the said council may provide by ordinance for the immediate arrest, without warrant, of any person violating any town ordinance when in the judgment of the said mayor or bailiff of the town the delay necessary to the issuing of warrants would be dangerous to the peace and quiet of the town, or to the lives, limbs or property of the citizens; and when it shall appear that the offender is so intoxicated as to render it unsafe to permit him to ride or drive through the streets of said town, shall provide for the custody of the horse or horses, vehicle or vehicles, ridden or driven by such person, in some place of safety until such offender or offenders shall become sober, and the said Council shall subject the property so taken and deposited to the payment of all costs of the proceeding and the keeping of said property until the same be released according to law.

SEC. 40. And be it further enacted, that all property in said corporate limits used only for agricultural purposes, and which has not been laid out in lots shall only be assessed as such agricultural property and not as town lots, and the County Commissioners of Garrett County, upon the application of the said council of Loch Lynn Heights are authorized and directed to furnish to the said Council a full levy list of all property assessed on their books.

SEC. 41. Provided that nothing in this Act contained shall in any manner interfere or curtail the rights, privileges and immunities now exercised and enjoyed by the corporation of Mountain Lake Park, and no license for the sale of intoxicating liquors, wines, ale, beer or drinks of like nature shall be granted within the corporate limits of Loch Lynn Heights or within one mile of any boundary line thereof.

SEC. 42. And be it enacted, that neglect or non use shall not work a forfeiture of this Charter.

SEC. 43. And be it further enacted, that this Act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved, April 4, 1896.

CHAPTER 461.

AN ACT To enable qualified voters of any election district in Garrett county to determine by ballot whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or lager beer shall be sold in any such election district.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland that at the next election for members of Congress of the United States from the sixth congressional district of Maryland, to be held in Garrett county on the next Tuesday after the first Monday in November in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, there shall be held an election in any election district in said county, subject to the provisions hereinafter enacted to determine by ballot whether spirituous, fermented or other intoxicating liquors shall be sold in said election district of the county aforesaid; and it shall be the duty of the sheriff of said county to make proclamation of such election as in case of other elections held in this State, under penalty, in case of neglect or refusal to perform such duty as is now provided in the election laws of this State.

SEC. 2. And it shall be enacted that said election shall be held in accordance with the law governing general elections in this State, at which said election the ballots to be cast shall be printed upon the regular ballot sheet of said election; the words "For License," or "Against License," shall be printed in separated columns and the ballot so cast shall be received by the judges of election and deposited in the regular box provided by the said sheriff and counted by them, who shall, within three days thereafter make a written return of the same, under their hands, seals and of the number of ballots so cast for or against license, to the clerk of the Circuit Court, who shall record the same; and it shall be the duty of said clerk, within ten days after said election, to cause to be printed and published in one or more newspapers published in said county, once a week for two successive weeks, a proclamation of the result of such election in each of said districts of the county aforesaid.

SEC. 3. And be it enacted, that if it shall be found at such election and proclaimed by the clerk of court that a majority of the qualified votes have been cast "Against license" in any of said election districts wherein the sale of liquor or other fermented spirits is now licensed by law, it shall not be lawful for any person or persons, firm, company or body corporate on and after the first day of May in the year succeeding said election to sell or otherwise dispose of by way of barter directly or indirectly any spirituous, fermented or other intoxicating liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication, or any compound of which alcohol forms the chief or a principal ingredient, or for any license to be granted for the sale of the same in any such election district of the county aforesaid, provided that nothing herein contained shall be construed to prevent the compounding or sale of any such liquors by a regular pharmacist or druggist now having a license for such business under the laws of this state, upon the written bona fide prescription of a regular practicing physician of such district, whose name shall be signed thereto; and every such prescription shall be filed and kept by such pharmacist or druggist, and no one prescription shall serve for more than one purchase; but no physician shall make or sign any such prescription unless the person for whom it is made is actually sick or such liquor is absolutely required as a medicine; and any physician who shall, after said first day of May next succeeding said election, make or sign any prescription for such liquor, except as provided for her in shall be deemed guilty of a violation of this act, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined not less than fifty nor more than one hundred dollars and costs for each offense, and be committed by the court wherein such conviction is had, until such fine and costs are paid; nor shall anything herein contained be construed to prohibit a sale by such pharmacist or druggist in case of extreme illness when delay would be dangerous to the patient.

SEC. 4. And be it enacted, that if on and after the said first day of May next succeeding said election, any person or persons, firm, company or body corporate shall in any election district of said county wherein a majority of the votes aforesaid have been cast "Against license," and proclamation thereof made as aforesaid, sell or otherwise barter or dispose of, directly or indirectly, any spirituous, fermented or intoxicating liquors, or medicated bitters producing intoxication, or any compound of which alcohol forms the chief or principal ingredient as aforesaid, and except as aforesaid, he, she or they shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined for each and every offense not less than fifty nor more one hundred dollars, and for every offense subsequent to any conviction of a violation of this law, the minimum as well as the maximum of said fine shall be doubled, the cost of every conviction to be in every case paid by the prisoner or person found guilty of a violation of this law, and in every case the party is to stand committed until his fine and costs are paid, and for a second and every subsequent offense the person so offending shall, in addition to said fine and costs, be imprisoned for not less than thirty days nor more than six months; the one-half of said fines imposed in this and the preceding section to be paid by the Sheriff to the actual informer, under order of the court, and the other half to be paid over to the proper authorities for the support of the public schools of the said county; and it shall be the duty of the said Clerk of Court to inform the grand jury of any previous conviction or convictions of any person or persons so offending upon the request of the grand jury of said county; and the said grand jury shall endorse upon or make it a part of their presentments and indictment by them found, the number of times, if any, that the person or persons presented and indicted by them shall have been previously convicted of a violation of this law.

SEC. 6. And be it enacted, that the Judges of the Circuit Court for said county shall give this act in charge to the grand jury of said county at every jury term of said Circuit Court.

SEC. 7. And be it enacted, that this act shall effect no change in the existing statue of law in any district of said county until and unless a change be made, as provided in the other sections of this act.

SEC. 8. And be it enacted, that it shall be the duty of the Judges, or any one thereof, of the Circuit Court for said county, upon the written petition of at least one third in number of the registered voters of the number of votes cast at the next preceeding general election in any election district of said county presented to such Judge or Judges at any time after any general election in this State, and prior to the first day of August preceeding the next congressional election following thereon, unless a counter petition from said district, larger in number than the first, is presented to said Judge or Judges before the first day of September following, in which event said Judge or Judges shall either take no action on the first petition, or countermand what action has been taken, as the case may require to pass an order within thirty days after the filing of said petition with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for said county, directing the said Clerk to proclaim notice of a new election, to be held at the next congressional election in any such election district, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors and medicated bitters producing intoxication, as hereinbefore specified, in such election district; and the Clerk of said Court shall give special notice thereof to the Sheriff of said county, whose duty it shall be, under penalty for neglect or refusal as is now, or hereafter may be, provided by law for such neglect or refusal in regard to proclamation of other elections held in this State, to give notice of the same at the time he shall give notice of the election to be held for a member of Congress of the United States from the said Sixth Congressional District of Maryland next following the filing of said petition and passing of the order thereon hereinbefore specified.

SEC. 9. And be it enacted, that the provisions of this act shall not apply to any parts of an election district of said county wherein the sale of liquor or other fermented spirits is now prohibited by law.

SEC. 10. And be it enacted, that this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved April 4, 1896.

CHAPTER 44.

AN ACT To repeal Section nine of Article 12 of the Public Local Laws, title "Garrett County," sub-title "Birds and Game," as amended by Chapter 670 of the Acts of Assembly of 1894, to re-enact the same with amendments.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland that Section 9 of Article 12 of the Public Local Laws, title "Garrett County," sub-title "Birds and Game," as amended by Chapter 670 of the Acts of Assembly of 1894, be and the same is hereby repealed and re-enacted, so as to read as follows, viz.:

It shall not be lawful for any person to kill or destroy in said county any woodcock or partridge between the first day of December and the first day of October in each year; or to kill or destroy in any manner any pheasant between the date of the passage of this Act and the first day of October in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven. From and after the first day of October in said year 1897, it shall be unlawful for any person to kill or destroy, or try to destroy, any pheasant in said county except during the months of October and November, in each year; and it shall be unlawful to snare or entrap any woodcock, partridge or pheasant at any season of the year whatsoever.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted that this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved March 13, 1896.

CHAPTER 55.

AN ACT To prohibit gunning and fishing in Garrett county, Maryland, on the Sabbath day.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, that any person or persons caught fishing, gunning or hunting in any manner on Sunday in Garrett county, Maryland, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined for the first offense not less than ten nor more than fifty dollars, and for the second offense not less than twenty nor more than one hundred dollars.

SEC. 2. And be it further enacted, that it shall be lawful for any bona fide resident of said county to arrest any person detected in the violation of this act and arraign said person so offending before the nearest Justice of the Peace of said county, and all fines imposed under the foregoing provisions of this Act shall go, one-half to the informer and one-half to the School Commissioners of Garrett county, to be applied to the county school fund.

SEC. 3. And be it enacted, that this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved March 19, 1896.

CHAPTER 373.

AN ACT To prevent trespassing for the purpose of hunting or fishing on enclosed lands in Garrett county, Maryland, without the consent of the owner.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, that any person or persons who shall enter upon the enclosed land of any person or persons or body corporate in Garrett county, Maryland, with intent to hunt or fish on same, without first having obtained permission so to do, from the owner or owners of said land, or from his, her, their or its agent, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof before any Justice of the Peace of said county, be fined not less than one nor more than twenty dollars, and in default of payment of said fine together with the costs of prosecution, shall be by said Justice of the Peace committed to the county jail for not less than one nor more than twenty days.

SEC. 2. And be it further enacted, that all fines collected under the foregoing Section shall be paid by the Justice of the Peace before whom such conviction was had, over to the county School Commissioners of said county for the use of the school thereto, within thirty days after having received the same and shall take duplicate receipts therefor from said School Commissioners one of which he shall file with the County Commissioners of said Garrett county.

SEC. 3. And be it further enacted, that all acts or parts of acts inconsistent with the provisions of this act, be and the same are hereby repealed.

SEC. 4. And be it enacted that this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

Approved April 4, 1896.

CHAPTER 394.

AN ACT To divide Election District Number Seven, of Garrett county, into two precincts.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, that Election District No. 7 of Garrett county be and the same is hereby divided into two voting precincts to be known respectively as the "First" and "Second election precincts," of the seventh election district of said county. The division line between the said precincts shall be as follows: The first precinct shall be the territory within the following outlines, to-wit: All that part of election district number seven as now laid out and established, east of the Hooppole road and on the east side of Third street in the town of Oakland, and the Aurora road. The second precinct shall be the territory of said district as now laid out and established, on the west side of Third street in the town of Oakland and the Aurora road. The voting or polling place for the said first precinct shall be at the court house in Oakland, and the voting or polling place for the said second precinct shall be at the council chamber of the town of Oakland.

SEC. 2. For the purpose of registration, the clerk of the Circuit Court for said county shall provide the register of voters for said district, before the time of registration of voters, under the provisions of Article 33 of the Code of Public General Laws, with two duplicate registry books for the registration of the voters of said respective precincts, and the said register of voters shall at his session of 1896 make a full registry of the voters of said respective precincts from the registration book of said district, allotting such voters to the precinct in which they respectively reside, by transcribing the names of such voters from the present registry of voters for said district, or in case of a new registration under any amendment of said Article 33 of the Code of Public General Laws, the said register of voters shall register anew in said respective registries the names of all qualified voters in said respective precincts as shall apply to him and prove the proper qualifications for registry. In case the said register shall have to make a transcript instead of new registration he shall be allowed a sum not exceeding forty dollars to be paid by the County Commissioners of said county for such transcript.

Approved, March 4, 1896.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ¼ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

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FROM ST. LOUIS.

"M. A. Y." Writes From the Convention City.

To the Editor of The Republican.

ST. LOUIS, MO., May 26, 1896.

St. Louis is the political Mecca to which all eyes are turning to-day.

What is probably the finest building ever erected for convention purposes has just been completed and is now in the hands of the decorators. Fourteen thousand chairs are all ready to be placed in position and many thousands of flags and huge rolls of bunting. Every foot of interior wood work will be covered with some sort of emblems.

The plan is to tell the political history of the country through the medium of banners and bunting, all unfolding from a common centre.

Exactly in the middle of the ceiling will be an immense star, made up of three foot silk flags, from which all the decorations will radiate. Branching out from this to the four corners of the auditorium are four lines composed of the flags of all nations, intended to denote that the eyes of all the world are on the United States. Suspended from the central star will float a Presidential flag twenty-four feet square. The eight girders are covered with red, white and blue bunting, and in the centre of each panel will be a twenty foot panel holding a shield on which perches an eagle twelve feet from tip to tip. Each one of the forty-four posts is capped with a large shield, a group of flags and the name of a state.

Suspended from the gallery rail and looped gracefully back are beautiful silk banners seven feet long and four and a half wide, each with a coat of arms of one of the states emblazoned on it and heavily trimmed with gold bullion fringe.

Over the speakers' stand will be an immense portrait of Washington surrounded by a circle of thirteen silk flags, emblematic of the original thirteen states. The outer border of the design is composed of one flag for each of the forty-eight states and territories. An eagle beneath the portrait holds in its talons the flags of the navy.

Lincoln's, Grant's and Sheridan's portraits occupy conspicuous places among the decorative effects. A portrait of Admiral Farragut is almost buried in a drift of national naval code colors. The railings are to be draped with navy crimson plush, edged with gold bullion fringe a foot deep. In the centre of the press box is an immense shield bearing the inscription "The pen is mightier than the sword," done in raised letters made with silk flags.

Ninety-six tables will be placed for the use of the reporters. Applications for admission have been made for two thousand correspondents, but only four hundred and eighteen can be accommodated.

The expenses of the St. Louis committee have already exceeded by $30,000 the original subscription guaranteed when this city was in the race for the convention. The chairman of the committee and several of the committeemen are Democrats, and it is likely they will have to go deep down into their own pockets to meet the deficit. The decorations alone will cost $15,000 and will be the finest ever seen inside a public building. They are in charge of the man who decorated the Atlanta exposition buildings.

To help "raise the wind" season admissions will be given to all who are willing to pay $40 apiece for them. Conventions come high but we will have them. All the hotel space is taken, Ohio alone having secured accommodations for 5,000 persons. Private houses are now being canvassed and catalogued for accommodations.

If the delegates can take time to look around while here they will see a city with the most beautiful suburbs on the continent of North America. West of Grand avenue (or 36th street) running out to 60th street they will find 40,000 prosperous people living in elegant detached villas of most beautiful architectural variety, surrounded by ample grounds and shaded by leafy colonnades of clustering trees, where six years ago there was only here and there a farm and here and then a lonely looking house.

Forest Park, Tower Grove Park and Shaw's Garden are among the loveliest in the United States, in fact Shaw's Garden excels anything of the kind in the world except the Jardin de Plante of Paris.

I don't know whether I will be stepping on a tender editorial toe or not, but candor compels me to confess that there are many of his own party who distrust Major McKinley. I heard a McKinley delegate say a few days ago, "If lies were legal tender I could pay all my debts and start a bank on the broken promises McKinley has made to me, yet I am going to vote for him, but I have no confidence in him." Look out for a "dark horse." M. A. Y.

Call for Your Letters.

Mr. Philip H. Dorsey, Mr. A. Werner, Mabel Londo.

Mountain Lake Park Program Attractions.

A celebrated band of 20 pieces, a superb organization, in two concerts daily. Prof. W. H. Pontius a prince among Chorus Directors and a superb teacher of vocal culture. The Rhineberger Lady Quartette, second to none. The Shumann Male Quarteete, the best in America. The Jolly Mandolin and Guitar Club, of Washington-Jefferson College. The Tyrolean Troubadours, Swiss Singers from Tyrol Mountains, dressed in costume; accompanied by Elmer P. Ranson, the Conjurer, in many mystifying tricks. Mme. Cecili Epinghouen Bailey, the "Southern Nightingale" the most attractive Soprano in America. Miss Bertha Lucas, a charming Violinist. Miss Cornelia Meinhardt and Miss Evelyn A. Cooper, unsurpassed as Duet Violinists. Nina Drummond Leavitt, the great Lady Banjoist-Vocalist plantation melodies vocalized in the most unapproachable manner. Miss Estelle Harrington, of Chicago, and Miss Mable Vella, of Boston, two delightful Soloists.

Lecturers and entertainers. The best known preacher in the world, and the highest priced lecturer on the platform, Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage. The foremost statesman-orator of this decade, Gen. John B. Gordon. The charming Biographer Leon H. Vincent. The Perennial Favorite, John DeWitt Miller. The Golden-Mouthed Kentuckian, Col. George W. Bain. The Favorite Stereopticon lecturer, Dr. Frank R. Roberson. The Incomparable Impersonator, Herbert A Sprague. The Captivating and Scholarly Dr. W. H. Crawford. The enthusiastic Field Secretary of the C. L. S. C. Rev. Geo. M. Brown. The Impressive Statesman-Lecturer, Congressman N. M. Howard. The well known Preacher-Lecturer, Rev. H. E. Jameson. The Famous Knapsack Traveller, Eugine May. The Poet-Reader, J. Edmond V. Cooke. The Famous Delineator of Mountain Life in North Carolina and Negro Dialect, Miss Anna Virginia Culbertson. The Scholarly and interesting Prof. Chas. Sprague-Smith. The well-known Poet, and Ex-Consul to Scotland, Hon. Wallace Bruce. The bright and inspiring Dr. Wilbur G. Williams. The thoughtful and interesting Dr. H. W. Kellogg. Prof. N. M. Hammil, will teach the Sunday School Normal Class. Miss Bertha Vella, will have charge of the Children and Primary Teachers.

What more could you ask? No more brilliant and attractive program will be presented in America this year.

Summer Vacation Tours.

The Baltimore & Ohio R. R. Co. now has on sale at all its offices east of the Ohio River a full line of tourist excursion tickets to all the lake, mountain and seashore resorts in the Eastern and Northern States and in Canada. These tickets are valid for return journey until October 31st. Before deciding upon your summer outing it would be well to consult the B. & O. book of "Routes and Rates for Summer Tours." All B. & O. Ticket Agents at principal points have them, or they will be sent upon receipt of ten cents for postage, by Chas. O. Scull, Gen'l Passenger Agent, B. & O. R. R. Baltimore, Md. 4 t

From St. John's College.

ANNAPOLIS, June 1, 1896.

To the Editor of The Republican.

Commencement exercises of St. John's college will begin June 12th and end June 17th, when the degrees will be conferred on the graduating class. Charles H. Shaffer, of District No. 8, Garrett county, having the highest average, will deliver the valedictory. Mr. Shaffer has easily held first place ever since he entered St. John's in 1892. He has made a splendid record in that especially difficult study of mathematics, having an average for the last three years of ninety-six per cent. This is the highest average made in this branch for a number of years. In physics, studied chiefly as applied mathematics, he has an average of ninety-nine per cent.

In the military department he also stands high. He has the best record in class room work and made also an excellent officer in the battalion and was one of the three that are reported each year to the War Department as being especially proficient in military science.

The boys of Garrett county have always done well at St. John's, coming from a county that has the shortest term of school of any in the state, they have always distinguished themselves when placed in active competition with those from the best preparatory schools in the country. E. H. Sincell, '83; Jas. D. Hamill, '87; James A. Nydegger, '90, and C. Elwood Offutt, '97, have all left records here of which their native county may well be proud. Hoping that Garrett may always be so well represented, I am.

Yours truly, W. R. O.

This is War.

We had been fighting in the edge of the woods. Every cartridge-box had been emptied and one-fourth of the brigade had melted away in dead, wounded and missing. We knew that we were being driven foot by foot, and that when we broke once the line would go to pieces and the emeny pour through the gap. Here comes help. Down the crowded highway gallops a battery. The field fence is scattered, the ammunition chests open, and along our lines runs the order, "Give them one more volley and fall back to support the guns." We have hardly obeyed when boom! boom! opens the battery and jets of fire jump down and scorch the green trees under which we fought. The shattered old brigade has time to breath for the first time in three hours as we form a line and lie down. What grim cool fellows those cannoneers are. Every man is a machine. Bullets splash dust in their faces but they do not wince. Bullets sing over and around but they do not dodge. There goes one to the ground shot though the head as he sponged his gun. That machinery loses just one beat, misses just one cog in the wheel and then goes on as before. Every gun is using fuse shells. The ground shakes and trembles, the roar shuts out all sounds from a line three miles long and shells go shrieking into the swamp to cut trees short off, to mow great gaps in the bushes, to hunt out and shatter and mangle men until their corpses cannot be recognized as human. You would think a tornado was howling through the forest, followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it—aye, press forward to capture the battery. We can hear their shouts as they form for the rush. Now the shells are changed for grape and canister, and guns are fired so fast that all blend into one mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is the wickedest sound in war; but nothing makes the flesh crawl like the demoniacal singing, purring, whistling grapeshot, and the serpent like hiss of canister. Men's legs and heads are torn from their bodies. A round shot or shell takes two men out of the ranks as it crushes through. Grape and canister mow a swath and pile the dead on top of each other. Through the smoke we see a swarm of men. It is not a battle line, but a mob of men desperate enough to bathe the bayonets in the flame of the guns. The guns leap from the gound almost, as they are depressed on the foe, and shrieks and screams and shouts are blended into one awful and steady cry. Twenty men out of the battery are down, and the firing is interrupted. The foe accept it as a sign of wavering and come rushing on. They are not ten feet away when the guns give them a last shot; that discharge picks living men up off their feet and throws them into the swamp a blackened, bloody mass. Up, now, as the enemy are among the guns! There is silence for ten seconds, and then the flash and roar of 3,000 muskets and we rush forward with bayonets. For what? Neither on the right nor left nor in front of us a living foe There are corpes around us which have been struck by three or four and even six bullets and no where on this acre of ground is a wounded man. The wheels of the guns cannot move until that blockado of dead is removed. Men cannot pass from caisson to gun without climbing over winrows of dead. Every gun and wheel is smeared with blood; every foot of grass has its horrible stain. Historians write of the glory of war.—Our Dumb Animals.

Real Estate Transfers.

List of real estate transfers recorded in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county Md, during the month of May, 1896:

John T. Mitchell, attorney, to Minerva C. Long, military lots Nos. 3331, 3340, 3344 and 3262, except 4 acres and 28 perches being the property of Daniel Hinebaugh; $500.

Minerva C. Long to John T. Mitchell, same property as above; $500.

John H. Roth and wife to Alpheus L. Roth, military lot 1202; $250.

Gilmor S. Hamill, attorney, to John H. Beckman, all of the interest of John W. Painter, Nina F. Painter and V. May Painter in and to military lots Nos. 1817, 1819, 1822 and 1824; $1,600.

John T. Mitchell and wife to John E. Gnagey, 53 acres, more or less, of the Daniel Hinebaugh farm adjoining the town of Accident; $1,450.

John T. Mitchell and wife to William G. Goehringer, 105½ acres, more of less, of the Daniel Hinebaugh farm adjoining the town of Accident; $2,050.

Price S. Lish and wife to Andrew Friend, six-sevenths interest in about 47 acres of the tract of land called "The Gleangs;" 400.

Sylvanus J. Nutter and wife to George W. Cadwell, three acres and 55 square rods of land; $78.67.

Peter Culp and wife to George W. Caldwell, four acres and 87 square rods of land. $90.

William Burkholder and wife to Chaddie Hager part of military lot No. 2303, containing 10 acres; $275.

Elizabeth Brown to Joseph Goodwin and William H. Green 200 acres of the tract of land called "Walnut Hill," $2500.

James P. Wiley and wife to Chaddie Hager, one acre of military lot No. 2315; $5.

Gilmor S. Hamill and wife to Albert G. Lipscomb, military lots Nos. 1114 and 1115; $650.

Horace R. Chaney to Sarah A. Puffenbarger, thirty acres and 55 perches of land; $400.

Sarah J. Miller and husband to Agnes C. Garlitz, part of lot No. 13 and the track of land called "Walnut Hills;" $1.

William W Sweet and wife to The Co-operative Rural Supply Company of Garrett county, part of "Alderson's Meadows" at Loch Lynn Heights, containing 2 and 26-100 acres; also another piece of land containing 17 and 54-100 acres except the lot conveyed to Ruth A. Crane; $1, etc.

The Mountain Home Company to John L. Rice, lots number V and W in block No. 35 on the plat of the Mountain Home company; $150.

The Yough Manor Land Company to John A. Burch, 100 acres of "Yough Manor"; $300.

Noah Wiland to Edward Wiland one peice of land containing 93 acres, and a part of "Swanton", containing 10 acers; $800.

James C. Peddicord, trustee, to D. James Blackiston, the Kalbaugh property in Mountain Lake Park.

Truman W. Casteel and wife to Job F. W. Griffith, five acres and 48 perches of the land called "John and Mary;" $400.

Sarah P. Newman and husband to Homer C. Smouse and wife, lot No. 25 on McCarty's plat of Oakland; $600.

Abraham Lee and wife to Andrew J. Burgess, military lot 2888; $1000

Noah Humbertson to Franklin Humberston, 100 acres of land known by the name of Granary; $1,800.

Franis M. Garlitz and wife to Richard E. Garlitz, corner store building lot in Avilton; $15.

Franklin Humbertson and others to Noah Humbertson, lots Nos. 7 and 8 in Steelo,s new addition to Friendsville; $200.

John W. Blocher to Ellen R. Blocher, a piece of land known as the Home Place; also part of the tract known as Grassy Cabin; also military lots 2050, 2051 and 2052; also another piece containing 7½ acres; $5 and natural love and affection.

Howard Nethkin to Lloyd Chambers, the west half of military lot 1064; $600.

D. James Blackiston to Lewis A. Rudisill, the Kalbaugh property in Mountain Lake Park; $1,637.50.

Edward H. Sincell, trustee, to John H. Roth, 41 acres of the tract of land called "Sandy Spring;" $246.

Edward H. Sincell, trustee, to Alpheus L. Roth and Oscar C. Roth, 101¼ acres of "Sandy Spring;" $708.75.

Harry Thayer to Mary Thayer, lot No 1172 on the plat of Mountain Lake Park; $100.

William H. Steele and wife to Mrs. Tillie Lee, ten acres of the "Gleanings;" $100.

George W. Frazee and wife to J. M. Lowdermilk, fourteen acres of military lot 3311; $70.

Clara C. Roth and husband to George Shartzer, parts of Military Lots Nos. 929 and 930, containing 107¾ acres more or less; $3,005.

Daniel E. Offutt, Administrator, of Maria L. Deakins, decd.. to Wm. F. Deakins, eight acres and 3100 sq. ft. of "Winston;" $300.

Andrew Friend to Mary Friend, an undivided six-sevenths interest in 47 acres of the tract of land called the "Gleanings;" $400.

Jacob S. Meyers to William H. H. Friend, two acres and 12 perches of Military Lot 3142; $25.00

Elizabeth Beachy and others to Peter Beachy, 43¾ acres of land; $875.

D. James Blackiston, attorney, to Robert A. Ravenscroft, the Mayers drug store property in the town of Oakland; $3,850

Reduced rates to Cumberland.

The Firemen's Association of Maryland will meet in Cumberland June 10 to 12.

For this occasion the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell round trip tickets to Cumberland at a fare and a third for the round trip from Pittsburg, Uniontown, Frederick, Hagerstown, Baltimore, Annapolis and from all ticket stations on its lines in Maryland, District of Columbia and Virginia, for all trains of June 9 to 12, valid for return passage until June 13th.

THE

Maryland Building and Loan Association

of Garrett County.

OFFICERS:

ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney.
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencies.

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock:

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.

EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL

ROOFING.

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In affect May 24, 1896.

SOUTHWARD	STATIONS	NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1	No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.	NOON	P. M.
2 30	8 00 lv	Cumberland ar	12 00	7 30
2 57	8 31	Rawlings	11 29	6 59
3 20	8 56	Keyser	11 01	6 33
3 33	9 09	Westernport	10 51	6 23
3 36	9 12	W. Va. C. June.	10 48	6 20
4 01	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5 55
4 25	10 01	Harrison	10 00	5 33
5 10	10 45 ar	Elk Garden	8 55	4 20
5 00	10 35 lv	Gorman	9 21	5 00
5 06	10 11	Bayard	9 15	4 54
5 17	10 52	Bobolin	9 01	4 41
5 50	11 23	Thomas	8 34	4 05
6 25	11 55 ar	Davis	8 00	3 25
5 58	11 27 lv	Coketon	8 31	4 02
6 19	11 51	Hendricks	7 59	3 30
6 25	11 57	Bretz	7 51	3 25
6 28	12 00	Parsons	7 51	3 22
7 00	12 30	Kerens	7 28	2 47
7 30*	1 00 ar	Elkins	lv 7 00	2 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
				P. M.
	2 55* ar	Bealington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Enterprise Tanning Company will be held at their office in Hutton, Md., at 2 p. m.,

Tuesday, June 16, 1896,

for the election of a board of directors and the transaction of such other business as may regularly come before them.

U. G. PALMER, Sec. and Treas.

13-td

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., June 2, 1896.

The County Commissioners will meet at their office in Oakland on

Tuesday, June 9, 1896,

For the purpose of transacting any business that may come before them.

By order of the board.

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

A Chance for Farmers to Improve Their Stock.

EMPEROR WILKES

TIME, 2.28.

PEDIGREE:

EMPEROR WILKES, by Ethan Wilkes 6417, dam Mary M.; Ethan Wilkes by George Wilkes, dam Lady Ethan; George Wilkes by Hambletonian 10, dam Dolly Spanker; Lady Ethan by Ethan Allan 43, dam Topsy dam of Hambletonian Mambrino Mary M. by Mambrino Rattler; dam by Brignolia 77, dam by Hopeful; Mambrino Rattler by Mambrino Chief 11, dam by Rattler 77.

M. Maroney & Son have decided to stand this horse at their stables in Oakland during the season of 1896 for the small sum of

$10.00 INSURANCE.

M. MARONEY & SON, Owners.

9—2m

APPEAL SESSION.

Tax-payers of Oakland, take notice, That the Town Council of Oakland will sit at the Council Chamber in said town on

MONDAY, JUNE 1, 1896,

from 2 to 4 o'clock p. m., and from 8 to 10 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of hearing appeals and making transfers upon the assessment books of said town.

By order Council.

11—td J. C. DUNHAM, Clerk.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	Daily	2.46 A. M
No. 3	Daily	7.07 A. M
No. 71	Accom daily except Sun	9.50 A. M
No. 47	Daily	10.30 A. M
No. 5	Express, daily	6.22 P. M
No. 15	Accommodation daily	8.45 P. M
No. 1	Daily	10.00 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	Daily	5.50 A. M
No. 2	Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 14	Accommodation daily	9.40 A. M
No. 72	Accom daily except Sun	4.25 P. M
No. 46	Daily	5.02 P. M
No. 4	Daily	12.20 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.

C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the new county road, beginning at a point near the bridge that crosses savage river on the Grantsville and Bittinn road, running through the lands of Elias Merrill, Amos Broadwater, John Broadwater, Mrs. Pamale Weltzell, Wm. H. Merrill and John F. Rodeson to intersect the road leading from Noah Garlitz's mill to the head of A. J. Lancaster's lane, a distance of four miles, and examine whether the said new road should be made, will meet on the

FOURTH DAY OF JUNE, 1896,

for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said new road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

JOHN J. MICHAEL,
F. P. GREEN,
DAVID S. WAMPLER, } Examiners.

EXAMINERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, appointed by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, to view the lands through which the new public road, beginning at a point on the Oakland and Deer Park road, about fifteen rods westerly from the intersection of said road and the road leading past the B. & O. hotels, and running through the land of the B. & O. Railroad company, with the new road to the line of James Sweet Frick then with his line and through the land of said B. & O. Railroad company to D. E. Offutt's land, and through his land along the line between him and M. J. Garrett to the land of R. H. Gordon and others, and through the land of Gordon, John K. Shaw and S. D. McKee, following the old road if practicable, to intersect one of the streets of the Mt. Lake Park Association at or near the dam, a distance of about two miles, and examine whether the said public road should be made, will meet on the

9th DAY OF JUNE, 1896,

for such purpose, and to determine whether the public convenience requires the said new road, and if so, to locate the same, and perform their duty in the premises.

L. A. RUDISILL,
JOHN T. MITCHELL,
E. W. KELSO. } Examiners.

THE

G. E. PEARCE DRUG CO.,

OF FROSTBURG, MD.

We have probably the largest stock of goods in the drug line in Western Maryland.

P. D. & CO. and S. and D. pharmaceutical preparations always in stock, supplied to physicians at jobbers' prices.

OUR LINE OF

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES AND WINDOW GLASS

IS LARGE AND COMPLETE.

We sell and guarantee LUCAS TINTED GLASS PAINT at $1.25 per gallon.

9-2m

WHY SHOULD YOU SEND YOUR CHILD

—TO—

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

1st. He (or she) can be prepared for college; he can study book-keeping, shorthand, typewriting, etc., and be fitted for business; he can begin his course in medicine or pharmacy under a teacher who has made the subject of chemistry a specialty.

2nd. It is a home school (co-educational and for a limited number) and is conducted with all the loving, care-taking ministrations for individual development that the name implies.

3rd. Students require the most bracing, nerve-building climate, and here they have it. Among the recreations are skating, boating, tennis, bowling.

4th. English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, German, Musical and Art courses. Bible study and high ethical teaching will fit him for a noble Christian career.

E. H. SWAN, Principal,
Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

18-1yr.

THE SILVER CHAMBER.

BY ROGER POCOCK.

MINING (queried the stranger) — mining? Wall, now I claim to be posted on mining. Didn't I take hold of the Let - Her - Go-Gallagher silver mine when stock was down at nothing, and make it worth three fifty within a year? Ever hear of the Let-Her-Go-Gallagher? Oh, but you ought to, for Gallagher stock has been glammocking around on London 'change since 1880. A pretty straight silver proposition was the Let-Her-Go-Gallagher. An American miner would have stocked her at $100,000 and make dividends; but pshaw! What can you expect of a gang of Britishers? A company promoter picked her up cheap from the assigns of a busted Jew, got up a syndicate, with Lord Guineapig for president, and, times being so-so, palmed off $1,000,000 worth of stock on the mugginses. Then he invested the plunder in his wife's name, went smash and got whitewashed in bankruptcy.

So there was the Let-Her-Go-Gallagher like a white elephant on the hands of Lord Guineapig and his mugginses What was they going to do? Work the mine? Well, you see, Lord Guineapig's younger brother was a mining expert, and the mugginses—mostly preachers and widows—were proud to be humbugged by a lord, so the end of it was that the directors levied an assessment and started to work developing.

And, as I said, an American mining man with $1,000,000 would have made the mine pay, but it needs thundering big profits to distribute a dividend on $1,000,000. These tenderfeet began operations by renting a big place in the city, built a $250,000 granite building for offices in Denver, Col.; put up the wrong kind of mill, the wrong kind of smelter, and the wrong kind of works; then, to show how much they didn't know, gave the management to Hon. Augustus Guineapig. At the city offices there were clerks and flunkeys; at the Denver office, managers, clerks, typewriters and flunkeys; at the mine, assayers, experts, managers, clerks, typewriters and flunkeys. Moreover, they all had their horses, their dogs, their guns, their eyeglasses and their horsecloth overcoats.

Every time the assayer sent home a button of silver there was a champagne luncheon for the directors; every manager's report went as a puff to the newspapers, and the official photographer used to send large groups of the staff in their working clothes.

On 'change the stock wobbled up and wobbled down with every letter from Colorado; why, even the head of an elk, sent home by Hon. Augustus, sent it up three points. But at last all the capital was spent, no ore was in sight worth a cuss, and the shares were hard to sell in the city at three for a shilling.

That's when I met Lord Guineapig in Denver—blue as vitrol—for he'd got to report to his shareholders that they'd been sold again, poor suckers, and must make an assignment.

"Look-a-here," says I, "have you any particular hankering after liquidation?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Well, sir, seems to me that now you're in a nasty hole, it'd be superfluous to wallow around in it. 'Spose I take a-hold of your mine and make it pay; what'll you do for me in the way of shares?"

"Oh, I'll leave you our assayer, Mr. Gneissmann; Mr. Sniff, our accountant; the Hon. Augus—"

"Take 'em away and bury 'em," says I. "Them, their lordships, their horses, their dawgs, their guns, their blarsted

CRIED FIT TO BREAK HER HEART.

eyeglasses, and their horsecloth ulsters. I want your dead mine, but I ain't having no truck with the long procession of mourners. I want $5,000 down, absolute power and a third of the profits."

That's how I became manager of the Let-Her-Go-Gallagher Mine.

Takes a well educated liar to manage a mine. Most bosses, when they get into a paystreak, cable home: "Great Bonanza—immense returns coming." Of course, the stock goes up flying. Then when the engines bust, or a few men get smashed, they wire, "Dreadful catastrophe!" so that the shares go down, down, down, till the bottom drops out. Now, when I struck it rich, I kept my mouth shut till I'd filled up the safe against a rainy day; then I'd be able to have all sorts of smashups without their being any the wiser in the London market. Not that I did have much trouble beyond an occasional shooting scrap on a pay day. Fact is, my life was straight bliss save for one thing, and that was a Britisher.

It was Sniff, Lord Guineapig's old accountant, who knew no more of mining than a Freibourg expert, but the creature, having lots of wealth, had bought the mine next to ours, the Gallagher's Daddy. Now, I ain't prejudiced to speak of, but I never had any use for an English la-di-da son of a lord in checked pants and galters. It hated me, too, worse than pizen—blast its cheek! Not that I wasted my business hours hating, for I just kept my head shut unless I could give a chance mark in the eye to the Gallagher's Daddy.

Well, one night, who should come into my office but a young woman. Pretty as a picture she was, all wet and shivering, but her mouth was—gummy. Cry? Cried fit to break her little heart. Mr. Sniff, she said, was a beast—a horrid little beast; yes, that's what she said. Sniff had sent for her all the way from England, as his clerk and typewriter; then, when she showed up at the mine, coolly informed her that he had since written countermanding the order. Wouldn't take her out of the rain! Mad? I'd have killed the thing, but that, being midsummer, game was plumb out of season!

Pretty? A perfect little witch of a woman—black hair, black eyes that snapped, and a thin, oval, winsome sort of a face that bowled me right out. She had the cunningest, cutest little ways you ever seen, and a real lady, every inch. I took her right on my books as secretary, walked her over to the landlady at our boarding-shark, and had a cabin fixed up regardless! Oh, but she was a ripping clerk—smart as a stock broker, always busy, eager to learn, sharp as a steel trap with the books. She'd take down my letters in shorthand, whisk them off on the typewriter, keep the letter-book indexed up to the minute, run the postage stamps. Why, I got so used to her in a week that I barely took the trouble to sign what she wrote, much less see if it was correct. Fact is, I gave over my heart, the keys of the safe and the books. She ran me, she ran the office, and, if she liked, she was free to run the mine. How she did hate the Thing—that horrid, nasty Sniff!

Bit by bit she put me up to the scheme; little by little she led me on—I just burning to get quits with the Thing, if only for her sake. At least, she showed me how I could fairly knock the stuffing out of the Gallagher's Daddy.

You see, he'd struck it rich—lit onto a bonanza that was the talk of Colorado. The Silver Chamber, they called it—a mass of sulphurets and ruby silver, big as a church, running $2,000 a ton. It was right at my end of the ledge, within a few feet of the end of my third level drift, which had been rich to the very edge of my claim.

"Grab into it," said the sly little puss. "Trouble? Never fear. If you've got the pluck," says she, "I'll supply the brains. Now," says she, "I'll go around and begin by squaring Sniff's engineer—get around him in a jiffy—and we'll take such a rise out of old Sniff that he'll think he's sat down on dynamite."

We bribed Sniff's engineer, who disabled his hoisting gear in such a way the mine had to be closed while he sent down to Denver for skilled hands.

At that little cat's instigation, I took some carpenters by night to the Daddy's shaft. Lowering men with ropes, we got three solid brackets fixed to the timbering—say 40 feet down. Then we lowered down a tank of well-tarred lumber, which fitted nearly in the brackets, and filled up the shaft. Finally, we put in three feet of water, and stole away. Next morning the Thing came sauntering down to the works and when he looked down the shaft, there was the blackest water within a few feet of the top.

"Bai Joave! what a beastly shame!" It wailed. "Me mine's all full of water! Come, you men—you beastly engineer fellah—wig up the pumps!"

But the "beastly engineer fellah" couldn't "wig up the pump," because the said pump was busted.

Work? How we worked! Double shifts, double time, Sundays, holidays, hoisting out the bonanza sulphurets of the Gallagher's Daddy. The silver chamber—why, the name's pigwash to the reality. I never, in all my mining experience, saw such a haul. Think that Sniff petted? Think he found out, and had deputy sheriffs around my ears? Not a bit of it. The critter went off fishing; yes, fishing, and was the laughing stock of Colorado, while I hustled.

Ye gods! I was the blindest ass ever born! Never found it out till I'd worked the silver chamber down to the last ton; never till the last ounce was consigned to the smelting company down at Denver. I was down there for my holiday, when I met the manager of the Great Dinde smelting syndicate, and he greeted me with a regular horse laugh.

"Well, Mr. Philanthropist," says he, "how goes it?"

"'Philanthropists!' What do you mean?"

"Why, ain't you been working double shifts for the last three months and consigning every blessed dollar of your bullion to the credit of the Gallagher's Daddy?"

"You're mad!" says I.

"Well, I've been thinking it was you who'd gone looney—unless you've mortgaged body and soul to Mr. Sniff."

A light broke in on me. "Let's see the books," I howled, "and my letters."

Yes, it was the cold, paralyzed truth, I'd been victimized—horribly victimized, by that little she-cat. While I signed letters without glancing at them, she'd written strict orders, from me, that all bullion was to be credited to Sniff of the Gallagher's Daddy.

While he was away fishing, with scarcely six men to go on his pay roll, I'd been working his mine at the expense of my company, and handing over the whole proceeds to his bankers. It was a horrible put-up job. That she-fiend of a secretary had been sent down by the critter in revenge. She was his wife, newly out from England—Mrs. Sniff, of the Gallagher's Daddy mine.

Can you ask? Can you torture the heartstrings of a ruined man? I skipped the country that night, and the Let-Her-Go-Gallagher Silver Mining syndicate, limited, is a busted community.—N. Y. Herald.

—Georgians are "Buzzards," from a state law protecting these birds.

BROOKLYN BRIDGE IS DOOMED.

When Vibration Ceases the Great Structure Will Probably Fall.

The Brooklyn bridge is doomed. Civil engineers are speculating now as to its length of life. Their attention has been attracted to it by the discovery that the span of life of steel structure is much more limited than popularly supposed.

Its life is largely numbered by its vibrations. It has been found that every bridge can stand so many and then the end comes like the sudden stoppage of a human pulse. In his laboratory in Long Island city Prof. Alvah H. Sabin, an eminent authority on the deteriorating influences that steel structures are subjected to, is laboring night and day to discover some protection against the dreaded effect of corrosion and rust. His investigations have led engineers to turn their eyes to steel bridges, and more particularly to the Brooklyn bridge, as its life interests two cities. To engineers such structures always appear lifelike, and they refer to their "birth" and "nature" and "ailments" much the same as if they were discussing the anatomy of a human being.

Prof. Sabin said when seen: "There are many deteriorating influences which are even now sapping the life of the bridge. The principal trouble is the care of the cables, because the other parts which may be effected can all be replaced little by little."

"What precautions have been taken to care for the cables?" he was asked.

"I don't know what has been done for them, but I do know that if they are not thoroughly protected against corrosion in some way they will certainly wear away and become weakened."

A railroad engineer who was seen indorsed everything that had been said by Prof. Sabin, and added: "The fact of professional men making intricate and abstruse computations as to the probable life or period of actual durability of the bridge does not imply that it is unsafe or in any immediate danger of falling into desuetude or collapse. The question is not a hypothetical one, but is founded upon existing influences that are constantly tending toward deterioration and prospective results. These may have sufficed to suggest a doubt as to its durability.

"The rushing train traffic on the Brooklyn bridge, which is likely to be doubled in the next few years, is hastening this end, though it may yet be many decades distant. The vibrations resulting from this heavy train traffic are beyond computation. They rarely cease."

"What other ailments threaten the bridge?" was asked.

"Well, there are corrosion and rust; they are enemies of all iron. The corrosion caused by the vapor from salt water, which this aerial highway spans, is the worst in form, and its effect is most dire in destructiveness. The heavy train traffic cannot fail to cause the steel wire cables to sag in course of time, while the iron saddles upon which they rest on top of the towers must become affected by both rust and corrosion. Once the action of corrosion sets in the process of the chemical action is very quick. The whole iron structure is a moving one. The necessary provisions for expansion and contraction by heat and cold make it such. Thus there is constant friction to be added to the other causes of deterioration."

"How long will the Brooklyn bridge live?"

"Well, deprived of the heavy train traffic, the structure might last for centuries. But with the combination of influences adverse to its durability its days of utility appear to be numbered. It may see the end of its usefulness in 50 or 100 years, but it will always be possible to resuscitate and strengthen it by using cantilever iron beams beneath the big spans. This would give a new lease of life to the iron structure.

"The indications are, however, that long before the time for these anticipated changes arrives the bridge as it stands now will have become entirely inadequate for its intended purpose. Coming generations are likely to see the central portion removed and replaced by a double-deck bridge, with extension sidewalks running alongside of the present approaches and outside of the existing towers. The exigencies of the times will demand this. The passenger depots at either terminus of the bridge have already had to be enlarged and rebuilt on account of their incapacity. The same causes will in the future prevail in favor of other changes for the accommodation of the steadily increasing bridge traffic."—N. Y. Journal.

Tough Job for Small Man.

The occupation of a boiler inspector is one in which a man cannot grow fat without losing his job, and perhaps is a funny business in that respect. Each boiler inspected is drained of its contents, and then the inspector rigs himself for a dirty job and wriggles himself into the inside of it through the manhole. This aperture cannot well be made large enough to admit a large man, hence the smallest-sized fellows have the monopoly of the business. But though that fact may be funny, the business itself, getting into dirty and stifling places, and wriggling like a human worm into every hole and corner to know its real condition, is anything but fun. The most scrupulous care is required in these examinations, and, as everything is out of sight, the insurance company have to depend wholly upon the trustworthiness of their men. Hence these get pay that makes amends for all they have to undergo, sufficient, indeed, to keep them from getting too big for their business. —Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

—South Carolinians are "Weasels," "Sand Hillers" and "Rice Birds;" the first an illusion to the thinness of the early natives; the second, to their place of residence; the third, to a common crop and bird which feeds on it.

IDEAS FOR STOUT WOMEN.

Lose Flesh by Dieting and Wearing Certain Garments.

Some one has said of matrimony that "it is a sort of cage which all who are out desire to get in and all who are in desire to get out." This sentence may be applied to stoutness, for all thin people want to be stout, at least moderately stout, while all stout people ardently wish to be thin.

It must be confessed, however, that the thin people are by no means as eager for a change as their fat friends, who loudly groan and complain under their burden. Undue embonpoint ages a woman. At 28, if she weighs 14 or 16 stone, she looks to be over 40. Her step is heavy, she can no longer dance or walk or exercise with pleasure. Her clothes wear out more quickly and she is more difficult to dress to advantage. All this she feels and murmurs at despite the smoothness of her unwrinkled countenance and despite the fact that it is far easier for the stout to get thin than for the naturally thin to get stout.

All sweets and farinaceous foods must be avoided by the stout woman if she wishes to grow thin and the daintiest and lightest dishes indulged in.

I know it is a very trying ordeal to be present at a good dinner and allow the most tempting and appetizing plates to pass untasted, but think of it—it is still worse to grow positively fat, isn't it?

A stout woman must dine on a mutton cutlet and slice of dried toast, a little soup and drink claret and water, for whatever her searchings of heart, whatever her leanings, she must force herself to recognize that plain food taken sparingly and exercise will reduce weight. Self-restraint must be her motto and if she casts it aside she does it at her peril.

The ambition of the stout woman must be to have her size attract as little attention as possible, and if she wears dull stuffs the eye, so to say, glances off and is not fixed by any unusual brilliancy. Stripes are advantages for the skirt, but not so much so for the bodice. Broadly speaking, however, all pekine materials worn in their length are becoming.

The bodice should be cut all in very sloping V's, with downward points. If she consults her interests she will be careful to have the underarm seam long, and to do this will, if necessary, have to bring it more to the front of the armhole than is usual. The basque must be cut away on the hips and the sleeves droop slightly, as is the mode. For street wear short mantles will be found best; jackets are rarely suitable, but if adopted should be of the reefer shape.

In dressing her hair a woman must always avoid ugly "corners" at her temples, by so arranging the fringe as to cover these bare spots prettily. If she has wide cheeks she must by no means adopt a narrow coiffure, as this will give her face the shape of a pear, smallest at the forehead and broadening out like that of Louis Phillipe.

Mrs. Russell Hovey, one of the greatest authorities on matters of dress, once said: "Fat is only an injury to beauty when it spoils the shape. It keeps the skin smooth and unwrinkled and so is often a benefit to women when it comes to advancing years. What we have to do is to make size expressive. We must have long lines to enhance the height and heavy fabrics to obscure by their folds unsightly protuberances. The fat woman who in a tailor-made gown shows off every inch of her bulk is a deplorable spectacle. She might, with proper dressing, look big and grand, soft and lovely, so as to make little women and men look mean and commonplace beside her. The great secret for anyone who is over-stout, therefore, is not to show her outlines.

"For those who regard the corset an absolute necessity let me whisper in their ears this little piece of advice: Never fasten it by a single lace, but by three, after the French fashion. Of these the first should come from the shoulder to within an inch or two of the waist. The second should begin about an inch or so below the waist and continue to the end of the corset. Both these should be firmly fastened off and should not vary in size at any time, being left very open, so as to allow the figure and especially the chest full liberty to expand. The third, the only one to be tightened or loosened at will, comes in the middle from a little above to a little below the waist, and left quite loose in the morning may be gradually drawn in if it be necessary to put on a close-fitting gown."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Don'ts for Mothers.

Don't nag.
Don't be too severe.
Don't break your promises.
Don't neglect your husband for the baby.
Don't spoil the children by overindulgence.
Don't talk about the children in their hearing.
Don't forget that you were once a child yourself.
Don't forget that your friends can hardly be expected to share your own absorbing interest in your infants.
Don't claim that the children inherited all their bad qualities from their father and all their good ones from you.
Don't forget that every child should be entitled to a happy childhood, and that in later life you may not have the power or privilege of making it happy or guarding it from unhappiness.—Detroit Free Press.

A Big Shark.

A shark measuring 16 feet in length is announced as having been captured lately in the harbor of Sydney, N. S. W. The fish's stomach, on being opened, was found to contain a large dog's collar, a man's coat, a briarwood pipe, some coppers and a great number of safety pins.

—In 1839, by an act of parliament, the use of dogs in London to draw carts as beasts of burden was abolished.

A New Country.

A party of tourists were examining one of the large trees of California. One of the party remarked:

"What a magnificent specimen! Surely it must be the oldest tree in the world!"

An Irishman who was with the party cried out: "Now faith, how could that be?" and burst out into laughter. "Surely anyone knows this is a new country, and how the mischief could that tree be ould?"—Harper's Round Table.

One Good Turn, Etc.

Mr. Hayseed—I'm glad we sent Miss Fliptop that handsome easter, even if it did cost the price of a ham. We're to have the finest kind of seats at the church, Mariah—reserved, too.

Mrs. Hayseed—Who told you so?

"Here it is on the card; 'R. S. V. P.' That must mean reserved seats for valuable present."—N. Y. Weekly.

A STRONG INDUCEMENT.

She—If you will buy that gold watch for me I will set back the hands two hours on club nights.—Fliegende Blaetter.

His Meaning.

Bellefield—What did you mean by saying that Spiffus was a man of rare intelligence? That isn't the way in which he is usually regarded.

Bloomfield—I mean that his gleams of intelligence are so far apart as to be very rare indeed.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

He Felt Confident.

"Do you worry about meeting your notes?" said the victim of pecuniary embarrassment.

"No," said the person who is indiscriminately flippant. "I don't worry nboot meeting 'em. Experience has taught me that I can just sit down and trust to 'em to run across me."—Washington Star.

Unpleasant for the Others.

A mother, commending her daughter for a situation, was asked if she was an early riser. "An early riser!" she exclaimed. "Well, I should think so! Why, she's up in the morning and has breakfast ready and makes all the beds before anyone else is up in the house!"—Youth's Companion.

Mixed It.

Just before the curtain went up for the third act Mr. Jagway returned and took his seat.

"You may have gone out for a breath of fresh air," observed Mrs. Jagway, in a rasping whisper, "but that isn't the kind of breath you have brought back with you."—Chicago Tribune.

Nothing New to Her.

Mrs. Jones—That Mrs. Tucker next door must be an awful gossip.

Mr. Jones — Why, what's the row now?

Mrs. Jones—Oh, nothing in particular, but I never can tell her anything but what she's heard it before.—Harper's Bazar.

Sick of His Job.

Atlas groaned heavily.

"I wish," he said bitterly, "that some of those fellows who want the earth would only happen along this way."

And shifting the weight a trifle to the other shoulder, he requested one of the bystanders to rub a little hamamelis on the galloused places.—N. Y. Recorder.

Newspaper Titles.

Little Boy—Pop, what's the difference between an editor-in-chief and a managing editor?

Pop (an old reporter)—The editor in chief is the man who attends banquets and gets all the glory; the managing editor is the man who does the work. —N. Y. Weekly.

The Way Now.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going to your employer, sir," she said.
"I don't get much salary, my pretty maid."
"Then I won't marry you, sir," she said.
—N. Y. Weekly.

NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN TO BE WEDDED.

Although the Groom Protested and the Bride Wept, the Ceremony Is to Be Performed.

His Inferiority.

Josh Grayneck—So you heard the celebrated violinist play while you was up to the city, Jay? Wal, how did you like him?

Jay Green (back from the metropolis)—Shucks! He didn't amount to much. I've seen more than 40 fellers play that sweat more than he did.—N. Y. World.

Clearly a Reflection.

Rambo—I have bought a bicycle, and now I suppose I've got to have a lantern if I do any riding after dark.

Baldwin—A lantern? Great Scott! What does a man with such a nose as yours need of any other headlight?—Chicago Tribune.

The Sordid View of It.

Visiting Acquaintance — Don't you find it a great deal cheaper to live out here in the country than it was in the city?

Mr. Subbubs—M—no; it's about the same. My wife brought her chafing-dish along with her.—Chicago Tribune.

Plausible.

"I," the young man frankly admitted, "am looking for a snap."

"Well," the elderly one suggested, "if you have the ginger it ought to be easy to find some one with the dough."

And a great silence fell inaudibly.—Indianapolis Journal.

Power of Money.

A.—Before Miss Thinleigh's father made his fortune she used to be long and lanky.

B.—Well, has she changed?

A.—Oh, yes! Now she is divinely tall.—Odds and Ends.

He Lost.

Goodleigh—Good habits are everything.

Mrs. Goodleigh—I am glad you think so. I was just going to ask you for $50 for a new dress.—To Date.

Sarcastic.

Mr. Blossom—My dear, there are times and times.

Mrs. Blossom—Yes, and you've been on 'em all.—San Francisco Wave.

Converted Them Into Cash.

"I am resolved—"

The Borden burglar made another hasty resume of the house to see if there were any more diamonds.

—"to leave no stone unturned!"

Satisfied that he had raked 'em all in, he departed, cheerfully whistling.—N. Y. World.

She Rose to the Occasion.

Mr. Yeast—I remember, in the olden days, when we went to church the women would be put in one place and the men in another.

Mrs. Yeast—I guess the next world will be conducted on that plan, too.—Yonkers Statesman.

INTERFERING WITH BUSINESS.

Tenderfoot—Don't you see that man killing all those people? Why don't you stop him?

Alkali Jim—Stop him! Me! Well, I guess not, pardner. Why, dang it, man, I'm the coroner!—Bay City Chat.

Hopeful.

Mrs. Wabash—I shall not be in the least astonished if Johnny develops clairvoyant powers.

Mrs. Jackson-Parke—Indeed?

"Yes. He's the son of a seventh husband, you know."—Indianapolis Journal.

Next Thing to It.

"Can you grasp the idea of eternity?"

"Almost. I loaned a fellow ten dollars for three days, and he's had it for seven years!"—Chicago Record.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A CONCLUSION.

"If I was a fellow's mother,
I'd never, never see
A single thing that fellow did
That wasn't meant for me.

"I'd let him stay out after dark;
I never would say 'No,'
Because that stirs a fellow up
And spoils his temper so!

"I'd say: 'Play first and study next;'
And 'Do not go to bed,
No matter what o'clock it is,
Until your story's read.'

"I would not know he'd been kept in,
Or ask the reason why.
I'd be quite blind to all such things,
Or kind of pass them by.

"I'd give him pudding, pies and jam
And marmalade and cake—
But would not even mention bread—
And all the nuts he'd take.

"Oh, were I a fellow's mother—
A certain one's I know—
Wouldn't he have the slickest time!
You'd better believe it's so!

"But—if I was that fellow's mother,
I wonder if I would
Do half that fellow's mother does
For him? Or be—so good?

"I wonder if I'd mend his clothes
Without a single scowl?
And only say 'Gently, dear boy;'
At his most horrid howl?

"I wonder if when he was sick
I'd be so awful kind?
And never brenthe: 'told you so!'
Or: 'Reg, you didn't mind!'

"But only sit and bathe his head
In such a peaceful way,
With something sort of sweet and cool,
For maybe half a day?

"Yes—now that I think it over,
It's a most lucky go
That I'm not that fellow's mother;
For the fellow's sake, you know!"
—Annie L. Hannah, in Youth's Companion.

THE YOUNGEST SOLDIER.

He Is John Daly and Is Stationed at Willet's Point, L. I.

John Daly is the youngest soldier in the army of the United States. Daly, or "Johnny" as he is called affectionately by his comrades, is the Wee Willie Winkie of the battalion of engineers stationed at Willet's Point, L. I. It may be said of him that he was born a soldier, for his father before him, Michael Daly, was in the service of his country for about 30 years. He was born on the reservation, and his infancy and childhood were spent with the soldiers. He played at soldiers and war with ten pins, and while a very small infant was a great strategist. He was a sapper and miner, and built breastworks of mud and forts of stray bits of brick and stone. He had always a great regard for "Uncle Sam," whom he regarded as a real person and one of his blood relatives.

About a year ago Johnny determined to join the army, and prevailed upon his father to enlist him. Being then under 14, Johnny was enlisted by special order as a drummer boy, and he is now one of the four field musicians at the post. The other three are full grown men. He receives $13 a month, the same pay

JOHN DALY.
(The Youngest Soldier in the U. S. Army.)

that is given to all private soldiers, and draws the same rations, clothing allowances, and everything else to which the largest men in the service are entitled. Like the other buglers Johnny is a mounted orderly every three days. He sounds the reveille at daybreak, the breakfast call, sick call, the fatigue call, guard mount, drill call, recall, dinner call, fatigue call, retreat, supper, attention and taps.

If Johnny lives and continues in the service he will retire before he is 44 years old. There was but one other boy like him in the army. That was Johnny Murphy, also a drummer at the Long Island post, who enlisted when he was 13 and served 12 years as a drummer boy. He took out his discharge about 15 years ago. Murphy's father was likewise a soldier.

Peculiar Ways of a Rabbit.

From a correspondent in Mechanicsburg, Pa., comes a pretty story about a boy's pet rabbit. This bunny is a great friend of the chickens, and has carried it so far that now he regularly goes to roost with them every night. A few weeks ago bunny developed another trait, still more astonishing. When the hens get on the nest for their daily task of laying eggs, the rabbit sits with them. It is not supposed that it is any particular advantage to have him there, but Biddy never objects, and with a soft cluck-cluck, she makes room for the furry friend by her side.

She Was Good at Arithmetic.

"Well, you see," said Ethel, to her father, "Miss Maggie asked the girl at the head, how much was eight and five, and she didn't know, and said 12; then the next girl said nine, and the next one said 11, and the next one said 14. Such silly answers! Then Miss Maggie asked me, and I said 13, and Miss Maggie told me to go to the top of the class. 'Course it was 13."

"That was nice," said her father. "I didn't think you could add so well. How did you know it was 13?"

"Why, I guessed it. Nobody said 13."
—Golden Days.

Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, is regarded as the best amateur cyclist in Washington.

THE AUSTRALIAN DINGO.

Said to Be the Fiercest, Keenest and Meanest of All Dogs.

ANYONE visiting a Kennel Club show cannot fail to notice the widely differing varieties of dogs. In one class are the muscular mastiffs; in another the slender grey-hounds. Here is "dignity" personified in the beautiful Saint Bernard, and "impudence" on-the-jump in the ugly little pug. Here is grace in the dainty Italian grey-hound and awkwardness in that canine burlesque called a dachshund. Then there are collies and terriers of assorted sizes and colors—to say nothing of the many varieties of setters and hounds. Yet these quadrupeds—less alike in externals than a cat and a squirrel, or a garter snake and a pipe fish—are all dogs!

The question which naturally arises is—what was the original type? The various replies to this question might all be summed up in that well-known answer of the darky in the freight depot, when he said, in reference to the destination of a pup which had been left behind: "I d'n'know, an' he

AUSTRALIAN WILD DOG.

d'n'know, an' nobody knows; an' he's ate up his tag!"

But even if we cannot picture the first canine ancestor, we can easily decide which are the earliest types now living. Of the true dogs perhaps the most primitive is the dingo, or wild dog of Australia. On that great island continent there is another native canine. Nearly every four-footed mother in that land of the southern sea carries her babies in her pocket. But mamma dingo does not follow this prevailing fashion which the kangaroos and their cousins have set for ages; and papa dingo does not associate upon friendly terms with "old man" kangaroo. Yet the dingo is clearly the ruler among the four-footed people of the bush—so much so that the native Australian considers him the king of the beasts.

These wild dogs sometimes run in packs, but more often prowl about in pairs; and literally they are a "pretty pair of rogues," for every dingo is good-looking and bad acting. He is about two feet high and finely proportioned, with a tail as handsome as the brush so proudly worn by our familiar friend, Reynard. The tip of the dingo's tail is usually white, and the rest of his body tawny or reddish, but lighter upon breast and belly. He stands firm and strong upon his well-built legs; so take him all together, Canine Dingo is a handsome fellow. But he is far from beautiful in behavior. He howls and prowls like a wolf, he sneaks and steals like a fox, and has all the mean habits of a sheep-killing dog. He never barks, but you really ought to hear him howl! Once is enough. Even the bushmen—sound sleepers as they are—awake at his blood-curdling cry.

The dingos breed in the malee scrub. They live upon marsupials—and spring lambs, until the bushmen rise in their might and kill as many of them as possible. Nearly every province in Australia offers a reward for their heads As high as two pounds a head has been paid, which certainly proves that the Australians think that the only good dingo is a dead dingo.

DORA E. W. SPRATT.

A Colored Girl's Definition.

The teacher of a class of colored children in a Washington school was instructing in English grammar. She gave a word out, and the class built a sentence around it. Everything progressed smoothly for some time, until the word "delight" was given. "Make a sentence in which 'delight' appears," said the teacher. This seemed to be very difficult, and for a few minutes there was a great buzzing and whispering. Suddenly a hand went up from the smallest girl in the room. "Well?" said the teacher, kindly. "When I goes to bed," said the small girl, "I puts out de light." The teacher says she could not find voice for several minutes to explain the error.

A Dog at a Telephone.

A San Diego (Ca.) man left his dog in care of a rancher at La Mesa during his absence from the city for several weeks. Upon his return he had the dog brought to the receiver of the La Mesa telephone, ten miles away, and began talking to his pet over the wire The dog pricked up his ears and recognized the wired voice of his master instantly. Thinking the voice came from the other side of the wall, the dog ran out of doors and around the back of the building to see if his master was there. When asked to "speak" the dog bow-wowed lustily into the receiver.

Rather Hard on Papa.

Johnny Jameson had arrived at his eighth birthday, and thought that it would be real nice to write his papa a letter, and this is the way he began.

"My dear papa—Whenever I am tempted to do wrong, I think of you, and say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.'"
—Our Girls and Boys.

FARM AND GARDEN.

HIGHWAY LOCATION.

An Important Subject Instructively Treated by an Oregon Man.

Good roads are being practically and scientifically considered by the Oregon Road club, of Portland, Ore. It recently issued a bulletin in which W. B. Chase, a member of the club, gives some interesting points on "Highway Location." The following lines are taken from his paper:

To locate a wagon road properly is a work requiring no little thought and careful consideration. To weigh all the conditions, giving to each its proper importance, and finally to make a location in which conditions are balanced, requires much time and thought, and cannot be done in a day. To be sure, it is easy enough to say that a road over which a team can haul a ton is better than a road on which half a ton is a limit. But, maybe the people who are to use the road have more horsepower and time to spare than money. Again, the traffic of a district may be light, so that it is cheaper, both at present and in the long run, to endure the inconvenience of steep grades than to reduce them.

Again, the future development of a district must be considered. A traffic of 20 tons a day now may grow to 100 tons. The loss caused by steep grades might be unimportant to the losers in the first case, but serious in the latter. To express it differently, what does grade cost the users? Or what effect has grade on the traffic? What would it be worth to the users of a road to have a lighter grade? How far would you be justified in spending money to go around a hill to avoid going over it?

All other things being equal, the farm line is the place for the road. In the middle west, especially in the prairie states, the section line was generally as good as any other, but in the hill countries the locator ought not to be required to locate on a division line, simply because it is some one's farm line.

In the study of grades, the direction of the heaviest traffic should be considered. Most of our market towns are in the lowlands, while producing districts are higher up. Obviously, a hill down which a load must pass is not so objectionable as one which a load must ascend. You would not spend so much money nor use so much distance to reduce a grade which is down for the most of the traffic, as you would for one which must be ascended by the loaded teams. Of course, the subject of direction of traffic cannot be considered as closely as in railroad work, but it ought not to be lost sight of.

Enough undulation in a road for good drainage is desirable, but heavy undulation causes more loss of horsepower and waste of time than any other one mistake of the road locator. To go up a hill just to go down again ought to be avoided, yet that is what we are doing on most of our hill roads.

The locator, when laying out roads connecting places of different altitudes, should endeavor not to lose grade, that is, when the grade has been brought down to the desired level, keep it there; or, if it has reached the desired altitude, do not go down again.

We ought to be willing to make considerable distance to avoid making an up-grade in the direction of heaviest traffic steeper than five per cent. Grades up to ten and twelve feet in one hundred are not uncommon in mountain districts, but they are bad for any light traffic. Keep your long grade lines below five per cent, if possible, or, if they must be steeper, break the line occasionally with a short distance of easier grade.

It sometimes occurs that a valley road miles long, has one or two bad hills in its way. This is the place to spend your money to reduce grade, either by digging down or going around, for this one hill determines the hauling capacity of your teams, which might haul two tons over the miles of nearly level valley road, and but half a ton over the hill. A road leading from one town to another, or from a densely populated district to market or through manufacturing districts, ought to have lower grades than simple neighborhood roads.

The traffic determines whether it will pay to go around a hill or over it. If it is a poor road, those who use it must suffer for it, either by hauling more loads or increasing horsepower. Avoid dead-level roads unless they can be well drained. Avoid swamps, if possible. It is very expensive to build a good road through a marsh, and expensive to maintain.

Do not lose sight of the drainage question. It is easy enough to drain where grades are, but dead-level valley roads are too often a little earth thrown up between two long frog ponds. Drain these off, if possible, for, depend upon it, drainage is the soul of a good road.

Avoid crossing streams, whenever possible. Bridges add much to the cost of a road.

In general, keep your grades as low as you can consistently with the purposes for which the road is built, and the ability of the people to pay for work, not forgetting that the better the location, the less it will cost to build and maintain the road.

Some persons think that the day of the road horse is about ended, and the roads should be located and built to suit some sort of motor. I do not share the belief. The horse will be with us a good long time yet, but a road that is good for horses is good for anything else.

Systematic System of Repairs.

The secret of the success of the fine roads in France is attributed to the prompt and systematic repairs made at all seasons of the year.

The Roads Are Not Magnificent.

This is a country of magnificent distances, but many of the roads between distant points aren't altogether magnificent.

When it can be avoided do not prune the grape vine after the sap starts.

BACKACHE.

From the Press, New York City.

Few people have suffered more from pain in the back than Mrs. Lillie B. Newell of No. 2313 Second Avenue, New York City. For several years she was so afflicted with this distressing malady that she was hardly able to get around, and could do little to care for her children which made her suffering all the harder to bear. Her husband, Charles Newell, who is a well-known New York optician, tried in every way to find a remedy for his wife, but no medicine seemed to have the power to remove her pain.

Mrs. Glynn, a sister of Mrs. Newell, is a professional nurse, and was familiar with the symptoms of her sister's sickness. Mrs. Newell was away on a visit when a reporter called upon her, but Mrs. Glynn, who lives at No. 410 East One-hundred and-twentieth Street, told the story of her sister's recovery.

A doctor was called when Mrs. Newell's condition became serious and he prescribed small pink pills which, in a short time, relieved the woman's pain as no other medicine has done. "After awhile," Mrs. Glynn told the reporter, "we learned that the medicine the physician was giving my sister was nothing more than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Knowing by experience how excellent a remedy these pills were, Mrs. Newell bought some at a drug store and continued taking them. The effect was most gratifying, for in six months my sister was perfectly well and the pain in her back was nothing more than an unpleasant memory. Both she and I have recommended the Pink Pills to other people, who have not failed to find them all that is claimed. All doctors my sister had been treated by, before taking the pills, had done her no apparent good."

Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose form, by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. The price at which these Pills are sold makes a course of treatment inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

CLOSETED WITH A CRAZY MAN.

Perilous Situation of a Southern Railway President.

While Col. S. W. Fordyce, president of the Cotton Belt road, was seated in his private car at Pine Bluff, Ark., the other day, he was approached by a strange-looking man, who demanded $1,000. The fellow held a package in his hand, and informed the colonel that if he did not produce the money inside of five minutes his friends and also the company would regret it. He said he had been working on one of the branches of the Cotton Belt, and that the company owed him $1,000, and that he would not leave the car until he got it. He would accept no check, and nothing would satisfy him but the cash. Col. Fordyce engaged the man in conversation, leading him to believe that his claim would be paid, while one of the members of the party slipped out of the rear door of the car and summoned a policeman. Chief Stewart arrested the man and locked him up. The package in his possession proved to be a small box containing a number of cartridges, some of the shells of which had been exploded. He refused to give his name or to tell where he came from.

Coronation Presents to the Czar.

The procession having passed, we went to look at the illuminations again, and to see the beautiful rooms more closely, and the splendid pieces of plate that had been sent to the czar with the offering of bread and salt by the various governments of Russia. Perhaps the finest was one from the government of Moscow, a very handsome gold plate with enameled arms in medallions. The saltceller with this plate was a tiny copy of the famous crown of Monomachus, every detail exact, and even the bordering of fur imitated in all its softness in silver. In the throne room the insignia were spread out on their velvet cushions, looking more gorgeous than ever under the thousands of lights. But I preferred seeing them on the emperor and empress—Mary Grace Thornton, in Century.

Force of Habit.

Force of habit impels us to do a great many ridiculous things. That clever little compendium of wit and information, Tit-Bits, well illustrates this fact with a story of a railway porter, living in Lancaster, who was in the habit of frequently getting up in his sleep, and from whose actions it was evident that his daily occupation was ever present in his mind. One night he jumped up hurriedly, ran down to the kitchen, vigorously opened the oven door, and cried out: "Change here for Bolton, Bury and Manchester."

THE COMPOSITION OF MAN.—Dollie—"Do you believe that man is made of dust?" Chollie—"He has to be to get any notice from you."—Detroit Free Press.

"AM I right for Brixton?" "No, you're left. Train's just gone."—Judy.

AN angry man is again angry with himself when he has returned to reason.—Publius Syrus.

THE man who lives on corn bread at home complains most of the pie when he goes abroad.—Texas Broncho.

MISS WIER (quoting from the poet)—"Art is long." D'Auber—"Yes; but artists are mostly short."—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

CHRISTIANITY commands us to pass by injuries; policy, to let them pass by us.—Franklin.

PROVIDENCE conceals itself in the details of human affairs, but becomes unveiled in the generalities of history.—Lamartine.

AFFECTATION naturally counterfeits those excellencies which are placed at the greatest distance from possibility of attainment.—Johnson.

A SURE way to offend a politician is to present him with a batch of his ante-convention predictions after the convention.—Altoona News.

VISITOR—"Johnny, do you ever get any good marks at school?" Johnny—"Y-yes'm, but I can't show 'em."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"DON'T you know it is wrong to fish here on private grounds?" "Well, sir, the line must be drawn somewhere."—Yonkers Statesman.

WALKER—"Er—when you run into a man the rider is as likely to get the worst of it as the pedestrian, isn't he?" Wheeler—"You bet he is! The last fellow I ran into only lost a front tooth, while I had four spokes broken and my sprocket wrenched all out of true!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"REALLY, Jane, dear," said Mr. Bobbeter to his wife, as they sat down in the theater, "your hat is entirely too high. Take it off and put it in your lap." "Well, I like that!" snapped Mrs. Bobbeter. "If I put that hat in my lap, how am I going to see over it?"—Harper's Bazar.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills, 25 cents.

ON EVEN TERMS.—"Why do you always select a poor partner at whist?" "So that we can understand each other's mishaps."—Detroit Free Press.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is the name of an illustrated monthly newspaper published by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R. It aims to give information in an interesting way about the farm lands of the west. Send 25 cents in postage stamps to the Corn Belt, 209 Adams St., Chicago, and the paper will be sent to your address for one year.

WHEN we put our picture in the magazine or newspaper, we always select the photo that was taken a good while ago.—Indianapolis News.

Choice Farming Lands in South Dakota

Along the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway can now be had upon reasonable terms. The crop prospects were never better and a glorious harvest for this year is already assured. Thousands of acres of unoccupied lands in over twenty counties are now open for settlement. For further information address H. F. HUNTER, Immigration Agent for South Dakota, No. 295 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

A MAN will sell you of every improvement he puts on his property, but he never tells you of the mortgage that he has put on the improvement.—N. Y. Advertiser.

PISO'S CURE is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—MRS. M. G. BLUNT, Sprague, Wash., March 8, '94.

SLEEP lingers all our lifetime about our eyes, as night hovers all day in the bough of the fir tree.—Emerson.

FITS stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

A. N. K.—C. 1606

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Hosts of people go to work in the wrong way to cure a

SPRAIN,

when **St. Jacobs Oil** would cure it in the right way, right off.

NEARLY 2,000,000 ACRES

Of Government Lands Now Open to Settlement

IN NORTHERN ARKANSAS

They are fertile, well-watered, heavily-timbered, and produce grains, grasses, fruits and vegetables in abundance. North Arkansas apples are noted. The climate is delightful, winters mild and short. These lands are subject to homestead entry of 160 acres each. Now is the time to get a home. For further information as to character of lands, manner of entering them, in what counties located, with maps of the district, address

E. V. M. POWELL, Immigration Agent, Harrison, Ark.

Inclose One Dollar. Remit by Money Order or Registered Letter.

Refers to Bank of Harrison and Boone County Bank, Harrison, Ark.

Old age

comes early to the clothes that are dragged up and down over the wash-board. It's ruinous. Nothing else uses them up so thoroughly and so quickly.

This wear and tear, that tells so on your pocket, ought to be stopped. Get some Pearline—use it just as directed—no soap with it—and see how much longer the clothes last, and how much easier and quicker the work is. Pearline saves the rubbing.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.* 513 JAMES PYLE, New York.

"Cut Down Expenses."

BattleAx PLUG

A woman knows what a bargain really is. She knows better than a man. "BATTLE AX" is selected every time by wives who buy tobacco for their husbands. They select it because it is an honest bargain. It is the biggest in size, the smallest in price, and the best in quality. The 5 cent piece is almost as large as the 10 cent piece of other high grade brands.

OUR WASIHNGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, June 1, 1896.

While no Republicans in Congress contends that the River and Harbor bill which Mr. Cleveland has vetoed and which will this week almost certainly be passed over his veto is a perfect measure, or that any previous bill of its kind was, every Republican in both branches of Congress will vote to pass the bill over the veto, because they believe it is, taken as a whole, a good measure and that the improvements provided for will mostly be good commercial investments. The bill is in line with the system of internal improvements which the Republican party has always fostered and believed in. Besides these reasons, the failure of the bill to become a law would result in large losses by reason of the stoppage of many important improvements now under way.

It is now regarded as certain that Congress will not be in session later than next Monday or Tuesday, and there is a strong probability that adjournment will take place during the latter part of the present week.

Although the President, vice-President, and every member of the Cabinet except Secretary Morton was in Washington the only member of the administration who attended any of the memorial day exercises was Secretary Herbert, who is an ex-Confederate. This has been commented upon to a considerable extent, as there was no excuse other than want of inclination why these official should not have paid the respects to the memory of the men who gave up their lives to make it possible for them to hold their present offices.

A majority of Congress feel reluctant to adjourn without doing something definite for Cuba, but any attempt to do anything would start an indefinite debate which might do more harm than good, with no certainty that anything could be done, anyway.

Senator Squier, as the first step towards the erection of a suitable memorial to Gen. Grant, has introduced a bill providing for the creation of a Commission, composed of the Secretary of War, the Chairman of the House and Senate joint Committee on the Library, and the Architect of the Capitol. The duties of this commission will be to secure from leading artists and architects, plans and estimates for a monument, each artist or architect being at liberty to make his own, and the estimated cost of the same. All of these plans are to be reported to Congress. After consideration, Senator Squier concluded that this was a better plan than that of his original bill, providing outright for a monument of Gen. Grant. He wishes the monument to be the best that can be suggested, and believes the creation of this commission is the best way to get it.

The silver Democrats are considerably stirred up over a consultation which Mr. Harrity, the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, had with Mr. Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle while he was in Washington. The consultation would not have worried the silver men much, as they knew that all the parties present has been doing all they knew how to do to down for many months, had it not been for Harrity's announcement afterward, that he intended to support the ticket and platform made by the Chicago convention They don't believe that Harrity would support a silver candidate, and they fear that his announcement means that some trick has been concocted by which Harrity feels certain of defeating the silver men at the convention.

The Treasury deficit for the month of May exceeds $2,000,000, and for the eleven months of the present fiscal year is pushing $27,000,000, and these figures are made as favorable as possible by Democratic Treasury officials.

If you wish to make Senator Brice mad you have only to mention Mr. Cleveland's name to him. He thinks of Mr. C. what the late Wm. H. Vanderbilt once said of one of his sons-in-law. The trouble all come about through the fight between the silver and anti-silver Democrats in Ohio. Although Senator Brice has had no love for Mr. Cleveland since the tariff fight which resulted in the substitution of the Gorman tariff bill for the original Wilson bill, he sometime ago called on him and told him that he would help to prevent the silver men getting the Ohio delegation to the Chicago convention. According to his friends, Mr. Cleveland gladly welcomed his offered assistance. It was not long, however, before Senator Brice found out that the "sound money" Democrats in Ohio were expected to become a mere Cleveland machine, to vote for him or for any man he might name in case they got to Chicago. He also found out that instead of his being credited for what he was trying to do, the Cleveland men were steadily trying to break down his influence in the party. He threw up in disgust, and now says he doesn't care what the convention does.

The political gossips are all busy trying to figure out what was talked about at conference between Senator Quay and ex-Senator Platt. These gentlemen met Saturday night and it is fair to infer that their talk was interesting.

Pea Ridge.

After remaining silent for a long time we again appear in the columns of your paper with a few items.

A very heavy rain storm passed through this section last week, doing some slight damages.

Our Sunday school is doing very well under the care of Superintendent Robison.

Preaching services here next Sunday at 10.30 o'clock. All are invited to attend.

Several of our young people attended the dance Saturday evening and report a good time.

Frank Broadwater took a flying trip to Mandier's Ridge a few days since.

Clarence Coleman spent Friday and Saturday at Lonaconing on business.

John Brown, who has been staying in Pennsylvania for nearly two years, is home on a visit.

Mr. N. A. Baker, who has resided on George's Creek for about five years, and was well known at this place, has gone to his home at Berkley Springs, W. Va., where he expects to engage in the furnitnre business. We wish him success.

Mr. Peter Broadwater took a business trip to Accident recently.

Messrs. Walter Crow and Edward Lancaster were the guests of Mr. Hiram Coleman Sunday.

Waldo Broadwater is teaming for Mr. Emerson, of Avilton.

Walter Lancaster contemplates going to Davis, W. Va., in the near future, where he expects to engage in the lumber business.

Sang diggers are very plentiful on the ridge. They report sang a very large crop this season.

Merchant R. E. Garlits contemplates building a handsome store room in the near future.

Mr. John Blocher, of Backwoods, is on the ridge.

Calvin Coleman was visiting at New Germany recently.

Wm. D. Broadwater has moved into his new residence.

George Brown left Monday for West Virginia.

Decoration Day at Friendsville.

Sherman Post No. 11, G. A. R., desires to extend thanks to the Sunday school scholars and other citizens that brought flowers, and took such an active part in the memorial services held at Friendsville May 30, and more especially would we mention the grand services the Friendsville band rendered, and also for the carefully prepared and well rendered appropriate music by the Friendsville and Johnstown choirs.

Rev. E. R. Skidmore, who so ably addressed us, gave clear testimony that he appreciates the goodly heritage allotted to the present generation, through the sacrifies and hardships of the old soldiers. Speaking in the afternoon by the writer to a large and attentive audience.

The day was cool and pleasant and many whole families gathered in the little village to take part in the services, which is commendable. We regard the memoral services a sacred trust committed into our hands to carry our minds back to the great sacrifice of life and limb, to preserve the Union. Without this Union we would only be a prey for other nations to feast upon. And it is also very appropriate and becoming for all the people to strew flowers upon the graves of our departed friends. It is profitable for us to do it for this reason if for no other: it carries our minds back when mother gently soothed our aching head and when she first taught us to pray, and showed her true love for us as only a mother can.

Many of the old soldiers and their families seem to be indifferent with regard to memorial services. The Government honors those who fall in the late struggle, by placing a marble slab at the head of deceased soldiers graves and the National cemeteries are put and kept in trim by the Government and it calls on us to spend May 30 of each year to memorialize them. Thirty years is a long time but it should not be long enough to erase from our memories the noble and heroic deeds and victories achieved by those who fell by our side.

While we decorate the graves of those here in our cemeteries, other comradee and friends will decorate the graves of our fallen comrades lying in Southern fields.

Let us cultivate a pure love for our fallen comrades, our living comrades, for all mankind, for our country and our God.

GEO. E. BISHOFF.

Fresh bread, cakes and pies every day at Tasker & Son's new store.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

High-class Tailoring
At MODERN PRICES.

We have the finest and largest assortment of cloths this side of Washington to select from, and as to PRICE, we are sure we can satisfy you.

You can have that old suit of yours cleaned, dyed and repaired at small expense to look like new by our expert workmen. We also do ladies' work.

M. COHEN, Xpert Cutter, Cor. Alder and 3d Sts., OAKLAND, MD.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Bicycles,

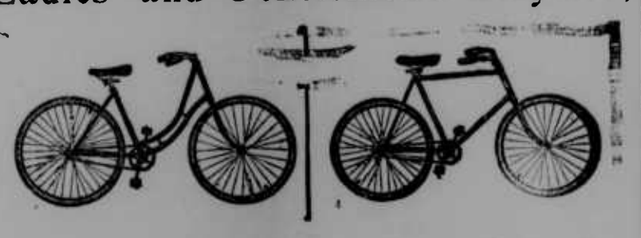

Bicycle Sundries of all Kinds, Cement, Pumps, Spokes, Tires, Wood Rims, Balls, Patching Rubber, Coasters, Lamps, Valves and Valve Stems, Repair Kits, Wrenches, Oilers, Locks, Etc., Etc.

BICYCLE REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

Shartzer & Bolden,
OAKLAND, MD.
DEALERS IN
FURNITURE, CARPETS,
MATTING, OIL CLOTH,
WINDOW SHADES
WALL PAPER
—AND—
GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.
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Millinery and Dress Making,

Just opened, at Mountain Lake Park, by Mrs. J. L. Pierce. First-class work guaranteed. Will carry a full line of
STAPLE GOODS.
HATS TRIMMED to ORDER,
on short notice. Miss B. C. McAndrew will superintend the business. Her long experience is a sufficient guarantee of first-class work. Call and see our goods. Oakland Avenue and L St. 11—3

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD.

Spring is the time in the year that your Horses, Cows, Hogs, Sheep, Poultry, etc., need some good article to purify their blood. The International Food is the best article known for stock of all kinds; 3 feeds for one cent. Don't use any other. For sale only by

THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO.

DRINK
LUXURY COFFEE
and get the best Coffee made and get either Ladie's or Gentleman's Gold Watch, guaranteed for 25 years. Use no other, because Luxury Coffee is the best.

Don't fail to call at the stores of The Maryland Supply Co. for
TIMOTHY AND CLOVER SEED.
We only handle the best western seed. Garden Seeds in abundance of all kinds, Fertilizer, Salt, Groceries, General Merchandise, and anything you may need. Don't fail to call at the stores of THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO., at
Mt. Lake Park, Md,
Oakland, Md.
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FOR SALE.

The farm belonging to Elizabeth Maley, situated two miles north of Deer Park, adjoining the lands of Jack Cooper, Pundenberg, Miller and Rawleston. Contains 115¼ acres, about 68 acres cleared, and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the premises. 52-1m.*

OAKLAND PHARMACY,
OAKLAND, MD.
PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.
PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY,
DAY OR NIGHT.
PRICES REASONABLE.
JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.
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PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR
Monuments. Headstones,
AND
Chimney Pipe
WITH
J. B. WILLIAMS
FROSTBURG, MD.
AGENTS WANTED.
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WHEN COMING TO DEER PARK

Don't fail to give NETHKEN BROS. a call.
GENERAL MERCHANDISE AND GROCERIES.
We also carry latest styles in Fall and Winter Millinery. Has trimmed to order.
NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.
Come and be convinced you do not have to pay two prices for your goods, because we sell for cash. Remember the place.
NETHKEN BROS,
Main Street,
DEER PARK, MD.
31—1yr

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.
All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.
Call on or address:
C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

PATENTS
Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.
OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patents in less time than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,
C. A. SNOW & CO.
OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

ORDER NISI.

William Pearre, Assignee of Jabob S. Jamesson, Mortgagee, vs. Alfred C. Brooke.
No. 755 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered, this 14th day of May, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by William Pearre, assignee of Jacob S. Jamesson, mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 13th day of June, 1896; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland once a week for three successive weeks before the 13th day of June, 1896.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2,300.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

I HAVE PURCHASED
THE OAKLAND COAL YARD
of Mr B. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of
HARD AND SOFT
COAL,
KINDLING WOOD, Etc.
All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.
3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

SAVE BABY'S LIFE.
Teething time is the most trying time of infancy. The little gums are hot and swollen. They itch and the baby are on edge. Sleep is a stranger. All the nerves in the little body are on edge. Sleep soothes and cools the gums, controls the bowels, cures colic, brings good digestion, sleep and rest. 25 cents, all druggists. Guaranteed. Made by JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.
Laughlin's Infant Cordial

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office opposite postoffice, OAKLAND, MD.
Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.
Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr*

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.
I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.
Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Special attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '85 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.
Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,
Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate. P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-25 **SELBYSPORT, MD.**

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

FRANKLIN P. GREEN,
COUNTY SURVEYOR FOR GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Postoffice, LONACONING, MD.
All work entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished on short notice. 3-5m*

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.
Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
40-1yr.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.
LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.
Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26t*

WILLIAM C. KIDD,
Representing
JOHNSON, CMOHUNDRO & CO.,
WHOLESALE NOTIONS, Etc.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
A specialty of Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear
RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. Presiden
S. T. JONES, Cashier.
A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.
Fine carriage work a specialty.
Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-1st.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT
C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,
PLANING MILLS,
And BUILDING MATERIALS.
MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.
DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding
DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,
at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 80 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.
FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS.
Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.
Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.
38 13·

THE REPUBLICAN.

ESTABLISHED MARCH 3. 1877. BENJ. H. SINCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1896. NUMBER 14.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings In and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

Soda pop on ice and milk shake lemonade at Tasker & Son's.

Mr. Shartzer was in Cumberland yesterday on business.

Attorney J. B. Sommerville, of Wheeling, is in the city to-day.

Come to Oakland on the 4th of July and enjoy the mountain breezes.

Mr. Daniel W. Dorsey, of Grantsville, was registered at the Glades Tuesday.

Mr. J. C. Peddicord was in Cumberland Monday on professional business.

A reissue of pension has been granted Mr. Elijah M. Friend, of Friendsville.

Mr. William I. Brown, of Bayard, W. Va., was in the city a few hours last Monday.

Pure, fresh Mt. Lake bread, pies and cake every morning at D. Tasker & Son's. 14tf

Mr. John Listen, of Friendsville, was in town Monday and Tuesday of this week.

Miss Elsie Fay went to Cumberland yesterday to remain a few days with relatives.

See W. A. Hough for roofing, spouting, repairing, etc. Prices to suit the times. 1t*

Dixon and Kelso are paying highest prices for wool See them before you sell. 12-3t*.

Lieut. R. M. G. Brown, of the U. S. N., was in town over Sunday visiting friends.

Mrs. Chas. E. Hilleary, of Gormania, was in the city shopping Monday last.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Bolden, of Terra Alta, were in the city Sunday visiting relatives.

Now is the time to have all the alleys and streets cleaned up. Use lime and plenty of it.

Mr. A. W. Dennett and family arrived at Mountain Lake Park last night and will summer there.

Miss Nell Offutt will arrive home this evening from Montgomery county where she attended school.

Mr. Chas. Beachy, veterinary surgeon, of Grantsville, is here as the guest of his sister Mrs. David Durst.

Miss Susie Coleman, of Garrett county, Md., died while visiting friends in Westernport. — Cumb. News.

When you pass Offutt & Son's store glance at the display in the grocery window. It was arranged by Ed. Offutt.

The stores in Oakland will be closed all day on the 4th of July. It would be well for the public to bear this in mind.

Mrs. Mollie Tillson and children, of Davis, were here a few days last and this week on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Spedden.

Messrs. Walter D. Smith, of Hazelton, W. Va., and John Casseday, of Terra Alta, were in town a few hours on Saturday last.

There are four bridal couples registered at the Glades to-day, two being from West Virginia and two from Baltimore.

Mr. Fred Sheehy, of Grideport, W. Va., is visiting his uncle and anut, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Townshend, on Water street.

To-day a great number of the old veterans were made happy by receiving from Uncle Sam their quarterly pension drafts.

Misses Annie Grant and May Browing spent two or three days last week in Deer Park as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Garrett.

Misses Hattie and Gracia Bartlett went to Cumberland yesterday morning to visit relatives and attend the firemen's convention.

Mr. Jacob Brown, the venerable Allegany county attorney, was in the city a few days this week visiting his daughter, Mrs. Chisholm.

I have one thousand feet of spouting on hand and can give as low prices on this class of work as anyone in the State. W. A. Hough.

Mr. Julius C. Renninger has moved his law office from the Nelson building on Alder street to Mr. E. J. Fringer's building on Second street.

Bargains in sugar, coffee, rice, lard, prunes, dates, bologna sausage, potted tongue, potted beef. Pickles 5 cents a dozen at Tasker & Son's.

Mr. J. L. Brown, of Wheeling, representing the clothing firm of Thomas Hughes & Co., was here this morning looking after trade.

The Ladies' Aid Society of St. Mark's church have decided to keep lunch tables on the Fourth of July, the proceeds for the benefit of the church.

Miss. Lulu Fringer returned to her home in Oakland yesterday morning from Fayetteville, Ohio, where she had been during the winter attending school.

Mr. Geo. W. Blocher, of Frostburg was apleasant caller at this office on Tuesday. He was appointed district assessor for his district and came up to receive his commission.

Mrs. Boling, of Baltimore, came up to Oakland Monday and assumed charge of the Oakland hotel and is engaged in preparing it for the reception of guests.

Childrens' day exercises will be observed in the Garrett Memorial and St. Paul's churches in Oakland on next Sunday evening. Elaborate programs have been prepared for the occasions.

Miss Gertie Wheeler of Rowlesburg, who has been attending school at the Park, spent Sunday in town the guest of her uncle D. H. Loar. She returned to her home Monday morning.

Photographs way down for ten days only. Cabinets $1.50 per doz. Other sizes in proportion. Finish will be as good as you get in the city for from three to four dollars per dozen. G. H. Pritchard.

The Supervisors of Elections for Garrett county met in Oakland yesterday and sent out notices to those persons who were selected to appear before them to stand an examination for registration officers in the several election districts.

A number of men are employed in extending the electric wires to the residence of Judge Wilson on the outskirts of Oakland. His house and the grounds surrounding it will be illuminated by this means.

Four papers of pins for 5c at Tasker & Son's. 12-tf

Rev. S. M. Engle and Mr. S. T. Jones, accompanied by his son Harlan, were at Lake Brown Tuesday fishing. They returned to Oakland in the afternoon, having caught twenty-one fine trout, the largest measuring over fifteen inches.

The B.& O. Company have greatly improved their roadbed through our town, and have also made a neat gravel walk between the tracks and the Glades hotel lawn, which greatly improves the appearance of that part of the town.

General Manager Greene, of the B. & O. is no longer a resident of Cincinnati. Ever since he left the C.H.& D. his family has resided at Cincinnati, but Wednesday noon he took them to Deer Park, and in October they will take up his residence in Baltimore.

The assessors met Tuesday afternoon with both general and district assessors present. Mr. E. H. Sincell was chosen attorney to the board. The work of making the assessment will be commenced in this district on June 29th, and the work will be pushed through as fast as possible.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

The telephone lines between Oakland and Mountain Lake Park have been renewed and it is expected by patrons of the telephone company that better service will be rendered them. The central office in Oakland has been removed from J. O. Michales' building to the building of Messrs. Shartzer & Bolden.

The ladies of Oakland are preparing to extend to the volunteer firemen of Oakland an ice cream and strawberry festival, which will be held in Offutt's hall on Friday and Saturday nights next. This is the only means by which the firmen keep intact their organization and it is hoped that the festival will be liberally patronized by the citizens of the town.

Fresh bread, cakes and pies every day at Tasker & Son's new store.

John Shartzer, the big wool buyer, is buying wool for Hirsch Bros. and will pay the highest cash price.

Mothers will find Chamberlain's Remedy especially valuable for croup and whooping cough. It will give prompt relief and is safe and pleasant. We have sold it for several years and it has never failed to give the most perfect satisfaction. G. W. Richards, Duquesne, Pa. Sold by Oakland Pharmacy.

Monday afternoon as train No. 46 was descending the grade and had reached a point midway between Frankville and Bloomington a wheel under one of the express cars broke, derailing that car and delaying the train several hours. No one was injured but the passengers and trainmen received a severe shaking up.

DANA'S Sarsaparilla is not only the *best* of all remedies for the Nerves, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, and Blood; *but if no benefit, you can get you money back.* The same guarantee applies to DANA'S Pills, Cough Syrup and Plasters. For sale by DeWitt & Ferguson, Sang Run, Md. 3-3m.

We have been requested to announce that an all-day meeting will be held on Sunday, June 21st, at Sand Flat, under the auspices of the M. E. church, to which all are invited and requested to bring baskets well ladened. The meeting will be in charge of Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, of Oakland. The choir of St. Paul's church will also be present and conduct the singing.

The "Jack Oaks," a new base ball nine, was organized in Oakland last night. The nine secured a plot of ground near the Washington spring and will clear it of stones, etc., and prepare it at once for use. The nine derives its name from the original and pioneer club of base ball players of Oakland, which was organized away back in the seventies and which had the record of being the victors in every game played by it. All challenges should be sent to the manager, Mr. J. C. Peddicord.

DANA'S Sarsaprilla is not only the *best* of all remedies for the Nerves, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, and Blood; *but if no benefit, you can get your money back.* The same guarantee applies to DANA'S Pills, Cough Syrup and Plasters. For sale by Dr. J. W. Laughlin, agent, Deer Park. 4-13t.

Judge Stake has rendered an important decision to cattle buyers and sellers. Harry Gossard sold a steer to David I. Binkley which upon being killed was found to be diseased. Mr. Binkeley sued Mr. Gossard and Justice J. Irvin Bitner, of Hagerstown decided in favor of Mr. Binkeley. Mr. Gossard appealed and the court reversed judgment. Judge Stake ruled that if the steer had been sold to a butcher for immediate domestic use then the seller would have been responsible, but inasmuch as it had been sold to a dealer not for immediate use then the purchaser took the steer at his own risk.

Mr. James Perdue, an old soldier residing at Monroe, Mich., was severely afflicted with rheumatism but received prompt relief from pain by using Chamberlain's Pain Balm. He says. "At times my back would ache so badly that I could hardly raise up. If I had not gotten relief I would not be here to write these few lines. Chamberlain's Pain Balm has done me a great deal of good and I feel very thankful for it. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

If it required an annual outlay of $100,000 to insure a family against any serious consequences from an attack of bowel complaint during the year there are many who would feel it their duty to pay it; that they could not afford to risk their lives, and those of their families for such an amount. Any one can get that insurance for 25 cents, that being the price of a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. In almost every neighborhood some one has died from an attack of bowel complaint before medicine could be procured or a physician summoned. One or two doses of this remedy will cure any ordinary case. It never fails. Can you afford to take the risk for so small an amount? For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Call for Your Letters.

C. L. Haine, Gordon Malcolm, L. P. Riley, C. J. Taylor, Mrs. Lottee Shipley, Miss Irene Bogue(2), Miss Annie Lewis, Miss Belle Bachtel.

The Democratic Convention.

Tuesday afternoon the Democracy of Garrett county met in convention in Oakland for the purpose of electing delegates to attend the State convention, which was held in Baltimore yesterday, to elect delegates to attend the Chicago convention.

The meeting was called to order by Chairman Miller, of the Democratic county committee, who in a few speech stated the object of the meeting and laid before the assembled delegates the hopes of the Democrats in the coming contest. He expressed a desire that all should work harmoniously for the best interests of their dear old [illegible] William Hinebangh was elected chairman of the meeting and J. Clarance Getty secretary. One delegate from each election district was then selected as a committee on resolutions, permanent organization, etc. This committee retired and after a pow wow of over an hour caused by a contesting delegation from Grantsville it brought in a report, seating the delegation from that place headed by Mr. J. C. Getty. Resolutions were presented and adopted indorsing the administration of President Cleveland, and against the free coinage of silver, and also condemning in no uncertain words the influences exerted by the working of the patriotic organizations. A clause in the resolution instructed the delegation to Baltimore to use all honorable means to secure the election of Mr. D. E. Offutt, of Oakland, as a delegate to the national Democratic convention.

The delegates elected to attend the State convention were Messrs. Gilmor S. Hamill, R. T. Browning and Wm. Miller.

Immediately after the work of electing the delegates to the state convention had been gone through with, delegates to the Congressional convention to be held in Oakland were elected. The manner in which the delegatse were elected to the Congessioal convention did not give satisfaction generally.

The convention as a whole was the same old cut and dried affair, two or three leading Democrats in Oakland running the whole arrangement to suit themselves.

Children's Day at St. Mark's Church.

Sunday evening last the children of St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church Sunday school observed the annual festival known as Children's Day in a manner extremely creditable to themselves and those of maturer years having in charge their preparation and instruction.

The service throughout was patriotic in the extreme the national colors showing in every nook and corner of the large auditorium of the church. Potted plants, ferns and palms from Messrs. Weber & Son's flower garden were displayed amongst the flags and bunting, making quite a pretty contrast.

All the national hymns were sung and a patriotic address made by Mr. William Hinebangh. A collection amounting to a considerable sum was taken at the close of the services.

Base Ball.

Saturday afternoon last Oakland's crack base ball nine met and defeated the nine from Mountain Lake Park, the store standing six to sixteen.

Following is the score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Oakland	1	1	1	2	1	2	3	5	..—	16
Mt Lake Park	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	2—	6

Battery for Oakland, Messrs. Weber and Wolf; for Mountain Lake Pask, Messrs. Hayden and Greggs.

Numerous double plays were made on both sides, and had the battery of the visitors been supported properly the score would have been much less.

Another game will be played at the park Friday afternoon between the Oakland and Deer Park nines.

For the Fourth.

All those who wish to enter the bicycle, sack, foot, and wheelbarrow races, and the tournament will apply to J. C. Renninger.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

A Painful Accident.

Calvin Thompson, son of Henry Thompson, who has been in the employ of the Davis Coal and Coke company at Thomas, W. Va., as pit boss for the past five years, met with a painful accident Tuesday morning, June 2nd. The facts, as near as can be ascertained, are that Mr. Thompson, in company with another man, went into the room in mine where the dynamite and other explosives are kept for the purpose of procuring some of it. Mr. Thompson passed three sticks of the dynamite and a box about half full of caps to his companion, when a spark from his lamp fell into the box containing the caps, causing [illegible] Thompson's left hand was so badly lacerated that the surgeons were compelled to amputate all the fingers on that member and part of the thumb. The explosion also burned their breasts and eyes and it is feared by Mr. Thompson's friends that he will lose his sight.

The Fourth in Oakland.

The several committees having in charge the details for the celebration of the Nation's independence on July 4th in Oakland are meeting with signal success all along the line. Immense quantities of printed matter has been distributed throughout the country adjacent to Oakland and the mere fact that the matter is being so well advertised should bring a great number of strangers to the city on that day.

Letters have been received from manufacturing firms in Pittsburg, Cumberland and other cities who desire to make an exhibit in the parade, amongst them being Aultman, Miller & Co., the manufacturers of the Buckeye machines.

Nearly every firm in Oakland and adjoining towns will have a float or something similar with which to advertise their business.

The arrangements have as yet not been entirely completed and will not be for several days, but we expect to be able to give a detailed account of what our readers may expect when they come to Oakland on the 4th.

A History of Garrett and Allegany Counties.

Mr. Jacob Brown, known by all the readers of this journal as the author of a great many reminiscences of the old families residing in Garrett and Allegany counties which have been appearing in THE REPUBLICAN and the Cumberland daily papers for a period of over twenty years, has determined to re-write the histories of the old pioneers of the two counties and publish them in book form. The book will also deal with the earlier history of this region and will cover interesting points relative to the settlement.

Articles will appear giving histories of the coal mining regions: the old national road, its inception and the many appropriations made for it by the government; old hotel keepers along this once mighty highway, together with sketches of the old hunters, doctors, schools teachers and churches throughout the two counties.

The book will be of about four hundred pages and will be offered at $2 per volume.

A copy of this valuable book should find its way into every home in Garrett county, for an examination of the prospectus of the book convinces all that it is well worth three times the price asked for it.

Married at St. Peter's Church.

Tuesday morning at ten o'clock at high mass Mr. John Hughes, of Hutton, and Miss Mary Mackin, of near Oakland, were joined in holy wedlock by Rev. Father R. Mattingly.

The bridal couple were preceded to the alter by Mr. Owen Mackin, sister of the bride who acted as best man, and Miss Winnie Carney, of Piedmont, who was the bridesmaid. After the bridal couple came Mr. Owen Tracy and Miss Delia Hughes.

Immediately after the ceremony had been preformed the couple were driven to the home of the bride and Tuesday night a supper was served and dancing indulged in until an early hour yesterday morning.

For Sale or Rent.

A very desirable property in Oakland, being the late residence of Henry J. Mayers. Also for sale the Oakland Woolen Mills property. Said property may be obtained cheap and on easy terms. Apply to J. C. Renninger, attorney, Oakland.

Seriously Injured.

Just as we are ready to go to press news reaches this office that Mr. C. H. Frase, superintendent of the Corinth brick company has met with quit a serious accident that may result in the amputation of his right leg. From what we can learn the gentleman was looking over the heavy machinery at the brick press while it was in motion. In some manner his foot slipped and his leg was drawn into the press, crushing it. Dr. McComas was called and responded but at this time it cannot be ascertined if an operation will be preformed.

Died at an Old Age.

Mrs. Lydia Spiker, widow of the late Henry Spiker, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. M. L. Fresh, near Accident, on last Tuesday. The deceased was nearly 72 years of age and was one of ten children, her death being the first in the family. The funeral was held yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock, the services being conducted by Rev. Robert Hartsell, of Rowlesburg, a minister of the Old Order of Brethren. The interment was made near Eglon.

Now Is the Time to Secure Bargains In General Merchandise.

Having purchased the Loch Lynn store, I am now offering the entire stock of goods at first cost. This stock consists of fine dress goods, ginghams, calicos, muslins, outings, flannels, and a general line of dry goods, also notions, shoes, gloves and queensware, hardware, groceries, etc., etc.

Come while the stock is full and secure the pick of the best goods.

Yours respectfully,
JOHN T. SINCELL.

14-tf

Married.

WITTERS—ROBINSON.—Miss May Sanders Robinson was married this morning to Mr. Thomas Earl Witters. The bride is the daughter of Prof. John G. Robinson. The wedding was at the home of the bride's parents, 1636 North Calvert street. The front parlor was decorated with potted plants and flowers. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. R. W. Todd. The bridesmaid was Miss W. Robinson, sister of the bride and the best man was Mr. Howard Robinson brother of the bride. Miss. Nellie Waxter was the organist. After the ceremony the couple left for the mountains. A large number of presents were received consisting of jewelry, cut-glass, silverware and bric-a-brac. The couple will receive their friends on the evenings of September 17 and 24.—Baltimore News of June 3rd.

The bride is a sister of Mrs. Dr. Hinebaugh and Dr. J. G. Robinson, of Oakland. Mr. and Mrs. Witters are here and will spend some time visiting relatives.

They Have Arrived.

That mammoth stock of 5 and 10 cent goods has arrived, and our counters are now overflowing with the greatest bargains of the season. Do not fail to call and examine them, as we can save you money on these useful articles.

Green groceries and provisions are arriving every day, also fresh fish. Honest goods at honest prices.

Respectfully,
D. TASKER & SON.

For Rent or Sale.

I have five or six desirable cottages for rent for the season, or all year, at reasonable figures, furnished or unfurnished, at Loch Lynn Heights and Mt. Lake Park.

Also five or six tons of most excellent timothy hay, cured and stored, without a drop of rain on it, in the large barn on the Baker farm, just back of Loch Lynn Heights, which I will sell at a reasonable price.

Also 100,000 feet of 1 in., 1¼ in. and 2 in. seasoned white oak lumber, on the switch, at Loch Lynn Heights, very cheap.

14-2t J. C. ALDERSON.

Now is the time to provide yourself and family with a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as a safe guard against an attack of bowel complaint during the summer months. It costs but 25 cents and is almost sure to be wanted before the summer is over. This remedy never fails even in the most severe cases and is in fact the only preparation that can be depended upon. When reduced with water it is pleasant to take. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park, Md.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

THINE AND MINE.

The pale, sweet lips once red and warm,
The precious curls of shining hair!
How still the rounded baby form
Which lieth there!

The tender little feet! how oft,
As mothers will, would she enclasp
And chafe with clinging touch; how soft
Within her grasp!

But now, with gentle mother ways,
She kneels and smooths the little shroud,
With tears like heart-drops red she prays,
And weeps aloud.

But tears and kisses fall in vain,
The eyes ope not at love's command,
Though warm the drops which bathe like rain
The waxen hand.

Weep, mother! tears like thine to weep
Are joy, not grief; through time's brief space
Thy child shall memory sacred keep
Within its place.

And when at Heaven's gate thine eyes
Shall wondering view the shining throng,
A Shall cease its song,

And spring to meet thee; she is thine,
Still thine in memory, faith, and love;
Death cannot take; it doth enshrine
Thy hopes above.

But I, alas! I may not weep—
Tears for the happy, unbereft,
To whom once knowing rapture deep,
All, all is left.

O mother! had I won for mine
Such joys as give to grief a voice,
E'en o'er a little bier like thine
I could rejoice.

Dumb grief is mine which makes no moan,
My heart reflects no childish face,
Ears unattuned to silvery tone
Know not its grace.

But yet, but yet—eternity,
Shalt thou not give what time denies,
A spirit child to welcome me
With glad surprise?
—Hope Chase, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

A NATIVE OF ST. GOAR.

BY LUKE SHARP.

I HAD some notion of writing a book entitled "The Adventures of Smith," and probably would have done so had not a clever fellow named Hayden Carruth put forth upon the world a humorous work entitled "The Adventures of Jones." But Jones and Smith are two different individuals altogether. Jones, as pictured by Mr. Carruth, is a liar, whereas Smith would no more depart from the truth than would the late George Washington. Smith is a most remarkable product and I don't in the least understand how he came to be upon this earth. His father made a few millions in timber and Smith is his only son. I had the old man on my hands for three days once in London, and a more awful three days I never spent. I wanted to be kind to him, but we had no common ground on which we could meet. I didn't care a hang about pine lumber, as I wasn't building a house that year, and old Smith didn't care a hang about anything that I was interested in. I took him to some Dickens localities, and showed him Goldsmith's grave in the Temple, but the old man had never heard of either of them, and didn't want to. It was not until I carried him off to a great lumber yard, where American and Norway pine is piled in amazing quantities, that the old man would admit that London had anything in it worth seeing.

I am sometimes amazed to see how little brains it requires to become rich. Smith had come over on the Teutonic, which was then the fastest steamer afloat, and it actually took me a whole day to explain to him that there could not possibly be awaiting him in London any letters from America. He had lost a whole week out of his busy life; had taken the quickest steamer across the Atlantic, and the quickest express train to London. The week was gone, why,

"PARDON ME, BUT HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN ST. GOAR BEFORE?'

therefore, should there be no letters awaiting him? They had promised to write to him, he said, every day. I think the old man never quite understood why the letters were not here, and he had a strong suspicion that I was hoodwinking him in some manner or other. He had come over, he said, to look after his only son, who, he informed me, had gone entirely wrong, and refused to return to America to take charge of certain mills, the overseeing of which his father had designed as the lad's future career. He had cabled to the young man to meet him in London, but the young fellow had been traveling in some remote part of the continent, and word did not reach him in time. However, when the sawmill king, thoroughly sick of London, had been in the big city for three days, his son appeared, and, greatly to my relief, took old man Smith off my hands.

The second day, when the old man seemed to come to a realization that I didn't want to make anything out of him, he became confidential and spoke feelingly of the shortcomings of his son. He strongly urged me to meet the young man, acquire an influence over him if possible, and use that influence for good. In other words, try to induce young Smith to return to his sawmill. I had no intention of interfering in a matter that did not concern me, and, furthermore, I had a most ardent desire not to meet the son, who, if he were anything like his father, would undoubtedly prove a most unmitigated bore. The meeting, however, was not to be avoided, and I was only a few minutes in his company when I understood that the sawmill in the west would have to jig along as well as it could without his supervision.

Smith, Jr., proved to be a dreamy, gentlemanly, well-educated young man, who was quite evidently born 300 years after his time. He was filled with German legendary lore and romance, and often with German wine as well, for both of which he had a great liking. There was nothing of the money-maker about him, and when it came to spending the coin he was as lavish as his father was parsimonious.

This was several years ago. I had a letter from him recently saying that his father had passed to his fathers; that the mills had been made into a limited company, and young Smith found himself possessed of several millions, as a consequence of which he had just purchased the castle of Hoenzugwalder-grabenstien, the cellars of which he had been busily engaged in filling with the celebrated wines of that name. I believe some sort of title goes with the castle, so I suppose the name of Smith will sink into oblivion.

I said to Smith once that it was a remarkable thing that a man who was so fond of ancient castles and monasteries should have been born in a lumber town on Lake Superior. He looked across the table at me with mild surprise in his eyes.

"Bless you," he said, "I was not born in a lumber town, but in St. Goar on the Rhine."

I knew by this time that Smith was unblushing in his statements, so I answered with some sharpness:

"Why, you told me two years ago that Turpentineville was your native place."

"Oh, it was then," he nonchalantly replied.

"But hang it!" I cried, "you can't change your native place, whatever else you may get rid of. A man may change his nationality, but not his native place."

"Oh, can't he?" said Smith. "You are mistaken in that, as you are in many things.

"This is how it happened. A few months ago I was taking a walk along the Rhine. I sometimes like to visit the places frequented by tourists, as well as the more remote localities. On this particular evening I started after dinner to walk from Boppard to St. Goar. The road between the two towns mostly runs along the edge of the water, although it sometimes crosses the railway, but usually gets back as quickly as possible to its place between the river and the rails. It was a beautifully clear moonlight night, and it must have been somewhere near half-past ten o'clock when I came around the bend of the river below St. Goar, and saw the moonbeams strike the old castle of Rheinfels which stands so majestically above the town, turning the walls of the ancient castle into pure white marble. It was a striking scene; the moonlight glittering in the water; the opposite hills in deep shadow, while the venerable castle stood out far above me like some creation of fairyland. As I neared the entrance to the town I saw half a dozen men, or more, standing together on the road in the moonlight. Coming closer to them, one man stood out in advance of the others and said:

"'Pardon me, but have you ever been in St. Goar before?'

"I answered that I had passed it both by rail and by steamer, but that I had never been in the village itself.

"'That is enough,' said my inquisitor; then turning to the others, who nodded as he spoke, added: 'The stranger then belongs to us.'

"The men closed around me. I was not in any way alarmed, as we were too close to the village for any robbery or maltreatment to take place, but I asked the spokesman where they were going to take me.

"'To the custom house,' he said shortly.

"'Oh,' I said, 'then you are customs officials? I thought at first you were merely ordinary footpads.'

"'We are neither one nor the other,' he replied, 'and if you answer truthfully whatever questions are put, no harm will come to you.'

"This at once put my mind at ease, for I remembered that I had never told a lie in my life. On entering the town it seemed as if everybody had gone to bed, early as it was in the evening, and stopping beside the custom house, they buckled a strap around my wrist, the other end of the strap being afterwards tied to a ring in the custom house wall. The men grouped themselves around me.

"'Now,' said the speaker, 'will you undergo the water ordeal or the wine ordeal?'

"This was a staggerer, and I reflected for some moments.

"'I never heard of either of them,' I replied, 'but if you will give me some particulars of the two ordeals I shall doubtless have but little difficulty in making my choice.'

"'That information I am forbidden to give,' was the answer. 'You must make your choice in ignorance and abide by it.'

"'That seems a hard condition,' I said, 'and it is harsh to make a stranger choose between two ordeals of which he knows nothing. History tells us that a prince was once drowned in a butt of wine, and though many drunkards have since then envied him his death, I am a moderate man in all things and do not care to proceed to such extremes. In Haddon hall, in England, there is an iron clasp fixed to a wall in the dining-room where one who refused wine had his hand fastened in a manner similar to my own at this moment and the wine, which he had scorned, was poured down his sleeve, much to his discomfort. I do not know whether your ordeal consists of wasting good wine in that fashion, for it seems to me a dry throat is the only proper run-way for a sound vintage; but be that as it may, I have had little love for water all my life, and so in the darkness, or rather in the moonlight, I choose the wine ordeal.'

"'At this a great shout arose from those assembled.

"'You have chosen wisely, stranger, for had you selected the water ordeal we would have been compelled to duck you three times in the river Rhine. As the case now stands it will be our pleasant duty to drink some toasts with your own expense.'

"'That is a condition,' I replied, as the man who had conducted me to the customs house now undid the buckle, to which I make no objection. Good company is cheap at the cost of a few bottles of wine.'

"With that we marched through the quiet streets of St. Goar, the members of the strange society into which I had fallen waking the stillness with a rousing Rhine song. We thus came to the principal hotel of the place, and there entered noisily, and found a large room prepared for us, with a long table and numerous seats. When all had placed themselves around the table, with the spokesman at the head, he stood up and explained that four toasts were to be

"I NEVER HEARD OF EITHER OF THEM," I REPLIED.

drunk. One to the memory of Charlemagne, who inaugurated this good custom of initiating strangers in St. Goar, making them thus fellows of the town and sharers of all its ancient privileges; the second toast was to the reigning sovereign of England; the third to the prince of the district in which St. Goar is situated, and the fourth to the members of the society whose duty it was to carry out this ancient custom.

"'I have but one objection to this list,' I said. 'I therefore propose that we drink to the health of the president of the United States in place of that of the sovereign of England, for I confess I don't see what the English monarch has to do with this ancient custom.'

"At this, however, there was a mighty outcry, members clattering their glasses against the table, and shouting that no substitution would be allowed. 'We would drink the toasts in their proper order,' they cried.

"'That is very true,' said the man at the head of the table, 'but although we will not allow a substitute, we will all welcome an addition.'

"There were cries of unanimous approval at this, and I found myself saddled with another toast. The bottle were brought in and the toast solemnly drunk one after another. When this was finished I was told I had to make a donation to the poor of St. Goar, which I did in a manner that I hope was satisfactory to those then present and to the poor that were to be the beneficiaries of my act. After this the Hansein book was brought in. The spokesman explained that the ancient book they were not allowed to have, but that they had obtained a new one, and that my name would be the first to be inscribed in it. This signature made me a member of the society and a native of St. Goar from that time on; therefore do I disclaim Turpentineville and all its sawmills."

Such was Smith's story to me, and I have since looked up the custom of which he speaks. I find that it was alleged to have been inaugurated by Charlemagne, and that it was discontinued in 1827 when the steamers began to run. Whether the venerable custom is about to be revived I do not know, but it certainly looks probable, because, as I said, Smith has never yet been convicted of telling a falsehood.—Detroit Free Press.

Her Ambition.

"Do you see that woman over in the corner?" asked the receiving clerk in the telegraph office.

"The one who has been writing, crossing out and rewriting for the last half-hour?" inquired the man who had just filed an 800-word special dispatch.

"Yes."

"Well, I see her. What of it? I suppose she is trying to crowd a 16-word message into ten words."

"Not a bit of it. She came over here a little while ago with an eight-word message and wanted to know if I would make any reduction because it wasn't quite ten words. When I told her I couldn't do it, she got mad and has been trying ever since to write the message so as to make it the full ten words."—Detroit Free Press.

—Kansans are "Jayhawkers."

WINGED SEEDS.

Nature's Plan of Distributing Plants Without the Aid of Man.

The terrible eruption of Krakatoa, in the Sunda strait, in 1883, furnished the opportunity for illustrating the ease with which nature can replant with vegetable life a district that has become completely isolated. The volcanic eruption was one of the most destructive recorded in history, the loss of human life being estimated to exceed 100,000. Of the 35 volcanoes on and near the island of Java 26 were in violent eruption at the same time. The center of disturbance was the island volcano of Krakatoa, which emitted molten lava and burning ashes in such abundance that every living thing, whether animal or vegetable, on the island was destroyed, and an observer from a ship which approached close to the land declared that the whole island was red hot.

Four years from the date of the eruption the island was visited by an eminent naturalist, who found that the ashes and lava had cooled to such an extent as to permit the beginnings of vegetable life, and on making a closer examination he discovered that during the brief space of four years nature had stocked the island with 246 different kinds of plants.

There are many seeds which seem, by their formation, to be specially designed for transmission though the air, and of these several are quite as good illustrations as the thistle. The seed of the common dandelion, a plant to be seen on every common, has wings which will carry it away on the slightest breath of air. The wings are very slight filaments, radiating backward from the seed, so that, when the latter finally lodges, it falls tip first, in the most favorable position for taking root. Country children in the United States often find amusement in blowing the seed from the stalk and watching to see how far they will go before falling to the ground, but whenever there is even a moderate breeze the experiment is uniformly a failure, as the fleecy seed fly out of sight and are gone in an instant, and the next season a dandelion springs up in somebody's lawn, where the plant was never seen before. The common tumble weed is another example of the winged seed. The plant grows in a woolly bunch, which, when dried, is easily separated from the stalk, and a light breeze sets the ball rolling over the ground, to scatter its seed wherever it goes.

The seeds of many ferns and microscopic plants are so constructed as to be readily lifted and carried away by the wind, while some of considerable size are provided with an elaborate arrangement for aerial transportation. The common maple is an example of the last kind, for projecting from its large head is a membrane closely resembling in size, shape and general appearance the wing of the locust. When the seed is separated from the tree, even if the air be quite still, it does not fall directly to the earth, but, by its peculiar construction, acquires a spiral motion that takes it several feet from beneath the starting point, and when a brisk breeze is blowing one of these winged seeds has been known to twirl through the air for six miles before its journey came to an end and it sank to the ground, there to germinate and start a maple grove.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

ART IN THE HOME.

There Should Be Books and Bookcases in Every Room.

A bookcase should, if possible, find a place in every room of the house, unless, perhaps, we except the dining-room, usually kept for the purpose of dining, as it at once adds the charm of comfort and homeliness, besides being a most useful possession. Without books a home lacks its best ornaments, and to fill an odd corner there is nothing so nice as a pretty, well-designed bookcase. Naturally, we should not use the same design for the different rooms. In this, as in all things, appropriateness has to be considered. It must suit the style of the room, and be in keeping with the other furniture.

For the library it is usual to have fitted bookcases, in oak or walnut, which are sometimes carried from floor to ceiling, but may be made only half way to form a dado, the top shelf being furnished with handsome moulding and forming a ledge for the display of a few choice ornaments.

In the sitting-room hall a dwarf bookcase, with nicely carved pedestal moldings, looks extremely well, and will be found very handy for books of reference.

A still simpler bookcase may be made by fitting three shelves into a recess and finishing the edge with a small bead molding, or even a good silk fringe, and suspending a silk curtain from the lowest shelf to the floor, behind which newspapers, etc., may be placed. This style, again, is very useful in the bedroom, and it is so readily made that anyone who has an idea of carpentry can manage to erect one for himself at a very small cost. Then, again, there is the small, hanging bookcase, or, rather, shelves, which are usually found in bedrooms and girls' sitting-rooms, and are always useful and pretty wall decorations.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

What Troubled Him.

The habit potentates have of traveling incog. frequently causes suffering where it is least expected. It is said of the emperor of Austria that once, traveling in this manner, he put up at an inn. After eating a few slices of ham and biscuit he went to bed. In the morning he paid his bill and departed. A few hours after several of his suite arrived, and, hearing the rank of his guest, the landlord appeared much troubled. "Pshaw, man!" said one, "Franz Joseph is accustomed to such adventures and will think nothing of it." "But I shall," said mine host, "and never forgive myself for having an emperor in my house and letting him off for three-and-six-pence!"—London Answers.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—At the funeral of Miss Jennie Rumsey, a popular young woman of Kiowa, Kan., the other day, women acted as pallbearers.

—Iowa almost from the date of its admission has been called the "Hawkeye state." Hawkeye was the name of a noted Indian chief.

—Taking the young and the old together, it is found that 26 years is the average at which people die in London. In England and Wales only, more than 100,000 persons are always slowly dying of consumption.

—Ladies' bangs are good indicators of a coming storm. When they "go out of curl" the indication is for rain. When they are dry and crisp, fair weather will ensue. When the hair is naturally curly, however, it becomes more so on the approach of rain.

—Silk dresses rustle much more loudly in dry weather, because they are almost devoid of moisture, and the friction between their folds is considerable and noisy; when rain is impending the silks absorb a portion of the moisture and become almost silent.

—A curious lake has been found in the island of Kildine, in the North sea. It is separated from the ocean by a narrow strip of land and contains salt water under the surface, in which sponges, codfish and other marine animals flourish. The surface of the water, however, is perfectly fresh and supports diaphnias and other fresh water creatures.

—A Russian citizen of Manistique, Mich., has received notice from the Russian government that he is expected to return to that country and do military service or pay $300. In case of refusal to do either of which the property of his relatives in that country will be confiscated. He is a naturalized citizen of this country, and has consequently applied to the government authorities for advice in the case.

WHAT HATS WEIGH.

Some Curiously Interesting Figures Compiled by an Expert.

"Do you know the actual weight of a hat?" queried the spruce salesman, as he handed out several "new styles."

"People don't generally. I asked a man that question the other day, and he guessed 14 ounces on that hat, which weighs exactly four and a half. An ordinary silk hat weighs only seven.

"I looked up the matter recently, and so I know precisely. A 'silker' is almost the heaviest hat made, though hunting hats weigh more from their having an inner lining of great stiffness and strength to save a man if he should be thrown on his head. The hunting top hats weigh ten ounces, and the hunting derbies nine. A winter derby weighs five and a quarter ounces, varying a quarter ounce either way for size, and a summer soft felt three and three-quarter ounces.

"When it comes to women's headgear, there are all sorts of weights, though seldom does a woman's hat of any kind run more than seven ounces. It depends on the kind of trimming and fal-lals. Some ribbons are heavy, and so are some artificial flowers. Jet is heavy, too. The average little bonnet weighs two ounces to two and a half, a trimmed 'sailor' three and a half, and a 'Sennett' (the kind that have brims stiffened with glue) four and three-quarters.

"The French 'creations' are heavier, but they are not so weighty as you might suppose. Six and a half to seven ounces means a big, heavy hat, and one you would need X rays to see through if you happened to sit behind it."—N. Y. Herald.

The Factor of Safety in Bicycles.

The manufacturer of the modern bicycle presents one of the most complex and delicate problems known to mechanics. The reason is that what scientists term the "factor of safety" is lower in the bicycle than in almost any other mechanical product. In high-pressure guns, for instance, the safety is even as great as 20—that is, guns are made 20 times as strong as is theoretically necessary for the strain they are to bear. In ordinary guns the factor of safety is 12, in boilers it is about six, in bridges usually five, and in almost every other form of machine it is at least four. Such wide margins of extra strength are deemed as an offset to errors in theoretical computations or defects in material construction. With the modern light construction in bicycles it is reduced to a very small margin, being as low in instances as 1.25. Such being the case, it can be understood readily why the makers of standard high-grade machines maintain a rigid system of inspection. In fact, every well-appointed bicycle factory has a thoroughly equipped testing department, in order that there may be no miscalculations or guesswork in the material entering the construction of their wheels.—Boston Transcript.

Floor Had Been Polished.

"Jane."

It was the voice of Mr. Billtonger, and in its accents were both pain and anger.

"Jane, it is three weeks since we moved. Haven't you swept the floors yet? I've stepped on another tack."

From her post of vantage at the head of the stairs Mrs. Billtonger looked down in undisturbed calm.

"The hall floor has just been polished," she said. "Don't step on it with that tack in your foot or you will scratch it."

Two days later it cost Mr. Billtonger $27 for repairing the damage he did to his hall floor on that awful night.—Chicago Tribune.

A Soft Answer.

Beardless Youth (excitedly)—I say, waiter, there's a long hair in this soup. What on earth do you mean by that?

Waiter—Very sorry, sir. That hair must have dropped from your mustache.

B. Y. (flattered)—Ah, yes, of course. I beg your pardon.—Tit-Bits.

Summer Homes.

In the Lake regions of Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and Dakota, there are hundreds of charming localities pre-eminently fitted for summer homes. Nearly all are located on or near lakes which have not been fished out. These resorts are easily reached by railway and range in variety from the "full dress for dinner" to the flannel-shirt costume for every meal. Among the list are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest road in the northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. A description of the principal resorts, with list of summer hotels and boarding houses, and rates for board, will be sent free on application to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

FRANKSTOWN—"Hot weather is appropriate to the beginning of the baseball season." Homewood—"Why?" Frankstown—"It gives appropriate exercise to the 'fans.'"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

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BEAUTY marred by a bad complexion may be restored by Glenn's Sulphur Soap.
Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

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Of test and trial prove Hood's Sarsaparilla to be unequalled for purifying the blood because

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Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

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KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, of ROXBURY, MASS., Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor.) He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

TEMPERANCE.

AWFUL WORK OF DRINK.

Intoxicated Man Falls on His Little Niece and Kills Her.

Alice Ennis, 1½ years old, lies dead on a table in the home of her parents on the top floor of 502 First avenue. Her little life was crushed out by her drunken uncle in a fall.

John Haughery, 52 years old, the child's uncle, was arraigned in the Yorkville police court on the charge of homicide.

Little Alice was the only child of John Ennis, a hod-carrier. Only four weeks ago he left Bellevue hospital, where he had stayed seven weeks with a broken leg, caused by a fall.

Two weeks ago he started to work, and the little family moved into their present home last Monday.

Haughery is a brother of Mrs. Ennis. He was exceedingly fond of little Alice. She had pretty brown curls and blue eyes.

She was just beginning to talk, and in addition to being able to lisp "mamma" and "papa," was learning to call Haughery "Uncle Johnny."

Haughery when he drank was demonstratively affectionate toward little Alice. He himself has a wife and they have no children. They live on the second floor of 502 First avenue.

Haughery began by blackening both eyes of his wife.

Towards evening he stopped into the Ennis home and picked up little Alice in his arms. The child tried to get away

HE FELL HEADLONG.

from him, and the mother begged him not to take the little girl downstairs.

She had a struggle with Haughery at the door, but he good-naturedly pushed her aside, and said:

"You don't suppose I could hurt little Alice, do you?"

Haughery had made the trip down two flights of stairs with the little girl in his arms while drunk on another occasion without falling.

Without a mishap he walked down from the fourth to the third floor. At the second step of the third flight of stairs, however, he missed his footing.

He fell headlong 15 steps. When he landed the noise of the fall could be heard all over the house. He fell right on top of the child, which he held in his arms.

Mrs. Ennis, as soon as she heard the fall, screamed:

"He has killed my child!"

She was so frightened, however, that she was unable to go downstairs. George Worf picked Haughery up. He didn't know that the man had the child with him, and Haughery's wife picked up little Alice.

Haughery mumbled to himself: "I have killed little Alice."

Two minutes after he was on his way to a neighboring saloon to fill a growler.

Little Alice was tenderly carried upstairs to her mother. Dr. Gardner, of Bellevue hospital, came in an ambulance, but the Ennis' would not let the little girl be taken to the hospital. They took her to Dr. Burke, of 147 Lexington avenue, who said she was suffering from internal injuries and concussion of the brain. The child died at four o'clock in the morning.

Haughery kept people in the house awake all night by fighting with his wife. Shortly after the accident Mrs. Gilmore, the housekeeper, saw him returning with a growler filled with beer. She took the growler out of his hands, and, after spilling the beer, would not return the can to Haughery. He promptly went upstairs and got a pitcher in which to get more beer. He was arrested at five o'clock by Policeman O'Keefe, of the East Thirty-fifth street station.

Before being taken to court Haughery seemed to realize his position and was weeping profusely.

Mr. and Mrs. Ennis were heart-broken over the death of their child. Mrs. Ennis expects soon to be a mother.

"We haven't as much as five cents in the house," she said, "and we are too poor to bury our little girl. We could not go to an undertaker's, so we put our little girl on the table, and dressed her in her best little petticoat."—N. Y. World.

The Only Power That Can Subdue.

Intemperance is born of lustful appetite which bringeth forth sin, and, when it is perfected, death. The power of Christ crucified is the only power which can effectually subdue this appetite. The cross of Jesus has no greater foe than the wine-cup and the barroom. No two institutions are more diverse in their origin, spirit, and fruit than Christ's church and Satan's saloons. The reign of King Jesus and King Alcohol are also in inverse ratio. Christians oppose intemperance to the end, because the work we build it destroys.—Albert G. Lawson, D. D.

Didn't Want Smoking Students.

The dean of the Boston university law school has posted the following notice in the law school building: "Students who are unwilling to give up the use of tobacco while in this building may withdraw, and the proper proportion of their tuition fees will be returned upon demand."

ALCOHOL AS A MEDICINE.

Opinion of a Doctor That It Does More Harm Than Good in Treatment of Disease.

Dr. Lobins, of Coatsville, Ind., writes in the Courier of Medicine as follows on spirits in typhoid fever:

"Of what use is alcohol in medicine? We have a better heart tonic in digitalis; as a lung tonic a vastly better is strychnine; nitrate of amyl acts quicker; atropine warms up better. To tide over a dangerous time we would prefer iron, quinine and strychnine, concentrated food and attention to hygiene. Is it capable of prolonging life or in any way assisting nature in throwing off the microbes of disease? The most extravagant claims have been made for it by the laity. It is the one panacea for all the ills to which the human flesh is heir. But when we come to look at its effects in a fair and impartial manner, do not its claims as a therapeutical agent rest on a very unstable foundation? It prevents oxidation of the tissues. Physiologists tell us that when taken into the system the effects of alcohol on the red blood corpuscles—which are the oxygen carriers—is to lessen their power of giving off oxygen, and in this way the oxidation of tissue is interfered with. It does not require any great strength of the imagination to see that while this condition of inactivity exists, all the organs of the body must suffer, for any interference with the supply of oxygen will necessarily interfere with evolution of force. In Flint's physiology it is said: 'Alcohol is capable of being absorbed and taken into the blood, but that it passes out again unchanged. It cannot be regarded as an aliment, and hence cannot take the place of articles that are assimilated.' The fact that those who indulge in alcoholic liquors are unable to endure the same amount of fatigue, is conclusive evidence that alcohol is in no sense a food. Men have been enabled to endure the extremes of heat and cold much better without alcoholic liquors of any kind than with them. The effect of alcohol on the human organism, in either health or disease, is unfavorable, as its use tends to increase the risk of infections in contagious diseases, and the progress is rendered more grave because of diminished resistance on the part of the organism, in either health or disease. It is perfectly safe to predict that the time is not far distant when it will be as rare for a physician to prescribe alcohol as it is now for him to prescribe blood-letting, and when a healthy man will no more think of taking alcohol, with a view of preserving health, than he would strychnine for the same end."

THE FASHIONABLE WINEGLASS.

Instance Where It Ruined One Cultured Refined Lady and It Is Ruining Others.

Some years ago the editor of the Advocate, while passing through one of the worst districts of New York, saw a woman emerge from a dark, narrow alley. It was early in the morning. She looked, haggard, pale and filthy; was bare-headed and almost bare-footed. She was a pitiable object. The night she had spent on the hard stones. She passed him and entered a low grog-shop. Placing some pennies on the counter, she took in her trembling hand the glass and drank, and then passed out, and with uneven steps went down the street. A policeman, on being spoken to, said she was a common drunkard, that like as not she would be in the station-house ere night, and that night she slept there.

And who was this degraded creature? How came she so low? Had she always been a child of poverty? Oh, no, it was drink that did it. Once that poor outcast was a beautiful, accomplished young lady; once at the head of a fashionable young lady's school; once a teacher of youth with few superiors, whose society was courted and her friendship valued. But fashionable wine-drinking proved her ruin. She sipped, she drank, yet all went well, till one day she crossed the line of propriety—she entered her school-room under the influence of wine. Then the friends who had taught her to drink lifted up their false hands in holy horror, ashamed, disgraced. She left the place, came to New York, where, giving way to the appetite, her degradation was soon complete, and to-day she sleeps in a pauper's grave.

Would to God that she had been the last victim, but she was not. To-day the cup still flashes its light in beauty's face, to-day it yet touches female lips, it still drags its victims down to the grave.—National Temperance Advocate.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

BUT for moderate drinkers there would be no drunkards and no drink sellers.—National Temperance Advocate.

THE landlord still finds it profitable to throw in a kernel of coffee and a pinch of cloves with every drink.—Attila, in Lever.

THERE are in the patent office at Washington 1,137 different patents taken out for methods and devices for the manufacture of alcohol.

WOMEN are forbidden to enter saloons at Astoria, Ore., by a city ordinance passed a few days ago, which also provides for the punishment of the women who violate the ordinance.

LIBERTY is not a barroom word and those who use it there are too strongly influenced by that which inebriates to realize how sacrilegious is such conduct on their part.—Independent Citizen.

WHEN the landlord is brought face to face with the Almighty God, how quickly will he remember his crime. His little hell-hole bar will look bigger than the gates of Heaven.—Attila, in Lever.

IN 1891 this country imported 84,000 gallons of vermouth, and the amount imported in the current fiscal year will, it is estimated, reach 225,000 gallons. As vermouth is used almost exclusively in the preparation of certain kinds of cocktails it is evident that the cocktail habit is rapidly growing to alarming proportions.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Street railway rails in Memphis, Tenn., are being welded together with molten steel.

—German coal from Westphalia is now being shipped at a profit from the Rhine towns to London.

—The value of Maryland's farm lands increased $5,500,000 between 1880 and 1890, making a total of $175,058,550.

—There are 19,146,420 acres of timber lands in the southern states, and the average yield of these forests is 3,000 feet per acre.

—An examination of the eyes of white and colored children in the Washington schools show that the latter are much less liable to shortsightedness and astigmatism.

—What is looked upon as a most important discovery is a solder for glass. This is composed of 95 parts of tin and five parts of zinc. It has a beautiful metallic lustre, is not subject to change, adheres firmly to glass and melts at 200 degrees.

—Philadelphia merchants propose to send a steamer carrying samples of the manufacturing products of the city to certain foreign ports in order to stimulate trade, after the manner of the railroad exhibition cars known as "California on Wheels," etc.

—The loss of stock in New South Wales during the recent drought is estimated at 10,000,000 sheep, valued at four shillings each; 303,000 cattle, valued at 40 shillings, and 20,000 horses, valued at 60 shillings, amounting in the aggregate to a total value of £2,666,000.

—Reports received in Savannah on the watermelon acreage in Georgia this year show a decrease in most sections of from 40 to 60 per cent. The chief reason for the decrease is the price of cotton last fall, which was such that fruit growers could make a handsome profit by planting cotton on their acreage, and cotton being a staple product, they could obtain spot cash for the crop.

—In Germany a new process of coloring leather is being exploited. Here, again, electricity is utilized. The leather is placed upon a zinc table, which forms the positive pole. The dyeing material is poured over this and the negative pole connected with the leather. Under the action of the current the coloring matter penetrates the leather and patterns may be designed upon the surface by covering it with a pattern plate connected to the negative pole.

BY A ROUNDABOUT ROUTE.

Course of a Missionary's Letter from Pitcairn to Tahiti.

In the possession of one of the missionary party recently arrived from the south seas on the Adventist vessel Pitcairn, is a letter which has an interesting and unique history. It traveled about 25,000 miles, while the distance between the mailing point and its destination is but 1,200 miles, and it went the most direct route possible and did not miscarry at any stage of its journey. The travels of the letter sent from Pitcairn island to Tahiti show, as nothing else can, the complete isolation of the little Pacific paradise founded by John Adams. Tahiti is only about six days' sail from Pitcairn, and is the source whence lovesick Pitcairners take their wives. But letter-writing, although it forms an important part of the courtship, is generally confined to one letter, as when the answer is received it is generally the arrival of the bride. Except a small vessel or a man-of-war consents to carry letters between the two points, which opportunity rarely occurs, the only remaining hope is from a passing ship, bound from San Francisco or Portland to Europe. A gentleman now residing in Oakland was once deputed to carry the Pitcairn mail from Tahiti, and he told the story of how it was done:

"We left San Francisco in the ship City of Hankow, and were off Pitcairn Island on Christmas day. Only about one ship makes the island, and as we should lose no ground by waiting a few hours we hove to and signaled to Adams point. Then the two boats Queen Victoria and Admiral Drew came off with two loads of vegetables. Gov. McCoy also came off and asked us to carry some letters to Tahiti. We rather smiled at first, but when he produced seven letters and told us that there was no other way to send them we consented, and after paying for our fruit and vegetables we started on our trip. Those letters were the cause of a good deal of inconvenience. When the captain landed at England he took the letters ashore and went to the postmaster. Then he was informed that he must make an affidavit and must apply to the postmaster-general for 14 cents, the tariff for carrying letters from countries not in the postal union. Eventually the letters were landed in the Falmouth post office, after we had carried them about 13,000 miles. From Falmouth they went Southampton, and were sent in the usual course of events to New York, another 3,000 miles. Then they crossed to San Francisco and were put on board one of the Australian steamers and put off at the nearest point to Tahiti, their destination. The remainder of the journey was covered with a small boat. In all, the letters traveled a distance of over 25,000 miles and occupied four months and a half en route."—San Francisco Call.

A Very Modern Antique.

All is not gold that glitters, and all antiquities that come from Egypt are not genuine. A lady who recently returned from that land of mystery brought with her a terra cotta figure of a cat, which she saw with her own eyes dug up out of the ruins of Karnac. She paid a good price for it, and was delighted with her purchase. Unfortunately, the other day it was knocked down and smashed. Its head was then found to be stuffed with old numbers of the Birmingham Post, and it bore other traces of being distinctly of Brummagem origin.—London Chronicle.

POOR WHITES OF THE SOUTH.

Origin of the Distinct Class Living in the Mountain Regions.

The notion that the poor white element of the Southern Appalachian region is identical with the poor people generally over the country is an error, and an error of enough importance to call for correction. The poor white of the south has some kinfolk in the Adirondack region of New York and the Blue and Alleghany mountains of Pennsylvania; but he has few relatives any place else about the Mason-Dixon line. The states of New York and Pennsylvania were slave states until the early part of this century.

This poor white mountaineer descends direct from those immigrants who came over in the early days of the colonies, from 1620 to about, or some time after, the revolutionary war period, as "sold passengers." They sold their services for a time sufficient to enable them to work out their passage money. They were sold, articled to masters, in the colonies, for their bread and fixed wages, and thus they earned the cost of their migration.

The laws under which they were articled were severe, as severe as apprentice laws in those days. The "sold passenger" virtually became the slave of the purchaser of his labor. He could be whipped, if he did not do the task set him, and woe to the unlucky wight who was unwy. He was sure to be caught and cruelly punished.

And though he was usually a descendant of the lowest grade of humanity on the British islands, he still had enough of the Anglo-Saxon spirit about him to make him an unsatisfactory chattel.

From 1620 forward—the year when the Dutch landed the first cargo of African slaves on the continent, the "sold passenger" was fast replaced by negroes, who took more naturally and suitably to the slave life.

The poor white naturally came to cherish a bitter hatred for the blacks that were preferred over him. He already hated his domineering white master. When he was free to go he put as many miles as his means and his safety from Indian murderers permitted between himself and those he hated and hoped he might never see again. In that early time the mountain region was not even surveyed, let alone owned by individual proprietors.

The English, Scottish, Irish and continental immigrants who had some means sat down on the rich valleys, river bottoms and rolling savannahs, and the poor white was made welcome to the foot hills and mountain plateaux.

These descendants of the British villein of the feudal era grew and multiplied, became almost as distinct a people from the lords of the lowlands as the Scotch highlander was as related to his lowland neighbor in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The stir of the period since the close of our civil war has made somewhat indistinct the line that separates the mountaineer from the plainsman of the south, especially in the foot hills and at points where the two have intermingled in traffic, in the schoolhouse and church, and especially where the poor whites have been employed at mining, iron making, etc.; but go into the mountain far enough and you find the type as clearcut as it was 100 years ago, with its inimitable drawling speech and curious dialect; its sallow complexion, lanky frame, lazy habits, and immorality—all as distinctly marked as they were when hundreds of these people found Cherokee wives in Georgia and Tennessee, in the early part of the country and bleached most of the copper out of the skin of the Choctaw, as well as out of the Cherokee.

It is a pity that some competent anthropological historian has not traced the annals of this interesting and distinctive section of our population and made record of it in the interest of science, no less than in the interest of the proper education and elevation of the mountain people. It has become especially in the Piedmont section of the south, a most important labor element. The cotton mill labor by thousands comes from the "cracker of the hills;" and it is destined to become a great power, that labor population, social and political.

The redemption of the poor white began when slavery went down in blood and destruction, and it has gone on faster and traveled further than some of us think.—Chattanooga Times.

She Managed Well.

Apropos of the facility with which women can adapt themselves to circumstances, a little woman boarded a street car with two babies in her care, one in her arms, the other by the hand. She also carried a satchel, a bunch of wild flowers she had evidently gathered that morning, her pocket book, and as there was only one seat for the trio, she took the other baby in her arms and held both during the ride. But the piece-de-resistance was her door-key, which she held, like some faithful Bruno, between her teeth. Nor did she relinquish it through the entire trip, but carried it with the air of one who had a place for everything, and everything in its place. —Detroit Free Press.

Women Are Queens There.

One would hardly think of going to the country of the czar to find an example of women's rights, but there is a place in Russia, Smoleusk by name, where women are said to govern everything. This is not because they do it better than men, but because the town is so dead that in order to earn a living all the men are compelled to go away, thus leaving matters entirely in charge of the women. Plainly, the ideal and complete kingdom of women is a place where no man can gain a livelihood.—Detroit Free Press.

Becoming Blonde.

She —This novelist writes of his heroine as a tall girl with becoming blonde hair.

He—I suppose he means by that that she was having it bleached.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

PROVIDENCE AND A PISTOL.

Rather Remarkable Story Which Carries a Moral Teaching.

A half dozen or so men were sitting out in front of an uptown hotel the other evening telling stories, and a Star reporter was taking them all in with an avidity peculiar to his class.

"When I was 21," said a tall man, evidently from a southern state, "I had an ungovernable temper and a half-brother three years older than myself. We were both church members, but that didn't seem to bring us any closer together, for he was a Methodist and I was a Baptist. You may have observed," he threw in as a decoration to the story, "that Christian charity and brotherly love don't always thrive on denominational feed. However, as I was saying, we were of different denominations, and we got along fairly well together until we began arguing on our respective faiths. Then we got hot, and I always lost my temper. I may say that he did very nearly the same, but he wasn't quite as bad as I was in that regard.

"One day we were out hunting with only one gun, a squirrel gun, between us, and I had the gun. I may add here that we lived on a farm, and a one-gun hunting party was not at all unusual. We had sat down on a rock near the edge of a stream to rest, and in some way I slipped and went into the water. It made me mad to begin with, and when he began chaffing me and telling me that a Baptist ought to be used to a little thing like that, I got ten times worse and hit him a lick in the face. He ran off a few yards and picked up a bowlder about as large as your double fist, while I made a grab for the gun, which I had set up against a willow tree under the bank.

"Of course, we did not know what we were doing by this time; only I remember of telling him if he raised his hand to throw the stone I'd shoot him. He was nervy, though, and I hadn't more than got the words out of my mouth than he let the bowlder come at me, and, true to my word, I banged away at him. We weren't 40 feet apart, and it was a stand-off between the bowlder and the bullet as to which was the more dangerous, but Providence, I reckon, was watching over us, for, as I fired, the bowlder flew into a dozen pieces, and both of us were left standing looking at each other in a dazed, helpless way. Then, still not understanding what had happened, but realizing how nearly our tempers had brought us to bloodshed, we rushed into each other's arms and began crying over each other.

"When we had got over the excitement and collected our wits sufficiently to make an investigation, we discovered that by the merest chance—by Providential interference, I mean—my bullet and his bowlder had met in their flight and nullified each other. On one piece of the broken stone we found the blue mark of the bullet, and in another place we found the battered bullet. He took the bullet and I took the piece of marked stone, and we have kept them to this day, as sacred souvenirs, and as very potent reminders never to discuss our respective beliefs. I'm just as strong a Baptist as ever, and he is equally a Methodist, but we both believe that greater than either Baptist or Methodist is the Providence that watches over us all."—Washington Star.

DANGER IN EXCESS OF EXERCISE

People May Overexert Themselves and Defeat Their Purpose.

Housework, chores, gardening, walking, climbing, cycling, running, swimming and many other sports give just the kind of exercise that is indicated in certain conditions, due regard being had to the physiologic effects of varying dosage. Oertel has shown how the simple exercise of walking may be adapted to sufferers from cardiac debility by prescribing the distance and speed and the number and length of the rests on definite paths graduated according to their slope. His interesting and original work has not only given a new direction to the treatment of certain cardiac affections, but is destined to have an important influence in establishing accuracy in the prescription of exercise. Whoever has studied the map of the environs of Reichenhall, Bavaria, prepared by Oertel for the application of his method, will acquire a vivid idea of what precision of dosing in exercise means. In this map the different paths suitable for the work are marked in four different colors, to indicate those that are nearly level, those slightly sloping, moderately sloping, and steep, and figures are placed along each route to show the space that should be traversed in each quarter hour.

The locality itself is prepared for its remedial use by placing benches for resting at suitable distances, and by marking on certain trees near the path circles, colored to correspond with the map, to indicate the difficulty of that certain section. By systematic practice on the easier paths, the heart and system are progressively trained and strengthened. Intelligent analysis may do the same work for cycling, horseback riding and many other familiar exercises. In this way the dosage is practically reduced to a definite number of kilogrammeters in a given time, and a step has been taken in placing the prescription of exercise upon a scientific basis.—Appleton's Science Monthly.

A Singular Coincidence.

A gentleman from the north was spending a few days in Houston. He was stopping with a leading citizen whose acquaintance he had made. As they entered the house, the stranger asked:

"Haven't you got any old relics of the Texas revolution?"

"Allow me to introduce you to my mother-in-law," responded the Houston man, as the old lady, the widow of a Texas veteran, entered the room.—Dallas (Tex.) Sifter.

—Mobile is 1,239 miles from New York.

FRECKLES—SUNBURN.

Women at the Seaside and Mountains Should Wear Veils and Gloves.

"What is sunburn, doctor?" was a question which a Mercury representative asked an eminent specialist recently.

"Sunburn," said the polite doctor, "is only a universal freckle, and if you know what freckles are you know what sunburn is as well as I do myself. Lentigo (our name for freckles) is an excessive deposit of pigment in the skin, appearing as small, round, or irregularly-shaped pin's-head or pea sized, yellowish, brownish, or blackish spots. They are seldom seen before the third year, and with advancing years they may disappear permanently.

"Persons with fair skins, and particularly those with red hair, are especially liable to their development; nevertheless they appear in brunettes and mulattos. A freckle is shown by microscopical examination to consist essentially of a circumscribed collection of normal pigment cells in the rete mucosum. Chloasma (liver spot) differs from it simply in the size and shape of the patches.

"But I cannot describe sunburn as a universal freckle without calling attention to one important distinction. Freckles are sometimes due to a morbid condition of the system. I have had patients not ordinarily subject to freckles who developed them when their digestive organs were seriously out of order.

"On the other hand, those who are in perfect health bronze much more readily than those whose constitutions are unsound or who are sickly. I may add that one bronzes more quickly from exposure to the sun during the morning hours than in the afternoon, while exercising than when at rest, and when the atmosphere is surcharged with moisture than when it is dry.

"But sunburn is much more than this," continued the pleasant physician. "To say that it is only skin-deep would be altogether superficial. You must not forget its deep social significance. A coat of tan marks and distinguishes a man who has had his holidays. Are you a man of means? Are you a man of good taste? To prove that you are both you must show a brown face in the autumn."

"And how about the ladies, doctor?"

"My dear sir, veils and gloves at the seaside for ladies who have plump and round necks. It is simply a question of full dress next winter. And yet I may say that I knew a very original young lady who scored a positive triumph at a fancy-dress ball by appearing with her bare arms delicately bronzed on the upper side. It seemed to make her skin look all the fairer; and doubtless a suggestion of healthy outdoor life is the crowning charm of beauty."—N. Y. Mercury.

HOLLAND'S PERMANENT WAR.

Sn General Is Allowed to Win a Final Victory.

A correspondent says that a number of men were talking about England's little wars at the club, and, most pertinently, a man, a Boston man, who has only been ashore four or five days after a voyage of something like 115 days from Java in a sailing ship, chipped in: "I've got a yarn to spin in that connection." You will notice the nautical way he spoke, after his experience at sea.

"As all the world knows, the Dutch have for years and years been trying to conquer the island of Sumatra. Sumatra is the largest island in the world, bar Australia"—that's what he said; I am, geographically speaking, too weak to state it as a fact—"and as the Dutchmen have made Java a great source of revenue, they have been trying to conquer Sumatra as well.

"I got to know our consul at Batavia, the principal Javanese port, and, through him, a lot of Dutch officials, and I thought I'd like to take a shy at going to Acheen, the one place in Sumatra where the Dutch have a safe foothold, and see how so long-drawn-out a war was conducted, for the Dutch have every modern appliance for romping over such savages as the natives of Sumatra, and only the interior climate is against their easy success.

"I got a tip from the inside that I had better not waste any time, as under no circumstances would the Dutchmen at Acheen let me go to the front, where military operations were going on. That point, as I understand it, is some 300 miles inland.

"'And why?' I asked.

"'For the very good reason,' said the man who gave me the tip, 'that this war is a permanent thing for Holland, and a soft thing for the ring. There are government officials in Amsterdam and Dutch government colonial officials out here who each make from 50,000 to 200,000 florins a year out of the war in the way of supplying military stores, and the transportation of troops, or by means of any various little games that big politicians out for the dust have a way of playing. Not very long ago, in a moment of enthusiasm on some one's part, a Dutch general was appointed to the command of Sumatra because he boasted that he could put an end to the war in a few months. He started in at full speed, and was keeping his promise so well that a vigorous (but very quiet) row was kicked up in the innermost circles, and he was recalled. Therefore, I didn't bother to go and investigate the Dutch campaign in Java."—Boston Post.

Willful Waste.

The story writer had been out very late, and when he arrived home explained his tardiness at length and with great minuteness. His wife listened without comment until the end. "Well," he said, after a gloomy pause, "doesn't that explanation satisfy you?" "Perfectly," she replied. "It was lovely. Only, John, dear, I think it very extravagant of you to squander so much originality outside of your business."—Chicago News.

—West Virginians are "Panhandlers."

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1896.

THE prospect of a split in the Democratic National Convention is increasing every day. That it can be prevented now seems an impossibility.

What Free Wool Has Done.

The Wheeling *Intelligencer* says: It took the Democratic policy just two years to rednce the wool clip of the United States 100,000,000 pounds, or more than a fourth as compared with the annual clip when Mr. Cleveland went into office taking a Democratic congress with him. The shrinkage in the wool crop was a round 100,000,000 pounds, redncing the product from 364,000,000 to 264,000,000. If it were possible for the Democratic wool policy to prevail in this country the wool clip would soon be expressed by nothing but ciphers.

THE Chicago convention need seek no further. The Kentucky Democracy offers the platform and the man and the fit is perfect. It declares for the free coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1, "independent of the advice or action of any other nation." It declares that the treasury should redeem bonds in gold or silver as it thinks best. It opposes the national banking system. It demands a tariff for revenue only. On this platform it puts Senator Blackburn for President.

Since the Democratic national convention is to be for free silver it cannot do better than to take the nostrum as Kentucky has prepared it, and since the man should fit the platform, the convention cannot hope to do better than to accept Blackburn along with his platform.

The nominee of the convention will not be elected anyhow, so why not get the credit of doing a very heroic thing?

Cleveland's Political Suicide.

It seems certain now that the Democratic national convention will be controlled by the free silver faction. Since the defeat of the gold standard men in Kentucky they have practically abandoned the fight. It is also plain that the free silver men derive great strength from party dislike for President Cleveland. The Democratic party is prone to financial folly, and it has several times been the lot of Democratic Presidents to encounter strong party opposition on matters of finance. Jackson, Van Buren and Buchanan had each to fight Congress on financial issues, but each were able to command the support of the party organization and shape its national policy. Cleveland seems to have failed completely and his party is adopting a line of policy which commits them to denunciation of the conduct of the national administration.

The secret of this remarkable development is that Cleveland has been more a Mugwump than a Democrat. He departed from party lines in forming his cabinet and the appointment of Gresham chilled party loyalty. His civil service reform policy, whatever may be said in its favor on abstract grounds, was exceedingly distasteful to his party and tended to strip the Presidential office of its influence with Congress, without which it is impossible to carry on a successful administration. Civil service reform converts the Presidency from the head of a party into the chief of a bureaucracy. It is a position fatal to Presidential influence and dangerous to the public welfare. It is hardly likely that Cleveland's example will be followed. A really strong efficient President will act on Washington's principle that to appoint to office any man who is not in complete sympathy with the administration is a species of suicide. Cleveland's case is a melancholy proof of the wisdom of Washington's utterance.

Democratic Hopes Blasted.

It was a trying day for Garrett county Democrats on Tuesday as the delegates to the county convention assembled in the face of the actions of their brethren to the south, notably Kentucky.

With less spirit than a whipped hound the delegates went through with the usual routine of their duties. There was no enthusiasm, no hope.

The resolutions were entirely foreign to the prevailing Democratic spirit and sentiment. While Kentucky and other southern and western States hurled the banner of free silver to the winds as the battle cry for the coming contest, Garrett county Democrats kept safely within the lines of sound money. They heartily endorsed President Cleveland, however, and introduced and carried through a resolution condemning the influences being brought to bear upon certain men and affairs by the workings of the avowed patriotic orders.

For the consolation of the desperate Democracy THE REPUBLICAN prints below an extract from the Louisville *Courier-Journal* in its reference to the Kentucky convention, which reads as follows:

"They (the Democrats) have repudiated the only President the Democratic party has elected and seated for forty years. They have repudiated the most distinguished of Kentucky's living sons and the greatest Democratic intellect in the United States. They have spit upon the fathers of the party whose name and organization they claim, have proclaimed Jefferson an ignoramus, Jackson a conspirator, Benton a knave and Cleveland a traitor. For the faith handed down through a hundred years of glorious party history, they have substituted a fad rejected by every intelligent civilization on the globe, and for the exponents of that faith they have substituted such apostles of populism as Stewart, such exhorters of socialism as Tilman, such evangels of anarchism as Altgeld. Saturday's work make Kentucky Republican for years. Before Saturday Bradleyism was dead, but Saturday made it possible for any Republican to carry Kentucky over a party which binds itself to the corpse of free silverism. The one thing now for Kentucky Democracy is that the Chicago convention shall not ratify its stupendous blunder, and that chance seems all too remote."

The Platform.

It is practically settled that the sound money men will have entire control in the Republican Convention, and the silver men in the Democratic Convention. That certainty is by some excepted to have much to do with the shaping of the Republican platform. They reason that in such circumstances the Republicans will have nothing to fear in any Eastern States, and will therefore be inclined to treat as kindly as possible the opinions of Western brethren, whose struggle for Protective principles is embarrassed by the popular desire for free silver coinage. In support of this view it is urged that sound-money Democrats have already begun to show that they will stick to their party and fight for it, even if it puts up a silver man on a silver platform, and that the Republicans will be obliged to meet such dishonest ignoring of the question with some measure of evasion or prudence.

These calculations leave out of sight a question of principle and a practical contingency which may prove extremly important. It is not possible for the Republicans to pass in silence the quesion of silver coinage and no obligation can be higher than to state with honesty the principles by which they will be governed.

The entire history of the party has been distinguished by manly candor in stating its beliefs and unflinching fidelity in carrying out its pledges. For forty years its opponents have labored in vain to entangle the Republican party in a tricky statement or a disregard of promises and the votes in States where pople are free to vote stands as proof that no charge of that nature has ever had weight with public opinion. There will not be this year a beginning of Rebublican bad faith or cowardice. The party has clearly defined and stroug convictions on the money question, and cannot help stating them.

Neither can it overlook the practical consideration, which to Prictictionists is of high importance, that it is now threatening with defeat in its economic policy by the election of men who are willing to sacrifice that policy in order to promote the interests of silver miners. This state of things compels the party to demand that no candidate anywhere shall have excuse for calling himself a Republican, or claiming Republican votes, or getting benefit from the tremendous strength of the Protective policy, who is willing to assassinate it for the sake of the silver interest. The line must of necessity be sharply drawn so that the Republican strength can everywhere be concentrated in favor of Senators and Representatives who will be found true to the principles of the party. There can be no dicker with the silver interest, and no coquetting. The party is not bound to smite its Western friends over the head with a club because they desire coinage of silver, but it is absolutely bound to tell them that they cannot hope for free coinage of silver, nor sacrifice Protection to the silver interest and continue to be Republicans.

It would be perilous in another aspect to hesitate. What Eastern Democrats may do cannot be known until a month after the Republican Convention has adjourned, not even then. It would be possible for them after defeat at Chicago, to set up an independent sound-money ticket at any time, and with President Cleveland as a candidate, or some man representing like opinions, to gather a large support. No such performance could affect the result in the least degree, if the Republicans stand by their principles without swerving, and make known in distinct language what they actually believe and intend. But if they were to falter or dodge, the disgust of Republicans themselves would have much force to aid Democratic opposition. It is necessary to declare, in language which nobody can have a decent excuse for misunderstanding, that the Republicans will consent to no debasement of the current money in which wages of lobor are paid, are therefore inflexibly opposed to free coinage of silver until international agreement has established its commercial value and, unless that agreement is effected, will maintain the existing monetary standard.—N. Y. Tribune.

A Pretty Testimonial.

On Thursday Mr. Henry Weber formerly of this city now head of the firm of H. Weber & Sons florists, at Oakland, called at the *Times* office and left for exhibition to his many friends in this vicinity a highly valued possession. It can be seen at the *Times* window, and has alredy been greatly admired.

It is a bronze medal, about three inches in dirmeter issued by the Worlds Fair Commission, to Mr. Weber for the best display of flowers. It is cast in bronze upon a design of C. E. Barber, and cast by the Scoville Manufacturing company, of Waterbury, Conn. On one side in bass relief stands Columbus in the act of gazing upon the new continent on October 12, 1492, and on the other side is the wording, "World's Columbian Exposition, in commemoration of the 400th Anniversary of the landing of Columbus, 1492 - 1893. Henry Weber & Sons."

The medal is placed in a handsome allumnium case. While Mr. Weber has won many prizes and trophies, this of course is the most highly valued, having been won in contest with the world. Wherever this progressive firm makes exhibits they seem destined to acheve the highest degree of success.

In State and national contest they have never failed to receive an award and as a result the demand upon them has become so great that extensive improvements have become necessary to their magnificent hot houses and gardens at Oakland. The medal will be on exhibition for a few days and will then be returded to Oakland.—Cumb. Times.

STATE OF MARYLAND,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
ANNAPOLIS, June 4, 1896.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Notice is hereby given that application has been made to His Excellency Lloyd Lowndes, Governor of Maryland, for the pardon of William A. Clark, who was convicted at the March term, 1896, of the Circuit court for Garrett county of petit larceny and sentenced to be confined in the Maryland House of Correction for nine months.

The Governor will take up the said case for final decision on or after Monday, the 22d day of June, 1896, until which time protests against such pardon will be heard, and the papers filed open to inspection at the discretion of the Governor.

By order of the Governor:

GEO. E. LOWEREE,
14—1 Assistant Secretary of State.

NOTICE OF THE
Creation of New Voting Precincts

Under and by virtue of the power conferred upon the Supervisors of Elections by Chapter 262 of the acts of 1896, notice is hereby given that said Board of Supervisors of Elections of Garrett county have divided Election District Number Seven of said county as follows:

All that part of said Election District Number Seven, as now laid out and established, east of the Hooppole road and on the east side of Third street in the town of Oakland and on the east side of the Aurora road shall be known and designated as Precinct No. 1, and all that part of said Election District Number Seven on the west side of Hooppole road, on the west side of Third street in the town of Oakland and on the west side of the Aurora road shall be known and designated as precinct Number 2, of said Election District Number 7.

A. G. STURGISS,
J. ALVIN FRIEND,
FRED. G. EBY,
14—2 Board of Election Supervisors.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE
IN MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Mary P. Alderson and Joseph C. Alderson to John W. Arnold, John C. Dunham and William J. Nair, trustees of Garrett Council No. 35, Jr. O. U. A. M., dated January 28, 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 25, folio 475, one of the Mortgage Records of Garrett county, default having been made in the covenants of said mortgage, the undersigned attorney named in said mortgage to make sale thereunder, will sell at public auction in front of the Postoffice in Oakland, Md., on

Friday, the 3rd Day of July, 1896,

AT TEN O'CLOCK A. M.,

all those lots or parcels of ground described in said mortgage, situated in the town of Mountain Lake Park, Garrett county, Md., the same being

Lots Numbers 1200, 1201B, 1201C, 1202, 1300 and 1302

on the plat of Mountain Lake Park Association.

Said lots are most desirably located and are improved by a

Large Two Story Dwelling House

and outbuildings, and is one of the most desirable properties in the Park.

Terms of sale as prescribed by the mortgage, cash.

JAMES C. PEDDICORD,
Attorney Named in the Mortgage.

14—4

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE
IN GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in Equity, dated the 11th day of June, A. D. 1896, and passed in a cause standing as No. 750 on the Equity docket thereof, wherein Alexander Moon is plaintiff and Emily C. Hardesty et al. are defendants, the undersigned trustee will offer at public sale on

Thursday, the 2nd Day of July, 1896,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m.,

in front of Nethken Bros. store in the town of Deer Park, Garrett county, aforesaid, the real estate in the proceedings in said cause mentioned and described—

All that tract or parcel of land situated in Garrett county aforesaid and more fully designated by the metes and bounds of a survey as follows: Beginning for the same at a small white oak tree standing on a ridge and marked with nine hacks, and running thence with an allowance of 2¼° for magnetic variation, north 72° east 86 perches to a stake standing midway between a small black pine tree and a large yellow pine tree mark each six hacks, south 72° west 101 perches to a stake and stone pile, north 18° west 80 perches to a stake standing north 72° east 15 links from a white oak tree marked with six hacks, and thence by a straight line to the beginning, containing 50 acres, the same being part of a tract of land called

"THE PINK OF ALLEGANY,"

conveyed to the said James W. Hardesty by B. F. Pugh and wife by deed dated the 19th day of May, 1890, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, folio 329, among the Land Records of Garrett county. Also all that other portion of the said tract of land called "The Pink of Allegany" which was conveyed to the said Hardesty by Joseph R. Anderson and wife by deed dated the 9th day of January, 1892, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 20, folio 20, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and described as follows,

Beginning at a stake and stone pile standing at the end of the third line of a tract of land conveyed by Joseph R. Anderson to Benj. F. Pugh and running thence south 15° west 61 perches to a stake and stone pile, north 75° east 80 perches to a stake and stone pile standing about eight feet west of a chestnut tree marked with six hacks as witness, north 15° east 61 perches to a stake and stone pile with a pin oak and locust tree marked each with three hacks as witnesses, and thence with the third line of said conveyed tract to the end thereof, south 75° west 80 perches to the beginning, containing 30 acres.

These two parcels of land, comprising the home farm of the late James W. Hardesty and being situated about three miles northwest of Swanton near North Glade, will be sold as an entirety.

The improvements consist of a

TWO-STORY FRAME HOUSE,

stable and all necessary out-buildings. Forty acres are under fence of which about twenty-three acres are in cultivation. There is also a small orchard.

TERMS OF SALE as prescribed by the decree, one-half cash and the balance in two equal payments at six and twelve months with interest from date, secured by the bonds of the purchaser with satisfactory endorsements, or all the purchase money may be paid in cash at the option of the purchaser.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
Trustee.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

THE
New BUCKEYE
FOR 1896.

The Simplest, Best and Lightest Running Binder on Earth.

ISN'T IT A BEAUTY?

Examine our composition adjustable bearings and other valuable improvements for 1896. It beats the World.

From the Golden Harvest Fields of the Sunny South, where grain cutting is now progressing, come Songs of Praise for this Wonderful Machine.

The genius of man has never produced its equal.

Its perfect working Bundle Carrier is admired by all.

No weight on horses' necks—no side draft—open end, and it will handle the longest or shortest grain successfully.

See its high drive wheel which insures light draft.

Be sure and examine this machine before you buy. If there is no agent in your locality, correspond with us direct.

COMPETITORS ARE FLEEING BEFORE THE MAJESTIC MARCH OF THE NEW BUCKEYE.

HEAR WHAT PENNSYLVANIA FARMERS SAY,

The field selected was rye 7 feet tall, very heavy and green. The machine was drawn by an ordinary team and never made a skip or missed a sheaf.

We the undersigned have, this 27th day of May, 1896, witnessed the working of the New Buckeye Binder, cutting rye on the farm of Dr. G. A. Knight at Lamertine, Clarion county, Pa. We consider its work first-class in every respect, and the Machine very light draft.

Some expressions from those present—"Isn't she a daisy." "I tell you that's the lightest running binder I ever saw." "She handles that rye elegant." "Don't it make a splendid sheaf." "Say that bundle carrier beats them all." "That pair of horses could handle that machine all day." "Did you ever see a binder with such little machinery." "Not a particle of weight on the horses' necks, it's perfectly balanced." "It beats anything I ever saw."

E. B. Sheffer, D. Kneppenberger, H. McGinnis, W. L. Long, D. M. Delo, Lynn Campbell, Joe Sheffer, Irvin McGinnis, H. C. Sheffer, Joe S. Shirey, Leroy Kurtz, Chas. Say, J. J. Kline, L. M. Cochran, Frank Kline, P. Wingard, Jno. William, Aaron Conner, C. K. Sheffer, G. H. Weimer, F. W. Berlin, M. B. Shannon, F. B. Shannon, Jr., J. M. Kurtz, J. G. Heeter.

THE BUCKEYE MOWER.
ORIGINAL, GENUINE AND ONLY, MADE BY
AULTMAN, MILLER & CO.,
AKRON, OHIO.

FOR SALE BY
JONAS ✣ FRAZEE.
SELBYSPORT, MD.

IMMENSE
FOURTH OF JULY
CELEBRATION
AT OAKLAND.

Spend Your 4th Where You Can Keep Cool and ENJOY a Day of PLEASURE.

A Gorgeous Trades Display and Lustrous Street Pageant!

FOUR BRASS BANDS.

A Band of Indians and Cow-Boys,
DRESSED IN THEIR PRAIRIE COSTUMES.

THERE WILL BE TO AMUSE YOU Base Ball Games, Tournaments, Running and Trotting Races, Bicycle, Egg, Foot, Sack, Donkey and Wheelbarrow races. Band Concerts all day, Three Dancing Floors. A sham battle in the Afternoon between Co. K; 4th Md. Regiment and Cow-boys and Indians. Firemen's Parade and Exhibition of Work.

A LARGE NUMBER of PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED THE VICTORS.

A 4th of July Oration will be delivered on the Grounds after the Parade. Over 50 acres of a Beautiful Park to be used for Amusements, etc. A grand Display of Fireworks and Flambeau Drill at Night. Several hundred dollars worth of Fireworks will be displayed from a hill-top.

The B. & O. R. R. wil run Special Excursion Trains for this occasion at greatly reduced rates from all points on main line and branches.

Don't Forget that We Guarantee You a Pleasant Time, so
COME TO OAKLAND ON
THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BEAUTIFUL MOUNT VERNON.

A Correspondent Visits and Writes of the Home of Washington.

To the Editor of The Republican.

If there is a section of our country more beautiful or more pleasant than is Oakland at this season of the year, one who has seen something of this country, north and south, knows not of it.

It may be that winter here lingers a bit too long in the lap of spring, as Mr. Nye puts it, but when it has taken its departure not a more desirable place, in our opinion, can be found. It was therefore with reluctance that on the morning of May 18th, Oakland and the Alleghenies were left behind even for the purpose of a pleasant trip. About six hours on the B. & O. brings us in sight of the Washington monument. Having on former occasions become somewhat familiar with the sights of Washington, it is determined on this occasion to visit Mt. Vernon and other outlaying points of interest, with the reservation that Corcoran's Gallery of Art must be passed on no account. We must spend a few hours of each visit to the capital in admiring what the nobles of all ages and countries have enshrined—art. The Alexandria boat from Washington affords a breezy, invigorating ride down the Potomac. We think of the contrast between the stream across which we could step in search of brook trout in the morning and the same stream that now bears upon its bosom the huge steamer upon which we ride, and from the waters of which men are taking the sturgeon. Those contemplating a trip southward, and not in a great hurry, cannot spend an evening and a night much more pleasantly than by taking the bay steamers to Fortress Monroe and Norfolk.

Thirty minutes to Alexandria. Here is a quaint old town, and busy, too. Visitors are directed to see the old colonial church, built of brick brought from England, and wonderfully preserved. [Nothing to compare with our Corinth brick which are pressed rather than preserved.] The accommodating sexton points out the family pews of Generals Lee and Washington, and suggests that for the munificent sum of fifteen cents we may enter and register our names. We don't. Our faces brighten when the sexton shows a copy of the original subscription of General Washington to the pastor's salary—a large sum. Oh! for a multitude of vest pocket editions of General Washington for patriotism sake. Thirty minutes ride by electric car through the shady woods and the visitor places his foot on ground sacred to the heart of the nation, Mt. Vernon, the home and burial place of Washington. He whose heart will not warm with patriotism as he walks upon ground hallowed with such sacred associations is certainly not to be envied. Hence went the leader to the call of his country, either to lead in the resistance against the oppressor, or to sit as the representaeive of peace and progress at the nation's head. Here within an hour's ride of our National Capital is located a coustant reminder of true patriotism and statesmanship. Would that the visits of statesmen to this spot were more frequent, for it seems that the Washington monument and all that it represents are to some late statesmen small in compariseu to a fee.

The home of Washington is plain and grand in its simplicity, like its designer and former owner. A central, two-story rectangular building, the length twice its breadth, weatherboarded in imitation of white stone, and surmounted with a small observstory, looks out upon the Potomac from a porch that runs the whole length of the eastern front, this porch supported by a white colonnade. Extending from either end of this main building and curving around to the west to form a semi-circle facing a magnificent lawn and drive-way, is a covered way supported on either side by white columns. Each of these covered ways end westward, the one in the old kitchen and the other in the baker's house. Grouped around these two end buildings and of the same small proportions, are the homes of other employees—butler, weaver, etc. The negroes' quarters, of brick construction, fronted by the garden, now beautifully kept in flowers and ornamental shrubbery, ends the semi-circle on the northern side of the lawn. The old brick barn with coach house and other buildings complete the semi-circle on the south side of the lawn. The name, euphonious and modern to be sure, but incorrect, "Laundry," is tacked upon one building. Washington's noble wife, as other noble dames of old Virginia, called it "The wash-house."

Looking toward the east from the porch and between it and the Potomac may be seen the deer park—more easily stocked by Washington than by the Mt. Vernon Ladies' Association that now have the grounds in charge. Southward from this park a short distance is the original tomb prepared by Washington, and where he and his wife lay until 1887, when they were removed to a more elaborate tomb planned by him and built after his death. There they now rest in zinc caskets, sealed and again inclosed in marble sarcophagi. These rest above ground in plain view, but shut off from touch by iron grating. Back of these sarcophagi is a large vault in which rest the remains of thirty or more of the Washington family. The door to this vault was locked, sealed and the key thrown into the Potomac some years since. The old colored man, Parker, relict of the Washingtons, and who stands guard at the tomb, is one of the most intelligent colored christians we ever met.

Such is the home of the great—unassuming, beautiful for situation, enshrining the heart of our nation. Let every loyal and patriotic citizen go fifteen miles down the river from Washington to tread this sacred ground, and let him cherish the noble principles and aspirations that connect themselves by association therewith.

Letter From Kansas.

SABETHA, KAN., June 2nd.

To the Editor of The Republican.

If you will allow me space in your valuable paper, for the benefit of your many readers, I will give them a brief sketch of my trip to Kansas.

I left Friendsville accompanied by my son Howard, Friday, May 22nd, and after a trip of forty-four hours we landed in Kansas City on Sunday morning at 8.15. Here we missed connection, but were none the worse off, as we "took in" the greater part of the city—the power house, the cncline railway and the park where the cool breeze among the many wide-spread shade trees made it very pleasant. After spending several hours in the park we returned to the depot and boarded the Sante Fe train for Ottawa. Here we attended the Annual Conference of the German Baptist brethren. From there we came to Sabetha, Kansas, where we have many friends and relatives living from Garrett county and Somerset county, Pa. Some who were unfortunate in the recent tornado lost all their buildings with the contents. We might imagine that a greater portion of the contents could be gathered and made use of, but not so. We saw large buildings literally torn to pieces, not enough good lumber left to build a small coal house. We saw a large mass of ground heaped up, and on enquiring what that contained we were informed that there were seventeen horses buried there that were killed for Mr. Jacob Leichty, who lost fully $10,000 in the tornado.

Hedges were stripped as bare of leaves as ever you saw any tree during winter season. Dead chickens were lying around with scarcely a feather on them. In one instance there was a cow found walking aronnd with a two by four inch scantling driven through her body. In fact there is no one who has not seen it can form a correct idea of the work. When we look at the great destruction we are led to exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" He who hath given all things can take it in the twinkliug of an eye.

We will remain here a few days longer, and then we will board the train for our home in Garrett, where we shall feel more at home than ever.

Yonrs truly,
J. J. BEEGHLY.

Selbysport.

Plenty of rain and crops growing fine.

Messrs. Jonas Frazee, jr., and Jno. Kerner paid us a visit last week.

Our farmers are getting the soil broken up for buckwheat.

Our merchants are doing a fair trade at present.

Since Senator Quay has conceded Maj. McKinley's nomination at the St. Louis National Convention on the 16th our farmers have turned their sheep in the best pasture fields that they have.

There has been quite a number of Pittsburgers up fishiug this season. They usually have had good luck.

Messrs. Jasper Frazee & Sons are the leading farmers of Frazee's Ridge.

Our farmers tell us that the best mowing machine and binder on the earth is the Buckeye, which is sold by Jonas Frazee, of Selbysport. Write for catalogue and prices.

We note by the Pittsburg papers of the 8th that Grover has declared his intention to vote for Maj. McKinley rather that to support free silver. Our Democratic brothers here are alarmed at the move of Grover.

Carnegie says that the Wilson bill was one of the biggest frauds that ever was perpetrated on the people of the United States. So say the farmers of the United States and the farmers of the Selbysport district.

EUROPEAN LETTER.

Our Special Correspondent Writes From Italy.

ROME, ITALY, May 20, 1896.

Religion is very conspicuous here in spite of the vanished temporal power. On almost every street corner there is a little shrine, a picture or statue of the Madonna, adorned with artificial flowers and covered with glass. Women stop to murmur prayers before them, with a heedlessness of the passers-by that indicates either very mechanical or very sincere devotion. And in the churches the same thing is noticable. Fancy a tourist walking around during religious service in a church in America, striking the pillars to see if they are marble or only stucco, and turning opera glasses on the stained glass windows, on the frescoes and on the priest himself. The scene that may be hourly observed in St. Peter's of worshippers kneeling before the statue of the patron saint and reverentially kissing his toe while visitors watch them through lorgnettes, speaks eloquently of good-natured passivity of the Italians and the heedless curiosity of sight-seers.

Almost every week during the winter in Rome there is a church festival, and some of them are as interesting and unique in their way as the Oberammagau performance. St. Agnes-outside-the-walls on the third Sunday in January occurs the blessing of the lambs from whose wool certain sacerdotal robes are made. All day long there is a pilgrimage from the city to the church, and the road beyond the Porta Pia is full of carriages and pedestrains. Two lambs, shampooed into an unprecedented condition of cleanliness, with their fleece curled in the latest style, are carried into the church. They are bedecked with ribbon until they look like toys. For fear they might fail to appreciate the honor that is being paid them, and make unseemly efforts to escape, they are tied on cushions. They are borne in state to the altar, sprinkled with holy water and enveloped in incense.

Mass is said, interrupted by their bleats of helpless remonstrance. Then the people crowd aronnd and try to touch them, and the puzzled lambs again say that they want to go home. But they must first must be taken to the Vatican to receive the Papal blessing, and then the fleece is solemnly sheared and the lambs are allowed to return to comfort and dirt.

Another curious festival is the Distribution of Dowries, in the church of St. Agostino. Some generous persons who evidentially believed that marriage was a success, established a Dowry Fund to encourage maidens to enter the holy bouds. Courageous and cheerful candidates are not lacking—indeed there are usually so many that the committee has difficulty in choosing. The only conditions are that the applicant be poor and a Roman. Abont fifty maidens this year publicly proclaimed their willingness to offer themselves on the altar of matrimony, and their philauthropy was rewarded by a gift of 150 lire ($30) apiece. Very pretty and unmercenary did they look, in their white dresses and veils. Those costumes will probably soon be used again at the consummation of the sacrifice: for suitors wait on the foot steps of the dowried maidens. Indeed in more than one case the marriage is arranged beforehand with the condition that the dot be received.

Rome has not a monopoly of festivals. We saw one a few months ago at Lake Como, in honor of the infant St. John. A procession of small boys with garments of sheepskin (probably the nearest they could get to the traditional camel's hair) were leading lambs; the latter of course representing Christ. Very pretty would it be in theory; but the day was warm and the road dusty. The little St. Johns grew tired and wept noisily, and the lambs with no sense of the properties, occasionally stopped short and refused to budge. It kept a priest busy running along the line, stirring up the obstinate ones with a stick, or catching fugitives. I asked one of the peasants accompanying the procession what were the contents of a silver box, that was carried in much pomp at the head. "That" he answered reverentially, "is one of the fingers of the Infant St. John."

We were walking in this same neighborhood one day when we found a small chapel hidden among the hills. We entered with somewhat curiosity, but our interest was awakened when we saw over the altar instead of the traditional Madonna, a very good picture of Diana and Acteon. We inquired of the priest about the apparent error, but he silenced us by saying "But yes. It occurred near here, not far from Lake Lugano. You can see the place where she changed him into a stag."

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

Cove.

We are having a rain this evening.

Milton Fisher has the masonry completed for his new house.

A. J. Miller is on the sick list.

John Hetrick, one of Accident district's honored citizens, died and was buried the 8th inst. at Bear Creek. The services were conducted by Rev. S. Miller. A large number of the decendent's neighbors and friends attended the funeral and listened attentively to the eloquent

Mr. Wm. M. Lohr returned on Saturday from Chambersburg and Gettysburg where he represented his G. A. R. post in the department encampent which was held in Chambersburg. He was also present at the unveiling of the monnments of Gen. Meade and Gen. Hancock on the Gettysburg battle field where thousands spent June 5th in memory of the 175,000 soldiers that were engaged in that great battle, 40,000 of whom were stricken down.

Crop Reports.

MT. LAKE.—Still cloudy, with some rain, and cool, except few days. Vegetables and corn turned yellow and need sunshine and warm weather. Cutworms very destructive. Fruit falling off. Strawberry picking in season.

WM. H. BIGGS.

GRANTSVILLE.—Weather the past week has been rather cool, with light frost on the 2d; warmer latter of week. Strawberry crop will be immense. Oats could not possibly look any better; pastures the same. Hay, full crop. Too cool and wet for corn; some has been plowed the first time. Mountains covered with huckleberries. J. S. MILLER.

SUNNYSIDE.—Weather the past two weeks cold and damp. Corn looks bad; all other crops are doing finely. Early potatoes in blossom. Cherries and plums a total failure at this place. The crop of sarvice berries will be immense. Apples are falling. Light frost on the 2d; no damage. JOHN G. KNAUER.

BITTINGER.—We have had fine growing weather the past week, and all crops doing well; but a good part of the wheat is being plowed up and will be sown in buckwheat.

P. P. LOHR.

Reduced Rates to St. Louis.

The Republican National Convention will meet in St. Louis June 16. For this occasion the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell Excursion Tickets from all stations on its line East of the Ohio River for all trains June 12 to 15, inclusive, valid for return passage until June 21, at one fare for the round trip.

The B. & O. is a direct line to St. Louis, running two solid vestibuled fast express trains with through Pullman Sleeping Cars attached every day in the year.

For rates and other information apply to nearest B. & O. Ticket Agent.

A Handsome Book on Summer Travel.

The Baltimore & Ohio R. R. Co. has just issued a handsome book descriptive of the various summer resorts in the mountains and by the seaside adjacent to or reached by its system of lines.

It is finely printed and illustrated by a number of very fine cuts. Send 10 cents to Chas. O. Scull, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md., for a copy. 2 t

For Sale.

A cottage containing 7 rooms, attic and cellar. Has a well of good water upon the premises, and an acre of land attached. Purchaser can have the choice of more land up to two acres. Will sell cheap and on good terms. Situated opposite Mt. Lake Park on Oakland road. Mt. Lake Park, is a good market for vegetables and poultry. Apply to F. P. Arnold, Mt. Lake Park, Garrett county, Md. 50-13t.

Reduced Rates to Washington.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will hold their annual meeting in Washington, D. C., July 7 to 13.

For this occasion the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell tickets, from all points on its lines, East of the Ohio River to Washington, at one single fare for the round trip, July 6 to 8, inclusive; valid for return passage until July 15, inclusive, with the privilege of an additional extension until July 13 by depositing tickets with Joint Agents at Washington

Tickets will also be on sale at stations of all connecting lines.

Delegates should not lose sight of the fact that all B. & O. trains run via Washington.

Reduced rates to Cumberland.

The Firemen's Association of Maryland will meet in Cumberland June 10 to 12.

For this occasion the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell round trip tickets to Cumberland at a fare and a third for the round trip from Pittsburg, Uniontown, Frederick, Hagerstown, Baltimore, Annapolis and from all ticket stations on its lines in Maryland, District of Columbia and Virginia, for all trains of June 9 to 12, valid for return passage until June 13th.

THE

Maryland Building and Loan Association

of Garrett County.

OFFICERS:

ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney.
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencies.

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock:

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.

EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL

ROOFING.

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In effect May 24, 1896.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS	NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1		No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
2 30*	8 00† lv	Cumberland ar	*12 00	4 30
2 57	8 31	Bowlings	11 29	6 59
3 20	8 56	Keyser	11 01	6 36
3 33	9 09	Westernport	10 51	6 23
3 36	9 12	W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	6 20
3 53	9 29	Shaw	10 23	5 55
4 01	9 37	Harrison	10 00	5 31
4 25	10 00	Elk Garden	8 55	*3 20
5 10	10 45 ar	Gorman	9 21	5 00
5 00	10 35† lv	Bayard	9 15	4 51
5 06	10 41	Hoblitt	9 01	4 41
5 17	10 52	Thomas	8 51	4 05
5 50	11 23	Davis	8 00	3 25
6 25	11 55 ar	Coketon	8 31	4 02
5 35	11 27 lv	Hendricks	7 59	3 30
6 19	11 51	Bretz	7 51	3 25
6 25	11 57	Parsons	7 51	3 22
6 28	12 00	Kerens	7 28	2 47
7 00*	12 30	Elkins	lv *7 00	*12 30
	1 00* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 35
				P. M.
	2 55* ar	Benlington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.

The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Enterprise Tanning Company will be held at their office in Hutton, Md., at 2 p. m.,

Tuesday, June 16, 1896,

for the election of a board of directors and the transaction of such other business as may regularly come before them.

U. G. PALMER, Sec. and Treas.

13-td

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., June 2, 1896.

The County Commissioners will meet at their office in Oakland on

Tuesday, June 9, 1896,

For the purpose of transacting any business that may come before them.

By order of the board,
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

A Chance for Farmers to Improve Their Stock.

EMPEROR WILKES

TIME, 2.28.

PEDIGREE:

EMPEROR WILKES, by Ethan Wilkes 6117, dam Mary M.; Ethan Wilkes by George Wilkes, dam Lady Ethan; George Wilkes by Hambletonian 10, dam Dolly Spanker; Lady Ethan by Ethan Allan 43, dam Topsy dam of Hambletonian Mambrino Mary M. by Mambrino Rattler; dam by Brignolia 77, dam by Hopeful; Mambrino Rattler by Mambrino Chief II, dam by Rattler 77.

M. Maroney & Son have decided to stand this horse at their stables in Oakland during the season of 1896 for the small sum of

$10.00 INSURANCE.

M. MARONEY & SON,
Owners.

9—2.m

APPEAL SESSION.

Tax-payers of Oakland, take notice, That the Town Council of Oakland will sit at the Council Chamber in said town on

MONDAY, JUNE 1, 1896,

from 2 to 4 o'clock p. m., and from 8 to 10 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of hearing appeals and making transfers upon the assessment books of said town.

By order Council,
11—4td J. C. DUNHAM, Clerk.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—	Daily	2.46 A. M
No. 5.—	Daily	7.07 A. M
No. 71.—	Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 47.—	Daily	10.49 A. M
No. 55.—	Express, daily	6.24 P. M
No. 15.—	Accommodation daily	8.45 P. M
No. 1.—	Daily	10.06 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8.—	Daily	5.59 A. M
No. 2.—	Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 14.—	Accommodation daily	9.01 A. M
No. 72.—	Accom daily except Sun	4.26 P. M
No. 16.—	Daily	5.02 P. M
No. 4.—	Daily	12.20 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F SCHROEDER, Agent.

THE

G. E. PEARCE DRUG CO.,

OF FROSTBURG, MD.

We have probably the largest stock of goods in the drug line in Western Maryland.

P. D. & CO. and S. and D. pharmaceutical preparations always in stock, supplied to physicians at jobbers' prices.

OUR LINE OF

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES AND WINDOW GLASS

IS LARGE AND COMPLETE.

We sell and guarantee LUCAS TINTED GLOSS PAINT at $1.25 per gallon.

9-2m

WHY SHOULD YOU SEND YOUR CHILD

—TO—

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

1st. He (or she) can be prepared for college; he can study book-keeping, Shorthand, type-writing, etc., and be fitted for business; he can begin his course in medicine or pharmacy under a teacher who has made the subject of chemistry a specialty.

2nd. It is a home school (co-educational and for a limited number) and is conducted with all the loving, care-taking ministrations for individual development that the name implies.

3rd. Students require the most bracing, nerve-building climate, and here they have it. Among the recreations are skating, boating, tennis, bowling.

4th. English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, German, Musical and Art courses. Bible study and high ethical teaching will fit him for a noble Christian career.

E. B. SWAN, Principal,
18-1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., M

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ¼ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. E. CARSKADON,
20—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

MOUNTAIN STATE
Business College,
PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. C. SINE, PRESIDENT.

NOTICE TO ASSESSORS.

Notice is hereby given to the District Assessors of Garrett county to meet in the office of the Garrett County Commissioners in Oakland on

Tuesday, June 9th, 1896,

for the purpose of organization, etc.

JACOB FRESH,
RUDOLPH BECKMAN,
12—1 General Assessors.

NORMAL SCHOOLS.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS OF
GARRETT COUNTY,
OAKLAND, MD., May 11, 1896.

The normal schools for Garrett County, for the summer of 1896 will be held as follows:

At Oakland, in charge of Prof. C. D. Smith; at Accident, in charge of Prof. R. B. Sanner, and at Selbysport in charge of Prof. Geo. B. Frazee. The school at Oakland will open June 15, 1896, and at Accident June 22, one week later, and run for a term of ten weeks.

For further information apply to C. D. Smith, Oakland, Md.; R. B. Sanner, Confluence, Pa., and Geo. B. Frazee, Markleysburg, Pa.

WM. HINEBAUGH,
10-3 Secretary.

NIGHTFALL ON THE FARM.

Upon the porch at even
We two together stood,
And listened to the tinkle
Of sheep-bells in the wood.
The locust trees bent o'er us,
White blossoms dropping down,
And, fringed with flowers, before us
The path lay bare and brown.

We heard the sheep-bells' music
Far off and dreamy grow;
We saw the white flowers sprinkle
The lawn like flecks of snow;
The roses drew back shyly
Into the silent dark,
But though their haunts were shaded
Their perfume we could mark.

Up in a locust's branches
A little bird said "cheep"—
'Twas all that broke the silence;
The whole world seemed asleep.
"Good night," she said. "I love you!"
I said. She did not speak.
But swift she leaned toward me
With tears upon her cheek.
—Philip L. Barker, in Chicago Record.

THREE TELEGRAPH STORIES.

Showing How Much Depends on the Railroad Oporator.

One of Them Made Up for a Blunder by Saving the Limited—An Accident Where Accidents Were Deemed an Impossibility.

Said the telegrapher: "Jones was night operator at a town near Altoona, on the Pennsylvania railroad. He had lost a great deal of sleep and was very tired. The night wore along and trains were few. It was hard to keep awake. Finally the operator in the signal tower next to the west reported No. 4, the express, passing east. The track was clear and Jones pulled the white signal and waited for No. 4. He had almost fallen asleep when he was aroused by the roar of the train as No. 4 swept past the white signal. He saw the red lights at the rear of the train as she disappeared around the curve and he reported her to the operator at the signal tower next east and west. Then he waited to hear that she had passed the tower east. Three or four minutes was all it should have taken her to reach that tower, but he waited long after that and no word came to him. He called up Smith, the opeator there, and asked him if No. 4 had passed. Smith said 'No.' They talked over the wire and concluded that she had broken down or been wrecked between the two towers.

"At about that time the train dispatcher called up and asked auxiously where No. 4 was. Jones said that she had passed his tower, and Smith was sure that she had not passed his. Everybody was wide awake now, for the train was certainly lost, and a lost train is a serious thing on a railroad. The dispatcher thought that she might have slipped past without Smith seeing her, the towers all along the road beyond declared that she had not passed them. A freight going west was stopped at Jones' tower and the conductor was asked if he had seen No. 4 between the two towers. He said that there was no sign of her.

"Then the perspiration began to staud out on the operators nnd dispatchers. The track between the two towers lies along the river. A high stone wall supports it. The only possible explanation seemed to be that No. 4 had gone over the wall into the river. She could not have gone up into the air. Nearly an hour had passed. The river seemed the only place where she could be. The freight conductor received orders to uncouple his engine and run back slowly. He ran back past two towers, but could see nothing of No. 4 on the track or in the river. There was not even a displaced rail where she could have gone over the wall. Then he was ordered to run slowly west, to see how things looked there. About half way between Jones' tower and the one west or him the express was found, with a broken cylinder head. She had never passed Jones at all. Jones had dreamed it, although he declares to this day that he was wide awake all the time.

"Jones was in bad repute for a time, but he was not discharged, as he was a good man, and his mistake had not caused a wreck. He redeemed himself within a few weeks. By his presence of mind and quick action he saved the limited. That was an unusual case also. It was the train dispatcher's mistake, so far as I know, but he may have been misled by some one else's blunder. One day the limited was going east in two sections. It is very, very seldom that the limited runs in more than one section. A freight was lying in front of Jones' tower waiting for the limited to pass. The train dispatcher sent out an order saying: 'No. 4 (the limited) will run 40 minutes late.' That gave plenty of time for the freight to get to the next siding. The message should save read: 'Second No. 2 will run 40 minutes late.' The first section was on time. Jones handed the order to the conductor of the freight, who went down out of the tower and started his train on to the main track.

"Just as the big freight engine began putting the telegraph instrument began ticking, and Jones read a report saying that the limited had passed the tower above. It was just around the curve, not a mile and a half away. It was a question of seconds. There was no time to run down the stairs, and it was no use to drop the red signal. The engine had already passed. There was no time to think. Jones grasped his ink bottle and his red flag. He ran out on the balcony in front of the tower and threw the ink bottle at the engine. Then he waved the red flag and yelled with all his might. The bottle struck the cab and attracted the engineer's attention. He looked up and saw Jones waving the red flag and yelling like a madman. Just at the same moment they both heard the shrill scream of the limited's whistle as she approached the curve.

"The engineer did not stop to question what it was. The engine was clear out on the main track. He reversed the engine and sent her bumping back against the heavy train. The forward motion was stopped, but the train was so heavy that it would not start back. About half the engine was still on the main track. The limited swung around the curve not half a mile away, coming at the rate of 40 miles an hour. The engineer of the freight showed wonderful coolness. He ran his engine forward several feet, so as to separate the first few cars as far as the drawheads would allow, and give him a chance to get some momentum in his engine going back, and thus start the train. The plan is known to all engineers, but to deliberately start forward with the limited in sight took nerve. When he had gone a few feet he reversed again and sent the big engine bumping against the train, and she started back. Jones held his breath and watched. It was not a question of seconds now, but of parts of a second, whether the freight engine would clear the switch before the limited or not.

"The two engines seemed almost to melt together as the limited struck the switch, but the great train, with its precious burden, went by unharmed. The switch was open for the freight, but it was an automatic spring switch, and when the limited struck it it was forced open along the main line. As soon as the engineer of the limited saw he was safely past, he put on steam again, and the great train rolled on out of sight, without ever stopping to ask what had been the matter. The passengers, who were chatting pleasantly in the cars, may have wondered why there had been such a sudden jerk when the brakes went on just before they passed the tower, but they never dreamed of the danger they had escaped.

"A more serious case occurred at a tunnel on the Pan-Handle. It was a single-track tunnel, and the officers of the road had perfected a scheme by which they thought it was impossible for an accident to occur. A tower was erected at each end of the tunnel and the two towers were connected by wire. Every train was compelled to come to a stop and get orders from the operator before she could enter the tunnel. Neither operator was allowed to let a train enter the tunnel until he had called up the other operator and got from him assurance that the track was clear. Jones worked at one end and Smith at the other. Jones could not let a train go into the tunnel until Smith said so, and Smith could not let a train go in until Jones said so. The only way a wreck could occur was for each man to let a train go in at the same time. Even if both operators were to fall asleep at the same time the system would work, for the train conductors going into the towers for orders would awaken the operators.

"One night there was a terrible wreck in the tunnel. The trains had met head on. Several of the crews were badly injured, and I think two died. There was an investigation.

"The president of the road himself went to the scene of the wreck. The two operators were called before him. It was impossible to learn anything about the wreck. Each operator was sure the other had reported the track clear, and could give no explanation of the cause of the wreck. Then the president said:

"'Now, boys, I will tell you what I will do. I feel sure you know how this happened. If you will tell me I will give you my word that neither of you will be discharged. I thought I had a system here that was absolutely safe, and it is of more importance to me to learn how the wreck occurred than to punish the one who was responsible. I must find out how it happened so that I can take care that it does not occur again. Tell me the truth, and I will give you my word that you will not lose your jobs.

"Then the two boys confessed. During the long nights they would become sleepy. Sometimes one would fall asleep. Then if a train came the other could not get an answer from him. One night Smith was sleeping soundly and Jones could not get any answer. He did not like to hold the train, for fear Smith would lose his job. So he let the train go through. He knew it was perfectly safe, for Smith could not let a train in without calling him up. When the train came out of the tunnel it wakened Smith, and Jones told him what he had done. Then they arranged a scheme so they could both sleep. They always kept the red block down, so that no train could enter the tunnel while they slept. If one called and received no answer he knew the other was asleep, and, therefore, the track must be clear, and he let the train in.

"One night both were sleeping as usual. A coal train came to Jones' end of the tunnel. The whistle of the train wakened Jones. He called to Smith and received no answer. So he knew Smith was sleeping and the tunnel was clear. He asked the conductor to throw him off a little coal for his fire, as he was entirely out. The conductor threw off two or three lumps and the train started into the tunnel. Those few lumps of coal cost the road thousands of dollars, and I believe they cost two men their lives.

"Jones went outside to pick up the coal as the train pulled out. Being outside the tower, the noise of the train drowned that of his instrument, and he did not hear Smith's call. A freight train had come to Smith's end of the tunnel at the exact moment that Jones was picking up the coal. As Smith did not get any answer he thought, of course, Jones was asleep and the track clear. So he let the freight in. Then the two trains came together in the tunnel.

"The president of the road kept his word with the boys, but he took them off that tunnel and gave them daylight jobs, where they were not so likely to sleep, and could not do so much damage if they did sleep. Those are but three of the many stories like them that have come under my personal observation."
—Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette.

—The voyage from Buenos Ayres to Washington covers a distance of 5,013 miles.

CURFEW FOR CHILDREN.

Spread of the Idea Throughout the West—How It Operates.

The curfew ordinance, designed to keep children off the streets at night, with which the children of this state are now threatened, and against which they are organizing a protest, has come to be accepted as a matter of course in the smaller cities and towns of almost every state west of the Mississippi river. Perhaps no movement in recent years has spread so widely in the west and met with such general approbation as this curfew law. It was first introduced in a Minnesota town a year and a half or so ago. In the past six months curfew ordinances have been adopted in various towns in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota, Michigan, Missouri, Indiana and Georgia. The idea does not appear to have been generally taken up in any eastern or southern state, although isolated cases have been noted of the passage of the curfew ordinance in the south. But in the west the curfew idea is spreading at such a rate that it is likely to be adopted universally soon in the states west of the Mississippi. Heretofore the large cities have not thought it best to adopt such a law, although in many cities it has been brought up for consideration and in some cities a curfew ordinance has passed the city council by a small majority and been vetoed by the mayor. The other day, however, Omaha, adopted the ordinance by a unanimous vote of the city council. Lincoln and South Omahn already have such an ordinance, and so generally is approval of the idea spreading that, with Omaha's example, it seems probable that even the big cities of the west will before long revive the curfew for the purpose of regulating the habits and morals of the rising generation.

An effort was made recently to bring the subject to the attention of the legislature of this state and to get it to take some action in the way either of the enactment of a state law or of an expression of approval of the curfew principle. Nothing definite resulted at the time, but the news that a curfew ordinance was proposed spread among the children of the state, and various protests from societies of young people have reached the legislature and the executive.

The general principle of the curfew ordinances is the same wherever they have been adopted, but the ordinances differ in details. The idea is to provide that children under a certain age, varying in different towns from 13 down to 15 years, shall not be on the streets of the town after a stated time, ranging from 7:30 p. m. to nine p. m., unless accompanied by a lawful guardian. The penalty for violation of the ordinance also varies in different towns, but as a rule it is provided that the offender shall be taken home by the police for the first offense and be punished by fine or imprisonment or both for the second and subsequent offenses.

When the curfew idea first began to spread the suggestion of passing such an ordinance was in many cases received with ridicule. It was denounced as paternalism in its worst form, because it delegated to the municipality duties which belonged solely to parents. This argument was met by the statement that the ordinance was directed against the young hoodlums that exist in every town, who congregate on street corners and in public places after nightfall to the discomfort and annoyance of many people and to their own detriment, to say the least, and often to the danger of the community. This argument usually was convincing to the opposition. It was also urged that the hoodlums exercised considerable influence in causing ordinarily well-behaved children to become unruly, and that good children were very apt to be influenced to remain on the streets after the time they should be at home. Another advantage set forth was that the law would be of great assistance to parents who, under ordinary circumstances, failed to exercise proper supervision over their children. The curfew ordinance and its penalties could be used as a mild threat to enforce obedience in the matter of being at home nights.

All these arguments have been reiterated in the various towns where the curfew ordinance has been introduced, and very much information as to the working of the ordinance has been adduced. Usually, when it has been proposed to institute the curfew, the town officials have written to the authorities in places where the idea has already been in force some time for information as to its results, and the information obtained has been made public for the benefit of those interested. All the testimony gathered from every town where the curfew has been instituted appears to be in favor of the law, and it seems everywhere to have proved successful and gained general public favor. Even the children are said to be pleased with the law. It is not enforced in an oppressive manner, and a good deal of latitude is allowed in its enforcement.
—N. Y. Sun.

Summer Waists.

Among the countless natty and comfortable fancy waists of the summer to be worn with mohair, shepherd check, or cheviot skirts, are models formed of cool, light China silk on small warp, printed Persian, Dresden, and like pretty designs. Some of these waists are made with a deeply pointed yoke front and back that is laid in fine tucks. This yoke is outlined at the edge with a band of narrow gimp, and below this the waist falls like a blouse on the front, but is trimly fitted at the back, and fastens there on very youthful wearers. The fore-arm of the sleeve is tight-fitting, with a very full Queen Anne puff at the top.—N. Y. Post.

Little Cigars.

"Did you see any tobacco-fields in the south, Willie?"

"Yes; but they weren't in bloom. Not even a cigarette had budded."—Harper's Bazar.

TERRAPIN IN CAPE COD.

Discovered by a Southern Negro, Who Kept His Secret.

It will be a great shock to the pride of Maryland and Pennsylvania to learn that terrapin are caught on the coast of Massachusetts and that they command a higher price in the New York market than those from anywhere else.

Where the Massachusetts "diamond backs" come from or when they come or whether they are natives of these waters are questions that have never been answered. Indeed, naturalists seem to have entirely overlooked, until very recently, the fact that the terrapin was to be found on the Massachusetts coast.

When the presence of terrapin was brought to the attention of a few men who were interested in natural history it was thought at first that the reptiles had migrated from the south. But many of the terrapin were fully grown, and as a full-grown terrapin is believed to be not less than 50 years old it was concluded that they were probably natives of Massachusetts. If this conclusion is the correct one it is the more remarkable that the fashionable turtle managed to keep himself out of text-books on natural history.

Terrapin were first discovered in Massachusetts by a southern negro, Dempster Hill, who happened to see several of the "diamond backs" sunning themselves on a sandbar. He had not lived in the south for nothing, and, recognizing the value of his find, he said not a word to anybody, but suddenly developed remarkable energy.

Like most of his race he did not worry about the future, and, when he had caught a dozen or two terrapin, he sold them and lived on the proceeds until his funds needed repletion, when he became again energetic.

Hill made a very comfortable living in this way for several years before his white neighbors awoke to their opportunities.

This was a number of years ago, and when Hill died his mantle fell on a white man, who is now the principal terrapin fisher on Buzzard's bay.

Terrapin are to be found all along the Cape Cod coast as well as in Buzzard's bay. This year both the "diamond" and smooth back terrapin have been very scarce in these waters or else the fishermen have not had their usual success in finding them.

Twelve years ago terrapin were caught in great quantities in Barnstable, South Wellfleet and other points on Buzzard's bay, but most of the fishing is now done in East Wareham and vicinity, where the most expert "diamond back" hunter on the coast lives.

Terrapin are known on Cape Cod as "turpin" and the visitor from the city who gives the word three syllables is regarded as hopelessly ignorant. The native of Maryland prefers to speak of this delectable inhabitant of a shell as a "bird," possibly because its flavor has something of a suggestion of the salt marsh in the early morning.

It is in the salt marshes bordering the creeks which have their outlet in Buzzard's bay that the choicest "turpin" find their homes in the winter months. To protect themselves from the cold they dig down in the sand, sometimes to a depth of five feet, and lie dormant until spring. In the interval they go without food. With the approach of warm weather appetite returns, they resurrect themselves from their sandy graves and until winter comes again they swim about in the water, catching the oysters, crabs and fish on which they subsist or lie sunning themselves on sandbars for hours.—Boston Herald.

The Law and the Lady.

Patient Man—Suppose a woman makes it so hot for her husband that he can't live with her, and he leaves her, what can he do?

Lawyer—Sue him for support.

Patient Man—Suppose she has run him so heavily into debt that he can't support her, because his creditors grab every dollar as quick as he gets it, besides ruining his business with their suits?

Lawyer—If for any reason whatever he fail to pay her the amount ordered, he will be sent to jail for contempt of court.

Patient Man—Suppose she drives him out of the house with a flat-iron, and he's afraid to go back?

Lawyer—She can arrest him for desertion.

Patient Man—Well, I don't see anything for me to do but go hang myself.

Lawyer—It's against the law to commit suicide, and if you get enought attempting it, you'll be fined and imprisoned. Ten dollars, please. Good day.
—N. Y. Weekly.

A Bad Break.

"That boy of yours is not adapted to the undertaking business," explained an undertaker to the boy's father, who inquired why he had been discharged.

"What's the trouble with him?"

"He has not got a realizing sense of what is due the afflicted. Day before yesterday Mrs. B—— buried her fourth husband. I sent your boy up to learn at what time the distressed widow wished the ceremony to take place. Now, what do you suppose he asked her?"

"I've no idea."

"He asked her what her regular time of day was for burying husbands. I expect to lose her trade entirely. He is a bright boy, but he lacks tact."—Texas Sifter.

A Plain Fact.

"I would lay the world at your feet!" exclaimed the young man who reads novels.

"Really," she replied, "it's very good of you to suggest it, but you needn't trouble yourself. It's there already."
—N. Y. Recorder.

—It is said that there are only two words in the English language that contain all the vowels in their order. They are "abstemious" and "facetious."

Her Grievance.

"There was a girl behind me at the theater last night," she said, indignantly, "who must be a dreadfully selfish, disagreeable creature."

"What makes you think so?" asked her mother.

"She had on a hat that was simply a monster in size."

"Well—your own hat was not small. You insisted on wearing your new one, you know."

"Yes. But nobody who sat behind that girl got a chance to see it."—Washington Star.

Two Sides to the Question.

Maternal Ancestor (profoundly shocked)—Arabella, I accidentally saw you kiss young Mr. Pedunele in the hallway last night! Don't you know such a thing is highly reprehensible?

Miss Arabella (flaring up)—No, I don't, mummal I don't think it's half as bad as it is for you to kiss that deceitful Mrs. Dookins, when you know you don't like to kiss her at all!—Chicago Tribune.

KNEW WHAT HE WOULD DO.

First Passenger—Can you swim?

Second Passenger—No.

First Passenger—Well, then, what would you do if the ship were suddenly to go under?

Second Passenger—I would drown.—Philadelphia Press.

The Exception.

Servant (to woman at the door)—The mistress was took very ill last night, and can't see anyone. Them's my orders.

Woman—Yes? Will you please say that Miss S——, the dressmaker, is at the door?

Servant (after a brief absence)—You are to walk upstairs, mum.—Tit-Bits.

Great Stroke.

Bilkins (of Kansas City)—Come, have a drink with me, old man. This is my lucky day.

Filkins—What's up?

Bilkins—You know that 160 acres I own out in western Kansas?

Filkins—Yes.

Bilkins—Well, a granger came into my office to-day and wanted to trade a horse and wagon for 80 acres of it. In making out the papers, I found the fool couldn't read or write, so (gleefully) I shoved the whole 160 on to him.—Town Topics.

Again the Hat.

Bark—How did you like the play?

He—Not so bad as to color, but the ribbon was cheap stuff, and the feathers looked as though they'd done service before.

She—What are you talking about? I asked you how you liked the play?

He—Oh, the play! Thought you were asking me about that hat in front of me. That's all I saw there.—Bay City Chat.

A New Attraction.

The Farmer — What was it that new boarder was talkin' about?

His Wife—She's delighted with the place, and she says she admires the landscape very much.

The Farmer—We'll have to find out what that is and get Sue to put somethin' about it in the advertisement.—Brooklyn Life.

Infallible Sign.

"How came you to suspect the prisoner to be a man in woman's clothing?" inquired the magistrate.

"I didn't suspect," answered the detective. "As soon as I saw her lift her bonnet after she had met and passed another woman on the street I simply knew she was a man."—Chicago Tribune.

Proof Positive.

Wife (reading a letter from a distant friend)—How strange! Elfreda doesn't say whether her baby is a boy or a girl.

Husband—But doesn't she say it is beginning to talk?

Wife—Yes.

Husband—Then it's a girl.—Washington Evening Times.

Obscurity.

Oblivious to all he does
The world turns on its axis;
You never read his name save when
He fails to pay his taxes.
—Washington Star.

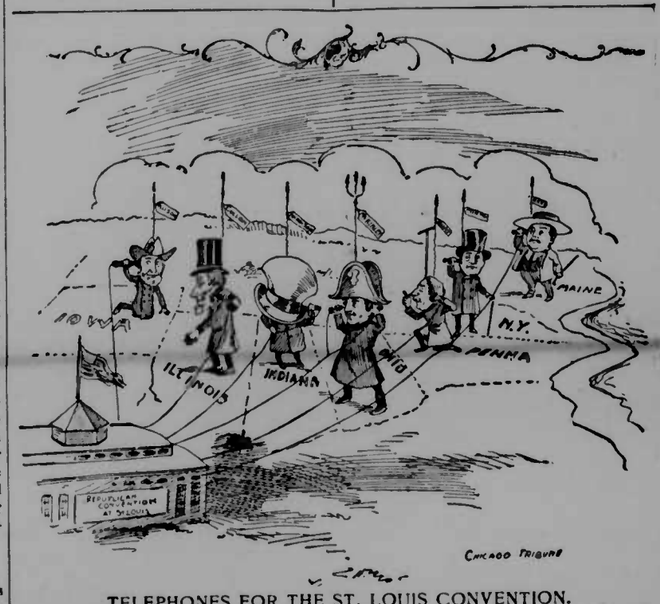

TELEPHONES FOR THE ST. LOUIS CONVENTION.

All the State Delegations will be Connected with the Speaker's Desk by an Ingenious System of Telephones.

When the national republican convention meets in St. Louis in June it is probable an extensive telephone system, connecting all the state delegations with the speaker's desk, will be introduced in the convention hall, and by this means much of the annoyance usually encountered in the proceedings of large deliberative assemblages will be avoided.

So Did He.

Mrs. Grimble (to her offspring)—There you go, tracking the floor all over with mud. Didn't I tell you to wipe your feet before you came in?

Johnny—Oh, nobody's blaming you, ma; you did all you could. — Boston Transcript.

What It Denotes.

"Have you heard her sing?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, what do you think her method denotes?"

"A total lack of sympathy and consideration for others."—Chicago Evening Post.

He Had Tried It.

"But can you support a wife?" asked the old gentleman.

"I know I can support your daughter," replied the young one.

"What makes you so sure of that?"

"I've done it. I've held her for three hours at a stretch."—Chicago Post.

That Precious Baby.

Mr. Smart—Let me carry that dog, my dear, and you carry the baby.

Mrs. Smart—No, no! You carry the baby; I couldn't trust you with Zip. You'd let the poor fellow fall. I'll carry Zippy myself.—N. Y. World.

Not Yet Overthrown.

"I've got one advantage over you still," said the carriage horse, looking at the bicycle in the next stall. "When I'm worn out I can be worked up into glue and canned beef, and you can't."—Chicago Tribune.

The Correct Expression.

Skidmore—They say that Dinwiddie was elected a member of the school board by a handsome majority.

Kilduff—It is true. Nearly all the ladies voted for him. — Detroit Free Press.

As to Theosophy.

She—Such an absurd doctrine! How can anyone believe that a person, after being dead, can come to life again?

He—Our office boy presents a stranger phenomenon than that. He's dead and alive all the time.—Town Topics.

Medical Intelligence.

"Doctor, I come to see you about my younger brother."

"What is the matter with him?"

"One of his legs is shorter than the other, and he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of that kind?"

"I reckon I'd limp, too."—Texas Sifter.

Obeyed Instructions.

"Hannah, what are you standing there staring at me for? Didn't I tell you I was not to be interrupted unless the house was on fire?"

"Well, mum, that's it. It do be burning this half hour."—Detroit Free Press.

HAVING HER HANDS FULL.

—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Both Have a Change.

She—It is all so nice for you to go down to the club to break the monotony and all that sort of thing, but where do I come in?

He—You get your share in getting rid of me for awhile.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Strictly Up to Date.

"Ask papa," he said, gently freeing himself.

"Ask papa!" the leap-year girl ejaculated. "Never! I'll ask your mother."
—Town Topics.

Shanghai may be reached from New York via London in 31 days; via San Francisco in 31.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

MINNIE AND MAGGIE.

"Oh, dear, and oh, deary!"
Cries Minnie Dundreary,
"The day is so dismal—
It rains and it rains!
I never have pleasure,
In full, perfect measure:
But keen disappointment,
And trials and pains!"

"I see it is raining!
Well, no use complaining,
The sunshine is somewhere!"
Cries blithe Maggie Joy.
"I'll never be whining,
Nor think of repining,
But find the heart sunshine
That has no alloy."

"Oh dear, and oh, deary!"
Cries Minnie Dundreary;
"How tiresome these lessons—
So hard and so long!
I never can do them,
Nor even see through them—
It's no use to try them—
They always go wrong!"

"These lessons perplexing,
Are certainly vexing;
But then I will do them,"
Cries brave Maggie Joy.
"There's no use in sighing;
I'll just keep on trying,
And conquer if every
Power I employ!"

"Oh dear, and oh, deary!"
Cries Minnie Dundreary;
"That troublesome baby,
To watch and to tend!
I'd rather be riding,
Or running or sliding,
And having some fun
With a gay, merry friend!"

"Oh, yes, dearest mother,
My sweet little brother
I gladly will care for!"
Cries sweet Maggie Joy.
"Although 'tis some trouble,
The fun will be double,
For merry and happy
Is dear Willie boy!"

Thus, ever complaining,
If sunny or raining,
Poor Minnie finds ever
Something to annoy:
While joyous and merry,
Light-hearted and cheery,
A fount of pure sunshine
Is loved Maggie Joy!

—Meta E. B. Thorne, in Golden Days.

THE ORGAN BIRD.

He Is the Most Remarkable Songster of the Amazonian Forests.

The banks of the streams in the vicinity of St. Paul's, in the Upper Amazons, in South America are dotted with palm-thatched dwellings of the Indians, all half-buried in the leafy wilderness, the scattered families having chosen the coolest and shadiest nooks for their abodes. The traveler frequently hears in the neighborhood of these huts the organ bird, the most remarkable songster by far of the Amazonian forests. When its singular notes strike the ear for the first time, the impression cannot be resisted that they are produced by a human voice. Some musical boy must be gathering fruit in the thickets, and is singing a few notes to cheer himself. The tones become more fluty and plaintive. Sometimes they resemble the notes of a flageolet, and the traveler is almost persuaded, in spite of the absurdity of the thing, that some person is playing that instrument in primeval forests. However closely he may scan the neighboring thicket, no bird appears, although the voice seems to be that of some one near at hand.

The bird is rarely, if ever, heard in the Lower Amazons. It is the only song-bird that makes an impression on the natives, who sometimes rest their paddles while voyaging in their small canoes along by the shady upstreams as if struck by the mysterious sounds—a high compliment, indeed, for the usually impassive natives to pay to the feathered songster.

MATCHES PLAY SEESAW.

A Pretty Parlor Entertainment Which Anybody Can Perform.

Take two heated matches and stick them into the center of a candle, at right angles to the wick, which should be left exposed at both ends. Then rest

the pins on the edges of two wineglasses and trim the candle to balance.

Light the wicks, and beyond the flames at each end, by means of a piece of wire, fasten two little figures with their joints hinged.

Now, as the candle begins to melt, a drop of grease will fall from one end (it is advisable, by the way, to put something beneath to catch it in), and that end of the candle will rise a little above the other. Then a drop will fall from the opposite end, and a gentle oscillation will begin, which gradually increases in speed until the little figures at the end will perform the most surprising antics at their game of see-saw.—N. Y. Mercury.

How She Saved Many Wrinkles.

An intelligent and philanthropic woman whose life is full of thought for others has a peculiarly young and unlined face. She herself explains this by saying: "I will work for the unfortunate and think of them; but I will not 'care' for them in our ordinary acceptation of that term. I will not 'care' for myself. By that I mean that I will not brood over any trouble whatever, my own or my friends'. I will try to remove it, but it shall not steal into and corrode my mind with worry. That one solution has saved me many a wrinkle."

THE GAUDY JACAMAR.

Its Tail Feathers Are Coveted by Fashionable Women Everywhere.

So many birds claimed my attention one spring morning soon after I had made my first camp in Tobago, that beautiful little island in the southern West Indies, where Crusoe had his wonderful experiences, that I hardly knew which way to turn. Doves in the thickets, water wagtails among the rocks of the stream, humming birds darting through the air in every direction, pigeons dropping seeds from the trees overhead, and flocks of parrots flying above the tree tops and screaming in noisy chorus, almost made me lose my head.

As I climbed the brookbed, going up the slanting slope of the hill, the tree-ferns met above my head and the sunlight filtered through them in a golden shower, while the water fell from rock to rock with metallic melody, and the birds about seemed ready to burst with melody. Perched upon a dry stick projecting from a steep-sided marl bank was a bird in garb of golden green, with inordinately large beak, but weak little feet. He seemed to regard me with indifference, yet he must have known that I was out hunting for birds with

THE JACAMAR.

pretty plumage. Perhaps, however, his modesty would not allow him to imagine that he belonged to the class of pretty birds, for he continued to regard me unsuspiciously, unmoved by my presence, even when I was directly beneath him.

Right abreast of him was a small, round hole in the marl bank, the entrance to his domicile, where the cherished partner of his joys and sorrows kept house and home. Just a couple of feet within she sat, brooding over two or three eggs of purest white.

This bird, with iridescent coppery hues, that sat so lazily sunning himself above the stream, was the Jacamar (Galbula viridis), whose name is probably derived from its cry of "jacamar!" He is about ten inches in length, but his wings spread 11 inches in his short flights after insects in the air. He is a sweet-tempered, unsuspicious bird, a dweller by the sides of shady paths and river banks, loving to look at passers-by, and doing no harm to anybody. Yet, just because he has a coat of pretty feathers, and because vain women desire those feathers in their hats and bonnets, poor Jacamar's life is in constant jeopardy, and I doubt if the bird hunters have left many of his tribe alive. I did not harm him, but after greeting him with an imitation of his own cry I passed on.

The longer I lived in the forest the stronger became that spirit of camaraderie between me and the birds, until it became quite repugnant to my feelings to shoot one. I have passed whole days studying their habits and haunts, without a single specimen falling by my gun.—F. A. Ober, in N. Y. Recorder.

VERY SHY DANCER.

Stories Told by Westerners of the Antics of the Sandhill Crane.

The sand hill crane is a very bright bird. A Recreation writer says that its very name is synonymous of vigilance and alertness. It feeds on the treeless plains or in the barren wheat stubble, where it can see a long way beyond gunshot. Or one of a flock is posted as sentinel, and this bird stands with bill half open, ready to give an alarm. It can be killed by decoying it with pasteboard figures, cut to proper size and shape and painted; but mounted birds are better. A pit is dug deep enough to conceal a man, the decoys are put out, and the cranes are shot as they come over. The best region to shoot them is in the Columbia river watershed and south of it in the Pacific coast states.

When one shoots a bird of the size and build of a crane in midair it collapses, like a card house or a tent. But such apparent collapses are sometimes deceptive, as for instance:

"Before I could reach him he soared off into the air with wheeling flight. Again he hit the ground with fearful violence, but again he got on his feet. Running up, thinking to get him alive for a decoy, I tried to tap him on the head and stun him. He showed fight, and I used my gun as I backed off, and he took to his wings."

The sandhill crane is something of a fighter of men if wounded, and the only safe crane is a dead one. Their bills are long and sharp, and are capable of putting out a man's eye.

The sandhill crane has some curious habits that make him of more than passing interest to the student of birds. Out on the prairies parties of them have balls in the spring to which the select birds seem to be invited. These balls are picturesque affairs, from the human standpoint. There are curious dances, which are sort of solitary waltzes or pretty slow jigs. Sometimes the birds leap over one another's backs and flap their wings, giving their peculiar cry. Rival birds have fierce duels, using their keen bills like lances, battle axes and swords.

FARM AND GARDEN.

ABOUT CHICKEN LICE.

Half a Day's Hard Work in the Poultry House Will Kill Them.

The season is now approaching when chicks will be troubled with these pests. The first signs of lice are with the early sitting hens. From their nests a whole house will soon be overrun with them. Chicks show the presence of lice very quickly, and lice are certain death to them, if not protected. The hen should be set in a movable box, which should be thoroughly cleaned and whitewashed before she is placed in it. Put two or three coats of whitewash on every interior spot in the building; lice harbor in the crevices of the rough sidings, and on the under side of the perches.

Let the fowls have a dust box, for whitewash and the dust box are the surest preventives of lice. Hot ashes should be mixed with the dust occasionally to dry it. If this has been done before spring laying and sitting begins you will have no trouble with lice. So many farmers neglect their poultry house in the spring, and long before they have thought of lice the pests are busy on their chicks sapping their young lives away. Kerosene and lard when applied is very effective, but they are very dangerous in their effects. A little castor oil on the head and under the wings of sitting hens is also very effective. When the chicks are removed from the nest, each one should be greased on the head and under its wings, even if you do not think it has lice. If possible, have some dust in the coop with the brood hen. If you want your fowls to be free from lice you must keep their habitation clean, and the best way to do this is by changing the contents of the nest and whitewashing the apartments. One-half day spent in cleaning the chicken house will do wonders for the chickens. I am speaking of the average farmer's poultry house, as it is the one neglected. Remove the perches and give the walls a thorough whitewashing. Place clean gravel or dry earth on the floor and replace the old perches with new ones and your fowls will not seek some tree or fence for their summer perch, for they will not be troubled with lice in their house.—Ohio Farmer.

WATERING POULTRY.

A Device Which Is Just as Useful in Winter as in Summer.

The watering of hens in winter is often attended with unsatisfactory results. With an ordinary water vessel the hens are likely to spill the water by stepping upon the edge of the dish. The water then freezes if it be the winter season and causes a very unpleasant state of affairs. The cut shows a plan

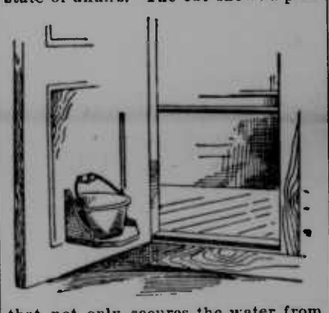

that not only secures the water from any such mishap, but puts it in a place most convenient for the attendant, as he does not need to enter the poultry quarters at all to supply water, or to remove the pail. The hook is placed just high enough to hold the pail firmly on the bracket.—N. Y. Tribune.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

Do not overcrowd the poultryhouse.

A close, ill-ventilated house is a foul house.

Nothing tends to engender disease in chickens more than filth in the coops.

A duck fattens easily. This should be guarded against when they are laying.

Sit the hens in a cool place and on the ground, as the weather begins to get hot.

Too much linseed meal will make the hens too fat, but a small quantity is healthful.

Bran should always be scalded before being fed, as the fowls will relish it much better.

As a rule the turkey hens prefer to steal their nests out, and if the eggs are secured it is necessary to watch them.

More meat and better meat in a shorter space of time can be produced from poultry than in any other way.—St. Louis Republic.

Fighting the Cutworm.

In a bulletin from the New Jersey station it is stated that clover or sod land is most frequently infested by cutworms, which are less frequently found on late cultivated land. The worms are especially abundant in crimson clover. Among the remedies suggested clean culture is placed first, prominently associated with early fall plowing. Applying a top dressing of kainit and nitrate of soda in the early spring if corn is to be planted is advised, the seeding to be delayed until the rain has carried the fertilizers into the soil. Distributing clover or bran that has been moistened with paris green about the fields is also recommended.

Care of Grass Lands.

Almost anything spread thinly over grass lands will help them. Even material not very rich and which itself will not grow a good crop will make the grass grow better, because it acts as a mulch for the grass roots beneath. The washings of poor uplands will fertilize the richer soil of the valleys below. But except where top dressings can be thus done naturally by irrigation it will not pay to top dress with poor material. The labor will be too great, and it will trample and cut up the grass too much unless the fertilizing material is put on during the winter.

PHARAOH USED LOCKS.

Ancient Egyptians Could Have Taught Tricks to Modern Locksmiths.

When were locks first used? The earliest obtainable information points to the time of the Pharaohs; for instance, at Karnak the visitor is shown the sculptured representation of a lock which is almost exactly like one kind of lock used in Egypt at the present day. But that is a very vague answer to the question. Homer tells us that Penelope used a brass key to open her wardrobe. He adds that it was very crooked and had an ivory handle. A Greek writer, who lived in the last half of the twelfth century, explains that such keys were undoubtedly very ancient, although still to be seen in Constantinople and elsewhere.

These keys were simply for drawing back the bolt or bar which ran into a staple across the door, and for pulling out the pin which "locked" the bolt. If we examine the mechanism of all the earlier locks we find that it is in itself sufficient to secure the bolt without the aid of a key to move something; in other words, the locking was done automatically, the key being required only for the purpose of unlocking. Roman locks, like the Egyptian, required a particular fitting of the key; they were, however, more intricate. The pins which held the bolts were close together and of various shapes—some round, others square. The key had to be turned a quarter of a circle before it reached the pins. Padlocks also came into use for securing merchandise to be carried from one place to another, and it is worth mentioning that we can see at the present time, in some of the countries of the far east, padlocks made on the exact principle of those employed in ancient Rome. It was some time afterward ere the projections called "wards" were invented. This was a distinct improvement, as it prevented unlocking by any but the right key.

Various ornamental designs are observable on mediæval German lock cases, while in the seventeenth century we have the "letter lock" (so called because, in order to open it, certain letters on a series of exterior rings had to be arranged into a word or combination to which corresponding rings inside the lock had been set), and some elaborate designs in keys which are quite in keeping with the revival of art. Regnier, a French engineer, who acquired considerable reputation toward the close of the last century, produced some very ingenious key locks to open which outside knobs, etc., had to be turned to certain marks. The principle of the lever lock was the invention of Barren in 1774.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Baby Trout.

From the United States hatchery at Green Lake, Me., trout eggs have been shipped this spring as follows: To New Hampshire, 25,000; to the Maine fish commissioners, 40,000; to Washington, D. C., 10,000; to Ohio, 12,000; to Rhode Island, 10,000; to Vermont, 10,000, and to New York and New Jersey each one case.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

BROWN—"I am going to challenge that man who ran off with my wife." Jones—"Why, that was six months ago." Brown—"I know it, but he has sent her back."—N. Y. World.

Responsive Both to Harsh and Sweet Sounds.

The nerves are often painfully acute. When this is the case, the best thing to be done is to seek the tonic and tranquillizing assistance of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a superb nervine. No less beneficial is it for dyspeptic, bilious, malarial, rheumatic, bowel and kidney complaints. Use with persistent regularity. A wineglassful before retiring confers sleep.

MRS. LAKE FRONT—"I know I've met that Mr. Jaybird somewhere before. I told him so, but all he answered was that he knew my former husband. The man must be an idiot." Mrs. Hyde Park—"Why so?" Mrs. Lake Front—"I've had four former husbands!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"WHEN er man has 'is own way," said Uncle Eben, "he's liable ter find fault jes' de same, 'case folks didn't grab 'im an' hold 'im ter keep 'im out'n trouble."—Washington Star.

"BUT, Bertha, it was only last month that I paid a dressmaker's bill of £50, and here is another one for this month of £40." "Well, dear Edgar, you see that shows that I am beginning to spend less."—Tit-Bits.

THESE songs of May would touch the ear
With sentiment more true,
If with their coming every year
Our taxes were not due.
—Washington Star.

"DAN'S a good deal dependin' on de way er man applies 'is laergies," said Uncle Eben. "De bass drummer often uses up moh muscle on one chune dan de fust fiddler does on half a dozen."—Washington Star.

PAT'S LEAP-YEAR QUESTION.—At a festive gathering on February 29 a true son of Erin asked: "Has it occurred to any of ye that it will be eight solid years before we again see this day twelvemonth?"—Tit-Bits.

SWISS PEASANT.—"I was highly pleased with the conduct of my city boarders last year. The baron sawed ten cords of wood for me, the baroness milked the cow and their children took care of the geese."—Fliegende Blaetter.

STRANGER is a holy name.—Walter Scott.

"ARE you a chess player?" asked the landlord of a prospective tenant. "I much prefer to have my houses occupied by chess players." "No, I am not a chess player, and I can't account for such a singular preference." "It is simple enough. Chess players move so seldom, and only after great deliberation."—Detroit Free Press.

"IS THAT hot enough for you?" asked Satan. "Purty warm," admitted the newly arrived oldest inhabitant, "but I remember some 50 years ago, when it was so durn hot that—" The attendant imps, at signal, seized him and shoved him down seven stories nearer the bottom which isn't there.—Indianapolis Journal.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is the name of an illustrated monthly newspaper published by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R. It aims to give information in an interesting way about the farm lands of the west. Send 2½ cents in postage stamps to the Corn Belt, 209 Adams St., Chicago, and the paper will be sent to your address for one year.

For they conquer who believe they can.—Virgil.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St. Phila., Pa.

SUBTLETY may deceive you; integrity never will.—Cromwell.

You must know That the best line from Chicago to Cripple Creek, Colo., and all points shown in the

accompanying map is the Chicago & Alton R. R.

Write or call to-day, for lowest rates and full particulars. R. Somerville, General Agent Passenger Department, 101 Adams Street, Marquette Building, Chicago, Illinois.

THE BEST **DYES** are Handy Package DYES. It pays to GET THE BEST.

The Blue and the Gray.

Both men and women are apt to feel a little blue, when the gray hairs begin to show. It's a very natural feeling. In the normal condition of things gray hairs belong to advanced age. They have no business whitening the head of man or woman, who has not begun to go down the slope of life. As a matter of fact, the hair turns gray regardless of age, or of life's seasons; sometimes it is whitened by sickness, but more often from lack of care. When the hair fades or turns gray there's no need to resort to hair dyes. The normal color of the hair is restored and retained by the use of

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Ayer's Curebook, "a story of cures told by the cured." 100 pages, free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL

In Connection with the Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern and the Chesapeake, Ohio & Southwestern Railroads, has Inaugurated a

NEW ROUTE

FROM CINCINNATI AND LOUISVILLE

TO MEMPHIS and NEW ORLEANS

DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE—THROUGH PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS AND FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

TICKETS AND TRAIN SCHEDULES OF TICKET AGENTS OF ALL CONNECTING LINES.

"The North Pole made use of at last."

BattleAx PLUG

Always at the front and wherever "BATTLE AX" goes it is the biggest thing in sight. It is as remarkable for its fine flavor and quality as for its low price. A 5 cent piece of "BATTLE AX" is almost as large as a 10 cent piece of any other equally good tobacco.

NEARLY 2,000,000 ACRES

Of Government Lands Now Open to Settlement

IN NORTHERN ARKANSAS

They are fertile, well-watered, heavily-timbered, and produce grains, grasses, fruits and vegetables in abundance. North Arkansas apples are noted. The climate is delightful, winters mild and short. These lands are subject to homestead entry of 160 acres each. Now is the time to get a home. For further information as to character of lands, manner of entering them, in what counties located, with maps of the district, address

E. V. M. POWELL, Immigration Agent, Harrison, Ark.

Inclose One Dollar. Remit by Money Order or Registered Letter.

Refers to Bank of Harrison and Boone County Bank, Harrison, Ark.

OUR WASIHNGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, June 8, 1896.

Ho, for St. Louis! is the cry of a majority of Republican Senators and representatives just now. Many of them are delegates to the convention and many more wish to be on hand when the next President of the United States is named and just as soon as the gravel falls for adjournment which will be in a very few hours, not later than Wednesday, they will pack their grips and start. The meeting of the National Committee, in St. Louis this week to make up the temporary roll of the convention, will be second in importance only to the meeting of the convention itself and many Congressmen, beside those who are members of the convention, will start from Washington in time to be at its opening on Wednesday.

No suprised was caused by the veto of the general deficiency appropriation bill on account of the items making an appropriation for the French spoliation claims which have been before Congress in one or another shape for nearly one hundred years, and another appropriation for a private claim. The House promptly sustained the veto and passed another deficiency bill with those and several other items left out. The objectionable items were placed in the bill by the Senate and were virtually forced on the house by the insistence of the Senate conferees.

The report of Chairman Dingley of the House Ways and Means committee against the Senate bill prohibiting the issue of bonds without special authority of Congress which was signed by all of the Republican members of the Committee and by two Democrats—Turner, of Ga., and Cobb, of Mo.—is considered to be an able and comprehensive document. The following extract from the report shows the committee to be in line with the Republican policy of preserving the credit of the country at all hazards: "One excuse which has been given for the passage of the Senate bill is that the Secretary of the Treasury has sold bonds to syndicates instead of offering them first as popular loans. While we sympathize with this criticism, yet this affords substantial ground for amending the Act of 1875 so as to require bonds issued under it to be first offered to the American people and not ground for the absolute repeal of all authority to borrow in an exigency. Another excuse is that the Secretary of the Treasury has indirectly issued and sold bonds to meet the deficiency of revenues, by using the redeemed U. S. Legal Tender notes for current expenses, and thus placing them in a position as will make it practically impossible to continue this practice, but not satisfactory ground for taking from the Secretary all power to borrow for the purpose of maintaining the redemption fund." The report raps the administration hard for refusing to officially recognize the deficit in the revenues, and the Senate for its refusal to pass the emergency tariff bill and other relief measures passed by the House early in the session.

Hon. C. M. Barnett, Chairman of the State Republican Committee of Ky., who has been visiting Washington says of the outlook in that state: "Kentucky will give a majority for the Republican ticket in November of from 25,000 to 30,000 votes. I expect to see a Republican elected in every Congressional district save one the first and it is doubtful whether the Democrats will carry that."

In summing up the work done at this session of Congress Republicans find nothing to reproach themselves with although they may regret that the Senate did not pass several important bills which the House passed. The Republicans of the House, the only branch of Congress controlled by their party can return to their constituents with the proud boast—it be to state the literal truth—that so far as their votes are concerned they have filled every pledge made by the party platforms on which they were elected. Needed appropriations have been made for internal improvements although it involved the overthrow of the Presidential veto to do it; Harbor defenses and the continued strengthening of our Navy have been provided for; the pension laws have been amended in the interest and justice to the old soldiers and other desirable legislation such as the bill providing an educational test for immigrants, the bankruptcy bill and the revenue bill which would have wiped out the deficit had it become a law, have been passed by the Republicans of the House. Mr. Dingley truly said: "The house has been working steadily since the session began, and has done more work than many sessions which have lasted three months longer." If the Republicans had controlled both branches of Congress the fear that there will be another issue of bonds before Congress meets again would not exist, because there would have been legislation to make it unnecessary.

The Right Kind of Citizens.

The following clipping was handed us by a friend with the request that we publish it. The article is entirely applicable to our town. Reader, examine yourself and see if you are the "right kind" or "wrong kind" of a citizen:

"A city is just what its citizens make it. Given the right sort of people and a desert waste will be transformed into a garden that shall bloom like the rose, and a struggling settlement into a thriving city. Given the wrong sort of citizens and all the advantagss of soil, climate, geographical position, natural advantages and wealth will go for naught. Manufactories do not make the city. It is the city that makes the manufactories. The stock yards and grain elevators did not make Chicago; pork packing did not make Cincinnati; a railroad center, did not make Pittsburg or Indianapolis. In each case the city is the cause and the business the effect. These cities had public spirted men, and they attracted the kind of business which is located in them—that is all.

"What is the right kind of a citizen? He is the man who does not look across the continent for an investment, but spends his money at home and encourages home enterprises. The right kind of a citizen does not grumble about high taxes because he has sense enough to know that taxes must be high in a growing city, and that if low taxes are a desideratum he must go to a place that has stopped growing or that never has grown much. The right kind of citizen knows the distinction between the virtue of economy which avoids all waste, but spends money freely for public improvements, and the vice of parsimony that spends nothing unless absolutely compelled to. The right kind of citizen is not always a wealthy man, but he cheerfully helps to support the public schools, the churches and all beneyolent and charitable organizations and institutions. He believes in every worthy public or private enterprise, and is always willing to lend a helping hand where needed. He is the kind of a man who does not cry down one side of the town because he lives in another portion of the place. He is the kind of man who would not 'throw cold water' on a measure intended for the general good merely because said measure was not calculated to bring him direct benefit. The right kind of citizen is alive to the welfare of the general community and can always be counted upon as being upon the side of progression and enterprise.

"The right kind of citizen believes in well lighted steets and good sidewalks and roadways. He knows that vice and crimes hate gaslight and electric light almost as much as they do daylight and that they delight in darkness. He also knows that these improvments create a good impression with strangers. The right kind of citizen always is fully aware of the fact that no expenditure brings so great a return as that which he pays in taxes provided the funds be honestly and judiciously applied.

"The wrong kind of citizen sees no good in any of these things; he aids none of them and supports none of them."

Grantsville.

We are blessed with remarkable growthy weather.

Noah Kauffman and wife, of near Davidsville, Pa., visited friends in this vicinity Sunday and Monday.

Howard Hitchins, of Hitchins Bros. Co., Frostburg, accompanied by his wife, little son Paul and a lady whoso name we did not hear, were guests of J. S. Miller at Strawberry Hill Fruit Farm, Sunday.

Thomas Brenneman, our new harness-maker and saddler, is doing substantial and creditable work, and we believe his patrons so for have been well pleased.

The recently repaired and refurnished woolen mill formerly owned and operated by Mr. Bodes, but now operated by Mr. Cassort, is praised by its patrons for the commendable work done under the new management.

'Squire Henry Kahl, of Accident, accompanied by his daughter, was in town Saturday.

J. B. Miller reports an egg record of 80 eggs from 3 American Dominique pullets laid during May which is an average production of 26⅔ eggs per pullet in 31 days.

Free Information.

Messrs C. A. Snow & Co., of Washington, D. C., lawyers and agents for procuring patents, will send free to any address pamphlets with information about home and foreign patents, cavents, copyrights, trade marks, infringements, design patents, abstracts of decisions, etc., as well as the cost of patents in the United States and foreign countries.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

Perfect Fitting Clothes.

The FIT'S the thing in clothes, and a suit by us is perfect fitting or you don't take it. Besides fitting it is made carefully by a first-class tailor, and it really does not cost more than store clothes.

You can have that old suit of yours cleaned, dyed and repaired at small expense to look like new by our expert workmen. We also do ladies' work.

M. COHEN, Tailor, Cor. Alder and 3d Sts., OAKLAND, MD.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Bicycles,

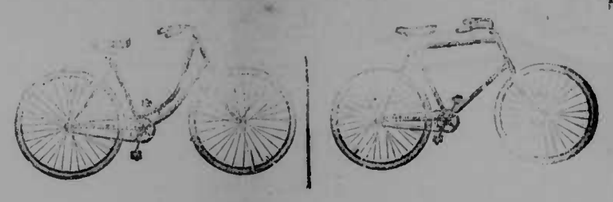

Bicycle Sundries of all Kinds. Cement. Pumps. Spokes. Tires. Wood Rims. Balls, Patching Rubber, Coasters, Lamps. Valves and Valve Stems, Repair Kits. Wrenches. Oilers, Locks, Etc., Etc.

BICYCLE REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

Shartzer & Bolden,
OAKLAND, MD.
DEALERS IN
FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES, WALL PAPER
—AND—
GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.
11 1y

Millinery and Dress Making,

Just opened, at Mountain Lake Park, by Mrs. J. L. Pierce. First-class work guarnteed. Will carry a full line of

STAPLE GOODS.

HATS TRIMMED to ORDER,

on short notice. Miss B. C. McAndrews will superintend the business. Her long experience is a sufficient guarantee for first-class work. Call and see our goods. Oakland Avenue and L St. 11—3

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD.

Spring is the time in the year that your Horses, Cows, Hogs, Sheep, Poultry, etc., need some good article to purify their blood. The International Food is the best article known for stock of all kinds; 3 feeds for one cent. Don't use any other. For sale only by

THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO.

DRINK LUXURY COFFEE

and get the best Coffee made and get either Ladie's or Gentleman's Gold Watch, guaranteed for 25 years. Use no other, because Luxury Coffee is the best.

Don't fail to call at the stores of The Maryland Supply Co. for

TIMOTHY AND CLOVER SEED.

We only handle the best western seed. Garden Seeds in abundance of all kinds, Fertilizer, Salt, Groceries, General Merchandise, and anything you may need. Don't fail to call at the stores of THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO., at

Mt. Lake Park, Md.
Oakland, Md.
Swanton, Md.
Lonaconing, Md.

51-1yr.

FOR SALE.

The farm belonging to Elizabeth Maley, situated two miles north of Deer Park, adjoining the lands of Jack Cooper, Fandenberg, Miller and Rawleston. Contains 113¾ acres, about 68 acres cleared, and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the premises. 52-4m.*

OAKLAND PHARMACY,
OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS, FANCY STATIONERY, DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.
31—26

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR
Monuments. Headstones,
AND
Chimney Pipe
WITH
J. B. WILLIAMS
FROSTBURG, MD.
AGENTS WANTED.
4193.yr—*

WHEN COMING TO DEER PARK

Don't fail to give NETHKEN BROS. a call.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE AND GROCERIES.

We also carry latest styles in Fall and Winter Millinery. Has trimmed to order.

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS.

Come and be convinced you do not have to pay two prices for your goods, because we sell for cash. Remember the place.

NETHKEN BROS,
Main Street,
DEER PARK, MD.
31—1yr

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:
C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10. Westernport, Md.

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.
OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,
C. A. SNOW & CO.
OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

ORDER NISI.

William Pearre, Assignee of Jabob S. Jamesson, Mortgagee, vs. Alfred C. Brooke. No. 755 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered, this 17th day of May, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by William Pearre, assignee of Jacob S. Jamesson, mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 13th day of June, 1896; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland once a week for three successive weeks before the 13th day of June, 1896.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2,300.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

I HAVE PURCHASED
THE OAKLAND COAL YARD
of Mr D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of
HARD AND SOFT
COAL,
KINDLING WOOD, Etc.
All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.
3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial
SAVE BABY'S LIFE.
Teething time is the most trying time of infancy. The little gums are hot and swollen. They tickle and ache and smart. All the nerves in the little body are on edge. Sleep restless—digestion bad.
There's a remedy.
Laughlin's Infant Cordial
soothes and cools the gums, controls the bowels, cures colic, brings good digestion, sleep and rest. 25 cents, all druggists. Guaranteed. Made by
JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office opposite postoffice, OAKLAND, MD.
Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.
Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr*

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.
I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.
Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Special attention given to real estate.
CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED, SURVEYING.
Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.
Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,
Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-25 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE,
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

FRANKLIN P. GREEN,
COUNTY SURVEYOR FOR GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Postoffice, LONACONING, MD.
All work entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished on short notice. 3-5m*

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
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Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.
LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.
Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including train ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26t*

WILLIAM C. KIDD,
Representing
JOHNSON, OMOHUNDRO & CO.,
WHOLESALE NOTIONS, Etc.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
A specialty of Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear
RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.
A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.
Fine carriage work a specialty.
Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
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C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT
C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,
PLANING MILLS,
And BUILDING MATERIALS.
MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.
DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding
DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,
at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.
FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS.
Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.
Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.
38 13*

THE REPUBLICAN.

ESTABLISHED MARCH 3, 1877. BENJ. H. SINCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1896. NUMBER 15.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings In and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

Come to Oakland on the 4th. A royal good time is assured.

Mr. F. L. Fredlock, of Piedmont, was here Tuesday on business.

Pure, fresh Mt. Lake bread, pies and cake every morning at D. Tasker & Son's. 14tf

Squire A. B. Gonder went down to Cumberlend Tuesday on business returning yesterday morning.

Mr. Daniel Gnegy, of near Eglon, was here on business Friday of last week.

Mr. W. W. Shoch, of Rowlesburg, W. Va., was an Oakland visitor last Friday.

Mr. J. H. Fresh, of near Accident, was here Tuesday with a load of cherries.

General Assessor Rudolph Beckman, Esq., was in the city a short time yesterday.

Mr. H. J. McMahon, of Deer Park, was in town Tuesday morning a short time.

Mr. R. G. Richardson, of Keyser, W. Va., was here on business last Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. David Y. Morris and little grand son, of Kingwood, are here on a visit to relatives.

Mr. Truman West has so far recovered from his recent illness as to be able to walk about.

Hon. John P. Jones, of Terra Alta, spent a few hours Saturday afternoon in Oakland.

Mr. Thomas J. Peddicord returned from a professional trip to Cincinnati this morning.

The only letter left uncalled for this week in the Oakland postoffice is addressed to John Cope.

Mr. James R. Anderson, of Newburg, was in the city last night as the guest of Mr. Scott T. Jones.

Mr. William Miller, who has opened a wholesale liquor house in Westernport, was here Sunday.

Miss Grace Johnson, of Piedmont, was in Oakland Tuesday on a visit to her aunt, Mrs. A. Hinebaugh.

Prof. Ed. A. Browning, of Cumberland, spent Sunday and Monday in Oakland with friends and relatives.

Plasterers have been engaged this week in plastering the lower stories of Mr. John Shartzer's new building.

Miss Nyra Watson, of Kingwood, who visited in Oakland last and this week, returned to her home this morning

An early morning spin over the Deer Park road these delightful days will do both the mind and body unlimited good.

Mr. J. L. Kidner, of Romney, W. Va., representing Mr. Merwin McKaig, of Cumberland, was here on business Tuesday.

Great improvements have recently been made at the residences of Dr. Henry McComas and Mr. John T. Mitchell on Second street.

If you want a gas or gasolene engine correspond with this office, or better still, call and see one of the machines in operation.

Some peaches have reached Oakland but they are not yet numerous or cheap enough to justify the remark that they are in our midst.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bush, of Eglon, drove down to Oakland last Saturday and spent the day shopping and visiting friends and relatives.

Don't make any arrangements to go any where on the 4th, but spend the day in Oakland. All our country friends are invited to town on that day.

Mr. David and Miss Fanny Cohen, son and daughter of Mr. M. Cohen, Oakland's merchant tailor, arrived from Washington last Saturday night.

Numerous farmers were engaged this week in cutting their grass it being so heavy as to fall to the ground and to save it from rotting it was harvested.

A big improvement has been made at Sturgiss' pharmacy on Alder street. The walls have been newly papered and the cases and shelves re-oiled.

Mr. Chas. E. Hoye, of Sang Run, was here yesterday and made us a call. He recently returned from Baltimore, where he graduated at the State Normal school.

A game of ball will be palyed at the East End ball park next Saturday afternoon between the Oakland and Mountain Lake Park nines. Game will be called at three o'clock

Mr. E. J. Fringer has about completed his new store building and it is now occupied by Mr. C. B. Cropp, who will conduct a green grocery. The building was erected by Mr. Van Grimm.

Miss Nellie Browning, daughter of ex-Senator R. T. Browning, left Oakland Tuesday morning for Chicago, Ill., where she will enter the Cook county hospital in that city as a nurse.

Mr. C. S. Guegy, brother of J. S. and Daniel Guegy, of No. 8 district, who was in that vicinity for several months visiting relatives and friends departed for his home in St. Louis last Friday morning.

Wanted, a reliable competent woman in a small family for the summer at Mountain Lake Park. Address, Mrs. E., 2026 Mt. Royal Terrace, Baltimore, Md. 1t.

Mr. B. W. Wright, of the Ryland company, Friendsville, Md., is in Oakland to-day distrubnting a car load of arieultural implementes, which have been sold to the farmers of Oakland and vicinity.

The house on the farm occupied by Mr. F. S. Cline a few miles north of Oakland was recently destroyed by fire. Mr. Cline succeeded in saving very little of his household goods. There was no insurance.

Misses Mollie Hamill and Mattie Porter, Mrs. S. C. Smith and Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, as delegates, attended a meeting of the Oakland district Epworth League at Aurora, W. Va., the first part of this week.

The firemen at their festival last Friday and Saturday evenings met with considerable success considering the bad weather. The proceeds amounted to about sixty dollars, which will be applied toward refitting the engine house.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all braneches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

It is observed and commented upon that there are fewer robins than formerly. The cheerful chirp of the red-breast is seldom heard any more and inquiring persons have been unable to account for the decrease in numbers of this popular bird.

Mr. Sam Jones, of Swanton, was in the city Monday on business. Mr. Jones is always the centre of attraction when he visits Oakland because of his tremendous heigth. He measures nearly seven feet. He was an old soldier and served his country well.

Dr. J. Lee McComas has been elected a life member of the Columbian club of Baltimore city. The doctor had made arrangements to accompany the club to St. Louis last Saturday night but his professional duties would not allow him to leave his practice.

The work of renewing the telephone line connecting the Oakland subscribers with those at Mountain Lake Park, was completed yesterday. The new line is quite an improvement over the old one and it is hoped by those interested that it will work satisfactorily hereafter.

Mr. W. H. Malette, who has been engaged in the green grocery business in Oakland for the past two or three years, disposed of his stock of goods and store fixtures Tuesday to Mr. J. J. Root, of near Eglon. Mr. Root is a genial young man and deserves a liberal share of the patronage of the citizens of Oakland.

Prof. Chas. D. Smith, who spent a few weeks in Baltimore with his parents, returned to Oakland last Thursday evening and on Monday he opened the Oakland normal with about fifteen scholar. A large number will come in the latter part of the week and it is expected that he will have over thirty scholars by next week.

Rev. William Brayshaw, the recently elected rector for St. Matthew's parish at Oakland, arrived a few days ago, accompanied by his wife. They are stopping temporarily at the Glades but will soon be at home in the rectory on Alder street. Rev. Brayshaw will conduct services in the church Sunday morning at 11 o'clook.

A petition has been filed in the Circut court for Allegahny county praying the court to grant an order restraining the pulp company at Piedmont from throwing acids and other matter into the Potomac river at that place. The bill complains that by this practice the water supply of Cumberland is made impure and is a menace to the public health.

Oakland is preparing to have a big celebration on July 4th. They will have a big parade, trades display, calithumpian blow out, sham battle and picnic. When Oakland takes it into her head to do anything of this kind she usually does so in an immense manner and in a style strictly up to-date.—Oracle.

On last Monday the Comptroller of the State treasury made his fourth quarterly distribution of the state school tax to the public schools of Baltimore city and the several counties of the state. From this fund Garrett county will receive for white schools $2,305.41 and for colored schools $44.32.

Mothers will find Chamberlain's Remedy especially valuable for croup and whooping cough. It will give prompt relief and is safe and pleasant. We have sold it for several years and it has never failed to give the most perfect satisfaction. G. W. Richards, Duquesne, Pa. Sold by Oakland Pharmacy.

Governor Lowndes on last Monday appointed as deputy game wardens for this county Messrs. Hanson B. Friend, Thomas Moon, Arthur Weimer, James L. McCrobie, L. H. Friend, R. S. Jamison, J. W. Engle and George Warnick. These appointments were made on the recommendation of Game Warden J. Olney Norris and the appointees are expected to serve without pay.

DANA'S Sarsaparilla is not only the *best* of all remedies for the Nerves, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, and Blood; *but if no benefit, you can get you money back.* The same guarantee applies to DANA'S Pills, Cough Syrup and Plasters. For sale by DeWitt & Ferguson, Sang Run, Md. 3-3m.

A number of men and two or three teams have been engaged this week in clearing out the ground recently leased from Mr. Bradley near Washington spring by the "Jack Oaks" base ball club. Lumber has been ordered with which to erect a high fence around the ground and also to build a grand stand capable of seating several hundred persons. A game will probably be played on this ground on Saturday, the 27th inst.

Major J. C. Alderson, who was very ill during the past winter and confined to his bed most of the time at his old home down in the lower part of West Virginia, come up to Oakland from the Park last Thursday and spent the day with Mr. J. B. Sommerville, of Wheeling. The Major's condition is very much improved and his many friends hope for his ultimate restoration to health.

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The growth in membership of Oakland lodge Knight of Pythias has been phenomenal recently. Last night the second degree was conferred upon three candidates, namely: Messrs. Jacob Morrison, George Little and Louis Walters. The insurance feature of this organization is a great drawing card and there are no insurance companies as safe as this mutual affair, the workings of which are under the direct control of the members of the lodges throughout the country.

Now is the time to provide yourself and family with a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as a safe guard against an attack of bowel complaint during the summer months. It costs but 25 cents and is almost sure to be wanted before the summer is over. This remedy never fails even in the most severe cases and is in fact the only preparation that can be depended upon. When reduced with water it is pleasant to take. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park, Md.

The sad accident which befell Mr. Thos. Dougherty, near his home at Bloomingtoa on Saturday night May 30th, was by some means misstated in our issue of last week. It seems Mr. Dough- ert had stepped out of the road o a h per when he was struck by a wes bound train mashing his foot and hurling him over an embankme where he was found several hou later and taken to his home and om there to Baltimore. Althor h his foot was amputated, we hear e is getting along very nicely and will soon be able to be out again.—Piedmont Herald.

Sherherd Wilson, an inmate of the jail at Cumberland, made an attempt to burn that building yesterday by setting his mattress on fire. Luckily the attempt was dis- and the fire extinguished before much damage had been done. At one time Wilson was an inmate of an asylum and it is supposed that he was temporarily insane when he made the attempt to burn the jail.

Mr. James Perdue, an old soldier residing at Monroe, Mich., was severely afflicted with rheumatism but received prompt relief from pain by using Chamberlain's Pain Balm. He says. "At times my back would ache so badly that I could hardly raise up. If I had not gotten relief I would not be here to write these few lines. Chamberlain's Pain Balm has done me a great deal of good and I feel very thankful for it. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

An Illinois editor has been asked to run for office but wisely refuses in these characteristic terms: "No, kind, but deluded friends, the mission of the hireling who holds the plow handles of this paper is to keep the fires burning upon the altars of liberty and the beacon light blazing on the shores of time at $1.50 a blaze invaribly in advance. He does not hunger and thirst after official life. He did think once he would like to go to the Legislature, but he has grown more in grace since then and purged his system of that unholy desire. Since then he has not hankered a single hank or yearned a single yearn after political distinction."

General Passenger Agent Charles O. Scull, of the Balto. & Ohio Railroad, Tuesday received from the World's Fair Commission a bronze medal and two diplomas in recognition of the Balto. & Ohio company's exhibit at the World's Fair in 1893. One diploma was awarded for the drawings showing the develoment of locomotives and the other was for photographs, paints and views of railway development and equipment. They are handsomely engraved and painted. The medal which is of bronze, is about four inches in diameter, and is enclosed in a plush-lined aluminum case. The award was the only one its kind made to any railroad at the World's Fair.

If it required an annual outlay of $100,000 to insure a family against any serious consequences from an attack of bowel complaint during the year there are many who would feel it their duty to pay it; that they could not afford to risk their lives, and those of their families for such an amount. Any one can get that insurance for 25 cents, that being the price of a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. In almost every neighborhood some one has died from an attack of bowel complaint before medicine could be procured or a physician summoned. One or two doses of this remedy will cure any ordinary case. It never fails. Can you afford to take the risk for so small an amount? For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

For Rent or Sale.

I have five or six desirable cottages for rent for the season, or all year, at reasonable figures, furnished or unfurnished, at Loch Lynn Heights and Mt. Lake Park.

Also five or six tons of most excellent timothy hay, cured and stored, without a drop of rain on it, in the large barn on the Baker farm, just back of Loch Lynn Heights, which I will sell at a reasonable price.

Also 100,000 feet of 1 in., 1½ in. and 2 in. seasoned white oak lumber, on the switch, at Loch Lynn Heights, very cheap. Also 8 or 10 tons bright oat straw.

14-2t J. C. ALDERSON.

For Sale or Rent.

A very desirable property in Oakland, being the late residence of Henry J. Mayers. Also for sale the Oakland Woolen Mills property. Said property may be obtained cheap and on easy terms. Apply to J. C. Renninger, attorney, Oakland.

The Fourth of July.

The several committees in charge of the coming celebration on the 4th of July are meeting with great success in all their undertakings, financially and otherwise.

The committee on entertainment has been assured that three and probably four bands will be present on that day and that a monster street parade will be one of the main features of the day's enjoyment.

The hotel keepers will be prepared to accommodate all who may visit Oakland on that day.

Childrens' Day at the Memorial Church.

Last Sunday evening the children of the Presbyterian Sabbath school celebrated children's day in a very appropriate and entertaining manner. The program, which was arranged by Mr. Scott T. Jones and other members of the school, consisted of recitations, selections and singing by the children who were arrayed in very pretty white gowns, each carrying flowers. The church was also prettily decorated with potted plants from Webers' flower gardens.

Children's Day at the M. E. Church.

It is the custom of the Methodist Episcopal church to hold an annual festival on the second Sunday in June called Children's Day. According to this custom St. Paul's M. E. church of Oakland observed this day on Sunday last, at 7.30 o'clock p. m. The church was profusely decorated with flowers and potted plants. A program, "Music, Birds and Flowers," was carried out, which consisted of songs, recitations, addresses, responsive readings, etc. About seventy children took part in the exercises, each one performing his or her part well. The house was filled with an attentive audience, which seemed pleased with the entertainment. May the interest in this festival for the children never wan throughout the length and breadth of Christendom.

A Serious Runaway Accident

Mrs. Dr. Cady, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who is for a few days at Monte Vista near Oakland, drove to town last Friday morning accompanied by her husband. During their visit Dr. Cady had occasion to go into the depot here and in his absence the horse became frightened and ran away. In making the turn out of the depot yard the cart come in contact with an electric light pole in front of Dr. McComas' residence on Liberty street. The shock was terrific and the lady was thrown with great force against the pole. She was carried into Dr. McComas' house and an examination revealed the fact that no bones were broken but that she received some very severe bruisies.

The cart was broken into a thousand pieces but the horse was uninjured.

The Mountain Chautauqua.

The most superb and sensible summer resort in America. $300.-000 expended in improvments; 200 beautiful cottages; hotel and cottage board at from $5.00 to $12.00 per week—cheaper than staying at home. The mountain air and mountain views are simply indescribable. Session August 5th to the 25th. Three superb entertainments daily. The best music and the best lecturers which money can procure. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, Gen. John B. Gordon and Bishop J. H. Vincent already secured with 100 others. Dr. W. L. Davidson the great Chautauqua manager, incharge.

SUMMER SCHOOLS.—50 departments of important school work in charge of leading instructors from the prominent universities. A wonderful chance for teachers and students desiring to make up studies. Tuition insignificant. Wishes of students gratified. Low rates on railroads. For full information and illustrated programs address A. R. Sperry, Mountain Lake Park, Md. 15-2.

They Have Arrived.

That mammoth stock of 5 and 10 cent goods has arrived, and our counters are now overflowing with the greatest bargains of the season. Do not fail to call and examine them, as we can save you money on these useful articles.

Green groceries and provisions are arriving every day, also fresh fish. Honest goods at honest prices.

Respectfully,
D. TASKER & SON.

Delegates Pass Through.

Last Saturday night, or more correctly speaking, Sunday morning early, the Maryland delegation to the St. Louis convention passed through Oakland on a special train which was met at the station here by a large crowd of ladies and gentlemen. On the train were Senator-elect Geo. L. Wellington, Wm. T. Malster, Comptroller Graham and a large delegation from the Columbian club of Baltimore. The party arrived in St. Louis Sunday night and are stopping at the Aclede hotel, the Maryland headquarters.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

Death of James Bell.

Mr. James Bell, one of Oakland's oldest inhabitants, was stricken with paralysis on last Thursday afternoon and died Friday evening about six o'clock. Mr. Bell was nearly seventy-five years of age and followed the trade of harness making until his failing health coupled with his age, demanded that he cease work. His funeral took place Saturday. The funeral services were in charge of Rev. John M. Davis and the interment was made in the Odd Fellows' cemetery where his remains were deposited by the side of his wife, who died several years ago.

A Handsome Conveyance.

One day last week Messrs. Thos. Martin & Son received from the manufactures in Wisconsin an exceedingly handsome and roomy conveyance which will be used after July 1st in making hourly trips to Mountain Lake Park and for special picnic parties.

The conveyance has a seating capacity for twenty passengers and no doubt the firm will receive from the public a liberal patronage.

No Summer in 1816.

Seventy-five years ago was the year without a summer. Frost occurred every month in the year 1816. Ice formed a half an inch thick in May, Snow fell to the depth of three inches in New York and also in Massachusetts in June. Ice was formed of the thickness of a common window glass throughout New York on the 5th day of July. Indian corn was so frozen that the greater part was cut and dried for fodder in August and the farmers supplied themselves from the corn produced in 1815 for the seeding of the spring of 1817.—Ex.

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

THE MILL SPRITE.

BY CHARLES M. HARGER.

The great stone flouring mills of the Northwestern wheat region have little about them to remind one of the modest structures that clatteringly turn into flour the farmers' grain in the country districts farther east. There are no farmers driving up to the door and unloading dusty sacks of yellow wheat while they chat with the miller. Whole freight trains instead, puff their noisy way under the massive archways into the building and car after car is emptied in a twinkling, each one discharging its load through a trap-door in its floor. Then the cars, having been almost as quickly loaded with flour as they were emptied of grain, are pushed on through another great stone archway, and go forth to carry the product to eastern markets.

In the Perthton mill there was generally one onlooker as the trains unloaded who took no part in the work. Annie, the little crippled daughter of the janitor, limped up and down the platform, in and out of the mill, as well as her lameness would allow. Brakemen, engineers and shippers all had a pleasant word for her. "The mill-sprite," one engineer of a poetic turn of mind had called her; and she went by that name, even among those who did not know what the phrase meant.

About midsummer a new superintendent, Mr. Griswold, came to the mill.

"Aren't you afraid of being caught in the machinery?" he asked one hot evening, when he found Annie perched on a wide beam watching the wheat flow downward like a golden river.

"No; I've always lived in the mill, and go everywhere," she answered.

"Night and day, too?"

"Yes, it's prettier at night," she answered, simply; and the superintendent, whose heart sometimes swelled with admiration when the great structure was lighted with electricity, agreed with her.

He stopped a moment to watch the swinging lever which, at a pull from an assistant's hand, pushed back the heavy cover to the deep bin, and allowed a carload of new wheat, fresh from the prairies, to flow like a torrent into the receptacle.

"'Twould be death to be under that shower," Mr. Griswold said, half to himself, and passed on.

A few evenings afterward, when she was left alone by her father in the janitor's nest-like quarters in the front of the mill, Annie's thoughts called up this remark of the superintendent about the stream of wheat. Just then she heard a low, rumbling sound in the distance. Another train of wheat was coming. It would be unloaded in the night. She started for the door to see it roll past, and glide out along a dark wall toward the tracks.

Just before she came to a corner she heard low voices from around the turn. Two men were whispering hoarsely.

"The last night of the month always brings it, you know," one said.

"Yes, but how can we get it? Th' watch will be on."

"That's all right. I've been studying the thing, an' the superintendent is here alone to-night. The office men are sick."

The roar of the train was coming nearer, and the men raised their voices.

"He may show fight an' ring in an alarm," said the second speaker.

"No danger," was the reply. It came so sharply that it seemed to be hissed in the other's ear. "It won't take more than a minute to settle him. We'll jest wait till th' train is in, an'—"

"Whir! whizz!" came the noisy freight. The engine threw out millions of sparks as it tugged up the incline, and all sounds but its roar were drowned. Nothing was distinguishable until the long line of laden cars had disappeared beneath the black arch in the wing of the mill, and then Annie heard again:

"Don't get scared now—it'll work all right." Then the voices ceased.

Presently she peeped anxiously around the corner. Nothing was visible now but the silent, dark walls, with gleams of light coming through the scores of windows.

These men were going to rob Mr. Griswold! She must go and warn him. But whatever they meant to do, it would happen "when the train was in." And already it had come to a standstill on the dump platform.

Annie seized her bonnet, to protect her brown hair from the flying flour, and not daring to go outside and attempt to climb the long railway trestle in the darkness, turned through a small door into the depths of the mill and started for the superintendent's office.

Mr. Griswold was not there. The doors of the safe in which the money was kept were closed, and she reflected that the small night force was probably assisting in the unusual task of unloading the train at that hour.

Out of the office she hurried, and taking the upper floor because she knew its windings better, and there were fewer belts and shafts, she turned in the direction of the great bins. Another roar told of a second car's disposal, and she caught her breath a little as she trembled lest she should be too late.

At last she turned a corner in the tangled path she was following, and wheat bins. A line of beams led toward the gleaming electric light at the farther end, and to the right vast gaping spaces reached into the darkness far below. Above, the locomotive's tugging, as it pulled the loaded cars into place for the next "dump," could be heard above the rumble of the mill's machinery.

Annie hurried along the narrow pathway—the very one on which she had met Mr. Griswold when he spoke to her about the consequences of being caught under the shower of wheat. Below, some 20 feet, was another line of planks leading past the bins, into which, level with the planks, doors opened. These were for convenience in inspecting the condition of the grain.

On this platform, his body bent as he peered into the vast bin at his side, was the superintendent. She recognized his light gray coat and russet shoes. She pushed on, intending when she had come him to call and warn him of possible danger. The rope with which he had moved the lever to loosen the contents of the last car hung at his side, and was still swinging from his touch. He was evidently seenting the grain for a suspicion of moldiness.

Suddenly, before she was within hailing distance, though she was not far from a position directly above the superintendent, she saw a black form shoot out from behind a heavy upright timber directly behind him. The stranger sneaked toward the door of the bin, into which part of his intended victim's body still protruded.

The lame girl's heart almost stood still with fright. She sank to the narrow platform, and crouching there in the upper darkness, watched helplessly the struggle going on below.

The stranger had leaped upon the superintendent, and was attempting to throw him into the bin; but Mr. Griswold fought bravely for his life. Once, twice he was almost a victor, but his assailant had him at a disadvantage. Already his head and shoulders were hanging over the dark abyss into which a carload of yellow wheat had sunk and made no impression on the great space.

Chunk! came a sound above her head. Annie realized with a shudder that another car had been brought into position over the trap-door, and was ready to be dumped.

The stranger below had almost overcome the superintendent, and she saw the scoundrel glance sidewise toward the rope which moved the lever.

Like a flash there came upon her for the first time a realization what a terrible deed was intended. The body of the superintendent, hurled into the bin, would be covered with the flood of grain, and his fate would be unknown for days, and perhaps for weeks and months.

It was but a second now before the end would come. Already the assailant had pushed off the superintendent's hands, and she saw body and limbs disappear through the narrow door. She could not hear it fall on the soft mass of grain beneath, but she knew it was there.

The assassin tugged at the door. He had nothing to do now but to close and fasten it and pull the lever; and then thousands of bushels of wheat would bury the unfortunate man as firmly and fatally as though the car above should itself fall into the cavern.

Annie sprang to her feet and gazed a moment helplessly about her. Then there met her glance the long lever reaching out over the bin. If it only could be held! If the trap-door were kept closed it would keep back the grain, and the superintendent might be saved.

The stranger below had nearly closed the thick door. In a moment he would pull the slender rope.

She looked at the lever. A weight on the end over the bin would prevent the trap's moving; there was but one way to accomplish it—she must hold it herself.

On hands and knees she climbed to the edge of the bin: then, reaching far out on the pole which moved the door, she took a firm grasp. A little tremble told her that the door had been closed by the stranger, and she fearlessly swung off!

The slender pole bent and swayed with her weight, and she shuddered lest the lever should still work. If it did, she would be swept down into the abyss over which she hung helplessly, and the stream of grain pouring upon her would mean death to her as well as to the superintendent.

Her small, thin arms and hands were weak. Already the muscles of her wrists were aching with the strain.

Twitch! went the lever. The assassin was jerking the rope. Again and again she felt the jerk, but still the little pole did not rise with her enough to loosen the trap-door. Although the whole affair had occupied but a moment, it seemed to have been hours. In an instant longer she must loosen her hold, and then—

The man was evidently growing impatient, and she felt a jerk of unusual power. There followed a cracking sound; the lever broke, and she was falling through the darkness, the broken piece of the lever still in her hands.

As soon as she realized anything further she was sliding down an inclined plane of wheat, and a man's voice, that of the superintendent, was saying something to her .

Far above they could see the gleam of the electric light streaming over the edge of the bin, with flour dust floating in like motes in a sunbeam.

"I saw him throw you in," sobbed the child, "an' now they'll cover us both!"

"No, they won't," answered the superintendent. "The trainmen will have to fix the lever first, and they'll look about to see what's the matter."

Presently the door through which he had fallen was opened, and a lantern was swung in, followed in a moment by a trainman's head.

"Hello!" called the man. "What's the matter down there?"

"I'm in here! It's Griswold," the superintendent answered.

Annie heard a smothered exclamation of astonishment from the man. He summoned help; ropes were brought, and soon both she and Mr. Griswold were drawn up from their perilous position.

The experience of the night had added many lines to the superintendent's face, and though he was relieved to find that the robbers, foiled in the execution of their plans, had vanished without disturbing the safe, the memory of what he had suffered in anticipation remained with him.

As for Annie, the little "mill-sprite" did not lack for rewards and praise, either from the mill-owners or from the man whose life she had saved.—Youth's Companion.

—Bentonville is the highest point in Arkansas, 1,790 feet above the sea.

DEATH OF A FAMOUS HUNTER.

Reminiscences of a Well-Known Pennsylvania Character.

Joseph Mahn, of Elk county, once famous as a mighty hunter, died a few days ago, nearly 90 years old. It was less than ten years ago that failing eyesight compelled him to give up his life in the woods. He had hunted and trapped in the Pennsylvania woods since 1820, and the stories of his exploits are household words in the western and northern portions of this state. He remembered when elk were yet numerous in the state, and one of his favorite stories was of the time when he was a boy and went with his father on an elk hunt. They followed the elk from the headwaters of the Allegheny river until it crossed the river below where Oil City is now, and led the chase into Ohio, where, on the third day of the hunt, it was killed not far from what is now Mansfield.

This old woodsman ended his career as a hunter and trapper by a series of successes which he declared were the most satisfactory to him of all his exploits. He was trapping in Center county, and had four bear traps out. He started out one morning to look after them. The first trap he visited had done good work. It had a big bear in it with a magnificent coat of fur. The old trapper shot the bear and went on to another trap. That one had a surprise for him. It was not a bear, but an ugly, glaring, snarling catamount, the largest one Mahn had ever seen in all his career in the forest. It was not only ugly, but extremely tough, for the trapper had to shoot it five times before it would die. This trophy was over four feet long.

After killing the catamount Mahn went on to the third trap, and there he found awaiting him a monstrous old-timer of a he bear, caught in the trap by both fore feet. How the bear managed to get both feet into the trap was something Mahn could not understand, as it was a thing unheard of in bear trapping. This bear was a savage old chap, and resented its capture with so much tenacity that he would not give up until four rifle bullets induced him to. That three traps in succession should have yielded each so fine a prize was enough to astonish even a veteran trapper, but when the fourth one came to the front with a third bear, as fine as either of the others, the old trapper rejoiced greatly. It was a trapping event without precedent in the Pennsylvania woods, and as it was a fortnight since Mahn had shot the biggest buck on record as having been killed in the state, he was willing to go home and rest the remainder of his days on the laurels these exploits alone had won him. And he fully intended to do so, for he had lost the sight of one eye entirely, and the other eye was failing. But he was not permitted to retire just yet.

A few weeks after his great trapping experience a delegation of backwoods farmers waited on him and solicited him to go kill a bear or something that was playing havoc with their sheep and pigs. The weather was warm, and Mahn did not care to undertake the task, being then almost 80 years of age. His neighbors insisted, and he took down his gun once more and shouldered his traps. He put out six wildcat traps and four bear traps. The next day each one of five of the former had a wildcat in it, and the sixth one had the lower part of a wildcat's fore leg. Two of the bear traps had each a big bear. A third bear trap was missing. The chain was broken loose from the wooden clog, and it was plain that a bear had walked off with the trap to one of his lairs. The fourth bear trap had not been disturbed.

Mahn did not intend to go home without recovering his missing bear trap. He tracked the bear that had it to a swamp and scared it out. The trap was fast to one of the bear's fore feet. The bear was inclined to fight the trapper, but Mahn killed it with two shots. On his way back home to get help to carry in this most unheard of collection of sheep and pig stealers the old man struck a bloody trail. He followed it, and it led him a mile, where it ended at the foot of a big chestnut tree. On a branch of that tree, well toward the top, lay a wildcat. Mahn brought it down with a single shot. As the wildcat was minus one fore paw, the old trapper knew he had bagged the cat that had got out of his sixth trap. Mahn had left his undisturbed bear trap in the woods. The next day he went out and got his fourth bear. Then he put away his traps and hung up his gun, and never used them again.—Chicago Chronicle.

Dainty Trifles.

Baby pins come in sets of three, connected by fine gold chains.

Pretty two-tined strawberry forks show berry vines and leaves in decoration.

Rococo enamled hairpins, set with jewels, assist in modern hairdressing.

Cut glass atomizers with silver-plated mountings increase in demand as the season advances.

Silver-mounted belts and bags are included among other silver equipments for the fair cyclist.

Convenient accompaniments to the chafing dish are the chafing dish spoon and alcohol flagon of silver.

Cut glass sugar sifters with sterling silver tops assume a new importance with the advent of the berry season.—Jewelers' Circular.

The Czar's Court Pianist.

There is a pretty little story told of Raul Kaulowski, the Polish boy of only eight years, who is court pianist to the czar of Russia. At the close of one of his concerts last winter all the women pushed eagerly to the front in order to kiss him. The little fellow stood there gracefully, receiving it all. Finally one little woman who could not reach him threw him a rose. This act inspired another to throw him her breastpin. He took the rose and smilingly kissed it; but, picking up the jeweled pin, with a polite bow, he passed it back to its owner.—San Francisco Chronicle.

FAMOUS SONG.

The Song That Reaches Our Hearts Is "My Old Kentucky Home."

There is one song in the English language that, perhaps, comes closer to the hearts of Americans, particularly if they are far from home and kinsmen, than any other. That song is "My Old Kentucky Home." The simple, tender story it tells and its irresistible melody are familiar to nearly every one. It has been sung by noted singers in every civilized country on the globe, and has been eulogized by authors and critics of classical taste; yet its author, Stephen Foster, died unhonored and unsung, and unconscious of the masterly work he had wrought. Like nearly all other great artists, however, Foster's recompense came after he was dead, and it is safe to say that "My Old Kentucky Home" and its writer's name will live so long as human sentiment and love of home endure.

Those Americans who were present at a Patti concert in the Grand opera house of Paris in the early seventies are, many of them, old men and women now, but they can still vividly recall the indescribable scene when the diva appeared in response to an encore and sang, as only Patti could sing, this sweet, simple ballad. It was entirely unexpected, and before they were aware strong men were weeping and women were hysterically giving vent to emotions they did not try to control. At its conclusion the great singer was literally showered with flowers and costly gifts. One rich American threw a roll of bills over the footlights that was said to contain a sum of money up in the thousands. The demonstration was perhaps the most magnificent ever accorded a suitor for public favor.

Apropos of all this, the following from the Philadelphia Call illustrates the wonderful charm the song still holds:

A street singer stopped to sing the other night in front of a well-known hotel. He was an old chap, blind of one eye, and infirm, but gifted with the remnant of what was once a very sweet tenor voice. With him as attendant and guide was his daughter, a child of sunny Italy, sun-browned, large-eyed and attractive in her picturesque garb. The old fellow sang first that ditty of the streets: "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me," provoking little attention. Then he began to sing in his tremulous, quavering voice an old favorite. As he proceeded the windows of the hotel were raised one by one and guests looked out with sympathetic eyes. Coins showered down to the picturesque little maid, who circulated about with her tambourine, collecting. Men strolled out of the cafe and gathered on the steps, listening with interest. One old fellow, a tall, soldierly-looking man, with flashing dark eyes and an air that was unmistakably southern, gave the child a note with the remark: "It did my heart a dollar's worth of good." When the last strain of the touching old melody died away everybody present wore that dreamy look that tells of old memories stirred and refreshed.

The song was "The Old Kentucky Home;" the southerner touched by its rendition a former Kentuckian ruined by the ravages of the war.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

If Grouchy Had Prevented Prussian Junction with English—

Napoleon would have won the battle of Waterloo had Grouchy prevented the junction of the Prussians with the English army, because he would not have had to fight two battles at once. Few persons realize that the so-called battle of Waterloo was in reality a double battle, somewhat like Jena and Auerstadt. Napoleon fought one battle at Waterloo against the English. On the arrival of the Prussians he was forced to go in person toward Planchenhoit and there fight another battle against the Prussian army, leaving to Ney the conduct of the troops at Waterloo. It is a well-known maxim in war that a very great or decisive victory cannot be gained unless one commander makes a serious blunder, of which the other takes immediate advantage. It is very evident that the fact of the emperor's having to fight two battles at once, instead of concentrating his attention on one alone, enormously increased the possibility of a mistake. Moreover, Napoleon did not have the able lieutenants of his former campaigns. Dessaix, Kleber, Lannes, and Bessiers were dead, Massena and Macdonald had taken the oath of allegiance to the Bourbons, and Murat had split with the emperor.

Napoleon's personal attention was, therefore, imperative. To Grouchy alone all blame must be attributed, for, had he prevented the union of the Prussians with the English, the emperor would have had to fight only one battle at a time, and could have given his entire personal attention to that one battle.

In the second place, Napoleon would not have been forced to fight with 71,947 men against two armies numbering about 125,000—nearly two to one against him. He would have had 71,947 good soldiers pitted against a raw, undisciplined army of 67,661 men under the duke of Wellington, which was not only inferior in mere numbers, but far inferior in morale and experience. The chances would have been greatly in favor of the French. Then, too, the French army was commanded by the acknowledged masters of modern warfare, whose brilliant successes at Rivoli, Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena Friedland, Wagram, the Borodian, and Dresden had dazzled the whole world. Until then Napoleon had never been defeated in any great battle except Leipsic, and the French were strong in the confidence of the emperor's success. Two of the best writers on the Waterloo campaign—Shaw-Kennedy and Siborne, both Englishmen—concur in saying that, had Grouchy kept the Prussians away, the English army would have been badly beaten. This view is also held by the ablest writer of all, Mr. Ropes.—United Service Review.

And There Are Others.

Mr. Sloper (whose wife is a bicycle enthusiast)—There you go again, my dear. Can't you let up on the bicycle talk; don't you know you are injuring your chances of going to Heaven, as well as driving me almost crazy?

Mrs. Sloper (startled)—Why, what do you mean, John; is this one of your sacrilegious jokes?

Mr. S.—No joke at all. Do you suppose you will be admitted to the Heavenly choir when you can harp only on one subject, and an infernal one at that?—Brooklyn Life.

Why He Does It.

"I understand that he hangs himself over a clothesline every day for an hour or two."

"He does."

"That seems strange. Has there ever been any question as to his sanity?"

"Not at all. Everyone understands the reason. He is trying to make a 'scorcher' of himself, and merely takes this method of improving the curve of his back."—Chicago Post.

PERFECTLY SAFE.

Small Person in Hiding—Keep still, Jimmy; he'll never discover us here!—Chicago Record.

Gentlemen of Leisure.

Kind Lady—What a nice little girl you are! Is your father in business in this city?

Little Girl—Business! My papa doesn't have to bother about business.

"Ah! Gentleman of leisure, then?"

"Yes'm; he's a detective."—N. Y. Weekly.

Mouldy Mike Outwitted.

Ragged Robert—What luck did yer have in that there restaurant?

Mouldy Mike (sadly)—I got er big meal ther, reg'lar spread, but I had ter pay all th' money I had fer it. Ain't a cent left fer drinks.

Ragged Robert (in disgust)—Pay! Why didn't yer dead beat it an let 'em send fer a perliecenian, as yuh said yuh would. Yer wouldn't a got more'n ten days.

Mouldy Mike (pathetically)—But they wasn't goin' ter send fer a policeman. They was goin' ter send fer a stomach pump.—Bay City Chat.

Paid for His Joke.

"So Tacker and Guppy don't speak any more?"

"Oh, Tacker's all right. It's Guppy that's mad. He dropped a cold silver dollar down the back of Tacker's neck in church, you know, as an April fool joke. Tacker never said a word, though it scared him half to death."

"Then why should Guppy be the one to get mad?"

"Tacker went off with the dollar."—N. Y. World.

Sordid.

"There are men, I suppose," she remarked, pensively, "who are engaged to more than one girl at the same time."

"Yes," he answered; "but I'm not one of them."

"I'm glad to hear you say that. It is so frivolous and insincere."

"Of course. And there's no reason why a man shouldn't make one engagement ring go all the way round, if he only takes his time."—Washington Star.

Not a Lottery Hereafter.

"Now, then," exclaimed the business-like inventor, as he grasped his hat and placed carefully in his pocket his latest improved X ray apparatus, warranted to enable the operator to see through a six-inch plank, "I am ready."

"Where are you going, dear?" asked his wife.

"I am going," he rejoined, "to attend an auction sale of unclaimed packages."—Chicago Tribune.

Couldn't See the Joke.

"Well," said Snaggs, "I think many dogs have more sense than their master."

"Yes," chimed in Craggs. "I have a dog like that myself." And yet he couldn't make out why they laughed.—Tit-Bits.

THE APPLE WOMAN OF DOWNING STREET.

A Real Benefit.

Young Husband—Where is that angel-food cake you baked this morning, my dear?

Young Wife—The rats in the closet ate it. Isn't it too bad?

Young Husband—There, don't cry. We'll not have to be bothered with a cat now.—Chicago Record.

No Chance Afterward.

Mrs. DeVere—I think a woman ought to be mighty well acquainted with a man before she marries him.

Mrs. Rampage—Yes, because she won't have much chance to get acquainted with him afterward.—N. Y. Mercury.

And It's True.

"What is the hardest thing to learn about a bicycle?" asked the elderly boarder. But before the bloomer boarder could reply the Cheerful Idiot hastened to say:

"To keep from talking about it, as far as I can notice."—N. Y. Tribune.

She Knew.

"After all, what is a kiss?" said young Mr. Warren, reflectively, after pressing the lips of his Boston fiancee.

"A kiss," replied Miss South-Church, "is the anatomical juxtaposition of orbicularis muscles in a state of contraction."—Demorest's Magazine.

A Sure Thing.

Miss Jones (the daughter of his employer)—I don't believe, Mr. Cashier, that pa will give his consent.

Mr. Cashier—Oh, yes he will after he has examined the books. He will want to keep the money in the family.—Texas Sifter.

Suspicious Tenderness.

Mrs. Sharpleigh—I believe my husband loves another.

Mrs. Brown-Stone—Why so?

Mrs. Sharpleigh—He hugged and kissed me for an hour last night.—Town Topics.

Sanitary Item.

Young Wife (after visitors have gone)—Why, they didn't eat a bit of my cake.

Husband—You ought not to have told them that you made it.—Texas Sifter.

A Careful Girl.

Mr. Gilgal—Is not that a queer idea of the doctors, that kissing conveys disease germs?

Miss Kittish—Rather, but it doesn't annoy me.

"You—er—you never kiss?"

"I rub an antiseptic preparation on my lips every day."—Art in Dress.

Copper and Nickel.

"Why doesn't a policeman pay his fare?" inquired a citizen who saw one ride free.

"You can't get a nickel out of a copper," the conductor explained.—N. Y. World.

A MAN UNDER THE BED.

Small voice from under the bed—No, I will not come out! I tell you, once and for all, Bernesia, I will be master in my own house.—Puneh.

No Fixed Standard.

She—Was she stylishly dressed?

He—Yes; I suppose so.

She—Don't you know?

He—Well, I never saw a costume like it before.—Chicago Record.

Such a Temper.

"That Mrs. Naglet has the worst all-round bad temper I ever knew."

"Yes, even her hair snarls."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FARM AND GARDEN.

FERTILIZING DEVICE.

Good Thing for Places Where the Work Is Done by Hand.

We present a very simple and practical device for putting on fertilizer by hand. We have used it for four years when wanting to put fertilizer into rows continuously, and not having a fertilizer attachment on planter.

The sack used for holding the fertilizer should be of the best quality of cotton, when for grain, so as to be tight against the escape of the finest portion of the dust, and can be used in two different ways. The plan best for carrying

and handling is like the illustration. Get a tin spout about six inches long, made at the tinner's, with one end bulged considerably, like a funnel, as at A. Cut a hole just large enough to let the tube through from the inside, then wrap the edges down tight to the tin tube with strong cord. This tin tube hould be placed about half way between the bottom and top of sack.

A strap 1½ inches wide and eight to twelve inches long is sewed on the bottom of sack with strong cord attached, to tie up mouth at C, after putting in fertilizer. I used the old gum hose from my grain drill to fit over the tin tube, the latter being made to fit in the gum tight. By placing the sack over the head with strap resting on opposite shoulder from side the sack is to be worn, the fertilizer naturally settles to center of sack ready to run out of the gum tube.

By placing the hand at B the tube can be guided and the flow of fertilizer regulated by pressure on the gum hose, and the mixture can be shaken up by the lower part of arm, to prevent clogging. The fertilizer can be scattered over any width of row by zigzag motion of hand. This arrangement will allow any speed that the operator may want to use. A hole of, say 1½ inches, will allow a large amount of fertilizer to pass out, which may be lessened by the speed of operator in walking as well as in the use of the pressure of the hand on the gum tube.—George E. Scott, in Ohio Farmer.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

Give the orchard thorough cultivation during the early stages of growth.

In setting trees for a wind break, take those of a close-growing habit.

Currants will grow and bear fruit 25 years if they are properly cared for.

If the bark of the fruit trees is split by frost, cover the wound with grafting wax.

Washing suds and sink water will help the grapevine wonderfully in its growth.

When setting out peach trees cut them back to within two feet of the ground.

Black knot is best kept in subjection by cutting off and burning all affected branches.

In planting shade trees the hardiness of the trees should be given preference over rapid growth.

One advantage of well-drained land is that the fruit comes to maturity earlier than on undrained land.

Generally the plum tree will need jarring to prevent the work of the curculio, no matter what variety has been planted.

There ought to be plenty of room for all kinds of fruit on every farm. Grow a good supply of small fruits as well as of tree fruits.

By stirring the soil after every rain the weeds will be more evenly destroyed than in any other way, besides securing a better growth of plants.

While the best land is none too good for strawberries, any land that will grow good crops of corn or potatoes will grow a good crop of strawberries.

Mulching prevents the early flow of sap by preventing the ground from warming too early, and in this way often prevents injury by late frosts.—St. Louis Republic.

Floors for Poultry Houses.

You may think that any kind of a floor will do for poultry houses, if so, look at the benefits and non-benefits derived from poor or good floors. Have you not noticed fowls that had the roup just because the floor was damp or admitted draughts through its openings? Have you not noticed the numerous vermin harbors many floors have? The fowls stand during the day on the floor; their feet are in direct contact with it and their entire body being close to the floor it must surely be of some consequence as to the condition of the floor. —Farmers' Voice.

Ration for Dairy Cows.

Sudden changes of the ration do not prove of advantage with dairy cows. A change of food should be gradual. It requires but very little to cause a cow to fall off in milk, and the feeding should be done judiciously. Oilmeal should always be used by commencing with a small quantity, half a pound a day being sufficient, increasing an ounce a day until a pound or more of the meal is allowed. It should be mixed with other food, as it sometimes "gums" in the mouth and may be rejected.

THE GRASSY FLAVOR.

Why Change in Feed Should Always Be Made with Caution.

It is one thing to have a pleasant grass flavor and quite another to have a rank grassy odor to the milk, traces of which will be found in the butter. The cause for the rank flavor can be found in intestinal derangement due to the change of feed. A radical change in feed should always be made with caution and be made gradually. To change suddenly from dry feed to green feed will derange the digestive apparatus as surely as a sudden change from green feed to dry feed. And the change should always be made when the stomach is full. That is, do not give an animal food to which it is unaccustomed when its stomach is empty. Give it first a feed of that to which it is accustomed, and then add a little of the new feed, increasing the proportion of the new kind of feed with each meal until a full feed of the new kind is given, the old kind being gradually diminished meanwhile. In changing to grass the way to apply this method is to turn the cows for an hour or so into the pasture, first giving them their usual dry feed, then take them off the pasture for the remainder of the day. The time they are allowed to run in pasture can be lengthened each day until they are left there all day. This will ordinarily require but three or four days for the change, but it is well to turn into a pasture of flush grass but an hour or so at a time when it is wet with dew, unless the stock had become accustomed to full grass previously. That is, changing from a poor pasture to a flush pasture is itself liable to make trouble if done inconsiderately. The cow will be apt to fill herself with rich grass beyond what she is accustomed to, and it will generate gases in the stomach and cause bloat, at the worst, and when the worst does not occur there is still danger of inflammation of the intestinal canal, which will cause looseness and give the milk a rank odor and flavor. Stock should therefore be left in the new pasture but part of the day at first, if the feed is much better than in the old pasture.—Agricultural Epitomist.

FOR BREECHY ANIMALS.

A More Humane Device Than Blind Boards or Hopples.

It is inhuman to put blind-boards, hopples and other constructions upon cattle that are given to jumping fences. These heavy affairs fret the animal and impair growth and production. They often also endanger the animal's life. A simple and human device is shown in the illustration, which may be used

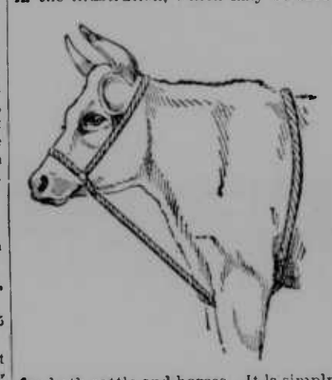

for both cattle and horses. It is simply a light piece of rope arranged upon the animal's head as a halter, then passed between the forelegs and around the body, when it is fastened securely. It should be arranged so that the animal can just raise its head to a natural position, but no further. To jump over a fence an animal must always raise its head above the normal position. If there appears danger that the animal when feeding may get a forefoot over the rope it can be held up close to the breast by a light cord passing around the neck. The rope will stretch somewhat with use, but can be shortened up as required.—N. Y. Tribune.

FEEDING THE CALVES.

Flaxseed Gruel and Skimmed Milk Assure Good Growth.

A calf may be fed skimmed milk when one week old, says the National Stockman, with the addition of one gill of boiled flaxseed, increasing the ration gradually to a pint a day when four weeks old, and then adding fine middlings or corn and oats ground together, or a pint to one quart of oats unground.

Flaxseed gruel, with plenty of skimmed milk, will produce a very fine growth, leaving the calf as mellow to the touch as if sucking the cow. A calf two months old will gain three pounds per day on this ration. The oil taken off in the cream can be replaced for one-fifth of the money value of the cream. Shrewd dairymen may raise a calf to each cow upon skimmed milk and a little additional food, such as indicated, and get one-fourth to one-third as much profit out of the refuse milk as out of the butter. Selling butter robs the land of nothing valuable—only carbon which has no manurial value.

The Head of the Dairy Herd.

Daniel Munroe says: The most important of all selections is the head of the herd. The bull we breed from should combine as much concentration of the very best family records as we can positively buy or breed. The value of a good bull was finely illustrated last summer, when one of the largest dairies in the province was disposed of at public sale—95 head of young things, three generations, bred from the herd and sired by a choice thoroughbred bull, were offered, and brought prices that must have been gratifying to the owner in return for his investment, while the purchasers were equally well pleased with their end of it. But that was not the end; the influence of that bull will live on for many years scattered over the province to the great benefit of the dairy interest. Moral: Don't look at the dollars too long when you need a good bull.

WOMEN FARMERS.

They Must Be Practical and Self-Sustaining.

"There is no reason in the world why a woman should not run a farm successfully, and no reason why she should hesitate to undertake agricultural pursuits," said a veteran farmer, who was noted for keeping abreast of the times. "In the course of my life I have known half a dozen women who were left with farms on their hands, and who finished paying for them, put up buildings and handled their varied interests admirably. In later years I have known a number who bought farms just as men would have done, and who have laid up money, some of them a considerable amount.

"But the woman farmer, to be successful, needs to do two or three things. First of all, she must be practical, and must be thoughtfully slow in accepting the advice of people who want her to try new things too extensively. Women are a wee bit inclined to be progressive, and many of them are rather more adventurous than men. To yield to this impulse is the first step toward failure. Conservatism is a most excellent sheet anchor, and is a faculty that all women and a great many men would do well to cultivate.

"The help question is, of course, one of the greatest points to be looked after. In emergencies the man can himself turn in and fill gaps, but the woman can not always do this; therefore it is necessary for her to look ahead and manage her affairs with prudence, in order not to be caught and involved in disaster.

"There are many men who will not work well with what they call a 'woman boss.' They seem to feel that there is something wrong in taking orders from femininity, and are often so disagreeable that the only way to get along with them is to give them their way as much as possible. This is always a mistake, as such men grow worse with time, and soon become domineering. If the man will not take orders from the proprietor of the establishment, the only thing is to get rid of him forthwith. He demoralizes all the other help and has a bad influence in the neighborhood.

"Women may very successfully conduct farms if they turn their attention to grass and fruit. The raising of flowers and poultry are occupations especially appropriate for women, and, with good markets, are exceedingly profitable if well managed.

"There is no reason why a woman should not be just as efficient in a greenhouse or a poultry-yard as a man. Indeed, her habits of carefulness and disposition to look after little things are never better placed than in such pursuits."—N. Y. Ledger.

Eighteen Babies at a Ball.

M. and Mme. X——, when they returned to their residence earlier than they were expected the other night from the ball at Elysee, found, to their astonishment, that their three servants and two children had disappeared. On questioning the concierge and threatening to send for the commissary of police the parents learned that in their absence the servants had gone off to a popular dancing room and taken the children with them. M. and Mme. X——, still in evening dress, immediately drove in their carriage to the address given. At the door of the dancing salon they met the man who receives the money, and he evidently took in the situation. "Reassure yourselves, monsieur and madame," he said, "and kindly step this way." The man led the way to a large, well-lighted and warm room, in which were 18 babies fast asleep upon benches. They were under the care of an old woman, and M. and Mme. —— had no difficulty in picking out those which belonged to them.—Paris Poste.

Biography in a Nutshell.

Born, welcomed, caressed, cried, fed, grew, amused, reared, studied, examined, graduated, in love, loved, engaged, married, quarreled, reconciled, suffered, deserted, taken ill, died, mourned, buried and forgotten.

—Oregon has been known as the "Web-foot state." During the rainy season the precipitation is so constant and heavy that it is humorously said the climate of that state is best appreciated by animals having webbed feet. It is also called the "Beaver state," from the former abundance of these animals along its water courses.

"Do you believe in the 16 to 1 ratio?" "Certainly; I am a Mormon."—Truth.

"Am so glad you had the doctor; did he relieve you?" "Yes—of $20."—Boston Courier.

Golf—"She excels at golf." "I am not surprised. She always had excellent taste in matters of dress."—Detroit Tribune.

Miss Lonely—"I have only one friend on earth—my dog." Miss Coldeal—"Why don't you get another dog?"—Truth.

Conflict of Interest.—"Does the doctor do much for your malady?" "Yes, much for my malady, but little for me."—Detroit Tribune.

Mrs. Mooney (for the one hundred and eleventh time)—"What would you do, darling, if I should die?" Mooney—"Oh, bury you, I suppose."—N. Y. World.

A Paternal Kick.—"A whole set of furniture!"
Cried pa. "I think it tough!
For while they did their courting here
They found one chair enough."

As on his daily trip he went,
The son exclaimed: "I vow
There's no denying that I am
The champion scorcher now."
—Washington Star.

Sometimes a man gets a reputation for being close because he has paid all his debts and hasn't any money left to get a reputation with for being liberal.—Somerville Journal.

I hate a fellow whom pride or cowardice or laziness drives into a corner and who does nothing when he is there but sit and growl. Let him come out as I do, and bark.—Johnson.

Though nature dashes with reckless grace
In field and wood, without restraint,
One spring-time artist beats her pace—
'Tis woman with a pot of paint.
—Chicago Record.

Shakespeare says we are creatures that look before and after; the more surprising that we do not look round a little, and see what is passing under our very eyes.—Carlyle.

A GLOOMY JOURNEY THAT LASTED TWO YEARS.

A Turn in the Lane at Last Brings Health and Gladness—An Interesting Narrative with a Happy Ending.

From the Gazette, Baldwinsville, N. Y.

The Gazette recently called attention in the columns to the case of Herbert Sp[illegible] cer, of this village, and his release from suffering after long bondage. Interested in all things pertaining to the betterment of the moral and physical welfare of our community we had no sooner given to the readers of this paper one article for their perusal and thought when we sought information regarding more such. Our south side druggist, Gardner & Davis, reported that Mr. Fra[illegible] Williams, of Warner, N. Y., a flourishing hamlet four miles south of this village had been greatly benefited by the use of that widely-known and highly-regarded medicinal preparation known as Dr. William's Pink Pills for Pale People. To fully set forth the facts concerning the case at Warner, we drove to that village one pleasant July evening. Mr. Williams was not at his pleasant little home in the suburbs of the village on our arrival, but we found him just entering the store of George Burr, in the center of the town, near the N. Y. C. tracks. Mr. Williams is a tall, pleasant-looking man, six feet and one-half inch in height, with a face which at once impresses you with a belief in his candor and honesty. In response to our inquiry as to whether he had ever used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and his willingness to publish abroad his opinion of this medicine, Mr. Williams said:

"I am glad of the opportunity to let my friends and the public generally know of the results of my taking this widely-advertised remedy. I want people to know there is an escape from the evils of some diseases, at least, and that there is reliability and virtue in *one* of the many advertised remedies now before the people."

We stepped over to a show-case near by where we could write with ease and Mr. Williams continued:

"I have resided in Warner and vicinity for twenty-one years. Am forty-six years of age, and by occupation a carpenter and general utility man, finding employment nearly, if not quite all of the time. In January, 1891, I was attacked with a severe nervous trouble, which greatly weakened me and continued to grow gradually worse, with pains everywhere, sometimes in my fingers, again in my toes, but mostly in the heart region. For a year and a half I was unable to do a full day's work. For over three years I tried the skill of the physicians and grew worse under their care. Also tried some well-known proprietary medicines, and while, perhaps, relieved for a time, yet the nervous twitching continued, and for two years I felt that there was no help for me. One day I read in a newspaper a testimonial from a man whose case seemed to resemble mine, and he claimed to have been cured by a medicine advertised under the name of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Before I forget it, I desire to say that there was no shaky trouble in my hands, only a quivering of the muscles, sometimes showing in my face. I resolved to try these pills and first purchased a box at the drug store of Gardner & Davis, in Baldwinsville. I felt so much better at once that I continued their use until I had taken eighteen boxes, when I felt entirely well again, and have never had a return of the disease, excepting after a period of severe, hard labor, when I feel a bit of the old nervous twitching, but no pain, and when these come on, which is very seldom, I take a few pills and I am all right again. I might also add that my daughter was troubled with palpitation of the heart, and used two boxes, which gave her instant relief. Regarding my present condition I am able to work every day, and my neighbors attribute my cure to something akin to the miraculous."

Mr. Williams was more than willing to make affidavit of the truth of his statements, and we drove to the residence of Justice of the Peace Charles T. Fowler, where the following acknowledgment was recorded:

Frank S. Williams.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of July, 1895.

Charles T. Fowler,
Justice of the Peace.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50)—by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Perfume of Flowers.

It is claimed that the perfume of flowers disappears as soon as the starch in the petals is exhausted; and it may, it is said, be restored by placing the flower in a solution of sugar, when the formation of starch and the emission of fragrance will at once be resumed.

That which history can best give is the enthusiasm which it raises in our hearts.—Goethe.

Look how the blue-eyed violets glance love to one another.—T. B. Read.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is the name of an illustrated monthly newspaper published by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R. It aims to give information in an interesting way about the farm lands of the west. Send 25 cents in postage stamps to the Corn Belt, 209 Adams St., Chicago, and the paper will be sent to your address for one year.

When all is summed up a man never speaks of himself without loss; his accusations of himself are always believed, his praises never.—Montaigne.

Dropsy is a dread disease, but it has lost its terrors to those who know that H. H. Green & Sons, the Dropsy Specialists of Atlanta, Georgia, treat it with such great success. Write them for pamphlet giving full information.

Always Got Away.—"Did you ever hear one of Brown's characteristic stories?" "Well, no—not a whole one."—Chicago Record.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch st. Phila., Pa.

Beauty is no local deity, like the Greek and Roman gods, but omnipresent.—Bartol.

Findings—

"The best, of course," you tell your dressmaker, and trust to her using the

S·H·&M· REGISTERED TRADE MARK.

BIAS VELVETEEN SKIRT BINDING

Why don't you *tell* her to use it or, better still, buy it yourself?

If your dealer will not supply you we will.

Samples showing labels and materials mailed free. "Home Dressmaking," a new book by Miss Emma M. Hooper, of the Ladies' Home Journal, telling how to put on Bias Velveteen Skirt Bindings sent for 25c., postage paid.

S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y. City.

They don't agree

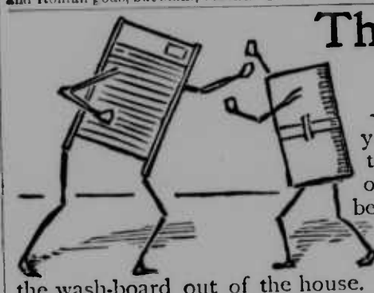

—your pocket-book and your wash-board. One tries to keep your money—the other wastes it. You'd better consult your pocket-book, do your washing with Pearline, and put the wash-board out of the house. There's no room or place for it with Pearline (no soap), nor for any of its wearing-out, tiresome rubbing. You'll be doing your pocket-book a good turn, and help toward making it fatter and sleeker, if you'll do all your washing and cleaning with Pearline. 606

"It's a Good Thing. Push it Along."

BattleAx PLUG

A GREAT BIG PIECE FOR 10 CENTS

Why buy a newspaper unless you can profit by the expense? For 5 cents you can get almost as much "BATTLE AX" as you can of other high grade brands for 10 cents. Here's news that will repay you for the cost of your newspaper to-day.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL

I.C. CENTRAL R.R. ROUTE

In Connection with the Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern and the Chesapeake, Ohio & Southwestern Railroads, has inaugurated a

NEW ROUTE

FROM CINCINNATI AND LOUISVILLE

TO MEMPHIS AND NEW ORLEANS

DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE—THROUGH PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS AND FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

TICKETS AND TRAIN SCHEDULES OF TICKET AGENTS OF ALL CONNECTING LINES.

NEARLY 2,000,000 ACRES

Of Government Lands Now Open to Settlement

IN NORTHERN ARKANSAS

They are fertile, well-watered, heavily-timbered, and produce grains, grasses, fruits and vegetables in abundance. North Arkansas apples are noted. The climate is delightful, winters mild and short. These lands are subject to homestead entry of 160 acres each. Now is the time to get a home. For further information as to character of lands, manner of entering them, in what counties located, with maps of the district, address

E. V. M. POWELL, Immigration Agent, Harrison, Ark.

Inclose One Dollar. Remit by Money Order or Registered Letter.

Refers to Bank of Harrison and Boone County Bank, Harrison, Ark.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1896.

THE *Mountain Democrat* has presented Mr. Gilmor S. Hamill, of Oakland, as a suitable candidate for Congressional honors in this Congressional district.

Well, if he gets the nomination we will see you later.

THE friends of Mr. Wm. T. Malster, of Baltimore, who was defeated for the Gubernatorial nomination last summer, are now engaged in booming him for that place and will continue to do so until the convention of 1899 meets to put a candidate in nomination.

GEN. AGNUS is much worried at the ascent of Senator Wellington up the political ladder while the general himself grasps despairing at the ragged edge of nothing. Will some one please arrange a job for the general and thus apply a soothing poultice to his bleeding heart?

Poor Maryland!

The Gorman machine will be represented at large in Chicago by 8 automatic half votes.

So far, therefore, as the State will be seen and heard in the convention hall the whole story will be told by its signboard.

With John K. Cowen included—

One blast upon his bugle horn
Were worth a thousand men.

His individuality, voice and Titanic logic would have made Maryland a personality towering among the giant commonwealths.

But is to be doubted whether the accredited flabby one-lunged constituents of semi-quartet force will have courage enough to call for the previous question. — Frostburg Journal.

An Important Plank.

One plank will be presented to the Republican Convention upon which North, East, South and West can unite without compromise. That is a good-roads plank.

The cyclists of the League of American Wheelmen, who are fairly earning the title of "The Road Makers of America," have provided for the pesentation to the Convention of a roads resolution to be embodied in the plattorm. A committee of wheelmen will take charge of the work.

The good roads movement is non-partisan. The wheelmen will try to have the resolution adopted by both the Republican and Democratic Conventions. The resolutions are, of course, designed for moral effect. The idea is that the indorsement of the movement for good roads by the national party conventions will effectually draw public attention to the subject and impress upon the people the importance of wise and efficient measures for securing them.

It would be interesting to have, if it were possible, an accurate estimate of the losses caused by bad roads. If one could gather the figures of the losses of the farmers by reason of inability to get to market at opportune times and through wear and tear on cattle and rolling stock and the losses of the country in general on account of bad roads it is probable that the results would show the question of roads to be little less important from a practical standpoint than the question of the tariff or of the finances.—St. Louis Republic.

CONVENTION OPENS.

Wheels of the Republican Nominating Machinery Set In Motion.

ST. LOUIS, June 16.—Promptly at 12 o'clock Chairman of the National Committee, Thomas H. Carter, called the eleventh National Republican Convention to order.

Prayer was offered by Rabbi Samuel Sale of this city.

Chairman Carter then read the call for the convention and named Hon. Chas. W. Fairbanks for temporary chairman.

Temporary Chairman Fairbanks opened his speech with a review of the achievements of the Republican party to date, extolling its policy on the tariff, reciprocity and currency and denouncing free coinage of silver. When the Republican party was in power, continuing he said, our currency was as good as the best on the face of the globe. We made sound money and an honest protective tariff to go hand in hand, not one before the other. Great and splendid and powerful as our government is, it cannot accomplish the impossible. It cannot create value, it has not the alchemists, subtle art of transmiting unlimited silver into gold, nor can it make fifty cents worth one hundred cents. We might as well undertake by a resolution of Congress to suspend the law of gravitation as attempt to compel an unlimited number of fifty cent dollars to circulate with one hundred cent dollars at a parity with each other, an attempt to compel unlimited dollars of such unequal value to circulate at a parity is bad in morals, and vicious in policy. We protest against lowering our standard of commercial honor. We stand against the Democratic attempt to degrade our currency to the low leval of Mexico, China, India and Japan. The present high standard of our currency, our labor and our flag will be sacredly protected and preserved by the Republican party.

The struggle for Cuban liberty enlists the ardent sympathy of the Republican party, a party which has given to liberty the fullest meaning of this continent. We wish to see a new republic born on Cuban soil, greet the new country whose dawn is already purpling the east. My friends, the campaign of 1896 is upon us. The great questions for debate in the august forum of the United States are free trade and free silver against a protective tariff and sound money.

Mr. Fairbanks closed his speech with these words: A distinguished Republican has said that the supreme desire of the American people is for an honest currency and a chance to earn it by honest toil.

At the close of Mr. Fairbanks' speech Chairman Carter announced the subordinate officials of the convention as selected by the national committee and they were elected.

At four o'clock this afternoon the convention adjourned until to-morrow morning at ten o'clock.

The committee on permanent organization this evening recommended Hon. John M. Thurston, of Nebraska, for permanent chairman of the Republican convention.

The committee on resolutions organized by the election of Senator-elect J. B. Foraker, of Ohio, as chairman, over Dubois, of Idaho, by a vote of 35 to 4. The silver men voted for Dubois.

General Lew Wallace was chosen secretary of the committee.

It was an ideal day for the opening of the convention. The sun shone gloriously from a sky unmottled by a single cloud. A cool southeast breeze fanned the millions of flags and countless miles of red, white and blue bunting, which covered the city with a haze of color. The whole population was astir early, and by 8 o'clock the streets were black with people. Clubs with brilliant banners were rendezvouing; bands with gorgeous uniforms were playing in front of the hotels, and the hotels and houses were disgorging their occupants into the streets.

ALL ROADS LEAD TO CONVENTION HALL.

All roads led to the Convention Hall at Clark avenue and Twelfth street. From that great oblong, box like structure, which covers a block, fluttered a myraid of flags. The great gilded American eagle at the main entrance flashed brilliantly in the sunlight. A cordon of blue coated police guarded the entrances.

Within the officers and employes were performing the final details. The staffs of the various State delegations in the flat pit which faced the speakers, stand were in place, while the chairs in the double galleries mounted steeply from the edges of this pit, into the cavernous depths above. There was in the galleries seating capacity for 12,000 spectators.

A BOWER OF BUNTING.

The great pillars which upheld them were swathed in bunting, and the rough ceiling, 75 feet above the pit, was a mass of color. Around the galleries at intervals blazed the coats of arms of various States. The speakers' stand, from which, on either hand stretched the tables for the press, was ornamented with a beautiful silk flag, while from the gallery in the rear, which overhung the seats reserved for distinguished visitors looked out the faces of many Republican heroes, who have gone to the last reward. In the centre was the immortal Lincoln, flanked by those great warriors Grant and Sherman. Facing each other across the east hall were large portraits of the gallant Gen. Phil Sheridan and Admiral Farragut, the hero of Mobile.

SILVER MEN WILL BOLT.

Second Day's Proceedings of Republican National Convention.

ST. LOUIS, June 17.—The announcement was made just as the Convention was called to order this morning that Foraker of Ohio would nominate Morton for the Vice Presidency just as soon as the ballot for President was finished.

It was the plan that when the motion to nominate McKinley by acclamation was made to also include the name of Levi P. Morton for Vice President.

It is generally believed that this would certainly be the case, and it looks as if the plan would carry, although there may be some opposition.

The order of business for the Convention, as decided upon last night by the committee on rules, is as follows:

First—Report of the committee on credentials.

Second—Report of the committee on permanent organization.

Third—Report of the committee on resolutions.

Fourth—Naming members of the National Committee.

Fifth—Presentation of candidate for President.

Sixth—Balloting.

Seventh—Presentation of candidate for Vice President.

Eighth—Balloting.

The Convention will be governed by the rules of the House of Representatives of the Fifty-fourth Congress, and 6 votes will be allowed to each of the Territories and two to the District of Columbia.

Chairman Fairbanks was obliged to hammer vigorously when he attempted to quell the tumult into working order. On the platform at his left stood the portly form of Mr. Mark Hanna, encased in a dazzling fresh suit of shiny drab, and the synosure of every eye. Beside him, with a friendly hand on his shoulder and pouring some confidences into Mr. Hanna's ear was Mr. Thomas Carter, of Montana, the retiring chairman of the national committee.

For five minutes Mr. Fairbanks rested on his oars, while the ushers perspired in futile attempts to persuade or compel compliance with the chairman's request.

Then, in a voice which hardly projected itself to the centre of the pit of delegates, Mr. Fairbank's said:

"The convention will be in order."

The convention was in comparative order upon the introduction of Dr. Wilbur G. Williams, pastor of the Union M. E. church, who made the prayer.

"The Senator from Mossachusetts," announced the chairman, at the conclusion of the prayer, whereupon there was an outburst of applause as the galleries and delegates perceived the trim and fashionably-clad person of Henry Cabot Lodge, the embodiment of the polished Puritan in the aisle before the platform.

Mr. Lodge arose to ask for the committee on resolutions the privilege of sitting during the progress of the convention, that the subcommittee had completed the platform, and that it was now being considered by the full committee. He asked leave to report this afternoon.

The chairman's call for the report of the committee on credentials met no response and that committee was passed.

Senator Sewell, of New Jersey, and Senator-elect Wellington, of Maryland, asked unanimous consent to make the reports of the committee on organization and on rules, but objections were heard. A motion by Mr. Wellington that the convention take a recess until two o'clock was buried under an overwhelming chorus of noes and the delegates applauded the decision.

The chairman called loudly to know what was the further pleasure of the convention. Several resolutions were handed up and referred to the committee on rules without debate. The convention seemed to be at a standstill.

Senator Sewell, of New Jersey, again jumped to his feet and this time moved that the report of the committee on permanent organization be received out of order. His motion was greeted with cheers by the galleries, who were impatient to have the convention proceed, but from the floor came angry cries of "No! no!"

The motion was put and Chairman Fairbanks declared it carried.

Senator Wellington indignantly denied that the motion was out of order, as the Convention could not suspend the rules, and his point was warmly supported by Delegate Littlefield, of Maine, but the chair ruled that both gentlemen were out of order, as the Convention had decided to receive the report.

When the reading clerk, who intoned the committee report to the house, announced the name of "Jno. M. Thurston, of Nebraska" to be permanent chairman there was an eruption of flags and cheers from the delegates, and another demonstration greeted the name of U. S. Grant of California.

The reading of the report on permament organization was followed by a wild and tumultuous scene.

Mr. Mudd, of Maryland, jumped to his feet and loudly protested against the action of this report: "It can be received," he shouted, "but it cannot be acted upon. Nothing can be done until the Convention has acted upon the report of the committee on credentials. Until that committee has acted there is no convention."

Mr. Fairbanks ruthlessly overruled the point of order and left Mr. Mudd angrily shouting on the floor. Suddenly the irate Marylander changed his tactics, and as Mr. Fairbanks called for a vote on the adoption of the report, he demanded a call of the roll. His demand was seconded by Delegate Evans of Minnesota.

CHAIRMAN THURSTON'S SPEECH.

"Gentlemen of the Convention—The happy memory of your kindness and confidence will abide in my grateful heart forever. My sole ambition is to meet your expectations; and I pledge myself to exercise the important powers of this high office with absolute justice and impartiality. I bespeak your cordial co-operation and support to the end that our proceedings may be orderly and dignified, as before this the deliberations of the supreme council of the Republican party.

"Eight years ago I had the distinguished honor to preside over the Convention which nominated the last Republican President of the United States. To-day I have the distinguished honor to preside over the Convention which is to nominate the next President of the United States. This generation has had its object lesson, and the doom of the Democratic party is already pronounced. The American people will return to the Republican party, because they know that its administration will mean:

"The supremacy of the Constitution of the United States.

"The maintenance of law and order.

"The protection of every American citizen in his right to live, to labor and to vote.

"A vigorous foreign policy.

"The enforcement of the Monroe doctrine.

"The restoration of our merchant marine.

"Safety under the Stars and Stripes on every sea, in every port.

"A revenue adequate for all Governmental expenditures and the gradual extinguishment of the national debt.

"A currency as sound as the Government and as untarnished as its honor whose dollars whether gold, silver or paper shall have equal purchasing and debt-paying powers with the best dollars of the civilized world.

"A protective tariff which protects coupled with reciprocity thereby securing the best market for American products and opening for American factories to the free coinage of American muscle.

"A pension policy just and generous to our living heroes and to the widows and orphans of their dead comrades.

"The Governmental supervision and control of transportation lines and rates. The protection of the people from all unlawful combinations and unjust exaction of aggregated capital and corporated power.

"An American welcome to every God-fearing, liberty-loving, Constitution respecting, law-abiding, labor-seeking, decent man.

"The exclusion of all whose birth whose blood and whose condition, whose practices would menace the permanence of free institutions, endanger the safety of American society or lessen the opportunities of American labor.

"The abolition of sectionalism—every star in the American flag shining for the honor and welfare and happiness of every commonwealth and of all the people.

"A deathless loyalty to all that is true and American and a patriotism eternal as the stars."

The platform committee has adopted the financial plank proposed by the sub-committee, with a slight amendmen, by a vote of forty to eleven.

The first test vote came on the Delaware contest. The vote standing for Higgins delegation 568½, against 329½. This represents the

[Continued on sixth page.]

THE

New BUCKEYE

FOR 1896.

The Simplest, Best and Lightest Running Binder on Earth.

ISN'T IT A BEAUTY?

Examine our composition adjustable bearings and other valuable improvements for 1896. It beats the World.

From the Golden Harvest Fields of the Sunny South, where grain cutting is now progressing, come Songs of Praise for this Wonderful Machine.

The genius of man has never produced its equal.

Its perfect working Bundle Carrier is admired by all.

No weight on horses' necks—no side draft—open end, and it will handle the longest or shortest grain successfully.

See its high drive wheel which insures light draft.

Be sure and examine this machine before you buy. If there is no agent in your locality, correspond with us direct.

COMPETITORS ARE FLEEING BEFORE THE MAJESTIC MARCH OF THE NEW BUCKEYE.

HEAR WHAT PENNSYLVANIA FARMERS SAY,

The field selected was rye 7 feet tall, very heavy and green. The machine was drawn by an ordinary team, and never made a skip or missed a sheaf.

We the undersigned, have, this 27th day of May, 1896, witnessed the working of the New Buckeye Binder, cutting rye on the farm of Dr. G. A. Knight at Lamertine, Clarion county, Pa. We consider its work first-class in every respect, and the Machine very light draft.

Some expressions from those present—"Isn't she a daisy." "I tell you that's the lightest running binder I ever saw." "She handles that rye elegant." "Don't it make a splendid sheaf." "Say that bundle carrier beats them all." "That pair of horses could handle that machine all day." "Did you ever see a binder with such little machinery." "Not a particle of weight on the horses' necks, it's perfectly balanced." "It lents anything I ever saw."

E. B. Sheffer, D. Kneppenberger, H. McGinnis, W. L. Long, D. M. Delo, Lynn Campbell, Joe Sheffer, Irvin McGinnis, H. C. Sheffer, Jos. Stirgs, Leroy Kurtz, Chas. Say, J. J. Kline, L. M. Cochran, Frank Kline, P. Wingard, Jno. Willmon, Aaron Cramer, C. K. Sheffer, G. H. Wenner, P. W. Berlin, M. B. Shannon, F. B. Shannon, jr., J. M. Kurtz, J. D. Sheeter.

THE BUCKEYE MOWER.

ORIGINAL, GENUINE AND ONLY. MADE BY

AULTMAN, MILLER & CO.,

AKRON, OHIO.

FOR SALE BY

JONAS FRAZEE,

SELBYSPORT, MD.

IMMENSE FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION AT OAKLAND.

Spend Your 4th Where You Can Keep Cool and ENJOY a Day of PLEASURE.

A Gorgeous Trades Display and Lustrous Street Pageant!

FOUR BRASS BANDS.

A Band of Indians and Cow-Boys,

DRESSED IN THEIR PRAIRIE COSTUMES.

THERE WILL BE TO AMUSE YOU Base Ball Games, Tournaments, Running and Trotting Races, Bicycle, Egg, Foot, Sack, Donkey and Wheelbarrow races, Band Concerts all day. Three Dancing Floors. A sham battle in the Afternoon between Co. K; 4th Md. Regiment and Cow-boys and Indians. Firemen's Parade and Exhibition of Work.

A LARGE NUMBER of PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED THE VICTORS.

A 4th of July Oration will be delivered on the Grounds after the Parade. Over 50 acres of a Beautiful Park to be used for Amusements, etc. A grand Display of Fireworks and Flambeau Drill at Night. Several hundred dollars worth of Fireworks will be displayed from a hill-top.

The B. & O. R. R. wil run Special Excursion Trains for this occasion at greatly reduced rates from all points on main line and branches.

Don't Forget that We Guarantee You a Pleasant Time, so

COME TO OAKLAND ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.

CONVENTION OPENS.

[Continued from fifth page.]

relative McKinley and anti-McKinley strength.

The convention adjourned at 5 o'clock until 10 a. m. to-morrow. Indications are that nominations will not be reached until to-morrow afternoon and that McKinley will be nominated on first ballot. Chances are that Morton will be nominated for second place.

Died.

June 6th, 1896, at his home about four miles from Accident, Md., John Casper Hetrick, aged 55 years 11 months and 37 days.

The deceased was born in Germany in 1850 and came to this country when between seven and eight years of age. He joined the Ev. Lutheran church in 1856 and adhered to that demonation all the remainder of his life.

Mr. Hetrick has left a wife, two sons, nine daughters and twenty-three grand children, most of his daughters being married. Following are their names: Mrs. George Schafer, Mrs. Mathew Jones, Mrs. Francis Schunk, Mrs. Christian Dick, Mrs. Wm. F. East, Mrs. Wasmuth and Mrs. D. Shultz.

Funeral took place from the German Baptist church, conducted by Rev. Sam Miller. The remains were followed to their last resting place by a large concourse of people.

Improved Locomotives.

A contract was awarded yesterday by General Manager Green of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to the Baldwin Locomotive Works, of Philadelphia for twenty locomotives.

This order consists of ten heavy consolidation locomotives, with cylinders 22 by 28 inches, six ten-wheel passenger locomotives with 78-inch drivers and cylinders 21 by 26 inches and four passenger locomotives with 63-inch drivers and cylinders 20 by 26 inches. The B. and O. with this order has now under contract 75 locomotives and 5,000 freight cars the full complement of additional equipment which is considered necessary to handle the business of the company.

The six passenger locomotives ordered yesterday will be used to haul trains for the West over the first division of the road. They are of powerful type and will enable faster time to be made on this division. The other four passenger locomotives will be used on the Philadelphia division. When they are in service it is expected to haul from eight to ten cars on fast passenger trains where five or six are hauled at present.

Reduced Rates to Chicago.

Account of the Democratic National Convention, Chicago, Ill., the B. & O. R. R. will sell excursion tickets from all Ticket Stations on its lines east of the Ohio River, for all trains July 3, 4, 5 and 6, good for return passage until July 12 inclusive, at one single fare for the round trip.

Tickets will also be sold by all connecting lines.

The B. & O. maintains a double daily service of fast vestibuled express trains, with Pullman Sleeping and Dining Cars attached, running through to Chicago solid without change or transfer. 15-4.

Mt. Lake Park Ice.

Mr. B. F. Crane, who has charge of the ice house at the lake, will deliver ice to residents of Oakland every morning except Sunday. All orders left at the Oakland Pharmacy will reciye prompt attention. 15-4 t*

Crops.

The cool weather and abundant rains were generally favorable to crops. Not much is expected from wheat, particularly in mountainous regions, though fairly favorable reports are received from Washington county. The prospect for early oats is excellent. Some corn and potatoes have been plowed. Corn needs more sunshine, but is growing very well. Pastures are in good condition and the hay crop will be considerably increased by the favorable weather. All vegetables are doing well. Early potatoes will be a good crop and are "making rapidly." Strawberries are very large and fine in the northern portion of Garrett; the outlook for fruit continues good in northern Allegheny, and the raspberry season is at hand in Washington county.

Notice to Tax-Payers.

This is to give notice that all unpaid taxes for the years 1894-5 have been placed in my hands for collection, and that if the citizens owing same do not make settlement immediately I will proceed to advertise and sell their property.

ARSTIN BROWN, Sheriff.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

Wellington Wins.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 15— The Maryland delegation is safely here and nicely quartered at the Aclede hotel. The fight for the State committeeman for Maryland has been settled in favor of Mr. Geo. L. Wellington as against Mr. Jas. A. Gary, of Baltimore.

The committee has made the following allotments: National committee, Geo. L. Wellington; delegation chairman, Sydney E. Mudd; secratary of delegation, Mr. Tilghman; vice president of the convention Mr. Malster, of Baltimore; resolutions committee, Mr. James A. Gary; credentials committee, Mr. Robert Graham; notification committee, Mr. Airey; rules and organizations committee, Mr. Straughn.

There is no uncertainty about the nomination of McKinley and a sound money platform. The second man on the ticket is very uncertain He will come from the east.

Notice to Subscribers.

On July 8th, as is our usual annual custon, we shall send to our subscribers statements of their accounts. We have on our books over a thousand names of subscribers who owe us on an average of $3.25 each. This in the aggregate amount to a considerable sum and we desire to impress this fact upon the minds of the delinquents: that if we do not receive a remittance on amounts above three dollars we shall be compelled to place the accounts in the hands of our attorney for collection.

This notice is given at this time time so as to allow our friends to make preparations to meet this obligation. We do not want to give any of our sucscribers trouble but if we can't make collections through the agency of letter writing and the mails we will be compelled to resort to other and sterner methods.

Grantsville.

Fruit trees in this region are very variable in amount of fruit borne.

J. S. Miller's strawberry patches of two acres of ground yielded 1120 quarts of berries Monday, 15th inst.

Mrs. Dr. O. G. Getty and two little sons, of Myersdale, Pa., were visiting here Monday.

There is some prospect of another saw mill locating near town soon.

Miss Lillie Ryland and Chas. Younkin, of this place, were married at Frostburg last Wednesday.

Howard Bittinger is telegraph operator at Ellerslie, Md., for the Standard Oil company.

Mt. Lake Park.

The season of 1896 will be the best in the history of the Park.

Capt. J. M. Burns, U. S. A., has secured boarding for his family for the summer.

The Mountain Lake Hotel, Masden cottage, Romney cottage and Mountain View Home have full season guests—more than ever before at this time of the year.

Twenty new cottages have been built this season, and yet only fourteen cottages for rent. Rents are lower than ever before in the history of the Park. A well furnished house can be had for $150.

Profs. Frohiker and Rambean of the summer schools are here with their families.

Rev. Dr. Ison will preach for us Sabbath at 11 a. m.

The camp meeting opens July 3d. About five hundred preachers and evangelists will be in attendance. Excursions are coming from Texas, Kentucky and Indiana.

This is fine weather for lakes and grass. Rain, rain, rain.

Hotel Dennett and grounds grow prettier every day.

Rev. J. O. Thompson, of Keyser, was a guest of Supt. Rudisill Monday night.

Mine host Dennett is here with his help fixing things up in great shape.

The Allegheny House will be open in a day or two. Adam Howell will have charge.

The Park grows prettier every day. Each day's work adds to the beauty of the surroundings.

The Park bakery is in full operation, turning out No. 1 bread.

Pure Mt. Lake ice will be sold daily in Oakland by Squire Crane.

New Germany.

Weather very wet but indications of dry weather in the future.

Maust's mill was running for a few days but shut down again on account of failure to get logs.

Ross Compton has purchased a new saw mill and is now ready to begin sawing his timber.

J. J. Thompson & Co's photograph gallery is doing a thriving business at this place.

Cards are out announcing the wedding of Mr. Boolinger and Miss Straitjacket. The ceremony will take place at the home of the bride, and the happy couple will depart immediately after for a tour through the west.

Chris. Fresh was at home on a visit last Sunday accompanied by Miss Annie Gnagey, of Grantsville.

ON THE CAPITOL DOME.

Storm Described by a Recent Visitor to Washington.

The Rev. Horace Porter, Dr. Lyman Abbott's assistant, has written the following letter to a friend in Brooklyn:

"As it was my first visit to Washington, the Capitol, with Congress in session, was the first attraction. There, after a visit to the Senate and House, the Library and Supreme Court rooms, I made by way to the dome for a first impression of the beautiful city. The glories of the vision from that heigh tonly those know who have stood on a fair spring day. As you encircle the dome you find the Capital to be the center of broad shady avenues, converging from all points of the compass. If not payed with gold, they are, as least, quite as ideally smooth, and the prancing horses, the great coaches, the street cars, and gliding bicycles, pass in a silent panorama far below you. To the south and west are the parkways called the mall, in which is the Smithsonian Institution, and at the other end the majestic Washington monument, a giant towering above all else, as was he to whom the pile was raised as a fitting monument. This monument is at or within a few yards of the exact center of the original District of Columbia. While viewing all this and with the beautiful Potomac in the distance, a slight cloud was observable in the southwestern horizon. Lingering a little time to drink in the fascinating scene, it was soon evident that it was questionable whether one could reach Kendall Green, my destination without encountering something of a storm.

"In a moment more a wonderful scene burst upon the view, far over Arlington, beyond the woodlands in Virginia. It seemed as if a gigantic battle were raging just beyond the Virginia shores. Clouds of rising dust seemed like the battlefields, the lightning in the depths of the storm were like the flash of a hundred cannon, the distant thunders like the battle roar. The scene was too fascinating for me to think of retreating before the approaching hurricane. There were those on the dome with me who exclaimed, 'St. Louis cyclone,' and fled, taking their flight headlong down the dark stairways within. But, if it were a cyclone, where could one be safer than within the giant arms of steel which support that great dome? On the storm came! Suddenly Arlington and all beyond were totally hidden from view in the cloud of dust, flying leaves and small branches torn from the trees.

"The storm seemed fairly to plunge down the placid Potomac. In the pathway of the storm the river seemed to turn black with rage, then was lost in the confused mass of storm, while on either side of the storm's path the river was still calm, reflecting its silvery light. In another instant the whole water front of the city was the scene of some awful attack. On the right, as the eye followed down in the general direction over Pennsylvania avenue, the dust shot forth from the west in a northerly direction, while on the north side of the storm path another enormous tusk of dust shot forth in a southerly direction. It was no longer a battle scene, but rather that of some monster hidden within the cloud, which his own terrible motion had created, plunging down upon the city, to gore it with those giant tusks and trample it in his fury!

"The old domekeeper and two or three of us faced the awful sight as long as we possibly could, then retreated before the blinding dust to the doorway of the dome. There we held our ground throughout the whole of the terrific scene. The dome seemed transformed into a great boiler room, the wind was as escaping steam whistling about our ears! The streets below were the scene of the wildest confusion; workmen's coats went flying down the avenues, hats and umberellas were lifted high into the air, cabs were turned about, horses took fright, awnings were torn loose—and then all was darkness—the cloud of dust was so dense that the beautiful city at our feet was totally obscured. We could hear the crash of breaking trees and hear the shouts of horsemen; then the drenching rainfall drove us within the dome. When we descended we discovered how soiled were our clothes, how thick matted our hair and how dim were our eyes from the cloud of dust which had been raised to the lofty dome—and probably far higher."

Convicted At Last.

BALTIMORE, JUNE 16.— The jury in the Criminal Court, which yesterday heard the evidence in the assault case against Richard and Charles Busey, Michael Murphy and John Marley, brought in a verdict this morning finding the first three guilty of the assault. Sentence was suspended pending a motion for a new triacl.

There was intense silence in the court room which was crowded, when the accused were placed at the bar to hear the verdict. It had been whispered about that the jury had convicted the Busey boys, and the news that after so many years at had become possible to secure a conviction against them for such an offense as an election day assault occasioned much comment.

The jury acquitted John Marley because the only evidence against him was the testimony of Thornton that Marley was the man who kicked his hand. The jury believed as no other witness mentioned Marley that Thorntrn was mistaken about this.

The case is one of the election day cases, evidence for which was collected by the Reform League. The League is carrying out with terrible earnestness its pledge to bring to book offenders against the election laws of the State at the last election.

Out of 15 cases that they have prepared and which have been tried so far in the Criminal Court, they have secured 13 convictions.

Reduced Rates to Washington.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will hold their annual meeting in Washington, D. C., July 7 to 13.

For this occasion the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell tickets, from all points on its lines, East of the Ohio River to Washington, at one single fare for the round trip, July 6 to 8, inclusive; valid for return passage until July 15, inclusive, with the privilege of an additional extension until July 13 by depositing tickets with Joint Agents at Washington

Tickets will also be on sale at stations of all connecting lines.

Delegates should not lose sight of the fact that all B. & O. trains run via Washington.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE
IN GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in Equity, dated the 11th day of June, A. D. 1896, and passed in a cause standing as No. 750 on the Equity docket thereof, wherein Alexander Moon is plaintiff and Emily T. Hardesty et al, are defendants, the undersigned trustee will offer at public sale on

Thursday, the 2nd Day of July, 1896,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m.,

in front of Nethken Bros. store in the town of Deer Park, Garrett county, aforesaid, the real estate in the proceedings in said cause mentioned and described —

All that tract or parcel of land situated in Garrett county aforesaid and more fully designated by the metes and bounds of a survey as follows: Beginning for the same at a small white oak tree standing on a ridge and marked with nine hacks, and running thence with an allowance of 2½ for magnetic variation, north 72° east 80 perches to a stake standing midway between a small black pine tree and a large yellow pine tree mark each six hacks, south 72° west 100 perches to a stake and stone pile, north 18° west 80 perches to a stake standing north 72° east 15 links from a white oak tree marked with six hacks, and thence by a straight line to the beginning, containing 50 acres, the same being part of a tract of land called

"THE PINK OF ALLEGANY,"

conveyed to the said James W. Hardesty by B. F. Paugh and wife by deed dated the 19th day of May, 1890, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, folio 329, among the Land Records of Garrett county. Also all that other portion of the said tract of land called "The Pink of Allegany," which was conveyed to the said Hardesty by Joseph R. Anderson and wife by deed dated the 9th day of January, 1882, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 20, folio 260, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and described as follows.

Beginning at a stake and stone pile standing at the end of the third line of a tract of land conveyed by Joseph R. Anderson to Benj. F. Paugh and running thence south 15° west 60 perches to a stake and stone pile, north 75° east 80 perches to a stake and stone pile standing about eight feet west of a chestnut tree marked with six hacks as witness, north 15° east 60 perches to a stake and stone pile with a pin oak and locust tree marked each with three hacks as witnesses, and thence with the third line of said conveyed tract to the end thereof, south 75° west 80 perches to the beginning, containing 30 acres.

These two parcels of land, comprising the home farm of the late James W. Hardesty and being situated about two miles northwest of Swanton near North Glade, will be sold as an entirety.

The improvements consist of a

TWO-STORY FRAME HOUSE,

stable and all necessary out-buildings. Forty acres are under fence of which about twenty-three acres are in cultivation. There is also a small orchard.

TERMS OF SALE as prescribed by the decree, one-half cash and the balance in two equal payments at six and twelve months with interest from date, secured by the bonds of the purchaser with satisfactory endorsements, or all the purchase money may be paid in cash at the option of the purchaser.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
Trustee.

Millinery and Dress Making.

Just opened, at Mountain Lake Park, by Mrs. J. L. Pierce. First-class work guaranteed. Will carry a full line of

STAPLE GOODS.
HATS TRIMMED to ORDER,

on short notice. Miss B. C. McAndrews will superintend the business. Her long experience is a sufficient guarantee for first-class work. Call and see our goods, Oakland Avenue and L St. 11-3

THE
Maryland Building and Loan Association
of Garrett County.

OFFICERS:

ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney.
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencies.

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock:

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month. EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL
ROOFING.
SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—2m.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In effect May 24, 1896.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS	NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1		No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
2 30	8 00 lv	Cumberland ar	*12 01	*7 30
2 57	8 31	Rawlings	11 29	6 59
3 20	8 56	Keyser	11 01	6 36
3 33	9 09	Westernport	10 51	*6 23
3 56	9 32	W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	6 20
4 01	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5 55
4 25	10 00	Harrison	10 00	*5 33
5 10	10 45 ar	Elk Garden	8 55	*3 20
5 00	10 35 lv	Gorman	9 21	5 00
5 06	10 41	Bayard	9 15	4 54
5 17	10 52	Dobbin	9 04	4 41
5 50	11 25	Thomas	8 31	4 05
6 25	11 55 ar	Davis	8 00	3 25
5 53	11 27 lv	Coketon	8 31	4 02
6 19	11 51	Hendricks	7 59	3 30
6 25	11 57	Bretz	7 51	3 25
6 28	12 00	Parsons	7 51	3 22
7 09	12 39	Kerens	7 28	2 47
7 50	1 00 ar	Elkins lv	*7 00	*2 30
	1 30 ar	Beverly lv		*1 55
				P. M.
	2 55 ar	Beallington lv		*11 30
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	A. M.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

NOTICE OF THE
Creation of New Voting Precincts

Under and by virtue of the power conferred upon the Supervisors of Elections by Chapter 262 of the acts of 1896, notice is hereby given that said Board of Supervisors of Elections of Garrett county have divided Election District Number Seven of said county as follows:

All that part of said Election District Number Seven, as now laid out and established, east of the Hooppole road and on the east side of Third street in the town of Oakland and on the east side of the Aurora road shall be known and designated as Precinct No. 1, and all that part of said Election District Number Seven on the west side of Hooppole road, on the west side of Third street in the town of Oakland and on the west side of the Aurora road shall be known and designated as precinct Number 2, of said Election District Number 7.

A. G. STURGISS,
J. ALVIN FRIEND,
FRED. C. RIES,
11—2 Board of Election Supervisors.

A Chance for Farmers to Improve Their Stock.

EMPEROR WILKES
TIME, 2.28.

PEDIGREE

EMPEROR WILKES, by Ethan Wilkes 6017, dam Mary M.; Ethan Wilkes by George Wilkes, dam Lady Ethan; George Wilkes by Hambletonian 10, dam Polly Spanker; Lady Ethan by Ethan Allan 43, dam Topsy dam of Hambletonian Mambrino. Mary M. by Mambrino Rattler; dam by Brignolla 77, dam by Hopeful; Mambrino Rattler by Mambrino Chief 11, dam by Rattler 77.

M. Maroney & Son have decided to stand this horse at their stables in Oakland during the season of 1896 for the small sum of

$10.00 INSURANCE

M. MARONEY & SON,
Owners

9—2m

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.16 A. M
No. 5	—Daily	7.07 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.50 A. M
No. 47	—Daily	10.49 A. M
No. 55	—Express, daily	6.22 P. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	6.45 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	10.06 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	—Daily	5.50 A. M
No. 2	—Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	9.05 A. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	3.35 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	5.02 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	12.29 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

THE
G. E. PEARCE DRUG CO.
OF FROSTBURG, MD.

We have probably the largest stock of goods in the drug line in Western Maryland.

P. D. & CO. and S. and D. pharmaceutical preparations always in stock, supplied to physicians at jobbers' prices.

OUR LINE OF
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES AND WINDOW GLASS
IS LARGE AND COMPLETE.

We sell and guarantee LUCAS TINTED GLOSS PAINT at $1.25 per gallon.

9-2m

WHY SHOULD YOU SEND YOUR CHILD

—TO—

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

1st. He (or she) can be prepared for college, can study book-keeping, shorthand, typewriting, etc., and be fitted for business; he can begin his course in medicine or pharmacy under a teacher who has made the subject of chemistry a specialty.

2nd. It is a home school (co-educational and for a limited number) and is conducted with all the loving, care-taking ministrations for individual development that the name implies.

3rd. Students require the most bracing, nerve-building climate, and here they have it. Among the recreations are skating, boating, tennis, bowling.

4th. English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, German, Musical and Art courses. Bible study and high ethical teaching will fit him for a noble Christian career.

E. B. SWAN, Principal,
18-1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ¼ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. K. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

MOUNTAIN STATE
Business College,
PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Course. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE
IN MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Mary P. Alderson and Joseph C. Alderson to John W. Arnold, John C. Dunham and William J. Nair, trustees of Garrett Council No. 35, Jr. O. U. A. M., dated January 28, 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 25, folio 175, one of the Mortgage Records of Garrett county, default having been made in the covenants of said mortgage, the undersigned attorney named in said mortgage to make sale thereunder, will sell at public auction in front of the Postoffice in Oakland, Md., on

Friday, the 3rd Day of July, 1896,

AT TEN O'CLOCK A. M.,

all those lots or parcels of ground described in said mortgage, situated in the town of Mountain Lake Park, Garrett county, Md., the same being

Lots Numbers 1200, 1201B, 1201C, 1202, 1300 and 1302

on the plat of Mountain Lake Park Association.

Said lots are most desirably located and are improved by a

Large Two Story Dwelling House

and outbuildings, and is one of the most desirable properties in the Park.

Terms of sale, as prescribed by the mortgage, cash.

JAMES C. PEDDICORD,
Attorney Named in the Mortgage.
11—4

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND. : GARRETT CO., MD.

POLITICS AND FISH.

BY JOHN BUCHAN.

THE farmer of Clachlands was a tory, stern and unbending. It was the tradition of his family, from his grandfather, who had been land steward to Lord Manorwater, down to his father, who had once seconded a vote of confidence in the sitting member. Such traditions, he felt, were not to be lightly despised; things might change, empires might wax and wane, but his obligation continued; a sort of perverted noblesse oblige was the farmer's watchword in life; and, by dint of much energy and bad language, he lived up to it.

As fate would have it, the Clachlands plowman was a radical of radicals. He had imbibed his opinions early in life from a speaker on the green of Marchthorn, and ever since, by the help of a weekly penny paper and an odd volume of Gladstone's speech, had continued his education. Such opinions in a conservative country side carry with them a reputation for either abnormal cleverness or abnormal folly. The fact that he was a keen fisher, a famed singer of songs, and the best judge of horses in the place, caused the verdict of his neighbors to incline to the former, and he passed for something of an oracle among his fellows. The blacksmith, who was the critic of the neighborhood, summed up his character in a few words: "Him," said he in a tone of mingled dislike and admiration, "him! He would sweer white was black the morn, and dod! he would prove it tae."

It so happened in the early summer, when the land was green, and the trout plashed in the river, that her majesty's government saw fit to appeal to an intelligent country. Among a people whose politics fight hard with their religion for a monopoly of their interests, feeling ran high and brotherly kindness departed. Houses were divided against themselves. Men formerly of no consideration found themselves suddenly important, and discovered that their intellects and conscience, which they had hitherto valued at little, were things of serious interest to their betters. The lurid light of publicity was shed upon the lives of the rival candidates; men formerly accounted worthy and respectable were proved no better than whited sepulchers, and each man was filled with a morbid concern for his fellow's character and beliefs.

The farmer of Clachlands called a meeting of his laborers in the great dusty barn, which had been the scene of many similar gatherings. His speech on the occasion was vigorous and to the point: "Ye are a' my men," he said, "an' I'll see that ye vote richt. Ye're unedlicated folk, and ken naething aboot the matter, sae ye just tak' my word foc't, that the tories are in the richt and vote accordingly. I've been a guid maister to ye, and it's shurely better to pleesure me, than a wheen leein' scoundrels whae tramp the country wi' leather bags and printit trash."

Then arose from the back the plowman, strong in his convictions: "Listen tu me, ye men," says he: "just vote as ye think best. The maister's a guid maister, as he says, but he's nocht to dae wi' your votin'. It's what they ca' intermedation to interfere wi' ouybody

"I'LL STAND UP FOR THE RICHTS O' THAE MEN."

in this matter. So mind that, an' vote for the workin'man an' his richts."

Then ensued a war of violent words.

"Is this a meetin' in my barn, or a penny-waddlin'?"

"Ca't what ye please. I canna let ye mislead the men."

"Whae talks about misleadin'? Isn't misleadin' to lead them richt?"

"The question," said the plowman, solemnly, "it what you ca' richt."

"William Laverhope, if ye werena a guid ploonan, ye wad gang post-haste oot o' here the morn."

"I carena what ye say. I'll stand up for the richts of thae men."

"Men," this with deep scorn. "I could mak better men than thae wi' a stick oot o' the plantin'."

"Ay, ye say that noo, nn' the morn ye'll be ca'in' ilka yin o' them mister, a' for their votes."

The farmer left in dignified disgust, vanquished, but still dangerous; the plowman in triumph mingled with despair. For he knew that his fellow-laborers cared not a whit for politics, but would follow to the letter their master's bidding.

The next morning rose clear and fine. There had been a great rain for the past few days, and the burns were coming down brond and surely. The Clachlands water was chafing by bank and bridge and threatening to enter the hay-field, and every little ditch and sheep-drain was carrying its tribute of peaty water to the greater flood. The farmer of Clachlands, as he looked over the landscape from the doorstep of his dwelling, marked the state of the weather and pondered over it.

He was not in a pleasant state of mind that morning. He had been crossed by a plowman, his servant. He liked the man, and so the obvious way of dealing with him—by making things uncomfortable or turning him off—was shut against him. But he burned to get the upper hand of him, and discomfit once for all one who had dared to question his wisdom and good sense. If only he could get him to vote on the other side—but that was out of the question. If only he could keep him from voting—that was possible but unlikely. He might forcibly detain him, in which case he would lay himself open to the penalties of the law, and be nothing the gainer. For the victory which he desired was a moral one, not a triumph of force. He would like to circumvent him by cleverness, to score against him fairly and honorably on his own ground. But the thing was hard, and, as it seemed to him at the moment, impossible.

Suddenly, as he looked over the morning landscape, a thought struck him and made him slap his legs and chuckle hugely. He walked quickly up and down the graveled walk. "Losh, it's guid. I'll dae't. I'll dae't, if the weather juist hauds."

His unseemly mirth was checked by the approach of some one who found the farmer engaged in the minute examination of gooseberry leaves. "I'm concerned aboot thae busses," he was saying; "they've been ill lockit to, an' we'll no hae half a crop." And he went off, still smiling, and spent a restless forenoon in the Marchthorn market.

In the evening he met the plowman, as he returned from the turnip-singling, with his hoe on his shoulder. The two men looked at one another with the air of those who knew that all is not well between them. Then the farmer spoke with much humility.

"I maybe spoke rayther severe yesteeen," he said. "I hope I didna hurt your feelings."

"Na, na! No me!" said the plowman, airily.

"Because I've been thinking ower the maitter, an' I admit that a man has a richt to his ain thochts. A'body should hae principles an' stick to them," said the farmer, with the manner of one making a recondite quotation.

"Ay," he went on, "I respect ye, William, for your consisteney. Ye're an example to us a'."

The other shuffled and looked unhappy. He and his master were on the best of terms, but these unnecessary compliments were not usual in their intercourse. He began to suspect, and the farmer, who saw his mistake, hastened to change the subject.

"Graund weather for the fishin'," said he.

"Oh, is it no?" said the other, roused to excited interest by this home topic. "I tell ye by the morn they'll be takin' as they've never ta'en this 'ear. Doon in the big pool in the Clachlands water, at the turn o' the turnip-field, there are twae or three pounders and nibilins yin o' twae pund. I saw them mysel' when the water was low. It's ower big the noo, but when it gangs doon the morn, and gets the color o' porter, I'se warrant I could whup them oot o' there wi' the flee."

"D'ye say sae," said the farmer, sweetly. "Weel, it's a lang time since I tried the fishin', but I yince was keen on't. Come in bye, William; I've something ye micht like to see."

From a corner he produced a rod, and handed it to the other. It was a very fine rod indeed, one which the owner had gained in a fishing competition many years before, and treasured accordingly. The plowman examined it long and critically. Then he gave his verdict. "It's the brawest rod I ever saw, wi' a fine hickory butt, an' guid greenheart tap and middle. It wad cast the sma'est flee, and haud the biggest troot."

"Weel," said the farmer, genially smiling, "ye have a half-holiday the morn when ye gang to the poil. There'll be plenty o' time in the evening to try a cast wi't. I'll lend it ye for the day."

The man's face brightened. "I wad tak it verra kindly," he said, "if ye wad. My ain yin is no muckle worth, and, as ye say, I'll hae time for a cast the morn's nicht."

"Dinna mention it. Did I ever let ye see my flee book? Here it is," and he produced a thick flannel book from a drawer. "There's a maist miscellaneous collection, for a' waters an' a' weathers. I got a heap o' them frae auld Lord Manorwater, when I was a laddie, and used to carry his basket."

But the plowman heeded him not, being deep in the examination of the mysteries. Very gingerly he handled the tiny spiders and hackles, surveying them with the eye of a connoisseur.

"If there's anything there ye think at a' like the water, I'll be verra pleased if ye'll try't."

The other was somewhat put out by this extreme friendliness. At another time he would have refused shamefacedly, but now the love of sport was in him. "Ye're far ower guid," he said: "Thae twae patrick wings are the verra things I want, an' I dinna think I've ony at hame. I'm awfu' gratefu' to ye, an' I'll bring them back the morn's nicht."

"Tuid-a'e'en," said the farmer, as he opened the door, "an' I wish ye may hae a guid catch." And he turned in again, smiling sardonically.

The next morning was like the last, save that a little wind had risen, which blew freshly from the west. White cloudlets drifted across the blue, and the air was as clear as spring water. Down in the hollow the roaring torrent had sunk to a full, lipping stream, and the color had changed from a turbid yellow to a clear, delicate brown. In the town of Marchthorn, it was a day of wild excitement, and the quiet Clachlands road bustled with horses and men. The laborers in the fields scarce stopped to look at the passers, for in the afternoon they too would have their chance, when they might journey to the town in all importance, and record their opinions of the late government.

The plowman of Clachlands spent a troubled forenoon. His nightly dreams had been of landing great fish, and now his waking thoughts were of the same. Politics for the time were forgotten. This was the day to which he had looked forward for so long, when he was to have been busied in deciding doubtful voters, and breathing activity into the ranks of his cause. And lo! the day had come and found his thoughts elsewhere. For all such things are, at the best, of fleeting interest, and do not stir men otherwise than sentimentally; but the old, kindly love of field-sports, the joy in the smell of the earth and the living air, lie very close to a man's heart. So this apostate, as he cleaned his turnip rows, was filled with the excitement of the sport, and had no thoughts above the memory of past exploits and the anticipation of greater to come.

Midday came, and with it his release. He roughly calculated that he could go to the town, vote, and be back in two hours, and so have the evening clear for his fishing. There had never been such a day for the trout in his memory, so cool and breezy and soft, nor had he ever seen so glorious a water. "If ye dinna get a fou basket the nicht, an' a feed the morn, William Laverhope, your richt hand has forgot its cunning," said he to himself.

He took the rod carefully out, put it together, and made trial casts on the green. He tied the flies on a cast and put it ready for use in his own primitive fly-book, and then bestowed the whole in the breast-pocket of his coat. He had arrayed himself in his best, with a white rose in his button-hole, for it behooved a man to be well-dressed on

HE WOULD TRY ONE CAST.

such an occasion as voting. But yet he did not start. Some fascination in the rod made him linger and try it again and again.

Then he resolutely laid it down and made to go. But something caught his eye—the swirl of the stream as it left the great pool at the hay-field, or the glimpse of still, gleaming water. The impulse was too strong to be resisted. There was time enough and to spare. The pool was on his way to the town, he would try one cast ere he started, just to see if the water was good. So, with the rod on his shoulder, he set off.

Somewhere in the background a man, who had been watching his movements, turned away, laughing silently, and filling his pipe.

A great trout rose to the fly in the hay-field pool, and ran the line upstream till he broke it. The plowman swore deeply, and stamped on the ground with aggravation. His blood was up, and he prepared for battle. Carefully, skillfully he fished with every nerve on tension and ever-watchful eyes. Meanwhile, miles off in the town, the bustle went on, but the eager fisherman by the river heeded it not.

Late in the evening, just at the darkening, a figure arrayed in Sunday clothes, but all wet and mud-stained, came up the road to the farm. Over his shoulder he carried a rod, and in one hand a long string of noble trout. But the expression on his face was not triumphant; a settled melancholy overspread his countenance, and he groaned as he walked.

Mephistopheles stood by the garden gate, smoking and surveying his fields. A well satisfied smile hovered about his mouth, and his air was the air of one well at ease with the world.

"Weel, I see ye've had guid sport," said he to the melancholy Faust. "By-the-by, I didna notice ye in the toun. And losh! man, what in the world have ye dune to your guid claes?"

The other made no answer. Slowly he took the rod to pieces and strapped it up; he took the fly book from his pocket; he selected two fish from the heap, and laid the whole before the farmer.

"There ye are," said he, "and I'm verra much obleeged to you for your kindness." But his tone was one of desperation and not of gratitude, and his face, as he went onward, was a study in eloquence repressed. — Chambers' Journal.

A Summer Idyl.

"Darling," he said, "I have picked out a nice, large house at the seashore, where there is plenty of gayety. You can go down as soon as you want to, and stay all summer. I will find everything I need at the club. Here is a bankbook I have brought you. You can fill out checks as you need them, and don't stint yourself."

"Dearest," she answered, "I couldn't enjoy it, knowing that I had left you slaving through the hot summer at the office. No; I would be happier where you are, in the city. I will take a ride every day on the ferryboat, and it will do just as well."

That was all he could remember.

But it was such a beautiful dream.—N. Y. Press.

THE WHEEL IN WAR.

Bicycles Are Favored by Military Authorities.

A secure foothold has been obtained by the bicycle in the army and in the national guard. Officers, who by long service under old conditions are likely to be conservative to a degree, admit that before long the wheel will be a valuable aid to military movements in time of war.

Some years ago Gen. Miles, who is an enthusiastic advocate of the wheel, said:

"The results obtained under the most adverse and discouraging conditions prove conclusively that the bicycle will in the future become a most valuable auxiliary in military operations, not only for courier service, but also for rapidly moving organized bodies of men over the country."

Gen. Miles said in a subsequent speech to wheelmen that the use of the bicycle for military purposes is one that would attract naturally the attention of every soldier.

"We all know," said Gen. Miles, "that in military matters one of the principal arts in war is rapidity of movements and the power to move troops and munitions of war rapidly from one part of the country to another. Hannibal, the master of the military art, was finally overcome by the rapidity of movement of one of the corps of the enemy against a portion of his army. Alexander, Hannibal and Cicero used horses and Napoleon coaches in moving rapidly portions of their corps from one part of the country to another.

"Now, the question is whether the American forces mounted on wheels can do as much as if mounted on horses. It is true that a man mounted on a wheel can move over the ordinary roads with greater rapidity and make greater distances than he could possibly move on foot or mounted upon a horse. It is true that if you wish to send a dispatch and station racehorses a short distance apart they might possibly make better time than the wheelmen could over the same road, but it is a question, with the improvements that you are making, whether wheelmen cannot in time pass even the racehorse.

"It is estimated that there are in this country over 250,000 men who are accustomed to ride the bicycle. If out of that number 50,000 men were organized it would make one of the most effective army corps that was ever marshaled in any country at any time."

Not long ago Lieut. Hunt, of Sheridan, and a few enlisted men, with but little experience in riding, made a march of 15 miles on wheels in one hour and 25 minutes. The men took one long rest and carried the full equipments of a soldier. At the end of the ride they were fresh enough to make the journey back a pleasure. The ordinary time of such a march for soldiers burdened with their rifles and belongings would be about five hours.

Some national guard officers of rank do not take as hopeful a view of the service of bicycles in time of war as does the ranking officers of the army. They point out that there are head winds, bad roads and punctured tires to contend with, and that no ammunition or commissariat train could keep pace with a corps of wheelmen. The guardsmen say: "Cycle infantry in large bodies would fail to accomplish much, but in small independent detachments could accomplish a great deal.

"If each regiment were allowed to organize one of the additional companies provided for in the new drill regulations from the many bicycle clubs in the vicinity, the guard would be much benefited. Such a company should drill as provided for in the present 'United States Infantry Drill Regulations,' but in single rank when mounted, and should consider the bicycle simply as a means of locomotion. In addition, each man should be a good signal man and have some knowledge of telegraphy. His powers of observation should be trained to the highest degree, and his ability to draw reconnaissance maps accurately developed. Such a company should be taught great independence of action, and during the summer months compelled to furnish maps and information showing the smallest details of the surrounding country."—Chicago Tribune.

Still an Open Question.

In discussing new words and the fact that even well-educated persons are always coming upon doubtful terms, there is a story of Col. Colt, of revolver fame, who refused to be daunted even by a word which did not exist. The colonel was sitting on the veranda of a Saratoga hotel narrating some of his experiences in Turkey when he went there to place a contract. As he talked, a pompous person, a judge from some remote interior region, walked by the group, occasionally stopping for a moment and then passing on. Suddenly he paused, with the serious purpose of speaking, and asked in solemn, slow and measured tones: "Does the sultan of Turkey, sir, abatiate himself in his intercourse with distinguished foreigners?" As quickly as if "abatiate" were as familiar to him as the word "revolver," Col. Colt replied: "I cannot say of my personal knowledge. He may have that reputation." Then as the judge, apparently satisfied, passed on out of earshot, the colonel turned to the group and asked: "What in time did he mean?" Everybody laughed, but nobody knew.—Outlook.

Three Uses of Glycerine.

Mixed with equal parts of bay rum it is a shaving lotion which soothes the skin and temper of the man who uses it. Rubbed on shoes it preserves the leather and renders it waterproof. A few drops of glycerine put in the fruit jars the last thing before sealing them will keep them from molding.—Chicago Tribune.

—The white camellia has been a favorite flower in France ever since the publication of Dumas' "Dame aux Camellias." In that country it is regarded as symbolic of loveliness.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Bride—"Dear Alfred, we must postpone the wedding!" Baron—"I don't know if we can—I must ask my creditors."—Fliegende Blutter.

—Easily Explained.—"Isabel, you told me your gown would cost only $25, and here's a bill for $100." "Yes, Harry, but the extra $75 is for the pearl trimmings."—Chicago Record.

—Little Tommy—"Why does the leader of the orchestra wave his stick about it in that manner, mommer?" His Mamma—"To keep the flies off the music, I suppose."—Buffalo Times.

—McDermott—"Oi can't wurruk today." Gang Boss—"Why not?" McDermott—"Oi sphrained me ankle yisterday." Gang Boss—"Humph! That's a very lame excuse."—Philadelphia North American.

—Country Girl—"Don't you find the constant noise, and hurry, and confusion, and bustle of a great city very wearing when you are at home?" City Girl—"Why, no, indeed! I live in Philadelphia, you know."—Somerville Journal.

—Not Worth Mentioning.—"A capital invention—these horseless carriages!" "Don't talk rubbish. We have had for a long time things quite as remarkable in their way as horseless carriages, and nobody takes the slightest notice of them." "Indeed! What, for instance?" "Cowless milk."—Dorfbarbier.

—The Alternative.—"Can't you make the front entrance wider?" asked one of the trustees, inspecting the plan of the proposed new church a little closer. "Not unless you build on a wider lot," answered the architect, decidedly; "if the ladies are afraid of mussing their sleeves in a six-foot doorway, they will have to go through edgewise."—Chicago Tribune.

ENGLAND'S "SPRING GARDENS."

The Once Famous Resort Is Almost Wiped Out.

The last vestiges of the once famous "Spring gardens" will probably soon be wiped out, as the new government offices will ultimately absorb the whole of New street. The retaining wall at the end of that street and along the terrace was a piece about 225 feet long of the old park wall. The "garden" was encroached upon for building purposes soon after the restoration. The bowling green had been closed in 1634, to be replaced with the attractions of Shaver's hall, south of Coventry street, opened by the barber servant of Philip, earl of Montgomery, who, on January 21, 1626, had been appointed keeper for life "of Spring gardens and the beasts and fowls there." In 1661 was laid out the new "Spring garden," at Vauxhall. That same year Sir Charles Cotterell, the king's master of the ceremonies, obtained a plot for building. In 1662 a plot was granted to Sir Thomas Elliott, groom-porter. In 1661 Sir Philip Warwick was living in Outer Spring Garden, as also Sir William Morris (1662). Of other early residents we may cite Philip, earl of Chesterfield (1667-70), Prince Rupert (1674-82), Lord Crofts in Old Spring Garden, Sir Edward Hungerford and Colley Cibber. In 1772 Lord Berkeley secured a grant to build over the "Wilderness;" his house gave way, in 1859, to the offices designed by Marrable for the late Metropolitan board of works, which cover also the site of Wigley's auction rooms, afterwards Cox's museum, burned in 1785. In the "great room" at Wigley's, the Society of Artists of Great Britain, incorporated in 1765, held their exhibitions in 1761, 1771 and 1780; and that, we believe, is the "great concert room, Spring Gardens," where Leopold Mozart's two children gave their first concert on June 5, 1764. —Pall Mall Gazette.

Luminous Sea Crab.

One of the marine curiosities recently fished from the bottom of the Indian ocean by a dredging vessel in the employ of the Calcutta Society of Natural History was a mammoth sea crab which continually emitted a bright white light similar to that seen in the spasmodic flashes of phosphorescent luminosity, kindled by our common fireflies. The oddity was captured in daytime and placed in a large tank, nothing peculiar except its immense size being noticeable in the broad glare of the tropical sun. At night, however, when all was in pitchy darkness, the crab surprised the naturalists by lighting up the tank so that all the other sea creatures, great and small, occupying the same tank could be plainly seen. When the luminous crustacean was prodded with a pole he emitted flashes of light which enabled the experimenters to read small print, even though otherwise they were in total darkness.—St. Louis Republic.

The Most Ancient Will.

The father of all the wills and the most ancient document of its kind know to historians and antiquarians is that of "the great King Sennacherib," who is frequently mentioned in the Scriptures, and also by Josephus and Herodotus. Sennacherib lived and reigned between 702 and 680 B. C., and in his will, which was written upon a tablet of clay, and which was found in the ruins of the royal palace, he gives his sons "certain stores of precious things," at that time deposited in the temple of Nebo. These same sons, by the way, afterward killed their father while at his devotions.—Golden Days.

Armenian Massacres.

The recent Armenian massacre is the third perpetrated by the Turks on Christians since 1860, when, in Damascus and Lebanon, 12,000 followers of Christ were foully murdered. The well-known Bulgarian atrocities occurred 17 years later. The sultan has decorated the officers mainly responsible for those butcheries. As a reward for the late Armenian massacres he has given four new flags to the Kurdish regiment concerned in them and bestowed a decoration on the commander of their corps. These massacres, flung as an insult into the face of the Christian world, remain unavenged.—Chicago Post.

Some Watermelons.

Seventy-two million pounds of watermelons is what the railroad and fruit men estimate will be raised in Florida this year. This is equivalent to 3,000,000 melons, which, if placed end to end, would make a chain of watermelons 852 miles long, or further than from Jacksonville to the city of Washington. What a picture to cause the astonished smile on the face of the average negro to broaden into a laugh of great gladness. To carry these melons to market a train of 3,000 cars would be necessary, and this train would be nearly 10 miles long. But our friend of the African persuasion need not change his glad smile into a look of lugubrious meditation. All these melons are not going to leave Florida. Some are going to stay right with us, and this summer a kodak fiend will find a happy snapshot on the shady side of many a grapevine fence in the shape of two empty melon rinds, a sleeping negro, with a rim of flies dancing a war dance around his yawning mouth. Railroad men say that this year's crop will be three times larger in Florida than that of last year, and the prospects are brighter for better prices, as there will be only a half melon crop in Georgia to compete with.—Florida Times.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"I think it is mean of you to say that the count is good for nothing." "Well, I suppose if you ever go to Paris he will come in handy as an interpreter."—Brooklyn Life.

Three for a Dollar!

Three what? Three charmingly executed posters in colors, drawn by W. W. Denslow, Ethel Reed and Ray Brown, will be sent free of postage to any address on receipt of One Dollar. All who are afflicted with the "poster craze" will immediately embrace this rare opportunity, as but a limited number of the posters will be issued. The scarcity of a good thing enhances its value. Address GEO. H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

"SOMETIMES," said Uncle Eben, "when er man asks yer fer advice, what he really wants is fer yer ter guess his opinion an' tell it ter 'im."—Washington Star.

A Sinking Fund

Of vital energy is easily and pleasantly replenishable. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an invigorant without a peer, and will speedily infuse fresh stamina into an enfeebled physique. Besides this, it averts and remedies malaria, and subdues bilious, kidney, dyspeptic and rheumatic ailments. The nervous derive great benefit from its use.

THE trouble with most people who change their minds on public questions is that they cannot understand why everybody else should not do likewise.—Washington Post.

Low Rate Excursions South.

On the first and third Tuesday of each month till October about half-rates for round trip will be made to points in the South by the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

SCRIBBLER—"Jingle is a poet, isn't he?" Scrawler—"No, he's a commercial man. He gets paid for his poetry."—Philadelphia Record.

I CANNOT speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—MRS. FRANK MORRIS, 215 W. 23d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1895.

Won-

derful, exclaimed a druggist, how the people stick to Hood's Sarsaparilla. They all want

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Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, $1.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

There is lots of pleasure, satisfaction and health corked up in a bottle of HIRES Rootbeer. Make it at home.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia.
A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

PARCELLS' SHUFFLE HOE The BEST for the SEEDMAN, THE FLORIST, THE GARDENER, the FARMER. Does the work your fingers had to do and does it better. Ask your HARDWARE DEALER FOR IT OR SEND STAMP FOR PARTICULARS TO PARCELLS & KELLOGG, Delta, Colo.

DROPSY Treated free. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases pronounced hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE. TEN DAYS TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE by mail DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Specialists, Atlanta, Ga. NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

FARMS FOR SALE 35 in Hamilton Co., Ill.; 2 in Saline Co., Ills.; 1 in Gallatin Co., Ill.; 3 in Mason Co., Ills.; 1 in Red Willow Co., Neb.; 1 in Dent Co., Mo. Write for list. Also some excellent driving horses. C. G. CLOUD, McLeansboro, Ill.

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A. N. K—C. 1508

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

TEMPERANCE.

SOBERED BY A DYING WIFE.

Sad, Touching Scene in a Large City Hospital.

"There are occasional occurrences in our hospitals," a young professional man was heard to say recently, "that never reach the public ear. Happening to be a private patient in Boston, I was an involuntary witness of a pathetic little drama. The door of my room, usually open, was directly opposite that of another private patient. I learned that it was occupied by a young and pretty woman. Although she seemed to have every luxury, she was desperately ill, and no one of her kith or kin appeared, after once seeing that she was comfortably settled. She felt her position keenly. It seemed a sad little case as related by one of the nurses, but one night it grew to be a tragedy," goes the story in the New York Press.

"She was apparently dying. I could hear her moaning and crying constantly. It was always the same name—a man's name—over and over. Finally,

THEY ALLOWED HIM TO ENTER.

as near as I could gather, the physician ascertained the address and sent for the man she so longed to see.

"He came, after hours that seemed endless, supported by a friend. Young, handsome, a rising lawyer, he proved to be. But he was in no condition to see his young wife. The staff of physicians attempted to detain him outside, and were at their wits' end, evidently. The door of her room had been hastily closed, but she recognized the much-loved voice in spite of them, and her appeals were so piteous that they finally allowed him, with many misgivings, to enter the room.

"Her appearance sobered him to a certain extent and his remorse was evidently great, for it was only after a prolonged struggle that the young physicians and nurses in attendance succeeding in baffling his determination to leave this world first. Of course they had been taken by surprise—had no thought of his being armed.

"It was an exciting midnight in the usually quiet hospital corridor, not only for the nurses and physicians, but for the neighboring patients, who were obliged to listen against their wills. Strange to say, she held through the night, and her happiness was complete, apparently, because he came often after that, always escorted by that faithful friend, who refused to trust him alone a minute in this sad crisis. She died a few days later."

YOUTHFUL VICTIM OF NICOTINE.

Shocking Case of a Ten-Year-Old Boy Who Died of Excessive Use of Tobacco.

George Burroughs, ten years old, died a few days ago at his home, near the limits of the city of Lambertville, N. J. It was reported that dropsy was the cause of his death. He had been treated for that complaint in a city hospital and had only just been taken home when he became worse and died in a short time.

It is now said that he was a victim of nicotine poison. He had early acquired the habit of chewing and smoking tobacco. In fact he had just about begun wearing knickerbockers when he began the use of tobacco and soon he could chew or smoke like a man.

The Burroughs family lived in the outskirts of the city. The family is quite large, there being five or six boys and an equal number of girls. The father and all the boys use tobacco to excess, having begun when quite young. It has been no uncommon thing to hear the children ask their father for a chew, which was always cheerfully given.

George exceeded the others in the use of tobacco, and when he could get it by no other means he used to go around the streets picking up stumps of cigars and smoking and chewing them.

The desire for tobacco remained until the last moment. While he lay on his death-bed he begged for it, and during his entire illness he was not satisfied without it.

The undertaker who had charge of the funeral said the body was in a terrible condition. He arrived at the Burroughs home about two hours after the boy died and said the body was badly swollen and discolored. He tried in every possible way to preserve the body for burial two days later, but on the day of the funeral it could not be looked at by the relatives.—Philadelphia Star.

Is Rather the "Water of Death."

The Chicago Times-Herald, in an editorial on the discovery of the X ray and its connection with health and longevity, pays the following unsolicited tribute to the advance in science as regards alcohol: "When alcohol was first distilled the rude people that discovered it shouted with joy that here, indeed, was the water of life, and they named it eau de vie in one language and an uisgebeatha in another. From this latter we get the name 'whisky,' but it is pretty well settled that it does not merit its name of 'water of life.'"

The Breweries of the World.

Of the 70,000 breweries in the world, 30,000 are in Germany, Great Britain has 18,000 and the United States 5,000. Each country uses nearly all its own product, except Germany, which manufactures more than it consumes.

FRUITFUL CAUSE OF INEBRIETY.

The Relation of Drinking to Pure, Wholesome Water Supply.

Next to air, water is the most important of all the substances taken into the system. When we consider that four-fifths of the entire body is composed of water, and that upon this more than anything else, depends the healthy action of many, if not all, the organs, especially those engaged in the circulation of the blood, the secretion of fluids and the excretion of waste material, it is only natural to conclude that the system will have water from some source. Especially does one engaged in hard physical labor require a large amount of fluid to carry off the broken-down material which is continually being thrown into the blood by every movement of the muscles. But if the water is not good, few will take as much into the system as nature requires; and as a result the wheels of the living machine are clogged, and their inharmonious action is misunderstood as a call for stimulants and tonics. Many a drunkard has received his first taste of strong drink in a dose of some simple tonic, which was followed by a life of misery not only for himself but for those around him—and all because of poor water.

With all the efforts put forth by temperance people to curtail the use of alcoholic liquors, and notwithstanding the many good results which have come from these efforts, one thing seems often to be overlooked, and that is, the difficulty with which a drink of good cool water is obtained upon the streets of most of our cities and villages.

O, why such a famine for water to drink?
And why must the youth who now stand on the brink
Of manhood and honor and fortune and fame
Be led down to ruin and mis'ry and shame?

O, simply because the good people forgot
That when it is dusty and sultry and hot,
A man or a boy who has worked hard all day
Needs water, pure water, his thirst to allay.

But there is one man who has not forgotten the needs of the weary toilers as they drag their feet along the street in the evening of a summer day. Like the beast of prey which lies in ambush by the spring where the trembling deer and antelope come to drink, so the rumseller stands in the shadow of his den and watches for the inexperienced and thirsty youth. He greets him kindly as a friend, and—well, we all know the rest.

Many a poor, tired boy would never enter a saloon for the first time if he could get a drink of good cool water at any corner on the business streets. True, many of our cities furnish an abundance of water, such as it is, at certain places on the streets; but who wishes to drink it? As the man—

"Who is convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still,"
So he who drinks against his will
Is not refreshed, but thirsty still.

Many in our large cities have never known what it is to have a drink of the sparkling, bubbling waters of a hillside spring, nor of the cool, fresh, pure water from a deep well in the country. It is no wonder, then, that "pure cold water" does not have the meaning to them that it does to the author of the temperance song. Neither is it strange that many prefer tea, coffee or wine to the impure water of the city, and that we so often hear it said: "I never drink water."

The man who is doing hard manual labor must have something to drink; and if he cannot get good water, he is likely to drink beer. The young man who works beside him is perhaps from the country and is used to drinking from the "old oaken bucket." He would not think of taking beer, but this lukewarm, germ-tainted city water does not quench his thirst; he longs for a cool draft from his father's well at home; the cool, foaming goblet tempts him; he is ruined. So in every city we see those who are led into intemperance because of bad drinking water; and this among the rich as well as the poor.

Let all who wish to help in saving their fellow men from ruin, unite in an effort to improve the water supply, both in the homes and the public places of our cities and villages. Much good may thus be accomplished, and many a youth snatched from a life of shame and a hopeless death.—Wm. A. George, M. D., in Good Health.

BITS AND BREVITIES.

THE devil is sure of a warm welcome when he stops at a public house.—Attila, in Lever.

CIGARETTES have been abolished by Greenwood (Ind.) authorities.

TEN thousand dollars for its missionary and educational work in 1896 is the goal of the National Temperance society.

A GOOD many Christians haven't the courage of their convictions on the rum question, chiefly because they haven't any convictions.—Gazette.

ALCOHOL is not only a poison with special affinity for the brain, but it is a poison with a fish-hook barb—it can only go in; it cannot be pulled out without tearing the flesh.—Joseph Cook.

THE devil makes some ignorant people believe that they cannot run a summer resort without a bar. The same devil makes the midnight assassin believe that he cannot make money easily without taking human life.—Attila, in Lever.

A NEW temperance organization has been formed at Maidstone, England, which is spreading to other towns. Its object is to unite Christian people to oppose the admission of men who are engaged in the liquor traffic to office and membership in the churches.

A Righteous Kentucky Editor.

A Kentucky editor has recently published the announcement that in the future no whisky advertisements shall appear in the columns of his paper. Says he:

When a saloonkeeper tells us that a six-dollar advertisement in the Ledger has sold for him $1,200 worth of whisky, it makes us feel that we have been, in a small measure, responsible for the damage done.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—It is estimated that the average life insurance in Cape Colony is about $12s per head, a very remarkable showing, and indicative of activity among insurance men.

—A city ordinance in New York limits the number of hand organs to 1,500. The result has been to crowd Brooklyn full of perambulating music boxes, to the great annoyance of the people.

—It is understood that the government of New Zealand will introduce a measure for the exclusion of consumptive persons on the same lines as that dealing with smallpox, making masters of ships liable.

—The four burglars who recently robbed the savings bank at Whitinsville, Mass., had such a high regard for the rules of fashion that they committed the crime after they had just arrayed themselves in dress suits.

—Some of the bronze tablets put up in Albany, N. Y., at the time of the city's bi-centennial celebration ten years ago have disappeared. The tablets had been placed on many of the historic spots throughout the city.

—One of the greatest hunting feats of the season was that of George E. Farnham, of Tunnan, Me., who, a few days ago, entirely alone and while standing in the wagon holding his frantic horse with one hand, shot two very handsome deer.

—Eighteen gold watches were found quilted in the clothing worn by a baby, a passenger on the steamer Saale, from Bremen, on her arrival at Hoboken. The baby's parents were arrested, and on the father 12 other watches were found. The 30 watches are worth $7,000.

—St. Louis has suffered from three very serious fires. The first came in 1849, when the loss exceeded $5,000,000; the second was in 1851, when 2,500 buildings were destroyed, the loss exceeding $11,000,000; the third occurred in the same year, when over 500 buildings were destroyed, the value being estimated to exceed $3,000,000.

—The paper for printing Bank of England notes is dampened with water in the exhausted receiver of an air pump. The ink used in the plate printing is made of Frankfort black, which is composed of the charcoal of the tendrils and husks of the German grape ground with linseed oil. The ink has a peculiar and deep shade of black, common black inks being tinted either with blue or brown.

JAPANESE INFANT PRODIGY.

Work of Ghosts That Make the Compound Ancestral Soul.

I have no intention to try the reader's patience with a description of pictures. I mention my visit to the display only because of something I saw there more interesting than any picture. Near the main entrance was a specimen of handwriting intended to be mounted as a kakemono later on, and temporarily fixed upon a board about three feet long by eighteen inches wide—a Japanese poem. It was a wonderful calligraph. Instead of the usual red stamp or seal with which the Japanese calligrapher marks his masterpieces, I saw the red imprint of a tiny, red hand—a living hand, which had been smeared with crimson printing ink and deftly pressed upon the paper. I could distinguish all the little finger marks of which Mr. Galton has taught us the characteristic importance.

That writing had been done in the presence of his imperial majesty by a child of six years, or five, according to our western method of computing age from date of birth. The prime minister, Marquis Ito, saw the miracle and adopted the little boy, whose present name is, therefore, Ito Meidzui.

Even Japanese observers could scarcely believe the testimony of their own eyes. Few adult calligraphers could surpass that writing, certainly no occidental artist, even after years of study, could repeat the feat performed by the brush of that child before the emperor. Of course, such a child can be born but once in a thousand years—to realize, or almost realize, the ancient Chinese legends of divinely inspired writers.

Still, it is not the beauty of the thing in itself which impressed me, but the weird, extraordinary, indubitable proof it afforded of an inherent memory so vivid as to be almost equal to the recollection of former births. Generations of dead calligraphers revived in the fingers of that tiny hand. The thing was never the work of an individual child five years old, but beyond all question the work of ghosts—the countless ghosts that make the compound ancestral soul. It was proof visible and tangible of psychological and physiological wonders, justifying both the Shinto doctrine of ancestral worship and the Buddhist doctrine of preexistence.—Atlantic.

Same Old Woman.

"I am glad," he said, pleasantly, when she first appeared in her bloomers, "that you have taken up this 'new woman' idea."

"Really," she said, doubtfully. "I was afraid you wouldn't like it, but it does seem as if a woman should take a more important part in the affairs of life."

"Yes, indeed," he replied. "It will take her mind off her clothes, and that will be a great stride forward. She will care less for appearances and more for the realities of life. The trivial things that have heretofore claimed her attention will be ignored."

"Of course," she said, proudly. "With our enlarged sphere of usefulness we naturally take a broader view of things and become more self-reliant. Trifles cease to annoy us, and we are ready to grapple with the great problems of life."

"Exactly," he returned. "Now, if you were not a 'new woman' you would be dreadfully mortified to think that your hat is not on straight, but being a—"

"Good gracious!" she cried, excitedly. "I must look like a fright."—Chicago Post.

BIG PRICES FOR OLD COINS.

Collectors Offer Large Prices for Rare Specimens.

The fad of collecting coins has become almost as complicated as that which has to do with postage stamps. Some numismatists devote their attention to gold pieces exclusively, others to silver money, and others to copper. The most conspicuous in the last category is B. H. Collins, who, on one occasion, exchanged a one-carat diamond for a rare cent. The rarest cents are those of 1793, 1799 and 1804; but, as has been said, their value depends chiefly on condition. Badly worn or mutilated specimens are worthless. Of the old-style copper half-cents the most valuable dates are 1796, 1831, 1836, 1849 to 1848 and 1852. The half-cent of 1795 in first-class condition is worth $30.

The nickel cent of 1856, with flying eagle, is worth from $1 to $2. Silver 3-cent pieces from 1863 to 1873 will fetch from 15 cents to 25 cents each. A considerable premium attaches to half dimes of 1794 to 1797, 1800 to 1803, 1805, 1838, without stars, and 1846. The half-dime of 1802 is worth $50 in perfect condition. The most valuable dime is that of 1804, which is worth from $5 to $10. Other dimes at a premium are those of 1796 to 1798, 1800 to 1805, 1807, 1809, 1811, 1822 to 1846. Twenty-cent pieces of 1877 and 1878 are worth $3, if in fine condition. The most valuable quarter-dollar is that of 1827—worth $40. The quarter of 1823 is valued at $25. Other quarters at a premium are those of 1786, 1804, 1807, 1824 and 1853, without rays or arrows.

The precious half-dollars, from the collectors' point of view, are those of 1756 and 1797—worth respectively $40 and $35. That of 1838, with an O under the bust, is worth $15. Other half-dollars at a premium are those of 1794, 1795, 1801, 1802, 1815, 1836, with a milled edge, and 1852. The perfect silver dollar of 1804 is worth $400—in "good" condition $250. Silver dollars of 1838, 1839, 1851, 1852 and 1853 fetch from $20 to $40. Other silver dollars at a premium are of the dates of 1794 to 1804, 1836, 1838, 1839, 1851, 1852 and 1858. The dollar of 1790 must have 5 stars. For gold there is but a limited demand by collectors, the supply being plentiful. The reason for this is gold coins are carefully preserved, whereas those of small value, particularly pennies, are handled carelessly and lost.

The gold coins that fetch a premium are few, therefore. The double eagle of 1849 is worth $300. The eagles of 1708 and 1804 will fetch $20. Half-eagles of 1815 and 1822 sell for $35 to $100 each. Gold $3 pieces of 1875 and 1876 are worth from $5 to $8, while that of 1875 is quoted at $8 to $12. Quarter-eagles of 1779, 1806 and 1826 are worth from $8 to $12. All gold dollars are at a premium and are worth from $1.20 to $1.40. Those dated 1863, 1864 and 1865 bring $2.50 to $4. The gold dollar of 1875 is valued at $8.

There are only a few United States coins so rare as to command a premium when not in excellent condition. Among these precious exceptions are the dollars of 1794, 1804, 1838, 1839, 1851, 1852, 1859; half-dollars of 1796 and 1797; quarter-dollars of 1823 and 1827; dimes of 1797, 1800, 1802, 1804 and 1822; half-dimes of 1794, 1802, 1805 and 1846; 20-cent pieces of 1877 and 1878; big copper cents of 1793, 1799, 1804 and 1809; half-cents of 1793, 1796 and 1802.

There is a market to-day for confederate notes, though only a few of them are salable. The $1,000 Montgomery issue is worth $20, and the same issue for $500 will fetch from $15 to $35. These notes are of 1861 and 1862, and they must be in good condition in order to command the prices mentioned.—Boston Transcript.

Parliamentary Screamers.

Talking on another occasion with Wagener about public opinion the chancellor said: "You doubtless remember the saying of the first Napoleon that three shrieking women will make more noise than a thousand silent men. It is, therefore, very absurd of us to attach so much importance to the shrieking women of public opinion. The public opinion is that which is the outcome of certain political, religious and social convictions of a very simple kind deep down in the national life and to recognize and give effect to this is the task of the true statesman. I might call it the undercurrent of public opinion. Hence it is that I have never reckoned with our parliamentary screamers and that consequently I have always had the satisfaction of having enlisted on my side the public opinion by which I set my store. The national assembly in St. Paul's, Frankfort and the union parliament at Erfurt were both in point of fact composed of excellent speakers, and yet what remains of them now? 'Swallowed up and forgotten; such is the singer's curse.'"—Bismarck's Table Talk.

A Queer Arctic Bird.

The modern idea of feminine rights must be modeled after the habits of the red-necked phalarope, a bird with a special fondness for the arctic regions. According to Mr. Elliott, the hen bird does all the courting. "The male," he says, "is as coy and retiring as the most bashful maiden, turning away from the proffered attentions, first to this side, then to that, even flying to the opposite side of the pool or to another near by; but all in vain, for he is chosen by the fair one who has chosen him from his fellows, and there is no escape. At least, like any other poor bachelor so beset, he yields, and the nest, a slight structure of dry stalks, is placed in the center of a tuft of grass. The eggs are four in number. On these the poor male, the victim of woman's rights, is obliged to sit the greater part of the time, the female amusing herself on the pool near by."—Troy Times.

—The beard is a good weather indicator. When it is dry and crisp the weather will be fair; when it becomes limp the air is full of moisture and rain is probable.

CRAPS BEFORE DUTY.

The Darky Thought That the New Yorker Was Very Inconsiderate.

A Wall street man tells this story:

"I was making the trip from New Orleans to Memphis in April by a Mississippi river steamboat. On the first day out from New Orleans I felt the need of the barber's services and learning that the Memphis Belle was tonsorially equipped I sought out that office. I found a single barber in charge, a rather pompous, tall person of color with flowing Dundreary whiskers. He was engaged in doing nothing at all with that grace of execution peculiar to the southern darky. I seated myself in his chair and was soon wrapped in thought upon some business I had begun in New Orleans. The barber began his work leisurely, the while carrying on a one-sided flow of talk to which I replied in monosyllables.

"The day was warm and I was almost dozing away under the soft splashes of his brush when another customer entered. He was a nervous, fidgety sort of man and as there were no newspapers in the room he amused himself in looking at a few prints hung on the walls, the attraction of which soon palled upon him. Then he walked to the door and looked down the deck where a group of roustabouts were engaged in the game of craps. Figaro had by this time completed the lathering of one side of my face and roused me by turning my head around. I intimated that life was short, and I didn't care about passing too much of it in being shaved. He was evidently disgusted with my taciturnity and replied with great dignity, but with no haste either of speech or action; 'Cert'nly, sah, cert'nly.'

"The stranger's curiosity had been aroused by the gambling going on outside, which was as usual accompanied by the 'come sevens!' and shrieks of 'craps' which attend that game.

"'What game is that, barber?' he demanded of Dundreary. He of the whiskers made one or two artistic plays of his brush over my chin and answered:

"'Lah, Gawd, mister, ain't yer ever seen that game? That's craps. Everybody plays it 'round this country.'

"The stranger admitted he had seen it played before in the wharves and streets, but said he had not discovered any mental light from his observations. A running exchange of queries and explanations followed between barber and stranger, during which a not over keen razor had begun its course down my right cheek. Both parties to the colloquy were getting interested and I was getting bored.

"The nervous stranger appeared somewhat obtuse, or, perhaps, the vernacular of the barber was inadequate to convey the full meaning of the technical details of craps. At any rate, he pressed for further information. My face had by that time been cleared of beard as to my chin and part of my cheek. Fifteen minutes had been consumed in the process and my patience was becoming threadbare.

"The barber had exhausted his powers of description and, turning to the stranger, he said:

"'Well, sah, ef you really wants to know how to shoot craps I kin show you,' and placing the razor on the shelf he opened a drawer and withdrew a pair of greasy-looking dice. Then he stepped over to a table and began to give a practical exposition of the mysteries of the game. This was too much.

"'Here!' I cried, raising myself in the chair. 'Finish up this job before you get to crap shooting.'

"'Certainly, sah,' he replied to me and turning to the stranger he added: 'One minute an' I'll show you.'

"It only took a few minutes to complete his work on me, and as I put on my coat he and the stranger proceeded with the game. As I left the room I could hear him muttering about 'dis 'hurry some people is in an' it is still foh days 'fore we get to Memphis.'"—N. Y. Sun.

Poisonous Cooking Utensils.

The subject of pure food has long been a pet theme of legislators, and I admit that the discussions on the subject have done a great deal of good. I believe, however, that pure and wholesome utensils in which to cook the food are of more importance than the food itself. Only those who are familiar with the affairs of large kitchens are aware of the eternal vigilance which prevents the formation of chemical poisons in culinary utensils. Is there the same watchfulness in the kitchens of cheap eating houses? I trust the day is not far distant when rigorous laws will be passed compelling boards of health to inspect the cooking utensils of every establishment in which food is served to the public. My first inspection of the kitchen of the restaurants at the national capitol made me shudder. One of the utensils which was in daily use was so covered with verdigris that the original color of the metal could not be seen. The utensil was a steam-heated oyster stew pan. The hands even of the colored attendant were stained green from contact with the pan. I questioned the servant, and she told me that I was the first person to complain to her about the condition of the pan. She went on to say that she "could not wash the 'green stuff' off her hands."—Twentieth Century Cooking.

Stuffed Cucumbers.

Cut the cucumber into halves and remove the seeds. Boil four tablespoonsful of rice for 30 minutes; drain, and add to it an equal quantity of chopped meat. Peel two tomatoes, cut into halves and press out the seeds; cut them into small pieces, mix with the other ingredients; add a half teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Place this mixture into the cavity from which the seeds were taken; put the halves together, bind the cucumbers into shape with a piece of twine and stand in a baking pan; add half a cup of water; bake slowly for one hour, basting four or five times. These may also be baked by stuffing the mixture into the space from which the seeds were taken, and baking in the halves.—Boston Globe.

GOLD BUT NO FOOD.

Experience of an Amateur Pirate on the Chinese Coast.

It has surely fallen to the lot of few men to come near starving to death in a land of plenty, with over $900 in gold in their pocket—nay, by reason of that very fact. I had shipped at Rangoon on board a steamer bound for Shanghai, says a writer. When I signed she was flying Jardine's flag at the main, but I believed she carried the ensign of every nation and half the house flags of the world in her signal locker. An opium smuggler I was prepared to find her; that her chief business on the waters was piracy of the vilest sort and unredeemed by a glint of romance came upon me certainly as a revelation.

We attacked no ships, as far as I know, but, handled with marvelous skill and knowledge of the intricate coast navigation, she would run in after nightfall among the rocks and banks where one would expect a sampan to take the bottom, while shrieks, flames, the report of firearms and clash of steel would testify to the descent of my delectable shipmates upon one or another of the numerous fishing villages which fringe the shores of the China sea.

After four months' duress I struck a blow for liberty. My little hoard of morphia—jealously guarded toward this eventuality—deepened the narcotism in which the whole crew lay steeped after a ghastly debauch as we rode at anchor, and, forsaking all my goods and chattels and seizing in lieu such moneys as I could find, I dropped into the dingey and pulled off, shoeless, hatless, arrayed only in a shirt, trousers and belt containing the above named sum (close on £200), hoping to reach a German gunboat which had been sighted in the offing earlier in the day.

But the night was thick and in less than an hour I found myself close in shore. The question of what to do was speedily settled by the boat capsizing among the breakers, leaving me no alternative but to land. Day was breaking and I lay till next morning in a tomb set above the road in the hillside, and for the next three weeks I nearly perished for lack of nourishment, not daring to exhibit a gold piece, for I had no weapon and would certainly have been robbed and murdered.

I would gladly have thrown away all but one piece, but there was no single small coin in the sum total, and the result would have been the same. Though a good walker at that age (I had made a record of 20 miles not long before and could cover 300 a week without a blister) I accomplished no more than 200 miles in 22 days—traveling only by night and hiding in tombs or ditches all day, often rushing back to my last deserted lair in terror of the advancing sun when no suitable place of concealment hove in sight.

With paddy and plantains snatched precariously here and there I managed to exist during those awful weeks. Chan-Chan is not regarded as a terrestrial paradise by those Europeans whom fate malign has compelled to sojourn there, but Walhalla was never hailed with greater ecstacy by the world-worn pilgrim than was that celestial sink by myself. Toward the 20th day the smell of meat cooking absolutely overcame me one morning, and, at the peril of my life, I emerged into the light of day, and laid felonious hands and teeth on what I believed was a part of a baked cat, in the temporary absence of the legitimate landlord thereof.—London Standard.

TOO ENGLISH, YOU KNOW.

Stilted Phrases Do Not Sound Well in Children's Mouths.

The Transcript has been appealed to in a matter that has proved perplexing in other families than that of the mother who asks for advice. It is the question of teaching children to refrain from saying: "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," and have them repeat the name of the person addressed in replying, as, "Yes, Mrs. Smith," "No, mamma," and the like. English children are taught that this is correct, the reason assigned over there being that the endlessly reiterated "Sir and "Ma'am" belong to the servants and tradespeople, and is indicative of inferiority. As the correspondent points out, however, in France, where class distinctions also exist, the mousieur and madame are not left off in polite society.

It is laborious, as many will testify, both to the small child and his listener, to hear the struggles with his manners in this respect. He is often not sure of the new name, and in his effort to do as he has been told the artless talk of the child becomes priggish and cumbersome, or if he abandons the attempt altogether, his "Yes" and "No" sound curt and unmannerly. A compromise that has been known to be effective is to teach the children of a household to use: "Yes, mamma," "No, papa," "Yes, Uncle Ned," and so on, with the familiar names of the family connection, leaving the "Ma'ams" and "Sirs" for the strangers who may come. This distinction, says the mother who offers it, is for the children while they are young. When they are in their teens it is easy to make them understand the little niceties of courteous speech and follow them correctly.

In summing up the matter, to refer again to the Boston controversy, this paragraph is used: "No doubt there is such a thing as being too lavish on our following of English manners, and the listener is half inclined to think that this may be one of the good many matters in which it might have been just as well to declare our independence as in the matter of paying taxes on tea."—Boston Transcript.

Bird Caught to Colt's Tail.

Birds that employ hair in the building of their nests come to grief in strange ways. A gentleman who possessed several colts one day noticed a small bird entangled in the tail of one of his colts. It had evidently been on a search for hair and had become ensnared. Cases of birds getting their feet entangled in wool or string are well-known and death usually ensues if human help is not forthcoming.

OUR WASIHNGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, June 15, 1896.

The center of political news is for the time transferred from Washington to St. Louis, and even the knowledge that it will shortly return is not sufficient to keep Washington from being a little bit envious. It is generally predicted that the convention will not finish up its work before the close of the week, notwithstandidg the avoidance of anything like a real contest over the nomination of the head of the ticket. Very few prominent Republicans will get the news of the convention in Washington. Those senators and representatives who have not gone to the convention have gone to their homes. Among the latter are Speaker Reed and Senator Allison.

Senator Harris' sub-committee began the bond investigation ordered by Senate resolution, today, with the examination of Secretary Carlisle, but it isn't conducted behind locked doors as Mr. Harris at first proposed.

There is no doubt about the "hard luck" of the present administration. The turning down of Carlisle and Hoke Smith and the certainty that the Chicago convention will be for silver emphasizes it, and it seems that the "hard luck" is to extend to the individual aspirations of other members of the administration. Sometime ago Postmaster General Wilson, the gentleman whose name was given to the tariff bill which was repudiated by the Gorman-Brice combine in the Senate and replaced by one only slightly better, announced that he would try to get back to the House from the second West Virginia district. This didn't worry the Republicans even a little bit, but they supposed that it settled the Democratic nomination for that district. That was what Mr. Wilson thought, too. But it didn't. And the latest is that the Democrats of the district are going to endorse a populist for Congress, on a free silver platform, and let Mr. Wilson go up Salt River with the rest of the administration. According to information received by the Congressional campaign committee, it doesn't matter what the dems and pops do in that district, as Representative Dayton's renomination and election are practically sure.

There may be some doubt about who was the original McKinley man, but there is none about who was the first McKinley delegate to the Republican National Convention. According to a letter written by Secretary Dowling of the National Republican League, that honor belongs to Hon. Wm. P. Pierce, who was elected from the third Georgia district, and who made the motion, which was adopted Feb. 10th, 1896, instructing the delegates from that district to support Hon. Wm. McKinley for President.

Dr. Delgado and his father, two naturalized American citizens who have recently been the victims of Spanish butality in Cuba, where they own a plantion, are in Washington for the purpose of trying to get the administration to compel Spain to pay for their property, which was wantonly destroyed by Spanish soldiers, and to give them redress for personal injury and insults. These gentleman would have done as well to remain away from Washington for the present, as it has been announced that Mr. Cleveland would do nothing about Cuba, as he fears that Spain might resent anything like positive action by declaring war against the United States. Should Spain do that it might interfere with Mr. Cleveland's summer fishing plans. The Delgados have seen Secretary Olney and placed proof of their bad treatment by the Spanish soliders in his hands, and they are hopeful that something will be done for them, although Mr. Cleveland would not even see them. And something will be done for them and for all other American citizens by the Republican administration which will assume control March 4th, 1897.

Either the U. S. needs a minister to Mexico or it doesn't. If it does, somebody should be sent there who will spend at least one half of his time at his post of duty, which is more than ex-Senator Ransom, of N. C., has done. He was appointed to the position at at the expiration of his term in the Senate March. 3, 1895. Since then he has spent considerably more than one half his time in the U. S. He was back three or four times, and upon each occasion has made a prolonged stay in Washington and at his home. He was presumably on leave upon each of these trips; but his worship of Mr. Cleveland is not a sufficent reason for granting him so much time for which the public pays him his salary, and there seems to be no other. He is now in Washington.

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Church Notice.

There will be service in Garrett Memorial church next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Sunday school at 9.30. A cordial welcome to all.

Rival Justices.

Considerable riyalry has existed between the two magistrates recently appointed by Governor Lowndes for District No. 9, as to who would get the most business. The mills of justice have been in consequence thereof running full time for the last week.

Yesterday Magistrate Symons had a civil case and Squire Stewart, who had been summoned as a witness, although in attendance at the trial, flatly refused to testify before his honor, whereupon the justice promptly issued a warrant for Stewart and had a hearing, which resulted in a fine of $1 and costs for Squire Stewart to pay. Being short of cash he could not comply and his honor promptly committed him to jail in default of payment. Some kind friends here interposed and put up the cash, and thus the dignity of the squire was saved from an unpleasant visit to Hotel de Miller. Not to be handicapped even if under commitment Squire Stewart proceeded to arraign Patrick Tansy for assault and battery upon his wife, and entered up a judgment of guilty and sentenced him to sixty days in jail and wrote out a commitment to Constable Humphry who proceeded to lodge Tansy in jail.

A great deal of amusement is being gotten by the spectators out of the cases of these rival justices, and as each appears determined that the other shall not ontdo him in enforcing the law and preserving the public peace, indications are that there's fun ahead.—Cumberland Times.

Robbery at Terra Alta.

At about 11:30 o'clock last night June 5, many people were aroused by hearing three shots in quick succession, followed by a call for police. Upon investigation it was found that W. Reed Crane, proprietor of the Terra Alta drug store, who has for some time past been the victim of systematic robberies had surprised the burglars in his store and had fired at one of them. They had entered by a cellar window, and as one of them attempted to come out. Mr. Crane opened fire, but evidently missed his aim as the man sprang from the window and shortly after started to run. Crane started closely in pursuit, firing as he ran. After running rapidly for about 150 yards the burglar fell suddenly to the ground and Crane being so close behind, tripped over him and the two men grappled. The burglar evidentally got the worst of it, as he suddenly released Crane and sprang over an adjoining fence. By the time help arrived in response to Crane's call, the thieves had made off. This morning a great quantity of blood was found on the grass and leaves on the road. It is thought that the man is seriously if not fatally wounded, but up to the present time his whereabouts cannot be discovered. Mr. Crane, this morning, swore out a warrant before Squire Hill for the arrest of Anstin McGrail of this place, claiming that he recognized McGrail as the man with whom he tusseled. It is thought by many that the burglar is badly hurt and is in hiding, either here or in the woods near town. Mr. Crane has lost a great deal of cash, cigars, wines and liquors, through the raids of this gang, and says he knows all of them. All are Terra Altans, and some sensational arrests are expected to follow last night's affair.—Kingwood Journal.

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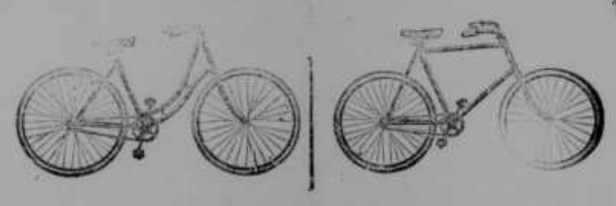

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BICYCLE REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

placed somewhere to sour. That in the jugs is generally drank up immediately.

Then there is another kind of vinegar that is manufactured in saloons. There is a vat in one corner of the room in which tobacco spit often finds its way, and in which they wash all the wineglasses and beer and whiskey glasses and most anything else they run across. Then that stuff is put in barrels and corked up. This is the kind the town people use. The country people use the first kind mentioned. It is more wholesome.

Vinegar is also made out of honey, and that is the cleanest kind; sugar water makes good vinegar, but the vinegar of vinegars is made out of apples with three big lima beans in it named after the three ugliest girls in the neighborhood. This kind gets sour quicker than the others.

Harmony.

It is all very well to talk of patience, of woman's sweet forbearance and angelic passivity, but there comes a time not to show some sign of resistance is to argue one's self little short of an idiot. These lines are not written with a desire to incite wives to rebellion or sweethearts to unreasonableness, but merely as a heart to heart talk with the thousands of feminines who think they must stand and take everything and never say a word in protest.

Harmony is the great quality desirable in every household, but where it cannot be obtained save at the cost of the wife's respect a battle royal preferably. Nagging never accomplishes anything, tears rarely do and protests pass off like so many drops of water from a duck's back, for when a man starts in to be mean he knows pretty well how to be as mean as possible, and in such a case a woman is justified in showing some reciprocal spunk that will prove to him that he is not the only creature in the world blessed with an opinion.

Let any one of our readers look over the list of her acquaintances and see if among them there is not one wife who would be a great deal better off if just once in a while she would speak up like a woman of some spirit. It is all very well to talk on meekness of wives, the sweet submission to a lord and master and all that sort of rubbish, but in these days when woman's opinion is regarded as the equal and oftentimes the superior of man's, why on earth should she put up with such arrogance of ideas in the home?

Perhaps some women feel their dependence so keenly that they fear the loss of a home if they assert themselves. Few men however are so far lost to reason that their respect does not increase for a woman who is firm when she is in the right. Do not test your power too often; the occasional evidence of independence works wonders but in too frequent doses only turmoil and separation result. Don't be bulldozed, neither wish to assume all authority. A happy medium between groveling meekness and absolute defiance will bring about a plesant consummation that will be the foundation stone of a happy married life.

North Glade.

A new boy arrived at Wm. Otto's recently.

G. W. Moon was unfortunate in losing two valuable cows a week or so ago.

Miss Anna Howell, of Westernport, Md., paid her parents and friends a visit a short time since.

Quarterly meeting, two weeks ago was will attended.

J. L. Fitzwater and Alex. Fairall were appointed registrars for No. 1 under the new law. Both good appointments.

D. E. Beckman and G. W. Moon are delegates to the district conference which convenes at Bayard, W. Va., this week.

Rev. C. E. Feather and wife, of Brnceton Mills, were visiting some of their many friends here a few days ago.

A Composition on Vinegar.

The following composition on vinegar was written by a young miss of Hardin county, Ohio, and sent to this office for publication by her teacher, who is a constant reader of THE REPUBLICAN:

One kind of vinegar is made out of apples. First, they pick the apples, sort out the good ones and put them away; then they take all the rotten ones and those that have big fat worms in, take them to the cider mill and have the juice squeezed out of both.

This they put in barrels and jugs. The juice that is put in barrels is

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP
THE PEOPLE'S REMEDY. PRICE 25C
Salvation Oil "Kills all Pain." Try it! Only 25c.

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY,
DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.
31—26

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR
Monuments.
Headstones,
AND
Chimney Pipe
WITH
J. B. WILLIAMS
FROSTBURG, MD.
AGENTS WANTED.
4193.yr——c

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:
C. A. WILT, Agent,
Box 10, Westernport, Md.
9—1yr.

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.
OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured. A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,
C. A. SNOW & CO.
OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

I HAVE PURCHASED
THE OAKLAND COAL YARD
of Mr D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of
HARD AND SOFT
COAL,
KINDLING WOOD, Etc.
All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.
3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD.

Spring is the time in the year that your Horses, Cows, Hogs, Sheep, Poultry, etc., need some good article to purify their blood. The International Food is the best article known for stock of all kinds; 3 feeds for one cent. Don't use any other. For sale only by
THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO.

DRINK LUXURY COFFEE
and get the best Coffee made and get either Ladie's or Gentleman's Gold Watch, guaranteed for 25 years. Use no other, because Luxury Coffee is the best.

Don't fail to call at the stores of The Maryland Supply Co. for
TIMOTHY AND CLOVER SEED.
We only handle the best western seed. Garden Seeds in abundance of all kinds, Fertilizer, Salt, Groceries, General Merchandise, and anything you may need. Don't fail to call at the stores of THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO., at
Mt. Lake Park, Md.
Oakland, Md.
Swanton, Md.
Lonaconing, Md.
51-1yr.

Shartzer & Bolden,
OAKLAND, MD.
DEALERS IN
FURNITURE, CARPETS,
MATTING, OIL CLOTH,
WINDOW SHADES
WALL PAPER
—AND—
GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.
11 1y

FOR SALE.

The farm belonging to Elizabeth Maley, situated two miles north of Deer Park, adjoining the lands of Jack Cooper, Fundenberg Miller and Rawleston. Contains 115½ acres, about 68 acres cleared, and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the remises. 52-1m.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office opposite postoffice, OAKLAND, MD.
Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.
Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 15—1yr

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.
I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.
Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Special attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.
Office in Sincell Building.
Residence at Commercial Hotel.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,
Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
SELBYSPORT, MD.
2-26

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

FRANKLIN P. GREEN,
COUNTY SURVEYOR FOR
GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Postoffice, LONACONING, MD.
All work entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished on short notice, 3-5m*

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.
Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
40-1yr.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.
LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.
Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including train ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26*

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WHOLESALE NOTIONS, Etc.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
A specialty of Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear
RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
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G. S. HAMILL, V. President
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A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.
Fine carriage work a specialty.
Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13t.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT
C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,
PLANING MILLS,
And BUILDING MATERIALS.
MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.
DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding
DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,
at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.
FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS.
Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.
Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.
38 13

THE REPUBLICAN.

ESTABLISHED MARCH 3, 1877. BENJ. H. SINCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1896 NUMBER 16.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

H. V. Layton was in Terra Alta on Sunday.

Mrs. Joseph Crim has been quite ill for several days past.

Mr. Merritt Wilson was here yesterday on a business trip.

Bowie Johnson, who has been sick for a few days, is better.

R. T. Frazee, of Friendsville, was in town a few hours on Saturday.

H. E. Felty has had his storeroom on Railroad street re-papered.

Mrs. C. B. Cropp spent last Friday in Piedmont with friends and relatives.

Rev. and Mrs. Jeremiah Beeghley, of Accident, were in the city Tuesday morning.

A letter was received last night from New Germany too late for publication in this issue.

The Oakland normal now consists of twenty-five scholars and more coming next week.

Mr. E. J. Stuck, of Selbysport, was in the city a short time Tuesday afternoon on business.

Don't forget to decorate on the 4th. Let the town be literally covered with flags and bunting.

Pure, fresh Mt. Lake bread, pies and cake every morning at D. Tasker & Son's. 14tf

Mr. Charlie Mason, who has been in Philadelphia the past winter, arrived in Oakland yesterday morning.

Miss Mabel Brown, of Morgantown, is at the Glades nursing her uncle, Lieut. R. M. G. Brown, who is extremely ill.

Mr. Wm. Offutt returned from St. John's College, Annapolis, Thursday and will spend his summer vacation at home.

Messrs. H. S. Yoder and Louis Miller, two young men of Grantsville, were in the city Saturday and made us a pleasent call.

Rev. Nicholas Martin, bishop of the German Baptist church, of Hagerstown, Md., was the guest of Mr. A. J. Harne on Sunday.

Semmes and Stuart Hamill returned from Cumberland on Friday where they had been attending the Allegany county academy.

The Mayers' Drug company printing office was sold at trustee's sale last Tuesday to M. W. Osborne, of Clarksburg, for $200.

The depot yard in Oakland has been lighted by placing a large electric light in the rear of the station. A great improvement and convenience.

Mr. Wade Hinebaugh, who has been attending the Maryland Agricultural College, at College Park, the past winter, returned home Friday morning.

Messrs. D. E. Bolden and Truman West are having erected on the site of the burned Shartzer store building a bowling alley which will be completed in a short time.

Messrs. Henry Weber & Sons have two or three first-class mowing machines which they desire to trade for good sound chestnut fence posts or will pay cash for the posts.

The general committee on the fourth of July celebration will meet to-night for the purpose of arranging the program and to perfect the arrangement for the street parade.

The lumber for the grand stand and fence around the "Jack Oaks" base ball ground has been received and the structures are being rapidly erected. The ground has all been cleared off and leveled.

Mr. James Tuhill, of Tunnelton, was in Oakland last Monday on his way to Baltimore where he will enter Johns Hopkins hospital and have a cataract removed from one of his eyes.

A young man giving his name as Clint C. Howell, claiming Terra Alta as his home, is wanted very badly at Mountain Lake Park and Loch Lynn Heights to settle up board bills that he jumped.

Eyes, eyes. Call at the Central hotel and have Dr. Leon Smith, of Washington, examine your eyes free of charge and fit you with a pair of glasses. No charge for examination. June 24 to 30. 1t

Mothers will find Chamberlain's Remedy especially valuable for croup and whooping cough. It will give prompt relief and is safe and pleasant. We have sold it for several years and it has never failed to give the most perfect satisfaction. G. W. Richards, Duquesne, Pa. Sold by Oakland Pharmacy.

Major Wm. McKinley, the Next President of the United States.

Mrs. J. A. Brooks, of Washington, is here and will give a *free lecture* to *ladies* on Monday, June 29, at 3 o'clock p. m., in Sturgiss' Hall. Subject, "Perfect Health and how to attain it." 16 1t*

The Felty building on Alder street is being painted inside and out. The 7th branch of the Maryland Supply Co. will be opened in this building the latter part of this week. They will carry a general line of goods.

On the evening of Monday, June 29th, the Epworth League will give its regular monthly public meeting in the form of a league musicale at St. Paul's M. E. church. All who wish to enjoy a musical treat are cordially invited to be present.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Two games of ball will be played in Oakland on Saturday next. The Oakland nine will cross bats with Deer Park and the Jack Oaks with the Mountain Lake Park nine. Both games will be called at three o'clock, the clubs playing on their respective grounds.

In conformity with the new election law the board of election supervisors have before them to-day for examination the persons recently selected by them as officers of registration and judges of election. The examinations consist of writing, reading, spelling and arithmetic.

Mr. Thomas R. McCrobie, of this district recived last Saturday from Governor Lowndes his commission as a justice of the peace and has opened his office in the Felty building in the room recently occupied by Squire Gonder. Note his card in another column.

Now is the time to provide yourself and family with a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as a safe guard against an attack of bowel complaint during the summer months. It costs but 25 cents and is almost sure to be wanted before the summer is over. This remedy never fails even in the most severe cases and is in fact the only preparation that can be depended upon. When reduced with water it is pleasant to take. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park, Md.

The midsummer programme edition of the *Mountain Chautauqua* contains the programme for this summer at the Park, has been issued and distributed. The opening day for the Chautauqua has been fixed as Wednesday, August 15th. The campmeeting will begin July 3d, when several hundred preachers and evangelists will be present and have charge of the meetings.

John Dunn a lunatic confined in Sylvan Retreat, Cumberland, escaped Sunday night. He took the handle of a spoon and with it forced the ends of the iron bars over his room window loose. He then took the sheet from his bed, tore it into strips, twisted them into a rope and let himself down to the ground. Dunn has been confined in the asylum about two years and is from Baltimore county. He is said to be very vicious.

Mr. James Perdue, an old soldier residing at Monroe, Mich., was severely afflicted with rheumatism but received prompt relief from pain by using Chamberlain's Pain Balm. He says, "At times my back would ache so badly that I could hardly raise up. If I had not gotten relief I would not be here to write these few lines. Chamberlain's Pain Balm has done me a great deal of good and I feel very thankful for it. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

If it required an annual outlay of $100,000 to insure a family against any serious consequences from an attack of bowel complaint during the year there are many who would feel it their duty to pay it; that they could not afford to risk their lives, and those of their families for such an amount. Any one can get that insurance for 25 cents, that being the price of a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. In almost every neighborhood some one has died from an attack of bowel complaint before medicine could be procured or a physician summoned. One or two doses of this remedy will cure any ordinary case. It never fails. Can you afford to take the risk for so small an amount? For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

For Sale or Rent.

A very desirable property in Oakland, being the late residence of Henry J. Mayers. Also for sale the Oakland Woolen Mills property. Said property may be obtained cheap and on easy terms. Apply to J. C. Renninger, attorney, Oakland.

COMMITTED SUICIDE.

Lloyd H. Bell, of Oakland, Found Hanging in the Cemetery.

Tuesday morning of this week Mr. John Rice was working in a field adjoining the Odd Fellows' cemetery in Oakland and happening to glance up he beheld the body of a man swinging from the limb of a small oak tree near the cemetery fence. Without investigating the matter he called Sheriff Brown who was at the jail. The sheriff in company with Mr. W. M. Coddington went to the spot indicated by Mr. Rice and found that the body was that of Lloyd H. Bell of Oakland.

State's Attorney Thayer was made acquainted with the facts and he immediately had a jury of inquest summoned who repaired to the place and viewed the body, after which the jury adjourned to the office of Justice Boyer where several witnesses were examined, the first being Mr. Rice who stated that he found the body hanging from the tree about 7.30 o'clock a. m. and immediately informed the sheriff of the fact.

Mrs. Chas. Sweeney was called and stated that she saw Mr. Bell going toward the cemetary Monday evening about six o'clock.

Mrs. Samuel Lawton was also called as a witness and she stated that on Monday evening about six o'clock she saw Mr. Bell pass through the Episcopal church yard, going toward the cemetery.

Dr. M. C. Hinebaugh, who made an examination of the body after it had been cut down, testified that in his opinion the body had been swinging from the tree eight hours or more and that in dropping from the tree the neck of the suicide had been broken.

After these witnesses had been examined State's Attorney Thayer produced a letter that had been taken from the pocket of the coat which Mr. Bell had on at the time his body was found. The letter is as follows, and was written on a piece of white letter paper with a lead pencil:

"I, L. H. Bell, was born at Bloomington, Md., Dec. 18th, 1852, and died by my own hand June 22nd, 1896; loved my dear family most affectionately, and this my only regret for leaving this world: Continued ill health in body, and have been insane for years, with short intervals of sanity. Strange that the world could'nt discover the true cause of my actions, instead of laying it to alcohol, which was my only relief. Debt, and robbed of my pension, my only support for my poor helpless family, as my mind rendered me incapable of carrying on business and my physical condition for work. Who will look to this claim for my innocent and helpless family? Someone please do so. My dear wife is a true christian, a faithful companion to me and a good mother to her children. There are few like her in modesty and character. God bless my unfortunate little family. In the shop are three sides of black leather, worth 30 cents per pound, and three sides of kip, $2 each. My tools ought to bring $10. Please have someone to finish my crop on shares for my family. When you find me, cut me down and lay me in my father's grave just as I am: no coffin, no funeral, or if you dig a grave, on lower side, back of sister's. Remember, no coffin; a blanket, in under clothes. I am not afraid to face what you call death. God bless my dear family and friends.

LLOYD H. BELL.

"P. S.—Do not let my family see me, and do not carry me down town. Have no mob or excitement about it. There is no necessity of a jury. Allow no doctor to cut or carve me."

After the above evidence had been produced the jury adjourned until two o'clock when it again convened and brought in a verdict of suicide. Col. A. G. Sturgiss was foreman of the jury.

The spot where Mr. Bell took his own life is but a few feet from where the body of his mother, father, brother and sister lie at rest. The tree is a small oak and the limb from which he suspended himself is not more than two inches in diameter. The rope used is three-eighths of an inch thick. The appearance of the body and its surroundings, coupled with the letter above shows that the unfortunate man deliberately planned to take his own life. His hat and cane were found lying at the foot of the tree and his coat was buttoned. There was no sign of a struggle, although the feet of the deceased were touching the ground.

The body was taken to the undertaking rooms of Messrs. Shartzer & Bolden and prepared for burial and on Tuesday afternoon the body was interred in the cemetery near the spot where it was discovered.

Killed by Lightning.

Last Sunday afternoon about three o'clock a lad named Thomas aged ten years, and residing with Mr. Jasper Barnthouse, near Sand Spring, in district No. 2, in company with a son of Mr. Matthias Frazee's, went to a spring near Mr. Barnthouse's residence to get some water. A storm coming up the two boys took refuge under a large tree at the spring and whilst seated there lightning struck the tree, killing young Thomas instantly and knocking Frazee senseless.

Base Ball.

Last Friday afternoon the second game of a series was played between the Oakland and Mountain Lake Park nines, resulting in a victory for the visting team of 22 to 9. The score for the Mountain Lake boys was run up in the first inning when they made thirteen runs. After the first inning George Weber was put in the box and held the score down, whilst the Oakland boys did better work all around.

Eyes Examined Free.

Dr. Leon Smith, eye specialist of Washington, D. C., will visit Oakland for one week June, 24 to 30, and remain at the Central hotel. Persons with weak or failing eyesight can have their eyes examined free of charge and glasses properly fitted. 1t

TRUSTEES' SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE

IN GARRETT COUNTY.

Pursuant to and by virtue of the power vested in the undersigned as Trustees of the Circuit Court for Garrett county sitting in Equity, and passed in a cause therein pending wherein David F. Kephendall and others are complainants, and Albert M. Bevercomb and others are defendants the same being No. 56, Equity, on the docket of said Court, the undersigned will on

Saturday, July 18th, 1896,

at 10 o'clock a. m., in front of the door of the office in the town of Oakland, offer at public sale all the right, title and interest of all the parties to the said cause in and to all the following described real estate to-wit:

All those tracts of land lying on the National Turnpike about four miles east of Grantsville, in Garrett county, Maryland, containing

1238 ACRES OF LAND,

more or less, and particularly described in a deed from William Combs and wife and Zadock W. Kalbaugh and wife to Solomon Combs, dated November 27, 1886, and recorded in Liber H. R. No. 20, folio 127, of the Land Records in Allegany county, it being known as the

"Stone House Farm"

of which the late John S. Combs died seized and possessed.

Said farm is fully described in the exhibits filed in said Equity cause. It is improved by a

Large Stone Dwelling House,

commodious barns and other outbuildings in good repair.

Terms: Cash on day of sale or upon the ratification thereof.

BENJ. A. RICHMOND,
D. J. BLACKISTON,
W. C. DEVECMON,
Trustees.

16-4t.

Three from the "Oracle."

Mrs. G. A. Fraley and children of Oakland are in town to-day, the guests of relatives.

Mrs. Smith, wife of the Oakland professor, spent a day with Mrs. Emma Mayer, at her home on Washington street during the past week.

Mr. Pendleton Whetsell who has been clerking in D. E. Offutt & Son's store at Oakland arrived here on Monday morning of this week and entered upon his duties in C. W. Mayer & Son's store. Pen. is an A No. 1 clerk, is deserving and popular and we trust that he will be eminently successful in his new position.

Died.

FREELAND.—On Saturday, June 13th, at his home in Corinth, this county, Charles Freeland, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Freeland, in his 21st year. Deceased had been ill with rheumatism and typhoid fever for a long time past, the latter disease being the chief cause of death. He was a young man who possessed many friends and his death has cast a gloom of sorrow over the whole community where he was known and loved. The funeral occurred on Monday afternoon, the interment being at a point near Mr. Baldwin Freeland's about 4½ miles from Terra Alta.—Oracle.

Reduced Rates to Chicago.

Account of the Democratic National Convention, Chicago, Ill., the B. & O. R. R. will sell excursion tickets from all Ticket Stations on its lines east of the Ohio River, for all trains July 3, 4, 5 and 6, good for return passage until July 12 inclusive, at one single fare for the round trip.

Tickets will also be sold by all connecting lines.

The B. & O. maintains a double daily service of fast vestibuled express trains, with Pullman Sleeping and Dining Cars attached, running through to Chicago solid without change or transfer. 15-4.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

A SONG OF THE TOILERS.

Early and late we have borne
  The burden, the heat of the day;
Visions and dreams of the morn
  Have vanished forever away.
Heartily, friend by friend,
  Our willing hands we have set
To the weight of the world—and the end
  Hath not come yet!

Once, in the dawning, we stood
  By the side of a beautiful stream,
Slow issuing, strong, from a wood,
  With songs on its lips, and the gleam
Of light from the heavens above
  Astir in its tranquil breast;
But the name of that stream was love—
  Was love—not rest.

We toiled on the mountain at noon,
  We stood on the glorious height
And saw the full valleys of corn
  In a rapture of plenty and light;
But the reaper came forth from his cot
  His parted lips still wet
From a hasty repast—and his lot
  Finds no rest yet.

We sat in the shade of the trees
  A moment when noontide was won,
Uncovered our heads to the breeze,
  And smiled in the face of the sun.
But the trees were building apace
  Stanch timbers the storms to fret,
And the sun wrought on in his place—
  There is no rest yet.

Steadfastly, gladly, till eve
  We bore our full part with the strong;
Why should we falter or grieve,
  Thus doing our brothers wrong?
We said: "We shall rest to-night
  When the flowery ways are wet;"
[illegible]
  There is no rest yet!

Oh, strongly the world hath stood
  On pillars of toil till now;
The taste of our bread is good
  Seasoned with sweat of the brow.
The streams are turning the mills,
  Their hands to the firm wheels set,
And the slow dark trees on the hills
  Are building yet.

The vigilant stars in the sky,
  Each on his errand pressed,
Gaze with his torch borne high,
  Nor falters, nor asks for rest.
Patience! be strong, O soul,
  In God's high purpose set!
Somewhere, at some fair goal,
  Thou'lt rest thee yet!
—Ida W. Benham, in N. Y. Independent.

THE TEST AT SEA.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

They sat idly on the deck of an Atlantic liner. The moon was rising. It was an evening in June, and they were nearing "the Banks." Even there in midocean the setting summer sun had so warmed the air that they could lounge at their ease in long wicker deck-chairs and discuss a knotty point in the moral philosophy of the domestic relations.

"For my part," Mainie Whitmore remarked, drawing her little woolen wrap closer round her ears, "I say a woman's first duty is to her husband."

"And for my part," Arthur answered, leaning across towards his wife, "I say a woman's first duty is to her children."

"How do you make that out, Whitmore?" the major inquired, lazily. The major had a pretty knack of his own in casuistry.

"Why, it runs through all nature," Arthur Whitmore replied. "It belongs to the very essence of the feelings engendered in us by natural selection. The male fights always for the female and the young; the female fights for the young only, or turns tail to protect them, leaving the male to defend himself."

"I remember," the major mused, "I was out tiger-hunting once in a nullah in India, and I came across a tiger, with the tigress and cubs lying hid in a jungle. I fired at the brute, and he leaped straight up at me, but the tigress and the cubs slunk away through the long, tall reeds of the cane-brake. Well, I killed that tiger, and went after the tigress; but, when I got her at bay, she fought like a regular devil for her cubs, I can tell you. So there's your case, Whitmore."

"Yes, it must always be so," Arthur Whitmore continued. "The male, as the more active and stronger of the two, must fight for the female and the young together; the female, as the weaker, yet the protector of the young, must leave the male to look after himself, and, at all risks to him, must take care of the little ones. They are the hope of the race, the future of the species. The sire has had his day; if he sacrifices his life for his young, no great harm can come of it. But the little ones have

"WOMAN'S FIRST DUTY IS TO HER HUSBAND."

all the world before them; for their sake the mother must run no needless risk; her first duty is to them; she has borne and suckled them; to sacrifice them to the father would be unnatural and harmful, and, in the widest sense, unfeminine."

"That's all very well for the beasts," Mainie answered, petulantly; "but we are not beasts, and I say, with us, a woman's first duty is always to her husband. Fold up my chair before you come below, Arthur; I'll run down and see how Charlie and the baby are getting on in the staterroom."

"It opens up an interesting moral question," said the chaplain, as Mainie disappeared with a nod down the companion-ladder. "It seems to me you make things rather rough for the husband, don't you?"

"Well—no," Arthur answered. "I look at it like this: Parents bestow much love on their children, and the love they receive in return very rarely requites them. It is repaid by the children to the next generation, as the father and mother themselves repay the debt they incurred to their own parents. It's the same with the father. The love he lavishes on the woman of his choice is repaid by her in part to himself, in part as care on her side for the children, who are, after all, his children. I don't see how a race could well be kept up otherwise. The man must love, first, his wife, then his children; the woman must love her children best of all, and repay the surplus of her love to her husband."

"Let's have a cigar," the major said, with a yawn. "We're growing quite sentimental."

They smoked and went below. In half an hour all was still, save on the bridge, where the officer of the watch paced up and down and peered before him in the dark, for fog was forming.

The passengers had all gone to their staterooms; the silence was oppressive and ominous, as if some subtle spirit presence came with warning. Perhaps it was but the dominance of vague fear, in the face of the thick, dark veil that blotted out the sky and sea and ship and almost hope.

Fog on "the Banks" at night is a terrible thing to the experienced seaman.

MAIMIE CLUNG TO HER HUSBAND.

About two in the morning every soul on board was awakened at once by a terrible crash that jarred horribly through the ship as she came to a sudden standstill. Her iron plates clanked; her timbers creaked and shivered. The bows were stove in. She had run into an iceberg!

In a second the electric light had gone out and all was in darkness. Too terrified for screams, men, women and children groped their way through the long corridors and up the companion-ladder. On deck a few dim lights made the gloom just visible. The sea was rushing into the forward compartments; leaks had sprung in the after ones; the fires were out; tons of ice cumbered the quarter deck; the forecastle had disappeared with the violence of the collision.

Still, all on board was order. The captain, wounded by the falling ice, gave the word of command as clear and steady as ever. Sailors were lowering the boats; the second officer, revolver in hand, was holding at bay the half-naked stokers who had surged up from the noisome hole at the earliest alarm, and were trying to seize the first boat for themselves, regardless of the claims of the women and children.

One boat was ready. Arthur Whitmore stood on the deck, holding his wife's hand tenderly. Mainie pressed the two children tightly against her bosom.

"Women and children forward!" the captain called out in his clear, calm voice.

With a wild sob and a fierce embrace, Mainie clung to her husband. "Arthur, Arthur!" she cried, trembling, "won't they let you go with us?"

"No, darling," Arthur answered, kissing wife and little ones; "this boat is for women and children only."

"Then I must go with the children," Mainie sobbed, breaking forward.

They took their seats on the thwarts, and were pushed off into the dark deep. After three days at sea in the open boat they reached Cape Race. But Arthur went down on the sinking steamer.

He was justified, after all. Instinct had solved the problem aright for Mainie.—Vanity.

The Good Old Times.

It is quite natural for elderly people to think that the times which are gone by, and which they alone remember, were more interesting and notable than the times which are passing now. The passage of years tends to efface from the mind the merely commonplace occurrences of every day, and leave only the salient ones; so that past years are really the more remarkable in our memories. This is one reason why people speak of severe weather as "old-fashioned." On the whole, the weather does not vary so much from one decade to another; but people remember the severe weather and forget the ordinary, so that to the mind weather of the past is extreme weather. But the valuation placed on old things may be excessive—as, for instance, in the case of a remark made by an old gentleman to his nephew. "Twenty degrees below zero!" he said. "What does that amount to? Why, I can remember a day, when I was 20 years old, that the mercury was 40 degrees below zero; and you must remember that one degree then was as good as two nowadays!" This reminds one of the philosophy of the Irishman regarding the difference between the days in Ireland and America. "Ah," he said, "the days is twice as long in the ould country as here—and there's twice as many of them!"—Youth's Companion.

—The forget-me-not has two or three emblematic meanings. One is suggested by its name; the other was probably originated by its color. Blue among flowers is generally associated with the tender passion.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Cancer can be relieved and probably cured by local applications of calcium carbide, according to Dr Guinard, of Paris.

—The mercantile tonnage of the United States reached its greatest amount in 1861; we had then 5,539,813 tons. In the same year the British merchant tonnage was 4,359,696.

—The vitascope, Edison's latest invention, is an enlarged and perfected Kinetoscope. By its aid a number of persons can view an operatic or theatrical performance on a screen, behold the actors and distinctly hear the performers.

—In 1892 there were 9,000,000 sheep in the Algerian Sahara alone, besides 2,000,000 goats and 260,000 camels. On the oases there are 1,500,000 date palms, giving dates worth $3,000,000 a year. So even the desert is worth keeping under control.

—A new glass has been manufactured that, while it allows the free passage of light, is a decided check to heat. In an experiment it was proven that a glass plate four-tenths of an inch allowed but 4.6 per cent. of radiant heat to pass through it. Ordinary window glass lets 86 per cent. of heat through.

—An important engineering work freeing the Venetian lagoon near Chioggia from inundation and the consequent malaria has been completed. A canal ten miles long and costing $1,600,000 has been built, carrying the waters of the Brenta and the Bacchiglione across the lagoon direct to the Adriatic.

—In an exploration of the Himalaya mountains in the Nanga Parbat region, which was made last summer, a height of 20,000 feet was attained by the exploring party. The tents used were made of silk. They weighed but 16 ounces apiece, and formed warm and comfortable shelters with but minimum of weight to carry.

—The weight of a cubic foot of fresh water is 62.39 pounds, and a ton measures 35.905 cubic feet. Salt water weighs 64.05 pounds to the cubic foot, and a ton measures 34.973 cubic feet. The weight of fresh water equals the weight of salt water multiplied by 0.9740. In all ship calculations the weight of fresh water is taken at 62.25, and of salt water at 64 pounds.

WETTING THE PIPE.

It Prevents a Briarwood from Burning Rapidly Away Inside the Bowl.

"The practice of wetting the bowl of a new briarwood pipe before filling it with tobacco for the first time is an essentially German custom here in New York," remarked a tobacco dealer in lower Broadway the other day as a man who had just purchased a pipe walked over to the water cooler and filled the bowl with water. "A briar pipe is the easiest thing to hold between the teeth when you are working at a desk or on the street, and nine Germans out of ten smoke them. On the other hand, though at night, when comfortably digesting dinner, they prefer to puff away at a long-stemmed affair.

"The reason for wetting the pipe first is simple enough. The wood gets bone dry after having been in the shop for months, as most pipes are, and if it was not wet it would burn out in a comparatively short time. If you allow a pipe to soak for a few minutes before lighting it for the first time the wood will char very gradually, and as time goes on it will absorb more evenly the nicotine, which will make it sweet to the hardened pipe smoker.

"Most people think that there is a vast difference in the quality of the wood between a briar pipe that costs two dollars and one that costs 25 cents, and nearly every dealer is glad to foster this idea. But the fact is that the difference in price lies in the mouthpiece. The two-dollar pipe has a mouthpiece of amber, and the finer the quality of amber the higher the price. But the quality of the wood is about the same in a cheap pipe as in one that costs dollars. Of course in a cheap pipe there may be flaws in the wood that have been deftly puttied up, but a careful buyer, when he has a number of pipes to choose from, can easily detect these if he looks sharply. A 25-cent pipe, if judiciously selected, will smoke just as well and last as long as a more costly one."—N. Y. Journal.

GOLD FOR DEER'S TEETH.

The Man Who Found It Is Now Trying to Discover a Gold Mine.

Gold has been found in a variety of queer places, among others in the dust in the crops of wild turkeys, and between the toes of a wolf hound. The latest odd place for gold is as the filling for a deer's teeth, and it is told of by John A. Bryant, of Kansas City, Mo.

A Kansas City taxidermist was found in a great state of excitement by Mr. Bryant. He had recently got two deer heads for mounting from Colorado. The jaws of both deer were being scraped, and then the taxidermist observed a peculiar substance crusted on the teeth. This sediment was brownish-yellow in color, and just for fool's luck the man scraped it off and sent it to an assayer. The assayer got a lump of gold, pure yellow gold, from the stuff, and the taxidermist made haste to find out the precise locality where the deer were killed. Then he asked about the deer licks where the animals got their salt. He doesn't know yet whether the gold came from a salt lick or from the dust blown onto the grass or browse on which the deer fed.

The taxidermist said that the deer were killed not more than a hundred miles from the Cripple Creek gold mines, and, further, that he knows the spot exactly. He thinks if deer can get gold filling for their teeth in the ordinary course of nature, a man could get bushels of it. He has so much faith in this that he is going to sell out his business, buy a burro, a grub stake, a prospector's pick, and then go in prospecting on the deer's trails.—The Nidologist.

DRAWING FOR A HUSBAND.

Twenty Massachusetts Maidens Had Chances for a Man.

A Sun reporter, coming over from Philadelphia, fell or was thrown into conversation with a Chicago drummer. He might have merely fallen into conversation with anyone else, but with a Chicago drummer he was thrown in, for a Chicago drummer doesn't let any passenger on a train escape the conversational pool if he can help it, and he most always does.

"By Jove, old man," he said, with the seductive familiarity of all drummers, "that little tale you have just told me about the summer girls mobbing the only man at the hotel isn't in patching to a cooperative matrimonial snap I came across one time when I was in a section in Massachusetts where men are so scarce that when the girls give a party they have to find a man with a search warrant. There was a wedding at the biggest church in the town the evening I got there, and the whole town was illuminated and everybody was out, as if there was a Fourth of July celebration going on, and naturally I asked what all the row was about. Then the landlord of the tavern told me. It seemed that there were 20 marriageable young women in the town and only one man, and he was so poor that he was afraid to venture, being thrifty as most Yankees are and not caring to assume obligations without corresponding capital. The girls were well-to-do, that is to say, they were worth $4,000 or $5,000 apiece, but that was hardly enough for the thrifty eligible, so he proposed a cooperative matrimonial scheme, as I have called it, though the name isn't exactly appropriate. His proposition was that all the girls chip in so much for a chance at him, no subscription to be less than $500, and each subscription of that amount entitling the subscriber to one ticket, with additional tickets at $500 each. The girls were anxious, the young man desirable, and the enthusiasm soon become intense. One girl, who was worth a little more than the others or was more anxious, I don't recall which, blew in $2,000 on six tickets, and several of them had more than one chance. On the day of the drawing there was something over $12,000 in the pool and the young man was pleased to death. The girls, on the other hand, were dreadfully nervous and anxious, for, while the man was a sure winner, only one of them was going to get the man and the pot. The drawing took place in the town hall, where an admission of ten cents was charged, the sum to go to a consolation fund to be distributed among the 19 unsuccessful ones. The drawing was conducted by the town officers, and was very simple, the names of the girls being put in one hat—those who had more than one chance having their names a corresponding number of times in the hat—and the name of the young man with a number of blanks in the other. Then the drawing was made, and at the 12th draw the young man's name came out with that of a girl who had only one chance, and, of course, she was declared the winner.

"The wedding two months later was the event of the season, and, as strange as it may seem to you, this was one of the cases of lottery where both drew prizes, for they lived very happily, and are still living that way, I suppose, though I haven't seen them in ten years. Another odd thing about it was that the unsuccessful ticket holders seemed to take a proprietary interest in the couple, and they have a reunion every year and call for an accounting, though they never ask for dividends on their investment. I may say though that the lucky man has made money enough to agree to pay to each of the contributors $1,000 on her marriage, and up to the last time I heard from them he had paid $3,000. Three or four of them are in maiden graves, however, and the chances are he will never have to give up as much as they gave him."—N. Y. Sun.

Hats for Summer.

Masses of cornflowers, or bluets, constitute the entire trimming of some of the white straws.

White maline draped over bright-colored velvet such as deep heliotrope, is sometimes employed.

Brims are often cut at one or both sides toward the back and blossoms allowed to fall through upon the hair.

Two shades of nasturtium taffeta ribbon, made into an immense bow, make a very handsome trimming for a black hat.

Cardinal, pink, light blue, white and light green Monte Carlo daisies furnish a stylish trimming for white or yellow large hats.

Natural-colored lilacs, accompanied by taffeta ribbon to match, make a charming trimming for a white midsummer hat.—Chicago Record.

An Unaltered Mood.

The man who is chronically dissatisfied was talking on his favorite theme, the weather.

"This climate," he explained, "isn't fit for anybody to live in. It's too hot for anything but a salamander. Just blistering. You can hardly draw a breath of air and when you do get it it pretty near scorches your throat."

The next day it moderated.

"How does this temperature suit you?" was the inquiry. "This is cool and comfortable enough for anybody."

"It seems comfortable," he answered, with the air of one who is making a concession. "It seems comfortable to those who don't know. But it isn't seasonable."—Detroit Free Press.

Asparagus Soup.

Wash a bunch of asparagus and put it in a saucepan of boiling water, add a teaspoonful of salt and boil for half an hour. Take from the water, cut off the tops. Heat a quart of milk and press asparagus stalks through a colander and add to the milk. Rub a tablespoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour together and stir in the soup. Let boil up once, add the asparagus tops and season well. — Albany Journal.

A Purchase.

Floor-walker—Did Mrs. Upton buy that last piece of organdie?

Saleswoman — No, Mrs. Downton bought it.

Floor-walker—Why, I thought I heard her say before Mrs. Upton came in that she didn't like it.

Saleswoman—She did say so.

Floor-walker—Then why did she take it?

Saleswoman — Because Mrs. Upton wanted it.—Chicago Record.

In the Far Southwest.

Mrs. Colt (wife of Col. Colt, of Texas)—As I was going by Turner's this morning, John, I heard Jim Bluff say that if justice had its due you'd have adorned a telegraph pole long ago.

Col. Colt (springing up from the dinner table)—Jim Bluff, you say? Let me—

Wife—Now, John, please finish your dinner. The shooting will keep.—Bay City Chat.

THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.

Ardent Lover—If you could see my heart, Belinda, you would know how fondly—

Up-to-Date Girl (producing Roentgen camera)—I intend to see it, George. Sit still, please.—Collier's Weekly.

Idealism and Realism.

Professor—What's the difference between idealism and realism?

'Varsity Girl—Idealism is when you contemplate matrimony.

Professor—Yes, and realism?

Girl—You get that afterwards.—Judy.

Husbands to Burn.

The English actors who come over here are intensely English when they first arrive, but they soon show their appreciation of American colloquialisms by appropriating them. A gentleman of this city relates that some time ago, in the New York City club, he met Fred W—, the comedian. Some one was telling about a woman who had just married her third husband.

"By the way," the gentleman asked, "where is her first husband buried?"

"He was cremated," was the answer.

"And the second?"

"Also cremated."

"By Jove," observed little Mr. W—, "that woman has husbands to burn."—St. Louis Republic.

A Personal Peculiarity.

The young man who prides himself on being original was talking to Miss Cayenne.

"Your mother seemed very much amused at that little story I told her last night," he said, self-approvingly.

"Yes," she replied. "Ever since I can remember mother has laughed whenever she heard that story."—Washington Star.

As Others See Us.

Englishman (to fair American tourist)—Well, I suppose none of this Swiss scenery will compare with your Niagara.

Fair American (with some embarrassment)—I've never seen Niagara.

Englishman—Ah, pardon me; I thought that you were a married woman.—Bay City Chat.

Easily Accounted For.

Professor—The fact that men when lost in the woods describe a circle instead of proceeding in a straight line, shows that one leg is longer than the other. How is such a phenomenon accounted for?

Smart Student—By the fact that the leg pulling process is universal.—Art in Dress.

A Poor Plan.

Husband—So that new girl goes out three nights a week. I'll tell you how to keep her in. Scare her. Tell her a terrible fellow called Jack the Kisser is prowling around, kissing every girl he can catch.

Wife (doubtfully)—Well, I don't know, my dear; I was a young girl once myself. I'm afraid she'd be out every night.—N. Y. Weekly.

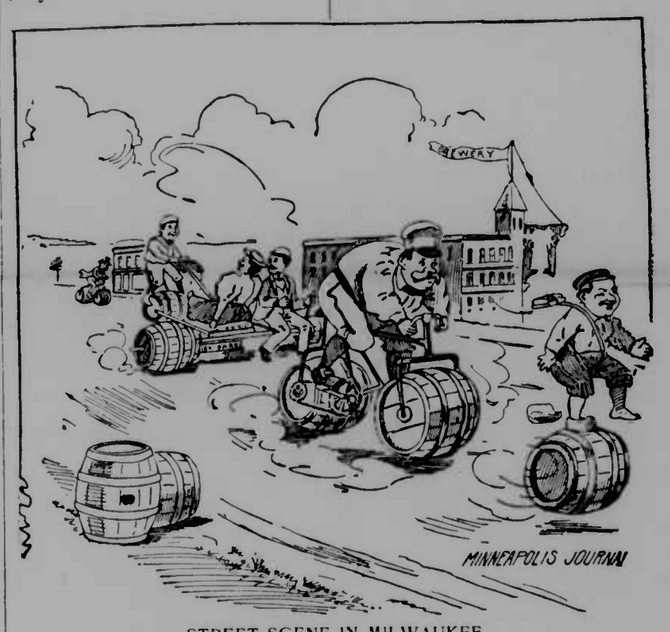

STREET SCENE IN MILWAUKEE.

As Pictured by a Newspaper Artist in a Rival City During the Recent Street Car Men's Strike.

That Terrible Boy.

Boy—Ain't sister and you going for a ramble this afternoon?

Suitor—We are, sonny; but why do you ask?

Boy—Because sister's had the corn doctor here all the morning.—Waterbury.

Knew Enough.

"What yer don't know about me would fill a cirkyerlatin library," said the fly criminal.

"Is that so?" replied the detective. "Well, what I do know about you will fill a suit of stripes." And he gathered him in.—N. Y. World.

Taking It Cheerfully.

Landlady—Wouldn't you like a cup of coffee, Mr. Snoberly? It is nice and fresh.

Mr. Snoberly—Yes, madam, when I'm through with my steak. Business first, you know.—Texas Sifter.

Wrong Way Round.

Spencer—Who was it wrote "Men must work and women must weep?"

Ferguson—Forgotten. But it's good.

Spencer—Rubbish! Women more often weep when men don't work.—N. Y. World.

Too Expensive.

Lord Fitzboodle—I want to marry your daughter, sir.

Old Goldust—Sorry, but I'm worth only a paltry million and I need that for my own use.—Town Topics.

Really Wonderful.

Mrs. Flatbush—Did you have an accident coming up on the trolley tonight, dear?

Mr. Flatbush—Yes; we didn't run over anybody.—Yonkers Statesman.

Crafty Dawson.

"Why is Dawson painting his house such a vermillion red?"

"He thinks it will look so warm this summer no one will want to visit there."—Detroit Free Press.

Modest Indeed.

"What a very modest little house the M's live in."

"I should say so; why, even the doors are shrinking."—Brooklyn Life.

Proof of Affection.

Rich Merchant (to his daughter)—I say, Emma, I think that young man who calls on you so much really means business.

Emma—What makes you think so?

Merchant—Nothing, except he called at the commercial agency last week to find out how much I was really worth.—Texas Sifter.

Its Value.

"You have some very valuable property, I believe," said the tall man, carelessly.

The little man looked at him sharply

"That depends," he said.

"Depends on what?"

"On whether you want to buy it or assess it."—Chicago Post.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER, ETC.

Miss Bell—The bonds of matrimony never pay a dividend.

Miss Nell—But sometimes they pay alimony.—St. Louis Republic.

Worse.

"My gas bill this month fairly took my breath away!" complained the horse editor.

"Mine did worse than that," replied the snake editor.

"How?"

"It took away all my cash."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

What She Missed.

"It's a perfect shame, Harold, that haven't a wheel."

"My dear, you haven't missed anything."

"Yes I have. I might have had half a dozen bones broken by this time!"—Detroit Free Press.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A FAMILY TRAGEDY.

Confided by Polly to her doll, Marie.
There are talking dollies with strange insides,
There are babies that squeak and cry,
There are gauzy, satiny, wonderful brides
With trunk and trousseau, and a fan besides,
That a Christmas purse may buy.

There are china cherubs, dimpled and white—
They are brittle and can't sit down—
But washing, you see, doesn't hurt 'em a mite,
And for doll-house playing their size is right,
And a scrap will make 'em a gown.

There are dolls that are warranted not to break—
(Though I never believed that true)
And the rag-dolls aunties and mothers make,
And dollies that shut their eyes and wake,
And fine French ladies, like you.

But what do you guess that my grandmother had
When she played with her dolls, like me,
And lived on a farm, and the times were bad?
Poor little grandmother! O, but I'm glad
I didn't live then, Marie!

Why, the dolly she cuddled and put to bed—
Dear little grandmother, years ago—
Was a crook-neck squash in a rag of red,
With a handkerchief shawl tied over its head,
And she loved it too, you know!

Loved that thing with a stem for a nose
And its dreadful neck awry—
Kissed it, and hugged it, and, I suppose,
Proudly settled its wraps and bows!
Why, it almost makes me cry!

And then, the horrible fate of her child,
Marie, my dollykin, long ago:
I wonder she didn't go raving wild!
They—now stop smiling—they had her "b'iled"
And ate her!
—Grandmother told me so.

—F. E. Effington, in Youth's Companion.

DWELLINGS IN TREES.

New Guinea Families Use Ladders to Climb Up to Their Beds.

The natives of New Guinea climb like monkeys, and travel for long distances from one tree to another, without descending to the ground. In this country, where birds build little fairy-like cabins on the ground, the people construct their houses in the top of the tallest forest trees. First, a native having climbed the great trunk of the teak or cedar or oak tree he has selected, begins by cutting off some of the branches the right length to support a platform of bamboo, on which his

A NEW GUINEA MANSION.

house is to rest. You would wonder how he could do anything with the tools he uses, if you could see them. He has no saw, or steel-edged ax, but only a sort of a tomahawk, made of stone, and knives of bone or hard wood. When, however, he has in some way managed to get the limbs of his tree so cut and fashioned as to support his house, his hardest work is done.

The house itself is soon built, and is made of bamboo strips with palm leaves. All parts are firmly lashed together with strips of rattan palm, a very tough vine used by the natives in place of ropes. It is not a large house, though it some times contains several rooms, but it is a safe and secure retreat for the women and children in case of sudden attack by hostile tribes.

But as the builder can scarcely expect his wife and little children, to say nothing of his pet pigs, of which these people generally keep one or more with them in the house, to climb the tree, he has to provide some way of getting from the ground to the house. This he does by making a long ladder of vines, reaching from the earth to the platform upon which his house is built. If enemies appear, the ladder is, of course, drawn up, and those above rest securely far out of reach of any weapon known to the wild men of New Guinea. These tree houses also serve for lookouts, from which to see coming friends or enemies in time to prepare a suitable reception for either.

There are several good reasons for building houses so far above the ground, besides those already given; one is that they are not reached by the low-lying bad air that in this country causes fevers and sickness; another that they are free from ants and mosquitoes, two terrible plagues throughout New Guinea; and still another is that the breeze that gently rocks the house, like a bird's nest, in the tree tops, is much pleasanter and more refreshing than the sultry heats below.

If you should climb the ladder and peep in at the door, you would find the family perhaps all asleep or sitting about on the floor eating yams, cocoanuts or bananas, and sharing them with their pet pigs, parrots or poultry. You would find there no pictures, toys, or playthings, such as even the poorest children amongst us possess, no music and no books; no furniture in the room, not even a bed, and no mats on the floor.

Many a tree-built nest is constructed with more art, and is more comfortable for the little ones, who are born in it, and is far prettier than the rude huts of the wild men of New Guinea.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—The lady's slipper is considered, in the symbolism of flowers, to be a declaration of war, or, rather, of audacity, by the lady to the gentleman, equivalent to the expression, "win me if you can."

TOM WAS FRIGHTENED.

But He Was Too Brave to Tell Little Dot of His Fears.

Tom lived on the bank of the river. His father had a boat in which he could go down to fish. Sometimes he would take Tom with him and let him row.

Tom had a little sister whom they called Dot (because she was so small for her age). One day Tom's mother asked if he would take care of Dot while she went to the city. Tom was very fond of his little sister, and he promised to take good care of her. And this is the way he did it.

Tom thought it would be nice to take Dot down to the river and show her papa's boat. The boat was pulled partly on shore, while the remainder was in the water.

Tom knew if he and Dot got into the boat they could get good motion by his

THE RETURN.

rocking it. So he lifted Dot in and then jumped in himself. Then he began to rock the boat. Dot had never been in a boat before, and she was delighted with the motion.

By and by Dot exclaimed: "O, Tom! the bank's gone and left us." Tom turned to see what Dot meant, and found that the boat had broken from the bank, and they were floating down the stream without any oars. Tom was very much frightened. He remembered his promise to his mother to take good care of Dot; but he was a very brave little fellow, and did not let Dot know of his fear.

"Dot, you'll sit very still, won't you?" asked Tom.

Dot promised. Tom wondered if they would have to stay on the river all night.

But they did not. A kind fisherman found them, took them into his boat, and rowed them back to their papa and mamma. They were so glad to have them safe in their arms again that they didn't scold Tom. They knew he meant no harm, and Tom's fear was his own punishment. He never ventured into dangerous places with his little sister again.—Katie Kyle, in Our Little Ones.

THE OBEDIENT EGG.

How to Make It Perform Several Very Amusing Tricks.

Let us tell you how you may have a little fun. Puncture the shell of a raw egg with a pin, and through the hole thus made extract the contents. When the shell has become thoroughly dry, pour fine sand through the pin hole until the egg is about one-fourth filled. Then seal the hole with white wax, and your imitation egg will be as natural in appearance as a real egg.

The next time boiled eggs are served at breakfast substitute your sand egg for the one that you take from the dish, and tell your companions that you are going to make the egg obey your slightest wish. You may make it stand on the edge of a knife or on the rim of a

glass, no matter whether you put it sideways or endways.

The only precaution necessary is to tap the egg gently every time you desire to place it in any position, so as to make the sand settle at the bottom, and the weight of the sand will keep it as you wish it to be. This is called the obedient egg.

Now let us tell you how to make the disobedient egg, with which you may have even more fun than with the obedient one. Make the hole in the shell large enough to allow you to introduce half an ounce of fine shot, together with a little powdered sealing wax.

This done, seal up the hole neatly with white wax, and then warm the egg gently over the fire. This will give you a fixed center of gravity in the egg, and no matter how you may pretend to place it, the weight of the shot, held in a mass by the sealing wax, will drag it away from its position just as soon as you release it.—Philadelphia Times.

Wouldn't Pray for the Prince.

In every service of the Church of England the royal family is prayed for, the queen and prince of Wales being especially mentioned. It is related that a little English girl, after long cogitation, asked her mother why the prince was excluded from the prayers. "He isn't," said the mother. "Yes, he is," persisted the child. "The minister always says: 'All but Edward prince of Wales.' The mother laughed heartily, and had some trouble in explaining that the clergyman's pronunciation was to blame. He said: "Awlbert Edward prince of Wales."

The 'Gators Were Not There.

An American naval officer, wishing to bathe in a Ceylon river, asked a native to show him a place where there were no alligators. The native took him to a pool close to the estuary. The officer enjoyed his dip. While drying himself he asked his guide why there were never any alligators in that pool. "Because, sah," the Cingalese replied, "they plenty 'fraid of shark!"

FARM AND GARDEN.

A WORD ABOUT HIVES.

Those Made at Home Are as Good as More Expensive Ones.

For the ordinary bee-keeper, and for most bee-keepers, for that matter, no hive is better than a plain, simple Langstroth hive. It is simply a plain box without top or bottom, with rabbets cut upon the upper inside edges of opposite ends for hanging the frames. To the hive there must be added, of course, a bottom board and a cover, but these are not nailed fast as a rule. Sometimes the bottom board is nailed fast. If this is the case the board composing the front end is three-eighths of an inch narrower than the other boards composing the sides. This gives an entrance the whole width of the front of the hive. If the bottom board is loose, a rim three-eighths of an inch high is nailed around its outer edges on the upper side, except in front. The leaving off of the rim in front makes an entrance. In either case, small blocks are used, when necessary, for contracting the entrance. If the bottom is nailed fast a cleat will be needed on the front end of the bottom board to keep it from warping. If it is loose a cleat will be needed at each end on the under side. A rim of wood nailed around the hive near its upper edge helps to keep the hive in shape and is very convenient for handling it. The cover is simply a plain, flat board with a cleat nailed on each end. Langstroth frames are 9⅛ inches deep and 17⅝ inches long, and the hive should be of such a size that there is a space of three-eighths of an inch between the frames and the bottom, top and sides of the hive. In this climate there is no necessity for halving, mitering, or dovetailing the corners. Just a plain lap-joint well nailed is sufficient. The frames are made of seven-eighths lumber, pieces of boards of the right length being cut off and then three-eighths-inch strips being sawed off the edges. The top bar is nailed on with 1½ inch wire nails, and seven-eighths will answer for the other joints. All these parts can be cut out at any planing mill, or if the bee-keeper has a foot-power buzzsaw he can cut them out himself.

After the hive is made give it two good coats of white paint. White is preferable because this color does not absorb the heat as is the case with dark colors, and such hives can usually be used in the sun with no shade boards over them, and there will be no danger of the combs melting down. Such hives can be made by anyone who is at all handy with the hammer, and they answer every purpose for which a hive is needed. With such a hive as this extracted honey can be produced by simply setting one hive on top of the other, or they may be tiered up three high if necessary. In producing comb honey a super will be needed. This is made of half-inch lumber and is just about the same size as the hive except that it is not so tall, it being three-eighths of an inch deeper than the size of the sections used. The usual size of section is 4¼ by 4¼, and the super should, in that case, be 4⅞ deep. There will need to be three partitions crosswise of the super, and to the bottoms of these partitions and to the bottoms of the end pieces must be tacked some strips of tin of such a width that they will project beyond the partitions about one-eighth of an inch, thus forming a sort of ledge that will support the sections when they are slipped down between the partitions. The ordinary hive cover will also cover the super.—W. Z. Hutchinson, in Prairie Farmer.

FUMIGATING BOX.

An Excellent and Simple Device for Ridding Hens of Lice.

In making a fumigating box for ridding hens of lice I did not take the pains to provide it with all the conveniences at times described.

Mine was a temporary affair, made out of a cracker box, but it answered the purpose perfectly, and such a fumigating box anyone can fix up in half an hour. Take any fairly tight box of suitable size, say about 24 inches high, and remove a portion of end

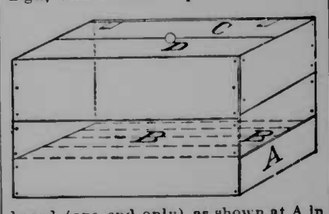

board (one end only) as shown at A in the cut. Put in a slat platform about eight inches above the bottom, as shown at B B. Next remove part of the top, and hinge (leather straps tacked on will answer) as shown at C. At D trim out a hole of suitable size to fit snugly around the hen's neck. Stand the hen in on the slat platform, and shut the lid down tight, leaving her head protruding. Now take a pan with a shovelful of live coals in it, sprinkle on the latter a tablespoonful of sulphur, slip it under at A, and let the hen remain (if not hot, it need not be directly under her feet) until the sulphur has burned away, and the work is done. If the hen is well fumigated in the evening, the sulphurous acid will not only kill the lice on her own body, but the feathers will be so saturated as to also drive them from the little chicks, as she covers them. Try it.—G. W. Waters, in Journal of Agriculture.

Root Crops for Stock.

Be sure and fit a piece of good land for the root crops that are so nourishing and healthful as cattle feed. The sugar beets and the mangels will yield immensely on good land, if put in in good time and well tended, and no farm crops are more valuable. Cattle thrive on such food in winter, when it forms a large part of their rations, and every stock owner should have a good supply. Carrots are particularly desirable for horses, keeping them in good, thrifty condition.

A WAR NOTE.

Col. John A. Cockerill's Happy Retort to a Boastful Britisher.

Representative Mercer, of Nebraska, met the late Col. John A. Cockerill during his trip through Japan about a year ago, says the Washington Post. Cockerill was then acting as war correspondent for the New York Herald. Representatives of all nations gathered at Yokohama, many of them tourists and others on business. It was at this time that Cockerill ran across a cockney Briton, who was boasting about the great prowess of his country, and making rather slighting allusions to the United States. His remarks aroused Cockerill's war spirit, and he told the Englishman that inasmuch as the United States had twice whipped England, it could probably do so again.

"O—ah—my deah sah!" said the doughty Briton, "you ah mistaken, surely." If I remember the history of my country we took yah capitol and burned it, don't you know?"

"Yes," said Cockerill, "you did take the capitol. And if I remember the history of my country you also took Bunker Hill. But you didn't take it very far. You let go of both of them like a red-hot brick, and at last account they were still in our possession. But let me tell you what we'll do next time we have a war with you. We'll go over there, tow your snug little island across the Atlantic, and haul it up the bay to New York for a wharf."

The Englishman did not continue the argument.

TELLTALE FORCE OF HABIT.

This Bank Clerk Unconsciously Revealed His Occupation.

They were both students at the new school of psychology, physiognomy and metaphysics. They dropped into an all-night restaurant and were talking of hypnotism, says the New York Press.

"See that young man over there near the ice-box?" asked one.

"Yes, why?" answered the other.

"What business does he follow, judging from scientific observation?"

"He is either a night operator or a gambler."

"By what reasoning?"

"Because he is pale and nervous. The sun never shines on him. He has a vocation that keeps his nerves at a high tension."

The students left the contemplation of scientific research to investigate the merits of two clam chowders.

"I'll tell you what line of business that man follows," said the second philosopher, after a long pause.

"Well, what does he do for a living?"

"Paying teller in a bank."

"How do you know?"

"I watched him when the waiter brought his pancakes a minute ago. He dampened his fingers and ran them over to see if the count was right."

HORSE KILLS HIMSELF.

Astonishing Suicide of a Peddler's Hard-worked Equine Servitor.

Hundreds of employes in the yards of the American Steel Barge Co. at Superior, Wis., witnessed a singular occurrence. A bony, played-out old bay horse walked into the shallow water at the slip known as Howard's pocket and slowly moved farther out into the deep water, unmindful of the shouts and missiles of the spectators on the shore. When in about three feet of water the poor animal cast one wistful look around, then deliberately put its head under water and held it there until life was extinct. In a short time after this the owner, a peddler, appeared upon the scene and almost committed suicide himself when he learned of the astonishing deed of his four-footed servant. The horse, it is said, had been poorly fed and overworked.

Her Hat an Obstruction.

It is a literal fact, says a London paper, that the conductor of an omnibus had to press down a girl's hat at each side the other day before she could get in at the door. The wearer of the cart-wheel could not make out what was hindering her from getting in, when the conductor, with a polite "Allow me," gently depressed the brim on either side.

Spectacles.

Roger Bacon was the first to suggest the use of spectacles. When they came into use in Italy, about the year 1285, on the recommendation of Alessandro di Spina, a monk of Pisa, women were forbidden to wear them, because it was thought that such facial ornamentation would make them vain.

That past which is so presumptuously brought forward as a precedent for the present was itself founded on an alteration of some past that went before it.—Mme. de Stael.

He married her because her neck
With rapture wild did set him,
And yet there were some folks who said
She broke it for to get him.
—N. Y. Herald.

Reality surpasses imagination; and we see, breathing, bright shine and moving before our eyes sights dearer to our hearts than may we ever beheld in the land of sleep.—Goethe.

Uncle Bob—"I hope, Tommy, you are a favorite with your teacher." Tommy—"I think I must be. She can't seem to get enough of me, or she wouldn't keep me in so much."—Harper's Bazar.

"I wonder who started that slang about getting it in the neck?" asked the curious boarder. "Some man whose wife bought him a necktie at a bargain sale, likely," said the Cheerful Idiot.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Say, Mamma," said Maud, "was Julius Cæsar what you would call a really great man?" "Of course. How can you ask such a question?" "Well, I never heard him called the Napoleon of anything."—Washington Star.

Fatal Experiment.—Aunt Rachel (on a visit)—"Gertie, where is the nice little doll I gave you last Christmas?" Gertie—"I put bloomers on her the other day, auntie, and she isn't a bit nice now."—Chicago Record.

Mrs. Smith—"I notice you always have either such tall servants or such short ones," Mrs. Jones (who is medium-sized)—"I don't want any whom there is any chance of my clothes fitting."—Harper's Bazar.

A Recognition.—Mr. Bickers—"The talkativeness of woman is universally acknowledged." Mrs. Bickers—"O, it is, is it?" Mr. Bickers—"It is. The term 'mother tongue' is idiomatic in most languages."—Detroit Free Press.

A sallow skin acquires a healthy clearness by the use of Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

There is a third silent party to all our bargains. The nature and soul of things takes upon itself the guaranty of the fulfillment of every contract, so that honest service cannot come to loss.—Emerson.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me many a doctor's bill.—S. F. Hanby, Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, '94.

"Ethel, did you really steal that etching from a borrowed book?" "Yes, I just had to—the curve of the chin and throat were so perfect."—Chicago Record.

The coolness is refreshing; the roots and herbs invigorating; the two together animating. You get the right combination in HIRES Rootbeer.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 5oc. package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

A. N. K.—C. 1609

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

Pill Clothes.

The good pill has a good coat. The pill coat serves two purposes; it protects the pill, enabling it to retain all its remedial value, and it disguises the taste for the palate. Some pill coats are too heavy; they will not dissolve in the stomach, and the pills they cover pass through the system as harmless as a bread pellet. Other coats are too light, and permit the speedy deterioration of the pill. After 30 years exposure, Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills have been found as effective as if just fresh from the laboratory. It's a good pill with a good coat. Ask your druggist for

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

More pill particulars in Ayer's Curebook, 100 pages. Sent free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

BIG AND GOOD.

BattleAx PLUG

Sometimes quality is sacrificed in the effort to give big quantity for little money.
No doubt about that.
But once in a while it isn't.
For instance, there's "BATTLE AX."
The piece is bigger than you ever saw before for 5 cents. And the quality is, as many a man has said, "mighty good."
There's no guess work in this statement.
It is just a plain fact.
You can prove it by investing 5 cents in "BATTLE AX."

ILLINOIS CENTRAL

In Connection with the Baltimore & Ohio Southwestern and the Chesapeake, Ohio & Southwestern Railroads, has Inaugurated a

NEW ROUTE

FROM CINCINNATI AND LOUISVILLE

TO MEMPHIS AND NEW ORLEANS

DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE—THROUGH PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS AND FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

TICKETS AND TRAIN SCHEDULES OF TICKET AGENTS OF ALL CONNECTING LINES.

NEARLY 2,000,000 ACRES

Of Government Lands Now Open to Settlement

IN NORTHERN ARKANSAS

They are fertile, well-watered, heavily-timbered, and produce grains, grasses, fruits and vegetables in abundance. North Arkansas apples are noted. The climate is delightful, winters mild and short. These lands are subject to homestead entry of 160 acres each. Now is the time to get a home. For further information as to character of lands, manner of entering them, in what counties located, with maps of the district, address

E. V. M. POWELL, Immigration Agent, Harrison, Ark.

Inclose One Dollar. Remit by Money Order or Registered Letter.

Refers to Bank of Harrison and Boone County Bank, Harrison, Ark.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, JUNE 25, 1896.

THE Republican party is pledged to the kind of a dollar that comes up to the inscription on its face.

All that the Republican party loses by the secession of the free silverites will be made up by the votes of sound money Democrats.

NEW JERSEY, Maryland, Tennessee and West Virginia will make good to the Republican party all of its loss on account of the free silver secession.

THOUSANDS of sound money Democrats will vote the Republican ticket this year, and thousands more will do the next best thing by not voting at all.

WHEN Cleveland speaks of "occupying the place of a private in the ranks" he manifests a disposition to do more for his party than he did for his country during the civil war.

THE esteemed *Mountain Democrat* is bound to have a candidate of its own either for Congressional or Presidential honors. Two weeks ago it brought out Mr. Hamill for Congress and last week it resurrected Hon. Arthur Pue Gorman and presented his name to the country as a suitable candidate for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket.

The Free Silver Secession.

The withdrawal of the free silver delegates from the Republican Convention was in a sense the happenings of the expected. That is to say, while it had been hoped that they would not take that extreme step, such action was but the fulfillment of a previous threat. Their position from the start was menacing and its logic led inevitably to that result. It is a notorious fact that they went to the Convention not for the purpose of trying to effect a peaceful adjustment of the controversy about the currency but with a view to insisting upon an absolute surrender to their view of the matter At no time did they manifest a disposition to make the least modification of their demand, or to accept any form of compromise or concilation. They rejected all overtures that involved less then the full indorsement of free silver coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1. A plank of this kind was out of the question and they well knew it and frankly acknowledged it; but they were not willing to take anything else. They assumed the right to dictate a platform to suit themselves, and to commit the party to a doctrine against which a large majority of its members had declared in the election of delegates to the Convention. That could not be permitted of course and so they walked out.

There is no reason to believe that this secession will seriously injure the Republican party. On the contrary it is likely to be advantageous in the way of simplifying the situation and insuring a direct and conclusive vote upon an issue that has been a source of much trouble in our politics and in the business affairs of the country. If the free silver people will all get together as now seems possible and put the question to a square test the result will certainly be a pronounced victory for the gold standard. Some of the States that might have gone Republican under different circumstances will probably be carried by the opposition but there are not enough of them to turn the scale in favor of free silver. The intelligence and patriotism of the American people can be trusted to render a decisive verdict for the best money in the world and against currency of a depreciated and dishonest order. They understand the issue and realize its important bearing upon their interests and their chances of prosperity. The free silver seceders have adopted the course which is best calculated to bring about a positive and final solution of the greatest of current problems and it will be solved in the right way and with the restoration of Republican rule.

McKinley and Hobart.

The nomination of William McKinley for President last Thursday by the votes of more than two-thirds of the members of the Republican National Convention was simply a formal ratification of a choice already made by the people. There can be no question about the fact that he is the preference of a large majority of the Republican voters of the country. The sentiment in his favor extends all over the country and among all classes of citizens. It has not been manufactured by the familiar processes of political manipulation, but has been a spontaneous growth, reflecting a general tendency of opinion and desire. Moreover, and more significantly, it represents a feeling of perfect popular faith in a distinguished party leader, a man whose ability has stood the severest tests and whose personal character is entirely clean and admirable. There is nothing hidden or uncertain about him. His record is a part of the history of the country, his life is an open book for all men to read. The people know him thoroughly, and have said in an emphatic way that they want him for their president.

This sentiment includes, of course, a pervading belief in the doctrine of protection with which McKinley's name is conspicuously identified. He stands for a policy under which the country reached its greatest prosperity, and they are convinced that the misfortunes of the last three years are mainly attributable to the departure from that policy. They are tired of deficits and bond sales, and in favor of a tariff that will yield sufficient revenue to pay public expenses and protect the national credit. Their experience of Democratic rule has satisfied them that a monstrous mistake was made in 1892, and they are determined to correct it in 1896. They want good times instead of hard times, and they turn to McKinley as a leader whose past services have been signally effective in the promotion of the general welfare. As a supplement to protection they want sound money, which is to say that they are for the maintenance of the gold standard, and they know that McKinley can be trusted to represent and enforce their wishes on the subject. In short, he suits them in all ways, and they have refused to accept any other standard bearer.

In selecting Garret A. Hobart as a candidate for Vice President, the convention made a judicious and satisfactory choice. He is a man of fine ability, unquestioned integrity and long experience in politics. His name will be worth many thousands of votes to the party in New Jersey and other eastern states, and the more the country learns about him the better it will like him. With such a ticket, there will certainly be no lack of Republican enthusiasm. There is not a thing to be said in disparagement of the capacity or the worthiness of either of the candidates. They are men for whom all good citizens can vote with full assurance that there will be no cause to regret it. The platform upon which they are to go before the people is plain, straightforward and easy to understand, and they are in earnest accord with every plank of it. There is no reason to suppose that they can be beaten by any possible combination of opposing elements. They have been nominated for the purpose of being elected by one of the largest majorities in the political history of the country, and this purpose will be accomplished in spite of all that the free traders and free silverites may do to prevent it.

McKINLEY AND HOBART.

The Republican National Convention Completes the Presidential Ticket.

ST. LOUIS, June 18.—McKinley was nominated on the first ballot, the vote of Ohio being sufficient to give him a majority. There was a great outburst of enthusiasm and then the roll call proceeded, resulting in a total of 661½ votes for McKinley.

Then the convention abandoned itself to excitement. Platt moved to make it unanimous, was seconded by Lodge, Depew and others and carried by a standing vote.

After disposing of the platform the roll was called for members of the National Committee, each State delegation handing in its selection. Then the roll was called for Presidential nominations. When Iowa was reached John B. Baldwin took the platform and made a speech nominating Allison. When Massachusetts was reached Senator Lodge made a speech nominating Reed of Maine. The convention gave him a hearty reception and the great cheering with which Reed's name was greeted showed the high esteem in which the speaker is held by the party. Littlefield, of Maine, made a speech seconding the nomination. When New York was reached Chauncey Depew nominated Morton.

In his speech Mr. Depew referred to "the erring brothers," who had walked out and wondered what they would do when they ascended the celestial stairs and found that the palace was, according to the apostle, made of gold. The remark caused an outburst of laughter and applause.

Just then a number of large tricolored plumes were brought into the hall, to be waved when McKinley is named. There was much quiet amusement when the boy handed one to Platt, who took it.

Depew referred to the mention of Morton's name for vice president, and he said Morton declared that he would not accept it unless it came unanimously, and as it could not come in that way, he would not accept it.

The mention of Ohio set the convention wild. Governor Bushnell sought recognition to say Senator Foraker would speak for the State. Plumes and flags were waved in every part of the hall. When Foraker took the platform the delegates and audience were on their feet throughout the building. It was a tumultuous scene and grew in intensity for several moments.

When Foraker named McKinley the convention went wild, the delegates in every part of the hall standing on the seats, waving red, white and blue plumes, flags, umbrellas and handkerchiefs.

Adding to all this din was the blowing of horns. Ladies and prominent men on the stand were cheering and waving banners and plumes. Maine, Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania remained seated with a few exceptions. A large crayon picture of McKinley was raised back of the delegates and in front of the speaker. The noise was deafening.

Hanna waved a handkerchief and the band played "Marching through Georgia." The entire convention took up the old song with great vigor, and many ladies' voices were heard. No effort was made to check the enthusiasm. Hanna continued beating time as they sang. Wellington, of Maryland, was conspicuous in his delegation and the singing. The band next played "The Battle Cry of Freedom." The convention took it up.

McKinley's picture was swinging in time to the music. Grosvenor created great amusement by fanning Hanna's head, while the band played and the convention sang "America." The enthusiasm did not subside.

Hanna mounted a chair and waved a handkerchief in one hand and a fan in the other.

When the band started up the "Star Spangled Banner" the enthusiasm broke out afresh, and as the band concluded the cheering was renewed. After 14½ minutes of applause, the band continued playing, and the convention again began singing, "Three cheers for the red, white and blue." Hepburn again pounded for order, but to no avail, and the band played "Dixie," and the Southern delegates rose to their feet and cheered with tremendous enthusiasm.

A man with a Napoleonic hat walked across the desks of the newspaper correspondents and took his place on the stand amid wild applause. The band played "Maryland."

The Ohio standard was taken to the speaker's stage and was waved amidst the tumult. Foraker stood upon the stage waiting for the confusion to subside.

Acting Chairman Hepburn finally succeeded in securing a semblance of order, and Foraker proceeded with his speech nominating McKinley.

The applause, cheering, playing, singing and waving of banners in honor of McKinley had continued 26½ minutes before Foraker could proceed with his address.

Foraker was followed by Chairman Thurston in a speech seconding McKinley's nomination, and at his mention of McKinley's name the cheering again broke out all over the hall.

On the call of Pennsylvania Governor Hastings took the platform to nominate Senator Quay and was applauded.

Quay was in the hall while Hastings was speaking, his alternate occupying his seat.

The mention of Quay's name by Hastings caused quite a demonstration.

After Quay was put in nomination, the voting began.

When the chairman announced 661½ votes for McKinley, the convention broke into cheers, delegates and audience rising. McKinley's picture was placed in the center of the hall and the convention went wild.

As soon as order was restored Senator Lodge moved to make McKinley's nomination unanimous.

Gov. Hastings, of Pennsylvania, seconded Lodge's motion.

Depew rose to second the motion amid great cheering. Before he got a chance to speak Mr. Platt took the floor and Mr. Depew sat down.

Mr. Platt moved to make the nomination unanimous and pledged the State of New York to give its usual majority for his election.

Depew mounted a chair amid general enthusiasm, but the chairman recognizes Henderson, of Iowa. Henderson declared the rank and file of Republicans had made the nomination this afternoon and not Mark Hanna and Gen. Grosvenor.

The audience demanded Depew. He took his chair amid much cheering. He said New York was here with no hard feelings and disappointments.

There were loud calls for Hanna, and on rising he was roundly cheered.

There were shouts that Hanna should take the platform, but he shook his head as if asking an opportunity to be heard. The convention quieted down and he made a modest little speech. He said that the nomination had been made by the people of the country and he took his place in the ranks with all other Republicans.

When the chairman put the motion to make the nomination of McKinley unanimous, there was a rising vote. No delegates could be seen seated.

As soon as the convention was able to settle down to business, after the McKinley excitement, a call of states was ordered for the nomination of vice president. It was ordered that speeches should be limited to five minutes.

When Connecticut was reached, Mr. Fessenden presented the name of Gov. Bulkley, of Connecticut.

New Jersey presented the name of Hobart. Illinois seconded the nomination of Hobart.

Rhode Island presented the name of Governor Lippett.

The name of H. Clay Evans was presented by Tennessee.

Kentucky seconded nomination of Evans.

West Virginia seconded Hobart's nomination.

Wisconsin seconded the nomination of Evans.

There was quite a demonstration for Evans for the convention.

Bailey was presented by Virginia for vice president.

A roll call was begun,

The call of 21 states down and including Missouri gave Hobart 228; Evans 158; Bulkley 32.

When the roll call reached Pennsylvania its roll call was cast for Hobart, bringing his vote up to a majority.

The total vote was as follows: Hobart, 533½; Evans, 277½; Bulkley, 39; Walker, 24; T. B. Reed, 3; Fred Grant, 2; Thurston, 2; Depew, 3; Brown, 2; Morton, 1. Absent, 29.

Hobart's nomination was made unanimous.

The convention adjourned sine die at 7:50 p. m.

Crops.

Wheat is thin on the ground; the best of weather can hardly improve it. Some grian has been cut in Washington county and no complaint has been received as regards quality. Rust is doing a little damage to wheat in Garrett county. The hay crop has been improved by the favorable weather condition, but is still far from satisfactory. Pastures are becoming better in Garrett county, and are exceellent in Allegany. Oats are in good condition everywhere. The farmers are improving the intervals of fair weather by sowing buckwheat. Potatoes have undergone continued improvement. Gardens look exceedingly well, and peas and new potatoes are being used in Washington county. Peaches are still falling, and fruit generally is not in very good condition.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

THE

New BUCKEYE

FOR 1896.

The Simplest, Best and Lightest Running Binder on Earth.

ISN'T IT A BEAUTY?

Examine our composition adjustable bearings and other valuable improvements for 1896. It beats the World.

From the Golden Harvest Fields of the Sunny South, where grain cutting is now progressing, come Songs of Praise for this Wonderful Machine.

The genius of man has never produced its equal.
Its perfect working Bundle Carrier is admired by all.
No weight on horses' necks—no side draft—open end, and it will handle the longest or shortest grain successfully.
See its high drive wheel which insures light draft.
Be sure and examine this machine before you buy. If there is no agent in your locality, correspond with us direct.

COMPETITORS ARE FLEEING BEFORE THE MAJESTIC MARCH OF THE NEW BUCKEYE.

HEAR WHAT PENNSYLVANIA FARMERS SAY,

The field selected was rye 7 feet tall, very heavy and green. The machine was drawn by an ordinary team, and never made a clip or missed a sheaf.

We the undersigned have, this 27th day of May, 1896, witnessed the working of the New Buckeye Binder, cutting rye on the farm of Dr. G. A. Knight at Lamentine, Clarion county, Pa. We consider its work first-class in every respect, and the Machine very light draft.

Some expressions from those present:—"Isn't she a daisy." "I tell you that's the lightest running binder I ever saw." "She handles that rye elegant." "Don't it make a splendid sheaf." "Say that beats the carrier beats them all." "That pair of horses could handle that machine all day." "Did you ever see a binder with such little machinery." "Not a particle of weight on the horses' necks, it's perfectly balanced." "It beats anything I ever saw."

E. P. Sheffer, D. Koppenberger, H. McGinnis, W. L. Long, B. M. Delo, Lynn Campbell, Joe Sheffer, Irvin McGinnis, H. C. Sheffer, Joe S. Shirey, Leroy Kurtz, Chas. Say, J. J. Kline, L. M. Coelman, Frank Kline, P. Wingard, Jno. Williams, Aaron Conner, C. K. Sheffer, G. H. Wenner, F. W. Perrin, M. B. Shannon, F. B. Shannon, jr., J. M. Kurtz, J. G. Heeter.

THE BUCKEYE MOWER.

ORIGINAL, GENUINE AND ONLY, MADE BY

AULTMAN, MILLER & CO.,

AKRON, OHIO.

FOR SALE BY

JONAS ✣ FRAZEE,

SELBYSPORT, MD.

IMMENSE FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION AT OAKLAND.

Spend Your 4th Where You Can Keep Cool and ENJOY a Day of PLEASURE.

A Gorgeous Trades Display and Lustrous Street Pageant!

FOUR BRASS BANDS.

A Band of Indians and Cow-Boys,

DRESSED IN THEIR PRAIRIE COSTUMES.

THERE WILL BE TO AMUSE YOU Base Ball Games, Tournaments, Running and Trotting Races, Bicycle, Egg, Foot, Sack, Donkey and Wheelbarrow races, Band Concerts all day. Three Dancing Floors. A sham battle in the Afternoon between Co. K; 4th Md. Regiment and Cow-boys and Indians. Firemen's Parade and Exhibition of Work.

A LARGE NUMBER of PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED THE VICTORS.

A 4th of July Oration will be delivered on the Grounds after the Parade. Over 50 acres of a Beautiful Park to be used for Amusements, etc. A grand Display of Fireworks and Flambeau Drill at Night. Several hundred dollars worth of Fireworks will be displayed from a hill-top.

The B. & O. R. R. wil run Special Excursion Trains for this occasion at greatly reduced rates from all points on main line and branches.

Don't Forget that We Guarantee You a Pleasant Time, so

COME TO OAKLAND ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.

WILLIE WRITES AGAIN.

His Pa Interviews a Former Citizen of Oakland.

On last Memorial Day pa said we would go to Oakland and see kind friends and kindred laying their loving tributes of remembrance on the tombs of such of their friends and relatives as have crossed to the other shore. While we looked on this solemn act of patriotism, I asked pa why he remained so quiet. "My son," said he, "to me this is a deeply impressive Sabbath of American patriotism." We remained in the cemetery until most of the people had gone. I called pa's attention to a well dressed gentleman of advanced age. He went from grave to grave and stopped quite a while at many apparently reading the inscriptions on the tombstones. Occasionally he would bow his head while closely examining some particular grave and place his handkerchief to his eyes as if to wipe away his tears. Pa was no little interested and waited long thinking that by chance he might make this man's acquaintance, but he lingered too long, therefore we wended our way toward the depot. Pa wanted to call on some acquaintances, and said I might look around town, but to meet him at the depot in time to take the accommodation for the Park.

An awful and degrading sight was for me to look at so many men who had spent much of their time and money in procuring inside decorations. To see them reeling through the streets uttering oaths which seemed to me would blister their tongues, cast a cloud over the pleasure I had already derived from my visit. I went directly to the depot and took a seat on one of the boxes which were on the platform. I had not been there long when an old colored man came shuffling along. "Honey," he said, "I guess I'll res' dese ole lim's ob mine an' sit rite down heah." "All right," I said. While we were talking who should come along but the old gentleman that pa and I met at the cemetery; he stopped in front of us. Addressing the colored man he said, "What is your name, sir?" "Coally, Coally, sah; dey calls me Coally." "How old are you, Coally?" asked the stranger, "I'se ninety-five, sah." "Why, Coally, when I left this place, thirty years ago you told me then that you were sixty-five; that would make you one hundred and five years old now." The old negro placed his hands on the head of his cane and resting his chin on his hands did not speak for a few moments. "How is it, Coally," asked the stranger. "Well, you see, mistah, I told my ole woman long 'go dat dere whar somethin' wrong 'bout my age. I was jist nine yeahs ole when Mastah Gineral George Washington was put undah de groun'. I'se jes' ten yeahs neaher heaben. Seems like I got wheels in my head ob late yeahs. I can't 'membah anything that happened yestahday, but I can 'membah way back." "Coally, I have just been calling on my friends." "You got friends heah, sah," said the negro. "Yes. I found most of them lying on yonder hill in the cemetery. There are but few of my old acquaintances left. I see that Alfred Sturgiss is still living. I knew him when he lived in Morgantown. Daniel Offutt—he and I were boys together: Singleton Townshend and John M. Davis were numbered among my early associates." During the latter part of this conversation my pa came along and was an attentive listener. Pa asked the stranger how long since he left Oakland. "Thirty years ago I sold my farm and moved to Nebraska. This is the first time I have been here since I left thirty years ago." "Have you called on these gentlemen you have just named?" "No, sir," he replied. "I dropped into Sturgiss' and bought a cigar, but did not make myself known. Mr. S. seemed to be turning over the pages of his memory when I left the store. I went into all the places of business of my early friends. Dan Offutt has taken on considerable avoirdupois, and I take it that he would have but little time to devote to recalling the early reminiscences of our times—too full of business. I have seen many men like Mr. O. That man would be a very uneasy man if he should retire from business. Singleton Townshend and John M. Davis seem hale and hearty—two grand men. They are all noble fellows."

"Why is it you do not renew your acquaintance?" asked pa.

"In the first place, all these men have changed. They are no longer the same men I knew in my early days. I have changed also. I have taken on the ways of western life, and I am no longer the man they knew in former years. My time is limited, too. I am on my way to Washington, and from thence I go to St. Louis as a delegate from my state to the Republican convention. I could not visit one without visiting all these men, and then perhaps they would name others whom I would feel in duty bound to call upon. This would consume too much of my time. It is enough for me, at present, to know they are all succeeding well in life, and I take with me the happy thought that their whole time is not given solely to earthly gain."

"Will you be kind enough to give me your address," asked pa.

"Pardon me, sir," he replied. "I would rather not have these old friends feel that I would return to my native heath and neglect to call upon them. You may think me queer. Well, we all are more or less queer. This much of my history I shall impart to you. I reside in a flourishing city in the state mentioned before. I have represented my county in the legislature for eight years; served as mayor of my city two terms of two years each. I am at present president of one of our banks, otherwise, I am leading a retired life."

The accommodation came along at this juncture. The gentleman bid pa and me good bye. I asked pa where the joke came in when the gentleman invited pa to call on him if he ever came to his city.

I do not want to annoy you with the trials of the Pennsylvania dutch woman, but out of pity I cannot help speaking about her. The poor woman has been confined to her bed for three weeks with nervous prostration. The doctor says that she would get well sooner if it were not for some whistling fiend who runs a freight engine on the B. & O. The Pennsylvania dutch woman's boy has run of the engineer who makes his whistle produce these unearthly sounds. The poor woman lies in mortal terror of the approach of this train. Her little boy sits by her side trying to keep her quiet by assuring her that the engineer means her no harm. Pa says it is a burning shame for the company to allow this hideous noise, and he said that when he lived out in Kansas there was an engineer who felt that he owned the road on which he ran besides half a mile each side of the right of way. They called his engine "Growler." He had a sweetheart who was deaf and dumb. She lived in a small village near the railroad and when the engineer came within six miles of the home of his sweetheart he would commence making the same hideous sound as does the whistling fiend who runs on the B. & O., and he made his afflicted idol hear him too. Pa held his watch on the B. & O. engineer and he consumed thirty-five seconds in one continual blast of varying sound for a single crossing, and he said that the engineer in Kansas was taken into the office of the master mechanic and given instructions how to blow his whistle according to rule. After he took his engine again the people living along the line of the road were so delighted with the radical change in his whistling that they clubbed together and made him a present of a gold watch, chain and a charm in the shape of a miniature whistle. After this a complete revolution took place in the man. He seemed to think that he no longer derived any pleasure in annoying people with his whistling. He ceased his growling and the living and the dead slept in peace. Pa said if he died he wanted to be at rest and for us to see that his body was not buried anywhere near this division of the B. & O. railroad, and he says that he thinks there are two whistling fiends on the road. Why, the passenger engines which run one-third faster than the freight trains do, make far less noise with their whistles than some of the latter's engines. In fact the passenger engines' whistling is sweet music in comparison with the hideous screeching blast of the whistling fiends.

WILLIE.

Notice to Subscribers.

On July 8th, as is our usual annual custom, we shall send to our subscribers statements of their accounts. We have on our books over a thousand names of subscribers who owe us on an average of $3.25 each. This in the aggregate amount to a considerable sum and we desire to impress this fact upon the minds of the delinquents: that if we do not receive a remittance on amounts above three dollars we shall be compelled to place the accounts in the hands of our attorney for collection.

This notice is given at this time time so as to allow our friends to make preparations to meet this obligation. We do not want to give any of our suescribers trouble but if we can't make collections through the agency of letter writing and the mails we will be compelled to resort to other and sterner methods.

Mt. Lake Park Ice.

Mr. B. F. Crane, who has charge of the ice house at the lake, will deliver ice to residents of Oakland every morning except Sunday. All orders left at the Oakland Pharmacy will receive prompt attention. 15-4 t*

M. A. Y.

Writes of the St. Louis Convention and the People Who Were There.

When this reaches the readers of THE REPUBLICAN the St. Louis Convention, upon which the eyes of the world have been focussed the preceeding week, will have become a thing of the past. It will also have entered into history as the most notable one ever held. The dramatic incident of the retirement of the silver delegates from the hall is without a parallel. The insertion of the word "gold standard" in the platform is without a precedent.

It marks a distinct era in national events and nothing has occurred since the fateful 60's to equal it in its far reaching and unlooked for influences. What the end will be, no man can foresee, possibly the disrupting of the two great political parties and the formation of a new one out of the ruins of the old on new geographical lines.

To those who saw that mighty sea of 15,000 upturned faces June 16, 17 and 18th, forgetfulness will not soon come. It was a picture to linger long and to grow with the lingering. With its thousands of palm leaf fans and pampas plume nodding and waving it reminded one of a mighty field of ripened grain, ready for the reaper.

Senator Foraker was the centre of attraction and seemed to arouse more spontaneous enthusiasm than any of the other great lights of the Republican party. He is the coming man. Without Foraker's influence McKinley could never have gotten the nomination. He is far more popular in his own State than McKinley and was the real choice of the Ohio delegation, but Hanna said "No", and what Hanna said had to "go." Foraker is a very fine looking man with a clear cut, cultivated face, covered with a bland smile and crowned with a halo of silvery hair. He, with that jolly, capital good fellow, W. S. Capeller and beneyolent looking General Grosvenor, formed Ohio's "Three Graces." Capeller was formerly chairman of the Republican state committee, of Ohio. Was also commissioner of railways under Foraker's administration Grosvenor's strong point is figures. If McKinley is elected he will probably be appointed chief of the bureau of statistics or census commissioner.

Gov. Bushnell, of Ohio, is a rosy, rotund, good tempered looking man. He does not look as though he could ever find it in his heart to sign anybody's death warrant. Ohio was very much in evidence. In fact it was really an Ohio convention with a few people from outside states allowed to come in on promise of good behavior.

Teller & Co. did not behave well and they were sent home without a sup of party pap. "Honors were easy" between Platt and Depew. Each one received ringing rounds of applause whenever they "bobbed up serenely." Platt is tall and rather spare with a cunning secretive look and a big head brim full of brains. Depew has a plump figure, a fine face and a well groomed air. He has a pair of steel gray eyes that flash with the clear keen radiance of Damascus blades and drive home his arrowy sentences with the stab of stilletos while a charming smile plays over his features and helps to pluck out the sting of words which might wound. He is president of the greatest railroad in the United States and a very rich man. Quay is the political sphinx. His strong Romanesque face expresses much, but gives away nothing.

I was introduced to Frank G. Carpenter, the brilliant journalist and lecturer on China and Japan. He claims to be the ugliest newspaper man in America. I don't feel inclined to dispute his pretensions though I think many handsomer men might be willing to swap faces with him for the sake of his facile pen. He wrote syndicate letters from here concerning the chief actors in the convention that will deserve to be called mosaics of men, so keen, clear and comprehensive were they.

The weather was all that could have been desired up to the last day and then Old Sol began to pile the fagots under the furnace and the mercury rose nearly to the 90 notch.

June 20th, 1896. M. A. Y.

Reduced Rates to Washington.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will hold their annual meeting in Washington, D. C., July 7 to 13.

For this occasion the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell tickets, from all points on its lines, East of the Ohio River to Washington, at one single fare for the round trip, July 6 to 8, inclusive; valid for return passage until July 15, inclusive, with the privilege of an additional extension until July 13 by depositing tickets with Joint Agents at Washington

Tickets will also be on sale at stations of all connecting lines.

Delegates should not lose sight of the fact that all B. & O. trains run via Washington.

A Pitiable Sight.

Messrs. Calvin Thompson and Henry Wilhelm, the two men who were injured in the Davis Coal and Coke Company mines at Thomas, W. Va., about six weeks ago by a dynamite explosion, an account of which appeared in this paper at the time, passed through here Tuesday at noon en route to Baltimore, where they will be placed in Johns Hopkins hospital.

Both of the men are almost entirely blind, and had to be led. Mr. Thompson was minus one hand, which he had lost in the accident. The coal company is sending them to the above institution, and will pay all expenses. Thompson was the mine boss, while Wilhelm worked in the mine. They certainly were distressed looking, and commanded sympathy. — Yesterday's Cumberland Times.

Call for Your Letters.

Charles Sprague, James W. Savage, Mr. Hamstead, S. G. Haynes, Chas. E. Hoye, Miss Ada Pysell.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, either in person or by deputy, will be in each of the election districts in said county, to collect and receive taxes at the time and places following:

July 13, McHenry,
" 14, Hoyes,
" 15, Friendsville,
" 16, Selbysport,
" 17, Accident,
" 18, Cove,
" 20, Grantsville,
" 21, Johnson's,
" 22, T. B. Layman's,
" 23, Avilton,
" 24, Gregg's,
" 25, New Germany,
" 27, Bittinger,
" 28, Bittinger,
" 27, Bloomington,
" 24, Floyd,
" 28, Swanton,
" 29, Wilson,
" 30, Deer Park,
" 30, Altamont,
" 31, Gorman,
" 31, Kearney.

Office in Oakland will be closed from July 13th to 31st inclusive.

N. B.—By an act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed at January session, 1896, being Chap. 506, it is provided that, "All county taxes shall be due and payable on the first day of September succeeding the date of levy, and on all county taxes paid on or before said day a discount of 2 per cent. shall be allowed; and after the first day of January all taxes shall bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until paid. The treasurer shall take the discount and charge interest on the tax bills for county purposes regularly in the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same on his books and upon the receipt given for taxes so paid; but this discount shall not be allowed unless the whole amount of state and county taxes due for the current year be paid when the same is made."

THOS. C. WILEY, Treasurer.

TRUSTEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE

IN GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in Equity, dated the 11th day of June, A. D. 1896, and passed in a cause standing as No. 750 on the Equity docket thereof, wherein Alexander Moon is plaintiff and Emily E. Hardesty et al, are defendants, the undersigned trustee will offer at public sale on

Thursday, the 2nd Day of July, 1896,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m.,

in front of Nethken Bros. store in the town of Deer Park, Garrett county, aforesaid, the real estate in the proceedings in said cause mentioned and described—

All that tract or parcel of land situated in Garrett county aforesaid and more fully designated by the metes and bounds of a survey as follows: Beginning for the same at a small white oak tree standing on a ridge and marked with nine hacks, and running thence with an allowance of 2¼° for magnetic variation, north 72° east 86 perches to a stake standing midway between a small black pine tree and a large yellow pine tree mark each six hacks, south 72° west 100 perches to a stake and stone pile, north 18° west 80 perches to a stake standing north 72° east 15 links from a white oak tree marked with six hacks, and thence by a straight line to the beginning, containing 50 acres, the same being part of a tract of land called

"THE PINK OF ALLEGANY,"

conveyed to the said James W. Hardesty by B. F. Paugh and wife by deed dated the 19th day of May, 1890, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, folio 329, among the Land Records of Garrett county. Also all that other portion of the said tract of land called "The Pink of Allegany," which was conveyed to the said Hardesty by Joseph R. Anderson and wife by deed dated the 9th day of January, 1892, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 20, folio 200, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and described as follows.

Beginning at a stake and stone pile standing at the end of the third line of a tract of land conveyed by Joseph R. Anderson to Benj. F. Paugh and running thence south 15° west 90 perches to a stake and stone pile, north 75° east 80 perches to a stake and stone pile standing about eight feet west of a chestnut tree marked with six hacks as witness, north 15° east 60 perches to a stake and stone pile with a pin oak and locust tree marked each with three hacks as witnesses, and thence with the third line of said conveyed tract to the end thereof, south 75° west 80 perches to the beginning, containing 30 acres.

These two parcels of land, comprising the home farm of the late James W. Hardesty who being situated about three miles northwest of Swanton near North Glade, will be sold as an entirety.

The improvements consist of a

TWO-STORY FRAME HOUSE,

stable and all necessary out-buildings. Forty acres are under fence of which about twenty-three acres are in cultivation. There is also a small orchard.

TERMS OF SALE as prescribed by the decree, one-half cash and the balance in two equal payments at six and twelve months with interest from date, secured by the bonds of the purchaser with satisfactory endorsements, or all the purchase money may be paid in cash at the option of the purchaser.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
Trustee.

Millinery and Dress Making.

Just opened, at Mountain Lake Park, by Mrs. J. L. Pierce. First-class work guaranteed. Will carry a full line of

STAPLE GOODS.

HATS TRIMMED to ORDER.

on short notice. Miss B. C. McAndrews will superintend the business. Her long experience is a sufficient guarantee for first-class work. Call and see our goods. Oakland Avenue and L St. 11—3

THE Maryland Building and Loan Association

of Garrett County.

OFFICERS:

ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINERAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney.
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencies.

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock:

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month. FIFTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL ROOFING. SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In affect May 24, 1896.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS		NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1			No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.			MOON	P. M.
2 30	8 00 lv	Cumberland	ar	12 00	4 30
2 57	8 31	Rawlings		11 20	6 58
3 20	8 56	Keyser		11 01	6 38
3 35	9 09	Westernport		10 51	6 23
3 56	9 32	W. Va. C. June.		10 18	6 29
4 01	9 37	Shaw		10 23	5 55
4 25	10 00	Harrison		10 00	5 33
5 10	10 45	Elk Garden	ar	8 55	4 20
5 00	10 30	Gorman	lv	9 21	5 10
5 06	10 11	Bayard		9 15	4 51
5 17	10 52	Doloth		9 00	4 41
5 50	11 25	Thomas		8 34	4 05
6 25	11 55	Davis	ar	8 00	3 30
5 50	11 27	Coketon	lv	8 31	4 02
6 19	11 51	Hendricks		7 59	3 30
6 25	11 57	Bretz		7 51	3 25
6 28	12 00	Parsons		7 51	3 22
7 09	12 39	Kerens		7 28	2 45
7 50	1 00	Elkins	lv	6 40	12 30
	1 30	Beverly	lv		11 45
					P. M.
	2 55	Bealington	lv		11 30
P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

NOTICE OF THE Creation of New Voting Precincts

Under and by virtue of the power conferred upon the Supervisors of Elections by Chapter 202 of the acts of 1896, notice is hereby given that said Board of Supervisors of Elections of Garrett county have divided Election District Number Seven of said county as follows:

All that part of said Election District Number Seven, as now laid out and established, east of the Hooppole road and on the east side of Third street in the town of Oakland and on the east side of the Aurora road shall be known and designated as Precinct No. 1, and all that part of said Election District Number Seven on the west side of Hooppole road, on the west side of Third street in the town of Oakland and on the west side of the Aurora road shall be known and designated as precinct Number 2, of said Election District Number 7.

A. G. STURGISS,
J. ALVIN FRIEND,
FRED. C. RIES,
Board of Election Supervisors.

11—2

A Chance for Farmers to Improve Their Stock.

EMPEROR WILKES

TIME, 2.28.

PEDIGREE:

EMPEROR WILKES, by Ethan Wilkes 6017, dam Mary M.; Ethan Wilkes by George Wilkes, dam Lady Ethan; George Wilkes by Hambletonian 10, dam Polly Spanker; Lady Ethan by Ethan Allen 93, dam Topsy dam of Hambletonian Mambrino Mary M. by Mambrino Rattler; dam by Brigadier 77, dam by Hopeful; Mambrino Rattler by Mambrino Chief II, dam by Rattler 77.

M. Maroney & Son have decided to stand this horse at their stables in Oakland during the season of 1896 for the small sum of

$10.00 INSURANCE.

M. MARONEY & SON,
Owners.

9—2m

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—	Daily	2.50 A. M
No. 1.—	Daily	7.17 A. M
No. 71.—	Accom daily except Sun	8.30 A. M
No. 5.—	Daily	10.20 A. M
No. 55.—	Express, daily	5.22 P. M
No. 17.—	Accommodation daily	6.45 P. M
No. 1.—	Daily	10.00 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8.—	Daily	5.59 A. M
No. 2.—	Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 11.—	Accommodation daily	9.03 A. M
No. 72.—	Accom daily except Sun	1.20 P. M
No. 56.—	Daily	5.02 P. M
No. 4.—	Daily	12.20 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

THE G. E. PEARCE DRUG CO.,

OF FROSTBURG, MD.

We have probably the largest stock of goods in the drug line in Western Maryland.

P. D. & CO. and S. and D. pharmaceutical preparations always in stock, supplied to physicians at jobbers' prices.

OUR LINE OF

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES AND WINDOW GLASS

IS LARGE AND COMPLETE.

We sell and guarantee LUCAS TINTED GLOSS PAINT at $1.25 per gallon.

9-2m

WHY SHOULD YOU SEND YOUR CHILD

—TO—

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

1st. He (or she) can be prepared for college; he can study book-keeping, shorthand, typewriting, etc., and be fitted for business; he can begin his course in medicine or pharmacy under a teacher who has made the subject of chemistry a specialty.

2nd. It is a home school (co-educational and for a limited number) and is conducted with all the loving, care-taking ministrations for individual development that the name implies.

3rd. Students require the most bracing, nerve-building climate, and here they have it. Among the recreations are skating, boating, tennis, bowling.

4th. English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, German, Musical and Art courses. Bible study and high ethical teaching will fit him for a noble Christian career.

E. B. SWAN, Principal,
18-1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., M

SHEEP

Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, 14 old pieces; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, ROLLERS, etc.

T. G. CARSKADON,
20—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

MOUNTAIN STATE

Business College,

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Course. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE

IN MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Mary P. Alderson and Joseph C. Alderson to John W. Arnold, John C. Dunlman and William A. Nair, trustees of Garrett Council No. 35, Jr. O. U. A. M., dated January 28, 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 25, folio 475, one of the Mortgage Records of Garrett county, default having been made in the covenants of said mortgage, the undersigned attorney named in said mortgage to make sale thereunder, will sell at public auction in front of the Postoffice in Oakland, Md., on

Friday, the 3rd Day of July, 1896,

AT TEN O'CLOCK A. M.,

all those lots or parcels of ground described in said mortgage, situated in the town of Mountain Lake Park, Garrett county, Md., the same being

Lots Numbers 1200, 1201B, 1201C, 1202, 1300 and 1302

on the plat of Mountain Lake Park Association.

Said lots are most desirably located and are improved by a

Large Two Story Dwelling House

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11—4

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

RACING WITH FIRE.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

The train was crossing a vast prairie. The single line of rails run as straight as if it had been drawn with a ruler, from one horizon to the other. On each side the coarse grass, green with the tint of spring, waved breast-high. There was no sound except the monotonous beat of the wheels, as they passed from one rail to the next, and the steady swish of the grass, as it bent before the rushing wind of the train.

I was sitting on the platform of the observation car, with half a dozen other passengers. The conversation fell upon prairie fires, and each man appeared to have read his Cooper, or his Mayne Reid, there was a general agreement of opinion that in case one were to be caught out on the prairie in the path of an advancing fire, the only method of securing safety would be to start a fresh fire, and let it burn up the grass that would otherwise serve as fuel for the larger fire.

"That's all very well," said a grizzled, hard-featured man, who had previously taken no part in the conversation, "but the man who invented that plan didn't know much about prairie fires. If he had, he would have known that when a prairie fire gets near to you, the wind draws in towards it from all directions, and if you light a fire the chances are that you make things a good deal worse than they would be if you didn't meddle."

"Have you ever seen a prairie on fire?" I asked.

"I've seen this identical prairie blazing for all it was worth, and I had a mighty narrow squeak for my life, for the fire went clean over me. If I'd tried the plan of lighting an independent fire, I shouldn't be here to-day.

"It was along in 1874, when this road was a-building, and I was one of the engineer's assistants. We began at the western end, down by Bucephalus, and we had laid about 40 miles of track in a straight line across the prairie, and had got to within, say, ten miles of where we are at this identical minute. It was an easy job, for we had just laid the sleepers down on the ground and spiked the rails to them, calculating to ballast the track when we got good and ready. I had a big gang of Irishmen under me, and we used to average a mile a day of track laying. One July day we had a strike among the laborers, and all hands quit work. I was down at Bucephalus at the time, and the chief engineer asked me to take a locomotive over the line and see if the strikers had done any damage before they left us.

"I started out in the morning, with nobody except the engineer in charge of the locomotive, I agreeing to take turns with him in shoveling coal and watching the engine. We came along slow and easy, for the track was too rough for any fast running, and about noon we got to where it ended. There were no signs that the strikers had meddled with the track, and, as it was a pretty hot day, Sam and I, after we had had our lunch, lay down alongside of the engine in the shade of the cab and took a nap.

"I woke up a little before two o'clock, and as I was filling a pipe and making up my mind to wake Sam and to start for home a big wolf bolted out from the high grass and ran across the track not two yards from us. His tail was between his legs and the foam was dripping from his mouth, and he was making about as good time as any wolf ever made before or since. He never so much as looked at me, and when he had vanished I called Sam and told him that I had seen a mad wolf. While I was speaking about a dozen prairie dogs rushed past us, and then there came another wolf and a couple of hares. All of them were doing their level best, and they paid no more attention to us than if we had been a couple of corpses.

"'What on earth is the meaning of this circus?' says I. 'Are those animals just racing for the championship, or is there somebody after them?'

"Sam didn't answer, but I saw that he looked scared. He sprang up, and, climbing on his engine, looked over the prairie to the eastward. Then he sang out to me to get into the cab quicker than lightning, and started to open the draught and set the fires blazing.

"'What is it?' I began to ask, as I climbed into the cab. But I didn't need to finish my question. I could see for myself what was the matter. The whole prairie east of us, as far as I could see, was in a blaze; and, as there had been a strong east wind all day, and the fire wasn't more than three or four miles away, I calculated that it would be down on us in a very few minutes.

"'Hadn't we better start a fire and burn some of this grass off before the fire gets here?' I asked Sam. You see, I had read about that way of stopping a prairie fire, and knowing that Sam had been born and bred on the prairie, I calculated that he would know all about it.

"'Better start h—ll!' says Sam. 'Can't you see that the wind has all gone down here, though it's blowing a gale where that fire is? That means that the air has begun to draw in towards the fire, and that in the course of a few minutes we'll have what you'll take for a breeze from the westward. Hold on, now, for I'm going to open her out, and we're going to do some tall running.'

"With that he pulled open the throttle and the engine started with a big jump, as if she had seen the fire and was badly scared. We went down the track for about a mile at a pretty good gait, and then we had to stop while Sam tightened a nut in the connecting rod.

"'Do you mean to run away from the fire?' I asked.

"'I calculate to try it,' said Sam, 'since it's our only chance; but I don't much believe that we can run as fast on this track as the fire can. That fire is coming on at the rate of 20 miles an hour, and whether this engine will keep on the rail at such a rate as that I have my doubts. Hullo! here come the snakes.'

"The ground was all alive with snakes. There were rattlers and blacksnakes, and hognoses, and copperheads, and every sort and size and condition of snake. When they struck the track they seemed to see the advantages of it as a highway, and they turned and pointed for Bucephalus without stopping to ask the way. They were just full of business, and hadn't the least time to take notice of one another or of us. Blacksnakes and rattlers are generally spoiling to fight one another, but this time they were jostling and running over each other, and nobody was saying: 'Where are you shoving to?' or so much as offering to bite. One big rattler climbed into the cab, and Sam just shoved him out with his foot. I needn't tell you what that snake would have done if he hadn't had his mind set on getting away from the fire.

"The sight made me fairly sick, for I hate a snake as I do an Injun. I knew then how a poor devil feels who has the delirium tremens, and if I hadn't been a sober man, which I always was, I'd have sworn off then and there.

"Well, we started on again, running over snakes by the dozen. Some of them got twisted into the driving wheel, and the engine lashed the ground with them as if they were whipcord till they were worn out. We had lost only two or three minutes by stopping, but the fire seemed to have gained on us about half the distance that it had been when we first saw it, and we were near enough now to hear the crackling and the roaring of the flames. I saw the fire strike a big tree, and, if you'll believe it, that tree burst as if it had been filled with gunpowder and vanished clean out of sight in less than a minute after the leaves began to frizzle. The wind was drawing towards the fire, but we could see by the way the flames acted that a high east wind was bringing the fire down on us at an awful rate. The flames would shoot up 30 or 40 feet into the air and wave just as if they were hurrahing at the prospect of catching us.

"Our engine was going at least 25 miles an hour and was swinging from side to side and bumping over the joints—for we didn't have any fishplates in those days—as if she was bound to jump the track. We had outrun the snake procession, and the only live thing we could see was a coyote who was loping down the track 50 yards ahead of us, without so much as turning his head to see what was after him.

"'How long will the track stand this sort of thing?' says I to Sam, as he finished shovelling fresh coal into the fire.

"'Don't know,' says he. 'It's 18 miles from here to the Wachusetts river, and if we can get across the bridge ahead of the fire, there is a fair chance that it won't cross. I don't much believe that we shall fetch the bridge, but if we don't it won't be because I don't drive this hyer engine for all she's worth. We're dead men if she jumps the track, and we're dead men if we stop short of the river. So we might as well let her go, and take our chances.'

"I don't know if any of you gentlemen have ever traveled over a track that was laid on a prairie without any ballast. If you haven't, take my advice and don't ever try it. There were times when the swaying of that engine made the whole track, sleepers and all, slide sideways. It wasn't merely that it felt as if the track slid. It actually did slide, and I could see places that we had passed over that ought to have been straight, but that were curved in and out, just like a snake that is trying to get away from you, and twists itself into a letter S so as to confuse you and keep you from hitting it. Sam hung on to the lever and I hung on to the edge of the cab window. Neither of us could have kept our feet without hanging on to something. I am free to say that first along I was pretty badly scared, but finding that the engine didn't leave the track, for all her slewings and jumpings, I began to think she would carry us through. So far as I could see, the fire didn't gain any on us, but then we didn't seem to be gaining anything to speak of on the fire.

"Presently Sam swore in a general sort of way, and sung out to me to rake up the fire. I did so; and then, supposing that something must have dissatisfied him, I asked him what was the matter.

"'That derned coyote's the matter, said he. 'We don't gain an inch on it, and I do most everlastingly hate to be beat by a coyote. Here! you take the lever, while I ile her jints a little. I'm bound to beat that coyote between here and the river, or to pile up this engine. I never see such an impudent derned brute since I took to railroading.'

"Well, Sam went out on the engine with his oil can, and when he had oiled her to his satisfaction he came back and raked up the fire again and fussed round with his gauges. He seemed to have forgotten all about the danger we were in, and to think of nothing but racing with that coyote. Pretty soon we could see that we had gained a little on the beast, and Sam was as cheerful as he would have been if he had been sitting comfortably in a Bucephalus saloon. He never so much as looked back at the prairie fire, that was as near as ever and as bent on gathering us in.

"'The ground is sort of loose and swampy just below here, if I remember rightly,' said I. 'Will she keep the track, do you think?'

"Sam didn't answer me, for he was leaning out of the cab and watching the coyote. Suddenly he sings out, 'Hurrah, boys! The coyote's losing his wind. There ain't ten minutes' more run in him, and we'll be atop of him in less than that time.'

"Just then we struck the swampy part of the road that I had been speaking of, and, one side of the track sinking a little too deep, the engine jumped the rails and struck out across the prairie on her own hook. Sam and I jumped at the same minute, and when we picked ourselves up the engine was lying on its side about a rod away from the track, and the tender was trying to climb over the wreck.

"'That there coyote's won after all,' said Sam. 'He's got a fresh wind, and he's safe to make the river in time to save his bacon.'

"'What's the use of talking about him?' says I. 'Tell me what we're going to do. There ain't any sort of use in trying to run, I suppose?'

"'Not the smallest derned grain,' says Sam. 'That fire is due here in about 15 minutes, and we might as well sit down quiet and wait for it.'

"I saw that Sam didn't consider that there was the least bit of a chance for us, and you can imagine whether I was scared or not.

"'I did read once,' says Sam, 'about a chap who was riding on the prairie and was chased by a fire, same as we are now. He shot his horse and ripped the hide off and wrapped himself up in it. The hide being green, you understand, didn't burn, and the man came through all right. It's a middling tough yarn, but all the same it's a thing that might have happened. I was thinking that if the fire would wait half an hour till my boiler tubes cooled down, I could pull them out and we could get into the boiler, the same as the man got into the horse's hide. But there's no use in signals that fire to stop and lay up on a siding for half an hour, just to suit us.'

"'There's water in the tender,' said I; 'couldn't we do anything with that?'

"'Your head, pardner,' says Sam, getting up and going towards the tender, 'ain't so very far from being level. Let's see how much water we've got.'

"With that he opened the manhole of the water tank and looked in. 'We're all right,' says he. 'You come along here and get into that tank with me. We'll put the cover on when the fire reaches us, and I expect we can stand it for five minutes or so. It's a scheme that lays way over that fellow's horse-hide game, and I shouldn't wonder if it turned out satisfactory for all concerned.'

"The manhole was big enough to let a man through, and when Sam and I got into the tank and crouched down in a sort of sitting position, the water came just up to our chins, and we had about ten inches of head room. Sam pulled the iron cover part way over the hole and said: 'Now we're pretty certain not to be roasted, which is what that fire is aiming at. It'll be some satisfaction to get the better of it.'

"'I don't see,' said I, 'that we're bettering things very much by putting ourselves in the way of being boiled instead of roasted.'

"'I don't suppose,' said Sam, 'that there is any great things to choose between being roasted or biled or fried, or you might say baked. But that fire has set its mind on roasting us, and if we're biled, it'll be disappointed. Besides, I ain't so sure about the biling. It'll take some time to heat up this water, and we may pull through after all.'

"Just then the noise of the fire showed that it was getting close to us, and a whiff of smoke came into the tank. Sam pulled the cover on, and says to me: 'Just sit and take it easy. There's air enough here to last us for some time if we don't use it up in talking.'

"I kept quiet, and said my prayers to myself. The fire came down on us with a whoop like ten tribes of Injuns, and the top of the tank was hot in less than no time. The roaring of the fire seemed to pass on and away from us, but there was a tremendous lot of cracking going on in our neighborhood, which showed that the fire was still all around us. We waited and waited, hoping every minute that the fire would die out and let us open the tank. The water kept getting warmer and warmer, and when I touched the top of the tank, where the water didn't reach it, I burnt my fingers. The air, too, kept getting more and more choky, until I was very near my last gasp, and Sam was about the same. When we couldn't stand it any longer he threw off the cover, and put his head out. Then he broke into a big laugh, that was a little hoarse by reason of the choking he had undergone, and he climbed out of the tank, calling to me to follow him, which naturally I did without wasting time.

"The prairie fire was miles away, and the crackling which we heard was made by the woodwork of the tender and the wreck of the engine cab, which was all in a blaze. There wasn't anything to hurt us when we were once outside of the tank, but if we had stayed in it long enough we would have been boiled without the least doubt. We jumped down on the ground, and stood there to see the wreck burn, and, with the exception of my burnt fingers and a little hair that was singed off the top of Sam's head, we were as cool and comfortable as a man could want to be.

"We walked back to Bucephalus, and I had considerable difficulty in getting my chief to believe that Sam and I had saved ourselves by hiding in a tank. I was so well pleased at my escape that it made very little odds to me what he thought about it; but Sam was that discontented at having his engine beat by a coyote that nobody could get a civil word out of him for the next week."—Pall Mall Maguzine.

Telling Time by the Stars.

"Plenty of people can tell the time by the sun," said one of the Ogallala Indian chiefs now here on departmental business, "but even our boys and girls can tell the time by the stars—do tell the time by the stars. You have to stand in a particular place, and, to be accurate, about the same place each night. In a little time anyone can learn about how fast a star moves. Having a start from a watch, clock, or from sundown, it is easy enough to calculate the time, all during the night. Of course, it won't work on cloudy nights, as the sun time telling does not work during cloudy days, but for all ordinary occasions it is rarely that an Indian ever looks at a watch or clock, even if he has one, which is very seldom, and the Indian children never."—Washington Star.

JUSTICE FIELD'S GREAT OAK.

Said to Be the Largest in California and to Cover Several Acres.

Long before California became a part of American territory there existed in the vicinity of Monterey, and there still stands there after a half century of occupation, a wonderful specimen of the live oak indigenous to this state. It was a marvel to the Mexicans of those days, and was pointed out as one of the curiosities of the land to the few visitors to the coast.

Among those to whom the natural wonder had been shown in the days of Mexican domination was a young passed midshipman of the United States navy, whose ship had anchored in Monterey bay. His name was Timothy Beals Field, and he is now long since dead. The midshipman belonged to a family whose members have been distinguished in science and business, in the pulpit and in literature, at the bar and on the bench of the supreme court. He was so amazed by the sight of the marvelous tree that he sketched it and wrote an account of it to his father, a clergyman residing among the Berkshire hills of Massachusetts. This incident was long forgotten. It was only last year, on the occasion of his visit to California, that the recollection came to the mind of Justice Stephen J. Field. A party was made up. The tree was found. It proved to be even more extraordinary than as described by the young midshipman to his father.

After exploring its labyrinths, the party returned to San Francisco. Soon after Justice Field went east on his official duties, and while there Mrs. Field wrote an account of their visit to the tree which reads:

"Rounding the lagoon we saw ahead of us a large sandhill with a crown of green, and as we passed the hamlet of Seaside we learned that we were approaching our Mecca. A climb in the sand and up a few rickety steps brought us under the sheltering branches of the largest tree so far known to Californians—not in height (though its height is great), but in its capacity to shelter. I remarked that I thought 999 persons could stand comfortably beside me, but a learned man in our party said rather 5,000. Since the midshipman wrote of it the tree must have expanded vastly, for it now covers more acres than one. Its trunk is not to be seen; the fine light sand has drifted in to the depth of 30 or 40 feet, and covered and protected this relic. Its branches remind one of the Laocoon; it seemed almost as if they not only could shelter, but would embrace us, too. Each branch is the size of an ordinary tree, and there are numbers of them spreading out latitudinously, with other branches on these, shooting upward to the sun, the foliage being all on top and very dense.

"The tree is of the variety known as the California live oak, quercus virens; its leaves are small, fresh and crisp, and of a vitality unimpaired by years, and they do not fall with the seasons.

"It is said that no one has ever yet seen a leaf of the live oak unfold or fall.

"The outside form of the tree is beautiful, being entirely circular, and as you sit under its shelter and admire you cannot but speculate as to its age; its gnarled and crooked branches proclaim great antiquity, its lovely green perpetual youth.

"It may be added that ever since the rediscovery of the tree it is popularly known as 'Justice Field's oak.'"—San Francisco Chronicle.

PENMANSHIP NOT REQUIRED.

Profession That Is Open to Anyone Who Can Even Scribble.

"Dad" Price, the secretary of the police department, tells this story on himself. It may have been an ancient one that the young man heard somewhere on his travels, but it sounds all right. He says he was sitting at his desk one day signing some papers, and he was in such a hurry that he was not doing his very best. In fact, he was writing a wretched hand. A railroad man with grease on his face and warts on his hands entered. He said nothing for awhile, but just stood and watched Mr. Price write. Finally he said in a husky tone:

"By George! I wish I could write as good as you do."

Mr. Price did not reply, but just kept on writing. In a minute or two the man remarked:

"Great guns, if I could just write as good as you do!"

By this time Mr. Price was annoyed, and the stranger ventured to say:

"Well, if I could just write as good as you do!"

Then Mr. Price turned suddenly in his chair and said, angrily:

"Well, what would you do?"

"I'd go to China and write labels on tea boxes."

This is why Mr. Price took the railroader out and threw three or four red lemonades into him.—Louisville Commercial.

His Infirmity.

"Absalom," said Mrs. Rambo, "have you time to take this carpet out and—"

"Don't ask me to do anything to that carpet, Nancy," responded Mr. Rambo. "I want to rest."

"I think you're always wanting to rest when I ask you to do any little job about the house," wrathfully rejoined Nancy. "You'd be worth a good deal to a bicycle maker!"

"Why, my dear?"

"Because you've got an everlasting tire on you!"

Whereat Mr. Rambo exploded in a loud guffaw.—Chicago Tribune.

He Never Heard the Last of It.

"Well," said the whale, "I'm not much of a hand at fishing—never did do much in that line—but once down by Nineveh I pulled a prophet clear out of the water. His whiskers were at least two feet—" The sea serpent interrupted him. "I suppose, of course, you preserved a photograph," he sneered, sarcastically. "No," stammered the whale, in some confusion; "to tell the truth, he—he got away. You see—" A storm of gibes drowned his explanations.—N. Y. Press.

IN AN ICE CREAM FACTORY.

How a Large Concern Turns Out the Summer Delicacy.

There are no coal mines in Chicago. But if anyone is ambitious to know what it is like, they should visit an ice cream factory. There is one in a big, cavernous basement on Wabash avenue. The only means of reaching it is by the big, wet, sinking lift which carries the ice down. One stands on this, for there are no side bars or anything else to hold on by. The man at the ropes gives the order to "haul away," and slowly the big platform sinks into the black hole.

There is a rush of cold air, darkness closes in, and there is just a momentary suspense as to what the outcome will be. It takes a steady nerve, too, for a pitch either way in the darkness would land one on his head in the damp, dripping cellar beneath.

The eyes soon become accustomed to the darkness, however, which proves not to be so dark after all. Dimly outlined on the water-soaked floor—for there is ice, ice everywhere—is a little railroad track for the box carts which carry the ice back and also bring the big freezers out.

Piles of wooden casks and boxes reach to the ceiling on either side, making a narrow, dark passageway, suggestive of underground travel.

But the prospect brightens and the pathway lightens and broadens out as the approach toward the front is made. Figures begin to loom up and the buzz of machinery increases into a roar. The light streams in from the glass sidewalk above, and here is where the ice cream is made. Five machines, run by electricity, are working at full speed, and five ten-gallon cans, filled with what is destined to cool many "parched" tongues, are revolving rapidly round and round.

Another great machine is noisily crushing great blocks of ice as if they were nut shells. Twenty-five tons of ice in one day is an average of what the big machine chews up, ready to be packed around the cans. One thousand five hundred gallons of cream, requiring ten wagons to deliver it, is considered a good day's business by one factory.

Ice is indispensable at all stages and at all times in the making and handling of ice cream. First it is used in the freezing process, then the cans are packed in it to keep it while in "stock," and afterwards it must be delivered in ice to the customers.

Men stand watchfully at the wheels of the machine where the freezers are whirling, and by a peculiar skill, which comes only with experience, they can tell by the draft on the wheel exactly when the cream is "done." That is the term used to signify when the cream is frozen just enough. If it is allowed to freeze too long, lo! it turns out butter instead of ice cream. Sweetened butter it is, and a tribute at the same time to the genuineness of the article used in making.

But to go back to the beginning of the process. Lovers of ice cream may congratulate themselves that the largest proportion at least of what they eat is genuinely what it purports to be. Only about one gallon of milk is the average use to ten gallons of cream. The amount varies somewhat, according to the thickness of the cream. One gallon of sugar also is the proportion used to ten gallons of cream.

Men with long wooden paddles stir and mix this mass together thoroughly preparatory to the freezing. And, what seems rather surprising, it is all heated or steeped before it is put into the freezer. It is not boiled, but is allowed to come almost to the boiling point.

The flavoring is added last, and vanilla is used in every batch, it matters not what other flavor or crushed fruit is added. Fresh fruits are seldom used, as they are said to contain too much water.

New York ice cream should be the most nourishing of all, as it has on an average seven dozen eggs to ten gallons of cream. These are added raw and are thoroughly steeped before freezing.

There is only one drawback to the thorough enjoyment of ice cream, and that is the amount of handling it undergoes before it is ready for use. A colored man, with an immense hand, in removing the revolving wheel from a can of cream the other day, used his hand to separate the cream from the wheel. Others transferred it to smaller cans for customers. And others yet again were engaged in cutting up the pink and white and brown slices into "individual" cakes for the service of dining cars. Not many people would care to eat the little square bricks after seeing them thus prepared.

One of the revelations of an ice cream factory is the fact that "stock" is sometimes kept on hand as long as three months.

When the cream comes from the freezer it is in a running mass about the consistency of a pancake batter. It is then poured into cans varying from one quart to five gallons, or the amount required to fill the day's orders. It happens often there is some left over. This is molded into bricks, wrapped in paper, put in tin boxes, and stowed away in ice chests.—Chicago Tribune.

Sentiment and Practicality.

It was a pretty little love scene—the picture they were looking at and the title was, "The Old, Old Story."

"What is the old, old story?" she asked, artlessly.

"Oh, I reckon it is something about getting robbed by the umpire or something of the sort," he answered.—Indianapolis Journal.

Practical.

"We try," explained the preceptress, "to give the girls a practical education, and to especially fit them to be wives. Yes. First class in tying a man's cravat, attention! Cooking? Oh, no, not since years ago."

Already the new century was dawning cold and gray.—Detroit Tribune.

—The fossil remains of four different types of dogs have been found.

One Thousand Farmers Wanted

To settle on one thousand choice farms on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway in Dakota.

These lands are located in twenty different counties, and are to be had now at prices ranging from $7 to $15 per acre; a few months hence their value will be doubled.

For a home or for investment no luckier chance in the West has ever before been offered. Now is the time to invest. No better farming land exists anywhere. No greater results can be obtained anywhere.

Schools and churches abound everywhere. Nearby markets for all farm products. South and North Dakota are the banner diversified farming and stock-raising states of the West. Everything grows in Dakota except ignorance and intemperance. A new boom is on. Take advantage of the tide which leads to Dakota and to fortune.

For further information address or call upon W. E. POWELL, General Immigration Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ills.

NEVER write anything that does not give you great pleasure; emotion is easily propagated from the writer to the reader.—Joubert.

Three for a Dollar!

Three what? Three charmingly executed posters in colors, drawn by W. W. Denslow, Ethel Reed and Ray Brown, will be sent free of postage to any address on receipt of One Dollar. All who are afflicted with the "poster craze" will immediately embrace this rare opportunity, as but a limited number of the posters will be issued. The scarcity of a good thing enhances its value. Address GEO. H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

PROSPECTIVE CONTESTANT—"The testator was a very ignorant man and drew the will himself." Lawyer—"In that event I can offer you small encouragement."—Detroit Tribune.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is the name of an illustrated monthly newspaper published by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R. It aims to give information in an interesting way about the farm lands of the west. Send 25 cents in postage stamps to the "Corn Belt," 209 Adams St., Chicago, and the paper will be sent to your address for one year.

"You surely do not favor petticoat government?" said an objector to a woman suffrage advocate. "No, I don't," was the reply. "I favor bloomer government."—Detroit Free Press.

An Important Difference.

To make it apparent to thousands, who think themselves ill, that they are not afflicted with any disease, but that the system simply needs cleansing, is to bring comfort home to their hearts, as a costive condition is easily cured by using Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only, and sold by all druggists.

CRUEL.—"I know that age is telling on me," said Miss Sereleaf. "Yes, dear; but you needn't mind so very much. It isn't telling the whole truth."—Sketch.

Rome Wasn't Built in a Day,

Neither are the obstinate maladies, to the removal of which the great corrective, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, is adapted curable in an hour. To persist in the use of this standard remedy is no more than just. Biliousness, constipation, malaria, rheumatism, kidney complaints and nervousness are among the complaints which it eradicates.

"Young man," said the merchant to the prospective office boy, "are you fairly well educated?" "I be," replied the boy, proudly.—Tit-Bits.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

"Can you cash a check for five dollars?" "Oh, yes." "All right, lend me five."—Life.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. DR. KLINE, 931 Arch st. Phila., Pa.

CALL him wise whose actions, words and steps are all a clear because to a clear why. —Lavater.

"They say the jewelers are down on bicycles." "Yes, it has got so that a fellow who rides a wheel doesn't care whether he owns a diamond pin or not."—Chicago Record.

Only

Think what a long train of diseases arise from impure blood. Then keep the blood pure with

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills are always reliable. 25 cents.

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TEMPERANCE.

THE CHIVALRY OF THE CUP.

Sad Story of a Life Transformed by the Demon Drink.

Mary Stirling, arrayed in her bridal robes, stood in her mother's cottage.

What a picture she made!

The cheeks like mountain roses, the satin gloss of her dark hair, and the rosebud lips, were not so beautiful as the beaming gladness in her dark brown eyes.

For a beautiful soul looked forth from the brown eyes.

This very day she was to seal the bond which bound her heart and soul to Donald Carter, the lover of her childhood and youth. And she must leave her happy home, the mother who had so loved and cherished her, and all the dear friends of her youth for a home in a strange land. Yet Donald would be with her and she was content.

As she stood beside him and pronounced the indissoluble vows, it seemed that her confidence was not misplaced. A noble specimen of manhood he was, tall, erect, with broad, open brow and flashing eyes, as he looked down protectingly on the slender girl by his side.

She did not detect the odor of the "mountain dew" he had imbibed in honor of the occasion.

"Good-by, darling mother," she said, as she stood on the deck of the outward-bound ship.

"We shall make our fortunes in America and then we'll send for you."

Alas! it was a last "good-by." America did not disappoint the happy young couple.

Donald was a skilled workman and found employment readily at the highest wages, but, alas!

The craving which the "mountain dew" had kindled was too easily met.

He did not stop to learn from actual statistics that the drink bill of the free young nation would provide every family with a home and comfortable support; that, instead, it made beggars and criminals of the millions; that it

"GIVE ME THE MONEY, MARY."

filled the penitentiaries and poorhouses, the electric chair and the gallows, while an army of innocent wives and children pined in want and beggary.

Open saloons were everywhere, were far more plentiful than churches, and Mary Carter noted that though her husband's wages were the same as ever, the most rigid economy was needful to enable her to buy bread for her little ones.

They came crowding into the small home one after another, rosy, bright-eyed little maidens so like the Mary Sterling of old, and a fine boy, too, like his father.

Donald Carter divided his earnings between the saloon and his home, but the saloon claimed more and more, till at last a bare pittance was left for the home needs.

Donald grew irritable.

"Poor boy, he works too hard," Mary thought.

She was still loyal to her idol.

Donald lost his situation and drifted from state to state.

His great ability secured lucrative employment for a short time, until, yielding to the enemy which had shorn him of his strength, he was adrift again.

At last with five helpless children and a brave, true wife, he found himself "looking for a situation" in a small village where the churches outnumbered the saloons. Christians gathered about him, and told him of the Great Physician. Men farther down than he were permanently healed, and at last he bowed at the altar of prayer and seemed like a new man.

Nearly a year passed by and the roses came back to the wife's wan cheeks and the light to her eye. But, alas! he would not recognize his enemy. He fell, and became a mere vagrant.

The wife, with help of kind friends, supported the family, where sometimes the skilled mechanic, Donald Carter, would hide for a few days.

Every little hand was busy trying to help procure clothing and food.

Mary, her mother's namesake, was happy. She had picked and sold berries until she had earned money to buy a dress.

"Give me the money, Mary. You have done nobly. I will buy you a finer dress in the village where I have found work than you can get here," her father said, and she gave him the money.

The chivalric knight of the bottle spent the money for grog, and left, followed by the execrations of every lover of decency.

He is still drifting, his Master knows where.

Brave Mary toils on, and the deserted family have the sympathy, the respect, and the aid of a community which honors virtue and despises the chivalry of the bottle.—Mrs. E. J. Richmond, in National Temperance Advocate.

He who is content with his condition is not likely to improve it. And, by the way, that is exactly the reason why some people remain in the slums.—Religious Telescope.

SMOKING LEADS TO DRINK.

Reliable Medical Testimony Against the Use of Tobacco.

Dr. Mulhall, of St. Louis, Mo., recently read before a medical society a paper on cigarette smoking, a practice which he heartily condemned, especially in young persons. Dr. Ingalls, of Chicago, was outspoken in his condemnation of tobacco in all forms, especially in the form of cigarettes. He declared that he had seen many persons whose nervous system was seriously affected by indulgence in tobacco, and had also seen chronic inflammation of the throat produced by smoking. Dr. Langmade had so long been accustomed to recognize the ill effects of tobacco-smoking upon the throat that he was able to tell by examination of the throat alone whether or not an individual was a smoker, and also whether he had abstained for a few days. He called attention to the interesting fact that the best singers abstain from smoking before a public appearance, and that, in some cases, singers had been obliged to abstain from smoking for several weeks before some special effort. He also complained of cigarette smoking because of the narcotic effect produced by it, to which the smoker becomes readily addicted.

As an evidence of the poisonous effects of tobacco, he referred to a case in which he had applied a solution of nicotine to the throat of a patient for the relief of a condition which was supposed to be benefited by smoking, but with the most disastrous results, the patient fainting at once, and being revived only with much difficulty.

Dr. Mulhall, who was somewhat of an apologist for tobacco, admitted that "tobacco leads, in a certain degree, to the use of stimulants * * * owing to the temporary depression produced by smoking, which could be relieved by alcohol." But he held that the combined effect of alcohol and tobacco was very bad in the end. It is thus that the use of one poison leads to that of another. Smoking is only a stepping stone to alcoholic intemperance.

A DEADLY ROPE.

It Had Caught Others, and the Father Was Dangling It Before His Own Children.

Rev. William Taylor, in the Brethren Evangelist, relates the following autobiographical incident:

"I was sitting at the table of an Irish merchant in S—— a few years ago. He had eight beautiful children. He had his wines and brandy on the table, and of course asked me to drink, and I had to give my reasons for declining. This gave me an opportunity to put in a little temperance, and while I was making my little speech by way of apology, I made this remark:

"I would like to see the man who could truthfully say: 'No relative or friend of mine ever fell through intemperance.' I saw that this had struck him; his knife and fork fell from his grasp, and he remained silent some seconds.

"'Well,' said he at length, 'I am not that man. My first Sunday school superintendent was a man of genial spirit and noble mien. He went into the wine trade and died a drunkard before he was 40. My first class leader, I believe, was a good, intelligent, useful man; but he, too, yielded to the habit of intemperance, and died a drunkard. My own father suffered through intemperance.'

"'Yes,' I exclaimed, 'and you, yourself, are parading before your friends and your children the instruments of death which slew your first Sunday school superintendent, your first class leader and your father. The very rope with which they were hung you are adjusting to catch your own children. I cannot afford to put my head in such a halter as that.'"

THE LIQUOR BUSINESS.

It Is Wholly Bad—Public Opinion More and More Inclined to Outlaw It.

The Nashville Advocate continues to do vigorous work against the whisky traffic and in favor of temperance. This editorial paragraph is a sample of its directness and force in this connection: "The liquor business is wholly bad. It has not a single redeeming feature. There is not one word to be said for it. Nobody that is worth counting dares approve it. It continues to exist by mere sufferance. Public opinion is more and more inclined to outlaw it. There is not a southern state in which the majority of white voters would not wipe it out to-morrow. It is in the position of a condemned criminal who is making the most of a brief reprieve. The great distillers and brewers know that their profits are in danger. Hence they contribute large sums of money, hire skilled lobbyists, buy up purchaseable legislators, and resort to all manner of questionable methods for putting off the day of doom. They may well be alarmed. The decent and God-fearing people of the land will not remain forever acquiescent to this trade of blood. Speed the day when they will demand its cessation."

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

Many a bar helps keep up a summer resort, and many a summer resort helps keep up hell.—Attila, in Lever.

Temperance is the moderate use of all things helpful and total abstinence from all things harmful.—Union Signal.

The deaths from alcoholism in Stockholm amount to 90 per 1,000, which is the highest rate in the world.

Never forget that the runseller fights for his business. He can afford to spend his money. If successful he can easily recompense himself from the pockets of his victims.—Westerly Tribune.

A decrease in 1895 compared to 1894 of $5,170,795.43 in revenue from alcoholic liquor is shown by the United States commissioner's report for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1895.

A liquor journal says: "Drunkenness is a crime that deserves punishment." Why not also punish the producers of drunkenness—the manufacturers of drunkards?

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Mrs. Luke Fish, of Anderson, Mich., has been married only five years, yet she is the mother of eight children—four sets of twins—all of whom are in good health.

—At the recent hanging of Mat Mootry in Texas the assemblage present was so enormous that the sheriff was obliged to announce "standing room only."

—The schooner Good Intent, said to be the oldest craft registered in the official list of merchant vessels, is ready to start out on her 84th year of cruising from Belfast, Me., where she has been tied up during the winter.

—At the present time there are owned and controlled by the railroads and private car companies of America nearly 1,250,000 freight cars, or enough cars to make two continuous trains reaching from Boston to San Francisco, with an engine for every 45 cars.

—The lord lieutenant of a British county is a permanent provincial governor appointed by the sovereign, whom he directly represents. He is the head of the magistracy, the militia and the yeomanry, and is responsible in cases of emergency for the preservation of the public peace. He has the power of appointing deputy lieutenants.

—There is in existence a curious class of knives of the sixteenth century, the blades of which have on one side the musical notes to the benediction of the table, or grace before meat, and on the other side the grace after meat. The set of these knives usually consists of four. They were kept in an upright case of stamped leather, and were placed before the singer.

—Some idea of the terrors of a bursting volcano may be gained from the account of the last eruption in Hawaii. The crater of the volcano was filled from 600 to 1,000 feet deep with molten lava, which finally forced its way through a subterranean passage. It was 40 miles from there to the sea, yet this avalanche of molten rocks reached the waters in less than two days, destroying everything in its track.

COOKING ORANGES.

Various Ways of Preparing the Fruit for the Table.

There is something repulsive in the idea of cooking the fruit of the sweet orange, and it is not to this fruit we refer. The Florida orange, the most delicious orange that is grown, when eaten uncooked, is not fit for any culinary process. The bitter wild orange of Florida makes an excellent preserve, very similar in flavor to the famous Dundee marmalade of Scotland, made from the Seville or wild orange of Spain; but no one is so foolish as to attempt to cook the sweet cultivated fruit or preserve it. In regard to the cheap oranges from Spain and the Mediterranean the case is quite different. Though the pulp of these oranges is more acid than those of Florida, the peel is sweet flavored. At this season, the oblong Valencia fruit with its sweet orange-red rind is found in every grocery store, and costs from 25 to cents a dozen. It is an excellent orange, cut up for tea, either alone or mixed with bananas. Peel the outer yellow rind from the oranges with a thin-bladed knife and save it by putting it in a bottle and covering it with alcohol. If the peel from the oranges used during the spring months, when Valencia oranges are in market, is removed in this way and covered with alcohol, there will be a large quantity of orange extract on hand. The bottle containing it should be frequently shaken and should be left to "digest" for six months or longer before straining the orange peel out of the liquid and beginning to use it for flavoring. After taking off the yellow rind, pull off the white pithy peel, cut the oranges into circular slices, taking out the seeds and cutting each circle into three or four pieces. Add about half a cup of sugar to the pulp of six oranges or more if they are tart. Toss them in the sugar and put them in an earthen dish in the oven to melt the sugar. It will take three or four minutes in a moderately hot oven. When the sugar is melted cool the oranges in the refrigerator until they are ice cold and serve them as they are or with whipped cream for tea. A dish of sliced oranges is very nice with two tablespoonfuls of grated cocoanut added to it after melting the sugar over them. A dish of three oranges and three bananas makes an excellent compote. Slice the fruit, toss it in sugar. Set it in the oven to melt, cool and chill it and serve it.

Valencia oranges make excellent fritters. Beat the yolk of an egg with half a cup of pastry flour, add a tablespoonful of lemon juice and cold water enough to make it the thickness of an ordinary thick batter. Let it stand for several hours. It will do no harm, if it is covered, for it to stand 24 hours. Just before using it beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth and stir it in. Add also the grated yellow rind of one orange. Cut two peeled oranges in circles about a quarter of an inch thick, remove the seeds. Dip each circle as soon as it is cut in the fritter batter, and fry them in abundance of hot fat for three minutes. Bananas are very nice fried in this batter. Omit the orange peel and use a little banana juice in the batter when making banana fritters.—N. Y. Tribune.

Sympathy.

Mrs. Highup.—Such showing sterles as the papers do tell. I read to-day of a mother around the corner who tried to kill her children because she could not get them anything to eat.

Mrs. Higherup—Cruel creature! Well, I don't know, though. I really believe I would rather etherize poor little Fido than see him hungry. Marie, go see if you can't coax Fido to eat a little more of that tenderloin.—N. Y. Weekly.

Qualified.

Junior Partner—Why did you give Crummer the job of collecting debts for our firm? Do you think he is any good?

Senior Partner—Well, he collected a debt from me one day.—Tit-Bits.

DISEASE IN THE SODA GLASS.

Microbes Lurk in Improperly-Cleansed Vessels.

Did you ever reckon with the soda water microbes?

There is no nicer breeding spot for the nicest crop of bacteria than this same soda fountain before which thirsty humanity lines up on summer days.

The soda water glass is used every few minutes by people who pay five cents to give and take fresh supplies of germs diluted with the sirups and carbon that drip from the nickeled faucets. The thick sirups and egg mixtures are the most promising field for the microbe development, because all sorts of dangerous bacteria are fond of sugar, and the growth of germs is not stopped altogether in the ice cold bottles or reservoirs. Cold only stupefies a microbe, but it does not derive it of its life, even if it freezes it hard.

Cream or milk used in connection with many of the drinks concocted by the young gentleman at the fountain adds a large crop of bacilli unless it has been boiled, and that is never done. Milk that is bad is the most magnificent culture medium for every kind of germ.

The microbes of rotten eggs are found in glasses that have been used for making egg phosphates.

Another microbe that lurks in the soda water glass is the pneumonia microbe. Pneumonia is readily communicated by glasses and cups used in common by many people, and anyone who swallows the germ is liable to develop it.

People therefore should be careful where they drink their soda water, and watch for the methods that are used in cleansing the glasses, if they wish to avoid various diseases that arise from exposure to microbes.

The drug clerk rinses out the glass before the eyes of the customer in a sink or faucet, or a brush with water running around it. This gives a suggestion of cleanliness and safety to the average soda water consumer with which the bacteriologist is not at all satisfied. Such flimsy pretext of cleaning a glass cannot make one that has been infected from the lips of anyone who has any form of disease a safe vehicle of drink to the next comer.

The shortest and simplest method to make utensils free from germs is to scrub the object vigorously with soap, water, and a stiff sterilized brush to get it moderately clean outside. Then it should be bathed in corrosive sublimate, 1-2,000 solution, for some hours, or a very strong solution of carbolic acid. Boiling hard for at least five minutes kills the bacteria, but to kill the spores, superheated steam should be employed, or else the glasses should be boiled three times in succession.

This shows how impossible it is for the glasses at the soda fountain to be really clean or free from microbes, and what a difference there is between what the public and the doctor calls clean.

Not a better culture medium is to be found than the soda water glass with its layer of sirup, cream, egg. So thin that even the microscope would hardly reveal it, it is sufficient to make a comfortable breeding place for bacilli. As the summer advances the danger becomes greater, for the microbes multiply like sands on the seashore. — St. Louis Republic.

NIGHT ON SHIPBOARD.

The Regular Duties and the Time for General Relaxation.

The "first call" is sounded again five minutes before sundown, when the ensign and the jack-halyards are manned and a staylight made ready for hoisting to indicate the ship's whereabouts during the night. Then the color call follows at sundown as the flag is lowered and saluted by all as it reaches the deck. The assembly is then sounded for evening quarters and muster, but there is no drill.

As a rule it is just after sunset when the bugle call is sounded to "Stand by hammocks." That brings all the crew on deck, and they stand in silence close out to the ship's side beside the hammock nettings, in two ranks facing the stern, until the boatswain's mate reports to the officer on deck: "All up and aft." The latter then orders: "Uncover!—Pipe down!" and in obedience to this order and the boatswain's whistle the nettings are thrown down, and the hammocks are served out and taken below to their proper places. Each hammock has printed on it a number, and that same number is on the hook below decks where that hammock has to be swung, so that each man sleeps in the same place every night, and that place is called his "billet."

Unless, now, a boat is called away there will be no more bugle calls until five minutes of nine. The period is one of complete relaxation, and is spent by the sailors in smoking, spinning yarns, singing, playing on musical instruments and dancing. At five minutes of nine the first call is again sounded as a warning to the crew to prepare to turn into their hammocks and go to sleep. At nine o'clock comes the call known as "Tattoo."

This Tattoo is the survival of an old custom. In the "old navy" it used to last 15 minutes, and was performed with drum and fife, playing all manner of airs and quicksteps, according to the fancy or ingenuity of the drummer and fifer. It is even said to have been handed down from a period of superstition, when they used to make a hullabaloo after dark to drive the devils out of the ship. At the last note of Tattoo the ship's bell is struck twice for nine o'clock, and the boatswain's whistle sounds "pipe down." Every man must then turn into his hammock, whether he is sleepy or not, for an inspection is made by the master-at-arms to see that all have done so. Then sounds that last, long, mournful call, "Taps."—Lieut. John M. Ellicott, in St. Nicholas.

—The song of the locust is louder when bad weather is imminent than at other times. In the rural districts this sign is regarded as exceedingly favorable for a change of weather for the worse.

SHAKING HANDS.

A Person's Character Is Shown by His Manner.

Individual characteristics show themselves in the shape of the head, the curve of the nose, the style of walking, and in other less noticeable ways, and perhaps the little matter of handshaking may be considered the trade mark of gentility, a sort of door card, as it were, to let you know what manner of man lives within.

There are people who make their living by reading the contour of the head, feeling the bumps, and then diving headlong into an exhaustive dissertation on the subject's past and future, with a full and minute description of all his attributes. Some of these charlatans have been known to actually believe in their powers of divination.

Then there are nomads and East Indians, who read your palm and deduce minute accounts of your antecedents and your posterity. No one ever believes them.

But possibly no man has been bold enough to try to discern character by the shake of the hand. It would be rather a difficult job. Besides disclosing certain traits of personality, handshaking figures considerably in national characteristics.

It is a custom, just as sea-bathing is, or talking, or eating, and, after centuries of practice, molds itself into a habit.

The voluble, effervescent French nation shake hands as they talk and do everything else. They come at you with a V-shaped wedge, overwhelming you with whole oceans of words, and shake hands like a pump handle.

Unfortunately, perhaps, no foreigner can aspire to the dignity of the president of the United States, but what a president a genuine French handshaker would make! When it comes to public receptions, and a few hundred palms, more or less, to grasp, your average Frenchman would make an ideal chief executive in these democratic states of ours.

With the English it is quite different. The tendency to dignify and solemnize everything they do finds ample scope for expression in the daily incident of handshaking. They do nothing enthusiastically, nor with unseemly haste. They veneer ever their smallest act with a magnificent sedateness and respectability which is appalling to an uneven-tempered American, and mean nothing short of a total demolition of equilibrium for an excitable Gaul.

And thus it comes about that when you shake hands with an Englishman or an English woman, you have an insinuating suspicion that you are on the mourners' bench, and that some dreadful old woman with green glasses and a poke bonnet is dolorously preparing you for the world to come, and is giving you a parting shake to speed you on your journey. That is the way it feels to a healthy man. The English handshake isn't exactly corpse-like, but it gives you the shivers until you are used to it. And it is patronizing, too; something dreadfully insular about it, that impresses you with your inferiority.

Our English cousins have allowed the matter-of-fact business of saying "Howdy" with the hands to degenerate into a sort of dissipation. They indulge themselves in it, as they indulge in a "B and S" when they have a headache. It has even gone so far as to develop at times into a veritable orgie.

In their refined, exclusive way, they take an infinite, almost childish delight in calmly folding their hand around yours and raising it high in the air, to stay there until you both get tired. The English shake hands when they get up, shake hands at the breakfast table when they leave the house, at luncheon, at dinner, when they go to bed, and believe it is not improbable that they indulge themselves in their sleep.

The delicious and refreshing contrast to both the French and English styles is our own. We are generally too busy, that is, our men are, to waste much time in embellishing our handshakes, or prolonging them beyond the period of decent civility.

Among men, indeed, the special habit seems to have fallen into disuse for some occult reason. It is hard to say whether it is considered effeminate and silly, or merely a waste of valuable time, which so often is money with us. Perhaps both figure among the causes for the decline of handshaking. At any rate you will find that, generally speaking, only ministers of the Gospel, women, club men and cads, with a small sprinkling of real gentlemen who have money enough to justify little indulgences, monopolize the handshaking business in America. Of course, this statement is qualified because there are times when every man is called on to undergo this tiresome imposition of society.

But among the handshaking classes of America there is a wide difference as can well be conceived.

When the typical American, the business man, that is, is obliged to shake hands, he gets over it as quickly as possible. He suffers it as a matter of necessity, and doesn't adorn it with any stucco work or bas-reliefs. — Toledo Blade.

Dog and Pipe.

The Bristol (England) Times gives the following version of an old story, which it vouches for as literally true: "The gentleman was traveling on the M. R. from Stonehouse to Bristol in a first-class smoker. The lady got in at Yate just as the train was moving off. The gentleman was smoking a well-colored meerschaum pipe, which the lady threw out of the window. The gentleman retaliated by throwing out her dog. At Mangotsfield station the lady called the guard, and was about to give the gentleman into custody for cruelty to her dog, when, on turning round, the guard spied the dog running along the platform, with the pipe in his mouth, still alight."

—Reason should direct and appetite obey.—Cicero.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"I hear your friend is practicing the most rigid economy?" "Yes; she does nothing but shop."—Yonkers Statesman.

—She—"This novelist writes of his heroine as a tall girl with becoming blonde hair." He—"I suppose he means by that that she was having it bleached."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—Attorney—"What was there about the deceased that led you to believe he was of unsound mind?" Witness—"Well, for one thing, he abhorred bicycles."—Philadelphia North American.

—"Is dis where dey wants a boy?" "It is; but he must be a boy who never utters an untruth and does not use slang or swear." "Well, me brudder's a deaf mute. I'll send 'im 'round."—Memphis Scimitar.

—"Would you like a sonata before dinner?" said the Washington hostess to the gentleman from Kentucky. "Well, I don't mind," said he; "I had two on my way here, but I reckon I can stand mother."—Boston Herald.

—His One Idea.—Branson—"Old Mr. Garlick completed a century this morning." Hy Geer—"How long did it take him?" Branson—"Why, a hundred years." Hy Geer—"Great Ixon! What wheel did he ride?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—Kind Neighbor (accompanied by a large mastiff, to a little girl very much afraid of him)—"He's a good dog; he never hurts anyone. Don't you see how he's wagging his tail?" Little Girl (still shrinking back)—"Yes, I see; but that isn't the end I'm afraid of."—Tit-Bits.

—Mr. Wiggles—"Didn't I tell you not to tell Waggles that we were going to move? I didn't want him to know it, and to-day he asked me when we were going to make the change." Mrs. Wiggles (indignantly)—"I didn't say a word to him about it. I didn't tell anybody but his wife."—Somerville Journal.

—The mother asked little Dot to go into the next room and see if the clock was running, for she had not heard it strike all the afternoon. Dot came running back, put her curly head into the door, and exclaimed: "Why, no mamma, de clock ain't a runnin'. It is des standin' still and a-wagging its tail." — Congregationalist.

UNUSED STAMPS.

How Uncle Sam Redeems Envelopes That Are Spoiled or Misdirected.

One of the most interesting branches of the postal service is that which is devoted to the redeeming of stamped envelopes which have been misdirected. A person of an observing turn can spend a very profitable half-hour there any time, listening to the stories told by the men and women of how they came to spoil so much valuable stationery. Indeed, it is a remarkable thing how so many envelopes get misdirected, many large firms returning them in lots of several thousand at a time. The clerks who have to count them say that it is all gross carelessness, and they point to the way in which the envelopes are returned — some back to back and others folded and twisted into every possible shape. All this means extra work to the clerks, who have very little spare time on their hands.

The envelopes are redeemed in all cases possible, many packages being received which have obviously not been misdirected. For instance, if a firm goes out of existence and has a quantity of envelopes left over, the chances are that a marking-brush will be drawn over the edges instead of a few scratches being made on each envelope. There are many ways in which envelopes can be spoiled for business purposes, and if a list of all the peculiar cases were made it would fill a book. One man recently brought in a box full over which he had spilled a bottle of ink, while another had a large quantity that had been badly damaged by fire, and a third appeared with a lot that he claimed had been gnawed by mice.

The government, of course, loses nothing in these transactions. It has been already paid for the envelopes and printing, and it redeems only the face value of the stamps. The New York office makes payment not in cash, but in postage stamps, and these stamps have to come out of the regular supply, as the department at Washington will not recognize any demand until the misdirected envelopes have been counted.—N. Y. Journal.

BODIES FOUND IN A TRENCH.

Physicians Examine the Skeletons and Decide They Are Bones of Indians.

Skeletons from the unknown graves at Stockton, Kan., have been brought to St. Joseph, Mo., and are now in the hands of physicians, who have decided that they are the bones of Indians. The skeletons were taken from a trench where 300 bodies have been buried.

Rain washed the earth from a skull at the side of the road and it led to the discovery of the burying ground. The bodies had been piled into the trench face downward and in every shape, presumably after a battle or massacre. The bodies of women and children were buried in the grave, but there was not a weapon or piece of pottery to show their race. The skeletons of the men were of ordinary stature and many of them do not resemble Indians in any way. The oldest inhabitants about Stockton do not remember any battle having been fought near the place where the skeletons were found, and have concluded that the bodies must have been buried there before the arrival of any white settlers. It was believed for a time that the skeletons were those of white people who had been killed by Indians while crossing the plains, and physicians were asked to examine them for the purpose of ascertaining their nationality.

Afghanistan's Highest Point.

The Hindo-Koosh, 20,600 feet, is reported to be the highest point in Afghanistan.

OUR WASIHNGTON LETTER

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, June 22, 1896.

Hurrah for McKinley and Hobart! A ticket of certain winners! Hurrah for the platform of principles which are prosperity bringers! Columns might easily be written of how the Republicans hereabouts received the platform and nominations made by the St. Louis convention without saying more than is contained in the above sentence. Major McKinley's nomination was expected but that of Mr. Hobart was somewhat of a surprise to a great many, although it was known that his friends were making a strong fight for him. Hon. Garrett A. Hobart is not so well known to the rank and file of the party outside of his own State as he is to the leaders with whom he has been associated since he became New Jersey's representative on the National Committee, but he is all right, in every sense of the expression. He has wide experience as a political manager, which he will put to good use during the campaign, as it has already been arranged that he shall have charge of the business end of it. He has also promised that he would take New Jersey under his own wing and to repeat the Republican triumph which put Griggs into the Governor's chair. It may not be amiss to say that Mr. Hobart's superb management was largely responsible for the State going Republican. Great as is the head of the ticket, Mr. Hobart is a worthy associate for Gov. McKinley.

A scheme is being hatched up to get enough silver votes added to the solid sound money vote to nominate ex-Gov. Campbell, of Ohio, at Chicago. Campbell is now in Washington. What his real position on the money question is, nobody knows. He has said himself that he had no decided convictions.

Hon. John Rooney, the well-known Irish orator of New York, doesn't propose to be uncomfortable on account of the crowded condition of Washington during the inauguration of McKinley and Hobart. In order to make sure Mr. Rooney stopped in Washington while on his way home from the St. Louis convention and engaged quarters for himself and a party of friends during inauguration week. And others are doing the same thing, in person and by mail. It is a wise thing to do, too. The McKinley inauguration crowd is likely to break the record, and those who fail to secure quarters early may not be able to get them at all.

According to the consensus of Washington opinion, without regard to party politics, the dignity and effect of Senator Teller's bolt from the St. Louis convention has been greatly lessened by the persistent efforts of the Populists to push Mr. Teller forward as a candidate for the Democratic nomination. Of course those who know Senator Teller's high minded devotion to principle, do not for a moment believe that he is taking any hand in this business, but there can be no doubt that in giving advance notice of his intention to do just what he did, he put it in the power of men less high minded to make use of him as a tool to attempt to carry out certain schemes of their own, nor that those men are taking advantage of their opportunity. There isn't the slightest probability that the Democrats will nominate Senator Teller for President, and he would increase the respect with which he is generally regarded if he would put an end to the game by forbidding the use of his name before that convention.

About the oddest thing in the present political situation is that although Mr. Cleveland said in his broadside against the silver Democrats, published last week, that his only desire hereafter was to be a private in the party ranks, the belief is generally held in Washington that he is willing to accept the Democratic nomination again, even upon a silver platform. This isn't complimentary to Mr. Cleveland, but it is the fact all the same.

That the Democratic party is, as ever, ready to do anything that will give it a chance to win is shown by the alacrity of Democrats to consider even the wildest sort of a proposition which promises to gain Populists and silver Republicans votes. One of these propositions which has been seriously accepted by some Democrats and the carrying out of which may even be attempted at the Chicago convention, is that a Democrat be nominated for president and a Populist for vice president, and that a resolution endorsing Senator Teller for Secretary of the Treasury be adopted by the convention. And these men actually seem to think that the voters of this country can be bamboozled by such a crazy quilt sort of an arrangement as this. They will know better later.

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

Accident.

The normal school opened here last Monday with an enrollment of 30 scholars, with many more to follow. We predict a very successful term. But what else could we expect with Prof. R. R. Sanner as teacher? He is so well known that he needs no recommendation.

Rev. Peter Bonin, of Cresline, Ohio, is here on trial preaching for the English Lutheran people.

Mrs. J. E. Gnagey and daughter, Ada, are visiting relatives and friends at Berlin, Pa., this week.

Senator Ravenscroft has given Fred. Kamp the contract to build his new house. It is to be completed Oct. 31.

Newton Gies is building a new house for Alex Haentfling. This, with the Senator's, will be a great improvement to our town.

The frequent showers recently are bringing out the grass and grain wonderfully. Prospects are good for a good crop all around. There will be a mammoth crop of apples and berries.

Prof. G. P. Helfley, of Berlin, Pa., is here teaching the Accident band.

Mr. G. F. Kight was kicked by one of his horses a short time ago and was pretty badly hurt, but we are glad to state, is about well again.

W. T. McMillan will go to Salisbury, Pa., this week, where he will spend a part of his vacation with his brother-in-law, Dr. A. F. Speicher.

Hurrah for McKinley and Hobart.

New Germany.

Corn and oats growing splendidly.

Our neighborhood was visited last week by a heavy rain and hail storm, which did considerable damage.

Quite a number of our young people went to Grantsville on children's day to attend the services in the M. E. church.

Mr. Jake Gnagey, one of our supervisors, has made a much needed improvement on the road between C. J. Otto's and the national pike.

Archibald Warnick is improving his farm by putting wire fence along the road.

Our Epworth League is progressing nicely under the management of the following officers: J. M. Durst, president; H. S. Crowe, 1st vice president; Miss Etta Baneord, 2nd vice president; H. M. Miller, 3rd vice president; C. C. Durst, 4th vice president; Cal Warnick, secretaay; Miss Jane Durst, treasurer.

Children's day was observed at the Trinity Reformed church June 21. The program was well carried out by the children. The choir rendered the music beautifully and Rev. Leader spoke for fifteen minutes on the subject' "The Good Shepherd." Although the day was warm and the house crowded everyone seemed to enjoy the services.

The Mountain Chautauqua.

The most superb and sensible summer resort in America. $300,000 expended in improvments; 200 beautiful cottages; hotel and cottage board at from $5.00 to $12.00 per week—cheaper than staying at home. The mountain air and mountain views are simply indescribable. Session August 5th to the 25th. Three superb entertainments daily. The best music and the best lecturers which money can procure. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, Gen. John B. Gordon and Bishop J. H. Vincent already secured with 100 others. Dr. W. L. Davidson the great Chautauqua manager, incharge.

SUMMER SCHOOLS.—50 departments of important school work in charge of leading instructors from the prominent universities. A wonderful chance for teachers and students desiring to make up studies. Tuition insignificant. Wishes of students gratified. Low rates on railroads. For full information and illustrated programs address A. R. Sperry, Mountain Lake Park, Md. 15-2.

Expert Train Running.

For the month of May the record of train movement on the B. & O. R. R. eclipsed the record breaking record for April, when the passenger trains arrived at their destinations as per schedule ninety-five times out of a possible hundred. The B. & O. fast freight trains between New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore on the east, and Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago on the west, are being moved with an equal degree of precision.

Mowers and Horse Rakes.

We offer to the public any one of the three standard mowing machines: The latest improved Champion; the latest ideal ball bearing Deering and the Dayton chain power mowers at prices ranging from $35.00 to $40.00

Hay rakes from $15.00 to $20.00.

Farmers in need of this class of goods should call and see samples and make arrangements as early as possible as the best are always scarce during the season.

19 3t J. M. DAVIS & SON.

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Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

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ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

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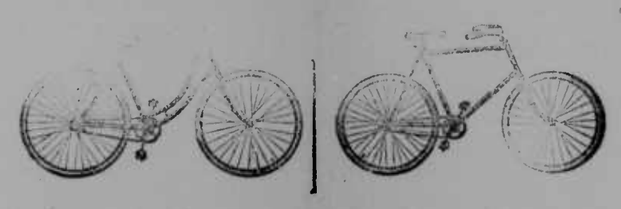

Bicycle Sundries of all Kinds, Cement, Pumps, Spokes, Tires, Wood Rims, Balls, Patching Rubber, Coasters, Lamps, Valves and Valve Stems, Repair Kits, Wrenches, Oilers, Locks, Etc., Etc.

BICYCLE REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

State Teachers' Association.

The Maryland State Teachers' Association will meet this year at Deer Park, Garrett county, Md., on the 14th, 15th and 16th days of July. Heretofore these meetings have generally been held in the eastern part of the State, which made it inconvenient and expensive for the teachers of Garrett county to attend. We hope therefore that our people generally, and especially our teachers, will show their appreciation of having the Association meet in our county by doing all they can by their presence and otherwise, to make the Association a grand success. Come teachers of Garrett county, let us all turn out and give our brother and sister teachers from the various counties of our State, a grand old fashioned Garrett county welcome. Come expecting a pleasant and profitable time and I feel sure you will not be disappointed. The Executive committee has secured rates at the Deer Park Hotel at $2.00 per day for two in a room $2.50 per day for one in a room. Board can be had in cottages and boarding houses in the village of Deer Park at from $1.00 to $1.50 per day. Trains will run so that those preferring can board at Oakland or Mt. Lake Park. The B. & O. R. R. Co., will sell to members and visitors round trip tickets at half regular rates. Those expecting to travel via B. & O. R. R. can get ticket order by applying to me. WM. HINEBAUGH, Secretary.

Good Roads Necessary.

Governor Atkinson of Georgia, at a recent meeting of the good roads club of Atlanta, stated that he had had little or no experience as a wheelman and was not personally fond of the wheel. But the movement which the bicycle riders have started he said deserves the hearty co-operation of every citizen of the county and of the state. If there is one thing that this state needs it is goods roads and the wheelman should have all the praise and honor of being the first to inaugurate the movment.

Good roads show progress in civilization wherever they are found. I want to see better roads built. I want them wider and sounder. I want them wide enough so that there will be a place on each side for the bicycle riders of the state. If the farmers can be shown how much benefit the good roads will be to them they will at once enter into the movement with a vim and an energy that will be surprising. After the good roads are built the wear and tear on the farmers vehicles and on his horses will not be so much. He will be better able to get to the market with his goods. He will be able to carry more at a time and in that way he will get more benefit from the roads than any one else.

Of course the bicycle riders will be benefited. They deserve it for the able manner in which they have enlisted in a movement that will in the end benefit the entire state. People dislike to live in a place where there are bad roads and when the good roads are built in Georgia they will be one among the many things that will induce people to make this state their home.

Good roads are as essential in a certain sense as good railroads. Both are a means of transportation and one is as important as the other. We will soon have better roads; they are something that we need badly and I see them in the near future. When we get these roads we can put them down on the list of the many things that bicycles have done. I look upon the bicycle as one of the greatest inventions of the age, and I hope that it will continue to be a pleasure as well as a profit to mankind.

Low Rates for the Fourth.

In pursuance of its usual policy, the B. & O. R. R. will sell round-trip excursion tickets between all stations on its lines east of the Ohio river, for all trains July 3rd and 4th, valid for return passage until July 6th inclusive, at greatly reduced rates. 16-2t

THOMAS R. McROBIE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street.

All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

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LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

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Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,

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I HAVE PURCHASED THE OAKLAND COAL YARD of Mr. D. L. Conneway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

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All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

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Spring is the time in the year that your Horses, Cows, Hogs, Sheep, Poultry, etc., need some good article to purify their blood. The International Food is the best article known for stock of all kinds; 3 feeds for one cent. Don't use any other. For sale only by

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DRINK LUXURY COFFEE

and get the best Coffee made and get either Ladie's or Gentleman's Gold Watch, guaranteed for 25 years. Use no other, because Luxury Coffee is the best.

Don't fail to call at the stores of The Maryland Supply Co. for

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We only handle the best western seed. Garden Seeds in abundance of all kinds. Fertilizer, Salt, Groceries, General Merchandise, and anything you may need. Don't fail to call at the stores of THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO., at

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FOR SALE.

The farm belonging to Elizabeth Maley, situated two miles north of Deer Park, adjoining the lands of Jack Cooper, Funderburg Miller and Barkeston. Contains 113¼ acres; about 68 acres cleared, and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the remises. 52-4m.

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Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

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I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

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Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate. P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Residence and P. O. Address, SELBYSPORT, MD. 2-25

JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER. Will sell Real or Personal Estate. Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE. AUCTIONEER! *Will sell Real or Personal Property* Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

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ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties, Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN, SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER. LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE. Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including grain ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26*

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Fine carriage work a specialty.

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DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does something or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC., at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 80 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line. 38 13·

THE REPUBLICAN.

ESTABLISHED MARCH 3, 1877. BENJ. H. SINCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1896. NUMBER 17.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

June was a month of rain.

See A. D. Naylor's display in the parade on the 4th.

Special cut prices on vehicles at A. D. Naylor's on the 4th.

Mr. Wm. I. Brown, of Bayard, was in the city Friday last.

Justice D. W. Fraker, of McHenry, was here yesterday on business.

See M. Cohen's new advertisement in to-day's REPUBLICAN.

Mr. J. J. Beeghley, of the Cove, was here yesterday on business.

A girl wanted to do general house work for a family of two. Apply to this office.

Mr. Chas. J. Newman is clerking for the Maryland Supply company at Oakland.

Col. J. D. Rigg, of Terra Alta, was in the city a few hours on business yesterday.

Miss Nellie Moreland, of Morgantown is here on a visit to her aunt Mrs. D. I. Totten.

Attorney Beni. A. Richmond was in the city on legal business Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Wentroth, of Johnstown, Pa., are here as guests at the Commercial.

Editor John W. Averitt, of the Cumberland *Times* was in the city last night on business.

Mr. and Mrs. George Porter spent Saturday and Sunday visiting friends at Addison, Pa.

Mr. J. E. Barnard and wife, of Swanton, were in town a few hours Saturday and made us a call.

Miss Margaret Chipman, of Washington D. C., is here on a visit to her aunt Mrs. John A. Grant.

A large number of painters are engaged this week painting St. Paul's church and the parsonage.

Mr. Chas. T. West and little daughter, of Swanton, were here Tuesday, the guests of Mr. E. I. West.

We received a very pleasant call last Thursday morning from ex-Senator John P. Jones, of Terra Alta.

Judge Jere Wilson came up to Oakland Tuesday night and will remain here until after the 4th with his family.

Fourth of July is the day to get a buggy or wagon at Naylor's. Special prices that day; good stock to select from. 17-1t.*

Mr. Ebenezer Kitzmiller, of Blaine, recently appointed assessor for that district, was in the city Tuesday on business.

Prof. H. G. Weimer, of Cumberland, was in the city Tuesday arranging for the entertainment of the members of the teachers' association.

Mr. C. M. Miller came up to Oakland Sunday afternoon and went to Richmond the same night where he attended the Confederate veterans' reunion.

Bishop John Thompson of Philadelphia, who will have charge of the camp meeting at Mountain Lake Park, has arrived there and is occupying his cottage.

Rev. Wm. Brayshaw, rector of St. Matthew's P. E. church, will preach on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock and evening at 8 o'clock. All are cordially invited.

Mrs. George Waters, of Clarksburg, W. Va., came to Oakland the first of the week and will spend a couple of months visiting her many friends and relatives.

LOST.—A spring overcoat, between G. W. Delawder's home at Lake Cleveland and the Deer Park Hotel. Liberal reward for its return to A. L. Wetmore, Deer Park Hotel. 1*

Mr. Daniel E. Offutt's new building on Railroad street is nearing completion. He is having a well bored on the lot in the rear of this building by Mr. R. S. Jamison.

The July or non-jury term of the Circuit Court will convene in Oakland next Monday with Judge Sloan on the bench. Tuesday Judge Stake will sit on the bench.

Mr. Fred Fowler and family, who moved from Oakland to Baltimore last fall, passed through Oakland last night and will reside in the future at Clarksburg, West Va.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cures colds, croup and whooping cough. It is pleasant, safe and reliable. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Mr. R. A. Orcutt has moved his stave mill to Oakland and erected it near the old Rasche mill on Water street. The capacity of the mill is about six thousand staves a day.

Rev. S. M. Engle, pastor, will preach in the Garrett Memorial church next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. The subject chosen by Mr. Engle for his sermon is "Universal Salvation".

David Belasco, the author of "Heart of Maryland," recovered a judgment for $18,000 against N. K. Fairbank, the millionaire porkpacker, of Chicago, for training Mrs. Leslie Carter for the stage.

Rev. G. W. W. Amick and little son, of Johnstown, Pa., who were here last and part of this week on a visit to Mrs. T. C. Hinebaugh and other friends, departed for their homes last Tuesday morning.

An order has been issued by Mayor McComas prohibiting the firing of explosives or fire crackers during the parade on the 4th. All persons offending against this order will be arrested and severely dealt with.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

The entrance to Crook Crest has been changed from the road leading up the hill by Mr. Percy Procter's residence to the head of Second street where it is intersected by Crook street. A graded roadway has been built at the latter point which is quite an improvement and convenience.

Tuesday Sheriff Brown went down to Lonaconing and arrested George B. McMillan, who is charged with cutting down fences, and brought him to Oakland where he was placed in jail to await the action of the grand jury at the September term of the circuit court.

The ladies composing the W. C. T. U. at Mountain Lake Park gave an ice cream festival in the auditorium grounds last Tuesday night at which Smith's Military band rendered good music. A large number of Oakland people went down and had an agreeable time.

Misses Laura Harne and Mattie Porter, Mrs. S. C. Smith and Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot left on Tuesday morning for Kingwood, W. Va., where they go to represent the Oakland Epworth League in the West Virginia Conference League which was in session at that place Tuesday, yesterday and to-day.

In the vicinity of Boquet, Westmoreland Co., Pa., almost any one can tell you how to cure a lame back or stiff neck. They dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind it on the affected parts and in one or two days the trouble has disappeared. This same treatment will promptly cure a pain in the side or chest. Mr. E. M. Frye, a prominent merchant of Boquet, speaks very highly of Pain Balm, and his recommendations have had much to do with making it popular there. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The present has been a remarkable season. The spring and summer has given us a growth of vegetation seldom seen and many of the crops promise a harvest of a hundred fold. Home grown vegetables were in market nearly a month earlier than usual, early fruits have been abundant since June 1st and are now followed by apples of an excellent quality. Even blackberries are already in the market. The wheat harvest began nearly three weeks ago and is completed. All growing crops never looked better. Corn, grass and oats are splendid. On the whole we have everything to be thankful for.

Mrs. Rhodie Noah, of this place, was taken in the night with cramping pains and the next day diarrhoea set in. She took half a bottle of blackberry cordial but got no relief. She then sent to me to see if I had anything that would help her. I sent her a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and the first dose relieved her. Another of our neighbors had been sick for about a week and had tried different remedies for diarrhoea but kept getting worse. I sent him this same remedy. Only four doses of it was required to cure him. He says he owes his recovery to this wonderful remedy. — Mrs. Mary Sibley, Sidney, Mich. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Oakland Chapter Epworth League held its regular monthly literary meeting on Monday evening. The meeting was in charge of the treasurer of the league, Mrs. F. A. Thayer, who conducted the exercises with great credit to herself and the organization which she represented. The entertainment consisted of a musicale, made up of the home talent. Space forbids us giving the program in full. It consisted of vocal solos, duets, quartettes choruses, instrumental solos, etc., each number of which was rendered with credit to the preformer. The large audiences which always greet these monthly entertainments of the Epworth League bespeak their appreciation by the people of the town.

Last summer one of our grand children was sick with a severe bowel trouble. Our doctor's remedies had failed, then we tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which gave very speedy relief. We regard it as the best medicine ever put on the market for bowel complaints.—Mrs. E. G. Gregory, Fredericktown, Mo. This certainly is the best medicine ever put on the market for dysentary, summer complaint, colic and cholera infantum in children. It never fails to give prompt relief when used in reasonable time and the plain printed directions are followed. Many mothers have expressed their sincere gratitude for the cures it has effected. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Assaulted a Freight Crew.

William Berry and Robert L. Sprigg, two colored vagrants, were held yesterday afternoon by justice Gonder for the action of the Garrett county authorities for assault on a West Virginia Central railroad freight crew, composed of John S. Knee, conductor, and Patrick Leddy, R. P. Spangler and Charles Thompson brakemen, all of this city. The men were frustrated in an attempt to board a train in charge of the above, near Gorman, Monday evening at 7:30 o'clock, whereupon Sprigg fired one shot from a pistol handed him by Berry, the ball passed through Conductor Knee's coat.

The arrest of the men was ordered by the West Virginia Central Railroad Company and they were apprehended near Keyser yesterday by the sheriff of Mineral county who handed them over to Sheriff Miller of this county, upon ascertaining that the crime was committed in Maryland. With the two men at the time of the trouble were Henry Sprigg and Erasmus Jenkins, also colored. They were also arrested but were discharged by Justice Gonder as it was shown that they had no connection with the shooting. The trainmen appeared as witnesses. State's Attorney Pearre conducted the prosecution and Ferdinand Williams the defense. — Cumb. News of yesterday.

Sheriff Brown went down to Cumberland yesterday morning and last night returned with the two men and placed them in jail to await the action of the grand jury at the September term of court.

Dr. McComas' Recent Invention.

Dr. Henry W. McComas, who has been the unluckly participant in run aways without number, has recently completed a novel affair which he thinks will do away with paying so many blacksmith's bills.

The doctor's arrangement consists of a hollow swingle tree through which wires are attached to a bolt in either end. These bolts take the place of hooks to which the traces are attached and which are shot into place by means of springs. The wires are brought back to the driver's seat in the conveyance over pulleys and there made secure to a lever or bar. As soon as the animal attached to the conveyance evinces a desire to run away this bar is pressed and releases the horse from the shafts. By an ingenious arrangement the harness is parted at the crupper and the horse goes on without the vehicle. To keep the tongue from running into the ground another bar is used which holds it in place.

The doctor has made application to the patent office for a patent on his invention.

TRAGIC DEATH.

Mrs. Michael Boyle, While Insane, Jumps from a Moving Train and is Instantly Killed.

Mrs. Margaret Boyle, wife of Mr. Michael Boyle, of Oakland, who, during the past few weeks had made many unsuccessful attempts to take her own life, succeeded in doing so last Saturday morning by jumping from Passenger train No. 4 while it was running at a high rate of speed about forty miles east of Cumberland.

Mrs. Boyle's mind had been in a demented condition for a number of months and on Friday morning last she attempted to throw herself in front of a freight train at the Second street crossing but was prevented from doing so by the watchman, Mr. L. Stanton. Later in day she tried to end her life by mixing a quantity of insect poison in water and was in the act of drinking it when the glass was knocked from her hand by parties watching her.

Dr. Henry W. McComas had been attending the unfortunate woman and he advised her husband several days ago to take her to a hospital for treatment and on Friday night Mr. Boyle decided to do so. Accordingly, he and Mrs. Boyle and Dr. Taylor, of Martin's Ferry, Mrs. Boyle's brother-in-law, started for Baltimore on train No. 4 which leaves here at 12.24 at night. After the train had left Cumberland Mrs. Boyle evinced a desire to go to the toilet room in the car, which she did, locking the door after her. Once in the room she hoisted the window and jumped headlong from the rapidly moving train. The train was immediately stopped when it was found that Mrs. Boyle had struck on her head and that she had been instantly killed.

Her remains were brought to Oakland on train No. 3 Saturday morning and taken to the undertaking rooms of Messrs. Shartzer & Bolden where they were prepared for burial and encased in a black cloth covered casket. Later in the day they were taken to her late home on Oak street and conveyed from thence on Monday to St. Peter's Catholic church where high mass was celebrated over the remains at ten o'clock. They were then interred in the cemetery.

The unfortunate woman was about thirty-five years of age and leaves her husband and four small children to mourn her sad and untimely death. May she rest in peace.

Thrown from a Train.

Last Saturday night as a freight train was pulling from the water station here a man named Edward Stearns, who was beating his way from Wheeling to Cumberland, was thrown from the top of a box car by a party unknown. Stearns, as he went over the side of the car, clutched a hand rail but his hold was kicked loose by the man who threw him over. He fell under the train and a wheel passed over his foot, crushing his toes off and otherwise injuring him. He was picked up and Dr. McComas called who rendered the necessary surgical attention and later he was taken to the jail where he still remains.

From an authorative source it is learned that Stearns was riding by permission of one of the barkesmen. State's Attorney Thayer is investigating the case.

New Registration Officers.

Last Thursday the board of election supervisors consisting or Col. A. G. Sturgiss, J. Alvin Friend and Fred Ries, were in Oakland and examined candidates for judges of election and registration officers for the ensuing year. Those appointed and commissioned were as follows:

District No. 1—J. Fitzwaters, Alexander Fairall.

District No. 2—W. M. Lowdermilk, W. W. Schlossnagle.

District No. 3—Jonas E. Gnagey, J. C. Getty.

District No. 4—F. Duckworth, Pat Fitzsimmons.

District No. 5—John W. Daniel, Gus Garringer.

District No. 6—William Callis, G. A. Miller.

No. 7, First Precinct — C. A. Ashby, J. W. Hart.

No. 7, Second Precinct—R. C. Townshend, E. Jamison.

District No. 8—Joseph Conneway, J. W. Mason.

District No. 9—Bradford Blocher, Sam Johnson.

District No. 10—J. T. Noon, William Spiker.

No. 11—Elias Merrill, Peter F. Michael.

District No. 12—Jonas Biddinger, Guy Stanton.

The Fourth In Oakland.

The committees having in charge the celebration to be held in Oakland next Saturday, the 4th, have about completed their labors and now the only thing to be looked to is the weather. Should we have a fair day Oakland will witness the grandest celebration in her history.

The program of exercises for the day will be found following:

10.00 a. m. Formation of parade.

10.30 a. m. Parade as per roster.

11.30 a. m. Oration on ground, Dr. Bartlett.

2.00 p. m. Dinner.

1.30 p. m. Tournament, three prizes, viz: 1st, handsome saddle; 2nd, fancy riding bridle; 3d, combination whip and cane.

2.30 p. m. Donkey, wheelbarrow and other races.

3.00 p. m. Sham battle.

3.30 p. m. Base ball, Oakland vs. ———.

5.30 p. m. Supper.

6.30 to 8.00 p. m. Band concerts.

8.00 p. m. Flambeau drill and fire works on streets.

Dancing at pavilion at picnic grounds, "Highland Park," during the entire day.

Refreshments of all kinds will be served on the grounds.

The best of order will be maintained by corps of special police.

ORDER OF PARADE.

Chief Marshall and Aides.
Ladies on Horseback.
Indians and Cowboys.
Keyser Band.
Company K, 1st Regiment M. N. G.
Uniform Rank K. of P.
Junior Order U. A. M.
Ancient Order Hibernians.
Independent Order of Odd Fellows.
Accident Cornet Band.
Goddess of Liberty and Columbia.
Representative of States.
Maryland Girls, Costumed.
Oakland Fire Department.
Base Ball Clubs in Float.
Livery Display.
Business Displays and Floats.
Smith's Military Band.

Space for floats will be provided for by chief marshall and aides.

ROUTE OF PARADE.

Parade will form in Oakland Hotel grounds, thence to Wilson street, thence to Pennington, thence to Second (or Main), thence to Alder, thence to Third, thence to Oak, thence to Seventh, thence to Alder, thence to Fifth, thence to Green, thence to Sixth, thence to Highland Park.

OFFICERS OF THE DAY.

Chief Marshall:—
Mayor H. W. McComas.

Aides:—
Dr. E. K. Goldsborough,
R. S. Jamison,
E. Z. Tower,
F. A. Thayer.

Reception Committee:—
James D. Hamill,
George Glessman,
J. C. Reminger,
Eugene Hart.

H. W. McCOMAS,
Chairman Executive Committee.
JAMES D. HAMILL,
Secretary.

Base Ball.

Last Saturday two games of ball were played in Oakland between our home teams and teams from Deer Park and Mt. Lake Park. The Oakland nine crossed bats with the Deer Park nine at East End ball park and the Jack Oak nine with the Mountain Lake Park nine at their grounds near the Washington spring. Both Oakland teams were victorious.

The scores were as follows: Oakland 15; Deer Park, 9. Jack Oak, 18; Mt. Lake Park, 12.

Sunday School Institute.

A Sunday school institute, under the auspices of the Maryland Sunday School Union, will be held at Bittinger, Md., commencing on Friday, July 10th, at 8 o'clock p. m., and continuing over the following Sabbath. The public generally and especially friends of the Sunday school, are cordially invited to be present and aid in making the meetings interesting and helpful.

C. J. OTTO, President.

A New Church.

The colored people of Oakland composing the A. M. E. church have commenced excavating the ground for the erection of a church on Fifth street between Alder and Green streets. The building will be 24x40 feet, and built of wood. Rev. William Walker the pastor in charge of the congregation here, has the matter in hand assisted, by one or two of the members.

HEIRS WANTED.

Eight Millions of Dollars Waiting for the Right Party.

The Flinstone postmaster has received a letter of inquiry asking for information in reference to the Brownings in Garrett county and Allegany. It seems there is a fortune of eight millions of dollars in London, England, waiting the rightful heirs who, it is learned live in this county or Garrett.

The Brownings are very numerous in both counties, and it will probably take some time to locate the parties who are to be made so suddenly rich. It is hoped the information will be gotten and that the gold will be forthcoming.—Cumberland Times.

Died.

Mrs. Joseph Crim, of Oakland, died at her residence on Alder street this morning after an illness of several weeks. She was aged about fifty-five years and leaves a large family of sons and daughters, all of whom are grown. The cause of Mrs. Crim's death was inflammation of the stomach. The funeral arrangements have not as yet been made.

Mrs. Elizabeth Phillips, residing at Oak Hall on the Mountain Lake Park road, died yesterday morning aged sixty-six years. She was a daughter of the late Wm. W. Hoye and a sister of the late Edward Hoye, of Oakland. Mrs. Phillips was left a widow many years ago. He husband was a Methodist minister. She reared a family of three daughters and one son, all of whom are dead except Mrs. T. C. Hinebaugh. Mrs. Phillips has been confined to her bed since last fall suffering with consumption. She was buried this morning at 11 o'clock, Rev. J. W. Butler, of St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church having charge of the services. The interment was made in the Odd Fellow's cemetery. The deceased lady was noted for her kind and lovable disposition. She was a patient sufferer and died with the knowledge that she went to meet her reward.

Marriage Licenses.

During the month of June E. Z. Tower issued marriage licenses to the following parties:

Orvil F. Marple and Laura Cooper both of McMecken, W. Va.

George N. Ray and Vina M. Shrout both of Grant county, W. Va.

Thomas J. Sell and Aliee Ward, both of Elkins, W. Va.

John H. Sines and Virginia Reckard, both of this county.

John A. Hughes and Mary C. Mackin, both of Garrett Co.

Elmer Wilson, of Preston county, W. Va., and Minnie Loraw, of this county.

Clark Fox and Ida Howard, both of Greene county, Pa.

Crawford B. Temple and Jeannette Pyles, both Preston county, W. Va.

Robert E. Anderson and Lulu Medsker, both of Clarksburg, W. Va.

Harry Dangerfield and Jean Doughins, both of Allegany City, Pa.

Luther Adams and Emma F. Lewis, both of Corinth, W. Va.

John P. Byrne Frame and Annie Welsh, both of Weston, W. Va.

Jesse Rinker and Rosa Shillingburg, both of Garrett county.

Lewis Miller and Maggie Taylor, both of Uniontown, Pa.

John O. Crothers and Mary C. Corbin, both of this county.

Adam J. Schroyer and Annie E. Crise, both of Garrett county.

Amos M. McDaniels and Tacy J. Godwin, both of Barbour county W. Va.

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

MY INDEPENDENCE DAY.

LET him, who will, burn powder, ring bells, and make a noise,
And list to windy orators, if that's what he enjoys
And deems a sane, appropriate, and nineteenth-century way
To celebrate the glorious date of Independence day;

Or let him toil and strain and strive in some athletic game,
Or else beneath a broiling sun sit down to watch the same,
Or join the hot, perspiring crowds on an excursion boat
That think they must be happy just because they are afloat;

Or let him do a thousand things that eager minds invent
To lure the wary dollar and corral the nimble cent
Of the patriotic citizen who tries hard to be gay,
"Because," thinks he, "I ought to be," but doesn't know the way.

But let me rather steal away to some secluded spot,
Where, lost in sylvan solitudes, with all life's cares forgot,
Unmoved by moss-grown custom, or by what the neighbors say,
I'll celebrate, at any rate, my Independence day.

—H. G. Paine, in Harper's Weekly.

One of The Signers.

IT IS Thursday, the memorable Fourth of July, 1776, and the delegates of the provincial congress are assembled in the state house at Philadelphia, famous ever since that day as Independence hall. There are 56, the representative men of the colonies, the great land owners, the prosperous merchants, the leading lawyers, the official magnates, the sturdy yeomanry of the new nation soon to be. Familiar to us almost as the persons of our own fathers, they stand grouped in that stately hall, discussing the all-absorbing question—shall these colonies be free and independent states?

There is John Hancock, the president, patrician and courtly to the very tips of his toes, and sandy-haired, long Tom Jefferson, the most ardent of democrats. Stout, pompous, red-faced John Adams, and the white-haired, venerable Benjamin Franklin are there. There, too, are the slight, wiry Elbridge Gerry, and portly Benjamin Harrison, who weighed nearly 300 pounds; Roger Sherman, grave and dignified, and the Quaker, Stephen Hopkins, who stands with his hat on. We know them all well. They vote, and the declaration is passed. America is free.

Then comes another day—August 2 of the same memorable year. Nearly the same group is assembled in the same hall. They have met this time to sign the great charter of our liberties. There is no hesitation, no hanging back, no weakness, though every signer knows full well the import of his action. They will all be marked men, declared rebels to the king, and perhaps be hung for treason. But not a man refuses to sign. One after another the delegates go forward to the table and place their signatures on the parchment, where John Hancock has already placed his name in that bold, defiant and ornate hand of his. Every man watches his neighbor as he writes.

By the side of Samuel Adams, talking in a friendly way, is a man every way different in look and dress. Adams is plain and democratic, even more so than Jefferson, and has been schooled in the hardest of all schools—adversity. His companion is to the manor born, rich and aristocratic as an English noble, and the inheritor of a great name. But his patriotism is as ardent as that of the New England Puritan, and he is willing to sacrifice even more.

And now it is his turn to go forward to the table. He takes the goose-quill and signs his name, in well-defined characters, with a hand that does not tremble: "Charles Carroll." A whisper passes among his associates. If the new confederacy is crushed by the mother country, the framers of this treasonable document would have to suffer for their action. There were a number of Charles Carrolls then living in the colonies, and this particular Charles Carroll had a chance to escape, which none of his colleagues could hope for.

The murmur reached his ear as he arose from the table. He instantly turned back, picked up the pen again, and completed his signature in a manner that left no doubt as to which Charles Carroll was accountable.

Doubtless many were wondering why that one signature, "Charles Carroll, of Carrollton," stands out different from the rest. It is for the reason that the signer did not intend his identity as a patriot to be doubtful or misleading.

When he subscribed to that record of glory, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, was in his 40th year, and owner of the largest fortune in America.

"There go a few millions," said the wealthy Virginian planter, Benjamin Harrison (father and great-grandfather of future presidents), as the rich planter traced his name on the parchment. Millions would indeed have gone—for his possessions were princely—had not success crowned the American arms in the long and bloody struggle.

He was the grandson of an Irish gentleman who emigrated to Maryland in 1689, and took up a vast estate—one of the last of the old manorial grants. The manor house that he built still stands near Annapolis—a huge, roomy old structure, with its wings and outhouses, covering an acre of ground.

In this grand old mansion house of Carrollton the future signer was born on September 20, 1737. Cradled in affluence, the oldest of his father's sons, and heir to the manorial property, young Carroll knew nothing of the hardships of life. He was brought up like a young prince, had his horses and hounds, and all the spending money he liked. Nobody could have seen in the slim, delicate, carefully-nurtured young scion of the Carrolls, of Carrollton, one of the sternest and truest of patriots.

At the age of eight years, Charles Carroll was sent to France for the purpose of obtaining an education. He spent six years at the College of St. Omers, and subsequently he was at Rheims and Bourges.

In the year 1757 he went to England, and commenced the study of law in the Temple in London. There he made the acquaintance of a number of young Englishmen, who were afterward quite as famous as he was.

He returned to America, in 1764, an accomplished scholar and an accomplished man, just as the first mutterings of the storm between the colonies and Great Britain were heard in the land. How would he, the young aristocrat, the heir of countless acres, the man of European education and training—how would he bear himself in this struggle between the tyrant and the oppressed?

The archives of his country and the rolls of his native state all show that Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, did his duty nobly. Temptations there must have been for him to take sides with the loyal faction, but he chose the side of the oppressed, and freedom never had a bolder or more eloquent champion than it had in the rich and patrician young Marylander.

Always at the front, he was one of a committee of three, with Samuel Chase and Benjamin Franklin, to visit Canada to invite the people of that province to unite with the Americans in their struggle for independence; he was a member of four congresses, signer of the declaration, United States senator, and for many years a state senator. During all this time, voice, hand and pen were engaged in the service of his country.

Perhaps the greatest service he did was in bringing Maryland into the rank of states for independence. The large majority was opposed to separation from the mother country, and the state delegates were pledged to oppose the idea in congress. But Carroll was for separation, and, by his untiring efforts he succeeded in changing the sentiment of his state to his side.

On the 4th of July, 1776, the very day the declaration was passed at Philadelphia, he was elected to congress, and thus became one of the immortal galaxy whose names are affixed to that charter of our liberties.

In 1810, when past his three-score years and ten, Mr. Carroll retired from public life, but he was not to retire from public sight

SIGNING THE DECLARATION.

On July 4, 1821, the fact that only four of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were still living was noticed in many of the newspapers of the time. Thirty days afterward, one of them, William Floyd, of New York, was dead. The death of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson on July 4, 1826, left Charles Carroll the last surviving signer. He lived almost seven years longer. On July 4, 1828, after he had passed the age of 90 years, in the presence of a vast concourse of spectators, and attended by an imposing civic procession, he laid the corner-stone of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. He died November 14, 1832, at the age of 95 years.

It is customary to suppose that only the lower and middle classes embraced the cause of liberty in the revolutionary contest. But this opinion is not warranted by the facts. Many of the wealthiest men in the colonies were ardent patriots. Washington and the Lees, of Virginia, were wealthy men. John Hancock and Robert Morris were each the most affluent individual in his respective state. The Livingstons, of New York, ranked among the greatest landholders in the country. But of all the patriots of the revolution, none risked so much, none had so much to lose, as Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. It is pleasant to know that he left down an undiminished estate to children, one of whom was subsequently governor of his native state. And the name is still one of honor in Maryland. —Fred Myron Colby, in Golden Days.

A CANNON CRACKER.

A Railroad Engineer's Story of a Narrow Escape.

I am an old railroad man, having spent the best years of my life at the throttle, and have had a great many hairbreadth escapes and thrilling adventures on the rail. But one dark, stormy night, nearly ten years ago, I went through an experience that came near ending my life, although I was not injured physically in the least.

In those days the railroad companies used what is called the torpedo system of signaling much more than at the present time. The torpedo is simply a little tin cup filled with powder, to which is attached a cap, so that the pressure of the locomotive in passing over it will cause it to explode. There was a regular code of torpedo signals and when an engineer heard the report of a single torpedo, which meant "stop," he lost no time in reversing his engine and whistling for brakes.

I was pulling a passenger train, at the time the event occurred, on what is called the Cherryvale division of the K. C., Ft. S. & M. R. R., which runs from Fort Scott, Kan., to Cherryvale. The road had just been widened from narrow gauge to standard, and as it had been raining for the past week, the streams were all swollen, and the roadbed was soft, making traveling at any very great rate of speed very unsafe. We made the trip from Cherryvale to Fort Scott and back in one day, and all the crew, therefore, made their homes in Cherryvale.

On the morning of the 3d of July I left home for the roundhouse, promising my little boy to bring him some fireworks for the Fourth. I made the purchases at Fort Scott, and among the fireworks was a large cannon cracker, which I tossed in the fireman's seat-box.

We pulled out of Fort Scott on time, and in such a rainstorm as I have never since witnessed. By the time we arrived at Pittsburgh we were 20 minutes late on account of the storm. At the next station we got orders to "run to Cherokee and go in the hole," as we railroad men call side-tracking, as a train had been wrecked west of that place.

We were due out of Cherokee at 5:15; but before the two cars that had jumped the track could be got back on the rails it was eight o'clock, and raining as only it can rain in southeastern Kansas.

After leaving Cherokee I opened the throttle, and we shot along through the rain at a speed that was frightful, considering the softness of the roadbed and the danger of washouts. But an engineer never thinks of danger when he is behind time.

The headlight burned with a dim, yellow light, and only pierced the darkness to the distance of a few yards. There

I OPENED THE THROTTLE.

was but one bridge of any consequence between Cherokee and Cherryvale, and I intended slacking up for it. The fireman worked like a beaver to keep up the steam, as the rain cooled the boiler, making it more difficult to keep the proper pressure. Along we sped through the darkness, the flashes of lightning lighting up the surrounding country as bright as day, and making it almost impossible to see at all by the sudden return to darkness.

As we neared the Neosho river I slackened the speed, intending to run slowly over the bridge, when distinctly above the roar of the train, and the storm sounded the report of a single torpedo. Instantly I shut her off, reversed the lever and applied the brakes. She slowed down quickly and stopped with the pilot of the engine projecting over a chasm—for Neosho bridge was gone!

The conductor came running forward to see what caused us to stop, and when he saw how nearly I had come to pulling the passenger train into the Neosho river, he trembled like an aspen, and was utterly powerless to move.

But about the torpedo signal?

When I told the conductor how I happened to stop, in answer to his question, he laughed at me. How could anyone put a torpedo on the track at that place and no station within ten miles? I did not know, but I heard it distinctly, and so did my fireman, who could no more explain its being there than I could. One thing was certain—the bridge was gone, and there was nothing for us to do but to back to Cherokee and get orders, and I jumped into the cab, feeling a little more queer than I ever felt before in all my railroad experience.

"Oh, Ned, look here!" said my fireman, as we stopped at the sidetrack at Cherokee.

He was holding open his seat-box. I looked, and the whole thing dawned upon me.

There, in the bottom of the seat-box, was a mass of torn, blackened brown paper, and the fireman's dinner-bucket and his pipe, which he threw lighted into the box when getting down from his seat to "put in a fire," and which had ignited the firecracker fuse.

We were saved a horrible death indirectly by my little boy, and I never allowed a "Fourth" to pass after that without buying him a large supply of fireworks.

When we told the story in Fort Scott, the railroad fellows would not believe it; but, after they found it was the truth, they took up a collection, and now Larry Doolen, the fireman, is the owner of the finest meerschaum pipe west of the Mississippi.—Evert L. Paul, in Golden Days.

FUN ON THE FOURTH.

"All ready, Jakey—now let him have it!"

Mr. Hard-of-Hearing thought he heard a noise.

Our Fourth of July Boy.

He started out early, our dear little boy,
With 17 packs and a nice cannon toy,
A pistol for caps and torpedoes galore,
And 149 pinwheels or more.

We hired a man just to watch him at play,
And to follow his footsteps around all the day;
Ten times in the morning he saved the dear's life,
But was blown up himself and sent home to his wife.

And at night, when they brought what was left of our boy,
Our anguish was tempered by small grains of joy;
For he said, as the powder was picked from his eye,
"I wish 'at to-morrow was Fourth o' July!"

Then the doctors came round at our urgent request,
And tacked on his limbs where they fitted the best;
But the kid only said: "I'd be willin' to die
Every day if 'twas only the Fourth o' July!"

—N. Y. Evening Sun.

A Reasoner.

"There, Willie," said the lad's mother, "is ten cents for you. Now, what are you going to do with it?"

"Save it up to buy fireworks for the Fourth of July," replied the boy, in a tone whose positiveness was almost defiant.

"Why, Willie, you know you are saving up your money to give to the heathen."

"Y-yes'm, but the Chinese are heathen, aren't they?"

"Yes, dear."

"And the Chinese make the firecrackers, don't they?"

"I am told they do."

"Well, then, the heathen'll get my money just the same, so it's all right."—Burlington (Ia.) Journal.

He Had.

"It seems to me," observed one of the neighbors, happening along during the afternoon of the glorious Fourth, "you might have put a flag or two on the front of your house."

"We did," answered the wild-looking man on the veranda, "but we had to take them down and use them for bandages."—Chicago Tribune.

Our Nation's Birthday.

James G. Blaine once said that America is the only country with a known birthday; that all the other countries began they knew not when and grew into power they knew not how.

A Success.

"Was little Tommy Bunker's Fourth of July celebration a success?"

"I guess so. I see the Bunkers have called three doctors in already."—Exchange.

A Wise Head.

Pretty Daughter—Mother, when will I be of age?"

Mother—When you are 18.

"Can't I get married before that?"

"Indeed you shan't! Not a day."

Homely Daughter—Must I wait until I am 18, too?

Mother—No-o—er—my dear. You have such an old head on your shoulders that I am sure you will choose wisely. Marry when you like.—N. Y. Weekly.

Next Door to the Truth.

"Catherine, you are a brunette, I believe?"

"Yes, madam."

"Are you engaged to the coachman next door?"

"Why, no, madam—I never saw him."

"But there was a red hair in your soup last evening."

"Ah, madam, you forget that monsieur, your husband, has auburn hair."—La Monde Comique.

NOT A FRENCH BARBER.

Distinguished Foreigner—Have you nevaire met my cousin, ze Duce le Montmorenci, ven he vas in ze New York?

Plain American—No, I always shave myself.—Texas Sifter.

Hard Hit.

"You ought to see how expert Mrs. Payson is with Indian clubs."

"I fancy she is an adept with another aboriginal weapon."

"Why so?"

"Did you ever notice the place where Payson's scalp lock ought to be?"—To Date.

A Matter of Making Up.

The wife of his bosom had bought for him
Just the loveliest made-up tie
And he only escaped from wearing the thing
By many a made-up lie.

—Indianapolis Journal.

Not a Question of Arithmetic.

"I hear you're very good at arithmetic, Bobby," said the visitor, pleasantly.

"Sure," returned Bobby, without looking up from his play.

"Well, if I should tell you when your papa and your mamma were born could you tell me how old they are?" asked the visitor.

"I could tell you how old pap is," answered the boy.

"And not how old mother is?"

The boy shook his head.

"Arithmetic hasn't anything to do with a woman's age," he said.—Chicago Post.

The Baggage Smasher's Fate.

First Baggage-Smasher—Say, Jake, I'm thinkin' it 'ud be money in our pockets if we'd begin handlin' trunks more kearful.

Jake—Why wud it?

"Because the more we smash 'em the bigger, and stronger, and heavier they make 'em. I've struck three this mornin' made out of reg'lar boiler iron. Mc buck's 'most broke."—N. Y. Weekly.

Ruined by His Eloquence.

"How's your son, the barrister, getting on?"

"Badly, poor fellow. He's in prison."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; he was retained by a burglar to defend him, and he made so good a plea in the burglar's behalf that the judge held him as an accessory."—Tit-Bits.

Measurements.

"I've seen the machine workers," said Senator Sorghum's emissary.

"How do they feel?"

"Their enthusiasm is beyond measure."

"No it isn't. There is always one way of measuring their enthusiasm."

"How?"

"By the barrel."—Washington Star.

An Unlucky Star.

They look upon the gems of night,
So clear, so bright, so far,
"My love," said he, "will constant be
As yonder steady star."
But even as he spoke there came
To both a sudden jar—
That speck of light has dropped from sight—
It was a shooting star!

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Asking for Details.

"I tell you, my son John, who graduated last June, is carrying everything before him now," said old Mr. Reddick, proudly.

"Ah," said Mr. Spatts, unimpressed, "is he a waiter in a restaurant or is he pushing a wheelbarrow on a railroad?"—Art in Dress.

N.Y. TRUTH.

HER FIRST AFFAIR.

OLDBACH—Well, Clara, my dear, what is it?

CLARA—Since this is leap year, Mr. Oldbach, I came to ask you if you would marry me—not just now, you know, but when I grow up.

Neat Way of Putting It.

Two friends met recently after many years' absence. The one said to the other: "Well, old chap, and how have you been getting on in the world?"

"Well," was the reply, "as a failure I have been a distinct success. But as a success I have been a complete failure."—Tit-Bits.

Literally Construed.

"What you want to avoid," said the publisher to the struggling author, "is writing over the heads of the people."

"I know it," was the answer. "I was depending on getting you to take this book so that I could come down out of the attic and do my work on the parlor floor hereafter."—Washington Star.

No Great Advantage.

Mr. Highlive (looking up from the paper)—Well, well! Wonders will never cease! They've got so now that they can photograph in colors.

Mrs. Highlive (glancing at his nose)—I think, my dear, you'd better get your picture taken before the old process is abandoned.—N. Y. Weekly.

At the Seaside Hotel.

Dora (shyly)—I became engaged to Mr. Atherton last night.

Cora—Oh, you lucky girl! You are sure to have a perfectly lovely time this summer now. You know I was engaged to him myself last year.—Somerville Journal.

His Post of Danger.

"For three months during the war I occupied the most dangerous position in my company."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; every morning I curried the eight mules belonging to our commissary."—Chicago Record.

A Good Excuse.

Louise—Harry, I hate to ask you, but tell me, do you snore in your sleep?

Harry—Sometimes, darling; you know an active business man doesn't get time to snore when he's awake.—Tit-Bits.

What She Would Say.

"What would you say," she asked her dearest friend, "if I told you that I was engaged to the count?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied the dearest friend absent-mindedly, "I wouldn't be exactly surprised, you know, because I never did think much of his taste."—Chicago Post.

What Made the Difference.

Mrs. Meanitall—Don't you think if a woman could have a whole house full of husbands she would have one favorite, just as the Turk has a favorite wife?

Mr. Shrudeleigh—Of course. They would not all have the same incomes.—Brooklyn Life.

HAS HIM WELL TRAINED.

"What may I eat to-day, doctor?"

"Anything you like."

"What may I like, dear Eulalia?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

She Needed It.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—That Miss Fussanfeather is putting on a heap of airs, nowadays.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Well, I saw her at the opera, the other night, and I'm glad if the poor girl's been putting on something.—Yonkers Statesman.

Still In Evidence.

Mrs. Nagger—The lecture business seems about played out.

Mr. Nagger (sadly)—Yes, all but the curtain variety.—Town Topics.

FARM AND GARDEN.

BETTER COUNTRY ROADS.

Farmers Could Do Much Themselves Toward Securing Them.

As soon as the ground is solid after the last freezes in the spring is the best time to do the grading. The earth being still moist, is more easily manipulated than if the work is done later; also the new grade becomes more compact before winter than it is possible for it to be when undertaken at a later season. With farmers the road problem is a practical question. They believe in good roads with all their might, but at the same time they doubt if the improved highway will be the cure-all for the farmers' ills that some advocate. They will point out communities where every foot of public road is piked, and yet the same hard times and low prices prevail there as well as elsewhere.

Hence farmers are not likely to favor extravagant levies for building turnpikes indiscriminately as long as the financial depression is not lifted. When the stringency of the times compels them to forego needed improvements in the home and on the farm, let us not berate them for tolerating bad roads.

While this is granted, there is but little doubt that farmers could do a great deal themselves toward improving their roads if they would but give the matter that concern which they bestow upon their crops and flocks. There is a six-mile stretch of turnpike in this county built by farmers themselves. That is, they did the work largely themselves. Surely, when we see so many unemployed teams as we pass through the country, and often as many unemployed men, we cannot escape the conclusion that here are forces which may be economically utilized for making good roads.

Since this is true, and since farmers of the present generation, at least, will likely have to travel much on the country roads, it behooves them to inform themselves of the best methods of making good roads. Hence the agricultural press should give such instruction as the prominence of the question deserves. Perhaps heretofore we have been the victims of overmuch theory, which has been better demonstrated in the engineer's office than it has been by heavy wheels and nature's elements.

First of all, the importance of proper grading should be appreciated. In a level region this is necessary to afford adequate drainage. Standing water is the bane of the roadbed. When a puddle of water is not tolerated between the fences and the road the "good roads" era is not far distant. The grade is fully as important in rough, hilly regions. Suppose it does take a week's scraping and grading to cut down a hill and fill an adjacent valley. Is not the improvement the most permanent and economical that can be made? Think of passing over this place in an easy trot, where before it was necessary to move up and down in a slow walk, and multiply this by the saving of time and force in the next 50 or 100 years by this improvement.

When the roadbed is properly graded and adequate drainage secured the amount of surface material required is lessened. If gravel is scarce and stones are plenty, lay a course of the latter and cover with gravel. First the lower course should be well settled by compelling travel upon them; after this add the gravel. Such a road will wear well. The stones used should not be large.—Robert L. Dean, in Farm News.

DEVICES FOR PRUNING.

Three Contrivances Which Save Much Labor and Annoyance.

Numerous have been the inventions for enabling a person to stand upon the ground and prune small branches from the tops of trees, or from other situations out of reach. Some of these machines work fairly well when the branch is small and easily cut off, but they fail more or less in the case of more serious pruning. A simple device is shown in the engraving that is easily made at home, and that will do good work, even if the branch to be cut out is quite large. It is a square or round pole of any desired length, of hard wood, with a narrow, sharp little saw fitted into one end of it. Such a saw can be made out of a thin strip of steel, or a piece of an old narrow saw can be utilized. The other saw figured is an ordinary handsaw, with a portion of the back cut out, to permit easy working where the space for using a saw is limited. No one will

SERVICEABLE PRUNING TOOLS.

realize until he uses a saw how much of a convenience it is in this shape. The other device is for use in cutting out blackberry and raspberry canes. A thin bit of steel, or a scythe point bent into the proper shape by a blacksmith, is firmly fastened to a short wooden handle. With a stout buckskin or calfskin glove, or mitten, upon the left hand and this implement in the right, one is well equipped to rapidly remove all undesirable canes from the blackberry and raspberry rows.—Orange Judd Farmer.

System in Road Repairing.

Keeping up repairs at the proper level will continually shape the road bed, and one load of gravel will do the work of more than ten loads as heretofore dumped in the center. The usual custom upon well-kept roads is the constant employment of one man with tools and wheelbarrow or hand cart, at $1.25 per day—calculating the working days possible in a year as 240 days—to every five miles of pike.—Dayton (O.) Herald.

It is claimed that gilt-edge butter cannot be made from the milk of cows that are fed largely upon cotton seed meal.

TUBERCULOSIS IN COWS.

Most Prevalent in the Dairies Which Supply Large Cities.

This subject is one which we have hesitated to treat in these columns, for the reason that we have not been clear as to the actual danger from this source which threatens the farmers as such, or what action, if any, their own interests or their duties to society require at their hands. The protection of the health of the inhabitants of large towns and cities is a matter for the special care of the municipal authorities who are dealing with it.

We know, however, that tuberculosis is an evil more immediately destructive to human life than any other that exists. It is more terrible than smallpox, yellow fever, cholera or war. That eminent journal, the San Francisco Chronicle, says that of the 65,000,000 people now living in the United States more than 9,000,000 will die of tuberculosis. We know it to be contagious by means of a microscopic bacillus of such tenacity of life and virulence that its deadly effect continues after it is dried and ground to powder; that neat cattle, as well as some other domestic animals, are quite as subject to it as human beings, and that infection occurs indifferently among all forms of life which are subject to the disease.

But this, as may well be the case, is the worst side of it. The disease is not evenly distributed. While some herds of cows are nearly all infected, others are entirely free from it. In general, tuberculosis in cows is most prevalent in climates and under conditions which favor its ravages in the human race. It is more prevalent than elsewhere in the dairies which supply large cities with milk. Of the 9,000,000 of our fellow citizens who are to die from it, the majority, probably, are helpless children who will imbibe the deadly microbe with their milk.

There are some who believe that if we can stamp out tuberculosis from our domestic animals we can eradicate the disease from the human race. There are none who doubt that the control of the disease in the lower animals could enormously decrease human mortality and lengthen the average of human life. To accomplish this the only method is to destroy every infected animal. The inhabitants of cities, as is natural, are moving first and most actively. What is to be done in the country and among farmers does not yet appear. It is not known to what extent the disease is prevalent among farm cattle in different localities. Apparently the first step must be a thorough official investigation of farm cattle, that we may know what we have to deal with. Farmers certainly do not wish to kill themselves and their families, and if there is any serious danger of this from infected animals they ought to know it.—Colman's Rural World.

FREIBURG CATTLE.

A Dairy Breed Which Is Very Popular in Southern Germany.

This is a Swiss breed. The United States consular report says of it:

There are several off-shoot breeds derived from the pure Bernese, known as the Freiburg, the Frutiger, the Illiez and Ormond breeds, but they are all

FREIBURG BLACK SPOTTED BULL.

more or less inferior to the pure original race. As a principle, cross-breeding has failed in Switzerland, and the best results have always been obtained from in-breeding from the pure original stock.

Of these minor spotted breeds the only one that deserves notice here is the Freiburg, which originated in the canton of that name, and is still bred there in great purity, although even there it is gradually giving way in the best herds to the light colored Saanen and Simmenthal variety.

The distinctive mark of the Freiburg cattle is found in the fact that their spots are black. Many examples are seen in which the entire animal is black, except perhaps the head and a stripe under the belly. It is fully as heavy as its Bernese rival, but has larger, heavier bones, coarser flesh, and is in other respects inferior to it in the technical points that characterize a perfect stock. As working animals and as milkers the Freiburgers rank next to the Bernese.

DAIRY SUGGESTIONS.

The real test of a cow is her performance after the first three or four months in milk.

A cow that is heated and worried will not milk well, and her milk will not make good butter.

A cow with her first calf never milks so well as with her third or fourth, and so is unprofitable thus far.

The worst enemies of the dairy interest are those too ignorant or too lazy to take the pains necessary to make good butter.

Thoroughly wash the buttermilk out of the butter as it comes into the churn and the butter will not become rancid so soon.

A large cow on the dairy farm is more expensive to feed and adds to the cost of the butter.—Prairie Farmer.

Champagne from Apples.

It is reported that the Germans, who recently made heavy purchases of American apples, intend to use this fruit in in the manufacture of champagne by an entirely new and secret process. Whether this be true or not, the American apple is gaining a firm foothold in European markets.

A WAR REMINISCENCE.

Scenes at Hatcher's Creek and Petersburg Recalled.

John B. Seace Speaks to a Reporter of Stirring Scenes—Escaped with a Slight Wound, But, Like Other Veterans, Has Suffered Since—A Story That Reads Like a Page from History.

From the Albany, N. Y., Journal.

When one encounters in print the life story of some scarred veteran of the civil war, a feeling of admiration and sympathy is the certain result. Accustomed though we are to tales of heroism and suffering in everyday life, there is something peculiarly attractive about these old war records, serving, as they do, as a sacred passport to the heart of every true American. Thousands found their rest on the field of carnage or in the hospital, but their comrades, when the struggle was over and the victory won, returned to their homes and began anew the battle of life.

John B. Seace, the widely known contractor and building mover of Albany, N. Y., has had an unusually interesting life, and when seen by a reporter recently at his home, No. 15 Bradford Street, told of his many experiences and adventures while serving under the old flag in the late war. Although having endured all the hardships and privations of life in the ranks, Mr. Seace bears his more than half a century of years with an elastic step and a keen mind, taking an active interest in private and public affairs.

Mr. Seace is a member of Berkshire Lodge No. 52, I. O. O. F. He enlisted in the army in 1862, in Company A, Forty-ninth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, serving under Col. W. F. Bartlett, First Brigade, First Division, Nineteenth Corps, with which he participated in some of the hottest battles of the war, including Port Hudson, Donaldsonville and Plain Store, where he was wounded. His time being out, he was discharged, but soon re-enlisted as sergeant in Company A, Sixty-first Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry. He was in the battle of Hatcher's Run, the fight about Petersburg and the battle of Sailor's Creek.

After his honorable discharge, June 4, 1865, Mr. Seace returned to Albany and settled down once again to his business and social interests. He has resided in the city ever since. It would seem that now, of all times, his peace and happiness would have been uninterrupted. Such was not to be the case, for four years ago, while engaged in superintending the raising of the immense smokestack of the Albany Electric power house, the lever of a loosened windlass struck him a heavy blow across the back. The effect of the blow was not at first apparent, he being able to leave his bed in a few days. But the worst was to follow, for without warning he was seized with sciatic rheumatism in all its virulence. Untold agony followed.

Said Mr. Seace: "I could not sleep for the pain. No one will know the tortures the rheumatism gave me. I don't know how I lived during those days. I became little more than skin and bones, and it seemed like life didn't have anything but suffering in it. Cures? I tried every so-called rheumatic cure that was ever invented. I gave all of them a good trial before I stopped taking them. My friends and neighbors recommended remedy after remedy that they heard of, but my rheumatism went on just the same. Well, after I had almost had the life tortured out of me, I came across a newspaper account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I thought I might as well add another name to the list as not, so I ordered some of my druggist.

"I tell you, I was glad in those days to hear of anything that could give me any hope at all. Yes, I got them, and *before I had taken two boxes* that pain began to leave me. Why, I couldn't understand it. I couldn't imagine myself being cured. But before I had taken a half-dozen of those boxes I was cured. The suffering which had made my life almost unbearable for so long had disappeared. I was a new man.

"I began to get strong. I picked up in flesh, and I went back to my business with all the vigor and vim of a young man. I think everyone who knows me will tell you what it did for me. Pink Pills is the grandest medicine ever discovered, and if my recommendation will do it any good I want you to use it. I hope others will hear of it and be benefited as I have been. Everyone should hear of it. I can't say too much for them," Mr. Seace exclaimed, enthusiastically, in conclusion.

This is but one of the many cases in which Pink Pills have taken such a beneficent part in the history of humanity.

Mr. Seace is now enjoying the fruits of an unusually large business, managed solely by himself, and covering almost the entire eastern portion of the State. Mr. Seace is also an ivory carver of marked ability, which he follows solely for his own pleasure. Many little trinkets, carved by the light of the camp-fire, attest his skill in this direction.

Far from being solicited to recommend the curative which had taken such a load of misery from his life, in his gratitude his praise for it is unstinted and unceasing. And from his own statement one may easily see that when he does cease to sing its virtues, it will be to answer the last mustering in.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Signs of the End of Time.

Many years ago there was printed in the city of Constantinople a queer Jewish "mystery book" called the "Zerubbabel." This book is great on prophecies and signs, one section of it being entirely devoted to the coming of the Messiah and the ten "signs" which shall precede that event.

The first is the appearance of the three apostle kings.

The second, a period of terrible heat. The third, a den of blood (see Joel II., 30). The fourth, a darkness which shall cover the earth for a period of 30 days.

Fifth—Rome shall be given universal power for nine months.

Sixth—A fall of "healing salves," or dew, which shall cure every ill of the pious Jews.

Seventh—The birth of Armillus, the anti-Christ, an awful monster who will be born of a marble statue in one of the churches in Rome.

Eighth—The blowing of the three blasts on the trumpet by the archangel, Michael (not Gabriel).

Ninth—The blowing of a second series of blasts by the same person.

Tenth—The ten tribes shall be led to Paradise, where they will celebrate the wedding feast of the Messiah.—St. Louis Republic.

Man Marries His Stepmother.

Joseph Duquenne and his stepmother, Mrs. Sophia Duquenne, both residents of Colfeen, were united in marriage the other evening at Hillsboro, Ill. The bride is ten years older than her former stepson and present husband.

A CLOCK with its ponderous embowelments of lead and brass, its pert or solemn dullness of communication.—Lamb.

TORTURES IN MORO CASTLE.

Owen Melton, a Prisoner, Describes the Inquisitorial System in Vogue.

Owen Melton, the young American who was taken by the Spaniards when the schooner Competitor was seized, writing from Havana under date of June 3, gives an account of the treatment of prisoners in Moro castle and Fort Cabanas. He says:

"Nightly volleys of musketry are heard. The next day the prisoners understand what the volleys meant when they miss the faces of certain men. The most terrible thing that has come under my observation occurred on May 30. On that day Faustino Padrone, a 16-year-old boy who had been captured near Havana, was brought to the Cubanas. The boy was suspected of being connected with the insurgents, and to make him confess he was tortured. He was stripped and tied up by the arms. Then a Spanish lieutenant whipped the boy with a rawhide until he was a mass of bleeding pulp. As the whip fell the officer would ask the boy certain questions. The latter, suffering agony, would cry out: 'Yes, yes.' These answers would be written down to be used against the boy when he is court-martialed."

Feminine Frills.

A pendant watch in blue enamel is considered a very lovely gift for a bridesmaid.

The purse attached to the newest wheelwoman's belt looks like a can-

Wide hairdressing is being frowned upon by the woman who likes exclusive styles.

The woman who has the talent of silence will have no trouble getting on in this life.

White linen cushions give a wonderful air of freshness to the summer cottage living-room.—Chicago Record.

Time at Sea.

Time is kept at sea by "watches." Each watch is four hours long, and every half hour is marked off by strokes upon a bell. Thus half-past eight is one bell, and 12 is eight bells, half-past 12 one bell, and so on.

If Remote from Medical Help,

Doubly essential is it that you should be provided with some reliable family medicine. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best of its class, remedying thoroughly as it does such common ailments as indigestion, constipation and biliousness, and affording safe and speedy help in malarial cases, rheumatism and inactivity of the kidneys.

FAITH is letting down our nets into the transparent deeps, at the divine command, not knowing what we shall take.—Faber.

CALAMITY is a man's true touchstone.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

HUMOR is wit and love.—Thackeray.

IT is sure the hardest science to forget.—Pope.

HAPPINESS is a rare cosmetic.—G. J. W. Melville.

I BELIEVE in great men, but not in demigods.—Bovee.

THE miserable are sacred.—Seneca.

IDEAL beauty is a fugitive never located.—Mme. Sevigne.

THE mother's heart is the child's school room.—Beecher.

OUR possessions are wholly in our performances.—Simms.

THE charities that soothe and heal and bless are scattered at the feet of man like flowers.—Wordsworth.

"PEOPLE don't think I amount to much in this concern," said the office-boy, as he filed away the paid bills; "but they'd think different if they knew I handled all the receipts."—Roxbury Gazette.

GREAT souls are not those which have less passion and more virtue than common souls, but only those which have greater designs.—Rochefoucauld.

"Dr man dat doan' neber kick 'tall," said Uncle Eben, "an' de man dat keeps kickin' all de time an two people dat gin'rally gits de worst of it in dis here life."—Washington Star.

THE Weeping Daughter—"O, I shall die! Papa says that Algy and I must not think of marrying for two years yet." "Don't cry so, dear," said the judicious mother. "Perhaps you will not want to marry him at the end of two years. Who knows but that blonde husbands will be out of style then?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HOW IS THIS?—"A friend in need is a friend indeed."
That certainly seems funny.
For instance: How could a friend in need advance a fellow money?
—N. Y. Herald.

BANKRUPT.—Dyer—"What is your business, may I ask?" Boorish Stranger—"I am a gentleman, sir. That's my business." Dyer—"Ah! You have failed, I see."—Truth.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. DR. KLINE, 933 Arch st. Phila., Pa.

"EF some men," said Uncle Eben, "could think ez fas' ez dey kin talk dey' bah 'stoulshed de worl' long befo' dis time."—Washington Star.

AFTER six years' suffering, I was cured by PISO'S CURE.—MARY THOMSON, 299 Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, '94.

THOSE there are whose hearts have a look southward, and are open to the whole noon of nature.—Bailey.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

O, FRIEND, as long as I study and practice humility, I know where I am.—Cleobulus.

THERE are follies as catching as contagious disorders.—Rochefoucauld.

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to the Governor of South Carolina

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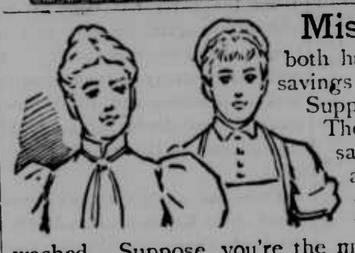

Mistress and Maid

both have their part in the great savings that come from Pearline. Suppose you're the mistress. There's the economy of it—the saving of time, etc., and the actual money that's saved by doing away with that steady wear and tear on everything washed. Suppose you're the maid. There's the saving of labor; the absence of rubbing; the hardest part of the house-work made easier and pleasanter.

But suppose you are mistress and maid, both in one, doing your own work. Then there is certainly twice as much reason why you should do every bit of your washing and cleaning with Pearline. 507

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1896.

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET

For President of the United States,

WILLIAM McKINLEY,

OF OHIO.

For Vice President of the United States,

GARRET A. HOBART,

OF NEW JERSEY.

THERE is evidently some room for loyal missionary work even in the great soldier State of Kansas. The South Haven (Kan.) *New Era* says:

Private Soldier Grand Army Post at Blackwell is having a heated controversy with the trustees of the church at that place It seems that on Memorial Sunday the post made arrangements to hold their services in the Baptist, but were met by the trustees with the information that they would not be allowed to display the national flag within the church. One of the trustees was willing to have the post march in with the flag, one was willing to let the colors be brought into the house but that they should be furled and remain furled altogether while in the building and the third man objected to the flag in toto. The old soliders cut the controversy short by going to the M. E. church and holding their exercises there. That Baptist organization evidently needs a new board of trustees. There are but few places, and should be none, in this country where Old Glory is not a welcome sight.

The Milk in the Cocoanut.

Ex-Gov. Boies, of Iowa, the leading candidate for the Democratic nomination, is letting the people see what is behind this free silver business. In a recent interview he said:

"The condition of the farmers in the northwestern states is absolutely unendurable. I say this, knowing the facts. I have myself in this state two farms paid for largely with money I have earned as a lawyer. One is a farm of 2,500 acres of land and the other containing 1,000 acres. With the present price of labor and the present price paid for farm products, no man in the world could take either of these farms, even if I should present him with the ground and make a dollar out of it. I mean, of course, that he could not equip the farm and pay interest on the money invested in the equipment and wages for labor out of the income he would get by selling the products. A farmer who works himself, and is assisted by the labor of sons and daughters, could make a small farm pay. But no farm is profitable when conducted on the basis of a manufacturing business. Cheap and abundant money is the only remedy for this intolerable state of things."

Here is the milk in the cocoanut. The working farmer, who wants to run his farm on the basis of a manufacturing business cannot make farming pay "at the present price of labor." So he wants "cheap and abundant money" so that "the present price of labor will not press so heavily on the farmer who does not work himself but hires his labor."

With the object Boies has in view he is going to work the right way. Silver bullion can be bought anywhere in the civilized world for 70 cents an ounce or less and it does not take much more than three-fourths of an ounce of silver to make a silver dollar. Free coinage therefore means that capitalists and empolyers shall be allowed to have dollars made for them free of charge at the mint at a cost of about 50 cents apiece to pay their employes and other creditors. To workingmen free coinage means that they shall be paid in dollars worth only 50 cents apeice instead of 100 cents, as at present.

Speech Of Acceptance.

The notification ceremony at Canton Monday possessed all the elements of interest naturally belonging to such an occasion and it drew from the Republican candidate for President a speech which contains the substance of all that will or can be said throughout the campaign in advocacy of his election. Mr. McKinley will perhaps discuss the issues more elaborately in his letter of acceptance, but he set them forth Monday with great clearness and felicity. It was a calm, resolute and perfectly candid speech reflecting with accuracy the mental and moral character of the Republican nominee and supplying a new assurance of his qualification as a leader and his fitness for the executive office.

The candidate's statement of the things which must be done to restore National prosperity and which the Republican party is confidently expecting to undertake, could not be improved. It is not a vain and grandiloquent ascription of wisdom and virtue to a political oragnization whose record at every stage contradicts the eulogy. Nobody can refute the assertion—and we believe there were never before so few in a mood to make the attempt—that Republican supremacy has meant honor and prosperity hitherto. If there were ever before so many believers in Republican capacity to mould the future, all the signs of the times are at fault. The proofs which in reality were always ample have been even more clearly revealed in a period of unexampled distress than in the long years of well-being and contentment. What the party has done it can and will do again so soon and so long as it has the opportunity. It points the country to its adversaries, broken promises and to its own accomplished deeds for a double object-lesson in the art of government.

There has never been an honest doubt of the Republican candidate's steadfast adherence to the principles set forth in the platform which he heartily approved before its adoption. But though he did not need to give any further assurance on that point, his expression with the satisfaction with the direct and emphatic terms in which the party creed is enunciated is sure of a cordial response. "They are too plain and positive to leave any doubt or question as to their purport and meaning," and Mr. McKinley's career and character supply a perfect guarantee of the wisdom and devotion with which, as candidate and President, he will uphold them.—Ex.

McKinley on the Stump.

Shall Major McKinley take the stump in his own campaign for the Presidency, is a question which some of his friends are asking. It has not been the rule for Presidential candidates to take the stump in recent years, though Mr. Blaine did in 1884. General Harrison made many short speeches in 1888, but they were all to visiting delagations, who called upon him at Indianapolis.

McKinley's nomination is more like that of Blaine than any other, and he has taken the place of Blaine in the hearts of the people. He has for the last four years been the most popular campaign orator in the country. In 1892 and 1894 there was no other man in such demand as was McKinley. The Republicans in every state in the Union wanted to hear him, and the committees found it necessary to carry him by special trains to enable him to meet the demads made upon him. His compaign work in 1894 was the greatest ever put upon any man, and he then spoke to more people them any man ever did in the same length of time. He visited more than one-half of the states of the Union, and the people who heard him in that campaign were numbered by the millions.

Two years ago when everybody was talking of McKinley for President, it was suggested by some of the national committeemen that in the event of his nomination it might be a good plan to have him make a trip across the country, from Maine to California, and back, that Republicans in the far West might hear him. That plan may bo impracticable, and it may be that Major McKinley will prefer to remain in Canton as Gen. Harrison remained in Indianapolis in 1888, but if he does there will be much disappointment among Republicans in other states. They cannot all go to Canton. but they all want to see and hear McKinley. He is like Blaine, too popular to be kept off the stump even in a campaign where he is the leading candidate.

The Gold Standard.

The fact can not be too often repeated that the declaration of the Republican party in favor of the gold standard simply means the maintenance of a thing that already exists. It is the free silver people who propose to make a change and establish a new standard. They are against the present currency system, and anxious to substitute for it one under which a different kind of money would be used for the payment of debts and wages and the transaction of the country's business. The Republicans believe in keeping things as they are in that respect. That is to say they hold that we now have sound and satisfactory money and that it would be foolish and disastrous to throw away this advantage. It is not proposed to eliminate silver from the currency and prevent its use for commercial purposes but only to so limit the amonnt of it that it can circulate freely at par with gold. Any intelligent voter can readily comprehend the distinction and the reason for making it. We have absorbed as much silver as we can carry with safety, and the Republicans are opposed to an increase of it that would inevitably unsettle values, depreciate the currency, and force us to an inferior standard.

It is not true, as the free silver orators practically assert, that the Republican party is seeking to make gold the only form of money in the country. On the contrary, it merely insists that other forms of money shall be kept as good as gold. There should be no objection to that from any man who has the prosperity and welfare of the country at heart. There can be no two standards of value at the same time, and the Republicans contend that the one which now exists, and which is known to be safe, should not be exchanged for one that would be unsafe and in every way mischievous. The silver element now in the currency is freely accepted because it is on a parity with gold, and the Republicans wish to continue it in service on that basis; but they are against the free and unlimited coinage of it because that would destroy the parity and flood the country with a depreciated circulation. It is not a question of dispensing with the use of silver, but of adapting the volume of it to the conditions which govern its value. The limit of safety in the coinage of such money has been reached, and the Republican party says that we should have no more of it when the result would certainly be a stupendous misfortune. That is what is meant, and all that is meant, by the maintenance of the gold standard.

APPARENTLY the Boston *Advertiser* knows as little about our form of Government as it does about pensions. In discussing the possibility of an election of a president by the House of Representatives, it says:

There is a notable parallelism between the method of selecting by the electoral college and by the House. Inasmuch as a new Congrss is chosen every time a new president is to be elected, the probabilities are that the party that controls the House will control the presidency.

This is as stupidly ignorant as many of its tirades about pensions. Every school-boy knows, or at least should know, that the Congress elected next fall can have nothing to do with the election of the president. Should any dispute arise it would have to be settled by the present Congress, whose life expires the day the new president is induced into office.

For Sale or Rent.

A very desirable property in Oakland, being the late residence of Henry J. Mayers. Also for sale the Oakland Woolen Mills property. Said property may be obtained cheap and on easy terms. Apply to J. C. Renninger, attorney, Oakland.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1359, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near Mellenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

Maryland Teachers.

The annual meeting of the State Teachers' Association will begin at Deer Park, Tuesday, July 14, and will continue three days.

Noted educators and prominent men from various sections will be present and addresses on topics of especial interest to instructors will be made. Morning and night sessions will be held in the ballroom of the Deer Park Hotel, which will be arranged and decorated for the occasion. There will be no afternoon exercises.

The opening exercises Tuesday night will consist of an address of welcome by Mr. G. S. Hamill, of Oakland; a response by Prof. M. Bates Stephens, of Denton, and the annual address by the president, Prof. Charles F. Raddatz, of the Baltimore City College. Vocal and Instrumental music will diversify the programme, under the direction of Professor Rabold, of Cumberland.

Others to take part in the exercises are: Prof. H. A. West, of the Baltimore City College: Prof. R. W. Silverter, president of the Maryland Agricultural College; Hon. Milton G. Urner, of Frederick; Prof. H. D. Beachley, of Thurmont High School, Frederick county; Hon. J. S. Wirt, of Elkton; Hon. James M. Monroe, of Annapolis; Prof. J. H. Zimmerman, principle of the High School, Williamsport; Prof. Wm. Hinebaugh, school examiner of Garrett county; Mr. Lewis Putzel, of Baltimore, Prof. John T. White, principle of the High School Cumberland, and Miss Harriet Brown.

The full programme has not been completed, and other speakers and instructors will be added to the list among them a member of the faculty of the Johns Hopkins University. The State board of education will also be represented.

At the close of the meeting, Thursday, July 16, officers to serve the ensuing year will be elected.

Call for Your Letters.

Mrs. Minnie Eyle, Miss Ora Liston, Miss Lola Roth.

Reduced Rates to Chicago.

Account of the Democratic National Convention, Chicago, Ill., the B. & O. R. R. will sell excursion tickets from all Ticket Stations on its lines east of the Ohio River, for all trains July 3, 4, 5 and 6, good for return passage until July 12 inclusive, at one single fare for the round trip.

Tickets will also be sold by all connecting lines.

The B. & O. maintains a double daily service of fast vestibuled express trains, with Pullman Sleeping and Dining Cars attached, running through to Chicago solid without change or transfer. 15-4.

Mowers and Horse Rakes.

We offer to the public any one of the three standard mowing machines: The latest improved Champion; the latest ideal ball bearing Deering and the Dayton chain power mowers at prices ranging from $35.00 to $40.00

Hay rakes from $15.00 to $20.00.

Farmers in need of this claas of goods should call and see samples and make arrangements as early as possible as the best are always scarce during the season.

19 3t J. M. DAVIS & SON.

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

THE

New BUCKEYE

FOR 1896.

The Simplest, Best and Lightest Running Binder on Earth.

ISN'T IT A BEAUTY?

Examine our composition adjustable bearings and other valuable improvements for 1896. It beats the World.

From the Golden Harvest Fields of the Sunny South, where grain cutting is now progressing, come Songs of Praise for this Wonderful Machine.

The genius of man has never produced its equal,
Its perfect working Bundle Carrier is admired by all.
No weight on horses' necks—no side draft—open end, and it will handle the longest or shortest grain successfully.
See its high drive wheel which insures light draft.
Be sure and examine this machine before you buy. If there is no agent in your locality, correspond with us direct.

COMPETITORS ARE FLEEING BEFORE THE MAJESTIC MARCH OF THE NEW BUCKEYE.

HEAR WHAT PENNSYLVANIA FARMERS SAY,

The field selected was rye 7 feet tall, very heavy and green. The machine was drawn by an ordinary team, and never made a skip or missed a sheaf.

We the undersigned have, this 27th day of May, 1896, witnessed the working of the New Buckeye Binder, cutting rye on the farm of Dr. G. A. Knight at Lamertine, Clarion county, Pa. We consider its work first-class in every respect, and the Machine very light draft.

Some expressions from those present—"Isn't she a daisy." "I tell you that's the lightest running binder I ever saw." "She handles that rye elegant." "Don't it make a splendid sheaf." "Say that bundle carrier beats them all." "That pair of horses could handle that machine all day." "Did you ever see a binder with such little machinery." "Not a particle of weight on the horses' necks, it's perfectly balanced." "It beats anything I ever saw."

E. B. Sheffer, D. Kneppenberger, H. McGinnis, W. L. Long, D. M. Delo, Lynn Campbell, Joe Sheffer, Irvin McGinnis, H. C. Sheffer, Joe S. Shirey, Lewis Kurtz, Chas. Say, J. J. Kline, L. M. Cochran, Frank Kline, P. Wingard, Jno. Wilhelm, Aaron Conner, C. K. Sheffer, G. H. Wenner, F. W. Berlin, M. E. Shannon, F. E. Shannon, jr., J. M. Kurtz, J. G. Heeter.

THE BUCKEYE MOWER.

ORIGINAL, GENUINE AND ONLY, MADE BY

AULTMAN, MILLER & CO.,

AKRON, OHIO.

FOR SALE BY

JONAS ✣ FRAZEE,

SELBYSPORT, MD.

IMMENSE FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATION AT OAKLAND.

Spend Your 4th Where You Can Keep Cool and ENJOY a Day of PLEASURE.

A Gorgeous Trades Display and Lustrous Street Pageant!

FOUR BRASS BANDS.

A Band of Indians and Cow-Boys,

DRESSED IN THEIR PRAIRIE COSTUMES.

THERE WILL BE TO AMUSE YOU Base Ball Games, Tournaments, Running and Trotting Races, Bicycle, Egg, Foot, Sack, Donkey and Wheelbarrow races, Band Concerts all day. Three Dancing Floors. A sham battle in the Afternoon between Co. K; 4th Md. Regiment and Cow-boys and Indians. Firemen's Parade and Exhibition of Work.

A LARGE NUMBER of PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED THE VICTORS.

A 4th of July Oration will be delivered on the Grounds after the Parade. Over 50 acres of a Beautiful Park to be used for Amusements, etc. A grand Display of Fireworks and Flambeau Drill at Night. Several hundred dollars worth of Fireworks will be displayed from a hill-top.

The B. & O. R. R. wil run Special Excursion Trains for this occasion at greatly reduced rates from all points on main line and branches.

Don't Forget that We Guarantee You a Pleasant Time, so

COME TO OAKLAND ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.

THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

For the Existing Gold Standard and Protection.

The platform adopted by the Republican National Convention is as follows:

The Republicans of the United States assembled, by their representatives in National Convention, appealing for the popular and historical justification of their claims to the matchless achievements of thirty years of Republican rule, earnestly and confidently address themselves to the awakened intelligence, experience and conscience of their countrymen in the following declaration of facts and principles:

For the first time since the Civil War the American people have witnessed the calamitous consequences of full and unrestricted Democratic control of the government. It has been a record of unparalleled incapacity, dishonor and disaster. In administrative management it has ruthlessly sacrificed indispensible revenue, entailed an unceasing deficit, eked out ordinary current expenses with borrowed money, piled up the public debt by $262,000,000 in time of peace, forced an adverse balance of trade, kept a perpetual menace hanging over the redemption fund, pawned American credit to alien syndicates, and reversed all the measures and results of successful Republican rule. In the broad effect of its policy it has precipitated panic, blighted industry and trade with prolonged depression, closed factories, reduced work and wages, halted enterprise and crippled American production, while stimulating foreign production for the American market. Every consideration of public safety and individual interest demands that the Government shall be rescued from the hands of those who have shown themselves incapable of conducting it without disaster at home and dishonor abroad, and shall be restored to the party which for thirty years administered it with unequalled success and prosperity. And in this connection we heartily indorse the wisdom, patriotism and the success of the administration of President Harrison.

We renew and emphasize our allegiance to the policy of protection as the bulwark of American industrial independence and the foundation of American development and prosperity. This true American policy taxes foreign products and encourages home industry; it puts the burden of revenue on foreign goods; it secures the American market for the American producer. it upholds the American standard of wages for the American workingman; it puts the factory by the side of the farm, and makes the American farmer less dependent on foreign demand and prices: it diffuses general thrift and founds the strength of all on the strength of each. In its reasonable application it is just, fair and impartial, equally opposed to foreign control and domestic monopoly, to sectional discrimination and individual favoritism.

We denounce the present Democratic tariff as sectional, injurious to the public credit and destructive to business enterprise. We demand such an equitable tariff on foreign imports which come into competition with American products as will not only furnish adequate revenue for the necessary expenses of the government, but will protect American labor from degradation to the wage level of other lands. We are not pledged to any particular schedules. The question of rates is a practical question, to be governed by the conditions of the time and of production; the ruling and uncompromising principles is the protection and development of American labor and industry. The country demands a right settlement, and then it wants rest.

We believe the repeal of the reciprocity arrangements negotiated by the last Republican administration was a National calamity, and we demand their renewal and extension on such terms as will equalize our trade with other nations, remove the restrictions which now obstruct the sale of American products in the ports of other countries, and secure enlarged markets for the products of our farms, forests and factories.

Protection and reciprocity are twin measures of Republican policy and go hand in hand. Democratic rule has recklessly struck down both, and both must be re-established. Protection for what we produce; free admission for the necessaries of life which we do not produce; reciprocal agreements of mutual interest which gain open markets for us in return for our open markets to others. Protection builds up domestic industry and trade and secures our own market for ourselves; reciprocity builds up foreign trade and finds an outlet for our surplus.

We condemn the present Administration for not keeping faith with the sugar producers of this country; the Republican party favors such protection as will lead to the production on American soil of all the sugar which the American people use and for which they pay other countries more than $100,000,000 annually. To all our products—to those of the mine and the field as well as those of the shop and the factory—to hemp, to wool, the product of the great industry of sheep husbandry, as well as to the finished woolens of the mill—we promise the most ample protection.

We favor restoring the early American policy of discriminating duties for the upbuilding of our merchant marine and the protection of our shipping in the foreign carrying trade, so that American ships—the product of American labor, employed in American shipyards, sailing under the Stars and Stripes, and manned, officered and owned by Americans—may regain the carrying of our foreign commerce.

The Republican party is unreservedly for sound money. It caused the enactment of the law providing for the resumption of the specie payment in 1879; since then every dollar has been as good as gold.

We are unalterably opposed to every measure calculated to debase our currency or impair the credit of our country. We are, therefore, opposed to the free coinage of silver, except by international agreement with the leading commercial nations of the world, which we pledge ourselves to promote; and until such agreement can be obtained, the existing gold standard must be preserved. All our silver and paper currency must be maintained at parity with gold, and we favor all measures designed to maintain inviolable the obligation of the United States and all our money, whether coin or paper, at the present standard, the standard of the most enlightened Nations of the earth.

The veterans of the Union armies deserve and should receive fair treatment and generous recognition. Whenever practicable they should be given the preference in the matter of employment, and they are entitled to the enactment of such laws as are best calculated to secure the fulfilment of the pledges made to them in the dark days of the country's peril. We denounce the practice in the Pension Bureau, so recklessly and unjustly carried on by the present Administration, of reducing pensions and arbitrarily dropping names from the rolls, as deserving the severest condemnation of the American people.

Our foreign policy should be at all times firm, vigorous and dignified, and all our interests in the Western hemisphere carefully watched and guarded. The Hawaiian Islands should be controlled by the United States, and no foreign power should be permitted to interfere with them; the Nicaragua Canal should be built, owned and operated by the United States, and, by the purchase of the Danish Islands, we should secure a proper and much-needed naval station in the West Indies.

The massacres in Armenia have aroused the deep sympathy and just indignation of the American people, and we believe that the United States should exercise all the influence it can properly exert to bring these atrocities to an end. In Turkey American residents have been exposed to the gravest dangers, and American property destroyed. There, and everywhere, American citizens and American property must be absolutely protected at all hazards and at any cost.

We reassert the Monroe Doctrine in its full extent, and we reaffirm the right of the United States to give the doctrine effect by responding to the appeals of any American state for friendly intervention in case of European encroachment. We have not interfered, and shall not interfere, with the existing possessions of any European power in this hemisphere, but those possessions must not, on any pretext, be extended. We hopefully look forward to the eventual withdrawal of the European powers from this hemisphere, and to the ultimate union of all of the English-speaking part of the continent by the free consent of its inhabitants.

From the hour of achieving their own independence, the people of the United States have regarded with sympathy the struggles of other American peoples to free themselves from European domination. We watch with deep and abiding interest the heroic battle of the Cuban patriots against cruelty and oppression, and our best hopes go out for the full success of their determined contest for liberty. The government of Spain, having lost control of Cuba, and being unable to protect the property or lives of resident American citizens, or to comply with its treaty obligations, we believe the government of the United States should actively use its influence and good offices to restore peace and give independence to the island.

The peace and security of the republic, and the maintenance of its rightful influence among the nations of the earth, demand a naval power commensurate with its position and responsibility. We therefore favor the continued enlargement of the navy and a complete system of harbor and seacoast defenses.

For the protection of the equality of our American citizenship and of the wages of our workingmen against the fatal competition of low-priced labor, we demand that the immigration laws be thoroughly enforced and so extended as to exclude from entrance to the United States those who can neither read nor write.

The Civil Service law was placed on the statute book by the Republican party, which has always sustained it, and we renew our repeated declarations that it shall be thoroughly and honestly enforced and extended wherever practicable.

We demand that every citizen of the United States shall be allowed to cast one free and unrestricted ballot, and that such ballot shall be counted and returned as cast.

We proclaim our unqualified condemnation of the uncivilized and barbarous practices well known as lynching or killing of human beings, suspected or charged with crime, without process of law.

We favor the creation of a National Board of Arbitration to settle and adjust differences which may arise between employers and employed engaged in interstate commerce.

We believe in an immediate return to the free homestead policy of the Republican party, and urge the passage by Congress of the satisfactory free homestead measure which has already passed the House and is now pending is the Senate.

We favor the admission of the remaining Territories at the earliest practicable date having due regard to the interests of the people of the Territories and of the United States. All the Federal officers appointed for the Territories should be selected from bona fide residents thereof and the right of self-government should be accorded as far as practicable.

We believe the citizens of Alaska should have representation in the Congress of the United States to the end that needful legislation may be intelligently enacted.

We sympathize with all wise and legitimate efforts to lessen and prevent the evils of intemperance and promote morality.

The Republican party is mindful of the rights and interests of women. Protection of American industries includes equal opportunities, equal pay for equal work and protection to the home. We favor the admission of woman to wider spheres of usefulness, and welcome their co-operation in rescuing the country from Democratic and Populistic mismanagement and misrule.

Such are the principles and policies of the Republican party. By these principles we will abide, and these policies we will put into execution. We ask for them the considerate judgment of the American people. Confident alike in the history of our great party and in the justice of our cause, we present our platform and our candidates in the full assurance that the election will bring victory to the Republican party and prosperity to the people of the United States.

Notice to Tax-Payers.

This is to give notice that all unpaid taxes for the years 1894–5 have been placed in my hands for collection, and that if the citizens owing same do not make settlement immediately I will proceed to advertise and sell their property.

AUSTIN BROWN, Sheriff.

Notice to Subscribers.

On July 8th, as is our usual annual custom, we shall send to our subscribers statements of their accounts. We have on our books over a thousand names of subscribers who owe us on an average of $3.25 each. This in the aggregate amount to a considerable sum and we desire to impress this fact upon the minds of the delinquents: that if we do not receive a remittance on amounts above three dollars we shall be compelled to place the accounts in the hands of our attorney for collection.

This notice is given at this time time so as to allow our friends to make preparations to meet this obligation. We do not want to give any of our sucscribers trouble but if we can't make collections through the agency of letter writing and the mails we will be compelled to resort to other and sterner methods.

Mt. Lake Park Ice.

Mr. B. F. Crane, who has charge of the ice house at the lake, will deliver ice to residents of Oakland every morning except Sunday. All orders left at the Oakland Pharmacy will recive prompt attention. 15-4 t*

EUROPEAN LETTER.

Our Special Correspondent Writes From the Land of the Dons.

CORDOVA, SPAIN, May 30, 1896.

When we decided, three American girls, to go through Spain, people in Gibraltar shook their heads. Cook's agents from whom we bought tickets so as to avoid being cheated by the courteous employes of the railroad, strongly advised us to take a courier. He would be always useful, sometimes indispensable, and he would cost us only three dollars a day besides his traveling. But traveling in Spain is costly at best, because one has to go first class. There are not the fairly comfortable second class compartments of France and Italy, or the clean third class ones of Germany, where one can have cheerful converse with the knitting peasant women. Besides we had had a guide in Gibraltar and the experience had not filled us with enthusiasm. When we were dumped with our luggage on the landing warf, in the midst of a drenching rain, we stumbled from the Charybdis of boatmen, cab drivers and porters into the Scylla of a guide. He took us to the Hotel Royal, where the bill for one night's stay made our purses quake, and we decided that we would hardly fall among worse thieves in Spain than we had in this little strip of English territory. So we took our lives in our hands and started. And I want to say to the girls who are preparing to come over here, don't take a guide. If you have the least independence (and what American girl has not) you will find him more of a bore than a benefit. Not the least trouble did we have, and we did not know a word of the language. We learned to gesture eloquently and affectively and to say "Cuanto?" which means "How much does it cost?" And though the answer was wholly unintelligible we would hold up our fingers and then our interlocutor would do the same. When he held up ten we always shook our heads vigorously and offered five. It was much more fun to talk commonplace English and have it translated. And if the extra expense isn't a consideration (as it was with us) the money can be much more profitably invested in mantillas and bull fights. So for sentimental and economical reasons, go alone. When we took the little train at Algiceras we were lucky enough to get a compartment to ourselves and with the instinct of the railway hog we piled our luggage on the seats and looked forbidding when anyone glanced in. But after the train had started the conductor's head appeared at the window and he smilingly explained, in perfectly plain Spanish that he could have put other people in their but—well—he had not. For which consideration we presented him with nine cents, which he received humbly and gratefully, smiled all around, winked and disappeared.

The railway service in Spain is not as perfect as it might be. In the provincial cities only one train leaves a day. If you miss it you have to wait twenty-four hours for the next. For the further convenience of the public this train usually leaves at 6 a. m., and it is one of the customs of the country to reach it an hour before it starts. So whenever we wanted to make a journey we had to submit to being called at four o'clock in the morning, to dressing by candlelight to driving an interminable distance through ghostlike rows of houses (for stations are always in an inaccessible part of the town); and to waiting on cold dim platforms sometime after the appointed hour, when the train would sleepily start and we would try to finish our naps in corners of the compartment. But even there uncomfortable incidents are overlooked when we remember that it is this very absence of modern conveniences that makes Spain so novel and interesting. When the country turns to adapt itself to the ways of travelers, much of its originality and charm will vanish.

The first thing we did when we reached Cordova was to start for the mosque. Outside it is rather disappointing; but the interior is a delightful surprise, with endless vistas in every direction, the low arches striped alternately in dull red and white. There were a thousand pillars, we were informed, and we prefered not to attempt to verify the statement. We roamed around in the maze, studied the ever-changing combinations of arches, and tried to imagine the mosque when it was first erected, to be the Western Mecca. To-day glowing mosaics and rich marbles have been carefully covered with whitewash, piously designed to hide such relics of heathendom, and in the centre a chancel has been constructed, where choir boys drowsily intone the Vesper service. We went out to a garden near by, formerly belonging to the Alcazar. We sat down on the grass and ate oranges plucked from the trees over our heads. The woman who opened the gate gathered great bunches of roses for us, and sociably offered her apron on which to wipe our fingers when we had finished eating. We watched the Guadalquivir at out feet, with its rows of washerwomen on the bank; we looked at the pink and yellow houses beyond, at the picturesque muezzin, and exchanged the profound and original opinions that Spain was lovely.

Low Rates for the Fourth.

In pursuance of its usual policy, the B. & O. R. R. will sell round-trip excursion tickets between all stations on its lines east of the Ohio river, for all trains July 3rd and 4th, valid for return passage until July 6th inclusive, at greatly reduced rates. 16-2t

THE

Maryland Building and Loan Association

of Garrett County.

OFFICERS:

ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
DR. H. W. MCCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney.
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencies.

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock:

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month. EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL

ROOFING.

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In affect May 24, 1896.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS	NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1		No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
2 30	8 00 lv	Cumberland ar	12 00	7 30
2 57	8 31	Rawlings	11 30	6 59
3 20	8 56	Keyser	11 04	6 36
3 33	9 09	Westernport	10 51	6 23
3 36	9 12	W. Va. C. June.	10 48	6 20
4 01	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5 55
4 25	10 00	Harrison	10 00	5 33
5 10	10 45 ar	Elk Garden	8 55	*3 20
5 00	10 35 lv	Gorman	9 21	5 00
5 06	10 41	Bayard	9 15	4 51
5 17	10 52	Dobbin	9 01	4 41
5 50	11 28	Thomas	8 31	4 05
6 25	11 55 ar	Davis	8 03	3 25
5 53	11 27 lv	Cokelon	8 31	4 02
6 19	11 51	Hendricks	7 50	3 30
6 23	11 57	Bretz	7 54	3 25
6 28	12 00	Parsons'	7 51	3 22
7 09	12 39	Kerens	7 28	2 47
7 30*	1 00 ar	Elkins	lv 7 00	†2 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 35
				*P. M.
	2 55* ar	Bealington	lv	*11 50
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

TRUSTEES' SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE

IN GARRETT COUNTY.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in them by a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county sitting in Equity, and passed in a cause therein pending wherein David F. Kuykendall and others are complainants, and Althea M. Devecmon and others are defendants the same being No. 762 Equity on the docket of said Court, the undersigned will on

Saturday, July 18th, 1896,

at 10½ o'clock a. m., in front of the post office in the town of Oakland, offer at public sale all the right, title and interest of all the parties to the said Equity cause in and to all the following described real estate to-wit:

All those tracts of land lying on the National Turnpike about four miles east of Grantsville, in Garrett county, Maryland, containing

1238 ACRES OF LAND,

more or less, and particularly described in a deed from William Combs and wife and Zadock W. Kalbaugh and wife to John S. Combs, dated November 27, 1868, and recorded in Liber H. K. No. 25, folio 127, of the Land Records in Allegany county, it being known as the

"Stone House Farm"

of which the late John S. Combs died seized and possessed.

Said farm is fully described in the exhibits filed in said Equity cause. It is improved by a

Large Stone Dwelling House,

commodious barns and other outbuildings in good repair.

Terms: Cash on day of sale or upon the ratification thereof.

BENJ. A. RICHMOND,
D. J. BLACKISTON,
W. C. DEVECMON,
Trustees.

16-4t.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.40 A. M
No. 5	—Daily	7.07 A. M
No. 71	—Accom. daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 67	—Daily	10.40 A. M
No. 55	—Express, daily	6.22 P. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	6.45 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	10.46 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	—Daily	5.50 A. M
No. 2	—Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	9.46 A. M
No. 72	—Accom. daily except Sun	4.20 P. M
No. 66	—Daily	5.02 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	12.20 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.

C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

THE

G. E. PEARCE DRUG CO.,

OF FROSTBURG, MD.

We have probably the largest stock of goods in the drug line in Western Maryland.

P. D. & CO. and S. and D. pharmaceutical preparations always in stock, supplied to physicians at jobbers' prices.

OUR LINE OF

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES AND WINDOW GLASS

IS LARGE AND COMPLETE.

We sell and guarantee LUCAS TINTED GLOSS PAINT at $1.25 per gallon.

9-2m

WHY SHOULD YOU SEND YOUR CHILD

—TO—

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

1st. He (or she) can be prepared for college; he can study book-keeping, Shorthand, typewriting, etc., and be fitted for business; he can begin his course in medicine or pharmacy under a teacher who has made the subject of chemistry a specialty.

2nd. It is a home school (co-educational) and for a limited number; and is conducted with all the loving, care-taking ministrations for individual development that the name implies.

3rd. Students require the most bracing, nerve-building climate, and here they have it. Among the recreations are skating, boating, tennis, bowling.

4th. English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, German, Musical and Art courses. Bible study and high ethical teaching will fit him for a noble Christian career.

E. B. SWAN, Principal,
18-1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ½ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. E. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE

IN MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Mary E. Alderson and Joseph U. Alderson to John W. Arnold, John C. Dunham and William J. Nair, trustees of Garrett Council No. 35, Jr. O. U. A. M., dated January 28, 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 25, folio 175, one of the Mortgage Records of Garrett county, default having been made in the covenants of said mortgage, the undersigned attorney named in said mortgage to make sale thereunder, will sell at public auction in front of the Postoffice in Oakland, Md., on

Friday, the 3rd Day of July, 1896,

AT TEN O'CLOCK A. M.,

all those lots or parcels of ground described in said mortgage, situated in the town of Mountain Lake Park, Garrett county, Md., the same being

Lots Numbers 1200, 1201B, 1201C, 1202, 1300 and 1302

on the plat of Mountain Lake Park Association.

Said lots are most desirably located and are improved by a

Large Two Story Dwelling House

and outbuildings, and is one of the most desirable properties in the Park.

Terms of sale as prescribed by the mortgage.

JAMES C. PEDDICORD,
Attorney Named in the Mortgage.

11—4

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

TO THE BLACKBIRD.

Bird with the saffron bill,
Like close-furled crocus bud in early spring,
Thou makest all the bleak and dreary wold
Melodiously to ring.

Thy sanctuary gleams like burnished gold;
The thin larch copse that fronts the waning sun,
This is the haven that thy soul has won;
Its charms are manifold.

Warm on its banks the shortening sunbeams lie,
Its trembling spires are kindled into flames;
And see the pulsing planet that proclaims
The night fast drawing nigh.

There, where the shadows yet more closely cling,
Those fluent notes of thine are swift outrolled,
And the tired shepherd, leaning o'er his fold,
Lingers to hear thee sing.

The rill that babbles on its tortuous way
Steals noiselessly along thy calm retreat.
And night draws nearer with reluctant feet,
Fearing to hush thy lay.

The amber light fades out along the west,
And thou art silent; like a half-spent bolt
With dipping flight thou skim'st the quickening holt,
To seek thy new-built nest.

The thy fond mate awaits thee; there ere long,
With head close-tucked beneath thy ebon wing,
Thou'lt hide thy pipe of gold till dawn shall bring
The round world back to song.

—Arthur Wright, in Chambers' Journal.

TRACKED.

Rogers fell a victim to his enthusiasm for the new wheel. Added to the ecstasy of the devoted cyclist was also the passion of the inventor. Rogers had plenty of money, and so could indulge his fads. He had an ingenious brain, and consequently when his craze was photography he invented several perfectly unworkable cameras; and now that he had taken to cycling with all the fervor of youth, he had naturally concocted many improvements, so-called, upon the machine.

The wheel upon which he was now mounted was practically his own invention. It was exceedingly light and strong, the framework being made of aluminum, and its pneumatic tire had a covering which he was positive would make it absolutely non-slipping. The ordinary geometrical raised work on the average non-slipping tire, he held, was inartistic, and so he drew a design for a non-slipping tire which would leave his own autograph, as it were, along the roads, and which would prevent the wheel from going sideways on turning a muddy corner. A celebrated rubber manufacturing company had constructed a tire, faithfully following Rogers' designs, at tremendous cost, and now the young man was for the first time mounted on his new machine, finding, to his delight, that it worked beautifully.

In his eagerness to test the machine fully he went further afield than he had intended and was somewhat tired when he came to the forking of the road, where it branched off in three directions with never a finger post to guide the bewildered traveler.

Night was coming on rapidly and earlier than the season called for, because the clouds hung low in the sky, and the weather seemed threatening. Rogers had come too far to return home that night. He knew in a vague and general way that Saddlesbury was ahead of him, and he thought he must be within ten miles of the place, but which of the three roads led to it was a question he could not answer, and there was no one abroad that lowering evening from whom he could make inquiries. After a moment's hesitation he again mounted his wheel and took the road which appeared to be the most traveled, but after following it a mile in increasing darkness this road again branched and neither of the new ways seemed particularly inviting.

It was now so dark that he resolved to light his lamp, and then discovered that in his intense absorption regarding the improved qualities of his new wheel he had neglected minor details; he had no oil with him, and his lamp, a new one, was entirely empty. He concluded to risk arrest by the local authorities, so he once more mounted his wheel and drove ahead. The rain now began to come down steadily, and the moon, which he knew had risen, was entirely obscured by the clouds. The roads became wet and slippery, and he found that his new invention was still capable of improvement, for on turning an unexpected corner somewhat suddenly, the wheels slipped from under him and he sprawled on his hands and knees in the mud. Nothing that human ingenuity has yet concocted is so treacherous as the absolutely non-slipping tire on a slushy corner. Rogers picked himself up and struck the mud from his clothing as well as he could, groped about in the rain and darkness for his machine, put it on its wheels once more and trundled it along, trudging by its side. He longed for a habitation of any sort, but the road seemed absolutely deserted.

Tramping gloomily in the downpour he cursed his inventive faculties that had led him astray, and the bad weather which made his journey a misery. Once or twice he mounted the machine and tried to make quicker progress, but the darkness was so intense and the roads so bad that he finally abandoned all thought of wheeling. At last he came to an avenue of trees whose thick overhanging branches formed a kind of shelter from the storm. He stood his machine up against one of the tree trunks, filled his pipe, and, after many futile attempts, succeeded in getting a match to burn long enough to light the tobacco.

Although it was a wet night, it was not cold, and he had some thought of remaining till daylight under the shelter of the trees. He smoked a pipe or two, and rested for perhaps an hour, when, with a sigh, he made up his mind that anything was better than this, even the pitiless storm, which showed no sign of abating. So still trundling his machine, he tramped on in the slush along the lane until he came out in the open once more where half an hour in the pelting rain made him wish he had remained under the shelter of the trees. Another grove presently gave him the shelter he had abandoned, and there he refilled his pipe and smoked gloomily. It seemed to him that daylight would soon reappear, but, on striking a match and looking at his watch he found that the night was not yet half over, it being but little after twelve o'clock. He was hungry, wet, tired and thoroughly miserable, in a condition of mind to welcome the roughest fare.

As he stood under the trees Rogers noticed that the rain slackened, and finally it ceased. The moon now poured out fitfully from among the clouds, and, yearning for the comforts of home, the young man pushed off with a determination to make a final effort to reach civilization of some sort.

Shortly after leaving the grove he came to a gateway that evidently led to a house. As there was no porter's lodge beside the gateway, he came to the conclusion that the house could not be a very important one, and that perhaps the inmates would not resent being aroused at that untimely hour to give shelter to a weary fellow creature. Pushing open the gate he wheeled his machine into the avenue and after a ten minutes' tramp along the winding road saw before him the bulk of a large country house with numerous outbuildings, and, what was more to the purpose, a light still burning in the windows of what was apparently a kitchen. He was cheered by the thought that perhaps some of the servants were sitting up late.

Coming to a gate that led to the kitchen door, he entered it. Passing a shed he saw, partly by the watery moonlight and partly by their own lights, which were still burning, two bicycles in a corner of the shed. He placed his own beside them, and, tired as he was, he looked with an expert's eye at the two other machines. They were of an old pattern and did not have pneumatic tires. He was astonished that such machines should belong to a house so pretentious as the one he was about to enter, but gave no particular thought to the matter at the time. A moment later he knocked at the kitchen door. He thought he heard voices within just before he knocked, but now there was intense silence, and no response was made to his demand for admittance. After waiting a reasonable time he raised his hand to knock once again, when the door was cautiously opened a few inches and a man peeped out at him.

"What do you want?" said the man in a hoarse whisper, and seeing Rogers' hand still on the knocker, added: "Don't wake up everybody, it's late, you know."

Rogers apologized, and said that all he wanted was shelter and something to eat.

"Wait a minute," said the man, and he partially closed the door. Rogers heard a whispered consultation inside, then the door opened, and the man said, quietly: "Come in."

Rogers entered, and saw there were two occupants of the kitchen. One man sat by the table, on which there was a huge joint of cold meat, bread and butter, and foaming flagons of beer. This evidence of good cheer was most grateful to the feelings of the cyclist.

"Come in," whispered the man, "but don't make a noise. We don't want master wakened at this hour of the night. He'd make trouble if he was."

"I'll be very quiet," whispered Rogers, "but I want a cut of that beef, and if you can give me a place to sleep I'll make it all right with you in the morning, and get away unseen by anybody."

The man at the table had not spoken, but he now made a motion toward the cold meat, as if he invited the cyclist to help himself.

While Rogers ate and drank with the energy of a healthy, hungry man, nothing was said. The other two sat looking at each other, seemingly in some dismay. At last the younger of the two men rose, opened a door cautiously, went up a stone paved passage and opened another door. He returned with a lighted candle in his hand and nodded to the elder man.

"Now," he said to Rogers, "if you have finished your meal, come this way, and I'll find you a bed."

He led the tired cyclist up the stone passage, and to a small opening off, in which was a small cot bed.

"That's the best we can do for you tonight," said the man, setting down the candle. "If you had come earlier, we could have found you a better place."

"Oh, that's all right," said Rogers. "I couldn't ask for anything better, and I hope I sham't get you into any trouble by coming late." Saying which he slipped some money into the hand of the servant, who took it without comment, bade him good night, and retired.

Rogers took off his wet clothes, spread them out so that they might be reasonably dry by the time he needed them in the morning, and fell asleep as soon as he had thrown himself down on the cot bed.

His awakening in the morning was somewhat of a surprise to him. He found himself rudely shaken by the shoulder, and on opening his eyes beheld an elderly man of gentlemanly appearance standing over him with a pistol in his hand. Two countrymen, one evidently a groom, stood near the door regarding him with every appearance of fear and horror. They both held cudgels, and were apparently ready to attack him should he make a dash for the door.

"Why, my man," said the elderly gentleman, "I hope your sleep has been refreshing."

"It has, indeed, sir, thank you," answered Rogers. "But why these warlike preparations? Am I a prisoner?"

"Well, something of that sort," replied the old gentleman, astonished at the language and coolness of his guest.

"You are the master of the house, I take it."

"You are quite correct. Is that your bicycle out in the yard?"

"Yes," answered Rogers. "At least I placed it in the shed last night."

"Oh, did you? We found the wretched machine there this morning, and it led to our search for you."

"Wretched machine!" cried Rogers sitting up in bed. "Oh, come now, I'll stand rudeness to myself, but I'll be hanged if I'll allow the bicycle to be slandered. I want you to know, sir, that this is probably the finest and most expensive bicycle that exists in this country. Its frame is aluminum, and the cost of it is as great as if it were made of silver, and I flatter myself that the non-slipping tire, although it skids rather badly in the mud, is a unique invention, if I do say it myself. I want you to know that I am the inventor of that bicycle. It was constructed under my supervision, and if you will allow me to show its merits, I fancy you will change your opinion of it."

"That may be so," rejoined the old man, putting his pistol in his pocket, for he saw that this was not the criminal he thought he had captured. "I don't know very much about bicycles, so perhaps you will be so good as to dress and give me some explanation of how you came to be here."

"Oh, that's very simple," said Rogers. "I lost my way last night, and came up your lane some time after 12. There was a light in the kitchen and I found two of your servants having a late supper. I asked them for shelter and they put me in here."

"Ah, I see," said the old man. "Well, those two were burglars, and have made off with all they could lay their hands on that was valuable and at the same time portable. My son has gone to town for the police and has not yet returned. Perhaps you can aid us by giving a description of the men. I thought at first that you were one of the gang who had perhaps taken too much drink and overslept yourself, but I see you are nothing of the kind."

"I shall be glad to give you every assistance in my power," said Rogers.

In a few minutes he was up and dressed, and on going outside saw that the burglars had a keen appreciation of his invention, and had taken away his new machine, leaving one of their own in its place.

"I am sorry," said the old man, courteously, "that in seeking our hospitality you should have been robbed of a valuable cycle. Let us hope we may catch the rascals. Here is my son and two policemen."

Rogers went out to the lane and walked a short distance from the house, critically examining the ground as he did so.

"Look here!" he cried to the old gentleman, as he came hurriedly back. "These men have taken what they didn't know was an autograph bicycle. Here you see the name in the mud: 'Rogers,' marked quite distinctly. That was a little idea of my own. In making a non-slipping tire I had the name written, as it were, in raised letters all around the circumference of the wheel. If we are reasonably active there will be no trouble in tracing the thieves. I shall mount this wheel they have left behind, and if your son and the officers will follow me I think we can track them. I had my name on the tires largely to identify my machine if it happened to be stolen, but it never struck me that it might write my name all along the road."

Rogers, after a hasty breakfast, sprang on the burglar's bike, and put his best licks along the lane and down the byroad he had traveled the night before. Even when they came to the main road ten miles away he could still descry his name in many of the soft spots of the road. Before noon they had run down the burglars, much to their surprise, and Rogers, pointing out the merits of his machine to the captured man who had ridden it, explained to him in the most kindly manner that if he had not stolen that particular bicycle he would very likely not at that moment be in custody. Whereupon the burglars loudly cursed the automatic autograph registering bicycle, which conduct the indignant Mr. Rogers resented. All of which goes to show that burglars have no real appreciation of talent.—Detroit Free Press.

Prison Malingering.

A case showing great cunning and perseverance, as well as tolerance of much self-inflicted pain continued for many months, is worth telling. The convict was most determined and resourceful in his efforts at malingering. He began by running a piece of copper wire into his knee, by which he nearly lost his leg. He then produced a number of sores round the knee joint and kept up a great degree of swelling and inflammation by means of rag and thread pushed into the wounds. Upon the discovery of this he took to introducing lime below the skin. On another occasion a bandage was found firmly bound round the man's thigh, the result being, in medical phraseology, "extensive swelling and lividity of the thigh." The doctor ordered his limb to be enveloped with a large piece of guttapercha so as to checkmate the prisoner's malpractice. The latter, however, by means of a strip of sheeting and the skewer to which part of his dinner was attached formed a tourniquet and by it compressed his leg so much during the night as to quite neutralize the medical treatment it had received during the day. The imposture was at length detected by an order of the doctor to expose the limb outside the bedclothes to the view of the officer by day and night, and from that hour progress was toward complete recovery.—Chambers' Journal.

NATIVES OF SOUTH AFRICA.

Characteristics of the Races of the Dark Continent.

When the Dutch fixed their first post at Cape Town in 1652, with no thought either of colonization or of conquest, but for the sake of having gardens which could supply fresh vegetables to the scurvy-stricken crews of their ships sailing to the east, they found three native races inhabiting the country. One of these, the Bushmen, though few in numbers, were widely scattered over the whole of South Africa. They were nomads of almost the lowest kind, with a marvelous faculty for tracking and trapping wild animals, but neither owning cattle nor tilling the soil, with scarcely even a tribal organization, no religion and a language consisting of a succession of clicks. Unable to accustom themselves to civilized life, driven out of some districts by the settlers and in others no longer able to find support, owing to the extinction of game, they are now almost extinct, though a few are still left in the deserts of the Kalahari and northern Bechuanaland. Before many years the only trace of their existence will be in the remarkable drawings of animals with which they delighted to cover the smooth surfaces of rocks. These drawings, which are found all the way from the Zambesi to the Cape, and from Maniacland to the Atlantic, are executed in red and yellow pigments, and are often full of spirit and character.

The second race was that which the Dutch called Hottentot. They were of a reddish or yellowish black hue, taller than the Bushmen, but with squat and seldom muscular figures—a thoughtless, cheerful, easy-going people, who roved hither and thither with their flocks and herds as they could find pasture. They were decidedly superior to the Bushmen, whom they hated, but quite unable to withstand Europeans, and their numbers rapidly declined, partly from the loss of their best grazing grounds, but largely, also, through epidemic diseases, and especially smallpox, which ships, touching on their way from India, brought into the country. They are now, as a distinct race, almost extinct in the colony, though a good deal of their blood has passed into the mixed black population of Cape Town and its neighborhood—a population the other elements of which are Malays and west-coast negroes, the descendants of slaves imported in the last century. Farther north, on the south side of the Orange river, and beyond it in Namaqualand, small tribes cognate to the Hottentots still wander over the dreary plains.

Very different from these weak Bushmen and Hottentots was, and is, the third native race, those who are called Bantu (a word meaning "people") by themselves and Kafirs by Europeans. The word Kafir is Arabic, and means an infidel (literally "one who denies"). It is applied by Mussulmans not merely to these South Africans, but to other heathen; as, for instance, by the Afghans to the idolaters of Kafiristan, in the Hindu-Kush mountains. The Portuguese probably took the name from the Arabs, whom they found already settled on the east coast. These Bantu tribes—if we may class those as Bantus who speak languages of what is called the Bantu type—fill all East Africa from the region of the Upper Nile southward.

Those who dwell south of the Zambesi are generally strong and well-made men, sometimes as black as a gulf of Guinea negro, sometimes verging on a brown tint; and though they have the woolly hair and thick lips generally characteristic of the negro, individuals are often found among them whose cast of features suggests an admixture of Semitic blood. They are more prolific than the Hottentots, as well as physically stronger and better made, and they were further advanced in the arts of life. Some of the tribes dug out and worked iron and copper; all of them used iron. Their chief wealth lay in their cattle; horses they did not possess, but where the land was fit for tillage they cultivated it. They had no religion, except in a sort of magic, and that worship of the ghosts of ancestors which seems to be the most widely diffused of all human superstitions. Instead of a priesthood, there were wizards or medicine-men, often powerful as the denouncers of those whom the chief wished to put to death. Intellectually they were very much upon the level of the native races of West Africa.—James Bryce, M. P., in Century.

Antiquity of Precious Stones.

Gems were not cut until the 16th or 17th century, being used in the rough before that period. As early as 2,400 years before Christ precious stones were used as ornaments, and more gems were cut during the Roman empire than during any other period. Later Venice and Genoa became the great gem markets of the world, and upon the discovery of the new world, its supply was called upon to furnish the old world. The prehistoric races of the new world made great use of pearls, and some of the finest seen are yet to be found in the continent discovered by Columbus. India was the first country to produce diamonds, the finest precious stones, and at one time as many as 6,000 men were employed in the Golconda mines. It has always been a remarkable fact that the so-called conservatism of the world in the matter of diamonds condemns new diamond fields and their products. Amsterdam represents about one-third of the trade in diamonds.—Chicago Chronicle.

Baked Rhubarb.

Peel and cut into two-inch lengths three bunches of rhubarb. Dredge with flour and put in a baking dish, with one large cupful of sugar sprinkled over it. Bake in a moderate oven three-quarters of an hour.—N. Y. Ledger.

'Twould Be a Settler.

Small Brother—Pa says he wishes you'd make haste and propose to Grace.

Young Man (delightedly)—Then he is willing to let her marry me?

"Don't that. He says you won't come so often after you have been rejected."—Tit-Bits.

THE NEW SHAH OF PERSIA.

He Is Very Wealthy and Highly Accomplished.

Mouzaffer ed-Din, the present shah of Persia, is in easy circumstances. The royal treasure, which is kept in the vaults of the palace of Teheran, was increased enormously during the reign of his father, Nasser ed-Din. Sentinels stand day and night in front of a sealed door which leads to a crypt where millions in gold and silver are hid, as well as nuggets of the precious metals. The shah, in order to be close to his treasure, has his private apartments immediately above the vaults. Besides these riches, which are estimated at over $200,000,000, the shah also has a treasure shut up in one of the apartments of his palace. This is composed of pearls, rubies, emeralds and other precious stones, among which there is a magnificent diamond, which, on account of its rare beauty, is called "the Sea of Light."

Just now the French papers are giving a good deal of space to the present shah of Persia, but probably the best account of him is given in the Journal des Debats.

"At the entrance to the palace," writes the Debats' correspondent, "I was received by three personages who spoke French with ease. They were the nephew of the valyahd and two of his aids-de-camp, and I was not a little surprised to hear a military band, composed of young fellows, playing in a perfectly acceptable fashion a quadrille from the 'Cloches de Corneville,' and also some French waltzes and oriental pieces, which the ear must be accustomed to in order to take in thoroughly all the melancholy tones.

"The next day I was presented to the valyahd in the same building. He was so simply clad that I would have had difficulty in picking him out of a crowd of courtiers that accompanied him, if I had not remarked that each one of them kept himself respectfully turned toward him, and if his handsome face and haughty air had not revealed him as the master. The new shah of Persia is a dignified man. He is well made, and his features are regular. His month is amiable, and it is surmounted by a very large mustache. The entire countenance seems calm, and it would appear even severe, if in his great, dark eyes, full of expression and gentleness, and shaded by thick eyebrows that never frown, one could not discern kindness.

"Mouzaffer ed-Din is a good Mussulman, but he has broad and liberal ideas. For 30 years he was left almost alone, shut up, so to say, in Tabriz, the residence of the heirs to the throne, which he could not leave except with the consent of his father. It is a capital in which it is difficult to learn much of the outside world. Nevertheless, the prince did his utmost to get some knowledge of the colossal mechanism of life in Europe, where he would have loved to travel if his father had not always refused him permission. His inquiring mind constantly went beyond the frontier to which he was limited. He loves a nomadic life, and he used to pass the summer season under a tent in some fresh valley and near the banks of a river. He is a magnificent horseman, and when the heat of the day was over he mounted a superb Arab steed and, followed by about 20 horsemen, galloped over the sandy plain to reach some distant garden; and, when the sun came near the horizon during that calm and imposing hour in the east, when nature begins to sleep, assuming the most beautiful colors, he dismounted at the top of some hill. Immediately the horsemen follow his example. A servant stretched upon the ground a fine carpet, and the prince, with his face turned toward Mecca, said his evening prayer in the surrounding solitude. He is a great hunter, and it was in the chase that he learned to be a great horseman and a most expert shot. He loved to hunt the wild sheep in the rocky mountains and the deep gorges of the Baba-Baghi, and also the bear of the summits of the Schemd. He traveled from morning to evening on horseback, passing with intrepidity from one mountain to another, riding over steep hills and down dangerous slopes, never stopping excepting to take aim at the flocks of wild sheep which passed along like clouds. He uses with extraordinary skill the military rifles of Russia, Austria and Germany, but he has never been able to obtain the French rifle, which he would have preferred above all. His hunting expeditions, always wild and dangerous, were often composed of 200 or 300 persons, and they often continued for several days. At home he chats familiarly with the persons of his suite, and walks about in his gardens, in which he is greatly interested and which, about a year ago, he turned over to the care of a French gardener.

"Russia, which has learned to know him, is altogether favorable to him. Mouzaffer ed-Din, loved by his subjects of Azerbaidjan, when he was valyahd, is bound to be loved by all the Persians."—N. Y. Sun.

One Frozen Dainty.

Frozen bananas make a delicious sweet course. Slit the skins and take out the fruit without destroying their shape; mash the pulp, and to each cupful add a pint of whipped cream and powdered sugar to taste; fill the skins to their original shape and pack in ice for two or three hours before serving.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Roast Calf's Liver.

Wash thoroughly and wipe dry, cut a long, deep hole in the side, stuff with crumbs, bacon and onion chopped fine, salt, pepper, bits of butter and one well-beaten egg. Sew or tie together. Lard it over and bake. Serve with gravy and currant jelly.—Boston Globe.

Richman Penniless.

Returned Traveler — Mr. Richman could draw his check for a million when I left. How much money has he now?

Citizen—He hasn't any.

"Eh? Wha—Did he fail?"

"No; he died."—N. Y. Weekly.

Pure

Blood is essential to health. Now is the time to purify and enrich the blood, and thus give vigor and vitality, by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

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GRIEF or misfortune seems to be indispensable to the development of intelligence, energy and virtue.—Fearon.

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To settle on one thousand choice farms on the line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway in Dakota.

These lands are located in twenty different counties, and are to be had now at prices ranging from $7 to $15 per acre; a few months hence their value will be doubled.

For a home or for investment no luckier chance in the West has ever before been offered. Now is the time to invest. No better farming land exists anywhere. No greater results can be obtained anywhere.

Schools and churches abound everywhere. Nearby markets for all farm products. South and North Dakota are the banner diversified farming and stock-raising states of the West. Everything grows in Dakota except ignorance and intemperance. A new boom is on. Take advantage of the tide which leads to Dakota and to fortune.

For further information address or call upon W. E. POWELL, General Immigration Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ills.

JONES—"Good morning, Benson. How do you find business?" Benson—"By judicious advertising."—Harlem Life.

A MAN intimately acquainted with the nature of things has seldom occasion to be astonished.—Henry Home.

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NO ADVERTISING ON ANY OF THE ABOVE. *Such Excellent Works of Art have never before been offered, Except Through Dealers, at very high prices. They are suitable decorations for any home, and to be appreciated must be seen.*

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TOBACCO POUCHES,

Rubber, self-closing. Convenient and useful.

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French Briar (Guaranteed Genuine).

POCKET KNIVES,

Jack Knives and Pan Knives, first quality, American manufacture, Razor Steel, hand forged, finely tempered Blades. Stag Handle

RAZORS,

Highest Grade Steel. Hollow Ground.

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Finest Quality Leather, Ladies' and Gents'.

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1000 Mile Repeating. For any size Bicycle.

EXCELLENT Open Face WATCHES,

The "Mail Pouch" Watches are made by a leading American Watch Company and *are guaranted, without qualification.* The "works" contain all improvements up to date. They will wear and perform well for a life time if only ordinarily cared for.

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Of course it's imitated—anything good always is—that's endorsement, not a pleasant kind, but still endorsement. HIRES Rootbeer is imitated.

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A. N. K.—G. 1610

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper

TEMPERANCE.

REFORMED BY A BABY.

Novel Method of a Mother to Bring Her Worthless Husband to His Senses.

It has remained for a woman in St. Louis to devise a simple and effective scheme for getting her husband out of a barroom in which he had been spending too much of his time and all his money. She not only induced him to go home, but to wish that he had never been in a saloon.

The woman who did it was Mrs. Fritz Leught, who is not only young, but very pretty. She and Leught have been married a little over a year and have one child, a pretty curly-haired babe.

For some reason, which Leught says now he can't explain, he got into the habit of frequenting one of the barrooms in St. Louis. He got so enamored of it he failed to go home when through with his work in the evening, preferring to pass all his leisure time in the barroom. His wife pleaded with him to keep out of it, but without avail. He went from bad to worse and soon lost his position.

Matters got so bad that when she wanted to see her husband Mrs. Leught was obliged to go to the saloon to do so. That made her desperate, and she resolved to adopt heroic measures in an effort to bring her husband to his senses.

So one day recently, when Leught was in a back room of the bar, a young and pretty woman, neatly dressed, and carrying in her arms a bundle, walked boldly into the saloon. She looked about her calmly, as if in search of some one.

ALL THE MEN CROWDED UP.

Then she walked up to the bar, deposited the bundle thereon and started to leave the place.

The barroom was full of men at the time. When the woman entered they became quiet and then astonished, as she laid the bundle on the bar very gently.

As she started to leave the place one of the waiters stepped forward and stopped her. At the same time there was a movement in the bundle, and a baby's head peeped out of the folds of cloth. The baby looked about at the garish furniture with wide, staring eyes and began to cry.

The effect was electrical. All the men crowded up and tried to quiet the child, which refused to be quieted. Even the bartenders joined in the effort to amuse the youngster.

"The baby wanted to see his father," Mrs. Leught explained to the crowd, "so I brought him to the only place where his father can be found. He can take care of the boy now, because I've got to go to work to make a living for myself and child."

That settled it with the crowd. Leught was hauled out of the back room, and almost before he knew what had happened was walking down the street beside his wife, with the child in his arms.

He got his former position back a few days later, and hasn't been in the saloon since.—N. Y. World.

NATURAL DRINK.

It Is Not Alcohol But Pure, Sparkling, Life-Giving Water.

The Welsh miners who, some years ago, were locked up for many days without access to solid food were sustained because fortunately near to them, and within their reach, was a little stream which supplied them with water. And, in the absurd feats of men living without food, we find they all take water; when sometimes, for even 40 days, they survive. Many calls this starvation, but it is not really so. The water acts as a food—not, after all, a surprising fact when we consider that the human body including even the teeth of the skeleton is made up pretty nearly of 65 parts per cent. of water alone. The greatest fact, however, derived from natural history is the magnificent one that all animals except man, and all plants, demand, as a drink, nothing but water. Life, strength, activity, intelligence are sustained on this fluid alone. Nay, if we take man, we discover that it is not all men, women and children who use this thing alcohol. Millions and millions never touch it, and yet, as our modern experience shows us, they live just as well, just as industriously, just as actively as do they who indulge in alcohol. Most convincingly is it, too, that men who take alcohol take it with water. Brandy contains half water, and it has to be diluted with more before it can be tolerated; our beers and ales contain 90 per cent. of water, our wines over 80; so that even the alcoholic populations are largely water-drinking communities. The only drink, in a natural sense, is water, without which we could not live, but which many poison with this foreign substance, giving no credit to the water that is their mainstay, and deluded in supposing that it is the alcohol, or spirit, which they have put into the water that renders the vital service.—Sir B. W. Richardson.

Some landlords' wives make it a rule to give all the money to the church that they receive for empty bottles.—Attila, in Lever.

Studying and thinking is better for boys than carousing and drinking—yes, and for men too.—Religious Telescope.

A LESSON FROM BAVARIA.

Dreadful Work "Pure, Wholesome" Beer Is Doing in That Country.

J. Leonard Corning, Sr., in a letter to the Christian Register, and which is printed in the Journal of Hygiene, treats of the beer question in a way which should open the eyes of those who are advocating the use of beer as a wholesome beverage and an aid to temperance. Mr. Corning writes from Bavaria, where all beer is subject to strict government inspection, and if adulterations are found in it the police authorities empty it into the public sewers, the brewer bearing all losses and paying all costs; so that if there is such a thing as pure beer it is the Bavarian beer, and if there is a beer-drinking class it is the Bavarians, as beer constitutes a large fraction of the nutriment of the people, especially of the peasantry. Yet this beer contains a minimum of alcohol.

But that minimum, says Mr. Corning, is enough to kindle in the great majority of organisms a thirst which is sure to lead to immoderate indulgence. The overwhelming majority of beer drinkers in Bavaria, where beer is the purest and most innocuous, are intemperate in the use of it. Do I mean that every one of this mighty constituency of Gambrinus gets drunk? No, not that; but the great majority go beyond the bounds of utility, and, in the enjoyment of their beloved and so-called "innocent" beverage, get physical and mental damage of various kinds and degrees. Bavarian pathology shows a frightful procession of fatal maladies which are distinctly traceable to excessive beer drinking. A physician told me not long ago that he had assisted in a large number of autopsies, and had observed an astonishing proportion of fatty hearts. This in a great Munich hospital, remember, in an environment where the tall brewery chimneys out number the church spires ten to one, and where they boast, and truthfully boast, of brewing the purest beer in the world.

I sat in the Court brewery not long since, drinking a mug of what is called the best beer on earth. The mug holds a quart, and the drinking of its contents should occupy an hour. So there was ample time to be sociable. I said to my neighbor: "Friend, this quart is all I can well get away with." "You surprise me," he replied. "I drank 16 yesterday myself, and I am a moderate drinker." Twenty and even 30 quarts a day is not an uncommon limit in this portion of the globe. Is it to be wondered at that adipose, with its host of hidden perils, is a common disease? A more melancholy spectacle than one encounters in a swimming bath hereabouts is rarely to be seen. In an occasional vision of the menagerie there on exhibition I have asked myself if Germany is in danger of Russian or French invasion more than she is of the mighty army of adipose.

There is a form of physical indisposition not uncommon in the lists of Bavarian mortality which goes under the name of Schlag. Perhaps I should use a word slightly more emphatic than "indisposition," for this special phase of it generally kills. It is nothing more than the springing aleak on one or more blood vessels in the brain, known among us at home, I believe, as apoplexy. This is a common form of disease among immoderate beer drinkers, and most beer drinkers are immoderate. Once in awhile, in fact very often, I read in the German papers that, "in the inscrutable decree of God, Mr. So-and-So has suddenly died of Schlag." Now, if they would only confess themselves pagogs and write "Gambrinus," the divinity of beer, instead of the other name, I will write "Amen" under these obituary notices. I have often heard in my American home the wish expressed that the drinks in Germany might, on the western continent, get the upper hand to the degree of crowding out the dreadful curse of drunkenness—a wish certainly to be commended in the motive of it, but somewhat at fault as to the historical fact.

Of drunkenness of the American type—that is, the congregation of devils, brandy, whisky, and other distilled liquors—there certainly is not a great deal in Germany. But this is not to say that the "beer drink" does not prevail to an alarming extent, or that it is not a form of physical and mental insanity sad and shameful to contemplate.

The beer drink is the great curse of the laboring class in Bavaria, and, I conjecture, likewise, in Germany generally. It has been my wont for several years to be awakened out of sleep in the small hours of Sunday and Monday mornings by the insane howlings and wild songs of midnight revelers from beer cellars and gardens, where multitudes of them leave all or nearly all the earnings of the week, which should have gone to the support of their wives and children. This is a very sad condition of things to contemplate in a civilized and Christian community, especially when one hears not the faintest suggestion from any quarter of an attempt at reform. It is a mistake to suppose that beer will not rob a man or woman of the use of reason, for I have seen it do it many times.

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

Total abstinence clears the head and fills the pocket.—Index.

Every swing of the saloon door finds an echo of woe in the heart of some woman.—Index.

Every true and timely moral reform should be born and manned, reared and supported by the church of Jesus Christ. —T. L. Cuyler, D. D.

A sure cure for the drink habit is said to be a bowl of ice water and a raw potato. Dip the potato into the ice water and suck it whenever the desire for drink becomes uncontrollable. Who has tried this?—Union Signal.

According to a report prepared by Statistician Thomas J. Doran, of the police department, there were 22,480 arrests in New York city during the year for intoxication and 8,558 arrests for violation of the excise laws.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—One hundred new words are annually added to the English language.

—A dealer says there is more steel used in the manufacture of pens than in all the sword and gun factories in the world.

—Some workmen in a Gorham (N. H.) carpenter shop have a queer pet. It is a handsome butterfly which stayed in the shop all last winter and is very tame.

—A citizen of Leeds, England, recently found a peculiar cowslip. The center stalk measured over 1¼ inches in circumference. In addition to its great thickness it was fluted and hollowed on one side like a stick of rhubarb, instead of being round like an ordinary cowslip plant.

—Many years prior to the British occupation of Egypt some of the people of that country worshiped the crocodile as a god, there being nothing else like him. They fed him on dainties, and decked him out with jewelry. In other parts of Egypt, however, the natives looked upon him as a devil.

—Governments frequently have very curious questions brought before them, and few questions could be more so than those, for instance, which deal with the eating habits of the people. Thus, at one time in English history, it was solemnly discussed, and finally determined, as to how many courses of food should be served at dinner.

—A new insect has invaded Anderson, Ind., that is being sought for eagerly by farmers. It battles with potato bugs and is effectual in driving the pests from the potato vines. It first made its appearance in gardens in Johnstown, but is now being transplanted into gardens all over the city and county. It is a diamond-shaped insect, with a long beak. It makes a business of spearing the potato bugs and living off their blood. It does no harm to the vines. It is green in color.

—A woman in a French hospital had a hiccough which had resisted all treatment for four days. She was asked to show her tongue, and it was noticed that with the putting out of the tongue the hiccough ceased. The same thing has been since tried, and with success, in other cases. All that is necessary apparently is to strongly push the tongue out of the mouth and hold it so, for a minute or two. It is also suggested now to try the same thing in suffocative cough, as whooping cough, and choking by irrespirable gases.

FLORIDA AND ORANGE GROVES.

Where the Pursuit of a Competence Is Far from Easy.

People do not seem to go to Florida nowadays to grow oranges and glide into affluence gradually while caressed by the southern sun. It is, in fact, too gradual a slide, especially if you start with pips, which require seven years before they give you oranges. Besides, it is not such smooth sailing as that. Now and then comes a biting frost with its sequel of "Vae victis." For my part, I love a frosty morning in Florida, with its rich, smoky, red eastern sky, against which the green of the trees has so strong and incongruous an effect. But there is too much swearing afterward for the peace of mind of a virtuous and sympathetic person. Nice little groves in full bearing may, it is said, be picked up cheap after one of these calamitous nights. It is, however, much like buying shares in a bank that has just closed its doors.

Only the most patient, hardened and impecunious of emigrants can stand orange growing in Florida. True, they are lured on by the prospect of market-gardening in the meantime. Early strawberries, new potatoes, etc., sell well in the north. But so many other parts of the western hemisphere are at the same game and the commission agents are so sharp that profits never seem to come nigh expectation. And all the time the newcomers are blackening under the Florida sun, enjoying little fevers (quite harmless, they are told), settling down as best they may to the society of the voluble mosquitoes and realizing only too solidly that there are disappointments and privations enough to be suffered in this belauded land of perpetual sunshine. The pursuit of a competence is, in fact, no easier in Florida than elsewhere.—Cornhill Magazine.

LAST DRINK OF A GIANT.

It Was Only a Barrel of Ale, But It Killed Him.

The largest and smallest skeletons of humans ever preserved are kept in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, London. One is eight feet four inches in height. The other is less than two feet. Charles Byrne, the famous Irish giant, who was more generally known as O'Brien, died in 1783, when he was 22 years old. His capacity for liquor was in keeping with his huge physical proportions. So keen was his anguish over losing all his property—to wit, a £300-note—that he drank a cask of ale in one day. The day following he was dead. Byrne had a great dread of becoming a dissecting-room subject. He made a bargain with a fisherman before he died to take his body out into the channel and throw it overboard.

Hunter, the English surgeon, learned of this arrangement, and by paying the fishermen $500 he prevailed upon them to carry out their bargain to the letter, but to attach a rope to the body and drag it up again after it had been immersed. The fishermen served two masters and Hunter got the body.

The tiny skeleton is that of Caroline Crachami, the Sicilian dwarf, who was exhibited in Europe in the early part of the century. The child did not grow after birth, and before she reached her teens she died. Her body, it is said, was sold to a British surgeon by her parents. Beside the giant's frame stands one of the boots Byrne wore when he died. The skeleton of the dwarf can be slipped into it as easily as a pipe stem.—N. Y. Telegram.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' DEBTS.

Humiliations to Which He Is Subjected Because of Lack of Money.

What does the prince of Wales owe? Probably nobody alive could answer the question, even approximately, offhand. For 30 years at least his books have shown a balance on the wrong side, and despite the large sums annually passing into his strong box, the deficit is believed to have increased every year with gloomy regularity. In 1884 he was said to be getting, from all sources combined, about $600,000 a year. What his gross income is now it would puzzle anybody to find out. Mr. Gladstone, in 1889, with that knightly deference to the dynastic principle which has always been so marked a characteristic in him (and which has been constantly repaid by the most spiteful ingratitude from at least the head of the dynasty), passed through the house of commons a measure to consolidate, rearrange and otherwise reform the whole business of royal grants, with particular reference to the prince of Wales and his family. Mr. Gladstone vouched for the bill in a speech of great earnestness and eloquence, and it went through all right, but I have never met anyone who felt sure that he understood the exact effect of its provisions. It is assumed, however, that it certainly left the prince no worse off than he was before, and it did, in one respect, definitely increase his specified income by creating a new grant of $180,000 a year to him for his children —this to be in lieu of further grants to them as individuals during his lifetime. Since then his elder son has died and his elder daughter has married a banker-peer, who is also an intimate friend of the prince, and who, we may be sure, has relieved him from the necessity of accounting for that particular fourth of the grant. Another daughter, Princess Maud, is to wed a cousin of the Danish family, who will be handsomely provided for from a financial point of view, and it may be taken for granted that here, too, no heavy outlay is to be dreaded by the prince, her father.

The prince of Wales still has, therefore, a gross income of $500,000 or more, and yet, with all the machinery for lightening his current expenses, which experience and necessity have perfected, he gets more and more into debt. I have seen with my own eyes a letter written not long ago by his principal man of business to an old-established firm of wine merchants, to whom the prince had owed about $6,000 for five years or more. They had asked very respectfully for a settlement, and this, in substance, was the answer, which, as has been said, I personally saw: "His royal highness is extremely annoyed at your communication, and instructs me to say that if he gets any more such letters his patronage of your establishment will be at once and permanently withdrawn. I inclose $750 on account, which is the most that can be done at present."

It is easy to think harshly of the situation disclosed by such a document as this, but somehow to me the pathos of it comes uppermost. If ever a man was thrust by fortune into a false position, and then remorselessly held there, as in a vise, by forces entirely beyond his control, it is this unhappy prince of Wales. It is not open to him to go through the bankruptcy court. He cannot cut down his current outlay to any such economical point as would yield savings large enough to affect the ever-mounting principal of his debts. He has to go on in the weary treadmill, using the money that comes in to extinguish here and there ancient claims which double themselves at usurious rates, meanwhile contracting new obligations to rise up and confound him later on.

If there were no other signs of this, the social humiliations to which the prince has surrendered himself during the past dozen years, solely for the sake of the money they would yield, would furnish ample evidence. I have spoken often before of the peculiar significance of Reuben Sassoun's presence at that notorious Tranby Croft baccarat party. The repellent old creature did not play at the game, but he had an important connection with it all the same—a connection which alone accounted for his having been admitted to the house at all. His function was to sit behind the prince and to put on the table out of his pocket the necessary counters whenever the prince lost. All the chips that the prince won were net gain to his royal highness.

A plain man might be forgiven for thinking that it was not worth while to be a royal highness on such terms as these. But practically, all the sporting princes of Europe have gone down on to the level, and are not ashamed to be seen there. The prince of Wales suffers from the double misfortune of being much harder up and of living in a vastly brighter blaze of publicity than the others. That is all. Of course there are princes of great position, like the German emperor and his brother, who do not play cards, and who hate the whole debased atmosphere of gambling and so-called "sport" in which so much of modern royalty is plunged. But they are rare exceptions, and through the others, the great majority, this new and sinister figure of the court favorite, called indifferently Hirsch, or Sassoun, or Bleichroder, or Poliakoff, has been brought into familiar prominence. Sometimes one of them, as in the case of Baron Hirsch, combines with servile and fawning instincts notable and even lofty qualities. Mankind very properly is willing, in the case of Maurice Hirsch, to pass over lightly and quickly the meaner and baser side of his character and life, and to dwell for a long time upon the splendor and magnitude of his philanthropic conceptions. — Harold Frederick, in N. Y. Times.

—Our happiness in this world depends on the affections that we are enabled to inspire.—Duchesse de Praslin.

—Magnanimity is the good sense of pride, and the noblest way of acquiring applause.—Rochefoucauld.

THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

Attributes of the Bright and Beautiful Young Czarina.

The beautiful young empress of Russia looked upon her recent coronation, not as doubtless have many others in her place, only as a state function of unparalleled splendor, but as a solemn religious rite. She makes no secret of the fact that she has taken life most seriously since her betrothal to the czarowitz became an accomplished fact; nor yet that, in spite of her devotion to her husband, the man of her heart's choice, as well as the suitor whom the statesmen of her country thought it desirable she should espouse, she considers that the brightest part of her life was left behind with her irresponsible girlhood. During their honeymoon, as was natural with a young lover, the czar was inclined to cut audiences of state short, to sign official documents with hardly a glance at their contents, and to openly display impatience when too many details were submitted to his consideration. With womanly tact and sweet reasonableness, the czarina has modified all this. Her bright and vigorous intellect has known how to give interest to the dullness of business of state; her originality has thrown a glamour over the monotonous round of court ceremonies, while her suggestions as to what might be done for this or that section of the community have done much to make her consort realize that the millions he has to govern are human individuals, and not one great vague indefinite whole.

We do not assert that the young emperor would not in time have made this discovery for himself, but it is notorious that his youth and disinclination to interfere in public affairs have kept him more in the background than is usual with heirs to the throne, while his father's unexpected death prevented the late czar from associating his son with himself in the administration of the empire. It is an undoubted fact that Emperor Alexander thought most highly of his future daughter-in-law's strength of purpose and force of character, and in the conversations he had with her during his last illness it is likely he spoke long and seriously on the opportunities she would have of influencing her husband and thus indirectly swaying the destinies of the vast and great race about to be committed to his hands.

It is nothing new to the Muscovite statesmen to note the gracious presence of a lady in the council chamber. The young czarina is only following the example of the dowager empress when, unannounced, she quietly enters the room, usually with some dainty needlework in her hand, and seating herself where, by raising her dark beautiful eyes, she can let them rest on her husband's face, proceeds to give eager and intelligent attention to all that is going on.

It is known that Princess Alix of Hesse was passionately fond of music, and as, in marrying the czar, she entered a family whose devotion to the art is equalled by few, it might be thought that she would spend more time than ever at the instrument she prefers. The contrary is the case, the magnificent piano in her boudoir will remain closed for long mornings at the time, while the graceful head of the young empress is bent low over some page in the crabbed characters of the Muscovite tongue, or one which, while written in the simpler language of the French, deals with subjects of no more general interest than international law —London Queen.

The Illusion Dispelled.

An elderly Russian princess much addicted to gambling, and very superstitious, was one day engaged in her favorite pastime when a gentleman of genial aspect, but horribly deformed came and sat down beside her. "How lucky!" thought the good lady. In this persuasion, and with the assurance common to persons of high rank, she began to stroke the protuberance of the hunchback whilst increasing the amount of her stakes. In the course of half an hour she lost 60,000 francs, yet she did not complain, being firmly convinced that she would recover the whole amount before very long. But suddenly the hunchback stopped playing and, as he stood up, he looked as tall as a grenadier. He thrust his hand up his back and withdrew—the hump. The latter was nothing more or less than a huge felt wide-awake that the wearer had stowed away under his coat to save himself the trouble of leaving it in the cloakroom. The supposed hunchback was as straight as a pikestaff. The princess flew into a passion, called him a swindler and an impostor, and it required the united efforts of all her friends to pacify her.—El Dilnvio.

Stub Ends of Thoughts.

The telephone takes everybody's word.

The five o'clock tea is the grub that makes the butterfly of fashion.

It is usually hard for a man who stretches the truth to get out of the way of the recoil.

The June bug makes more noise than a wasp, but he does not command as much respect.

Paradoxical as it may seem, it is a fact that the more mumm a man gets the more loquacious he grows.

True to the nature of the beast, many a man who, in his time, has cast sheep's eyes at a pretty girl, has afterwards had the wool pulled over them.—Up to Date.

Unreasonable.

"My husband," said a young wife, "is a very unreasonable man!"

"In what way?" asked a friend.

"He expects me to live on nothing and save half."—Detroit Free Press.

—Whenever the invention admits of a model, the inventor who applies for a patent is required to furnish it, of a convenient size, to show properly and to the best advantage the working of the device.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—New Zealand exported $4,448,000 worth of gold last year. Three-quarters of it came from the west coast and Otago.

—Paper which cannot be destroyed by fire has been discovered by a Frenchman. A specimen has, it is stated, been subjected to a severe test—that of exposure in a potter's furnace for 48 hours, and came out without injury.

—The largest collection of ornithological specimens in the world is that in the British museum, which contains 300,000 specimens. The late Henry Seebohm, the well-known naturalist, bequeathed his collection of 17,000 birds to the same institution.

—A close estimate of the crop of oranges in southern California this season, made by the president of the Southern California Fruit exchange, puts it at 9,000 car loads, or 2,700,000 boxes. This is an increase of about 400,000 boxes over last season.

—Coal mining is paying one party of miners in the Yukon country better than gold mining paid them. A find of excellent coal was made recently in the Forty-Mile creek district, and, with wood at $12 and $14 a cord, the coal mine is an excellent pay streak.

—Photographs of Perrine's comet, which was visible during the last winter, show that it had two tails, one straight and the other curved sharply backward. According to the views of the Russian astronomer, Bredechin, the straight tail probably consisted of atoms of hydrogen and the curved tail of atoms of iron.

—A company has been organized in New York city for the manufacture of nonilluminating fuel gas and has an application for permission to lay mains in the streets. The company says it can supply nonilluminating fuel gas at 50 cents per 1,000 feet, with such reduced rates to factories as will make it cheaper fuel than coal.

CONCERNING PRIDE.

Pride of Intelligence, Pride of Appearance and Many Other Sorts.

I have been engaged upon a serious problem lately, but one which is seemingly so simple that everyone should be able to solve it. I have been trying to define pride. What is pride, anyhow? There are so many things that we call pride which cannot possibly pass muster as the real article. Again, we have been taught all our lives that nothing that is false can be real, and yet we are day by day brought in contact with an existing condition which we denominate false pride. Here is a paradox, surely. There is pride of birth, pride of being, pride of intelligence, and pride of a thousand of other things of about equal importance, but the grouping of them all brings me back to the original question: What is pride? To be proud one must have something to be proud of, and hence pride is appreciation, and it is only when that sense of appreciation is well directed that it possesses the ring of quality. When men and women neglect duties through some mistaken sentiment of possible criticism, or of probable self-humiliation, real or fancied, the sentiment which actuates them, or rather which stands in the way of their activity, is not pride; it is conceit. I do not believe that pride can be qualified. It seems to me that it must be as individual as a mountain, or a tree, and that its existence is dependent solely upon the honest worth of the person in whom it dwells.

My observation has given me the conviction that no matter how seriously men and women of the world deceive others they invariably deceive themselves more, and the cause of this is too frequently through the mistaken notion of pride. We never deceive others until we first deceive ourselves. It would not appear necessary to misrepresent anything to a second or third person, if it were not that we want to convince ourselves that the misrepresentation is the result of something which we should have accomplished, or which we may yet do, and here we are influenced by that quality of conceit which dreads criticism and which is willing to humiliate itself for a word or two of praise. It is always self-deception first.—N. Y. Recorder.

Got His Answer.

Nothing could abate the conductor's urbanity. Since leaving the last station the nervous passenger had asked his usual 30 questions, to every one of which the patient conductor had given the soft answer that turns away a creditor. But the nervous passenger came back yet once more. "Tell me, conductor," he cried, in his thin, wire-edge voice, "does this car go on through?" At that moment the bottom of the bridge fell out and in two skips the train piled up in the ravine. They combed what they could find of the nervous passenger out of the wreck and spread it on the embankment. His lips moved silently. Leaning down, the conductor whispered in his ear. "It does," he said, softly. A smile played upon the nervous man's countenance and was gone. He never spoke again. That was one satisfaction. — N. Y. World.

Gay Mackintoshes.

Mackintoshes are now classed among the summer novelties. The latest importations are wonderful to behold. One which is particularly light in weight is a brilliant scarlet in color, striped with black lines and flecked with gold. Another is a large green and blue plaid conspicuous enough to attract attention wherever it may be worn. These mackintoshes have the long English cape and are made without sleeves.—Chicago Tribune.

The Old Hunks.

Mrs. Chugwater—Josiah, did you ever notice how common it is for girls to look like their fathers?

Mr. Chugwater—Of course I have. Most of them look like their fathers. That's why so many girl's faces are their fortunes.—Chicago Tribune.

OUR WASIHNGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, June 29, 1896.

Mr. Cleveland is so thoroughly disgusted with the present attitude of a majority of his party on the financial question that he wants to be where he can commune with the wild waves of Buzzard's Bay when he hears the news from the Chicago Convention, and he is accordingly making his arrangements to leave Washinton this week. It took a long time for him to get it though his head that a big majority of the democratic party was for free silver, but now that all the delegates to the Chicago Convention have been selected, he is at last convinced, and he is mad all the way through about it, and is taking it out on the members of his cabinet by accusing them of misleading him in regard to democratic sentiment in their states.

The best informed Democrats now accept it as practically a settled fact that the platform adopted by the Chicago convention will declare for the free coinage of silver and the efforts of the anti-silver Democsats are now being directed toward getting a man whose opinions on that subject are not radical nominated for President and they haven't much hope of accomplishing even that much. They will not bolt if they fail but it is an open secret that none of them will render any active help in the campain for a radical silver man on a free coinage platform and that many of them who do not for reasons of their own care to openly repudiate their party's ticket will quietly knife it at the polls without the slightest compunction.

It seems practically certain that more than nine-tenths of the German Americans will be found working and voting for McKinley and Hobart this year. The German American sound money league, composed of both Republicans and Democrats, has served notice upon each individual delegate to the Chicago convention that the German Americans will support no platform which does not declare against the independent free coinage of silver under the present circumstances. In this notification were some interesting figures gathered by the League. Of the 581 German American newspapers in this country which discuss politics 499 are in favor of the present money standard, 39 are for the free coinage of silver, and 43 have not taken a definite stand on either side. A majority of these papers are published west of the Allegheny mountains.

Mr. J. K. McDonald, manager of the Elyton Land Company of Birmingham Ala., who has been a Democrat all his life, is now visiting Washington. He says he is inclined to vote for McKinley and Hobart and that many of his Democratic friends and business associates will do the same because they consider free coinage which he calls as great a delusion as was the old greenback movement to be dead against the business interests of Alabama.

Although the hardest work of the campaign will not be on until all the nominations for Congress have been made, things are already quite brisk at the rooms of the Republican Campaign Committee, and much literature is being sent out. It is the purpose of the committee to concentrate its work upon those districts which may reasonably be considered doubtful. Chairman Babcock hasn't the slightest doubt about the Republicans retaining control of the House, but he will work just as hard as though it were a matter of doubt, in order that the majority may be as large as possible.

Senator Gorman's friends make no bones of charging the responsibility for the triumph of the silver wing of the party upon Mr. Cleveland. They say that months ago he was urged to write a letter saying that he was not a candidate for renomination and that he would not attempt to control the choice of the convention. This Mr. Cleveland refused to do until the silver wing was in control, and even then be so worded the letter that he might still accept the nomination should any chance combination of circumstances bring him the opportunity. They say further that it would have been easy to have defeated the silver wing of the party had it not been for the fear on the part of many Democrats that active opposition to silver would be accepted as friendliness towards Mr. Cleveland and his third term ambition. Senator Gorman reiterates his determination not to go to Chicago. He doesn't fancy butting his head against that silver wall, knowing that nothing can be accomplished thereby, except to make enemies for himself among the silver men in his party, and that he doesn't want to do at this time, as there are silver Democrats in Maryland, and he wants to get re-elected to the Senate, if he can get a majority of Democrats elected to the next legislature—Maryland Republicans say this is a very formidable if.

Mountain Lake Park.

The camp meeting opens Saturday at 9 a. m. A preliminary meeting will be held Friday at 8 p. m. It is expected that several hundred preachers and evangelists will be in attendance during the meeting.

The B. & O. railroad agent at the Park has handled about five hundred more pieces of baggage than he did last year at this date.

There are more cottages rented this season than any previous year of its history.

"Bishop" Thompson and family are "at home" in their cottage on H street.

A number of telephones have been put in the hotels and business houses of the Park.

Capt. Burns, U. S. A., and family, have engaged board with Mr. Shrock. They reached the Park Saturday. The Captain will be here for ten days.

J. B. Crane's new cottage will be completed by July 1st. A car load of furniture has been received for the house.

All our boarding houses and hotels are now open. Most of them have boarders.

Supt. Rudisill delivers his lecture "Picturesque America" at Kingwood on the night of the 2nd inst.

Resolution of Respect.

The following resolutions of respect were adopted by Friendsville chapter of the Enworth League and sent to us with the request to publish them:

RESOLVED, That we deeply regret the death of Orval Lowdermilk, who was an active young member of our league, and while we miss him in our meetings we believe he is rejoicing in having been promoted to patricipate in the grand and glorious praise meetings in heaven.

RESOLVED, That we hereby tender to the afflicted relatives our heartfelt sympathy.

RESOLVED, That we spread upon the minutes of our society a copy of of these resolutions and that a copy be sent our county paper for publication.

DELLA SAVAGE,
LOUISE HOYE,
D. H. FRIEND,
Committee.

Reduced Rates to Washington.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will hold their annual meeting in Washington, D. C., July 7 to 13.

For this occasion the B. & O. R. R. Co. will sell tickets, from all points on its lines, East of the Ohio River to Washington, at one single fare for the round trip, July 6 to 8, inclusive; valid for return passage until July 15, inclusive, with the privilege of an additional extension until July 13 by depositing tickets with Joint Agents at Washington

Tickets will also be on sale at stations of all connecting lines.

Delegates should not lose sight of the fact that all B. & O. trains run via Washington.

Keep The Gutters Clear.

A correspondent of The L. A. W. Bulletin writes as follows: As far back as six years ago I began the work of improvment on the road on which I have lived for 30 years. Previous to six years ago we had a narrow road consisting of three ruts, running over a hill nearly half mile in length. During the muddy seasons frequent calls were made on my next neighbor who kept a yoke of oxen, to help teams up the hill. Now, no one calls for help, and no man finds it necessary to abuse his horse in order to get his load over the hill. Although only a dirt road we have a fine driveway at almost all seasons of the year and the change has been made simply by widening out the roadbed, keeping the stones raked out and making a gutter on either side.

With help from others, the same improvement has been made in another piece of road nearby.

I believe that a sign placed on all country roads requesting all drivers to keep to the right, would result in better roads and fewer rnts.

Crops.

WESTERN MARYLAND. — Wheat has begun to show signs of ripening in the western portion of the section. In the eastern portion harvesting has begun, but is retarded on account of the wet weather. Oats are heading, and are so heavy in straw that they have already begun to lodge. Corn is rank, but very weedy, on account of wet weather and insufficient working. Buckwheat sowing has been deferred on account of the wet weather. Potatoes are thriving, and gardens are in the best of condition. Hay is the only crop which cannot be said to be in first-class condition. Haying, like harvesting, has been interfered with by the wet weather. The quality of the fruit crop is excellent.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
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"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
Conway, Ark.

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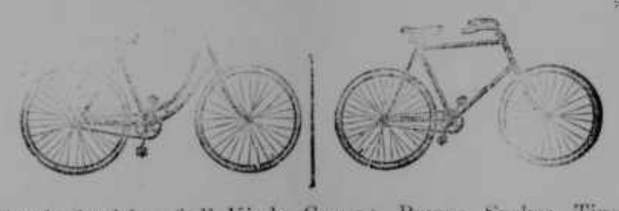

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BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

TRUSTEES' SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE IN GARRETT COUNTY.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity and passed in the cause in said court wherein John S. Sanders is plaintiff and A. T. Shuttleworth and others are defendants, the undersigned trustees were authorized to sell the real estate in said cause described, they will therefore on

SATURDAY, THE 25th DAY OF JULY, 1896,

in front of the Court House in the town of Oakland, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, offer at public auction to the highest bidder, all that parcel of land adjoining the property of W. C. Bantzhaff, and being a part of the tract of land called "Small Meadows," containing fifty acres more or less, and being the same particularly described in a deed from Joseph Eagers to Charlotte Sanders dated the 20th day of October, 1891, and duly recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 26, folio 531, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said property is improved by a small dwelling house and other outbuildings, and is partially cleared and under cultivation.

Terms of sale as prescribed by the decree. One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale or the ratification thereof by the court, and the remainder in two equal installments at six and nine months from the day of sale, said deferred payments to be approved by the trustees. The conveyancing to be at costs of the purchaser.

FREDERICK A. THAYER,
GILMOR S. HAMILL,
17—td Trustees.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, either in person or by deputy, will be in each of the election districts in said county, to collect and receive taxes at the time and places following:

July 13, McHenry.
" 14, Hoyes,
" 15, Friendsville,
" 16, Selbysport,
" 17, Accident,
" 18, Cove,
" 20, Grantsville,
" 21, Johnson's,
" 22, T. H. Layman's,
" 23, Avilton,
" 24, Gregg's,
" 25, New Germany,
" 27, Bittinger,
" 28, Bittinger,
" 27, Bloomington,
" 28, Floyd,
" 29, Swanton,
" 29, Wilson,
" 30, Deer Park,
" 30, Altamont,
" 31, Gorman,
" 31, Kearney.

Office in Oakland will be closed from July 13th to 31st inclusive.

N. B.—By an act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed at January session, 1890, being Chap. 536, it is provided that, "All county taxes shall be due and payable on the first day of September succeeding the date of levy, and on all county taxes paid on or before said day a discount of 3 per cent. shall be allowed; and after the first day of January all taxes shall bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until paid. The treasurer shall take the discount and charge interest on the tax bills for county purposes regularly in the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same on his books and upon the receipt given for taxes so paid; but his discount shall not be allowed unless the whole amount of state and county taxes due for the current year be paid when the same is made."

THOS. B. WILEY, Treasurer.

THOMAS R. McROBIE,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
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I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

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of Mr D. L. Comeweny and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of
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KINDLING WOOD, Etc.
All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Glessman Hotel.
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Do you want a fine large loaf of bread — the finest in the world?

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makes the best and most bread. Don't fail to buy Merryland. Don't buy any other, but insist on having the very best. None surpass and few equal Merryland patent flour. For sale by

THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO.

Fruits, vegetables, melons and bananas in car load lots. Don't fail to call on us for low prices and big bargains.

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Stores at Mt. Lake Park, Md.
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FOR SALE.

The farm belonging to Elizabeth Maley, situated two miles north of Deer Park, adjoining the lands of Jack Cooper, Pundenberg Miller and Raeleston. Contains 113½ acres about 65 acres cleared, and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the premises. 52-1m.*

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
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Office opposite postoffice, OAKLAND, MD.
Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.
Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

FRED A. THAYER,
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I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.
Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

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Special attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED, SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

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AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
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Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
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All work entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished on short notice. 3-5m*

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Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

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Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention. 50-13t.

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PLANING MILLS,
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DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does something or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding
DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,
at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. What? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.
FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS.
Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.
Telephone communication with all points on Avilton, Oakland and Terra Alta line.
38 13·

THE REPUBLICAN.

ESTABLISHED MARCH 3, 1877. BENJ. H. SINCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1896 NUMBER 18.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings In and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

YESTERDAY we mailed nearly eight hundred statements for subscriptions alone aggregating many hundreds of dollars. We insist that attention be paid to our call. We can't pay our obligations with anything but cash and cash we *must* have.

The leap year girl's chances are half gone.

Mr, Peter P. Lohr, of Bittinger, was in the city on Tuesday.

Mr. George Pfeifer, of Davis, W. Va., was in to see us Friday.

Miss Grace Loar is spending a few days with her brothers at Grafton.

Mr. W. W. Shoch, of Rowlesburg W. Va., was in the city attending court.

Mr. Walter G. Meyers, of Friendsville, was in the city on business Friday.

A girl wanted to do general house work for a family of two. Apply to this office.

Mr. J. T. Harvey, of Blaine, was a caller at this office last Friday afternoon.

Miss Ella Ison is spending a couple of weeks visiting friends in Washington.

Oakland's celebration on the Fourth will be ever remembered by those present.

Representative C. E. Hilleary, of Gormania, spent a day or two in town last week.

Rev. Geo. W. Kepler, of Cameron, W. Va., is the guest of Prof. and Mrs. S. C. Smith.

Mr. A. B. Garges, of Annapolis, was in the city last Saturday renewing old acquaintances.

Mrs. Geo. A. Walls, of Kingwood, W. Va., is in Oakland visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robert Felty.

Mr. Jerry Stanton, who has been in Chicago for a year or two, is at home spending a vacation.

Mrs. Edith Glover, of Keyser, was the guest of relatives in Oakland a day or two last week.

Misses Emma and Jane Feldmeyer, of Annapolis, are at the Park, guests of Hotel Chautauqua.

Mrs. Alvin Getty, of Cumberland, is in Oakland visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Kepner.

The home of our foreman and local editor, Mr. D. G. Smith, has been blessed by the arrival of a son.

Mr. Gerry Hall, of Baltimore, was in Oakland the 4th shaking hands with his many old acquaintances.

Mr. James Barrick, of Martinsburg, W. Va., was visiting Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Felty Saturday and Sunday.

Prof. E. A. Browning, of Cumberland, was in town a couple of days last week shaking hands with friends.

Mr. Daniel Hinebaugh, of Accident, drove through Oakland Tuesday, on his way to Bayard to visit his son Charles.

Mr. Hamill Spedden, who spent Saturday and Sunday in McKeesport, Pa., returned to Oakland Monday night.

Mr. Parley DeBerry, of Terra Alta, came down to Oakland Sunday to visit his injured relative, Mr. Clark DeBerry.

The brick for Dr. McComas's office have been placed at the site of the proposed building. They were made at Corinth.

The bowling craze has struck the young men (and some of the old ones, too) since the bowling alley was erected in town.

Messrs. Benj. A. Richmond and R. R. Henderson, of the Cumberland bar, were in attendance at court in Oakland Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Ravenscraft and two children, of Fairmont, W. Va., spent a few days here last week with Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Ravenscraft.

Hon. A. F. George, who is now holding a lucrative position in the State fish hatchery at Baltimore, spent the Fourth in Oakland with friends.

When a woman steps out on her back porch with her arms rolled up in her apron it is a sign to her neighbor that she has a new secret to tell her.

Last night a regular nor' wester was blowing in Oakland, and the cold was something to make those thinly attired wish for heavier clothing and a blazing fire.

Messrs. Cal and Will Crim, of Cincinnati, are at home on a visit to relatives. Cal is a detective and has won the praises of many for his work in ferreting out crime.

Mr. Frank Westlake, of the east end of town, presented this office with as fine a head of cauliflower as we have seen this season. Mr. Westlake is a proficient gardener.

A game of base ball was played at Deer Park last Friday between the team there and the Mountain Lake Park team, resulting in a score of 8 to 7 in favor of the latter.

Will Rice, who went to Salt Lake City, Utah, a number of months ago, returned to Oakland last Thursday. He was employed while away in Mr. Matt. Cullen's silver mine.

A cloud burst in the vicinity of Wheeling did considerable damage to the B. & O. railroad building in that city and effectually put a stop to travel over the road out of that city.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cures colds, croup and whooping cough. It is pleasant, safe and reliable. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Auction at Geo. O. Miller & Co.'s store in Oakland beginning on Saturday, July 18, at 10 o'clock and continue every Saturday thereafter. John Shartzer, receiver.

Dr. W. H. Ravencraft will remove his office from the Mayers building to the new Shartzer building on Second street July 15th, where he has secured a beautiful suite of rooms.

Rev. Wm. Brayshaw, the recently elected rector, will preach in St. Matthew's church at 7.30 a. m. and 5 p. m. on next Sabbath. Preaching at Deer Park at 11 a. m. the same day.

Miss Bessie Nelson, who has been a student in a musical college in Cincinnati for a year past, returned to her home in Oakland last Friday night and will remain here during the summer.

The Republicans of Swanton district are respectfully requested to meet in the hall over the Maryland Supply Co.'s store on Friday evening, July 10th, at 8 o'clock for the purpose of organizing a Republican campaign club.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

The army worms have made their appearance in this section of the county and are cutting the growing oats and grass to the ground. If the ravages of these pests cannot be stopped the damage to our farmers will amount to thousands of dollars.

H. B. Lewis & Bro's. steam saw mill, located at a point near J. F. Lewis' on the Oakland road, was burned to the ground on Saturday night last. The loss is about $500, and the fire is thought to have been of incendiary origin. It will be rebuilt at once.—Oracle

Last week County Treasurer Sollars and wife had as their guests Misses Margaret and Hoppie Keller of Romney, and Mr J. W. Keller, of Washington, the latter being on his way to Chicago, where he is one of the assistant door keepers in the Democratic convention.

Mr. Joe Hazelton, well known by many of Oakland's people was here on Thursday and made arrangefor his troupe to play three nights this week in Offutt's Hall, but owing to some misunderstanding regarding dates the troupe failed to arrive.

A number of daily papers this week have contained telegrams dated at Cumberland stating that the body of Amos Sines, who disappeared from his home near the pine swamp in this county, last winter, had been recovered at a point near Confluence, Pa., nearly a hundred miles from his home, but upon investigation THE REPUBLICAN learns that the body was that of some unknown man and not young Sines.

The 11th re-union of the U. S. Christian Commission, sanitary commission, army chaplains, north and south, and all the good Samaritans of the war of 1861-5, will be held at Mountain Lake Park, Thursday, July 30, to Sunday evening, August 2. A lengthy program has been prepared for this occasion when soldiers from both the Union and Confederate armies will be present and address the assembled veterans. Saturday, August 1st, has been designated as "Veterans' Day," when speakers of National repute will be present.

In the vicinity of Boquet, Westmoreland Co., Pa., almost any one can tell you how to cure a lame back or stiff neck. They dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind it on the affected parts and in one or two days the trouble has disappeared. This same treatment will promptly cure a pain in the side or chest. Mr. E. M. Frye, a prominent merchant of Boquet, speaks very highly of Pain Balm, and his recommendations have had much to do with making it popular there. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The great camp meeting at Mountain Lake Park opened under very auspicious circumstances last Friday evening. It is said by many that at no opening of the meeting has there been so many present. As the meeting progresses more interest is manifested. Last Sunday morning Mrs. Amanda Smith, the colored evangelist, preached. In the afternoon Rev. Jos. Smith expounded the doctrine. His sermon was one that could not fail to inspire his hearers. At night Dr. Spencer preached. At all these meetings the immense auditorium was packed.

An exchange says, a new enemy to the potato bug has arisen in the shape of a bright green bug, about the shape of a squash bug, but nearly twice as large. He is active on his legs and flies well. This green bug is supplied with forceps like the pinch-bug—goes about killing red potato bugs. He gives them a stab in the back which is invariably fatal, and seems to have no other object in life than to see how many he can destroy. If this bug should become plentiful he would soon extinguish the languid consumer of potato tops.

Mrs. Rhodie Noah, of this place, was taken in the night with cramping pains and the next day diarrhœa set in. She took half a bottle of blackberry cordial but got no relief. She then sent to me to see if I had anything that would help her. I sent her a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy and the first dose relieved her. Another of our neighbors had been sick for about a week and had tried different remedies for diarrhœa but kept getting worse. I sent him this same remedy. Only four doses of it was required to cure him. He says he owes his recovery to this wonderful remedy.—Mrs. Mary Sibley, Sidney, Mich. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The following from the Everett (Pa.) *Press*, contains so much of truth in regard to our town that we are almost led to believe that a wrong application as to locality has been made: Do you know there are one or two fellows in Everett who never exert themselves for any purpose unless it is to berate their neighbors or villify the active, go ahead, progressive men of the town? They collar every visitor who happens in town and makes it their business to tell how unpopular and friendless some men are when the fact is, these very same fellows do not have friends enough to bury them and they could not be nominated or elected to any place in the gift of the people of Everett.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Base Ball the Fourth.

Last Saturday afternoon the Jack Oak club crossed bats with a club presentably from Clarksburg, W. Va., but it is reported upon good authority that but four of the players were from the above town, the balance being from Morgantown, Wheeling and Fairmont.

The visitors went to the bat first and hammered out ten runs which virtually lost the game to the Oakland club. The decisions of the umpire in this inning materially helped to swell the score. After the fourth inning the umpire was changed, Mr. Joseph Rathbun taking Mr. Arnold's place. Mr. Rathbun's decisions were fair and neither side had any chance to register a "kick."

There were a few good plays made on both sides. Following is the score:

JACK OAKS.	H	R	E	CLARKSBURG.	H	R	E
Dent, s. s.	4	3	4	Van Pelt, l. f.	0	2	1
West, 1 b.	1	0	0	Renshaw, r f.	1	4	0
Smith, p.	2	1	1	Core, s. s.	1	3	1
Lawton, l. f.	1	1	1	Collman, c.	1	2	0
Wolfe, c.	1	2	0	Harden, 1 b.	2	1	0
Barley, 2 b.	1	2	1	Windon, p.	3	4	3
Sweeney, 3 b.	1	0	2	Denham, 3 b.	1	3	5
Bolden, c. f.	0	1	2	Miller, 2 b.	2	2	0
Fay, r. f.	0	2	1	Brown, c. f.	2	3	0
Total	11	13	18	Total	13	24	10

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Clubs.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total
Jack Oaks	2	0	0	6	3	1	1	0	0	13
Clarksburg	10	0	3	1	1	2	0	3	1	21

Home runs—Dent, 2 base hits—Smith 2, Barley, Renshaw, Windon.
Umpires—Arnold, Rathbun.

His Toes Amputated.

Monday afternoon Dr. McComas amputated the toes of the tramp, Stearns, in jail who was thrown from a train a week or two ago.

Died.

DUNMARK.—Robert Dunmark, colored, aged three years, three months and eleven days, died on Thursday last after an illness of several weeks. The cause of the child's death was bronchitis.

A Little Girl Injured.

Saturday morning a little daughter of Mr. Alex. Sowers' fell from a wagon and striking upon her head received painful injuries. She was carried into C. Ravenscraft's office and [illegible] to her home present.

A Card.

We take this method of extending our sincere thanks to all the kind friends and neighbors for their kindness in our sad bereavement.
JOS. CRIM AND FAMILY.

Crops.

Farm work progress favorably and all growing crops improved. Wheat is better than expected, and harvest will begin about the 15th; further east, harvest is in progress. Grass has improved and haymaking has begun. Oats will be heavy. Farmers have generally finished working their corn, which is in good condition and growing rapidly. Buckwheat sowing is finished. The potato crop will be a good one from present indications. Truck is doing exceptionally well. Some peaches are being shipped from Washington county.

Married.

KIGHT—BRAHAM.—At the residence of the officiating minister, Rev. Benj. Ison, on July 4, Mr. Bailey Carrollton Kight and Miss Ella Braham, both of Keyser, W. Va.

WELSH—SAVAGE.—At the sheriff's residence, on July 5th, by Rev. B. Ison, Mr. Lloyd Milton Welsh and Miss Nettie Belle Savage, both of Garrett county.

STERLING—LOWDERMILK.—On July 6th, at the residence of the officiating minister, Rev. Benj. Ison, Mr. George Washington Sterling and Miss Ivy Nora Lowdermilk, both of Garrett county.

Special Meeting Extraordinary.

The African Methodist church has secured the services of the celebrated colored lady evangelist, Mrs. Amanda Smith, who will speak and sing in St. Paul's M. E. church on Friday evening. The services will begin promptly at 8 o'clock. The choir of the A. M. E. church (colored) will render many of the best hymns both old and new. All the people of Oakland and vicinity are invited to avail themselves of this rare opportunity to hear this wonderful woman whom the Lord has so signally used in the conversion of souls.

Church Dedication.

On Sunday, July 19th, the Mount Storm M. E. church, near Gormania, will be dedicated, a minister from Mountain Lake Park officiating.

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

Church Notes.

The usual services will be held in St. Paul's M. E. church next Sunday. The pastor, Rev. Arbuthnot, will preach in the morning. At the evening service Rev. George W. Kepler, of Cameron, a well known former minister in charge of this church, will preach. All friends and former parishioners of Mr. Kepler will be pleased to learn of this announcement. Everybody invited and welcomed to this and all other services in the church.

There will be a special rally day in the above church on Sunday, July 19th. Full particulars of this service will appear next week. Make your arrangements early to be there.

Resolution on Sabbath Observance.

At a recent meeting of the session of the Oakland Presbyterian church adopted a resolution as follows, and requested the pastor to preach on the subject of Sabbath Observance:

"Believing that the Holy Scriptures clearly teach that the Lord's day has been divinely set apart as a day to be expressly and entirely devoted to the cultivation of the spiritual life, and that growth in the session of the Presbyterian church hereby urges upon all its members and especally upon the heads of families, the importance of doing all that lies in their power toward securing a better observance of this day."

The sermon on Sabbath Observance will be preached on next Sabbath evening at 8.15 o'clock.

Rev. Dr. Geddes will preach in the morning at 11 o'clock.

Excursion To Atlantic City.

The B. & O. R. R. will inaugurate a series of Mid-Summer Excursions to Atlantic City, Cape May and Sea Isle City, from Pittsburg, Wheeling, Parkersburg, Lexington and intermediate points.

The first of the series is announced for Thursday, July 16th. Excursionists will have the advantage of the fast express train service in each direction.

The tickets will be good 12 days, and permit a stop off at Washington on the return trip.

We give below a list of stations in this vicinity, showing time of trains and rates of fare:

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	RATE
Terra Alta	7 35	12 06	5 11	4 13			$8 00
Oakland	6 31	9 03	12 20	5 50	5 02	8 50	
Mt. Lake	6 37	9 11	12 36	6 05	5 37	8 50	
Deer Park	6 41	9 20	12 45	6 12	5 41	8 50	

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

For more detailed information apply to nearest B. & O. Agent.

Seriously Injured.

Last Saturday morning early Mr. Clark DeBerry, one of Garrett county's highest respected citizens, came to Oakland with a load of butter, eggs, and other produce, which he was disposing of to his customers. He drove a pair of spirited horses attached to a light spring wagon. In front of the residence of Mr. J. R. Bishop the horses took fright and ran away. At the corner of Third and Wilson streets Mr. DeBerry was thrown from the wagon and striking upon his face he received a very painful wound. His cheek bone was crushed to a jelly besides being internally injured.

At present his condition is somewhat improved and his friends hope for a speedy recovery.

Mt. Lake Park Ice.

Mr. B. F. Crane, who has charge of the ice house at the lake, will deliver ice to residents of Oakland every morning except Sunday. All orders left at the Oakland Pharmacy will recive prompt attention. 15-4 t*

July Court.

The July term of the Circuit Court for this county convened in Oakland Monday with Judge Sloan on the bench. Tuesday morning Judges Boyd and Stake appeared, thus making a full bench present.

The original docket of 138 cases was called over and the proper entries made.

Several very important cases were before the court for trial among them being the Oakland charter case. This case was argued by counsel at some length, and was held *sub curia* by the court.

The case of Johnson et al. vs. the Mountain Home Company, was called next. This was an action asking the court to appoint a receiver to take charge of the property of the above corporation. It was clearly shown that the petitioners had no ground whatever upon which to ask for the interference of the court. Mr. Hamill appeared for the petitioners and Mr. Peddicord for the company.

The Miller [illegible] next called. This action was upon the petition of creditors asking that Geo. O. Miller & Co. be declared insolvent. The court ruled that the defendants were solvent.

A claimant's case wherein Miss Jennie Smith claimed certain property taken in execution by the sheriff was taken up and argued, resulting in a decision substantially in favor of the defendant.

Mr. William Broderick was called before the court and severely reprimanded for contempt. The court put him on parole until the September term.

Court is still in session this morning but will adjourn to-day, when Judges Sloan and Stake will return to their homes, Judge Boyd having gone to Cumberland last night.

A Bad Man In Jail.

Last Monday Mr. Andrew Pysell of near Deer Park, came up to Oakland and went before Justice Boyer where he swore out a warrant against Harry Saylor, of Deer Park, charging him with stealing a revolver, a watch and some money. Mr. Wm. Thrasher, also of Deer Park, swore out a warrant charging Saylor with maliciously disturbing the peace. Both warrants were placed in the hands of Sheriff Brown and on Tuesday morning he captured his man at Mountain Lake Park. When searched Saylor had on his person three revolvers, all well loaded, a razor and some other weapons. He was brought to jail and will linger until the September term when the grand jury will investigate his case.

It is charged that Saylor is the man who threw the tramp from the top of a freight car on Saturday night, June 27th, an account of which appeared in these columns last week.

Saylor was taken before Justice Boyer last night and had a hearing upon the charge of carrying concealed weapons. A number of witnesses were heard and upon their evidence and that of Sheriff Brown he was sent to jail to serve a term of one year.

Mowers and Horse Rakes.

We offer to the public any one of the three standard mowing machines; The latest improved Champion; the latest ideal ball bearing Deering and the Dayton chain power mowers at prices ranging from $35.00 to $40.00

Hay rakes from $15.00 to $20.00.

Farmers in need of this class of goods should call and see samples and make arrangements as early as possible as the best are always scarce during the season.

19 3t J. M. DAVIS & SON.

IT'S MIGHTY COMFORTIN'.

Oh, it's mighty comfortin' when your hair
is gettin' thin,
And the wrinkles in your face have come
to stay,
Just to feel her little hand smoothin' out
each silver strand,
While you sneet her tovin' took and hear
her say:

"John, my dear, it seems as though every
day you live you grow
Handsomer than in the olden days;"
And you smile back at your wife, while
you think in all your life
You never heard a sweeter word of
praise.

Then, somehow, the teardrops rise to your
dim old tadin' eyes,
While you kiss the tender hand still white
an' small,
And you try to tell her how you toved her
then—you love her now,
But, bless me, if the words will come at
all!

For just then it comes to you to think of
trials she's gone thro'
And borne without a murmur for your
sake.
You can only bow your head at the lovin'
things she's said,
And your poor old heart can only ache
and ache.

But she knows what ails you then, and she
kisses you again,
While you hear her gently whisper, sweet
and low:
"Life has bro't more hopes than fears; we
have known more smiles than tears,
You're the dearest dear of deers, John
Anderson, my Joe!"

So it's comfortin', I say, when your hair is
gittin' gray,
And you're slippin' down life's hill a-
mighty fast,
Just to feel her little hand strokin' back
each silver strand,
While she widspers that she loves you—
to the last.

—Mary W. Davis, in Pittsburgh Dispatch.

"THE SNAKE."

BY STEPHEN CRANE.

[COPYRIGHT, 1896.]

Where the path wended across the ridge the bushes of huckleberry and sweet fern swarmed at it in two curling waves, until it was a mere winding line traced through the tangle. There was no interference by clouds and as the rays of the sun fell full upon the ridge they called into voice innumerable insects which chanted the heat of the summer day in steady, throbbing, unending chorus.

A man and a dog came from the laurel thickets of the valley where the white brook brawled with the rocks. They followed the deep line of the path across the ridge. The dog—a large lemon and white setter—walked tranquilly meditative, at his master's heels.

Suddenly from some unknown and yet near place in advance there came a dry, shrill whistling rattle that smote motion instantly from the limbs of the man and the dog. Like the fingers of a sudden death, this sound seemed to [illegible] at the top of the spine, and change him, as swift as thought, to a statue of listening horror, surprise, rage. The dog, [illegible] was laid upon his eyes.

Slowly the man moved his hands toward the bushes, but his glance did not turn from the place made sinister by the warning rattle. His fingers unguided, sought for a stick of weight and strength. Presently they closed about one that seemed adequate and holding this weapon poised before him, the man moved slowly forward, glaring. The dog, with his nervous nostrils fairly fluttering, moved warily, one foot at a time, after his master.

But when the man came upon the snake, his body underwent a shock as from a revelation, as if after all he had been ambushed. With a blanched face he sprang backward and his breath came in strained gasps, his chest heaving as if he were in the performance of an extraordinary muscular trial. His arm with the stick made a spasmodic defensive gesture.

The snake had apparently been crossing the path in some mystic travel when to his sense there came the knowledge

THE MAN JUMPED BACKWARD.

of the coming of his foes. The dull vibration perhaps informed him, and he flung his body to face the danger. He had no knowledge of paths; he had not wit to tell him to sink noiselessly into the bushes. He knew that his implacable enemies were approaching; no doubt they were seeking him, hunting him. And so he cried his cry, an incredibly swift jangle of tiny bells, as burdened with pathos as the hammering upon quaint cymbals by the Chinese at war—for, indeed, it was usually his death music.

"Beware! Beware! Beware!"

The man and the snake confronted each other. In the man's eyes were hatred and fear. These enemies manœuvered, each prepring to kill. It was to be battle without mercy. Neither knew mercy for such a situation. In the man was all the wild strength of the terror of his ancestors, of his race, of his kind. A deadly repulsion had been handed from man to man through dim centuries. This was another detail of a war that had begun evidently when first there were men and snakes. Individuals who do not participate in this strife incur the investigations of scientists. Once there was a man and a snake who were friends, and at the end, the man lay dead with the marks of the snake's caress just over his East Indian heart. In the formation of devices hideous and horrible, nature reached her supreme point in the making of the snake, so priests who really paint hell well, fill it with snakes instead of fire. These curving forms, these scintillant colorings create at once, upon sight, more relentless animosities than do shake barbaric tribes. To be born a snake is to be thrust into a place a-swarm with formidable foes. To gain an appreciation of it, view hell as pictured by priests who are really skillful.

As for this snake in the pathway, there was a double curve some inches back of its head which merely by the potency of its lines made the man feel with tenfold eloquence the touch of the death-fingers at the nape of his neck. The reptile's head was waving slowly from side to side and its hot eyes flashed like little murder lights. Always in the air was the dry, shrill whistling of the rattles.

"Beware! Beware! Beware!"

The man made a preliminary feint with his stick. Instantly the snake's heavy head and neck was bended back on the double curve and instantly the snake's body shot forward in a low, straight, hard spring. The man jumped backward with a convulsive chatter and swung his stick. The blind, sweeping blow fell upon the snake's head and hurled him so that steel-colored plates were for a moment uppermost. But he rallied swiftly, agilely, and again the head and neck bended back to the

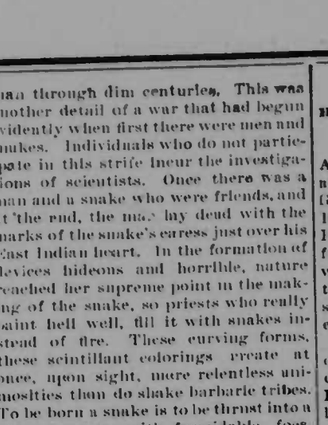

STOOD WATCHING.

double curve and the steaming, wide-open mouth made its desperate effort to reach its enemy. This attack, it could be seen, was despairing, but it was nevertheless, impetuous, gallant, ferocious. The stick swung unerringly again and the snake, mutilated, torn, whirled into the last coil.

And now the man went sheer raving mad from the emotions of his forefathers and from his own. He came to close quarters. He gripped the stick with his two hands and made it speed like a flail. The snake tumbling in the anguish of final despair, fought, bit, flung itself upon this stick which was taking its life.

At the end, the man clutched his stick, and stood watching in silence. The dog came slowly and with infinite caution, stretched his nose forward, sniffing. The hair upon its neck and back moved and ruffled as if a sharp wind was blowing. The last muscular quivers of the snake were causing the rattles to still sound their treble cry, the shrill, ringing war-chant and hymn of the grave of the thing that faces foes at once countless, implacable and superior.

"Well, Rover," said the man, turning to the dog, with a grin of victory, "we'll carry Mr. Snake home to show the girls."

His hands still trembled from the strain of the encounter, but he pried with his stick under the body of the snake and hoisted the limp thing upon it. He resumed his march along the path and the dog walked tranquilly meditative at his master's heels.

GLASS VESSELS.

Modeled from a Paste While Cold by the Ancient Romans.

Scarcely a month passes without our being informed of some new application of glass in art or commerce, but there is one form of glass which is unknown to most people, namely, soft glass or glass paste. Yet it is hundreds of years old.

The old Roman glassmakers carried to their grave their secret method of preparing a glass paste which they molded cold, just as we model clay. This malleable glass, upon which you could get the impression of your finger exactly as with dough, gave off a most pleasant perfume.

Another variety made by the Romans had qualities similar to rubber; if it were thrown down forcibly it rebounded; if struck with a hammer, it yielded and immediately resumed its original shape. It is related that Emperor Tiberius ordered a workman's head to be cut off so that he should not reveal the secret, the reason for this act being that if the method of preparation became known people would think no more of gold than of dirt.

The secret of the manufacture of glass paste died with the Roman artisans and has never been discovered. Now we hear that an eminent sculptor who has a well-equipped chemical laboratory, has succeeded in producing a glass paste similar to that described in ancient writings. You can drive nails into it as you can into lead.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—Archimedes is considered to be the founder of the science of physics.

SNEAKING SOLDIERS.

How Warfare Is Carried On in Central America.

Their Indian blood makes the Central American soldiers take to shelter and ambush when fighting. When Col. Garfias, with his regiment, started up Picacho mountain, above Tegucigalpa, Honduras, to drive the revolutionists from the little table land where the waterworks reservoir was found, as was told in the Sun the other day, his men sneaked from rock to rock, and the enemy in falling back did the same.

During the same revolution Gen. Vasquez had the forces of Policarpo Bonilla cooped up in a place called Tatumbia. His men outnumbered Bonilla's, and, besides having cannon, they were better armed and better supplied with ammunition. The village Bonilla occupied was in a valley, while Vasquez occupied all the hills around, save one. When Vasquez attacked this hill, his force, though greatly superior, insisted on running forward from rock to rock Indian fashion.

But the most noticeable feature of the Tatumbia situation was in the length of time the two forces sat looking at each other and doing nothing but fire an occasional shot. They were like two snarling and spitting cats at each other for days. Then Bonilla slipped away in the shadows, and next day was found in the suburbs of the capital and holding the crest of a mountain that commanded the town.

It was here that I found the two combatants, and for three days I saw them facing each other, snarling and growling, but doing no more, and then Bonilla slipped away again. When Bonilla left Tatumbia for Tegucigalpa, he made a regular panther spring upon his enemy, but for lack of ammunition failed to get a good claw hold on his victim's neck. And, panther fashion, he neither worried over the failure nor made another immediate dash.

He waited until he had another chance as good as that and then made another leap. He came back again, this time with his claws so well sharpened that Vasquez was the one to sneak, and he eventually sneaked across the border. There was not one good stand-up-and-fight battle in these wars, nor have I ever heard of a body of Central American troops carrying a position with the bayonet.

With these things in mind, every English-speaking man I met in Central America spoke contemptuously of Central American soldiers. They were called cowards, of course, and it was asserted that they had neither tact nor persistence. It was said over and over again that one English or German regiment, properly equipped, could sweep the country from San Jose de Costa Rica to Gautemala city. To my mind this is all nonsense. I heard such talk in the presence of natives, and the natives listened, as it seemed to me, in an attitude like that of a panther crouched in the brush when the gauchos are after him. [illegible]

No one who has seen the Seventh regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., on parade can look at the ordinary Central American soldier without a smile. His uniform consists of a blue drilling shirt or blouse, blue drilling trousers and a straw hat—nothing more. He commonly carries an old-style Remington rifle, and this is held, even when on drill, much as an Adirondack woodsman holds his Winchester—"at all angles." And that is the soldier in the regular army in time of peace. The revolutionists that I saw in Honduras had for uniforms only white bands around their hats.

Their clothing included the common cotton shirt and trousers worn by field hands—they went to battle as they went to plant corn. Their arms were for the most part pitiful to look at. They carried the cheap little pot-metal, muzzle-loading shotguns, made in England for the export trade. To put in two drachms of powder and four buckshot would be to load them to the last gasp. It was on such weapons as these that the revolutionists staked their lives. And that they did this is worth considering in forming an estimate of the men as soldiers.—N. Y. Sun.

Discoveries in Ohio Mounds.

Warren K. Moorehead, curator of the Ohio Archaeological society, has been opening mounds along the valleys of the Muskingum river and its tributaries, making some important finds. A small mound on the Porteus farm, three miles south of Coshocton, was opened, in which five skeletons were found. These skeletons are of unusual interest to science, as they indicate the type of the prehistoric race. The skull is thicker than that of the negro, with low facial angles, prominent jaws, handsome teeth and small brain capacity. The skeletons indicate a tribe somewhat shorter than ourselves, more muscular and heavier. Near Walhonding, in a mound two feet high, was found the skeleton of a person supposed to have been the arrow maker of the tribe. Just above him were buried some 60 or 70 of his implements. These were made of flint, beautifully shaped, and about half the size of a man's hand. In a gravel pit near by was found the skeleton of a child, with mussel shells and other playthings. In a mound nine feet high, on the Johnson farm, were found a stone used for playing games, flint scalping knives, and a few arrow heads. There are a great many mounds in this valley, and it is expected that other valuable and interesting finds will be made.—Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

Bases of Drinks.

Several varieties of grasses, herbs and flowers, the roots of sundry plants, the juice of the sugar cane, and aloe, and even beets, are used by various tribes and peoples as bases of drinks. In earlier times spruce trees, fir trees, birch trees, and ash trees were tapped for their sap, which was fermented to make stimulating beverages.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Dah am sech er t'ing," said Uncle Eben, "ez too much concentration. Tain't a good idee foh er man ter study all 'is botany in er mint-julep tumbler."—Washington Star.

—Patient—"I seem to be quite strong now, doctor, and getting stronger every day. Had you not better send in your bill?" Doctor—"Ahem! You may not be as strong as you think you are."—Brooklyn Life.

—Sue Brett—"How did you like Horace's acting?" Ella Cution—"I can't say that I liked it. In that death scene I thought he died very poor." "Well, you know most actors do die that way."—Yonkers Statesman.

—A Serviceable Steak.—Customer—"Waiter, do you remember me? I came in here yesterday and ordered a steak." Waiter—"Yes, sir; will you have the same to-day, sir?" Customer—"Yes, if no one else is using it."—Tid Bits.

—Mrs. Wallace—"Isn't that a rather pretty girl Mr. Ferry has as a typewriter?" Mrs. Ferry—"I—I—guess she is. It is a pity she is so deaf. Mr. Ferry has to lean over her right shoulder when dictating a letter."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—Mr. Hoy Polloy (extending his hand)—"Howdy do; don't you remember me—Hoy Polloy?" Mr. Haulton—"Oh—er, yes—Polloy—unusual name—that stuck; but your face is such a common one it really escaped me, you know."—Harlem Life.

—Aunt—"Oscar, what dress did your mother put on to go to the ball?" Oscar—"A long, white, short dress." Aunt—"Nonsense, it cannot have been both long and short." Oscar—"Yes, auntie, it was long at the bottom and short at the top."—Familienblatt.

—"Say, daddy, what is it that distinguishes civilization from barbarity?" "It is very simple. Civilization consists in the art of killing your enemy with a cannon ball at a distance of 6,000 yards, and barbarity in slashing his head off with a saber."—Le Gaulois.

—"Nerve," said the enthusiastic man, "Jerrold has the most nerve I ever knew one man to carry. What do you think he did while the doctors were sawing his leg off?" "Give it up," said the man who was listening with one ear and watching for the car with both eyes. "He lay there and sang 'Just Tell Them That You Saw Me,' that's what he did."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Have you completed your review of the new book?" asked the editor. "No," replied the critic. "It's the slowest, most difficult piece of work I've undertaken for a good while. I don't seem to make any headway." "What is the trouble?" "Well, it's written just about as I think a story should be told. There's little or nothing that I can see to find fault with."—Washington Star.

OUR HOUSE FLY.

Description of Various Invisible Features.

The head of our fly is a very pretty [illegible] part is occupied by two spheres, one on each side. These are the compound eyes, and each of them consists of several thousand separate hexagonal lenses, arranged so as to cause an appearance under the microscope like the engine turning on the back of a watch. Between these compound eyes, and quite on the top of the head, are a trio of small clear dots, arranged in a triangle, like set jewels. These are the simple eyes, and their exact purpose does not seem to be thoroughly understood. In front of the head are the antennae or feelers, and each consists of three joints, with a feathered bristle arising from the back of the last joint. This bristle is an important aid in the identification of the different species of flies. In some kinds being quite simple, in others beautiful plumose or feathered, as in the common species now occupying our attention.

Below the head of the fly may be seen projecting the long, thick tongue or proboscis, which is a very wonderful structure. We have only space to say a very little about this organ; to describe it fully would occupy more than the whole space devoted to our present article. It is a true sucker, but a very complicated one, made up of several pieces, united so as to form a tube, which not only serves for the conveyance of the fluid food to the mouth, but also for the passage of saliva from the mouth in order to moisten and dissolve particles of the substance upon which the fly is feeding. At the tip of the proboscis are to be found hardened rings, which aid in triturating the food.—Chambers' Journal.

What the Late Shah Did for Persia.

Assassination is a crime not to be excused or palliated, but we are unable to join in the praises of the deceased monarch, who was callous even for an Asiatic, who slaughtered without pity or remorse, who lived to pile up a personal treasure, and under whose rule Persia has become steadily weaker, less populous and more poverty stricken. He has been succeeded by his second son, Muzaffer-ed-Din, the governor of Azerbijun, who was preferred by his father because he was royal on both sides, but who has always been described as greatly the inferior of his elder brother, the governor of Ispahan. The adhesion of the prime minister, a man dreaded for his sternness, and a prompt recognition by Russia and Great Britain have secured the peaceful accession of Muzaffer, but if his brothers remain quiet for many months there will be a break in the traditions of the Kajar house. The house is not Persian, but Tartar, and, under its rule of 101 years, Persia has retrograded, until the beautiful land, which might support as many people as France, scarcely contains more than Belgium, and is but the shell of its ancient self. Why its brave, clever and adventurous people, with their wonderful traditions, submit to the oppression under which they wither is one of the mysteries of Asia which no historian has ever penetrated.—London Spectator.

An Invitation.

Among the advertisements in a German paper there lately appeared the following: "The gentleman who found a purse with money in the Blumenstrasse is requested to forward it to the address of the loser, as he was recognized."

A few days afterwards the reply was inserted: "The recognized gentleman who picked up a purse in the Blumenstrasse requests the loser to call at his house."—Tit-Bits.

Early Rising Insanity.

Blinks—Say, professor, do you believe in the theory that early rising tends to insanity?

Prof. Smart—Yes, I think there is considerable truth in it.

Blinks—But a man to be insane must have a delusion of some sort. Now, what particular delusion have you ever known an early riser to be afflicted with?

Prof. Smart—The delusion that he liked early rising.—N. Y. World.

CONJUGAL AMENITIES.

She—I only married you because I pitied you.

He—And since then everybody else has pitied me.—Humoristische Blaetter.

Always So.

There was a king of Wall street once—
He started with a dime;
He always meant to write a book,
But didn't have the time
The man who interviewed this king—
The ways of fate are funny—
Had always meant to speculate
But didn't leave the money.
—Washington Capital.

Tested.

"Since my daughter has given her consent, Mr. Sutor," said the old man, "I am inclined to look with favor upon your suit. But I must first be satisfied as to your financial condition and prospects. Would you be prepared, now, to lend me, say, $100."

"No, sir," answered the young man.

"Fifty?"

"No."

"Ten?"

"No."

"Five?"

Mr. Sutor wavered slightly, but answered in the negative, as before.

"Take her, my boy!" said the old man, vainly striving to conceal his emotion. "Take her, and God bless you! You've got a lot more sense than I thought you had!"—Harper's Bazar.

Wifely Solicitude.

The young bride who had just gone to housekeeping was giving her first order to the butcher's man at the kitchen door.

"You may bring me some nice steak for dinner," she said.

"Yes'm. How much?"

"Well, I think about ten or fifteen pounds will be enough. And be sure to bring it rare. My husband won't eat it if it isn't."—Chicago Tribune.

Exact Answer.

"What have you to say to this bill, anyway?" said the collector, warmly, as Bimley opened the door and smiled on him.

"Nothing," returned Bimley, sententiously.

And that was exactly the way it turned out.—N. Y. Recorder.

Such a Pity.

Mrs. Jetson (to Sprague, who has recently buried his wife)—I am sure your friends all unite in their sympathy for you. Mrs. Sprague was such a kind, good neighbor.

Sprague—And the poor woman was just beginning to get some comfort out of her new teeth!—To Date.

A Good One.

"Does Dr. Motter, the apothecary, attend divine worship here?" asked the nervous new minister of the deacon.

"I guess he does!" cried the deacon with much enthusiasm; "we call Dr. Motter one of the pillers of the church."—N. Y. Recorder.

STRANGE JUXTAPOSITION OF WORLD'S FAIR OCCURRENCES.

First John Boyd Thacher Diploma and Medal Delivered in Chicago One Day Before the Wreckers Finish Their Demolition of the White City Buildings.

Papa's Kindness.

"Mr. Lovehome seems to be a very kind father. He takes his children to the woods every Sunday afternoon."

"Yes; he sits under a tree and reads his paper, while they find wasps' nests and tumble into ditches."—Detroit Free Press.

A Good Reason.

"I don't like his dog," he said, speaking of his rival.

"Why, his dog once saved his life," she exclaimed in surprise.

"That's the reason I don't like the dog," he answered, bitterly.—Chicago Post.

Just Noticed It.

"And shall I speak to your father?" asked the young man. "Never mind about papa," said the young woman; "I'll fix him." For the first time he noticed the width and squareness of her inferior maxillary.—Indianapolis Journal.

Sound Advice.

Borrowall (happening in)—That's a fine machine of yours, Ferguson. Some day I'll come around and take it out for a little spin. By the way, what kind of bicycle would you advise me to ride?

Ferguson—I'd advise you to ride one of your own.—Chicago Tribune.

Excited Her Sympathy.

Mrs. Hussiff—What did you work at?

Rural Ruggs—I had a job in a soap factory, mum.

Mrs. Hussiff (pityingly)—Come in and eat. It must be terrible to be out of work so long as you've been.—N. Y. World.

Blushed Like a Lobster.

Gussie—Look at Mary Mashem blushing. I bet her mother is giving her fits for flirting with young Poorleigh.

De Cynicus—Yes, that girl always reminds me of a lobster—turns red when she's in hot water.—N. Y World.

An Illusion Dispelled.

Agnes—It seems wicked to eat those dear little spring lambs that gambol on the green!

Paul—Don't worry, dear, they are never eaten while they are able to gambol.—Detroit Free Press.

Practical Knowledge.

"I suppose you know all about the financial question?" said the intimate friend.

"I don't say that I know all about it," replied the candidate. "But I know enough not to talk about it."—Washington Star.

Uncle Dick Was Sensible.

Isabella—If you loved Tommy Barry as much as I do, wouldn't you marry him, Uncle Dick?

Uncle Dick—No, I wouldn't.

Isabella—Why not?

Uncle Dick—I should prefer to marry a lady.—Bay City Chat.

MATRIMONIAL ITEM.

This truth by majority carried—
'Tis agreed on by men near and far:
Men are overjoyed to get married,
But more over-jawed when they are.
—Texas Sifter.

Arms and the Man.

Ethel—Tom says that the new young man who comes to see you is a stock broker. What is he—a bull or bear?

Maud—Well, I don't just know, but he has some of the bear's proclivities.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

Not with Them Open.

The Friend—D'Auber says he can paint better than you with his eyes shut.

Palette—Then why doesn't he shut his eyes when he paints? — Brooklyn Life.

Reason Enough.

Blenkington—I wonder why "churchyards yawn," as Shakespeare says?

Pemberton—Probably the epitaphs of deceased millionaires make them tired.—Truth.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

MARGERY'S THOUGHTS.

Dear, dear, what a pity, I've nothing but legs,
For legs are such stupid slow things;
Now why wasn't I made like those beautiful birds
Who are flying up there on their wings?

Now when I go home I must trudge up the hill,
And then I must climb the stone wall,
And as likely as not I shall scratch both my knees,
And perhaps get a terrible fall.

But then, I suppose if God made me a bird
I should have to eat worms for my food,
And I think that I'd really like bread and milk best,
For I don't believe worms taste as good.

And then in a nest I suppose I should sleep,
And give no my pretty white bed,
And, oh, for a pillow, just feathers and hairs
Would be all I'd have under my head.

And when in the morning I got up to bathe,
Why, what should I do for a tub?
And, what should I do for coarse towels and soap
When I needed to have a good scrub?

Well, really I'm glad that God made me a child,
I guess it's the best thing to be;
And perhaps now those birds are all looking down here,
And wishing, each one, he was me.
—Herbert Jenks, in Our Little Ones.

PHOSPHORUS MAGIC.

A Popular Amusement Which Is Full of Danger and Perils.

Parents, school principals and others are just beginning to realize the danger attendant upon the practice, which is becoming quite too common, of using phosphorus as an agent for playing boyish pranks, or for the purpose of making miniature fireworks in parlor magic shows. It is also frequently used in "hazing" tricks by college boys, and is freely sold and recommended by amusement promoters.

It is generally prepared for such purposes by placing a half pint of solid phosphorus in a pint Florence flask,

WHEN HEATED STREAMS OF FIRE ISSUE FROM IT.

adding water and heating over a spirit lamp.

The Florence flask, used by the Italians principally for putting up wine, is round-bottomed and covered with wicker work. As soon as the water in the flask becomes heated streams of fire issue from it in the shape of miniature skyrockets. If the heat be removed and reapplied three or four times the upper surface of the flask becomes dry and the particles adhering to the side of the flask scintillate like stars emitting brilliant rays, and many of the stars will shoot from side to side. Such exhibitions as these are strenuously condemned by practical chemists.

Durand Woodman, one of the leading chemists in New York, whose attention was drawn to the subject by the writer, said: "Tricks and games in which phosphorus is used should not be indulged in by persons who are not used by long experience to handling such stuff. Phosphorus is one of the most dangerous commodities which we have to handle, and should never be used for amusement purposes, or in playing tricks, unless by a chemist or some one else thoroughly familiar with its use.

"In parlor magic games, if it must be used, a large kettle full of water should

THE BOTTLE MAY EXPLODE.

always be in position beneath the bottle containing the phosphorus, so that if the flask should break the fiery fluid would be caught in a place of safety. There is always more or less danger from the skyrocket-like particle which emerges from the neck of the bottle. One of these small, fiery particles might light on a woman's dress and set her on fire in a moment. Again, if the necessary precautions are not taken, the bottle might break and the phosphorus spread all over the floor, causing a serious conflagration.

"No chemist could conscientiously recommend the use of phosphorus for any such purposes," he concluded.

A Bit of Weather Philosophy.

"Whether it's wet,
Whether it's hot,
We have to weather it
Whether or not."

So runs the philosophic entry in a Devonshire visitors' book.

CHAMPION BOY ATHLETE.

Has a Record for Walking and Running That Is Unbroken.

All the famous athletes of the present day were heard of when they were but children preparing for the academic course, but none of them has been so prominently heralded as Gilbert White, the eight-year-old son of Dr. White, who conducts the Berkeley school, where young men are prepared for college, and where Gilbert is in attendance.

This athletic youngster, says the New York Recorder, is an excellent example of the muscular young American, and gives promise of being a famous man

CHAMPION 8-YEAR-OLD ATHLETE.

some day. He is possessed of all the characteristics of his father, who is one of the learned men of the day. Little Gilbert is a most ambitious young chap.

Gilbert developed a strong liking for athletics long before he had reached his sixth year, and grasped every opportunity to develop his body. He was particularly fond of running and walking, but, as a matter of fact, he tried his skill at everything. It was not until last year that he was brought before the public, the occasion being the indoor games of the preparatory classes of the Berkeley school, held in the latter's big gymnasium before a large crowd. Master Gilbert was entered in nearly every event and was one of the youngest competitors. He secured first place in the one-quarter-mile walk, defeating boys three years his senior. The latter performance encouraged him, and he trained diligently for the indoor games which were decided recently. At the latter games Gilbert secured two firsts and two seconds. In the one-quarter-mile walk he again met lads much older than himself, and had to be content with second prize. He won the potato race, an event which necessitates a great amount of strategy. The sack race resulted in another win, and in the roller skating race he captured second place.

Gilbert's favorite distance is 100 yards, and next year he hopes to take a conspicuous part in the junior interscholastic championship race at that distance. He is a steady runner and has excellent motion; he will be very fast when he is fully matured. Gilbert has recently shown great speed as a bicycle rider, and is also an excellent musician. Last, but not least, he is editor in chief of a children's paper published in the interest of the Messiah home.

THE ARTFUL DODGER.

Appropriate Name Given to a Lazy Horse That Played Lame.

Some horses are as lazy as some men, and perhaps it would be equally true to say that some horses are as cunning as some men; but not many ever combine the two qualities of laziness and cunning better than one whose performances are chronicled by Lady Barker. He was one of her horse friends in New Zealand, christened Artful Dodger.

This name was given to him on account of the trick of counterfeiting lameness the moment he was put into the shafts of a dray. That is to say, if the dray was loaded; so long as it was empty, or nearly so, the Dodger stepped out gayly, but if he found it at all heavy he affected to fall dead lame.

More than once, with a new driver, this trick had succeeded to perfection, and the Dodger found himself back again in his stall, with a rack of hay before him, while his deluded owner or driver was trying to find a substitute in the shafts.

In order to induce the Dodger to act his part thoroughly a drayman was one day appointed whom the horse had never seen. The moment the signal was given to start, the Dodger, after a glance around, which plainly said: "I wonder if I might try it on you?" took a step forward and almost fell down, so desperate was his lameness.

The driver, who was well instructed in his part, ran round and lifted up one sturdy leg after the other, with every appearance of the deepest concern. Thus encouraged, the Dodger uttered a groan, but still seemed determined to do his best, and limped and stumbled a yard or two farther on.

It seemed impossible to believe the horse to be quite sound; but the moment had come to unmask him. His master stepped forward, and, pulling first one cunning ear, on the alert for every word, and then the other, cried:

"It won't do, sir! Step out directly, and don't let us have any nonsense."

The Dodger groaned again—this time from his heart, probably—shook himself, and, leaning well forward in his big collar, stepped out without a murmur.

A Larder Full of Dainties.

Foxes are devoted parents, like all of the lower order of animals, and the way they provide for their young is something amazing. It is related that one fox in Scotland had developed such a marked fondness for lambs that efforts had to be made to find her lair. After a long hunt the men succeeded, and in the den five young foxes were found. They found also a store of food calculated to last a long while. There were lambs, rats, curlew, plover, ducks, partridges, and, most astonishing of all, 76 short-eared owls. All the game was dead, and the hunters soon dispatched the young foxes, and also Mrs. Reynard, when she approached her lair.

FARM AND GARDEN.

HANDY SWILL TRUCK.

One Can Be Made at Home at a Cost of Three Dollars.

I have a home-made swill truck which I like very much. I bought an oil barrel, knocked out one head and bored a hole opposite the bung hole and of the same size. Then, at a blacksmith's, I got two old buggy wheels with boxes in, and the iron part of a buggy axle, and had the blacksmith take a piece out of the axle and shorten it so that it measured two feet nine inches between the hubs. I had the axle for two inches back of each shoulder rounded, it being square, and shoved it through the holes in the barrel, until the ends were at equal distances from the barrel; then I wedged all around the axle with some soft wood, such as pine. Then I made a frame, see 2, two feet eight inches from outside to outside, in width, and which may be of any length desired. Two irons, 3, of the right length to bend around the axle, were bolted to the frame.

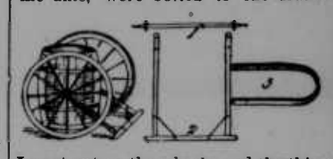

I next put on the wheels, and the thing was done. I can put in 11 pailfuls of swill, and if pains be taken to wedge water-tight, I can fill it three-fourths full or more. To empty, tip the barrel and pour out, as the axle turns in the wheels and frame.

Here is the cost:

One barrel at store	$ 70
Two wheels at 50 cents	1 00
One axle and work	60
Two axle irons and two braces	50
Bolts, etc.	30
Total cost	$3 00

I threw in the labor for a good cause. From our dooryard to the hogpen is 200 feet. For eight months of the year my wife was carrying out the swill, if we men folks were away. There was an average of 12 pails a day for somebody. Walking the 200 feet 12 times over, or 2,400 feet a day, in eight months, counting 26 days to a month, gives us 208 days, and 499,200 feet in a year. In 25 years this amounts to 12,481,000 feet, or 2,364 miles walking; at 30 miles a day, this would occupy nearly 79 days.

In 25 years one might have to expend $15 for trucks and repairs. Anyone who carried the swill would earn about 20 cents a day. Young married man, do you wish your wife to work for 20 cents a day and board herself, when if you have a truck standing by the door you can take it right along on your way to the barn without extra steps?—Rural New Yorker.

FARM WATER SUPPLY.

Why Every Good-Sized Farm Should Have a Deep Well.

Few farmers remember how much they appreciate a cool draught of water, fresh from the well or fountain stock. Too often the tank or trough is filled but once in 24 hours. The pigs too often have access to the drinking places of the larger stock. Positive detriment to the stock results when the water is not always of an inviting temperature.

As a rule, digestion is aided more by good water ever in the reach of the animals than any other one article. The quality is much better if possible to furnish it free from surface impurities.

The deep wells which are sunk now 100 feet or more below the solid rock strata will do much to abolish the evils attending the surface water. Where the expense is great on account of the depth of 500 feet or more, cooperation of small farms is advisable. A town of 200 or more people in some parts of the west is supplied by two or three deep wells, with no serious consequences. From two to four farms might be supplied by a partnership well, where brains governed the management. Double fences for a few rods, to keep the stock separated by a healthful distance, would be the chief consideration. Such reserve wells, too, would prove often very convenient every month in the summer, even when the surface wells are filled, avoiding the removing of some of the stock long distances from the pasture for watering.

Each 160-acre stock farm should have a deep well.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

Careful feeding produces a good growth and healthy condition.

To raise good horses in the best possible way it is essential to start right and end right.

The way to make farming profitable is to keep land and stock in a healthy, vigorous condition.

Even on the farm no two horses have the same value—one will be worth more than the other in some recognizable way.

One advantage with a well formed animal is that it does not require a great deal of fat to make a good appearance.

Rich food given too soon or in too large quantities after the sows farrow will cause the milk flow to be too rich and too abundant.—Farmers' Union.

Fowls Running at Large.

There is no better place for a flock having full liberty than to allow them access to brush land, as they will then secure insects and be comparatively safe from hawks. Many waste track of such land could be used for poultry-raising, and if the soil is light and sandy it will be all the better as it will be dry. If fowls have free range they will partially support themselves, but more land will be required for them than when they are confined. It is not so much the confinement as the inactivity that often causes failure. If fowls in confinement are kept busily at work they will need no range, nor will they care for it.—Prairie Farmer.

A PRINCELY PHILANTHROPIST.

The Large Benefactions of the Late Baron Hirsch.

That remarkable man and marvel of beneficence—Baron Hirsch—to whose stupendous gifts allusion has been recently made, anticipated living for many years. His sudden death defeated his best purposes. It would be a platitude to say this, except for his astonishing unselfishness in the plan he had in view. While he was one of the richest men in Europe, those who knew him best declare that it was his intention to die poor, after his vast wealth had been given for benevolent uses.

Such philanthropy as he purposed and had begun to execute, is unparalleled in the history of beneficence, and can hardly be adequately comprehended. His income was estimated at $15,000,000 a year, and that sum has latterly been but a part of his yearly charities. His gifts far exceeded his income at the time of his death.

Among the wealthy men of the world he stands honored and supreme as an exemplification of the command: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

With this fact in view it is a pleasure to know that there is in this country at least one millionaire with like ideals. His large benefactions are constantly and quietly made. He has been sadly misjudged because of conditions in his stupendous business over which it was impossible for him to have full personal control. The real man has not been known to those who have misunderstood him. The poor are his constant wards. His benefactions are given with unsparing hand and without parade. Emphasizing this, and giving it force and radiance, is his declared purpose to die shorn of his wealth—his life a complete ministration to the generation he has toiled to bless.

Such lives ennoble manhood and glorify the age that gives them birth.—Youth's Companion.

RUSSIANS AND MONGOLS.

The Fearful Change Wrought by the Tartar Rule.

All independent modern Russian writers agree in stating that the long Mongol dominion sadly affected the character of the populations throughout the land. With the exception of Novgorod and the few kindred communities in the north, the spirit of freedom had scarcely existed in Russia even before, among the mass of the people, but the Tartar yoke wrought a fearful change for the worse.

"Political slavery," writes Prince Peter Dolgorukow, whose family traces its descent from Rurik, in his work, "La Verite sur la Russia," "destroyed all feeling of personal dignity. The Russian rulers were compelled to go to the Horde of the Tartar Khan in order to receive the investiture for their states. Admitted to the presence of the khan they had to remain on their knees before him. Having left his tent, they had still to pay an assiduous and obsequious homage to the most influential men of the Mongol Horde. If they incurred the khan's disgrace, they were loaded with chains, tortured and put to death. No humiliation was spared to investiture very dearly, they went back to render the yoke of their own subjects more heavy, in order to indemnify themselves, by tyranny and by exactions for the insults they had had to bear among the Horde. The laws were altered; the manners became of a harshness and barbarism unknown until then. From corporal punishment nobody was exempt, not even those highest in office—neither the boyars, nor even the members of the princely houses, who hailed from Rurik."—Fortnightly Review.

Ingenious Chimpanzees.

A recent report by Prof. O. F. Cook on colonization in Liberia gives some interesting facts about the chimpanzees living in that country. It appears that these animals, which bear such curious resemblances to men that the natives call them "old-time people," are very fond of the flesh of land crabs, which they dig out of their burrows. To crack open the shells of the crabs they dash them against the rocks. They also crack nuts with stones in the regular human fashion; and most curious of all, perhaps, they kill pythons by grasping the huge serpents about the neck and beating their heads with stones.—Youth's Companion.

MONEY is like manure, of very little use, except to be spread.—Bacon.

"STAND back!" exclaimed the friend of the man who was down on the ground. "Stand back and give him air!" And the bystanders accommodatingly stood back, while the man who was down on the ground calmly went on pumping up his rear tire.—Chicago Tribune.

NOT A CURE.—"Mamma, teacher whipped a boy to-day for whispering in school." "Well, that was right." "But, mamma, he hollered ten times as loud as he whispered."—Chicago Record.

"WHATEVER now happens to me," he said, violently, "the consequences are upon your head!" "Really!" said the maid. "I hope they are on straight."

MR. STINGYBOY—"I am so down on trusts of all kinds that I never go near a soda water fountain." Pretty Polly—"And what trust do you find there?" Mr. Stingyboy—"The gas trust, of course."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

"GIVE a dog a bad name," said the Corn-fed Philosopher, "and the policeman will come along and plug everybody in the beast's neighborhood full of bullets."—Indianapolis Journal.

MRS. WICKWIRE—"Those clairvoyants' advertisements are so ridiculous. Here is one that begins: 'Madam X tells everything.' The idea." Mr. Wickwire—"Tells everything? Any woman can do that."—Indianapolis Journal.

MRS. BROWLEIGH (who has just been told that her husband has been knocked down and robbed)—"There, I knew it would be so; I told Henry he'd better leave some of his money at home."—Boston Transcript.

FIRST FLOOR MANAGER—"Dat's an awful razor you have dah, Mistah Johnsin. Looks like it could cahve right through a man." Second Floor Manager—"Yes, sah. Dat's a Rontgin rays-or, sah."—Memphis Scimitar.

"THE weather I can often foretell,"
Ho said in tones of pain;
"A new silk hat with an umbrell
Is a certain sign of rain."
—Washington Star.

An Appeal for Assistance.

The man who is charitable to himself will listen to the mute appeal for assistance made by his stomach, or his liver, in the shape of divers dyspeptic qualms and uneasy sensations in the regions of the glands that secretes his bile. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, my dear sir, or madam—as the case may be—is what you require. Hasten to use, if you are troubled with heartburn, wind in the stomach, or note that your skin or the whites of your eyes are taking a sallow hue.

AMONG THE BOHEMIANS.—"Where do you dine to-night?" "I do not dine—and you?" "Nor do I." "Very good. Let us dine together."—Courier des Etats Unis.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. DR. KLINE, 933 Arch st. Phila., Pa.

EXAMPLES of vicious courses practiced in a domestic circle corrupt more readily and more deeply when we behold them in persons in authority.—Juvenal.

WE have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—LIZZIE FERREL, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, '94.

"BUT, waiter, if this is spring chicken, where is its wishbone?" Waiter—(equal to the occasion)—"It was too young to wish, sir."—Detroit Free Press.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

FRIEND—"Do you always wait for inspiration before you write a poem?" Author—"No. I always need ten dollars."—Somerville Journal.

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FIND THE ONLY ORIGINAL **DESIGNS** PUBLISHED In This Country —IN— **L'Art de La Mode,**

And all the most reliable information on the question of dress. Order of your Newsdealer or send 35 Cents for the last Number.

First Pattern of this design, 36 Bust, for 50 Cents.

THE MORSE-BROUGHTON CO.,
3 East 19th Street,
Bet. 5th Ave. and Broadway, NEW YORK.

OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA. NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

STOPPED: HEART BURN, YUCATAN.

A. N. K—C. 1611

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

AYER'S ARGUMENT.

If there is **any reason** why you should use any sarsaparilla, there is **every reason** why you should use Ayer's. When you take sarsaparilla you take it to cure disease; you want to be cured as quickly as possible and as cheaply as possible. That is **why** you should use Ayer's: it cures quickly and cheaply—and it cures to stay. Many people write us: "I would sooner have one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla than three of any other kind." A druggist writes that "one bottle of Ayer's will give more benefit than six of any other kind." If one bottle of Ayer's will do the work of three it must have the strength of three at the cost of one. There's the point in a nutshell. It pays every way to use

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

"A Scorcher."

BattleAx PLUG

A GREAT BIG PIECE FOR 10 CENTS

Tobacco Dealers say, that "BATTLE AX" is a "scorcher" because it sells so fast. Tobacco Chewers say, it is a "scorcher" because 5 cents' worth goes so far. It's as good as can be made regardless of cost. The 5 cent piece is almost as large as the other fellows' 10 cent piece.

Most for the Money.

It is well understood by most Farmers that they secure more plant food of better quality and in finer condition in

Bradley's The world's Best **Fertilizers**

than in any other fertilizers made. This makes them the cheapest fertilizers to use for Wheat or Seeding Down to Grass. Try them this year. Address Bradley Fertilizer Co., Boston, Mass., and Cleveland, Ohio. Local Agents Wanted.

FREE HOMES FROM UNCLE SAM

Nearly 2,000,000 Acres of Government Lands NOW OPEN TO SETTLEMENT IN NORTHERN ARKANSAS

They are fertile, well-watered, heavily-timbered, and produce grains, grasses, fruits and vegetables in abundance. North Arkansas apples are noted. The climate is delightful, winters mild and short. These lands are subject to homestead entry of 160 acres each. Now is the time to get a home. For further information address

E. V. M. POWELL, Immigration Agent, Harrison, Ark.

Enclose 10c in Silver. Refers to Bank of Harrison and Boone County Bank, Harrison, Ark.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, JULY 9, 1896.

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET

For President of the United States,

WILLIAM McKINLEY,

OF OHIO.

For Vice President of the United States,

GARRET A. HOBART,

OF NEW JERSEY.

ANYTHING that causes a flurry on Wall-st tickles the silverites. No doubt the passage of free silver law would create such a fury as would throw them into spasms. And they would never recover.

A DEMOCRATIC contemporary says that the Pennsylvania tin plate works are the most modern and best equipped in the world. What makes this admission so remarkable is the declaration that tin plate could not be manufactured in this country. "Things are different now."

REPUBLICANS remember that we will have a new registration of voters in Maryland this year, in September and October and every qualified voter must present himself before the registrar of voters in the district or voting precint where he resides and have his name placed upon the registry of qualified voters or he will not be permitted to vote at the coming Persidential election in November next. The registrars will sit on the seventh, sixth, fifth, fourth and third Tuesday before election and on the sixth, fifth and fourth Wednesdays. The last Tuesday will be for revision only.—Frederick Examiner.

Some Facts About Money.

1. Money as a standard of value is an international, and not a local or merely national, factor.

2. Cheap money will always drive good money out of circulation, and thus contract the currency.

3. A fixed standard is required to measure value.

4. Gold money is of automatic issue. No one determines the limit of issue.

5. Fiat money is simply a forced loan. It is government money, and its value alone determined by the proportion of its volume to the credit of the issuing government.

6. The words "cheap" and "dear" mean nothing without a standard of comparison.

7. Panics are caused by the overvaluation of property and commodities and by general extravagance, and not by the so called variations in supply of money. In 1893 and 1894 money was more plentiful than ever before. In 1873 the net deposits in our national banks were $673,400,000; in 1894 they were $2,919,300,000. The deposits in the savings institutions of the country in 1873 were $1,024,856,787; in 1894 they were about $2,000,000,000.

8. Business determines how much money a country needs. What we now need is an increase in the volume of business, and not in the volume of money.

Senator Elkins On Silver.

Senator Stephen B. Elkins has for sixteen years been a producer of silver and is at the present time. Very naturally he is desirous that silver shall not depreciate in value, but the distinguished West Virginian apperciates the folly of free coinage and, in an interview reported in the New York *Twibune*, says:

"Europe now has about $1,000,000,000 not in use, and has been waiting for years to see whether we would not adopt free coinage, so that it could bring this silver to the United States and have it made into legal tender dollars and give it twice the value it now has. You readily see that this would enable the owners of silver in Europe not only to get rid of the silver, but do so at twice its value. Once rid of this vast surplus of $1,000,000,000, the silver question would not trouble Europe any more. Their people would be rid of it on good terms, and at the expense of the United States. I personally know miners of silver in Mexico who are waiting for us to pass a free coinage law, so that they can unload their silver on us at $1 an ounce, which is costing them only 51 cents to produce.

"The Democratic party having failed in its free trade theories, now turns to free silver, hoping to win the favor of the people by it: but free silver is a worse delusion than free trade. One thing is true, and has remained true through all history—prices and values are made and generally regulated by supply and demand and the will of the buyer and seller, and never by law. It is simply impossible as long as human government is just, to declare by law what property is worth more than its value in the markets."

Who Would Get The Benefit?

If a 16 to 1 free coinage measure were to become law next year, who would it benefit the most? Certainly the farmers, though it might increase the number of dollars they received in return for their labor or their products, these dollars would be worth but half as much as those now in use. Neither would the manufacturers and business men be benefited by a law which would make goods of all kinds far dearer and therefore lessen the demand for them and check productive industry and trade.

The real beneficiares of free silver would be the owners of silver mines, who would get a higher price for their products and the debtors who would be enablad to pay off their obligations in 50 cent dollars. Among those debtors would be some farmers, but by far the greater part of the debts of the country is owed by large firms, corporations, banks, insurance companies and similar organizations.

Thus the farmer, who has many years been paying premiums on $1,000 fire insurance on his house and barns would under free coinage receive in case of loss by fire only the equivalent of $500 in our present currency. The workingman who has been paying for $1,000 life insurance, would find that the adoption of the silver standard had cut in two the provision he had been making for his wife and family.

The millions of farmers and workers who have a little money in the bank would be compelled if the banks wished, to take dollars worth half of those they had deposited. The great corporations which have borrowed large amounts from thousands of small investors, or from banks representing thousands of depositors would have half of their debts wiped out.

These results would doubtless be a good thing for the big insurance companies, railway corporations, banks, Wall street speculators, etc. But is that any reason why the masses should favor the 50 cent dollar policy?

Sixteen to One.

The free silver advocates are in the habit of speaking of the ratio of 16 to 1 as if there was something sacred about it. They speak of it as having been fixed by the fathers and as being the money provided by the constitution of the United States. As a matter of fact the original ratio was not 16 to 1, but 15 to 1, nor was there ever such a ratio established as 16 to 1. Under the law of 1834 the ratio was 16.002 to 1, which was altered by the law of 1834 to 15,988 to 1. That is the ratio which is referred to as 16 to 1 simply because the real ratio is hard to remember and is a cumbrous assemblage of figures to use in common speech.

But why, then, was not the more simple and easily prounced ratio of 16 to 1 selected instead of 15,988? That is a very natural query, but it is one from which the free silver advocates shy off, because the answer upsets their arguments. The explanation is this: It has always been the rule of coinage in this country that the mint ratio should correspond with the market ratio. The object was to make the bullion contents of the silver dollar equal to the bullion contents of the gold dollar. The value of coin is an intrinsic value and great pains were taken that the coinage stamp should not declare any more value than the worth of the coin. Hence in fixing the so-called ratio of 16 to 1 is was provided that if coins should lose more than one-half of 1 per cent of their weight, they should be a legal tender only for their ballion value, The reason why the original ratio 15 to 1 was changed to 15,988 to 1 was because the market ratio had departed from the mint ratio, so the mint ratio was changed to correspond with the market ratio. Indeed so anxious were the statesmen of 1837 that the mint valuation of silver should not exceed the market value that they made the mint valuation a little below the market value. They were afraid that the great production of silver in Mexcio would bring down the market price of silver so they cut a little below the current market price in fixing the mint valuation of silver. But silver did not decline, or silver bullion were worth a little more than one part of gold and very little silver found its way into the mint since it was worth more as bullion than as coin. This is the reason why the silver coinage of the country was so inconsiderable. The country had a gold currency before the war. Before 1837 the entire coinage of silver dollars was only 1,440,517. From 1837 to 1863 the coinage of silver dollars was 6,605,321. Since the passage of the act of 1873, fifty times as many silver dollars have been coined as in the 81 years before.

If a ratio were to be selected now on the same principles as were applied when the so-called ratio of 16 to 1 was fixed, the market price of silver would be taken for the basis. A calcuation would be made how many parts of silver bullion at its market value would be required to equal one part of gold bullion at its market value, and this proportion would be made the mint ratio. Instead of a ratio of 16 to 1 this would require a ratio of about 31 to 1. There are many things in modern Democracy at which Jefferson and Jackson would stand aghast, but nothing would astonish them more than to find that a ratio which was originally established as expressive of the proportionate market value of gold and silver should be taken up now when it is widely different from the market value. The demand for free coinage at the obsolete ratio of 16 to 1 is conceived in ignorance and born in dishonesty.

The National Need.

"What do you Republicans want, anyhow?" a bright Democrat asked yesterday. "That Chicago Convention cannot stop many of us, who are going to vote for McKinley and better times, and a party which knows something." It seems proper to enlighten him and others. The Chicago Convention is not of absorbing interest to friends of McKinley, as respects his personal fortunes. But it has something to do with the future of the country.

The reason why McKinley's election is so hopefully expected is that no one of many combinations the adversaries can make offers a decent chance of beating him. Take Mr. Whitney's plan, for instance, and Democrats would have to fight Populist tickets right here in New York and New Jersey, without a ghost of a chance at the West or South. Take Governor Altgeld's plan, and Democrats would start with every Nothern State lost as far west as the Mississippi River, and part of the Southern States, and no chance of getting enough to save themselves. Take the plan of Senator Dubois, and there would not be a Democratic State in the Union safe for the ticket, and outside the silver lines not a Republican State in danger. Take the Populist plan, and the North as far west as Colorado would be solid against it. What difference does it make, then? The future of the country is at stake.

This silver craze is either an emptiness, a dream and a fraud, or it is a real peril to the country. Republicans can beat it, they feel sure with mighty power of Protection to sway thousands of voters in the choice between Free Trade and Sound Money. For that reason they want no makeshift and no botch about it, but as straight and square an issue as the Democrats and other silverites can make. It is of the utmost importance to the country that this drift toward Communism and Anarchy should be beaten, not a little, barely, in the electoral college and the House only, but everywhere and completely and especially in the Senate.

That is a phase of the question which our Democratic enemies, Messrs. Whitney and the rest, are disposed to leave out of sight. Therefore it is that a most damaging form of compromise and barter was offered to the silver men, as if in the hope that it would enable sound-money Democrats to stay in the party and elect Representatives and Senators who, at the next struggle in Congress, would use all their power, as they did in the last Congress, to give the silver men a victory. sort of Democracy." Men who will vote with the silver bolters to stop any revenue bill needed to provide necessary means for the Government, because they fancy that a Government without money might be forced to pay in silver only, are not hard-money men, and have no right to be so considered by the voter and the more sharply the issue is made the better.

Thus it would be a particularly good thing for the country that the so-called sound-money men who are willing to barter with silver Anarchists to bankrupt the Goverment, should every one of them be beaten, At the East they ought to be beaten by sound Republicans, who will represent the opinion of honest Americans. At the West, if there is a State where Republicans cannot win, such Democrats ought to be beaten by Populists or anbody else who will not play falsely with the National honor for the sake of party. In plain truth nothing prevents an overwhelming victory for sound money, and for the revenue policy which makes sound money possible except the willingness of so-called sound-money Democrats to help FreeTrade and National bankruptcy by alliance with silver men. That state of facts will influence many sensible Democrats to vote against any party or ticket that may oppose McKinley, and the more complete the combinatoin against him is, the more there will be of such Democrats to vote it down.—N. Y. Tribune.

To Visit In England.

The following persons left Cumberland on train No 2 Thursday morning for New York: Mrs. Chas. Thomas and her son, Rev. Wilson Thomas, Edward Duffty, Jas. Jones and John Hawkins. All are from Frostburg except Rev. Thomas, who is stationed at Bloomington, Garrett county, as pastor of the M. E. church. The party will spend two months visiting friends and relatives in England.—Cumb. Times.

Call for Your Letters

Wm. G. Megeath, Rev. W. W. Williams (2), The American Advertising Co., Miss Dora E. Sandy.

LYNCHED BY A MOB.

A Negro Taken From the Rockville Jail and Hanged to a Tree.

ROCKVILLE, MD., July 5.—Sidney Randolph, a negro, charged with the murder of little Sadie Buxton and with brutal assault with intent to commit murder on the girl's father, mother and eldest sister, during the night of May 25, at the home of the Buxtons, near Gaithersburg, was lynched before daylight yesterday morning by a mob of determined men, who overcame the sheriff and forced him to surrender the keys of the jail. The negro protested his innocence of the crime to the last. This makes the second lynching in Maryland within two weeks, Joseph Cocking, a white man, in jail on a charge of murdering his wife, having been killed by a mob a short time ago.

About 2:30 o'clock yesterday morning Charles H. M. Peyton, jailor of Montgomery county, was aroused from his sleep by loud rapping at the front door of the jail. When he inquired who was there he was told to open the door to receive a prisoner. He did so, and found confronting him a mob of twenty or thirty masked men. He quickly slammed the door in their faces and locked it, only to have it broken down a few minutes later.

The crowd rushed in and demanded that he unlock the cell doors. Meeting a refusal, they leveled revolvers at Peyton's head and demanded him to hand over his keys, which he did promptly.

The affair was well planned, for the mob proceeded at once to Randolph's cell. The negro was an exceedingly powerful man, over six tall and muscular. There must have been a hard struggle to secure him, the cell floor being covered with bloody marks. Prisoners in adjoining cells say that he strongly protested his innocence and begged for his life. The mob gave no heed to these pleadings, but gagged him and then dragged him to a vehicle in waiting and drove out of town. A hangman's knot was tied around the negro's neck, and soon afterwards his lifeless body was swinging from a convenient tree.

On the morning of May 20 all Maryland, within fifty miles of Washington, was startled by news that during the night one or more intruders had entered the home of Mr. Buxton, a miller of Gaithersburg, and had murderously assaulted the head of the household, his wife and two daughters with an axe while they were asleep. It was feared all four might die, but, though terribly injured, all recovered save the youngest daughter. Suspicion pointed to Sidney Randolph, a negro who was found near Gaithersburg unable to give a satisfactory account of himself. It was supposed he had been instigated to the deed by a companion named Neale, just released from the penitentiary, whither he had been sent chiefly through testimony given by Mr. Buxton, whose life he had threatened.

Neale, however, could not be connected with the crime and was released while Randolph was committed to jail to await trial, a coroner's jury having found that Sadie Buxton came to her death from wounds inflicted by an axe in Randolph's hands and that some one unknown was accessory to the deed. There had been frequent threats to lynch both Neale and Randolph.

Gov. Lowndes on Lynching.

Governor Lowndes yesterday spoke of the lynching of Sydney Randolph at Rockville, on Saturday morning, as a great outrage. Randolph was most brutally treated and at the same time his guilt was far from established. A number of detectives who had been working on the case believed that he was innocent and that a white man was guilty.

Governor Lowndes said that the State was trying to induce immigration by spending large sums of money in establishing an immigration bureau and by other means encouraging the best class of foreigners to populate our State. But people will not risk their lives by settling in a state where laws are violated and overridden with impunity.

The authorities in the two counties should take steps to have the violators punished; if they don't the Governor will see what he can do in the matter. He is now considering the advisability of offering a reward for the apprehension of the lynchers of both Cocking and Randolph. The Governor is determined, if possible, to prevent a recurrence of such a flagrant infraction of the laws.—Cumberland News.

For Sale or Rent.

A very desirable property in Oakland, being the late residence of Henry J. Mayers. Also for sale the Oakland Woolen Mills property. Said property may be obtained cheap and on easy terms. Apply to J. C. Renninger, attorney, Oakland.

THE

New BUCKEYE FOR 1896.

The Simplest, Best and Lightest Running Binder on Earth.

ISN'T IT A BEAUTY?

Examine our composition adjustable bearings and other valuable improvements for 1896. It beats the World.

From the Golden Harvest Fields of the Sunny South, where grain cutting is now progressing, come Songs of Praise for this Wonderful Machine.

The genius of man has never produced its equal,
Its perfect working Bundle Carrier is admired by all.
No weight on horses' necks—no side draft—open end, and it will handle the longest or shortest grain successfully.
See its high drive wheel which insures light draft.
Be sure and examine this machine before you buy. If there is no agent in your locality, correspond with us direct.

COMPETITORS ARE FLEEING BEFORE THE MAJESTIC MARCH OF THE NEW BUCKEYE.

HEAR WHAT PENNSYLVANIA FARMERS SAY,

The field selected was rye 7 feet tall, very heavy and green. The machine was drawn by an ordinary team, and never made a skip or missed a sheaf.

We the undersigned have, this 27th day of May, 1896, witnessed the working of the New Buckeye Binder, cutting rye on the farm of Dr. G. A. Knight at Lamertine, Clarion county, Pa. We consider its work first-class in every respect, and the Machine very light draft.

Some expressions from those present—"Isn't she a daisy." "I tell you that's the lightest running binder I ever saw." "She handles that rye elegant." "Don't it make a splendid sheaf." "Say that binder carries them all." "That pair of horses could handle that machine all day." "Did you ever see a binder with such little machinery." "Not a particle of weight on the horses' necks, it's perfectly balanced." "It beats anything I ever saw."

E. B. Sheffer, D. Kneppenberger, H. McGinnis, W. L. Long, D. M. Delo, Lynn Campbell, Joe Sheffer, Irvin McGinnis, H. C. Sheffer, Joe S. Shirey, Leroy Kurtz, Chas. Say, J. J. Kline, L. M. Cochran, Frank Kline, P. Wingard, Jno. William, Aaron Conner, C. K. Sheffer, G. H. Weaner, F. W. Berlin, M. H. Shannon, F. B. Shannon, Jr., J. M. Kurtz, J. G. Hecker.

THE BUCKEYE MOWER.

ORIGINAL, GENUINE AND ONLY. MADE BY

AULTMAN, MILLER & CO.,

AKRON, OHIO.

FOR SALE BY

JONAS ✣ FRAZEE,

SELBYSPORT, MD.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.

Thousands of Strangers In Town and All Enjoyed Themselves.

A GALA DAY FOR OAKLAND.

The Parade Was a Gorgeous Display of Oakland's Business Interests.

FIREWORKS IN ABUNDANCE.

Saturday last, the day we celebrated, dawned very unauspiciously. the heavy lead-colored clouds hanging low over the hills which threatened every moment to pour out their contents and deluge the town, but luckily only a light shower fell during the forenoon which did a little damage to the bunting and flags with which the town was profusely decorated.

The incoming trains both from the east and the west brought hundreds of strangers, whilst the surrounding country was left to care for itself, the farmers leaving their crops and coming to town to enjoy one well earned day during the busy season.

The street parade which was to leave the Oakland hotel grounds at 10:30 o'clock did not get under way until nearly eleven owing to the late arrival of the trains, but when its immensity and magnitude was beheld by the crowds in eager waiting it simply took their breat's away. Floats representing the various business interests of the town went to the place of forming the parade from every direction.

The parade was headed by chief marshal Mayor H. W. McComas, who had as his aides Dr. E. K. Goldsborough, Joseph Helbig and Edwin Mitchell.

Following the chief marshal and his aides came a number of ladies beautifully mounted, their prancing horses bedecked with bright colored ribbons.

Then came a band of Indians and cowboys.

Fifer's Keyser band was the next in line and asusual captured the lovers of music by their fine playing.

Immediately followed this musical organizatiou marched Piedmont and Oakland divisions of the Uniformed Rank, K. of P., numbering about fifty men.

The lodge of Odd Fellows, Loch Lynn Heights, mounted, came next in line.

Goddess of Liberty impersonated by Miss Nettie Michaels, and Columbia impersonated by Miss Rose Maroney, seated in one of Mr. Maroney fine traps and drawn by two beautiful black horses, came next in the parade, and attracted attention from all points.

The Maryland girls, seated in Martin & Son's new bus, drawn by four grey horses, was a jolly crowd.

The Accident band, numbering sixteen pieces, brought up the rear of this division.

Oakland's brave firemen, in their uniforms, was the next in line. The hook and ladder truck and chemical, engine the brasses burnished and everything in the most excellent order. The apparatus was drawn by two horses.

M. Maroney & Son's racing stallion, hitched in a sulky, looking his finest, was a source of favorable comment.

The trades display was the next in line. All of the numerous floats were novel and were a credit to those arranging them. Below we give the order as they appeared in the parade:

J. W. Leathers, saddlery and harness.

M. L. Scott, millinery.

Gilbert Bros. & Co., Anti Fag, Baltimore, Md.

The Oakland band, the members dressed in blue coats and white trousers.

Jos. E. Harned, Oaklaud Pharmacy. This was one of the most artistic and beautiful floats in the whole line.

A. D. Naylor, carriages, buggies, etc.

The Offutt Live Stock company, showing some of the finest blooded sheep and lambs in the country.

J. Felty, Jr., & Co., general merchants.

Maryland Supply company, green groceries, fruits, etc.

D. E. Offutt & Son, general merchants.

J. M. Davis & Son, general hardware and machinery.

Liller & Rock's barber shop.

Jas. Andrews meat market.

O. Hart & Son, coal. This was probably the most unique display in the parade. In the centre of the float was an immense block of coal and resting against it dressed in true miner manner with hands and face begrimed with dirt, were two little boys, picks in hand.

Dixon & Kelso, shoes and merchandise.

Hamill & Little, general merchandise and farming machinery.

J. Yelloly, blacksmith.

Louis Gortner, merchant.

A. Nelson, cold storage.

Wm. Broderick, ice dealer.

S. L. Townshend & Son, general merchants.

A. D. Naylor, blacksmith shop in operation.

Cumberland Brewing company.

M. Cohen tailor.

Dispersed through the parade were numerous clowns in donkey carts which broke the monotony and kept the people in a roar af laughter.

The route of the parade was followed as published in last week's REPUBLICAN, reaching the picnic grounds in the east end of town about noon where Dr. E. H. Bartlett made a happy speech welcoming the crowds to the town and urging upon them to love their country and protect her flag under all circumstances, adding a word of advice to the young ladies that should they marry to have none for husbands except Americans, "for," said the doctor in his closing words, "there is no title more honorable than that of being an American citizen, living under on American government and loving and serving under the American flag."

That part of the program providing for the several races was not carried out owing to the condition of the course, it being sloppy from the rain which commenced to descend shortly after 1 o'clock.

At three o'clock, however, a game of ball was played between the Oakland and Keyser nines, resulting in a score of 24 to 8 in favor of the visitors.

The flambeau drill and fireworks at night wound up the program so far as the work of the committee was concerned. The drill was excellent the members composing the club were from Piedmont, being also members of the K. of P.

It was beyond doubt the greatest day in the history of Oakland made so by the energetic and enterprising work of a few business men.

The railroad authorities came in for numerous uncomplimentary remarks for not providing enough cars to transport the people to and from town. At Keyser and Piedmont many persons had purchased tickets and when the trains pulled into these stations they could not carry them owing to the scarcity of cars. The trains leaving Oakland at night experienced the same dullieulties and many persons were compelled to remain over until Sunday before they could return home.

The visitors were all good natured and but one arrest was made all day which speaks well.

North Glade.

We are glad to have Miss Mollie Hamill with us again.

Messrs. Henry and Isaac Thompson, together with their good wives, have been visiting in our community for several days.

We will have an Epworth rally and all day meeting on the 19th of July. Rev. C. E. Bedford will preach on Saturday night. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Come, expecting a good time.

Our Sunday school was reorganized on the 28th ult., by the election of the following officers: J. L. Fitzwater, superintendent; Jas. A. Baldwin, assistant; Miss Ada Howell, secretary; Miss Susan Baldwin, librarian, and Theo. Bockman, treasurer. School will open at 9.30 a. m.

Accident.

Our little town is astir again with students and a few straugers.

The normal literary society held its first meeting Thursday evening. The members were greeted with a large and attentive audience. An excellent program was presented consisting of readings, compositions, recitations, society paper, debates and music. The society will meet regularly every Thursday night. New students are being enrolled every day. A finer looking body of young ladies and gentlemen are not to be found anywhere. They all seem to be studious and well behaved. At this writing forty have been enrolled and more to come.

Our farmers are busy harvesting; crops excellent.

Dr. W. T. McMillan has gone to Salisbury to spend several months with Dr. Speicher.

Mr. Harvey Speicher has just returned from a two days' business trip to Meyersdale, Pa.

Examiner Hinebaugh visited our normal last week. X.

A Correction.

We stated in last week's issue of THE REPUBLICAN that Mr. Geo. B. McMillan, of near Lonaconing, had been brought to Oakland and placed in jail charged with cutting down fences. Upon investigation we find that such is not the case. Although Mr. McMillan was brought to Oakland by the sheriff and given a hearing by Justice Boyer upon the above charge, he was released by filling a bond for his appearance at the September term of court.

REPUBLICANS AND SILVER.

From Hon. Chas. N. Fairbank's speech at the opening of the National Convention at St. Louis.

"The Republican party has not been unfriendly to the proper use of silver. It has always favored and favors to-day the use of silver as a part of our circulating medium. But it favors that use under such provisions and safeguards as shall not impair the present national standard. The policy of the Republican party is to retain both gold and silver as a part of our circulating medium, while the policy of free coinage of silver leads to certain silver monometallism. It is an immutable law that two moneys of unequal value will not circulate together, and the poorer always drives out the better. The Republican party, desiring fairly to secure a large use of silver, pledged itself in favor of an international agreement. Harrison, true to the pledge of the party, took the initiatory steps, and invited an international monetary conference at Brussels, at which the true object of an international coinage agreement was ably and profitably discussed. The Democratic party was also committed to international bimetallism, but when it came into power the work which had been so auspiciously begun by the Republican party was abandoned. It was so absorbed in its efforts to break down the McKinley law and empty the treasury that it had no time to promote international bimetallism.

"Those who profess to believe that this government can independently of the other great commercial powers open its mints to the free and independent coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1, when the commercial ratio in all the great markets is 30 to 1, and at the same time not drive every dollar of gold out of circulation, but deceive themselves.

"Great and splendid and powerful as our government is, it cannot accomplish the impossible. It cannot create value. It has not the alchemist's subtle art of transmuting unlimited silver into gold, nor can it by omnipotent fiat make fifty cents worth a hundred cents. As well undertake by a resolution of congress to suspend the law of gravitation as to compel an unlimited number of 50 cent dollars at a parity with 100-cent dollars at a parity with each other. An attempt to compel unlimited dollars of such an unequal value to circulate to a parity is bad in morals and is vicious in polities. Sound thinkers upon the great question of the currency know from the beginning of the experiment how miserably and certainly it would fail. The commerce of the country would be again thrown upon the sea of nucertainty, and the specter of want would continue for years to haunt us.

"Upon opening our mines to the independent free coinage of silver foreign credits would be greatly curtailed. More than this there would be a certain and sudden contraction of our currency by the expulsion of 620,000,000 of gold and our paper and silver currency would greatly depreciate in puchasing power. But one result would follow this; enterprise would be further embarrassed, business demoralization would be increased and still further and serious injury would be inflicted upon the laborers the farmers, the merchants and all those whose welfare depends upon a wholesome commerce.

"A change from the present standard would cut down the recompense of labor, reduce the value of savings banks and building and loan associations, salaries and incomes would shrink, pensions would be cut in two, the beneficiaries of life insurance would suffer in short the injury would be so universal and far reaching that a radical change can be contemplated only with the gravest apprehension. A sound currency is one of the essential instruments in developing our commerce. It is the purpose of the Republican party not to develop our domestic trade, but to extend our commerce into the uttermost parts of the earth. We should not begin our contest for commercial supremacy by destroying our currency standard. All the leading powers with which we must compete suspended the free coinage of silver when the increased production of silver forced the commercial ratio above coinage ratio to gold. Shall we ignore their ripened experience? Shall we attempt what they have found utterly impossible? Shall it be said that our standard is below theirs? You cannot build the posperity upon a base of fluctuating currency; as well undertake to build upon the changing sands of the sea.

"A sound currency defrauds no one. It is good alike in the hands of employe and employer; the laborer and the capitalist. Upon faith in its worth, its stability, we go forward planning for the future. The capitalist erects his factories, acquires his materials, employs his artisans, mechanics and laborers. He is confident that his margin will not be swept away by fluctuation on the currency. The laborer knows that the money is earned by his toil, and it is unquestioned in its purchasing power. He likewise knows that it requires as much labor to earn a poor dollar as a good one; and he also knows that if poor money is abrond it surely finds its way into his pocket. We protest against a lower standard of commercial honor. We stand against the Democratic attempt to degrade our currency to the low level of Mexico, China, India and Japan. The present high standard of our currency, our honor and our credit will be sacredly protected and preserved by the Republican party.

Communicated.

Editor of The Republican.

Monday evening, June 29th, Epworth League connected with St. Paul's M. E. church took the departure in its exercises of the regular mouthly entertainment. The usual order on an occasion of this kind is a literary meeting, but on the date named a "musical" was substituted. A large, and in the main, attentive audience, greeted the participants and the instrumental and vocal solos, duets, quartets and choruses were of a high order and well rendered and complimentary words of each number were spoken by those who were present and permitted to enjoy the treat.

The talent employed was "local" with the exception of Mrs. Lewellen of Weston, who admirably sung a beautiful and pathetic solo which reached the hearts and awakened old memories of many present.

We would not attempt to particularize in regard to any special rendition or performer, but suffice it to say, that persons present and competent to pass judgment on entertainments of this nature pronounced it first class in every respect, reflecting great credit upon its promoters and each and every one who participated.

We would fain stop here, but one thing came under our observation that prompts us to speak further. We have seen the same thing occur before, in other assemblages and other public places, and as a rule it is indulged in by those who have scarcely ever been beyond the confines of one county, who contribute less, either in talent or in money to any public enterprise and who make themselves the most conspicuous, talk louder, think, and know less than any other individual in the community. This condition is usually the malady ot the giddy boy or womanhood, and this occasion was no exception to the rule in that respect; but in addition, we are sorry to record the fact, the disturbance was not wholly confined to the "giddy", "giggling," squirming, foolish boy and girl, but persons of maturer years, who ought to have more sense (but have not) indulged in it, criticising some of the selections and performers, whispering and giggling to the great annoyance of the more intelligent and attentive portion of the audience. It would be a great source of comfort to the community at large if the class of persons above referred to could in some way be brought to realize that as a usual thing they are present on occasions of this kind by no right that they possess but simply through permission, forbearance, or by general invitation, and that their continued absence would be very much less regretted than their presence on any occasion.

ONE OF THE AUDIENCE.

Ominous Premoniton.

"Jim," said Mr. Cleveland to his faithful Buzzard's Bay boatman.

"Yessir."

"The fish are not biting and I am very hungry. I think we'll go to shore. What time is it?

The boatman looked at his watch and replied;

"Sixteen to one, sir."

"Sixteen to one?" repeated the President. "That ominous combination of numbers again. I perceive, too, that you asscertained the time from a silver watch. 'Tis a portentious omen."

"More than that, sir," added Jim. "It is a free silver watch, My father gave me that watch for a birthday present."

"This is too much Jim. Pull me ashore quickly, and I will see if a good dinner can restore my equaimity."

As the boat was pulled shoreward its distinguished passenger gazed westward where lay the noisy city of Chicago and sighed deeply.

Obituary.

Mary J., wife of J. M. Crim and daughter of the late William and Mary Waltz, was born near the Red House May 18th, 1839, and died in Oakland July 2, 1896, aged 57 years, 1 month and 14 days. Her remains were followed on Friday, July 3, at 5 o'clock p. m. by a large concourse of sorrowing friends and neighbors from her late residence to St. Mark's Lutheran church where the funeral services were conducted by the pastor, Rev. J. W. Butler. From the church the remains were conveyed to the Odd Fellows' cemetery where they were laid to rest. The deceased was a kind, affectionate and loving wife and mother, a friendly and peaceable neighbor, ever willing to aid and give a willing hand and good advice to all. Over forty years ago she connected herself with the Lutheran church near Sunnyside and lived in that faith until death called her away to the church on high. She leaves to mourn their loss a husband and eight children, viz: Edward B., of Gormania, W. Va.; Mrs. E. J. Crim, of Wadesville, Va.; Wm. S. and D. Calvin, of Cincinnati; Mrs. John Menhorn, Misses Fannie and Lizzie and G. H. of Oakland, besides four brothers, five sisters and thirteen grandchildren.

We miss thee from our home, dear mother,
We miss thee from thy place;
A shadow o'er our life is cast—
We miss the sunshine of thy face.

We miss thy kind and willing hand—
Thy fond and earnest care;
Our home is dark without thee,
We miss thee everywhere.

HUSBAND AND CHILDREN.

Last summer one of our grand children was sick with a severe bowel trouble. Our doctor's remedies had failed, then we tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which gave very speedy relief. We regard it as the best medicine ever put on the market for bowel complaints.—Mrs. E. G. Gregory, Frederickstowo, Mo. This certainly is the best medicine ever put on the market for dysentary, summer complaint, colic and cholera infantum in children. It never fails to give prompt relief when used in reasonable time and the plain printed directions are followed. Many mothers have expressed their sincere gratitude for the cures it has effected. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now have Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily	2.46	A. M
No. 3—Daily	7.07	A. M
No. 71—Accom daily except Sun	9.30	A. M
No. 47—Daily	10.40	A. M
No. 55—Express, daily	6.22	P. M
No 15—Accommodation daily	6.45	P. M
No. 1—Daily	10.06	P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily	5.59	A. M
No. 2—Daily	6.31	A. M
No. 14—Accommodation daily	9.03	A. M
No. 72—Accom daily except Sun	4.26	P. M
No. 46—Daily	5.02	P. M
No. 4—Daily	12.20	A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL,
C. F SCHROEDER, Agent.

WHY SHOULD YOU SEND YOUR CHILD
—TO—
BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

1st. He (or she) can be prepared for college; he can study book-keeping, shorthand, type writing, etc., and be fitted for business; he can begin his course in medicine or pharmacy under a teacher who has made the subject of chemistry a specialty.

2nd. It is a home school (co-educational and for a limited number) and is conducted with all the loving, care-taking ministrations for individual development that the name implies.

3rd. Students require the most bracing, nerve-building climate, and here they have it. Among the recreations are skating, boating, tennis, bowling.

4th. English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish German, Musical and Art courses. Bible study and high ethical teaching will fit him for a noble Christian career.

E. B. SWAN, Principal,
18-1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., M

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL
ROOFING.
SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,
W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.
7—26t.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In effect May 24, 1896.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS		NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1			No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.			NOON	P. M.
2 20*	8 00†	lv	Cumberland	ar *12 00	4 30
2 57	8 31		Rawlings	11 28	3 59
3 20	8 56		Keyser	11 01	6 30
3 36	9 09		Westernport	10 51	3 23
3 30	9 12		W. Va. C. June.	10 48	6 20
4 01	9 37		Shaw	10 23	5 55
4 25	10 00		Harrison	10 00	5 33
5 10	10 45*	ar	Elk Garden	8 55	*3 20
5 00	10 35†	lv	Gorman	9 21	5 00
5 00	10 41		Bayard	9 15	4 54
5 17	10 52		Doblin	9 01	4 41
5 50	11 23		Thomas	8 34	4 05
6 25	11 55	ar	Davis	8 00	3 25
5 53	11 27	lv	Coketon	8 31	4 02
6 19	11 51		Hendricks	7 59	3 30
6 25	11 57		Diretz	7 51	3 25
6 28	12 00		Parsons	7 51	3 22
7 00	12 30		Kerens	7 28	2 47
7 30*	1 00†	ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	*2 30
	1 30*	ar	Beverly	lv	*1 35
					P. M.
	2 55*	ar	Bealington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

TRUSTEES' SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
REAL ESTATE
IN GARRETT COUNTY.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in them by a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county sitting in Equity, and passed in a cause therein pending wherein David F. Kuykendall and others are complainants, and Althea M. Devecmon and others are defendants the same being No. 782 Equity on the docket of said Court, the undersigned will on

Saturday, July 18th, 1896,

at 10½ o'clock a. m., in front of the post office in the town of Oakland, offer at public sale all the right, title and interest of all the parties to the said Equity cause in and to all the following described real estate to wit:

All those tracts of land lying on the National Turnpike about four miles east of Grantsville, in Garrett county, Maryland, containing

1238 ACRES OF LAND,

more or less, and particularly described as a deed from William Casey and wife and Frederick W. Fallenbaugh and wife to John S. Deeds, dated November 27, 1880, and recorded in Liber H. B. No. 25, folio 147, of the Land Records in Allegany county, which known as the

"Stone House Farm"

of which the late John S. Deeds died seized and possessed.

Said farm is fully described in the exhibits filed in said Equity cause. It is improved by a

Large Stone Dwelling House,

commodious barns and other out buildings in good repair.

Terms: Cash on day of sale or upon the ratification thereof.

BENJ. A. RICHMOND,
D. J. BLACKISTON,
W. C. DEVECMON,
Trustees.
10-4t.

THE
G. E. PEARCE DRUG CO.,
OF FROSTBURG, MD.

We have probably the largest stock of goods in the drug line in Western Maryland.

P. D. & CO. and S. & D. Pharmaceutical preparations always in stock, shipped to physicians at jobbers' prices.

OUR LINE OF
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES AND WINDOW GLASS
IS LARGE AND COMPLETE.

We sell and guarantee LUCAS TINTED GLOSS PAINT at $1.25 per gallon.
6-2m

THE
Maryland Building
and Loan Association
of Garrett County.

OFFICERS:
ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney.
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencies.

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock:
INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.

EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, low old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
T. R. CARSKADON,
20—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND. : GARRETT CO., MD.

STEALING WATER.

BY ROBERT B. UTTER.

"Annie," said Mrs. Hart, "I wish you'd go down and tell Peter Nordsen that I want to get my beets in to-morrow, if he'll come up."

"Yes'm," said Annie.

"And ask him if he can spare me that slip from his rose geranium he promised me last week."

"Yes'm." Annie took her sunbonnet and moved toward the door.

"And don't run, child—it's dreadful hot. And don't bring home another horn toad. I simply can't abide the critters." Mrs. Hart stood in the doorway and looked out over the gray hillside. "A dreadful dreary country," she muttered. "If only the Lord could have made it green to start with!"

She caught sight of a bent figure with a rifle at right shoulder shift, plodding slowly up the canyon road beneath her.

"For the land's sake!" she ejaculated. "There he is now—Mr. Nordsen! Annie! Come back! Mr. Nordsen, come up here a minute, I want to speak to you!"

Annie ran back along the hillside, glad she had not gone beyond recall, and Nordsen toiled slowly up the steep path to the door of the little shanty.

"Come right in and sit down," said Mrs. Hart, "'t you have time."

"Plenty of time," said Nordsen, sitting down with his rifle between his knees. "I was just going up to fix my water gate, and see if I could shoot a jack rabbit."

"You're lucky to have a water gate to fix, Mr. Nordsen," she replied. "I can't make out how Henry came to leave me without any water right, unless it was that he was taken so suddenly."

"Yes'm," assented Nordsen. "When the 'Miner's Delight' caved in, she ain't likely to leave a man much time to fix up water rights for his widder."

"I said to Henry when we first came here," Mrs. Hart went on, "'Henry,' I said, 'I'll not live in a country where you have to buy your water, as if somebody owned it,' I said. 'It's just like supposing we had to buy air, and if the Lord don't rain it down here on the just and the unjust I want to stay in Vermont.'"

"And what did he say to that?" asked Nordsen.

"He said: 'We don't need water, Milly, when we can have horn silver for the digging of it up.' The upshot of the matter was that not a drop of Rifle creek do I own, from one end to the other."

"But you raise some pretty fine beets, Mrs. Hart," said Nordsen, "seeing you have no water."

"Only on account of Mr. Seymour's shiftlessness," she replied. "It all comes down from a leak in his big flume nearly now!" said Nordsen. "And he never fixed that flume? Well, that's one on him." He grinned with a good deal of heartiness as he wiped an imaginary speck of dust from the front sight of his rifle. "A regular good one," he repeated. "Yes, yes!"

"How so?" asked Mrs. Hart, with some show of interest.

"Well," said Nordsen, slowly, "for a man of his disposition, that's paid nigh $10,000 for his water rights, and makes every rancher below here pay two dollars an acre for what water is left when he gets through, it seems to me it's queer of him to let you have all you want without paying for it—especially as he never gave a thing to a living soul before in his life, so far as I ever heard."

"Ten thousand dollars!" echoed Mrs. Hart.

"Yes'm, to this one, and that one, and the lawyers. But it won't hurt him to give you a little of it. It'll stand him in good stead at the last. He'll need water finally," he added, with a chuckle. "And you can depend on me to keep my mouth shut."

Mrs. Hart did not reply. Her lips were shut tight, and she was gazing through the open door far out across the valley glimmering in the afternoon sunlight. The old man rose to go.

"What I wanted of you, Mr. Nordsen," said Mrs. Hart, with an effort, "was to know if you can help me get my beets in to-morrow morning."

"I guess so," he replied, "as far as I know now."

"And if you'll let me have the use of your wagon," she went on, "I'll do your washing for as much longer as you see fit."

"You're freely welcome, Mis' Hart," he said, "without any further trouble about it, and I'll take your beets to the sugar factory for you if you wish."

"I'm certainly greatly obliged, Mr. Nordsen," she replied, "but I rather go myself. I've one or two errands I want specially to do."

"As you please, ma'am," he said, "as you please. I'll be here to-morrow with it sure. Good day. Good-by, Annie. How's the kitten coming on that I gave you?"

"Nicely, thank you, sir," said Annie, shyly.

"That's good," he said "Good-by." He went cautiously down the steep slope again. Mrs. Hart sat down in her splint-bottom rocker, and dropped her hands in her lap as though she were "all beat out," as she would have expressed it.

The water had meandered down the hillside from a leak in the big flume above, had trickled under her "sint-and-wire" fence and tried to make things grow in her dusty dooryard. Without thought of wrong she had used it all summer, to eke out the scanty pension her husband had left her, and provide for herself and her orphan niece by growing beets for the sugar factory at the town of Rifle Creek.

She had lived among the green Vermont hills, where water was not bought and sold, but here, "$10,000 paid to this one, that one, and the lawyers!"

Annie was sitting with one foot curled up under her, hemming a dish towel. Mrs. Hart watched her reflectively for some time before she spoke.

"Annie," she said, finally, "did you hear what Mr. Nordsen said?"

Annie pushed her hair back over her ear and looked up. "About the water?" she asked.

"Yes," said Mrs. Hart.

"That we are taking it without Mr. Seymour's knowing about it?"

"Yes."

"But, aunty, that means we've been—" she hesitated.

"Yes, that we've been stealing it! There's no other word for it."

Annie looked awestruck. "But aunty," she said, earnestly, "we didn't know it."

"I ought to have known it," said Mrs. Hart, rocking gently, "if I'd stopped to think."

"When you steal without knowing it," said Annie, softly, "is it stealing just the same?"

"Yes, it's virtually stealing; that is taking without the consent of the owner what does not belong to you," said Mrs. Hart. "A person ought to know."

"But the water just came and ran into the ground. We didn't fetch it, and we couldn't give it back."

"But we ought to have told the owner it was coming. It's same as if a neighbor's hens had been laying in our shed and we'd kept the eggs."

"But, aunty," said Annie, suddenly sitting up and pulling her little gingham skirt down over her bare feet, "Mr. Seymore should keep his flume mended if he didn't want us to have the water."

"Just because Mr. Seymore's too lazy to mend his ditch is no excuse to us for stealing his water," said Mrs. Hart, relentlessly. "Nobody's going to let off a horsethief just because he stole nothing but stray horses."

There was a pause of a few moments, broken only by the creaking of Mrs. Hart's rockingchair.

"Aunty," said Annie, finally, "what are you going to do about it? We can't give him back the water."

"No, but we can give back all the good the water did us. The beets," she explained, in answer to Annie's puzzled look.

"But, aunty," she said, faintly, "you don't mean to give him back all our beets?"

"They ain't ours at all, child," said Mrs. Hart, "it's his water, that he paid for, that made 'em grow, and he has a right to every blessed one of 'em. And I'm goin' to take 'em to him the minute they're out of the ground."

"But we bought the seed, aunty," protested Annie, "and it was our land, and we took care of 'em, an you're washing for Mr. Nordsen because he's going to help us with 'em, and lend us his team."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hart, "and the seed would have been no good, nor the land, either, if it wasn't for the water."

It was well nigh half of Rifle Creek that went slipping quietly around the hillside in John Seymore's big flume, scarcely above the roots of his myriad peach trees. Seymore had paid a goodly sum in establishing and defending the right to call it his, and was naturally not disposed to part with it on any light terms.

Hence he had the name, both in the town and among the ranchers, of being rather "close" at a bargain, and a hard man to deal with. There were but few people, however, who really knew him or were qualified to speak with authority of his character.

Mrs. Hart and Annie drove in silence along the dusty road from the mouth of the canyon to the busy little town of Rifle Creek. Both were thinking with vain regret of the things they were to have brought back with them, purchased with the money paid for those beets, and each knew well what the other was thinking of. As they drew up before the new brick office building that bore Mr. Seymore's name, Mrs. Hart handed Annie the reins.

"You sit right still, Arnie," she said, "and I'll be out just as soon as I can tell him about it, and find out where he wants 'em put. And heaven knows," she added, groping under the seat for a hitching strap, "that I shall be glad enough when it's all over." Annie sat in a maze of childish fancies set in motion by the ever-changing crowd before her, until her aunt reappeared.

Mrs. Hart knocked timidly at an oak door bearing on its ground glass panel the legend:

RIFLE CREEK RESERVOIR AND IRRIGATION COMPANY.
JOHN D. SEYMORE, President.

She waited long in a luxurious anteroom, and was at last admitted to the private office. She stood anxiously canning the face of Mr. Seymore. He did not look like a hard man, she thought; on the contrary there was something about the mouth that made one think he might at any time be concealing a smile beneath the drooping mustache.

"My name is Hart," she found herself saying after he had motioned her to a chair. "Eliza M. Hart, widow of Henry Hart, who was killed when the 'Miner's Delight' caved in last spring."

Mr. Seymore nodded.

"I live at the mouth of Rifle Creek canyon," she went on, "right under where your big flume turns round to the north, there—and that's what I come to see you about."

She paused and cleared her throat nervously, and noted how Mr. Seymore was playing with an ivory-handled paper knife, resting on one end of the desk and sliding his thumb and forefinger down it.

"I—I've been raising some beets this summer," she continued, determinedly, "for the sugar factory here, and I came to tell you I—I did it by stealing your water."

Seymore's fingers stopped midway on the paper-knife, and he darted a quick glance at her. He saw her evident distress and his eyes softened.

"How was that?" he asked.

"There was a leak in the flume," she said. "It is right where it runs through a path of scrub oak, so your men didn't find it. The water ran right under my fence, and I sunk a barrel there for a kind of reservoir, but truly, Mr. Seymore, I had no idea how much that water was worth, and I never thought of stealing a thing from you; and I'd give it back this blessed minute, every drop of it, if I could, but I can't—so I did the next best thing—I brought you all the beets I raised, and I only hope they'll be worth as much as the water."

Seymore had tipped back his chair and was pulling his long, black mustache down over his mouth.

"Where are they?" he asked.

"They're right down here in the wagon," she said. "You can see 'em from the window."

Seymore rose and looked down on the dusty ranch wagon and the little figure in the brown gingham dress absorbed in studying the throng before her.

"Beets have fallen this month," he said, turning from the window with a deepened twinkle in his eye. He had not noticed whether they were beets or turnips.

"Don't you think they'll pay for it?" she asked anxiously.

He pulled at his mustache harder than ever. "Well, it's hardly customary," he began, "to settle such matters in this way—"

"I can take them round to the sugar factory and get the money for 'em," she interrupted, eagerly.

"Mrs. Hart," he said, soberly, "if you will agree not to bring suit for damages against me for the bursting of my flume, I'll agree to say no more about the beets."

"Damages!" she said, wonderingly.

"Exactly," he said; "and if the water has been any accommodation to you I shall be glad to let it run where it will." He was writing as he spoke.

"But, Mr. Seymore," she protested, "after all you pay for that water—"

"I am indebted to it for this call," he interrupted, "and that more than pays for it. I shall send a man around to-morrow to look over the ground, and I hope you will tell him just how you would like to have things fixed. If you give this to the foreman of the sugar factory, I think he will see that the recent fall in the price of beets does not affect your crop."

He gave her the note he had written.

The next day there came to Mrs Hart's cottage two burly Swedes who built a neat little flume down the hillside, dug trim, small ditches about and across the garden, and delivered to her a signed and sealed document securing the right to use the water for five years.

Not every man would have done this—I say it with sorrow and shame—and the act was therefore more of a credit to Mr. Seymore, and certainly a credit to human nature.

Annie was in great glee at seeing the water come sheeting down over the smooth boards and ripple into the barrel reservoir. "Aren't you glad Mr. Nordsen told us, aunty," she said, "that

Companion.

FIRST ENGLISH SMOKER.

Much Controversy Has Arisen Over the Claims of Different Writers.

"The learned Camden speaks of Lane as the original English smoker. It is remarkable that so much doubt should have existed among writers even in Eliza-Jacobean times both as to the date when tobacco was first received in this country and the person by whom it was first introduced. The painstaking annalist Stow says that tobacco came into England about the 20th year of Queen Elizabeth (1557). But Aubrey, speaking of Sir Walter Raleigh, says that "he was the first that brought tobacco into England and into fashion (1586). In our part of North Wilts—for example, Malmsbury Hundred—it came first into fashion by Sir Walter Long. They had first silver pipes. The ordinary sort made use of a walnut shell and a straw. I have heard my Grandfather Lyle say that one pipe was handed from man to man round the table. Sir Walter Raleigh, standing in a stand at Sir Ro. Poyntz' parke at Acton took a pipe of tobacco, which made the ladies quitte it till he had donne."

The author of a gossipy "Tour in Wales" (Pennant), in 1810, speaking about the great houses and their associations, says that Capt. Price, of Plasyollin, with Capts. Mydleton and Koet, on their return from the Azores in 1591, "were the first who had smoked or (as they called it) drank tobacco publicly in London, and that the Londoners flocked from all parts to see them. Pipes were not then invented, so they used the twisted leaves or cigars. The invention is usually ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh. It may be so, but he was too good a courtier to smoke in public, especially in the reign of James." Again, in the 1659 translation of Dr. Everard's "Panacea" (Antwerp, 1587), it is remarked that "Capt. Richard Grenfield and Sir Francis Drake were the first planters of it here (England), and not Sir Walter Raleigh, which is the common error; so difficult is it to fix popular discoveries." These few selections show us how easily origins are lost sight of.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Applying at Headquarters.

"I beg your pardon," said the passenger in the skull cap, leaning over and speaking to the young man in the seat immediately in front of him, "but are you not just returning from college?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young man. "I am one of the graduates. In fact, I was the valedictorian."

"I was sure of it!" rejoined the other. "I would be greatly obliged if you would tell me in a few words who wrote 'Junius,' who the man in the iron mask was, what was the origin of protoplasm, explain the Schleswig-Holstein question, give me reason why republics are superior to limited monarchies, and tell me why evil is permitted on the earth."—Chicago Tribune.

A BEAR THAT COULD BOX.

He Puts a Lumberman with an Ax to Rout.

Some time this spring—nobody has yet been able to fix the date—John Moran, lumberman, of Ashland, Me., met a bear in the woods and held a short conference with the same.

Along in April, when the maple sap had gone aloft to make new summer suits for the trees and the bluebirds were taking sky baths to put fresh tints on their wings, Moran was going into the woods to store away his sugar troughs. He was a mile or so from home, jogging along with his ax over his shoulder and his dinner pail dangling from the ax handle, when a sharp turn in the path brought him up against a great hemlock tree which the wind had blown down.

Moran was feeling uncommonly well that morning, and, not wishing to make a wide detour around the tree, he put his hand on top of the rough bark and made ready for a high vault. With a caution born of experience, he looked to see where he would land, and, as his head peered above the log, something heavy and hairy shot up from the other side and hit him squarely across the ear. As soon as he had collected his wits enough to look about him, he found he was under a small spruce tree two rods back from the log, and saw his dinner, consisting of fresh roast pork and doughnuts, scattered about on the dead leaves in a way that made him feel sad.

Rubbing his eyes, he gave another look, and saw a large bear sitting up against the side of the log and overhauling his dinner with the air of an epicure. With his right paw the bear held up one of Moran's doughnuts to his eyes, and with its left paw it was gathering in all of the roast pork in sight.

Moran's only weapon was a light, sharp ax, with a tough ash handle. Armed with this he approached the bear boldly, and did not stop until just outside paw range. Then he made several swift passes with his ax to learn how many boxing lessons the bear had taken, and was not overpleased to find that he had met a woodland boxer of great promise. Every time he tried a blow with the edge of the ax the bear countered on the side or handle and avoided a serious wound. Eventually he struck with the flat of the ax, and was pleased to see the bear cut its paw half off in the counter. The bear hit so hard that it might have cut its own head off if it had not ducked adroitly at the moment death was imminent.

Moran's next blow was given with the force of a catapult, and was aimed straight for the bear's skull. With a left upper cut the bear not only diverted the ax, but pulled it from his hands and sent it flying far into the woods. It was now a man against a lame bear, and Moran knew that the odds were all in favor of the bear. While Moran was feeling in his pockets for a jackknife the bear again applied the doughnut to its eye and examined

Moran saw it was of no use to fight such a cold-blooded monster with a jackknife. So he went around the tree and started for his sap camp, which was only 20 or 30 rods beyond. He was pleased to see the bear following him at a distance, and fairly shouted with glee when he reached the camp and found his two-edged wood ax hanging above the bunk. In a few minutes he had stripped to his trousers and undershirt, and, swinging his ax aloft, he made a dash for the enemy.

The bear ducked and jumped ahead, passing under Moran's arm and facing about for the next play. Two quick feints were parried with professional skill, and then came a sweeping blow straight down from above. The bear held out its left foot, and the ax-handle, drove it nearly to the ground. Leaning forward, the bear pushed up on the handle, and the upper edge, glancing from its teeth, entered the flesh that held the bear's nose to its upper jaw, cutting cords and tendons until the keen blade was hidden in the fur.

Moran hardly knows what happened next. He heard the bear growl in pain, and saw the skin on the front of the head furl up and roll back, like the hood of an overcoat. Then a bear's head, bony, skinless and grinning, emerged from the mass of hair, and the bear was after Moran baldheaded. It was a long, hard run over the windfalls, through the swamps, and up and down hill. Every time Moran looked back he saw that grinning skull, and the terror put wings on his feet as he fled for home, leaping among cradle knolls and yelling at every bound. When he reached the house he was so grateful for his escape that he never thought to look for the bear, but just barred the door and swore in a language that was unintelligible even to his own family. —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A Transformation of Sexes.

A queer sect has lately sprung up in the Loo-Choo-Fin district, in Eastern China. In order to intimidate their followers into eating meat or not eating meat (according to the sex), they teach that meat-eating women will be transformed into men in the life to come, and that their children which die before reaching maturity will go to Heaven or Hades, as the case may be, as creatures in which the sexes will be combined. The penalty for the men is just the opposite. Vegetable-eating males can only gain admission to Paradise upon proving that they have done some valorous deed, and even then they cannot pass the pearly gates without being instantly transformed into women. The natural conclusion one arrives at after reading the tenets of this queer sect is that unless a vegetable-eating man can prove that he has been an earthly hero he will not be admitted at all, even as a woman! This peculiar people are known as the Wang-Foo-Cheti-Sen, and are said to be making wonderful progress wherever they go.—St. Louis Republic.

CIVILIZING THE INDIAN.

Proper Method of Emancipating the Original American.

Any government capable of annually assimilating half a million foreigners, many of whom have come from the dregs of European countries, should in the course of a few years digest 260,000 Indians. What prevents? We answer, methods; nothing but methods. Use the Indian method of isolation and segregation with the immigrant, and the American nation will be destroyed in a decade. Use the immigrant method of distribution, association and opportunity with the Indian, and a decade need not pass until they become a real part of our country's life-blood.

The Indian has the capacity to meet the issues of civilized life at once. All Indian youth may readily be prepared to enter the common schools of the country by two or three years' course in government schools established for the special purpose of bringing them to this condition of fitness; and having once entered the public schools the way is open for them to remain and go up head. Such schools and all our higher schools are now and always have been open to the Indians. Harvard and Dartmouth colleges were started in the interests of Indian education.

The door of education has never been closed to the Indian. The whole 40,000 or 50,000 Indian youth may now, if they will, distribute themselves among the schools of the country. There need not be another schoolhouse built for exclusive Indian education. Pennsylvania has about 22,000 schools, and there are about 250,000 schools in the United States. If all the Indian youth in the country were distributed among the schools of Pennsylvania there would not be two Indian pupils for each school. If distributed among the schools of the country there would not be an Indian for each six schools. In either case the process would accomplish the civilization of the Indian a hundred times faster than government or mission schools or both, for the reason that he is trained by daily contact with the very conditions and individuals that later, as a man, he will have to compete with. We do the Indian no kindness by holding him away from this competition, for it is this very experience that is to develop him. Without it we shall never accomplish the emancipation of the Indian.—Ruth Shaffner, in Chautauquan.

A MOCKING-BIRD DANCE.

As Witnessed by a Roamer Through the Southern Woods.

With bodies stiff and straight as an arrow, head erect and feathers flattened, wings drooping loosely forward, but tails elevated at as acute an angle to the body as possible, the dance solemnly begins. The eyes are steadily fixed, and as methodically as any soldiers upon drill they sturdily go through the movement of bounding, rising quite high and descending in very nearly the same place each time, from one end of the playground to the other, back and forth, always keeping the line about a foot apart. As each one nears his or her corner each slowly and dignifiedly turns a complete circle, then again faces the other, always diagonally, and slowly bounds back, to repeat the movement at the other end. Sometimes both will turn away to look off at some distant object, just as a cat will apparently forget the mouse she is tormenting. That, however, seems to be only a part of the ceremony, for soon both turn back and the dance is resumed.

One day I chanced to witness one of these pretty sights as it took place beneath the wide-spreading branches of a large orange tree, but the scene was interrupted quite unexpectedly. Just at the most graceful part of an intricate double pirouette, a very puffy and motherly old hen who, with an unlimited number of offsprings, had been serenely picking up a dinner close by, evidently felt a sudden impatience at the sight of all this folly, for to my surprise and amusement she made a quick rush and dashed between these happy mockers, startling them almost out of their senses. Instantly the atmosphere was permeated with two separate and distinct streams of silk-splitting fire, each fully a rod long, as the two angry birds departed for the protection of a neighboring lemon tree.—I. W. Blake, in Appletons' Popular Science Monthly.

The Bicycle in the Future.

Has anybody, we wonder, thoroughly realized the change that will come over the appearance of our cities when everybody uses a bicycle and almost all traction is mechanical? There will be a delicious silence, to begin with. No lumbering vans, no banging omnibuses, no clattering of iron hoofs upon asphalt. Every wheel will be of India rubber and the horse will only be used for pleasure. Then the dust sweeper and the scavenger boy will be abolished. No longer will tons of manure be deposited upon London streets every day. And locomotion will be enormously cheapened. When neither horse nor harness, neither corn nor veterinary's bill is required, a ride in a cab will cost perhaps threepence and a ton can be carried from farm to market for a shilling or two. The city merchant and his clerk can alike live miles out of town, steering themselves home at night in their motor cars. The suburbs of London will extend a dozen miles all round. The changes that will ensue are so many and so great as to be unimaginable yet. A revolution is coming—may it be soon! —London Chronicle.

Aspen Leaves.

It is said that the quivering of the aspen's leaves is due to the fact of the leaf-stalk being flat on the sides, and so thin about the middle that the slightest breath of wind sets all the leaves wagging horizontally. A single leaf plucked off and taken by the end of the leaf-stalk between the thumb and forefinger admirably illustrates the peculiarity of the aspen.—Detroit Free Press.

—Stromboli, the island volcano, off the Italian coast, is 3,850 feet high.

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ASPIRING AUTHOR—"Do you run a 'Poet's Corner' in your paper?" Business Manager—"No. Our editor is a poet scorner."—Somerville Journal.

Low Rate Excursions South.

On the first and third Tuesday of each month till October about half-rates for round trip will be made to points in the South by the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

WHEREVER the tree of beneficence takes root, it sends forth branches beyond the sky.—Saadi.

IT is positively hurtful to use ointment for skin diseases. Use Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

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To advertise our other wheels we will send you on payment of THREE DOLLARS, one of our model BICYCLES, rubber tires, for children. J. WILLIS & CO., 296 Bro'd Avenue, New York.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

TEMPERANCE.

A PRAYER.

God, help the youth of the land,
Stretch out thy loving hand,
Succor and save them.
Save them from earthly death,
Save them from pollution's breath
Ye who gave them.

Think of the mothers that bore them,
Think of the fathers that adore them,
Watch and guard them.
Think of the cares they have cost us,
Think ot the tears they have lost us;
Bend and regard them.

Oh! many the pitfalls that await them,
Many the allurements that etate them,
And they are weak.
Many the joys that deprave them;
Few are the hands that would save them,
Or kindly speak.

Vice throws her portals wide,
Calling all to come and bide
And stop and stay.
The dram shop's fiery fumes,
Breathe out their death and duoms
Both night and day.

Save them for their country's good.
Save them for worth and strong manhood;
O, work our weal.
For the nation's lost that falters,
When vice and crime it patters;
To Thee we kneel.

—H. A. Curtis, in Lever.

GRAN'SIH'S MUG.

It Was the Something That Had to Go—Reformation Wrought by a Flood.

"Cephas, do look at there'ere boy!" said old lady Smith, watching frou a window her grandson Peter.

Cephas Smith ,who was in the room, smacking his lips over a mug, came to the window and remarked:

"It's a dreadful high tide. Peter's hen-coop may have to go. I've told that boy more'n 50 times to put his hens somewhere else."

He had just taken his favorite mug of flip at the kitchen stove, and nigh the kitchen cuphoard.

Grandmother Smith had had a confidential talk with Peter, now in the yard, trying to prop up uis hen-coop. She had frankly confessed to Peter that

"SHE FLUNG OUT THE OTHER END TO GRAN'SIR SMITH."

"gran'sir was gettin' into a dreadful foolish habit," and "what to do she didn't know."

"I'd a' slave myself to stop his drinkin'. He'll jest ruin hisself, I'teie."

Then there was silence. What next?

"We can pray, grandma," murmured Peter.

"Yes, dear, we will do that," said grandmother soberly.

And that very night two pairs of hands were folded in prayer—one in grandmother's chamber and one in a little nook under the low, slanting roof where Peter slept.

The conference with Peter came into the grandmother's thoughts as she and Gran'sir Smith stood side by side at the window, and watched the high tide deepening round Peter's hen-coop.

"There may be chance for Peter to save his hen-coop by all his stieks and props," observed Gran'sir Smith, "but he ought to have built on higher ground, and I will tell him so."

He took his old tarpaulin hat from its nail and went out into the yard.

"Peter," he shouted, as he faced the storm, "you ought to have built on higher ground!"

"I think so, too. Do you know grun'sir, that the shed is in danger."

"You—you don't say!"

He looked at the shed, now encompassed by water.

The Smiths lived on a lane that ran down from a river making in from the sea, and subject, in certain storms, to violent tides. An "equinoctial," for instance, would beat down fiercely, and scourge the river as it were to madness.

"I see that there is suthin' to be done about thut'ere shed," remarked gran'sir. "I will be back soon."

He went into the kitchen, prepared a stiff mug of flip, and drank it down eagerly.

"Oh, Cephas!" moaned grandmother.

"Now, wife, why do you say unything? I have a hard job before me."

She wiped her tears in reply. She knew that gran'sir already had had more mugs of flip than he could carry off.

"You're cryin'!"

"Yes; you can't handle yourself out there."

"Can't I handle myself? You'll see, you'll see, madam! I think I can!"

It wns a foolish boast.

He strutted across the yard, but unsteadily, and went into a shed to get a joist with which to prop up the shed on the outside. He carried it outside. The Smith lot went down to the river. Here a wharf had been built, and the shed and hen-house were on this wharf, the rear wall of each coming to the wharf's edge.

Gran'sir went to the edge of the wharf to see where he could best set up his prop. He was feeling the liquor he had drunk. He made a careless movement, and down he tumbled, and over the edge of the wharf he went!

"Help! help!" rang out his voice.

Peter was on hand, small boy though he was. Somebody else was on hand —Grandmother Smith. She came fluttering out of the house, and then ran to the wharf. In her hand she carried her old red shawl. The faded fabric was homely now, but it was strong. Holding out her end firmly, she flung out the other end to Gran'sir Smith.

"Ketch it, ketch it!" she shrieked.

Gran'sir Smith grabbed it.

"Now, Peter, help your grandma! Pull in! All together—now!"

Grandmother Smith showed herself an expert. Peter did his share. They pulled him over the edge of the wharf. How they did it, they could not say. Then they led him into the house. He was put into dry clothes. He was placed before the kitchen fire.

Now and then he looked up at the old flipmug on the mantel over the stove, gluneing down at his blue dressing-gown. He looked very solemn.

"What are you thinkin' of, Cephas?"

"I was thinkin' if I had looked this way, all slicked up so neat, if I had gone down to the bottom of the river."

"Oh—oh, husband, don't speak of it!"

"But I must, wife; if—if—if it hadn't been for you and Peter, I should have been down at the bottom of the river, sartin. I know why I fell over."

Here he gave a savage glance at the mug.

"Is that shed a-standin'?"

"Yes, and I believe it won't go, after all."

"Well, that hen-coop, hen-house—won't that go?"

"No, it is standin', and I don't believe it will go."

Gran'sir rose in his chair.

"Suthin' has got to go!" he said, energetically, "and it shall be that mug! Peter!"

"What, sir?"

"Take my nug and a piece of board and put the mug on the board, and then put the board on the edge of the wharf, and then—then"—here gran'sir's voice became almost terrific—"then launch her! That thing has got to go! Not going to have this tide for nothin'!"

The mug went. The tide swept about the board, drifted it away, and quickly smothered it.

Its fate was watched from the kitchen window, and then gran'sir said:

"Now, wife, pray for me! Where's Peter? Oh, here he is! Peter, pray too! I want my appetite to be sunk way down—way down—same as that mug. God help me!"

Such a time of prayer.

The wind raved down the chimney. The rain rattled against the windows. Above all these sounds, though, could be heard the voice of Grandmother Smith earnestly crying to God; and then came a boy's voice, clear and penetrating. Never such a day in that house as the day when the spring high-tide carried away gran'sir's mug.—S. S. Times.

ON THE INCREASE.

Alarming Facts Regarding the Use of Alcohol by Women.

The alcoholic habit among women belonging to what is called the best social circles is alarmingly on the increase. In confirmation of this statement is the fact that the percentage of arrests for drunkenness among the lower classes of women shows little variation for two-score years. But physicians admit that among their patients are a considerable number of wives and mothers in wealthy and respectable homes who are sad dipsomaniacs, or else addicted to the opium habit. The establishment of private hospitals for this class of inebriates is another proof that the evil is greater than many suppose. One cause of this deplorable tendency, says a visiting physician in one of the New York hospitals, is the prevalence of nervous degeneration among American women. Another cause assigned is the alleged decay of the religious sentiment nowadays among women. But whatever the cause the condition points to the need of reconstructing some of our social habits, such as using French liqueurs at ladies' lunch parties, as a part of our temperance reform. — Congregationalist.

SALOONS GOT HER BOY.

Soul-Moving Scene at a Religious Meeting in Kentucky.

When Rev. George R. Stuart was once preaching in Kentucky there came down the aisle one night a poor Irish woman with an intelligent face, crying out in her own peculiar way, showing the deep anguish of a mother's heart: "Mr. Stuart, Mr. Stuart, the saloons have got my boy!" The preacher's heart ached, and the large congregation was greatly moved when he said: "How many women in this great audience can hold up their hands with this poor woman?" You should have seen the hands that went up, showing how many mothers were having the same sad experience. Some of them were hands in kid gloves; some were white, tender hands, while some were bare and quivering hands. The preacher said: "Men of Kentucky, I don't know what kind of stuff you are made of. But I am of that kind of stuff to stand by the side of these sad and stricken women, with their uplifted hands, and help them to save their boys out of the clutches of the dreadful saloon." And numbers of men got up, and many cheered.—Christian Work.

GENERAL GLEANINGS.

Stonewall Jackson was more afraid of alcohol than federal bullets.—Index.

A counter attraction to saloons has been opened by the Irish Temperance league at Belfast, Ireland.

The landlord's wife would rather run out of hairpins than have her husband run out of corks.—Attila, in Lever.

Michigan has passed a law fixing a heavy penalty upon railroad companies for the employment of persons addicted to the use of intoxicants.

Applicants for liquor licenses in Philadelphia were this yar 2,516 for retail and 604 for wholesale, against 1,997 for retail and 518 for wholesale last year.

The bill restoring prohibition to Ocean Grove and Asbury Park, N. J., has become a law. It also secures prohibition to all camp-meeting grounds and for adjacent territory within one mile.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The origin of blue-tinted paper came about by a mere slip of the hand. The wife of William East, an English paper maker, accidentally let blue puck fall into one of the vats of pulp.

—At a recent meeting of police chiefs the California representative remarked that in his state poker is not classed with gambling because it is considered a scientific game.

—A man who crossed the Cascade mountains, Oregon, by the military route March 20 and May 1, found 15 feet of snow on the summit on the first trip and 20 feet on the second, and May 1 it was still snowing.

—It is said the first match was the product of the ingenuity of John Frederick Komerer, who early in this century was imprisoned in the penitentiary at Hohenasperg, in Germany. He invented the lucifer match while in his gloomy dungeon.

—The up-to-date cities now use street sprinklers with wheel tires six inches wide, and the outside of the front tire is placed even with the inside of the rear tire, the machine thus rolling 24 inches of street as it moves along, and doing excellent work in keeping the streets in good condition.

—Of the 29,000,000 inhabitants of England and Wales at the last census, 20,800,000, or over two-thirds, live in towns and cities, and only 8,200,000 in the country. In Scotland one-half of the population live in towns of more than 10,000 inhabitants, though in Ireland the proportion was about one in six.

—A house recently built in New York has a revolving sideboard, with a double front. It is built between the dining-room and butler's pantry, and by its aid a dinner is very much expedited. One assistant on the pantry side arranges the dishes and other needfuls for the coming course, while the waitress in the dining-room is serving the present one.

—Another ossified man has been found and exhibited to the Paris Academy of Medicine. He is a Roumanian Jew of 30, who began to ossify 12 years ago, first up the right side of his back, then down his left side. He has hardened now to the nape of his neck, his head is turned to the left and the jaws are anchylosed. He can still move his arms and legs a little with great difficulty.

NORMANDY CIDER.

It Is Very Fine and Produced by the Millions of Gallons.

As a fact the finest cider is not made by the British grower, but in Normandy. They have in that province brought cider making to perfection. The total produce every year there amounts to hundreds of millions of gallons; and it is made with the utmost care. To begin, they choose the site of the orchard with judgment, and see that the soil is of the type which apples love; and they are equally thoughtful in selecting the varieties of the apple most fit for cider. Indeed, for the very finest cider, their solicitude is so great that none but the second or third year's fruit of the trees is used; and when the process of fermentation is reached, nothing is left to chance. Chemists of great experience watch the changes in the liquor; and the skill with which the process is regulated is based on the knowledge gathered from long practice. The result is that some Normandy cider is equal in delicacy and flavor to fine champagne, and many cheap champagnes are simply sophisticated cider.

This deception is very general. The great bulk of the cider made in Normandy goes to the champagne districts, and is used to make cheap champagne, and to form the body of other wines, too. Port, it seems, can be made, and often is made, of cider, the color being imparted by logwood or red-beet juice, and the flavor by the addition in very nice proportions of the root of the rhutany. This, it is said, is an imitation so excellent that the flavor would deceive a good judge of port. It is quite certain that all the cider made in Normandy does not, by a very large proportion, go on the market as cider; and that it is sold in the guise of cheap wines, both white and red. Certainly, than the champagne cider of Normandy there is nothing more delicate and effervescent, unless it be the same product of California, when at its best.—Chambers' Journal.

A Study of Success.

The old gentleman was giving the boy advice, not so much because the boy needed it, but because he had more than he knew what to do with, and the boy might just as well have it.

"Joshua," he said, "be polite to everybody. Remember ye ain't no millionaire, an' ye can't afford to put on too many important ways.

"Well, I ain't so sure 'bout that," was the reply. "It seems to me they's lots of people standin' round ready ter impose on ye ef ye don't show some spunk."

"Ye hev ter bear lots o' things in this life. But it's work ez counts. Remember the little busy bee. He jes' keeps a-workin' an' a-workin' day in an' day out. An' they's mighty few bees I'm given ter understan' ez can't look back on their lives with satisfaction an' be p'inted out ter the neighbors ez a success; un' all because they jes' keeps on a-workin' an' a-workin'."

"That's so, father. But there's one trait of character 'bout the bee thet you ain't dwelt on."

"What's that?"

"He don't allow anybody ter sit down on 'im."—Detroit Free Press.

One Peculiarity of Badness.

Mr. Singleye raised his head and spoke over the edge of his paper:

"It's a mighty funny thing," he said, "how often you hear the ministers an' deacons, an' them folks doin' things they'd ought not to. Seems almost as though you never heard of any but a good man goin' wrong."—Chicago Tribune.

THE PETROLEUM PRODUCT.

Growth of the Oil Business Since Its Discovery in This Country.

Petroleum oil, which was discovered in this country in 1859, has been known and used for illuminating purposes for more than 2,000 years. In one of the Ionian islands to-day there is an oil spring in action which was mentioned by Herodotus more than 20 centuries ago. There are old oil wells in the north of Italy and the same fluid is used in Persia.

For many years in the United States petroleum has been known and used for medicinal purposes. There are creeks in the east which in the early part of the century were always covered with the oil which came from springs on the banks. This was skimmed off and sold by the Indians for medicine at 75 cents a gallon. It was not until 1854 that experiments were made toward obtaining light from the oil.

When oil was first drilled for and brought up at the rate of 25 barrels a day the market was glutted, but soon as its value became apparent other wells were started and the great industry sprung up. In those days numerous cooper-shops were necessary and employed hundreds of men, who made the stout barrels to hold the oil, these barrels bringing fortunes to the coopers; teamsters who hauled the barrels made $15 to $30 a day; drillers made eight to ten dollars; farmers who had existed on sterile farms suddenly discovered oil and were rich; employment was given to hundreds and money in the oil region flowed as freely as the oil itself.

The streets in the towns which sprang up in these regions became masses of thick mud from the constant teamage and an empty wagon was a load for two horses, while a loaded one was sunk to the body of the wagon in the sticky soil. It was not an unusual sight to see horses drowned in mud in the middle of the street.

The first man who built a pipe line for the easier transportation of the oil built one 2½ miles long. It was clumsy in construction, and after months of toil and the expending of his fortune and that of some of his friends the pipe line was announced ready for the test. One thousand barrels of petroleum were started and only 50 reached the other end of the pipe, the rest escaping through defective valves. The next man who built a pipe line made a success of it, but as soon as it was in working order the well from which it ran gave out.

The enormous output of oil—30,000,000 barrels—in 1894 made important the question of storing the superfluous oil. Wooden tanks were first used, but they let the oil evaporate, and to-day we see the 30,000 and even 35,000 barrel iron tanks which in some places are in groups of 300, with a combined capacity of 9,000,000 barrels. The only loss is when a tank is struck by lightning and the oil is burned up.

In case of fire in one of these immense tanks the great danger is that it will explode and scatter the burning oil into the other tanks and destroy them. So, to prevent this, a cannon is brought and numerous balls fired into the burning tank around the base, this allowing the oil to escape and burn quietly without an explosion.

Petroleum oil is of many different colors. The Pennsylvania oil is dark green, the Canadian black, that from the shores of the Caspian sea varies from the clear white to yellowish green, brown and black; California oils are light green when brought to the surface. In the process of refining petroleum many valuable articles of commerce are produced. There is gasoline, vaseline, naphtha, paraffin and rhigoline, the lightest of known fluids, its evaporation being so rapid that the atmosphere falls to 19 degrees in 20 seconds. It is used by physicians to produce local anaesthesis.—Chicago News.

A Rich Brown Stew.

Secure from the round or from the fleshy part of the shoulder two pounds of lean beef. Trim off the fat and sinew. Cut the meat into pieces an inch square, roll such pieces carefully in flour, put two ounces or two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped suet into your saucepan, stir carefully without browning; take out the cracklings; throw the meat into this hot fat, shake it and turn it until the pieces are nicely browned; then draw them to one side of the pan; add two tablespoonfuls of flour, mix until smooth; add a pint of good stock, a teaspoonful of kitchen bouquet, a bay leaf, a slice of onion, a clove, a teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper. Cover the saucepan and let the mixture stew slowly, not boil, until the meat is tender, about 1½ hours, and it is ready to serve. The sauce must be a rich golden brown and the meat must not boil.—Boston Herald.

The Genuine Article.

"I am beginning to have doubts about our prospective son-in-law," she said, thoughtfully.

"Why? What is the matter with him?" he asked, anxiously.

"I'm afraid that his title is spurious—that he really does not belong to the aristocracy of Europe."

"Oh you needn't worry about that," he replied, with evident relief. "I have good reason to know that he is the genuine article. He has already struck me for a loan of $500, agreeing to let the sum be deducted from the dowry of his prospective wife in order to insure payment of it."—Washington Post.

Orange Roley Poley.

Make a light dough, the same as for apple dumplings, roll it out in a narrow long sheet about a quarter of an inch thick. Spread thickly over it peeled and sliced oranges, sprinkle it plentifully with white sugar, scatter over all a large teaspoonful of grated orange peel, then roll it up, fold the edges well to keep the juice from running out, place in steamer and steam hard for an hour and three-quarters. Serve with lemon sauce.—Boston Budget

SCOTCH CHARACTERISTICS.

Humor, Caution and Enterprise the Principal Traits.

Rev. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren") recently delivered a lecture in Edinburgh on "Certain Traits in Scottish Character."

Mr. Watson said the first trait in the Scottish character was the sense of humor. A Scotsman, he said, would have touched the very highest reaches of charity when he was able finally and without a grudge to forgive that English humorist who said that a surgical operation was necessary to get humor into the head of a Scotsman. And it is a curious thing how a single phrase should continue from generation to generation and be perpetually flung in their faces. It was mentioned as if it were new, which was intolerable; but what was far more intolerable, it was regularly mentioned as if it were true. They must not judge of the sense of humor in a people by their manner. If there was a people who took their humor quetly, slowly—perhaps he ought to add sadly—such, it appeared to him, were the Scottish people. When a jest was presented to a man of Scottish nature, he was not going immediately to accept it, and pass it on as a jest by laughter. With the analytic character of his nature, begotten by long study of political and religious questions, he proceeded to examine it. It might be next day before he was entirely satisfied, and then if he was satisfied he paid it honor. A more important thing to remember was that humor in different countries was different, and that if it were the case that their religion and their social ideas were very largely influenced by climate, so surely would it be with their humor. American humor depended very largely upon the greatness of the country. Jests in America were so large. In the strict sense of wit, he imagined they would agree that the French had the most delicate flavish and flavor for their humor in Europe. Again, the Scots had no claim to that brilliant sword-play of repartee which was so characteristic, not of the Highland Celt, but of the Irish Celt. His impression was that though English wit had not either the subtlety or the brilliancy of French and Celtic humor; it had an element which was most admirable—the element of down right fun. If they in Scotland had had in the past more of that simple element that they call fun, his impression was that they had been a sweeter and a happier people.

Perhaps the next characteristic of the Scots was what in their enfeebled English language might be called caution, but which, in the admirable dialect of Scotland, was called "canniness." The Scots were not an impulsive nation. They were not a nation carried away by emotion, nor enthusiastic until once aroused; and after that the Scottish nation burned like an anthracite coal furnace. The canniness of the nation came out in the affluence of their vocabulary in expressing themselves. In the Scotsman's reserve, born of the hardiness of the soil, there lay a great strength, for it was not the strong but the weak people that carried their heart upon their sleeve, and opened all their affairs for everybody's consideration. The undoubted note of austerity in the Scottish character was an explanation of many peculiarities in Scottish history. They could never drive a Scotsman, and if people tried to drive them in political and religious affairs, his reading of history was that it always ended in catastrophe for the people who tried to drive, and not for the Scotsman. On the other hand, they could take a Scotsman on the right side, and then he was perhaps too weak.

Another wonderful characteristic of the Scottish people was their enterprise —which, he supposed, was more characteristic of the nation than of any other nation of the size on the face of the earth. It was in a climate like that of Scotland that men were made; and then it followed that, being made, the very climate which was their most faithful and hardy mother sent them out to get their living. They had an enormous advantage in their habits of hardihood, though he was not quite sure whether this advantage was going to continue long.

In conclusion, the lecturer noted, as a characteristic of the Scottish nation which was sometimes denied, the sentiment of the Scottish folk. Was there ever a more romantic episode in history than the devotion of the Scottish people to the house of Stuart? Let them look also at the ballads of the Scottish people to meet the sentiment of which he was speaking. If, however, they wished to know that sentiment at its fullest, they must see the Scot when he was away from home.—Detroit Free Press.

Selecting a Jury.

This is from a farcial interlude in one scene now running continuously in New York city:

Counsel for Defense—Now, sir, if you were taken upon this jury without further assumption of your general disability to serve in an unbiased manner and without due regard to the requisites necessary to enable you to discriminate between a presumption of the guilt of the accused or otherwise despite the charge of the court and the complicity of the police if proved according to the precedents established in all such cases hereinbefore recorded and supposing that the circumstantial proof was clearly stronger than the unwritten facts would unsupported give credence to if summarily applied in accordance with established legal formula what would you do?

Candidate for Jury (visibly affected) —I—don't know, sir.

"Excused."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

How It Tired Him.

"Don't you get awfully tired doing nothing all the time?" asked the young man who thought himself interested in sociology.

"Mister," answered Perry Patetic, "I git so tired doin' nothin' that I can't do nothin' else."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

LOST TRIBES OF ISRAEL.

Legends Pertaining to Their Wanderings Up and Down the Earth.

It may not be inappropriate to recall an old legend extant among the orthodox Jews of Russia regarding this subject, and which confirms the report of the explorer.

Years and years ago, so the story runs, an exiled Jew on the bleak wilds of northern Siberia, in an effort to reach an overhanging branch of a tree, placed his foot upon a log floating on the water. No sooner had his foot touched the log than it seemed inspired with life and moved rapidly off, bearing the exile away toward the vast ice fields, which were plainly visible and plentiful toward the north. Rapidly the current swept the log northward, bearing with it the unfortunate Jew, who was so benumbed with fear and cold that he was unable to formulate a plan of escape from his perilous position.

For three consecutive days and nights the prisoner clung to the log, passing through towering fields of icebergs and dashing under arches cut by the current through the sky-scraping fields of ice. Out into beautiful sunshine our traveler eventually emerged. The grass was green and the trees were garbed in the splendor of nature and birds made merry music on every branch. People great in numbers were congregated on either bank of the stream all dressed in holiday raiment of the finest texture, but similar in character to the clothing worn by our ancestors 2,000 years ago. The current of the stream ceased to flow, the log drifted to the bank and the almost famished and thoroughly frightened traveler repeated for the thousandth time the Hebrew words, "Shama—Israel," and in uncertain manner dismounted from the log.

The inhabitants crowded about, and, speaking in Hebrew, with which language he was thoroughly conversant, learned of his need of food and rest and supplied these wants, after which they inquired whence he came and whither he was going. Numerous inquiries were made regarding the people who lived beyond their circumscribed world, who in reciprocity informed him of themselves and their mode of living, which had in nowise changed since the advent of the Christian era.

They worked and worshiped even as did the Jew in ancient times when Palestine was a garden and Jerusalem the center of civilization. The traveler learned that these people were the lost tribes of Israel, who had migrated to this goodly country, led by the descendants of Aaron—named Joseph—who had passed away without leaving any descendants. With them they had brought many vessels and much of the paraphernalia of Solomon's temple, and patterned their house of worship after this famous temple of Jerusalem.

The traveler was told that the stream's current was active six days in the week and on the seventh became quiet and did not move, but as he was a member of a different tribe to themselves he would not be allowed to remain within the country. So he was placed in a boat, which was pushed out into the current and was borne by a circuitous route back to Siberia. Afterward he was pardoned, returned to Russia and told his advanture.—Atlanta Jewish Sentiment.

DARKNESS SEEMED FAMILIAR.

Young Woman in the Front Did Not Notice That the Light Was Out.

They were on a tandem, and a straight, smooth road stretched away before them through the park for a mile or more. There was darkness all about, thick, impenetrable darkness, which lay heavy among the trees, and betrayed the fact that the authorities had neglected the electric lights, counting on a moon that had failed to keep her engagements.

But they did not mind the darkness. In fact, they rather sought out the more shadowy portions. For there is something about a tandem, if it steers easily, which softens the iron-bound laws of custom. The riders are so close together, anyway. And if the one on the rear seat leans slightly forward, and the one on the front seat leans just a little back, there is no need to sigh for the best of hammocks.

The young man on the rear seat had leaned slightly forward. Moreover, the young woman on the front seat had leaned just a little back. And there was more on the young woman's lips than microbes.

Suddenly they were arrested by a shout—it is said that park policemen never arrest anyone in any other way—a deep, full-bodied shout that boded ill.

"Hi! You! Where's your lamp?"

They stopped and dismounted. With a burly policeman in the road there was nothing else to do.

"Where's your lamp?" the officer demanded.

They examined the front of the wheel together. The lantern had gone out.

"Why," said the young woman, "why, I never noticed that it wasn't lit. I—I must have imagined that we were in the parlor at home."—Chicago Tribune.

A Final Remedy.

A young lady once called on one of Louisville's most prominent homoeopathic physicians, and after discoursing on all the topics of interest of the day, settled down to tell her ailments. Among other things, she said that she was greatly annoyed with a sinking feeling. The physician prepared a little bottle of pills and gave them to her, with minute directions as to how they should be taken. The woman again began to talk, and after many vain efforts to get her out, she started for the door. She had just opened it, when she turned and said: "Oh, doctor, what shall I do if these pills do not cure me?" "Take the cork," he retorted; "they tell me that's good for a sinking feeling."—San Francisco Argonaut.

—The sacred Bo tree of Selon is said to have sprung from a slip of the tree under which Buddha was born.

OUR WASIHNGTON LETTER.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

WASHINGTON, July 6, 1896.

Republicans don't care a continental whether the Populists swallow the Democrats, or the Democrats the Populists, at Chicago this week. They cannot see how any ticket on a platform that could be gotten up by the Chicago convention can prevent the triumphant election of McKinley and Hobart. Consequently the worrying and fretting which the Democrats and Populists are going through on account of what the Chicago convention may do or not do merely furnishes Republicans amusement, as they fan themselves and try to keep down the humidity which accompanies the present warm weather. This is Republican year. Nearly four years ago deficits, bond issues and hard times generally have caused a majority—an overwhelming majority, as will be seen in November—of the people to definitely decide that the party which gave the country twenty-eight years of the greatest continuous prosperity ever experienced by any country is the proper party to have charge of this government, and nothing that the conglomeration of isms and sore heads which meets this week in Chicago can do will change that decision. The asses may bray, but that will change nothing. People prefer capacity to incapacity.

Secretary Olney has slipped away from Washington, and all inquiries at the State Department as to his whereabouts are met with the mysterious reticence which officials of that department have invariably assumed since this administration has been in power. It is a good guess however, that he is at Gray Gables, and that he carried with him the much-written about report of General Fitzhugh Lee on Cuban affairs. It is not probable that Mr. Cleveland is as much interested in that report as he expected he would be when he nominated General Lee to be Consul General to Cuba. Then he expected that the nominee of the Chicago convention would be Grover Cleveland, and hoped that the nature of the report would be such that he could use it as a basis for action that would result in arousing such a tidal wave of patriotic enthusiasm throughout the country as might reelect him. Now he knows that the nominee of that convention will be a man who holds views directly opposite to his, and that his administration will be condemned by the convention, by implication if not in direct words. Knowing this he has lost interest in the report, and will probably make no use of it until he writes his last annual message to Congress. It is reasonably certain that he will not use it, or anything else, to help make votes for the Chicago ticket, even if he does not publicly bolt that ticket. It is generally believed in Washington that Mr. Cleveland and a majority, if not all of his cabinet, will refuse to support the ticket nominated at Chicago. Mr. Cleveland is said to personally favor the nomination of a Democratic gold ticket, but that is something which will be determined later. At least one prominent Democrat who is now at Chicago has suggested that Mr. Cleveland lead the forlorn hope by accepting the nomination of the gold Democrats.

While Governor McKinley is a strong and convincing public speaker, there is a general disposition among Republicans to rejoice because of the announcement that it has practically been decided that neither Gov. McKinley nor Mr. Hobart would make any stumping tours during the campaign. There wouldn't be the slightest impropriety in either of these gentlemen or both making speeches during the campaign, but somehow most people cannot get rid of the idea that it is a lowering of the dignity which should naturally belong to the candidates for the high offices of President and Vice President for gentlemen who are nominated for those positions to take the stump for themselves. The Republican party has plenty of orators to do the talking, and in November it will have plenty of voters to elect McKinley and Hobart, and there is no occasion for their going on the stump.

There is at least one Louisiana Democrat in Washington who doubts the ability of the Democrats to carry that state this year. He is Mr. H. Dugas, and he says: "Louisiana is by no means certain to go Democratic this year, although the nomination of the free silver candidate will undoubtedly strengthen the party in the state. A great many of our people are partial to McKinley on account of his protection policy. They want protection for their sugar, and the democratic free trade program is anything but popular among them. Though a lifelong Democrat I would be glad to see the Republicans carry the state and the country this year.

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

GREAT ROADS OF ANTIQUITY.

The Most Magnificent Were Those Built by the Mediæval Peruvians.

Perhaps the earliest road on record is that mentioned by Herodotus as having been constructed by Cheops, the Egyptian king, in order that stones might be dragged along it for his pyramid. In the opinion of the Greek traveler the work of making the road was as great as that of building the pyramid, for it took ten years to construct, and it was composed of polished stones with figures carved on them. But this does not compare in magnitude with the highways constructed by the Peruvians while mediæval Europe was still in a state of semibarbarous disorganization.

The two principal roads in Peru ran from Quito in the north to Cuzco, the capital, the one along the sandy and level strip of coast, the other along the plateau of the Andes, a region of unparalleled engineering difficulty. The length of the second has been estimated at from 1,500 to 2,000 miles. It crossed sierras buried in snow, bridged ravines with walls of solid masonry, mounted and descended precipices by staircases hewn in the solid rock and ran in interminable galleries along the sides of intractable mountains.

Where rivers had to be crossed bridges were made with ropes of stout, pliant osier twisted to the thickness of a man's body and stretched over the stream sometimes for a distance of 200 feet. These cables swung side by side, and, fastened with planks so as to form a footway, were drawn through holes in enormous buttresses of stone specially constructed on each bank and were secured firmly at each end to heavy beams of timber. A railing of similar osier material gave the passenger confidence as he crossed the oscillating bridge that sank dangerously in the middle and mounted rapidly at the sides.

The great highway was 20 feet wide and was built with flags of freestone covered with bituminous cement. It was measured out by posts set up at every league. Caravansaries and magazines were stationed at convenient distances for the Peruvian soldiers on their military expeditions, and a regular postal service had been organized by which highly trained runners, relieved every five miles, could convey messages a distance of 200 miles in the 24 hours. The roads were kept in beautiful order, the inhabitants of a district being responsible for that portion of the highway which traversed their land. At the same time it should be remembered that there was no wheel traffic to cut up the level surface of the hard pavement. There is considerable irony in the fact that it was not till the Spaniards forcibly introduced their so called civilization into Peru that the famous roads began to fall into disrepair.—London Standard.

The Blue Pencil In Turkey.

A paragraph was published in an Arabic journal referring to the celebrated soprano, Mme. Adelina Patti, wherein it was stated that she derived by her singing a yearly income of several thousand pounds. The blue pencil was hastily dashed across the lines, the reason adduced being that such news would "disturb the souls of the moral and loyal female subjects of the finest pearl of the age." What this meant the censor alone could tell unless it be he feared that some of these paragons of morality and loyalty should take it into their heads to emulate the gifted artiste in amassing wealth by singing or in any other way by which money may be procured.

Another curious whim of this functionary is to elide certain letters from the proper names of individuals that may be published in the press. The name of a certain person known as I. Sultan once appeared in the paper. The "n" was crossed out, making the name read as I. Sulta. In justification of this act it was said that there was only one sultan in the world. None other must be called by that name. Yet that particular person's father and grandfather were always known among their friends by the surname of Sultan in the same manner as there are in England many families known by the name of King.—Nineteenth Century.

The City of Mexico.

The highest death rate of any town in the civilized world is that of the City of Mexico—40 per 1,000. The city is 7,000 feet above the sea, but in spite of this fact its defective drainage makes the mortality very great. Mr. Romero, the Mexican minister at Washington, explains that when the water in Lake Texcoco is high it backs up into the sewers until the soil under the houses and in the streets is saturated with sewage.

A Feminine Reason.

"Oh, but my dear Laura, you really ought to see Mrs. Dainty's!"

"Is it any nicer than this?"

"N—no. I don't think it's as pretty. But ever so much more interesting. She smuggled it her own self."—New York Recorder.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Bicycles

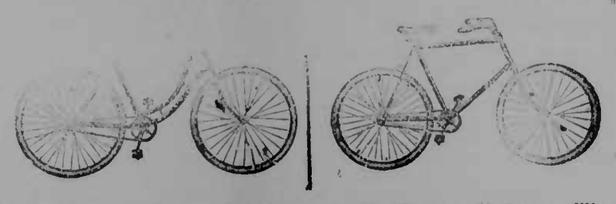

Bicycle Sundries of all Kinds, Cement, Pumps, Spokes, Tires, Wood Rims, Balls, Patching Rubber, Coasters, Lamps, Valves and Valve Stems, Repair Kits, Wrenches, Oilers, Locks, Etc., Etc.

BICYCLE REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

To be a Gentleman

You must dress like one, and you cannot look like a gentleman in store clothes. Why should you wear store clothes when you can have them made by a first-class tailor and guaranteed to fit for the same money.

You can have that old suit of yours cleaned, dyed and repaired at small expense to look like new by our expert workmen. We also do ladies' work.

M. COHEN, Xpert Cutter,

Cor. 3rd and Alder Sts., OAKLAND, MD.

Millinery and Dress Making,

Just opened, at Mountain Lake Park, by Mrs. J. L. Pierce. First-class work guaranteed. Will carry a full line of

STAPLE GOODS.

HATS TRIMMED to ORDER,

on short notice. Miss B. C. McAndrews will superintend the business. Her long experience is a sufficient guarantee for first-class work. Call and see our goods. Oakland Avenue and L St. 11—3

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

TRUSTEES' SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE IN GARRETT COUNTY.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity and passed in a cause in said court wherein John S. Sanders is plaintiff and A. T. Shuttleworth and others are defendants, the undersigned trustees were authorized to sell the real estate in said cause described, they will therefore on

SATURDAY, THE 25th DAY OF JULY, 1896,

in front of the Court House in the town of Oakland, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, offer at public auction to the highest bidder, all that parcel of land belonging the property of W. C. Buttcutter, and being a part of the tract of land called "Small Meadows," containing fifty acres more or less, and being the same particularly described in a deed from Joseph Eggers to Charlotte Sanders dated the 20th day of October, 1894, and duly recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 25, folio 351, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said property is improved by a small dwelling house and other outbuildings, and is partially cleared and under cultivation.

Terms of sale as prescribed by the decree. One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale or the ratification thereof by the court, and the remainder in two equal installments at six and nine months from the day of sale, said deferred payments to be approved by the trustees. The conveyancing to be at costs of the purchaser.

FREDERICK A. THAYER,
GILMOR S. HAMILL,
17—4d Trustees.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, either in person or by deputy, will be in each of the election districts in said county, to collect and receive taxes at the time and places following:

July 13, McHenry,
" 14, Hoyes,
" 15, Friendsville,
" 16, Selbysport,
" 17, Accident,
" 18, Cove,
" 20, Grantsville,
" 21, Johnson's,
" 22, T. H. Layman's,
" 23, Avilton,
" 24, Gregg's,
" 25, New Germany,
" 27, Bittinger,
" 28, Ittlinger,
" 27, Bloomington,
" 28, Floyd,
" 29, Swanton,
" 29, Wilson,
" 30, Deer Park,
" 30, Altamont,
" 31, Germania,
" 31, Kearney.

Office in Oakland will be closed from July 13th to 31st inclusive.

N. B.—By an act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed at January session, 1890, being Chap. 590, it is provided that, "All county taxes shall be due and payable on the first day of September succeeding the date of levy, and on all county taxes paid on or before said day a discount of 3 per cent. shall be allowed; and after the first day of January all taxes shall bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until paid. The treasurer shall take the discount and charge interest on the tax bills for county purposes regularly in the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same on his books and upon the receipt given for taxes so paid; but this discount shall not be allowed unless the whole amount of state and county taxes due for the current year be paid when the same is made."

THOS. B. WILEY, Treasurer.

THOMAS R. McROBIE,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street.
All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS, FANCY STATIONERY, DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.
31—26

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments, Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe

WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.
4193.yr—

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

D. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

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Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure Patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.

OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

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All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Glessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

It's a Corker.

Do you want a fine large loaf of bread—the finest in the world?

Merryland Flour

makes the best and most bread. Don't fail to buy Merryland. Don't buy any other, but insist on having the very best. None surpass and few equal Merryland patent flour. For sale by

THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO.

Fruits, vegetables, melons and bananas in car load lots. Don't fail to call on us for low prices and big bargains.

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Stores at Mt. Lake Park, Md.
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51-1yr.

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

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FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

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FOR SALE.

The farm belonging to Elizabeth Maley, situated two miles north of Deer Park, adjoining the lands of Jack Cooper, Funkenberg Miller and Rawleston. Contains 115¼ acres about 68 acres cleared, and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the remises. 52-4m.*

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
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Office opposite postoffice, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr*

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate.
CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 8-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
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OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

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Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June 1 to December and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

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Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
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JONAS C. BEACHY,
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Will sell Real or Personal Estate
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1885.

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All work entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished on short notice. 3-6m*

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Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 10-1yr.

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LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including train ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26*

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G. S. HAMILL, V. President
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Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
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C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,
PLANING MILLS,
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DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does something or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 60 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS.

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

38 13*

THE REPUBLICAN.

ESTABLISHED MARCH 3, 1877. BENJ. H. SINCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1896. NUMBER 19.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings In and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

Jonas Frazee, Esq., of Pittsburg, was in the city Monday.

Mr. A. C. Scherr, of Maysville, was an Oakland visitor Monday.

Mr. John Mankis, of Swanton, was here last Thursday on business.

Both the Glades and Oakland hotels have large numbers of guests.

See our line of toilet soaps.
BEE HIVE STORE.

Mr. John L. Harne, of Clarksburg, W. Va., was in the city Sunday last.

Commissioner I. W. Abernathy was in the city yesterday on business.

Rev. George Royer, of Aurora, was registered at the Commercial Monday.

Misses and ladies' silk mitts from 10 cents per pair to the finest.
BEE HIVE STORE.

Mr. Harry M. Hebden, of Baltimore, was in the city on business Tuesday.

Mr. C. E. Ellithorpe and wife, of Bittinger, were in the city on Monday.

Ladies' fast black hose from 5 cents per pair up to finest Lisle thread. BEE HIVE STORE.

Mr. W. M. Junkins, of Deer Park, was in Oakland Tuesday on business.

Mr. Chas. A. Wilt of near Westernport, was in the city yesterday on business.

We have some bargains in ladies' ready made skirts, silk and cloth capes. BEE HIVE STORE.

Mrs. E. J. Fringer, who has been quite ill for some months, is recovering.

Justice Wheeler and Mr. Geo. Marley, of Deer Park, were in Oakland Tuesday.

Come in and see our bargains in men's shirts and underwear.
BEE HIVE STORE.

Mr. Zell Coddington, of Friendsville, was in town the first of this week visiting friends.

A new platform will soon be put down by B. & O. along their south track at the depot.

Umbrellas, fast black, from 68 cts. up to the finest grade of silk.
BEE HIVE STORE.

Mrs. Jas. S. Lakin, of Terra Alta, spent last Thursday in Oakland visiting friends.

Attorney Thomas J. Peddicord was in Cincinnati part this of week on professional business.

Come in and see our line of ladies' waists and get prices.
BEE HIVE STORE.

Mrs. Moreland, of Morgantown, is in Oakland visiting her sister, Mrs. D. I. Totten.

Mr. J. C. Beachy, of Bittinger, was in Oakland on Saturday last and made this office a call.

Children's vests, 5 cents; ladies' vests from 5 cents up to the finest quality. BEE HIVE STORE.

Tuesday was St. Swithin's Day, It rained and they say there will be rain for forty days.

A great exodus of the camp meeting goers at Mountain Lake Park took place Monday and Tuesday.

Ladies call and see our new woman corset at 48 cts. Dr. Warner's 98 cts. with shoulder straps.
BEE HIVE STORE.

Attorney Benj. A. Richmond, of Cumberland, was in the city on professional business last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Loar, of Halleck, W. Va., were the guests of friends in town part of last week.

Rev. Father M. Mattingly conducted services in the Catholic church at Johnstown last Sunday.

Mrs. Boggs and little daughter, of Baltimore, are in Oakland the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Offutt.

The Maryland Supply company's store on Alder street has been opened with Mr. Bert Leighton in charge.

Mr. Chas. Custer, of Grantsville, who has been employed at the Park this summer, spent last week at his home.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisment of the Seaboard Air Line which appears in this issue.

Mrs. John O. Michael, who has been sick for three months or more is greatly improved and able to leave her bed.

A girl wanted to do general house work for a family of two. Apply to this office.

Miss Bessie Hartigan, of Morgantown, who visited Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hagans this week, returned to her home yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, of Fairmont, have rooms for the summer at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. Folty on Alder street.

What's the matter with all our correspondents? Please send in your news items. If you lack statlonery notify this office.

Mr. Geo. E. Bisholf, of Hoyes, was a caller at this office on Tuesday. Mr. Bishoff reports abundant crops in his section this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Walls, of Kingwood, who were in Oakland visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robert Felty, returned home last Monday.

Messrs. Calvin and Will Crim, of Cincinnati, who were here last week visiting their home, returned to the above city recently.

Services will be conducted in St. Matthew's P. E. church next Sunday at 7.30 and 11 a. m. and 8 p. m., by the rector, Rev. Wm. Brayshaw.

A letter recived from Mr. Jos. H. Hazleton last night says that because of a misunderstanding his troupe will not appear here this season.

Dr. E. J. M. Button of the U. S. N. A., Annapolis, who spent a month here with his family returned to his duties there last Saturday.

Mrs. Walter Ravenscraft and little daughter, of Ridgeway, Pa., arrived here Tuesday and will visit Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Ravenscraft several weeks.

A storm passed over this section last night. The rain descended in torrents and was accompanied by terrific peals of thunder and flashes of lightning.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Fitzwater, of Swanton, accompanied by Miss Etta Howell, also of Swanton, were here last Thursday and called to see THE REPUBLICAN.

The warehouse on Liberty street belouging to Messrs. D. E. Offutt & Son, which was damaged last winter at the time of the Shartzer fire, is being repaired.

Bro. J. M. Litzinger's new and handsome residence in the east end of town is nearing completion. The building is of beautiful design and the workmanship of the best.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cures colds, croup and whooping cough. It is pleasant, safe and reliable. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

We have opened up a branch store in the Michael's room close to the railroad crossing. All are respectfully invited to call and see our goods and prices.
BEE HIVE STORE.

Letters patent have been granted Dr. Henry W. McComas for his anti-runaway attachment to vehicles, a description or which was published in these columns two weeks ago.

Messrs. Peddicord & Peddicord will vacate their rooms in the Mayers building in a short time and move to new rooms in the Shartzer building which have been fitted up for them.

A practice game of ball was played at the Jack Oak park last Saturday afternoon between two nines picked by Prof. Smith and Albert Dent, resulting in a score of 14 to 16 in favor of the Dent team.

Mr. Perry Rock has moved his tonsorial establishment from the Offutt building on Railroad street to more comodious and handsome quarters in the new Shartzer building on Second street where he will be pleased to see all his old patrons.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Heretofore, the 18th section of article 97 of the code, which required potatoes to be sold by weight, fifty-six pounds to the bushel, did not apply to Frederick, Washington, Allegany, Anne Arundel, Carroll and Montgomery counties, but the act of 1896 includes the entire State. A fine of $10 is imposed for the violation of the law.

In our account of the parade last week we failed to mention the names of the ladies appearing in it who were on horseback. They were Misses Carrie Browning, Nannie Sweeney and Lulu Fringer.

Rev. Geo. W. Kepler, of Cameron, who spent last and part of this week very pleasantly with friends in Oakland, returned to his home yesterday. Mr. Kepler's friends in Oakland are numberless and all were glad to see his smiling countenance.

A large number of teachers from Oakland went down to Deer Park yesterday morning to attend the teachers' convention there. Among those who attended were Mrs. Geo. Waters, Misses Mattie Porter, Martha Hinebaugh, Maggie Stemple, Lizzie Leary, the Misses DeBerry, Prof. Smith and others.

Messrs. John Shartzer and Wm. Hinebaugh who were in attendance at the Sunday school institute held at Bittinger last Friday, Saturday and Sunday, returned to Oakland Monday morning. They say the meetings throughout gathering were well attended and enthusiastic.

Amanda Smith, the colored evangelist, who has a world-wide reputation, gave a lecture to a large audience in St. Paul's church in Oakland last Friday night. A collection was taken for the benefit of the A. M. E. proposed church in Oakland amounting to nearly eighty dollars.

Now is your chance for a vehicle. Thirty-two new vehicles at Naylor's this week. Three fine traps, 1 surrey, 1 dayton, 9 top buggies, 9 open buggies and spindle wagons, 2 full platform canopy top wagons, 3 seats; 4 open spring wagons, 2 seats; 1 delivery wagon, 2 road wagons, 1 horse.

Wednesday, August 5th the great Chautauqua at Mt. Lake Park opens for the season. The opening night has been designated on the program as "Venitian Night," when the lake and grounds surrounding it will be illuminated and a grand display of fireworks take place. We will publish in full the program for the week of August 5th in our next issue.

Last week's paper may have suited you but there are others it did not suit; this week's issue may not please you, but there are others whom it will please. Every issue recives its share of praise and censure—generally at a ratio of 16 ounces of censure to 1 ounce of praise—but the country editor quietly attends to his business, says nothing, and "saws wood."

We have received from the statements sent out last week less than one-twentieth of the amount they represented. To those who responded to our call for funds we extend our thanks. To those who are still in arrears we want to impress them with the fact that we cannot carry on business without funds and make this last request that they remit immediately.

In the vicinity of Boquet, Westmoreland Co., Pa., almost any one can tell you how to cure a lame back or stiff neck. They dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind it on the affected parts and in one or two days the trouble has disappeared. This same treatment will promptly cure a pain in the side or chest. Mr. E. M. Frye, a prominent merchant of Boquet, speaks very highly of Pain Balm, and his recommendations have had much to do with making it popular there. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The hot weather of last Friday and Saturday put a sudden stop to the ravages of the army worms in this section. Sunday night, however, the weather became cool and a heavy rain set in which brought the pests to the surface again and their work of destruction upon the growing grass and oats commenced with renewed energy. Many of the farmers have cut their oats and tried to save it that way but in some cases the worms destroyed it before it could be raked up and stored in the barns. At present the outlook for a crop of is very discouraging. The lower part of the county in the neighborhood of Hoyes and Accident has not been as yet visited by this pest.

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Death to Army Worms.

The residents of the West Side, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., who have been greatly annoyed by the army worm, which has devastated fields of grain and destroyed numerous pretty lawns, on Monday discovered a compound which is very effective, killing them instantly. It is a teaspoonful of crecline to a pint of water.

Died.

Rowe.—Yesterday morning at 2 o'clock, Mrs. William Rown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Conner, died at her residence on Water street after months of suffering. The deceased lady was about twenty-eight years of age. She leaves a husband and two children. The funeral will take place to-morrow at ten o'clock from St. Peter's Catholic church.

Prices Reduced.

In ladies' trimmed and untrimmed hats at M. L. Scott's Baltimore store.

A Republican Club for Oakland.

It has been suggested by some of the Republicans of this district that a meeting of the Republicans be called for the purpose of forming a Republican campaign club, and with this end in view it is urgently requested that all who are in sympathy with the cause of Republicanism to meet in THE REPUBLICAN building on Friday (to-morrow) night for the above purpose. All are invited to c[illegible] and

The Camp Meeting.

Monday night witnessed the closing of the greatest camp meeting in the history of Mountain Lake Park. From the commencement of the meeting the interest was intense and it was not allowed to lag. Two or three hundred preachers and evangelists were in the immense auditorium all the time and kept things moving.

Sunday last the greatest crowds were present and at times during the day standing room was at a premium.

The State Encampment.

The three regiments comprising the Maryland National Guard will go into their biennial State encampment at Frederick next Saturday. The encampment will last a week. This will be the first regular encampment of the State militia since its enforced active service at Frostburg in 1894. The Fifty Regiment held a pleasure camp at Cape May last year, but the men of the regiment defrayed the expenses of this trip. The biennial encampment is, however, strictly business. The men have few liberty honrs and the strictest discipline is preserved. With it all, however, the National Guardsmen manage to enjoy their week of real soldiering and enter into the hard work with a will that does them credit.

A Republican Club.

The Republicans of Swanton district met in the above town last Friday night and organized a McKinley and Hobart club. The meeting was called to order by the chairman of the district committee Hon. A. F. George who in a short address stated the purpose of the meeting. Mr. W. W. Sweet was elected president and Mr Josiah G. Friend secretary. Messrs. George and Sweet were elected as representatives to attend the convention of the Republican League of Maryland to be held in Baltimore on July 22nd, with Mr. John B. Friend and Geo. W. Moon as alternates.

The members of the club invite all who are in favor of honest money and opposed to the revolutionary declarations of the Chicago platform to join them in this battle for the good of the common country.

Mrs. Rhodie Noah, of this place, was taken in the night with cramping pains and the next day diarrhœa set in. She took half a bottle of blackberry cordial but got no relief. She then sent to me to see if I had anything that would help her. I sent her a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy and the first dose relieved her. Another of our neighbors had been sick for about a week and had tried different remedies for diarrhœa but kept getting worse. I sent him this same remedy. Only four doses of it was required to cure him. He says he owes his recovery to this wonderful remedy. — Mrs. Mary Sibley, Sidney, Mich. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

Closing out Sale.

We will sell at our store in Swanton, Md., on July 24th and 25th, at cost, our entire stock of millinery goods and notions.

All persons indebted to us will please call and settle on or before said day.

ASHENFELTER & DEMING.

Two Engines Jump the Track.

Yesterday about noon engine No. 586 drawing a freight train, jumped the track as it was nearing the Youghiogheny bridge west of town. After it had left the track it ran on the ties a distance of 900 feet. The riggers car from Piedmont came up and at six o'clock had the track open for traffic.

The engine drawing the east bound way freight jumped the track at Altamont, delaying traffic a few minutes.

Oakland's Charter Invalid.

This morning Clerk Tower received from Cumberland the decision of the court in the case of Edward I. West vs. the Mayor and Council of Oakland. It will be remembered that at the last session of the Legislature a new charter for the town was enacted in which provision was made for the licensing of saloons, etc. To this clause of the charter exceptions were taken and an injunction was issued against the council. The case was heard last week before Judges Boyd, Sloan and Stake. The decision declares the charter invalid. It will be published next week.

Call for Your Letters.

Mr. John T. Dewitt, Mr. Beauregard Mickens, Mr. John B. Gruff, Rev. Luther Kuhlman, Mrs. Elizabeth Elford.

Free Information.

Messrs. C. A. Snow & Co., of Washington D. C., lawyers and agents for procuring patents, will send free to any address, pamphlets with information about home and foreign patents, [illegible] copyrights, trademarks, designs patents, [illegible], etc., as well as [illegible] outside the United States and foreign countries.

Bro. Litzinger In the Band Wagon.

Hurrah! for the Oakland *Democrat*. It has always been a "gold standard" paper, but last week after having seen the "handwriting on the wall," it tumbles into the silver "carry all" and says it is ready and "eager to enter the lists as the champion of the people's cause as against that of the monopolists and plutocrats of the land, whose interests it is to voto with the Republican party." That is "purty" strong for a new convert, but we like to see 'em get in earnest."—Kildow's Enterprise.

Two Accidents.

Monday morning last as the crew of the way freight going west was engaged in shifting some cars at Mountain Lake Park, Mr. Jos. D. Uppole, of Oakland, one of the brakesmen on the train, was caught between the bumpers of two cars and had his right arm severly hurt. He was brought to Oakland and upon examination it was found that the bone in his forearm was badly splintered. He will be unable for work for soms weeks.

Mr. Michael Carney, of near Hutton, who was engaged in sawing lath at Mr. D. E. Offutt's mill west of town last Monday, met with quite a severe and painful accident by two of the fingers of his right hand coming in contact with the saw. He came down to Oakland and Dr. Ravenscraft dressed the injured member.

Excursion To Atlantic City.

The B. & O. R. R. will inaugurate a series of Mid-Summer Excursions to Atlantic City, Cape May and Sea Isle City, from Pittsburg, Wheeling, Parkersburg, Lexington and intermediate points.

The first of the series is announced for Thursday, July 16th. Excursionists will have the advantage of the fast express train service in each direction.

The tickets will be good 12 days, and permit a stop off at Washington on the return trip.

We give below a list of stations in this vicinity, showing time of trains and rates of fare:

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	RATE
Terra Alta	7 35	12 00	5 41	4 41		$9 00
Oakland	6 31	9 01	12 20	5 50	5 02	8 50
Mt. Lake	6 37	9 11	12 30	6 05	5 37	8 50
Deer Park	6 41	11 20	12 45	6 12	5 11	8 50

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

For more detailed information apply to nearest B. & O. Agent.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

Summer Headaches

—AND—

NEURALGIA are both trying and severe; at the same time difficult to relieve. To cool the blood, reduce the temperature, quiet the nerves and cure the Headache or Neuralgia

TAKE

ANTI-FAG.

(REGISTERED TRADE-MARK.)

A most valuable and indispensable remedy for the cure of Headache, Neuralgia, etc.

This delightful effervescent salt is a certain remedy for the relief of nervous headaches, resulting from overtaxed mental energy or excitement, acute attacks of indigestion, the depression following alcoholic excesses; and with ladies the headache and backache of neurasthenia, hysteria, dysmenorrhœa, and kindred disorders. It is especially recommended to Physicians, Teachers, Clergymen, Lawyers, Merchants and all following professions or pursuits requiring nerve energy, or subject to mental strain, as a prompt source of relief in all cases of headache and distress attending mental fatigue and physical exhaustion.

Bottles, 10 and 25 cts.

Ask your druggist or dealer for ANTI-FAG. If it is not in stock send the price in stamps to the manufacturers and receive a bottle by mail.

PREPARED BY
GILBERT BROS. & CO.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Bro. Bolden Rips up the B. & O.

The Baltimore and Ohio railroad company must be getting in its dotage, or else it has a quiet cyclone always on hand to give knock-out blows to anything of a public nature that transpires on these mountain tops, west of Deer Park, of course. On the morning of July 4th it had no excursion trains running and but one or two extra coaches tacked on to the end of the east and west-bound accommodations. The crowd of people that took passage from here to Oakland filled the east-bound train to overflowing. All that got aboard between here and Oakland had to hang on, stand up, lay down or get knocked off. The west-bound train could not take passengers west of Piedmont for Oakland because the train was overcrowded when it left that place. Then to cap the climax, the evening accommodation west-bound (and the only train that stops at this point after noon), came creeping along behind time and with 24 coaches to accommodate upwards of probably a thousand people! If Oakland don't go after the B. & O. with a club stuffed with bricks Oakland ought never to have another celebration!—Oracle.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lots: 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

Three from the "Oracle."

Miss Dessie Fraley has returned to her home in this place, after a visit of a couple of weeks to relatives at Oakland.

Mr. A. T. Fraley and family, of Oakland, spent the 4th and several days of this week with relatives here. Mrs. Fraley and little daughter remained until Monday evening, while Mr. Fraley returned Sunday.

So far we have neglected mentioning the completion of the pretty new depot at Huttons. The building was erected by the Preston Lumber Company, at their own expense, and it is as handsome and comfortable one as can be found anywhere. It certainly is a decided improvement to our sister town.

Sudden Death.

Mr. James Warnick, a farmer, who was found dead in bed at Barton Wednesday, was buried yesterday at 2 o'clock from the M. E. church at that place. He was aged 71 years and had spent his whole life on a farm near Barton. He worked in the harvest field all day Tuesday and went to bed enjoying good health. A wife and large family, all grown, survive him. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Nice and interment made at Laurel Hill cemetery. — Cumb. News.

BILL VOGWELL'S COURTIN'

BY

EDEN PHILLPOTTS

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"As to tellin' a story of moor men an' sich-like, things happen out 'pon this auld gray an' brown world same as is other places, but they bant o' much account 'cept to ourselves. I can call home wan tale, though as I'll tell 'e, if you mind to hear it. 'Tis 'bout the courtin' of a chap by the name o' Vogwell.

"Bill was a writer of signs an' sich-like, an' a chap of his hands most ways wi' a general sense in gwaine through the world which doan come to many as young as it comed to him. He was always surprisin' clever or else mazin fulish. Theer wern't no half measures 'bout un. He lived wi' his father in the last house o' Merivale, an' because sign-writin' wasn't enough to keep him, he built ten bee-butts, an' strawed 'em so clever as a reg'lar datcher an' sawled pure heather honey at a shillin' a pound an' did braave 'pon it. His father weern't o' no account, though a gude man. Fuzz-cuttin' was his job—fuzz-cuttin' an' fern-cuttin' in autumn time.

"Then comed the matter o' paintin' that sign, an' Master Applebird, who could fling's money about like a duke when he'd a mind to, which was 'bout wance in a month o' Sundays, gived Billy the offer to paint a gert pieter on wood, an' frame it an' hang it awyr the inn fiace. I mind jist what Applebird said for I was theer and heard: 'I'll give 'e ten shillin' for the job, if 'tis done so as all folks can see what's meant by un.' Applebird done it really 'cause he knawed John Comer, of the 'Red Heifer' inn, Princeton, had just got a fine sign drawed by a Plymouth chap; an' Applebird would have sooner gived up business altogether than let Comer best him anywheer.

"So Bill Vogwell got his brushes an' paints an' 'iles together an' made a square o' boards, an' done out the huntsman, wi' a carpenter's pencil, copyin' the same from a butivul almanac what a grocer to Travistock had gived away to's customers the winter previous. Maaster Applebird ordained as the pieter should be done in a tallet outside the inn; an' theer Bill worked day by day till the thing was done. An' Polly Applebird watched un' drawin' an' paintin'; which is wheer this tale starts proper. She was a maiden of sebenteen year old, so brown as the moor in autumn, wi' eyes wheer you code 'ardly see the pupils separate from the blackness of the paart which is brown or blue or gray in different folks. Her hair was jack-daw color, if you knaws that. Ted'n zactly black, nor yet blue, but betwix' an' between.

"SHE AN' BILL GOT AS THICK AS THIEVES AFORE THE PICTURE WAS OUT O' HAND."

wi' a dancin' light as gaws from wan to 'tother. Her lips was red as a ripe quarrender apple an' allus just a thot open. You'd a swored she was a French furriner or some sich thing; but 'tweer't so at all.

"She an' Bill got so thick as thieves afore the pieter was ont o' hand, an' he dawdled that cunnin' an' craafty awver the paintin' that 'twas best part of a month 'fore he allowed the thing was done. An', poor fules, just 'cause auld Applebird weer mazin' pleased wi' the sign-board, they must think as he'd be mazin' pleased with the painter, tu; an' they kept comp'ny unbeknawnst to un for a matter o' three months or more. Then 'twas that bent, crooked limb o' Satan, by name Benjamin Yde, what spied theer little game, an' bro't the climax to the courtin'. Yole hadn't no business of his awn, being pensioned from the clay-works awin' to breakin' his leg in an accident. But he crept about Merivale wi' his wicked ears flappin' for every coorious thing as might happen. He knawed some harm 'bout every man, woman, cheel an' cat in the village, an' hadn't no kind word to say for anybody on God's airth but hisself. This here Yole soon spied how Polly Applebird an' Bill Vogwell would go out o' Merivale differn't ways, as innercent as bees, an' yet somehow get drawed together arter. Full of this news he clattered, all crutches an' spite, into the 'Huntsman's Rest,' an' axed to see landlord theer an' then. Mind you, Applebird had thot kind enough of the young chap, for Bill was well set up an' gray in the eye, and looked folks straight in the faace; but he heard theer was courtin' gwaine between the two, an' as Yole hisself had seen 'em more'n wance together in the owl-light, then Applebird let go awful, an' Polly got a dressin' down that night as made her creem to think on for years arter. Then, when he knawed the cat was out the bag, Bill went straight 'long an' spoke wi' the auld man, an' theer was ferocious words. Applebird had right on his side when he said 'no,' 'cause his gal was under age; but for all that, Bill stuck to it, an' swore he weern't gwaine to take 'no' for an answer.

"'If you marries her, you'll go to prison for't, though I pay every lawyer in Exeter to send 'e,' said the landlord o' the 'Huntsman's Rest,' dancin' wi' wrath. 'Tis against the law, an' you'll suffer for it; an' whiles you'm in clink, the gal shall starve for me; so now you knaws wheer you stand. An' never you darken my door agin, or I'll wring your damn neck myself.'

"'You poor bee-keepin' twoad of a bwoy,' he says, scornful, 'you gert silly gaby, to dare an' think my darter gude enough for the likes of you.'

"'I never did think so, an' I doan't now, Maaster Applebird, but facts be facts; she'm gwaine to marry me, an' I'll bear the punishment like a man, an' so all's said.'

"In coourse all weern't said, by a darned long way, but the rest o' the discoourse fell 'pon the ears of them in the bar, for Bill he went off so haughty as a turkey cock wi' his nose tip-tilted an' his lips curlin' like a peel's.

"Meantime, arter the trouble wi' her faither an' before the final coorious happening, there was a fire in a croft of auld Applebird's, an' a linhay, as didn't matter, was burned down, and a huge gert wheat-stack, as did matter a lot, was saved by Bill Vogwell and two other chaps—chiefly through Bill's long-headedness. For Bill, though a hot-headed fule of a lad in some ways, yet had a braave sight o' common sense, with as gude a nerve in un as you might see 'teen Exeter an' Plymouth. Auld Applebird thanked Bill for what he'd done, wi' a face same as though he was chewin' of a lemon all the time. Then days passed an' 'twas known that Polly Applebird weer gwaine up to her aunt as lived to Exeter. An' so she weer; but theer was more in the trip than met the eye, 'cause Bill he'd ordained to meet her theer quiet and marry her 'fore the registrar. The plan was her'n, an' what was to follow comed out o' Bill's own noddle—a purty darned silly notion, tu, for Bill, you see, was half a janious and half a idiot, an' them two halves got mixed now an' again.

"Off went Polly, innercent seemin'ly as a guseehick; and Bill had a job that take him out o' Merivale same day.

"All went merry as need be. They met as planned the next day, an' off they traapsed, an' theer weern't no sort o' difficulty about the job, for marryin's easy as lyin' if you get two of a mind. Then comed the darn rum thing what Bill done. He and the gal, as was his lawful wife, walked straight away to the prison, an' as they went her grawed tearful an' cuddled of his arm closer'n closer, an' shivered all over when she seed the gurt walls o' chink a-towerin' afore 'em.

"'They won't hurt 'e?' she said, sobbin' quiet.

"'Not them,' he said. 'The time'll pass like a dream along o' thinkin' you'm my awn wife by law, what none short o' God A'mighty couldn't take from me.' ?

"Wi' that he ringed the goal bell, an' a braave noise it made; an' a chap opes a little bit of a gate in the middle of a big wan, an' axes Bill his business.

"'I wants to see the head p'liceman,' sez Bill.

"'Well, yon caan't, for he'm away today; but p'raps, when all's said, I might serve 'e?' sez the man.

"And Vogwell, seein' the chap was a officer of some sort, reckoned he would do, an' set out his business short and plain.

"'Tis like the 'ere,' he said. 'I be new come from marryin' this maide inst the wish of her lawful father, bein' under age. The law be on her er's side, so to save trouble an the job out o' hand, I've comed right along, an' i, you'm ready for me, I'm ready for you. 'Tis a six weeks' job, an' the day bein' Monday, an' the hour noon, maybe you cude make a note of it in wan o' your prison books.'

"If Bill had axed the man to hang un he couldn't a looked more surprised.

"'I thot to come here quiet, an' do the time, an' then go home along, an' nobody any the worse,' he sez.

"'Caan't be,' sez the man. 'I wish I could take 'e in, for I'm sure you'd do us all a power o' good, but you must get the usual introductions. I daresay the maid's faither'll manage all that for 'e right an' reg'lar when you go home an' tell un what you've done.'

"'Ess, he will sure 'nough,' answers Bill, 'awnly I'd hoped to save up the trouble. Us was gwaine to keep the weddin' secret till I'd took the punishment of the law on it. Then when th' auld man up an' said as he'd send she to chink, I should up and said back as I'd bin.'

"That was the end of Bill's notion. He tramped it home to Merivale, an' next day marched off to see the innkeeper an' tell un how matters stood. Applebird was in a sweet mood, luckily enough, for within the hour he'd paid the risk what Bill had saved for a fifty pound note more'n he'd reckoned to get for't. But it made it harder for Bill in a manner o' speakin', because before he'd got time to bring out his bit of noos, Applebird sez: 'Ah, Bill Vogwell, you've come at the right moment, my son. Here's five shillin' for 'e along o' savin the wheat-stack awhile since.'

"Bill, he spawk theer an' then, wi'out takin' the money:

"'What you sez be righter than you knaws, master. I be your son. Me an' Polly was of a mind, an' us married each other in Exeter essterday marnin'. Us bant in no hurry, as you'm so set again it; but us tho't as theer weern't no harm in makin' the future sartin, so us was married.'

"Auld Applebird sat back behind the bar, an' he was tu surprised to be angry for awhile. Then, arter he grasped hold o' what Bill had said, he sent a stable key for a policeman an' tongued Bill proper.

"'Ess, fay, I knawed you'd do that,' sez Bill, while he waited an Applebird drawed breath. 'I knawed you'd have the law o' me, an' when I was in Exeter arter we was married, Polly an' me went down to the gaol, an' I was for gwaine in theer an' then to save 'e trouble, but they wouldn't take me. You'd got to summons me first, and then I'm brought up in due coourse afore a justice, an' he sentences me to six weeks for marryin' a gal under age. I tho't to have saved 'e all that confusion, but it can't be, they towld me. So you'll have to go through wi' it, an' I get six weeks.'

"'Six weeks, you damn young rip,' bust out Applebird, sweatin' wi' rage. 'I'll have 'e theer for six years hard labor, if lawyers can work it.'

"'They can't,' sez Bill. 'Six week I'll get—then I'll come back to Merivale.'

"It happened that the p'liceman couldn't be found just then, an' Bill, sayin' as he would be at his faither's house, went off. He waited till evening, but no p'liceman comed. Next day he went to see Maaster Applebird again; an' the auld man tawld un to get out the bar, but he said nothin' 'bout the p'liceman. An' four followin' marnins he went to knaw when the p'liceman was comin'. Then Polly comed home an' faced the moosie; but you see, Polly was wound too tight around her father's heart for un to cast her off or anythin' outrageous like that. Then in the spring Bill's father died, an' 'twas found he'd saved a matter of eighty-three pounds in silver, which had took fifty year o' fuzz-cuttin to do. But theer it was, an' when auld Applebird heard as Bill meant buyin' fraish paper for the cottage walls an' improvin' the plaace general he was interested; an' when he heard Bill was 'specially axed to paint a gert elephant on a sign at Travistock for two pounds ten he was 'mazed with wonder.

"Eighteen months dawdled by, an' then comed the tail to the story, as I said. Wan day Applebird sees his darter helpin' the servant gal downstairs with two boxes, an' he also sees a bwoy wi' a barrow 'fore the inn door, waitin'.

"'Wheer be gwaine?' he sez to Polly.

"'Down long to my husband, Bill Vogwell's house,' sez Polly.

"'Never—not while I can stop 'e,' he answers back, but rather tame like, for theer was many things in his mind by that time.

"'God bless 'e, faither,' she sez, 'God bless 'e, but you caan't stop me. Do 'e knaw the day?' she sez.

"'No,' he sez.

"'My birthday,' she sez. 'I be comed of age, an' I loves 'e so dear as ever, an' Bill no less than I did when us was married. 'Tis my bounden dooty, dear faither,' she sez.

"The auld man answered never a word, but he stood at the door with his gert double chins all rumpled up as he put his head down like a bull snortin' an' puffin'. So she watched her go, an' then went in the door. Nobody seed un all that arternoon, but when evenin' came an' the lights twinkled out o' Merivale, like a row o' glow-worms climbin' the black hill, Applebird he put on the velveteen coat he used for rabbit shootin', an' brushed his white hair till it shone, an' counted out a tidy little pile of sovereigns from a bag, an' took his stick, an' tawld the stable-boy, as also served in the bar, he'd be back in an hour or less. Then he sneaked down the hill as though he was gwaine poachin'; but he stopped at the last cot, an' looked at a light in the kitchen winder' an' seed two heads close together eatin' supper at a little noo table. Then he tramped up the pathway soft, but Polly heard an' knawed the step; an' 'fore he reached the door 'twas open."

Pawned in London.

Nearly £300,000 worth of articles are pawned in London weekly.

WHAT BECOMES OF OLD HATS.

The Way They Are Doctored and Made to Look Like New.

There are millions of hats manufactured and thousands imported to this country. The fact that the styles change twice a year tends to increase the consumption of this wearing apparel to a considerable extent, as there are many people who change their headgear with the season, whether the old article is worn out or not. The hat is one of the most important parts of a well-dressed man's toilet, and becomes of more importance yet when considered in connection with a poor man's get-up. Many defects in the toilet of the latter may be overlooked if the wearer but wears, next to a good pair of shoes, a good hat.

Formerly the United States imported the major part of the hats used within its borders from Europe, especially from England, Germany and France, the latter and Vienna furnishing the best quality of silk hats. To-day the hat industry in the United States has assumed such enormous proportions that it not only supplies the home demand, but many thousands of American hats find their way across the ocean to foreign customers. There are factories in this country, like the Stetson company in Philadelphia, that produce in the neighborhood of 50,000 dozen a year, while the American styles are freely acknowledged to be superior to those of Europe. The quality of hats manufactured in this country is also superior to that manufactured abroad, with the exception of the silk hat, the consumption of which has of late decreased considerably. The fact seems to be that foreign hats are imported solely for a certain class of American consumers who prefer anything foreign to a domestic article. For what with the quality, style and quantity of hats produced in the United States, there seems to be no necessity for importation.

The material from which the better class of hats is made is imported largely from several European countries and from South America, the latter furnishing the exceedingly fine quality of nutria fur. Russian and German hares, white and yellow carrot, and beaver in raw and carret state also enter largely in the manufacture.

Considering the good material hats are made of, it will be interesting to note what becomes of the millions of hats that are annually, or even monthly, discarded by their owners in a condition which should allow their continued wearing for a considerable time to come.

The discarded hats of the rich man rarely fall into other hands than those of his valet, who either uses them himself or disposes of them, together with other pieces of his master's discarded wardrobe, to friends or dealers in second-hand clothing. As these hats are generally in very good condition, they find a ready sale without the process of renovation which other hats coming from less distinguished sources have to undergo, and they share their fate only at a second change of owners.

The average professional and business man does not trouble himself about the disposal of discarded hats. They remain generally in some closet in the office at home until an applicant for the same appears. But there are many men of this class with an economical turn of mind, who do not disdain to enter into negotiations with the hat doctor. This individual makes a canvass in the down-town office buildings, where he contracts for the rejuvenation of worn headpieces, guaranteeing to return them, for a certain consideration, "as good as new." He does not buy hats; he is only a sort of broker, as the actual work of rejuvenating a hat is done by some dyeing and repairing establishment, which makes a specialty of this business.

These establishments form the maelstrom toward which are drawn the discarded hats from all sources. Here the hat of the plutocrat mixes with that of the lawyer, the merchant and the dry goods clerk, undergoing the same process of cleaning or dyeing. All distinctions of rank disappear in the dyeing vat, where nutria, hare and shoddy are on an equal footing, all soaking in the new color, which, together with a fresh binding, assures them a new lease of life.

The career of a hat is a short one, its average of life after leaving the factory and up to the time it gets into the hands of the hat doctor being not more than six months. The silk hat lasts somewhat longer, and its experience is generally a little more varied than that of the derby or soft hat. When a silk hat reaches the rejuvenating stage it is a more pliable subject than any of its comrades. —Chicago Tribune.

Catching Sharks.

According to a Cuban, shark fishing is a sport to be dreamed about. The Cuban shark fishermen take large pieces of beef and throw them overboard out beyond the reefs, where the dorsal fins of sharks are to be seen cutting the water with a vicious swish, like the plunge of a modern rifle bullet into a stream. Instantly there is a rush, fit to make ordinary brave men blanch, for the eagerness of the sharks to rend the meat is something to think twice about. Now is the time for the sportsman to do as the Cuban fisherman does. Stripping off his light clothes, grasping a big, keen knife, he leaps among the fish and thrusts the blade to the nearest shark's heart. A quick wrench opens a wound that spurts blood, and then the sport fairly begins. It is death to a man who loses nerve. The teeth are the trophies. To get them the head is boiled in a big iron soup caldron. A tooth of a healthy shark is ivory white, with a hard, porcelain finish, and makes an attractive ornament. There are several rows of these teeth. One row of them cut out would make a saw, the teeth being obtusely triangular, while each exposed edge is cut into minute teeth.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Confused.

The boy looked a good deal puzzled, and was silent for such a long time as to attract his mother's attention.

"What are you thinking about?" she inquired.

"I want to ask a question, only I can't get it so that it won't sound mixed up."

"What is it?"

"Why, when an elephant shakes his trunk is he wagging his tail?"—Washington Star.

Natural Results.

The laundryman with a few concluding gestures hung the shirt up on the line.

"Well, how do you feel?" sighed the buttonholes to the bosom.

"I feel completely done up," answered the bosom, with a heave; "how is it with you?"

The buttonholes groaned.

"Oh, we're all torn out," they replied, in a faint voice.—N. Y. Recorder.

WANTED HIS COMMISSION.

Patient—What, doctor! One dollar a visit!

Physician—Why, that's not much. It's less than most of my patients pay.

Patient—That may be, doctor, but remember it was I who brought the fever into the neighborhood.—N. Y. World.

A Gossip's Inference.

"I had always understood that the late Mr. Wellington was a man of considerable property."

"Wasn't he?"

"He couldn't have been. I haven't heard of any steps to contest his will."—Washington Star.

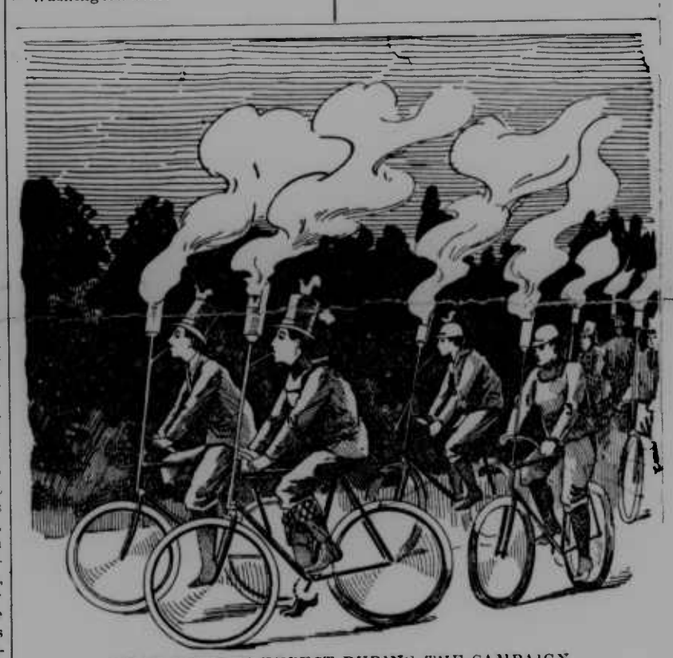

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT DURING THE CAMPAIGN.

HOW THE BICYCLE WILL FIGURE IN THE NIGHT CAMPAIGN PARADES THIS SUMMER AND FALL.

Why She Suits Him.

Bryce—Clubleigh says he has a wife that just suits him.

Gryce—Why, I thought she was a vixen, and raised a row with him every day.

Bryce—That's just it. She drives him to drink.—Town Topics.

First in Peace.

"Did you find the bicycle useful on the battlefield?"

"Yes, indeed; we dashed up to the enemy, and then we stacked arms and shook hands—every man on both sides rode the same make of wheel."—Chicago Record.

Covering It Up.

"You bad boy, you have made a grease spot on the new sofa with your bread and butter," said Mrs. Chaffie to her son Johnnie.

"Never mind, ma; you can sit on it when there is company in the parlor."—Texas Sifter.

Method in His Madness.

Yeast—I don't see the use of kissing. There's that man Gushington forever kissing his wife.

Crimsonbeak—It keeps her from talking, don't you see?—Yonkers Statesman.

Dear Creature.

Elder Lady—At the present day a woman is considered most interesting when she has reached 40.

Young Ditto—Really, dear? I did not think you were quite so old as that. —Fun.

Essentially a Modern Question.

The old man shaded his eyes and looked after the fleeing bicyclist disappearing up the road.

"I wonder," he ruminated, "whether that's my boy or my girl."—Chicago Post.

How to Shop.

Fair Shopper (in great store)—There, this novel will do. Don't wrap it up.

Clerk—Don't wrap it up?

"No, indeed, I'll sit down here and read it to kill time while waiting for my change."—N. Y. Weekly.

Commercial Item.

Smith—Dusenbury has left for Europe.

Jones—What Dusenbury are you talking about?

"Why, Dusenbury who failed last month."

"Whose books showed a deficit of $50,000?"

"The same."

"What is he going to live on while he is in Europe?"

"On the deficit, of course."—Texas Sifter.

The Wise Editor.

"I don't understand the popularity of your woman's column," said the news agent to the great editor. "It beats anything I ever heard of in that line."

"It's easily explained," replied the editor. "I just scatter bargain sale advertisements through the column, and the women have to read one to find the other."—Chicago Post.

In Arkansas.

Slick-Head Sal—Quick! quick! hurry up, young feller! I want a 'surance pol'cy on my husband fer a $100,000.

Bland Insurance Agent—But, my good woman, why all this hurry? Won't to-morrow—

Slick-Head Sal—Ter-morrer be blowed! he's jist stole a hoss.—Truth.

Man's Thoughtlessness.

Mr. Wedgewood (looking up from his paper)—I see that it is a custom for the Chinaman, when he wants to take an oath, to break a plate or something.

Mrs. Wedgewood (reproachfully)—And you wanted me to hire a Chinese cook. Supposing he had been addicted to bad language?—N. Y. World.

In the Grammar School.

"What do they call the microbes that breed diseases, John?"

"Please, sir, germs."

"Correct—and what do they call the people who know how to handle germs in a scientific way?"

"Please sir, Germans." — Brooklyn Life.

Afraid of the Other End.

Kind Neighbor (accompanied by a large mastiff, to a little girl very much afraid of him)—He's a good dog; he never hurts anyone. Don't you see how he's wagging his tail?

Little Girl (still shrinking back)—Yes, I see; but that isn't the end I'm afraid of.—Tit-Bits.

Money on Fire.

Tommy—Say, grandpa, what are you going to do with all your money when you die?

Grandpa Skinnerly—I guess I'll take it with me.

Tommy—Oh, grandpa; don't — it'll burn.—N. Y. World.

Over the Handle Bar.

She smiled at me as she swiftly passed,
Over the handle bar;
That sunny smile was the malden's last,
Over the handle bar;
She carromed hard on a cobblestone,
She took a header she couldn't postpone—
Her twinkling heels in the moonlight shone,
O'er the handle bar.
—Cleveland Post.

THE REASON.

"There's one thing," he said, jeeringly, "men never get together and talk about one another the way women do."

"No," she answered, "I don't think they do. There is nothing interesting to say about them."—Washington Post.

Might Make It Worse.

"But why do you not print a card and deny the accusation?" inquired the politician's wife.

"Deny it?" howled the politician, "and then have them prove it? No, I will treat it with contempt."—Truth.

Why His Ardor Cooled.

She—You promised to love me always.

He—But I never knew that you looked like that in the morning with your hair in curl papers;—Yonkers Statesman.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

"A pound of tea at one and three,
And a pot of raspberry jam;
Two new laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham."

I'll say it over all the way,
And then I'm sure not to forget,
For if I chance to bring things wrong
My mother gets in such a pet.

"A pound of tea at one and three,
And a pot of raspberry jam;
Two new laid eggs, a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of ham."

There in the hay the children play,
They're having such jolly fun;
I'll go there, too, that's what I'll do,
As soon as my errands are done.

"A pound of tea at one and three,
A pot of—er—new laid jam,
Two raspberry eggs with a dozen pegs,
And a pound of rashers of hmm."

There's Teddy White a-flying his kite,
He thinks himself grand, I declare;
I'd like to try to fly it sky high,
Ever so much higher
Than the old church spire,
And then—and then—but there—

"A pound of three and one nt tea,
A pot of new laid jam,
Two dozen eggs, some raspberry pegs,
And a pound of rashers of hum."

Now, here's the shop, outside I'll stop
And run through my orders again;
I haven't forgot, no, not even a jot—
It shows I'm pretty cute, that's plain.

"A pound of three at one and tea,
A dozen of raspberry ham,
A pot of eggs, with a dozen pegs,
And a rasher of new laid jam."
—Lewiston Journal.

AN INTELLIGENT DOG.

Rides on Trains and Street Cars and Never Makes a Mistake.

There is a wonderful dog in Jackson, O., owned by Mr. N. M. White, manager of one of the coal mines between there and Wellston. This dog is named Frank, and he is a very pretty little water spaniel, and, though very young, he has shown himself to be a perfect marvel of canine sagacity.

Every dog has a hobby, whether carrying off old shoes, hiding bones or howling all night, and the dog in question has a little one of his own, which he uses to his own pleasure almost daily. This dog is a railroader, and he probably knows more about railroading than any dog in the country. A hundred trains a day do not confuse him, and he treats them all alike, riding on any or all of them to go from one place to another all over this part of the country.

Mr. White, the owner of the dog, goes up to his work at the mines every morning on the Ohio Southern, and returns in the evening on the same road. It was in going up with his master every day that Frank became familiar with the trains on that road and with the men on the trains. At first he would wait until the evening train and come home with the rest of the miners on their regular train, but he soon became accustomed to other trains on the road, and would jump on a coal train or a freight and come home whenever he got ready. He seems also to have a remarkable power for remembering the times of the trains, for on days when he does not go up the creek to the mines he is always at the depot to meet his master when he comes home in the evening, rarely missing the train by more than a few minutes each way.

Since the completion of the new electric belt road between Jackson and Wellston the dog has shown himself abundantly able to keep afoot of the times. He now goes down to the electric road depot to the first car in the morning, and goes up to the mine himself, being always there when the owner appears on a later train on the other road. He also gets on the Hocking Valley train out of here early in the morning and goes to Columbus, returning on the same train at night.

He has a habit of jumping off the train at every station and then climbing back on again as the train pulls out. One night recently he was coming home on the railroad and jumped off at Coalton. The train pulled out without his noticing it, and, after chasing it for a few yards, he seemed to be reminded of the electric road, and he walked over to the electric road depot, a short distance away, and came home on the next car. The dog is well known to trainmen all along the road and is a great favorite among them. Mr. White values him very highly, and is thinking of sending him on a trip around the world.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

BRIGHT BOY'S IDEA.

He Explains How He Bends and Makes Perfect Shinny Sticks.

A bright boy writing to St. Nicholas tells how shinny sticks are made.

"I get sticks," he writes, "as nearly straight as possible and bend them at home. I have a board made like this: There are two pins at one end, at 1 and 2 around which the stick is bent; and at the other end are two rows of holes into which a pin, No. 3, can be put to hold the handle in place. When the

HOW TO MAKE A SHINNY STICK.

sticks—they should be as green as possible—are in place on the board, I put the whole thing in the back of the furnace, where the stick will bake. In about two days the sap is dried out and the stick will keep its curve.

"Then I take a belt lace—a leather string about half an inch wide and one-sixteenth of an inch thick—and bind it on the short end. If the stick is split, I bind it first with brass wire and then put the leather binding over the brass."

Dimmed the Glamour.

"That newly-wedded couple next door do not seem to be on good terms."

"No; she painted the porch chairs and forgot to tell him."—Chicago Record.

THE CAT WAS FAITHFUL.

Laid Down Its Life to Avenge the Death of a Bird Friend.

Some time ago, in a quiet little corner way down on the Rue Royale, I chanced upon a queer little Creole creature, whom the neighbors called "Mam'zelle." If there was ever any name attached, it must have been in prehistoric times, for now there is not even a sign upon the door of the little bakeshop where Mam'zelle sells bread and cakes to the neighborhood. Very good bread and cakes they are, too, as I can testify, for recently I have found Mam'zelle's cozy shop a very comfortable resting place after a morning's tramp in quest of news. In this way I have come to be pretty well acquainted with Mam'zelle and Pierre, the cat, and Jeanne, the bird.

Pierre is a handsome black and white fellow, with a noble head, and he and the little canary, Jeanne, were about the same age. Mam'zelle told me in her pretty Creole patois how devoted the two pets were to each other, and I myself saw frequent evidences of their kindly relationship. In a quiet corner of the little shop I have seen Pierre and Jeanne taking their breakfast together from the same plate, and by and by, when the cat would lie dozing in the sunshine, the bird would hop about him, or cuddle up snug and comfortable between his outstretched paws. When Mam'zelle was busy so that she could not keep an eye on the little bird's safety she would swing the cage in the doorway, while Pierre would stretch himself on the floor beneath, keeping guard over his friend. And woe betide the stray cat that wandered that way. Pierre was always on the alert for squalls, and if a cat came too near to suit him he would send Jeanne hustling into her cage while he chased the offending feline off the street.

Just this very thing happened yesterday for the 100th time, probably,

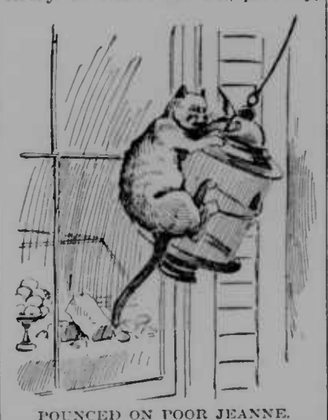

POUNCED ON POOR JEANNE.

but for the first time on record grief followed the move. Pierre and Jeanne were taking their usual morning game in the sunshine of the little shop door, when a big brindle stranger appeared on the banquette without. Straight as a die Jeanne was in her cage and Pierre had gone in hot pursuit of the brindle. The chase was a hard one, and Mam'zelle says Pierre must have been gone a long time, but she was busy serving customers, and by and by noticed Jeanne hopping about the counter. Thinking, of course, that Pierre had returned, she took no further notice of the bird. A little later, however, hearing a dreadful commotion on the banquette she ran out to witness the sad little tragedy which I, too, arrived just in time to see, but too late to prevent. Taking advantage of Pierre's protracted absence an ugly tortoise-shell from the next block strolled to the little shop in search of Jeanne. Finding her out hopping about unprotected, he began siege at once, no doubt. Mam'zelle and I arrived just in time to see the tortoise-shell pounce on poor Jeanne as she sat perched on top of the swinging cage and bear her with him to the pavement. Before either of us could interpose the deed was done, and then in a moment there came Pierre rushing round the corner, and as quick as a flash he had taken in the situation. With one fierce bound he sprang upon the tortoise-shell and swept poor Jeanne from his clutches. For a brief moment he sat guarding her, but that moment was long enough to tell him he was too late.

Then letting Mam'zelle take the little corpse from under his paw, he swooped down upon the tortoise-shell. It was only for a little while, and when the battle was over both cats lay dead on the pavement. Pierre had laid down his life to avenge Jeanne's death, and the little Mam'zelle mourns both her pets.—New Orleans Cor. Philadelphia Times.

Queer Experience at Sea.

A unique experience, even in the annals of the sea, was that of the bark Alice, which reached Portland, Me., after a stormy voyage of 19 days from Turk's island, in the Caribbean sea. The bark carried a cargo of salt, and she had been out but a day when it was found that the salt had soaked through into the water butts and every drop of fresh water was spoiled. The captain hoisted signals of distress and made provisions for condensing water, but all he could do was to provide half a cupful a day for each man. It was seven days before a vessel was sighted and a small supply of water secured.

How Lincoln Kept Books.

In his early life Abraham Lincoln had a primitive method of keeping books. At the time his law partner, John T. Stuart, represented the Springfield district in congress, Lincoln was forced, much against his will, to keep an account of some kind. The plan he adopted was somewhat remarkable. When he received a fee he divided it in halves. His half he put in his pocket; Stuart's portion he put in an envelope and, labeling it "Stuart's half," threw it into a drawer until his partner's return from Washington.

FARM AND GARDEN.

DRAINAGE OF ROADS.

It Is of the Utmost Importance to the Preservation of Highways.

With wet or clayey roadways, surface drainage alone is not sufficient. Without underdrainage the crown of such roadways will dry only by slow process of evaporation, during which time the topping becomes more and more rutted by the passing traffic. A subdrain in such soil will not prove efficient for more than about 12 feet on each side; hence, two lines of longitudinal subdrains are needed on those parts of our country roads that pass through wet places, low-lying lands or clayey soils. They should have an average fall of about one in one hundred; minimum fall, one in one thousand. At short intervals, say from 36 to 100 feet apart, are placed cross drains to discharge the water into the side ditches. These cross drains receive a greater fall, say up to one in thirty. Generally two and one-half to three-inch pipes are sufficient. It is advantageous to bed these tiles in well-drained brick fragments and to cover them with road metal. Be certain that the tiles are correctly laid and that nothing interferes with their free discharge. As said before, unglazed round tiles, about three inches in diameter and, under certain conditions, jointed with loose collars, are most suitable for subdrains. The bottom of the tiles should be laid both to the proper grade and below the frost line, after which the tile trench is filled up to subgrade with clean gravel, small field stones, road metal, or broken bricks. The cross drains are also made of unglazed tiles, with the exception of their outlet sections, which should consist of vitrified culvert pipes. Regular branch pipes should connect the longitudinal and cross tiles. On level reaches the lateral roadway slopes for surface drainage should not be less than one in twenty-four, and side ditches should be provided, if necessary, as previously indicated. Finally, a rapid discharge of the side ditches, if required, through adjacent lands, is of the utmost importance to roadway preservation.—Gen. Roy Stone.

SHAKESPEARE ANSWERED.

"What's in a name?" There isn't much
But what the facts explode:
For instance, some call mud-holes such—
As shown above, a "road."
—Good Roads.

THEY GO TOGETHER.

Better Roads and Wider Tires Are Needed Everywhere.

Farmers have more reason to agitate for good roads than any other class, not even excepting bicyclers. Good roads to the former mean economy in reaching markets; often better markets, because they could be reached at the right time; advantages of social life in the winter and early spring; saving in time and in the wear and breakage of wheeled vehicles, and a general advance in all that pertains to a higher state of civilization.

Bicyclers are doing much to promote good roads. Now is the time for our farmers to make a positive move in cooperation with them.

One improvement must go along with that of better construction and drainage of the roads. The wheels of all vehicles should have wider tires. In France the width of tire is from three to ten inches, with the bulk of four-wheelers six inches. In Germany every wagon for heavy loads must have at least a four-inch tire; Austria requires a tire of 4½ inches wide; Switzerland requires all draft wagons to have a six-inch tire. If we were to build good roads our wagons, as now constructed, would speedily destroy them. They are road-destroyers as certainly as if built for the purpose. Go on and build the roads, and begin at once to reform the wagon wheels.—Western Rural.

Hogs on a Dairy Farm.

The Indiana Farmer says: "A gentleman who grows and fattens 75 to 100 hogs in connection with his creamery, says that in this way he utilizes all the product, except the butter, and makes the business pay him largely. He never has any hog cholera, for he keeps everything clean in connection with his pig feeding, and the milk with bran and meal makes a succulent ration that keeps the pigs very free from feverish conditions, and therefore very healthy. The milk and buttermilk with the bran, meal, etc., makes them grow rapidly, and at eight months he has 175-pound pigs to put on the market. He says by combining the two branches of business he finds it very profitable."

Feeding Pea Meal to Hogs.

Pea-meal is rich in protein, which, when peas are fed to hogs, goes to build up the muscles or red meat. The peas should be ground with oats or corn, using two parts of the former to three of the latter for pigs and shoats, and one part peas and four of corn-meal for older animals. To build up the lean meat of the hog to give strong bones, shorts should be fed. Bran, mixed with corn-meal, shorts or some other similar feed, will prove excellent for breeding or stock hogs, but it is too coarse and chaff-like for use in large quantities in hog feeding.—Dakota Field and Farm.

The milking should never be hurried, but the milk be drawn steadily and as it flows.

YOUNG AT FIFTY.

How a Methodist Minister Carries His Years.

Rev. William Young, of Oswego, Tells a Reporter His Secret of Good Health—Will Surely Benefit Everyone Who Follows His Advice.

From the Times, Oswego, N. Y.

Probably no man is better known or more highly respected in Oswego, N. Y., than Rev. William Young, of the Methodist Church. Mr. Young has not a Conference appointment, but holds a responsible position with the Oswego City Savings Bank, where he has been a trusty employe for the past twenty years.

In the spring of 1894 Mr. Young looked as if his time on earth was limited and that he would be laid at rest with the great majority before snow covered the ground. But, instead of failing as was predicted, he soon gained a more healthy look and appeared stronger. As the months went by this improvement continued, until now he is as rugged and apparently as healthy as a young man of thirty, although his gray locks denote a more advanced age. A *Times* reporter, determined to find out what had made this great, and it might be said phenomenal change, called upon Mr. Young at the bank and put the question direct and received the following reply:

"In truth I am a changed man, and I owe my present good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In the spring of 1894 I was all run down and commenced to think that my time had come. I had to be prescribed for by physicians, and although I received temporary relief, the same old trouble came back again and I was worse than before. I had no strength or appetite, and physically I was in a miserable condition. After my work I would go home, but the general lassitude which hung over me left me without any ambition, and when I would go to the table to eat, my appetite failed me and I would have to leave without taking hardly any nourishment. My kidneys were also badly affected, and I was in utter despair. One day, here at the bank, I happened to pick up one of the local papers, and my eye fell on an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The advertisement gave a description of a man who, afflicted as I then was, had been cured by using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was not a believer in that kind of doctoring, but concluded as a last resort to try a box of the pills, making up my mind that if they did not help me I certainly would not be injured any. Going to a drug store, I purchased a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and commenced taking them according to directions. Very soon after I began to feel better and I saw I had made no mistake in trying the pills, and before the first box was emptied I felt so much improved that I immediately purchased another. I had taken seven boxes of the pills, and at the end of last summer I felt I was entirely cured and discontinued their use, but always keep a box handy if occasion requires. I am now entirely cured. The lassitude has left me, my kidneys are all right and my appetite—well, you should see me at the table. I am a new man again, and instead of feeling like a man of fifty, which is my age, I feel like a youngster of twenty, and I give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the full credit for this great change. I have recommended these pills to several of my neighbors and acquaintances who have been relieved of their complaints."

William Young, being duly sworn, deposes and says he is the gentleman referred to in the above interview, and it is true in every respect. WILLIAM YOUNG.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of May, 1895.

BERNARD GALLAGHER, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

MAY INVALIDATE THE WILL.

Litigation Likely Over Disposition of Baron Hirsch's Millions.

A flaw has been discovered in the will of Baron de Hirsch which may seriously affect the fortune of his adopted daughter Lucienne, the illegitimate child of his only son, Lucien, who died before him. The baron decided that his will should be probated according to Austrian law, laying particular stress upon the fact that he was, above everything else, an Austrian citizen. Now, according to the Austrian code, an adopted child, when the adoption has been put into legal form, has identically the same rights as a child of the testator born in wedlock. Under these circumstances, Lucienne, who is now 15 years of age, has a right not merely to the $1,000,000 which the baron bequeathed to her, but to one-half of his entire fortune, the remaining half going to his wife. According to legal experts this law suffices to invalidate the entire will and to annul all special bequests, leaving the whole fortune of $150,000,000 to be divided in two equal parts between the young girl and the widow.

The New Woman in Pacific Islands.

The new woman is to be found even among the natives of the South Pacific islands, judging from the experiences of Rarotongo, in the Cook group. Since the men on the island have been drinking too much bush beer—made from oranges and bananas—the women have taken the law into their own hands, have organized themselves into a police corps and give the men no chance to indulge in their favorite beverage. The men then appealed to the president—who comes from New Zealand—but that official refused to interfere and the struggle continues.

How to Utilize Old Carpets.

A good floor covering may be made from an old Brussels carpet. Nail it loosely wrong side up on an attic floor, and paint with a thick coat of linseed oil and burnt umber. Let it dry thoroughly, and then cover with a coat of good varnish. When it has stood for a week or more, it can be scrubbed or washed like any oilcloth. Tack it closely where it is to be used, for it need not be taken up for many years. As the paint and varnish wear off, renew them, and thus it will last four times as long as common oilcloth.—N. Y. Ledger.

California Petroleum.

A company has been incorporated at Fresno, Cal., for the development of the great oil fields at Coalinga and marketing the product. The capital is $2,000,000.

—The queen of England receives from the civil list £60,000 a year, or $300,000, as salary, and there are extensive provisions made for house room, provisions and servants. Besides this the queen is enormously rich, her private income being one of the handsomest of any royal or noble family in Europe.

BY THE FUNNY MEN.

"What a heap of style Jimmie Watson's wife throws on." "Oh, yes; Jimmie started a bicycle repair shop last week."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Gobang—"It seems to me that garment is too large for the baby." Mrs. Gobang—"But you must remember that it will shrink from washing." Gobang—"So does the baby."—Yonkers Statesman.

Judge—"What is the ground for complaint in this divorce case?" Counsel—"Please, your honor, the main plea will be incompatibility of temper in regard to the merits of their respective bicycles.—N. Y. Evening Telegram.

"I should think it would irritate you, Dr. Pounder, to see members of your congregation falling asleep during your sermon." "Not at all, madam," replied the preacher; "on the contrary, it delights me. Sleep is a sign of an easy conscience. Those who can sleep do not need sermons."—Harper's Bazar.

NATURE cannot be surprised in undress. Beauty breaks in everywhere.—Emerson.

OF knowledge there is no satiety.—Bacon.

WORDS of love are works of love.—W. R. Alger.

THE man who will not look ahead, will have to stay behind.—Ram's Horn.

THE virtue of justice consists in moderation, as regulated by wisdom.—Aristotle.

HUMANITY is the equity of the heart.—Confucius.

THE man works hard who spends his time looking for an easy place.—Ram's Horn.

THEY ride on a wheel that was built for two
When out for a century run,
But when he is calling, they use, it is true,
A chair that was built for one.
—Chicago Evening Post.

A DANGEROUS TEXT.—"Well, Uncle Rasbury, how did you like the sermon?" "Pow'ful sermon, Marse John." "Where did the preacher take his text?" "From dat potion oh de Scripture whar de Postol Paul pints his pistol to de Feslons."—Washington Times.

"THE truth," hissed the ossified man between his chronically set teeth, "is not in him!" "O, I think it is," soothingly cooed the hearded lady. "Yet in such case it is quite likely to be stretched a little." Any old reader ought to be able to guess that it was the India rubber man of whom they spake.—Indianapolis Journal.

THE most profound joy has more of gravity than of joy in it.—Montaigne.

LAUGHTER may not improperly be called the chorus of conversation.—Steele.

YOUNG DOCTOR—"Do you have much difficulty in making your patients do what you want them to do?" Old Doctor—"Yes; particularly when I send in my bills."—Philadelphia Press.

"WELL," said Snaggs, "I think many dogs have more sense than their masters." "Yes," chimed in Craggs. "I have a dog like that myself." (And yet he couldn't make out why they laughed.)—Tid-Bits.

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But if you want the easiest, quickest, most economical way of washing and cleaning—then you'll have to use **Pearline.** There's nothing else, among things absolutely safe to wash with, that can be compared to it. 513

STOP! You have run up against a Good Thing.

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BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1896.

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET

For President of the United States,

WILLIAM McKINLEY,

OF OHIO.

For Vice President of the United States,

GARRET A. HOBART,

OF NEW JERSEY.

THE nomination of Bryan was a fitting climax to a convention whose every act was without precedent, and whose policy was one of folly and ruin.

ANARCHIST ALTGELD leaps into the air, claps his heels together, wipes his inwardly bulging brow with a blooded handkerchief and remarks: "Even our enemies have been forced to acknowledge the wonderful order, the inspiring majesty of the convention." Comparison being the basis of all judgment, we are compelled to admit the anarchist's assertion. No murder was done, not a pistol was drawn, and beside the Haymarket bomb demonstration the convention was absolutely tame. Intoxication doesn't count in Chicago.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

The Keynote of the Campaign.

Never was an utterance more timely than Maj. McKinley's speech to the Cleveland Foraker Club on Saturday. It struck the keynote of the campaign and will go ringing through the land. The Republican standard bearer takes his post at the fore front of the battle and the sound money hosts will rally around the flag.

All fear that the real issue of the times would be avoided or belittled now disappears.

It is not a question of tariff schedules, but "it is a struggle to preserve the financial honor of the government of the United States." Against this new assault of the Democratic party on the public welfare McKinley plants himself in an uncompromising opposition. He says:

"Having destroyed business and confidence by a free trade policy, it is now proposed to make things still worse by entering upon an era of depreciated currency. Not content with the inauguration of the ruinous policy which has brought down the wages of the laborer and the price of farm products, its advocates now offer a new policy, which will diminish the value of the money in which wages and products are paid. Against both of these we stand opposed. Our creed embraces an honest dollar, an untarnished credit, adequate revenues for the uses of the government, protection to labor and industry, preservation of the home market and reciprocity which will extend our foreign markets."

That is the line on which the battle will be joined and fought out from now until election day, and on that issue the Republican party will win the most glorious victory in all its grand history.

The Snarl of Impotency.

The position of sound-money Democrats as party men, would be pitiable if relief were not easily accessible within the Republican stronghold. Its most reputable organ in New York however, *The Times*, intimates that it would be better to die for the party name than to live for principle, when it says: "To abandon the Democratic organization; to put the state and nation at the mercy of the party that is wont to seek and hold power by indirect bribery, pensions and protection; to establish a dynasty of unopposed Republicanism, would be an evil second only in its dimensions to the enthronement of free silver." The exhibition of such temper will greatly mitigate the sympathy which might be expressed for the present plight of a once worthy political foe. "Bribery, pensions and protection" are not the issues involved in the campaign. The one dominant issue is honest money, and the Democrat who seeks a way out of his dilemma by attempting to dodge this question, or by neglecting to exercise the highest privilege of citizenship, proclaims that a party name is more precious to him than a vital principle of honor. There is no danger of the establishment of any unopposed dynasty in this country; on the contrary, there is every probability that the most important outcome of this campaign will be to increase independent thought and action, and that in the future something more than a party tag will be necessary to secure public indorsement of men and measures.

Free Silver Mexico.

The Rev. F. E. Clark, D. D., president of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, has just completed a tour of 2,500 miles in Mexico, and he has written for *The Independent* an article giving his impressions of the result of that country's free silver policy. He writes "not as a partisan of silver or gold, but simply as a traveler who has kept his eyes open." He has had to keep his purse open, too, for he had to purchase supplies and accommodations at free silver prices.

"The Mexican cart-wheel dollar" says he, "melts away into a surprising fashion when it comes to buying what the Americans call the necessaries of life. For instance when the colored porter of the Pullman buffet car brings you the bill of fare it almost takes your breath away to see the prices charged for the various comestibles. For instance, two boiled eggs cost 30 cents, while 3 may be had for the moderate sum of 40 cents. Bread and butter is 20 cents, a cup of tea or coffee costs the same price, while a sandwich may be had for no less. * * * Desiring a light lunch one day in the city of Mexico, I bought a small package of sweet biscuit, about half a pound in all, which might have cost 15 cents in America; and was surprised that my bill amounted to 87 cents."

Are the wages of Mexicans twice those of American workmen to compensate for these inflated prices? Nay. Hear Dr. Clark: "The silver of prosperous Mexico, has not as yet found its way to any great extent to the pockets of the poor people. Wages are evidently on the highest sort of a gold basis. A number of my friends told me that they pay their cooks about $5 a month. In the country districts an able-bodied man earns $6 (Mexican a month ($3 American) and his board; while a fair days wages in city or country for a laboring man is 50 cents Mexican. Nowhere are beggars more numerous or squalor and wretchedness more in evidence than in prosperous Mexico."

Mexico is par excellence the free silver country of the world. It is held up by the advocates of free silver as a bright and shining light of what the "silver tonic" will do for a country when freely injected into its veins. Are the people of the United States ready to permit their country to be Mexicanized?

Just A Few Samples.

Among the Democratic and Independent newspapers which have announced that could not support the Chicago platform or nominees are the following fifty-eight dailies:

Austin, Texas,—Statesman,
Boston, Mass.—Globe, Herald.
Baltimore, Md.—Sun, News.
Buffalo, N. Y.—Courier, Inquirer.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Eagle.
Bennington, Vt.—Reformer.
Chicago—Chronicle, Staats Zeitung.
Dallas, Texas,—News.
Davenport, Iowa.—Democrat.
Dayton, O.—Times.
Detroit, Mich.—Free Press.
Elizabeth, N. J.—Herald.
Fitchburg, Mass.—Mail.
Galveston, Texas.—News.
Holyoke, Mass,—Free Press.
Hartford, Conn.—Times.
Key West, Fla.—Equator Democrat.
Lansing, Mich.—Journal.
Louisville, Ky. — Courier-Journal, Anzeiger, Post.
Lewiston, Me.—Sun.
Lowell, Mass—Times.
La Crosse, Wis.—Chronicle.
Manchester, N. H.—Union.
Machias, Me—Union.
Memphis, Tenn.—Scimitar.
Minneapolis, Minn.—Times.
Mobile, Ala.—Register.
New York City.—Sun, Times, World, Herald, Evening Post, Staats Zeitung, Irish-American.
New Haven, Conn.—Register.
Philadelphia, Pa. — Record, Times.
Providence, R. I.—Journal.
Petersburg, Va.—Index-Appeal,
Richmond, Va.—Times.
Salem, Mass.—News.
Sioux Falls, S. D.—Argus, Leader.
Sioux City, Iowa.—Tribune.
St. Paul, Minn.—Globe.
St. Louis, Mo.—Arbiter des Westens.
Springfield, Mass.—Republican.
Syracuse, N. Y.—Courier.
Trenton, N. J.—Times.
Utica, N. Y.—Observer.
Washington, D. C.—Post.
Yonkers, N. Y.—Gazette.
Zanesville, O.—German Post.

As the *Commercial-Tribune* remarks:

"Impressive as is this list, containing, as it does newspapers of national reputation from Texas, to New Hampshire, and from Minnesota to New York, it is but the beginning of a far greater list, which will include every Democratic newspaper in the United States which appreciates the true situation, and which seeks to maintain intact the foundations upon which are built our strength and our prosperity."

Deceitful Education.

There was a time not long ago when the hundreds of farm journals published throughout the country were devoted to matters connected with grain growing, stock raising, cotton planting, sheep breeding, hog fattening, poultry keeping and similar branches of our great agricultural industries. But since the free silver craze has been pushed to the front by the glib tongued prophets of prosperity though cheap and trashy currency many of these journals have become the organs of the men who farm the farmers for political purposes, and are filled with the cunning fallacies and misrepresentations of the 16 to 1 schemers.

Prominent among the papers, which ignorantly or intentionally are doing the work of the silver bullionaires of the Rocky mountains *Farm, Field, and Fireside* of Chicago. That journal in a recent issue devotes nearly five pages to the silver question, and tries to persuade its farmer readers that free coinage will make them richer. How it will do this the editor does not explain. He simply says it will, and expects his readers to swallow what he tells them.

The reliability of the statements of this particular paper can be judged from its assertion that the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1 would not mean silver monometallism, but would give us a bimetallic standard. The claim of the sound money advocates that free coinage would put the country on a silver basis is characterized as a lie and an insult to the intelligence of every producer in the land.

Let us see. Instead of wasting time in dispute over what may be the result of free coinage of silver, it is only necessary to look at all the countries which now have that system in full operation. What do we find? Simply this, that every country in the world which has free and unlimited coinage of silver at a fixed ratio as *Farm, Field and Fireside* wants for the United States is on a silver basis, and has no gold in circulation. This is one great fact against which yards of cheap money editorials or gales of 16 to 1 oratory can make no impression. No free silver country in the world, though some of them have four times as many people as there are in the United States, is able to maintain a bimetallic standard. Silver, and silver alone, is the standard of value and basis for currency. This is not goldbug theory or money shark teaching. It is pure, unadulterated truth.

Farm Field and Fireside says that "Silver monometallism would be almost as bad as gold monometallism." It would be a great deal worse, but it is important to note that while pretending to condemn the policy which must inevitably lead to the silver basis, that paper admits the unpopularity of silver monometallism. Its farmer readers should insist on being told why the results of free coinage would not be the same in this country as in all the other nations of the earth which have tried it.

History's Repetition.

History is about to set before the American people another of those dramatic self-repetitions which are at once the puzzle and the triumph of philosophy and statesmanship.

In 1876—just twenty years ago—the National credit was wickedly assailed by the Democratic party in a peremptory demand for the repeal of the Resumption act, which progressive statesmen had placed upon the statute books. The Republican party resisted the demand and went before the people on a platform which pledged it to the prompt and permanent resumption of special payments.

The Democracy stood as it stands to-day, for a policy of financial betrayal and dishonor, while the Republican party stood then, as it does to-day, for the complete fulfillment of our national obligations, for an honest currency equal to the best in the world, and for the protection of the public credit as the most sacred trust of American citizenship.

The reflex of that great contest for American honesty and American manhood appears in the political conditions of to-day. The party which attempted to defeat the restoration of specie payments is at the front this year with a platform which means a debasement of our currency and a repudiation of our obligations as a Nation. Against its desperate and wicked designs, like a wall of adamant, stands the party that redeemed the greenbacks, protected the National credit and gave the American dollar an honorable reputation throughout the world.

Both parties still hold their ancient ground, one of honor, the other of dishonor, and the humiliating defeat of the latter will complete the historic parallel of 1876.

The Chicago Convention.

It is almost impossible to say which feeling is uppermost in considering the Chicago convention—amazement or humiliation.

There is intense amazement that even in 70,000,000 free, educated and generally sensible people there should be such an array of malignants, charlatans and noisy, notorious incompetents. It is amazing that, in the face of the distress that the counsels of these have already brought upon the country, they should have the impudence to come again to the front anywhere.

There is an equally intense humiliation that these should have been able to seize control of the machinery of one of the great political parties, drive out all its more sensible, respectable and conservative members, foist upon the party as its platform a tissue of monstrous falsehoods and aggregious fallacies, and nominate for President a man against whom the good sense, the truth, the honesty and the fair dealing of the country revolt.

The spirit and tone of the gathering which assumed to represent the Democracy of the United States the utterances of the men who controlled it, the platform adopted and the candidate nominated are utterly repugnant to all true American thought and tradition.

One of the leaders in the convention was the notorious Tillman, of South Carolina, who proclaimed with bravado that he was "from the home of Secession," and gloried in it. He was still for secession when things did not go exactly to suit him. Think of the wicked audacity of such a boastful proclamation, before a national gathering in the year of our Lord, 1896.

One of the ruling spirits was the equally notorious Gov. Altgeld, pardoner of Anarchist murders, apologist for and defender of mob violence, idol of the Johann Most brand of Red Anarchists and bomb-throwers, and one of the most potent allies of the wicked Debs insurrection.

Another ruling spirit was Senator Isham G. Harris, head of the infamous cabal which dragged Tennessee out of the Union, against the strong protests of a majority of the voters of the States, and then subjected the loyal people of the State to as bloody a persecution as any in the history of the Inquision.

These were the leaders, and entirely typical of their followers, and of the dominant complexion of the Convention.

Everywhere and all the time—in the committee rooms and on the floor—every step and act of the Convention was dictated, directed, and taken by either maligent, unrepentant rebels, or pernicious, blatant Northern demagogs.

The better part of the Democratic party was ignored, overridden, insulted and finally virtually driven out.

Where the platform is not vapid and bombastic, it is vicious. Its positive declarations are for measures which would bring infamy and dishonor to the country, violate every pledge and obligation of National, State, and municipal Governments, destroy public and private credit, precipitate universal bankruptcy, and inevitably produce the most appalling distress. The country is now suffering from the effect of a partical success of such measures as these. All the misery of the last three years would be aggravated a hundredfold by their complete domination. The Free Silver declaration is a tissue of vicious falsehoods and misrepresentations, which cannot help producing incalculably more ruin and distress than followed the partial success of the Free Trade heresy.

The old States Rights heresy is revived in a most dangerous form, in the denial of the right of the General Government to protect the lives and property of the citizen of the whole country, when they are attacked with the connivance of a bad State Government. The Supreme Court is traduced, and its decisions denounced.

The veterans of the country receive a passing allusion, which, in view of all the facts, is more insulting than absolute silence would have been.

The nominee for President is a cheap, noisy young man, who has achieved no success in several walks of life that he has tried, and whose sole qualifications are that he has a good voice and a talent for manufacturing and uttering phrases. He has successfully tried law at which he could not make a living; journalism, in which he is a failure, and politics, where his constituents rejected him, after trial, by a sweeping majority.

It is not surprising that, in view of all these things, the leading Democratic papers throughout the country have solemnly announced that a crisis has come again like that of 1860, when it is the duty of all good citizens, without respect to party to present a common front to the enemies of the country's honor and prosperity, that partisan distinction should be forgotten in the face of this peril, and that to vote for Maj. Wm. McKinley has been raised from a party preference to a patriotic duty.

This is the light in which it is going to be veiwed by millions of genuinely patriotic Americans, who will rebuke the Chicago demostration by the largest majority ever given against a Presidential candidate in the history of the country.

THE

New BUCKEYE

FOR 1896.

The Simplest, Best and Lightest Running Binder on Earth.

ISN'T IT A BEAUTY?

Examine our composition adjustable bearings and other valuable improvements for 1896. It beats the World.

From the Golden Harvest Fields of the Sunny South, where grain cutting is now progressing, come Songs of Praise for this Wonderful Machine.

The genius of man has never produced its equal,
Its perfect working Bundle Carrier is admired by all.
No weight on horses' necks—no side draft—open end, and it will handle the longest or shortest grain successfully.
See its high drive wheel which insures light draft.
Be sure and examine this machine before you buy. If there is no agent in your locality, correspond with us direct.

COMPETITORS ARE FLEEING BEFORE THE MAJESTIC MARCH OF THE NEW BUCKEYE.

HEAR WHAT PENNSYLVANIA FARMERS SAY,

The field selected was rye 7 feet tall, very heavy and green. The machine was drawn by an ordinary team, and never made a skip or missed a sheaf.

We the undersigned here, this 27th day of May, 1896, witnessed the working of the New Buckeye Binder, cutting rye on the farm of Dr. G. A. Knight at Lamertine, Clarion county, Pa. We consider its work first-class in every respect, and the Machine very light draft.

Some expressions from those present—"Isn't she a daisy." "I tell you that's the lightest running binder I ever saw." "She handles that rye elegant." "Don't it make a spendid sheaf." "Say that bundle carrier beats them all." "That pair of horses could handle that machine all day." "Did you ever see a binder with such little machinery." "Not a particle of weight on the horses' necks, it's perfectly balanced." "It beats anything I ever saw."

E. B. Sheffer, I. Kneppenberger, H. McGinnis, W. L. Long, D. M. Helo, Lynn Campbell, Joe Sheffer, Irvin McGinnis, H. C. Sheffer, Joe S. Shirey, Leroy Kurtz, Chas. Say, J. J. Kline, L. M. Cochran, Frank Kline, P. Wingard, Jno. William, Aaron Conner, C. K. Sheffer, G. H. Wenner, F. W. Berlin, M. B. Shannon, F. B. Shannon, Jr., J. M. Kurtz, J. G. Hecter.

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ORIGINAL, GENUINE AND ONLY. MADE BY

AULTMAN, MILLER & CO.,

AKRON, OHIO.

FOR SALE BY

JONAS ✣ FRAZEE,

SELBYSPORT, MD.

BRYAN AND SEWALL.

Five Ballots are Required to Nominate a Man for Vice President.

CHICAGO, July 12.—The repudiation ticket is complete. Having gone West for a candidate for the Presidency in the person of William J. Bryan, of Nebraska, the silver majority went East to find a man for second honors, and fixed on Arthur Sewall, the millionaire ship owner of Maine and the representative from that State in the national Democratic committee. When the convention met yesterday the sound money men were mostly conspicuous by their absence and the free coinage delegates had it all their own way. The audience was small and so was the enthusiasm.

After the nominating speeches had been made it was whispered about that Bryan wanted Sewall for a running mate, but whether it was because of the downeaster's money or his silver sentiments no one seems to know. The fifth roll call resulted as follows:

Sewall, 568; McLean, 32; Harrity, 11; Williams, 9; Clarke, 22; Pattison, 1; Daniel, 36. Not voting, 251.

The vote was made unanimous amid some cheering, but there was not much of a demonstration. Resolutions were adopted empowering the national committee to fix the time and place for holding the next national convention, and to choose for its chairman and members of the executive committee persons not members of the national committee. Resolutions thanking the presiding officers, Daniel, White and Richardson, and the people of Chicago for their hospitality were passed without dispute.

Arthur Sewall, nominated for Vice President, is a Maine shipbuilder, who is less known in any public capacity, if possible, than Bryan. The candidate for the first place, George Fred Williams, the free coinage dude delegate from Massachusetts, was complimented with a few votes on each of the five ballots. But his colleague who placed him in nomination destroyed his chances by by declaring that he had no private fortune to place at the service of his party for campaign purposes. But for the sturdy sense of Altgeld, Bland would have been nominated on the second ballot and the ticket made as sectional as Tillman had already declared the issue to be.

ADDS NO STRENGTH TO THE TICKET.

The final selection of Sewall, however, while avoiding the sectional criticism, adds very little strength to the ticket, for he is from a section and State hopelessly Republican. Both the ticket and the platform have fallen very flat in the Democratic business circles of this city. From the Board of Trade down to the retail shop-keepers, the general sentiment is in favor of defeating the Democratic nominee, either by voting directly for McKinley, or by putting up another Democratic ticket on a sound money platform, which course will depend upon the result of future conference between the sound money delegates who declined to participate in the nomination of candidates at Chicago, and their constituents.

They have gone home with more than a bad taste in their open mouths. They are indignant at their treatment by the free coinage majority, and thoroughly convinced that the Populistic heresy, which was swept over the West and South must be resisted at every step if there is to be any stable business prosperity in the future. Of the necessity of a campaign of defense against financial dishonesty and repudiation they are entirely agreed. They have gone home to consult as to the most effective method of defense against a ruinous financial policy.

Talk about the calling of a sound money Democratic Convention to put a Presidential ticket in the field is still rather vague. A step has been taken by the Illinois sound-money Democrats, whose voice in State organization has been ruthlessly repressed by Governor Altgeld which may, however, produce some practical results. A conference was held last night under the auspices of the new "Honest Money" Democratic State Central Committee, of which C. A. Ewing, of Decatur, Ill., is chairman. Twelve members of the committee and representatives from several other States were present and took part in the discussion, which was led by Comptroller Eckels, Franklin MacVeagh and Thomas A. Moran. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, By the sound money Democrats of Illinois that we are in favor of the calling of a National Convention of the Democratic party of the United States for the purpose of nominating Democrats for the offices of President and Vice President of the United States upon a Democratic platform, and to that end we invite the advice and co-operation of sound money Democrats of other States of the Union.

"Resolved, That the chairman of the sound money organization of Illinois be directed to appoint a committee to prepare an address to the Democrats of the United States, stating the grounds and reasons for putting a National Democratic ticket in the field."

Six of the gold faction delegates from Texas, who failed to get seats in the National Convention, indorsed the Illinois declaration.

The Teachers' Convention.

The Maryland State Teachers' convention began its annual session on Tuesday at the Deer Park hotel. The first meeting of the session was held Tuesday night when prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Arthur Evans, of Cumberland. The musical program was directed by Prof. Charles Rabold, of Cumberland, assisted by Mrs. J. W. Averitt and Miss Shepherd, also of Cumberland.

Mr. G. S. Hamill of Oakland, welcomed the association in an address, in which he spoke forcibly of the importance of the teachers calling the need for better compensation and the necessity of support by parents in sympathy and encouragement. He declared himself in favor of larger appropriations for schools and compulsory education. His excellency Governor Lowndes, also added a most cordial welcome to teachers and friends of the association.

Mr. M. Bates Stephens, secretary and examiner of public schools for Caroline county, made the response to the address of welcome, in the course of which he discussed the public school system, advocated "compulsory education" and urged the re-election of Professor Prettyman by the State board of education.

President Charles F. Raddatz, professor of German in the Baltimore City College, made the annual address. Among other topics of live educational interests, Mr. Raddatz dwelt especially upon the value of modern languages in the high schools of our State. He quoted largely from eminent pedagogical and educational authorities to show that a study of the modern languages would not only afford the student most salutary mental discipline and opportunity for broader culture, but be of the greatest practical utility to him in life.

Yesterday's session of the convention was devoted to business. A lengthy discussion on the merits of the free school book law consumed much of the time and many points in the arguments were well taken.

The State board of Education, which is composed of Gov. Lowndes, Jos. M. Cushing, Zadoc P. Wharton, Rev. J. C. Nicholson and Prof. Zachariah C. Ebaugh, held a meeting yesterday afternoon and among other things re-elected Prof. E. B. Prettyman secretary of the board and principal of the State Normal. Prof. Prettyman has held this office for a number of years and in all that time has devoted all his energies to the work. No better appointment could have been made.

Gov. Lowndes, ex-Congressman Sidney E. Mudd and Dr. Tuck, of Annapolis, who were also present during the day, left on train No. 46 yesterday afternoon. They were escorted to the train by the teachers and the governor given three rousing cheers. He was called upon for a speech and responded. Then Mr. Mudd and Dr. Tuck in turn made short addresses.

The night session last night was principally devoted to a musical entertainment.

The convention is still in session but will adjourn to-night.

Garrett county was well represented at all the meetings and her teachers compare very favorably with those from other sections of the state.

Good Roads.

Deputy Secretary Hamilton of the State department of agriculture, in recent efforts to meet the clamor for good roads in this State, has sent a letter to the different county commissioners in the State in order to secure the names of the various supervisors of roads in their respective townships. He was for a long time supervisor of roads in College township, Center county, and has demonstrated that roads can be put in first class condition without extra tax levy other than that already assessed. He claims a road seventy feet wide can be macadamized to a depth of six inches at cost of not less than $500 per mile. He has the co-operative sympathy of the most prominent agriculturists in the state in this movement. The Chautauqua at Eglesmere during August have set a day apart for the discussion of the the good road question, and important legislation is promised from the next assembly for the betterment of Pennsylvania's roads. More than one-half the commissioners addressed by Secretary Hamilton have promptly responded.—Star-Indedendent, Harrisburg, Pa.

Do you know that we carry a nice line of jewelry?

BEE HIVE STORE.

EUROPEAN LETTER.

Our Special Correspondent Writes From the Land of the Dons.

CORDOVA, SPAIN, June 7, 1896.

Some one has said that dancing is to Spain, that music is to Italy. Young and old, fat and thin, they all dance whenever occasion presents itself. On days of fiesta the clicking of castanets and the pattering of feet are heard everywhere. Children who can hardly walk dance by instinct. The gypsy dancers are justly noted for their grace and abandon, and the popular cafes chantants might be more appropriately named cafes dansants. But not only is it the general form of amusement; the Spaniards have followed the example of the ancient Greeks and Jews, introducing it in their religious ceremonies. We were fortunate enough to witness one of these celebrations in the cathedral here. Of the cathedral itself an Italian writer of note says: "It was so grand that I never speak of it without unconsciously assuming the tone and manner of Salvini in Samson." I am sorry to say we could not share his enthusiasm. An earthquake some years ago so injured it that the interior is disfigured with scaffolding; and those who see it now remember less the lofty arches and the dark beauty of Murillo's cherubs, than the rough beams and ladders that break every vista. As the scene of the religious dance, however it was something never to be forgotten.

The church was dark—it was twilight, and only one chapel was illuminated. A crowd of kneeling women filled the aisles. A few priests stood around the altar, and before it were two rows of boys about ten or twelve years of age, dressed in the Spanish costumes of the middle ages, with tights and plumed hats. The music of violins broke the profound silence, and the rows of boys began to advance and retreat, to mingle and bow, in a sort of contradance. Presently, without pausing in their slow, graceful movements, they sang a low, harmonious chant. The sound of the little voices in the great vault, the sight of their movements, the quaint costume, the kneeling throng, the surrounding gloom, produced an impression as reverential as that of prayer.

The story is told that one of the former Archbishops of Seville, who should have evidently been born in Puritanical days, objected to the dance as profane, and ordered that it be discontinued. This aroused such opposition not only from the authorities of the cathedral but among the inhabitants of Seville, that the question was referred to the Pope. The latter expressed his inability to judge without having seen the dance; accordingly the entire troop of choir boys was conveyed to Rome and the performance given but to pacify the inexorable Archbishop, he decreed that the dance should continue only until the clothes the boys then had on should be worn out. That was equally satisfactory to the astute authorties of the cathedral. The costumes were used only on special occasions, once or twice a year; they were carefully watched, and when an article became threadbare it was replaced at once. So that although the decree is still binding until the present day the costumes have never been entirely worn out, and probably never will be.

In every city, in every town, in the fields and on the trains we see soldiers. The whole country seems to be in the army. Even boys are being drilled everywhere. The soldiers, however, have less of the military bearing than any we have seen in Europe. Very different are they even in dress and manner, from the trim red coated English we saw at Gibralter. We had an opportunity one afternoon while there to see a crack regiment of Highlanders drill and fine looking fellows they were, in their spotless white coats and gaiters, and their plaid kilts that stood out like the skirts of a ballet dancer when they wheeled. Here in Spain the soldiers appear dejected and weary—even when on dress parade; and the music to which they march, instead of being cheered and inspiring, has the minor note that is characteristic of Spanish songs. However appropriate this quality may be in a serenade, anything less martial can hardly be imagined. The soldiers may well think it a funeral dirge.

A Campaign of Education.

"Henry!"

"Yes, your excellency?"

"In a campaign of education, Henry, men of letters are naturally prominent."

"Yes, sire."

"Of course, I allude more particularly to letters of acceptance."

"Ha, ha!"

"Then, Henry, books are important factors in a campaign of education."

"Books, sire?"

"Yes, Henry; check books."

Big stock of vehicles at Naylor's.

The Smith Family are Wanted.

A foreign demand has arisen to know the whereabouts of the Smith family in the United States. An advertiser in the *New York Herald* who gives his address as 19 Rue St. Peres, Paris, wants the address of the Smith family in America, and he has added the word "Urgent" to his advertisement. He does not say that the man who discovers the whereabouts of the Smith family and reports it will be suitably rewarded, neither does he say that the Smiths will hear of something to their advantage by addressing him. He merely says: "The Smith family living in the United States is requested to send present address." Then follows the advertiser's address and the injunction to haste, "Urgent!"

What can this Frenchmen want of the Smiths? Has he information of an unclaimed estate, left by the original Smith, and which is worth 'steen millions of dollars? What designs has he on the Smiths, anyhow, and what business is it of his what the present address of the Smith family in the United States is? The thing looks suspicious. He may have designs on the family. This suspicion is confirmed by the advertiser's silence as to his object. This being the case we hope no attention will be paid to this Frenchman until he makes it clear that he has only the good of the Smiths at heart. Until he does this we hope that persons who happen to know the present whereabouts of the Smith family in the United States will keep the secret locked up in their own breasts.

A Grantsville Castle.

A castle of the Knights and Ladies of the Mystic Castle will be instituted at Grantsville by Deputy Supreme Organizer O. S. Cary, of Pittsburg, Pa., this (Thursday) evening, July 9. The castle will start with twenty charter members selected from the leading citizens of that community, and no doubt increase rapidly in membership in the near future.

Members of this order from elsewhere visiting Grantsville on business, or to buy the products of this excellent farming country, will do well to call on some of the members of the order, who will always be glad to meet members from other castles; and always remember, Bro. Jonas Gnagey keeps the Farmers Hotel, and will be glad to meet and entertain members of the order.

This is the only secret society ever started in Grantsville, which seems strange from the fact that Grantsville is an old town in the center of a wealthy and populous farming community.—Lonaconing Star.

Last summer one of our grand children was sick with a severe bowel trouble. Our doctor's remedies had failed, then we tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, which gave very speedy relief. We regard it as the best medicine ever put on the market for bowel complaints.—Mrs. E. G. Gregory, Frederickstown, Mo. This certainly is the best medicine ever put on the market for dysentary, summer complaint, colic and cholera infantum in children. It never fails to give prompt relief when used in reasonable time and the plain printed directions are followed. Many mothers have expressed their sincere gratitude for the cures it has effected. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

For Sale or Rent.

A very desirable property in Oakland, being the late residence of Henry J. Mayers. Also for sale the Oakland Woolen Mills property. Said property may be obtained cheap and on easy terms. Apply to J. C. Renninger, attorney, Oakland.

Appointment of Election Officers.

OFFICE OF
BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF ELECTIONS
FOR GARRETT COUNTY.
OAKLAND, MD., July 13, 1896.

At a meeting of the Board of Supervisors of Elections held on the 25th day of June, 1896, the following Officers of Registration and Judges of Election were appointed to serve for one year:

District No. 1—J. L. Fitzwater, near Swanton, Republican; Alex. Fairall, Swanton, Democrat.

District No. 2—W. M. Lowdermilk, Selbysport, Republican; W. W. Schlossnagle, Friendsville, Democrat.

District No. 3—Jonas E. Gnagey, Grantsville, Republican; J. Clarence Getty, Grantsville, Democrat.

District No. 4—Floyd Duckworth, near Bloomington, Republican; Patrick Fitzwilliams, Democrat.

District No. 5—Joshua W. Daniels, Cove, Republican; Gustav Garlinger, Accident, Democrat.

District No. 6—Wm. Callis, Johnstown, Republican; Geo. A. Miller, Democrat.

District No. 7, 1st precinct—Chas A. Ashby, Loch Lynn Heights, Republican; John W. Hart, Oakland, Democrat.

District No. 7, 2nd precinct—Robert C. Townshend, Oakland, Republican; Edmund Jamison, Oakland, Democrat.

District No. 8—Joseph Conneway, Wilson, Republican; Jas. W. Mason, near Sunnyside, Democrat.

District No. 9—Bradford Blocher, Republican; Samuel Johnson, Democrat.

District No. 10—J. T. Moon, Deer Park, Republican; Wm. Spiker, Deer Park, Democrat.

District No. 11—Elias Merrill, Republican, Peter A. Michael, Democrat.

District No. 12—Jonas Bittinger, Bittinger, Republican; Gustavus Stanton, Democrat.

A. G. STURGISS, President.
J. ALVIN FRIEND, Secretary.

12—2

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—	Daily	2.46 A. M
No. 3—	Daily	7.07 A. M
No. 71—	Accom daily except Sun	8.30 A. M
No. 47—	Daily	10.49 A. M
No. 55—	Express, daily	6.22 P. M
No. 15—	Accommodation daily	6.45 P. M
No. 1—	Daily	10.06 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—	Daily	5.50 A. M
No. 2—	Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 14—	Accommodation daily	9.03 A. M
No. 72—	Accom daily except Sun	4.26 P. M
No. 46—	Daily	5.02 P. M
No. 4—	Daily	12.20 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F SCHROEDER, Agent.

WHY SHOULD YOU SEND YOUR CHILD
—TO—

BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

1st. He (or she) can be prepared for college; he can study book-keeping, shorthand, typewriting, etc., and be fitted for business; he can begin his course in medicine or pharmacy under a teacher who has made the subject of chemistry a specialty.

2nd. It is a home school (co-educational and for a limited number) and is conducted with all the loving, cure-taking ministrations for individual development that the name implies.

3rd. Students require the most bracing, nerve-building climate, and here they have it. Among the recreations are skating, boating, tennis, bowling.

4th. English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish German, Musical and Art courses. Bible study and high ethical teaching will fit him for a noble Christian career.

E. B. SWAN, Principal.
18-1yr. Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., M

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL

ROOFING.

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REPIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In effect May 21, 1896.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS	NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1		No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
2 30*	8 00† lv	Cumberland ar	*12 00	*7 30
2 57	8 31	Rawlings	11 29	6 58
3 10	8 56	Keyser	11 01	6 36
3 33	9 09	Westernport	10 51	6 23
3 36	9 12	W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	6 20
4 01	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5 55
4 25	10 00	Harrison	10 00	*5 33
5 10	10 45* ar	Elk Garden	8 55	*3 20
5 00	10 35† lv	Gorman	9 21	5 00
5 06	10 41	Bayard	9 15	4 54
5 17	10 52	Dobbin	9 04	4 41
5 50	11 23	Thomas	8 31	4 05
6 25	11 55 ar	Davis	8 00	3 25
5 53	11 27 lv	Coketon	8 31	4 02
6 19	11 51	Hendricks	7 59	3 30
6 25	11 57	Bretz	7 54	3 25
6 28	12 00	Parsons	7 51	3 22
7 09	12 39	Kerens	7 28	2 47
7 30*	1 00† ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	*2 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 35
				P. M.
	2 55* ar	Beallington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager.
G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

FARMS! HOMES!

IN VIRGINIA, THE CAROLINAS and GEORGIA

SURROUNDED BY

SUNSHINE AND HEALTH, FACTORY and MILL SITES,

WITH

Abundance of Water Power.
Convenient to Many Markets.

Best Fruit and Agricultural Lands
IN THE UNITED STATES.

$3 to $10 per Acre

Peculiarly adapted to raising Early Fruits, Early Vegetables, Grains, Tobacco, Cotton, Grasses, etc.

LOCATED ALONG THE GREAT

Seaboard Air Line,

The Great Through Freight and Passenger Route to and from the South and Southwest.

FREE! A 48-Page Illustrated Pamphlet, with large Map, describing in detail the choicest, most productive, healthiest and most progressive section of the "New South," with much other valuable information of great assistance to those looking for a home site, factory or mill site, farm or safe and sure investment in the coming section of the country, will be sent to any address on receipt of two cents to pay postage. Address

GEO. L. RHODES,
General Agent Seaboard Air Line
Portsmouth, Va.

TRUSTEES' SALE

—OF VALUABLE—

REAL ESTATE

IN GARRETT COUNTY.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in them by a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county sitting in Equity, and passed in a cause therein pending wherein David F. Kuykendall and others are complainants, and Althea M. Devecmon and others are defendants the same being No. 762 Equity on the docket of said Court, the undersigned will on

Saturday, July 18th, 1896,

at 10½ o'clock a. m., in front of the post office in the town of Oakland, offer at public sale all the right, title and interest of all the parties to the said Equity cause in and to all the following described real estate to-wit:

All those tracts of land lying on the National Turnpike about four miles east of Grantsville, in Garrett county, Maryland, containing

1238 ACRES OF LAND,

more or less, and particularly described in a deed from William Combs and wife and Zadock W. Kalbaugh and wife to Isaac Combs, dated November 27, 1858, and recorded in Liber H. R. No. 29, folio 422, of the Land Records in Allegany county, it being known as the

"Stone House Farm"

of which the late John S. Combs died seized and possessed.

Said farm is fully described in the exhibits filed in said Equity cause. It is improved by a

Large Stone Dwelling House,

commodious barn and all the outbuildings in good repair.

Terms: Cash on day of sale or upon the ratification thereof.

BENJ. A. RICHMOND,
D. J. BLACKISTON,
W. C. DEVECMON,
Trustees.

16-4t.

THE G. E. PEARCE DRUG CO.,

OF FROSTBURG, MD.

We have probably the largest stock of goods in the drug line in Western Maryland.

P. D. & CO. and S. and D. pharmaceutical preparations always in stock, supplied to physicians at jobbers' prices.

OUR LINE OF

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES AND WINDOW GLASS

IS LARGE AND COMPLETE.

We sell and guarantee LUCAS TINTED GLOSS PAINT at $1.25 per gallon.

9-2m

THE Maryland Building and Loan Association

of Garrett County.

OFFICERS:

ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney.
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencies.

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock:

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.

EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ¼ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
T. R. CARSKADON,
29—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLANL, : GARRETT CO., MD.

CUBAN GIRLS AT WORK.

They Are Helping the Cause of Cuba Libre in Florida.

Hundreds of pretty little Cuban senoritas in this country by the toil of their hands are playing no inconsiderable part in carrying on the war for the freedom of their native land. There is not a Cuban colony of a dozen households in this republic, whether in the great cities or in the towns and villages along the south Atlantic and gulf states, but there is to be found a club or society formed of girls of Cuban parentage for the purpose of raising funds for the cause of Cuba.

Down along the Florida coast there are large settlements of Cubans. In Pensacola, Tampa and Key West the population is largely made up of settlers who came to this country from the island with the increasing growth of the cigar business. Hundreds of large cigar factories have been built in these cities within the past few years, and each of these employs from 100 to 500 cigar makers, all of whom are Cubans. In this way there has been a rush of Cuban immigration to the cities of Florida on the gulf coast, the wages being good and the conditions of life far more favorable there than in Cuba, with the ills of Spanish rule complained of for the past few years.

In Tampa so great is the percentage of Cuban population that the signs over the stores for the most part are presented alike in the English and Spanish languages. The Cubans in these cities are an intelligent class and make good citizens. They are represented in the city councils and hold higher offices of public trust. They have their schools and colleges, and their children are growing up with fair advantages for enlightenment and culture along with the American youth of modern times.

The girls are average types of the genuine senorita to be found on the island, in facial outlines and dress, never having lost their fondness for the pretty laces and mantillas worn in Cuba since they came to live among American girls, with their modern American dress. They are well educated, as a rule, and some of them have talents and accomplishments that many an American girl may well envy. Of the talents common to them, music is chief. Scarce, indeed, are they who cannot sing with charming sweetness of tone, or play with that characteristic soul-soothing touch the piano, mandolin and guitar. The senorita who isn't graceful with her tiny feet is rare. Nearly all of them can do clever turns of the terpsichorean art involving castanets and that peculiar measure of time that characterizes Cuban and Spanish music.

It is with these talents and those accomplishments that the Cuban senoritas of the colony in America have gone about their work of raising funds for the wounded soldiers on the island now clouded with war. They have organized clubs and societies everywhere, and these organizations give occasional entertainments or bazars, to which the public is invited. An admission fee is charged, and there are all sorts of pretty little bits of lace work and embroidery, pin cushions, glove cases, etc., within for sale. The money paid for them goes to the fund for the insurgents.—Tampa Cor. Philadelphia Times.

A Wonderful Memory.

In speaking of wonderful cases of memory the writer in a recent magazine article says: "The wonderful performances of Paul Morphy, the genius of the chessboard, have been cited as feats of memory. He would play eight games simultaneously, blind-folded, remembering his own moves and those of his opponents, and the positions of the pieces on each of the boards. Not only this, but if all or part of the games dragged out to a great length and were adjourned from one day to the next, he resumed them with unfailing memory of the situation on each board. This, however, was not an exercise of memory pure and simple, but rather an association of ideas or a concentration of thought on certain 'plans of campaign' on the factors entering therein, and on details of action which had logical relation and sequence. Nevertheless, it was a phenomenal intellectual effort."—St. Louis Republic.

Won a King's Bride.

German papers tell an interesting story regarding the young king of Servia's recent vain trip in search of a bride. His majesty had taken it into his head that he would like to marry Princess Maria, daughter of the king of Greece. The Servian minister in Athens proposed the marriage to the Greek rulers, and received an evasive answer. The minister was encouraged, however, and telegraphed the king to proceed to Athens. The young Grand Duke Alexander Michaelovitch, however, had long been in love with Princess Maria, and when he learned of the projects of the Servian monarch he pressed his suit so hard that when the young king arrived in Athens the engagement with the Russian had already been announced. The unhappy diplomat will suffer for his blunder, and has already been recalled from his place.—Detroit Free Press.

Siberian Railway Stations.

There are to be about 200 railway stations distributed over the new Siberian railway. The rolling stock will comprise 2,000 locomotives, 3,000 passenger cars, and 36,000 goods wagons. The passenger traffic will be almost exclusively confined to third or fourth classes and the tariff will be very low. The work in connection with this great undertaking is being pushed on with much energy, and is expected to be completed in six years.—Chicago Chronicle.

—Altamont is the highest recorded point in Maryland, 2,650 feet.

PROPHECY.

Upon his wooden hobby horse
He galloped to the fray,
The sunlight in his ruffled curls,
His laughter ringing gay.
And she who watched that reckless ride
Across the nursery floor,
And smiled upon the paper hat
And the wooden sword he wore—
Yet saw, through mist or sudden tears,
A vision strange and new—
Her little lad a soldier grown,
The prophecy come true!

Years after, when the play was real,
And through the crowded square
Brave men to battle marched away
Amid the trumpets' blare,
One watched with all a mother's pride
Their captain strong and tall;
Yet as she looked with loving eyes,
The pageant faded all!
She only saw a fair-haired child
Who galloped to the war
Upon his wooden hobby horse,
Across the nursery floor!

—Florence May Alt, in Good Housekeeping.

MYSTERY OF THE WHARF.

The office and warehouse of Schmidt & Co., shipping merchants, at the Dutch settlement of Batavia, was at the end of a long wharf projecting into the harbor. On one side of the wharf the water was 25 feet deep, and there was room for two ships to unload or discharge cargo. On the other side there was a rocky roof eight feet below the surface, which could not be blasted out without great expense, and no craft ever came in on that side unless it was a coaster. The wharf was 5 feet wide, but the long warehouse, which stood in the center of it, was only 30 feet wide, thus leaving an open space about it. The office was at the sea end of the warehouse. Below the warehouse and reached by a rude stairway was a platform about ten feet square, which was placed there for the convenience of employes who wanted to take a bath. When the tide was in this platform was a foot under water; when the tide was out it was three or four feet above the surface.

For a year and a half, beginning with 1867, a large number of the 30 men employed in office and warehouse had made use of this platform, and there had not been an accident of any sort. In the summer of 1869, at four o'clock in the afternoon, two clerks in the office descended for a swim. They dived from the platform together when ready, but one of them never came to the surface. When the alarm was given his body was dragged for, but could not be found. It was generally believed that a shark had entered the open slip and seized him while he was under water, and for several weeks there was no more bathing.

The second victim was the captain of a brig consigned to the firm. One day while she was discharging cargo the captain heard the story of the mysterious disappearance. He laughed at the idea of a man-eating shark coming into the slip and contended that the clerk had struck his head against a rock in diving and been so badly hurt that he died by drowning. To prove that the spot was safe he leaped from the platform and swam about for a quarter of an hour. This was Saturday evening. On Sunday afternoon he tried it again, having one of the clerks as companion.

For the first five minutes all went well. Then, as the captain climbed upon the platform and dived by himself he remained so long under water that his companions raised an alarm. When several minutes had passed and he did not reappear hope was abandoned and drags were at once procured and the body searched for. Close in by the mouth of the slip, where there was a deep hole in the rock, the grapnels brought up fragments of the bathing trunk worn by the unfortunate captain, but the body could not be raised. Native divers were offered as high as $100 to go down and investigate, but not a man would undertake it. Sentinels were posted to secure the body when it should rise, but nothing was ever seen of it.

For a long time Batavia enjoyed what was termed "The Wharf Mystery." There were various theories as to what had occurred to disable the two victims, and as to why their bodies could not be recovered, but the whole matter was finally forgotten except by the people on the wharf, and for several months there was no more bathing from the platform. There was from the slip on the other side, however, whenever it was free of craft. The water was deep and clear and of an evening there were a dozen men and boys swimming about and enjoying themselves. Not one of them met with any sort of adventure, and in time the employes of the office and warehouse began to make use of the platform again.

For a time nothing happened. One morning the chief clerk, whose name was Henry Littlefield, arrived a few minutes earlier than usual and announced to the porter that he was going down on the platform for a bath. The porter saw him descend with soap and towels, and heard him splashing about for a time. Half an hour passed away, and as Littlefield did not return the porter went down to look for him and failed to find him. It was high tide and his clothing was hanging on a hook out of reach of the water, but as for the man himself he had disappeared as mysteriously as the other two. The alarm was given and the drags brought out, but nothing was grappled.

A diver was found to go down in his armor, and he made an exhaustive search of the slip and the deep hole. He made just one find and nothing could be proved by that. From the bottom of the hole he brought out a human skull which was as clean as a billiard ball and had evidently been in the water for a long time. It was finally identified by the teeth as the skull of the first victim of this strange mystery, but the identification did not prove by what means the clerk came to his death. Watchmen were employed night and day, boats were stationed here and there, but Littlefield's body did not rise to the surface. A reward of $2,000 was offered for the recovery of the body, and later a reward of $1,000 was offered to anyone who could solve the mystery. After two or three months the fate of the last victim passed from the public mind, and by order of Schmidt & Co. no one was permitted to make further use of the platform under the office.

In the year 1874 I was mate of a sandalwood trader visiting the islands in the Java sea, and when fully loaded we sailed for Batavia to offer our cargo to Schmidt & Co. We had no difficulty in making a sale, and our craft, drawing less than seven feet of water, was hauled into the shallow slip to discharge cargo. We entered the slip of a Saturday afternoon and were not to begin discharging cargo until Monday morning. Our crew consisted of six men. The three seamen and cook were Lascars. Sunday morning about ten o'clock the captain and I left the craft to take a stroll through the city. Scarcely had we left the wharf when the cook and seamen disrobed and plunged into the waters of the slip for a swim.

After awhile they started on a race out into the harbor, but as they passed over the deep hole at the mouth of the slip the cook suddenly disappeared. The two seamen on the vessel and three or four loungers on the wharf all agreed that something suddenly flashed out of the water, curled around the cook's neck, and drew his head under water just as he was crying out in terror. That "something black" was about the size of an inch rope, very flexible, and it was moved with great swiftness. The man was pulled down so quickly that no one could be sure that he saw what he saw. We spent the entire afternoon dragging the slip and rowing about the harbor, but as in the three other cases no trace of the body was found.

One day while we were waiting for the excitement to calm down, and while strolling about the wharf, a puff of wind blew my hat into the slip. The tide was coming in just then and nearly at high water, and the hat was carried under the wharf and lodged against the platform. To recover it I went down the long disused stairway. There was at least ten inches of water over the platform, and the hat had caught on a splinter at the corner nearest the deep hole. I splashed through the water and bent over to grab for my headgear. Just as my fingers seized it something darted out of the water and whipped around my shoulders. Close at hand was a spile, with two braces from the platform secured to it.

As I instinctively started up I was drawn into the crotch made by these braces and threw out my hands and got a firm hold. I cried out in alarm as I was drawn forward, but I had no idea of what was happening. My first thought was that the platform had given way under my feet. It was a matter of 15 seconds before a second something darted from the water and fell across my shoulders. I saw it as it came, and instantly realized that it was one of the tentacles of a large octopus. I now screamed for help, and as I called out a third tentacle shot forward and struck me at the bend of the knees. My cries raised an instant alarm on the wharf. Inside of five minutes a dozen men, mostly sailors, were down on the stairs and platform and ready to render assistance.

The clothing I had on consisted of a woolen shirt and a pair of trousers of rather heavy cloth. Owing to this the air cups of the tentacles did not strike my bare flesh, nor could they get a firm grip. While the first one darted at me held me tight to the braces, the two others played around and over me like whiplashes. As the men came running down and saw what nature of creature had attacked me, they hesitated for a moment to approach. Then three sailors sprang forward with drawn knives and began to cut and slash. As they did so a fourth and fifth tentacle darted out of the water and lashed them, and two more men came forward with sharp hatchets.

From the time the first man reached me to the end of the battle was a period of ten minutes, and every minute was hard work. Every one of the five tentacles was severed time and again, but so fierce and determined was the octopus that he actually rose to the surface beside the platform and struck at the shifting feet of the men with his horrible beak. The lopping off of his arms disabled him, but he would have made his escape just the same if a man had not come down on the platform with a shotgun loaded with buckshot and fired the charge into his head.

As I clung to the braces one of the tentacles crossed my bare wrist, but that was the only spot where the flesh was touched. One of the suckers or aircups fastened to the flesh and had to be cut away bit by bit. The feeling was as if a hot iron had been laid on. While no blood was drawn a great blister appeared, and later on a sore, and it was quite three months before the injury was entirely healed. When the fight was over I was too weak to stand, and it was two or three days before I got my nerve back.

That was how "The Mystery of the Wharf" was finally solved, though the people who had offered the reward did not come forward and hand it over. Had I stood a foot to right or left of the spile when seized I should have been pulled off the platform and dragged down into the deep hole to be leisurely devoured. The four men who lost their lives fell victims to the same creature. The octopus had come into the harbor unnoticed, and made his lair in the deep hole at the mouth of the slip. He may not have remained there all the time, but after his death a diver made a more careful search of the place and the bones were discovered and sent up.—Philadelphia Press.

—An order of precedence is the order in which individuals are entitled to precede or follow each other in state ceremonials or public occasions, when processions of the nobility are formed.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The greatest depth, writes Prof. Seeley in his "Story of the Earth," at which earthquakes are known to originate is about 30 miles. It has also been calculated that a heat sufficient to melt granite might occur at about the same depth.

—In the new Siberian railway, which Russia is pushing with the utmost vigor through that part of her domain, there will be about 200 railway stations. The rolling stock will comprise 2,000 locomotives, 3,000 passenger traffic cars and 36,000 wagons.

—It is claimed that paper-pulp water pipes have been tried in London with success. Besides being durable and inexpensive, they are free from the usual corroding influences affecting metal pipes, and, moreover, are free from the electrolytic effects of the electric current employed in street railway systems.

—An aluminum quadrant has been devised to measure the actinic power of the Roentgen rays. The aluminum is arranged in concentric layers ranging from one to ten millimetres in thickness. Measurements are taken by holding the quadrant between an excited Crookes tube and a phosphorescent screen, or a sensitized plate.

—A large establishment in New Jersey, employing 3,000 hands, has started a big restaurant near its mills, which offers its operatives food at nearly cost price, and of good quality. Heretofore the "help" have been supplied with dinner by private caterers, some of whom are worn out operatives trying to make a living in declining years. The corporation, selling at its prices, drives them out of business.

—Observers of tornadoes in this country agree that a peculiar greenish appearance of a portion of the sky invariably precedes the worst of the storm by 15 minutes or more. It was noticed in St. Louis in the north and west for more than an hour before the storm broke. One theory is that the greenish tint comes from an enormous mass of water held back from precipitation by a confusion of air currents.

—The agricultural returns for Great Britain for the year 1895 were recently issued from the board of agriculture. The shrinkage of land under the plow, which has long been notable in Great Britain, has not only continued, but has been accentuated by the unpropitious character of the autumn seed time of 1894 and early spring of 1895. More than 510,000 acres less wheat were grown, and 57,000 acres less appear under the minor grain crops, rye and peas.

TWO EXISTENCES.

How Double Consciousness Appeared After a Case of Meningitis.

At a recent meeting of the Clinical society a distinguished suburban practitioner, whose name is withheld, showed a girl, 12 years of age, who exhibited in the most complete and inhibitable form the condition known as "dual existence," or "double consciousness."

Last year, after a severe illness, which was diagnosed to be meningitis, she became subject to temporary attacks of unconsciousness, on awakening from which she appeared in an entirely different character. In her normal condition she could read and write and speak fluently and with comparative correctness. In the altered mental condition following the attack she loses all memory of ordinary events, though she can recall things that have taken place during previous attacks. So complete is this alteration of memory that at first she was unable to remember even her own name, or to identify herself or her parents. By patient training in the abnormal condition, she has been enabled to give things their name, though she still preserves a baby fashion of pronouncing.

She sometimes remains in the abnormal condition for days together, and the change to her real self takes place suddenly, without exciting surprise or dismay, and she forthwith resumes possession of her memory for events of her ordinary life, to the exclusion of those which have transpired during the abnormal state. During the last month or so she appears to have entered on a new phase, for, after a mental blank of a fortnight's duration, she awakened completely oblivious of all that has happened since June 1895, and she alludes to events which took place just anterior to that date as though they were of quite recent occurrence; in fact, she is living mentally in July, 1895.

These cases, though rare, are, of course, not infrequently met with, and they have been carefully studied, especially in France. The hypothesis that finds most favor is that the two halves of the brain do not work in unison; in other words, that there has been some interference with the connections which in the ordinary normal being made of a wonderfully composite organ like the brain one organic whole. Sometimes one part of the brain and sometimes the other takes possession of the field of physical activity, and, as each part works to the exclusion of the other, we get the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde transformations. —Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Joan of Arc's Height.

The exact height of Joan of Arc has been learned in a curious way. Recently the famous suit of armor presented to the maid by Charles VII. has been discovered in the galleries of a chateau in Aisne, where the marquis of Conval, a celebrated collector, placed it years ago. The suit, which would exactly fit a girl of five feet four inches, is thought to be the one Joan wore at her triumphal entry into Rheims.—Detroit Free Press.

A Scotch Custom.

In the highland districts of Scotland the custom held for many years of placing on the breast of the corpse a wooden platter, on which was separately placed salt and earth—earth being emblematical of the corruptibility of the body and salt as emblematical of the immortality of the spirit.—Albany Argus.

THE BICYCLE REVOLUTION.

Some of the Changes the Wheel Is Bringing About.

The present generation is witnessing a quiet social revolution which, like all such revolutions, is affecting many interests in an unexpected manner. By putting mankind and womankind on wheels and converting the labor of locomotion into enjoyment, the bicycle has materially altered the habits, occupations, diversions and business relations of millions of people. That it is benefiting the race seems to be beyond question. According to an eminent physician: "Thousands upon thousands of men and women who, till within a few years, never got any outdoor exercise at all, are now devoting half their time to healthy recreation, are strengthening and developing their bodies, and are not only reaping benefit themselves, but are preparing the way for future generations which will be born of healthy parents. We are no longer to be the victims of dyspepsia and rheumatism, but will correct indiscretions of diet and exposure by timely spins. Our limbs, no longer exiguous or preternaturally fat, are to be padded with firm, well-tempered muscle, and the quickened circulation of the blood, induced by daily exercise, will show itself in improved complexions and better spirits. Formerly it required an iron will to sustain the city man or woman in taking the exercise required to keep all the functions of the body in healthy play. Even a well man could hardly make up his mind to come daily to the scratch with his dumb-bells or walk the prescribed number of miles; it was disagreeable, and the more the exercise was needed the less was one disposed to take it. With the bicycle the case is wholly different. The rider enjoys his ride and is every day eager to renew it. He is happier in mind while astride his swift steed. His heart expands, and social life is widened by the sense of comradeship that is developed among wheelmen."

There are, however, drawbacks which are felt in various lines of business. The disposition of everybody to save up money to buy wheels is responsible for decreasing sales in many quarters. The bicycle manufacturers are coining money, but others are pinched. The confectioner complains that the young man no longer brings his best girl to treat her to ice cream and soda water, but both are economizing. His candy and chewing gum are "a drug." Even after each has purchased a wheel their former visits are few and far between, as they spend their leisure careering throughout the park. Jewelers find that parents give their children wheels instead of watches, rings, bracelets, etc. Smokers cannot smoke well while riding, and this hits the tobacconist. The consumption of cigars has decreased by 600,000,000 a year. Similarly the saloonkeeper suffers from the fact that the cyclist needs a clear head. It was but a few days ago that a husband, charged by his wife with being drunk and violent, established his innocence to the satisfaction of the court by proving merely that at the time of the alleged drunkenness he had just returned from a long ride. The hours formerly wasted in hanging around barrooms and billiard "parlors" are now better spent in a "sweater." The theaters complain that they are ruined by diminished attendance, the last season being the poorest for years. The cause is the bike, for what with saving money to buy and riding it when bought, young people have no time or inclination for sedentary amusements. So prevalent has the habit of riding on Sunday become in Chicago that theaters which formerly made money on that day have had to close. The churches, unfortunately, suffer to like extent.

The tailors and hatters allege that so many young men nowadays spend half their time in cheap bike suits and caps that their other outfits last them twice as long. The cheap bicycle shoe also tells against the better grades of footwear. It is the shoemaker's complaint, in fact, that fewer shoes are worn out now than formerly, because the bicyclist never goes afoot when he can ride. The livery stables and horse dealers tell much the same story. Their wares are in diminished demand. The bookseller says that people who ride don't read, as formerly, to kill time. The drug stores suffer equally, because riders are seldom sick and physicians are out of luck. There are gainers, but they have little to say. Besides the bicycle manufacturer, the butchers and market men are making more money, and the old-fashioned wayside inns obtain increased custom. Improved digestion causes a livelier demand for all farmers and middlemen. Since the bicycle craze has become general many new factories have been established. Vast fortunes have been amassed by selling first at $150, and more recently at $100, wheels which cost but $30 to make. The competition is already telling upon the price, and for many makes "inside figures" are lower than the published ones. Lower prices are accordingly to be expected in the near future, and a good wheel for $50 is not improbable. When it is realized the use of the wheel, already of vast extent, will doubtless be largely increased, but there will be a chance at last for the baker and the tailor and the boot and shoemaker, and all the other trades now suffering from the craze, to get a whack at the shekels that are squandered on high-priced machines.—Baltimore Sun.

—In England the ivy is considered an emblem of fidelity. In all parts of Great Britain the ivy grows with a luxuriance unknown in most other quarters of the world, and the tenaciousness with which its tendrils cling to rocks and walls is supposed to have originated the idea of the symbol.

—When chickens dress their feathers expressing oil from their oil bags with their bills and distributing it over the plumage, rain is almost certain within a few hours.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate.

Deceived.—"Why did Constance refuse young De Riche?" He deceived her. He told her he was worth a million, when in reality he is worth two millions."—Detroit Free Press.

Valuable Franchise Secured.

The franchise of easy digestion—one of the most valuable in the gift of medical science—can be secured by any person wise enough to use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, either to suppress growing dyspepsia, or to uproot it at maturity. Bilious, rheumatic and fever and ague sufferers, persons troubled with nervousness, and the constipated, should also secure the health franchise by the same means.

HANGREAVES—"I met Buffalo Bill when I was in Chicago the last time." Ferry—"He is about the only bill you ever met, isn't he?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. DR. KLINE, 931 Arch st. Phila., Pa.

"You nebber yet," said Uncle Eben, "could fin' er man so stingy dat he isn't willin' ter share his leafin' time wif somebody dat's really busy."—Washington Star.

I CAN recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. D. TOWNSEND, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, '94.

THE manner of a vulgar man has freedom without ease, and the manner of a gentleman has ease without freedom.—Chesterfield.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

HALF the misery of human life might be extinguished by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence and humanity.—Addison.

A MAN intimately acquainted with the nature of things has seldom occasion to be astonished.—Henry Home.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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To advertise our other wheels we will send you on payment of THREE DOLLARS, one of our model BICYCLES, rubber tires, for children. J. WILLIS & CO., 98 3rd Avenue, New York.

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TEMPERANCE.

BE CAREF UL OF YOUR COMPANY

A little song rings in my ear
And haunts me all day long,
And this, whichever way it runs,
The keynote of my song:
"Be careful of your company,"
The little song runs ever,
"The down once brushed from off the peach
Returns again, ah! never!"

Youth has such wondrous glowing dreams
Of futures filled with bliss.
They may come true, but ah! my dear,
It all depends on this:
Be careful of your company,
'Tis youthful days that mold you,
And habits formed in childhood, will
In manhood's years enfold you!

So, when you dream, as youth will dream,
And weave some wondrous plan,
Remember this, dear, that the boy
Is father to the man!
Be careful of your company,
Sin's chains are hard to sever,
Who touches pitch will be defiled,
The stain remains forever!

Shun doubtful places, evil things,
For folly leads to shame,
Saloons don't furnish presidents,
Nor cardrooms lead to fame!
"Be careful of your company,"
The little song runs ever,
"The down once brushed from off the peach
Returns again, ah! never!"
—Florence A. Jones, in Chicago Advance.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

Drank Not His Wife's Health But Her Sorrow.

Here is a story which might bring tears to the eyes of a brewer and remorse to his heart were it less iron-bound:

"Come in, Dan, and have a drink wid us," said one of the 'longshoremen, entering the door of a saloon in South street, to another standing on the sidewalk.

"No, Barney, I won't. Didn't I tell ye a dozen times I'm through wid it! Go on without me," answered Dan McCarthy, and he walked neross to the river front and stood pensively gazing into the water.

His friends, in the meantime, were asking one another what had come over Dan, who had been the very life of their drinking bouts—and fighting bouts, too—for when Dan was drunk he always wanted to fight, and as he was seldom sober he was almost always fighting. But a change had taken place, and Dan was invariably good-natured now and sober all the time, which they couldn't understand.

"LORD HA' MERCY ON ME!"

"He's got religion," said one. "I think Dan's sick," said another, but they laughed at this. "Maybe he wants to be a stevedore," ventured another, but he was told to "shut up" by a man who said he knew what was the matter.

"I'll tell yez, boys," he said. "I heard it from my wimmen folks, and it's true, too. Dan McCarthy's in love." And that was the secret of Dan's reformation.

He had always been a devil-may-care sort of a fellow, but he had met a young woman to whom he had taken such a fancy that he wanted to marry her right off. But she called him a "lush," which stung him, and he had promised never to touch another drop if she would "hitch up" with him.

The agreement was made and Dan switched off, and in spite of the jibes of his companions he kept his promise. Many an evening he took Mary, his sweetheart, down along the docks after the boys discovered what was the matter and pointed out the places where he had gambled away his earnings and the various vessels he had helped to unload. And Mary was interested, for was he not her Dan, and didn't she love him?

The wedding day arrived, and after the ceremony the boys all gathered to celebrate in proper fashion. The "duck" was kept on the move all the time, and the company grew hilarious. The newly-wedded couple were toasted.

"Now, Dan, join us this once, and drink your wife's health and your own," was shouted at McCarthy, but he shook his head, saying: "No, boys; like to, but Mary"—and he looked over at her, but she shook her head in dissent.

"Just one, Mary," he pleaded, and he filled his glass and drank it ere she could reply. Another and another followed, until Dan was getting full.

"I'll fill it again," said Dan, a couple of hours later, picking up the can and starting for the stairs. Mary was waiting for him on the landing and begged of him to drink no more.

"I won't take another drink, Mary," he promised. "Not a single one, s'help me, but I'll buy some for the boys," and he staggered down the stairs, singing as he went. He got the beer at the corner store and was returning, when he tripped on a stone and fell with terrible force, cutting a fearful gash in his head.

"Lord ha' mercy on me!" he moaned, as he felt a terrible pain at his heart. The blood from his poor head mingled with the spilled beer, and the cold northern blast froze his hand and the can in the mixture.

Up in Dan's house the fun went on, but they were dry and longing for his return with the fresh beer. One hour had passed and then another, so, thinking he might have got into a row in the saloon, they started out to look for him.

They found him, stiff and cold, his can by his side, his eyes wide open and staring into space. And then they knew what kept him, for he would never come again.

Poor Dan McCarthy! and yet his heartbroken widow does not know that she has escaped a life of horror and misery; the saloon and a sober Dan could never have existed together in this world.

One had to go, and it was not the saloon.—People's Tribune.

ALL TOBACCO SOPHISTICATED.

Treated with Sauces and Drugs to Suit the Tastes of Consumers.

All tobaccos are treated with sauces before being made up into their commercial form. By this means they are flavored in various ways, so as to adapt them to the tastes of consumers. The tastes of consumers vary in different localities, and to make his goods to suit is the business of the manufacturer. Each manufacturer has his own secret recipes, which are handed down from father to son. Tastes differ even among people of various occupations. Miners, for instance, want a very strong tobacco, with a scent and flavor which another class would not relish. Outdoor workers in general like stronger tobacco for smoking and chewing than indoor folks.

All tobaccos, in fact, are doctored. Sometimes it is done in an illegitimate way, for the purpose of deception. Ordinarily, however, it is honest and even necessary. One object of it is to make the tobacco keep better. Without such treatment it would become like so much dry leaves, the aromatic properties passing off. Niter is added to smoking tobacco in order to make it burn well. The leaves intended for chewing are steeped in licorice or other gum, in order that the plug shall have the requisite consistency and sweetness. Mucilaginous substances in small quantities are added to cigarette tobacco, so that the particles may hold together and not fall out of the paper wrapper. Some pipe tobaccos are heavily charged with perfumes by treating them with essential oils of rose, verbena, citronelle, bergamot, cassia, musk and catechu.

It is not true that cigarettes are commonly charged with opium and other injurious drugs. However, they are flavored with essences of various plants, such as vanilla, stramonium, coffee, valerian and tea. Occasionally a few tea leaves are mixed with the tobacco. These flavors are matters of fancy, and women particularly select their cigarettes with reference to them. Scarcely a plant that will yield an agreeable flavoring esenpes employment by the manufacturers of tobacco. Among those most used are the lemon, the orange, geranium, sassafras, thyme, anise, mint and cinnamon. Honey and maple sugar are utilized for sweetening. A decoction of hay is sometimes applied to smoking tobacco.

The basis of a "sauce" is nearly always some spirituous liquor—usually rum. Sometimes wine is used. Glycerine is a common ingredient. More or less molasses enters into the composition of much plug tobacco. The rum preserves the tobacco and adds to the flavor of the plug. The plug trade for the United States navy is large, and it is required by the government that the tobacco furnished in this shape for the use of its sailors shall contain no foreign substance except a limited percentage of licorice. Saltpeter is sometimes added to smoking tobacco to make it burn better. The tobacco leaves are dipped into the sauce or else sprinkled with it.—Bostou Transcript.

VARIOUS NOTES.

The landlord counts his cash after the last victim has staggered off to bed. —Attila, in Lever.

"The Declarntion of Independence was not born in a beer dive on Sunday afternoon—not by a long shot!"—Bob Hardette.

Why is it that a town, when giving a "write-up" of its industries, never boasts of the number of its saloons and the genial saloon keepers?—The Pilot.

Every drunkard's ragged little boy should be an unanswerable argument for prohibition. What a glad day it will be for many a miserable home when saloons are abolished.—Temperance Record.

At the 18th annual meeting of the City of London Total Abstainers' union it was stated that the practice of introducing temperance drinks among the young people employed in city warehouses was slowly spreading.

The saloon is the personification of selfishness, misery and eternal ruin. It stands only for selfishness, to the sacrifice of every other interest. It is Satan's great ally in crime.—Rev. J. A. Davis.

Reckoning Day Coming.

Does the man who makes his fellow drunken and sends him to his death expect always to escape punishment for the wicked deed? Just think of it! For the profit that is made upon a pint of whisky there are men who take the risk of sending their neighbors to hell! Man! The voice of thy brother's blood crieth out against thee from the ground! —Westerly Tribune.

A Home-Protection Policy.

A home-protected colony is to be started by Mr. Henri Menier, the French chocolate millionaire, who has just bought the island of Anticosti, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence for $150,000. The colonists will be asked to live under a prohibition liquor and game law, and will have the fullest liberty in every respect. Much interest centers about the experiment.

Apache Whisky.

The Apaches of southern Arizona make whisky from the sap of a small species of cactus. They cut out the hearts of the plants, resembling little cabbages, and in the cup-shaped receptacles left behind the sap accumulates. From this sap they distil the famous "mescal," which drives those who drink it to sheer madness.

RARE FLORIDA PALMS.

They Grow on the Keys and Are of Great Interest to Botanists.

Prof. A. H. Curtiss returned recently from his seventh cruise among the Florida keys, and reports a number of interesting botanical discoveries, including two additions to his list of Florida trees. It was his special object to study the palms peculiar to these coral islands, and in this he succeeded beyond his expectation, determining the range of each and securing the material that had been needed for their accurate identification and description.

There are three kinds of palms on the keys that can hardly be distinguished from one another at a little distance. They have fan-shaped leaves and stems seldom exceeding three inches in diameter, though sometimes attaining a height of nearly 40 fet. They furnish the inhabitants with "crawl poles" and materials for hats and baskets.

For the first time Prof. Curtiss succeeded in finding the grove of pseudo-Phoenix Sargentii, on Long Key. A few young trees of the remarkable palm were found by him on Elliott's Key in 1881, but were mistaken for young royal palms. Five years later he accompanied Prof. Sargent on a cruise in the steamer Laurel, and in exploring the same key Prof. Sargent was first to catch sight of a mature and well-fruited tree of the same palm, and the fruit was found to be wholly different from that of the royal or any other known palm. Drawings were made for Prof. Sargent's "Trees of North America," and material for study was sent to Wendlandt, the leading authority on palms, who found it to be both specifically and generically distinct from other known species.

This discovery led to the detection of quite a grove of the same palm on Long Key, which was then being converted into cocoanut plantations, and the owner ordered its preservation, which was most fortunate, as otherwise this remarkable tree might have been exterminated before being brought into cultivation.

Long Key is situated about 60 miles northwestward from Key West, and is of very irregular form, consisting of three arms or prongs, each about two miles long. Last summer Prof. Curtiss landed on the key with a diagram furnished him by Commodore Monroe, who had succeeded in finding the palms and also in successfully transplanting one of them to Cocoanut grove; but, varying a little from the right course, he failed to find anything besides cocoanuts and mangroves. Now that he has succeeded in reaching the palms, he finds that Commodore Monroe's instructions were pretty nearly correct, but not as simple as they might have been.

If one will land a few hundred yards east of the south point of Long Key, at a large black mangrove standing alone at the water's edge, and will then proceed directly inland across a narrow skirt of swamp, he will see, on emerging from the mangroves, the pseudo-Phoenix directly in front of him, and he will behold the rarest and most unique of North American trees, and one which as to beauty of fruitage is perhaps not excelled by any tree in the world. The trunk is short and thick, smooth and curiously variegated with alternate bands of brown and greenish gray. The crown of leaves resembles that of the date palm, and at its base are borne gorgeous clusters of red berries, many of them so large that a man could hardly encircle one with his arms. The berries are about as large as average grapes, and a large proportion of them are united in tows and threes. The fleshy covering of the nut is very bitter, the kernel almost as hard as ivory.

Prof. Curtiss secured enough of the fruit to fill two barrels, which he shipped from Planter, on Key Largo, to Prof. Sargent, who will doubtless distribute them to all botanical gardens and palm nurseries in the world. Thus the existence of the pseudo-Phoenix is likely to be prolonged indefinitely, independent of its existence in a wild state, which is evidently precarious.—Jacksonville Union.

Fond of Mutton.

Coyotes are not particular as to food, eating anything that comes in their way, but it is said that they have especial fondness for mutton. This leads them to play havoc among the sheep, where they are found in large flocks. A rancher in Oregon had a flock of 1,900 sheep, and, missing a large number, instituted a search. On the brink of a precipice he found three sheep with their throats marked with the teeth of a coyote. Making his way to the bottom of the canyon, he there found the bodies of 110 sheep, on which the coyotes had been feeding for a week or more. From other incidents of like character, it was concluded that a number of coyotes had gotten into the flock when the sheep were driven off their bedding ground by a storm, and had herded them to the brink of the precipice, much as a lot of sheep dogs would do. When the edge was reached the coyotes pressed the sheep so hard in the rear that those in front were pushed over, and then the coyotes feasted at their leisure.—Golden Days.

The Wonders of Iceland.

Iceland offers such exceptional advantages and opportunities to the sportsman, the tourist, the naturalist, the mountaineer and the seeker of health, that, in no distant future, it is destined to become the tourist field of Europe. The glaciers of Switzerland, the fjords, the salmon rivers and the midnight sun of Norway are all there, and, moreover, the volcanoes, grottoes and solfaturns of Italy, on a grander scale; the pure and clear atmosphere of Italy, the mineral springs of Germany, and the Geysers, or hot springs, of the Yellowstone park, are all found there. Nowhere has nature been so spendthrift in assembling wonderful phenomena on one spot.—Detroit Free Press.

REGROWTH OF FORESTS.

The Struggle of Nature to Repair the Outrages of Man.

At the present time the guard ranges of the Allegheny mountains, which extend into Monongahela county, W. Va., are covered with a mixed deciduous forest of second-growth trees. This is one of the best examples that have come under my personal observation of the natural power of forest reconstruction. During the early half of the present century this region, embracing several thousand acres lying across the north bank of the Cheat river, was the seat of an active iron-making industry. The mountains afforded a bog ore which was accessible and of great value. The mountain slopes were then heavily wooded, and as the iron industry became established a demand for charcoal was created, and to meet this demand the woods were harvested and converted into charcoal. This industry began about 1789, and was most active from 1822 to about 1852, and continued in a small way until in 1868. The largest proportion of the timber removed for charcoal purposes was cut during the most active period of the industry, and before the middle of the century.

As soon as the charcoal burning became unremunerative from the exhaustion of the timber supply and the substitution of coke for charcoal in the reduction of ore, these lands, which were too steep and rugged for profitable agriculture or grazing, were allowed again to fall into the hands of Mother Nature. It is true that fire has done much injury from time to time. But even with the adverse conditions of soil, exposure and frequent fires, there is to-day upon these mountains a forest of second-growth chestnut, poplar and oak, worth many times the value of the land at the time the iron furnaces closed—a convincing example that our forests will reproduce themselves. This we are told is all well enough for the moist mountain districts of the Alleghanies, but will not hold in the deforested areas of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. There is no ground for this argument, for when the forests were removed no rational system of reforestation was attempted. Even the protection of the area from fire has usually been neglected, and this alone will suffice to explain why the land stripped of its forest cover still remains bare. Natural reproductive powers have not been allowed an opportunity to assert themselves. Trees are not grown so long as fires are allowed to run periodically over the exploited tracts; what might take place, were they suppressed and prevented, is another question upon which some light is thrown in the following remarks by Mr. H. B. Ayres, of Carlton, Minn., on "Forest Fires:"

"Even men of intelligence and prominence in the lumber business have said: 'Why prevent fire? Pine will never come in again after the marketable timber is once cut.' This assertion needs the strongest possible denial; the men who make such an assertion deserve ridicule. They were looking for saw-logs, and could not have looked for much else, for loggers in cutting often leave on an acre a hundred thrifty and vigorous young pines from four to ten inches in diameter, and from 20 to 100 feet high after the log-timber is cut, and on pine-stump land that has escaped fire 3,000 of little pine seedlings may be seen springing up. In order to be able to refute such misstatements utterly I have here the minutes of the exact location where young pines in excellent condition for timber growing may be seen, and right by may be seen burnt land cut the same year that could not be put into a condition as promising for timber for less than $20 an acre. In fact, so favorable a soil, mulch and shade can hardly be made at once on burnt land at any price. Several such acres on (sections) 16, 56, 22 were staked off and the trees counted; on one from which 32,000 feet had been cut three years before were 32 thrifty sapling white pines, 8 to 11 inches in diameter, and 30 to 80 feet high; 10 poplar, 8 to 14 inches in diameter and 60 feet high; 1,600 poplar sprouts, one-half to one inch in diameter, and 5 to 12 feet high; a light underbrush of hazel and vine maple; and under all this were 1,267 little white pine seedlings two years old and 4 to 6 inches high. Another acre on the same section had 200 trees of white and Norway pine averaging 8 inches in diameter and 45 feet high. Are not these worth saving?"

This is a specific example of what may be expected from one of the families of trees which it is most difficult to perpetuate. Pines, as a rule, grow only from seeds. They cannot be managed under the coppice system, yet this single observation, carefully carried out and recorded, is sufficient to set the most skeptical to thinking.

In the deciduous forests which occupy the outlying ranges of the eastern mountain systems the problem is less difficult, as most of the desirable species reproduce themselves from the stump.

The history of this region clearly shows the influence of the rise and decline of the iron industry on the forest, the benefit of the substitution of coke for charcoal and the beneficial results in the way of reforestation when such lands are simply left to themselves and partially protected from fires.—Garden and Forest.

Not Always Free.

"Remember, my son," said the prudent father, "that politeness doesn't cost anything."

"Yes," was the reply, "I've heard that."

"You don't doubt it, do you?"

"Well, it certainly does cost me ten cents a week to get any politeness out of the waiters at our hotel."—Tit-Bits.

Cowed the Old Man.

Father (threateningly)—I've a great mind to thrash you.

Little Son—Take a fellow of yer size. Take ma!

(Father trembles at the thought, and sits down.)—N. Y. Weekly.

BICYCLE COSTUMES.

A Question Which Is of Special Interest to Women.

Bicycling is to be more the fashion than ever at the watering places, and at least two bicycle costumes must needs be provided for summer wear—one of serge, cheviot or covert cloth for cool days, and one of linen, Russian crash or other wiry material that looks like hair cloth, or perhaps white duck, for the hot weather. The skirts must not be too wide, for unnecessary fullness is not only annoying, as it blows back into the wheel if there is the slightest wind, but also is very ugly and ungraceful. The fullness must be quite at the back, and over the hips the skirt must fit closely. The flare must be around the bottom of the skirt only, and in the wash materials this is gained not only by the cut, but also by turning up a deep hem on the outside, and stitching it through with several rows of machine stitching. The short jackets, either with loose fronts or tight fitting like waists, opening at the neck with narrow revers, are the prettiest patterns after all. But the Eton jacket is the most useful on account of being so light that it can be carried on the handlebar if it is not desired to wear it. When the Eton jacket is used the back must be cut long enough to almost hide the belt of the skirt, and must be fitted in at the side seams so that it has a neat, trim look. The tailors prefer the double-faced cloth for their heavy costumes, as they contend that it is so much more pliable and hangs better. This cloth is always expensive and the handsome costumes made of it are rarely to be had under $50. This includes the waist or coat lined with silk. There is a great discussion as to whether light or dark cloth is better. The dark shows, of course, all dust, but somehow looks more becoming and less conspicuous, so that the choice is simply a matter of personal taste. In the linings there are some marvelous fabrics. One which looks like a covert cloth is only 15 cents a yard, makes up very well and launders well. A costume made of this material recently finished, only costs seven dollars, including all the findings. It was made by a cheap dressmaker, to be sure, who copied the model of one of the newest patterns. Bicycle skirts should never open in the back, but on either side of the front seams, and should button or hook over the side breadths. It is a little difficult to attain to this and have the front breadth fit without a wrinkle, but curving it out just a little around the waist in front will obviate the difficulty.

The white duck and the linen, of course, soil easily, but they look fresh and pretty, and are delightfully cool. In all the large establishments in New York there have been recently sales of readymade costumes of these materials at five dollars and even less. A short jacket and full-width skirt are the models. By taking out one breadth in the back an excellent shape for a bicycle skirt can be attained. The jackets are exactly right, because they are made in tailor effect with strapped seams, medium side seams and a capital cut generally. The inevitable shirt waist is a necessary addition to every bicycle costume, for it is very much cooler than any other garment.

What to wear under the skirt is quite a puzzle for warm weather, as tweed, serge or satin knickerbockers are altogether too heavy. Pongee silk and colored lawn are good; best of all, Lansdowne or gloria silk. This last is very wide, exceedingly cool and only costs a dollar a yard. Two yards will make bloomers or knickerbockers, and will be found both comfortable and durable. Even the canvas leggings seem warm in summer, and some women are trying to introduce the fashion of riding without any leggings, wearing instead plaid stockings. The objection has been urged so often to laced or buttoned boots, on account of the compression about the ankles, that few women care to wear them, but the latest styles in bicycle boots are of such thin, soft leather and so pliable that they are becoming more popular.—Harper's Bazar.

What Their Duties Were.

Such a thing couldn't happen to-day, nor five, ten, fifteen, nor even twenty years ago. It did, however, happen about 25 years back, and it was told at a luncheon this spring by a gray-haired matron. "I was then a young housewife," she said, "and, as with all housewives, both young and old, my main difficulty was servants. One morning, after much discouragement in many ways at the 'intelligent' office—so called by all servants—I at length selected two trim-looking negro girls and began to question them as to their capabilities. 'Can you cook? Can you wash? Can you scrub?' I asked, but to these, and all similar inquiries, I received a blank 'No.' 'Well,' said I, 'in final desperation, 'what can you do? You say that you have worked all your lives in a Virginia family—what did you work at?' The girls looked at me wonderingly. Then, with much dignity, the elder said: 'I used ter look fur Marse John's specs,' while the younger quickly added: 'An I used ter keep de flies off'n ole miss.'"—N. Y. Sun.

Cherry Meringue.

Make a rich pie crust, a third of an inch thick, and bake a light brown. Have your cherries stoned, and sweetened liberally and stewed in their own juice until quite thick. Pour into the pastry, and have ready the whites of three eggs beaten as stiff as possible with three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Spread this smoothly over the cherries and let the pie bake again until it is a light brown. Serve cold.—Good Housekeeping.

Astonished Her.

Mr. Toddles (proudly patting his gun)—I once shot a deer with this weapon.

Miss Swippish—Is it possible! Didn't you know it was loaded?—Cleveland Leader.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Clear View.—"Papa, what is posthumous fame?" "It is getting what you want after you have ceased to want it."—Chicago Record.

—Friend—"What did you find the most difficult thing when you wrote your first verses?" Poet—"To find some one who would let me read them to him."—Fliegende Blaetter.

—"De only trouble 'bout er man's being good-natured all de time," said Uncle Eben, "is dat he's li'ble ter git sorter easy and satisfied wif 'imself, same ez he is wif ev'body else."—Washington Star.

—Mamma—"I don't like the idea of that young Harris hanging around Jenny so much. He hasn't a cent except his little salary." Papa—"You needn't worry. They are both too busy talking about bicycles to have any time for love-making."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Pretty Housemaid—"An' so you were at the O'Fraherty wedding?" Coachman—"I wor." P. H.—"An' who was the best man?" Coachman—"It wor Dennis O'Toole. I seen him wallop three of the biggest chaps in the room afore the plisintries wor over."—Melbourne Weekly Times.

—A Wonderful Memory.—"I always like to see little children. They remind me of the day when I was a boy myself," said Judge Peterby to Miss Elderly, an aged maiden lady. "Can you remember as far back as that?" asked Miss Elderly, sarcastically. "Yes, indeed, I have a wonderful memory, Miss Elderly. Why, I even remember seeing you when you were only 18 years old," replied the judge.—Texas Sifter.

—Clothed for All the Year Round.—"Just look at that young woman," said a crusty old fellow to me this morning. "She is dressed like a supreme idiot. Why, she represents the four seasons. She is practically bare headed—that is summer; she has a fur shoulder cape, that is winter; she has a silk shirt waist—that is spring; and a cloth skirt—that is autumn. This combination is conducive to a wooden overcoat with silver handles; but then some women are tough."—Albany Evening Journal.

WHEN THE AXLE BREAKS.

The Device Used on a Ponderous Truck When It Became Crippled Down Town.

When a buggy wagon or other comparatively light vehicle breaks a rear axle, near the hub, where axles usually break, the driver usually gets a plank or a light stick of timber, makes one end fast under the forward part of the wagon, and lets the other end trail to the rear, as a support for the broken axle. It doesn't lift it quite to its ordinary level, but it raises it high enough, and with the axle thus supported the driver goes to the repair shop. The other day one of those immense four-wheeled trucks used for carrying iron beams and columns appeared downtown with a broken rear axles, broken at the hub on the off side of the truck.

A piece of plank or a light stick of timber wouldn't do for a ponderous truck like this. Two heavy planks had been set on edge, with blocks of wood between them at suitable distances apart, and then the planks had been bolted together with bolts running through the blocks. The two planks thus held on edge were stout enough; they were secured to the forward end of the truck, trailing to the rear in the usual way; the broken axle rested upon them at pretty near its usual height. The wheel now in disuse was slung with a chain under the long high beams of the truck.

While the combined planks were amply strong to support the axle, still the pressure upon them was tremendous, and the square corners had been worn off and the planks had been worn away on the under side until they were pointed at the ends, thus bringing a long surface of wood on the under edges of the planks in contact with the pavement. As the four big horses moved on with the great truck there was a faint odor of burning wood in the air, and now and then a little trace of smoke floated out from under the ends of the planks, from the charring of the wood there by friction, as the planks were drawn along the stone pavement with the great weight of the truck upon them.—N. Y. Sun.

An Old English Coin.

A gold coin, first used in France, and introduced into England in the reign of Edward IV., was called the angel. Its value was about ten shillings. It was impressed with St. Michael and the dragon, hence the name. The angel was discontinued in the seventeenth century. This coin was well known in the days of Shakespeare, who used the term in various plays. In "The Merry Wives" he says: "He hath a legion of angels," and again: "I had myself 20 angels given me this morning." The bonnet piece was a gold coin of James V. of Scotland, so called from the queen's head being decorated with a bonnet instead of a crown, coined in 1550. From their beauty and elegance of appearance they are among the most valued curiosities of the antiquary.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Blue Jay That Lighted Matches.

A dangerous acquirement of a pet blue jay is told about in the American Naturalist by James Newton Basket, of Mexico, Mo. The blue jay referred to somehow learned that parlor, or popping, matches would make a delightful sputter and flame if properly manipulated. The bird was in the habit of beating much of its food against some hard substance, perhaps for the purpose of breaking or softening it. It probably treated one of the parlor matches in this way one day, and so learned that they made a noise. When a match was given it it would hop on a chair round and strike the fulminate against the wood, and on, repeating it rapidly till the head was ignited; then it would throw it away and watch the flame.—Detroit Free Press.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, July 13, 1896

Republicans do not feel that they have any kick coming to them because the Chicago convention adopted an anarchist-populist platform and then selected ex-Congressman Bryan of Nebraska, a populist to head their ticket. On the contrary, they are delighted with both ticket and platform, both of which have already done efficient work for McKinley and Hobart. When you say that Bryan is a natural born orator, you say about all that can be said in his favor. During the two terms he served in the House, he demonstrated that there was little underneath his ability to talk brilliantly, smoothly and dramatically, and before he retired from Congress he was at outs with all the Democratic leaders because of his having shown them that he was much more of a Populist than a Democrat. He was so much of a Populist that only two years ago he wanted the Populist nomination for Governor of Nebraska, but was beaten out of it by Holcomb. His career since that time has been anything else but great. He made a failure as editor of an Omaha paper and was repudiated by the voters of that state when he stumped the state as the Populist-Democratic candiate to succeed Mr. Manderson in the United States Senate. The man who defeated Bryan in that campaign and who can be depended upon to see that McKinley and Hobart carry Nebraska this year is Senator Thurston, who so ably presided over the St. Louis convention.

The nomination of Arthur Sewall, of Maine, for Vice President did not strengthen the Democratic populist ticket. Even in Washington, where nearly everybody has a sort of general knowledge of the men who are at all prominent in politics, everybody was asking, when the news of Sewall's nomination was received, "who is Sewall." And in all Washington, no picture of him could be found by the newspapers. His nomination was evidently intended as a sop to the disgruntled Democrats of the middle and eastern states, who had nothing to do with putting Populist Bryan at the head of the ticket, but it will not work.

Even after the Democrats have adopted an out and out populist platform and nominated a Populist for President, they are far from certain of securing the indorsement of either the Populists, the silver party, or the bolting silver Republicans. That is a matter of bargains and deals yet to be made. The leaders of each of these factions will make demands—extensive ones too—which must be met before they will agree to support Bryan and Sewall, and even if they agree to do so it will still be a matter of doubt as to how many votes of the rank and file they can deliver. Senator Teller could probably have gotten the votes of nearly all of these factions had he been nominated by the Democratic party, but it is certain that Bryan cannot.

Members of the administration are not talking. They are waiting for Mr. Cleveland to give them the cue. It has been known for sometime that Mr. Cleveland favored the nomination of a gold Democratic ticket while many other prominent Democrats who will under no circumstances support Bryan and Sewall on their Populist platform favor voting directly for McKinley and Hobart as the surest way of rebuking the work of the Chicago convention. The latter have the support of such prominent papers as the New York Sun, Herald and Times. Republicans are not worrying about what the sound money Democrats may or may not do, for the very simple reason that they are confident that McKinley and Hobart can and will be elected by Republican votes. Of course they will be gald to have Democrats vote the ticket because they believe that the larger the majority against the Chicago ticket and platform the better it will be for the future of the country. It is a question of law, order, public credit and general prosperity against anarchy, repudiation and ruin.

This is the way a Kentucky Democrat—Maj. D. W. Sanders, of Louisville,—now in Washington sees the action of the Chicago convention: "The Democracy," he said, "has drifted clear away from its ancient moorings and has gone into the camp of the socialists, anarchists and populist. It is horrible to contemplate—this nomination of Bryan. But there is this consolation, Bryan hasn't any more chance of reaching the White House than he has of getting to the north pole. He will be beaten in Maryland, West Virginia, Missouri and Kentucky with certainty, and will be in great luck if he carries Tennessee, North Carolina and Louisiana. No such crazy platform as he stands on will ever receive the endorsment of the American people." There are thousands of Democrats who think just as this one does and who will this year cast their votes for McKinley and Hobart.

Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, says Bryan and Sewall will be as badly beaten as Greeley and Brown were in '72, and that the Democratic ticket will simply be overwhelmed by a wave of American common sense.

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—Weekly Hard Times Howler, Pefferville, Calamity County, N. G.

Some Sixteen to One Logic.

Mexico has free silver. The Mexican people are very poor. Therefore, we want free silver.

Wages in this country are too low. Wages are higher here and in all the gold standard countries than in China, India and other silver using nations. Therefore, we want free silver.

We believe in the double standard under which both metals will be used to measure values. Free coinage at 16 to 1 will drive out all our gold and put our currency on the silver basis. Therefore, we want free silver.

We favor an honest dollar which shall be just to all the people. The adoption of the silver standard will enable debtors to repudiate one-half of their obligations. Therefore, we want free silver.

Gold dollars are too scarce and dear to serve as money of the people. Under free coinage a silver dollar will always be worth just as much as a gold dollar. Therefore, we want free silver.

The government can make 50 cents worth of metal worth 100 cents in gold by stamping it "one dollar." Under free coinage such a dollar would buy only half as much goods as a gold dollar—that is, it would be worth only half as much. Therefore, we want free silver.

The prosperity of the American people depends on the amount of wealth produced and the fairness with which it is distributed among the producers. Measuring products in silver instead of gold would neither create any more wealth nor distribute it more justly. Therefore, we want free silver.

The country is suffering because there is not half enough money to do business with. As soon as a free coinage law is passed our $600,000,000 in gold will all be withdrawn, and we shall lose all that amount from circulation. Therefore, we want free silver.

There is something wrong with the country somehow, though we don't know what it is nor how to cure it. But everything will come all right if a lot of cheap money agitators are elected to congress, so now and everlastingly we want free silver.—Whidden Graham.

William Tell Up to Date.

Inflated Prices For Cur Dogs.

If this government should open its mints to coinage of the world's silver at 16 to 1, we would go at once to silver monometallism. This is the voice of all history emphasized by the present status of every free coinage country on the earth. We can no more have bimetallism in actual use and unlimited silver coinage than we can have a square, round object or dry, wet weather. Wherein would the people be benefited if they get double prices in half value money? If farmers' products brought double prices, so would the manufacturers'. The benefits and advantages would be equal, except that buyers would always deduct enough to safely cover the fluctuations of silver, and this amount would be a dead loss to producers and a premium to speculators. I knew a boy who sold a cur dog for $100, but he took pay in pups at $20 apiece, so he was not materially benefited by the inflated prices.—From Speech of Judge George N. Aldredge.

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DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

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"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

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BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

TRUSTEES' SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE IN GARRETT COUNTY.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity and passed in a cause in said court wherein John S. Sanders is plaintiff and A. T. Shuttlesworth and others are defendants, the undersigned trustees were authorized to sell the real estate in said cause described, they will therefore on

SATURDAY, THE 25th DAY OF JULY, 1896,

in front of the Court House in the town of Oakland, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, offer at public auction to the highest bidder, all that parcel of land adjoining the property of W. C. Buneutler, and being a part of the tract of land called "Small Meadows," containing fifty acres more or less, and being the same particularly described in a deed from Joseph Eggers to Charlotte Sanders dated the 20th day of October, 1894, and duly recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 36, folio 351, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said property is improved by a small dwelling house and other outbuildings, and is partially cleared and under cultivation.

Terms of sale as prescribed by the decree. One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale or the ratification thereof by the court, and the remainder in two equal installments at six and nine months from the day of sale, said deferred payments to be approved by the trustees. The conveyancing to be at costs of the purchaser.

FREDERICK A. THAYER,
GILMORE HAMILL,
17—td Trustees.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, either in person or by deputy, will be in each of the election districts in said county, to collect and receive taxes at the time and places following:

July 13, McHenry,
" 14, Hoyes,
" 15, Friendsville,
" 16, Selbysport,
" 17, Accident,
" 18, Cove,
" 20, Grantsville,
" 21, Johnson's,
" 22, T. H. Layman's,
" 23, Avilion,
" 24, Gregg's,
" 25, New Germany,
" 27, Bittinger,
" 28, Bittinger,
" 27, Bloomington,
" 2, Floyd,
" 29, Swanton,
" 29, Wilson,
" 30, Deer Park,
" 30, Altamont,
" 31, Garrett,
" 31, Kearney.

Office in Oakland will be closed from July 13th to 31st inclusive.

N. B.—By an act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed at January session, 1896, being Chap. 536, it is provided that, "All county taxes shall be due and payable on the first day of September succeeding the date of levy, and on all county taxes paid on or before said day a discount of 3 per cent. shall be allowed; and after the first day of January all taxes shall bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until paid. The treasurer shall take the discount and charge interest on the tax bills for county purposes regularly in the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same on his books and upon the receipt given for taxes so paid; but this discount shall not be allowed unless the whole amount of state and county taxes due for the current year be paid when the same is made."

THOS. B. WILEY, Treasurer.

THOMAS R. McROBIE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street.

All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS, FANCY STATIONERY, DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

Jos. E. HARNED, Proprietor.

31—26

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments. Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

4193.yr——9

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent, Box 10, Westernport, Md.

9—1yr.

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade ... and all Patent business c... tures. Our Offic... rence and we ... nose remote ... Send ... tion. ... charge ... A F ... cost ... sent ...

C. ... Opp... ...

I HAVE PURCHASED THE OAKLAND COAL YARD of Mr. D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

It's a Corker.

Do you want a fine large loaf of bread—the finest in the world?

Merryland Flour

makes the best and most bread. Don't fail to buy Merryland. Don't buy any other, but insist on having the very best. None surpass and few equal Merryland patent flour. For sale by

THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO.

Fruits, vegetables, melons and bananas in car load lots. Don't fail to call on us for low prices and big bargains.

THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO.

Stores at Mt. Lake Park, Md.
Oakland, Md.
Swanton, Md.
Lonaconing, Md.

51-1yr.

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS, MATTING, OIL CLOTH, WINDOW SHADES

WALL PAPER

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

11 1y

FOR SALE.

The farm belonging to Elizabeth Maley, situated two miles north of Deer Park, adjoining the lands of Jack Cooper, Fundenberg Miller and Rawlesion. Contains 115¼ acres about 68 acres cleared, and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the remises. 52-4m.*

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office opposite postoffice, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

FRED A. THAYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. fe14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON OAKLAND, MD.

Residence on North 3rd Street. Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.

Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.

Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.*

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate. P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Residence and P. O. Address, 2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER. Will sell Real or Personal Estate. Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE, AUCTIONEER. *Will sell Real or Personal Property* Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

FRANKLIN P. GREEN, COUNTY SURVEYOR FOR GARRETT COUNTY, MD. Postoffice, LONACONING, MD. All work entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished on short notice. 3-5m*

ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN, SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER. LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including trans ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26t*

WILLIAM C. KIDD, Representing JOHNSON, OMOHUNDRO & CO., WHOLESALE NOTIONS, Etc., BALTIMORE, MD.

A specialty of Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President. G. S. HAMILL, V. President S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted. Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

W. F. KING, Carriage, Sign and House Painter, OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street. Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention. 50-13t.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M. RATHBUN & CO., PLANING MILLS, And BUILDING MATERIALS. MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line. 38 1y

THE REPUBLICAN.

ESTABLISHED MARCH 3, 1877. BENJ. H. SINCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1896. NUMBER 20.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Mr. Sampson Bittinger, of Crellin, was here last Friday.

Oracle Bolden was here last Saturday on business.

Mr. Will Ravenscraft, of Fairmont, was here Monday.

Hon. John P. Jones, of Terra Alta, was in the city Monday.

Mr. John Shartzer went to New York city Monday morning on business.

Mr. Creed Dunnington, of Terra Alta, was in the city Monday on business.

We have a few ladies' trimmed hats which we will sell at a sacrifice.
BEE HIVE STORE.

Attorney J. W. S. Cochrane, of Cumberland, was in the city Monday professionally.

Mr. Chas. C. Custer, of near Grantsville, was in the city last Friday on business.

Mr. A. Wilson, of near Shaw, W. Va., was in the city last Friday and called to see us.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. D. White had as their guest last week Miss Stella Orr, of Cumberland.

We carry a nice line of tidies, linens and doyles.
BEE HIVE STORE.

The Misses Shepherd, of Cumberland, were here on a visit to Miss Nell Offutt.

Mr. Ed. Hessen, of Chicago, was here this week, called home by the death of his sister.

Hon. Wm. M. O. Dawson, of Kingwood, was in Oakland a short time Sunday afternoon.

Misses Emma and Janie Feldmeyer, of Annapolis, are here visiting Mrs. E. H. Sincell.

Mr. Julius Scherr, of Eglon, was here on business connected with the telephone line Monday.

Rev. Brayshaw will preach in St. Matthew's church at 11 a. m. Sunday. Sabbath school at 9.30.

Misses Nettie and Maud Anderson, of Oakland, were here Tuesday of this week.—Piedmont Herald.

Messrs. Jacob Gnagey and Jonas Bittinger, of the lower end of the county, were here Monday on business.

The constitutionality of the act making non-support of wife and family a felony is to be tested at Frederick.

Misses Annie and Bessie Slicer, two of Meyersdale's young ladies, are in Oakland on a visit to the Misses Hart.

The morning accommodation east and the evening accommodation west have changed time. See corrected time table.

The Oakland club and the Wall street clerks will play a game of base ball at East End park Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

We carry a nice line of ladies kid gloves from 50 cents pair up. Also a line of white.
BEE HIVE STORE.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ravenscraft, of Ridgeway, Pa., who visited the parental home in Oakland, returned to the above place Monday.

Hon. A. F. George enjoyed a few days rest from his duties in Baltimore last week and spent Friday in Oakland with his many friends.

Ladies' waists, former price, 68 cents, reduced to 45 cents. Other waists accordingly.
BEE HIVE STORE.

Wanted to hire, a good driving horse by the mouth or for the season for private use. Apply to Col. A. A. Hosmer, Deer Park, Md. 20-3*

There will be services in the Garrett Memorial church next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock and in the evening at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

Postmaster Chas. Brown, of Cincinnati, O., is in Oakland this week visiting his sister and brother, Mrs. D. I. Totten and Lieut. R. M. G. Brown.

The amount apportioned by the state officers for free school books for this county is $1,817.50 for white schools and $28.64 for colored schools.

The carpenter and brick work on Dr. McComas' office building was commenced Monday. Spedden Bros. having the contract to erect the structure.

Mr. Thomas Martin, sr., suffered a slight paraletic stroke at his home in Oakland early Tuesday morning. At this time he is much better with indications that in a few days he will be wholly restored to health.

Messrs. Peddicord & Peddicord have removed their offices from the Mayers building to the Shartzer building and are occupying a suite of rooms on the second floor.

Mrs. Thomas Little has been quite ill for a number of days. Monday night her mother, Mrs. Charles, of Baltimore, arrived in town, called here by her illness.

Remember, we will only be here for a short time. A great many of our bargains, when then they are gone, we will not be able to replace. So come in at once.
BEE HIVE STORE.

We have on hand and wish to invest on mortgage immediately sums of $1,000, $1,000, $1,200 and $1,600.
PEDDICORD & PEDDICORD,
20-1 Attorneys.

Messrs. William Hessen, of Washington and Harmon Hessen and family, of Martinsburg, who were attending the funeral of their sister, returned to their respective homes Monday.

Last Friday morning Mr. J. Z. Browning drove to town from his home near Deer Park and whilst here his horses took fright and ran away breaking the wagon up considerably.

Mrs. Alvin Getty, of Cumberland, who spent a week or two in Oakland with her parents returned to the above city last Friday accompanied by her neice, Miss Margaret Townshend.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cures colds, croup and whooping cough. It is pleasant, safe and reliable. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Tuesday morning Sheriff Brown received a telegram from his home announcing that his aged father was lying at the point of death. He and his wife immediatly started for the above place.

Miss Annie Spedden arrived in Oakland last Wednesday evening from Statesboro, Georgia, where had been during the past winter. She will remain in Oakland this summer with relatives, returning south early in the fall.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Messrs. D. J. Blackiston, Benj. A. Richmond and Wm. C. Devecmon, three of Allegany county's foremost attorneys, were here last Saturday and made sale of the old stone house farm on the national road near Grantsville, for $4,600.

The contract has been let by the receivers of the B. & O. for the erection of a new iron bridge over the Youghiougheny river two miles west of Oakland. The new structure will be of heavier material than the present one, as heavier engines will soon be put on this division.

On last Friday night an attempt was made by some unknown parties to fire the residence on the old Johnson farm north of town in which Mr. Benj. Bittinger and his familly reside. At the time the attempt was made to fire the house Mr. and Mrs. Bittinger were down in the lower end of the county visiting, no one being home but their six children, the oldest of whom being but 16. The fire was kindled at the corner of the house and was not discovered until the next morning when the occupants arose.

In the vicinity of Boquet, Westmoreland Co., Pa., almost any one can tell you how to cure a lame back or stiff neck. They dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind it on the affected parts and in one or two days the trouble has disappeared. This same treatment will promptly cure a pain in the side or chest. Mr. E. M. Frye, a prominent merchant of Boquet, speaks very highly of Pain Balm, and his recommendations have had much to do with making it popular there. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Closing out Sale.

We will sell at our store in Swanton, Md., on July 24th and 25th, at cost, our entire stock of millinery goods and notions.

All persons indebted to us will please call and settle on or before said day.
ASHENFELTER & DEMING.

Mrs. Rhodie Noah, of this place, was taken in the night with cramping pains and the next day diarrhoea set in. She took half a bottle of blackberry cordial but got no relief. She then sent to me to see if I had anything that would help her. I sent her a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and the first dose relieved her. Another of our neighbors had been sick for about a week and had tried different remedies for diarrhoea but kept getting worse. I sent him this same remedy. Only four doses of it was required to cure him. He says he owes his recovery to this wonderful remedy. — Mrs. Mary Sibley, Sidney, Mich. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Last summer one of our grand children was sick with a severe bowel trouble. Our doctor's remedies had failed, then we tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which gave very speedy relief. We regard it as the best medicine ever put on the market for bowel complaints.—Mrs. E. G. Gregory, Fredericktown, Mo. This certainly is the best medicine ever put on the market for dysentary, summer complaint, colic and cholera infantum in children. It never fails to give prompt relief when used in reasonable time and the plain printed directions are followed. Many mothers have expressed their sincere gratitude for the cures it has effected. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

For Sale or Rent.

A very desirable property in Oakland, being the late residence of Henry J. Mayers. Also for sale the Oakland Woolen Mills property. Said property may be obtained cheap and on easy terms. Apply to J. C. Renninger, attorney, Oakland.

Westminster League.

A class of six young ladies will on next Wednesday night, August 5th contest for the Demorest silver medal. The class consists of Misses Fannie Cohen, Mamie Michael, Arabella Martin, Jessie Fringer, Sadie Cohen and Orley Dunham. The contest will be held in the school house and promises to be an interesting occasion.

Sunday School Institute.

A Sunday school instute, under auspices of the Maryland S. S. Union, will be held at Wilson on the line of the W. Va. C. R. R., commencing at 11 o'clock a. m. on Saturday, August 1st, 1895, and close the following Sunday evening. The public is cordially invited to come and help make the meetings a great success.
C. J. OTTO, President.

Death of Mr. Geo. W. Merrill.

Mr. George W. Merrill, after an illness of twelve weeks of consumption, died at his home in Oakland on Monday afternoon about five o'clock, Mr. Merrill was born in Allegany county about fifty-nine years ago. He was a Democrat and held many offices during his life time. In the year 1889 he was elected as a member of the State Legislature from this county. Until recently he was a member of the school board. He leaves a widow and one son. The funeral occurred yesterday morning, the services being in charge of the Odd Fellow's lodge of Oakland.

Obituary.

Maggie L., daughter of Silas F. and Martha Cuppett, of Elder, was born August 12, 1875, and died July 3, 1896, aged almost 21 years. She was afflicted nearly one year and during that time not a murmur or complaint escaped her lips. She was happily converted to God over two years ago during a series of meetings held by Rev. C. W. Cox. She regularly attended Sunday school and other church services from early childhood. She was of a retiring and unassuming disposition, therefore did not assume the responsible positions in church as much as we desired, but lived a quiet and devoted life and when the messenger of death came she was ready to go to meet Him who redeemed her.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. E. R. Skidmore at Johnstown, where her remains were laid by the side of deceased friends.

She was held in high esteem by all who knew her, and this was demonstrated by the large crowd who attended the funeral.

The friends of the deceased have our deepest sympathies. May God bless them all. H.

A Big Run of Logs.

The Preston Lumber company had a big run of logs into their mill at Crellin yesterday from the headwaters of the Yough. It is estimated that over two million feet of timber came down with the rise in the river. This amount of timber together with what will be trucked in during the summer insures good time to the men employed on this mill.

Mr. Offutt's men also drove a large quantity of timber to his mill yesterday, the run amounting to several hundred thousand feet.

A Sad Death.

At five o'clock last Thursday afternoon the spirit of Miss Margaret Helen, aged 24 years, 9 months and 23 days, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Hessen, took its flight and left bereft many sorrowing relatives and friends.

Death, at any time, makes sad hearts, but this visitation is doubly sad taking as it does the flower of the family and one who was held in high estimation by all for her noble character and modesty.

Miss Hessen returned to her home near Oakland on the 2nd inst. from a visit of several weeks to relatives at Martinsburg in ill health but it was not until a few days before her death that she was compelled to take to her bed.

The funeral occurred last Sunday morning at ten o'clock from St. Peter's Catholic church, of which the deceased had been a life long and consistent member. The priest in charge, Rev. Father Mattingly, celebrated a high mass on the occasion for the repose of her soul and preached a most touching and elevating sermon, basing his remarkes upon the subject of "Faith." The remains were taken from the church to the cemetery where they were interred in the presence of a large and sympathizing throng of relatives and friends. May her soul rest in peace!

Running on Time.

As illustrating the degree of efficiency to which the present management of the B. & O. railroad has brought its motive power equipment and *esprit de corps* of the operating staff, we call attention to the fact that during the months of April, May and June the passenger trains and fast freight trains have almost invariably arrived at their respective destinations on schedule time. The very few exceptions to the general rule were due to causes inseparable from railway operation, and against which no forethought can wholly guard. It may be safely said that during the period named no road in America, comparable in magnitude to the B. & O., can surpass its record for punctuality in train movement.

Reduced Rates to the Seashore.

The B. & O. R. R. will run another one of those delightful and popular excursions to Atlantic City, Cape May and Sea Isle City, Thursday, July 30th, from Pittsburg, Wheeling, Parkersburg, Lexington, and intermediate points. The excellent train service and other arrangements that proved so satisfactory for the former excursions will prevail.

The tickets will be good 12 days, and permit a stop off at Washington on the return trip.

We give below a list of stations in this vicinity, showing time of trains and rates of fare:

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	RATE
Terra Alta	7 35	12 06	5 41		9 43		$9 00
Oakland	6 31	9 01	12 29	5 51	5 02		8 50
Mt. Lake	6 37	9 11	12 36	6 05	5 37		8 50
Deer Park	6 41	9 20	12 45	6 12	5 41		8 50

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

For more detailed information apply to nearest B. & O. Agent.

Crops.

Favorable weather conditions are reported from this section. The wheat harvest has extended into Garrett county, and now the crop is all in shock. Hauling in has been interfered with by wet weather and some injury to the grain in shock is likely to result. Haymaking, also, has been kept back by the rains, and it is reported not more than half over in Garrett county. Further east, in Washington county the new growth is already showing on mowed ground. Oats are being harvested. Corn and potatoes are fine crops and buckwheat is in the best of condition. Apples are abundant in some localities and grapes are quite plentiful in Washington county. Damage to crops by the army worm is reported.

Ripans Tabules relieve nausea

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

Two Horses and Surrey Stolen.

Last Thursday night a man registered at the Central hotel in Oakland under the name of J. E. Kelley and represented himself as being an advance agent of the Barnum show. Kelley rode a broken down horse into town which he left at the stable of Helbig Bros. Friday morning he left the hotel without paying his bill and went to the Helbig stable where he hired two fine driving horses and a surrey saying that he would return in two days. The stipulated time having arrived and Kelley not putting in his appearance the proprietors became suspicious and instituted an investigation, wiring to several points. Monday evening they received a telegram from Winchester, Va., saying that a man answering Kelley's description had arrived there with the horses add surrey. Immediately after Mr. Andrew Helbig, accompanied by his brother Joseph, took a train for the above point. A telegram from Mr. Helbig Tuesday stated that only one of the horses and surrey had been recovered. What became of the other horse he failed to state in his dispatch.

Another Republican Club.

Last Friday evening a number of the leading Republicans of this district met in THE REPUBLICAN office and effected a preliminary organization of a Republican campaign club. At this meeting a number of committees were appointed and later adjourned to meet on Saturday night in Sturgiss' hall.

On Saturday night the permanent organization of the club was effected with seventy-five members enrolled. Mr. John Shartzer was elected president of the club, with Mr. Samuel Ferguson vice president, Julius C. Renninger and Chas. A. Tower secretaries, and Fred A. Thayer treasurer. The following named gentlemen were elected to represent the club at the meeting of the Republican League which met in Baltimore yesterday: Messrs. John Shartzer, Fred. A. Thayer, E. H. Sincell and Benj. H. Sincell. The meeting was very enthusiastic. The club will meet weekly.

A False Statement.

A statement has been going the rounds of the press in this section of the State to the effect that the charter of Oakland has been declared unconstitutional because of the fact that the title of the act was defective and was due to an oversight of the Garrett delegation at Annapolis during the last session of the legislature.

It is a well known fact that the bill was prepared in Oakland and that no blame can be attached to our representatives. Senator Ravenscroft has the original bill in his possession and the correspondent who first sent out the statement as above mentioned may do well to make an examination of the paper before he tries to relieve the author of the bill from blame.

Base Ball.

Last Thursday afternoon the Oakland base ball club and a nine made up of the clerks and young men of Oakland crossed bats at the East End park. In the tenth inning the score stood 22 to 22 with the Oakland club at the bat. A blocked ball was thrown into the field by an outsider. The pitcher delivered it from his box to the third baseman who put a man out. This raised a row and the Oakland club walked off the field. The umpire called the game and gave it to the clerks. Score, 9 to 0.

Saturday afternoon the second of a series of games was played by the Jack Oaks and the Mountain Lake Park nines at the Park. Joseph Rathbun umpired and all his decisions were fair. The Park nine had for a battery players from Deer Park and also a third baseman from the same place. Dent pitched the first five innings for Oakland when Prof. Smith went into the box and finished the game. The score by innings was as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Oakland	1	0	0	1	1	7	0	0	2	—12
Mt. Lake Park	4	0	2	1	10	1	0	2	x	—20

The third of the series will be played at the Jack Oak park on Saturday afternoon.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Summer Headaches

AND

NEURALCIA are both trying and severe; at the same time difficult to relieve. To cool the blood, reduce the temperature, quiet the nerves and cure the Headache or Neuralgia

TAKE

ANTI-FAG.

(REGISTERED TRADE-MARK.)

A most valuable and indispensable remedy for the cure of Headache, Neuralgia, etc.

This delightful effervescent salt is a certain remedy for the relief of nervous headaches, resulting from overtaxed mental energy or excitement, acute attacks of indigestion, the depression following alcoholic excesses; and with ladies the headache and backache of neurasthenia, hysteria, dysmenorrhoea, and kindred disorders. It is especially recommended to Physicians, Teachers, Clergymen, Lawyers, Merchants and all following professions or pursuits requiring nerve energy, or subject to mental strain, as a prompt source of relief in all cases of headache and distress attending mental fatigue and physical exhaustion.

Bottles, 10 and 25 cts.

Ask your druggist or dealer for ANTI-FAG. If it is not in stock send the price in stamps to the manufacturers and receive a bottle by mail.

PREPARED BY
GILBERT BROS. & CO.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

TEETHING TROUBLES

are cured by

LAUGHLIN'S

INFANT CORDIAL

If the baby suffers only through the teething period, its most dangerous time is past. The Cordial relieves the tingling ache of the little gums, corrects the bowels, cures colic—brings safely out of danger.

Every bottle guaranteed.

All druggists, 25 cents.

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Business College,

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Offers the Commercial, Preparatory, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address as above.

Stand and Deliver.

Two tramps were taken to Cumberland Friday from Westernport and lodged in jail to await the action of the grand jury, charged with assulting a minister on the Maryland side, near Piedmont.

Last Wednesday while Rev. J. W. Butler, pastor of the Lutheran church at Oakland, was about to cross the swinging bridge which connects Maryland with West Virginia, he was accosted by two tramps who commanded the reverend gentleman to "stand and deliver." It is not known whether the minster was loaded down with "gold bugs" or "free silver" on this occasion or not, but at any rate he refused to grant the request of the aforesaid individuals representing the tramp fraternity. In other words, Rev. Butler held fast to the money he may have had with him like Psyche to her Cupid as only a minster knows how hard money is to get, let it be either gold, free silver, or both.

Angered over the fact that the minister would not go down in his pocket and hand over his money the tramps said that they would throw him into the river, and were about to put their threats into execution when some one who was passing on the Maryland side, notified Mr. Jack Kalbaugh, of Westernport. Mr. Kalbaugh at once deputized three or four citizens and hurried to the scene, where they found the tramps trying to make the minister hand over his money and vowing that they would throw him over the bridge. The officer arrested the scamps and took them before a justice of the peace who committed them to jail as above stated.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, o sell the following Military Lotst 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD

MY MOTHER.

Dear mother, the orchards in beauty are blooming;
The wild flowers are decking the emerald lea,
The breath of the springtide the air is perfuming,
And, mother, dear mother, I'm dreaming of thee.

In nature, so lovely, so pure, and entrancing,
Revealing, in all things, its Maker divine,
In leaf, and in bud, with their bright jewels glancing,
I see, oh! I see thine angelic eyes shine.

In song of the robin and meadow-lark trilling,
When morning or evening in glory draws near,
There's something the tempest of sorrow is stilling—
Dear mother, I know—'tis thy voice that I hear.

Dear mother, I know that though dead, thou art living,
And near me—I'm certain thou art not afar;
The cordial of mother-love, tenderly giving,
When burdened in spirit, with life's constant jar.

And, mother, within my sad heart is a yearning
Again, as in childhood, so sweetly to rest;
Away from the world unto thee I am turning,
Oh! clasp me again to thy dear, loving breast.

And when I am dead by thy side let me slumber,
While o'er me the storms in their fury may roll,
I'll calmly repose through the years without number
And peace, all unbroken, shall brood o'er my soul.

—George W. Crofts, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

LIONS PHOTOGRAPHED.

How a Snap Shot and a Crack Shot Both Scored a Hit.

Risking Life for a Picture—But the Camera Fiend Got His Negative and His Comrade Got the Pelts—A Thrilling Experience.

[COPYRIGHT, 1896.]

"Look out! he's going to jump!"

A startled cry from Viardot, who, at a short distance on the top of a great rock was watching his companion, Bernard, crawling up the steep cliff towards a dark cavern midway to the top. The two young men were spending the summer in the wilds of the Rocky mountains. They had been graduated from college in June of the same year, and were "roughing it" during the summer months to build up constitutions that were somewhat the worse for a year of unusually hard study; for both men were conscientious [illegible] and preparing in earnest for the battle of [illegible]. In physical appearance and temperament they were almost the exact opposite of each other yet they had been the most intimate of chums during the entire college course, differing often in their views, yet never having a serious falling-out.

Bernard was a quick, wiry, stumpy little fellow of five feet four, with straight, black, close-cropped hair and smooth-shaven face. His small roguish eyes were set deeply in his head under shaggy brows; his nose had been called "stubby" by a classmate who had been passed in the race by him, and his mouth, generously proportioned, was of the "laughing" variety. He was as active as a cat and, when in good physical trim, quite an athlete. Withal, Bernard was decidedly venturesome, and during their summer outing his quiet, more phlegmatic companion was kept busy restraining his impetuosity and heading off reckless adventures.

Viardot, tall and slender, required exactly five feet eleven and three-quarters inches of the tape to take his measure. His luxuriant yellow hair caressed his high forehead and his neck with graceful curls. A pink-and-white complexion was matched with large blue eyes and his features were regularity itself.

When the two chums landed at the ranch where they first stopped, they were loaded with rifles, rods and cameras, blankets and saddles, and all the paraphernalia supposed to complete the outfit of a Rocky mountain tourist party.

Bernard liked to hunt, but he liked still better to take choice shots with another pet instrument, his camera. There was no risk that he wouldn't run to make a choice negative.

"That photographer's box of yours will get you into your wooden overcoat yet," exclaimed Viardot one day, after Bernard had fallen out of a pine tree into which he had climbed to get a favorable focus on a silvery cascade.

But Bernard was small and tough, and laughed merrily at his companion's warning.

The two finally pitched their camp in a wild canyon, miles from any human habitation and infrequently visited by white men. There were roaming Indian hunters seen occasionally, but as they were reported to be peaceable no fears of them were entertained.

"If we are going to rough it," said Viardot, philosophically; "if we are going to get away from the conventionalities and turmoil of the city, let us get as far away as we can." And so the two collegians traveled three days' journey from the hospitable ranch before they found a spot primeval and remote enough to suit their fancy.

They had been in camp four days and were beginning to feel comfortably at home, when a trio of prospectors came along, looking for traces of gold in the sands of the mountain stream. They were invited to stay for supper, and afterward rolled themselves in their blankets and slept soundly out under the stars.

After supper the five men sat around the big fire of pine boughs, and passed several pleasant hours in telling yarns of adventure and funny stories, and singing college songs. During the evening it was divulged by the miners that they had seen a couple of mountain lions about three miles down the stream.

"The varmints saw us," exclaimed one swarthy prospector, "before any of us could snatch a gun, and jumped into a cave up on the cliff."

"I'd give a fifty to plunk a bullet through one of them," exclaimed Viardot. "Wouldn't I be a lion myself if I could take back the hide of his lordship Quinquajou! Felis Concolor would be a matchless ornament to my 'den' in New York."

"You can have the pelt if you'll only let me get a snap shot at him with my rapid rectilinear," rejoined Bernard. "The triumph of taking home the pelt of a dead lion sinks into insignificance when compared with the glory of photographing a live cougar on his native heath. Think of it, man; I would be immortal if I could walk into the art institute at home and exhibit a photo of this wild monarch of the canyon standing in the doorway of his residence waving a cordial welcome with his tail!"

"You'd git chawed into sausage 'fore ever y' could work the trigger uv yer box," remarked the other miner, poking his nearest companion in the ribs with his elbow.

"Well, I'll risk it," retorted Bernard. "Big game is worth a big risk."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," snapped Viardot. "I'll see to it that you stay with me, gun in hand, at a respectful distance, when we go to look up those sly cats."

The conversation on this particular subject was dropped by the party after the college boys had asked for and received a minute description of the place where the lions had been seen.

Bernard said nothing more that night about lions or snap shots, but he turned in for a snooze with a mental reservation.

It was two hours after sunrise the following morning when Viardot, tired by a long tramp the preceding day, awoke from his sound slumber. He rubbed his eyes, and, without turning over, exclaimed:

"I say, old boy—"

There was no response, and when Viardot shifted his position so as to command a view of his surroundings, no one was in sight.

"Now, where in the deuce do you suppose that fellow is?" he ejaculated, addressing some imaginary personage. Then he arose and took an inventory of the tent. Bernard's hat and rifle were gone.

"Yes, and his camera, too," growled Viardot.

Then a sudden idea struck him. "The lions! He's gone to photograph those beasts!" he fairly yelled.

His anxiety for the safety of his companion was so great that he forgot his breakfast, and, snatching his rifle and revolver belt, started on a run down the canyon.

After a rapid chase of three miles, he approached the cliff designated by the prospectors. At length he spied an opening in the rocks which answered the description of the lion's den. Still no sound and no sign of his companion.

Across a deep chasm from the mouth of the den was another point of rock, steep, but still accessible to the climber. Viardot decided to climb this point of rock, feeling assured that Bernard was somewhere near.

He had almost reached the top, when suddenly a slight movement in the bushes on the opposite cliff caught his eye. Behind them crouched a long lithe, tawny animal, slowly and with cat-like action swaying its long furry tail. The animal was evidently preparing to spring upon some creature.

"What if it should be Bernard?"

The question flashed across Viardot's mind, and completely took away his breath. He had half expected some such denouement as this, yet he was not prepared for the reality.

Almost at the same instant he caught sight of a familiar figure crawling laboriously up the cliff side. It was Bernard, all unconscious of the presence of the ferre brule crouching above him awaiting his advance a little nearer before making the fatal spring. Then it was that Viardot emitted that blood-curdling scream:

"Look out!—he's going to jump!"

The great feline cat, startled by the sound, sprang up and glared at the new intruder, safe on the opposite rock, showed his glistening whit fangs, arched his back, and with rat-like [illegible] quickly turned and slunk away behind a great bowlder. Viardot was so excited that he forgot he had a rifle, and it was not until the beast had disappeared that he bethought himself of his trusty gun.

"You idiot!" he yelled at Bernard; "I believe you would crawl right into that den. That cat was ready to spring down on you."

Bernard stood and stared at him, but failed to make any apologies for his rashness.

"Wish I'd caught a foens on him," he said ruefully, when the two had slid and scrambled back to level ground.

Viardot saw that it was useless to remonstrate with him; so he agreed to go with him next morning and endeavor to first photograph and then shoot the lion or lions from the opposite cliff. This was a favorable point for such an operation, and was comparatively safe.

The next morning they started at daylight, but although they watched for hours they failed to catch a glimpse of the wild beasts. The third morning they again made the trip in vain, and the fourth, and fifth. Not a sign of the game did they see.

Viardot wanted to give up the chase, but the photographic instinct was too strong in his companion.

"I'll get 'em if I don't do anything else this summer," he said doggedly; and Viardot succumbed to fate.

The sixth morning they reached their lofty perch on time and waited, with eyes glued on the entrance of the den across the chasm.

Bernard arranged his camera, carefully screwed up the exact focus on the cavern's mouth, and sat down with the bulb of the instantaneous shutter in his palm, ready to squeeze it at an instant's notice.

Viardot took his station ten feet away, resting his rifle barrel on a ledge of granite in front of him, and training the muzzle on the den. As it would not do to make an audible signal, he tied a long cord to Bernard's ankle and, drawing it taut, held the other end in his hand.

A half hour later Bernard's heart almost jumped out of his mouth when he saw a tawny head poked out of the cave. At the same instant he felt a sharp tug on the cord, assuring him that Viardot had made the same discovery.

Both men held their breath. Viardot's finger was on the trigger-guard. His rifle was cocked and his eye glanced along the steel barrel. Bernard's eyes flashed fire. It was a moment of intense excitement—an experience seldom met in a lifetime.

The graceful tan-colored figure of the lion came fully into view, perfectly lined in the strong morning light against the dark background of the cave.

"Shall I give it to him?" asked Bernard of himself. Just then he caught sight of another pair of ears—a head—a pair of shoulders—and a second lion stood out in relief against the wall. The photographer's chance had come at last.

Click! went the lightning shutter. Bernard snatched his gun then jerked the cord twice.

Crack! went Viardot's rifle, and Bernard's "spoke" the echo on the instant.

"Hallelujah!" yelled Bernard, dancing a clog on a big rock.

The hunters, having satisfied themselves that both brutes were dead—their aim at such short range having been unerring—almost fell down the rocks and clambered up the opposite side in breathless haste. The dead lions were splendid specimens, the male measuring four feet and eight inches from nose to tip of tail.

Bernard's negative turned out to be a good one.

"I wouldn't trade that one piece of glass for enough dead lions' skins to carpet Carnegie hall," he said.

A. CARLISLE CARSON.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S CHANCE HAD COME AT LAST.

Reason for Everything.

Margaret—Don't you think Maude loved Charlie?

Ethel—No, dear; it is my firm belief that she only married him for his beautiful collection of striped outing shirts.—Philadelphia North American.

Revenge at Last.

Mrs. Scorcher—I thank heaven for one thing, at any rate.

Mr. Scorcher—What's that?

"You can't say I don't ride a wheel like your mother used to.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

A RECORD OF RUIN.

The Current Year Already Has a Terrible Showing.

Disaster has been a frequent feature of the current year. With but five months to its credit, 1896 has written a record of destruction that will stand. It cannot be surpassed.

St. Louis was the scene of the first horror of the year. Compared with the present black misfortune that rests on the city it was as nothing. January 5 a great stock of fireworks stored at 30 North Second street exploded. The building and adjacent structures were ruined and some six persons were killed outright or suffered such injury they died later. Thirty-two were seriously, although not fatally, hurt.

Early in February a great storm whipped the eastern United States coast. The greatest loss was to property on shore, as the warning had been fluttering from signal stations so long in advance that the sailor men had hugged the docks. Four or five vessels were destroyed. Hundreds of houses and other buildings were wrecked. In the state of New Jersey the damage was the heaviest. Bridges and buildings of all kinds were destroyed. Round Brook, a small town near the ocean, was flattened as if some monster road crusher had trundled over it. The loss of property was great, the fatalities comparatively few.

February 10 in Madrid several residents of the town were killed and much property destroyed by the explosion of an aerolite. The sky traveler went into fragments just over the city with the deadly destructive effects of many bombshells. In one factory which was immediately below the center of the explosion 19 workmen were killed.

Of accidents in mines there have been three in this country marked by great sacrifice of human life. In South Carolina 180 men were killed. This was followed by the caving in of a Tennessee shaft which resulted in the loss of 37 lives. Sixty men were killed as the result of a gas explosion in the Vulcan mine at Newcastle, Col. This accident occurred February 10. Three days later 76 workmen in a Grecian stone quarry were killed by the blowing up of the magazine wherein was stored their giant powder. It was at the noon hour and the men were gathered at the sheds getting their pay. They were crowded and took the full force of the dynamite.

The same day an explosion of gas in a mine in Wales killed 10 men, and 17 more were buried by the falling earth which was loosened by the explosion.

A great flood that came down the Occuabuck valley in Connecticut March 1 swept away hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of mill property and houses and drowned many persons. Similar floods in eastern New York and other Connecticut streams entailed property losses aggregating several millions.

March 28 a cyclone left a trail of death and ruin across southern Illinois. Alton was a heavy sufferer. April 19 northern Ohio was visited by a cyclone. The loss in Sandusky county was great. Few persons were killed.

Cripple Creek, the wonder mining camp, was destroyed by fire the latter part of April. On the 25th of the month the fire broke and destroyed nearly all the business part of the city before it was quelled. The damage was about $1,500,000. Four days later the remainder of the town was wiped out. The total loss was nearly $2,500,000. May 4 an explosion of gasoline in a business block in Walnut street, Cincinnati, wrecked two buildings and killed 11 persons. More than 20 were seriously injured. Five days later fires at Ashland, Wis., destroyed five lives and many buildings and lumber. May 11 forests in the southern part of New Jersey burned. The flames swept over great areas of Cape May and Atlantic counties. Houses and barns and live stock also burned, but no loss of human life was reported.

The cyclone season opened May 13 with windstorms in Wisconsin and Illinois. The principal damage was to crops, buildings and animals. In the two states six deaths only were caused by the storms, so far as known. The wind in this section was but a zephyr compared with that which blew at Sherman, Tex., May 15. This was a true cyclone, and in its path was the local baseball grounds, wherein were gathered 1,000 or 2,000 people of Sherman and neighboring towns. More than 100 were killed and several times the number were injured. The day following, Scioto, Ill., a small town near Bushnell, was wrecked by a hurricane, and May 17 Kansas towns suffered similarly. Sabetha, Kan., was the most heavily injured. It was a mass of ruins. Afterward came the windstorms in Michigan, the Elgin and Rockford and northern Illinois cyclone, which had not exhausted its fury in Iowa. Another and less extensive cyclone passed over southern Illinois. Thirteen persons were drowned at Cairo by the swamping of a steamer which lay in the path of the wind. The next day but one St. Louis was in ruins. From May 15 to May 27 it is probable that 1,200 persons lost their lives in the storms which have raged in a radius of 450 miles of Chicago. The property losses will aggregate upward of $75,000,000.

In the cyclone excitement three other disasters passed almost unnoticed. Blue Island, Ill., nearly lost its place on the map as a town. Fire destroyed 36 houses and business blocks May 17. On the same day the schooner Ayer and steamer Onoko collided off Racine. Five sailors were drowned. The other day a weak railroad bridge at Victoria, B. C., permitted a loaded passenger car to fall through. Nearly 100 persons were drowned.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Punctuation.

Professor in English (to young man)—How would you punctuate the following: "The beautiful girl, for such she was, was passing down the street."

Student—I think, professor, I would make a dash after the beautiful girl.—Woonsocket Reporter.

FELINE FAITHFULNESS.

Pierre Sacrificed His Life to Avenge Jeanne's Death.

Some time ago in a quiet little corner way down on the Rue Royale, I chanced upon a quaint little creole creature whom the neighbors call "Mam'zelle." If there was ever any name attached it must have been in prehistoric times, for now there is not even a sign upon the door of the little bakeshop where Mam'zelle sells bread and cakes to the neighborhood. Very good bread and cakes they are, too, I can testify, for recently I have found Mam'zelle's cozy shop a very comfortable resting place after a morning's tramp in quest of news. In this way I have come to be pretty well acquainted with Mam'zelle and Pierre, the cat, and Jeanne, the bird.

Pierre is a handsome black and white fellow, with a noble head, and he and the little canary, Jeanne, were about the same age. Mam'zelle told me in her pretty creole patois how devoted the two pets were to each other, and I myself saw frequent evidences of their kindly relationship. In a quiet corner of the little shop I have seen Pierre and Jeanne taking their breakfast together from the same plate, and by and by, when the cat would lie dozing in the sunshine, the bird would hop about him or cuddle up snug and comfortable between his outstretched paws.

When Mam'zelle was busy, so that she could not keep an eye on the little bird's safety, she would swing the cage in the doorway, while Pierre would stretch himself on the floor beneath, keeping guard over his friend. And woe betide any strange cat that wandered that way. Pierre was always on the alert for squalls, and if a cat came too near to suit him he would send Jeanne hustling into her cage while he chased the offending feline off the street.

Just this very thing happened recently for the thousandth time, probably, but for the first time on record grief followed the move. Pierre and Jeanne were taking their usual morning game in the sunshine of the little shop door, when a big brindle stranger appeared on the banquet without. Straight as a die Jeanne was in her cage and Pierre had gone in hot pursuit of the brindle. The chase was a hard one, and Mam'zelle says Pierre must have been gone a long time, but she was busy serving customers, and by and by noticed Jeanne hopping about the counter. Thinking, of course, that Pierre had returned, she took no further notice of the bird. A little later, however, hearing a dreadful commotion out on the banquet, she ran out to witness the sad little tragedy which I, too, arrived just in time to see, but too late to prevent.

Taking advantage of Pierre's protracted absence, an ugly tortoise shell from the next block strolled to the little shop in search of Jeanne. Finding her out hopping about unprotected, he began siege at once, no doubt. Mam'zelle and I arrived just in time to see the tortoise-shell pounce on poor Jeanne as she sat perched on top of the swinging cage and bear her with him to the pavement. Before either of us could interpose the deed was done, and then in a moment there came Pierre rushing around the corner, and as quick as a flash he had taken in the situation. With one fierce bound he sprang upon the tortoise-shell and swept poor Jeanne from his clutches. For a brief moment he sat guarding her, but that moment was long enough to tell he was too late.

Then, letting Mam'zelle take the little corpse from under his paw, he swooped down upon the tortoise-shell. It was only for a little while, but when the battle was over both cats lay dead on the pavement. Pierre had laid down his life to avenge Jeanne's death, and the little Mam'zelle mourns both her pets.—Chicago Journal.

NO JOKE FOR THE JOKER.

When the Boot Is on the Other Foot Laughing Ceases.

The practical joker was sauntering along in the dusk. The inoffensive citizen was sauntering along in the same dusk, unmindful of the presence of the practical joker. The practical joker, recognizing a friend in the inoffensive citizen, chuckled to himself and quickened himself to overtake him.

The inoffensive citizen was thinking of a story he had read about footpads and wondering whether anyone would ever try to hold him up. The practical joker suddenly tipped the inoffensive citizen's hat over his eyes. The inoffensive citizen wheeled instantly and landed a fine, large blow between the practical joker's eyes. The practical joker went down. The inoffensive citizen promptly sat on him and hit him again. The practical joker yelled:

"For heaven's sake don't hit me again, John! Don't you know me?"

The inoffensive citizen said: "Great Scott!"

The practical joker said, in an injured tone: "Hang it all, John, it's only a joke."

The inoffensive citizen looked at the practical joker, who now had one eye closed, and laughed. The practical joker angrily asserted that it was no laughing matter.

"But you said it was a joke," returned the inoffensive citizen, "and I think you are right." And he laughed again. But the practical joker hasn't been able to see the point of it to this day. Still, it was unquestionably a good joke.—Tit-Bits.

Banana Pie.

Slice raw bananas, add butter, sugar, allspice and vinegar or boiled cider or diluted jelly; bake with two crusts. Cold boiled sweet potatoes may be used instead of bananas, and are very nice.—N. Y. Ledger.

Lettuce Sandwiches.

Nothing can be more crisp than lettuce sandwiches. Spread buttered slices of bread with salad dressing and place between small lettuce leaves.—Housekeeper.

Eat Hood's Sarsaparilla

Naturally, have a good appetite, keep your blood pure and your nerves strong by taking

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness, headache. 25c.

Mrs. Newed (to clerk)—"Have you any wax for polished floors?" Clerk—"No; we only have sealing wax." Mrs. Newed—"Well, that will do. If it's for the ceiling I suppose it will do for the floor just as well?"—Washington Times.

"OLD STATE OF PIKE."

The Home of the Stark Brothers' Nurseries—One of the Biggest Institutions in the World—Its Trade Extends to Nearly Every Civilized Nation on Earth.

St. Louis Republic, January 7, 1896.

One of the largest institutions in this State is the Stark Bro's Nurseries and Orchards company at Louisiana, Mo., and Rockport, Ill. The trade of the firm extends not only throughout the United States, Canada, Germany, France, Italy, Hungary and other foreign countries, but it has a number of customers both in New Zealand and Australia.

Eighty years ago there came from Kentucky to Pike county the late Judge Stark, then a young man fresh from Old Hickory's New Orleans campaign. He started the nursery and planted the first grafted orchard in the state, having brought the scions on horseback from Kentucky.

The business has descended from father to son, and is now conducted by the third generation, assisted by the fourth. This firm has more than 1,000 traveling solicitors, and employs more people in its offices than would be necessary to run a large manufacturing concern. The extensive packing-houses of the company are adjacent to the city, connected with the railroad by special tracks. From these packing houses hundreds of carloads of trees are shipped annually. The nursery grounds embrace a number of farms convenient to the city, and even extend to Rockport, Ills., where there is a plant of several million trees.

The peculiarity of the concern is the establishment of large orchards. These orchards in 24 states aggregate nearly 50,000 acres, and more than 3,500,000 trees on the partnership plan. The firm is also interested in about as many more trees on the co-operative arrangement.

Louisiana firms have more traveling men upon the road for them than any other city of the world of its size. This, of course, is largely due to the large number of men employed by the Stark Bros. Nurseries, who furnish their men the most complete, up-to-date outfit ever issued. They are increasing their force of salesmen daily, and room for more.

Idleness is only the refuge of weak minds, and the holiday of fools.—Chesterfield.

Travel with a Friend

Who will protect you from those enemies—nausea, indigestion, malaria and the sickness produced by rocking on the waves, and sometimes by inland traveling over the rough beds of the ill laid railroads. Such a friend is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Ocean mariners, yachtsmen, commercial and theatrical agents and tourists testify to the protective potency of this effective safeguard, which conquers also rheumatism, nervousness and biliousness.

Artifice is weak; it is the work of mere man, in the imbecility and self-distrust of his mimic understanding.—Hare.

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action; but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently overcome habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

To Complete the Collation.—She (sentimentally)—"I would I were a bird." He (stupidly)—"And what would I be?" She (sarcastically)—"Oh, you might be a small bottle."—Chicago Record.

Low Rate Excursions South.

On the first and third Tuesday of each month till October about half-rates for round trip will be made to points in the South by the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

"Where goes the weather forecast man to for his vacation?" "He doesn't go anywhere; he doesn't dare to come down out of that tower."—Chicago Tribune.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch st. Phila., Pa.

"Miss Oldun is one old maid who doesn't try to conceal her age." "Yes, but she knows it's no use." "Why?" "Her twin brother lives with her."—Chicago Record.

Red, angry eruptions yield to the action of Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye. 50 cents.

He who goes no further than bare justice stops at the beginning of virtue.—Blair.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a Cough medicine.—F. M. Abbott, 383 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

The most enviable of all titles, the character of an honest man.—Washington.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

We imitate only what we believe and admire.—Willmott.

Real Value.

The real value of any fertilizer is demonstrated by the size and quality of the crops it produces. It's for this reason

Standard Fertilizers

are the farmers' favorites wherever they are known.

They are always fine and dry and give universal satisfaction as crop growers.

Send for information to

Standard Fertilizer Co.

Ohio Office, Cleveland, Ohio.

BENEFIT TO MANKIND: YUCATAN.

TEMPERANCE.

ON CERTAIN ADJECTIVES.

A "generous" liquor! Ah, if generous
Let it return, of what it steals from us,
At least one-tenth!—one soul for every ten
In mercy let it render back again:
One-tenth of all the homes, the land, the gold,
The peace, the joy, its close-mouthed coffers hold!
You sneer, you generous liquor. Well you know
All things to get and nothing to let go.
"Generous," forsooth!

"A royal bumper!" "Royal"? Yes, a king
Whose reign means serfdom. There's no sacred thing
This "royal liquor" fails to override,
And whelm in fiendish lust and hateful pride.
His regnant scepter bends, and at the sign
Men yield themselves the crawling slaves of wine.
His throne is built of broken hearts, his crown
Gleams red with stars from heaven fallen down.
"Royal," indeed!

"A sparkling goblet"! Yes, yes!—all ablaze
With horrid hell's most haggard, ghastly rays,
The light of happy eyes turned to despair,
The flash of hate, the eating flame of care,

The glitter of a madman's awful eyes,
The dying light that stabs one as it dies—
Hence does the "sparkling goblet" get the glow
And radiant glances that delight men so.
"Sparkling," forsooth!

"Strong" drink, "strong" drink! Well may we call it strong
That drags so many myriad men headlong
Down woe's most awful path to dreadful death,
That shatters happy households at a breath,
And fastens with its hot and crooked hands
On temple roof and spire that loftiest stands,
While marts and studios and statesmen's halls
It levels it to the slime wherein it crawls.
"Strong" drink, indeed!

And "rare old spirits!" Ah, how many a prayer
Beseeches God that they become more rare!
Rare—till the widow's tears less common are,
Rare—till dismantled homes are fewer far;
Rare—till the children's sobs, the wives' despair,
The drunkard's dreadful anguish, grow more rare!
Brothers, to work! to work with hand and will,
And make these "rare old spirits" rarer still!
God for the right!
—Amos R. Wells, in Golden Rule.

DRUNKARDS' WIVES' CLUBS.

Founded Out in Kansas by a Long-Suffering Woman

It is not the pleasantest thing in the world to be known and advertised as a drunkard's wife. Most women who are in that unenvied company are only too glad to cloak the truth from all the world and bear the misery of it alone. Here is a woman who takes a different view of the matter. She is Mrs. Fannie Mosier, of Kansas City, Kan. She thinks the only way to put an end to her suffering is to blazon it to the whole world, and so shame the drunken scamp of a husband out of it. Drink and her thirsty husband's love for it started Mrs. Mosier on this candid crusade. The name of her bibulous spouse is Allen E. Mosier. She married him at Browning, Neb., in 1877. His cruelties and his thirst grew in about an equal ratio. One day he went home drunk and tried to strangle her. That was about 18 months after she had induced him to profess Christianity and join the Baptist church. Later he begged his wife's forgiveness, which was granted, whereupon he left her to her own resources. She took in washing, and in this way managed for a time to keep a home for herself and children. Then she conceived the idea of founding a society of drunkards' wives. This she is now endeavoring to do, visiting about from place to place and delivering addresses on the street corners. She has stitched away, by hand, until she has completed a black woolen skirt and hat, and a blue waist. These make up her reformers' uniform. The sides of the hat will be decorated with pictures showing the horrors of the drunkard's home. The crowning feature of this striking outfit will be a red, white and blue umbrella, the panels adorned with legends such as this: "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve—the home or the saloon." It would seem on the whole that Mrs. Mosier's crusade was one born of long suffering, final despair and unrelenting hatred of the spirit which has brought her so much misery. There is in the eccentricity of the garb she has chosen and her ways of going about her work of reform something that savors of disturbed mental balance, or ostentatious fanaticism. But the people who are prone to ridicule her stand dumb at the story of her much suffering and forget her motley uniform in their respect for her apparent devotion to the one purpose of dealing deadly knocks to the rum business.

Did You Ever?

Did you ever hear a saloonkeeper saying to a would-be customer, in the shape of a poor, wretched sot: "No, I cannot take your money. You have too much liquor now. Take your money and go buy some bread for your starving wife and children."—Contestant.

KOLA STIMULANTS.

Dangers to Which People Who Use Them Are Liable.

It is the belief of nearly all conservative physicians that there is no stimulant the use of which is not followed by a corresponding depression or reaction. For some years there has been a vast amount of fiction printed about the kola-nut. We have all of us heard the fairy tales about the Indians who were in the habit of running 100 miles for days in succession, and sustaining themselves by an occasional bite of a kola-nut. We have never believed these tales, and we think very few physicians believe them. There is no doubt that kola is a stimulant, and that it has some of the qualities claimed for it, but no stimulant has yet been discovered that is not followed by a reaction. Nearly all stimulants, such as tea, coffee, caffeine, alcohol and others, act in the same way. They act upon the body as a whip does upon a horse, and impel it to increased effort. They make the heart pump the blood more rapidly throughout the circulatory system. But after the heart has been pumping at an accelerated rate, a period of depression will follow, unless the tissue waste caused thereby is replaced by new tissue, and sometimes even when the tissue waste is replaced. When a stimulant like kola, which contains absolutely no nutritive elements, is taken into the body, the effect must be similar to those of alcohol, and the use of this stimulant must be followed by a reaction.

Prof. Lehman, the great German authority on physiological chemistry, says that caffeine is closely allied to kreatine and other tissue poisons, the result of tissue waste; the accumulation of these waste products within the body gives rise to loss of energy, languor, and a lack of ability to work. Beef tea which does not contain the fiber of the meat is also a mere stimulant, and is almost identical with kreatinine, one of the products of tissue waste. A great French surgeon once remarked that beef tea is a veritable solution of ptomains. The late Dr. Edward Smith proved that tea and coffee stimulate people and impel them to perform greater amounts of work, but that the fatigue experienced after the effort put forth under the influence of these stimulants is always far greater than that induced by the same amount of work performed without the stimulant. Caffeine is very closely analogous to kola. It is, as we have before remarked, allied to the tissue poisons resulting from tissue waste. It is like cocaine, opium, cannabis indica, and other drugs—a delusion and a snare. It temporarily removes the sense of weariness or fatigue, but it does not give any greater capacity for work; all it does is to whip the tired body as a cruel driver whips a tired horse on the last hill going home.

Kola is not coca, but of cocaine many evil tales are told—tales that should warn people against these new stimulants. There is a striking case in the dry record of an Indiana asylum for the insane. It is told of a physician who was called in to cure a young girl of the opium habit. He succeeded in curing her by the use of cocaine, fell in love with her, married her, and, instead of relieving her from the cocaine habit, by which he had hoped to cure her of the opium habit, he joined her in the fatal vice, and both of them to-day are inmates of an asylum for the incurably insane.—San Francisco Argonaut.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

The copper coil of a still is called the "worm." Being a serpent coiled to sting the vitals, it is fitly named.—Ram's Horn.

The great sin of our time is intemperance. Gambling and prostitution are its allies. It paves the way for them—nourishes them.—Rev. Homer Ashcraft.

Those people who cannot be happy here unless there are saloons handy would be so lonesome in Heaven, if they got there, they wouldn't want to stay.—Plaindealer.

African natives universally know how to prepare intoxicating liquors from such simple materials as the tops of broom corn, sugar cane juice and cocoanut milk.

The extent to which brewers control the retail liquor business of New York was manifested under the Raines liquor tax law, May 1, when one brewer filed applications for 700 certificates, another for 300, and another for 150, a total of 1,150, aggregating in money $920,000.

So long as we have breath in our body, so long as we can lift a pen to write, so long as we run this paper and the country is cursed with the damnable liquor traffic, just so long do we propose to give no uncertain sound against it. It is a warfare in which every true man should engage.—Corbett's Herald.

The editors of some of our daily papers, who are not known as prohibitionists or even strict temperance men, speak of decent people and saloonkeepers as belonging to two different classes. We are free to say that a decent man should neither keep a saloon nor patronize one.—United Presbyterian.

Cost of Destroying a Slum.

The cost of destroying a slum is very great; in London, $2,500,000 have just been expended in the effort in a single district. The Century well observes that American cities may with profit learn how serious is the evil of slum construction. In New York through the efforts of the state tenement house commission, legislation has been secured which if enforced and continued will lessen the growth of these dangerous congested centers.

What the Poor Man Gets.

What does the poor man get when he goes to the saloon? Does he get bread and meat, boots, shoes or clothing for his family? Does he get value received? Nay, nay; he gets a full stomach, a swelled head and bleared eyes; these he takes home to his family for a week's supply.—C. H. Butterworth.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The new Connecticut forest map shows that over one-third of the state is given up to woods. The area of woodland has been increased by the growing up of what were once pasture lands.

—Albany, N. Y., claims the honor of having made the first carriages manufactured entire in this country. Several were built in the year 1814, and the event was duly noted at the time as an evidence of the spread of United States enterprise.

—An idea of the size of the state of Texas can be gleaned from the fact that in Brewster county a herd of the scarcest quadrupeds on the American continent, buffaloes, has just been rediscovered. The last time they were seen was in 1894.

—The editor of the Ashland (Me.) Headlight makes the following liberal announcement: Trout, tongue, salmon, whitefish or chubs taken in payment for subscriptions at this office. We haven't yet decided to take any suckers or "hornpouts," but may be driven to it later on.

—The first agricultural exhibition held within the limits of the United States is said to have been organized and carried to a successful conclusion at Georgetown, in the District of Columbia, in 1810. This claim is disputed, various towns and counties in New England asserting that agricultural fairs or expositions were held in them at an earlier date.

—Steamers between New Zealand and Australia must be pretty crowded, judging from this statement in the London Standard: "I was assured by a friend who not long ago traveled with his daughter from Auckland to Sidney, five days, that during the voyage none of the ladies could take a bath, as one lady was sleeping in the bath itself, while two others occupied the finer."

—One of the articles of food most prized by the Chinese on the Pacific coast is dried duck. An American in Contra Costa county, Cal., has started a duck-drying business and has a monopoly of the Chinese trade. He buys hundreds of ducks from hunters, fills them with salt and hangs them in the sun for six weeks. They become as hard as sole leather and will keep indefinitely. The Chinese used to import their dried ducks from China.

MIDSUMMER HATS.

Large Brims Will Be in Favor for the Sunny Days.

Large Leghorn flats from 75 cents to four dollars apiece are plentiful after the first of June. Of course, at the first price they are not the genuine Italian straw, but they look very well for a season, trimmed in one of the four styles which are fashionable. One is with white or black ostrich tips, chiffon and flowers; another with a wreath of wild flowers; another with a trimming of immense loops and many pert ends of light Persian ribbon and white wings sticking out in every direction, while a fourth has the back turned up with a mass of pink roses against it; an immense rosette of white net is placed on either side of the crown near the back, with a large Valkyrie wing of white, and across the front has a wreath of roses in their own foliage and a soft drapery of the net. All hats are worn tip-tilted over the face, which is said to make women look younger, but this style requires a thiffy coiffure. The ever-popular sailor hats shine in simplicity or are trimmed so that the shape is almost hidden. The first named have a simple band of ribbon or one of white leather—the former in a bow on the side and the latter fastened under a gold buckle. A novel sailor brim has a full crown similar to a Tam O'Shanter, and has a bow on the left side and a bunch of flowers on the right. Medium crowns are preferred. Large rosettes of tulle in one or up to five colors trim sailors, with flowers or wings added. Bicycle sailors have a crown band and two quills at the side. A sailor hat for dressy wear has a wreath of roses in a quantity of leaves, with two erect stems of flowers at the back and a lot of smaller roses crushed under the brim. The severe sailor without a bit of trimming should not be attempted by the woman over 25, unless she happens to be very youthful in appearance.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Finger Language.

It is a well known fact that Col. Witherspoon is a dreadfully henpecked man, which is confirmed by a conversation he had with Gus De Smith on a street car, in which there were two deaf mutes.

"Isn't it strange to see those boys talking to each other with their fingers?"

"It does look a little peculiar to see them making signs to each other with their fingers."

"I should like to learn it."

"Well, I wouldn't. I tried it once."

"Could you understand what your teacher said?"

"Oh, yes; I found no trouble in understanding what she said, but I didn't like the finger language."

"Who taught you?"

"My wife. See that groove on my nose? No more finger language for me."—Texas Sifter.

An Unwarranted Invasion.

Marion is a little girl three years old. She was going upstairs the other day when a lady came to the door to pay her mother a visit, who had in her hand a great bouquet of roses. The child was delighted to be given these and told to take them to mamma. She scampered upstairs with the flowers, while the maid ushered the caller into the drawing-room. This house has several small children in it, and their mother is obliged to forbid their using some rooms freely. When Marion started down the staircase again, she saw that the doors were opened into that sacred apartment. She stood still and stared. There sat the visitor in plain sight. "Mamma," she shrieked to the hostess in her own room, "the lady has got into the parlor!"—N. Y. Times.

A SUGGESTION TO ARBITRATE.

It Is Wrong to Fight in This Enlightened Age.

The little man with straw-colored hair wagged his head indignantly and sputtered incoherent epithets while the six-footer stood off and watched him with an expression of mingled curiosity and worriment.

"I don't know that I exactly understand what you're saying," the big man remarked, slowly. "But I guess I have a pretty good idea of the sentiment. Still, we might as well get together and talk it over so's to have everything straight and plain. You said that I had not done half the fighting in the war that I claimed to have done. And I reported that you were so scared you didn't do any."

"Yes, sir, you did. And what's more, you reiterated it. And, not satisfied with that, you said it over."

"And thereupon you called me a liar."

"Yes, sir. And I am sorry, sir, that the company into which I had fallen and the stress of the circumstances betrayed me into the use of a word which should not be in any gentleman's vocabulary. But it's the only one which fits the subject."

"Let's don't bother about that. We're both on the same boat on that trip, anyhow. You will remember that I gave way to my instinctive love of repartee and replied that you were another."

"You did exactly that."

"And then you wanted to fight."

"I haven't gotten over wanting to, either."

"Still, even if we were to fight, the dispute as to the facts in the case would remain unsettled."

"A man is generally willing to give in when he has been licked," was the dogged answer.

"But it wouldn't be an even thing. I could take you with one hand like a whipcracker and snap the pegs out of your shoes."

The little man looked him over, and, quite undaunted, replied:

"You've got a good chance to try."

"I don't want to do it. I dislike to leave unsettled this question of which of us is a mendacious blot on the continent which George Washington once inhabited. All you want, of course, is to have it decided which of us is a liar and which is not."

"That's all that it seems reasonable to expect."

"Suppose, then, that we go ahead and determine the thing in a sportsmanlike fashion. Here's a cent. I'll flip it up. Which'll you take, heads or tails?"

"Heads."

"All right. If it comes up heads, I'm a liar, and if it comes up tails, you're a liar."

But the little man with straw-colored hair said it seemed a good deal like foolishness for grown men to behave in that way and he guessed they'd better shake hands and call the whole affair off.—Detroit Free Press.

PUNISHMENT OF CHILDREN.

How Best to Rebuke Misbehavior of the Little Folks.

In a recent number of Science, Prof. J. F. Morse, of the Wisconsin university, in Madison, outlined a series of tests which he wants to have parents make with very young children, with a view to finding out the best way to secure respect for authority, and then a report of the result is solicited for comparison with similar statements. The collection of such information may at first seem a little absurd, for every intelligent observer of children knows that the latter differ so greatly in health, brightness, temperament and other qualities that no uniform plan of procedure would give the best results. One child must be managed in one way, and another in another, in order to secure the highest success. Nevertheless, if enough facts could be gathered, it might be possible to classify the little folks who had been examined, so that the best policy for each set could be pointed out. Parents and teachers might find a good summary of these experiments very instructive. A variety of expedients would be suggested, and one could try that which seems to have worked best in cases like those immediately at hand, provided that all others had failed.

Prof. Morse suggests that most of these experiments be tried on children whose ages are between two and six. Various offenses are specified, like naughtiness at table, sauciness, taking a playmate's toy, misbehavior while the father has been away from home, and lack of cleanliness; and such punishments are suggested as sending away from the table, shutting up in a room, whipping or spanking, sending to bed without a good-night kiss. The effect of each is to be carefully recorded. The attempt is to be made, too, to find out whether praise for good behavior goes further than censure for wrongdoing or neglect. And the possible influence of pretending to cry is to be watched. Prof. Morse will send instructions to those who are willing to cooperate in this investigation, and asks people to send him their names and addresses for that purpose. He says: "The information secured in response to this request will be used in a general and statistical way without publication of names." Those who participate would be assisting in a cause of great value, and would be doing philanthropic service.—Scientific American.

Fillet of Salmon.

Cut the fish into fillets and wipe with a clean cloth; egg and bread crumb these; fry in hot fat until they are lightly browned, about ten minutes; put them on blotting paper to free them from fat; serve on a napkin and garnish with parsley.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Insurance Item.

"Your accident policy has about run out. Don't you want to renew it?"

"Not with your company. I've insured with your company for five years and never met with an accident yet. I am going to try some other company for a change."—Texas Sifter.

TELEPHONES OF ROYALTY.

The Instrument in Use in All the Palaces of Europe.

Now that Queen Victoria has at length permitted the installation of the telephone at Windsor castle, Osborne house and Balmoral and Buckingham palace, there is not a sovereign in Europe who does not utilize this instrument for communicating royal and imperial wishes, as well as commands to subjects and officials. Even the pope, who has lately decided that, while a confession may be heard over the telephone, the priest cannot use the wire for the purpose of granting absolution, has had a receiver installed in his private apartments, by means of which he often communicates with the Propaganda Fide, which is situated on the other side of the Tiber, and at a considerable distance from the vatican. It is generally his valet, Cintra, who does the talking over the wire for him, but he occasionally speaks over it himself, and only the other day, when a Jesuit priest was taken suddenly ill during a private audience, the pope rushed to the little red-lined booth and personally called up the Jesuit college.

King Leopold is enabled, by means of the telephone, to communicate with his ministers at Brussels, without leaving either his palace at Laken or his marine residence at Ostend. When, a year ago, the little king of Spain was prostrated with the measles, and secluded at one end of the huge palace at Madrid, the queen regent was able to hold intercourse with him, located in a distant wing of the edifice, not only daily, but almost hourly, over the wire.

Queen Victoria, however, is so ultraconservative that it is most difficult to get her consent to any modern innovation, and it was only two years ago that she permitted the installation of electric light in the state apartments of Windsor. Previously electricity, as well as gas, had been uncompromisingly barred from her private apartments. Yet it is almost impossible to aggregate the importance of thus placing the various residences of the queen in telephonic communication with London, as far as transaction of official business is concerned.

Until now, whenever the queen was desirous of consulting one of her constitutional advisers upon any point, or when any cabinet minister had some matter of urgency to impart to her majesty, the unfortunate dignitary had to travel all the way from Windsor to Balmoral—a 24 hours' journey—or to Osborne, which entailed a sea trip across the stormy Solent, very often for the sake of only ten minutes' talk with the sovereign. Then, too, Lord Salisbury and even Mr. Chamberlain, both of them busy men, have had to spend a good deal of their time explaining matters to the queen in writing, the library at Buckingham palace containing many volumes of letters such as these written to the queen by her various ministers through her long reign of well-nigh 60 years. Henceforth the queen will be in a position to be consulted by her ministers at a moment's notice, which will greatly simplify matters.

In the same proportion that the queen is old-fashioned in her views, in her surroundings, in her manner and in her appearance, so is the prince of Wales up to date. Marlborough house and Sandringham are fitted up with telephones and electric lights, in the most approved style. Should the prince survive his mother, his advent to the throne is likely to be marked by all sorts of innovations, which will have the effect of simplifying the present intricate manner of conducting the business of state.

In this respect he resembles his nephew, Emperor William, of Germany, whose predilection for the telephone is a source of disgust to the various government officials at Berlin. There are instruments in his library and workingroom, as well as in a number of other of the imperial apartments, and he is all day long engaged in ringing up one government official or another, or else talking with his friends and courtiers over the wire. He seems to find the same pleasure in calling up the various government departments over the telephone that he does in alarming the various garrisons at night time, being evidently under the impression that by so doing he keeps the officials strictly attentive to their duties, and convinced that if not the eye, at any rate the ear, of the emperor is upon them.

Although it may flatter the pride of the telephone people at Berlin to have the emperor among the subscribers of th system, yet he gives them far more trouble than any other subscriber. For when he telephones to any of the government departments the operators at the central office are under the strictest orders to abstain from listening to the conversation.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

Withering.

"I hab de pleasure ob announcin' dat Candydate Moses Wintergreen am unanonymously 'lected to membahship in dis club," announced the president of the Blackville Social club.

"Yo' mean 'unanimously 'lected,' Mistah Pres'dent," corrected a member.

"When de pres'dent of dis club deziahs any information or advice from yo', he will let yo' know, Jabe Juspah," retorted the president, loftily. "You'd ought to know, sah, dat 'unanimous' an' 'anonymous' is synonymatic pahts of speech, sah!"—N. Y. World.

Fortunate Tide.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men," said the man who habitually quotes Shakespeare, "which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune."

"Yes," replied the man who had married an heiress, "I remember the tide that led to my fortune well."

"What tide was that?"

"It was eventide, and we were sitting in the garden."—Washington Star.

Nothing to Fear.

Foreigner—Scientists agree that climates are changing all over the globe. Is there not fear that the American climate may change for the worse?

American (confidently)—Oh, no, it couldn't.—N. Y. Weekly.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—In New Jersey wheat-raising costs $20.29 per acre; therefore the Jersey man cultivates vegetables and berries for the markets of New York and Philadelphia.

—The yield of wheat in France, owing to the careful cultivation of the soil and the large quantities of guano and other fertilizers employed is 17 bushels per acre.

—In 1790 were made the first brooms in this country from broom corn grown on American soil. The brooms were made in Philadelphia, and the event was spoken of at the time as an illustration of the development of the country.

—Mr. Mallet investigated the depth of the center of shock in the case of the Calabrian earthquake of 1857 and found it to be nearly six miles, while Dr. Oldham ascertained that the center of the Cachar earthquake in 1869 was 30 miles below the surface.

—Rapid progress is being made on the Great Eastern canal, which is expected to irrigate 250,000 acres in Nance, Platte and Colfax counties, Nebraska. The first five miles have been completed. Five grading machines are at work on the big canal and 14 scrapers.

—A nonpoisonous match has been devised by a French chemist, potassium permanganate and amyl acetate being among the inoffensive ingredients. The matches are made easily and without danger, ignite readily, are not liable to explosion when stored in quantity, and have an odor said to be positively agreeable.

—Electric lines in Europe increased in number from 70 to 111 during 1895, their length from 700 to 902 kilometers (560 miles), and the power from 18,150 to 25,095 kilowatts. Germany leads with 406 kilometers, followed by France with 152 and England with 107, and Switzerland fourth with 47. The only countries still free from electric traction are Bulgaria, Greece and Denmark.

—Antistreptococcic serum has led to the forced resignation of one of the laboratory directors of the Paris medical faculty. He has discovered a serum that would cure erysipelas, puerperal fever, etc., which, however, is said not to be so effective as the Mannorek serum, and made his discovery public. A firm of druggists began to manufacture the serum and employed the doctor's laboratory assistant to direct the process; the doctor found this out, but did not dismiss the assistant, and for the breach of professional etiquette has had to resign his place.

LAZIEST PEOPLE ON EARTH.

Live in an Inaccessible Mountain Between the Black Sea and the Caspian.

The dirtiest people in the world have recently been discovered by an explorer in the Caucasus. They live in an inaccessible mountain range between the Black sea and the Caspian, their village being so snugly hidden away that no government has yet been able to reach them. As they were ages ago, so they are to this day.

Seen from without there is a certain picturesqueness about a Svanetian village, although it merely consists of miserable stone hovels without any attempt at form or adornment. Within the houses are inconceivably filthy. They are filled with rags, vermin and dirt of every description. They possess no fireplace nor chimney. All the cooking, in fact, is done over a hole scooped out in the middle of the floor.

In these houses men and women and children are huddled together; during the long winter months they are shut for days at a time, the cattle often sharing their quarters. Every aperature has to be closed on account of the cold. This long imprisonment is, perhaps, the cause of the degradation of the people. Horrible diseases result from it, which are aggravated by an abnormal consumption of arrack, the strong distilled drink of the Asiatics.

Besides being the dirtiest, they are probably the laziest people on earth. It is an invariable rule to make four days a week holidays, with saints' days as extras. Since they have adopted the holidays of every other country with which they have come in contact, it is not surprising that the men find little time for work.

Farming, bee culture and cattle breeding are the only industries of these lazy people; throughout their territory there is not a single manufactured article. Their children marry while very young, they attend no school, and lastly they have no money.—Hartford Times.

Right Way to Warm Buildings.

There is ample evidence to prove that the rational heating of buildings was a well-understood art several thousand years ago. In the palmy days of Pompeii's early existence, before its burial under volcanic ashes, the old Roman baths were heated by steam, and in a better and far more scientific manner than is followed at the present time. The walls of the buildings were double, and the steam, at atmospheric pressure, no doubt, was carried up through these walls, all around the rooms to be warmed, bringing them to a temperature approximating that of the steam, and the occupants of the rooms were thus exposed to a radiation of warmth from all directions. In this we have the true theory of heating. Following, in a measure, this early system, some one in Germany, according to recent account, proposes to build a house of which the framework is to be made up of water tubing, through which warm water is to be circulated in winter, and cold water in summer, warming and cooling the inclosed spaces as may be prompted by requirements. All the floors and ceilings and walls are to be crossed and recrossed by water pipes, affording heating and cooling surface exactly where theory tells us it should be to give the most desirable results. The building of that house would certainly afford an excellent, modern, practical demonstration of the value of these ideal principles.—Cassier's Magazine.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SISSELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. H. SAUTTER, Local Editor.

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THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1896.

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET

For President of the United States,

WILLIAM McKINLEY,

OF OHIO.

For Vice President of the United States,

GARRET A. HOBART,

OF NEW JERSEY.

GEN. DAN SICKLES says that he was never in the habit of using blank cartridges in the presence of the enemy, so he will not waste a vote on any third candidate, but cast it for Wm. McKinley, whom he knows was a good soldier, is a true patriot and will maintain the honor of the country.

WE FEAR that our esteemed contemporary, the *Democrat*, is a belter and a flopper. The Democratic platform of Maryland contains this deliverance: "We are in favor of a firm, unvarying maintenance of the gold standard. While we favor the most liberal use of silver consistent with the enforcement of a gold standard, we are absolutely opposed to the free coinage of silver." This doctrine is not now advocated by the *Democrat*, but quite the contrary.

Rallying Cry for Good Times.

McKinley acquired all the popularity that compelled his nomination at St. Louis because the masses—the rank and file of the American people that regard his name as in itself a rallying cry for a return to good times. The campaign must be kept on that line. With one-fourth of the world's entire stock of gold now in our possession all we need is a tariff like that of 1890 to give us $100,000,000 a year or more in gold from Europe to settle the balance of trade in our favor. And that is the goal toward which the American revenue and fiscal policy ought to be steadily and persistently shaped.

HON. JOHN K. COWEN, Democratic Congressman from the Fourth district of Maryland, says: "Populism, Altgeldism and Fiatism is not Democracy. I think it is not only the duty of Democrats to vote, but to work against the ticket and platform adopted at Chicago, and I shall do both. The Republican Convention boldly took position for the gold standard and the nominees of that party stands firmly on the platform. I shall unhesitatingly vote for McKinley and Hobart."

Gen. John Gill, a delegate to the Chicago Convention, Hon. Isador Rayner, ex-Gov. Whyte, and hundreds of prominent Democrats in this State, have declared their intention of voting for McKinley.

Solid Facts.

The Democrats promised to the sheep farmer greater prosperity under free wool than he had under protection. The number of sheep decreased from 47,500,000 at the close of Harrison's administration, to 38,500,000, Jan. 1, 1896, after nearly three years of Cleveland and practical free trade, a decrease of 16 per cent. The price of medium wool went down from 33 cents in 1892 to 21½ in 1895. The imports of foreign cheap wools went up from $17,698,058 worth in 1892 to $33,770,179 worth in 1895.

Jan. 1, 1892, under the wicked McKinley bill, one barrel of potatoes would buy 28 pounds of sugar. Jan. 1, 1896, under the truly good Brice-Gorman-Wilson bill, one barrel of potatoes would buy 14 pounds of sugar. How much did the farmers gain? Jan. 1, 1892, one bushel of wheat would buy 26¼ pounds of sugar. Jan. 1, 1896, one bushel of wheat would buy 13 4-5 pounds of sugar. How much did the farmers gain? And the currency was just the same that it is now. It couldn't have had any effect in changing prices. It was protection vs. free trade. Free trade did the mischief and protection is the farmer's best friend.—Mountain Echo.

Misfit Candidates.

William Jennings Bryan is an attorney for the Missouri Pacific Railroad Company, and Arthur Sewall is a director in many corporations in Maine, including the Maine Central railroad, besides being a shipbuilder and merchant of prominence, the president of a national bank, and the richest man in the state. These are queer standard bearers for a party with such a Populistic platform as that adopted at Chicago.

A representative of the Missouri Pacific railroad in New York city is responsible for the information that Mr. Bryan is an attorney for that corporation and this representative added: "Some of his utterances would seem to me incompatible with consientious service in a railroad corporation." Just so. A corporation lawyer ought not to be a candiate on a Populistic platform, and a man with Bryan's views ought not to be a corporation lawyer.

The tail of the ticket is even more of a misfit. Mr. Sewall is presdent of the American Shipping League, which has organized to obtain heavy subsidies for American ships. Mr. Sewall goes to Washington every time a tariff bill is under discussion, and does his best to secure high duties on ships, lumber, potatoes, hay and other products of his state. He is an intimate friend of Senator Frye whose protectionist views are well known, and he is a fellow member with Mr Frye of the American Tariff League. Mr. Sewall did not attend the Democratic convention as a delegate. He went in his favorite role of lobbyist. As chairman of the American Shipping League, he went to Chicago to secure the adoption as a part of a resolution similar to that adopted by the Republican convention. The St. Louis body declared in favor of the restoration of merchant marine and protection to American shipping by the adoption of discrimiating duties. Mr. Sewall failed to induce his party's convention to declare in favor of his shipping interests, but he and his barrel were captured by the men he went to cajole.

The American people then are asked to vote for a railway attorney on a platform which denounces railroads and demands that the government take control of these corporations in order "to protect the people from robbery and oppression." They are asked to vote for a national bank president on a platform which denounces the national bank system in severe terms. Verily, it is a misfit ticket.

A Recent Experiment.

The theories of the free silver advocates are contradicted by the experience of all countries in the world, including their own. The experiment which the free silver people advocate has invariably failed and for this reason every European country now has the gold standard. They came to it, not because they wanted to, but because they had to. England did not adopt the gold standard until after a struggle of centuries to keep gold and silver in circulation according to ratio fixed by law.

The most recent experiment of that kind was tried by Chili, the strongest and most progressive of the South American States. There was no demonetization in Chili on which the blame could be laid for the decline in the value of silver. The legal ratio was 16.39 to 1, fixed in 1851. Until the rapid increase in the production of silver and consequent decline in value which began in 1874, the effect of this ratio was to keep Chili on a gold basis, just as in this country before the war. The market price of silver fell from 16 13 to 1 in 1875 to 17.80 to 1 in 1876, and just as soon as the market value of silver fell below the mint ratio gold ceased to come into the mint and silver poured in like a flood. The mints could not coin half the silver bullion presented, although nine additional machines were povided in an endeavor to keep up with the comage demand. Finally the government had to suspend the reception of silver, but the ratio was not altered and silver remained a legal tender at the old ratio. The sudden expulsion of gold from circulation caused a contraction of the currecy which was met by issues of paper and this paper being on a silver basis shared in its rapid decline of value. The effect was an extensive robbery of the compensation of labor. Prices went up rapidly while wages increased very little and productive enterprise of every character was depressed by the continual depreciation of the standard of value. The people were awakened by dire experience to the cause of their misery and in June, 1895, the gold basis was re-established. If the Bryans, Tillmans and Atgelds should go to Chili and attempt to tell the people what a grand thing free coinage of silver at the old ratio would be for them, they would be hooted at.

Humors Of The Campaign.

From Saturday's Baltimore Sun.

In spite of all that has been written of lato on the free-silver question it would seem that there are still some intelligent people who do not understand the meaning of the phrase "16 to 1" used in the platform adopted by the Chicago convention. Some of the misconstructions of the term are so extraordinary that it would be difficult to believe they were anything but humorous campaign creations were they not vouched for by the most respectable testimony. For instance, a correspondent of *The Sun* writes to say that he knows a Harford county farmer who interprets the declaration in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, meaning that every body can get sixteen silver dollars for one gold dollar if Mr. Bryan is elected. He thinks that if everybody is to receive sixteen dollars for every dollar which he owns now, we cannot fail to have good times. Our correspondent adds that this idea has taken such deep hold in the farmers' mind that he could not be persuaded that he was wrong. We trust his eyes will be opened to the truth before the election, otherwise a bitter disappointment awaits him. The expression "16 to 1," has no such meaning as he has attached to it. Sixteen to one reters merely to the ratio which the free-coinage advocates think should be observed between silver and gold when these metals are converted into coin at the government mints, sixteen parts of silver to be equal to one part of gold. They propose that the government shall coin free of sharge all the silver and gold bullion that may be brought to it, that sixteen ounces of silver shall be held to be worth as much as one ounce of gold and that the two metals shall be coined at that ratio. The real ratio at present--that is the relative value of silver and gold in the market—is about 30 to 1. That is one ounce of gold is worth about thirty ounces of silver. The ratio of 16 to 1 is bad enough as a business proposition but the Chicago platform does not go quite the length the Harford county farmer supposes. It proposes to make the government take a little over fifty cents worth of silver and stamp it as a dollar, but it don't propose to give sixteen of these dollars in exchange for a gold dollar.

If the Harford county farmer were a silver mine-owner, however, he could make a pretty penny, if the declaration of the Chicago platform should become a law. The following calculations from Finance and Commerce indicates what a soft and lovely thing it would be for the owners of bullion: "One ounce of gold, American coin standard of fineness—that is, 900 parts of pure gold to 100 of alloy will coin, in gold dollars, $18.60. Sixteen ounces of silver, American coin standard of fineness—that is 900 parts of pure silver to 100 alloy, at the rate of 412½ grains to the dollar, (the weight of the present standard silver dollar,) will coin $18.60 in silver dollars. These sixteen ounces of silver can be bought in the markets of the world to-day for $9.94. There would, therefore, be a profit of $8.66 on an investment of $9.94, being about 87 per cent, if a holder of silver could take it to the mint and coin it without charge into silver dollars."

But the construction placed on the figures "16 to 1" by the Harford countryman is surpassed by that placed on the words "free coinage" by a country customer of a Pittsburg firm, to which he recently wrote asking them, in case of Mr. Bryan's election, to use their influence to get him a position as distributor of silver." His idea about "free" coinage is that silver is to be coined in unlimited quantities and distributed to everybody "free." This incident is not taken from the humorous column of any of the funny papers. Its genuineness is affirmed by reliable witnesses. It is to be hoped that the truth was gently broken to the would-be "distributor of silver" and that he was told that "free coinage" means only that the government shall convert bullion into coin without charge.

A Silhouette of Bryan's Supporters.

Here are some of the loudest of the supporters of Bryan and Sewall: Johann Most, the Anarchist: General Coxey, the leader of the ragamuffin Army Ex-Governor Waite of Colorado, of bloody bridles fame, Ex-Governor Pennoyer, of Oregon, who refused to meet a visiting President of the United States on the ground that the Governor of Oregon was a bigger man officially. Jo Sibley, a millionaire who jumped into fame by making a scurrilous attack on President Cleveland in the House of Representatives, and who has not been elected to any office since. Benjamin Tillman, of the foul tongue, who sits in the seat of John C. Calhoun in the United States Senate. Governor Altgeld, the pardoner of Anarchists and the foe of order. Senator Peffer, of Kansas. Eugene Debs who led deluded followers into the most disastrous labor conflict that this country ever saw. Shall the destinies of of this Republic be indorsed to such as these?

A Phenomenal Summer.

The summer of 1896 will go into history as one of the most peculiar in its weather of any in many a year. The season opened with a ramarkably early and open spring, following a winter of little severity. The mildness of the spring forced vegetation before its time, with the result that farm crops were given an impetus which they held until the early ones are harvested. The unusually early development and ripening of the small fruits and garden truck in the North followed so closely on the heels of that of the South that the southern crops found shorter time to command good prices in the northern markets than they ever realized before.

Contrary to usual experiences, the early spring was not characterized by late frosts, a thing almost without a precedent. An abundant rainfall sustained the growth of everything, and the crops are not only early, but abundant, and everything developed and filled well producing large fruit and vegetables At the present the sunshine is sufficient that the farmers may proceed with their harvesting, yet an ample rainfall is helpful along the progress he the later crops, which give promise of abundance, as well as the early stuff and vegetables.

Following a warm spell in the spring the temperature of the advancing summer has not been excessive for many days. The conditions of May and July weather are a reversal of the seasons. From the time spring begun, with its summery weather, the whole period has been akin to an extended month of June. The packets on the rivers have had a long season of good water, meeting with only a slight break in the traffic since last November. What the next six weeks in July and August have in store is a hard guess, but on the law of chances, the warm weather of early spring might lead to the hope that considerable cool weather will intervene before the frosts of autumn come for good. If so, the remarkable summer will maintain its peculiar character throughout the entire season.

Death of an Infant.

Bertha Agnes, the six months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gangley, of Crellin, died Tuesday nigh of cholera infantum. The funeral occurred this morning. Interment was made in the Catholic cemetery.

Silver in Columbia.

New York, July 16.—The *World* tomorrow morning will print the following letter from United States Minister to Columbia Luther F. McKinney:

Bogota, June 17.—As the money question seems to be the important question in the present political contest in the United States, I thought it might be of interest to your readers to know what effect silver legislation has had upon the people of Columbia. Twenty years ago, in 1876, gold and silver were coined in the mints of Columbia, both being a legal tender for all debts. At that time owing to the scarcity of the white metal silver was at a premium over gold of about 3 per cent.

About 1880 gold was at a premium because the imports exceeded the exports and as the balance had to be paid in gold it required a small premium to get the gold for the purpose. Up to 1885 the Government continued to coin gold and silver, and at that time gold was at a premium over silver of about 20 per cent.

In 1885 Congress passed a law that made paper money a legal tender for all debts the paper to be payable in gold or silver at the option of the Government, this being an attempt to make silver at a par with gold. This was an impossibility, for at once the gold all went out of the country and the Government was on a silver basis in spite of their effort by legislation to keep gold and silver at a parity. From that time to this there has been no gold in circulation in Columbia. The effect of this was to raise the premium on gold from 20 per cent. in 1885 to 190 per in 1895.

At the present time (June 17) exchange on New York is 140, the price of exchange depending wholly upon the number of drafts upon the market and the demand for them. As the coffee crop is being shipped at this time and the merchants for certain reasons are not importing largely, the price of exchange is low.

In 1885, when gold was at a premium of 20 per cent., wages of workingmen on the plains of Bogota were 40 cents a day and in the hot country 60 cents a day. At the present time wages are 60 and 90 cents respectively, an advance of 50 per cent. All provisions have increased in cost about 200 per cent. Meats at that time were selling for from 12 to 15 cents per pound; at the present time they sell for 40 and 50 cents

House rents have increased from 100 to 200 per cent. Small tenements, such as poor people occupy could be had in 1885 for $3 a month now the same tenements bring $8. In 1884 and 1885 the Protestant minister of Bogota occupied a house for which he paid $50 a month; at the present time the same house brings $200 a month. The reason that the merchants give for not buying more goods in the United States is that the goods are too good and the people cannot afford to buy them

Three years in this country has given me some practical knowledge of the effect of a silver and paper currency, and I send you the above facts, as they are well known to the people here.

LUTHER F. McKINNEY,
United States Minister.

B. & O. Train Service.

There has been more than one gratifying improvment in the management of the B. & O. since it passed into the control of the present receivers. Not to mention the changes which have been made in the direction of a more extensive and effective equipment of the rolling stock of the road—particularly in the matter of freight transportation—there have been several minor improvements which indicate a better state of affairs. Particularly worthy of commendation is the increased regularity in the running of trains. It is stated that during the months of April, May and June there was no greater punctuality in train-movement on any railroad system of the United States of an equal amount of mileage. Schedule time was maintained with only the normal number of exceptions, both in the passenger and freight service, and in the West as well as the East. The New York trains, particularly the express trains, have always held a very good record. But more than one traveler has complained—and with reason—of the tardness and uncertainty of trains on the Western divisions of the road. The announcement that for three months passenger and freight trains have been moving with regularity is an indication of what can be done under proper management and is a happy omen for the future.

Call for Your Letters.

C. H. Sansom, Frank Gehert, Mrs. Ida Marbrey, Miss Agnes H. Trusty, Miss Ida Hienman, Miss Lizzie Hunter.

THE

New BUCKEYE

FOR 1896.

The Simplest, Best and Lightest Running Binder on Earth.

ISN'T IT A BEAUTY?

Examine our composition adjustable bearings and other valuable improvements for 1896. It beats the World.

From the Golden Harvest Fields of the Sunny South, where grain cutting is now progressing, come Songs of Praise for this Wonderful Machine.

The genius of man has never produced its equal,
Its perfect working Bundle Carrier is admired by all.
No weight on horses' necks—no side draft—open end, and it will handle the longest or shortest grain successfully.
See its high drive wheel which insures light draft.
Be sure and examine this machine before you buy. If there is no agent in your locality, correspond with us direct.

COMPETITORS ARE FLEEING BEFORE THE MAJESTIC MARCH OF THE NEW BUCKEYE.

HEAR WHAT PENNSYLVANIA FARMERS SAY,

The field selected was rye 7 feet tall, very heavy and green. The machine was drawn by an ordinary team, and never made a skip or missed a sheaf.

We the undersigned have, this 27th day of May, 1896, witnessed the working of the New Buckeye Binder, cutting rye on the farm of Dr. G. A. Knight at Lamertine, Clarion county, Pa. We consider its work first-class in every respect, and the Machine very light draft.

Some expressions from those present—"Isn't she a daisy." "I tell you that's the lightest running binder I ever saw." "She handles that rye elegant." "Don't it make a splendid sheaf." "Say that bundle carrier beats them all." "That pair of horses could handle that machine all day." "Did you ever see a binder with such little machinery." "Not a particle of weight on the horses' necks, it's perfectly balanced." "It beats anything I ever saw."

E. B. Sheller, D. Kneppenberger, H. McGinnis, W. L. Long, D. M. Delo, Lynn Campbell, Joe Sheller, Irvin McGinnis, H. C. Sheller, Joe S. Shirey, Leroy Kurtz, Chas. Say, J. A. Kline, L. M. Cochran, Frank Kline, P. Wingard, Jno. William, Aaron Conner, C. K. Sheller, G. H. Wenner, F. W. Berlin, M. B. Shannon, F. B. Shannon, Jr., J. M. Kurtz, J. G. Heeler.

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SELBYSPORT, MD.

OAKLAND'S TOWN CHARTER.

The Decision and Order of the Court In Full.

In our last issue we made note of the fact that the judges of the Circuit Court had rendered their decision in the town charter case and that in this issue we would publish the decision in full. It is as follows:

Prior to the meeting of the General Assembly of Maryland for the session of 1896, the inhabitants of the town of Oakland, in Garrett county, were incorporated as a municipality under the name of the "Mayor and Town Council of Oakland." By the act of 1892, Chapter 343, the entire charter of this municipality as contained in the public local code of Maryland article 12, sections 167 to 195, were repealed and reenacted with amendments and an additional section relating to the printing of ordinances was added thereto. During its session of 1896, the General Assembly passed an act which is to be found in the laws of 1896, designated as chapter 123, purporting to repeal all previous legislation in regard to the charter of Oakland and substituting in lieu of it the provisions of that act as the charter of the town. By the proceedings in this cause a question has been raised as to the validity of this last named act of the Assembly.

Section 1951H of this act provides that the "Mayor and Town Council shall pass all such ordinances as may be necessary to impose a license tax upon each and every saloon and hotel or other place where spirituous and fermented liquors are sold with a view to profit, which license tax shall be collected at the date of the granting of the said license. The proceeds of said tax shall be paid into the treasury of the town as any other tax. The said license tax shall be in each and every year the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars; said license to be applied for and granted by the Mayor and Town Council of the town of Oakland, to be dated from the first Monday in May of each year; and for any portion of a year to be regulated by ordinance, in the discretion of the Mayor and Town Council, and further, the said saloons, hotels or other places where spirituous and fermented liquors are sold with a view to profit, shall be closed at 10.30 o'clock p. m. and opened at 5 o'clock a. m. each day; and the said Mayor and Town Council shall provide by ordinance now in full force and operation in said town, shall remain and be in full force until regularly repealed; provided that nothing herein contained shall be construed to prevent the compounding or sale of any such liquors by a regular pharmacist or druggist having a license for such businsss under the laws of this state upon bona fide prescription of a regular practicing physician of said district or county whose name shall be signed thereto."

The bill of complaint in this case sets out that the complainant, Edward I. West, is the proprietor of a first-class hotel in the town of Oakland, which is a summer resort and to which a large number of persons from the cities come during the summer season; that the Mayor and Town Council, acting under the authority of section 1951H, above cited, have passed the following ordinance:

"Section 1. Be it enacted and ordained by the Mayor and Town Council of Oakland that in accordance with the authority conferred upon them by section 1951H of Chapter 123, of the acts of the General Assembly of Maryland, 1896, that a license tax is hereby imposed upon each and every saloon and hotel keeper or other place where spirituous and fermented liquors are sold with a view to profit, within the town of Oakland, which license is hereby authorized to be issued by the clerk of the Town Council of Oakland in the same form in substance as the license granted to circuses and other performances in said town, which said license shall be dated from the 1st day of May, 1896, and for not less than a year from said date, and for the granting of the same to any such parties, the said clerk shall collect for the same the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, the receipt of which shall be endorsed on said license and signed by said clerk and immediately upon receipt of said money the said clerk shall pay the same over to the treasurer of the town of Oakland and take his receipt for the same.

* * * * * * *

Section 5. And be it further ordained, that any saloon, hotel keeper or other person attempting to carry on said business within the town of Oakland without first complying with the terms of this ordinance and the provisions of the aforesaid act of Assembly by paying the aforesaid license fee, shall be arrested upon a warrant sworn out before the Police Magistrate of said town of Oakland and upon conviction * * * *

The bill further alleges that in consequence of the character of his hotel and the business conducted therein, the complainant will be subjected to damages, irremediable in a court of law, should the provisions of section 1951H and the ordinance cited be enforced by being compelled to close up his hotel at the hour named therein, and in consequence thereof being deprived of the patronage which he has heretofore enjoyed and concludes with a prayer for an injunction to restrain the Mayor and Town Council of Oakland from enforcing the ordinance cited above.

An examination of the acts of Assembly heretofore referred to, leads us to the conclusion that, without regard to the course of procedure in this case or the insufficiency of the evidence in support the allegations of the bill of complaint, we must declare chapter 123 of the acts of 1896 invalid and inoperative and that it confers no such power upon the Mayor and Town Council of Oakland as has been attempted to be exercised by the passage of the ordinance cited.

The title of chapter 123 of the acts of 1896 describes it to be "an act to repeal sections 167 to 195A inclusive, of article 12 of the code of public local laws, title 'Garrett County,' sub-title 'Oakland,' as said sections were enacted by chapter 343 of the acts of 1892, and to add certain sections to said article to follow section 195A, and to be designated as sections 195B, 195C, 195D, 195E, 195F, 195G, 195H, 195I, 195J, 195K, 195L, 195M." No provision is made in this title for the reenactment of the repealed sections. Without such provision the act can only be operative to repeal and cannot reenact, for by constitutional requirement a law can embrace but one subject and that must be expressed in the title. A provision in the title to repeal only must not be extended to include a reenactment, because that would work a surprise.

An examination of the enacting clause of chapter 123 of the acts of 1896 shows that it was the purpose of the General Assembly not only to repeal but also to reenact with amendments the charter of the town as amended and enacted by chapter 343 of the acts of 1892, and as the purposes to the repeal and reenact with amendments are so closely connected as not to be discovered, the intention of the General Assembly would be frustrated by giving to the act the efficacy to repeal, which is the only purpose expressed in the title. Hence the act of 1892 must remain as unrepealed, for the act of 1896 fails to reenact because it does not so state its purpose in the title, and it fails to repeal without reenacting because such was manifestly not the intention of the General Assembly, as it shows by the enacting clause.

The act of 1896 provides that certain new sections, among them section 1951H, should be added to article 12 as amended by the act of 1892. While it is true that this new matter is not so connected with that which precedes it in the act, that it cannot be separated and so must fall with it, yet an examination of it discloses that it is but a repetition of the provision of the act of 1892, or more properly speaking, a reenactment thereof except sections 195G and 1951I, which contain new matter. It manifestly was not the intention of the legislature that these new sections should become law, for the effect of this would be to duplicate legislation already enacted and make a part of the code that which was already law therein. Nor can this be construed as a repeal and reenactment of the provisions of the act of 1892, for the title of the act of 1896 does not so state. To be effective as a repeal and reenactment it should have been so plainly stated in the title to the act as to fully appraise the law makers of its import and so not operate as a surprise. It is clear that the legislature never intended by the addition of new sections to simply repeal or duplicate existing law and this would be the force of this new matter, if it is allowed to have effect, and it is equally as clear that the legislature did not intend to allow the provisions of the act of 1892 to remain in force with the addition only of those contained in sections 195G and 1951I, disconnected from the other new sections set out in the title to the act. From the expressions in the title of the act of 1896 and the enacting clause thereto, it distinctly appears that it was the intention to redraft or remodel into a new codification of article 12 of the public local code all the matter of the new act. This intention has been frustrated by the inconsistency existing between the title, the enacting clause and the matter of the act, and the purpose of the framers of the act of 1896, chapter 123, has been defeative.

In view of the importance to the people of the question raised in the enactment of this legislation we have taken occasion in this case to express our opinions of its invalidity to avoid the confusion which may arise in the future if the act of 1896 is attempted to be invoked as the charter of the town of Oakland, but without in this opinion making any analysis of the testimony in the cause, we are of the opinion that the petitioner is not entitled to the relief sought by way of injunction.

It is well settled in this state, at least, that "where an ordinance is void and its provisions are about to be enforced, any party whose interests are to be injuriously affected thereby may and properly ought to go into a court of equity and have the execution of the ordinance staped by injunction."

But we do not find that the bill and testimony to these proceedings establish a case where the interests of the plaintiff are to be "injuriously affected."

The gravamen of the plaintiff's petition is that, by the enforcement of the ordinance in question, he will be compelled to close his hotel at half past ten o'clock at night, and the testimony taken is largely to the effect that a great portion of his patronage arrives after that hour, and if compelled to close his hotel at half past ten his business will be seriously affected.

We do not, for a moment think that a reasonable interpretation of the ordinance warrants such a construction. The ordinance is directed at places where liquor is dispensed, and if enforced, could only be applicable to that part of the hotel where spirituous or fermented liquor was sold, namely, the bar of the hotel, and if the bar were closed his business as a hotel and summer resort would not be seriously interferred with.

The provisions of the ordinance were not to go into operation until the first day of May, and while at the institution of this case, the plaintiff may have had a licenses from the state and county to sell spirituous and fermented liquors, that license expired on April 30th. He did not have, after May 1, any authority from state and county to engage in the liquor traffic, from interference with which his right might be affected, and in this particular the plaintiff's case differs from that of Woods vs. Brooklyn, where the relief was asked for and granted upon the ground that the plaintiff being an inn-keeper had a license and authority to sell on Sunday to lodgers and to lawful travelers, and the ordinance prohibiting the sale of liquors on Sunday to anyone being void, its enforcement was restrained by injunction. Nor is there in the bill any allegation of the plaintiff's intention to take out a state and county license after the first day of May, or that he is prevented from doing so by the ordinance in question, or that his interests are affected in that particular.

The proceedings, apart from the bill, show that the plaintiff is not in danger of being seriously affected through the closing of his hotel; in fact, the answer disclaims any intention on the part of the municipal authorities to interfere with or to attempt to regulate the hours of opening and closing the hotel apart from the bar.

In view of the case, we are of the opinion that the plaintiff is not entitled to relief by way of injunction and that the bill must be dismissed.

A. HUNTER BOYD,
DAVID W. SLOAN,
EDWARD STAKE.

Obituary.

Joseph Feather was born September 14, 1816, and died June 29, 1896, aged 79 years, nine months and fifteen days.

He was youngest of the eleven children who composed his father's family.

All of his brothers and sisters are dead.

His father was the venerable Jacob Feather. He being a native of Germany, came to this county early in life, and immediately on reaching America, enlisted as a soldier in the Revolutionary war, serving throughout the entire war, until its close. Then, coming to Somerset county, Pa., living there but a short time, he moved to what is now called the Crab Orchard settlement, where Joseph was born, his birthplace being a milkhouse loft—that place being his father's dwelling. Here he grew to manhood's years. It is now known as the Hauger property.

He married Lydia, daughter of Michael and Sarah Hartman. He then settled on a little farm near Ringer's mill, on Muddy Creek, living there a few years, he moved to Valley Point, which place was his home, until about twelve years he moved for the second time, coming to the little town of Bruceton, where he lived up to the time of his death. His guiding maxim was, "a rolling stone gathers no moss," therefore he made few moves during his entire life, from either of which places, he or his devoted companion could have reached the parental home, in less than six miles travel.

He was not only well known throughout the entire county of Preston, but also the adjoining counties and states, and not only by all the leading business men but all other classes, for treating all alike, all were his friends. He had no peer among his business associates, and was known by all, to be unprecedented in his business capacity. Being kind and accommodating and of a genial nature, the number of his friends ever multiplied.

Starting in business life without anything, he accumulated a large fortune, which he equitably divided among his children. Perhaps he could say what no other man of his age of business life could say. He never in his long business career brought suit against any of his debtors, and with very few exceptions collected all his claims.

To know him was to love him. He was encouraging and helpful to all his neighbors. He possessed a spirit of benevolence, contributing liberally to all churches far and near and to all other Christian enterprises. He joined the Methodist church when but a boy. Loving all other church the idol of his love as a church home.

A little more than seven months ago he contracted a cold, but having never been sick during life he paid but little attention to it, still pursuing his usual business course of life both early and late; but this cold was finally developed into pneumonia fever, which overcame his vital powers bringing him down to a bed of suffering which lasted for a few weeks leaving him in such a condition that he was unable to leave his room afterwards. Dropsy setting in he was compelled to keep his chair both day and night for four long months of the most intense suffering. The kind and attentive physician then had the friends remove him again to his bed where he lay for only a week when death relieved him of his suffering.

During all this long period of sickness he was never heard to murmur or complain, but quietly and patiently bore his pain.

He frequently expressed himself to the many faithful watchers by side as being ready and anxious to quit this life. He had evidence of his acceptance with Christ, demonstrating the fact in different ways. He retained his mind up to the last hour of his life, making earnest requests at different times for his children and friends to live faithful and meet him in heaven.

His family was composed of six children, all of whom still live, except Sarah and John H. Four children and an aged mother and many friends are left the loss of one of the greatest men Preston county ever knew.

The funeral services took place at the church in Bruceton on July 1, at 2 p. m., conducted by the writer. Rev. D. B. Orr, of Brandonville, delivered a very eloquent discourse from the subject, "The Visible and Invisible," which was highly appreciated, after which Rev. E. P. Idleman, of Cranesville, read the memorial. The services being interspersed by very nice music, Miss Anna Armstrong having control of this part of the service. At the close of the funeral service the body was followed by a large concourse of friends to the beautiful cemetery on Bruceton Hill, where it was laid in a beautiful vault to await the resurrection morn. May God bless and comfort the bereaved family and friends and after awhile may the family circle be reunited in heaven.

C. E. FEATHER.

A Card of Thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hessen take this method of thanking the people of Oakland and vicinity for the many kindnssses shown during the late illness of their beloved daughter.

Appointment of Election Officers.

OFFICE OF
BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF ELECTIONS
FOR GARRETT COUNTY,
OAKLAND, Md., July 13, 1896.

At a meeting of the Board of Supervisors of Elections held on the 25th day of June, 1896, the following Officers of Registration and Judges of Election were appointed to serve for one year:

District No. 1—J. L. Fitzwater, near Swanton, Republican; Alex. Fahrll, Swanton, Democrat.

District No. 2—W. M. Lowdermilk, Selbysport, Republican; W. W. Schlossnagle, Friendsville, Democrat.

District No. 3—Jonas E. Gnagey, Grantsville, Republican; J. Clarence Getty, Grantsville, Democrat.

District No. 4—Floyd Duckworth, near Bloomington, Republican; Patrick Fitzwilliams, Democrat.

District No. 5—Joshua W. Daniels, Cove, Republican; Gustav Garinger, Accident, Democrat.

District No. 6—Wm. Cullis, Johnstown, Republican; Geo. A. Miller, Democrat.

District No. 7, 1st precinct—Chas. A. Ashby, Loch Lynn Heights, Republican; John W. Hart, Oakland, Democrat.

District No. 7, 2nd precinct—Robert C. Townshend, Oakland, Republican; Edmund Jamison, Oakland, Democrat.

District No. 8—Joseph Conneway, Wilson, Republican; Jas. W. Mason, near Sunnyside, Democrat.

District No. 9—Bradford Blocher, Republican; Samuel Johnson, Democrat.

District No. 10—J. T. Moon, Deer Park, Republican; Wm. Spiker, Deer Park, Democrat.

District No. 11—Elias Merrill, Republican, Peter A. Michael, Democrat.

District No. 12—Jonas Bittinger, Bittinger, Republican; Gustavus Stanton, Democrat.

A. G. STURGISS, President.
J. ALVIN FRIEND, Secretary.

19—2

SHERIFF'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of two writs of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county at the suit of P. C. Boucher use of Henry Crentzberg, and J. C. Shaw, vs. Marshall Beachy, the same being Nos. 31 and 33 Judicials to July term, 1896, and to the undersigned directed, I have seized and taken into execution all the following described land and I will offer at public auction to the highest bidder, on

Saturday, August 8, 1896.

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m. of said day, in front of the Livengood Hotel, in the town of Grantsville, all that lot of land situated in said town containing three-quarters of an acre and belonging to said Marshall Beachy on the north side of the National road, formerly occupied by Abraham J. Beachy and known as the "John Fullinger Property," and purchased from him by Abraham J. Beachy, and which the said Marshall acquired from the said Abraham J. Beachy by his last will and testament.

Said property is improved by a dwelling house and other outbuildings.

The defendant's interest in the above property will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid executions and costs.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash on the day of sale.

ALPSEN BROWN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

29—3

ORDER NISI.

David F. Knykendall and others vs. Althea M. Devecmon and others.
No. 762 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered, this 13th day of July, in the year eighteen hundred and eighty six, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county sitting in equity that the sale made and reported in the above cause by B. A. Richmond, W. C. Devecmon and D. J. Blackiston, trustees, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 13th day of August, 1896, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Oakland, Maryland, for three successive weeks before the 13th day of August, 1896.

The report states the amount of sale to be $4,900.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

20—3

WHY SHOULD YOU SEND YOUR CHILD
—TO—
BRIAR-BEND SEMINARY.

1st. He (or she) can be prepared for college; he can study book-keeping, shorthand, typewriting, etc., and be fitted for business; he can begin his course in medicine or pharmacy under a teacher who has made the subject of chemistry a specialty.

2nd. It is a home school (co-educational and for a limited number, and is conducted with all the loving, cure-taking administrations for individual development that the name implies.

3rd. Students require the most bracing, nerve-building climate, and here they have it. Among the recreations are skating, boating, tennis, bowling.

4th. English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish German, Musical and Art courses. Bible study and high ethical teaching will fit him for a noble Christian career.

E. B. SWAN, Principal,
Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

18-1yr.

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL
ROOFING.
SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REPAIRING TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26.

FARMS!
HOMES!
IN VIRGINIA, THE CAROLINAS and GEORGIA

SURROUNDED BY
SUNSHINE AND HEALTH,
FACTORY and MILL SITES,
WITH
Abundance of Water Power,
Convenient to Many Markets.

Best Fruit and Agricultural Lands
IN THE UNITED STATES.

$3 to $10 per Acre

Peculiarly adapted to raising Early Fruts, Early Vegetables, Grains, Tobacco, Cotton, Grasses, etc.

LOCATED ALONG THE GREAT
Seaboard Air Line.

The Great Through Freight and Passenger Route to and from the South and Southwest.

FREE! A 48-Page Illustrated Pamphlet, with large Map, describing in detail the choicest, most productive, healthiest and most progressive section of the "New South," with much other valuable information of great assistance to those looking for a home site, factory or mill site, farm or safe and sure investment in the coming section of the country, will be sent to any address on receipt of two cents to pay postage. Address

GEO. L. RHODES,
General Agent Seaboard Air Line
Portsmouth, Va.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In effect May 24, 1896.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS	NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1		No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 00	8 00	lv Cumberland ar	12 00	47 50
3 31	8 31	Rawlings	11 29	6 59
3 56	8 56	Keyser	11 04	6 38
4 00	9 00	Westernport	10 51	6 25
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	6 20
4 57	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5 52
5 10	10 00	Harrison	10 00	5 28
6 15	10 45 ar	Elk Garden	8 55	*1 01
5 25	10 55 lv	Garman	9 23	1 51
5 41	10 41	Gayard	9 15	1 48
5 52	10 52	Dobbin	9 01	4 38
6 24	11 23	Taomms	8 31	4 05
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	8 00	3 15
6 27	11 27 lv	Coketon	8 31	1 02
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	7 39	3 39
6 57	11 57	Bretz	7 50	3 25
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 51	3 22
7 20	12 20	Kerens	7 18	2 47
8 05*	1 05 ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	*2 50
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
				P. M.
	3 45* ar	Huntington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BEETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST

No. 7—Daily	3.37 A. M
No. 3—Daily	7.45 A. M
No. 21—Accommodation	9.50 A. M
No. 17—Daily	6.30 A. M
No. 5—Express	9.2 P. M
No. 15—Accommodation	4.10 P. M
No. 1—Daily	6.20 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily	8.40 A. M
No. 2—Daily	6.51 A. M
No. 14—Accommodation	9.58 A. M
No. 78—Accommodation	4.25 P. M
No. 16—Daily	6.1 P. M
No. 4—Daily	9.20 A. M

CHAS. G. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHREINER, Agent.

THE
G. E. PEARCE DRUG CO.,
OF FROSTBURG, MD.

We have probably the largest stock of goods in the drug line in western Maryland.

P. D. & CO. and S. and D. pharmaceutical preparations always in stock, superior to physicians at jobbers' prices.

OUR LINE OF
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES AND WINDOW GLASS
IS LARGE AND COMPLETE.

We sell and guarantee LUCAS TINTED GLOSS PAINT at $1.25 per gallon.

9-2m

THE
Maryland Building and Loan Association
of Garrett County.

OFFICERS:
ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney.
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencies.

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock:

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month. EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ½ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
Keyser, W. Va.

29—1yr.

TWO GOOD TURNS.

BY WALTER LEON SAWYER.

Mr. Balcom rose early that morning, and he hurried off to the city as soon as he had swallowed breakfast. That was not his way, and Mrs. Balcom wondered; but, being a good wife, she asked no questions. Before she had fully accommodated herself to the novel event, the man-of-all-work gave her another surprise, presenting a telegram which set forth that his sister was ill and needed him. Of course Mrs. Balcom let him go. It did not occur to her that the double departure left her and the children unprotected, and if it had she would have smiled at the idea of danger. She did not know that there was a burglar in town.

Mr. Balcom did know. As he came up from the train the evening before, his neighbor Jones had stopped him to whisper that the Hartshorne house had been entered and judiciously ransacked. The Hartshornes were in Europe. Their caretaker had been sojourning in that other foreign land, a drunkard's paradise; but as soon as he came out of it he discovered the robbery and hastened to ask Jones' advice. Jones, who had a nervous mother-in-law, suggested that the matter be kept as quiet as possible; and he wanted to know if Mr. Balcom—

"You did just right!" Mr. Balcom interrupted, when the story had gone thus far. "These country constables would frighten every woman into hysterics, but they wouldn't catch a burglar once in a thousand times. Professional, is he?"

"So I suppose. He seems to have gone into the house and through it as though he knew his business."

"I'll back my burglar alarm against him!" Mr. Balcom chuckled, confidently.

"How about Ben Ezra?" the neighbor asked.

"No fear of him. You see my stable is as well protected as my house," Mr. Balcom explained. "Fact is, I'd sooner lose half there is in the house than that horse. Little off his feed, the poor fellow is. I had a veterinary out yesterday to look at him, but I can't drive him for a week. I guess I—"

"I suppose we ought to do something," Mr. Jones ventured to hint. He knew if allowed to go on, Mr. Balcom would talk about his horse until the burglar—and the listener—died a natural death.

"Oh, of course we must trip the fellow before he goes any further. Tell you what: I know a private detective who was on the Boston force for years—long enough to get acquainted with every rascal in the country. I'll bring him home with me to-morrow to look over the ground. It would be better to pay him a hundred than have the thing get out and bedevil the women."

"Yes, indeed!" said Mr. Jones, fervently.

So it was decided. And after the neighbors had exchanged the usual remarks on the dryness of the season and the need of rain, Mr. Balcom sauntered homeward, calm in the contentment which a managing man has a right to feel. He kissed his wife and children, and then he went out and caressed his horse. He looked carefully to the locks and the alarms. They were perfect and in order. He went to bed in peace.

That night, however, he had a horrid dream. It seemed that Ben Ezra was stolen; that he had expended his fortune in seeking the horse; that finally, when he had sunk to a beggar's outcast, he found the wreck of Ben Ezra hauling a garbage cart! The dream so wrought upon Mr. Balcom that he awoke in a cold perspiration. He rushed to the stable, and proved it only a dream. But it might be a warning! That superstitious fancy lingered with him through the hours of dusk and dawn, and the early glare of an August sun did not dispel it. It hurried him to the city, as has been told.

Looking at it in the light of his new knowledge, Mr. Balcom could see many reasons why Maple Park should attract a burglar. Its isolated and unguarded location is one; the smallness and sleepiness of the town that it fringes is another. Seekonket has only two constables and one hand fire-engine—though, to be sure, it has four churches—and the aristocratic residents cut themselves off from all these blessings by building on the farther side of Greenleaf's hill. As Maple Park holds aloof from Seekonket, Seekonket keeps away from Maple Park; and Mr. Balcom wondered, the longer he thought of it, that some frowsy Napoleon did not organize his army of tramps and obliterate Maple Park.

Mrs. Balcom was not imaginative, and no such terrors ever oppressed her. She was young enough to enjoy her money, and old enough to appreciate her health; and since her daughters had not reached a marriageable age, neither her health nor her money seemed in danger. Of course, she should have been, as she was, a happy woman. She spent her day as the truly happy must in small activities that amuse one and make one feel useful but not fatigued. So accustomed was she to the routine of quiet that when Abbie, the cook, appeared excitedly before her she was slow to realize that this particular day might prove an exception.

"The stable's afire, Miss Balcom!" the cook proclaimed.

"Is it?" the mistress absently answered. "Tell Henry to put it out, please. Oh, I remember; I allowed Henry to visit his sister." She closed her writing-desk and stood considering. "Can't you throw some water on it?" she asked, presently.

"It's the roof. I s'pose it caught with a spark from one o' them pesky engines; bein's 's everything's dry's tinder. Ain't nothin' to git scairt about, 'cause the wind's away from the house, 'cept little the' is. But the hoss is in the stable, you recollec'."

"Oh, my!" Moved beyond her wont, Mrs. Balcom swept electrically through the kitchen and out of the back door.

"Oh, my!" she repeated, as she came in sight of the blaze, "Ben Ezra will be burned, won't he? What will Mr. Balcom say? What can we do?"

"D'know," was the depressing answer. "I sent Jane to the corner n'ter the firemen; but the land knows how long it'll take to git 'em here."

"Ben Ezra must come out!" Mrs. Balcom asserted; but there was an accent of despair in the words, determined as the sentiment was.

"Can't break that door down! 'n' that air paytent lock on—Mr. Balcom's got the key with him."

Mrs. Balcom stared straight before her like one fascinated into helplessness. The servant's conscience would not let her rest until she had kicked the door and thrown herself against it. It did not even tremble. She mopped her flushed face with her apron, and, shaking her head mournfully, drew back beyond the heat of the flames that were laying bare the rafters.

Ben Ezra must come out!" Mrs. Balcom said again. The horse's agonized whinny had broken the spell that was upon her. Her eyes filled at the sound, and she ran forward aimlessly and glanced desperately about her.

"Man! You man!" she cried, all at once. "Come here and get our horse."

Though the stranger had seemed to spring from the ground he showed no alacrity about coming further. He took time to survey the landscape before he climbed the fence. He looked past the women, not at them, as though he feared a possible somewhat behind; and when he had advanced to where they stood, though he abruptly took the manner of haste and impatience, his shifty eyes still seemed to cover every point of the horizon.

"Now, then," he demanded, "where's your ax?"

"In the stable, I suppose," was Mrs. Balcom's dejected reply.

"'N' it's a paytent lock!" the cook chimed in, tragically.

"Hey?" The stranger started and stared at them suspiciously. He turned again to scan the hill road. Then he ran up to the door.

"Huh! That thing!" the women heard him say, contemptuously.

The smoke floated lazily off and left the vision unobscured, and the spiteful snap of flame overruled every other noise. The women looked and listened with no intentness that would have been painful had it long endured. From the bag he carried the stranger took a glittering something which he applied to the lock. Instantaneously, almost, the door flew open. Stripping off his blouse, the man passed through, and when he reappeared the horse, safely blinded, uninjured, was with him. Mrs. Balcom fluttered after as he led the trembling brute to a safer place. For once in her life she could not meet the occasion with graceful words.

"Oh, I don't know how to thank you!" she faltered, at length. "Mr. Balcom values Ben Ezra so! I'm sure he'll—Why, here he comes! Oh, James!" she cried, as her husband—hatless, coatless, and visibly perspiring—took the fence in a bound and dashed up to the group. "Oh, James! If it hadn't been for this—this honest workingman, Ben Ezra would have been burned!"

Mr. Balcom's eye was on his favorite, but his hand went into his pocket and brought out a roll of bills.

"Thank ye, boss," the stranger said, sourly.

"Not—enough!" Mr. Balcolm found breath to add. "Come to-morrow—my office—give you us much again!" The thought of another duty occurred to him at the same instant, and it made him face toward the road. "All right, Parker!" he called. "No hurry."

"All right!" The man who had just come into view moderated his pace. After the first keen, comprehensive glance in the direction of the others, he conspicuously ignored them, and looking at the stable delayed his approach. Mr. Balcom returned to the fondling of Ben Ezra. The horse's rescuer had been standing at the corner of the house. No one saw him slip around it.

"Sound as a dollar, Parker!" Mr. Balcom said a moment later. There was a suspicion of tears in his voice, and he blew his nose energetically before he trusted himself to speak again. "Thanks to this worthy man— Why, where is he?"

Mr. Parker smiled serenely to himself as he beat to lift Ben Ezra's leg; but he said nothing.

"Guess he must 'a' been in a hurry," the cook put in; "he went off 'n' left his satchel. I s'pose I better lay it away, hadn't I 'fore these 'ere firemen go to trampin' round?"

She offered the stranger's bag to Mr. Balcom, but Mr. Parker took it from his unresisting hand and coolly pulled it open. Then he drew Mr. Balcom to one side and bade him look in. "For," said he, "you won't often see a neater set o' burglar's tools than that is!"

Mr. Balcom seemed less horrified than he should have been; but it was evident that he was puzzled. He looked from the bag to Parker and back again.

"Well," he suggested, at length, "he ain't likely to hang around Maple Park any more, is he?"

"I guess not," the detective made proud rejoinder. "He knows me—knew me's quick's I knew him!"

"Yes—well—you see—" Mr. Balcolm buttonholed Parker, in his turn, and led him still further from the crowd. "Of course—I'm responsible—I pay all the bills," he went on, with disjointed earnestness. "I—you—don't you understand, I haven't anything more for you to do here? Why, hang it all, man, he saved Ben Ezra!"

"Oh, I know how you feel," the detective answered. He spoke as though he really did. "I like a good hoss myself. See? There's a train back to town in 'bout 20 minutese, nin't the'?"

—Demorest's Magazine.

—In Connecticut the rent of farming land is the most serious item of expense in the production of wheat, being no less than $6.31 per acre.

A WORLD WRECKER.

A French Funny Man Writes a Take-off on Edison.

The astonishing progress of electric science is neatly satirized by a Parisian paper, which imagines Mr. Edison in his laboratory hearing the news of the declaration of war between Great Britain and the United States. A young man, his assistant, rushes in, pale and out of breath, and exclaims to the great electrician:

"Oh, master, war is declared! It is terrible!"

"Ah!" says the master. "War declared, eh? And where is the British army at this moment?"

"Embarking, sir."

"Embarking where?"

"At Liverpool."

"At Liverpool—yes. Now, my friend, would you please join the ends of those two wires hanging there against the wall? That's right. Now bring them to me. Good! And be kind enough to press that button."

The assistant, wondering and half amused, presses the button.

"Very well," says the inventor. "Now, do you know what is taking place at Liverpool?"

"The British army is embarking, sir."

The inventor pulls out his watch and glances at the time.

"There is no British army," he says, coolly.

"What?" screams the assistant.

"When you touched that button you destroyed it."

"Oh, this is frightful!"

"It is not frightful at all. It is science. Now, every time a British expedition embarks at any port please come and tell me at once. Ten seconds afterward it will simply be out of existence; that's all."

"There doesn't seem to be any reason why America should be afraid of her enemies after this, sir."

"I am inclined to believe you," says the master, smiling slightly. "But in order to avert future trouble I think it would be best to destroy England altogether."

"To—to destroy England, sir—"

"Kindly touch button No. 4, there."

The assistant touches it. The inventor counts ten.

"——, eight, nine, ten—it's all over. There is no more England."

"Now we can go quietly on with our work," says the master. "And if we should ever be at war with any other nation, you have only to notify me. I have an electric button connected with every foreign country, which will destroy it when pressed. In ten minutes I could destroy every country in the world, the United States included. Be careful, now, that you don't touch any of these buttons accidentally—you might do a lot of damage."—Philadelphia Ledger.

SUMMER BEDCLOTHES.

Light Blankets Should Always Be Ready at Hand.

The bedclothing of summer is too lightly considered by housekeepers. Instead of utilizing one of the heavier blankets of winter for summer use, it is far better to use the lighter and less expensive blankets manufactured for this purpose. The emanations from sleep in summer are much more objectionable than in winter, and summer blankets should be frequently washed, as well as summer sheets. There is no hardship in washing a light cotton and wool blanket, such as are properly chosen for summer. The heavy all-wool winter blankets require the services of a professional scourer, or some one who is an expert in washing them. In July a single summer blanket, with sheets and a light cotton coverlet, are sufficient bedding for the majority of people. There should be a pair of light blankets in addition always in reach in case of a sudden change in the weather. In August, when the nights begin to be chilly, and in September two blankets are usually necessary, with a second one in reach.

The folly of using heavy Marseilles in these days need not be dwelt on. The summer counterpane should be of such light texture that it can be easily washed. It may be made of white or cream Bolton sheeting or it may be a coverlet of light Marseilles or dimity, or any of the simple materials used for this purpose. Lace counterpanes over silk are, happily, out of fashion, and were never suitable for a summer bed. The pure white bed looks so pretty and cool in summer that there is little likelihood of its being abandoned for anything else. The coverlets and bolsters and bedtesters of wash silk, in conventionalized floral patterns, on white grounds, are exceedingly pretty, but only suitable for guest rooms that are rarely used. It is better to dispense with all bed canopies for summer. The tester is excusable as a protection against draughts in winter and for the stutely touch of dignity and grace it gives to the bed fittings. Bed quilts and comfortables are not suitable for summer, because they cannot be readily washed.—N. Y. Tribune.

Boston Brown Bread.

The following recipe for "Boston brown bread" is attested as excellent: Three half-pint cupfuls of Indian cornmeal, same of rye meal, one-half or two-thirds cupful of molasses (according to taste), sour milk enough to mix (it will depend somewhat upon the kind of meal and the consisteney of the milk). It will be better if the milk is solid "bonnyclabber," and will probably take about two cupfuls, half a teaspoonful of saleratus stirred in the milk and a little salt. Steam four hours, taking care not to let the water stop boiling. Set in the oven to form a top crust, if liked. Use no sweet milk.—N. Y. Tribune.

Tall Lying.

"I once knew a man," said the imaginative boarder, "who was so fat that he was actually taller lying down than when he was standing up. What do you think of that?"

"It strikes me," said the cheerful idiot, "as pretty tall lying."—Indianapolis Journal.

VALUABLE WASTE.

Refuse of American Mills to Be Turned to Account.

We have not lived long enough as a nation to know how to utilize odds and ends as they do in the old world. People there have developed to a nicety the science of making the most of everything. But the American is quick to learn and now Uncle Sam has determined to take all the waste from our enormous crops and convert it into bread and cakes for shipment to Europe, to be used as animal food. Already the clippings from the bones of American beeves, meat that no American would care for, is packed and sent to England to put brawn and pluck into the Tommy Atkinses of her majesty, the queen.

But this new plan for feeding Europe's animals as well as her soldier men does not involve so much bulk in transportation. All the waste material is to be squeezed down with hydraulic press machinery so that a fair sized dry goods box might hold a winter's fodder for a bunch of steers. A man starting on a day's carriage journey can carry provender for his nag in a tobacco pouch and a pocketful of these ingenious American biscuits will be food for a flock of sheep.

Thus, the refuse of flour mills, rice mills, oat mills, starch factories and places where cotton-seed oil is made, is all to be converted into marketable products.

This plan finds great favor with European farmers. They believe in the cake form of food for their beasts. They already use cakes compounded on dietic principles, furnishing in proper proportions the elements which develop fat and lean. It is not unusual in the old country to see a rustic traveler cut off a slice of bread for his horse and another from the same loaf for himself.

Last year there were sent to Europe, as a basis for this useful breadstuff, 750,000,000 pounds of refuse from cottonseed oil and linseed oil mills, representing a value of $7,200,000. This material is mixed with various grains and fodders, so as to make a suitable ration for whatever purpose may be in view, whether it be flesh, milk or the support of beasts of burden.

The oil mill refuse, known as cake or oil-cake meal, is very rich in flesh-forming substances.

But now the department of agriculture suggests that instead of shipping the raw material the American farmer manufacture it into cakes and sell them to his European cousin. It virtually creates an industry, one for which this country furnishes a rich supply of material at the mere semblance of a price.

The waste of glucose and corn-starch factories is enormous. It is estimated that ten pounds of glucose is manufactured annually for every man, woman and child in this country. The starchy contents of the corn grains are separated from the hulls and germs. These, which are splendid food elements, are for the most part wasted. The mills which prepare corn for distillers and grain for brewers have a vast refuse, too.

A cheese-shaped cake, 15 inches in diameter and six inches thick, made up of these different products and subjected to the proper amount of pressure, will weigh 100 pounds and keep a horse at active work for ten days. We now sell abroad less than 400,000 tons of oil cake and meal. Under the new system we could readily dispose of 1,20,000 tons of readymade food cakes, worth $20 a ton at our seaboard, or $24,000,000, a gain of $14,000,000 in foreign markets for our grain producers, millers and oil wells.

The department is about to issue a circular to farmers and millers everywhere containing recipes and urging them to experiment in the manufacture of cakes from the refuse, with a view to testing their keeping quality. These cakes will be put up in a cheap strawboard or paper, which will help to preserve them.—N. Y. Journal.

Hooked by a Sea Lion.

A sea lion story comes from San Diego that is substantiated by the skin of the lion now at the home of the captor. An angler on the government jetty at the harbor mouth baited his hook with a smelt. The hook was swallowed by a small leopard shark. A large sea lion happened by and was attracted by the furious antics of the captive shark as the fish endeavored to break the line. The lion paddled up and swallowed the shark and the murderous hook. The barb of the stout hook became firmly implanted in the vitals of the lion. Then there was fun for the angler. The line was tied to the jetty. Several men aided the angler in playing the lion. For more than an hour there was a furious fight. The lion resorted to all the cunning known to his kind to get away. It was useless. His strength was exhausted. The beast was drawn to the shore and dispatched with a club. — Los Angeles Times.

A Pomeranian Law.

A unique law is still in force at Stargard, in Prussian Pommerania. A paragraph of the police regulation of 1840, which is still being enacted, says: "Smoking in the streets or promenades of this town is positively prohibited, violators of this law being punished by a fine, or eventually by a number of lashes with a switch equivalent to the number of marks the fine amounts to." Upon the strength of this law some reactionary friends of the blue laws have recently hauled a number of respectable citizens before the courts. The magistrate, having no choice, had to fine every one of the accused parties, because they all freely admitted of having smoked in the streets.—N. Y. Times.

—In 1891 the wheat crop of the world was estimated at 2,187,000,000 bushels, of which the United States raised 612,000,000, or over one-fourth.

—Any new or useful art, machine, manufacture or method may be patented.

Held by the Enemy.

Upon the bench he sat and sat,
While others came and went,
His face, half hidden 'neath his hat,
Showed doubt and terror blent;
His sweetheart passed; he didn't rise;
She knew not what he meant.
She little guessed the dreadful ties
That held him while she went.
For though with love his heart was filled
He moved to no extent—
Because he sat where some one spilled
A tube of bike cement!
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Gave It Up.

"My dear," said a wife who had been married three years, as she beamed across the table on her lord and master, "tell me what first attracted you to me. What pleasant characteristic did I possess which placed me above other women in your sight?"

And her lord and master simply said: "I give it up."—Tit-Bits.

COMING DOWN TO BUSINESS.

Young Lady—I love your son and he loves me, but he's weak-livered and hasn't got the sand to ask your consent. We'd like to hear from your side of the house!—Bay City Chat.

Forgot Herself.

Briggs—You knew Maugle recently married a widow and went on a wedding trip, didn't you? I saw him yesterday on his return.

Griggs—Anything happen while he was away?

Briggs—Yes. He says that in a fit of absent-mindedness she proposed to him again.—Brooklyn Life.

Never Descends to Details.

"No," said Mrs. Trett, "I always do my own shopping, and always buy the supplies for the kitchen. I can't trust my husband to do anything of the sort. He hasn't a bit of judgment. A dry goods clerk or a grocer can poke any kind of stuff off on him at twice its value."

"That's the way with some men," responded the caller. "By the way, what is your husband's profession?"

"He runs a business college downtown."—Chicago Tribune.

Enforced Repose.

"Angels all have wings, haven't they, mamma?" asked Bobbie.

"Yes: dear."

"And they fly with 'em every day, don't they, mamma?"

"Why, yes; I suppose so."

"Hm," said Bobbie, after a thoughtful pause: "I guess they lay off during moulting time!"—Brooklyn Life.

Taken Literally.

"This woman's paper," he said, looking up from it, "says that a woman should never, under any circumstances, wear a street gown in the house."

"What of it?" she asked.

"Oh, nothing," he replied, "except that I should think it would be awkward for a woman to change her gown on the front steps."—Chicago Post

He Meant It.

"Look here," said the cynical friend, "you don't mean to tell me that you really meant what you said in your speech to-night when you said it afforded you genuine delight to take off your hat to a workingman?"

"I meant every word of it," answered the orator. "I was thinking of my barber at the time."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Mother-in-Law Joke.

Wallace—For the life of me, I have never been able to laugh at one of these mother-in-law jokes yet.

Ferry—If you had a mother-in-law worth $85,000, as mine is, you would laugh at every joke she made.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Very Likely.

"Man wants but little here below"—
Some rascal's sharp device:
He craved for wealth himself, you know,
And went to selling lice.
—Chicago Record.

CAN'T REACH IT.

WALES WINS THE DERBY, BUT THE PRINCIPAL PERSIMMON STILL HANGS OUT OF REACH.—Chicago Tribune.

Strange New Experience.

Mr. Hiram Daly—Has the new cook made up her mind to stay?

Mrs. Hiram Daly—I think so.

Mr. Hiram Daly—Then discharge her at once.

Mrs. Hiram Daly—Discharge her! What for?

Mr. Hiram Daly—We've never had a chance of discharging one yet. I want to see how it feels.—N. Y. Herald.

Managing a Boy.

Husband (a literary man)—I wish you would stop watching little Dick for awhile.

Wife—But if I don't watch him he'll be in mischief.

"Yes, that's what I mean. When he's in mischief he's quiet, and I want to write."—N. Y. Weekly.

Important Distinction.

"You've been going to see her three years and don't dare to call her by her first name? Well, you are wasting your time. You're courting the wrong girl."

"No, she's the right girl. I'm afraid the trouble is that I'm the wrong man."—Chicago Tribune.

Bad for the Others.

Edith—What a wonderfully entertaining man that Mr. Carling is, to be sure! He always has something to say.

Ethel—Yes; I've just been coming to the conclusion that if he had a little less to say other people might have a little more.—Town Topics.

No Doubt of It Now.

"Just think!" exclaimed Stopaklok, "dear little Maggie May admits that she loves me."

"Well, that proves it," replied Tenspot.

"Proves what?"

"That love is blind."—Town Topics.

Scholarly Attainments.

"My maw understands French and Germun."

"Pooh! My maw kin talk bicycle and baseball."—Chicago Record.

Another Napoleon.

He—That man Dearborn, they say, has had nine wives.

She—He must be the Napoleon of matrimony.—Yonkers Statesman.

Unquestionably True

Neighbor—Well, Patrick, I'm glad your master is dead. He was an old skin-flint, anyway.

Patrick (indignantly)—Faith, and Oi bet if he wor alive you'd not be afther sayin' you wor glad he wor dead.—Bay City Chat.

It Pleased Algy.

"Oh, Algy, isn't it cruel? Papa has decided to move just when a new ice cream parlor is to be opened in the next block."

"Dearest," exclaimed Algy, convulsively, "this is equal to a raise of salary!"—Detroit Free Press.

NONE OF HIS BUSINESS.

She—When I marry, I hope my husband will die young—I want to be a widow.

He—How barbarous! How cruel!

She—Oh, don't worry, it won't be your funeral.—Truth.

Men of Few Words.

Jollyfellow (after an absence)—Hello, Meak! Married yet?

Meak (sadly)—No; not married yet.

Jollyfellow (after another absence)—Hello, Meak! Married yet?

Meak (sadly)—Yes; married yet.—N. Y. Weekly.

Proper Course.

"I shall apply for a divorce. He is treating me like a dog, and he makes me work like a horse.

"Well, then, you should make your complaint to the Society for the Protection of Animals and not to the courts."—L'Illustre de Poche.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A QUEER LITTLE HEN.

There was onee a little brown hen,
A dear little, queer little hen,
Her work was to lay
Just one egg every day;
And she did it, this good little hen.

She'd fly up in a tree, and right then,
Seated high on a branch, this queer hen,
Her egg she would lay,
Her one egg every day,
This good little, queer little hen.

'Twas a strange thing to do, I must say,
Lay an egg from a tree every day.
And what good was the eggs?
Just tell that, I beg—
That fell from the tree in that way?

But some people do things just as queer;
I know it; I've seen it, my dear.
They have a good thought,
But it just comes to naught;
From the wrong place they drop it, my dear.

There's a lesson for you and for me
From the hen that laid eggs in a tree.
If we do a right thing,
If a good thought we bring,
Let's not choose a wrong place, you and me.
—Gazelle S. Sharp, in N. Y. Independent.

BOMBARDIER BEETLE.

Supplied by Nature with a Strange Weapon for Protection.

Of creatures inhabiting the land the bombardier beetle certainly has the queerest means of defense. When pursued by no enemy he discharges an extremely volatile fluid which is secreted by special glands and which has the curious property of turning into a cloud of light bluish smoke. Some say that this smoke blinds the pursuer for a time, others say that it only confuses him. If the first discharge is insufficient the bombardier can repeat it as many as 20 times, but he usually escapes before carrying the bombardment to this length.

Of sea creatures, the globe fish, or puffer, uses the most extraordinary means for protecting himself against or escaping from his foe. In a quiescent state its body is somewhat thick, and flattened on the under side. As such, he would make a nice mouthful for a good-sized enemy, but when he finds that he is about to be seized he pumps water into himself until he swells out into a globe from 12 to 15 inches in diameter, and at the same time erects a multitude of short, sharp spikes, and so becomes a very awkward mouthful. Sometimes, even in this state, he gets within the jaws of some large enemy, and then he suddenly collapses to his original size and swims out, leaving the jaws to close on nothing—Philadelphia Press.

NEST IN A POCKET.

Wrens Establish a Cozy Habitation in a Queer Place.

After reading about the English sparrows that set up housekeeping on the elevated railroad structure, one of our girls—Mabel Taylor, of Greenfield, Ill.—writes about the doings of two funny little wrens. One day they spied an old coat hanging in the corner of the back porch. It belonged to one of the farm laborers who wore it only when the weather was chilly. Mrs. Wren thought it would be a good place to live, and Mr.

WHERE TWO WRENS CHOSE A HOME.

Wren quite agreed with her. So they brought straw and strings and built a house in one of the pockets, making it as cozy a little flat as anyone could desire. When the wind blew the old coat would swing gently and rock Mr. and Mrs. Wren to sleep.

But chilly weather came and the farmer wanted his coat. He went to take it down and he found the nest. Of course, he hung it right back again, and now there are little wrens peeping out of the ragged old pocket.—Chicago Record.

DOG CATCHES FISH.

Has the Reputation of Having Never Lost a Victim.

William Clawson, a fisherman of South Plainfield, N. J., is the owner of a dog of which he may well be proud. The animal, which looks like an ordinary cur, is possessed of an intelligence far above that of other animals of his species. The dog has become one of the most expert fishermen in the vicinity, and has the reputation of having never lost a fish. Mr. Clawson and the dog work in company. Arriving at the stream, his owner will get the lines ready, the dog watching with more than ordinary interest, and when everything has been arranged to the mutual satisfaction of the two the dog will watch the water until he sees that a fish has taken hold of the line, and then he will assist in landing it. But it is when his master goes gigging that the dog is in his element. Nearby Mr. Clawson's place is a bridge over a small stream in which are a number of carp. It is Mr. Clawson's habit to stand on the bridge and let down a line into the water, which is so arranged that a fish in passing will run his head into the loop prepared to receive him, and so get caught. The moment that the fish is caught the dog does his work. Leaping into the water, he grabs the struggling fish and brings it in safety to the shore, and he has never been known to lose a fish caught by him. In this manner.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

FACING A GRIZZLY.

A Brave Boy Kills an Angry Bear with a Blow of an Ax.

It was in September—and the Colorado sun had done its duty and made Phil as brown of face and stout of limb as any of us—that the geology class, consisting of the professor and ten pupils, made an excursion into the range with the object of taking a practical lesson among the limestone beds at the back of Lincoln peak.

Away we went—feeling very hilarious at the idea of making an independent expedition, even with Blinkers for a general—scrambling over rocks and fallen trees, chasing squirrels and chipmunks, throwing stones at birds and rabbits and behaving generally just like what we were—a parcel of schoolboys.

Presently we emerged from the trees and came out upon another little open park-like stretch of ground. Half way across it our attention was suddenly attracted by a stir among the high grass, and out jumped a little, dark-colored, short-legged animal, which looked like a woolly pig—if there be any such thing in nature.

Away it scuttled, and away we all went, with a shout, in pursuit.

Phil happened to be some distance behind at the moment, being busily engaged in digging a tarantula's nest out of the ground with his knife; but as soon as he saw what we were doing, he came racing after us, shouting: "Look out! Look out! It's a—"

We did not hear what, we were making so much noise ourselves.

But the little animal, whatever it was, was too quick for us and disappeared into some willows while we were still 20 yards behind. The next moment the

PHIL KEPT COMING ON SLOWLY.

willows waved and bent and out bounced a great she bear—a grizzly!

With a yell of dismay we all turned and scattering like a flock of sparrows when a cat jumps into the midst of them, fled for the nearest trees. Blinkers, quite forgetting that he was the general of the little expeditionary force, made such use of his long legs that he was safely up a tree before any of the rest of us had reached one.

As for me, I never reached one at all.

In turning to run, I tripped over the ax, and though I was up again in an instant, the check made me the last of the fugitives.

The chase was very soon over. In six jumps, as it seemed, the great beast caught me, and, with one blow of her paw on the middle of my back, sent me face downward, to the ground, with every atom of breath driven out of my body.

This last circumstance was a good thing for me; I could not have moved a muscle if I had wished to. Consequently the bear supposed that I was dead, and instead of tearing me up into small pieces, as I expected, she began sniffing me all over and turning me about with her claws.

Suddenly, however, she sensed and began to growl, and I heard Blinkers up in his tree call out: "Go back! You can't do any good. You'll only get yourself killed, too!" From which I concluded that Blinkers and the bear had one thought in common; they both supposed me to be dead.

I was beginning to recover my breath a little by this time, and in my anxiety to see what was going forward, I made a slight movement with one arm, and in an instant the bear had that arm between his teeth. It hurt me so horribly that I fainted, and all that happened afterwards I gathered from the other boys.

Phil, when he saw me knocked down, instead of climbing up a tree like the rest, ran back to where I had dropped the ax, and, picking it up, advanced to my rescue.

It was a mad thing to do, there is no doubt about that; but Phil did it—and without a thought of his own danger. It was in vain that Blinkers called to him to go back; he did not seem to hear, but kept coming on slowly, with his eyes fixed on the bear, and the ax held in readiness to strike.

The bear dropped my arm and advanced a step, standing across my body, growling and turning up her lips until all her great white teeth were exposed; but still Phil came on. At six feet distance he stopped. The bear took a step forward, and then another, and then, with all the strength of his body doubled by the intense excitement of the moment, Phil struck at her with such force and precision that he split her skull clean in two.

But, even in dying, the bear succeeded in doing some mischief.

With a last convulsive effort she struck out, and, with her great claws, tore away the front of Phil's coat, vest and shirt, and made three deep cuts all across his chest from the left shoulder diagonally downward. Another inch and Phil must certainly have been killed. As it was, he stood for a moment swaying to and fro, and then fell forward upon the dead body of the bear.—Sidford F. Hump, in St. Nicholas.

Certainly She Does.

"What number shoe does she wear?"

"A full size too small!"—Chicago Record.

FARM AND GARDEN.

EUPHONIOUS NAMES.

Every Well-Kept Farm Should Have an Appropriate Title.

One of the evidences of enterprise and improved methods among farmers is the fact that many of them are giving beautiful and significant names to their farms, and then seeking by increased efforts to make the farm worthy of its name, and one of which the proprietor may be justly proud.

In front of every farmhouse there should be an artistically painted board bearing the name of the farm, also the name of its proprietor, or manager. It might also point the direction, and give the distance, of the proprietor's post office town, and other near-by towns, if desired, and thus become, also, a "friendly guide-post" to strangers in the vicinity.

Thousands of pretty names, from which any farmer may select an appropriate one for his own home, may be formed by a combination of words. If located in a timbered country, the name may be based on a favorite kind of tree, or the kind prevailing in the locality, as Oakdale farm, Elmgrove, Cedardale, etc. Or the name may be selected with regard to the location of the farm relative to some near-by object. If near a river, lake, mountain, etc., as Riverside farm, River View, Mountain View, Lake View, Hillside, Hilltop, etc. Or the name may be based on the proprietor's favorite plant, or the one principally grown on his farm; as Cloverdale farm, Clover Leaf, Blue Grass, etc. Beautiful and suggestive farm names may be selected from a thousand words or from a combination of words, and each one can select one to his own liking.

The farmer who puts up his name and that of his farm in front of his home proclaims thereby that he is not ashamed of the farm of which he is proprietor. It is a guarantee that his efforts shall be so directed that the appearance of his home shall, as rapidly as he can do it, be made to consist with its beautiful name.

In addition to naming the farm, the residence, out buildings, lawns, etc., should be put into repair, if needed, and a good photograph of the home taken. Letter heads bearing the name of the farm, and also a cut of the house, should be printed, and used by members of the household in writing to friends or on business. All these things would stimulate a pride of home and farm, and would surely result in an improvement of farm methods, and in an increase of farm pleasures.—Journal of Agriculture.

FARM FLOOD GATE.

It Is Simple and Serviceable and Does Not Cost Much.

The best and cheapest flood gate I have ever used or seen is represented in the illustration. It is my own invention and is constructed as follows: Twist four, six or eight strands of good,

SIMPLE, BUT SERVICEABLE FLOOD GATE.

smooth No. 12 wire together to form a cable, the size of the cable depending upon the width of the stream or ditch, and fasten the ends securely at each side, the last post of the fence answering very well, if properly braced at top and bottom. Then take branches of osage orange or other hard wood and tie on the cable, using a sufficient number to make a good fence. As the water rises the branches will float, and when it goes down they will return to their proper place. If hedge is not available, bore holes in any kind of poles and string them to the wire cable. If heavy material is carried down by the flood, light poles or boards are liable to be broken, but hedge poles will stand almost any treatment and are consequently the best.—A. A. Berry, in Orange Judd Farmer.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

Healthy fowls pick up their food quickly and relish it.

There is no gain in keeping roosters after the hatching season is over.

Generally the more active the breed the less liability to fatten.

Ducks and geese require little grain when they have plenty of grass.

Many poultry disorders are caused by alternate gorging and starving.

Early layers depend upon the stock and upon the way they are raised.

It is a good plan when feeding whole grain to fowls to scatter it out well.

Geese are at their best for breeding after they have passed their third year.

Success in the poultry yard is not so much in the hatching as in the feeding.

Ducks do not have the cholera, croup or gapes, and hawks do not bother them.

With all kinds of fowl, regularity of feeding is of more importance than the quality.

Fowls should not be confined more than is necessary, unless they are being fattened.

Kill off all poor layers, poor mothers and imperfect specimens as soon as in a marketable condition.

Young chicks have every little storing capacity. They need to eat frequently or they will suffer.

Late hatched chickens should be well fed and kept growing if possible. Unless this can be done, they will never make large birds.

Little chicks require almost twice as much food as little ducks, but they grow very rapidly. They should be fed four or five times a day, especially when the growth is to be pushed.—St. Louis Republic.

"It's a Lee!"

A good anecdote survives, but it passes through many transformations. Mrs. Lathrop, in "Some Memories of Hawthorne," her father, tells an anecdote which she heard when a child from a Mr. Bennock, a frequent visitor of the family during the Liverpool consulateship of her father. Doubtless some of our readers will recognize this old friend in a new dress: A Scotchman, at an inn, was walking disconsolately about the parlor while dinner was being prepared. A distinguished traveler—Dickens, perhaps—was dashing off a letter at the center-table, describing the weather and some of the odd fellows he had observed in his travels. "And," he wrote, "there is in the room at the present moment a long, lank, red-headed, empty-brained nincompoop, who looks as if he hadn't eaten a square meal for a month, and is stamping about for his dinner. Now he approaches me as I sit writing, and I hear his step pause behind my chair. The fool is actually looking over my shoulder, and reading these words—" A torrent of Scotch burst forth right here: "It's a lee, sir—it's a lee! I never read a word that yer wrote!"—Atlantic.

Too Lazy to Talk.

A distinguished-looking man sat in the poolroom at the Mansion house in Buffalo the other evening. He had been watching a game for a time, but finally he had dozed off to sleep. He was drunk. Now and then he opened his eyes when a good shot was made. He was not too far gone to show his appreciation of a good player. He had been dozing in his chair for half an hour, when suddenly he woke up, stretched himself and said to a man standing near: "Say, my friend, what hotel is this?" "The Mansion house." "Is it?" he answered, in surprise. "Yes, sir, this is the Mansion house." "Well, great Scott! I've been wondering for the last two days where I was, and I've always been too lazy to ask. I was in this same hotel ten years ago. Funny thing I should drift into the same place. This is Buffalo, ain't it?" Again the man passed off into the land of dreams.

"Let me take the blamed thing home," said the patient, as the dentist relieved him of his aching molar; "I want to take it home and poke sugar in it to see it ache?"—Truth.

Easily Rectified.—"Marie, I thought your physician told you that you were not strong enough to ride a wheel?" "Yes, but then I went to another doctor."—Chicago Record.

Not in Government Employ.—"Are you an office-holder?" said one man to another. "No; I work for a living."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Blobbs—"Here's a rather clever little book—'Don'ts for Club Men.'" Slobbs—"It isn't the 'don'ts' that worry me; it's the dues."—Philadelphia Record.

Wife—"How are you pleased with our new maid?" Husband—"Very much!" Wife—"I thought so; I have discharged her."—Fliegende Blaetter.

"Brown is a good shot, isn't he?" "Very good. We were practicing with our guns at my country-place the other day, and he hit the bull's eye the first time." "Very clever." "Yes; but he had to pay for the bull."—Harper's Weekly.

Repartee.—Servant (from the door)—"Herr Mayer sends his compliments and would you please shoot your dog, as it won't let him go to sleep." Neighbor—"Give my respect to Herr Mayer and tell him I shall be much obliged if he will poison his daughter and burn her piano."—Lyndon Union.

"Let's see," said the teacher, "Your name is Peter Marmaduke Jones?" "Yessum," said Peter. "But that ain't my fault. Poppy and mommie did it."—Harper's Bazar.

The human soul is like a bird that is born in the cage. Nothing can deprive it of its natural longings or obliterate the mysterious remembrance of its heritage.—Epes Sargent.

If thou desire to raise thy fortunes by the casts of fortune, be wise betimes, lest thou repent too late. What thou winnest is prodigally spent. What thou losest is prodigally lost.—Quarles.

"May I have a word with you, sir?" said Borcley to Cynicus. "Well, that all depends on the word," said Cynicus. "If it's good-by, I'll join in with you with pleasure."—Harper's Bazar.

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Mail Pouch Tobacco is sold by all dealers. Packages (*now on sale*) containing no coupons will be accepted as coupons. "2 oz." *Empty Bag as one Coupon,* "4 oz." *Empty Bag as two Coupons.*

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE Mailed on application, giving complete list and description of all articles and titles of Books and Pictures; *also tells how to get them.*

The Bloch Bros. Tobacco Co., Wheeling, W. Va.

No coupons exchanged after July 1, 1897

How Old are You?

You need not answer the question, madam, for in your case age is not counted by years. It will always be true that "a woman is as old as she looks." Nothing sets the seal of age so deeply upon woman's beauty as gray hair. It is natural, therefore, that every woman is anxious to preserve her hair in all its original abundance and beauty; or, that being denied the crowning gift of beautiful hair, she longs to possess it. Nothing is easier than to attain to this gift or to preserve it, if already possessed. Ayer's Hair Vigor restores gray or faded hair to its original color. It does this by simply aiding nature, by supplying the nutrition necessary to health and growth. There is no better preparation for the hair than

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR.

"The North Pole made use of at last."

BattleAx PLUG

Always at the front and wherever "BATTLE AX" goes it is the biggest thing in sight. It is as remarkable for its fine flavor and quality as for its low price. A 5 cent piece of "BATTLE AX" is almost as large as a 10 cent piece of any other equally good tobacco.

Money in Hay.

The farmers who are making money this year are those who seeded down their wheat land to grass with

Bradley's (The World's Best) **Fertilizers.**

They secured extra wheat the fertilizer, and now have high prices. Bradley Fertilizer Co., Boston, Mass., and Cleveland, Ohio. enough to more than pay for splendid crops of hay to sell at

DRESSMAKERS

FIND THE ONLY ORIGINAL **DESIGNS** PUBLISHED In The Country —IN— L'Art de La Mode,

And all the most reliable information on the question of dress. Order of your Newsdealer or send 35 Cents for the last Number.

First Pattern of this design, 36 Bust, for 50 Cents.

THE MORSE-BROUGHTON CO., 3 East 19th Street, Bet. 5th Ave. and Broadway, NEW YORK.

The "SMALLEY" FAMILY OF "FEED SAVERS"

Our Silo Outfit at Work.

Our "family" comprises for '98, Ensilage and Fodder Cutters, Corn Shredders, Feed Millers, Ear Corn Grinders, Root Cutters and Powers for operating. Our pamphlets should be read by every "up-to-date" stock-raiser and dairyman in U. S. No. 1, "The Model Round Silo and how to build it," latest reports from practical stock-feeders on the silo. No. 2 tells about "Corn-Hay," the new fodder product—its merit and feeding value and how to make it. Free with catalogues if you name this paper.

SMALLEY MFG. CO., Manitowoc, Wis.

LATEST AND BEST **WELL** DRILLING MACHINES 100 ft. to 2,000 FEET.

HORSE, STEAM AND GASOLINE POWER..... ADDRESS LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.

Don't take substitutes to save a few pennies. It won't pay you. Always insist on HIRES Rootbeer.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

STEADY WORK WE PAY CASH WEEKLY and want men everywhere to SELL STARK TREES & millions to plant. Unproven "absolutely best." Superb outfits, new system. STARK BROTHERS, LOUISIANA, Mo., ROCKPORT, Ill.

SPECIAL BICYCLES FOR Children

To advertise our other wheels we will send you on payment of THREE DOLLARS, one of our model BICYCLES, rubber tires, for children. I. WILLIS & CO., 98 3rd Avenue, New York.

OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. FREE. Dr. B. M. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA. NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

AGENTS WANTED to sell the Supreme Sanitary Supporter. You can make $25 a week. Outfit sent for only 50 cents and guaranteed satisfactory. A. H. SENIOR CORSET CO., BETHEL, CONN.

EDUCATIONAL.

1841 **ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE,** FORDHAM, N. Y. CITY. 1896

JESUIT FATHERS.

UNIVERSITY, SCIENTIFIC, CLASSICAL and PREPARATORY COURSES. MILITARY DRILL by a U. S. A. Officer. FRENCH, GERMAN, LIBRARY, READING ROOMS and GYMNASIA. Five separate buildings. R. R. Trains at Gate. For information, address "THE PRESIDENT."

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

A. N. K.—C. 1613

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, July 20, 1896.

Chairman Babcock, of the Republican Congressional campaign committee, who has just returned from a conference with Maj. McKinley and Chairman Hanna, of the National committee, is again on duty at the committee headquarters. He expresses little interest in the Populists convention to be held this week at St. Louis. Like most Republicans, he is of the opinion that nothing the Populists can do will prevent the election of McKinley and Hobart and a sound money Congress It is generally believed in Washington that the Populists convention will indorse Bryan, the Populist candidate, and the Populist platform adopted at Chicago, and that the talk to the contrary is merely a bluff made for the purpose of making a better deal.

Insignificant as was the part played by Mr. Bryan in the two Congresses in which he served, he will find that it was sufficient to stamp him as being unfitted for the Presidency of the United States. Progressive Americans have to a man been in favor of the building and maintenance of a Navy sufficiently strong to command the respect of foreign nations, and the events of the last few years have fully justified the correctness and patriotism of that position. There have been several times when the strength of our Navy has been a factor—the principle factor many believe—in preventing war. Mr. Bryan proved his unprogressiveness when he was in the House, and when our Navy was more than twenty-five vessels weaker than it is to-day, by opposing the strengthening of our Navy, on the ground that it was then strong enough. It is such things as these, and not platitudinous speeches delivered in sonorous tones and with dramatic gestures, which demonstrate the calibre of a man. Mr. Bryan could not be elected President on his record no matter what sort of a platform he stood upon. He simply isn't up to the Presidential standard.

The prominence that Senator Quay, as a member of the Executive Committee, is to take in the management of McKinley and Hobart's campaign is very gratifying to the admirers of the brainy Senator from the Keystone state: besides, it shows what excellent judgment Chairman Hanna has used in selecting the men who are to help him fight anarchy, disorder and repudiation and to elect a 100-cent dollar president.

According to news received by prominent Republicans, Speaker Reed is not only going to take an active part in the National Campaign, but he is also going to whoop things up for the State and Congressional elections in Maine, which will occur in September, in order to show the country the falsity of the claim put forward by Mr. Sewall, the Democratic candidate for Vice President that the silver sentiment is on the increase in Maine and New England. He believes that the best way to show this is to pile up an enormous Republican majority in September in his state, and he intends spending all his immense power as a campaigner towards the accomplishment of that end. It would be well nigh impossible for big Tom Reed to add to his popularity among the Republicans of the National Capital, but if anything would do it it would be just what he had started upon; and in other places where he is not so well known, his action will make him new and staunch friends, because it will show, what all of his personal friends, including Gov. McKinley already know, that he is not sore-headed because he didn't get the Presidential nomination.

The actions of a man, and not his professions, are what he should be judged by. A striking illustration of this is found in the case of Senator Stewart, millionaire silver mine owner, free silver advocate, and owner of the "Silver Knight," a newspaper published in Alexandria, Va., but issued under a Washington date line. No man is louder in his professions of a great and all-consuming desire to raise up the laboring men who are trodden under the feet of the millionaire men who possess brains as well as skill with their hands have been ascertaining how wide apart are Senator Stewart professions and his acts. He moved his paper from Washington to Alexandria, solely because that town has no Typographical or Pressman's Union, and he now pays his printers and pressmen $9 a week for six days of nine hours each, just about half of what the Union establishments in Washington pay for the same work, and, as though to add insult to injury, the men he employs are required to be members of the Union elsewhere, so that it can be claimed that Union men only are employed on the paper. That's the sort of love Senator Stewart has for laboring men.

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

THE TERRIBLE TIDAL WAVE.

Thirty Thousand Lives Lost and Millions of Property Destroyed.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 20—The Secretary of State received a report from the minister in charge at Tokio in regard to the recent tidal wave disaster in Japan. "A horrble disaster has befallen Japan" he says, "causing the death of 30,000 of her people, and leaving twice that number homeless and starving. On the evening of June 15 last at about 8.10 or 8.20 p. m., the northeastern littoral of the Island of Hondo, for a distance of nearly 200 miles, was submerged by a tremendous tidal wave eighty feet in height, which, sweeping irresistably upon the coast only spent its energy after a flow of miles into the interior, and retired, leaving a desolate waste of sand and debris, where had stood so many homes and thriving villages.

"During the 15th of June a number of earthquake shocks had been felt by the inhabitants of the unfortunate prefectures of Miyage, Aomori and Iwate, but these slight disturbances gave no warning to the fishing people who were celebrating the May festival, which according to the Chinese calendar, fell upon that day. At about 8 o'clock the people living along the coast were startled from their tranquility by a frightful roaring from the sea, likened to the reports of heavy artillery. Roused to action by cries of "tsunami," "tsunami," ("tidal wave," "tidal wave") from those who realized the impending disaster the inhabitants rushed from their homes into a night of pitchy blackness to be overtaken and engulfed in their flight to higher ground.

The first meager reports from the scene of the catastrophe gave little idea of its magnitude, but each succeeding budget of news arriving from the north has added to the appalling character of the disaster, until, at the time of writing (June 25) it is estimated that the mortalities will number more than thirty thousand. The magnitude of the losses of life is better appreciated by comparing this catastrophe with those known so well in history. Lisbon, at a conservative estimate, lost bnt 25,000 of its people in its memorable earthquake and Japan but 7,500 in the Gifu disaster of 1892—in fact the mortalities exceed those of the Chinese Japanese war.

"I am pleased to say that so far as I have been able to learn from persons at the scene of the disaster no Americans have suffered either in person or property. Japan has sought no foreign aid, but seems able to provide for all its destitute. The imperial family has headed the subscription list with 14.000 yen, and donations from private sources are swelling the relief fund."

Oak Hill.

Excellent growing weather at present.

Farmers are busy harvesting their crops.

The army worm is infesting our locality and doing considerable damage destroying grass, oats and corn.

Mr. Edward Shroyer and wife were the guests of Mr. Joseph Groer last Sunday.

Rev. W. W. Williams, from Baltimore, a minister of the gospel aged eighteen, preached at Oak Hill last Thursday and delivered a most excellent sermon. He will preach again next Thursday evening, July 30th, at 7:30 o'clock.

Mr. J. W. Shroyer's eldest son was dangerously ill for some time past, but we are glad to state that he is rapidly improving.

The new barns of Messrs. Silas Teats and Clark Rush are nearing completion.

Mr. Joseph Groer started last Monday for West Virginia to haul logs to D. Evans' saw mill.

Mr. Clark Rush has a meadow of grass containing forty acres which he says will average three tons of hay per acre.

Willie and Joseph Teats killed a very large rattlesnake, it having seventeen rattles—the largest ever killed in this vicinity.

Mountain Lake Park.

The next two weeks at the Park will be full of interest. Friday night the School of Methods (W. C. T. U.) opens with a great program. Miss Mattie E. Gray, of Washington, D. C., will sing several solos. She will have charge of the music of the convention. Miss Eva Shontz, the reader, of Chicago, will also take part. No one can afford to miss this great treat.

The daily program is full of interest—something of interest all through the convention.

Thursday week the U. S. Christian Commission have their first meeting. It will be a big affair. War pictures will be thrown on a screen. The program is very promising. Bishop Fellows and others will take part. Veterans' day is Saturday, the 15th of August. It will be a day of days for the boys in blue.

We feel delighted over the success of the season so far. It is very encouraging.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Bicycles.

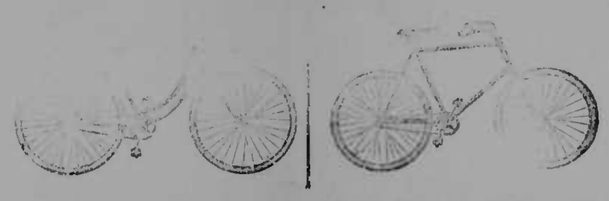

Bicycle Sundries of all Kinds, Cement, Pumps, Spokes, Tires, Wood Rims, Balls, Patching Rubber, Coasters, Lamps, Valves and Valve Stems, Repair Kits, Wrenches, Oilers, Locks, Etc., Etc.

BICYCLE REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

To be a Gentleman

You must dress like one, and you cannot look like a gentleman in store clothes. Why should you wear store clothes when you can have them made by a first-class tailor and guaranteed to fit for the same money.

You can have that old suit of yours cleaned, dyed and repaired at small expense to look like new by our expert workmen. We also do ladies' work.

M. COHEN, Xpert Cutter,

Cor. 3rd and Alder Sts., OAKLAND, MD.

Millinery and Dress Making,

Just opened, at Mountain Lake Park, by Mrs. J. L. Pierce. First-class work guaranteed. Will carry a full line of

STAPLE GOODS.

HATS TRIMMED to ORDER,

on short notice. Miss B. C. McAndrews will superintend the business. Her long experience is a sufficient guarantee for first-class work. Call and see our goods. Oakland Avenue and L St. 11—3

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

TRUSTEES' SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE IN GARRETT COUNTY.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity and passed in a cause in said court wherein John S. Sanders is plaintiff and A. T. Shuttleworth and others are defendants, the undersigned trustees were authorized to sell the real estate in said cause described, they will therefore on

SATURDAY, THE 25th DAY OF JULY, 1896,

in front of the Court House in the town of Oakland, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, offer at public auction to the highest bidder, all that parcel of land adjoining the property of W. C. Duncuttter, and being a part of the tract of land called "Small Meadows," containing fifty acres more or less, and being the same particularly described in a deed from Joseph Eggers to Charlotte Sanders dated the 20th day of October, 1891, and duly recorded in Liber E. Z. T No. 26, folio 351, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said property is improved by a small dwelling house and other outbuildings, and is partially cleared and under cultivation.

Terms of sale as prescribed by the decree, One-Third of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale or the ratification thereof by the court, and the remainder in two equal installments at six and nine months from the day of sale, said deferred payments to be approved by the trustees. The conveyancing to be at costs of the purchaser.

FREDERICK A. THAYER,
GILMOR S. HAMILL,
17—4d Trustees.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, either in person or by deputy, will be in each of the election districts in said county, to collect and receive taxes at the time and places following:

July 14, Mellenry,
" 14, Hoyes,
" 15, Friendsville,
" 16, Selbysport,
" 17, Accident,
" 18, Cove,
" 20, Grantsville,
" 21, Johnson's,
" 22, T. B. Layman's,
" 23, Avilton,
" 24, Gregg's,
" 25, New Germany,
" 27, Bittinger,
" 28, Bittinger,
" 27, Bloomington,
" 2, Floyd,
" 29, Swanton,
" 29, Wilson,
" 30, Deer Park,
" 30, Altamont,
" 31, Gorman,
" 31, Kearney.

Office in Oakland will be closed from July 13th to 31st inclusive.

N. B.—By an act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed at January session, 1890, being Chap. 536, it is provided that, "All county taxes shall be due and payable on the first day of September succeeding the date of levy, and on all county taxes paid on or before said day a discount of 3 per cent. shall be allowed; and after the first day of January all taxes shall bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until paid. The treasurer shall take the discount and charge interest on the tax bills for county purposes regularly in the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same on his books and upon the receipt given for taxes so paid; but this discount shall not be allowed unless the whole amount of state and county taxes due for the current year be paid when the same is made."

THOS. B. WILEY, Treasurer.

THOMAS R. McROBIE,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street.
All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 8-1yr

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY,
DAY OR NIGHT.
PRICES REASONABLE.
JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.
31—26

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments.
Headstones,
AND
Chimney Pipe
WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS
FROSTBURG, MD.
AGENTS WANTED.
4193.yr—.

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:
C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade and all Patent business. CHARGES. OUR OFFICE is close to the Patent Office, we can secure patents in less time than those remote from Washington, and we advise whether or not patentable, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured. Letters, advising of cost of patent in your state, county or town, sent free. Address, C. A. SNOW & CO., Opposite Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C.

I HAVE PURCHASED
THE OAKLAND COAL YARD
of Mr D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of
HARD AND SOFT
COAL,
KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Glessman Hotel.
3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

It's a Corker.

Do you want a fine large loaf of bread—the finest in the world?

Merryland Flour

makes the best and most bread. Don't fail to buy Merryland. Don't buy any other, but insist on having the very best. None surpass and few equal Merryland patent flour. For sale by

THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO.

Fruits, vegetables, melons and bananas in car load lots. Don't fail to call on us for low prices and big bargains.

THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO.
Stores at Mt. Lake Park, Md.
Oakland, Md.
Swanton, Md.
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51-1yr.

Shartzer & Bolden,
OAKLAND, MD.
DEALERS IN
FURNITURE, CARPETS,
MATTING, OIL CLOTH,
WINDOW SHADES
WALL PAPER
—AND—
GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.
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FOR SALE.

The farm belonging to Elizabeth Haley, situated two miles north of Deer Park, adjoining the lands of Jack Cooper, Friedenberg Miller and Bayleston. Contains 119¼ acres about 68 acres cleared, and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the premises. 52-4m.*

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JULIUS C. HENNINGER,
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Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

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I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

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Special attention given to real estate.
CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING.
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Residence on North 3rd Street.
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OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8:30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
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OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
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JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
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Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

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COUNTY SURVEYOR FOR
GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Postoffice, LONACONING, MD.

All work entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished on short notice. 3-5m*

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Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 46-1yr.

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LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including iron ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26*

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A specialty of Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear
RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.

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S. T. JONES, Cashier.
A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

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Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
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Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
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C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT
C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,
PLANING MILLS,
And BUILDING MATERIALS.
MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time. If you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS.

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.
38 13

THE REPUBLICAN.

ESTABLISHED MARCH 3, 1877. BENJ. H. SINCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1896. NUMBER 21.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Home made cakes baked to order. D. Tasker & Son.

Demorest medal contest Wednesday, August 5th, at 8 p. m.

Miss Mattie Porter spent a day or two this week in Cumberland.

Malette has $1,000 worth of jewelry to sell you at your own price.

Mountain Lake Park bread, cakes and pies at D. Tasker & Son's.

Miss Hallie Tripett, of Wheeling, is in Oakland visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Jones.

Miss Grace Loar, who spent three weeks in Grafton, returned home last Friday.

Malette will sell you groceries, fruits, vegetables, etc., at the lowest living prices.

Mr. William E. Anderson, of Philadelphia, has been in Oakland visiting friends.

Ground was broken last week for Mr. W. H. Hagans' residence in Daily's addition.

Mr. Louis Nydegger, of Gorman, was in the city a short time last Monday on business.

A special session of the County Commissioners will be held on Tuesday, August 4th.

Service in the Garrett Memorial church next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. All are welcome.

Malette will positively sell you jewelry at cost, as he is closing out his entire stock of jewelry.

A freight warehouse will soon be erected at the depot yard in Oakland by the B. & O. R. R. company.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wright, of Cadiz, Ohio, are in Oakland visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robert Felty on Alder street.

The general assessors, Messrs. Jacob Fresh and Thedore Beckman, are listing property in Oakland this week.

Miss Ida Moon and Mrs. G. F. Snyser, of Baltimore, are visiting Mrs. Jonas Yutzy and Mrs. John G. Knauer at Sunnyside.

Mrs. John White went over to Gormania last Thursday night to visit her aged father, Mr. Jerry Browning, who is quite ill.

The soldier boys from Oakland arrived from Camp Lowndes last Saturday evening under command of Capt. Robert C. Townshend.

Wanted to hire, a good driving horse by the month or for the season for private use. Apply to Col. A. A. Hosmer, Deer Park, Md. 20-3*

Services will be held in St. Matthew's church Sunday at 7.30 a. m. and 8 p. m., and at Deer Park at 5 p. m. by the rector, Rev. Wm. Brayshaw.

Tasker & Son still have a rush for Dried Beef, pickles for 5 cents a doz. and any amount of valuable house hold and toilet articles at 5 and 10 cents each.

Call at Malette's and get a clock, ring, chain, pin, etc., at just one-third what you pay elsewhere in a regular way. This is no fake; call and see for yourself. 21—5

The Misses McParland, of Annapolis, are the guests of Capt. and Mrs. Matthew Markland at Crook Crest: also Dr. Robert Dailey and daughter, of Romney.

Mr. Jefferson Ralston, of near Deer Park, one of the wheel horses of Democracy in this county, was stricken with paralysis last Monday night, which affected his whole right side.

A deserved promotion was made last Monday by the officials of the Western Union Telegraph company by the appointment of Paul White as night operator at Mountain Lake Park.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy cures colds, croup and whooping cough. It is pleasant, safe and reliable. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Mrs. Annie Pleasants, of Baltimore, accompanied by her daughter Miss Honor, came up to Oakland last week to visit relatives. Mrs. Pleasants returned to the above city Thursday, her daughter remaining her.

Ex-Sheriff Wegman and County Treasurer Ross, of Garrett county, were Meyersdale visitors Sunday. The former is in the slate roofing business since he laid aside the cares of office, and the latter is making his annual official tour of Garrett county.—The Commercial.

Some men try advertising as the Indian tried feathers. He took one feather, laid it on a board and slept on it all night. In the morning he remarked: "White man say feathers heap soft: white man foo.l"

A beautiful summer home, with a delightful dwelling, large and commodious, surrounded by ten acres of fine land and improved by all necessary buildings, within a mile of Oakland, is for sale. For particulars address this office.

M. Cohen, the tailor, has received his new fall line of samples, and it embraces all the American and European novelties. Besides it is the most complete line of cloth this side of New York. 21—tf

Miss Ella Lowenstein, formerly of Garrett county, but now living in Johnstown, Pa., and a graduate of the Maryland State Normal School, is visiting the family of Mr. John Schiller, on North Centre street.—Cumberland News.

Mrs. Caroline Dandridge, colored, wife of Coleman Dandridge, died in Sylvan Retreat, Cumberland, last Monday, in which she had been confined for a number of months. Her body was brought to Oakland Tuesday morning and interred in the Catholic cemetery.

C. A. Snow & Co., of Washington, D. C., patent lawyers, whose ad. is in another column, procure patents for inventions in the United States, Canada and Europe. They will send printed advice about procuring patents free to any address.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Now is your chance for a vehicle, Our $1,000 worth of vehicles for sale. Naylor's whole stock of vehicles damaged more or less by the flood (some very slight) and will sell the entire stock at a sacrifice. Spindle wagons from $28.00 up. Top buggeis from $43.00 up. Surries $78.00. Traps $120, and every thing in proportion; come early and get your choice.

A three-year-old daughter of of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, whose home is in Fairmont, died at Corinth on Monday evening, was brought to Terra Alta on Tuesday and buried Wednesday afternoon from the Catholic church. Mrs. Gordon is a daughter of Mr. Fuller of Corinth, and had gone to that place to spend a few weeks. The little girl was taken suddenly and violently ill with cholera infantum and lived but a week or ten days.—Oracle.

In the vicinity of Boquet, Westmoreland Co., Pa., almost any one can tell you how to cure a lame back or stiff neck. They dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind it on the affected parts and in one or two days the trouble has disappeared. This same treatment will promptly cure a pain in the side or chest. Mr. E. M. Frye, a prominent merchant of Boquet, speaks very highly of Pain Balm, and his recommendations have had much to do with making it popular there. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Deputy sheriff Jacob S. Meyers returned from Richmond, Va., and Charlestown, W. Va., Sunday evening where he had gone to bring back the man Kelley who stole Messrs. Helbig Bros. horse, and surrey. Kelley was arrested and taken to Charlestown to answer a charge of stealing a horse in that neighborhood. The West Virginia authorities refused to give Kelley up but informed Mr. Meyers that he could have him as soon as he had served his term in that state.

Mrs. Rhodie Noah, of this place, was taken in the night with cramping pains and the next day diarrhœa set in. She took half a bottle of blackberry cordial but got no relief. She then sent to me to see if I had anything that would help her. I sent her a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy and the first dose relieved her. Another of our neighbors had been sick for about a week and had tried different remedies for diarrhœa but kept getting worse. I sent him this same remedy. Only four doses of it was required to cure him. He says he owes his recovery to this wonderful remedy.—Mrs. Mary Sibley, Sidney, Mich. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Jacob Brown, Esq., the nestor of the Allegany, county bar, with his little grand-son, was a town visitor between trains Monday. He had been spending some time at his old home in Grantsville and was on his return to Cumberland. His forthcoming work has passed through the press and is now in the hands of the binders and it will be at once put on sale. Bright active agent will find the book a ready seller in Somerset county, Pa., and in Garrett and Allegany counties, Md. Write to him at Cumberland, Md.—Meyersdale Commercial.

Last summer one of our grand children was sick with a severe bowel trouble. Our doctor's remedies had failed, then we tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, which gave very speedy relief. We regard it as the best medicine ever put on the market for bowel complaints.—Mrs. E. G. Gregory, Fredericktown, Mo. This certainly is the best medicine ever put on the market for dysentary, summer complaint, colic and cholera infantum in children. It never fails to give prompt relief when used in reasonable time and the plain printed directions are followed. Many mothers have expressed their sincere gratitude for the cures it has effected. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Married.

TASKER—BANE.—On July 22, 1896, by Rev. Wm. E. George at the residence of Benjamin Davis, in the presence of a large number of friends Joseph Tasker and Susan Mary Bane, both of Garrett county.

A New Industry.

The Maryland Supply company of Oakland, through its president and general manger, Mr. Henry E. Felty, on Tuesday last purchased the old Resche mill property in Oakland for the sum of $3,000. The local company will dispose of it to a Pennsylvania firm who will remodel the mill and carry on a general milling business. It is the purpose to run a siding to the mill from the B. & O. tracks at the station here and go into the manufacture of oat meal, etc., on a large scale.

Notice.

There will be a social picnic at the Shook Shop school house on the 29th day of August. Refreshments of all kinds on grounds. All come and bring your baskets and have a good time once more.

COMMITTEE.

For Sale or Rent.

A very desirable property in Oakland, being the late residence of Henry J. Mayers. Also for sale the Oakland Woolen Mills property. Said property may be obtained cheap and on easy terms. Apply to J. C. Renninger, attorney, Oakland.

Oakland's Free Silverites.

Following in the footsteps of the Republicans, the unterrified, free silver Poplist-Democrats of Oakland formed a campaign club last Thursday night. The president of the club, Mr. William A. Daily, until very recently the only free silver man in this section of the county made a speech in which he sought to convince his hearers that free silver was the only thing that could bring back prosperity.

Mr. Gilmor S. Hamill, who writes all mortgages with the provision that the principal and interest shall be paid in gold of the present weigh and fineness, has allied himself with the monstrosity and no doubt will go on the stump this fall advocating the Populistic-anarchist-repudiation-of-debts platform of the once honorable Democracy.

How the mighty have fallen!

Delightful Music at Deer Park.

The United States Naval Academy band of Annapolis, Md., C. A. Zimmerman, director, is furnishing delightful music at Deer Park hotel. Zimmerman is not only a talented and skilled director, but he is a composer of considerable merit. Of the selections played at Deer Park this summer none are so popular as the "Bon Ton" two step, dedicated to Major Geo. D. DeShields, and the step, dedicated to the professors and students of the University of Princeton. Apart from the musical attainments, Mr. Zimmerman is a gentleman of pleasant address and agreeable manners.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

THE HIGH WATERS.

Oakland Inundated and Considerable Damage Done.

The amount of water that fell in Oakland and surrounding section of Garrett county from July 3d up to and including last Friday measured 12.41 inches, the precipitation for Friday alone amounted to 5.38 inches according to measurements made by the signal service officer in Oakland, Dr. J. Lee McComas.

Thursday night last the rain began descending in torrents and when the citizens of Oakland arose from their slumbers Friday morning they beheld the main streets of the town overflowing with water from the small stream which runs through it and empties into the Little Yough south of the railroad tracks. Green street, an extension of Liberty, seemed to the people the natural course of the stream, as it was running full.

About eight o'clock the water commenced to rise rapidly and things took a serious turn. It was not long thereafter until the merchants began to move the goods from the floors of their buildings to their counters and other higher places, but notwithstanding this a great loss was sustained in heavy goods such as salt, flour, grain, feed, etc., which could not be so easily handled.

At nine o'clock the Second street bridge was lifted from its foundation and nearly overturned. The platforms along this street were also lifted from their places and in several cases either taken out with the water or broken up. The water at its highest stage was two feet deep in the Garrett County bank.

The bowling alley was moved a distance of twenty feet and deposited on the ground. All the lower stories of the business houses were flooded and business was at a standstill all day.

In the meantime the Little Yough had not raised very much but the great pressure of water back of the dam at Mountain Lake Park eventually broke a hole in the embankment fifty feet wide and the flood came tearing through, dislodging bridges and flooding the glades to a depth of several feet. The water also washed the platform away leading from the Park to the depot at Mt. Lake. The flood raised the waters very considerable in the Little Yough, overflowing the railroad tracks between Oakland and the Park and in several places weakening the fills. Traffic was interferred with to a considerable extent and trains were held at Oakland several hours.

When the dam at the Park broke it looked as if the lower part of Oakland would be again submerged but the water was not as high by two feet as in the morning and no loss was sustained by the people.

The stage of water in the Big Yough was away up and considerable anxiety was felt by the Preston Lumber company for the safety of their lumber plant at Crellin. Happily, however, their booms held and thousands of dollars were saved this company. Lower down the river is Mr. Offutt's large lumber mill. In this boom were thousands of logs. One of the boom poles gave way and about six hundred logs got away, entailing a loss of about seven hundred dollars.

The losses as near as can be gotten at were as follows:

Dixon & Kelso, grain, flour, etc. $500.

John Shartzer, cement and lumber, $150.

The corporation of Oakland, bridges, etc., $300

D. E. Offutt, logs, $700.

R. A. Orcutt, stave blocks, $700.

H. Weber & Sons, flowers, grain, etc., $500.

The county's loss in bridges and roads will be several thousand dollars, the greatest loss being that of the bridge over Deep Creek at Delawder's.

In other sections of the county the loss is great. A. Knabb & Co.'s loss at Friendsville will run up into the thousands.

In the flooded section of Oakland the town still looks like a cyclone had passed over it but things are being put in shape as fast as possible.

Some Fine Beeves.

Last week one day Mr. A. Nelson purchased of Mr. Fred Gortner, of Swan Meadows, fourteen head of three-year old which netted dressed an average of 1,000 pounds each. These cattle were raised on Mr. Gortner's farm at Swan Meadow's and is an evidence of what can be done in the way of stock raising in this county.

A Serious Accident.

Monday morning last Marshall, the twenty-one year old son of Mr. Thomas Skipper was sawing shingles at the mill owned by Mr. Skipper when his hand came in contact with the revolving saw, severing a part of the thumb, the two middle fingers and lacerating very badly the small finger of the right hand. He was brought to Oakland and taken to Dr. Hinebaugh's office where surgical aid was rendered by the above physican.

Death of Robert Garrett.

Robert Garrett, ex-president of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and son of the late John W Garrett, died at the summer residence of Mrs. T. Harrison Garrett in Deer Park, yesterday morning, of heart trouble.

For the past eight years Mr. Garrett has been a confirmed invalid, suffering with a disease resembling softening of the brain. At five o'clock Tuesday afternoon his heart failed to act properly and he continued to sink rapidly until his death. At his bedside when the dissolution occurred, were his wife, his father-in-law, Wm. F. Frick, and his physician, Dr. Jacobs.

Mr. Garrett was about fifty years of age. He graduated from Princeton in 1867.

A special train of two Pullman cars and a baggage car will leave Deer Park this afternoon at 2 o'clock, in which the remains and his family and friends will be taken to Baltimore, where the body will be interred on Friday afternoon.

Basket Meeting.

Rev. David Tasker, will conduct an all-day evangelistic service, in the Grove, on the old Hamill farm, 6 miles east of Oakland, next Sunday, August the 2d. Services at 10.30 a.m. and 2 p.m. Will Tasker will preside at at the organ. Good music will be a prominent feature of the occasion. Be sure to take your dinner along and stay all day.

Death of Henry Brown.

Mr. Henry Brown, father of Sheriff Aust[illegible] Brown, died at his home in [illegible]ville Tuesday morning, aged [illegible] at sixty years. The deceased served three years in the army in Co. E, 3d Maryland Infantry. He leaves eight children, the oldest being Sheriff Brown. His funeral occurred yesterday morning, the interment being made in the cemetery at Blooming Rose.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lotst 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

Bethlehem.

Harvesting is on hand, but if the weather continues so wet it will be a slow process.

Hay is rather a light crop: oats will be good it nothing interferes with it before it is gathered. Potatoes look promising, but it is feared that they will rot if the weather continues wet. As to the apple crop, some trees have enough in quantity, but the quality is not good.

Mrs. Demmit is lying quite ill at her son-in-law's, Mr. Jacob Moon. She has been afflicted for quite awhile. Also Miss Magdalene Moon is on the sick list.

The infant child of Mr. Isaac Moon was buried July 19th, aged about three days.

Mr. Jonathan W. Moon and family, of near North Glade, returned home to-day from visiting relatives in this neighborhood.

The funeral sermon of the youngest child of Garrett W. Moon will be preached tho fourth Sunday in August at the Bethlehem church, by the pastor, D. R. Wagner, at the hour of 10:30 a. m.

Miss Huldah Lipscomb has gone to live awhile with her sister, Mrs. Beckman, of near Lynn Dale.

Waters are very high for this season of the year.

The heavy rains of the past week knocked down considerable oats.

MOUNTAIN STATE

Business College,

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

Summer Headaches

—AND—

NEURALGIA are both trying and severe; at the same time difficult to relieve. To cool the blood, reduce the temperature, quiet the nerves and cure these Headaches or Neuralgia

TAKE

ANTI-FAG.

(REGISTERED TRADE-MARK.)

A most valuable and indispensable remedy for the cure of Headache, Neuralgia, etc.

This delightful effervescent salt is a certain remedy for the relief of nervous headaches, resulting from overtaxed mental energy, or excitement, acute attacks of indigestion, the depression following alcoholic excesses; and will ladies the headache and backache of neurasthenia, hysteria, dysmenorrhœa, and kindred disorders. It is especially recommended to Physicians, Teachers, Clergymen, Lawyers, Merchants and all following professions or pursuits requiring nerve energy, or subject to mental strain, as a prompt source of relief in all cases of headache and distress attending mental fatigue and physical exhaustion.

Bottles, 10 and 25 cts.

Ask your druggist or dealer for ANTI-FAG. If it is not in stock send the price in stamps to the manufacturers and receive a bottle by mail.

PREPARED BY

GILBERT BROS. & CO.,

BALTIMORE, MD.

Mountain Lake Park.

Never had the citizens of the Park witnessed such a scene as they looked upon last Friday. The almost continuous rain of the past weeks throughout this section of the country, had swollen the streams to a considerable extent, so that when the severe rains of Friday began about 2 a. m. and continuing until about noon, the small streams became fierce rivers and by 2 o'clock the entire front of the Park was a great lake, reaching from the railroad station almost to Allegheny drive. About [illegible] bridge across the Little Youghiogheny used by the tenants of farms adjoining the Park, was washed away, then the county bridge followed, as well as the Park foot bridge and about one thousand feet of the board walk leading to the railroad station. Jones & Johnson's brick yard was flooded about two feet of water being over it. The county bridge at the Glade Valley road was carried away, as were three large stacks of hay belonging to the Park Association. All communication between the Park and the depot was cut off for several hours. Mr. Daniel Smith came near losing his life. In attempting to get to the depot on horseback, he was washed off the horse by the strong current, but holding to the bridle and the strong horse recovering from the effects of the current, and swimming to more quiet waters, he succeeded in getting out.

Early in the morning Supt. Rudisill with the Park employees were at the lake doing all that men could do to prevent the overflow of the dam. A ditch was cut on the east side of the railroad switch and from that to the dam, allowing a large body of water to escape. A little after two o'clock the waters began to rise rapidly and in less than 20 minutes had risen a foot or more and in ten minutes more began to overflow the dam. Another ditch was cut on the west side of the dam but to no purpose. The dam began to break on the south side, and gradually the bank gave way until about fifty feet were washed out.

Saturday morning Supt. Rudisill with his men succeeded in recovering a large amount of the plank walk which had floated near the railroad bridge and by noon work began on repairing the walk. By Tuesday evening it will all be in place.

We regret very much the sensational report which appeared in the Baltimore *American* of Saturday, stating that all the buildings in the Park save one had been swept away. Suppose the reporter meant bridges instead of houses and yet that would not be true. The loss of the beautiful lake causes many a one sadness of heart. It is hoped that in a week or two Mountain Lake will be as large and pretty as ever.

Thursday afternoon the meeting of the United States Sanitary Commission, army chaplains, etc., will take place. Meetings will be held daily until Aug. 3rd. At night war pictures will be thrown on the scene by a powerful stereopticon.

THE CURSE OF HUMOR.

BY IAN MACLAREN.

Fletcher is one of the few clergymen with whom a layman feels at home, and to whom he may even dare to express his mind without offense. Many of his profession will converse only on one condition—that they state what they believe to be true, and that the matter be then considered as closed; and if upon this papal bull any mere layman ventures to dissent, the good men—and often, as it appears, in proportion to their goodness—will arch their backs and puff very unpleasantly. One is careful after a few scratches to avoid every subject on which there can be two opinions, and one makes every allowance for this supersensitiveness. If a plant be reared under glass, it takes ill with a brisk, healthy northwester; and if a man lives constantly in a circle of admiring (as well as charming) young ladies, or with old ladies of the male sex in the shape of ecclesiastical laymen, he would be more than human if he were not offended by the independence of men who are accustomed to think for themselves and will even say what they think. My friend had the singular advantage, from my outside standpoint, of not having been isolated among people of the religious profession from his youth, and of having kept himself afterwards in touch with the world. He had therefore no shocking point in the matter of opinion, and would give a candid hearing to any heresy one might ventilate. It struck me that he did not lose by this toleration and sympathy, for there are at least six outsiders, simple pariahs of the religious civilization, who worship at St. Origens. Fletcher delighted to define himself as an evangelical high broad churchman, which many pronounced "very unsatisfactory"—suggesting a vagrant who traveled anywhere so long as he found some good thing, and who had no legal address where a summons could be served upon him. He threw himself into each subject he treated with such unguarded enthusiasm that I trembled in my distant seat, and was quite prepared to hear that conventional people called him names, till he had acquired almost the complete stock of religious abuse. One day he waxed eloquent on foreign missions, and went out of his way to pay a tribute to Xavier. A year afterwards it was still hinted that the rector of St. Origens was a Jesuit. He must needs hold up the Salvation Army to admiration for their immense sacrifices, and was freely spoken of as a ranter for weeks at certain dinner tables. When he declared that the Unitarian faith had produced some of the finest ethical types in England, a lady called next day—who had long suspected the fact, and only wished to have it confirmed from his own lips—and asked the rector whether he was indeed a Socinian.

"No, madam," he replied; "although you shrewdly suspect that I am not an Anglican, it happens that I have never quite seen my way to become a Socinian. I am a Swedenborgian, with leanings to Mohammedanism."

This was a very foolish speech indeed, as I told Fletcher, and brought its just punishment. One of that excellent woman's peculiarities was a hopeless incapacity of giving an accurate account of anything she had either seen or heard, and the evening of the same day she told me, between the soup and the fish, that the truth had come out at last about the rector of St. Origens.

"I put it to him plainly, and he admitted that he was an atheist, but I do not remember which denomination," and he has hardly scraped off that label to this day.

When he dropped in last evening and flung himself into his favorite chair, I anticipated some new canard.

"Are you really an Irvingite?" I began.

"No, no, it's nothing of that kind just now. I am the victim of a malignant spirit which is going to ruin me," and then he denounced humor up hill and down dale, declaring it to be an unmitigated curse, and affirming that he would cheerfully barter any share he had for the irrelevancy of that good woman.

"It is well enough for you to laugh, but if you were in my shoes you would take another view. Twice this week have I disgraced myself before companies of religious respectables, and I do not see how I can recover the scandal.

"Last Monday, as I begged for deanils, I was so foolish as to attend a drawing-room in aid of the Door-to-Door Visitation society, and found myself with 50 of the most solemn-looking people ever gathered under one roof.

"You are a Celt, so of course you will not despise the idea of presentiments. I was haunted with a sense of calamity all day, and it deepened in the room. When the secretary, a young man with an indescribable air of self-satisfaction, began to read extracts from the visitors' letters, I ought to have risen and left. If I had only had the courage to walk out before that report * * * " And Fletcher took a turn of regret on the hearth-rug.

"What was it? Oh, nothing remarkable; you can hear such things every day, but it found me: 'Called at 191 Jemima street. Mother and boy aged six in house. Boy had nothing on except a few small boils. Mother said she was washing his clothes. Spoke to her from text: 'Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish,' and left her much affected."

"Yes, I did my best, and perhaps I might have succeeded, had not an elderly lady beside me murmured: 'Very suitable, indeed; Mr. Popham has quite a turn for application.' Then I laughed aloud joyfully, after which nothing remained but to slink out of the room as unobtrusively as possible. Apologies would have aggravated the situation."

"Does it matter so very much?"

"Yes, it desperately, in more ways than one. Don't you see, man, that I've hurt the feelings of many excellent folk, and flouted, as appears, a good work, and convinced everybody who had any doubt before that I really am an atheist?"

It was on the face of it an unfortunate circumstance, and one could only suggest that people's memories are very short in these busy days.

"The people in that room don't forget," said Fletcher, gloomily. "And this very day I crowned my iniquity; it's no use fighting against fate, by which I mean this hideous vice of the ridiculous. It's in my blood—the only bad turn my mother did me.

"What happened to-day? Oh, nothing again, nothing. I simply stumbled into the conference of the 'Sisterhood of Female Philanthropists,' and was dragged to the platform, where I sat facing the audience," and he shuddered at the remembrance.

"She was a most eloquent speaker, and she was enlarging on the courage it needed to ask a stranger to join the sisterhood. 'Well do I remember my feelings,' and then she traveled into autobiography. 'Your feelings that day were doubtless the same as mine,' and again she turned aside, and we were kept in anguish. 'Yes, you and I had the same experience, and we shall never, never forget it'—here every one made ready to take a note. 'Dear sisters, did not each of us burst that minute into a violent perspiration?' There seemed no way of getting out except through the hall, and it was really very good of them not to hiss me.

"Of course I'll never run such risks again, but it does not matter where I am, this evil spirit will seize me; it is my profound conviction that there is a personal devil, and that humor is one of his choice instruments.

"You know that wonderful verger of ours who is an understudy of an alderman? Well, he took charge of a party of strangers at the door, who had come in at the vestry, and started a procession—he leading majestically, beaming as he went, and gently beating time with his left hand. Then he turned at a certain pew, and motioned to his convoy to enter, but there was nobody. The people had found seats for themselves at the back, and the procession had consisted of the great man himself. When I stood at the lectern, the sight came up before me, and I went to pieces over the word Nebuchadnezzar.

"As for funerals"—Fletcher was determined to make a clean breast of it—"they are simply a terror to me; men play such pranks and are so unreal. You know Bibby, what a droll, chubby-faced, hearty little man he is?" Yes, I did know Bibby. "Well, he came yesterday into the room where we were all sitting in that awful silence with an expression so woebegone that I could have shaken him; he sat down beside me, and sighed like a blast furnace."

"Which was too much for your wickedness?"

"I only said in a natural voice: 'Bitter east wind,' and if the wretched creature did not reply: 'Ah, yes, very unexpected'—he did not know the relatives by sight, and had mistaken the doctor for the chief mourner—'and sad. We are there to-day and here to-morrow.' Then if he didn't wag his head, and Satan seemed to take possession of me.

"It isn't that I am not ashamed of myself, or that I don't take precautions. I have not preached a sermon for years without reading it over once for the special purpose of scoring out any single word that would provoke a smile. Yet people laugh when I preach in strange churches, although I am as solemn as a grave-digger, and a rascally newspaper called me an amusing preacher. As for myself, the public executions I have conducted!"

"As a counteractive, do you mean?"

"Yes, of course; the moment I see any danger, I condemn some poor wretch to death without mercy, and strap his legs and arms, and place him on the trap door, and put on the white cap, and pull the bolt. Surely that is enough. The number of people I have hung at an ecclesiastical gathering, say the diocesan conference, to maintain my character, often fills me with remorse."

"Do ecclesiastics never laugh?" I dared to inquire.

"Never, except in a quiet, regulated fashion at some jocose, time-honored clerical pleasantry, and then only if it proceed from an archdeacon upwards. If a mere commoner like myself, being suddenly overcome by the pedantic absurdity of ecclesiastical ways, should express himself freely, you would see a sickly smile on the faces of those superior men, and afterwards you might overhear them: 'Great want of seriousness; very light mettle, indeed.'

"In fact," and Fletcher became almost bitter, "if you wish to succeed in church or state, never jest, and remember what our English humorist said when, with his friends, he was tasting some agreeable tale: 'Look solemn, here's a fool coming.'"

It was in vain that I labored at consolation, urging the woodenness of men that had no humor, their blunders, weariness, and inanities, from all of which a sense of humor surely delivers a man. No poor words of mine could lift the dejected rector of St. Origens, who left, declaring that he was a disabled man, and that the conditions of solid success in public life were a stout figure, a ponderous manner, an impressive clearance of the throat, but chiefly a mind cleansed and delivered and guarded from the wicked and destructive spirit of humor.—Outlook.

Very Forgetful.

The late earl of Portarlington was always forgetting the names of people whom he had met. Once, on receiving a gracious nod from Queen Victoria at a Marlborough house garden-party, accompanied by a few words of kindly inquiry after his health, he replied: "You are very kind, madam; your face seems strangely familiar to me, but for the life of me I cannot remember your name."—San Francisco Argonaut.

—The trade dollar weighs 420 grains.

THE SENTIMENTAL DRUMMER.

And the Sweet Little Maiden He Met on the Train.

She was a pretty, sweet looking girl, and she took a seat just in front of Colby, in the parlor car. He had seen her upon the platform of the station before she got aboard. A young man had held her hand in his and looked sadly into her eyes. Colby thought they might perhaps be lovers. He traveled a great deal and he generally contrived to strike up an acquaintanceship with persons to whom he took a fancy, no matter what the circumstances happened to be.

The girl had not been upon the train for an hour or more, when Colby picked up a newspaper that somebody had left lying near her seat.

"May I look at it?" he asked.

She said it didn't belong to her, but the ice was broken, and they were soon chatting quite familiarly.

She had never traveled alone before, she said, and that was her future husband whom she had left at the station. She had been visiting his parents, who were the wealthiest people in the little town back there, and very proud. She was an orphan. She lived with her aunt, and Charlie's people rather looked down upon her because she did not have money.

Colby felt indignant at them, and told her that if Charlie didn't think that a good, sweet girl was worth more than all the riches in the world, he was no true man.

Colby flattered himself that he was too much a man of the world to be easily worried over the affairs of other people, but this girl's frankness touched him, and he felt a jealous pang when he thought of Charlie's good fortune, and his own loneliness. He had often said that he would never marry while he was on the road, and he never felt just like settling down, anyway. But this sweet, confiding creature sent a new feeling through him. He told himself that if she would be likely to prefer him to Charlie and his uninviting parents, he would ask her to be his little wife, and they would have a modest home somewhere, and he would be willing to give up the world and its allurements forever. What these fancies might have led him to can never be known, for the sweet little maiden suddenly began gathering up her belongings, as they neared a station which the conductor announced as "Brmooth."

"Yes," she said to Colby, "here is where I get off. Some day I hope we may meet again. You have made my ride a very pleasant one, and it made me so happy to confide in you."

He tried to tell her how she had changed the current of his thoughts of life, but before he had finished she was upon the platform waving him an adieu as the train pulled away.

Half an hour later Colby came out of dreamland to feel for his watch. It wasn't in his pocket, and while hunting for it he became aware of the fact that his wallet, which contained several hundred dollars, was gone, too.

Then he sat and scratched his head for a long time, and finally he decided that he would never believe in appearances again.—Cleveland News and Herald.

ABOUT THE SPOON.

The Fork Has Taken Its Place Wherever Possible.

The spoon is a time-honored utensil, but of late seems to be growing in disfavor except in its very proper kingdom of liquids. Perhaps its aristocratic standing has been a little injured by the mushroom crop of inartistic souvenir spoons, which are supposed by dealers to be the great incentive to travel. To eat with a spoon anything that can be eaten with a fork is distasteful to those who are sensitive to the niceties of life. Besides, it gives an air of elegance to one's table manners, and it is at the table that one exhibits most unconsciously one's breeding or the lack of it, says a writer in Illustrated American. It is a positive embarrassment to be given a spoon for eating some dish which one is accustomed to eating with a fork. If spoons and forks be laid for dessert—the spoon to be invariably of dessert size—there can be no opportunity for embarrassment.

While on the subject of spoons let us plead for small ones for eggs served a la coque. Waiters at hotels have a reprehensible way of bringing one's eggs broken into the bottom of a tall glass or egg cup, tumbled together in an unappetizing fashion, all daintiness and beauty gone. Into this unattractive substance one is expected to throw salt, pepper, paprika, butter and any other condiments, and to eat voraciously. Contrast this with the perfect oval form of an unbroken egg, stood upright in a holder which conceals but little of its symmetry, the shell a pale biscuit color, and dull with unglossed freshness. The eater cracks off delicately the apex of the oval with a small spoon, gold bowled lest the sulphur mar its color on the moment. Milk white and oriole yellow are the contents thus discovered, which are delicately sprinkled with salt and pepper and eaten little by little from the natural cup which holds them. This is the only way to eat a soft-boiled eggs.—Philadelphia Press.

Sudden Interest.

"Sir," said the citizen, "the car I rode home on last night was so crowded that people, myself among them, had to hang on by their eyelids, so to speak."

The street railway magnate went on writing.

"So crowded, in fact, that the conductor was unable to collect all the fares."

The magnate's pen dropped to the floor. "What was the number of that car?" he asked, eagerly.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Summer Wail.

Jones—Have you heard lately from your wife at Newport?

Smith—Yes, she writes that while the summer isn't half spent yet, nearly all her money is, and she wants some more.—Texas Sifter.

AUSTRALIAN SEA FISHING.

Herrings, Sprats and Similar Varieties Found in Large Schools.

Deep-sea fishing is an almost unknown industry at the antipodes, although the Australian coast, especially that of New South Wales, is regularly frequented by immense shoals of pilchards, herrings, sprats and other edible fish, of excellent flavor, and readily captured by those possessing the requisite skill and experience. Mr. J. Douglas Ogilby, of the Sydney museum, alluding to this, says: Notwithstanding that for many years it has been so well known that our seas teem with herrings, and that great fortunes await those who make an effort to gather this harvest of the deep, and that in comparison with such countries as Scotland, Canada and the New England States of North America we are favored with all the advantages accruing from serener skies and more peaceful seas, we are, nevertheless, content to sit idle year after year and make no attempt to gather the wealth thus prodigally spread out before us; while at the same time, we are annually expending thousands of pounds in conveying across our more fecund waters the salted, tinned and potted products won from the tempestuous and frigid seas of the North Atlantic by our hardier relatives.

The pilchard and herring are found in immense quantities off the New South Wales coast during the colder months, the spawn of the former being found in abundance on the less frequented portions of the shores. The pilchard has a wide range throughout the Pacific ocean, from the shores of North and South America westward, but nowhere is it more abundant than in the seas of New South Wales and those of New Zealand. In the latter colony it has already attained to considerable celebrity, and to some value, as an article of export in its smoked form, when it is widely known and generally esteemed under the name of "Pictou bloaters." The herring follows the same course as the pilchard, but is not so rigorously oceanic in its habits, nor so strictly a migrant as that fish; at all events, small consignments of them are not unfrequently sent to the Sydney market, and at most seasons a few specimens may be found among silver bellies (gerridae) and other fishes of like appearance and habits. The herrings are short and deep, grow to nine inches in length, and are blue above and silvery below, the back being traversed longitudinally by from one to three more or less distinct golden bands margined above by dark blue stripes; when fresh they are of excellent and delicate flavor, and would be of superior quality for canning.

The fresh-water, or Napean herring, is abundant in all the coast rivers of New South Wales, and affords some sport to anglers by rising with avidity to the fly, but is of little value as an edible fish. Among the larger herrings is the chiro, which is a uniform silvery fish, having, for a herring, an exceptionally elongate body, with a proportionate depth of from one-fifth to one-sixth of the total length. It is a large and powerful fish, attaining to a length of at least three feet, and is an inhabitant of all tropical seas, wandering, as is natural in a fish possessed of such powers of locomotion, far into the temperate regions, and wherever found is esteemed as a delicacy. The tarpom is the most common of the large herrings, and few seasons pass without a number of specimens finding their way to the Sydney market. Like the chiro, it is of uniform silvery, but the body is much shorter and deeper proportionately, its depth being from two-sevenths to one-fourth of its length; but its most noticeable characteristic will be found in the elongation of the last dorsal ray, which is prolonged into a filament similar to what obtains in the bony bream of the Murray river system, and the thread herrings of the tropics. The tarpum grows to three feet, or even more, in length, and is an excellent table fish.

The sabalo is the largest of all the clupeiform fishes, attaining to a length of five feet, and having a strong external resemblance to the true salmon (salmo salar), from which, of course, the absence of an adipose dorsal fin, of teeth, etc., at once distinguish it. Its flesh is held in different estimation, in some places being eaten with avidity, in others being considered poor, dry and tasteless; it is rarely brought to market, but is largely used as bait. Blue sprats are frequent visitors to the New South Wales coast, the maximum size being five inches. They are beautiful little creatures, and, like all members of the herring family, swim in closely packed masses near the surface, the dark blue color of the back making them distinctly visible to their enemies at a considerable distance. Other kinds of pilchard, herring, sprats etc., are known to exist, but, owing to want of suitable appliances for the capture of ocean surface fishes, little practical information is at present obtainable, although there is sufficient to prove that the deep-sea fishing industry would prove a mine of wealth to those engaged in it under proper conditions.—Sydney Cor. Columbus (O.) State Journal.

Knew His Business.

"I don't know why you should have selected this particular site for a summer hotel," said a newly arrived guest to the landlord, who was an old acquaintance. "It strikes me as a very warm place."

"That may be," replied the landlord, "but you will find the proper temperature has been obtained. The waiters are all girls from the Boston colleges."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Against Time.

Business Man (to new amanuensis)—See here, you are writing out my words in full. Why don't you take it in shorthand?

New Amanuensis—You talk too fast.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Counter Irritant.

"Yes, dear wife," and he closed his eyes, "the end is near. The world grows dark about me. There is a mist around me gathering thicker and thicker, and there, as through a cloud, I hear the music of angels—sweet and sad."

"No, no, John, dear; that's the brass band on the corner."

"What!" said the dying man, jumping from his bed and flinging the bootjack at the leader. "Have these scoundrels dared to come around here when I am dying!" And he recovered.—Bay City Chat.

A Remarkable Case.

"Here's a sensational elopement story that is rather remarkable," he said, looking up from his newspaper.

"Does it fail to say that the girl is beautiful?" she asked.

"No. It says that she is 'entrancingly lovely,'" he replied.

"Then what is there remarkable about it?" she inquired.

"It fails to say that she moves in either 'an exclusive set' or 'the highest circles of society.'"—Chicago Post.

A NEW AMUSEMENT.

Herr Old Clerk spends his Sundays walking past the office windows. The thought that he is not shaving at his desk affords him inexpressible pleasure.—Fliegende Blaetter.

His Version.

"Yoh's allus tellin' 'bout whut yoh 'is gwineter do," said Erastus Pinkley.

"I's gotter right ter," replied Mr. Juniper.

"Co's yoh is. But it's contrary to de proverb."

"Whut one?"

"Doan' count yoh chickens befoh dey's catched."—Washington Star.

No Better Evidence Needed.

Customer—I don't know about buying my sausage this morning. I've got tired of always seeing a great, big, worthless dog hanging about here. It doesn't look just right for a meat market.

Butcher—You needn't be suspicious about my sassidges, ma'am, onless you come in here some morning and find that dog missin'.—Chicago Tribune.

A Great Head.

B. Jones—That was a good scheme I worked on my neighbor Bugly last evening.

B. Jinks—What was that?

B. Jones—I got him into an argument about lawn mowing, and insisted he knew nothing about it; he got so excited that in order to prove his point he lit in and mowed my whole yard.—Town Topics.

Perils of Wealth.

Jinks—Every day I read in the papers about some great man being injured by smoking. The last one is the prince of Wales. The doctors have stopped him. Now I must say, as I am a smoker myself, such things trouble me.

Winks—Oh, don't worry. All those men are rich, and can afford to smoke real tobacco.—N. Y. Weekly.

Fair Proposition.

"I made a bet, Bill, that your eyes were black."

"Well, you've lost; they're blue."

"I know a way to get out of it, and if you agree I'll divvy up."

"All right; go ahead."

"Come out in the alley and I'll give you the finest pair of black eyes you ever saw in your life."—Detroit Free Press.

Baldness Accounted For.

"What makes your whiskers thicker on the right side of your face?" asked Gilholy of Hostetter McGinnis.

"Oh, that comes from always sleeping on the left side of the face; that rubs away the hair."

"If that's the rule, I suppose these bald-headed men must sleep while standing on their heads."—Texas Sifter.

Strictly Truthful.

Marie—Jack, you told mamma a fib. You said that while you were in Monte Carlo you spent all your time bicycling, when I know positively that you were gambling at the Casino.

Jack—Bicycling? Who said anything about bicycling? I told her that I spent the most of my time on the wheel.—Town Topics.

Then How Did Waggles Know?

Mr. Wiggles—Didn't I tell you not to tell Waggles that we were going to move? I didn't want him to know it, and to-day he asked me when we were going to make the change.

Mrs. Wiggles (indignantly)—I didn't say a word to him about it. I didn't tell anybody but his wife.—Somerville Journal.

Wanted to Make Sure.

"Wall, Doc," said the old man, "perhaps I'd orter not ha' called you. I guess this ol' woman's right 'nough dead, but I wanted to make sure of the thing."

To this day the poor old man cannot understand why the doctor declined his further advances.—Chicago Tribune.

A Better Reason.

Mack—Is it true that Bullion's daughter eloped with his coachman?

Wyld—Yes.

Mack—I suppose Bullion is furious.

Wyld—I should say so. He says he can never get another coachman that will suit him as well.—Brooklyn Life.

An Eloquent Gown.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—What kind of a dress do you call that red affair Mrs. Styles has on, to-day?

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—That's a calling gown.

"Well, goodness knows, it looks loud enough to call."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Old Hunks.

Mrs. Chugwater—Joslah, did you ever notice how common it is for girls to look like their fathers?

Mr. Chugwater—Of course I have. Most of them look like their fathers. That's why so many girls' faces are their fortunes.—Chicago Tribune.

More Sour Grapes.

"So you feel you cannot marry him?"

"Yes, I am fully decided."

"Why, don't you like him?"

"Oh, I like him well enough; but I can't get him to propose."—Bay City Chat.

Favorable Progress.

"Have you heard from your daughter since she started on her wedding tour? Is she happy?"

"Very much so. Only think, in Venice she commenced to have her own way in everything, and ever since they left Rome she has carried the purse!"—Tit-Bits.

The Mind Cure.

"Yes, Dr. Dobbs saved my husband's life when he had typhoid fever."

"How did he do it?"

"Ran a lawn mower up and down outside the window and threw him into a profuse perspiration."—Chicago Record.

THE UP-TO-DATE MEDICANT.

"Won't you assist a poor, lame man?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

An Afterthought.

Little Boy (to his mother, after paternal discipline)—Ma, I'm afraid we made a great mistake in marrying pa.—Tit-Bits.

A Good Excuse.

Jones—Why that vacant stare, old man?

Brown—I've been serving on a jury for the last six days.—Town Topics.

Slightly Mixed.

A country clergyman recently announced from the pulpit: "A collection will be taken at the door for the benefit of the poor."—Tit-Bits.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

"NO."

Yesterday, out of my window
I leaned, and chanced to hear
Two boys as they plotted mischief,
Not thinking I was near.
"We must have Joe to help us,"
One of the plotters said;
"He's as good as a dozen for helping,
Whenever there's fun ahead."

As they stood there talking together
About the work to be done,
If they carried out the mischief
They called by the name of fun,
Up the street we heard a whistle,
And knew that Joe was nigh
By the sound of his merry music,
Like the blackbirds in the rye.

"We've just been talking about you!"
The boys cried out to Joe.
"We've planned the jolliest frolic,
And we count on you, you know."
"It depends on what's to be done, boys,
As to whether I help," said he;
"If it's fun, and only fun, you know
You can always count on me."

They told him what their plans were;
He gravely shook his head.
"I couldn't help with that, boys,
For it wouldn't be right," he said.
"Perhaps you call it only fun,
But you know it isn't so."
And though they urged, they urged in vain,
For he firmly answered: "No!"

I was proud of the boy with courage
To stand up for the right;
He was as much a hero
As those who battles fight.
Whenever a boy is tempted
As was my hero, Joe,
It's always best to win the day
By firm, unwavering "No!"
—Eben E. Rexford, in Golden Days.

ENTERPRISING BOYS.

How Two Chicago Youngsters Earn Money by Their Own Efforts.

You think, perhaps, that boys have a hard time making any money. But that depends a good deal on the boys.

After the last hard rainstorm miles of concrete on the south side of Chicago fairly swarmed with angleworms, drowned out of their holes by the water. Doubtless a good many boys saw these worms and thought what good bait they would make if there was only a place to fish. But one boy went further than this. He took a basket and spent several hours in filling it with worms. In all he gathered about 1,600, and bright and early Saturday morning he

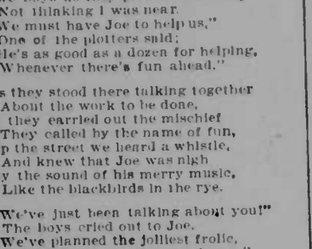

TWO BOYS WHO EARN THEIR LIVING.

presented himself at the office of a certain fishing club that makes a trip every week or two to the lakes of Wisconsin. Now, these fishermen want angleworms very much indeed, and they always have trouble in getting a good supply. Accordingly, when this enterprising boy appeared with his basketful of bait, he had no trouble at all in doing business. The 1,600 worms sold for three dollars cash—and it was cheap, too. More than that, the boy has promised to bring worms to the club every Saturday.

It is safe to say that such a boy will some time own his own home, and it won't be in a back street, either.

Another Chicago boy has found an odd way of making money. One day he stood looking into one of the lagoons at Lincoln park. Just under the surface of the water he could see whole schools of beautiful goldfish swimming about. For these fish, since the ponds were first stocked with them, have increased very rapidly until they number thousands, if not millions. The young fisher knew that the lagoons all opened into the lake, and he reasoned that some of the goldfish would swim out along the sea wall, where it would be perfectly allowable to fish for them. Accordingly he dug bait and seated himself patiently on the piling, as near to the opening of the lagoon as he could, and it was not long before he caught a goldfish. This he preserved alive and sold for 20 cents to a dealer in aquarium supplies downtown. Of course he catches other fish, and sometimes he won't get a goldfish in a whole day, but every one that he does get brings him 20 cents. That is why this boy sits on the piling where other fishers say that the fishing isn't good.

There are plenty of other boys who not only earn money, but often support themselves and help their mothers and smaller brothers and sisters.—Chicago Record.

Habits of the Glass Snake.

The so-called glass snake does not break to pieces at the sight of an enemy, as is commonly supposed, but, like some lizards, throws off its tail in an effort to escape. There are several hazards which, when attacked, for instance, by a bird or animal, will throw off their tails, and the tail flopping up and down on the ground diverts the enemy and thus gives the lizard time to get away. The glass snake adopts the same trick and thus frequently saves itself. It is true, however, that the joints of this singular creature are so loosely connected that the snake will be broken to pieces by a blow of a stick, though the idea of a reunion of the broken parts is an unscientific absurdity.

Finger-Nail Statistics.

The statistical man, who will tell you how many pounds of leather you will wear from your shoes in a lifetime, and how many tons of food you will eat, provided that you live to the Biblical limit of "threescore and ten," has just finished some odd statistics on finger-nail growth. He finds that the average human being cuts away about the one-thirty-second part of an inch of nail each week, or a little more than an inch and a half each year. He also finds that the average length of life the world over is 40 years, and that there are 1,300,000,000 miles of finger nails in each generation

THE CLEVER YAKAMIK.

A South American Bird Which Knows How to Herd Sheep.

A dog that, unaided, may be trusted to shepherd a flock of sheep is considered a sagacious animal, but a shepherd bird which will drive its charges to pasture, protect them from prowling animals, and gathering them carefully together at nightfall, bring them safely home again, is something till recently unheard of in this part of the world.

Such a bird is the yakamik of South America. The settler in Venezuela and British Guiana needs no dog to care for his sheep and poultry. He has an efficient guardian in the shape of a crane which he, or an Indian for him, trains to obey the voice of its master.

To the care of this bird, says the Youth's Companion, he intrusts his sheep, his ducks and other poultry, and sees them depart to their feeding-grounds secure in the knowledge that the crane will bring them all back safely. Woe to the unlucky animal that, prowling about to steal, is detected by the vigilant yakamik. The bird savagely attacks the marauder with wing and beak, and forces it to retreat in haste. A dog is no match for the crane.

At nightfall the bird returns with its flock, never losing the way, no matter how far it may wander, for its sense of location is very acute. Arrived at home, it roosts upon a tree or shed near its charges, to be ready to resume its supervision of them when they are let out again in the morning.

The bird is as affectionate as it is trustworthy. It will follow its master about, capering with delight and showing its appreciation of his caresses by the most absurd movements.

Mr. Carter Beard, in an article in the Popular Science News, says that the yakamik is so jealous of other household pets that when it appears at mealtimes it will not take its own food until it has driven off every cat and dog and secured full possession for itself.

It can bear no rival in its master's favor, and will not even tolerate the negro waiters unless it knows them well.

OUTWITTED A HAWK.

Clever Maneuver by Pigeons Which Fooled the Bird of Prey.

The Southern Sportsman told recently about a flock of pigeons that measured brains with a hawk and came out on top in the contest. H. S. Edwards owned a flock of pigeons which one day were cut off from their cote by a large hawk. The pigeons knew that if the hawk once got above them, one at least of their number would go to make the hawk a meal, and so up they flew in circles, perhaps hoping to go higher than the hawk. In the rising game they were no match for the hawk. The latter kept under the pigeons, and leisurely followed their laborious movements.

Then came a curious and unexpected sight to Mr. Edwards. Every pigeon closed its wings, when they appeared to be the size of sparrows, and down they came past the hawk at a terrific rate. That astonished the hawk. It actually dodged the dropping birds, and raised half a dozen wing strokes before it got in full chase of them. When it got down to the barnyard not a pigeon was in sight—some were in the cote, some in the porch, two in the wellhouse, and one was in the kitchen. The hawk had been outwitted completely. It is a question how the pigeons managed to check their fall, as they did not slacken up till they were about 16 or 20 feet above the ground, when they scattered in all directions to escape the hawk.

THE KANGAROO CAT.

One of These Strange Creatures Is Owned by a Chicago Man.

One of the most curious animals in the world is the kangaroo cat. These funny creatures are very scarce. You might easily travel all over the world without seeing one.

They have fur and claws and whiskers, just like any other cat, and they are fond of hunting mice, but otherwise they resemble the kangaroo.

The nose of the kangaroo cat is long and sharp, just like a shepherd's dog,

THE KANGAROO CAT.

and they sit up on their hind legs, and have a long, stout tail; they jump about just like a kangaroo, too, and you know the kangaroo is a famous jumper.

A Chicago man who owns one of these queer pets has had it since it was a wee kitten about six weeks old. This odd little fellow can jump from the ground to the top of a high board fence, and a blow from his thick, hard tail would break your arm.

You can see from the portrait of the kangaroo cat published with this what a peculiar feline the animal is, and how funny he looks when he is sitting down. —N. Y. Recorder.

Tennessee Boy's Strange Pet.

Master Marvin Fulk, the 12-year-old son of H. B. Fulk, of Memphis, Tenn., captured a young wolf the other day. He saw the mother wolf carrying her young ones across a piece of woodland, and, seeing the boy, she became frightened and ran away, leaving the young wolf among a lot of deadwood. The boy ran up to the spot and captured the baby wolf, and he has one of the most interesting pets in Memphis.

A Very Big Tooth.

The tooth of a mastodon was found in Florida the other day. It weighed over 14 pounds.

FARM AND GARDEN.

STEEL VERSUS DIRT ROADS.

A Talk with Gen. Stone, Chief of the Road Inquiry Office.

"I believe that the ultimate solution of our good roads problem for all great thoroughfares lies in the steel highway," said Gen. Roy Stone, who is in charge of the road inquiry office, agricultural department. Gen. Stone is probably the best authority on the road question in this country. His office bears an advisory or educational relation to the road commissioners of all of the state and territories.

"Undoubtedly, the wearing surfaces of all highways connecting our great cities and traversed by wagons and light vehicles are to be flat steel rails," Gen. Stone continued. "There is no greater propriety or economy in running a wagon than there would be in running a railroad train over a rough surface of earth or stone. Horseless vehicles will undoubtedly develop metal roads. The cost, to begin with, will be higher than that of stone or concrete roads, but with the present low price of steel the saving in wear would much more than compensate for the difference in cost. At the same time the saving in the expense of hauling would be from 50 to 80 per cent."

"What is your idea as to the way such a steel highway should be built?"

"It should consist of a double line of track, with a carriage road at either side. Wagons with heavy loads could follow one another upon it in a straight line either way, while lighter and faster vehicles could pass them by turning out occasionally into the side road. Flat rails laid upon stringers should be the style of track used. They should be laid level with the roadway, so that wheels might pass onto or off them without difficulty. The general form of the rail should be a shallow trough with flat bottom, and outer edges raised only enough to give a gentle guidance to the wheels. The width should be suited to the gauges of all vehicles. I find that in New York and vicinity, where there is perhaps the greatest variety of road vehicles, the gauges of wagons and carriages range from four feet ten inches to six feet. A rail ten inches wide would therefore be necessary to accommodate all of these gauges comfortably."

"Have steel rails ever been used on highways?"

"Yes. In Glasgow about 50 years ago flat rails eight inches wide were used in this way. They were very successful in diminishing traction. Then only objection to them was that the horses sometimes slipped and fell when stepping upon the smooth surface of the rails. Such a danger will be avoided if rails are rolled with indentations every few inches below the general surface. As long as our highways are to be used by horses this will be necessary, and it will not roughen the track for wheels. Deep web rails, similar to those now used on the best street car tracks, could not be rolled with such indentations. The deep web rails will, however, make much the better roadway when they can be used.

"These steel highways will connect all our large cities. They will be crowded with vehicles, such as are now seen only in exhibitions or in trial trips. In the recent trials of horseless vehicles those driven by electricity have been at a disadvantage for want of facilities for recharging their storage batteries. My idea is that the electrical horseless carriage will be more economical and satisfactory than the other varieties when the storage battery is lightened and improved to the extent that it probably will be. The trolley could not well be used upon the steel railway.

"Its difficulty would be that one vehicle could not be passed by another except upon sidings. A flat or slightly concave steel rail only a small fraction of an inch below the general surface of the highway would be the perfect track for bicyclists. They could easily follow a rail of this kind ten inches wide. If not they would have no difficulty in turning off. Many of the riders in the city prefer to ride over the slot of the cable cars. There would be no necessity for switches if each carriage had its independent motor. The heavy wagon would have wide tires and could safely turn out into the stone road for passing slower vehicles, especially on down grades."

Gen. Stone showed the writer some interesting suggestions for steel road building received from road authorities in different states. Mr. Martin Dodge, state highway commissioner of Ohio, proposes to lay rails for the use, both of ordinary vehicles and electric railways, and to let every man run his own private trolley car on these lines. He says that it will cost one-fifth as much per ton per mile as it would over the best macadamized road that could be built. He further states that a combined wagon road and railway is to be put in practice in the vicinity of Cleveland, O., to test the merits of the system. The timbers holding the rails in place will afford a board walk for the horses. It is claimed that the cost will be about one-half that of a macadamized road.—Washington Star.

WHITE BLUFF ROAD, SAVANNAH, GA

Here is a "Dixie" highway
That's hard and smooth and fair.
Would every road and by-way
Were like it everywhere.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

A MINISTER'S WIFE.

The Frank Statement of the Pastor of Bethel Church.

From the Advertiser, Elmira, N. Y.

DR. WILLIAMS.—*Dear Sir:*—My wife has been a sufferer from rheumatism for more than three years, suffering at times with terrible pains in her limbs, and other times with a severe "crick" in her back which causes great agony. She spent much for physicians and medicine, but secured only temporary relief; finally she concluded to try Pink Pills. She has taken eight boxes and I can say from the first one she has improved until now she is almost entirely free from pain, and has grown much stronger and feels confident that, by the blessing of God, they will effect a permanent cure. We take great pleasure in recommending them to our friends.

(Signed.) REV. J. H. BUCKNER.
Pastor Bethel A. M. E. Church, Elmira, New York.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The Wily Summer Girl.

But when it comes to wiles and the following of devious ways, the blond young man, or any young man for that matter, is simply not to be compared to the summer girl. One of them was in the president's back yard Saturday afternoon in a dream of a frock and a marvel of a bonnet. She met two young men. One of them appeared to be slightly acquainted with her and introduced the friend. I heard her say softy to the friend, after a minute or two, while the other young man was speaking to another girl:

"I'm so glad to meet somebody here I know. I haven't seen Mr.—Mr.—"

"Smith," supplied the friend.

"Oh" went on the girl, artfully, "I hadn't forgotten his name; I was only trying to remember where I met him first."

And then, later, when I heard her call Mr. Smith glibly by name, I heard him tell her how surprised and delighted he was to find she had remembered not only his face but his name for a year. He said she had a marvelous memory for names. She said she hadn't at all, but that there are always some people one never forgets. So he strolled off with her to buy ice-cream soda, and guile had scored another victory over innocence.—Washington Post.

IT is said we pay the most for what is given us.—J. Beaumont.

WILLIE TRAMPLES—"I had measles hard'n you did, so there!" Sammy Parvenue—"Huh! That's nothing! I got my measles from the Astorbuilt children!"

SPEAKING of hog cholera, Miss Bluat remarked the other day, as she hung to the strap, "what a pity it couldn't break out in our street cars."—Boston Transcript.

"IS THERE much poetry sent in to the editor?" the caller asked of the office-boy. "Poetry?" replied that intelligent young man; "the editor has poetry to burn."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

MRS. HATTERSON—"How did you teach your boy not to go in swimming?" Mrs. Catterson—"Easy enough. Every time I caught him at it I gave him a bath."

VISITOR—"What makes you cross, Tommy? Don't you love your new little baby brother?" Tommy (viciously)—"Well, I did till somebody came in and said he looked like me."

—"LOOK at the great cities of antiquity," exclaimed an English clergyman the other day. "Where are they now? Why, some of them have perished so utterly that it is doubtful if they ever existed!"

HOAX—"I've a great scheme for the warm weather." Joax—"Let's have it." Hoax—"I'm going to keep a small boy near me sharpening slate-pencils. It always makes my blood run cold."

A NEIGHBORLY SPIRIT—"Mamma, can I invite Freddy Sanborn over to slide down our cellar-door?" "Won't you enjoy it just as much alone?" "No; there are too many splinters in it now."

THE instincts of the ant are very unimportant, considered as the nut's; but the moment a ray of reason is seen to extend from it to man, and the little drudge is seen to be a monitor, a little body with a mighty heart, then all its habits, even that said to be recently observed, that it never sleeps, become sublime.—Emerson.

ROSE—"Do you see that man who has just come, Lulu? They say he is cashier of the Tenth national bank." Lulu—"What, he? I've met him already and he's only its president."—Detroit Free Press.

A Veil of Mist

Rising at morning or evening from some lowlands, often carries in its folds the seeds of malaria. Where malarial fever prevail no one is safe, unless protected by some efficient medicinal safeguard. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is both a protection and a remedy. No person who inhabits, or sojourns in a miasmatic region or country, should omit to procure this fortifying agent, which is also the finest known remedy for dyspepsia, constipation, kidney trouble and rheumatism.

THE amateur always has a double pleasure in yachting—once when he starts, and once when he gets home again.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. DR. KLINE, 931 Arch st. Phila., Pa.

NO MAN has any mercy on his own besetting sin when he sees it in another.—Ram's Horn.

I HAVE found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine. F. R. LOTZ, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

TIME well employed is Satan's deadliest foe.—C. Wilcox.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is taken internally. Price 75c.

Seaside and Country
Gowns need
Duxbak
S·H·&M·
REGISTERED TRADE MARK.
BIAS
VELVETEEN
BINDING
on their skirt edges. It is rain-proof, sheds water and never turns grey.

If your dealer will not supply you we will.

Samples showing labels and materials mailed free.

"Home Dressmaking Made Easy," a new book by Miss Emma M. Hooper, of the Ladies' Home Journal, sent for 25c., postage paid.

S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y. City.

HAVE YOU TRIED YUCATAN?

"Cut Down Expenses."

BattleAx
A GREAT BIG PIECE FOR 10 CENTS
PLUG

A woman knows what a bargain really is. She knows better than a man. "BATTLE AX" is selected every time by wives who buy tobacco for their husbands. They select it because it is an honest bargain. It is the biggest in size, the smallest in price, and the best in quality. The 5 cent piece is almost as large as the 10 cent piece of other high grade brands.

With a sharp stick

you can turn up the dirt and get ground ready for planting—but what a clumsy, slow, laborious, ineffective way of going to work! Not much more so, though, than the old-fashioned way of washing. Think of it! Grinding the clothes up and down on a wash-board, with nothing but soap and main strength to get out the dirt. Then think how simple and easy is Pearline's way—soaking, boiling, rinsing. You need Pearline for all your washing and cleaning. You need something better than soap or a sharp stick when you're dealing with dirt. 516

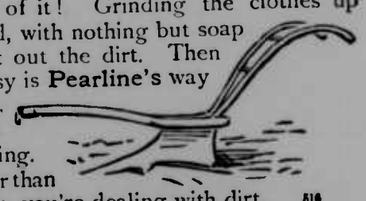

BRADLEY'S FERTILIZERS For Wheat.

Are the World's Best by Every Test.

Thirty-five years' experience has proven them to be unequaled for growing the largest crops of wheat at the least expense. Send for evidence to Bradley Fertilizer Co., Boston, Mass., or Cleveland, Ohio. Local Agents Wanted in unoccupied territory.

CUT PRICES ON PUMPS.

Everything the farmer sells is low. Who sells low to him? We have repeatedly refused to join, and, therefore, defeated windmill combinations, and have, since '89, reduced the cost of wind power to one-sixth what it was. We believe in low prices, high grades and large sales. No one knows the best pump or prices until he knows ours. We make short hand and long power stroke pumps, with best seamless brass tube cylinder, lower than iron ones—a 2½ x 10 inch at $2.12. Tell your dealer. Buy none other. Aermotor prices and goods are always best. Through gratitude, and because we are price makers, and are safest to deal with, the world has given us more than half its windmill business. We have 20 branch houses—one near you. Write for beautifully illustrated circular.

Syrup of Figs

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

Drink HIRES Rootbeer when you're hot; when you're thirsty; when callers come. At any and all times drink HIRES Rootbeer.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

AGENTS WANTED to sell the Supreme Skirt Supporter. You can make $15 a week. Outfit sent for only 50 cents and guaranteed sale or factory. A. H. SENIOR CORSET CO., BETHEL, CONN

OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

A. N. K.—C. 1614

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

The Republican.

BENJ. B. SNOWDEN, Editor and Proprietor.
D. D. GASSETT, Associate Editor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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One copy one month	15
Single copies	05

ADVERTISING RATES.

First insertion for square of ten nonpareil lines $1; each additional insertion, fifty cents per square of ten nonpareil lines. Positively no deviation will be made from the above rates.

REMITTANCES:

Remittances made by money order, postal note, registered letter or bank draft will be at our risk; if made otherwise, at the risk of the sender. Address,

THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1896.

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET

For President of the United States,

WILLIAM McKINLEY,

OF OHIO.

For Vice President of the United States,

GARRET A. HOBART,

OF NEW JERSEY.

THE Populists declare that Bryan is a Populist, the silver men that he is a bimetallist, and the Democrats that he is a free silver man. Will Mr. Bryan please enlighten the country as to what he really is?

THE Boy Orator of Salt Creek will be kept busy for awhile receiving nomination notifications. The official notice of the Democratic nomination will be given in New York city; the National Silver party will notify him in Baltimore; the Populists' notification has not yet been arranged. He will never get a notification of election.

THE banks have gone and done it again. They have actually had the effrontery to offer to assist the Government if it should need gold. It is a good thing that this did not happen before the Chicago Convention. How our Populistic friends would have scored the gold bugs and banking fraternity! What a ringing diatribe would have been issued about the helplessness of the "greatest country on earth"! What an impassioned appeal would have been made to the people to "save the Government" from the "money sharks"! And even as it is we presume that this offer of gold to the Secretary of the Treasury will be made to serve as one of the most convincing arguments for the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1, the panacea for all ills, the one thing necessary to make everybody healthy, wealthy and wise. Away with the banks and down with the money-changers!

This Should be Explained.

The following, taken from the Cumberland Daily News of yesterday, is respectfully referred to some of our free silver friends for explanation:

The silver advocate should begin to explain some things, and they should get at their explanation quickly. For instance, they should explain how it is that an American silver dollar can be exchanged in Mexico for two Mexican silver dollars although a Mexican silver dollar contains 7½ grains more of standard silver than there is in an American dollar.

In other words, they should explain how it comes that the silver dollar of silver standard Mexico buys but half as much in its own country as our silver dollar buys there. It is a fact that this is the rating of the two dollars in Mexico, and this is one of the hard facts which the silver champions should explain.

The true explanation is that the American silver dollar is as good as a gold dollar, and it is as good as a gold dollar because the government of the United States keeps it so. If we had the free and unlimited coining of silver independent of the action of the great trading nations of the world the government of the United States would be under no obligations to hold up the silver dollar to an equality with the gold one and it would not have the power to do it.

This is the difference between a silver dollar coined by the government for the government and in limited quantities, and the silver dollar coined by the government for private persons in unlimited quantities. It is a difference which the advocates of free coinage do not take the trouble to explain, but the explanation is vital.

The St. Louis Convention.

It would be folly to minimize the importance of the Populistic alliance in Mr. Bryan's interest, though his indorsement by the Socialistic party will doubtless make it more difficult for him to placate the sound money Democrats now organizing against his candidacy. His acceptance of a nomination upon the curious platform adopted at St. Louis by the People's party will be likely to widen the chasm which divides the conservative gold-standard Democracy from those who are responsible for the departure of the Chicago Convention from the old party landmarks. How far the alliance will affect the vote in the debatable States remains to be seen.

The outcome at St. Louis has really been better than was to have been expected. Bryan, instead of receiving the unanimous and hearty support of the Populist Convention was bitterly opposed by a faction and Sewall was rejected altogether. This will make it difficult to combine the votes of the Democrats and Populists on Presidential electors. In Ohio the law is such that the names of candidates cannot be repeated on the ballot, so that in that State at least one party or the other will have to abandon its ticket if fusion is to be effected. The Convention has, moreover, furnished much campaign material to the sound money Democrats, by the use of which they may persuade their brethren to repudiate Bryan. One Populist claimed that the Democrats had stolen both the platform and the cadidate from his party, and he was about right, for there is nothing Democratic in the platform and the candidate is vouched for as a good Populist by such men as General Weaver. He has in fact, been the candidate of the Populists for Congressman and Senator and is now their candidate for President. Why, then should Democrats support this alien, especially when his avowed purpose is to break down the old doctrines of Democracy? The St. Louis Convention furnishes material with which to draw away from Bryan the support of the bulk of the Democratic vote. The sound-money men who are independent have already broken away, and the workers who are disposed to cling to the name and support the "regular" candidate, may be induced to follow when they realize that the man at the head of the ticket is not a Democrat at all, but a Populist, hailed as such by the enemies of Democracy.

"How Would Free Coinage Affect Me?"

This is the question that millons of voters are asking to-day and if it is answered intelligently Mr. Bryan will be swept out of sight in November.

If you are working for wages or a salary, or if you are in receipt of a fixed sum from investments or from a pension, then free coinage would virtually reduce your income nearly one-half and compel you to live on a much poorer scale.

You would receive just the same number of dollars as at present, but it would take nearly two dollars to buy as much clothing or food as you now get for one; your rent would be nearly doubled, and every item in the cost of living would be advanced in the same proportion.

Do you doubt this? Reflect a moment. The leaders in the free silver movement have avowed that their purpose is to advance prices. They tell the farmer that with free silver he will get twice as much for his wheat and corn as he now receives. The intrinsic value of products would not be changed by any trick we might play with our coins. The prices of products in the great markets of the world would not be advanced, and right here they would not exchange for any more gold than before, but they would exchange for more of the silver dollars which with free coinage as we will presently show would be worth about fifty-three cents each.

But they would by law be full legal tender dollars. Your salary or pension or wages would be paid with these dollars. They are the dollars in which you would receive your income from investments unless you have specially contracted for gold. If any man owes you one hundred dollars he could pay you with one hundred of these coins, which would buy no more in the markets than you can get with fifty-three dollars to-day. If your life is insured for ten thousand dollars, and you should die, your family would receive ten thousand of the depreciated dollars, which would only buy as many of the necessaries and comforts of life as five thousand three hundred of the present honest dollars. If you have something in a savings bank or in a building association or loaned on bond and mortgage it would come back to you in the same way in fifty-three cent dollars.

If a man has ten dollars in his pocket and chooses to declare that fifty-three cents is a dollar he may think he has nineteen dollars instead of ten but if he goes shopping and tenders fifty-three cents for a dollar the merchants will very quickly adjust their prices to his depreciated standard. When he selects an article marked ten dollars they will say: "Oh, yes, that is the price in the old fashioned dollars, but we must charge you eighteen dollars, and eight cents." Now, the government can't create something out of nothing. It can call fifty-three cents worth of silver a dollar and make it legal tender for a dollar, and so compel present creditors to accept it as payment for a dollar, but it is impotent as any individual to give it the purchasing power of an honest dollar, because every merchant at once raises the price of his goods to offset the the depreciation in the measure of value.

But how about the masses who work for wages or salaries? They would be chief sufferers, because they could not at once mark up the price of their services. They would continue to get the same number of dollars as before but could buy only about half as much with them. The dislocation of the currency would derange many industries and lessen the demand for labor, so that any rise in wages would perhaps never again reach their present high purchasing power. Savings banks, building associations and insurance companies would be compelled to pay in the cheap dollars, because the moneys intrusted to them are invested in various ways and could be collected in nothing but the depreciated currency. The active man of affairs would find opportunities in shifting values and general derangement, and if the income of the millionaire were cut down one-half it would not seriously inconvenience him, but it would go hard with the worker, who could buy only half as much as before with his wages. The rich could take care of themselves, but the masses would suffer.

The question is asked. Why should not a silver dollar under free coinage buy as much as it does now? Because there is only a limited number of silver dollar now in existence and the government is able to keep them equivalent to gold dollars. But if all the world were premitted to bring silver to the mints and get a silver dollar for every 371¼ grains of it the government could not keep this unlimited number of dollars at a parity, and like those of Mexico, they would have to circulate at the value of the bullion they contain, and this at the present price of silver is about fifty-three cents.

How Bimetallism Worked in 1862 and 1863.

Mr. Francis Wayland Glen writes to the New York *Sun*: In 1832 I purchased 20,000 bushels of white wheat in Ontario and agreed to pay for it $1.25 per bushel in United States Treasury notes. At that time the premium on gold was 25 per cent. I thought it would decline and therefore I borrowed the gold in Canada of the Ontario Bank at 8 per cent. and sold the gold in New York for $1.25 and paid the parties for the wheat with a currency draft on New York at the rate of $1.25 per bushel. I shipped it to New York and held it in store until I sold it at $2.50 per bushel payable in United States Treasury notes. I was obliged to sell the American currency at 40 cents on the dollar to pay my notes to the Ontario Bank. Although I sold the wheat at an advance of 100 per cent. I made nothing on the transaction, but lost, on the contrary, the freight, storage, insurance, shrinkage, interest and seller's commission. My apparent profit was wholly, entirely and absolutely fictitious, because the rise in gold was far more rapid than the advance in the price of the wheat.

In 1863, while manufacturing machinery, I bought my supplies in this country because the premium on gold had advanced far more rapidly than the cost of the merchandise which I wished to purchase. My purchases amounted in American currency to $7500, and when they became due I went to the Ontario Bank in Bowmanville, Ont., and discounted my note three months for $3000 at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, and purchased a gold draft on New York with the proceeds and sold it in New York through Fisk & Hatch, at 256, and discharged my obligations of $7500 and had a small surplus left.

I purchased sections for mower knives four inches by four inches of Messrs. Sweet, Barnes, & Co., of Syracuse, for 30 cents each. They cost me in gold a little less than 12 cents. They were retailed in this country at that time for $6 per dozen, while I could retail them at a good profit for 20 cents each in gold, or $2.40 per dozen. Although the price of steel and the cost of manufacturing sections has decreased very much in this country since 1863 I do not think a four-by-four mower section can be purchased at wholesale at less than 10 cents at the present time. I paid my moulders in Canada $1.50 per day; at the same time moulders were earning $3 per day at similar work at Rochester. With gold selling at 250 and 260 in New York at the same time, the Rochester men received less than $1.20 in gold per day, against $1.50 in gold paid in Canada.

The premium on gold in New York was 6 per cent. higher than the premium upon silver; therefore silver was purchased by parties who came to Canada to buy Canadian products, such as horses for the army cattle, lumber, or food supplies of any kind. It became such a drug and such a nuisance that the banks refused to receive it, as well as the railways for freight and passenger traffic, and finally an organization was formed and it was brought up at a discount and reshipped here and sold as bullion, and afterward only received in Canada at a discount of 10 per cent.

It was necessaay to make remittances in silver by express as neither the Post Office Department nor the banks would have anything to do with it. The loss fell in the end on the farmers and wage-earners, who had accepted it at par for their products or their labor.

Canadians have not forgotten their experience with American silver, and therefore could not be induced to return to a bimetallic standard of exchange or measure of value. They have not lost their reason, common sense, judgment or integrity, and therefore they are advocates of the single gold standard.

The Ordeal by Fire.

From the New York Herald.

Yes, it was the late Henry Cernuschi, the ablest bimetallist of the age—tho father of bimetallism at 15½ to 1—who declared that money should be tested by the ordeal of fire.

Coins which when melted down retain the entire value for which they were legal tender before they are melted, he said, are good money and those which do not retain it are not good. Although Cernuschi's arguments are constantly being quoted by the silver advocates of to-day they somehow overlook the passage containing this conclusive test of coins.

When the famous bimetallist penned those lines the owner of a silver dollar could melt it and the resulting bullion would sell in the market for more than a dollar. But the production of silver since then has been enormous and the metal has cheapened. Melt a silver dollar to-day and the bullion is worth 53½ cents.

Why does it circulate at 100 cents before it is melted? Because every one who accepts it relies for the other 46½ cents on the credit of the Government, which has repeatedly declared its intention to keep its silver dollars at a parity with gold ones. The Government can keep a limited number of these dollars now in existance at this parity, but with free coinage, which would mean an absolutely unlimited increase in the number, the Government could no longer do this, and our dollars like those of free coinage Mexico, would circulate at the value of their weight in silver bullion, which is about 53½ cents.

Not the First Secret Society.

Referring to the article appearing in these columns two weeks ago anent the institution of a secret society at Grantsville, the Meyersdale *Commercial* says:

The statement in the last paragraph—that "this is the only secret society ever started in Grantsville"—is untrue. In the winter of 1860-61, the writer taught the first school under the first common school law Maryland ever had, in Grantsville. The school was held in the Red Men's Hall, about the center of village, and on the second floor. A great deal of parapharnalia of the Order was kept in a small room, opening into the east end of the hall, or school room. The door was locked and the key in possession of one of the members. During the noon recess one day the party in charge was looking over the contents in the room when he was captured by a bevy of the larger girls, and when we entered the room a few moments later we were confronted by as jolly a lot of "squaws" appropriately tricked out in true Indian costumes, brandishing tomahawks, war clubs and the like, as could be found anywhere. We do not know how long the Order existed in Grantsville prior to 1860, but it was dead as a door nail when we took charge of the school at that time. The "Mystics" come in, therefore, as "seconds" and very appropriately too, for the noble red men preceded the pale face of these shores. Many of our pupils are yet living in that vicinity who will remember the facts. What a happy time we all had in dear old Grantsville those days, and what would we not, each and all, give to be transported back to those merry times?

Death of Mrs. Ann Johnson.

Mrs. Ann Johnson died yesterday morning at her home in Garrett county several miles beyond Frostburg, aged past eighty years. Mrs. Johnson was connected with some old Maryland families. Her husband, the late Thomas Johnson, was a grandson of Thomas Johnson, a leading spirit in the Revolution and the first governor of Maryland. He was offered the commandership-in-chief of the American army, which he refused. Mrs. Johnson had a number of colonial relics at her mansion which were handed down from her Revolutionary sires, some of which are associated with George Washington, who was an intimate friend of Gov. Thomas Johnson.

She is survived by four sons, Joshua and Samuel Johnson, who conduct an extensive lumber business at Frostburg; Charles Johnson and Thomas Johnson, and one daughter, Mrs. Carrie Coulehan, all living at home, except Mr. Joshua Johnson, who is a resident of Frostburg. — Thursday's Cumberland News.

Mr. Devecmon's Reasons.

Mr. W. C. Devecmon on Saturday verified the interview republished from the Baltimore *World* that he had bolted the free silver ticket, named at Chicago. Mr. Devecmon favors the nomination of a Democratic ticket on a gold standard platform. Aside from the financial heresy, Mr. Devecmon is also displeased with the planks in the Chicago platform aimed at the Supreme Court and the right of the President to protect government property in the several States in time of riot by dispatching United States troops.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., July 28, 1896.

A special session of the County Commissioners will be held at their office in Oakland on

TUESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1896,

at 9 a. m., for the purpose of transacting any business that may be brought before them.

By order of the board,
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

THOMAS R. McROBIE,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street.

All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

Estate of George S. Lee, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

GEORGE S. LEE,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 1st day of February next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 9th day of July, 1896.

ELISHA F. LEE, Adm'r.
Swanton, Md.

21-1

THE

New BUCKEYE

FOR 1896.

The Simplest, Best and Lightest Running Binder on Earth.

ISN'T IT A BEAUTY?

Examine our composition adjustable bearings and other valuable improvements for 1896. It beats the World.

From the Golden Harvest Fields of the Sunny South, where grain cutting is now progressing, come Songs of Praise for this Wonderful Machine.

The genius of man has never produced its equal,
Its perfect working Bundle Carrier is admired by all.
No weight on horses' necks—no side draft—open end, and it will handle the longest or shortest grain successfully.
See its high drive wheel which insures light draft.
Be sure and examine this machine before you buy. If there is no agent in your locality, correspond with us direct.

COMPETITORS ARE FLEEING BEFORE THE MAJESTIC MARCH OF THE NEW BUCKEYE.

HEAR WHAT PENNSYLVANIA FARMERS SAY,

The field selected was rye 7 feet tall, very heavy and green. The machine was drawn by an ordinary team, and never made a skip or missed a sheaf.

We the undersigned have, this 27th day of May, 1896, witnessed the working of the New Buckeye Binder, cutting rye on the farm of Dr. G. A. Knight at Lamertine, Clarion county, Pa. We consider its work first-class in every respect, and the Machine very light draft.

Some expressions from those present:— "Isn't she a daisy." "I tell you that's the lightest running binder I ever saw." "She handles that rye elegant." "Don't it make a splendid sheaf." "Say that bundle carrier beats them all." "That pair of horses could handle that machine all day." "Did you ever see a binder with such little machinery." "Not a particle of weight on the horses' necks, it's perfectly balanced." "It beats anything I ever saw."

E. E. Sheffer, D. Kneppenberger, H. McGinnis, W. L. Long, D. M. Delo, Lynn Campbell, Joe Sheffer, Irvin McGinnis, H. C. Sheffer, Joe S. Shirey, Leroy Kurtz, Chas. Say, J. J. Kline, L. M. Cochran, Frank Kline, P. Wingard, Jno. William, Aaron Conner, C. K. Sheffer, G. H. Weaner, F. W. Berlin, M. H. Shannon, F. E. Shannon, jr., J. M. Kurtz, J. G. Heeter.

THE BUCKEYE MOWER.

ORIGINAL, GENUINE AND ONLY. MADE BY

AULTMAN, MILLER & CO.,

AKRON, OHIO.

FOR SALE BY

JONAS ✣ FRAZEE,

SELBYSPORT, MD.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

How Life Insurance Beneficiaries Would Fare Under Free Silver.

A Hartford Conn., dispatch to the New York *Herald* says that President Greene, of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance, has prepared a letter to policy-holders, warning them of what will probably happen to them under free silver. The company has about 65,000 politics outstanding and is purely mutual.

In his letter to policy holders Colonel Greene says:

"This corporation has never touched political questions or sought to influence political action, nor would it ever do so unless that political action were dedicated to issue involving the very lifeblood and substance of that which we have here undertaken to do in behalf of your families and estates. Our contracts with you agree to pay to your families so many dollars. There has never been any doubt what was intended thereby.

"It was the dollar which before the civil was was worth one hundred cents, which during the war fluctuated in the depreciated greenback currency of the time, going to a premium of 185 per cent at one time—and then a greenback dollar would buy only thirty-seven cents worth—and dropping back to its normal place and after the war closed and our commercial and industrial development and the political actions and evident temper of the people made it manifest that we could and should pay our debts in dollars worth one hundred cents.

"We never supposed it necessary to provide that you should pay your premium or that you should promise to pay your policies in any particular kind of quality of dollars. But now comes a political party and avows its distinct purpose to make a dollar mean three widely different things:—First, a gold dollar, worth as bullion one hundred cents anywhere in the world. second, a silver dollar, worth as bullion only fifty-two cents at the present time; third, all the paper promises of dollars to be hereafter issued by the government only, redeemable in either 100 cent gold dollars, fifty-two cent (or less) silver dollars, or in new promises to pay at the option of the debtor or redeemer.

"You do not need to be told that only the least valuable of these dollars would remain in use. The invariable experience of all the ages fixes that fact beforehand. And to leave no possible doubt as to what the party means and proposes, its candidate for Presidency declares:—'We are going to fight for that which some are pleased to call 'dishonest money.'

"Should this party so led come to power upon this platform, the government dues, instead of being paid as now in gold at one hundred cents or in paper, which it now redeemed in silver, which silver we could use in trade at only its bullion value of fifty-two cents on the dollar. The greenbacks being then redeemed into fifty-two cent dollars, the government bonds and their interest being paid in fifty-two cent dollars, our national bank currency, which rests on government bonds, redeemable in fifty-two cent greenbacks, and the gold gone from domestic circulation into international trade we shall be on the single fifty-two cent silver dollar basis.

"One hundred cent gold dollars do not swop even for fifty two cent dollars of silver, iron or copper. Fifty-two cents' worth of anything can never buy more than fifty-two cents' worth of anything else. Then the purchasing power of your policies will be cut in two.

"Coming upon a silver basis would intensely stimulate the production of silver. The ores are now easily accessible, in inexhaustible quantity, from which silver can be put upon the market at a profit at forty to fifty cents the ounce, at which price a silver dollar woud be worth thirty to thirty eight cents, or less than a greenback was during the darkest days of 1864. Under that stimulus and under such conditions there can be no possible doubt that the price of silver would steadily decline toward the point at which it can be produced, which, in some mines, is said to be already less than twenty-five cents an ounce, and inventions and improvements have not ceased.

"Should we come upon a silver basis your policies would for the present be paid in dollars worth not more than from twenty five or thirty-five cents.

"It is, therefore, our duty to warn you that by so much as it was your duty to make this provision for the protection of your families by so much is it your present duty to see, so far as your action can prevent it, that no part of that provision is lost to them by being paid in dollars which are worth anything less than the one hundred cents in which you have been paying your premiums.

"If it be otherwise, the reign of disorder and dishonor will have begun and none can tell where it will end or what ruin will first be wrought. It is the foundations of economic, commercial and political life which are being assailed now, and it behooves every man who has anything to be responsible for to think and act soberly."

Hunter's Art, in Garrett County.

To the Editor of The Republican.

In June, 1880, we took a lone horseback ride from Frostburg over the old National road to the mountains. Every permanent object was scanned. Indeed there was but little that was not as familiar as the features of an old acquaintance. Each iron mile post, erect, prostrate or broken, was noted. They were planted now more than sixty years ago.

The bridges and culverts were there as of yore, except the mutilated and vandalized walls. The same limpid and pure streams of water were crossed. The first was the Savage creek, hurrying its waters south to help make up the great Potomac. Only a mile further is a little vacillating rivulet trending its northward to be lost again and again in the many waters that make the great father of rivers, the Mississippi. All the streams onward went the same course with the magnetic needle. But seemingly no eye could see or mind understand why or how two small streamlets should flow in contra directions, but so it was and is.

The road itself, once the rival in beauty and smoothness of the avenues of Washington city, was nothing more or better than a county road. The blue limestone that in the early eighteen thirties that was broken and spread over it until it become as concrete, had been gone for many years—not a vestige of it to be seen. The inns, or taverns, that used to be more numerous than the mile posts referred to, are gone with only a few exceptions—none kept as such. On Red Ridge still stands an old, empty, dilapidated frame building, once a popular hotel, now shunned and feared because it is believed that two murders were enacted in it, one more than sixty years. The ride referred to carried the rider to the summit of Chestnut Ridge. A long halt was taken to gaze at the splendid panorama that presented itself for miles to the right and left and in the advance. Nothing but natural beauties could be seen, and that, too, with the enrichments that no month in the year can lend as June. The gaze was almost inspiration. At any rate it resulted in the preparation and publication of a series of articles or papers, costing considerable labor and research, in the summer of 1880, upon the old National road. And after a slumber of sixteen years, will again appear with a variety of other matter in a book of about 350 pages to be called "Brown's Miscellaneous Writings." The printer, Mr. J. J. Miller, of Cumberland, has just completed his work of printing, so in a short while the book, such as it is, will be ready for all who may want it.

A few days ago another trip from the same point was made, this time in a very comfortable spring wagon with enjoyable company. Soon the top of Little Savage was reached. A halt for an eastward "gaze" upon a magnificent panorama, bringing in view the mountain ranges even east of Cumberland, with Frostburg nicely placed in the grand intake. This beautiful out-look was greatly admired by Lord Napier, the British minister to this country many years ago. He spent a summer in Frostburg and frequently resorted to it to "feast the eye." He had the trees cut down that obstructed the view, but new ones have grown in the places of the old. But we pass on over the old familiar route. The physical objects are now about the same as in times of yore, only older and less sightly or enjoyable. At length the historic Little Meadows is reached. Another halt to give employment to contemplations and thoughts of things that happened here in the long "unliving past." From this reminiscic spot we turn by a right angle to the left and southward, and at the end of three miles reach our coveted haven of rest, where so many seasons in the near and deep past have been spent.

"Hunter's Art" is a beautiful tract of 325 acres surveyed in the memorable year 1774, and strange to say remains intact to-day, not an acre added nor taken off. It is now the valuable property of Mr. Ross Compton, former county treasurer.

Tradition, the mother of history itself, has it that the name came from some artful exploit of a hunter on the ground. It certainly was in early times a noted place for large and small game. A once beautiful glade in view (but now under cultivation) with its native grass and cool rivulet used to lure the beautiful deer thither almost any hour, to appease its hunger and slake its thirst. But not so for the many past years. A walk of a few hundred yards brought us to the dim signs of a once log cabin, built a hundred years ago at least, by a man from one of the lower counties by the name of Mace, but the poor fellow couldn't endure the nightly howlings of the wolves, the screams of the panthers and the groans of the bears. These were almost omnipresent. Mace left in disgust and fear and has never been heard from since. But for a number of years these annoying beasts have disappeared entirely, and lately the beautiful and charming deer—gone, almost extinct in this region. Oh! the cruel hunter and deadly rifle.

The "Little Round Glade" draws them to it no more. Smaller game has also greatly diminished. Some turkeys and pheasants left—only now and then a squirrel, but glad to see and know there are more small birds than for some years. The song of the cheerful robin is heard each morn before the peep of day. The noisy blackbirds appear in troops in search of the dreaded army worm and overripe cherries. Also the flicker and the beautiful red head, the one giving the signal for the almost daily rain, the other noisily hunting its black chum and hidden insects. The doleful solo of the whippoorwill, only rarely heard now. Where has it gone? The hunter does not seek it if he wished. It is strictly a night bird.

The farmers are busy at securing their crops, which are good except the hay and wheat which are said to be below average: oats above and corn very promising. Potatoes very promising and the acreage much larger than any previous year. Mr. Hershbarger, a young farmer, has 12 acres in full bloom, good for about 2,000 bushels. The fruit and berry crops are very good. Apples plenty in nearly all orchards. Strawberries are now being cultivated to a considerable extent. Young Mr. Miller this season shipped from his two acre plat to Messrs. Hitchens at Frostburg $600 worth of the finest berries. This industry is largely on the increase. The father of young Miller, just over the State line, has of late made the fruit, berry and flower business quite a success. He is almost entirely known as "Posy Miller," on account of his taste for flowers.

July 18, 1896. J. E.

Communicated.

To the Editor of The Republican.

The convention that will place in nomination our candidate for Congress for the 6th District, will convene in Oakland August 27th, and as the time is not far distant and the candidate selected by this convention will in all probability represent and look after our interests in the halls of congress for the next two years, it behooves us to canvass the field and make no mistake in the selection of the man.

Garrett county is now twenty-three years old and during that time has always remained loyal to the principles of the Republican party and has steadily increased her Republican majority from year to year until she is now the banner Republican county in the State, taking all things into consideration. Notwithstanding these facts, a standard bearer for congressional honors has never been taken from within her borders, or as far as we know, the name of none of her worthy sons has never been presented for the consideration of a Republican convention. We believe that the people of the county now feel that the time has arrived when we should present our claims and ask that the nomination should come here. We also believe that the other counties composing the district are ready and willing to recognize our claims and will heartily support a Garrett county man, both in the convention and at the polls. Let us then look the field over for a Garrett county man and present the name of one who is of the people, for the people and who will be nominated and elected by the people; one who has resided long enough in the District to be identified with all of its interests, whose Republicanism is unquestioned, and whose past political course or affiliations need no explanation. Such a man can be found in the person of Col. Alfred G. Sturgiss, one of our enterprising and successful business men; a man of good and original ideas, who thinks for himself and is not afraid to speak his convictions, who answered to the call of his country when he was but seventeen years of age and who has remained true to the old flag ever since. His friends are legion and are numbered among all parties and sects.

If nominated, he will not only poll the full Republican vote of the District, but will draw largely from among his friends who differ with him on political grounds.

Let the people of the county express their views in regard to this matter and when the convention meets let there be a consensus of opinion of its citizens as to the man whose name we shall present. Give us your ideas through the columns of this paper. REPUBLICAN.

Oakland, Md., July 29.

EUROPEAN LETTER.

Our Special Correspondent Writes From the Land of the Dons.

GRANDA, SPAIN, June 20, 1896.

As one looks out of the latticed windows of the Alhambra, the eye falls on a group of low yellow houses across the ravine. The scene is romantic enough to arouse the imagination of an Esquimau. The picturesque city, with its vari-colored buildings and rose-filled gardens; Sierra Nevadas beyond. From this window a princess doubtless leaned to listen to the song of her lover, in the ravine below; or perhaps prisoner watched anxiously for the signal of those who would aid his escape. And the effect of the whole is enhanced when the guide, noticing that your glance is resting on the cluster of houses, says "That is the gypsy settlement."

Perhaps nowhere better than in Spain can one fine examples of the pure Romany—that strange people whose origin is unknown and who have retained, in spite of their nomadic life, their own language and customs. Tramp and vagabonds of all varieties have chosen style themselves gypsies; but the genuine race has an individuality of its own, which both Longfellow and George Eliot have thought worthy of immortalizing in poetry.

On the evening of our arrival in Granada, the landlord asked if we wished to visit the gypsy quarters and see their dance the next day. The Alhambra had so pre-occupied our minds that we had not given the gypsies a thought, and were not interested in visiting them. But a few days later, after we had spent hours daily in the literal castle in the air that was once the palace of Moorish kings, we remembered our host's suggestion and called a carriage. Some English tourists who were staying at the same hotel joined us and we drove out of the city and up the hill. We were surrounded as soon as we stopped by a crowd of gypsies—heavy bearded forbidding looking men: black eyed girls offering to tell fortunes, smiling children begging for pennies, which like crones looking for something to steal. One man who seemed to be spokesman at once opened transactions, and asked if we wanted to see the dance: it would cost us 35 pesetas (7) for our party. We declared that this was too expensive. How much would we give? they asked. Fifteen pesetas, we said. They declared it could not be thought of, "Very well" we answered and told the driver to return to the city, But the gypsies held a consultation and came down to thirty. We were inflexible. "Would we give twenty-five? "No." Much haggling and discussion ensued, and finally we compromised on twenty. Promptly we were escorted to a room, which probably the largest their houses contained, was small enough. We sat around the walls, among the friendly gypsy spectators, and with clicking of castanets and monotonous clapping the hands the dances began. Every now and then their friends would call to the performers as though to encourage them; but it seemed unnecessary, for more animation and grace I have never seen. They danced all together, in couples, and singly; but always with the same ease and freedom. One of the best dancers was a young girl of about eighteen. I noticed that in the pauses she picked up and caressed a pretty baby that sat on the floor. "Mi nino" she said, in answer to my inquiring glance. "And your husband?" I asked, looking at a young man who had been her partner in the last dance. "Oh no; he's in Cuba" she answered cheerfully, and then, the next dance being called, she went on with as much spirit as though her husbad might not at that moment be languishing in a yellow fever hospital. The baby clapped its hands and swayed its tiny body in imitation of the motion of the others. The prettiest dance of all (La Juta, they call it) was just then being given as a duo by its mother and a young man. It was a delight to watch their lithe untiring bodies their movements that seemed inspiring by the caprice of the moment, and the obvious pleasure that they took in dancing. We paid them and left; but part way down the hill half a dozen of them overtook us, insisting that one of the 5 peseta pieces (about equal to a dollar) that we had given him was false. Now there is much counterfeit money in Spain, but we were sure that that piece of coin had never passed through our fingers. However, there was no use arguing the case; it was night, the road was lonely, and our driver evidently in sympathy with the enemy. We gave them another five pesetas and continued on our way, trying to console ourselves with the reflection that the dance was worth $5, and that we had done well to escape from the place with our lives.

Call for Your Letters.

Mr. Edward Stearns, Mr. Jas. Gray, Lieut A. E. Kennington, Mrs. Jos. Hershane, Miss Dillie Coven, Miss Emily Austin.

SHERIFF'S SALE

—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of two writs of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county at the suit of P. C. Boucher use of Henry Creutzberg, and J. C. Shaw, vs. Marshall Beachy, the same being Nos. 31 and 33 Judicials to July term, 1896, and to the undersigned directed, I have seized and taken into execution all the following described land and I will offer at public auction to the highest bidder, on

Saturday, August 8, 1896,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m. of said day, in front of the Livengood Hotel, in the town of Grantsville, all that lot of land situated in said town containing three-quarters of an acre and belonging to said Marshall Beachy on the north side of the National road, formerly occupied by Abraham J. Beachy and known as the "John Fallinger Property," and purchased from him by Abraham J. Beachy, and which the said Marshall acquired from the said Abraham J. Beachy by his last will and testament.

Said property is improved by a dwelling house and other outbuildings.

The defendant's interest in the above property will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid executions and costs.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN,
20—3 Sheriff of Garrett County.

ORDER NISI.

David F. Kuykendall and others vs. Althea M. Devecmon and others.

No. 762 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered, this 13th day of July, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety six, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county sitting in equity that the sale made and reported in the above cause by R. A. Richmond, W. C. Devecmon and D. J. Blackiston, trustees, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 11th day of August, 1896; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Oakland, Maryland, for three successive weeks before the 11th day of August, 1896.

The report states the amount of sale to be $1,900.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
20—3

Millinery and Dress Making,

Just opened, at Mountain Lake Park, by Mrs. A. L. Pierce. First-class work guaranteed. Will carry a full line of

STAPLE GOODS.

HATS TRIMMED to ORDER.

on short notice. Miss B. C. McAndrews will superintend the business. Her long experience is a sufficient guarantee for first-class work. Call and see our goods, Oakland Avenue and L St. 11—3

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL ROOFING.

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

FARMS! HOMES!

IN VIRGINIA, THE CAROLINAS and GEORGIA

SURROUNDED BY

SUNSHINE AND HEALTH, FACTORY and MILL SITES,

WITH

Abundance of Water Power,
Convenient to Many Markets.

Best Fruit and Agricultural Lands

IN THE UNITED STATES.

$3 to $10 per Acre

Peculiarly adapted to raising Early Fruits, Early Vegetables, Grains, Tobacco, Cotton, Grasses, etc.

LOCATED ALONG THE GREAT

Seaboard Air Line.

The Great Through Freight and Passenger Route to and from the South and Southwest.

FREE! A 148-Page Illustrated Pamphlet, with large Map, describing in detail the choicest, most productive, healthiest and most progressive section of the "New South," with much other valuable information of great assistance to those looking for a home site, factory or mill site, farm or safe and sure investment in the coming section of the country, will be sent to any address on receipt of two cents to pay postage. Address

GEO. L. RHODES,
General Agent Seaboard Air Line
Portsmouth, Va.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In effect May 24, 1896.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS		NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1			No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.			NOON	P. M.
3 00*	8 00* lv	Cumberland	ar	12 00	7 00
3 21	8 21	Rawlings		11 39	6 39
3 56	8 56	Keyser		11 01	6 05
4 09	9 09	Westernport		10 51	5 53
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. Junc.		10 48	5 50
4 37	9 37	Shaw		10 23	5 25
5 00	10 00	Harrison		10 00	5 02
6 15	10 45* ar	Elk Garden		8 55	4 00
5 55	10 55* lv	German		8 21	1 51
5 41	10 11	Bayard		9 15	1 47
5 52	10 52	Dobbin		9 01	1 58
6 25	11 23	Thomas		8 31	1 05
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis		8 00	3 15
6 27	11 27 lv	Coketon		8 21	1 52
6 51	11 51	Hendricks		7 58	3 29
6 57	11 57	Britz		7 51	3 25
7 00	12 00	Parsons		7 48	3 22
7 39	12 39	Koreys		7 18	2 47
8 00*	1 00* ar	Elkins	lv	6 57	12 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv		11 55
	3 05* ar	Bealington	lv		11 30
P. M.	P. M.			A. M.	A. M.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily ..... 2 [illegible] A. M
No. 3.—Daily ..... 7 09 A. M
No. 71.—Accommodation ..... 8 [illegible] A. M
No. 47.—Daily ..... 10 [illegible] A. M
No. 9.—Express, daily ..... 12 [illegible]
No. 15.—Accommodation ..... 3 [illegible] P. M
No. 1.—Daily ..... 5 [illegible] P. M

GOING EAST.

No. 8.—Daily ..... 9 [illegible] A. M
No. 2.—Daily ..... 9 [illegible] A. M
No. 14.—Accommodation ..... 9 [illegible] A. M
No. 72.—Accommodation ..... 2 [illegible] P. M
No. 40.—Daily ..... 4 [illegible] P. M
No. 4.—Daily ..... 10 [illegible] A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL,
Gen'l Pass. Agt.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

THE G. E. PEARCE DRUG CO.,

OF FROSTBURG, MD.

We have probably the largest stock of goods in the drug line in Western Maryland.

P. D. & CO. and S. and D. Pharmaceutical preparations always in stock, supplied to physicians at jobbers' prices.

OUR LINE OF

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES AND WINDOW GLASS

IS LARGE AND COMPLETE.

We sell and guarantee LUCAS TINTED GLOSS PAINT at $1.25 per gallon.

9-2m

THE Maryland Building and Loan Association

of Garrett County.

OFFICERS:

ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney.
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencies.

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock:

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.

EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, 1/4 old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
20—1yr. Keyser, W. Va.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

TO FOLLOW OFF THE BAND.

When Uncle Thomas comes to town
And gives a street parade,
And Little Eva and Marks, the clown,
March past in golden braid,
The old folk watch the antics then
From some secluded stand,
And wish they could be boys again
And follow off the band.

Grown men must carry dignity
And act somewhat discreet,
But when the band plays up in G
They flock into the street;
They sneer at all the pretty noise,
But still we understand
They'd give a dollar to be boys
And follow off the band.

The joys that come along with age
Don't stack up with the joys
That overspread youth's golden page
And crowd the lives of boys;
They'd trade their whiskers and their store,
Throw in a piece of land,
If they could just be boys once more
And follow off the band.
—Duncan M. Smith, in Chicago Record.

A NEWS RACE UP THE NILE.

Fierce Contest Between the Rival Sons of an Arab Sheik.

Steam Launch and Dahabeah—How the Sirdar of Egypt First Got Word of Danger in the Soudan—Oriental Jealousy Utilized.

[COPYRIGHT, 1896.]

A Yale sophomore, an Egyptian and a sportsman—a curious combination, but it existed in the person of Hassan el Neil. It was the long vacation. On the deck of the steamer which bore him, after two years' absence from his father's roof-tree, towards his native land, was a boat which he looked at long and often, and with a quiet smile on his clear-cut Coptic face thought of the surprise that the modern naphtha launch

AS THE DAHABEAH SWEPT BY THEM A SATIRICAL CRY OF "YALE, YALE."

would cause in the land of "Mummy and the Moslem."

A few weeks later Mehemet Bey, the governor of Assiut, was sitting in the garden that surrounded his adobe palace when a telegram from Lord Cromer, the British ambassador at Cairo, informed him of the defeat of the Italians at Aduwa, and, further, that this defeat of the Europeans in Abyssinia meant a fresh onslaught of the Arabs on the Egyptian outposts, and that Kitchener and Korosko should be immediately informed of it. The telegraph lines were down, and Mehemet Bey thought hard and long as he gazed at the slip of paper in his hand. Versed in all the intricacies of Soudanese politics, he well understood the significance of the news. The Arab was at his last ditch, the power of the khalifa was trembling in the balance; and he knew better, probably, than Lord Cromer, that the Soudan would be set aflame.

The governor stroked his beard and thought. The reis (as the ship captains of the Nile are called) are all affected by the mahdist fanaticism. He couldn't trust them. He looked at his two sons, who were lazily playing dominoes in the shadow of a palm tree. He knew, as does every oriental, the bitter jealousy that always exists between brothers whose mothers have intrigued for years for the advancement of their own offspring. This jealousy was intensified by the fact that Hassan's ambitious Coptic mother had persuaded her lord and master to send her only son to far-off America to learn a wisdom even more wonderful than that of her forefathers, the Copties, the direct descendants of the ancient Egyptians. Heartily, therefore, the half brother hated the English-speaking and American college-bred boy.

"Come here," said the old man. "I want a message sent to Korosko. One of you must take it. Who will go? It means honor and advancement to me if delivered at once. It means honor to him who delivers it."

"I will go," answered the lad whose mother was the scoff of her father's harem, an eager look on his dusky face. "I will go," answered the Yale man; "I have my launch."

"I have my dahabeah," cried his brother, "the swiftest on the river."

"But the wind may fail," said the governor. He thought for a moment. "You may go, and the race is to the swiftest, as the English say."

He clapped his hands. A Coptic servant appeared. A few words were rapidly dictated. A slip of paper was handed each of his sons, and with characteristic oriental phlegm he simply said: "Go"—and he turned to his boukah.

Far away to the south, the English officers of the Egyptian army little thought, as they sipped their coffee, that the greatest battle of this quarter of the century had been fought beyond the Abyssinian hills, and that the heart of the Soudan was in a ferment. At Korosko, the terminus of the great desert route, Kitchener, the Sirdar—that is the commander-in-chief—and his staff never dreamt that the fanatical dervishes, intoxicated with the news of a European defeat, were then pushing forward towards Egypt's borders.

It was the second night out from Assiut. The north wind had proved faithful to Mehemet, and the lateen sails of his dahabeah had bellied to the warm wet northern wind from the Mediterranean, and his heart was glad within him. He was miles ahead of his American brother, as he contemptuously called Hassan. But even the north wind of the Nile is treacherous. It soughed, sighed, blew a few fitful gusts, and soon there was not a breath to quiver the broad leaves of the palms on the shore. And Korosko was only ten miles away. On the high poop of the dahabeah he sat, and as the crescent moon rose high in the heavens and illumined the mysterious river, he saw approaching in mid stream the strange craft concerning which his brother had said so much, and which he couldn't understand. He was being beaten. His whole intense eastern nature went out in a longing for victory. Anything to beat the brother whom he hated with all the latent savagery of his nature. He thought for a moment that he would run along the shore—but that was mere folly. Oh, for a wind! He prayed, as he had never prayed before, to the God of Mahomet for a wind. He paced to and fro in feverish restlessness. He ordered his men, who thought him nothing less than mad, to get out their sweeps; but in a moment he saw their uselessness against the strong canvas. They lost ground, and had to tie up again. There was a satirical cry of "Yale, Yale," from the throat of Hassan, as the launch swept past.

But Mehemet's prayer was answered. At this season the wind of North Africa seldom fails. It came. It came so suddenly and with such force that the dahabeah was nearly dashed aground, and the palm trees bent before the blast. It was a sandstorm. The men threw themselves flat on the deck.

"Unfurl the sail!" yelled Mehemet. "Aloft, you dog," he cried to the boy whose perilous duty it was to go to the extreme end of the slender yard-arm. The boy hesitated, as well he might; but there was a look on his master's face that he dare not disobey.

"Cut loose," he shouted; and they plunged forward in the night against the current of the Nile.

It was the act of a madman—a dahabeah in a sandstorm under full sail—but that cry of "Yale, Yale," had made Mehemet a madman. Fortunately the Nile takes a straight course for several miles after it sweeps by Korosko; but as Mehemet grasped the tiller he cared not whether it was ten miles of cataract. He saw the launch ahead, and the thought rushed through his mind to run it down.

But that couldn't be. The force of the storm on the large lateen sail made every timber in the boat creak and groan. The faces of the crew had a terrified look. With teeth clenched and lips compressed Mehemet stood at the tiller, and the howling of the wind as they sped on through the night seemed to suit the pulsations of his own heart. They were gaining on the launch.

If only the storm held out they would beat it—or get wrecked.

On and on they rushed. They were neck and neck when the dahabeah ran up nearly amidships on one of the hidden volcanic rocks that fill certain portions of the Nile. "Yale, Yale," came the sneering cry from the launch.

"Swing her broadside," yelled Hassan. "Let the current catch her." The men were half paralyzed with terror, but the sweeps were got out. The great boat glided off.

The launch was now a quarter of a mile ahead, and the lights in the Greek wine shops of Korosko could be seen in the distance. The fierceness of the wind seemed redoubled. As the dahabeah swept by the launch into the little natural harbor at Korosko there again rose a satirical yell of "Yale, Yale." But this time it came from the Egyptian craft—and Mehemet, who had rushed his boat half ashore, ran madly through the dust-driven street into the quaint old fort, and cried in imperfect English: "I have got a telegram."

That is how the sirdar of Egypt and the Anglo-Egyptian army first heard of the late outbreak.

CHARLES LEWIS SHAW.

—The five-dollar gold piece weighs 135 grains.

LAWS FOR DIAMOND DIGGERS.

It Is Next to Impossible to Purloin Gems from the Mines.

Of course the expenses of a company owning a block of claims are enormous, and a large number of stones have to be found before the margin for a dividend arrives. The expense and difficulty of reaching the diamond field in the early days kept away the rowdy element to be found in our western mines.

Such diggers as have remained on the fields since the "early days" seem never to be tired of talking of the life they then led as the happiest they have ever known. Then each would peg out his claim and go to work therein with a pick and shovel, depending scarcely at all upon the uncertain help of the lazy kaffir, and with his own strong arm attacked the hard, pebbly soil in which the diamond was imprisoned and in a primitive way "washed" the soil for diamonds. They are not to be picked up walking through the streets or over the "floors" where the soil lies pulverized by sun and rain. It is illegal to own a diamond unless one is a claim holder or a licensed buyer. If a private individual wishes to purchase a stone or two for himself he must first obtain a permit from the authorities.

These precautions will be seen to be necessary, because the value of a diamond, its portability, the facility with which it can be concealed and the uncertainty regarding its existence make it a source of temptation to dishonesty among all classes. It is therefore against the law for anyone, even if a licensed buyer, to purchase a diamond from anyone not a claimholder unless he can produce a permit.

The law has become so stringent and the detective force so active that terror has stricken the I. D. B.'s (illicit diamond buyers), for it is a matter of "15 years' hard" to be convicted of buying a stolen diamond. Before this stringent law was passed many went away rich in a few years who could not possibly have made their pile in any legitimate business in that length of time. Men who have been suspected for years but have managed to evade detection have been pounced upon by detectives at most unexpected moments, but the temptation is so strong that, despite the penalty, the practice still goes on, but to a smaller extent than before.

It was astonishing to find out how often the culprit turned out to be a man in a good and responsible position, and often the very men who were the loudest in the denunciation of the crime were themselves practicing it. The writer was in a cafe one evening when there was a sudden hush, followed by a startled buzz of conversation, and he heard the name of a well-known man, followed by the word "detectives." A man standing near, who was suspected of carrying on the same trade, became suddenly pale and bit uneasily on his visor, and, with a careless laugh, said: "Serves him right," then continued in a scarcely audible tone: "What a fool not to be more careful!" Before the writer left the camp that same man was working in convict dress.

Detectives themselves have been tempted to dabble in the trade, and have been trapped and are now working in convict dress by the side of the men they have helped to hunt down. This fascinating trade of gems offers great temptations to the weak willed, and it takes a certain amount of bulldog courage, combined with caution and patience, to continue in this dangerous business.

On mail days great envelopes of diamonds are sent to London. Some of these packages contain flawless diamonds, others smoky diamonds used in machinery for polishing and cutting the stones, others, again, would contain stones of all colors, sizes and purity. One package, worth many thousands of pounds, contains yellow diamonds, selected stones in size, color and purity. Those of yellow tinge are bought and worn by the East Indians.

The pure white stone is of more value than the yellow, because not so plentiful. It is a strange fact that these diamond merchants seldom wear diamond jewelry: they prefer rubies or corals to the too common gem, the diamond.

The mines have now drifted into the hands of a few large companies, and the Transvaal is the Eldorado to which all eyes in Africa are turned. — St. Paul's.

He Got It.

A five-year old miss in a Michigan town conceived the idea of discharging some social duties, of which she had heard her mother speak, and began by making a call upon a neighbor in the next square.

With sober and dignified mien she announced the nature of her visit, and was cordially greeted, after which the busy hostess went on with her housework.

The caller soon made up her mind that this was not the proper mode of procedure in a formal call and remarked:

"Now, Mrs. E——, let's talk."

"All right, Maggie, what shall we talk about?" responded the neighbor.

Without the apparent abatement of the effort to appear calm and dignified, Maggie replied:

"Oh, I don't care—pie or cake!"—Detroit News.

One Way to Find Out.

It was just after the honeymoon, and she had undertaken to get a breakfast for him with her own hands, in spite of the fact that she was inexperienced.

"I think this egg is bad, Harry," she said. "How can I find out for sure?"

"Taste it," he replied, promptly.

That's why he went to his office hungry that morning.—Chicago Post.

Merely a Supposition.

Hiland—Homewood is always alluding to his great trouble. What sort of trouble is it?

Halket—I think it must be stomach trouble. He is always trying to drown it.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

THE FISH WERE FRESH.

But the Purchaser Was a Great Deal Fresher.

Up in the Eleventh ward a thrifty German makes a good living peddling live carp. The fish are hauled about the streets in a small tank set upon wheels, the whole outfit being propelled by the energy generated from the German's muscles. If there is one thing more than another the peddler prides himself on, it is that his wares, being alive, are necessarily fresh.

The other morning the carp merchant was stopped by a woman who, if the well-filled baskets which hung from her fat arms were any indication, was on her way home from market. The woman leaned over the cart and sized up the swimming fish carefully.

"Are they fresh?" she finally asked.

The look of disgust that spread over the German's countenance would have fitted well upon the features of a sound-money democrat who is being told that a free-coinage candidate is sure to be nominated at the Chicago convention. But he choked down his indignation.

"Yah; dey ish fresh," he replied.

Then he reached down into the tank and pulled out a sample, which he held up for the woman to see.

She gazed upon it for a moment, her nose high in the air. She wasn't satisfied, however, and the next moment shoved one of her own fair hands into the tank and grabbed a carp by the gills. She yanked it up in the air after the manner of one who doesn't propose to be fooled in so important a matter as buying a fish, and held it at arm's length for inspection.

At least, she started to hold it out. Unfortunately she had picked up the biggest fish in the cart. It was a carp that didn't care much about women, anyway, and particularly a woman who considered herself well enough acquainted to run her fingers through his breathing apparatus. He at once began to go through a contortion act of the most intricate and vigorous description, his mouth wide open and his tail marking out three-foot circles at the rate of 40 a minute.

The suddenness with which the fish started in on this programme was too much for the woman. In her hurry to let go of the carp she forgot about her baskets and their contents. As her arms flew up the baskets flew down. In the Eleventh ward the sidewalks are as hard as if not harder than in any of the other wards, and eggs have very little show in a contest with them. There were eggs in one basket—two dozen of them.

Unless the rain has washed them away, those eggs are down on the Eleventh ward sidewalk yet. They wouldn't have been of very much use to the woman after they struck the walk, except as scrambled eggs. In the other basket there were strawberries and a steak and a roll of butter.

All of these were saved from the general wreck, however, with the exception of the steak. An enterprising Eleventh ward dog feasted upon that.

The woman didn't stay to buy any fish. Perhaps she had lost her appetite for carp. Anyway, she gathered up the remnants of her marketing and sailed majestically down the street.

The fish peddler gazed after her a moment. Then he chuckled to himself:

"Yah: dose carp ish fresh—but not so fresh as dot womans, py chimminy!"—Philadelphia Enquirer.

Eye Poultices.

Do not poultice an eye under any circumstances whatever. Binding a wet application over an eye for several hours must damage that eye, the assertions of those professing to have personal experience in this to the contrary notwithstanding. The failure to aggravate an existing trouble by binding a moist application over an inflamed eye, which application is supposed to remain for an entire night, can only be explained by the supposition that a guardian angel has watched over that misguided case, and has displaced the poultice before it has got in its fine work. All oculists condemn the poultice absolutely, in every shape and in every form. Tea leaves, bread and milk, raw oysters, scraped beef, scraped raw turnip or raw potato, and the medley of disgusting domestic remedies popularly recommended are, one and all, capable of producing irremediable damage to the integrity of the tissues of the visual organ.—N. Y. Ledger.

The New Tomato.

The new tomato is a half or entirely frozen salad. When it is entirely frozen it is cooked and sweetened, first, much as if for its old-time sphere as a vegetable, but there is no butter put into it, and no pepper, only the merest dash of salt and the usual quantity of sugar. They it is frozen in the freezer, like any ice, packed in a mold and hardened in ice and salt, and served with mayonnaise. This is the usual way, but I have a little thing of my own that I fancy to be even nicer—I may be deceived by vanity—and it is respectfully submitted. Take half a dozen ripe, firm tomatoes, peel, pour over them a sirup of one pint of sugar and one cup of water, brought to boiling, no more. Drain and cool. Pack in freezer in layers, with rounds of white paper between the layers. Let them stay about an hour. Remove carefully and serve on a bed of lettuce and nasturtiums, with mayonnaise.—Boston Globe.

In Position to Be Independent.

Willie and his big sister didn't get along very well. Willie was only seven and his sister 17, but he resented her "bossing." One day Willie's mamma had something to tell him—a piece of news from the household of his still older sister, who had married a year before. "Willie," said mamma, "God left a little baby at sister Mary's house last night. You're an uncle now, my boy. How do you like that?" "Well," said Willie, after weighing the matter over a minute, "I'll just tell you this: If I am Uncle Will, Lizzie ain't goin' to boss me no more."—N. Y. World.

OUR COUNTRY COUSINS.

How the Model Guest Conducts Herself When Visiting Them.

This is the season of the year when the city folk look about for a place in which to spend the summer vacation. We hear the mountains calling to us, and the seashore extending us an invitation, and then others of us write to our country cousins, and in return for the brief visit they paid us last winter we announce ourselves ready to sojourn with them indefinitely. These country cousins are rather impressed with our grandeur, and nothing they have is too good for us. The best room is thrown open for our benefit, and the sunshine is allowed to pour in on the best brussels carpet and haircloth furniture. The neighbors give tea parties for us, and the wealth of the larder is spread out before us. They serve six o'clock supper, and the menu isn't at all like the meal we have been in the habit of having at that hour in the city. They have sauce and biscuit and spice cake and tea, and fill in the odd spaces on the table with plates of cottage cheese and cookies and fresh butter right from the churn that very morning. Those of us who are fortunate enough to have this kind of a summer come back to the city refreshed in body and spirit. The crickets and the katydids do not make the same sort of music that we find at the summer resorts, but they lull us to sleep rather early in the night, so that we are ready to respond to the cock's crow in the early morning. But the farm wife is up about her work long before we know it is day. She has done a day's work before sunrise, maybe, and even lazy old Sol peeps in at the kitchen door at her with a blush of crimson on his guilty face. Simple country living affords a great rest for overweary nerves, and those of us who have country cousins had better rejoice in the fortunate inheritance, and leave our city latchstring on the outside of the door for them during the winter season, when they come to town to see the sights.

The etiquette of visiting would fill a book, if it were set down in black and white. A hospitable New York woman who entertains a good many people during the course of the year tells me that there are but a very few of her list of guests who meet the requirements of the guest.

The model guest is one who comes when she is invited and goes home at the expiration of the time specified in the invitation. She makes her own bed, keeps order in her room and is all ready when the maid announces that the meal is served. I believe, in addition to these excellences, that she brings her own soap and scissors and comb and brush, and that, in case she does not do this, she, at least, on departure, refrains from appropriating any of the articles mentioned. The model guest busies herself with a bit of attractive needlework, which she afterwards presents to the hostess. She makes friends with the dog and cat, and she tells stories to the children, and admires the family baby and praises the cooking, and never forgets a little fee to the servants. She never intrudes herself during the household working hours, but settles herself in a snug corner with a book, and has the best kind of a time. Sometimes she dusts around a little, just for exercise, and she claims only the privilege of being one of the family. She knows how to express appreciation in a way that puts spurs in everyone's good endeavors, and she goes home while everybody is very fond of her and regrets her.

The model guest in the country anticipates a thousand ways in which she can help. Sometimes she churns just for the novelty, and when the country cousin washes dishes she wipes them for her. The model guest is a regular angel in the family, and she is always engaged for visits months in advance. It is all on account of her unselfishness and ready sympathy, and because she has the power of adapting herself to modes of life that belong to others rather than to herself, and finds every situation fraught with human interest.—N. Y. Recorder.

He Knew the Story.

On neutral ground they met, the man from Kentucky and the one from Ohio. It was in the middle of the Newport bridge, and they shook hands and looked through the railing at the river below them.

"I heard a good story to-day," said the Ohioan.

"Something about a Kentuckian's dislike for water, I suppose," said the Blue Grass chap, with a tired look in his face.

"No, about a Texas race. Fellow that saw it said he never saw such running done in his life. It was a foot race between a cowboy and a college graduate. They got together at a saloon down in the southern part of the state and ran to another saloon five miles away. The college boy beat the cowboy hands down, and—"

"And you told the man who told you," interrupted the Kentuckian, "that you could not believe the story because saloons in Texas aren't that far apart, eh? Yes, that was a good story when you and I were young."

Then the Kentuckian meandered Ohioward, while the man from the Buckeye state couldn't seem to get the satisfaction out of his cigar that he did before. — Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Latest from Billville.

We recently purchased a bicycle. The doctor says that with careful nursing we will be out in six weeks.

We lost one leg in the war and the other running for congress. We are still able, however, to play a full hand.

There is only one gold bug in Billville now, and he's in a dime museum under the direction of a silver manager.

There is no use to run for coroner in Billville. The only time a man drops dead here is when some one goes crazy and pays him ten dollars on account.

Money is so scarce in Billville that we are compelled to run for office on the installment plan; but it looks like we'll never be fully installed.—Billville Banner.

Best

Results prove Hood's Sarsaparilla the best blood purifier, appetizer and nerve tonic. In fact

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

NATURAL ODDITIES.

The wheat fly is one-tenth of an inch long, having a red body, white wings and black eyes.

A newly-discovered west African butterfly spins a cocoon which resembles a mask made for a human face.

In India there is a species of butterfly in which the male has the left wing yellow and the right wing red. The colors on the female are vice versa.

The Atlas-moth, a gigantic fur-coated, night-flying insect of central Brazil, is said to be the very largest winged "bug" in the world. He measures 14 inches from tip to tip.

Harvest Excursions.

In order to give everyone an opportunity to see the grand crops in the Western states and enable the intending settler to secure a home, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y has arranged to run a series of harvest excursions to South and North Dakota, and to other states in the West, Northwest and Southwest on the following dates: July 21, August 4 and 18, September 1, 15, 29 and October 6 and 20, at the low rate of two dollars more than one fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good for return on any Tuesday or Friday within twenty-one days from date of sale. For rates, time of trains and further details apply to any coupon ticket agent in the East or South, or address Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

DOCTOR (getting impatient)—"What do you think yourself is the matter with you?" Patient—"Incurable boredom." Doctor—"You told me, I think, that you had contracted a habit of talking to yourself?" Patient—"Yes. Well?" Doctor—"Well—" He got no fee.—Galignani's Messenger.

A Superbly Appointed Train.

Undoubtedly the handsomest train between Chicago and St. Paul, Minneapolis, the Superiors and Duluth is the "North Western Limited," which leaves Chicago at 5:30 p. m. daily via the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y). Its equipment, which is entirely new throughout, and embraces Compartment Sleeping Cars, Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, standard Sleeping Cars, Dining Cars and ladies' coaches, has every luxury which imagination can conceive or mind invent for the comfort and convenience of passengers. All agents sell tickets via the Chicago & North-Western R'y. For full information apply to agents of connecting line, or address W. B. KNISKERN, G. P. and T. A., Chicago, Ill.

AS FOR jesting, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it, viz., religion, matters of state, great persons and business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity.—Bacon.

TEACHER—"For what is Nantucket noted?" Johnny—"For slippers." "Why, no; it's noted for whaling." "Well, I knew it had something to do with slippers."

ARTIST—"That man Bacon offered me $12 for that largest painting of mine!" Caller—"Oh, then you've had it framed?"—Yonkers Statesman.

You may follow luck to ruin, but not to success.—Garfield.

—GIVEN AWAY—
KNIVES and RAZORS
In exchange for Coupons with
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{The only ANTI-NERVOUS, ANTI-DYSPEPTIC and NICOTINE NEUTRALIZED}
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ILLUSTRATED Catalogue of other Valuable Articles with explanation how to get them, Mailed on request.
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No Coupons exchanged after July 1, 1897

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TEMPERANCE

MY PLEA.

Have you seen my little child to-day,
Leading her father home?
Rosy cheeks and smiles,
Dimples with their wiles,
Locks the winds to ripples comb—
Have you seen my little child to-day?

Brave and loving little heart alway,
Leading her father home;
Stepping slow the while,
Innocent of guile,
As the lambs that green hills roam,
Leading home her father gone astray.

Close she holds his strengthless hand alway,
Leading her father home,
Reeling step, blank smile,
Maudlin words that soil
E'en the weeds rank in the loam.
Yet she gently leads him home alway.

If you see my little child to-day,
Leading her father home—
Mothers with glad smiles,
In homes where naught defiles—
Think of my child and her home,
Think of her, my little child, to-day.

Have some pity in your happy lot, I pray,
Lest we hurt one's groan;
God keeps rank and file
Of the souls so undefiled
They can weep when others moan.
Pity, then, my child and home, I pray.
—Alice L. Simpson, in Union Signal.

GUARDED.

Story of a Little Deaconness Nurse and a Drink-Crazed Man.

"Come out, please."

A very tiny woman in the cap and gown of a deaconess nurse stood holding open the door of a dark closet. Within stood a huge, black-browed man, his hair disordered, his eyes wild and bloodshot. He glared down at the little woman like a wild beast, and ground his teeth together. Was she afraid? No! Not a tremor passed over her. An hour before she had been on her knees, and now she knew that an invisible hand protected her.

"I won't come out. Shut the door and leave me alone."

"But I want you to come out first. Why should you stay in here?"

What power it was that prompted the man to obey the girl herself could not have told, but, crazed with drink as he was, he felt the spell of some power stronger than his own will and staggered out of the closet. The girl closed and locked the door and then went back to her patient.

The sick woman lay unconscious. Already the cold gray shadows were creeping over her face. All that the nurse could hope to do for her was to protect her from the drunken frenzy of her husband and suffer her soul to go in peace. The children wept by the bedside, or fled in terror from the presence of the insane father as he approached them. A few neighbors huddled around the doorway, held partly by morbid curiosity, and partly—let us hope—by real sympathy. The man was possessed by a passion to kill, to kill his wife—his children—himself—anyone who should come in his way. Some such threat he had been muttering when he had rushed into the closet and shut the door. He went into the next room, still muttering.

"COME UP, IF YOU DARE!"

Presently, as the nurse was waiting upon the dying woman she saw him rush through the room with an ax in his hand. The neighbors fell back terrified, but the nurse followed him into the little hall. Down at the foot of the stairs was a policeman, his foot on the lower step. At the top stood the drunken man, brandishing the ax.

"Come up, if you dare!" he shouted, with frightful oaths and imprecations. "I'll smash your skull before you shall touch me." The policeman stood still, and the little nurse stepped to the man's side. "Give me the ax," she said, calmly, and though he glared at her savagely, he let her take it from his hand. Seeing him disarmed, the policeman came up the stairs. The man was fully his match in size and strength, and the officer of the law walked around the room a few minutes and then prudently took his departure.

An hour or two passed. The man seemed to have grown more quiet, and the nurse left the sick woman for a minute. But almost immediately one of the children rushed after her, pale and wild-eyed with horror: "He's going to kill mother."

The nurse hurried back. Stooping over the unconscious woman was her insane husband, clutching a knife in his hand and looking like a demon incarnate. They took the knife from him and drew him away. At last, after much persuasion, the nurse induced him to go into another room and lie down. The last stage of intoxication was coming on, and he fell into a heavy slumber. Before he awakened his wife was forever beyond his reach.

He awoke sober. Finding the house strangely quiet and his daughters weeping together, he inquired what was the matter. The nurse took him to the bedside of his dead wife and told him of her last hours and his own wretched conduct.

"Oh, my God!" he groaned, hiding his face in his hand. "And to think I might have killed her!"

"Or yourself," the nurse suggested.

"It's only you I have to thank that I'm not a murderer or a suicide," he said.

"But you," looking wonderingly at the slight form of the little woman standing before him—"weren't you afraid?"

"No," she replied, quietly. "I knew God was able to protect me."

"And he did," was the reply, "but oh, what will become of a wretched man like me?"

"God will help you if you really repent. No one else can," replied the nurse, steadily.

He sank upon his knees, sobbing and praying as only a man can who sees the blackness of darkness yawning before him.

His repentance seemed sincere; his resolution never again to touch the stuff that had ruined his manhood and turned his home into a hell was made with all the strength of his nature; and though that strength was utter weakness, the Christian nurse could point him to one whose grace would be sufficient for him. The two older daughters were also won to try to live a better life. Through the death of the broken-hearted wife and mother, the broken remnant of a family may be built up into a Christian home.—The Deaconess Advocate.

LIQUOR ARITHMETIC.

A Lesson in Illustrate the Enormous Amount of Our Annual Drink Bill.

Out of the numberless illustrations of the awful drain that the liquor business is to us as a people, the following, from the Christian Observer, is well worthy of careful attention and thought:

"Boy at the head of the class, what are we paying for liquor as a nation?"

"Nine hundred million dollars annually."

"Step to the blackboard, my boy. First take a rule and measure this silver dollar. How thick is it?"

"Nearly an eighth of an inch."

"Well, sir, how many of them can you put in an inch?"

"Between eight and nine."

"Give the benefit of the doubt; call it nine. How many inches would it require to pile these $900,000,000 in?"

"One hundred million inches."

"How many feet would that be?"

"Eight million, three hundred and thirty-three thousand, three hundred and thirty-three feet."

"How many rods is that?"

"Five hundred and five thousand and fifty rods."

"How many miles is that?"

"Fifteen hundred and seventy-eight miles."

"Miles of what?"

"Fifteen hundred and seventy-eight miles of silver dollars, laid down, packed closely together, our national liquor bill would make. This is only one year's grog bill."

Reader, if you need facts about this temperance question, nail that to a post and read it occasionally. It would take ten men with scoop shovels to throw away money as fast as we are wasting it for grog.

AFRICAN LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Should Be Placed in the Same Category as the Trade in Slaves.

During the past year considerable attention has been paid by the London Times and other metropolitan English papers to the question of the liquor traffic with the native races. No doubt the interest taken on this subject by the English press is due to the urgent appeals and protests made by Khama, chief of Bechuanland, to the English people. The following extract from one of his protests against the English government flooding his country with rum shows the spirit of this chief:

"It were better for me that I should lose my country than that it should be flooded with drink. To fight against drink is to fight against demons, and not against men. I dread the white man's drink more than the assegais of the Matabele, which kills men's bodies; but drink puts devils into men and destroys both their souls and their bodies forever. Its wounds never heal. I pray, your honor, never to ask me to open even a little door to drink."

No wonder that even the London Times should editorially say:

"The time seems to have come in which the spirit trade with natives should be placed in the same category as the trade in slaves. In the English colony of Lagos alone 2,000,000 gallons of spirits go in every year for native consumption, and in the neighboring colony of Oil Rivers—known now as the Niger protectorate—2,000,000 gallons more go in every year."

BITS AND BREVITIES.

Franklin, Ind., has imposed a fine of $20 on cigarette selling to minors.

Opium smoking is prohibited by the Japanese government in Formosa.

Whisky does not smell as badly as the reputation of the man that sells it.—Attila, in Lever.

In 1895, France furnished 869,162,000 gallons of wine, according to the Moniteur Venicale, Paris.

Only two animals eat tobacco; a large green worm and—man. P. S.—The worm can't help it.—Christian Guide.

Of the workingmen who have won their way to the British house of commons, only one was not an abstainer.

The morbid use of narcotics is slow suicide. They dull pain, but leave the scalpel as sharp as ever.—Ram's Horn.

A temperance hospital and training school for nurses has been established in New York city by two German physicians, under the auspices of the Red Cross society. Several eminent New York physicians are on its staff.

In a trenchant article in the North American Review, Mary A. Livermore says: "It is the most serious and widespread evil of our time, the drunkenness of husbands, alike in high life and low life, and it portends the direst consequences to posterity."

The Baptist Union of Scotland, a few weeks ago in session at Dundee, held an interesting conference devoted to the vital topic: How best to promote the total abstinence movement (1) in the church; (2) in the state; (3) in the school.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—During the period of the confederation the power to coin money was vested not only in the continental congress, but in the several states, many of them taking advantage of this to issue copper coins.

—The Massachusetts legislature has appropriated $600,000 for good roads. The farmers of the state have watched the road building operations of the last two or three years and have concluded that there is money in going ahead with the work.

—Canada has just bestowed names on its territory bordering the Arctic ocean. It will hereafter appear on the map in four districts or provinces—Ungava, Franklin, Mackenzie and Yukon. The four combined contain 1,421,000 square miles, or nearly seven times the area of the province of Ontario.

—One of the largest life insurance corporations in New York is discharging a number of its clerks owing to unusual dullness in its business at the present time. The custom is to make changes and raise salaries in March. It is the first time in the history of this company that clerks have been discharged at this season of the year.

—The lash was recently applied to the back of a man in England who had committed highway robbery. He knocked down a young woman and stole her purse. Justice Day, of the Kent assizes, expressed his disapproval of long sentences for first offenders. He thereupon sentenced Ellis to a month's imprisonment and 30 lashes from the "cat."

—The Yankee Notion arrived in Belfast, Me., recently. It is a frail, nondescript-looking vessel, 20 feet long, six feet wide, with a house amidships, and is constructed of odds and ends of lumber. The occupants are Cobbler William Cottrell, of Swan's island, and his yellow dog. Capt. Cottrell proposes to navigate the Maine coast, earning his living at odd jobs of cobbling.

—The women of the early years of New Netherland and New York differed from the women settlers of Virginia and New England. They had other traits than those of domestic housewifery; they partook frequently of the shrewdness and business sagacity and capacity of their Dutch husbands. Widows seem to have felt no hesitation and experienced no difficulty in carrying on the business affairs of their dead partners; their ventures were as extended and as fearless as those of the men. They traded for peltries with the Indians with marked success. Perhaps part of their profit may have come through the Indian braves' serene confidence in their own superior sagacity in bargaining and trafficking with the "white squaws."

THE SUMMER WARDROBE.

It Should Include Light Wraps for Evening Wear.

In our variable climate the summer wardrobe must be supplied with garments both thick and thin to meet emergencies. One day it is so warm that you are melting and dissolving in perspiration; the next a shivering temperature suggests that the wind has blown across icebergs, and makes a fire on the hearth more than welcome. Unless one changes underclothing with the changing record of the thermometer, it is wise to have always at least a single warm wool gown or jacket, which is ready to one's hand at need. For ordinary all-day wear a well-made skirt of water proof serge or flannel, a cotton waist or a silk one, and a coat, to be worn or laid aside at will, constitute an appropriate costume for most young women. The temptation in midsummer is to provide too many very thin and too few warm and thick dresses. A wool gown of light weight should be part of every lady's summer outfit.

Shawls and wraps are usually disdained by girls who consider them fit only for their elders. But a soft white shawl to wrap over a thin evening toilet—on the veranda, or in the drawing-room when the windows are open, and the evening breeze sweeps in fragrant with flower scents or salt with the sea—is not a thing to be despised. Still, if a girl considers such an accessory to her toilet inappropriate, let her do without it. It is certainly elegant and suitable in the appointments of mothers and grandmothers, and the girl may not monopolize all the beautiful things for herself.

The summer wardrobe is incomplete without a light raincloak, easily rolled up and carried, and ready for the sudden shower; shoes of different weights—the substantial russet with broad, sensible soles, as well as the dainties tie and the fairy-like slipper—must be provided for the separate occasions when the feet must be well shod. It is still true that the well dressed woman is known by her shoes and her gloves, though less than formerly is attention to these matters a distinction, since most of us care intelligently for these details of costume.

The summer wardrobe requires more thought and planning than the winter one, because it must be kept fresh and dainty at all hazards. Ribbons must be renewed, rumpled skirts must be ironed, gowns must have an air of newness. The light materials in vogue for dressy functions will give the wearer a dowdy look unless they are constantly cared for, kept free from dust and preserved from crease and stain.—Harper's Bazar.

Jealousy Under the Sea.

"Well, you're home at last, are you," said the mermaid, angrily. "And where have you been, I'd like to know? Do you realize that it is nearly 24 hours since I last saw you? A pretty husband you are!"

"But, my dear—" the merman began.

"'But'—'but' don't say 'but' to me. No doubt, you've an excuse. You'd be a poor sort of a man if you couldn't think of one by this time. But I know where you were. You've been hanging around those bathing resorts again."—Chicago Tribune.

MINING OPERATIONS.

The Craze Has Abated in the Western Mines.

The partial subsidence of the mining craze is likely to leave mining matters in a very conservative shape for a year or so at least. Reaction, invariably follows a high tension, and so much money has been lost that investors are likely to be extremely careful for some time to come.

But, while all the excitement was going on, a few level-headed experts gathered in a large number of mines of more or less importance, and are preparing to work them on a paying basis.

It is surprising the facility with which mining is done nowadays. In the days of the forty-niners, when the pick, shovel, cradle, crowbar and wash-pan formed about the only equipment of the adventurous pioneer, gold-mining was slow and in many cases very unsatisfactory business. It took a man a long time to wash out $1,000 in this way, and when compared with modern methods the contrast is striking indeed. Now the machinery that is being put in some of the new mines will handle 5,000 cubic yards of dirt in a day.

There is one feature of mining that has been greatly neglected, but that is now being taken up with interest by mining engineers. For centuries the storms and winds have been sweeping the earth and debris from the hills into the channels of the watercourses.

It is estimated that there are millions of dollars lying loose in the sand and silt of western rivers and streams. Dredges are to be employed, and this loose earth is to be sifted and sorted. Experiments already made give great promise, and large fortunes are likely to be taken out of the wash from the hills. In addition to this, new mines are being located and enormously expensive machines are being put in. In Colorado a company purchased a gold mine last fall, and have taken up the adjacent territory and made contracts for the work. A shaft is immediately to be put down to the depth of 300 feet, and if the indications are favorable it will go down 200 feet more. The surface workings have yielded very well, and the mine is richer as they dig deeper into the earth.

The question is often asked whether it pays a young man to go west and invest in these mines. In answer to this it is perfectly safe to say that a man who will succeed in the east is likely to succeed in the west. If he has the energy and push, the clear-headedness and nerve to face difficulties of all sorts, he will probably do well at mining. If he has means to start in good shape, so much the better; if he is absolutely without means, he may almost always find remunerative employment, and by keeping his eyes open can pick up some of the many good chances that are always to be had in such regions.

Mining as a business offers inducements in the way of excitement and adventure far beyond those possible in ordinary commercial matters. The life is healthy, and with but few exposures men continue strong and hardy. The exposure seems to do no injury to their physical natures, whatever effect the life may have on their moral and intellectual development. Certain it is that there is every reason to suppose that the mining craze will slowly and steadily increase until we may confidently expect a grand exodus to many of the great and practically unknown mining regions of the northwest.—N. Y. Ledger.

Swiss Funeral.

The funeral customs among some of the Swiss are most peculiar. At the death of a person the family inserts a formal, black-edged announcement in the papers, asking for sympathy and stating that "the mourning urn" will be exhibited certain hours on a special day. In front of the house where the person died there is placed a little black table, covered with a black cloth, on which stands a large black jar. Into this the friends and acquaintances of the family drop little black margined visiting cards, sometimes with a few words of sympathy on them. The urn is put out on the table on the day of the funeral. No one except gentlemen ever go to the churchyard, and they generally follow the hearse on foot, though sometimes carriages are used. The horses that draw the hearse have long black cloaks on, with places cut out for them to see through. Any man who meets a funeral procession invariably lifts his hat until it has passed. The graveyards are very different from the American cemeteries. Instead of placing the dead in private lots, as here, they are buried according to the year in which they died. Thus, in going to the graves of departed friends, the visitor must remember the year of the deaths and search along the rows until the desired mound is found.—Chicago News.

Vanity of Savages.

Among the Arecunas, another tribe, both men and women encourage personal vanity to an extraordinary degree, and pass the greater part of the day decorating their naked bodies with all the colors they can obtain. These they prepare from different fruits, that of the cusarupen producing a bright scarlet, and the bark of the cunre a deep black. Around the wrists, forearms and ankles the women wear bracelets made from the teeth of wild animals, and they paint the legs, breasts, and, last but not least, the faces. The designs are often artistic, and enable them to conceal their ages more successfully than all the modern lotions, powders and "blooms of youth."—W. Nephew King, in Century.

The First Creation.

The very first living thing to appear upon the surface of our globe, in other words, the earliest distinctly organized animal whose fossiled remains are found in the rocks which go to make up the earth's crust was a three-lobed worm called a trilobite. According to the geologists it was the first created being that had a distinct animal organization.—Detroit Free Press.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—No parental care ever falls to the lot of a single member of the insect tribe. In general, the eggs of an insect are destined to be hatched long after the parents are dead.

—A government inquiry is to take place into the system under which flax growing is practiced in Ulster, Ireland. It is believed some of the systems worked on the continent might be introduced with advantage.

—Reports covering the first four months of the year show that the production of gold in British India is fast increasing. More of the yellow metal will be mined in 1896 than was ever before taken from the earth in one year.

—Scientists say that the banana is a perfect food and will support life for an indefinite time. The people of the United States appear to have found out its merits. An enormous increase is reported in the importations, reaching last year an aggregate of 17,427,846 bunches.

—People who are susceptible to the cold should make a point of wearing loose clothing in cold weather. Loose garments are always warmer than tight-fitting ones, not only because they allow room for circulation, but also because they permit a layer of air between the skin and the outside cold.

—The report of the Illinois railroad commission for 1895 shows that of the 65,485,413 passengers carried over the 10,500 miles of line in that state during the year, only 12 lost their lives by accident. In other words, only one out of every 5,290,451 passengers was killed. The report also shows that only one out of every 409,583 passengers carried was injured.

—A dry process for extracting gold has been devised, the ore being subjected to the action of a spray of mercury. A wide iron pipe is bent into a spiral, and holds at the bottom of each bend a quantity of mercury, which does not completely close the passage. The ore, ground fine, enters this through a hopper and is blown through by a current of air, which forces the mercury into a spray, so that it comes into contact with the particles of gold in the powdered ore which is being blown through. The gold amalgamates with the mercury. The dust is carried on to the next bend, where it goes through the same process, and this is repeated as often as is necessary. In the trials with coarse gold dust most of the gold was recovered at the first bend.

CONTROL OF THE ORINOCO.

Punta Barima Important, But Not a Vital Point.

To comprehend fully what the control of a vast waterway threading the richest part of Guiana would mean to America and American interests, one must study carefully the map of South America. Geographers divide the southern continent into three great basins, those of the Amazon, the Orinoco and the Plata. To dominate the mouth of any one of these great arteries of commerce would be to become the master of one-third of South America. The Orinoco is navigable for vessels of the deepest draft to Ciudad Bolivar, Venezuela's eastern metropolis. Within this distance of 400 miles 20 other navigable rivers swell the mighty current of the Orinoco, while still further into the interior the eastern bank receives the waters of 91 large rivers and the west those of 30. Two of the former are navigable to the affluents of the Amazon, and many of the latter to the remote interior of the neighboring republics of Venezuela and Colombia.

If she were to gain control of the Orinoco, England would possess the key to the entire eastern part of South America. This view has been advanced by ex-President Guzman Blanco in a recent publication. He attaches to the possession of Punta Barima the ability to dominate the Orinoco and the entire water system which empties into it. Punta Barima is on the southeastern bank of the Orinoco, at its juncture with the sea, and is described as a high bluff which, when properly fortified, would control this entrance, the most navigable of all the mouths of the Orinoco. It would not be under water during the period of inundation, and with a dockyard and three or four gunboats, its master might lock up the Orinoco and all that vast tributary country. On the other hand, the counterview is advanced, and should be stated, that the position of Punta Barima would enable the English to dominate only one pass by means of guns placed on fortifications on shore, since at least two of the other mouths of the Orinoco can be entered by vessels from the sea.

The best line of communication today between Trinidad and Ciudad Bolivar is by a side-wheel steamer, built in the United States, which passes through a mouth of the Orinoco far to the west of Punta Barima, on the bar of which there is at least eight feet of water. It therefore may be argued that fortifications at Punta Barima could not close the Orinoco, the control of which would depend upon vessels of war. England's strength as a sea power, with Trinidad as a base, gives her all necessary control of the river to-day. If British Guiana should develop into a great nation, claiming and owning one bank of the Orinoco, Punta Barima would become a point of great importance; but this is a contingency hardly to be dreaded by Venezuela, since, with her superb natural advantages, she must inevitably keep the lead. — W. Nephew King, in Century.

Typhoid Germs in Oysters.

The oft-debated question of the production of typhoid fever by oyster eating has been brought up at the French academie de medicine. Thirty-five million oysters a year is the average consumption in Paris, and a professor proposes that they should be sent to the uninhabited coasts of Brittany and Belle Isle and left in the sea to get clean before being eaten.—Chicago Chronicle

OHIO AND MASSACHUSETTS.

The States That Have Brought Forth Some Great Men.

Ohio as the mother of great men becomes possibly more conspicuous in war than in peace. The number and character of the men who were leaders on the field between 1861 and 1865, whose birthplace was in Ohio or whose early training was there received, are preeminent. Among them were such commanders as McDowell, McPherson, Buell, Cox, Rosecrans, and also Sheridan, Sherman and Grant. McClellan went to the war from Ohio, and was first appointed to the command of Ohio troops. It is only not to be forgotten that Hayes and Garfield won the title of "general" long before that of president. But these names are to me hardly so significant as the fact that one-eighth of all the federal army of the great war came from Ohio.

The similarity between Ohio and Maine in having its great men political leaders is striking. The delegation of Maine in congress, like the delegation of Ohio, has always been one of preeminent ability. George Evans and William Pitt Fessenden, Lot M. Morrill, Hannibal Hamlin and James G. Blaine—not to mention men who are now in congress—illustrate the character of the timber which the Pine Tree state has sent to Washington. An Ohio governor was the rival of the great Maine man as a candidate for the republican nomination for the presidency in 1876, and four years later a like condition prevailed. The Ohio men won both in the conventions and at the polls.

But the contrast between the vocations and avocations of the great men of Ohio and the great men of Massachusetts is most striking. One who visited Boston 20 or 40 years ago wanted to see literary men—Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell and Holmes. Sumner did not attract the public notice that Longfellow called out, nor Wilson that of Whittier, nor Winthrop that of Holmes. There are two exceptions. One, Daniel Webster. No man probably ever filled the public eye in any state as did Webster in Massachusetts. I have heard Col. Higginson say that when Webster walked down State street, State street seemed to stop its business, look out of the windows of counting rooms, cease its walk and turn round in order to look at the great man. Men and boys said, in bated breath: "There goes Webster!" The other exception is Wendell Phillips, great orator, who thought he was a statesman, but who helped to make the events which called into service the greatest of statesmen. —President Charles F. Thwing, in Harper's Magazine.

SHARP ANIMALS.

Some Creatures Which Feign Death to Save Themselves.

There are many of the lower animals that feign death when it serves their purpose to do so. Creatures as low in the scale as microscopic animalcules will, when surprised by an enemy, pretend that they are dead.

There is a fresh-water worm which when approached by a giant water beetle makes use of this stratagem: It will be swimming along when suddenly it will hang limp and threadlike, the sport of the currents and waves. The reason for this peculiar action is the approach of one of the beetles. After the beetle disappears the worm comes to life.

Grubs and caterpillars feign death. A naturalist watched a caterpillar one day which accidentally fell into a little sandy pit. Every time it attempted to climb up the side of the pit it fell back, dragging with it a quantity of sand. It tried all sides and finally when almost up dislodged a corn cob, which fell into the pit, dragging the caterpillar. The caterpillar thought the cob was an enemy and curled up in a tight ball, lay "dead" some minutes and finally cautiously came to life and successfully crawled away.

The black viper and tree moccasin snakes have the habit of feigning death. A wonderful piece of acting was witnessed by a man who was teasing a black viper. The snake suddenly rose, bent over, bit itself in the back, shuddered and stretched out for dead. The man sat down and watched it. In about 15 minutes it woke up and scurried away. This snake is called the suicide snake by farmers, who insist that it poisons itself.

Ants play "dead" and the opossum's tricks in this direction are very well known.—Chicago News.

A Dog's Passport in China.

From Foochow Owney sailed to Hong Kong, where he was unfortunately delayed and prevented from making a speed record around the world. He visited the consulate, made a round of visits to the rich tea and silk merchants, and received many curious pieces of Chinese money, which were strung to his collar. From the emperor of China Owney received a passport bearing the royal crest and dragon, permitting him to travel in the country. But Owney did not go beyond the city, and so much red tape was employed on his departure by the peninsular and oriental steamer that Capt. Panton, of the Victoria, finally decided to take the dog-traveler back to Kobi, Japan, from which port he finally sailed to New York as the guest of Capt. Grant, of the steamer Port Phillip.—Charles Frederick Holder, in St. Nicholas.

Strength of Piano Wire.

A piece of pianoforte wire recently tested at the Watertown arsenal showed the extraordinary strength of 206 tons per square inch in diameter; large sizes gave a tensile strength of 135 tons and upward per square inch. The metal contained 0.85 per cent. of combined carbon.—N. Y. Sun.

Cardinal Wolsey's Ring.

Wolsey's seal ring is preserved in the Tower of London. It is set with a peculiar stone, the nature of which is unknown, but which was believed by his enemies to possess magical properties.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, July 27, 1896.

Republicans generally regard the proposition of the gold Democrats, that the Republicans drop the tariff as an issue, as a bait to secure the votes of the gold Democrats for McKinley and Hobart, as about the most astounding exhibition of political gall ever witnessed in this country. The corner stone of the Republican party is its belief in a protective tariff, and as soon as it has the power it will put that belief into practice again, with every confidence that it will restore the prosperity of the country to what it was under wise Republican government in the past. It is perfectly true, as claimed by the gold Democratic tariff-tinkering and the general incapacity of these same gold Democrats, in the persons of Mr. Cleveland and his administration, which made it an issue. Believing this, and that a protective tariff will bring back prosperous times and remove the causes which have made the question of a sound currency come to the front, the Republicans could not for a moment even consider such a proposition as the abandonment of the advocacy of a protective tariff. If gold Democrats wish to support McKinley and Hobart, on one of the best platforms ever adopted by a national convention, well and good; but if they do not, also well and good. The Republicans can win without their votes, and have no inducements of any kind to offer them. The only advantage to be had from their votes will be to add to the Republican majority and consequently to the force of the rebuke which the country will give to the men who dared to make a presidential campaign on such a platform as that adopted at Chicago and practically readopted by the Populist convention.

According to Mr. James McDowell, a member of the Republican state central committee, of South Dakota, and Representative Pickler, of the same state, both of whom are now in Washington, the bolting of Senator Pettigrew is not indorsed by a sufficient number of Republicans to put the state in the doubtful column. The Congressional committee has received quite a number of letters from Democrats announcing their intention to vote for McKinley and Hobart. The following from a Virginia farmer is a fair sample: I have always been a moss-back Democrat, but I can't stand free silver, Populism and anarchy all at one dose, and I believe that McKinley is our only hope for good times again. I was fool enough to advocate free trade but have come to the conclusion that if the farmer is to get good prices there must be months to fill; and without money to buy with, the months must go empty, while plenty of work alone will give the money.

Senator Proctor, of Vermont, paid a flying visit to Washington in connection with national committee business. As it would have been an obvious waste of words to have asked him how things political were in his own state, which has never since the Republican party organized voted any other way, he was asked what he though of the general outlook. He replied in an aggravated Yankee drawl which he uses upon occasion: "Well I don't believe that the American people are entirely crazy yet, so I feel pretty safe as to results."

There is a rumor in Washinton that somebody has got in ahead of the Bryan managers and engaged Madison Square Garden in New York city, in order to prevent the holding of the Bryan notification meeting there next month. The rumor may or may not be true, but it can be set down as certain, if it be true, that no Republican money is being put up for any such foolish purpose. The Republicans would not care if Mr. Bryan made a speech in New York city every night between now and election day, because they know that nothing he can say there or elsewhere will prevent the election of McKinley and Hobart.

It will be a long time before the country has such another exhibition of political freaks as the Populist convention was. The disgust aroused by reading the proceedings of that convention will, of itself, make thousands of Republican votes among intelligent men who have heretofore been Democrats. The action of that convention in nominating Bryan and Watson instead of Bryan and Sewall. Tom Watson is merely a dummy, who was put up to scare the Bryan managers into acceding to the demands of the Populist leaders; the scheme worked, too, and written promises were carried away from St. Louis in the inside pockets of some of the Populists.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

For Sale,

At Deer Park, Maryland, the beautiful summer residence of Hon. Henry G. Davis adjoining the B. & O. R. R. Co.'s hotel and cottages. Large and commodious house, 14 acres of land, beautifully laid off walks and plenty of shade trees. This is one of the most desirable summer residences at Deer Park.

Also 71 acres of improved land adjoining the above, including several good building lots in the village of Deer Park.

Also 333 acres south of the B. & O. R. R. adjoining Deer Park including Observatory Hill, a very desirable location for a hotel or summer residence.

For plats and further information apply to John T. Mitchell, Oakland, Md. 21—4

Crops.

All growing crops look well, but need sunshine. Heavy rains have fallen and the saturated condition of the soil prevents the prosecution of haying and other farm work. Oats will be ready for harvest in northern Garrett county about August 10. They average heavy, and the rains have caused them to lodge in many places. Further south and east they are ripening, and in Allegany and Washington counties the harvest is under way or over. Much of the wheat is still in shock and will be damaged by the prevailing wet weather. Pastures are excellent, and a good crop of buckwheat is in prospect. So far corn promises to be an extra fine crop.

The Compliment

of imitation has so frequently been paid by its contemporaries to the

Philadelphia Record

in recent years that those of its readers who are not thoroughly

Wide Awake

would almost be excusable if they should occasionally lose sight of the fact that a born

Leader of Newspapers,

like any other originator or pioneer, is never contented except in

The Foremost Position.

When "The Philadelphia Record" undertook nineteen years ago to demonstrate that the best of morning newspapers could be made and sold for one cent, publishers were generally skeptical. But the world of readers was not asleep. Consequently "The Record" was not long in reaching a commanding position, and, improving upon this, its circulation and influence were finally recognized among the foremost of America's great journals. Hence the compliment of imitation which is now paid to it in every city of note from the Atlantic coast to the Mississippi Valley. Every city worth mentioning now has one or more good one-cent morning dailies, though so recently as nineteen years ago Philadelphia and "The Record" stood alone in this respect.

News Concisely Published

without the omission of any essential feature is still the BEST NEWS, notwithstanding the once more prevalent tendency to stretch it out.

The Busy Man's Paper

therefore, still originates, still leads, and publishes MORE NEWS to the column than its neighbors of larger dimensions.

The Daily and Sunday

Record

With their several labor-saving and always instructive features in addition to the day's news from all the world, are now almost unrivaled in circulation as in good qualities. With an average circulation of over 165,000 copies, and an average of 120,000 on Sundays, The Record is still, regardless of all imitation, easily a leader of leading newspapers. A paper so good, with 10 to 12 pages for a cent, is still very properly a favorite. Though low in price, it is never cheap, but spares no expense that will give its readers the very best and freshest information of all that's going on around them.

THE DAILY EDITION

Of "The Philadelphia Record" is sent by mail for $3 per year, or 25 cents per month. The price of the daily and Sunday issues together,

EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR

Holidays and all, is $4 per year, or 35 cents per month. Address the Record Publishing Company, Record Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, either in person or by deputy, will be in each of the election districts in said county, to collect and receive taxes at the time and places following:

July 13, McHenry,
" 14, Hoyes,
" 15, Friendsville,
" 16, Selbysport,
" 17, Accident,
" 18, Cove,
" 20, Grantsville,
" 21, Johnson's,
" 22, T. H. Layman's,
" 23, Avilion,
" 24, Gregg's,
" 25, New Germany,
" 27, Bittinger,
" 28, Bittinger,
" 27, Bloomington,
" 28, Floyd,
" 29, Swanton,
" 29, Wilson,
" 30, Deer Park,
" 30, Altamont,
" 31, Gorman,
" 31, Kearney.

Office in Oakland will be closed from July 13th to 31st inclusive.

N. B.—By an act of the General Assembly of Maryland passed at January session, 1880, being Chap. 536, it is provided that, "All county taxes shall be due and payable on the first day of September succeeding the date of levy, and on all county taxes paid on or before said day a discount of 3 per cent. shall be allowed; and after the first day of January all taxes shall bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until paid. The treasurer shall take the discount and charge interest on the tax bills for county purposes regularly in the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same on his books and upon the receipt given for taxes so paid; but this discount shall not be allowed unless the whole amount of state and county taxes due for the current year be paid when the same is made."

THOS. B. WILEY, Treasurer.

What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

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DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

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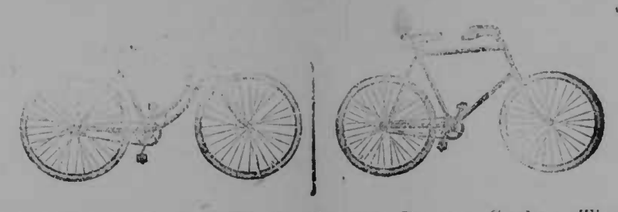

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31

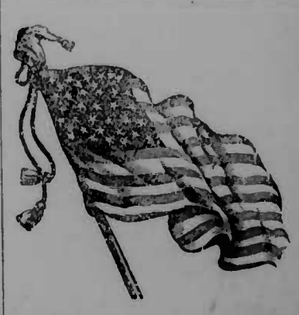

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I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Alderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

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All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Glessman Hotel.

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Do you want a fine large loaf of bread — the finest in the world?

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makes the best and most bread. Don't fail to buy Merryland. Don't buy any other, but insist on having the very best. None surpass and few equal Merryland patent flour. For sale by

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The farm belonging to Elizabeth Maley, situated two miles north of Deer Park, adjoining the lands of Jack Cooper, Fundenberg Miller and Rawlston. Contains 115¾ acres about 60 acres cleared, and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the remises. 52-4m.*

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DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

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at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

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Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

ESTABLISHED MARCH 3, 1877. BENJ. H. SINCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1896. NUMBER 22.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Malette has $1,000 worth of jewelry to sell you at your own price.

Bishop Vincent will preach at the Park on Sunday morning next.

Senator Ravenscroft, of Accident, was an Oakland visitor yesterday afternoon.

The new school board will meet on Friday, August 21st, to transact business.

Miss Mayme Gesner, of Annapolis, is here visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sincell.

Malette will sell you groceries, fruits, vegetables, etc., at the lowest living prices.

Malette will positively sell you jewelry at cost, as he is closing out his entire stock of jewelry.

Mr. George R. Lininger, of Listonburg, Pa., was in Oakland a few hours on Monday morning.

Miss Ora Morian, of Fair Play, Washington county, is in Oakland visiting Miss Cinda Hinebaugh.

Mr. Benj. Davis, of near Blaine, was in Oakland on business before the County Commissioners yesterday.

Misses Callie Curtis and Laura Young, of West Liberty, W. Va., are visiting Miss Ella Ison in Oakland.

Rev. Henry P. Hamill, of Staunton, Va., was here a few days last and this week visiting relatives and friends.

We learn with regret that Will, the oldest son of Mr. John E. Gnagey, of Accident, is lying very ill with typhoid fever.

Wanted to hire, a good driving horse by the month or for the season for private use. Apply to Col. A. A. Hosmer, Deer Park, Md. 30-3*

We have received from a correspondent at Fort Hill a communication for this paper but as the author failed to sign his name we of course cannot publish it.

Call at Malette's and get a clock, ring, chain, pin, etc., at just one-third what you pay elsewhere in a regular way. This is no fake; call and see for yourself. 21—5

Rev. Dr. J. G. Butler, of Washington, D. C., will preach in St. Mark's church, Oakland, next Sunday morning at 10.30 o'clock to which service the public will find a hearty welcome.

A competitive examination for one scholarship in St. Johns College and five scholarships in the Maryland State Normal school will be held in Oakland on Thursday, the 20th inst.

J. H. Hazelton, late of the Oakland Hotel and late manager of the Washington Comedy company, has leased the "Hotel Trion" at Bayard, and changed the name to the "Bayard Inn."

M. Cohen, the tailor, has received his new fall line of samples, and it embraces all the American and European novelties. Besides it is the most complete line of cloth this side of New York. 21—tf

Rev. Shaw, pastor of the M. E. church, Grafton, filled the pulpit in the church here on Sunday morning and evening, and Rev. Arbuthnot preached in his stead in the church at Grafton.

Work on the reconstruction of the bridge over Factory run on Second street is being pushed to completion. The new structure will be two feet higher than the old bridge, which will necessitate the filling of the street to that level.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

A beautiful summer home, with a delightful dwelling, large and commodious, surrounded by ten acres of fine land and improved by all necessary buildings, within a mile of Oakland, is for sale. For particulars address this office.

Services in St. Matthew's P. E. church Sabbath morning at 7.30 and 11. Sermon by Rev. P. P. Phillips, of St. Paul's church, Alexandria, Va. At 8 p. m., evening prayer and lecture. All are cordially invited.

Last night a silver medal contest was held in Offutt's Hall in which Miss Orlie Dunham carried off the prize. The program consisted of recitations, vocal and instrumental music and addresses. A large and appreciative audience was present.

A game of ball between the nines from Keyser and Rowlesburg is scheduled to be played at Jack Oak park in Oakland on next Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. These teams are among the best in West Virginia and all who attend will see a good game.

C. A. Snow & Co., of Washington, D. C., patent lawyers, whose ad. is in another column, procure patents for inventions in the United States, Canada and Europe. They will send printed advice about procuring patents free to any address.

Mr. C. D. Youker, a well know druggist of Bowling Green, Ohio, in speaking of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, says: "I take pleasure in recommending it to my customers, for I am certain that it will always please them. I sell more of it than all other kinds put together." For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

A terrific wind storm visited this section of Garrett county last Thursday night doing considerable damage to growing crops and orchards. Mr. E. E. Sollars, who has a fine orchard on his farm near Oakland, was the heaviest loser by the storm. It uprooted about twenty of his largest and best apple trees besides destroying a large number of chestnut and other timber.

Mr. William Walker, of Baltimore, representing the Maryland division of the L. A. W., came up to Oakland Monday afternoon. Tuesday morning he started for his native city on his wheel and expects to make the trip in four or five days. During his trip he will make notes of the condition of the roads and the distance from point to point which will be published in the road book of the L. A. W. in a few months.

As a sequel to the ball held at the Oakland Hotel last Tuesday night twenty-three of the guests at that house packed up their belongings and moved to the Loch Lynn hotel yesterday morning. The ball was given by a number of the ladies and gentlemen summering in Oakland. They did not invite the Hebrews to participate in the pleasures of the evening and this caused them to vacate their rooms.

Since 1878 there have been nine epidemics of dysentary in different parts of the country in which Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was used with perfect success. Dysentery, when epidemic, is almost as severe and dangerous as Asiatic cholera. Heretofore the best efforts of the most skilled physicians have failed to check its ravages. This remedy, however has cured the most malignant cases, both of children and adults, and under the most trying conditions, which proves it to be the best medicine in the world for bowel complaints. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin at Deer Park.

My little boy, when two years of age, was taken very ill with bloody flux. I was advised to use Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and luckily procured part of a bottle. I carefully read the directions and gave it accordingly. He was very low but sowly and surely he began to improve and is now as stout and strong as ever. I feel sure it saved his life. I can never praise the Remedy half its worth. I am sorry every one in the world does not know how good it is, as I do.—Mrs. Lina S. Hinton, Grahamsville, Marion Co., Florida. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin at Deer Park.

Notice.

There will be a social picnic at the Shook Shop school house on the 29th day of August. Refreshments of all kinds on grounds. All come and bring your baskets and have a good time once more.

COMMITTEE.

For Sale or Rent.

A very desirable property in Oakland, being the late residence of Henry J. Mayers. Also for sale the Oakland Woolen Mills property. Said property may be obtained cheap and on easy terms. Apply to J. C. Renninger, attorney, Oakland.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The New School Board.

Tuesday the old Democratic board of School Commissioners went out of office in this county and the new Republican board composed of Dr. J. W. Laughlin, of Deer Park; Dr. Bruce Leichty, of Grantsville, and Mr. G. W. Legge, of Oakland, went in.

The first business of the board was the election of Dr. Laughlin as its president. Thirteen applications for the position of examiner, secretary and treasurer of the board had been filed with the commissioners. The selection was not made until yesterday morning, but the general opinion of the people in Oakland Tuesday evening was that either Mr. A. W. DeWitt, of Frosburg, or Mr. U. G. Palmer, of Hutton, would be chosen. The friends of Mr. Palmer were jubilant when his election was announced about ten o'clock yesterday. He is a thorough school man, of good business and executive qualifications and will make one of the best examiners in the state.

In addition to the two gentlemen above referred to Mr. A. W. Maffett, of Hoyes, was a leading candidate and made a clean fight for the office. He took his defeat as a man and true Republican should. He returned to his home yesterday carrying with him the best wishes of the people of Oakland.

Instantaneous Photographs.

Views and pictures of children and animals.

Developing and printing for amateurs—and sale of amateur photograph apparatus.

S. J. SMITH.

Lock Box 47 or care of Pritchard's gallery, Oakland, Md. 22-6t.

Basket Meeting Posponed.

The all day evangelistic meeting was to have held been last Sunday at Cranberry glade, and was rained out, is posponed to the third Sunday, the 16th, and will be at Sand Flat instead of Cranberry glade.

Rattlesnakes for Scientific Purposes.

Dr. J. Lee McComas wishes for scientific experiments eight large rattlesnakes, four black and four yellow ones not less than three feet long and with not less than six rattles and a button for which he will pay 25 each. He also offers ten cents each for all sizes with a button or one rattle and a button until he has collected twenty of the snakes. They must be uninjured and in a safe box, with few nails in the top, subject to his inspection to refuse on accept. Deliver to Sturgiss or Oakland Pharmacy.

Married.

FEATHER—GARLITZ.—Mr. Bert C. Feather, of Cranesville, Preston county, West Va., and Miss Lillian B. Garlitz, of Swanton, this county, were married on July 16th. Immediately after the marriage took place they went to the eastern cities to spend their honeymoon. Mr. Feather is well known in his native county as well as in this, as he was formerly engaged in the mercantile line at Albright, Preston county, under the firm name of Crane & Feather. Miss Garlitz has been a successful teacher in the Garrett county schools for a number of years.

Death of an Infant.

Yesterday afternoon at two o'clock, Leonard Grant, the four weeks' old infant son of Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Smith died in Oakland. The child had been ill from its birth and all that loving hands and kind ministrations could do was done to prolong the life and ease the suffering of the little one. Its remains were laid to rest in the cemetery in Oakland this morning at ten o'clock.

Crops.

Haymaking is not much more than half completed in Garrett county, owning to the almost daily rains that have prevailed, and for the same reason some fields of wheat are still in shock and gradually being ruined. Further east, in Allegany county, the rains have been less frequent, but more so than desirable for haying; while in Washington county there actually comes a report of too little precipitation. The army worm seems to have disappeared, and no further damage from this source is apprehended. All reports of corn are favorable, and potatoes are quite promising. The oats harvest is approaching completion, and farmers are engaged with their fall plowing where the weather will permit. Wheat thrashing has not begun. Fruit is hardly fair in quality, and the crop has dwindled to a small one.

"Cy" Summers and his Snakes.

One day last week a special correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, writing from Oakland, attempted to portray the home life and surroundings of "Cy" Summers, the famous bear hunter of the Alleghanies. Persons unacquainted with this section of the country reading the story above referred to would be led to think that civilization had run against a snag when it struck the foothills of the Alleghany mountains.

The story concerning "Cy" has brought forth another from a correspondent of the *Sun* residing in Bluefield, W. Va., and which we reprint below:

"Usually we are ready to drop the discussion of snakes after reading the first story, there being something chilly in the subject, and yet I have perused with great interest your correspondent's description of his visit to the home of 'Cy' and Ellen Jane Sommers, possibly, for the following reasons.

"Twenty-five years ago I spent the spring and summer months in the neighborhood described by your correspondent. My father had large flocks of sheep, which he grazed in Teen's Glade, near Swallow Falls, and upon the dry glades traversed by the headwaters of Herrington creek and a tributary called Murley. These were fine grazing lands and extended almost to Hutton's Switch. I rode an old black Canadian horse, which could detect the presence of a rattler almost, if not quite, as accurately as could old Dave Sommers, or 'Cy' or 'Nellie.'

"In this range I boarded for a time with a Mr. Nelson Baker. Mrs. Baker was, I remember, an excellent cook, while the old gentleman could tell interesting stories of the pioneers of Allegany county, Meshac Browning, the Casteels, Lewis' and others, not once forgetting Davy Sommers, his son, 'the doctor,' now called 'Cy,' and 'Nellie' then, now known as Ellen Jane. Young Jack Baker, several years my senior, and I constituted the limited audience of Baker, senior, and many pleasant hours were spent in swallowing as boys alone can absorb the marvelous narratives told by their elders in the twilight of a spring day, the air made fragrant by the aroma of home-made tobacco fired in a Laurel root-pipe.

"Baker, Sr., found some pleasure in teasing me—a well grown lad of fourteen—about some country lassies in the neighborhood, and greatly to the amusement of Jack and myself, suggested that I form a matrimonial alliance with the Sommers family by laying my heart at the feet, bare feet at that season, of Miss Nellie. He argued that as I well knew the State then paid a premium of $1 each on the scalps of hawks and foxes and that there was a prospect of a law being pased by the next Legislature giving a like bonuty on the skins of rattlesnakes. By his ludicrous eloquence he showed conclusively how I might acquire wealth, be raised above the necessity of having to herd sheep for my father, while an active wife could earn $50 a day killing snakes provided the snake law went into effect.

"Returning to dinner after the usual hour one day I was placed at the table opposite a well-built flaxen-haired girl who appeared to be fifteen years of age. Mr. Baker Sr., introduced me to "Miss Nellie Summers', and immediately followed up the introduction thus: "The Doctor has not been snake hunting this spring, has he Nellie? Without lifting her eyes from her plate (Nellie was intent on what was before her) she replied with a shake of her head, 'no; the Doctor, he haint bin a snake hunting, These were the only words we ever heard uttered by Ellen Jane, the champion.

"Old Dave Sommers, the father, was a familar figure on the streets of Oakland on election days soon after the late unpleasantness. A famous Democrat from the tenth legion of Virginia, surrounding, as he often did on such occasions, a liberal share of mountain dew, he would proceed with great earnestness and many tears to assure the public from the rostrum, that "whenever they heard of the death of old Dave Sommers they might know that another good old Democrat had gone to his long home."

Call for Your Letters.

Charles Maust, Mrs. Robert E. Anderson, Mrs. Wm. T. G. Neal, Mrs. Gage, Miss Mary Willie Dillard, Miss Rosa M. Hardesty.

Attempted Jail Delivery.

Last Friday night about eight o'clock an attempt of the prisoners confined in the jail to break out was discovered just in the nick of time.

Mr. W. M. Coddington, one of the deputies, was passing through the jail yard and noticing a ray of light under one of the windows he suspicioned something not exactly right and made an investigation, when he found that the oak lining had been torn out and the brick except the last course had been removed. The sheriff was out of town but Mr. Jacob Meyers was called from the court house and in a few minutes after Mr. Coddington has discovered the attempt to escape all the prisoners were locked safely in their cells.

Saylor, who will probable get a term in the penitentiary for his evil doings, was the leader in the affair. He is closely watched now and kept in a cell while the sheriff is absent from the jail.

Base Ball.

Last Saturday afternoon the third of a series of games between the Jack Oaks and Mountain Lake nine was played on the grounds of the former in Oakland.

The home team took the field in the first inning, with Prof. Smith pitching and "Jocky" Wolf catching. The work of the battery was phenomenal throughout the game, but the decisions of the umpire, Gregg, from Mountain Lake Park, were always favorable to the visitors when any doubt existed. He called balls on Smith when they were strikes and his decisions on the base running were also partial to the visitors. In the seventh inning Rathbun was clearly out at second and again at third, running as he did outside the line to avoid being touched by the baseman. Then a wild throw to first by Dent with Rathbun on third, Armstrong on second and Gregg batting, brought in three runs which disheartened our boys to such exteut that they really gave the game away.

The Jack Oaks have had but one umpire in all the games they have played this season of their own choice. The visitors have invariably brought a man along to give them the game. With this experiance we feel safe in saying that the next game will be umpired by an unprejudiced gentleman and one who knows the rules of the game.

The score by innings was as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Oakland	0	0	1	1	1	0	3	0	1	—7
Mt. Lake Park	3	0	1	0	1	1	0	5	2	—13

B. & O. Flood Losses.

General Manager Green estimates the losses by floods in West Virginia and Pennsylvania to the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at $40,000.

Washouts of roadbeds, displacement of culverts, washing away of trestle-works and damages to bridges make up the loss. A large force of men under Chief Engineer Manning has been at work day and night repairing the damage.

Much annoyance was caused at bridge 23, of the Parkersburg branch 50 miles west of Grafton. A new steel bridge is on the ground there and "false work" has been erected preparatory to putting it in place. The first flood swept this work away and succeeding floods displaced it twice again after it had been reconstructed. Blockades of trains were caused each time. The work was again put in place Friday, and the line was opened for traffic.

At Littleton, on the fourth division, 58 miles west of Grafton, a bridge was lifted off its abutments and swung around on the bank. Trestle-work was promptly put in its place, and trains are now running there as usual.

Can't Stand the Ingrate.

An exchange says: "Every good newspaper has enemies. Some are worse than others. The man who owes a newspaper an honest debt and does not pay it can be counted as an enemy. The man who wants an office and complains because the newspapers will not champion him in preeminence to all others, is pretty apt to be cast as an enemy. The man who wants to dictate to a paper and is not allowed to do so, is a sure enemy. The sneak and coward fear newspapers, and consequently do not like them. But of all men that a newspaper should dislike, it is the man whom it has befriended and assisted, and who proves the ingrate and turns his back on the newspaper after securing all from it possible. We can respect in a certain degree an open and avowed enemy, but an ingrate, never."

Summer Headaches

—AND—

NEURALGIA are both trying and severe; at the same time difficult to relieve. To cool the blood, reduce the temperature, quiet the nerves and cure the Headache or Neuralgia

TAKE

ANTI-FAG.

(REGISTERED TRADE-MARK.)

A most valuable and indispensable remedy for the cure of Headache, Neuralgia, etc.

This delightful effervescent salt is a certain remedy for the relief of nervous headaches, resulting from overtaxed mental energy or excitement, acute attacks of indigestion, the depression following alcoholic excesses; and with ladies the headache and backache of neurasthenia, hysteria, dysmenorrhoea, and kindred disorders. It is especially recommended to Physicians, Teachers, Clergymen, Lawyers, Merchants and all following professions or pursuits requiring nerve energy, or subject to mental strain, as a prompt source of relief in all cases of headache and distress attending mental fatigue and physical exhaustion.

Bottles, 10 and 25 cts.

Ask your druggist or dealer for ANTI-FAG. If it is not in stock send the price in stamps to the manufacturers and receive a bottle by mail.

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How To Figure out The Ratio.

WASHINGTON, D. C. July 28.—Director Preston of the United States mint has prepared a comprehensive statement regarding the coinage ratio between gold and silver, this action having been necessitated by frequent inquiries on the subject from all parts of this country.

"All standard silver dollars coined by the mint of the United States since the passage of the act of January 18, 1837," says Director Preston, "have been coined in the ratio of 1 to 15.9884 generally called the ratio of 1 to 16, 15,9884 being very nearly 16. Still, to reach accurate results, the former, and not the latter, figure must be used in calculation. The ratio is obtained in this way: The silver dollar contains 371.25 grains of pure silver and the gold dollar 23.22 grains of pure gold. If you divide 371.25 by 23.22 you will get ratio of weight between a gold dollar and a silver dollar—that is, 15.9884.

"It is true that to be on a par with gold silver would (at our ratio) be worth $1.2929. The reason is this: A gold dollar contains 23.22 grains of pure gold. In an ounce or 480 grains of gold, there are as many dollars as 23.22 is contained times in 480, or one ounce. If you divide 480 by 23.22 you get $20.67, the number of dollars that can be coined out of an ounce of pure gold; in other words, the money equivalent of one ounce of gold or of 15.9884 ounces of silver at the ratio of 1 to 15.9884.

"Now, if 15.9884 ounces of silver be worth $20.67, one ounce will be worth $1.2929, as you can prove by simple divison. The same result obtained by dividing 480 grains or ounce of silver by 381.25, the number of grains of pure silver in a standard silver dollar, at the ratio of 1 to 15.9884, which gives $1.2929.

"Sixteen ounces of pure silver will coin a little more than one ounce of gold. 15.9884 ounces of silver will coin exactly the same amount of money as one ounce of gold—that is, $20.67. You can prove this by dividing 15.9884 by 371.25 grains. The operation is as follows: 15.9884 multiplied by 480, divided by 371.25, equals $20.68.

"It is not true that 16 ounces of silver will coin only $16 80 at the ratio of 1 to 16.

"As will be seen above, one ounce of silver will coin $1.2929. Multiply $1.2929 by 16 gives $20.68. You can make the same result in another way: Sixteen ounces troy, or 7.680 grains, divided by 371.25, gives the number of silver dollars that can be coined out of 16 ounces of silver: 7.680 divided by 371.25 equals $20.68."

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

A GOOSE THAT GOT A FOX.

Epilogue of a Day's Hunting with Sensitive Hounds.

"HE'S got guns," said the man who had just come from up the river, "but, then, so's a gun store got guns, and it doesn't pretend to do any shooting. He's got nice clothes, too, for going shooting in, about as nice clothes as I've ever seen; but as for the shooting he does in them—" Here the speaker's power of expression collapsed and failed him utterly. He glared around the table hopelessly, and then clutched his glass.

As the cool, comfortable chink of the cracked ice proclaimed the falling of the level of the liquid in the thin glass, his emotion was soothed. The waiter read the promise of a tip in the glow of contentment which overspread his countenance, and as a rosy view of the world replaced the bitter memories of the shooting trip he exclaimed, with a sigh of deep satisfaction:

"Oh, but you should have seen that goose of his!"

The waiter was sent scurrying away for more supplies lest the man from up the river should become despondent again, and the story of his friend's goose was begun.

"I can't expect you fellows to appreciate the good qualities of that goose because you haven't seen his dogs," he said. "I didn't myself until after I had been out hunting with his dogs. But from the time I got there he kept bragging about the goose. It didn't seem to have any particular points superior to other geese, and it had a good deal fewer feathers. That was because an eagle tried to carry it off one day. The eagle swooped down and sank its talons into the goose's back and tried to fly away with it. But the goose fought it so with its wings that finally the eagle was glad to get away by itself, and left the goose strutting proudly above the lawn with half its feathers scattered over the grass. Jim thought an awful lot about it from that moment.

"'It's the finest fighting goose in the state,' he said. 'There isn't another that has a record of whipping an eagle.'

"So he started to give the goose an education. He taught it to dance and shoo the cows, and it got the bighead and fought the servant girls and made a general nuisance of itself. It seemed a peculiar thing to make a pet of; but, then, as I said, I hadn't seen his dogs at work.

"The third day I was up there it was so hot that Jim backed out of pretending to go shooting, and just wanted to be lazy.

"'Let's go fox hunting,' he said. 'I've got the finest hounds in the state for foxes. Once they strike a trail, they'll never let go, even if they have to follow it all day. We'll just set 'em after a fox, and sit in some cool, shady spot till they drive the fox past us. Then we'll shoot the fox.'

"He had an old hound and a young hound and a bird dog.

"'That bird dog isn't much good for foxes,' he said, 'but if I don't take him along, I'm afraid his feelings would be hurt, he's a very sensitive dog. But he's a fine bird dog. The only fault I ever found with him was that he slept too soundly, and wouldn't come when he was called. Just turn his head the other way, will you, while I put the guns in the wagon. He don't like the sight of a gun, now, he's so sensitive.'

"It seems that the dog used to sleep so soundly that one day some boys, as an

HAS A RECORD OF WHIPPING AN EAGLE.

experiment, dug a mine under him as he lay sleeping on the lawn, filled it without disturbing him, laid a fuse 20 feet away and blew the dog up. It woke the dog up, but ever since then he had been gun shy.

"We drove along with the dogs trotting behind us until we came to a farmhouse. There some sheep came out into the road. As soon as he saw them the young hound set up a bowl, turned about and, with his tail between his legs, scooted for home. My friend looked annoyed.

"'I ought to have thought of it,' he said. 'That dog is so sensitive. I had to punish him for chasing sheep, and now, whenever he sees sheep, he gets ashamed and runs away. But we don't really need him, for that old hound would drop dead on the trail of a fox before he would abandon it.'

"We got to a place where Jim said foxes were plenty, and turned the old hound loose. We didn't pay much attention to the bird dog.

"'You couldn't expect him to do much with foxes,' my friend said, 'for he's only a bird dog; but he won't do any harm if we let him run about, and it will please him.'

"It was a hot day, as I told you, and he had taken me to the hottest place in the whole country, or rather to the next to the hottest place, as I discovered later. We sweltered there while the old hound went dubbing around in the shade.

"'Hadn't we better shake him up a little?' I suggested, when I was in the condition you reach after ten minutes in the steam room.

"'No, no,' Jim exclaimed, hurriedly. 'He's nervous, too, and so easily put out. Let him alone and he'll get along all right.'

"He said we must leave the hound in the shade and stay in the hot sun ourselves, so as not to interfere with him. So I left Jim and the hound together, and strolled over to a swamp where the bird dog had gone nosing about, and where I could hear him yelping. I thought he had discovered a bird, but presently I spied a fox coming loping along with the bird dog at his heels. The dog didn't seem in any hurry to catch up with the fox, and all that the fox seemed to want to do was to keep out of sight of the hound, which was still dubbing away at a distance of only a few hundred feet.

"I watched them a little while. Every time the dog came near me he seemed to look up with an appealing expression, and so for fear of hurting his feelings I thought I would shoot the fox. But as soon as I raised my gun, and he caught sight of me, he uttered a loud howl and darted away for home with his tail between his legs. Jim came running over toward me to see what the matter was.

"'Bless me!' he said, when I told him, 'I'm so sorry you frightened him. He won't get over it for a week. I ought to have told you that since he was blown up he can't bear the sight of a gun, he's so sensitive.'

"The heat and the sensitiveness of the dogs were making me tired by this time, and I said something about getting the dogs to a hotter place and ourselves to a cooler one or else setting

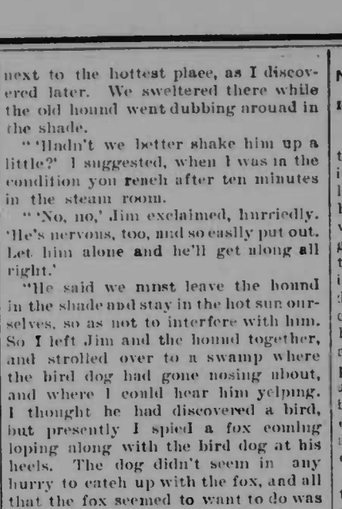

"I FOUND THAT HOUND CURLED UP, ASLEEP."

about hunting in earnest. Jim saw that I was annoyed, and apologized for his dogs. His eyes brightened when I told him about the fox.

"'Now,' he said, 'you'll see what a clever hound can do. You'll have some sport now.'

"We chased the old hound about for some time and when we caught him we set him on the fox's trail and away he went. He disappeared over a stone wall in the direction the fox had taken, and finally we ceased to hear his voice.

"'He'll stick to that fox all night if necessary,' Jim said; 'but he'll drive him back here. You see that hollow over there? Well, that's where we'll have to wait.'

"The hollow was the hottest place I was ever in. There I roasted for two mortal hours. D'ye see all the flesh I've lost, and d'ye see the thirst I've got? We'll take the same again, waiter. Well, that's where I got it, and I haven't been able to catch up with it since. Jim kept saying:

"'Just wait five minutes more. I'm sure I hear them coming along.'

"At last I rebelled, and fox or no fox, got up and walked away. Just over the brow of the hill from where we had been hiding was the finest, coolest, shadiest dell you ever saw, with a little brook running through it. I walked down there to rest; and what do you suppose I found there, curled up on the softest bed of pine needles you ever saw? That hound we had been waiting for!"

The man's indignation was such that his throat hissed as the cooling beverage rolled down it.

"Of course," he went on, "you can't shoot a friend's hound even if you are mad. If any shooting's to be done, you've got to shoot your friend. I didn't want to hurt Jim, for, really, it wasn't his fault, as he didn't know any better, and so I merely kicked the life half out of the brute before he could get away, and then went up to Jim and told him I didn't care to hunt any more that day.

"When we got home we found a dead fox there besides the three sensitive dogs, and they told us that the goose was really responsible for its death. According to their story, it had sneaked into the farmyard and the goose had caught sight of it and squawked and shooed it like mad. That brought up the bird dog and the young hound, and the fox dodged into the barn, where a horse kicked and killed it before it had a chance to get at the goose.

"Jim believed the story, and it made him prouder than ever of the goose. I offered to stay over another day and go fox hunting again if he would let me take the goose along instead of the dogs, but he was so fond of his pet that he wouldn't risk it. So here I am. If anybody wants to appreciate a fine goose and get a big thirst, just let him go fox hunting with Jim's dogs, and—waiter, bring us another drink."—N. Y. Sun.

The Man Who Knew.

Flush Youth (from the country)—Can you direct me to the office of Cutchem & Cheatem, brokers?

Policeman—Ask that man over there. He was rich once.—N. Y. Weekly.

NICHOLAS II.'S OBJECT LESSON.

He Rides on a Street Car to Show His Officers That It Isn't a Disgrace.

Nicholas II. of Russia has had some trouble in bending the stiff-necked military etiquette of St. Petersburg regiments to suit his rather liberal ideas. He is not popular with the army, as were the three Alexanders, despite his gifts of reading-rooms and dining halls to crack regiments, and therefore the innovations he recommends are introduced very slowly. Ever since he ascended the throne, for instance, he has been trying to discredit the notion that an army officer may not ride with propriety in a common street car. The army officer in St. Petersburg has long been supposed to be too rich and powerful and too far superior to civilians to associate with the ordinary street-car crowd.

One of the few untitled officers in the Russian capital ventured a few weeks ago to ride in a street car to his barracks. It was a presumptuous and courageous act for he had to alight before the crack cavalrymen's casino of the city. It proved to be a very indiscreet act, too, for his fellow officers at once took him to task for disgracing his uniform, refused to listen to the citations of the czar's remarks on the subject, and eventually, after days of persecution, began urging on him the propriety of resigning his commission. In his distress the persecuted officer turned to a friend in the ministry of war, who brought the whole affair to the czar's notice. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when Nicholas heard the story. He at once put on a dark suit, ordered his adjutant to do the same, and together they went to the spot where the persecuted officer had taken a car. They boarded a car, rode on it to the barracks, alighted, boarded a returning car, and went back to the palace. The czar wrote out a brief account of his little trip, and added to it the inquiry:

"Am I still worthy to wear the uniform of a Russian officer?"

He signed the document "Nicholas" and sent it to the colonel of the persecuted officer's regiment. Since then there has been peace at the officers' quarters of that regiment, and the man who rode on a horse car has been treated with the deference belonging to one who pulls wires at court.

Perhaps Nicholas got his idea of an object lesson in this case from Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. The emperor heard several years ago that his officers in Vienna were agitated over the question of the propriety of riding in omnibuses. He remarked impatiently that this was a weighty subject for large brains and should be settled before anybody's mind broke down under it. He then put on full uniform, took with him an adjutant in full uniform, and had an omnibus ride. The ride was reported in the newspapers and the question of propriety was settled.—N. Y. Sun.

THE USEFUL PETTICOAT.

Alpaca and Sateen Are the Materials Now Used.

Nowadays we seem to hear more of petticoats than in the days gone by. Both black and white moreen petticoats in the godet shape are worn to keep the dress skirt flaring, but I cannot advise them on account of the weight. Black, white and colored silk petticoats are of plain, striped and figured taffeta; they are usually three yards wide, though the extreme ones are over four, well ruffled, and finished with a velveteen binding. Alpaca and sateen are also made up with ruffles of the same or of silk, but sateen is apt to cling so unpleasantly that the moired percaline is preferred. This is sufficiently stiff to stand out, is light in weight and has the soft rustle of silk. The transparent summer gowns are usually worn over a petticoat and corset-cover of white or colored percaline or sateen, as taffeta silk is too expensive for general wear. French dressmakers make princesse slips of white for such purposes. The cheapest petticoats are those of striped seersucker. Luster wool of a wiry nature makes a serviceable petticoat for traveling and outing, as it shakes the dust and will not crush. White muslin and cambric petticoats are only worn in the house with thin summer gowns, so they are very dainty with their trimmings of lace and embroidery. Some of these are five yards wide and ruffled to the knees, with the faintest bit of starch, as a white skirt must not rustle, though one of silk or percaline should have this faint sound. — Ladies' Hon Journal.

Combining Colors.

Black combines well with almost all colors, except those which are so lacking in brightness as to be too nearly like it. Black and pale pink, blue, yellow green, red, lavender and even rather dark shades of blue, clear brown and green are excellent combinations. Brown combines well with yellow, gold and bronze if it is the shade of brown which has brightness. It is effective also with black and with certain tones of green. A chocolate-and-milk brown combines well with old rose and the dull shades of pink. Very dark green is effective when brightened by linings of narrow trimming of pale blue. A medium shade of green unites with old pink. Brownish green looks well with bronze and copper color. Dark blue may be brightened by lines of bright, rich red, by lines of old rose or of clear yellow. Blue of the "electric" and "cadet" varieties is best combined with black or with figured silks in which the same shade predominates. — Youth's Companion.

An Example.

"You will kindly give us an example of the general law of averages, Mr. Peabody," said the professor of mathematics, after his lecture on the doctrine of chances.

"I'm—why—there's the speed of the telegraph and the lack of it in the messenger who delivers it," said Peabody, in a vague, hesitating way.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

DEATH OF DE MORES.

Cut Down in His Prime by Natives of the Soudan.

Particulars of the assassination of marquis de Mores have been telegraphed from Tunis. It appears that, warned by the French authorities in Tunis of the impossibility of passing through Tuulsian Sahara, he gave a written promise to go to Gabes, Nefzaua, Berrezof, Birlaian and El Biodh, the most southerly French military post in Algeria. He had 18 European attendants, 45 camels, and 40,000 francs' worth of merchandise. At Nefzana he turned off to the east, being apprehensive that a French officer had been sent to stop him, and he went close by the Tripoli frontier. At El Ouatia he met Tuaregs, who persuaded him to send back his escort and camels and take a Tuareg escort and camels. He retained three Arabs and five negroes.

At eight p. m. on the 8th inst., after waiting five days for the camels which he had paid for in advance, he resumed his march. The interpreter marched first, then M. de Mores, and next an Arab, and two negroes, all mounted on camels, while the convoy was 300 yards behind. After two miles march three of the Tuareg escort fell on M. de Mores. He shot one and the two others fled, but two Tuareg bands came up, one falling on the convoy and the other on M. de Mores. The latter and his followers made a desperate defense, and were at last massacred. The convoy was captured and four of the men in charge of it were carried off as prisoners, but they escaped, and on the 10th inst. reached the scene of the conflict, where they found the bodies of M. de Mores, two Arabs and two negroes, all stripped and covered with wounds.

Some months ago an Englishman traveling to Africa wrote me that he had attended lectures given in Tunis by Marquis de Mores in a crowded hall in the presence of high French officials. He added that the lecturer, attacking England with the impetuosity which always characterized him, proclaimed the necessity of an alliance between Islam and Christianity, between the crescent and the cross, ignoring the fact that the cross is the symbol of all Christendom, and not solely of Catholicism. The marquis then announced his intention to penetrate into the Soudan, where he had formed alliances, and to induce the African tribes to enter into a close alliance with France against English encroachments and covetousness. He had the strange idea of taking the Egyptian question, so to speak, from behind, and of bringing pressure to bear on England, not from France, but from Africa.

My correspondent thought that I ought to give publicity to such violent and aggressive language uttered before French officials against a friendly nation. I did not do so, for I knew the marquis to be an erratic man of vague ideas, somewhat deluded by an unbridled imagination, thirsting for action and notoriety, but at heart, in spite of this ungovernable excitement, fearless, generous and patriotic to a degree of hating whatever he thought to be in his country's way—a medieval brain fettered by modern restrictions like a madman by a tight waistcoat.

Whatever was out of the common pleased him. He was a Boulangist because this signified conspiring and overturning; he was an anti-Semite, because this harmonized with his medieval tendencies; he was mixed up in the grotesque Norton affair, because the scoundrels by whom he, in common with M. Deroulede, who is a man somewhat of the same type, had been drawn into it had made him believe that it was combating England. He had not the slightest inkling of the miserable origin and contemptible aim of that childish affair. In fact, he was always the dupe and paid the piper. He applied for money to his wife, an American heiress and to his father Duc de Vallambrosa, who eventually placed him under tutelage. He was always requiring funds, which disappeared in the hands of sharpers.

Nobody would be better entitled than I to judge him harshly. He pictured me in his delirious moments in fantastic and mythical guise. He imagined me ubiquitous, managing men and things quite unknown to me. But he was perfectly honest, listening to the vampires who deluded him with transparent fables, and one could not feel resentment against a man living under a constant nightmare. In the end, unable to revive the middle ages on European soil, he passed half the year in Africa, where Islam gave him the illusion of past ages. There he conceived the idea of stirring up the Soudan. He has sent money to the Tuaregs, and counted, as usual, on achieving imperishable fame. It was an attempt to turn the world back. His death is the logical sequence of his life, but nothing was commonplace in either his life or his death, and nothing base except those who preyed on him.—Paris Cor. London Times.

Jamaica Folk Lore Sayings.

Ebery day bucket go da well, one day bottom drop out.

What cost notin git good weight.

Patient man drive jackass.

One time fool no fool, two time fool him da fool.

When towel turn tablecloth, dere's no bearin' wid it. (Directed against codfish aristocracy.)

Me dead hog a' ready, me no min hot water.

When cow tail cut off, God Almighty brush fly fi him. (Apparently another way of saying: "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.")

Spit in de sky it fall in your face. (A maxim of prudence.)

Big blanket mek men sleep late.

Too much sit down broke trousers.

Shut mout', no catch fly. (A plea for silence.)—Journal of American Folk Lore.

Old-Time Beetles.

The shells of beetles which died 10,000,000 years ago have been found perfectly preserved in different rock strata.

Promising Outlook.

"Did mamma tell you that Charlie Bondellpper proposed to me?" said a Dallas young lady to her intended.

"Well, that is cheeky for him to propose to a young lady who is engaged to me. What did you tell him?"

"I told him I was sorry, but for the present I must decline his offer."—Texas Sifter.

Great Disappointment.

May—It was too bad that Miss Noviss disappointed the audience at the amateur performance.

Elsie—But she didn't. She was able to appear, after all.

May—Yes; but it was generally supposed that she would not be able to appear.—Tit-Bits.

"THE SUSPENSE KILLED HIM."

N. Y. Herald.

No Limit on Him.

Sam—Bill hab got er job as pohter on one ob dem trains. I t'ink dey calls it de vesterbule limited.

Mose—What fo' do dey call it limited?

Sam—I dunno nzackly, but I know it ain't got nuffin' to do wif de pohter.—Brooklyn Life.

Way Down.

Rugby—What's the matter, Buggby? You look like you didn't have a friend in the world.

Buggby—I haven't. I couldn't get the loan of a cent if I were starving. I'm that far reduced, my boy, that I couldn't even borrow trouble.—Town Topics.

THE TOWN PUMP—OLD AND NEW STYLE.—N. Y. Herald.

Didn't Starve.

"Well, Minnie, did you take good care of the animals during my absence?"

"Yes, my lady, excepting the cat, which I forgot to feed."

"I hope that didn't hurt her?"

"Oh, no; not at all—she helped herself to the parrot and the canary bird."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Explained.

Violet—Mr. Fiddleback has asked me to go to the theater with him to-morrow night.

Daisy—That's strange. He asked me also.

Violet—Yes; I told him I wouldn't go without a chaperon.—N. Y. Herald.

The Difference.

"You have your clothes made almost exactly as I do," he remarked to the tailor-made girl.

"Yes," she replied. "The principal difference is that mine are always paid for on delivery."—Washington Star.

Drawback of Luxuries.

"The Hopkins family has quit taking ice."

"What's that for?"

"Couldn't agree on whose duty it was to get up early and identify it before it melted."—Chicago Record.

Good Horse for Her.

Mrs. Spendthrift—I'm afraid to ride behind that horse. I don't believe he is thoroughly broken.

Mr. Spendthrift—Then you ought to drive him. You would break anything!—Town Topics.

In Every One's Way.

Bojack—You may talk about Jaysmith all you please, but he's all right in his way.

Tomdik—My experience with him is that he is always right in some one else's way.—N. Y. World.

Making Others Gay.

"Badger is great in philanthropy, isn't he?"

"What makes you say so?"

"Why, look at the funny whiskers he wears just to amuse other people."—Chicago Record.

Why She Did It.

Mistress—Has the butcher's boy been here this morning?

Bridget—Yis, mum. Nearly an hour ago.

Mistress—Why didn't you tell me? I wanted to give him an order.

Bridget—Oi give him the orther meself. Lamb chops, mum.

Mistress—Whatever induced you to order lamb chops again to-day? We had them yesterday.

Bridget—Well, mum, Oi likes them betther nor beefshteak in this warruna weather.—Cleveland Leader.

He Had a Grudge.

"Did you know that Biuks had committed suicide?"

"No. When did he do it?"

"Last night at Dusenbury's hotel."

"Well, that just shows the extremes to which a determined and revengeful man may go. He had a quarrel with Dusenbury night before last, and I'll bet he just did this to get even. He always was a mighty small, mean man in some ways."—Chicago Post.

A Criticism.

The woman who writes became sarcastic in speaking of another woman who not only writes, but who publishes.

"She is very versatile," an admirer had remarked.

"Um—yes. But I think she misapplies her talents."

"In what way?"

"Her cook books read like works of fiction and her works of fiction read like cook books."—Washington Star.

All Over.

"Before I went away," said the returned traveler to the man who never cares to wander from his own fireside, "young Spiffin was deeply infatuated with Miss Franklin."

"Oh, that's all over now."

"He met a girl he liked better, I suppose?"

"No; he married Miss Franklin."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

No Doubt of It.

"Hopeless, utterly hopeless," said the keeper, as he opened the door and let the visitors see a man whose face wore a smile of triumph.

"He thinks he has invented a bicycle lamp that will stay lit."

The visitors shuddered and passed on to another room, where they found a man who was trying to write a currency plank for a party platform.—Truth.

Overestimated It.

Patient—I seem to be quite strong now, doctor, and getting stronger every day. Had you not better send in your bill?

Doctor—Ahem! You may not be as strong as you think you are.—Brooklyn Life.

The Annoyance.

"I hope," said Willie Wishington, as he prepared to smoke, "that cigarettes do not annoy you."

"Oh, no," Miss Cayenne replied; "cigarettes do not annoy me. But the people who smoke them usually do, very much."—Washington Star.

GRANDPA'S BIRTHDAY.

"Many happy returns of the day, grandpa; and mamma says if you give us each 50 cents, we mustn't lose it!"—Bay City Chat.

A Radical Treatment.

"You have been living too high," said the physician. "You'll have to stop it."

"I realize that," was the reply. "That's why I sent for you. Now I won't be able to afford it."—Washington Star.

Can't Be Avoided.

"Ethel, my dear, I must deprecate your choice of language. Is it necessary in this intellectual age to use slang?"

"You bet it is, mother, if you want to be understood."—Detroit Free Press.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

DON'T DECEIVE YOURSELVES.

Boys, don't think that life's long journey
  Ever lies on level ground;
Don't suppose that rocks and briers
  In your path will ne'er be found;
And you needn't look for blessings
  To be won without a pain.
You must know some care and trouble,
  And must work for what you gain.

Why, you can't expect to loiter
  All your lives 'mid summer bloom.
No, indeed, your paths will often
  Lie thro' ways of clouded gloom.
But the darker that the pathway,
  Let the brighter be your hope;
Thereby let your will grow stronger
  With your obstacles to cope.

Throw away your rosy glasses;
  Look at life thro' sober eyes.
It is no such easy matter
  To its upper ranks to rise.
Take some hero for example,
  Anyone you choose to name,
Read his life, and see if easy
  Was the path he trod to fame.

Do not dream of wearing laurels
  Till those laurels you have won;
And don't hope to win them either
  Till you've fought from sun to sun.
Ev'ry day will date a battle;
  Stand your ground and fight it out.
Keep the Right your steadfast ally;
  Let it e'er put Wrong to rout.

—Golden Days.

GEORGIA'S BOY DWARF.

Although Eighteen Years of Age, He Is But Three Feet High.

Down in Georgia, in a little town called Tweed, lives a tiny bit of humanity who is probably the smallest 18-year-old boy alive. The name of this junior midget is Henry Rutherford Ricks, Jr. He looks very much as Tom Thumb looked at the age of 18, and he's as bright as a new dollar.

Young Ricks is only 35 inches tall, and weighs but 48 pounds. He is a fully de-

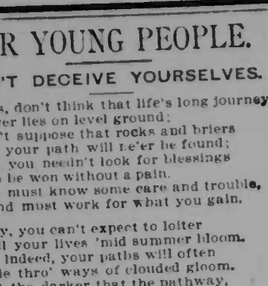

SMALLEST BOY IN AMERICA.

veloped boy, and is as ambitious as he is small, which is saying a great deal.

Henry is a great reader and has an honest, open face. He is also very good natured, and, considering his size, is very plump. He is a pupil of the Farmers' academy, and his teacher speaks of him in the highest terms; she says he is one of her best scholars and learns more quickly than the other boys.

The Liliputian has a sleek-coated dog named Gyp, and the two are familiar to everyone around about Tweed. Gyp is a gentle dog; it is lucky for Henry that this is so, because if Gyp was rough, he might easily kill little Henry, who barely reaches to the shoulder of the dog when standing beside him.

Henry is strong for one of his extremely diminutive size. He enjoys a big appetite—big for him—and there really does not seem to be any reason for his dwarfishness, since both his father and mother are persons of ordinary size. You might think to look at him that young Ricks was a lad of eight, though his manner is that of a gentlemanly youth of 18. He scorns the idea of showing himself in museums, though he has had several very liberal offers from well-known people in the theatrical business.

Some day this new Tom Thumb means to visit New York. If he takes this trip he will be the most conspicuous little man in the metropolis, and, with his dog Gyp, he would easily become the center of all attention; so much so that Dr. Depew, Mr. Roosevelt and Mayor Strong would have to look to their laurels in the matter of popularity.—N. Y. Recorder.

How a Dog Got Fresh Eggs.

Bob is a fine two-year-old mastiff, with head and face of massive strength, heightened by great mildness of expression. One day he was seen carrying a hen very gently in his mouth to the kennel. Placing her in one corner he stood sentry while she laid an egg, which he at once devoured. From that day the two have been fast friends, the hen refusing to lay anywhere but in Bob's kennel and getting her reward in the dainty morsels from his platter. There must have been a bit of canine reasoning here. Bob must have found eggs to his liking, that they were laid by hens, and that he could best secure a supply by having a hen to himself.

Geese Killed by Hailstones.

Hailstones, the size of pigeon eggs, according to W. G. McKinnell, of Melita, Man., writing to the London Field, killed 105 Canadian geese during a heavy thunderstorm recently near Sauris, Man. A farmer named Coulter found a large flock of the geese killed or disabled after the storm, and after killing the living ones with a stick went home and got a wagon and took the geese to Sauris and sold the lot at 50 cents each. He took in $52.50 for his windfall.

A Boy's Best Friend.

His mother is a boy's best friend:
  And though the happy, careless youth
Is slow to see it, in the end
  There shines upon his mind the truth.
One day of sickness, he will find,
  Will much more forcefully instill
This lasting thought into his mind
  Than forty books of proverbs will.

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

He Was Used to It.

"Were you ever in a cyclone?" asked a Dallas man of a friend who had just returned from a trip east.

"I should say I was. I was in St. Louis when it struck that town. I was eating dinner when the breeze came along and turned the house upside down."

"What did you think of it?"

"Think? I thought my wife had lost her temper again."—Texas Sifter.

—The first straw paper made in this country was manufactured in 1828.

CATCHING A SWORDFISH.

A Task Requiring Considerable Courage and Much Experience.

In the pursuit of the swordfish the hunter of the sea finds his greatest excitement. There is no slow and careful baiting and patient waiting. The game is seen—a sharp fin cutting the surface of the water—and a chase that often ends in a terrible struggle is begun, for a wounded swordfish often fights fiercely, thrusting its two-edged spear straight through a boat and sometimes stabbing his pursuers.

But a fisherman who has once tried the sport never tires of it or of its excitements.

Not long ago a party set out from Cape May in a little sloop. It was a calm, sunny day, and the man in the cross-trees swept the sea to catch a glimpse of the white bit of foam that would show where a swordfish swam.

For an hour the sloop skimmed lightly along.

"Hey-o," came suddenly from the man in the rigging.

"Where away?" sung out the skipper from his place at the wheel.

"Off the weather bow."

In a moment all eyes were watching a glistening fin that cut the water ahead.

The mate ran to the bow and took his place in the "pulpit," and, seizing the steel harpoon, stood ready for the game.

For a few minutes the vessel and the soldier of the sea ran silently and swiftly. The skipper gradually drew the bow around until the huge fish was close alongside.

Then came the supreme moment.

As the little vessel shot into the wind the mate raised his harpoon and leaned forward from the pulpit. Every eye was upon him. For a moment the steel flashed, and then, with a crashing sound, it entered the back of the fish.

"Stand clear of the line!" shouted the mate, as he sprang to the deck.

The warning was well heeded, for the rope was running over the vessel's side with the sound of a ripsaw. The swordfish was in flight. When the last yard spun out the mate tossed overboard the keg, to which the rope was fastened, and away it went, followed by a wave of foam and spray.

A moment later the dory, loaded with fishermen, pushed its nose into the sea, and after a spirited race reached the flying keg and pulled it aboard. The half-exhausted fish felt the strain, and the next instant the dory was rushing along—a swordfish express.

Slowly the rope was hauled in, the prey being given plenty of opportunity to spurt and wear himself out. Presently the sharp fin was seen close at hand, and with a rush the great fish was laid alongside.

Hauled partly out of water by the rope, the fish gave a sudden plunge with his weapon. Crash it went through the side of the boat, and the men within rolled over and let go the rope. There

THE MATE RAISED HIS HARPOON.

was a sudden plunge and a heavy jar. The infuriated fish had thrust his sword through the bottom of the boat, narrowly missing an oarsman's leg.

"To the rope," shouted the bowman, and instantly every man braced himself and pulled while the water gushed through a hole in the boat.

A few moments more of terrific struggle and the huge fish was brought alongside. Without giving him another chance to strike, the bowman lifted an oar and a violent blow on the head killed the fierce fish.

Luckily the sloop came alongside just as the dory grew dangerously full of water, and the daring fishermen climbed aboard. The fish measured ten feet and two inches in length.—Chicago Record.

Jay That Lighted Matches.

A dangerous acquirement of a pet blue jay is told about in the American Naturalist by James Newton Basket, of Mexico, Mo. The blue jay referred to somehow learned that parlor, or popping matches, would make a delightful sputter and flame if properly manipulated. The bird was in the habit of beating much of its food against some hard substance, perhaps for the purpose of breaking or softening it. It probably treated one of the parlor matches in this way one day, and so learned that they made a noise. When a match was given to it it would hop on a chair round and strike the fulminate against the wood, end on, repeating it rapidly till the head was ignited; then it would throw it away and watch the flame.

Facts About Blue-Eyed Cats.

It is a curious fact that blue-eyed cats are invariably deaf. Mr. J. Harrison Weir, a great authority on the cat, once bought a big, white, blue-eyed beauty, which seemed to be every inch a good cat, except that its vocal organ was of such robust power that her cries drove the household frantic. After some strange experiences the problem was solved by this voiceful specimen being taken home by a kind old lady, who was herself stone deaf.

FARM AND GARDEN.

FUTURE OF FARMING.

A Steady Decrease in New England's Rural Population.

Undeniably the best crop that the old farmers produced was men. They sent forth these hardy young children of the soil to strengthen and energize all the higher forces of our civilization. It might be unjust to say that they are not doing it still, but it is to a less extent, relatively, than in what are now called the good old days. The advantages of education extend to the boys on the farm more than ever before, it is true, and they grasp them more generally and more eagerly. But for what purpose? To escape from their humdrum environment and enter that larger and more active world where the prizes as well as the failures are greater. The passion to see and enjoy life as it is lived in the great centers of population and business is more intense than it ever was in the days that are past, and education rather stimulates it than otherwise. Even the farmers themselves have the infection, and if they do not encourage they only weakly restrain their educated children from turning their acquirements to what seems to them better account than tillage of the soil. Only a small proportion even of the graduates of our agricultural colleges, though given a special technical equipment for that service, return to the farm. If they can gain fortune and reputation and experience in some other calling they frequently like to resume farming as an avocation, but only in comparatively rare instances is it adopted as a life work.

These are hard facts, but we might as well face them. The census reports show steady decrease of population and production in the rural portions of the state, yet educational opportunities were never before so general or available as now. It would be a sad confession that there was no remedy for this, but the remedy has not yet been found. Education benefits the farmer as much as the lawyer, both in his business and his citizenship, and it should not be held responsible for the depression in agricultural industry; but the social pace is such that the husbandman cannot follow it. There must enter into the business the elements that make success along other lines—cooperation and capital—before it will become attractive to the educated and the ambitious.—Boston Transcript.

ELECTRIC FARMING.

A New York Farmer Turns the Sod with a Trolley Plow.

Now for the trolley plow. The old time farmer is out of date.

Electricity, the master force, which by the end of the century will dominate every field of human work and solve all the problems that have so long baffled mankind, has been enlisted in the most essential of mortal occupations—agriculture.

The farming of the future is to be done by electricity. Dynamos and wires will attend to the business of the big farm. The sonorous "gee haw!" of the up-country soil-tiller will be heard no more, and the farm hand who would keep his job will have to be thoroughly acquainted with ohms, volts and amperes.

Edward M. Bentley, of New York, has just made a long step toward the establishment of electricity as a hard-working factor on the farm. He has patented an electric plow, which runs back and forth across a field and turns up the soil in a fashion that would have made pioneer farmers of a hundred years ago stand dumb with amazement.

His invention calls into use the most recent developments in the line of transmission of electric power. A power house in a centrally located village can furnish motive force for all the farm work to be done within a radius of many miles.

Along the two opposite sides of a field, poles and wires are put up, and between these, stretching directly across the field, is stretched a third wire, which serves as a trolley upon which the plow travels. This wire is slack, so that it may run through the plow contrivance, which lets out wire behind as it progresses and winds it in at the front.

When the plow reaches the end of a furrow the current is automatically reversed, so as to start the machine back again. Thus the plow goes back and forth until the whole field is traversed. The ends of the trolley wire, as the work progresses, travel along on the wires strung alongside the field.—N. Y. Journal.

DURABLE WAGON JACK.

Its Introduction Makes the Oiling of Wagons Very Easy.

My wagon jack is made of a piece of scantling 2 by 4 inches by 2 feet in length, as illustrated. A short slot 6 inches long is made in the top of a at d and a hole is bored half way down

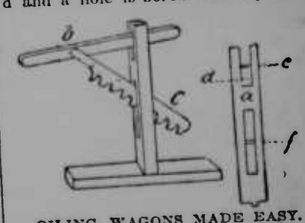

OILING WAGONS MADE EASY.

through which a bolt passes, at e. The lever or handle, b, is 2 by 4 inches and 2 feet long and the support, c, is 1 by 3 inches and 2 feet long with notches cut so as to catch on a bolt, f.—A. W. Cooke, in Farm and Home.

A cheap temporary sun-break in the pastures will afford the stock a great deal of comfort, and will be money in the pocket of the stock owner, for the stock will thrive better than if uncomfortable.

If growing pigs are kept confined give them a good variety of food.

The Cocoanut Pearl.

The most peculiar of all the gems is the remarkable concretions occasionally found in the flesh and other portions of the common cocoanut. It is composed of pure calcium carbonate, without a trace of other salts or vegetable matter, and is capable of taking on a polish equal to that which an experienced workman can put on a piece of the finest Italian marble. Years ago wonderful stories were told about the cocoanut pearls, but they were generally discredited by the best known naturalists. It was said that they were prized in India and Africa as charms against snake bites and those of poisonous insects. The natives of Moluccas Islands, it was further said, used them as charms against disease and evil spirits. But the scientific world laughed at all this as nonsense up to about ten years ago. In 1888 S. J. Hickman, an English traveler in the Celebes, obtained two fine specimens of the cocoanut pearl. One of these is now in the Kew Gardens museum, London. A few years later Dr. J. G. F. Riedel collected several of them. It is now no longer disputed that such things as "cocoanut pearls" exist. They are real wonders, too.—St. Louis Republic.

Oldest Convict in Indiana Dies.

Samuel Schupp, the oldest convict in the state prison south, of Indiana, died the other day. He was sent to the penitentiary from Lawrenceburg in 1889 for life for the killing of his son-in-law. Schupp was 88 years of age. Ira Craig, another life prisoner, died a few days since.

That Terrible Scourge.

Malarial disease is invariably supplemented by disturbance of the liver, the bowels, the stomach and the nerves. To the removal of both the cause and its effects, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is fully adequate. It "fills the bill" as no other remedy does, performing its work thoroughly. Its ingredients are pure and wholesome, and it admirably serves to build up a system broken by ill health and shorn of strength. Constipation, liver and kidney complaint and nervousness are conquered by it.

BILLSON—"I know where you can find a remarkably cheap piano mover." Briggs—"How did you discover him?" Billson—"I let my piano rent get behind."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Half Rates to Omaha

Via The North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y), August 15, 16 and 17, 1896—one fare for the round trip. On August 24 excursion tickets at very low rates will also be sold from Omaha to Denver and the famous Hot Springs of South Dakota. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address

W. B. KNISKERN, G.P. & T.A., Chicago, Ill.

STRANGER—"Well, boys, how did the game go to-day?" Boys—"We lost." Stranger—"What have you got in that bundle?" Boys—"The umpire."

The Modern Way

Commends itself to the well-informed, to do pleasantly and effectually what was formerly done in the crudest manner and disagreeably as well. To cleanse the system and break up colds, headaches and fevers without unpleasant after effects, use the delightful liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by California Fig Syrup Company.

"EVERYTHING is marked down these days," remarked Mrs. Bargain Hunter. "Yes," assented her husband. "Even plain ordinary goose feathers."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Low Rates to Salt Lake

Via the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y), August 6 and 7, 1896. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address

W. B. KNISKERN, G.P. & T.A., Chicago, Ill.

GERMAN FRIEND—"De bicture you haf bainted is most butiful; dere is only von vord in do English lanckgidge vich describes it—and I haf vorgotten it."—Tit-Bits.

Children for Adoption.

If you desire to adopt a nice child of any age address I. C. Home Society, 234 La Salle St., Room 201, Chicago, Ill. Enclose 2 cent stamp for reply with circular.

CLARA—"Oh! have you heard about Cora Carrot? She is going to marry a rich widower with six children." Dora—"She always was a greedy thing."—Tit-Bits.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. DR. KLINE, 933 Arch st. Phila., Pa.

TEMPERAMENT is but the atmosphere of character, while its groundwork in nature is fixed and unchangeable.—A. Helps.

SEA air roughens the skin. Use Glenn's Sulphur Soap

Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

"YOUR lawn is beautifully mowed; it looks like velvet." "It ought to. I never saw velvet that cost as much a yard as that lawn does."—Detroit Free Press.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

THE world needs not more men, but more man.—Rev. C. W. Guillette.

CRIMSONBEAK—"Do you know I haven't had a day's sickness since I moved into my new house?" Yeast—"How do you account for it?" "My wife gave up doing her own cooking the day we moved in."—Yonkers Statesman.

THERE is in man's nature a secret inclination and motion towards the love of others, which, if it be not spent upon one or a few, doth naturally spread itself towards many, and maketh men become humane and charitable.—Lord Bacon.

"NOW, PROFESSOR," said the ambitious young man, "you have tried my voice. I want you to tell me frankly what it is best adapted to." And without a moment's hesitation the eminent musician replied: "Whispering."—Tid-Bits.

WE praise the things we hear with much more willingness than those we see; because we envy the present and reverence the past; thinking ourselves instructed by the one and overlaid by the other.—Ben Jonson.

SUE—"Harry, tell me, do you love me for myself alone?" He—"Of course, darling; and I'm so glad to know that you are to come alone. I was a little afraid that your mother might be thrown in as a sort of handicap, you know."—Boston Transcript.

IF a picture is daubed with many glaring colors, the vulgar eye admires it; whereas he judges very contemptuously of some admirable design sketched out only with a black pencil though by the hand of Raphael. —Dr. I. Watts.

HUMAN NATURE.—"There's one trouble about vacation," complained Johnny. "Why, what's that?" asked his surprised mother. "You can't have no fun playin' hookey, an' it's the exciting est game going," explained the aggrieved Johnny.—Harper's Bazar.

"IS DE boss in?" asked the man with the three days' whiskers and the reversed dollar. "Hain't in to you," said the office boy. "Wot's de reason he ain't in to me?" "He ain't in to you because I am on to you," answered the boy, and went back to his perusal of "Rednose Rube, the Nicholson Detective."—Indianapolis Journal

A Great Industry.

The Stark Bro's Nurseries, this city and Rockport, Ill., is a veritable beehive. The propagating plants of the "Two Pikes," enlarged. "Old Pike's" salesmen work from New York Westward. The office force is hurrying out 5,000 new style canvassing outfits, photos of fruits, trees, orchards, packing, fruit painted from nature, etc. Several departments give all their time to several curing salesmen. Stark Bro's have room for energetic solicitors. With such progress, and mill-ions of fruit trees, dull times unknown.—Louisiana Missouri Press.

"MY dear," said a sick husband, as he lay with his eyes closed, "I think my time has come at last. I can hear strains of the sweetest music that ever mortal ear—" "That's a little German band on the street, John." "That's so," he said, rousing himself. "Tell them to move on!"—Harper's Bazar.

The "SMALLEY"
FAMILY OF
"FEED SAVERS"

Our Silo Outfit at Work.

Our "family" comprises for '96, Ensilage and Fodder Cutters, Corn Shredders, Feed Mills, Ear Corn Grinders, Root Cutters and Power Corn Grinders. Our pamphlets should be read by every "up-to-date" stock raiser and dairyman in U. S. No. 1. "The Model Round Silo and how to build it." latest reports from practical stock feeders on the silo. No. 2 tells about "Clean-Hay," the new fodder product—its market and feeding value and how to make it. Free with catalogues if you name this paper.

SMALLEY MFG. CO., Manitowoc, Wis.

Pill Clothes.

The good pill has a good coat. The pill coat serves two purposes; it protects the pill, enabling it to retain all its remedial value, and it disguises the taste for the palate. Some pill coats are too heavy; they will not dissolve in the stomach, and the pills they cover pass through the system as harmless as a bread pellet. Other coats are too light, and permit the speedy deterioration of the pill. After 30 years exposure, Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills have been found as effective as if just fresh from the laboratory. It's a good pill with a good coat. Ask your druggist for

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

More pill particulars in Ayer's Curebook, 100 pages, Sent free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

There is no dividing line.

BattleAx PLUG

DON'T FORGET for 5 cents you get almost as much "Battle Ax" as you do of other brands for 10 cents.

DON'T FORGET that "Battle Ax" is made of the best leaf grown, and the quality cannot be improved.

DON'T FORGET, no matter how much you are charged for a small piece of other brands, the chew is no better than "Battle Ax."

DON'T FORGET, "Economy is wealth," and you want all you can get for your money. Why pay 10 cents for other brands when you can get "Battle Ax" for 5 cents?

Burlington Route

HARVEST EXCURSIONS

TO THE FARM LANDS AND PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE

West, Northwest and Southwest

The Burlington Route and many eastern railroads will sell EXCURSION TICKETS at VERY LOW ROUND-TRIP RATES on

August 4, 18, September 1, 15, 29 and October 6, 20.

Take this opportunity to go and see the splendid crops that Nebraska, Northern Kansas and other Western sections have produced this year. Ask your nearest ticket agent for particulars, and see that your ticket reads via the BURLINGTON ROUTE. Send to the undersigned for a pamphlet (no charge) about Western Farm Lands.

P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent, CHICAGO, ILL.

Most for the Money.

It is well understood by most Farmers that they secure more plant food of better quality and in finer condition in

Bradley's The World's Best Fertilizers

than in any other fertilizers made. This makes them the cheapest fertilizers to use for Wheat or Seeding Down to Grass. Try them this year. Address Bradley Fertilizer Co., Boston, Mass., and Cleveland, Ohio. Local Agents Wanted.

AGENTS Wanted in every town and city to sell an article needed by everybody. Agents can make $2 to $10 per day. For particulars, address Donally Mfg. Co., Downing & Redford Sts., New York.

AGENTS WANTED to sell the Supreme Skirt Supporter. You can make $25 a week. Outfit sent for only 50 cents and guaranteed sale or factory. A. H. SENIOR CORSET CO., BETHEL, CONN

DYSPEPSIA: YUCATAN KILLS IT.

A. N. K—C. 1615

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINGER, Editor and Proprietor
B. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THURSDAY, AUG. 6, 1896.

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET

For President of the United States,

WILLIAM McKINLEY,

OF OHIO.

For Vice President of the United States,

GARRET A. HOBART,

OF NEW JERSEY.

LET any one, with the florid sentences of the free silver orators still ringing in his ears, sit down and calmly consider where he can posibly be nefitted by free silver. It will be impossible for him to see it in a single way. If the silver dollars rises to the present valuation, they would be just as hard for him to get as they are now, and the only one who would be benefited are the silver mine owners, and the speculators who have pig-silver stored up by tons in their warehouses. If, on the other hand, the silver dollar should fall to the present bullion price of the metal in it, he would be juggled out of half of his present earnings and profits. He would suffer immensely either way.

MR. WM. SINGERLY, editor of the Philadelphia *Record*, and also a candidate for Presidentirl elector on the Democratic ticket, is raking the cause which he represents fore and aft, and is doing his level best to snow himself under. One of the readers of the paper is somewhat puzzled by Mr. Singerly's peculiar course and has asked for an explanation. Mr. Singerly's reply is:

What we suppose our friend wishes to learn is: How Mr. Singerly would vote in the Electoral College if he should be elected an elector from Pennsylvania? Mr. Singerly's answer is that he would vote for Bryan and Sewall. He would be bound in honor to do so. But as Mr. Singerly will not be elected an elector he will not have to carry out the obligation.

There are many peculiar complications appearing in this campaign and this is one of them. We do not think there is much doubt that Mr. Singerly will defeat himself by an overwhelming majority. —Baltimore News.

COSTA RICA has tried the free silver experiment to her heart's content, and has now come out for the gold standard. Twelve years ago the free silver fellows got the upper hand in the little Republic, and since then everything has been going from bad to worse very rapidly. All the gold and other sound money left the country at once, and foreigners who bought coffee, bananas, and other products, paid for them in cheap silver coins, to the great loss of the Costa Ricans. The greatest trouble is that silver fluctuates so incessantly that no one knows from day to day what anything may be worth, and merchants, to make themselves safe, have to charge enormous profits. An American dollar is now worth $2.50 there, and the merchant who buys $5,000 worth of goods in New York has to pay $12,500 in Costa Rican silver for them. The situation became intolerable, and July 3 a decree was issued adopting the gold standard, stopping the coinage of silver, and prohibiting the introduction of foreign silver.

Bryan's Speech.

To read in cold type Bryan's speech at Chicago puts one entirely at a loss to understand the effect produced. It has been described as the "greatest speech of the century," one surpassing in every way anything that ever fell from the lips of James G. Blaine, Roscoe Conkling, Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, or Bourke Cockran. We simply cannot comprehend this. No one can read the speeches of Blaine, Conkling, Ingersoll, and Cockran without a strongly hieghtened pulse, no matter how little the reader may be in sympathy with the orator. They utter great thoughts in marvelously forcible, felicitous language. Their sentences linger in the mind like strains of music. And when we the think of these being uttered by men of wonderful personal magnetism, with lifelong training in oratory, we can account for the effect upon their audiences. But Bryan is not happy in formulating sentences and epigrams; he is far from logical; his English is very ragged, and his speech a rehash of vapid and misleading generalities with which the people have become tiresomely familiar. Much has been said of the influence of the personality of the orator, but though Mr. Bryan is a very good-looking young man, with a full and pleasing voice, his presence is hardly to be compared on the same day with those of Ingersoll, Blaine, Conkling, or Cockran.

An Object Lesson From Brazil.

Brazil now rejoices in the same system of government paper currency that the pseudo-Democrats and Populists demand in their twin platforms. Thirty years ago the people of this country had their full experience with that kind of currency. But Mr. Wm. M. Ivins, a prominent citizen of New York, who has just returned from Brazil gives an interesting description of the working of the system in that country. He says that exchange fluctuates between 9½ and 10 pence, and that every man that buys or sells a dollar's worth of goods does it subject to the risk of this fluctuation. As a consequence, there is little or no stability. As exchange goes down, prices go up. The price of commodities, Mr. Ivins says, are even more than three times as high as they were in 1888 and 1889.

On the other hand, the wages of labor have not risen in any such proportion. Mr. Ivins says that labor does not realize more than half as much again in Brazilian currency as it did five or six years ago. At the same time the people have to pay in the same Brazilian currency three time as much as they ever paid before for the cotton cloth out of which they make their clothes, for their flour, and for the manufactured goods which they bring from the United States and England. The conclusion of Mr. Ivins is that the workingman is the first and chief sufferer from this system, while no one derives any advantage from it.

Such has been the fate of the wage-winner at all times under a debased currency. There is no escape from it. The workingman is doubly the victim in that his wages do no rise except as the result of a struggle on a strike, while the prices of all the commodities which his family consume mount at a frightful rate. Whilst it is the manifest interest of American workingmen that they shall be paid for their labor in the money that will command the most of the necessaries and luxuries of living, the Populist demagogues seek to persuade them, to their injury, that the best thing for them is a depreciated currency, with a crippled purchasing power. The strangest thing is that many workingmen are deluded with the sophistries and humbugs of the Populist creed.

"Vox Populi."

Bryan's passion for "[illegible]k has at last infected the reticent Sewall, and he is now boasting about the way "the silver ranks are growing daily stronger." Naturally enough, he has to take up the Vox populi Dei idea. He says:

The Democratic party has decided that the trouble lies in the financial system, and that the remedy is remonetization of silver. The people have decided the same way, and what they want they will have, and no one can help it. What the people want is right, and cannot be otherwise.

Sewall is of no particular consequence, but some newspapers in the east that ought to know better talk as though they were a little shaken in their conviction that free coinage would be a bad things by the fact—or, rather, the allegation—that "the people" in many sections want it. Garfield made some remarks on this subject in an address on "The Future of the Republic," delivered at Hudson, O., July 2, 18[illegible], which are very appropriate to the present situation. Speaking of the danger of being deluded into security by political catchwords, devised to flatter rather than instruct, he said that we had happily escaped the dogma of the divine right of kings, and ought not to fall into the equally pernicious error that a multitude is divine because it is a multitude. He recalled the warning of Dr. Francis Leiber on this subject: "Woe to the country in which political hypocrisy first calls the people almighty, then teaches that the voice of the people is divine, then pretends to take a mere clamor for the true voice of the people is divine, and lastly gets up the desired clamor." Garfield proceeded:

"This sentence ought to be read in every political caucus. It would make an interesting and significant preamble to most of our political platforms. It is only when the people speak truth and justice that their voice can be called "the voice of God." "

Two Distinguished Bolters.

Two notable bolters of the Chicago ticket and platform are Bourke Cockran and William R. Grace. These distinguished Democrats have held high offices as gifts of their party, and stand well in its councils. The former was a Congressman and the latter has been mayor of New York city.

Mr. Cockran has just returned from Europe. He knew all about the result of the Chicago convention before he left the other side and he employed his time while sailing home in considering the situation and the best way of dealing with it. His statement is a long one, and it is not necessary to go into it in detail. He regards the situation as "the gravest in the history of the country." "This is a question of morals as well as politics." "I decline to follow Mr. Bryan in a crusade against honesty and the rights of labor." "In a contest for the existence of civilization no man can remain neutral." These are forcible sentences, and are earnestly commended to voters whose actions are controlled by principles.

Mr. Cockran is opposed to a third ticket, and gives these as his reasons: "I do not believe that the nomination of other candidates for president and vice president, however eminent and deserving they might be personally or politically, would serve any useful purpose. What is needed is not a new ticket, but a new platform, which will declare in unmistakable language the cardinal feature of the party faith, and which while indorsing McKinley electors will provide for a really Democratic opposition to the McKinley administration during the period of its existence."

Ex-Mayor Grace's letter speaks from personal experience with the silver standard countries of South America, for he has had intimate business relations with them, and he discusses the serious effect the adoption of the silver standard would have on wages. His conclusion is this: "All of us who are opposed to the principles and the candidates representing those principles of the Chicago convention and its Populistic allies, believe under the present condition of things Maj. McKinley should be elected president of the United States. Personally, I believe he will be." However he favors the nomination of another candidate saying: "So too I beleive in the advisability of naming a third candidate for the presideuev who shall represent the Jeffersonian ideas of the sound money Democracy. Sound money orators must have an opportunity to address Democrats directly on the issues of the campaign in favor a Democrat.

Look on the Two Pictures.

The standard of value in different nations:—

GOLD STANDARD.	SILVER STANDARD.
United Kingdom.	Mexico.
France.	Russia.
Germany.	C. Am. States.
Belgium.	S. Am. States.
Italy.	Japan.
Switzerland.	India.
Greece.	China.
Spain.	Straits settlements.
Portugal.	
Roumania.	
Servia.	
Austra-Hungary.	
Netherlands.	
Canada.	
Norway.	
Sweden.	
Denmark.	
Turkey.	
Australia.	
Egypt.	
Cuba.	
Hati.	
Bulgaria.	
United States.	

The free silver advocates claim that silver is the money of civlization. Which represent the higher civilization, the better business, or labor conditions—the twenty-four nations using gold or the eight using silver?

Not Finance, but Robbery.

To the Editor of The Republican.

If a man takes a piece of steel worth 15 cents and makes of it watch springs worth $100, that is skill.

If he takes a piece of paper wroth two cents and writes on it a poem that sells for $50 that is genius.

If he takes a farm worth $5 an acre, and by his labor and knowledge puts it in heart again and makes it worth $20 an acre, that is work.

If a man takes a hammer worth 60 cents, and in a day's use of it earns $1.85, that's hard work.

If a man buys a yearling at a trotting sale for $15 that in its three-year form develops ability to make a mile at a 2:06¼ gait, that is judgment.

If a man buys a silver mine he has never seen, and it makes him a millionaire, that's luck.

If a man buys an article to-day for $1.50 and sells it to-morrow for $3.69, that's business.

But when a government takes 53 cents' worth of silver and coins it into a cart-wheel, and says legislatively that it is 100 cents, or a dollar, and pays it out as such to creditors, that is not finance, but highway robbery. A DEMOCRAT.

"I Am Not A Democrat."

On March 17, 1896, the Hon. William J. Bryan declared, in a speech at Mount Vernon, Ill., "I am not a Democrat."

It was true. He had been spouting free silver and coquetting with populism for two years or more. He had induced the Nebraska Democrats to endorse the Nebraska Populist State ticket in 1893. He was not at that time a Democrat, and he was frank enough to say so.

This young Populist, nominated upon a Populist platform, is no more a Democrat now than he was, by his own admission, last March. Why should any Democrat feel himself bound to vote for a man who was ostentatiously proclaiming four months ago that he was not a Democrat?—N. Y. Sun.

Five Sound Propositions.

Secretary Carlisle laid down these five propositions at the Memphis Sound Money Convention and challenged the world to contradict them.

First—There is not a free coinage country in the world to-day that is not on the silver basis.

Second—There is not a gold standard country in the world to-day that does not use silver as money along with gold.

Third —Third is not a silver standard country in the world to-day that uses any gold as money along with silver.

Fourth—There is not a silver standard country in the world to-day that has more than one-third as much money in circulation per capita as the United States have; and.

Fifth—There is not a silver standard country in the world to-day where the laboring man receives fair pay for his day's work.

[illegible]'s Tablets relieve nausea.

MONEY TO THE FORE.

Senator-Elect Wellington Outlines the Plan of Campaign.

BALTIMORE, MD., July 30—Senator-elect Wellington spent a few hours this morning on his way home from New York, where he had gone to attend the conference of Chairman Hanna and the other leading Republicans of the east. In a conversation with a reporter at the Carrollton Mr. Wellington said: "The New York meeting was highly successful in every way. The reports heard from the several parts of the country represented were extremely encouraging, and all present felt that the prospects ot the campaign were very gratifying. My impression is that in the conduct of the general campaign the financial question will be pushed to the front and tariff and other issues subordinated. That such will be the course adopted in our Maryland campaign I can state authoritatively. We expect to poll a large vote of sound money Democrats, and ont of regard to their low tariff proclivities all allusion to protection will be, as far as it may be possible, rigorously excluded. We feel that we cannot afford to affront our sound money allies. Then after all, every Republican really feels that the tariff has no place in this campaign, although he may be just as strong a protectionist as ever. The preservation of the national credit should be the watchword, and high tariff oratory will be not only intrusive, but a product of poor judgment."

When asked about the situation in Maryland, Mr. Wellington replied: "I believe that our electoral ticket will be triumphantly elected. I have reviewed the entire field carefully during the last few days, and am glad to believe that any defection from our ranks because of free coinage sentiment will amount to nothing. We will retain our full vote, and in addition will be reinforced by a heavy sound money Democratic vote. In fact, from what I can gather, I feel sure that the Maryland Democracy will suffer a defection of at least 25 per cent. of its voting strength, and if we get a fair proportion of these bolters, McKinley and Hobart will carry the State by between 20,000 and 30,000 majority."

Church Note.

Services at the Memorial church Sabbath morning will be conducted by Dr. G. M. P. King. Mrs. Mealy will sing. The services at night will be conducted by the pastor.

Won't Vote for Bryan.

A Baltimore paper quotes Senator J. Clarance Lane, of Hagerstown, as follows: "I shall not vote for Bryan and Sewall; I do not know yet what I will do, as I am unalterably opposed to a high tariff and do feel like supporting the Republican ticket. I am heartily in favor of the nomination of a sound money Democratic ticket, and would like to see Grover Cleveland nominated again as the candidate for President on that ticket. He represents my principles as nearly as any man in the party."

Died.

Mr. Jeremiah Browning, brother of the late John L. Browning, died at his home in Germania last Saturday. His remains were brought to Oakland Monday morning and interred from St. Peter's church in the Catholic cemetery here. He was about seventy years of age. Mrs. John White, of Oakland, is his daughter.

Ripans Tabules cure laundice.

Competitive Examinations.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS OF GARRETT COUNTY,
OAKLAND, MD., Aug. 5, 1896.

A competitive examination will be held in the Oakland public school building on

Thursday, Aug. 20, 1896,

to fill one vacancy in St. John's College, Annapolis, Md., and five vacancies in the State Normal School.

Examinations commence at ten o'clock a. m.

By order of the Board,
U. G. PALMER, Examiner.

SCHOOL BOARD MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS OF GARRETT COUNTY,
OAKLAND, MD., Aug. 5, 1896.

The Board of School Commissioners of Garrett county will meet on

Friday, August 21, 1896,

for the purpose of transacting any business that may regularly come before it.

By order of the Board,
U. G. PALMER,
Secretary.

Estate of George S. Lee, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

GEORGE S. LEE,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 1st day of February next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 28th day of July, 1896.

ELISHA F. LEE, Adm'r.
Swanton, Md.
21—1

THE

New BUCKEYE FOR 1896.

The Simplest, Best and Lightest Running Binder on Earth.

ISN'T IT A BEAUTY?

Examine our composition adjustable bearings and other valuable improvements for 1896. It beats the World.

From the Golden Harvest Fields of the Sunny South, where grain cutting is now progressing, come Songs of Praise for this Wonderful Machine.

The genius of man has never produced its equal.

Its perfect working Bundle Carrier is admired by all.

No weight on horses' necks—no side draft—open end, and it will handle the longest or shortest grain successfully.

See its high drive wheel which insures light draft.

Be sure and examine this machine before you buy. If there is no agent in your locality, correspond with us direct.

COMPETITORS ARE FLEEING BEFORE THE MAJESTIC MARCH OF THE NEW BUCKEYE.

HEAR WHAT PENNSYLVANIA FARMERS SAY,

The field selected was rye 7 feet tall, very heavy and green. The machine was drawn by an ordinary team, and never made a skip or missed a sheaf.

We the undersigned have, this 27th day of May, 1896, witnessed the working of the New Buckeye Binder, cutting rye on the farm of Dr. G. A. Knight at Lamerttine, Clarion county, Pa. We consider its work first-class in every respect, and the Machine very light draft.

Some expressions from those present—"Isn't she a daisy." "I tell you that's the lightest running binder I ever saw." "She handles that rye elegant." "Don't it make a splendid sheaf." "Say that bundle carrier beats them all." "That pair of horses could handle that machine all day." "Did you ever see a binder with such little machinery." "Not a particle of weight on the horses' necks, it's perfectly balanced." "It beats anything I ever saw."

F. B. Sheffler, B. Knoppenberger, H. McGinnis, W. L. Long, D. M. Delo, Lynn Campbell, Joe Sheffler, Irvin McGinnis, H. C. Sheffler, Joe S. Shirey, Leroy Kurtz, Chas. Say, J. J. Kline, L. M. Cochran, Frank Kline, P. Winegard, Jno. William, Aaron Conner, C. K. Sheffler, G. H. Wenner, F. W. Berlin, M. B. Shannon, F. B. Shannon, jr., J. M. Kurtz, J. G. Hecter.

THE BUCKEYE MOWER.

ORIGINAL, GENUINE AND ONLY, MADE BY

AULTMAN, MILLER & CO.,

AKRON, OHIO.

FOR SALE BY

JONAS ✣ FRAZEE,

SELBYSPORT, MD.

Says Bryan Never had a Case.

NASHUA, N. H., Aug. 1.—George W. Holland, of Falls City, Neb., who is known all over that state as one of its leading lawyers and bankers, has written a long letter on the political situation to W. H. Beasom of this city. The letter is in answer to an inquiry as to how Bryan was regarded in his own State.

Mr. Holland, who regards Nebraska as doubtful because of the silver question says of Bryan:

"I am personally acquainted with Bryan. He is the most overrated man in the State. He never had a case in the District Court. There are hundreds of boys in the State who are better lawyers than he. His sole reputation has been his mouth. He is not an orator. He goes before a crowd of debtors and rants about capital, etc. He excites their prejudices and animosities. He is smooth of tongue and a handsome man, but when he comes down to oratory he is not in it. We have a dozen men in Nebraska who would drive him off the platform—such men as Thurston, Manderson, Cowin, Lumberson, Frill, etc.

"But we don't underestimate him. He has a faculty of remembering names and fads which is almost wonderful. He can go all over this district and meet and call almost every man by name. But we know him, and I'll bet $100 he don't carry the First Congressional district (his own,) and that he will be beaten in his own ward in Lincoln."

A Few More Creditors.

New York *Tribune* Apart from the "regular line" life insurance companies, and their enormous volume of business, there are many others conducted on the "assessment" plan also enjoying much patronage. These vary greatly in size and character. Some have only a few hundred and some scores of thousands of members. Some are restricted in membership to certain trades or professions, while others do a general business. They are found in all parts of the country, and one or another of them has patrons in every community.

According to the latest statistics at hand there are 123 of these organizations in active existence. They have an aggregate membership- or patronage, of 876,080. The total volume of insurance in force is $2,604,107,500. The average amount of insurance is therefore a little less than $3000. While there are in this great host of men of all walks of life, both rich and poor, the great majority are unquestionably of moderate means, to whom this amount of insurance is of much importance. It represents what they have secured by industry and economy "for a rainy day," or to be their legacy to their widows and orphans.

This army of 876,080 men constitutes what the Chicago Convention railed at as a "creditor class." Each one of those men is a creditor to the extent of his few hundreds of thousands of dollars of insurance The indebtedness due to him has been contracted in 100-cent dollars. Is he, or are his heirs, to collect it in 100-cent or in 53-cent dollars? That is the question to be decided next November's election. The success of McKinley and his policy will mean that this insurance is to be paid as the assessments have been paid, in 100-cent dollars. The success of Bryan and his policy will mean that it is to be paid in 53-cent dollars.

What do these 876,080 men—this "creditor class"—think about it? Do they want their heirs to get the $3000 each, for which they have been paying or only $1500? There are many of them in Nebraska: will they vote for Bryan and a 53-cent dollar? There are many in Georgia: will they follow Hoke Smith into the repudiation camp? There are thousands in Iowa, a single company having 37,199 members and $73,398,000 insurance: will they listen to "Uncle Hod" Boies' plea for a 47 per cent. scaling down of what is due to them? There are many in Altgeld's State, one company having 44,996 members and $434,500 insurance; in George Fred. Williams' State, one having 51,940 members and $112,568,780 insurance and in Robert E. Pattison's State where one has 25,339 and $58,363,343 insurance. Will they follow the counsel of these leaders, and vote for free silver and for robbery of their families?

Demonetization of Iron.

Atlanta, Ga., *Journal* (Dem.): Alexander P. Hull, of Atlanta, is a strong 16 to 1 man. He does not believe in half-way measures. The free coinage of silver idea is too tame for him. He is willing to see the silverites and to go them 100 points better. Here are his declaration, proposition and argument:

"Having been deeply impressed by the arguments of Judge Crisp, Bryan, Stewart, Jones and other silver leaders, and especially grieved, shocked and horrified by the 'awful crime of 1873,' as so lucidly depicted daily in the columns of the Atlanta *Constitution* and other silver organs, I have changed my views on the money question and am ready to maintain the propositions following in joint debate or newspaper controversy:

"I accept the arguments of the advocates of silver and agree with their remedy as far as it goes. However, it does not go far enough. Let us have plenty of remedy—in fact, enough to make debt and poverty things of the past, relics of the dark ages. I am in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of pig iron at the ratio of 16 to 1 with gold by the United States alone, independently of all nations, and can prove by the best authority obtainable that such a policy on the part of the United States will 'raise prices,' 'put plenty of money in circulation' and give an honest debtor a chance to pay his debt, 'thereby making the whole country prosperous.

"Now, in the first place, it may be urged by some 'who do not understand the subject of standard of value that a free coinage act for iron would not raise its price to a ratio of 16 to 1 with gold. To them I reply the 'stamp of this government' and the 'legal tender qualities' of the iron dollar would instantly make the bullion value of pig iron the same as the mint value. 'For who would part with an ounce of this precious metal for anything else than the mint value?' (Stewart, Jones and Bryan.)

"Again it may be urged that our mint would be overcrowded with pig iron. I reply that the price of pig iron having been raised from $7.50 a ton to a ratio of 16 to 1 with gold the world over 'no one would especially care to carry it to the mints, since the mint price could be obtained anywhere in the open market.' (Atlanta *Constitution*) Next it may be urged that gold and silver would go out of circulation. I reply, first. 'This is a mere assumption of the tools of the money power which they cannot verify' (Atlanta *Constitution*); second, 'Suppose gold and silver do go out of circulation, is there not plenty of pig iron to take their places and give the people plenty of money?' (Bryan); and, third, such an assumption mixes the ideas of circulating medium and standard of values; gold and silver would still be potential money metals, though not in circulation and would lend their help toward raising prices and causing general prosperity.' (Crisp.)

"Then, again it may be urged against the pig iron standard of value that wages would not rise in proportion to prices. The reply is, 'Wages would be compelled to rise, since no man would be fool enough to work for $1 a day who could make $1,000 a day picking up rusty nails and old horseshoes and carrying them to the mint for coinage.' (Hull.)

"In addition it may be urged by the money power, by the 'Wall street sharks' and the 'Bond street Shylocks' that we could not go alone on a pig iron basis without an international agreement. 'To such dastards as dare to lay a limit to the power of the American people to do what they please, independently of other nations, I hurl their cowardice and lack of patriotism back in their faces.' (Bryan.)

"The 'crime' of demonetizing pig iron took place about 2,200 years ago, when certain 'goldolators' and 'silverites' in order to increase the purchasing power of their ill gotten wealth secretly and like thieves in the night got the demonetization act passed repealing the good old free coinage of Lycurgus, the 'friend of our ancestors' daddies.' 'To-day China is the only country on earth honest enough to coin iron, and there the happy laborer can carry home the wages of his honest toil in a wheelbarrow.' (Atlanta *Constitution*.)

"A ruinous fall in prices followed the demonetization of iron and has continued for upward of 2,000 years. I have calculated the losses entailed upon the honest people of this world by that ruthless act, but the figures are so enormous I fear a revolution will ensue if the people learn how greatly they have been robbed. But facts are facts, and the best way to right a wrong is to meet it squarely. 'That loss is $21,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000.' (Coin's Financial School.)

"In conclusion I insist that the free coinage of pig iron will do everything that is claimed for silver and infinitely more. The people will be rich and prosperous. The once poor man can pay his debts with his old stove. Railroads can declare dividends on old rails and worn out rolling stock. The small boy can pick up old nails and horseshoes enough to support his family. In fine, poverty and debt can no longer exist."

A Conspiracy Against Wages.

Bourke Cochran, the eloquent Democratic New York leader, goes to the bottom of the free silver movement when he says it is "a conspiracy against wages." The ground on which the silver movement is urged is the difference between the bullion and face value of the silver dollar. In the documents sent out by the managers of the free silver campaign, the foreign price of wheat and cotton is the basis of the calculation, and it is pointed out that this converted into silver means a price nearly double what the farmer is getting now, while he will be paying out no more than now. Here is the argument as presented in Mr. Wharton Baker's free silver paper, *The American*, of July 18:

"Suppose we should to-morrow open our mints to the free coinage of silver, and that gold should immediately go to a premium of 50 per cent. Evidently, the three shillings which we receive in Liverpool for wheat—this is approximately the Liverpool price of a bushel of wheat at this time—and which are the equivalent at present of less than 75 cents in our currency, would at once become worth, as measured by our currency, 50 per cent. more; so that the equivalent of three shillings (gold) in our currency would be $1.12½.

"The result, of course, would be that our farmers selling wheat in Liverpool for three shillings would receive $1.12½ per bushel, less freight charges from the American wheat field to the British market, where they now receive but 75 cents. Obviously, the normal price received by our farmer for his wheat would be 50 per cent. greater than now, and as the cost of production would not increase in like ratio, it is clear that the premium on gold resulting in this enhancement of price would be in effect, so much bounty to the wheat-grower."

Now, what does that mean? Simply this, that while the farmer does not really get any more value, he will give less value for labor than he does. The case illustrates anew the truth of Maribeau's saying that while you cannot gain an advantage by debasing the standard of value, you can steal an advantage. And in cutting down the pay of agricultural labor in this way, at the same time the pay of all labor is likewise reduced, so that in attempting to seize unjust profits on his sales in the foreign market, the farmer would find that he had been ruining the much more important home market. Already the distress occasioned by the free silver agitation has reduced the home consumption of wheat from 5.81 bushels per capita in 1892 to 4.54, and of corn from 30.33 to 16.98. The per capita consumption of all the great staples greatly increased from 1873 to 1892 and is still greater now than in 1873 but in proportion as the free silver agitation advances prosperity retires and consumption declines.

Free silver advocates cannot deny that their remedy for hard times is simply a gigantic cut in the pay of labor, for the whole burden of their argument is that free silver will put up prices. All they can say for the working man is that eventually his pay will advance, too. Truly a fine prospect for the wage-earner. He starts one a sure loser, and before he can get even with the game he must get his wages nearly doubled.

McHenry.

The farmers in this part are making slow progress with harvest on account of the excess of moistnre we are getting.

Since the rains prevent the working of our farms they give us an opportunity to read the bible and to learn from its teachings to be satisfied with the state of the weather. It is true that some persons do complain about the heavy rains and high waters, but Baptists and Prohibitionists are just suited with the wet season.

It appears from what we can learn through political papers that the Populists and silverites are determined to give us free silver.

We are anxious to see the outcome of the straight-out Democratic party if it should hold a national convention.

We note with interest the article in your paper of last week about the three-year old cattle sold by Mr. Gortner, of Ryan's Glade. Some of our farmers will make a great effort to secure that breed of cattle. Such cattle would be particularly valuable for their export qualities. We think we do real well to raise three-year old cattle that will dress from eight hundred and fifty to nine hundred pounds.

With three cheers for McKinley and best wishes to THE REPUBLICAN we will stop short.

TEETHING TROUBLES

are controlled and cured by

LAUGHLIN'S

INFANT CORDIAL

If the baby comes safely through the teething period its most dangerous time is past. The Cordial relieves the tingling ache of the little gums, controls the bowels, cures colic—brings safely out of danger.

Every bottle guaranteed.

All druggists, 25 cents.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Prop's, WHEELING, W. VA.

Circuit Court Order.

Whereas, under the provisions of the Act of 1896, Chapter 161, Columbus Paugh and 116 other registered voters in Election District Number Eight of Garrett county, Maryland, on the 31st day of July, 1896, filed with E. Z. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for said Garrett county, a written petition praying that a new election be held in said Election District Number Eight, at the next Congressional election to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors shall be sold in said district, and the said number of registered voters so petitioning being at least one-third in number of votes cast at the next preceding election in said district, it is this 31st day of July, 1896, ordered that the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county be directed to proclaim notice of a new election to be held in said Election District Number Eight, at the next Congressional election, on November 3rd, 1896, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication shall be sold in said district, unless however, a counter petition from said election district, larger in number than the one filed as aforesaid, be presented before the first day of September, 1896.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks prior to the first day of September, 1896, in The Republican and the Mountain Democrat, two newspapers printed in Garrett county.

DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy.
Test:—E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Circuit Court Order.

Whereas, under the provisions of the Act of 1896, Chapter 161, Wm. D. Hoye and 111 other registered voters in Election District Number Ten of Garrett county, Maryland, on the 31st day of July, 1896, filed with E. Z. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for said Garrett county, a written petition praying that a new election be held in said Election District Number Ten, at the next Congressional election to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors shall be sold in said district, and the said number of registered voters so petitioning being at least one-third in number of votes cast at the next preceding election in said district, it is this 31st day of July, 1896, ordered that the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county be directed to proclaim notice of a new election to be held in said Election District Number Ten at the next Congressional election, on November 3rd, 1896, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication shall be sold in said district, and the said number of registered voters so petitioning being at least one-third in number of votes cast at the next preceding election in said district, it is this 31st day of July, 1896, ordered that the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county be directed to proclaim notice of a new election to be held in said Election District Number Eight, at the next Congressional election, on November 3rd, 1896, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication shall be sold in said district, unless however, a counter petition from said election district, larger in number than the one filed as aforesaid, be presented before the first day of September, 1896.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks prior to the first day of September, 1896, in The Republican and the Mountain Democrat, two newspapers printed in Garrett county.

DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy.
Test:—E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Circuit Court Order.

Whereas, under the provisions of the Act of 1896, Chapter 161, Eugene Teets and 80 other registered voters in Election District Number SIX of Garrett county, Maryland, on the 31st day of July, 1896, filed with E. Z. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for said Garrett county, a written petition, praying that a new election be held in said Election District Number SIX at the next Congressional election, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors shall be sold in said district, and the said number of registered voters so petitioning being at least one-third in number of votes cast at the next preceding election in said district, it is this 31st day of July, 1896, ordered that the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county be directed to proclaim notice of a new election to be held in said Election District Number SIX, at the next Congressional election on November 3rd, 1896, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication, shall be sold in said district, unless however, a counter petition from said Election District, larger in number than the one filed as aforesaid, be presented before the first day of September, 1896.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks prior to the first day of September, 1896, in The Republican and the Mountain Democrat, two newspapers printed in Garrett county.

DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy.
Test:—E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Circuit Court Order.

Whereas, under the provisions of the Act of 1896, Chapter 161, B. Sterling and 236 other registered voters in Election District Number Two of Garrett county, Maryland, on the 24th day of July, 1896, filed with E. Z. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for said Garrett county, a written petition praying that a new election be held in said Election District Number Two, at the next Congressional election to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors shall be sold in said district, and the said number of registered voters so petitioning being at least one-third in number of votes cast at the next preceding election in said district, it is this 31st day of July, 1896, ordered that the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county be directed to proclaim notice of a new election to be held in said Election District Number Two at the next Congressional election on November 3rd, 1896, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication shall be sold in said district, unless however, a counter petition from said Election District, larger in number than the one filed as aforesaid be presented before the first day of September, 1896.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks prior to the first day of September, 1896, in The Republican and the Mountain Democrat, two newspapers printed in Garrett county.

DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy.
Test:—E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

INSOLVENT NOTICE.

The Bayers Sons Grocery Company et al. vs. John J. Root.

No. 99 Insolvents. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

The petition filed in the aforegoing case having been read and considered it is this 6th day of August, 1896, ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county that a summons be issued by the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county against the said John J. Root returnable on the 15th day of August, 1896, commanding him to appear and answer the petition of The Baer Sons Grocery Company et al. filed against Him, and that the said John J. Root on or before the said 15th day of August, 1896, show cause why he shall not be adjudicated an insolvent as prayed in said petition, and it is further ordered that notice be also given by the said John J. Root to appear, answer and show cause as aforesaid by publication of this order in some newspaper published in Garrett county aforesaid one or more times before the said 15th day of August, 1896.

And it is further ordered that pending the determination of this application for such adjudication the said John J. Root and the said William H. Malette be and they are hereby enjoined from selling or disposing of or in any way the making way with the property mentioned in said petition; provided a copy of said petition and of this order be served on the said William H. Malette on or before the 8th day of August, 1896, and the same shall also be served upon the John J. Root if he be found.

DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy.
Test:—E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

THOMAS R. McROBIE,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felly Building, Alder Street.
All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

SHERIFF'S SALE —OF— REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of two writs of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county at the suit of P. C. Boucher use of Henry Frentzberg, and J. T. Shaw, vs. Marshall Beachy, the same being Nos. 21 and 23 Judicials to July term, 1896, and to me directed and delivered, I have seized and taken into execution all the following described land and I will offer at public auction to the highest bidder, on

Saturday, August 8, 1896,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m. of said day, in front of the Liverpool Hotel, in the town of Grantsville, all that lot of land situated in said town containing three-quarters of an acre and belonging to said Marshall Beachy on the north side of the National road, formerly occupied by Abraham J. Beachy and known as the "John Fallinger Property," and purchased from him by Abraham J. Beachy, and which the said Marshall acquired from the said Abraham J. Beachy by his last will and testament.

Said property is improved by a dwelling house and other outbuildings.

The defendant's interest in the above property will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid executions and costs.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

29—3

ORDER NISI.

David F. Kuykendall and others vs. Alfred M. Devereaux and others.

No. 762 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered, this 28th day of July, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county sitting in equity that the sale made and reported in the above cause by B. A. Richmond, W. G. Devereaux and D. J. Blackiston, trustees, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 11th day of August, 1896; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Oakland, Md., once in each of three successive weeks before the 11th day of August, 1896.

The report states the amount of sale to be $1,900.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

26—3

Millinery and Dress Making.

Just opened, at Mountain Lake Park, by Mrs. J. T. Pierce. First-class work guaranteed. Will carry a full line of

STAPLE GOODS.

HATS TRIMMED to ORDER.

on short notice. Miss B. C. McAyeow will superintend the business. Her long experience is a sufficient guarantee of first-class work. Call and see our goods, Oakland Avenue and L St. 31—3

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL

ROOFING.

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC,

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26.

FARMS! HOMES!

IN VIRGINIA, THE CAROLINAS and GEORGIA

SURROUNDED BY

SUNSHINE AND HEALTH,

FACTORY and MILL SITES,

WITH

Abundance of Water Power,

Convenient to Many Markets.

Best Fruit and Agricultural Lands

IN THE UNITED STATES.

$3 to $10 per Acre

Peculiarly adapted to raising Early Fruits, Early Vegetables, Grains, Tobacco, Cotton, Grasses, etc.

LOCATED ALONG THE GREAT

Seaboard Air Line.

The Great Through Freight and Passenger Route to and from the South and Southwest.

FREE! A 48-Page Illustrated Pamphlet, with large Map, describing in detail the choicest, most productive, healthiest and most progressive section of the "New South," with much other valuable information of great assistance to those looking for a home site, factory or mill site, farm or safe and sure investment in the coming section of the country, will be sent to any address on receipt of two cents to pay postage. Address

GEO. L. RHODES,
General Agent Seaboard Air Line
Portsmouth, Va.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In effect July 19, 1896.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS	NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1		No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.
3 00*	8 00† lv	Cumberland ar	†12 00	12 00
3 54	8 31	Rawlings	11 29	6 05
4 06	8 56	Keyser	11 04	5 39
4 19	9 06	Westernport	10 54	5 25
4 42	9 12	W. Va. C. June.	10 48	5 20
4 57	9 37	Shaw	10 23	4 55
5 10	10 00	Harrison	10 00	4 35
6 15	10 15* ar	Elk Garden	9 55	4 00
5 55	10 30† lv	Gorman	9 23	4 54
5 41	10 11	Bayard	9 45	4 40
5 52	10 52	Dobbin	9 04	4 30
6 25	11 23	Thomas	8 34	4 00
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	8 10	3 15
6 27	11 27 lv	Coketon	8 31	3 42
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	7 39	3 30
6 57	11 57	Bretz	7 34	3 25
7 01	12 00	Parsons	7 31	3 22
7 39	12 39	Kerens	7 18	2 47
8 00*	1 00† ar	Elkins	lv 6 40	12 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*11 55
	3 05* ar	Huntington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily	2.56 A. M
No. —Daily	5.07 A. M
No. 71—Accommodation daily except Sun	7.30 A. M
No. 5—Daily	10.49 A. M
No. —Express daily	2.27 P. M
No. 10—Accommodation	4.26 P. M
No. —Daily	10.05 P. M

GOING EAST

No. —Daily	5.20 A. M
No. 2—Daily	9.31 A. M
No. 74—Accommodation daily	9.58 A. M
No. 72—Accommodation daily except Sun	4.46 P. M
No. 4—Daily	7.45 P. M
No. 1—Daily	12.55 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL,
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

THE

G. E. PEARCE DRUG CO.,

OF FROSTBURG, MD.

We have produced the largest stock of goods in the drug line in Western Maryland.

P. D. & CO. and S. and B. Pharmaceutical preparations always in stock, supplied to physicians at jobbers prices.

OUR LINE OF

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES AND WINDOW GLASS

IS LARGE AND COMPLETE.

We sell and guarantee LEAD AS PURE AS GLOSS PAINT, 14 to 20 per gallon.

9-26

THE

Maryland Building and Loan Association

of Garrett County.

OFFICERS:

ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. FEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM RINEHAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney.
THOMAS J. FEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencies.

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock:

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.

EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
T. R. CARSKADON,
Keyser, W. Va.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

A MIDSUMMER SONG.

When the star of the morning is gleaming,
And darkness is melting away,
When the sky flashes pink with the glory
That heralds the coming of day,
When dewdrops sparkle and shimmer
On wayside and garden and lawn,
When forests and fields ring with music,
Then, hey! for the midsummer dawn.

When the meadow is powdered with daisies,
And the clover is calling the bee,
When the poppies are flame in the garden,
And cherries are flame on the tree;
When the mowers seek rest and refreshment
Where the elms are bestowing the boon
Of the shade of their pendulous branches,
Then hey! for the midsummer noon.

When the breeze brings the breath of the flowers
The perfume of lily and musk,
When the moths are flitting like phantoms,
When the fireflies flash in the dusk,
When the birds have caroled their vespers
And the lonely whippoorwills grieve,
When the glow of the sunset is fading,
Then hey! for the midsummer eve.

When the noise of the daytime is silenced,
And naught in the stillness is heard
Save the murmur of tremulous treetops,
Or the stir of a slumbering bird;
When the moon mounts higher in the heaven,
And under her magical light
The earth is a scene of enchantment,
Then hey! for the midsummer night.
—Anna M. Pratt, in Youth's Companion.

SENOR VALENTINO.

Twelve o'clock midnight.

From far across the country comes a dull, hollow, reverberating boom—the signal gun of the Spanish forces. Slowly, almost painfully, the Cuban patriot flung back his light blanket, gazed upward for a moment at the burning mass of stars in the heavens, then fell back again to dream of bloody charges made by the gray dragoons of Spain, and of their repulse by the sturdy Cuban macheteers.

"Surely not again, Senor Captain? One must indeed be cool to think so lightly of a task like ours."

"Viva Cuba Libre! You are right, Pedro—we must be up and away."

This time the young Cuban sprang to his feet and shook himself as though that was a punishment for his momentary forgetfulness. As the two young men stand side by side in the soft mellow light of the moon, it is easy to see that they are not of the lower caste or guajiros, a party that comprises a large division of the patriot army, but of the Cuban planter, a gentleman of the highest degree.

Both are armed with small arms alone, though their appearance indicates that they have seen military service.

"Now is the time to read our general's instructions, Pedro; the senor lays great stress upon our actions to-night and knows at this very hour we are moving toward the forces of the enemy to accomplish a purpose the penalty of which, if we are caught, is instant death."

As the speaker ceased, he drew a sealed package from beneath the folds of his sash.

"Inferno!" he continued a moment later; "the general is terse and sends us out to do much against great oddds. The spy, he says, is a guarded prisoner in the Spanish camp, but his whereabouts he knows not; and yet we are to liberate him at the risk of our lives, and when we have accomplished this, receive any reward we may ask for."

"Carramba! Valentino, the terms are good. Two or three hundred doubloons will satisfy me; let us hasten."

"In sooth, you speak right, the job is a profitable one, but the night is ill-omened. What care we for gold when the liberty of Cuba is at stake?"

"Do you forget, senor, that Spanish metal will purchase American steel with which the Cuban patriots will win their freedom?"

"No, Pedro; but does not the general turn over all his spare gold to the filibustering expeditions?"

"Ah, one forgets in his eagerness to aid his country. Greater though will be the fever scourge, Valentino, than all the steel and forces of Cuba. Gloria! Who can defeat us when God is on our side?"

"But this spy, Pedro—why should our leader take more than commonplace interest in him? When first he broached the subject to me he wept like a child, and implored me in the name of Heaven to save him. Pedro, there is a mystery here."

"I doubt it not, senor; and did he not mention a name?"

"Ah, not once; nor did I question him, he was so wrought with grief."

"See! The lights of the Spanish camp, Valentino; we will halt here; the moon is disappearing, the stars are falling, and it will soon be dark."

"A fortune for a hundred brave macheteers now! Yon camp would not look so quiet and peaceful, Pedro, were my wish gratified."

"There, at last Palo hill has hidden the telltale orb! Take one more look, Valentino, before we leave on our desperate game of chance."

The two men gazed for a moment enstward toward the insurgent country, and then to the westward at the twinkling lights a mile or so off on the plains.

"Will they be there—the horses?" whispered the one who had likened their task to a game of chance.

"He is a true Cuban and will not fail us in the hour of need; if he does, God pity the spy—and us."

"Pardon me, senor, small need to worry now; it all hangs by a thread anyway, even the rebellion. The death of Martí weakened our end somewhat, but the dreaded fever combined with the patriots should yet more than match the home tyrant."

"If one of us should fall to-night, Pedro, and be left behind with a piece of lead in his heart, remember the duty of a comrade and friend and send the tidings to the fallen one's home."

"Condunacion! Senor, do not talk so despondently, for God's sake. It is growing dark and the chills creep up my back like slimy reptiles. If anyone dies to-night it will be me, mark it, Valentino."

"Ugh!" shuddered the other. "We are both growing superstitious."

"Aye, superstitious, but not cowardly. Never, as far back as the Cespedes can trace their pedigree, has there been found a coward, and now—"

"Hist, Pedro!"

Valentino had suddenly thrown himself upon one knee and raised his hand as a sign of warning. He listened attentively for a full minute, then cautiously approached his companion.

"A sentinel," he explained in a whisper. "I have a plan; to overpower this guard and force him to betray the position of the confined spy."

"Good! Here are the chips—once, twice, ah, three times, I go." Pedro crept away and disappeared in the gloom.

With taxed nerves the waiting Valentino crouched upon the earth with his stiletto bared ready at the least call to lend his comrade assistance. Slowly, almost with the tardiness of hours, the minutes passed by.

"It is accomplished," Valentino muttered, as a low whistle was borne to his ears.

Stretching his limbs to give them their former strength and suppleness, the insurgent hurried off in the direction of the sound. He had not advanced far before he discovered Pedro bending over the prostrate form of the sentinel.

"Have you killed him, senor?" he asked.

"No, the fellow is only scared and has already given us the desired information. The one we are in search of is confined in a tent just outside the general's headquarters up on the hill yonder where you see the three red lights; help me bind and gag him, senor."

It took but a moment to make the prisoner secure, and the two were on their way again. The general's tent was less than a quarter of a mile distant, but the greatest precaution was necessary in dodging the sentinels.

"There, at last I believe we are safely inside the lines, senor."

"Not yet, Pedro."

"Arto!" (halt) cried a low firm voice of command.

Both came to a dead stop, but the quick-witted Valentino was equal to the emergency. The carabinero who had so suddenly changed the tide of events stood with his gun at his shoulder a dozen feet to the right.

"We are friends, senor."

"Give the countersign."

"That we cannot do; but we must see the general to-night, as we have important information. Here is a permit that has passed us thus far—see for yourself that it is not a fraud," and the Cuban held out the letter.

Taken off his guard by the apparent frankness of the man before him, the unsuspecting carabinero allowed the butt of his rifle fall to the ground, and stretched forth his hand for the paper.

There was a bright flash of steel as it passed swiftly through the air.

"The night has its victims," muttered Valentino as he wiped off and sheathed his blade. "'Tis some poor mother's son, hardly beyond the limits of boyhood yet, and still it had to be done."

"And a masterly stroke that did it—right to the heart, senor, without a doubt."

"Come."

The captain could say no more; tears were in his eyes and he wished that the hellish work were undone. He could hardly suppress a sob as he thought of the aged mother on the other side of the sea, waiting and praying for a son that would never return. Oh, the anguish of that moment!

Suddenly he halted, for ahead of him, not a dozen rods, was the tent for which he was searching. Pedro remained a few steps behind to guard against surprise, and alone the brave rebel captain crept up to the canvas flap.

There was a light inside; he peered in—there upon a bundle of blankets, with hands and feet securely bound, lay—not a man, but the form of a beautiful girl.

For a moment he could hardly believe his eyes. Was she the spy?

"Ah!"

Like a flash of lightning the truth dawned over him; he had solved the mystery.

"Senorita!" he called, softly.

There was a stir among the blankets and a pale sweet face, with soft dark curls clinging about it like a veil, was raised from its hard pillow.

"A friend to aid you; one who has your welfare at heart."

The girl raised herself still higher; but not a sound escaped her lips. It was not necessary, the soft eyes alone told the story.

Swiftly Valentino crossed to the pallet—swiftly he severed the cords that bound her tender limbs—and swiftly he cnught her lovely form in his arms and dashed into the open air.

It was all over in a minute, for the Cuban had thrown caution to the winds; his only thought, his only purpose was to convey his precious charge to a place of safety. Alas! that his haste was to prove so fatal.

"Arto! Who goes there?"

The sharp rattle of a carbine rang out on the still night air ,and the camp was awake.

"Courage, senorita, we will pass them yet. Pedro. Ho, Pedro!"

"Here senor. Hasten; the horses are in the hollow just beyond the hill."

It was race for life and the patriots won. Hardly were they mounted and off before a dozen or more carabineros rushed into the hollow.

"Caballo! Caballo!" they cried, and discharged their weapons.

"Can you hold your seat, senorita?" the captain asked as he rode up beside her.

"With ease," she answered, bravely, smiling faintly through the gloom.

"They are on horses and in pursuit, senor. I fear we are lost!" interrupted Pedro.

"Why so, comrade?"

"Because, I—I—Valentino, the girl's horse is dying!"

The captain lurched in his saddle as though struck by a blow. For the first time he noticed the spasmodic leaps of the maiden's steed, and the gradual lagging of its pace.

Still on they sped—five—ten—fifteen minutes—and they began to enter the hills. The wounded horse was fast losing strength, but still the noble animal plunged on till its heart burst; and with a agonizing groan it stumbled and fell dead.

In a moment Valentino had the girl on his own mount, and was dashing away in pursuit of Pedro.

"Courage, senorita," he murmured, softly, and pressed her closer to his breast, nestling his face among her beautiful waving curls.

P-i-n-ggg!

That fatal bullet zipped close to the captain's head, and was instantly followed by a heavy fall.

"Great God in Heaven, comarda, are you hurt?"

No answer.

"Dead!"

That one solemn word was uttered with a pathos that boded ill for the perpetrators of the deed.

"Oh, ye hellish dastrads, ye tramplers of human rights, may your flesh rot and your bones decay in every hidden swamp and recess of Cuba, and may the power of despotic Spain sink beneath the billows of the the sea, carrying with it every vestige of the accursed nation. Dios! Oh, Pedro, my comrade—my friend."

The carabineros were close upon the fugitives now, and with a last look at his beloved comrade the captain struck his spurs deep in his horse's flank and sped eastward.

"Courage, senorita, courage," he whispered over and over again. "There yet remains one final resort if all others fail. I will save you—have you faith in me?"

And in answer the girl would lift her sweet face and say:

"Faith unmounded. You are a Cuban patriot."

Never before had the young Cuban been placed in such a critical position. If it had not been for his beautiful charge, he would have turned back and died bravely, fighting over the body of his slain comrade. But this girl, with the lovely waving hair and the glorious eyes, had cast a spell over him which was not easily thrown off; she was more than life to him now.

"Oh, my God, they are gaining on us, senor! See; they level their pieces—they fire!"

"Inferno! the horse is struck—he is down! Cling to me, senorita."

The quarry was run to earth; Valentino's last resolve was shattered; he could not now forfeit his own life for that of his companion. But blood should flow as free as water in that dark, gloomy pass before he would allow himself to be taken captive.

What was that?

A terrific explosion, a stream of quivering flame shooting out from that impenetrable mass of darkness, and the foremost dragoon tumbles from his horse, as lifeless as the weather-beaten rocks about him.

Cr-r-r-a-ack!

"Viva Cuba Libre!"

And they were saved.

The next day the insurgent band carried the general's daughter and her brave rescuer in triumph back to the rebel camp; and with his darling—the doomed spy—clasped close to his breast, the old man implored God to pour forth the blessings of Heaven upon the heads of the two heroes, both living and dead.

And to-day Valentino is at the head of his macheteers, leading them on to victory and freedom, while in a peaceful villa back in the hills is a beautiful girl, a spy, waiting and watching for him, her loved one, to return.—Detroit Journal.

TREASURES OF A BRIDE.

Miss Endicott's Chests of Priceless Linen.

When Miss Endicott married Joseph Chamberlain she carried with her to her English home many chests of household linen. These were far more precious in her eyes than her boxes of Paris gowns, and well they might be, for, besides the beautiful product of modern looms, embroidered with intricate monograms by skillful French fingers, she has treasures creamy in tint and soft with age, heirlooms from the days of her Salem ancestors, when spinning, though a needful art, was the occupation of feminine leisure, the employment of the rich and the poor, in the intervals of more important business and in the long nights of winter. The distaff was then, like the embroidering of soft cushions, table centers, and doilies of our day, a remedy against idleness.

A fresh, charming fashion is the gift of a quaint chest of drawers, called a trousseau chest, from the mother to her engaged daughter soon after the ring had been given by the fiance. It serves its earliest duty as the repository of the congratulatory offerings from girl friends, the teacloths and chocolate napkins, which have run to earth the overworked "engagement teacup." The chests, made of black old Dutch oak, are most suggestive of the Hollander's love of table linen, and are supposed to inspire most enthusiasm in making the collection. And no table can be better of its kind than the old, heavy Dutch linen, with odd figures worked in a shade of white that shows only in certain lights. This is still manufactured, but it is difficult to find in this country, as importers seem to prefer the extremely fine, silky French or Irish productions.—Philadelphia Press.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The air, after a heavy snowfall, is usually very clear, because the snow, in falling, brings down with it most of the dust and impurities and leaves the atmosphere exceedingly clear.

—It is estimated that the drought in New South Wales has caused the loss of 9,500,000 sheep. This catastrophe, together with the consequent reduction in the number of lambs in the next breeding season, will make a great difference to the supplies of mutton and wool for this year and the next.

—After analyzing various qualities of flour Mr. Birard informs the Paris academy of science that the common belief that fine white bread has less nutritive power than course brown bread is wrong, as both the fine and coarse breads contain practically the same amounts of gluten and of phosphates.

—Switzerland had in 1894 7,637 hotels, in which $102,000,000 was invested, giving a return of 7½ per cent. Of the travelers who frequent them 30.7 are German, 20.7 British, 18.9 Swiss, and only 6.6 American. The hotels employ 26,810 servants, whose wages are $1,560,000, or about $56 a year apiece, the chief portion of their pay coming from tips.

—A Norway correspondent says: "Until this year there have been but few American bicycles sold here, and the English and German manufacturers have had this market almost to themselves. This year, however, the American cycles have taken the lead entirely, and the demand for the American machines is even larger than the supply."

—At the recent meeting of the Royal society in London, a pendulum instrument was exhibited, intended to record the slightest tilts and pulsations of the crust of the earth. It was asserted that this instrument would render observable a tilt of less than one three-hundredth of a second of arc. In other words, if a plane surface were tipped up only so little that the rise would amount to a single inch in 1,000 miles, the instrument would reveal the tilting.

—It is well known that the kea, or mountain parrot, of New Zealand, has become notorious from its change of habit, from living on insects, fruit and berries, to attacking living sheep, being reported to have developed this carnivorous habit within the last 30 years. It appears, however, from further first-hand observations by T. White, that the kea lives high up on the mountains a long distance above the forest line, where there are no berries or fruit, and only lichens and a few insects occur.

WORLD'S OLDEST FAMILY.

The Oldest in the British Isles Is the Mars, of Scotland.

As a result of recent investigations it has been shown that the foundations of the families of about a dozen of the 400 barons in the British house of lords date back to 1400, the earliest being 1264. The oldest family in the British Isles is the Mar family, of Scotland, 1093. The Campbells, of Argyll, began in 1190, the Talleyrand dates from 1130, Bismarck from 1270, the Grosvenor family, the dukes of Westminster, 1066; the Austrian house of Hapsburg goes back to 952, and the house of Bourbon to 864. The descendants of Mohammed, born 570, are all registered carefully and authoritatively in a book kept in Mecca by the chief of the family. Little or no doubt exists of the absolute authenticity of the long line of Mohammed's descendants.

In China there are many old families; also among the Hebrews, "but," says an authority, "when it comes to pedigrees there is one gentleman to whom the world must take off its hat, not as facile princeps or primus inter pares, but as the great and only nonesuch. This is the mikado of Japan." His place has been filled by members of his family for more than 2,500 years. The present mikado is the 122d of the line. The first one was contemporary with Nebuchadnezzar, 660 years before Christ. Of the seven great religions enumerated by Max Muller as possessing Bibles the mikado family is older than five.

Since we all have the consolation of knowing that we are descendants from the first family, it makes no difference if some of the early records are lost, except so far as they relate to recent property titles.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A Blind Student's Examination.

Among the students who went up for the classical examinations for foreign languages, held before the professor of the University of Paris, figured a blind youth, who is a day scholar at the Lycee Buffon. Some curiosity was aroused among the other competitors as to the method by which this sightless rival would contrive to translate his paper. The young man, who was accompanied by a small boy, was given a private room. Here one of the masters read out the passages, which the student took down on paper with a pointed instrument. The dictation terminated, the pupil reread the subject, marking the punctuation. He then set about the translation, which was into the English language. Words he did not know the meaning of were looked for in the dictionary by his companion, who, however, afforded him no further help. When the translation had been written in his own curious characters the young man transcribed it for the examiner on a typewriter, working the instrument with remarkable speed, and he concluded his task within the time prescribed for the other competitors.—London Telegraph.

Czar Doesn't Pay for Coronation.

The impression that the expenditure in connection with the coronation at Moscow was paid by the czar out of his own pocket is erroneous. Every rouble in the imperial treasury is supposed to be at the absolute disposal of the czar and he draws upon the treasury at discretion. In addition, he is the owner of large estates in different parts of Russia and is well able to pay all the bills incurred during the coronation ceremonies—if he felt so inclined.—N. Y. World.

MACHINERY OUT OF GEAR.

Elevators Sometimes Stop and Frighten the Passengers.

Few of the thousands of persons who each day use elevators ever stop to think what would result if, for some reason, the machinery should suddenly cease to work and an elevator remain high up in the shaft, with its occupants as securely imprisoned as if locked in the city prison. Such accidents are, however, not at all uncommon. The cosmopolitan citizen of New York is, as a rule, too busy to give such trivial matters a second thought, always provided he is not among the unfortunate individuals who happen to be detained in a car.

Such an accident recently occurred to Manager Oscar Hammerstein, who was taking a party of friends through his theater, music hall and roof garden. It was late at night, and almost everybody had left the theater. Mr. Hammerstein, after telling his friends of the beauties of the new roof garden, suggested that they go up and see it. The party entered the elevator, and Mr. Hammerstein started to act as elevator man. He pulled the rope, and the car moved slowly upward.

When it reached the floor below the roof, where there happens to be no door, it stopped. Mr. Hammerstein tugged at the cable, but without result. He shouted, but no one answered. He and his party were prisoners for nearly 50 minutes.

Arthur Hammerstein had started for home when he heard strange noises from the elevator shaft. Investigation revealed the difficulty, and, after a long search, one of the engineers connected with the building was found. He explained the trouble by saying that the chief engineer had gone for the night and the steam had been shut off, leaving just enough in the chests to send the elevator up the shaft. The machinist started the elevator again, and a very disgusted party was brought down without having had a glimpse of the roof garden.

In one of the larger down-town office buildings recently one of the big elevators happened to get stuck between the floors, just as business was closing for the day. More than half the passengers in the elevator were women, and when they realized that the car was held fast between the landings and there appeared to be no prospect of an immediate release some of the most timid began to grow frightened.

They were reassured for the time being, but when the janitor appeared with a small ladder and told them that the car would stay where it was until the mechanics could be sent for to fix it, and that the only hope of escape that night would be to climb from the car over the top of the door opening into the elevator well to the floor above, some of the pretty damsels vowed that they would remain in the car all night rather than attempt such an acrobatic feat as was suggested. After one or two of the most courageous, however, had made the trip in safety, and without any more display of hosiery than one sees on the streets during a rainy day, they all decided to risk the short climb rather than pass the night in the car suspended in mid-air.

An accident which was very funny to all but the unfortunates most interested occurred recently to about 400 pleasure-seekers in London who were enjoying the sensation of swinging around the circle in the big Ferris wheel at Earl's court. While the fun was at its height the big wheel suddenly stopped. From 8:30 o'clock in the evening until one o'clock the following afternoon it remained stationary, and some of the experiences of its passengers were decidedly uncomfortable.

Every effort was put forth to make the prisoners as comfortable as possible. Few of the women in the cars were provided with wraps suitable to the exposure at an altitude of 300 feet, and many suffered accordingly.

Two of the attendants clambered around the rim of the wheel, carrying with them ropes, by means of which baskets of provisions were drawn up. The occupants of one of the cars, however, were the first to secure communication with terra firma, the result of an ingenious thought of Miss F. Lansdale, of Chester terrace. This young woman possessed a reel of cotton, and carefully lowering it from the window of the car in which she was imprisoned, a stout string was attached. This, upon being drawn up, brought a rope to which was attached a basket containing light refreshments.—N. Y. Journal.

How the Shah Was Awakened.

An amusing story is told of how the late shah fell asleep when he should have been the chief guest at a reception. In Persia it is the general belief that a person awakened from a sleep suffers grievous injury, and that it is sure to bring bad luck. What was to be done? No one dared awaken the shah, and yet, if he was not awakened, and thus missed the reception, he would be furious, and perhaps decapitate some one. Finally, a happy idea was developed. A brass band was dispatched to the shah's resting place with special instructions to the bass drum. The result was highly successful. The shah awoke in a few moments, and went to the reception.—Golden Days.

An Assamese Tradition.

A curious scare ran through the province of Assam, in India, recently, which it took the officials some time to understand. The story was that Queen Victoria wanted five children's heads from each village. The Bengal coolies went frantic, asking for axes and knives to defend their families; factories were fortified, watch being kept all night, and in some villages all the inhabitants hid themselves. The heads, they believed, were wanted to put under the foundations of a great bridge being built. It is the tradition among these people that their ancestors placed human victims under the great prehistoric monoliths.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Scarcity of Rain in England.

England is suffering from the most severe drouth in years.

The Frances Shimer Academy of the University of Chicago

Which for more than forty years has been known as Mt. Carroll Seminary has, by the wish of its founder, become an affiliated school of The University of Chicago. The relation of the Frances Shimer Academy to The University of Chicago is a double one. It is an affiliated academy of the University, and as such the work of instruction is under the direct oversight of the University; eight of its fifteen trustees are trustees of the University.

The local and internal administration of the Academy will be in charge of the Dean, Miss Ida M. Gardner, who for fifteen years has been Principal of College Preparatory Schools both East and West. The course of study, with slight changes, will be identical with that of Morgan Park Academy, and will fit pupils for any College in the country.

"Do you believe that Adam gave a name to all the animals?" "I do, and I respect him for his selections. He did his work most creditably. "Why?" "Well, because there wasn't a Rover or a Fido in the whole lot."—Bazar.

Cheap Excursions to the West and Northwest.

On August 4, 18, September 1, 15, 29, October 6 and 20, 1896, The North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y) will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets at very low rates to a large number of points in the West and Northwest. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address

W. B. KNISKERN, G.P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

THOMAS KNEW.—Teacher—"Where is the capital of Great Britain, Thomas?" Thomas—"Most of it's in this country."—Chicago Record.

Low Rate Excursions South.

On the first and third Tuesday of each month till October about half-rates for round trip will be made to points in the South by the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

KIND TO THE AGED.—"Isabel, why did you give your grandmother a pale-pink umbrella on her birthday?" "I expect to carry it pretty often myself."—Chicago Record.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. WILLIAMS, Antioch, Ill., April 11, 1894.

WHAT a subtle enemy to greatness is the newspaper portrait.—Ram's Horn.

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TEMPERANCE.

THE BOY THAT DRINKS.

Here stands a boy,
Quite full of joy,
But rather fond of drinking.
So lend your ears,
My pretty dears.
And do a little thinking.

What kind of drink,
Pray, do you think,
Do I delight to swallow?
Not beer nor gin,
They lead to sin,
My drink will beat them hollow.

I'll quench my thirst
With water first,
It never leads to folly.
And milk so sweet
Is such a treat
It makes me fat and jolly.
—Richard J. Thane, in Interior.

HALF A PINT OF BEER.

The Harm It Can Do from a Doctor's Standpoint.

"Half a pint of beer won't do anybody any harm." So said a broken-down, blear-eyed individual to whom, no doubt, half a pint was not much more than a mouthful.

If there was but one half pint of beer in the world, and no possibility of making or getting any more, it might, perhaps, go down some red lane or other without any serious consequences. But our solitary half pint is a myth, and, in pleading for one, our beery friend had his eye on a long series of half pints, which, if one were allowed to be smuggled in, would plead the precedent, and join the first in the region within. Hence, the question is not simply to what one-half pint can do or not do. Half a pint today means half a pint to-morrow, and the next day, and the next, and so on, day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year. Nay, it often means more than that. The half pint for dinner paves the way for the half pint for supper; the half pint this year often means a pint next year, or, in too many cases, half pint after half pint, or even pot after pot.

Then, again, the innocent half pint of beer is the excuse for something stronger on occasion—the glass of wine or glass of spirits. So, the half pint is but the camel's nose, and be-

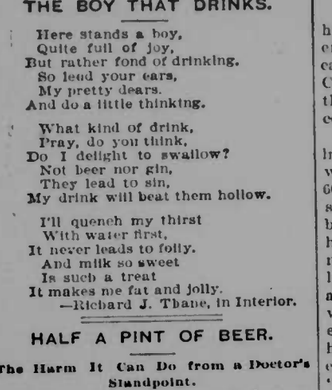

NOT MUCH MORE THAN A MOUTHFUL.

hind that the camel's head, and his neck and his carcass all complete. The invited guest becomes the tyrant who means to stay.

It is impossible to confine the discussion to the merits or demerits of half a pint of beer, but it is possible to show that even this quantity does not improve a man in any particular; but, on the contrary, alters him for the worse. Half a pint of beer contains somewhere about one tablespoonful of alcohol—more, as a rule—and this is equal to an ounce and a half of pure brandy, i. e., two or three teaspoonfuls. There are many who think nothing of half a pint of beer who would think twice before taking half a wineglass of spirits, and who may, therefore, realize that the said half a pint is not the sweet innocent which some allege it to be.

It can be proved that half a pint of beer can lower the temperature of the body. This can be tested by means of a special thermometer (such as doctors use), and the heat of the mouth should be taken just before taking the beer and a quarter of an hour afterwards. The difference may not be great, but it shows that half a pint of beer is not too little to have some effect, and that this effect is to cool the body, not to warm it, as it is commonly supposed to do.

It can also be shown that half a pint of beer can blunt the senses to a slight extent, though the person who has taken it will probably declare that he does not feel any difference. But although this may be true, the fact has been proved by special instruments devised by me for the purpose, and so the fact that the difference is not felt tends to confirm the correctness of the conclusion. It may be admitted, however, that comparisons between the sharpness of the senses at different times are difficult to perceive, unless it is measured in some very delicate way or other.

But the great indictment is that present half pints create a desire for future half pints and necessitate the continuance of the traffic in intoxicating liquors, which has been the ruin of millions, and will be the ruin of millions yet to come unless it be ended, root and branch.—J. J. Ridge, M. D., in Union Signal.

Needed the Water Cure Most.

A certain man, not quite free from intoxication, came to President Lincoln and said: "President, I have come to ask you for a salaried position, a sinecure." Lincoln, who had supreme contempt for intemperance, answered coolly: "My dear sir, there's something you need a great deal more than you need a sinecure, and that is a water cure."

Who Pays the Bills?

And the people who don't drink have to go down into their pockets to help foot the bills. Every man has to work one day out of nine, on an average, the country over, to keep the ginmill running. We call for a strike.—N. Y. Voice.

SERMON ON TEMPERANCE.

Subject Discussed from a Worldly Standpoint by an Eminent Divine.

Rev. Jenkins Lloyd Jones preached his annual temperance sermon the other morning in Oakland music hall, Chicago, and devoted it to the work of the Citizens' League for the Suppression of the Sale of Liquor to Minors. One excerpt from his address is appended:

"Of 4,663 cases at the Fort Hamilton inebriate asylum, in New York, 3,168 were born in the United States. Of the 600 inebriates at this same institution, studied at another time, only 59 could be considered illiterate; 341 of them had passed through the American common schools and 112 had received a college training. These facts point to a moral defection. The moral sense is weak, made so by the complacency of an easy optimism that regards the drink habit as a harmless social indulgence, capable of injuring only the supposed 'few who cannot withstand temptation,' or, as the smart young man says, as he lifts his beer mug with an unsteady hand, or drains his wine glass with a flushed face, 'those who do not know enough to take care of themselves.' Is he taking care of himself? Granted, for argument's sake, that he will never need to be helped home, much less will the heavy hand of the policeman ever be laid upon his shoulder or the cell of the police court ever know him, still he is flying in the face of the coldest science that you can take counsel of.

"There is but one conclusion among economists, physicians, men of science and men of morals concerning the use of alcoholic drinks as a beverage, and that is that it is a waste of money, a strain on the body, a menace to the morals of any man or woman who indulges therein. Rule out of court if you will every man with a suspicion of fanaticism in his attitude toward this question, dismiss every teetotaler and every prohibitionist, suspect every preacher and every teacher of morals in the land, ask only the best balanced brains to be found among the judicial, educational and industrial leaders of our land, and the verdict is practically unanimous that alcoholic drinks, from beer to absinthe, as a regular beverage, is unnecessary to the healthy, and, except under medical prescription, to the sick.

"If the physiological apology fails there are those who still cling to the sociological justification. It helps along good fellowship. It is a vehicle of merriment. It makes life less grim and enables one to come into closer contact with his fellow man. To state this argument is to refute it. Are the resources of life, the conditions of comradeship, the vehicles of thought, dependent on such a treacherous medium as that which debauches its millions annually, brings thousands into suicide graves, makes fools of the wise and leads the virtuous into crime and dishonor?"

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

The membership of the Scottish Temperance league is 11,483.

Hell is a place. There are 250,000 legal gateways to it, on Rum Valley road. —Silver Cord.

Many a procession that is marching straight toward the pit is headed by a moderate drinker.—Ram's Horn.

I dread the white man's drink more than all the assegais of my enemies.—King Khama (African Chief).

The fact that the leading Australian cycle racers are total abstainers and nonsmokers is recorded by the League Journal.

For every dollar of revenue received by the government from the liquor traffic $16 are paid out to care for the drunkard which it produces.—Miss Ackerman.

One said: "We must not deny the poor man of his Sunday saloon, as it is the workingman's club." I am ready to admit that it is the poor man's club—the club to knock him down.—Dr. Thomson.

The struggle of the school, the library and the church, all united against the beer-house and the gin-palace, is but the development of the war between Heaven and hell.—Charles Buxton.

The British Temperance league has issued a call for a body of well equipped and enthusiastic crusaders to carry on the work of securing pledge signers during the closing years of the century.

Judges are weary with calling attention to drink as the principal cause of crime, but I cannot refrain from saying that if they could make England sober, they would shut up nine-tenths of the prisons.—Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, of England.

LIFE IN DEATH.

Home Overshadowed by the Hideous Specter of the American Saloon.

There is a picture which, viewed in one light, shows two beautiful children at play; seen from a different angle, they appear enveloped in a grinning skull. It is life in death. We have but to extend the idea to view every dear and beautiful interest of home overshadowed by the hideous specter of the American saloon. Its influence is a physical, intellectual and moral malaria that, in some shape, creeps through every doorway and settles down on every fireside in the land. Every friend of God, every believer in the integrity and happiness of the family, every philanthropist who would save the present and protect the future, must be the uncompromising enemy of the saloon.—Christian Standard.

What We Want.

Georgia wants factories, not barrooms. We want farmers, not whisky mixers. We want gold, silver and iron mined, not morals undermined. We want churches and schools, not jails and prisons. We want high and honorable citizenship, not the debased manhood spawned by the saloon. The barroom stands in the way of every good thing the state desires. The barroom is the promoter of every evil thing the state seeks to avoid.—Motive.

NIAGARA'S WILD PLANTS.

The Sterile Soil Yields Many Beautiful Flowers.

Nature never fails to give us her overtones when she plays her great symphonies, any more than do the great composers. We cannot fail to catch the softening and mellowing thus lent to the musical strain, for hearing is involuntary, but we must so often be taught to see what is right before us, and our teachers are so few, that we not infrequently miss all but the most dazzling part of the outdoor picture. The devotee of field science is never more aware of this than on visiting Niagara Falls. Standing a fortnight ago on Prospect Point, perhaps the most striking scenic spot in the world, I leaned over the edge of the sheer and partly overhanging wall and looked down, not at the great sheet of water, but at the rocks that continue the gorge northward.

There is often scarcely a handful of soil to the square foot, and sometimes apparently none at all on the face of the great precipice, yet it is clothed with wild plants almost from top to bottom. So hidden are they by the perpendicular wall and the artificial coping above it that many of them are hard to make out, but new discoveries are made at every change of position. The columbine, Aquilegia Canadensis, loves the spot so well that its bright red blossoms appear sometimes after they have disappeared from gardens. The plant is the most venturesome and hardy of any there, and appears in a rock crevice where nothing else but the bare wall is seen. It is difficult to understand how it subsists or even clings to the wall, but it is content and holds out no hands for sustenance except to the humid air. One or two wild roses are there, and the wild gooseberry sends up sturdy stems near the top of the wall. A Spiræa, probably tomentosa, is at home, and golden rods, Rhus toxicodendron and probably Rhus radicans, as it is everywhere about the falls, and Ampelopsis quinquefolia. Creepers are rampant, hardly less so than in the woods on Goat island, where the wild grape attains great size and runs freely over the tops of quite tall trees. The wild grape on the edge of the gorge was just setting its crop and showed a luxuriance of bunches that would charm a vineyardist. Bittersweet and Solanum Dulcamara are also there. These vines do not venture far down the wall, as they need soil, but they are, in the spirit of the place, and are seen rising from its base and sometimes making their way far up the moist surface, while the Aquilegia and some smaller greenery that it is hard to make out in the distance crop out of every seam and ridge and terrace from base to summit.

It is this acceptance of the wild spirit of Niagara that makes its flora so acceptable. The soil is naturally thin and sterile, so that the effort to turn the river bank on the mainland into a cultivated park is so far indifferently successful, and the ambitious evergreens that were planted on Bath island are all gone. But this makes no difference with the wild plants; they flourish everywhere and are as indifferent to the soil as any but actual air plants can be.

The wildest of our native plants do not yield naturally to cultivation, because they demand atmospheric conditions that cannot be transplanted with them. The result is that they linger awhile out of their native element and then disappear. Let Niagara pretty generally alone and it will never want for flora that is appropriate to it. There is very doubtful need of the forest tree nursery that is made to disfigure a part of Goat island, or the thicket of snowberry, Symphoricarpus racemosus, that begins to shut in the drive from Bath island.—Garden and Forest.

KANT'S WINDLASSES.

The Singular Demonstration of the German Philosopher.

Kant, the German metaphysician, was a singular being. The English writer Thomas de Quincy made close observation of Kant's personal peculiarities and frequently dwelt upon one of them with intense amusement.

Kant, amongst other studies in the art of taking care of himself, avoided ordinary gaiters. He permitted no ligature to be placed on any part of his body, fearing to hinder in the slightest degree the circulation of the blood.

He found it necessary at the same time to keep up his stockings. Accordingly he had loops attached to them, and outside each hip he wore a contrivance which may be called a box windlass. These affairs somewhat resembled an angler's reel with a spring, which secured the line at any given point.

Behold Kant then expounding his philosophy to a select circle of disciples. Like the famous counsel who could not state his arguments without twisting a bit of twine, Kant worked the windlasses as he talked.

The idea of this grotesque fancy so tickled de Quincy that he often lingered on the odd sight it must have been to observe the master "paying out the cable" or hauling in "the slack" by aid of this curious machinery!—Youth's Companion.

The Passing Honeymoon.

He—Why, we've got a cricket in the house! Isn't it cheerful?

She—Yes. And so intelligent. Hear him talking about the furniture. How distinctly he says: "Cheap! cheap!"

However, as she had been that day on a visit to her sister, whose husband was getting $18 a week, while her own dear new hubby got but $14, perhaps her discontent was excusable.—Indianapolis Journal.

—The bones of the middle ear are connected by minute muscles, and physiologists assert that by the involuntary adjustment of these it is possible for a person so to fix his attention as to hear better sounds which at first are indistinct.

SPEED OF A TIDAL WAVE.

Indications on the Pacific Coast of a Late Disturbance.

The recent tidal disturbances observed at Vancouver Island and at New river, in Mendocino county, indicate unerringly, according to the gentleman locally connected with the coast and geodetic survey, that one or more earthquakes have taken place since the awful wave, that caused the loss of 30,000 or more lives at Yesso, of June 28. The exact date of the tidal disturbance at Vancouver Island is not known, so that there may be a question whether the manifestation there and at New river worked the same natural convulsion. The register attached to the tidal gauge at Sausalito told of the Yesso calamity before many of the facts had been received by cable. But the extent of the information traced on the maregram at Sausalito, as it is called, was only that there had been an earthquake which had caused the ocean to undulate in an unusual way. The observer at Sausalito reports that when the pencil attached to the tide register was recording the Japanese tidal wave he could not see anything unusual in the appearance of the water.

Earthquake waves or those given rise by earthquakes are transmitted with such enormous speed that the Japan disaster was recorded about 12 hours after it occurred.

There are valuable records in the office of the coast and geodetic survey which show beyond question that a speed of six miles a minute, or 300 miles an hour, is to be expected under such conditions.

The overwhelming of Simoda, a town on the island of Niphon, appears to have been almost a complete parallel in physical manifestations with the recent occurrence at Yesso. On the 23d of December, 1854, a sharp earthquake shock was felt in Simoda and upon the shipping at 9 a. m. This was followed at quick intervals for half an hour. At 9:30 the sea was observed wasling into the bay in one immense wave, 30 feet high, with awful velocity.

In an instant the town of Simoda was overwhelmed and swept high from its foundations. This advance and recession of the water occurred many times. The Russian frigate Diana was hurled about by the rising and falling of the waters, which varied from less than 8 feet to more than 40 feet.

Capt. H. A. Adams wrote of the Simoda disaster that the sea rose five fathoms above its usual height, "overflowing the town and carrying houses and temples before it in its retreat. When it fell it left but four feet of water in the harbor. It rose and sank this way five or six times, covering the shores of the bay with the wreck of boats, junks and buildings. Only 16 houses were left standing in the whole place. The entire coast of Japan seems to have suffered."

That terrific happening was recorded by the tide register at San Francisco 12 hours and 38 minutes later. The distance between Simoda and San Francisco is 4,527 nautical miles. The wave transmission varied, according to two estimates, from 358 miles per hour to 370 miles per hour, or 6.2 miles per minute, which is about six times faster than the most speedy railroad train travels.

The tide gauge was established at Fort Point about 1852 and was removed to Sausalito by Prof. George Davidson in 1877. The first large earthquake recorded on the gauge at this point was that the Simoda. The great convulsion at Krakton, in the Stralt of Sunda, which took place only a few years ago, was registered at the Sausalito tide gauge, and the news that a great earthquake had occurred was made public by Prof. Davidson weeks before the information was otherwise known. From calculations based on the record made by the tide gauge at Fort Point after the Simoda disaster of 1854 the coast and geodetic survey estimated the average depth of the Pacific ocean, and the accuracy of the estimation has been subsequently demonstrated by deep-sea soundings. It is an interesting fact, in view of the recent calamity at Yesso, that the loss of life by earthquake disturbances up to 1896 on the entire earth has been at least 13,000,000.—San Francisco Call.

A Cow Worth More Than a Man.

In the United States the administration of the law affecting the civil rights of the citizen, his property rights growing out of the controversies between man and man upon contracts, has come to be regarded as of much more importance than the enforcement of the law which protects the life of the citizen. All can notice that. The criminal law and its administration has rather fallen into disgrace. That is especially true of the large cities of the country. All must agree that it is more important to protect a man's life than it is his property. If the man's life is destroyed, if the assassin fires into his house and takes away his life, is that not a greater deprivation than to deprive him of his horse or his cow, or even of all the other property which he possesses? Now why is this the case? It is largely because of the corrupt methods resorted to to defeat the law's administration, and because courts of justice look to the shadow in the shape of technicalities rather than to the substance in the shape of crime.—North American Review.

Plenty There.

A hypochondriac, who was staying with Father Healy, at Bray, in the hope of obtaining relief from chronic dyspepsia, was one day walking along the beach with his host. "I have derived relief from drinking a tumbler of salt water fresh from the tide," said the invalid, solemnly; "do you think I might take a second?" "Well," said Father Healy, with equal seriousness, "I don't think a second would be missed."—San Francisco Argonaut.

—Montana is the second state in the production of precious metal, having contributed to the currency of the country $73,450,543 of gold and $21,982,919 of silver.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Why, Ella, I heard that you fell down a flight of stairs the other day! Weren't you hurt?" "Not a bit. You see, I fell into a bargain basement."—Detroit Tribune.

—A young man in this community went to see his girl a few days ago, and the old gentleman put him to cleaning out his well. The old man bossed the job.—Bullock (Ga.) Times.

—Their Choice.—"How does Winters manage to keep the wolf from the door?" "He doesn't. He gave violin lessons, but his family said they preferred the wolf."—Detroit Free Press.

—She—"How provoking this is! I've been waiting an hour for the tide to get up." He—"Yes; but you shouldn't get impatient. Remember it's been out nearly all night."—Woonsocket Reporter.

—Sportner—"You must have had great fun when your football team played Vassar." Jack Tackle—"Fun? I guess not. I am engaged to the umpire, and she ruled me off for holding in the very first scrimmage."—Princeton Tiger.

—The etiquette of bicycling is receiving a great deal of discussion just now. It is believed that a wheelman who has been run over by a large bay team and a grocery wagon has a right to speak without an introduction.—Chicago Times-Herald.

—Master (rings for his valet)—"Look here, Joseph, you have brought me two boots belonging to the same foot." Joseph (exit and soon returns with an air of utter bewilderment)—"Please, sir, it's not my fault; the other pair is just the same."—Le Petit Parisien.

—"Doesn't it strike you, Dolphy, dear," and the gushing girl gazed dreamily towards the western horizon, "that there is more poetry in the slowly setting sun than in any other object in the universe?" "I don't know so much about that, mused the mild-eyed minstrel of many rejections. "I reckon the waste-paper basket runs it pretty close."—Judy.

A FRUIT EXCHANGE.

California Growers Have Formed a Useful Organization.

Each local exchange has its own packing house and is responsible for the packing and shipping of its own fruit; it also receives direct returns for its own shipment, hence a loss in one exchange does not affect the revenues of another exchange, unless it be the result of a default on the part of a purchaser or from an effort to protect the interest of the entire exchange system. The expenses of the general management are borne pro rata by each exchange.

The system is a perfect one, a circle within a circle. The modus operandi is this:

An order comes from an eastern market direct to the state exchange headquarters at Los Angeles. That order, if large enough, is divided among the ten district exchanges. Each district exchange redivides its own order among its local exchanges. The superintendent of the local exchange notifies each local grower how many and what kinds of fruit to deliver to the exchange packing house, proportioning the order to the size of the various orchards that belong to the exchange. The grower then fills the assigned number of "field" boxes (so called to distinguish them from packed boxes) and delivers them to the packing house. There his responsibility ends.

As the fruit is delivered it is carefully weighed and stacked by itself, then passed through the "grader," where the "culls" (damaged fruit) are thrown out and the oranges of various sizes distributed in different bins from which they are wrapped and packed. The culls are sold to local dealers for about 25 cents a box. They are not spoiled fruit by any means, but have perhaps lost their short green stems or have a small blemish on the rind. The culling process is extremely thorough, for the exchange is very exacting as to the quality and appearance of its product.

After packing, the fruit is again weighed and scientifically placed in refrigerator cars. (A practical suggestion to buyers—always "heft" an orange.) As a rule the fruit is consigned to a representative in the east, who either receives it or directs its destination while en route.—Chautauquan.

Taste and Smell.

Physiologists have long known that many sensations ordinarily ascribed to taste are in reality due to smell, but this fact has lately been made clearer than before by the investigations of German savants. Air enters the olfactory chamber, where the nerves connected with the sense of smell are centered, both through the nostrils and through an inlet leading from the mouth. In consequence, a breath of perfumed air manifests its odor not only when it is breathed in, but when it is breathed out. For this reason we are sometimes deceived as to the source of the pleasure we derive from things taken into the mouth, the agreeableness of the impression being due, in some cases, rather to smell than to taste.—Youth's Companion.

A Dancing Lizard.

One of the interesting little animals that live in far-away Australia is the dancing lizards, known scientifically as the chlamydosaurus kingi. The queer reptile is about three feet in length and wears a collar of bright red, yellow and blue mixture. He gets his name from the collar and is called the frilled lizard. He is not a bit pretty and has a way of jumping around that gives one a peculiar fright if one comes upon him suddenly. Although this frilled chap has four legs he seems to like walking and dancing upon his hind legs better than traveling upon all fours. He is as quick as lightning in his movements and lives upon the insects that inhabit the trees of the thick woods.—N. Y. Sun.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Between 1850 and 1890, the mints of the world consumed 9,194 tons of gold and 84,235 tons of silver, the value being £1,227,000,000 of gold and £793,000,000 of silver.

—A mastodon's skull, in a fine state of preservation, was dug up at Buchanan, Mich., near the Indiana boundary, a few days ago. It measured 2½ feet in width and has four perfect teeth. The teeth measure about four inches by six and one-half inches.

—Next year the English church will celebrate the 130th anniversary of the baptism of the first English king by St. Augustine. The dean and chapter of Canterbury still hold land in Essex given by King Ethelbert, of Kent, which has been in their interrupted possession since 597.

—The Hawaiian congress has recently passed an act by which every taxpayer in the islands is compelled to register himself at the tax office, and, in addition to the usual entries according to the Bertilon system of identification, shall leave in the registrar's book the imprint of his right thumb.

—Submarine cables are usually imbedded in the slimy bottom of the ocean but at certain points they hang like wire bridges over deep submarine valleys, so that whales and other large inhabitants of the ocean deep may become dangerous to the cable. Once in awhile it is the cable that becomes dangerous to the whales, as recently shown in an accident to the western Brazilian cable.

—The British medical trust that is conducting a crusade against American practitioners in London, recently brought suit against an American, Dr. Bridgewater, alleging that he had "unlawfully, willfully and falsely represented himself to be a doctor of medicine." As Dr. Bridgewater was shown to be the possessor of degrees from New York and Philadelphia medical colleges of international reputation the trust not only lost its suit, but had to pay cost to an aggregate of nearly $4,000.

—An experiment was recently made in Europe to determine what color in a soldier's uniform is the least conspicuous to an enemy. Of ten men two were dressed in light gray uniform, two in dark gray, two in green, two in dark blue and two in scarlet. All were then ordered to march off, while a group of officers remained watching them. The first to disappear in the landscape was the light gray, and next, surprising as it may seem, the scarlet. Then followed the dark gray, while the dark blue and the green remained visible long after all the others had disappeared.

HAY FEVER REMEDY.

Rubbing the Ears Vigorously Sometimes Brings Relief.

The capriciousness of hay fever and the occasional relief obtained from an entirely empirical method of treatment warrant the publication of any means which has proved successful, in the hope that it may be of use to some other person afflicted with this annoying disease.

Feber, of Hamburg, reports his own case, which has been so severe as to necessitate his using a closed carriage all through the summer. His relief was brought about from accidentally noticing that in the winter a coryza was usually accompanied with hot ears, which regained their normal temperature when the discharge from the nose was established. He determined to try a reversed order of effect on the hay fever in the summer, and began, accordingly, to rub his ears until they became red and hot.

It is now the third year that he has been able to lead an endurable existence during hay fever season. He says:

"As soon as the least sensation of fullness in the nose appears, there is recognized a certain amount of pallor in the ears. A thorough rubbing of the ears, at times even to contusion, has always succeeded in freeing the nasal mucous membrane from its congestion.

"The rubbing, however, must be thorough, and repeated as often as the least symptom of congestion returns to the nose. Since using this means I have been able to take long sandy walks, sit, and even sleep, with open windows, or pass an evening in my garden without distress.

"Several patients have had relief from this treatment, always in proportion to the thoroughness of the rubbing, and I hope by this means some other physician may be able to give his patients the same great relief."—Chicago Tribune.

Butter Produces Fat.

Many physicians, according to a lecturer on dietetics, are ordering thin bread and butter for delicate patients, especially those suffering from dyspepsia, consumption and anaemia, or any who need to take flesh. This thin bread and butter insensibly induces persons to eat much more butter than they have any idea of. It is extraordinary, says the lecturer, how short a way a fresh pat of butter will go if spread on a number of thin slices of bread. This is one advantage, and a great one in the feeding of invalids, for they are thereby provided with an excellent form of the fat which is so essential for their nutrition in a way that lures them to take it without rebellion. But the thin bread and butter has another advantage equally as great—it is very digestible and easily assimilated. Fresh butter made from cream is very much more digestible when spread upon thin slices of bread than the same amount of cream eaten as cream per se would be.—Chicago Chronicle.

Assured of the Future.

"But, Herbert," she said, "think of the future. You are poor, and you cannot surround me with the luxuries to which I have been accustomed."

"But your father—"

"He would do nothing for us."

"Does he play poker?"

"No."

"Then I'll teach him. Trust in me, darling, and have no fear of the future."—Texas Sifter.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Aug 3, 1896.

The McKinley and Hobart army has begun its march towards the victory, and already news is beginning to come in showing the efforts of the silver mine owners, whose paid employe Bryan is said to be, to corrupt the unthinking masses with fallacious arguments and promises of something for nothing will end in defeat for the party of anarchy and repudiation. Every day information is received from communities in which it had been supposed that the silver sentiment had full sway showing that the sentiment in favor of honest money and protection to American industry, which is solely championed by the Republican party is on the increase. This too in the face of the fact that the Republicans have just begun the sharp shooting of the great battle which is to be waged in the interests of our right to have an honest currency and the right to earn it by honest toil.

In the campaign literature that is being sent out by the Republican Congressional Committee every argument that is being advanced by the advocates of the free and independent coinage of silver by this government is being fully met and refuted, but a protective tariff, which most Republicans believe to be the thing in which the country stands most in need of and from which it will derive the most benefit, is also being advocated just as strongly as though there were no such issue as silver in the campaign. Had there been no Democratic tinkering with the tariff law which the Republicans left on the statute books, the silver question never would have risen to the dignity of a National issue, not-with-standing the extensive and expensive agitation which has been carried on for several years at the expense of the men who own the big silver mines they are the only men who would be largely benefited by the free coinage of silver, now standing at a ratio of 31 to 1, at a ratio of 16 to 1.

There are a number of Senators whose prosy and monotonous style of making speeches on hackneyed subjects never fails to clear the galleries whenever they speak, but for some time Senator Stewart, of Nevada, has held the record for clearing the galleries oftener, and quicker than any of his colleagues. Senator Jones, of Arkansaw, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, knows this and that is why he is in a quandary as to what to do about Senator Stewart's offer to take the stump for Bryan. If he declines the offer he will offend Stewart and some of his personal friends, and if he accepts Stewart will make more votes for McKinley than for Bryan, if allowed to speak in his own way.

The National Republican Protective Association, an organization of prominent colored men, the main object of which is to educate the colored voters upon the questions at issue in the campaign, has opened headquarters it Washington. While the association will endeavor to get in touch with colored clubs in all sections, it has decided to pay especial attention to the states of West Virginia, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Alabama, Tennessee and Kentucky, in all of which McKinley and Hobart are believed to have more than a fighting chance to win, and in all of which the silver men are trying to work on the colored voters.

Representative Tawney, of Minnesota, now in Washington on business, said: "I believe that we will be able to carry Minnesota for McKinley, but it will require hard work as all the elements opposed to Republicanism are going to effect a thorough fusion. Nelson carried the state in '94 by a large plurality but a very small majority over the combined vote of the Democrats, Populists and Prohibitionists. There are signs of a reaction against the free silver movement and I believe there will be many changes among voters who have been temporarily misled by the fiat money delusion. The advocates of silver have hurt their cause greatly by raising the sectional plea of a southern and western alliance against the east. They have also done themselves harm by publishing detached sentences of a speech made by Mr. Blaine, containing artfully picked out expressions speaking of both silver and gold as the money of the constitution, and suppressing what he said in the same speech about the dishonesty of stamping a dollar as such when it contained less than one hundred cents, and allowing the bullion owner to appropriate wrongfully the difference between the coin and bullion value." Mr. Blaine's entire speech is being distributed by the Republicans.

Among the signs indicating the fright of the Bryanites may be mentioned the stopping of the distribution of Bryan's Chicago speech in order that it might be revised and the interpolation of modifying words into the Democratic platform that were not adopted by the Chicago convention. They are finding out that the people of this country are not ready to endorse the throwing off of any of the safeguards which surround our government.

Excursions to Atlantic City.

Thursday, August 13th, the B. & O. will run the third mid-summer excursion to Atlantic City.

The tickets will be good 12 days, and permit a stop off at Washington on the return trip.

We give below a list of stations in this vicinity, showing time of trains and rates of fare:

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	RATE
Terra Alta	7 35	12 05	5 11	1 45			$9 00
Oakland	6 51	9 05	12 20	5 50	5 02		8 50
Mt. Lake	6 37	9 11	12 35	6 05	5 37		8 50
Deer Park	6 41	9 20	12 15	6 12	5 11		8 50

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

For more detailed information apply to nearest B. & O. Agent.

Sent it to His Mother in Germany.

Mr. Jacob Esbensen, who is in the employ of the Chicago Lumber Co. at Des Moines, Iowa, says: "I have just sent some medicine back to my mother in the old country, that I know from personal use to be the best medicine in the world for rheumatism, having used it in my family for several years. It is called Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It always does the work." 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin at Deer Park.

For Sale,

At Deer Park, Maryland, the beautiful summer residence of Hon. Henry G. Davis adjoining the B. & O. R. R. Co.'s hotel and cottages. Large and commodious house, 14 acres of land, beautifully laid off walks and plenty of shade trees. This is one of the most desirable summer residences at Deer Park.

Also 71 acres of improved land adjoining the above, including several good building lots in the village of Deer Park.

Also 333 acres south of the B. & O. R. R. adjoining Deer Park including Observatory Hill, a very desirable location for a hotel or summer residence.

For plats and further information apply to John T. Mitchell, Oakland, Md. 21—4

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in recent years that those of its readers who are not thoroughly

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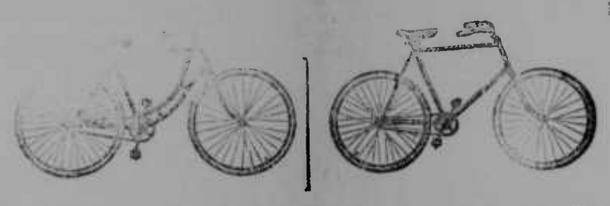

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Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate. P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-yr. SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
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Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

FRANKLIN P. GREEN,
COUNTY SURVEYOR FOR GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Postoffice, LONACONING, MD.
All work entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished on short notice. 3-51*

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.
LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.
Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 11, Oakland, Md. 48 26*

WILLIAM C. KIDD,
Representing
JOHNSON, OMOHUNDRO & CO.,
WHOLESALE NOTIONS, Etc.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
A specialty of Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear
RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.
A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-3m.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT
C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,
PLANING MILLS,
And BUILDING MATERIALS.
MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS.

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

ESTABLISHED MARCH 3, 1877. BENJ. H. SINCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1896. NUMBER 23.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

Miss Mattie Adair, of Terra Alta, was an Oakland visitor on Tuesday.

Remember our bargaings are going fast, so come at once. BEE HIVE STORE. It.

Miss Grace Riley, of Elkins, W. Va., is visiting friends in and about town.

Ask to see our line of lace curtains and chenile table covers. BEE HIVE STORE.

Malette has $1,000 worth of jewelry to sell you at your own price.

Mr. J[illegible] Harvey, of Schell, W. Va., was here Saturday last and made us a call.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Crane, of Kingwood, spent Sunday with friends in the city.

We noticed Col. John D. Rigg and Parley DeBerry, of Terra Alta, on our streets Sunday.

Mrs. Rebecca Firestone, of Frederick, is in Oakland on a visit to friends for a few weeks.

Malette will sell you groceries, fruits, vegetables, etc., at the lowest living prices.

Mr. W. A. Thomas, of Kingwood, was here Saturday and Sunday stopping with friends.

Mr. J. G. Smith, of Washington, and old friend of the editor's, was in the city Monday on business.

Hon. John P. Jones, of Terra Alta, spent two or three days in town since our last impression.

Miss Sadie Offutt, of Cumberland, is in Oakland on a visit to her aunt, Mrs. D. E. Offutt, on Second street.

Miss Ora Bush, of Eglon, W. Va., is in Oakland on a visit to her aunt Mrs. E. J. Fringer, on Third street.

Ladies waists that were 50 and 68 cents reduced to 35 cents. Better waists sold accordingly. BEE HIVE STORE.

Mr. James P. Scott, a leading attorney of Parsons, W. Va., was in the city professionally Tuesday of this week.

Malette will positively sell you jewelry at cost, as he is closing out his entire stock of jewelry.

Mr. G. Bruce Burke, of Pittsburgh, was in the city Sunday on his way to visit his parents at Terra Alta.

WANTED.—Lady or gentleman for good paying position; answer immediately. J. M. B., REPUBLICAN office. 23—1t

We will remain here only about ten days longer. Come in before all of our bargains are gone. BEE HIVE STORE.

The heat on the mountains has been almost unbearable. Three days this week the mercury registered 85 degrees.

Read Cohen's new advertisement in this week's issue. Some bargains and inducements are offered the purchasing public.

The foundation for the proposed African M. E. church in Oakland is nearing completion. Mr. Lloyd Chambers is building it.

Mrs. Zimmerman accompanied by her daughter, Miss Lottie, of New York, arrived in Oakland on Tuesday to spend the summer.

Mr. O. W. Boyer, of Somerset county, Pa., is here visiting the family of Squire McRobie and attending the Chautauqua at the Park.

Some sneak thief raised a window in the ware room of G. O. Miller & Co.'s store last Sunday night and helped himself to several bushels of oats.

Services will be held in St. Matthew's church Sunday at 7.30 and 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Miss Updegraff, of Mt. Lake Park, will sing a solo at the eleven o'clock service.

Rev. Arbuthnot was at Sugar Valley, Preston county, Sunday, where he was holding quarterly meeting for the presiding elder, Rev. Baumgardner.

The attorneys in the case of John Shartzer, trustee, vs. the Mountain Lake Park Association, are engaged this week in making the survey of the land in controversy.

Mr. Wm. Porter, who is prominently connected with the West Virginia Central railroad, was here Thursday and Friday visiting his brother, R. M. Porter.

Prof. Chas. D. Smith will open a private school in the public school building in Oakland on Monday, Sept. 7th. The term will continue until the public schools open.

Call at Malette's and get a clock, ring, chain, pin, etc., at just one-third what you pay elsewhere in a regular way. This is no fake; call and see for yourself. 21—5

Mr. Thomas Cline, who was telegraph operator here, has been removed to the Grafton office and a lad named Cockrell, from near Tunnelton, has taken his place.

Misses Emma and Janie Feldmeyer, of Annapolis, who have been on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Sincell for a few weeks past, returned home yesterday morning.

The Misses Roberts, of Cumberland, who are spending the summer in Oakland, entertained quite a number of their friends at a progressive euchre party on Tuesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. S. Lakin and infant son, together with Mrs. Lakin's father and sister have gone to Mt. Lake Park, where they have taken a cottage for the Chautauqua season.—Oracle.

The Enterprise tannery at Hutton, which closed down several weeks ago owing to the scarcity of hides, resumed operations Tuesday morning and will continue to run during the summer.

M. Cohen, the tailor, has received his new fall line of samples, and it embraces all the American and European novelties. Besides it is the most complete line of cloth this side of New York. 21—tf

The new Hall of Philosophy at Mountain Lake Park was dedicated to the use of various departments of Chautauqua work on Sunday by Bishop L. H. Vincent. The structure is a spacious one. It cost thirteen hundred dollars.

Mrs. L. D. Woodruff, Misses Tillie and Ida Updegran, Settie and Jean Smith, five ladies from Johnstown, Pa., who are stopping at the Park during the Assembly, invaded the sanctum of THE REPUBLICAN yesterday.

Judge Shellaberger, of Washington, died at his home in that city last Thursday. He last year built one of the finest summer residences in this section of the country. He was a life long friend of Judge Wilson whose family went from here to attend the funeral.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Stoddard have as their guests at their residence on Second street Mr. R. P. Crellin and little daughter Lizzie and Miss Russell, of White Haven, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Consart, of Wilkesbarre, Pa.; Miss Ruddle, of Munch Chunk, Pa., and Mr. Will Stoddard, of Alderson, Pa.

A west bound freight train made up of empty coal hoppers was wrecked at Hutton last Saturday morning early. Six of the coal cars were badly broken up and traffic was delayed several hours. The wreck occurred at 5.30 a. m. and was not cleared up until nearly 6 p. m.

Mrs. Wm. J. Sharpes, wife of Rev. Sharpes, who is well known here, and her son Edward, were at the Dunnington Hotel a few days this week. They were on their way to Aurora to visit Mrs. Sharps' daughter, Mrs. Ollie Ridenour. Ed. has been very ill for nearly a year past. We trust that our mountain air will do wonders for him.—Oracle.

Mr. C. J. Fazenbaker, son of Mr. M. M. Fazenbaker, of near Bloomington, this county, is now a full fledged M. D., he having graduated with honors last Friday in the medical department of the National Normal University at Lebanon, Ohio. Dr. Fazenbaker will locate at Westernport for the practice of his chosen profession.

The ladies of St Matthew's P. E. church have arranged to hold a lawn fete on Tuesday night of next week on the grounds of Mrs. Chas. Carter in the East end of town. Supper and refreshments of all kinds will be served. Many articles indispensable to every household will be offered for sale. The proceeds of the fete will be applied to the fund of the above church. A liberal patronage should be accorded the affair.

A New Railroad for Garrett County.

There has been filed with the Secretary of State a certificate of incorporation of the Pittsburg and Potomac Railway Company in Maryland.

The proposed road is to begin at a point on the north bank of the Potomac river, opposite or near the mouth of Glade run in Garrett county, and run thence by the most practicable route in a northerly direction through Garrett county to the Mason and Dixon line at a point where the Youghiogheny river crosses the Maryland line into the state of Pennsylvania. The company is also authorized to build such branches from the main line as are or may be authorized by law.

The capital stock of the company as fixed by the charter is $500,000. The incorporators are George S. Rees, Andrew B. Shaw, Merritt Wilson, William McC. Brown and Edward H. Sincell. It is understood that this road is to be an extension of the road from the Potomac to Strasburg, Va., and will form a connecting link between that line and the Pittsburg and Connelisville road. It will open up great coal fields and bring into the Pittsburg market the lumber and other products of a part of the states of West Virginia and Maryland.

Some preliminary surveys have already been made, and no doubt active steps will shortly be taken looking to the construction of the road. It will be a good thing for Garrett county, and the long looked for outlet to Pittsburg by a short cut will most probably materialize.

Mr. C. B. Cropp sold his stock of groceries to the Maryland Supply Co., and they were moved to the latters stores on Monday.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Since 1878 there have been nine epidemics of dysentary in different parts of the country in which Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was used with perfect success. Dysentery, when epidemic, is almost as severe and dangerous as Asiatic cholera. Heretofore the best efforts of the most skilled physicians have failed to check its ravages. This remedy, however has cured the most malignant cases, both of children and adults, and under the most trying conditions, which proves it to be the best medicine in the world for bowel complaints. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin at Deer Park.

Basket Meeting.

Unless it rains next Sunday there will be a rousing old fashioned meeting at Sand Flat. Two sermons, a class meeting, and plenty of good music, so says brother Tasker.

Instantaneous Photographs.

Views and pictures of children and animals.

Developing and printing for amateurs—and sale of amateur photograph apparatus.

S. J. SMITH.

Lock Box 47 or care of Pritchard's gallery, Oakland, Md. 22-6t.

My little boy, when two years of age, was taken very ill with bloody flux. I was advised to use Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and luckily procured part of a bottle. I carefully read the directions and gave it accordingly. He was very low but sowly and surely he began to improve and is now as stout and strong as ever. I feel sure it saved his life. I can never praise the Remedy half its worth. I am sorry every one in the world does not know how good it is, as I do.—Mrs. Lina S. Hinton, Grahamsville, Marion Co., Florida. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin at Deer Park.

A good example of canine faithfulness has been exhibited on our streets for some time past. A dog belonging to Mr. Jack Yelloly has taken complete charge of a small calf, and goes about watching it and protecting it from harm. If a cow or other large animal approaches the calf the dog steps in and either drives the intruder away or urges the calf to a safe distance. This strange pair seems as much attached to each other as brothers. One is rarely seen without the other being somewhere near.

Last Notice to Subscribrs.

On July 8th we sent to our patrons bills for subscriptions. So far we have received but a very small percentage of the amount represented by the statements. Patience has ceased to be a virtue with us and we insist that the accounts be settled at once. If a settlement or some satisfactory arrangement is not made of the accounts by Sept. 15th we will be compelled to resort to legal methods to collect what is due us. This is a very expensive way of making collections and in many cases the costs will amount to more than the claim is worth, both of which our friends will be compelled to pay in the end.

Death of a Little Child.

Agnes, the three year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Helbig, residing a few miles south of Oakland, died yesterday morning after an illness of only a few days. The funeral will take place to-morrow, and the interment will be made in the Catholic cemetery.

"Junior" Brown Nominated for Congress.

At the nominating convention of the second congressional district of West Virginia held at Fairmont on Tuesday of this week Mr. William G. Brown, of Kingwood, Preston county, was unanimously nominated as the free silver candidate of the Democratic party for Congress. He has as his opponent A. G. Dayton, who defeated Hon. W. L. Wilson two years ago for Congress.

Death of a Young Man.

The death angel visited Oakland this week and removed a young man from his associates and family who was held in high esteem and a favorite of all who knew him. We allude to John Leonard, son of Dr. and Mrs. Singleton Townshend, who would have been twenty-three years of age on the 30th inst.

About two years ago this young man was stricken with consumption. At times he was better but all the while growing weaker as the ravages of the disease made inroads into his system until Monday morning last at 7 o'clock when he was released from his sufferings.

The funeral occurred yesterday morning from the late home of the deceased on Oak street. The services were conducted by the Rev. John M. Davis. The pall bearers at the funeral were chosen from the associates of the deceased. The members of the fire department attended the funeral in a body as a mark of respect to the memory of their fellow member. The interment was made in the Odd Fellow's cemetery.

The death of any young man is sad, but the removal of "Len" as he is always called, falls heavily upon his parents and all who knew him. He was always of a bright disposition with a pleasant word and smile for all.

A Refusal from the Governor.

County assessors Jacob Fresh and Rudolph Beckman made application on last Saturday to Governor Lowndes for an extension of time in which to complete the work of making the reassessment of personal and real property in the county. The work of assessing was begun in this district (No. 7) on July 29th. The assessors have worked faithfully ten hours each day ever since that time but they still have a large amount of work to do before they have finished here. There are eleven other districts in the county in which no work has as yet been done and it will require at least two weeks for each of these districts. The law requires that the work of making the assessment shall be finished by Sept. 8th, but it also gives the Governor the power to extend this time thirty days. Tuesday the Governor stated that time would not be extended. He intimated that he wanted the assessors to hurry along with the work and get through on schedule time.

Base Ball.

The game of ball played last Saturday between the Jack Oaks and Mountain Lake Park nines on the grounds of the latter was a walk over for the Mt. Lake team, the score standing at the end of the seventh inning 11 to 0. In the eighth inning a base runner of the Oakland team interferred with a fielder and the umpire called him out. The Oakland boys left the field and the umpire gave the game to Mt. Lake by a score of 9 to 0.

A return game will be played at Jack Oak park on Saturday afternoon.

HEADACHE ANTI-FAG CURES HEADACHE ANTI-FAG CURES

TO CURE HEADACHE

TAKE

ANTI-FAG.

Mr. Wm. Updegraff, of Hagerstown, says:—"I have suffered a great deal from sick-headache, and think that Anti-Fag is decidedly the best thing I have ever used for its cure and recommend it."

It is PLEASANT, REFRESHING and HARMLESS.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

4 Dose Bottles, 10c. 16 Doses, 25c.

Mailed on receipt of price by Manufacturers.

PREPARED BY

GILBERT, BROS. & CO., Baltimore, Md.

Call for Your Letters.

J. V. Brown, David Miller, Mrs. Annie Dodson, Miss Julia Henshaw.

Death of an Infant.

On Saturday August 8th, the infant son of Mr. Heenan J. Wilson died at the residence of Mr. R. C. Wilson at Blaine, and was buried in the Hamill cemetery by the side of its mother who died April 28th, 1896.

Military Lots for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale the following Military Lots in Garrett county: Nos. 11, 287, 495, 1798, 453 and 204. Miss Alice Dashiell Clendinen, cor. North Broadway and Fayette street, Baltimore, Md. 23-tf.

Case Removed.

The case of John J. Humbird vs. Mayor and City Council of Cumberland, removed to Washington county at the request of the attorneys in the case, has been removed to Garrett.—Cumb. News.

Au[illegible] Probabilities

According to Rev. Hicks, the famous St. [illegible] another man, August will [illegible] from the middle to [illegible] of the month. From 10th to 11th a storm is due and 15th to 19th rains. To the 21st cooler and 23d a reactionary storm. From 27th to end of month will likely be one with considerable rain.

Reported Discovery of Oil.

Some excitement is said to exist at Montrose, Randolph county, W. Va., on the West Virginia Central railroad, about one hundred miles from Cumberland, over the reported discovery of oil. For some time past people have been gathering oil in bottles from the surface of ponds in that vicinity. Recently prospectors have been leasing real estate in that vicinity. It is said that the work of boring has not yet begun.

Talmage Day at the Park.

To-night Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage will deliver a lecture at the Park and also to-morrow afternoon at 2.30. We advise the Oakland people to attend the lecture this evening as to-morrow promises that standing room will be at a premium. Immense crowds are expected from all points along the B. & O., many people coming from as far west as Parkersburg and Wheeling.

Funeral of Mrs. Brydon.

The funeral of Mrs. Jane Brydon, of Bloomington, Garrett county, occurred yesterday afternoon about one o'clock immediately after the arrival of the funeral party at the Queen City depot. Interment was made in the family lot in Rose Hill cemetery. Services were conducted at the grave by the Episcopal clergyman at Bloomington. The nephews of the deceased acted as pall bearers. —Monday's Cumb. News.

Crops.

The finest week of the season is reported from Garrett county, and much delayed work has been done. A fair crop of hay has been secured the wheat, so long outstanding, has been housed, and some oats have been harvested, the crop being the best in years. Potatoes are excellent and free from rot, except on very low land. Corn is in the best of condition, though needing rain in Washington county, and pastures have improved. Plowing for wheat is well under way.

State Bar Association.

The members of the Oakland bar met last Friday at the law offices of Messrs. Peddicord & Peddicord for the purpose of electing delegates to attend a convention of lawyers at the Blue Mountain house, Pen-Mar, on August 28th for the purpose of organizing a state bar association. Mr. Thomas J. Peddicord was made chairman of the meeting and Mr. Edwin L. Mitchell secretary. The following named gentlemen were elected as delegates to the state convention: Messrs. G. S. Hamill, John T. Mitchell, Fred A. Thayer, Wm. A. Daily and Edward H. Sincell.

At this meeting a committee of three was appointed to consider the advisability of organizing a Garrett county bar association. The names of the members of this committee are Fred. A. Thayer, Edward H. Sincell and Edwin L. Mitchell. The will report on Sept. 1st.

PATENT VARIABLE FRICTION FEED

Best Set Works in the World.

Saw Mill & Engine

Received the Medal and Highest Award at the World's Columbian Exposition.

Warranted the best made. Shingle Mills, Machinery and Standard Agricultural Implements of best Quality at lowest prices. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

A. B. FARQUHAR CO., Ltd., YORK, PENNA.

THOMAS J. MOLONEY

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street. All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

TEETHING TROUBLES

are quickly ended and cured by

LAUGHLIN'S

INFANT CORDIAL

If the baby comes safely through the teething period its most dangerous time is past. The Cordial relieves the tingling ache of the little gums, controls the bowels, cures colic—brings safely out of danger.

Every bottle guaranteed.

All druggists, 25 cents.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Prop's, WHEELING, W. VA.

Jurors for the September Court.

Last Thursday morning Judge Sloan came up to Oakland from Cumberland and drew the jury for the September term of the Circuit Court as follows:

District No. 1—P. M. Stemple, Michael Laffey.

No. 2.—Franklin T. Fike, Asa E. Riley, W. L. Dunham, Kimmell Frazee, Zadoc Green, Wm. Frederick, jr., Ami Hinebaugh.

No. 3.—Chas Wegman, P. J. Stephens, C. M. Livengood, C. J. Folk, Jacob Beachy, Jos. R. Joy, David Popp.

No. 4.—Dennis Collins, Jos. H. Harrison, Geo. T. Michaels, Thos. McFadden.

No. 5.—Frederick Fox, Edward Margroff, John E. Gnagey.

No. 6.—Franklin Collis, John A. Delawder.

No. 7.—John Ault, P. T. Garthright, R. I. Anderson, Chas. S. Davis, R. T. Browning, C. C. Michaels, Frank Coddington, Chas. Eggers, E. E. Sollars, D. E. Offutt, Thos. B. Spahr, David T. Enlow.

No. 8.—Henry G. Sanders, Jas. W. White, Jeremiah Harvey.

No. 9—Patrick Hoye.

No. 10.—Jonathan W. Moon, W. S. Pugh, Andrew J. Lee.

No. 11.—John O. Wilhelm.

No. 12.—Joel Orendorf, Charles Warnick, Jefferson Green.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

MR. MEEK'S DINNER.

"I wonder, James," said Mrs. Meek, doubtfully, to her husband one morning, "if you could get your own dinner to-night. You see, I have had to let the servant go on her holidays for a day or two, and they want me desperately at the Woman's Aid and Relief bazar, to help them with their high tea from 4:30 to 8:30. If you thought you could manage by yourself—"

"I'll try to survive it," observed Mr. Meek, good-naturedly. "I don't fancy it will prove fatal."

"I'll get a roast and cook it this morning, then," went on Mrs. Meek, cheerfully, "and you can have it cold for dinner."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Meek, "you will do nothing of the kind. I fancy I haven't gone camping pretty much every year of my life for nothing. I suspect I can manage a hot dinner about as well as most women."

Mrs. Meek had her doubts, and, unlike most wives, expressed them.

Mr. Meek viewed his wife's doubts with supreme contempt, and, unlike most husbands, expressed it.

Thus it finally resulted that Mrs. Meek abandoned all idea of preparing Mr. Meek's dinner for him, and betook herself to the bazar. So it resulted, furthermore, that Mr. Meek left his office about four o'clock that afternoon, and proceeded to collect, on his way home, the necessary supplies for a dainty little dinner.

An alluring display of chickens were the first thing to catch his eye, and he was just on the point of securing one of them, when, by good luck, or, more probably, through the natural sagacity of the man, he recollected that—well, that you don't, as a rule, cook chickens as they are. In the momentary reaction that followed this feat of memory, he bought a couple of mutton chops and three tomatoes.

"I'll have a good, plain, old-fashioned English dinner," thought he, as he hurried past the deceitful chickens, with something almost akin to reproach. "None of your finiky, poultry dinners for me!"

"By jove!" he exclaimed a moment later. "I'll have an apple pudding and some oyster soup to begin on."

He was so tickled with this idea that he promptly rushed into a grocery shop and purchased half a peck of their best eating apples, and then hurried home without a thought of the cab he was to order for his wife at 8:30 sharp.

By five o'clock he had the fire going beautifully and everything ready for a start.

By six o'clock he was just beginning to enjoy the thing; the tomatoes were stewing divinely; the potatoes were boiling to their heart's content; and the milk for the oyster soup was simmering contentedly on the back of the stove. The oysters, by and by, had not arrived.

"Dear me," thought the ambitious gentleman, "I wish I had thought of it in time, and I'd have had some oyster patties for a sort of final dessert. Hello, what's this? By thunder, if that everlasting pig-headed woman hasn't left me some cold ham and a custard pie! By the old Harry, for two cents I'd throw the whole thing out into the back yard!"

The natural docility of his nature, however, prevailed, and he left the obnoxious viands unmolested, and proceeded with his dinner. At 6:30 he put the chops on to broil, "as in the good old days of yore"—this poetic allusion to the style of cooking being occasioned by one of them accidentally dropping into the fire, whence he rescued it with great presence of mind by the joint assistance of the stove lifter and one of the best table napkins. By the time the

THE FIRST THING TO CATCH HIS EYE.

chop was thus rescued, both it and the table napkin were fairly well done—to say nothing stronger. This trifling difficulty he got over by putting the erring chop on the window sill to cool, and the napkin into the fire—to do the other thing.

This accomplished, and with one chop gently cooking on the gridiron and the other one cooling on the window sill, he started to construct the paste for his apple pudding. This proved most fascinating. He placed a large quantity of flour in a small bowl, emptied a jug of water on top of it, added butter to taste and proceeded to mold it deftly into shape, as he had often seen his wife do. The flour and water promptly forsook the bowl and took themselves to his hands. Then the milk for the soup began to burn, just as the potatoes boiled dry. He rushed to the rescue and left the major portion of the paste fairly evenly divided between the handles of the two saucepans and the stove lifter. At this juncture the tomatoes started in to see if they couldn't surpass the milk in burning. They succeeded. The cat, which was accustomed to a 6:30 dinner, walked off with the chop on the window sill, while the chop on the fire grew beautifully black on the "down side." So many things were now burning all at the same time that Mr. Meek gave up all hope of trying to discover which one was burning most. "Let the dashed things burn till they're sick of it!" was the extremely broad-minded way in which he summed up the situation. With the astuteness that characterized him as distinguished from his fellow men, he at once gave up all efforts to trace the truant paste and simply popped his apples into the oven to bake.

It was now about 7:30, and the fire was getting hotter than pretty much anything on earth, unless, perhaps, it was Mr. Meek. He turned all the dampers, opened all the doors and took off all the lids. This resulted most satisfactorily. The fire began to cool. It didn't stop.

It got, if anything, a little low. After that it got very low. Then it went out. He rushed for kindling and nearly took his head off on a clothesline. Just as he had got through nicely expressing his views on clotheslines in general, and that clothesline in particular, he went about twice as far toward taking his head off on the same clothesline on his way back.

The gentlest of natures when roused are often the most terrible. Mr. Meek

MANY THINGS WERE BURNING.

became very terrible. He used up enough kindling, profanity and coal oil to have ignited the pyramids of Egypt. He stamped and shoved and poked and banged and cursed and shook till even the cat—and it had its dinner—was displeased with him, and departed to the outer kitchen to try the oysters, which the dilatory grocer had just deposited on the table without waiting to parley with Mr. Meek. He was a wise grocer and had heard enough.

When, about five minutes later, Mr. Meek discovered that the cat had found the oysters to its taste, he became even less calm. Had the cat been around—but, like the grocer, it had heard enough, and taken an unobtrusive departure—it is hugely probable that a considerable majority of its nine lives would have come to an abrupt termination.

At this stage, to console the unfortunate man, the fire began to go again. Once started, it didn't stop. In about five minutes it had burned up what remained of pretty much everything except a large pot of green tea and a small portion of Mr. Meek. The chop that the cat hadn't eaten was especially well done. It could be quite safely left on the window sill with a whole legion of cats around it. Mr. Meek, however, simply left it in the coal bin. In point of either color or hardness it would have been difficult to have found a more fitting place for it.

Then there came over Mr. Meek's face a terrible expression. He brought in a pail (it was the scrubbing pail, which he had mistaken for the scrap pail, but no matter) and poured the soup carefully into it, throwing the pan about five feet into the sink. Next he scraped the potatoes into the small pail, and again another pan followed the course of the first in getting to the sink. Then he poured the tomatoes on top of the potatoes, and still a third pan got to the the sink with unusual rapidity. It cannot be definitely stated whether or not Mr. Meek, in doing this, was actuated by the desire to prepare some famous hunter's dish relished in the dear old camping days gone by, but certain it is no sooner did he get the tomatoes nicely on top of the potatoes than he took the whole thing and tossed it, pail and all, into the outer lane.

This accomplished he proceeded to make a meal off the cold ham and some bread and butter—the cooking butter, of course.

Just as he was finishing Mrs. Meek returned. "Why, James, she cried cheerfully, "you never sent the cab for me, and I waited nearly an hour."

"No," said her husband calmly, "I've been terribly busy. Men from New York—just got home a little while ago. This is a very good ham—a shade overdone, isn't it?"

"Perhaps a shade less wouldn't have hurt it. Let me get you a piece of pie?"

"No, thank you. No cold pie for me when there's hot apples in the oven. I'll tell you what you might do. You might bring 'em in if you're not too tired."

Mrs. Meek departed on her mission. In a few moments she reappeared, and, without moving a muscle, placed the plate of baked apples before her lord and master. They were about the size of walnuts and the color of ebony. Judging by the way they rattled on the plate they were rather harder than flint.

Mr. Meek rose with an awful look in his eye.

"I'm afraid," observed his wife, "they are like the ham—just a shade overdone."

"If I ever catch that cat," remarked Mr. Meek, as that sleek feline purred past him with a playful frisk of its tail, "I'll break every bone in its body"—only he described its body with sundry adjectives that were very strange to the ears of Mrs. Meek. At least, so she said when she described the occurrence to her bosom friend, Mrs. Muggins, next day.—N. Y. Truth.

Explained.

Mrs. Benham—I don't see how you can look me in the face!

Benham—A man can get used to anything.—Truth

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The tooth of a mastodon in an almost complete state of preservation has been recently unearthed. It weighed 14 pounds 12 ounces, and measured ten inches by six, and is pure ivory.

—From rough calculations lately made by contributors to the Zoological Record it appears that over 360,000 species of animals have been described by naturalists up to the present date.

—The surface of the sea is estimated at 150,000,000 square miles, taking the whole surface of the globe at 197,000,000, and its greatest depth supposed equals the height of the highest mountain, or four miles. The Pacific ocean covers 78,000,000 square miles, the Atlantic 25,000,000, the Mediterranean, 1,000,000.

—Five intact tombs of the second and third centuries before Christ have been discovered at Camarina, in eastern Sicily, by Dr. Orsi, though the greater part of the burial places had been plundered in ancient times. At Noto Vecchio he has found three prehistoric cemeteries, a Jewish and three small Christian catacombs. He will end the season with excavations in the forum of Syracuse.

—A gas lamp for checking boiler furnaces, which performs for the furnace what the manometer and the steam gauge do for steam and water, has been devised by Herr Walther Hempel, of Dresden. It shows at a glance, by the fluctuations of the jet, what is the proportion of the carbonic acid and oxygen in the gases of combustion at any moment, enabling the stoker to control the supply of air at once.

—Furnace slag, until recently a waste product, is now converted, says the Railway Review, into "mineral wool," by directing a high pressure steam jet against a stream of the melted slag or rock. The "wool" is blown into a flocculent, fleecy mass, which is automatically graded and sold for use as a non-conducting covering against heat and cold alike, for steam pipes and cold-storage room walls, as a sound "deadener" in floors of buildings, and as a means of fire proofing.

—An interesting discovery has been made by a California botanist, W. A. Setchell, that sea weeds can propagate themselves from sections of an older plant, as is the case with flowering plants. He finds that in many other respects they have characteristics in common with the higher orders of vegetation that they have not heretofore been known to possess. Some have rhizomes, creeping in the mud, from which fronds are thrown up, as in the manner of some ferns.

HE WAS MISTAKEN.

The Little Man's Name Was Not Rambo, Nor Did He Hail from Sandusky.

All the passengers in the car noticed that the big man on the left of the rear door was looking fixedly at the small man opposite, and by and by the small man himself noticed the same thing. After an embarrassing interval of three minutes he observed:

"Well, what is it?"

"Excuse me, sir," replied the big man; "but your face seems familiar."

"Yes."

"Though I can't place it."

"No?"

"Is your name Rambo?"

"No, sir."

"I thought it was. Didn't you used to live in Sandusky, O.?"

"No, sir; never was in Sandusky in my life."

"Wasn't there in 1890, eh?"

"No, sir."

"That's queer. Just the minute I got sight of you I was sure you was Rambo, of Sandusky. If you are—"

"But I'm not!" interrupted the small man. "I never heard of Rambo and was never in Sandusky."

"Well, that settles it, I suppose," said the big man, as he looked out of the window and back again; "but if you hadn't said so I should have continued to think you were the man."

"And what of it?" retorted the small man, flushing up over it.

"Oh, nothing much. He eloped with my wife from Sandusky in 1890, and I heard they were living in Detroit. If you were Rambo I was going to ask how—"

"If you'll get off the car I'll lick you and Rambo and Bambo and Hoodoo and all the rest of the gang put together!" shouted the small man, as he got up and went out.

"No—oh, no!" replied the big man. "No, there is no call to fight. If you are not Rambo, I beg your pardon. Your face had a familiar look, and I just thought I'd ask if—"

But the small man hopped off the car and went his way, and the big man heaved a sigh and looked around and said:

"I'm sorry I offended him, but I thought it was Rambo, and was going to ask if Maria had had her teeth fixed and her eyes straightened."—Detroit Free Press.

Pineapple Pudding.

Peel and grate pineapple enough to make three cupfuls. Place over the fire in a double boiler a pint of milk. Beat light the yolks of six eggs, and add to them one cupful of sugar, a pinch of salt and a gill of cold milk. When the milk is at the boiling point, stir in the pineapple and half a package of gelatine which has been soaked in cold milk for two hours, and lastly the egg mixture. Cook for two minutes, stirring all the while; remove from the fire, stand the boiler in a pan of cold water and stir continually till cool. Turn into a mold that has been rinsed in cold water and place in the refrigerator for three or four hours.—Good Housekeeping.

Kind of Him.

"I was reading of a man who had sustained a broken leg in a trolley accident," said Asbury Peppers, "and I could but think how kind it was on his part."

"Kind?" said Mrs. Hammand.

"Yes. It is a certainty that the broken leg would not sustain him, is it not?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Doctor—"You are suffering from a complication of diseases, my dear sir—at least six." Humorous Invalid—"How much discount do you give me on half-a-dozen, doctor?"—Tit-Bits.

—She—"I hear Miss Flirts is learning to ride a bicycle." He—"But she rode one last year. Why does she have to learn again?" She—"Another gentleman is teaching her."—Funny Cuts.

—Bobby—"Mother, were all the bad men destroyed by the flood?" Mother—"Yes, my son." Bobbie (who has just received a whipping from his father)—"When is there going to be another flood?"—Brooklyn Life.

—"I wish we were rich, John, and could do something for the world," Mrs. Clericus remarked, half devotedly, half impatiently. "But, my dear, we can do good in a quiet way now." "Yes; but no one will ever hear of it."—Tit-Bits.

—A man who stuttered badly went to consult a specialist about his affliction. The expert asked: "Do you stutter all the time?" "N-n-n-no," replied the sufferer. "I s-s-s-stut-t-t-t-ter only when I t-t-t--talk."—Harper's Bazar.

—Tommy—"Say Mollie, I wish I had ten cents to get some candy with." Mollie—"Go and ask father who Socrates was and what is meant by the differential calculus. He's got company, and I shouldn't wonder if he gave you a quarter."—Boston Transcript.

—Health.—"Why," asked the Casual Observer, "did you shoot that tenderfoot?" "Because," replied the chairman of the civic federation, always glad to supply reasonable information, "he would otherwise have died of consumption and we are trying to have our town recognized as a health resort."—Detroit Tribune.

—A man in Scotland who had been raised to the high dignity of justice of the peace was exceedingly proud of his new honor. One day, being on his high horse, he happened to call himself the representative of her majesty. "Hoot awa'," said a friend who overheard the remark; "you represent her majesty! Her majesty, decent woman, is much better represented on a bawbee!"—Town and Country Journal.

AN EMBARRASSING MISTAKE.

The Young Man Thought She Was a Beggar.

He was very busy, no doubt, pondering some deep subject. He strode along with his hat well over his brow and his eyes fixed upon the ground. He had been accosted several times in the block by beggars and had his train of thought interrupted by stopping to fling them a coin.

He was vaguely aware that a figure had stopped in front of him and he said, rather testily:

"I haven't any change."

The gasp of breath which caused him to look up produced an exclamation from his lordship. Standing before him was a fairer vision than is usually beheld in Wall street. She was a very charming young woman, wearing the very choicest of grass cloth gowns, under which gleamed a dark-rose silk. She held her pretty parasol well away from her face as she looked haughtily at him, and her cheeks grew crimson under her veil, until they rivaled the American Beauty rose she wore at her belt.

He tried to apologize, but before he could summon the proper words she turned to a man near, who looked as if he would be willing to spend his life in her service, and asked him the way to her lawyer's office. She evidently was in a part of New York new to her, and there was not a messenger boy or policeman in sight.

With a glance of triumph at the first one he gave her the necessary directions, prolonging them as much as he dared that he might look into the beautiful eyes upturned to his own.

He raised his hat when she said, with a bewitching smile: "Thank you so much," and disappeared in the crowd.

"Better look before you speak, old fellow," he said to the other one.

They were both en route to the lawyers' club for luncheon, and though it cost him a couple of bottles of wine to keep the story quiet, it got out somehow, and one only has to say, in a high, mock feminine voice: "Kind sir, can you tell me the way—" to tease that rising young lawyer, who has mentally vowed to scan very carefully every one who approaches him in future before he takes it for granted it is a beggar.—N. Y. Telegram.

Summer Waist Materials.

Very many of the new shirt-waists in percale, lawn, linen lawn, chambray, etc., are made with starched collars and cuffs in pure white linen, and among other novelties are shirt-waists in finely corded cottons, patterned with oriental designs in beautiful colorings. The Eton and Zouave jackets will be very fashionable, worn over shirt-waists of every description, from lace and silk to plain and fancy gingham. These little jackets look very chic and pretty on their proper wearers—small or slender women—and give a finish to a shirt-waist at the back, and break the severity and monotony at the front. There are few garments, however, a woman wears that require so much nicety of cut and finish as an Eton or any other of the short jackets that merely reach the waist-line. We recall some of the burlesques seen on the beach at the various summer resorts last year—cut just as one might expect, since they were "blocked out" by the thousand for everybody in general and nobody in particular, and we likewise remember the short, broad, stout women who dared to wear these trim little garments over a belted shirt-waist.—N. Y. Post.

The Sweet Friend.

Julie—George said I looked lovely at the masquerade party last night.

Jennie—Yes; I can understand how a mask would improve your looks.—Youkers Statesman.

Assisted by the Band.

"Prisoner, did you commit the burglary alone or with the help of others?" inquired the judge.

"With the kind help of the Eighty-third regiment band," said the prisoner.

"What? Explain yourself."

"Well, you see, judge, the band made a halt, and all the people in the house went to the front to listen, so that I worked quite undisturbed in the back."—Tit-Bits.

Correctly Reported.

"Mike," said the superintendent, "there is a dead dog reported in the alley between Illinois and Meridian streets. I want you to look after its disposition."

An hour later the intelligent officer telephoned:

"I have inquired about the dog, and find that it had a very savage disposition."—Indiannpolis Journal.

PAST FINDING.

Bear—Were you looking for me?

Dog—No, sir; I was looking for my master. I feel as if he was somewhere around.

Bear (picking his teeth)—So do I. But, my son, it will require an X-rays for you to locate him!—Golden Days.

A Lucky Dog.

"Johnny, what are you saying to that dog?" asked a Harlem mother of her little boy.

"I was just talking to him. I just told him: 'You have a good time of it. You don't have to wash your face, or comb your hair, and you don't even have to go to school.' "—Texas Sifter.

SIXTEEN TO ONE.—N. Y. Herald.

A Superfluous Question.

"These scales," said a Dallas druggist, "are adjusted so nicely that you can tell on them the difference between the weight of a blonde hair and a dark hair."

"Which hair weighs the less?"

"The light hair weighs less, of course."—Texas Sifter.

The New Woman Aroused.

Mr. Whitewash—Dis am a world, Djnah, whar ebery hen has to scratch fo' herself.

Mrs. Samho—Mebbe, Sambo; but hens doan't hab to scratch grub out ob a washtub fo' their roosters!—N. Y. World.

Weary of the Plea.

"What's that girl singing?" said Mr. Topfloor to the bell boy.

"'O, Promise Me,'" replied the youth.

"Well, for goodness sakes, go down and promise her whatever she wants and charge it to my account."—Up-to-Date.

Worse and Worse.

Mrs. Brown—I have been so annoyed at my husband. He has been at the club every night for a week.

Mrs. Jones—Why, so has my husband, and he said he hadn't seen anything of your husband for a week.—Brooklyn Life.

A Poor Shot.

Judge—Are you crazy? You testified a moment ago that the defendant was trying to kill him, and now you say the killing was accidental.

Witness—Wal, that's right. When he hits anybody it'a er accident.—Truth.

A Coincidence.

Bob—Your playing reminds me of my experience when I came home from the club last night.

Fred—In what respect?

Bob—It took me a long time to strike the right key.—Brooklyn Life.

Did His Best.

She—Don't you always pity a girl who is frightened in the dark?

He—Naturally, I cannot help feeling for her.—Brooklyn Life.

Slept in the Hencoop.

"Papa, is Mrs. Bigelow very poor?"

"No, Cedric, Mrs. Bigelow is well off; don't you know what a nice house she has?"

"But she sleep in the hen-coop, papa."

"Why, Cedric!"

"She said she did."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't you remember when she was here to dinner night before last she excused herself, and said she must go home early because she went to bed with the chickens?"—Harper's Young People.

A New Profession.

First Tramp (in the suburbs)—Say, Bill, I've got a reg'lar job, and it 'tain't work, nuther. It's just like a reg'lar profesh, and I'm gittin' big fees. See that tenner?

Second Tramp—Jimminy crickets! W'at does yer do?

"I snenks around at night and throws people's lawn-mowers out of gear."

"But who pays yer for that?"

"Next door neighbors wot wants ter sleep."—N. Y. Weekly.

Overworked.

Polite Doctor (cautiously)—Your husband is suffering from overwork or excessive indulgence in alcoholic stimulants—it is (ahem) a little difficult to tell which.

Anxious Wife—Oh, it's overwork. Why, he can't even go to the theater without rushing out half a dozen times to see his business partners.—N. Y. Weekly.

Changing Styles.

The Weeping Daughter—Oh, I shall die! Papa says that Algy and I must not think of marrying for two years yet.

"Don't cry so, dear," said the judicious mother. "Perhaps you will not want to marry him at the end of two years. Who knows but that blonde husbands will be out of style then?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Useful Book.

"Did you receive a copy of my poems?" asked a Dallas poet of Mrs. Chaffie.

"Yes, indeed; I was delighted with them. Where did I put that beautiful little book?"

"You put it under the leg of the table in the dining-room to keep it from wabbling," interrupted Johnnie.—Texas Sifter.

Willing to Please.

New Boarder (gazing suspiciously on a leathery piece of beefsteak)—My teeth are very poor, Mrs. Slimdiet, and if you have anything a little more tender than this—

Mrs. Slimdiet—Certainly, certainly. Jane! This gentleman does not eat steak. Always bring him liver.—N. Y. Weekly.

You Can't Be Too Careful.

First Heiress—I can hardly believe it! Are you sure that is the earl of Blublul?

Second Heiress—Certainly. Why, have you heard that there are any imitations in the market?—N. Y. World.

HEARD DOWN IN DIXIE.

"Mornin', Miss Snowball. Did you heah dat Mrs. Andrew Jackson Jones done got a little baby dat only weighs seben ounces?"

Miss Snowball—Fo' de lan's sakes. Ain' dat rather light fo' a cullud baby?—N. Y. World.

A Modification.

Trivvet (excitedly)—He called me an inspired idiot, and I'm mad.

Dicer—You have a right to feel angry. There is nothing inspired about you.—Up-to-Date.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A NAUGHTY DAY.

Tom, I really think, began it,
Though I was as bad as he.
We were shut, and it was raining,
And we needed entertaining,
Staying in the house, you see.

Tom began to tease his sister—
She's a scarey little thing.
He had brought a woolly spider,
Dropped it on the floor beside her.
How we laughed to see her spring!

When Miss Mary wasn't looking
We ate apples, talked and played.
Tom drew pictures when he shouldn't,
And I laughed and laughed—I couldn't
Help it—at the things he made.

Round Miss Mary's desk at recess
We went peeping, just for fun.
Stopped her little clock from running,
Spilt the ink and broke the cunning
Paper knife—her favorite one.

All at once, then, we felt sorry,
Sort of 'shamed, you know, and small.
Something seemed to prick us queerly,
And to say to us quite clearly
We must tell Miss Mary all.

Hand in hand we went and told her,
Promised, as we went away,
While she smiled as sweet as ever,
We would never, never, never,
Have another naughty day.
—Youth's Companion.

REVEILLE ON SHIPBOARD.

The Bugle Calls All Hands to Lash Up the Hammocks.

Let us spend a day on board of a man-of-war and see how this is done. Let us suppose that she is in port. We take our place on her deck very early in the morning. The heavens are bright with stars, and about us masts and rigging, smokestacks and ventilators rise up in shadowy outlines, while the big guns loom ill-defined and ghostlike. In the gangway sentinels are pacing; on the bridge a quartermaster keeps his lookout; and back and forth on the quarter-deck paces an officer, alone. By the light of a lantern he presently consults a book for the "morning orders," which have been written by the executive officer the night before; and then he directs the quartermaster to call the boatswain's mate, the hammock stowers, the master-at-arms and the bugler. Then passes a period of ten minutes, during which a few shadowy figures appear on deck and take their stand beside the long, trough-like places in the ship's bulwarks known as the hammock nettings, opening them up and preparing them for the reception of the hammocks. Then, at the time assigned in the morning orders, the officer of the deck gives his first routine order: "Sound the reveille! Call all hands!"

At once there ring out in the hitherto silent ship those merry bugle notes

THE SHIP'S BUGLER.

known to almost all of us. To them have been fitted the words:

I can't get 'em up;
I can't get 'em up;
I can't get 'em up in the morning.
I can't get 'em up;
I can't get 'em up;
I can't get 'em up at all!

The captain's worse than the sergeant;
The sergeant's worse than the corp'ral;
The corp'ral's worse than the private;
But the major's the worst of all!

I can't get 'em up;
I can't get 'em up;
I can't get 'em up in the morning.
I can't get 'em up;
I can't get 'em up;
I can't get 'em up at all!

The last note is followed by the shrill whistle of a boatswain's mate and the prolonged, hoarse cry: "A-a-a-ll ha-a-nds!"

Then on the decks below you can hear the master-at-arms rushing from hammock to hammock, giving the sluggards a slap and a shake and repeatedly crying:

"Heave out; heave out and lash up!"

Run below and watch the feet and legs dangling from the swinging hammocks; see the sailors drop from them to the deck like bats from the limbs of trees, then neatly fold their blankets, roll them up with the mattress in the hammocks and pass around the latter seven times a rope lashing until each resembles a huge sausage. Then, unslinging them from the hooks overhead, they carry them hastily on deck to the nettings; for in ten minutes after that bugle call of reveille every hammock must be stowed away, and anyone who comes later with his hammock is reported for punishment by the officer of the deck to the captain.—Lieut. John M. Ellicott, in St. Nicholas.

Peculiar Election Custom.

There is a strange custom attendant upon local elections, which has existed in Brown township, Delaware county, O., for the last 30 years. It is that of eating 40 dozen hard-boiled eggs on election night at the expense of the successful candidates. Neither the bill of fare nor the number of eggs is ever varied. When the count is finished, a committee having been selected to secure the eggs and boil them, they are passed around and everybody eats in the utmost good fellowship. Only one man ever dared to brave popular sentiment, and refused to pay his share of the expense. He had been elected by a large majority, but was defeated at the next election for no other reason than his want of respect for the custom. No one knows how the custom originated.

Accepted on the Spot.

Tom (quoting Hamlet)—"If thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool."

Bertha—Oh, Tom, this is so sudden.—Tit-Bits.

FOR BRIGHT CHILDREN.

How They Can Make Toy Furniture from Old Corks.

If there's a box of old corks in the pantry the boy or girl, with a jackknife, can make a whole set of furniture and many other interesting things out of them.

All the tools and materials necessary are a very sharp knife, a box of matches, a bottle of thick mucilage, Bob's water color paints, a few old calling cards, a hairpin or two, a pair of stout scissors, with sharp points, and the pin-cushion. With these and the corks you can find a great deal of interesting amusement.

Perhaps the best thing to begin with is the cork out of the mustard pot, which is large and flat. Snip the sulphur heads off of four matches, leaving them square at the ends. Sharpen the other ends a little, make four holes with the penknife in the under side of the cork and stick the pointed ends of the matches into these. Cut out a circle of a visiting card somewhat larger than the mustard cork, paste it on top of the cork, and there stands a beautiful piece of nursery carpentry.

WHAT THE CORK WHITTLERS MAKE.

table all complete. A small, square bit of cork that once served to stop the mouth of a little glass jam jar and sticking in four matches for feet and two more on the upper side for a back, with a bit of cork at the top of these, one has at once a delightful chair to go with the table and stool. The next piece of manufacture might be a teetotum, and here Bob's paints begin to come into play.

Cut a match in half; sharpen one end a little. Cut a thin slice crossways from a claret cork and stick the match through the middle of it, pointed end first. Cut out a circle of cardboard four times as large as the cork, and draw two lines at right angles across the disk. That will leave it divided into four quarters, and these quarters are to be painted blue, green, yellow and red. Bore a hole in the center of the disk and slip the blunt end of the match through it until the cardboard rests upon the cork. Next cut another, but rather thicker, slice from the cork, bore a hole in the center and stick the blunt end of the match through, pressing it down till it touches the card. This will leave about an inch of match to be taken between finger and thumb for spinning this beautiful teetotum.

Cutting long slices through the middle of the cork leaves pieces which, with the aid of Bob's paints, can be turned into a beautiful set of dominoes, and by cutting out square pieces one can make a beautiful set of noiseless dice to be used with the backgammon board.

But perhaps the nicest toy of all made in this shop, which has for its sign: "Old cork taken in exchange for new playthings," is the set of parlor croquet. To begin this heavy but fruitful labor cut out 18 small squares of cork. Bend into a curved hoop—a miniature of those used in lawn croquet—nine hairpins, and these, with each end stuck into one of the small squares of cork, will stand upright and serve as table wickets for the game. Cut slices crossways from the vinegar-bottle cork, and into the middle of each of these stick a match whose end has been sharpened for the purpose. This can be painted around with rings of contrasting colors, as is done to the goal stakes of lawn croquet.

Next, for the mallets hunt about in the cork box for four small ones of even size—those from the small medicine vials serve nicely if they have not been stained by drugs. These, if a nice shape, need no cutting at all. Matches will serve as handles for these mallets, and a band of color must be painted around each, so that players may distinguish their own mallets. Some nice, large, old sugar-coated pills would make beautiful balls for this nursery croquet, with a stripe of paint around each one.—Chicago Record.

About Some Queer Birds.

The woodpecker can climb up the stem of a tree like a flash, but he can't climb down it to save his life. The little sapsucker of the same family can do both. The kingfisher dives under the water and catches its fish in its mouth. The crane stands in the water and fishes and spears its prey with its long, sharp bill, as you might spear an eel with a gig. The crane rises with the fish impaled on its bill and flies away home. I shot a six-foot crane once on the wing that had a two-pound trout impaled in that way. The fishhawk drops into the water like a plummet and seizes its fish in its talons.

Too Affectionate.

Mamma—You know, Johnnie, that when mamma whips her little boy she does it for his own good.

Johnny—Mamma, I wish you didn't think quite so much of me.—Tit-Bits.

All the Year Songsters.

The robin and the wren are the only birds that sing all the year round. All the other warblers have periods of silence.

FARM AND GARDEN.

CARE OF ORCHARDS.

Two Pictures Which Are Far More Eloquent Than Words.

The accompanying illustrations, engraved from photographs taken at the same distance so as to preserve the exact relative proportions of each, tell the whole story of the difference between care and neglect of a young orchard. Each of these trees is the best—not a representative, but the best tree to be

WELL-CARED-FOR TREE.

found in the orchard from which it is taken, though the larger (Fig. 1) is more nearly representative than the smaller (Fig. 2). The tenants on five adjoining farms owned by one man were furnished with a hundred or more trees to the farm. Thus the trees were all planted at the same time, in similar soil, and from the same lot of trees, so that the only difference must come as a direct result of the planting and after-care received. In the best one of these orchards there was no stinting in digging the holes. The roots were carefully spread and the soil mixed with stable manure, firmly packed about them. Every winter the ground has been covered with manure taken directly from the stable, a few extra forkfuls being thrown close about each tree, and during the summer the soil has

NEGLECTED TREE.

been cultivated in truck and potatoes. It requires some care to pass the trees without injuring them, but they will very quickly repay this extra attention. Each spring, about the time the leaves begin to put out, the trunks and larger branches are thoroughly washed with a strong suds made from soft soap, using a soft rag to apply it. It keeps the bark healthy and almost as smooth and glossy as that of the tender last year's shoots. These orchards are now seven years old, and in this particular one several trees have been lost, in spite of the extremely dry summers, though I know of one orchard which has but 12 trees left and none of those of value.—Orange Judd Farmer.

HOW PEANUTS GROW.

Some Interesting Facts Which Are Not Generally Known.

All boys, and a good many of their sisters, are fond of peanuts. Everybody knows that no circus is complete without them, but probably not many boys, nor girls either, know just how they grow, says the New York Times. The peanut is supposed to be a native of Africa, where it forms the chief food of certain regions, but it is found, too, in South America and Europe, the species varying slightly in the different countries. Here in the United States it is cultivated chiefly in Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee. The seed planted is the meat kernel, and care is taken not to break the skins. The plant grows like a vine, and the nuts hang on to it like pea pods. A single vine will, it is estimated, produce about 100 nuts if it is of the average good condition. At this rate the yield per acre is 40 bushels. Three varieties of these nuts are grown there—the white, red and the Spanish. They are readily distinguished, as they have individual characteristics. The next time you eat a peanut with two kernels very white, with pink skins, you will know it is of the white variety, which is the most important. The shell of the red nut sometimes holds three or four dark kernels, and its skin is of a decidedly dark red, so you cannot mistake that; while the Spanish nut is so much smaller, with a lighter skin than either of the others, that it will not be mistaken for either. Nearly 5,000,000 bushels of peanuts are used in this country every year.

The Farm-Home Lawn.

There are but few things which, at small expense, add so much to the appearance of a farm-home as a well-kept lawn. In order that it may aid materially in beautifying the place, it is not necessary that the lawn be either large in area or elaborate in design. It may be very small and very simple, yet if it is kept clean, and the grass short and even, it will greatly add to the attractiveness of the home to which it belongs. Such a lawn almost any farmer can have simply by taking care of it. The beauty of the lawn itself, to say nothing of the improved appearance of the farm, will pay most liberally for the little time and labor required to keep it in good condition.—Rural World.

To get the full benefit of mulching it should be done early and well.

ON COMMON GROUND.

...s of the Bicycle Craze Introduced in Reaching a Verdict.

They were trying the case for the ...time. Three times the jury dis... and neither judge nor counsel ... that the present occupants of ... would come to any understand... The jury filed out and the parties ...ed in the case prepared themselves for a long wait. What was their ...prise when, ten minutes after retiring, the jury signified its readiness to announce a verdict. When the verdict had been given and the excitement somewhat quieted down the judge turned to the jury.

"Gentlemen," he remarked, "this may be an unprecedented act on my part, but I want to express to you my appreciation of the willingness with which you came to an agreement. When I remember that three previous juries spent at least six days in determining that they couldn't harmonize, the promptness with which you agreed stands out in most agreeable contrast."

"We didn't have any trouble about agreeing," said the smiling foreman, and his 11 confreres smiled with him, "as soon as we established one point, your honor."

"And what point was that?" inquired the judge.

"A very simple one, your honor. It didn't take us five minutes to find out that every man of the 12 rode the same wheel."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

MATCH MADE IN A DREAM.

Vanderbilt-Wilson Engagement the Outgrowth of a Theosophical Vision.

The marriage of Cornelius Vanderbilt, jr., to Miss Grace Wilson, which was arranged to take place several weeks ago, but which was postponed owing to the illness of the young man, is looked for now almost any day. It is now a bit of social gossip at Newport that it is to be a theosophist union.

Miss Grace Wilson, so the story goes, during one of the early nights in August last summer had a dream which she immediately confided to a few particular friends. Her dream unfolded to her that Cornelius Vanderbilt, jr., was her affinity. Miss Wilson, so it is said, within 24 hours invited Cornelius Vanderbilt, jr., to take luncheon with her at Bienvenue. At this time she and her affinity were practically unknown to each other.

The story of Miss Wilson's dream got whispered about Newport. The occult evidence of its accuracy was not long delayed. Wherever Miss Wilson went Cornelius Vanderbilt, jr., was sure to go, and before September everyone said that Miss Grace Wilson was certainly to make the third great match in the Wilson family.

THE GREAT NURSERIES.

Louisiana, Mo., Rockport, Ills.—Visited by Gov. Colman, Ex-Sec'y Agrt. and the Hort. Ed., Judge Miller.

"Oh, how insignificant all my fifty years of nursery business seems, all combined, when compared with this stupendous establishment, where they count by millions," said Judge Miller, that veteran horticulturist, as he, in company with the writer, were being driven to the various departments of this vast nursery.

In an experience of over forty years we do not remember to have passed through an establishment where so large a number of hands were employed whose duties were so thoroughly systemized, and where business capacity of a higher order was manifested.

It is not in the soil of every farm that one finds qualities essential to the growth of the different kinds of Nursery stock, hence it has devolved upon these gentlemen, who were born to the Nursery business, to select from among the hills and valleys of the two Pikes such portions as are adapted to their purposes. But in this very fact of selection of soil, we see their exceeding care for the future success of their stock.

Missouri and Illinois have no more worthy institutions than the Stark Nurseries, and surely no better or more representative men than the proprietors. The business is growing on their hands as it deserves to grow.

They have a system of 40,000 acres of commercial test orchards located in great fruit growing regions.

The canvassing force is being increased, 5,000 fine outfits ready. Stark Nurseries always have room for more active workers because they have millions of Stark trees to sell.—Colman's Rural World.

"What was the happiest moment of your life?" "It was the moment when the jeweler took her engagement ring back and allowed me half price for it."—Cleveland Leader.

Piso's Cure cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. Cary, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1894.

Fair Indication.—"Does Miss Gushington's father look with favor on your suit?" "I think so; he always lets me pay for the drinks."—Detroit Free Press.

After a Long Engagement.—Dimling—"Well, old man, I hope you won't find marriage a failure." Newwed—"I sincerely hope not. For the courtship came near bankrupting me."—Truth.

"Aren't you glad to see it clearing off?" said the cheerful man. "Oh," replied the man who kicks, "I d'no. I don't see why we mightn't ez well be worryin' 'bout wet weather ez about hot weather."—Washington Star.

"How much is that mastiff?" "Two hundred and fifty dollars." "And the pug?" "Four dollars and a half." "I'll take the mastiff. You see, it's for my children, and I want a dog they can sit on without wiping out the investment."—Harper's Bazar.

Dukane—"I thought that hostilities in Cuba would cease when the rainy season came on. The rainy season began there several weeks ago, but there are plenty of reports of sanguinary fights." Gaswell—"Well, you see, the rainy season does not stop the cable from working."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

"There's one thing," remarked Willie Wishington, "that I have made up my mind to." "Really?" responded Miss Cayenne, with languid interest. "Yes. I shall never be a man of one idea." "Don't say that. You are still too young to be discouraged."—Washington Star.

A Sorrowful Forecast.—"Electricity is driving horses out of employment." "Yes." "And women are crowding men out of all the good jobs." "Yes." "Well, after awhile there won't be anything left but women and trolley cars."—Chicago Record.

Betrayed by His Breath.—Just before the curtain went up for the third act Mr. Jagway returned and took his seat. "You may have gone out for a breath of fresh air," observed Mrs. Jagway, in a rasping whisper, "but that isn't the kind of breath you've brought back with you."—Chicago Tribune.

Reporter—"You don't find that these expeditions injure the health of the men?" Arctic Explorer—"Oh, no! In the first place, we are not hasty about leaving off our winter flannels."

Half Rates to Omaha

Via The North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y), August 15, 16 and 17, 1896—one fare for the round trip. On August 24 excursion tickets at very low rates will also be sold from Omaha to Denver and the famous Hot Springs of South Dakota. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address

W. B. Kniskern, G.P. & T.A., Chicago, Ill.

"That is a report that Buzbee has a large floating debt," announced the cashier to the teller. "Yes, sir; an $80,000 steam yacht."—Detroit Free Press.

By Steamer, Train or Boat?

Which of these have you selected as a means of travel? No matter. Whichever it is, recollect that for sea-sickness, disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, engendered by rough locomotion and bad food or water, and for malarial troubles, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the most useful specific you can take with you. It is invaluable also for rheumatism, kidney complaints and nervous trouble.

Tommy (inquiringly)—"Mamma, is this hair oil in this bottle?" Mamma—"Mercy, no! That's glue." Tommy (nonchalantly)—"That's why I can't get my hat off."—Golden News.

Cheap Excursions to the West and Northwest.

On August 4, 18, September 1, 15, 29, October 6 and 20, 1896, The North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y) will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets at very low rates to a large number of points in the West and Northwest. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address

W. B. Kniskern, G.P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

"The doctors seem always happy." "Oh, doctors don't take life seriously."—Detroit Tribune.

Very low rates will be made by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway for excursions of August 18th, September 1st, 15th and 29th, to the south, for Homeseekers and Harvesters. For particulars apply to the nearest local Agent, or address James Barker, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt., St. Louis, Mo.

Combination.—"Oh, you just ought to see our flat," she exclaimed, enthusiastically. "We've the loveliest combination kitchen and folding bed that ever was."—Detroit Tribune.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st. Phila., Pa.

"Why does Miss Antique look in the glass so much?" "She is afraid of becoming vain."—Detroit Free Press.

The fatter the pig, the better it likes the mud.—Ram's Horn.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

AGENTS WANTED to sell the Supreme Shirt Supporter. You can make 25% a week. Outfit sent for only 50 cents and guaranteed satisfactory. A. H. SENOR CORSET CO., BETHEL, CONN.

STOPPED: HEART BURN, YUCATAN.

OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.

A. N. K.—C. 1016

When writing to advertisers please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

"A Bicycle Built for Two."

BattleAx PLUG

Five cents' worth of "BATTLE AX" will serve two chewers just about as long as 5 cents' worth of other brands will serve one man. This is because a 5 cent piece of "BATTLE AX" is almost as large as the 10 cent piece of other high grade brands.

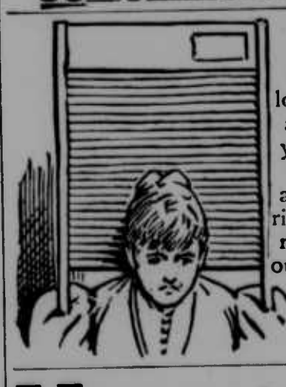

Don't bear the burden of the wash-board any longer. Hasn't it caused enough damage and trouble and weariness? Do you realize the amount of wear and tear that it brings to your clothes in a single year? Get Pearline—get rid of the wash-board and that eternal rubbing. Be a free woman. You ought to see for yourself that Pearline's easy way of washing—soaking, boiling, rinsing—is better for the clothes and better for you. 288

Money in Hay.

The farmers who are making money this year are those who seeded down their wheat land to grass with

Bradley's The World's Best Fertilizers.

They secured extra wheat crops at high prices. The fertilizer, and now have splendid crops of hay to sell at enough to more than pay for Bradley Fertilizer Co., Boston, Mass., and Cleveland, Ohio.

The Republican.

BENJ. A. SINGELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, AUG. 13, 1896.

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET

For President of the United States.

WILLIAM McKINLEY,

OF OHIO.

For Vice President of the United States.

GARRET A. HOBART,

OF NEW JERSEY.

How can silver be said to have been demonetized in 1873, when there have been 54 times as many silver dollars coined since then as there were before that time?

GORMAN says he will not take an official position in the Democratic campaign, but he will help Chairman Jones. In other words, he will be one of the bunco steerers of the free silver gang.

The Party Without a Press.

The most notable phase in the political situation of the day is the extraordinary slump of the Democratic press on the Chicago platform and ticket.

Two-Dollar Dollars.

The silverite orators insist that the dollars we have now, which are maintained at parity with gold by the Government, are too good for the people of the United States--that they are really two-dollar dollars.

There is food for reflection in this contention. The wage-earners, the depositors in savings banks, the buyers of insurance, the pensioners, and all others persons who are getting two-dollar dollars for their services or their dues, are asked to go to the polls and help themselves to money half as good!

They have been aforetime political "fakirs" who have undertaken to impose upon the public credulity but never before have they had the audacity to ask people to cheat themselves for the pleasure of cheating others.

Silver and Prices.

The silver miners want free coinage to put up the price of their product. The farmers want it to cheapen dollars.

It cannot do both. If, as the silver miners contend, free silver would so advance it as to make the bullion in a silver dollar worth 100 cents, then the silver dollar would be as hard to get and as costly to the farmer as the gold dollar is now alleged to be. One or the other class of free silver advocates would be disappointed in the result of free coinage.

Again, the most numerous class of free coinage advocates consists of men who think that the so-called demonetization of silver depressed the price of farm products, and therefore that free coinage would enhance such prices.

Here We Are Again

In the campaign of 1892 the voice of the Democracy was for free trade. Democratic speakers and writers were fond of getting hold of something with a Republican stamp on it that could be twisted to serve their purpose. By 1892 they had discovered that Abraham Lincoln was a good and great man who said things worth hearing and worth preserving.

Well, they found something from Lincoln to suit them. It was uttered by the first martyr President as the war was drawing to a close. Lincoln said: "I see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country." Lincoln thought the money power would get too strong a hold.

In 1892 it was made to appear that protecton built up the great money power feared by Lincoln. This year it is the gold standard. We hear no more hot orations against protection. Free trade is given a rear and restful seat. But Lincoln is revived again and the prophecy aimed at the gold standard.

Four years from now the Popocratic party will have another fad, and then the old Lincoln prophecy will be made to serve for that. It is noticeable that a great Republican has to be dead, and dead a long time, before our friends on the other side think him of sufficient importance to quote from him.

A motto for working men and women: "A dollar's worth of dollar for a dollar's worth of work."

Itinerating Vapidity.

The most ardent friend of Bryan must feel sorely dissatisfied, not to say troubled at the exhibition he has made since he started for the East. His opponents must be correspondingly pleased and hopeful.

The very tame demonstrations along the route are a serious disappointment to the popocrats, for they contrast most painfully with the outpourings which greeted McKinley at every station long before he was a Presidential nominee. There has been absolutely none of that wild-fire enthusiasm which the Popocrats predicted, and which they must have to carry the country. The crowds have been only fair in numbers, and scarcely any more than might have been expected from mere curiosity to see and hear a man who is the candidate of a great party for the Presidency.

A still more severe disappointment has been the character of Bryan's speeches. He has no reputation for anything but oratory, and yet his speeches have been vapid and pointless in the extreme. A very ordinary orator, traveling from one station to another, can find something suggestive and fresh as he journeys along, so that at each stopping place he can say a little at least that is apropos, pointed, and applicable. All will remember with what wonderful skill President Harrison did this. At every place he said something new and vivid; something suggested by the town or country; something particularly suited to the locality, and yet which echoed to the remotest part of the country. Harrison's bitterest enemies could not restrain their applause at the happiness with which he acquitted himself when speaking from the rear of a Pullman car to a hastily gathered crowd. Whether it was in Texas or Indiana, he never failed to capture his audience, and say something that his whole country read with approval. Bryan, on the other hand, seems as intellectually barren as Harrison was fertile.

"The Old Flag"

Senator Caffery, of Louisiana, has been asked to resign his seat because he will not support the Populist Chicago platform and candidates. He says that he will do so when he is asked by "such a party as elected" him, but not till then. He remains true to his party. He repudiates the Populists who have seized its machinery.

"The old flag of Democracy," he says, "of sound money, sound honesty, ridgid enforcement of all law, maintenance of our admirable system of Federal Goverment in its full integrity, and the widest liberty of the citizen to contract for payment in any legal commodity of commerce is good enough for me. I have followed it for many years, in defeat and in victory, in storm and sunshine, and I propose to follow it to the end of my days."

This is not only honest, but plain, common sense. Men who have worked for the Democratic party in order to carry out certain principles cannot work for candidates who reject and oppose those principles. Mr. Bryan himself admits this and declares that parties are but instruments. Since his party is to be an instrument to debase the currency, dishonor the public credit, confuse the finance and commerce of the country, weaken the authority of law and encourage disorder, he cannot ask Democrats who detest these ends to aid him in accomplishing them.

Moreover the Democrats who repudiate the repudiators are bound by a duty higher than all party duty. There are certain principles which all Governments must observe. These are not acknowledged, but are openly opposed by Mr. Bryan and his party. We do not accuse Mr. Bryan of knowing this but men who do know it are required to act on their knowledge. Mr. Bryan may be merely a sincere but ignorant and wrong headed person. But those who see what his ideas must lead to would if they supported him, be traitors to their country.

In this case Democrats who are true to real Democracy are true also to the fundamental duty of citizens.

A Land of High Prices.

The Populists, who lament over the low prices to which commodities have fallen in this country, and who long for a dollar that will buy half as much as a dollar now will buy, may turn their gaze to the ideal silver country of Mexico. In that favored land prices are as high and wages of labor as low as the most enthusiastic Populist could desire.

As current market prices show, good butter costs in Mexico 75 cents a pound, and salt butter from 50 to 60 cents a pound all the year round. Lard costs in Mexico 24 cents a pound; bacon, 36 cents; milk, 16 cents a quart; kerosene, 12 cents a quart, and a loaf of bread 12 cents. A pound of fresh beef or mutton costs 18 cents and a pound of fresh pork 20 cents. The consumer can buy a pound of excellent coffee for 30 cents in this country, and he must pay for the same 60 cents in Mexico, although coffee is raised there.

Any of our Americans who should be shopping in Mexico would be astonished to find that the furniture of a bed room, costing $30 in this country, would not cost less than $150 in the happy region of Free Silver beyond the Rio Grande. They have there a home made carpet for a dollar a vara, which is three inches shorter than the American yard, but American carpet in Mexico costs from $1.25 to $2 a yard, and Brussels carpet $2.50 a yard. A yard of common cotton stuff costs, according to quality, from 27 to 40 cents a yard; narrow muslin, 18 cents, and wide muslin 35 cents a yard. They have the short and shriveled yard as well as the silver money, and they both combine effectually in swindling honest labor of its wages.

It may well be asked how, with such prices and such measures, clerks who receive $35 a month, horse car drivers 75 cents a day, conductors $1 a day women servants $4 a month and day laborers $8 a month can live decently and pay such prices for articles of necessity and comfort. But the fact is that the masses of Mexicans must content themselves with a diet of cornmeal and such vegetables and fruits as their gardens afford. The simple reason why prices are so dear and wages of labor so low in Mexico is in a currency system by which labor is paid by a depreciated standard and articles of necessity are bought in accordance with the gold standard after liberal allowance for fluctuations in the market rates.

Happily for the Mexicans a mild climate affords them much compensation for the harshness and iniquity of a debased system of currency by which they are defrauded of a large share of their earnings. They need little coal or wood for fuel, and their ordinary dwellings are without hearths or windows, while the furniture is of the simplest but by no means the cheapest character. As for clothing it consists, for the most part, of cotton stuffs, for which, as we have seen, the consumers must pay dearly in silver coinage. American workingmen have been told in loose and false generalities of the blessings which this system of currency has bestowed upon Mexico; and if they like such a system they have only to give their votes in November to the Presidential candidate of the Democ-Populists, who stands on a platform of Depreciated Currency.

A motto for working men and women: "A dollar's worth of dollar for a dollar's worth of work."

WILLIAM M. SINGERLY, editor of the Philadelphia *Record* whose name heads the list of electors nominated at the Allentown Democratic State Convention, has written a letter to Democratic State Chairman Wright announcing his unwillingness to support the Chicago convention platform and candidates, and asking that his name be withdrawn from the State Democratic electoral ticket.

Headquaters Engaged.

Hon. George L. Wellington, chairman of the State Republican Committee, closed a contract Friday for the rent of rooms in the News buiding southwest corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets, Baltimore, for headquarters during the campaign. The rooms are on the second floor, and they will be occupied by Mr. Wellington, Capt. H. Clay Naill, for the State's Committee, while one will be the headquarters of Mr. Wm. F. Stone chairman of the City Committee, with Mr. Benjamin Hiss secretary and Capt. Noble H. Creager treasurer. To Mr. Stone will be entrusted the general management of the congressional campaign in the Third and Fourth districts, besides looking after the details of the contest for additional judge and city conneilmen.

On the fourth floor Mr. Charles N. Linville and a corps of competent assistants will conduct a literary bureau, and much good is expected therefrom.

Mr. Wellington believes that the campaign should be conducted upon the sound money lines, and speakers of the Republican party in the State will be expected to confine their arguments largely to that point. Help is also expected in non-partisan meetings from the Honest Money Democratic League. During the day Mr. Wellington saw Speaker Sidney E. Mudd. He expects to open headquarters on next Monday.

Respectfully Referred.

To the Editor of The Republican.

A few weeks ago I noticed in your paper an article referring to the fact that Mr. Gilmor S. Hamill, an attorney of Oakland, and also one of the leaders of the silver movement in our community, writes a clause in all mortgages binding the mortgagor to pay the interest and principal in gold. Mr. Hamill, being a free silverite, he is supposed to have faith in his doctrine, but this inconsistency on his part needs explanation and I hope that he will explain through the columns of your paper just how he stands on this great financial question.

NOT A POPOCRAT.

The Political Bargain Counter.

"Some of the reports say that the women went wild over Bryan at different places along his route," remarked the Horse Editor.

"That's natural," replied the Snake Editor. "He is the bargain counter candidate."

"How so?"

"He wants to mark the dollar down to 53 cents."

Up-To-Date Bank Notes.

A Washington correspondent writes: The first issue of the new $2 and $5 silver certificates will be made on Monday, August 10. They bid fair to excite as much attention and criticism as the $1 note. Like it, they are ambitious, artistic creations, and are totally unlike anything the people are familiar with in the way of paper money. Their fronts are printed in black ink, and their backs in the more familiar green. The $2 note was designed by Mr. Edwin H. Blashfield, of New York. The frontispiece is an allegorical representation of "science presenting steam and electricity to commence and manufacture," and consists of five partly nude female figures in graceful poses. The treatment is described is almost distinctively American. The general idea of the main design is carried out on the back of the note, the main decorations of which are vignettes of Fulton and Morse.

Walter Shirlaw, of New York, designed the $5 note, which is, if anything, more strikingly original than either of the other two. The face is almost entirely taken up with an allegorical picture representing "America enlightening the World." America is represented by a beautiful female, partly nude, holding in her right hand uplifted, a lighted incandescent lamp. She stands upon a representation of the North American continent, and the rays of her lamp are shed in all directions. Reclining at her feet is a female figure of fame, with the traditional trumpet and few clothes. Flanking these figures, which occupy the centre of the front, is on one side a representation of Jupiter in his aerial chariot in the act of hurling a thunderbolt, typifying force. On the other side is a representation of peace, with the dove, etc. There is also a fine view of the Capitol.

The general effect is that of a liberal display of electricity and beautiful women. The treatment of the idea, including decoration, is that of the modern school of renaissance. The back of the note contains portraits of Grant and Sheridan. Unlike the vignette on the $1 and $2 notes, which are arranged in the middle, the vignette on the $5 notes are at opposite ends.

Talmage Day.

Talmage day at Mountain Lake Park, Md., Friday, August 14th, will be without question the greatest day ever enjoyed at that famous resort. Dr. Talmage will lecture at 2.30 p. m. on Big Blunders, one of his most famous lectures. He is the highest priced lecturer on the American platform. At night the Tyrolean Troubadours from the mountains of Austria, dressed in the picturesque costume of their country, will sing the unique songs of the fatherland. Mr. Elmer P. Ranson, the samous sleight-of-hand man, will preform many feats of magic. Mr. D. W. Robertson will make very captivating music on the Russian sleigh bells. The concert will be the best ever given at the Park.

Kipans Tabules relieve headache.

We must get your trade
no matter what it costs us,

So we will make all $18 and $20 suits for

. . $15.00. . .

They are of the finest imported cheviots and include the latest rage of New York and London, namely, the bronze checks. We guarantee them to be first-class in workmanship and perfect fitting.

For the next Thirty Days,

Suits cleaned and pressed to look like new for $1.00. Coat 50 cents, pants 35 cents, vest 25 cents.

M. COHEN, Tailor,
Oakland, Md.

THE
New BUCKEYE
FOR 1896.

The Simplest, Best and Lightest Running Binder on Earth.

ISN'T IT A BEAUTY?

Examine our composition adjustable bearings and other valuable improvements for 1896. It beats the World.

From the Golden Harvest Fields of the Sunny South, where grain cutting is now progressing, come Songs of Praise for this Wonderful Machine.

The genius of man has never produced its equal,
Its perfect working Bundle Carrier is admired by all.
No weight on horses' necks—no side draft—open end, and it will handle the longest or shortest grain successfully.
See its high drive wheel which insures light draft.
Be sure and examine this machine before you buy. If there is no agent in your locality, correspond with us direct.

COMPETITORS ARE FLEEING BEFORE THE MAJESTIC MARCH OF THE NEW BUCKEYE.

HEAR WHAT PENNSYLVANIA FARMERS SAY,

The field selected was rye 7 feet tall, very heavy and green. The machine was drawn by an ordinary team, and never made a skip or missed a sheaf.

We the undersigned have, this 27th day of May, 1896, witnessed the working of the New Buckeye Binder, cutting rye on the farm of Dr. H. A. Knight at Lamartine, Clarion county, Pa. We consider its work first-class in every respect, and the Machine very light draft.

Some expressions from those present—"Isn't she a daisy." "I tell you that's the lightest running binder I ever saw." "She handles that rye elegant." "Don't it make a splendid sheaf." "Say that bundle carrier beats them all." "That pair of horses could handle that machine all day." "Did you ever see a binder with such little machinery." "Not a particle of weight on the horses' necks, it's perfectly balanced." "It beats anything I ever saw."

F. B. Sheffler, D. Knepperberger, H. McGinnis, W. L. Long, B. M. Delo, Lynn Campbell, Joe Sheffler, Irvin McGinnis, H. C. Sheffler, Joe S. Shirey, Leroy Kurtz, Chas. Say, J. J. Kline, L. M. Cochran, Frank Kline, P. Wingard, Jno. William, Aaron Conner, C. K. Sheffler, G. H. Wenner, F. W. Berlin, M. B. Shannon, F. B. Shannon, jr., J. M. Kurtz, J. G. Hecter.

THE BUCKEYE MOWER.
ORIGINAL, GENUINE AND ONLY. MADE BY
AULTMAN, MILLER & CO.,
AKRON, OHIO.

FOR SALE BY
JONAS ✣ FRAZEE.
SELBYSPORT, MD.

A Snake Story.

Mine frient, if you dond been too busy to reed dis ledder, I will gif you mine egsperience de oder day mid a schnake hunt. You see id was dis way: Dere been a man, his name bin Nelder; he went ond in de woods to hund some ginsang. He been runnen arount until he gits tired nnd hungry, so he starts down de hill to cross over Wolfden erik und go home. He dond go far undil' he gits mit himself on a log, und yoost about den he heers a schnake goen mid himself under a beeg schtone. He walks mid de oder end of de log down, and shumps down mid de ground. Yoost den he sees doo beeg schnakes. He keeled dem und pulled de raddles mit dere tales off, and klimed back on de log, and wend back to de oder end of de log, und got down and made a few schteps wen he seen schnakes every place. He kounted fordy, den he schtruck ond for home. He kum down to our town und dells de boys abont id, so on Monday morning de poys git dere guns und gid ready to kleen up dem schnakes. Dere was Klide Schmit, Paul Schultz, Lynn Richurds, Daylor Richards, Alberd Wharton, Alph Duval, Andy Mc Donnell nud Jesse Kook, our preecher und de ole man Pew und his boy Grant. De poys makes mit de ole man Pew capten, und he say forward, mareh! So we marches up de gounty rode undil we goes mit Hausel's und Brays past, den we comes to Fup Harvey's; he bin a fine schnake hunder, so capten Pew, he gids de ole man Fup and one of de poys, und avay we go. Fup he says he nose rite were de den bin, so we goes dere und dey don been no schnakes. Den capten Pew consulted mit Fup und he dink de schnakes bin mit demselves de oder side mit de hill, so de capten he say agen, forwart, poys, und keep your ise open. Wen we got on de odder side de capten he deployed his mens und den we kommensed to look like everyding for schnakes. We dond bin gone fur undel liddle Fup he holler schnake! Den you schoost ought to hear de guns grack und de mens all gadder to dis blace. We killed six schnakes, too of de schnakes bin layen klose mit a rock. De breacher he schpied dem and holler look ad de schnakes! but by shimminy, dey soon killed dem: Fup bin a goot schnake hunder. Well, we goes home; de schnakes don't bin ond good. De next day we bin gone back; we dink mebbe dey bin ond. We shust got one, de breacher fount him while de poys bin hunden for more schnakes. Grant Pew, he calls de capten und he say: "Capten, I shust find someding out." Now mine frent, I dells you wat he say, but blease dond say anyding aboud id. You no id mide make de breacher mat, und mebby Fup git mat too. Well dis is wat he dells de capten. He say, "Capten, did you take notis yisterday dem too schnakes dere mit dat schtone, dey don't naf no raddles mid der tales on." De capten he say, yah. "Vy," he say, "did you see deir hets bin smashed, und wen we bin taken de fangs out der months you no how bat dey schmell." He say, "capten, by shimminy, dem too schnakes wot de breacher und liddle Fup kilt yisterday bin de too ded schnakes wot Nelder kilt." De capten say, "by George's krik, dat bin so, so blease don'd say noding apont dis schuake hund, for if de breacher und Fup und de oder fellers find ond dey bin killen dese schnakes, dey been so mat as plases." HANS.

Blane, wot dey yoost to call Kitsmillersville.

Communicated.

To the Editor of The Republican.

At the present time old party lines are being obliterated and the people of this country who have not studied the financial situation, or who are seeking more information, are in a state of indecision.

The writer has carefully studied the situation from his standpoint, trying to divest himself of prejudice, although he had a strong bias toward free silver. He would like to express his views in your valuable paper, hoping to help some others out of their mist of doubt and uncertainty, on the same line of reasoning which led him into the faith as laid down in the Republican platform.

Money is a measure of values. Legislation may alter prices, but can only temporarily alter values, consequently money is a measure precisely as the measure of the amount of goods to be purchased is. Let us take the yardstick of the merchant for an example. Now the Chicago platform, if carried into effect, will have the same effect on the business of the country as though the currency was left in its present condition and the yardstick and other weights and measures decreased one-half, thus making the legal yard eighteen inches long. Of course the old yard (gold) would be laid by on the shelf.

Now wouldn't it take just as much material and labor to make the goods as ever? The price per yard might be less, but wouldn't it really take twenty eighteen-inch yards to do the duty of ten thirty-six inch yards?

The most spacious and plausible argument in favor of free silver now comes to the front. If you owe another a certain number of yards of anything, won't it be easier and cheaper to pay him in eighteen inch yards than in the present standard?

Yes, if you received thirty-six inch yards to do it with, but you will only get eighteen-inch yards from your debtors—they also are on the make. Labor, of necessity, requires short settlements, and they of all classes would reap less of the dishonest division, as they could not afford to hold their earnings until the time came to split their dollars in two and pay what they owe.

And now arises another point, and that is, should free silver win, Bryan and a Congress of the same views be elected in November, what would be the probable effect on the business of the country?

It is controlled by capitalists and creditors, and they would certainly call in at once, using legal means and processes if necessary, all their goods, reasoning rightly that when the dividing time came they could split the yards themselves as well as anyone else could do it for them.

Another argument is that the old soldiers would have the purchasing power of their pensions reduced one half by this proposed iniquity.

The sum and substance of the free silver doctrine is socialism, pure and clean, with a new name and with new leaders.

The writer has great faith in the natural and inherent honesty of the American people, who believe that the only way to make a dollar is to give honest toil for it.

If splitting the value once is good Democratic doctrine, why not keep on making money for the people by splitting it again and again to infinity, say once in every four years would probably answer.

C. M. RATHBUN.

Loch Lynn Heights, Md., Aug. 11, 1896.

Mr. Dana's Opinion as to the Duty of Democrats.

From the New York Sun.

Some personal response seems to be due to the numerous friends who have sought from me an expression of my individual opinion as to the duty in the present campaign of those who adhere to the principles which hitherto have characterized the Democratic party.

The declaration of notions adopted in the name of the Democracy by the Chicago Convention is for the most part so hostile to the doctrines which have prevailed in the Democratic party in the past as to demand its rejection by all those who would not abandon the Democracy's essential ideas and best traditions.

The Chicago platform invites us to establish a currency which will enable a man to pay his debts with half as much property as he would have to use in order to pay them now. This proposition is dishonest. I do not say that all the advocates of the free coinage of silver are dishonest. Thousands of them, millions, if there be so many, are doubtless honest in intention. But I am unable to reconcile with any ideal of integrity a change in the law which will permit a man who has borrowed a hundred dollars to pay his debt with a hundred dollars each one of which is only worth half as much as each dollar he received from the lender.

The Chicago platform sanctions the use of the appointing power of the President in such a way as to control the Federal judiciary in deciding question of constitutional law.

It contemplates a change in the personnel of the Supreme Court of the United States to the end that the recent decision declaring the income tax unconstitutional may be reversed. Strange times, indeed, are these, when a man is told that in order to be a Democrat he must favor the imposition of an income tax, and the destruction of the independence of the judiciary.

Still more alarming is the clearly implied approval of lawless violence contained in the denunciation of what is denominated in the platform "Government by injunction." Veiled in the language of moderation, the wild light of anarchy shines though.

In my opinion, without reviewing the Chicago platform further, the declarations in regard to the currency, the Supreme Court, and the income tax and the repression of forcible lawlessness by the aid of injunction are good enough to demand its rejection by all good citizens and the defeat of the candidates who stand upon it.

I regret exceedingly to find a disposition quite prevalent to array the West against the East in the discussion of these matters. I see no occasion for making our differences sectional. Here there is no political hostility toward the West such as is expressed toward the East by some Western newspapers and public speakers. Good citizens can perhaps best aid the cause of honest money and law and order by devoting more time to rational argument and less to inefficient abuse.

All questions relating to the tariff have become insignificant for the time being in view of the possibility, however slight, that the abhorrent principles of the Chicago platform may prevail. The duty and the necessity to compass the final overthrow of that platform by assisting in the defeat of William J. Bryan are most imperative and solemn. This may most certainly be accomplished by voting for the electors pledged to the support of William McKinley; but I have no quarrel with any Democrat who adopts any other course which seems to him equally well adapted or better adapted to the same end. C. A. DANA.

A motto for working men and women: "A dollar's worth of dollar for a dollar's worth of work."

Good Roads Pave the Way.

With the progrsss of things educational and politicam in all civilized countries, from time immemorial, the care of the roads and taxpayers' thoroughfare has kept an even pace, says the Boston *Courier*. The highway has ever been the great artery of trade and commerce, and the roads that led to Rome were the famous prototype of the world's substantial roads of to-day. Civilization opens and clears a track through every obstacle, and however it wind and interwind it at last again brings us to the heart of activity and communion with men. Our own ancestors in America where mighty men. It might, with aptness, be said that "there were giants in those days." They clove their way through the forest fastnesses and the rough frontiers with a steadiness and patience the benefits of whose results we are reaping at the present time. To be sure, they left many stones unturned, but theirs was the hard labor, single handed as they were, and they have left for us the finishing touches, and, we may say, the artistic portion of the work. Follow the old road, and you shall come to the haven where you would be.

The call for good roads is ever sounding, and wonderful things have been done for the pedestrian and the equestrian within the past eight years. The cities invade the sacred precincts of the country and make their way across the fields and over the mountains, but they send out before them the herald of their coming—good roads that must pave the way for a better state of things.

And the increasing relays of summer boarders that go out from the cities to find recreation, the presence of magnificent hostelries and splendidly appointed summer homes away off in the cool wilderness are not an unimportand means to this end. The tourist and the boarder throughout the summer season patronize the midland or the seaward town and their hotels, which increase at demand, and upon the same demand the roads widen and grow beautiful to look upon and to travel over.

One of the first questions summer people ask is: "How are the roads in such and such a part of the country, and can we get to and from town easily?" And so it is that we are surprised at finding paved broad streets in small towns and hamlets, because the dwellers therein recognize that they are one of the things needful to insure them their summer living. In Masschusetts and New Hampshire the country cow path is being rapidly transformed into the solid and level though winding street. A good and easily passable road is therefore not the least comfort that the city guest has provided for him, but he is cosmopolitan enough generally to view it not in the light of a selfish luxury, but as a public necessity and a public benefit.

Mr. C. D. Yonker, a well know druggist of Bowling Green, Ohio, in speaking of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, says: "I take pleasure in recommending it to my customers, for I am certain that it will always please them. I sell more of it than all other kinds put together." For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The Flood Damages.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners held in their office last week the estimate made to repair the roads, bridges, etc., damaged by the late flood, was placed at three thousand dollars. This amount will repair the roads and bridges so far as to make them passable. To place the county's highways in the same condition they were prior to the flood will require all of ten thousand dollars.

Circuit Court Order.

Whereas, under the provisions of the Act of 1896, Chapter 461, Columbus Pumph and 116 other registered voters in Election District Number Eight of Garrett county, Maryland, on the 31st day of July, 1896, filed with E. Z. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for said Garrett county, a written petition praying that a new election be held in said Election District Number Eight, at the next Congressional election to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors shall be sold in said district, and the said number of registered voters so petitioning being at least one-third in number of votes cast at the next preceding election in said district, it is this 31st day of July, 1896, ordered that the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county be directed to proclaim notice of a new election to be held in said Election District Number Eight, at the next Congressional election, on November 3rd, 1896, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors producing intoxication shall be sold in said district, unless however, a counter petition from said election district larger in number than the one filed as aforesaid, be presented before the first day of September, 1896.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks prior to the first day of September, 1896, in The Republican and the Mountain Democrat, two newspapers printed in Garrett county.

DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy.
Test:—E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Circuit Court Order.

Whereas, under the provisions of the Act of 1896, Chapter 461, Wm. D. Hoye and 111 other registered voters in Election District Number Ten of Garrett county, Maryland, on the 31st day of July, 1896, filed with E. Z. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for said Garrett county, a written petition praying that a new election be held in said Election District Number Ten, at the next Congressional election to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors shall be sold in said district, and the said number of registered voters so petitioning being at least one-third in number of votes cast at the next preceding election in said district, it is this 31st day of July, 1896, ordered that the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county be directed to proclaim notice of a new election to be held in said Election District Number Ten at the next Congressional election, on November 3rd, 1896, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication shall be sold in said district, unless however, a counter petition from said district, larger in number than the one filed aforesaid, be presented before the first day of September, 1896.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks prior to the first day of September, 1896, in The Republican and the Mountain Democrat, two newspapers printed in Garrett county.

DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy.
Test:—E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Circuit Court Order.

Whereas, under the provisions of the Act of 1896, Chapter 461, Eugene Teats and 81 other registered voters in Election District Number SIX of Garrett county, Maryland, on the 31st day of July, 1896, filed with E. Z. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for said Garrett county, a written petition praying that a new election be held in said Election District Number SIX at the next Congressional election, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors shall be sold in said district, and the said number of registered voters so petitioning being at least one-third in number of votes cast at the next preceding election in said district, it is this 31st day of July, 1896, ordered that the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, be directed to proclaim notice of a new election to be held in said Election District Number SIX, at the next Congressional election on November 3rd, 1896, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication, shall be sold in said district, unless however, a counter petition from said Election District, larger in number than the one filed as aforesaid, be presented before the first day of September, 1896.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks prior to the first day of September, 1896, in The Republican and the Mountain Democrat, two newspapers printed in Garrett county.

DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy.
Test:—E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Circuit Court Order.

Whereas, under the provisions of the Act of 1896, Chapter 461, R. Sterling and 237 other registered voters in Election District Number Two of Garrett county, Maryland, on the 28th day of July, 1896, filed with E. Z. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for said Garrett county, a written petition praying that a new election be held in said Election District Number Two, at the next Congressional election to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors shall be sold in said district, and the said number of voters so petitioning being at least one-third in number of votes cast at the next preceding election in said district, it is this 31st day of July, 1896, ordered that the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county be directed to proclaim notice of a new election to be held in said Election District Number Two at the next Congressional election on November 3rd, 1896, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication shall be sold in said district, unless however, a counter petition from said Election District larger in number than the one filed as aforesaid be presented before the first day of September, 1896.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks prior to the first day of September, 1896, in The Republican and the Mountain Democrat, two newspapers printed in Garrett county.

DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy.
Test:—E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

SHERIFF'S SALE —OF— REAL ESTATE

NEAR MINERAL SPRINGS, GARRETT CO.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county to the undersigned directed, the same being No. 18 Judicials to September Term, 1896, of said court, at the suit of John E. Adams vs. James K. Leeper, he will on

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1896,

at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m. of said day, in front of the store house of Henry Hockman at Oakton in said county, offer at public auction to the highest bidder for cash on the day of sale, all that lot of ground and premises situated near said Oakton, Garrett county, it being a part of Military lot No. 2191, and being the same lot of ground that is more particularly described in a deed from Elias P. Kerr to the said James K. Leeper dated the 12th day of June, 1886, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folio 167, one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said property is improved by a dwelling house and other outbuildings, and is located in a good neighborhood in said county, and would make a comfortable home for anyone desiring to purchase.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN,
23—3 Sheriff of Garrett County.

MOUNTAIN STATE
Business College,
PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

Competitive Examinations.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS OF GARRETT COUNTY.
OAKLAND, MD., Aug. 5, 1896.

A competitive examination will be held in the Oakland public school building on

Thursday, Aug. 20, 1896,

to fill one vacancy in St. John's College, Annapolis, Md., and five vacancies in the State Normal School.

Examinations commence at ten o'clock a. m.

By order of the Board,
T. G. PALMER, Examiner.

SCHOOL BOARD MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS OF GARRETT COUNTY.
OAKLAND, MD., Aug. 5, 1896.

The Board of School Commissioners of Garrett county will meet on

Friday, August 21, 1896,

for the purpose of transacting any business that may regularly come before it.

By order of the Board,
T. G. PALMER, Secretary.
22—3

Estate of George S. Lee, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That I the Subscriber, of Garrett County, have obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

GEORGE S. LEE,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 1st day of February next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 28th day of July, 1896.

ELISHA F. LEE, Admr.
23—4 SWANTON, MD.

Millinery and Dress Making.

Just opened, at Mountain Lake Park, by Mrs. J. L. Pierce. First-class work guarnteed. Will carry a full line of

STAPLE GOODS.
HATS TRIMMED to ORDER,

on short notice. Miss B. C. McAndrews will superintend the business. Her long experience is a sufficient guarantee for first-class work. Call and see our goods. Oakland Avenue and L St. 11—3

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL
ROOFING,
SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPER TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.
7—26t.

FARMS! HOMES!
IN VIRGINIA, THE CAROLINAS and GEORGIA

SURROUNDED BY
SUNSHINE AND HEALTH, FACTORY and MILL SITES,
WITH
Abundance of Water Power,
Convenient to Many Markets.

Best Fruit and Agricultural Lands
IN THE UNITED STATES.

$3 to $10 per Acre

Peculiarly adapted to raising Early Fruts, Early Vegetables, Grains, Tobacco, Cotton, Grasses, etc.

LOCATED ALONG THE GREAT
Seaboard Air Line.

The Great Through Freight and Passenger Route to and from the South and Southwest.

FREE! A 48-Page Illustrated Pamphlet, with large Map, describing in detail the choicest, most productive, healthiest and most progressive section of the "New South," with much other valuable information of great assistance to those looking for a home site, factory or mill site, farm or safe and sure investment in the coming section of the country, will be sent to any address on receipt of two cents to pay postage. Address

GEO. L. RHODES,
General Agent Seaboard Air Line
Portsmouth, Va.

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In effect July 19, 1896.

SOUTHWARD No. 3 P. M.	SOUTHWARD No. 1 A. M.	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2 NOON	NORTHWARD No. 4 P. M.
3 00*	8 00 lv	Cumberland ar	*12 00	*7 30
3 51	8 51	Rawings	11 20	6 50
3 56	8 56	Keyser	11 04	6 35
4 09	9 09	Westernport	10 51	6 23
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	6 20
4 37	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5 52
5 00	10 00	Harrison	10 00	†5 28
5 15	10 15* ar	Eck Garden	8 55	*4 50
5 15	10 45† lv	Gorman	9 20	4 51
5 41	10 41	Bayard	9 15	4 18
5 52	10 52	Dobbin	9 01	4 08
6 25	11 25	Thomas	8 34	3 45
6 55	11 5 ar	Davis	8 06	3 15
6 27	11 27 lv	Coketon	8 34	3 42
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	7 50	3 20
6 57	11 57	Bretz	7 44	3 25
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 41	3 22
7 20	12 20	Kerens	7 18	2 47
8 00*	1 00* ar	Elkins	lv 7 00	*2 9
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
	3 45* ar	Buckhannon	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BURNS, Gen'l Manager. W. M. BARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily	4.58	A. M
No. —Daily	7	A. M
No. 71—Accommodation	9.30	A. M
No. 15—Daily	1	P. M
No. 55—Express	4	P. M
No. 1—Express	7	P. M
No. 3—Daily	8	P. M

GOING EAST.

No. 8—Daily	7	A. M
No. 2—Daily	9.45	A. M
No. 14—Accommodation	3	P. M
No. 72—Accommodation	6.05	P. M
No. 16—Daily	7	P. M
No. 4—Daily	11	P. M

CHAS. O. SCULL,
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

THE
G. E. PEARCE DRUG CO.,
OF FROSTBURG, MD.

We have probably the largest stock of goods in the drug line in Western Maryland.

P. D. & CO. GRG S. GRG D. pharmaceutical preparations always in stock, supplied to physicians at jobbers' prices.

OUR LINE OF
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES AND WINDOW GLASS
IS LARGE AND COMPLETE.

We sell and guarantee LEAD AND OIL TINTED GLOSS PAINT at $1.25 per gallon.
9-2m

THE
Maryland Building and Loan Association
of Garrett County.

OFFICERS
ALFRED G. STURGIS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney.
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencies.

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock:
INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.

EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, 14 old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
T. R. CARSKADON,
Keyser, W. Va.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

A MODERN KNIGHT.

BY GEORGE THOW.

It was dark enough on the wharf. Lumps here and there showed barely to outline where the quay ended and the black void of water began. No vessels lay alongside, for a coal strike had sent them elsewhere seeking cargoes, and this east coast harbor was deserted. The cranes stood gaunt and silent, and the coal-trimmers' huts were empty.

A light shone out of the unshuttered window of a wooden box placed close to the quay wall, and bearing the sign-board of the Albion Steam Shipping company. Inside, the shipping clerk sat in weary expectation of the Tuskar, due from a German port. He had prepared the custom house papers ready for the captain's signature, had studied the manifest of the cargo, come to hand by post, and, as for the ninth time he refilled his pipe, he gazed mournfully at the hands of the loudly-ticking little ship-timepiece that ornamented the dingy wall boards. "Ten o'clock," was his unspoken soliloquy, "which means that light as she is—and the captain might have carried all the cargo this trip in his coat-pocket—light as she is, she won't get berthed until the tide makes say 12 o'clock;" and after this effort he relapsed into a comatose state, tobacco smoke at times slowly filtering out of his mouth. A rush of cold wind betokened the opening of the door, and a head appeared, hairy, with cloth cap and ear laps tightly fastened down.

"She ain't in sight yet. I hev been to the pier-head, and can't see her anywheres," and the old watchman and rope-tender edged into the box.

A somnolent grunt was the only reply.

"That ould Tuskar ain't fit for the work, that she ain't; she's missin' tides reg'lar, now."

With clumsy carefulness the old man opened the red-hot door of the little bogey stove, and added fresh fuel. Although of small size, the shipping box, with its warped boarding, was not over hot. The keen wind found entry through a hundred crevices; and it was cold outside. Here and there in the plank flooring knot-holes let in the sound of the sullen wash of the rising tide as it restlessly beat among the piles of the wooden pier. The muffled roaring of the stove, and the ticking of the clock, were the only other sounds to be heard, with the intermittent gurgling as the old watchman laboriously sucked at his pipe.

For a moment a face looked in at the window, and then a light tapping came to the door. Too light for the dulled ears of the old man or the half-sleeping shipping clerk. Then the handle turned after some fumbling, and a stiff blast sent the door against the wall with a bang.

"Shut the door, darn you," was the irritable exclamation of the shipping clerk, as he felt the piercing wind biting the back of his neck. "You customs men get to think that the whole harbor belongs to you."

"Please can you tell me when the steamship Tuskar is likely to arrive?" was asked in a timid, softly modulated voice.

The shipping clerk jumped up so hastily that the wooden chair he sat upon fell back with a loud crash, and the old watchman, who had been gazing sleepily at the glowing stove, stood erect, and backed into a corner, meantime uneasily lingering his cap. A lady, young, not more than 18, of slender make, very pretty, even that could be made out through the veil she wore, stood on the threshold in a doubtful way, and there was a nervous thrill in her voice that went straight to the not over susceptible heart of the shipping clerk.

"Come in, miss. It is a very cold night. Yes, this is the agent's office. The Tuskar is behind time this trip. She won't get alongside for a couple of hours or so, even if she did come in. Except anybody on board of her, miss?" he queried, with the least tinge of wonder in his accents.

"But I thought the vessel would be in harbor." There was a suspicion of tears in the voice.

"It's blowin' fresh from the west'ard, ma'am, and that's agin' her, ye sees," interjected the watchman. 'She's an old boat, ma'am, and ain't got the legs, askin' yer pardin', ma'am, as she once had."

"Perhaps, if you went home and came down to-morrow it would be better," added the shipping clerk, as he sympathetically regarded the girlish figure, and speculated curiously to himself who on board the old Tuskar had high-class lady friends, for a lady she was, although little could be distinguished owing to the heavy and close veil.

"Oh no, I can't go back," was the nervous rejoinder. "I must wait. Please is there a waiting-room on the pier?"

"No, miss," was the apologetic reply. "You see our boats don't carry passengers as a rule, but"—earnestly—"please take this chair. It's not a very fit place for a lady, but you will be out of the cold."

Half hesitating, and with a slight bow, and a murmur of thanks, the young girl stepped into the office and accepted the proffered chair after its former occupant had zealously wiped it down with a sheet of blotting paper.

Perched on a high stool, the only other seat in the diminutive office, the shipping clerk stared out into the darkness, as if he expected at every moment to see the green and red lights of the Tuskar heading for the harbor; while the old watchman resumed his seat on a sack of waste that was part of the engine-room stores of the steamer.

Silence again, broken at last by a shuddering exclamation from the girl.

"It's only a rat," said the clerk, as he followed the direction of her eyes, staring in wide-open anxiety at a corner of the coal-box; and the bill of lading book, hurled with a vigorous hand, narrowly missed its aim.

"The place is overrun with them, ma'am," grumbled the old man. "I have had my supper eaten out of my pocket, when I took a wink or two at nights in the sheds."

Silence again.

Footsteps sounded outside, and a peremptory knock came to the door, followed immediately by the turning of the handle, and a tall, stoutly-built man stood framed in the doorway. The girl shrank back nervously, and a low exclamation broke from her lips. The newcomer, of gentlemanly exterior, with an imperious bearing, entered the shipping box, his eyes falling at once on the young lady occupant. In an angry tone, regardless of the other occupants, he addressed her:

"You will return with me, young lady. You shall pay dearly for this escapade."

There was no response, but the girl shrank further into a corner of the apartment, while the clerk and the watchman stared in silent amazement.

Hastily stepping forward the intruder passionately seized the girl by the arm.

"Come away, I say, or I shall drag you out."

"Excuse me, sir," slowly interposed the shipping clerk, "but may I ask what you have to do with this young lady?"

"What, sir!" was the hot response. "This girl is my ward, and has run away from my house. Do you hear, girl," he almost shouted; "come out of this at once."

"No, no," was the shuddering reply, and the girl burst into tears.

"This won't do, you know," interposed the shipping clerk, as he projected his lanky form close to the stranger. "Whether she is your ward or not, she is not going out of here unless of her own accord, and," he added, sarcastically, "if this is your usual little way I don't wonder at her not being over anxious to go along with you."

"Curse you, you fool! What do you mean by your interference?" was the angry retort. "I tell you, sir, I'm her lawful guardian, and I shall compel her to accompany me."

"No, I guess you won't, not so long as I am here," was the quiet rejoinder. "Pardon, lady, but do you wish to stay here until the arrival of the Tuskar? The place is quite at your service."

"Yes, yes," was the low reply, amid broken sobs.

"Then, mister," continued the shipping clerk, "this office is not a public one, and perhaps you will have the goodness to get out of it."

"That's your sort; out with him," interjected the old watchman, as he gripped his stick threateningly.

"Look here, sir, there's my card. My name is Gordon, and that's my address. I shall report your insolence to your employers to-morrow morning."

"You can do what you like to-morrow, but out you go to-night," was the reply, in an unconcerned tone. And the two men stood facing each other, the stranger pale with passion and his opponent cool but firm.

The hoarse scream of a steam-horn sounded near at hand, and almost simultaneously came the roar of a deep voice:

"Stand by for a line ashore, there."

"Why, that's the Tuskar!" excitedly exclaimed the old watchman. "She must have crawled into harbor unbeknown to anybody," and with scant ceremony he pushed past Mr. Gordon and hurried on the quay.

Duty bade the shipping clerk follow; and he took a few steps, then stopped, as his eye caught an imploring gesture from the girl.

"Come," peremptorily, "out of this, Mr. Gordon," and he bustled the stranger out of the office, locking the door behind him. "Here, stand back," he added, as the excited stranger seized him violently by the throat. "Hands off, or I'll have you into the harbor."

Wrenching himself free, and paying little heed to the curses both loud and deep hurled after him, the shipping clerk leapt on board the steamer just hauling alongside and shook hands with the captain, a young, open-faced, frank-spoken seaman.

"Any passengers on board, captain?"

"Passengers!" was the amused response. "Expecting the duke of York, or the emperor of Germany? Who do you think would take passage on board an old cargo-boat, eh?"

"Well, that's strange, anyhow," said the clerk, gravely. "Come into the office, captain; there's a curious bit of business on," and he led the way to the office. "This young lady, captain," he explained as he threw open the door, "is—"

"Ethel!" "Harry!" burst from the lips of the captain and the girl; and next moment the latter lay sobbing on the breast of the Tuskar's skipper.

A dawn of understanding came over the shipping clerk and he softly withdrew, drawing the door to behind him. He stood on the pier watching the mooring of the vessel, and reflecting on the mutability of human affairs. How and when the young captain had made the acquaintance of so lovely a sweetheart he could not conceive, "and a well-bred one she is," was the firm conviction he had arrived at.

Half an hour elapsed, and the shipping clerk still stood on guard, still turning over in his mind the strange incident that had happened, a novel departure truly in the prosaic daily round of a shipping office. The second mate had come forward, cargo-book in hand, and had had his questions as to loading answered; and the old watchman had finished his rope-tending part of the work and stood near by, his thoughts, as could be seen by his frequent glances at the box, running in the same groove as those of his young companion.

A train of coal-laden wagons was backed along the pier, the red-capped "pilot" sitting outside one of the buffers of the foremost trucks, his lighted lamp swinging in his hand.

"Ten wagons here," he sung out to the clerk, "bunkers for the Tuskar will be ready for her to make a start first thing in the morning." Jumping off his hazardous seat, and picking his way carefully over the intervening rails to the office, he regarded the shipping clerk somewhat curiously.

"I passed the police station," he went on, "just afore I came away with the train, and I seed a big gent a-talking to the serglut. In a great rage he was. They're comin' along," and he jerked his thumb significantly shorewards. "Something about a lady, I heard mention," and his eyes sought the closed door of the office.

Without a word the shipping clerk re-entered the box, and repeated what he had heard.

The girl clung to her lover, for that they were lovers was plain enough, even to the unsentimental beholder. A few words from the captain put the clerk in possession of the facts, which were plain enough. It was another case of true love, an heiress, a harsh guardian, a detested guardian's son, and a miserable home. Rather than go back to the weary round of persecution the girl tearfully declared she would go somewhere and work for her living.

"Best thing you can do, miss," said the shipping clerk, meditatively, "is to marry the captain right away."

"How can we get a parson at this time of night, man?" was the captain's impatient reply.

"Don't want one; this is Scotland; join hands afore witnesses, accept each other as man and wife, and ye'r married hard and fast."

The girl started back, blushing furiously, and the captain stood uneasily.

Cautiously the door opened, and the old watchman put his head in. "Beg parding," he said, "but them police are coming up the pier with that mister ye had the words with."

"Is the railway man outside yet?" asked the shipping clerk.

"Ay, I'm here," and the red-capped "pilot" pushed in at the doorway, curiosity written large on every feature, but still the girl hung back.

Heavy footsteps rang outside, drawing nearer every moment. The girl made a frightened movement to the captain's side, and their eyes met. A nod from the captain, and—

"Clap on all steam," in a gruff voice, was sufficient for the shipping clerk.

"Come inside, both of you men. Turn the key in the door, Peter," and the old watchman did so, and placed his back to the panels.

"Ye see, it's this way. This is Capt. Harry Thomas, of the Tuskar, as both of ver know well, and this young lady is Miss—excuse me, miss, but I haven't quite got hold of your name?"

"Ethel Morrison," came in a whisper from the girl.

"Yes, this is Miss Ethel Morrison, and the one is going to have the other for a husband, and the tother is going to have the tother for a wife. That is what they call a purpose of marriage, ye understand?"

A couple of nods with wide grins was the response.

Sharp rappings at the door took place, while the handle was tried; and pressed close to the window panes were the faces of the police sergeant and Mr. Gordon, with, as a background indistinctly outlined in the darkness, the forms of some of the Tuskar's crew, and a few stragglers who had followed the policemen along the pier. In imperative accents, Mr. Gordon demanded admittance, and shook the door violently.

"Do you, Ethel Morrison, take this man as your lawful husband?" continued the shipping clerk, gravely punctuating each word with a shake of his extended forefinger.

"Yes," was the almost inaudible response.

"Ye heard that, Peter, and you, Bill?" Nods again; gravely this time.

"Do you, Harry Thomson, master of the steamship Tuskar, take this woman as your lawful wife?"

"I do," was the firm response.

"And ye heard that likewise, you two? Speak out, men."

"Ay, I did that," and "Yes, right enough," were the replies.

"Then I declare you two, Harry Thompson and Ethel Morrison, now man and wife. And those whom God has joined, let no man dare put asunder. Now wait till I write out the charter-party." And calmly unheeding the repeated knocking at the door, and the wondering faces glued to the window, the shipping clerk took a blank customs bill of entry form and wrote on the plain reverse the necessary certificate of marriage, which was signed by all.

"Now, Captain and Mrs. Thomson," he went on, as he dampened a sheet of the copy-book and proceeded to take a book impression of the document, "I wish you all happiness. Here's your certificate, Mrs. Thompson. Open the door, Peter."

And later, as the shipping clerk walked homeward along the pier, pipe in mouth, he observed reflectively to himself, as round a sharp bend his eyes fell on the lights of the Tuskar: "Some men have luck."—Idler.

Inconsistency of Mankind.

He needed a shave and he knew it. He started down the street, but had not gone far when he met a friend.

"Say, why don't you get 'em trimmed?" said he.

Soon another friend came up.

"Have you decided to grow a beard?" asked the last one. "Pretty hot weather for that sort of thing."

A few steps on the bewhiskered man met another.

"Trying the effect of the wind on 'em, I suppose," this one said, with a grin.

At the next corner he met still another.

"Why don't you go somewhere, put on a clean collar, take a shave, and otherwise disguise yourself?" asked this last one in a hoarse tone of voice.

And yet this was none of their business.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

ALL BEANS.

Diet of a Boston Frenchman While Confined in a Prison in Cuba.

Sixty-two days. Three meals a day. Beans for every meal.

That was the record of Pierre Richelieu's imprisonment by the Spanish authorities at Santiago de Cuba.

If Pierre was a native Bostonese he would probably have liked nothing better, but he was born in France, and is a man of the sea withal, and that protracted period of subsistence upon beans has left rancor in his heart and utter demoralization in his interior economy.

Pierre had taken out naturalization papers in Boston previous to risking his life, liberty and digestive machinery in Spanish territory. He hoped fondly, but vainly, that this ceremony would render him bean-proof. In his travels about the world he had heard of the vast use the Spaniards made of beans.

He is now "standing off and on" about the corridors of the United States district court in Boston, waiting for the authorities to look up his "citizen papers," and with them as a basis to file a $20,000 claim against the government of the dons for the destruction of his intestinal equipment.

Pierre's complete name is Pierre Gustave Laymet Richelieu. In February of 1895 he found himself in Port au Prince, Hayti. One day he started out in a little boat called the Yankee Doodle, and, with a companion named August Bolton, went fishing along the coast for turtles.

A storm drove them out of their reckoning, and on a dark night they went ashore upon the coast of Cuba. No sooner had they set foot on the soil than a lot of vigilant senors thrust them into prison as insurgent sympathizers. There they remained 62 days.

Now, Spain feeds her army and navy principally upon beans, and the Spanish captors reasoned that what was good enough for the warriors of Castile was certainly good enough for rebel suspects. So beans they got, and nothing more. The weary weeks of confinement and bean diet were punctuated with cheering announcements from time to time, that they might expect to be shot within a day or two. "Well," says Richelieu, "they didn't do that, but it's about the only thing they didn't do. We had nothing to eat but beans."

Whether it was really the beans or the fear of death that did it, within a few days both the men were so ill they could scarcely stand. They managed at last to gain the notice of the American consul and were released. There was no evidence against them. They came back to New York, victims of beans and Andalusian perversity, and demanded that the United States government obtain redress for them.

Bolton's status as a citizen was all right, and the American minister at Madrid has been ordered to present his claim for bean damage. But poor Pierre was in no such luck. His papers—the first set taken at Portland, Ore., in 1872, and the second at Boston, in 1878—were all made out in the name of Gustav Laymet. His statements about them have all been verified. His tale is unquestionably true, but he says the papers, which he had with him when he was seized in Cuba, were taken from him and kept by the Spaniards.

Not having them in his possession, and the fact that he took them out in a false name, have sadly blocked his claim to damages for the bean treatment. But he lives in indigestion, and hope that the whole muddle about the papers will be straightened out very soon, and that then he will get money enough from Spain to live on "plum duff" for the remainder of his days.—N. Y. Journal.

Moralizing by Japanese Youth.

An English teacher in a Japanese school discovered, by giving out subjects for composition, that pupils had been trained to find a moral in everything animate and inanimate. Mr. Hearn, in his "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan," gives a few specimens of the moral ideas evoked from the native students by subjects for English composition. One boy thus wrote on "Mosquitoes:" "On summer nights we hear the sound of faint voices, and little things come and sting our bodies very violently. We call them ka—in English 'mosquitoes.' I think the sting is useful for us, because if we begin to sleep, the ka shall come and sting us, uttering a small voice; then we shall be brought back to study by the sting." To another pupil was assigned the botan (Japanese peony) for a composition, and he wrote: "The botan is large and beautiful to see; but it has a disagreeable smell. This should make us remember that what is only outwardly beautiful in human society should not attract us. To be attracted by beauty only may lead us into fearful and fatal misfortune."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

All or Nothing.

The driver of the stage, which was rolling down the mountains as fast as six mules on the gallop could keep ahead of it, may have noticed that I was a little nervous, for after a bit he soothingly said:

"No use to grip that railing so mighty hard, stranger. We shan't come to the danger p'int fur half an hour yit."

"Then it's ahead?" I queried.

"Yes, three miles ahead, and I may say fur your benefit that hangin' on won't do any partickler good."

"But I don't want to slide off."

"And you won't. If anythin' goes it'll be mewls and coach and the hull caboodle altogether, and as the drop is plump 800 feet you won't hev no use fur arnlen or stickin' salve arterwards."—Chicago Tribune.

So Poetical.

Poet (to farmer)—See what a beautiful prospect is unfolded in yonder billowy fields, and hark! the voice of the plowman!

Farmer—Yes, he's been cussing that mule since daylight, and it's one of them German mules that used to pull a beer wagon, so he can't understand a word of it.—American Planter.

HOW CHICAGO POLICE ARE PAID.

A Wagon Carries the Money Around, and Has Never Been Held Up.

It takes over $260,000 every month to run the police department of Chicago. The amount varies according to the fines imposed at police board trials or extra men employed on extraordinary occasions. For the month of May checks were drawn for $295,530.24. From this amount there was the usual reduction for the pension fund; for May the amount was $2,348.86. The actual amount paid to the force, from the chief down to the lowest in the department, was the difference between the pension fund and the amount given.

The 15th of each month is pay day in the department, unless Sunday falls on that date. On that day a wagon containing a paymaster, two specially detailed officers and the driver, the last also a policeman, leaves the city hall in the morning. The wagon contains a safe, and it is full of checks—not cash. The driver knows the route. The paymaster has the payroll. The first stop is made at Battery D, of the First precinct. All the men of that precinct not on their beats are lined up when the wagon arrives. The paymaster goes in with the payroll of that station and checks for each man. The desk sergeant calls the roll and as each man answers he steps out of the ranks and receives the city treasurer's check for a month's services, according to rank, unless there is a deduction for fine. Checks for absentees and men on duty are left with the captain. The captain's check is for $187.50; the lieutenants' checks are for $125 each; sergeants', $100; that for each patrolman, $83.33, and of the inspector, $210.

The chief's check is always handed to him personally, if he is in the city, and he always scrutinizes it to see if it calls for $500. That is his monthly salary. Then he deposits it in his bank.

The pay wagon of the department is a gay outfit, built for the express purpose, and if some of the bold highwaymen of Chicago should conclude to hold it up as they do the cashiers of stores it is not likely that they would be able to "blow" the safe before assistance arrived, and the police are unusually alert on the 15th. If the wagon should be ten minutes late at a station the whole force would be on the qui vive.

The check of the city treasurer of Chicago, according to an attache of the police department, is "good at any bank, saloon, or brewery." If there is a bank near the station the former always stocks up with cash the day before the monthly pay. If there is no bank in the vicinity, the saloons, or brewery, if there be one, cash the checks, as that usually means a "little business."

There are 3,209 names on the payroll of the police department of Chicago. The chief comes first, with a salary of $500 a month. The assistant, or deputy, follows with $300. The inspectors, four in number, get $210 each. The chief of detectives and captain rank alike on the payroll, each getting $187.50 a month. The lieutenants in the detective department get $141.66 each. The lieutenants of the regular force get $125 each; sergeants, $100 each; custodians $116.66; secretary of the department, $187.50; private secretary to the chief, $150; detectives, $100 each.

The department, like similar departments in all cities, comprises representatives from the principal nations of the earth. The Irish are in the majority; then come the Swedes and Norwegians and Scandinavians. There are some colored men on the force, a few English and Scotch, and now and then an American. It is said by one who knows that there are not 100 men on the police force of Chicago who come under the head usually known as "genuine Americans," although every man would resent being called anything else. The head of the department and his assistant and most of the captains are of foreign extraction, if not foreign born.—Chicago Chronicle.

OCTOGENARIAN'S HORSE STORY

The Age of the Author Commands Respect for the Tale.

"This is not a fish story," the story teller remarked. "It's a horse story with a schooner attached. I heard it coming in on a train from Connecticut, and as the man that told it was at least 80 years old and had no reason for telling anything except the truth at that time of life I suppose it is true. We happened to be seated together, and, after talking about one thing and another, something induced him to ask: 'Did you ever hear of horses almost capsizing a schooner?' Of course I never had heard anything like that, and I replied accordingly.

"'When I was a young man,' he continued, 'a schooner came to the town where I lived for a load of horses that had been picked up for the city. The skipper rigged up a lot of stalls on deck and at high tide the horses were driven on board. It was late in the afternoon before the last one was barred in, and, being about feeding time, the crew opened a bundle of hay and fed the horses, first on one side and then on the other. Then the strangest thing happened. The horses were hungry, and they were not long in sticking their heads into the feed. Those that had been fed first began to eat first, of course.

"'In a few minutes the schooner began to roll from side to side, and the crew ran about like wild men. They didn't know what to do, and the horses kept on eating. It was this way, you see: Every time the horses on one side of the vessel had their heads down for hay the horses on the other side, as it happened, held their heads up while munching, and vice versa. The center of gravity changed every time a horse moved, and as the horses were eating quickly the upward and downward motions affected the vessel so much that we thought she would capsize. Queer, wasn't it?' 'What did they do?' I was obliged to ask. 'I don't know,' the old gentleman replied. 'I had to leave then, but I heard they thought of taking away the feed.'"—N. Y. Times.

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Homer on Papyrus.

Among the fragments of Egyptian papyri at Dublin, 80 lines or parts of lines of Homer's "Iliad" have been identified—from books 4, 8, 21, 22 and 23—out of a manuscript of the third century before Christ, before Homer had been put into shape by the critics of Alexandria. In the 80 lines 13 do not exist in the "Iliad as we have it. Prof. Mahaffy asserts that the Alexandrians took great liberties with the text, and that if an early edition of the "Iliad" turns up in Egypt there will be an addition of 15 per cent. to what we have.—Chicago Chronicle.

TOMMY (at hotel)—"Why, mamma, see what those people are to have for dinner. It's a spring bonnet." Mother—"No, it isn't, my son. That's an English pheasant."—Harper's Bazar.

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TEMPERANCE.

ONE OF THE SAD THINGS.

Folly of Marrying a Man to Effect His Reform.

One of the saddest things in life is to see a young girl throw her life away by marrying a man to reform him. Not one in a hundred is made any better by marriage, though for a time there may be a semblance of reform. How often have you seen a drunkard's home, a drunkard's wife and children, and have looked with more scorn than pity, perhaps, upon them, never dreaming that such a fate could be yours. Girls, just such a fate awaits you if you marry a a moderate drinker, for the moderate drinker is sure to become the immoderate drinker. If you marry a man and he becomes intemperate after marriage, you are guiltless of wrong, and God pity all such. But if you deliberately marry a man who has formed the liquor habit you are criminally foolish, for you not only throw away your own chance of happiness, but will bring children into the world with an inherited appetite for strong drink, and the sins of the father will be visited on the children.

One year ago two bright, sweet girls, one 20 and the other 24 (both old enough to know better), married men who were confirmed in the drink habit, and before the freshness was worn from their bridal garments their husbands were brought home druuk. The parents of the one young man plead with

BROUGHT HOME DRUNK.

the girl not to marry their son, as they had hoped so many times the reform was genuine, only to see their hopes crushed. Fortunately the girl's parents were dead and so were spared this humiliation. As the years roll on, life will become a burden. I pity them. God pity them—to watch with beating hearts for the home-coming, to see if they are sober or drunken; to feel a great throb of joy and a murmured "Thank God" if the one, and a smothered groan if the other.

O, when will the day dawn when this cursed thing shall be driven from our land, when the tempted cannot fall because the temptation has been removed forever.

Last night I listened to a fair girl graduate; her theme was "Ground Arms," or, in other words, let there be no more war. She portrayed the horrors of war earnestly, and then summed up the lost of the wars of the last century in loss of life and money, and how many homes the money thus spent would have provided for the homeless, and comforts for the comfortless. And I thought, yes, this is all true, but the rum curse has destroyed more lives than war, pestilence and famine combined, and if the $900,000,000 that is spent for liquors yearly by the American people—and the amount still increasing—could be put in legitimate trade, would there be any homeless, hungry, unclothed people in the land?

And then I thought of the agony of losing friends in battle, and I wondered if it could compare with the long drawn misery of seeing loved ones dragged down to death by the rum fiend, going slowly but just as surely as by the bullet or shell.

I remember in my early girlhood when there was a dead soldier brought home from the war of the rebellion, the whole community had the deepest sympathy for the bereaved family, and though they sorrowed deeply there was a sort of pride in the thought that the husband, father or brother had fallen in such a noble way. Not so when our loved ones fall the other way; nothing but disgrace and shame cluster around their memory.

God help us in this battle for freedom from the curse of rum.—Radcliffe, in Lever.

A SHARP REJOINDER.

Saloon-Keeper Shown Up in Rather a Poor Light.

Some years ago Rev. E. Klumph, now of Elm, Wayne county, Mich., while seated in a village store, accosted a saloonkeeper with the remark:

"Come over to the church to-night and hear me lecture on temperance."

The reply was: "I won't; you said whisky-sellers were robbers."

"I didn't," replied Mr. Klumph.

"What did you say?"

"I said you were worse than a robber. I said you took my innocent boy, and sent me home a mandlin fool. I said you took an intelligent man, and sent a lunatic to the asylum. I said you took a respected citizen, and sent a criminal to prison. I said you took a kind father, and sent a fiend to throw his family into the street. I said you took a loving husband, and sent a demon to kick his wife. I said you took the immortal soul, and sent it to hell. I said you were worse than a robber."

Sharp and yet terribly true.—National Temperance Advocate.

Active Temperance Crusade Planned.

The National Temperance society, at its annual meeting, unanimously resolved to ask the cooperation of all friends of the temperance cause, churches and educational organizations to cooperate the coming fall and winter in a general educational and pledge-signing campaign for total abstinence.

OCTOGENARIAN TEETOTALERS.

Unique Meeting in London—Strong Testimonial Against Use of Intoxicants.

A very unique gathering of teetotalers of fourscore years and over was recently held in London, under the auspices of the National Temperance league. A very fitting charinaa to preside over such a gathering was Dr. F. R. Lees, of Leeds. The testimony borne by many of those present was very interesting, and showed some of the wonderful blessings flowing from the practice of total abstinence.

Mr. Thomas Walmsley, of Preston, stated that he and his wife were both over 80 years, that he had sisters of 87, 78, and 76, and a brother of 82, all of whom had been teetotalers since 1832. Dr. Lees in his opening address said:

"Look at us, and you will see that we are not old men, but men just beginning to be old. We are neither feeble nor fanciful; we are not sans eyes, sans hearing, sans life and enthusiasm, but in the enjoyment of our senses, our intellect, our manhood—happy, cheerful old men young! Neither are we fadists nor fanatics, but veterans in the most successful and untiring of all the social reforms of the century. We have literally stormed, or undermined, every alcoholic superstition and fortress, exploded every chemical and critical fallacy of the stupid, the ignorant and the interested, and now hold aloft the triumphant banner of 60 years ago, unstained and untorn."

Mr. Isaac Sharp, who will be 90 next Fourth of July, and who had been a teetotaler for over 60 years, made a racy and humorous speech, and gave a graphic description of a tour which he had made round the world when he was nearly 80 years of age. He had spent a year and a half in Africa, a year in Madagascar, two years in Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand, and several years in Canada and the United States. Yet he had never seen any climate or any conditions where he had to resort to the use of liquor. To see this bright, chirpy, rosy little gentleman clad in the Quaker habiliments of a bygone generation, and hear him talk with a boyish air of his travels over the habitable globe was one of the events of the occasion. Perhaps the speech of the evening was that made by Rev. Dr. Newman Hall, whose reminiscences were highly enjoyed by the large audience. The doctor began by saying:

"Fellow teetotalers, I think the best thing for me to do, and for some others if not for all, is not to make a speech, but to present as briefly and comprehensively as possible personal testimony. But I have no business to give any personal testimony to-night; that is for octogenarians, and I shall not be one until the clock strikes 12. I will, however, try to do what I have suggested—confine myself to personal testimonies. It was in the year 1840 that I was persuaded to take the temperance pledge by the wife of my beloved predecessor at Surrey chapel, Mrs. Sherman. I argued against it, and as a young man from college I was a little proud of my logic, but my friend said: 'Oh, dear friend, none of your logic; my wife has been praying for you that you might take the pledge.' I said: 'There is no misunderstanding a lady's prayers; I will try it for a month. I did, and I have been trying it ever since. I went to Hull in the year 1842 and was pastor of a large church—a new one—and one of the first things I did was to establish a total abstinence society—to hold weekly meetings, and a large monthly meeting, and to give prominence to the movement. God very greatly blessed those efforts during 12 years. In 1854 I was invited to take pastoral charge of Surrey chapel in succession to Mr. Sherman, who was about to leave. He said 'Good-by' one Sunday, and I said 'How do you do' the next Sunday. He was in that pulpit and introduced me to his congregation, they having invited me. But I made one stipulation with the trustees, the officers and the people of the church, and that was that if I came I should have freedom to hold a temperance meeting in the schoolroom once a week, and a big meeting in the church once a month, and if I might not do that they would have to look for some one else."

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

Alcohol is the mother of sin.—Mahomet.

Beer shops are the curse of the country.—Lord Beaconsfield.

The London City mission reclaimed 1,748 drunkards last year.

An international Scandinavian temperance congress has met at Randers, Denmark.

Strong drink is not only man's way to the devil, but the devil's way to man.—Dr. Adam Clarke.

Out of 91 new pastors who entered the Congregational ministry last year, 74 were total abstainers.

Twenty-one temperance associations were formed in India during the past winter with an enrollment of 2,000 new members.

Sanford (Me.) liquor sellers, who had been entertaining an out-of-town sport, are now paying heavy fines. He was a liquor "spotter."

During the recent troubles in Johannesburg one of the first acts of the officials was to close every saloon, compensate the owners for their stock and then destroy the liquor by pouring it on the ground.

Since Belgium was permitted free trade in drink public houses have so multiplied that intoxicants can be purchased at almost every shop. As a result four-fifths of the deaths of men are now said to be caused by intemperance.

There are 1,771 breweries in the United States. Two hundred and eighty-nine of them are in New York, 251 in Pennsylvania, 174 in Wisconsin, 122 in California and 100 in Illinois. Arkansas, Maine, Florida, Mississippi, North Carolina, Vermont and Wyoming have no breweries.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The British government makes no examination to determine the validity of a device for which a patent is asked, but takes it for granted that every invention is new and grants a patent to every applicant, leaving his claim, if contested, to be subsequently determined by the courts.

—The town of Salisbury, Vt., has had only four clerks since its incorporation under Gov. Benning Wentworth, August 20, 1761. The first clerk, Thomas Mattison, held the position until 1784; Jacob Galusha for 41 years, until 1825; Myron Barton, his successor, served until October 6, 1880. He, in turn, was succeeded by his son Ilram, who still holds the office.

—Queen Victoria's age has been exceeded by only one former occupant of the throne of England—George III., who was 82 years old when he died. The age of George II. was equal to that which her majesty has attained. She has been 59 years on the throne. Only one predecessor, George III., who ruled for nearly 60 years, held the sceptre for a longer period than her majesty.

—According to official figures, the annual consumption of beer in this country has tripled within the past 20 years. The present enormous output of 1,000,000,000 gallons annually gives a consumption officially stated at 14.95 gallons per head of population, against 6.83 gallons per head in 1876. Thus the consumption per head has a little more than doubled in the same time that the total consumption has tripled.

—It was in the year 1784 that Rev. Dr. Manasseh Cutler, of Ipswich, and six other gentlemen visited the summit of Mt. Washington. In 1812 Crawford built a stone cabin there, and in 1840 the first horse climbed up. The Summit house dated from 1852 and removed in 1884. In 1870-71 Prof. Huntington and three companions passed the winter on the summit, which has since been occupied throughout the year.

—A railroad man has compiled statistics which show that there is only one railroad passenger killed out of every 1,985,153 carried on the railways, and that for every 183,822 carried only one is likely to be injured. He bases his calculations on the fatalities and casualties on railroads during the last 12 years. His figures further show that a man's chances are such that he would have to travel 4,406,6569 miles before getting hurt, and go 47,588,966 miles before being killed.

MODEL CAVALRY HORSE.

Some of the Requirements for Admission to Uncle Sam's Service.

The model cavalry horse is in color either bay, sorrel, black or gray, sound, well bred and of superior class, gentle under the saddle, free from vicious habits, with free and prompt action at the walk, trot and gallop, without blemish or defect, of a kind disposition and with easy mouth and gait. He must be a "gelding" (mares not taken under any circumstances), of uniform and hardy color, in good condition, from 15¼ to 16 hands high, weight not less than 950 nor more than 1,150 pounds, forehead broad, eyes large and prominent, from four to eight years old, head and ears small, vision perfect in every respect, shoulders long and sloping well back, chest full, broad and deep; forelegs straight and standing well under, "barrel" large and increasing from girth toward flank, withers elevated, back short and straight, loins and haunches broad and muscular, hocks well bent and under the horse, pasterns slanting and feet small and sound. A horse under five years old will not be purchased unless he is an especially fine animal, well developed. Each horse is subjected to a rigid examination and any animal that does not meet these requirements in every respect will not be purchased. So that it can be seen that a horse which meets the cavalry man's fastidious taste must indeed be a model of equine excellence. Much stress is placed upon the intelligence manifested by the candidate, both in expression and action, and there are certain peculiarities in the "face" and eyes of a horse which to the expert denote the fool, the stubborn brute and the devilish animal. Another singular phase of the system is that, while the cavalry horse must be of perfect shape and faultless conformation, he is purchased at from $125 to $250, comparatively small sums for even desirable "roadsters." This, however, is explained in a measure by the fact that the cavalry horse is useless for breeding purposes, and as a rule not fast enough as a trotter to make a racehorse.

In the United States cavalry service there are ten regiments of 12 troops each, with 60 men to the troop, not counting officers, and there are over 7,000 horses in the service.

The average working life of the cavalry horse is about 15 years and about ten per cent. of those in the service die or are discarded each year.—Philadelphia Times.

How Poison Acts.

Carbolic acid produces immediate vertigo and intoxication, with burning pain along all points of contact. The breathing becomes stentorious and the pupils of the eyes contract. Phosphorus in overdose produces irritation and disturbance over every part of mucous it touches and the contents of the stomach when removed are luminous as is phosphorus. Prussic acid is the most rapid of all poisons, killing like a stroke of lightning. A teaspoonful of two per cent prussic acid will kill. In a few seconds after the liquid is taken the face turns bluish and the person sinks to the floor. Opium, morphine and the like produce a period of exaltation, followed by stupor, which merges into death. Strychnine is followed by convulsions; the head jerks back and the body rests on the head and heels, arched like a bow. These spasms come intermittently till death. Camphor in poisonous doses produces giddiness, cramps, numbness, imperfect sight, difficult breathing and convulsions.—Syracuse Standard.

NUTRITION IN FLOWERS.

How They May Be Used for Food as Well as Beauty.

In the oriental countries, flower petals have been used from time immemorial as sweetmeats, and even as daily food. For instance, the mountains of India are crowded with forests of butter trees, from the seeds of which exudes an oil, which hardens, like lard. The flowers abound with a limpid honey, which can be made into sugar. The flower petals are preserved in this sugar, and make a nutritious article of food for thousands of people. They also are dried and crystallized, like violets and rose leaves.

The butter trees on the hills northwest of Calcutta, overlooking the Plain of Hooghye, number over 100,000. During the familue of 1873, the succulent corollas of the flowers, which fall in March and April, saved thousands from starvation. A fine spirit, like brandy, is distilled from them. At night the peacocks and jungle fowl feed on them, with the deer and bear; the squirrels, monkeys and birds share the feast in the daytime with the women, who gather them, just as they do the mango crop, for preserving.

If our ambitious housewives in the semi-tropic regions of the south of California and Florida would crystallize their orange blossoms for the northern market, they would do a good business. There is always a steady demand for the French candied flowers. Where the violets of Grasse, France, are grown, all the old stale violets are sold to manufacturers of confectionery. In Roumania violets, roses and lime flowers are utilized largely for flavoring preserves of different kinds. The most esteemed sherbet in Egypt is prepared by pounding violets and boiling them in sugar. This violet sherbet is of a green color and is called the "Grand Siguor's Sherbet."

Capers are the flower buds of a bramble-like plant which grows on walls and fences in southern Europe. They are prepared simply by pickling the buds in vinegar. Most of the capers that supply the market come from Sicily, though they are also cultivated largely in the south of France. It is estimated that 2,000,000 pounds of them are collected annually in Europe.

The edible of ordinary green nasturtiums, prepared as a salad, is more familiar here. They have a delicious, spicy taste. Primroses likewise are utilized in Europe, and marigolds furnish an ingredient of soup and broths.

The flowers of the Judas tree are made into fritters, with butter added, or mixed with salad, or sometimes the flower buds are pickled in vinegar. Artichokes are immature flower heads, and cauliflowers are a sort of flower.

Cowslips are sometimes fermented with sugar for wine, communicating to the latter an aromatic flavor like that of Muscatel. Meadowsweet is likewise utilized by wine merchants to improve the flavor of their goods. Abutilon is an article of diet that is rare in this country; in Brazil it is a common vegetable.

The saffron of commerce is the dried stigmas of a species of crocus. From a remote period it has been highly prized for coloring and flavoring fluids. It is largely employed in India in this way.

In India the young flowers of the banana plant are eaten. The Chinese prepare them by pickling them in vinegar. In India the flowers of a kind of sorrel, which have a pleasant, acid taste, are made into tarts and jellies. The blossoms of the shaddock are used for flavoring sweetmeats in the same country.

The beautiful, bright red flowers of the Quassia amara are valued in Jamaica for the help they give to digestion when infused in wine and water. A powerful alcoholic beverage, somewhat resembling Irish whisky in flavor, is distilled from them.

The species of lily known to botanists as Thunbergi is one of the choicest delicacies of the Chinese kitchen. In China dried rosebuds are used as a condiment. Rosebuds boiled in sugar and made into a preserve are eaten by Arabian women. Rose petals are candied like violets, and so likewise are jasmines. The common yellow pond lilies make delightful preserves, and from them the Turks prepare a cooling drink. These flowers have a perfume like that of brandy, and hence are sometimes called "brandy bottles."

The flower petals of a species of custard apple, called Anona Senegalensis, are used on the Niger for flavoring dishes.

The petals of roses thrown upon cold, light wine, float away from the lips in drinking. Every lover of cool and fragrant beverages knows the luxury of plunging the heated face into a bunch of fragrant green mint.

Not only must the form and flavor of foods be considered, but also the nature of the elements they bring into the system, the proper proportion of chemical substances and their laxative or constipating nature. For we do not require food of either too concentrated or too bulky a nature. It requires also a due admixture of foods. Thus, pure albumen is not desirable. We may be made to starve on cheese. Experiments as to the relative solubility of animal and vegetable albumen, may be in the highest degree deceptive.

The amount of albumen which we daily require is relatively small, and needs a large quantity of respiratory food to be taken with it. The latter is of various kinds, which differ very much in the rapidity of their action. For instance, starch is slow and alcohol is quick in producing its effect as a supporter of combustion. If more albumen be taken than is required, the excess is necessarily not digested. Nature takes what she requires, and leaves the rest.—N. Y. Times.

Ox Hair.

Of ox hair, for plastering and other purposes, this country last year exported $503,029 worth.

American Tobacco in Asia.

Asia called last year for 91,371 pounds of our tobacco, and paid $9,668 for it.

X-RAY PHOTOGRAPHY.

What a Young Woman Experienced After Sitting for Her Portrait.

An interesting contribution to the literature of the new photography is the account of Miss Elizabeth L. Banks' experiences.

"The negative," she says, "was a remarkable success from a scientific standpoint. The X rays had not only perfectly photographed the bones of my neck, but they had also taken the liberty to poke about among my ribs, reproducing six of them on both sides, as well as my shoulder blade and collar bone. This was accounted for by the fact that the photographic plate was much larger than my neck, and although the rays of light had been directed only toward the neck bones they had penetrated far below and through my clothing.

Had any of the ribs or other bones been broken or out of place there would have been no difficulty in discovering this by means of the photograph. The chain which I wore showed very prominently, and even the links of that part worn in front were clearly discernible through the shadow of the flesh and muscles of the neck. The length of time required for preparing this photograph is explained in the very easily understood principle that the thicker the object to be photographed the longer it takes the rays of "invisible light" to penetrate it. It also follows, as a matter of course, that the length of time required for photographing depends very much upon the size and weight of the person to whom the bones belong; so I, with no weight or stature to speak of, was a comparatively easy subject.

Miss Banks was painfully surprised by the pictures of her foot. "That plate, when it had been developed in the 'dark room' and held up to my horrid vision, gave me the first glimpses I ever had of my feet in stocking and boot, not as they seemed, but as they were.

"In the portrait of the foot in the stocking—the texture of which, by the way, showed up wonderfully—the bones of the toes, which should naturally be straight and separated, were crowded one upon the other, while the portrait of the foot that was shod was still more terrible to contemplate. The bones were squeezed up into the shape of a triangle—to fit my American pointed boot.

"Are you sure the X rays don't exaggerate?" I asked, in horror-struck tones.

"The X rays are like figures; they won't lie," was the answer. "Please show me every portrait you have of people's feet. I want to see if mine are worse than the others." So six or eight portraits of feet were brought to me, none, however, taken in boots, but even without the boots they were all not only quite as unshapely as my own, but, to my infinite delight, I found several that were very much worse, and I also noted with feminine satisfaction that the pictures of men's feet showed the bones to be quite as badly out of shape as were those of my own sex."—London Courier.

ART OF THE ANGLER.

Care Taken in Approaching the Fish and Casting the Fly.

As fish has grown more knowing, man has grown more cunning, and has devised new schemes to outwit his prey. Now, instead of fishing downstream, he fishes upstream, that he may lie below and behind the fish, and, therefore, less in sight; for fish, it must be borne in mind, always lie with their heads upstream. Moreover, where he used to stand, he now kneels or crawls. That his rod may not be seen, he moves horizontally—not vertically, as of old—and he never, if he can help it, allows the point to extend over the water. That his line may be seen as little as possible, he no longer searches the water at haphazard, but reserves his cast until he has found and noted the exact position of a rising fish, or, at any rate, of a fish lying so near the surface as to suggest the strong probability that it is on the watch for flies. Then, instead of using two or three flies, he selects one, imitating, as closely as may be, in color and size, the natural flies he has observed on the water.

This he deftly casts, so that it shall fall on the water as lightly as a flake of snow, some 18 inches or so above the fish, and float with its wings erect—"a-peak," as they say of a cutter's foresail—and he allows it, without check or suspicious movement, to be carried by the stream over the nose of the trout. At that instant, if fortune smiles, he sees a bubble rise, hears a faint sound like a baby's kiss and the tug of war begins. If the trout refuses or the cast was not quite accurately made, he lets the drift float on, far below the fish, so that the ripple made in withdrawing it from the water may not disturb the trout, and proceeds, verberare nebulas, to dry his fly by whipping it backward and forward through the air until it is once more buoyant. He then tries again. Should the trout refuse at the second time of asking, the angler, if wise, will change his fly; if very wise, will change his fish, making a mental note to "call again." This slight sketch will enable the reader to see the importance of closely imitating the flies on the water, and the skill required in presenting the counterfeit to the fish.—Fortnightly Review.

Puzzled.

"Are you the proprietor of this restaurant?" said the man who had waited for his order until he became sleepy.

"Yes, sir. What can I do for you?"

"You can give me some information. I want to know whether you have told the waiter to stay away so that you can bring in a bill for lodgings against me?"—Denver Times.

Good Little Boy.

Johnny—Say, Tom, what was the preacher's text this morning?

Tommy—What do you want to know that for?

"'Cause mamma'll ask me. I've been down to the crick drownin' a cat."—Chicago Tribune.

WHEN THE FRUIT SHIP COMES IN

Fresh Figs and Indian Mangoes on New York Fruit Stands.

Fruit is most abundant this year, and its lovers will be amply repaid for a visit to Fulton market and its nearby fruit stores and the Brooklyn fruit ships which lie along the water front below the bridge piers. The arrival of every vessel witnesses a period of activity along the Brooklyn water front, particularly at those docks alongside which lie the steamers from Mediterranean ports. The tide of lemon and orange importation is on the rise. Nearly all the lemons and oranges imported are shipped from Italy and the Sicilian ports, Messina and Palermo. They come in boxes gay with tinsel, chromos and multicolored particles of tissue paper. They are sold at auction, a ship's cargo at a time, and on the day of the sale the importers are up and at work long before dawn.

Down to the Mediterranean piers hurry crowds of dark-skinned men, armed with small hatchets and big catalogues. They look like ghosts in the half light as they scurry along the docks. Soon they come to the covered pier, alongside which the big "fruiter" swings on the tide, creaking dismally against the piles. She has discharged her cargo of golden fruit, and it lies inside the dock, heaped almost to the slanting roof, in the corner of which the gaslights flicker unsteadily. Over these heaps the porters swarm like monkeys, risking their lives and limbs on the unsteady pyramids of fruit boxes. The click of their hatchets as they tear open box after box, looking for suitable samples, is incessant.

At sunrise the prospective purchasers and the importers arrived on the scene. It is jabber, jabber, jabber, Italian and English, until nine o'clock, when there is a rush for the salesroom in New York. The porters nail up the samples again, and soon the dock is left to the custom house inspectors and the steamship company's employes.

This week the list of fruits is increased. Fresh ripe figs are to be seen on the stands, and with them fresh Indian mangoes at 50 cents a dozen. Plums, both blue and red, are abundant, and sell for 20 cents and 25 cents a dozen. Apricots are almost a glut in the market and have fallen to 30 cents a basket. Raspberries bring 15 cents a quart, huckleberries 12 to 15 cents, gooseberries 10 to 15 cents and currants sell for 50 cents a basket of nine pounds, or 12 cents a quart. Peaches from California range all the way from 40 cents to $1.50 a dozen. Cherries range from 20 cents to 40 cents a pound. Georgia peaches are numerous and can be bought for all prices from 20 cents to 60 cents a dozen. Watermelons bring 40 cents each, muskmelons 20 cents to 30 cents, and grape fruit varies from six cents each to 25 cents, according to size.—N. Y. Times.

HORSE MEAT IN BELGIUM.

Enormous Quantities of It Are Eaten, with No Bad Effects.

Official figures having been recently quoted to show that the number of horses imported last year from England exceeds 22,000, instead of 6,000, as stated in the Belgian chamber, I visited Antwerp with the object of finding out approximately what proportion of this enormous total is actually slaughtered for human consumption.

From information placed at my disposal by the director of the city abattoirs, it appears that the bulk of the animals arriving from England find their way direct to the slaughter house. Although the greater part comes from London, the trade is by no means confined to this quarter, the imports in last week's official list showing that no less than 76 were brought from Hull and Newcastle. One dealer in Antwerp alone (an Englishman), disposed of upward of 3,000 horses last year to the local butchers.

On the other hand, it is positively denied, as far as Antwerp is concerned, that any of the meat finds its way back to England, either in the form of "tinned beef" or soup. Not a single meat preserving establishment exists in the city. My informant, who is a stanch adherent of horseflesh as a "wholesome and nutritious diet" for the workingman, confirmed the measures about to be taken for guarding against tuberculosis and glanders. A further experiment is to be tried at Rotterdam by subjecting all "suspicious" meat to treatment in steam chambers heated to 110 degrees centigrade (a temperature which has been scientifically proved sufficient to kill the bacillus), and to sell the meat so steamed at prices ranging from 1f 50 cents per kilo (about 6d per pound), the residue of the broth included.

There are in Antwerp about 30 shops devoted entirely to the sale of horseflesh. I visited several of these establishments; but, with the thermometer at 80 degrees in the shade, the meat, of which the bulk had been slaughtered at least two days previously, did not present an appearance which was calculated to make converts. Still less so were the sausages of dusky hue which appear to form the staple delicacy when the meat is unfitted for sale in its natural state. The prices run from 1½d per pound for "prime cuts" to about 2d for "scraps." When it is remembered that, apart from the government ban laid upon imported horseflesh, there is in Belgium a duty of nearly three-fourths pence per pound on all other imported meat, it is easy to understand why Australian mutton is yet practically unknown here, and why among the poorer classes horse is the only fresh food available.—Brussels Cor. London Chronicle.

Protection Against Marauders.

A novel means of protecting a cash box from marauding fingers has been hit upon by a merchant of Buda-Pesth. He sprinkles the box with a certain powder, which has the peculiar effect of dyeing the skin blue, the color being intensified by washing, and resisting the persuasions of the soap.—N. Y. Sun.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Aug 10, 1896.

McKinley and Hobart are not only going to be triumphantly elected, but, according to the news now being received by the Republican Congressional Committee, they are going to carry most if not all, of the so called silver states. Lieut. Gov. Bierbauer, of Idaho, writes for McKinley and Hobart literature and says he and Gov. McConnell are whooping things up for the ticket; and Senator Shoup, of the same state, verbally states his belief that Idaho will cast her electoral votes for McKinley and protection. A letter received from Utah says:—"Some of the Republicans here are off on the free silver tangent, but they do not like blue-eyed Billie's tariff speeches, and between free silver and free trade, they will probably stick to their old party." A Californian writes: "There are lots of people here who are against free coinage. I am an old soldier, and so am for McKinley who was a brave soldier while Bryan was neither a soldier nor the son of a soldier." Chairman Post, of the Nebraska State Committee, sends this Napoleonic message: "We are going to carry the state for McKinley. There is no possibly doubt of that."

The Republican Campaign Text Book is out and it is a corker, well worth the price asked for it ($1.00 a copy.) The issues of the campaign are put in A, B, C's., as follows: American Home and American Interests. Business, the Source of Employment. Coin, whether of gold or silver, must be equal to the best. Duties Collected from foreign Countries for American Privileges. Emigrants who are willing to live without robbing other men of Employment. Financial Integrity and money enough to pay all bills. Gold and silver, equal dollars, for all business. Home markets for American Products. Imports must always be kept below Exports. Judiciary of the United States must not be tampered with. Keep in the middle of the road. Labor Employed means elevation, dignity, and education for the Home. McKinley and Hobart elected means business and Employment. Nation's Honor must be maintained. Ownership of railroads by National Government opposed by Republican party. Pensions for the veterans of the war equal to the Pledges of the Nation. Quorum counting by Speaker Reed justified now by Democrats. Revenue collected equal to Expenditures, a necessity. Silver dollars Gold, the Republican demand. Tariff to protect American Labor and Encourage Home Industry. United States—the hope of universal liberty and law. Voters have an opportunity: Vote for McKinley and Business. Wages mean Home, Education, and Comfort to the Toiler. X-roads—Republicanism or Populism—which way? Your Opportunity to restore Business: Vote it. Zeal in the Campaign will win the victory.

Ex-Congressman Mudd, of Md., thinks the Silver wave is rapidly receding in that state, and that its electoral votes are safe for McKinley and Hobart. He expresses the opinion that the silver strength in Maryland was at its highest point during the last two weeks in July and that it has been steadily losing ground since that time owing to the strong arguments presented by the opponents of the Independent Free coinage of silver by this Government under existing conditions.

It is believed by those who have been at great trouble to ascertain the state of public sentiment all over the country that were it not for the efforts of the speculators, in the interests of their deals and proposed deals in stock and other securities which would be affected, to make the result of the present campaign appear to be in doubt, it would be clearly apparent to everybody, as it already is to those who are managing McKinley and Hobart's campaign, that the people intend to register a great triumph in November for an honest currency, the preservation of the public credit, and the return of prosperity through the raising of of an adequate revenue for the maintenance of the Government by the imposition of such tarriffs on foreign goods as will give the advantage in competing for the Home market to Americans. Even while the popocrats are talking about making silver converts through Bryan's oratory in New York City, Ex-Secretary Whitney is assuring the country that McKinley will carry New York by 200,000.

The call for a gold Democratic convention, to meet at Indianapolis Sept. 2, has aroused no interest in Washington. If the gold democrats wise to amuse themselves in that way, nobody will object.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

Wreck near Bloomington.

A freight wreck occarred on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, at the foot of the seventeen mile grade between Bloomington and the bridge crossing the Potomac river, Monday evening. Four cars were derailed and two tramps were injured. Both tracks were blocked.

Excursions to Atlantic City.

Thursday, August 13th, the B. & O. will run the third mid-summer excursion to Atlantic City.

The tickets will be good 12 days, and permit a stop off at Washington on the return trip.

We give below a list of stations in this vicinity, showing time of trains and rates of fare:

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	RATE
Terra Alta	7 35	12 06	5 41	1 46	8	10
Oakland	6 31	9 03	12 20	5 50	5 02	8 50
Mt. Lake	6 37	9 11	12 26	6 05	5 37	8 50
Deer Park	6 41	9 20	12 45	6 12	5 14	8 50

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

For more detailed information apply to nearest B. & O. Agent.

Sent It to His Mother in Germany.

Mr. Jacob Esbensen, who is in the employ of the Chicago Lumber Co. at Des Moines, Iowa, says: "I have just sent some medicine back to my mother in the old country, that I know from personal use to be the best medicine in the world for rheumatism, having used it in my family for several years. It is called Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It always does the work." 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin at Deer Park.

For Sale.

At Deer Park, Maryland, the beautiful summer residence of Hon. Henry G. Davis adjoining the B. & O. R. R. Co.'s hotel and cottages. Large and commodious house, 14 acres of land, beautifully laid off walks and plenty of shade trees. This is one of the most desirable summer residences at Deer Park.

Also 71 acres of improved land adjoining the above, including several good building lots in the village of Deer Park.

Also 333 acres south of the B. & O. R. R. adjoining Deer Park including Observatory Hill, a very desirable location for a hotel or summer residence.

For plats and further information apply to John T. Mitchell. Oakland, Md. 21—4

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lotst 1426, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

The Compliment

of imitation has so frequently been paid by its contemporaries to the

Philadelphia Record

in recent years that those of its readers who are not thoroughly

Wide Awake

would almost be excusable if they should occasionally lose sight of the fact that a born

Leader of Newspapers,

like any other originator or pioneer, is never contented except in

The Foremost Position.

When "The Philadelphia Record" undertook nineteen years ago to demonstrate that the best of morning newspapers could be made and sold for one cent, publishers were generally skeptical. But the world of readers was not asleep. Consequently "The Record" was not long in reaching a commanding position, and, improving upon this, its circulation and influence were finally recognized among the foremost of America's great journals. Hence the compliment of imitation which is now paid to it in every city of note from the Atlantic coast to the Mississippi Valley. Every city worth mentioning now has one or more good one-cent morning dailies, though so recently as nineteen years ago Philadelphia and "The Record" stood alone in this respect.

News Concisely Putlished

without the omission of any essential feature is still the BEST NEWS, notwithstanding the once more prevalent tendency to stretch it out.

The Busy Man's Paper

therefore, still originates, still leads, and publishes MORE NEWS to the column than its neighbors of larger dimensions.

The Daily and Sunday

Record

With their several inimitable and always instructive features in addition to the day's news from all the world, are now almost unrivaled in circulation as in good qualities. With an average circulation of over 100,000 copies, and an average of 120,000 on Sundays, The Record is still, regardless of all imitation, easily a leader of leading newspapers. A paper so good, with 10 to 14 pages for a cent, is still very properly a favorite. Though low in price, it is never cheap, but spares no expense that will give its readers the very best and freshest information of all that's going on around them.

THE DAILY EDITION

Of "The Philadelphia Record" is sent by mail for $3 per year, or 25 cents per month. The price of the daily and Sunday issues together,

EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR

Holidays and all, is $4 per year, or 35 cents per month. Address the Record Publishing Company, Record Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

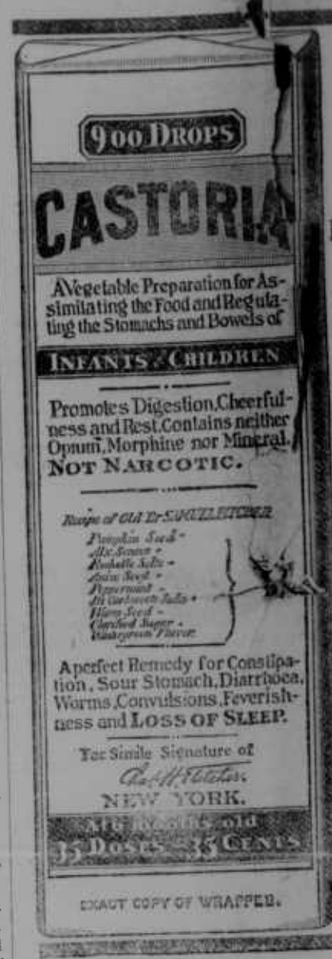

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE —OF— Chas. H. Fletcher. IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF

CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Bicycles.

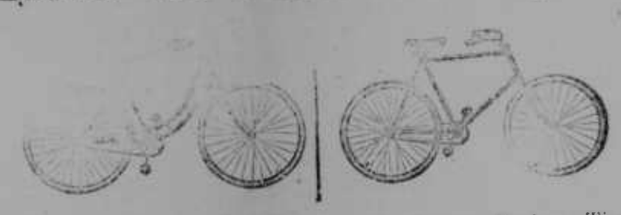

Bicycle Sundries of all Kinds, Cement, Pumps, Spokes, Tires, Wood Rims, Balls, Patching Rubber, Coasters, Lamps, Valves and Valve Stems, Repair Kits, Wrenches, Oilers, Locks, Etc., Etc.

BICYCLE REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

Briar-Bend Seminary.

REOPENS SEPTEMBER 17, 1896, D. V.

No Liquor,
No Malaria,
No City Temptations,
Skating,
Boating,
Bowling and Tennis,
Delicate pupils go home strong.

English,
Classics,
Stenography,
Typewriting,
Music and Art,
We Prepare for Business,
We Prepare for College.

The Principal, Miss Swan, formerly at the head of Mt. Auburn Seminary, Cincinnati, has traveled extensively, but has nowhere found such life-giving properties as are in this dry atmosphere. Write for Catalogue to

E. B. SWAN, Principal,
Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

RALLY ROUND THE FLAG,

—FOR—

Sound Money,
National Honor,
Home Prosperity,

The New-York

Weekly Tribune,

The Leading National Republican Family Newspaper.

Will make a vigorous and relentless fight through the Presidential campaign, for principles which will bring prosperity to the entire country.

Its campaign news and discussions will interest and should be read by every American citizen.

We furnish **"The Republican"** and **"N. Y. Weelky Tribune" 4 Months** (17 Weeks) for **50 Cents.**

CASH IN ADVANCE.

Address all orders to THE REPUBLICAN.

Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to Geo. W. Best, Tribune Building, New York City, and a sample copy of THE NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE will be mailed to you.

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OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

Jos. E. Harned, Proprietor.

31—26

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments. Headstones, AND **Chimney Pipe** WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

1183.yr——

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 35,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. Wilt, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade [illegible] and all Patent business [illegible] Our Office is [illegible] and we can secure patents in less time than those remote from Washington. Send us a model, drawing or photo. of your invention. We advise if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured. Letters strictly confidential. Address, E. G. SIGGERS & CO., Opp. U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Glessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

It's a Corker.

Do you want a fine large loaf of bread—the finest in the world?

Merryland Flour

makes the best and most bread. Don't fail to buy Merryland. Don't buy any other, but insist on having the very best. None surpass and few equal Merryland patent flour. For sale by

THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO.

Fruits, vegetables, melons and bananas in car load lots. Don't fail to call on us for low prices and big bargains.

THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO.

Stores at Mt. Lake Park, Md,
Oakland, Md.
Swanton, Md.
Lonaconing, Md.

51-1yr.

Shartzer & Bolden,

OAKLAND, MD.

DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS,
MATTING, OIL CLOTH,
WINDOW SHADES
WALL PAPER
—AND—
GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

11 1y

FOR SALE.

The farm belonging to Elizabeth Maley, situated two miles north of Deer Park, adjoining the lands of Jack Cobper, Fundenberg Miller and Rawleston. Contains 125½ acres about 68 acres cleared, and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the remises. 52-4m.*

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office opposite bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
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Special attention given to real estate. CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '89 10y

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

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Residence on North 3rd Street.
Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

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Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8, 30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence is Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate. P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
SELBYSPORT, MD.
2-2y

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

FRANKLIN P. GREEN,
COUNTY SURVEYOR FOR
GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Postoffice, LONACONING, MD.
All work entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished on short notice. 3-5m*

ALEX R. C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.
LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.
Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26t*

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Representing
JOHNSON, OMOHUNDRO & CO.,
WHOLESALE NOTIONS, Etc.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
A specialty of Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear
RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
D. E. OFFUTT, President.
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S. T. JONES, Cashier.
A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13t.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT
C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,
PLANING MILLS,
And BUILDING MATERIALS.
MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advances. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS.

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

38 13·

THE REPUBLICAN.

ESTABLISHED MARCH 3, 1877. BENJ. H. SINCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1896. NUMBER 24.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

High gear thermometers are out of work.

We will not auction any goods off. BEE HIVE STORE.

Don't foreget the primaries to be held on Monday, the 24th inst.

Malette has $1,000 worth of jewelry to sell you at your own price.

Misses Florenee and Laura Parks, of Kingwood, W. Va., were here Sunday.

Mr. M. N. Wilson, of Wilson, W. Va., was in town last Thursday on business.

Malette will sell you groceries, fruits, vegetables, etc., at the lowest living prices.

Mr. and Mrs. William Selby, of Selbysport, were here last Saturday for a short time.

Mr. Walter D. Collier, of Friendsville, was here last Friday and Saturday on business,

Mrs. G. J. Shaffer, of Kingwood, is in Oakland this week visiting Mrs. Robert Felty.

Messrs. William I. and W. McC. Brown, of Bayard, were Oakland visitors on Tuesday.

Mrs. D. E. Bolden is spending several days the guest of friends in Meyersdale, Pa.

Judge J. T. Hoke, of Kingwood, W. Va., was registered at the Commercial hotel Tuesday.

Senator Ravenscroft, of Accident was in the city yesterday for a short time on business.

Malette will positively sell you jewelry at cost, as he is closing out his entire stock of jewelry.

Mr. D. Y. Morris, of Kingwood, spent several days in Oakland last week visiting relatives.

Mr. James E. Moreland, of Gormania, W. Va., was in the city Friday and made us a call.

Dr. A. F. Speicher, of Elk Lick, Pa., was here last Friday with a party of friends from Accident.

Mr. W. D. Smith, of Hazelton, W. Va., spent Saturday in Oakland with his brother D. G. Smith.

It will pay you to visit our store before we leave, as we have lots of bargains. BEE HIVE STORE.

Splendid cider mills and copper kettles at J. M. Davis & Son's hardware store, cheap. 24-3*

Hon. A. F. George, of Swanton, was in the city one day last week renewing old acquaintanceships.

Hon. Chas. E. Hilleary, of Gorman, was in Oakland on business Tuesday morning for a few hours.

Miss Blanche Babb, of Greenland, W. Va., is spending two or three weeks the guest of Mrs. A. D. Naylor.

Mr. Anson Clement, of Hepburn, Ohio, who is visiting friends in this county, called to see us Friday last.

LOST.—Between Oakland and Aurora, a lady's light gray coat. Reward if left at Glades hotel, Oakland. 1t*

Thursday, August 27th, will be our last day here. We have some bargains to show you. Come in at once. BEE HIVE STORE.

School Commissionsrs' meeting on Friday when the new examiner, Mr. U. G. Palmer, will be installed in office.

Mrs. Frost, neo Miss Clara Porter, of Rawlings, is here visiting Mrs. D. E. Offutt and other relatives and friends.

Miss Eva Tasker, of Washington, arrived in town on Monday, and will spend some time visiting her many friends.

A. D. Naylor will have some new buggies on hand this week. He has on hand some damaged vehicles for sale cheap. 24-1

Sheriff Brown and Mr. G. S. Hamill went down to Oakton Monday to make sale of some property advertised by the sheriff.

M. Cohen, the tailor, has received his new fall line of samples, and it embraces all the American and European novelties. Besides it is the most complete line of cloth this side of New York. 21—tf

WANTED.—A woman to cook, wash and iron. Referenees required. Apply to Mrs. S.S. Adams, G street, Mt. Lake Park, Md. 1t

The lumber for repairs at the jail has been delivered. The repairs will consist of papering the sheriff's house and wainscoting the prison.

Miss Honor Pleasants, of Baltimore, who visited the Misses Spadden for the past two or three weeks, returned home last Thursday evening.

Mr. Chas. Deffinbaugh, foreman of the *Democrat*, who spent a week or ten days with friends in Cumberland, returned home yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. J. K. P. Johnson, of Westernport, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Ward, of this place, returned home the first of this week.

Prof. J. G. Robinson and wife, of Baltimore, arrived in town on Tuesday and will spend two or three weeks visiting their daughter, Mrs. M. C. Hinebaugh.

We regret to announce the serious illness of Mr. Wright Thayer who has been confined to his bed for a number of weeks with an attack of erysipelas in his knee.

The annual examination of teachers for the public schools of this county will be held the first and second weeks in September. See advertisement in to day's issue.

Miss Lulu Fringer went to Friendsville Monday morning where she will remain during the balance of the summer teaching music. She has a class of fifteen.

Mr. L. E. Townshend was taken suddenly ill yesterday morning and for a time his life was dispared of by his relatives. His physicians, however, soon brought him around.

Among those who were at the Park on last Friday from Accident were Senator and Mrs. Ravenscroft, Mr. and Mrs Eli McMillan, Mrs. Annie Glotfelty and Mrs. G. F. Kight.

Briar-Bend Seminary has secured the services of the Misses Hawley for the coming school year. One of the ladies is a specialist in physiology; the other in ancient and modern history.

A game of ball was palyed at Terra Alta last Friday afternoon between the Kingwood and Mt. Lake Park nines, resulting in a score of 3 to 5 in favor of Kingwood.

Call at Malette's and get a clock, ring, chain, pin, etc., at just one-third what you pay elsewhere in a regular way. This is no fake; call and see for yourself. 21—5

About one hundred of the Preston county school teachers attended Dr. Talmage's lecture Thursday night. They came down from Terra Alta, at which place the Preston county institute was in session at that time.

We have just received from the factory another large lot of stationery, including paper for letters, bills, statements, envelopes, etc., which will be placed at the disposal of our patrons at a small profit. Remember, we buy in large lots and can sell at a figure away below our competitors.

Prof. J. G. Robinson, of Baltimore city, representing the popular music house of Messrs. Sanders & Stayman, will be stopping for some time at Dr. M. C. Hinebaugh's, where he will be glad to see persons who desire to purchase a first-class organ or piano. He also offers his service as a practical tuner to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity. 24-2t*

The jail now is filled with as tough a crowd of unconvicted criminals as probably ever filled such a place. In it are two men who murderously assaulted and robbed a man at Keyser; two negros who assaulted a crew of trainmen on the W. Va. C. railroad, and a young tough from Deer Park who will probably spend the next twenty years of his life in the penitentiary for robbing a man at the above place and trying to kill a tramp by throwing him from a swiftly moving freight train.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Mr. C. D. Yonker, a well know druggist of Bowling Green, Ohio, in speaking of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, says: "I take pleasure in recommending it to my customers, for I am certain that it will always please them. I sell more of it than all other kinds put together." For salo by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The attention of the Republicans of Garrett county is directed to the call published in this issue for the primaries to select delegates to attend the convention at Oakland.

Since 1878 there have been nine epidemics of dysentary in different parts of the country in which Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was used with perfect success. Dysentery, when epidemic, is almost as severe and dangerous as Asiatic cholera. Heretofore the best efforts of the most skilled physicians have failed to check its ravages. This remedy, however has cured the most malignant cases, both of children and adults, and under the most trying conditions, which proves it to be the best medicine in the world for bowel complaints. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin at Deer Park.

For Sale.

The following implements, new or in good repair:

1 light Champion reaper, 1 Buckeye mower, 1 hay rake, 1 seeder drill. Apply to John W. Williams, Deer Park, Md.

Married.

FRIEND — FRIEND.— At Mountain Lake Park, August 15th, Mr. James W. Friend and Miss Loucida Friend. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. E. R. Skidmore, of Friendsville.

Instantaneous Photographs.

Views and pictures of children and animals.

Developing and printing for amateurs—and sale of amateur photograph apparatus.

S. J. SMITH.

Lock Box 47 or care of Pritchard's gallery, Oakland, Md. 22-6t.

Held for Court.

Mrs. Sarah Washington was arrested on last Saturday and taken before Justice McRobie charged with keeping a bawdy house at Loch Lynn Heights. She plead a jury trial and was released upon furnishing bail to the amount of one hundred dollars.

Call for Your Letters.

Joseph H. Jones, Amos Thomas, Joseph Hoge, John W. Mehl, Benj. Dixon, B. F. Lewis, Mat. Teets, Mrs. Agnes Herbert, Miss Laura Hamstead, Miss Annis Zepp, Miss K. A. Kroil.

Early Closing.

The business men of Oakland have inaugurated the early closing of their stores in order that their clerks may attend the Chantanqua at the Park.

Grand Army Day at the Park.

Gen. Gordon, the distinguished ex-Confederate Georgian, will deliver his famous address, "The last days of the Confederacy," at Mountain Lake Park on Tuesday, the 25th inst. Gov. Lowndes will preside. It will be a great treat to the old soldiers of both the North and South to hear this great lecturer.

Sabbath School Picnic.

The members of the Gauer Sabbath school will hold a picnic at the Gauer school house on Saturday, August 29th. Messrs. John Shartzer, Wm. Hinebaugh, Rev. Butler, of Oakland, Rev. Royer, of Aurora, and other able speakers will be present to address the people. The Bayard band will also be present and furnish music. Refreshments on the grounds. Come and enjoy a day in the country.

My little boy, when two years of age, was taken very ill with bloody flux. I was advised to use Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and luckily procured part of a bottle. I carefully read the directions and gave it accordingly. He was very low but sowly and surely he began to improve and is now as stout and strong as ever. I feel sure it saved his life. I can never praise the Remedy half its worth. I am sorry every one in the world does not know how good it is, as I do.—Mrs. Lina S. Hinton, Grahamsville, Marion Co., Florida. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin at Deer Park.

A Wheel Stolen.

Sunday night last a bicycle belonging to Mr. W. H. Spedden was stolen from the front veranda of Oak Hall on the Mountain Lake Park road. Monday Mr. Spedden made a search for his wheel but was unable to locate it. Tuesday morning, however, as he was passing through the woods between Oak Hall and the Park he saw his machine lying on the ground under a tree. Upon examination he found that the wheel has been ridden and that the bell had been removed. He is very much elated over the recovery of his silent steed but would like very much to meet the person having his bell in possession.

Talmage Day at the Park.

Last Friday was Talmage day at Mountain Lake Park and the crowd in attendance to hear the world-renowned lecturer was the greatest in the history of that famous resort. Excursion trains were run both from the east and west, many persons coming a hundred miles or more to hear Dr. Talmage deliver his lecture on "Big Blunders." The seating capacity of the auditorium is about 3,000. This immense building was filled to overflowing and hundreds of persons could only see the speaker by craning their necks and looking over the heads of those in front of them. It is variously estimated that from 8,000 to 10,000 persons were present.

Educational Note.

All teachers and others who are interested in education are invited to an educational drill at Accident beginning at 1 p.m., Tuesday, Sept. 1st, and continuing until Wednesday p. m., under the direction of Prof. R. R. Sanner, assisted by the examiner and others.

Crops.

Plowing for fall seeding is nearly finished. Corn is earing, and gives promise of being the best crop in years, but more rain is needed, particularly by the late planted, to assure the best results; the growth of fodder is large. Much of the wheat that has been thrashed is below the average in quality, owing to exposure to rains and late gathering. Grass and late potatoes show quite plainly the need of more rain. Vegetables are very plentiful. Large quantities of peaches are being shipped from Washington county.

Military Lots for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale the following Military Lots in Garrett county: Nos. 11, 287, 495, 1798, 453 and 204. Miss Alice Dashiell Clendinen, cor. North Broadway and Fayette street, Baltimore, Md. 23-tf.

Last Notice to Subscribrs

On July 8th we sent to our patrons bills for subscriptions. So far we have received but a very small per centage of the amount represented by the statements. Patience has ceased to be a virtue with us and we insist that the accounts be settled at once. If a settlement or some satisfactory arrangement is not made of the accounts by Sept. 15th we will be compelled to resort to legal methods to collect what is due us. This is a very expensive way of making collections and in many cases the costs will amount to more than the claim is worth, both of which our friends will be compelled to pay in the end.

In Memoriam.

The following obituary, taken from the Troy (O.) *Buckeye*, of last week will be read with regret by many of the old citizens of Garrett county:

Winifred E. Fitzwater was born June 20th, 1836, at Oakland, Maryland, and was married to R. P. Spiker, June 10th, 1856, at Cumberland, Maryland. After residing in Oakland for six years, R. P. Spiker and his wife moved to Piqua, O., in March 1862, and resided in that city until 1888, when they removed to Troy. Mrs. Spiker died August 3rd, 1896, of dropsy and heart disease, having been confined to her bed forty-three days. These were days and nights of untold suffering which she patiently endured unto the end.

In Maryland she belonged to the English Lutheran church, but when she removed to Piqua, she united with the First Presbyterian church. She was the stay and comfort of her home. Retiring in her disposition she loved her home and home duties; devoted to her husband and children she was an affectionate wife and a loving tender mother. She had three children, John W. Spiker, residing in Aurora, Illinois; James W., residing at Jersey City, New [illegible] son, who was with his mother during her sickness. Rev. W. T. Warbinton preached the funeral sermon. Mrs. Spiker was laid away to rest beneath the shadows of the trees that crown the beautiful hill in Piqua's magnificent city of the dead.

"Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
Throned above,
Souls like thine with God inherit
Life and love."

A Relic Found.

Yesterday morning ex-Fish Commissioner R. T. Browning recovered from the waters of Deep Creek the old dug-out belonging to his ancestor, Meshech Browning. The canoe, which is made of a white oak log twelve feet long, is in a good state of preservation considering the fact that it has probably lain in the bottom of Deep Creek for nearly a century. Mr. Browning and Mr. Geo. D. White discovered the canoe and with the aid of a horse succeeded in bringing it to land. It is covered with a growth of water moss about eight inches long. In the [illegible] from a hole three inches in [illegible] ace has rotted out. Or [illegible] the canoe is rounded [illegible] the stern is squared. The point at which the canoe was discovered is in the narrows of Deep Creek just above the dam of the lake. Here many years ago was Meshech Browning's favorite camping spot and here also he wintered his cattle.

The canoe will be safely housed by the finder who values it very highly.

A Jolly Crowd.

The young people from the Assembly House, Mountain Lake Park, are enjoying life at that beautiful resort in the mountains of Western Maryland.

Washington, D. C., Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, are represented at this lovely hotel situated within two minutes walk of the Chautauqua. Delightful music, large porches and a most congenial crowd tend to make this place an ideal summer home.

A jolly crowd of young society people from Johnstown, Cambria county, Pa., viz., Misses Tillie Updegrave, Ida Updegrave, Jean Thomas, Settie Smith and Mrs. L. D. Woodruff, are making the best of their summer outing, enjoying all the pleasures the resort presents. Yesterday they drove through Deer Park to Boiling Springs and on the return trip to the Observatory, arriving home in time to hear the world renowned Talmage lecture on "The Bright Side of Things." This morning a row on the crystal waters of the placid lake was enjoyed by the same crowd. About six this evening the same crowd will go on a straw ride to Oakland two miles distant. A large hay wagon has been engaged, and they will go on this novel ride, amid the lights of the Jap lanterns, the ringing of sleighbells and blowing of horns. The ladies will be accompanied by the following guests from the hotel: Mr. and Mrs. Bain, Miss Elsie Nichols and Mrs. Rogers, of Norfolk, Va.; Mr. Babb, Keyser, W. Va.; Miss Bertie Lee Everly, Terra Alta; Mr. J. C. Liller, Keyser; Mr. Thos. B. Keating, Mansfield, Ohio; Mr. L. P. Souders, Piedmont, W. Va.; Mr. Thomas Gordon, Wheeling, W. Va.; Mr. and Mrs. Elliot Morris, Miss Sarah Meredith and Miss Jennie Manly, of Fairmont, W. Va., and Prof. Miller, of Cincinnati, Ohio. X.

Mt. Lake Park, Aug. 14th.

Arrested in Oakland.

Last Saturday morning the station agent in Oakland received a telegram to flag a certain freight train and take from it two tramps who were stealing a ride on it and trying to escape from the law.

When the train arrived here about [illegible] Meyers was at the station. The train was stopped and opening a box car he saw a man lying on the floor apparently asleep. He was promptly put under arrest. Going to another car the second man was secured and both marched off to jail where a search of their persons revealed the fact that they were well armed, three large calibre revolvers being taken from them.

The charge against the men, who gave their names Fred Brosz and Chas. Jones, is that on last Friday night they entered the livery stable office of Mr. John Athey at Keyser, West Va., and after assaulting him with an ax robbed him of a large sum of money. One of the men had been in the employ of Mr. Athey for a number of days, who knew that he (Athey) had considerable money on his person.

Sunday afternoon State's Attorney Reynolds came up to Oakland and identified the men, who will be taken back to Keyser and tried.

Mr. Athey is still lying unconscious from the wounds he received and at last accounts he has a poor chance of recovery.

HEADACHE ANTI-FAG CURES HEADACHE ANTI-FAG

TO CURE HEADACHE

TAKE

ANTI-FAG.

Mr. Wm. Updegraff, of Hagerstown, says:—"I have suffered a great deal from sick-headache, and think that Anti-Fag is decidedly the best thing I have ever used for its cure and recommend it."

It is PLEASANT, REFRESHING and HARMLESS.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

4 Dose Bottles, 10c. 16 Doses, 25c.

Mailed on receipt of price by Manufacturers.

PREPARED BY

GILBERT, BROS. & CO., Baltimore, Md.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued by Clerk Tower since July 1st:

John Alfred Burton and Laura M. Hall.

Frank Zedoc Brock and Maud Alma Jones.

Perry Looman and Daisy Methenev.

Homer Starns and Henrietta Phillips.

Samuel T. Martin and Etta Bell.

Ezra B. Hauger and Georgia A. Albright.

Edward W. Lee and Cora I. Friend.

Arthur V. B. Morgan and Theresa M. Henry.

Bailey C. Knight and Ella Braham.

Lloyd M. Welch and Nettie B. Savage.

Isaac N. Welch and Helen A. Frazee.

George W. Sterling and Ivy N. Lowdermilk.

Allen C. Lyon and Emma A. Tasker.

Wm. D. Vannort and Salome Hasford.

Calvin H. Tarleton and Minnie M. Welch.

John W. McNair and Susan I. Alexander.

Bertie C. Feather and Lillian B. Garlitz.

John E. Scott and Lou B. Willison.

Joseph Tasker and Susan M. Bane.

Joseph C. Shultz and Minnie Shirer.

George H. Mauck and Maggie Brown.

Henry E. Triplett and India Harvey.

George C. Turner and Maud E. Popp.

John Frantz and Rosa Casteel.

Hiram A. Griffith and Cora D. Wilson.

John Culp and Lulu C. Hill.

Solomon G. Nine and Jennie E. Martin.

James W. Friend and Loudica Friend.

One with request not to publish.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

SERVICE.

The slave of dreams goes smiling by,
Turning a song for all who list;
He had almost forgot to hide
The fetter on his wrist.

The slave of dreams sleeps soft and deep,
And wakes with day-long joy endued;
He scarce remembers now the fret
Of golden servitude.

And I have watchings, fastings, prayer;
Desire with stern denial wrung.
The loudest song within my heart
Dies on my lips unsung.

And I have tears for daily bread
And days of longing, nights of pain,
With endless toiling up the steeps
Whose summits none may gain.

Think you that I despair for this?
Across the night-enshrouded peaks
The splendor from the face of Truth
Illumes the soul that seeks.

What though the vision fade and pass,
The dark anew encumbereth me?
My joy is still to serve for Truth,
Erect, aspiring—free!

—Grace D. Goodwin, in S. S. Times.

A MAN'S VENGEANCE.

from Pengelly, and the basket of fish Isaac Hocken carried was heavy. At the top of the hill he was fain to stretch himself on the turf and rest his bent old back against the low stone wall which inclosed John Tregon's field.

"No use going up to the house; John's at market, and the missis'll be turning the place topsy turvy," he reflected. "What with spring cleanin's all the year round and the drivin', Bertha has had a terrible hard time. And they do say in the village— Well, well," he muttered, checking himself, "it wasn't to be expected with her pretty face that Jim's her first sweetheart. And if Will Carter deceived her, mebbe she'll think the more of him. Jim just dotes on her. More fule he! Bad wives are of no account whativer, and supposin' you do hap on a good woman and it pleases the Lord to take her, the years won't fill the emptiness in you she leaves behind. I ought to knaw," and Isaac heaved a mighty sigh. "I've buried wives of both sorts—three of 'em."

Not a breeze stirred the lifeless calm; and the midday sun poured fiercely down. Presently he sought the shade of a spreading tree which overhung the wall a few paces from him. But he was no longer solitary. Voices fell on his ear. Bertha Tregon's and that of the man who report said had jilted her.

"My poor Bertha! You've no cause to fear me. I knaw exactly how it was you forsook me for James Hocken. But I wrote whenever I had the chance."

"Not a single letter reached me."

"Because your mother waylaid the postman."

Despite the heat, Isaac shivered. Will's insight was making clear much that had puzzled him.

"Perhaps. What matters now?" asked Bertha, in forlorn tones. "You should have kept away. It would have been kinder."

"And let you continue to think I was false? Lookee here, Bertha, you promised to be my wife before ever Hocken courted you. And now you knaw I've been faithful to you—"

"I durstn't break with Jim. Mother is set on him. Oh, why did you come? You'll get a fresh sweetheart, but Jim won't. I feel he won't. And I shall keep my promise to him."

But Bertha's love was unchanged; and to the breathless listener on the other side of the wall, Will's tender pleadings were the knell of his son's hopes.

What girl who loved him could resist handsome Will Carter?

Gaunt and grizzled, with weather-beaten, strongly-marked features, he had always known that Jim wasn't one that a girl would fancy. And Bertha had only accepted him at her mother's bidding, believing that Will was untrue to her. It was all so plain to him now. Poor Jim! even a flower that Bertha had plucked was precious to him.

AND LONGING TO CLASP HER IN HIS ARMS.

Hadn't he found a rose withered and dead in his pocket? And all his love in vain! Isaac whipped out his handkerchief and mopped his face. Yet, if Will hadn't returned—

But contrary to his expectation, the girl was firm in her resolve.

"I won't listen to you," she said, at last, roused by Will's upbraidings. "Jim isn't to blame—he knew nothing of our sweetheartlug—nor am I. It didn't enter my mind that mother might've got your letters. How should it? As if you alone suffered!" she faltered. "Let us part friends."

"Sweethearts or nothing," said Will, gruffly.

With a swish, swish of feet through the long grass, crawling to his knees, old Isaac peered cautiously over the wall. Bertha was running toward the house, and Will Carter, with his head thrown back, striding in an opposite direction.

"Bless the little maid!" he ejaculated. "One time I was afeared for Jim. But he's got a good grip o' things. Yes, plenty more sweethearts for Will," he chuckled, observant of the pose of his head. "And there's but one in the world for my lad—Bertha Tregon. May my tongue be slit if I let out to him."

Rising, Isaac shouldered his basket and proceeded on his round.

The old fisherman had been somewhat rash, however, in his conclusions.

By her own admissions, Bertha's decision had been prompted solely by fear of her mother, and consideration for James Hocken. But if on reflection she were still willing to sacrifice her happiness, Will Carter certainly had no intention of yielding to her weakness.

A fine seaman of whom Pengelly was proud, for the past year Will had been on board a yacht cruising in the Mediterranean. But for reasons best known to herself, Mrs. Tregon had discountenanced his suit, and, although he had every confidence in her, Bertha's silence had inspired misgivings not easy to allay. Once more free, he had returned at the earliest date to England, and at Plymouth, where he landed, had met a friend, who, among other items of [illegible] news, informed him of her desertion, adding:

"And she'll be Mrs. Hocken in a fortnight!"

Determined to demand a full explanation from Bertha herself, Will made no comment, but his laugh was unmirthful. And with rage in his heart he had hailed a passing cab, driven to the railway station, and taken the train to Walebridge. Thence he would walk to the Tregons'.

But the house in view, in crossing the field, Will espied Bertha in the garden, and, with a mufiled ahoy! sped to the tree that sheltered old Isaac. She had swiftly joined him. Nevertheless, the shock of his return was visible in her white face, and her trembling lips would frame no welcome. Looking at him imploringly, her blue eyes filled. And longing to clasp her in his arms, the reassuring words which, while enlightening him, had chilled Jim's father, did duty for the reproaches he had come primed with.

But Will had taken Bertha by surprise, and between her dread of him and terror of her mother, who ruled the Tregon household with a rod of iron, he rightly divined that she had caught at the readiest means of escape which in her distraction had presented itself to her. Yet his faith in her firmness was limited; the revival of fond memories would tend to lessen her mother's influence. And cunningly calculating that apparent indifference would further incline her to be guided by his counsels later, he devoted a week to his friends and generally enjoying himself. His disappointment treated thus lightly, he succeeded in deluding everybody, including Bertha, who shed bitter tears in secret that he should be so easily consoled for her loss. The bare sight of James Hocken almost maddened her; and she had to hide her aversion to him, and listen evening after evening to his dull talk. And in another week she would be his wife.

The tree beneath which she and Will had parted had become her favorite resort. Here she could indulge in the luxury of "a good cry" unrebuked; and, grown desperate with the nearer approach of the wedding day, sitting on the gnarled roots one afternoon, she burst into a very passion of grief.

A face—Will's—appeared above the wall.

"Ahoy! Whativer's the matter, Miss Tregon?" he gravely inquired. "Shall I fetch Mr. Hocken to 'ee?"

"I hate him! I hate him!" she sobbed hysterically.

"That's bad," said Will, sympathizingly. "What's he been up to?"

"Up to! Isn't he old; isn't he ugly; isn't he stupid! And—and—I hate him! I hate him!" she reiterated. "And I won't marry him. Mother may storm, but I don't care."

Will vaulted over the wall.

On the day appointed for James Hocken's nuptials the whole village flocked betimes to the church. But neither bridegroom nor bride put in an appearance, and by and by it was known that Will Carter and Bertha Tregon were missing, and that there would be no wedding at Pengelly that day.

Weeks and months rolled by, and no tidings could be gleaned of the graceless couple. They had clean vanished, leaving no clew to their whereabouts. Mrs. Tregon's tongue sharpened to a double-edged sword, ready to slay friend and foe alike who alluded to her daughter. And the dumb misery of Jim's plain face was pitiful to see. Old Isaac's heart ached for his son. If he had only prepared him for the blow! To have been so imposed on! And with his experience of womankind!

Curiosity was at length appeased. An acquaintance of the runaways visited London and returned with a woful story. She had seen Bertha, who had confided to her that after being married at a registry office Will and she had decided to go to America, but while looking in at a shop window he had been robbed of his savings, and that subsequently they were reduced to great straits. Then he had brought her the welcome news that he had obtained a berth on a steam launch, and the next morning he bade her good-by to go aboard, since when she had never clapped eyes on him. Mrs. Pegg also said that Bertha had refused to give her her address. But Jim ascertained that she had met her at Rotherhithe, and that was enough for him.

"I'm off to London," he announced, when he came downstairs after pacing the floor the livelong night. "I shall niver rest until Carter and me are face to face."

"Thee be a fule, Jim," his father, who had been disturbed by his monotonous tread overhead, said peevishly. "If you must stir in this business find Bertha. It'd be a charity. For all her slurp temper, her mother's frett'n' herself into the grave. Take what money you want out o' my old leather bag; only promise, lad," noting the sullen fire in his deep-set eyes, "not to meddle wi' Will."

"Trust me to find Bertha! But she would be destitute," he said, hoarsely. "And she may have become a shame to her kith and kin. And in that case no promise would bind me, father. I'd 've his life if I swung for it."

But Pengelly was convinced that Will had betaken himself to "foreign parts." And recalling this, old Isaac was encouraged to hope that Jim would be denied the opportunity of vengeance.

Jim had been in London three months;; his quest had been unsuccessful; yet he continued to haunt the principal thoroughfares, tramping north, south, east and west, in turn.

Big Ben had struck one; he was recrossing Westminster bridge to his lodgings, when a woman crouching by a lamp post ahead of him, fell forward in a heap, and, hastening his steps, he endeavored to raise her. But with the light falling on the pallid, hunger-pinched face a groan escaped him. His quest for Bertha Carter had ended.

At that moment a policeman came up.

"Poor soul! she's dead," he said, at a glance. "Better so than the leap into the water she was bent on. I've had my eye on her since seven o'clock. She seemed dazed."

The body was conveyed to the mortuary, and the verdict at the inquest was in accordance with the medical testi-

"DON'T GIVE 'EM MY NAME."

mony, that death was due to starvation.

Outwardly calm, his sole thought to avenge Bertha, Jim staggered out of the court.

His inquiries for the man who had robbed him of the one jewel he coveted, to cast it from him, at length elicited that a seaman answering to his description of Carter was homeward bound from Singapore. Thenceforth, knowing neither hunger nor weariness, he was watchful of new arrivals at the docks.

His desire for revenge was by now a monomania. And to-day he had a strange prescience that Will and he were soon to meet. Self-absorbed, in crossing the street he was knocked down by a dray, and, stunned, conveyed to hospital.

On recovering consciousness his first request was for his discharge.

"Not yet awhile," said the nurse. "But you won't be dull. That poor chap yonder," indicating a bandaged object in a distant bed, "has been asking for you. You don't recognize him? No wonder! He was brought in months ago—after the fire in St. Thomas' street. He was looking on, and a woman and some children appeared at a top window. The firemen were beaten back by the blaze below, but poor Will—he won't tell us his surname—couldn't withstand their cries, and he climbed up the waterspout on to the roof with a rope, and threw one end to them, and had actually lowered two of the children in safety when the walls collapsed. He was picked up so terribly injured that we had little hope of him. But he has done splendidly. If you—"

But Jim was midway across the ward. O, heaven, to think that this poor mangled wretch was "handsome Will!" And so sorely misjudged. Leaning over the brave fellow, Hocken's emotion was hard to restrain.

"Don't give 'em my name," whispered Will. "I'm maimed for life. And I wouldn't 've poor little Bertha saddled with a helpless husband—not likely. To have happened just when the tide had turned!" he groaned. "Where is she?"

"She has reached port before us," said Jim, in a smothered voice. "Don't 'ee take on, Will." His own tears were coursing down his rugged cheeks. "We'll go back to Pengelly. I can work for both."

"You work for me? You—"

"We both loved her," Jim reminded him. "If so he you'll trust yourself to me. You will be doing me a favor."

Feebly pressing the hand that gripped his, Will mumbled indistinctly, and hastily covered his face.—Household Words.

Fencing in the Giant's Causeway.

As a sequel to recent meritorious attempts to direct the attention of tourists to the many charms of scenery and greenery existing in "the distressful country," comes the rumor that the astute owner of that portion of the coast embellished by the well-known Giant's Causeway is busily at work upon a ring fence which will effectually place this natural phenomenon on the footing of a paying exhibition. This policy is scarcely likely to increase the confidence of hesitating visitors who, at the present time, can with difficulty be persuaded to put aside prejudice and undertake that most delightful experience—an investigation of the many points of interest to be found in Ireland.—London Truth.

—Between the years 1492 and 1520 the amount of gold produced in America was $107,931,000, and the amount of silver was $54,703,000.

THROUGH HUDSON BAY.

▲ Proposed New Waterway from the South to England.

The distance of the great wheat fields of the northwest from the Atlantic seaboard, and the consequent expense of putting the agricultural products of that great prairie country on the European market, has long seemed to be an unsurmountable difficulty. While navigation is open on the great lakes the cost of transportation is greatly lessened, but even with the advantage of this inland waterway the outlay of shipping a bushel of wheat to Liverpool has been, during the past few years, equal to the price paid for a bushel at points in Dakota and Manitoba, which means that for every bushel of wheat that the farmer puts on the European market he must have the value of another bushel to get it there.

The cause of this is that, whether by lake or rail, the wheat has to be carried from the west to this city, a distance in some cases of 11,000 miles.

These freight rates, which are not by any means high for the distance, make the difference between profit and loss to the farmer.

This evil is to be overcome by what is called the new idea. It is not new, by any means, for it has been used by the Hudson Bay company for over 200 years; it was the route that the early settlers on the Red river of the north took when they started the Red River colony in 1812, and as it has been, and is still, to a certain extent, used to this day, it is evidently not impracticable. For four months of winter ice prevents navigation, but it freezes up later in the fall and thaws earlier in the spring than Lake Superior.

The route itself is from Port Nelson to the mouth of the Nelson river, through the Hudson straits, via Cape Farewell to the north coast of Ireland, and thence to Liverpool or Glasgow; and Port Nelson is to be connected with the wheat fields and cattle ranges by means of railway from Winnipeg, Man., which is less than 400 miles from the bay.

It may be asked: "Why was this not all thought of before?" The answer is simple. Until the year 1870 the whole of what is now the Canadian province of Manitoba and British northwest territories was controlled by the Hudson Bay company, and as their sole object was to supply the world with fur, it was distinctly to their interest to exaggerate the dangers of the waters of the bay, and in fact do anything that would retard immigration to their preserves.

But now things have changed. The Hudson Bay company's rights were purchased by the dominion government in 1879 for about $25,000,000 worth of land, and in 1880, ten years later, a charter was granted to the Nelson River company, who are now building a railway which will, in the course of a few years, bring Winnipeg within 36 hours' railway journey to the sea.

By this route St. Paul and Minneapolis would be only 750 miles from the ocean. What does this mean? A saving of nearly 750 miles as compared with the distance to New York. This applies equally, of course, to points west, and even more to points north and northwest of the twin cities. Further, the distance from Port Nelson to Liverpool is 2,926 miles, while it is 3,040 from New York to the same place, showing a difference in favor of the bay route of 114 miles. So that the difference of the two routes from St. Paul to Liverpool, via New York, and via the Hudson bay, shows the latter to be shorter by nearly 870 miles.

This great northern waterway is not, however, without some drawbacks; for instance, during four months it cannot be used, but owing to the fact that the bay does not freeze until October the western farmer, with his early harvest, could get most of his grain off his hands and shipped before that time, and such of his produce as he could not get to the seaboard in time would be held in elevators at Port Nelson until spring, when he would catch the inevitable rise in the market in Europe in May.

Grain is by no means the only commodity to be considered. Think of the cattle during the long summer shipping season. Freed from the long transcontinental railway haul, they would arrive in Europe in much better condition than nowadays.

Then there are hay, timber, logs, wool and a hundred and one things that would be a profit to the westerner with cheap freight to Europe, which are now a glut on the market. Even horses might be raised at a profit.—N. Y. Telegram.

Safe Advice.

"Apropos of lightning rods," said the oldest man of the company, "I remember along in the sixties when the lightning-rod fever raged that a good woman in our town built a nice house, but refused to have a lightning rod put on because she thought she should trust in Providence. She was very much afraid of the electric fluid, and her life was pestered by rod agents, but she held out against them until the second year, which was unusually stormy, and then she laid the whole matter before her minister. He was a little weazened up man with a squeaky voice and he heard her story of fear of the danger on one side and her belief that she should trust Providence on the other and gave a careful estimate of both. Then he gave her a very politic bit of advice. He told her to go home and have a lightning rod put on her house and then trust to Providence. This she immediately acted upon and the good woman never knew that the rod agent had forestalled her and offered a liberal commission to the pastor for his assistance in settling her mind."—Detroit Free Press.

Under Another Head.

Old Oliver (at the library)—Where will I find that great anthropological work called "Man, the Ruler of the World?"

Bluestocking Librarian (scornfully)—Under the head of "fiction," sir.—Truth.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Why is a strong man like you found begging?" "Ah, madame, it is the only profession in which a gentleman can address a beautiful lady without the formality of an introduction."—Tit-Bits.

—"Do you think your mother would let you have another piece of cake, Willie?" "Oh, yes, ma'am. She told me to be sure and get filled up while I had the chance."—Detroit Free Press.

—"Isn't there any remedy for chronic drunkenness?" asked McGuzzle of a Dallas physician. "Certainly there is. Just you marry one of these strong-minded women. She'll sober you up."—Texas Sifter.

—Old Gentleman to Railway Porter—"Porter, the rain is dripping in from the lamp-hole all over my trousers." Porter—"No, sir, it's quite watertight, I assure you. It's only the oil leaking a bit."—Scranton Truth.

—"I knows er heap er men," said Uncle Eben, "dat kain't re'lize dat it ain' no mo' wuhk ter carry in wood or coal foh money dan it is ter carry er transparency in a percession foh nuffin."—Washington Star.

—Unable to Compare.—He—"Miss Kitty, I've heard it said that a kiss without a mustache is like an egg without salt. Is that so?" She—"Well, really, I don't know—I can't tell—for in my life I never—" He—"Now, now, Miss Kitty!" She—"Never ate an egg without salt."—Woonsocket Reporter.

—Insufficient Data.—"You are an expert, are you not?" said the caller." "Yes, sir." "Well, I wish you would take these two papers and tell me whether they were written by the same person." "Is it a matter of litigation?" "Very possibly." "Then it would be really impossible for me to comply with your request; not until I have learned upon which side I have been retained."—Washington Star.

GERMS IN THE DUSTPAN.

The Sweepings of the Carpet Contain Many Dangers to Health.

To those who know the true inwardness of things the sight of a housemaid brushing a dusty carpet is suggestive of many evils. The death of Pasteur has reminded the world of what is constantly present in the thoughts of medical men—namely, that while micro-organisms are the great producers of disease, dust is the great carrier of micro-organisms. Now that we know these things, it is distressing to find how little our knowledge is put to practical use, and to see old customs still unchanged, old habits which we know to be destructive carried on, and to find the housemaid on her knees, with her brush and dustpan, stirring up dust to the detriment of every one, and breathing germ-laden particles to her own destruction. It needs but a small amount of common sense to see that if carpets must continue, a thing greatly to be deprecated, they should be rubbed with a damp cloth rather than brushed, and that if, in deference to prejudice, they must be brushed, this should be done by a covered American sweeper, with plenty of damp tea leaves. Of all ways of removing dirt from a carpet the worst is by the use of the ordinary short brush, which involves the housemaid kneeling down in the midst of the dust which she so needlessly creates, and drawing it into her lungs with every breath. For ordinary household use something like linoleum, something which can be washed with a wet cloth every morning, would seem to be the best covering for floors; but if carpets must be, and it is impossible to teach the present generation comfort at the expense of future risks, at least let us remember that carpets may be washed even where they lie; that, till the day of washing comes a closed sweeper is far better than a brush, and that the worst form of brush is one with a short handle.—British Medical Journal.

A DAY IN BED.

May Be Indulged In with Profit by Tired Housewives.

If a vacation is impossible, try rest, advises a writer on women's work. There is no special satisfaction to the tired, over-worked housewife at this season to be told that she must try change of scene and moderate exercise. There is no better preventive of nervous exhaustion, we are told, than regular, unhurried muscular exercise. If we could moderate our hurry, lessen our worry and increase our open air exercise a large portion of nervous diseases would be abolished. But the tired housekeeper realizes only too well that it is not exercise she needs half so much as rest. For those who cannot get a holiday the best substitute is an occasional day in bed. Many whose nerves are constantly strained in their daily vocation have discovered this for themselves. A Spanish merchant in Barcelona told his medical man that he always went to bed whenever he could be spared from business and laughed at those who spent their holidays on toilsome mountains. One of the most successful working women in England, who had for many years conducted a large wholesale business, retains excellent nerves at an advanced age, owing, it is said, to the habit of spending one entire day of each week in bed. If we cannot avoid frequent agitation we ought, if possible, to give the nervous system time to recover between shocks. If the idea of a whole day in bed seems absurd to the tired mother and housewife at least determine to take half an hour's seclusion and rest after lunch, and it will prove a saving and not a loss of time.—Chicago Chronicle.

On Their Track.

"Ha! ha!" quoth Romeo Gruffvoice, the tragedian, as he wearily stepped from tie to tie on the way from Frostville, "'tis the first time, forsooth, I have played the roll of detective. The directors of this road know me not, but I am on their track."

"Just then a train turned the curve and the way it used him made him feel very much cut up.—N. Y. World.

"THERE is no such thing as perfection in this world," said the philosopher. "Right," assented the colonel. "Even whisky has to be nigh 50 pahsent watah."—Indianapolis Journal.

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"WITH all thy faults, I love thee still," as the husband said to his scolding wife.—J. D. F. W.

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TEMPERANCE.

COULDN'T COW HIM.

How a Quaker Editor Settled a Rum-Selling Bully.

A quiet Quaker who began the publication of a weekly paper in a western town, soon showed his colors by attacking the rum interests. He published the facts about some of the worst saloons and resorts, calling them "ulcers on the body of the community." He was especially marked and pointed in regard to a saloon "on the corner of Third and Pine streets, whose proprietor is George W——." The day after the issue of the paper the big-listed saloon keeper came into the editorial sanctum and in domineering tones delivered himself as follows: "See here. Did you write this?"

The editor glanced quite carelessly over the column indicated, and answered in a cool voice: "Yea, I did."

"You drab-coated—" (here he gave vent to a lot of profane adjectives). "Do you know that hurts my business?"

"Yea; and I am glad it does."

"You are glad it does?"

"Yea, friend, that is what I said."

The runseller was too surprised by his unexpected manner to reply for a moment; then he swore for awhile, but as it did not seem to have the effect he expected, he said: "Well, I'm here just to warn you that if you print any more against the liquor business in this town we'll make it hot for you. Now you've had your warning and you can take it or not."

"And supposing I don't take it?"

"Then look out for yourself, that's all."

"That is, thee means that personal violence will be used?" Upon this the

"WE WILL KICK YOU OUT OF THE TOWN."

editor took some notes upon a page of paper that lay before him.

"It means that we will kick you out of the town."

"'Kick you out of the town,'" repeated the editor, writing it down. "Good. And is that all?"

"We'll burn your shanty over your head if you ever come back again, and tar and feather you."

"'Burn shanty, tar and feather,'" repeated the editor, taking notes of the interview. "Go on, friend; anything else?"

The bully was somewhat mystified and showed signs of "weakening." The editor poised his pen and waited. There was a moment of silence, and then the priest of Bacchus growled: "We'll make it hot for you."

"I think thee said that before," quietly remarked the editor, and laying down his pen he calmly began to sharpen a pencil.

"We mean it, too," snarled the saloonkeeper, beginning to think he had caught a tartar.

"I am glad to hear thee speak so frankly," replied the editor, and turning his chair around he looked at the angry man with a pair of blue eyes that showed anything but fear. "But does thee know what I intend to do? I shall publish every word of this interview that thee has been pleased to give me. I shall let the good citizens know that thee has threatened me and my property with violence, and if in the future any violence is done, the authorities will know upon whom they have to lay their hands. More than this, I shall tell more of the doings at thy place than I have told yet. And more, if thee comes here again to threaten me with what thee and thy comrades in sin propose to do, I will turn thee over to the authorities for trespassing on my property. Thy name is George W——. Thy saloon is on the corner of Third and Pine. Now that I have all the particulars, thee may go, while I write the article."

There was an impressive silence. The cowed bully eyed the editor with rage and hesitancy, but the eye of the Quaker was calm as a mirror. Besides, the bully noted that he was broad shouldered, weighed about 190 pounds, and his hands looked as if he had once followed the plow or wielded the sledge. The bully quietly went out, the editor began work on the interview, and naught was heard but the scratching of the editorial pen.—Rev. G. D. Coleman, in Union Signal.

Alcohol in "Temperance" Drinks.

English temperance drinks have a large proportion of alcohol, according to recent testimony before the liquor commission. Of 658 samples of herb beer examined in 1894 by the Inland revenue department 318 contained more than two per cent. of proof spirit and 130 more than three per cent. Parsnip beer was found to contain over 13 per cent., which is much stronger than ordinary beer. "Teetotal sherry," containing no grape juice, but compounded of sugar and bisulphide of lime, is declared to be a "most objectionable drink." A startling expert declaration was that old whisky, though more grateful to the taste, is no more wholesome than new.

Temperance teaching in Irish schools received an impetus from the National School Teachers' congress in Belfast this spring.

REMEDY FOR HARD TIMES.

What the Money Wasted on the Saloons Would Do.

In an able article under this caption in the Christian Herald (Michigan), Rev. Fred C. Britten has this to say of strong drink as one of the causes of hard times:

How much waste does it cause? Directly, $1,500,000,000 annually. The figures show that in 1892 the annual liquor bill of the United States was $1,200,000,000, and it was increasing at the rate of from one or two hundred millions every year. Do you know what $1,200,000,000 would do? It would build 200,000 homes at $2,000 each, put $1,500 worth of furniture in each of them, add $1,000 each to the salaries of all the Gospel ministers in the land, and leave a five-dollar gold piece for every man, woman and child in the United States.

There is an indirect waste of vastly more. There are 600,000 vendors whose labor is unproductive. There are 600,000 victims who are incapacitated for labor by drink. A waste of the labor of 1,200,000 men! Suppose these men were set to work at a productive industry. They would earn, at $1.50 a day, $1,800,000 in one day. They would produce more than that, else the employer would make no profit. There are 300 working days in a year. Hence they will earn $540,000,000 a year. Hence there is a waste of this sum every year because of this unproductive labor. Add $540,000,000 to $1,200,000,000 and you have $1,740,000,000 annual waste. The figures show that over 90 per cent. of the inmates of penitentiaries are there because of crimes committed while under the influence of drink. Add to this waste 90 per cent. of all the taxes paid to support in all the states penitentiaries, police courts and jails. Who can count the waste caused by drink?

The decalogue has been for centuries the great test of morality. The saloon breaks and causes others to break every commandment. Nothing so transgresses Divine law. Nothing so contaminates society. In North Carolina there is a great "breathing cave." In the winter a violent wind rushes into it, carrying all before it. It is impossible at times for a man to walk against that wind. Cattle seeking shelter frequently come too near the cave and perish. In the spring the wind changes and blows out hairs and bones and a horrible stench, making the atmosphere unbearable for miles. The saloon is the great breathing cave of society. It draws in our boys and girls, the flowers of manhood and womanhood. It breathes out destroyed bodies, ruined characters, putrefied carcasses and woe to contaminate society.

GENERAL GLEANINGS.

"The saloon cannot be mended; it must be ended."—Rev. F. W. Hamilton.

Great Britain's drink bill last year would have paid the rent of all the houses in the country.

The brewer's horse is kept fat by food taken from the poor man's child.—Ram's Horn.

It must be a terrible trial to some church members, to think there is no bottled beer in Heaven.—Motive.

A desire to kill the saloon and then vote to perpetuate it has never yet made Satan tremble.—Corner Stone.

Maine has no breweries or distilleries, but it has 30 loan and building associations in active operation.—Pacific Ensign.

It is stated on good authority that in Bohemia, 33 owners hold 17-100ths of the land and own 123 big breweries and 35 distilleries.

Intemperance among London women is increasing. The metropolitan police returns show that there has been a decided advance during the last two years in the number of women apprehended for drunkenness.

Good templary was born and nurtured in central New York in 1851 and soon spread throughout the United States and Canada to countries beyond the sea, numbering to-day about 400,000 adult and 200,000 juvenile members.

EFFECTS OF SUNDAY CLOSING.

A Priest Points Out the Vast Amount of Good That Has Resulted from the Reform in New York City.

In a communication to the Freeman's Journal Rev. A. P. Doyle, of the Paulist Fathers, makes a vigorous and eloquent plea in defense of Police Court Commissioner Roosevelt and his Sunday-closing policy. He says:

"I think the practical experience of every priest in New York, from a moral point of view, will affirm that the movement of Roosevelt has done as much for practical morality in the city of New York as any other one factor. Certainly incontrovertible statistics prove this fact. A few straws show which way the current tends. The savings banks estimate their increased deposits by remarkable figures that run into the millions. The pawnbrokers' shops are complaining of decreased business. Women are coming to the civil magistrates and asking again for the custody of their children whom they placed in public institutions during the open Sunday saloon time of last year. The public hospitals report a notably decreased number of accident cases on Sunday night and Monday morning. The civil magistrates have fewer family brawls and neighborhood quarrels to settle. Many children are attending school this year who last year were prevented on account of want of shoes or clothes. All these significant facts are directly traceable to the movements toward higher civic virtue started by Mr. Roosevelt."

Increase Rate of Mortality.

It is a delusion that is gradually being shattered that malt liquors, taken moderately, are not injurious to physical health. Mr. Shepard Homans, so well known as one of the highest authorities in life insurance statistics, says: "It is my observation that malt liquor, taken habitually by the moderate drinker, tends to increase mortality, for it is a fact that the rate of mortality is greater among the Germans than among our native American people."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Our land was needed in Europe to the extent of 474,895,274 pounds, at a valuation of $36,821,598.

—The American sheep in the form of mutton and on the hoof went abroad last year to the amount of 591,449 pounds, valued at $47,832.

—The Europeans are learning to appreciate oleomargarine, or imitation butter, for, last year, they called for 10,100,897 pounds, valued at $992,468.

—The United States mints, since their establishment, have coined 4,035,205 gold pieces of all denominations, worth $43,933,475; 3,956,011 silver dollars; 16,532,594 pieces of subsidiary silver coins worth $5,113,470; and of minor coins, such as nickel, copper and bronze, 35,087,302 pieces, worth $712,594.

—The total amount paid out for all kinds of pensions in the United Kingdom for the year ending March, 1892, was £7,588,862. Then pensions for the civil list amounted to £2,101,687; for the army, £3,714,673; for the navy, £1,742,812, and for the survivors of former distinguished naval and military men, £29,720. The whole number of recipients of all classes is 162,040.

—The mosaic work with which the crypt of St. Paul's cathedral is paved was made by the female convicts at Woking prison. The quarries of the Isle of Portland, in Dorsetshire, supplied the materials for St. Paul's cathedral, and for the most splendid buildings in London. About 70,000 tons of Portland stone are now exported annually from these quarries.

—Nelson's old vessel, the Foudroyant, has been refitted again at a cost of $100,000 for exhibit at the coming Kiel naval exhibition. Her timbers are in good condition in spite of her 107 years. She was Nelson's flagship for only one year. It was from the yardarm of the Foudroyant that Prince Carraccioli, admiral of the republican fleet, a prisoner of war, was hanged without a trial. It was on the quarterdeck of the Foudroyant that Sir Ralph Abercromby died of his wounds after defeating the French at Alexandria in 1801.

LIVING TOO FAST.

The Physical Condition of the American People.

There are two most undesirable things that belong to the physical side of our nation, and one is very largely dependent upon the other if not the outgrowth of it. These are the disease called neurasthenia, better understood if we call it tired-out-nerves, and the other the serious defects of vision which we all recognize—indeed the oculists (and they are not responsible for it) are fast transforming us into a spectacled nation.

The rush and bustle of this American life is too much for us. We live too fast, eat, sleep, and die too fast. Our civilization makes us live fast. We are a quick-fortune-making people. Wall street has shown us how fortunes can be made in a day and lost in a day. To acquire the one and avoid the other has made many men of 40 assume the appearance of men of 80. It is safe to say that Wall street and the peculiar kind of fever generated in similar localities affords one of the most serious menaces to the people of this country—and I do not except social vices and the evils of liquor.

And yet every college gymnasium in the country, every Young Men's Christian association, is at work measuring and testing its members, and the results of these measurements and tests will return to us much of value. From them we shall learn what we have of physical value in certain classes of our population. True, they come from selected classes and do not by any means cover the whole ground, and yet they are most important to the student of anthropology. Our police records, too, are becoming of more value in that from them we learn more of the physical make-up of the criminal class. In many of our large cities, pursuant to a plan adopted in France and Belgium and other continental countries, exact measurements as well as photographs of all criminals are made. While this is done largely as a means of identifying later, still it is giving to us certain physical characteristics which can almost be called constants of the criminal class.—Prof. E. Hitchcock, Jr., M. D., in Chautauquan.

Decorations and Orders.

"What is the difference," asked a correspondent, apropos of Li Hung Chang's journey to Europe, "between a yellow jacket, a button, or a peacock's feather, on the one hand, and a thistle, a bath, or a garter, on the other? Why do we lavish so much ridicule on the importance attached to the first set of emblems by the Chinese when we ourselves set just as much store by the second set?" There is much force in these questions, and I commend them to the attention of the wags in the press who are always poking fun at Li Hung Chang's yellow jacket and peacock's feathers. Looking at the matter impartially, it seems to me that a yellow jacket, or a glass button, or a peacock's feather is more suitable for decorative purposes than either a bath or a garter—I do not say a thistle, because no doubt that is an object highly appropriate to many of those on whom it has been conferred.—London Truth.

A Curious Effect.

"Yes, gentlemen," said an old sexton in a large party, "they exhumed a body the other day. It was that of a boy who died nearly half a century ago. He died from the effects of swallowing a sovereign."

"Ah, and what did you find?"

"Well, we came to the skeleton, of course, but the most curious thing was—"

"Somebody had stolen the sovereign, I suppose," said one.

"Turned into gold ore again, perhaps?" ventured another.

"No, gentlemen," said the old man. "We found just three pounds eight shillings, principal and interest for 46 years."—Spare Moments.

THOREAU'S COMPANIONS.

He Made Friends in the Forest with the Life Around Him.

The mice which haunted my house were not the common ones which are said to have been introduced into the country, but a wild native kind not found in the village. I sent one to a distinguished naturalist, and it interested him very much. When I was building, one of these had its nest underneath the house, and before I had laid the second floor and swept out the shavings would come out regularly at lunch time and pick up the crumbs at my feet. It probably had never seen a man before; and it soon became quite familiar and would run over my shoes and up my clothes. It could readily ascend the sides of the room by short impulses, like a squirrel, which it resembled in its motions.

At length, as I leaned, with my elbow on the bench one day, it ran up my clothes, and along my sleeve, and round and around the paper which held my dinner, while I kept the latter close and dodged and played at bo-peep with it; and when at last I held still a piece of cheese between my thumb and finger, it came and nibbled it, sitting in my hand, and afterward cleaned its face and paws like a fly, and walked away

A phoebe soon built in my shed, and a robin for protection in a pine which grew against the house. In June the partridge, which is so shy a bird, led her brood past my windows from the woods in the rear to the front of my house, clucking and calling to them like a hen, and in all her behavior proving herself the hen of the woods. The young suddenly disperse on your approach at a signal from the mother, as if a whirlwind has swept them away, and they so exactly resemble the dried leaves and twigs that many a traveler has placed his foot in the midst of a brood and heard the whir of the old bird as she flew off, and her anxious calls and mewing, or seen her trail her wings to attract his attention, without suspecting their neighborhood. The parent will sometimes roll and spin round before you in such a dishabille that you cannot for a few moments detect what kind of a creature it is.

The young squat still and flat, often running their heads under a leaf and mind only their mother's directions given from a distance, nor will your approch make them run again and betray themselves. I have held them in my open hand, and still their only care, obedient to their mother and their instinct, was to squat there without fear or trembling. So perfect is this instinct that once, when I laid them on the leaves again, and one accidentally fell on its side, it was found with the rest in exactly the same position ten minutes afterward. The remarkable adult, yet innocent, expression of their open and serene eyes is very memorable. All intelligence seems reflected in them. They suggest not merely the purity of infancy, but a wisdom clarified by experience. Such an eye was not born when the bird was, but is coeval with the sky it reflects. The woods do not yield another such gem.—Thoreau's Life.

Afraid of Germs.

"Yes, I've broken my engagement with Miss Prettyman," declared Jones, sorrowfully.

"Have a quarrel over a philopena?" inquired his friend.

"No; it was no sudden decision, but the result of mature deliberation. I can never marry that girl."

"Why? She seemed to be absolute perfection and just suited for you in every way."

"Well, probably she is, but I couldn't stand it. You know her father is a bacteriologist who does nothing but study wiggletails through a spyglass and talk about bacilli. Every time I started to kiss the girl she would say:

"'Excuse me, but you might have the germs of tuberculosis on your lips,' and she would swab her mouth with a handkerchief wet with carbolic acid before I could kiss her. I'll just be everlastingly hornswoggled if I marry a girl who has to disinfect herself every time she wants to kiss."—San Francisco Post.

Japs Are Fond of a Joke.

The skill of Japanese jugglers is illustrated by a recent incident at a Japanese dinner, where one of them was employed to entertain the company. A foreign guest determined to have no optical delusions about what the juggler did. He never let his glances be distracted, and was not once off his guard. Nothing this, the old juggler played to him entirely. An immense porcelain vase was brought in and set in the middle of the room, and the old juggler, crawling up, let himself down into it slowly. The skeptic then sat for half an hour without taking his eyes from the vase, which he had first been convinced was sound and firm and stood on no trapdoor. After this prolonged watch, the rest of the company assailed him with laughter and jeers, and pointed to his side, where the old juggler was seated fanning himself, and had been so seated for some minutes.—London Tit-Bits.

Missed the Punctuation.

Even so slight a mistake as the misplacing of a comma brought sharp disappointment to a Frenchman in Washington the other day, according to a report in the Pathfinder. The Frenchman had grown fond of horseflesh. It is explained, and was greatly pleased on taking up a bill of fare in one of the fashionable restaurants of the capital to read: "Pot roast horse, radish sauce." The waiter was at his elbow, and the people at the next table heard the Frenchman say, eagerly: "Bring to me, eef you please, some of ze roast horse, wiz ze radish sauce."—N. Y. Mercury.

A Queer Guarantee.

In an Irish daily there recently appeared this advertisement: "Wanted—A gentleman to undertake the sale of a patent medicine; the advertiser guarantees it will be profitable to the undertaker."—Household Words.

MADE SECURE BY WATER.

Prison Cells Rendered Impregnable Against All Attempts to Escape.

There is on exhibition in Boston a model of a cell for prisoners from which a criminal would find it practically impossible to attempt to escape without giving an alarm that would bring a guard rushing up to his door before either the lock or the door or the steel tubes of which the cell is composed were broken or even cracked, says the Philadelphia News. The protection is not afforded primarily by electricity, although electricity plays a part in the device. The chief protective agent is water, which fills every length and every joint in the steel tubes forming the entire cell. The water is maintained in the tubes at a certain pressure, indicated on a gauge in the watchman's room, and the slightest decrease in pressure of this water, such as would be made by the cracking of a tube so that no more than a cubic inch of water could escape, would release the pointer on the gauge, allowing it to turn slightly and thus make an electric connection with an electric bell. The bell then rings continuously until the circuit is broken by the watchman. At the same time that the bell rings, on an annunciator above is shown the number of the cell where the water is escaping from the tube.

Unlike modern cells that are made with solid steel bars, the floors and ceiling do not have to be made of steel plates, through which the criminal can often cut his way or on which his movements in the cell keep up a continuous noise sufficient to make the cellroom too noisy for the watchman to hear the slight sound of a saw or an auger in a particular cell. This new cell is a cage. The sides, floor, ceiling and door are all made of steel tubes, set so closely together that they could not be sprung apart to any advantage. Even the hinges and the bolts of the door are filled with water, always ready to give the alarm if its pressure is changed in the slightest degree, yet inclosed in such a manner that the prisoner cannot make any attempt to break or cut his way out of the cell without changing the pressure.—St. Louis Republic.

THE ISLAND CONTINENT.

Australia Is a Land of Loveliness Through All the Seasons.

"There is nothing," we are told, "that astonishes the stranger visiting Australia for the first time so much as the variety and beauty of its flowers." Australia is, indeed, a land of floral loveliness, and nowhere has nature been more lavish in her gifts of bud and blossom than in New South Wales. The landscape is an endless panorama of surpassing beauty.

There is a plethora of color in the flowers that everywhere meet the gaze. They are not placed here and there only, to give one the impression of limit; they cover mountains and valleys in all kinds of forms and shades of beauty. Climbers, in rich crimson and interspersed with every color, are multiplied by millions and scattered with a prodigal hand that knows no stint nor bound, save that of infinitude itself, until every shrub and plant and bush, robed in splendor, makes the country gay with blue and gold and many colored dyes.

The gorgeous coloring of the Australian floral kingdom is hardly to be excelled anywhere. Among the favorite native flowers is the stately waratah, or native tulip, as it is sometimes incorrectly designed. It grows to the height of four or five feet, the slender stem being surmounted by a large dahlia-shaped flower of the deepest crimson. It is sometimes grown as a garden flower, but thrives best in the bush. The native rose, which has no resemblance save in its delicate pink tint to the favorite garden flower, is exceedingly plentiful. The blossom is small and modest, but wonderfully enduring and forms a charming addition to an Australian bouquet.

The rock lily, of which a beautiful specimen, imbedded in ice, was lately sent to the queen, is so called from its being most abundant in rocky country, where its masses of yellowish-white blossoms stand out in picturesque relief from the dense background of dark green foliage. The gigantic lily is, perhaps, the most magnificent of Australian native flowers.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

For the Outlog Season.

Overskirts in long pointed effects are among the leading features of autumn fashions.

Silver nail polishers have dainty-colored—fawn, blue, pink, etc.—chamois leather buffers.

The cream and white veils having an applique border can but receive a new impetus for the remainder of the summer.

Silk muslin embroidered with pearls and made over white silk is the latest thing for wedding gowns, and with sprays of orange blossoms here and there it is vastly more becoming to the average bride than the severe white satin.

Pique and silk is a rather incongruous combination, but it is fashionable, and so we must look upon it with favor whether we like it or not. The pique is used for collars, revers and cape effects on silk gowns, and edged around with Irish lace.—Chicago Record.

A Census Experience.

In the recent census of the county of London, the occupier of a tenement handed back a blank paper to the collector with a confused statement that it didn't apply to her. "And where do you live, then?" asked the bemuddled enumerator after a long struggle to disentangle witness. "Where do I live? Why, where should I live but in my own 'ome?" "Well, where is your home?" "This is my 'ome, of course it is." "But you said just now that you didn't sleep here last night." "No more I did. I never slept a minute all night long, and my 'usband 'll tell 'e the same."—Household Words.

ACROSS THE SEA.

The Deserted Wife Won the Race by Four Hours.

A race across 2,000 miles of water for a wife was recently ended at Ellis Island. The race was between Mrs. Franz Molineaux, a deserted wife, and a young girl, Bertha Neibling, the husband's sweetheart.

The wife won the race by four hours and, incidentally, the erring husband.

Molineaux had been wealthy in Berlin. He had married the daughter of a rich grain merchant. When he failed in business he quarreled with his wife, for she made some remark about his poverty which angered him. He left her, saying that he would go to America and begin life over again. They were proud and she permitted him to go alone, although in her heart she loved him.

The man came over here and by hard work established himself and was in receipt of a good salary. He thought sometimes of the woman over in Berlin. She was living with her wealthy father, who was very fond of her. In a spirit of pique the husband sent across the sea for another woman to share the home he had made here at 1860 Lexington avenue.

Mrs. Molineaux heard of the other woman and embarked in all haste on [illegible] bound for New York.

The other one, Bertha Neibling, was a steerage passenger on the Venetia from Hamburg. The Venetia sailed first, yet the fast steamer Lahn beat her into port by four hours, with Mrs. Molineaux in the first cabin.

She had little difficulty in interesting the authorities in her case. Detective Peter Groden found her husband and informed him that a woman was at Ellis Island waiting to see him. Molineaux was taken there and the commissioner of immigration asked some very searching questions. Then he dismissed him to another room and talked to Mrs. Molineaux. Neither husband nor wife knew of the presence of the other on the island.

They were brought into the same room. The wife at the sight of her husband threw her arms around his neck and fainted.

She recovered opportunely and told him how cruelly she had misunderstood him and that she would willingly share poverty and a crust of bread with him.

No man could resist talk like that. Molineaux kissed her on the forehead and vowed he would be true to her to the end of time. So they went to 1860 Lexington avenue together, where they will dwell.

The other woman? The story is practically finished as far as she is concerned. The immigration authorities came to the conclusion that as she had no friends here now and was likely to become a public charge the best thing they could do would be to send her back to Germany.—Chicago Record.

TOO LATE.

The Fortune Which Came at Last to a Wasted Life.

Nothing is more pathetic in this world than the fate which brings the fulfillment of ardent hopes only "when the grasshopper has become a burden and desire hath failed." Such a commentary on the vanity of human anticipations occurred not long ago to one of the toilers of Babylon, who, longing beyond everything for the good things of this world, had, like Tantalus, reached out ever in vain for the cakes and ale of existence. They always seemed just beyond his grasp, until finally they were within touch, when they dropped from the nerveless, tired fingers that were too weak to hold them.

Born to expectations which were never realized, and rendered discontented thereby with her contrasted surroundings, Miss A——'s life was one long, unskillful desire. Instead of making the best of the present, she spent her time continually in making plans for the future. Everything was sacrificed to the elusive hope of the possible riches which would, she imagined, once obtained, make life so delightful and desirable. She might have been a happy wife and mother and a useful woman in her generation; if it had not been for the mirage of wealth ever before her longing eyes—a dream which made her commonplace surroundings insupportable.

So the years wore on; youth and beauty took flight, friends grew fewer and fewer, until in the midst of a joyless and purposeless middle age Miss A—— fell ill with a long, incurable illness. Then, and then only, when the world, as far as she was concerned, had narrowed itself down to the confines of a small room, and even that grew dimmer and more unreal day by day, came the consummation of her hopes. An aged relative died and left her the fortune for which she had so longed.

"Oh, take them away!" she cried, with exceeding bitterness, when they brought her the papers that represented so much and yet so little—for truly "man walketh in a vain shadow and disquieteth himself in vain; he heapeth up riches and cannot tell who shall gather them."—N. Y. Tribune.

No Reflection.

The festivities at the coming of age of the present Lord Hopetoun included a service at the parish church, which was filled with members of the great Hope family and also with members of the Hope clan. The feelings of the congregation thus composed can be imagined when the minister began his discourse with the words: "My brethren, the world is full of blasted hopes."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Napoleon's Reverence.

An old lady in Brussels, who recently celebrated her 100th birthday, relates that when Napoleon passed through her native village of Fumay, in 1810, a peasant having fallen on his knees to ask a favor, the emperor said: "Get up, and never kneel except to God!"—Chicago Inter Ocean

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, AUG. 20, 1896.

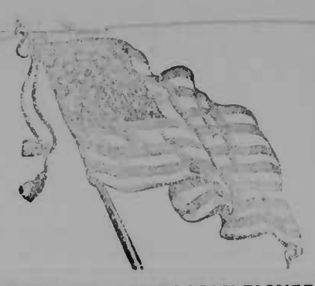

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET

For President of the United States,

WILLIAM McKINLEY,

OF OHIO.

For Vice President of the United States,

GARRET A. HOBART,

OF NEW JERSEY.

Attention, Republicans!

The Republican voters of Garrett county are hereby requested to assemble in primary meeting in their several districts on

MONDAY, AUGUST 24, 1896,
at 2 o'clock p. m.,

for the purpose of selecting five delegates to attend a county convention to be held in Oakland on

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26, 1896,

at which time delegates will be elected to the Congressional convention which will be held in Oakland on

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1896,

to nominate a candidate for Congress for the Sixth Congressional District of Maryland.

J. C. PEDDICORD,
Chairman County Committee.

THE spectacular in politics, like any other passing show, amuses the people for a brief season, but the serious and practical concerns of life have no use for it.

G. CLEVELAND does not yet appear to know that W. J. Bryan is running for president of the United States. And this G. Cleveland is the only man the Democrats have elected president in 40 years.

He Writes a Few Letters.

Mr. Bryan is now sending personal letters of thanks to all the Democratic papers that have not bolted. It will probably take fully a dollar to pay for the stationery and postage used in this noble work.

ONE extreme follows another. The wettest July on record is followed by the hottest August remembered in the present generation. In the loss of property by floods and in the number of deaths by heat, the summer of 1896 has left its impress in a way not soon to be forgotten.

Actions Speak Louder Than Words.

As to whether or not Mr. Bryan's Eastern trip has been a failure there is a triumphant assertion on the one side and angry denial on the other. Here, however, is a cold fact. According to the original programme he was to go on to Maine. The next day after the Madison Square speech there was as conference of his managers, and as a result it was announced that the trip to Maine had been abandoned, and that for the present Mr. Bryan will go into retirement. So ends that Eastern trip which was to accomplish such great things.

Why, Indeed?

If pensions are not to be reduced one-half by being paid in depreciated silver, why are the Free Silver men so vociferous about "reducing the expenses of the Government by Free Coinage"?

Why did they vote down by an overwhelming majority Senator Hill's resolution that the new financial system should not apply to existing obligations and contracts?

Why did they make no reservation or expression in favor of the pensioners?

The only allusion to them in the Chicago platform was alarmingly significant from its brevity and narrowness of range.

IN THE Congressional Record of June 12, 1874, on Page 4909, will be found a speech by Senator William M. Stewart, of Nevada, in which he said:

The question never will be settled until you determine the simple question whether the laboring man is entitled to have a gold dollar if he earns it, or whether you are going to cheat him with something else.

It is difficult to believe, we admit, that the Nevada Senator ever did say anything so sensible as that, but the proof is absolute.

And yet Mr. Stewart has tried to bolster up the cause of free silver by citing instances in which gold-standard men once thought free coinage a good thing.

A motto for working men and women: "A dollar's worth of dollar for a dollar's worth of work."

IN HIS Madison Square speech Mr. Bryan said: "A gold standard encourages the hoarding of money because money is rising; it also discourages enterprise and paralyzes industry." Mr. Bryan makes an assumption that is contrary to all experience. When the gold standard is threatened people take to hoarding and hiding their money, and when confidence returns the hoarded treasure again flows into the channels of trade. What hoarding is now done is due wholly to the silver agitation, and the crippled condition of industry has arisen from the same cause. Business enterprise, manufacturing industry and commerce flourish only under normal conditions, the first of which is confidence in the security and stability of the standard of money. The Populists threaten this security and stability and assert that the want of confidence is due to the hoarding of money, thus substituting the effect for the cause.

The Charge Against Mr. Bryan.

The charge that Mr. Bryan is a free coinage man "for revenue only" has been repeatedly made in a general way. It is now made in the most explicit terms by a man who professes to know all the facts in the case. W. C. Paris wrote a letter to the Chicago *Evening Post*, which that journal published in a leading editorial article last week, declaring that the Bimetallic League has paid Mr. Bryan for his work in behalf of silver, and adding these specifications:

You can find the checks of the treasurer of that concern (Chambers by name, I think,) in favor of Bryan every month for the last three years passing through the bank at Lincoln, Neb. His salary was $6,000 per year when I knew about the League's work. A. J. Warner could tell you the truth if he would, but it is not likely that he would, as he, too, is paid by the League.

It seems to us that this charge demands the immediate attention of Mr. Bryan. He is a young man about whose character the American people know little. Is it true that he has been drawing $6,000 a year—or any other sum—from the Bimetallic League for advocating free coinage?

He Is not Dangerous.

We do not believe the cause of sound money is seriously menaced by Mr. Gorman's connection with Bryan's campaign. His reputation for political wisdom has become somewhat fly-blown in late years. Recent events in this State have cast a shadow upon him. He did not cut much of a figure in the last State campaign judging by the results. Once he was known as a great strategist and tactician, but the dreadful botch he made of his candidacy for the Presidency in 1892 took the shine off his somewhat fictitious reputation for political sagacity. He has never shown any of the aggressive qualities which make great political leaders. He is a compromiser and an obstructionist, but Bryan's course cannot be served by compromise. We should think Bryan's managers would feel dubious about entrusting very much responsibility to a man who has failed in every great crisis which has confronted him. They had better be satisfied that he has been smoked out of his hole, and let it go at that. Bryan says he is the friend of the people, and their friends' friend. What service, then, can the friend of trusts and monopolies do him? The Boy Orator and the Senior Senator from Havemeyer—it is a queer combination.—Balto. News.

WOOL growers in the West, and particularly those in the region beyond the Mississippi river, have had an object lesson of the effects of the silver agitation which should make them hesitate to give encouragement by their support to the political movement to perpetuate the harmful work of the cheap money propaganda. The distrust engendered by the silver craze has checked sales of manufactured goods, increased the percentage of idle mills and so narrowed the outlet and crippled the financial resources of Eastern distributors of wool that the latter have practically ceased purchases of the staple in the country markets, and in many cases have refused to make even reduced cash advances on consignments. In the judgment of wool merchants there can be no substantial recovery from the depression in the wool trade until all business interests shall have been relieved from the prostrating effects of the silver mania.

A Little Recent History.

Up to the close of 1892 the country was prosperous. Its manufactures were expanding; wages paid in good money had steadily risen. Agriculture was prosperous. The largest yields in value of wheat and corn ever known were in the previous year, and the total value of farm and farm animals was greater than ever before. All this was under twenty years of the alleged fanciful injury by "demonetization."

At the close of 1892 something happened. The policy of disturbing business conditions was put into effect. The consequence is that no business man has since then known what the next year would bring forth. The Democratic candidate then advocated lower prices; the Popocrat candidate now wants to establish nominally higher prices; and for both he proposes to unsettle business conditions, and continue a disturbance of confidence and credit that has prevailed for the past three years. The result on labor and industry every man can tell for himself.

Which do the people want—restored confidence and the activity of 1888 to 1892, or the maintenance of the times that they have experienced under the Democratic interference with business and industry?

The country needs the election of McKinley, the restoration of prosperity and a return of the gold which for three years has been flowing to England.

A motto for working men and women: "A dollar's worth of dollar for a dollar's worth of work."

Mr. Bryan Has Spoken and Great is the Disappointment.

The effect of Mr. Bryan's speech recalls the fable of the laboring mountain and the ridiculous mouse.

For weeks it has been heralded abroad that the great "boy orator" would "beard the lion in his den," and in the "heart of the enemy's country" would wipe the ground up with any and every man who dared to question the divine right of the fifty-three cent dollar to circulate as 100 cents.

Expectation was on tip-toe and thousands wended their way to Madison Square Garden, anticipating a feast of eloquence, at least of the wild and wooly west type, and expecting to enjoy for a fleeting hour the privilege of basking in the sunshine of pyrotechnic elocution and sawing-the-air oratory.

"What a fall was there, my countrymen!"

Imagine the disappointment when the great orator consumed a couple of hours in reading a printed speech chiefly devoted to reiterating the stale, worn out and exploded theories of the 16 to 1 free silver advocates. No wonder the audience could not stand it, and were as eager to leave the Garden as they had previously been to enter.

Mr. Bryan was evidently out of his element in attempting to be conservative. He was shining in his true light when, on his journey from the west, he continually appealed to the passions and not to the reason of the people, and we predict that when he is flayed by the press and his political opponents, as he will be, that he will throw off all restraint and show the communistic spirit which is now held in check by the conditions surrounding him.

We predict further, that Mr. Bryan was nearer the presidential chair on Wednesday afternoon than he ever will be again.

The platform and the candidate of the so-called Democratic party are not to be trusted. They breathe in every line and word revolution and repudiation.

A motto for working men and women: "A dollar's worth of dollar for a dollar's worth of work."

The Uprising in Kentucky.

Saturday was the day fixed for the holding of county conventions throughout Kentucky for the election of delegates to the State convention of the National Democracy which meets at Louisville, August 20th. Reports of the proceedings of these county conventions occupy twenty-three columns of the Sunday edition of the *Courier-Journal*. The revelation made of the strength and enthusiasm of the Democratic revolt found in Kentucky against the Chicago platform and candidates is almost impressive. Long lists are given of the names of prominent Democrats, in every county, who took part in the conventions. Ringing resolutions denouncing the Chicago platform and reasserting old-time Democratic principles were adopted.

Here is a specimen from the proceedings of the Fleming county convention:

Resolved, That we, the sound money Democrats of Fleming county, utterly repudiate the platform of that convention as dangerous to free government and fraught with perils to the interests of our country, and call upon the patriots to vote with us to uphold the credit of the government and maintain the parity of every dollar in the land, to maintain the integrity of the old Democratic party, whose past achievements are in danger of pollution at the hands of the Altgelds, Tillmans and Anarchists.

Resolved, That we reaffirm our allegiance to the party which was founded by Thomas Jefferson and made illustrious by such statesmen and leaders as Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Tilden, Cleveland and Carlisle.

In nearly every convention there is some marked reference to Altgeldism and the feeling in support of the power of the national government to preserve public order is as strong in support of sound money. Among the resolutions adopted by the Lawrence county convention is the following:

We believe it to be the duty of the Federal government to preserve a republican form of government in each State, and while we believe in the strict maintenance of State rights, we believe that when apathy, insanity, timidity, incapacity or collusion with outlaws prevents the proper State officers from attempting to suppress internal disorder or from making the proper call, the law abiding people are nevertheless entitled to Federal protection.

The Hart county convention was addressed by Gen. Buckner, and he was elected at the head of the list of county delegates to the State convention. The Woodford county convention was addressed by State Senator Henry L. Martin, who has been a leader of the Blackburn faction, and was active in the struggle to re-elect Blackburn to the United States Senate. He said that he was still a Blackburn man, "but when the Chicago convention went outside the party and nominated a Populist for President and adopted an anarchistic platform, he was forced to bolt to maintain his self-respect."

At Lexington Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge addressed the convention and acted as chairman of the Committee on Resolutions. It is well known that Col. Breckinridge is working hard to get back into public life, and when he throws in his lot with the movement it is a pretty sure indication that it is powerful in his direction.

Whatever may be the prospects of a straightout Democratic ticket in other States, there is now no doubt that it will be supported with great earnestness and enthusiasm in Kentucky. If the movement was confined solely to those who attended the county conventions it would be a formidable one, but the prominent Democrats who gathered in every county were representative men who have a large following. It would not be at all surprising if it should turn out in Kentucky, as it did once before in Nebraska, that the sound money Democrats, although bolters, polled a larger vote than the renegade regulars.

He Is Not a Boy Orator.

"Henry!"

"Yes, your excellency?"

"I see that Bourke Cockran is to reply to the Boy Orator."

"Yes, sire."

"Well, Henry, it will not be necessary for Mr. Cockran to read an eight-column essay in order to say something."

Speaker Mudd for Congress.

LA PLATA, MD., Aug. 18.—The fifth district Republican Congressional convention to-day attracted a large number of persons from every county in the district. The 10 o'clock train that came down from Baltimore had two extra coaches attached for delegates from the upper counties. The seventeenth ward delegation, consisting of thirty-two delegates, headed by Benjamin F. Hiss, was also on the train, and when they arrived they marched around the town.

It soon became apparent after the arrival of the delegates from the counties of the district that the sentiment was overwhelmingly in favor of the nomination of ex-Representative S. E. Mudd as candidate for Congress.

The two factions from Howard county, one led by State Senator George D. Day and the other by H. R. Hughes soon get together and composed their differences—both delegations were seated and each given half a vote. Dr. W. G. Tuck, who has been a candidate announced his adhesion to Mr. Mudd, whereupon that gentleman was nominated by acclamation.

Another Republican Club.

The Republicans of district No. 12 met on last Saturday night in the school house at Bittinger and organized a Republican campaign club with a membership of something near fifty.

Mr. Thos. B. Wiley was made president; Geo. W. Engle, vice-president and Henry Bittinger secretary.

The members of the club were enthusiastic and the meeting was a great success.

Crayon for Markers.

Thick crayons of indelible black will be used to mark ballots at the next election, instead of the cross mark stamps which have been used since the Australian ballot system was adopted.

The crayons are made in Philadelphia.

They have no wood or other covering except a wrapping of paper, and consequently there will be no trouble to keep them sharpened on election day.

The use of the stamp and ink pads was discontinued under the provisions of the new election law because the Booze-Rusk contest showed clearly that when ballots were folded the mark often became transferred to another place on the ballot before the ink became dry.

A Mad Dog Scare.

The residents in the vicinity of Friendsville, this county, were much wrought up on last Monday over a mad dog running amuck in that neighborhood.

It is thought that the dog came over into this county from Pennsylvania. At the farm of Isaiah Friend, near Friendsville, the brute bit two dogs and two hogs belonging to Mr. Friend. His daughter escaped from the dog by climbing a tree. At Mr. Silas Cuppett's near McHenry, the dog was seen again and there bit a dog and a hog belonging to him. From McHenry the dog came on to Deep Creek and was seen at the farm of Mr. Upton Cuppett. Here he took the track back toward Friendsville and was met near that place by Messrs. Frank Welsh and Albert Frazee, who succeeded in killing it after a narrow escape from being bitten.

TEETHING TROUBLES

are controlled and cured by

LAUGHLIN'S

INFANT CORDIAL

If the baby comes safely through the teething period its most dangerous time is past. The Cordial relieves the tingling ache of the little gums, controls the bowels, cures colic—brings safely out of danger.

Every bottle guaranteed.

All druggists, 25 cents.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Prop's,
WHEELING, W. VA.

WE WANT YOU

to act as our agent. We furnish an expensive outfit and all you need free. It costs nothing to try the business. We will treat you well, and help you to earn ten times ordinary wages. Both sexes of all ages can live at home and work in spare time, or all the time. Any one any where can earn a great deal of money. Many have made **Two Hundred Dollars a Month.** No class of people in the world are making so much money without capital as those at work for us. Business pleasant, strictly honorable, and pays better than any other offered to agents. You have a clear field, with no competition. We equip you with everything, and supply printed directions for beginners which, if obeyed faithfully, will bring more money than will any other business. Improve your prospects! Why not? You can do so easily and surely at work for us. Reasonable industry only necessary for absolute success. Pamphlet circular giving every particular is sent free to all. Delay not in sending for it.

GEORGE STINSON & CO.,
Box No. 488, Portland, Me.

THOMAS R. McROBIE,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street.
All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

COUNCIL CHAMBER,
OAKLAND, MD., Aug. 17, 1896.

Sealed proposals will be received until two o'clock, p. m., Monday, September 7, 1896, for the erection of an iron bridge over the B. & O. railroad in line with Oak street, span 108 feet, roadway 12 feet clear and one 4 foot side walk. Bids for masonry will also be received. Plan and specification of each on file. The right to reject any and all bids is reserved.

By order Town Council,
J. C. DUNHAM, Clerk.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., August 19, 1896.

The annual examination of teachers for Garrett county will be held at

Accident, Thursday and Friday, September 3d and 4th,

Oakland, Monday and Tuesday, September 7th and 8th,

Grantsville, Thursday and Friday, September 10th and 11th.

Examinations to begin at 9 a. m.

Examination of both first and second grade applicants will be conducted at the same time.

All teachers present and expecting to teach the coming school year will be required to take the examination.

Applicants will be required to provide themselves with a pencil, tablet, pen and ink. Examination paper will be furnished free.

By order of the Board.

Aug. 20—2t. U. G. PALMER, Examiner.

We must get your trade

no matter what it costs us,

So we will make all $18 and $20 suits for

. . $15.00. . .

They are of the finest imported cheviots and include the latest rage of New York and London, namely, the bronze checks. We guarantee them to be first-class in workmanship and perfect fitting.

For the next Thirty Days,

Suits cleaned and pressed to look like new for $1.00. Coat 50 cents, pants 35 cents, vest 25 cents.

M. COHEN, Tailor,
Oakland, Md.

Senator Sherman on the Silver Question.

On last Saturday at Columbus, Ohio, Senator Sherman delivered a speech on the silver question. From it we have extracted the following:

When the war was over the Republican party sought to restore specie payment as soon as practicable. In March, 1869, it pledged the faith of the nation to payment in coin, or its equivalent, of all bonds of the United States and to redeem the United States notes at the earliest praticable moment in coin. In order to carry out this pledge it became necessary to revise the various coinage laws of the United States. This was carefully done by a bill framed in the Treasury Department while Mr. Boutwell was Secretary. It was thoroughly considered by the experts of that department, and was printed and submitted to all persons in the United States who were supposed to be familiar with the coinage laws.

This bill was pending in Congress for three years, was carefully considered in both houses, and special attention was called to the omission of the 412½ grains silver dollar, which was never in the bill at any stage, and the reasons for this omission given. It was finally determined, at the urgent request of members from the Pacific coast, to insert among the silver coins a trade dollar containing 420 grains of standard silver, but this dollar was made, like the minor coins, a legal tender for five dollars only.

There was but one yea-and-nay vote on the bill, and that was on the proposition to repeal the charge made by the mint for the coinage of gold. I voted against its repeal. The bill passed both houses and became a law Febuary 12, 1872, by practically a unanimous vote of both parties, and was specially supported and voted for by the Senators and members from the silver States. This has been called the crime of 1873, and as the bill was under my charge in the Senate I was held to be the chief criminal. It was, in fact, a wise measure of public policy, carefully discussed and considered during three years.

When we test the ontcry against this act with the silver facts shown by the official record it appears simply ludicrous. The total number of silver dollars coined from 1792 to 1873 was 8,031,238, while the number of trade dollars issued under the coinage act of 1873, containing 7½ grains more silver than the old dollars. 35,965,925, and the number of standard silver dollars coined under the Bland-Allison act of 1878 was 430,790,-041, or 54 times the number issued before 1873.

There have been a great many battles fought against gold, and gold has always won. Gold has made the world respect it all the time. The English people once thought they could get along without gold for awhile, but they had to come back to it.

We cannot by law fix the value of either metal, or coin, or of any of the articles that enter into the wants of life. The great law of demand and supply affects the value as it does iron, copper or zinc. All have fallen in market value by means of new discoveries and improved methods of production.

The United States has thus far maintained its silver coins at parity with gold coinage and by limiting the amount, but with free coinage of silver there could be no limitation. Silver bullion in every form will be pressed upon the mints, and with the mandatory duty of free coinage, silver dollars will soon fill the channels of circulation and the gold dollar will be hoarded, or will be quoted at its commercial value.

If the free coinage of silver is authorized, then the market value of silver bullion becomes the standard for payments on all contracts made in the past, the present or the future: 412½ grains of standard silver bullion, worth now 53 cents, can with free coinage be coined into a dollar upon the demand of any holder of any such bullion.

It is impossible to estimate the wrong and injustice that will be done to creditors by the scaling of nearly one-half of debts due them. The very threat to do it will lead to the rapid collection of debts, the sacrifice of property and deepen existing financial difficulties.

Free coinage will wipe out nearly one-half the value of life insurance which provident people of the United States have paid to secure in case of their death some support and protection to wife and children. It will effect injuriously the multitude of clerks and employes who depend upon monthly pay and will reduce the purchasing power of all salaries of officers and employes in the public service of the United States and of every State, county, city or township in this broad land.

But by far the greatest injury resulting from the free coinage of silver will fall upon workingmen. The struggle between the workingmen and employer will then commence, and no one knows better than the workingmen how difficult it is to get an advance of pay. We have strikes and strife enough now, when the workingmen gets his pay in gold coin or its equivalent, but what will be the condition when he is paid in cheaper money of the same nominal amount, but of less purchasing power.

If this policy should be adopted the United States will take its place among the nations of the earth as a bankrupt, closing its business at 53 cents on the dollar.

The United States has always paid its bonds in gold coin or its equivalent. All of the war debt has been paid by the sale of bonds bearing a lower rate of interest, but we exacted from the purchasers of these bonds gold coin or its equivalent, even while our notes were below par in coin.

About $847,000,000 of these securities are now outstanding, of which $262.000,000 was sold by this administration and paid for in gold coin. It is one of the objects of those who advocate the free coinage of silver to force the Government to pay these bonds in silver reduced in value. It is harsh to express this opinion of a measure favored by many good people, but I cannot regard it in any other light but as both a fraud and a robbery.

A Maryland Altoona.

An order has been issued by General Manager Green, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, to have the company's new terminals and shops at Cumberland, Md., which have been under construction several years, ready for occupancy September 1st.

The improvements are extensive and cost about $300,000. They were planned under President Mayer's administration. The work has been done under the supervision of Chief Engineer Manning.

General Manager Green said yesterday that it is intended to concentrate as much of the Baltimore and Ohio's repair work at Cumberland as practicable. The third division of the system, which now extends from Keyser to Grafton, will be changed so as to take in the road from Cumberland to Grafton. The headquarters at Keyser will be removed to Cumberland. From the latter city also extend the second division and the Pittsburg division. With the men employed in the shops and at the terminals, as well as the men of the clerical force, who will remove to Cumberland, that city will receive a considerable accession to its population.

The changes will make Cumberland's relations to the B. & O. approach in importance those of Altoona to the Pennsylvania railroad system.

Buildings which have been erected by the B. & O. at Cumberland include one of the largest round houses on the system. It is 360 feet in circumference, with 44 stalls, and has a double-track entrance. Fire pits are provided and the building is heated by steam. It has an iron truss roof covered with slate.

The machine shop is 60 by 80 feet; store room 25 by 40; blacksmith shop 60 by 45 feet, and the toolroom 17 by 24 feet. Each building has an iron-truss, slate-covered roof.

The shops are equipped with the most approved tools and the arrangement of the plant is designed for the most economical handling of materials.

A steel coal trestle, with fifty-two pockets has been built to supply locomotives with coal. It is arranged so that a tender can be hauled up alongside and filled with coal through a chute by gravitation. Near by are a sandhouse, ash pit and water tank, so that locomotives can be quickly handled.

Grading has been finished for a large freight yard to accommodate about 800 cars and some of the track-laying is finished.

Notice of Dissolution.

This is to give notice that the firm of Lish & Harvey, doing a general mercantile business at Kearney, have dissolved by mutual consent. All debters are hereby notified to call and settle their accounts before Sept. 1st, 1896.

24–3t. LISH & HARVEY.

Died.

At Hambleton, W. Va,, August 11, 1896, Etta Blanche, daughter of A. L. and Julia A. C. Mason, aged just two years. Little Blanche, though her days on earth were few, was a very bright and interesting child. She had many winning ways which charmed and endeared her to all who knew her in the short life she lived. To Mr. and Mrs. Gilpin, her uncle and aunt, her death is doubly sad. They being childless, she had endeared herself so to them that they were almost broken hearted. She was the idol of their hearts, the joy of their life and solace of many lonely hours.

Rest, little one, rest in peace.

The Mountain Paths of Garrett.

A TRAMP'S POEM.

Oh, the mountain paths of Garrett,
On the summit of Backbone,
Where weary souls may wander
In vast solitudes, alone;
When the balmy breath of heaven
Gives the pulse a stronger life,
And frees the soul from trouble
Of lurking care and strife.

There may be no balm in Gilead,
No cure for lives outworn—
But the soul with pleasure lingers
In the mountain paths at morn
When the earth with dewy sweetness,
And the woods with rare perfume
Fills the heart with vernal brightness,
And dispels the grief and gloom.

When the bloom is on the buckwheat,
And the skies are deepest blue,
And the distant mountains rising
Seem like castles to my view;
Then I catch a glimpse of dreamland,
With the golden gates ajar,
And I see the loved and lost one
As a shining angel star.

When the katydids and crickets
Chirp of roses lost in June,
And the night bird's cooing softly
To the waxing harvest moon;
Then the mountain paths of Garrett,
On the summit of Backbone,
Would thrill with subtle pleasure
A heart of hardest stone.

—THOS. L. JACKSON.

August 18, 1896.

What He Wanted.

President Cleveland will get one Maryland vote.

"I was in Hagerstown the other day," said a traveling man to a reporter, "when I met a farmer and began to ask him about political affairs in his neighborhood.

"'How do von folks feel about free silver?" I began.

"'We ain't caring much about it', was the reply.

"'How about the tariff?'

"'Well, I don't see any differenee, high tariff or low tariff. It's bugs that bother us most.'

"'Who are you going to vote for?'

"'Cleveland. He's the best President we ever had.'

"'But he is not a candidate.'

"'I don't care. I'll vote him, anyway, I can vote for who I please. There is no law agin it. These politicians talk abont the kinds of money and tariffs. That ain't what we farmers want. Why my hogs took sick and I wrote to Mr. Cleveland to know what he did for cholera hogs and he just had his hog doctor, Salmon is his name, sent me a prescription that knocked out the cholera in three days. Borers got in my trees and I wrote to the President again and got a book about 'em. What I am for after is a President who knows something about hog cholera and bugs.—Washington Star.

New Germany.

Harvesting about done.

Maust's saw mill is running again after a delay of a week caused by the bursting of the bolier.

A lawn fete was held at the Reformed church Saturday evening, August 8th, which proved to be the event of the season. Walking for cakes was one of the amusements of the evening. The prizes taken were as follows: First prize, John Bancord. jr., and Miss Jennie Montgomery; second prize, Richard Dunn and Miss Sarah McBride; third prize, Ernest Chaney and Charley Garlitz. Your fortune, too, could be purchased for a nickle put up very neatly in a peanut shell and sold by pretty young ladies. Some of the young men were pleased with the little slip of paper taken from the peannt, and some we are sorry to say were not.

Mr. H. M. Miller and Miss Minnie Broadwater went to Mt. Lake Park on Talmage day.

A much needed school house will be erected at this place in the near future.

Mr. Joel Hershbarger, of West Virginia, is visiting relatives here at present.

The army worm has disappeared; so have a good quantity of our oats.

Harvest home services will be held in the Trinity Reformed church September 30th.

Misses Sarah and Stella Tiley, of Frostburg, are visiting Miss Zilphia Durst.

Rev. Faulkner, of the M. E. church, admitted, last Sunday, fourteen probationers to full connection.

Miss Jennie Montgomery, of Lonaconing, was the guest of Miss Etta Bancord on Monday of last week.

Mrs. Henry Fresh and sister, Miss Bertie Gummett, of Frostburg, are the guests of Mr. Jacob Fresh, jr. XXI.

For Sale.

The undersigned offers at private sale the cottage in which he now resides at Mountain Lake Park, Md., on the most reasonable terms. Eleven rooms with large veranda on three sides and out buildings, with two or four lots.

This is one of the most desirable buildings and locations in the Park.

Also 75 tons of fine clean timothy hay perfectly seasoned and put up without one drop of rain on it. Address, J. C. Alderson, Mountain Lake Park, Md. 2t.

Circuit Court Order.

Whereas, under the provisions of the Act of 1896, chapter 461, Columbus Paugh and 116 other registered voters in Election District Number Eight of Garrett county, Maryland, on the 31st day of July, 1896, filed with E. Z. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for said Garrett county, a written petition praying that a new election be held in said Election District Number Eight, at the next Congressional election to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors shall be sold in said district, and the said number of registered voters so petitioning being at least one-third in number of votes cast at the next preceding election in said district, It is this 31st day of July, 1896, ordered that the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county be directed to proclaim notice of a new election to be held in said Election District Number Eight, at the next Congressional election, on November 3rd, 1896, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxiection shall be sold in said district, unless however, a counter petition from said election district, larger in number than the one filed as aforesaid, be presented before the first day of September, 1896.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks prior to the first day of September, 1896, in The Republican and the Mountain Democrat, two newspapers printed in Garrett county.

DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy.
Test:—E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Circuit Court Order.

Whereas, under the provisions of the Act of 1896, Chapter 461, Wm. D. Hoye and 111 other registered voters in Election District Number Ten of Garrett county, Maryland, on the 31st day of July, 1896, filed with E. Z. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for said Garrett county, a written petition praying that a new election be held in said Election District Number Ten, at the next Congressional election to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors shall be sold in said district, and the said number of registered voters so petitioning being at least one-third in number of votes cast at the next preceding election in said district, it is this 31st day of July, 1896, ordered that the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county be directed to proclaim notice of a new election to be held in said Election District Number Ten at the next Congressional election, on November 3rd, 1896, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or mediented bitters producing intoxication shall be sold in said district, unless however, a counter petition from said Election District, larger in number than the one filed as aforesaid be presented before the first day of September, 1896.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks prior to the first day of September, 1896, in The Republican and the Mountain Democrat, two newspapers printed in Garrett county.

DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy.
Test:—E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Circuit Court Order.

Whereas, under the provisions of the Act of 1896, Chapter 461, Eugene Teats and 81 other registered voters in Election District Number Six of Garrett county, Maryland, on the 31st day of July, 1896, filed with E. Z. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for said Garrett county, a written petition praying that a new election be held in said Election District Number Six, at the next Congressional election on November 3rd, 1896, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication, shall be sold in said district, unless however, a counter petition from said Election District, larger in number than the one filed as aforesaid, be presented before the first day of September, 1896.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks prior to the first day of September, 1896, in The Republican and the Mountain Democrat, two newspapers printed in Garrett county.

DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy.
Test.—E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Circuit Court Order.

Wherens, under the provisions of the Act of 1896, Chapter 461, R. Sterling and 237 other registered voters in Election District Number Two of Garrett county, Maryland, on the 28th day of July, 1896, filed with E. Z. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for said Garrett county, a written petition praying that a new election be held in said Election District Number Two, at the next Congressional election to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors shall be sold in said district, and the said number of voters so petitioning being at least one-third in number of votes cast at the next preceding election in said district, it is this 31st day of July, 1896, ordered that the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county be directed to proclaim notice of a new election to be held in said Election District Number Two at the next Congressional election on November 3rd, 1896, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or mediated bitters producing intoxication shall be sold in said district, unless however, a counter petition from said Election District larger in number than the one filed as aforesaid be presented before the first day of September, 1896.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks prior to the first day of September, 1896, in The Republican and the Mountain Democrat, two newspapers printed in Garrett county.

DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy.
Test:—E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

SHERIFF'S SALE —OF— REAL ESTATE

NEAR MINERAL SPRINGS, GARRETT CO.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county to the undersigned directed, the same being No. 18 Judicials to September Term, 1896, of said court, at the suit of John E. Adams vs. James K. Leeper, he will on

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1896,

at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m. of said day, in front of the store house of Henry Hockman at Oakton in said county, offer at public auction to the highest bidder for cash on the day of sale, all that lot of ground and premises situated near said Oakton, Garrett county, it being a part of Military lot No. 2981, and being the same lot of ground that is more particularly described in a deed from Elias P. Kerr to the said James K. Leeper dated the 12th day of June, 1880, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folio 167, one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said property is improved by a dwelling house and other outbuildings, and is located in a good neighborhood in said county, and would make a comfortable home for anyone desiring to purchase.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN,
23—3 Sheriff of Garrett County.

MOUNTAIN STATE
Business College,
PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

Competitive Examinations.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS OF GARRETT COUNTY,
OAKLAND, MD., Aug. 5, 1896.

A competitive examination will be held in the Oakland public school building on

Thursday, Aug. 20, 1896,

to fill one vacancy in St. John's College, Annapolis, Md., and five vacancies in the State Normal School.

Examinations commence at ten o'clock a. m.

By order of the Board,
U. G. PALMER, Examiner.

SCHOOL BOARD MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS OF GARRETT COUNTY,
OAKLAND, MD., Aug. 5, 1896.

The Board of School Commissioners of Garrett county will meet on

Friday, August 21, 1896,

for the purpose of transacting any business that may regularly come before it.

By order of the Board,
U. G. PALMER,
22—3 Secretary.

Estate of George S. Lee, deceased.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, letters of Administration on the personal estate of

GEORGE S. LEE,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 1st day of February next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 28th day of July, 1896.

ELISHA F. LEE, Adm'r,
21—4 Swanton, Md.

Millinery and Dress Making,

Just opened, at Mountain Lake Park, by Mrs. A. L. Pierce. First-class work guaranteed. Will carry a full line of

STAPLE GOODS.
HATS TRIMMED to ORDER,

on short notice. Miss B. C. McAndrews will superintend the business. Her long experience is a sufficient guarantee for first-class work. Call and see our goods. Oakland Avenue and L St. 11—3

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL
ROOFING.
SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,
W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.
7—26t.

FARMS! HOMES!
IN VIRGINIA, THE CAROLINAS and GEORGIA

SURROUNDED BY
SUNSHINE AND HEALTH, FACTORY and MILL SITES,
WITH
Abundance of Water Power,
Convenient to Many Markets.

Best Fruit and Agricultural Lands
IN THE UNITED STATES.

$3 to $10 per Acre

Peculiarly adapted to raising Early Fruts, Early Vegetables, Grains, Tobacco, Cotton, Grasses, etc.

LOCATED ALONG THE GREAT
Seaboard Air Line,

The Great Through Freight and Passenger Route to and from the South and Southwest.

FREE! A 48-Page Illustrated Pamphlet, with large Map, full the choicest, most productive, healthiest and most progressive section of the "New South," with much other valuable information of great assistance to those looking for a home site, factory or mill site, farm or safe and sure investment in the coming section of the country, will be sent to any address on receipt of two cents to pay postage. Address

GEO. L. RHODES,
General Agent Seaboard Air Line
Portsmouth, Va.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In effect July 19, 1896.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS	NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1		No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 00*	8 00† lv	Cumberland ar	*12 00	*7 30
3 31	8 31	Rawlings	11 29	6 50
3 56	8 56	Keyser	11 04	6 35
4 09	9 09	Westernport	10 51	6 23
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. June.	10 48	6 20
4 37	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5 52
5 00	10 00	Harrison	10 00	5 28
6 15	10 45* ar	Elk Garden	8 55	*4 00
5 35	10 35† lv	Gorman	9 21	3 54
5 41	10 41	Bayard	9 15	4 48
5 52	10 52	Dobbin	9 04	4 38
6 23	11 23	Thomas	8 34	4 05
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	8 00	3 15
6 27	11 27 lv	Coketon	8 31	4 02
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	8 07	3 30
6 57	11 57	Bretz	7 51	3 25
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 51	3 22
7 39	12 39	Kerens	7 18	2 47
8 00*	1 00† ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	12 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
				P. M.
	3 05* ar	Beallington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, General Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Monday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily	3.40	A. M
No. 3—Daily	7.07	A. M
No. 71—Accommodation except Sun	9.30	A. M
No. 47—Daily	10.05	A. M
No. 55—Express, daily	6.22	P. M
No. 15—Accommodation daily	4.58	P. M
No. 1—Daily	10.06	P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily	7.50	A. M
No. 2—Daily	4.30	A. M
No. 14—Accommodation daily	9.58	A. M
No. 72—Accommodation except Sun	4.26	P. M
No. 46—Daily	9.02	P. M
No. 4—Daily	12.50	A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL,
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

THE
G. E. PEARCE DRUG CO.,
OF FROSTBURG, MD.

We have probably the largest stock of goods in the drug line in Western Maryland.

P. D. & CO. and S. and D. pharmaceutical preparations always in stock, supplied to physicians at jobbers' prices.

OUR LINE OF
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES AND WINDOW GLASS
IS LARGE AND COMPLETE.

We sell and guarantee H-H GAS TINTED GLOSS PAINT at $1.25 per gallon.
9-2m

THE
Maryland Building and Loan Association
of Garrett County.

OFFICERS
ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney.
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencies.

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock:

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month. EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, low old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
T. R. CARSKADON,
Keyser, W. Va.

SOME PLURALS.

We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes,
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes;
Then one fowl is a goose, but two are called geese.
Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese.
You may find a lone mouse or a whole nest of mice,
But the plural of house is houses, not hice.
If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
Tho cow in the plural may be cows or kine,
But a bow if repeated is never called bine,
And the plural of vow is vows, never vine.

If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet,
And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet?
If one is a tooth, and a whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth?
If the singular's this and the plural is these,
Should the plural of kiss ever be nicknamed keese?
Then one may be that and three would be those,
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose,
And the plural of cat is cats, not cose.

We speak of a brother, and also of brethren,
But though we say mother, we never say methren;
Then the masculine pronouns are he, his and him,
But imagine the feminine she, shis and shim.
So the English, I think you all will agree,
Is the queerest language you ever did see.
—Commonwealth.

THE PASSION FLOWER.

BY H. H. DE LUNA.

The gardens are tangled, the ruins are old and gray, hardly one stone standing above another. The bells are silent and covered with moss. Even the gravestones which mark the resting-places of the dead are dull and dark; the names being almost illegible. All is quiet, all is sad, all is deserted, save in one place, where, climbing on a broken arch glows in unwonted luxuriance the warm brilliance of the passion flower. A thing of life amidst the universal death, a thing of beauty amidst the desolation. Quivering in the wind, burning in the sunshine, whispering in the moonlight. It springs from a grave apart from all the rest, a grave scarcely recognizable as such, save for the fallen stone, upon which can be faintly traced one word—a word which once drove the city mad, a name which lives in song and story, the name "Chonita."

The people shake their heads over the tale even now, and in the soft moonlight evenings the dark-eyed maids lightly touching their guitars, sing with tender pathos of Chonita. Chonita, the wondrous dancer, the beautiful, the gay.

Never were eyes so dark and tender, never were lips so red, never was siren more bewitching. With her dainty feet she danced into the hearts of all who saw her. The whole city went mad. Men died with her name on their lips. Still she laughed and danced. Cruel? Heartless? Yes. But, ah! the most beautiful thing on earth.

The young maids hated her, for their lovers forgot them after one look into her dark eyes. The mothers cursed her, for love of her meant death to their sons. The priests feared her, for, to them, she was the very incarnation of evil; the devil who tempted their disciples to sin. Yet what cared Chonita? Tears, prayers, curses, alike fell unheeded on her rosy ears. One smile from her lips and she set at naught all priestly teachings. One glance from her eyes and the teachers themselves could not resist her.

Dance on little feet! Over the hearts of men, anywhere, everywhere. In all of Mexico there is but one Chonita, and life is short! Dance on, dance on, the waves are not more light. Soon will all be over. The music, the passionate pleadings, the cry from a thousand maddening hearts: "Brava! brava! Chonita! Chonita!" Soon the curtain drops, the lights are out, all is silent. Not for thy beauty, thy wondrous grace, thy cruelty, do they remember thee. Not these the burden of the songs the dark-eyed maidens sing—ah, no, Chonita!

One day there came to the city a stranger. "Americano," the people called him, and he was tall and fair and handsome. He, too, saw Chonita, and after one glance at her radiant beauty, he, too, loved her. That was nothing. Was she not the idol of them all? But the moment that she looked into his eyes, her heart awoke and so she learned what love was.

Night after night she danced, each time more wonderfully than the last. Ah! how they loved her, adored her. But she heard no longer their shouts of praise, she cared not for the lights, the music. She danced but for his eyes, his love. Alas, Chonita!

The days passed quickly—ah, so quickly! Then over the sunny land broke the dark storm of war. Awakened from their dreams, forgetting love, their idol, all, save their country, Mexico's sons responded to her call. At the first whisper of the coming strife, the stranger, too, hastened away; his country also demanded aid; and with him, but all unknown to him, went Chonita, for love's sweet sake.

Disguised as his servant, her lovely face darkened with dyes, her beautiful hair cut short, through all the hard times that came she followed him. Her little feet that had danced so merrily rested in the stirrups night and day. Many a time her life stood between him. Many a time her hand, once covered with jewels, showered upon her by the passionate sons of her native land, turned aside their flashing swords lest they should harm him.

Naught did she care for peril or privation. All would she bear, though reared like a tender flower. Only to be near him, to look upon him, even if all unknown. Only to hear from his lips the careless praise a master gives a servant. She, the adored; she, whose kisses he had once begged for. Ah, well! Soon it would be over, soon she would tell him. Then he would know how she loved him. Then she would be happy. Wait, wait! Alas! alas! Chonita!

Already, though she knew it not, he had forgotten her and the days gone by. Already there had crept into his heart a love more pure, more holy. A maiden of his own land had won him with her gentle ways. A maiden whom, when Texas should be free, he would call his wife. A maiden with eyes as blue as his own, whose feet had always trodden sedately. He had never really loved before; ah, no!

Chonita watched him jealously. In the brief times of peace, when the war for a little space lulled its fury, she would hold his horse for hours before the little house covered with vines, patient, though her eyes burned. All for love's sweet sake. Ah, Chonita, love is cruel! Many have died of it for thee!

At last she saw the maid. Saw him linger and kiss her at the door, while the silver moonlight flooded the garden. The days were never the same after that. The noisy camp wearied her. Ah, she longed for the old city! She longed for the lights, the music, the applause, the roses showered at her feet. She longed to dance fiercely, madly; to dance till her brain should reel, and she should fall exhausted, unconscious. Patience, Chonita; soon comes the end.

There came a night of horror. At last the walls were down, and over the fallen stones poured the invaders. Into the thickest of the fight she followed him. Many times she threw herself between him and the flashing death. Many a time her hand was stained with the blood of those who had kissed it. Many a time she forced back the hungry steel that threatened him. Weary and wounded, all, all for him, hoping that shot or shell would still her aching heart. Chonita, Chonita! who would know thee now?

Suddenly she saw in the hands of her countrymen the maid he had kissed. He could not reach her, and they were dragging her away. Chonita's eyes glowed. If she were gone the old love would return. She would kneel at his feet, show him her wounds; ah, surely then he would remember. The devil whispered in her heart, and for a moment she listened willingly. Then she saw the anguish on the face she loved, and with one last despairing look, she sprang forward. Fiercely she fought them back, freeing their captive. She dragged her to a place of shelter, and standing before her defended her with the fury of a lioness until help could reach them.

Was it for this she had left her home? Was it for this she had followed him? Was it for this she had suffered? Her eyes were blinded, she grew dizzy, her strength faltered. Courage; they are coming! A dozen hands are on her; cheery voices sound in her ears; strong arms support her. Too late! too late! Beyond their praise or blame she lies wounded unto death by those who would have died for her! Farewell, Chonita!

Little feet, dance no more; thou must be quiet now through all eternity. Lips, thou dost not feel the kisses of anguish which he, knowing all too late thy faithfulness, showers upon thee. Eyes, thou canst not raise thy dark, fringed curtains to see the tears he sheds for thee. Ah, Chonita! low lies thy head! Never more will the old city ring with thy name. Never more will thy laughing face lure men to love thee! Yet in the soft moonlight evenings shall be sung the story of thy love, for thou wert faithful. Not for thy beauty, thy wondrous grace, thy cruelty, do they remember thee, but for thy death for love's sweet sake. Sleep well, Chonita!

Radiant, beautiful as herself, there grows on the grave of Chonita the passion flower. Never drooping, never fading, year by year it climbs higher under the cloudless skies. 'Tis the soul of the maiden, which, not pure enough to enter Heaven, was yet, by virtue of her love and faith, saved from eternal punishment. The sun and the south wind kiss it lovingly, and its beauty is unsurpassed. But some day the blossoms will wither and fall to the ground. Then will the soul of Chonita enter Heaven, and her sins be forgiven her.—Leslie's Illustrated Monthly.

Dueling in Hungary.

The criminal court at Buda-Pesth had to deal with a case of offense against the dueling laws on the part of two young engineers, Ignaz Reiner and Leo Lichtblau, who were each sentenced to three days' imprisonment, allowance being made for "extenuating circumstances." The couple had come to blows, and, following the fashion of the times, they determined to wipe out the insult in blood. Reiner sent Lichtblau a challenge and the seconds arranged for a duel with pistols on the most stringent terms. The affair did not come off, however, for Lichtblau waited a couple of hours before the appointed time on the police superintendent of eighth division and gave him notice of the impending duel. The superintendent calmly listened to the "brave champion's" detailed report, and then quietly observed that he already knew all about the matter. "How is that?" "Why, simply because your opponent was here only an hour ago with a similar statement."—Pesti Naplo.

A Pretty Tea Cloth.

A tea-cloth a yard square is made from pale blue linen ornamented by Renaissance lace braid in cream white. These braids are laid on the stamped design and sewed down along the edges. The design itself is a wide band in conventional figures that extend diagonally across the cloth in leaves and flowers. The same design is used in the corners. Each side the band there is appliqued a wide band of Torchon lace in a beautifully open pattern. The same lace is used as a frill round the cloth. The design would be pretty for a bedroom stand-cover if worked on pale green or canary-colored linen.—N. Y. Post.

TO RELEGATE THE "STOVEPIPE."

An English Lord Wants to Do Away with the Plug Hat.

Roughly speaking, the average Englishman is pretty certain to make one or two remarks when he gets up in the morning. If the sporting instinct is strong in him—and it is in most Englishmen—he exclaims: "Let's go and kill something." But, if he is animated by a desire to set the world right, he soliloquizes thus with himself: "Go to, now; let us start a reform movement." Next, perhaps to killing something, the Englishman most loves to compel a lot of other people to be good, or at least better than they were before, according to his way of thinking. It makes no difference that the people he sets out to reform may not be such a bad sort—that, on the whole, they measure up fairly well to the standard of average worth and respectability. They do something, or perhaps only think something, that the reformer has decided must not and shall not be done or thought. So he starts a movement, with himself as leader, establishes a propaganda, forms a society with a name as long as the moral law, and then goes up hill and down dale drinking converts. The number of movements that blossom out in England every year into societies, with paid officials and portentous reports of good work done, is past computation. Many of them, it is true, are closely related to the forward movement of humanity, and are deserving of all the support they receive, but others are purely fantastic and visionary, like the "Society for Protesting Against the Evil of Using the Right Hand in Preference to the Left, as Contrary to Scripture and Common Sense." But, however visionary such societies are, they all get support and make numerous disciples.

Here, for instance, is Lord Ronald Gower, a somewhat well-known figure in the social and aristocratic world of London, coming forward with a brand-new movement of abolishing the "plug" hat, on the ground that it is a "most uncomfortable and hideous headgear, worthy of a scarecrow, but not of a human being." These be swelling words, and it may be true words, but what are they going to amount to? Does Lord Ronald Gower seriously expect to convert the Anglo-Saxon race from the "plug" hat habit? If so, he is nursing a chimera of the most chimerical kind. Even the Grand Old Man himself wouldn't succeed in such a crusade. For, mark you, the "plug" hat is strong in its very weakness, and sits securely on the head of the English-speaking race, not because it is the ideal hat, but because it isn't. It is uncomfortable, says this lordly reformer. Of course it is, and therefore the average Englishman will wear it and nothing else when he is dressed up and on public parade. If he wants to be comfortable he goes home and gets into his dressing gown and slippers. The fact that the "plug" hat is uncomfortable is the best possible evidence that it must be good form. And when a thing is good form, what more can you ask?

But, continues the critic, the "plug" hat is hideous. The word "hideous" is, perhaps, a little strong; "ugly" would be nearer the truth. If, however, Lord Ronald Gower thinks that the English people will give up the "plug" hat when he tells them it is hideous or ugly he makes the mistake of his life. They know already that it is ugly, and that is why they wear it. If it was a dream of artistic beauty they would have none of it. The descendants of the old sea kings are no mollycoddles; they are not going to go around wearing beautiful hats. Outside beauty is a snare; what matters it, indeed, how ugly your hat is if only your heart beats true to your native land? Such would be the average Englishman's defense of the "plug" hat's ugliness, if he ever thought it worth while to defend what needs no defense. The "plug" hat is both uncomfortable and ugly. Very true. But it is an evolution of Anglo-Saxon civilization. It was not reasoned into its present shape, and it is certain that it will not be reasoned out of existence, even though parliament and the bench of bishops should start a movement with that object in view.—N. Y. Tribune.

Frightened Into a Mistake.

Nathan Mayer Rothschild, the third son of the founder of the banking house, who established the London branch at the beginning of the present century, lived in fear of assassination for years before his death. One day two tall, dark men presented themselves at his office. They bowed in response to his bow, but said nothing. Their hands, however, began to fumble in their pockets, and the great banker instantly took alarm. "Here are the long-expected assassins," he thought, and, seizing a ledger, he hurled it at the two strangers and shouted for assistance. When it appeared that the two men were bankers from another city, bearing letters of introduction to him, for which they were nervously hunting at the time of his unexpected onslaught, his mortification knew no bounds. — Detroit Free Press.

Spanish Sandwiches.

Bone 12 oil-preserved anchovies, and cut into strips about an inch long. Make into a paste with one ounce of capers and a sprig of parsley; add a dash of paprika, half a teaspoonful of mixed mustard, one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, one tablespoonful of oil, the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, and salt. Mix smooth; chop the whites of the eggs. Butter thin slices of bread, and spread with the paste; sprinkle over them the chopped whites. Trim, and tie with narrow ribbons.—Housewife.

Just the Thing.

Patron—See here, landlord, look at this sirloin steak your waiter has brought me, just when I wanted a steak in the worst way.

Landlord—Then I think, sir, that that steak exactly fills the bill.—Detroit Free Press.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Last year the farmers of this country exported 331,722 cattle, for which they received $30,603,796.

—It is a surprising fact that the bakers of America last year sent abroad 14,206,314 pounds of bread and biscuit, for which they received $634,600.

—Only 9,437 bushels of rye were sent abroad last year, for which we received $5,340. The fact that rye is a leading product in Germany, France, the Scandinavian countries and Russia accounts for the small export.

—J. E. Gore, writing on "The Size of the Solar System," says that "enormously large as the solar system absolutely is, compared with the size of our own earth, it is, compared with the size of the visible universe, merely as a drop in the ocean."

—An acute musical ear will detect so slight a difference in tone between two notes as the one-sixty-fourth of a semitone. This means that in the 11 octaves that the human ear compasses there would be at least some 8,000 or 9,000 consciously different notes.

—Mulhall estimates that the total production of gold and silver since 1492 has been £1,461,600,000; of this enormous amount, £439,000,000 have gone to India and China, never to return; £552,000,000 have been consumed in the manufactures and arts, and only £193,060,000 have been minted or used as currency.

—Important improvements in Roentgen photography are announced from Berlin. The most interesting is a simple method of photographing the stomach and intestines. It is only necessary for the patient to drink some harmless solution of mineral salt, such as Epsom water, which is as impenetrable as bone to X rays, and excellent results are obtained.

FEMININE ELECTRICITY.

The Unflattering Term "Negative" Is Still Much Used.

From the beginning it had been noticed that there were two kinds of electric force, but these were named, with reckless discourtesy, positive and negative, as though the second had been inferior, inactive, merely receptive. And yet there were suggestions of the true relations of these two forces that should not have been overlooked. It is recorded that six years after the St. Petersburg professor's fatal experiment (about 1759), Robert Symmer, "when pulling off his stockings in the evening, remarked that they gave a crackling noise and emitted sparks."

By varied experiments he discovered that the electricity was most powerful when a silk and worsted stocking had been worn in the same leg, or, if the stockings were both of silk, then more diverting results were obtained when they were of different colors. Two white silk stockings or two black ones gave no electrical indications. When a black and white stocking were withdrawn from the same leg, and then separated, they were so much inflated that each showed the entire shape of the leg and at a distance of 18 inches they rushed to meet each other.

Separated by force they would again become inflated, and be as ready to rush together as before. When this experiment was performed with two black stockings in one hand and two white in the other, the repulsion of those of the same color—their jealousy—and the attraction of those of different colors would "throw them into agitation and make them catch each at that of its opposite color at a greater distance." Plainly this eighteenth century student had to do with masculine and feminine electricity and yet the unflattering term "negative," as applied to the feminine, has persisted even to our day.—Harper's Weekly.

COLORADO HOTEL ETIQUETTE.

"Gents" Are Prohibited from Doing Many Things.

A gentleman of Carrollton who has lately returned from the west has brought with him a copy of some rules he found posted in a hotel dining-room.

The hotel was the "Rustlers' Rest" at Little Creek, Col. The "Rules for the Guidance of Guests" follow:

"All gents with shooting irons or other weapons must check them before entering the dining-room. Waiters are too scarce to be killed.

"Gents are requested not to attract waiters' attention by throwing things at them. This is no deaf-mute asylum.

"Seven kinds of pie are given with every dinner.

"Tablecloths are changed every Sunday.

"Our food is all of the best quality. Our milk is pure, eggs new-laid and the butter speaks for itself.

"Guests tipping waiters must pay funeral expenses in case one should die from heart disease.

"No more than six eggs will be given each at a sitting. Any guest found trying to work off his shells on a neighbor will be fired from the table.

"Biscuits found riveted together can be opened with a chisel supplied by a waiter. The use of dynamite is strictly forbidden.

"Disputes over articles of food must be settled outside.

"Don't lasso the waiters, because the guests who can't throw the rope will be at a disadvantage.

"Gents can take off their coats if they want, but must keep on their vests."—Baltimore Sun.

Wind and Walking.

The Falkland islands and other regions of the south temperate zone are remarkable for the high and violent winds that blow across them. A recent visitor to the Falklands has noted the fact that the inhabitants of these islands, in consequence of being habitually compelled to brace themselves against the wind in walking, have acquired a peculiar gait, so remarkable that a native Falklander can be readily distinguished by his manner of walking. On account of this gait they are called "kelpers."—Youth's Companion.

A Basis of Calculation.

She arose, smiling, from the dentist's chair.

"How much do I owe you?" she asked.

"Three dollars and a half," was the reply.

"Are you sure that's right?" she inquired, suspiciously.

"Quite sure."

"Well, it seems a good deal. The time I was here before you only charged me two dollars, and you hurt me ever so much more than you did this time."—Washington Star.

Forgetfulness.

The man who beats the lottery forgets that he's been poor,
The chap whose aching tooth is out remembers it no more,
The victor, crowned, forgets the strain it took to win the laurel,
The lovers, after all's made up, forget their bitter quarrel,
Likewise the iceman honest is, when he puts up the price,
He forgets the chilly winter, with its overplus of ice!
—Indianapolis Journal.

NOT SLANG EITHER.

Sick Man—Write me up a policy.
Insurance Agent—Not on your life.—N. Y. World.

Explicit Directions.

Young Tutter (who has been invited to call)—I hope I won't have any difficulty in finding your house, Miss Calloway.

Miss Calloway—Oh, no; I don't think you will, Mr. Tutter. You can tell the house in this way: Just before you get to it, on the first corner, is a florist's establishment.—Bay City Chat.

Tardy Penitence.

"Why won't mamma's little boy tell mamma what he's been stuffing himself with?" anxiously asked the maternal parent, bending over the couch. "You have been in the pantry, Johnny, eating too much of something you ought not to have eaten at all, and you won't tell me what it is. It makes me sick at heart!"

"It makes me sick o' tart, too!" moaned Johnny, turning his face to the wall.

But mamma did not catch on.—Chicago Tribune.

Strictly Personal.

She—How is it you were not at Riedel's party?

He—I stayed away for a personal reason.

She—May I know what it was?

He—If you will promise to maintain it a profound secret.

She—I give you my promise.

He—I was not invited.—Neckarzeitung.

A Passionate Lyric.

"Is it true, my daughter, that you and Charles have separated, and that he has sent you an abusive poem?"

"Yes, father; we have parted forever. I don't mind that so much, but his poem was simply awful. He must have been very angry when he wrote it."

"H'm, no doubt; one of those 'poems of passion,' eh?"—Up-to-Date.

A Possible Reason.

"When Twilkens gets anything on his mind," said the busy man, "he is always speaking of it as 'the question of the hour.' I wonder what makes him do that."

"I don't know, unless it's because he expects to take up an hour a day of your time explaining it."—Washington Star.

As to the Journey.

Mr. Ferguson (who has been ready to start to the theater an hour or more)—Laura, if you had to take a train for heaven you would get left.

Mrs. Ferguson (buttoning her gloves)—I don't know whether I would or not, but if I did catch it I know I would have to travel without any escort.—Chicago Tribune.

Disproportionate.

Once more the clamorous chase for power
Sets all the watching world a-thrill,
While leaders promise in an hour
What centuries could scarce fulfill.
—Washington Star.

Little Marie—Mamma, when I grow up may I marry a Dutchman?
Mamma—Why a Dutchman, dear?
Little Marie—So I can be a duchess, mamma.

Weary Waggles, Diplomat.

Tramp—Wot a beautiful baby that is, miss. Your little sister, ain't it? Looks just like you.

Mrs. Gulling—No, that's my little daughter. Poor man! You look as if you had walked a long way. Do you take sugar and milk in your tea?—Cleveland Leader.

The Finishing Touches.

Husband (to wife in full evening dress)—My stars! Is that all you are going to wear?

Wife (calmly)—All, except the flowers. Which of these clusters would you select?

Husband (resignedly)—The biggest.—N. Y. Weekly.

Safety Assured.

Mr. Winks (solemnly)—A noted physician says that deadly bacteria lurk in bank notes, and many diseases, especially smallpox, are spread that way.

Mrs. Winks—Mercy on us! Give me all you have right off. I've been vaccinated, you know.—N. Y. Weekly.

Any One of the Sex.

Mrs. Wickwire—These clairvoyants' advertisements are so ridiculous. Here is one that begins: "Mme. X tells everything." The idea.

Mr. Wickwire — Tells everything? Any woman can do that.—Indianapolis Journal.

Answered.

Ebbs—"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" asks the poet.

Hebbs—Oh, the undertaker usually comes in and buries the bone of contention.—Town Topics.

Willing to Divide.

Prestidigitateur (during his grand gold-piece act)—I could take $20 gold pieces from your pocket all night.

Seedy Individual—Go ahead, pard; I'll give ye half.—N. Y. Weekly.

Rich as Mud.

"Your friend is a man of means, is he not?"

"Man of means? Well, I should rather say he was—keeps a safety, a tandem and a duplex."—N. Y. Herald.

Jay's Conclusion.

Josh Medders—Huh! What the dingnation is the sense of that rule of etty-ket which says that a gent should always leave the parlor backwards?

Jay Green—That is so's the folks he has been visitin' can't git a chance to kick him, I guess.—Truth.

A Favorite Indeed.

Uncle Bob—I hope, Tommy, you are a favorite with your teacher.

Tommy — I think I must be. She can't seem to get enough of me, or she wouldn't keep me in so much.—Tit-Bits.

SIMPLY UNANSWERABLE.

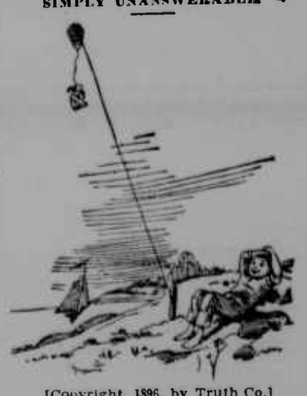

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Young Hopeful (who has been left in charge of baby)—Dey ain't nuttin' de matter wid dat, is dey?—Truth.

Bostonese.

"And I understand," said the visitor to the prison, "that you have made several attempts to escape."

"Yes," sighed the former resident of Boston. "I'm somewhat dissatisfied with my environments."—N. Y. World.

Time Enough.

Lord de Busted—Why don't you marry an American heiress, Reggie?

Lord Somemun—I haven't spent my patrimony yet.—Town Topics.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE LITTLE PIANIST'S PLAINT.

One—two—three—four—
Practicing is such a bore!
How my little finger arches!
Wish I didn't make mistakes!
One—two—three—four—
Guess that's Bessie at the door;
Yes, she's teasing Tommy's pup;
Wish my quarter-hour was up
One—two—three—four—
Practicing is such a bore
One—two—three—four—
Oh, it rains. It's going to pour!
And my kitty's out at play;
I must fetch her right away!
One—two—three—four—
Practicing is such a bore!

—Emma C. Dowd.

THE PROFESSOR'S RIDE.

It Wasn't as Much Fun for the Boys as They Thought It Would Be.

The late Prof. W. H. Harrison, who for many years was at the head of a popular boys' school in Amelia county, Va., was much loved and respected by his many pupils, and had a rare faculty for managing them. "He wasn't forever nagging us, but, as some of us learned by experience, he let the punishment fit the crime." So said one of his former pupils, now a prominent lawyer in Richmond; and then he related the following story:

The professor was accustomed to take a drive every sunny afternoon in a heavy, old-fashioned coach drawn by a large gray horse. One day, shortly after he had returned from his drive, half a dozen of the boys espied a coach standing in the driveway, where it had been left temporarily, and were seized with the idea that it would be great sport to secrete it.

Chuckling softly among themselves, they stole near to make sure that the colored driver was busied with the horses inside the stable. Then they took hold of the thills, three on one side and three on the other, and drew the coach out of the grounds and down a long hill into a pine grove.

"Won't the 'Old Goat' be puzzled to know where his coach is?" said one fellow, with a laugh in which the others joined.

"Old Goat" was a term of affectionate familiarity which the boys applied to the professor behind his back, and which really savored nothing of disrespect.

The roguish youths indulged in jokes and merriment as they tugged the coach into a position out of which it would be difficult to remove it. This they had just accomplished when, to their consternation, Prof. Harrison

THE PROFESSOR LOOKED OUT.

put his head out of the coach window, his eyes twinkling, and said, in his dignified, slow way:

"Well, boys, you've had the fun of hauling me down here, and now I must request you to haul me back again."

Smiles fled, faces grew long, and the boys stood aghast.

"All—right—sir," stammered one.

The professor settled back on the cushions, resumed the book which he had been quietly reading when the "fun" began, and the boys proceeded to drag the coach back to the grounds.

How they worked! The hill was never before half so long nor half so steep, but after almost an hour of puffing and perspiration the job was done.

Then Prof. Harrison opened the coach door, and, descending, said, with marked courtesy: "I thank you for my ride; I hope you have enjoyed it as much as I have."

"Yes, sir," answered one of the boys who knew not what else to say, and felt that some response was called for.

There the matter ended, so far as the professor was concerned, for he never alluded to it again. The culprits on their part resolved never to mention it, but it was too good a story to keep.—Youth's Companion.

FISH EATING GRASS.

Oregon Farmer Claims That Carp Are Denuding His Meadows.

A rancher whose place is on the bottom along the Willamette slough, below Holbrook Station, was in the city the other day to find out whether he had recourse to the United States fish commission for the introduction of carp into the rivers of this section.

He says these fish are destroying his meadows by eating his grass and grubbing up the roots. As the water overflows his meadow the carp follow it up in thousands, the small ones weighing about three pounds pushing their way up where the water is only three inches or so in depth and clearing off all vegetation, so that when the water recedes he will have mud flats in place of meadows.

He says that while looking at the fish eating his grass he got so mad that he took off his shoes and stockings and went out into the shallow water and attacked them with a hoe. He slashed a lot of them in two, but when the drove became alarmed and made for deep water they bumped their noses against his shins and came near knocking him off his feet, and his ankles are black and blue from the thumping he got. As for driving the carp away, he says he might as well have tried to sweep back the rise of the Columbia with a broom.—Portland Oregonian.

Mere Force of Habit.

"Force of habit is a great thing."

"What makes you think so?"

"I just saw Jawkins and his best girl on a tandem, and they had the amp turned down until it was almost extinguished."—N. Y. World.

BLIND BOYS PLAY BALL.

Their Game Differs in Many Details from the Regular One.

Prof. R. B. Huntoon, of the Kentucky school, describing baseball among the blind, says: The baseball game differs, of course, in many of its details from the regular games. The diamond is not of regulation size, but it is of regulation form. The distance between bases is but 40 feet. The fielders are stationed the same as in the National league game, with the exception that there is a right shortstop, thus making ten men to a side. In the outfield, in public games, there is an unlimited number of players, each taking a turn at the bat, first moving up one position whenever a batsman is put out.

The catcher sits on the ground, well back from the home plate, and, to guard against injury, he wears a mask and a chest protector. His position is such that when a pitcher delivers a ball it strikes the ground just between the knees and is taken on the short bound.

The batsman takes his position at the plate with a heavy flat bat, somewhat like those used in cricket. The umpire, who must be a man of unimpaired vision, calls upon the pitcher to get ready, and then clearly sings out: "One, two, three!" At the word three the pitcher must loyally deliver the ball. He pitches in the slow, underhand way peculiar to the game 25 or 30 years ago, the idea being to deliver a ball that can be hit by the batsman, who, standing there in the darkness, with a sharpened sense of hearing and a wonderful conception of the time that must elapse before the ball reaches him, is prepared to strike.

If the batsman should miss the ball bounces into the catcher's lap, and is returned to the pitcher by a single toss with a precision that is wonderful. When the ball is batted the umpire calls out quickly to the fielder in whose direction it is traveling, and he, guided by a sense of hearing, either catches the ball or follows it in its course through the grass. Six strikes are an out. In fielding any number of bounds are permitted. If the batted ball is a "hot liner" and traveling straight for an infielder's head, the umpire shouts a warning, and in such cases the player ducks or falls to the tuft.

It is possible, in fact the ball is frequently fielded to first in time to put out the runner. When throwing to first the assisting player, who is guided by the voice of the batsman, calculates the distance with nicety and throws the ball so that it strikes the ground a few yards in front of the batsman. The latter hears it coming and usually gets it without further assistance. Running bases was formerly a difficult thing. There were then three trees on the diamond, toward which the runner ran with outstretched hands. Bags have since been substituted for bases, and the runner is guided by the voice of the batsman, who is required to shout "First, first, first!" In like manner the other bags are won. Once on a base the runner is pretty sure to get home, unless his side dies at the home plate. Six outs put a side out.—Boston Transcript.

WORK FOR THEIR FOOD.

Canaries Which Afford Lots of Fun to New York Children.

In the big window of a fashionable barber's shop uptown there are several queerly-made bird cages, in which live the yellowest of yellow canaries. Attached to each of the cages, and projecting from their sides, are flat pieces of brass, on which slide up and down tiny little wagons filled with seed. When the birds need a meal, they pull a string fastened to the fronts of these little carts, and drag them up the inclined brass plane within reach. After the canaries have had their fill they let go the cords, and the small carts slide back to their buffers, outside the cage.

When water is needed the birds are compelled to pull on a long cord, which

WORKING FOR HIS FOOD.

draws up a miniature bucket, from which they drink, and then, loosening their hold, the water pail drops down to the bottom of the cage. You see, these birds have been taught to work for their meals, and they seem to enjoy the labor immensely.

A crowd of children is always gathered in front of the barber's window, eagerly watching every movement of the birds, and exclaiming with delight, when they are about lifting their food within easy reach of their bills.—N. Y. Recorder.

A Physician's Explanation.

Dr. J——'s little boy, four years old, had never seen a funeral procession, for they are of rare occurrence in the quiet side street where the doctor lives. Lately, however, one of the doctor's patients died, and there was a burial from the street.

As the procession moved along the little boy came running to his father, and, pointing to the hearse, asked:

"Oh, papa, what is that?"

"That, my child," said the doctor, with a deep sigh, "is an erroneous diagnosis!"—Youth's Companion.

In a City Flat Building.

A little girl who is now enjoying her first experience of living in a block thus described it in a letter to another child: "This is a very queer place. Next door is fastened on our house."—Chicago Record.

FARM AND GARDEN.

THE HORSE NETTLE.

Careful Work Should Exterminate the Weed in Two Seasons.

This pest of many a good meadow farm is commonly found from Connecticut south to Florida and west to Texas. It is very abundant in portions of the prairie states, especially in Illinois and Missouri, occurring not only in fields and along roadsides but in the streets of cities and on vacant lots and too often in cultivated fields, where it does great injury to crops. Its common

THE HORSE NETTLE.

name, horse nettle, botanical Solanum Carolinense, does not indicate that this weed is closely related to the cultivated potato, but the botanical name of the genus shows close relationship. An examination of the flowers shows they much resemble those of the potato, being bluish or whitish in color. The berry, commonly called the seed, also resembles that formed on the potato. The leaves have large prickles on the midrib and some of the larger lateral ribs. They are also slightly hairy. The stem is beset with numerous stout prickles. Many of the related plants of this genus are annuals, but horse nettle is a deep-rooted perennial, its roots often extending three feet or more into the soil. This fact makes it a very tenacious weed, very difficult to exterminate. For this reason the weed grows in dense patches, which are carefully avoided by stock in pastures. I would advise plowing the land, allowing none of the leaves to appear. The plant should be kept down the succeeding year. Plow the ground again next summer. Sow thickly with rye and keep watch of the nettle, allowing none to grow. Careful work for two seasons should remove it. —Prof. L. H. Pammel, in Farm and Home.

MULES ARE PROFITABLE.

Superior to Horses in All Kinds of Ordinary Farm Work.

There can be no question of the superiority of mules over horses in all kinds of farm work in this country, says the Canton (Miss.) Times. This is the verdict of all practical successful farmers. It is useless for us to dilate on this subject, for it is a fact too well established to admit of discussion. Our contemporary says: The horse is being rapidly displaced by electricity, bicycles and steam, and his production must necessarily be restricted, as but few, and those of the finest and for special use, will be required in the near future.

The mule, however, will for an unknown time in the future be required for farm work, which is the most extensive of all productive industries, and must bring remunerative prices. It has always appeared to us that it would be a profitable business. The prejudice against home raised stock, so unfounded, has been one impediment due, however, in a great measure to the want of proper production of first-class stock, from the same sectional causes which hold us back in so many other industries, viz., want of thorough business, care of production, and habits of gentlemanly leisure.

The south has paid enough for imported mules in the last 30 years to buy every farm in every southern state.

Baling Hay from the Field.

In regard to baling hay direct from the field, a writer in the Western Rural says: So much depends upon the location that it is impossible to give an answer, without entering, to some extent, into detail. In this climate and latitude our experience has been that hay should not be baled until it has gone through the "sweat," although, if intended to be used without much delay, it might be very loosely baled after it had been well sun-cured. In Texas and in some of the southern portions of the United States, it may be baled very satisfactorily direct from the meadow. In South America, particularly in the Argentine Republic, users of our machines bale their alfalfa while it is almost green, without apparent injury. We are quite sure, however, that such a course could not be pursued with any but disastrous results in this climate and latitude of the United States, as the hay would be inclined to mold.

American Hops in England.

The English trade journals discredit the quality of American hops for brewing, but in spite of that fact this important accessory to the beer manufacture went from America to the breweries of Great Britian last year to the amount of 17,523,388 pounds, valued at $1,872,597.

Export of Oil Cake.

Oil cake went abroad last year for the sustentation of European stock to the amount of 733,652,495 pounds, valued at $7,165,587. Most of this was, of course, the product of the cotton seed of the southern states, which, under the former system, was all thrown away as waste.

RETURNS IVORIES WITH THANKS

Princess Maud Sends Back the Gift of Dr. Charles F. Rank.

Dr. Charles F. Rank, of Washington, seeing a statement that Princess Maud of Wales, who was recently wedded to Prince Charles of Denmark, was making a collection of rare ivories, decided to send her a pair of baby whale's teeth, which his brother had brought him from the polar regions.

Dr. Rank called on Sir Julian Pauncefote and sent the rare specimens to the princess in the British legation's mail pouch.

A few weeks ago Dr. Rank received a note, Sir Francis Knollys writing for the princess, in which he says:

"I am desired by the princess to thank you very much for your kind intention of presenting her with the teeth of a nursing whale. Her highness wishes me to explain that her 'collection of ivory' has never existed except in the imagination of newspaper writers, and under these circumstances she will not deprive you of such interesting specimens of natural history."

The teeth were carefully packed and returned to Washington by registered post.

$8.00 Chicago to St. Paul and Return.

On account of the G. A. R. Encampment The North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Railway) will, on August 31 and September 1, 1896, sell excursion tickets from Chicago to St. Paul and return at rate of $8.00 for the round trip, good for return passage until September 15, with privilege of further extension to September 30, 1896. For tickets and full information apply to agents connecting lines, or address W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

A NATURAL manner was her aim,
Sincere and simple, and all that;
She failed, but she was not to blame,
For she resided in A flat!

—Life.

If Pestered Day and Night

With nervousness, take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which invigorates and tranquillizes the nervous system. The basis of recovery is a reform in errors of digestion. The epigastric nerve and brain are united in the closest bond of sympathy, so that dyspeptic symptoms in the gastric region are always accompanied by hurtful reflex nervous action. Both are remedied by the Bitters, which also cures malaria, biliousness, rheumatism and kidney trouble.

DR. JALAP—"Let me see your tongue, please." Patient—"O, doctor, no tongue can tell how bad I feel."—Boston Transcript.

Cheap Excursions to the West and Northwest.

On August 4, 18, September 1, 15, 29, October 6 and 20, 1896, The North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y) will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets at very low rates to a large number of points in the West and Northwest. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address

W. B. KNISKERN, G.P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

"WHAT is the complexion of the Jersey coast?" asked the English geologist of Prof. Rox, of New York. "Sandy," said Prof. Rox.—Harper's Bazar.

Low Rate Excursions South.

On the first and third Tuesday of each month till October about half-rates for round trip will be made to points in the South by the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

"AX' so O'Flaanigan was sint up for loife, yo sez?" "Yis, but his friends do be thryin' to get his sintence redooced tin years."—Life.

Best of All

To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the Spring time comes, use the true and perfect remedy, Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family and costs only 50 cents; the large size $1. Buy the genuine. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only, and for sale by all druggists.

JOHNNY—"May I wake the baby, mamma?" Mamma—"Why do you want to wake the baby?" Johnny—"So's I can play on my drum."—Woonsocket Patriot.

VERY low rates will be made by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway for excursions of August 18th, September 1st, 15th and 29th, to the south, for Homeseekers and Harvesters. For particulars apply to the nearest local Agent, or address JAMES BARKER, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt., St. Louis, Mo.

NON-COMMITTAL.—Possible Suitor—"Are you musical, miss?" Elderly Maiden (hesitatingly)—"Would that be agreeable to you?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

WE think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs.—JENNIE PINCKARD, Springfield, Ills., Oct. 1, 1894.

JOHNNIE CHAFFIE—"Come, Mamie, let us play Adam and Eve." Mamie—"How will we play it?" "You tempt me with an apple and I'll eat it."—Texas Sifter.

FLANNEL next to the skin often produces a rash, removable with Glean's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

HIS DEVOTION.—"Why do you think Mr. Mortimer is in love with you, Madge?" "He sits for hours and lets mamma talk to him about her ailments."—Chicago Record.

PROFESSOR (angrily)—"Young man, you are better fed than taught." Scholar—"Quite right, sir. My father feeds me."—Brooklyn Life.

"THAT minister is the most absent-minded man I took him through a hospital ward yesterday where all the patients happened to be asleep." "What did he do?" "Forgot himself and began to deliver a sermon."—N. Y. Herald.

"KITTY, don't you think men are awfully smart to understand politics as they do?" "Why, men aren't smart at all. I never saw one yet who knew what 'cut bias' meant."—Chicago Record.

SUMMER GUEST—"The mosquitoes were terribly bad last night. Look at my face." Jersey Landlord (reassuringly)—"O, there's no mosquitoes here, sir—none worth mentioning. Them's bugs."—N. Y. Weekly.

RAXMORE—"You were out when I called at your office the other day." Gadson—"Was I! Why didn't you leave word?" Raxmore—"I did; I told your office boy." Gadson—"Do you call that leaving word?"—Roxbury Gazette.

"I BELIEVE," said the candidate, "that my country calls me." "If you are alludin' ter that noise you hearn just now," said the old farmer, "you air somewhat mistook. Hit wur nuthin' but the ole mule a-brayin' in the lot."—Atlanta Constitution.

BARGAIN COUNTER FINANCE.—"Mrs. Flighty, don't you think every dollar's worth ought to be worth a dollar?" "Yes, if one is selling; but when one is buying one should always expect to get a dollar's worth for 98 cents."—Chicago Record.

IT is an indiscreet and troublesome ambition that cares so much about fame; about what the world says of us; to be always looking in the faces of others for approval; to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say; to be always shouting to hear the echoes of our own voices.—Longfellow.

Our I's and Other Eyes.

Our I's are just as strong as they were fifty years ago, when we have cause to use them. But we have less and less cause to praise ourselves, since others do the praising, and we are more than willing for you to see us through other eyes. This is how we look to S. F. Boyce, wholesale and retail druggist, Duluth, Minn., who after a quarter of a century of observation writes:

"I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla for more than 25 years, both at wholesale and retail, and have never heard anything but words of praise from my customers; not a single complaint has ever reached me. I believe Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be the best blood purifier that has been introduced to the general public." This, from a man who has sold thousands of dozens of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is strong testimony. But it only echoes popular sentiment the world over, which has **"Nothing but words of praise for Ayer's Sarsaparilla."**

Any doubt about it? Send for the "Curebook."
It kills doubts and cures doubters.
Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

"Judgment!!"

BattleAx PLUG

The umpire now decides that "BATTLE AX" is not only decidedly bigger in size than any other 5 cent piece of tobacco, but the quality is the finest he ever saw, and the flavor delicious. You will never know just how good it is until you try it.

Address, AERMOTOR COMPANY, Chicago; San Francisco, Cal.; Ft. Worth, San Antonio, Tex.; Lincoln, Neb.; Kansas City, Saint Louis, Mo.; Sioux City, Dubuque, Davenport, Des Moines, Ia.; Minneapolis, Minn.; Toledo, O.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Peoria, Ill.; Detroit, Mich.; Buffalo, N.Y.; New York City; Boston, Mass.; Baltimore, Md.

IF SILVER WINS and if farm produce, labor and labor products double in price, then metals must also double in price, as they are 95% labor. If labor doubles in cost and the product of the mine doubles in cost, Aermotors, Pumps, Spiral Pipe, Fittings, Cylinders, Tanks and Substructures, being the product of the mine and labor, must also double in cost and price; therefore, your $1 now will buy as much as 2 of the same dollars if silver wins, or if people think it will win.

IT IS 2 TO 1 in favor of buying now. The advance may come in a month or in a week. Aermotor prices will not advance unless compelled by an advance in labor and material. Our prices on Brass Cylinders are 40% below anything ever quoted, and our other goods are as low as they can be produced, even with our splendid facilities. A general rush to cover future needs, while $1 buys so much, may quickly exhaust our immense stock and compel the advance. Great saving can be assured and advance avoided **IF YOU BUY NOW**

Burlington Route

HARVEST EXCURSIONS

TO THE FARM LANDS AND PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE

West, Northwest and Southwest

The Burlington Route and many eastern railroads will sell EXCURSION TICKETS at **VERY LOW ROUND-TRIP RATES** on

August 4, 18, September 1, 15, 29 and October 6, 20.

Take this opportunity to go and see the splendid crops that Nebraska, Northern Kansas and other Western sections have produced this year. Ask your nearest ticket agent for particulars, and see that your ticket reads via the BURLINGTON ROUTE. Send to the undersigned for a pamphlet (no charge) about Western Farm Lands.

P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent, CHICAGO, ILL.

STEADY WORK WE PAY CASH WEEKLY and want men every where to SELL STARK TREES millions tested, proven "absolutely best." Superb outfits, new system. STARK BROTHERS, LOUISIANA, Mo., ROCKPORT, Ill.

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1841 | **ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N.Y. CITY.** | 1896

JESUIT FATHERS.

UNIVERSITY, SCIENTIFIC, CLASSICAL and PREPARATORY COURSES. MILITARY DRILL by a U. S. A. Officer. FRENCH, GERMAN, LIBRARY, READING ROOMS and GYMNASIA. Five separate buildings R. R. Trains at Gate. For information, address "THE PRESIDENT."

THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, MT. CARROLL, ILL. A College Preparatory School affiliated with the University of Chicago. Strong departments in Music and Art. Introductory course in common English branches. Fall Term opens Sept. 15, 1896, in what has been for more than 40 years Mt. Carroll Seminary. Ida S. Gardner, Dean.

FRANKLIN COLLEGE NEW ATHENS, Ohio. 73d year. Board, tuition, furnished room and books, $2.50 to $3 a week; Total cost $160 a year. 8 courses; no saloons. Thoro, safe. Catalog free, with plan to earn funds. W. A. WILLIAMS, D. D., Pres.

LATEST and BEST WELL DRILLING MACHINES 100 feet to 2000 ft. LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.

DROPSY Treated free. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases pronounced hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE. TEN DAYS TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE by mail. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Specialists, Atlanta, Ga. MENTION THIS PAPER every time you write.

EFFECTS OF A SMILE: YUCATAN KILLS IT

A. N. K.—C. 1617

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

Why not Copper?

A very clear-cut satire on the free silver theory of cheap money is given in an address from the Free Copper League of Michigan. It presents the marrow of the free silver issue more incisively than any silver argument we have noticed.

Michigan is the great copper producing State of the Union. It has 2,250,000 inhabitants against some 35,000 people interested in silver mining, and the appeal from the Free Copper League is just as logical as is the appeal of the silver miners to protect their special industry. They also have the truth of history on their side when they say that copper became money as early as silver and gold.

The chief argument in favor of free silver is that it would make money plenty, and if there be force in the argument, there is ten-fold more force in the argument that to make copper the standard money of the country would greatly enlarge the volume of money and cheapen it so that it would be accessible to all.

Another argument presented by the Free Copper League simply anticipates what would inevitably follow the adoption of free silver. If those who favor cheap money and the repudiation of legal and moral obligations could once establish a fifty-three cent dollar, the same intrests would at once agitate in favor of a twenty-five cent dollar or a ten cent dollar. When fiat money is made by the government it is just as easy to make a dollar out of three cents' worth of copper as it is to make one out of fifty-three cents' worth of silver; and a nation once started in the line of a degraded currency, would speedily gravitate from one standard of repudiation to another until its money becomes entirely valueless.

That has been the history of all cheap money movements in every country of the world? It was the history of Continental money, it was the history of the Confederate money, it was the history of the Rhode Island, Michigan and Mississippi money and will be the history of all successful cheap money movements until the end of time.

There is great force in the inquiry made by the Free Copper League of Michigan as to why repudiation should stop at 47 per cent. when it would be quite as justifiable to extend it to 97 per cent. Repudiation is repudiation, whether it is forty seven cents in a silver dollar or ninety-seven cents in a copper dollar, and the nation that departs from the standard of integrity brings its people to grief and invites the contempt of the civilized world. — Philadelphia Times.

Last Excursion to Atlantic City.

Thursday, August 27th, the B. & O. will run the last excursion of the season to Atlantic City. Tickets will also be sold at same rate to Cape May and Sea Isle City, and will be good twelve days, and permit a stop off at Washington on the return journey.

We give below a list of stations in this vicinity, showing time of trains and rates of fare:

	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	RATE
Terra Alta.....	7 45	12 05	5 41	1 18		$9 00
Oakland.....	6 51	9 03	12 20	5 50	5 02	8 50
Mt. Lake.....	6 57	9 11	12 25	6 05	5 37	8 50
Deer Park....	6 11	9 20	12 35	6 12	5 11	8 50

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

For more detailed information apply to nearest B. & O. Agent.

C. A. R. National Encampment, St. Paul.

The B. & O. R. R. will sell tickets from all points on its lines east of the Ohio River to St. Paul at one single fare for the round trip, good for all trains, August 29th, 30th, and 31st, valid for return passage until September 16th, with the privilege of an additional extension until September 30th by depositing ticket with Joint Agent.

The Rate from Philadelphia will be	-	$25 00
" " " Baltimore "	-	25 00
" " " Washington "	-	25 00
" " " Lexington "	-	21 75
" " " Cumberland "	-	23 00
" " " Grafton "	-	21 00

Correspondingly low rates from other stations. Tickets will also be placed on sale at the offices of all connecting lines.

The B. & O. maintains a double daily service of through solid vestibule trains between the East and Chicago, with Pullman sleeping and dining cars attached.

G. A. R. Veterans will remember that all trains run via Washington, Harper's Ferry and the Potomac Valley. 24—t d.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lotst 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

A Preston Country Author.

A new writer has been found among the West Virginia hills, who under the nom de plume of Mrs. Gusemen, bids fair to rival some of our best writers of fiction. Her first book, "Crazy Marge, or The Mountain Midget" is now ready for publication. There is not one dull or uninteresting line in the whole manuscript, but when once begun the reader will become so absorbed with the thrilling tale that he will not willingly lay it aside until finished. The writer is the wife of Wm. A. Guseman, of Cranesville. She has written some beautiful sketches—some of which we have read—and when quite young she wrote for *The Journal* under the nom de plume of Bessie the Backwoods Girl.

This book is to be followed in quick succession by the Robinson Crusoe series, comprising six books in all, and written especially for boys. Her writings are pure and good, and parents need not be afraid to place them in the hands of their children.—Journal.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

Sent it to His Mother in Germany.

Mr. Jacob Esbensen, who is in the employ of the Chicago Lumber Co. at Des Moines, Iowa, says: "I have just sent some medicine back to my mother in the old country, that I know from personal use to be the best medicine in the world for rheumatism, having used it in my family for several years. It is called Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It always does the work." 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin at Deer Park.

For Sale.

At Deer Park, Maryland, the beautiful summer residence of Hon. Henry G. Davis adjoining the B. & O. R. R. Co.'s hotel and cottages. Large and commodious house, 14 acres of land, beautifully laid off walks and plenty of shade trees. This is one of the most desirable summer residences at Deer Park.

Also 71 acres of improved land adjoining the above, including several good building lots in the village of Deer Park.

Also 333 acres south of the B. & O. R. R. adjoining Deer Park including Observatory Hill, a very desirable location for a hotel or summer residence.

For plats and further information apply to John T. Mitchell, Oakland, Md. 21—4

The Compliment

of imitation has so frequently been paid by its contemporaries to the

Philadelphia Record

in recent years that those of its readers who are not thoroughly

Wide Awake

would almost be excusable if they should occasionally lose sight of the fact that a born

Leader of Newspapers,

like any other originator or pioneer, is never contented except in

The Foremost Position.

When "The Philadelphia Record" undertook nineteen years ago to demonstrate that the best of morning newspapers could be made and sold for one cent, publishers were generally skeptical. But the world of readers was not asleep. Consequently "The Record" was not long in reaching a commanding position, and, improving upon this, its circulation and influence were finally recognized among the foremost of America's great journals. Hence the compliment of imitation which is now paid to it in every city of note from the Atlantic coast to the Mississippi Valley. Every city worth mentioning now has one or more good one-cent morning dailies, though so recently as nineteen years ago Philadelphia and "The Record" stood alone in this respect.

News Concisely Published

without the omission of any essential feature is still the BEST NEWS, notwithstanding the once more prevalent tendency to stretch it out.

The Busy Man's Paper

therefore, still originates, still leads, and publishes MORE NEWS to the column than its neighbors of larger dimensions.

The Daily and Sunday

Record

With their several inimitable and always instructive features in addition to the day's news from all the world, are now almost unrivaled in circulation as in good qualities. With an average circulation of over 166,000 copies, and an average of 120,000 on Sundays, The Record is still, regardless of all imitation, easily a leader of leading newspapers. A paper so good, with 10 to 14 pages for a cent, is still very properly a favorite. Though low in price, it is never cheap, but spares no expense that will give its readers the very best and freshest information of all that's going on around them.

THE DAILY EDITION

Of "The Philadelphia Record" is sent by mail for $3 per year, or 25 cents per month. The price of the daily and Sunday issues together,

EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR

Holidays and all, is $4 per year, or 35 cents per month. Address the Record Publishing Company, Record Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

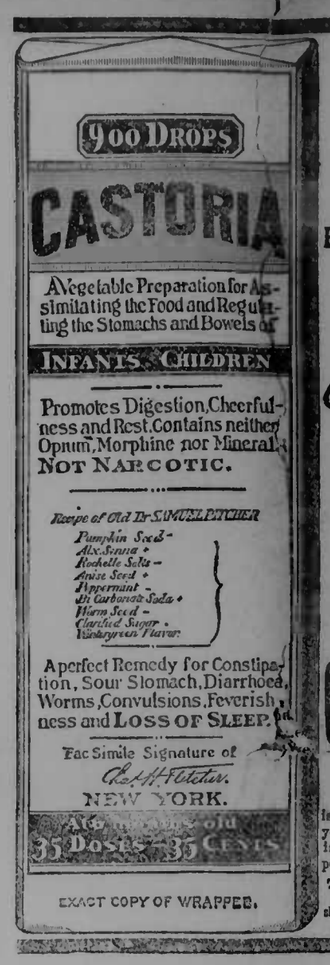

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Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

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Ladies' and Gentlemen's Bicycles.

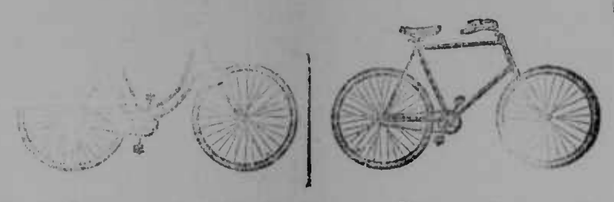

Bicycle Sundries of all Kinds, Cement, Pumps, Spokes, Tires, Wood Rims, Balls, Patching Rubber, Coasters, Lamps, Valves and Valve Stems, Repair Kits, Wrenches, Oilers, Locks, Etc., Etc.

BICYCLE REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

Briar-Bend Seminary.

REOPENS SEPTEMBER 17 1896 D. V.

No Liquor,	English,
No Malaria,	Classics,
No City Temptations,	Stenography,
Skating,	Typewriting,
Boating,	Music and Art,
Bowling and Tennis,	We Prepare for Business,
Delicate pupils go home strong.	We Prepare for College.

The Principal, Miss Swan, formerly at the head of Mt. Auburn Seminary, Cincinnati, has traveled extensively, but has nowhere found such life-giving properties as are in this dry atmosphere. Write for Catalogue to

E. B. SWAN, Principal,
Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

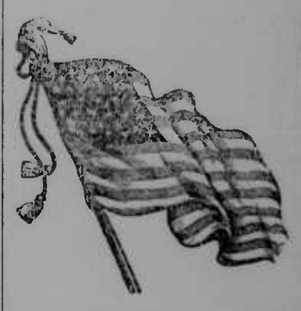

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—FOR—

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National Honor,
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Will make a vigorous and relentless fight through the Presidential campaign, for principles which will bring prosperity to the entire country.

Its campaign news and discussions will interest and should be read by every American citizen.

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OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

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31—26

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments. Headstones, AND Chimney Pipe WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS

FROSTBURG, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.

4193.yr——

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. Wiet, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

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I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

It's a Corker.

Do you want a fine large loaf of bread — the finest in the world?

Merryland Flour

makes the best and most bread. Don't fail to buy Merryland. Don't buy any other, but insist on having the very best. None surpass and few equal Merryland patent flour. For sale by

THE MARYLAND SUPPLY CO.

Fruits, vegetables, melons and bananas in car load lots. Don't fail to call on us for low prices and big bargains.

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Oakland, Md.
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51-1yr.

Shartzer & Bolden,

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DEALERS IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS,
MATTING, OIL CLOTH,
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—AND—
GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

REPAIRING FURNITURE and PICTURE FRAMING A SPECIALTY.

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FOR SALE.

The farm belonging to Elizabeth Maley, situated two miles north of Deer Park, adjoining the lands of Jack Cooper, Fundenberg Miller and Bowleston. Contains 115¼ acres about 68 acres cleared, and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the remises. 52-4m.*

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
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Special attention given to real estate.
CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING.
Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Residence on North 3rd Street.
Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
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JONAS C. BEACHY,
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Will sell Real or Personal Estate
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
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Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md-Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

FRANKLIN P. GREEN,
COUNTY SURVEYOR FOR GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Postoffice, LONACONING, MD.
All work entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished on short notice. 3-5m*

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
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LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.
Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26t*

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WHOLESALE NOTIONS, Etc.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
A specialty of Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear
RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
D. E. OFFUTT, President.
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A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 132

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
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Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
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C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT
C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,
PLANING MILLS,
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MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does something or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 80 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS,

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

ESTABLISHED MARCH 3. 1877. BENJ. H. SINCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1896 NUMBER 25.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings In and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

Malette has $1,000 worth of jewelry to sell you at your own price.

Mr. Henry Beitzell, of Bittinger, was here yesterday for a short time.

Mrs. D. Y. Morris, of Kingwood, is visiting relatives in Oakland this week.

Mr. B. Kurtz Englebrecht, of Frederick, was here Sunday with friends.

Mr. Thomas J. Peddicord is in Cincinnati this week on professional business.

Malette will sell you groceries, fruits, vegetables, etc., at the lowest living prices.

Miss Annie Jordan, of Kingwood, is in Oakland this week visiting Mrs. S. C. Smith.

Miss Agnes McVean, of Kentucky, is in Oakland visiting Miss Mollie Peddicord.

Mrs. Phillips, of Baltimore, is spending a month with her daughter, Mrs. Brayshaw.

Mr. L. F. Tasker, Blaine, was in last Saturday and paid his respects to this office.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Walls, of Kingwood, are here on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Felty.

Malette will positively sell you jewelry at cost, as he is closing out his entire stock of jewelry.

Mr. Mahlon Glodfelty, of McHenry, accompanied by his little son, were in Oakland Tuesday.

Rev. E. T. Lawrence, of Baltimore, will be the guest of Rev. and Mrs. Brayshaw for several days.

On Monday, August 31st, Miss Mattie Porter will open a private school in the public school building.

Splendid cider mills and copper kettles at J. M. Davis & Son's hardware store, cheap. 24-3*

Drs. R. A. and F. H. Ravenscroft, of Accident, were here G. A. R. day and attended the lecture at the Park.

Mrs. John A. Grant was taken suddenly ill Monday night. At this time her condition is slightly improved.

Judge Sloan came up to Oakland from Cumberland Monday and is engaged in hearing a number of equity cases.

Mr. T. W. Casteel advertises, in another column of to-day's REPUBLICAN, all his real and personal property in this district.

Mrs. Ella P. Russell will take court boarders at fifty cents per day and will accommodate all who come. Corner First and Water streets.

Mr. Frank Bolden has moved from his father's house on Second street to Mr. Peter Conner's house on Water street.

Mr. Geo. Giessman, who was confined to his bed for a number of weeks suffering with an attack of illness, is able to be up and about.

Mr. D. E. Offutt has a large force of men working at his mill building a new crib to replace the one washed away by the recent high waters.

The board of supervisors for this county to-day advertise the names of the clerks and judges of election who were appointed at their recent meeting.

Mrs. Sarah E. White, residing south of town, sent to this office on Monday two cucumbers measuring fourteen inches which she raised in her garden.

Mr. Oliver Poland, of Moscow Mills, was in the city Tuesday and called to see us. He advertises his farm near Selbysport for sale in this issue.

Call at Malette's and get a clock, ring, chain, pin, etc., at just one-third what you pay elsewhere in a regular way. This is no fake; call and see for yourself. 21—5

Prof. J. G. Robinson, of Baltimore city, representing the popular music house of Messrs. Sanders & Stayman, will be stopping for some time at Dr. M. C. Hinebaugh's, where he will be glad to see persons who desire to purchase a first-class organ or piano. He also offers his service as a practical tuner to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity.

Miss Elizabeth Hawley who has been engaged to teach in Briar-Bend Seminary this year has had India ink drawings made to illustrate her lectures in Physiology.

Dr. P. P. Ritter, of Meyersdale, Pa., will be in Friendsville, Md., Monday, August 31, and remain two days: Accident, Md., Wednesday, Sept. 2nd, and remain two days.

Mr. C. A. Bolden, of Meyersdale, Pa., is in Oakland on business. While here Mr. Bolden will make an estimate on the heating plant for Mr. John Shartzer's new office building and opera house.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

The mill of H. B. Lewis & Bro., which was burned to the ground several weeks ago, has been rebuilt and the firm will resume cutting timber this week. The loss to this firm by fire and the consequent loss of business amounts to several hundred dollars.

Mr. U. G. Palmer, the school examiner, will be in Oakland to-day and to-morrow and will conduct an educational drill in the school building. All persons interested in school work are cordially invited to attend.

We have just received from the factory another large lot of stationery, including paper for letters, bills, statements, envelopes, etc., which will be placed at the disposal of our patrons at a small profit. Remember, we buy in large lots and can sell at a figure away below our competitors.

Chas. Evey and Fred. J. Broszt, who are charged with murderously assaulting John Athey, of Keyser, and who were arrested in Oakland a few days ago, were taken to Keyser last Saturday night upon requisition papers issued by Governor Lowndes, where they will have their trial.

Mr. D. C. Yonker, a well know druggist of Bowling Green, Ohio, in speaking of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, says: "I take pleasure in recommending it to my customers, for I am certain that it will always please them. I sell more of it than all other kinds put together." For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Among our callers yesterday were the following, who attended the convention in Oakland: Merritt Wilson and E. C. Harvey, of Wilson; Hon. Chas. E. Hilleary, of Gorman; Hon. A. F. George, of Swanton; Rev. Wm. E. George, S. P. Specht and W. H. Chadderton, of Deer Park; Jonas Gnagey and Ross Compton, of Grantsville; Fred and Henry Kamp, John L. Englehart and Jos. A. Beeghley, of Accident.

Since 1878 there have been nine epidemics of dysentary in different parts of the country in which Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was used with perfect success. Dysentery, when epidemic, is almost as severe and dangerous as Asiatic cholera. Heretofore the best efforts of the most skilled physicians have failed to check its ravages. This remedy, however has cured the most malignant cases, both of children and adults, and under the most trying conditions, which proves it to be the best medicine in the world for bowel complaints. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin at Deer Park.

He: "Dearest girl, the tire of my heart has been punctured by the tacks of your charms. Be mine, and let us ride tandem through life." She: "How sweet and strange! You have scorched your way to my affections, and I cannot back pedal against your attractions. I surrender the handlebar of my life to your hands, and am sure you will steer our united lives wisely."

Call For Your Letters.

Miss Mobaley Jackson, Miss Rena Iden (2), Miss Mary Lydia Frame, Mrs. Rena McLucis, Harry Foster, Wm W. Turner.

Killed at Deer Park.

John Maynard, a painter employed until recently by Mr. Jos. P. Helbig, of Oakland, was instantly killed Sunday night by a freight train near Deer Park.

AT MOUNTAIN LAKE.

Wind up of the Summer Chautauqua.

Fortunate was the impulse that led the superintendent of the Mountain Lake Chautauqua to designate August 25 as the day of the closing exercises. Bright skies, pleasant sunshine, and the invigorating breezes that blow over this high plateau, made this an ideal day for an out-door picnic, as well as for an oratorical entertainment in the large auditorium.

In addition to the large body of cottagers and summer sojourners, who of themselves constitute a very fair sized crowd, when they meet in the big assembly room, the regular and special trains of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad brought a couple of thousand excursionists from points as far east as Martinsburg and as far west as Grafton and Clarksburg, while half as many more came from their several homes in their own conveyances.

There was fine music in the big assembly hall in the forenoon, and a dramatic genius from Cleveland gave some clever recitations, which entertained a portion of the crowd while the others strolled over the "glades," and held little family picnics under the big oaks and wide spreading maple trees. So anxious were the people to secure good seats for the afternoon addresses that the great hall was filled an hour before the advertised time.

Three front rows of seats and a portion of the platform were reserved for the veterans of the two armies, designated respectively for those who wore the blue, and those who wore the gray. There may have been two hundred of these "survivors" of the great war in the hall. They were a most interesting group, gray-headed, gray-bearded men, who seemed to be conscious of something that distinguished them from the crown around them: but all so much alike in form and feature, and cult, that had it not been for an occasional blue coat, or Grand Army badge, no one would have known whether they had fought under the stars and stripes, or under the stars and bars, while they were in repose.

But after Gen. Gordon began to speak, and relate incidents of the war in his inimitable way, it required no expert in physiognomy to put either man under his own colors. The play of features, the twinkle of an eye, the rush of emotion, even the dropping of a tear, as the flood of oratory swept along, and touched each side in turn, left no doubt as to who were with Grant and who were with Lee. Each man had to be true to himself, whether he wore the blue or the gray.

While waiting for the appearance of the orators of the day the people sang the national hymn, "My Country 'Tis of Thee," and then a glee club filled the interval with a war song, and "My Old Kentucky Home" as an encore.

Prompt at the hour named on the program Gov. Lowndes came upon the platform, accompanied by Senator Gordon, C. M. Miller, of Swanton, Major J. C. Alderson, L. T. Yoder, of Pittsburg, and other gentlemen. Superintendent W. L. Davidson stepped to the front, made the announcement that this was the closing day of the Chautauqua, and that in all the history of the thirteen years of its existence, this had been the best year, notwithstanding the universal cry of hard times. He then announced Gov. Lowndes as the presiding officer, and introduced him to the audience as "a man whose public life is as pure, and as far above criticism as his private life. He is used to the boisterous applause of political bodies, so we will give him our royal Chautauqua salute in silence."—and thereupon Mr. Davidson flourished a white pocket handkerchief, and at this signal the great assembly arose, and for a minute or two there was a waving of a thousand handkerchiefs which threw a sort of white nimbus over the whole auditorium from which it gradually emerged, as the enthusiastic Chautauquans took their seats.

The Governor speaking slowly and distinctly, so that he was heard in every part of the hall, said:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—It gives me pleasure to be the guest of the Mountain Chautauqua Assembly, and to congratulate it in the good it is doing in disseminating knowledge throughout this land, and bringing into the homes of our people that education and culture which makes them better and happier.

I thank you for the honor of presiding on the day dedicated to the survivors of that Grand Army of the Republic, went forth in their youth and strength to defend the constitution of and maintain the greatest country on earth.

I am to introduce to you one whose reputation as a Southern soldier for gallantry is near to that of General Lee, and when the last day of the Confederacy came at Appamattox, he laid aside his star as general, surrendered his sword for the plowshare, and at once became the civil leader of our men.

Starting first in the affections of his people, he was elected the chief executive of his state, and is now a distinguished member of the United States Senate, where his captivating words and his charming manner make him influential and popular. And if we should ask him what he considers the most illustrious period of his life, he would say the four years he spent in camp and on the battle field. While many of us know he was wrong, yet none of us can doubt the motive which influenced him to fight for the truth as he understood it.

It was on Maryland soil, at Antietam, when the flag which floated over his regiment was forced back across the Potomac, that he received those wounds and displayed that courage, which led to those promotions step by step until he reached the rank of lieutenant-general. He is now a lover of that flag, "whose broad stripes and bright stars" wave over this peaceful land, and he is as fearless in denouncing wrong doing and as ready to assist in putting down violence against this country as he was earnest in the support of the lost cause.

Intimately associated with General Lee, he is cognizant of much that is not generally known, and is equipped to tell us what transpired during the last days of the Confederacy.

I now have the honor to present to you Senator Gordon of Georgia, whose eloquence is charming and who is always a welcome speaker.

Senator Gordon was received with great applause, and he was visibly affected by the demonstration. No orator could have desired a finer audience. In front were the old soldiers, intelligent, thoughtful men representatives of the heroism of the century, but now softened by age and experience to the quietest modes of peace. Beyond the veterans was a great sea of fresh, young faces, cultured Chautauquans, pleasure-seeking excursionists, highly genteel country people, intent upon getting all that was to be gleaned from the events of the day—the whole body swayed and controlled by a feeling of intense interest in what the speaker was about to say.

The orator was equal to the occasion. He delivered no lecture,—in fact he made no speech, (if a speech is a dessertation upon any special theme) but for two hours he played upon the emotions, touched the chords of feeling and sentiment with the skill and delicacy of a finished artist, evoking laughter and tears and vociferous applause in turn. The so called lecture consists of a series of pathetic stories, dramatic incidents, heroic actions, ludicrous situations, interspersed with passages of fervid eloquence that appeal to the sentiment of patriotism.

Gen. Gordon is a typical Southern, tall, straight, with sharp, well cut features and the air of a man, who has met danger in its most appalling forms and is not afraid. His style of oratory is that of an ideal stump-speaker, deliberate, confident, discursive, humorous, and yet terribly direct and incisive when a point is to be made. His stories have all been published dozen of times in newspapers and magazines, and he has repeated them himself from the platform from week to week, and year to year,—but when his own strong personality is thrown into the narrative it becomes new and fresh every time.

An incident occurred near the close of his speech that showed his aptness in turning a trifling incident to good account. An old soldier in Grand Army uniform, sitting immediately in front, was obliged to leave in order to take a train. The way was blocked at both sides and in the rear, and the only hope of egress was over the plattorm. Gen. Gordon reached down, took the old man's hand, helped him up to the platform, and then giving him a good-bye shake, said, "I have seen the day when I would have been glad to see you going."

Gen. Gordon was obliged to break away from his audience at 4.30 p. m. and hurry to the station to take a train for Washington.

HEADACHE ANTI-FAG CURES HEADACHE ANTI-FAG CURES

TO CURE HEADACHE

TAKE

ANTI-FAG.

Mr. Wm. Updegraff, of Hagerstown, says:—"I have suffered a great deal from sick-headache, and think that Anti-Fag is decidedly the best thing I have ever used for its cure and recommend it."

It is PLEASANT, REFRESHING and HARMLESS.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

4 Dose Bottles, 10c. 16 Doses, 25c.

Mailed on receipt of price by Manufacturers.

PREPARED BY

GILBERT, BROS. & CO., Baltimore, Md.

Married.

TURNER—POPE.—At the residence of the bride's parents on the evening of August 19th, at 8 o'clock by Rev. J. H. Ealow, of Bayard, W. Va., Mr. George C. Turner and Miss Maud E. Pope, both of Garrett county.

About thirty-five friends and relatives were present to witness the ceremony. The bride was the recipient of many handsome and useful presents.

Shortly after the ceremony the couple were serenaded by the Bloucherville and Popesville bands.

May their future life be blessed.

L.

No. 8 Organizes a Republican Club.

There was an enthusiastic meeting of Republicans in District No. 8 on Monday afternoon and a McKinley and Hobart campaign club was organized with a membership of nearly sixty. This number will be increased to nearly two hundred within a few days.

The members not only pledged themselves to register and vote for McKinley and Hobart electors, but to use their influence actively to induce all their friends to do the same. Mr. Merritt Wilson was chosen president.

The sentiment of the members was outspoken in favor of sound currency and protection to American industry.

Garrett County Jail.

Goldsborough S. Grillith, president of Maryland Prisoner's Aid Association, has recently been to Oakland, and the report which he makes of the sanitary condition of the jail is not flattering. He says:

"The jail is a small, two story brick building, with six iron cages, being very unsafe, as prisoners frequently make their escape. A few days before by visit a desperate prisoner was caught just as he was about to make a jail delivery. The sanitary condition is exceedingly bad, and it is a place entirely unfit for human beings. It is without drainage or proper ventilation: the windows cannot be lowered, and the stench from the closet or cesspool in the rear of the building is at times sickening, and not only damaging to the health of the prisoners but to the sheriff and his family. There is no wall about the jail, or any opportunity for the prisoners to get into the air or sunshine.

"Two years ago, on my visit to this jail, I called the attention of the sheriff's wife to the bad sanitary condition of the building, and told her that she and her husband were periling their lives, as well as those of the prisoners, by allowing such a condition of things. A month or two later she was taken sick with fever and died. The wife of another sheriff died a few years previously from the same cause. The sheriff and prisoners complained bitterly of their horrible surroundings. The building needs a thorough overhauling and more frequent application of soap and water.

"There were three white men and two colored men confined in the jail. One of the white men was arrested on a charge of pushing a man off of the cars of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad near Oakland, and carrying concealed weapons. The man he pushed off had one of his feet crushed by the wheels. He is also in jail. There is no charge against him, but as there is no alms house in this county, or any provision made for any one injured on the railroad, he had to be placed in this foul jail. There is no excuse for this, especially as this county is in the best of financial condition, and should have a hospital or alms house."

A motto for working men and women: "A dollar's worth of dollar for a dollar's worth of work."

A Sound Money Meeting.

Last night a large number of people assembled in the ball room at the Loch Lynn Hotel to listen to the speech of Mr. John P. Townsend, president of the Bowery savings bank, New York, upon the currency question. Mr. Townsend, in the course of his remarks, was frequently applauded. He handled his subject well and made his arguments so terse that all could understand them. The speech in full will be published in this paper next week.

Services in St. Matthew's Church.

The services at St. Matthew's P. E. church Sunday will be as follows: 7.30 a. m., holy communion; 9.30 a. m., Sunday school; 11 a. m., morning prayer; sermon by visiting clergyman; offertory solo by Miss Nelson; evening prayer and lecture at 8 p. m.

Church Notice.

Dr. W. L. Davidson, D. D., superintendent Mountain Lake Park Chautauqua Assembly, will preach in St. Paul's M. E. Church next Sunday morning at 10.30. At the evening service the Rev. James A. Fullerton, D. D., Parkersburg, W. Va., will occupy the pulpit. Dr. Fullerton is a former pastor of Oakland charge, and the members and friends of the charge will be glad on this opportunity to hear him once more.

Will each member and friend of the church please remember to bring their offering for the various benevolent causes of the church next Sunday, August 30th.

S. K. ARBUTHNOT, Pastor.

Last Notice to Subscribrs.

On July 8th we sent to our patrons bills for subscriptions. So far we have received but a very small per centage of the amount represented by the statements. Patience has ceased to be a virtue with us and we insist that the accounts be settled at once. If a settlement or some satisfactory arrangement is not made of the accounts by Sept. 15th we will be compelled to resort to legal methods to collect what is due us. This is a very expensive way of making collections and in many cases the costs will amount to more than the claim is worth, both of which our friends will be compelled to pay in the end.

Military Lots for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale the following Military Lots in Garrett county: Nos. 11, 287, 495, 1798, 453 and 204. Miss Alice Dashiell Clendinen, cor. North Broadway and Fayette street, Baltimore, Md. 23-tf.

Crops.

It is probable that less damage to crops has resulted in this portion of the State from the continued dry weather than in other sections, but rain is very much needed for the late planted corn and potatoes. The early planted of these crops could scarcely be better, and may be safely reported as assured. Pastures are becoming poor. Oats have been harvested, with results generally good. Buckwheat is reported excellent in northern Garrett, but poor in the southern portion of the county. Wheat threshing is in progress, and the grain is turning out well for the amount of straw, but rather poor for the acreage. Heavy shipments of peaches are being made from Washington county, and the quality of the fruit is good.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

A SONG OF LABOR.

The daylight fades, the shadows fall,
The hour to quit our toil has come,
The welcome whistle tells us all
'Tis time to start for home.
Hang up the tools upon the wall,
Come forth from shop and factory gloom,
Oh, joyful is the workman's call
To take the train for home.

To take the train for home, my boys,
To take the train for home,
Oh, best of all the toiler's joys,
To take the train for home.

Oh, long the hours to bend the back
And ply the tools with sinewy grip;
Oh, lone the hours when toilers lack
The touch and cheer of comradeship.
Oh, weary many a toiler's task,
In solitary place of gloom,
But now he sheds toil's grimy mask
And takes the train for home.

Roll down the sleeves and don the coat,
The happy hour has come,
The best of all the worker's joys,
To take the train for home.

And while from crowded street he flies
The evening breezes seem to bless,
And nature spreads her sunset skies
To cheer and heal his weariness;
And as he nears his cottage door,
With cries of joy his children come;
His foot is on his cottage floor—
Oh, blessed train for home.

Roll down the sleeves and don the coat,
The happy hour has come,
The best of all the worker's joys,
To take the train for home.

And all the weary day's repaid,
When seated round the cheerful board
Whereon the frugal meal is laid,
With many a fond and loving word
And cheery stories of the day
The good wife and the children come,
And hearts are true and glad and gay
Within the workman's home.

Roll down the sleeves and don the coat,
The happy hour has come,
The best of all the worker's joys,
To take the train for home.
—Helen E. Starrett, in Chicago Record.

THE REDEEMING ACT.

Dave was a coward and he always bore the reputation of arrant cowardice ever since he had crawled over the side of the dugout cradle to wallow along with the underfoot world of the white sand before his parents' cabin door. Though country born and bred, a passing thunderstorm struck him with terror, and the sight of the black waters of the "crick" caused a remarkable agitation of the knees. He was a coward, pure and simple. The bristling of a coon routed him unconditionally and a determined 'possum could rob the hen roost before his very face. Indeed, Dave was a coward, and his cousin, Sue Spivey, laughed uproariously when the poor fellow perpetrated his initial and only act of boasting. He had said to her one day very solemnly and no doubt sincerely:

Toe purtec yo' honah an' happiness I'd th'ow away my wuthless life."

Ordinarily Dave's speech was unpolished and provincial, but on this occasion it rose to the dignity of what he felt the occasion demanded.

She knew full well his timorous disposition, and would have thought it safe to count on his poltroonery in any event. But a day was sadly near which proved to her the full worth of the poor fellow's grandiloquent assertion.

Long before the late unpleasantness, and until this day, Honeypath was only a siding where occasional trains took water and passed each other. Two or three log shanties, without special pretensions to any architectual dissimilarity, marked the site of the town, distinguishing it from the vast area of impenetrable swamp that backed it and the arid waste of sandy bottom through which the glistening, polished rails of the grand trunk line writhed and situated.

Dave was a native of Honeypath and lived with an aged father in one of the shanties. Sue dwelt with her father in another near by. Dave's father was a hot-blooded southerner, whose patriotism answered to the first call to arms, but Dave was timid, fearful of the smell of powder and refrained from action, preferring to suffer the opprobrious epithets which were liberally bestowed upon him and the contempt of the country generally to facing he knew not what horror upon the battlefield. He was not a philosopher and could not plead in extenuation of his neutrality that the martial slaughter of his brother man was a crime and that the wholesale sacrifice of human life was immoral.

Dave was simply a coward and accepted meekly the obloquy which the condition imposed, not even the taunts and cutting sarcasm of the pretty Sue Spivey being able to rouse the instincts of battle in his craven soul.

Before the strife was ended Sue's mother was gathered to her final rest, being put out of sight in the little sand graveyard, with only the comment of the two remaining neighbors. And then Dave and Sue toiled early and late in order to wring from the starving acres an unvaried livelihood of yams, cornbread and bacon, more often the cornbread without the embellishment of potatoes and bacon, particularly during the weeks after a hungry foraging party had passed that way.

One day Dave was working among the young potato vines in an open arid field behind the cabin, when Sue ran out to him in troubled haste.

"Oh, Dave, I'm pow'ful skeered!" she panted.

"Skeered o' what?" he asked, without intermission of the bent labor.

"Some—some soldiers just went down the road, an' they spoke to me—sassy like." She hesitated, and Dave looked up to see her pretty face scarlet and her brows bent together in angry lines.

"Well, what did they all say?" he demanded, in his accustomed slow drawl, after waiting in vain for her to proceed.

"They 'lowed they all was a-comin' back."

"Who was they, anyhow?" he asked, uneasily, his face blanching in anticipation of the martial visit.

"They was Mosby's men, I 'lowed, an' they was five of 'em."

"Our fellers?" a little surprised and straightening his back. "Come on back to the house, Sue," and shouldering his hoe, he tugged stolidly on before.

"Don't you be askeered," he continued, as they reached the yard. "I reckon they won't do nothin'."

Of the two it would have been manifest to the most casual observer that he was the worst "skeered," but he walked on till they reached the house and Sue cried out:

"Yonder they come now—all five."

Dave's face blanched to a sallow whiteness, but he pulled her quickly inside the door.

"What you gwine to do?" Sue asked nervously, keeping near her cousin, but he apparently did not hear. He had taken down a rifle that had belonged to Sue's brother, who had also offered up his life on the altar of the cause, leaving his weapon to his sister as a means of defense in just such emergencies as this.

"What you gwine to do Dave?" the girl persisted, coming closer and laying her hand on his arm. Dave put a cartridge into the barrel of the rifle, and, waiting in silence, apparently not aware that Sue had touched him. Only a few more moments to wait, and then the last act in the commonplace little tragedy. A loud pounding at the rickety cabin door, and a derisive imperative voice, demanded:

"Hi, in there, open up, or we'll make splinters of yer ol' door!" The threat was garnished by several strong expletives, and accompanied with more vicious pounding.

Then for answer went the spiteful snap of the rifle, followed by a surprised howl of pain, more voluble profanity and footsteps in rapid retreat.

Dave went to the window and through a knothole in the shutter reviewed the situation of the enemy. Then through the aperture the rifle again spoke with decisive, leaden emphasis, and when the smoke cleared away the man inside behind one of the besiegers lying prone across the freshly-hoed potato rows, while another limped painfully in the rear of the retreating trio.

They had disappeared into the swamp, and Dave calmly refilled his rifle, waiting as though lost in thought. Presently from the rear of the cabin came the harsh command:

"You cowardly bushwhacker in there, come out an' fight like a man! If ye don't, we'll burn ye an' yer shanty an' the gal with ye."

There was no opening in the rear of the cabin; the logs were thick and the chinks were well stopped with clay, so that Dave could not return a leaden answer to this brutal challenge. He fingered the rifle nervously and looked at Sue.

"Oh, Dave, don't open the door!" she pleaded, meeting the earnest look bent on her face from beneath the brim of Dave's frowzy slouch hat. "I ain't afeered toe burn."

His lips blanched, his knees were wobbly with fear, but he had not forgotten the one boast of his poor, pinched life, uttered so long ago. "Toe purtec' yo' honoh an' happiness I 'ud throw away my wu'thless life." He uttered the words again monotonously, fingering the rifle that was held limply in his shaking hands.

Poor Sue! There was no answering laughter in her soul now for those grotesquely sententious words, which broke in husky monotone on her hearing like a last prayer.

In that moment Dave, who had always been a coward, who had all his life long borne meekly the scorn and opprobrium attached to the character, to whom heretofore nothing could arouse to a sense of his degradation, calmly arose to the very pinnacle of heroism.

"I'm comin' out," he called, and, shooting back the bolt, he stood on the cabin step before them.

"Fall back and give him a show; he's coming out boys!" Sue clung to him, pleading. "Dave, don't; there's four to one. Don't go!" but he pushed her gently backward into the room.

"Bolt the door behind me," he said, and passed out.

Sue stood motionless in the center of the room waiting for it to begin. Dave pulled the trigger of his gun and turned the corner, and instantly four weapons barked with one voice.

Sue heard something heavy fall against the side of the cabin; then instantly the sharp, clear utterance of a rifle answered the carbines again and still again. One carbine only answered; then all was still; only the fretful warbling of a wren in the near-by Cherokee rose hedge breaking the intense silence of the drowsy afternoon hush.

Anxiety conquering terror, Sue drew back the bolt, throwing the door wide open. A broad stream of yellow light and a rush of heat met her. Dave was gasping his last breath; bleeding and shattered, he crept to her feete, after the manner of a faithful dog, to die. In the grave gray eyes that were raised to hers there was the light of a passing spirit, triumphant over the shadow of death, which already darkened them. His lips moved in the contortion of a smile, that broke into an articulate murmur.

"I dun said that toe purtec' yo honah and happiness I would th'ow away my wurthless life—an' I done hit."

And Dave, with the crimson glory of his "wurthless life's" blood streaming from many wounds, passed to the judgment reserved for him from the beginning of all things.

The wren shivered out her fragmentary song to heaven, the perfume of the Cherokee rose filled the air of the fading day, and the setting sun, streaming through the cabin door, touched the still figure of Dave, wrapping him in molten splendor as though with the face of a dying god.

Poor Dave, though a coward all his life long, he had earned the reward of heroism at the very end. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."—Detroit Journal.

—The word "fie," or its equivalent in sound, exists in all languages, and in every one is expressive of disgust. In the Icelandic the word "pfui" means putridity.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Mr. Newrich (in the opera box to his wife)—"My dear, you must not listen to the singers so much, or else people will think we came here on account of the music."—Fliegende Blaetter.

—"Well," said Sammy Snaggs, after he had worked for ten minutes in trying to untie the knots in a cord about a bulky package, "if there's anything I dislike it's a birthday present with a string to it."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

—"Popper," asked the young woman, "why is it that you have never done anything to make you famous?" "Never thought of it," said the old man. "What had I better do—bolt the ticket or take seven bottles of patent medicine?"—Indianapolis Journal.

—Sensitive.—"So you haven't any clergyman?" "No; the first one left because we didn't want him to take a vacation, and the next one left because we told him his sermons indicated that he ought to take a vacation."—Chicago Record.

—She takes very little interest in public questions and her father and brothers had disturbed her reading. "Dear me," she exclaimed, "do stop talking about McKinley and Bryan. Anybody would think from the way you keep discussing them that they were baseball players!"—Washington Star.

—The Washington Post tells a story of a young man in Washington who came to New York the other day, not because he wanted to see the city, or because he had any business there, but because he had a pass on one of the railroads and didn't mean to let things like that escape him. He came back the other day. Everybody asked him what he had seen over in town. He hadn't seen anything. "Well, didn't you go anywhere?" asked somebody, finally. "Not on your life," said the boy. "D'ye think I was going to pay two dollars a day for a room and not use it all the time?"

MAKING GOLD MINES PAY.

Millions Sometimes Must Be Invested to Realize Any Success.

There are no hard and fast rules in regard to making a mine from the time it passes into the prospector's hands until it becomes a dividend-payer. Many mines are such, as the owners say, "from the grass roots" and turn out large quantities of ore from the beginning.

J. B. Haggin, the millionaire mine-owner, took $3,000,000 from the Custer mine in Lemhi county, Idaho, before it became necessary to use a candle. This mine was known as the Mineral Mountain. A man came along one day, and after looking at it remarked: "Why, the hanging wall is gone." This was true; nature had assisted the miner in this case; the mountain side had been eroded, leaving the mineral standing there. Mr. Haggin also spent about $3,000,000 in developing the Anaconda mine before it was on a paying basis.

Mines have been discovered containing fabulous wealth, although a prospector would starve to death in trying to work them. This was true in regard to the Homestake mine in the Black hills. The prospector who made the discovery could do nothing with it, and it passed into the hands of Senator Hearst and other California capitalists. They concluded that unless it was worked on a large scale it could not be made profitable. An 80-stamp mill was ordered and shipped in from Cheyenne at a cost of $135,000 as an experiment. The mine has paid in dividends $17,500 a month for 17 years.

It requires a large amount of money, usually, to put a mine on a dividend-paying basis and as a rule this the prospector cannot do, although prospectors have made fortunes with their properties.—Spokane Spokesman.

The Catahoula Mound Dwellers.

Prof. Beyli's exploration of the Catahoula mounds, conducted under the auspices of Tulane university and the Louisiana Historical society, has been so eminently successful that the work is to be continued. His excavations were confined to four mounds recently discovered on Lake Larto, but his excursions into the neighboring swamps disclosed the fact that they were full of similar mounds, most of them larger, the town of Troy being built on a score of them. The excavations prove that the mound builders were a peaceful fisher-folk, enjoying considerable civilization but having very few weapons, and these evidently brought from a distance, who sought refuge in the Louisiana swamps from the more warlike tribes around them, and built the mounds as a protection from the overflow of the Mississippi. Enough was secured in the way of skeletons, pottery—some of it pictured—household utensils, etc., to well stock a museum, and Tulane is so well satisfied that it will try some of the larger mounds, in the hope of finding whence the Catahoula mound dwellers came, and what was their previous history.—Harper's Weekly.

Formation of the Acorn.

The male flowers of the oak are gathered in distant clusters round a long, swaying stalk; they approach much nearer to the conventional idea of a flower individually. Instead of being a mere aggregation of anthers or pollen cells on simple scales, those of the oak are possessed of distinct starlike, hairy calyxes, each marked off into six or seven lobes, and containing ten slender stamens, with two-celled anthers. Then the female flowers, which are usually two or three, near each other, but not connected, consist each of an ovary, with three short-curved styles, and invested by a calyx that adheres closely to it and becomes the husk and shell of the acorn. The whole, except the styles, is held in a cup formed of many small over-lapping scales, which afterward lose their individuality and shrink into mere roughness on the outside of the cup that holds the acorn. For only one of the six ovules contained in the ovary develops into an acorn (seed or corn of the ac, or oak.)—Science.

A SWIM FOR LIFE.

An Experience of the Late Gov. Russell, of Massachusetts.

Chief among the characteristics distinguishing William E. Russell in his early days was indomitable pluck that stamped him very early as a man likely to succeed in anything which he undertook. Examples of this combination of courage and perseverance were abundant in his athletic experiences at Harvard, and in one or two instances of his career, which made him very famous indeed throughout the university in his native city.

One of these was his conduct in a famous race of class crews in 1876. Russell's boat was beaten by half a length and he himself had to receive the attention of friends after the contest. He showed in this race an amount of determination and endurance which not even his most enthusiastic admirers had attributed to him. Another instance of courage and grit was furnished in an accident in which he came near losing his life.

In the summer of 1876 he went down to Nantucket to pass a few weeks on the water. He had three friends with him, and the four young men were to sail a sloop that had been floated for the first time that year.

On a squally morning the craft was overhauled and the young fellows decided to make a short trip in her. There were two strangers at Nantucket, young men of about the same age as those in the party of collegians, and they were invited to have a sail. The six went out accordingly.

The sea was high and the wind blew sharply, and about five miles from the shore the little sloop was capsized. The wind struck her so that she filled very rapidly and immediately sank.

The only thing that came to the surface was a long oar, and by the unanimous consent of the four students this was placed at the disposal of the two who had been invited out to sail.

The situation was rationally discussed, and it was decided that an attempt should be made to reach Coatue shoals, a point that was farther away than the shore they had left, but toward which the tide was running and the wind blew. Russell and one of his college mates led the others off.

The swim before them was a long six miles, and, with the heavy sea that was on, and the wind that was blowing, it meant at least three hours in the water.

On shore the fishermen and their families were sitting down to dinner when the accident occurred—all but one. This man's wife had been delayed in the preparation of the noonday meal, and during the wait he sought to kill time by sweeping the sea with his glass.

Thus it was that he saw a white sail glisten in the sunlight and disappear. He didn't know what had happened, but he was convinced something was wrong.

He got into a dory and made for the spot where he had seen the sail, leaving word that others should follow him.

The two young men that held the oar kept afloat but for a few minutes, while the others were battling for the shore. It was evident that the oar would longer support only one, and the elder of the two sang out: "Well, goodby, old man; this oar won't hold us both, and you can have my chance." Then he sank and was drowned.

When the fishermen reached the vicinity of the accident he found the surviving young man in the water unconscious, with his arm wound tightly around the wooden sweep.

The fisherman saw some distance ahead, when he looked up, a white ball bobbing up and down. This was one of the collegians, and he was discovered by the white handkerchief that he wore about his head. When he was pulled into the boat he gasped, faintly: "My brother," and sank in a dead faint to the bottom of the dory. These two words told the fishermen that there was at least another person ahead. So that when the boat of fishermen who had followed the first dory was seen behind they were signaled to go ahead as quickly as possible and look for more swimmers. This they did, and picked up the brother, who told them that Russell and his companion were still in the water. When Russell, who was yet a long way from land, turned about to catch sight of his companions who he supposed were following, he saw a sail coming down like a thing of life with the wind and tide, and he knew he and his friends were saved.

Russell had been swimming exactly an hour and twenty minutes.—Boston Globe.

Greek Coins.

It is little surprising that the Athenian coins are less beautiful than some others. They always preserved an affectation of archaism. The Attic drachmas bore the head of Athene, and on the reverse an owl, often standing on a lyre, the whole in a myrtle wreathe. Plutarch, in his "Lysander," tells an amusing tale of how Glyppus had been sent to Sparta with a great sum of money as a bribe, and how he ripped the bottoms of the sacks and stole large sums, sewing up the sacks again, not knowing that there was a writing in each sack saying how much coin it held. On coming to Sparta, he hid his plunder under the tiles of his house, showing the Ephors the unbroken seals on the mouths of the sacks. When the Ephors opened these they were in great perplexity. But Glippus' servant betrayed him, saying that "under the tiles roosted the owls." The consternation was great. Glippus fled, and the stern Spartans declared that for the future they would use iron coinage, made red hot and quenched in vinegar to make it hard and unpliable. In the laws of Solon, 600 B. C., the punishment of death is recorded against forging the coinage.—Good Words.

—Dried apples were in demand last year in Europe, 7,085,946 pounds of the American product going there, for which $461,214 was returned to this country.

Most Appropriate.

"Emily," said old Mr. Tibbetts, sternly, "who was that young man I found kissing you at the door last night?"

"It was Mr.—Mr. Lippincott," stammered Emily in a faint voice.

Old Mr. Tibbetts glared at his daughter fixedly for a moment, and then a softer light shone in his eye. In both eyes, in fact.

"H'George!" he cried, slapping his knee, "he's well named, too!"—N. Y. World.

A Slayer.

"You remind me so strongly of a lady's watch," Miss De Smith concluded when young Mr. Featherly had forgotten for ever and ever so long how late it had got to be.

"Because—" he hesitatingly began.

"It never is going," explained Miss De Smith, in clear, incisive accents.

But that wound him up again.—N. Y. Recorder.

IT WAS THE SPELLING.

The Man—There! Guess that sign 'll keep the loafers off.

The Hen—Well, it would be a crazy sort of a hen that would try that.—Up-to-Date.

Make a Successful Doctor.

Dr. Emdee—Don't be discouraged; your son will be a successful physician before you know it.

Graduate's Father—What indications of this have you observed?

Dr. Emdee—He has just the face for hot-house whiskers.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

What He Knew About It.

"Have you seen Mathilde's new dress?" asked Mrs. Cumrox.

"No, I haven't seen Matilda's new dress," was the not very genial reply; "and what is more, I don't want to see it."

"I should think you would have enough of the sentiments of a father about you to take an interest in what Mathilde wears."

"I can find out all I want to know about Matilda's dresses," he rejoined, persisting in his own pronunciation, "without seeing them."

"Oh, indeed. Then perhaps you can describe the material of this one."

"I can; not minutely, but none the less accurately. The most conspicuous thing about the material is a large check. I feel sure about that, because I wrote the check myself."—Washington Star.

Evidence of Luck.

"Lucky? Well, I should say he was. He's one of the luckiest men that ever was born."

"What makes you think so?"

"Think so! I don't think so; I know it. Why, sir, that man actually put down an umbrella in a public hallway on a rainy day and thoughtlessly left it there 15 minutes without losing it."—Chicago Post.

Misplaced Sympathy.

Mr. Textly—My dear old friend, I am shocked and grieved to notice that the destroying angel has visited your home.

Old Bonder—What do you mean?

Mr. Textly—I was alluding to that band of crape which you are wearing.

Old Bonder (looking at his hat)—Jeewillikins! I must have traded hats with that fellow in the barber shop.—Bay City Chat.

Could Not Wait.

The Old Man (tearfully)—And you want to take my only daughter from me in my old age! Can you not wait?

The Suitor—Well, no, not exactly. I don't mind taking her in your old age, but I don't care about taking her in hers.—N. Y. World.

Knowledge Lends Power.

Kate—Has Charlie acquired any accomplishments since he went to college?

Flossie—I should say he had. You ought to see how easily he keeps a cigarette in his mouth when he's talking.—Tit-Bits.

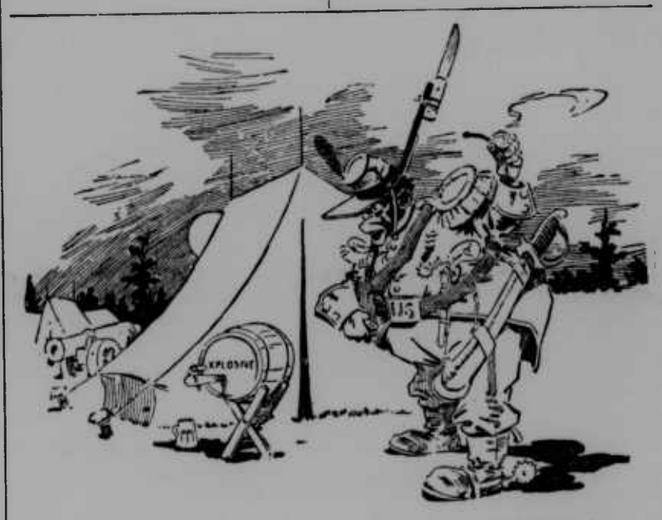

N.Y. HERALD

THE DARKTOWN REGIMENT IN CAMP.

Sergeant—Put out dat light!
Voice Within—Dat's de moon, sahgent.
Sergeant—Don't keer what it am; put hit out.

Used to It.

"I hope our conversation did not annoy you?" said a gentleman to a friend, who sat behind a talkative party at the opera.

"Oh, no, not at all," replied the man addressed; "my office, you know, is next door to a boiler shop."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Difference.

May—How quickly you learned to wheel! It took me the whole winter to learn.

Minnie—Oh, how deliciously jolly! You must have had a perfect love of a professor to have been all that time at it.—Town Topics.

Just Suited for It.

Mr. Muchblest—I don't think we can do better than put Johnny in the dry goods business.

Mrs. Muchblest—Why so?

Mr. Muchblest—His teacher says he is always getting marked down.—N. Y. World.

Unmitigated Selfishness.

"Ruggles, how does it feel to have a tooth pulled?"

"It cost me a dollar to find out. If you want to know how it feels go and pay for the knowledge, like a man."—Chicago Tribune.

In Confidence.

Friend—Who spread the report that you were financially embarrassed?

Millionaire—I did, and it has worked like a charm! Lord Ninkumpupe has hardly noticed my daughter since.—Town Topics.

Kind Offer.

Highwaymau—Your money or your life.

Poet—Money I have none, but if you will tell me of some of your adventures I will write them down and divide the profits with you.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Making His Mark.

She—Have you heard that our minister is to be tried for heresy?

He—Yes. It is quite a distinction for so young a man.—Brooklyn Life.

Unreasonable.

Edna—I prefer people to say just what they think of me.

Edith—You could hardly expect so much candor as that.—Up-to-Date.

Well Prepared.

Magistrate—What have you brought that thick stick into court for?

Defendant—Well, everybody told me I must come provided with a means of defense, and I fancy I've brought it.—Tit-Bits.

Other Chap Held Four Aces.

Mabel—I called on the queen while I was abroad. It cost me over $500 for my clothes.

Jack Potts—I called on three queens last night and it cost me $500 and my clothes besides.—Town Topics.

The Starting Point.

Whiffles—Have you read the new novel, "When His Love Grew Cold?"

Shuffles—No; but I judge it must have been the first time he saw her in bicycle costume.—Philadelphia North American.

A MILK FAMINE THREATENED.

Farmer Reaper—Hello, Waters, fine weather this.

Waters (the dairyman)—Yes, very fine, but if we don't have some rain pretty soon I don't know what I shall do for milk.—Chicago Tribune.

A Mistake Corrected.

First Delegate—I don't believe you opened your mouth during the entire session of the convention.

Second Delegate—That's where you are mistaken; I yawned every time you made a speech.—Texas Sifter.

Various Methods.

How strangely do life's prizes go,
Awarded by the crowd;
Some triumph by the things they know,
And some by talking loud.
—Washington Star.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

KATYDID.

There's a little telltale
In the old oak-tree,
And it's always saying
Dreadful things of me.
Just as sure as ranmina
Says with such a sigh:
"Who's been in the pantry,
Nibbled at the pie?
Who has dropped these bread-crumbs
All around the floor?
Who ran in so rudely,
Didn't shut the door?"
Or: "Who threw this bonnet
Down upon the stairs?"
Or: "Who left these cookies
On the parlor chairs?"
Then the little telltale,
In the tree-top hid,
Answers shrill and saucy!
"Katy did! She did!"
Say, now, little gossip,
Don't you think it's mean,
Watching me so slyly,
Telling all you've seen?
But I've thought of something
Such a splendid plan,
I'll be just as careful
As I ever can;
Keep my fingers useful
All the livelong day;
Then how s'prised and happy
Mamma dear will say:
"What good household fairy,
Or what little sprite,
Washed the cups so neatly,
Rubbed the glasses bright?
Hung up hat and jacket,
Shut the closet door?
Set the supper-table,
Swept the kitchen floor?"
Down then from your peep-hole
In the green leaves hid,
Cheerily you'll answer;
"Katy did! She did!"
—Youth's Companion.

STRANGE BIRD PET.

It Is Half Eagle, Half Ostrich and Striped Like a Zebra.

Tommy Hurvey is a boy of ten, and lives away out in Sonoma, Cal., and he has the queerest bird pet of any lad in the United States. Some day, perhaps, some man who knows all about birds will give Tommy's strange pet a great long name; but just now there is no one who can tell just what sort of a bird this one is or what to call it.

Tommy Harvey caught his bird while out hunting for frogs in a marsh not far from town, and was having a good time. Suddenly he heard a sound, between a screech and a whistle, that made him jump. He started to run and saw the strange bird directly in front of him. Of course it did not frighten him so badly as it did some people who have seen it since, but for several moments he thought there was a sledge-hammer inside of him where his heart ought to be. As boys have a powerful habit of doing, Tommy got over that feeling and started to investigate the bird. It was not the least bit afraid of him. He used a long stick at first, for the bird to exercise its beak on, until he saw it could not bite very hard. Gradually he got nearer and nearer, and braver and braver, as he assured himself of the queer bird's harmlessness.

In a short time Tommy mustered up courage enough to stroke the bird's back. This seemed to please it. Tommy was delighted also, and was not long in making up his mind to take the bird home. He had forgotten all about the frogs, and they croaked and croaked in unmolested glee.

When Tommy reached home with his prize he first showed it to his mother. But that good woman did not want to look at it. She simply gave a shriek and fled from the house the moment Tommy set it on the floor. The bird, of course, did not mind the shriek and proceeded to make itself at home. Tommy fed it the best there was in the house, and also all there was in the house, and still it was hungry. It ate and ate, and Tommy's mother, who by this time had recovered enough to sneak around the side of the house and peep in the window, was willing that it should have all it wanted.

Tommy then took his bird out on the street and created great consternation

TOMMY HARVEY'S QUEER PET.

among the men, and envy among the other boys because it did not belong to them. The first night Tommy owned the bird he wanted to take it to bed with him. His mother allowed him to do this, but boy and bird both slept in the woodshed. Tommy has since made up his mind that the bird can sleep by itself in the woodshed. He said he was not afraid—of course not—but it was lonesome out there, and his pet wanted to play with him and wouldn't let him sleep.

There are a great many peculiar things about the appearance of Tommy's bird. It looks like a combination of ostrich, eagle and owl. It is very young, and yet it is at least 18 inches high, or larger than a baby ostrich of the same age. It is covered with a soft, white fuzz, like a young duck, and has feet that look to be about twice the size they ought to be. Passing down the sides of this creature are stripes of brown color like a zebra; and its head—it's a nightmare. Projecting from a dark circle on its face is the beak of a vulture, while the eyes are small and wicked-looking. The bird's wings are dark in color, and most of the time hang down at its sides. It cannot fly yet and is not able to walk much. It looks as heavy as a big turkey, but really does not weigh more than three pounds. A strange pet for a boy, don't you think?

—Love lives, lifts, lightens, learns—Chicago Standard.

PIKE GOES BIRDING.

A Naturalist Tells How It Conducted Its Peculiar Warfare.

It is a common saying that birds go a-fishing, but it is not generally known that very often the case is reversed and the birds supposed to be the enemies of the fishes are caught in the toils.

Several years ago, while fishing off the Maine coast, the writer observed what the fishermen called the running of the dog-fish. One day the fishing for cod, hake and haddock was excellent; the following morning it had stopped as suddenly as though a command to all the finny tribe had been issued by Neptune.

The explanation was that an army of small sharks, swimming in from the unknown depths of the sea, had driven away all the edible fish. This horde was so starved and ravenous that they were a menace to life. If anything was thrown into the water they rushed to the spot; bit at the oars and sails that

PIKE CATCHING BIRD.

dragged overboard and devoured everything eatable that appeared. The gulls and other birds which were in the habit of alighting on the water now became victims. Several were seen to suddenly disappear, jerked down from below to be torn in pieces by these hounds of the sea. In some instances a bird would escape with the loss of a leg, and doubtless numbers were caught by the voracious fish.

The most voracious bird catcher is the pike or pickerel—a sly fellow who lurks beneath overhanging limbs or rocks and watches for some duckling or birdling that strays from the brood. The pike attains a large size and has been known to attack good-sized birds, even loons, though whether it could successfully carry away so large a bird is doubtful.

A naturalist was once watching a pool that was surrrounded by willows whose graceful foliage fell over the water, casting deep shadows. Dragon flies and other insects were darting about at the surface, and coursing back and forth, following them in turn were a number of swallows, which now and then touched the water as they darted at some insect. Suddenly, without warning, from the dark pool the hidden observer saw a huge pike leap at one of the birds, the latter barely escaping by a quick movement, while the fish fell heavily into the water. Again it tried to catch one of the swallows, then gave up the attempt.

Another observer was fishing in a small lake when he noticed not far away three young sand martins sitting on a limb just over the water, the mother fluttering about them, endeavoring to induce them to fly. All at once an enormous pike dashed out of the water and seized one of the birdlings from the limb, the poor mother darting about in the greatest alarm. Soon came another leap, and in less than half an hour this voracious fish had carried off the three young birds.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

VALUABLE INDIAN DOG.

How a Magician Fooled Chief Two Belly and His Braves.

Some tribes of American Indians are said to be highly expert at feats of jugglery. Other tribes seem to be almost unacquainted with such tricks, if we are to credit a story said to have been told by a military officer at Fort Sill and reported by the Buffalo Express.

Prof. McAllister, the magician, once visited a camp of River Crows on the Yellowstone, and after extracting various packs of cards and other articles from the ears, necks, noses and garments of the astonished Indians, was invited to a big feast of roast dog and other delicacies.

Chief Two Belly was so impressed by the great medicine powers of the professor he took him to his wigwam, introduced him to his daughter, Miss Wieista-Neeta (meaning wildcat), and offered her to him for a wife at the low price of two ponies.

The feast and daughter were both declined, but as McAllister was leaving the tepee he spied a lean, yellow cur. He asked Chief Two Belly how much he would take for the dog, at the same time stroking the brute down the back and each time taking a handful of money from the end of his tail.

"Him very valuable dog," said McAllister, picking a coin out of the dog's eye and another out of his nose. "Two ponies for him, chief."

The Indians, with eyes as big as saucers, stood in awe and astonishment, and shook their heads. After McAllister had gone they carried the poor dog down to the river side and cut him open, but the goose had no golden egg, and they went slowly back to camp, as completely dumfounded and as solemn as human beings can possibly be.

Sparrows and the Bicycle.

A curious thing about the sparrow has often been noticed by wheelmen. When bicycle riding first became common the birds used to hop up in the air and fly away before the wheel was within 20 feet of them, plainly being very much frightened. But now, even with the increase in the number of bicycles and the speed at which they are ridden, the birds show little or no fear. They wait until the very last moment before getting out of the way, and then they hop aside only a few inches.

FARM AND GARDEN.

DRAINAGE OF ROADS.

It Is the Basis of All Permanent Highway Improvement.

"Water is a great destroyer of dirt roads and drainage is especially important in the proper making and keeping of the dirt roads, because the material of the roadway is more susceptible to the action of the water and more easily destroyed than any other highway material used in the construction of roads by more elaborate methods. Side ditches are provided for country roads in most cases, but common experience shows how imperfectly these are made, and how inadequate even the best side drains are to relieve the road from its soggy, impassable condition. Nothing brings relief except the slow process of evaporation, and even when a road is dried by the sun and wind it is generally left in a rough, rutty condition," so says Drainage Journal.

"How should a dirt road be drained? A column might be written upon this question alone, for, more than any other, it affects the maintenance of thousands of miles of dirt roads now in constant use, besides being an important consideration in the construction of new roads. When water falls upon a dirt road we aim to carry it off either by giving the surface of the road a slope to one side or the other, both, or by under-drainage, in which the water, failing to escape by running from the surface to the side ditches, is drawn into a permanent drain, generally laid lengthwise with the roadway and beneath it, and so made as to carry the water to some adjacent outlet. Let us consider these matters separately. Most dirt roads have an obstinate tendency to hold water. You may scrape one of these roads into the form of a nicely graded surface and roll it as hard as you please, only to find that the softening influences of the first rainstorm will permit the wheels of the first loaded wagon passing over it to make more or less of a depression. This depression serves to hold the water, and in this manner the bottom of it is softened and made susceptible when the next wheel comes along, and so the depression is deepened into an actual rut. I have never yet seen a dirt road which offered a permanent and sufficient drainage by side open ditches during the wet seasons of the year. These ditches are often carelessly graded and always carelessly kept, being generally left to clear themselves, and so neglected that they become obstructed by washings from the road surface and in other ways. What kind of drains shall we use? The ordinary drain tile used in farm drainage will be found to answer an excellent purpose and should be used wherever the question of expense will permit.

"The drainage of highways should be recognized as the basis of permanent road improvement where the soil and subsoil get wet and spongy. The laying of two lines of tile, one on each side of the travelway, inside of the water ditches, will prevent the water from percolating through the soil under the roadway and secure a firm travelway."

THE ROAD POET AT WORK.

"I would not live alway"
Had never been penned,
Had roads been like this
From beginning to end.
—Good Roads.

WORKING THE ROADS.

Some of the Mistakes Made Where the Old System Prevails.

A good many of our readers will be warned out by the supervisor to work the roads. In some cases it will be going through the form mainly, or playing work the roads; in others there will be a good deal of work done. Much of this good work done is spoiled by reason of the incompetence of the supervisors. We have seen roads rendered impassable almost all summer by the lack of a little of the know-how on the part of the man who was bossing the job. Where dirt is piled into the middle of the road with plow and scraper, it is folly to fail to use the harrow. If the harrow is not used, and used thoroughly, the result will be that the road will be full of holes for months to come. When a thresher wishes a first-class track for his horses, he selects ground that has been plowed and thoroughly harrowed. He knows that this will trump down smooth and hard. Freshly plowed ground or a pile of fresh dirt contains large lumps and many comparatively open spaces, and when travel comes on it without being sufficiently pulverized, it makes the very worst kind of a road. Therefore, before leaving the road, harrow the fill thoroughly and completely and thus prepare a good highway.—Wallace's Farmer.

An Aphorism from Boston.

The condition of the road is the price tag that tells the value of the farm.—Good Roads.

Calves that are losing the hair about the eyes may be subject to a mild form of mange. Sulphur and lard rubbed on the spots occasionally will effect a cure.

Gilt edge butter cannot be made from the milk of cows that are fed largely upon cotton seed meal.

HIS TIME WAS UP.

One of the Disadvantages of Hiring a Lawyer by the Day.

With the name of Rufus Lockwood is recalled to mind one of the most extraordinary geniuses that the state of California ever produced. It is many years now since Lockwood held sway in the courts of San Francisco. He was in his day, perhaps, the best lawyer in the state, and it was only because of his utter indifference to pecuniary matters that he did not leave a large fortune behind him.

Lockwood went at one time to Horace Hawes, a very distinguished lawyer and the author of the consolidation act which is now in force. Hawes had a reputation for close figuring, and Lockwood knew it. He said: "Mr. Hawes, I'll hire myself to you for one year from date at a salary of $25 a day, payable every night."

"All right," said Hawes, delighted to engage the services of the brightest mind in the state at so low a figure—for the salary was not a great one in those days—and the bargain was sealed. It was 11 o'clock in the morning. But from that time on, it is said, Hawes never missed an opportunity of reminding Lockwood of his bondage. He would say, in the presence of others: "Lockwood, go fetch that book; Lockwood, do this or that," etc. Lockwood never said a word, but did as he was bidden, and Hawes enjoyed his triumph.

Finally it came to the day when the year's engagement terminated. There was a most important lawsuit on hand which Lockwood had made a careful study of. No one in the state could possibly have handled it as he did. Well, on the day in question Lockwood stood in court, an array of law books in front of him, and expounded his views in masterly fashion. Suddenly he looked up at the clock and saw that it was the hour of 11. Closing the book from which he was quoting, he turned to Hawes, who was sitting beside him, and said: "Mr. Hawes, a year ago to-day at this hour I contracted to work for you one year. My time's up, the contract is cancelled, and I am going."

Thus did he repay his master for the humiliation heaped upon him. Hawes was in the greatest consternation. He could not possibly take up the thread of the case where Lockwood had left it, and he begged and implored him to proceed. But Lockwood remembered, and he turned a deaf ear to all persuasions. He kept his word, the contract had expired.—San Francisco Bulletin.

THE LEADING MEN.

The leading poet of Protestantism was Milton. His "Paradise Lost" has been styled "The Great Puritan Epic."

The Greeks regarded Pindar as the first of their lyric poets, and since their time the judgment has been confirmed.

The most skillful military tactician was Napoleon. His victories were won more by skill and tact than by strength.

The wisest of natural philosophers was Aristotle, in whose works are found the beginnings of the history of nature.

The leading pantheistic philosopher was Spinoza. He found God in everything, and deemed that everything was God.

The most talented actor was David Garrick. His faculty was such that he was equally good in tragedy and comedy.

The most profound of modern historians was Gibbon, whose "Decline and Fall" was a history of the world for 1,200 years.

The most exact poet was Pope. He frequently rewrote a poem eight or ten times before allowing it to go to the printer.

Scott was by far the most eminent writer of historical fiction. The founder of this school, it has never since produced his equal.

The most accomplished of linguists was Mezzofanti. At the time of his death he is said to have been familiar with 114 languages.

How Charlie Saved Her.

"That Charlie Spindles is a horrid fellow, isn't he?"

"Yes, but he once saved me from a mad bull."

"How was that?"

"I saw Charlie coming and went through another field."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SHE—"The secret of my age is intrusted to time." He—"Are you not sometimes afraid that time will tell?"—Detroit Free Press.

THE men never talk about each other, because they know all about each other; the women know so little about each other that they do lots of guessing.—Atchison Globe.

HOW STRANGELY do life's prizes go,
Awarded by the crowd;
Some triumph by the things they know,
And some by talking loud.
—Washington Evening Star.

WAITER (at club restaurant)—"Ready with your order, sah?" City Sportsman (back from a week's fishing)—"Give me some fish; I'm tired to death of other things."—N. Y. Weekly.

AND HE FOLLOWED IT.—"One kiss," he said, "before I go!"
The girl knew what she was about,
And said to him: "The rule, you know,
In kissing is, 'three times and out.'"

"ARE those stars which you see at night suns?" asked a little boy of his father. "Yes, my boy, they are suns." "Well, then," added the youth, "I suppose the shooting stars are *darters!*"

DEACON BERRY—"You remember the words of St. Paul in his defense before Agrippa." Miss Stalemate—"No, I can't say that I remember, deacon; St. Paul, you know, was before my time." Deacon Berry—"You surprise me."—Boston Transcript.

AN employment, the satisfactory pursuit of which requires of a man that he shall be endowed with a retentive memory, quick at learning, lofty minded and graceful, is the friend and brother of truth, justice, fortitude and temperance.—Pluto.

"ARE you taking swimming lessons, Cadby?" "No, old fellow. It's too much bother. My valet is learning, and as I never go anywhere without him, if I fall in the watah he could rescue me."—Harper's Bazar.

SHE—"I thought you said the seaside never drew you to it?" He (impressively)—"It was not the seaside drew me here." She—"Of course—you came by train, didn't you? It was the engine drew you!"—Illustrated Bits.

A Wonderful Phenomenon.

The man who should pass through life without experiencing a twinge of indigestion, might be fitly regarded as a wonderful phenomenon. We doubt if such a privileged mortal has ever existed. If so, we have never seen him. But thousands are known to be daily relieved of dyspepsia by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the popular remedy for that truly national complaint, as well as for fever and ague, debility, constipation, rheumatism and kidney troubles.

THE LADY—"It runs right into something the minute you let go. Oh, I'm sure I can never learn to ride it." Instructor—"Stick to it, ma'am; you'll learn soon. Why, I taught an idiot to ride last week."

Cheap Excursions to the West and Northwest.

On August 4, 18, September 1, 15, 29, October 6 and 20, 1896, The North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western R'y) will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets at very low rates to a large number of points in the West and Northwest. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address

W. B. KNISKERN, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

"MR. TAILOR, if you'll get my coat done by Saturday, I shall forever be indebted to you." "If that's your game," said the tailor, under his breath, "the coat will not be done."

$8.00 Chicago to St. Paul and Return.

On account of the G. A. R. Encampment The North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Railway) will, on August 31 and September 1, 1896, sell excursion tickets from Chicago to St. Paul and return at rate of $8.00 for the round trip, good for return passage until September 15, with privilege of further extension to September 30, 1896. For tickets and full information apply to agents of connecting lines, or address W. B. KNISKERN, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

"JOHN," said Mrs. Wilbur, "why don't you brush that fly off the top of your head? He's been there three minutes." "Oh, let him stay," said John. "I'm not using the top of my head just now."—Harper's Bazar.

VERY low rates will be made by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway for excursions of August 18th, September 1st, 15th and 29th, to the south, for Homeseekers and Harvesters. For particulars apply to the nearest local Agent, or address JAMES BARKER, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt., St. Louis, Mo.

THE TALL MAN (angrily)—"I'll get even with you, sir." The Short Man (easily)—"You will have to get down on your knees to do it."

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. DR. KLINE, 933 Arch st. Phila., Pa.

SEND ten cents silver for sample box Dr. Bailey's celebrated Liver Pills. Fifty pills for 25c. Agents wanted. Excelsior Chemical Co., Lock Box 698, Rochester, N. Y.

ALICE—"Oh, Edith, the honeymoon is beginning to wane. Percy called me plain Alice to-day." Edith—"And yet you are not so plain, dear."—Tit-Bits.

I BELIEVE Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—MRS. ALLIE DOUGLASS, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 20, '94.

JOHNNY says it was William Tell's son who had such an arrow escape.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

AGENTS, STREETMEN and BOYS,

To sell McKinley and Bryan portraits; two colors; 22x28; sample, 10c; $3.25 per hundred. Order quick. BARCLAY & COMPANY, Publishers, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

A. N. K.—C. 1618

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

Featherbone Edge

S·H·&M· REGISTERED TRADE MARK

BIAS
VELVETEEN
SKIRT BINDING

has a strip of Featherbone stitched in one edge. It both flares and binds the skirt and holds it away from the feet; the newest of the S. H. & M. bindings.

If your dealer will not supply you we will.

Samples showing labels and materials mailed free.

"Home Dressmaking Made Easy," a new 72 page book by Miss Emma M. Hooper, of the Ladies' Home Journal, tells in plain words how to make dresses at home without previous training; mailed for 25c.

S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y. City.

GOLD OR SILVER? WHICH?

If you have land—in the right place—you'll always have plenty of both metals. To get the most (myself a little) to an **IRRIGATED IDAHO FRUIT FARM**, 5 to 40 acres on easy terms. Perpetual water right, U. P. R. R. Depot, School, etc. Homes built for *bona fide* settlers. For literature or information, address Supt. of Lands,

IDAHO FRUIT CO., 50 Broadway, N. Y.

This Company is composed of men whose reputation is national.

"Check it!"

BattleAx PLUG

A GREAT BIG PIECE FOR 10 CENTS

If he had bought a 5 cent piece he would have been able to take it with him.

There is no use buying more than a 5 cent piece of "Battle Ax." A 10 cent piece is most too big to carry, and the 5 cent piece is nearly as large as the 10 cent piece of other high grade tobaccos.

BRADLEY'S FERTILIZERS For Wheat.

Are the World's Best by Every Test.

Thirty-five years' experience has proven them to be unequaled for growing the largest crops of wheat at the least expense. Send for evidence to Bradley Fertilizer Co., Boston, Mass., or Cleveland, Ohio. Local Agents Wanted in unoccupied territory.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, AUG. 27, 1896.

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET

For President of the United States,

WILLIAM McKINLEY,

OF OHIO.

For Vice President of the United States,

GARRET A. HOBART,

OF NEW JERSEY.

Garrett's Choice.

The Republican county convention yesterday endorsed Senator Robert A. Ravenscroft for Congress. Senator Ravenscroft is well known throughout this and adjoining counties. In 1893 he was elected to the Senate of Maryland from Garrett county, and during the past two sessions made a record there which was a credit not only to himself but to his constituents as well. His work in securing extra appropriations for the schools of Garrett county is well known and commends him to the favorable consideration of our people. By his efforts in that direction he obtained more than $22,000. He was a strong advocate of the bill for the election of the inspector of mines by popular vote and strongly opposed the creation of company stores in connection with mines.

He was also instrumental in having passed the bill for the creation of the position of weighmaster at the mines as an additional protection to this class of labor. By his work in this connection he is strong with the miners and the laboring classes.

His Republicanism is above reproach and his public reputation is as bright and pure as his private life. He is a strong believer in the principles of the Republican party as enunciated in the St. Louis platform.

Garrett county has never had a candidate for Congress and it is about time that the other counties in the district should recognize her claims and honor her chosen son with the nomination. We believe that the time has come for the Republicans of Garrett county to stand firmly by their county's choice and insist upon the nomination coming here.

A motto for working men and women: "A dollar's worth of dollar for a dollar's worth of work.'

MR. BRYAN makes the dogmatic assertion that free coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1 would at once raise the price of silver to $1.20 per ounce. That's what they said the Bland-Allison bill would do, but it didn't. —Altoona Tribune.

LYMAN J. GAGE president of the First National Bank of Chicago, says in discussing silver: "I admit for argument's sake, at least, that if the Government should decree that doughnuts should be legal tender for debts—a doughnut for a dollar—then (if doughnuts did not become too plentiful) they would be largely enhanced in value when they were in demand to satisfy existing contracts or pay existing debts but I do say that, as under such conditions, all existing contracts would soon be cancelled and no new ones created, except upon the basis of the natural exchangeablo value of doughnuts, they would soon cease to be in demand, and, possessing themselves only the value of doughnuts, they would sink back to their natural doughnut, value they would sink back to their natural doughnut value."

Bryan as a Bolter.

Those sticklers for "regularity" in the Democratic party who insist that they are bound by the action of the Chicago Convention, although it abjured Democracy in its platform and nominated a Populist for President, will get no credit for their self-abasement from Mr. Bryan himself. He has boldly declared that he is not a Democrat. In a letter written to George M. Carden, of Dallas, Tex., February 18, 1896, he strongly defends the right to bolt and to oppose obnoxious policies and candidates. This is an extract from the letter:

As early as 1893, when the Democratic State Convention of Nebraska, controlled by candidates for the Federal offices, indorsed the President's financial policy I stated that I would not follow the Democratic party to a gold standard.

Directed by my conscience and by my best judgment I shall use that vote to defend my rights, protect my family, and advance the welfare of society. No convention can rob me of my convictions, nor can any party organization drive me to conspire against the prosperity and liberty of my country.

Men who honestly differ upon the paramount public questions cannot afford to be harmonized by a National Convention. Mr. Cleveland would not support the free silver candidate for the Presidency, and he should not do so if he really believes that free coinage would ruin the country, because a man's duty to his country is higher than his party. W. J. BRYAN.

Mr. Bryan repudiates "regularity" for himself, and neither he nor his friends can complain if the Sound Money Democrats in the United Statss shall imitate his example.

"Marrow of the Whole Matter."

The silverites propose to "raise prices" by reducing the value and the purchasing power of the dollar. Mr. Cockran asks workingmen, wage-earners, salaried clerks, teachers and the like the homely question: "Where do you come in" in a programme of this character?

If all prices are raised in equal proportion—those of labor as well as those of commodities—nobody is benefited, because nobody's status is changed. But if the price of commodities is raised while the wages of labor remain stationary, or nearly so, the wage-earner of every class is robbed to enrich the farmer and the manufacturer.

The Government cannot create wealth. No act of Government can increase by one penny's worth the aggregate of property in existence. If, therefore, any act of Government enriches any man, it must do so by robbing some other man. When free coinage is proposed as a means of raising the price of commodities, it is proposed to take from the wage-earners of the country a certain part of their earnings and give it to another class. That is the simple obvious fact and Mr. Cockran makes a powerful appeal when he asks the wage and salary-earning people of New York what they think of the proposal.

This is the marrow of the whole matter. The proposal of free and unlimited coinage at 16 to 1, without the concurrence of other nations is a proposal so rob every salaried person, every wage-earner, every pensioner, every savings-bank depositor or other small investor, of one-half his income, and to give the proceeds of the robbery to a favored class in return for votes.

McKinley's Epigrammatic Sentences.

Maj. McKinley is not reading essays 15,000 words long. He is making short addresses which teem with sentences terse and striking. Here is part of his welcome to a delegation of 200 Afro-American voters from Cleveland, who went to Canton to pay their respects to the Republican candidate:

"We want in the United States neither cheap money nor cheap labor. We will have neither the one nor the other. We must not forget that nothing is cheap to the American people which comes from abroad when it entails idleness upon our own laborers. We are opposed to any policy which increases the number of unemployed in the United States, even if it does give us cheaper foreign goods and we are opposed to any policy which degrades American manhood that we may have cheaper products made either at home or abroad. Having reduced the pay of labor, it is now proposed to reduce the value of the money in which labor is paid."

These sentences deserve to stand with the following from a speech made by Maj. McKinley on the day that Mr. Bryan read his eight-column apology:

"I do not know what you think about it, but I believe it is a good deal better to open the mills of the United States to the labor of America than to open the mints of the United States to the silver of the world."

Knickerbocker Flat Money.

Readers of Washington Irving's "Knickerbocker History of New York" will remember that on one occasion Governor Kieft, otherwise known as William the Testy, conceived and put into execution a grand scheme of providing the people with plenty of cheap money. He had noticed that the Indians used a circulating medium of wampum. Why not put their ideas into execution on a large scale? Wampum was merely strings of beads made from clams, periwinkles and other shell fish. These had formed a native currency among the Indians, who were content to take them of the Dutchmen in exchange for peltries. In an unlucky moment, William the Testy, seeing this money of easy production, conceived the project of making it the current coin of the province.

He began by paying all the servants of the company, and all the debts of government, in strings of wampum. He sent emissaries to sweep the shores of Long Island, which was the Ophir of this modern Solomon, and abounded in shell fish. These were transported in loads to New Amsterdam, coined into Indian money and launched into circulation. For a time affairs went on swimmingly; money became plentiful, and to use the popular phrase, "a wonderful impluse was given to public prosperity." Yankee traders poured into the colony, buying everything they could lay their hands on, and paying the worthy Dutchman their own price—in Indian money. If the latter, however, attempted to pay Yankees in the same coin for their tinware and wooden bowls, the case was altered; nothing would do but Dutch guilders and such like "metallic currency." What was worse, the Yankee introduced an inferior kind of wampum, made of oyster shells, with which they deluged the province, carrying off in exchange all the gold and silver, the Dutch herrings and Dutch cheeses; thus early did the knowing men of the East manifest their skill in bargaining the New Amsterdamers out of the oysters and leaving them the shell.

As the apostle of cheap money, William the Testy is now succeeded by William the Windy, who wishes to substitute silver for wampum, with the same general results.

A motto for working men and women: "A dollar's worth of dollar for a dollar's worth of work."

The Candidates Contrasted.

Recent political events have brought out in such a clear light the characteristics of the two leading candidates for the presidency that they cannot fail to impress the country. One of the candidates left his home and traveled half across the continent in order to receive a theatrical notification of his nomination. His coming had been heralded for weeks, and the most elaborate preparations had been made to receive him and make the event historical and decisive, in a campaign sense.

Mr. Bryan came, was seen, talked and has retired for a time from the public gaze. Not even his most enthusiastic follower can claim that his journey has added one atom of strength to his candidacy, while any unprejudiced observer can see that it has dissipated that glamour that surrounded him while he was still an unknown quantity. His learned speeches have dropped flat. They were reported in full by the newspapers of both parties, but the public has not been able to find in any one of them a new thought or a phrasing of the issues of the campaign which will clear up any man's doubts. But the greatest failure of all was the speech in Madison Square Garden when with all the tinsel and trappings about him and human mind ready to be exploded by a train of burning eloquence he utterly failed to prove equal to the occasion.

While all this parade and ostentatious show has been going on the opposing candidate for the presidency has been quietly pursuing the even tenor of his way. Without any attempt at display or to dazzle the people, Mr. McKinley has extended a courteous welcome to all who have visited and given a frank and appropriate reply to every greeting. The dignity and self poise of the man have impressed not only those who have seen and heard him, but also those who have been compelled to satisfy themselves with a telegraphic account of the event and the speech. His remarks have been so clear, concise and epigrammatic that they have impressed themselves upon the mind of those who have heard and read them, and they will furnish mottoes and catch phrases all through the campaign. Mr. McKinley has grown steadily in the estimation of the public as the canvass has proceeded and has not made a mistake for the enemy to gloat over.

It is easy to see that this dignified, self poised attitude of the Republican candidate is impressing the sober common sense of the country. The independent and Democratic newspapers that are supporting the cause of sound money have steadily grown warmer in their praise of Mr. McKinley as the number of his speeches has increased. No more enthusiastic commendation has been bestowed by his own party than has been given by Democratic newspapers to speeches made by the Republican candidate the past week. The Boston *Herald* says that "by all odds the most effective campaign work that is being done at present is to be credited to Major McKinley when he addresses his old army comrades. These occasions have been frequent of late, and Major McKinley's responses to the salutations of the veterans have been models of patriotic oratory."

When Major McKinley said, "I believe it is a good deal better to open up the mills of the United States to the labor of America than to open up the mints of the United States to the silver of the world," he gave his followers the issues of the campaign summed up in the tersest of language and in a shape that the busiest of voters can grasp. It is such things as these that are exhibiting to the country the real character of the Republican candidate for the presidency and impressing it with a sense of his fitness for that high office and leading the people to contrast him with the shallow pretense and evident attempt to deceive of his opponent.

Free Silver Campaign Funds.

The head of a Pittsburgh banking firm throws some light on the methods adopted by the free-silver Democrats for raising the sinews of war for the present campaign. Two men, natives of Switzerland, who propose spending several months abroad, applied to the banker for letters of credit. It came out that they are Montana silver miners, and one of them stated that last month every miner in the State from the highest to the lowest, was forced to contribute the equivalent of one day's wages or salary to the free-silver campaign fund. It was inferred that if this assessment was found inadequate, others would be levied until the day of election. This statement will tend to dissipate those which have been put foward by the National Committee to the effect that it would be unable to extend financial aid to State organizations on account of its poverty-stricken condition. It also casts a reflection on the reports of "voluntary" contributions by the "plain people" to help the struggle of the masses against the classes. There is a great deal of claptrap sentiment about the appeals of the silver campaigners, but it does not extend to the methods of accumulating munitions. In the latter everything is "strictly business."

The Danger of Independent Free Silver Coinage

Probably Professor Edward Suess of Austria, noted as a statesman and a scientist, stands at the front among the belivers in bimetalism. He sturdily maintains that the out put of gold must steadily decrease, and, finally, that the supply will be exhausted. From this basis of belief he insists upon the necessity of the use of silver as a money metal. But Professor Suess does not believe that the adoption of free silver coinage in the United States at the ratio of 16 to 1 would restore silver to a corresponding value. He says in a late letter to Dr. C. A. White, of the Smithsonian Institution.

Replying briefly to your inquiry as to what, in my opinion, would be the result if your Government should independently adopt the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, I may say that you would simply lose all your gold and then be obliged to buy in England all the gold necessary to meet your obligations in foreign countries, etc. No country is strong enough alone to take such a step; and if taken by your country it must lead to a financial, and perhaps an industrial, crisis.

Should your Government decide upon the free coinage of silver—the demonetization of gold—thus going with China, you would divide the financial world in half and inflict severe damage upon human civilization in general.

Your Government surely ought to wait and take some intermediate course, such as the coinage of a limited amount of silver annually, but not so much as in former years. Above all, it is impossible for you to sustain an issue of notes payable in gold without maintaining a gold standard.

I am sorry that just now I have not time to put my ideas concerning your national monetary affairs into a more elaborate form. I may however, add an expression of my fear that in your country politics enters too largely into the consideration of this highly important, but purely economic question.

The opinion of this learned and careful man will have weight with all serious students of finance and with every person who seeks to govern his action upon the silver question by the best attainable knowledge.

Mr. Cleveland and the Third Ticket.

[Washington Correspondence New York Evening Post.]

Strenuous efforts are made here by the silver men of all parties to play upon the prejudices of anti-administration Democrats by industriously circulating the report that President Cleveland will send to the Indianapolis convention a letter expressing his disapproval of the third-ticket movement. Your correspondent has the very best authority for discrediting this report, and for placing the responsibility of it where it belongs—upon the shoulders of politicians who are seeking further to excite the animosity of strong partisans of the Chicago ticket against the President and make the sound-money movement still more unpopular among them. The scheme is to represent the president—and in his person the whole administration circle—as forsaking utterly the party of their earlier years and becoming Republicans, thus confirming the charges which the enemies of the administration have been making against all its members ever since the 4th of March, 1893.

So far from writing a letter discouraging the third-ticket movement, there is excellent reason for saying that Mr. Cleveland will take an early opportunity of expressing his approval of that movement and of pronouncing it the only refuge of persons who believe in the principles of the Democratic party as distinguished from any plan or faction which has gone masqueradiug in its name.

No occasion has thus far presented itself which would naturally call forth any expression from the President. His silence has not been satisfactory to some of the more impatient members of the National Democracy, who seem to think that it is the President's business to publish his views on all questions as soon as they arise. The absurdity of expecting him to recommend a ticket and a platform which have not yet been put in evidence is almost equal to that of assuming that he will condemn the only Democratic enterprise which the Presidental year has witnessed.

Only two weeks remain before the gathering of the Indianapolis Convention, and it is believed that no great harm can result from waiting that long for the President's announcement of his position. Nothing would delight his enemies more than to draw him into a permanent utterance, which they could pick up and dissect in such a manner as to put Mr. Cleveland in a false light before a large element of the party who still stand staunchly by him personally, although wavering on the money question. When he does speak it will be with no uncertain sound, and it will be to commend to all good Democrats a ticket and a platform which they can vote without compromising with their consciences.

JUDGES AND CLERKS OF ELECTION.

OFFICE OF
BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF ELECTION
FOR GARRETT COUNTY.
OAKLAND, MD., Aug. 20, 1896.

At a meeting of the Board of Supervisors of Election held in Oakland Aug. 6th, 1896, the following persons were appointed to serve as Judges and Clerks of Election as designated hereafter for their respective precincts and districts, for the term of one year as provided for by Chap. 402, Sec. 10, Act of 1896:

District No. 1:—
Republican Judge of election, Francis M. McRobie, Swanton.
Democratic Judge of election, J. L. McRobie, Swanton.
Republican clerk of election, George W. Moon, Swanton.
Democratic clerk of election, J. W. Lansdale, Swanton.

District No. 2:—
Republican judge of election, D. S. Custer, Friendsville.
Democratic judge of election, C. M. Liston, Selbysport.
Republican clerk of election, Walter G. Meyers, Friendsville.
Democratic clerk of election, D. H. Turney, Friendsville.

District No. 3:—
Republican judge of election, Charles H. Durst, New Germany.
Democratic judge of election, Gregg E. Bevans, Grantsville.
Republican clerk of election, Charles Beachy, Grantsville.
Democratic clerk of election, Archibald Warnick, Grantsville.

District No. 4:—
Republican judge of election, Peter Monoghan, Floyd.
Democratic judge of election, Philip T. Michael, Bloomington.
Republican clerk of election, Charles C. Moody, Bloomington.
Democratic clerk of election, Lee Enzenbaker, ——

District No. 5:—
Republican judge of election, J. M. Lowdermilk, Hoyes.
Democratic judge of election, John H. Richter, Accident.
Republican clerk of election, Freeman D. Dewitt, Hoyes.
Democratic clerk of election, Geo. F. Kight, McHenry.

District No. 6:—
Republican judge of election, Edward N. Casteel, Hoyes.
Democratic judge of election, Joel Bender, Accident.
Republican clerk of election, D. Arthur Friend, Sang Run.
Democratic clerk of election, Hanson B. Lewis, Sang Run.

1st precinct, District No. 7:—
Republican judge of election, David T. Enlow, Oakland.
Democratic judge of election, John O. Thayer, Thayerville.
Republican clerk of election, Franklin P. Arnold, Mt. Lake Park.
Democratic clerk of election, Wm. G. Hinebaugh, Oakland.

2nd precinct, District No. 7:—
Republican judge of election, Patrick H. Rodeheaver, Oakland.
Democratic judge of election, C. A. Dodge, Thayerville.
Republican clerk of election, Samuel Lawton, Oakland.
Democratic clerk of election, M. M. Ashby, Oakland.

District No. 8:—
Republican judge of election, Benjamin F. Harvey, P. O., Gormania, W. Va.
Democratic judge of election, Stephen T. Grimes, P. O., Gormania, W. Va.
Republican clerk of election, William G. Riley, Kearney.
Democratic clerk of election, John A. Shaffer, Sunnyside.

District No. 9:—
Republican judge of election, Norman Wilhelm, P. O., Frostburg.
Democratic judge of election, Thos. J. Crow, P. O., Frostburg.
Republican clerk of election, Chas. C. Layman, P. O., Frostburg.
Democratic clerk of election, Urias McKinzie, P. O., Frostburg.

District No. 10:—
Republican judge of election, Columbus L. Paugh, Thayerville.
Democratic judge of election, Wm. D. Hoye, Deer Park.
Republican clerk of election, William E. George, Deer Park.
Democratic clerk of election, Thos. Sellers, Deer Park.

District No. 11:—
Republican judge of election, William P. Hansel, P. O., Lonaconing.
Democratic judge of election, John F. Robeson, Avilton.
Republican clerk of election, Wm. A. J. Broadwater, P. O., Barton.
Democratic clerk of election, David D. Broadwater, New Germany.

District No. 12:—
Republican judge of election, Peter G. Stark, Bittinger.
Democratic judge of election, Peter Opel, Bittinger.
Republican clerk of election, Geo. W. Engle, Bittinger.
Democratic clerk of election, Perry Broadwater, Bittinger.

A. G. STURGISS,
J. ALVIN FRIEND,
FRED. C. RIES,
25—3t Supervisors.

STATE OF MARYLAND,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
ANNAPOLIS, Aug. 21, 1896.

To whom it may concern:

Notice is hereby given that application has been made to His Excellency, Lloyd Lowndes, Governor of Maryland, for the pardon of I Bruce King, who was convicted at the September term, 1895, of the Circuit Court for Garrett county of assault with intent to kill and sentenced to be confined in the Maryland Penitentiary for two years.

The Governor will take up the said case for final decision on or after Monday, the 7th day of September, until which time protests against such pardon will be heard, and the papers filed open to inspection, at the discretion of the Governor.

By order of the Governor:
RICHARD DALLAM,
25—1t Secretary of State.

THOMAS R. McROBIE,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street.
All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

Written for THE REPUBLICAN.

SOME FREE COINAGE VERSES.

BY THE TRAMP POET.

There's a nigger in the wood pile
And af hidin' he's not tryin';
He is making flat dollars,
And his name is Billy Bryan.

There is metho l in his madness,
And he's talkin' through his hat;
And there's many that believe him,
Not knowin' where they're at.

Oh, his head is filled with glory
And he's reachin for the place
Where he'd shine in song and story
As the savior of his race.

His gospel's based on silver,*
With its Judas hint of sin,
And for *twice* times *thirty* pieces,
He'd scoop his country in.

Oh, he's put with flowin' speeches
And he quotes the scriptures well,
But the devil, says the poet,
Can do the same in Nebraska.

But the nigger in the wood pile,
The boy orator of the Platte,
Can bet his flat dollars
That he's talkin' through his hatte.

For the honest brow of Labor
Will put on the holy seal,
And be led to crucifixion,
Than betray the common weal.

—THOS. L. JACKSON.

* A flat rhyme.

Here's A Clincher.

Mr. Francis Heermans, of Kingwood, a prominent banker and business man of that town, sent the following letter to the Wheeling *Intelligencer* one day last week. The arguments are so clear that we publish the letter for the benefit of our Garrett county people.

The letter is as follows:

To the Editor of the Intelligencer.

SIR:—Many voters do not understand the position of the Republican party upon the silver question as connected with the financial system of the government. The terms "goldite," "gold-bug," etc., applied by the advocates of free and unlimited coinage of silver to Republicans and sound money Democrats have led many to believe that the election of McKinley and a Republican majority in congress would result in the discontinuance of silver as money and the use of gold only as a money metal. The present money system is a good one and thoroughly sound, every dollar issued under it being as good as gold. The Republican party has always been friendly to silver and would stand by the present system and continue it substantially as it is, maintaining at a parity the different classes of the circulating medium now issued, which are in round numbers as follows:

Gold coin	$571,500,000
Standard silver dollars	429,200,000
Subsidiary silver coins	76,985,000
Gold certificates	43,650,000
Silver certificates	346,911,000
Silver treasury notes	131,385,000
U. S. notes (greenbacks)	346,680,000
Currency certificates	33,670,000
National bank notes	225,228,000

Of the silver dollars, only fifty-three millions are in actual circulation, the balance being represented by silver certificates which are preferred by the people for convenience.

Many still adhere to the belief that the silver dollar was demonetized by the law of 1873. That act referred to by the Populists and Democrats as the "crime of 1873." simply discontinued the coinage of 412½ grain dollars for the time being, because neither gold or silver was then circulating as money, and for the further reason that because of the scarcity of silver, that metal was worth 3 per cent. more as bullion that when coined into dollars, or in other words the silver dollar was worth three cents more than the gold dollar. The silver dollar was not demonetized and has continued to be "the money of the realm" as surely as the gold dollar and any debt, large or small, may be paid in silver dollars, which are a legal tender for any amount.

Not even the fanatics will deny that the free and unlimited coinage of silver will result in a greatly depreciated currency, a dollar of about one-half the value of the gold dollar, and it is well known that with a cirulation of depreciated money, with its purchasing power correspondingly reduced, the rates of interest for loans are always increased, as witness the rates prevailing during the greenback inflation period from war times to 1879. when the government had to pay from 6 per cent. in gold (equal to more than 10 per cent. in currency) to more than 7 per cent in currency on its loans, and when private loans ranged from 6 to 12 per cent, according to locality. But from the time that specie resumption on a gold basis was assured, rates of interest began to decline, and now the government is able to borrow at about 3 per cent., while business men in good credit, obtain money at from 4 to 7 per cent.

To the credit of our level-headed mountaineers, the free silver craze has not gained much headway outside of the Democratic-Populistic combination in this section of West Virginia, for we are wont to attach much greater importance to the restoration of the 10 cent tariff tax on wool, which will benefit the farmer, and, as your timely editorial suggested, preseve the soil of our hillsides from washing away, than we do the enriching of silver mine owners at the expense of the masses.

With a national ticket headed by one of America's greatest statesmen, and a state ticket made up of able and progressive men, with the matchless Atkinson at its head, you may expect old Preston to do her part in carrying the state for both tickets by a majority that will surprise the Bryanite party.

FRANCIS HEERMANS.

Kingwood, W. Va., Aug. 12.

The Republican County Convention.

Yesterday afternoon the Republicans of the various districts of Garrett county met in Oakland for the purpose of choosing delegates to attend the congressional convention to be held here on September 9th. The convention was held in the court house and was called to order at 2 o'clock by County Chairman Jas. C. Peddicord. Mr. John Shartzer was made chairman of the convention and Mr. W. W. Sweet, of Swanton, its secretary.

A motion was made to choose the committee on credentials and resolutions, one from each district represented, resulting in the election of the following:

District No. 1, A. F. George; No. 2. not represented; No. 3, Geo. T. Brew; No. 4, not represented; No. 5, John L. Englehart; No. 6, W. A. Smith; No. 7, George D. White; No. 8, E. C. Harvey; No. 9, Bradford Blocher; No. 10, S. P. Specht; No. 11, not represented; No. 12, Thos. B. Wiley.

This committee retired and after an absence of a few minutes returned and seated the delegates that had been elected. During the deliberations of the committee Senator Ravenscroft made a ringing speech on the currency question and was frequently applauded.

The resolutions submitted by the committee were read by Mr. Wm. A. Smith, of Hoyes. They are as follows:

"The Republicans of Garrett county in convention assembled declare:

"1st. That we heartily approve the platform adopted by the National Republican convention at St. Lonis, and we especially commend to the thoughtful consideration of our people the stand taken in favor of an honest dollar for honest labor and the continued adherence of our party to the cardinal principle of Republicanism and protection to American labor and American industry.

"2nd. That we point with pride to the record of the State Republican administration in fulfilling every pledge made to the people.

"3rd, That we congratulate the people of Garrett county that their school affairs are now in the hands of a Republican board of commissioners composed of men of the highest integrity and intelligence, and we confidently predict that in a short time our children will enjon the advantage arising from longer school terms under competent management."

Immediately after the resolutions above had been adopted the annexed was submitted and carried by a vote of 6 to 3:

"*Resolved*, That the following named persons be elected as delegates to the congressional convention to be held in Oakland September 9th:

"E. H. Sincell, W. W. Sweet, Wm. Smith, A. F. George, Andrew Shartzer, Thos. B. Wiley, J. S. Meyers, Jos. Conneway, George D. White; that the delegates elected use all honorable means to secure the nomination of Senator Robert A. Ravenscroft as a candidate for Congress to represent the Sixth Maryland district in the Fifty-fifth Congress."

A motion was made for adjournment at this point. but was voted down, the reason given that no alternates had been elected. A motion was then made to elect all members of the convention as alternates to the Congressional convention, which was carried. The convention then adjourned.

William McKinley.

Yesterday, in the yard of the residence of Mr. and Mrs. William Kraft, on Green street, a gold-backed spider spun a web. Woven in the web and formed in letters of script, that can be plainly seen, is the name, "William McKinley." The spider is one of a strange variety, with a back of burnished gold. The truth of this is vouched for by persons of unquestioned veracity, who have seen the web with the name in it. Anyone who doesn't believe it can go and see for themselves.—Parkersburg State Journal.

Instantaneous Photographs.

Views and pictures of children and animals.

Developing and printing for amateurs—and sale of amateur photograph apparatus.

S. J. SMITH.

Lock Box 47 or care of Pritchard's gallery, Oakland, Md. 22-6t.

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

THE LAW DEFINED.

Punishment for Violating the New Election Law as Laid Down by a Learned Judge.

Judge McSherry, in giving his instructions to the grand jury, thus lays down the law governing elections:

"Recognizing the vital necessity of protecting the absolute freedom of the voter against every sinister and improper influence, from whatever quarter it may come, the Legislature of 1896, by section 83 of chapter 292 enacted: "If at any election hereafter held in any city or county any person shall, by force, threat, menace, intimidation, bribery or reward, or offer or promise thereof, or otherwise unlawfully, either 'directly' or 'indirectly' influence, or attempt to influence, any voter in giving his vote, or attempt to prevent or hinder, or attempt to hinderd, any qualified voter from freely exercising the right of suffrage, or by any such means induce or attempt to induce any such person shall, upon conviction thereof be punished by imprisonment in jail or in the penitentiary for not less than six months nor more than five years."

"This is the literal transcript of section 55 of article 33 of the code except as to the punishment. Under the code a fine and imprisonment in jail were imposed, while under the act of 1896, the fine is omitted, but the imprisonment may be in the penitentiary or the jail.

"The terms of this statute are broad and sweeping. They cover, and were intended to cover, every case that can possibly arise, and they were meant to reach all species of intimidation which cunning ingenuity could invent. It makes no difference in what disguise the intimidation, the threat or other unlawful means resorted to be clothed and it matters not how indirectly the attempt to hinder the voter from freely exercising the right of suffrage be exerted; every device is within the statute and a resort to any scheme will incur the severest penalty prescribed.

"If a creditor threatens to call in his mortgage debt or to demand payment of a promissory note or other claim unless the debtor vote as the creditor wishes, the creditor thereby makes himself amenable to the law. If an employer threatens to dismiss or discharge his employe or to cut down his wages unless the employe shall vote as the employer requires, the employer, by that threat, no matter how covertly or indirectly made or communicated, renders himself liable, upon conviction, to serve a term of five years in the penitentiary, and it makes no difference who the employer may be. He may be a private individual or an officer, agent, superintendent, or 'boss' of a corporation or of a firm. These instances are sufficent to illustrate the scope of the law, though others might be given. If resort be had to any means of intimidation, the guilty party will be answerable under the law."

For Sale.

The following implements, new or in good repair:

1 light Champion reaper, 1 Buckeye mower, 1 hay rake, 1 seeder drill. Apply to John W. Williams, Deer Park, Md.

Hoke Smith will Go.

Washington, D. C., August 22.—Hoke Smith is to retire from the Cabinet on or about Sept. 1st, his resignation having been tendered and accepted, and it is expected that Assistant Secretary John M. Reynolds, of the Interior Department, the well-known lawyer of Bedford, Pensylvania, will be promoted to succeed him.

Secretary Smith declines to talk about the matter, but there is every reason for believing that the statement just given is substantially correct.

Secretary Smith retires of his own volition and because having learned that neither the President nor any other member of the Cabanet will support Bryan and Sewall he feels that it would be embarssing for him to remain in the Administration inasmuch as he proposes to carry out his promise to support the party nominees, though he cannot approve the party platform.

BUZZARD'S BAY, Aug. 24.—President Cleveland announced to-night that David R. Francis, ex-Governor of Missouri, had been appointed Secretary of the Interior, vice Hoke Smith, resigned, and that he will assume the duties of his office September 1.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

Circuit Court Order.

Whereas, under the provisions of the Act of 1896, Chapter 461, Columbus Paugh and 116 other registered voters in Election District Number Eight of Garrett county, Maryland, on the 31st day of July, 1896, filed with E. Z. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for said Garrett county, a written petition praying that a new election be held in said Election District Number Eight, at the next Congressional election to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors shall be sold in said district, and the said number of registered voters so petitioning being at least one-third in number of votes cast at the next preceding election in said district, it is this 31st day of July, 1896, ordered that the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county be directed to proclaim notice of a new election to be held in said Election District Number Eight, at the next Congressional election, on November 3rd, 1896, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication shall be sold in said district, unless however, a counter petition from said election district, larger in number than the one filed as aforesaid, be presented before the first day of September, 1896.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks prior to the first day of September, 1896, in The Republican and the Mountain Democrat, two newspapers printed in Garrett county.

DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy.
Test:—E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Circuit Court Order.

Whereas, under the provisions of the Act of 1896, Chapter 461, Wm. D. Hoye and 111 other registered voters in Election District Number Ten of Garrett county, Maryland, on the 31st day of July, 1896, filed with E. Z. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for said Garrett county, a written petition praying that a new election be held in said Election District Number Ten, at the next Congressional election to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors shall be sold in said district, and the said number of registered voters so petitioning being at least one-third in number of votes cast at the next preceding election in said district, it is this 31st day of July, 1896, ordered that the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county be directed to proclaim notice of a new election to be held in said Election District Number Ten at the next Congressional election, on November 3rd, 1896, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication shall be sold in said district, unless however, a counter petition from said Election District larger in number than the one filed aforesaid be presented before the first day of September, 1896.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks prior to the first day of September, 1896, in The Republican and the Mountain Democrat, two newspapers printed in Garrett county.

DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy.
Test:—E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Circuit Court Order.

Whereas, under the provisions of the Act of 1896, Chapter 461, Eugene Teats and 81 other registered voters in Election District Number Six of Garrett county, Maryland, on the 31st day of July, 1896, filed with E. Z. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for said Garrett county, a written petition praying that a new election be held in said Election District Number Six, at the next Congressional election on November 3rd, 1896, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication, shall be sold in said district, unless however, a counter petition from said Election District, larger in number than the one filed as aforesaid, be presented before the first day of September, 1896.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks prior to the first day of September, 1896, in The Republican and the Mountain Democrat, two newspapers printed in Garrett county.

DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy.
Test:—E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Circuit Court Order.

Whereas, under the provisions of the Act of 1896, Chapter 461, R. Sterling and 237 other registered voters in Election District Number Two of Garrett county, Maryland, on the 28th day of July, 1896, filed with E. Z. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for said Garrett county, a written petition praying that a new election be held in said Election District Number Two, at the next Congressional election to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors shall be sold in said district, and the said number of voters so petitioning being at least one-third in number of votes cast at the next preceding election in said district, it is this 31st day of July, 1896, ordered that the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county be directed to proclaim notice of a new election to be held in said Election District Number Two at the next Congressional election on November 3rd, 1896, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication shall be sold in said district, unless however, a counter petition from said Election District larger in number than the one filed as aforesaid be presented before the first day of September, 1896.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks prior to the first day of September, 1896, in The Republican and the Mountain Democrat, two newspapers printed in Garrett county.

DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy.
Test:—E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

SHERIFF'S SALE —OF— REAL ESTATE

NEAR MINERAL SPRINGS, GARRETT CO.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county to the undersigned directed, the same being No. 18 Judicials to September Term, 1896, of said court, at the suit of John E. Adams vs. James K. Leeper, he will on

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1896,

at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m. of said day, in front of the store house of Henry Hockman at Oakton in said county, offer at public auction to the highest bidder for cash on the day of sale, all that lot of ground and premises situated near said Oakton, Garrett county, it being a part of Military lot No. 2191, and being the same lot of ground that is more particularly described in a deed from Elias P. Kerr to the said James K. Leeper dated the 12th day of June, 1880, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folio 107, one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said property is improved by a dwelling house and other outbuildings, and is located in a good neighborhood in said county, and would make a comfortable home for anyone desiring to purchase.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

23—3

MOUNTAIN STATE
Business College,
PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

Circuit Court Order.

Whereas, under the provisions of the Act of 1896, Chapter 461, Columbus Paugh and 116 other registered voters in Election District Number Eight of Garrett county, Maryland, on the 31st day of July, 1896, filed with E. Z. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for said Garrett county, a written petition praying that a new election be held in said Election District Number Eight, at the next Congressional election to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors shall be sold in said district, and the said number of registered voters so petitioning being at least one-third in number of votes cast at the next preceding election in said district, it is this 31st day of July, 1896, ordered that the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county be directed to proclaim notice of a new election to be held in said Election District Number Eight, at the next Congressional election, on November 3rd, 1896, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication shall be sold in said district, unless however, a counter petition from said Election District larger in number than the one filed as aforesaid be presented before the first day of September, 1896.

And it is further ordered that a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks prior to the first day of September, 1896, in The Republican and the Mountain Democrat, two newspapers printed in Garrett county.

DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy.
Test:—E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Circuit Court Order.

Whereas, under the provisions of the Act of 1896, Chapter 461, Wm. D. Hoye and 111 other registered voters in Election District Number Ten of Garrett county, Maryland, on the 31st day of July, 1896, filed with E. Z. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for said Garrett county, a written petition praying that a new election be held in said Election District Number Ten, at the next Congressional election to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors shall be sold in said district, and the said number of registered voters so petitioning being at least one-third in number of votes cast at the next preceding election in said district, it is this 31st day of July, 1896, ordered that the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county be directed to proclaim notice of a new election to be held in said Election District Number Ten at the next Congressional election, on November 3rd, 1896, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication shall be sold in said district, unless however, a counter petition from said Election District larger in number than the one filed aforesaid be presented before the first day of September, 1896.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks prior to the first day of September, 1896, in The Republican and the Mountain Democrat, two newspapers printed in Garrett county.

DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy.
Test:—E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Circuit Court Order.

Whereas, under the provisions of the Act of 1896, Chapter 461, R. Sterling and 237 other registered voters in Election District Number Two of Garrett county, Maryland, on the 28th day of July, 1896, filed with E. Z. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for said Garrett county, a written petition praying that a new election be held in said Election District Number Two, at the next Congressional election to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors shall be sold in said district, and the said number of voters so petitioning being at least one-third in number of votes cast at the next preceding election in said district, it is this 31st day of July, 1896, ordered that the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county be directed to proclaim notice of a new election to be held in said Election District Number Two at the next Congressional election on November 3rd, 1896, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication shall be sold in said district, unless however, a counter petition from said Election District larger in number than the one filed as aforesaid be presented before the first day of September, 1896.

And it is further ordered, that a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks prior to the first day of September, 1896, in The Republican and the Mountain Democrat, two newspapers printed in Garrett county.

DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy.
Test:—E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL ROOFING. SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

FARMS! HOMES! IN VIRGINIA, THE CAROLINAS and GEORGIA

SURROUNDED BY

SUNSHINE AND HEALTH, FACTORY and MILL SITES,

WITH

Abundance of Water Power,

Convenient to Many Markets.

Best Fruit and Agricultural Lands
IN THE UNITED STATES.

$3 to $10 per Acre

Peculiarly adapted to raising Early Fruts, Early Vegetables, Grains, Tobacco, Cotton, Grasses, etc.

LOCATED ALONG THE GREAT

Seaboard Air Line.

The Great Through Freight and Passenger Route to and from the South and Southwest.

FREE! A 48-Page Illustrated Pamphlet, with large Map, describing in detail the choicest, most productive, healthiest and most progressive section of the "New South," with much other valuable information of great assistance to those looking for a home site, factory or mill site, farm or safe and sure investment in the coming section of the country, will be sent to any address on receipt of two cents to pay postage. Address

GEO. L. RHODES,
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Portsmouth, Va.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS
OAKLAND, MD., August 19, 1896.

The annual examination of teachers for Garrett county will be held at

Accident, Thursday and Friday, September 3d and 4th.

Oakland, Monday and Tuesday, September 7th and 8th.

Grantsville, Thursday and Friday, September 10th and 11th.

Examinations to begin at 9 a. m.

Examination of both first and second grade applicants will be conducted at the same time.

All teachers present and expecting to teach the coming school year will be required to take the examination.

Applicants will be required to provide themselves with a pencil, tablet, pen and ink. Examination paper will be furnished free.

By order of the Board,
Aug. 20—27. U. G. PALMER, Examiner.

—THE—

Maryland Agricultural College,

COLLEGE PARK, MD.

Maryland's School of Technology.

FOUR COURSES OF INSTRUCTION: [Agricultural, Mechanical, Civil, Scientific, Classical.

Each department supplied with the most modern and approved apparatus. Practical work emphasized in all departments. Graduates qualified at once to enter upon their life's work. Boarding department supplied with all modern improvements; Bath Rooms, Closets, Steam Heat and Gas. Books, Room, Heat, Light, Washing, Board, Medical attendance, $144 for scholastic year. A 140 page catalogue, giving full particulars, sent on application. Daily sanitary inspection by Physician to the College. A Course is carried to the short course of ten weeks in Agriculture. Particulars sent on application. Term commences September 16th. Early application necessary for admittance.

R. W. SILVESTER,
President M. A. C.

2—6

LAND FOR SALE.

I, the undersigned, offers for sale all my land lying in District No. 7, lying one to three miles east of Oakland, containing 2 acres, horses, sheep, cattle, farming implements, household and kitchen furniture, one house in Oakland, for the sum of $3,250, as I have been informed by the assessors that the above is the cash value, and they seem to know all about it and what it will produce, but I do not think they ever saw the half of it. Perhaps they did. If any one desires to buy they had better consult the assessors and they can describe it and tell what it will produce better than I can if they did not see it.

Someone might say, "Why does he want to sell?" I have two reasons: 1st, I am not married to a few acres of land; 2nd, When I am told what a thing is worth by those who know better than I do I think it wise to let it go.

Don't lose a bargain.

T. W. CASTEEL.

P. S.—I have a farm and one saw mill in District No. 6 which I will sell as soon as our assessors notify me what they are worth. I hope to know by April 1st. 25—1*

—THE—

Maryland Agricultural College,

COLLEGE PARK, MD.

Maryland's School of Technology.

FOUR COURSES OF INSTRUCTION: [Agricultural, Mechanical, Civil, Scientific, Classical.

Each department supplied with the most modern and approved apparatus. Practical work emphasized in all departments. Graduates qualified at once to enter upon their life's work. Boarding department supplied with all modern improvements; Bath Rooms, Closets, Steam Heat and Gas. Books, Room, Heat, Light, Washing, Board, Medical attendance, $144 for scholastic year. A 140 page catalogue, giving full particulars, sent on application. Daily sanitary inspection by Physician to the College. A Course is carried to the short course of ten weeks in Agriculture. Particulars sent on application. Term commences September 16th. Early application necessary for admittance.

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P. S.—I have a farm and one saw mill in District No. 6 which I will sell as soon as our assessors notify me what they are worth. I hope to know by April 1st. 25—1*

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In effect July 19, 1896.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS	NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1		No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 05*	8 00† lv	Cumberland ar	*12 00	†7 30
3 31	8 31	Rawlings	11 29	6 59
3 56	8 56	Keyser	11 04	6 36
4 09	9 09	Westernport	10 51	6 27
4 12	9 12	W. Va. Cal'mine,	10 48	6 20
4 37	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5 52
5 00	10 00	Harrison	10 00	*5 28
6 15	10 45* ar	Elk Garden	8 55	*1 06
5 56	10 35† lv	Gormon	9 21	1 54
5 41	10 41	Bayard	9 15	4 58
5 52	10 52	Bobbin	9 04	4 48
6 24	11 24	Thomas	8 31	4 16
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	8 00	3 45
6 27	11 27 lv	Coketon	8 31	4 02
6 51	11 51	Henrieks	7 59	3 30
6 57	11 57	Bretz	7 54	3 25
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 51	3 22
7 39	12 39	Kerens	7 18	2 47
8 05*	1 05† ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	12 30
	1 30† ar	Beverly	lv	*1 05
				P. M.
	3 05* ar	Bealington	lv	*11 00
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.46 A. M.
No. 3	—Daily	5.57 A. M.
No. 71	—Accom. daily ex. Sun	9.30 A. M.
No. 47	—Daily	10.40 A. M.
No. 55	—Express, daily	6.2 P. M.
No. 45	—Accommodation	4.58 P. M.
No. 1	—Daily	10.05 P. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 8	—Daily	5.59 A. M.
No. 2	—Daily	6.31 A. M.
No. 11	—Accommodation daily	9.58 A. M.
No. 72	—Accom. daily except Sun	1.34 P. M.
No. 46	—Daily	7.40 P. M.
No. 4	—Daily	9.5 A. M.

CHAS. O. SCULL,
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

THE

G. E. PEARCE DRUG CO.,

OF FROSTBURG, MD.

We have probably the largest stock of goods in the drug line in Western Maryland.

P. D. & CO. and S. and D. pharmaceutical preparations always in stock, supplied to physicians at jobbers' prices.

OUR LINE OF

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES AND WINDOW GLASS

IS LARGE AND COMPLETE.

We sell and guarantee LUCAS' PATENT GLOSS PAINT at $1.25 per gallon.

9-2m

THE

Maryland Building and Loan Association

of Garrett County.

OFFICERS

ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney.
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencies.

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month. EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, at old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
Keyser, W. Va.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD

NIGHT.

Oh, lovely night, thou comest with a blessing
To weary souls grown restless with despair,
Thou bringest gentle sleep to close their eyelids,
And banish for awhile each haunting care,
Like a tired child upon its mother's breast
They lay them down and gently, sweetly rest.

Sleep brings them dreams of happy youth and childhood
Of pleasant journeys in fair summer lands,
They see again old friends, long since departed;
They feel once more the touch of vanished hands.
Sickness and sorrow, poverty and pain
Are gone until the morning dawns again.

The rich, the happy, love the golden sunshine,
The young and gay, the prosperous seek the light.
But the forsaken ones, the broken-hearted,
Find solace, peace and comfort in the night.
For night brings sleep, and sleep brings visions fair,
Or blest oblivion of all pain and care.
—L. M. Lancaster, in Chicago Record.

A PUNCTURED TIRE.

I defy anyone to produce a more perfect specimen of the bicycle kind than I was when I left the manufacturers' on a beautiful May morning just two months ago. You can find my description in any of the little books distributed by our firm, and should you look it up, you will discover that my picture occupies the place of honor on the second page under the heading, in large, black letters: "A High Grade Ladies' Wheel," the high grade, of course, applying to me and not to the ladies.

They were proud of me at the shops; indeed, I think there was something about my graceful frame and polished enamel finish that made me stand out as one apart from the thousands of other wheels around me. The first journey I took was when I left my native city and was shipped with many companions to Washington.

I liked this beautiful capital city of yours, and longed for a spin on the smooth asphalt pavements, but it seemed for a time that I was doomed to disappointment.

I was taken to the bicycle school, where I spent most of my days watching the strange antics of beginners, the earnest efforts of those who had taken several lessons, and the lofty, though sometimes uncertain, air of the ones almost ready to ride in the street.

In all of this I had no part, I was a new wheel, and must wait quietly until purchased. Sometimes my indignation would be aroused by the rough treatment bestowed upon the poor old machines, on which the beginners were taught, by their inexperienced riders. How they slammed those wheels around! Why, often I have seen the ground strewn with riders with the overturned wheels underneath them. Sometimes, though, the wheel got on top, and then the rider usually was hurt a little. Then again, some few of the wheels who had not lost all their spirit would get tired of the endless jerking and clutching, and spin around the track until the scholar became paralyzed and helpless with fear, and then plunge through an open gate or up a brick wall, with the rider screaming: "Instructor! Instructor! Help!" Those were risky tricks, though, for you stood an even chance of getting hurt yourself.

Day after day I watched these sights until I was weary of it all, and beyond making a firm resolution to throw myself down a precipice before descending to such work, I did nothing for several weeks. At last one beautiful morning—I remember well it was May 19—the manager of the place came in the park, accompanied by a very pretty girl and an older lady whom I took to be the girl's mother.

They came over to the track in which I stood and drawing me out he said: "Here is exactly what you want, miss; there is not a finer wheel in the city. Look at that frame, good and strong, beautifully finished. Light weight, just lift it, not 25 pounds, all the bearings

TEACHING HER TO RIDE.

turned from tool steel—" The girl's pretty face was a study as she looked me up and down in an anxious effort to find the different parts to which the manager referred so glibly.

"I like it," she said at length, "don't you, mother? You see," turning to the man, "I have been about a month trying to buy a wheel. I thought it would be quite easy, but we have had a dreadful time. Besides having gone to about 20 places ourselves we have had at least 30 agents, who heard we wanted a wheel, come after us, and the most puzzling part of it all is that each one says all the others are perfectly worthless. So mother and I made up our minds to give them all the slip, and that is why we came here this morning. Let us take this wheel, mother."

The mother approached me, tried to look critical, gave me a gentle shake, and said:

"Well, it seems to be a good strong one. I do hope you won't have any accidents."

That very afternoon I was sent to my new home, a magnificent brown stone on Connecticut avenue, and in a few days I knew all about the family, for gossip is rife in the servants' hall, in a little room adjoining which I was kept.

My young mistress was named Bessie Bainbridge, she was the only—and needless to say overindulged—child of wealthy parents, and just now, of course, she was suffering from a bad case of bicycle fever.

Almost every evening after dark the devoted father and mother would sit out on the porch and watch Bessie and me struggle up and down the street. A young friend of hers was teaching her to ride, and of all patient and devoted instructors that handsome man took the lead. He was a nice fellow, too, and never seemed too hot or tired to invent suitable answers to the parents' endless questions as to why Bessie couldn't ride along like the other girls did, and what made the wheel wobble so, wasn't something the matter, and hadn't they better go back to the man and complain, and was he sure there was no danger. The last time Bessie had run into the tree box it looked from where they sat as though she might have had a serious fall if he hadn't caught her in time.

As I say, he was wonderfully patient, for Bessie, to tell the truth, was very stupid and had a silly little way of grabbing one of my handle bars tightly and throwing all her weight on that same side, which was enough to make any self-respecting wheel turn her over in the gutter. I must confess I did this numberless times, and also played a few other little tricks on her, one of which —turning into the pavement when the rider is trying to mount and turn you out—is a great favorite among the ladies' wheels.

Later on, however, I got to like Bessie, who was as clever off a wheel as she was stupid on, and Bob, as they called the young man, was my friend from the first.

So in about a week we began to make a most harmonious trio, and then Bob would bring his own wheel around, and that made pleasant company for me.

One thing I objected to from the first, and Bob agreed with me, I think, was a friend of Bessie's who came to the house almost every night and sat with her parents calmly sipping some cool drink, and encouraging us by calling out from time to time how such and such a thing might be avoided, or how to act under certain circumstances. Then he would add to the comfort of the parents by a low remark to the effect that "Bob Richards didn't know a thing about a wheel," and sometimes he would keep Bessie's courage up by promising to take her for some long rides as soon as she had mastered the wary bicycle.

I didn't like him and Bob didn't, and Bessie—well, we couldn't tell about her. I only know after we had put in an hour's exhausting labor she would go off to rest, and, leaving Bob to see to me, would run up the steps to ask if Mr. Meredith didn't think she was doing better, and wasn't it entirely Bob's fault that she fell over that last time; she thought he had hold of the wheel, and when she found he hadn't, of course she fell off, and it was a mean trick to play her! And then the whole party berated poor Bob, whose sole offense seemed to be a desire to hasten her progress.

Bob never would say a word in his own behalf, but I used to even up matters by going very carefully when I felt him let go, until Bessie would cry out in delight: "Oh, look at me! I am riding beautifully!" and Mr. Meredith would say, languidly: "Bravo! Now remember what I told you about the pedals." And then I would lose my temper and stop suddenly in a bit of mud, and off would go Bessie before you could say Jack Robinson.

She didn't know a thing about making herself mistress of a wheel. All she wanted was to sit on and ride. She was one of those girls who will never manage anything unless, may be, a husband.

"All things come to him who waits!" And so, at length, Mr. Meredith, who had been doing the waiting to perfection, had Bessie come to him with the glad news that she could ride splendidly now, and couldn't they make up some parties and go out on the road? Then we had several very pleasant rides. Occasionally there would be quite a crowd, but very often we went only four, Bessie with Mr. Meredith and Bob relegated to her chum, a Miss Grey, who really was a beautiful rider.

I did not like this arrangement, as Mr. Meredith rode one of those gaudy, conspicuous affairs that no really nice wheel would wish to be seen with in the street, but Bessie and I were quite friendly about that time, and I was trying to please her by giving as little trouble as possible.

Before long Bessie became convinced of the idea that she was a famous rider, and suggested that we all take a trip out to Cabin John bridge. I heard Bob advise her to try a shorter run first, but then Mr. Meredith came up and said it would be delightful, and of course Miss Bessie could do it easily; there wasn't a better rider in the city, and he fixed on the next day for the trip.

The next day dawned clear and warm, and we set out about 4:30 o'clock. I must admit that Bessie looked as pretty as a picture in her dainty suit, with its many buttons, and jaunty cap. Before we started Bob came up to me, as he always did, to see that all my parts were secure and firm, and that no pebbles or bits of dirt were scratching against my chain. He did not look particularly pleased over the trip, and, indeed, I fully agreed with him that it was far too long for Bessie to attempt.

At length we were spinning merrily along. I was determined to act my best, so took the lead, with that circumwheel of Mr. Meredith's, leaving Bob and Miss Grey to follow. All went well for about four miles, and then Bessie began to weaken. She was tired, very tired, as I could easily tell by the feeble way she pushed on my pedals, but she was determined not to give up before Mr. Meredith and own Bob right—oh, no!

Suddenly she gave a cry, something between a gasp and a scream. "Oh, look —in front of us—see that drove of cows!"

"They won't hurt you," said Mr. Meredith, in a superior way. "Come on."

"But my wheel—it always—always shies at cows," gasped poor Bessie.

Mr. Meredith's lip curled. "I really can't face those cows," said Bessie, again, between gasps. "Lelia, come and ride in front—then you and Mr. Meredith can run into them first!"

I gladly slowed up in pursuance of this idea, for Bessie was too tired to have the slightest control over me, and dropped behind with Bob.

"Bessie, you are tired to death," he exclaimed, injudiciously.

"I'm not," replied Bessie, furious at once. "But I'm afraid of those cows; wait till you see how this wheel shies!"

"Keep it pointed straight, and I believe it will go by all right," said Bob, soothingly. "Let us get off and rest, I am as tired as—"

"No, I won't get off; I'm not a bit tired."

"Take the center of the road, then," said Bob, as we neared the meek-looking cows. "They can't hurt you. I'm on their side; don't go up on the path, or you'll get a puncture, sure."

That gave me an idea. Bessie was tired out and too proud to own it. She would certainly fall off if she did not get down in a few minutes. A puncture would be an excellent excuse for rest-

"I REALLY CAN'T FACE THOSE COWS."

ing. Then, again, she had said twice that I shied at cows—well, I would make her words true.

Without further hesitation I ran down a little incline in the road and made for the bypath Bob had warned us of.

Crunch, crunch, biff! A silvery feeling along my tire, an agonized cry from Bessie. "Oh, Bob! Bob! Look; I told you!"

In a moment Bob was beside us and had lifted her to the ground.

"Your tire is punctured," he said, briefly. "Wait a minute; let me think what to do."

I felt a personal interest in the affair, so let my breath go out as slowly as possible, until at length Bob said: "I have it!" and, pulling out his knife, he ripped a puncture in his own tire that put mine to shame. Then he shouted to Meredith and Miss Grey, who came flying back.

"What is the matter?" they cried.

"We both got in a bad hit here," said Bob, "and have punctures in consequence. Will you two ride on to Cabin John and send something after us?"

"Yes. I guess we had better go on. No use of our all losing the ride, you know," said Mr. Meredith; but Miss Grey would not agree to that, so they finally decided to ride back to Bessie's home and send the carriage after her.

And then off they went, and Bessie, who was utterly exhausted, began to cry a little, and Bob found a cool place under the trees, and was trying to comfort her, much to my interest, when I suddenly discovered that I was slipping from where Bessie had insecurely stood me up beside a tree.

Down, down I went until seeing a nice, soft spot I fell over on my side and lay there contentedly for about an hour.

I was aroused by Bob's voice hailing a farmer driving by in a wagon. After some talk the man agreed to take them in town.

"Why, where is your wheel?" I heard Bob say.

"Isn't it against that big tree? I put it there about ten minutes ago," said Bessie, and her voice sounded strangely happy. Then Bob went looking around until he found me, and, having ascertained that beyond the deflated tire I had no injuries, he packed me with his own wheel in the cart and then he and Bessie climbed in by us.

As we drove slowly toward town I heard Bob say in a low voice.

"We will have to get a tandem, now, Bessie, dear," and she answered:

"Yes, Bob, but do you know I like this wheel of mine and want to keep it always, even—with a smile—if it does shy at cows."

And Bob laughed heartily and said: "We will always keep it and it shall have a brand new tire to-morrow."

"How about your own?" asked Bessie, with a twinkle in her eye.

"Mine shall have a new tire, too," said Bob. "I feel like giving presents to everything and everybody, I am so perfectly happy, Bess."

Then in the early twilight of a summer's evening we all drove into Washington together.—Washington Post.

—In 1801 there were only 5,000 Italian-speaking people in the United States; now there are 460,000.

PIGEONS AS MESSENGERS.

To Carry Bulletins in the Coming Presidential Campaign.

Here is a brand-new use for the carrier pigeon: Instead of raising the birds on shore, they are bred and trained on shipboard, and if kept on land when the vessel sails, will make a bee-line for her the moment they are set free.

The presidential election this year offers opportunity for the supreme test of the carrier's ability to follow its own particular ship for hundreds of miles across the broad waters, through storm and sunshine, to pick her out from among the thousand crafts that throng the ocean pathways and land its message at the captain's feet.

For months the men on board the transatlantic steamships have been preparing for the trial of this novel plan of election bulletins. There are coops with whole colonies of carriers, which the ship's crew have fed, petted and coddled, and people who start for Europe in that momentous first week of November may be tolerably certain of having a good bulletin system of the returns.

While there are people to whom the result of an election is a matter of business life or death, there are those, just as there are on shore, who merely "want to know." On shore they get early dinners, chase to the nearest illuminated bulletin boards, and stay there until the last returns are in, and cheer themselves into voicelessness as the dispatches tell good news of their candidates.

This is precisely what is going to be done on shipboard this year, and under the gray-blue feathers of the carrier pigeon the story of the gold and silver debate will travel over the Atlantic.

To receive the returns of a national election in such fashion is alone worth the price of the passage, and it will be an event of history, and there will be gay old demonstrations on the decks of up-to-date ocean liners when every few minutes a carrier comes from the far horizon, where home lies, and the chalk artist letters the message he has brought high on a big blackboard. There will be cheers and jeers and popping of bottles.

In sending out returns the birds will have to be liberated every five or ten minutes, to insure frequent bulletins on shipboard, as well as to allow the few flyers which fail, as pigeons will at unexpected times, for some of them at times refuse to fly, as a sulky race horse does to run.

In sending the carrier pigeons out to the vessel, a start of 12 hours only will be allowed the ships. The birds will be detained at the docks and will see their home disappear. It is said carrier pigeons can see 50 miles at sea.

There are, the experts say, only a few strains of pigeons which can find their way over water readily. Most birds require land-marks — steeples, rivers, towns—but these ocean-going pigeons, which are German, Belgian and English, have an infallible instinct which guides them across the sea.

This experimental bulletin will settle a great many questions about which pigeon enthusiasts have long been in doubt. They do not know, for example, just the distance that a carrier pigeon will fly over water. A first-class bird can go a mile a minute for many miles, but whether he can keep it up for 1,000 miles nobody has yet learned.

A record bird ought to cover 1,000 miles in 24 hours, with some time to spare for rest. It is the resting, or perching, that makes pigeon-wise people doubt the perfect utility of the carriers as ocean messengers. They will not fly at night. When darkness comes they perch on the highest point they can find, and rest until light comes again. But the first faint tinge of dawn finds them on the wing again. And on moonlight or starlight nights they often fly continuously, stopping only to rest at the dark hour just before the dawn.

If a bird happens to perch on the mast of a returning ship, he loses during his resting hours just the distance the vessel travels. In addition to the loss his own delay causes.

But even with these drawbacks and uncertainties, it is long odds that the carrier pigeons, with their bundles of microscopically written election returns, will bring relief to many anxious people, and sport to a great many more who are not so anxious.—N. Y. Journal.

Carelessness of Life in Africa.

Mpimbi is the beginning of the navigable water used by the administration at Fort Johnson. The water is full of crocodiles; people are constantly being taken by them. Hoare shot a big crocodile and found a pair of bracelets in its stomach. The natives foolishly risk the water every day. They walk in knee-deep to get water, and even swim across the streams. By making a small fence about the place where they get water many lives would be saved; but that means work, and every African thinks he will not be a victim.—From the Diary of the Late E. J. Glave, in Century.

An Appalling Plague.

The ravages of the rinderpest in South Africa are said to be more appalling than any cattle plague which has affected the region within living memory. As an instance of the devastation wrought in Bechuanaland, it is reported that Khama, the paramount chief, who, with Bathoen and Sebele, recently visited England, has lost from his private herds alone 8,000 head of cattle.—N. Y. Sun.

Gray's Elegy.

The manuscript of Gray's "Elegy" remained in the author's hands seven years, receiving touches here and there, and would not have been printed then had not a copy loaned to a friend been printed.

Too Easy.

Kitty Whislow—I don't see why it should be so hard for a young man to say "No."

Tom De Witt—No; you girls seem to find it easy enough.—Bay City Chat.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Unmanufactured wool was last year sent abroad to the amount of 4,279,109 pounds, valued at $484,463.

—Maine may have to provide this year's crop of "sardines," as the French sardine box solderers have gone on strike just as the fishing season opened. They object to the employment of women and of labor-saving machinery.

—Plans are well under way for the expending of $9,000,000 on the canals of New York state, for which the people voted at the last election by a majority of 243,505, and it is expected that the work will be done in the next two or three years.

—It is said that Dr. Max Wolf, of Heidelberg, who has discovered a number of asteroids, has never directly seen an asteroid. His discoveries have been made from the photographic plates, on which the planets appear as short lines, owing to their motion, while stars are shown as points.

—A serious source of loss of the precious metals is in the attrition of coins. It is estimated that a gold coin of the value of ten dollars will lose from one to three grains of its weight in five years, and that a silver dollar will lose ten per cent. of its weight in the same time. This loss, of course, is irretrievable.

—Many insects can fly faster than birds. The common house fly can ordinarily fly 25 feet a second. But when it is alarmed it has been found that it can increase its rate of speed to over 160 feet per second. If it could continue such rapid flight for a mile in a straight line it would cover that distance in exactly 33 seconds.

—Friedrich August Kekule, professor of chemistry at the University of Bono, who has just died at the age of 77 years, by the discovery of the fouratomic character of carbon established the basis for the modern theory of chemical combinations. The paper describing this discovery and Kekule's later paper on the theory of benzole are the most important speculative works in chemistry of this generation.

OCEAN STEAMSHIP'S EARS.

First Vessel Equipped with the Device to Determine Sound.

The Gate City is the first steamer going out of this port to be equipped with an aurophone, the new device for enabling the lookout to determine the direction of sounds at sea. The aurophone was tried on the way up, but little could be told about its utility owing to its being placed in a poor position. It consists of a brass box which fits over the mast and which has projecting over each end a broad-mouthed funnel. From this box, close to the funnels, two tubes, like ordinary speaking tubes, lead down the mast and through the main deck to the deck below. Inside the box there is a complex arrangement of diaphragms and sounding boards, so placed that a sound will enter only one of the tubes when it is passing through the funnel on the opposite side of the box. On the lower deck is an arrangement like an engine-room indicator, by which the box above may be turned around the mast, and directly under the indicator in a tell-tale compass. The man below places the tubes to his ears, where they are held in place by a cap. Unless the funnels above are pointing directly toward the sound which he wishes to locate he will hear it only faintly, and in one ear, because one of the funnels being turned away from the sound the tube opposite does not operate. He then turns the indicator in the direction from which the sound appears to come, and when the funnel is pointed directly at the sound it passes through the funnel and out of the other, putting both tubes in operation, and the operator hears the sound distinctly, and in both ears at once. He then glances at the indicator, and the point on the tell-tale at which it rests gives the exact bearing of the sound.

In the case of the Gate City, the box was placed on the foremast, and the operating station was on the forecastle deck. There was so much noise there, caused by the hands moving about and the breaking of the seas against the stem of the vessel, that the sounds came in a confused way, and although bearings could be better taken than by the ear alone, it is thought that the operation of the instrument can be much improved. On the next trip it will be placed on the jigger mast, and the operating station will be in the women's steerage, where it will be quieter. The arrangement is in use on the Old Dominion steamers, and one or two other lines, and has been found to work finely. Whistling buoys and light whistles can be much better located, and can also be heard to a much greater distance than with the ear alone.—Boston Transcript.

Male and Female Oaks.

Mr. Knight, the eminent English botanist, has made some curious and interesting investigations on the production of flowers of different sex in the various species of the oak tree. He shows that as a rule that species of tree bears the male and female flowers on separate individuals, but that these different individuals may be made to produce flowers of either sex at will. In forcing the female oak to produce male flowers, and vice versa, Mr. Knight employed light and heat, regulating the supply of both to suit himself and according to the end in view. This remarkable series of experiments proved that, if the heat was excessive as compared with the light, male flowers only appeared. On the other hand, if the light was excessive and the temperature comparatively low, nothing but female flowers were produced. In other species of trees which bear the male and female flowers on separate individuals the experiments of the botanist were not so conclusive as in the case of the oaks. However, it is believed that these investigations will finally lead to the conclusion that in the majority of trees and plants the cultivator will be able to produce sexes at will.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

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TEMPERANCE.

SPARKLING CHAMPAGNE.

Come fill up a goblet of royal champagne,
For why should the thought of the morrow restrain?
Drink deeply and pain in the happy refrain:
The foe of all reason is glorious champagne.

It sparkles and glows, as our glasses we drain,
It brightens the eye and enlivens the brain:
Though conscience may strive our attention to gain,
We'll drown its rude voice in a bath of champagne.

In fancy there comes, thronging fast, once again
The lessons of childhood; but, quickly, they wane
And vanish; for how can such mem'ries remain

The guests of the drinker of royal champagne?

Why think of the past if it brings, in its train,
A thought of a father's love, outraged and slain?
Of mother, of wife?—fill those glasses again,
We'll banish such musings by drinking champagne.

So here's to the vintage of glorious champagne,
Quaff deep of its pleasure, nor ever complain
If, close in its wake, cometh sorrow and pain,
We'll stifle all thought in a bowl of champagne.

—Thomas Sullivan, in Ram's Horn.

MILLIONS IN BEER.

Immense Sums Invested in the Industry in the Larger Cities.

In Philadelphia recently began the annual meeting of the United States Brewers' association, which has 1,000 members and represents an immense capital and prodigious industry, says the Buffalo Courier. From statistics compiled by a member of the association it appears that the capital invested in breweries in the United States amounts to $165,788,903; in malt-houses, $22,952,992. If to these sums were added those invested in chattel mortgages and real estate outside breweries the total would amount to about $300,000,000. The report of the brewer above referred to gives the distribution of capital in breweries among a number of cities as follows: New York, $30,000,000; Philadelphia, $18,000,000; Chicago, $17,000,000; St. Louis, $16,000,000; Milwaukee, $14,000,000; Brooklyn, $13,000,000; Cincinnati, $13,000,000; Rochester, $7,000,000; Buffalo, $6,000,000; Boston, $6,000,000; San Francisco, $5,000,000; Albany, $4,000,000, and Cleveland, $4,000,000.

Of these cities St. Louis and Milwaukee are the ones whose beer is best known from one end of the land to the other. The breweries in other cities cater more particularly to the local trade. Col. Frederick Pabst, of Milwaukee, is at the head of the list of millionaire brewers. He has $6,000,000 invested in his breweries. Next comes Adolphus Busch, of St. Louis, whose wealth is estimated at $5,000,000. There are very wealthy brewers in New York, Philadelphia and Cincinnati, but their fame is local. The number of men employed in the brewing business is about 35,000 and their wages amount to about $29,000,000 a year. The annual cost of the material is $65,000,000 and the value of the product is nearly three times that.

VARIOUS NOTES.

When a man's tracks point toward the saloon his back is toward Heaven.—Ram's Horn.

Sons of Temperance convened at Darlington, England, lately, showed a membership of 50,000.

The British Army Temperance association reports a membership of 11,742, an increase of nearly 2,000 last year.

It sometimes takes a moderate drinker a long time to find out that the devil's claws have been run through him.—Ram's Horn.

Bob Ingersoll is not half as dangerous an infidel as the church member who rents buildings for saloons or patronizes them.—Motive.

It will take more than the eloquence of Sam Jones to convert a young man reared in a Christian home where the wine bottle is intrenched.—Motive.

Three glasses of whisky contain two ounces of alcohol which necessitates 6,000 extra heartbeats, equal to lifting one ton a foot high.—Philadelphia Methodist.

Never forget that the rumseller fights for his business. He can afford to spend money. If successful he can easily recompense himself from the pockets of his victims.—Westerly Tribune.

Upward of 12,000 seamen and bargemen have taken the total abstinence pledge of the "Missions to Seamen" branch of the Church of England Temperance society on the Mersey during the last 17 years.

Only the saloon men have plenty of money in times like these. They are falling over one another in the effort to secure licenses to sell rum to their neighbors. The profits of the business should open the eyes of the intelligent citizen to the gigantic buneo game which the saloon men are playing upon the country.—The People.

DOMESTIC DRINKING USAGES.

Influence They Exert Over the Lives of Children, Even to Their Utter Ruin.

Potent is the influence of home, intimate the connection between manhood and early years. During the period in which the character is being formed, the child knows no kingdom but his father's house. The angels on Jehovah's footstool look not more submissive to Him that sits upon the throne for a law to direct, than does the child regard the sentiments and practices that receive the sanction of the fireside approbation, as the rule to guide him in intercourse with the world.

Now, it is this far-reaching influence allied with domestic drinking usages that sends forth from almost every family a drunkard. Trace the evil up to its origin. There is a family party assembled—father, mother, brothers, sisters, friends, and little ones. Nothing but the voice of mirth and kindness is heard; the song, the story, the commingling of social affection. And is there danger here? True, the glass is circulating, but then its contents are little more than tasted. Yes, there is danger. Harmless as the enjoyments of these happy ones may seem, the most deadly work is being done; an influence unseen and subtle is wreathing itself like a powerful serpent around the affections of these young hearts, and bringing them under a most degrading bondage. The children are being taught that it is safe and fashionable to drink, while an appetite is being originated and cherished which may yet bring a dark cloud over the scene now so bright, and sink to perdition those now so fair and promising. When this awful result is realized, parents often console themselves with the thought that, wherever their children contracted the love for liquor, they never received from them any example but that of the most moderate indulgence. Never can we forget the saying of a weeping sister. We had called to see a young man who was recovering from a fit of delirium tremens. There he lay, the perfect wreck of what he formerly was; a bankrupt in business, excluded from church membership, and forsaken by his young wife and his infant children. As we withdrew from the affecting spectacle, a sister who clung to him amid all his profligacy said: "Ah, sir, but it is a comfort that he never saw drunkenness under father's roof!" With a sorrowful heart we pondered the words: "He never saw drunkenness under his father's roof!" That may have been, but it was under that father's roof that he first learned to drink; in that father's house and at that father's table the appetite for drink was formed. And to that father the son might have said: "It was your hand that passed to me the first glass, and this is your work!"

To become a drunkard it is not necessary to see drunkenness. Only allow children to drink, only let them see it used and commended at home, and when they go abroad into society, conforming to its insidious customs, apply the instruction they have received under the parental roof, and between the sanction of home and the mistaken kindness of friends, an appetite may be originated which all the remonstrances of friends and respect for character may not be able to counteract or subdue. The appetite started under the parental roof has been secretly gaining strength, and now comes out from its concealment too powerful to be destroyed by those who called it into being. If the young are to be saved, there must be a crusade against the drinking usages. What an argument for such a crusade is the following incident taken from an exchange:

"A young gentleman who had never been out in the world a great deal, and had never attended a banquet, was invited with his father to attend a very fashionable one in a certain city. Many kinds of wines and liquors were served, as is customary at such places. Seated at the table by the side of his father, the waiter approached the young man with liquors and wines, and asked him what he would have. Somewhat embarrassed, and not knowing what to say, he thought awhile, looked around, and at last said to the waiter: "I'll take what father does."

"The waiter passed on to the father. He had heard the answer of his boy. Up to this time he had been a moderate drinker. His boy's answer to the waiter woke him up to the fearful responsibility upon him as he was about to make a choice, and brought him face to face with a question, upon the decision of which depended largely the future moral welfare of his son.

"What should he do? What should he take?" Aroused fully to his responsible position, more than he had ever been before, he said, with emphasis: "I'll take water." The battle was fought, the victory won, and the destiny of his boy as a man of temperate habits fixed so far as he had the power to do it by his example. The father became a total abstainer, and his son was saved to a sober life."—National Temperance Advocate.

Treating Inebriates in Paris.

For the last eight months a special section has been reserved in each of the large lunatic asylums in or near Paris for the treatment of inebriates, and no alcoholic liquor is allowed to enter. The attendants must also be abstainers. Still further, the director of the largest asylum told me that before giving permission to such patients to leave the asylum, if he was a married man, he sent for his wife and told her she must be an abstainer as well as her husband, and unless she would promise not to allow any wine, etc., in her house, he would not let her husband come home. This is a grand step gained—the conviction that continued total abstinence is the only cure for drunkards.—National Temperance Advocate.

It is estimated that the slum population of Chicago numbers 162,000, the majority of them being Italians. There is one saloon to every 129 of these persons; in the city at large, one for every 200.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Within the limits of the United States, in 1801, there were 5,250,000 English-speaking people. Now there are 70,000,000.

—The Aztec language, in use in Mexico at the discovery of America, lacked the sounds indicated by our letters b, d, f, g, r, i, j and v.

—After January 1, 1897, the city of Glasgow, Scotland, will levy no taxes of any kind, but will obtain from city street railways, water and lighting systems more than enough revenue to pay the expenses of the city government.

—In 1801 there were only 280,000 persons in the limits of the United States who spoke German as a mother tongue; now there are 7,000,000 of our people, Germans or descendants of Germans, read and speak that language.

—The feature of the forthcoming annual report of the Pennsylvania fish commissioners for 1896 will be a lengthy article on the mountain lakes of the state, with nearly 100 illustrations in half tone and green and sixteen colored engravings of food fishes.

"Marmaduke," in London Truth, asks if it is not time that the custom of burying murderers in unconsecrated ground should cease? "When the criminal has paid the extreme penalty of the law, it is ludicrous for the state to pretend that it can in any way affect him in the next world; whilst, even if it were in its power, it would be abominable to do so."

—On a proposition that he could walk a hundred yards faster than any bicycle could make the distance, a swindler, who said he was walking from New to San Francisco, induced a crowd to go to a race track, paying an admission fee, at Jackson, Miss., and when a boy on a wheel easily beat him he grabbed the gate receipts, jumped into a hack in which were three women, and got away before the people could get hands on him.

PROGRAMME OF ECONOMY.

How She Proposed to Save Orlando's Pocketbook from Damage.

"Orlando," she said, "I am afraid you are getting tired of having me ask you for money."

"Well, you see," he answered, "I have a good deal of expense to meet just at this time of year, and it does seem once in awhile that women don't make enough allowances for that sort of thing."

"Well," she answered, "I've thought of a way that will fix it all very nicely."

"What is it?"

"Whenever you go to the barber shop and the boy brushes you off you give him a dime, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And when you are away from home at a hotel and a boy brings you ice water you give him a dime?"

"Yes."

"And a mixed drink costs 15 cents?"

"Of course."

"Well, you've often said that women have no head for arithmetic, but I am going to convince you to the contrary. I am going to learn to make your favorite mixed drinks. That'll be 15 cents a day. Then I'll bring you ice water in the morning, that'll be 10 cents more. And then I'll brush your clothes off with a whisk broom, and that'll be 10 cents more. There's 35 cents a day. I've figured it all out on a little piece of paper. Three hundred and sixty-five days in a year—that's 365 times 35, which makes $127.75. If you will give me that without my asking for it, just as you do the bell boys and the bartender, I can put it with my regular housekeeping allowance and manage to get along much better."—Detroit Free Press.

DISPOSED TO CRITICISE.

The Old Man Was Not Pleased with the Circus.

"I attended Barnum's circus at New London, Conn., a few days ago," remarked a traveling man at the Palace the other day, "and had the pleasure of sitting beside one of those shrewd, practical old Yankees that we read about and seldom see. I expected to see him enthusiastic over the performance, but he wasn't. After a woman had given a beautiful exhibition of bareback riding I asked him what he thought of it.

"'She could ride ahead more comfortable an' run a durn sight less risk o' breakin' her neck on a side saddle,' said he.

"Then a man gave a bareback exhibition on a trained steer. The animal cavorted around the ring with the man for several minutes, and then he threw the brute and stood with one foot on its head and the other on its side.

"'Mighty good way to spile a good beef critter,' commented the old man.

"Next they showed horses in a thunderstorm. The stage thunder commenced to roll and the affrighted horses huddled together in the center of the ring. Then came flashes of lightning and they scattered as if terror-stricken. It was a very pretty exhibition of well-trained animals, but the old Yankee was disappointed.

"'It's all wrong,' he declared. 'No one ever see thunder come afore lightnin'. The lightnin' allus comes first.'"—San Francisco Post.

Reasonable Theory.

"I have come to the conclusion," said the young man who had been reading up on the customs of the ancients, "that the marriage ceremony, funeral rites and all that sort of thing had no religious origin at all."

"Indeed," said the professor. "And how did they originate, please?"

"They were all gotten up as excuses for continuous jags."—Indianapolis Journal.

First Lessons in Business.

Mrs. Wiggles—How shall I indorse this check that Uncle John has sent to me, simply sign my name on the back?

Mrs. Wiggles—Well, a better way will be to write on the back: "Pay Algeron Wiggles," and then put your name underneath. I will attend to the rest.—Somerville Journal.

MOUNDS IN TENNESSEE.

Traces of a Giant Race and Also of Pygmies.

In the beginning of this century there was plowed up in Hawkins county a stone trumpet. It seems to have been made of hard soapstone, and when blown through makes a sound which may be heard two or three miles. It is very smooth on the outside, but rough within. This was probably used by the giants to convene assemblies, and to regulate the movements of their army, on days of rejoicing to make a part of the musical sounds with which the people were entertained.

The trumpet was not in use till about A. D. 600. In the time of the Trojan war neither Greeks nor Trojans had flutes and pipes, and the Greek stentor, a man of mighty voice, proclaimed orders to the army. In the year 514 B. C., when Darius, the Mede, crossed the Danube and invaded the Scythians he had no trumpet. When Xerxes invaded Greece, 478 B. C., no trumpet was there used; the signal for battle was given by torch-bearers. Soon after the invasion of Greece by the Persians the trumpet was used for many purposes. The Greeks probably learned it from the Phenicians. The dispersed Israelites of the Assyrian or Chaldean captivity imparted the knowledge of the trumpet and its uses to the people from whom it came immediately to the American giants. From it we make the following deductions: (1) There were no large hollow horns in the country which could have been used for the same purpose. (2) If the makers of the trumpet, which no doubt were the giants, knew the use of metals, they did not have the time or material to form trumpets, as they had been engaged in a long and protracted war with the natives. (3) The mound builders did not make this trumpet, or they would have made it with metal. Hence we arrive at a just conception of the martial music of the north invaders. There was contemporaneously with the giants of Tennessee a race of people of small stature. These people were the pygmies of the giants, and were captured by them somewhere in the northeastern part of America and were adopted and brought as slaves by them in their southward wanderings. In 1820 a great number of small graves and skeletons in them were discovered in White county.

A Mr. Lane submitted quite a number of these bones to the medical fraternity at Nashville, and it was their opinion that the skeletons belonged to adult persons. The height of this people was about two and one-half to three feet, and they buried after the fashion of the giants with rocks set up around the body and head to the east and face to the west. That this people were addicted to strong superstitions is evident. In the graves mentioned were found conch shells—also mussel and taper shells. These people no doubt were worshipers of Vishnu. In ancient times the worshipers of the sun from the confines of China and Thibet emigrated from Sarmurtia, thence to Germany and thence to Finland and the country of the Samoiedes, which so much resemble the Esquimaux. The later, with the Greenlanders, were sun worshipers and brought to America with them through many ages and people the most ancient religion of Asia.

In other places in our state and elsewhere are found the remains of this diminutive race of people. That such people once existed is asserted by Homer and Herodotus. They are mentioned by Pliny, Strabo and Mela as existing in India and Ethiopia. But Jovius locates them in the extremes of the northern regions. The best opinion advanced upon the subject seems to be that these people came from northeastern America, and were brought hither, either willingly or by force, by the giants when they migrated to this country.

Among the relics of this people was found in White county a stone about six inches long, half an inch thick and three inches wide, and still widening to the edge and having an edge like an ax. This ax was found in an old fortification near Sparta, and seemed to be tinged with blood which had been petrified on it. The color of green was intermixed with a few spots of lighter complexion. It is very hard and smooth. Stone axes of the same description are brought from the Fiji islands in the Pacific by navigators. The same species of stone is found on the banks of the Amazon. As to what became of this mysterious race, we can but conjecture that, having come so far south that the climate was so uncongenial to them—together with the labor and fatigue of their long and aggressive warfare in connection with the giants against the aborigines—that the strain and climate was too great for their northern constitutions, and they all perished and their dust mingles with our southern soil unseen by no eye but God's, and whose history is only written on the scrolls of eternity.—St. Louis Republic.

Time to Stop.

"I shall have to give up that case of Dusenbury's, on which I have been engaged so long," said the eminent lawyer to his friend. "I shall feel rather odd with it out of the way, for it has been one of the stand-bys of the office for years."

"You have exhausted all legal expedients, have you?"

"No; but Dusenbury's money is all gone."—Detroit Free Press.

Resented.

Harry—What girl was that you had in tow last evening?

Willie (indignantly)—What you are pleased to call tow is usually spoken of by people of culture as blonde tresses.—Household Words.

On His Mind.

"You seem to have something weighing on your mind, Teddy."

"Well, I haven't. Do you think my mind is a pair of scales?"

"Oh, no; scales are evenly balanced."—Chips.

TAKING CARE OF THE WIDOW.

She and Her Six Children Get a Husband and Father.

Charles Custer, the popular storekeeper at Renton, came to the Post-Intelligencer office, where I was employed, and related a very sad story. He said that a German woman with six children had arrived in Renton from the old country a few days before on her way to Newcastle to join her husband; that on her arrival in Renton she had learned that her husband had been killed in the mines six weeks before. She could not speak a word of English and was without money or friends. Custer said the people of Renton had supplied her immediate wants, and that he had come to Seattle to arrange for the county to take care of her until she was in a position to care for herself and family. When he had finished his story he turned to me and asked what I would advise.

Jarvis and his ranch, with plenty of room for the children to romp in and plenty of milk for them to drink and the four dining-room chairs popped into my mind like a flash, and I replied: "Custer, do you think your widow would consider matrimony as a way out of troubles?"

"Why, the idea almost staggers me," replied Custer. "Who on earth wants to marry a woman with six children, who has only learned of the death of her husband within the last four days? Besides that, she cannot speak a word of English. She speaks German altogether."

"She has not much the better of my man," I replied. "He is a Frenchman, and can neither speak English nor German; but I guess if they get married they soon will be able to understand each other."

Custer went further into the particulars of my scheme. I told him who the man was and my reasons for thinking that he would be willing to marry the German woman, children and all. That afternoon Custer went on horseback over to Jarvis' ranch, laid the matter before him, and to his surprise and gratification Peter jumped at the chance. "You go back to town and make the arrangements," said Jarvis, "and I'll hitch up and drive over this evening and have the job done at once."

"All right," said Custer, "but don't forget to put a couple of extra seats in the wagon for the young ones."

"How many did you say there were?" asked Jarvis.

"Only six. Now, don't spend too much time sprucing up, because I'll have everything ready before you can reach town if you go for the horses at once."

As Custer left the farm the old man shouted: "Good-by. You will have to ride lively if you beat me to town. My horses are not driven for a bride very often, and they can stand it to get over the ground at a rapid pace for once in their lives."

Sure enough, Custer had hardly time to break the news to the widow, through an interpreter, before the dashing Frenchman came tearing through the streets like mad, and reined his panting horses up in front of Custer's store. Before leaving Seattle that day Custer had taken the precaution to secure the necessary license, with the understanding that it could be returned if not used. A preacher was called in, the bride and groom were introduced, and made man and wife, in almost the same breath, and half an hour later Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis and the six little ones were comfortably seated in the big lumber wagon, bound for the Jarvis homestead on Cedar river, as happy as clams at high tide.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

A Raspberry Ice Cream.

The most delicious ice creams are those flavored with fruit juices or fruit pulps. They do not usually contain eggs; therefore, they are more like a sherbet than a regular ice cream, except that milk or cream or part of both are substituted for the water used in a sherbet. Raspberry cream is one of the most delightful of these light creams. Boil two quarts of raspberries with a pint of sugar for ten minutes. Strain off the juice and squeeze the pulp out of the raspberry. Add it slowly to a pint of boiling milk. Freeze this mixture. When it is cooled, and just before it is ready to pack away, add a pint of cream beaten to a stiff froth. Pack the cream away for three hours and it will be ready to serve. A delicate white cake, flavored with bitter almonds, is an excellent accompaniment to this cream. A cream made of an equal quantity of chopped pineapple, cooked in a pint of sugar and strained, or of peaches, may be used. Strain the pineapple or the peaches through a puree sieve that will allow all the fruit pulp to pass through.—N. Y. Tribune.

Summer Salads.

Japanese fish salad is inexpensive and particularly good. To make it, mix two cupfuls of cold boiled fish, shredded, with one cupful of cucumber pickles cut into slices. Add well made French dressing and serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

Jardiniere Salad.—Take equal quantities of cold cooked potatoes, turnips, string beans, beets, celery and tomatoes. Put in a salad bowl and add chopped pickle, olives, capers, hard-boiled eggs and shredded lettuce leaves and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

Salad of Water Cress and Apples.—Use only the tender water cresses. Let them stand half an hour in cold water to become crisp. Then dry them thoroughly. Now mix with thin slices of sour apples and a chopped hard-boiled egg. Add a French dressing and serve.—N. Y. Journal.

A Rare Find.

"I cannot play on a single instrument and don't know one tune from another," said the prettiest girl at the hotel. "Are you open to an engagement?" asked a voice in her ear. "I am an agent for a museum of freaks, and we haven't anything in our show to compare with you."—Detroit Free Press.

A SEA TRAGEDY.

The Startling Story of the American Barkentine Herbert Fuller.

The sea has ever been a favorable scene with romancers for desperate conspiracies and tragic crimes. This has been due to the seclusion which it offers and also, perhaps, to the traditions of piracy which hang about it. There was a time when the line of demarcation between the pirate and the peaceful mariner was not very sharply drawn, and the late Prentice Mulford, who grew up in a seafaring town and had even served on shipboard before the mast, once wrote an article maintaining that the relations which still prevail between the master and the crew of a ship are a relic of the days when all seafaring men were practically pirates. Possibly a juster explanation of the harsh treatment to which sailors are subjected would be found in the arbitrary authority which law and custom necessarily bestow upon a shipmaster, for it is almost an axiom that unrestricted power always leads to tyranny—that nothing but lack of authority prevents every man from misusing it. At all events, the reader of a sea novel expects to meet with various sorts of mysteriously dark deeds, while the reader of the marine columns of a newspaper is regaled with plenty of actual crime, albeit of a generally commonplace and uninteresting character.

The story of the American barkentine Herbert Fuller, which the newspapers have been recently telling, however, is as tragically startling as any ever related by Stevenson or Russell. The officers of a vessel have often enough been murdered by the crew, who then seized the vessel, and it has sometimes happened that some officer has joined the crew in mutinying against the captain, as in the case of the Bounty. What adds especially to the sensational features of the crime on board the Herbert Fuller is that it does not seem to be known positively who killed the captain, his wife and the second mate. The evidence against the first mate appears to rest on his supposed unwillingness to make port after the discovery of the murders. He is even suspected of having intended to turn the vessel over to the Cuban insurgents. What must have been the astonishment of the pilot on going on board to find the vessel in charge of the colored steward and a Harvard sophomore passenger, the mate in irons, and the bodies of the three murdered persons towing astern in the small boat! That last touch is characteristic. The survivors did not dare throw the bodies overboard because they were needed as evidence to protect themselves as well as to convict the guilty; their superstitious notions were appalled at the notion of keeping the bodies on board the vessel; so they compromised by towing them astern.

Undoubtedly the Herbert Fuller tragedy will form the plot of many a future sea novel. But no romancer could have afforded to invent so extraordinary a tale. He would have been laughed at on account of the inherent improbability of his incidents. The murders might have passed muster, but the Harvard student and the colored steward in their extraordinary role would have been pronounced simply impossible.—Buffalo Courier.

A MOSQUITO INVADES ENGLAND.

New Jersey's Insect's Revenge for Violation of Monroe Doctrine.

The harrowing news comes from London that a mosquito has been taken alive in Hertfordshire. A gentleman living at Barley, Royston, writes to a London paper that on a recent evening he encountered the ferocious beast in his bedchamber.

An Englishman is always brave, and it seems almost superfluous to add that the man of Barley grappled with the creature single-handed, nor stayed his hand until it was under subjection. We sometimes read of such feats of derring doe even in these degenerated days.

Next to vindicating his personal bravery, an Englishman's first duty is to write to his newspaper and tell about it. To this admirable national trait the readers of the Sunday Herald are indebted for the particulars herein set forth. The man of Barley had traveled in far countries. Among other places he had visited the famous city of New Jersey, and in the transmississippian capital had met and coped with the mosquito in its lair.

Thus he is able to identify his quarry and lay before the British public a harrowing picture of the animal's distinguishing traits.

"The specimen caught," he writes, "has every characteristic of the foreign mosquito, especially the New Jersey variety. I believe they have been brought to England with timber, for in New Jersey the logs of timber, which are usually carried down the rivers, have on them mosquito eggs gathered from the surface of the water, where they breed, and so in this manner are transported to Europe, where the sunshine hatches them, and they fly away."

It now remains only to unite the English people as one man against the invader. Hence this suggestion:

"Let every person carefully examine his bedroom window in the morning and kill them, as by so doing they would be prevented laying their eggs and breeding. Now is the time to act to prevent them spreading. They may easily be known by their resemblance to gnats, but having a long trunk or proboscis, and by making a humming noise when approaching the face or hands of a person."

Accompanying this slogan is a diagram of what has been called the business end of the mosquito, which may be used for further identification of the dreaded foe, should he be encountered unawares.—N. Y. Herald.

—One of the most remarkable things about language is the rapidity with which, under certain circumstances, it changes and under others remains almost fixed.

The Mormon Temple.

It was only four days after the arrival of the Mormon emigrants in the basin of the Salt Lake that Brigham Young marked out the site for the great Mormon temple. The people of the colony labored on the edifice for many years, hauling the granite of which it is constructed from a quarry twenty miles distant. At last, after the expenditure of several millions of dollars, it has been completed, and is one of the most solid and impressive buildings in America. Its walls are sixteen feet thick, and will probably stand without a crack for a thousand years. The temple and the Mormon tabernacle are architectural buildings of which any city might be proud.—From "Wonderlands of the West," in Demorest's Magazine for September.

Of Interest to Bicycle Riders.

There can be no question that one of the most important parts of a bicycle is the tire. It has to bear the brunt of the work, is constantly coming in contact with destroying elements, and generally receives the least care from the rider. The importance of the work it has to do was early recognized by makers of bicycles, however, and they have given much attention to this important adjunct of the wheel.

There are to-day, perhaps, thirty different styles of bicycle tires on the market, all of which vary in detail. As to their various merits, theories are of little value; actual experience is the only way to determine this question. Unless an article gives satisfaction, demand for it soon ceases. After a test of over six years, during which time double-tube and single-tube tires have been marketed, at least three-fourths of all the riders in this country to-day demand and ride double-tube tires.

The leading firm in the United States, and in fact in the entire world, in the manufacture of double-tube tires, is Morgan & Wright, Chicago. Their history is interesting. The first pneumatic tire—the rag-and-glue kind—was giving trouble, and Morgan & Wright stepped in to fill a great public want. They furnished a tire that could be easily taken from the rim to be repaired. That was the principal requirement in those days, besides the usual requirements of speed, durability and comfort.

That was several years ago. Single-tube tires had been pushed in Europe, and were failing, and the same effort was being started in this country. The Morgan & Wright double-tube tire quickly proved its superiority—with the result stated above. The quick-repair inner tube which is this year a standard feature of all of this firm's tires, has made the position of double-tube tires practically invincible, by making it quick and easy for the riders to secure, at the roadside, a permanent repair—a thing admittedly impossible in the single-tube accidents.

Q A R. National Encampment, St. Paul.

The B. & O. R. R. will sell tickets from all points on its lines east of the Ohio River to St. Paul at one single fare for the round trip, good for all trains, August 29th, 30th, and 31st, valid for return passage until September 16th, with the privilege of an additional extension until September 30th by depositing ticket with Joint Agent.

The Rate from Philadelphia will be	-	$35 00
" " " Baltimore "	-	25 00
" " " Washington "	-	25 00
" " " Lexington "	-	24 75
" " " Cumberland "	-	23 00
" " " Grafton "	-	21 00

Correspondingly low rates from other stations. Tickets will also be placed on sale at the offices of all connecting lines.

The B. & O. maintains a double daily service of through solid vestibule trains between the East and Chicago, with Pullman sleeping and dining cars attached.

G. A. R. Veterans will remember that all trains run via Washington, Harper's Ferry and the Potomac Valley. 24—t d.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lotst 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19–tf.

Sent It to His Mother in Germany.

Mr. Jacob Esbenseu, who is in the employ of the Chicago Lumber Co. at Des Moines, Iowa, says: "I have just sent some medicine back to my mother in the old country, that I know from personal use to be the best medicine in the world for rheumatism, having used it in my family for several years. It is called Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It always does the work." 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin at Deer Park.

Farm For Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm known as the Grove farm situated about one mile east of Selbysport, Garrett county, adjoining the lands of John Riley and Charles Fike. Said farm contains 133 acres, 100 of which are cleared, and improved by a good frame dwelling, barn, stable and other necessary buildings, with plenty of fruit and is well watered.

The above described farm will be sold cheap and on easy terms or will exchange for town property. For further information address Oliver Poland, Moscow Mills, Allegany county, Md. 25–6t.

A General Holiday.

Governor Lowndes has been requested by the Junior Order of United American Mechanics of Baltimore to declare September 12 of this year a general holiday. In a communication to the Governor the Mechanics say:

"For the past few years this organization has celebrated the 12th day of September by public exercises in the city of Baltimore, and it is proposed to celebrate it in the same manner this year, and for the purpose of enabling those who are not residents of the city to participate in these exercises, we most respectfully request your Excellency to comply with this petition."

It is understood that Governor Lowndes will comply with the request.

Notice of Dissolution.

This is to give notice that the firm of Lish & Harvey, doing a general mercantile business at Kearney, have dissolved by mutual consent. All debtors are hereby notified to call and settle their accounts before Sept. 1st, 1896.

24–3t. LISH & HARVEY.

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JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Prop's, WHEELING, W. VA.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

COUNCIL CHAMBER,
OAKLAND, MD., Aug. 17, 1896.

Sealed proposals will be received until two o'clock, p. m., Monday, September 7, 1896, for the erection of an iron bridge over the B. & O. railroad in line with Oak street, span 105 feet, roadway 12 feet clear and one 4 foot side walk. Bids for masonry will also be received. Plan and specification of same on file. The right to reject any and all bids is reserved.

By order Town Council,
J. C. DUNHAM, Clerk.

The Compliment

of imitation has so frequently been paid by its contemporaries to the

Philadelphia Record

for many years that those of its readers who are not thoroughly

Wide Awake

would almost be excusable if they should occasionally lose sight of the fact that it is

Leader of Newspapers,

like any other originator or pioneer, is never contented except in

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When "The Philadelphia Record" undertook nineteen years ago to demonstrate that the best of morning newspapers could be made and sold for one cent, publishers were generally skeptical. But the world of readers was not asleep. Consequently "The Record" was not long in reaching a commanding position, and, improving upon this, its circulation and influence were finally recognized among the foremost of America's great journals. Hence the compliment of imitation which is now paid to it in every city of note from the Atlantic coast to the Mississippi Valley. Every city worth mentioning now has one or more good one-cent morning dailies, though so recently as nineteen years ago Philadelphia and "The Record" stood alone in this respect.

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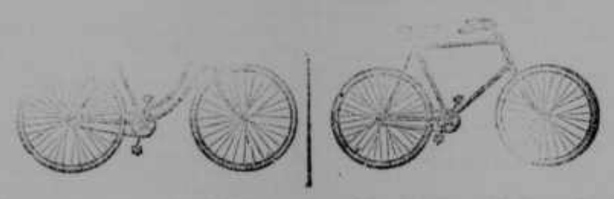

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Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

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DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does something or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS.

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

ESTABLISHED MARCH 3, 1877. BENJ. H. SINCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1896 NUMBER 26.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings In and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

Mr. F. E. Merrill went to Lonaconing last Monday on business.

Malette has $1,000 worth of jewelry to sell you at your own price.

Mr. John Shartzer made a business trip to Cumberland Tuesday.

Mr. Jonas Beachy, of Bittinger, was here last Thursday on business.

Senator Ravenscroft returned from Baltimore yesterday morning.

A daughter was born yesterday morning to Mr. and Mrs. Perry W. Rock.

Mr. C. B. Meyers, of Moscow Mills, was a caller at this office on Thursday last.

Mr. George Loar, of Grafton, spent Sunday in Oakland with his parents.

Mr. John W. Averitt, of the Cumberland *Times*, was in the city one day last week.

The Board of County Commissioners will be in session on Monday, the 14th inst.

The September term of the Circuit Court will convene on Monday, the 14th inst.

Malette will sell you groceries, fruits, vegetables, etc., at the lowest living prices.

Mr. Will Scott, of Pittsburg, Pa., is here visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Scott.

Malette will positively sell you jewelry at cost, as he is closing out his entire stock of jewelry.

Mrs. C. F. Schroeder is spending several weeks visiting her parents and friends at Frederick, Md.

For sale, cheap for cash, oats at the bin hopper: straw at the rick. John W. Williams, Deer Park.

Splendid cider mills and copper kettles at J. M. Davis & Son's hardware store, cheap. 24-3*

Maj. W. O. Ison is home from Washington spending his vacation with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Ison.

Mrs. Anna Morrison, of Baltimore, is here spending a week or two visiting her brother, Mr. Robert Porter.

The Corinth Brick company is furnishing brick to the municipality of Piedmont for street paving purposes.

Miss Eliza B. Swan, of Briar-Bend Seminary, Mt. Lake Park, contemplates remodeling the seminary buildings.

A number of members of Garrett lodge, K. of P., attended the union picnic at Lonaconing on Thursday of last week.

Mrs. G. A. Bolden and two children, of Terra Alta, spent a day or two in Oakland last week on a visit to relatives

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Roby, of Maysville, W. Va., were in Oakland on last Thursday for a short time on a visit to friends.

Mr. Lawson Loar, of Grafton, who was brought here sick some time ago, was taken back to his home one day last week.

The family of Mr. W. R. Mealy is on a visit of several weeks to relatives and friends in Ohio and Southern West Virginia.

Mr. U. G. Palmer, the county school examiner, is down at Accident this week examining teachers for the coming school term.

Messrs. Bowie Johnson, Will Shartzer and Paul Dailey, of Oakland, were Terra Alta visitors on Sunday last.—Oracle.

Mrs. Ella P. Russell will take court boarders at fifty cents per day and will accommodate all who come. Corner First and Water streets.

Rev Dr. Ison is on a trip to Buffalo, N. Y., and Niagara. He will return this week accompanied by his son, Mr. Allan Ison, of Washington.

Mr. Nimrod Glotfelty, of Accident, was here Tuesday morning on business and helped the printer with a year's subscription in advance.

Work is being rapidly pushed on Mr. W. H. Hagans' house on Third street. It will be ready for occupancy by the latter part of September.

We have been requested to make the announcement that the Accident band will be in Oakland next Wednesday and furnish music at the Republican convention.

From all accounts Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a Godsend to the afflicted. There is no advertisement about this; we feel just like saying it.—The Democrat, Carrollton, Ky. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Services will be held in St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church on Sunday morning by the pastor, Rev. Butler.

Wanted, at Garthright's store, 5 to 20 tons buckwheat flour, for which will pay highest price. 26-2

Mr. Marion Stewart, of Easton, W. Va., was the guest of relatives in Oakland several days since our last issue.

Mrs. Carrie Pretzler and three children, and Miss Gertrude Boward, all of Hagerstown, are in Oakland visiting Mr. and Mrs. Andrew J. Harne.

Messrs. John T. Browning and Will Whorton went to Clarksburg, W. Va., this morning to attend the county fair which is being held there this week.

The exodus of summer people has commenced. One day last week one of the east bound passenger trains could not take all the baggage checked for it.

Mrs. Isaac Whirledge, of Garrett, Ind., and Mrs. Caroline Openlander, of Sherwood, O., sister and mother of Mrs. Perry W. Rock, are in Oakland visiting her.

Mrs. Alfred Turner, of Kipukai, Hawaiian Islands, has the thanks of the editor for copies of the Honolulu *Gazette*, which were read with a great degree of satisfaction.

Call at Malette's and get a clock, ring, chain, pin, etc., at just one-third what you pay elsewhere in a regular way. This is no fake; call and see for yourself. 22—5

Miss Hawley will give lectures in ancient and modern history at Briar-Bend Seminary. Some of these lectures will be open to the public. Due notice will be given.

The Board of Supervisors of Elections this week publish in these columns the notice of registration giving the names of the places where the registration officers will sit.

LOST.—A pocket book containing a sum of money and papers, the properly of John R. Semmes. A reward of $10 will be paid upon leaving same with Dr. McComas, Oakland.

The oyster is hurrying along to give a touch of relief to the campaign. However much Americans object to a dollar clipped in twain, they will gladly welcome the mollusk on the half shell.

Miss Kate Spedden, who has taught in the Davis, W. Va., public schools for the past two years, will return to that place on Friday, after two months vacation, to resume her duties as teacher

Mr. Chas. J. Newman, who filled the position as clerk in the Maryland Supply Co.'s store in Oakland during the past few months, is now temporarily holding a case in this office to help us through with a big rush of job work.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

A freight wreck at fifty-eight cut near Hutton yesterday morning delayed trains about three hours. In the wreck two cars were broken up and it required the help of the rigger's crew to straighten things out.

Shartzer's new opera house will be opened on Wednesday, the 9th inst., by the production of East Lynn by Buckler's stock company of Washington, D. C. See advertisement in another column of today's paper.

Mr. Grant Harvey, of Connellsville, was in Oakland the first of this week and while here left his subscription for THE REPUBLICAN. He had been spending a few weeks with his parents near Kearney, and was on his way back to work at Connellsville.

The annual convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance union of Garrett county, will meet at Assembly hall, Mountain Lake Park, on Wednesday, Sept. 9th at 3 o'clock p.m. Several new unions in different parts of the county will be represented at this meeting and an interesting session is expected to which all are cordially invited.

Mr. ——— Kildow, of Texas, an uncle of Messrs. George and William Kildow, of Oakland, is here on a visit. He is a free silver man and asserts that there are only five Republicans in his state and that they make more noise than fifty thousand coyotes. We always knew that Texas had some noisy people but thought that they all belonged to the Democratic party.

Prof. J. G. Robinson, of Baltimore city, representing the popular music house of Messrs. Sanders & Stayman, will be stopping for some time at Dr. M. C. Hinebaugh's, where he will be glad to see persons who desire to purchase a first-class organ or piano. He also offers his service as a practical tuner to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity.

We regret to chronicle the death this week of our old friend and patron, Mr. Michael Durst, of Preston, Minnesota, who died at his home on August 28th. Mr. Jacob Brown, of Cumberland, contributes to the memory of this worthy man a short article which will be found in to-day's REPUBLICAN.

We have just received from the factory another large lot of stationery, including paper for letters, bills, statements, envelopes, etc., which will be placed at the disposal of our patrons at a small profit. Remember, we buy in large lots and can sell at a figure away below our competitors.

Our Grantsville correspondent after an absence of several weeks from these columns, again appears with a well written and newsy letter. His letters are always newsy and so well composed that seldom is the editor compelled to use his blue pencil on them.

Mr. Jacob Brown, of Cumberland, who is well known by all of Garrett county's citizens, has just had published a book giving the history of the settlement of this county with a short sketch of the lives of the older settlers. The book is now on the market and is offered at $2 per volume which is very cheap, dealing as it does with local history that should interest all.

Gilmor S. Hamill, a prominent attorney of Oakland, Md., and a member of the Bryan and Sewall Silver Club of that place, certainly is not sincere in his belief. Mr. Hamill is a money broker, and when he lends money he uses the gold clause, making the mortgagor agree to pay in gold when due. If free silver is such a good thing, why does Mr. Hamill insert this clause. —Grant County Press

Several years ago I was taken with a severe attack of flux. I was sick in bed about ten days and could get nothing to relieve me until I used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which cured me and been a household remedy with us ever since. J. C. Marlow, Decaturville, Mo. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr J. W. Laughlin at Deer Park.

At sunset on Monday next will begin the Hebrew New Year. With the new moon will be ushered in the year 5657 of the Jewish era. The feast falls on the first of the month Tisri, which came to be regarded by the ancient Israelites as the anniversary of the birth of the world. The old rabbis even fabled that on this day God judges all the souls of men, which pass by Him like the sheep of a flock before a shepherd. The "Feast of Trumpets" it was called, owing to the ceremony of the blowing of trumpets within and without the Temple. January the first is a dreary New Year's tide. The Jews chose the season of sowing as the appropriate time, and offered of the first fruits as a propitiation for bountiful harvests.

In a recent letter to the manufacturers Mr. W. F. Benjamin, editor of the Spectator, Rushford, N. Y., says: "It may be a pleasure to you to know the high esteem in which Chamberlains medicines are held by the people of your own state where they must be best known. An aunt of mine, who resides at Dexter, Iowa, was about to visit me a few years since, and before leaving home wrote me, asking me if they were sold here stating if they were not she would bring a quantity with her as she did not like to do without them." The medicines referred to are Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, famous for its cures of colds and croup; Chamberlains's Pain Balm for rheumatism, lame back, pains in the side and chest, and Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for bowel complaints. These medicines have been in constant use in Iowa for almost a quarter a century. The people have learned that they are articles of great worth and merit, and unequaled by any other. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The Sick.

Among the sick this week are Mr. Albert Ross, assistant county treasurer; Mrs. J. M. Falkenstein and Mrs. Alex. Fleckenstein.

The Popocratic Convention.

The Demo-Popocratic Congressional convention which had been heralded by a great blare of trumpets, was held in Offutt's Hall, Oakland, on Thursday, August 27th.

It seems that the unterrified had considerable trouble in arriving at the conclusion what was best to be done, for it was about 1½ hours behind schedule time when the proceedings began, the delegates from Allegany and Frederick being very late in putting in their appearance.

The convention was called to order by Chairman of the State Central Committee, William Miller, Esq. Mr. C. M. Miller, of Swanton, was elected chairman, and Lewis Sexter, of Hagerstown, secretary.

During the absence of the committee on resolutions and credentials, Mr. Talbott, of Montgomery county, was called to the platform and gave us one of the worst jumbled, mixed up addresses we have ever heard. He talked tariff, silver, mortgages and several other questions, but from the anxiety he displayed to have the committees report as soon as possible, it was very evident to those in the hall that he was not very much interested in his subject and would a little rather someone else was in his position; it was evidently a talk to kill time. He made the assertion that in 1892 cut nails could be bought for ninety cents per keg, while at this time they cost $3.80. Any person who ever purchased a keg of nails can see at once what a great mistake he made. But if we were to admit the assertion to be true, it does not speak well for the Gorman-Brice tariff bill which has increased the debt of the country $262,329,630, and increased the price of the farmer's nails, if Mr. Talbott was correct in his assertion, from ninety cents to $3.80.

That great argument of Democratic speakers in the three last years, "The silver purchasing clause of the infamous Sherman act," was not referred to. Even those "so-called Republican senators from the silver states," who had been much denounced by Democratic speakers throughout the country for working in the interests of silver, was not denounced. Oh, no! for had they not succeeded in having the Democratic party adopt their principles in favor of silver, and is not the Demo-Popocratic party now working like beavers for the very principles which their leaders have been denouncing for years? It looked at one time, when referring to the mortgaged lands in Montgomery county, as if the speaker would break down, he grew so pathetic. He did not tell us whether or not he was *so certain* of the ability of the Democratic-Popocratic party to keep silver on par with gold. He, like some of the advocates of the "free and unlimited coinage of silver," when writing mortgages, had so much respect for gold that he wrote them payable in that infamous money which they say has brought such dire results to our people. Yes, they want gold then, and not silver at a ratio of 16 to 1. Neither were we told how it was right to declare for gold at the Maryland State Democratic convention, but wrong now, while that great bugaboo of the last campaign, negro domination, was not mentioned. It was plain to be seen that the gentleman was not very much interested in his subject, while it was evident from the lack of enthusiasm that the whole convention was merely a matter of form, void of that hope of success which gives inspiration to those who contend for a principle in which they thoroughly and firmly believe.

On motion of Col. Averitt, Blair Lee, Esq., of Montgomery county, was nominated by acclamation. When about to adjourn, and after several of the delegates had gone, Col. Averitt all at once seemed to remember the fact that the committee on resolutions had failed to report a resolution for the adoption of a party emblem, and moved that the rooster be the party emblem in this campaign, which was adopted. As we thought of the metamorphosis which had taken place in the Democratic platform, and of the great difference in the tone of their speakers since the days when Jackson and the liberty tree was their emblem, we thought that the crow would have been far more appropriate.

Taken as a whole, the convention was the most dead and least enthusiastic ever held in the county, showing that those who were delegates had but little hope in the success of their ticket in this campaign, and if any of them have a faint hope of success, we say to them that it will be "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick."

HEADACHE ANTI-FAG CURES HEADACHE ANTI-FAG CURES

TO CURE HEADACHE

—TAKE—

ANTI-FAG.

Mr. Wm. Updegraff, of Hagerstown, says:—"I have suffered a great deal from sick-headache, and think that Anti-Fag is decidedly the best thing I have ever used for its cure and recommend it."

It is PLEASANT, REFRESHING and HARMLESS.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

4 Dose Bottles, 10c. 16 Doses, 25c.

Mailed on receipt of price by Manufacturers.

—PREPARED BY—

GILBERT, BROS. & CO., Baltimore, Md.

Written for THE REPUBLICAN.

SUMMER'S PROMISE.

TO THE MOUNTAIN CHAUTAUQUA.

Oh, the August days are closing
And the embers of the year
Are veiled in misty sadness
For the coming of the seer
Whose touch will change the mountains
To glowing hints of gold,
In a fitting crown of glory
For the year that's growing old

Oh, the year is growing old
And the summer days are past,
But the memory of its roses
Will linger to the last;
Though the heart be ashen sober
And the soul be lost to hope,
There are sunny gleams of gladness,
On the farther mountain slope.

Though the waters of life's river,
Where the sun was warm and bright,
Murmurs sadly in the shadows,
Of the ebon wings of night;
And the soul in mournful numbers
Hymns its sorrow and its loss,
Still the heart has sweetest promise:
"There is light when once across."

—THOS. L. JACKSON.

Table Rock, Aug. [illegible]

Military [illegible] for Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale the following Military Lots in Garrett county: Nos. 11, 287, 495, 1798, 453 and 204. Miss Alice Dashiell Clendinen, cor. North Broadway and Fayette street, Baltimore, Md. 23-tf.

Youthful Elopes Caught.

Charles Huggins, aged 18 years, and Isa Clevenger, aged 15, of Whitely, were arrested at Morgantown, Wednesday, on information of a telegram from the girl's father. The young couple were making for Oakland, where they proposed to get married. They were considerably scared when the officer placed them under arrest. They were not put in jail, but were kept at a hotel to await the arrival of the girl's father.

Took an Appeal.

Dr. Charles Fazenbaker, who recently located in Westernport, was before magistrate Dayton last Friday, charged with practicing medicine without license. He was found guilty and fined $10. The doctor gave bond and made an appeal to the higher court. Dr. Fazenbaker claims that the State Board of Health gave him permission to practice until the Board meets in Baltimore next October to examine applicants for license. —Piedmont Herald.

Again in the Tolls.

"Snap" Martin was arraigned Monday before Justice McRobio charged with assaulting a colored man two weeks ago at the station in Oakland. He was found guilty of the charge and sentenced to confinement in the House of Correction for six months. His attorney, Mr. Renninger, appealed to the Circuit Court, and Martin was released upon furnishing bonds to the amount of $300. Monday night, however, his bondsman, Mr. Barney Reynolds, handed him over to the authorities fearing that he would absent himself from town when court convenes. "Snap" is now residing with Mr. Brown on the hill.

Some Large Apples.

Besides having the best climate in the world and with the climate the best people, Garrett county also has some big apples as witness the following: Last Friday Mr. John Broadwater, of near Swanton, brought to this office twenty-four apples which measured a half bushel. They were put in a basket and taken to a store in Oakland and weighed. They balanced the scales at just twenty-one pounds. From the store they were taken to the home of the editor and there enjoyed by his family and friends.

Grand Opening . .

Shartzer's New Opera House

FOUR NIGHTS ONLY, BEGINNING

September 9th.

Matinee Saturday at 2.

BUCKLER'S

BIG STOCK COMPANY,

Direct from the Grand Opera House, Washington, D. C., with

BRASS BAND AND ORCHESTRA.

In a Choice Repertoire of Successful Plays, Including

Monte Christo, Tom Sawyer,
The Two Orphans,
East Lynne, Ten Nights in a Bar Room, Etc.

POPULAR PRICES.

Seats now on sale at Oakland Pharmacy.

A Big Output of Lumber.

During the month of August just closed the Preston Lumber and Coal company, whose plant is situated at Crellin, this county, cut 1,318,148 feet of lumber and manufactured 583,050 lath. The mill was in operation during the month 25½ days; the average output per day was 51,693 feet. Mr. Chas. Whitmore is the mill foreman and under his management this has been the most successful month in the history of the plant.

Farm for Rent.

Farm for rent of 350 acres; 175 acres in grass and cultivation. Two fine orchards all grafted fruit. This farm lies six miles north of Oakland. There is a mine on the farm that sells from five to six hundred tons of coal every winter. This is the best coal for stove and lime burning in the state. Address, Chauncey Kimmell, Oakland, Md. 25-4t.*

Its Value Recognized by Physicians.

As a rule I am opposed to the proprietary medicines. Still I value a good one, especially when such is the source of relief from pain. As a topical (external) application I have found Chamberlain's Pain Balm the remedy I have ever used for neuralgia of any kind. I have conscientiously recommended it to many persons. William Horne, M. D., Janesvill, Wis. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Unimproved Land for sale.

I am authorized by the owner, to sell the following Military Lotst 1436, 1437, 1442, 1443, 1444, 1449, 1353, 1462, 1463, lying near Sang Run—also 1546, 1548, 1562, 1563, and 1564 near McHenry—and 1059 and 1061 about one mile and a half North of Deer Park Hotel—also Lots 1182, 1183, 406 and 305. Also the tract of land on which the famous "Eagle Rock" stands. Terms to suit purchasers. Fred. A. Thayer, Attorney. 19-tf.

THE REPUBLICAN

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND. · GARRETT CO., MD.

NAN'S CAREER.

"THIS bread is stale as—" Nan paused for a fit comparison, "as stale as anything," she finished, grumblingly.

"And everybody knows that is very stale indeed," said Pet, laughing. Pet's soft, gentle little laugh was ready for every occasion. "For my part I am tired of it all—tired to death!"

Pet's pale face filled with wondering surprise; was this her brave, merry sister Nan?

"Tired of what, Nansie?" she asked, gently.

"Tired of stale bread and watered milk and scrappy pieces of meat—tired of slops!" said Nan, impatiently.

Pet arose and limped slowly around the table to where Nan sat, and put her arms around her sister's neck. Pet was lame.

"Poor darling! you are just tired out with the hot weather, Nan, dear. If you did not have to support—it—it breaks my heart, Nansie, that you must pay so many doctor bills—" The gentle voice broke and the pale little face was very grave.

"Pet!"

Nan's arms were around her immediately, and she was uttering all sorts of remorseful, caressing words.

"Don't say it again, Pet! Don't ever dare to say it again. Ugh! what a nasty wretch I was! a beast! Pet, nothing short of a beast! Don't you do the housework, baby? A mere baby doing a person's housework!" Nan's voice implied that such a thing was unheard of, and ought not to be tolerated by the laws of any country. "I said I was a beast, Pet, please remember, a—a—obnoxious beast," ended Nan, vehemently, with utter disregard to grammar.

After ending this outburst, she glared so fiercely that Pet laughed outright, and presently Nan joined her, and they both felt better.

"It shall not always be like this. I have a career before me, I feel it." Nan threw her pretty head back proudly. Pet looked at her admiringly. She firmly believed her sister capable of anything.

"I shall earn lots of money by and by—heaps of it. I shall be famous" (such a round, roly-poly, ridiculous little person!) "I shall never let you work then, Pet, and we will have no end of good times."

"And John Har—" began Pet, hesitatingly, but Nan held up her finger warningly.

"Don't say it, Pet!" she said, wrathfully. "Don't you mention a certain person's name. It's a name that is not to be mentioned between us. As if I didn't hear it often enough in the office! Ugh! But, there, chick, I am going to be good, now, and must be off. It's late. Good-by, little conscience."

The two girls were orphans, and the ten dollars a week that Nan earned as typo in the composing-room of the Traveler was all the girls had to depend upon for support. Pet was lame and very delicate, and there were heavy doctor bills to pay, beside rent, provisions and clothing. It necessitated close economy. Usually Nan was the most cheery, courageous little person imaginable, but the hot weather was very wearing, and she saw Pet, who was not quite 14, growing paler every day. If she could only take her away for a few weeks! She felt that it must be arranged some way. She adored Pet; sometimes she called her her conscience. Willful, independent Nan sadly needed a conscience. Indeed, there was a certain person who sometimes half doubted if she possessed even the

"IT'S THE VERIEST TRASH, MAN."

faintest shadow of one of her own. This person was a great trial to Nan—so she said.

His name was John Harris, and he was the efficient foreman in the office where Nan worked, earning three times as much money as Nan did; nevertheless, he was quite too common a person for a young lady with a career before her to give a second thought. Nan told herself so a great many times, and it certainly was provoking that this audacious young man had presumed to fall in love with her. At least, Nan declared it was, and had told John Harris so a number of times. He had no right to fall in love with her, Nan insisted; but that benighted person, John Harris, failed to see it in that light.

Poor John Harris! one feels inclined to say. But John needed nobody's pity. He was a big, broad-shouldered fellow, with handsome gray eyes that held a quiet determination, as if their owner was quite able to take care of himself and his interests. Nan knew she ought to dispose of this young man some way—settle him once for all, but, strange as it was, she hated to do so. She did enjoy teasing the big, handsome fellow. Besides, John Harris wouldn't be disposed of.

Nan found his quiet gray eyes very disturbing this morning, as, looking over the top of her case, she found them regarding her with a mixture of reproach and displeasure, mingled with something warmer, which caused her to blush, much to her disgust. She frowned severely at them.

The owner of the eyes came around beside her and coolly helped himself to type from her case to finish the piece of work he had in hand.

"So you are a full-fledged literary woman, Nan," he said, quietly.

"Eh! what?" cried Nan, a great rush of color sweeping over her pretty face. "How—how did you know?" she faltered.

"Saw your story in the Trumpet last night," said John, shortly.

Nan actually gasped. Then it was accepted! Really printed! Fame, fortune, all sorts of rosy things seemed within Nan's grasp.

"It's the veriest trash, Nan," said John Harris, severely. "I'm surprised that you would stoop to write such stuff."

Nan's pretty mouth hardened and her brown eyes flashed fire.

"Thank you," she said, with cutting sarcasm.

"You are quite welcome," replied John Harris, politely.

In spite of its hardness, Nan's mouth quivered slightly. She turned to that unfeeling person beside her and said, with an odd little choke:

"It is exceedingly kind of you, John Harris, to say that. Oh, very kind, indeed! Trash! How generous you are! It—was—exceedingly kind of you to say that you despised me!"

John opened his eyes in astonishment; and no wonder, since he had said nothing of the kind.

"Why, Nan—"

But Nan would not listen, but went on indignantly:

"Why should I not write trash? Why should I not do anything short of murder, and that sort of thing—to earn money when I need it so badly?"

John's face relented a little.

"But, Nan, I'm afraid they won't pay you."

"John Harris!" cried Nan, with withering scorn, "I wish you had some sense."

"So do I," said John, soberly. But the gray eyes were twinkling. My own private opinion is that John Harris was a very patient man.

The wrath suddenly died out of Nan's face. Her anger was always short lived.

"I want to take Pet away to the country," she said, chokingly. "It is breaking my heart to see her fading every day."

Every vestige of sternness vanished from the gray eyes regarding her.

"If you would only let me help you, Nan," said John, wistfully.

"But I won't," replied Nan, promptly.

"No," said John, ruefully, "you never will take any aid from me"

"Why should I?" asked Nan, calmly; "you have no right to offer me aid, nor I to receive it."

"Is that my fault, Nan?" asked John, reproachfully.

The demon of mischief entered Nan.

"I'm!" she said, thoughtfully, digging absently with her rule into the front of her case, and defacing it shamefully. She evidently did not intend to commit herself.

"I am awfully fond of you, Nan," said that ridiculous John Harris.

"So I have heard you remark," replied Nan, demurely. Then she laughed the naughtiest, sweetest, most tantalizing little laugh imaginable. Any man ought to have been charmed with it. But John Harris received it with the worst possible grace, long-suffering individual though he was.

He squared his handsome shoulders and regarded her with eyes dark with wrath; gradually they softened, however, and he said, ruefully:

"I don't know whether you realize how tantalizing—how really cruel you are, Nan. Sometimes I think you do it on purpose."

Nan's face was a study, as she climbed down from her stool.

"I guess it's time to go home to dinner," she announced, calmly, and she walked off with dignity, leaving John Harris standing alone and looking after her retreating figure in mingled amazement and wrath.

"Poor John!" sighed Nan on her way home. "One could almost like him if he were situated differently. If he were an editor or author, or even a reporter." That brought back her own good fortune, her own bright laurels. John Harris, indeed! "It might do well enough at present," said Nan, musingly. ("Oh, very well," Nan's eyes said,) "but what would it be in five or six years from the present? And it always gets to be five or six years from the present." This being an indisputable fact, Nan did not stop to argue it.

"Five or six years hence, and my sphere reduced to four or five humble rooms, ceaseless days of toil in a hot, stuffy kitchen, two or three cross, fretful babies, like as not,"—Nan colored rosily—"and no end of sewing and darning and stitching—no, thank you, Mr. John Harris!"

What an exaggerating young person Nan was, for she knew quite well that said John Harris had a modest little home all paid for, and a good salary on which to support a wife.

"Nan! Nan Barnes! Is that you?"

Nan turned to find a young lady of near her own age running after her.

"Why, Alice! how do you do?"

"I'm—all—right!" panted Alice, "but I just want to shake you, Nancy Barnes. Here you have just tormented Cousin John until he has finally given over all hope and has gone and got engaged to that harum-scarum Jess Wilson! Oh, Nan, how could you?"

"How do you know—who told you?" she asked faintly.

"Why, Jess' sister told me with her own lips. I was so disappointed, Nan—but I have to turn off here and must postpone my scolding until another time."

Poor Nan. Her face held a strangely blank look, and her brown eyes were dilated with misery.

"Oh!" she said, chokingly, "what perfidy, what baseness!" What a wicked, cruel deceiver was John Harris. Had he not that very morning, aye less than a half hour before, told her that he was fond of her? Oh, perfidious John!

Nan almost flew along the streets, turning her steps toward the park, for she could not go home just now, and she positively could not go back to the office that afternoon and meet that unprincipled person who had broken her heart.

Reaching the park, she found a sheltered nook, and, dropping down upon a seat under the shelter of a friendly tree, she leaned her head on the back of the seat and burst into a storm of tears. But her anger was gone.

"John! dear John!" she sobbed. "Oh, if you had only known! If you had only been patient with me a little longer, John—ever so little longer! But it's too late now!"

Poor Nan sobbed on bitterly, uttering many foolish, passionate words of love and regret. She said John was the best man in the world and the truest. She said he was the most long-suffering and the patientest. She said, too, that she loved him with all her heart

"HOW DID YOU COME TO BE HERE?"

and soul; and that she would jump at the chance of marrying him, if he were 40 foremen instead of one, which was rather a startling estimate. Yes, she would be glad—oh, how glad!—to marry John if he were the devil himself! (Nan had reference to that much-abused scapegoat of the printing office.) "Oh, John! John! and I love you so much!"

A hand was laid ever so gently on Nan's head, and, starting up hastily, she saw John Harris beside her, gazing down at her in astonishment. His eyes held a repressed fire, and were regarding her in passionate tenderness.

"How—how did you come to be here?" faltered Nan.

"Followed you," said John cheerfully, but his voice was a little unsteady. "Nan, was I right in thinking you said just now that you loved me?"

Nan arose and looked at him reproachfully; her face was white and miserable.

"I deserve it, John," she said, humbly. "I deserve this humiliation, and yet it is not like you to be so ungenerous. You are engaged now, John; you might be kinder in your happiness."

"Engaged?" cried John, in great astonishment.

"Yes, John, you are."

"Why, Nan, you surely know that I am not. I would like to be, dear. You know that, too."

"Why—I was—told that you were engaged to Jess Wilson," said Nan, faintly.

"Then it has been arranged without my consent or knowledge," replied John, laughing.

Then he bent over her and looked searchingly into her eyes.

"You have not answered my question yet, Nan," he said, softly. "Was I right in thinking I heard you say you loved me?"

"I almost think you were, John," faltered Nan.

John's face was radiant.

"Nan, I am the happiest man alive, to know that you really care about me, my humble self, and that you would marry me, even if I were the devil himself." John's eyes twinkled mischievously. It was really too bad of him.

"Oh, John, you heard!" said Nan, faintly.

"Yes, dear, I did hear, and thank God that I did. Now, Nan, I have something to tell you. I intended coming to your house to-night. My uncle died recently and has left me a small fortune, and you shall have a charming little home, Nan, and I shall be able to give you every comfort."

"John, dear John," said Nan, "as if I cared when I have you."

An hour later in the tiny front room of Nan's home, with Pet sitting by, radiant-eyed and overjoyed, John said, earnestly:

"Don't be angry, Nan, but really I was no end cut up about that story you wrote—it was unworthy of you, dear. I wish you wouldn't do it."

"I will never write another line, John," said Nan, meekly. But she did in after years, but her work was such as John could find no fault with. "It had your name attached to it, too," John continued, regretfully. "Such a dear little name—only," said John, soberly, "I don't quite know about the last name. I believe I would change that as soon as possible, Nan."

Nan laughed and blushed.

John laughed, too, but he was quite too shameless to blush.—Womankind.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Since the foundation of this government this country has produced altogether $2,013,336,769 of gold and $1,296,850,000 of silver.

—One tug on the Mississippi can take in six days from St. Louis to New Orleans barges carrying 10,000 tons of grain, which would require 70 railway train of 15 cars each. Tugs in the Suez canal tow a vessel from sea to sea in 44 hours.

—Some idea of the vast extent of the surface of the earth may be obtained when it is noted that if a lofty church steeple is ascended and the landscape visible from it looked at, 900,000 such landscapes must be viewed in order that the whole earth may be seen.

—The French chemist Moissan recently analyzed the smoke of opium, and found that its peculiar effects are due to the presence of a small quantity of morphine. The cheaper qualities of the drug, when burned, produce a variety of poisonous compounds in the smoke, which are more injurious than the morphine that characterizes the smoke of the best opium.

—Tuberculosis is affected by the Rontgen rays, according to MM. Lortet and Genoud's report to the Academie des Sciences. They inoculated eight guinea pigs with tuberculosis virus, then exposed three of them for an hour daily to the rays during eight weeks. The five who were kept from the rays developed abscesses and their health was deranged. The three kept in good health and grew fat on the rays.

—By actual count, a naturalist took 2,000 tiny feathers from the lining of a single bird's nest, while in the construction of another 482 twigs were found to have been employed. In building, the bord works from the inside, sitting among the material and twisting and weaving it into shape. The mother bird assumes the responsibility for the nest, the father following her about and helping her when she will permit it.

"SEPTEMBER MOON-VIEWING."

A Most Poetical Festival in the Little Japanese Island of Miyajima.

They were such kindly village and fisherfolk that we soon grew attached to our neighbors and one old sendo, or boatman, and his sons were our daily companions. They knew where to take us in the morning to see best the beautiful tangled and rocky shores, sculling the flat-bottomed sampan into caves and tunnels, and under arched rocks that framed charming pictures; and we never tired floating about the colossal torii, the spell of which was stronger each day. The Miyajima urchins made water carnivals about us, diving and splashing tirelessly for the smallest coins, our sampan surrounded by these lively little brown frogs with bright, happy faces. On the night of the great "September moon-viewing" the sendo took us far down the shore at sunset, letting us see two of the ten forts of the Island's defenses, their portholes and casements masked in foliage, and looking innocently down upon the narrow, tide-swept strait that commands one entrance to Ujina. Incoming junks seemed to reef their sails purposely for us, fishermen cast and drew their nets, and all of picturesque water-life showed until dusk.

There was only a little time of darkening grayness and real night before a pale effulgence showed behind the heights, and O'Chiku San rose, tangled herself in a pinetree's branches, soared clear for awhile as she turned the whole bay, the temple, and the torii to silver, and then, like a true Japanese moon, barred herself across with narrow cloud-bands. There were quite groups and solitary souls muttering under the breath on the hill beside the Taiko's hall, and looked down upon the temple, which seemed to be truly floating on a full-flowing silver sea; every court was a shining space, and no sound was heard save the distant hand-strokes of those praying before the shrines.

From this vision of enchantment we went by shadowy streets to our maple-leaf home, where the witchery of moonlight filled the little glen with more of fairy-land than ever. At our doorway a little altar-table had been placed, and two plates of the rice-dumplings symbolic of abundance and prosperity, and a vase of Lespedeza and the early "autumn weeds," illuminated by the flame of a tiny wick laid over the edge of a saucer of oil, were set in silent offerings to O'Chiku San. A deer stood back in the shadows, gazing with shining eyes at this eloquent offering, but nothing disturbed the homely altar until dawn showed the saucer burned dry of its oil, and the greatest moon-festival of the year was over.—Eliza Ruhamah Seidmore, in Century.

Thought of the Wrong Machine.

Inability to recall names causes embarrassment sometimes. There is a Boston society woman who cannot remember names, neither can her daughter. One day, according to the relater of the story, they met a Mrs Howe, and afterwards said to each other: "Now, we shall be continually seeing her, so do let us try to recall her name." "I know what we can do," remarked the daughter. "Howe invented the sewing machine, didn't he? Well, just think of machines and we'll be sure to get her name." The two ladies went to a five o'clock a few days afterward, and Mrs. Howe was there. Up smiled the mother with her sweetest smile and I exclaimed: "My dear Mrs. Singer, how delighted I am to see you again." Soon afterward the daughter appeared and with equal charm of manner exclaimed: "My dear Mrs. Wilcox, how are you?"—Boston Home Journal.

Laundering Big Sleeves.

If your laundress does not iron the sleeves of your shirt waist to suit you, suggest that she can improve them by placing the iron on the inside, and ironing them altogether in that way. You will be surprised at the difference in appearance of two sleeves ironed one from the inside and the other from the outside.—N. Y. Journal.

RUSSIA'S GRAND EXPOSITION.

Splendid Showing of the Empire's Resources at Nijni-Novgorod.

The pan-Russian exposition at Nijni Novgorod, nominally opened by the minister of finance on June 9, is now in full progress, and the multitude visiting it is swollen by the crowds of merchants and traders that annually attend the famous fair at the same place. The exposition is a government undertaking, upon which a great deal of money has been lavished, with the object of promoting trade within the empire. It is the 16th industrial exposition of all the Russias since 1829, three having been held in Warsaw, and the others in Moscow and St. Petersburg. The last was in Moscow in 1882. Since that date there has been a remarkable development of Russia's manufactures. It is evidenced by the present exposition in a most convincing way that Russia has ceased to be an exclusively agricultural country, and must be ranked with manufacturing countries of the first-class. There are samples and specimens of everything, showing the wide range of Russian industry. There is not much, perhaps, that is new and original in the purely European exhibits, but in respect to things which the west does not produce there is extraordinary diversity and abundance. The peculiarities of Russia's various races and the products of her provinces from the Arctic circle to central Asia are admirably displayed.

The exposition covers an area of 200 acres, near the confluence of the rivers Oka and Volga, beyond the fair. The place is 260 miles east of Moscow, from which city it was expected there would be many visitors at the conclusion of the coronation festivities. With a view to this, numerous immense hotels were erected along the new avenue extending from the railway terminus to the main entrance of the exposition. These palaces, with the floating hotels on the Oka, have failed till very recently to obtain many guests, though the government has made great effort to render the place attractive to foreigners. The exposition buildings consist of a large number of separate pavilions, interspersed with restaurants, refreshment kiosks and flower gardens grouped around a circular gallery, which forms the center. One of the most interesting sections is that of central Asia. The people, their industries, their residences and mode of life are fully reproduced. The varied productions of Siberia are well displayed. Among the rest, the 197½ tons of gold, worth $140,000,000, obtained in the last 64 years from the mines of the czar, are represented by two large globes. The exhibit of minerals, furs, etc., is very rich. Photographs of Siberian convicts disclose the queer circumstance that most of them are punished for "concealing their avocation and family origin."

Agriculture makes a poor showing, reflecting, it is supposed, the condition of this industry, which is depressed in Russia as in other parts of the world. The rural and domestic industries, apart from farming, make, however, a large display. Whole villages, it seems, are turning to the manufacture of useful articles to the neglect of agricultural pursuits. Spinning and basket work occupy great numbers. The largest progress in the past 20 years has been in mining and metallurgy, but much has been done in textile fabrics, cotton goods, silks, etc. Electrical contrivances obtain, of course, a marked prominence. The machinery hall has 347,000 square feet of space and is a fine affair. The art display is poor.

The exposition was brought to Nijni this year, it is said, to revive the prosperity of this trade center, which has been declining. It is hoped that the great Siberian railway, when completed, will produce the same result. Expert opinion is, however, adverse to this view. The increased railway communication must, it is held, tend to develop other distributing centers.—Baltimore Sun.

The Chone Tree.

Chone is the name given by the Kanakas to a tree which flourishes in New Caledonia. It reaches a height of 40 feet, and puts forth beautiful white flowers, having a perfume like that of jasmine. The chone is the Cerbera manghas of the botanist, and belongs to the family of the Apocynaceæ. It yields a milky juice, like the India-rubber tree, which, when evaporated, leaves a black gum, that softens in boiling water like gutta-percha. It is impermeable, like gutta-percha, but has the advantage of dissolving in petroleum. The solution painted or floated on wood and evaporated leaves a thin layer of the gum, impervious to water. Leather impregnated with the gum can remain in water for hours without becoming moist. Moreover, according to Dr. Prat-Flottes, a French naval surgeon, it makes an excellent waterproof varnish for boots when it is dissolved in essence of turpentine.—N. Y. Ledger.

The Humming Bird's Rain Signal.

One of the curious things about the humming bird is that when rain begins to threaten, the little creature shoots up into the air a hundred feet above the ground, poises there for a moment, and then dashes down with a whirring sound that is as loud as the whirr of a partridge. This noise is apparently a signal, as when it is heard the other birds in the vicinity seek cover.—Golden Days.

Nature Is Healing.

Not an island has risen or sunk from sight in the Pacific ocean in 34 years, and geologists say that nature is resting for a future mighty effort. A geologist predicts that within 50 years a convulsion of nature will sink the whole of New Zealand 50 feet below the surface of the sea.—N. Y. Sun.

Nothing Else to Do.

"What is the matter with Jorkins and his wife? They don't seem to be as loving as usual."

"Oh, it's nothing. They couldn't go away this summer, so they're having an outing at home."—Detroit Free Press.

When Traveling,

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectually on the kidneys, liver, and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches, and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cent and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only.

"MRS. DASH, is that a genuine Italian count who is visiting you?" "Yes; he always has to have a Roman candle to go to bed by."—Chicago Record

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SHE—"The secret of my age is intrusted to time." He—"Are you not sometimes afraid that time will tell?"—Detroit Free Press.

SEND ten cents silver for sample box Dr. Bailey's celebrated Liver Pills. Fifty pills for 25c. Agents wanted. Excelsior Chemical Co., Lock Box 608, Rochester, N. Y.

REMEMBER the serpent's head is to be bruised, no matter how big or black it may look.—Ram's Horn.

I COULD not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—MRS. E. C. MOULTON, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, '94.

ACCORDING to the way some folks talk, the only people who have ever been good are dead.—Ram's Horn.

A FAIR lady becomes still fairer by using Glenn's Sulphur Soap.
Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

SHE—"Was there any particular thing about the town which struck you?" He—"Yes; a bicycle."

VERY low rates will be made by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway for excursions of August 18th, September 1st, 15th and 29th, to the south, for Homeseekers and Harvesters. For particulars apply to the nearest local Agent, or address JAMES BARKER, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt., St. Louis, Mo.

TOO MANY men praise their wives most after they bury them.—Ram's Horn.

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TEMPERANCE.

"PAPA, BE TRUE TO ME."

Why Senator Coggeshall Refused the Social Glass.

Senator Henry J. Coggeshall is a poet. He says, however, that he has only written one poem.

"To tell you the truth," said the senator the other day at the Fifth Avenue hotel, "that poem you have heard about was really inspired. One of my senatorial colleagues gave a dinner and I was one of the guests."

"Were you fined a poem for drinking seltzer?" asked the reporter.

"No," replied Senator Coggeshall, "I refused to drink anything intoxicating and my colleagues began to jibe me. I thought of a promise I had made to my little daughter. Her last words to me when I left home for Albany being:

"'Papa, be true to me.'

"I gave the poem that title."

It is as follows:

What makes me refuse a social glass?
Well, I'll tell you the reason why:
Because a bonnie, blue-eyed lass is ever standing by.
And I hear her, boys, above the noise of the jest and the merry glee,
As with baby grace she kisses my face and says: "Papa, be true to me."

Then what can I do, to my lass be true, better than let it pass by?
I know you'll think my refusal to drink a

breach of your courtesy;
For I hear her repeat in accents sweet, and her dear little form I see,
As with loving embrace she kisses my face and says: "Papa, be true to me."

Let me offer a toast to the one I love most, whose dear little will I obey;
Whose influence sweet is guiding my feet over life's toilsome way;
May the sun ever shine on this lassie of mine, from sorrow may she be free;
For with baby grace she hath kissed my face, and says: "Papa, be true to me."

—N. Y. World.

IS IT NECESSARY?

The Full Import of the Statement That the Liquor Traffic Is Unavoidable.

We have frequently heard it stated by men who on other subjects deserve to be called intelligent and sober, that we might as well attempt to arrest the planets in their orbits as to arrest the progress of intemperance. Do these men really believe what they say—believe that the power which drives the drunkard to his glass, the vender to his barrel and the maker to his distillery, is as irresistible as the power which keeps the luminaries of heaven in their spheres? If they believe this, they may congratulate themselves, if they dare, on having made an attainment which the devil himself may well envy. For he, with all his art and knowledge and wickedness, has never been able to view virtue and vice, holiness and sin, sobriety and intoxication, as alike in accordance with the design, the order, the approbation of God.

Yes, we are free to affirm that men who believe that the causes and effects of intemperance are necessary and unavoidable; that there must be distilleries and breweries of liquid poison; perennial fountains, sending out far and wide the stream of death; that in every village there must be reservoirs ever open, yet ever full; into which these streams discharge a part of their hellish contents; that in every neighborhood there must be throats like those of the fabled salamander, which are proof against combustion, which can be cooled only by fire, and which should be regarded as channels melted into hardness and worn smooth by gaseous flame; and that in many a dwelling there must be hearts to bleed over broken vows and blighted hopes, parents hastened sorrowing to the grave by abandoned and drunken sons, a wife fading away in her bloom and dropping dead to the ground by the cold neglect, the wounding insults or the killing blows of him she once rejoiced to call her husband; children freezing and starving because he to whom they owe their being has determined as far as in his power lies to connect with it nothing but shame and misery and sin; men, we say, who can believe these evils are necessary and unavoidable have gone beyond the arch of sophists himself in the acuteness of their logic, in the breadth of their views, and in their faith, or rather in their exemption from faith in the Supreme Creator. The grand deceiver cannot in his own conscience ascribe his plans of wickedness and his modes of warfare against all that is holy and happy throughout the universe to the uncontrollable laws and regulations of his Maker.

No doubt it is one of his temptations to those who are willing to be his servants that moral evils are according to the irresistible orders of heaven, and therefore to participate in them is to contract no guilt, to violate no obligation, to do no wrong. No doubt it is one of his temptations, and the success of it may have often filled pandemonium with a universal hiss of applause; that it is necessary to make, to sell and to drink alcoholic liquors; that they are the gift of a benevolent Providence, and that they are to be received with thankfulness, and that there can be nothing wrong unless in the abuse of the blessing. Verily, such persons have been given over to believe a lie.—National Temperance Advocate.

In Paris one rarely sees a drunken woman, in London often.

INEBRIETY AND HOMICIDE.

The Remedy for the Many Murders Is to Shut Up the Saloon.

Dr. Andrew White finds that there were over 10,000 homicides in the United States in 1895—2½ per cent. more than in 1890, and constantly increasing. He is convinced that the leading cause is a lax public sentiment and failure of the law to punish criminals for this crime. Judge Parker, of the United States court, has taken up this subject and reaches the same conclusion, only he is more emphatic in his conviction that the law's delays and uncertainties, with mock sentiment for the criminals, encourage murder. Other causes are noticed as contributing, but of minor interest, such as the degeneracy and low criminal immigrants from Europe who commit murder from slight provocations.

Both of these studies assume that the treatment of the crime of murder is correct, and all first causes and means of prevention insignificant.

The statistics of the failure of capital punishment to prevent murder, so positively urged by earnest, capable men, are ignored as if unworthy of notice. An appeal to facts of cases of homicide reveals a different view of this subject. In ten homicides in and near Boston, eight were committed while under the influence of alcohol. Three were clearly insane and sent to prison for life. Of the seven, two were hung, one was liberated after a year's confinement, and four are now in prison. Five of these cases were notoriously dangerous and maniacal when drinking. Of the others a history of degeneracy and continuous drinking for years was clear.

In six homicide cases in Connecticut, five were committed while intoxicated, and one was hung—the others are in prison. In 12 cases in New York, nine were prominently intoxicated at or before the homicide. These facts represent in a general way the condition of a very large percentage of the 10,000 murders of 1895. The statement that from 60 to 80 per cent. of all murders in this country are the work of inebriates and persons under the influence of spirits, has been confirmed in many ways beyond question. Here are causes that these authors have not noticed.

The punishment of inebriates by death for crime has been repeatedly proven worthless. Increased vigor and severity of punishment has never stopped inebriety or checked crime by inebriates, because it failed to reach the first causes. These causes are the freedom allowed inebriates to go about freely, using spirits at all times and places without control, and the open licensed saloon encouraging and making attractive the indiscriminate use of spirits. The first causes, heredity, anaemia, exhaustion, mental defect and degeneracy are intensified and exploded by the saloon. Like the powder and lighted match, the degenerate finds relief in the narcotism of alcohol, and although the dissolution goes on under a mask, it is certain and inevitable.

Homicides of necessity will increase yearly, uninfluenced by the administration of law or sympathy for the offender, because the causes are unrecognized. If murders are most frequently caused by inebriety, and inebriety intensified and developed by the open saloon, the remedy is clear. If the degeneracy of inebriety predispose to crime, the inebriate is dangerous and should come under legal control before crime is committed. In many cases of homicide by inebriates the crime was clearly foreshadowed and was certain to occur, in favorable circumstances.

Rational preventive medicine will lock up the inebriate and shut up the saloon, and thus prevent the crime. A new study of this subject is essential before causes and remedies can be mentioned authoritatively. Who are these 10,000 murderers of 1895? What were the conditions of the crime? A study of these facts will reveal the means of prevention and the proper remedies. All theories and speculations on other lines are farcical and absurd.—Journal of Inebriety.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

The man who is on the side of the saloon, is not on the Lord's side.—Ram's Horn.

The only terrible enemy Britain has to fear is strong drink.—H. R. H. the Duke of Albany.

Liquor selling requires less manhood, less mental ability, less honor, less heart, less everything.—Pacific Ensign.

Wine is the most powerful of all agents for exciting and inflaming the passions.—The Great Lord Bacon.

Where is the man who has lost anything in moral character and in public esteem because he quit drinking whisky?—Motive.

If a man who is to become a drunkard could be killed by his first drink, what an amount of sorrow and shame and degradation would be prevented!—Pacific Ensign.

To argue that a man may take wine, and retain a right frame of mind, is as bad as to argue that he may take poison and not die.—Seneca (the Roman Philosopher.)

Many a boy and man has gotten a position because he did not smoke cigarettes or pipes, but we have yet to hear of the first one that got a position because he smoked, chewed or drank or gambled.—Corner Stone.

The devil might have thought out some more effectual plan than the running of bar rooms for destroying souls, but the bar room is doing so much for him that he has not put any new plan in motion.—National Temperance Advocate.

Children of Habitual Drunkards.

Dr. Paul Garnier, of Paris, who has been making a special study of the children of habitual drunkards, comes to this conclusion: "There is a flaw in the very nature of these young wretches that the psychologist sees clearly and notes with apprehensions—the absence of affectionate emotion; and when they do not become lunatics they show insensibility and pitilessness."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—German authority estimates that almost a third of humanity speak the Chinese language, that the Hindoo language is spoken by more than 100,000,000, the Russian by 89,000,000 while the German is spoken by 37,000,000 tongues and the Spanish by 48,000,000.

—The races inhabiting the world communicate with each other in 3,004 different tongues, and confess to about 1,000 religions. The number of men and women is very nearly equal, the average longevity of both sexes being only 38 years, about one-third of the population dying before the age of 17.

—A Hillsboro (Ore.) man owes more to his bicycle than he ever thought he would. He missed the train that was to take him to be married and was sore put to it, when he bethought him of his wheel, which he mounted, and scorched to such effect that he arrived just in time to cheer the drooping spirits of a wilting bride.

—Gouverneur Morris, of New York, in 1872, proposed to the Continental congress a decimal currency system. He suggested that ten units equal one penny; tenpennies, one bill; ten bills, one dollars, ten dollars, one crown. In 1784, Jefferson proposed the system as now in use; congress, in July, 1785, resolved that the coinage should conform to the decimal system.

—Generally, taking the entire world, married people live longer than single, and those who have to work hard for their living longer than those who do not, while also the average rate of longevity is higher among civilized than uncivilized races. Further, people of large physique live longer than those of small, but those of middle size beat both.

—The boblink builds her nest in a little depression in a meadow, and as bird, eggs and house are all of the same mottled brown, and well hidden by the grass, she is not often molested. Some birds excavate a cup-shaped hole and line it. The nighthawk and the whippoorwill deposit their eggs on the bare ground, where they are only protected by their inconspicuous coloring.

—The boundary line between Canada and the United States is marked with posts at mile intervals for a great part of its length. Cairns, earth mounds and timber posts are also used, and through the forests and swamps a line a rod wide, clear of trees and underwood, has been cut. Across the lake artificial islands have been put to support the cairns, which rise about eight feet above the high water mark.

NOT FOR A MOMENT.

Junius Could Not Forget His Dear Little Wife.

"Good by, dearie," said Mrs. Junius, as she hung about her husband's neck and bothered him in putting on his overcoat. "I shall be busy here at home all day with the affairs of the house and I am sure that with you busy at the office we shall be a very busy couple. You won't forget, will you, to call in at Price & Bargain's and get me two spools of silk to match the sample I put in your pocket? Have you got it in your pocket? Yes, here it is. Well, go to the silk counter and the young girls that wears glasses; anyway, I know she is near-sighted, for I saw a young man bow to her on the street and she didn't return it—and show her this sample and tell her who it is for; she will know just what you want, and now I do hope you will be careful and not slip, for the sidewalks are just awful, and, think of it! If you should fall and break your leg, and you know your accident policy has run out, and I do hope you will not have a hard day at the office. Now, for pit, sake, put on your gloves before you start out and if you see the grocery man tell him to change my order to chops, but not the long, stringy kind that he brought last time, which I had to give to the cat, for somehow we've got to keep our market bills down this year or else what will become of us? And you know the gas bothers us terribly, so if you see the man don't forget to speak to him, will you? There, good-by, darling. I shall be thinking of you all the minutes of the day while I am about my work; not for an instant will you be out of my thoughts. Kiss me, dearie, and tell your little wife that you will be thinking of her all day, too."

And he told her so.

"Clack - clack — clack - clack-clack" went the typewriter just behind Mr. Junius' desk.

"Clack - clack - clack — clack - clack clack" it went all day.

Not for a moment was Mrs. Junius out of his thoughts.—N. Y. Recorder.

Dainty Furnishings.

Cushions grow larger and larger. Many of them are made of figured silk, the patterns in which are as big as saucers.

Richly-covered chairs, too good to be hidden and yet slightly worn at the corners, may be most effectively renovated with a round, open gold braid or lace. If the material is much worn, the ornamentation may be lined with something in harmony with the groundwork of the furniture.

To while away the hours of your pleasure in a perfumed atmosphere you will find that the rich material sachets now in vogue are of great assistance. These should be filled with strong scent and apparently thrown carelessly on pianos and tables. Bags about 18 inches long, trimmed around with ribbon ruches and ornamented with floating ribbons, may also be hung with good effect on the backs of chairs and sofas.—Chicago Record.

Domestic Felicity.

She—So you are going to your club again. When are you coming home?

He—I could come home by ten o'clock. Would that suit you?

He came home at a quarter past one.

She—Didn't you say you would be home by ten o'clock?

"Certainly; I said I could be home by ten, and so I could, but I didn't want to."—Texas Sifter.

KEEP THE HOUSE COOL.

Exclude the Light and Air During the Scorching Hours of the Day.

However mild the first day of summer, July and August generally blast all hopes for a cool season, and it is a rare and exceptional year in which these months are not a fiery furnace of endurance, so far as the weather is concerned.

The main question then for those who, from choice or necessity remain in town, is how to keep the house cool, so that when night comes some part of the discomfort of the day may be forgot in sleep.

No one needs to be told that the main element of success in this effort lies in the total exclusion of air as well as light during the scorching hours of the day. The breeze is very tempting whenever it comes, but it is also very treacherous and deceptive, for, in the long run, it is more heating than cooling, as it blows over streets where the thermometer is marking 90 in the shade.

Of course, we must have light and air, for if we remain in the house we must employ our time in a thousand and one ways which require both, but the outside heat is the foe to fight, and it enters by every crack large enough for an atom. The best generalship selects certain rooms to be kept open enough to live in, those of the second story being usually preferred.

As soon as the light grows strong in the morning all the other windows of the house should be fastened tight, the shutters bolted, the sashes in place and even the dark shades lowered so as to exclude as nearly as possible the rays of day.

In the second story the shutters should be bowed in and the rooms made as dark as feasible, while on the parlor floor the only windows open should be those of the dining-room—and these are fastened tight between the hours for meals.

The cook needs light and air to make her hot kitchen still hotter, but the work is rendered more tolerable if a large gas stove or an "Aladdin's oven" is substituted for the fierce fires of the range. This deprives the bathroom of hot water, but it also prevents the heating of the house by the pipes which run from the boiler to different rooms, and hot baths are not advisable in hot weather.

A very important factor in keeping the rooms cool is the power to get rid of heated air, which rises toward the roof. A trap door which can be set open is almost a necessity for this, but it must be carefully watched if there are any empty houses in the row, lest by these means a burglar should be tempted into devious paths.

A house that was considered intolerably hot was made more habitable by the audacious extravagance of its owner, who had a long, narrow window cut in the wall near the roof at the head of the last flight of steps. The window was supplied with a grating and with slatted shutters, so that all air was excluded, and the hot air found a passage from the hall to the outside, while burglar-proof grating made it possible to leave the window open all night.

The front door might readily be so arranged with a grating that it, too, could be left open at night, and in all cases it should be supplied with an awning to prevent the intense glare of the marble steps and the pavement, and at the same time, to afford shade to the visitor and tradesman who must wait there till the bell is answered.

As soon as the sun has ceased to beat upon the house—either directly or by reflection—all these processes can be reversed. What is needed then is air, which, however heated, is sure to lose a degree or two of its temper as night comes on. All windows then should be thrown wide open and remain so until late, the upper stories, in fact, being left open until sunrise next morning announces the battle once more.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Sleeping Rooms in Summer.

To be healthful, the sleeping apartments should be the most esthetic rooms of the house; the furniture should be simple, the floor uncovered and the bed comfortable. No rooms on the sunny side of a house can be kept cool without inside blinds, or sun awnings outside. Many housekeepers make the mistake of excluding sunlight and air from the house in order to keep it cool. Windows and doors should be thrown open early in the morning, so as to freely admit sunshine and light, then they may be closed to exclude the heat in the middle of the day, to be again thrown open in the cool of the evening. Management and method must be exercised in order to keep cool in summer, as in all else pertaining to the family comfort, and will be found to produce good results in even the warmest climates.—Ladies' Home Companion.

He Had Seen Some Service Before.

They watched the graceful movements of the players on the tennis court.

"The count," said she of the auburn locks, "is a fine player, is he not?"

"Ah, yes," replied she of the raven tresses. "Especially do I admire his nerve. But what are those strange words which he repeats each time before he serves the ball?"

"I know them not," the other answered. "It is said that he learned them when he first began to serve, and cannot break himself of the habit."

Moved by curiosity, they approached the athletic nobleman, and bent their heads to listen.

"Yes-s, sar," said the count, "porterhouse-steak-roast-beef-mutton - chops-loin-of-veal—"—Chicago Tribune.

A Boy's Chances Spoiled.

Farmer's Boy—Father, why cannot I rise in the world the same as other men? For instance, why cannot I some day become secretary of agriculture?

Old Farmer—Too late, too late, my son. You know too much about farmin'.—N. Y. Weekly.

AN EARLY START.

Another Marvel Connected with the Bicycle.

An uptown citizen was awakened very early on a recent morning by a chorus of musical voices. He arose and went to the window. Dimly in the shadowy dawn he saw a half-dozen girlish forms grouped before the house next door. There was a wheel beside each and he comprehended that this meant an early outing. As he discreetly ducked back his head a shower of gravel struck the nearest window of the next door.

"Mabel, oh, Mabel!" sung out a shrill soprano.

"Hush, you'll wake the neighborhood," murmured a warning voice.

"Something ought to wake it up once in awhile," said another voice.

"Who lives next door?" This in a loud whisper.

"Mr. Crimmins."

The man at the window ducked back again.

"Let's serenade him."

"Guess not. He'd throw bootjacks at us."

"Maybe he'd go along if we asked him."

Wild chorus of giggles.

"Not much. He loves his pillow too well."

Then the shrill voice rose again.

"Mabel, oh, Mabel!"

Then an alto note descended from the window.

"Say, girls, keep still. You'll wake papa. Just wait a minute—mamma is going with us."

A few minutes later there was the sound of footsteps in the gravel driveway and two more shadowy forms joined the group. There were hurried greetings and then an older voice asked:

"Where do we go?"

"To Willoughby, don't we, Marie?"

There were more giggles and a little scramble of feet on the roadway and then the party wheeled down the street into the deepest shadows.

Mr. Crimmins came away from the window and sought his pillow again.

When he stepped out of the house—it might have been eight o'clock—he looked up at his neighbor's shaded porch as he passed and there sat his neighbor's wife and his neighbor's daughter, in dainty white gowns, looking as cool and restful as if 30-mile morning rides were never heard of. Mr. Crimmins stared a little as he bowed to the ladies. The idea of seeing them there came like a mild shock after the dialogue in the early dawn.

"By Jove!" he muttered, as he strode down the street, "the bicycle is a marvel, sure enough."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FRESHNESS OF FEELING.

How to Retain This Most Charming Characteristic of Middle Age.

Freshness of feeling is one of the most charming characteristics of a middle-aged man or woman. We are all familiar with men and women, not out of the 20's, who have the air of having exhausted all the resources of delight. They appear to have been through the whole round of human interests and to have explored them so thoroughly that they cannot be surprised or greatly moved. Children of wealthy parents introduced too early to the life of their elders, often betray this unlovely characteristic. The zest of work they never knew and the zest of amusement and diversion has palled upon them. On the other hand, those who have worked too long or intensely in a single line often exhaust their power of taking interest in other things, or of being strongly moved by them. The business man on a vacation, though confronting him is the loveliest landscape, sees nothing but stock quotations, or the clergyman sees nothing but the heads of sermons. It is doubtful if anything but a profound upheaval of the inner life can impart freshness of feeling to the man who has drunk so freely of pleasure that he stirred up a muddy and impure sediment in the very fountains of happiness. But most of us have it wholly within our power by moderate living, by wholesome recreation, by occasional change of scene, and by cultivating every day a variety of interests, to preserve that emotional responsiveness which enables us to greet the light of the morning and the glories of the heavens with keen delight, to enter into the joys and sorrows of others, to welcome the appearance of a bright book, or to refresh ourselves with the conversation of friends.—Outlook.

Timbales of Fish.

Timbales are French dishes, so named from "timbale," a metal cup, because they are generally made in plain molds, either round or oval. They are somewhat difficult to make, however, requiring both care and practice. They are lined with forcemeat and filled with a creamed forcemeat of fish, chicken, sweetbreads or spaghetti or rice. They are very popular as an entree for a company luncheon. For 12 small molds or timbales, sometimes called dariole molds, 1½ pounds of cold, fleshy fish of any kind, such as salmon or halibut, will be required. Cook a half pint of bread crumbs with a pint of equal parts of milk and rich cream for ten minutes, and meantime pound to a paste the fish, with half a dozen fresh stewed mushrooms; rub this through the puree sieve, season with salt, pepper and nutmeg, and when the bread and cream mixture is cold pound all together until well mixed; add four well-beaten eggs, fill the molds not quite full, cover with buttered paper, place them in a deep pan and pour in hot water almost to the rim of the molds. Cook in a very moderate oven for 25 minutes.—Boston Herald.

Very Superior.

Mollie (at the Mountain house)—We had a german last night.

Pollie (a visitor from the Valley house)—Pooh! We have a Frenchman at our house for the whole summer.—Harper's Round Table.

TREES RUIN A GRAVEYARD.

They Grew and Spread Their Roots and Drove Out the Dead.

In 1788, when the old revolutionary sailors living on the New Worcester plantation, across the Penobscot from Bangor, wanted to get the place incorporated and applied for a charter, they intended to call the town Orangetown, in honor of Orangetown, Md., but the early education of the man who drew up the petition had been so badly neglected that when he wrote the document he spelled the word Orrington, and in this manner was a good town name born from very poor orthography. During the 108 years which have passed since then the people have made very few blunders. They not only know what they want, but they go it with a get-there impetuosity which generally wins success.

In fact, some citizens of Orrington can be truthfully charged with having too much zeal. One resident—a woman, bearing the name of Baker—has made herself famous for all time by a little act of thoughtful kindness that would never have been noticed had it been done in most towns. Mrs. Baker, though she lived and died years before Secretary Morton was known, was a firm believer in Arbor day. She set out such native trees as she could find growing on the hills, and sent away to friends and got several varieties that had lately come over from Europe.

One spring morning in the fourth decade of the present century, a coaster came in from Boston, having a few trees on board billed to Mrs. Baker. Among them was a rare species known as the honey locust. The agent who sold it to her praised it very highly, saying it had large racemes of fragrant white flowers and beautiful pendulous foliage, making it a most suitable ornament for a cemetery. In addition to these qualities, it was thrifty and perfectly hardy, and could be either grown as a hedge or trimmed to a single trunk.

Following the printed instructions, which came with every tree, she planted her honey locust in the family lot in the old Chapin cemetery on the road from Orrington Center to Orrington. No tree ever kept its contract more perfectly than that honey locust. It waxed big and strong in the dry, gravelly soil, and raised up many offspring, all of which grew wonderfully. Fifteen years later, when Mrs. Baker laid down the cares of life, she was put to rest in a beautiful grove of her own planting. Around her grave the wild cypress grew in rank yellow profusion. Above it the red cinnamon rose bloomed all through the summer months, and over these the rare honey locusts swayed their fragrant blossoms, until every dallying wind stole away deeply laden with sweetness. Surely, if there were ever a place where death was robbed of its terrors, this was the spot.

New tenants came to the little four-acre cemetery as the years went on. The Harrimans, noted for their strength; the Chapins, famous in finance; the Bakers, with their handsome children, and several other good people, having finished their work, were laid away for a long, sweet rest among the flowers.

The people died, but the honey locusts lived. They not only lived, but took such a joy in living that by 1850 the sexton complained bitterly about the tough roots of the locust trees which he was forced to cut off in order to dig a new grave. In former years, with a spade and a pickax, he could dig a good grave in about four hours. Now he had to take an ax and a crowbar along, and when he had dug a grave he found the whole day was used up. Several owners of burial plots that were inclosed with expensive fences, as well as those who had erected stones or monuments, complained about the prevalence of locust trees, saying the tangled growth concealed the graves. The lots were thickets of brushwood, and even the cemetery paths grew up so that men had to swamp new roads whenever a body was interred on the further side of the inclosure.

About the time the war closed the residents woke up to the fact that their beautiful cemetery had been transformed into a wilderness, filled with brambles and noxious thorns. Some made onslaughts upon the trees, clearing individual lots here and there, which at once grew up to young locust trees from roots on the unreclaimed lots. Meetings of lot owners were held, but no definite plan of action was adopted. Meanwhile the locusts grew and entrance to the cemetery became more difficult every year. Shortly after it was learned that the locusts could not be eradicated the survivors began to take up their dead and move them to other cemeteries. Some went to Mill Creek, others to Orrington village, and still others to the hillside yard at Snow's Corner. Before 1870 nearly everybody was up and away. Then the town voted to pay for the removal of those whose friends had all died or moved away, and the grave diggers went all over the yard.

The work was done well—much better than the average of such jobs. Still it is said that some five or six bodies were never found. The rank trees grew so rapidly and were such greedy feeders that the ashes of the dead were taken up to form wood and blossoms. Chapin cemetery has been abandoned for more than 20 years. The locusts are 40 feet high and stand as thickly as troops in review. They so thoroughly occupy the lands that there is no room for the living or the dead.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Potted Lobster.

Take out the meat from the lobster without breaking; season with mace, nutmeg, white pepper, salt and cloves. Put a little butter at the bottom of a pan, and lay the lobster over it, placing between the layers a few bay leaves; cover with butter and bake in a slow oven; when done strain, lay in potting pans and add the seasoning. When cold pour clarified butter over it.—Good Housekeeping.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SNOWDEN, Editor and Proprietor
G. D. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
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THURSDAY, SEPT. 3, 1896.

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET

For President of the United States,

WILLIAM McKINLEY,

OF OHIO.

For Vice President of the United States,

GARRET A. HOBART,

OF NEW JERSEY.

IF THE country shall vote as the reports indicate the voting has been done in the towns in Vermont, the Republican plurality will be something phenomenal. As an opening sunrise gun in the Sound Money fusillade the result in the Green Mountain State leaves nothing to be desired.

THE speech of the Hon. John P. Townsend, of New York, which was delivered by him at the Loch Lynn hotel last Wednesday night will be found in this issue of THE REPUBLICAN. In his address Mr. Townsend made some sound arguments and it will amply repay even those who were present upon the occasion to read the speech.

JUDAS ISCARIOT, it will be remembered, went wrong on a silver issue. He did not after his act of betrayal, however, undertake to organize a silver party. His conscience acensed him and he went out and hanged himself. Democrats who now find themselves tempted to betray their party and forswear their principles should overhaul antecedent silver operations and take notes.

The Major's Melon.

Mrj. McKinley has received an enormous watermelon from a Texas admirer, who also sent with it the following letter, which is worth careful examination: "I ship you by to-day's express a Texas watermelon (grown by A. H. Richardson, an ex-ranchman,) weighing 62 pounds. Its weight partly represents your vote over the fifty-four pound melon sent to Wm. J. Bryan from Georgia. It is packed in hay and Texas wool. Wool is now one of our cheapest materials for packing purposes. The hay is the product of an abandoned sheep ranch. The top of the box is fastened with raw hide imported from Mexico on a free Mexican cow. The entire hide is now valued at only fifty cents. It was paid for in the large free coinage Mexican silver dollar, which depreciated to fifty cents in two seconds in transit, it being thrown across the Rio Grande river, a distance of 100 yards."

The Farmer and Free Silver.

The Popocratic writers and speakers, finding that the workingmen of the country are against them, are now making their incendiary appeals exclusively to the agricultural class, and Mr. Bryan's oratorical pyrotechnics are all fired off in that direction. The assumption is that the farmers as a class are heavily in debt and that, no matter how honest other people may be, the farmer who has borrowed $1,000 from his neighbor to purchase or improve his property is dishonest enough to want to repay that neighbor in money worth only half as much as the money which he borrowed of him.

Without stopping to discuss the ethics or the fairness of that proposition, let us see how the expected rise in prices will affect the farmer. Suppose that the price of his wheat goes up to $1 or more in debased money, and the prices of all other commodities advance correspondingly, as of course they would, is the farmer to do all selling and no buying? Not much. His fertilizer and his farming implements will still have to be bought—at double prices; vehicles must be bought and repaired, and his taxes must be paid—all at double prices. He must buy the necessary commodities for his household—at double prices. The sugar his good wife uses at the table, in the pantry or for preserving will more than double in price. It has to be paid for in gold. It costs 8 cents a pound in Mexico where it costs 4 cents here. Coffee will cost twice as much; clothes will be twice as high. Boots and shoes must be paid for at the same increased prices. And when he sends his wheat to market he will have to pay double the present freight rates, because the railroad will be compelled to charge them. And so it goes. Under the general inflation of prices caused by the debasement of money the farmer will have to raise more wheat to pay for family comfort than he does now. Can he do it? Hardly.

But there is a way in which he CAN get along, under free silver coinage. He can do as the farmer in free-silver Mexico and Argentina does—he can do without! No sugar, no coffee, no decent furniture, cheap clothes, no shoes—none of the refinements of life, none of the comforts, and but few of the bare necessities.

The American farmer who desires to degrade himself, his wife and children to the Argentina standard ought to vote for Bryan and free silver. The farmer who wants himself and his family to enjoy the blessings of civilization under the best government the world ever saw, ought to vote for McKinley and Honest Money.

Two Notable Speeches.

One of the remarkable features of this campaign on the part of the Republican candidate is the number and variety of delegations of people who visit him from all parts of the country. Special trains loaded with McKinley admirers go into Canton every day and there is not a day passes that the great Ohioan is not called upon to reply to their hearty congratulatory addresses. Last Monday Mr. McKinley had two notable delegations to call upon him. The first was a delegation of 1000 potters representing the potteries around East Liverpool and other points. They were joined along the route by others until the delegation numbered over three thousand when it reached Canton.

The next was a delegation of 500 Knox county farmers. This delegation was led from the railroad station to the McKinley residence by a wagon load of freshly mown hay.

In his address to the first delegation the great protectionist advocate showed that he knew all about the pottery industry and just what it needed, and then he addressed the delegation as the representatives of labor in the present contest, saying:—

"We cannot help labor by reducing the value of the wages in which it is paid. The way to help labor is to promote it with steady work and good wages, and then have these good wages always paid in good money."

The delegation of farmers found that Major McKinley had studied their grievances and realized the danger of their seeking a false remedy. His brief address contained among other solid chunks of wisdom the following texts for transparencies—truths which the farmers should ponder between this and election:—

Whatever the farmer is suffering to-day is because his competitors have increased in number and his best customers are out of work.

You cannot help the farmer by more coinage of silver. He can only be helped by more consumers of his products.

You cannot add value to anything by diminishing the measure of value with which the thing is sold or exchanged.

You do not get customers through the mints. You get them through the factories.

Vote for a home market and a dollar as good as gold in every mart and market of the world.

These are Republican principles well expounded and are at the same time everlasting truths. Major McKinley's brief address to the visiting farmers should be in the hand of every farmer in the land.

A motto for working men and women: "A dollar's worth of dollar for a dollar's worth of work."

Mr. Walsh Bolts Bryan.

In an interview published in the Baltimore *Sun*, Mr. William E. Walsh, the well known young attorney of Cumberland who has always been actively identified with Democratic politics in Western Maryland, states very plainly why he cannot accept the Chicago platform. Mr. Walsh is a son of the late Hon. Wm. Walsh, who was elected to Congress from the Sixth Maryland District in 1876. He expresses the opinion that free coinage of silver would result in higher prices and fluctuating currency, and he finds even more objectional features in the Chicago platform than the money issue.

An editorial in the *Sun*, headed "A Chip of the Old Block," says: "Mr. William E. Walsh, of Cumberland, whose sound Democracy cannot be questioned, declare that he cannot subscribe to the doctrines enunciated by the Chicago platform' and that he will not vote for Bryan and Sewall. Mr. Walsh looks upon a profession of political faith as something real, not as something to get into power by professing. He says it should be a 'declaration of belief,' in other words a real thing, not a sham, 'not adopted from motives of expediency or hope of preferment.'"

Death of a Worthy Man.

To the Editor of The Republican.

Michael Durst died on the 28th of August, 1896, at Preston, Minnesota. His death came as a surprise, though it was known to a few that he had been a sick man for the whole of the summer, and that he did not expect to endure much longer. On the 5th day of this month he wrote to your contributor a full letter in his usual fair, clear and distinct hand, from which the following is extracted: "I hardly expect to stay here much longer. I am perfectly willing to go whenever my time comes." Still his death was as unexpected as sorrowful.

He was born in 1819, a few miles south of Grantsville in Garrett county. Soon after the death of his wife in 1890 he sold out his belongings and moved to the place where he died. He never since saw the scenes and faces he so much loved. In the letter referred to, he said there was not a single day that he did not ponder over the precious things left behind. What a beautiful trait in our nature—"Home, Sweet Home." The many feel it; the few do not. But he took his burial a thousand miles from the grave of his Julia, and the mountain scenes so familiar to him for three score and ten years. In such cases there are unknown and untold yearnings for realities "once of mine."

In his long, useful and virtuous life he held a number of offices, among them commissioner of Garrett county for 1887-9. In all of which there were fitness and efficiency, with clean record behind.

He left eight living children, four of each sex, all unusually bright and well-doing, without a blemish on their fair characters. All in the west for some years except Daniel H., who is a thriving merchant at Frostburg.

Michael Durst had a bright, intaking mind; quite intelligent, with a memory that held much and lost little, and withal a clear judgment. He had a faculty of gaining information easily and imparting it to others readily. It was natural to love and respect such an one. He will be greatly missed, not merely by his large and devoted family, but by many others here and there, and by none more than he who pens these feeble lines. His many impartings will come no more, no not even to give him some information sought in a letter written him in the last week in his life. A friend in youth, in mid life and old age. He has left a void impossible to fill.

J. B.

Cumberland, Aug. 31, 1896.

A motto for working men and women: "A dollar's worth of dollar for a dollar's worth of work."

HON. JOHN P. TOWNSHEND

A Prominent Democrat of New York City Delivers a Ringing Sound Money Speech.

The following address was delivered last Wednesday evening at the Loch Lynn hotel by Mr. John P. Townshend, a prominent Democrat of New York City:

The people of this country, particularly those in the west and south, have been brought to abhor the name of Wall Street without really comprehending what the name indicates.

Wall Street to the United States is what Thread Needle Street, London, is to the Kingdom of Great Britian, the money centre of the country. The bulk of the exchanges of our people both in their home and foreign trade are settled in Wall Street. Every large bank and banking firm in the country keeps a balance on deposit there which deposits aggregate say eight hundred million dollars which belong not only to the people of the east, but to the merchants, manufacturers, railroads, farmers and individuals in all branches of business as well as to the banks and bankers themselves, which are located in all the chief cities of our country, such as Baltimore, Wheeling, Kansas City, Chicago, San Francisco, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Mobile, Louisville, New Orleans, Charleston, Savannah, etc.

Every great commercial nation has a financial centre where the balances of trade are settled which may be either for or against that nation and New York or Wall Street is that financial centre for this entire country. It is a mistaken idea that if Wall street should be crippled it would be disastrous only to it or the east, for if you will bear in mind what I have stated you will see at once that it would affect the whole country, east, west, north and south. You well know that when you go shopping you prefer the place where you can find the largest assortment and stock of goods, and where the merchants congregate together you can always make better bargains and get the newest things—the same rule holds good for money and this is why we have financial centres. From official sources we are informed that the money in circulation among the people of the United States is about one thousand five hundred and ten million dollars and in the treasury six hundred and eighty-four million dollars additional, making a total of more than two thousand one hundred million dollars which is about thirty dollars for each man, woman and child in the United States. This money consists of gold, silver and paper, which have been maintained by the government at par with gold and they circulate all over this country without any diminishing of their purchasing power. If you receive a dollar here and have to pay a dollar in Baltimore or New York you know that the same dollar will discharge the debt at present, but if by legal enactment 53 cents worth of silver is called a dollar you will find that when you come to spend it or buy anything with it, it will only be worth its bullion value, that is to say the price of the commodity will be put up to meet the depreciated value of the new dollar, whilst your wages and salaries will advance but little. In the times of paper inflation during the late unpleasantness between the North and South, the prices of all commodities including manufactured goods and the necessities of life advanced on the average 175 per cent. while the average advance in wages and salaries was only 43 per cent. The people have been told that under free coinage of silver money will be more abundant and that somehow or other those who now have little or nothing will get some of the surplus. If you increase the number of coins and not their quality you decrease their value or purchasing power. If every dollar you each now hold in your pocket could by some hocus pocus be nominally doubled in amount without increasing its quality it would be of no more value than that which you now have, therefore you would receive no benefit if two dollars were given you for one. If it should be decreed by act of Congress that 18 inches should hereafter be a yard instead of 36 inches would you not have to buy twice as much cloth as now to make a suit of clothes? The idea, that because the owners of silver bullion can take 53 cents worth of it to the mint and have it coined into 100 cents, is to benefit the masses of the people, is something which has never been explained by our friends on the other side. It is very certain that the silver mine owner would make an enormous profit at the expense of the people. Bear in mind the law which authorized the present silver dollar allowed the profit to the government, for the benefit of the people.

In 1873, it is said, a great crime was committed in demonetizing the silver dollar which then really had no existence, for from 1792 to 1873 only eight million silver dollars had been coined by all the mints of the United States and not a dollar was then in circulation, for the reason that it took 103 cents worth of silver to make a silver dollar; therefore there was no crime or injustice committed to anybody in the United States; but a few years later, larger and richer mines were discovered, and the cost of separating and refining silver by new processes was cheapened and the silver mine owners were enabled to produce enough of standard silver to coin into a dollar at a cost of 92 cents. Then it was that it occurred to them that a crime had been committed because there was no law to allow them to take 92 cents worth of silver and have it coined into 100 cents.

Mr. Bland, of Missouri, introduced a bill into Congress to re-enact the free coinage law. This bill was defeated because it was known to be an injustice to the people to force them to allow an extra profit of 8 per cent. to the producers of silver at the expense of the vast majority of the people: instead of that the law was enacted which authorized the government to buy silver at the market price and coin it into dollars, the profit on which went to the people through the Treasury of the United States and decreased their tax burdens by the amount of profit which the government was able to make by the transaction. Notwithstanding this law, which in 1878 required the purchase of two million ounces of silver per month and which in 1890 was increased to four million five hundred thousand ounces per month, thus enlarging the market for the producers of silver to that extent, the price of silver steadily declined on account of new discoveries of silver and cheaper methods of refining, so that to-day the silver in our standard dollars of 412½ grains is only worth 53 cents: but even this price affords an enormous profit to the mine owners. I hold in my hand a statement of a silver mining company of Colorado, dated Aug. 12, 1896, addressed to the stockholders, of which I am one. This shows that the price received for silver mined in the previous four months was sold at an average of 64¼ cents per ounce, and deducting construction, operating, expressage, railroading, freight and smelting charges, the net profit at the mine per ounce was 25¼ cents showing the net cost is only 39¼ cents, and this is not equal to the average profit if you take all the mines in the United States.

Under free coinage instead of selling our silver at 64¼ cents an ounce, we would sell it at 129 cents which would more than double our dividends and I am not in favor of taxing the people for the sake of increasing the dividends of the producers of silver. We are told that the free coinage of the silver dollar should be authorized by law of Congress at the ratio of 16 to 1. The true definition is that 16 ounces of silver would by law be made equal to 1 ounce of gold. Now there seems to be a misunderstanding in various parts of the country as to the meaning of this expression of 16 to 1. Bryan gave this as his definition of the 16 to 1 scheme, in a speech at Pittsburgh:

"Sixteen to one means this, that if you owe a debt you can go out into the market and buy silver and have it coined, and use that silver to pay your debts."

That is, if a man owes you ten dollars for wages, he "can go out into the market and buy silver" for about $5.30, have it coined into ten dollars, and force you to take these 53-cent dollars in payment of his debt to you.

In Texas an advocate of free coinage told his audience of white people that it meant that they would receive 16 dollars to the negro's 1 dollar.

In Georgia a colored Popocratic preacher told his brethren that it meant 16 acres and 1 mule if the free coinage act was enacted; while in Jersey a farmer explained it to mean that the government was to establish store houses for silver dollars in every market town so that the man who dumped 16 loads of potatoes would receive in exchange a wagon load of silver dollars which would make those farmers quite independent of Wall Street. And it has also been described elsewhere as meaning that the poor man is to have 16 silver dollars while the rich man will have but one dollar in gold. Now 16 ounces of silver at the present market price can be bought for $10.72 while 1 ounce of gold costs $20.67, so the silver mine owners would make a profit of $9.95 on each 16 ounces they take to the mint. The true parity is 31 to 1, which would make an honest dollar. That is to say 31 ounces of silver at the present market price is only the equivalent of 1 ounce of gold, and there can be no justice in fixing by law the market price of silver or any other commodity and force the masses of the people to pay for them double their value. If Congress should by law decree that our government can make 53 cents equal to 100 cents, why can't it make two pecks equal to a bushel and if 16 to 1 why not 10 to 1, or 1 to 1. If it has the power to double the value of the entire mass of silver in the world, why can't it multiply that value by 25 or 50?

The copper mine owners of Michigan are awaiting with great anxiety the passage of the free coinage of silver law, as they have passed resolutions to ask Congress to enact a law for the free coinage of copper on a basis which will yield them a large profit over its present market price. If successful what is to prevent the miners of lead, which is always found mixed with silver, demanding the same favor and the silver mine owners could not refuse, if honest, to vote for the farmers' bills which have already been introduced by the producers of wheat and corn, asking the government to erect store houses for their commodities and issue legal tender paper money on them at prices above their market value and this system might be continued by the producers and manufacturers of every species of goods raised or made in the United States. And when you come to reflect upon it, it is as fair and just in one case as in another. The truth is that gold and silver under free coinage will not circulate together and they never have. In every country which has tried the free coinage of both metals on any fixed ratio, the result has been that if silver was over valued the gold went out of circulation and was hoarded; if gold was over valued silver was hoarded and went out of circulation, so that a double standard in practice was only an alternate standard.

The man who owes a debt always pays it in the cheapest money. In this country in the colonial period when money was scarce cattle were at one time a legal tender but it was found that the man who had a debt to pay always selected the leanest and poorest of the herd and kept the best for his own use. In some of the Massachusett towns milk pails and sawed lumber were legal tenders, but this was when the people had no metallic money and no means of getting it, but the quality of the milk pails degenerated, the lumber was full of knots and rotten streaks and recourse was had to other things. But this country is not so poor as to require a debasement of our currency, neither should we be so ignorant as to allow the owners of 53 cents' worth of silver to pass it on us for 100 cents.

If gold and silver would not circulate together under free coinage from 1792 to 1873, during which period there was a difference of only two or three cents in the commercial value of the coined dollars, why should they be expected to come together under free coinage now when there is a difference of 47 cents in their commercial value.

Jefferson's rule for a coinage ratio: "The proportion between the values of gold and silver is a mercantile problem altogether. Just principles will lead us to disregard the legal proposition, to inquire into the market price of gold in the several countries with which we shall probably be connected in commerce, and take an average from them."

Let us illustrate the effect of free coinage on several important classes of people, viz: Savings bank depositors, life insurance beneficiaries, share holders in building and loan associations and members of mutual benefit co-operative and fraternal associations. Let us take them in order and in the first place explain a savings bank: True savings banks are organized without capital and are managed by trustees who receive no salary. They do a purely benevolent work and aid those who have no secure place for their surplus earnings and could not invest their money to advantage on account of the small sums belonging to each; but these, when aggregated, form an immense sum and the trustees are able to buy for their benefit the best class of securities on the most favorable terms. The trustees themselves are not permitted by law and do not sell to or buy from the banks any of their securities and derive no benefit from their profit. They can have no deposit in the banks, cannot borrow from them nor become security for others who do borrow. They are simply and really trustees for depositors and are held to the strictest accountability in the performance of their trust. They are supervised by state authority and the courts of law and justice, and malfeasance in office is punished by the heaviest penalties.

The number of depositors in the savings banks is 4,500,000 and their total deposits if $1,600,000,000—an enormous sum and not easily to be comprehended by its mere statement. This amount is about double the total bonded indebtedness of

the United States, which you know is $847,000,000. You can comprehend a hundred thousand dollars and realize that it is a large amount. A person having that sum is considered fairly well to do but the depositors in savings banks own sixteen thousand times more than that. The figures appall one, still the amount owned by each depositor is not large, being only $367 on the average.

It is therefore quite evident that this is not the money of the rich. It is the capital of the toiling masses who have put by their little savings against a time of need to buy bread for wives and little children when they are out of work and in case of sickness, accident or old age. And it is proposed to confiscate by law one-half of these little sums by legal enactment. Savings bank depositors belong to the creditor or capital class. They are not debtors for they have no credit except between Monday morning and Saturday night when their wages are paid; but that little capital of each deposited in savings banks is invested in U. S. bonds, bonds of the several states, city bonds, loans on bonds and mortgages, etc.

If a city wishes to pave its streets, erect school houses, construct docks, build public buildings, the savings banks loan the money the use of which gives employment to the very people who loan the money and they thus get dividends in the form of wages for steady work and an extra dividend in the form of interest which the city pays on their money which is loaned to it. (What other capitalist makes so good an investment.) By this means labor and capital are united and work together for the protection of each and for mutual benefit. Other unions there are, which tax labor to support the former when on a strike. Strikes are expensive and always result in loss both to the employee and employed. The savings banks of the country have investments in $300,000,000 U. S. bonds. These bonds were paid for in gold because at the time the law was enacted authorizing their issue they were to be paid both principal and interest in U. S. coin of the present standard of weight and fineness and as there was no silver dollars at the time, U. S. coin meant gold. It is now proposed to pay the interest and principal at maturity in silver coin which is worth, as we have said, but a little more than one-half. This rank injustice would deprive the depositors of nearly one-half of their property. It is one of the objects of the leaders who are in favor of free coinage of silver to compel the government to pay U. S. bonds in silver dollars reduced in value. It may be thought unkind to express an opinion of a measure advocated by so many good people but I cannot think of it in any other aspect than as a robbery to be committed on the people to take money and other property out of their possession without giving them a fair equivalent and this also by a great and rich nation.

Seventy millions of people are asked to sanction this injustice—an outrage upon their property rights, their integrity, for the benefit of whom? For the profit of a few thousand owners of silver mines and not all of them either, for a great number of them are satisfied with their present dividends and do not ask for more.

The advocates of free coinage say that gold has appreciated so much in value that money has become scarce and they try to prove it by quoting the price of commodities, farm products and the like but they do not tell you that the commodities which have fallen in price have been cheapened in recent years by the increased use of machinery or have been produced in excess of the world's demands. Wheat, cotton and petroleum are now produced in Australia, India, Russia and Egypt in enormous quantities and are sent to the markets of the world in competition with our productions. They undersell us, it is said, because many of these countries are on a silver basis and we should also go there in order that we may get more coins per bushel, per pound or per gallon than we now do. You are not told also that in all these countries the wages of labor is only a few cents per day, that the most of these people live on rice and bread and wear only the cheapest kind of clothing and live in the commonest kind of houses, have no luxuries and often die of disease and starvation brought on by poverty. Do we want free coinage in order to compete for the trade of the world with these results to our people? We have had no uniform decline in the prices of labor, as the deposits in savings banks demonstrate.

The bank of which I have the honor to be president is located in the heart of the most thickly populated district of the metropolitan city of America where the tenement population is the most numerous, where people live sometimes five in one room and they with some others are our depositors to the number of more than 113,000 who have accumulated more than $56,000,000 in our one institution, saved out of their earnings after providing for their needed wants.

After the restoration of gold payments in 1879 which succeeded our paper inflation of the war of the rebellion, the deposits in savings banks rapidly increased so that in five years, that is, in 1884, they amounted to say $850,000,000 belonging to about 2,300,000 people with an average deposit belonging to each of say $320, and now they more than doubled that larger sum and the number of depositors have also doubled showing that surplus earnings is more widely distributed and among a greater number of people throughout the country.

I hope you are bearing in mind that I am speaking of the effects of free coinage on the masses not on the classes. The latter will look out for themselves from knowledge and experience.

The standard bearers of sound money for whom your suffrage is asked are William McKinley, of Ohio, and Garret A. Hobart, of New Jersey, good men and true. One of the planks in the platform on which they were nominated at St. Louis is emphatically for sound money and in favor of a dollar which is equal to the best dollar in existence in the commercial world.

They are not in favor of a 53 cent dollar for the poor man and a 100-cent dollar for the rich, but a dollar of uniform value for all the people. They are worthy to be elected and should be elected by a decisive majority in order that political opponents may be frustrated.

Mr. McKinley said in one of his speeches two days ago: "When we have work we want honest dollars with the most purchasing power—dollars which will not depreciate in our hands over night but which will be good every day and every year and everywhere."

Mr. Hobart, whom I know personally and whom I highly esteem for his ability and financial integrity, favors the same honest dollar and both think it is better to open the mills of the United States to the labor of America than to open the mints of the United States to the silver of the world.

Whatever the farmer is suffering to-day is because his competitors have increased in number and his best customers are out of work.

You cannot help the farmer by more coinage of silver. He can only be helped by more consumers of his products.

You cannot add value to anything by diminishing the measure of value with which the thing is sold or exchanged.

You do not get consumers through the mints. You get them through the factories.

Vote for a home market and a dollar as good as gold in every mart and market of the world.

This campaign marks a crisis in the history of our country which in its importance to our material interests has never been equaled. The war of secession is its nearest parallel when relatives and friends of a common country met on the field of battle and exchanged shots with bullets. We shall fight this battle with ballots, but the result should be equally decisive. The monster of repudiation must be put down forever in order that the bread may not be taken from our children's mouths, nor the hard earned savings of toil ruthlessly snatched from the grasp of the poor and provident. It will need all our wisdom and courage, former party affiliations may have to be discarded, we may have to fight on the side of our political enemies but we know that we shall be on the side of right and justice, which will make strong our right hand in doing our duty to ourselves for the benefit of our common country. You will aid in this righteous cause, I feel sure, both by your votes and influence so that the name of this people may not become a by-word and reproach but that this land may still be looked upon as a refuge for the oppressed of all nations. We must not press a crown of thorns on the brow of labor by voting to take away the results of its work nor crucify the poor upon a cross of silver.

Instantaneous Photographs.

Views and pictures of children and animals.

Developing and printing for amateurs—and sale of amateur photograph apparatus.

S. J. SMITH.

Lock Box 47 or care of Pritchard's gallery, Oakland, Md. 22-6t.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

VERMONT ELECTION.

Upwards of 40,000 Republican Majority.

BURLINGTON, VT., Sept. 1.—Returns of to-day's election are coming in slowly, but up to 11 o'clock reports have been received to indicate the election of Grout, Republican, for Governor. The Republican managers have returns from a greater portion of the towns which indicate large Republican gains. They place Grout's majority at over 38,000.

LATER.—Complete returns from Vermont places Grout's majority at 39,095.

Buckler Coming.

For his opening attraction, Mr. John Shartzer, the enterprising manager of our new opera house, has engaged Buckler's Big Stock company direct from the Grand Opera house, Washington, D. C. The company numbers about thirty people, and includes besides the acting people a superb brass band and orchestra. They will begin a four nights engagement here, opening Shartzer's new opera house, Wednesday evening, September 9th, with a matinee for ladies and children Saturday afternoon at two o'clock.

Among the stellar lights of the dramatic firmament none shine with greater brilliancy than Mr. George Buckler and his beautiful and accomplished wife, Eleanore Newton. They have surrounded themselves this year with a splendid acting company of comedians, singers and dancers, and every performance is in the nature of a production.

A splendid feature of the company this year is the superb brass band and orchestra, under the leadership of the famous bandmaster, Mr. J. C. Cornelius, and the celebrated clarionet soloist, Mr. H. L. Blaker. Their concerts alone are worth the price of admission.

Mr. Buckler and his company will open the new opera house September 9th, and play the balance of the week, including matinee Saturday afternoon, producing Monte Cristo, The Two Orphans, East Lynne, Tom Sawyer and the great temperance drama Ten Nights in a Bar Room.

Prices, 25, 35 and 50 cents. Best reserved seats, 50 cents. Seats on sale at Oakland Pharmacy.

Grantsville.

We have had some very cool nights, of late, for this season of the year; had several slight frosts.

Alvin Getty and wife, of Cumberland, are visiting parents and family at this place.

Dr. G. C. Keller and ex-Sheriff Wegman intend to visit at Romney, W. Va., this week.

E. S. Miller was severely afflicted by an attack of paralysis last Thursday. At last accounts his condition was much improved and he was able to walk again.

Jacob Blocher, of Meyersdale, Pa., was a visitor here over Sunday.

A new board sidewalk has been laid in front of Bowser's store building. A similar improvement was made in front of the post office last week.

On Thursday morning at about five o'clock, John Mellinger, who happened to be standing on the porch of the house in which he resides, north of town, saw a man approach along the public road very rapidly afoot, who, when he came near the barn, turned in at the gate, went to that part of the barn in which Mr. Mellinger keeps his horse and soon started for the road again leading the animal. Mr. Mellinger called to him to halt and asked him whose horse he was leading. The miscreant replied that he had placed his own horse in the barn to avoid having him in a rain, but the owner ordered him to not move the horse until he satisfied himself as to the ownership of the animal in question when the rascal took a hasty and unceremonious departure, minus the horse.

A free silver club was organized here last Friday evening. Wm. R. Getty was elected president.

Miss Kate Beachy, of Aurora, W. Va., formerly a public school teacher of this district of marked ability is visiting relatives and friends north of town.

Joel D. Brenneman, of near Keyser this county and who recently sold his farm to Jacob Miller of Elk Lick, Pa., has rented Rudolph Yoder's farm north of town. Mr. Yoder, we understand, will retire from active farm life.

STATE OF MARYLAND,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
ANNAPOLIS, Aug. 21, 1896.

To whom it may concern:

Notice is hereby given that application has been made to His Excellency, Lloyd Lowndes, Governor of Maryland, for the pardon of Bruce King, who was convicted at the September term, 1895, of the Circuit Court for Garrett county of assault with intent to kill and sentenced to be confined in the Maryland Penitentiary for two years.

The Governor will take up the said case for final decision on or after Monday, the 7th day of September, until which time protests against such pardon will be heard, and the papers filed open to inspection, at the discretion of the Governor.

By order of the Governor:

RICHARD DALLAM,
25—1t Secretary of State.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

REGISTRATION OF VOTERS.

OFFICE OF
BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF ELECTIONS
FOR GARRETT COUNTY.
OAKLAND, MD., September 1, 1896.

Notice is hereby given to the voters of Garrett county that the Registrars for the various precincts and districts will meet for the purpose of registering voters at the places below, between the hours of 8 a. m. and 8 p. m.:

First sitting—Monday, September 15th.

Second sitting—Tuesday and Wednesday, September 22d and 23d.

Third sitting—Tuesday and Wednesday, September 29th and 30th.

Fourth sitting—Tuesday and Wednesday, October 6th and 7th.

District No. 1—at Swanton.
District No. 2—at Friendsville.
District No. 3—at Grantsville.
District No. 4—at Bloomington.
District No. 5—at Accident.
District No. 6—at Sang Run.
District No. 7, 1st precinct—at Oakland in Thomas Martin's store room, corner Oak and 3rd Streets.
District No. 7, 2d precinct—at Oakland in John Shertzer's new building, corner Second and Liberty Streets.
District No. 8—at the Old Hoye Place on the Northwestern Turnpike.
District No. 9—at Johnson's.
District No. 10—at Deer Park.
District No. 11—at the residence of Peter Metzger.
District No. 12—at Ellinger.

This notice being given by authority of and in pursuance of Section 23, Chapter 292 of the Acts of the General Assembly of Maryland, 1896.

By order of the Board,
A. G. STURGISS, President,
J. ALVIN FRIEND,
FRED C. RITE,
Supervisors.

Proclamation and Notice

Of a new election to be held in Election District No. 6, of Garrett county, Maryland, at the next Congressional election, to be held on November 3rd, 1896, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication shall be sold in said district.

Whereas, by Chapter 461 of the Acts of the General Assembly of Maryland, it was made the duty of one or more of the Judges of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, upon the presentation before the first day of August, 1896, of the written petition of at least one-third in number of the registered voters who cast their votes at the last preceding general election in any election district of Garrett county, to pass an order within thirty days after the filing of said petition, directing the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Garrett county to proclaim notice of a new election to be held at the next Congressional election in such election district to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors and medicated bitters producing intoxication should be sold in such district.

And whereas, such written petition signed by said number of voters in election district No. 6, of Garrett county, Maryland, was on the 31st day of July, 1896, filed with the Clerk of said Court, whereupon on said day, it was ordered by Hon. David W. Stone, one of the Judges of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, that the Clerk of said Court proclaim notice of a new election to be held in said election district No. 6, of Garrett county, as above provided.

NOW THEREFORE, In obedience to said order, I, Edward Z. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, do hereby proclaim and give notice to all the voters and people of said Election District No. 6 in Garrett county, and to all others whom it may concern, that at the time and place of the next Congressional election held in said district in said county on the third day of November, 1896, there will be held a new election in said district by the judges and clerks of election who shall then and there hold said Congressional election, to determine whether or not the use shall be granted to sell spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication in said district, and whether any of said liquors or any compound, of which alcohol forms the chief or principal ingredient, shall be sold in said district after the first day of May, 1897, except by a regular pharmaceutical or druggist having a license for such business under the law of this State upon the written bonafide prescription of a regular practicing physician of such district whose name shall be signed thereto, and at said election at said time and place in said district, each legally qualified voter of said district shall be entitled to cast one vote for or against said license and sale, and that if at said election it shall be found that a majority of such votes have been cast for license in said district, license for the sale of such liquors will be granted as now or hereafter may be provided by law, but if it shall be found that a majority of said votes have been cast against license in said district it shall not be lawful for any person or persons, firm, company or body corporate after the first day of May, 1897, to sell or otherwise dispose of by way of barter, directly or indirectly, any such liquors, and no license will be issued or granted for the sale of the same in said election district.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland. 26 tf

SHERIFF'S SALE —OF— REAL ESTATE

NEAR MINERAL SPRINGS, GARRETT CO.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county to the undersigned directed, the same being No. 18 Judicials to September Term, 1896, of said court, at the suit of John E. Adams vs. James K. Leeper, he will on

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1896,

at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m. of said day, in front of the store house of Henry Hockman at Oakton in said county, offer at public auction to the highest bidder for cash on the day of sale, all that lot of ground and premises situated near said Oakton, Garrett county, it being a part of Military lot No. 2130, and being the same lot of ground that is more particularly described in a deed from Elias P. Kerr to the said James K. Leeper dated the 12th day of June, 1890, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folio 107, one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said property is improved by a dwelling house and other outbuildings, and is located in a good neighborhood in said county, and would make a comfortable home for anyone desiring to purchase.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN,
23—3 Sheriff of Garrett County.

MOUNTAIN STATE
Business College,
PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

COUNCIL CHAMBER,
OAKLAND, Md., Aug. 17, 1896.

Sealed proposals will be received until two o'clock, p. m., Monday, September 7, 1896, for the erection of an iron bridge over the B. & O. railroad in line with Oak street, span 108 feet, roadway 12 feet clear and one 4 foot side walk. Bids for masonry will also be received. Plan and specification of each on file. The right to reject any and all bids is reserved.

By order Town Council,
J. C. DUNHAM, Clerk.

THOMAS R. McHOBIE,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street.

All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS
OAKLAND, MD., August 19, 1896.

The annual examination of teachers for Garrett county will be held at

Accident, Thursday and Friday, September 3d and 4th,

Oakland, Monday and Tuesday, September 7th and 8th,

Grantsville, Thursday and Friday, September 10th and 11th.

Examinations to begin at 9 a. m.

Examination of both first and second grade applicants will be conducted at the same time.

All teachers present and expecting to teach the coming school year will be required to take the examination.

Applicants will be required to provide themselves with a pencil, tablet, pen and ink. Examination paper will be furnished free.

By order of the Board,
Aug. 20—25. T. G. PALMER, Examiner.

—THE—
Maryland Agricultural College,
COLLEGE PARK, MD.
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R. W. SILVESTER,
President M. A. C.
2—6

LAND FOR SALE.

I, the undersigned, offers for sale all my land lying in District No. 7, lying one to three miles east of Oakland, containing 53 acres, horses, sheep, cattle, farming implements, household and kitchen furniture, one house in Oakland, for the sum of $3,250, as I have been informed by the assessors that the above is the cash value, and they seem to know all about it and what it will produce, but I do not think they ever saw the inside of it. Perhaps they did. If any one desires to buy they had better consult the assessors and they can describe it and tell what it will produce better than I can if they did not see it.

Someone might say, "Why does he want to sell?" I have two reasons: 1st, I am not married to a few acres of land; 2nd, When I am told what a thing is worth by those who know better than I do I think it wise to let it go.

Don't lose a bargain.

T. W. CASTEEL.

P. S.—I have a farm and one saw mill in District No. 6 which I will sell as soon as our assessors notify me what they are worth. I hope to know by April 1st. 25—tf

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ROOFING.
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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
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Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

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Mt. Lake Park, Md.
7—26t.

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IN VIRGINIA, THE CAROLINAS and GEORGIA
SURROUNDED BY
SUNSHINE AND HEALTH,
FACTORY and MILL SITES,
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Abundance of Water Power,
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Best Fruit and Agricultural Lands
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In effect July 19, 1896.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS		NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1			No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.			NOON	P. M.
3 05	8 00 lv	Cumberland ar		12 05	7 00
3 21	8 21	Rawlings		11 49	6 50
3 50	8 56	Keyser		11 05	6 26
4 03	9 09	Westernport		10 51	6 21
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. Junc.		10 48	6 20
4 37	9 37	Shaw		10 23	5 52
5 00	10 00	Harrison		10 00	5 28
5 15	10 15 ar	Elk Garden		9 45	5 00
5 25	10 25 lv	Gorman		9 31	4 51
5 41	10 41	Bayard		9 15	4 48
5 52	10 52	Dobbin		9 04	4 38
6 23	11 23	Thomas		8 37	4 05
6 35	11 35 ar	Davis		8 15	3 45
6 37	11 37 lv	Cokelen		8 13	4 02
6 55	11 55	Hendricks		7 55	3 50
6 57	11 57	Bretz		7 53	3 55
7 00	12 00	Parsons		7 51	3 22
7 30	12 30	Kerens		7 18	2 47
8 10	1 05 ar	Elkins	18	7 00	12 30
	1 05 lv	Beverly	lv		1 55
					P. M.
	3 05 ar	Beallington	lv		11 30
P. M.	P. M.			A. M.	A. M.

Daily. Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARPER, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7—Daily ..... 2 30 A. M
No. 3—Daily 10 34
No. 71—Accommodation except Sunday ..... 7 30 A. M
No. 6—Daily 11 41
No. 55—Freight, daily 1 30
No. 15—Accommodation except Sunday ..... 12 30 P. M
No. 1—Daily 11 21

GOING EAST.

No. 8—Daily ..... 3 A. M
No. 2—Daily ..... 6 A. M
No. 14—Accommodation except Sunday ..... 9 A. M
No. 72—Accommodation except Sunday ..... 5 P. M
No. 56—Daily ..... 12 P. M
No. 4—Daily ..... 7 A. M

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G. E. PEARCE DRUG CO.,
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We have probably the largest stock of goods in the drug line in Western Maryland.

P. D. & CO. and S. & C. B. pharmaceutical preparations always in stock, shipped to physicians at jobbers' prices.

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PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES AND WINDOW GLASS
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We sell and guarantee LIGHT TINTED GLOSS PAINT at $1.25 per gallon.
9-26tf

THE
Maryland Building and Loan Association
of Garrett County.

OFFICERS
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Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM RINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
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DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock
INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.

EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

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The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ¼ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
T. R. CARSKADON,
Keyser, W. Va.

THE WILD SOWER.

Up and down the land I go,
Through the valley, over hill;
Many a pleasant ground I sow,
Never one I reap or till;
Fan and flail I never wield,
Leave no hayrick in the field.

Farmer goes with leathern scrip,
Fills the harrowed earth with seed;
In the selfsame score I slip
Germs of many a lusty weed;
Though I scatter in his track,
I possess nor bin nor sack.

He sows wheat, and I sow tare,
Rain and sunshine second toil;
Tame and wild these acres share,
Wrestling for the right of soil.
I stand by and clap my hands,
Cheering on my ureidn bands.

Mine the cockle in the rye,
Thorned thistle, large and fine,
And the daisy's white-fringed eye,
And the dodder's endless twine;
Mine those fingers five that bind
Every blade and stalk they find.

Mine the lilies, hot and bright,
Setting summer meads on fire;
Mine the silkweed's spindles white,
Spinning autumn's soft attire.
Goldenrod and aster then
I bring up by bank and glen.

Whoso fleeth to the woods,
Whoso buildeth on the plains,
I, too, seek those solitudes,
Leading on my hardy trains;
Thorn and brier, still man's lot,
Crowd around the frontier cot.

Many serve me, unaware—
Shaggy herds that ceaseless roam,
And the rovers of the air
Passing to their winter home;
More than these upon me wait—
Wind and water bear my freight.

Thus, a sower wild, I go,
Trafficking with every clime,
Still the fruitful germs I sow
That shall vex your harvest-time;
Otherwise, ye toil-stooped men,
Eden's ease were come again!

—Edith M. Thomas, in Journal of Education.

A DEEP-WATER GHOST.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

We were four bronzed, jolly sportsmen, who happened to meet during the partridge shooting season at a little hostelry in the southern part of Virginia. There was a real old-fashioned fireplace in the waiting room of the hotel, and here we used to gather every evening to smoke our cigars, compare notes on the sport of the day, and "swap yarns."

I remember in particular the story that Lloyd told us, the night before we parted. It was unique and weird. Lloyd was a tremendously big, athletic fellow, and he had a way of saying things in that deep bass voice of his that made them doubly impressive.

He had been sitting for some time with his chin on his hand, looking steadily into the open fire. Benson had been telling a rather commonplace ghost story, and the rest of us had dutifully oh-d and ah-d and pretended to shiver at the proper places, but Lloyd said never a word. When silence settled upon the little group once more, however, Lloyd sat up in his chair, uncrossed his feet, and remarked:

"Now, boys, I am going to tell you a ghost story the like of which you never heard before, and the best of it is it's all true, for it happened to me exactly as I shall tell it.

"When I was in Sweden, some 15 years ago, I had an opportunity to do considerable guaning, as my friend and host was a landed proprietor and controlled the hunting and fishing rights of a large and valuable territory. In this tract was one large lake, called Lake Fryksdal, which abounded in fine fish, particularly pike of a remarkable size. Hovering over this lake almost constantly were a few pairs of whitish-gray birds which the Swedes call sea-eagles — great, magnificent, broad-winged creatures, whose food consisted of the large fish that were so plentiful in the waters of their habitat.

"I had a strong desire to shoot one of these birds, although I knew them to be held in almost sacred esteem by the inhabitants, who believed that if anyone should kill one of them, he would be haunted by the sprite of the bird as long as he lived. But not being the least bit superstitious, my passion for obtaining a specimen of each new bird or animal I came across in my travels easily overcame all scruples, and I forthwith laid my plans to secure one of the sea-eagles.

"I shall never forget the circumstances connected with the shooting of this bird. It was a bright, still afternoon. I had been lying for hours behind a large rock on the shore of the lake waiting for one of the birds to come within range of my fowling-piece. A pair of them were sailing hither and thither above the surface of the lake, waiting for an opportunity to pounce upon some pike or other fish that might be sunning itself at the top of the water. At length I saw one of the eagles drop like a shot from a height of more than 100 feet, and strike the water in a cloud of foam and spray. The next moment he rose, bearing a good-sized fish in his talons, and flew heavily toward the shore. My heart began to thump against my ribs, as I saw that, if the eagle held to his course, he would pass almost directly over the place where I lay concealed. Crouching down, I waited for the shadow which I knew must precede the bird, as he was flying between me and the sun.

"At length it came—a big, slowly-traveling blot of darkness—and the moment it passed me on the shingle of the beach, I leaped up, with both barrels of my gun cocked and ready. There, scarcely 40 yards away, and a little to the left, the eagle loomed in the clear, sun-lit air. The gun sprang to my shoulder, and a quick, loud report rang out on the silence. With an almost human scream, the bird dropped the fish from his talons, and came sailing down with outspread, quivering wings, graceful even unto death. Slowly he settled upon the beach, wings extended. I dashed towards him. The great wings were vibrating silently on the stones. The head and neck had fallen prone in the weakness and stupor of death. But as I stood over my victim, the eyes of the great bird met mine with a glance which I shall never forget—reproachful, pleading, accusing, condemning. I fairly shivered and turned away my eyes. It was a look to haunt a man his life long. But when I turned again the eyes had glazed, and the magnificent white eagle was stretched out in the motionless beauty of death.

"When I took my prize home, my host said, sadly, and more than half seriously: 'I am sorry you killed the bird. He will haunt you to the day of your death.' I laughed carelessly, yet somehow my heart misgave me, and it was weeks before I could get over a certain apprehensive uneasiness that pursued me even in my dreams.

"I spent the ensuing winter and spring in Stockholm; but with the return of another summer my friend in the country invited me most cordially to repeat my visit at his fine old estate, and as I knew he really wanted me to come, I had neither heart nor reason to decline.

"The weather during July was exceedingly warm, and during our frequent fishing trips to Lake Fryksdal my friends and I often refreshed ourselves by taking a dip in the clear waters. One afternoon, as we were fishing off shore near the place where I had shot my eagle, I said to my host with bantering triumph: 'Well, a year has passed, and I haven't seen the ghost of that sacred eagle yet!'

"'Never mind,' was the reply, 'you will see it yet. Mark my words. It will come to you some time when you least expect it.'

"I laughed and proposed that we take a swim, as the sun was getting up very warm, and the fish were not biting at all. My friends assented, so we undressed and plunged into the lake. I dove straight down, and, catching hold of the jagged end of a large rock, opened my eyes to look about me for a moment.

"Never, if I live to be a hundred, will the sight that met my eyes at that instant be effaced from memory. Coming toward me, silently, and yet with incredible swiftness, was the bleached and snowy skeleton of a gigantic bird, with wings outstretched! It made no ripple, no pulsation of the water. It seemed to have no means of propulsion, for the ghostly wings were rigid and motionless. Yet on it came, swift and still; and, to my horrified imagination, in the whited sockets of the skull gleamed those same reproachful, condemning eyes which the dying eagle had turned upon me a year ago.

"To say that I was fairly paralyzed with fear but inadequately describes my condition. Though beginning to suffer for lack of air, I could not to save me have let go my grasp of the rock. I was fascinated, enchained. Every muscle in my body was rigid and beyond control of the brain. And still that horrible, mysterious specter was coming toward me, and I could neither avoid it or ward it off.

"How long I clung there, suffocating and helpless, I know not. I only know that, just as the water-ghost was about to strike me in the face, a lithe, white form flashed in between, a strong hand seized my arm and I was dragged forcibly up to the surface of the water. Then I lost consciousness, and the next thing I remember was being rolled over and over on the back and punched in the ribs, and then opening my eyes on the pale, anxious face of my friend, who had dived down and saved me.

"When, an hour or two later, I told him the story of my deep-water apparition, he smiled incredulously, even as he said: 'Did I not tell you you would see it some time?'

"But the mystery was solved a few days later, when, picking up a Stockholm paper, I read the following paragraph:

"'A GHASTLY TROPHY.

"'A recent writer tells what may be truly regarded as one of the most curious incidents of natural history. In some of the Swedish lakes, he says, large birds of prey are in the habit of swooping down on the pike basking at the surface of the water. In these cases, if the pike be more powerful than the bird, the latter, unable to extricate his talons, is borne to the bottom and drowned. Incredible as the story seems, Eckstrom, Rev. Mr. Moller, and other writers, state that the flesh of the pike heals with the talons of the bird in its back, while the bird becomes converted into a skeleton, which is carried about by the pike. One skeleton, which had long been exhibited by a pike in Lake Wetter, had acquired a greenish tinge, and was regarded by the fishermen as a harbinger of misfortune.'"

—Detroit Free Press.

A Heroine of the Albert Medal.

Miss Hannah Rosbotham is the only woman who has received the Albert medal. This lady was, and still is, assistant school mistress at the Sutton National schools, St. Helens, Lancashire. On October 14, 1881, the stone belfry of the school was blown down during a terrific gale of wind, and fell through the roof into the infant school room, where nearly 200 children were assembled, causing the death of one and injuring many others. The moment this mass of masonry had fallen the schoolroom and its gallery were filled with stones, slate and timber. Whilst others had fled for safety, Miss Rosbotham, who at the time of the accident was teaching elsewhere, deliberately went in among the fallen mass and clouds of dust, and, while fully conscious of the extreme danger to which she was exposed, remained on the spot until every child had been placed in safety. At the imminent risk of her own life this heroine of 23 removed four infants who were partially covered with the debris and also rescued therefrom a little girl who was completely buried and who must inevitably have been suffocated had not such gallantry been displayed.—Strand.

Orange Jelly.

One box gelatine dissolved in a kitchen cupful of water. In one hour's time pour on this a cupful of boiling water. Stir until melted, then add two cups of sugar, a stick of cinnamon, the grated rind of an orange and a lemon, the juice of three oranges and a lemon and a cup of sherry. If one objects to the wine more lemon juice may be substituted. Strain through a cloth and pour into molds.—Brooklyn Eagle.

BATTLE OF BUGS AND WORMS.

Army Worms Slaughtered in Great Shape by Colorado Potato Beetles.

Cosmus Eckenrode, of Pike township, was in Reading the other day, and gave the details of a most extraordinary occurrence which happened upon his farm recently. Mr. Eckenrode has a potato patch of about an acre and a half near the western line of his farm, adjoining the land of Samuel Kenderdine. This place was so infested with potato bugs that several weeks ago he gave up any hope of having a crop, and he allowed the bugs to have their own way. In spite of their numbers, however, they had not succeeded entirely in eating up the rapidly growing vines. The army worms invaded the farm of his neighbor, Mr. Kenderdine, and crossed over into Mr. Eckenrode's land. Mr. Eckenrode went out to observe the progress of the pests, and in doing so came to the potato patch. He found potato bugs assembled in countless thousands on the edge of the patch nearest to Mr. Kenderdine's land, and facing the direction from which the army worms were coming.

When Mr. Eckenrode first came to the potato patch the advance guard of the worms were arriving. As soon as a worm would come within reach of the bugs one of them would fasten itself upon his back and begin to eat him, just as if he were a succulent potato vine. The result would be that before his wormship could advance a yard he would begin to writhe and wiggle in the agonies of death, and would soon be hors de combat.

The worms, whose appetite is a most voracious one, appeared to be all unsuspecting of the design of the bugs, and upon their first approach invariably attempted to eat them, supposing, no doubt, that they were some new kind of vegetable, but the hard shell of the bugs served as an impenetrable armor, rendered them perfectly safe against any weapons the worms could bring against them.

It is needless to say that Mr. Eckenrode watched this curious battle with intense interest. In a short time after his arrival the worms began to come by the thousands and tens of thousands, and the battle raged most furiously. The army of potato beetles was apparently numberless, and as fast as the army worms came on they were attacked and killed in the way before described. Sometimes when there was an unusual rush, a sort of Pickett's charge, as it were, the inflow of worms would advance for a yard or two within the line of the bugs, but only to add their dead bodies to the wriggling, writhing mass. The slaughter went on at such a rate that in a few hours a strip of ground about ten feet wide along the edge of the potato patch was covered to an average of a foot in depth with dead worms.

In the meantime the neighbors for quite a distance around had heard of this unique battle and had assembled to watch it. From early morning until late in the afternoon it kept up, when not only did the advancing army worms begin to thin out, but the barrier raised by the dead bodies of their companions prevented further advancing in that direction. Then, by some sort of an apparent understanding among them, the worms changed the direction of their march and ceased to advance upon the demesne of the bugs. The latter, shortly after this took place, scattered back among the potato vines and resumed their usual occupation thereon.

There were to all appearances but few casualties among the bugs, although many of them were caught in the crush of the advancing worms and smothered or trampled to death.

One day lately hundreds of people from all over Pike and adjoining townships came to view the results of this strange battle. Mr. Eckenrode estimates that the dead worms will probably weigh eight tons. He intends to use them for fertilizing purposes.—Philadelphia Press.

Well and Pump Account.

One of the curious features of the appropriations made by the Brooklyn aldermen is the "well and pump account." The account comes down from the days when the various aldermen of the city received certain sums of money annually to expend on the wells and pumps of their respective wards. When water mains and hydrants succeeded the more primitive method of water supply the aldermen were loath to permit the account, to which they had become so attached, to die, and by easy gradations the account was made to apply to curbstones, gutters and crosswalks. The account amounts to about $60,000 for 1896-97. — Chicago Inter Ocean.

Finishing Wool Fabrics.

In pressing woolen fabrics in order to give them a smooth, fine appearance, both a uniform pressure and a uniform heat are required. By a recently developed system the heating is done electrically, the fabric being placed between the metallic plates, through which sufficient current is passed while under hydraulic pressure to heat them to slightly more than the temperature of boiling water. One dynamo of 50 volts and 700 amperes will suffice for five presses having 120 plates to be heated; the cost of heating for one press for a period of half an hour and for 70 plates, about 21 cents.—Chicago Chronicle.

Definitions.

Mrs. Henpeck (to Mr. H., who is reading)—Your little son just asked you a question, and you didn't even notice him. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, and I shall—

Mr. Henpeck—I didn't hear him.

Mrs. H.—Oh, you never hear when a member of your own family speaks to you. You are deaf to the very ones you should love and cherish—deaf to—

Mr. H.—What does he want to know?

Mrs. H.—He asked you what a hermit was.

Mr. H.—A hermit, my son, is a man who loves peace and quiet. — N. Y. Weekly.

A WONDER OF THE AGE.

Helen Keller's Master of Speech and Acquirement of Knowledge.

Finished oratory could not have claimed closer attention from an audience than did the half-blurred, yet happy words which fell from the lips of Helen Keller, the famous deaf and blind girl at Mount Airy a few days ago. Her speech was the crowning event of the proceedings of the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf, now holding its summer meeting in the building of the Pennsylvania institution. Clad in a girlish costume, with dark ringlets falling to her shoulders and a bright smile illuminating her face, she took the platform to talk on "The Value of Speech to the Deaf."

The fame of her accomplishments had attracted many people, both scientific and curious, all anxious to hear the afflicted girl, who is declared by her teachers to be the brightest of any of her age, not excepting those in possession of the full five senses. She was introduced by Miss Sara Fuller, principal of the Horace Mann school, Boston, where she received the greater part of her education. Without a trace of embarrassment she began her little speech. To many of her hearers the articulation was somewhat indistinct, and for the benefit of those familiar with the signs of the deaf and dumb Dr. Alexander Graham Bell translated her words by the manual alphabet. She said:

"If you knew all the joy I feel in being able to speak to you to-day I think you would have some idea of the value of speech to the deaf, and you would understand why I want every deaf child in all this great world to have an opportunity to learn to speak. I know that much has been said and written on the subject, and that there is a wide difference of opinion among teachers of the deaf in regard to oral instruction. It seems very strange to me that there should be this difference of opinion; I cannot understand how anyone interested in our education can fail to appreciate the satisfaction we feel in being able to express our thoughts in living words. Why, I use speech constantly, and I cannot begin to tell you how much pleasure it gives me.

"Of course I know that it is not always easy for strangers to understand me, but it will be by and by; and in the mean time I have the unspeakable happiness of knowing that my family and friends rejoice in my ability to speak. My little sister and baby brother love to have me tell them stories in the long summer evenings when I am at home, and my mother and teacher often ask me to read to them from my favorite books. I also discuss the political situation with my dear father, and we decide the most perplexing questions quite as satisfactorily to ourselves as if I could see and hear. So you see what a blessing speech is to me. It brings me into closer and tenderer relationship with those I love, and makes it possible for me to enjoy the sweet companionship of a great many persons from whom I should be entirely cut off if I could not talk.

"I can remember the time before I learned to speak, and how I used to struggle to express my thoughts by means of the manual alphabet—how my thoughts used to beat against my finger tips like the little birds striving to gain their freedom, until one day Miss Fuller opened wide the prison door and let them escape. I wonder if she remembers how eagerly and gladly they spread their wings and flew away. Of course it was not easy at first to fly. The speech wings were weak and broken and had lost all the grace and beauty that had been theirs; indeed, nothing was left save the impulse to fly, but that was something.

"One can never consent to creep when one feels an impulse to soar. But, nevertheless, it seemed to me sometimes that I could never use my speech wings as God intended I should use them; there were so many difficulties in the way, so many discouragements; but I kept on trying, knowing that patience and perseverance would win in the end. And while I worked I built the most beautiful air castles and dreamed dreams, the pleasantest of which was of the time when I should talk like other people; and the thought of the pleasure it would give my mother to hear my voice once more sweetened every effort and made every failure an incentive to try harder next time.

"So I want to say to those who are trying to learn to speak, and those who are teaching them: 'Be of good cheer.' Do not think of to-day's failures, but of the success that may come to-morrow. You have set yourselves a difficult task, but you will succeed if you persevere, and you will find a joy in overcoming obstacles—a delight in climbing rugged paths which you would perhaps never know if you did not sometimes slip backward; if the road was always smooth and pleasant. Remember, no effort that we make to attain something beautiful is ever lost. Some time, somewhere, somehow, we shall find that which we seek. We shall speak, yes, and sing, too, as God intended we should speak and sing."

At the conclusion of her speech Miss Keller conversed for a short time with her teacher, Miss Sullivan, to show the audience her method of reading the motion of the lips simply by resting a forefinger vertically upon them. She is so expert in telegraphy of this kind that she can understand everything Miss Sullivan says when talking at the rate of 200 words a minute.—Philadelphia Record.

Deceived.

Madge—Oh, girls! Such good news! Twenty men have just arrived at the hotel!

Chorus—Where? (A rush for the hotel).

Five minutes later.

Madge—Well, I don't care! I thought they were men. How was I to know that the Amazon cyclers were coming down to-day? — Philadelphia North American.

Not His Fault.

The dusky corridors of the jail were silent as the grave save for the occasional creak of a rusty conscience as some regretful criminal looked back over his past life. The clerical-looking visitor paused before the door of a cell wherein sat a man with his face bowed upon his hands.

"Ah, my man," he said, "it is a dreadful thing to see you here."

"O, sir," replied the prisoner, "it is, indeed. But you can't blame me. I didn't want to come."—Chicago Tribune.

It Depends.

Young Lightpayte—How long does a man have to study if he wants to be a good lawyer?

Lawyer Sharpe—Why do you ask that question?

"Because I am thinking of studying law myself."

"Five hundred years."—Chicago Tribune.

THE NEW WOMAN'S FAREWELL.

She—Good by, Henry, and if I do not return by dinner time you will find some cold meat in the refrigerator, and do not forget to give baby his milk every hour.

He (meekly)—Yes, darling.—Brooklyn Life.

A Pleasing Inscription.

The average epitaph is quite
A sorry thing to see,
But now and then I get a sigh
Of one that tickles me.
I like a stone on which I note
That very best of jokes—
"Here lies the chump who rocked the boat
To scare the other folks."
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Chances of a Lifetime.

"It is said," he remarked, reflectively, "that women's hands are growing larger."

"Yes?" she returned, inquiringly.

"Yes," he asserted. "And the worst of it is that there is every likelihood that this tendency will continue."

"Yes?" she said, in the same inquiring tone.

"Yes," he repeated. "You see, the bicycle and golf and tennis and other sports that women have recently taken up are responsible for it."

"In that case," she said, with a glance at her own dainty hands, "you'd better speak quick if you want a small one."

He realized that it was the opportunity of a lifetime and he spoke promptly.—Chicago Post.

History Repeats Itself.

A sharp boy being told by his teacher to repeat his lesson in history, said he couldn't, and it seemed to him quite unnecessary to do so.

"Quite unnecessary?" thundered the teacher. "What do you mean?"

"Well," said the boy, "I've always heard that history repeats itself."—Judy.

Good Reason for Objecting.

"Why did you break off your engagement with Miss Bertha?"

"Because her parrot was always saying: 'Stop that, George.'"

"But what difference did that make? Your engagement was not a secret."

"But my name is not George."—Tit-Bits.

She Expected Too Much.

"Why did you propose to her?"

"I wanted to kiss her, and she said she would allow no one but an accepted lover that privilege."

"Why did you break the engagement?"

"She wanted me to kiss her all the time."—Truth.

No Diversion to Him.

"That spiritual medium played Pidger a mean trick last night."

"What was it?"

"He asked to have some gifted conversationalist materialized and they called up his mother-in-law."—Chicago Record.

Bad Management.

The lightning-bug is brilliant,
But he hasn't any mind;
He blunders through existence
With his headlight on behind.
—Chicago Record.

WRAPPED UP IN POLITICS.

IS THERE NO WAY TO ESCAPE FROM THIS CONDITION OF AFFAIRS EVERY FOUR YEARS?

A Doubting Mood.

"You act as if you thought everything was wrong," said Billyer's wife.

"Mebbe I do," was the reply. "I try not to show it. But when I notice how willin' the mosquitoes is to bite an' how backward the fish is about doin' the same, I declare, I can't help thinkin' things goes a good deal by contraries."—Washington Star.

Her Intentions Were Good.

Gobang—I do not know why folks complain about mothers-in-law. Mine tried to do me a good turn once.

Pshaw—How? Did she attempt suicide?

Gobang—No, she refused her consent to my marrying her daughter. But I was suspicious and we eloped.—N. Y. World.

Time's Changes.

Dealer—In this age of the world, ma'am, horses is mighty scarce, and a good one comes high.

Prospective Purchaser—I know it, sir, and I am prepared to pay a high price. I want an animal that the men of my family can drive.—Chicago Tribune.

The Cut Direct.

Teddie Thoughtless—Do you-aw-think, Miss-aw-Vanderwhack, that monkeys-aw-will evah learn to talk, don't you know?

Miss Vanderwhack—Why, certainly you can talk, Teddie, but I don't think you say much.—Town Topics.

Why He Was Silent.

Wyld—That barber has shaved me for two years, and I don't believe I have spoken a dozen words to him.

Mack—How is that?

Wyld—He has never given me a chance.—Brooklyn Life.

A Gifted Man.

"Gibbs, do you worry about financial affairs when you are in church?"

"No; I always wear a very high, stiff collar so I can concentrate my thoughts."—Providence Journal.

Laconic.

"Is she still of tender years?"

"Thirty."

"That's tough."—Detroit Tribune.

Eccentric.

Miss Hiflire—Yes, he proposed to me last night and I accepted him.

Miss Sweete—Is that so? How glad I am that you are going to be his wife.

Miss H. (in surprise)—You are?

Miss S.—Yes; I hate him.—Boston Courier.

Asking Too Much.

"There are three dead flies in the soup," said a stranger to a waiter in a Dallas restaurant.

"Fur de Lawd sakes! After flies has biled in de soup fur haf' an hour, yer don't spees 'em ter be errlive yit, does yer?"—Texas Sifter.

PRINCIPALLY IMAGINATION.

"Well, at any rate, professor, I have the bump of imagination, I hope."

"Well, yes; I think I may say your brain is principally imagination."—Leslie's Popular Monthly.

Sentiment and Fact.

Mrs. Languid—Lovers never kneel to a woman any more.

Jack Chatterly—But why should they? Missing one's self up seems a poor way to gain favor.—Truth.

A Preliminary.

Ardent Lover—Dr. Entomologist, I wish to ask you for permission to marry your daughter.

Dr. Entomologist—As soon as I have classified you.—Detroit Free Press.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE BOY WHO RAN AWAY.

"I'm going now to run away,"
Said little Sammie Green one day.
"Then I can do just what I choose.
I'll never have to black my shoes,
Or wash my face or comb my hair.
I'll find a place, I know, somewhere;
And never have again to fill
That old chip-basket—so I will.

"Good-by, mamma," he said—"good-by!"
He thought his mother then would cry.
She only said: "You going, dear?"
And didn't shed a single tear.
"There, now," said Sammie Green, "I know
She does not care if I do go.
But Bridget does. She'll have to fill
That old chip-basket—so she will."

But Bridget only said: "Well, boy,
You off for sure? I wish you joy."
And Sammy's little sister Kate,
Who swung upon the garden gate,
Said anxiously, as he passed thro':
"To-night whatever will you do
When you can't get no 'lasses spread
At supper-time on top of bread?"

One block from home and Sammie's dear
Weak little heart was full of fear.
He thought about "Red Riding Hood;"
The wolf that met her in the wood;
The bean-stalk boy who kept so mum
When he heard the giant's "Fee, fo fum;"
Of the dark night and the policeman.
Then poor Sammie homeward ran.

Quick thro' the alley-way he sped,
And crawled in thro' the old wood-shed.
The big chip-basket he did fill;
He blacked his shoes up with a will;
He washed his face and combed his hair;
He went up to his mother's chair,
And kissed her twice, and then he said:
"I'd like some 'lasses top of bread!"
—Mrs. Susan T. Perry, in Golden Days.

WHERE FISHES SWIM.

This Tells How Any Bright Boy Can Make a Waterscope.

If you go to the lakes or to the seashore this summer you should take a waterscope along with you.

A waterscope is a device which will enable you to peer down to the bottom of a lake or stream and see the seaweeds, with the fish resting among them. Any boy can make one of them very easily, and he can have no end of fun using it.

The waterscope consists of a long, narrow box, covered at one end with glass—ordinary window glass. To make it get four pieces of smooth, straight-grained pine wood, one-quarter of an inch in thickness, 20 or 24 inches long and 2½ inches wide. Have these pieces made true and exact in measurement. Carefully tack them together with brads in the form of a long box. It may be well before joining them to daub on a little white lead paint, so as to make the joints watertight. Now cut a piece of glass the size of one end of the long box. You can readily cut glass with an old pair of shears by holding it under water. Fasten this piece of glass to the end of the tube by means of a few small tacks driven close to its edges. Then putty it carefully round, and, when the putty is thoroughly dry, paint the box

WATCHING THE FISH.

and putty, taking pains to fill all the cracks. This is necessary to make the box watertight.

In a day or two your waterscope will be dry enough for use. On some bright sunny afternoon push your boat out on the lake or stream where you wish to experiment. Thrust the glass end of the waterscope well under the surface of the water and place your eye at the other end. You will find that you can see through the water with great distinctness, often to the hiding places of fish among those forests of the lake bottoms, the seaweeds. The object of the waterscope is to cut through the disturbed surface of the lake where your boat stands, and also to protect your eyes from the reflection of the sun on the water. Of course it does not act like a telescope, and you cannot see to the bottom where the water is very muddy or where it is very deep.

But you will be astonished at what a fairyland of beauty the waterscope will reveal along the edges of some of our clear lakes on a sunny day. Often you can see a big clam, with his mouth wide open, waiting for his dinner to drop into it, or a lazy pickerel or a sunfish resting near the bottom, and sometimes you will see lost objects of various kinds, including trolling hooks and lines and other things of a similar nature. The writer once knew a man who found a watch he had dropped into the lake by means of a waterscope.—Chicago Record.

A Pair of Robins.

A pretty little incident is that told by Miss Edgeworth, in her recently published correspondence, of an old peasant of her acquaintance, Robin Woods, who was very sick, very old, and fast approaching his end. She went to see him and found him in bed, cheery and uncomplaining, enjoying the society of his pet bird, a robin redbreast, which fluttered contentedly about the room, entirely at liberty and entirely at home.

The old man was about to have a meal, and as he took his bowl of milk and potatoes the bird, which had perched on the foot of the bed, hopped eagerly along its master's body from his foot upward, sure of a share in the feast. She thought the sight a pretty one and said to the invalid, looking from one robin to the other: "You seem very happy together!" "Yes," was the quaint answer, as the old fellow smiled gratefully at his companionable little namesake, "we was that, ever since we was married."—Youth's Companion.

TALK WITH WASHINGTON.

How a Brave Little Boy Met the Great American Commander.

In St. Nicholas Sara King Wiley has a romance of the American revolution entitled "Maurice and His Father." A brave little English lad is separated from his father and falls into the hands of the Americans. His father afterwards embraces the patriot cause and his son is restored to him through the medium of Washington, as shown in the following extract:

Maurice was informed that Gen. Washington was there showing the works to Gen. Lafayette, and his heart began to flutter and thump within him.

Barney was sitting beside him, looking at his master with bright and loving eyes, his little black nose quivering.

"Barney," said the boy, "we're afraid, but we're not going to stop if we are."

And, picking up the dog, he took his way through the rustling leaves that lay like heaps of gold towards the house which one of the soldiers, from whom Maurice ventured to ask for directions, had pointed out to him.

"Yes, Gen. Washington is there and alone," he was told.

Could he see him?

"Sure, no, ye little bye," said the Irish sentry. "It's wore out the poor

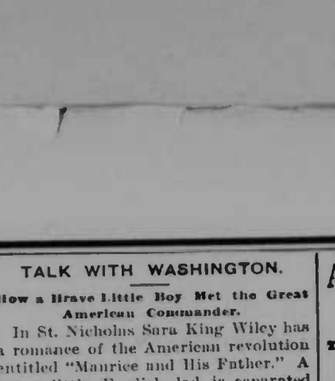

THERE STOOD THE GREAT COMMANDER.

gintleman is, already, and it's mesilf wouldn't bother with all thim jabbering Frenchmen."

Maurice was desperate.

"Oh, please!" he said. "Beg, Barney; you beg, too."

The little dog sat up at once with drooping paws.

"Sure, me own name's Barney. And is your dog's name O'Reilly, too?" said the sentry.

"Oh, if he is your namesake," exclaimed Barney, "you must let him in! Oh, see, you can hold him while I go in!" Maurice thought no one could resist such an offer.

"I'll see," said the soldier, and he stepped within, and, returning, said: "Go on."

Maurice yielded up Barney and stepped into the hall, went along it and paused just inside an open door. He was trembling. A voice said: "What is your errand?"—a voice even grave and rather severe.

Maurice raised his eyes. Just before the fireplace stood that great commander; to the boy's excited thought he seemed even larger than he was.

"What is your errand, my lad?" said he again, with a note of command in the tone.

"Oh, my father—my father!" he said. "I have been lost from him so very long!"

Something in the thrilling child's voice, something in the piteous and forlorn expression of his face went straight to the warm heart that the general carried beneath his calm exterior. He crossed the room in quick strides, and, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder, said, kindly:

"My poor child!"

This was too much. Maurice had borne bravely the long strain of waiting, the repeated disappointments, but the unexpected sympathy broke down his self-possession. He put his head in the crook of his arm and sobs came fast, sobs that shook him from head to foot. The general drew him aside, sat down in an arm-chair, and, taking the little hanging hand in his own, said: "There, there, stop crying and tell me all about it."

Maurice choked down his sobs and told his story. At his father's name the general rose quickly.

"Col. Terraine's son! Why, then, your father was here a short time ago—he may be upstairs now!"

Maurice forgot even the great chief and sprang for the door. But Washington caught him by the arm.

"My dear boy—he does not know—I will go."

Maurice stood still in the center of the room and pressed his hands hard together. The general went out and upstairs; it seemed to Maurice that he stepped very slowly.

Col. Terraine sat in an upstairs room writing; he laid down his pen and rose as the general entered.

"Colonel," said Washington, "I have some wonderful news for you." He paused; the officer took a step forward and opened his lips, but did not speak.

"Come downstairs with me," continued the general, slowly, "and remember as you go that passage in the Scriptures: But the father said: 'Let us be merry, for this my son'"— Col. Terraine caught the back of a chair—"'for this my son—'" went on the sweet, grave voice, "'was dead, and is alive again; he was lost and is found.'"

Col. Terraine stood an instant with wide, questioning eyes; then he rushed through the doorway and down the stairs. The general followed him quickly. There was a loud cry as the colonel entered the room and Maurice sprang into his father's arms. Gen. Washington closed the door and stood guard over it himself. Barney, having escaped from the soldier, tore in, and the general stooped from his great height to pat the little dog. If Barney had been a man he would have seen that there were tears in the bright blue eyes.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

MAKING A TERRACE.

This Article Explains How to Construct a Durable One.

Whatever may be one's personal opinion as to the beauty of terraces, it is certain that men and women will continue to like them and to construct them. It is important, therefore, to know how to construct them in the best manner. But before explaining a wrinkle or two that are of value in terrace building, I want to protest vigorously against the making of double ter-

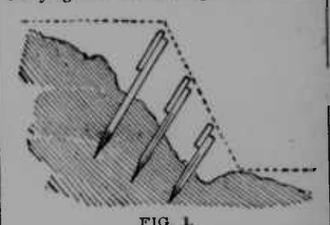

FIG. 1.

races. They are an abomination in the sight of good landscape gardening; and as for three terraces, one above another—well, words fail me fitly to characterize such atrocious mutilation of the "old sod."

In making a single terrace, it is a somewhat difficult matter to make a loose bank of earth remain in place until the sod is applied, and even after the sod is in place any pressure on the top of the terrace is likely to cause the whole upper edge to slip off. To prevent this trouble, drive two or three rows of stakes along the extent of the proposed terrace, and to the upper part

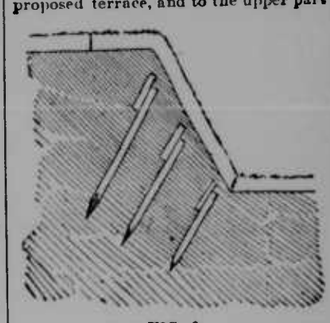

FIG. 2.

nail rough boards, as shown in the cross section in Fig. 1. This will hold the heaped-up earth in place till the sod is applied, and thereafter will give great firmness to the terrace until nature so cements all the materials as to make slipping impossible, as shown in Fig. 2.

There is shown in this cross-section an excellent point in applying turf to terraces. The end of the roll is begun on the level top of the terrace, and is carried out over the edge and down the slope, thus giving no open crack at the upper edge, where an opening is specially detrimental to the well-being of a terrace. As sharp and distinct an edge can be made in this way as where the opening comes at the edge, while the results of the former practice are far superior. —Country Gentleman.

CARE OF IMPLEMENTS.

How Is the Time to Clean and Store Them Away Under Shelter.

Now that the greater part of the season's work is finished, it will be a good plan to gather up all of the implements, plows, harrows, cultivators, mowers, rakes, binders and all such tools and store them away under shelter. It is not only necessary to get them under shelter, but to store them away in a good condition. If left exposed to the weather considerable damage will be done by rain, sun, wind and snow. If proper care is not taken in storing away, considerable injury will be done to the iron and steel from rust, and to the woodwork by decay. The dirt should all be cleaned off. If allowed to remain on, as is often done, it will increase the conditions for decay. Clean off the dirt of every kind, washing if necessary, and then paint well. Linseed oil and Spanish brown, red vermillion or red ochre mixed to a proper consistency makes not only a cheap paint but a durable one, and it will pay to keep the woodwork of all the implements and the wagons covered with it.

Black asphaltum paint is best for the iron and steel except the working parts—the share and mold-boards of the plows, the sickles of the mowers and parts of this kind that need to be kept bright. These should be well oiled all over or covered with unsalted grease and then covered with a thick whitewash into which a small quantity of glue has been stirred. This will prevent rust and save much time in getting the implements in condition for work in the spring.

The work of cleaning and painting can be done better now than at any other time, and the tools will be all the better for it. Some time in the spring can be saved if a little care is taken in storing them away. Put the implements like the mower, binder and hay rake in first, and the plow, cultivator and harrow that will be needed first in the spring, last. This will save overhauling in the spring. If the tool shed has no floor, put boards under the wheels and under every part of the machinery that comes directly upon the ground.

Shelter for the machinery, and putting away in good condition will pay as well as good sheltering of the stock. Summer sun and rain are almost, if not quite, as injurious as winter wind and storms.—St. Louis Republic.

It is cheaper and better to get the straggling stumps and stones out of the fields than to attempt to work around them with a reaper, mower, cultivator or harrow. Many valuable implements are annually injured needlessly from stumps or stones.—Colman's Rural World.

CAPTIVE FOR THIRTY YEARS

Carl G. James Says He Was Stolen by Indians in 1863.

Gov. Rich, of Michigan, has received a letter from Carl G. James, of Grand Forks, S. D., who is anxious to find his parents, telling a thrilling story.

James says in 1863 or 1864 he was taken from Port Huron by the Canadian Indians. Shortly thereafter the Indians became afraid of the whites and moved west, taking their captive with them. James was very young then, and it was not until two years ago that he learned where he was taken from. He immediately set out to find some trace of his relatives, but has not yet been successful. James says at the time of the Northfield massacre he made his escape after being tied to a stake and burned so severely that he still carries the scars. A young girl was taken from Port Huron at the same time he was, but he has been unable to learn whether she was his sister. The story is vouched for by D. P. Ryan, of Grand Forks, who says that the young man is handicapped in his efforts to find his family by the fact that he does not know his real name, James being the name of the man who rescued him.

No Autograph for Her.

The new girl was a treasure, and the mistress of the house is still quaking over the narrow escape she had from losing her the other day.

On the morning of the day upon which her wages became due her mistress requested her to step into the study, where her master was waiting to pay her. In a few moments she rushed from the study to the kitchen, where she had left her mistress, and in less time than it takes to narrate had given the astonished lady notice that she was going to leave.

"But whatever is the matter, Mary?" inquired her mistress. "What has your master said or done to annoy you?"

"He hasn't said nuthin'," replied Mary, as she flourished a check in her mistress' face, "but he's given me this for a month's slavery. Not me; I ain't no ortygraph collector, I ain't."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Baseball Town.

"This is a great baseball town, isn't it?"

"I should say so. A fellow can't even get off to go to his grandmother's funeral without showing a doctor's certificate."—Buffalo News.

Everybody Welcome

To take advantage of the lowest rate ever made to St. Paul and Minneapolis, on the occasion of the Thirtieth Annual Encampment of the G. A. R., the first week in September. Only one cent per mile for the round trip is the rate made, fought for and established by the Chicago Great Western Railway (Maple Leaf Route) for the "boys in blue" and their friends, while the tickets are good for return at any time within thirty days. This is your opportunity to visit the "Twin Cities" and the Great Northwest. The Chicago Great Western offers every luxury on the journey—Compartment Sleepers, Free Chair Cars, Dining Cars on the European plan. Take your family with you and remember the road that deserves your patronage is the Chicago Great Western. Full information as to rates, sleeping car reservations, special trains, etc., will be furnished by F. H. Lord, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

CRUMMER—"Nothing impresses me more than the littleness of greatness." Gilleland—"The greatness of littleness impresses me more. Nothing can be more profound than the observations of unimportant men."—Truth.

Dishonored Drafts.

When the stomach dishonors the drafts made upon it by the rest of the system, it is necessarily because its fund of strength is very low. Toned with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, it soon begins to pay out vigor in the shape of pure, rich blood, containing the elements of muscle, bone and brain. As a sequence of the new vigor afforded the stomach, the bowels perform their functions regularly, and the liver works like clock work. Malarin has no effect upon a system thus reinforced.

"HE SAW a good deal of her." "Yes, she was often thrown in his company." The wheel, indeed, seemed destined to radically modify if not entirely subvert the conventions of society.—Detroit Tribune.

$8.00 Chicago to St. Paul and Return.

On account of the G. A. R. Encampment The North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Railway) will, on August 31 and September 1, 1896, sell excursion tickets from Chicago to St. Paul and return at rate of $8.00 for the round trip, good for return passage until September 15, with privilege of further extension to September 30, 1896. For tickets and full information apply to agents of connecting lines, or address W. B. KNISKERN, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

THE REASON.—Tommy—"Say, mamma, do they have money in heaven?" Mamma—"I think not, dear. They have no financial problem there." Tommy—"Ah! Then that's why it's heaven."—Truth.

OLD BRAMBLE—"Want to marry my daughter, do you? Let me say, sir, that you are not exactly the sort of man I should like for a son-in-law." Young Gentleman—"Well, you are not the sort of a man I should like for a father-in-law; but, then, you know, we needn't be chummy unless we want to."—Household Words.

"DE labor dat some er dese yer politicians puts inter schemes ter git somefin' fer nuffin'," remarked Uncle Eben, "reminds me er de man dat put in all his spare time for six months makin' er counterfeit one-dollar bill dat wouldn't pass when he got it done."—Washington Star.

"WHAT do you wear such ill-fitting clothes for?" asked the bright young man in the natty summer suit of the elderly person in hand-me-downs. "To carry my money in," was the reply of the elderly person, and the young man began to talk in another direction.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE street car gave a sudden lurch in rounding a curve, and the charming young girl who was clinging to a strap nearly sat down in the lap of the man who was sitting in the corner. "I beg pardon, sir," she exclaimed, hastily. "Not at all, miss," he replied, encouragingly. "Try it again. I don't mind it at all."—Texas Sifter.

HE WAS DEMENTED.—"Do you ride a wheel?" asked the eldest of the doctors on the insanity commission. "Yep," answered the subject. "What make?" "I never noticed." The verdict was unanimous—dementia.—Woonsocket Reporter.

TOO MUCH TO EXPECT.—Dukane—"Didn't I lend you $20 about six months ago, Gaswell?" Gaswell—"Well, if you can't remember a thing like that, you can scarcely expect me to jog your memory."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

SHUT HIM UP.—Cad (after trying various means to draw young lady into conversation)—"Can you oblige with the time?" Young Lady—"I really don't know." Cad—"But, weally, I just saw you looking at your watch." Young Lady—"Yes. I was looking to see if it was there."—World's Comic.

Good News from South Dakota.

The glorious results of this season's harvest of golden grain will pour a stream of sound money into the pockets of every Dakota farmer.

South Dakota has thousands of acres of choice farming and ranch land lying east of the Missouri river, and within one day's ride from Chicago or Milwaukee, which can now be bought reasonably cheap, but which before the end of another year may be advanced in price.

The stock raising industry in South Dakota is profitable, and eastern capital is now being invested in cattle and sheep growing in that state.

Diversified farming, the growing of live stock, and the products of the dairy, are placing South Dakota foremost in the ranks of the successful western states.

Those desiring full information on the subject, and particularly those who wish to seek a new home or purchase land, are requested to correspond with W. E. Powell, General Immigration Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill., or H. F. Hunter, Immigration Agent for South Dakota, 205 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

"You can't keep a good man down," said the proverb-loving boarder. "Not," said the typewriter boarder, "unless he has a seat in the car. Then you can't get him up."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Low Rate Excursions South.

On the first and third Tuesday of each month till October about half-rates for round trip will be made to points in the South by the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

"THAT child cried for an hour this afternoon." "Why didn't you give it to him?" asked the absent-minded father.—Detroit Free Press.

JAOLETS—"Who invented work, Bill?" Raglets—"I doan' know, but he ought to stayed and fluished it."—Truth.

The "SMALLEY" FAMILY OF "FEED SAVERS"

Our Silo Outfit at Work.

Our "family" comprises the "Ensilage and Fodder Cutters, Corn Shredders, Feed Mills, Ear Corn Grinders, Root Cutters and Powers for operating. Our pamphlets should be read by every "up-to-date" stock-raiser and dairyman in U. S. No. 1. "The Model Round Silo and how to build it." latest reports from practical stock-feeders on the silo. No. 2 tells about "Corn-Hay," the new fodder product—its market and feeding value and how to make it. Free with catalogues if you name this paper.

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is perpetrated upon the people when they are denied access to the soil. "Dig in the dirt and you may discover diamonds," but you'll be sure to gather wealth if you put a little money and more work into IRRIGATED IDAHO FRUIT LANDS. Small fertile farms (with perpetual water right) upon main line U. P. R. R. system, upon easy terms. Homes built for settlers. For facts, etc., write Supt. of Lands.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

A. N. K—C. 1619

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

Pistols and Pestles.

The duelling pistol now occupies its proper place, in the museum of the collector of relics of barbarism. The pistol ought to have beside it the pestle that turned out pills like bullets, to be shot like bullets at the target of the liver. But the pestle is still in evidence, and will be, probably, until everybody has tested the virtue of Ayer's sugar coated pills. They treat the liver as a friend, not as an enemy. Instead of driving it, they coax it. They are compounded on the theory that the liver does its work thoroughly and faithfully under obstructing conditions, and if the obstructions are removed, the liver will do its daily duty. When your liver wants help, get "the pill that will."

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

"A Good Foundation."

BattleAx PLUG

Lay your foundation with "Battle Ax." It is the corner stone of economy. It is the one tobacco that is both BIG and GOOD. There is no better. There is no other 5-cent plug as large. Try it and see for yourself.

Burlington Route

HARVEST EXCURSIONS

TO THE FARM LANDS AND PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE West, Northwest and Southwest

The Burlington Route and many eastern railroads will sell EXCURSION TICKETS at VERY LOW ROUND-TRIP RATES on

August 4, 18, September 1, 15, 29 and October 6, 20.

Take this opportunity to go and see the splendid crops that Nebraska, Northern Kansas and other Western sections have produced this year. Ask your nearest ticket agent for particulars, and see that your ticket reads via the BURLINGTON ROUTE. Send to the undersigned for a pamphlet (no charge) about Western Farm Lands.

P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent, CHICAGO, ILL.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Aug 31, 1896.

The harmony among the silver men is of the fighting brand. According to Democratic gossip, "Silver Dick" Bland, who started to accompany the boy talker on his swing around the Eastern circle, was so unmercifully snubbed by Bryan that he refused to remain with the party under any circumstances, although in leaving it, he sacrificed a remunerative contract to swap almighty bad English accounts of the tour for numerous one-hundred-cent dollars from the strong box of a newspaper publisher. The exact cause of the snubbing is not given, but the foundation appears to have been Bryan's belief that "Silver Dick" didn't know enough to make real platform speeches. I will not vouch for the snubbing part but it is certain that "Silver Dick" left the Bryan party ten days or more ago and that he has since then been staying with a friend in the suburbs of Washington. This, coupled with the rough shod manner in which Bryan has walked over every Democrat who has opposed his slightest whim since the Chicago convention, gives the snubbing story an air of probability.

The confidence with which the prominent silver Democrats started in to put Bryan into the White House has all disappeared, and they are now so found that they are allowing themselves to be bossed by the radical populists of the Tom Watson stripe, and they are running hither and thither, seeking some evidence that Bryan has even a fighting chance to win. Chairman Faulkner of the Congressional committee, went to Chicago last week to see whether Chairman Jones, of the National Committee, was able to cheer him up, and since his return he has found it harder than ever to keep up a bold front.

Secretary Mercer, of the Republican Congressional Committee, thinks the vote cast in November will be phenomenally large. Speaking on the subject he said: "There never was such wide spread interests in a campaign. I know that in my own district in Nebraska, the votes polled at the primaries reached almost the total of a general election. Men who were sick braved relapses, in order to get to the polls, and I know of one instance where a man was rolled to his voting place in an invalid's chair. With such interest in a primary, what will be the vote when election day comes around?"

Nobody in Washington took pitchfork Tillman's absurd challenge of ex President Harrison for a joint debate seriously, any more than Mr. Harirson did. It was merely an effort of Tillman to keep himself before the public. When joint debates occur, they are usually between men of the same standing. Nothing but amusement was caused by Tillman's mistaking the curiosity which brought out big crowds to hear him speak in the mining section of Pennsylvania, for enthusiasm for free silver. Pennsylvania Republicans are unanimously of the opinion that the size of the majority for McKinley will break the record, and some of them express the opinion that the Indianapolis ticket will poll more votes in the state than Bryan will.

According to Hon. R. C. Kerens, who knows a thing or two about Missouri politics, that state is going Republican to a dead certainty. Mr. Kerens—"Dick" is what everybody around Republican headquarters calls him—made a flying trip to Washington to consult with Chairman Babcock, of the Congressional committee, and while in the city he said: "The Republican party is united and determined to win. The Democrats are hopelessly split and with three parties in the field we are going to succeed and we ought to succeed. The Democrats have held the administration of Missouri for thirty years, nearly a third of a century, and it is time for a change."

While the Democrats have been making their Eastern bluffs the Republicans have been sending convincing literature broadcast through the West. The result is now becoming apparent even to the most rabid Bryanite. Reports from nearly all the Western states show that the silver wave which followed the Chicago convention is rapidly receding, and if things continue to go as they are now going, well informed Republicans will not be surprised if McKinley and Hobart carry not only all the great agricultural states of the middle of the West, but also some of the silver states. McKinley and Hobart are also rapidly gaining ground in the South. West Virginia, Maryland and Kentucky are put into the McKinley column by some very conservative men.

Call For Your Letters.

Mr. James Arthur, Mr. John Day, Mr. Willie Turner, Mrs. Marguerite Galloway, Mrs. Harriett Dyson, Miss Alice Kelley (2).

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

Farm For Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm known as the Grove farm situated about one mile east of Selbysport, Garrett county, adjoining the lands of John Riley and Charles Fike. Said farm contains 133 acres, 100 of which are cleared, and improved by a good frame dwelling, barn, stable and other necessary buildings, with plenty of fruit and is well watered.

The above described farm will be sold cheap and on easy terms or will exchange for town property. For further information address Oliver Poland, Moscow Mills, Allegany county, Md. 25-6t.

Notice of Dissolution.

This is to give notice that the firm of Lish & Harvey, doing a general mercantile business at Kearney, have dissolved by mutual consent. All debtors are hereby notified to call and settle their accounts before Sept. 1st, 1896.

21-3t. LISH & HARVEY.

For Sale.

The following implements, new or in good repair:

1 light Champion reaper, 1 Buckeye mower, 1 hay rake, 1 seeder drill. Apply to John W. Williams, Deer Park, Md.

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will straighten you out. Make you feel like new. Brighten eyes and brain. Clear your complexion—cure your headache. 25 cents, all druggists. Made by

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

JUDGES AND CLERKS OF ELECTION.

OFFICE OF BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF ELECTION FOR GARRETT COUNTY.
OAKLAND, Md., Aug. 20, 1896.

At a meeting of the Board of Supervisors of Election held in Oakland Aug. 6th, 1896, the following persons were appointed to serve as Judges and Clerks of Election as designated hereafter for their respective precincts and districts, for the term of one year as provided for by Chap. 202, Sec. 10, Act of 1896:

District No. 1:—
Republican Judge of election, Francis M. McCoble, Swanton.
Democratic Judge of election, J. L. McHoble, Swanton.
Republican clerk of election, George W. Moon, Swanton.
Democratic clerk of election, J. W. Lansdale, Swanton.

District No. 2:—
Republican judge of election, D. S. Cusler, Friendsville.
Democratic judge of election, C. M. Liston, Selbysport.
Republican clerk of election, Walter G. Meyers, Friendsville.
Democratic clerk of election, D. H. Turney, Friendsville.

District No. 3:—
Republican judge of election, Charles H. Darst, New Germany.
Democratic judge of election, Gregg E. Bevans, Grantsville.
Republican clerk of election, Charles Beachy, Grantsville.
Democratic clerk of election, Archibald Warnick, Grantsville.

District No. 4:—
Republican judge of election, Peter Monnigan, Floyd.
Democratic judge of election, Philip T. Michael, Bloomington.
Republican clerk of election, Charles C. Moody, Bloomington.
Democratic clerk of election, Lee Fazenbaker, ——

District No. 5:—
Republican judge of election, J. M. Lowdermilk, Hoyes.
Democratic judge of election, John H. Richter, Accident.
Republican clerk of election, Freeman D. Dewitt, Hoyes.
Democratic clerk of election, Geo. F. Kight, Mcdonry.

District No. 6:—
Republican judge of election, Edward N. Casteel, Hoyes.
Democratic judge of election, Joel Bender, Accident.
Republican clerk of election, D. Arthur Friend, Sang Run.
Democratic clerk of election, Hanson B. Lewis, Sang Run.

1st precinct, District No. 7:—
Republican judge of election, David T. Enlow, Oakland.
Democratic judge of election, John O. Thayer, Thayerville.
Republican clerk of election, Franklin P. Arnold, Mt. Lake Park.
Democratic clerk of election, Wm. G. Hinebaugh, Oakland.

2nd precinct, District No. 7:—
Republican judge of election, Patrick H. Riedheaver, Oakland.
Democratic judge of election, C. A. Dodge, Thayerville.
Republican clerk of election, Samuel Lawton, Oakland.
Democratic clerk of election, M. M. Ashby, Oakland.

District No. 8:—
Republican judge of election, Benjamin F. Harvey, P. O., Gormania, W. Va.
Democratic judge of election, Stephen T. Grimes, P. O., Gormania, W. Va.
Republican clerk of election, William G. Riley, Kearney.
Democratic clerk of election, John A. Shaffer, Sunnyside.

District No. 9:—
Republican judge of election, Norman Wilhelm, P. O., Frostburg.
Democratic judge of election, Thos. J. Crow, P. O., Frostburg.
Republican clerk of election, Chas. C. Layman, P. O., Frostburg.
Democratic clerk of election, Urias McKinzie, P. O., Frostburg.

District No. 10:—
Republican judge of election, Columbus L. Paugh, Thayerville.
Democratic judge of election, Wm. D. Hoye, Deer Park.
Republican clerk of election, William E. George, Deer Park.
Democratic clerk of election, Thos. Sollers, Deer Park.

District No. 11:—
Republican judge of election, William P. Hansel, P. O., Lonaconing.
Democratic judge of election, John F. Robeson, Avilton.
Republican clerk of election, Wm. A. J. Broadwater, P. O., Barton.
Democratic clerk of election, David D. Broadwater, New Germany.

District No. 12:—
Republican judge of election, Peter G. Stark, Bittinger.
Democratic judge of election, Peter Opel, Bittinger.
Republican clerk of election, Geo. W. Engle, Bittinger.
Democratic clerk of election, Perry Broadwater, Bittinger.

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J. ALVIN FRIEND,
FRED. C. RIES,
Supervisors.

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The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Bicycles.

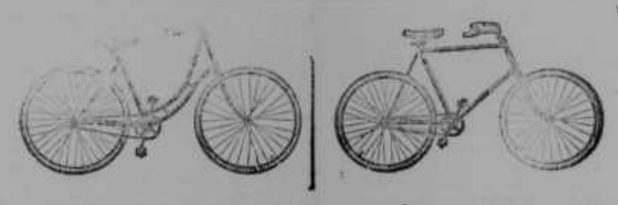

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E. B. SWAN, Principal,
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All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

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The Oakland Flouring Mill is now ready to grind a million bushels of buckwheat. The best equipped mill in the county; all latest improved machinery. Can give either

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Mr. E. A. Dudley, who has charge, has been a lifelong miller, and knows how to make a good turnout of buckwheat flour.

Don't fail to give him a Trial. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Will make arrangements with all the Oakland merchants to buy your flour at big prices. Don't fail to give the Oakland Mills a trial.

Don't forget the place, Water street, formerly owned by the late H. A. Rasche.

Yours obediently,

THE OAKLAND MILLS.

51-1yr.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

ESTABLISHED MARCH 3, 1877. BENJ. H. SINCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1896 NUMBER 27.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings in and About Town told in Short Paragraphs.

There is a suggestion of fall in the air.

Mrs. Mary A. Compton is on the sick list.

Have your name placed on the registration book Tuesday.

Ladies' new style cloaks and capes at M. L. Scott's Baltimore Store.

Mr. W. D. Collier, of Friendsville, was here a few hours Monday.

Hon. A. F. George, of Swanton, was in the city Monday on business.

Mr. W. McCulloh Brown, of Bayard, was in the city on business Tuesday.

Miss Sallie Fairfax, of Kingwood, W. Va., was here Monday on a visit to friends.

Mr. Amaziah Turney, of Oakton, was here Monday and paid his respects to this office.

There will be preaching at St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church next Sunday morning at 10:30.

Splendid cider mills and copper kettles at J. M. Davis & Son's hardware store, cheap. 24-3*

Mrs. J. M. Falkenstein who has been sick for some time is rapidly regaining her usual good health.

For sale, cheap for cash, oats a. the bin hopper; straw at the rick! John W. Williams, Deer Park.

Mr. Oscar W. Stull and Miss Stoddard returned to New York on Tuesday to resume their studies.

Miss Florence Parks, of Kingwood, visited Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Jones in Oakland a few days last week.

Wanted, at Garthright's store, 5 to 20 tons buckwheat flour, for which will pay highest price. 26-2

Mrs. George Simkins, of Chicago, Ill., is here on a visit to her parents. Mr. and Mrs. John Felty and other relatives.

Mr. Fred Felty, manager of the Md. Supply Co.'s store at Lonaconing, was in Oakland Monday and Tuesday.

Ex-Senator and Mrs. R. T. Browning came up from Lake Brown Tuesday to spend a day or two in Oakland.

Dr. and Mrs. Ravenscraft had as their guest last Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Will Ravenscraft and Miss Sands, of Fairmont.

Messrs. William J. Wilson and Abraham Moon, both of Gormania, W. Va., were in the city on business yesterday for a few hours.

The members of the Junior Epworth League will hold their annual picnic at Spiker's grove, south of Oakland, on next Saturday.

Sunday services in St. Matthew's church will be as follows: 7.30 and 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Services also at Deer Park at 11 a. m.

Mr. M. Cohen went to Washington the latter part of last week. While in the east he will buy a stock of goods for the fall trade.

The new church at Crellin will be dedicated on Sunday, the 27th inst. A cordial invitation is extended all to attend the dedicatory services.

Mrs. William A. J. Brown and two little children, of Davis, W. Va., were here several days last week visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Fringer.

The small boy that was out yesterday morning early had the pleasure of seeing a real circus pass through town, the New Great Shows and Paris Hippodrome.

Courtney Merrifield has resigned his position as clerk in W. H. Malette's store and will return to his home in Fairmont next week where he will spent the winter.

Rev. S. M. Engle went to Terra Alta yesterday morning to conduct the funeral services of Hume, the ten year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Creed Dunnington, of that place, who died on Monday.

We would like to see the W. V. U. foot ball team play a game in Oakland. While they are at Terra Alta we think they could be secured. Why not try? We have never yet had a game of foot ball here.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Under the new election law every person in the county who expects to vote this fall will have to be registered. Tuesday next is the first day for registering. Don't wait until the last day but register at once.

The ladies of the North Glade M. E. church will hold a peach and ice cream festival in the school house at North Glade on Friday evening, Sept. 18th, for the benefit of the church. All are cordially invited.

From all accounts Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a Godsend to the afflicted. There is no advertisement about this; we feel just like saying it.—The Democrat, Carrollton, Ky. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Mr. D. Lindsey Sloan, of Cumberland, will address the McKinley and Hobart club of District No. 8 on Saturday, Sept. 12th, at 7.30 p. m., at Wilson. A cordial invitation is extended all irrespectiove of party to attend this meeting.

Sheriff Brown and his deputy Mr. W. M. Coddington were in Keyser Monday where they were summoned to testify against the two men arrested there several weeks ago charged with making an assault upon Mr. John Athey in that town.

Through an error on the part of a compositor in this office last week Mr. John Broadwater received the thanks of the editor for the large apples referred to then. Mr. John Fitzwater was the gentleman who sent the apples and we hereby extend our thanks to him for them.

The Oakland mills, which were purchased several weeks ago by the Maryland Supply company, have been recently thoroughly overhauled and repaired. Mr. E. A. Dudley, who is well known throughout this county, is in charge of the mill and is operating it.

We have just received from the factory another large lot of stationery, including paper for letters, bills, statements, envelopes, etc., which will be placed at the disposal of our patrons at a small profit. Remember, we buy in large lots and can sell at a figure away below our competitors.

Mrs. F. G. Hyde, on the day of the recent flood received a kodac and was so successful in its use that she obtained five superb views of the wrecked streets and raging waters. The negatives have been developed and the set can be obtained at the store of Mr. F. G. Hyde at a very reasonable price.

Several years ago I was taken with a severe attack of flux. I was sick in bed about ten days and could get nothing to relieve me until I used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which cured me and been a household remedy with us ever since. J. C. Marlow, Decaturville, Mo. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr J. W. Laughlin at Deer Park.

Prof. J. G. Robinson, of Baltimore city, representing the popular music house of Messrs. Sanders & Stayman, will be stopping for some time at Dr. M. C. Hinebaugh's, where he will be glad to see persons who desire to purchase a first-class organ or piano. He also offers his service as a practical tuner to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity.

Briar-Bend Seminary will re-open on Thursday, Sept. 24th (D. V.) This worthy institution was established in 1888 and has enjoyed to some degree a good patronage from the residents of Oakland and vicinity. The faculty this year has been strengthened by the addition of two lady instructors. Miss Swan, the principal, is a painstaking and learned woman and we have no doubt the success of the school this year will be assured.

A New Bridge.

On Mouday the town authorities awarded the contract for erecting a new bridge spanning the railroad tracks at Oak street to the firm of Nelson & Buchana, of Chambersburg, Pa., through the representative of the firm, Mr. A. H. Nelson.

The span will be one hundred and eight feet long, entirely of iron with a capacity of 100 pounds to the square foot. The roadway will be twelve feet wide and a footway four feet wide. The contract price for the iron construction is $1,555. The bridge will be delivered on Nov. 15th.

New Fall Millinery

Now [illegible] on which was carefully selected [illegible] Baltimore by Miss Matthews, [illegible] M. L. Scott's Baltimore Store. 27-2t

BASE BALL.

A Great Game Between Davis and Mt. Lake Park.

At Jack Oak Park Friday, Sept. 4th, the lovers of the national game were treated to one of the finest exhibitions of the sport that was ever played in this city. The base ball club of Davis, W. Va., had been strengthened by the addition of young Dent, the great pitcher of Kingwood, who had visited us but a short time ago and played such havoc with the heavy hitters of Mt. Lake, and when this became known it was almost a foregone conclusion that Davis would win hands down but in this as in lots of things there is often a slip 'twix the cup and lip and this was to be the fate of Davis.

The nine sent over from our sister city across the hills was above the average, stocky built and full of confidence and with a determined look upon their countenances to do or die and a royal game they put up to the delight of all who attended and a credit to themselves.

Mountain Lake also had put her best foot formost for she still felt sore for the awful drubbing she had received at the hands of Kingwood and determined to retrieve her lost laurels if such a thing were possible and in addition to her usual strong nine had selected some of Oakland's best players to assist them in the fray. The great Haulenbeck had given himself a special preparation for this event and he was keyed up to concert pitch from beginning to end and the game he played was worthy of emulation by some of our professionals of the first water.

Promptly at 3 o'clock, after the usual preliminary practice, the teams took their places on the diamond and our esteemed friend and fellow townsman Clagett Peddicord acted as umpire in the ablest manner with eminent satisfaction to friend and foe never failing to do his full duty fairly and squarely to the best of his ability.

Davis took the bat and as soon as the first ball was pitched one could see it was a game for blood. They were soon disposed of in one, two, three order, but not so with Mt. Lake, they being more fortunate, corralling three runs on good hitting and base running.

First inning, Mt. Lake 3. Davis 0.

The second inning was of short duration both sides drawing blanks.

The third inning opened up quite differently, Davis going off with a rush and with an error gathered in two runs, and Mt. Lake not to be outdone scored three. It now looked as if Mt. Lake had a cinch.

End third inning, Mt. Lake, 6; Davis, 2.

The fourth inning was quickly played both sides going out in one, two, three order.

The fifth opened up in great shape for Davis, the first batter being hit by a pitched ball and the next man made a single with two on bases and no one out. It looked quite blue for our home boys, but Haulenbeck struck two out but could not keep up the pace and the third man hit a two bagger and two runs came in for Davis. Mt. Lake was blanked in this inning.

Score fifth inning, Mt. Lake, 6; Davis, 4.

Davis went to the bat in the sixth determined to tie the score and right royally did they play. They scoring two runs on one hit and a muff fly ball, while Mt. Lake could do no better than make one run, Dent striking out two men in succession.

Score sixth inning, Mt. Lake, 7; Davis, 6.

In the seventh inning Davis made one run on errors, while Mt. Lake was blanked and the game became very exciting from this out.

Seventh inning, Mt. Lake, 7; Davis, 7.

Eighth inning Davis went out in one, two, three order, Haulenbeck using rare judgment in this inning, while Mt. Lake earned one run on a single, stolen base and a two bagger.

Eighth, Mt. Lake, 8; Davis, 7.

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Score ninth inning. Mt. Lake, 8; Davis, 8.

Tenth. Davis went to the bat and before one could realize what had been done had two men on bases with only one out and with a good single scored them both. The game now looked as good as lost for Mt. Lake, but they never flinched but like the game boys that they are, determined to do their best. The first two batsmen were easy out, Dent striking one out and the other one on an easy fly. With two out, two singles came in quick succession and then Wolf was at the bat. He it was that did the trick. With two balls and two strikes he placed one just over second and two runs crossed the plate, and now pandemonium reigned. Hats were thrown up in the air, ladies clapped their hands, old men could not stand the strain and gave vent to their feeling. It was a scene long to be remembered and one well worth going miles to see.

Score tenth inning, Mt. Lake, 10; Davis, 10.

Eleventh inning. Davis was quickly retired and the spectators gave a sigh of relief. Not so with Mt. Lake. After one man had been put out they scored the winning run, and thus ended one of the greatest ball games ever played in Oakland.

The pitching of Haulenbeck and Dent were the main features of the game, Haulenbeck striking out 13 men, while dent struck out 14.

Below is the score by innings:

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Davis	0	0	2	0	2	1	1	0	1	2	0	10

Earned Runs—Mt. Lake, 7; Davis, 5.

Two base hits—Mt. Lake 2; Davis, 1.

Single hits—Mt. Lake, 11; Davis, 7.

Struck out—by Haulenbeck 13; by Dent 14.

Base on balls—by Haulenbeck, 3; by Dent, 5.

Hits by pitched ball—by Haulenbeck, 1. Umpire—C. Peddicord. Time 2.45. Attendance—300.

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Wasn't it a dandy?

Wolf caught like a veteran.

Haulenbeck covered himself with glory.

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The bleachers went wild.

Paul Daily's voice sounded like a fog horn.

Did you see Dick Bartlett and his sweater?

Even the old gray haired men rooted.

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All praise to the Mt. Lakes. They are the stuff. Smith plays the game for all that's in it.

Seriously Injured.

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TO CURE HEADACHE

TAKE

ANTI-FAG.

Mr. Wm. [illegible] of Hagerstown, [illegible] It is PLEASANT, REFRESHING [illegible]

4 Ozs. Bottles, 50c. 10 Ozs. 75c.

Mailed on receipt of price by [illegible]

PREPARED BY

GILBERT, BROS. & CO., Baltimore, Md.

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A Child Hurt.

Yesterday while Mr. Peter Gortner, who resides about four miles south of Oakland, was hanling lumber, one of his children aged about four years, fell from the wagon the wheels passing over its head inflicting a scalp wound. At last reports there were symptoms denoting anything serious.

Call For Your Letters.

Mr. Lemi St. Clair, Mr. William Coke, Mr. John J. Dilworth, Mr. Alex. Davis, Mrs. Thomas S. Dabney, Mrs. L. F. Whitaker, Miss Georgia Thorn, Miss Katie Barnes, Miss Lellie Colund, Miss Cora Colmer, Miss Delia Callis.

Hector Sinclair.

Hector Sinclair died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Jacob Friend, near Cranberry Glade, on the 2d of September. He was born May 16th, 1812, making him over 84 years old. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church sixty-eight years. He married a Miss Schooley, sister to Wm. Schooley, who died several years ago.

Brother Sinclair was a licensed exhorter in the church for many years and did heroic service in that capacity in the days when an exhortation after the sermon was the rule and when conversions were common in the ordinary service.

Many friends and relatives mourn the loss of the good man. He was not an educated man in the modern idea of education, but was mighty in the Scriptures and full of faith and the Holy Ghost.

Brother Sinclair did not carve his achievements on the arches and pyramids of time, but made the world the better by his having lived in it. Powerful in prayer, uncompromising in his allegiance to his Sovereign, he lived, believed, sang, prayed and labored for the good of others. Long live the memory of good old Father Sinclair.

An hour before he died he sang, "Jesus lover of my soul," and said, "let us pray." Most of his last moments were moments of prayer.

Brother Sinclair's life and death was a grand illustration of the truth of the Scripture: "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord."

DAVID TASKER.

Opening of the New Opera House.

Last evening was the first of a series of entertainments by Buckler's Big Stock Company, from the Grand Opera House, Washington. The play was the popular drama "East Lynne," and was performed by a role of good actors. One of the principal characters was played by a former Oakland boy, Mr. Edwin Baker. The Oakland boys always succeed wherever they go, and Mr. Baker is no exception to the rule, he having performed his part with credit to himself, and pleasure to the audience. This formally opens Shartzer's New Opera House, which is a credit to the town and community.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

Grand Opening . .

Shartzer's New Opera House

FOUR NIGHTS ONLY, BEGINNING

September 9th.

Matinee Saturday at 2.

BUCKLER'S

BIG STOCK COMPANY.

Direct from the Grand Opera House, Washington, D. C., with

BRASS BAND AND ORCHESTRA.

In a Choice Repertoire of Successful Plays, Including

Monte Christo, Tom Sawyer, The Two Orphans, East Lynne, Ten Nights in a Bar Room, Etc.

POPULAR PRICES.

Seats now on sale at Oakland Pharmacy.

Farm for Rent.

Farm for rent of 350 acres; 175 acres in grass and cultivation. Two fine orchards all grafted fruit. This farm lies six miles north of Oakland. There is a mine on the farm that sells from five to six hundred tons of coal every winter. This is the best coal for stove and lime burning in the state. Address, Chauncey Kimmell, Oakland, Md. 25-4t.*

In a recent letter to the manufacturers Mr. W. F. Benjamin, editor of the Spectator, Rushford, N. Y., says: "It may be a pleasure to you to know the high esteem in which Chamberlains medicines are held by the people of your own state where they must be best known. An aunt of mine, who resides at Dexter, Iowa, was about to visit me a few years since, and before leaving home wrote me, asking me if they were sold here stating if they were not she would bring a quantity with her as she did not like to do without them." The medicines referred to are Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, famous for its cures of colds and croup; Chamberlains's Pain Balm for rheumatism, lame back, pains in the side and chest, and Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for bowel complaints. These medicines have been in constant use in Iowa for almost a quarter a century. The people have learned that they are articles of great worth and merit, and unequaled by any other. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Teachers Examined.

At the Accident examination of teachers held last week by Examiner Palmer sixty-six teachers were examined; the number at Oakland was fifty-six, the examination being held Monday and Tuesday.

The salary of teachers this year earning a No. 1 certificate will be increased five dollars per month, whilst those holding a two year certificate and not attending the examination will receive the same salary as paid in previous years.

THE REPUBLICAN.

ESTABLISHED MARCH 3, 1877. BENJ. H. SINCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MD., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1896 NUMBER 27.

NEWS OF A WEEK.

Happenings In and About Town told In Short Paragraphs.

There is a suggestion of fall in the air.

Mrs. Mary A. Compton is on the sick list.

Have your name placed on the registration book Tuesday.

Ladies' new style cloaks and capes at M. L. Scott's Baltimore Store.

Mr. W. D. Collier, of Friendsville, was here a few hours Monday.

Hon. A. F. George, of Swanton, was in the city Monday on business.

Mr. W. McCulloh Brown, of Bayard, was in the city on business Tuesday.

Miss Sallie Fairfax, of Kingwood, W. Va., was here Monday on a visit to friends.

Mr. Amaziah Turney, of Oakton, was here Monday and paid his respects to this office.

There will be preaching at St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church next Sunday morning at 10:30.

Splendid cider mills and copper kettles at J. M. Davis & Son's hardware store, cheap. 24-3*

Mrs. J. M. Falkenstein who has been sick for some time is rapidly regaining her usual good health.

For sale, cheap for cash, oats a. the bin hopper; straw at the rickt John W. Williams, Deer Park.

Mr. Oscar W. Stull and Miss Stoddard returned to New York on Tuesday to resume their studies.

Miss Florence Parks, of Kingwood, visited Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Jones in Oakland a few days last week.

Wanted, at Garthright's store, 5 to 20 tons buckwheat flour, for which will pay highest price. 26-2

Mrs. George Simkins, of Chicago, Ill., is here on a visit to her parents. Mr. and Mrs. John Felty and other relatives.

Mr. Fred Felty, manager of the Md. Supply Co.'s store at Lonaconing, was in Oakland Monday and Tuesday.

Ex-Senator and Mrs. R. T. Browning came up from Lake Brown Tuesday to spend a day or two in Oakland.

Dr. and Mrs. Ravenscraft had as their guest last Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Will Ravenscraft and Miss Sands, of Farmont.

Messrs. William J. Wilson and Abraham Moon, both of Gormania, W. Va., were in the city on business yesterday for a few hours.

The members of the Junior Epworth League will hold their annual picnic at Spiker's grove, south of Oakland, on next Saturday.

Sunday services in St. Matthew's church will be as follows: 7.30 and 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Services also at Deer Park at 11 a. m.

Mr. M. Cohen went to Washington the latter part of last week. While in the east he will buy a stock of goods for the fall trade.

The new church at Crellin will be dedicated on Sunday, the 27th inst. A cordial invitation is extended all to attend the dedicatory services.

Mrs. William A. J. Brown and two little children, of Davis, W. Va., were here several days last week visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Fringer.

The small boy that was out yesterday morning early had the pleasure of seeing a real circus pass through town, the New Great Shows and Paris Hippodrome.

Courtney Merrifield has resigned his position as clerk in W. H. Malette's store and will return to his home in Fairmont next week where he will spent the winter.

Rev. S. M. Engle went to Terra Alta yesterday morning to conduct the funeral services of Hume, the ten year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Creed Dunnington, of that place, who died on Monday.

We would like to see the W. V. U. foot ball team play a game in Oakland. While they are at Terra Alta we think they could be secured. Why not try? We have never yet had a game of foot ball here.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore, has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street. 35-1y.

Under the new election law every person in the county who expects to vote this fall will have to be registered. Tuesday next is the first day for registering. Don't wait until the last day but register at once.

The ladies of the North Glade M. E. church will hold a peach and ice cream festival in the school house at North Glade on Friday evening, Sept. 18th, for the benefit of the church. All are cordially invited.

From all accounts Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a Godsend to the afflicted. There is no advertisement about this; we feel just like saying it.—The Democrat, Carrollton, Ky. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Mr. D. Lindsey Sloan, of Cumberland, will address the McKinley and Hobart club of District No. 8 on Saturday, Sept. 12th, at 7.30 p. m., at Wilson. A cordial invitation is extended all irrespectiove of party to attend this meeting.

Sheriff Brown and his deputy Mr. W. M. Coddington were in Keyser Monday where they were summoned to testify against the two men arrested here several weeks ago charged with making an assault upon Mr. John Athey in that town.

Through an error on the part of a compositor in this office last week Mr. John Broadwater received the thanks of the editor for the large apples referred to then. Mr. John Fitzwater was the gentleman who sent the apples and we hereby extend our thanks to him for them.

The Oakland mills, which were purchased several weeks ago by the Maryland Supply company, have been recently thoroughly overhauled and repaired. Mr. E. A. Dudley, who is well known throughout this county, is in charge of the mill and is operating it.

We have just received from the factory another large lot of stationery, including paper for letters, bills, statements, envelopes, etc., which will be placed at the disposal of our patrons at a small profit. Remember, we buy in large lots and can sell at a figure away below our competitors.

Mrs. F. G. Hyde, on the day of the recent flood received a kodac and was so successful in its use that she obtained five superb views of the wrecked streets and raging waters. The negatives have been developed and the set can be obtained at the store of Mr. F. G. Hyde at a very reasonable price.

Several years ago I was taken with a severe attack of flux. I was sick in bed about ten days and could get nothing to relieve me until I used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which cured me and been a household remedy with us ever since. J. C. Marlow, Decaturville, Mo. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr J. W. Laughlin at Deer Park.

Prof. J. G. Robinson, of Baltimore city, representing the popular music house of Messrs. Sanders & Stayman, will be stopping for some time at Dr. M. C. Hinebaugh's, where he will be glad to see persons who desire to purchase a first-class organ or piano. He also offers his service as a practical tuner to the citizens of Oakland and vicinity.

Briar-Bend Seminary will re-open on Thursday, Sept. 24th (D. V.) This worthy institution was established in 1888 and has enjoyed to some degree a good patronage from the residents of Oakland and vicinity. The faculty this year has been strengthened by the addition of two lady instructors. Miss Swan, the principal, is a painstaking and learned woman and we have no doubt the success of the school this year will be assured.

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Yesterday while Mr. Peter Gortner, who resides about four miles south of Oakland, was hauling lumber, one of his children aged about four years, fell from the wagon the wheels passing over its head inflicting a scalp wound. At last reports there was [illegible] symptoms denoting anything [illegible]us.

Call For Your Letters.

Mr. Lemi St[illegible]r, Mr. William Coke, Mr. John J. Dilworth, Mr. Alex. Davis, Mr. Thomas S. Dabney, Mrs. L. F. Whitaker, Miss Georgia Thorn, Miss Katie Barnes, Miss Lellie Colund, Miss Cora Colmer, Miss Delia Callis.

Hector Sinclair.

Hector Sinclair died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Jacob Friend, near Cranberry Glade, on the 2d of September. He was born May 16th, 1812, making him over 84 years old. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church sixty-eight years. He married a Miss Schooley, sister to Wm. Schooley, who died several years ago.

Brother Sinclair was a licensed exhorter in the church for many years and did heroic service in that capacity in the days when an exhortation after the sermon was the rule and when conversions were common in the ordinary service.

Many friends and relatives mourn the loss of the good man. He was not an educated man in the modern idea of education, but was mighty in the Scriptures and full of faith and the Holy Ghost.

Brother Sinclair did not carve his achievements on the arches and pyramids of time, but made the world the better by his having lived in it. Powerful in prayer, uncompromising in his allegiance to his Sovereign, he lived, believed, sang, prayed and labored for the good of others. Long live the memory of good old Father Sinclair.

An hour before he died he sang, "Jesus lover of my soul," and said, "let us pray." Most of his last moments were moments of prayer.

Brother Sinclair's life and death was a grand illustration of the truth of the Scripture: "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord."

DAVID TASKER.

Opening of the New Opera House.

Last evening was the first of a series of entertainments by Buckler's Big Stock Company, from the Grand Opera House, Washington. The play was the popular drama "East Lynne," and was performed by a role of good actors. One of the principal characters was played by a former Oakland boy, Mr. Edwin Baker. The Oakland boys always succeed wherever they go, and Mr. Baker is no exception to the rule, he having performed his part with credit to himself, and pleasure to the audience. This formally opens Shartzer's New Opera House, which is a credit to the town and community.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion & Debility.

Grand Opening . .

Shartzer's New Opera House

FOUR NIGHTS ONLY, BEGINNING

September 9th.

Matinee Saturday at 2.

BUCKLER'S

BIG STOCK COMPANY,

Direct from the Grand Opera House, Washington, D. C., with

BRASS BAND AND ORCHESTRA,

In a Choice Repertoire of Successful Plays, including

Monte Christo, Tom Sawyer, The Two Orphans, East Lynne, Ten Nights in a Bar Room, Etc.

POPULAR PRICES.

Seats now on sale at Oakland Pharmacy.

Farm for Rent.

Farm for rent of 350 acres; 175 acres in grass and cultivation. Two fine orchards all grafted fruit. This farm lies six miles north of Oakland. There is a mine on the farm that sells from five to six hundred tons of coal every winter. This is the best coal for stove and lime burning in the state. Address, Chauncey Kimmell, Oakland, Md. 25-4t.*

In a recent letter to the manufacturers Mr. W. F. Benjamin, editor of the Spectator, Rushford, N. Y., says: "It may be a pleasure to you to know the high esteem in which Chamberlains medicines are held by the people of your own state where they must be best known. An aunt of mine, who resides at Dexter, Iowa, was about to visit me a few years since, and before leaving home wrote me, asking me if they were sold here stating if they were not she would bring a quantity with her as she did not like to do without them." The medicines referred to are Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, famous for its cures of colds and croup; Chamberlains's Pain Balm for rheumatism, lame back, pains in the side and chest, and Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for bowel complaints. These medicines have been in constant use in Iowa for almost a quarter a century. The people have learned that they are articles of great worth and merit, and unequaled by any other. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Teachers Examined.

At the Accident examination of teachers held last week by Examiner Palmer sixty-six teachers were examined; the number at Oakland was fifty-six, the examination being held Monday and Tuesday.

The salary of teachers this year earning a No. 1 certificate will be increased five dollars per month, whilst those holding a two year certificate and not attending the examination will receive the same salary as paid in previous years.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD

POMPEY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

BY MILLIE E. RAY.

POMPEY sat on the low doorstep, thinking busily. It was Saturday morning, and mammy had her hands full of work in the little kitchen. She had already "redded up" the room, but a huge basketful of clothes to be ironed stood waiting, and all the little Browns expected a cake, to mark the Sabbath day as better than the rest of the week. So mammy bustled around, setting her iron down hard sometimes, by which Pompey knew he must on no account annoy her.

An ambitious project had been slowly taking shape in his mind—nothing more nor less than a birthday party! The October woods were already flushed with gayest colors, and the last day of the month would be his twelfth birthday. What a shame, to have lived 12 years and never to have had a party!

So Pompey thought, while his black eyes twinkled at thought of the imagined pleasure, and then grew sober when he rellected what mammy might say.

Thump! thump! thump! The hot iron fairly flew along on the table in the kitchen, and as Mrs. Brown hung piece after piece of snowy clothing on a chair-back, she puzzled to think what could keep Pompey so quiet.

"I s'pec' he's plannin' some owdashus piece of mischief," she soliloquized. "Dat boy suttingly am a limb."

But the "limb" had had an inspiration, and came in at just that moment.

"'S'pose yo'd like some holp, mammy," he began, gravely. "Doan yo' want some wood toted, or some wata fotched in?"

Could she have heard aright? Was Pompey actually offering to work? Mammy rose to the situation, however, and from that time till noon Pompey worked like a little Trojan.

"Now go find de chillen," commanded mammy, when the gong sounded at 12 o'clock. "Dey is prob'ly gone down to Jackson's, an' dey nebber knows 'nough to come home."

She followed Pompey's retreating figure with a wondering gaze, while she fried the ham and cut the bread for dinner.

When the meal was over and the young Browns had once more sidled out to play, visions of shady woods and falling nuts rose temptingly before Pompey's eyes: but he resolutely withstood them. Mrs. Brown had seldom, if ever, been so proud of her eldest born.

About four o'clock the work was well finished. He had carried the basket of clothes home to their owner, and returned to find his mother seated in the gay, chintz-covered rocking chair, a picture of peaceful content.

Now was his time!

"I done got back, mammy, an' de lady said de clothes was ironed awful nice."

"Did she, honey? Well, I does know how to iron!" said the mother, complacently.

"SPEAK UP, POMPEY BROWN, AND ANSWER YO' MAMMY."

"She guv me a nickel, mammy."

"Whut you gwine do wid hit, chile?"

Pompey did not answer, but sat as though lost in dreams.

"Speak up, Pompey Brown, an' answer yo', mammy. Whut you gwine do wid dat nickel?"

"Oh, mammy!" Pompey turned a glowing face to her. "Gimme a birfday pahty, an' I'll let de nickel holp erlong."

A birthday party! Amazement held Mrs. Brown speechless for a few moments; then she spoke slowly:

"Whut fo' you want a pahty, Pompey? You doan want no fizzle ob a pahty, an' I 'clar I ain't got no money fo' ice cream an' cake."

"Does you hab ter hab ice cream at pahties?" Pompey asked, dismally. "I'd jes' as lief hab a leetter pahty ef I could hab one. You make jes' splendid cake, mammy. 'Sides," he added, mournfully, "I's mos' 12 yeahs ole now, an' I ain' nebber had no pahty yit."

Mrs. Brown reflected. Pompey had been a good boy, to be sure; if he would only stay at that point of excellence, who knew what she might manage to do!

"Will you holp me all you kin?" she asked. "Ef I lets you hab a pahty, will you wuk yo' hes', an' tend to de chilles some, too, so's I kin wash an' iron moah?"

Pompey promised everything required of him. Was his hope to be realized?

"I will sartain suah, mammy. I'll run arrands, an' I'll do jes' ever'thing you say."

Thus assured, Mrs. Brown proceeded to grapple with the idea of the party. Motherly pride assured her that nothing could be too good for her boy, and she bade him make a list of those he wanted to invite. This required considerable time, and the list became so long that mammy demanded its instant shortening.

"Well, ill leab out Pete Jackson, an' I doan care, fo' he nebber lends me his knife no moah, an' I'll leab out M'randy Thompson an' de Whites," said Pompey, cheerfully. "I'se shore I'll hab a nice time when ever'body knows I's gwine have a pahty; I'll git all de 'tention dere is goin' den."

Mrs. Brown was as good as her word, and took in another washing the next week. Indeed, since she had assented to the party she was delighted to have one. Pompey ran numerous errands for her customers, religiously giving his mother every cent toward the grand event.

As he had predicted, he was a hero among his playmates, each of whom longed for an invitation. He avoided naming those whom he meant to invite, but pictured the glories of the coming entertainment in the most glowing terms. Peter Jackson was filled with envy; he was nearly 14, but his parents frowned on the idea of a party, and he could only hope to go to Pompey's.

The day grew steadily nearer, and the odor of baking that filled the little cabin on the last morning fairly made one's mouth water.

Outside on the fence sat the youngest Browns, with a group of intimate friends, sniffing the air excitedly and discussing Pompey's bliss.

"My!" said little Martha Brown. "Mammy's got t'ree cakes done a'ready, an' ever' las' one ob 'em is iced."

"Her dot yaisins dis mawnin'," piped up little Caesar. "Yaisins an' eitern."

The invitations had been given by this

SOME OF THE GUESTS.

time, and Pompey had even relented toward Pete Jackson, for Mrs. Brown said: "One more wouldn't make much difference, anyhow."

Pompey had kept well up to the mark during the past two or three weeks, and his mother was determined that the party was to be a grand one, encouraged to renewed efforts by sight of the pleasure shining on the little black face, and the wondering admiration as he looked at the great cakes she made.

She had some little secrets, too, over which she chuckled gleefully, as she decorated the final cake, making "Pompey" on it with little red candies.

At three o'clock the party was to begin, and at three o'clock precisely the front door of the cabin was opened, and in trooped every child, boy or girl, that had been invited. Then the games were started, and such uproarious mirth as shook the whole place!

Mammy, who was resplendent in her best gown, with snowy apron and brightly colored turban, shook till her fat sides ached, and even joined in some of the games.

Happy Pompey! He was king of the assemblage, and he chose for his partners whomever he would, while Pete Jackson followed his lead admiringly.

But the climax came when the kitchen door was thrown open, and mammy announced, in her very best manner:

"Chillens, de suppah am ready!"

Such oh's and ah's as went up from the little company! Mammy had surpassed herself, and Pompey's heart was full as he gazed proudly around. There were creamy biscuits, thin slices of ham, preserves, cakes with frosting, unlimited candy, and—yes, there was ice cream.

Never would Pompey forget his twelfth birthday, and the glories of the feast then spread for him. How the cakes and other good things disappeared, while that unwonted luxury, the ice cream, was disposed of in a twinkling!

Pompey feast cut the birthday cake himself, giving each one their proper share of the candies forming his name.

He had several bundles to open, too; a handkerchief whose border of red and blue delighted his inmost soul, a penknife all his own, and numerous games and books.

Not vainly had mammy told the story of the party to some of her best customers.

But everything must have an end, and the party shared the universal fate. The last guest departed, loudly calling on Pompey to do it all over again next year, and the sleepy little Browns, who had enjoyed themselves to the utmost, were in bed when Pompey said:

"It was jes' pullickly splendid, mammy, ever'thing, an' de ice cream, too. Oh, dear me!"

And he heaved a sigh in the fullness of his heart.

Mrs. Brown looked at him gravely, and said, after a little pause:

"You has been a good boy fo' a right smart spell, Pompey, an' yo' mammy has worked hard fo' you, an' ef you ain't a good boy now, you ought ter be."

And as Pompey went happily to bed, he thought so, too.—Golden Days.

—No one can go out in what is called society without being somewhat of a gad.—Atchison Globe.

HARD TO EXTERMINATE.

The English Sparrow Survives the Warfare Against Him.

A Lewiston man—Uncle Robert Williams Quimby—has found what he claims will rid the city of the English sparrows, which he thinks are a pest. Of course, many of us would seriously miss the saucy, good-natured little fellows that chatter around the windows and build nests in eaves and behind signs with the most utter disrespect to the feelings and tastes of the owners. There are thousands and thousands of them in every section of the city, and it is the belief of many people that they drive away the other birds; but in the spring the Baltimore oriole plays among the trees in the resident part of the city, the robin nests in the tall trees in the outskirts, and frequently is seen in the city all summer; the bluejay is seen in his season, the pine grosbeak makes us a pleasant call, and the nighthawk "speaks" over our heads all the pleasant evenings of the long summer. The doves, a half-dozen kinds of them, nest in every belfry tower, and the jolly, clannish English sparrow hops about the streets, keeping them clean.

But Mr. Quimby wants them killed off, and after a long study on the subject has devised a means at once melancholy and tragic. He has invented a disease that will kill them all off a year of the day that it is introduced among them—so he says. He got his ideas from a German professor, who undertook not long ago to rid Australia of the rabbit curse. This German said that he could introduce chickenpox among the rabbits of Australia and kill them off in no time. He did so, and the rabbits in several sections died like sheep, but the disease soon ceased to spread.

Mr. Quimby thinks that the disease he has found is similar to the sickness that has recently spread so fast among the Maine turkeys and has killed them off, so that to-day you'll hardly find one on a ride through the country. He caught several birds and experimented with the germs of different human diseases, but none of them would "take."

Then he fed them on a certain kind of food and they died in an hour. He put fresh birds into the cage with them and they died also, in the same way. He has become certain that the disease thus started is very contagious and will rid the city of birds in a short time if it is let loose among them.

But he has misgivings. Suppose that the death of so many birds should cause a pest among the plucked bipeds, too? It would be no laughing matter then.

Another Lewiston man says that he believes the sparrows do a great deal of good. They keep the streets clean and the city free from the accumulation of decaying matter. A piece of bread cannot be dropped in a back alley without a dozen birds being around it in a moment, and in an hour the piece is gone. This man has to suggest, however, that if the people want to be rid of the pest, as they call the bright little fellows, they can follow the example of a western city, which hired—he says—an expert to kill them. The expert bought a large amount of yeast—thousands of cakes, in fact, cut them up in small bits. One morning the streets were found to be covered with these pieces of yeast. By sunrise thousands and thousands of English sparrows were seen picking up the pieces. Soon the edges of the watering troughs were lined with the birds, drinking as fast as they could. When they had drunk for awhile the birds would rise up in the air and—pop! they would explode like a firecracker and fall to the ground. It needed no second dose of yeast to complete the task.

City Marshal Teel suggests that he was always told that the best way to catch a bird was to put salt upon his tail! He says that if it is the opinion of the inhabitants that the English sparrows must go, he will have the dog officer commence on this task as soon as he has captured all of the unlicensed dogs in the city.

Mr. W. B. Bunker, of Lewiston, has recently built a martin house, which he says will contain them. The English sparrows will drive out anything from the kind of birdhouse that will allow a crowd of them to get into it at once. But with apartments in the houses the little fellows are at a disadvantage, and will not try more than once to dislodge the martins. He says that he has built martin houses before and knows whereof he speaks.

The plan that some one has suggested of trapping the sparrows with steel traps is cruel and not feasible. Thomas Mansfield, of Strawberry place, often expressed himself as against the plan of the traps. They would catch too many of his valuable blooded doves. He does not try to trap the hawks that torment him on that account.

Many farmers place steel traps on the top of poles and bait them with meat, but if they should try that at the Strawberry place dove farm some of these fine tumbler doves might be caught in the same way.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Explained.

"That man in the bicycle suit has wonderful self-control."

"What makes you think so?"

"I don't think so; I know it. I talked with him for fully five minutes yesterday and he didn't once try to tell me about the good points of the wheel he rides."

"Oh, well, then he doesn't ride. He's probably only a golf player."—Chicago Post.

After Better Sport.

He—Noodles tells me that when walking with him last night you were fishing for compliments.

She—Poor Noodles; I'm too old a hand to fish in shallow waters.—Detroit Free Press.

Displacing the Horse.

"It is simply astonishing the way the bicycle is displacing the horse!"

"It is, indeed! Yesterday I found a piece of rubber tire in my sausage."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

NEXT THE ALUMINUM AGE.

Wonderful Progress in the Production of the Metal.

Aluminum, the youngest of all metals, is rapidly coming into general use. It was discovered by Frederick Wohler, a German professor, in 1827; but to St. Clair Deville, a Frenchman, belongs the honor of being the founder of the aluminum industry.

The first article made of this metal was in compliment to Louis Napoleon—who had helped Deville—a baby rattle for the infant prince imperial.

In 1855, when the first aluminum company was formed, the cost of a pound of the metal was about $200. In 1889 Charles M. Hall, of Oberlin, O., patented an electrolytic process. He with a few of his friends then started a small plant on the bank of the Allegheny river, 18 miles above Pittsburgh. The first year the company produced 75 pounds of aluminum a day, which they sold at $4.50 a pound. In 1895 a company built a large plant at Niagara falls, and this year they are building additional works. When these are completed they will have an output of 11,000 pounds daily. This will put the United States in front as the largest aluminum-producing country in the world.

Aluminum's weight is about one-third that of iron, and only steel of the highest quality and the best aluminum bronze will give a greater strength for a given weight than aluminum. It stands high in the list of malleable metals, and can be drawn into wire 1-250th of an inch in thickness. It is an excellent conductor of electricity, and would at 20 cents a pound take the place of copper for all electrical purposes.

In Germany two army corps are equipped with aluminum, which includes chevrons and every article of metal carried on the person, even the buttons on the clothes and the pegs in the shoes. The sword bayonets, scabbards and contents are also made of the metal. In Paris there is a cab made of aluminum, and some of our best racing records have been made by horses wearing aluminum shoes and pulling aluminum sulkies. For decorating purposes it is better than silver, because the air, which blackens silver so quickly, has no effect on it. The president of one of the largest palace car companies in this country is said to have remarked that the price alone kept aluminum from being used entirely in car decoration. A short time ago an enterprising firm in Ohio built several aluminum ducking boats, as well as a number of rowboats. They found they were very successful, especially the ducking boat, as this craft was extremely light and non-sinkable.

Price has been the only drawback to the general use of aluminum, but that will soon be such that the rich and poor alike will be able to enjoy the great advantages which the metal offers. It seems likely that the year 1897 will see aluminum selling at less than 35 cents a pound.

Thus the growth of this wonderful metal has been spreading out in all directions. A few weeks ago an aluminum bicycle was shipped to an eminent politician in England, Mr. Balfour. Here again its beauty and non-tarnishable qualities, together with its lightness, make it most desirable.

Cooks of the twentieth century will no doubt demand that their employers supply them with aluminum cooking utensils, as the metal is an excellent conductor of heat, and it is almost impossible to scorch anything while cooking. Dentists are already using it in making plates, as aluminum has its advantages over gold, for on contact with metallic substances no disagreeable electric current is set up. For scientific instruments, such as sextants, transits, levels, etc., where the inertia of a heavy moving part is to be avoided, aluminum is the metal par excellence. Photographers find aluminum flashlight powder better than the present magnesium, as it is cheaper and not so liable to explode in preparation and produces none of the white fumes so disagreeable in the use of magnesium. Among other uses for aluminum are keys, watches, musical instruments, car roofs, ice and roller skates, and many other articles which lack of space prevents mentioning.

The substitution of aluminum for copper and nickel coins has long been a subject of debate, and a bill is now before the house of representatives authorizing the secretary of the treasury to make a trial of aluminum coins. The advantages of aluminum for coinage are:

1. It takes a fine impression when stamped.

2. It wears remarkably well.

3. It resists corrosion better than copper, bronze or any of the common metals. Besides this, if it does corrode slightly, the salts formed are harmless, which is more than can be said of any other metal.

4. Weight for weight, it is cheaper than copper, and only slightly dearer than nickel alloy.

5. Lightness. "At present," to quote Prof. Richards, "the people of the United States are carrying around probably 3,000 tons of minor coins." Aluminum's weight is about one-third of that of copper or nickel, so we could reduce that weight 2,000 tons by adopting aluminum.

Horseless carriages, which are attracting so much attention now, could be most advantageously built of aluminum, thereby making them not only much lighter, but much stronger. Surgical instruments are being made of aluminum. The harmlessness of the metal makes it exceptionally desirable for use in surgery, and when a man has to be braced up he will find aluminum a great comfort.—N. Y. Sun.

No Comfort.

Smithers (putting his head cautiously in at the dining-room door)—My dear, I hope you and Bridget will be able to come to a peaceful conclusion.

Mrs. Smithers (tearfully)—Humph! If we did she'd smash it.—The Capital.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Berlin, having determined to become a seaport like Paris and Manchester, is now debating whether its outlet shall be Stettin and the Oder, which means the deepening of the Oder-Spree canal, or Hamburg and the Elbe.

—England's nickel trade is passing through a severe crisis, owing to the diminished consumption of the metal in German coinage and the competition of the French Nickel company, which has reduced the price from four dollars a pound to 27 cents.

—Russia is a gold-producing country, so it is not remarkable that the circulating medium comprises $422,000,000 of gold, to only $41,000,000 of silver. The deficiency in subsidiary money is made up by an enormous mass of outstanding paper roubles, the total amounting in our money to $550,100,000.

—The range of the human voice is quite astounding, there being about nine perfect tones, but 17,592,186,044,515 different sounds; thus 14 direct muscles, alone or together, produce 16,383; 30 indirect muscles ditto, 173,741,823, and all in cooperation produce the number we have named; and these independently of different degrees of intensity.

—A Hamburg young man has just had his sanity proved by the Roentgen rays. He declared ten years ago that he had a bullet in his head which he had tired into it in trying to commit suicide. He complained of the pain and, as he attacked his keepers and the doctors could find no trace of a wound, was locked up as a dangerous lunatic. The Roentgen rays have now shown the exact place of the bullet.

—Japanese coal is to be placed upon the California market in competition with the standard grades that have been used there for years. Three large steamers are loading coal at Kobe for San Francisco, and two more steamers are under charter to carry similar cargoes for the same destination within the next 30 days. The bulk of the coal consumed in California now comes from Puget Sound and British Columbia mines, while a big share is supplied by Australia.

—The production of coal in India is steadily increasing. In 1895 there were mined 1,295,000 tons, while last year the figures were increased to 3,167,000 tons. The Bengal collieries are responsible for about 2,500,000 of the total. Much attention has also been paid of late years to the discovery of mineral oil wells, but the success attained has not been very encouraging so far, though some 36,000 gallons of oil were obtained from the Digboi field in 1895. The boring at Sukkur has failed to reach an oil bed, though it has been carried to a depth of 1,500 feet, and is to be sunk 200 feet further before being abandoned.

REPUTATION TOO GOOD.

Confession of a Jocular Man Who Lived Up to His Record.

I have been told that I came into this world with a grin on my pink face. Instead of protesting when the clergyman who baptized me sprinkled the water in my left eye, I took the whole thing as a good joke, which led my nurse to predict that I would have a short life. My conduct during my first couple of years showed that I had made up my mind to make it a merry one. The reputation for good nature which I have had from my earliest childhood has proved my greatest affliction. The popularity which I enjoyed as a baby with all those who came in contact with me has stuck like a leech. Having reached the age of discretion, I am expected to be happy under all possible circumstances. My friends tell me that they never met anyone who equaled me in evenness of temper. They are careful to spread my renown among those who are strangers to me. The result is that I feel obliged to live up to my reputation. I go about ready to turn on a fictitious smile at a moment's notice. My tailor may be pressing me for payment of his bills, I may be suffering from the remorse that follows a late dinner, I may have indigestion, or, in fact, suffer from any of the ills that afflict humanity; yet if I see a friend in the street I must grin like a monkey and laugh like a mule. Why? Because I am a good-natured man. Smiling has become such a habit that I beam unconsciously, and if there is a baby in the elevated car or street car at the time, the little wretch is sure to express a desire to sit on my knee and pull my mustache, all of which is a cause of extreme embarrassment. Naturally shy and diffident, my alleged good-nature gives me an air of extreme ease in dealing with strangers, especially old maids, clergymen and police. My life is one long bluff. I am a whited sepulcher. There is deceit in the corner of my mouth and the twinkle of my eye. I am not allowed to indulge in the blues or to be miserable. If anyone is despondent, he or she would resent my failure to make fun as a personal insult. I have been in love many times, but in no case has the girl deigned to take me seriously. Perhaps it is just as well, because in the married state the mask is quickly torn off. What a revelation my real nature would have been! The worst thing of all is that I am looked on as harmless. The world positively refuses to associate guile with so genial a man. Yet I feel that I could be a great and historic criminal if I had the opportunity. I suppose I shall be unchanged to the last, and wink at the undertaker.—N. Y. Sun.

Milkweed Pillows.

It is time by the middle of August to gather the silk floss of the milkweed for filling pillows. No elderdown is half so soft and beautiful as this fairy vegetable down. Gather the pods when they fully mature in size, but before they turn brown or open. Peel off the husk and strip off the black seeds. It will take nearly a barrel of milkweed pods for a pillow. The down is so much softer than any on a feathered creature that it is worth the trouble of gathering it.—N. Y. Tribune.

Good

Blood is what gives strong nerves, vigor, vitality. Good blood and good health come by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Be sure to get Hood's and only HOOD'S.

Hood's Pills are the favorite family cathartic.

Good News from South Dakota.

The glorious results of this season's harvest of golden grain will pour a stream of sound money into the pockets of every Dakota farmer.

South Dakota has thousands of acres of choice farming and ranch land lying east of the Missouri river, and within one day's ride from Chicago or Milwaukee, which can now be bought reasonably cheap, but which before the end of another year may be advanced in price.

The stock raising industry in South Dakota is profitable, and eastern capital is now being invested in cattle and sheep growing in that state.

Diversified farming, the growing of live stock, and the products of the dairy, are placing South Dakota foremost in the ranks of the successful western states.

Those desiring full information on the subject, and particularly those who wish to seek a new home or purchase land, are requested to correspond with W. E. Powell, General Immigration Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill., or H. F. Hunter, Immigration Agent for South Dakota, 205 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

ON THE ROOF.—Jawkins—"Why do you applaud that rot?" Hoge—"Hang it, if you would do the same it would help you not to hear it."—Truth.

Too Late to Mend.

There is a point beyond which medication cannot go. Before it is too late to mend, persons of a rheumatic tendency, inherited or acquired, should use that benignant defense against the further progress of the supertenacious malady—rheumatism. The name of this proved rescuer is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which, it should also be recollected, cures dyspepsia, liver complaint, fever and ague, debility and nervousness.

It is no particular credit to Adam that he never chewed tobacco. There was no other man for him to beg a "chaw" of.—Texas Sifter.

For the past half dozen years Warner's Safe Cure has not been advertised in the weekly press, the city papers having been exclusively used. The Company manufacturing the old and reliable kidney and liver medicine have, however, come to the conclusion that the country paper is read more thoroughly than the city daily and better results can be obtained by returning to the weekly. In this they are correct, and we hope our readers will prove it to them by reading the new advertisement of the Warner's Safe Cure Co. which will be found in another column of this paper, and acting on the advice there found.

"Who was best man at the wedding?" "The bride's father, if cheerfulness counts for anything."—Puck

VERY low rates will be made by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway for excursions of August 18th, September 1st, 15th and 29th, to the south, for Homeseekers and Harvesters. For particulars apply to the nearest local Agent, or address JAMES BARKER, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt., St. Louis, Mo.

IT is more pleasant to kiss a miss than to miss a kiss.—Philadelphia Record.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

WONDER OF THE AGE!

To introduce our wonderful "Rooster" Curling Wand for keeping ladies hair in curl one week, we will for 60 days send you package containing four bottles of this grand toilet article and our elegant 18K Stem-Wind Watch, ladies' or gents' size. Cases are made of 14k gold over solid German silver, handsomely engraved, good jeweled nickel works. Warranted 5 years. Package sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination—if satisfactory, pay express agent our price, only $2.99 and expressage, and he will deliver package. Trial bottle postpaid, 25c. Agents Wanted. Address ROOSTER MFG. CO., 432 Manhatten Bldg., CHICAGO.

GET Ready ..for.. CALIFORNIA

Write or call at once for information concerning our Cheap Excursions to Riverside and Southern California in Sept., Oct., Nov. and Dec. C. D. ALBERT, Room 309, Tacoma Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

EDUCATIONAL.

EMILY JUDSON HALL, Hamilton, N. Y. Finishing and Coll. Prepy; thorough; healthful; enter at any time; $300 and $500. MRS. M. DAVIS-WOODIE, Pris.

1841 | **ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, FORDHAM, N. Y. CITY.** | 1896

JESUIT FATHERS.

UNIVERSITY, SCIENTIFIC, CLASSICAL and PREPARATORY COURSES. MILITARY DRILL by a U. S. A. Officer. FRENCH, GERMAN, LIBRARY, READING ROOMS and GYMNASIA. Five separate buildings. L. I. R. Trains at Gate. For information, address "THE PRESIDENT."

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

A MISTAKE.

A tadpole sat on a coot, gray stone,
And sadly thought of his life;
"Alas, must I live all alone!" said he,
"Or shall I espouse me a wife?"

A wise old frog on the brink of the stream,
Leaned over and said, with a sigh:
"Oh, wait till you're older, my dear young friend,
You'll have better taste by and by!

"Girls change, you know, and the pollywog slim,
That takes your fancy to-day,
May not be the polly at all you'd choose,
When the summer has passed away!"

But the tadpole rash thought he better knew,
And married a pollywog fair;
And before the summer was over he sat
On the brink of that stream in despair.

For, would you believe it? His fair, young bride
Proved to be but a stupid frog,
With never a trace of beauty and grace
Of young Miss Pollywog.

And although the tadpole himself had grown
Stout and stupid, too!
He only saw the faults of his wife,
As others sometimes do.

To all young tadpoles, my moral is this:
Before you settle in life,
Be sure you know, without any doubt,
What you want in the way of a wife!
—Mary H. Olmstead, in Golden Days

ZEB'S PET SALMON.

BY VIRGIL G. EATON.

Rutherford, a domesticated and very intelligent salmon belonging to Zeb Atkins, of Hot Hole Mountain, Me., is dead. The immediate cause of his taking off was old age, though much handling and long journeys overland to the Dead River fish hatchery no doubt shortened his days. Zeb's liking for Rutherford was of an uncommon kind, even in these days of erratic and erotic affections. The tender and pink stenks, which make most salmon precious as well as palatable, were never taken into the account when Zeb made an inventory of Rutherford's assets. A fish that could keep a large spring of water free from frogs and insects for 20 years and earn in the same time $52.06 in cold cash is something uncommon, even in Maine, where the natural and supernatural walk hand in hand. It was obvious to everybody who knew the circumstances that Zeb prized Rutherford as a money winner and confidential companion, and liked him so well that no epicurean thought crossed his mind. In a case of live salmon and regular income against boiled salmon and green peas Zeb espoused the unpopular side, and Rutherford survived two decades.

Zeb is a farmer, who follows fishing for an avocation, preferring the joys of the gentle art to anything he can find around the loafers' bench at the grocery. Late in May, 1876, when his neighbors were saving their dollars to go to Philadelphia, he took his dip net and went down toward the bay, hoping to catch a few smelts. The second sweep of the net brought him in a gilded and vermillion-spotted salmon that weighed 18 pounds. By soaking his net occasionally in fresh water he got the fish home alive. He put it into the great boiling spring back of the house. In a few weeks it had devoured all the swimming and creeping things that made their home in the spring, and began to look to Zeb for sustenance. By carrying out chopped meat and scraps from the table whenever he went after a pail of water, Zeb soon tamed the fish so it would come and take the food from his hands. When the republican national convention met and nominated Gov. Hayes for president, Zeb named his fish Rutherford in honor of the winning candidate. After that the salmon was regarded as a member of the family and no longer was mentioned as "it."

The pinch of hard times, which was felt all over Maine in 1876, fell upon Zeb with the rest. One day when he was feeling unusually poor a neighbor asked him why he did not sell Rutherford to the fish hatchery. Zeb could not endure the thought of parting with his fish. Then he received a letter from a lawyer asking for immediate payment on a small bill that was long overdue. That night Rutherford was taken in a tub to the hatchery and Zeb went home with $3.96 in his pocket. He was very sad all through haying. In August, when his grass was in the barn, he went after berries. In his travels he came to the great pond where the hatchery fish are confined. He was picking berries and whistling an old tune when he heard a splash in the water. This was followed by another and another, until a great shining salmon dashed against the beach right at his feet. Zeb knew at once that it was Rutherford. He fed his pet with a few berries from his pail and went home to pass a bad night. Though he fought bravely, the temptation was strong, and the next day Rutherford was stolen from the pond and put back in the spring.

Fortune was kind to Zeb for three years, but in 1879 a fever broke out in his family that took his last cent and left him in debt. In his straits he again took Rutherford to the hatchery and offered him for sale. Mr. Buck looked the fish over, and, turning up the back of its dorsal fin, showed a tiny bronze tag which was attached to Rutherford's back with a platinum wire.

"This fish has been here before," said Mr. Buck. "There is my tag, No. 623. Wait a minute while I look up this record."

Zeb's knees knocked together with fear while Mr. Buck went to a book and read that No. 623 had been purchased on July 21, 1876, and that he weighed 18 pounds at that time. Zeb managed to ask him if the name of the seller was on this book, and when Mr. Buck said such records were unnecessary his heart turned somersaults of gladness inside of his ribs. Rutherford had gained considerably in the time, and now weighed 23 pounds. Zeb got $4.60 for the fish, live weight, and received one dollar extra as bounty on the tag, and went home feeling uncommonly well.

"If you ever catch him again," said Mr. Buck, "and the tag is still on him, bring him here and I'll give you the highest market price and another dollar in bounty."

The boiling spring above the barn was empty until December. By this time Zeb and his wife grew so lonesome that he made another unlawful journey to the hatchery pond. For two years Rutherford was undisturbed. In June, 1881, Zeb felt the need of new haying tools so keenly that Mr. Buck bought Rutherford again. He weighed 20 pounds, which, at 25 cents a pound, yielded five dollars, and the bounty swelled the sum to an even six dollars. After this Rutherford was taken and sold back every year or two though Zeb never received so much for him at any one time as he did in 1881. Prices varied according to the season and the plentifulness of salmon, but averaged about 20 cents a pound, taking one year with another. Though Rutherford was fed well, Zeb knew that his fish was shrinking in weight every year. Between 1881 and 1890 he had gone down from 20 to 12 pounds, despite the best of care. He was not sick or melancholy at any time, but the fountains of life were slowly wasting away under the combined influence of much moving and old age.

During the financial panic of 1893 Zeb felt considerably encouraged. In 1892 he had sold Rutherford, who weighed ten pounds, for 15 cents a pound, receiving with the bounty $2.50. A year later he took Rutherford to Mr. Buck and got $2.80 for him. Rutherford's weight had not changed an ounce, but the price of salmon had gone up three cents on the pound. This gave Zeb great hopes for the future. Fish were long lived, and it was possible that Rutherford having reached the turning point, would now fat up and earn more money. He was doomed to bitter disappointment, for when he sold him in 1894 the scales could not be induced to tip beyond the nine-pound notch. Tempting foods were brought to him during the winter of 1894-95, and for a month or more he seemed to rally, but with the advent of warm weather came a relapse that reduced his weight to eight pounds, when Mr. Buck bought him for the 13th time.

Zeb allowed Rutherford to remain in the pond until the day previous to turning all the old fish loose into the sea before he took him home in the autumn of 1895, hoping that the change would cheer him up and prolong his days. For awhile he seemed better, although his appetite was gone and dainty frogs brought from other springs at the mountain's base disported themselves about him daily, apparently knowing that Rutherford could do them no harm. During the cold of winter he stirred about very little. Selecting a spot where the water constantly bubbled up, he lay in a shower of golden mica scales, seemingly oblivious to everything. Toward summer, when the early mosquitoes laid their boat loads of fresh eggs, he fed sparingly upon the tender wigglers and then moved away to the shades of an overhanging elm root, as if the sunlight made him weary. For a month he remained here, refusing to come when Zeb called him and taking no heed of the throbbing new life which June had engendered. Then came the end. Early in July Zeb went to the spring to get water for his morning coffee, and saw Rutherford floating on top of the water. Zeb picked him up carefully and found he had been dead several hours.

Zeb put the body on the scales for the last time, and discovered that Rutherford had shrunk away to less than three pounds. Then he wrapped him in a cloth and buried him in the garden among the sweet peas. Later, with the aid of chalk and shingle, he added up Rutherford's earnings, and learned that by selling him 13 times to the same man he had obtained $32.06, which is probably a larger amount than ever was paid for any other salmon.—Bangor News.

Some Beresford Stories.

A laborer once wrote to Lord Charles Beresford saying that his wife had just had twins—a boy and a girl—and he wanted to call one "Lord Charles Beresford Brown" and the other "Princess of Wales Brown." Lord Charles gave his permission, and obtained that of the princess. Four months later the man wrote again: "I am happy to inform you that 'Lord Charles Beresford Brown' is well and strong, but that 'Princess of Wales Brown' died this morning." Lord Charles is a man of few words, and those very much to the point. Speaking in the house of commons one day, in reference to the Arab slave leaders, he said, with great emphasis: "Mr. Speaker, we ought to catch these men, give 'em a fair trial, and then hang 'em." Unconventional Lord Charles has always been. Receiving an invitation to dinner at Marlborough house one evening, he replied by wire: "Sorry can't come. Lie follows by post."—Strand Magazine.

Saved from the Guillotine.

During the reign of terror, David had Houdon, the sculptor, arrested, and wished to have him guillotined, as he had declared war against all the artists, his colleagues. Mme. Houdon went to Barrere and urged him to save her husband. "I see no way," Barrere said, "but tell me, for which of his works has he been imprisoned?" "For a statue of St. Scolastica," said Mme. Houdon. "What does she look like?" "A fine woman, with a scrap of paper in her hand." At that moment entered Collot-d'Herbois. Barrere said to him: "Houdon has made a statue of philosophy meditating on the revolution; you must have it bought by the assembly and placed in the room in front of the assembly-room, and declare that Houdon has deserved well of the country." This was done and Houdon was saved.—Chicago Chronicle.

—It may be said of the theater hat, like some other disagreeable things, that there is likely to be a woman at the bottom of it.—Texas Sifter.

RENTING MOUNTED ANIMALS.

Almost Any Animal May Be Hired, from a Squirrel to an Elephant.

Mounted animals and birds are rented for a great variety of purposes, and almost any animal or bird may be hired. The fur-bearing animals are rented principally to furriers for use as show pieces. Many furriers buy show pieces but there are others who prefer to rent them, thus getting a new or different show piece every season. Sometimes a large number of animals, from the smallest squirrel to the largest tiger and lion, are rented together for the decoration of a show room; and birds in large numbers and in great variety, from humming birds to peacocks, are sometimes rented for similar purposes.

Animals and birds both are rented for theatrical purposes. A stuffed dog was needed in a play. Just the dog required was found at the taxidermist's. There may be a play with a scene in it in which a hunter comes in with a fawn over his shoulder. The fawn can be hired at the taxidermists. It may be that in some play an eagle alights upon the stage; an eagle may be hired. In plays depicting circus life, if a parade forms part of the representation, the wagons can be filled with lifelike stuffed tigers, bears and other animals, such as might be found in a real circus. And bears, elephants and various other mounted animals are at one time or another used on the stage.

Mounted animals are rented for various civic displays and parades and for ballroom decorations and other uses. Tigers can be hired for political processions. For a presentation of Little Red Riding Hood a wolf can be hired. Swans are rented and all sorts of birds. Sometimes a dining-room, as on the occasion of a game supper, is decorated with all kinds of game birds.

Lecturers hire mounted animals. Lecturers on natural history to a school, for example, the lecturer might upon the stage a caribou, an elk and a deer, to show the difference between them. Mounted animals and birds are rented for various photographic purposes. A bear, or an eagle perhaps, to be photographed for a trade mark, or a parrot, to be held by a child. The live bird would not keep still; a stuffed bird will. Birds are rented to artists to draw or paint from.

For fish store openings, big porpoises, sharks and sturgeon are rented; and crocodiles and alligators are rented to leather and shoe stores.

The cost of renting mounted animals and birds is much less proportionately for a longer than for a shorter period. The charge for show pieces is a certain percentage of the value, graduated according to the length of time for which they are taken. For a single day a big tiger could be hired for $10 and a small tiger for $5; a middle-sized elephant for $25 a day; a big grizzly bear for $10, and a small grizzly for $5. An eagle, for a single occasion, one or two days, would cost $3 to $4. A squirrel could be hired for a day for 50 cents, a wolf for $3, a parrot for 50 cents, a humming bird or a robin for 25 cents, and an ostrich for $5 a day.—N. Y. Sun.

A BUTTERFLY CATCHER.

An Old Man Chasing the Idlers for the Richest Man in the World.

Chasing butterflies for the richest man in the world is now the occupation of one of the most striking looking characters seen in the streets of Los Angeles. He is 82 years old, keen-eyed straight and vigorous, with the step and alertness of a man whose life has been spent out of doors. His name is George W. Dunn, and he has been sparing butterflies since 1849, when he came to the state. He is a naturalist of the Audubon type. He knows all the books by heart, but he knows better than all the book of nature, and has spent his existence turning its leaves. He has searched the fields and forests of all the Pacific states, of British Columbia, lower California, Mexico and South America, and has 12 times tramped over central America—always after plants and insects.

Over at Trig, England, lives an old man who is chiefly known to the world because of his immense wealth, but who, if he were poor, would be famous because of his researches and knowledge as a naturalist. He is Baron de Rothschild, and at Trig he has a large three-story building, which he is filling with entomological specimens. He heard of Mr. Dunn some time ago, and has employed him to make a collection on the coast of Mexico. Dunn has already several thousand butterflies ready to ship to August Belmont at New York, who will forward them to Trig. Each is placed in a three-cornered envelope, so arranged that the delicate inclosure cannot be injured. In a few days he will leave for Revila Gigedo, on the east coast of Mexico. He has an indefinite commission, and will be a long time completing the baron's collection. As he appears certain to be good for half a century more of life, he does not need to hurry. Indeed, he says the philosophy of life is this—live slowly.—San Francisco Examiner.

A Subterranean City.

The "City of the Salt Mines" is situated several hundred feet below the surface at Wieliczka, Galacia. This wonderful subterranean city has a population of over 1,000 men, women and children, scores of whom have never seen the light of day or the earth's surface. This remarkable city has its town hall, a theater and its assembly room, as well as a beautiful church, decorated with statues, all being fashioned from pure crystallized rock salt. It has well graded streets and spacious squares, all well lighted with electricity. There are isolated cases in this underground city, where not a single individual in three or four successive generations has ever seen the sun or has any idea of how people live on the outside of the earth. Their rock salt houses are said to be perfect sanitariums, and the average longevity of the denizens of the "City of the Salt Mines" is said to exceed that of the surface inhabitants of Galicia.—Chicago Chronicle.

THIRTEEN YEARS AS A SLAVE.

Adventure of an Italian Priest in the Soudan.

Father Paolo Rossignoli, who, after a long series of almost incredible adventures and 13 years' slavery in the Soudan, succeeded in miraculously escaping from the hands of the caliph, has been received by the pope before returning to Africa, to the scene of his former painful sufferings. He is a broad, strong, well-built man, tanned a deep brown by the African sun, and wears a full beard, which is rapidly turning white from the sufferings he has gone through.

Father Rossignoli was a priest of the Austrian mission of El Obeid, in the Kordofan, and went through the horrors of the four and a half months' siege until January, 1883, when he was taken prisoner. It would be impossible to describe all he suffered for 13 long years, until assisted to escape by the Englishman, Maj. Wingate Bey and Mgr. Sogaro, archbishop of the Soudan.

"So you are really returning to Africa?" I said to him the day before he left.

"Oh, yes, and I go back with pleasure, as Africa is to me now a second fatherland. I feel that my work is there; and, besides, think of all the prisoners, less fortunate than myself, whom I left behind and whom I must do my utmost to deliver."

"Are there still many?"

"About 50, including five Italians."

"Are there no Englishmen?"

"No; all of them died long ago. Among those still alive are 12 Syrians, ten Jews from Smyrna, some Greeks and Swiss, a few Germans and one Austrian, a certain Niefelit, who is the most learned and intelligent person now in the hands of the Soudanese. He was a banker at Assouan and three or four years after the fall of Khartoum he led an expedition to the center of the Soudan, his purpose being to help the Kabbabish tribe on the other side of the Dongola against the mahdi. The latter, informed in time of his plans, surprised the expedition, defeated it completely, the men being mostly killed or taken prisoners, among the latter the leader Niefelit, who was condemned to death. The rope had already passed around his neck to hang him, when he was asked: 'How do you die? As a Christian or a Mussulman?' Niefelit answered quickly: 'I die a Mussulman.'

"So his life was saved, but he was left for years in chains until he gave proof of his ability and he was then used by the caliph to manufacture saltpeter and gunpowder. He also endeavored to make dies for coins and designed a beautiful tomb for the mahdi, which the caliph, however, did not approve of, considering it too European and fearing that if executed Niefelit would acquire a certain importance in the eyes of the Soudanese."

Passing to the situation in the Soudan, Father Rossignoli said that according to the latest news received by him it is most unhappy, because of the fearful misery, dreadful anarchy and widespread corruption. "It is something heartrending!" exclaimed the missionary. "It seems really that the hand of God is striking and exterminating that people, on whom lie so many sins. England could now easily reconquer the Soudan, especially as a large portion of the inhabitants there would favor it to escape the tyranny of the caliph.

"There is, in fact, a party strong enough which wishes the intervention of Egyptians, English or Italians, or any stranger, in fact, to end the horrors of which they are the victims and witnesses. This party is becoming so important that the caliph some time ago had all the so-called coffee houses demolished in which they were accustomed to meet and threatened them with a general massacre. However, it is my opinion that England will not reconquer the Soudan until her occupation of Egypt is permanent and until she needs no pretext to justify her presence on the Nile. After the recent defeats on the Red sea side the Soudanese have a holy terror of the Italians also, and their most terrible curse is: 'May you be struck by an Italian ball.'"—Pall Mall Gazette.

Cow in the Second Story.

It used to be the favorite amusement of college boys to lead horses or cows up to the second story of buildings in order that the college authorities might have the satisfaction of taking the animals down again by means of derricks. It is very seldom that one of the poor creatures ventures to make the ascent itself, but such instances occasionally happen. One is reported from Miry Brook, Conn., where a farmer missed one of his cows, and as his family had gone to call on a neighbor, he locked up the house and went out to hunt for the missing animal. He tramped into dusk and searched every place he thought it possible that the cow might have strayed to, but without success. When he reached home his attention was attracted by a peculiar noise in the house, and hurried inside, and there was the cow in a room on the second floor. The animal had climbed the stairs after wandering in the open door. It took the farmer three hours to get the cow downstairs again.—Troy Times.

Can Live Without Air.

The common snail, although it has lungs, heart and general circulation, being in every respect an air-breathing animal, can yet live for an indefinite period without inhaling an atom of air. On the approach of winter the snail retreats into its shell, and hermetically closes the opening or the mouth with a secretion of silky texture, which is absolutely impervious to both air and water. Spallanzani kept a snail hermetically sealed in a glass tube, from which all air had carefully been removed, for four years and two months, and yet it resumed its normal functions within less than an hour after being exposed to a temperature of 90 degrees.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SPIRIT WORLD IN 1896.

Visions Claimed to Be Seen by Responsible Persons in Different Places.

We have heard comparatively little lately from the various societies for psychical research, and there seems to be a temporary lull in the activity of the hypnotists; but the theosophists, who are far superior in knowledge of the "unknown" to these people, whose mahatmas know all that is in creation, all that has been and pretty much all that will be, have had some interesting proceedings, and the year 1896 has, thus far, had its full complement of ghost stories. The unseen but noisy spooks in Silverton abbey have received many columns of careful attention in the English newspapers, and are still unlaid. In Seabrooke, N. H., the face of the first wife of a recently-deceased farmer appeared suddenly upon the tombstone erected to his memory, much to the annoyance of his second wife, who was doubtless looking forward to a peaceful widowhood. In one of the many Italian settlements in the heart of New York city the face of the Virgin Mary, crowned with a halo, appears at an upper window of a partly deserted house, and the omen thrills even the policemen on the beat.

These visions and visitations are all authenticated by "responsible persons," as ghost stories always are. But they are still less worthy of credence than the long and informing letter dictated to a medium by the spirit of a physician who was killed in a street accident. His widow firmly believes in the authenticity of this document, and she ought to know. The letter is as verbose and platitudinous as such communications generally are, but it is important because of its direct contradiction of the most cherished belief of the theosophists and their mahatmas. They cling to the Brahma-Buddhist doctrine of reincarnation. The souls of men are used over and over again in the processes of creation, and are housed according to their value. When two members of the society were recently married by a veiled mahatma, it was expressly stated that they had known and loved each other 5,000 years before; and a little girl, who delivered an address to the embassy starting upon an around-the-world mission of enlightenment, remarked that while her body was young, her soul was very old, indeed.

Now this physician's soul, the moment it realized that it had been separated from the body, found itself in company with the souls of the physician's deceased children, his parents, his wife's parents, their grandparents and ancestors for many generations. Here were these spirits, evidently with no work on hand, unattached, loitering about on earth for no other purpose, as we can see, except to disprove the doctrine of reincarnation.

The most curious fact about the real ghost stories—those, we mean, in which a certain number of sentient human beings are known to believe—is that they are invariably much less thrilling and interesting than the purely imaginary tales of writers of fiction, just as the doings of the trance mediums and the occasional performances of the mahatmas are not nearly so clever and mystifying as the neat tricks of the professional "magicians" of the stage, who bewilder you for your entertainment.—Harper's Weekly.

WOMAN'S ARM IMPERFECT.

Difficulties a Sculptor Has in Getting a Proper Model.

"I find great difficulty in getting a model with good arms," said a well-known sculptor recently to a reporter. "It is astonishing how very few women have arms that conform to the standard. A perfect arm, measured from the armpit to the wrist joint, should be twice the length of the head. The upper part of the arm should be large, full and well rounded. The forearm must not lie too flat, not nearly so flat as a man's, for example. A dimple at the elbow adds beauty to a well-proportioned arm.

"From a well-molded shoulder the whole arm should taper in long graceful curves to a symmetrical and rounded wrist. It is better to have an arm that harmonizes, even if the parts do not follow the generally accepted lines. For instance, a full, round upper arm which is joined to a flat or thin forearm has a very bad effect. It is only a degree worse, however, than a graceful, well-molded forearm tacked on a thin, scrawny upper arm.

"Correctness of form is not the only thing necessary for a good arm. The owner must possess the power of expression in her arms. As a general thing American women are deficient in this. Those nationalities which show the most expression in their arms are the Spanish, French and Italians. The warmest admirer of Sarah Bernhardt would not claim that she had beautiful arms, yet no one can say that the divine Sarah ever appears ungainly in consequence. Much more lies in the faculty of arm expression than is generally supposed."—Boston Post.

Old Soldiers Turned Out.

Germany is fast turning out its older generals, 32 having been forced to retire within a year, which beats the record. The average age of a brigadier commander is 53 years, to 57 in the French army, where the average age of all ranks is higher than in the German. No German brigadier is more than 56, while 30 French brigadiers are over 61. German cavalry colonels average 48 years 4 months, only seven being over 52 years 5 months, 53 colonels being over 52.—Chicago Tribune.

—When Marshal Berthier was in Egypt with Napoleon he was insanely in love with Mme. Visconti, and committed so many absurdities that among his intimates he was known as Chef de la Fartion des Amoureaux. Among his other follies was the erection of a tent, next to his own; he converted it into a temple to the madame; erected an altar to her picture, before which he burned incense every morning.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS

—Robespierre was in love with Eleanor Duplay, and during the bloodiest days of the revolution spent his evenings with her and her mother. "You would think him a priest," she wrote; "he reads to us poetry and the Bible."

—Rev. J. C. Edwards, England's champion begging letter writer, has just died at the age of 82. He was rector of an out-of-the-way parish and had a wooden leg. On the wooden leg and the poverty of his cure he drew a comfortable income from the charitable for nearly half a century.

—Russia has 503,090,000 acres of forests. In Sweden and Norway the forest area covers 62,000,000 acres; in Austria, 45,000,000 acres; in Germany, 34,000,000 acres; in Turkey, 25,000,000 acres; in Italy, 14,000,000 acres; in Switzerland, 1,700,000 acres; in France, 22,000,000 acres; in Spain, 8,000,000 acres, and in Great Britain, 2,000,000 acres.

—In the intervals between lynchings, tenderness toward animals is being encouraged in Texas. A Galveston alderman who was so shocked at a dog catcher's method of final resort that he induced the common council to ordain that captured dogs must be asphyxiated, has now declared himself about to establish a prevention of cruelty society.

—The Buffalo board of aldermen voted the other day to grant an appropriation of $1,000 for the entertainment of the American Association for the Advancement of Science during the meeting of that body there. But the councilmen promptly killed the measure, the sentiment being that, though the scientists would be more than welcome the city government could not afford to establish such a precedent.

—A correspondent living in Peking, China, writes: "The emperor's real mother died last Friday, after an illness of several weeks. If his adopted mother, the empress dowager, wife of the emperor Tung Chih, had died the whole nation would be in mourning, and the unpleasant sight of shaven heads would be universal. As it is, the woman who has given birth to an emperor will be interred with only the ceremonies due to the wife of a prince, and will be unmourned by the nation."

WHALE'S FROLIC.

Water Blown Upon Frightened Boatmen and Their Craft Pursued.

Two men in a row boat fought for their lives amidst a school of ten whales the other day off Newport beach.

The men were camping at Newport, and had gone out for a fishing trip in a rowboat. Having found a good fishing ground, they were pulling in yellow-tail and barracouda rapidly, when suddenly what appeared to be an island arose from the water alongside the boat. The swell nearly capsized the little craft, and the terror-stricken men fell to bailing her out, realizing as they worked that they had had a visit from a whale. No sooner had they emptied the boat of water than they had a similar experience on the other side, and this time a sweep of a whale's tail nearly shivered their boat.

All about them, soon, were whales, spouting water over the sportsmen, toying dangerously with their boat and having lots of fun. The great creatures were apparently in a good-natured mood, for they resented no familiarity, such as having the men poke them with an oar to push the boat from too close proximity. They showed a most distressing curiosity about the little vessel and its contents, however, and the shouts of the men had no effect toward driving them away.

For half an hour the two Riversiders, expecting each moment to be killed by a smash from the tail of one of the mammoth animals, maneuvered about, trying to escape; but no sooner did they pull a few hundred feet away than the whales followed, and the contest commenced anew. The men kept frantically working for shore, and at last got so close that the whales gave up the chase.

At times during the adventure the occupants of the boat could have touched the whales with their hands, and the big ocean denizens appeared to take a mischievous delight in spouting water all over the hapless mariners.

When the men reached shore they were very much exhausted, and were bruised all over as a result of being thrown about in their boat.—Los Angeles Cor. San Francisco Examiner.

A QUEER INCUBATOR.

One That Is Used to Hatch Out Microbes for Experimental Purposes.

A firm in Regent street, London, makes a business of hatching out artificial birds, chickens and the like, and the incubators adapted for their various purposes are lined up against the sides of the long room. They also take infants that are prematurely born and by keeping them in a certain and unvarying temperature, and giving them proper nourishment, develop them into healthy and lusty babies.

Perhaps the strangest of all their many appliances for hatching living organisms is their biological incubator. Here are "cultivated" whole "colonies" of deadly microbes for purposes of bacteriological investigation and experiment.

The cholera bacillus, the scarlet fever micrococcus, the leprosy and tuberculosis bacilli and dozens of other varieties of these pestiferous little organisms propagate themselves in these forcing houses with marvelous rapidity. They are grown on small lozenge-shaped pieces of gelatine, and a fragment the size of a quarter suffices to maintain a "colony" of 80,000,000 of microbes.

This particular incubator is fastened by two locks of the latest design and most intricate construction; and, in view of the terrible results that might possibly follow from an unauthorized meddling with its grewsome contents, the precaution seems a wholly necessary one.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
G. D. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
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THURSDAY, SEPT. 10, 1896.

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET

For President of the United States,

WILLIAM McKINLEY,

OF OHIO.

For Vice President of the United States,

GARRET A. HOBART,

OF NEW JERSEY.

"THE first dirty errand of a dirty dollar is to cheat the working man."

"GOOD money never made hard times and bad money never made good times."—William McKinley.

THERE is no Boy Orator in the McKinley letter of acceptance. There is just a whole lot of horse sense and patriotism.

THE free silver ticket has a double tail—Sewall and Watson. Its single head, however, is what is weakening the entire body. Its tail is not making any speeches.

THE new table of values to be printed in every school arithmetic when we have free coinage of silver at the rate of 16 to 1 will read as follows: Six inches one foot; eight ounces one pound; sixteen quarts one bushel; fifty cents one dollar.

"WHEN the Creator made man, He did not use any superior kind of mud when He made financiers."—W. J. Bryan.

This is a sample of the stuff the Populist candidate is spouting over the country. The representation of the Creator making man out of mud is on a level with the cross of gold and crown of thorns blasphemy. Such a man as that is entirely too small and undignified ever to be elevated to the chair of Washington and Lincoln.

TUESDAY Mr. Bryan was notified of his nomination for the Presidency by the party to which he belongs, at his home in Lincoln, Nebraska. As a Democrat he is a misfit, as a Populist he lacks nothing. He defends the Populist theories, and accepts the policies which they propose to enforce if they once get possession of the Government. His acceptance of the Populist nomination will in itself be an abjuration of Democracy. There are thousands of Democrats in the country who have had their eyes opened to the true drift of the work accomplished at the Chicago Convention by the performance at Lincoln Tuesday.

FOUR years ago William J. Bryan was preaching free trade as being just the thing needed by the farmers. He didn't say a word then about free silver and the "great crime of 1873." Well, what happened? The election went Bryan's way, and the result has been the worst period of business stagnation in a generation. And Bryan himself must accept his share of responsibility for this deplorable state of affairs. He was a member of the ways and means committee of congress and a warm advocate of the free trade Wilson bill, which was much more radical than the one fixed up by Gorman and Brice. The Wilson-Gorman bill paralyzed the industries of the land, and now Bryan comes forward with—what? Free trade remedy? No, he has not the face to do that. He offers a silver specific. Wage earners will answer him next November.

A motto for working men and women: "A dollar's worth of dollar for a dollar's worth of work."

The Lookout Ahead.

A correspondent to an enterprising Metropolitan newspaper sent a communication for publication which reads:

SIR:—The real benefits of free silver are just beginning to be fully appreciated. Just think of it! To be able to pay a dollar with 50 cents worth of silver! Why, the people will tumble over each other in the scramble to get silver. They will almost want to make debts for the sake of paying them in silver. But what of honesty? Hang honesty. Honesty is played out (*vide* the Chicago platform.)

After a while all debts contracted on a gold basis will have been paid. What of that? We can begin coining nickel at a ratio of nickel 3 to silver 1 and pay all debts contracted on a silver basis in nickel. Then will come copper, iron, wind! Long before this we shall have come to see how really antiquated and un-American honesty is.

But other nations may follow our example. If, however, we only keep a little ahead, paying in silver when they pay in gold, in nickel when they pay in silver, we can always manage to do them. We can be dishonest without the aid or consent of any nation on earth.

But creditors may object; they may call in the courts; the police; the military! We won't have any military, any police, any courts (*vide* the Chicago platform.) We want riot. We can have riot without the aid or consent of any nation on earth. We don't want any law, any courts, any government. We won't have any. We'll just have wind and pandemonium.

No "Enemy's Country."

Perhaps no more significant contrast could be drawn between the genius which inspires the two great political parties of the country, than that afforded by their distinctive representatives in formally accepting their respective nominations for the Presidency. Mr. Bryan, it will be remembered, on the eve of his departure from Nebraska to read his speech of acceptance in New York, announced that he "was going to open his campaign in the heart of the enemy's country." For Mr. Bryan there is no "common country." A large part of the American people he regards as "enemies," and his flippant avowal of this fact, following the declaration of one of the leading spirits of the Chicago Convention, that "this is a sectional issue," shows how utterly antagonistic to the spirit of national unity and fraternity this crusade against the national honor and prosperity is.

Now contrast this sectional and partisan declaration of Mr. Bryan with the national and patriotic utterances of Gov. McKinley in his letter of acceptance. Gov. McKinley looks upon no part of the American Union as an "enemy's country." He sees here a people united in interests, in aims, and in their devotion to the underlying principles of the Government. He says:

The era of reconciliation, so long and earnestly desired by General Grant and many other great leaders, North and South, has happily come and the feeling of distrust and hostility between the sections is everywhere vanishing, let us hope never to return.

Nothing is better calculated to give strength to the nation at home, increase our power and influence abroad and add to the permanency and security of our free institutions than the restoration of cordial relations between the people of all sections and parts of our beloved country.

After the lapse of a century since its utterance let us, at length and forever hereafter, heed the admonition of Washington: "There should be no North, no South, no East, no West, but a common country."

The declaration quoted in the first paragraph of this article is manifestly that of a partisan demagogue the sentiment last quoted is as clearly that of a patriotic American statesman. How sharp the contrast!

The Work at Indianapolis.

The Democrats who assembled at Indianapolis to make a platform and put up candidates in opposition to the Chicago Populistic platform and nominees, do not in their platform confine themselves to the currency question. Regarding themselves as representatives of the true Democratic party, they attack the Republican party with their usual vigor, and seek in their platform to lay upon their hereditary opponents the blame for bringing about conditions which made possible the Chicago platform and the Chicago nominees. Republicans will decline to hold themselves responsible for the defection of a large portion of the Democratic party into Populism and anarchy. The strongest denunciations of the platform, however, are directed against the platform adopted by the Popocrats at Chicago and that adopted by the regular Populists at St. Louis. The Indianapolis convention supports honest money and upholds the Supreme Court. On these points Republicans welcome them as allies fighting in the same cause.

The gold Democrats invaded the enemy's country and took their candidates therefrom. In selecting Senator Palmer as their Presidential nominee they boldly entered the territory of Gov. Altgeld, Bryan's most energetic lieutenant. Gen. Buckner, of Kentucky, also comes from a state where the silver people have made desperate efforts. P. Wat Hardin ran for governor on a free silver ticket, and was defeated by the Republican sound-money candidate, Bradley. The Republicans and the gold Democrats of Illinois and Kentucky should be able to defeat free-silver opposition in those States.

The issues and the candidates are now before the American people, and there are plenty of tickets to choose from. Voters who wish to throw their full influence in favor of honest money will cast their votes for the McKinley electors. Democrats who cannot bring themselves to support the Republican candidate can do the next best thing, and vote for Palmer and Buckner. There is no excuse whatever for any Democrat to vote for Bryan, unless he is enough of a Populist to hanker for free silver.

Democratic Turncoats.

A glance at platform-making by the Maryland Democrats is instructive. The platform of the State Convention, on June 10, recited that ordinarily the framing of the declaration of party principles might be left to the national conventions. but "the overshadowing importance at this time of the financial question makes it incumbent upon us to speak with no uncertain sound upon this subject." Therefore, the State Convention resolved as follows:

We demand the maintenance of the existing gold standard of value, and further that the Government shall keep all its obligations at all times redeemable and payable in money of the greatest intrinsic value, and of the highest standard adopted by the civilized nations of the world, and we resolutely oppose the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1.

The Chicago convention declared for free silver at 16 to 1. Yesterday the National Democratic Convention adopted this plank, with which the Maryland platform of June 10 is more in harmony:

We insist upon the maintenance of the gold standard and of the parity therewith of every dollar issued by the government, and are firmly opposed to the free and unlimited coinage of silver, and to the compulsory purchase of silver bullion.

Since June 10 four Democratic Congressional Conventions have been held in this State, controlled by the same men who controlled the State Convention. On August 20 the First District Convention declared:

We indorse the platform of the National Democratic Convention adopted at Chicago, and declare it to be the duty of every Democrat in this district who would maintain the party organization to loyally support its nominees, and especially do we record our views in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, independent of the action of any other nation.

At Oakland, on August 27, the Sixth District Convention "especially" indorsed "that plank of the Chicago platform which declares for the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold."

Last Wednesday, at Havre de Grace, the Second District Convention resolved:

That we do hereby indorse the Chicago platform as adopted by the Democratic National Convention, and that we are unequivocally in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at the ratio of 16 to 1.

Yesterday the Fifth District Democrats adopted this plank verbatim. The managers of the party in this state have surely forsaken principle for "politics."—Baltimore News, Friday, (Dem.)

Gems from McKinley.

We have not the space to publish the entire acceptance speech of Maj. McKinley, but give a few extracts which will do you good to read:

It is a mere pretence to attribute the hard times to the fact that all our currency is on a gold basis. Good money never made hard times.

Let us hold fast to that which we know is good. It is not more money we want; what we want is to put the money we already have at work. When money is employed men are employed.

It would not make labor easier, the hours of labor shorter, or the pay better. It would not make farming less laborious or more profitable. It would not start a factory or make a demand for an additional day's labor.

It is not an increase in the volume of money which is the need of the time, but an increase in the volume of business; not an increase of coin, but an increase of confidence; not more coinage, but a more active use of the money coined; not open mints for the unlimited coinage of the silver of the world, but open mills for the full and unrestricted labor of American workmen.

Free silver means the debasement of our currency to the amount of the difference between the commercial and coin value of the silver dollar, which is ever changing, and the effect would be to reduce property values, entail untold financial loss, destroy confidence, impair the obligations of existing contracts, further impoverish the laborers and producers of the country, create a panic of unparalleled severity, and inflict upon trade and commerce a deadly blow.

Those who assert that our present industrial and financial depression is the result of the gold standard have not read American history aright or been careful students of the events of recent years. We never had greater prosperity in this country, in every field of employment and industry, than in the busy years from 1880 to 1892, during all of which time this country was on a gold basis and employed more gold money in its fiscal and business operations than ever before. We had, too, a protective tariff under which ample revenues were collected for the government and an accumulating surplus which was constantly applied to the payment of the public debt.

A motto for working men and women: "A dollar's worth of dollar for a dollar's worth of work."

Written for THE REPUBLICAN.

GWINE TER RAIN?

AN INCIDENT OF THE FLOODS OF 1888.

Don't you heer de big owl hootin?
In de pine woods by de spring,
An' de rain crow's mohnful croonin'
Foh de rain he's gwinter bring?
Yais, de clouds am hiflin' lowah,
An' de fog 'raisin' in de trees,
An' dis niggar's feelin poraly
Wif de painin' in um's knees.

Hnh! de rain drops des er fallin',
An de brack calf's glater bawlin'—
'Lows his mammy's done gwine dald;
Gorry-mitey! how it's rainin'—
Hea' de baa-lam's all er 'plainin'—
Makes de ole ram shalk his hald.

For de Lawd, de branch's er-risin'
An' de creek's er-gittin' loud—
How de rain is des a poorin'
'Low er hole is in er cloud.
Hebbenly Angels, saba dis nigger,
Sen' him down a golden boat,
Case de wattah's risin' highuh
An' his cabin's gwinter float.

Tell you what, dis pore old nigger's
Gwine ter jine de chu'ch ergane—
Hattent prayed er little mixit
Twell de Lawd done stopt de rain.

Aug. 25, 1896. —THOS. L. JACKSON.

689 BALLOTS TAKEN

IN THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION RESULTING IN NO CHOICE.

ADJOURNED FOR ONE WEEK.

TO MEET AT ROCKVILLE NEXT THURSDAY MORNING.

After Being in Session Since Yesterday Morning, the Sixth Congressional District Convention Adjourns Without Arriving at a Conclusion. The Proceedings Throughout Were Harmonious.

The Republicans of the Sixth Congressional District of Maryland composed of Allegany, Frederick, Washington, Montgomery and Garrett counties met in convention in Oakland yesterday at high noon and was called to order by Chairman J. C. Peddicord, of the county committee. The convention met in Shartzer's new opera house which had been profusely decorated with flags, bunting and potted plants and flowers by the ladies of the town. On the stage in a large frame was the picture of our next president, Maj. William McKinley.

The preliminary organization of the convention was effected by the election of Mr. Newton S. Cook, of Washington county, as chairman. Upon assuming the chairmanship Mr. Cook made a brief address and was greeted with rounds of applause. In his remarks he mentioned the valiant services rendered by Senator Geo. L. Wellington, which called for another outburst of enthusiasm. Mr. William W. Sweet, of this county, was made secretary.

A committee on resolutions composed of one from each county was selected.

The committee on credentials was composed of Mr. R. W. McMichael, of Allegany; Mr. A. F. George, of Garrett; Dr. J. E. Potsnagle, of Washington; Mr. Marion Dorian, of Montgomery.

Upon the committee on credentials retiring a recess was taken until 1:30 at which time the chairman called the convention to order and as the credentials committee had not reported at that time the recess was extended until three o'clock, when the report was received. Mr. McMichaels submitted a majority report recommending that neither delegation from Frederick county be received. Mr. Marion Dorian, of Montgomery county, submitted the minority report recommending that both delegations be seated and that each be entitled to three votes. Hon. Milton G. Urner, of Frederick county, who headed the delegation favorable to Mr. Motter for Congress, asked that he be heard. The request was granted and in a speech of a few minutes duration declared that if his delegation was entitled to recognition at all it was entitled to cast the full vote of the county, otherwise he and his friends would withdraw from the convention but first pledging that whoever the nominee may be Frederick county would roll up a majority of eighteen hundred for him. Mr. E. A. Gittinger, of Frederick, in a fiery speech took issue with Mr. Urner on the question of representation. He became so highly enthused that he mounted a chair and closed his speech promising the same majority from Frederick as Mr. Urner.

The ballot of the counties upon substituting the minority for the majority report from the committee on credentials was then taken, resulting in giving each delegation three votes. Immediately after the vote was announced Mr. Urner rose to his feet and in a few words, words filled with emotion, he and his delegation left the convention. Before going, however, he shook hands warmly with many of his friends. This action on the part of Mr. Urner was regretted by all in the convention.

The committee on resolutions retired at this time to prepare its report and during the absence of the committee a suggestion was made to proceed with the nominating speeches, limiting the time of each to fifteen minutes.

Mr. David E. Dick, of Allegany, in flowery speech placed before the convention the name of Col. Geo. A. Pearre. Mr. A. F. George, of Garrett, nominated Senator Robert A. Ravenscroft. Gen. Rutherford, of Montgomery, nominated Capt. John McDonald. Mr. Newton S. Cook, of Washington, presented the name of Alex. R. Hagner. Mr. E. A. Gittinger, of Frederick, named Dr. Samuel T. Haffner.

The committee on resolutions appeared at this time and submitted the following:

"*Resolved*, By the Republicans of the Sixth Congressional District of Maryland in convention assembled, that we endorse the Republican administration of the State and the pure election law passed by the late Republican legislature. We reaffirm our allegiance to the great national Republican party and its principles as enunciated in the platform adopted at St. Louis in June last and congratulate the American people that they have an opportunity offered them to forever stamp out all degrees and forms of anarchy, populism and repudiation by casting their votes in November next for McKinley and Hobart."

The balloting for candidates was then taken up and continued until six o'clock when 67 ballots had been taken, resulting in no choice. A motion was entertained to adjourn until 7 o'clock and to reassemble at that hour in Offutt's Hall, which was carried. At 7 o'clock the balloting was renewed and at 10 o'clock last nigt four hundred and one ballots had been taken the result standing as it had when the first ballot was taken, the different counties standing by their choice throughout the balloting except in one or two instances. In the 257th ballot Allegany cast her six votes for Judge Edward Stake. In the 321st ballot Frederick gave Col. A. G. Sturgiss her three votes.

After the balloting had been prolonged until nearly ten o'clock numerous motions were made for an adjournment until this morning, the motion in every case being voted down until the delegates became worn out and well nigh exhausted when Mr. Gittinger at the end of the 401st ballot moved that the convention adjourn until 9 o'clock this morning, which was carried, Garrett and Washington being the only counties whose votes were recorded against the motion.

Promptly at nine o'clock this morning Chairman Cook called the convention to order. Immediately thereafter Mr. Campbell, of Allegany, introduced the following resolution, signed by himself and Col. Pearre.

"Whereas, The fallacious, un-American and ruinous theory of Democratic free trade has injured, with other industries, the bituminous coal trade of America and rests with severity upon the miners of Garrett and Allegany counties: therefore, be it

"*Resolved*, By the delegates of the Sixth Republican Congressional district in convention assembled, that we reinforce that American protective plank in our national platform which was adopted at St. Louis by instructing our nominee to use all honorable means in restoring to the miners of Garrett and Allegany counties that protection to them that their intelligence and industry entitles them to."

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

During the session this morning numerous motions were made to reconsider the vote by which it required thirteen ballots to make a choice, each time the motion was lost by not receiving the requisite two-thirds vote.

While the ballot for the five hundreth time was being called Hon. Milton G. Urner came upon the floor followed by his delegation, stating that they had reconsidered their action in leaving the convention and had come to cast their votes for Col. Pearre. This action on the part of Mr. Urner was protested by the other delegation from Frederick county. Chairman Cook ruled that Mr. Urner was out of order. He laid the matter before the convention in a fair and impartial manner and his decision on the ruling he had made was sustained by a majority vote.

Up to this time the convention had been entirely harmonious, and this little breeze only tended to break the monotony of the ceasless balloting.

On the first ballot this morning Mr. Gittinger withdrew the name of Dr. Haffner, of Frederick county, and threw the three votes of that county to Mr. Hagner, of Washington. Soon after this was done Garrett gave Mr. Hagner her vote, and at 11.15 the convention took a recess until 1 o'clock this afternoon.

Shortly after the time set for the assembling of the convention this afternoon Chairman Cook called the convention to order and the balloting was again proceeded with. After the 689th ballot had been cast Gen. Allan Rutherford, of Montgomery, moved that the convention adjourn for one week from to-day at 11 o'clock to assemble at Rockville, Montgomery county, and there proceed with the balloting. This motion was carried, three votes being cast against it, they being the votes of Garrett county.

As we go to press the delegations from the several counties are departing from Oakland on the trains, all of whom are in the best of spirits and declaring that their favorite candidate will eventually be victorious.

During the noon recess the situation looked favorable for Hagner, but the action of the convention in adjourning may change the attitude of the Garrett delegation toward him, as he cannot secure the nomination without the vote of this county.

A SPLENDID TICKET.

Palmer of Illinois for President; Buckner of Kentucky for Vice-President.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 4.—The Democratic National Convention of 1896 completed its work yesterday afternoon a little before sundown by nominating:

For President—Senator John M. Palmer of Illinois.

For Vice-President — General Simon Bolivar Buckner of Kentucky.

It is the ticket of the north and south, of the Blue and Gray. Palmer was a Union general during the war. Buckner was a general on the Confederate side. They fought each other at Chickamauga, Both are former governors of Kentucky. Buckner was elected to that office by Democrats after the war. Palmer was military governor of the state, appointed in 1864 and remaining until 1866.

The ticket is regarded as the best that could have been nominated. Both candidates are well advanced in years. Palmer is 79 years old. Buckner is 73. Yet, both seem to be in the prime of that mature manhood which never grows old.

Only the names of two old soldiers, Palmer and Bragg were presented for the nomination for president.

Only one ballot was taken, and before the result could be announced, Gen. Bragg gracefully moved that the nomination be made unanimous and there was turbulent rejoicing. Gen. Buckner's nomination was made by acclamation. Both of the candidates will be notified of their nomination in Louisville, Ky., Sept. 12.

It is asserted by the Democrats of Illinois and Kentucky that the nominations make the success of Bryan in these states simply impossible.

A Communication.

To the Editor of The Republican.

There is one view of our currency question which, it seems to me, is not brought forward enough by the advocates of sound money.

That view is the wonderful progress our country has made under the present sound money system. If a single gold standard is so productive of evil results as our free coinage friends would have us believe, how then do they account for the marvelous growth and prosperity of our country during the last sixty years? The very money that they so freely condemn has been not only the chief factor in developing and builing up the great western states but our magnificent industries as well. It is a vain and an unreasonable mind that condemns the bloated bondholders and shylocks of the east—as a blatant free silver press is pleased to term our capitalists—as so many blood-suckers of the nation's wealth. That is not the language of men who reason upon conditions and facts. Facts are indeed stubborn things and he pays dearly who attempts to ignore them. Reason is always cool and collected and never allows itself to be disturbed and dismayed, no matter how great a calamity may be impending. Even the friends of sound money allow themselves to be uselessly disturbed by the anarchistic promulgations formulated in the platform of the Bryan Democracy. A man may be the arbiter of his own destiny but the welfare of a nation depends upon good fortune more than legislation. Laws do not make a country but its people do. They are stronger than all law, stronger than reason itself, but seldom, if ever, stronger than custom. Custom, to a certain extent, is the gleaned wisdom of the ages as concerns a nation of any antiquity—more particularly it is the wisdom of a community. Custom changes slowly but sometimes under the X-rays of increasing intelligence it changes radically and generally for the better. But there are some things that have been customary ever since the light of reason began to work in the minds of superior men, and will continue to be custom so long as men are governed by the light of reason—which, in other words, is *established truth*. It is an established truth that custom—no matter where, when or how—established gold as the most precious of metals and the highest standard for the fixing of values by all enlightened people. Biblical history to which Bryan turns so readily furnishes ample proof of the fact, and the magnified record of the Great Republics and Roman Empires furnishing, if need be, stronger proof.

I challenge the advocates of free coinage to show a single nation renowned for its enlightenment and advancement whose highest standard of value was or is not based on gold.

The prosperity of a country depends upon the value of its exchanges, and that country is the most prosperous that has the *highest medium* representing the value of such exchanges.

Wealth is out of the domain of money entirely: for a man may be rich and not have a dollar in his pocket. For that matter he might be rich and not a dollar circulating in his country.

Again, the prosperity of a country is based upon the welfare of its laborers, its toilers and its workers, and the fruits of their labor that they enjoy. Where, upon the whole earth, is there a nation the great body of whose people are enjoying not only the necessities but the luxuries of life, if not in America? I affirm that the poor are growing richer and the rich poorer, inasmuch that there are but few true enjoyments that the rich have but the poor can have also. Contrast the home of the average American workingman with that of workers in any other nation, and he is living in luxury. To-day, thanks be to the beneficient institutions flourishing under our form of government, the poorest man may enjoy privileges that less than one hundred years ago in our own country none but the well-to-do people could obtain.

In this great campaign of discontent—of unfortunate debtors cursing the men who gave them credit—we should not forget the fact that the greater part of our people are better fixed in this world's goods than ever before. Garrett county furnishes ample proof of this fact in its community of thrifty Dunkards, who, from poverty's door, almost, have acquired good homes and comfortable possessions.

Has it come to pass that the unsuccessful man shall teach us political economy, and the discontented man shall inject his virulent poison into the hearts of contented people—the people who have made our country a nation of homes? In the language of an illustrious and an immortal writer, whose mind was pure reason itself, I find fitting words for the political situation of to-day, and I respectfully ask the free silver reader to read and digest them: "For whosoever shall take upon him to choose and alter, usurps the authority of judging, and should look well about him, and make it his business to discuss *clearly* the defects of what he would abolish, and the virtues of what he is about to introduce. * * They would reform particular defects by confusion and cure diseases by death." True words indeed, for the free and unlimited coinage of silver sounds the death knell to the honor and prosperity of our country.

THE TRAMP.

Sept. 5, 1896.

BRADDOCK'S ROAD.

Later Highways Along the Old Route —Road Legislation.

Public roads have at all times been an interesting practical question for civilized people. In the more early history of Allegany county, and indeed of the whole State, the Legislature had full control over all the roads. No road, however small or short, could be opened or changed without an act of the General Assembly. No subject claimed more attention from the Legislature than the roads.

COST CHARGED TO PETITIONERS.

However, about the year 18—, the county authorities were empowered to deal with the roads. Formerly the parties asking for a new road were obliged to pay the whole expense, and to keep them up afterwards. There were several instances in early times when lotteries were resorted to to raise money to build important roads. Notably, the act of 1797, chapter 14, authorized $10,000 to be raised in this manner to improve a post road from Sideling Hill to where it reached the Virginia line. The commissioners to carry out the scheme were John Simkins (then an associate judge of the county court), John Compton, Evan Gwynne, William McMahon, John C. Beatty, James Cresap of M., John Mitchell, David Lynn and Samuel B. Beall. A bond of $20,000 was required to be given by the commissioners. Their proceedings were to be of record in the county courts, but investigation does not disclose any record, and the probability is the law was never carried into effect. Ten thousand dollars was a large sum of money in those poor times to raise to establish "a post road," which meant a road to carry the U. S. mail upon.

BRADDOCK'S ROUTE.

The interest in the history of the old Braddock's road is still kept alive. It is well known that originally it was a military road, commencing at Alexandria, Va., and running near Fort Duquesne (Pittsburg) over which Gen. Braddock marched his army in 1755. Fort Cumberland was a very important point on the line. It is known however, that Braddock did not locate the road. West of Fort Cumberland Washington had passed over the route several years prior with horses. So it was then something of a highway, but Braddock made it passable for teams and wagons. He had a long train of them. It is known the friendly Indians had more to do with pointing out favorable places on the line than they ever received credit for. They knew every gap and depression as hunters. Even the buffalo, elk and deer have instinctively shown scientific inquirers how and where to locate roads.

It is a fact to be noted that the Braddock's road never had any legislative sanction, or recognition, nor was it improved or kept up by the State. In two or three instances, it is referred to as a land mark merely. Still it was used as a public highway for not less than forty years and must have been kept up by private means or enterprise.

After the close of the revolutionary war the trend of imigrants and traffic set in towards the West. There were then two trans-Allegany highways: Braddock and Forbes roads, both military in the beginning. The latter parallel with the former, about forty miles north in Pennsylvania. The one the national outlet for Maryland and Virginia and the other for the people of Eastern Pennsylvania. The people of Western Pennsylvania took early steps toward a suitable road from Uniontown to Winding ridge, where it intersected the Maryland line, in view of this our Legislature per act of 1793, chapter 71, appointed George Dent, William McMahon and Even Gwynn, commissioners, "To survey, straighted and amend at the expense of those who have or may subscribe to the same, the road not exceeding 40 feet in width, in the best direction from Cumberland to a tract of land called 'Goodwill,' and then to intersect main road from Uniontown, where it enters this State at Winding Ridge. The road when so opened at the expense of said persons and valuations hereinafter directed to be made shall be paid, or secured to be paid to the individuals concerned, shall be recorded among the records of Allegany county, and to be hereafter taken to be a public road forever."

UNUSED CHARTER.

If any proceedings were ever had under this act there is no record to show it, at least none can be found and tradition is silent on the subject.

Inasmuch as the expenses would be heavy upon the petitioners, it is to be presumed the law was never executed. Still the old Braddock road continued in public favor and usefulness till Congress came to its relief in 1806, by appropriating $30,000 to the opening of a road from Cumberland to the Ohio river, to be known thereafter as the "Cumberland road."

THE NATIONAL TURNPIKE.

To meet the national act of the general government our Legislature by an act of 1806, chapter 70, gave the consent of the State to the laying out of a road by the United States to the Ohio river. Appropriations have been made by Congress from year to year until 1838, when the road reached from Cumberland, Md., to the Mississippi river, opposite St. Lonis, to the aggregate of $4,284,086.41.

PARALLEL, CO-INCIDENT AND DIVERGENT.

It should be stated that the Cumberland road does not follow the line of the Braddock but a small portion of the way, sometimes on the one side then on the other, but for the most on the left. The two ways cross each other three times in the 35 miles in Maryland. The beginning of the Cumberland road was at the intersection of Baltimore and Mechanic streets in Cumberland. At the corner of the old Semmes Block was planted the first iron mile post, with an inscription upon it like this, 136 miles to Wheeling. It stood there as a striking memorial of generations now past, until a few years ago. Where is it now? Can't some friend of history and tradition hunt it for a memento of the good old days now remembered by the very few? J. B.

New Germany.

We are having a good many indications of autumn.

R. L. Crowe and H. M. Miller are running the steam thresher this fall.

Misses Lizzie Montgomery and Winnie Wilson, of Lonaconing, were the guests of Samuel Broadwater last week.

A lawn fete will be held at the M. E. church Saturday evening, Sept. 12.

The harvest home service will be held in the Reformed church at this place Sept. 13th, and not the 30th as stated a few weeks ago.

Misses Maggie Schuyler and Lizzie Peal are visiting Miss Etta Bancord this week.

The friends of Mr. Lawrence Compton gave him a pleasant surprise on the evening of the 31st of August, it being his twenty-first birthday.

Mr. Newt Brown, of Cumberland, is the guest of Mr. Ross Compton for a few days.

Messrs. Enoch and Oscar Robison, of Avilton, and Misses Alice Dixon and Emma Hendra, of Lonaconing, attended church at this place last Sunday.

Its Value Recognized by Physicians.

As a rule I am opposed to the proprietary medicines. Still I value a good one, especially when such is the source of relief from pain. As a topical (external) application I have found Chamberlain's Pain Balm the remedy I have ever used for neuralgia of any kind. I have conscientiously recommended it to many persons. William Horne, M. D., Janesvill, Wis. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 8 1896.

Notice is hereby given to all persons using road crossing bridges with steam threshers or saw mill boilers and engines, that they will be held responsible for any and all damages done to said bridges by hauling steam threshers, boilers and engines over them.

By order of the board,

IRA E. FRIEND, President.

Attest: J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Jennie Smith Hotel Company, of Garrett county, will be held at the office of the Company at Mountain Lake Park, Md., on

Wednesday, September 30, 1896,

at seven o'clock a. m., for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year and such other business as may legally be transacted.

JOHN DUNNILL, Secretary.

Mt. Lake Park, Md., Aug. 31, 1896. 27 3t

REGISTRATION OF VOTERS.

OFFICE OF BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF ELECTIONS FOR GARRETT COUNTY.

OAKLAND, MD., September 1, 1896.

Notice is hereby given to the voters of Garrett county that the Registrars for the various precincts and districts will meet for the purpose of registering voters at the places below, between the hours of 8 a. m. and 8 p. m.:

First sitting—Tuesday, September 15th.

Second sitting—Tuesday and Wednesday, September 22d and 23d.

Third sitting—Tuesday and Wednesday, September 29th and 30th.

Fourth sitting—Tuesday and Wednesday, October 6th and 7th.

And on Tuesday, Oct. 13, for Revision only.

NO ONE CAN REGISTER AFTER WEDNESDAY, OCT. 7TH.

District No. 1—at Swanton.

District No. 2—at Friendsville.

District No. 3—at Grantsville.

District No. 4—at Bloomington.

District No. 5—at Accident.

District No. 6—at Mellenry.

District No. 7, 1st precinct—at Oakland in Thomas Martin's store room, corner Oak and 3rd Streets.

District No. 7, 2d precinct—at Oakland in John Shertzer's new building, corner Second and Liberty Streets.

District No. 8—at the Old Hoye Place on the Northwestern Turnpike.

District No. 9—at Johnson's.

District No. 10—at Deer Park.

District No. 11—at the residence of Peter McIntyre.

District No. 12—at Bittinger.

This notice being given by authority of and in pursuance of Section 33, Chapter 202 of the Acts of the General Assembly of Maryland, 1896.

By order of the Board,

A. G. STURGISS, President,
J. ALVIN FRIEND,
FRED C. RIES,
Supervisors.

Proclamation and Notice

Of a new election to be held in Election district No. 6, of Garrett county, Maryland, at the next Congressional election, to be held on November 3rd, 1896, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication shall be sold in said district.

Whereas, by Chapter 461 of the Acts of the General Assembly of Maryland, it was made the duty of one or more of the Judges of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, upon the presentation before the first day of August, 1896, of the written petition of at least one-third in number of the registered voters who cast their votes at the last preceding general election in any election district of Garrett county, to pass an order within thirty days after the filing of said petition, directing the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Garrett county to proclaim notice of a new election to be held at the next Congressional election in such election district to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors and medicated bitters producing intoxication should be sold in such district.

And whereas, such written petition signed by said number of voters in election district No. 6, of Garrett county, Maryland, was on the 31st day of July, 1896, filed with the Clerk of said Court, whereupon on said day, it was ordered by Hon. David W. Sloan, one of the Judges of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, that the Clerk of said Court proclaim notice of a new election to be held in said election district No. 6, of Garrett county, as above provided.

NOW THEREFORE, In obedience to said order, I, Edward Z. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, do hereby proclaim and give notice to all the voters and people of said Election District No. 6, in Garrett county, and to all others whom it may concern, that at the time and place of the next Congressional election held in said district in said county on the third day of November, 1896, there will be held a new election in said district by the judges and clerks of election who shall then and there hold said Congressional election, to determine whether or not license shall be granted to sell spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication in said district, and whether any of said liquors or any compound, of which alcohol forms the chief or principal ingredient, shall be sold in said district after the first day of May, 1897, except by a regular pharmacist or druggist having a license for such business under the law of this State upon the written bonafide prescription of a regular practicing physician of such district whose name shall be signed thereto, and at said election at said time and place in said district, each legally qualified voter of said district shall be entitled to cast one vote for or against said license and sale, and that if at said election it shall be found that a majority of such votes have been cast for license in said district, license for the sale of such liquors will be granted as now or hereafter may be provided by law, but if it shall be found that a majority of said votes have been cast against license in said district it shall not be lawful for any person or persons, firm, company or body corporate after the first day of May, 1897, to sell or otherwise dispose of by way of barter, directly or indirectly, any such liquors, and no license will be issued or granted for the sale of the same in said election district.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland. 26 1t

MOUNTAIN STATE

Business College,

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.50 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

THOMAS R. McROBIE,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felly Building, Alder Street.

All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., August 19, 1896.

The annual examination of teachers for Garrett county will be held at

Accident, Thursday and Friday, September 3d and 4th.

Oakland, Monday and Tuesday, September 7th and 8th,

Grantsville, Thursday and Friday, September 10th and 11th.

Examinations to begin at 9 a. m.

Examination of both first and second grade applicants will be conducted at the same time.

All teachers present and expecting to teach the coming school year will be required to take the examination.

Applicants will be required to provide themselves with a pencil, tablet, pen and ink. Examination paper will be furnished free.

By order of the Board,

Aug. 20—27. U. G. PALMER, Examiner.

—THE—

Maryland Agricultural College,

COLLEGE PARK, MD.

Maryland's School of Technology.

FOUR COURSES OF INSTRUCTION: Agricultural, Mechanical, Civil, Scientific, Classical.

Each department supplied with the most modern and approved apparatus. Practical work emphasized in all departments. Graduates qualified at once to enter upon their life's work. Boarding department supplied with all modern improvements; Bath Rooms, Closets, Steam Heat and Gas. Books, Room, Heat, Light, Washing, Board, Medical attendance, $144 for scholastic year. 128 A 120 page catalogue, giving full particulars, sent on application. Daily sanitary inspection by Physician to the College. Attention is called to the short course of ten weeks in Agriculture. Particulars sent on application. Term commences September 16th. Early application necessary for admittance.

16 W. SILVESTER, President M. A. C.

2—6

LAND FOR SALE.

I, the undersigned, offers for sale all my land lying in District No. 7, lying one to three miles east of Oakland, containing 5 3/4 acres, horses, sheep, cattle, farming implements, household and kitchen furniture, one house in Oakland, for the sum of $650.00, as I have been informed by the assessors that the above is the cash value, and they seem to know all about it and what it will produce, but I do not think they ever saw the half of it. Perhaps they did. If anyone desires to buy they had better consult the assessors and they can describe it and tell what it will produce better than I can if they did not see it.

Someone might say, "Why does he want to sell?" I have two reasons: 1st, I am not married to a few acres of land; 2nd, When I am told what a thing is worth by those who know better than I do I think it wise to let it go.

Don't lose a bargain.

T. W. CASTEEL.

P. S.—I have a farm and one saw mill in District No. 6 which I will sell as soon as our assessors notify me what they are worth. I hope to know by April 1st. 25—1*

TIN, SLATE AND STEEL

ROOFING.

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.

PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.

REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.

SPOUTING, ETC.

Work entrusted to us will be promptly and neatly done.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH,
Mt. Lake Park, Md.

7—26t.

FARMS! HOMES!

IN VIRGINIA, THE CAROLINAS and GEORGIA

SURROUNDED BY

SUNSHINE AND HEALTH, FACTORY and MILL SITES,

WITH

Abundance of Water Power, Convenient to Many Markets.

Best Fruit and Agricultural Lands

IN THE UNITED STATES.

$3 to $10 per Acre

Peculiarly adapted to raising Early Fruts, Early Vegetables, Grains, Tobacco, Cotton, Grasses, etc,

LOCATED ALONG THE GREAT

Seaboard Air Line,

The Great Through Freight and Passenger Route to and from the South and Southwest.

FREE! A 48-Page Illustrated Pamphlet, with large Map, describing in detail the choicest, most productive, healthiest and most progressive section of the "New South," with much other valuable information of great assistance to those looking for a home site, factory or mill site, farm or safe and sure investment in the coming section of the country, will be sent to any address on receipt of two cents to pay postage. Address

GEO. L. RHODES,
General Agent Seaboard Air Line
Portsmouth, Va.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In effect July 19, 1896.

SOUTHWARD P. M.	SOUTHWARD A. M.	STATIONS	NORTHWARD A. M.	NORTHWARD P. M.
No. 3	No. 1		No. 2	No. 4
3 05	8 00† lv	Cumberland ar	12 00	7 30
3 31	8 31	Rawlings	11 30	6 59
3 56	8 56	Keyser	11 04	6 30
4 09	9 09	Westernport	10 51	6 23
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. June.	10 48	6 23
4 37	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5 52
5 10	10 00	Harrison	10 00	5 28
6 15	10 45* ar	Elk Garden	9 05	4 00
5 25	10 55† lv	Gorman	9 23	4 54
5 41	10 11	Bayard	9 15	4 48
5 52	10 52	Dobbin	9 04	4 38
6 23	11 23	Thomas	8 34	4 05
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	8 00	3 15
6 27	11 27 lv	Coketon	8 34	4 02
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	8 10	3 39
6 57	11 57	Bretz	7 54	3 25
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 51	3 22
7 39	12 39	Kerens	7 13	2 47
8 05*	1 05† ar	Elkins	lv 7 00	12 00
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	11 35
	3 05* ar	Buckhannon	lv	11 10
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, General Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7—Daily ..... 2 30 A. M
No. 3—Daily ..... 7 47 A. M
No. 71—Accommodation except Sun. ..... 9 30 A. M
No. 47—Daily ..... 9 30 A. M
No. 55—Express, daily ..... 4 25 P. M
No. 15—Accommodation, daily ..... 6 55 P. M
No. 1—Daily ..... 10 55 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily ..... 5 30 A. M
No. 2—Daily ..... 8 50 A. M
No. 14—Accommodation, daily ..... 8 50 A. M
No. 72—Accommodation except Sun. ..... 4 45 P. M
No. 16—Daily ..... 5 30 P. M
No. 4—Daily ..... 12 20 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

C. F SCHROEDER, Agent.

THE

G. E. PEARCE DRUG CO.,

OF FROSTBURG, MD.

We have probably the largest stock of goods in the drug line in Western Maryland.

P. D. & CO. and S. and D. pharmaceutical preparations always in stock, supplied to physicians at jobbers' prices.

OUR LINE OF

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES AND WINDOW GLASS

IS LARGE AND COMPLETE.

We sell and guarantee LUCAS TINTED GLOSS PAINT at $1.25 per gallon.

9-2m

THE

Maryland Building and Loan Association

of Garrett County.

OFFICERS

ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. FEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM RINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney
THOMAS J. FEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencie

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.

EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, low old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
Keyser, W. Va.

OLNEY AND SALISBURY.

Both Are Working Toward International Arbitration.

Although at Present They Are Widely at Variance Upon the Forms of the Plan, Their Negotiations Will Terminate in Success.

The published correspondence between the United States and the British governments regarding arbitration shows what progress has been made and what are the obstacles in the way of satisfactory results.

The correspondence, says the Youth's Companion, relates both to the Venezuela boundary, and to arrangements for a treaty of general arbitration. In both instances the two governments differ as to what shall be included in plans of arbitration.

As to Venezuela, Lord Salisbury insists that occupied territory, by which he means territory that was occupied in good faith by British subjects January 1, 1887, shall not be subject to the decision of a tribunal arbitration.

The British proposal is that there shall be a commission of four — two British subjects and two citizens of the United States—which shall investigate and report upon all questions of fact concerning the rights of Spain and of the Netherlands, respectively, at the time that Great Britain acquired British Guiana. If the governments of Great Britain and Venezuela, on the basis of this report, are not able to agree upon a boundary line, each of them is to nominate an arbitrator and these two a third, and the three are to constitute a tribunal of arbitration. The boundary line drawn by this tribunal is to be binding upon both countries, with the important proviso already mentioned, that it shall not give to Venezuela any part of the territory which has been settled by British subjects.

Secretary Olney points out three objections to this proposal: First, that the commission of four might be equally divided in its opinions; second, that no provision is suggested for determining the existence and good faith of British settlements in the disputed territory; and, third, that under the proposed reservations, if the tribunal should award certain territory to Venezuela, it would depend upon the caprice of Great Britain whether or not she got it.

There are other difficulties. What questions shall go before the proposed tribunal? And shall the awards of the

SECRETARY OLNEY.

tribunal be in all cases binding? To these questions Lord Salisbury and Secretary Olney give different answers.

Both agree that a tribunal shall be constituted by the appointment of arbitrators through judicial officers of each nation, the arbitrators thus chosen to select an umpire to settle disagreements; and that certain classes of questions, such as complaints of one power against the officers of the other, pecuniary claims for small amounts, diplomatic and consular privileges, and rights of fishery, access, navigation or commercial privilege shall be submitted to arbitration, and that the results shall be binding.

But with reference to more important questions, and especially those which involve territorial claims, there is a wide difference of opinion. Secretary Olney's view is that all questions should be submitted to arbitration, unless expressly withdrawn by the action of our congress or of the British parliament; and that, when once submitted, the awards should be binding upon both parties.

Lord Salisbury cannot agree that the awards of the tribunal in cases of territorial claims shall be binding without appeal. He would make it possible for the defeated litigant to appeal to a second tribunal, constituted of three supreme court judges of each nation, and the award of the tribunal should be binding only if made by a vote of five to one. Or he would have the award of the first tribunal subject to rejection by either power within three months.

The situation which the correspondence discloses is that of two nations working in good temper toward a plan of arbitration, but widely at variance upon the form of a plan. The differences are serious, but they do not appear to be hopeless.

Rank Frauds on Americans.

One of the United States consular officers stationed in Germany has sought to attract the attention of American manufacturers to the danger of accepting resident Germans as agents for the sale of their wares without taking precautions to learn something of the character of the person selected. He cites the case of a firm of Oswego pump-makers, who gave the agency for the sale of their goods in Germany to what they supposed to be a reputable firm, and filled with satisfaction and expectation an order for six of their finest pumps to start the trade. The German agent turned out to be engaged in the same line of business—pump-making—and he took the American pumps apart and using them as patterns, made duplicates in numbers for the German market. There was no way to reach and punish this character of fraud, so the consul seeks to warn American merchants against like deceptions.

CAUGHT IN FLORIDA.

Marine Monster That Is Part Fish, Part Bird, Part Animal.

Sea serpents are becoming too common, and when Florida people decided to produce a marine monster the serpent family was ignored and the Diabolus Maris was produced.

The picture which is presented was made from a drawing sent to the Kansas City Journal by Capt. George Bier, of the United States navy. The animal was caught off the coast of Florida, at Malanzas inlet, in 72 feet of water.

It was caught on a hook and line, and when dragged aboard the boat was full of fight. In order to preserve the strange monster it was found necessary

THE DIABOLUS MARIS.

to kill it, for it was so vicious that it could not be handled.

This remarkable relic of the antediluvian monster seemed to be part bird, part fish and part animal. Capt. Bier described it as follows:

"It has no scales, although it can swim. A portion of its body is covered with hair and when it wants to fly it inflates two windbags behind its wings. This inflation is through its gills, which are situated on its breast. It stands upright on its feet, which are shaped like hoofs. Its face and body are more human like than anything else, and its mouth is like that of a raccoon, garnished with two rows of teeth. It stood about 20 inches high and strutted like a rooster."

After its capture the monster was christened Diabolus Maris, and was transferred to Tampa, Fla., where it has since been on exhibition. Naturalists who have seen it can find no other name for it, and its like has never been seen before.

Some fish have fins that resemble wings, and can be used for flying, but fish do not wear hair. The presence of legs argues that it is not a fish, and its ability to live under water and the gills prove that it is not a bird.

A POPULIST LEADER.

J. W. Leedy, the Silver Candidate for Governor of Kansas.

J. W. Leedy, the populist nominee for governor of Kansas, was born on a farm, reared on a farm, and has followed agricultural pursuits during the 47 years of his life. He was born in Richland county, O., but it was not until 1881 that he tried Kansas. In that year he bought a farm in Coffee county, and about three years ago he moved up to Leroy and went into live stock dealing. When the Missouri Pacific brought its lines into that part of the state Mr. Leedy was employed in the construction department of the road. Mr. Leedy is a recent addition to the ranks of the politicians. Until four years ago he took small interest in local or national affairs, contenting himself with voting the democratic ticket, regardless of

HON. J. W. LEEDY.

opinion as to its personnel. In 1892 the populists nominated him for the state senate from the district made up of Coffee and Franklin counties. Once having accepted the nomination he went about the campaign with a will, and discovered to his amazement that he could make a rattling speech. Applause became sweet to his ears and he soon became a powerful orator. Today Mr. Leedy is, perhaps, the best catch-as-catch-can debater the populists have. He won by a handsome majority and was a member of the legislature of 1893, when the house was divided into a dual organization and which caused comment over all the country.

Wholesale Arrest of Burglars.

A gang of 21 burglars has just been arrested in Paris, which in the last three years had committed more than 200 burglaries. They were admirably organized, never used violence, and made a specialty of robbing churches and priests' houses. The chief of the band is believed to be in the United States.

Sorry Fate of Japanese Girls.

When a Japanese woman marries, her teeth are blackened by a process so tedious and painful that some girls for this reason refuse to be married.

Eat and Then Fight.

In Russia the principals in a duel partake of breakfast together before going out to fight.

THEY ROB THE PILLARS.

True Reason for the Disasters in Anthracite Coal Mines.

It is time that the truth about these accidents in the anthracite mining regions should be told. Year after year they have been occurring with appalling regularity. The list of the dead and crippled, the widowed and the orphaned, grows from month to month, while the public, intent upon its own pursuits, learns but little about it until some frightful accident like that which lately plunged the town of Pittston into mourning concentrates attention upon it, and then there is a universal outcry. It is felt instinctively that there must be something wrong with the conditions under which the mining of coal is carried on when disasters of that kind can occur in a state which has wise laws regulating both the ventilation of mines and the conditions under which the coal itself can be taken out. But what is the evil and what the remedy? Common sense as well as common humanity prompts the discovery of the one and the application of the remedy.

The law under which the present system of inspection is carried on has worked many reforms. It has done away with many of the evils which operated so disasterously in the early days of anthracite mining. It has given to one of the hardest working classes of labor in the state comparatively pure air where previously no one could breathe any but vitiated atmosphere. It has done even more than this, important as this achievement has been. Under its provisions no shaft, slope or other mine can be worked without having at least two avenues of exit—the usual entrance and the air shaft, the latter for use in case of disaster in gangways near the mouth of the mine. Nor do its benefactions stop even here. Inspectors authorized by law to enforce the law's provisions are regularly appointed and paid to do nothing else. How, then, does it come that even after it is in operation there can be such a disaster as that which recently horrified every resident of Pennsylvania?

The answer to this question has already been hinted at in these columns. When a mine is opened all the coal in the veins is not taken out. Portions of it, which are called pillars, are left standing to support the tremendous weight of the ground above. As mining becomes more expensive, however, and the supply of coal dwindles, the owners frequently order the "robbing of the pillars"—that is, the removal of the natural supports which were originally left standing. They know from past experience that this is a dangerous proceeding. Thousands of victims lie in premature graves as the result of its adoption. But competition is fierce and to compete successfully some chances must be taken. So one by one the pillars come down, until few, if any, remain to support the mountains of earth above. Rough timbers placed at irregular distances apart are expected to uphold what in the wise provision of nature solid masses of coal had held in place—an absurd proposition upon its face. Once the mine starts to "work," as we have frequently seen, the number of the dead is to be reckoned usually by the number of men employed at the time the crash occurs.

So much for the primary cause. The secondary cause is that which grows out of a faulty system of inspection. The average cave-in does not occur in a day or a night. Nature, as if to display her kindness to those who have rudely pierced her heart, gives repeated warnings before she asserts her mastery. There are ominous sounds throughout the gangways and breasts. The timbers creak and groan under their increasing weight. The rats desert the dangerous places before the timbers give way altogether. These indications of the strain are often perceptible for weeks beforehand, and then the duty of the inspector is to intervene. If he performs his duty with an eye single to the purpose for which his office was created he will either compel the owner of the mine to make it safe or empty it of those whose lives are imperiled. If he is the creature of the operators, as some of the inspectors are said to be, he may be indifferent to the condition of the mines or willing that operations shall be carried on after they are unsafe. His reappointment depends upon his ability to please the owners of the mines, not the men whose lives he is supposed to guard. There are districts in the state in which the corporation operating the colleries dictate the nomination of every inspector.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Fish in Deep Water.

A highly original observation upon the behavior of fish in deep water, so remarkable as to deserve special notice, is attributed to a long-experienced captain of a steam-fishing smack. The fishing boats belonging to the southern portions of the North sea found in their catch lately a disproportionately small quantity of cod-fish. The captain maintained that he had foreseen this for eight days, because most of the fish caught had sand in their stomachs. He claims to have observed that, just before the fish left the shallow water of the southern banks, they took sand into their stomachs, and soon after fish caught in deeper northern waters showed the same peculiarity. Then, when the time for migrating from the deep waters comes again, the fish dispose of the sand. The theory has been advanced that the sand is taken in as ballast, and is rejected when shallow water is to be returned to. The sand often differs in color and grain from that of the bottom where the fish are found. It is claimed that this sand may supply a guide for the fishermen.—N. Y. Ledger.

Paris and London.

The Parisians eat three meals a day; the Londoners four. In Paris people rise early in the morning; in London late. In Paris the beds stand alongside the wall; in London in the midst of the room.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—France has 320,000 miles of highway.

PROSTRATION BY HEAT.

Common Causes and Treatment of Sunstroke.

Judging from the newspaper reports of a few years ago as compared with those of the last season or two, it would seem as if there had been a marked decrease in the number of sunstroke cases in this city. While it is perhaps true that there has been some improvement, owing to the cooler dress and more sensible habits of eating of many people, there is another and a different explanation of the apparent gain in this direction.

Until recently the word "sunstroke" has been used to cover a multitude of ailments to which it could not properly be applied. This is still true to a large extent among people in general, but much greater care is now exercised in the formal reports of cases of sudden illness in summer due directly or indirectly to the heat, but not necessarily sunstroke on that account. Formerly these were classed rather indiscriminately under the latter familiar head; hence the long lists in the papers which are not seen to-day.

Real sunstroke or "insolation," to use the medical term, is a rare thing. At the Hudson street hospital, which, owing to its location in a crowded part of the downtown district, receives more cases of the sort than any other in the city, seven patients suffering from actual sunstroke were received during the summer of 1895. Four have been treated there thus far this season, two of them within the last few days. At the Gouverneur hospital, on the East side, there have been only two insolation cases since the warm weather began. It is understood, of course, that great numbers of persons suffering more or less from the effects of the heat are taken to the hospitals every day. They feel faint and ill, and the temperature rises perhaps two or three degrees above normal, but they are seldom in a dangerous condition. They have, emphatically, not been sunstruck, and by no means such vigorous restorative methods are used upon them as upon the real insolation patients.

The condition of the latter is always extremely critical. If the abnormally high temperature of 110 or 111 degrees to which their blood has been heated cannot be speedily reduced they die within 24 hours after the beginning of the attack. The modern heroic treatment of plunging sunstroke persons into an icy bath, heaping ice about the neck and head, and giving them all the ice water they can drink when they have partly recovered has been very successful. So persistent is the fearful bent of the body that this ice bath has sometimes to be continued for hours. Occasionally, though not often, it fails to effect its purpose. Autopsies upon such patients have shown that the vital organs were softened and in process of being literally cooked by the intense fire in the blood.

What is called, in a general way, heat prostration is not uncommon. It may result from being exposed to a high temperature anywhere, whether from the sun's rays or not. As has been said, the symptoms are not dangerous, and though, if the patient is stricken outdoors, it is commonly said that he has had sunstroke, the doctors decide differently when he is brought before them. People are frequently taken to the hospitals under the supposition that they have been overcome by the heat, when the real trouble is an attack of gastritis, acute indigestion or some other disease.

The causes which predispose to either sunstroke or heat prostration are several. Too heavy clothing and careless habits of eating and drinking have a great influence. One physician said a day or two ago that the abolition of the free-lunch system had wrought a marked change for the better. The food offered on such counters, he said, was nearly always indigestible stuff, and the beer taken with it in large quantities was anything but a desirable drink for a man who was to work all day under the hot sun. Alcoholic liquors in general are condemned in hot weather, unless taken in very limited amounts, it having been proved that heavy drinkers are far more liable than others to heat prostration.

But in the opinion of some physicians lack of sleep is a more fruitful cause than any other of suffering from the heat.—N. Y. Tribune.

Woman's Way.

"What is it, Mary?"

"It's a boy, mum, with a telegraft."

"A telegram! Oh, ask him if James is killed."

"He says he doesn't know, mum."

"Ask him what he does know about it."

"He says all he knows about it is that it's for you, mum."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! What shall I do? Oh, my poor James. I just knew something would happen to him before he went away this morning. Will they bring him home on a stretcher, Mary?"

"I s'pose so, mum. Maybe you'd better read the telegraft."

"I can't. I can't. Oh, it serves me right for not kissing him three times when he left. And we've been married such a short time, too."

"Why don't you open the telegraft, mum?"

"Well, I suppose I must; but, oh, I can't tell how I dread it."

Reads Telegram—"Will bring friend home to dinner.—James."

"Oh! the heartless wreteh."—London Press.

Not the Man.

The Coroner—We found nothing in the man's pockets, ma'am, except three buttons, one handkerchief and a receipted bill.

The Sobbing Inquirer—A receipted bill? Then 'tain't my husband!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—From 1859 to 1864 the Great Eastern carried passengers when she could get them; in 1864-65 she carried the cable, and thereafter carried a few passengers again.

Not Inviting More Collisions.

"No, sir," said the man who had wavered, "I won't learn to ride a bicycle. I had thoughts of trying it, but I have just heard of a peculiar trait in the machine that caused me to change my mind."

"What's that?"

"I understand that when you first try to ride if you see anything you especially wish to avoid, you're almost certain to run into it."

"There's a great deal of truth in it."

"Well, that settles the wheel for me. I have enough trouble with bill collectors as it is."—Washington Star.

Hoist by His Own, Etc.

"You look all broke up this morning. What is the matter?"

"You know I bought a folding bed because my wife's mother was to visit us?"

"Yes?"

"She came last night."

"And?"

"My wife put me in the room with the folding bed."—Truth.

MEAN, SELFISH MAN.

Husband—I wish you would stop this everlasting picking holes in your neighbors.

Wife—Yes, that's just you. You never want me to have the least pleasure.—Collier's Weekly.

Gambling in Remedies.

May—I know to a certainty that Belle used to regard Jack as a veritable pill.

Frank—She does yet. Didn't you know that she was preparing to take him for better or worse?—Town Topics.

Lack of Experience Evident.

Old Physician—What! You called in Dr. Blank during my absence? Why, he's just out of college.

Patient—Indeed? He certainly is not a young man.

Old Physician—No, he's of middle age; but it's plain to see he's new to this business. Why, I saw him this very morning looking sadly depressed just because he had lost a patient.—N. Y. Weekly.

One on the Landlady.

A Houston landlady makes a specialty of buying old chickens. Last Sunday she said to the stur boarder:

"Mr. Smith, will you be so kind as to carve the fowl?"

"Please excuse me. I have conscientious scruples," replied Smith.

"Conscientious scruples?"

"Yes, ma'am; this is Sunday, and I am opposed to hard work on the Lord's day."—Texas Sifter.

Ready for Anything.

Fair Patient—Is there no way of telling exactly what is the matter with me?

Dr. Emdee—Only a post-mortem examination would reveal that.

Fair Patient—Then, for heaven's sake, make one. I don't see why I should be squeamish at such a time as this.—Pick-Me-Up.

Her Response.

"There's one thing," remarked Willie Wishingtou, "that I have made up my mind to."

"Really?" responded Miss Cayenne, with languid interest.

"Yes. I shall never be a man of one idea."

"Don't say that. You are still too young to be discouraged."—Washington Star.

A Cruel Remark.

"When are you going to publish that criticism on my last novel?" asked an author of the editor of the Daily Hooter.

"To tell the truth, I haven't read it yet."

"But you told me that you would lose no time in reading it."

"Well, that's just what I've done."—Texas Sifter.

Long Felt Want.

He would be quickly rich and great
And never have to beg,
Who could make for the candidate
A patent rubber leg.
—Chicago Record.

The Printer's Devil.

By Frederick Boyd Stevenson.

The printer's devil always makes
Things in the chapel fly;
'Tis he who sneaks the fattest takes
Shows the reporters their mistakes;
Dubs all the editorial fakes
And does on.
Printers pi.

That little devil is the lad
That swears a streak of blue;
That makes old typos sore and sad,
Because he says their proofs are bad,
And just to make the foreman mad,
Sets things up
of one gnorw.

When printers devils are no more,
But sing their anthems high,
Along that glittering, golden shore,
With ink and type and slugs galore,
We'll pray for printers gone before
To set *** in the sky.
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Chicago Tribune

Not Weak-Kneed.

"I am afraid that man who aspires to your hand is too week-kneed to make you a good husband," said her father.

"Oh, papa, he's not that! He's held me on them for hours at a time!"—Illustrated Bits.

Neighborly Comment.

"I see the Jacksons have put screens all around their piazza."

"Yes, and I have my opinion of people who are so stingy they won't even let flies sit on their porch."—Chicago Record.

Loud Enough.

He—Willie Westside was expelled from carrying a bell on his wheel.

She—Why did they make him an exception?

He—The judge said the trousers answered every purpose.—Buffalo Times.

The Source of Supply.

"I see it speaks in the paper, husband, about a town where there are 5,000-odd inhabitants."

"That must be the place where all the freaks come from."—Detroit Free Press.

Their Inwardness.

A man afflicted with strabismus came into the street car and sat down on the opposite side.

"Look, mamma!" exclaimed Tommy, "his eyes is pigeon-toed, ain't they?"—Chicago Tribune.

A Question of Liability.

Mechanic—I've just been married and I would like a raise in my wages.

Employer—I am sorry, but the company is only responsible for accidents that happen to the men while in the factory.—Brooklyn Life.

Why He Was Saved.

Teacher—How did Pocahontas come to save Capt. John Smith's life?

Pupil—I suppose she thought there weren't enough Smiths in the world.—Town Topics.

—A Chicago lady, in buying shoes, wishes to do the greatest good to the greatest number.—Texas Sifter.

First Lessons in Business.

Mrs. Wiggles—How shall I indorse this check that Uncle John has sent me; simply sign my name on the back?

Mr. Wiggles—Well, a better way will be to write on the back: 'Pay Algernon Wiggles,' and then put your name underneath. I will attend to the rest.—Somerville Journal.

Preferable.

"Go to," said the city man to the hard-fisted agriculturist, "you have hayseed in your hair!"

"I think that hayseed in my hair is preferable to wheels in my head, such as I perceive you harbor," was the ruralite's reply.—Vogue.

NO DOUBT ABOUT THE STRENGTH.

Teacher (meaning the Spanish Armada)—What was it that Philip II. of Spain sent over to England? Something of considerable strength, termed the Spanish—the Spanish what, Mary?

Mary—The Spanish onion, ma'am!—Judy.

The Acme of Homeliness.

"I think Mrs. F. is the homeliest women I ever saw. Why, she's homely enough to stop a—a—"

"Clock?"

"No; a trolley car."—Bay City Chat.

TEMPERANCE.

THE KEY TO PERDITION.

There is a burning key to a horrible pit
Where despair and anguish and misery sit
Enthroned in state in Apollyon's hall
With eternal death for a funeral pall.
Do men seek this home? Nay, they seek the key,
It promises pleasure and liberty.
And the sting is hidden behind the "whiz,"
Which sounds in their ears like joy and bliss.
So they guzzle and drink, and guzzle and drink,
And this is all they do or think.
They will wallow in want and misery,
If they only may have the fiery whis-key.
—Mrs. E. J. Richmond, in National Temperance Advocate.

DRINKING TEARS.

Why Josh Speeler Took to Drinking Water.

In several places in the Psalms, the metaphor is used of the beverage of tears, but how often in real life is the custom of drinking the tears of their wives and children fulfilled in the lives of intemperate husbands and fathers. In 1885 in Arkansas, this scene was enacted.

Josh Speeler, an old toper of long standing and capacity, on being invited by some of his boon companions to "take a drink," replied: "Boys, I won't drink without you take what I do." The "boys" were surprised.

"The idea," said one of them, "that you should prescribe for us. Perhaps

I TUK THE CUP AND DRANK.

you want us to drink one of your mixtures. You are a boss mixer and I won't agree to it."

"Perhaps he wants to run some castor oil in on us," said another.

"No, I'm square. 'Honor bright.' Take my driuk, boys, and I am with you."

They agreed, and ranged themselves along the bar. All looked at Speeler.

"Mr. Bartender," said he, "give me a glass of water."

"What? W-a-t-e-r?"

"Yes, water. It's a new drink to me, boys, I admit, and it's a scarce article around here, I expect. But let me tell you about it. A few days ago a party of us went fishing. We took a fine share of whisky along and had a jolly time. 'Long towards evening I got powerful drunk and crawled off under a tree and went to sleep. The boys drank up all the whisky and came back to town. They thought it a good joke 'cause they left me out there drunk and told it around the town with a big laugh. My son got hold of the report and told it at home. I lay under that tree all night, and when I woke in the morning my wife sot right thar side o' me. She said nothin' when I woke up, but turned her head away and I could see war a-eryin'. 'I wish I had suthin to drink,' says I. Then she took a cup wot she had fetched with her and went to a spring that was near and fotched it full. Jest as she was handin' it to me she leant over to hide her eyes and I saw a tear drop inter the cup. I tuk the cup and drank, and raisin' my hands to Heaven, I vowed, God helpin' me, I'd never drink my wife's tears again as I had been doin' for the last 20 years, and that I was goin' to stop. You boys know who it was that left me. You all was in the gang. Give me another glass of water, Mr. Bartender."—Rev. G. D. Coleman, in Union Signal.

BITS AND BREVITIES.

Before the devil can be chained the saloon door must be shut.

The man who says: "I can drink or leave it alone" has not yet learned his weakness.—Lever.

Its ravages are greater than pestilence, war and famine combined.—Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

The saloon keeper may not know the Lord's prayer, but he always knows which way to turn a corkscrew.

I never suffer ardent spirits in my house, thinking them evil spirits.—Sir Astley Cooper (the great surgeon).

If a drunkard would know his credit, let him ask the saloon keeper to loan him the dime that he just threw on the bar for a drink.

Why is it that a town, when giving a "write-up" of its industries, never boasts of the number of its saloons and the genial saloon keeper?

The Massachusetts Total Abstinence society keeps a man in the field to visit schools, address the children and distribute pledge cards, to be signed, if approved by parents. In this way 215,000 names have been gathered.

Prof. Morse, at a recent meeting of the Alumni association of the Medico Chirurgical college in Philadelphia, made these significant statements: "We are rapidly becoming a nation of beer drinkers, and the insidious hold gained by that incurable kidney affection known as Bright's disease threatens in time to decimate the ranks of the beer drinkers."

The Liquor Power.

The liquor power is the same the world over. The Licensing World, devoted to the liquor interest in England, publishes a list of the members of parliament who voted in favor of the Sunday-closing bill, and significantly tells its readers "the day of reckoning will come later on."

WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

Bearing of the Temperance Question on the Obligations of a Christian to His God.

Canon Wilberforce, the celebrated English divine, recently preached a sermon in Westminster abbey on the above text. We have not space to give the whole sermon; a few passages bearing upon temperance we cull for the benefit of our readers.

"If there be one manifest besetting public sin in this nineteenth century civilization concerning which it is appropriate to sound the solemn challenge: 'Who is on the Lord's side?' and as to which suspended judgment and selfish inaction constitute a crime against man and God, it is the treacherous, fascinating, degrading evil of intemperance. This open cancer of our national life is terrible in its virulence, vast in its ramifications. To the ruin it engenders, all alike bear witness. From the army, from the navy, from great cities, from country villages, from the police, from guardians of the poor, from manufacturers, merchants, employers of labor, from physicians, judges, from clergy of every denomination, and most often, and most bitterly from the workingmen themselves, come pouring in the accumulated testimonies to the prevalence, the deadliness of this degrading sin.

"Physiogically total abstinence is advantageous. Theologically it is Christlike; philanthropically, it is influential. The one destructive argument that can be urged against it is that it is unconventional, and conventionality is the god of society. But the resistless logic of the Man of Nazareth has proved that conventionality, social custom, and even religious propriety vahish into thin air before the pressure of necessity. 'Which of you,' he said, when they accused Him of unconventionality for healing on the Sabbath, 'which of you shall have an ox or an ass fallen into a pit and will not straightway (in spite of all conventionality, law and custom, in spite of the whole decalogue) pull him out on the Sabbath day?' Can language exaggerate the depth and horror of the national pit of intemperance from which the agony of thousands comes surging upward, like the melancholy wash of endless waves?' In the days of the crusades men of the bravest hearts and noblest blood in Europe bound themselves together in a semi-religious, semi-military order under the strongest vows, one of which, curiously enough, was that they should drink only water, in order to defend the Holy Sepulcher against the infidel. To-day tens of thousands of men, women and children are bound together by a solemn obligation of total abstinence from all intoxicants, that they may wage a modern crusade against this curse of nations, and defend the human temples of the Holy Spirit against a foe more bitter than Saracen or Turk. And when from this pulpit I appeal to-night for new crusaders under the banner of total abstinence, more of you, especially the good and the religious, are held back from joining us by the fear of singularity, unconventionality, or fanaticism, than from any other motive. I answer, the ox and the ass, the strong and the weak together, are in the pit. Custom or no custom, conventionality or no conventionality, they must be pulled out, and the Lord calls you to His side to help in doing it.

"Though the habits of social life revolt against the custom of total abstinence, though glib theories of the liberty of the subject and the due enjoyment of the gifts of God seem to be contradicted by its propaganda, though legally-licensed venders of a profitable commodity cry out if men cease to purchase from them madness by the bottle, the urgent need of the community knows no laws—not even the law of Sinai, with all the rabbis of the temple to back it, for the ox and the ass are in the pit. The active side of the Divine remedial energy consists in personally seeking and saving the lost. It is a veritable descending into hades to preach to the spirits in prison. The dignity and power of God's workers consist in their identification in heart and method with the Christ. When He, the purest being ever born of woman, willingly enters into the awful prison of disobedient spirits that He might plumb the depth of their misery and tell them of the pardoning love of God, He taught us that there is a point in human degradation at which rescue becomes impossible unless the rescuer will descend to the very depth of hades to seek and save the lost.

"The imagination of man is not able to conceive any hell more foul than the drink-cursed slums of a densely-populated English town. You who are shielded by the purer surroundings of your quiet homes imagine that we are fanatical, and speak in terms of exaggeration. It is because you do not know what drunkenness is, and we do, because we have descended into hell. Michael Angelo, before he painted the altar-piece of the Conventual Church of Florence, had the coffins of the newly-buried opened and placed beside him, that the hideous anatomy of death might be burned into his soul, enabling him to produce it with terrible effect. In like manner the hideous anatomy of drink-cursed men and women is burnt into our minds, because again and again we have descended into hell. But we remember those words of Whittier:

"'Still Thy love, O Christ arisen,
Yearns to reach those souls in prison;
Through all the depths of sin and loss
Sinks the plummet of Thy Cross.
Never yet abyss was found
Deeper than that cross could sound.'

True; but that cross now, in this dispensation, must be carried down into those hells by good, loving consecrated men and women, who have realized the inspired challenge: 'Who is on the Lord's side?' who have courageously adopted this blessed line of self-denial for others, and go forth to

"'Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave.'"

The drunkard's wife knows by bitter experience that wine is a mocker.—National Temperance Advocate.

FARM AND GARDEN.

WORK FOR CONVICTS.

Bad Men Can Be Employed in the Building of Good Roads.

In a good many of the states the inmates of penitentiaries are already employed, to a greater or less extent, in improving the highways, and everywhere the verdict is that good roads have been secured where they would not have been built for a century to come if the taxpayers had been obliged to initiate the work and bear the whole cost of it. Curiously enough, this most excellent scheme has made most progress in the communities where it is connected with a prison system that is strongly and justly reprehended. In those states of the south where they have what is known as the "chain gang system," the idea of putting the prisoners at work on the highways suggested itself naturally. The convicts were kept in open-air camps with guards furnished by the state, and nothing was more natural than to engage them in road repair in the vicinity.

Where convicts are housed in great buildings of stone and iron, and where they have been put to labor at mechanical employment, the transition is not so simple and natural. Still it can be made to a certain extent, and that without destroying or impeding the work of prison reform. In South Carolina there are now said to be about 600 convicts at work on the highways, and the value of what they have done has produced such an effect upon the people of the rural sections of that not particularly progressive state that county commissioners everywhere are stirring up the subject of systematic road construction. Tennessee has a law that permits it, and New York has authorized a similar experiment. It seems to us that the New York law might very profitably be adopted in Minnesota at the next session of the legislature. This contemplates the employment of only a portion of the state's convicts, to be selected by the prison warden, probably with the assistance and approval of the state board of charities and corrections, who should be put to work on road improvement under the direction of experts in road construction engaged by the state.

It is unquestionably true that the work of reforming the criminal, of which we must never lose sight by exalting the commercial motive, is entirely consistent with utilizing convict labor on the highways. There is a very large percentage of prison population for whom this would be the most desirable form of labor. By judicious selection of men, and by engaging them in small gangs upon the highways, it is probable that more wholesome influences might be brought to bear upon them even than in a well-conducted prison itself. At any rate, here is an occupation which does not compete with honest labor, which is available for a great number of convicts to whom mechanical pursuits are not naturally adapted, and whose results would be in the highest degree beneficial to the state. We believe that further experiment along this line should be made at once, and that our own community should attempt it.—St. Paul (Minn.) Globe.

DAIRY SUGGESTIONS.

Keep no more cows than can be fed and handled profitably.

Sweet cream pooled into that which is sour does not all churn.

If a cow's attention is attracted, she immediately lets down her milk.

So far as is possible discard all cows that develop objectionable habits naturally.

The real test of a cow is her performance after the first three or four months in milk.

If milk is to be used for butter or cream, deep setting and speedy separation give the best results.

A heifer is valuable in proportion to the smallness of the feed required by her to make a pound of butter.

There are three general faults in butter-making, overripening of cream, overchurning and overworking.

A good quantity of good, rich milk for ten months in the year is what every dairyman should have from every cow in the herd.

While fat cows may present rather a better appearance, it is pretty certain that when the milch cows are putting fat on their backs they are not putting it into the milk pail.

By selling gilt-edged butter a dairyman is not impoverishing his farm. He is selling his crops to his cows at a profit, and returning the manurial elements to the farm, which becomes more productive every year.—Rural World.

OPEN YOUR EYES.

Go to the City and Get Rid of Conceit and Prejudice.

The farmer who never leaves his farm except when he goes to the cheese factory, creamery, post office, grocery or to church, is usually the most conceited and egotistical of all men; knows the least about his business, makes the poorest dairy product, and grows the poorest and lightest crops. If he will once go to the city and note the arrival of his butter or fruit, compare it with other arrivals, and note the comments thereon, he will go home with a better knowledge of his needs. The best and most profitable lesson I ever learned, says a prominent writer in Farmers' Home Journal, was on such a trip, and the conceit and self-esteem I disposed of on that occasion would have filled a volume. Go some day and see for yourself. You will come home vastly wiser and with a determination to discard prejudice and make butter. As much loss comes from using inferior packages and poor products, ship only the best goods, and in the most attractive and neatest packages. You will find that small packages, if neat and attractive, sell for the best prices; there is no room for poor goods of any kind.

ARTISTS IN OIL AND STONE.

M. Gervex is to paint a picture of the coronation of Czar Nicholas for the city of Paris, on a canvas 33 by 24 feet.

At Delphi a beautiful bronze statuette of Apollo, eight inches high, has been discovered, arousing the hope that more valuable votive offerings may be found at the same place.

Julius Von Payer, a Bohemian artist, had the marvelous experience of going four times to the arctic regions. He is the only artist in that specialty in Europe.

The inventory of the estate of William W. Storey, the sculptor, just filed in the probate court at Boston, shows that he left property valued at $212,000, $163,000 being in real estate.

Prince Bismarck is to have another statue. This time it is Leipsic. The city has commissioned the sculptor Lehnert, to execute it, and the municipality has selected a site near the park.

"Our finest English historian in paint, as he has been in black and white"—that is what a London critic calls the American artist, Edwin Abbey. Mr. Abbey's picture of Richard Crookback and Princess Anne has captured London.

Thomas Nast, the famous cartoonist, recently painted a picture of Sir Henry Irving which Mr. Nast called "The Immortal Light of Genius." It is said that when Sir Henry saw the result of Mr. Nast's labors he was so pleased that he at once sent the artist a check for $1,000 in excess of the commission.

Sir John Millais' illness was probably the cause for the high prices paid for two sketches in oil by him in London recently. The original idea of "The Good Knight," 14 by 10¼ inches, brought $4,500, while the still smaller first plan of the "Huguenot Lovers" brought $3,250.

Marvels to the Natives.

Dr. Gregory, in exploring the lofty ranges of Mount Kenya in Africa, was accompanied by native followers from the coast, to whom the frost and snow met with at great altitudes were inexplicable wonders, that could be attributed only to magical agencies. "They came to tell me," writes the traveler, "that the water they had left in their cooking-pots was all bewitched. They said it was white and would not shake; the adventurous Fundi had even bit it with a stick, which would not go in. They begged me to look at it, and I told them to bring it to me. They declined, however, to touch it, and implored me to go to it. The water, of course, had frozen solid. I handled the ice, and told the men they were silly to be afraid of it, for this change always came over water on the tops of high mountains. I put one of the pots on the fire and predicted it would soon turn again into water. The men sat around and anxiously watched it; when it had melted they joyfully told me that the demon was expelled, and I told them they could now use the water; but as soon as my back was turned they poured it away and refilled their pots from an adjoining brook."—Chicago News.

The Florentine Epicurean.

Your typical Florentine is epicurean to the toe tips. His enthusiasms and yearnings are quite other than those of the northerner. Give him two francs a day for life and he will toil no more. He may be a marquis, but he will be content to forego the assertion of his rank so he may thenceforward enjoy the priceless boon of leisure and independence. His leisure he will dissipate at the cafe, with perhaps two or three half-penny sweet fluids per diem; and you may study the effect of his independence in his courtly manners, even though his hat be worn at the brim and his coat-back be deplorably shiny. He is a pellucid brook—shallow as you please, yet engaging for his pellucidity. As he sits on the red velvet cushions and looks forth at carriages and gowns of fashion in the Via Tornabuoni, he shows no trace of envy on his open countenance. What, in effect, have these rich ones more than he, save the ennui of modishness and the indigestion of high feeding? The monuments and blue skies of Florence (not to mention the glorious or stirring memories of its history) are rather more his than theirs.—Cornhill Magazine.

Washington's New State Capital.

No material except that produced in the state is allowed to enter into the construction of the new state capital at Olympia, Wash.

It is not the walking that makes a bill collector tired.—Atchison Globe.

If you can't play on the piano, don't be modest about saying so; boast about it.—Atchison Globe.

Poverty is in want of much, but avarice demands the earth.—Texas Sifter.

Well-meaning people get into a terrible lot of trouble.

A bad bookkeeper may be a good bond keeper when he has a chance.

"Did you know Pepperton is leading a double life nowadays?" "No. You don't tell me." "Fact. Only yesterday I saw him out walking with his twins."—Truth.

"Come into the garden, Maud," but Maud was much too wise. Said she: "Oh, no; the corn has ears and the potatoes eyes."—Indianapolis Journal.

Every woman imagines that if she had a fortune left her, her friends would find that she had not changed a bit.

"The butcher offered me his hand this morning," said the hired girl. "Indeed?" "Yes'm. He tried to sell it to me with the steak, but I made him take it off the scales."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Whenever we get a whiff of a tuberose, we can imagine we hear the mourners crying. We hope no one will bring tuberoses to our funeral; the odor never did agree with us.—Atchison Globe.

He—"As near as I can get at it, the general idea of heaven seems to be a place where it is always summer." She—"Yes, and the proportion of men to women will be about as it is at most of the summer resorts. Am I right?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Mr. Gibb—"Have you ever been to Niagara falls?" Mr. Gabb—"No." "Then you ought to go. I took my wife to see Niagara falls last week. It was the first time she had seen that mighty cataract, and she was struck speechless with admiration and surprise." "She was struck speechless, did you say?" "Yes." "I'll take my wife next week."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Good Reason.—Nora—"Is Moike going 'th' funeral?" Bridget—"Indade he isn't." Nora—"An' phoy?" Bridget—"Shure he wuz at th' wake lasht noight."—Truth.

Send ten cents silver for sample box Dr. Bailey's celebrated Liver Pills. Fifty pills for 25c. Agents wanted. Excelsior Chemical Co., Lock Box 608, Rochester, N. Y.

Customer—"I would like to have a nice gown to wear around the house." Salesman—"Size of the house, please?"—Philadelphia Record.

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Outclassed.—She—"I fear your love is growing cold." He—"Not a bit. It only seems cold in contrast with this weather."—Indianapolis Journal.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. Patterson, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

If people love you, be happy; don't demand the impossible by asking that the same people love you longer than a week.—Atchison Globe.

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Tom—"I don't know whether she sings or not." Jack—"She doesn't. I heard her."—Puck.

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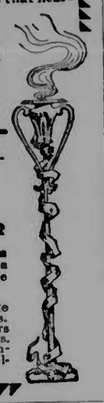

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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 7, 1896.

If the bare election of McKinley and Hobart was the only aim of the Republican party, they could shut up shop and go home, as their election is just as well assured to-day as any political event possibly can be before it has actually taken place. But much more than a small majority of the electoral college is sought for, so instead of relaxing their efforts, the Republican managers are increasing them and will continue to do so until election day. If McKinley and Hobart are elected by only a small majority, the issues of this campaign will continue to be agitated and business remain in an unsettled condition for four years more and the battle will have to be fought all over again in 1900. What is wanted, and what every Republican and every true friend of good government should help to bring about, is such an overwhelming majority, both in the popular vote and in the electoral college, for McKinley and Hobart, honest money, public prosperity, and constitutional government, that no other party will ever dare to make a national campaign on a platform favoring debased currency, repudiation of debts, public and private; attacking constitutional government and favoring anarchy by implication, if not in direct words. Let the seal of public condemnation be so indelibly placed upon the slimy serpent of disgust, hatched by the cranks of populism and nursed into dangerous activity by the Democratic National Convention, that all the world may understand, once for all, that money may be safely invested in the U. S., with the certainty that all obligations will be honorably met. When that is done, the foundation will have been laid for an era of prosperity that will exceed anything our country has yet experienced. Enroll yourself in this army of honor and recruit as many of your friends as possible in order to help bring this about.

Mr. J. W. Jordan, a business man of Ottumwa, Iowa, who is now in Washington, says: "Iowa may be depended upon as safe for McKinley. There is some free silver sentiment in my locality, but sound money ideas predominate very largely. I come in contact with a great many people, and I hear of scarcely any Republicans who are going over to the Chicago ticket. The feeling among the sound money Democrats that I have talked with is that if they regard the result in Iowa as at all close, they will vote for McKinley instead of the ticket named at Indianapolis."

Chairman Babcock, of the Republican Congressional Committee, thinks that Palmer and Buckner will get a large vote in Illinois, Indiana and Kentucky, and that if there had been any doubts about those states casting their electoral vote for McKinley, they would have been swept away by the action of the Indianapolis convention, and Secretary Mercer, of the same committee, thinks that many old soldiers in Kansas and Nebraska will vote for Gen. Palmer on personal ground alone. The Popocrats are much alarmed over a rumor that Secretary Carlisle is thinking of taking the stump in Kentucky for Palmer and Buckner.

According to what appears to be trustworthy administration authority, it will be as much as an official's life is worth—his official life—for him to take the stump for Bryan. Mr. Cleveland has determined to consider it the rankest sort of "offensive partisanship "for any member of his administration to take an active part in the campaign, in Bryan's behalf, and word to that effect has been passed around in all the departments. It is also stated on the same authority that three prominent officials who have been talking for Bryan will be asked to resign. These officials are Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Scott Wike, Auditor Baldwin and Deputy Pension Commissioner Bell. The first two are subordinates of Secretary Carlisle and the last is under Secretary Francis, who has already declared himself to be in favor of the Indianapolis ticket.

The reason why Representative Richardson, of Tenn., has been detached from the Washington Popocratic headquarters and sent to Chicago, is not that Chairman Jones wanted him there, as was given out by those headquarters, but because Chairman Butler of the Populist National Committee did not want him here, and the Democrats were afraid of offending Butler. Some ten days ago, Butler and Richardson had a bitter quarrel which came near resulting in blows. They have not spoken to each other since. Richardson has gone to Chicago, and Butler is King Bee at Popocratic headquarters, as he finds no difficulty in controlling Senator Faulkner, who is in charge of the Democratic end. Butler talks glibly of the desirability of forcing Sewall off the Democratic ticket.

Farm For Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm known as the Grove farm situated about one mile east of Selbysport, Garrett county, adjoining the lands of John Riley and Charles Fike. Said farm contains 133 acres, 100 of which are cleared, and improved by a good frame dwelling, barn, stable and other necessary buildings, with plenty of fruit and is well watered.

The above described farm will be sold cheap and on easy terms or will exchange for town property. For further information address Oliver Poland, Moscow Mills, Allegany county, Md. 25-6t.

Notice of Dissolution.

This is to give notice that the firm of Lish & Harvey, doing a general mercantile business at Kearney, have dissolved by mutual consent. All debtors are hereby notified to call and settle their accounts before Sept. 1st, 1896.

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JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

JUDGES AND CLERKS OF ELECTION.

OFFICE OF BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF ELECTION FOR GARRETT COUNTY.
OAKLAND, MD., Aug. 20, 1896.

At a meeting of the Board of Supervisors of Election held in Oakland Aug. 6th, 1896, the following persons were appointed to serve as Judges and Clerks of Election as designated hereafter for their respective precincts and districts, for the term of one year as provided for by Chap. 202, Sec. 10, Act of 1896:

District No. 1:—
Republican Judge of election, Francis M. McRobie, Swanton.
Democratic Judge of election, J. L. McRobie, Swanton.
Republican clerk of election, George W. Moon, Swanton.
Democratic clerk of election, J. W. Lansdale, Swanton.

District No. 2:—
Republican judge of election, D. S. Custer, Friendsville.
Democratic judge of election, C. M. Liston, Selbysport.
Republican clerk of election, Walter G. Meyers, Friendsville.
Democratic clerk of election, D. H. Turney, Friendsville.

District No. 3:—
Republican judge of election, Charles H. Durst, New Germany.
Democratic judge of election, Gregg E. Bevans, Grantsville.
Republican clerk of election, Charles Beachy, Grantsville.
Democratic clerk of election, Archibald Warnick, Grantsville.

District No. 4:—
Republican judge of election, Peter Monoghan, Floyd.

Republican clerk of election, Charles C. Moody, Broomington.
Democratic clerk of election, Lee Fazenbaker, ——

District No. 5:—
Republican judge of election, J. M. Lowdermilk, Hoyes.
Democratic judge of election, John H. Richter, Accident.
Republican clerk of election, Freeman D. Dewitt, Hoyes.
Democratic clerk of election, Geo. F. Kight, Mellenry.

District No. 6:—
Republican judge of election, Edward N. Casteel, Hoyes.
Democratic judge of election, Joel Bender, Accident.
Republican clerk of election, D. Arthur Friend, Sang Run.
Democratic clerk of election, Hanson B. Lewis, Sang Run.

1st precinct, District No. 7:—
Republican judge of election, David T. Enlow, Oakland.
Democratic judge of election, John O. Thayer, Thayerville.
Republican clerk of election, Franklin P. Arnold, Mt. Lake Park.
Democratic clerk of election, Wm. G. Hinebaugh, Oakland.

2nd precinct, District No. 7:—
Republican judge of election, Patrick H. Rodeheaver, Oakland.
Democratic judge of election, C. A. Dodge, Thayerville.
Republican clerk of election, Samuel Lawton, Oakland.
Democratic clerk of election, M. M. Ashby, Oakland.

District No. 8:—
Republican judge of election, Benjamin F. Harvey, P. O., Gormania, W. Va.
Democratic judge of election, Stephen T. Grimes, P. O., Gormania, W. Va.
Republican clerk of election, William G. Riley, Kearney.
Democratic clerk of election, John A. Shaffer, Sunnyside.

District No. 9:—
Republican judge of election, Norman Wilhelm, P. O., Frostburg.
Democratic judge of election, Thos. J. Crow, P. O., Frostburg.
Republican clerk of election, Chas. C. Layman, P. O., Frostburg.
Democratic clerk of election, Urias McKinzie, P. O., Frostburg.

District No. 10:—
Republican judge of election, Columbus L. Pugh, Thayerville.
Democratic judge of election, Wm. D. Hoye, Deer Park.
Republican clerk of election, William E. George, Deer Park.
Democratic clerk of election, Thos. Sollers, Deer Park.

District No. 11:—
Republican judge of election, William P. Hansel, P. O., Lonaconing.
Democratic judge of election, John F. Robeson, Avilton.
Republican clerk of election, Wm. A. J. Broadwater, P. O., Barton.
Democratic clerk of election, David D. Broadwater, New Germany.

District No. 12:—
Republican judge of election, Peter G. Stark, Bittinger.
Democratic judge of election, Peter Opel, Bittinger.
Republican clerk of election, Geo. W. Engle, Bittinger.
Democratic clerk of election, Perry Broadwater, Bittinger.

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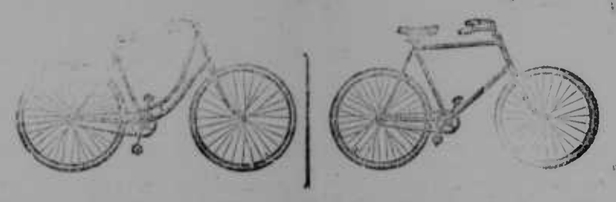

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DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still building

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS.

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

6'98 13.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, SEPTEMBER 17, 1896. NUMBER 28.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Register next Tuesday.

Oysters are on the market in Oakland.

Buckwheat cakes will soon be a luxury.

WANTED.—A chambermaid at the Glades Hotel, Oakland, Md. 28-1t

Mr. Howard Smouse, of Terra Alta, was in the city Monday afternoon.

Saturday last was Old Defenders' day but was not observed in Oakland.

Mr. Josiah Durst, of Grantsville, was in the city this week attending court.

Miss Mattie Adair, of Terra Alta, was in Oakland Monday visiting friends.

Mr. Benj. A. Richmond, of Cumberland, was in attendance at court here on Monday.

Mr. Daniel Stull, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., is here on a visit to the family of Mr. L. Stoddard.

Messrs. F. T. Fike and Henry Sines, of Friendsville, were callers at this office on Monday.

Oracle Borden was in Oakland Tuesday and *Democrat* Litzinger was in Grafton Saturday.

Mrs. R. T. Semmes, of Cumberland, is on a visit to the family of Mr. H. Weber, near Oakland.

The work of excavating for the foundation of the Oak street bridge has been commenced.

Mr. Jones Glotfelty, of McHenry, was in Oakland Monday and paid his respects to this office.

Barland Stove Lining, 25 cents per package. Sufficient for back and ends. Fits any stove. 28-4t

Rev. D. Tasker will preach at the Dodge school house on Hoppole Sunday, Sept. 20th, at 10.30 a.m.

Mr. D. C. Feather, of Crellsville, is now holding a position as clerk in Messrs. Dixon & Kelso's store.

Mr. A. W. Hall, a merchant of Bowlesburg, W. Va., was in Oakland on bnisness a day or two last week.

Norman Semmer went to Confluence, Pa., Sunday night to spend a two weeks' vacation with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Ison, of Washington, are here visiting Rev. and Mrs. Benj. Ison on Fourth street.

Mr. Peter McIntyre, of near Barton, was in Oakland yesterday on business before the County Commissioners.

Mr. W. H. Hagans' house in Crook's addition has been enclosed and will shortly be ready for the plasterers.

Mr. Thos. L. Jackson, of Wilson, contributes to THE REPUBLICAN this week a poem worthy the reading.

WANTED.—About October 1st, a suit of about five rooms, desirable location at moderate rates. U. G. Palmer. 28-2t*

The Board of County Commissioners was in session two or three days this week transacting routine business.

Mrs. Will Davis, of Piedmont, who spent two or three weeks visiting friends here, returned home last Friday.

Mrs. C. Felty recently returned from a three weeks visit to friends in Clarksburg, Grafton and Kingwood, W. Va.

Mr. Julius Scherr, of Eglon, was in the city Monday re-arranging the telephone lines belonging to his company.

Messrs. Milton Lowdermilk, of Selbysport, and F. L. Warnick, of Deer Park, were among our callers Tuesday.

Dr. Hattie B. Jones, of Wheeling, was in Oakland a day or two last week visiting her brother, Mr. Scott T. Jones.

Dr. Benj. Ison raised in his garden this year two enormous tomatoes. The aggregate weight of the two is four pounds.

Mr. W. C. Jones, of Deer Park, was in Oakland a few hours Tuesday as was also Postmaster S. C. Hoye, of the same place.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bush and daughter, of Eglon, spent Monday in Oakland with Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Fringer on Crook street.

S. Lawton has just received a consignment of Rutland Stove Lining. It fits any stove; repair them before cold weather comes. 28-4t

Mr. J. Lee McComas has opened a carriage painting establishment in the building in the rear of the Garrett Memorial church.

Mrs. C. W. Thorn and family, of Washington, who spent the summer here, returned to Washington last Saturday morning.

The ladies of the Lutheran church of Oakland will hold a festival in the Fringer building in Oakland to-day, Friday and Saturday.

Mr. Will Offutt returned to school at Annapolis on Tuesday morning and there re-entered St. John's college for another year.

Wm. Locke, representing the Tabb & Jenkinson Hardware Co., of Baltimore, was in Oakland on Tuesday calling on his customers.

The weather here on last Friday and Saturday was as warm as any day during the summer. The mercury registered up near the nineties.

Senator Ravenscroft, of Accident, was here on Monday morning for a short time. He left on the 10 a. m. train for points along George's Creek.

Mrs. D. E. Offutt accompanied by her daughter Miss Nell started to Baltimore Tuesday morning, where the daughter will attend school this winter.

Mrs. D. Y. Morris, of Kingwood, who spent a month with relatives in Oakland and Mountain Lake Park, returned to her home Tuesday morning.

Attorneys A. A. Domb, Jas. A. McHenry and R. T. Semmes, of Cumberland, and Taylor Morrison, of Piedmont, were here at court one or two days this week.

The registration throughout the county this week was heavy considering the fact that court was in session and the farmers in the midst of their buckwheat harvest.

John Russel was before Justice Boyer last Saturday charged with drunkenness. He was fined $1 and costs and could not pay. He spent Sunday in the lock-up.

Messrs. Geo. D. White and Andrew Shartzer went to Rockville last night to attend the Congressional convention which meets in that place this morning at 11 o'clock.

The new whistle recently adopted as a B. & O. standard is a regular steamboat chime and unlike most of the whistles on other lines. It is coarse but melodious.

Among our callers on Monday was Mr. Edward Shope, of Selbysport. This was Mr. Shope's first visit to Oakland and he expressed himself as being much pleased with our town.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot left on Tuesday morning for Moundsville, W. Va., where he goes to attend the annual conference of the M. E. church which is in session in that town this week.

Mr. Philip T. Michaels, of Westernport, was in the city yesterday and made this office a very pleasant call. In another column he advertises for sale his farm lying near Westernport.

Mrs. Merritt Wilson departed from here last Friday morning for her home in Ohio where she will visit relatives for a few weeks. She was accompanied to Oakland by her husband.

Charley Giessman was kicked by a horse one day last week but was not very seriously injured. The same day his younger brother was kicked by a cow, with no serious results however.

A ball was given at the Glades Tuesday night by the gentlemen of Oakland to the young ladies. About a dozen couples were present. The music was furnished by Prof. Daisy, of Cumberland.

Examiner Palmer has been busy this week looking over the examination papers of the prospective teachers in this county. So far very few of those who took the examination will receive No, 1 certificates.

General Assessors Fresh and Beckman have finished the assessment in but two districts, Nos. 7 and 10. They commenced work in No. 8 Tuesday morning and it will require at least three weeks to finish that district.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Abler street.

A number of the young men of Oakland will go up Cheat river just beyond Aurora next Monday and camp for a week. The party will be composed of Dr. Henry W. McComas, Will Sturgiss, Harry West, Tom Kimmell and Ed. Bartlett.

Our court callers Monday were Mr. W. M. Lowdermilk, of Selbysport; Baker Johnson, Jacob Gnagey, C. M. Livengood and Samuel J. Beachy, of Grantsville; William Frazee, of Elder; Thomas Frazee of Friendsville, and Isaac T. Meyers, of Fenrer.

The annual love feast of the German Baptist Brethren will be held at Maple Run church on next Saturday night. Elder Thomas, of Clifton Mills, W. Va., will have charge of the services, and will be assisted by Rev. Isaac W. Abernathy and others.

Miss Blanche Thomas, of Hancock, Md., has been appointed kindergarten teacher in the government Indian school at Fort Lewis, Colorado, and will assume the duties October 6. Her sister, Miss Lulu M. Thomas, introduced the kindergarten method in the Indian schools of this country.

From all accounts Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a Godsend to the afflicted. There is no advertisement about this; we feel just like saying it. —The Democrat, Carrollton, Ky. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Mr. J. R. Dight, of the firm of Dight & Hosack, of Friendsville, was here Tuesday and yesterday. Mr. Dight and his partner recently moved to this county from Mercer county, Pa. They are engaged in the lumber trade and expect to remain in the county for an indefinite time.

LOST.—On the road between Oakland and Grantsville, a gold Knights Templar charm, engraved with the name of Geo. T. Brew. The finder will be liberally rewarded by returning same to this office or to Geo. T. Brew, Grantsville. 21*

An excursion over the Pittsburg division of the B. & O. carried three thousand visitors to Canton, Ohio, Tuesday to pay their respects to Maj. Wm. McKinley. Among the excursionists were numerous Garrett countians from Friendsville, Selbysport and vicinity. The rate from Friendsville was but $3 for the round trip.

Several years ago I was taken with a severe attack of flux. I was sick in bed about ten days and could get nothing to relieve me until I used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which cured me and has been a household remedy with us ever since. J. C. Marlow, Decaturville, Mo. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

At a session of the School Board held on Monday the free scholarship in St. John's college, Annapolis, was awarded Mr. Will Shartzer who stood a successful examination for the place a week or two ago. He entered upon his studies in St. John's yesterday when the school opened for the year.

Republicans, bear in mind that every person must be registered in order to cast a vote at the November election. The registrars of the several districts were in session Tuesday. Their offices will again be open next Tuesday and Wednesday and those who neglected to register Tuesday should attend to the matter without further delay.

Last Thursday afternoon about four o'clock a prisoner in the jail here named McFulky, charged with stealing, effected his escape from jail by pushing the turn key aside and running through the open door. He was quickly pursued by Sheriff Brown and recaptured at Broderick's lake where he had secreted himself in a small building.

Last Saturday the Junior Epworth League of St. Paul's church went on their annual picnic to the South Point grove. They were accompanied by their parents, teachers and others who looked after their comfort and care. After spending the day very pleasantly in the woods they returned to their homes. By invitation their next picnic will be held on the grounds of Dr. G. M. P. King at Monte Vista.

The fat and lean men of Oakland played a rather interesting game of ball at Jack Oak park yesterday afternoon. Dr. Mahion C. Hinebaugh pitched for the fats and Dr. Henry W. McComas for the leans. The score stood 23 to 24 in favor of the fats. Many remarkable plays were made on both sides, the most laughable being that made by Dr. McComas. He made a three base hit and had reached third when some one called his attention to the fact that he had failed to touch first base. He started on a dead run across the field for first, but the ball got there ahead of him and he was out. Dr. Hinebaugh's down schute (?) was hard to hit and his delivery of the ball would have done credit to a professional.

Farm for Rent.

Farm for rent of 350 acres; 175 acres in grass and cultivation. Two fine orchards all grafted fruit. This farm lies six miles north of Oakland. There is a mine on the farm that sells from five to six hundred tons of coal every winter. This is the best coal for stove and lime burning in the state. Address, Chauncey Kimmell, Oakland, Md. 25-4t*

Its Value Recognized by Physicians.

As a rule I am opposed to the proprietary medicines. Still I value a good one, especially when such is the source of relief from pain. As a topical (external) application I have found Chamberlain's Pain Balm the best remedy I have ever used for neuralgia of any kind. I have conscientiously recommended it to many persons. William Horne, M. D., Janesville, Wis. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Our Hopes Realized.

Today THE REPUBLICAN goes to its readers dressed from crown to toe in as pretty a frock as any one could desire.

It has been our desire for a number of months past to make this departure but we have been deterred for a number of reasons, foremost of which has been the money stringency. We came to the conclusion, however, that our readers deserved more reading matter and thus adopted the smaller size type.

The whole new dress was purchased from the John Ryan foundry, Baltimore, of which Mr. Edward P. Suter, a reliable gentleman, is the manager. He is ably assisted by a corps of reliable gentlemen, amongst whom we remember Mr. W. Ross Wilson, who has charge of the machinery department of this house.

A Mere Detail.

The merchant who can make folks read about his goods by plain talk in a natural key ought to have easy sailing in the mere detail of selling his wares. The goods that can hold the popular eye are already half turned into cash; and a pointed advertisement is the best thing to catch the public attention and hold it fast.

Still a Republican.

Owing to an error in the appointment of judge of election in District No. 4 the name of Mr. P. T. Michaels was published as one of the Democratic judges. Mr. Michaels has always been an ardent Republican and desires his friends in the county to know that he still votes the straight Republican ticket.

Crops.

Farm work has progressed favorably in Garrett county, and wheat seeding is well under way, the ground being in excellent condition for the plow and harrow. Further east, dry weather has prevailed to such an extent that the late corn crop will be shorter than anticipated; besides, the ground has become so hard that plowing is carried on slowly and with much difficulty.

Pastures are excellent in western localities, but are short in Washington county. The prospects for a good crop of clover seed are expected. Buckwheat thrashing is now in progress and a light yield is in prospect.

The late planting of potatoes has done but poorly in eastern localities. Apples are plenty in some places.

Died.

BIGGS.—At his home near Mt. Lake Park, yesterday morning about one o'clock, William H. Biggs, aged about 54 years. The funeral services will be held this afternoon at 1.30 o'clock at Glade Valley church and the interment will be made in the Wonderly burying ground. The funeral will be in charge of Garrett lodge, Knights of Pythias, of which the deceased was a member.

BENCE.—Tuesday afternoon Leah, the nine year old adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bence, residing at Loch Lynn Heights, died after a lingering illness, of heart failure. The funeral will occur to-day.

Call for your Letters.

Edward Brown, E. V. McDonnell, W. M. Pendegast, Granville Divers (2), Mrs. Nannie Blaney, Mrs. George Green, Miss Flora P. Cooper, Miss Georgia A. Randolph, Miss Ettie Shaffer.

Republican Club Meeting.

The Republican club which was organized at Wilson at the primary meeting met at Wilson for the first time on Saturday night, and notwithstanding the fact that the rain poured down nearly the whole evening the hall was packed with enthusiastic Republicans.

The meeting was called to order by Merritt Wilson, president of the club, who spoke for a time on the issues of the present campaign. Mr. W. McCulloh Brown then gave an interesting and instructive talk on the financial question.

The meeting was then addressed by D. Lindsley Sloan, of Cumberland, who spoke for about an hour.

The next meeting of the club will be at Kearney on the 26th inst. at 7.30 o'clock p. m. Able speakers will be present at that time to discuss the financial and tariff questions.

Farm For Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm known as the Grove farm situated about one mile east of Selbysport Garrett county, adjoining the lands of John Riley and Charles Fike. Said farm contains 133 acres, 100 of which are cleared, and improved by a good frame dwelling, barn, stable and other necessary buildings, with plenty of fruit and is well watered.

The above described farm will be sold cheap and on easy terms or will exchange for town property. For further information address Oliver Poland, Moscow Mills, Allegany county, Md. 25-6t

Display Your Flags.

Saturday, September 19th, is the one hundredth anniversary of George Washington's farewell address to the people of the United States. The National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution are anxious to have this anniversary observed by a general display of the flag from all private and public buildings.

Two Games of Ball.

Last Friday the Jack Oaks and Mt. Lake Park nines crossed bats in Oakland, resulting in a score of fifteen to thirteen in favor of the home team.

Saturday a challenge was accepted from the Deer Park nine for a game between it and the Jack Oaks. After five innings had been played the rain set in and the game was called, neither team having the score standing Deer Park, 6; Jack Oaks, 2.

To Correspondents.

To make a county paper interesting it requires more than the personal efforts of the editor. He must have outside assistance and be represented by an associate in every town in the county. Until recently this privilege was enjoyed by THE REPUBLICAN but for some unaccountable reason our assistant editors have become somewhat different. We ask that they resume sending their letters to this journal. Stamps and stationery will be furnished to trustworthy correspondents who apply to this office as such.

The Board of Control and Review.

The county commissioners, who compose the board of control and review in this county, will meet to begin their labors in this branch of the administration of the county's affairs on Tuesday, October 6th, in their office at the court house.

Numerous appeals have been made from the assessments made by the assessors, and quite a lengthy session of the review board is expected.

Prison Bugs of the Court.

The session of the Circuit Court for this county thus far has been one of unusual interest.

Monday afternoon after the grand jury has been empaneled the case of Ryland et al., against the liquor dealers of district No. 2 was heard by the court. Under the new liquor license law it requires that a petition shall be presented to the court bearing the names of registered voters before a vote can be taken on the question of license. It also provides that if a counter petition bearing a greater number of names be presented no vote can be taken. The petition presented by Ryland had the names of a number of persons who were not registered. A counter petition was filed by the saloon keepers which had a few less names than that filed by Ryland. The point raised was that the first petition did not have the required number of registered voters' names on it and the court ruled that such being the case no vote will be taken on the question.

Tuesday morning a number of appeal cases were taken up and disposed of. The appeal docket was finished up yesterday morning when the case of John Shartzer, substituted trustee, vs. the Mountain Lake Park Association was called. This case was heard in court a year ago, judgment being rendered in favor of the plaintiff. The defendant appealed to the Court of Appeals and the judgment of the lower court was confirmed. It is now being tried on its merits.

More About the Canoe.

It will be remembered that several weeks ago THE REPUBLICAN contained an account of the recovery of a canoe from the bed of Deep Creek by ex-Fish Commissioner Browning. At the time the canoe was found it was the general impression that it belonged to that old hunter, Mr. Meshech Browning, and in the past few days that supposition has been strengthened by evidence that cannot be questioned.

One day last week Mr. Thomas Browning, a son of Meshech, who is now past eighty years of age, happened by Lake Brown and espied the old canoe and immediately recognized it as belonging to his father. He at once told how, over seventy years ago, his father and John Enlow, who was the progenitor of the Enlow family in Garrett county, had made the old dugout and launched it. Enlow wanted the boat made twenty feet long and pointed at both ends. Meshech wanted it much shorter and as usual he had his way.

Mr. Thomas Browning stated that shortly after the canoe was made he and another boy went to the accustomed place to get into it but it had disappeared and it was thought then that some one had stolen it, but the recent bringing to light of the old relic has dispelled that delusion.

THERE IS NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

It has been Proven so Often, that

ANTI-FAG

Is the surest cure that has ever been found for

HEADACHE

No use arguing, as to how it is so. Enough to know that it

Cures and is Harmless.

and that Druggists and Dealers all sell it for 10 and 25 cts. a bottle.

Mailed on receipt of price by

Gilbert Bros. & Co., Proprietors,

BALTIMORE.

The Spitting Habit.

The wittiest of French journalists, Mr. Paul Blouet, better known by his non de plume of Max O'Rell, in his book on the United States, entitled "Jonathan and His Continent," says: "The most indispensable, it appears—the most conspicuous at any rate—piece of furniture in America is the spittoon. All (public) rooms are provided with this object of prime necessity; it is impossible to escape the sight of this ugly utensil. The Americans, accustomed to these targets from the tenderest age, are marvelously adroit in the use of them; they seldom miss their aim." This is the criticism that we subject ourselves to in the eyes of the visiting foreigner, and it is, indeed, deserved.

The American men chew more tobacco than those of any other country. The Englishman smokes his pipe, the Frenchman his cigarette; but the American chews and expectorates wherever he happens to be walking or standing unless it be in his private house. If a cuspidor be convenient well and good; if not the centre of the sidewalk or the floor of a public building will do just as well.

Sunday afternoon, while the streets were crowded with ladies the writer counted in the two blocks from Third street down Alder to Second and from Alder to Liberty street, scattered at random over the sidewalk, two hundred and fifteen pools of tobacco juice, varying in diameter from one to three inches; and all were fresh.

The Declaration of Independence gives to all men the right to enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, therefore, if it be necessary in the enjoyment of these things for him to spit he has a perfect right to do so. Other people, however, have the same rights under the Declaration, and in thus promiscuously expectorating the tobacco spitter is entrenching upon them. Probably the majority of men are affected more or less, by some lung trouble; many of these two hundred and fifteen pools contain germs of disease which lodge on the ladies' dresses and are carried home, perhaps to breed illness in a child already deliciate. Then, too, many dainty fabrics are stained and spoiled by accidentally dragging into this stream of juice, which is so great that it always cannot be avoided.

It has always been the proud boast of the American man that he is a gentleman. Then let him prove it by showing consideration for others! If it be necessary for him to expectorate it should be no trouble for him to step to the side of the walk and deposit his tobacco juice into the street, where it would do comparatively little harm. If every man shall see that he himself does this it will not be long before the sidewalks of Oakland will not be recognized by the oldest habitue.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers his farm of 238 acres for sale, lying west of Westernport, in Garrett county, Md. 100 acres cleared and in cultivation. The farm is watered and underlaid with coal and limestone. A fine young orchard in bearing. The improvements are a bank barn 40x60 feet and all outbuildings complete. For further information apply to Philip T. Michaels, P. O. address, Westernport, Md. 28-4t*.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD

A WEDDING DAY.

BY MARY T. EARLE.

A girl came from the bayou along a little trail which passed through the marsh on bits of silvery cypress-drift and through the woods where brown pine needles carpeted it, up to the Hildreth garden. The crape-myrtles stood stiff as sentinels beside the gate, but the walk led up between its borders in confident welcome to a blank open space, all gray and powdery, as if it had never seen the sunlight or felt moisture. The girl stood breathless, gazing at it. The last of the spring roses scattered their petals lavishly around the beds, and added their fragrance to the sweetness of the cape jasmine and the tiny fluffy balls of the acacias, but the Hildreth house was gone. The hollyhocks and the high shrubs seemed to be lifting themselves on tiptoe to look down at the scar where it had been. The breeze sighed a little through the great live-oak which had spent years in spreading wide and generous to shade the whole south gallery, and the mocking birds flitted in and out of its branches with that swift spreading of their wings for flight which makes the white bars in them always a revelation. After she had seen these things with widening eyes, the girl's hand went up to her throat, and she gave a little sob.

"Is everything to change?" she asked, half brokenly. Something in her mood stood between her and natural surprise. She felt as if she had been prepared to find the place like this, but the tears rose in her eyes as she looked, for each familiar beauty of it was something bereaved. She opened the gate and walked between the rose bushes toward the spot where the house had been, but when she reached it she turned away. She threaded all the bowery paths, and each seemed to hold something which she must turn away from, too; but when she stood by the acacia tree she put out her hand and touched it timidly. Soon, as it did not forbid her, she lifted her hand, drew down a branch, and picked just one of the tiny yellow tufts which breathe all the sweetness of the sweetest days of love, held it against her cheek for a moment, and then, with trembling fingers, hid it in the dark braids of her hair.

A faint "ya-heave-o," like the sailors hauling up an anchor, was wafted through the garden, and the girl raised her face and looked about her desolately. Far down Live Oak lane, between the rounded trees, she saw the Hildreth house. It seemed to have picked up its doorsteps and started out across the village; there was an excited gleam in its windows, and the sunlight, falling more freely on its roof than it ever had done in the garden, gave it the look of some tenderly shielded old person that has stolen bareheaded away from loving children, who do not remember that age has its restlessness.

The girl could notice now that a way had been cleared for the house to travel backward out of the garden, leaving the flowers courteously, as if they were a royal presence, and she followed in its path through the opened panel of fence and on into the lane, where the blue shimmer of the gulf ended the vistas of light on either side of the house. She walked eagerly, and her face dimpled into smiles, yet even as she smiled she put her hand up to her hair, and the depths of her eyes still kept their sorrow. "I don't see how Mrs. Hildreth could leave her flowers," she said once, with a sigh.

A band of creole workmen were prying the house along on its clumsy rollers, and shouting and singing resonantly at each slow forward lurch. Their voices had the sweetness of a summer land and knowledge of the sea, and they worked at leisure and gracefully, their red or blue shirts shining out against the greenery which still clung to the Hildreth house, for it had not laid aside its vines, but was carrying their roots daintily clear of the ground in baskets, just as another dear old fugitive might lift her skirts.

A woman with rosy cheeks and smooth brown hair was sitting by the window, and as the girl approached she reached down to help her take the long step from the road to the door-sill. "Connie Bainbridge," she said, "I don't know of anyone I would rather have come walking in like this to act as bridesmaid on my wedding day," and she drew her visitor into a room that was startlingly unchanged except for the glory of flowers with which the garden had said good-by. It was hard to remember that in the garden they had not been missed at all.

The girl sank into a chair and looked about her wearily. A long string of gull's eggs, creamy and softly flecked, hung near her on the wall. She took hold of them as she so often had before, and passed them through her fingers like a rosary. "Your wedding day?" she said.

"Anniversary, of course, I mean," Mrs. Hildreth answered, looking out through a window that gave a glimpse of the beckoning sea. She smiled musingly as she looked. There was always something of generous content about her, as if life grew sweeter and broader with the afternoon sun; and Connie Bainbridge remembered that when the house had stood in its garden she herself had never lifted the gate latch and walked in between the roses without leaving every care behind. But now her heart had learned a different way. She took down the great rosary so that she might bend her head over it. "What is happening?" she asked.

Mrs. Hildreth looked at her, noticing the tone. "You see, we always celebrate each wedding day," she said. "When we come to the rounded numbers, we invite people, and do as they expect us to; but on the other years, that most people forget, we do just what we please. —Robbie and I. Robbie has just gone over to the village, but he'll soon be home. This is our twenty-ninth wedding day, and we're moving to the sea. You know, when we were first married we wanted a building site on the beach, and we couldn't afford it. Now we can, and so we're celebrating." She paused, looking curiously at Connie's face, which was turned away from her. When she went on there was a soft laugh in her voice. "We couldn't move without our house, of course; it's too much a part of us—and, anyway, when we die our shell may feel more at home if it's left on the beach."

The girl tried to join in Mrs. Hildreth's laugh, but when she parted her lips a low, passionate sob came through them. She fell on her knees and bowed her head in Mrs. Hildreth's lap. Her words came in a gasp. "This was to have been my wedding day," she said.

Mrs. Hildreth put her arms around her, murmuring: "My child!"

"Yes," the girl answered, in a hard, dry voice. "We decided to have no one but mamma and papa with us, and then to announce it and take you all by surprise—now we shall surprise you in another way, for it will never be at all." She was trembling, and she caught Mrs. Hildreth's dress in her hands. "It was my fault, of course," she finished; "at least you will think it was my fault."

The joy of her long, happy years shone before Mrs. Hildreth's eyes until they were blurred. She lifted the girl's face between her hands. "Connie Bainbridge," she said, gently, "you and Jack Houghton are not commonplace, foolish children who quarrel for no cause. Tell me all about your trouble, from beginning to end."

"I couldn't bear explaining it to mamma," Connie Bainbridge said, "and I meant to say nothing to anyone, but when you spoke like that of your wedding day"—her voice broke into the tone of one whose heart yields itself to sympathy or love. "Ah, I can tell everything to you," she cried, "for no one else on earth would know so well what I have thrown away."

Along the street which led from the center of the village to the old Hildreth place the great trees interlaced their restful shadows, letting only the smallest flecks of sunlight sift between them in the perfect silence of the idle summer afternoon. It was strange that the very shadows did not stir and change a little when a sharp thudding of hoofs and the swing of a horse broke through the air, and a young man came riding at a gallop beneath the trees. He held his head high, and his lips were compressed in a way that had nothing to do with the swift, easy motion of the horse, and there was a frown above his eyes, which were looking straight ahead with a sort of bitter challenge in them for all they saw or did not see. He drew rein abruptly at the Hildreth gate. The crape-myrtles were waiting for him as usual, and the sweet odors of the garden spread out to summon him, but the straight path led to vacancy.

"They'll be uprooting the roses next and carrying them after the house," he went on, turning his whip against a tall bush which he loved, and sending a shower of pink petals to the ground. He tramped across them ruthlessly, bowed his head under an arbor of honeysuckles, and whistled a note or two as he walked along the paths. "I'll be glad when the whole thing is torn up," he declared; "it would be useless to try coming back here any more." He started to whistle again, but broke off. "Perhaps," he muttered, harshly, "you think you can stand seeing the Hildreths, when the garden is too much for you!" He stood quite still, and set his face against the inroads of a change which left nothing in his life untouched. The knowledge of all that had gone before him seemed to rise like a tide above him, until his physical balance was unsteadied by it, and he leaned against a tree and shut his eyes. In that moment of relaxation his senses were no longer guarded by anger, and he felt the soft, perfumed air stealing over him in a caress. There were many sweet odors in it, but one of them was more like a personal message than the others. He smiled faintly, and opened his eyes. It was the little acacia tree he was leaning against. He reached up for one of the yellow balls, and as he felt it between his fingers a memory of joy came into his face. The little thing was like love itself, and it was so laden with sweetness. He kissed it more than once, and then, putting it in his pocket with a tender deference, he turned back along the path and followed where the house was leading toward the sunlit vista of the gulf.

Robbie Hildreth had returned from the village and was working among the creoles, but he hurried forward as the young fellow came up. Hildreth was an elderly man, whom time and the sun had touched so often and so lovingly that they had blended all the colors of his hair and face into a tone of silvery gray, out of which his blue eyes glanced humorously as he shook the young fellow's hand. "Betty and I are having a wedding march for the twenty-ninth time," he said, "and Betty is guarding all her treasures in the house. We're going to have a wedding supper when we get to the beach, and you must stay."

"I'd forgotten that this was your wedding day," the young man said.

"Why, whose else should it be?" asked Hildreth, laughing. "Yours?"

The young fellow looked at him a moment. He knew that behind Robbie Hildreth's merry eyes there was one of the gentlest, truest souls. He drew him a little further from the workmen. "It was to have been my wedding day," he said.

Many people who knew that the Hildreth house was moving went out of their way to see the place where it had stood. Among them was the young minister who was taking his first charge in the village. Bubbie Hildreth and he had met at the post office, and Hilbreth had told him that the moving was a celebration, so he started presently to call on Mrs. Hildreth, and to wish her constant joy, and as many returns of the day in the future as there had been in the past. "That would take them far beyond their golden wedding," he thought, and, with a sudden realization of the faithfulness of love which had lasted so long and would last so much longer if heaven spared them, he turned his steps to pass the garden where they had lived together for so many years.

Even young ministers feel a rise and fall of the divine spirit within them, and as this young man stood by the Hildreth gate and looked at the loneliness that was left when all the flowers clustered about an empty spot of sand, a fresh understanding of the sacredness of kindly living came to him, and filled him with inspired humility. There seemed so many warm, sweet, simple truths to tell the world, although he felt himself almost too young and far too wisdomless to speak. "Twenty-nine years," he thought, "of the most actual tests of grace—and I have not even reached the point where they began. I love no one woman better than another—perhaps I should thank God for it—and I've never even performed a marriage ceremony in my life."

He looked about him from the site of the house to all the things which the Hildreths had been cherishing so long. "I don't see how they can bear to leave their flowers," he said, with a little sigh; "but then, as long as they take their love with them, more flowers will grow." It seemed to the young minister just then that grace might be less varying if he felt more of individual love; but soon he turned from the gate and walked round outside the garden and down into Live-Oak lane, following the house. He was still a very young man, and pretty little speeches went from him sometimes, and so as he walked he kept repeating: "I wish you constant joy, and as many returns of the day in the future as there have been in the past."

He neared the house, and noticed how daintily it had raised its vines to move, and he was wondering if it would be just the thing for him to tell Mrs. Hildreth how much it looked like her when she came to church on wet or dusty mornings, but before he could decide he saw that Mr. Hildreth was standing several rods nearer to him than to the house and talking very earnestly, with his hand on tall Jack Houghton's shoulder. The minister paused, for they looked as if they were speaking in confidence, and he wished neither to go forward and interrupt them nor to retreat. Just as he paused, Mrs. Hildreth stepped down from the house, followed by Connie Bainbridge. The minister felt that it was awkward to be standing there in indecision, and he blushed. No one saw him, however, for Mrs. Hildreth and Connie Bainbridge both stopped with a startled look at sight of the two men who were talking together. There were traces of tears about Mrs. Hildreth's eyes, and Connie's face was white. They stood still for a moment, and then Connie shrank back toward the door, but Mrs. Hildreth took her hand. The girl's expression changed and lighted. She went forward swiftly and touched young Houghton on the arm. The minister turned away when Houghton, taken by surprise, and bending to her, spoke her name.

Mrs. Hildreth and Robbie moved away from them and toward the minister, who stepped to meet them, smiling and fumbling with his thoughts, for the words he meant to say were gone. It happened that he did not need them, for Mrs. Hildreth turned back and took the other young people in the house. Robbie Hildreth's smile was merrier than ever in his eyes. "Do you know the marriage service?" he asked.

"Why—why, of course," stammered the minister, "but I've never—"

"Then it's time you began," said Robbie Hildreth, and he felt that the minister was trembling as he took him by the arm and drew him toward the door. "It's not a dangerous thing, you know," he added, reassuringly. "I can testify, after 29 years."

The young minister flushed warmly, but his arm grew steadier. "You have shown what a beautiful thing it can be," he said. And yet he hesitated in the doorway, for Mrs. Hildreth was at the window telling the men outside that they might let the house stand still a little while, so the two young people were standing alone together hand in hand. He could see their faces, and he felt very sure that it would be an intrusion if he went forward to speak to them. But Robbie Hildreth was behind him, pushing him gently, and Mrs. Hildreth had turned from the window. A great stillness fell like an invocation, and, gathering his courage, he went toward them, and his heart stirred nervously as he rehearsed the marriage service in his mind.

Afterward, while the house was moving leisurely along its way, the minister stepped down from it, and wandered back to the deserted garden. He stopped a second time beside the gate.

"I wished them constant joy," he murmured, and the color mounted softly to his cheek, for they had wished him something, too. Their joyous faces rose against the isolation where he stood. A few small common blossoms looked up in his eyes. There are many names for them. They are often spoken of in jest, yet there are men who count them flowers of triumph—others, flowers of unrest.

"Bachelor's buttons," he whispered, smiling at them; "the flowers of loneliness—but I should not be saying that," and he knelt quickly, then, to gather one, and as he knelt he breathed a little penitential prayer.

"In hoc signo vinces," he added, when he rose. He glanced apprehensively out toward the road, and, slipping the flower into his buttonhole, walked slowly home.—Outlook.

HARMLESS SNAKES.

Rattlesnake Pete's Appeal for the Useful Little Creatures.

"It's a shame to kill those harmless little snakes," said Rattlesnake Pete, when a reporter told of a recent trip to the country, where he saw a farmer kill several garter snakes. Pete had just finished placing 13 new snakes into the case adjoining the den of rattlers, which has long been the pride of his heart.

"As soon as anyone commences talking snake," said Pete, "I'm right at home. How many snakes have I in all? Oh, about 75. Those in that side are all poisonous, but these are not known to be very bad."

At this the snake fancier took from a bunch of reptiles a light brown snake with dark spots on its body. Pete explained that it was a spotted adder, and was one of a new lot that he had just received.

"The spotted adder can bite," said Pete, "but there is no poison. As he said that he opened the snake's mouth with his fingers and exposed a dangerous-looking tongue, but there were no fangs such as the rattlers and other poisonous snakes have.

The new snakes received the other day were contributions from friends of Pete's in Miami, I. T. The box in which the snakes came was marked: "114 pounds of snakes, 85 cents a pound." There was no other writing on the box other than the address of "Pete Gruber," which is "Rattlesnake Pete's" more formal name. The box contained snakes of the following species: Cottonmouth snakes, copperheads, chicken snakes, copper-bottom and mud snakes.

It will be seen that most of these snakes are very poisonous. The cottonmouth snake is similar to the rattlesnake in every way excepting the lack of rattles. It is said that these snakes are more poisonous than rattlers, but Pete, who has had considerable experience nursing snake bites, does not believe it.

The chicken snake is a black snake, with red spots dotted here and there on its body, and is quite pretty. As Pete took one of them from the case and examined him thoroughly, he remarked that he guessed there wasn't much poison about it. The copper-bottom snakes are similar to the snakes found in Florida and other southern states. Pete also handled them with great readiness, but, in taking the cotton-mouth, copperhead and mud snakes from the box, he used more caution.

While the reporter was talking to Pete, a long box arrived by express which was immediately opened. It contained a large, bright-colored snake which is known as a coach whip. It was seven feet long, and came from Chadwick, Mo. The man of many snakes took the reptile and threw it in with the others and locked up the cage.

As he locked the door he pointed to a four-foot snake which was curled up in one corner of the cage. He was a copper-bottom from Florida. He had just swallowed a field, or garter snake, measuring about three feet in length. Another snake in the same cage had just been fed 16 small mice and one kitten a week old. In order to prove that the snakes would eat anything, Pete opened the den and placed an ordinary egg in front of one of the largest reptiles. His snakeship was not long in encircling the egg, and when he swallowed it he was seen to tighten the body as if to break the shell.

The attention of Rattlesnake Pete was called to a statement which was published from Cleveland, which stated that the army worm, which had been doing much damage in the northern part of Ohio, had an enemy in the rattlesnake. Pete stated that not only did the rattlesnakes devour the army worm, but all snakes were fond of them.

"If the farmers only knew when they were well off," said Pete, "their garden truck would be much better if they allowed the small snakes about the garden which are generally killed to live, that they might devour the insects." Pete has known for a fact where snakes have gone through gardens and picked bugs off the vegetables. Hence his appeal for the harmless little creatures."

In speaking of the nature of snakes in general, Pete wound up the conversation by describing the attitude of the black snake toward the rattlers, and in fact all others, but particular the former. Pete has a large number of black snakes and rattlers in the same cage. When one of the rattlers starts to devour a smaller snake or anything that the black snakes want, the latter twists around the body of the rattler and squeezes so hard that he cannot swallow the object.

The result is that the rattler invariably chokes up whatever he has started to eat and moves slowly away. They never attempt to strike at a black snake. Rattlers often strike at objects which they miss and happen to bury their fangs in other snakes, but in all his experience Pete has never had one of these cases which proved fatal.

However, he claims that suicide is a common thing among rattlers, as only the other day he had a large rattlesnake die from a wound self-inflicted. It appears that about a week ago this big snake, turned slowly around when Pete was standing in front of the cage and struck at himself. Its fangs were buried deep into his skin, and in the morning he died.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

A Good Term.

"Hoh," said Wilbur, when Wallie wanted to swap an American two-cent stamp for a silver shilling, "you're pretty mumpy, I think."

"Mmupy?" asked Wallie. "What's mumpy?"

"When your cheek gets big," said Wilbur.—Harper's Round Table.

Heading Her Off.

"Everywhere I called to-day," said Mrs. Matchey to her daughter, "I heard that Miss Winsome was engaged."

"That's nice. I started the report myself. She has been monopolizing the attention of our young men long enough."—Detroit Free Press.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—As a means of showing how far the world is from being overpopulated, economists assert that the entire population of the United States could live comfortably in the single state of Texas.

—The flags to be hoisted at one time in signaling at sea never exceed four. It is an interesting arithmetical fact that, with 18 various-colored flags, and never more than four at a time, no fewer than 78,642 signals can be given.

—In France there are 22 botanical gardens; in Germany, 35; in Great Britain and Ireland, 11; in the Indian empire, 9; in Italy, 22; in Russia, 14; while there are but 5 public botanical gardens in the whole of the United States.

—The government always withholds the fractions of a penny in their periodical distribution of dividends on account of the national debt. From this source the state has accumulated in the last hundred years the sum of $750,000.

—Paris is getting short of water, and the engineering experts declare that three new reservoirs must be constructed at once and new sources of supply found, else in 1900 there will not be enough water for the inhabitants of Paris.

—Trento, though in Austrian hands, cannot forget its Italian nationality. The town council has just unanimously voted 6,000 florins to buy a monument to Dante, which will be erected next month. Trento was one of the poet's stopping places in his long exile.

—A London servant appeared in a hat which was an exact imitation of her mistress', and was at once dismissed. She brought suit for a week's wages instead of notice and won the suit. Judge Lushington held that a mistress had a right to object to a servant's apparel if she chose, but was not justified in dismissing her without notice merely because two hats were very much alike.

—A mother's dream that her boy was dead led her neighbors to organize a searching party and beat up the woods of Lafayette county, Fla., where Samuel Cason and a companion had gone a few days before on a prospecting tour. The searchers found the body of young Cason, who had been murdered and robbed. His mother, who had dreamed of his fate, had lost two other sons by violent deaths.

BOUND TO HAVE ONE.

Everybody Should Have One and Expense Not Considered.

"John," said Mrs. Croesus thoughtfully, "everybody in society seems to think an awful lot of genealogy these days."

"Jenny what?" exclaimed John, looking up from his evening paper.

"Genealogy," repeated Mrs. Croesus. "What's that?"

"I don't exactly know," replied Mrs. Croesus, "but I think it's a tree of some kind. At least I heard some ladies refer to it as a family tree."

"Well, what of it?" he asked.

"Why, it seems to be a sort of fad, you know, and everyone who is anyone has to have one."

"Buy one, then," he said, irritably. "Buy the best one in town and have the bill sent to me, but don't bother me with the details of the affair. Get one, and stick it up in the conservatory, if you want one, and if it isn't too large."

"But I don't know anything about them."

"Find out, and if it's too big for the conservatory, stick it up on the lawn, and, if that ain't big enough, I'll buy the next lot in order to make room. There can't any of them fly any higher than we can, and if it comes to a question of trees, I'll buy a whole orchard for you."

Still she hesitated.

"The fact is, John," she confessed at last, "I don't know just where to go for anything in that line. Where do they keep family trees and all such things?"

"What do you suppose I know about it?" he exclaimed. "You're running the fashion end of this establishment, and I don't want to be bothered with it. If the florist can't tell you anything about it, hunt up a first-class nurseryman and place your order with him."—Chicago Post.

Sweet Herbs.

From some dim and misty corner of memory comes a waft of pennyroyal. A hillside, thickly carpeted with the fine pungent growth, a group of children at play, a summer afternoon, blue sky, white clouds, the sound of a splashing brook, and the freshness of life before it had known sorrow or guile—all are blended with the homely pennyroyal. Aromatic and fragrant, its later associations are with Adirondack camps, and nights when gnats and mosquitoes bombarded the veranda, but its first and dearest memory is of happy wanderings in lovely woods and fields. It was once part of every matron's care to gather bunches of catnip, mint, sweet-fern, and other herbs, and store them away for future use. Many a bitter decoction, potent in times of illness or fever, was brewed from these dried herbs, and perhaps from very terror of the nauseous draught, the invalid hastened to get well. Of the lavender, which made sweet the linen closet, of the bay leaves used for flavoring, of other sweet herbs which grew for pleasing and for healing, we have agreeable recollections, though the fashion of gathering them has largely gone out, except among the quaint and patient Shakers, who find it profitable to distil remedies from the herbs which hide the secrets of nature's heart. Liniments, elixirs, cough sirups and potions galore are compounded of sweet-smelling and bitter herbs by these kind people.—Harper's Bazar.

A Ray of Hope.

"My son," asked Farmer Gosbley, "what is it that causes the rotary motion of the earth?"

"I'm sure I don't know, father."

"My son, come to my arms. You have been six months at college and there is one thing you are sure you don't know!"—Detroit Free Press.

Health

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The glorious results of this season's harvest of golden grain will pour a stream of sound money into the pockets of every Dakota farmer.

South Dakota has thousands of acres of choice farming and ranch land lying east of the Missouri river, and within one day's ride from Chicago or Milwaukee, which can now be bought reasonably cheap, but which before the end of another year may be advanced in price.

The stock raising industry in South Dakota is profitable, and eastern capital is now being invested in cattle and sheep growing in that state.

Diversified farming, the growing of live stock, and the products of the dairy, are placing South Dakota foremost in the ranks of the successful western states.

Those desiring full information on the subject, and particularly those who wish to seek a new home or purchase land, are requested to correspond with W. E. Powell, General Immigration Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill., or H. F. Hunter, Immigration Agent for South Dakota, 295 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

"EMILE," asked the teacher in natural history, "which animal attaches himself to man the most?" Emile (after some reflection)—"The leech, sir!"

You Are Not "Shaken Before Taken"

With malarial disease, but with prodigious violence afterwards, if you neglect immediate measure of relief. The surest preventive and remedial form of medication is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the potency of which as an antidote to miasmatic poison has been demonstrated for over forty years past. The liver when disordered and congested, the bowels if constipated, and the kidneys if inactive, are promptly aided by it, and it is invaluable for dyspepsia, nervous debility and rheumatism.

WHICH is the oldest, Miss Antiquity, old Aunty Diluvian, Miss Ann Terior, Miss Ann Cestor, Miss Ann T. Mundane or Miss Ann T. Cedent?

Low Rate Excursions South.

On the first and third Tuesday of each month till October about half-rates for round trip will be made to points in the South by the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

SMITHSON—"Hello, Dobson, you are getting stout, aren't you?" Dobson—"Well, I was getting stout; but since I bought my wheel, I have been falling off considerably."

When Nature

Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company.

TEACHER—"Who was the wisest man?" Tommy—"Noah." "Noah?" "Yes'm. He was the only man who knew enough to come in when it rained."

VERY low rates will be made by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway for excursions of August 18th, September 1st, 15th and 29th, to the south, for Homeseekers and Harvesters. For particulars apply to the nearest local Agent, or address JAMES BARKER, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt., St. Louis, Mo.

TOURIST (presenting his opened Baedeker to the coachman—"Here, driver, I want to see the first four pages."—Fliegende Blaetter.

AFTER physicians had given me up, I was saved by Piso's Cure. RALPH ERIEG, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1895.

THOSE who are unsuccessful in their profession usually fancy they were destined for something higher.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

HE—"Let's kiss and make up." She—"If you kissed me, I'd have to make up all over again, sure enough."—N. Y. Press.

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LOOKIN' BACKWARDS.

Settin' here so kind a lonely,
  Gazin' out across the way,
Nothin' there to look at, only
  What I see most every day,
Houses jest like one another,
  Towerin' up four stories high,
Nice enough, but then I'd rather
  See a good-sized bit o' sky
Like the sky so blue an' soft an'
  Fleecy-like. How I'd enjoy
Seein' it ez I did often
  When I was a growin' boy.

When I was a happy youngster,
  Laughin' like at earthly ills,
Livin' on th' farm amongst th'
  Dear New England rugged hills
Wish't when I wake up some mornin'
  I ked find myself again
In the house what I was born in,
  Sleepin' side o' Brother Ben.
How the ol' straw bed 'od rest me,
  Sleepin' through 'ithout a break;
I dunno tho' but I'd jest be
  Satisfied to lay awake.

Wonder of there's many changes
  In the place 'et I ked see?
Guess the thing 'twould seem mos' strange is
  Me, the boy that ust to be.
There was our ol' scup that hung there
  On the ellum tree, where I
Lot's o' times have set an' swung there,
  Waitin' fer the cat to die.
Went to school then, 'cept in bayin',
  Books I some way didn't love,
'Member mother kep' a sayin'
  "Hurry! It's a quarter of!"

Us'ter call myself ill-treated
  When I had to fetch the cow,
Guess I know how more 'n sweet 'ud
  Be a ramble like that now.
I kin almos' smell th' clover
  Freshenin' th' mornin' breeze,
Not much like th' smells all over
  City streets like seeh ez these.
Suthin's set my eyes a-winkin',
  Does occasionally when
I set down an' git a-thinkin'
  'Et I was a boy again.
—An Old Boy, in Good Housekeeping.

WATCHED FOR HIS MASTER.

THEY say that the name of the station has been changed, and that the dog is dead, but I remember, and I think I shall remember always.

In a sharp V of a valley between two tall, unheeding mountains stood a little brown station, all alone. It looked like a knot in the end of a brown rag of road that hung over the low ridge beyond it. "Hope" was the name in the middle of the weatherred sign-board, with "Winnipeg, — miles," at the nearer end and "Vancouver, — miles," at the farther.

There was small token of life about the building so far as even we in the observation car could see, so when the conductor came back from the office with his orders we wondered why the train did not go on. But pretty soon a tall old man with a red flag under his arm came up the track ahead of the station platform. Some of us had alighted, and to us he volunteered, while he rolled the flag closer:

"Rock on the track."

"Is it very large?" asked some one.

"Nope, they'll git it off purty soon; like 'nough in 'bout ten minutes."

That accent was unmistakably from the "states," and I came nearer, where I could hear all he said. He sat down on a pile of boxes and in reply to some remark said, meditatively:

"Nope, trains don' hev much 'easion to stop here long nowadays. Used to be a purty decent mine up yonner," jerking his head toward the little road; "then they war some doin's here."

"Mine abandoned?"

"Eaup," he was going on, when another idea struck him; he looked around uneasily.

"They hain't none o' you seen Rolly, hev you?"

"Who's Rolly?"

"Wy, Rolly, he's the dorg;" his eyes grew anxious; "he's a great institution 'round these parts, Rolly is."

He rose and went quickly to the door of the station, opened it and put his head inside. We heard the click of the telegraph instrument.

"Say, Bennie, where's Roll?" he called.

"THEY HAIN'T NONE O' YOU SEEN ROLLY, HEV YOU?"

His voice was different from that in which he spoke to the men outside. The answer was inaudible.

"Humph! Curious, ain't it? When did he go?" Again the inaudible reply.

"Well, he must 'a' heard the whistle."

He came back to the travelers, but with his eyes on the brown road over the ridge.

"Didn't it pan out?" asked one.

"Huh? Oh, the mine! I dunno; I guess 'twould ef—" but the old idea was too strong—his eyes sought the slope again. "Now, where in time is that dorg? He hain't use' to missin' trains."

"What was the matter at the mine?"

"Oh, there was ghosts came there 'n' that scart everybody 'n' now they won't no one go nigh but Rolly, and he's interested. Wish 't he'd come, anyhow."

"Well, what is it about Rolly, my friend; is he your dog?" asked a big, quiet man standing near his wife.

"Nope. That is, he is and he isn't—one way he's mine, 'cause I feed 'im and hanker after 'im ef he ain't around. One way he ain't mine; he's Bennie's, 'cause everything I've got that Bennie hankers after is his'n, an' he thinks a heap o' Rolly. Bennie's the telegraph here.

"'Nother way he ain't mine nor Bennie's, neither. He bisself thinks he b'longs to a man 't hain't been 'round here quite a spell—the last contractor at the 'Hope.' He left in a kettle hurry one night, I m' found with some mine pay money mixed in his own inside pocket by mistake, 'n' he forgot the dorg."

One traveler, acquainted with western euphemisms, asked:

"Did they hang or shoot him?"

The old fellow grinned.

"Shot 'im; sent the remnants east 'n a box. We kain't lookin' for 'im back, but Rolly is. Yes, sir, he's on hand every train, an' between times he goes up to the mine to see if his man has slipped by unbeknownst an' gone up there."

Just then the conductor, passing, said:

"Nearly ready; all aboard!"

We started reluctantly for the car, all of us with our eyes on the brown road now. The old man walked with us.

"Can't think what on 'arth keeps 'im. He'll cry all day ef he misses this train."

We were all on board now. The conductor stood, watch in hand, his eyes, too, on the road.

"There he is!" some one shouted.

"He knowed he was late an' took the short cut!" exclaimed the old man.

Our eyes left the road, and at the other end of the platform met a small, smooth-coated, black-and-white mongrel, all dusty and panting, crouched with quivering flanks by the steps of the last car, a Pullman.

The dog's eyes were on the porter. The porter looked to the conductor for a sign; the conductor looked at his watch and his orders and nodded. Then the porter lifted the eager little brute into the car vestibule.

We in the observation car all waited with eyes on the door of the nearest Pullman; all but the quiet man, who had retired into the front corner of the car behind his newspaper.

"Blest if I want to see the beast disappointed," he said to his wife.

"Does he go through the whole train?" I asked of the old man.

"Yes, miss, all but the end nist car and

WITH BOTH PAWS ON THE QUIET MAN'S KNEES.

the em'grant; he knows that hain't the kind."

Just then the Pullman door opened and the porter came through, followed by the dog, stepping high and necvously. There were a great many in the car and the dog was bewildered. The porter picked him up and put him on one of the seats, a double row of which ran back down to the center of the car. The dog put his paws on the back of the seat and looked all around, ears up, nostrils moving, flanks quivering, tail straight out and slowly waving. His intense feeling was manifest in every turn and move, in his search for his lost master.

Suddenly he gave a sharp yelp and bounded over the center seats down the aisle like a young tornado and stopped with both paws on the quiet man's knees, yelping, dancing, tearing the newspaper down upon himself.

The man took the paper away and the dog leaped toward his face with a squeal. But the squeal broke half way, and the dog fell back on all fours, still as a stone. The quiet man looked at him kindly and put out a hand to pat him. The dog came closer, his eyes always on the man's face, and softly put his paws on the knees again. The man said:

"Well, Rolly!"

The dog's head went one side a moment; the name was all right, but the voice—the voice—

He got down and backed off, his tail between his legs, his ears waving; he gave one low, questioning whine, then slowly answered the porter's call.

At the top of the car steps he paused and came back. With head on one side and paw raised he looked again, and then with a sharp sort of bark turned and went down.

A moment afterward the conductor's watch snapped, he waved his hand and the train drew out, up the broad canyon of the Chanting Bow. But our eyes were all turned back to the platform, where the dog stood, poised, head on one side and foot lifted, looking after us.

The quiet man didn't draw back till we had rounded a curve; then he found a cinder in his eye.

"Nice scenery," he said.—N. Y. Evening Post.

—The means by which a fly can creep up a pane of glass or walk on a ceiling have long been the subject of contention among scientists, some claiming that the fly-foot is a sucker; others that adhesion is effected by the aid of a viscous fluid, exuding from the foot, and others again that the fly walks by means of a ciliary apparatus which answers the purpose of a hook.

—According to the Mosaic law the locust was "clean" and might be eaten by the Jews.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Dolby tells me that he can carry immense sums in his head." "Perhaps so, but he never carries over 50 cents in his pockets."—Detroit Free Press.

—"Is Miss Sampton indifferent to suitors?" "Yes; if a man left his heart in her keeping, she would probably use it to prop up her window."—Chicago Record.

—Farmer's Wife—"I hope you are not afraid of work." Tramp (uneasily)—"I ain't exactly afraid, mum; but I always feel tidgety when there's anything like that about."—Tit-Bits.

—"You don't mean to say that this stingy old maid has given you ten marks for telling her fortune?" "Indeed I do. I told her she would meet with an accident before she was 24 years old."—Fliegende Blatter.

—"Has your wife learned to ride a wheel?" "Nup; but she has been taking cooking lessons, and about every morning she goes into the kitchen and has a scorching competition with the cook."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Trained Down.—Wickshire—"You seem to be pretty well trained down since you got your wheel, and yet I never see you riding." Mudge—"I don't have to ride. It keeps me thin worrying about the payments."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"I say, captain," said a young Englishman on board an American clipper, "that flag of yours has not floated in every breeze and over every sea for a thousand years, has it?" "No, it ain't," replied the captain, "but it has licked one that has."—Youth's Companion.

—The Prince Surpassed.—"It seems to me they make a great deal of to-do about the prince of Wales winning a Derby," said young Mrs. Torkins. "Are the papers still talking about it?" asked the caller. "Yes. I don't think it's anything much to win a Derby. Charley told me yesterday that he expects to win two silk hats on our election."—Washington Star.

TEACHING THEM ENGLISH.

Young Foreigners Taught Our Language by Object Lessons.

The simple and effective method of teaching English to the children of Italians, Portuguese, Polish and German Jews, used profitably in the North end schools of Boston, might profitably be adopted by other cities which are obliged to face the fact that within their borders are thousands of foreign children who know nothing of the customs, institutions or language of this country. A writer in the Boston Transcript thus describes the method:

The children, within a few days after their arrival, are sent to the public schools, as a rule without compulsion, and here they are first of all taught the English language. It is done by a system of object lessons. The teachers in the elementary rooms are young women, as men would not be patient enough to accomplish the best results.

The teacher may point to her eye and say: "This is my eye," repeating it several times and requiring the pupils to repeat it in unison. Other portions of the body are pointed out in a similar manner, and then familiar objects in the room are in the same way brought to the attention of the children.

Later, when they have made sufficient progress in the language, it becomes desirable to teach the different tenses. To accomplish this a boy or girl is directed to run slowly around the room, when the teacher and children say in unison:

"The boy is running," repeating the sentence several times. The boy is then told to halt, and the teacher and pupils say in unison: "That boy did run." Again: "That boy is standing still," "That boy can run," "That boy is walking," "That boy walks fast," "I can walk," "I can run," "I did walk," etc.

These and other sentences, as they are spoken, are written on the blackboard by the teacher and the pupils write them on their slates. Thus they are taught the language and taught to spell, read and write almost simultaneously.

AN ENGLISH VIEW.

England and Russia Can Never Be Friends.

The truth is that Great Britain and Russia are too big ever to agree for any time. We believe that to our race will fall the ultimate supremacy of the world; Russia believes exactly the same of herself. Sooner or later the two ambitions must collide, and we had better be making ready for that great day at once. To allow Russia to absorb all possible strength before the conflict is to put a premium on defeat and ruin.

What, then, does England want? We want, above all, a new eastern policy and a definite one—such a policy as is pigeonholed in the bureaus of St. Petersburg. We have cast China overboard; we might ballast the ship with Japan. We talk of Japan as a friendly power, and even as an ally, but with what warrant? Inasmuch as we put no pressure on her to abandon her Chinese conquests, and were the first western power to recognize her adolescence by compromising the privileges of extra-territoriality, it is probable that she harbors less resentment toward us than toward Russia. But we have done nothing for her; on the contrary, we have made a singular exhibition of impotence at the recent crisis of her national life, and such an exhibition is apt to depreciate the value of the exhibitor's friendship.

If we are to ally with Japan we must be prepared to fight for her if it is necessary. In some years she will command a navy which, with our own China squadron, could easily sweep the Pacific, while on land she will dispose of half a million trained men. Only, if we want the aid of this force we must not repeat the pitiful abandonment of the Chinese policy. In one word, alliance or no alliance, we ought to be clear what we will fight for.—Blackwood's Magazine.

RORAIMA A WONDERLAND.

Mysterious Country Near the Schomburgk Line in Venezuela.

Perhaps one result of the Venezuela boundary commission's work will be the solving of the most remarkable geographical enigmas in the world and the exploration of what is regarded as a unique natural wonderland. This remarkable region is a number of elevated and isolated areas of land, situated on what the British call British Guiana's southwestern boundary, which is in the disputed territory. It is on the British side of the Schomburgk line. A British Guiana newspaper describes this region, as far as it is known, and expresses the hope that the final settlement of the boundary controversy will leave it well within British bounds. Should there be another result, however, the newspaper says, the region should be made an international park, something on the plan of the Yellowstone park reservation.

The region is called by the Indians "Roraima," but the several isolated areas are known by distinctive names. Each consists of what might be called an isolated mountain, but is really a table-land, comprising an area of 100 or more square miles, elevated several thousand feet above the surrounding country. The rocky sides of the mountains are as perpendicular as the Hudson river palisades and entirely bare of vegetation, and have defied all attempts to scale them. The level summits are covered with trees and other vegetation, and down the rocky sides fall a large number of cascades of considerable size, indicating the certain existence of rivers and streams on the mysterious summits, and probably of lakes that feed the rivers. The summits have been observed with telescopes, and are known to be as full of plant life as the tropical plains below, but beyond this nothing is known.

Because so little is known of the condition of these table-lands occasion is given for all manner of speculation as to what exists there. That the vegetation is quite different from that on the plains below the telescope shows; and that it should be so is quite natural, as the table-lands are 2,000 or more feet higher than the plains. While the climate of the plains is tropical, that of the table-lands must be temperate, not only because of their elevation, but because of the free play the winds have about them.

Of the geology of the region this explanation is given: This part of South America rose slowly from the sea, through successive and remote ages. The Roraima mountains were formed precisely as was the rest of the land, and are not the result of volcanic action. Hence they must have been above the ocean before the surrounding plains appeared. They stood 2,000 feet above the level of the sea when the neighboring tops were but islands in the ocean. In the course of a period difficult to appreciate the adjacent valleys and plains appeared above the water and became covered with vegetation and animal life. But the isolated plateaus of Roraima had a tremendous start of the plains below. Here comes the alleged ground for the speculation that perhaps on these mysterious summits there exists flora and fauna unlike any found elsewhere, forms of life that long since disappeared from other parts of the world, but remained the same on these summits, because unaffected by the influences of communication with the outer world. All sorts of wild guesses have been hazzarded regarding the existence of strange reptiles and animals among the streams and forests of Roraima.

The cascades falling from the summits are among the highest in the world. One is 2,000 feet high and is broad enough to be visible 30 miles away. It falls sheer, without a break. The mountains from which these cascades fall form the dividing watersheds of the Amazon, the Orinoco and the Essequibo, the three great rivers of South America, and the waters of the cascades flow some to one and some to another of these rivers. It is argued that to supply these waterfalls there must be a considerable body of water on the mountain plateaus, and it is natural to conclude that where there are large bodies of water there are fish and reptiles. The resulting conclusion that, because these fish and reptiles must have been isolated on the mountain tops for ages, they are likely to be different from any known species, is regarded as quite natural. The mountain plateaus form practically little countries by themselves, like islands, but more isolated, because the ocean of air that surrounds them does not afford the facilities for communication with other islands as do the waters of the ocean itself.

One of the plateaus, known as Kukenham, which is better situated for observation than any of the others, is estimated to have an area of 200 square miles or more. The smallest, which bears the name common to the group, Roraima, is estimated to contain 80 to 140 square miles.

The story of the mysterious region is not new, at least to British Guiana. It is many years since any scientific men were in the region, but chance travelers and gold prospectors happen there at odd times, and when they return to Demerara they add their little store of information and mystification to the rest.—N. Y. Sun.

A New Chicken Salad.

One quart of chicken cut into dice, two large cucumbers, one can of French peas; chop the cucumbers and let drain, turn the peas into a colander, let cold water run over them a minute, and then dry in a cloth; just before serving mix all together and cover with mayonnaise dressing. This is far better than when made with chicken and celery.—Good Housekeeping.

The Missouri is the longest river, and the Mississippi really joins the Missouri. But the Mississippi was discovered first, and obtained the reputation of being the principal stream.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

DEAR BOY, IT IS FOR YOU.

The world belongs to youth,
  To gallant hearts and true,
Plighted to live for truth,
  Dear boy, it is for you!
All in your early prime,
  While hope is in your heart,
In youth's glad summer time,
  Awake and do your part!

Think of your yearning mind,
  That craves for knowledge free;
Go search for it, you'll find
  It all your own may be;
In common schools, the will
  Bestows success sublime;
That purpose pure fulfill—
  All in your summer time!

But let your heart have good,
  As flowers the sun and dew;
When faith is understood—
  A blessing comes to you:
Be noble, pure, and brave—
  While all the days go by;
The precious moments save
  As gold of destiny!

You may like hero live:
  Like saint of old be strong;
You may rich service give
  To music, art, and song:
You may your country aid,
  Its great grand work to do;
Go forth all undismayed—
  And God will care for you!
—William Brunton, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

SOME FAMOUS BOYS.

Their Childish Actions Indicated Future Greatness and Fame.

A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was severely hurt, but with clenched lips he kept back the cry of pain. King Gustavus Adolphus, who saw the fall, prophesied that that boy would make a man for an emergency; and so he did, for he became the famous Gen. Baner.

A woman fell off the dock in Italy. She was fat and frightened. No one of the crowd of men dared to jump in after her; but a boy struck the water almost as soon as she, and managed to keep her up until stronger arms got hold of her. Everybody said the boy was very daring, very kind, very quick, but also very reckless, for he might have been drowned. The boy was Garibaldi, and if you will read his life you will find these were just his traits all through—that he was so alert that nobody could tell when he would make an attack with his red-shirted soldiers; so indiscreet sometimes as to make his fellow-patriots wish he was in Guinea, but also so brave and magnanimous that all the world, except tyrants, loved to hear and talk about him.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist, Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brush, easel and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me some day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it, and I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book out into the river. He was the great German philosopher, Fichte.—Our Dumb Animals.

TWO TAME CRANES.

They Knew How to Drive Cattle and Swine to the Pasture.

Von Seyffert has a pair of tame cranes which soon lost all fear of man and of domestic animals, and became strongly attached to the former. Their life in a German village, in which agriculture was the sole employment, and the communal system of joint herding of cattle and swine and driving them together to the common pasture prevailed, was very much to their taste. They soon knew all the inhabitants in the place, and, until the female crane died, used to call regularly at the houses to be fed. When the female died the survivor at once took as a new friend a bull. He would stand by the bull in the stall and keep the flies off him, scream when he roared, and dance before him and follow him out with the herd. In this association the crane saw and remarked the duties of the cowherd, and one evening he brought home the whole of the village herd of heifers unaided, and drove them into the stable.

From that time the crane undertook so many duties that it was busy from

AN AMUSING CATTLE DRIVER.

dawn till night. He acted as policeman among the poultry, stopping all fights and disorder. He would stand by a horse when left in a cart, and prevent it from moving by pecking its nose and screaming. A turkey and gamecock were found fighting, whereon the crane first fought the turkey and then sought out and thrashed the cock. Meantime it always "herded" the cattle, not always with complete success. On one occasion the crane went back, drove up some lagging heifers through the street, and then frightened them so much that they broke away and ran two miles in the wrong direction. The bird could not bring them back, but drove them into a field, where it guarded them till they were fetched. It would drive out trespassing cattle as courageously as a dog, and unlike most busybodies, was a universal favorite and the pride of the village.—Cornhill Magazine.

Straw-colored complexion leads to the suspicion of a cancerous constitution.

WONDERFUL ROOSTER.

Only Fowl in the World That Booms Its Owner's Business.

The only rooster in the world who devotes himself to drumming up trade for his master lives in California, and he is the smartest bird alive.

They call this feathered fellow Bob, and he belongs to a poultry dealer whose shop is on Pine street, in the city of the Golden Gate. Bob is a great fighter as well as a great hustler. Nothing alive or dead can frighten this fowl. He will tackle a man or a horse on the slightest provocation.

But Bob's strong point is his ability to bring in business to his master. He likes the work immensely, and he is a living example of industry for lazy folks to follow. He has many ways of doing business. It is now a number of years since Bob started out as a canvasser for trade. He was brought to Mr. Leon in a coop, with a lot of other chickens that have long ago been converted into soup, but somehow he

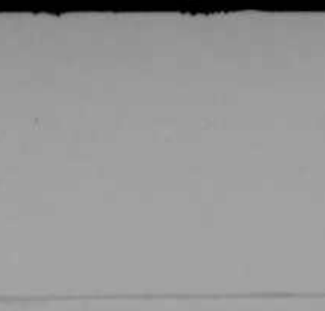

THIS ROOSTER DRUMS UP TRADE FOR ITS MASTER.

seemed to be different from the rest of his tribe, and Mr. Leon decided to keep him as a pet. Mr. Leon, you may be sure, is very glad that he discovered the abilities of Bob at this early stage of his career.

One day, after Bob had been in the market about four weeks, the door of the coop was accidently left open and he walked out. Instead of trying to leave the neighborhood at once, as most other healthy roosters would have done, Bob calmly took a walk up and down the aisles of the market. Every few steps he stopped and crowed lustily, as if to tell the amused spectators that he knew what he was about.

When Bob grew weary of promenading he went back to his coop, ate a hearty dinner and took a nap. From that day until the present moment he has been allowed to go and come as he pleases, and the marketmen all adore him.

When business is dull at Mr. Leon's Bob goes out to the sidewalk and attracts attention by crowing at the top of his voice. This usually draws a big crowd to the place, and most of the people follow Bob when he leads the way into the market and up to Mr. Leon's stall. Many people stop to ask questions about Bob, and most of these folks make a purchase.

The cleverest thing that Bob does in the interest of his master's trade is to take one of Mr. Leon's cards in his bill and walk up and down the sidewalk where people can see him. In this way he usually draws a considerable number of buyers in Mr. Leon's shop, who follow out of pure curiosity, but who stay to buy things. It is for this reason that Bob will have a warm place in his master's heart as long as the clever rooster lives.

DOGGING PORCUPINES.

Moonlight Chase in South Africa Something Like a Coon Hunt.

In the Adirondacks, in Maine, or in Canada, wherever the American porcupine is found, it is not sought by hunters as a game beast, although hunters seldom fail to kill porcupines at every opportunity because of the damage they do to dogs. On the other hand, from Boover Vlei, near Wellington, Cape Colony, South Africa, Walter H. Gerard writes to the London Field to tell how he hunted the procupine with dogs, after the fashion of coon hunters, by moonlight.

The party included a parson and a magistrate, a banker and a landowner. The dogs trailed a porcupine, came up with it, and bit it. The foolish dogs bit the quills, but the smart ones seized the nose. When the quills had been removed from the foolish dogs' noses, the hunt went on. The next hend of game sighted was a huge pig, which was chased until it took to a burrow. Another porcupine was soon after sighted. This porcupine was a large female, and led the hunters a regular coon chase before she died. The hunters were then seven miles from home, and it was 1:30 a. m., and the branches were thick with dew that trickled down their necks and soaked them from shoe leather to head covering. But after awhile they got home and sat down to a mess of savory sasaties of Malay concoctions.

The porcupine hunters didn't know American coons, but the coon hunter would enjoy a South African porcupine hunt by moonlight with a pack of ungainly mongrels, and the porcupine hunters would appreciate a harvest moon coon hunt.

Quaker Cats Eat Oysters.

Philadelphia cats are peculiar. As a class they show great versatility and a good deal of gastronomic enthusiasm. There are cats in Philadelphia which realize that the only way for an epicure to really enjoy an oyster is to eat it raw and off the half shell. They haunt certain fish market and seem to pass their lives in an endeavor to provide themselves with well-opened bivalves. They are no more enthusiastic in their devotion to oysters than another Philadelphia cat, a pretty Maltese, that has learned just what hour oysters are delivered weekly at its master's house. As the oyster-eating Maltese stands in the good graces of the oysterman and the cook, it is enabled once a week to indulge its fancy for bivalves. It will eat a half dozen raw oysters with an enthusiasm worthy of the very best oysters in the market.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
G. E. SMITH, Local Editor.

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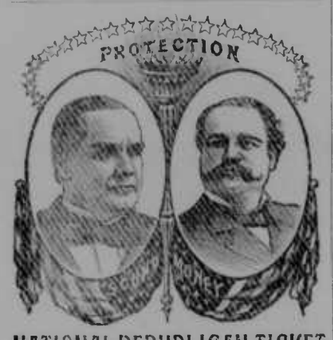

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET

For President of the United States,

WILLIAM McKINLEY,

OF OHIO.

For Vice President of the United States,

GARRET A. HOBART,

OF NEW JERSEY.

THE official returns from the election held in Arkansas last week give the Democratic majority as five thousand less than their majority at the previous election.

Much Depends on Bryan.

McKinley will carry New York, in the opinion of the New York *Sun* by a majority of between 200,000 and 300,000. This estimate, of course, is based upon the supposition that Bryan is through campaigning there. If he goes back there the size of the majority will have to be materially increased.

THERE is, of course, a great difference between a business pinch and a business panic; but the pinch is sufficient to set men to thinking. Mr. Bryan has declared in one of his speeches that he thinks a free coinage victory would bring on a panic. In this opinion the greater part of the people of the United States will agree with him and, agreeing, will take such measures as may be necessary to prevent the adoption of free coinage.

Smart as Ever.

Maine is lean and little, but loud. She seems to be in favor of an honest dollar by sixteen to one. The Yankee farmer is too smart to vote against his own interests. Financial fakirs cannot fool the long-headed sons of the Pilgrims. They have had the reputation in the past of driving sharp bargains, but they are evidently not going to allow any shoddy money to be passed on them.—Baltimore Sun.

THE voice of Maine Monday in the election held in that state means much to the Republican party. In 1892 the Republicans carried this State by a majority of only about 12,000. Monday's election, when the state gave a Republican majority of over sixty thousand, tends to show that the cause of free silver in the north and east at least will have but little support when the November election is held.

RETURNS from Arkansas are just about all in, and it is probable that Chairman J. K. Jones is not as full of boasting as he was at first. They show that while the free silver vote has increased by 19 per cent. since the election of 1894, the Republican vote has likewise increased, but its rate is 49 per cent. This is in the counties that have been so far heard from. If this ratio of increase is continued in the few counties that are yet to be heard from, the majority for the Bryanites will be decreased to less than 40,000, instead of the 65,000 that had been given out as the correct figure. Another significant fact is that the Populists will have an increase of five members in the next Legislature.

IN HIS letter of acceptance Mr. Bryan says: "No nation can afford to be unjust to its defenders." Why, then, does he propose to cut down the purchasing power of soldiers' pensions one-half by paying them a 53-cent dollar? In his speech in St. Louis on Saturday Mr. Bryan said: "When you raise the price of gold in a gold standard country you lower the prices of all the products which are measured by money." He therefore proposes to raise the prices of all products by lowering the standard of money. He would thus cut down the purchasing power of the soldier's pension one-half according to his own doctrine; and this he calls justice to the nation's defenders.

MR. JESSE ROOT GRANT has felt called upon to explain his conduct in joining the Populists; and the result is a jumble of explanations which do not hang together. First he says he is a firm believer in free silver; then he admits that he owns silver mines but he is sure that this fact has not influenced his conviction; and next he guesses that he "got it" (as if it were an ailment) from his father. Incidentally he drops the remark—which is, perhaps, the best explanation in the bunch—that he expects to be active in politics, and has aspirations for a seat in the United States Senate. Jesse Root is evidently rooting for the spoils of office; but he shouldn't blame his divagation on his father. His silver craze is not hereditary. Had it been it would have first shown itself in his elder brother Fred who is entirely rational and practical upon the currency question.

"The Money of the Constitution."

Mr. Bryan in his speeches talks of "gold and silver, the money of the Constitution," and we observe that his Popocratic followers have painted the same words on their banners and flags. Thus ignorance begets ignorance and spreads it abroad.

The Constitution does not require that money shall be made of gold or silver, nor of copper or nickel. The only mention of gold or silver therein is the prohibitive clause by which the power is denied to the States of making anything else than gold and silver legal tender. The Constitution gives to Congress power "to coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coins," and there it stops. The makers of the Constitution were sensible of the fact that the power to control the market price of gold or silver, or of copper or corn, or of anything else, was, as Jefferson put it, "a mercantile problem." It was reserved for the Populists to discover the error of the fathers.

Who'd Win; Who'd Lose.

If the United States went to a free silver basis those who *might* profit by the change are:

1. Bankers, who would hoard the gold and pay their depositors in silver;

2. The insurance companies who have thousands of dollars of investments, in the form of mortgages, payable in gold;

3. The capitalist employer who owns acres of land which will double in price at once;

If the United States went to a free silver basis those who would *surely and swiftly* lose by the change are:

1. Bank depositors, who have now deposited money as good as gold but would then be obliged to receive back money of half its value.

2. The widow and orphan whose policies would be paid in depreciated money.

3. Wage-earners who would be paid the number of dollars that they now receive, but dollars that would purchase only half as much.

Figuring on States.

The New York *World* places the New England and Middle States, including Delaware and Maryland, together with the six great central States, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Michigan, in the category of States almost sure for McKinley. These States form only one-seventh portion of the surface of the United States. And yet if McKinley carries all these States, as it is confidently expected he will, he will be elected and will have five electoral votes to spare. For that one-seventh part of the country has over five million more people living on it than the other six-sevenths, a majority of the wealth, internal and external commerce. The Boston *Herald*, however, adds to the probable McKinley or anti-Bryan States Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Kansas, Missouri, California, Washington, Oregon, Kentucky, North Carolina and Louisiana. On the other hand, the Bryan leaders claim everything in sight west of the Mississippi and south of the Potomac and Ohio rivers, with a chance for several States now considered certain for McKinley. Evidently this is is a year of "great expectations."

War Upon American Home Makers.

The letter of acceptance of Mr. Hobart is a most powerful production. In describing the inevitable effect of free coinage of silver at the arbitrary ratio of 16 to 1, Mr. Hobart brings up the single matter of building associations, and declares the proposition a "war upon American home-makers." There are no fewer than 1,800,000 shareholders in such associations, aggregating assets amounting to more than five hundred millions.

Over a million of homes in the United States are, according to Mr. Hobart, threatened with the invasion of the "homes of the provident" by the proposition to scale down the dollar to a ratio of no fixed limit. Nor is the argument so ably presented in the letter confined to the building and loan associations. It applies to a large part of American home-makers that need not or cannot avail themselves of the co-operative device indicated. The letter in question aptly cites the fact that savings banks, life insurance and assessment companies and building associations of the country hold in trust over fifteen thousand millions, all of which would be affected by the debasement of the standard, without doing any appreciable good to any one except silver producers, and even these might find themselves mistaken in their calculation of benefiting by the general loss.

Demonetization of Silver.

From the Brooklyn Standard-Union.

Here is a little extract from the latest statement, September 1, of the condition of the Treasury of the United States:

Silver—	
Dollars	$381,056,000.00
Subsidiary coin	15,900,000.57
Bars	116,087,256.67
	$513,043,257.24

Now, here are 16,000 tons of silver the Government has bought in the way of "demonetizing" the white metal. It would take more than 500 freight cars to transport this money metal we have purchased in the hope of securing bimetallism. Fancy such a procession crossing the continent and dumping the load where it came from!

Maine Settles It.

The exact proportions of the sound money victory in Maine cannot be definitely known for several days—it will take that long to measure it—but details sink into insignificance beside the magnificent fact that the victory has been even more sweeping than the most sanguine friends of the cause had anticipated. The Popocrats had put forth herculean efforts in the State, the home of their Vice Presidential candidate and the last of the Commonwealths to speak before November. But the gold Democrats and the Republicans, standing shoulder to shoulder, presented a united front, and they have beaten back the forces of repudiation and anarchy with a tremendous blow.

In vain will the discomfited organs of Popocracy attempt to obscure and belittle the meaning of this verdict. On Saturday last Chairman Hughes, of the Maine Popocratic State Committee, made this declaration;

The battle has not been between the two old parties, but between the silver men on one side, and the gold men on the other. No comparison can be made with the former votes, for the issue is wholly new.

Chairman Hughes stated the situation correctly. It was a square onset; and the crash has left free coinage hors de combat and virtually reduced it to the status of a lost cause. Maine has flung a wet blanket upon the already limp and bedraggled Bryan canvass; and her clear, ringing voice, which practically predetermines the issue of the larger battle in November, will send dismay through the shattered ranks of Populism and a thrill of hope and joy and confidence to every business centre in the country.

Maine has spoken—and she has spoken the deathknell of flatism and Populism in the United States. All hail the stanch old Pine Tree State, and all honor to her patriotic yeomanry!

Mr. Bryan's Letter of Acceptance.

From "the greatest effort of his life" in Madison Square Garden there appears to have been a gradual decline in the powers of the Popocratic candidate as he journeyed back to his home in the West. No better proof of this exhaustion could be found than in his formal letter of acceptance. In such a paper it was to be expected that he would calmly, dispassionately and logically present the grounds upon which he askes the suffrages of the American people for the high office of President of the United States. But how has he performed this great task?

The only part of the letter which ventures upon a discussion of the issue before the country is an attack upon Cleveland's Administration for issuing bonds in order to fill the depleted gold redemption fund. Adopting the spirit of the Chicago platform, Mr. Bryan says that "an increase in the bonded indebtedness of the United States at this time is wholly without excuse." Instead of issuing bonds to obtain gold, he tells the country that the Federal Administration should have exercised "the legal right" of paying its debts in either gold or silver. But the Popocratic candidate knows that the Government is under a legal as well as a moral obligation to maintain the "parity" of all its currency with gold as expressed in the law of Congress. He knows full well that the exercise of the "legal" right to pay silver would have been a flagrant violation of the legal and moral obligation of the Administration toward the public creditors. This obligation has been faithfully observed by every Secretary of the Treasury since the resumption of specie payments, in 1879. When specie payments were resumed a gold fund, and not a silver fund, was provided to meet the demands upon the Government.

But Mr. Bryan declares, with the Chicago platform, that the obligation of the Government to pay gold, the money in which its debts were contracted, should have been repudiated; and this repudiation he proposed for his own policy in the fatal event of his election to the Presidency. He would order his Popocratic Secretary of the Treasury to issue no bonds to replenish the gold fund, but to pay out silver to public creditors; and then the crisis so courageously averted by Cleveland's Administration would come. We invite those "Honest Money Democrats" who have weekly resolved to support Bryan because of the "regularity" of his nomination to soberly consider this part of his letter of acceptance. They are not so dull, and cannot be so much blinded by party spirit, as not to see that this is a deliberate threat of repudiation. Acting with their eyes open, they cannot escape the heavy responsibility in which their support of the candidate of repudiation would involve them.

But what will be searched for in vain in this letter of acceptance is a discussion of the issue of free silver coinage. While truly asserting that the money question is the "overshadowing" issue before the country, its author evades the problem of 16 to 1 as carefully as a cat sniffs at a kettle of hot broth. What is the cause of this strange omission of the chief subject of controversy in this campaign in a formal and official letter of acceptance? The very probable explanation of this silence is to be found in the inextricable contradictions and inconsistencies in which Mr. Bryan and his fellow-Popocrats have entangled themselves in the free coinage question.

On the stump Mr. Bryan sometimes promises his enthusiastic audiences cheaper money, and on other occasions he expresses his "belief" or "conviction" that free and unlimited coinage without international co-operation would bring the market price of silver up to the legal ratio of 16 to 1. In this case money would be no cheaper; and if free coinage should make money cheaper there would be an end of the "parity" of the market value and the legal ratio of silver and gold. In some of his speeches Mr. Bryan has told the farmers that by the "Crime of 1873" gold has mounted in value till the dollar is worth 200 cents. For this reason, he says, the prices of all farm products have fallen one-half, and the farmers must give twice as much of their products for a dollar because its purchasing power has been doubled. On the other hand, the Popocratic candidate gently assures his audiences of wage-winners that the silver dollar under free coinage would be worth just as much as the dollar on the present gold basis!

Experience has taught Mr. Bryan that it is much easier to glide over these inconsistencies and contradictions in making passionate harangues to eager crowds than to attempt to reconcile them in a letter of acceptance which must be subject to the closest scrutiny. But the chief reflection that will arise in most minds from a perusal of this document is that its author is incapable of intelligently discussing any public question, much less of comprehending the tremendous consequences involved in the issue before the country. The American people will need no further proof of the unfitness of this shallow demagogue for the office of President of the United States than that which is afforded by his letter of acceptance.

Written for THE REPUBLICAN.

ONLY A MOUNTAINEER.

BY THE TRAMP POET.

One day while I sat musing
Near a mountain path, alone,
Where the old pike road to Gorman
Strikes the summit of Backbone,
Some lady to another, passing,
Said in tones that I could hear:
"Oh, that fellah over yondah
Is only a mountaineah!"

Only a mountaineer, lady,
Only a man of brawn—
Not taught in nature's honest school
To flatter and to fawn;
Reared in the mighty mountains
That stand for all that's true,
His heart retains the light, lady,
Of the vaulted arch of blue.

To march beneath old glory's folds
Against a foreign foe
You'd find the mountaineer, lady,
Among the first to go;
Upon the bloody battle fields
Of civil war so dread
Full many a mountaineer, lady,
Lay with the unknown dead.

There is something there, my lady,
That riches cannot buy—
'Tis a rugged life of freedom
Beneath a mountain sky,
Where home and love and liberty
Are held as all that's dear—
Oh, pardon then my pride, lady,
I am a mountaineer!

Sept. 3, 1896. —THOS. L. JACKSON.

Ladies' new style cloaks and capes at M. L. Scott's Baltimore Store.

THE PINE TREE STATE.

GIVES NEARLY FIFTY THOUSAND REPUBLICAN PLURALITY.

The Tide In The East Is Overwhelmingly Against Free Silver—Maine Follows Vermont and Does Considerable Better.

Rough weather prevailed in Maine Monday. It was cloudy and threatening everywhere, and rain fell at many places. Consequently the aggregate vote as indicated by very incomplete returns, is not large. If the figures furnished by Monday night's despatches can be relied on, the aggregate (110,000) is 20,000 short of a full vote, the Republican majority exceeds all estimates, and may be called phenomenal. The free coinage heresy has no habitation in the east.

REPUBLICAN CYCLONE.

PORTLAND, ME., Sept. 16.—Returns indicate a total vote in the State of about 110,000, with a Republican plurality of about 52,600. This is a gain over 1892 of about 40,000.

While the weather was threatening it did not rain at some places. Everywhere at the polls the organization of the Republicans was evident in the activity they displayed in getting out a full vote at the earliest possible hour. Scores of carriages were in commission to carry the old voters to the polling places, and many an aged war horse, who had not cast a ballot for years, proudly did so to-day.

The successful candidate for Governor is Hon. Llewellyn Powers (Rep.)

Thomas B. Reed, of Portland, Nelson Dingley, of Lewiston, Seth L. Milleken, of Belfast, Charles A. Boutelle, of Bangor, all Republicans, are the Congressmen selected.

In every county in the state the Republican ticket was successful, and almost every town showed a Republican gain. The Democratic vote is about 40 per cent. less than in 1892; about 20 per cent. of this has gone to the Republican ticket, and the stay-at-homes are responsible for the other half.

The vote of the Populists and Prohibitionists throughout the state shows a loss from '92 of about 26 per cent.

The vote from 500 out of 519 cities, towns and plantations is 66,921 for Powers and 27,143 for Frank. In the last election in 1894, when Cleves was elected by the then unprecedented majority of 40,000, these towns gave the Republican ticket 56,409 and the Democrats 24,230, a Republican gain in plurality of 2,913 this year. Considering the vote of the missing towns two years ago, if this proportion of gain is kept up, the total vote is estimated at 124,000 in round numbers—Republican, 83,160; Democrats, 31,340; scattering 6,500; Republican plurality, 48,820. Anything more than a rough estimate of the plurality, based on the figures of last year in missing towns, is impossible.

THE CONGRESSIONAL MAJORITIES.

In the First Congressional district Reed's plurality is 10,566; Dingley's about 11,000 plurality in the Second district, and Milliken's nearer 12,000 in the Third.

There are more missing towns in the Fourth district than in any other, but from the figures at hand it is estimated that Boutelle's plurality will be almost 15,000.

In the Representative districts heard from the election of but five Democrats in the House is shown, and in one of there there is a doubt. The 31 Senators are Republicans.

Republicans, Register.

Every Republican should register at the sittings of the registrars during this and next month, in order to vote at the coming November election.

Twenty Years....

For more than twenty years we have been telling how Scott's Emulsion overcomes the excessive waste of the system, puts on flesh, nourishes and builds up the body, making it the remedy for all wasting diseases of adults and children, but it isn't possible for us to tell the story in a mere stickful of newspaper type.

We have had prepared for us by a physician a little book, telling in easy words how and why Scott's Emulsion benefits, and a postal card request will be enough to have it sent to you free. To-day would be a good time to send for it.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

Humor of Politics.

"Sixteen to one" is the rallying cry of one of the great political parties in this campaign. Like all others it is to be a campaign of education, and before it closes people may know all about what is meant by "16 to 1" and "the crime of '73." Just now their opinions as to the meaning of these phrases is not entirely clear.

A reporter who wanted to know, asked quite a number of people yesterday: "What do you know about 16 to 1? 'What was the crime of '73?'"

"It means," said a woman who was just returning from the grocery with a large basket, "that you are liable to get 16 rotten eggs to every 1 good one," and she trudged along.

"Sixteen to 1 is all right, see?" said a sport. "I am for sixteen every time. Why? Because it's more. That's dead easy."

The home missionary had quite another idea. He said: "There are more than 16 churches to 1 Salvation Army, but I would not be surprised if the one army was doing more of real work for the kingdom than the 16 churches."

The gold advocate said: "It means sixteen ounces of silver for one ounce of gold. I am quite sure of that; that is, I think I am."

A silver advocate said: "It's just this way: There are seventeen voters living in our block, and sixteen are for silver, while one is for gold. We'll have him converted before November."

At the depot a young man who had just come from South Branch was interrogated. "I know all about 16 to 1," he said. "It takes sixteen minnows to catch one bass, and sixteen stories are told about every one fish caught. There are also sixteen young ladies to every young man."

"What is meant by 16 to 1?" repeated another young man. "I don't know what it means, unless it is that the sixteen is one worse than the fifteen puzzle was."

"You can put it down just as I am giving it to you, and I am giving it to you straight," said a Republican politician, "there will be sixteen voters for gold to every one for silver in Garrett county this fall."

"I can illustrate that very easy," said a dry goods merchant. "We have it right here at the ribbon counter. It is a neat silk ribbon, with a gold stripe in the center and eight silver stripes on each side. Makes a neat campaign badge, contains no lettering and is a good seller.

"It means," said the merchant with a look of disgust on his face "that there are sixteen people who ask for credit to every one who pays cash." As the look deepened to one of determination he added: "But you can say that hereafter we will let 16 people pay cash before we trust another one, or the goods stay on the shelf."

"Sixteen to one, eh?" said the horseman. "Say, that's good odds. I'd like to bet against the sixteen. If it is a cinch, it's a good bet to lose."

"Don't you go to blaming anything onto this force for what happened in '73," said the irate policeman. "This force wasn't organized till '74, and you can't expect we would know anything about the crime of '73."

"Don't bother me," said the elderly citizen who was reading his newspaper. "It means 16 fools to one wise man, I suppose."

"Don't know or care anything about it," said the busy man, mopping his face, "but to-day is 16 times hotter than one man can stand," and he walked on.

"The crime of '73," said the ranch married man. "Really, I don't recollect what it was. Let me see, that is the year the twins were born, and my wife's mother came to live with us. I can't recollect anything else that took place that year."

Said a livery stable keeper: "There's sixteen of these darned bicycles used to every one horse, and I don't believe that more than one out of sixteen is entirely paid for either."

"I am sure I can't tell you anything about the crime of '73," said the lawyer. "You see I wasn't at home then, and so did'nt know. That's the year I entered college."

This is a free country and everybody is at liberty to accept any one of the sixteen hundred and more definitions that are daily put on "sixteen to one."

In a recent letter to the manufacturers Mr. W. F. Benjamin, editor of the *Spectator*, Rushford, N. Y., says: "It may be a pleasure to you to know the high esteem in which Chamberlain's medicines are held by the people of your own state where they must be best known. An aunt of mine, who resides at Dexter, Iowa, was about to visit me a few years since, and before leaving home wrote me, asking me if they were sold here stating if they were not she would bring a quantity with her as she did not like to do without them." The medicines referred to are Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, famous for its cures of colds and croups; Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism, lame back, pains in the side and chest, and Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for bowel complaints. These medicines have been in constant use in Iowa for almost a quarter of a century. The people have learned that they are articles of great worth and merit, and unequaled by any other. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

ROBART'S LETTER.

Pungent Paragraphs from A Long Deliverance.

Garrett A. Hobart, the Republican candidate for Vice President has written a letter accepting the nomination—entirely too long for newspaper publication, but some of the points are so well put that they are here given in abbreviated form:

ONE HUNDRED CENTS.

"The money standard of a great nation should be as fixed and permanent as the nation itself. To secure and retain the best should be the desire of every right minded citizen. Resting on stable foundations, continued and unvarying certainty of value should be its distinguishing characteristic. The experience of all history confirms the truth that every coin, made under any law, howsoever that coin may be stamped, will finally command in the markets of the world the exact value of the materials which compose it. The dollar of our country, whether of gold or silver, should be of the full value of one hundred cents, and by so much as any dollar is worth less than this in the market, by precisely that sum will someone be defrauded.

A HUNDRED PER CENT. PROFIT.

"The free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, is a policy which no nation has ever before proposed, and it is not to-day permitted in any mint in the world—not even in Mexico. It is purposed to make the coinage unlimited, at an absolutely fictitious ratio, fixed with no reference to intrinsic value or pledge of ultimate redemption. With silver at its present price of less than 70 cents per ounce in the market, such a policy means an immediate profit to the seller of silver for which there is no return now or hereafter to the people or the Government. It means that for each dollar's worth of silver bullion delivered at the mint, practically two dollars of stamped coin will be given in exchange. For $100 worth of bullion nearly 200 silver dollars will be delivered.

MINING WOULD BE STIMULATED.

"Let it also be remembered that the consequences of such an act would probably be cumulative in their effects. The crop of silver, unlike that of hay, or wheat, or corn—which, being of yearly production, can be regulated by the law of demand and supply—is fixed once for all. The silver which has not yet been gathered is all in the ground. Dearth or other accident of the elements cannot augment or diminish it. Is it not more than probable that with the enormous premium offered for its mining the cupidity of man would make an over supply continuous, with the necessary result of a steady depreciation as long as the silver dollar could be kept in circulation at all? Under the laws of finance, which are as fixed as those of any other science, the inevitable result would finally be a currency all and absolutely fiat.

THE DOLLAR OF OUR FATHERS.

"The dollar of our fathers, about which so much is said, was an honest dollar, silver maintaining a full parity of intrinsic value with gold. The fathers would have spurned and ridiculed a proposition to make a silver dollar worth only fifty-three cents stand of equal value with a gold one worth a hundred cents. The experience of all nations proves that any depreciation, however slight, of another standard, from the parity of gold, has driven the more valuable one out of circulation, and such experience in a matter of this kind is worth much more than mere interested speculative opinion. The fact that few gold coins are seen in ordinary circulation for domestic uses is no proof at all that the metal is not performing a most important function in business affairs. The foundation of the house is not always in sight, but the house would not stand an hour if there were no foundation.

THE MONEY OF PENSIONERS.

"One hundred and forty millions of dollars per annum are due to pensioners of the late war. That sum represents blood spilled and sufferings endured in order to preserve this nation from disintegration. In many cases the sums so paid in pensions are exceedingly small; in few, if any, are they excessive. The spirit that would deplete to the extent of a farthing is the same that would organize sedition, destroy the peace and security of the country, punish, rather than reward our veteran soldiers, and is unworthy of the countenance, by thought or vote, of any patriotic citizen of whatever political faith. No party, until that which met in convention at Chicago, has ever ventured to insult the honored survivors of our struggle for the national life by proposing to scale their pensioners horizontally, and to pay them hereafter in depreciated dollars worth only fifty-three cents each."

Wanted, Answers.

To the Editor of The Republican.

The Bryan Democrat press claims that the United States is great enough to be independant of other commercial nations using a gold standard. How does it come then that the followers of free silver are in favor of free trade?

The Bryan Democrats claim that a debtor has greater rights than a creditor. Is it more honorable to be a debtor than to be a creditor? Would it be morally right for a man to plunge into debt at the present time, hoping to pay off his debts with a fifty-cent dollar? If not, why not?

Are not gold and silver commodities, the same as other products of labor? If that is so why should the Government place a fictitious value upon the one and not upon all others?

Gold and silver used as money represents a purchasing equivalent that has actual value within itself. How is that value determined?

The Bryan Democrats claim that the mint price fixes the value. If our government should establish that a gold dollar should contain one-half as many grains as it now does what would be the result? Would our country gain by such an act? If not, why not?

If, under free coinage, a man should amass a vast hoard of money and become a creditor instead of a debtor, would he still be an honest man?

If I loan a farmer one hundred bushels of A1 wheat would it be right for him to return the loan with one hundred bushels of a very inferior wheat? If not, why not?

For what reason did the trade dollar contain more grains than a standard silver dollar?

Will a fifty-cent silver dollar buy as much in China as a sound money dollar. If not, why not?

Would you, as a creditor having loaned a thousand dollars in gold, accept a thousand free coinage dollars in payment of the loan?

The above questions are respectfully submitted to the free silver press and straightforward answers desired.

Wilson, Sept. 15, 1896. THE TRAMP.

Circuit Court.

The September term of the Circuit Court for this county began Monday morning with Chief Judge Boyd and Associate Judge Sloan on the bench.

Mr. John E. Krieger, of Accident, was appointed foreman of the grand jury by the court and the following named gentlemen were drawn to serve with him for the term: Jonathan W. Moon, Christian J. Folk, Peter J. Stevens, Kimmell Frazee, Zadock Green, Charles Wegman, Joseph H. Harrison, Asa E. Riley, Jos. R. Joy, Franklin T. Fike, Charles Warnick, David T. Enlow, Frank Coddington, William Frederick, jr., Michael Lafty, W. S. Pew, Henry G. Sanders, Frederick Fox, Thomas B. Spahr, William L. Dunham, David Popp, Philip T. Garthright.

Chief Judge Boyd delivered the charge to the grand jury. He explained the nature of the oath they had taken and he admonished them not to allow anybody to go unpresented for favor, fear or affection; he charged them not to make presentments in unimportant matters which would only entail costs upon the tax payers.

Judge Boyd also called attention to the law on abortion and the local liquor laws for Garrett county which the law requires shall be given specially in charge to the grand jury.

The several dockets were then called over and judgments entered in uncontested cases.

The original docket contains sixty-five cases. The appeal docket has sixteen cases, and the civil trial docket one hundred and seventy-two cases.

His Foot Mashed.

Monday evening about 7 o'clock William Spitzer, who hails from St. Louis, and who was making his way east on a freight train, had his right foot severely mashed by the bumpers of two cars coming together and catching that member.

He was taken to the office of Dr. McComas, the railroad surgeon here, where his wound was dressed and later sent to a boarding house where he will remain until able to continue his way. The unfortunate man is quite intelligent and says his occupation is that of a cook.

New B. & O. Station In Baltimore.

The new Passenger Station of the B. & O. R. R. at the intersection of Mt. Royal Avenue and Cathedral St. Baltimore, Md., was opened for business September 1st.

The new station, which will be known as Mt. Royal Station, is one of the finest buildings of its kind in America. It is located in the residential section of the city and is easily accessible by street railway service from all parts of the town. Camden station will remain in use as heretofore, and all trains running over the Philadelphia Division will stop at both stations. All tickets to or from Baltimore will be honored to or from either station, and baggage will be checked to either station at the option of the passenger. It

When Days Will Be Long.

Do you know that the day, which is now only 24 hours long, is slowly increasing in length, and that it will eventually be 25, 26 or even 100 hours in length? This statement, strange as it may sound to one who has not read the results of observation made on that score, is believed to be true in every respect.

Not only will the earth's motion slow up until the day will be one, two and three times as long as it is at present, but this pace slackening process will increase with time, until the day will eventually be a week or even a month in length. The "retarding medium," which the astronomers speak of as being the cause of this phenomenon, is not fully understood at present.

Sir Robert Ball says that it is the friction of the tides which is responsible for the most of it. He urges that the time will come when the day will be a year in length. Others among the investigators along this line declare that it will be absolutely impossible for this day-lengthening process to increase beyond one lunar month.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

BOYS AND GOOD ROADS.

General Roy Stone's Plan for Keeping the Highways In Repair.

Forty million dollars we spend every year on road repairs and make the road no better. We roll the great stone up the mountain with 40,000,000 days' work, and then we let it go to the bottom to be rolled up again next year. What is the cure for this state of things? The trouble itself is nothing new. Every thinking farmer knows it of old and has puzzled his brain for a remedy.

The daily care of all the roads by paid laborers would be a tax absolutely unbearable. The travel to and fro to do the little work required would cost ten times as much as the work itself. What, then, can we do? Where you have interested parents in your district in the subject of road improvement and taught your scholars methods of carrying it on, why not take advantage of the fact that all your roads are traveled twice a day by boys old enough to take the ordinary daily care of them if they have the means to do it? Why not organize your own road leagues among the older boys and persuade your township road authorities to supply each league with a few light tools to be kept at the schoolhouse and carried home when needed for road repairs or used at recess on the roads near the schoolhouse? And why not persuade these authorities to offer a prize to that school district which does the best work in this direction?

The effect of daily care would show so promptly in preventing the deterioration of the roads after each annual season of repairs as to offer great encouragement for the general betterment of highways, and by these means you will not only be conferring an instant and visible benefit upon every resident in your district, but you will be training up a generation of better roadbuilders for the future.—From an Address by General Roy Stone.

The Congressional Convention.

Advices received from the several counties composing this Congressional district indicate that at Rockville a breezy time will be had to-day when Chairman Cook calls the convention to order.

An effort will be made to have Chairman Cook change his ruling and give the delegation from Frederick county six votes instead of three. The Motter delegation will appear and demand seats in the convention, but whether they will be seated altogether depends upon the votes of the delegates of the other counties.

The convention met at 11 o'clock and at the hour of going to press a telegram was received here stating that no nomination had as yet been made.

The Boss Locomotive.

Engine 1316, the monarch of the whole B. & O. tribe, began its career in the passenger service Tuesday morning, and took train No. 7 to Grafton from Cumberland. Its "line of duty" will be between Cumberland and Grafton, and its specialty will be climbing the seventeen-mile grade up the eastern slope of the Allegheny mountains on fast time. It is a splendid piece of machinery, and seems to be perfect in all its appointments.

There are three driving wheels on each side, sixty-eight inches in diameter. The middle wheel has no flanges consequently it plays over the face of the rail, and is constantly hunting for a place to hold by while it goes forward with its enormous load. The great height of the wheels lifts the boiler and cab up into the air, and if the engineer and fireman have leisure to look about while passing through the towns they can see what is going on in the second story of the houses near the track. It is to be hoped that this magnificent specimen of the "ironhorse" may perform its appointed trips during a long life without a mishap.

One of the big freight engines was in the runaway and smash up a short distance west of Bloomington, on last Wednesday morning. When it struck a curve that could not be rounded at the rate of 80 miles an hour, it pressed the outer rail away from its fastening and ran along on the ties for two hundred yards. The rough roadway took up the momentum acquired in the descent and the engine came to a stop. The engineer and fireman kept their places and suffered no injury whatever. This accident demonstrated the fact that a high engine is no more likely to topple over than a low one.

Friends' Annual Meeting.

Account of the Friends' Annual Meeting at Barnesville, Ohio, September 11th to 30th, 1896, the B. & O. R. R. will sell round trip tickets from all points on its lines east of the Ohio River for all trains September 11th to 30th, inclusive, valid for return passage until October 15th, inclusive, at greatly reduced rates. Tickets will also be placed on sale at ticket offices of all connecting lines.

For time of trains, reservation of Pullman car space, and other information, call upon or address nearest B. & O. agent 28-2t

MOUNTAIN STATE

Business College,

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

SHARTZER & BOLDEN

OAKLAND, MD.,

DEALERS IN

Furniture, Carpets, Matting, Oil Cloth, Window Shades, Wall Paper,

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Repairing Furniture and Picture Framing a Specialty.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 8 1896.

Notice is hereby given to all persons using and crossing bridges with steam threshers or saw mill boilers and engines, that they will be held responsible for any and all damages done to said bridges by hauling steam threshers, boilers and engines over them.

By order of the board,

IRA E. FRIEND, President.

Attest: J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Jennie Smith Hotel Company, of Garrett county, will be held at the office of the Company at Mountain Lake Park, Md., on

Wednesday, September 30, 1896,

at eleven o'clock a. m., for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year and such other business as may legally be transacted.

JOHN DUNHILL, Secretary.

Mt. Lake Park, Md., Aug. 31, 1896. 27-3t

REGISTRATION OF VOTERS.

OFFICE OF BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF ELECTIONS FOR GARRETT COUNTY.

OAKLAND, MD., September 1, 1896.

Notice is hereby given to the voters of Garrett county that the Registrars for the various precincts and districts will meet for the purpose of registering voters at the places below, between the hours of 8 a. m. and 8 p. m.:

First sitting—Tuesday, September 15th.;

Second sitting—Tuesday and Wednesday, September 22d and 23d.

Third sitting—Tuesday and Wednesday, September 29th and 30th.

Fourth sitting—Tuesday and Wednesday, October 6th and 7th.

And on Tuesday, Oct. 13, for Revision only.

NO ONE CAN REGISTER AFTER WEDNESDAY, OCT. 7TH.

District No. 1—at Swanton.
District No. 2—at Friendsville.
District No. 3—at Grantsville.
District No. 4—at Bloomington.
District No. 5—at Accident.
District No. 6—at McHenry.
District No. 7, 1st precinct—at Oakland in Thomas Martin's store room, corner Oak and 3rd Streets.
District No. 7, 2d precinct—at Oakland in John Sherizer's new building, corner Second and Liberty Streets.
District No. 8—at the Old Hoye Place on the Northwestern Turnpike.
District No. 9—at Johnson's.
District No. 10—at Deer Park.
District No. 11—at the residence of Peter Melntyre.
District No. 12—at Bittinger.

This notice being given by authority of and in pursuance of Section 33, Chapter 202 of the Acts of the General Assembly of Maryland, 1896.

By order of the Board,

A. G. STURGISS, President,
J. ALVIN FRIEND,
FRED C. RIES,
Supervisors.

Proclamation and Notice

Of a new election to be held in Election District No. 6, of Garrett county, Maryland, at the next Congressional election, to be held on November 3rd, 1896, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication shall be sold in said district.

Whereas, by Chapter 461 of the Acts of the General Assembly of Maryland, it was made the duty of one or more of the Judges of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, upon the presentation before the first day of August, 1896, of the written petition of at least one-third in number of the registered voters who cast their votes at the last preceding general election in any election district of Garrett county, to pass an order within thirty days after the filing of said petition, directing the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Garrett county to proclaim notice of a new election to be held at the next Congressional election in such election district to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors and medicated bitters producing intoxication should be sold in such district.

And whereas, such written petition signed by said number of voters in election district No. 6, of Garrett county, Maryland, was on the 31st day of July, 1896, filed with the Clerk of said Court, whereupon on said day, it was ordered by Hon. David W. Sloan, one of the Judges of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, that the Clerk of said Court proclaim notice of a new election to be held in said election district No. 6, of Garrett county, as above provided.

NOW THEREFORE, In obedience to said order, I, Edward Z. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, do hereby proclaim and give notice to all the voters and people of said Election District No. 6, in Garrett county, and to all others whom it may concern, that at the time and place of the next Congressional election held in said district in said county on the third day of November, 1896, there will be held a new election in said district by the judges and clerks of election who shall then and there hold said Congressional election, to determine whether or not license shall be granted to sell spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication in said district, and whether any of said liquors or any compound, of which alcohol forms the chief or principal ingredient, shall be sold in said district after the first day of May, 1897, except by a regular pharmacist or druggist having a license for such business under the laws of this State upon the written bonafide prescription of a regular practicing physician of such district whose name shall be signed thereto, and at said election at said time and place in said district, each legally qualified voter of said district shall be entitled to cast one vote for or against said license and sale, and that if at said election it shall be found that a majority of such votes have been cast for license in said district, license for the sale of such liquors will be granted as now or hereafter may be provided by law, but if it shall be found that a majority of said votes have been cast against license in said district it shall not be lawful for any person or persons, firm, company or body corporate after the first day of May, 1897, to sell or otherwise dispose of by way of barter, directly or indirectly, any such liquors, and no license will be issued or granted for the sale of the same in said election district.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland. 26 4t

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS OAKLAND, MD., August 19, 1896.

The annual examination of teachers for Garrett county will be held at

Accident, Thursday and Friday, September 3d and 4th.

Oakland, Monday and Tuesday, September 7th and 8th,

Grantsville, Thursday and Friday, September 10th and 11th.

Examinations to begin at 9 a. m.

Examination of both first and second grade applicants will be conducted at the same time.

All teachers present and expecting to teach the coming school year will be required to take the examination.

Applicants will be required to provide themselves with a pencil, tablet, pen and ink. Examination paper will be furnished free.

By order of the Board,

Aug. 20—27. F. G. PALMER, Examiner.

—THE—

Maryland Agricultural College,

COLLEGE PARK, MD.

Maryland's School of Technology.

FOUR COURSES OF INSTRUCTION: Agricultural, Mechanical, Scientific, Classical.

Each department supplied with the most modern and approved apparatus. Practical work emphasized in all departments. Graduates qualified at once to enter upon their life's work. Boarding department supplied with all modern improvements; Both Rooms, Closets, Steam Heat and Gas. Books, Room, Heat, Light, Washing, Board, Medical attendance, $17.5-4 for scholastic year. 132-A 120 page catalogue, giving full particulars, sent on application. Daily sanitary inspection by Physician to the College. Attention is called to the short course of ten weeks in Agriculture. Particulars sent on application. Term commences September 16th. Early application necessary for admittance.

R. W. SILVESTER, President M. A. C.

25—6

LAND FOR SALE.

I, the undersigned, offers for sale all my land lying in District No. 7, lying one to three miles east of Oakland, containing 53 acres, horses, sheep, cattle, farming implements, household and kitchen furniture, one house in Oakland, for the sum of $35,250, as I have been informed by the assessors that the above is the cash value, and they seem to know all about it and what it will produce, but I do not think they ever saw the half of it. Perhaps they did. If anyone desires to buy they had better consult the assessors and they can describe it and tell what it will produce better than I can if they did not see it.

Someone might say, "Why does he want to sell?" I have two reasons: 1st, I am not married to a few acres of land; 2nd, When I am told what a thing is worth by those who know better than I do I think it wise to let it go.

Don't lose a bargain.

T. W. CASTEEL.

P. S.—I have a farm and one saw mill in District No. 6 which I will sell as soon as our assessors notify me what they are worth. I hope to know by April 1st. 25—4*

TIN, SLATE and STEEL

ROOFING,

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.

PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.

REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.

SPOUTING, ETC.

WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH, MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

7—26t.

FARMS! HOMES!

IN VIRGINIA, THE CAROLINAS and GEORGIA

SURROUNDED BY

SUNSHINE AND HEALTH, FACTORY and MILL SITES,

WITH

Abundance of Water Power, Convenient to Many Markets.

Best Fruit and Agricultural Lands

IN THE UNITED STATES.

$3 to $10 per Acre

Peculiarly adapted to raising Early Fruits, Early Vegetables, Grains, Tobacco, Cotton, Grasses, etc.

LOCATED ALONG THE GREAT

Seaboard Air Line,

The Great Through Freight and Passenger Route to and from the South and Southwest.

FREE! A 48-Page Illustrated Pamphlet, with large Map, describing in detail the choicest, most productive, healthiest and most progressive section of the "New South," with much other valuable information of great assistance to those looking for a home site, factory or mill site, farm or safe and sure investment in the coming section of the country, will be sent to any address on receipt of two cents to pay postage. Address

GEO. L. RHODES,
General Agent Seaboard Air Line
Portsmouth, Va.

THOMAS R. McROBIE,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street.

All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In effect July 19, 1896.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS	NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1		No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 03*	8 00† lv	Cumberland ar	*12 00	*7 30
3 31	8 31	Rawlings	11 29	6 59
3 56	8 56	Keyser	11 01	6 36
4 01	9 01	Westernport	10 51	6 28
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	6 20
4 37	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5 52
5 10	D 10 01	Harrison	10 01	*5 28
6 15	10 45* ar	Elk Garden	*9 35	*4 00
5 25	10 35† lv	Gorman	9 21	4 54
5 41	10 11	Bayard	9 15	4 48
5 52	10 52	Doleda	9 01	4 38
6 23	11 23	Thomas	8 30	4 05
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	8 00	3 15
6 27	11 27 lv	Coketon	8 21	3 42
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	7 59	3 33
6 57	11 57	Bretz	7 51	3 25
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 51	3 22
7 39	12 39	Kerens	7 18	2 51
8 03*	1 03† ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	*2 00
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
				P. M.
	3 05* ar	Bedlington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.			A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.46 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	5.37 A. M
No. 71	—Accomodation except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 15	—Daily	10.03 A. M
No. 55	—Express, daily	6.21 P. M
No. 13	—Accommodation daily	4.58 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	10.06 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	—Daily	5.50 A. M
No. 2	—Daily	8.31 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	8.8 A. M
No. 72	—Accomodation except Sun	4.26 P. M
No. 6	—Daily	6.02 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	12.50 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL, Gen'l Pass. Ag't.

C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

THE

G. E. PEARCE DRUG CO.,

OF FROSTBURG, MD.

We have probably the largest stock of goods in the drug line in Western Maryland.

P. D. & CO. and S. and D. Pharmaceutical preparations always in stock, supplied to physicians at jobbers' prices.

OUR LINE OF

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES AND WINDOW GLASS

IS LARGE AND COMPLETE.

We sell and guarantee LUCAS TINTED GLOSS PAINT at $1.25 per gallon.

9-2m

THE

Maryland Building and Loan Association

of Garrett County.

OFFICERS

ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencie

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.

EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, 14 old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON, Keyser, W. Va.

TEMPERANCE.

THE WHITE RIBBON'S STORY.

Its Holy Influence Saved One Young Man from Ruin.

I am just a dingy little bow of what was once white ribbon, but I am very old now and yellow, and I doubt if my old mistress would know me if she should see me; so of course you will be apt to wonder when I tell you that my owner, who, by the way, is one of the most generous and kindly men you ever met, thinks a great deal of me and would not sell me for ever so much.

He keeps me in a little velvet-lined box, just as if I were some precious jewel, only instead of keeping me locked up in a safe or some other secure place he carries me around in his pocket, and never a day goes by that he does not take me out and look at me and whisper something so low that even I cannot hear what it is.

I could tell you all about myself, of the great, dingy factory where I was woven; the crowds and crowds of people that I saw in the store where I stayed so long with yards and yards of other ribbon, some of it just like me; and the gentle, sweet-faced lady who bought me and made me into a tiny bow, and the many tenement houses, prisons and hospitals I visited with her; but I am sure you will be far more interested in the story of how my owner came to think so much of me.

I have heard him tell the story so often that I know it even better than my own. Why, only last night, when he had got nicely settled by the library fire, with the latest papers on the table beside him, his little six-year-old Bessie climbed up on his knee, and, shaking the dark curls back from her rosy face, begged him to "please tell about the first time you met the beautiful lady I was named after."

"Of course I will," he answered, just as pleased as could be, and he didn't seem at all sorry to put down his paper and tell again the story she had heard so often that she knew it almost by heart herself.

This is what he said: "You know, dear, that I lived on a farm in New York when I was a boy, for your Grandpa Vernon was a farmer, and when I was a child I thought it was the grandest occupation in the world.

"But the summer after I was 18 I began to think that I was old enough to

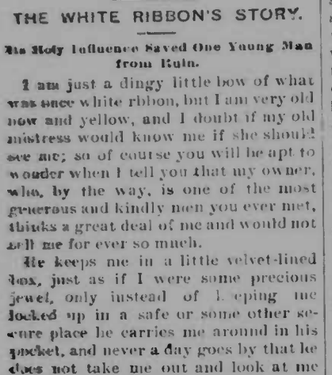

TOOK HER UP IN MY ARMS.

go to the city and earn my living with less work and a great deal more pleasure, and so one morning I took the early train for New York.

"Father and mother said little, although I knew they had spent an almost sleepless night worrying over me. But I pretended not to notice, and wished they would act a little more anxious to keep me at home.

"Well, for awhile I got along well; my employer was kind and I received as good a salary as I could expect, but at last the merchant failed and I found myself out of employment.

"I had saved a little money, but winter was fast approaching, and with food and lodgings to pay for and no way of earning more, it soon dwindled away to almost nothing.

"One night I met two of the young men who had worked in the same store with me and lost their places at the same time I did.

"I was returning to my lodgings after a fruitless quest for work, and they stopped to speak to me. I had studiously avoided them when in the store, for they belonged to a card-playing, wine-drinking set that I resolved to avoid. But to-night I was disheartened and longing for a friendly word, so I was glad enough to answer when they spoke to me.

"We were near the door of a respectable-looking saloon, and one of them said: 'Come on; it's cold standing here; let's go in and get warm.' They both turned their steps towards the saloon, and I, after a moment's hesitation, followed them. 'What harm is there in just going inside?' I asked myself.

"And it was just the same when one of the boys offered me a glass of wine. I saw no harm in it, and so took it out of politeness, I told my conscience.

"So things went on for two or three weeks. We happened to meet near that corner almost every evening, and would drop in and take a glass as we went by.

"One day about noon I had wandered back to the same street, still searching for work. I was tired and thirsty, and thought perhaps a glass would brace me up.

"As I turned to ascend the steps I felt a timid tug at my coat, and on looking down beheld a little maid, perhaps five years old. Her cloak was soiled, as though she had fallen down; her face was stained with tears and her voice choked with sobs as she said: 'Please, sir, won't you help me find my mother?'

"I stooped down and took her up in my arms, with the assurance that we would find mamma all right if she would stop crying and tell me about it.

"She slipped to the ground and sobbed out: 'Mamma was in the store, and I saw the monkey through the window and went to see it, and couldn't find my way back. I didn't see the monkey, either, for it was gone when I got to the door.'

The tears started afresh as she recited her woes, so with a reassuring smile I took her by the hand and we started back in the direction from which she said she had come. We walked on for some distance in silence, for I was pondering over the problem of how to get her to her mother. Finally it occurred to me to ask her name, and she answered promptly that it was Elizabeth King, and that her papa had a store on Fulton street, so I thought I could find that place if we couldn't find her mother.

Freed from the terror of being lost, she chatted away as to an old friend. Presently she called my attention to a little badge which she wore, on which were engraved the letters L. T. L. 'They stand for the Loyal Temperance Legion,' she said. 'I am a member, and mamma is a "white ribboner." She goes round to places and gets folks to go to the Gospel temperance meetings and sign the pledge, and she always talks nice to 'em, and they promise to do better.'

"We were in a busy part of the town, now, and I thought it just possible that we might meet her mother. The thought had hardly had time to form itself in my brain when I saw a lady with an anxious face accompanied by a policeman, hurrying down the street. Almost at the same instant Bessie spied her mother and darted towards her with a glad cry of recognition.

"Her mother clasped her in her arms and cried, just a little, and then she turned to me and thanked me, and noting the melancholy expression on my face, asked me to accompany them home so that I might meet her husband.

"And as we were rolling along in her handsome carriage she had me tell her of my life in the city, and her kindly interest encouraged me to tell her of my temptation and the result.

"The talk that I had with her afterwards did me almost as much good as if it had been with my mother, and I went home that night feeling happier than I had since my arrival in the 'Empire City.'

"And just as I was leaving she unfastened this little bow from her dress" (here he lifted me gently from my case and laid me a minute in Miss Bessie's rosy palm) "and handed it to me, saying: 'Keep this to remember your promise to me not to drink any more.'

"It was hard for a little while, for the habit had become far stronger than even I suspected, but the timely help of a 'white-ribbon woman' saved me.

"And that is one reason why I am glad to have your mamma such an earnest temperance woman, and you a member of the Loyal Temperance legion."

And now you know the reason why Mr. Vernon, the junior partner in the firm of King & Vernon, thinks so much of me. It is because I remind him of his great victory over the demon drink, and that I helped him to keep his promise when he was young. By so doing he has grown into an honest and noble man, honored and respected by all who know him.—Christie Cheever, in Union Signal.

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

Drink is the curse of the country.—Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M. P.

The liquor seller would rather trust a man for half a dozen drinks than to loan him a dime.—Lever.

More people enter jail through the saloon doors than in all other ways combined.—National Temperance Advocate.

At the sight of a glass of beer, many a man is ready to sell the birthright of his children to have a sober father.—Ram's Horn.

Temperance Cause asserts that there are more than 40 temperance societies in Japan, with a membership of upwards of 10,000 men and women.

Sir Andrew Clark, the general physician in the largest hospital in London, says that seven out of every ten persons treated there owe their ill-health to drink.

In the little German principality of Waldeck, a decree has been proclaimed that a license to marry will not be granted to any individual who is in the habit of getting drunk.

The concert halls of Chicago are closing because they have been refused liquor licenses. Like all sources of sin, they cannot thrive without whisky.—National Temperance Advocate.

Many British public libraries have responded to the request made by the good templars of England, that a dozen specified standard temperance works be included in their collection of books.

The demand used to be to educate, but now it is for marching orders. The liquor traffic is right across the path of everyone and the thing now to do is to get out of the way; then, afterwards, do what educating is necessary.—Pacific Ensign.

The leading organ for the liquor trade in Great Britain says that the immediate problem for the trade to solve is how to make the best of the royal commission. As a solution, they have formed a "consultative committee" for collecting evidence in their behalf.

"DRINK AND PRAY."

How Walter Scott Helped a Saloon-Keeper to Get a Sign.

The story is told of a Highlander who built a tavern near Abbotsford and called it "The Flodden Inn." He applied to Sir Walter Scott for a motto for the signboard. The novelist suggested: "Drink, weary traveler; drink and pray." The man objected to his house becoming a kirk, arguing:

"The more praying there is, the less drinking there will be, and I don't want that."

Sir Walter suggested the omission of the letter "r" in pray, so that the motto might read: "Drink, weary traveler; drink and pay." With this the "mine host" was delighted, and hundreds of his customers found out to their bitter sorrow that whilst drinking and paying go hand in hand, drinking and praying have not even a bowing acquaintance.

The same is true everywhere.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Expert hydrographers say that in its deepest parts the ocean's waters are so dense that a sunken ironclad would never reach the bottom.

—At Redditch, England, 20,000 people make more than 100,000,000 needles a year, and they are made and exported so cheaply that England has no rival and practically monopolizes the trade.

—Over 300,000 specimens of fossil insects have been collected from various parts of the world. Of these, butterflies are among the very rarest, as less than 20 specimens all told have been found.

—The average depth of the sea in yards, is as follows: Pacific, 4,252; Atlantic, 4,026; Indian, 3,658; Antarctic, 3,000; Arctic, 1,690; Mediterranean, 1,476; Irish, 240; English channel, 110; Adriatic, 45; Baltic, 43.

—The largest shipyards in the world are those of Harland & Wolf, of Belfast, Ireland. The works employ at present over 9,000 skilled workmen and apprentices. Since its organization the firm has turned out over 1,000,000 tons of ocean-going craft.

—Between the ordinary harmless snake and such species as the cobra and viper there is great structural difference in the formation of the head. In highly poisonous snakes the lower jawbone is shortened, while the transverse or inner jawbone is correspondingly lengthened.

—The largest maritime concern in the world, the North German Lloyd, evidently does not believe that the trade between America and Europe is declining. This company has ordered two more fast liners of 13,000 tons burden each and four of 10,500 tons each, for its New York line. At present the company employs 80 steamers, with 302,166 tonnage, and 80 barges, with a tonnage of 15,900.

—It is well known to jewelers that aluminium will mark a glass or "paste" diamond, but not the true gem, provided the surface is wet. This fact has now been applied to the production of a chemical tester, which consists of a small disk of aluminium, rapidly revolved by an electric motor. The stone to be tested is wetted and held against the edge of the disk by means of a spring clamp.

THREW AWAY A FORTUNE.

A Man Who Lost $56,000 Worth of Ambergris.

The little town of Digby, N. S., is very much excited at present over the finding of some ambergris by Mr. Isaiah Kinghorn, a fisherman who lives in Granville, a small village across the river from Digby. Mr. Kinghorn was in conversation with a St. John Telegraph reporter and told the story of his find. He had been rowing along the bay shore at Granville in his boat and noticed some "stuff" floating on the water. It looked to him like tallow. He took it into his boat and rowed to his home at Granville, where he tried to boil it down to make soft soap. Failing to do so, he threw the remainder of the supposed tallow away. He had about 100 pounds of the material in all, he estimates, and had only kept six pounds of it after the rest had been destroyed. He was told that it was a very valuable article, and in consequence he brought a sample to St. John, where it was shown to a druggist, who offered for it a price which by no means approached its value.

Mr. Kinghorn went back to Digby by the steamer Prince Rupert and took the ambergris to a local druggist, who, after close examination identified it, and on looking up the price list found that it was worth three dollars per ounce. The fisherman's feelings can be imagined when he learned that he had wasted about 94 pounds of the ambergris, which, had he kept it, would have brought him for the lot $56,000. As it is, he only has left about six pounds, which will bring him when sold the sum of $3,600.

Mr. Kinghorn left a small piece with the druggist, which weighs about 1½ ounces, and the latter will conduct the sale of the six pounds. The same which was shown to the Telegraph reporter at the drug store was broken from a lump weighing 42 pounds. It resembles a piece of tallow very much. Ambergris is a solid fatty substance of a dull gray color, the shades being variegated like marble, and possesses a peculiar sweet earthy odor. It is a morbid secretion formed in the intestines of the spermaceti whale, and is generally found floating on the seashore and in lumps weighing from one-half an ounce to 100 pounds. The sample is still in the hands of the Digby druggist and will probably be sent to the states, where a deal will be made for the whole. It is needless to say that Mr. Kinghorn, who was so lucky in making the find, is being congratulated from all quarters upon his rapid rise on the road to wealth.

Where It Is Hot.

"Say, if you people think this is hot you ought to have my job for about a week and then see what you'd have to say," said a tall, thin man to a group of perspiring unfortunates who stood on one of the downtown corners one afternoon during the recent hot spell.

"Why, what do you do?" came the feeble query from one of the sweltering ones, almost too overcome to be curious.

"I'm an oiler in the engine room of that big building. And, say, this air out here is a picnic to what we get down there. If you fellows think this 90 in the shade is hot or this 100 per cent. humidity business is hard to stand, you want to come down where we work eight hours a day with the thermometer making all the time from 110 to 120 degrees and see what it feels like." But he never got any farther, for at the bare mention of 110 degrees the group melted away like the mist before the rising sun, several members being seen a few moments later holding themselves up in front of a soda water fountain with their eyes turned heavenward.—N. Y. Tribune.

AUTUMN FASHIONS.

Present Indications of the Coming Styles in Ladies' Dress.

It is too early yet to predict with certainty what all the styles for next autumn and winter are to be, but there are some straws which show the way the autumn winds will blow, and women of keen observation already are noting some of the signs. Braiding will be one of the new fashions, and even now is seen on the summer gowns. A gown of pale yellow pique has the broad collar of the Eton jacket a mass of white soutache braid, put on in a most intricate pattern, and sewed only on one side, so that it stands up in a distinct line. Among the smartest gowns is a trousseau that one of the summer brides is displaying a gown of dark butchers' linen with the body of the waist covered with this same braiding. The blouse front is exceedingly graceful in the way it hangs, and the pattern of braiding is so cleverly arranged that it gives a long line, and does not cut the figure as an ordinary braided waist sometimes does. On the more elaborate cloth costumes broader braid is laid on in rows an inch apart, sometimes entirely around the skirt, again only on the side breadths, finished with small cricket buttons at either end. This braid is sewed on to the sides and is laid flat on the material.

Braiding is pleasant work, and it is possible for a woman to braid a waist, gown or jacket, so that it will look as though turned out by a professional, if she has the pattern carefully stamped. Black cloth costumes braided in the front breadths, or with front breadths plain and side breadths braided, are to be among the winter gowns, while brown with green braiding will again be fashionable.

The Turkish jackets, heavily braided in gold and finished with ball fringe, are occasionally worn with summer gowns, and over the full blouses of white chiffon are exceedingly smart. These jackets are sleeveless, and the soft folds of the chiffon or mousseline de soie are in pretty contrast to the heavy cloth and the gilt braid. The Turkish braiding is, of course, very much more elaborate than any other, and is sewed so that the flat effect is presented.

The cloth waists next winter are to have the body of the waists braided and the sleeves plain. This will give much the same effect that having the wrist of lace or chiffon has done, and cannot be called an absolutely new idea; but it is a becoming style, and so is bound to be popular, although many women prefer the pointed braided vests, with collar and cuffs to match; when the latter style is chosen, the braid is put on velvet, and gives a much richer look. The odd contrasts of color will die out by this means, it is said, but that remains to be seen.

Cut-work and appliques always are in fashion when braiding is, and lace is appliqued on the most incongruous of materials. Laid on satin, the rare pieces of old point show to great advantage, but it does seem like vandalism to see lace on some tawdry cotton gown, laid over a bit of odd-colored silk, without any apparent reason. For instance, an apple-green muslin made up over white taffeta, smart looking, to be sure, but of quite inexpensive quality, has a trimming on the waist of real valenciennes lace appliqued on green silk in long points, sewed down to outline the figure most becomingly. Lace is always so beautiful it seems a pity to use it in such a fashion, and to cut it so ruthlessly as must needs be done to make the jacket effect.—Harper's Bazar.

AN ORIENTAL MISSIVE.

The Emperor of China to King George III.—1793.

The following is a translation from the Chinese:

"So, then, thou king, far away over many oceans, thou hast inclined thine heart toward civilization, and hast made a point of dispatching envoys to respectfully bear a submissive address. Crossing the seas, they have arrived at court and have offered their devout prayers for our imperial welfare, besides submitting articles of local production by way of evincing thy heartfelt sincerity. We have opened and perused the address, the language of which is sufficiently honest and earnest to bear witness, O king, to the genuineness of thy respectful submission, and is hereby right well commended and approved. As to the chief and assistant envoys, bearers of the address and the tribute, in consideration of the fatigue they have undergone in carrying out the duties of their distant mission, we, in the exercise of our grace and courtesy, have already commanded our minister to introduce them to the privilege of audience, have bestowed a banquet upon them and have conferred upon them repeated gratifications, in order to make manifest our love and tenderness. As to the 600 or more officers and menials in charge of the ship, who have returned with it to Chusan, though they have not been to the metropolis, we have also bestowed liberal presents upon them, so that they also may have a rich share in our gracious kindness, and one and all be equal recipients of our benevolence."—Toledo Blade.

Often Done.

He was just returned from a European trip and was telling of his adventures.

"And above all," he said, "I actually had the distinguished honor of playing poker with a king."

The man in the linen coat had listened in silence up to this point, but now his lips curled scornfully as he replied:

"That's nothing. I once played with four kings."

"Really?"

"Sure. Four kings and an ace."—Chicago Post.

—A girl's idea of a faithful friend is one who calls her by whatever new name she gives herself.—Atchison Globe.

Drawing the Credit Line.

Merchant Tailor—I am sorry to say it, Mr. Goodheart, but as this is your wedding suit I must demand cash on delivery.

Mr. Goodheart—Eh? Why, I've had an account with you for years, and I've always paid promptly to the hour, the very hour, sir.

"Yes, Mr. Goodheart, but you were a bachelor, and had the handling of your own money."—N. Y. Weekly.

Her Sex Unreasoning.

"There's no use talking," began Mrs. Gobang.

"I know it," interrupted Gobang, "and the fact that you persist in talking after making that declaration simply proves what I have often asserted, regarding the lack of logic in the female sex. Now proceed with your lecture."—Truth.

THE GREEN BEFORE THE RED.

Pat (sympathetically)—Shmall wondher farr yez aggrissiveniss, me green frind, yez moosht be afther hovin' a premonition av th' color degradation that's about to kim upon yez.—N. Y. World.

Auntie Had Done Her Best.

Susie—And so you are an old maid, auntie; a real old maid?

Aunt Ethel—Yes, Susie, dear; I am a real old maid.

Susie (wishing to be nice and comforting)—Well, never mind, poor, dear auntie, I am sure it isn't your fault.—Tit-Bits.

The Thorn.

When two soft arms encircle
In affectionate embrace
A fellow's neck and two brown eyes
Look up into his face
With glances full of meaning,
And the touch of two wee hands
Smooth out dull care's furrows,
It's then Dan Cupid's bands
Are spliced into his heartstrings
And he thanks his lucky star
That she'd vouchsafed such happiness
That naught on earth can mar.
But, ah, the sad reaction,
And bitter thoughts set free,
When the sealskin sacque's delivered
With a bill stamped "C. O. D."
—Somerville Journal

It Was Reminiscent.

They stood on the beach and watched the ripples break on the pebbly strand. The wind whirled the loose strands of hair about her pretty eyes.

"Mabel," he said, in his deep, manly profundo, "will you think of me when you recall this charming scene?"

"Why, George," she gravely answered, "there is but one thing here to remind me of you."

"And what is that, Mabel?"

"The breeze, George—it's so fresh!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An English Joke.

Husband—What! You want more money! Why, only yesterday I gave you five pounds.

Wife—Yes, but I spent that on a new bonnet.

H.—But I gave it to you for food; you can't feed yourself with a new bonnet.

W.—I can feed part of myself with it.

H.—Whatever do you mean, woman?

W.—Why, I can feast my eyes on it.—London Fun.

An Improvement.

"I am very well satisfied," said the new boarder; "in fact, I have only one suggestion to make."

"And what is that?" asked the landlady, beaming.

"If you could only manage to have the water in the ice tank as cold as that we get in the bath tub—"

But she didn't wait to hear.—Detroit News.

Prohibited.

A western hotel-keeper has added the following to the usual rules and regulations found in hotel rooms:

"No murdering or suciding allowed in this room. Guests breaking this rule will be requested to leave. All dying strictly forbidden on these premises."—N. Y. World.

HOW WILL HE CUT IT?

Hard Times, Indeed.

Charlie Boudelipper — What makes you so blue this morning? I suppose you went to see your uncle again?

Johnnie Fewsoads — You are mistaken. I am no longer in such flourishing circumstances as to have any use for a pawn broker.—Texas Sifter.

Satisfactory Reference.

She—Our acquaintance has been so short that I feel I ought to know more about you before I can consent to become your wife.

He—Very well. I can refer you to any of the girls I have been engaged to.—Tit-bits.

His Fear.

"I guess I had better give these biscuits to the first tramp that comes along," said Mrs. Hummimune, with pathetic candor.

"No," exclaimed her husband, nervously, "don't do that. He might throw them at the dog!"—Washington Star.

Life-Long Devotion Assured.

Mrs. Social—And so Miss Flirtie is engaged to your son. Do you think she will be true to him?

Wise Dame—Oh, she'll be true to him as long as other women admire him, and I guess he'll be handsome all his life.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Great Joker.

Mrs. N. Peck—Papa always was a great joker.

Mr. N. Peck—That's so. When I asked him for you he said: "Take her, young man, and be happy."—Indianapolis Journal.

Not Up to Requirements.

"I have a splendid night lock here that locks itself," announced the canvasser.

"That won't do me," answered Romdley. "What I want is one that will unlock itself."—Detroit Free Press.

Action Probable.

Moses—Dat ar is a likely lookin' mule, Rastus.

Rastus—Likely? Yo' find out he's mo'e likely ef you git neah 'im; he's liable.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Why Escape Was Impossible.

"Yes; he fell over backwards, and sank like a stone."

"But I thought he was an expert swimmer?"

"He was; but my wife brought some of her biscuits for lunch, and he—"

"Oh!"—Bay City Chat.

Compensation in All Things.

"There is one thing that I must say for Blowhard, and that dangnation trombone of his."

"What's that?"

"He has driven all the cats into another neighborhood to do their serenading."—Detroit Free Press.

AND THERE ARE OTHERS.

Wife—I want some money to get a new bicycle suit, dear.

Husband—I don't know; I have been turning my cuffs and living on free lunches to pay for the wheel itself.—Up-to-Date.

The Hair of the Hound.

Friend—Why do you always sleep in a folding bed?

Humorist—I don't sleep. I stay awake and think of jokes about folding beds. I have paid for the bed that way.—N. Y. World.

—At the present time a perfect ruby of five carats will average at least five times the value of a diamond of the same size and quality.

SECURING BICYCLE SAFETY.

Expensive Methods Adopted by Leading Manufacturers.

The Bicycle Presents Greater Engineering Problems Than a Locomotive, and Is So Light That the Greatest Care Must Be Exercised in Its Construction.

Among the thousands of men and women who are riding bicycles to-day, and securing untold health and pleasure from the exercise, few stop to think what a marvelous engineering and mechanical triumph the modern bicycle is.

The machine seems simplicity itself, and yet somehow unless it is of high-priced construction, and often not even then, it will give an amount of trouble and annoyance through breaks and trifling defects that will rob the rider of all the pleasure he has anticipated.

The bicycle is not simple of construction. A locomotive or a twenty-story building presents no greater problems to the engineer, designer and machinist than does this light, flying combination of steel and rubber that has come into our lives. Few realize this, and the result is the reckless way in which many have invested their dollars in what were said to be high grade bicycles, only too often to find at the end of a brief period that all that is left is a mass of rusty junk of little or no value, or bills for repairs that more than double the original cost.

Every one of the nine hundred pieces of which the modern bicycle is constructed must be designed to meet with safety the strains that will be put upon it; it must have no extra weight, or the

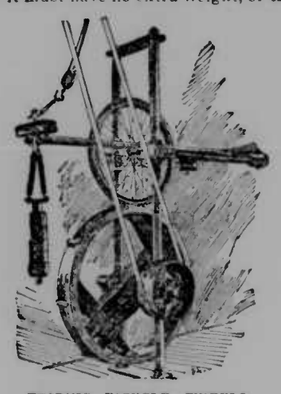

TESTING BICYCLE WHEELS

bicycle will be unduly heavy; it must be finished and polished with the utmost precision and scientific accuracy, or the bicycle will run hard and the rider's pleasure be diminished. So much for the original design.

But the troubles only begin when the pattern bicycle leaves the designer's hands. In order to produce bicycles at the standard prices prevailing to-day they must be turned out by thousands, all precisely alike. The cost of dies, machinery and special tools is very great, and this cost would eat up all the profits were it not distributed over many, many bicycles. Think how difficult it must be to have the nine hundred thousand pieces represented in one thousand bicycles precisely the same as the originally designed pattern in material, strength, size and finish, and you will realize what a problem the bicycle maker has to face.

Skillful engineers calculated the strains to be borne by each piece in the original model. If any piece in the thousands of reproductions of this model be materially weaker in any way, the bicycle may break, just as it might if the engineer made a mistake in the original. If any piece be not as accurately finished as the original, the bicycle ceases to give pleasure.

Of course most makers of high grade bicycles pay much attention to this point, but it remains for the Pope Manufacturing Company, the makers of the famous Columbia bicycles, to carry the system of inspecting and testing to a point where they are sure that every part of every bicycle they make is as it should be.

Four years ago they organized as complete a department of tests as is maintained at any of the government testing stations, and a newspaper man who recently visited the great factories at Hartford, Conn., found that they had supplemented this by a system of 584 inspections, whereby every piece of the bicycle goes many times through the hands of expert men, who examine it with accurate gauges after each operation, and instantly reject it if it is not precisely up to the required standard. All the material for the bicycles is ordered to accurate specifications, and the testing department sees that in quality it accurately conforms to the requirements.

There is much ingenious machinery in this department of tests, and the results from four years' constant use of it have given a surprising amount of information which will be useful in still further improving the bicycle. Delicate machinery registers the exact amount of friction in operating a bicycle under different conditions; an ingenious arrangement shows how long steel tubing for bicycle frames will endure the vibration to which a bicycle is subjected on the road; another shows how long a bicycle wheel of given construction, or its rubber tires, will last on the road, and other devices solve in a few hours problems that would take months to determine exactly under conditions of actual service. A complete chemical laboratory, too, is used to determine the quality of all the steel bought by the concern.

It is needless to say that only a concern as great as the Pope Manufacturing Company can afford to maintain such an expensive testing plant. Ordinarily, makers must depend upon the good faith of those from whom they buy, and upon such tests as can be applied without much cost. But the accurate, scientific method must be infinitely the best in the long run.

For instance, continued experiments in steel for tubing have enabled the Pope Company to produce bicycle tubes that are from two to three times as strong as those used by others, and thus to reduce the percentage of broken frames in their bicycles to almost nothing.

ETIQUETTE FOR CHILDREN.

Points for Parents to Carefully Consider.

It seems that too many mothers neglect this important element in the training of their children. In fact, do young folks at any time have the manners that distinguished those of two generations ago? There has been a sad decadence of manners generally within the last 40 years, and, unfortunately, children have been affected by it more visibly than others. Gone is the old-time courtesy which children showed to their elders, especially to the aged. We remember when boys were taught to raise their hats to teachers, and the girls to courtesy. In reply to all questions it was the rule rather than the exception to answer: "Yes, sir," or "No, sir," to a gentleman, and "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," to a lady. The change is to be regretted.

And yet we cannot blame the children. The fault lies with their parents, principally their mothers. We cannot expect all little children, indeed, to be little Lord Fauntleroys or Eva St. Clairs, but they can be taught to be thoughtful of others, unselfish, respectful and courteous. Especially should they know how to behave politely in the dining-room. If there be one thing more than another that shows our bringing up, to us a common expression, it is our manners at table, and the way we eat. Yet how often is one's whole meal made unpleasant by some unruly or ill-behaved child. Mothers cannot be oblivious to the misdemeanors of their children in this respect. Possibly, however, they may not realize that the responsibility of their behavior or misbehavior rests upon them; but it is as necessary to teach them good manners as that they must not eat too much.

In the first place are not children petted too much and allowed too many privileges in these days? In many homes the children are the real managers. They monopolize the conversation, and continually interrupt older ones while talking. This is all wrong. Such a mode, or, rather, lack of training, fosters their selfishness and vanity, and renders them real nuisances of fault-finding and discourtesy.

Only the other day we were greatly shocked, while visiting at a friend's house, by the ill-manners of her little boy, who was not quite ten years old. Before we were all fairly seated at the table he leaned forward upon the table, knife and fork in hand, and exclaimed: "I want some of the plum pudding, but I won't have any cake."

"You must wait, Charles," said the father.

Afterward he was helped three times to the plum pudding, though several of the older ones had a much smaller amount in consequence. We imagined that his mother might feel ashamed of his want of breeding, but the little fellow afterward remarked to me, confidentially:

"Mamma always says that I may have the lion's share of anything."

A faultless toilet, quietness of demeanor and a willingness to wait for others, the use of the fork instead of the knife, the absence of fault-finding, the proper use of the napkin, eating and drinking without making any uncouth noise, these are all to be equally observed as a part of table etiquette, and the youngest boy or girl can easily practice them. Nor should they forget the "please" and "thank you," that have so much to do toward making children attractive. We hope that mothers will see to this matter, and make it a duty to educate their children in this, as well as other elements of true politeness, so that the next generation will rise up and call them blessed.—N. Y. Ledger.

Would Eat the General.

When Gustavus of Sweden was besieging Prague, a boor of extraordinary aspect gained admittance to his tent, and offered, by way of amusing his majesty, to devour a large hog in his presence. Old Gen. Konigsmarck, who was in attendance, at once suggested that the man with the Gargantuan appetite should be burnt as a witch; whereupon the boor, whose feelings were hurt by this observation, exclaimed: "If your majesty will but make that old gentleman take off his sword and spurs, I will eat him before I begin the pig." This was accompanied by such a "hideous expansion of the jaws and mouth" that the general, though he had given his "proofs" on many a field, turned pale, and fled incontinently to his tent.—San Francisco Argonaut.

An Appropriate Name.

"I wish you'd stop calling that boy 'Willie,'" he said irritably, as he looked up from his paper.

"It does seem rather odd to call a college boy 'Willie,'" she admitted. "I suppose I ought to call him 'Will' or 'William,' but a mother ought to be excusable for holding to the diminutive as long—"

"'Will' wouldn't suit me any better than 'Willie,'" he answered. "I heard from some more of the Harvard tradesmen to-day, and I want something appropriate. Suppose you call him plain 'Bill.'"—Chicago Post.

Natural Mistake.

Seaside Guest—Why didn't you send an attendant to help me out of that Turkish bath in which I spent all night?

Proprietor—Turkish bath, sir! That was your room.—Philadelphia North American.

She Was Tired.

"Well, may I hope then, dearest, that at some time I may have the happiness of making you my wife?"

"Yes, I hope so, I am sure," she replied; "I'm tired of suing fellows for breach of promise."—Texas Sifter.

You don't hear of a policeman being run over—they are never in the way.

FARM AND GARDEN.

FIGHTING HOG LICE.

It Calls for Eternal Vigilance and Lots of Careful Work.

But few farmers, where hogs are raised in large numbers, will need to be told the nature and habits of the hog louse, illustrated below. At the Iowa experimental station some infested swine were made the subject of experiment by the entomologist. Mixtures of kerosene and lard, and lard and sulphur, as ordinarily recommended for parasites on domestic animals, were first tried, but this application proved a tedious operation where many animals were to be treated, especially if not more than ordinarily tame. A kerosene emulsion consisting of six parts

HOG LOUSE AND EGGS.

kerosene in six gallons strong soapsuds was applied with a force pump. A bunch of 13 small pigs were secured in a small inclosure. One man worked the pump while another sprayed, care being taken to thoroughly wet the forequarters and the inside of the ears where the lice are more abundant. Forty pigs were treated in this way. The whole time required, including the preparation of the emulsion, did not exceed one hour. Allowing 18 cents per gallon for oil and one cent for soap the cost would be 14½ cents. The lice became inactive upon being wet, and were found dead the next morning. Hairs containing eggs or nits were secured the next day and were closely watched for some time, but they failed to hatch.

To be effectual the application must be repeated to catch those which escape and the floors and crevices of the sty thoroughly saturated with the preparation at intervals. Pumps and rubber tubing can be secured at small expense. If a spraying nozzle is not at hand, the thumb held over the end of the tubing will be found a good substitute. In the illustration above, a half-grown louse, much magnified, is shown at A. The full-grown louse is 3-16 of an inch long, or about the length of the black line at the left of the picture. Its color is a dirty gray. The sharp claws seen in the illustration are not used to hurt the pig, but to clasp the hairs. The food is taken through a sharp rostrum or beak, which is thrust through the skin; B represents three eggs; from one to half a dozen may be thus fastened to a single hair. The egg is white with a dark colored cap, through which the young louse emerges. —Farm and Home.

KINDNESS TO HORSES.

It Pays in Dollars and Cents to Treat Domestic Animals Well.

It pays in dollars and cents to be kind to all domestic animals. On this subject a contemporary says: An ugly temper is an expensive thing on a farm; this is especially true in the handling of horses. One of the most successful breeders of driving horses who has built up a profitable trade in family drivers, his orders exceeding his supply, says his success has been very largely due to the fact that he never allows a blow or a cross word in the stable yard or pasture.

Bad drivers make bad horses. A horse cannot be screamed at and cursed without becoming less valuable in every particular. To reach the highest degree of value the animal should be perfectly gentle and reliable, but if it expects every moment that it is in harness to be scolded and struck it will be in a constant state of nervousness, and in its excitement is liable, through fear, to do something which is not expected. It is possible to train a horse to be governed by speaking to him almost as completely as to train a child, and when thus trained the horse reaches his highest value. When a horse is soothed by the gentle words of his driver, and we have seen him calmed down from great excitement by no other means, it may be fairly concluded that the man who has such power over him is a humane man and a sensible one.

A gentle horse is worth more than it would be if not gentle. What is termed viciousness in horses is frequently nothing but sheer timidity, and almost invariably is the result of rough treatment. Horses would not give way to fear when a man approaches them if they had always been accustomed to receive kind and humane treatment. Young colts should be taught not to fear the approach of a human being. They are fond of being petted, and with constant kindness will become quiet and docile. A nubbin of corn, a handful of grain or a little sugar offered them occasionally will gain their confidence, and they will gradually lose all fear. The spirit of trustfulness thus inspired and the resulting gentleness of disposition will last through life unless adverse influences are allowed to interfere.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

Did you ever know of a dog killing a belled sheep.

A stockman's advice is to keep a stock scrapbook and paste into it items that will be useful for you to remember. It may save you many dollars.

A superb hog feed, for any age and almost any condition, says an exchange, is corn, wheat and oats of equal parts, coarsely chopped and fed any way the hogs like it—cooked or raw, souked or dry.

Swamp hay and timothy hay have about equal quantities of protein, fats and carbohydrates; but nearly twice as much of the timothy hay is digestible, and hence it is worth nearly twice as much ton for ton, as swamp hay.—Journal of Agriculture.

W. H. Green of Alexandria, Ohio, Has an Unenviable Experience.

Mr. Green Was for Years a Great Sufferer with Locomotor Ataxia—He at Last Finds a Cure and Certifies Before a Notary to the Truth of the Statement.

From the American, Newark, Ohio.

If an article has the endorsement of all classes of people, it must have merit.

The merchant, the housewife, the farmer are all loud in their praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Mr. W. H. Green, who lives near Alexandria, Ohio, in St Albans township, is one of the most prominent farmers in Licking County, and his word us to the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will have an assuring effect on his many friends and neighbors. They have confidence in him.

Mr. Green was in the *American* office recently and was enthusiastic in his praise of these pills. His story told in his own words is about as follows:

"About six years ago I suffered from an attack of grip which resulted in locomotor ataxia. From this I suffered a living death. I was for a long time unable to help myself and was a constant burden to my family. One day I read in the *Weekly American* about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and concluded that as it had helped others similarly afflicted it might help me. I went to R. S. Smith, our druggist at Alexandria, and bought a box of the pills. The first results were promising and I purchased several more boxes. They had a wonderfully revivifying influence on my system. From a helpless invalid not able to dress myself, I have increased in strength and health and can do my ordinary work about the farm, and walk to Alexandria, which is about a half mile away, every day. I tell you those pills have done me a wonderful amount of good, and I am willing to take my oath of that."

STATE OF OHIO, } ss.
LICKING CO.

Personally appeared before me, a Notary Public in and for said county, Mr. W. H. Green, of St. Albans township, who being first duly sworn, says that he was a great sufferer from locomotor ataxia, and that he received great relief from that disease by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. W. H. GREEN.

Sworn to and subscribed before me by the said W. H. Green this 14th day of July, 1896. JAS. R. FITZGIBBON, *Notary Public.*

Mr. Green, whose venerable appearance, with his long, silvery beard and benevolent countenance adds conviction to his words, has lived in St. Albans township for nearly sixty years, and his word can be absolutely depended upon. He was deeply in earnest while talking of his cure by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

"These," said the poultry farmer, prattling to a group of energetic hens, "are Macduffs." "What a queer name," observed the visitor; "why are they so called?" "Because they always lay on."

One of the Best Trains to Be Found in the World.

"If you will go down to the Union Station almost any evening now you will see the finest mail train in the United States, or elsewhere for that matter," said Chief Clerk P. M. Coates of the Railway Mail Service in charge of the Chicago and Omaha fast mail. The cars have nearly all been remodeled, renovated, and painted anew. The third set of cars is now in the Burlington company's shops undergoing treatment. All the old oil lamps have been removed and instead the entire train of five cars is lighted with Pintsch gas. There are seven lamps of four burners each to each car.

The cars have been furnished with new trucks, or the old ones taken apart and refitted piece by piece. All the most modern appliances in the matter of couplings and airbrakes help to give the fiver the best possible equipment of any train extant.

The new fast mail engine No. 590, built especially for service on trains No. 7 and 8, by which Uncle Sam's trains on the "Q." between Chicago and Omaha are known, has been trained into the service, and others of the same pattern will soon be on the rails.

The government's train now makes Omaha in eleven and one-half hours, running 500 miles between 3 a. m. and 2:30 p. m.

Chief Clerk Coates says that he cannot remember of a single instance when Uncle Sam's flyer has been one minute late at the Union Pacific transfer this year.—*Chicago Tribune.*

MAN wants but little here below,
As some one said before,
But when he gets it, don't you know,
He wants a little more.

SEND ten cents silver for sample box Dr. Bailey's celebrated Liver Pills. Fifty pills for 25c. Agents wanted. Excelsior Chemical Co., Lock Box 608, Rochester, N. Y.

IF an Indian takes cold, he is liable to have the whooping cough.

EXPLOSIONS of Coughing are stopped by Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Piso's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

NATURAL slippers—Eels.

A TEACHER said to a little girl at school: "If a naughty girl should hurt you, like a good girl you would forgive her, wouldn't you?" "Yes, ma'am," she replied, "if I couldn't catch her."

THERE'S the bicycle face, and the bicycle back,
With its queer, altitudinous curve;
And the bicycle tongue, in the middle hung,
And the scorcher's bicycle nerve.
—Indianapolis Journal.

"MAMMA, what part of the body is the trombone?" "No part of the body, my dear." "Yes, it is, because it says in the paper here that last night, while returning from the symphony concert, Prof. Gridel fell and broke his trombone."

MRS. HOMESPUN, who has a hard time every morning to get her young brood out of their beds says she cannot understand why children are called "the rising generation."

"DE only trouble 'bout havin' patience under provocation," said Uncle Eben, "is dat dess ez soon ez er man gits er reppytation foh it, ebrybody seems anxious ter gib 'im er chance ter show off."—Washington Star.

MABEL was visiting her friends, the Burtons, in the country, and soon developed a propensity for wandering off by herself. Several times Mr. Burton found her and brought her home, and finally she remarked to his wife, disgustedly: "Does Mr. Burton tag you around all the time, the way he does me? I shouldn't think you could stand it to be married to him."

"How can you stand the country, Julia? Haven't you any objections to cows?" "Yes. However, that wouldn't mar my pleasure; but the cows seem to have objections to me."

AN upright carriage—The elevator.

THE latest "wrinkle" in cuffs is caused by the heat.

THE first law of gravity—Never laugh at your own jokes.

HINTS FOR THE HOME LAUNDRY.

The difficulty experienced by housekeepers generally in having washing done at home causes many who can ill afford the expense to send their clothes to laundries, where inferior soap and injurious washing fluids are used, while if proper attention is given the work it may be done quite as satisfactorily in the home laundry.

Assort the clothes, divide the table and bed linen from the wearing apparel, and the fine garments from the colored. First immerse the white articles in hot water and wash carefully with Ivory soap. After all are taken through the suds, put in a tub, pour boiling water over them, let cool, wash out in clear water, rinse in blue water, wring, starch and hang on the line. The colored clothes should then be washed in the same way, without scalding. When all are dry they should be taken from the line, sprinkled, folded evenly and laid in the clothes basket. The ironing must be done with hot, clean irons, and the clothes hung up to air.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

WHAT is the difference between the man who cuts off the end of his nose and a boy who has just finished his task? One lessons his nose, and the other knows his lesson.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. DR. KLINE, 931 Arch st. Phila., Pa.

OH, lightning bug, how fair your fate,
What peaceful hours you pass;
You lavishly illuminate,
And get no bills for gas.

Warner's Safe Cure

IN LARGE OR SMALL BOTTLES.

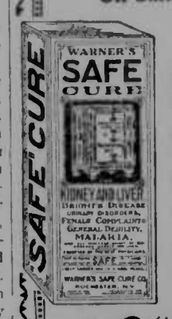

Owing to the many requests from its patrons, Warner's Safe Cure Co. have put on the market a smaller size bottle of Safe Cure which can now be obtained at all druggists at half the price of the large bottle.

Warner's Safe Cure is not only a scientific vegetable preparation and does all that is claimed for it, but it is the only Kidney and Liver medicine used by the best people of four continents. A medicine that bears the stamp of the world's approval, and maintains its position for a fifth of a century, must necessarily possess peculiar merit.

The Blue and the Gray.

Both men and women are apt to feel a little blue, when the gray hairs begin to show. It's a very natural feeling. In the normal condition of things gray hairs belong to advanced age. They have no business whitening the head of man or woman, who has not begun to go down the slope of life. As a matter of fact, the hair turns gray regardless of age, or of life's seasons; sometimes it is whitened by sickness, but more often from lack of care. When the hair fades or turns gray there's no need to resort to hair dyes. The normal color of the hair is restored and retained by the use of

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Ayer's Curebook, "a story of cures told by the cured." 100 pages, free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

"How happy could I be with either
Were the other dear charmer away."

BattleAx PLUG

A GREAT BIG PIECE FOR 10 CENTS

The ripest and sweetest leaf and the purest ingredients are used in the manufacture of "Battle Ax," and no matter how much you pay for a much smaller piece of any other high-grade brand, you cannot buy a better chew than "Battle Ax."

For 5 cents you get a piece of "Battle Ax" almost as large as the other fellow's 10-cent piece.

Burlington Route

HARVEST EXCURSIONS

TO THE FARM LANDS AND PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE

West, Northwest and Southwest

The Burlington Route and many eastern railroads will sell EXCURSION TICKETS at VERY LOW ROUND-TRIP RATES on

August 4, 18, September 1, 15, 29 and October 6, 20.

Take this opportunity to go and see the splendid crops that Nebraska, Northern Kansas and other Western sections have produced this year. Ask your nearest ticket agent for particulars, and see that your ticket reads via the BURLINGTON ROUTE. Send to the undersigned for a pamphlet (no charge) about Western Farm Lands.

P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent, CHICAGO, ILL.

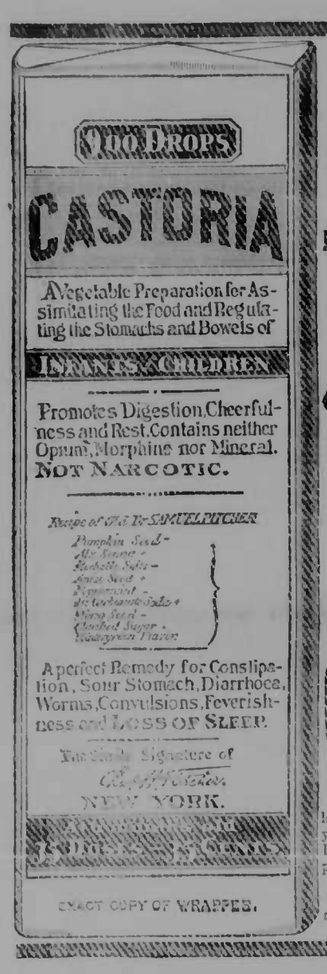

SEE
THAT THE
FAC-SIMILE
SIGNATURE
—OF—
Chas. H. Fletcher.
IS ON THE
WRAPPER
OF EVERY
BOTTLE OF
CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." Remember that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Bicycles.

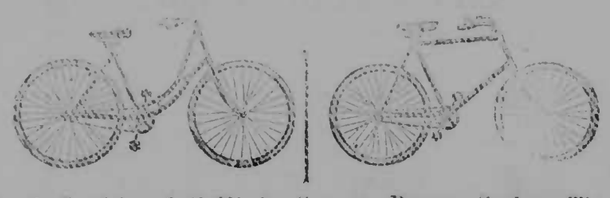

Bicycle Sundries of all Kinds. Cement. Pumps. Spokes, Tires, Wood Rims. Balls. Patching Rubber. Coasters. Lamps. Valves and Valve Stems. Repair Kits. Wrenches. Oilers. Locks. Etc., Etc.

BICYCLE REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

Briar-Bend Seminary.

REOPENS SEPTEMBER 17 1896 D. V.

No Liquor.	English,
No Malaria.	Classics,
No City Temptations.	Stenography,
Skating,	Typewriting,
Boating,	Music and Art,
Bowling and Tennis,	We Prepare for Business,
Delicate pupils go home strong.	We Prepare for College.

The Principal, Miss Swan, formerly at the head of Mt. Auburn Seminary, Cincinnati, has traveled extensively, but has nowhere found such life-giving properties as are in this dry atmosphere. Write for Catalogue to

E. B. SWAN, Principal,
Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

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—FOR—

Sound Money,
National Honor,
Home Prosperity,

The New-York
Weekly Tribune,

The Leading National Republican Family Newspaper.

Will make a vigorous and relentless fight through the Presidential campaign, for principles which will bring prosperity to the entire country.

Its campaign news and discussions will interest and should be read by every American citizen.

We furnish **"The Republican"** and **"N. Y. Weekly Tribune" 4 Months** (17 Weeks) for **50 Cents.**

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Address all orders to THE REPUBLICAN.

Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to Geo. W. Best, Tribune Building, New York City, and a sample copy of THE NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE will be mailed to you.

MOUNT UNION COLLEGE,

ALLIANCE, OHIO.

DEPARTMENTS:—*Preparatory, Collegiate, Normal, Commercial* (including Shorthand and Typewriting), *Music, Art, Elocution, Etc.* Fall Term Opens August 25th.

EXPENSES LOW.

Send for catalogue to PRESIDENT MARSH.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Good News Received from Republican Headquarters.

Who will muzzle Tom Watson? That is just now the question of questions at every secret conclave held at Popocratic headquarters. Watson is as autocratic in all his dealings with the members of the Populist National Committee as Bryan is with the members of the Democratic committee, and his demand that Sewell be taken off the Bryan ticket to make room for him has reached a stage where it can no longer be ignored. The Popocratic managers have got to do something very soon, and they are at a loss to choose. Their original intention was to hunco Watson, and there is reason to believe that Senator Butler, Chairman of the Populist National Committee, was a party to that intention; but Watson has succeeded in stirring up the Populists in portions of the south and west to such an extent that the Popocrats have lost their nerve and are now in doubt about what to do, and bets have been made that they will wind up by throwing Sewell overboard. They would probably have done so before now, if they did not hope for a lot of Sewall's money, and if they had not been afraid of its effect in the east. After the New York convention meets, this week, the last fear will not count. They know that they haven't a ghost of a chance to carry an eastern state, but they want the moral effect in other states of a declaration in favor of Bryan and Sewall, by the New York Democratic convention.

Good news continues to be about the only kind received at the Republican headquarters. It comes from every section and indicates that the reaction against the free and independent coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1 by this Government is steadily becoming stronger, even in states into which the Republican managers have sent neither literature nor speakers because they believed them hopelessly given up to free silver sentiment. This is, of course, pleasing, but no rainbow chasing is being done by Republicans; their efforts are being confined to states which they have a reasonable right to believe can be carried by McKinley and Hobart.

The calm, dispassionate, legal-like open letter which Attorney General Harmon made public several days ago is by far the most important utterance that has come from the administration, against Bryan's anarchistic tendencies, not excepting the letter from Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Harmon's letter deals exclusively with that clause of the Chicago platform declaring against what it termed Federal interference in local affairs, which everybody knows to have been aimed at Mr. Cleveland's prompt suppression of the interference with the U. S. mail by the railroad rioters at Chicago, the most creditable thing in his administration, and with Mr. Bryan's pledge to not do likewise should he become President, and a similar state of affairs be brought about again. The following words of Attorney General Harmon are worthy of the careful study of every good citizen, regardless of party: "This in my judgment, is a far more serious matter than the money question or any other question now before the people, grave as they all are. Our form of government may survive a wrong decision of those questions, and the people may endure for a time the evils which result from false systems of finance and taxation, but if the President has deliberately disregarded the instrument upon which the Union is founded, by supplanting the authority of a sovereign state by armed force, a precedent has been made which threatens our form of government, while, if a candidate for President may properly pledge himself in advance, as Mr. Bryan has done, to do nothing to protect the property, maintain the authority and enforce the laws of the United States, unless and until the officers of another government request or consent, then we really have no Federal government, for a Government which is not entirely free to use force to protect and maintain itself in the discharge of its own proper functions, is no government at all." Senator Daniels, of Virginia, who presided over the Chicago Convention, voted for that platform and who is now on the stump for Bryan, indorsing in the strongest language the President's action in suppressing the railroad riots.

Col. B. F. Havens, of Terre Haute, Indiana, has written a letter to a Washington friend on the political situation in that state, which he has unusually good opportunities to be familiar with, closing with this positive assertion: "I regard Indiana safe against all comers for McKinley."

The subsiding of the official organ of the Knights of Labor, published at Washington by the Popocrats, recalls the subsidising of the official organ of the Farmer's Alliance by the Democratic National Committee in 1892. The journal of the Knights of Labor is now being widely distributed just as the Farmer's Alliance paper was then, and the result may be as fatal to the Knights of Labor paper as it was to the Farmer's Alliance paper which died long ago.

Grandsville.

Thermometer registered 93½ degrees in the shade last Friday. It come within one-half degree of driving the mercury as high as it had gone at any time this summer.

Mrs. Jacob Gnagey fell from a fence while crossing it and dislocated her shoulder. We were informed recently that her condition is improving as rapidly as can be expected under the circumstances.

Annie, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Hershberger, died last Friday night of cholera infantum. The bereaved parents have the sympathy of the community in this period of suffering.

Miss Nora Muhlenberg, of Elk Lick, Pa., is a visitor here.

Our examination for prospective teachers was held here as appointed on Thursday. The attendance was limited, due no doubt to a majority of applicants attending examination where they attended Normal school. We believe the educational standard of our county school system will be elevated under the new regime.

Voters, remember the days of registration. Bear in mind that those who fail to registey lose their vote. There are seven days appointed in which to register voters and in district No. 3 there are about 502 voters to register, therefore it is necessary to come early and "avoid the rush" or you may "get left."

Harry Ryland, of this place, will today (Monday) assume charge of the Mt. Savage (Md.) schools as principal, aided by four assistants.

Mt. Lake Park.

At this writing one hundred cottages are occupied.

The Allegheny House, Assembly House, etc., are still open for boarders.

Anson Clements, of Ohio, is building a cottage on the corner of K street and Pittsburg avenue.

Frank Arnold's new house is being plastered. It will be ready for occupancy in a few weeks.

Dr. J. G. McLain is having a two-story addition put to his G street house. It will cost about $500.

A porch covering the entire front of Lon Peter's house has been added and the house is being painted.

Charlie Dawson's men are painting Dr. Baldwin's cottage, which greatly improves the property.

A very enjoyable dinner was given by Mrs. M. E. Pierce Friday evening. The guests were Dr. Adams and wife, of Washington; Prof. Trolieker and wife, Baltimore; Dr. W. L. Davidson and wife, Cuyahago Falls, O.; Mrs. Dr. Dabney, Washington; Mrs. H. C. Sharp, New Philadelphia, O.; Mrs. Brown, Grafton; Mrs. Hank, Baltimore; L. A. Rudisill and wife, of the Park. Mrs. Pierce was assisted by her sister, Miss Brown, and her daughter Miss Ollie.

Supt. Rudisill is attending the W. Va. Conference at Moundsville.

Capt. Jarboe, of Oakland, is enclosing Mrs. Stone's property on E street with a neat fence.

The Park Association shipped several cars of ice east the past week. There are about four hundred tons of ice yet in the ice house.

The Park employees have been cutting weeds and brush the past week, making a great improvement in the general appearance of the Park.

Messrs. Sypult & Teets, of Crellsville, have the lumber on the ground for a cottage, which will be erected next month.

Geo. M. Robins, of Florida, is spending a few days at the Park, visiting his family who are summering here with Mrs. I. B. Wager, of Florida.

Mr. Knight, of Cadiz, O., is visiting his wife, who is a guest of Miss Millie Clark.

Leonard Schell has been quite sick the past week.

Rev. Friend, of the W. Va. Conference, preached at Faith Chapel Sabbath night.

Wm. Clark Shot and Instantly Killed at Cumberland.

CUMBERLAND, MD., Sept. 14.—Today another murder was perpetrated in Cumberland, the slayer and his victim both being strangers here, as was the case in the murder a little over six months ago, for which Simon Hommer, of Salisbury, Pa., is now awaiting the death sentence.

This morning, about 5.45 o'clock, Louis Essenaner, aged forty-nine years, shot and killed Wm. Clark, a machinist, aged about twenty-five years, son of Calvin Clark, of Westernport, Allegany county, and stepson of Mrs. Annie Clark, of Cumberland. The shooting occurred in South Cumberland, near the Baltimore and Ohio shops.

According to the testimony Essenaner was very drunk about the time the fatal shot was fired. The coroner's jury this afternoon rendered a verdict that he killed Clark.

Joseph Weir saw the tragedy from his upstairs window. The men were in front of his house. They stood facing, with their hands upon each other, when Essenaner fired. Weir said he did not hear a word uttered.

New Fall Millinery

Now open which was carefully selected in Baltimore by Miss Matthews for M. L. Scott's Baltimore Store.

SAVE
BABY'S LIFE.

Teething time is the most trying time of infancy. The little gums are hot and swollen. They tingle and ache and smart. All the nerves in the little body are on edge. Sleep restless—digestion bad.

There's a remedy.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

soothes and cools the gums, controls the bowels, cures colic, brings good digestion, sleep and rest. 25 cents, all druggists. Guaranteed. Made by JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

NOTICE.

Meeting of the Board of Control and Review for Garrett County.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county hereby give notice that on

Thursday, October 6th, 1896.

they will meet to act as a board of Control and Review, consider the returns to them of assessment made by the several assessors from the assessment district in Garrett county, and to hear and determine the appeals of any person or owner taken from the action of said assessors in accordance with section 178 of Chapter 120 of the acts of Assembly of 1888, and that the session of said board of Control and Review will begin at 9 o'clock a. m. and continue until 6 o'clock p. m. each day (Sunday excepted) until said business is completed.

By order of the Board

J. S. MEYERS,
9-11 Clerk to County Commissioners.

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY,
DAY OR NIGHT.
PRICES REASONABLE.
JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

Farmers,

Look to Your Interests.

The Oakland Flouring Mill is now ready to grind a million bushels of buckwheat. The best equipped mill in the county; all latest improved machinery. Can give either

Burrh or Roller Process Flour.

Mr. E. A. Dudley, who has charge, has been a life-long miller, and knows how to make a good turnout of buckwheat flour.

Don't fail to give him a Trial. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Will make arrangements with all the Oakland merchants to buy your flour at big prices. Don't fail to give the Oakland Mills a trial.

Don't forget the place, Water Street, formerly owned by the late H. A. Basche.

Yours obediently,

THE OAKLAND MILLS.

51-1yr.

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments,
Headstones
AND
Chimney Pipe

WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS,
FROSTBURG, MD.

4188.yr——

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

FOR SALE.

The farm belonging to Elizabeth Maley, situated two miles north of Deer Park, adjoining the lands of Jack Cooper, Findenberg Miller and Hawkesdon. Contains 113¾ acres about 60 acres cleared, and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the premises. 52-4m.*

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 15—1yr

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

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OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Masons building.
Residence on Main street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 9 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. G. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county, Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate.
P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6-22-6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

FRANKLIN P. CREEN,
COUNTY SURVEYOR FOR
GARRETT COUNTY, MD.
Postoffice, LOANSCONING, MD.

All work entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished on short notice. 3-5m*

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
40-1yr.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.
LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 11, Oakland, Md. 48 20*

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Representing
JOHNSON, OMORI NIRO & CO.,
WHOLESALE NOTIONS, Etc.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

A specialty of Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear
RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. F. JONES, Cashier.
A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 1-12

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-1st.

C. M. RATHBUN. F. T. GARTHRIGHT
C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,
PLANING MILLS,
And BUILDING MATERIALS.
MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. What? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

38 1y

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, SEPTEMBER 24, 1896. NUMBER 29.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

The ice man's loss is the coal man's gain.

Chrysanthemums are coming into bloom.

Equinoctial storms may be expected in a few days.

Yesterday was pay day on this division of the B. & O.

"Oysters in every stile" is an Oakland restaurant sign.

The weather Tuesday afternoon made an overcoat a necessity.

Rev. D. Tasker will preach at Bray school-house on Sunday at 10.30.

Miss Nellie Micheals, who has been ill for a number of weeks, is convalescent.

Mrs. J. C. Morrison and family are on a visit to relatives at Bridgeport, Ohio.

Mr. D. L. Conneway and family were visiting at Salisbury, Pa., last week.

After an unprofitable season the Oakland Hotel closed on Tuesday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Glotfelty, of McHenry, were in Oakland a few hours yesterday.

Mr. Merritt Wilson, of Wilson, W. Va., spent Saturday and Sunday in Oakland.

Mr. Norman Newman, of near Elk Lick, Pa., was a visitor to Oakland last Saturday.

Hon. A. F. George, of Swanton, made Oakland a social visit last Saturday afternoon.

Rutland Stove Lining, 35 cents per package. Sufficient for back and ends. Fits any stove. 28-4t

Mr. Jeremiah Howell, of Swanton, was in Oakland on business last Thursday for a short time.

Mr. E. J. Frantz, recently commissioned justice of the peace by Gov. Lowndes, was in Oakland Monday.

Fresh oysters in every style, hot coffee, meals and lunches on the metropolitan style at Tasker & Son's. 1

WANTED.—About October 1st, a suit of about five rooms, desirable location at moderate rates. F. G. Palmer. 28-2t*

Mr. Joseph R. Joy, of near Frostburg, who was here serving on the grand jury, called to see us on Friday last.

Mr. Frank Hayden, of near Cranesville, was in Oakland on a visit to friends and relatives a day or two this week.

The first consignment of free school books for this county was received here yesterday by the board of school commissioners.

S. Lawton has just received a consignment of Rutland Stove Lining. It fits any stove; repair them before cold weather comes. 28-4t

A cucumber is growing in the garden of Mr. Will Nair in the east end of town which measures now four feet six inches in length.

A full assortment of men's, boys', children's and ladies' fine winter wool or cotton underwear just received at D. E. Offutt & Son's. 29-3t.

Mr. James Weir, of near Barton, was in Oakland a day or two this week on business and made this office a pleasant call while here.

The iron front for Dr. McComas' office building has been received and the work of completing the building will be pushed along rapidly.

Very stylish young men's overcoats, older men's over and storm coats, in the latest patterns and at lowest prices. D. E. Offutt & Son. 29-3t.

The Oakland REPUBLICAN has donned a new dress. THE REPUBLICAN is a model county publication and a valuable exchange.—Cumb. News.

Mrs. F. G. Hyde and Mrs. James D. Hamill and little daughter Francis left Tuesday morning for a month's visit to relatives in Rochester, N. Y.

We have the finest assortment of novelty and plain dress goods ever opened in Oakland, and at prices away down. D. E. Offutt & Son.

Mrs. Robert T. Semmes, of Cumberland, after spending a few days with the Misses Weber near Oakland, returned to her home last Saturday.

Blankets better and cheaper than ever; flannels away down in price; skirts at lowest figures—all new and fresh goods. D. E. Offutt & Son. 29-3

Miss Mayne Gessner, of Annapolis, after spending a month or two very pleasantly in Oakland with friends, returned to her home Friday morning.

One day recently Mr. Garrett W. Moon, residing near Mountain Lake Park, killed a yearling sheep of his own raising which netted ninety pounds.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kepner, of Pennsylvania, who spent the summer here with Mr. Kepner's parents, departed for their home on Tuesday morning.

Miss Maggie Leary went to Washington, D. C., last Monday morning where she will enter a private hospital and be instructed as a trained nurse.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Robertson, of Clarksville, Ohio, who spent the summer here with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. J. Newman, left for their home this morning.

Maj. McKinley's letter of acceptance will be found in the supplement issued with THE REPUBLICAN to-day. Read it and compare it with the letter of Mr. Bryan.

At the session of the West Virginia M. E. conference held at Moundsville this week Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot was returned to Oakland as pastor of St. Paul's M. E. church.

Mrs. E. C. Pendleton and son Joe, of Washington, who spent the summer occupying their cottage on Oak street, returned to their home in Washington last Saturday.

We have just received our line of ladies', misses' and childrens' capes and coats. If you want the latest styles, best goods and low prices come and see them. D. E. Offutt & Son.

Legal holidays in Maryland have been so frequent here of late that many persons are unaware of their approach until they go to the bank or postoffice and find those institutions closed. The next holiday will be Thanksgiving day.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Ahler street.

There will be a meeting of district No. 8, McKinley and Hobart Club at Shook Shop school house on Saturday evening, September 26th. Several speakers will be present. Everybody regardless of political affiliations invited.

From all accounts Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a Godsend to the afflicted. There is no advertisement about this; we feel just like saying it. —The Democrat, Carrollton, Ky. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The attention of our readers to-day is called to the advertisement of Mr. H. C. Smouse, which will be found in our advertising columns. Mr. Smouse, since he came to Oakland, has built up by fair dealing a lucrative trade and deserves success.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of Mr. J. Lee McComas, who has embarked in the carriage, sign and wagon painting business in Oakland. Mr. McComas is a young man and we have no doubt will make a success of his calling.

LOST.—On the road between Oakland and Grantsville, a gold Knights Templar charm, engraved with the name of Geo. T. Brew. The finder will be liberally rewarded by returning same to this office or to Geo. T. Brew, Grantsville. 2t*

Mr. Wm. Frederick, jr., of Friendsville, one of the leading merchants of that bustling little town, was a grand juror at the present term of court. He dropped in to see us several times during his stay in Oakland and regaled us with some of his jokes and free silver fallacies. We were always glad to welcome him, however.

Several years ago I was taken with a severe attack of flux. I was sick in bed about ten days and could get nothing to relieve me until I used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which cured me and has been a household remedy with us ever since. J. C. Marlow, Decaturville, Mo. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Republicans, bear in mind that every person must be registered in order to cast a vote at the November election. The registrars of the several districts were in session Tuesday. Their offices will again be open next Tuesday and Wednesday and those who neglected to register Tuesday should attend to the matter without further delay.

Mr. Jonas Hershberger, wife and three daughters residing on the "Stone House Farm," National pike, returned home Saturday from a three weeks' tour to portions of North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and east Tennessee. They first went to Bretsville, Va., where they left the children with Mr. H's parents and then started south. They both speak highly of southern hospitality; say the people are more genial than those of the north; they were delighted with the fine timber throughout Georgia and Alabama. The colony at Fruitdale, Alabama, is engineered by northern people, who have plenty of good land and timber; the new college has brilliant prospects for a successful career; people are all right and water is of the best.—Meyersdale Commercial.

Sometime during the past three weeks the residence of Mr. C. F. Schroeder, on Oak street, was entered by a thief who ransacked the house and carried off a suit of clothing belonging to Mr. Schroeder. The theft was not discovered until recently when Mr. S. went to the house to don a heavier suit when it was missed. The house has been locked up for a number of weeks owing to the absence of Mr. Schroeder's family from town.

The local market for chestnuts has been very active the past week prices for same ranging from six to eight cents per pound. A number of consignments of the nuts have been made by Mr. John Shartzer, Mr. Pritchard and Mr. Giessman to commission merchants in New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and other cities. Monday night Mr. Pritchard shipped a number of bushels to a firm in Denver, Col. The prices received so far have been satisfactory.

The festival held in this place last week was a grand success. Everyone took hold of the work with a determination. Proceeds were for the benefit of the Union church of Markleysburg, which amounted to $80. The only bad thing connected with the festival was a theft committed on G. W. Umble. Mr. Umble is one of the leading merchants and as all the citizens, with but few exceptions, were at the festival he closed his store leaving his money in a box in the store and went to enjoy a few moments of pleasure with friends at the festival, and while there some thief pried one of the windows open, took something over $100 and made good his escape.—Markleysburg Cor. Uniontown Standard.

In a recent letter to the manufacturers Mr. W. F. Benjamin, editor of the *Spectator*, Rushford, N. Y., says: "It may be a pleasure to you to know the high esteem in which Chamberlain's medicines are held by the people of your own state where they must be best known. An aunt of mine, who resides at Dexter, Iowa, was about to visit me a few years since, and before leaving home wrote me, asking me if they were sold here stating if they were not she would bring a quantity with her as she did not like to do without them." The medicines referred to are Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, famous for its cures of colds and croups; Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism, lame back, pains in the side and chest, and Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for bowel complaints. These medicines have been in constant use in Iowa for almost a quarter of a century. The people have learned that they are articles of great worth and merit, and unequaled by any other. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

M. E. Ministers.

At Monday's session of the M. E. conference held at Moundsville, W. Va., the following appointments were made for the Oakland district:

N. L. Baumgardner, Presiding Elder.—Allbrightsville, C. N. Cox; Aurora, J. L. B. Jones; Bayard, J. H. Enlow; Blaine, J. H. Keech; Brandonville, D. B. Orr; Bruceton Mills, C. E. Feathers; Cranesville, E. C. Bedford, supply; Davis, A. S. Arnett; Deer Park, E. P. Idleman; Elk Lick, Eugene Weaver; Elsan, to be supplied; Friendsville, E. R. Skidmore; Evansville, J. N. Sharp; Grantsville, T. R. Faulkner; Newburg, C. W. Upton; Oakland, S. K. Arbuthnot; Parsons, H. E. Friend; Reed Creek, to be supplied; Rowlesburg, A. D. Perry; Sinclair, B. B. Brooks; Terra Alta, G. C. Shaw.

Died.

MCCOY.—On last Friday morning about two o'clock, at the Glades hotel, Miss Harriett McCoy, of Wheeling. The deceased was well known by the people of Oakland, she having summered here for a great many years. Her remains were taken to Wheeling Saturday on train No. 7, where they were interred. She was a member of the Catholic church.

HARVEY.—Van Early, son of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel R. Harvey, of near Wilson, died Sunday afternoon at 6 o'clock, aged fourteen years, nine months and two days. The remains were interred at the burying ground of Thos. Harvey's farm Monday afternoon at five o'clock. The cause of death was typhoid fever after an illness of two weeks.

Barn Struck by Lightning.

During the severe electrical storm which passed over this section last Friday morning early lightning struck the barn on the farm of the Maryland Coal company in District No. 4 of which Mr. Simeon Green is the tenant. The lightning set the building on fire and burned it to the ground together with all its contents except stock and a threshing machine. In the barn were the harvested crops belonging to Mr. Green consisting of oats, hay, etc. The barn is being rebuilt.

Written for THE REPUBLICAN.

A MOUNTAIN STORM.

BY THE TRAMP POET.

'Tis night on the mountains,
And sad night is one of gloom;
The wind is rattling wildly,
At the windows of my room,
When through the ebon darkness
Comes a vivid flash of light,
With a heavy crash of thunder
On the startled ear of night.

The storm king rides the tempest,
And the demons of the air
Go shrieking through the forests
Like an army in despair—
With the forked lightnings streaming
Through the night's oppressive pall,
While the thunder's crash and boombing
Sends a shudder through it all.

Oh, the bustling and the hustling;
Oh, the rending sounds of woe,
Where a monarch of the forest
Is shattered by its foe;
And the woods with dreadful groaning
See like spectres in the light,
While the fiery fiends uprising
Minister to the night.

Now the rain in rushing fury
Sounds a reveille of strife,
For the mighty hosts of heaven,
In terrific combat rife—
And the soul is filled with terror
At the battle in the gloom,
Where the jagged lightning flashes,
To the thunder sound of doom.

—THOS. L. JACKSON.

Sept. 17, 1896.

The Pearre Divorce.

In Cumberland Monday Chief Judge Boyd filed his final decree in the matter of the application of Mrs. Zelma Lorena (Pearre) Robinson, asking for a rehearing of the decree passed by the late Judge Hoffman, granting William Pearre a divorce from her. Judge Boyd in a lengthy opinion reviews the whole matter from beginning to end, and holds that the answer filed by Wm. Pearre as sustained by him was a complete bar to her further contention.

The opinion says that her proper remedy, if she desired to question the correctness of Judge Hoffman's decree, was to have taken an appeal to the Court of Appeals; that she had immediate notice of the passage of the decree and had sixty days in which to enter her appeal and also the same in which to file her petition for a rehearing. She, however, did neither within the time. The Judge now decides that the petition comes too late and cannot be sustained, and he has thereupon filed his order dismissing the petition.

This, it is believed, is the end of a long and tedious litigation and finally establishes the validity of the decree of divorce.

Messrs. James A. McHenry, of Cumberland; J. B. Lowrey, of Somerset, Pa., and Edgar H. Gans, of Baltimore, were counsel for Mrs. Robinson, and Benjamin A. Richmond and D. J. Blackiston, of Cumberland, for Mr. Pearre.

Marriage Licenses.

George H. Upperman, of Garrett county, and Martha J. Park, of Preston county, W. Va.

William S. Bishop and Hattie M. McGee, both of Taylor county, West Va.

George G. Cox, of Monongalia county, W. Va., and Rachel Thorn, of Newark, O.

Abraham L. Cook, of Grant county, W. Va., and Mary M. Digman, of Garrett county.

Adam M. Kesner and Alice Carr, of Pendleton county, W. Va.

George W. Loughry, of Bayard, and Margaret A. McRobie, of Carmel, W. Va.

William I. Hoge and Gertrude Owen, both of Monongalia county, W. Va.

Cland J. Ryan and Jennie McDonald, both of Taylor county, W. Va.

Patrick Durst and Annie Johnson, both of Garrett county.

Arthur O. Losh and Rosa L. Roach, both of Taylor county, W. Va.

Anderson C. Ramsey and Lona Rose, both of Doddridge county, W. Va.

Henry Yommer and Alice Stanton, both of Garrett county.

John D. Evans, of Preston county, W. Va., and Annie M. Friend, of Garrett county.

David Bittinger, of Accident, and Ida Custer, of Grantsville.

Oral A. Barnes and Annie L. Rigleter, both of Harrison county, W. Va.

John Keenan and Viola S. Male, both of this county.

Thomas P. Reynolds, of Wilsonburg, W. Va., and Flora M. Carder, of Barbour county, W. Va.

Two with request not to publish.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers his farm of 238 acres for sale, lying west of Westernport, in Garrett county, Md. 100 acres cleared and in cultivation. The farm is well watered and underlaid with coal and limestone. A fine young orchard in bearing. The improvements are a bank barn 40x60 feet and all outbuildings complete. For further information apply to Philip T. Michaels, P. O. address, Westernport, Md. 28-4t*.

Drowned.

Last Friday during the G. A. R. reunion at Terra Alta Benjamin McKimmey got into a boat on the new lake near that town and it was capsized which threw him into the water and before he could be rescued he was drowned. His body was not recovered for an hour and a half after the accident. He was twenty-two years of age.

Loch Lynn Heights.

Mrs. C. M. Rathbun returned last Saturday from Wheeling where she was on a visit to friends and relatives.

Mr. John Moore and family have moved to Westernport.

The house being built by Josiah Lish on Seneca avenue is being inclosed.

E. E. Burley has left for Morgantown where he will attend the University the coming winter.

Mrs. J. M. White is visiting her daughter Mrs. Lish in West Virginia.

Mr. C. J. Bunce has purchased the store lately owned by The Maryland Supply Co. Charley has many friends here who wish him every success.

The Loch Lynn hotel will close Saturday.

The Popocratic Meeting.

Monday night of this week the candidate on the Popocratic ticket for Congress from this district was to speak in Offutt's hall at 8 o'clock, but by a combination of circumstances he missed his train and did not arrive until train No. 1 came in at ten o'clock.

At the hour appointed for the meeting a number of ladies, a few Democrats and some Popocrats were in the hall and the meeting was called to order by Mr. William Miller, of Accident, county chairman and senatorial aspirant on the Democratic ticket. Mr. Miller announced that Dr. Bartlett would preside and also announced a large number of vice presidents of the meeting.

Dr. Bartlett in a speech of a few minutes duration introduced Mr. Ferdinand Williams, of Cumberland, who spoke for a short time making the assertion that the platform adopted by the Pops at Chicago was equaled only by the Declaration of Independence. This did not seem to strike the majority of those present so he sheered off and heaped abuse upon the Republican party without stint. A young man from somewhere in Pennsylvania was next introduced and kept the crowd in a good humor until the train arrived bearing Mr. Lee, who spoke for about an hour.

M. E. Conference Notes.

Rev. C. E. Clark goes to Thompson church, Wheeling.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot and wife are visiting in Wheeling.

Rev. L. A. Rudisill preached Sabbath at 11 a. m. in Thompson church, Wheeling.

Rev. White, who traveled Deer Park circuit last year, was left without an appointment.

Rev. G. W. Kepler goes to Williamsburg.

Conference adjourned Monday evening.

Grand Jury Report.

The grand jury for this session of the court adjourned on last Saturday morning. During the labors of this body forty-four presentments were made. The report of the jury, in substance is as follows:

To the Honorable, the Judges of the Circuit Court for Garrett county:

We, the grand inquest for the State of Maryland for the body of Garrett county, beg leave to make the following report:

We have discharged the duties incumbent upon us as grand jurors by examining all witnesses sent before us, making presentments in all cases where we considered the evidence sufficient to justify it, and by dismissing without unnecessary delay all witnesses as soon as possible after their testimony had been secured.

We have visited the jail and examined it carefully. We find this building in good order and as clean as it is possible for the sheriff to keep it under the present circumstances. At the suggestion of the court a committee was appointed to investigate the sanitary condition of the jail, and we herewith submit their report and adopt it as part of our report.

We strongly advise that electric lights be placed in the jail instead of the oil lamps. We would especially recommend that the county commissioners see to the repairing of the roof of the court house, as we find it in bad condition, especially around the flues. We also recommend that the court house be thoroughly renovated and the walls and the ceilings be plastered. We also recommend that the sanitary condition of the closets be improved.

Having completed our labors, as far as we know, we ask to be dismissed.

P. T. GARTHRIGHT, Foreman.

ASA E. RILEY, Clerk.

The report of the committee on examining the jail recommended that a number of improvements be made in that building looking to the betterment of the sanitary condition of the same.

THERE IS NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

It has been Proven so Often, that

PISO'S CURE FOR CATARRH

Is the Surest cure ever been

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

Piso's Cure for CONSUMPTION

Is an Excellent Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. 25 cts. a bottle.

Mailed on receipt of price by

Glover, Piso & Co., Proprietors,

BALTIMORE.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Jennie Smith Hotel Company, of Garrett county, will be held at the office of the Company at Mountain Lake Park, Md., on

Wednesday, September 30, 1896,

at eleven o'clock a. m., for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year and such other business as may legally be transacted.

JOHN DUNHILL, Secretary.

Mt. Lake Park, Md., Aug. 31, 1896. 27-3t

Married.

Tuesday evening at nine o'clock in the parlor of the Central hotel, Oakland, by Rev. J. W. Butler, Mr. Thos. P. Reynolds, of Wilsonburg, W. Va., and Miss Flora M. Carder, of Barbour county, W. Va.

Its Value Recognized by Physicians

As a rule I am opposed to the proprietary medicines. Still I value a good one, especially when such is the source of relief from pain. As a topical (external) application I have found Chamberlain's Pain Balm the best remedy I have ever used for neuralgia of any kind. I have conscientiously recommended it to many persons. William Horne, M. D., Janesville, Wis. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Circuit Court.

Last Thursday when THE REPUBLICAN was put on press the case of Shartzer vs. the Mountain Lake Park Association was occupying the attention of the court. Counsel for Shartzer took exceptions to the rulings of the court on a demurrer and appealed the case to the Court of Appeals where it will come up in October for final disposition.

Friday the court took up the case of Mrs. Chas. Cummings vs. Walter D. Collier. This was an action for damages based upon the claim that the defendant sold liquor to the husband of the plaintiff after said plaintiff had served notice on the defendant not to make such sale. The case took up all day of Friday and Saturday afternoon the jury rendered a verdict awarding Mrs. Cummings $400. The suit was for $2,000.

Monday a like case wherein Mrs. Cummings was plaintiff and Washington Taylor the defendant, was taken up. This was also a damage suit for $2,000 and on Tuesday afternoon a verdict was rendered awarding Mrs. Cummings $200. Messrs. Williams and Renninger appeared for the plaintiff and Messrs. Hamill and Peddicord for the defendants in both cases.

Judge Boyd came up from Cumberland yesterday morning and took his seat with that of Associate Judge Sloan. Judge Stake will be here next week.

The probabilities are that court will remain in session two weeks longer.

Farm For Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm known as the Grove farm situated about one mile east of Selbysport Garrett county, adjoining the lands of John Riley and Charles Fike. Said farm contains 133 acres, 100 of which are cleared, and improved by a good frame dwelling, barn, stable and other necessary buildings, with plenty of fruit and is well watered.

The above described farm will be sold cheap and on easy terms or will exchange for town property. For further information address Oliver Poland, Moscow Mills, Allegany county, Md. 25-6t

AGAINST HIS WILL.

I.

The editor was disgusted and no wonder!

It was the dull season and the Scrutator was compelled to resort to much padding in order to fill the daily measure expected by its subscribers; it was even obliged to print copious extracts from other publications—a thing only to be done as a last resource by any paper of spirit! Yet at this particular time a celebrity, a real celebrity, came for a few days' stay to Oakhampton, and refused to be interviewed!

Why he came was a mystery, but that he had come was a fact, though from the editor's point of view he might just as well have stayed away. The celebrity's unobliging disposition on the subject of interviewing had preceded him; he was perhaps the only man of note in two continents who had not submitted to the ordeal. In moments of self-depreciation he was won to say that that was his greatest claim to distinction; but even this reputation had not daunted the hopes of our editor, who felt convinced that the surliest disinclination must give way before the charm and tact of the most valuable member of the Scrutator's staff. But the tact, the charm, had no opportunity of producing their usual effect; they might as well have been nonexistent. Celebrity, from the privacy of a hotel sitting-room, sent down a curt message of absolute refusal.

No wonder, then, as we said before, the editor was disgusted.

As he meditated on the provokingness of things in general and of the celebrity in particular, he found his thoughts running into such eloquent and well-rounded periods that he instinctively drew pen and paper toward him and wrote an editorial, which, if the celebrity had read it, would have made him feel very small indeed.

The article clearly proved that what the Public demanded it must have (for the public spelt with a capital P was as sacred to the editor as Humanity (spelt with a capital H) is to the followers of Auguste Comte. The individual as such exists not for his own sake, but for the sake of the Public in one case, or of Humanity in the other. The article further demonstrated that celebrities would not exist without a Public. (How could anyone become celebrated on a desert island, for instance?) If, then, it is to the Public that the celebrity owes his being, and the Public manifests a curiosity as to the opinions on things in general of any celebrity in particular, the Public has a right to know those opinions, and how could it know them better than through the columns of the Scrutator?

But our editor was not always in this displeased frame of mind. As a rule he was the most genial of men, and such he looked that same evening as he sat smoking his cigar on the gallery of a handsome house in Clarence avenue. His companion was his niece, a young girl with a pretty face and figure, and a mischievous look in her dark eyes which was particularly fascinating. She was discoursing about the dearest wish of her heart—that she should become a regular writer for the Scrutator.

But her uncle pooh-poohed the idea; she was too young, too inexperienced, too pretty, and at any rate it was impossible to become a writer by simply talking about it. "Why," continued he, "do you not write something and show me what you can do?"

"I have written several stories, as you know, but you won't look at them," replied the girl.

"Oh, no, the Scrutator does not want stories. Write me an article on some subject which will interest the public."

"But, what subjects do interest the public, uncle, dear? You only laugh at me if I suggest one."

"Oh, come now—you can't expect a poor editor to suggest subjects for you as well as read your articles. Make your own choice. The world is all before you where to choose."

"That's just what bewilders me; it is so hard to choose. If only I had something definite to go upon—or if—(coaxingly)—you would just look at one of my stories."

But the editor vouchsafed no reply to this, so his niece went on: "My firm conviction is that I should make a splendid interviewer. I should enjoy it, too. At college I could always get the girls to tell me anything I wanted to know."

The editor laughed.

"Why not become a detective at once?" said he.

"I wish I could," sighed the girl. But her uncle was not attending; he was looking at a cyclist who was spinning rapidly past the house.

"That's the man!" he exclaimed, "that's Cumberton!"

"Oh, that man!"—for Kittie knew all about the editor's grievance with the celebrity—"he passes here every day. I have met him several times lately when I have been out on my morning ride. I wondered who he was."

"Well, I must go now," said her uncle, as he glanced at his watch. "Good night, child," and then, as an afterthought: "Tell you what, Kittie, if you can manage to interview Cumberton I'll do anything you like," and with a laugh as though he had made a tremendous joke, the editor departed, leaving Kittie to her thoughts, which, as the poet says of the thoughts of youth, were "long, long thoughts."

II.

Early next morning two cyclists might have been seen wheeling up Clarence avenue. The one in front was a man, big and distinguished-looking—a man whom to see was to remember. The second cyclist was a young girl, who kept always at about the same distance from the man in front.

After awhile the man turned from the main avenue into a road which led into the country. The girl followed, and when the few houses in the road were passed she began to scorch and was soon ahead of the man, who noticed with admiration the erect way in which she sat in spite of the speed at which she was going. She wore a dark skirt and pale pink blouse, which made a pretty bit of color in the landscape, the man thought, as his eyes traveled from her to the far blue distance.

When his gaze sought the fair cyclist again he found that she was seated on the road, her wheel lying beside her. The man wondered how she had managed to fall, for the road was good, and she had seemed to be perfect mistress of her bicycle. No one else was in sight, so he must perforce dismount and go to her assistance. "I hope you are not much hurt," he said, with grave solicitude.

"Oh, I hope not," said the girl, with a smile, which she managed to make pathetic. "I feel very much shaken, and I think I have strained my ankle a little, but if I rest for a few minutes I shall be all right."

So with the man's assistance she got up and seated herself on a tree trunk lying near.

"May I," he asked, courteously, "go to your home and send you some assistance?"

"Oh, dear no," in a tone of alarm, "it would frighten them to death. I am not much hurt. If you could kindly wait a few minutes and then help me to mount—I don't think I could mount alone. I feel nervous."

"I am at your service," replied her companion; "your wheel, at any rate, is none the worse."

For, ardent cyclist that he was, if his first look had been for the rider, his second had been for the wheel.

"So much the better, but see how I have torn my skirt. I must mend it, or perhaps it would catch and throw me again."

So saying, she drew from her pocket a dainty little case, from which she produced thimble, needle and thread, and then began sewing her torn skirt. The man watched her nimble fingers with admiration. She was a graceful little person and looked very demure as she sat with bent head, her mischievous eyes fixed on her work.

"I love cycling!" she exclaimed—"don't you?"

The man confessed that he did, and she displayed such interest in what he said that he told her the story of a cycling trip he had taken last summer, and from that, encouraged by her gentle questioning, he spoke of many things, and the girl listened intently. But at last she felt that she could remember no more, and that made her realize that she was equal to her return trip, so she prettily explained that she felt quite recovered from her fall and asked her companion to be good enough to help her to mount. He acquiesced almost reluctantly, for it had been a pleasant half hour to him.

She paused a minute. "I don't know how to thank you for what you have done for me." She cast her eyes down, for they were full of laughter. She was wondering what the editor would say.

"You make too much of it," he said, for how could he know what was in her mind? "I am glad I was able to be of any assistance to you. It was a fortunate thing that I happened to be so close behind."

She did not think it necessary to tell him that but for that she would not have fallen!

"I am sorry to say that I am leaving the city this evening," the man went on, "or I would venture to ask permission to call on you."

"You are leaving this evening? I am sorry, too."

But the dimples in her face belied her words.

A courtly bow, a word of adieu and she was off like a bird. He watched her out of sight, and as he mounted his own wheel it vaguely occurred to him that from a strained ankle, however slight, she had recovered very completely.

Her little feet did swift work with the pedals, it is true, but when she reached home her pen traveled almost more swiftly over sheet after sheet of paper, as she wrote with marvelous correctness the opinions and remarks of the man who had never been interviewed.

After all, he found himself unable to leave the city that evening, but the first train next morning carried him away. The boys were calling the papers on the station platform, and so a copy of the Scrutator found its way into his valise.

When he looked at it his own name caught his eye. In lettering so big that it is usually reserved for a presidential election or for the chances of a war with Great Britain, to his own vast amazement he saw:

"INTERVIEWED AT LAST.
Mr. Chamberton's Opinions on Cycling.
What He Thinks of Our City.

As he read, his look of exasperation gave place to a smile, for he was one of those fortunate ones who can enjoy a joke at their own expense, till finally he burst into a laugh so hearty that his fellow passengers wished they could enjoy the joke with him.

"The little jade," he muttered; "if ever I trust a woman again, I'll be—"

But the expression was so utterly unlike what one would expect from a celebrity that it had better remain unrecorded.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Camels in Spain.

Camels have domesticated themselves in southern Spain—the only spot in Europe where they may be seen in a wild state. Some 40 years ago a herd was brought over from Africa, and as no use could be made of the creatures they were turned loose to shift for themselves. The camels flourished and increased, and now seem quite at home in the district between Seville and Cordova.

—A 46¾-carat Burmah ruby, the largest ruby ever cut, so far is known, was bought in at a London jeweler's sale recently for $40,000. A one-carat blue diamond brought $3,000, and a 140-grain black pearl, once belonging to Queen Isabella II. of Spain, $5,750.

THE PETRIFIED CITY.

Fables of Towns in Which Everything Was Turned to Stone.

Among cities of fable the petrified variety was interesting. We have it on most parts of this world—our prosaic islands knew it, but as a submarine curiosity. In the days when London enjoyed the presence of an ambassador from Tripoli, that personage astonished the Royal society once at least. The famous traveler, Dr. Shaw, had mentioned the story of a petrified village near Cyrene. Scientific people derided it, scientific people upheld it—in short, a discussion arose. Some member of the Royal society, recollecting that there were grave and responsible inhabitants of Tripoli within reach, put the question before the ambassador. He explained with a vengeance. One of his friends, a person, of course, whose honor could not be impugned, was well acquainted with the spot. Shaw made a great mistake in describing it as a village. City was the proper word. The walls inclosed an exact circle, numerous streets crossed at right angles, with shops and avenues of trees, and a noble castle stood in the midst. In the shops and streets were people variously employed—the gentleman noticed in especial a baker and his customers, loaves in hand, a woman suckling her baby, etc. He entered the castle and found a king, or somebody of rank, lying on a gorgeous bed with guards about him. Animals abounded, such as donkeys, camels, oxen, sheep, birds, but everything was stone of a peculiar bluish tint, even the money lying on shop counters and in people's hands; witness brought a quantity away, and the ambassador regretted that he could not find some pieces presented to himself at the moment. A description was forthcoming, however: the coins were as large as English shillings, with a horse's head on one side and writing in unknown characters on the other. A happy little touch represented that many of the figures had lost head or limbs—petrifactions will not endure forever, of course. The Royal Society expressed warm gratitude for this communication.

It is scarcely worth while to seek the origin of a fable which is sufficiently explained by the vagaries of imagination. That it was localized at Cyrene—among countless other spots—may be due to the presence of a large and well-preserved necropolis there, with many statues erect in Shaw's time, if not now. He himself made a long and perilous journey to Harnam, in Numidia, where, as the Arabs avouched, a Bedouin encampment was on view, surrounded by oxen and sheep, all turned to stone. In this instance no shadow of foundation for the legend could be found. But it was so widely diffused in those days that rumors of the marvel reached the court of France, and M. le Maire, consul at Tripoli, received instructions to inquire. He employed some Janissaries, who even undertook to bring away a petrified Bedouin; but they pointed out, very reasonably, that a full grown specimen would be too heavy. The consul declared that a baby would satisfy him, to begin with at any rate. After many months, during which his interest was kept up by frequent drafts for expenses, the Janissaries returned, and, sure enough, they had a stone baby—a very pretty one, too, for it proved afterwards to be a little statue of Cupid found among the ruins of Leptis; they had broken off the wings and quiver. Bruce also was tempted to visit this spot, called Ras Sem; and Capt. Smyth, of her majesty's ship Adventure, went in search of it, but in another direction. The sultan of Fezzan told him a story much like the ambassador's, and he traveled, full of hope, nine days through a desert country. In this case, however, there were really buildings and bas-reliefs of men and animals, if not statues.—London Standard.

KITCHEN BRUSHES.

They Are One of the Most Convenient Things About the House.

Hardly any implement of the house gives so much satisfaction to the housekeeper as the right brush in the right place. Who has not lost patience when the stove brush of hair was out of place? This takes up all the dust of ashes as carefully as cloth, and does not, like a cloth, allow the ashes to be driven into the hand. A whisk of broomcorn does not do the same work, but is more valuable for whisking out the corners and edges of carpeted rooms and sweeping down the stairs than anything else. Long-handled brushes of hair are far better than a broom for sweeping a hardwood or painted floor. When these have a light handle, into which an extension handle may be fitted, they are valuable for sweeping down ceilings. If ceilings are thus carefully brushed once a month, the moth-miller will find no lodging-place in the house. With the proper brush this is an easy task. The best brush for blinds is that quaint-shaped one of hair called the "pope's nose." The knot of bristles on the end is just the proper shape to reach into the shutters. The miniature scrubbing brushes, which are generally sold at about five cents on bargain counters, are invaluable to clean a grater, the sieve and any utensil or dish with rough or corrugated sides. They are of special value to the cook in washing potatoes and other root vegetables, and in cleaning the rough stalks of celery. Such a small brush is also valuable for washing window ledges.—N. Y. Tribune.

Puree of Sorrel.

Boil a quart of sorrel until tender, then drain and rub through a sieve. Cook together a tablespoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour, add it to the sorrel and four cupfuls of chicken, veal or beef broth. Let simmer five minutes, season to taste, and serve. A cupful of sweet cream may be added, if liked, just before the puree is taken from the fire.

—Italians call locusts "little horses" and the German term for these pests is "hay horses."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—At Richmond, Mo., a thorn from a hedge he was trimming flew into the eye of a gardener, and, the point breaking off in the eyeball, sight was destroyed.

—Patent needle threaders were sold in considerable numbers by an itinerant huckster who visited Arkansas City, Kan., one day, but men were his only customers.

—While descending by means of a parachute an aeronaut at Dallas, Tex., got between the forked limbs of a tree, his head caught in the crotch, and he was hanged.

—Lord Sholto Douglas has gone from Arizona to Los Angeles, following his wife. He told a reporter he was going to leave that blasted country, having made no better success of fruit peddling than of gold digging.

—In his pay envelope a Pennsylvania railroad employe living at Valparaiso, Ind., found a five-dollar note on which was written: "This bill represents the last of a fortune, all squandered on women, wine and cards."

—The ten largest cities in the world and their respective populations are: London, 4,231,000; Paris, 2,447,000; New York, 1,801,000; Canton, 1,600,000; Berlin, 1,579,000; Tokio, 1,389,000; Vienna, 1,364,000; Philadelphia, 1,142,000; Chicago, 1,099,000, and St. Petersburg, 1,035,000.

—National flowers have been adopted in various countries, as follows: Greece, violet; Canada, sugar maple; Egypt, lotus; England, rose; France, fleur-de-lis; Germany, corn-flower; Ireland, shamrock; Italy, lily; Prussia, linden; Saxony, mignonette; Scotland, thistle; Spain, pomegranate; Wales, leek.

—A new ink ruler has been patented, which is quite different from those now employed, as it abolishes the use of pen and ink for ruling. The soiling of the lines is impossible, and one may draw with it single as well as double lines with perfect accuracy. The ruling is performed by one or more minute wheels resting in a small receptacle impregnated with ink. This receptacle, which is drawn along the ruler, while it is held down, performs the ruling. The lines thus produced are perfect in every respect.

WANTED TO SEE A WRECK.

Two Orange Boys Attempt to Ditch a Freight Car.

"Robby" Penn and "Tommy" Spurr, of Orange, N. J., having tired of spinning tops, making mud pies and playing "tag," longed for something exciting. They wandered into the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western freight yard, and watched a freight engine "drilling" loaded cars onto sidings.

"Did you ever see a train wreck, 'Tommy?'" asked "Robby."

"Nope," answered "Tommy."

"Neither did I," said "Robby."

"Wouldn't it be fun, though?"

"You bet. I'd just like to see one of these cars go scootin' off the track and turn a somerset."

There was one more car to drill. "Robby" and "Tommy" saw the brakeman turn a switch and then jump on the engine, which started the car and then left it.

"What dy'e say, 'Robby?'" asked "Tommy."

"Yes, let's."

They darted across the tracks and turned a switch so that the approaching car would go on to a "blind" siding and then into a ditch.

Freight Agent A. T. Grinsted, through a window of his office, saw what the boys had done. He ran and reached the switch just in time to pull it over and save the car.

A policeman took the two scared boys to the Center street police station. They were in dark cells all night. Justice Davis in the morning told them they were liable to three years' imprisonment. They sobbed and said they didn't mean any harm. Then, after a severe lecture, the justice turned them over to their parents, who were in court.

Neither "Robby" nor "Tommy" was visible that afternoon. The rod had not been spared.—N. Y. Herald.

Fringe Trimmings.

A number of new dresses show fringe trimmings in various grades, qualities and kinds. There is a twisted silk fringe in heavy grade that makes a very pretty and appropriate trimming for wool costumes. One style resembles the fringe on the old-fashioned wool shawls. But little of this is in market as yet, but it is said to be one of the coming trimmings. This kind of fringe has periodical revivals, but never lasts any length of time. It is imitated in such cheap goods that one season is quite as long a lease of life as it is likely to get. What used to be known as willow fringe is to be worn again. It is brought out in very handsome and expensive styles. It is unquestionably one of the most attractive trimmings for black goods; but in colors it never comes out with very good effect. As black is to be one of the season's colors, this fringe will be prominent among the garnitures for the next few months.—N. Y. Ledger.

Labor at the Guiana Gold Fields.

Every placer has a man who does nothing else but pack provisions from the riverside to the placer. The government limit for the load is 50 pounds, but sometimes 100 pounds or even more is carried, but of course for extra pay. The colored boy, Manuel, whom I employed—not yet a grown man—on one occasion carried 70 pounds, while I, carrying two tents weighing about 15 pounds, became very weary after traveling half the distance; thereupon he took one of the tents on top of his load. Probably he could have made the distance in four hours, but owing to my slowness it took us all day, and I arrived at our destination completely worn out. It is certainly impossible for a white man to labor in that swampy country.—Thomas Dalgleish, in Century.

A Delicate Compliment.

"Mabel," said the man who favors free silver, "that young man who calls to see you remains altogether too late. It was after half-past 12 when he started for home last night."

"I can't help it, father."

"Can't you give him some kind of a hint?"

"I did. But he said he had too much respect for your sentiments to think of leaving until 16 minutes to one."—Washington Star.

Mistaken.

"You women folks," complained young Mr. Sypher at the dinner table, "always laugh at the least little things."

"You wrong us," returned the beautiful Miss Koolson, earnestly. "When, Mr. Sypher, did I ever laugh at you?"

And while they were removing the soup plates Mr. Sypher looked into his napkin and thought and thought and thought.

As well he could.—N. Y. Recorder.

NOT EASILY DISCOURAGED.

The Lady—If you do not move on I shall whistle for the dog.

The Man—Let me sell you a whistle, mum.—Truth.

Appropriate.

Parrott—I'm thinking of starting a paper whose mission will be to fight all our modern corruptions and abusers and frauds—but I don't know what name to give it.

Wiggins—Call it the Earth.

Parrott—Why?

Wiggins—Because it will be one everlasting bawl!—Bay City Chat.

THE RIVAL SUITORS.

Miss Columbia—You'll have to see papa about it.

A Reflection Resented.

She — I know Harry Hopkins must have a mercenary motive in this match. How can he love Miss Van Million when she is so much older than he is?

He—Oh, you do the boy injustice. Even if he doesn't love her, he venerates her.—Bay City Chat.

Probably.

Brown—It is rather strange that none of our popular novelists have heard that monkeys talk.

Jones — How do you know they have't?

Brown—If they had, we'd have some monkey dialect stories.—Up-to-Date.

Only Woman Understands Woman.

Mistress—Now, Jane, clear away the breakfast dishes and then look after the children. I'm going around the corner to have a dress fitted.

Faithful—Yes, mum; will you take the night key, or shall I set up fer ye?—Texas Sifter.

Kept Her Word.

Mr. Meanitall—That Miss Flirtsome is literally throwing herself at Cholly Chumpleigh's head.

Miss Coldeal—I don't doubt it. She said the other day she would stop at nothing to make a hit.—Brooklyn Life.

Unkind to Him.

"This blackberry pie isn't nearly so good as those mother used to make."

"No; I told your mother this morning when she made it that you would be sure to find fault with it."—Chicago Record.

Unappreciated.

"A case of unrequited love," said the mosquito, as he dodged a slap. "I have a real fondness for this man, and see how he scorns my love. However, I'm not going to give him up without another trial."—Boston Transcript.

Was Indeed Healthy.

Resident—Healthy? I should say it was. Why, there's only been one death here in ten years.

Visitor—Who was it died?

Resident—Dr. Baker; died of starvation.—Bay City Chat.

Business as She Is Done.

The stranger drew himself up stiffly.

"Sir," he said, "I am an honest man."

A look of pity came over the face of the capitalist. Up to that moment he had known nothing of the stranger with whom he had struck up an acquaintance while waiting for the car. He put his hand into his pocket.

"Ah, my poor fellow," he exclaimed, "I would that I could do more for you. But here, at least, is enough to get one square meal."—Chicago Tribune.

A Questionable Compliment.

Charley Chumpleigh — Ah, Miss Nightingale, that "Winter Song" was charming; it carried me back to the days of my childhood.

Miss Nightingale—I am so glad you like it.

Charley Chumpleigh—Why, I could actually hear the cattle bellowing, the old windmill creaking and the discordant winds howling about the door.—Washington Times.

Provided For.

Two citizens of Houston, old friends, met and one asked:

"What has become of your son, the one who lost his job? Has he got a position yet?"

"He is all right. He is engaged to a rich girl, and in a few days he will accept a lucrative position as son-in-law."—Texas Sifter.

His Opinion.

It was Uncle Allen Sparks' first view of a nail-making machine.

"By George!" he ejaculated, after watching it a few moments in silence, "there's a pair of jaws that never bite off more than they can chew. That machine ought to be allowed to vote!"—Chicago Tribune.

Ready to Retire.

"Well," said Tenspot, "I'm getting pretty tired of ladies' society."

"What's the matter now?" said Taddells.

"Why, just as soon as there is no longer any necessity to tuck in balloon sleeves, I've got to lace up bicycle leggings."—Town Topics.

A Prodigy.

What though he scarce can read or write,
And is the dullest boy in school?
What though his teacher looks upon
Him as a hopeless fool?
The other boys look up to him—
He's envied by them all,
For he it known that he's a star
When it comes to playing ball!
—Cleveland Leader.

Domestic Philosophy.

"This is the day on which our house is to burn down."

"Gracious, what do you mean."

"Why, buildings always burn down the day after their insurance has expired."—Chicago Record.

His Own Coin.

Van Arndt—One of the greatest satisfactions in the world is to feel that you are the only man who sees a joke. It gives one such a feeling of superiority.

Fenilworth—Yes, especially when the joke is one's own.—Truth.

Not a Deep Thinker.

Miss Keedick—What an awful talker Mr. Gilley is, and how little he says when he speaks.

Miss Kittish—The poor fellow is troubled with an impediment in his thoughts.—N. Y. World.

HOW HE GOT HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

Barber—Shall I cut your hair or your beard?

Customer—How much is each?

Barber — Hair, 25 cents; beard, 10 cents.

Customer—Cut my beard! — Le Samedi.

Rolling in Wealth.

Roadster—Is Bikely a man of means?

Scorcher—Is he? Why, he owns three different makes of wheels!—Philadelphia North American.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

NEVER AID THE WRONG.

Never aid the wrong, boys,
Never aid the wrong.
First and foremost in the fight,
Bear a hand to help the right,
And
Always keep the truth in sight.

Stand erect for right, boys,
Though you stand alone.
Please, dear boys, remember this,
'Tis a mark of manliness,
When
You cease to fear the coward's hiss.

Never aid the wrong, boys,
In the sports you choose,
Mind the blessed golden rule,
Never, never be a tool
A
Wicked hand may use.
—M. J. Meader Smith, in Farmers Union.

PETER'S BABY CARRIAGE.

How a Chicago Boy Put a Clever Idea Into Practical Shape.

Peter was such a bit of a lad that he could scarcely reach the crossbar of the handle of the baby carriage. On ordinary occasions Peter cared little whether he was tall or short, but he always wished he was two feet taller whenever his mother put Tom in the baby carriage and told Peter to "mind him." The broad walk which extends along the west side of Lincoln park is half a mile long.

Until the policeman in gray uniform put a stop to the fun the boys on the north side of Chicago found a great deal of sport in racing down the long walk on their bicycles. To be sure, they had to dodge scores of baby carriages and nurses, but this only gave zest to the pleasure.

Peter owned a tricycle. It was one of those cheap machines without rubber tires or springs and was tinned all over to give a good appearance. But Peter's sturdy little legs could make the tricycle spin down the long walk, and although he never won he always raced with the boys who rode bicycles.

Peter's mother, whenever the day was fine, would put Tom, the little brother, in the baby carriage and push him to the long walk in Lincoln park. Then she would tell Peter to push the carriage. He was so short that he could not look over the top, so he was obliged to peep ahead by looking around the corner of the baby carriage.

One day he found a pair of wheels and the axle of an old baby carriage. He took them home, and was playing "railroad" with them when he thought of something. He mounted his tricycle, and carrying the wheels and axle hurried to the carpenter, who had his shop down in the alley. He gave the carpenter his idea, and in an hour little Peter triumphantly rode into the front yard with his tricycle made over into a baby carriage.

PETER'S BABY CARRIAGE.

The carpenter had fixed the axle and wheels which Peter found to a board and had fastened the board to the rear axle of Peter's bicycle. On the board he had nailed a box large enough for Tom, and there was Peter's idea put into practical shape.

On almost any fine afternoon Peter and Tom may be seen on the long walk in Lincoln park; Peter on his tricycle and Tom in the box behind holding the reins with which he drives his two-legged horse. When Peter gets tired of pulling Tom he pushes him and guides the tricycle by means of Tom's reins, which he ties to the handle-bar.—Chicago Record.

INDUSTRY OF BIRDS.

Some Build Their Nests and Rear Their Families in Summer.

Birds are the most interesting of the lower order creatures with which men have to deal, and they are also the most industrious, though according to the ideas of some men their notions of industry are sadly perverted.

The English sparrow is an industrious bird, but its industry is not appreciated to any favorable extent save by naturalists who are not prejudiced. The English sparrow raises several broods of chicks every year, the female beginning to build a new nest almost as soon as the young are out of their shells, and leaving them to the care of the male while she hustles for a new location and new material for a nest.

Many of the minor birds build extra nests. The robins may sometimes be seen these days putting up a nest, having built one and got rid of a first brood. Blackbirds are occasionally industrious in this way, and the warblers are likewise good breeders.

The little field sparrow and its cousin the song chip lay eggs in the spring and in summer, and their young are still under tuition in September.

The woodcock, the ruffed grouse and other large birds sometimes build late nests as well as early ones. The late broods are probably those of birds whose first lot of eggs was destroyed by a fox or some other predatory animal. But the early broods may be safely ascribed to a young pair of birds, yearlings, who think the first pleasant day of springtime to be a harbinger of many such days.

Hawks and predatory birds are the powers of bird society. They live by the lives of the weaker birds. They are aristocrats, almost ranking with the eagles and herons. Their children are few but mighty, being princes of the air when young, and becoming kings and queens before their parents die.—N. Y. Sun.

—Edward III. was six feet three inches in height, and had a rough, shaggy beard that reached to his girdle.

OAKLAND'S WILD BOY.

Has Been Kept in Chains for Ten Years by His Mother.

If you have read any of Rudyard Kipling's stories about Mowgli, the wild boy of India, you will see the point of this true narrative, which is really news, and is doubly interesting because it is in our own country.

Mr. Kipling's wolf-boy hero was brought up by the wild animals of the jungle, and a very happy boy in his free, fierce way he was, too. Willie Collins, about whom this story tells, was brought up by a wicked mother, who, in many respects, is worse than any wild animal, for the latter nearly always look out for the welfare of its young, and guards them tenderly.

Willie Collins, as the result of his mother's cruelty and neglect, is more like a wild boy than any lad ever brought up in a large city. Willie's home is in Oakland, Cal., and what a home it is! For the boy it has been a prison and a cage.

THE AMERICAN MOWGLI.

The doctors who have studied Willie's case say it is the queerest one they have ever heard or read about. For ten long years young Collins has been kept in captivity by his mother, who flogged him nearly every day, and kept him naked and in heavy chains all the time.

Is it a wonder that to-day Willie eats, drinks and barks like a dog, or that he should be pronounced by the lunacy commissioners of California as a dangerous, raving maniac! If you were in one room and this poor, bedraggled lad in another, you would easily believe that the strange noise which Willie makes with his throat was the bark of a dog or the cry of a wild beast.

Think of spending the first ten years of your life in a small, dark room, chained to the floor, with a bundle of filthy rags for a bed! Is it strange that this unfortunate boy should become crazy and dangerous? Gradually Willie's reason faded away until now he cannot talk, and does not recognize any one. All that he seems to understand is that a piece of meat flung down before him is something to eat. For ten years Willie Collins has never left his black little room, full of foul smells and as bare as the back of your hand. Those who remember him when he was a baby say that he was very bright and good tempered. Surely it would have been much better for him if, like Mowgli, he had been stolen by the wolves and reared under the free skies, going wherever he pleased and breathing the fresh air of the woods. Even now he walks about on all-fours and snarls when you toss him a bone.

Neighbors of Mrs. Collins often complained to the police of Oakland that she was abusing her son, for they frequently heard his cries in the night. But in all those years no one has done anything to bring this unnatural mother to justice. An investigation of Willie's case has been made. Mrs. Collins will probably go to jail, but Willie will probably have to spend the rest of his life in the insane asylum, where he has just been placed. The doctors say that light and good food and sunshine have come to Willie Collins too late. His brain, once bright enough, is now a blank.

Such is the true story of the American Mowgli, who, a wild boy indeed, had none of the privileges of Mr. Kipling's young hero, who never knew a mother's love, and who must end his life in chains even as he began it.—N. Y. Recorder.

Hunter Attacked by Cranes.

While an Indiana man was out hunting he had a desperate fight with a flock of cranes. He had shot and wounded one crane and attempted to capture it alive. The wounded bird fought furiously, striking him repeatedly with its beak and trying to peck out his eyes. In addition it made such an outcry that the rest of the flock returned to its assistance, and all surrounded the now frightened hunter. He actually had to fight for his life, and it was not until he had killed or disabled 11 of them with his clubbed gun that the rest left him. Then he was completely exhausted, his clothing in fragments, and his face bleeding in a score of places.

Rescued by an Elephant.

Babylon is one of the elephants in a circus exhibiting in Chicago, and "Growler" is a bear, which is chained near the elephant. Not long ago a little girl, the daughter of one of the circus riders, was playing near the elephants, when Growler seized her in his claws. Babylon, who witnessed the capture, promptly brought his trunk down with crushing force on Growler's head. The bear was stunned by the blow and released the child, who had fainted. The elephant then picked her up and placed her where the bear could not reach her. Attendants then came running to the rescue, but too late to deprive Babylon of the honor of saving a human life.

Mice with Pink Legs.

In the Missouri river, near Platts mouth, Neb., is an island which is overrun with curious mice. They have a golden brown coat, while the lower part of their bodies is pure white. Their legs are pink and their eyes are jet black. No such mice are found anywhere else.

FARM AND GARDEN.

NEAT CATTLE QUARTERS.

How to Improve Old-Fashioned Dairy Barn Tie-Ups.

The cattle quarters in most of the barns some time built are objectionable for the following reasons: The old, stiff stanchions are generally in use, depriving the cows of proper comfort. The platform on which the cattle stand is not high enough to keep their flanks out of the droppings, nor is there a gutter in the rear to hold the solid and liquid manure, the floor usually being so open that all the liquid runs to waste—the best part of the dressing. There is also no walk behind the cows, but one must pick his way through the manure—a filthy condition of things.

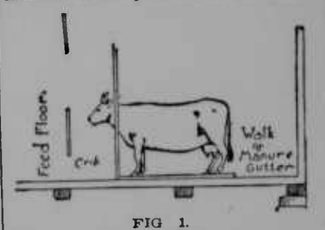

FIG 1.

It is useless to talk to the average farmer whose barn is in this shape of what ought to be done, if "what ought to be done" involves the building of new cattle quarters. It is, therefore, more sensible to plan how these old "tie-ups" may be made more serviceable, with some simple interior alterations. With this end in view, two illustrations are given herewith, the first showing the arrangement of the old-fashioned cattle stalls, to be found so frequently at the present day, and the other a remodeled version of it. In the latter it will be seen that the platform has been raised and moved forward, bringing the cattle's heads up to the side of the feeding floor, a part of the partition being hinged to let down, so as to form a crib for hay. Uprights four or more inches apart

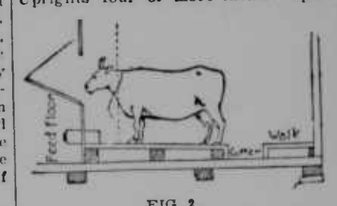

FIG 2.

keep the hay from coming down under the cattle's feet. Chains for the neck take the place of stiff stanchions. A raised walk in the rear is added, room being afforded between this and the platform for a manure gutter, which should be lined with cement. A feed box for grain, roots or ensilage slips in from the feeding-floor like a draw, and can be removed when empty. This plan looks to the saving of all the manure and to the greater comfort of the cows and those who have to care for them, while the changes that would have to be made to secure these advantages would be inexpensive. With the changes suggested ought to be mentioned also the need in the average old-fashioned barn of more windows to let in light and sunshine.—N. Y. Tribune.

ABOUT MILK FEVER.

Useful Hints on the Subject from the Rhode Island Station.

Bulletin 6, of Rhode Island station, is an illustrated pamphlet on milk fever. This is a brain disease, caused by too much or too little blood. Many cows, it says, inherits a predisposition to milk fever, the Jerseys being especially liable to it. Over-feeding and want of exercise are frequent causes of the disease. The symptoms are chill, twitching of muscles of head and face, stoppage of milk and urine, "padding" with hind feet, staggering, grinding the teeth, and sometimes violent tossing of head, and bellowing. Treatment: Put the cow in a warm place, wrap the body closely in a sheet wrung out of cold water, and wrap several blankets over the sheet. Blanket the neck, and rub limbs with wisps of straw. After perspiration starts change sheets every half hour. Make the bowels act by injecting eserine under the skin, or giving the following: One ounce powdered nux vomica, two ounces tartar emetic, 18 ounces glauber salts, 4½ pounds fine salt—all boiled ten minutes in two quarts water, and give one-fourth of the entire quantity every half hour. If cow is down, keep her propped up on brisket. If she bloats, puncture the paunch from above the hollow just in front of "haunch" bone. When sheet and blankets are removed, cover her with a dry blanket to prevent chill. Squibb's fluid extract of ergot is a good preventive and cure.

DAIRY SUGGESTIONS.

A good dairy cow should be trained to stand quietly in milking, so that the milker can readily use both hands.

It is less work to wash the buttermilk out of the butter when in a granular form, and it can be done more effectively.

The rate of consumption of cheese in America is about three pounds per capita per annum.

Let one person do the milking, if possible. Cows get used to a milker, and almost invariably "hold up" their milk when a new milker comes. Too frequent changing of milkers has ruined many a cow.

Practice and chemistry agree that good clover hay is the best roughness which can be used in the dairy; but, remember that poor clover hay is poor cow feed. The leaves are lost when tumbled about too much after it is dry.

Don't hire at any price a man who has a bad temper; he will ruin your cows. Don't hire one who is not a good milker; he will dry off your cows. Don't employ a man or boy who is not willing to learn to carry out your instructions. —Rural World.

SCIENTIFIC FEEDING.

How People Should Regulate Their Diet to Live Rightly.

Eating must no longer be carried on for the mere pleasure of the palate or because one is hungry, say the professors at Berkeley. They are investigating the subject of human food, and will soon promulgate rules for practical feeding by which people must regulate their diet if they intend to live rightly, or, perhaps, at all.

Hereafter costly dinners, embracing all the delicacies of the season, will have to stand the test of the college men's measuring tubes, and if they do not contain the proper proportions of protein, carbohydrate and fat, they will be condemned on the same grounds that tuberculous cows are destroyed by the health officer.

According to the professors' tables, a well-balanced diet contains a proportionate amount of these three ingredients, and they are going to find out whether the people of the coast are eating them as they should.

Protein is better known under the general name of meat, milk or eggs. Carbohydrate sounds more seductive when labeled sugar or starch. Fat is just plain fat, and the learned ones explain that its chief use is to make people go. It is the fuel, and the average man needs a third of a pound of it every day, besides a quarter of a pound of the protein or meat, and a full pound of the starchy or sugary material.

Profs. Hilgard and Jaffa have begun an investigation of what people eat on the Pacific coast. Prof. Atwater, at Storrs, Conn., is doing the same thing in the east. Prof. Playfair, in England, and Prof. Voit, in Germany, are making investigations along the same lines. They want to find out what is the best scientific menu in the world, and when the work is done poor people will get the full benefit of scientific economy.

By the tables of the professors thus far computed there is about 20 per cent. of material that is wasted in beef, about 18 per cent. in mutton, about 13 per cent. in eggs, and only a little over 11 per cent. in ham. Chicken, on the other hand, wastes 38 per cent. and turkey 32 per cent., while oysters lose as much as 82 per cent. As between the flounder and the halibut, the former loses 66 per cent. and the latter only 17 per cent.

Everything in the list of eatables has its value, from string beans to sweet potatoes. A man who eats in a single day 13 ounces of steak, 3 ounces of butter, 6 ounces of potatoes and 22 ounces of bread is feeding all right. But the man who eats 4 ounces of oatmeal, 8 ounces of sugar, 8 ounces of chicken and 2 ounces of rice gets very little muscle-forming food, though it is a common diet, and most people who live on such a bill of fare think themselves well fed.—San Francisco Examiner.

Above a Storm Cloud.

Prof. John Wise, the eminent American aeronaut, who lost his life in making a balloon ascension on September 28, 1879, once viewed a storm from a balloon, which is described as follows:

"The view of a storm cloud from above is one of the most interesting sights every beheld by mortal man. A storm viewed from above the clouds has the appearance of cbullition. The upper surface of the cloud is bulged upward and outward, and has the resemblance of a vast sea of boiling, upheaving snow. Immediately above the storm cloud the air is not so cold as it is in the clearer atmosphere above or in the cloud itself. The falling of the rain can be distintly heard, making a noise like a waterfall over a precipice. The thunder heard above a storm cloud is not loud and the flashes of lightning appear like streaks of intensely white light on the surface of the gray colored vapor."—Atlanta Constitution.

Celebrate a Lawsuit.

A small town in Bavaria is about to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of a lawsuit with a list of barons concerning the ownership of a forest of oak and beach trees. The villagers have come into full possession and have managed the property so well that its value has increased to $500,000.

Superstitions of the Siamese.

The Siamese have such a superstitious dislike of odd numbers that they studiously strive to have in their houses an even number of windows, doors, rooms, closets, etc.

No man ever worked honestly without giving some help to his race.—Ruskin.

'Tis looking downward that makes one dizzy.—Boston Watchman.

Prudence is the knowledge of things to be sought and to be avoided.—Chicago Standard.

What makes life dreary is want of motive.—George Eliot.

If the best use is made of existing means they will inconsibly multiply.—E. Johnson.

It is better to be nobly remembered than nobly born.—Ruskin.

"What do you suppose caused the natives to think that Little Billy had a wife up in the city?" "Oh, from his happy, careless manner, they naturally judged that he was freed for the time being from some weight on his mind."—Philadelphia North American.

On an idle, unrevolving man destiny can make nothing more than a mere enameled vessel of dishonor, let her spend on him what coloring she may. Let the idle think of this.—Carlyle.

An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him; for when he is once possessed with an error, it is, like a devil, only cast out with great difficulty.—Bishop Butler.

When you have done a kindness, and your neighbor is the better for it, why need you be so foolish as to look any farther and gape for reputation and requital.—Marcus Aurelius.

An Unjust Charge.—"Now look here," said Tattered Thompson to Weary Walker, who had become engaged in a debate, "you labor under a wrong idea—" "Don't you insult me," interrupted Walker. "I'd have you know I never labor."—Detroit Free Press.

An Eye to Business.—"I thought, Allee, that you were engaged to Harry Smith, and now I hear you are going to marry his father." "That's right, Maude. The old gentleman said he could support only one of us, and I decided to be that one, and took the widower."—Detroit Free Press.

Favorite Hobo Tipple.

In many of the Bowery saloons "a large glass of pure Kentucky whisky" is the specialty, but the hobo who really wants quantity and cares only for the qualities that induce almost immediate intoxication patronizes the places where "Dolly Varden" or "All Sorts" is sold.

"I call it liquid hash," recently said a barkeeper in a West street resort. "They call it 'Sweet Dreams,' 'Sunshine,' 'Dolly Varden,' 'Catch-as-Catch-Can,' 'All Sorts,' and a half dozen names. You see, I do a good business down here with all kinds of people, and I sell all kinds of goods—good goods and some that are pretty bad.

Behind the bar here I have got a large six-gallon demijohn, with a funnel in the top. Into that I pour the dregs of cocktails, punches, old ale—any old thing that sticks to the glasses. I lighten this up with a little cheap whisky now and then. Some people use cayenne pepper, but I don't. I put all the squeezed lemons in and add a little water, and I get a drink that these fellows like, especially in the winter. I can afford to sell it for five cents, because it is nearly all profit. Did I ever taste it? Not on your life!"—N. Y. Journal.

All About Texas.

Address D. J. Price, A. G. P. A., I. & G. N. R. R., Palestine, Texas, sending seven cents postage, for a 200 page handsomely illustrated book telling all about Texas. Texas is now attracting a great number of settlers by reason of cheap lands and mild climate.

Friendship is a plant of slow growth, and must undergo and withstand the shocks of adversity before it is entitled to the appellation.—Washington.

Very low rates will be made by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway for excursions of August 18th, September 1st, 15th and 29th, to the south, for Homeseekers and Harvesters. For particulars apply to the nearest local Agent, or address James Barker, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt., St. Louis, Mo.

When we are good in the right way we are good for something.—Chicago Standard.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st. Phila., Pa.

Success in life is not so much a matter of talent or opportunity as of concentration and perseverance.—C. W. Wendte.

Send ten cents silver for sample box Dr. Bailey's celebrated Liver Pills. Fifty pills for 25c. Agents wanted. Excelsior Chemical Co., Lock Box 608, Rochester, N. Y.

Prudence and industry are the best safeguards against hard luck.—Chicago Standard.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me many a doctor's bill.—S. F. Hardy, Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, '94.

Selfishness is self robbery, no matter whether it dwells in a hut or in a palace.—Ram's Horn.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is taken internally. Price 75c.

When you loaf, remember the rights of busy people.—Atchison Globe.

Warner's Safe Cure

Has for a Fifth of a Century Cured all forms of . . .
KIDNEY and LIVER DISEASES.
THE DREAD BRIGHT'S DISEASE
is but incipient Kidney Disease.
Either are Dangerous.
Both can be Cured
if treated in time with Warner's Safe Cure.
Large bottle or new style smaller one at your druggist's. Ask for either and accept no substitute.

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A. N. K.—C. 1622

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WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, - Dorchester, Mass.

THE POPULAR CANDIDATE FOR ALL PARTIES

Battle Ax PLUG

"Battle Ax" is popular with all parties because of its remarkably fine flavor, its high quality and the low price at which it is sold.

The people of the United States know a good thing when they see it, and they won't pay 10 cents for other high grade tobaccos while they can get "Battle Ax" for 5 cents.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
G. D. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 24, 1896.

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET

For President of the United States,

WILLIAM McKINLEY,

OF OHIO.

For Vice President of the United States,

GARRET A. HOBART,

OF NEW JERSEY.

IT HAS been suggested that two tails were appended to the Populist ticket in order to steady it because it was light-headed.

THE *Democrat* propounded a conundrum last week in asking the question: "What is the Democratic party?" It offered no reward for the solution of this great problem so we take it that no answer can be given.

THE Frostburg *Mining Journal*, edited by Mr. Joseph Benson Oder, issued last week a handsomely illustrated supplement in celebration of the twenty-fifth or silver anniversary of its establishment. The *Journal* is an independent paper. The supplement was devoted to illustrations and a history of Frostburg and reflects great credit upon the editor.

Ex-Gov. McLane Speaks Out.

Ex-Governor McLane, one of the most distinguished citizens of Maryland, and aptly styled a "war-horse of Democracy," states in a letter published in Saturday's *Sun* that he does not consider the Chicago convention entitled to his respect, and adds that if he were in Maryland at the November election he would vote for Mr. McKinley. Governor McLane says he has never had occasion before to dissent from the regular nomination of the Democratic party, but the platform and nominees of the Chicago convention are more than he can endure.

Maryland.

Not one Democratic newspaper of note or standing in the state of Maryland supports Bryan and Sewall. This is a most remarkable state of things. It shows that the journals which have a reputation to lose cannot afford to make the plunge demanded of them. The same thing is true of the Democratic leaders in Maryland.

On the other hand the featherheaded politicians who are ready at any time to fling away principal and follow a supposed expediency, or to mount themselves on the back of every passing popular delusion, take to free silver as a duck to water. In their shallow judgment the people are always ready to be imposed upon, especially by an imposture which has a spice of dishonesty to recommend it.

Audacious Demagogy.

For undiluted and unabridged nerve in drawing a false conclusion from a true premise Mr. William Jennings Bryan can give even Ben Tillman or George Fred Williams odds. Here is a specimen from his speech at Richmond, Va., on Friday:

They tell us that the election of the Chicago ticket will drive gold from this country. I want you to remember that the mere nomination of the candidate for President on a free silver platform has been bringing gold to this country for the last few weeks.

The gold is coming this way to pay for corn and cotton. That we are getting gold, instead of having returned to us our stocks and bonds in the hands of foreign investors, is not because of "the mere nomination of the candidate for President on a free silver platform," but because of the growing confidence that the candidate for President on a free silver platform will be overwhelmingly defeated.

What is to be thought of a candidate for President who is either stupid enough to believe what Mr. Bryan asserts or who, knowing better, makes such an assertion?

LAST week our free silver-plated contemporary, the *Mountain Democrat* propounds a number of questions, among which we find that it asks us to look up Maj. McKinley's record on silver and cites our attention to a letter published in its columns from the pen of Mr. Bartine. Now who Mr. Bartine is the editor of the *Democrat* may know, we candidly confess that we do not and we have serious doubts if Mr. Bartine is known outside his native town.

Four years ago Maj. McKinley was in favor of bimetallist, just as the great Republican party of to-day is. He believed then and he with his party believes to-day that a dollar shall be worth one hundred cents whether made of gold, silver or whatnot.

But to bring the matter to a locality known to all, what was the *Democrat* doing *two months ago?* "Preaching gold every chance it got and it didn't say a word about the silver standard and its alleged great benefit to mankind. Well, what happened?" Oh, Mr. Bryan was nominated for the presidency on a free silver standard platform and immediately the *Democrat* became silver-plated and from thenceforth it has been warbling the benefits to be derived from a fifty-three cent dollar.

The Farmer and Free Silver.

The war cry of the advocates of the free coinage of silver when talking to an audience of farmers is: "Vote for free silver and dollar wheat." They also say that the present low price of wheat has been brought about by the demonetization of silver and a contraction of the currency. They tell the farmer that if the country should be flooded with silver through free coinage the price of wheat would double. Let us take them on their own statement that an increase in the amount of silver in circulation would increase the price of wheat.

The records of the United States Treasury Department show that in 1871 there was $52,000,000 of silver in circulation, and the price of wheat was $1.25 per bushel; in 1875 there was $63,000,000 of silver in circulation, with wheat at $1 per bushel; in 1880, with $163,000,000 in silver, wheat was 95 cents; and so on down to 1895, when, with $625,000,000 of silver in circulation, wheat had fallen to fifty cents a bushel. If we should follow this out to its logical conclusion the price of wheat under free silver would fall to almost nothing. However, this is false reasoning, and is only used to show that the quantity of silver, more or less, in circulation has nothing to do with the price of wheat, which is governed by other conditions outside of the currency.

"What is the Democratic Party?"

The above question was asked by the *Democrat* last week and in trying to explain what that monstrosity is copied from the Washington *Post* a long article in explanation but which does not explain worth a cent.

The same question was asked a true Democrat of Oakland by the editor of this paper, and his reply was as follows:

"So you want to know what the Democratic party is? Well, if you had asked that question prior to the Chicago convention it would have been easily answered. Now, however, it is as hard to answer as it is to find a free silver Republican. My idea of what the Democratic party *was* is this: It was heir to the principles of Jefferson and Jackson and you all know what they were. Since the old party was captured by the Populists at Chicago my candid opinion is that there is no Democratic party. It is the Popocratic party and its principles are that of the anarchists, socialists and bomb-throwers. It has arrayed itself against the courts, the only body where justice can be done. Remove the power of the courts and you have a country where riot, murder and arson will rule. This, (the removal of the courts) is what the party is pledged to and if the leaders of that party are successful in being elected this fall you may look for an era of lawlessness and crime equalled only by the riots in Chicago and elsewhere when Socialist Debs had men ready to cut their fellow-beings down by the beck of his finger."

A Family Quarrel.

The Popocrats and Populists are having a little controversy of their own over the Maine returns. The Populists argue that the returns show that Sewall is a Jonah, who should be heaved off the ship. The Popocrats reply that by the same showing Watson is a Jonah, for if the Popocratic vote was knocked to smithereens, so was the Populist vote. But the smashing process was more complete in the case of the Popocrats than in the case of the Populists. The Popocrat vote was about 40 per cent. less than the Democratic vote in 1892, while the Populist vote fell off only 26 per cent. Since the Populist vote was much smaller to begin with, any reduction would run up percentages of loss faster than a reduction in the Democratic vote. Then, too, it is quite likely that some, if not all, of the Populist loss went to the Popocratic ticket and made the loss there less than it would have been were it not for Populist help. Moreover, the fact cannot be gotten away from that the Maine Popocrats had in the vice presidential candidacy of one of their own party members a special incentive to poll their full strength, and when they make an unprecedented loss under such circumstance, it is certainly proof that Sewall is a help to the ticket. The Populist demand that Watson should have his hangings has much force in it. The Chicago platform is a Populist manifesto and both candidates should represent its principles and purposes.

The Workingman's Own Questions.

N. Y. World, Dem.

All the candidates for office and their stump speakers are asking questions of the workingman. Before making up his mind how to vote the workingman will do well to ask a few questions of himself, to-wit:

Does the present 100-cent dollar buy too much food, clothing and family supplies for my advantage? Do I want its purchasing power diminished?

What assurance have I that my wages will be advanced to correspond with the increase of prices which the free silver orators say is necessary to give the country a boom?

Can I mark up my wages as fast or as easily as the grocer or merchant can mark up his prices?

What compensation can there be for me in giving the silver mine owners free coinage for their bullion if my wages will buy less and my savings are legally made payable in 53-cent dollars? Where do I come in?

How will it help me to hurt Rockefeller, Gould, Sage, Pierpoint Morgan or even Carnegie and Pullman? Can't the "money kings" stand a panic and more business better than I can?

Is the best dollar in the world too good for me or for any workingman?

Am I the fool that the Populist cranks and the free silver orators take me to be?

The workingman who is capable of asking himself practical questions like these and giving sensible answers is in no danger of voting to clip his dollar or scale down his savings.

Capt. John McDonald.

The Montgomery *Press*, the representative Republican paper of Montgomery county, last week gave a short sketch of the life of Capt. John McDonald, the Republican nominee for Congress from this district, from which the following has been gleaned for the benefit of the readers of THE REPUBLICAN:

"He is in every way fitted to be the standard bearer in this district. A man of unassuming manner, his life is above reproach and here, where he is well known, he is much beloved for his integrity and generous character.

"Capt. McDonald is in the prime of vigorous manhood although he has passed through varied and trying experiences. He entered the regular service of the United States army in 1857 and was assigned to the First Dragoons, stationed in Arizona, participating in several campaigns against hostile Indians in Arizona, California and Utah.

In November, 1861, he was ordered to the seat of war and served with the Army of the Potomac. He was complimented by the commander of his troop for bravery and efficient conduct at Williamsburg, Va., May 4, 1862. He participated in the "seven days' battle" in front of Richmond, where he won his shoulder straps, being promoted to a second lieutenancy July 16, 1862, on the recommendation of the officers of his regiment. At the battle of Kelly's Ford he was severely injured and was complimented by the commanding officer for the part he had taken in that action. McDonald served under Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley, being engaged in the "Gordonsville raid." He was made first lieutenant Dec. 29, 1863, and promoted captain July 1, 1868. Since the war he has seen active service in the southwest. He was finally retired by reason of injuries received and disability contracted in the line of duty.

"For twenty-five years Capt. McDonald has been one of the most progressive farmers in southern Maryland, his neighbors sending him to the State legislature in 1881.

"Few can show a better record.—A man who has fearlessly performed his duty in front of shot and shell may be counted unflinching in the halls of Congress, though besieged by demagogues and unscrupulous politicians. Capt. John McDonald is the man for Congress."

The Mine Owner and Free Silver.

It is claimed by its advocates that the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 would raise the value of that metal from the present price of about 64½ cents an ounce to just double, or $1.29. They claim that if the Government should agree to take all the bullion at that price nobody would sell it for less; and, therefore, that a gold reserve would be unnecessary in order to maintain the value of the silver dollar at par. The silverites make the mistake of starting with the wrong premises, and build their argument on an insecure foundation.

If a free silver law should be passed the duty of the Government would be simply to take the bullion and coin it into dollars, giving back these same dollars to the owner of the bullion? Thus the mine owner would have the same amount of silver on his hands, but in a different shape. Suppose a well known creamery should advertise that it would take all the butter that the farmers could produce at a valuation of 40 cents per pound; the farmers from around the neighborhood would bring their butter to the creamery. Now, suppose that this creamery should take each farmer's butter and stamp upon every pound of it: "This is worth 40 cents," and hand it back to the farmer; wherein would the farmer be benefited? He would have the same amount of butter, only in a different shape.

The superintendent of one of the large Colorado silver mines was asked recently this question: "In your estimation do you think that the free coinage of silver would be of permanent benefit to the owners of silver mines?" He replied: "Frankly I do not. The price would naturally rise somewhat immediately after the passage of such a law, but the same law would so stimulate silver mining that within two years, and after all the gold had been driven out of the country, the immense increase in production would force the price of silver below the present level. We are uncovering as much of our ore as we possibly can, so as to be in shape to practically work out our mine within the two years, and before there shall be a great reduction in the price of silver."

In 1889 the production of silver in the United States amounted to fifty million ounces. As a concession to the silver men the Sherman law was passed, which required the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase fifty-four million ounces of silver per annum, or four million more than the total production of the year previous. The silver men said then as they do now, that this would raise the price to $1.29 per ounce, and keep it there. The bill became a law in August, 1890, up to which time silver had been worth about $1.07 per ounce. In September of that year the price went to $1.16, which was the highest point reached, when it began to decline. It went down steadily, month by month, until August, 1893, when the law was repealed. It had then fallen to 73 cents per ounce.

The decline in price was caused by increased production, fostered by the Sherman Silver purchase law. In 1889 the total output of silver was 50,000,000 ounces; while in 1893 it had reached 60,000,000 ounces per annum.

As the production of silver would undoubtedly increase under a free coinage law, so would the mints become clogged with it, and the mine owner would have to await his turn to get his bullion coined. In the event of his not being able to carry it he would have to sell it on the market for any price that he could get for it, which would have a natural effect of reducing its price everywhere. So we see that the mine owner would have a very short-lived triumph. In the end the measure that he had urged for his own benefit would work his own destruction; for with the currency contracted by the expulsion of $625,000,000 of gold, and with poverty and panic everywhere, he could not even sell as much silver for commercial purposes as he now sells.

Republicans, Register.

Every Republican should register at the sittings of the registrars during this and next month, in order to vote at the coming November election.

Call for your Letters.

S. J. Weakland, Edward Jones, Seth Humphres, Georgia Gaines, R. A. Bradford, Mrs. B. L. Mason, Maggie Ward, Eva Aapsan, Effie M. Teats, Kate Obrien (2), Anna Harsh, Allie Ferguson, Nellie Davis, Edna M. Cox, Tillie Clark, Nellie Cunningham, Bertha Clark.

Are You Thin?

Look about you! See for yourself! Who suffer most from sleeplessness, nervousness, nervous dyspepsia, neuralgia, despondency, general weakness? Who are on the edge of nervous prostration all the time? Those who are thin. Opium, chloral, bromides, headache powders, only make matters worse. Iron and bitters are only stimulants. To be cured, and cured for good, you need a fat-making food. You want new blood, rich blood; and a strong nerve-tonic.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites is all this. It feeds the tissues, makes rich blood, and strengthens the nerves.

Book about it free for the asking.

For sale by all druggists at 50c. and $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

IT IS M'DONALD.

End of The Sixth Congressional District Deadlock.

ROCKVILLE, Sept. 17.—Seven days' deliberation and reflection made no change in the hearts and the minds of the delegates to the Republican Congressional nominating convention, as far as could be inferred from the first 172 ballots taken to-day. A new light broke in on some of the delegates when the 173rd ballot was being taken and the deadlock was broken by the nomination of Capt. John McDonald, of Montgomery county.

The convention was constituted substantially as at Oakland, except a few delegates were represented by proxies. Mr. Benj. A. Richmond appeared as a proxy in the Allegany delegation, and took an active part in the proceedings. Mr. A. R. Hagner came to the convention quite hopeful, and expected that he would be nominated by the votes of Frederick, Garrett, Washington and Montgomery counties. For some reason he confidently expected that two of the Montgomery delegates would eventually vote for him.

The self-ousted Motter delegation from Frederick appeared again, with Hon. Milton G. Urner at their head, and the old question as to their rights to resume their vacant seats was raised and argued, precisely as it was at Oakland. Mr. Urner was allowed to present his case, and he was assisted by Mr. Richmond and Mr. Dick, of the Allegany delegation. A printed protest against the action of the chairman in excluding the delegation, signed by a number of Frederick county Republicans was presented to the convention and passed around among the delegates.

The point was made that even if the regular Motter delegates had excluded themselves by their act of withdrawal that this would be no bar to the admission of the alternates.

Chairman Cook ruled that neither the bolting delegates nor their alternates, could be admitted and upon appeal the chair was sustained by a vote of 11 to 10.

The question way raised on the second ballot when Frederick county was called. Mr. Gittinger cast 3 votes for Hagner. Then Mr. Urner rose and cast 3 votes for Ravenscroft. Then followed the discussion, and ruling as related above. The balloting went on until the 173rd was reached.

The convention is said to have been a lively one. Just before Capt. McDonald's nomination Dr. Ravenscroft, of Garrett, was nomination. It came about in this way: Allegany voted six for Pearre, Garrett then voted three for Ravenscroft, followed by Washington's five for Ravenscroft. Allegany then changed her vote to Ravenscroft giving him fourteen votes or one more than necessary. Washington seeing the trap into which she had been led immediately changed her vote. Garrett then got mad, with the result related above.

The report of the proceedings published in Thursday's Washington *Star* gives this account of the winding up of the convention:

As the afternoon passed Mr. Pearre became convinced that there was no possible chance for his own nomination and commenced an endeavor to find somebody on whom the Garrett county delegation would agree. Finally after much argument the arrangement was consummated and on the 173d ballot taken at Rockville, Allegany cast her six votes for McDonald, Frederick gave three votes to Hagner, Garrett three votes to McDonald and Montgomery four votes to the same man. This gave McDonald thirteen votes and the nomination. As soon as the audience realized that the nomination had been made there was a wild scene of enthusiastic cheering.

The anti-Hagner people satisfied in the fact that they had defeated the Washington county man, stood on the benches and cheered themselves hoarse. County pride asserted itself among the audience and they cheered also for Montgomery county's candidate. The chairman declared Capt. John McDonald the nominee of the party, and a few moments afterward, when the captain had been brought into the hall, introduced him to the convention as the next Republican Congressman from the Sixth district.

Capt. McDonald made a short address, thanking the convention for the honor it had conferred upon him in feeling terms. He announced his unqualified adherence to the national Republican platform and called upon the audience to save the country from dishonor and repudiation by the election of the Republican ticket this fall.

At the conclusion of the new candidate's speech there were loud cries for Pearre, and that gentleman was lifted to the stage in the arms of enthusiastic shouters. He made a forcible and taking speech on the issues of the campaign, and confidently predicted Republican success in the sixth district. Allegany, he said, would give Capt. McDonald near 2,000 majority. The convention then adjourned and the new candidate held a reception in the hall and on the street for several hours.

Capt. John McDonald was born in Ireland in 1837, coming to the United States when he was eighteen years old. Soon after his arrival here he enlisted in the United States army, and until the civil war began served in the far west. On the breaking out of hostilities he was transferred to the army of the Potomac, and served with that army during the entire war. He was promoted to a captaincy for bravery at the seven days' battle.

After the war he was sent west again, where he remained until he was retired in 1868. In 1870 he removed to Maryland and since resided at his farm in Montgomery county, not far from the Potomac river. During his residence in Maryland he has been an active party man. He was a member of the Legislature in 1882 and in 1890 was the Republican candidate for State controller. He was a master of the Montgomery county grange thirteen years, and is a director of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Montgomery county and a member of the vestry of Christ Protestant Episcopal church at Rockville.

A despatch from Baltimore says: Senator-elect Wellington, in commenting on the outcome of the sixth district republican congressional convention, said: "Capt. McDonald's nomination is entirely satisfactory to me, and I believe he will prove an acceptable candidate to the party in the district. While I believe that he will be elected, I don't think affairs in the sixth will be allowed to drift. There is an impression abroad that we can always carry the sixth. Now, there is nothing so uncertain as a 'dead sure thing,' and I recognize that the Democrats have a splendid leader in Mr. Lee, so that it behooves the Republicans to make an active campaign. It has been stated that I attempted to boss Thursday's convention. Such a gathering as met at Oakland and Rockville defy all efforts at bossing. If anyone did undertake to run them it was very poorly done."

Grantsville.

Spring and summer have come and gone,
Autumn, with its joys is here;
Soon will the trees of aspect be lone,
The straggling leaves yellow and sere.
Now the sportsman, with his gun,
Roams in the forest round about,
The boys and girls soon have begun,
To gather nuts, with joyful shout.

C. J. Miller and wife, of Kalona, Iowa, are visiting relatives in this community,

The German Baptists' semi-annual love feast was held at the Maple Grove meeting house, south of town, last Saturday evening.

Messrs. S. D. and H. S. Yoder and Mrs. Emanuel Hershberger, of this neighborhood, and S. M. Yoder and Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Beachy, of Elk Lick, Pa., were excursionists to Pittsburg the fore part of this week.

Mrs. McGuffin, a very aged woman, died at the residence of Chas. Warnick last Saturday morning. She was, we understand, the sole survivor of the McGuffin family, who formerly owned the fine farm on "Manadier Ridge" now owned by Mr. Warnick, with whom the deceased had her home.

North Glade.

Mrs. Bert Feather, of Cranesville, W. Va., has been visiting her parents and friends of this place.

Chas. Harvey and family were visiting relatives at Ryans Glade recently.

Albert Lee will teach the North Glade school this winter. We predict success for Mr. L.

Elijah Moon declares he raised a bushel and a half of potatoes from one hill, and says he can prove it.

Potatoes are a good crop in this section; but like nearly all the productions of the farm we have to dispose of them at a sacrifice. This is a taste of free trade.

The festival held here last week was a decided success, the net proceeds being more than $20. We hope the ladies will make another effort in this direction.

The real friends of silver are the sound money fellows of whom Mr. McKinley is chief, because they declare that every dollar of which is, and ought to continue to be equal to that of gold. The free silver men propose to give us a silver dollar that would not be worth that of gold.

District No. 1 Notes.

Mrs. Stephen Durst and family, of Dobbin, have been visiting Mrs. Durst's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Francis McRobie at Swanton, the past week.

The ice cream and peach festival held by the ladies of the North Glade M. E. church on last Friday night, was a grand success both socially and financially.

One day last week whilst Mr. Homer B. Weimer was engaged in chopping wood, the axe glanced from the wood and buried itself in his foot. He will be unable to work for a considerable length of time in consequence of the accident.

The Republicans of this district are highly pleased with the nomination of Capt. John McDonald for Congress and will give the old soldier and representative farmer a good majority.

Mr. C. M. Miller attended the Sunday school convention at Hoyes and reports it a great success.

Mr. J. L. McRobie is kept busy threshing with his steam threshing machine at this time.

OPEN CHALLENGE TO W. J. BRYAN.

IS HE A BIMETALLIST OR SILVER MONOMETALLIST?

POPOCRAT NOT CLEAN CUT

Does He Not Know that His Statements Are Inconsistent and His Plan Impossible? Arraignment by a Democrat.

Mr. W. J. Bryan:

Dear Sir—You persist in calling yourself a bimetallist. Do you understand bimetallism to be two metals, gold and silver, in concurrent circulation as money, of equal purchasing power and exchangeable one for the other at the face value of the coins?

Second—Would you call it bimetallism if the free and unlimited coinage of silver at 16 to 1 by the United States resulted in driving gold out of circulation and reduced our monetary system to silver monometallism?

Third—Unless the intrinsic value of the silver dollar was equal to the intrinsic value of the gold dollar, do you think the gold dollar would exchange for a silver dollar after your free-coinage scheme was established?

Fourth—Do you think your free-coinage silver dollar would exchange at par with the gold dollar in the exchanges of the world? Unless it would, do you think we could engage in the commerce of the world unless we paid the difference between gold value and silver value?

Fifth—If the gold dollar of standard weight and fineness would purchase 742¼ grains of pure silver in every other country in the world, do you think any of those countries would accept our 16 to 1 free-silver dollar of 371¼ grains) in settlement of a gold dollar's worth of trade balance?

Sixth—If we open our mints to silver and make the free-coinage silver dollar a legal tender in the payment of debts in the United States, do you think these silver dollars would be a legal tender in payment of debt outside of the United States without the consent and agreement of other nations?

Seventh—When the American merchant buys a bill of goods abroad he buys at the gold standard prices, and when your free-coinage scheme is established in the United States our merchants will continue to pay foreign bills in the money of the world, which is gold. If your free-coinage scheme deprives the American merchant of gold and gives him only a depreciated silver dollar, will he not be compelled to pay the intrinsic value of two silver dollars for every gold dollar's worth of goods purchased?

Eighth—Do you think that goods purchased with gold (or in full equivalent) could be sold to the American consumer for less than their equivalent in gold?

Ninth—If your free-coinage scheme puts a 50-cent silver dollar into circulation and the merchant is compelled to accept such money for the goods he sells, will it not be necessary to establish what are known as "silver prices," as follows:

Sugar, per pound (in gold)	.01
Sugar, per pound (in silver	.08
Flour, per barrel (in gold)	$3.50
Flour, per barrel (in silver)	7.00
Tea, per pound (in gold)	.50
Tea, per pound (in silver)	1.00

Tenth—You have promised the people all sorts of things, and if you believe half of your statements to be true you ought to be able to give a good reason for the faith within you.

This free-coinage scheme is too serious a matter to be accepted by the American people on the mere faith of an inexperienced young man, who sets up a new theory of finance at variance with the judgment of the nations of the earth, and who, furthermore, is suspected of being engaged in a revolution that would set in motion forces beyond human control. I am a Democrat—but I believe you to be in error and I refuse to follow you. I regard your scheme of finance as a vagary, born of a perverted conception and fraught with evils destructive of our national life. Your statements do not analyze well. You have said:

First—That free silver would reduce the purchasing value of our gold dollar.

Second—That free silver would raise prices.

Third—That free silver by the United States would make a silver dollar equal, in intrinsic value, to a gold dollar in all the markets of the world.

Fourth—That free silver would give us a cheaper dollar with which to pay our debts.

Now let us analyze these statements:

First—If you succeed in reducing the purchasing power or value of our gold dollar in this country and at the same time raise the intrinsic value or purchasing power of the silver dollar to equality with gold in other countries, will you kindly inform us how the gold dollar and silver dollar could be of equal value in this country?

Second—The value of gold will remain the same as it is now in other countries; so, therefore, if you reduce its purchasing value here it would be worth less here than in Europe. If while reducing the value of gold in this country you raise the value of silver dollars to par with gold in Europe, silver will be above par with gold in the United States.

Is this the way you are going to make the silver a cheaper dollar to pay debts with?

You have told the people that they will be required to pay their honest debts in dollars of full value as measured by the world's gold standard. You have promised to give the people a cheaper (silver) dollar if they will elect you President of the United States. According to your New York speech in Madison Square Garden you will give them this cheaper dollar in the form of silver (coined at 16 to 1) equal in intrinsic value to 100 cents in gold in all the markets of the world by the present gold standard. Evidently you have got mixed a little. Your statements do not harmonize. A sense of pity for you suggests that somebody state your case for you in order that the people may distinguish Mr. Bryan, the silver monometallist, from Mr. Bryan, the bimetallist. The Hyde and Jekyll characters do not combine well in a Presidential candidate. Therefore, Mr. Bryan, the next time you address the people on this momentuous question just follow along these lines and say:

"The gold dollar will be the ruination of this country. What we need is a cheaper dollar. If I am elected I will give you a cheaper dollar, and it should be a dollar as good, as valuable, of the same purchasing power and in all respects exactly like the gold standard dollar we have to-day."

Then in order to square yourself, you should go on and say:

"But this is predicted on my unsupported assumption that silver is going to par with gold when free silver by the United States has forced all the world to join us in international bimetallism."

To make your position still clearer you should add:

"However, if the free coinage scheme doesn't work and the United States is left alone with the free silver white elephant on its hands, of course the silver dollar will be a 50-cent dollar and the finances of our country would be ruined, with nothing left out of the wreck but a cheap, discredited silver dollar to pay our debts and labor with."

This, Mr. Bryan, would place you in a logical position before the American people. Every one will agree with you that silver monometallism would give us a cheap 50-cent dollar—with inflated prices—and a third position in the world's commerce. They will also agree with you that genuine bimetallism means a silver dollar at par with our present gold dollar, measured by the present gold standard. Now, what we want to find out is: "What shall it be—Hyde or Jekyll—silver monometallism or bimetallism?"

You persist in calling it bimetallism, but you also persist in dragging in your cheap silver dollars, which belongs in the category of silver monometallism, and you keep up the cry against the gold standard. As between silver monometallism and gold monometallism, which do you prefer? If you thought free silver would land us in silver monometallism would you still be in favor of free silver?

In your New York speech you heralded your conviction that "free silver in the United States would send silver to $1.29 an ounce (in gold) in every market of the world, and make the 16 to 1 silver dollar equal in intrinsic value to the gold dollar." Evidently you have concluded that international bimetallism must follow to make your free coinage scheme a success. Have you investigated far enough to discover the practical difficulties in the way of international bimetallism and the double standard?

Let us take a practical example: We will say that international bimetallism is on trial. Suppose Germany owed England or the United States a trade balance of $20,000,000, and the ratio of value between gold and silver was 16 to 1—(one ounce of gold equal to sixteen ounces of silver)—which metal could be used with the greatest economy in paying this balance? Gold or silver? Perhaps you will answer that if gold and silver were at par at an agreed ratio of 16 to 1 it would be as economical to pay in one metal as the other.

Let us investigate: $20,000,000 in gold would be 967,585 troy ounces; in silver it would be sixteen times as much, or 15,481,360 ounces. The difference in weight of silver over weight of gold would be 14,513,775 troy ounces, equal to 497 tons of 2,000 pounds each, aviordupois weight. It would therefore cost more to pay in silver and the difference would be the expense of handling, weighing and shipping this 497 tons of silver. The economy in favor of gold was nature's gift to man, and neither Wall street, Lombard street nor the gold bugs had anything whatever to do with it. The well balanced minds of the world discovered that gold, which has large value in small bulk and weight, is more economical to handle than silver, which has less value in large bulk and weight. For this reason gold is, and will continue to be, preferred to silver.

When the farmer discovered that he could economize in freight rates by pressing his hay into bales, that by so doing he got greater value into smaller bulk, he adopted that economy.

Actuated by the same instinct, the same motive and same reason, the commerce of the world preferred and the enlightened nations of the earth adopted, as the single standard of value, that metal which nature has pressed into small bulk. You may see that this advantage with which the Creator has endowed gold is one of great potentiality and even an international bimetallic ratio is powerless to overcome it in the interest of the silver producers. This difference in the expense of handling gold and silver will always make gold the most economical, and this economy in favor of gold will always destroy the parity between gold and silver, no matter what ratio might be agreed upon between nations.

In view of this fact, how could the parity of sterling exchange between gold and silver be maintained, and, unless it is maintained, how could gold and silver ever become equivalents in a double standard, at any ratio?

Perhaps you can never appreciate what was meant by the French Monetary Commission in saying that "the double standard is abandoned because it is impracticable and full of difficulties."

There are many difficulties in the way of international bimetallism. Students of finance are familiar with these difficulties; it is desirable that you should be. But in leading up to our points it is well to adhere to the "kindergarten" method in order that the facts may be elucidated clearly for all who, like yourself, may be in need of light to guide them out of the dark shadow of the valley of this free silver death.

You, of course, are aware that a gold dollar will buy approximately as much in any free silver country to-day as any two of their silver dollars will buy. This is because the purchasing power of their silver money is measured by its intrinsic value in gold. If a piece of property in Mexico is valued at $1,000 in silver, it is worth, approximately, $500 in gold. Prices always appreciate, or inflate, above the unit of gold value in the same ratio that the coinage value of money is inflated above its intrinsic value. If you take the inflation out of the coinage of a country you will take the inflation out of the property values. If you could make the silver in a Mexican dollar worth a gold dollar, the article which now costs two Mexican silver dollars would at once be worth only one Mexican silver dollar. Every silver using, silver standard country on the face of the earth is now using silver money depreciated to its bullion value (in gold), and prices of all goods and property in those countries are inflated, and hundreds, nay, thousands of millions, of debts exist there, all of which have been incurred in depreciated money or money worth only about half of its face value.

You have told us that international bimetallism would raise silver to parity with gold and promote prosperity among all the people of the earth by raising the money of the silver-using countries to parity with gold.

You have also told us that the Western farmers of the United States would be ruined if compelled to pay their mortgages in gold or its equivalent.

Now, will you kindly explain to the people of the United States how the hundreds of millions of people in the silver countries could be benefitted if international bimetallism took the depreciation out of their silver coinage, and compelled them to pay in 100-cent dollars (at par with gold) thousands of millions of debts they have contracted in depreciated 50-cent dollars, if, as you claim the American farmer would be ruined if compelled to pay his debts in dollars at par with gold of the world's standard?

Every dollar borrowed by any man in the United States since 1879 was as good as a gold dollar, was at par with the gold dollar, would buy as much as a gold dollar and would buy a gold dollar itself. For this reason every debt in the United States should be paid in dollars worth 100 cents in gold. But in the silver-using countries the case is different; their debts have been contracted in money worth only about one-half as much as a gold dollar, and would at no time buy a gold dollar. Consequently the people of those countries must have time, and lots of it, to adjust their finances to a 100-cent dollar, because, as every student of finance is aware, international bimetallism would take the depreciation out of their coinage, the inflation out of their property values, and if thrust suddenly upon them by the action of other nations (without time for preparation) the readjustment of their finances would only be possible through bankruptcy.

The financiers of Europe know this, and it is one of the difficulties that they recognize in the way of international bimetallism. When you say that Europe is dictating our financial policy because she refuses to adopt bimetallism you misrepresent the facts. The truth of the matter is that you free silver people are trying to dictate the financial policy of Europe by forcing her to adopt bimetallism. Europe answers you and says: "We do not see our way clearly to join you in bimetallism. We have tried it, found it full of difficulties, and, for reasons which we cannot safely ignore, bimetallism must remain the dream of the few."

Mr. Bryan you have said that the single gold standard makes the gold dollar an appreciating dollar, and for this reason you desire the double standard that will give us the silver dollar at par with gold. You ascribe the fall of prices to the appreciation of gold, and by asserting much and proving nothing you have constructed a theory that if we had two kinds of metal, gold and silver, in the standard of value the evil you charge against the single gold standard would be remedied. To state it briefly, you say, first, the gold dollar has appreciated; second the double standard would not permit the dollar to appreciate.

Now, suppose we adopt your double standard and give the people the gold and silver dollars at par, as you propose. A goes to market with the gold dollar in one pocket and the silver dollar in the other pocket—sugar is four cents a pound—each dollar will buy twenty-five pounds of sugar. Wheat is $1 per bushel; each dollar will buy one bushel of wheat. In the course of time A goes to market again, with the silver dollar in one pocket and the gold dollar in the other pocket. He learns that a new process has been discovered for making sugar, and sugar is much cheaper in consequence, say two cents a pound. He can now buy fifty pounds for his gold dollar and fifty pounds for his silver dollar. Both dollars have appreciated 100 per cent. as regards sugar.

He goes to the wheat market and discovers that wheat has been greatly overproduced in Russia, India and the Argentine Republic, as well as in the United States and, in consequence of this, wheat has fallen to 50 cents a bushel. He can buy two bushels with his gold dollar and two bushels with his silver dollar, and as regards wheat, his double-standard (gold and silver) dollars have appreciated 100 per cent. In the course of time he goes to market again, and he learns that the wheat crop of the world is short and wheat has gone up to $1 per bushel. He can buy one bushel with his gold dollar and one bushel with his silver dollar, and as regards wheat his double-standard (gold and silver) dollars have depreciated 50 per cent. since his last purchase.

Now, Mr. Bryan, you see that the dollar is a unit of measure, and its purchasing power is appreciated or depreciated according to the rise and fall of the value of commodities. It would make no difference in the price of wheat or sugar or anything else, whether we have the single-standard gold dollar or the double-standard gold and silver dollars. The rise and fall of the prices of commodities are due entirely to conditions peculiar to the commodities themselves. The cost of production, the supply, the demand, are the factors which prevail to make prices. I have pointed out why the gold dollar appreciates, and challenge you to show that if ever appreciated in any other way or any other cause. I have shown you that the gold dollar and the silver dollar in a double standard would appreciate in the same way. I challenge you to show that my statement is not correct. I have shown that a fixed unit of value whether it be the single gold standard dollar, or the double standard gold and silver dollars, will both appreciate and depreciate in purchasing power accordingly as the supreme law of supply and demand makes commodities worth more or less.

So you must admit that if it were possible to establish the double standard or bimetallism it would operate exactly as the single gold standard does, and prices would not be affected in the least by reason of the change from a single to a double standard. If free coinage does not result in establishing the parity between gold and silver at 16 to 1 the world over it will not succeed in doing so in the United States, and instead of bimetallism and the double standard free silver would give us silver monometallism and all its kindred evils. For these reasons, which should be apparent to everybody, you ought to find time for introspection and ponder seriously over your country's peril should your free silver coinage scheme miscarry. In view of the facts that should press hard upon your conscience you will not shut your eyes to the admotion of the world's experience unless at heart you are a silver monometallist, parading before the American public as a bimetallist, in a Democratic livery, on a Populistic platform in the interest of the silver trust and William Jennings Bryan.

JOHN HENRY PIPER,
Author of "Gold Bug's Financial Kindergarten," New York.

...le for anything which will assist in making experiments. As soon as Prof. Roentgen made his discovery known, Dr. Forwood began his experiments. He secured all the appliances by requisition, "for the good of the service," and established a Crookes tube laboratory unexcelled in the country.

Then he commenced his experiments. He photographed his orderly from every possible standpoint, causing that useful, but somewhat sensitive man to feel a strong desire to get out of the service. He practiced on the hospital corps, and induced many of those who are attached to the general headquarters in the capital city to submit themselves to the influence of the rays. He assembled all of his pictures, but he never touched a liver. Then he went gunning for livers, but so far has not been able to land one.

Dr. Forwood was a member of the army retiring board which adjourned Friday morning after holding sessions for several weeks at Gen. Merritt's headquarters in the Pullman building. He is an enthusiast in medical matters, and especially X rays. It is said that he wanted to photograph the alleged disability of every officer who appeared before the board to be examined for retirement. If they were all right the rays would show it. But somebody suggested that one of the officers suffered from chronic biliary derangement.

"Oh, well," said the deputy surgeon-general, "if that's the matter with him we'll have to try him in the old way. I can't get a liver with the rays."

That started the investigation concerning the power of the rays. Several of the officers detailed for duty on the board knew Dr. Forwood's experiments with the rays, and they asked him to tell what he had done and what the reason is that the rays will not pierce a liver. The doctor agreed, but prefaced his remarks by saying that he knew no special reason why a liver should resist the rays. He only knew that it does.

"I have not given it up," he said, "but it is a singular fact that I cannot get through a liver. I have succeeded in drawing everything else, but this baffles me. The increasing of the power, or voltage, does not help. In some things this does assist. For instance, you can see through a white man much easier than you can through a negro. When a 'darky' is being experimented on you have to increase the power of the instrument in a marked degree. This is due primarily, I suppose, to the pigments in the colored man's skin and the corresponding density of his covering. But this liver business gets me.

"The annoying nature of this failure is shown when you figure the number of fellows who get bullets in their livers in a battle. It is hard to hit a man in the trunk without invoving one or both lobes of the organ. Now, a wound in the liver may or may not be fatal. It is not necessarily fatal. If the surgeon goes after the bullet and finds it has penetrated the liver, as far as I can see, he will have to trust to luck, cut the man wide open, or let the ball alone.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

—OF A—

HANDSOME RESIDENCE

IN OAKLAND.

Under and by virtue of a power contained in a mortgage from Ellen Gibbons and P. H. Gibbons to G. S. Hamill and by him assigned to Ester G. Rathbone, said mortgage bearing date of December 11, 1883, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 15, folio 510, one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Default having been made in the payment of the principal, interest, insurance and taxes of said mortgage, I hereby give notice that as assignee of said mortgage, I will on the

17th DAY OF OCTOBER, 1896,

AT TWO O'CLOCK, P. M.,

in front of the Postoffice in Oakland, offer at public sale for cash all the property described in said mortgage, being

LOTS NOS. 1, 2 and 3

In Brant's Addition to the town of Oakland. Said lots are improved by a

Commodious and Well Arranged Dwelling House

with modern improvements; also a carriage house, stable, ice house, etc., etc.

This handsome property is located on Oak Street and is occupid by Maj. E. G. Rathbone.

Terms of sale as prescribed by said mortgage, cash on the day of sale. Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

E. G. RATHBONE,
Assignee of Mortgage.

J. L. McCOMAS, Jr.,

Sign, Carriage and Wagon Painting.

INDELIBLE INK WORK on LINEN.

Second Street, OAKLAND, MD.

All work entrusted to my care will receive Prompt Attention.

29-1yr.

Removal.

I, the undersigned, have removed my place of business from the Lour building to the Ravenscroft (Meyers) building on Railroad street, where I will continue to carry a well assorted stock of

JEWELRY,

and give special attention to the repairing of watches, clocks, etc.

Give me a call. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

H. C. SMOUSE.

29—2m.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 8 1896.

Notice is hereby given to all persons using and crossing bridges with steam threshers or saw mill boilers and engines, that they will be held responsible for any and all damages done to said bridges by hauling steam threshers, boilers and engines over them.

By order of the board,

IRA E. FRIEND, President.

Attest: J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

ESTATE OF HENRY NEWMAN, DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscribers, of Somerset County, Pennsylvania, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the estate of

HENRY NEWMAN,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 1st day of April next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 19th day of September, 1896.

ASA R. NEWMAN, } Executors.
NORMAN NEWMAN, }

Elk Lick, Pa.

39—3t*

—THE—

Maryland Agricultural College,

COLLEGE PARK, MD.

Maryland's School of Technology.

FOUR COURSES OF INSTRUCTION: } Agricultural, Mechanical, Civil, Scientific, Classical.

Each department supplied with the most modern and approved apparatus. Practical work emphasized in all departments. Graduates qualified at once to enter upon their life's work. Boarding department supplied with all modern improvements; Bath Rooms, Closets, Steam Heat and Gas. Books, Room, Rent, Light, Washing, Board, Medical attendance, $144 for scholastic year. ☞ A 130 page catalogue, giving full particulars, sent on application. Daily sanitary inspection by Physicians to the College. Attention is called to the short course of ten weeks in Agriculture. Particulars sent on application. Term commences September 16th. Early application necessary for admittance.

R. W. SILVESTER, President M. A. C.

25—6

REGISTRATION OF VOTERS.

OFFICE OF BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF ELECTIONS FOR GARRETT COUNTY.

OAKLAND, MD., September 1, 1896.

Notice is hereby given to the voters of Garrett county that the Registrars for the various precincts and districts will meet for the purpose of registering voters at the places below, between the hours of 8 a. m. and 8 p. m.:

First sitting—Tuesday, September 15th.

Second sitting—Tuesday and Wednesday, September 22d and 23d.

Third sitting—Tuesday and Wednesday, September 29th and 30th.

Fourth sitting—Tuesday and Wednesday, October 6th and 7th.

And on Tuesday, Oct. 13, for Revision only.

NO ONE CAN REGISTER AFTER WEDNESDAY, OCT. 7TH.

District No. 1—at Swanton.
District No. 2—at Friendsville.
District No. 3—at Grantsville.
District No. 4—at Bloomington.
District No. 5—at Accident.
District No. 6—at McHenry.
District No. 7, 1st precinct—at Oakland in Thomas Martin's store room, corner Oak and 3rd Streets.
District No. 7, 2d precinct—at Oakland in John Sheritzer's new building, corner Second and Liberty Streets.
District No. 8—at the Old Hoye Place on the Northwestern Turnpike.
District No. 9—at Johnson's.
District No. 10—at Deer Park.
District No. 11—at the residence of Peter McIntyre.
District No. 12—at Bittinger.

This notice being given by authority of and in pursuance of Section 33, Chapter 262 of the Acts of the General Assembly of Maryland, 1896.

By order of the Board,

A. G. STURGISS, President,
J. ALVIN FRIEND,
FRED C. RIES,
Supervisors.

FARM FOR SALE.

I, the undersigned, offer for sale my farm containing 181 acres, lying in district No. 10, south of Deer Park about four miles. I will now give you the cash value of said farm valued by the assessors for Garrett county, $1568. This is expected to be their righteous judgment. I now offer the same for $1200, eight hundred dollars down and the remaining $400 in one year from day of sale, purchaser giving his note with approved security. Anyone desiring to pay all cash can buy said farm at a reduced price by working a small sum in subtraction. You can see there is considerable difference between the assessors' valuation and the owner's valuation. Supposing that three men's judgment is far superior to that of one man, you have the chance to make a nice sum of money and as all this money can be made in one day I invite anyone who wants to buy to come and I will take the pleasure to show said farm.

29—3t ANDREW J. LEE.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In effect July 19, 1896.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS		NORTHWARD	
No. 3 P. M.	No. 1 A. M.			No. 2 NOON	No. 4 P. M.
5 00	8 00	lv	Cumberland	ar 12 40	4 30
3 31	8 31		Bowlings	11 29	5 30
4 56	8 56		Keyser	11 04	6 30
4 09	9 09		Westernport	10 51	6 25
4 12	9 12		W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	6 20
4 37	9 37		Shaw	10 23	5 55
5 00	10 00		Harrison	10 00	5 28
6 15	10 45	ar	Elk Garden	8 55	4 30
5 35	10 55	lv	Gorman	9 25	4 58
5 41	10 41		Bayard	9 15	4 48
5 52	10 52		Deboin	9 04	4 38
6 23	11 23		Thomas	8 34	4 08
6 35	11 35	ar	Davis	8 20	3 55
6 27	11 27	lv	Coketon	8 31	3 02
6 51	11 51		Henderick	7 39	3 39
6 57	11 57		Dretz	7 31	3 25
7 00	12 00		Parsons	7 28	3 22
7 30	12 30		Kerens	7 18	2 47
8 00	1 00	ar	Elkins	lv 7 10	2 40
	1 30	ar	Beverly	lv	1 55
	3 05	ar	Huntington	lv	12 40
P. M.	P. M.				A. M.

Daily. Daily except Sunday.

C. L. DRETZ, General Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	Daily	2 46 A. M
No. 5	Daily	7 07 A. M
No. 71	Accomodation except Sunday	9 00 A. M
No. 47	Daily	9 40 A. M
No. 55	Express, daily	6 22 P. M
No. 15	Accommodation daily	4 58 P. M
No. 1	Daily	10 30 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	Daily	7 20 A. M
No. 2	Daily	8 31 A. M
No. 14	Accommodating, daily	9 55 A. M
No. 72	Accomodation except Sun.	1 20 P. M
No. 6	Daily	4 15 P. M
No. 4	Daily	6 25 A. M

CHAS. D. SCULL, Gen'l Pass. Ag't.

C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

THE

G. E. PEARCE DRUG CO.,

OF FROSTBURG, MD.

We have probably the largest stock of goods in the drug line in Western Maryland.

P. D. & CO. and S. and D. proprietary articles always in stock, supplied to physicians at jobbers' prices.

OUR LINE OF

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES AND WINDOW GLASS

IS LARGE AND COMPLETE.

We sell and guarantee D. CAS TINT'S GLOSS PAINT at $1.25 per gallon.

9-2m

THE

Maryland Building and Loan Association

of Garrett County.

OFFICERS

ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencie

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.

EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ¼ oil prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON, Keyser, W. Va.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

BIG JOHN.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

NEWFOUNDLAND has many wild, desolate stretches of coast, and among them all there is, perhaps, none wilder or more desolate or more inhospitable than the vicinity of the Bay of Exploits, on the northeast shore. Here the wind is always full of snarls and growls, and the fog is thick and black, and the jagged, fang-like rocks which steal treacherously out under the surface of the water are a menace to coast vessels, and effectually isolate the fishermen from the outside world. But the people are contented and happy, and, as far as they know, prosperous. They have fish and clams and lobsters to eat, and rough clothing enough to keep them from freezing. And, if sometimes they go hungry, they are sure to forget it in the feast of to-morrow, or the next day, or the next, or in that exhilarating time when schools of fish return to the coast. Often there are weeks of continual rough weather, when the winds shriek, and the waves lash themselves against the rocks; and at such times the fishermen haul their boats above tide-water and utilize the hours in mending seines and in making lobster pots and traps.

It was during such a week as this that the pleasure yacht Explorer lost her course and went to pieces on the rocks south of Twillington island. The sea was high from long-continued gales, and the air was thick with snow and frozen particles of spray; but the first signal of distress brought the fishermen out in their boats, and though one of them never returned, all the passengers of the Explorer were brought safely to land and apportioned among the households of the little hamlet.

The next morning these rescued passengers went down on the beach in storm-coats and ulsters and gazed out across the boiling expanse of water toward where the yacht had been, and then looked at each other with disquieted faces. There was little left of the Explorer now—only a few broken and twisted planks along the beach at tide-mark—and they had learned that the wilderness of snow-covered hills and valleys behind them were impassable at this season.

"Well," said a short, fat man, lugubriously, "it is a clear case of mistaken charity. If there is a choice between drowning and an unmixed, unvaried, indefinite diet of fish, it is most assuredly against the fish. What do you say, my lord?"

The person addressed, a tall, handsome man, of middle age, and evidently the head of the party, looked down indulgently

"It is a sad thing, doctor, to meet a case of utter subjection to appetite," he said. "For my part, I prefer fish diet to being diet for fish. And really, it seems almost too bad that these brave fellows should have gone to the trouble of rescuing you last night. Ah! but it was a grand sight, though," his eyes kindling. "I have led forlorn hopes on the battle field, but never where the odds were so terrible as that hissing, whirling, thundering sea. And that reminds me, we have not yet thanked the grand, old white-haired man, who was the guiding spirit of the fishermen. I have a shrewd idea that but for him we would not be here now."

He turned to a boy who was watching them with big, round eyes.

"Can you tell me where the old man is, my lad—the one with the long, white hair?"

"Big John. He likely out feeshin'."

"Not in this sea?"

The boy nodded.

"He don't mind it," lowering his voice; "where other folks drown, he go. There's plenty think him spelled."

"What?"

"Spelled—by a ha'nt, you know. Eef he have the spell he no fear bein' kill. But who are you?" bluntly.

"Robert Esleigh."

"The fat man called you 'my lord.'"

"Oh, that is just a name they call some of the people in my country. But come, ladies and gentlemen," to his party, "this weather is too harsh for unnecessary exposure. Suppose you return to shelter, and leave me to wander about the village awhile. I wish to meet and thank each of the fishermen for last night's work, and, if possible, to make some arrangement for our departure."

He stood for a few moments longer, gazing out at the raging sea, then, with the boy accompanying him, walked down the beach to where several fishermen were hauling a seine which they owned in common.

He walked from one to another, talking about the work, about the weather, about their struggle of the previous night. And little by little he learned that there was scarcely a point on the whole Newfoundland coast as lonely as this Bay of Exploits; that the fishing season had been good, and that the supply, salted down, would be amply sufficient to keep them all until herrings returned; that it would be discourteous to offer payment for their entertainment; and lastly, that they might have to remain a week, a month, two months, according to the weather and the advent of the mailboat. During the summer this link with the outside world appeared every two weeks, but in bad weather, as one old boatmender said: "It come when it come."

"Eef the good weather was now arrive," he continued, as he dexterously drove home a piece of oakum and covered it with red lead and putty, "why we would put you into our boats and head for St. Johns; but at this season it would be death for the demoiselles. Our homes are small, but they are better than the open sea."

"Indeed they are," heartily, "and be assured we appreciate them to the fullest extent. But can you tell me where to find the tall, white-haired man who directed the rescue last night? I have not seen him since."

"Eh! Big John? You should seek him on the sea. Always he is there, except Sunday. To-day is Saturday. To-morrow he will be here. In the morning he will have Sunday school; then he will give us older people a discourse. In the afternoon he will teach the children how to read; and those of us who are ill will go to him and find out what is the matter and get medicine. Big John is a busy man, and Sunday is his busiest day."

"Ah! he is not one of you, then?"

"One of us!" raising his eyebrows. "Non, non! Could you not tell from his calmness and his way of giving commands that he had been a great soldier somewhere, some time? I know nothing of him but what I have seen, only I have eyes and I have ears."

The next day many curious glances were directed toward the bowed, massive figure of Big John as he moved about the village.

Most of the shipwrecked party went to his Sunday-school, and remained to listen to his discourse to the fishermen. In the afternoon several of the ladies volunteered to assist him in teaching the children, and among them was a fair, queenly woman whom her companions addressed as Lady Esleigh.

This woman seemed to exert an extraordinary influence over the old man. He made pretexts for hovering about her, and appeared to engage her in conversation merely to listen to her voice.

FISHERMEN RESCUING THE PAST.

When at last he turned away toward his own home at the end of the village, there was an elasticity in his movements and a brightness in his eyes such as they had not known for many a long year.

Sunday evenings he was accustomed to spend by himself, and knowing his wishes, the fishermen seldom disturbed him. But this day and evening seemed destined to unusual interruptions. Scarcely had he cleared away the remains of his frugal supper when steps sounded outside, followed by a sharp knock.

"Come in," he called; "people do not stand upon ceremony here. Every man's home belongs to his neighbor."

The door opened, and a short, fat figure appeared.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Big John," he said, as he glanced about the room with quick, scrutinizing eyes, "but I—you see, we all of us feel very grateful for that night's work, and so we've watched you rather curiously to-day, and I—er noticed that remarkable signet ring on your finger. Some bit of flotsam, I suppose. May I ask how it came into your possession?"

"It is a family trinket, and my only connection with the past," said the old man, gravely. "It never leaves my possession."

"Ah! Um! May I look at it? Thank you," as he bent over the extended hand, "it is as I thought. A very remarkable ring. I do not question your statement, Mr. Big John, we are very grateful, but this ring has no counterpart in the world. It was on Lord Sedgwicke's finger when he was drowned. Of course, I understand it is all right. You are a fisherman, and accustomed to pick up strange bits of wreckage, and we are very grateful. Certainly, it is a remarkable circumstance, but we are very grateful, indeed."

At this moment footsteps again sounded outside, followed by a sharp knock, as before. In response to the old man's invitation to enter, the door opened, and the man who had called himself Robert Esleigh stepped into the room.

"Ah, you here, doctor?" Then, turning to Big John, he held out his hand impulsively. "I would like to shake hands with you," he said, "and to thank you for your brave combat of the other night. It was gallantly done."

Instead of answering, the old man took his hand and gazed long and earnestly into his face.

"You are Robert, Lord Esleigh," he said at last, musingly. "I can see the same frank, open face and noble carriage that distinguishes the family. Nay," as his guest started, "do not mind the garrulity of an old man who is curious to know something of his former associates. I should not have spoken, but your friend here has made insinuations against my possession of the Sedwicke signet ring, and has implied that some explanation might be required. As to your identity, I have seen your father and grandfather, and to-day I heard them call Clotilde—er, your wife—Lady Elseigh. I could guess the rest."

"Who are you?"

"It does not matter. Perhaps I was a servant at Sedwicke castle, possibly a gamekeeper or tenant, or perhaps even a guest. At any rate, I am interested in the place, and once had my friends and acquaintances there. You say Lord Sedwicke was drowned. Did the little girl, Clotilde, succeed to the estate?"

"It will be hers after the death of her uncle Henry, the present Lord Sedwicke. He has no children."

"Henry, the present Lord Sedwicke!" Big John passed his hand across his forehead in a dazed sort of way. "I do not understand. John Sedwicke was drowned, and—and his brother Henry was murdered at about the same time. Little Clotilde was the only one left of the family."

Lord Esleigh looked perplexed.

"Why, man alive," broke in the doctor, "operating
ishing
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Oh,
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fifty
want its purchasing power di
ished?

What assurance have I that wages will be advanced to correspond with the increase of prices which free silver orators say is necessary to give the country a boom?

Can I mark up my wages as fa as easily as the grocer or mere can mark up his prices?

What compensation can ther for me in giving the silver min ers free coinage for their bullion wages will buy less and my sav are legally made payable in 53 dollars? Where do I come in?

How will it help me to hurt R feller, Gould, Sage, Pierpoint Mo or even Carnegie and Pullman? the "money kings" stand a panic more business better than I can?

Is the best dollar in the world good for me or for any workingm

Am I the fool that the Popu cranks and the free silver orators me to be?

The workingman who is capabl asking himself practical quest like these and giving sensible ans is in no danger of voting to clip dollar or scale down his savings.

Capt. John McDonald.

The Montgomery *Press*, the re sentative Republican paper of M gomery county, last week gave short sketch of the life of Capt. J McDonald, the Republican nomi for Congress from this district, fr which the following has been glean for the benefit of the readers of T REPUBLICAN:

"He is in every way fitted to be t standard bearer in this district. man of unassuming manner, his is above reproach and here, where is well known, he is much beloved his integrity and generous charact

"Capt. McDonald is in the prime vigorous manhood although he h passed through varied and trying e periences. He entered the regul service of the United States army 1857 and was assigned to the Fi Dragoons, stationed in Arizona, p ticipating in several campaig against hostile Indians in Arizo California and Utah.

In November, 1861, he was order to the seat of war and served wi the Army of the Potomac. He w complimented by the commander his troop for bravery and efficie conduct at Williamsburg, Va., May 1862. He participated in the "seve days' battle" in front of Richmon where he won his shoulder strap being promoted to a second lieuten ancy July 16, 1862, on the recom mendation of the officers of his reg ment. At the battle of Kelly's For he was severely injured and was com plimented by the commanding office for the part he had taken in that ac tion. McDonald served under Sheri dan in the Shenandoah Valley, being engaged in the "Gordonsville raid." He was made first lieutenant Dec. 29 1863, and promoted captain July 1 1864, [illegible]

selves unconsciously. As the voice ceased, he slipped the signet ring from his finger and gave it to Lord Esleigh.

"It is for your wife—Clotilde," he said, simply. "Tell her to let it keep in mind the old fisherman who became interested in her to-day, and through him, her own father who died so many years ago. And now God bless you. We shall not meet again."

"But why not go back with us?" urged Lord Esleigh, impetuously. "You say you have friends there; and we will be only too glad to give you a home and care for you all your life. Think what you have done for us, man."

Big John shook his head.

"I am of use here," he said, "and I like the people; and besides, what could a rough fisherman of 30 years' exposure do among the polished ladies and gentlemen of a castle? I have not many years left, and they can best be passed among my people here. But I thank you for the offer."

"At least we will meet again?"

"No, I saw the mail boat beating off shore just before dark. She will be in to-morrow and will take you to St. Johns, and from there you can return to England. I leave at daylight to examine my lobsteer pots and seines; and now, once more, good-by and God bless you." He opened the door, and as they passed out, Lord Esleigh looked at him with a sudden, half-comprehending scrutiny, then shook his head, as though in derision of some preposterous idea. Big John listened until the sound of their footsteps died away in the darkness. "Good-by—little Clotilde," he said, and then closed the door softly.—N. Y. Ledger.

IN THE BARREN GROUNDS.

Our Three-Caribou Feast—Feeding the Dogs.

When we killed caribou the dogs were fed on the spot, and the little meat remaining was divided among the sledges, to be carried for them against the days we were not so lucky. We never were lucky enough to kill before this little supply was exhausted. Had we been, we (the seven Indians and I) would have eaten meat. As it was, we ate the intestines and fat and the dogs ate the meat, because there was not nourishment enough in the intestines for the dogs. Before we left Resolution Beniah and I had a thorough understanding on this point. Many of the Indian expeditions to the Barrens are crippled by loss of dogs from starvation, and I knew the loss of our dogs meant failure, so we decided if there was any starving the greater part of it should fall on us, realizing, of course, that if the worst came we could eat the dogs. Beniah held to his agreement and forced compliance from the others, and to his wisdom in this direction, in fact, is due much of our success in getting out of the Barrens.

When it is remembered that the ordinary meal for a dog train—i. e., four dogs, that are traveling 30 or more miles a day—consists of a caribou hind and fore quarter, that we had 28 dogs, and that we never got more than a caribou or two at intervals of several days, the reader may understand why the dogs were like wild animals, and why we ate the intestines and grease and saved them the meat.

When we killed musk-ox we first cut off meat for a day or two's dog feeding and then turned the dogs loose on the carcasses, over which they worried and snarled and fought the livelong night. When there were no carcasses they were fed out of hand from the slender supply on the sledge, and then they fought us and worried the weaker among themselves into dividing the frozen chunks that were tossed to them.

This dog feeding was a trying experience. All the trains were fed at the same time—when we camped at night and such a scene cannot be duplicated anywhere on earth. As we emerged from the lodge with the tiny feed rolled up in the skirt of our capote, there was a rush by the dogs that pretty nearly carried us off our feet, and frequently knocked down the lodge. We always tried, but never with success, to steal a march on the dogs and get away from the lodge before the rush, but the moment one of us showed his head they gathered for the assault, and there was nothing to do but to scramble out as best we could, otherwise they would have poured into the lodge and torn it and our clothes to pieces in their crazy hunger. So we would bolt out in a body, heads down, and hugging the meat to our breasts with one hand, use the whip vigorously with the other, while the dogs jumped into us and on top of us in their frantic endeavors to tear away the little scrap of meat we held. Gradually we would separate, and each man attempt to gather his train by lashing those that did not belong to him, and calling by name those that did.

When, after much fighting, each had gathered his own, the actual process of feeding began, and this again demanded much activity and some strategy to insure every dog of your train getting its portion. I never had time to notice how the Indians did it, but my method was to run each dog in turn a few yards from the other three, quickly toss his meat to him before the others caught up, and then stand guard over him while he ate it.

The eating did not occupy much time—there was only a growl, a grab, and a gulp, and the meat was gone.

It was necessary to be expeditious, for the dogs that had swallowed their meat ran from group to group seeking those that had not, and woe betide the poor beast that attempted to masticate his morsel! Two of my train, Flossie and Finnette, were very timid, and gave me no end of bother. It was only necessary for another dog to start toward them, and they would drop their meat and run off. I found it necessary to hold them by the scuff of the neck while they ate, and I laid my whipstock over the heads of the dogs that fought around me.

Feeding animals in the Zoo isn't a circumstance to feeding dogs in the Barrens.

Our three caribou feast of that morning—our third in the "Land of Little Sticks"—was the last. I like to dwell on it even now. First the legs of the caribou were cut off, stripped of their sinews and flesh, and the bones cracked open for the marrow; then the heart and kidneys and two unborn calves; then the tongues and the eyes and the ears; and all the while ribs were roasting, stuck upon sticks about the fire, and a kettle full of what was left from the dog-feed hung suspended from a tripod over all. I confined myself to the marrow and ribs, and simply marveled at the quantity those Indians ate. When we started on again there was not left a great deal of the three caribou to load on the sledges, but the Indians were in good humor.—Caspar W. Whitney, in Harper's Magazine.

Cats Around the Farm.

Rats infesting the granaries and cribs on the farm have always been a source of a great deal of annoyance and only occasionally do we see the receptacles for corn and grain so constructed as to be rat proof. To make them so requires a good deal of extra effort. We believe plenty of good cats are preferable to rats. A supply of female cats will keep the farm rid of rats, and they need not be kept about the house either. They can be taught to stay where they are needed.—Coleman's Rural World.

Strained Relations.

She—What is the cause of the strained relations between Westside and Pearl Playee?

He—She punctured her tire the other night and the nearest Westside could come to the air pump was a cork screw.—Buffalo News.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"You look frightfully gloomy, Simpkins; are you in debt?" "No, the trouble is I can't get a chance to be."—Chicago Record.

—"I told her I would lay the world at her feet." "What did she say?" "She said if I was that athletic I ought to be traveling with a show."—Chicago Record.

—Combination.—"Oh, you just ought to see our flat," she exclaimed, enthusiastically. "We've the loveliest combination kitchen and folding-bed that ever was."—Detroit Tribune.

—"Smart woman, Jones' wife." "Why?" "Found she talked in her sleep; studied awhile, and now she lectures him all night without disturbing her own slumbers!"—Larks.

—"They must have had a cyclone over at Newriches' last week." "What makes you think so?" "Mrs. Newriches said they had their monogram blown into every piece of glass in the house."—Detroit Free Press.

—"Are you a socialist?" asked a Texas colonel, poising his pocket-flask in the air as he regarded his chance acquaintance suspiciously. "I am." "Then you will excuse me if I drink before passing the flask."—Texas Sifter.

—The Little Critic.—"I think that must be a splendid book, Aunt Jennie." "Why do you think so, dear?" "Because, when you read the author's description of that midnight scene, I got just as sleepy as I could be—just as if it really was midnight."—Harper's Bazar.

—"Henry," said she, "wake up. I believe there is a man in the house." "Well, what if there is?" said Henry, sleepily. "If there was a woman in the house, do you suppose I would go to the trouble of waking you up and telling you about it?" By this time Henry was awake and explaining.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE ART OF NURSING.

A London Professional Who Does Not Believe In a "Born" Nurse.

A woman who is a trained nurse, occupying, after years of practice, a superior place in a London hospital, has been giving a course of lectures on her profession. Her first proposition at a recent talk was that there is no such thing as a born nurse; the habit of observation was a duty and the basis of nursing, which was an art only learned by practice.

Among some practical utterances of the speaker were: "A sunny sickroom, one that was entered by the sun once in 24 hours, is desirable; patients placed on the south side in a hospital ward recover sooner, by ten days to a fort night, than those on the north side. Plenty of light is beneficial, except in cases of brain disease. The less furniture in the room the better, and to keep it clean a damp duster should be used instead of a dry one. The air must be kept as pure inside as outside, and there was little or no risk about having the window open, top and bottom, if the patient were well covered, head included, and a good fire kept burning. Night air is not injurious; it is purer in a city after ten p. m. than at any other time. The bed should never be in a corner, but accessible from all points. In fever and surgical cases, a 'cradle' had sometimes to be used to keep off the weight of the bedclothes; an impromptu cradle could be made out of a pandbox, with the bottom knocked out. Bedmaking was the grammar and keystone of nursing; many regular nurses could not make a good bed. It was important to act with decision when the time came for any office, and not to worry the patient by hesitation or talking of what was to be done; to tread quietly, but firmly; not on tiptoe, and never to whisper to a third person. Every effort ought to be made to secure for the patient two hours' sleep before midnight. Amateur nurses often broke down through neglecting to take food when keeping watch through the night.—St. Louis Republic.

A FAMILY DISCUSSION.

But Mr. Boram Falls to Take a Hand In It.

Boram abhors anything frivolous, and when he sat down to dinner the other day it was with a determination to carry on a rational and pleasant conversation such as the doctor had assured him would promote digestion and good health. "There was one thing remarkable about that St. Louis con—" he began.

"Quit scrouging me," shouted the youngest as he landed on the short rib of his sister with a pointed elbow.

"There was one remark—"

"Just a drop more cream in this here coffee," from the country uncle, who was in to spend a few days, to the head of the table.

"Ahem! There was one re—"

"I scorched on the avenue last night," broke in the shock-headed boy who is in the seventh grade. "I wasn't skeered of no policeman. I give 'em the hyenar laugh."

"There was one remarkabb—"

"Sarah, when I sound the buzzer you're expected to respond at once," said Mrs. Boram as the maid of all work appeared. "Help Mr. Boram to some more butter."

"There was one—"

"I don't mind Edith Wobberly borrowing books from me," cut in the eldest, "but she's got to return them or I will choke off the supply. Some people never do know anything."

"There wa—"

"There has been so much rain this season that we can't count on more an half a crop of anything. Never saw the like in my life. I'm clean discouraged," and the bucolic uncle mopped his florid countenance with a bandana.

"Were you going to say something, papa?" queried Mrs. Boram of her husband.

"Not a thing. Don't let me interrupt this highly edifying conversation. Pass the red pepper."—Detroit Free Press.

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General Passenger Agent, St. Louis.

ONLY the man who gives hoping for nothing again, who gives freely, without calculation, out of the fullness of his heart—can find his love returned to him.—F. D. Maurice.

A Singular Form of Monomania.

There is a class of people, rational enough in other respects, who are certainly monomaniacs in dosing themselves. They are constantly trying experiments upon their stomachs, their bowels, their livers and their kidneys with trashy nostrums. When these organs are really out of order, if they would only use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would, if not hopelessly insane, perceive its superiority.

"Why, Mr. Portly, you are all done up. What's the matter?" "Bicycle." "But you don't ride a wheel—" "No, but the other fellow does."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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TEMPERANCE.

A BARREL OF WHISKY.

A dryman rolled forth from his cart to the street
A red-headed barrel well bound and complete,
And on it red letters, like forked tongues of flame,
Emblazoned the grade, number, quality, fame,
Of his world-renowned whisky from somebody's still,
Who arrested the grain on the way to the mill.

So there stood the barrel, delivered, but I
Could see that a shadow was hovering nigh—
A sulphurous shadow that grew as I gazed
To the form of Mephisto. Though sorely amazed,
I ventured to question this imp of the realm
Where vice is the pilot, with crime at the helm,
And asked him politely his mission to name,
And if he was licensed to retail the same
Identical barrel of whisky which he
Was fondly surveying with demoniac glee?

"Oh, I never handled the stuff," he replied.
"My partners, mortal, are trusty and tried.
Mayhap, peradventure, you might wish to look
At the invoice complete I will read from this book.

You will find that this barrel contains something more
Than forty-two gallons of whisky, galore."
And ere I could slip but another word in
He checked it off gayly, this cargo of sin:
"A barrel of headaches, of heartaches, of woes;
A barrel of curses, a barrel of blows;
A barrel of tears from a world-weary wife;
A barrel of sorrow, a barrel of strife;
A barrel of all unavailing regret;
A barrel of cares and a barrel of debt;
A barrel of crime and a barrel of pain;
A barrel of hopes ever blasted and vain;
A barrel of falsehood, a barrel of cries
That fall from the maniac's lips as he dies;
A barrel of agony, heavy and dull;
A barrel of poison—of this nearly full;
A barrel of poverty, ruin, and blight;
A barrel of terrors that grow with the night;
A barrel of hunger, a barrel of groans;
A barrel of orphans' most pitiful moans;
A barrel of serpents that hiss as they pass
From the head on the liquor that glows in the glass—
My barrel, my treasure, I bid thee farewell.
Sow ye the foul seed. I will reap it in hell!"
—Trestleboard.

THE HARD TIMES.

They Do Not Seem to Affect the Whisky and Tobacco Industries.

A New York liquor paper assures us that the whisky trade is bearing its share of trouble, caused by the stringency of the money market, and that consumption has decreased to a degree quite alarming to those dealers who have an oversupply on hand. While we are making the most of this drop of comfort, amid the general depression caused by the "hard times," a Chicago liquor organ comes our way and under the caption: "Chicago saloons hold their own," states that the "anticipated reduction in the number of saloons failed to materialize to any appreciable extent." While other business firms are going down every day under the financial strain, the liquor firms are prospering, and the new saloons that follow the suburban electric lines secure the most desirable corners and are fitted up with luxurious furnishings—for which the poor man pays.

The tobacco "industry" also seems to be unaffected by the prevailing stagnation. Tobacco, a journal that describes itself as the only paper exclusively for wholesale and retail dealers in cigars and manufactured tobacco, publishes statistics which show that the hard times have not lessened the quantity of tobacco used in the United States. The increase in the consumption of manufactured tobacco for chewing and smoking for the last fiscal year was 5,397,000 pounds; of cigars, 73,783,504; and of cigarettes, 722,356,543. These last figures especially are appalling! What an outlook for the next generation! How long before a christian civilization will bestow as much attention upon the improvement of humanity as it does upon its cattle and horses? What the world needs today is thoroughbred men and women—men and women of sound bodies, sound minds, sound morals—instead of the "degenerates" produced by the use of tobacco and other poisons.—Union Signal.

Don't Marry Drinkers.

Now that the season of weddings is upon us we frequently hear the question: "What kind of a man is she marrying?" Far too often the answer is: "Well, he's been a little dissipated, I guess, but I hear he has reformed," or, "he sometimes takes a little too much wine, but I reckon he'll settle down, now that he is married." Not a bit of it! He'll be much more apt to become "settled" in his habits of dissipation, and the roses on the fair bride's cheeks will grow whiter than the Easter lilies that perfumed the chancel on her bridal day. Would that some superhuman power could save our sweet young girls from becoming the wives of drunkards, as too many of them are doing.—Temperance Tribune.

From the figures given by Prof. Peabody, of Harvard university, it would seem that over 100,000 different persons daily patronize the bars of Boston, and that the daily receipts are $22,675.

THE WAY IT ACTS.

Progressive Effect of Alcohol on the Nervous System.

The effect of alcohol on the nervous system is progressive. Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, as a result of his extended researches, mentions four successive stages:

"1. Excitement, produced by the unusual flow of blood through the capillaries, because the nerves controlling them have become paralyzed. The resistance to the passage of the blood through their minute vessels having been partially removed, the heart responds with increased action. This is a kind of exhilaration, but no added power is really given to the body. The mind may seem a little more active, but the understanding is really dulled.

"2. Muscular Weakness. If more alcohol is taken, that portion of the nervous system that controls the action of the muscles is then affected. The lower lip generally falls first, the tongue thickens, and the lower limbs are affected, producing the staggering, uncertain gait, while the muscles of the face lose their 'tone,' producing the idiotic expresion usually found in one coming rapidly under the complete influence of alcohol.

"3. Mental Weakness. The cerebrum is next affected, and the mind is in a chaos. Ideas may flow rapidly, and the tongue attempt to respond more glibly, but the judgment has lost its balance. This is the time for brawls; animal instincts come to the front, revealing the hidden nature that education and social restraint had concealed.

"4. Unconsciousness. The brain and spinal cord are completely under the narcotic influence of the alcohol, and the victim is dead drunk. Persons in this condition have sustained serious injuries without being conscious of the fact until the effect of the alcohol has passed away."

The nerve centers that supply the heart and diaphragm are the slowest to be influenced, so the breathing and circulation still go on. Were this otherwise, every case of drunkenness would result in death. When the system rallies from a fit of intoxication, an aching head, sick stomach and exhausted body are naturally the results of the congested condition of the system.

Some reliable authorities claim that "a once thoroughly intoxicated brain never fully becomes what it was before, though the outward evidence of a debauch may wholly pass away if the use of alcohol is abandoned."

When drinking is a habit, the brain becomes permanently impaired and the nerves deranged, bringing to the individual the most serious moral consequences, as well as destroying the mental powers, entailing disease not only on the victim himself, but on those that come after him.

The action of alcohol on the brain matter is two-fold: (1) Mechanical effect on its structures; (2) Narcotic effect.

By mechanical effect is meant the tendency of the alcohol to change the brain matter from a soft pulpy or custard consistency to a hardened condition, by extracting the water. In the moderate use of this drug, the change is of course slight, yet it is sufficient to hinder the functions of this important organ, mental as well as physical.

The narcotic effect of alcohol is the most common, and is produced by a much smaller quantity than is necessary to occasion the physical change referred to. — Scientific Temperance Bulletin.

SPIRITS AND TOBACCO.

Amount of Revenue the Government Realized from Them During Last Fiscal Year.

The United States commissioner of internal revenue shows by his preliminary report of the last fiscal year, just submitted to Secretary Carlisle, telling figures as follows: From spirits the receipts were $80,670,070, an increase of $807,443. Tobacco brought in a revenue of $30,711,629, or $1,006,721 more than in the preceding year. From fermented liquors there was derived $33,781,235, or $2,143,617 more than during the preceding year. Ale, beers and similar liquors brought in $33,139,141, an increase of $2,094,826. During the year 67,039,610 gallons of spirits distilled from other material than fruit were withdrawn for consumption, a decrease of 7,413,119 gallons as compared with the preceding year. Cigarettes to the number of 4,042,391,640 were drawn out, 714,987,860 more than consumed during the preceeding year. The number of cigars and cheroots withdrawn was 4,237,755,943, an increase of 73,783,503. Chewing and smoking tobacco was taken out to the amount of 253,667,317 pounds, an increase of 5,397,499 pounds.

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

The man who runs after a drink will soon get so that he cannot run at all.—Lever.

Every crime has its origin, more or less, in drunkenness.—The late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge.

Every woman who has to live with a drunken husband knows that the devil is still loose.—Ram's Horn.

Every swing of the saloon door finds an echo of woe in the heart of some woman.—National Temperance Advocate.

The saloonkeeper may fool the drunkard with the dice box, but he cannot fool God with a clean shave.—Lever.

As long as the devil can find men who will make and sell whisky, there is no reason why he should be discouraged—Ram's Horn.

In none of the largely increasing number of parks and places of out-of-door resort for the London public is the sale of alcoholic beverages permitted.

It has been stated that if all the money spent on liquor in Great Britain was given to the railway companies everybody could ride free in that country, there would be nothing to pay for the carriage of goods, and a balance of £60,000,000 would remain.

ENGLAND'S BEST SCOUT.

He Is a Fighter from Texas Engaged in the Matabele War.

Wherever you go you find the American, and he is never in the rear ranks. The best scout in the Matabele war is an American, Burnham, a Texan, who wears a Texan sombrero and rides a Texas saddle. He fights for the pleasure of fighting. "His education and his natural powers of inductive reasoning," says an English newspaper correspondent, "raise him at once to a high rank among the scouts of this or any other country." Burnham's eyes are the wonder of all beholders. They are small, roving, blue eyes. Women fall in love with them. Cecil Rhodes says they can see right through a mountain when a Matabele is on the other side of it. Another correspondent declares the sinewy little man—he is only five feet four in height—to be a veritable pocket edition of Hercules. Then he adds most impressively: "And withal he is modest and truthful," which is something wonderful and unheard of in South Africa.

Burnham's greatest feat was the shooting of M'limo under circumstances that would have done credit to Davy Crockett. M'limo was the great witch doctor of the Matabele. He started the rebellion, saying that he could turn away the bullets from Uncle Hiram Maxim's patent music box into water if his fellow countrymen would only bring him presents in return for the favor. His throne was in a cave which was the center of pilgrimages for the natives far and near. Burnham determined to kill him. The British officers laughed at his attempt as a "fool's errand." But he enlisted the assistance of a sturdy young Englishman named Armstrong, and they started for M'limo's cave. The hills were fairly swarming with natives, and Burnham and Armstrong traveled by night and slept by day. They led their horses, so as to make as little noise as possible, and also to keep them fresh, as they knew after M'limo had been killed it would depend upon their horses whether they would be able to return to the laager or not.

When they arrived in sight of the cave they found hundreds of natives about, but were disgusted to find that M'limo himself was not there, being two or three miles away. They sent the negro servant whom they had brought with them to tell the witch doctor that some natives were waiting for him with great quantities of presents. Then, like the good scouts they were, they moved on some distance from the place where they told the servant they would wait for him, so as to be on guard in case he played them false. But in doing so they ran plump into a body of Kaffirs. Had the Kaffirs been Matabele the two scouts would have been killed then and there. Burnham pretended they were in great fear of M'limo and wanted to make him presents. The Kaffirs persuaded the Matabele to leave the scouts alone until M'limo came and decided what should be done with them. So they started down the road from the cave to meet M'limo. When they met him Burnham saw that if he shot M'limo the whole crowd of natives would be on them in a minute. After going through a long orgy, M'limo invited them into the cave alone and told the natives to clear out. No sooner were they in the cave than Burnham sent a bullet through M'limo's skull.

"We didn't wait to lay the body out," says Burnham, "but we ran for our horses with all our might. The niggers followed and shot at us repeatedly, but their aim was bad. We put our horses to it for all they were worth. It seemed to me that our horses jumped over some rocks as high as their heads, and it is a wonder to me that they didn't break their necks and ours into the bargain." Though the killing of M'limo did not have the effect that was expected, this detracts none from Burnham's daredevil cleverness.—N. Y. Press.

ANOTHER OF HER ADVANTAGES.

She Was as Well Equipped to Scare Burglars as Himself.

"John!"

"What?"

"Wake up!"

"What do you want me to wake up for?"

"Hush—are you awake or asleep?"

"Asleep—and how can I hush when I am asleep?"

"Well, wake up then and stop arguing. There's a burglar in the house."

"Well, ask him to leave."

"Leave what?"

"Leave everything."

"But he won't do it. He's probably a selfish, disagreeable man. Now, if he were a woman burglar, such as we'll have when women get their rights, there might be some sense in appealing to her generosity. But not with this one. You must get up and scare him."

"How can I scare him?"

"Why, you are a man. You must get up and put on your trousers and go down stairs making an awful noise, and he'll go away."

"Well, my dear, you just get up and put on your bicycle knickerbockers and skate down the front stairs on your wheel. If that doesn't scare him there's no use in my trying."—Truth.

The Hard Life of an African Baby.

I note at Chikwa's that the little baby strapped to his mother's back has a rough and tumble time of it, but takes it all good-naturedly, and one hears very little crying in the village. The mother goes to the fields with baby on her back, hobs about for hours in the hot sun, weeding, hoeing and doing general gardening; carries huge jars of water on her head; scrapes him repeatedly as she bends and enters the narrow, low doorways of native huts; gives him a thorough shaking as she vigorously pounds corn with a long wooden pestle; takes him by the wrist, ducks him in the stream until he is nearly suffocated and then spreads him on a mat to dry.—E. J. Glave, in Century.

LIVER RESISTS THE RAYS.

Roentgen's Discovery Useless Where That Organ Is Involved.

If a man should have the misfortune to receive a shot in the liver it would remain there unless found by the ancient method of probe and knife. X rays, Roentgen's process, aided by the appliances devised by all the electrical scientists of the age, are powerless against the texture of the liver. Practically every other portion of the human anatomy will yield to the penetrating power of the fluoroscope, but that liver declines to do anything of the kind. At least this is the decision reached by Dr. William H. Forwood, of the United States army. He declares that he has been unable to locate anything in or behind the liver when the rays are sent upon the body from the front. They will not penetrate that organ.

Dr. Forwood is officially known as lieutenant colonel and deputy surgeon general. He is on station at headquarters in Washington and the duties of his office leave him considerable leisure time. This time he has used for many years in the study of applied sciences in the practice of his profession. He is noted in the medical world as an experimentalist, and has produced some results which have overturned preconceived ideas. As a medical officer of the army, and a ranking one at that, he has the facilities at hand or attainable for anything which will assist in making experiments. As soon as Prof. Roentgen made his discovery known, Dr. Forwood began his experiments. He secured all the appliances by requisition, "for the good of the service," and established a Crookes tube laboratory unexcelled in the country.

Then he commenced his experiments. He photographed his orderly from every possible standpoint, causing that useful, but somewhat sensitive man to feel a strong desire to get out of the service. He practiced on the hospital corps, and induced many of those who are attached to the general headquarters in the capital city to submit themselves to the influence of the rays. He assembled all of his pictures, but he never touched a liver. Then he went gunning for livers, but so far has not been able to land one.

Dr. Forwood was a member of the army retiring board which adjourned Friday morning after holding sessions for several weeks at Gen. Merritt's headquarters in the Pullman building. He is an enthusiast in medical matters, and especially X rays. It is said that he wanted to photograph the alleged disability of every officer who appeared before the board to be examined for retirement. If they were all right the rays would show it. But somebody suggested that one of the officers suffered from chronic biliary derangement.

"Oh, well," said the deputy surgeon-general, "if that's the matter with him we'll have to try him in the old way. I can't get a liver with the rays."

That started the investigation concerning the power of the rays. Several of the officers detailed for duty on the board knew Dr. Forwood's experiments with the rays, and they asked him to tell what he had done and what the reason is that the rays will not pierce a liver. The doctor agreed, but prefaced his remarks by saying that he knew no special reason why a liver should resist the rays. He only knew that it does.

"I have not given it up," he said, "but it is a singular fact that I cannot get through a liver. I have succeeded in drawing everything else, but this baffles me. The increasing of the power, or voltage, does not help. In some things this does assist. For instance, you can see through a white man much easier than you can through a negro. When a 'darky' is being experimented on you have to increase the power of the instrument in a marked degree. This is due primarily, I suppose, to the pigments in the colored man's skin and the corresponding density of his covering. But this liver business gets me.

"The annoying nature of this failure is shown when you figure the number of fellows who get bullets in their livers in a battle. It is hard to hit a man in the trunk without invoving one or both lobes of the organ. Now, a wound in the liver may or may not be fatal. It is not necessarily fatal. If the surgeon goes after the bullet and finds it has penetrated the liver, as far as I can see, he will have to trust to luck, cut the man wide open, or let the ball alone. It may become encysted in that liver and remain there for years, and then the surgeon, if he survives and relatives do not interfere, may hold a post mortem and extract it.

"I can find anything I want by cutting, but what I am looking for now is a means of finding what I want without using the knife. If you slash a man sufficiently you can generally find what it is that is hurting him, but this new idea when perfected will, or ought to, enable field surgeons to determine whether or not there is any use of fooling with a wounded man. But the liver baffles me. I can see through the lungs and bones and any other substance in the body but the liver.

"Can you tell what is the matter with a man who is sick with lung troubles?"

"Under the rays the lungs look like lace curtains. You see some fine arabesques, but there is little to the lay eye to indicate that any trouble exists. What can anyone tell about the figures in a lace curtain? It takes the most expert workers to tell when a figure is broken. The lungs are builded on similar lines and the exact value of the rays on such ailments is not determined. I hope that they will disclose lesions."—Chicago Chronicle.

White Sauce.

Cook together two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour, add one cupful of white soup stock, simmer five minutes, add one cupful of sweet cream, heat to the boiling point, season, and serve.

—There are six species of mosquito found in New England.

THE SPANISH DILIGENCE.

It Is Not as Pleasant a Mode of Travel as Supposed.

In company with a Spanish "commercial," and for an insignificant sum, Mr. Pennell hired the three seats in the coupe; that is, the seats under the large hood at the top of the diligence, which are supposed to be the best. The commercial hurried him to the office an hour or so before the diligence started. There it was in an open plaza in the blistering sunlight, and though no horses were about, the inside was already filled with people. The commercial insisted upon climbing up at once, and suggested that he and J—— should each take a corner and spread themselves out as much as they could. This settled, they sat down, but it was only to jump up with a yell; the diligence had been standing there all morning, and the seat was like a red-hot stove.

More people began to come, and more again, but still there were no horses. Presently a large fat man, armed with live chickens and water bottles and various other breakable and killable things, scrambled up and sat in the middle of the coupe. J—— tells me that he said very strong things in several languages, and referred the matter to the commercial, who had paid with him that they might have the seat quite to themselves. But the commercial only answered calmly that they ought to be thankful they had the corners. At their feet was what looked like a footboard; at least four people came and sat on that. At their back was another board like it; lots of people came and sat on that.

In the course of time the driver appeared, all in gray, with a short jacket, a big hat and an enormous whip. He carried a huge water bottle, from which all the people had a drink, holding it in the air, and allowing a stream to pour down their throats. But this required too much experience for J—— to venture when his turn came. The team was now brought out, eight mules, all jingling bells. Those at the pole alone were controlled with reins by a man who sat somewhere underneath, and not by the driver at all. A vast army of men who always hang about stables succeeded in getting the heads of the squealing, kicking, bucking mass somewhat in the same direction; a horse was attached to the head—a very tall horse decorated with red jack-boots—and then followed a very small boy with a very big jockey cap, a brass-mounted whip and a red and white shirt. There was a tremendous arreing, a very Babel. Two men seized the small boy, threw him across the high brass-mounted saddle, and he dived into the jack-boots. He and the conductor in gray shrieked like fiends and cracked their whips like mad; the men who had hold of the mules let go; there was a plunging, a crash, a gallop, that ought to have pulled the whole machine to pieces.

Away went the diligence, shaving houses, sending people flying, clearing the streets. J—— thought it would be splendid, despite the crowd into which he was now wedged immovably. In a few hundred yards, however, the paving came to an end, and before the mules were off it they were lost in a cloud of dust. In a second the nearest pair could scarcely be seen. The whole diligence was enveloped in a thick, choking cloud of dust, and in five minutes every face in the perspiring, wilting crowd was covered with a mask.

In this whirlwind of stifling misery, everything completely hidden from them, they traveled for an hour or more across the plain. Then a third man tooted a horn as they swayed and jolted through the streets of a village, and there was a sudden stoppage. The people scraped the cake of mud off their faces; they could not stretch where they were, for there was not room; they literally could not move. But now J—— thought they could get down at least for a moment. Not a bit of it. Right alongside the diligence was another kicking, squealing team to take the place of the panting, done-up mules. The small boy was thrown from one horse to another, and the diligence was off again. There was not even time to pass the water bottle.

And this went on the whole livelong afternoon. Toward evening they got into higher ground. There was less dust. Bold, rugged mountains were before them. The huge, lumbering machine was slowly pulled up long, steep inclines, dropping into holes and pitching over stones. But the dust was much less, especially when the pace was slow. Suddenly night fell, and with it came a cold blast from the mountains; it was a change from midsummer to midwinter. Dripping with perspiration, J——'s clothing seemed almost to freeze upon him; and the whole crowd shivered and groaned as one man. Lamps were lighted, but they only showed that the dust had thickened again. J—— tried to eat, but the bread was buttered with dust, and the chicken leg was salted with it. On they went, a rocking, crashing load of discomfort. Suddenly a lantern was swung just in front, and there were yells and howls; the mules stopped in a tangled mass, some carbines glittered, and four civil guards appeared. They clambered up at once, sitting on everybody's lap. They rode for an hour, and then got off. Whether they were there to protect the passengers from the Spanish brigand, or only to get a lift, J—— never knew. On and on went the diligence through the long, terrible aching nightmare.—Elizabeth R. Pennell, in Century.

Ought to Be Easy.

"If I can't win first prize," said Jack Asbury, "I wish like the deuce to be booby."

"Humph!" ejaculated Maude. "I should think you'd find it easy."—Harper's Bazar.

—Fond Father—"I would like for my son to have a prize of some kind." Teacher—"What! Give a prize to your son? He persists in doing nothing." Fond Father—"Well, give him the prize of perseverance!"

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The human brain, according to Cuvier, is the one-twenty-eighth part of the body; that of the horse but the one-four hundredth part.

—Neptune is 2,746,000,000 miles from the sun, and travels 11,958 miles an hour. Yet it takes 60,127 of our days for that planet to complete one revolution around the sun.

—Every ton of Atlantic water when evaporated yields 81 pounds of salt; a ton of Pacific water, 79 pounds; Arctic and Antarctic waters yield 85 pounds to the ton, and Dead Sea water, 187 pounds.

—Medicated honey is the latest novelty. A French scientist causes it to be produced by keeping bees under glass, so that they can only sip the sweets of flowers which possess medicinal properties.

—Aluminium is now being used instead of magnesium for "flash-light" photography. The light is said to be equally actinic, while Aluminium says the metal keeps better and burns away more completely.

—There are some 60,000 costermongers who carry on business in the streets of London. Their capital is supposed to be $250,000, while they are said to do a trade during the year of $15,000,000. The profits of this turnover are about $5,000,000.

—An ingenious apparatus to procure air from very high altitudes has been devised by MM. Georges Besancon and Gustave Hermitte, the meteorologist. A vacuum is made in a receptacle holding about six liters, and the tap is attached to clock work that will open it at the end of an hour, leave it open for a minute, and then close it. This is sent up in a balloon, together with other self-registering instruments, to heights at which human beings cannot live.

WAS AN UNUSUAL HONOR.

Judge Apologizes to an Old Prisoner After a Reversal.

A white-locked, sermonizing judge sat upon the bench, whereon he had been placed by an effervescent vote of the people. He carelessly read through the morning's list of reversals of his own decisions by the supreme court, and yawned.

"Bring on a case," he said.

"What case?" asked the faithful clerk.

"Any old case," replied the judge, "where I can talk."

They led before him a weak and emaciated man whose sunken cheeks, bleached by prison pallor, told of long suffering in confinement.

"Oh, ah, yes!" said the judge, somewhat more briskly, when he saw the man.

The poor wretch trembled.

"My good fellow," said the judge, benignly, "this should be the proudest moment of your life!"

After pausing a few moments to give due effect to his words:

"Some time ago," he went on, "you were found innocent of a crime with which you had been charged. Since then—"

The face of the court fairly radiated with smiles.

"You have been locked up in a dark, close cell by mistake. By mistake!" he repeated, with a blithesome laugh, in order that the man might appreciate to the full all the humor of the situation.

"And now," continued the white-maned justice, with wondrous philanthropy, "you are about to be endowed with a general sessional apology. Such a distinction is not reserved for many men. Would that it were! Would that—"

There was no doubting the depth and sincerity of this godlike wish.

"Many hundreds of others might be wrongly imprisoned and thus receive the judicial apology. We apologize to you, my dear man. We will not hesitate to apologize once more when the same thing occurs again. Go forth, my friend—"

The man turned toward the outside air as on a pivot.

"But do not let the honors we have showered upon you make you overbearing toward your fellow creatures. And—"

The freed one stopped on the threshold of liberty.

"Remember that the joke is on us!"—N. Y. Journal.

THE GOOSE AND THE DUCK.

A Fable That Has a Well-Turned Moral.

A Goose who was sunning himself on a bank was much put out by the important airs assumed by a Duck, and finally observed:

"Thank heaven that I wasn't born with such a waddle as you've got."

"Nor with my good looks, either," retorted the Duck.

"Bah! Your colors fade in the wash!"

"Your voice is cracked!"

"It is, eh! Let us go to the Gobbler and settle this matter. We will ask him to decide between us."

When the Gobbler had looked them both over and heard each one sing, he picked his teeth with a straw, looked very wise for a time and then said:

"Well, now, but up to this moment I had credited both of you with good looks and common sense. Now that you particularly draw my attention to yourselves I find you both so homely that it makes my head ache, and I am amazed that either of you has wit enough to keep your head above water."

Moral: One's broken nose never looks so bad until you brag of its symmetry.—N. Y. World.

Nothing to Be Proud of.

Tourist—So that's the oldest inhabitant? One hundred and four years old! No wonder that you are proud of him.

Native—I dunno; he ain't done nothin' in this here place 'cept grow old, an' it took him a sight o' time to do that!—Tit-Bits.

Has a Past.

"She is a woman with a past, you say?"

"Yes; the men have all passed by her."—Buffalo News.

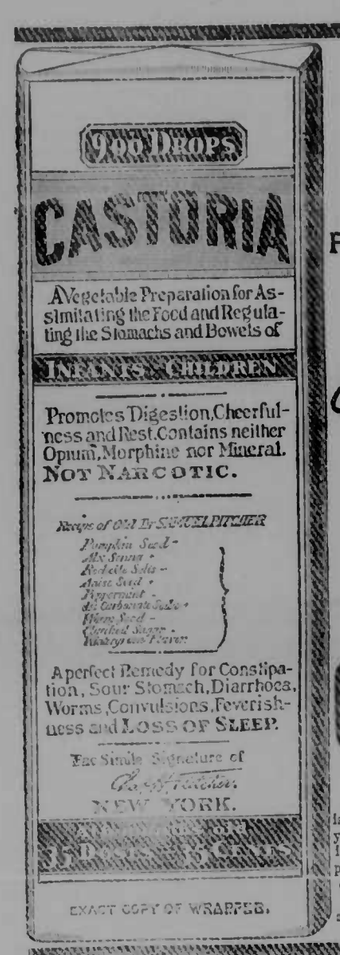

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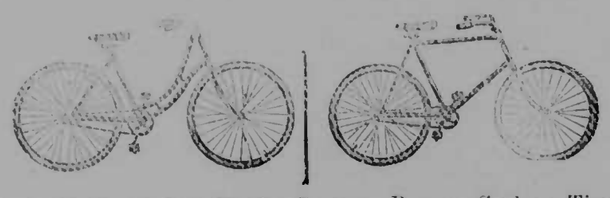

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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 21, 1896.

The better the news the harder we'll work, is the motto which governs Republican headquarters, and it is being lived up to. The silver men are on the retreat in every state in which the Republican national and congressional committees has made a real fight for McKinley and honest money, but as yet the retreat is orderly. By redoubling their efforts, the Republican managers believe they can make it a complete rout on the 3rd of November—so complete that the free coinage of silver by this country alone will never be made a national issue; and nothing less will satisfy them. They are working with all the vim and energy they could put into the campaign if the chances for Republican victory were doubtful instead of the victory being assured as it is. This pleases all the visiting Republicans, as it enables them to go home and tell their friends that there is no danger from overconfidence on the part of the men who are manging the campaign.

Chairman Babcock, of the congressional committee, is now giving special attention to the congressional districts, and by the middle of October he will know about what the size of the Republican majority in the next House will be. Two years ago when Mr. Babcock gave out his figures, they were hooted at by the Democrats and many Republicans were disposed to smile at them, but when the returns came in, it was seen that they were based upon direct information from every congressional district. Mr. Babcock is proud, as he has every right to be, of his record as chairman of the congressional committee. He doesn't believe in the wisdom of making big claims based on nothing but hope, as the Popocrats are doing. He thinks it possible always to obtain information as to how at least 90 per cent. of the districts will go, several weeks in advance of the election, and he wants the public to take his figures as careful estimates and not as a mere bluff for effect.

The using of the official organ of the Knights of Labor as a campaign document, by the Bryanite managers, has been quickly followed by ugly charges against prominent officials of the Knights of Labor. Those charges are made by responsible parties and allege that drafts have been drawn on Mr. J. L. Norris, assistant treasurer of the Democratic national committee, in favor of Master Workman Sovereign and Gen. Secretary-Treasurer Hayes, who are in immediate charge of the *Journal of the Knights of Labor*, published at Washington, and that similar drafts have been drawn in favor of officials of the Knights of Labor at Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Paul, and paid through a Washington bank. The stir created by these charges is by no means confined to the members of the Knights of Labor, who do not approve of the selling of the influence of the organization to Bryan, but extends to all who are opposed to bribery as a political agent, and may result in a rumpus of large dimensions in the Knight of Labor.

About the most notable thing connected with the appearance of Mr. Bryan in Washington, Saturday night, and his speech upon that occasion, was his gall in making the farewell address of George Washington the basis of his speech which endorsed the Chicago platform. "Even the heavens weep," said a gentleman present when the rain storm put a sudden stop to Bryan's speech. Washington said: "In contemplating the causes which may disturb our union, it occurs as a matter of serious concern that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by geographical discriminations, Northern and Southern, Atlantic and Western; whence designing men may endeavor to excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views." Designing Mr. Bryan is seeking the Presidency through arraigning class against class and section against section. Again, Washington said: "As a very important source of strength and security cherish public credit." Mr. Bryan's principal business is the advocacy of a depreciated currency, which will injure both private and public credit.

There have been some more or less amusing stories in connection with Mr. Bryan's coming to Washington to make a speech. In the first place there was no end of trouble in getting a place for him to speak; then there was more trouble about the distribution of tickets for seats and about music—the local committee seemed to fear that some unauthorized band might get into the baseball park, in which the speaking took place, and which, by the by, was paid for by two saloon keepers whose places are opposite the main entrance, and play some piece of music that would give Mr. Bryan the razzle dazzle right before the crowd. There was a crowd, just as there would have been at any other free show, and the proprietors of the bar rooms who paid for the park made a good speculation, even if the crowd was not up to expectations in size.

Ripans Tabules relieve nausea.

The Bryan Pharisees.

To the Editor of The Republican.

An interesting phase of the present campaign is the use that the free silverites make of the bible toward bolstering up their dishonest cause. It is a sad fact that the scriptures have often been perverted to an unholy purpose, as witness the religious persecutions of the middle ages — the horrible atrocities perpetrated by the Spaniards in the conquests of Mexico and Peru; the Salem witchcraft delusion, and last but not least, the desperate effort to uphold slavery under sanction of the holy writ. There is good reason to doubt, owing to the infirmities of the human heart, the justice of any cause whose followers rely upon their interpretation of biblical authority as a confirmation of that cause. The great Examplar Himself recognized that spiritual government and civil government were entirely two different affairs. He exhorted his disciples to obey the laws of the country and to "render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which are God's."

There is not a passage in the scriptures that justifies the payment of an honest debt with a debased or less valuable commodity.

The scriptures teach right and justice, and all true government aims to follow that teaching and to that extent only has scripture any warrant in human affairs. Divine right and justice is one thing and man's idea of right and justice is of an entirely different texture. Mankind best is but a weak and helpless creature, and the victim of the infirmities of his mind, soul and body, and to that extent is inconstant, infirm and wavering in his purposes and desires. It is only given to a few great souls to be well grounded in the everlasting essence of divine truths, and to make their lives a shining example of a serene and composed conformity to those truths.

The free silver demagogues are justly to be condemned for stirring up sectional strife and hatred in a matter that so virtually concerns the welfare, honor and stability of our country. If the guarantee of the constitution that every man shall have the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, means that any set of men shall have the right to subvert the ends of good government and destroy the nation's credit, then the framers of the constitution did not build for all time, as all true patriots have firmly felt and believed.

Wrongs exist under all forms of government, and always will exist so long as man remains the weak mortal that he is. Law is powerless to regulate the human passions, at best it can only seek to restrain them and in its way provide the greatest good to the greatest number. All good citizens or, rather, all well thinking citizens will rather obey a bad law than seek to evade it, for the reason that the divine law of obedience is paramount to all else. If a law or laws are odious there is, in our country, a proper channel to have them cancelled or corrected.

The free silverites in their blind zeal to bend everything to their purpose are using Washington's farewell address as a campaign document. Oh blind leaders of the blind!—there is not a word in that admirable address, taken in the sense in which Washington wished to be understood, that will give you any aid. The life, character and aims of General Washington were entirely foreign to the doctrines of the populists, anarchists and free silverites. A reasonable mind, well acquainted with the life and character of the Father of his Country, would justly conclude that he would frown upon any and all attempts to create sectional strife and bitterness, to foment discontent in the hearts of the people, and to destroy the credit and honor of the nation.

To Mr. Bryan and his followers I would respectfully refer them to the following passages in the New Testament, St Luke 19, 12–26, and Romans 13, 1–8, for an entire refutation of their doctrines of dishonesty and hostility to good government. Thus the use of scriptural quotations is as a two edged sword that cuts both ways, and everyone must look to it that he interprets rightly lest he be confounded with his own foolishness.

THE TRAMP.

Sept. 19, 1896.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

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Friends' Annual Meeting.

Account of the Friends' Annual Meeting at Barnesville, Ohio, September 11th to 30th, 1896, the B. & O. R. R. will sell round trip tickets from all points on its lines east of the Ohio River for all trains September 11th to 30th, inclusive, valid for return passage until October 15th, inclusive, at greatly reduced rates. Tickets will also be placed on sale at ticket offices of all connecting lines.

For time of trains, reservation of Pullman car space, and other information, call upon or address nearest B. & O. agent 28-2t

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Teething time is the most trying time of infancy. The little gums are hot and swollen. They tingle and ache and smart. All the nerves in the little body are on edge. Sleep restless—digestion bad.

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soothes and cools the gums, controls the bowels, cures colic, brings good digestion, sleep and rest. 25 cents, all druggists. Guaranteed. Made by JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

NOTICE.

Meeting of the Board of Control and Review for Garrett County.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county hereby give notice that on

Tuesday, October 6th, 1896,

they will meet, to act as a board of Control and Review, consider the returns to them of assessment made by the several assessors from the assessment district in Garrett county, and to hear and determine the appeals of any person or owner taken from the action of said assessors in accordance with section 178 of Chapter 120 of the acts of Assembly of 1896, and that the session of said board of Control and Review will begin at 9 o'clock a. m. and continue until 4 o'clock p. m. each day (Sunday excepted) until said business is completed.

By order of the Board

J. S. MEYERS,
28-3t Clerk to County Commissioners.

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31–26

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I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swallow," and better known as The "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

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Look to Your Interests.

The Oakland Flouring Mill is now ready to grind a million bushels of buckwheat. The best equipped mill in the county; all latest improved machinery. Can give either

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Mr. E. A. Dudley, who has charge, has been a life-long miller, and knows how to make a good turnout of buckwheat flour.

Don't fail to give him a Trial. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Will make arrangements with all the Oakland merchants to buy your flour at big prices. Don't fail to give the Oakland Mills a trial.

Don't forget the place, Water street, formerly owned by the late H. A. Rasche.

Yours obediently,

THE OAKLAND MILLS.

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THE OAKLAND COAL YARD
of Mr D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of
HARD AND SOFT
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All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Blessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

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The farm belonging to Elizabeth Maley, situated two miles north of Deer Park, adjoining the lands of Jack Cooper, Findenberg Miller and Rawlerston. Contains 118½ acres about 60 acres cleared, and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the premises. 52-4m.*

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Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

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38 13

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1896. NUMBER 30.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Register Tuesday.

Pumpkin pie season has arrived.

Eddie Sharpes is here on a visit to friends.

Wednesday is the last day for registration.

Overcoats and fires are a decided necessity.

Percy Procter, jr., has gone to New Hampshire to enter school.

Mr. E. J. Fringer spent last week with friends at Davis, W. Va.

Mr. John A. Wagner, of Deer Park, was in town on Thursday last.

Dick Bartlett has been laid up for several days with rheumatism.

Mrs. D. E. Offutt recently returned from a visit to relatives in Baltimore.

Mr. Isaac N. Skillingberg, of near Kearney, was in Oakland Monday.

Mrs. William Hinebaugh spent Sunday with relatives in Deer Park.

Mr. Fred Felty, of Lonaconing, spent Sunday in town the guest of his parents.

Rev. D. Tasker will preach in the Kyans Glade church next Sunday at 10.30 a. m.

Mr. Merritt Wilson, of Wilson, was in the city on business yesterday morning.

Mrs. William Walker, who has been quite ill for a week or ten days, is improving.

Mr. Hineman, of Denver, Col., is here on a visit to his cousin, Mr. Lewis Gortner.

A number of people of Oakland went to Keyser yesterday morning to hear Mr. Bryan speak.

Mr. J. S. Meyers went to Friendsville yesterday morning, his home, where he will register.

Mrs. Moore, of Buckhannon, W. Va., is here spending several weeks with her sister, Mrs. Robert Felty.

Wade Hinebaugh went to College Park last Monday where he will re-enter the Agricultural college.

Rutland Stove Lining, 35 cents per package. Sufficient for back and ends. Fits any stove. 28-4t

Miss Verne Freeland, of Terra Alta, spent several days last and this week visiting her sister, Mrs. A. T. Fraley.

The family of Mr. G. A. Pritchard, who visited friends and relatives in Ohio, returned to Oakland last Friday morning.

Mr. H. C. Sincell has opened a stock of hats and gentlemen's furnishing goods in the Fringer building near this office.

Mr. John O. Bosley will return to Baltimore to-morrow morning to re-enter school where he is studying pharmacy.

Mr. Norman Sanner, who spent two weeks with his parents at Confluence, Pa., returned to Oakland Sunday morning.

Judge Jere Wilson's family will vacate their summer home here on Monday next and return to Washington to spend the winter.

Very stylish young men's overcoats, older men's over and storm coats, in the latest patterns and at lowest prices. D. E. Offutt & Son. 29-3t.

Rev. Isaac I. Thompson will preach in Sturgiss' hall on Sunday afternoon at three o'clock to the members of the German Baptist congregation.

A full assortment of men's, boys', children's and ladies' fine winter wool or cotton underwear just received at D. E. Offutt & Son's. 29-3t.

Attend the meetings advertised in this issue of THE REPUBLICAN, and take a neighbor with you. If he is a Democrat so much the better.

S. Lawton has just received a consignment of Rutland Stove Lining. It fits any stove; repair them before cold weather comes. 28-4t

Tuesday and Wednesday are the last days for registration, and if you want to vote this fall you must be registered on one of these days.

Mr. Thomas White has purchased the Star Bakery and will continue the business of supplying the citizens of Oakland with first-class bread, etc.

We have the finest assortment of novelty and plain dress goods ever opened in Oakland, and at prices away down. D. E. Offutt & Son.

Mrs. D. Tasker gave a small dinner party on Monday in honor of Miss E. Johnson, of Marshall, Texas, who spent the summer at Mt. Lake Park.

Blankets better and cheaper than ever; flannels away down in price; skirts at lowest figures—all new and fresh goods. D. E. Offutt & Son. 29-3

Mrs. Anna Morrison, who has been visiting friends here for several weeks, went to Piedmont Thursday last. After spending a short time at that place she will return to her home in Baltimore.

Mrs. C. F. Schroeder and little daughter, who spent several weeks with relatives in Frederick City, returned to Oakland last Thursday evening.

The Oakland REPUBLICAN looks charming as a bride in its beautiful dress of new type. We congratulate it upon its evident prosperity.—Commercial.

Five wrecks of this division of the B. & O. railroad occurred Monday. In the wrecks a number of men were more or less injured, none seriously however.

Messrs. F. P. Green and George B. McMillan, of near Lonaconing, were here the latter part of last week attending court, and made us a call while in town.

The county teachers' institute will be held in the public school building in Oakland Oct. 21, 22 and 23. The public schools throughout the county will open the 26th inst.

Mr. Wm. Hinebaugh went to Accident Sunday afternoon. He was accompanied by Miss Bertie Boyer, who will remain there several weeks visiting relatives and friends.

All members of Oakland Lodge, A. F. & A. M., are requested to attend the regular communication on Thursday evening of next week at 7.30. Take due notice thereof.

The Oakland (Md.) REPUBLICAN, came out in a new suit of clothes, typographically speaking, and presents a clean cut appearance. It is a good paper.—Davis Republican.

Henry McCabe, a young man employed at the Preston Lumber Co.'s mill at Crellin, had his arm injured yesterday by one of the saws. Dr. Hinebaugh rendered surgical aid.

We have just received our line of ladies', misses' and childrens' capes and coats. If you want the latest styles, best goods and low prices come and see them. D. E. Offutt & Son.

Mr. Jeremiah Ryland, formerly of Friendsville, who has been in Oregon for the past six years or more, returned to his native mountains Sunday morning and will reside permanently in this county.

The Northwestern Yeast Co's agent is around again with the samples of the wonderful Magic Yeast which is better than ever this year, owing to new machinery being used for pressing out the cakes. No excuse for poor bread when you can get Magic Yeast, good flour and a hot oven.

Mr. and Mrs. King Delawder went to Piedmont Tuesday afternoon to attend the wedding of Mr. Frank Jamesson who was married to Miss Mollie A. Tonry in that place yesterday morning.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street.

We are in receipt of a postal from a Methodist minister well known in Oakland desiring that the address of his paper be changed. He ends the request by saying: "Hurrah for your uncle Bill McKinley, the next President of the United States."

With two little children subject to croup we do not rest easy without a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house, for the most severe attacks quickly succumb to a few doses of it.—Morrison, Colo., Bud. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Trains from the east yesterday were from four to nine hours late owing to a land slide east of Cumberland and a bridge being washed away west of Cumberland. B. & O. trains were transferred around the washout over the W. Va. Central tracks.

We desire to impress upon the minds of the voters of Garrett county that if they desire to vote this fall they must be registered either on next Tuesday or Wednesday. Attend to the matter at once and see that your neighbors are also registered.

If your children are subject to croup watch for the first symptom of the disease—hoarseness. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse it will prevent the attack. Even after the croupy cough has appeared the attack can always be prevented by giving this remedy. It is also invaluable for colds and whooping cough. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The Darlington, Wis., *Journal* says editorially of a popular patent medicine: "We know from experience that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is all that is claimed for it, as on two occasions it stopped excruciating pains and possibly saved us from an untimely grave. We would not rest easy over night without it in the house." This remedy undoubtedly saves more pain and suffering than any other medicine in the world. Every family should keep it in the house, for it is sure to be needed sooner or later. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Tuesday afternoon about six o'clock the rain fell here in torrents for a few minutes. The volume of water was so great in the Little Yough that the dam recently erectly at the Oakland mills was washed almost entirely away. This will not interfere with the operation of the mill, however, as steam power is also used.

Considerable speculation has been indulged in by the citizens of Oakland because of the fact that it is currently reported that an oil well rigging has been received here and is to be erected on a farm not very far distant from town and that the work of drilling for oil will be commenced shortly. The gentlemen who is reputed to have charge of the work will not talk.

Stove for Sale.

Full revertible burner; hard coal or coke; nearly new; full nickle; cheap. S. M. Engle. 30-3*

Republicans, Register.

Every Republican should register at the sittings of the registrars during this and next month, in order to vote at the coming November election.

Hot Soda.

Mr. Jos. E. Harned, proprietor of the Oakland Pharmacy, recently received from the manufacturers a hot soda water apparatus which he has now in operation and is dispensing most delicious drinks.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers his farm of 238 acres for sale, lying west of Westernport, in Garrett county, Md. 100 acres cleared and in cultivation. The farm is well watered and underlaid with coal and limestone. A fine young orchard in bearing. The improvements are a bank barn 40x60 feet and all outbuildings complete. For further information apply to Philip T. Michaels, P. O. address, Westernport, Md. 28-4t*.

If Troubled With Rheumatism Read This.

Annapolis, Md., Apr. 16, 1895.—I have used Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism and found it to be all that is claimed for it. I believe it to be the best preparation for rheumatism and deep seated muscular pains on the market and cheerfully recommend it to the public. Jno. G. Brooks dealer in boots and shoes, No. 18 Main St.

ALSO READ THIS.

MECHANICSVILLE, St. Mary County Md.—I sold a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm to a man who had been suffering with rheumatism for several years. It made him a well man. A. J. McGill. For sale at 50 cents per bottle by the Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin Deer Park.

Fire at Deer Park.

Last Sunday night about ten o'clock flames were seen issuing from the roof of the old Wing-and-Wing hotel at Deer Park, occupied and owned by Mr. Henry Jankey. The fire had gained such headway before assistance arrived that it was impossible to save the building, and it was entirely consumed. Mr. Jankey's household goods were saved. The property was insured for $1000.

A Peculiar Occurrence.

Monday afternoon Mrs. Charles J. Newman was engaged in her household duties at her home in Oakland, and, desiring to increase the fire in the kitchen stove she put in a quantity of coal when an explosion occurred, blowing the stove lids in every direction and knocking to pieces the top of the chimney. It is presumed that powder or dynamite had been mixed with the coal. The lady was not injured, but had a narrow escape from being struck by the flying iron.

Farm For Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale his farm known as the Grove farm situated about one mile east of Selbysport Garrett county, adjoining the lands of John Riley and Charles Fike. Said farm contains 133 acres, 100 of which are cleared, and improved by a good frame dwelling, barn, stable and other necessary buildings, with plenty of fruit and is well watered.

The above described farm will be sold cheap and on easy terms or will exchange for town property. For further information address Oliver Poland, Moscow Mills, Allegany county, Md. 25-6t

Brown's Miscellaneous Writings.

On Monday of this week a copy of Mr. Jacob Brown's Miscellaneous Writings was received at this office. A glance through the pages of the volume discloses that it is filled from cover to cover with reading matter interesting to the citizens of this and Allegany counties.

The articles contained in the book have in most cases been heretofore published in the columns of this journal and also in the Cumberland papers, but as the author states in his preface the book was published through the solicitations of his many friends and treats upon the old settler families of Garrett and Allegany counties. The book should find a ready sale in Garrett county.

A copy can be seen by applying to this office.

Mr. Bryan Passes Through Oakland.

The train which carried Mr. Bryan through Oakland yesterday did not arrive here until after nine o'clock last night. Although the weather was anything but pleasant a number of persons were at the station when the train went through.

He appeared on the rear platform of the car "Annapolis," which had been placed at his disposal by the railroad company, and in a voice utterly worn out from so much speaking informed the waiting crowd that he could not speak. Whilst saying these few words a gang of pickpockets were at work in their work and relieved a number of persons of their pocketbooks, the slyest loosers being Mr. [illegible], whose pocket book contained [illegible] cash and notes aggregating about $100, and Mrs. R. J. West, whose loss is about $15. A number of other persons were "touched" but the losses were not so heavy.

It is the opinion that a gang of crooks came to Oakland on the train which carried Mr. Bryan and mingled with the crowd thus getting in their work.

Resolutions of Respect.

The following resolutions of respect were adopted by Garrett Lodge No. 113, Knights of Pythias at a regular meeting held on Sept. 23, 1896.

Whereas, The grandest trait of the human character is that the living mourn the loss of the dead, and pause in their various avocations to pay fitting tribute and manifest their appreciation for true worth and manly qualities; therefore, be it—

Resolved, By the members of Garrett Lodge that we keenly feel the loss, and mourn the demise of our esteemed brother, William H. Biggs, which has brought such piquant grief to many hearts, and left vacant in our midst a place he so worthily filled.

Resolved, That we extend to his family our earnest condolence in their irreparable loss and invoke upon them the benediction of Him who doeth all things well; and be it further

Resolved, That the charter of Garrett Lodge, No. 113, Knights of Pythias, be draped for the period of thirty days; that a copy of these resolutions be furnished the family of the deceased brother and that the same be published in THE REPUBLICAN and *Mountain Democrat*.

J. S. MEYERS,
C. J. NEWMAN,
S. LAWTON,
Committee.

Died.

CROPP.—On Friday morning, September 26th, Nannie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Cropp, aged 10 years, four months and sixteen days. Her death was caused by a complication of diseases, from which she had been suffering since last winter. She was an intelligent and affectionate child, and will be sadly missed by her parents and brothers. The funeral services were held Sunday afternoon at three o'clock in St. Paul's M. E. church, and were conducted by Rev. J. M. Davis and Dr. B. Ison. The Sunday school class of little girls to which she belonged marched in the procession, carrying offerings of beautiful flowers. The interment took place in the Odd Fellow's cemetery.

ADAMS.—At Terra Alta Sunday afternoon at four o'clock, Mrs. Luther L. Adams, *nee* Butler. The deceased lady was an adopted daughter of Mrs. Samuel Ferguson and was married to Mr. Adams about two years ago. After their marriage they went to Terra Alta to reside where Mr. Adams was engaged in business. The deceased lady was ill about two weeks with typhoid fever. Her remains were brought to Oakland Monday evening and at three o'clock Tuesday afternoon the funeral occurred from St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church, the services being conducted by Rev. J. W. Butler. The deceased was a member of the above church from early childhood and was held in high esteem by all who knew her. The interment was made in the Odd Fellows' cemetery.

Lela Floella Bunce, was born May 2, 1884, and died Sept. 15, 1896, making her 12 years, 4 months, and 13 days old.

In a meeting held by Mrs. Anna Moxey, of Edinburg, Scotland, Lela was happily converted and lived up to the time of her death a devoted christian.

In the absence of a regular minister J. A. Enlow was called upon to conduct the funeral services. Quite a number of friends gathered at the residence. "Safe in the arms of Jesus" was sung; then Miss Jennie Smith led in prayer.

Matthew 19. 13-15 and Mark 10. 13-16 was used as a scripture lesson. The first and last verses of "Jesus loved the children" was sung also.

While the fond and devoted parents, nor us as neighbors and friends can have the bright little jewel replaced in this life, we can all look above with confident assurance and say, she is up there, where we expect to see her again.

"Oh, what do you think the angels say?"
Said the eldilden up in heaven,
"There's a dear little girl coming home to-day;
She is almost ready to fly away
From the earth we used to live in;
Let us open the pearly gates with joy,
Open them wide for the dear little girl,"
Said the angels up in heaven.

God wanted her here where His little ones meet,"
Said the eldilden up in heaven,
"She shall play with us in the golden street;
She had grown too fair, she had grown too sweet
For the earth we used to live in,
Let us go and watch at the pearly gates
Ready to welcome the dear little girl,"
Said the children up in heaven.

"Hear down on the earth, do you hear them weep,"
Said the angels up in heaven.
"For the dear little one has gone to sleep
The shadows fall and the night clouds sweep
O'er the earth we used to live in;
But we will open the gates with joy—
Oh, why do they weep for their dear little girl?"
Said the angels up in heaven.

"Fly with her quick, old angels dear!"
Said the eldilden up in heaven
"See! she is coming! look there! look there!
At the jasper light in her sunny hair
Where the veiling clouds are riven!
Oh! hush! hush! hush," all the swift wings fuel
For the King Himself at the gates of pearl
Is taking her tired, dear tired little girl,
And leading her into heaven!

S. P.

In Memoriam.

Nancy Susan Cropp was born May 9th, 1886, and died Sept. 25th, 1896, aged 10 years, 4 months and 16 days. She was a member of the Sunday school of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal church, and was regular in her attendance until her last sickness, which was long and severe. Her patience in suffering, and precocious and happy christian experience proved that she had not attended the Sunday school in vain. Happy in Jesus herself her desire was that her papa and mamma and the rest of the family might be good. So she had them all kneel down by her bedside and say their prayers one by one, and prayed thus herself: God bless papa and mamma and make me a good girl. Bless little brothers and grandma—this I ask for Jesus sake. Her last words were, "Don't cry mamma; sing papa, sing."

The funeral services were held in the church and were conducted by Rev. J. M. Davis assisted by Rev. B. Ison. They were deeply impressive and affecting and were in harmony with the death bed scene. The children were there in large numbers and sweetly sang some appropriate and beautiful hymns, and joining the procession to the cemetery, paid their last tribute of respect and love by throwing beautiful flowers upon the coffin in the grave, which contains all that is mortal of their school mate, little Nancy Susan Cropp. While her pure spirit is with Jesus, the weary suffering body will sleep in that quiet secluded spot till "beauty immortal awakes from the tomb on the resurrection morn."

Such early ripe fruit of Sabbath school instruction must be encouraging to the worthy superintendent and his officers and teachers in their work of faith and labor of love, and if the bereaved parents will continue to remember the last words of their departed loved one, they will serve as a balm to soothe and heal the wounds that death has made in their hearts, and to compose and calm their minds amidst the perplexities of this vain world and lead them at last to that happy home above, "where friends shall meet again, meet never to sever."

Memento mori. B. I.

Call for Your Letters.

Wm. S. Sigler, T. P. Spahr, Benj. Dixon, Upton Croston, Mrs. Mary B. Martin, Mrs. George Husband, Mrs. George Anna Cole, Miss Helen Ralston, Miss Clara J. Johnson, Miss Myrtle Devall, Miss Ethel Clark, Miss Caroline Colan.

Married.

HECK—SHAFER.—At nine o'clock high mass in St. Peter's Catholic church in Oakland yesterday morning, Miss Anna Shafer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Shafer, of near Oakland, was married to Mr. Frank Heck, of Mt. Savage, Md. The wedding ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Mattingly. Immediately after the ceremony the wedding party was driven to the home of the bride where a dinner was served, and later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Heck went to Mt. Savage where they will reside.

A Bright Day for Crellin.

Sunday was a very bright spot in the history of the stirring little town of Crellin.

For several years past the different denominations represented there have talked about and even made some effort to erect a church, but their plans did not materialize until last spring, when the members of the Sabbath school, who were representatives of the different denominations, began operations, and to our delighted eyes and thankful hearts, we saw a beautiful and commodious church, which we found full of attentive listeners to the dedicatory sermon preached by Rev. N. L. Baumgardner.

The building cost about $1,300 and there remained about $500, which was provided for, and then was set apart for the worship of God for all orthodox denominations, but was deeded to the M. E. church.

Mr. J. F. Ashby and his faithful co-laborers, both of men and women, deserve special mention in this noble undertaking.

The pastor, Rev. Jones, of Aurora, began a protracted meeting in the new church Sunday night which I hope will result in a great ingathering of the people there. E.

For Conscience Sake.

Because some ministers of the Episcopal church have denounced the free coinage of silver as a violation of the 8th commandment, *The Voice* of New York, is pleased to say, in a recent editorial, that "the currency question is merely *a difference of opinion* and there are many good christians who in all conscience believe in the free coinage of silver."

I ask *The Voice* this plain question. Gold is at par in all the markets of the world: Now if a banker loaned the editor of *The Voice* one thousand dollars in gold would the editor have the moral right to repay said loan with one thousand dollars of free coinage silver which would only be at par (by legislative enactment, in payment of debts) in our own country?

Will *The Voice* explain the difference between legalized stealing and legalized rum selling? The first compels the creditor to accept a less valuable money than he loaned; the last compels no man to drink against his will. It seems to me that the editor of *The Voice* is an adept at stifling the truth, but since he does it for conscience sake he is justified. So were the judges of Joan of Arc—BUT:

Rare Maid of Orleans
Sad thy befalling,
Though thy heart heard
His ministers calling.
Church would not heed thee,
Thou went too lowly,
Yet it was said
The church was most holy:—
Strong in opinion,
No need to reason,
Conscience is guide,
When dealing with treason*
* * *
Rare Maid of Orleans
Truth is victorious,
Time now grants the
A name most glorious.

L'ENVOI.

Thus often you see
Conscience is tripping,—
Truth walks erect
Untrammeled by lipping.
*Heresy T. L. J.

THERE IS NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

It has been Proven so Often, that

ANTI-FAG

Is the surest cure that has ever been found for

HEADACHE

No use arguing, as to how it is so. Enough to know that it

Cures and is Harmless.

and that Druggists and Dealers all sell it for 10 and 25 cts. a bottle.

Mailed on receipt of price by

Gilbert Bros. & Co., Proprietors,
BALTIMORE.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

THE BABY'S FIRST SMILE.

There's many a pleasure we meet with in life,
Of joy there is many a thrill;
There are transports that come in the midst of the strife,
When the noise of the conflict is still.
But there's naught in this world so wonderously sweet,
From Greenland's white snows to the Nile,
There's nothing so heavenly, pure and complete
As a dear little baby's first smile.

The lover's first kiss—we know it is fine;
Its memory will haunt us for aye;
Though the flowers may fade and the stars may decline,
Its rapture will never decay.
Yet not for a moment can we compare
What may have a tincture of guile,
In an Eden of blossoms so fragrant and fair,
With an innocent baby's first smile.

An angel, perhaps, is a beautiful sight,
But an angel we never have seen,
And far, far away on the regions of light,
With their daisy-starred meadows so green;
But we are content when here we behold,
Encumbered with burdens the while,
A gleam from the city whose streets are of gold,
In a sweet little baby's first smile.

—George W. Crofts, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

A SHIPWRECKED CREW.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

"That fine-looking boy who holds the bat," said the new master, indicating a young lad in the center of the playground, "is one of my best pupils. He is English, and was brought here a year ago, after being taken from a wreck."

"Ah," I replied, "you like him, then. I am glad of that. As to his studies, there is certainly one in which he will be likely to excel, and that is geography."

"Geography!" exclaimed the master. "It is really a pleasure to hear the little fellow recite it. He fairly devours it. I think he would be able to floor the committee in that branch of study."

The new master was a grave, elderly man, who, whenever I met him, seemed to take pleasure in talking to me, though our acquaintance had been only for a week or two.

But now Arthur, the English boy, catching sight of my calico shirt and blue jacket, came eagerly to the spot where we stood; and then, for the first time, the teacher knew that his young pupil and myself were fast friends.

"You must tell me the story, from first to last," he said, after listening to the greeting between Arthur and me, in which we had dropped some remarks that aroused his curiosity. "I must hear it, for I feel a great interest in both of you."

We seated ourselves on the schoolhouse steps—the master, Arthur and I. But how difficult it seemed to realize the past and feel that this happy schoolboy had ever looked upon terrors so dreadful as those amid which I had once seen him, far out upon the great deep.

How his bright eyes sparkled or moistened, as I related the circumstances which had, a year before, brought us acquainted, and which I will repeat in substance for the reader:

I had sailed in the ship Altai, bound for Maranham, in Brazil, and on the equator we were becalmed for 23 days.

There was from the first, a sail in sight, which after a time was brought quite near us by those momentary puffs of air which will occasionally ripple the water in such a calm; and we at length found her to be the whaling brig Catherwood, of London, Capt. Dore.

Her officers were several times on board of us, while the vessels lazily drifted within half a mile of each other, and it seemed very pleasant to meet such neighborly people upon the ocean. They laughed, however, when we complained of the tediousness of our passage, which had up to that time occupied five or six weeks, and said they had not seen land for seven months!

It was then that I first saw young Arthur, whom I found to be the captain's son. Mrs. Dore, the lad's mother, was also making the voyage; and coming on board with the others fairly charmed our crew with her sweet face and manner.

Seven months out from port, the captain's wife and son were hungry for books and papers, and we were happy in being able to supply them, in exchange for the well-thumbed reading matter which they brought us from their brig.

Capt. Dore told us that as soon as the calm should be over, he would go northwardly, toward the West Indies, to give everybody a good run ashore; but that he did not wish to enter Maranham, near which we then were, as a vessel he had spoken had reported the yellow fever there, and he feared for his wife and boy.

When the wind again sprang up, we stood for the Brazilian coast, while the Catherwood bore away to the north, carrying away with her more domestic happiness than I had ever before associated with the idea of a whaler.

Arthur waved his handkerchief to us from the maintop, and then dinner and dinner grew the white sails of the English brig, till even her main royal disappeared—a demonstration, if any were needed, that the world is a mere ball.

We lay at Maranham for a number of weeks, then started on the return passage. Once more at sea I speculated on the chances of again falling in with the Catherwood; but the old proverb of "a needle in a haystack," naturally recurred to me, as I felt how improbable it was that we would meet with her. In the meantime, I had been much interested in the whaler's books, and wondered how Mrs. Dore and her boy liked those which they had obtained from the big merchant ship.

But we were fast sweeping to the northward. The West India islands were passed, and I ceased to think of the English brig as hovering anywhere near our path.

One night, however, when we were almost up with Bermuda, I dreamed of going on board the Catherwood, and seeing her crew in the most terrible distress. I have little faith in dreams, yet so vivid was the impression conveyed by the one in question, that during all the following watch I felt my spirits oppressed by a melancholy which would permit me to think only of shipwreck, starvation and death.

It was early that forenoon, when one of our men, at work aloft, reported an unusual object off the lee-bow. Upon standing in its direction, we discovered it to be a portion of a vessel's deck, on which were five men. Yet they hardly seemed men, for their faces and forms were those of frightful skeletons. They had almost lost the power of articulation, and not one of them was able to rise upon his feet.

After being carefully lifted to our deck, they showed an anxiety to inform us of others of their vessel's crew who were somewhere drifting in a like condition. Three or four of us ran aloft, away up to the royal mast heads.

In a moment or two we hailed the deck, announcing a discovery, and the ship was headed for the forlorn object which we made out upon the distant waters.

We came down from our lookout to find one of the five poor sufferers already dying, and our kind-hearted tars doing all in their power to alleviate the misery of the others.

That portion of the wreck for which we were steering was soon visible to all hands, and as we hove-to and towed it alongside with our boat, it was seen that among the nine persons who lay upon it were a woman and a boy.

Until this moment I had not connected the Catherwood with the tragic scene, but the sight of these two inspired a sudden thought of her, and recalled my dream of the night before.

Yet that they could be Mrs. Dore and her son appeared almost impossible—this ghastly woman and boy who resembled nothing living that I had ever seen before.

The child appeared at the point of death, but the woman, although very weak, seemed to have borne up better than any other of the sufferers. She could speak with no great difficulty, and her first words, upon being handed over the ship's side, were those of anxiety for her boy.

"Do not mind me now," she said. "Attend to him. Oh, do not tell me that he is past help!"

Still, we could not see in her Mrs. Dore, or in her son the little lad we had so petted as a most welcome visitor only a few weeks before.

But presently she added:

"We belong to the brig Catherwood. I remember your faces. I came on board your ship off Brazil. Save my poor boy! Oh, to lose him now, after all this suffering!"

Her woeful, sunken eyes were wholly dry, as she spoke, but those of our honest sailors were moist indeed.

In the meantime, one of the unfortunates had already breathed his last on our deck, and most of the others looked as if they must soon follow him.

There were now 13 remaining, five of whom died within three days; but Capt. Dore, with his wife and boy, and five of the foremost hands, began slowly to mend.

They told us that the Catherwood had been caught in a hurricane to the southwest of Bermuda. Her masts were swept by the board, and she became water-logged, but the oil she had below prevented her sinking. The casks, however, thumped so heavily as, after some days, to start the deck, which, breaking into two parts, floated with the crew, the remainder of the vessel going down.

There had been 25 persons on board, of whom three were lost in the hurricane, while eight had died of starvation before our ship hove in sight; the only morsel of food tasted by the sufferers during their ordeal of 14 days having been the carcass of a small dog belonging to the captain.

A week after the rescue, we placed the survivors safe on shore at our own port, where in a few months they regained their former strength.

Capt. Dore, being under no necessity of returning to England, accepted the command of a fine American whaleman, while Arthur, as intelligent as modest, became the most popular boy in the school of his suburban neighborhood.

By the time I had told the master the story, the boys had all gathered around; and I left them standing, with looks of admiring sympathy, about their little marine associate, who had seen and suffered so much more than themselves.—Golden Days.

Abbot Islip's Rebus.

One of the greatest of the many abbots who have ruled the abbey was Islip, who held office in the sixteenth century. He had a genius for architecture, and did so much toward the building of Westminster and other cathedrals throughout the kingdom that he is known in history as "the great builder." His body lies buried at Westminster in a little chapel called by his name, near the west entrance. In designing and building this chapel the abbot made the room itself a monument to his memory by repeating over and over again in the elaborate carved stone frieze which adorns the wall his favorite rebus or name sign—an eye, with the branch, or "slip," of a tree, grasped by a hand; and, as a second form, a man slipping from the branch of a tree to the ground.—Max Bennett Thrasher, in St. Nicholas.

Valuable Boots.

A fresh example of legal acumen comes from a French police court.

"You say you have been robbed of a pair of boots," said the magistrate. "How much were they worth?"

"Well," said the complainant, "they cost me originally 12 francs. But I have had them resold four times at an expense of three francs each time; so that makes altogether 24 francs."

"Clerk," said the judge, "write: 'One pair of boots worth 24 francs.'"—Youth's Companion.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—One newspaper for each of [illegible]r birthdays is the odd collection w[illegible]ch a young woman of Hiawatha, [illegible]o., owns.

—Workmen putting in a telep[illegible]one at Springfield, Mo., accidentally m[illegible]ade a connection with the fire-alarm w[illegible]res, and when they tested the instrum[illegible]ent the department was called out and the firemen were unable to tell w[illegible]hat the trouble was.

—Unusual facilities for matrim[illegible]ony are offered at Americus, Ga. Jus[illegible]tice Graham, while walking on the st[illegible]reet one evening, was approached by a ne[illegible]gro man and woman who asked t[illegible] be united, and he joined them in the sol[illegible]emn bonds then and there.

—A gray wolf was killed recent[illegible]ly at Cave Hills, Wyo. The creature is s[illegible]aid to have measured five feet eight inc[illegible]hes from the tip of the nose to the r[illegible]oot of the tail, and was 34 inches hi[illegible]gh. From the point of the nose to the t[illegible]op of the head was 12 inches, and the h[illegible]ide and head alone weighed 20 pounds.

—A Georgia man who lives in Cocl[illegible]an catches alligators in a novel way. He ties a rope around his foot and le[illegible]s a man stand on the bank and hol[illegible]he rope while he goes down into the ~~alligator's hole and catches one~~. When he gets his hold he gives a [illegible]p and the man on the bank pulls hi[illegible] up and he pulls the 'gator up.

—The largest permanent store of coined money in the world is in the imperial war treasury of Germany—a portion saved for emergencies from the £200,000,000 paid by France after the Franco-Prussian war, and locked up in the Julius tower of the fortress of Spandau. It amounts to the value of $30,000,000.

—England's five new battle ships, the contracts for which were recently given out, are to be called after famous old war ships: The Canopus and Goliath, which fought with Nelson at the Nile; the Ocean, Collingwood's flagship in the Mediterranean; the Glory, which shared in Lord Howe's victory, and the Albin, which fought at Algiers and at Navarino.—Military Gazette.

—Cincinnati has consolidated her street car lines and claims that she is going to have the finest street railway system in the world. The company will be required to make improvements which will cost $2,500,000 during the next 18 months. The revenue to the city from the company will be $175,000 a year. All night cars, free transfers, illuminated signs, lower steps and other improvements are guaranteed. The list of routes occupies 2½ pages in the Cincinnati Enquirer.

ANTARCTIC POSSIBILITIES.

Borchgrevink Dreams of a Future for Commerce in the Ice Land.

The recent Antarctic expedition was a commercial one, and commercially it was a failure, because we did not find the right whale so valuable for its whalebone. The Antarctic was fitted out for the hunt of that peculiarly [illegible] of whale. Nevertheless, I have no doubt that the commercial results of the expedition would have been much better had we worked under more favorable auspices.

I do not by any means consider the fact of our not having met with the right whale in these seas as conclusive proof of their non-existence in the bay at Victoria Land. The Antarctic found the right whales at Campbell island in the winter time; the boats fastened to five of them, of which, however, only one was caught. Now to me it does not seem improbable that these whales go south to the bay at Victoria land, where Ross saw them in the summer, and return north in the winter. It would seem incredible that a man of Sir James Ross's standing, supported as he was by the able scientists and experienced whalers, should have made a grave error when he said this valuable whale was to be found in large numbers in those latitudes.

The difference in the appearance of the blue whale, as we found it there, and the right whale in the method of spouting is so striking that even the most casual observer could not easily be deceived. Very possibly, had we penetrated further into the large, open bay, discovered by Ross in the vicinity of the volcano peaks, Erebus and Terror, we, too, would have found the right whale in great numbers. We saw many blue whales, but had not the appliances to take them.

As I remarked at the international geographical congress, we found few seals. They increased in number, however, in number as we worked eastward; they seemed afraid of the land. All the seals that we met on the shore showed much uneasiness and speedily made for the water, a fact which strengthened my belief in the existence in a large enemy of the seal on the continent. I do not doubt that the seals congregate together in large numbers at some places on the bay.

I consider the guano beds which we discovered of great commercial importance, and they ought to be well worth the attention of enterprising business men. The specimen which I brought back with me contains a large percentage of ammonia.

Furthermore, from the analysis of the specimen of rock which I brought back with me, the possible and probable presence of valuable minerals on the continent is proved, although the lava and volcanic extent of the coast line do not speak favorably for the presence of heavy metals near the surface.—Century.

A Change of View.

"Want to go home, Charlie? Why, my dear little boy, I thought you told me yesterday that you thought the farm was the only place to live?"

"W-well, I did-did," sobbed Charlie. "But to-to-day I—"

"Well, go on, little man. What did you do?"

"To-to-to-day I sus-sat dud-d-d-down on a pup-pitchfork!"—Harper's Round Table.

ADVICE ABOUT DRIVING.

What to Do When You Start Out on a Long Journey.

The most important rule for long-distance driving is to start off slowly. The roadster should have an opportunity to stretch his legs and to get his second wind before being called upon for a real effort. No matter how great the hurry, time will be gained in the end by driving the first three or four miles at a gait not exceeding six or seven miles an hour. With a substantial load, or in very hot weather, the pace should not be more than five or six miles an hour. I happened once to see a pair of horses just as they finished a drive of 20 miles over a very hilly country. They had accomplished it in the excellent time of two hours and a half, and they arrived in good condition. A week later the same horses were driven by a different man over the same road in three hours and a half, and they were completely exhausted by the journey. The explanation was that the second driver had started at a great pace and kept it up for the first three or four miles, although there were some steep hills to climb. It is a more common mistake to suppose that a horse can maintain a fast gait without fatigue over a long level stretch. When the road is perfectly level the labor of drawing a vehicle, though not excessive, is absolutely continuous, so that it becomes exhausting after a few miles. On such a road the horse should be permitted to walk a little once in every two, three or four miles, according to the weight of the carriage, the condition and ability of the animal, the weather, and other circumstances. An up-and-down road, even though the hills are steep, is far less fatiguing to the horse than a level one, besides being, as a rule, much more picturesque. At least half of the villages in the mountainous parts of New England are connected by two roads, one through the valley, and another, but seldom used, over the hills. The traveler would do well in most cases to pursue the hilly route.

Much discretion also can be exercised in choosing the good parts of the road, in taking advantage of declivities, in easing the horse where the going is heavy or when he becomes too warm, or even when, for some reason not apparent to the driver, he seems to need a slight let-up. In short, to be a good driver, especially for long distances, a man must be sympathetic with his horse, and must understand the language of his ears, his tail and his gait. Care should of course be taken—and a very little will suffice—to turn the horse away from stones, lest he should trip over them, and to clear them with the wheels also. Just an unpleasant jar should be given the vehicle. There is one peculiar fact about the avoidance of stones with which no doubt all bicycle riders are familiar. If you begin to make your calculations at some distance off, you are almost sure to miscalculate and to hit the stone, whereas if you wait till the last moment the slightest turn of the wrist will enable you to dust your stone almost without touching it.—Henry Childs Merwin, in Harper's Magazine.

POPPLEDUKE'S ADVENTURE.

It Was the Most Extraordinary Occurrence He Ever Knew.

Mr. Poppleduke and Maj. Simms are two worthy bachelors inhabiting the same boarding house. Each is happy in the possession of a good many friends, and, not having to get up early in the morning, they sometimes stay out late at night. It must be admitted that Maj. Simms sometimes has trouble in making port, especially after dinner. Not so in the case of Mr. Poppleduke. No matter how late the dinner or joyous the occasion, his fine instinct never deserts him. Naturally he has often girded at the major on his weakness.

"Why," he said, "you have trouble in getting home after a supper, and never can do it without help after dinner. Major, I could come home all right after a breakfast."

But Mr. Poppleduke's hour of humiliation arrived. It was after a glorious dinner to a friend who had just been appointed consul to an important post. Mr. Poppleduke came home in a cab. He never faltered as he went up the front steps, and his hand had the precision of a conjurer's as he sought the key-hole. Inside he deposited his hat and coat and started up the stairs, walking with preternatural stiffness, and disdaining to touch the bannisters or wall. Now it happened that a servant, after doing some cleaning in the second story, had very carelessly left a stepladder at the head of and facing the stairs. Of course Mr Poppleduke went on up the stepladder. "Shteepesh shtairs ever sheen," he was heard to observe when about half-way up. Then he went on, and reaching the top, stepped off. The back of the stepladder broke his fall, and he only shot to the floor like a very rapid toboggan, and sat there with his feet thrust out in front of him. He hitched his shoulders up into position, and after giving the subject the thought which so remarkable a phenomenon deserved, said: "Mosht shtraordinary 'currence ever knew. Fell down back shtairs. Back shtairs shteeper'n front shtairs." (A long pause, during which he spied his own door directly in front of him.) "No, that washn't it. Girl left plesh wet shoap on shtairs. Shtepped on wet shoap. Fell off; then fell down. Won't tip girl nex- Chrishmash!" He reached up, turned the knob and crept into his room on his hands and knees, not daring again to trust himself on his feet.

The next morning it was Maj. Simms' turn to gird. But he refused to acknowledge that he had placed the stepladder where it was found.—Harper's Magazine.

Gently Put.

Mr. Spriggins (gently)—My dear, a Boston man was shot at by a burglar, and his life was saved by a button which the bullet struck.

Mrs. Spriggins—Well, what of it?

"Nothing, only the buttons must have been on."—Boston Traveler.

Not so Certain.

"This is one thing you don't have to do, anyhow," growled Mr. Wipedunks, through the lather that covered his face, as he proceeded to strap his razor. "You're always complaining about your hardships. You ought to be mighty thankful you haven't got a beard to bother you."

"I don't know about that," replied Mrs. Wipedunks. "If I was a bearded lady I believe I could make a better living for this family than you're making."—Chicago Tribune.

In Danger of Death.

"I never thought I would die with my boots on."

The young woman had a look of utter anguish in her face as she said these words.

She cast her eyes to the ground as she continued her melancholy reflections—

"But these are fully two sizes too small for me, and if I don't get them off soon they will surely kill me."—Town Topics.

THERE ARE FEW OTHERS.

One politician who is faithful to a conviction.—Truth.

Implacable.

"I can forget, but never forgive," muttered the enraged husband.

This sounds the wrong way 'round, but it was true.

He could never forgive his wife for writing to a former sweetheart, but he was able to forget to mail the letter.—N. Y. World.

Alluring.

"There are no flies on me," she said,
With vehemence complete.
"I am surprised at this," said he,
"Because you are so sweet."
—Up-To-Date.

A Mean Man.

Trivvet—My wife has been begging me to buy her a bicycle, but I flatter myself that I have got rid of her coaxing in rather a neat manner.

Diser—How?

Trivvet—I showed her two newspaper articles, one of which said that the bicycle handle-bars made women's hands large, and another which said the use of the pedals was sure to make the feet big.—Town Topics.

Side Light on History.

"You seem to have impressed the queen of Sheba very favorably," observed Hiram, king of Tyre, handing over the freight bill for his last shipment of cedars to Lebanon. "She says you are the most brilliant conversationalist she ever met."

"H'm—yes," mused King Solomon, biting into a pomegranate. "I let her do most of the talking."—Chicago Tribune.

A Long Wait.

Mr. Hayseed (after a long, weary wait in a New York restaurant)—Seems to me that broiled Philadelphia spring chicken we ordered is a long while coming.

Mr. Hayseed (resignedly)—I s'pose the train is off the track.—N. Y. Weekly.

Taken Literally.

Horton—What would you do if I should ask you to lend me ten dollars?

Bixby (who thinks it is a conundrum)—Give it up.

Horton—Thanks, old man. That's very good of you. I'll pay you back at the first possible moment, 'pon honor.—Cleveland Leader.

Strategic Mr. Chaffie.

Mrs. Chaffie—I don't know how I can get Johnnie to take his medicine. If I tell him what it is he won't take it, and if I don't tell him he won't take it.

Mr. Chaffie—I'll tell you what to do. Just put it on the table and forbid him to touch it, and he will take it sure.—Texas Sifter.

An Effective Appeal.

Doctor—Your daughter, madam, needs rest—absolute rest.

Patient's Mother—But she won't listen to me, doctor.

Doctor—You must appeal to her, madam, in the interest of her complexion.—Tit-Bits.

As the Season Opens.

There are no songs like the old songs
That we loved when we were young,
But we like to choose the singer
When we have to hear them sung.
—Chicago Record.

UNCLE SAM—We have a campaign on our hands, and for the present can not discuss the affairs of Spain and Cuba.

Unwelcome.

Peddler—Peg pardon, ma'am, but I am agent for Dr. Feeder's spice root bitters, and I'm sure if the members of your family would try them they would soon have the finest appetites—

Lady at Door (severely)—This, sir, is a boardinghouse.—N. Y. Weekly.

What He Was Doing.

He—I assure you I would never dare to rob those sweet lips of a kiss.

She—You hypocrite! Didn't you attempt it last night?

He—Never! Far from intending to rob you of a kiss I was trying to give you one.—Answers.

One at a Time.

"You seem to like dogs," he said, with an envious glance at her pug.

"I do," she answered, and then she added quickly, as she saw with a woman's intuition that he intended to propose, "but I don't want more than one at a time."—Chicago Post.

He Was Not Frisky.

Mrs. Frisk—You should treat young Mr. Moore politely, Clara. He is in all respects a most worthy young man.

Clara—That's just what makes me despise him. He hasn't got a single bad habit with which I can reproach him.—Texas Sifter.

Thoughtful Girl.

"Jack is so bashful that when he proposed to me the other night I had to assist him."

"What did you say?"

"Whenever he hesitated I would call out 'play ball.'"—Chicago Record.

What She Left.

Mrs. Manhattan—So your cook left you?

Mrs. Sadnae—Yes, and I'm about all she did leave.—N. Y. Herald.

Well Defined.

"Uncle Rob, what is a pedestrian?"

"Why, he's the fellow who makes a row when a bicycle runs over him."—Tit-Bits.

A Ridiculous Question.

"Do you let your wife have her own way in everything?" said Mr. Batch to Mr. Bloobumper.

"Do I 'let' her?" replied Bloobumper, with particular stress on the "let." "What a dry joker you are, Mr. Batch."—N. Y. World.

Missed It.

"Hands up," said the footpads as they closed in on Jorkins.

"Ha, ha," shrieked the victim, "what do you expect to find? My wife repairs my clothes every night after I retire." And he laughed so fiendishly that the footpads fled.—Detroit Free Press.

A JUVENILE TASTE EXPLAINED

"Our cook has gone away, and I'm awful glad. Now, mamma will have to make the cake, and mamma's cake is always heavy."

"Well, I declare! Do you prefer heavy cake?"

"Yes'm. You get more chewin' in one piece."—N. Y. Weekly.

He Was Not a Bigamist.

Brown—Now, just for an illustration, take my wife and—

Jones—Excuse me! But I cannot take your wife; I am married myself.—Town Topics.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

HOME WITHOUT A COOKY JAR.

A home without a cooky jar,
"Is not the home for me,"
A home without a cooky jar,
I hope to never see

A home without a cooky jar,
Is not at all my taste;
A home without a cooky jar,
I turn from in much haste.

A home without a cooky jar,
Since days of Adam's fall,
Is a home without a cooky jar,
And just no home at all.

A home with a big cooky jar,
"Oh, that's the home for me;"
A home with a big cooky jar,
I always hope to see.
—Good Housekeeping.

SOME QUEER TRICKS.

Odd Ways in Which French Youngsters Amuse Themselves.

To balance a cup of coffee on the point of a knife is a feat not many of us would undertake with any hope of success; but with the aid of a few accessories which are readily at hand the trick may be made comparatively simple. A cork, a fork—these are all the implements necessary, only do not forget to have on hand a little adroitness.

Put a cork of proper size into the handle of a cup of coffee so that it will fit securely and solidly, though not so tightly as to run any risk of breaking the handle. Stick a fork in the cork, two prongs on one side of the handle, and two on the other, inclining the end of the fork toward the under side of the cup.

The center of gravity being thus lowered, place your cup upon the point of a knife, and you will find by experimenting the exact point where it will hold itself in equilibrium. The underside of the cup usually being glazed, you must keep the hand that holds the knife steady. In the beginning you would do better to keep your other hand near the handle of the fork, so that you could seize it quickly in case of the danger of a fall.

Perhaps if you want to be entirely sure of your morning coffee you would better drink it before making your first experiment.

One of the little domestic details that surprised me most when I was first in Paris was a glass of water doing duty as a candlestick. But in spite of its simplicity, it perfectly supported the candle, and was in all points of usefulness quite the equal of any candlestick going. Only you must know the little dodge of preparing the candle.

You have only to pierce the end of a candle with a nail, but you must take great care that your nail is of just the right weight to carry the candle entirely under water; that is to say the water must be just even with the top of the candle without wetting the base of the wick.

Then light the wick and you may safely wager that in spite of the unfavorable element into which it is plunged, your candle will burn to the very end.

This seems extraordinary at first, but a little reflection will make the reason of it clear. You see, if the burning shortens the candle and so seems likely to bring the wick in contact with the water, on the other hand the weight of the candle is diminished in just the

1. The Terror of Housekeepers. 2. A Peculiar Candlestick. 3. The Cannon Shot. 4. The Problem of the Three Matches.

same proportion and so ascends little by little.

Moreover, the circumference of the candle chilled by the water melts much more slowly than it does in the air, so that the top of the candle becomes gradually hollowed out in such a way that the flame has a little well for itself, as represented in the corner of the design.

You need not have the slightest fear therefore in announcing that you can make a lighted candle burn to the very end in a glass of water.

I have often vainly tried to analyze, especially on the Fourth of July, why it is that boys find a big noise more amusing than all other sports combined. I only know that they do; that to touch off a cannon, to hear the roar which frightens nervous people, to see a ball spin into the air with the rapidity of lightning, and to watch the consequent recoil is the greatest fun alive. So I am going to tell you how to produce these effects in the most innocent manner possible.

First produce at any drug store the two little packages of powder that are used in making seltzer water. Then take an empty bottle of thick glass like the one indicated in the illustration, and fill it about a third full of water. Dissolve in this water the bicarbonate of soda contained in one of the little packages, and put the powder of the other (tartaric acid) into a card rolled up into the form of a cylinder. Plug up one end of this little cylinder with a wad of blotting paper, and suspend your cartridge thus made to the cork of the bottle by means of a pin to which a thread is attached; only be careful to have your thread of such a length that the bottom of your cylinder does not touch the liquid.

Force this cork with its little attachment well into the bottle, and behold your artillery charged. All that remains to be done is to fire it off. To do this it is only necessary to place the bottle horizontally on two lead pencils placed parallel upon the table. The water at once penetrates the tube of pasteboard, dissolves the tartaric acid, and the carbonic acid gas suddenly produced forces the cork out with a violent explosion, while by the effect of reaction the bottle rolls back upon the lead pencils, imitating exactly the recoil of a piece of artillery.

Some time when you want to entertain your friends after dinner, propose to them the problem of the three matches. Make a slit in the end of one match and after slightly sloping with a knife the end of a second match introduce it into the opening of the first in such a way as to form an acute angle. Now stand them up on the table and lean a third against them as indicated in the design. Hand a fourth match to anyone present and ask him to lift in the air with its aid the three others all together.

Like all the little games of combination this is very simple—after you know how but I have seen it tire the patience of an eminent architect and even a great civil engineer.

The solution of it is indicated in the illustration:

Just lean the fourth match lightly against the first in order to let the third fall under the one which you hold. Then lower the hand so that the third may pass into the angle formed by the first two. Now lift into the air the match which you hold in your hand and the others will come with it two on one side and one on the other.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

MARSH-WREN'S HOME.

No Bird Home Could Be More Substantially Put Together.

The nest of the long-billed marsh-wren is probably the strangest thing about it, and another surprise is in store for the student of their ways who has caught one of the midgets suspiciously near a great structure of reeds and grasses, as big as a cocoanut, and suspended in the frailest way among the reeds or bushes, several feet from the

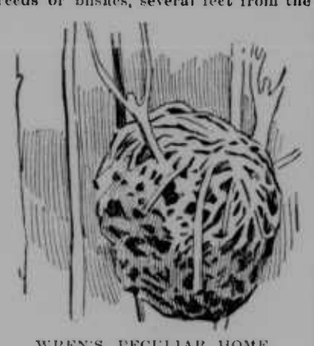

WREN'S PECULIAR HOME.

ground. It is wholly out of proportion to the size of the bird, but no nest could be more substantially put together. The materials are coarse rushes and grasses, wound round and round in a globular form, the ends being carefully worked in to make a tolerably smooth, tough thatch, perfectly dry and less than an inch thick, with a hole somewhere in the side near the top for the wrens to go in and out. Just where that hole is, few can tell until after a brood has been raised and the way has been made plain by the constant coming and going. If one is not in possession of the secret, he had better not try to discover it unless he wishes to destroy the nest, for he would be likely to lose patience and perhaps to thrust a finger through the wall.

In the old nests the orifice may be plainly seen. It is nearly an inch across; but in the new nests, instead of leading directly to the inside like a simple window, there is a wide shelf or sill, which projects out outward, but inward, and slopes steeply upward, so that the wrens, when entering, must first go up and then down. The inside, which, is as big as one's two fists, is comfortably lined with feathers, and on this bed of down may be found in June and July a clutch of beautiful and curious eggs, dark brown, like chocolate drops, and in number from five to nine.—Our Animal Friends.

VERY SMART BOY.

Thought the Horse Had No Right to Be Foolhardy.

Canine intelligence is a something that has oftentimes been the subject upon which fiction has been founded. The queer antics of the dog, and its seemingly keen perception at divers occasions, are things that have brought many a philosopher to conclude that this species of the dumb brute is well nigh human.

At one of the evening entertainments of the Carver combination a common poodle dog, if it did not show a true understanding of the situation, certainly verified the sympathetic qualifications that have so often been attributed to its kind. During the entire performance he seemed as interested as any of the spectators. It closely watched the athletes mount the tower and make their high dives, followed them in their airy flight before striking the water, and seemed to smile all over when they arose uninjured to the surface of the water. But what seemed to attack its sensibilities most was the act of the diving horses. As soon as it saw that one of the horses was being led around to the incline at the back of the tower, by which they ascend to their place, it became restless, and commenced to whine pitifully. It seemed to strike it that this was not as it should be; it grasped the unnaturalness of the feature, and expressed sympathy the best it could. It panted, and the whine grew stronger the nearer the horse came to the platform. When the horse stopped and waited a moment, the dog actually seemed to lose its breath. And as the horse fearlessly made the plunge the dog actually shuddered and seemed to be on the point of collapsing. The horse, of course, arose safely and swam to shore. Upon seeing that the horse had escaped unhurt the joy of the dog knew no bounds. It barked and wagged its tail and was as happy as could be, and but for its master would have run to where the horse was, presumably to extend congratulations upon a remarkable escape.—Minneapolis Tribune.

FARM AND GARDEN.

FARM FISH CULTURE.

An Interesting Industry and One That Can Be Made to Pay.

For many years past the government has been at great pains and expense in establishing and keeping up pisciculture establishments. And millions upon millions of fish have been hatched and distributed to private individuals and turned loose in the water courses in various parts of the country, and have perished for the want of proper attention. And the public, generally, have derived but little benefit for the money expended. In foreign countries, fish culture has been profitable, and it could be made profitable in this country provided the farmers would turn their attention to it, and prosecute it with judgment and energy. Every owner of a farm of any dimensions can have his own private fish pond, and supply his table with the rarest and best of food at little expense. And fresh fish is always ready sale in the country markets. On a great majority of the farms there is a place worth but little for cultivation that might be converted into an excellent fish pond, and made to yield its proportion of food for the sustenance of the family. But so far, farmers, or at least very few of them, seem to have given the matter any attention. I know but one farmer in my neighborhood who has given the matter any thought, and he has been remarkably successful.

Ponds intended for fish culture (if possible) should be made where there is an abundance of shade, and made as deep as possible, so that when full there will be no possible danger of their freezing to the bottom. And on the bottom should be placed large flat stones with their edges elevated by placing another stone under them. Under these stones the fish will go for protection either in very cold or hot weather. The margins of the pond should be made sloping gradually. Water growth should be let grow around the edges, as it has a tendency to shade the water and keep it cool and fresh. The purer the water can be kept the better. Consequently, stock nor fowls should have access to it, for when the water becomes impure the fish are not good for food. And they soon sicken and die.

The German carp, the California salmon, the pike, the shad and many other kinds have their admirers, and are highly recommended, but for hardy kinds, and those most likely to thrive, I would not exchange the bass, the buffalo, the perch and the eat of our own native streams for any others. Fish, like everything else confined to narrow quarters, should be regularly fed. Coarse bread of any kind without salt or grease is an excellent food. When wanted for table use they can be taken with a clipnet or small sieve and the small fry returned to the pond. — C. Glover, in Journal of Agriculture.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

To get good horses, breed right and then feed right.

Keeping the harness, especially the collars, well oiled will help prevent galls.

The nearer you get to full blood in breeding the better will be the results.

The thrift and condition of the mother largely determines what the pig will be.

A well-fed pig is usually a contented one, and will usually take only such exercise as is needed for health.

On the farm, as elsewhere, economy of time and space requires every team to accomplish the greatest amount of work.

The quality of the meat may be readily improved by careful and cleanly feeding, as well as changed by the kinds of food.

Horses may get fat and look well standing in the stable all of the time, but they will hardly be in a condition to stand hard times.—Farmers' Union.

LOADING CORN FODDER.

How the Work May Be Done Without Too Much Exertion.

The accompanying illustration shows how fodder may be loaded without much exertion. Place an ordinary rack on a low-wheeled wagon or a sled. To the rear of the rack hinge an apron of sufficient length so that when one end is on the ground the slope will not exceed 25 degrees. Fasten a pulley, a, to

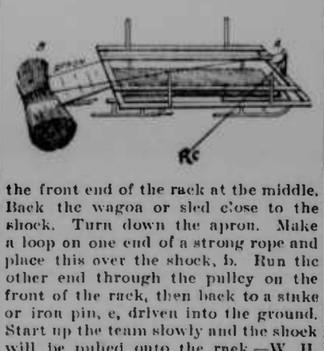

the front end of the rack at the middle. Back the wagon or sled close to the shock. Turn down the apron. Make a loop on one end of a strong rope and place this over the shock, b. Run the other end through the pulley on the front of the rack, then back to a stake or iron pin, e, driven into the ground. Start up the team slowly and the shock will be pulled onto the rack.—W. H. Ross, in Farm and Home.

Barbed Wire and Stock.

We cannot object too much to the use of barbed wire for fences for stock. Some years ago we were riding across the Dakota plains in a train. A herd of cattle became frightened at the train, and some of them made a break for the barbed wire fence. None of them tried to get over except a calf. The poor animal got partly over the wire and was held there by the barbs. As the train went out of sight the creature was seen still held fast by the same prongs. As there was no help in sight, we cannot know the suffering occasioned the dumb brute. This is doubtless only one case of the thousands, but it shows the inhumanity of man. Let us discourage the barbed-wire barbarism.—Farmers' Review.

True Statements From Licking Co.

They Are from Your Neighbors and Friends and Not from Unknown People of a Distant State.

From the American, Newark, Ohio.

Mrs. Mary Andrews was visited at her pleasant and beautiful little cottage home on North Street, one of the prettiest residence streets in the city of Newark, Ohio, where she was found busily employed in her domestic duties.

Mrs. Andrews came here from England some thirty-five years ago and since her arrival has been a resident of Licking county, and for thirteen years has resided in Newark. She has many friends throughout the western part of the county as well as in the city, whose confidence in her is strong and who realize that she will praise nothing unless it is worthy of it. She said to the reporter:

"For many years I had been a sufferer from indigestion and the accompanying ills that dyspepsia and constipation bring in their train, and was so miserable that at times I did not care whether I lived or died. I was troubled with bloating and never free from pain. I noticed in the daily Newark American an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in which the same symptoms were given that I was suffering from. I had tried one medicine after another without receiving any special benefit and had the local physicians given me the relief that I should have had, and I began to feel very much discouraged. Thus it was that I procured from the druggist a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People without much hope of their doing me any good, and was agreeably disappointed to find that the first box was doing me a great deal of good. My health was better, I could eat heartier and enjoy what I ate as I had not for years. It was with renewed hope that I purchased a second box of the pills and I soon was restored to a much better state of health than for many years back.

"Of course I felt rejoiced over the change in my physical condition and my family were equally happy. I do not like to take medicine, but the form in which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are put up makes them so easy to take that it was really a pleasure to use them and follow the directions closely. The pills took the bloat from me almost immediately. That has been two years ago, and since then I have enjoyed splendid health. Of course winter is harder on me than summer as I do not go out much during the cold weather, but the past two winters I have been in good health. I firmly believe that there is no medicine which will render the same aid to womankind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People does. While I had them in the house every member of my family used them and were all benefited by them. I cannot praise them too much for the good they did me, and I believe they assisted very materially in prolonging my life. I recommend them to my neighbors for their use."

Miss Alice Andrews, the daughter of the lady giving her testimony to the worth of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People was sitting by during the conversation, and she gave her views of the value of the pills by stating the good it had done her mother, in bringing back to her cheeks the ruddy hue of health and in restoring her appetite and strength.

The entire family believe in the efficacy of the pills, and that they are all that is claimed for them.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

MISS BUZZER—"Do you believe all the disagreeable things you read in the newspapers?" Miss Buzzbug—"I do if they are about people I know."—Roxbury Gazette.

Trips Undertaken for Health's Sake

Will be rendered more beneficial, and the fatigues of travel counteracted, if the voyager will take along with him Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and use that protective and enabling tonic, nerve invigorant and appetizer regularly. Impurities in air and water is neutralized by it, and it is a matchless tranquillizer and regulator of the stomach, liver and bowels. It counteracts malaria, rheumatism, and a tendency to kidney and bladder ailments.

POOR YOUNG MAN—"Why do you treat me so unkindly?" Fashionable Girl—"Treat you unkindly! Why, what do you mean? Haven't I told you I wouldn't marry you?"—Somerville Journal.

VERY low rates will be made by the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway for excursions of August 18th, September 1st, 15th and 29th, to the south, for Homeseekers and Harvesters. For particulars apply to the nearest local Agent, or address JAMES BARKER, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt., St. Louis, Mo.

"THE older a man gets," said the corn-fed philosopher, "the harder he finds it to feel sorry for a woman whose pug dog has died."—Indianapolis Journal.

A NOSE in Time Saves Nine of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for Coughs. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

MEN and ladies in small towns wishing to earn $18 a week easily, write us; we will explain. Excelsior Chemical Co., Rochester, N. Y. Lock Box 609.

"I DON'T want to catch you out so late again, young man," said the shortstop to his eldest. "I don't see how you did it this time," answered the child. "I never knew you to catch anything out for a long time before."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I'M afraid that when Yappy and that Miss Prettyvoid are married she will run the whole establishment." "And why not? She will be the senior partner by at least ten years."—Detroit Free Press.

"WELL," said Mrs. Wiffles to the tramp, "I suppose you want something to eat this morning?" "No, kind lady," replied the wayfarer; "I called to see if you had a cast-off bicycle to give a deserving man."—Harper's Bazar.

MR. FLOORWALKEN—"Why is a baby suffering with colic like a conservatory?" Mrs. Floorwalker—"Because they are too sweet for anything." Mr. Floorwalker—"Naw; they are both full of windy pains."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

WHEN in the brassy skies above
No hope nor help I see,
I gladly seek the girl I love—
She's always cool to me.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WHEN one woman hears a burglar, every woman in the neighborhood remembers that she heard noises about her own house at the same hour.—Atchison Globe.

"WILLIE TADDELLS," said the school-teacher firmly, "you have a piece of chewing-gum in your desk. Bring it to me instantly." "Yes'm," replied Willie, "but it ain't the flavor you use. Yours is orange, an' this is wintergreen."—Harper's Bazar.

"WEIGHT," said the summer lecturer, "is in direct proportion to density." "My!" said the summer girl; "what a weighty mind Chollie Spindletop must have!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HOSPITAL PHYSICIAN (with a view to diagnosis)—"What do you drink?" New Patient (cheering up at the proposal)—"Oh, sir!—thank you, sir—whatever you—I leave that to you, sir!"—Tit-Bits.

IF you don't like a thing, don't try to.—Atchison Globe.

—The London World says: "The grand duke of Nassau and Luxemburg is entertaining his annual shooting parties at Hohenburg, his place in Bavaria, which has a large and beautiful park, while the jagd is one of the best in South Germany." Note: This jag is spelled with a "d."

The Modern Beauty

Thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health and her face blooms with its beauty. If her system needs the cleansing action of a laxative remedy, she uses the gentle and pleasant Syrup of Figs. Made by the California Fig Syrup Company.

"TELL me a story, grandma." "What kind of a story do you want, Tommy?" "Tell me a story with plenty of raisins and candy in it and a dog."—Texas Sifter.

Hunting and Fishing Guide Free.

A guide to the best hunting and fishing grounds of the West and Northwest, containing an excellent map of the lake regions of Northern Wisconsin and Michigan, will be sent free on application to W. B. KNISKERN, 22 Fifth avenue, Chicago, Ill.

SOCIAL RISKS.—"Why is it considered unlucky to look at a funeral procession from under an umbrella?" "Some fellow might want to borrow it."—Chicago Record.

AFTER six years' suffering, I was cured by Piso's Cure.—MARY THOMSON, 29½ Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, '94.

KIND words prevent a good deal of that perverseness which rough and imperious usage often produces in generous minds.—Locke.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

AN Atchison boy of 15 carries such a wonderful list of improbable anecdotes in his head, that his parents have decided to make an evangelist of him.—Atchison Globe.

Blooming Health...

secured to every woman by the use of

Warner's Safe Cure

Thousands of afflicted women have been cured by its use.

Why not You?

A Purely Vegetable Preparation.

A Remedy with a Remarkable Record.

Large bottle or new style small one at your druggists. Write for Medical Blank free. Warner's Safe Cure Co., Rochester, N. Y.

The Ins and Outs of It.

If you get best wear out of a coat, best work must have gone into it. You can't get good bread out of poor flour.

Moral: You can't get the best out of anything, unless the best is in it; and the best has to be **put** in before it can be taken out. Now, we have a rule to test those sarsaparillas with a big "best" on the bottle. "Tell us what's put in you and we'll decide for ourselves about the best." That's fair. But these modest sarsaparillas say: "Oh! we can't tell. It's a secret. Have faith in the label." . . . Stop! There's one exception; one sarsaparilla that has no secret to hide. It's Ayer's. If you want to know what goes into Ayer's Sarsaparilla, ask your doctor to write for the formula. Then you can satisfy yourself that you get the best of the sarsaparilla argument when you **get Ayer's.**

Any doubt left? Get the "Curebook."
It kills doubts but cures doubters.
Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

"Protection."

BattleAx PLUG

If you want protection buy "Battle Ax." It is man's ideal tobacco. It protects his purse from high prices. It protects his health from the effects of injurious tobacco. It's the biggest and best there is—nothing less, nothing more.

An investment of 5 cents will prove this story.

Burlington Route

HARVEST EXCURSIONS

TO THE FARM LANDS AND PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE

West, Northwest and Southwest

The Burlington Route and many eastern railroads will sell EXCURSION TICKETS at VERY LOW ROUND-TRIP RATES on

August 4, 18, September 1, 15, 29 and October 6, 20.

Take this opportunity to go and see the splendid crops that Nebraska, Northern Kansas and other Western sections have produced this year. Ask your nearest ticket agent for particulars, and see that your ticket reads via the BURLINGTON ROUTE. Send to the undersigned for a pamphlet (no charge) about Western Farm Lands.

P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent, CHICAGO, ILL.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
G. D. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THURSDAY, OCT. 1, 1896.

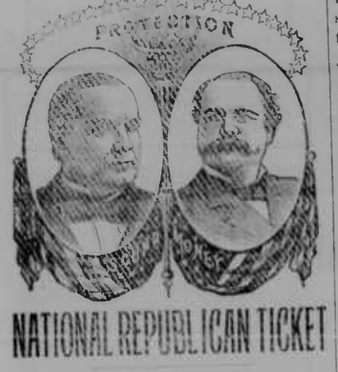

For President of the United States,

WILLIAM McKINLEY,

OF OHIO.

For Vice President of the United States,

GARRET A. HOBART,

OF NEW JERSEY.

For Congress,

JOHN McDONALD,

OF MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

THE frost is on the pumkin; but the Thanksgiving pie will be up to the usual gold standard.

BRYAN'S hair has been cut short, but he refuses to subject his remarks to the same treatment.

THE Bryan party is made up of all kinds of factions, led by all sorts of cranks, and if it should get into office it couldn't work together.

"I WOULD willingly defend free trade with my life," said Mr. Bryan in his first speech in Congress, and as he is now defending free silver with his tongue only it is easy to see to which policy he is most devoted.

"I AM a Democrat."—D. B. Hill, Brooklyn, 1885. "I am a Democrat, but not a revolutionist."—D. B. Hill, Chicago, 1896. "I am a Democrat, but will give a nice reward to the man who will tell me of what variety."—D. B. Hill, New York, September 23.

"WHAT gain would we make for the circulating medium," asked the late James G. Blaine eighteen years ago, "if on opening the gate for silver to flow in we open a still wider gate for gold to flow out?" The question is still unanswered and still timely.

ARKANSAS fell from the boasted 80,000 majority to about 40,000. The truth summed up about Arkansas is that compared with the last governor's election the combined Democratic and Populist vote increased 6,000 and the Republican vote increased 9,000. In the south, as well in the north, the people's cause is moving on splendidly.

Facts vs. Theories.

If free coinage will make money plentiful and increase wages, why did it not do so when we had free coinage, and why does it not do so in countries which have free coinage? To such questions no answer is vouchsafed by free silver orators. They prefer prophecy to proof. But the people have to deal with facts and not with theories. It is a condition and not a theory which confronts them.

It is a fact which cannot be rubbed out that money is more plentiful now and wages are higher than in 1873, when, according to the free silver theory, the country should have been enjoying an abounding prosperity.

In a speech at Brooklyn last week Mr. Depew made the following comparison:

In 1873 the locomotive passenger engineer on the New York Central received $80 per month, and now his average earnings is $150 per month; the freight engineers then received $60 per month, and now he averages $100; then the firemen received $40 per month, and now $75 in the passenger service and $60 in the freight service; then the trainmen and brakemen received from $30 to $35 and now they receive from $45 to $50; the trackmen, who constitute the great body of labor, received $7½ a day in 1873, and now they get $1.35.

It is plain that the employes of the New York Central have nothing to gain by "the restoration of the conditions which existed prior to 1873." And so far as the money supply is concerned, it is a fact that as many silver dollars have been coined and issued this year alone as during the 81 years from 1792 to 1873.

Bryan Dodges the Issue.

In his speech at Brooklyn Mr. Bryan tried to smooth away the intimation of the Chicago platform that the Supreme Court will be made over to suit Popocratic ideas. The platform, in referring to the income tax decision, spoke of "its reversal by the court as it may hereafter be constituted." What that was intended to mean, and what it is understood to mean by the Populists, is that if the Chicago nominees are elected the Supreme Court will be constituted so as to bring it into accord with the policy and purposes of the administration. Speaking to an eastern audience, Mr. Bryan puts a new interpretation on the language of the platform. He said: "The court changes from time to time; judges die or resign, and new judges take their places." And then he proceeds to suggest the possibility that the court at some indefinite time in the future may take a different view of the question from what it does now.

But such changes as Mr. Bryan mentions take place in the court as at present constituted. When the platform refers to the court as it may hereafter be constituted, the inference is plain that a new power is to intervene in the process of change—nothing less than a partisan intention to control the decisions of the court. And when Mr. Bryan pretends that the Chicago deliverance means nothing at all, and that matters are to go along just as they have done, he is trying to deceive the people.

Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, has the merit of disdaining false pretenses. He tells his audiences that he is "a plain, blunt man," who "calls a spade a spade, and a thief a thief." In his speech at Philadelphia recently he, too, told the people what was meant by the platform reference to the Supreme Court, and this is what he said:

"If McKinley is defeated, the Democratic party will take the rascally judges by the throats and teach them that there is yet liberty in this land."

Good Enough Money for Him.

Occasionally some flippant fellow, fresh from a Bryan meeting, is heard to jingle the loose change in his pocket and to exclaim: "Silver is good enough for me!" Silver is doubtless good enough for such a person; but it is sixteen to one that there was not a silver dollar among the coin he was jingling. Perhaps he did not consider, because of the great pain of thinking a little, that the silver dollar rests practically on the same basis with the half-dollars, quarters and other subsidiary coinage. This subsidiary coinage, in which the metal is worth still less than in the silver dollar, is as good as gold because of the general confidence that the Government will redeem it in gold. The fractional silver money has been purposely depreciated so as to prevent its exportation, and a consequent scarcity of convenient currency for the smaller transactions of business. But the government makes it good.

Frivolous complaint is also made that there is no gold in circulation because of the great scarcity. But, as Mr. Hobart, the Republican candidate for the Vice Presidency, has so aptly expressed it, the gold basis of the monetary system of the country, like the foundations of a temple, is none the less secure and substantial because it is invisible. Yet the money which the workingman receives at the end of the week is as good as gold, because he can buy as much for the paper notes or silver as for the gold. Should he receive his wages in gold at his desire, the money paid to the grocer or other dealer would find its way back to the bank. If saved, it would still go back to the bank as the securest place for keeping it.

But let free coinage of silver on individual account be adopted, as is the case with gold coinage, and it is not hard to understand that the Government would have no gold to redeem its paper currency or to exchange for its silver dollars. No man would take gold bullion to the mint to be coined on the same conditions with twice as cheap a metal, and no man would pay gold to the Government or to a private creditor when silver dollars would serve the purpose. By a universal law which never fails to enforce itself, the less valuable money would drive the good from circulation. The invisible gold basis of the vast superstructure of the currency would disappear, and the silver basis would take its place. Then the commodity which can now be bought under the gold standard for 53 cents would cost a dollar in silver. The wages and services now paid for at the rate of a dollar would be cut down to the rate of 53 cents, and working men would thus be taken both "going and coming"—both in the decline in the purchasing power of their earnings and in the inflated prices of commodities. Then our flippant friend would begin to think that silver is not "good enough" for him, and to wish that a majority had not been persuaded by shallow demagogues to adulterate the country's currency with the promise of making money cheap and abundant. But there is no reason to fear that the American people, by approving free coinage, will deliberately rush to their own undoing.

"Honest Dollars for a Day's Honest Toil."

Republican mass meetings will be held in

Oakland, Monday, October 5th, at 7.30 o'clock p. m.

Swanton, Tuesday, October 6th, at 2 o'clock p. m.

Deer Park, Tuesday, October 6th, at 7.30 o'clock p. m.

Sang Run, Wednesday, October 7th, at 2 o'clock p. m.

Friendsville, Wednesday, October 7th, at 7.30 o'clock p. m.

Accident, Thursday, October 8th, at 7.30 o'clock p. m.

Bittinger, Friday, October 9th, at 2 o'clock p. m.

Grantsville, Friday, October 9th, at 7 o'clock p. m.

The issues of the day will be discussed by Capt. John McDonald, candidate for Congress in the Sixth District; Hon. Milton G. Urner, of Frederick, and others.

JAMES C. PEDDICORD,
Chairman Committee.

The Booming of Bryan.

Now is Bryan moving westward
On a hurricane of language,
Sweeping all the earth with speeches,
Driving dry the Mississippi.
With his whizzing talk tornado;
Filling all the air with mouthiness,
Filling all the earth with chinness,
Filling all the sea with jawness,
Filling all the sky with wordness,
Loading every vale with language.
Piling high the hills with utterance,
Giving off his oratory
As an onion drops its peeling.
Caulking all the cracks of silence
With his eloquential stuffing.
Hurling great spellbinding cart loads
Of his many worded thinklets
At an unoffending people;
Scraping down the stars of heaven
To be used as punctuation
Marks in his magniloquences;
Never stopping for a moment,
Goes he westward in October,
On a hurricane of language,
On a roaring tide of language,
On a tidal wave of language,
On an autumn flood of language,
In a wild stampede of language,
In a wreckless mob of language,
Down a cataract of language;
Slashing, snatching, smoothing, sounding,
Slapping, slamming, slopping, swiping,
Whooping, whopping, whanging, whizzing,
Langnage, langnage, langnage, langnage!

The Wreckers.

The constant burden of Mr. Bryan's harangues is that the hard times is the result of the gold standard, and that we need a change. We have the gold standard now and we have hard times, so that the maintenance of the gold standard holds out no hope of relief to the people. In his speech at Wilmington he said: "They told us if we would repeal the Sherman law we would have better times. Have we had them? No."

This line of argument calls up some exasperating reflections. It is a fact within the knowledge of every business man that the repeal of the Sherman act did produce a remarkable revival of confidence and resumption of business activity. For some weeks the newspapers contained accounts of the starting up of mills and advance of wages. The free silver leaders were alarmed by the prospect, for their party aims are promoted by public calamity. So they went deliberately to work to attack and undermine the public credit. The weak point of the situation was the fact that the government revenues were much behind the expenditures, and by so much as business could be disturbed the deficit would be increased. The power of the government to borrow money was assailed, the validity of the bonds was impugned, and an act taking away from the government the power to issue bonds was brought forward and was actually passed by the Senate. When an act to increase the revenues was passed by the House it was held up by the Senate and finally defeated. The agitation in favor of providing by law that all loans, public or private, should be repayable in dollars of a value of about one-half of the value of the dollar loaned, was renewed with great clamor. These tactics succeeded. Public confidence was again shaken. Production was diminished and hard times brought upon the people.

The free silver agitation, on the part of its senatorial leaders, has been a deliberate conspiracy against the public welfare. These men take great care to protect themselves by stipulating for gold payment of all dues to themselves, so that they will be quite free of personal risk in carrying on their policy of ruin. They are a set of wreckers who profit by the calamities of others, and their complete overthrow and exclusion from political influence is in the indispensable condition of the return of prosperity.

The Wise Men of Kansas.
(A Fable.)

It was near the close of the nineteenth century—everywhere there was great depression. Railroads could not pay dividends, values were shrunken, money was idle, labor unemployed. The well-to-do could not make profits, the poor could not pay their debts, and everybody was gloomy and sad. Each man as he met his neighbor would solemnly say in the language of the Hon. James Fadden, "what t'ell," and moodily pass on.

Then there arouse the wise men of Kansas. They were mighty in their day; with honeyed words they beguiled the people. They painted in colors of night the oppression of labor and the suffering of poverty. They pictured in hues that paled the morning's rosy glow, the delights of luxury and the blessings of wealth.

Frenzied by the intoxicating dream they exclaimed: "Wherefore are we not rich! Go to now! Let us abolish poverty. Let us legislate ourselves into affluence." And the people heard and were smitten with the delicious madness.

Then the Governor assembled the wise men in special session and thus addressed them.

"Most noble, brave and mighty yeomen, our people groan. The burden is heavy upon them. Early and late they toil and eat the bread of disappointment and bitterness. Make ye laws for their deliverance.

"We are the greatest state in the Union. We are big enough and rich enough to have a policy of our own regardless of what other states may do or may not do. Let us be patriotic. A Kansas policy for Kansas is the need of the hour. Wheat is hard to raise and the yield is light and uncertain; but we are great on corn. The notion that the price must be governed by the law of supply and demand is a superstition by means of which the rich plunder and oppress honest toil. Make ye therefore a law in accordance with which soverign and august statute corn shall be put upon a par with wheat. They shall be interchangeable bushel for bushel, and the price of corn shall be the same as the price of wheat. Do this, and the people of Kansas shall rise up and call you blessed, and all the world, except the money-lenders, shall hail you as the emancipators of mankind."

The wise men passed the law as the Governor had advised and all the people of the state rejoiced, for their cribs were full of corn. They could hardly contain themselves till the Governor had signed the bill which raised the price of Kansas corn from fifteen cents to forty-five cents a bushel. All the people now felt rich. They bought many luxuries and some went in debt. They wondered that they had never before found out that wealth was simply a matter of legislation, and they left a great pity and contempt for the ignorant and superstitious people of the other states. Then the farmers from the other states began hauling their corn to Kansas. Long lines of wagons came winding along every road. Boats floated it down the rivers and railroads rushed it in from every section of the country. It seemed as if the country was all corn and it was all headed for Kansas. The people of Kansas took their medicine, that is they took the corn and gave up their wheat.

The farmers from the other states thought the Kansas people were queer but they kept bringing them their corn. Corn came in and wheat went out. And besides all the Kansas people had gone to raising corn because it was more easily produced than wheat and was to bring just as much in the market as wheat, for the wise men had decreed that it should. It was not long till Kansas had all of its own and nearly all of its neighbors' corn.

When the other states saw this vast accumulation and knew that it must sooner or later come on the market, the price of corn began to decline till it could be purchased anywhere except in Kansas for ten cents a bushel.

In Kansas the price was still forty-five cents which was the price of wheat, but there were no buyers. Neither would any one exchange wheat for their corn. When the autumn came the Kansas people did not have any wheat for seed. Then they sent to the neighboring states and implored the farmers to exchange wheat at a parity with corn. But the farmers said: "We will exchange one bushel of wheat for four and one-half bushels of corn." "Our law," replied the Kansas people, "puts corn and wheat at a parity. They are equal for our wise men said they should be." And the farmers replied, "Your wise men are asses; let them eat your corn." So the Kansans went back home and all their people were in despair.

The more corn they had the less it was worth, and they had nothing but corn. Day by day the times grew harder.

Then the governor again assembled the wise men and said to them, "Most consummate, picturesque and glittering gold-darned fools. There is but one bigger fool than yourselves. It is he who now addresses you.

"We thought we could bluff the everlasting law of supply and demand with our statute. We thought we could legislate value into a thing and make our people rich by a law. We thought we were patriotic. We were idiotic. Let us honestly acknowledge our assininity, repeal our fool law, get back into line with the other states and imagine no more that we are wiser than the whole world. Do this, and may we live long enough to know that the other states have ceased laughing at our folly and that our own state has ceased cursing us for it."

Then the wise men repealed the law, but it was many years before the people recovered from the effects of the corn craze.

Moral: We are a big nation, we are not the whole earth.

Another Moral: Legislation can neither make nor unmake values.

Still another: A fool is a man who thinks all the rest of the world are fools.

One More: We can not lift ourselves up by our own boot straps.

Note.—The state of Kansas is used as an example in this fable simply for the reason that it produces quantities of corn. There is no intention to reflect upon the state or people of Kansas in any way.

Ministers are Angry.

WILMINGTON, DEL., Sept. 24.—Candidate Bryan's attack upon clergymen as a class, during his speech at the Auditorium on Monday, has cost him a large number of votes. Mr. Bryan said in effect that more bitterness had been shown by ministers of the gospel, as a class against the advocates of free silver than had been shown by the politicians on the platform, and that it was not that they had so much attacked free silver as that they had shown there general disregard for the interests of the people. He said the ministers were in league with the monopolists, that they lived in ease, opulence and luxury; that they were unacquainted with and had no regard for the condition and welfare of their flocks, that such a position was not one which ministers of the gospel ought to occupy.

That they should be ready and anxious to give their fellow-men a helping hand; ministers should be made to feel that it was a part of their duty to share the burdens of the needy ones of the congregation; that they had however, no regard for the condition of there people, thinking solely of their own comfort and condition; that they were in their work for what they got out of it, and that the ministers made up a selfish class. He also said more along that line. Many persons in the audience were indignant at such an attack upon the ministers and so expressed themselves.

Rev. Francis Butgette Short is especially indignant. In an interview he is quoted as saying of Mr. Bryan:

"He is not worthy to be elected to the high office of President of the United States. His delivery showed plainly his spleen. The way a man says some things will have a deeper impression than when the words are read in type."

North Glade.

Among the visitors to our community recently were the following: D. T. Beckman and family, of Bayard, W. Va.; Jno. Painter and sister Nina, of Aurora, W. Va., and Miss Julia Lipscomb, of Bethlehem.

Rev. E. P. Idleman, our new pastor will preach for us on Sunday morning, the 11th inst.

A splendid program is being arranged by our Epworth League for Tuesday evening.

Can and Do We Produce the Finest Grades of Staple Wools?

To the Editor of The Republican.

On the above question many wool producers may be able to give an accurate answer; many more, perhaps, unable. For the benefit of those who are not informed upon this theme, and in refutation of a negative assertion and fallacy coming from the ranks of the political party, among whose adherents was that eccentric statesmen who used the phrase "of Roanoke" as a part of his name, and who is recorded having had such an aversion to sheep as to express his hatred in the memorable words, "I would go out of my way to kick a sheep," we answer emphatically, yes, to the interrogatory heading of this article.

We will not merely assert, but prove, by evidence drawn from historical, statistical and non-partisan sources, what we assert. We have heard the argument frequently advanced from the ranks of the "tariff for revenue school" in support of the theory that a high tariff on fine grades of imported wool would be injurious to the woolen manufacturing interests of this country, because fine grades of cloth could not be made without foreign fine wool, it being asserted we could produce none fine enough. In rebuttal of such an assertion we quote from the special report on the history and present condition of the sheep industry of the United States, issued in 1892 by the Bureau of Animal Industry, U. S. Department of Agriculture, page 135, the following: In an account of the sale of Merino sheep in 1814, the writer continues, "and on November 27th following Edward Lloyd was inaugurated governor of Maryland, dressed in a full suit of homespun, fine green cloth, manufactured from Merino wool of the Don Pedro sheep from his own farm on the eastern shore, equal in texture and fineness to any of the European cloths."

On page 161 we read that "James Madison was inaugurated President of the United States on the 4th of March, 1809, 'in a full suit of cloth of American manufacture, of the wool of Merinos raised in this country, his coat from the manufactory of Col. Humphreys, and his waistcoat and small clothes from that of Chancellor Livingston,' presents, respectively, from those gentlemen whose zeal in the production of domestic woolens had received fresh impulse and has found several imitators since the late restrictions on the importation of British cloths." We consider comment on the above unnecessary. He who can read should be able to understand it as quoted, and he who cannot could no more read further elucidation. Does anyone of intelligence and common sense suppose that American breeding and feeding skill, enterprise and energy has not kept at least abreast with foreign countries in improvement of the stock of sheep which produced the fibre from which were made the apparel worn at the inauguration of the supreme executive of nation and state? Is what President Madison and Governor Lloyd wore upon their entrances into their high official capacity, fine enough for us?

England and Germany were also deluded many years ago, according to the above quoted government report, in the belief that they would have to depend upon Spain, the original home of the Merino sheep, for their supplies of fine wool, until Merino sheep were taken to Saxony, were they produced a finer wool than at their original home. The report calls attention to the fact that the coats of the same kind of animals become more dense and the fibre finer in texture in cool than in hot climates and the same is true of wool.

It has also been asserted that foreign wool, that is the finest grades, are quoted higher in price than any American wool. Indulgent reader, look up your Boston market quoted in the great weeklies. Last week the maximum price quoted for American wool was 32 cents per pound, and for foreign wool 29 cents per pound.

A BELIEVER IN JUDICIOUS PROTECTION.
Grantsville, Md.

Dynamite Explosion.

There was a dynamite explosion at Dill, a station on the line of the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg railroad a day or two ago, and Austin Schwartz, Stanley Bender and John Rice were perhaps fatally injured. These men were employed on a saw mill and in order to extend a tram road up the Potomac river much blasting is necessary.

A large package of dynamite and dynamite caps was placed on an engine and these men and several others started to take it to where they were going to blast. While on the way the dynamite package was set on fire by a spark from the engine when Schwartz seized the package and threw it to the ground, when the explosion occurred. Flying missiles of some description struck the men mentioned, and they had to be taken to Piedmont for treatment.

Your Cough,

like a dog's bark, is a sign that there is something foreign around which shouldn't be there. You can quiet the noise, but the danger may be there just the same. SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil is not a cough specific; it does not merely allay the symptoms but it does give such strength to the body that it is able to throw off the disease.

You know the old proverb of "the ounce of prevention?" Don't neglect your cough. A book which will tell you more on the subject sent free on request.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil. Put up in 50 cts. and $1.00 sizes.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

MARYLAND COUNTED.

Sure to Vote for McKinley and Hobart.

The New York *World* publishes a despatch from Baltimore giving the political outlook in this state as reported by its special correspondent. Extracts from the despatch are given below:

"Here in the heart of Maryland the corpse of Bryanism awaits burial.

"There can be but little doubt that the old State has joined the Republican column, perhaps to stay there for many years. The sceptre of power has passed from the unsteady hands of Senator Gorman. There is one greater than he, and his name is Wellington. The new Republican Senator has followed up the great victory of last year by organizing the Maryland Republicans as they never have been organized before. Not less than 20,000 Democrats have joined him in the war against free silver.

"The Democratic organization is in ruins. Its leaders are without money and largely without influence. Most of them are half-hearted and are merely going through the motions of supporting Bryan for the sake of keeping control of the machine in the future, without the slightest idea of success this year. No thoughtful man can go through Maryland without discovering the fact that the Democrats are completely demoralized. The party is a wreck. Conservative men place McKinley's majority at 15,000 or 20,000. The Republican movement this year is a avalanche-like. The defection of business men from Bryan in Baltimore is so great that the Republicans are actually able to send financial assistance to other states. Senator Gorman's political career is virtually ended. I saw Senator Wellington to-day. The conqueror of Gorman talks rapidly, in short, terse sentences.

"'Maryland is as safe for McKinley as any state in the Union' he said. 'He will carry it this year by a majority of not less than 25,000. I will stake my political reputation on this prophecy. Maryland is now a Republican State and will remain so. The old Democratic ring cannot count us out. We have everything in our hands now—the Governorship, the Legislature, the election machinery and the city government of Baltimore. The three days of registration in this city show an astonishing increase. The Baltimore vote amounts to about 120,000. There are seven days for registration and 77,827 have been registered in the first three days, against 54,170 in the first three days of 1894. The vote this year will be enormous.

"'Our reports from all parts of the State show that there is very little free silver sentiment among Republicans. The bolters are hardly worth counting—individual cases here and there. But honest, patriotic Democrats are coming over to us by thousands.

"'The Republicans are in magnificent fighting condition. With the election machinery in our own hands, we know that we can have our votes counted. I repeat that McKinley will carry Maryland by not less than 25,000 majority. The result is absolutely certain, though we propose to keep up the work until the last vote is cast on election day.'

"It would be impossible to describe Senator Wellington's manner as he talked. He wos energy and enthusiasm incarnate. There is not a shrewder or a cooler politician in the United States.

"Some of the strongest Democrats in the State have announced their intention to support McKinley. There is a touch of humor in the situation. Edward W. Mealey, who is still a member of the Bryan Democratic State Committee, has consented to the use of his name as elector for Palmer and Buckner. In addition to this, he says he will vote at the polls for McKinley."

The *World* correspondent thus reports what Mr. John K. Cowen told him:

"'I have never seen the people of Maryland so profoundly stirred up as they are this year,' he said. 'Thousands of men who usually do not vote have registered. In the State generally, outside of Baltimore, the silver and gold forces stand about even. But in this city there is an enormous registration of Republicans and of Democrats who have declared for McKinley, or for Palmer and Buckner. The threat of the Chicago platform has awakened every conservative instinct. The whole business element of Baltimore is against Bryan. When he spoke here the other night there was no business man to preside over the meeting, and no business men to act as vice presidents—a thing unprecedented in a city whose business men are the backbone of the Democratic party. The president of the Business Men's Association, which made the great fight for the Democratic party last year, was Harry Parr, who is now president of the organized Democrats who support McKinley.

"'The Democratic organization in the State is bankrupt,' continued Mr. Cowan. 'Its leadership is spiritless. The city Democratic machine, which has always been active, aggressive and vigilant, is also without money and is doing practically nothing. Go to the registration offices in Baltimore and you will not find a Democrat watcher or worker. That is the effect of free silver on the Democratic organization here. Congressman Rusk, the chairman of the Democratic city organization, is a gold man. He declined to be a candidate for renomination. All the reports that come to me point to Bryan's certain defeat in this State.

"'Allegany county, which has a large vote of railway men and coal miners—intelligent Scotch, Welsh, German and Irish—shows an increased Republican strength.

"'As for Carroll county, which is strongly Democratic, I know that just after the Chicago convention there were only two men who bolted the free silver ticket, ex-Judge James A. S. Bond and the president of Westminister Academy. The Palmer and Buckner ticket has now an immense following there. More than 150 Democrats have informed Mr. Bond that they would not support Bryan. Farmers who are leaders, have asked him about their money, and he has pointed out to them the plain road to repudiation opened by the Chicago convention. To the debtor farmers he has pointed out the fact that the creditors will promptly foreclose mortgages to save themselves if the silver idea is accomplished.

"'I am satisfied that Carroll a normally Democratic county will be carried by the Republicans. Four weeks ago I would have said that there would be no change in the ordinary vote outside of Allegany county and the city of Baltimore. But to-day there is very marked change in the four counties I have named. Baltimore county, which does not include the city, will give a Republican majority unless my information is very misleading. In the other parts of the State I believe that the Republican and Democratic vote will be normal, but it is important to remember that we have a new election law now, and the Republican vote will be counted this year. I am one of the Democrats who have insisted upon a fair election law.'"

Court Proceedings.

The present term of the Circuit Court is one of the longest in the history of the county. It has been in session since Sept. 14 and will probably last a week longer.

TRIALS.

No. 10. John Shartzer, substituted trustee, vs. Mt. Lake Park Association, judgment for defendant. Appeal taken.

No. 13. Aden C. Duckworth vs. Robt. M. McMillan, settled.

No. 14. V. Weiss Thalhuan vs. Jos. C. Alderson, dismissed.

No. 35. Jos. C. Alderson vs. Jas. Hardinger, judgment for plaintiff $150.

No. 36. The Exchange Bank of Wheeling vs. Jos. C. Alderson, agreement of counsel for settlement.

No. 37. Reymer & Bro. vs. B. F. Friend & Co., judgment for plaintiff for $99 and costs.

No. 42. Wm. Sharpless vs. Wm. H. Barnard and Joshua Tichnell, judgment under rule plea for plaintiff $201.13.

No. 48. John P. Hubbard vs. Abraham McRobie and others, dismissed.

No. 53. Hicks & Hoge vs. Aaronhalt & Baker, judgment for plaintiff $185.70

No. 54. The Kenneweg Co. vs. Sam'l C. Baker, judgment for plaintiff $256.13.

No. 55. Minnie Hinebaugh, executrix Elizabeth Phillips, deceased, vs. Jos. C. Alderson, settled.

No. 57. T. B. Gilmor, use N. J. Crooks, vs. W. L. Possey, judgment for plaintiff $122.25.

No. 59. R. M. Sutton & Co. vs. L. H. Friend, judgment for plaintiffs for $305.45.

No. 60. Pat'k Dorsey vs. Geo. Wellington and Jonas E. Gnagey, judgment for plaintiff for $228.

No. 61. Jos. Loucheim & Co. vs. F. Felty & Bro., dismissed.

No. 62. Slingluff, Johns & Co. vs. G. O. Miller & Co., judgment for plaintiff for $112.

No. 63. Geo. J. Mueller vs. Wm. H. Malette, judgment for plaintiff for $195.25.

No. 66. Daniel Augustine vs. Amaziah Turney, judgment for plaintiff for $248.16.

No. 68. Boyd Jones & Co. vs. G. O. Miller & Co., judgment for plaintiff for $108.11.

No. 69. Thompson & Jackson vs. J. A. Friend, judgment for plaintiff for $108.93.

No. 70. Thompson & Jackson vs. S. Savage, judgment for plaintiff $108.93.

No. 72. D. Bacharach & Co. vs. G. O. Miller & Co., judgment for plaintiff for $272.47.

No. 73. The Jos. Speidell Grocery Co. vs. G. O. Miller & Co., judgment for plaintiff for $252.32.

No. 74. The Davis Nat'l Bank of Piedmont vs. L. H. Friend, judgment for plaintiff for $178.79.

No. 75. Same vs. J. F. Friend, same judgment.

No. 77. D. C. Winebrenner vs. H. E. Felty, judgment for plaintiff for $206.50.

No. 80. The Baer Sons Grocer Co. vs. G. O. Miller & Co., judgment for plaintiff for $238.58.

No. 84. Scobie & Parker vs. Benj. F. Friend and others, settled.

No. 87. Gilmor S. Hamill vs. John L. Sims and wife, judgment for plaintiff for $307.68.

No. 89. The Pittsburg Saddlery Co. vs. Jas. W. Leathers, judgment for plaintiff for $92.65.

No. 93. Emma S. Cummins vs. Geo. Taylor, verdict for plaintiff for $200.

No. 94. Same vs. Walter D. Collier, verdict for plaintiff for $400.

No. 97. True & Grue Co. vs. Bradford Bros., judgment for plaintiff for $500.16.

No. 99. John Shartzer, receiver for Geo. O. Miller & Co., vs. Thomas Netlikin, judgment for plaintiff for $175.63.

No. 100. Same vs. Moses Bowman, judgment for plaintiff $223.

No. 101. Same vs. Chas. F. White, judgment for plaintiff for $99.91.

No. 102. Same vs. William Kildaw, judgment for plaintiff for $131.57.

No. 103. Same vs. Adam S. Sell, judgment for plaintiff for $204.07.

No. 104. Same vs. Peter A. Chisholm, judgment for plaintiff for $137.50.

No. 105. Same vs. John Garrett and wife, judgment for plaintiff for $211.87.

No. 106. Same vs. Sarah A. Combs and husband, judgment for plaintiff for $206.66.

No. 108. Wm. C. Broadwater vs. Jonas W. Johnston, dismissed.

No. 114. Strauss Bros. vs. Chas. T. West, judgment for plaintiff for $110.56.

No. 132. The Garrett Co. Bank vs. Geo. O. Miller & Co. and others, judgment for plaintiff for $1,229.20.

No. 133. Same vs. Bradford Bros. and others, judgment for plaintiff for $255.12.

No. 135. Jos. P. Helbig vs. Gustavus W. Delawder and wife, judgment for plaintiff for $108.15.

No. 167. The Baer Sons Grocery Co. vs. Wm. H. Malette, judgment for plaintiff for $214.64.

No. 168. Same vs. Ella P. Russell, judgment same and amount same.

No. 172. Thos. F. Baker vs. The Maryland Coal Co., verdict for plaintiff for $2,000.

APPEALS.

No. 1. James Hardigan vs. Jos. C. Alderson, judgment affirmed.

No. 2. The Mountain Home Co. vs. Chas. T. Sweet, judgment affirmed for $75.00 and costs.

No. 4. G. W. Logue vs. Healy & Heath, judgment for plaintiff for $12.50.

No. 6. Healy & Heath vs. Mell Coddington, dismissed.

No. 7. Nethken Bros. vs. Jno. E. Rexroad, judgment affirmed.

No. 8. Samuel C. Hoye vs. Mayor & Common Council of Deer Park, verdict for debt.

No. 9. Mrs. Walter Baldwin and husband vs. Nethkin Bros., judgment reversed and non prossed.

No. 10. Walter Baldwin vs. J. C. Savage, judgment reversed and non prossed.

No. 11. John H. Conneway vs. Sarah A. Thomas, non prossed and judgment reversed.

No. 12. G. W. Logue vs. Healey & Heath, verdict for plaintiff for $91.90.

No. 13. Jas. Bowser, administrator, vs. Wm. F. Garlitz, dismissed.

CRIMINAL TRIALS.

No. 1. State vs. John W. Harvey; nolle pros.

CRIMINAL APPEARANCES.

No. 9. State vs. Newton Savage; plea of guilty on second count; fined $20 and costs.

No. 23. State vs. Thos. J. Moreland, procuring liquor for a minor; verdict not guilty.

No. 25. State vs. Jas. Echard, alias Harry Sailor, larceny; plea of guilty; sentenced to penitentiary for three years.

No. 26. Same vs. same, carrying concealed weapons; nolle plus.

No. 27. State vs. Wm. H. Green, malicious destruction of property; verdict not guilty.

No. 28. State vs. Frank P. Green, malicious destruction of property; verdict not guilty.

No. 29. State vs. Geo. B. McMillan, malicious destruction of property; verdict not guilty.

No. 30. State vs. David S. Martin, carrying concealed weapons; plea of guilty; sentenced to House of Correction for 2 months.

No. 33. State vs. Henry Hockman, bastardy; nolle pros.

No. 34. State vs. John McMullen, breaking into an outhouse with intent to steal; guilty and sentenced to two years in penitentiary.

No. 38. State vs. Henry Hockman; indictment ignored and discharged.

No. 43. State vs Jas. Echard, alias Harry Sailor, assault with intent to kill; nolle pros.

No. 44. State vs. Michael Boyle, selling liquor to a minor; guilty and fined $50 and costs.

No. 45. State vs. Michael McFelky; stet:

No. 46. State vs. Truman West, giving liquor to a minor; guilty and fined $50 and costs.

No. 47. State vs. Wilbert Berry, carrying concealed weapons; guilty and sentenced to six months in house of correction.

No. 48. State vs. Robert L. Sprigg, assault and battery; guilty and sentenced to one year in House of Correction.

No. 49. State vs. Wilbert Berry, assault and battery; verdict not guilty.

No. 50. State vs. Samuel Davis, selling liquor to a minor; guilty and fined $50 and costs.

No. 51. State vs. Michael Boyle, selling liquor to a minor; guilty and fined $50 and costs.

No. 52. State vs. Truman West, selling liquor to a minor; plea of guilty; fined $50 and costs.

No. 54. State vs. David S. Martin, assault and battery with intent to kill; plea of not guilty confessed by State.

No. 56. State vs. Samuel Davis, selling liquor to a minor; guilty and fined $50 and costs.

No. 57. State vs. Samuel Davis, selling liquor to a minor; stet.

CRIMINAL APPEALS.

No. 2. Charles Pysell vs. State of Maryland; warrant quashed.

No. 3. Harry Sailor vs. State of Maryland, carrying concealed weapons; warrant quashed.

No. 4. E. M. Coddington vs. State of Maryland, assault and battery; not guilty.

No. 5. Fred Broszt vs. State of Maryland, carrying concealed weapons; dismissed.

No. 6. David S. Martin vs. State of Maryland, assault and battery; guilty and sentenced to House of Correction for six months.

No. 7. Michael McFelky vs. State of Maryland, vagrancy; dismissed.

RECEIVER'S SALE
OF A VALUABLE
Stone Quarry & Lime Kiln.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county sitting as a court of Equity, rendered on the 19th day of August, 1896, in the Chancery cause of Frederick L. Fredlock against Joseph P. Gleeson, pending in said court, I will, on

Saturday, October 17, 1896,

AT 9.30 O'CLOCK A. M.,

at Crab Tree switch, on the B. & O. R. R., in said Garrett county sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, all the real and personal property of

The Piedmont Lime and Stone Company,

consisting of about forty eight acres of valuable lime stone property, improved by kilns, sheds, etc., and all other necessary and improved appliances for operating and running the same. There are also two heating stoves, some bedding and bed clothes.

This plant is located on the main line of the B. & O. R. R., at Crab Tree switch, and is admirably situated for the successful operation of lime and stone quarry.

The real estate is more particularly described as follows, to-wit: All that piece or parcel of land situated, lying and being in Garrett county, and particularly described by metes and bounds, courses and distances as follows: Beginning for the same at a bounded lynn tree standing near the Southern limits of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad and opposite the Crab Tree station of said railroad, and running thence South 46 degrees West 100 perches to a stake and stone pile with a hickory sapling and chestnut trees marked as pointers; North 63 degrees West 60 perches to a bounded Spanish oak tree; North 26 degrees East 96 perches to a bounded sapling on the limits of said railroad; North 57 degrees East 23¼ perches to a bounded pin oak tree, and thence by a straight line to the beginning.

CONTAINING 50 ACRES,

save and except from the operation of this deed, and reserving therefrom, the house and two acres of ground leased at one corner of said tract, and said piece hereby reserved being bounded as follows: Beginning at the lynn tree, the beginning of said 50 acres, and running with the first line of said deed for said 50 acres, 418 feet to a stone, thence at right angles with said line 500 feet, thence parallel with said first line 418 feet to the limits of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and thence by a straight line 209 feet to the beginning, being the same property which was conveyed to Frederick L. Fredlock and Joseph P. Gleeson by Peter Monaghan and Ellen Monaghan, his wife, by deed dated on the 21st day of October, A. D. 1895, and recorded among the Land Records of said Garrett county in Liber E. Z. T. No. 28, Folios 561, etc.

TERMS OF SALE:—All sums under ten dollars, cash; all sums over ten dollars, one-half cash, and the balance in one year, the deferred payments to bear interest from day of sale and to be secured to the satisfaction of the undersigned.

The above real estate will be sold subject to two mortgages, as follows:—One executed by Joseph P. Gleeson and wife to Frederick L. Fredlock, and by the said Fredlock assigned to E. J. Fredlock and W. T. Jamesson, dated on the 28th day of October, 1895, for $2000 with interest, payable in four years from date; recorded in Mortgage Record E. Z. T. No. 27, folios 509, etc., of said Garrett county; and one executed by Frederick L. Fredlock and wife to E. J. Fredlock and W. T. Jamesson to secure them as endorsers to an amount not exceeding $1000, dated on the 9th day of November, 1895, and recorded in Mortgage Record Liber E. Z. T. No. 27, folios 581, etc.

For further information, apply to

TAYLOR MORRISON,
Receiver,
Piedmont, West Va.

29—4t

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF A—
HANDSOME RESIDENCE
IN OAKLAND.

Under and by virtue of a power contained in a mortgage from Ellen Gibbons and P. H. Gibbons to G. S. Hamill and by him assigned to Estes G. Rathbone, said mortgage bearing date of December 11, 1894, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 15, folio 510, one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Default having been made in the payment of the principal, interest, insurance and taxes of said mortgage, I hereby give notice that as assignee of said mortgage, I will on the

17th DAY OF OCTOBER, 1896,

AT TWO O'CLOCK, P. M.,

in front of the Postoffice in Oakland, offer at public sale for cash all the property described in said mortgage, being

LOTS NOS. 1, 2 and 3

in Brant's Addition to the town of Oakland. Said lots are improved by a

Commodious and Well Arranged Dwelling House

with modern improvements; also a carriage house, stable, ice house, etc., etc.

This handsome property is located on Oak Street and is occupied by Maj. E. G. Rathbone.

Terms of sale as prescribed by said mortgage, cash on the day of sale. Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

E. G. RATHBONE,
Assignee of Mortgage.

ESTATE OF HENRY NEWMAN, DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscribers, of Somerset County, Pennsylvania, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the estate of

HENRY NEWMAN,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 1st day of April next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 19th day of September, 1896.

ASA B. NEWMAN, } Executors.
NORMAN NEWMAN, } Elk Lick, Pa.

39—3t*

FARM FOR SALE.

I, the undersigned, offer for sale my farm containing 181 acres, lying in district No. 10, south of Deer Park about four miles. I will now give you the cash value of said farm valued by the assessors for Garrett county, $1568. This is expected to be their righteous judgment. I now offer the same for $1200, eight hundred dollars down and the remaining $400 in one year from day of sale, purchaser giving his note with approved security. Anyone desiring to pay all cash can buy said farm at a reduced price by working a small sum in subtraction. You can see there is considerable difference between the assessors' valuation and the owner's valuation. Supposing that three men's judgment is far superior to that of one man, you have the chance to make a nice sum of money and as all this money can be made in one day I invite anyone who wants to buy to come and I will take the pleasure to show said farm.

29—3t ANDREW J. LEE.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from James W. Tusing and Annie C. Tusing, his wife, to Truman W. Casteel, dated April 21, 1891, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 25, folio 60, one of the Mortgage Records of Garrett county, Md., default having been made in the conditions of said mortgage, I, John T. Mitchell, the attorney named in said mortgage, is authorized and empowered to make sale of the property described in said mortgage, and in pursuance of said power I will offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House door in the town of Oakland, on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24th, 1896,

at 11 o'clock a. m., all that lot of ground near the town of Oakland in said Garrett county, and known and distinguished as lot No. 6 of the sub-divisions of part of the tract of land called "John and Mary," and as such described as follows:

Beginning for the same at the end of the 1st line of lot No. 5 and running thence South 66 degrees East 16 9-10 perches, North 24 degrees East 57 3-10 perches to a street 40 feet wide, thence with said street North 66 degrees West 16 9-10 perches to the end of the 2nd line of lot No. 5, and with it reversed South 24 degrees West 57 3-10 perches to the beginning, containing five acres, and being the same lot of ground conveyed by Truman W. Casteel and wife to the said James W. Tusing and Annie C. Tusing by deed dated the——day of April, 1891, and recorded among the Land Records of said Garrett county.

This lot is located on the road leading from the east end of Oakland to Hotel Bennett and is improved by a small dwelling house and is all under fence.

This is a very desirable lot for a residence, etc.

Terms of sale, cash on the day of sale or the ratification thereof by the court. Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
33-4t Attorney named in the Mortgage.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Jennie Smith Hotel Company, of Garrett county, will be held at the office of the Company at Mountain Lake Park, Md., on

Wednesday, September 30, 1896,

at eleven o'clock a. m., for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year and such other business as may legally be transacted.

JOHN DUNNILL,
Secretary.

Mt. Lake Park, Md., Aug. 31, 1896. 27-3t

J. L. McCOMAS, Jr.,

Sign, Carriage and Wagon Painting.

INDELIBLE INK WORK on LINEN.

Second Street, OAKLAND, MD.

All work entrusted to my care will receive Prompt Attention.

29-1yr.

Removal.

I, the undersigned, have removed my place of business from the Loar building to the Ravenscroft (Mayers) building on Railroad street, where I will continue to carry a well assorted stock of

JEWELRY,

and give special attention to the repairing of watches, clocks, etc.

Give me a call. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

H. C. SMOUSE.

29—2m.

—THE—
Maryland Agricultural College,
COLLEGE PARK, MD.
Maryland's School of Technology.

FOUR COURSES OF INSTRUCTION } Agricultural, Mechanical, Scientific, Classical.

Each department supplied with the most modern and approved apparatus. Practical work emphasized in all departments. Graduates qualified at once to enter upon their life's work. Boarding department supplied with all modern improvements; Bath Rooms, Closets, Steam Heat and Gas. Books, Room, Heat, Light, Washing, Board, Medical attendance, $144 for scholastic year. 120-A 120 page catalogue, giving full particulars, sent on application. Daily sanitary inspection by Physician to the College. Attention is called to the short course of ten weeks in Agriculture. Particulars sent on application. Term commences September 16th. Early application necessary for admittance.

R. W. SILVESTER,
25—6 President M. A. C.

REGISTRATION OF VOTERS.

OFFICE OF
BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF ELECTIONS
FOR GARRETT COUNTY.
OAKLAND, MD., September 1, 1896.

Notice is hereby given to the voters of Garrett county that the Registrars for the various precincts and districts will meet for the purpose of registering voters at the places below, between the hours of 8 a. m. and 8 p. m.:

Fourth sitting—Tuesday and Wednesday, October 6th and 7th.

And on Tuesday, Oct. 13, for Revision only.

NO ONE CAN REGISTER AFTER WEDNESDAY, OCT. 7TH.

District No. 1—at Swanton.
District No. 2—at Friendsville.
District No. 3—at Grantsville.
District No. 4—at Bloomington.
District No. 5—at Accident.
District No. 6—at McHenry.
District No. 7, 1st precinct—at Oakland in Thomas Martin's store room, corner Oak and 3rd Streets.
District No. 7, 2d precinct—at Oakland in John Shartzer's new building, corner Second and Liberty Streets.
District No. 8—at the Old Hoye Place on the Northwestern Turnpike.
District No. 9—at Johnson's.
District No. 10—at Deer Park.
District No. 11—at the residence of Peter McIntyre.
District No. 12—at Bittinger.

This notice being given by authority of and in pursuance of Section 33, Chapter 202 of the Acts of the General Assembly of Maryland, 1896.

By order of the Board,
A. G. STURGISS, President,
J. ALVIN FRIEND,
FRED C. ROES,
Supervisors.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In effect July 19, 1896.

SOUTHWARD No. 3	SOUTHWARD No. 1	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2	NORTHWARD No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		Noon	P. M.
3 05	8 00 lv	Cumberland ar	12 00	4 00
3 51	8 31	Rawlings	11 29	3 30
3 56	8 36	Keyser	11 01	6 35
4 10	9 00	Westernport	10 51	6 45
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. Junc.	10 38	7 20
4 37	9 37	Shaw	10 23	7 52
5 00	10 00	Harrison	10 00	8 28
5 15	10 45 ar	Elk Garden	9 55	9 00
5 25	10 55 lv	Gormania	9 51	4 58
5 41	10 11	Ireland	9 15	5 42
5 52	10 52	Dobbin	9 04	5 58
6 25	11 23	Thomas	8 51	6 05
6 35	11 35 ar	Davis	8 00	7 15
6 37	11 37 lv	Coketon	8 51	6 12
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	7 39	7 38
6 57	11 57	Kreitz	7 31	7 45
7 10	12 10	Parsons	7 21	8 02
7 18	12 30	Kerens	7 18	8 07
8 00	1 00 ar	Elkins	lv 6 40	9 30
	1 20 ar	Beverly	lv	11 55
				P. M.
	3 05 ar	Buckhannon	lv	1 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily ..... 2 00 A. M
No. 5—Daily ..... 7 A. M
No. 71—Accom daily except Sun ..... 9 A. M
No. 1—Daily ..... 10 00 A. M
No. 55—Express, daily ..... 1 42 P. M
No. 15—Accommodation, daily ..... 4 38 P. M
No. 1—Daily ..... 10 40 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily ..... 5 30 A. M
No. 2—Daily ..... 6 31 A. M
No. 14—Accommodation—Daily ..... 9 A. M
No. 72—Accom daily except Sun ..... 1 26 P. M
No. 56—Daily ..... 5 05 P. M
No. 4—Daily ..... 10 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL,
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

THE
Maryland Building and Loan Association
of Garrett County.

OFFICERS

ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencies

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock
INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month. EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ¼ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
T. R. CARSKADON,
Keyser, W. Va.

MOUNTAIN STATE
Business College,
PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.50 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 8 1896.

Notice is hereby given to all persons using and crossing bridges with steam threshers or saw mill boilers and engines, that they will be held responsible for any and all damages done to said bridges by hauling steam threshers, boilers and engines over them.

By order of the board,
IRA E. FRIEND,
Attest: J. S. MEYERS, Clerk. President.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

BATTLE OUTSIDE THE HEADS

NE morning, as Jack Delafield was breakfasting on board the cruiser Idaho, a telegram was handed him which he calmly proceeded to open; but after glancing over its contents, the placid serenity of his countenance gave way to a look of excitement. Jumping up, he shouted to his lazier mess-mates who had not yet emerged from their state-rooms: "Boys, the war is on."

In a second, heads were thrust out, some of the possessors even venturing into the ward-room considerably more en deshabille than custom regulations permitted. But Delafield's telegram was of so much interest and importance that such trifling conventionalities were forgotten, and his curious brother-officers crowded around him, clamoring loudly for the news.

"Listen," said the lieutenant, "I'll read it to you:

"Washington, D. C., Oct. 20, 189—. To Lieut. John Delafield, U. S. N., U. S. S. Idaho, San Francisco Harbor: Regard yourself detached from Idaho. Proceed immediately to Mare Island navy yard. Take command of the Bainbridge, and prepare for active service at earliest possible moment. Commandant ordered to place at your disposal every available means to hasten work. HULBER" "Secretary."

"What do you fellows think of that?" said Jack.

"Lucky dog."

"Wish I were in your place."

They all seemed pleased at Delafield's stroke of luck. Fortune was truly smiling on him, for he had been selected for this hazardous and important duty out of half a hundred other officers of his own rank, each one as eager as himself to command the little craft, the Bainbridge, of which wonders were expected.

He had been chosen by the secretary of the navy and had received his preparatory orders, which were to the effect that he would be retained on board the Idaho until hostilities were imminent, when he would be given his new command. Meanwhile the work of fitting her for sea had been pushed at the navy-yard with all dispatch. The Bainbridge was the first of our new semi-submarine magnetic torpedo-boats, those marvels of American ingenuity and skill.

Jack started for the navy-yard at once, and on arriving reported to the commandant, Admiral Dana, who told him in his bluff, kindly way to go ahead and fit out his craft as rapidly as possible, taking whatever was necessary for her equipment without the usual formalities, adding cheerily: "We can attend to all that after you come back, Delafield."

As he stands there before the admiral, receiving his instructions, let us glance at the officer upon whom, perhaps, will hang the result of the battle very soon to be fought outside the Heads. Tall, erect and finely formed, Lieut. Delafield impresses one instantly as a man of no mean physical strength. His face gives evidence of courage, firmness and great will power—just the attributes, in fact, which should most properly belong to the man ordered to command an unknown quantity like the Bainbridge, yet to be tried by the test of actual battle. When he leaves the office of the admiral, his elastic step and easy carriage show that his task has not overburdened him with anxiety, but, on the contrary, indicates confidence in himself and assurance of his ability to carry the work before him to a successful issue.

On his way down to the wharf where the Bainbridge lay, he passed groups of officers eagerly discussing the latest news. All had some friendly or congratulatory remark for him; but, scarcely stopping to reply, he hurried on board his new command. The Bainbridge was one of the latest additions to our fleet, and while it was anticipated that she would accomplish great things, the only real test had come sooner than anyone would have prophesied. Workmen were swarming over her in such numbers that she resembled a human

"BOYS, THE WAR IS ON"

bee-hive. Her length was probably in the neighborhood of 150 feet, but her narrow beam and sharply sloping sides made her appear like a needle floating on the water. She was painted an olive-green, to secure invisibility at night. The most prominent objects in sight on her deck were a low conning-tower and two elongated hatches, one forward and one aft. These were for the disappearing magnetic torpedo guns, and were arranged to protect the torpedoes until they were needed, at which time the guns were elevated by electricity, trained on the enemy and fired, the whole operation requiring but a few seconds. The motive power of the craft was also electricity, obtained from Tesla storage batteries of the latest type, giving the boat a speed of 40 knots an hour.

Within two days Lieut. Delafield had completed the outfit of the Bainbridge, and had stored on board four of those terrible engines of destruction, the magnetic torpedoes, which were of the ordinary cigar shape, having the energy for propulsion stored in a heavy fly-wheel revolving in a longitudinal, vertical plane at a rate of 10,000 revolutions a minute. This application of the principle of the gyroscope gave them an almost unerring directness of path under water, but, besides this, within the secret chamber were concealed magnets of great strength, which drew the torpedoes straight onward toward their prey. No maneuvering, however skillful, on the part of the commander of a ship attacked could avail against the relentless power of these magnets, and once a torpedo was launched fairly in the direction of an enemy's vessel, her doom was only a matter of seconds. When the intended target was struck, the explosion of 150 pounds of gun-cotton would fulfill the mission of the torpedo, and cause the proud battle ship, stricken in some vital part, to reel back under the shock, then perhaps make a feeble effort to escape, but in vain. In a moment only a seething, bubbling spot covered with wreckage in the midst of the ocean would mark the grave of a Goliath of the deep, done to death by this marine David.

Little wonder then that Delafield had every confidence in the Bainbridge. But his spirits fell when he read in the newspapers, a few mornings after, that a large fleet of the enemy had left its rendezvous and was proceeding in the direction of San Francisco. This fleet consisted of eight first-class battle ships, ten armored cruisers, together with twenty protected cruisers and smaller vessels. Against this array the United States could only bring the battle ships Oregon (flag), Iowa, Massachusetts, Indiana and Texas; the armored cruisers Idaho, Maine and Brooklyn; the protected cruisers Olympia, Charleston, Columbia, Newark, Minneapolis, Philadelphia and San Francisco, as well as several gunboats. This fleet was anchored in the bay, cleared for action and ready to proceed to sea as soon as carrier pigeons from the scouts should bring the news of the approach of the hostile vessels. Near by were the coast defense monitors Monterey, Puritan, Terror, Amphitrite and Miantonomah, and also Delafield's torpedo boat, the Bainbridge. Jack had gone on board the flagship Oregon as soon as he had anchored after his run down from the navy yard, in order to report to Admiral Woodbridge and to receive his orders. The admiral told him that it was his intention to go outside, meet the enemy, and, if possible, cripple him to such an extent as to prevent the bombardment of the city, and that the Bainbridge and coast-defense vessels were to be held in readiness to guard the entrance to the harbor and cover the retreat of the fleet in case it might be compelled to withdraw.

When Jack left the admiral's cabin he was confident he would have an opportunity to add fame to his own name and fresh laurels to the long list of daring naval achievements accomplished by John Paul Jones, Decatur, Preble, Bainbridge (for whom his little vessel was named), Biddle, Rodgers, Farragut, Cushing and a host of others. Throughout the fleet that day there was an expectant hush as of a gladiator resting previous to some mighty effort. All preparations were completed, final letters written, and farewells said, for, though each officer and man hoped for a favorable outcome, everyone, even to the meanest powder-boy, knew that the morrow would most probably bring a struggle so terrible and deadly that many of them would never return.

During the early morning twilight of the next day a pigeon fluttered wearily down to the cote on the flag-ship, and in alighting set a shrill electric bell to ringing. The faithful little messenger had arrived with its momentous tidings in the shape of a tiny note in a quill secured firmly under its wing. This was soon detached and conveyed to the admiral. In less time than it takes to tell it, the red and white signal-lights were flashing out the order to get under way. Soon the rattle of chains was heard as the anchors were hove up; and when daylight broke the fleet was seen steaming majestically out through the Golden Gate, the Oregon leading. Everything was ready for action except opening the magazine, getting out the ammunition, and loading the guns. All hands were intently scanning the horizon ahead and on each bow to catch the first glimpse of the smoke of the enemy's fleet. The silence, punctuated only by the rhythmic throb of the engines, was at last broken by "Sail ho!" from the upper fighting-top.

"Where away?" replied the officer of the deck.

"One point and a half on the port bow, sir—smoke!"

"Beat to general quarters" is instantly ordered. The men spring to the guns, which are at once loaded; the turrets are trained from side to side and the guns elevated and depressed to see that everything is working smoothly. The alarm proves to be a false one, for the vessel is made out to be the San Francisco, one of the scouts, steaming in at full speed. She runs close to the flagship while the admiral questions her commanding officer regarding the numbers and course of the enemy, for the purpose of verifying the pigeon message. The hostile fleet is not more than 20 miles ahead! Again the watching is resumed, and within an hour the smokes of a large number of vessels are made out. The fires are forced by powerful fans, and the increased speed of the fleet rapidly lessens the intervening distance. The supreme struggle is at hand. Our ships steam on in column, ready for the bloody fray.

To recount in detail the action of that day would be to chronicle daring deeds, heroic acts, and bravery akin to rashness, but all of no avail against such overwhelming odds.

As night fell, Delafield, from the Bainbridge, and the officers on the coast-defense vessels, inside the bar, sighted the remnant of our fleet standing in, still stubbornly fighting and protecting the weaker or more disabled ships. Shortly the enemy was uncovered, and monitors opened fire, compelling an abandonment of the harassing pursuit. The enemy remained just out of range while the fearful wreck of what remained of Admiral Woodbridge's force crawled slowly into the harbor.

As the Oregon, guarding the rear, passed the Bainbridge, the admiral signaled briefly, but significantly: "Do your duty."

The night is dark and windy. An ominous stillness in the air presages an on-coming gale. No moon or stars are shining to aid the enemy, but instead the sky is covered with hard, leaden-gray clouds, and a low bank of fog is sweeping in from the westward.

The conditions are propitious, and Delafield prepares for his dash. He takes the Bainbridge close inshore through Bonita channel, and barely escapes being caught by one of the enemy's gunboats, but, turning on more current, he rushes silently ahead and clear of danger. When almost within hearing of the breakers on Duxbury reef, he makes a wide detour in order to approach from seaward, for from this direction an attack is hardly to be expected. Nevertheless, he has to run a considerable distance out to reach a favorable position.

He reaches his station at 11:15 o'clock, and in another quarter of an hour the monitors will open fire toward that flank of the enemy opposite to which is Delafield. They will keep up this cannonade for ten minutes, to effect a diversion. As soon as this firing has ceased, Jack's work will begin.

Boom! bang! go the great ten-inch and twelve-inch guns. It is a trying time for Jack, but he sees the effect of the ruse, and is again congratulating himself on his luck. The search-lights are all playing inshore of him, the enemy entirely oblivious of the fact that danger is lurking in their rear. Half-past eleven! As suddenly as it began, the firing ceases, and Delafield, taking his stand in the little conning-tower, orders the crew to their stations.

Slowly the Bainbridge starts ahead, then faster and faster she goes, until, fairly flying, she brings into view the weaker vessels forming the outer line. But Jack disdains such pigmy prey. Safely she flies past the gunboats, but

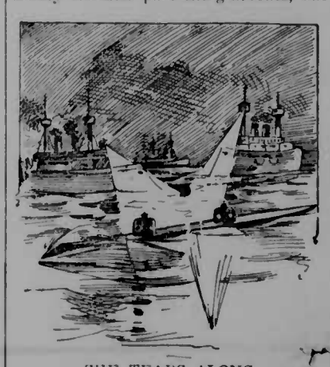

SHE TEARS ALONG.

not quickly enough to avoid discovery. On he goes, fearlessly taking the Bainbridge straight toward the battleships.

"Stand by," he sings out down the voice-tubes to the torpedo compartments, and back comes the hearty answer: "All ready, sir."

Now he is but a short distance from the nearest ship. He turns two electric switches and sees the torpedo guns elevated and trained. Then amid a shower of shells he presses a firing-key, and the forward torpedo is launched and speeds on its errand of destruction. No need to watch the effect; the magnet is as sure as fate.

Meantime, the Bainbridge's course is changed, so that she may run parallel to the column of battle ships, and the empty gun is lowered. A second later the after torpedo is on its way for the next battle ship, and Delafield has done half his work.

Long ere this the brave little craft has been the center of a smother of foaming water, lashed into impotent fury by the crashing, bursting shells. But her great speed saves her from annihilation. She tears along with search-lights flashing on her like an aurora and with the waves dashing wildly over her.

Two more of the enemy's most powerful ships sent to the bottom complete her errand. The only damage on the Bainbridge has happened to Delafield himself. A piece of shell has inflicted an ugly wound in his shoulder, and though exhausted by the intense strain and weak from loss of blood, he steers his victorious vessel into the protection of the harbor, then falls senseless to the deck.

Not long after, while recovering his strength, Jack received a very official-looking document covered with formidable seals. It contained the information that he had received the thanks of congress and that he had been promoted to the rank of captain for his gallantry in sinking four of the enemy's ships, thereby causing a withdrawal of their fleet and preventing the bombardment of the city of San Francisco.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Indian Coffee.

India sent Europe from the 1st of September, 1895, to August 31, 1896, 1,270,000 400-pound bales of cotton. Of India's yield, England takes only ten to fifteen per cent., Japan 15 per cent. and China a small amount, the bulk—70 to 75 per cent.—going to continental Europe.

—Peter IV. of Aragon was said by a French ambassador, who visited his court, to be the most ceremonious man in Europe. "He could bow lower without falling down than any man I ever saw."

—Thoughtlessness is twin brother to heartlessness.—Chicago Standard.

A LITTLE GAME OF HEARTS.

Trumps, However, Were Held by the One Least Expected.

"Mercy, how tired and sleepy you look," said the girl in the sailor hat.

"I am tired," said the girl in the bicycle suit, "but I'm in such a rage that I couldn't go to sleep if my complexion was at stake."

"Fell off your wheel, perhaps?" said the girl in the sailor hat; "well, never mind your bruises if they don't show. Of course nobody would ever choose the time to have the measles or a fall, but I think my luck is worse than anybody's when it comes to—"

"Don't talk of luck," groaned the girl in the bicycle suit. "You know Marie and Clarence had a quarrel about a week ago, and he has been coming to see me twice a day ever since."

"Seems to me that is Marie's ill-luck if it's anybody's," said the girl in the sailor hat. "She's been paying you so many compliments that I know she is furiously jealous."

"I hope so. Well, he asked me yesterday if I wouldn't go for an early ride this morning. I hesitated at first, for I doubted if we'd meet anybody who would tell Marie."

"She isn't so friendless as all that," said the girl in the sailor hat.

"Perhaps not. Well, I knew that I could let her know somehow, and it would be worth an hour or two of sleep to know how furious she would be, so I finally agreed to go with him.'

"And did she find it out?"

"She wouldn't have, but I told her myself when she came in to ask about a freckle lotion—said I'd be sure to know of one if anybody did."

"And what did she say about the ride?"

"Said she was glad to hear it—it would be good for my complexion. Then she begged me come and stay all night with her; said she wanted a nice long talk with me."

"She must have been awfully jealous if she took all that trouble to conceal it."

"I said I'd go, but that I hated to wake her up so early. She insisted that she didn't mind that a bit, so I went, for I wanted to have her version of the quarrel."

"And did you?"

"No, I didn't, and she was so nervous and absent-minded that it was only half fun to tell her the glee things Clarence had been saying to me of late."

"Oh, you told her, did you?"

"I—I felt it was my duty. I was sorry afterwards, for she seemed as anxious for a clear morning as if she was going somewhere herself. She said she never could wake early, and I was so anxious lest I oversleep myself that I was awake nearly all night. Clarence and I were to start from the house at half-past seven, so I had to get up at six. Marie got up and made me some coffee—said she'd told her mother she was going to do it. Then she actually hurried me off, lest I keep Clarence waiting."

"I should have suspected a reason for such amiability myself," said the girl in the sailor hat.

"Should you? Well, I didn't. Not only was Clarence nowhere in sight when I reached home, but I sat on the front steps for an hour without his putting in an appearance. Finally at half-past eight a messenger boy came along with a note for me."

"From Clarence, of course; he was late and—"

"It was not from Clarence; it was from Marie. It was written in a very shaky hand and it said: 'Dear Kate: Thank you so much for waking me this morning. Clarence and I made up yesterday just before I saw you and decided to take an early train for Milwaukee. I don't believe I'd have been ready in time but for you, and I'm sure I couldn't have gotten out without mamma knowing it if I hadn't had you as an excuse. Yours, lovingly, Marie.'

"My gracious," cried the girl in the sailor hat, "and to think you can never get even with that girl as long as you live!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Brave Seaman.

A sailor, an Englishman, this time, has received the Albert medal for bravery. He was captain of a steamer which was wrecked in the Red sea. She began to sink, but another steamer hove in sight, and with great difficulty, owing to the darkness and the heavy sea, the passengers and crew were rescued. The last boat to leave was loaded heavily, and a call was made for the captain, who, in such cases, is always the last to leave his ship. This time the captain refused to leave unless the boat would also take an injured and helpless fireman. The boat's officer claimed that there was no room, and as the wrecked steamer began to settle, the boat was pulled away. In a few minutes down went the ship, but to the surprise of everybody the heroic captain came to the surface, holding the fireman in his arms. Fifteen minutes elapsed before the rescuing boat could reach him, but eventually the captain and fireman were picked up.—Golden Days.

Common Sense.

In the midst of a stormy discussion a gentleman rose to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hand majestically, he began:

"Gentlemen, all I want is common sense."

"Exactly," interrupted another; "that is precisely what you do want."

But Sir Edward Clarke's retort in the Jameson trial is still more to the purpose. The attorney-general had argued against Sir Edward Clarke's points as being contrary to common sense.

Sir Edward objected:

"Then you think," said the lord chief justice, dryly, "that common sense has nothing to do with a legal point?"

"No," replied Sir Edward, with that quickness and felicity which never fails him. "I am only of Archbishop Whately's opinion, who said that 'common sense is an authority to which everyone appeals on any subject he does not fully understand.'" — London Household Words

YACHTS ON THE GREAT LAKES.

Each Year Witnesses an Increase in Their Number.

The yachtsmen on Lake Erie are hardy sailors. They are expert, too, and alert, as they have need to be, for a cruise on this most treacherous of the great lakes often makes continuous demands on the skipper's skill. Their mistress is a shallow vixen, and, being shallow, is capricious.

The breeze that from the south bears upon Lake Erie ever so high at morn may at night sweep from the north with whirlwind fury. With all her fickleness, however, this almost smallest of the great "unsalted seas" has charms that lure the cruising yachtsmen from one extremity of the lake to the other.

Four great cities contribute to the yachting fraternity. At the eastern end of the lake is Buffalo, with a protected harbor, and open sailing for miles to the west. Nearly at the center of the southern shore is Cleveland, with a protected harbor and an open cruising ground east and west. At the western end of the lake, a few miles from open water on the Maumee river, lies Toledo, with many enthusiastic Corinthian sailor men; and to the northwest, beyond the mouth of the Maumee, where the Detroit river flows into the lake with gentle force, Detroit yachtmen sail back and forth from lake to river and river to lake the livelong season. In these four cities are the more prominent yacht clubs, and in addition are those of the smaller towns. Sandusky boasts quite a fine organization; Put-in-Bay has sufficient enthusiasm among the Island residents to support a small club, and there are one or two clubs of some prominence on the Canadian side of the lake.

From time to time desultory attempts were made to unite the clubs in an association for the purpose of holding a general regatta. In 1888 this partially succeeded. Races were held at Put-in-Bay and well attended. But disagreements arose, and that was the end of interclub yachting for a number of years. In 1894 another organization was proposed and perfected. The excitement over the races on the Atlantic coast for the America's cup spread to the yachtsmen on Lake Erie. Friends of the sport did all in their power to attract yachtsmen to the Put-in-Bay regatta, given by the Interlake Yachting association, the new organization, and the result was the best attended and the largest regatta ever held in the history of fresh-water yachting. Over 50 of the finest yachts of the lake assembled at Put-in-Bay and cast anchor not a half hour's sail from the historic spot where Commodore Perry sank the British fleet on September 10, 1813.

The total number of yachts on Lake Erie is about 150—rather an insignificant showing, no doubt, to a seacoast mind. To the lake yachtsmen, however, it speaks encouragement, for it means that in five years this fleet has grown from a mere half dozen boats. Ten years ago the keel boat was a theory and a myth, so far as the lake builders were concerned; now it is the most popular type.—Harper's Weekly.

STREET MUSIC IN LONDON.

It Is Furnished by Italian Hand Organ Grinders.

And what a fine body they make, these street musicians, in their number and variety! The foreigners, of course, predominate, and for a very good reason—they earn far more money here than they could ever earn at home. Not long ago an Italian organ grinder and her monkey were brought before a London magistrate, the monkey having scratched a boy. "Why didn't you stay in Italy?" inquired his worship; "there are too many of you here." The question was superfluous. "I can get nothing in my own country but macaroni," said Lucia; "de people are so poor. Here I get both macaroni and roast beef, and dat is de good reason, sare." And so it is—the reason of foreign immigration in a nutshell. The earnings of these street musicians are indeed in many cases quite surprising. There is a well-authenticated instance of an Italian organ grinder living in retirement on an estate in his native land which he had purchased with his savings in England.

There is at present living in the south of London an organ grinder who keeps a fairly large house for his wife and family and pays a servant to do the housework, all out of his "professional" earnings. Almost every Sunday he takes a run down to some health resort, indulges in the finest cigars and lives luxuriously at one of the best hotels in the place. One man, who works from ten in the morning till 12 at night, admits that he makes on an average about five pounds a week. He reckons to earn 100 pennies during the day, and generally manages to do it, and another 100 at night by what he calls "a quick buzz round." Very few organ grinders make less than 30 shillings a week, and a fair average is ten shillings more.—Nineteenth Century.

Photographic Marvels.

In making instantaneous photographs of the splash formed by falling liquid, Prof. Worthington, of the Royal society, has succeeded in giving an exposure of less than three one-millionths of a second! This is effected by an electric spark which can be so accurately timed that the operator can select any desired stage in the progress of a splash within limits of error not exceeding two one-thousandths of a second. A photographic printing machine, exhibited at a recent "conversazione" of the Royal society, had a roll of prepared bromide paper fed in at one end and turned out finished photographic prints at the other end at the rate of 2,000 to 3,000 per hour. These photographs are used for illustrations in newspapers and magazines.—Youth's Companion.

—At Hood River, Ore., strawberries yielded one grower this past season a profit of $208.79 on a patch of 96 square rods, or at the rate of nearly $400 an acre.

NORWAY'S CLIMATE.

It Is Curiously Affected by the Ocean Currents.

Upon the eastern side of the American continent, the latitude of central Norway shows us only uninhabitable regions of ice and snow, where explorers have perished in the vain attempt to unravel the mysteries of the north. Even the center of England is as far north as our inhospitable Labrador. The marvelous ocean current called the Gulf Stream is the only known cause of this wonderful condition. Its waters, charged with the heat of the tropics, impinge upon the northern shores of western Europe and make them warm and productive and the homes of mighty and prosperous peoples. A somewhat similar current in the Pacific ocean makes Alaska green and beautiful wherever the snow deigns to allow portions of the earth to be subjected to its influence.

The influence of the currents of warm water causes some strange things in Norway itself. Upon the western slope of the central mountain range, the climate is much more mild and the vegetation more luxurlant than upon the eastern, but what is more remarkable is the fact that in some particulars the results of differences in latitude seem to be reversed. The central portions of the coast are skirted with islands, while there are but few in the far north. On this account the Gulf stream, flowing north of Scotland, strikes directly against the mainland toward the North Cape, but is broken and diverted by the islands further south. At the North Cape, and for 100 or more miles south, we found almost no snow at an elevation of 1,000 feet above the sea, while 300 or 400 miles further south the shores were covered with snow during the first half of July nearly down to the water's edge, while the precipitous sides and broad summit of the North Cape were decked with a great variety of wild flowers of marvelous brilliancy, and we found the beautiful European quails nesting upon these bold and nightless heights that stand as the furthest outpost toward the unknown polor regions. We counted between 25 and 30 varieties of plants in full bloom there on the 10th of July, 15 of which are not found in America.—Cor. Country Gentleman.

Their Popularity Explained.

"I thought he admired large women," he said.

"That's what he always said," she answered.

"And yet he married a little bit of a thing," he persisted.

"Does that surprise you?" she inquired.

"Certainly, when he admired—"

"Oh, that has nothing to do with it," she explained, showing some contempt for his ignorance. "Lots of men admire large women, but they don't pick out that kind to boss round."—Chicago Post.

A Distinction.

"What will it cost," asked young Cholly's father, "to give my boy an education."

"The Lord only knows," replied the professor, eying the youth thoughtfully; but you can put him through college for about $2,000."—Chicago Record.

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TEMPERANCE.

THE CHECK OLD TOM SIGNED.

It Was a Demand for Total Abstinence, and It Was Good for All It Called For.

"I'll fill out this check for you, Tom, if you will wait a moment. It is signed, and father told me to fill it out for the amount if he wasn't here. Two and a half, isn't it?"

Old Tom took up the check in his trembling fingers and looked at the straight, business-like signature.

"Just to think that his name is good for thousands of dollars," he muttered, half to himself and half to the bright-faced boy who stood beside the desk with his pen in his hand, ready to fill out the check. "And yet, when we were boys together, I was as good as he was, any day; and my chances in life were just as good. It is drink that has made all the difference. Well, it's too late to help it now."

"No, it isn't too late, Tom," said Hugh Evans, earnestly. He knew the sad story of this man's gradual descent from an honorable, respected life to the level of a common drunkard, and he felt an intense desire to help him, boy though he was. "I heard father say, only to-day, that if you would sign the pledge he would trust you to keep it, and he would give you steady work and good pay. Do sign it, Tom. I have a blank one here. It will make such a difference, not only to you, but to your wife and children, if you will."

A gleam of hope lighted up the dim eyes, but it died out in an instant, and Tom shook his head.

"Some other day, Hugh; some other day. Some day I will, but not now."

"Don't put it off," pleaded Hugh, putting the pledge before the man, and offering him the pen. "Why, don't you

"DON'T PUT IT OFF," PLEADED HUGH.

see, it's as good as a check? Sign it, and it means health, comfort and a good living which you would make well enough if you would let drink alone, and also respect from everyone that knows you. Why, my father's signature could not mean more than that."

Old Tom was won by the boy's enthusiasm.

"I'll see what my signature is good for," he cried, with sudden resolution; and, grasping the pen firmly, he wrote his name on the pledge.

"There, I've done it; and, God helping me, I'll keep it," he said, solemnly. "Low as I've fallen, I never broke my word yet."

An hour later he entered his home, with the check in one pocket and the pledge in the other. The check was a proof to the poor wife of his intention to keep the pledge, for she knew it must have been hard work to come home sober with money in his pocket.

Need I tell you that the signature on the pledge was never dishonored? It brought a happy home, new hope for the despairing wife, respect, prosperity and God's blessing.

And Hugh, he felt as if he had done the grandest temperance work of his life (though he lived to be a successful temperance worker) when he persuaded old Tom to sign that pledge.—Sunday School Times.

GENERAL GLEANINGS.

The liquor seller is always ready to take the pet lamb on account.—Lever.

Ninety per cent. of the crime in the army is through strong drink.—Lord Wolseley (commander in chief).

There is many a man who died on the gallows who never asked for a license to run a saloon.—Lever.

Some men pay more for liquor than they do for clothes, and then wonder that they are not considered respectable.—Lever.

The liquor traffic is to-day the heaviest clog upon the progress and the deepest disgrace of the Nineteenth century.—National Temperance Advocate.

The Independent Order of Rechabites, doubtless the oldest temperance fraternity in existence, celebrated its jubilee in Ireland this year. The order has 3,-000 branches.

The English Methodist temperance committee reported to the Liverpool conference 4,393 bands of hope with a membership of 433,027 and 1,374 temperance societies numbering 80,915.

If you value your happiness, if you value your lives, banish from your houses, from your tables, from your sick rooms, every drop of intoxicating drinks; for be assured they produce weakness—not strength; sickness—not health; death—not life.—Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

What They Think of It.

Notable opinions of the drink traffic are the following: Her majesty, the queen, desribes the effect of the "trade" as "a curse;" Lord Randolph Churchill, as "devilish and destructive;" Mr. Gladstone, "a scandal and a shame;" Sir W. Harcourt, "a poison in politics, as well as in society;" while Earl Cairns designates such places of business, "traps for workingmen," and Lord Rosebery affirms that the nation is in danger of being "throttled" by the traffic. And yet liquor selling still goes on!

THE DRINK EVIL.

Inexplicable Apathy of Good Citizens in the Face of Its Awful Work.

I confess to you, my hearers, that when I think of the ravages which have been committed for these many years, and are still being committed, by the arch-fiend, alcohol, my wonderment at the apathy of good citizens, and in particular of professed Christians, is beyond expression. I can understand the apathy of 40 years ago upon another giant national evil, through which 4,000,000 of human beings were held as slaves. It was not under our eyes. The obvious curse of it was at least some scores of miles from our own homes.

I do not assume the prophetic office. I do not stand here to say in what way, or when, or at what cost, the people of these United States are to be called to account for permitting the existence and perpetuation of the mightier evil of intemperance. But let us not for one moment delude ourselves with the false belief that we shall not give account. As God is just, we cannot escape. His hand may be stayed for a time, but not for all time. We have proved this in the case of that other evil. May we be wise in time, and by no longer deserving avoid a more terrible penalty for a much greater sin.

I want to note a few things in regard to this evil of ours. They have no claim of novelty, but they need repetition. And I want to say first, that this evil of ours hasn't one justifying or extenuating word to be said for it—not one. The use of alcohol, in any form otherwise than for strictly medicinal purposes, is not justified by one single scientific man of the present day. It is classed just where it belongs—among the poisonous, disease-producing drugs, fit only to be prescribed as an antidote to other poisons. It is not simply absurd, therefore; it is almost a confession of ignorance when people say: "It is the abuse, not the use of intoxicants that does the harm. Taken in moderation there would be no objection to it." That is nothing but the repetition, parrot-like, of what somebody else has said; but I ask you to note that that somebody was not a recognized authority—except in the saloons! A poison used moderately? Why not then talk about the moderate use of strychnia, of arsenic, of belladonna? There is as much consistency in applying the word "moderate drinking," if it hadn't like some other expressions come down to us from our fathers and been simply accepted, as many people accept their political or religious creeds, without pausing to ask if there is a reason why!

Sometimes this fallacy takes another form: "It is the distilled liquors that should be avoided. We should have little drunkenness if we confined ourselves to malt and vinous drinks like beer, cider and wine." Why, this again is only a question of the quantity of poison taken. Beer contains anywhere from five to eight per cent. of the poison, alcohol; cider—hard—a little more; wine—well, that depends upon what wine, for some of them run up to 25 per cent. Let us first bear the argument for the necessity or good of any percentage of the poison, or rather that any percentage of it is not harmful. One might just as well say: "Excessive profanity or mendacity is greatly to be deplored; but a little moderate swearing or lying—say five or ten per cent.—does no particular harm." Why not be as consistent in the one case as in the other, and say that any use of it is without extenuation or justification? And you simply speak the truth.

Then I want to say secondly, that even if we conceded—as we do not by any means—the possible harmlessness of "moderate" drinking, that is, of moderate indulgence in a poison, there is no assurance, absolutely none, that "moderation" will or can continue. No man who ever became a drunkard expected to "go beyond the bounds of propriety" in his use of liquor. I grant that we see men well advanced in years and of apparent vigorous health who take their glass or two of wine or beer, or even of whisky, every day of their lives. We cannot see that it has wrought them perceptible injury. Yes; and so we see athletes who perform prodigious feats of strength. But what does that argue? Only that there are exceptional men in the world—that's all.

Another popular fallacy expresses itself somewhat after this fashion: "Oh well, it's only the poor, weak fellows who go down. A man with any strength of mind doesn't allow himself to come to that pass." Now I want to say that any man who talks in that way simply exposes his ignorance of the truth. Does the bullet from the soldier's rifle strike down only the "poor weak fellows?" Will arsenic spare the brightest man or woman? How much do we know of the havoc wrought in the homes of wealth? To the most brilliant men in the learned professions? Among the most highly-cultured classes? Let the physicians tell you if they would whether delirium tremens is oftenest met with, proportionately to their numbers, in the people of the slums, or among the "strong-minded." Let them say if they would why they so often report the causes of death from the people of social standing as "apoplexy," "heart failure" and the like, while the same causes resulting in death among the less favored classes are set down to "excessive indulgence in intoxicants."—Address of Col. W. G. Haskell, at Rahway, N. J.

Cause of Poverty.

The bulk of the poverty in this country is directly or indirectly caused by the enormous amount expended by the people of this country for that which is neither bread or meat. A nation, a state, a county or a town, whose inhabitants support more saloons than grocery stores, must have an impoverished people. It cannot be otherwise, no matter how the financial question is settled.—George R. Scott.

Maine has no breweries or distilleries, but it has 30 loan and building associations in active operation.

BICYCLES FOR 25 CENTS.

The Machine of French Construction Called the Celeret.

A business has just been started in Paris which may affect the price of bicycles all over the world. It undoubtedly will, if the claims made by the champions of the new undertaking prove true. Cheap bicycles, so cheap that the mention of the sum takes one's breath away, are to be the product of this new business or factory.

Wooden bicycles were offered for sale in Paris some time ago at the unheard-of price of 26 sous each. Henri de Parville, scientific editor of the Journal des Debats, was musing over this strange fact, when one day he received a letter informing him that a very useful bicycle could be made for two sous, which was equivalent to a couple of cents of American money. A bicycle for a couple of cents! Just think of it! A few days later Paul Clere, the writer of the letter, showed M. de Parville his two-cent bicycle. It was simply composed of a couple of pieces of wood taken from an old box and two cents' worth of iron.

It was, in other words, a rough specimen of the primitive velocipede, as invented by Baron de Drais in 1818. The component parts of this machine were a rough wooden framework and two wooden wheels of equal size.

M. Clere's idea is to place [illegible] ket machines fashioned after this old model, but with all feasible and inexpensive improvements. The machines will have neither pedals nor intricate mechanism of any kind. They will be composed simply of a wooden framework, two wooden wheels and a saddle. They will be known, not as bicycles, but as celerets.

It is not expected that the celerets will supersede the regular bicycles, but it is considered certain that thousands who cannot afford to buy bicycles will buy celerets. A first-class bicycle costs $100 or more; a first-class celeret can be bought for one dollar or two dollars, and one of an inferior grade can be purchased as low as 25 cents. Nay, there is no reason why a handy man or boy should not make a celeret for himself, in which case the only outlay necessary would be a couple of cents for iron.

And in regard to the utility of the celeret Baron de Drais said many years ago: "On a good road my machine can travel at the rate of two leagues, and even four leagues, an hour, and when going down hill its speed is greater than that of a galloping horse." Perhaps the baron bragged. The celeret may not go quite as fast as he claims. Still, it can be made to go fast, and with little effort. The rider is really walking, while in a sitting posture, and is far less likely to become fatigued than if he were running in the ordinary manner. Progress is made by touching the ground alternately with the right and left foot. The machine, once set in motion in this manner, goes along steadily, and the speed at times is so great that the rider has no need to propel himself with his feet.

"Put pneumatic tires and other modern improvements on a celeret," says M. Clere, "and there is no reason why it should not go almost as fast as a bicycle."

He also says confidently that a man can travel a long distance on a celeret and feel hardly the least fatigue at the end of his journey. He accounts for this fact on the ground that none of the energy spent on propelling the machine is wasted, and that the amount of energy required to travel a long journey is much less than might be expected.

M. Clere sees clearly that it will be no easy task to make the celerets popular. When their prototypes, the draisennes, were invented, at the beginning of the century, the few persons who ventured to use them in France were unmercifully caricatured. In England the machines became more popular, but there, too, their riders were ridiculed. We all know how long it has taken the modern bicycle to win its present high position. M. Clere, however, is confident of success.

"According to him," says the Journal des Debats, "thousands can derive benefit from a machine like this, which costs almost nothing, which travels as fast as a trotting horse, and which can be ridden by anyone without the slightest danger of falling off. How many young people would use it for amusement and health, and also for the purpose of learning how to ride the regular bicycle? Workingmen could ride to their business on celerets, children could go to school on them, peasants could ride to market on them, and even business men could use them to save time. So light could they be made that riders could easily carry them under their arms, if necessary."

Analyzed thoroughly, then, M. Clere's idea is philanthropic. He wants to furnish workingmen and the poor generally, who cannot afford to buy bicycles, with machines that for all practical purposes will prove quite as serviceable to them as any bicycle.—N. Y. Herald.

She Had a Reason, Too.

He thought to test her affection as he took her little hand in his and looked fondly into her eyes.

"If you had your choice," he said, "would you prefer to have an engagement ring or a bicycle?"

For fully three minutes she said nothing, but he could see that a fearful struggle was taking place within her. Finally she spoke.

"All else being equal," she said, "I would prefer an engagement ring, but—"

"My darling! My own!" he cried.

"Now, don't be so sudden," she protested. "I said all else being equal, but it isn't. Would an engagement ring give me a license to wear bloomers? Well, I guess not. Trot out the wheel."—Chicago Post.

—Louis II. stuttered horribly, and when a little excited or angry could not speak at all.

—Philip of Macedon was a drunkard, and transmitted this peculiarity to his son

DAINTY PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES.

How to Make the Popular Book-Shaped Kind.

The [illegible] simple, always popular, book-shaped [illegible] frames, to hold two, four, six or even more photographs, are useful. They may be covered with almost any kind of material, though of course the handsomer the material chosen, the more dainty the results will be. These frames may be closed like a book to lie on a table, thereby taking the place of the obsolete album, or they may be extended screen fashion, partly open so as to exhibit the pictures they contain. It is almost necessary to buy the foundations for these frames, as it is nearly impossible for a novice to cut out the cardboard and have it perfectly exact, and unless they are exact they are not at all pretty. The foundations are sold for a few cents apiece, and consist of two pieces of heavy cardboard for each division or leaf of the book. The back and front are the same in size, eight inches by six, but the front piece has an opening 5½ inches by 3½ for the picture. For a frame capable of holding four pictures, eight pieces of cardboard will be required, four of which must have the opening as already described. There will also be necessary half a yard of material, 27 inches wide, a sheet of batting, a sheet of white watered paper and some good glue. Begin by making the back of the book first.

To do this divide the silk lengthwise, so that there will be two pieces, each 27 inches long. From the end of each piece cut off two inches and place aside for subsequent use. Extend one of the 25-inch pieces, right side down, on the table. Place a layer of batting over the silk, and on the batting adjust at equal distances the four back pieces, allowing sufficient space between each to permit the frame to be folded in book form. Then turn the edges of the material being used for the cover and the batting over the back pieces and glue firmly in place. The end pieces of the silk are now brought into use. Divide them through the center, so that there will be four pieces, although only three are to be used. These pieces are to be glued in neatly between the card-boards to hide the exposed batting at the hinges. The tops and bottoms of these strips will be, of course, turned under so as to avoid raw edges. To finish the backs glue over the cards pieces of watered paper, covering the ends of the silk which have been previously glued to the boards. The object of this is to give the frame a finished appearance when completed. This finishes the back of the book frame, and it may be laid away to dry while the front pieces are being covered. To cover the front pieces proceed in the same way, omitting the batting. When all are covered glue them in position to the back pieces, leaving the bottom free to admit the photographs; place under a heavy weight and let remain under pressure for 24 hours, so that the glue may become well set. Brocade, China silk, crepe, duck, denim and chambered linen are all used in the manufacture of these useful photograph holders.

Pretty frames of this sort may be made as gifts for friends, or brothers, sisters or cousins who are at college, utilizing the college colors when selecting the covering; yellow and white for Bryn Mawr, rose and gray for Vassar, blue and white for Barnard, blue for Wellesley, orange and black for Princeton, crimson for Harvard, dark blue for Yale, carnelian and white for Cornell, blue and white for Columbia, purple and white for Amherst, red and blue for Pennsylvania, brown and white for Brown and black and blue for Johns Hopkins.—Ladies' Home Journal.

THE LIFE-CAR.

The First One Built Saved Two Hundred Lives from a Single Ship.

He had been planning for several years for a life-car, a closed vessel or covered boat, which could be sent out to a stranded vessel on a rope and pulled back and forth. It was to carry two or three people. He could not see his way clear to make this of wood; but now the iron problem was solved, he could carry out all his plans.

The car was built according to the plan made by him, an inclosed, torpedo-like affair, and along in the terrible winter of 1849-50 it was placed in the care of some untrained fishermen on the New Jersey coast, at Squan beach. An English ship, the Ayrshire, was wrecked here, one day, in the midst of a blinding storm. The men on the beach could do nothing with their ordinary boats. The life-car was brought out. A small cannon, or mortar, was loaded with a piece of smooth iron, several inches long, attached to a pile of cord. This was shot out over the spars of the ship. The people on board hauled in the cord and drew along through the surf a stronger rope. This was fastened to the mast and the life-car was swung from the beach, with the rope running through the two rings at each end, and pulled out to the vessel.

There were 201 people on board, and all but one of the number were saved.

The story of this rescue went round the world. All that had been said in praise of the inventor's powers was now justified. All Europe was interested. He was recognized by the nations of the world as one who had done a marvelous work for humanity—who had, as some one said, robbed the ocean voyage of its terrors.

The making of these boats followed, but the original boat Mr. Francis preserved. Its home is now in the National museum at Washington. It has been sent to many places for exhibition, to London among others, and it was an interesting feature of the life-saving exhibit of the government at the world's fair.—W. S. Harwood, in St. Nicholas.

A Chance of Proving It.

"I wouldn't mind helping you if I thought there was anything in you."

"Jes' you gimme the dime, mister, an' see how quick there'll be sumthin' in me."—Indianapolis Journal

SIGNS OF APPROACHING AGE.

How a Man Showed That He Was Growing Old Without Knowing It.

A man, apparently slightly past middle life, whose hair was tinged with gray and noticeably thin on top, sat near me at the theater. As the curtain rose for the first time a spectacled man of about the same age entered and occupied the vacant seat between us. He looked at the other fixedly. The look was exchanged, and in a second each had the other cordially by the hand. The conversation told me that they had been schoolmates who had not met in many years.

"By Jove, Charlie!" exclaimed the first, "it does me good to see you. You haven't changed much more than I have and I am not a day older than when we got our diplomas."

"I can't quite agree with you, Tom," answered the other, "but I don't feel very old yet. I see you still enjoy the theater, and expect you have kept up your literary taste for the last 30 years?"

"Thirty years!" repeated Tom. "How the years fly! Do you remember how they used to drag? Theaters! Well, I do go now and then, but the plays and acting are not what they used to be. As to books, I still read them, but none of the modern trash. There hasn't been a good book written for a quarter of a century. The new ones give me the dyspepsia worse than what I eat. Do you remember the meals we had on the old Vermont farm? Those were happy days! Thirty years and more ago! Strange; but I don't show a sign of age. I wonder where this confounded draught is coming from. I feel neuralgia on top of my head now."

"Tom, old boy," replied the other, "you are deceiving yourself, for you have shown marked signs of approaching age within three minutes. Your belief that theaters and actors have degenerated, that new books are below the standard, that childhood cooking was perfection and that time flies so very fast are all indications that you are on the downhill side of life. The slight draught that you say brings a tinge of neuralgia to the top of your head, where, I notice, the hair is rather thin, wouldn't have been thought of 30 years ago. Then here you are in the very front seats of a theater. No use denying the signs, Tom. We are getting along, and must admit what others plainly see."—N. Y. Herald.

DIET OF SCHOOL CHILDREN.

Articles Which Should Form the Daily Regimen.

Every successful farmer and everyone who cares for young animals knows very well that the food given them during the first portion of their lives has much to do with building up healthy, hardy, strong constitutions for future usefulness, but until very recently few people have seemed to be aware that the diet of school children is one of the most important items for them to consider.

Boys are more easily fed than girls, their romping and exercise generally giving them much better appetites; but even boys, when they are very studious, are apt to get a little run down and lose their digestive vitality. Then they neglect their food, and come home sometimes with the luncheon in their baskets, and, in answer to inquiries, declare they were not hungry and positively could not eat anything.

When a child comes home with its midday luncheon in a basket, its physical condition needs looking after. It is often said that girls have an inordinate appetite for sweets, and that boys are much more easily satisfied. Perhaps this may be so in certain localities, but the average boy is likely to be quite as fond of sweet things as his sister. Many a youngster eats bread and butter when he prefers cake, because he has learned that he must eat or he cannot play. It is this feeling that keeps him in better condition than the girl in the same household. If the girl would take as much exercise in proportion, her appetite would be quite as good. However this may be, a great deal of pains ought to be taken to provide relishable, wholesome and dainty luncheons for school children. Fruit should always be included. There is scarcely a season of the year when one may not have apples, and these are, of all fruits, the most healthful.

An excellent meal can be made out of sandwiches, apples and boiled eggs. Sardine sandwiches are very relishable, and as sardines are not at all expensive, they should be used, if the children like them. If milk is plenty, a bottle or can of it is an excellent addition to the midday diet for school children. Cookies, crackers and sweetmeats are to be used sparingly, and every effort should be made to encourage children in cultivating a taste for plain and simple food.—N. Y. Ledger.

Dainty Handkerchiefs.

A growing revival of old-fashioned needle work is noticeable to-day. Young women are laboriously hemstitching their own handkerchiefs just as if the day of machines had not arrived. This fad grew into large proportions last winter, when the daintiest of wedding gifts was a dozen of these fine linen squares, hemstitched by hand, and a small initial letter worked in one corner. The newest fancy for young women's kerchiefs is to hemstitch them, then put a full ruffle of narrow white footing around the edge. Some have a round of fine beading whipped on by hand, then a full edge of very narrow lace sewed on this. Many of the kerchiefs are cut round and then finished in this fashion. But this shape tends a little too much to an oddity to be generally popular. Footing is so serviceable and cheap, the width required being only about three cents a yard. It has the added prestige of being exceedingly fashionable, having been used more than anything else as a trimming for this summer's gowns. Black footing is appropriate for a mourning kerchief.—Chicago Chronicle.

THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

The Finest Library Building Ever Erected.

The library is a noble, imposing, monumental structure, by far the finest building in the national capital, in many respects the finest public building on the continent, and, in the opinion of those well qualified to judge, the finest library building in the world. That a building of its size, solidity, thorough construction and elaborate and artistic embellishment should be completed ready for occupancy for less than $7,000,000 is a matter for national congratulation. Not only will it be completed for less than the original estimate, but within the time limit set nearly nine years ago. It is, therefore, both a monument of good taste in architecture and the decorative arts and a testimonial to the ability of the government, acting through its regular officials, to plan and direct great public works, to finish them within the time originally fixed and to keep within original estimates of cost—and these are no slight gains.

The building is, of course, fireproof. Little that will burn has been used in its construction. The exterior walls are of gray granite. The interior or court walls are of creamy white glazed brick. The framework of the roofs and ceiling of the dome surmounting the rotunda is of iron and steel. Fireproof material has been used between the iron girders in all floors, and the partition walls are of brick. Floors and wainscoting, stairways and balustrades are nearly all of marble, and there is good authority for the claim that more of this material has been used in the building than there is in any other building in the world. With the exception of the colored marble in the rotunda it is nearly all American marble.

The library at present contains over 750,000 bound volumes, besides 220,000 pamphlets. The three book stacks now completed, together with the alcoves immediately adjoining the central reading-room, will hold 1,168,000 volumes, which will provide for the growth of the library for 15 years, at the present rate of increase, about 30,000 volumes a year. The unassigned rooms will hold 1,047,000 volumes, which will provide for all additions for 50 years. For the growth after that date the main rooms of the first and second stories of the north, east and south sides will hold, on the stack and alcove systems of storage, 1,322,000 volumes, increasing the total capacity to 3,537,000 volumes, which will be sufficient for about 90 years from this date. The capacity can be still further increased by 1,100,000 volumes by the building of one-story stacks in the interior courtyards, without in the least interfering with the light in the second and third stories and only slightly obstructing the light in a few interior corridors of the first or basement floor. Unless the additions shall be more numerous than is now expected the new building will, therefore, prove ample for the needs of the library for 125 years, its total capacity being about 4,000,000 volumes.—E. A. Hempstead, in Chautauquan.

THE MOHAMMEDAN MESSIAH.

Belief of the Faithful Regarding His Second Coming.

According to tradition, the true Mahdi will be preceded by 60 forerunners—John Baptists or Eliases—called Babs, (Bab means the door, through which enters Messiah).

As a rule, those holy personages—Elemas, or descendants of the prophet, who end by setting up themselves as the Messiah—begin by calling themselves only Babs, or doors, and if they meet with success and are accepted, they then pose as the actual Mahdi.

As to the Babism of recent times, this is its simple origin:

About 50 years ago a young native of Shiraz named Mirza Ali Mohammed was the favorite pupil of a celebrated sheikh, who was looked upon as a sort of Bab, or forerunner of the Mahdi. After he died his young pupil Mirza Ali Mohammed, announced himself as also a Bab. He was soon surrounded with disciples. His popularity alarmed the reigning shah. He was arrested and kept in prison for some time, but as his followers increased in numbers, the Elemas thought it prudent to condemn him to death by torture. The subsequent massacre of the Babs is a matter of recent history.

The Babs that were left, inspired by a thirst for vengeance, now plotted the assassination of the shah, and each attempt has been followed by more Bab massacres. Now you have the key of the situation.

The late shah succumbed at last to one of these assassins, who had unsuccessfully attempted his destruction several times before. The Bab, young Mirza, was not a highly educated person, but very proud, and of irreproachable life. He was not otherwise remarkable, but possessed of a strange faculty of writing with extreme speed, (you would call it mediumistic writing, an accomplishment considered miraculous by our adepts.) Still he wrote little about his doctrine or his person—but after his death his apostles made a Mahdi of him, and from that to a divine incarnation was a step easily accomplished, as we have seen illustrated in your own Christian religion. To Mahdism were soon joined mysticism and pantheism, which have always dominated the philosophic instincts of the Iranian peoples. If you want to understand present Persian politics, you must bear in mind that Irania (Persia) has always been, and is now, full of sects like Babism which are called Soufi hakem, Sheikhi babis, etc.—Contemporary Review.

—One kind of wasp found in Brazil and Guiana makes its nest of a brilliant white pasteboard, suspending it from the highest branches of the trees, so as to escape the attention of the monkeys, which, in those regions, have a troublesome habit of investigating everything, even a hornet's nest.

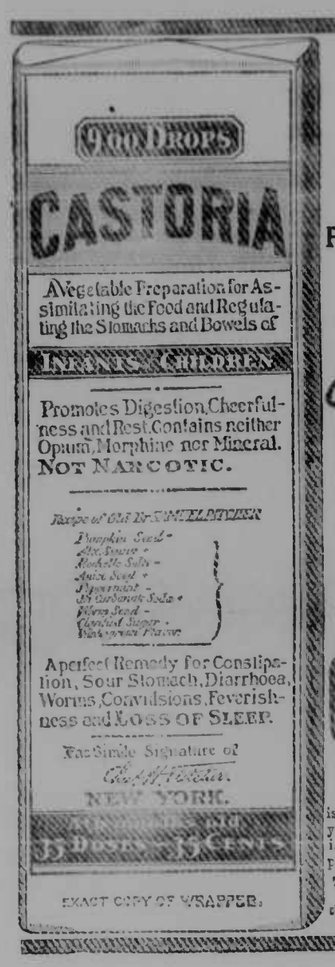

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Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Bicycles.

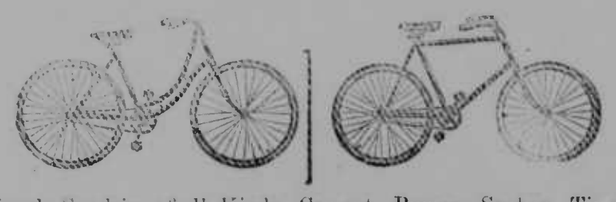

Bicycle Sundries of all Kinds, Cement, Pumps, Spokes, Tires, Wood Rims, Balls, Patching Rubber, Coasters, Lamps, Valves and Valve Stems, Repair Kits, Wrenches, Oilers, Locks, Etc., Etc.

BICYCLE REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

Briar-Bend Seminary.

REOPENS SEPTEMBER 17 1896 D. V.

No Liquor,	English,
No Malaria,	Classics,
No City Temptations,	Stenography,
Skating,	Typewriting,
Boating,	Music and Art,
Bowling and Tennis,	We Prepare for Business,
Delicate pupils go home strong.	We Prepare for College.

The Principal, Miss Swan, formerly at the head of Mt. Auburn Seminary, Cincinnati, has traveled extensively, but has nowhere found such life-giving properties as are in this dry atmosphere. Write for Catalogue to

E. B. SWAN, Principal,
Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.
21

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Send for catalogue to PRESIDENT MARSH.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 21, 1896.

Feeling that the election of McKinley and Hobart is now absolutely assured, the Republican managers purpose giving more attention to a spirited attempt, with the assistance of the sound money Democrats, to put a number of Southern States in the Republican column than they would have done had they considered the states necessary for Republican success to be in doubt. This change upon the South is not rainbow chasing. It is approved as good politics, and as promising substantial results, by some of the shrewdest workers and managers in the Republican party. To start with there are four Southern states — Maryland, Delaware, West Virginia and Kentucky—which are almost certain to be carried by McKinley and Hobart, and which are privately conceded by many Silver men as being already lost to Bryan. There is a fighting chance for the Republicans to carry North Carolina, although it has been lessened by the Democrats and Populists, who the Republicans think ought to [illegible] and could have been prevented. Tennessee Republicans have assured the National Committee that the state can be carried for McKinley if the Committee will lend its help to get out the full Republican vote, and the committee has promised to do so. The Republicans will also make a lively fight in Alabama, not with the expectation of electing McKinley and Hobart electors, but of indirectly helping sound money Democrats of that state to carry some of the Congressional districts and to elect the Palmer and Buckner electors. The Alabama Democrats and Populists are so hot against each other that they will probably not fuse.

According to Comptroller Eckels, who has been making sound money speeches in Illinois, Bryan is thoroughly beaten and will not carry a single one of the Mississippi valley states. He also says that Altgeld is making his canvass for Gov. of Illinois independent of the Bryan cause, but that he will be beaten anyway.

Even the women in the District of Columbia are taking an active part in the fight for McKinley and Hobart and sound money and the right to earn it by honest toil. The Auxiliary Women's Republican Association has been organized, to assist the McKinley and Hobart marching Campaign Club. This is the first women's club organized in Washington during the present campaign, its object being, as stated in its constitution, "to unite the women of this community in educational work and social influence for the maintenance of the principles of Republican party in the home, in the state, and in the nation."

Bryan has proven himself to be a bigger man with the Democratic machine of New York than Senator Hill is. He said when Hill's candidate for Governor, John Boyd Thacher, wrote that letter, expressing his willingness to run for Governor on a platform endorsing the Chicago platform, while declaring himself unalterably opposed to the free coinage of silver, that Thacher would have to get off the ticket, and now, lo and behold, Thacher is off the ticket. Democrats in Washington will not be surprised if this last humiliation put upon Hill by Bryan results in Hill coming out for Palmer and Buckner or sulking during the campaign.

Chairman Babcock, of the Republican Congressional Committee, has just returned from New York, where he conferred with Chairman Hanna, Senator Quay and other members of the Republican National Committee, and he is in a very jubilant state of mind. He says that everything is going McKinleywards, and that the Republican who isn't contended with the present drift of public sentiment must be hard to satisfy indeed.

There is great joy among Republicans hereabouts. Speaker Reed has promised to address a big McKinley and Hobart meeting to be held in Washington, early in October, under the auspices of the National Union Republican Club, and Representative Cowen, of Maryland, a Democrat who is doing good work for McKinley has promised to address the same meeting. Many Republican organizations in Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia have already signified their intention to take part in this meeting, and there is little doubt that it will be a mammoth affair.

News which is coming to Washington from all along the line of Bryan's Eastern tour makes it certain that his radical utterances and his appeals to class prejudice are making strong McKinley men out of thousands of conservative Democrats who might have swallowed the free coinage doctrine, but who cannot stand the smash-up down with everything, which is being preached by Bryan. These men do not believe it to be criminal for men to be thrifty and accumulate property, nor that it is wrong for the Government to protect this property if need be. Some of Bryan's remarks read like quotations from the speeches of the men who started the French revolution, and no sane man wants to see a "Reign of Terror" in this country.

Written for THE REPUBLICAN.

THE MOUNTAIN LAND OF DREAMS.

TO THE MISSES L. AND S. H—.

There's a sense of subtle sadness
In the mist that veils the hills;
There's a broken tone of gladness
In the murmur of the rills;
But a deeper depth of feeling
Fills the heart with sunny gleams,
There's a wondrous balm of healing
In the mountain land of dreams.

Though the skies are turning sober
And the woods are turning brown,
And the wind with hollow murmur
Swirls the leaves that shower down,
Still the footsteps fondly lingers
While the slanting sunlight streams
Like a wand for fairy fingers,
In the mountain land of dreams.

Cease, oh heart, thy vain repining
All thy griefs are growing old,—
See where clouds with silver lining
Drift across the gates of gold,
But the sun still brightly shining
Sheds his light in golden streams,
Cease, oh heart, thy vain repining
In the mountain land of dreams.

Wait, oh soul, though we're so weary,
Time will ease thee of thy load,
Even on the deserts dreary
There's an end in every road.
Never touch of mortal sadness
Where the light eternal beams,
There's a promise of its gladness
In the mountain land of dreams.

—THOS. L. JACKSON.

Chestnut Hill, Phila., Sept. 23, 1896.

Mountain Lake Park.

A. C. Snediker, of Philadelphia, purchased six lots last week in the central part of the Park.

Quite a number of the cottages will be vacated this week. Not more than thirty-five families will winter in the Park.

The Assembly House has several boarders. It will be kept open all winter.

Miss Clark has opened a select school in the Assembly Hall. Briar-bend Seminary began its winter term on the 16th. Both schools opened well.

The chestnut crop is a bountiful one. The young folks enjoy "chestnut hunting."

Dr. Naylor, of Wheeling, is a guest of the Allegheny House.

Dr. J. G. McLain, of Wheeling, has very much improved his property by adding a two-story wing on the north of the main building, and extending the front porch.

Capt. Jarboe, of Oakland has a force of men working in the Park.

Mrs. M. Pierce is having the interior of her house greatly improved. Carpenters and painters are adding very much to the comforts of the home. Mrs. Pierce and daughter Ollie, will spend the winter in Morgantown.

A prominent Washington city physician is here trying to lease property for a term of years as a summer residence.

S. E. Flowers will move to Morgantown, W. Va., in a few days and take charge of a large boarding house.

The Park Improvement Company declared a 10 per cent. dividend last week.

C. P. Masden, C. W. Baldwin, L. T. Yoder, G. S. Hamill and Arthur Townshend have been elected as the board of directors of the Mountain Lake Hotel Company.

Mrs. Thompson, of Pennsylvania, and Miss Johns, of the Park, have been selected to teach our public school this winter.

Grantsville.

Ex-postmaster John Schiller and wife, of Cumberland, visited relatives and friends in this vicinity the latter part of last week and fore part of this week.

N. E. Hershberger is ill with an attack of typhoid fever. Prospects, we are happy to state, indicate a speedy arrest of the course of the malady.

Mr. Kolb, wife and several children of Mt. Pleasant, Pa., are visiting Mr. Kolb's brother-in-law C. M. Livengood of the National House.

Born, unto J. B. Miller and wife, a son.

The Popocratic mass meeting was held here last Wednesday evening, as appointed. A large crowd was present. The Salisbury (Pa.) cornet band furnished music for the occasion. A panacea for all ills, financial and industrial, was held out to the people and its virtues extolled and dilated upon but the formula for its composition was greatly at variance with that prescribed four years ago for the ills that vex Miss Columbia.

Some of the lumbler devotees of the Democracy, the Clevelandic faction included, among our denizens proved their politically athletic capabilities in duplicating the somersaults of the brilliant galaxy of star tumblers, when once Bryan, Bland, Altgeld and Tillman gave the cue.

THE G. E. PEARCE DRUG CO., OF FROSTBURG, MD.

We have probably the largest stock of goods in the drug line in Western Maryland.

P. D. & CO. and S. and D. pharmaceutical preparations always in stock, supplied to physicians at jobbers' prices.

OUR LINE OF PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES AND WINDOW GLASS IS LARGE AND COMPLETE.

We sell and guarantee LUCAS TINTED GLOSS PAINT at $1.25 per gallon.

SAVE BABY'S LIFE.

Teething time is the most trying time of infancy. The little gums are hot and swollen. They tingle and ache and smart. All the nerves in the little body are on edge. Sleep restless—digestion bad.

There's a remedy.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

soothes and cools the gums, controls the bowels, cures colic, brings good digestion, sleep and rest. 25 cents, all druggists. Guaranteed. Made by JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

NOTICE.

Meeting of the Board of Control and Review for Garrett County.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county hereby give notice that on

Tuesday, October 6th. 1896.

they will meet to act as a board of Control and Review, consider the returns to them of assessment made by the several assessors from the assessment district in Garrett county, and to hear and determine the appeals of any person or owner taken from the action of said assessors in accordance with section 178 of Chapter 120 of the acts of Assembly of 1896, and that the session of said board of Control and Review will begin at 9 o'clock a. m. and continue until 4 o clock p. m. each day (Sunday excepted) until said business is completed.

By order of the Board

J. S. MEYERS,
9-30 Clerk to County Commissioners.

OAKLAND PHARMACY, OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS, FANCY STATIONERY, DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.
31—26

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Oswanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

Farmers,

Look to Your Interests.

The Oakland Flouring Mill is now ready to grind a million bushels of buckwheat. The best equipped mill in the county; all latest improved machinery. Can give either

Burrh or Roller Process Flour.

Mr. E. A. Dudley, who has charge, has been a life-long miller, and knows how to make a good turnout of buckwheat flour.

Don't fail to give him a Trial. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Will make arrangements with all the Oakland merchants to buy your flour at big prices. Don't fail to give the Oakland Mills a trial.

Don't forget the place, Water street, formerly owned by the late H. A. Rasche.

Yours obediently,

THE OAKLAND MILLS.

51-1yr.

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments, Headstones AND Chimney Pipe WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS, FROSTBURG, MD.

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I HAVE PURCHASED THE OAKLAND COAL YARD of Mr. D. L. Conneway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

FOR SALE.

The farm belonging to Elizabeth Maley, situated two miles north of Deer Park, adjoining the lands of Jack Cooper, Friedenberg Miller and Rawlesston. Contains 115¾ acres about 68 acres cleared, and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the premises. 52-1m.*

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. BENNINGER, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 16—1yr

FRED A. THAYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '86 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY. OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

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Residence on North 3rd Street.
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Office in Mayer building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8:30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.*

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 5-22 6m

THOMAS R. McROBIE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street.
All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

E. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE. AUCTIONEER: *Will sell Real or Personal Property*

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

W. McCULLOH BROWN, SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26tf

WILLIAM P. KIDD, Representing JOHNSON, CROMWELL & CO., WHOLESALE NOTIONS, Etc., BALTIMORE, MD.

A specialty of Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 1-12

W. F. KING, Carriage, Sign and House Painter, OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13t.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M. RATHBUN & CO., PLANING MILLS, And BUILDING MATERIALS. MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

38 13

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1896. NUMBER 31.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Public schools open the 26th inst.

Fruit and other cakes baked to order at the bakery.

A little more than three weeks are left before election.

Fresh bread, pies and cakes every morning at the bakery. 31-3t.

Hon. A. F. George, of Swanton, was in the city on business last Monday.

Mr. Joseph Powell, of near Kearney, was in Oakland and make this office a call.

Mr. Michael Garrett, of Baltimore, was in Oakland Sunday at the funeral of Daniel Lee.

Mr. A. L. Sines, of Debbin, W. Va., was in town one day last week and called to see us.

Rev. and Mrs. John M. Davis gave a dinner party to quite a number of friends Monday.

Mrs. Jennie Johnson and family will shortly move to Baltimore to spend the winter.

'Squire David W. Fraker, of McHenry, was in the city on business Saturday of last week.

Lieut. R. M. G. Brown is lying dangerously ill at the home of a relative in Morgantown, W. Va.

Miss Bertie Malette went to Independence, W. Va., yesterday morning to visit friends a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George Waters, of Clarksburg, W. Va., are spending a few days visiting friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Smith entertained a few friends at their residence on Third street Saturday evening.

Mr. Eugene Teats, of near Cranesville, was in the city on business yesterday and made this office a business visit.

Rev. W. C. Davis and wife, of Brownsville, Pa., spent several days visiting his parents since our last issue.

Mr. Taylor Morrison, of Piedmont, a rising young lawyer, was here on professional business Monday and Tuesday.

Mrs. Zimmerman and daughter, Miss Lottie, of Baltimore, who spent the summer in Oakland, returned to Baltimore Tuesday morning.

A full assortment of men's, boys', children's and ladies' fine winter wool or cotton underwear just received at D. E. Offutt & Son's. 29-3t.

Mr. Daniel Beeghley, of Keyser, this county, who spent the past year in Grosecloze, Va., returned *via* Oakland to his home Monday of this week.

S. Lawton has just received a consignment of Rutland Stove Lining. It fits any stove; repair them before cold weather comes. 28-4t

Mr. Jacob L. Durst and Miss Sydney Custer, both of Garrett county, were married at the M. E. parsonage, Barton, by Rev. Dr. H. Nice.

We have the finest assortment of novelty and plain dress goods ever opened in Oakland, and at prices away down. D. E. Offutt & Son.

Mr. A. B. Sandell, Mr. W. C. Kidd and Mr. James McCauley, three Baltimore traveling men, were in Oakland Tuesday.

Blankets better and cheaper than ever; flannels away down in price; skirts at lowest figures—all new and fresh goods. D. E. Offutt & Son. 29-3

Judge Stake came up from Hagerstown Tuesday afternoon and on yesterday morning appeared with Judge Sloan on the bench in the Circuit Court.

Rev. G. A. Royer and family, of Carmel, passed through Oakland Monday en route to Accident, where Rev. Royer and his family will visit for a few weeks.

Mr. John E. Legge, who has been spending his summer vacation at home, returned to Baltimore Sunday night, where he will resume his studies in the medical school.

We have just received our line of ladies', misses' and childrens' capes and coats. If you want the latest styles, best goods and low prices come and see them. D. E. Offutt & Son.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, who attended the M. E. conference at Mountsville, W. Va., returned home on Friday last. The members of the M. E. church are glad of his return for another year.

Mrs. Clarence Getty, of Grantsville, Md., was the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Getty of North street since last week until Tuesday, when she left to visit relatives in Cumberland, Md.—Commercial.

Messrs. Jos. E. Harned, R. V. Leighton and Bert Scott left for a bulsness and pleasure trip to the eastern cities Tuesday night. They will be absent uboar a week. Mr. Harned will purchase a holiday stock of goods while he is away.

William Davidson, a coal miner by occupation, whose home is at Barton, Allegany county, was taken ill at Sang Run, this county, where he was engaged at work and brought to Oakland. He was committed by the court to the almshouse at Cumberland and taken there last night by the sheriff.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street.

The average American citizen never realizes how painfully scarce money really is until he goes looking for a person who has some of it which he wants to bet on Bryan.

Mr. B. B. Savage, one of the members of the Maryland Supply company, purchased on Monday from Mr. H. E. Felty the stock of goods in the store room of the latter on Railroad street and will continue to carry a well selected stock of green and fancy groceries and invites the public to call and see him.

With two little children subject to croup we do not rest easy without a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house, for the most severe attacks quickly succumb to a few doses of it.—Morrison, Colo., Bul. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

An assignment for the benefit of creditors was made Monday afternoon by Mr. F. E. Merrell, dealer in gents furnishing goods, etc. The assignment was made to Messrs. G. S. Hamill and W. A. Dailey; liabilities are about $550 and assest about $300. The cause for the assignment is given that creditors were pushing their claims.

Oakland is not what one might call dead, but, like many other town's it has a great many more people than it has employment for and would not resent it as an intrusion if some real good industry would locate here.

The Board of County Commissioners, acting as a board of control and review for this county, met at their office in Oakland Tuesday of this week, but owing to the small number of assessments returned by the assessors, the board adjourned until Tuesday, Nov. 10th, when they will again meet and take up the work of review.

The Baltimore and Ohio railroad has accepted the offer of the town of Keyser to locate large car shops there and the company has secured the consent of the United States court for that purpose. The citizens have agreed to give $10,000 toward the erection of the shops. The company owns a sufficient tract of land there for that purpose, and the present arrangement will benefit both the town and railroad.

Tuesday morning the Circuit Court was again in session after a recess lasting from Friday. Two or three minor cases were disposed of during the morning and in the afternoon session the case of Brown vs. the Wilson Lumber company was taken up for trial. This case involved several hundred acres of fine timber land and it was thought by the attorneys that a week would be required to try the case, but a defect was found in the survey and the case was continued until the March term.

Rev. W. C. Davis, pastor of the 2d M. E. church, Bridgeport, completed his three years' service of that congregation last Sunday, and started for the Conference at Indiana, Pa., Monday. It is thought that Bishop Hurst will return him to this charge, but as many changes are to be made this Conference, the different itinerant preachers never know their fate until the appointment list is made up. Mr. Davis's pulpit talent, faithful pastoral work, gentlemanly bearing and popularity with the members of the Conference, gives him an assurance of a good appointment—Bridgeport will welcome his return.—Brownsville Monitor.

The Darlington, Wis., *Journal* says editorially of a popular patent medicine: "We know from experience that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy is all that is claimed for it, as on two occasions it stopped excruciating pains and possibly saved us from an untimely grave. We would not rest easy over night without it in the house." This remedy undoubtedly saves more pain and suffering than any other medicine in the world. Every family should keep it in the house, for it is sure to be needed sooner or later. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Stove for Sale.

Full revertible burner; hard coal or coke; nearly new; fall nickle; cheap. S. M. Engle. 30-4*

Estray Notice.

One yearling steer, red and white, hole in each ear, underbit out of left, strayed to my farm two miles east of Cranesville. The owner will call, pay all charges and damages and take his property away. 31-3t*

EUGENE TEATS.

Mortgages and Deeds.

This office carries in stock all blanks used by Justices besides blank mortgages and deeds. Our mortgages are printed according to the requirements made by the last session of the legislature and upon the best quality of paper. Call or send for a supply.

Cash

Will buy goods at the lowest prices at B. B. Savage's grocery on Railroad street, at the H. E. Felty old stand. Fruits and vegetables in season. Staple and fancy groceries will be always kept. The building will be improved and restocked at once. Call and investigate. Your patronage respectfully asked. 31-4

All-Day Meeting.

There will be an all-day meeting at Thayerville next Sunday, the 11th. Rev. D. Tasker will preach at 10.30 and conduct a song service from 2 to 3 p. m. Rev. Lileman, the new pastor will preach at 3 p. m. Those coming from a distance would do well to bring lunch and remain to the afternoon services.

Call for Your Letters.

Thos. E. Flanigan, Andrew B. Shaw, William Stuart, Judge P. Ord, Mrs. A. E. Morrison, Mrs. Cornelia Brown, Mrs. F. E. Moore, Miss Agnes Williams, Miss Emma Rawse, Miss Emma Hamill.

Sales Advertised.

Receiver's sale, lime kiln and stone quarry, Saturday, Oct. 17; Taylor Morrison, receiver.

Mortgagee's sale, Saturday, Oct. 17; house and lot in Oakland; Peddicord and Peddicord, attorneys.

Mortgagee's sale, Saturday, Oct. 24; five acres of land near Oakland; John T. Mitchell, attorney.

Double Heater Stove.

The Cinderella Air Tight is without doubt the most complete and practical stove and double heater ever devised, and parties who have tried it pronounce it ahead of all others. Can use hard or soft coal. It is handsomely designed and finished with nickle swing cover and handsome urn, nickle top and front rails, name plate and base. Has special constructed anti-clogging drawer and centre ball bearing shaking grate with deep ash pit. Price moderate.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,
31-3t Agents.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers his farm of 238 acres for sale, lying west of Westernport, in Garrett county, Md. 160 acres cleared and in cultivation. The farm is well watered and underlaid with coal and limestone. A fine young orchard in bearing. The improvements are a bank barn 40x60 feet and all out buildings complete. For further information apply to Philip T. Michaels, P. O. address, Westernport, Md. 28-4t*.

Candidate Brown's Loss

Information from Kingwood, Preston county, W. Va., is to the effect that the barn on the "Junior" Brown farm, near Kingwood, recently erected by Mr. Wm. G. Brown, Democratic candidate for Congress in the second West Virginia district, was consumed by fire, entailing a loss of about $6,000. The structure was large and handsome and cost $3,500. There were stored in it 250 tons of hay, valued at $2,000. It is supposed the fire was accidental, occurring from a lighted pipe or cigar.

Words of Praise

The Oakland REPUBLICAN a week or so ago came out in a bright new dress, which gives it a wonderful neat and prosperous appearance. Probably no country editor has had the success which has marked Bro. Sinnell's administration of the REPUBLICAN, and without doubt there is no country office in this whole section of country that is as well equipped for good and rapid work as the REPUBLICAN. Long life and prosperity to it say we.—Oracle.

Boiler Explosion.

The boiler of the steam saw mill owned and operated by Thomas Johnson, exploded about 4 o'clock Monday afternoon, wrecking the mill and killing Charles Winebrenner and a laborer named Boettner, both employed in the mill. The mill is located a short distance north of the point where the National pike crosses Great Savage mountian, in Garrett county and is somewhat difficult of access. Hence further information could not be obtained.—Cumberland News.

Republican Meetings.

The campaign in Garrett county was opened in Oakland in Shartzer's Opera House on Monday night. Hon. Milton G. Urner, the leading speaker advertised to be present, was detained on account of the storm in the eastern section of the state, in consequence of which many persons were disappointed. Mr. Marion Dorian, of Montgomery county, however, who is a plain and forcible speaker, entertained the crowd present with a talk lasting about thirty minutes. He was followed by Mr. J. E. Smith, of Washington, who was in turn followed by our candidate for Congress, Capt. John [illegible] McDonald. Capt. McDonald, being unaccustomed to making political speeches (he being a farmer), read from a manuscript in which he pledged himself as favorable to a protective tariff, sound money and the payment of all public and private debts with a dollar worth one hundred cents.

Tuesday afternoon a meeting was held at Swanton which was addressed by Hon. S. H. Boud, and Chas. R. Schirm, both of Baltimore. This meeting was very enthusiastic and was presided over by Mr. William W. Sweet.

Tuesday night the above speakers addressed a very enthusiastic meeting at Deer Park. Nethkin's hall was filled to overflowing and the great number of voters present listened to the argument advanced by the several speakers with wrapt attention.

Yesterday morning Capt. McDonald and the above named gentlemen accompained by Messrs. John Shartzer and Jacob S. Myers went down in the lower end of the county where meetings will be held every day and evening this week.

Taken to the Pen.

Monday morning Sheriff Brown took to the penitentiary at Baltimore John McMullan and Harry Sailor. McMullan will serve a term of two years for breaking into an outhouse. Sailor will serve three years for stealing and carrying concealed weapons.

This morning the Sheriff took to the House of Correction David Martin, Robert Spriggs and Wilbert Berry. Martin will serve eight months for carrying concealed weapons and assault and battery; Spriggs one year for assault and battery and Berry six months as an accessory to assault and battery and carrying concealed weapons.

A Challenge Accepted.

Mr. John Shartzer, president of the McKinley and Hobart club, will address the club next Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in Stargiss' Hall, or if the audience be too large for the room, in the new town hall.

Having been challanged some time ago in a meeting of the Bryan and Sewall club to a joint debate Mr. Shartzer will be ready on the above night to meet the challenger or any other member of the Bryan and Sewall club, and inasmuch as the challange comes from the other side Mr. S. claims the right of opening and closing the debate and suggests that he take thirty minutes in opening, his opponent be allowed an hour and Mr. Shartzer thirty minutes for the closing argument.

Resolutions of Respect.

At a meeting of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor of St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church of Oakland, Md., the following resolutions were adopted in memory of Mrs. Nellie Adams, deceased:

Resolved, 1st. That in the death of our sister and co-worker we have lost a most faithful member.

2nd. That while our hearts are pained and our society suffers by this loss, we acknowledge the righteousness of God's dealings and bow in willing and humble submission to his will.

3rd. That we devote a page in the roll and minute book of our society to a record of these resolutions and of her death and burial.

4th. That we extend our deepest sympathy to her sorrow-stricken husband, mother and brother whose hearts have been even more sorely touched than ours.

5th. That these resolutions be published in the two papers of Oakland and in the *Oracle* of her own town, Terra Alta, and that a copy of these papers be sent to each member of her own family.

E. J. FRINGER,
NETTIE LOFTHRIDGE,
BERTHA CLEVELAND,
Committee.

If Troubled With Rheumatism Read This.

Annapolis, Md., Apr. 16, 1893.—I have used Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism and found it to be all that is claimed for it. I believe it to be the best preparation for rheumatism and deep seated muscular pains on the market and cheerfully recommend it to the public. Jno. G. Brooks dealer in boots and shoes, No. 18 Main St.

ALSO READ THIS.

MECHANICSVILLE, St. Mary County Md.—I sold a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm to a man who had been suffering with rheumatism for several years. It made him a well man. A. J. McGill. For sale at 50 cents per bottle by the Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin Deer Park.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

Teachers' Institute Program.

Mr. U. G. Palmer, county school examiner, has kindly furnished this office with a detailed program of the Teachers' Institute which is to be held in the Oakland public school building on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, October 20, 21 and 22, as follows:

Forenoon session, 9 to 12; afternoon session 1.15 to 4.15.

TUESDAY.

1.15 p. m.—Devotions, Rev. S. M. Engle; enrollment.

2.00 p. m.—Address of welcome, ex-County Superintendent, William Hinebaugh; response, Prof. A. W. DeWitt.

2.30 p. m.—Address, Hon. Henry Houck.

3.00 p. m.—Sections.

3.30 p. m.—Teachers' meeting.

WEDNESDAY.

9 a. m.—Devotions, Rev. J. W. Butler; address; queries; sections; address; teachers' meeting.

1.15 p. m.—Music; address; sections; discussions; address; teachers' meeting.

THURSDAY.

9.00 a. m.—Devotions, Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot; address; queries; sections; address, "Practical Banking," Scott T. Jones; teachers' meeting.

1.15 p. m.—Music; queries; instruction on care and distribution of free text-books; teachers' meeting, and at

3.00 p. m.—Discussion, "What can we do for the Advancement of the Schools of Garrett County," in which the public are cordially invited to take part.

EVENING SESSIONS. — SHARTZER'S OPERA HOUSE.

Tuesday, Oct. 20th, 8. p.m.—"Perils of the Hour," Col. J. A. M. Passmore.

Wednesday, Oct. 21st, 8 p. m.—"History of Maryland," Hon. E. B. Prettyman, Ph. D.

Thursday, Oct. 23d, 8 p. m.—"The Elements of Success," Hon. Henry Houck, LL. D.

A Loving Mother Gone to Her Reward.

Anna Barbara Sporlein was born in Germany January 25, 1820, and moved to this country some 60 years ago.

She was the mother of thirteen children, five sons and one daughter still living, and an aged husband and a large number of grandchildren mourn her death. The children were all at the funeral except Mr. George Sporlein, of Sabetha, Kansas.

She had been ill about four months and was a patient and uncomplaining sufferer, and on Sunday night, September 28th, peacefully passed away. She had been reconciled for years to the thought of death, and to her it was only a passing on—going before to a better home, where loved ones will meet her in that better land, and where she will await the coming of her aged husband whose earthly journey is near its end. She had been a member of the German Baptist Brethren church for a number of years, but her feeble condition deprived her of the pleasure of attending religious services for a number of years. She was always cheerful and had a pleasant look for all she met. Her christian example was such as only a christian mother can give.

Her years were well and profitably spent, and those she leaves behind have the consolation of knowing that she has gone to meet a just reward—tir recompense for the faithful who run with patience the race that is set before them.

The funeral services were conducted at ten o'clock a. m. Wednesday, by Rev. Jeremiah Beeghley and S. A. Miller, and the remains were laid to rest in the Centre church cemetery near Accident, Md., to await the final call. The friends, and especially the aged husband, have the sympathy of the entire community in their loss.

J. E. H.

Died.

CARDER.—At his home near Wilson Station on Friday of last week, David Carder, aged 22 years. The cause of death was typhoid fever. The funeral occured on Sunday, the interment being made at Wilson's.

LEE.—David Lee, formerly of Deer Park, who was employed as a brakeman on the West Virginia Central railroad, was injured at the West Virginia Junction about two weeks ago and taken to Baltimore for treatment where he died on Saturday. Sunday morning the remains of the young man were brought to Oakland and interred from St. Peter's Catholic church in the Catholic cemetery. The Oakland division and the Piedmont division of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, of which the deceased was a member, attended the funeral in a body. The age of the deceased was about twenty-two years. His father was killed by a B. & O. train near Lake Youghiogheny twelve years ago.

C. S. FRICK,

Sec'y and Treas. of the Frick Merchantile Co., Keithsburg, Ill.

Gives an interesting account of the cure of a severe case of Rheumatism that came directly under his personal observation. Being in the merchantile business he had many calls for the most celebrated "Yagers Cream Chloroform Liniment." He says:—

"The first bottle he sold was to a party who came into our place of business suffering intensely with Rhematic pains. I advised him to try a bottle of the Yager's Liniment, he thought it would be useless, said he had tried almost everything and could get no relief. I insisted on his trying it and informed him if it did not relieve him should cost him nothing. This was about 4 P. M. He took a bottle and started home, he was hardly able to walk. I saw nothing more of him until bright and early the next morning, when he came into our store walking as lively as could be with no signs of suffering about him. I inquired about the Liniment, he said it was the best stuff he ever used, would not take $5 for the bottle. Said he got home almost done up and as soon thereafter as he could he applied the Liniment, and it gave him almost instant relief, before retiring he applied it once more, went to bed and slept soundly all night, and in the morning bathed the parts affected again and at present felt no pain whatever. This was about four or five weeks ago. I see the party every few days and he says he is not troubled with Rheumatism any more."

Yager's Liniment

Large Bottles, 25 cts.
Sold by all Dealers.
Take no substitutes if you want a cure.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

If your children are subject to croup watch for the first symptom of the disease—hoarseness. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse it will prevent the attack. Even after the croupy cough has appeared the attack can always be prevented by giving this remedy. It is also invaluable for colds and whooping cough. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Death of a Former Garrett Countian.

Wm. Fisher died Monday evening, September 29, at his home in the north part of Sabetha, aged 46 years and 18 days. He had been ailing for some time, but was not considered dangerous. The cause of his death was pernicious malaria.

The funeral will be held at 2 o'clock p. m., to-day, at the German Baptist Bretheran church, conducted of Rev. T. Fike of Illinois, assisted by Rev. Mohler. The burial will be in Sabetha cemetery.

William Fisher was born in Garrett county, Maryland, September 11, 1850. He was married to Nancy Fike, who died in 1876, leaving him with two daughters. In 1878 he married Rachel Beeghley Fike, who with his two daughters survive him.

Mr. Fisher and family came to Sabetha only last November and settled at their present home.—Sabetha (Kan.) Herald.

Mr. Fisher moved to Sabetha from the Cove last November with his family. Shortly after he arrived there a cyclone destroyed his property and left him homeless. By hard work he had just completed a new house when he was removed by the hand of death.

ELECTION NOTICE.

I, Austin Brown, Sheriff of Garrett county, Maryland, do hereby give notice, that on the third day of November, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, at the time and place of holding the general election in election districts numbers SIX and TEN of said Garrett county, there will be an election held in each of said districts, in which the voters of the same may participate, to determine by their ballots whether spirituous, fermented or other intoxicating liquors shall be sold in either of said election districts; that is to say, the voters of election district number SIX of said county shall determine by their ballots whether spirituous, fermented or other intoxicating liquors shall be sold in election district number SIX of said county, and the voters of election district number Ten shall in like manner, determine by their ballots whether spirituous, fermented or other intoxicating liquors shall be sold in said election district number Ten of said Garrett county.

AUSTIN BROWN,
31-1 Sheriff of Garrett County.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

NOW AND THEN.

Oh, now and then there comes a day
When all our skies are bright,
And all of life's appointed way
Is bathed in golden light;
When roses hide no thorns beneath;
When love holds no alloy;
And zephyrs full of perfume breathe
From out the hills of joy.

The present is a fleeting thing,
The past will live for aye,
And all its stories of treasures bring
Forever and a day.
And softer shall the echoes come
From time's receding shore;
Each day will gleam a pleasure from
The days that are no more.

Oh, memories of such, awake!
And glad the weary now;
A wreath of recollections make
To crown the dreamer's brow.
Oh, silent voice and vanished hand,
Bring back the golden sheaves!
The ripple of the waters and
The laughter of the leaves.
—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

THE WOMAN IN BLACK.

Traveling recently from Chicago to New York, I found in the morning, upon crawling out of my berth, that the train was standing stock still. The porter told me it had been standing there for an hour and a half, while I had been sleeping the sleep of the just. I dressed and peeped out, and saw that we were alongside the platform of a country station. I took a good breakfast in the dining car and then went out to stroll up and down the platform.

In the cab sat the driver, or engineer, as they call him, alone, waiting. With the natural fondness of an Englishman for machinery, I stopped and gossiped with him a moment about the engine.

Then I offered him a cigar, which he took with thanks, and asked me to come in. I swung myself into his cab.

The engineer, a bright, pleasant-faced man about 40 years old, explained to me the uses of the numerous valves and levers about him. They were all as bright and shining as polish could make them, for an engineer is as proud of his engine as any housewife is of the neatness of her dwelling. I glanced at the two shining steam gauges with the clock between them, and then I noticed what seemed to be an ordinary white moth, mounted in a gilt frame, hanging against the wall of the cab.

"Is that for an ornament?" I asked, pointing at the moth.

The driver smiled. "Well, partly for an ornament," he said, "but a good deal more for sentiment. I put that moth there because it saved my life, and the lives of 250 people as well."

"How in the world could an insect save human lives?" I asked.

"Well, I will tell you, if you want to hear the story. I reckon there's time enough before we are able to get out of this."

I settled myself in the stoker's seat and prepared to listen. "It wasn't such a long time back," said the engineer; "only a year ago last spring. I was running this very train, and with this very engine—old 449. My stoker was Jim Meade, the same fellow as I have got now. You can see him over there, leaning up against the telegraph office.

"Jim's a good boy, but he's very superstitious; believes in ghosts, dreams and warnings. I used to laugh at his fancies, but I don't make so much fun of him as I did—not since we saw the 'Woman in Black.'

"We were timed to leave M—— about one o'clok in the morning, and to arrive in S—— about six o'clock. On the night when the thing took place a fearful storm of wind and rain had been raging since early evening, and was at the height of its fury when I started from the engine shed.

"It was about midnight and the wind seemed to sweep clear round and through the building. It was terribly dismal. Jim was there, and the engine was all ready, so after getting my working clothes on, I ran the engine down to the station. Our train, the vestibule limited, was an hour late. I gave the engine a thorough oiling, and made sure that all was in order.

"As we sat in the cab we could hear the storm raging on the outside, while the rain, driven by the gusts of wind, beat fiercely against the windows.

"'It's going to be a bad run, Frank,' Jim said. 'I wish we were in S——, safe and sound.'

"I laughed. 'What makes you feel so terribly glum, Jim,' I said.

"'Oh,' said he, 'I feel creepy, somehow. Seems like there's something terrible going to happen. I can feel it in my bones.'

"I laughed again. 'You got a little wet coming over, I guess, Jim,' said I. 'And the sound of the wind isn't very encouraging, that's a fact.'

"To tell the truth, I was a little nervous myself, notwithstanding my easy way of treating Jim's notion.

"Presently our train came in, long and heavy, consisting mainly of sleepers. It used to make me nervous to know that the lives of hundreds of my fellow men were in my keeping, but now I think nothing of it. That night I was nervous. What if the frightful storm had made a signalman careless, or if a rail had been loosened by the settling of the track somewhere? On these fast trains a man must rely on the vigilance of the employes, for in order to keep to time he must run at such a speed that often he cannot see a signal before he is upon it.

But I laughed at myself for my fears as I backed down and coupled on to the train. I set the brakes, and found everything in good order.

"By and by the little gong above my head clanged sharply, and with a puff and hiss of escaping steam we were off into the night and storm, rattling over junctions, past signal lights, and between long lines of carriages till, with a roar and a rumble, we rushed over the long iron bridge and away through the hills, waking their slumbering echoes with our shrill whistle.

"Then I pulled the throttle wide open, and the clank and roar soon settled into a hum, for old 449 was doing her best, and we were making 50 miles an hour.

"The darkness was intense, save where the headlight, an electric device, cast its funnel of light into the gloom. Jim had a big fire, and kept steam up to a high pressure, so that we fairly flew past sleeping hamlets and still farmhouses.

"At our first watering station I made sure that all was working smoothly, while Jim inspected the headlight. The station master handed out the orders, which showed that the line was clear as far as our next stopping place. On we went.

"The darkness grew more intense, if possible, while the wind shrieked by. The rain became more blinding, till nothing could be distinguished in the gray mist which enveloped us.

"Suddenly through the mist and rain I saw looming right in front of us the gigantic figure of a woman wrapped in a long, black mantle, which seemed to flutter in the wind. She waved great, spectral arms about in swift, twisting movements. As I stood looking in horror, the figure vanished with a final wave of the arms.

"I was too much astonished and stupefied even to make a movement of my hand toward the throttle. At that moment Jim had been bending over the fire. As he looked up he exclaimed:

"'Hallo, Frank. What's up. You look as though you had seen a ghost.'

"I did not answer. My mind was too full of the strange figure I had perceived.

"We were now nearing Red Creek, where there is a bridge over a deep stream. I felt more nervous than ever. We dashed around the curve and whizzed by Rock Creek station, which is only a mile from the bridge. As we passed I glanced at the steam gauge for an instant. A cry from Jim caused me to turn quickly toward him. He sat rigid, his eyes large and staring. His jaw dropped, the very picture of terror. He pointed with a shaking finger out into the darkness. I turned and looked, and then I began myself to shake. There on the metals was the same hideous figure of a woman outlined on the background of light from the engine, now motionless, now whirling in a witch dance, but all the time motioning us back.

"'Frank,' gasped Jim, but scarcely above a whisper, 'don't go over that bridge. Don't go, for heaven's sake! Don't go until you are sure it's safe.'

"I suppose I was pretty badly scared. At any rate, I put on the brake for all I was worth. I couldn't have resisted the impulse to stop the train.

"As we came to a stop I could hear the roar of the water in Rock creek just ahead. I stepped out of the cab and met the conductor coming up.

"'What's the matter? What's the matter?' he asked, impatiently.

"I felt decidedly foolish. There was no gigantic woman to be seen now. Nothing could be made out more than a few feet away in the blinding storm.

"'Well,' said I, 'we've seen something. I don't know what it is—seemed like it was a great black ghost that was waving its arms and warning us not to go forward.

"The conductor looked at me curiously. 'Are you crazy, Frank,' he said. 'I should think you were. But we're so near the bridge we'll take a look at it.'

"We took our lanterns and went ahead, leaving Jim with the engine; he looked frightened to death. But I tell you, we hadn't gone five rods before we stopped in horror.

"There at our feet lay a black chasm, filled with the roar of the river, as swollen with the spring rains, it dashed down toward the lake. The bridge was washed away.

"Only a few splinters of wood and twisted iron clung to the abutment, while now, far out over the blackness, that awful black figure of a woman danced again on the thin air, relieved against the shaft of light that the headlight threw.

"It was flinging its arms about as if in wild glee. The conductor stared at the chasm and then at me.

"'Was that the thing you saw when you stopped the train?' he asked.

"'Yes.'

"'Well, it's something more than luck that saved us to-night, Frank.'

"We went back slowly to the train, feeling very queer and thankful, too, I can assure you. Several passengers had come running forward by this time. Among them was a young fellow from Chicago about 18 years old, who was smarter than the whole of us, as it turned out.

"When he was told of the woman in black he turned and looked at the locomotive headlight. Then he ran up toward it. I looked up as he did so, and I saw a peculiar spot on the glass.

"'There's your woman in black!' said the boy.

"And there it was, sure enough—that same moth miller that you see there in the frame. He was clinging to the inside of the glass. As I tapped on the glass the creature flew back and lighted on the reflector.

"That's the whole story, sir. The moth, by fluttering on the glass just in front of the illuminator, had produced a great black shadow like that of a cloaked woman darting in front of us, and when he flapped his wings in his vain attempt to sail out through the glass, he gave his mysterious shadow the appearance of waving the arms wildly.

"Then when he flew back out of the direct shine of the light, the figure disappeared, of course.

"We never knew just how he got in there, but no doubt it happened when Jim went to fix the light at the pumping station.

"Anyhow, he saved our lives by scaring us with that woman in black.

"So you see why I keep the moth in the frame. It's to remind me of the way we were saved that night. Yes, you may call it accidental, but I call it providential."—Pearson's Weekly.

—Benjamin Franklin was a chess player. When in France on the mission from the continental congress he made himself popular among the courtiers by his skill at the game.

FARM AND GARDEN.

ENGLISH ROAD MAKING.

The System Described by John R. Fox, of Devizes, England.

I have been for 12 years one of the way wardens of this parish, and consequently am thoroughly conversant with the maintenance of roads, though their construction was before my time. We have two classes of road, main and parish. The main roads are 24 feet wide, and were constructed under the old turnpike system from 150 years ago. They are 24 feet wide, as a rule, of solid stone, 12 inches thick in center and seven to eight at tables, with either a footpath at each side from three to six feet in addition.

In the parish road the total width is 20 feet, of which about 12 to 14 is stone and the sides greensward. In all cases the authority has power to drain the roads into adjacent private property and the land owner must get rid of the surface water as best he can. Our drainage runs through suitable trenches cut in the greensward into the ditches of the private corners parallel with the road on each side; and one of the duties, and not the least important, of the surveyor is to see that these ditches and trenches are kept in good order, so that the road may be always kept dry.

To build a good road the surveyor will first have to shape it and provide for water tables and thorough drainage, and then put over the whole road stones broken uniformly to a "rational" size, and these should then be rolled in with a steam roller, if possible, beginning at sides of the road and working toward the center, so as to keep a perfectly uniform curve throughout. The curve must be as slight as possible to carry off the water effectually—if the road is too round all the traffic will seek the middle of the road, and in three or four months the road would be what the roadmen call "dished." Here the water would stand in pools and soon rot the road out.

I may mention that we employ none but hand-broken stones of a rational size. They cost about one-half more than we give for machine broken stones, and last twice as long, in fact, we would give double, if necessary, rather than use machine broken stone, because the result is so much more satisfactory. The latter do not bind or consolidate half as well.

It is important that the stone, whatever its nature, be small enough, and as uniform in size as possible.

The best road that can be made will soon go to pieces unless it is constantly looked after by some competent man. On the main roads we pay by the day regular road men two shillings and six pence a day, and the parish roads are let in lengths of from three to five miles to laboring men, who do all the work under supervision of the surveyor, but are separately paid for breaking the stone, which is laid down at the side of the road on the sward, in suitable lots, during the spring and summer, and broken at their convenience before November, when they commence putting it on.

All our main roads (queen's highways) were made by separate groups of turnpikes, under separate acts of parliament, and the money was collected by toll to repay the borrowed capital with interest, and to maintain the roads, but the toll system was too expensive—it cost as much to collect the tolls as to maintain the roads, and pay off the annual installment of debt and interest. So now, the debts having been all paid off, they are entirely maintained by rate, the main roads out of the country rate, and the parish roads by direct highway rate. The rates run to about one shilling in the pound. That is to say, the net rateable value of the house I occupy is £30, consequently I pay 30 shillings a year toward maintaining the roads. In towns it, of course, costs more, because they have paved foot-paths and more traffic on the roads.—Mexico Independent.

KEEPING ROADS SMOOTH.

Why Every State in the Union Should Pass Wide Tire Laws.

Alluding to the wide tire law of Connecticut, the Springfield Republican declares that it is an eminently wise and reasonable enactment, and the only wonder is that people have to be forced by legal measures into doing what is so plainly for their own interest. No other single element except ignorant road-making adds so much to the heavy burden of supporting the highways as the use of narrow tires, which cut up the roads instead of ironing them smoothly down. Look at the beautiful glossy path which the bicyclists make for themselves at the edge of the road, before the puddles are fairly dried up, and then at the bottomless abyss plowed by the loaded wagons, and one has the whole thing in a nutshell. The pneumatic bicycle tire, by flattening at the point of impact with the road, has all the effect of a wide tire combined with a comparatively light weight. The horses' hoofs chop up the road somewhat, but this is nothing in comparison with the deep cuts of the narrow wagon tires on vehicles carrying heavy loads. If reasonably good roads are made in the first place and vehicles are equipped with tires, with something near the same proportion of weight to width, as the tires of a bicycle, and with the trend of the rear wheel wider than those of the front wheels, so as not to follow in the same path, the surface of roads would not be rutted, but on the contrary the wheels would serve as rollers to roll the roads down hard and make them better. It seems rather a travesty on common sense, as has been well said, to tax the public to purchase expensive rollers to smooth down the highways and then permit narrow-tired wagons to cut them up at their own sweet will. The more economical way would be to make rollers out of the wagons by putting wide tires on them.

ABOUT SWEET POTATOES.

Comments by Prof. Price, of the Texas Experiment Station.

There is great confusion in the nomenclature of the sweet potato. Its foliage varies from round and entire to split or lobed, while the flesh also varies, when lobed, from dry and mealy to soft and mushy. The latter cases have received the name of "yams" in the south, which has helped still further to increase the confusion in the markets as well as among growers. This excellent vegetable deserves to be brought out of this confusion in nomenclature, as its culture is rapidly extending north

FIG 1.
ROUND LEAF.

and south. In the first place the word "yam" should be dropped, because it has been borrowed from the Chinese yam, Dioscorea Batatas, or some species of it, which is quite a different vegetable from the sweet potato. Wood states in his Class Book of Botany that Dioscorea sativa, with its varieties, is understood to be that which is known as the "sweet yam," cultivated in Georgia and Florida, and all tropical countries, on account of its sweet and nutritious tubers. If this be true, it is readily understood how the word "yam" came to be applied to the soft, sugary varieties of sweet potatoes grown in the southern states. The word "yam" is said to be of African origin and means "to eat," in several negro dialects on the coast of Guinea. Consequently there can be no use of it in regard to the sweet potato, and should be abolished. The character of the flesh varies considerably with seasons and soils. I have grown the variety called "pumpkin yam," on a light sandy soil where it was excellent, and

FIG.2
SHOULDERED LEAF.

then again on a heavy wet soil where one would not recognize it without seeing the foliage. The flavor was very poor. After making this vegetable a special study for several years, and having tested over 50 varieties, I find that the character of the foliage is the best test upon which to base a classification. We find three main types, the round (Fig. 1), the shouldered (Fig. 2) and the split (Fig. 3). If the character

FIG. 3.
SPLIT LEAF.

of the foliage be taken in connection with a short description of the tubers, I have not found a variety I could not readily distinguish. It is true, however, that some varieties are inclined to vary somewhat in the shape of the foliage, but the prevailing type can be easily distinguished if the foliage be noticed when young.—American Agriculturist.

GARDEN AND ORCHARD.

Cut out the raspberry canes that have borne fruit this year.

Cuttings of currant or gooseberry plants may be made this month.

So long as the pear pulls hard in taking off, it is not thoroughly ripe.

In picking grapes do not touch the bunches, but handle them by the stems. Thus the bloom is preserved.

If horticulturists want to improve their conditions, and the general condition of the people, they should get in touch with each other.

To have a good crop of strawberries next season there must be a good growth of plants this fall. Thorough cultivation will help this.

Mark for destruction all new plants that are proving unsatisfactory in growth, color or blooming qualities, and make up your list now for next year's planting.—Coleman's Rural World.

Hints on Wintering Turnips.

While turnips will stay out and grow larger, better and sweeter through early frosts, still they are so exposed that a severe cold snap will spoil them. Turnips are pitted three to four feet deep and wide. Rutabagas require warmer quarters, and it is best to give them some ventilation. Somehow, they absorb more heat, and when confined are more likely to spoil. Parsnips and carrots should have pits not over three feet wide and should not be piled over three feet deep at the highest point.—Farm and Home.

Often Done.

He had just returned from an European trip and was telling of his adventures.

"And above all," he said, "I actually had the distinguished honor of playing poker with a king."

The man in the linen coat had listened in silence up to this point, but now his lip curled scornfully as he replied:

"That's nothing. I once played with four kings."

"Really?"

"Sure. Four kings and an ace."—Chicago Post.

SLIGHTLY PERSONAL.

"Jobson, I do believe that if you were given your choice between me and your pipe, you would hesitate."

"That's where you make a mistake, Mrs. Jobson. A pipe soothes and comforts a man in his old age."—N. Y. Herald.

Enemies Ever Afterward.

Genevieve—Oh, Beatrice, did Charlie Chillingworth propose to you this morning?

Beatrice (blushing)—Why, whatever can have made you ask that question? Ye—yes, he proposed, and we're to be married in a year, if papa will give his consent.

Genevieve—There, I owe Charlie a box of candy! He bet me that you'd jump at him if he asked you, and I gave you credit for having more sense.—Cleveland Leader.

"SAY AU REVOIR, BUT NOT GOOD-BY."

The Other Way.

Julian—I notice that you do not allow the waiters to dress in the regulation swallow-tail.

Hotel Prop.—No, indeed. They and the swells looked too much alike.

Julian—Whose kick compelled you to make the change? The swells'?

Prop.—No, indeed. The waiters'.—N. Y. World.

Soldiers Too Common.

Mother—Ella, you have been playing all the afternoon with these toy soldiers. That's not a proper amusement for a big girl like you.

Daughter—But, mamma, I am not playing with the soldiers. I picked out the officers and played with them.—Texas Sifter.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

Gilhooly—The chaplain of the house of representatives gets six dollars for praying only five minutes.

Gus De Smith—That's big pay. I've got a friend right here in Dallas who prayed a whole week for a dollar, and didn't get it.—Texas Sifter.

Still Waiting.

"I am waiting, only waiting
Where the shadows do not fall,
After long anticipating,
For an early morning call;
I am waiting, only waiting,
Where the icy waters roll,
Keep me not anticipating,"
Sang the lonely old North Pole.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Very Well Put.

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is the celebrated trick mule, Dot," said the clown, as the beast was being led into the ring. "After many years of effort, I am able to say I can make him do anything he wants to."—Tit-Bits.

Sharp Eyed Ushers.

He (indignantly)—Those insulting church ushers put us into a back pew.

She (calmly as a quiescent volcano)—They probably noticed that I wore a bonnet which I wouldn't care to have seen.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Condensed Tragedy.

A little drop within a rill
That by the sun was kissed
Was scooped in by an ice machine
And frozen hard, I wist;
"Alas!" exclaimed that little drop,
"I never will be mist!"
—N. Y. Press

Wit of the Joyous Lunatic.

The teeth of the old gentleman who was frequently late to breakfast came together upon some hard substance with a thrilling shock. The old gentleman who was frequently late to breakfast turned an injured glance upon the landlady. The joyous lunatic smiled cheerfully.

"Madam," said the old gentleman, "as a general thing I do not criticise the victuals you see fit to place before us, but in this case I am obliged to. I have, I am certain, found some foreign substance in the hash."

The face of the joyous lunatic lighted up:

"No substance," he remarked, "is foreign in hash."—Chicago Tribune.

An X-Ray Portrait.

The artist knit his brow.

"I wish to picture the heroine with a No. 12 waist," he remarked. "But where, in that event, is her liver to be?"

"Oh, I can make room for that," rejoined the author. "I will just say that she has no heart."

Thus it is to be seen how the muses advance hand in hand and are generously disposed to mutual concession.—Detroit Tribune.

A Plausible Theory.

"Since that fellow moved in next to me and is trying to learn how to play the violin, I have a new theory as to the burning of Rome."

"What is it?"

"I'm satisfied that Nero was sitting at the front window playing a fiddle and some of the people in the block took to throwing bombs at him."—Detroit Free Press.

A Great Scheme.

Jones—You say you want to make money quick?

Smith—I do. That's what I'm after.

"Well, here is your chance. The shad lays 50,000 eggs in 24 hours."

"Well, what of it?"

"Hear me out. Put your wits to work and get up a cross between the shad and the barnyard hens, and you can make $100,000 a day."—Texas Siftings.

Much Cry and No Wool.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite—
You've heard that same remark;
But when it comes to fistic fight,
The human pugs just bark.
—Town Topics.

A Bad Break.

Doctor (after spraying the lady's throat)—Madame, it's a pleasure to treat you—you've got such fine control of your tongue.

The Patient's Husband—Here, let's have your bill. It's evident you don't know what you're talking about.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

A Safe Bet.

"Is your mamma in?"

"What's you name?"

"I'm Mr. Whiteband, the new minister."

"Then I guess mamma's expectin' you—'cause she said she'd bet a dollar you'd be sure to come on washday!"—Cleveland Post.

A CONUNDRUM.

Hiram Summerboard—When kin I collect this bill?

Business Manager—See the puzzled editor.—Chicago Tribune.

Attractive.

"Your wife wears extremely fetching gowns, Pilkerton."

"Yes, they fetch a bill collector to my office about three times a week."—Chicago Record.

They All Do It.

"I wonder why she screamed when I kissed her."

"Force of habit, I suppose."—Town Topics.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

WHO CAN ANSWER?

The question's not a new one, dear,
But one that ev'ry day
Comes to some girls and boys I know
While at their work or play.

My Nanny comes to me at morn,
And with beseeching look,
Asks me if I can tell her where
She'll find her slate or book.

And Teddy comes to me and says,
Sometimes with downcast eye:
"Mamma dear, won't you please to come
And help me find my tie?"

And Alice, too, comes with a frown
When going out for play:
"Oh dear, mamma, what did I do
With my hat yesterday?"

No hat is found out in the hall;
The book's not in its case;
No tie is found upstairs to be
In its accustomed place.

Now me the reason tell, my dear,
And quickly, if you can,
Why all these things may not be found
By Alice, Ted or Nan?

The question's not a new one, dear,
But one that ev'ry day
Comes to some girls and boys I know
While at their work or play.

—Grace A. Cannon, in Harper's Round Table.

FEATHERED CRIMINAL.

How a Thieving Swallow Was Punished by His Mates.

"I suppose," said the man who has spent much of his life in the woods, "that if we knew more of wild animals we should find in them most of the qualities that characterize human beings. I went up to Aroostook county, Me., early last year to get the first of the spring fishing. When the birds began to return I was glad to see that eight or ten pairs of barn swallows which had built under the eaves of my cabin the year before were going to repair the old nests.

"They went at once to a little spring about half a mile away, where there was some very sticky and tenacious mud. They would fill their mouths at the spring, fly back to the cabin, and plaster the little wad of mud on the nest. They worked very industriously, flying back and forth from dawn till sunset.

"But by and by I noticed that one of the swallows did not go with the rest to the spring. He sat on his nest, hung his head and acted as if sick. The others wheeled around him a little while and then flew away.

"The moment they were out of sight he raised his head, flew to one of the nests, and began to pull off the fresh mud which the owner had just left. When he had a good mouthful he went back to his own nest and plastered it on.

"By the time the other birds came back with more clay he was drooping in his nest again, looking as if he were in the last stages of consumption. Now and then, when the rest of the birds were near, he would 'peep' a little as if to say: 'Oh, how sick I am! If you only knew how bad I feel!' and the other birds fluttered about him as if they were trying to sympathize with him, or advising him what to take. But the minute they were gone he was out, pulling mud off their nests to build his own with.

"This lasted nearly all the forenoon, and the thief was getting on finely. He had his nest almost done; for he did not have to go a distance for materials, and could put on two or three mouthfuls of

THE PUNISHMENT.

mud while the others were getting one. He had too much intelligence to steal all his mud from one nest, so the loss was not noticed for some time.

"But his sins found him out at last. One of the other swallows got back before he was expected, and found the robber plundering his house. He pitched upon the thief at once, and they fell to fighting. Then the rest of the flock began to return. I suppose the first one screamed, in swallow language: 'Come here! Come here! This lazy rascal has been stealing our mud!'

"In an instant there was a tremendous chattering. The whole flock began to peck at the thief and to beat him with their wings. They drove him out of his nest and away across the stream. Then they all fell to and pulled from his nest all the mud that was fresh enough to use on their own.

"I don't think the thief came back at all. I noticed that his nest was not finished that summer. What became of his mate? I don't know. One of the sad things in life is the fact that a man's wife has to share the consequences of his wrong-doing."—Youth's Companion.

How He Lost a Patient.

Dr. X—— was away for a change of air, when a telegram reached him from one of his patients:

"I think I have swallowed a pin! Come at once or wire advice."

Dr. X——wired back: "Swallow the cushion!"

Next time he called he found that a new doctor reigned in his stead.—Golden Days.

He Was Almost a Man.

A little fellow went into a shop some days ago to buy a pair of gloves. The shopman stared at the juvenile customer and asked him what size he took. The youngster promptly informed him. "Do you want kid gloves, my boy?" asked the shopman. "Kid gloves!" ejaculated his customer. "I'm not a kid now. I want 'grow-up' ones."

SEA OTTER HUNTERS.

Their Hermit Home on the Summit of a Storm-Lashed Rock.

About a hundred miles below Cape Flattery is a rock which every mariner of the Pacific knows as marking the dangerous shallows of Granville bay. Copalis rock, as it is called, is only a hundred yards or so from shore, but is always surrounded by tumbling breakers. It is 60 feet high and barely 30 feet across; yet on its bare summit is a house inhabited by man—a little wooden shanty built of wreckwood and lashed securely to the top of this water-washed home of the sea gull. The area of this but is not more than ten feet by eight, and it is built very, very low. Yet in it two men lived for years. There they slept and worked, making their living amid the breakers of the Pacific.

These men were the pioneer sea otter hunters of this part of the coast—the first white men who engaged in the

THE DERRICK OUTLOOK.

business. From their perch high over the angry sea they watched for sea otter and shot them. Behind the rock in an eddy that was comparatively quiet they kept their canoe, foot and hand holds down the side of the rock giving them access to their craft, in which they would search for the otter they had killed, or perhaps chase their quarry when sighted at a distance too great for the range of their guns. The canoe sometimes also gave them communication with the shore, but not always. Another and stranger method of travel secured to these otter hermits access to the mainland in the worst weather—an endless line, carrying a cage. This was firmly fastened to a tree on shore at one end, and to a wedge driven firmly into a cleft in the rock on the island. Without this line the men were not safe from the breakers, which often beat clear up over their little cottage during the storm.

Sea otter hunting is a most peculiar and hazardous business, and the boast of those that follow it that they are the finest marksmen and the finest boatmen in the world is well sustained. This is only to be expected, for the precious fur they hunt—a No. 1 sea otter sometimes selling for as much as $300—allures the hardiest and most skillful hunters. Along the strip of coast running north from Gray's harbor are a half dozen white men and a score of natives whose sole industry is to hunt this animal. One fellow of the Quinailt tribe has not only made a good living, but claims to have in a safe that he picked up in a wreck near by furs valued at $2,000. He is the most successful hunter in the lot, and is waiting for a rise in the market. He will probably get a heavy premium before he dies—he is still young—for the otter is fast being exterminated.

There are several methods of hunting the otter. The Indian chases the animal through the surf and out at sea with his canoe. So does the white man sometimes, but ordinarily he shoots from the shore. Along the beach are tripod-shaped "derricks" standing at the edge of the surf, from which the white man watches, days at a time, for his game. His fine rifle brings down the game at 600 or 800 yards almost without fail. It is a perfect weapon, perfectly kept; the rifles are carefully cleaned with a piece of linen after every shot, and a hair sight and carefully-scratched trajection slide shows the marksman just where he can hit, or has hit before. The Indian, chasing his game at sea with a shotgun, generally follows a family of otter until he runs them down.

Horse Knows Where to Go.

There is a horse in Philadelphia whose business it is to draw a collection wagon over a post office route in the middle of the city, where the boxes are short distances apart. This horse has learned the location of the letter boxes as well as its driver, and as soon as the postman alights at the first box at Broad and Chestnut streets the horse walks off to the second box and patiently waits for his master. When the boxes are further apart, a square or more, the horse knows that and allows himself to be driven from one to the other. He is never known to make a mistake as to the location of a box.

A Test for Seasickness.

Many people have a genuine curiosity to know if they would be seasick in case they should take an ocean voyage. An easy way to put the matter to a test is to stand before the ordinary bureau mirror that turns in its frame, and let someone move it slowly and slightly at first, and gradually going faster, while you look fixedly at your own reflection. If you feel no effect whatever from it, the chances are that you can stand an ordinary sea voyage without any qualm.

Mr. Gratebar to Philip.

"Cheerfulness, Philip," said Mr. Gratebar, "is a duty which you owe to yourself and your fellow man. Always take a cheerful view. Cheerfulness is a lamp which dispels the gloom of life. Keep your lamp burning always, Philip, and others will light their lamps by yours and go on more joyfully.

A Clear Case.

Mr. Timms—The framers of the constitution must have been right under the thumbs of the women.

Mr. Vance—How so?

Mr. Timms—Why, look what they did for a free press and free speech.—Cleveland Leader.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—A well-seasoned old colored woman is Mary Marks, who resides in Brenham, Tex. She was born in the West Indies in 1776, and is therefore 120 years of age.

—Six six-footed pigs, the progeny of a six-footed yearling pig, are to be seen on the farm of Jesse Carry, of Marion, Ind. A seventh pig of the same litter has seven feet, but it did not live.

—Russia will henceforth supply its Baltic fleet with coal from the Donetz region, instead of from England; the minister of finance having arranged to cheapen the railroad freight charges. This is a serious blow to England's coal trade with St. Petersburg.—Military Gazette.

—Vandals destroyed the saddles of all members of the congregation of Crooked Creek church, near Marion, Ky., who rode horseback to worship one night, and when service was over they fired from ambush a broadside from shotguns at the church building and riddled all the windows.

—During the family's absence a thief entered a Memphis (Tenn.) house and stole a bottle of beer and half a dozen pairs of socks. That night the socks were returned with a note saying that the caller's feet were not of museum size and asking why more than one bottle of beer wasn't kept on ice.

—An uncontrollable desire to tramp, a preference for barns rather than a comfortable home in which to sleep, and supreme satisfaction in begging or stealing food have caused 12-year-old Willie King, of Syracuse, to give his parents so much trouble that they have been obliged to have him arrested.

—Atlantic City scorns the press agent, to be sure, but it sends out a story of a beautiful young woman of Pittsburgh, whose hat, which was ornamented with a diamond buckle, was blown into the sea by a puff of wind and was brought ashore by a faithful dog, as the owner was mingling her salt tears with Neptune's.

—There was a despondent bride in Hillsboro, Ore., because the groom failed to appear at the hour named for the marriage ceremony. Half an hour passed, and then the bride's spirits revived as she beheld the belated one scorching toward her on his bicycle. He had missed the train, and used his wheel as a substitute.

NO MORE TIGHT GLOVES.

Because They Give the Hand an Ugly Shape in Time.

The latest article of wear dear to the feminine heart that the health advocates have set the seal of their displeasure on is the tight-fitting glove.

This will be distressing news to many women who would willingly deprive themselves of expensive lingerie in order to wear gloves that make more outward show. Women pride themselves on exhibiting a neatly-gloved hand almost as much as encasing their feet in shoes which are ruinous to the natural shape of the feet.

They are perhaps unaware that women of the stage who pride themselves on the appearance of their hands when ungloved, as well as when encased in costly gloves, do not approve pinching them with tight gloves. Bernhardt and Terry, who are famous for the beauty of their hands and arms, wear long, loose-wristed gloves. Miss Terry has a large hand, but it is proportioned to her figure, and she does not squeeze either into tight compresses.

Next to wearing tight shoes and tight corsets, the habit of squeezing the hands into tight gloves is perhaps the most foolish of feminine weaknesses. And yet interviews with prominent glove dealers all prove that about two-thirds of their customers will insist upon purchasing gloves from one-half to one full size too small for their hands, and resent any remarks that the clerks may make that would suggest the abandonment of this hobby. "Why, we are even forced to suggest smaller sizes, and make delicate remarks about their tiny hands, in order oftentimes to secure their favors," one prominent dealer stated smilingly.

The wearers of tight gloves are not always ignorant people by any means, but they are invariably of a vain and shallow type, who have no regard for artistic beauty and who are martyrs when it comes to physical suffering. For there is certainly nothing much more uncomfortable in the way of dress than tight, squeezing, ill-fitting gloves, with buttons straining to their utmost tension and with the palm fairly bulging out in a mass of almost purple flesh, which has been forced into this unnatural position.

"Women with very long fingers nearly always buy short-fingered gloves," the glove seller stated, "and then, when the sharp-pointed nails have cut through the ends of the fingers, they bring them back with all manner of complaints and there is absolutely nothing to be said if we wish to retain their custom. A very fine quality of kid is always more flexible than a cheap quality; consequently a lady who wears a No. 6 in a one dollar glove can frequently wear a five and three-quarters in a $2.50 quality, just as one can wear two or more sizes of shoes in different makes and have each fit satisfactorily. It is mostly large, fleshy women who persist in wearing tight gloves. They have had small hands originally, before they gained their superabundance of adipose, and because they wore No. 6 gloves at 18 they insist upon wearing them at 40; and, although the terrible pressure on the flesh and blood vessels makes the hands clumsy and benumbed, they will not relinquish this bit of feminine vanity."

It is a well-known fact that women who possess the whitest and most beautiful hands always wear loose gloves. To keep the skin soft and pliable the blood must have perfectly free circulation, and this cannot be when the wrist is encircled with a merciless hand of kid and when thumb and fingers are cramped into unnatural positions.—Washington Star.

POISONOUS PERFUMERY.

Manufacturers Are in the Habit of Using Dangerous Adulterations.

M. Eugene Mesnard is certainly entitled to the thanks of the general public, and especially of the fair sex. Thanks to him, people are now able to measure smells, and it will be their own fault if they ever again annoy their own or their neighbors' nostrils with spurious perfumes.

This curious art of measuring smells is known in the scientific world as olfactometry. M. Mesnard has been studying it for some years, and has now perfected certain delicate instruments by means of which anyone, even without the slightest knowledge of physics or chemistry, can accurately determine not only the strength of the different perfumes, but also the changes which each of them undergoes under the influence of light, heat, humidity and other exterior forces.

To musk he has especially devoted his attention, since both natural and artificial musk are largely used by manufacturers as the basis of other perfumes. He tells us that the action of humidity is an important factor to be considered in this connection, since the moisture of the skin and the humidity of handkerchiefs and tissues play a great part in modifying more or less the persistency, the quality, and the strength of perfumes.

"Natural musk," he says, "being an organic product, is always more easily destroyed than artificial musk, which is a chemical product and less subject to change. It follows that if one forms a bouquet of perfumes by mixing different essential natural oils with an extract of natural musk these different products will become gradually modified with the lapse of time without any change being noticed in the distinctive perfume of the entire mixture. On the other hand, if artificial musk be used as the basis of mixture, there will be a lack of homogeneousness, and the result will be that the natural perfumes will disappear first, and after some time there will only remain the perfume of the artificial musk, and this one will find it hard to get rid of.

"Many cheap perfumes, it is said, have artificial musk as a basis, and are consequently grossly deceptive, for in a short time all other odors disappear except that of the chemically-formed musk, and this remains with implacable persistency, so that finally it becomes absolutely objectionable. Experiments which have been tried show that at a certain temperature artificial musk becomes tainted and produces a sickening effect on those who smell it. Why, then, is it used. Simply because the olfactory nerves of those who constantly use such cheap perfumes become atrophied, and they do not perceive what a horrible odor they exhale and what a nuisance they are to persons whose sense of smell is finer than theirs."

According to M. Mesnard, perfumes that are pure can easily be distinguished from those that are adulterated. The former remain ever the same, neither light nor heat having any power to decompose them. Take, for example, a perfume made from orchids. M. Mesnard tells us that orchids only exhale their perfume at certain moments, and care, therefore, must be taken to extract it just at those moments. A genuine perfume of this kind is delightful, whereas an adulterated perfume of this kind would soon prove a delusion and a snare.

That there is a great deal of adulteration not only in perfumes but also in many cosmetics is well known to physicians. Here, for example, are the ingredients of certain cosmetics which are, or used to be, very popular: Iodide of potassa, red precipitate spirit, corrosive sublimate, chloric acid, alcohol, nitrate of mercury, white lead, oxide of zinc, chloride of lead, cantharides, iodine, acetate of lead, flowers of sulphur and extracts of colocynth. Now, all these ingredients may not be harmful, but all are certainly not harmless. The statement, indeed, has been made that cosmetics containing such ingredients should not be used at all, and that others less harmless, should be used very cautiously, and only upon advice of a physician.

Paul Mantegazza, the noted Italian author, has made a special study of this subject, and the disclosures which he makes in regard to the composition of certain well-known cosmetics are very interesting and instructive. He gives 266 recipes, many of which contain dangerous ingredients, while comparatively few are harmless.

That there is an immense profit in the sale of such stuff need hardly be said. What costs a dollar can, as a rule, be manufactured for a few cents. Thus, as Mantegazza points out, a person who makes an indiscriminate use of such cosmetics is likely to suffer both in health and pocket. If persons want to use cosmetics let them do so; only let them be sure that the cosmetics are harmless.

As to pure odors, the opinion seems to be growing that there is a greater virtue in them than is generally imagined. It seems ludicrous to talk about the morality of perfumes, and yet it would be hard to prove that there are not immoral as well as moral perfumes. If music can be thus classified, why not perfumes?—Chicago Tribune.

Consumption Caused by Indigestion.

Every medical man knows that indigestion and improper nutrition open wide the gates for the entrance of consumption, while, on the other hand, good digestion and nutrition enable even those subject to tuberculosis to live until some other cause brings about their death. This diseased condition of the digestive organs, which gives foothold to the destroyer, does not come in a short time, but often dates back to childhood.—Chicago Chronicle.

Misunderstood.

"Hannah," said the mistress to her new girl, "you can take that brown serge dress of mine and put it in soak."

"Yes'm," said Hannah. "Who's your fav'rite pawnbroker?"—Detroit Free Press.

"I told her I would lay the world at her feet." "What did she say?" "She said if I was that athletic I ought to be traveling with a show."—Chicago Record.

MEN and ladies in small towns wishing to earn $18 a week easily, write us; we will explain. Excelsior Chemical Co., Rochester, N. Y. Lock Box 608.

FIRST CHICAGO MAN—"What are your plans for the future?" Second Chicago Man—"I think I will stop getting married and settle down."—Truth.

WE have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—LIZZIE FERREL, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, '94.

"WHAT shall I do with this article on the city drinking water?" said the Chicago editor's assistant. "Boil it down," was the reply.—Vogue.

VERY few horses eat corned beef, but we saw one standing the other day with a bit in his mouth.

WHEN bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is taken internally. Price 75c.

JUST try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

MARRIAGE is like all other troubles; the people have a good time while getting into it.

SOME people are never contented. After having all their limbs broken, their heads smashed, and their brains knocked out, they will actually go to law and try to get further damages.

A FINANCIER.—"Colherstone's got lots of sense, I tell you." "How do you make that out?" "He doesn't send his family away to spend the summer until the last week in August."—Chicago Record.

OUGHT TO BE EXCUSED.—"Every human being should do his share toward uplifting the masses of his fellow-men." "Well, I've done my share—I ran an elevator seven years."—Chicago Record.

RURAL HOST—"Well, good-by, good-by; I shall expect to see all you folks back again next summer." Town Lot—"I dare say, as we'll have a chance to recuperate during the winter."—Detroit Free Press.

HE—"I saw you out sketching the other day. Do you draw with a free hand, Miss Minnie?" "Entirely free," replied the young lady, as she cast down her eyes in soft confusion and waited for him to follow up the opening, and now she wears a diamond engagement ring.—Texas Sifter.

"THAT'S a brilliant son of yours," remarked the visitor. "He's been in congress, hasn't he?" "Yes; I believe he was an inmate for a couple of years," replied old Farmer Mossback, drily.—Buffalo Express.

NOT AT HOME.—Caller—"Is your father at home?" Little Daughter—"What is your name, please?" Caller—"Just tell him it is his old friend, Bill." Little Daughter—"Then I guess he ain't at home. I heard him tell mamma if any bill came he wasn't at home."—Washington Times.

ELSIE—"Why does your husband speak of you as his right hand?" Mrs. Ray—"Give it up, unless because he never lets his right hand know what his left hand doeth."—Truth.

PRINCIPAL (to commercial traveler, returning from his travels)—"How came you to charge such low prices to X, who is well known to be a shaky customer?" Commercial Traveler—"I thought to myself, if the man happens to fail, we shall not lose so much by him."—Tit-Bits.

Warner's Safe Cure

IN LARGE OR SMALL } BOTTLES.

Owing to the many requests from its patrons, Warner's Safe Cure Co. have put on the market a smaller size bottle of Safe Cure which can now be obtained at all druggists at half the price of the large bottle.

Warner's Safe Cure

is not only a scientific vegetable preparation and does all that is claimed for it, but it is the only Kidney and Liver medicine used by the best people of four continents. A medicine that bears the stamp of the world's approval, and maintains its position for a fifth of a century, must necessarily possess peculiar merit.

Featherbone Edge

S·H·&M· REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Ask for it the next time that you buy a

BIAS VELVETEEN SKIRT BINDING.

The featherbone flares and stiffens—the bias velveteen wears as only an S. H. & M. *can* wear. Especially suited for silk or wool petticoats.

If your dealer WILL NOT supply you we will.

Samples showing labels and materials mailed free.

"Home Dressmaking Made Easy," a new 72 page book by Miss Emma M. Hooper, of the Ladies' Home Journal, tells in plain words how to make dresses at home without previous training; mailed for 25c.

S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y. City.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

A. N. K.—C. 1606

OPIUM and **WHISKY** habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.

Prof. Babcock, the well-known Chemist, says:—

"I find that Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure. It contains no trace of any substance foreign to the pure roasted cocoa-bean. The color is that of pure cocoa; the flavor is natural, and not artificial; and the product is in every particular such as must have been produced from the pure cocoa-bean without the addition of any chemical, alkali, acid, or artificial flavoring substance, which are to be detected in cocoas prepared by the so-called 'Dutch process.'"

Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

"The New Woman."

BattleAx PLUG

The "new woman" favors economy, and she always buys "Battle Ax" for her sweetheart. She knows that a 5-cent piece of "Battle Ax" is nearly twice as large as a 10-cent piece of other high grade brands. Try it yourself and you will see why "Battle Ax" is such a popular favorite all over the United States.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
G. H. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, OCT. 8, 1896.

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET

For President of the United States,

WILLIAM McKINLEY,

OF OHIO.

For Vice President of the United States,

GARRET A. HOBART,

OF NEW JERSEY.

For Congress,

JOHN McDONALD,

OF MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

BRYAN is ready to accept any other old nomination.

THE first work of a debased dollar is to defraud the workman and the farmer.

SILVER continues to decline, while wheat is going up. Will the Bryanites please explain.

"WE MUST defeat by decisive majorities every scheme for the debasement of our currency, whether it be free silver or irredeemable paper money, but while we do this, we must also defeat the destructive and dangerous menace of free trade."—Maj. McKinley.

THOSE who think they can stomach Bryan's silverism without swallowing the other ingredients mixed in with the Chicago bolus simply befool themselves. The whole dose must go down together—Debts, Deviltry and Destruction. The witches who worked at Chicago beat up a poisonous mess in their cauldron and though they coated the capsule with silver the poison is still there.

"I FAVOR that policy which will give the largest development to every American interest, that gives the widest opportunity to every American citizen, that gives the most work and best wages to every American laborer, and secure to our people the highest possible prosperity in all their occupations."—Maj. McKinley.

Our silver plated friend was so full of information for our personal benefit that it even went so far as to say that it was not a candidate for office before the American people. We really see no policy in wasting so much valuable space in this direction. We all know you are not running for the presidency; even if you were your chances of election would be as bright as those of Mr. Bryan.

THE victory of the principles of sound money at the November election is in the air, and whoever shall put his ear to the ground may hear the march of the millions to the defense of public credit and national honor. The busy hum of innumerable mills and factories that have already opened in anticipation of this victory are drowning the shrieks of the hordes of depreciated money and repudiation.

THE present rise in the price of wheat affords another proof of the utter fallacy of the Bryanite assumption that there is an unalterable connection between prices and the volume of money. Prices of commodities are affected by different factors, and most frequently by the conflict of opposing factors. The demand for wheat in the world's markets and the greater or less abundance of the harvest must affect the price at all times and in all countries. In England or France the price of wheat is greater than the price in the United States only by the difference in the cost of transportation from the field of production. The demand for wheat, as well as all other agricultural products, depends essentially on the welfare of the masses of workingmen who consume those products, and when the condition of workingmen become less prosperous by a depreciated currency they become poorer customers for the farmers. As a consequence the prices of farm products decline.

WE ARE under many obligations to to our silver plated contemporary for the volunteered information that the meeting held in Offutt's hall a week or two ago was not a Popocratic meeting. We judge that because our silver plated friend who so ably wields the pen in defense of his anarchistic and populistic tendencies was secretary of the meeting that that fact alone gave the meeting the stripe of Democracy.

THE following postscript to William Jennings Bryan's letter accepting the people's party nomination got lost in transmission: "While it is perfectly true that I notified the Populists that I could not be considered as a candidate unless Mr. Sewall were put on the ticket also, it is also true that I thought I had enough influence to force Sewall's nomination. However, that is no reason why I should refuse any old nomination I can get."

THANKS, old silver plate, for the information so kindly tendered regarding Mr. H. F. Bartine, but we really did not intend for you to go to the trouble to hunt up old Congressional Records to find out who he is. One thing you neglected: you failed to state that he is editor of a free silver plated paper published in Chicago in the interests of the mine owners. Why not tell all you know while engaged in this labor of love? Again, thanks.

Thinks He Has a Sure thing.

R. F. Cochran, of Cochranville, Pa., wrote to the Philadelphia *Press* as follows:

Sir:—I borrowed $6,000, which I have invested as follows:

Bet $2,000 of it that McKinley would be the next President, and the balance, $4,000, invested in silver bullion.

If McKinley is elected I get the $4,000 in the hands of the stakeholder and have $4,000 worth of silver bullion and consequently have made $2,000 by the transaction.

If Bryan is elected I will only have the $4,000 worth of bullion, but I can get 8,000 silver dollars made out of it and will have $2,000 left after paying off my good and best friend who lent me the money.

P. S.—I hope the silver men have not deceived me, for I won't like it if I have placed this mortgage on my farm these hard times for nothing.

HOW far Bryan comes from representing the plain, hard-working, thrifty people who are the real backbone, the brain, muscles, and sinews of the country is shown by studying the savings banks statistics. In 1895 these institutions had 4,875,519 depositors, who had on deposit the enormous sum of $1,810,597,023, or several hundred million dollars more than the entire amount of circulating medium—gold, silver, and bank-notes—in the country. Besides this, there were $33,760,775 deposits subject to check, which were not included in the report, and which would raise the aggregate amount held up over $2,500,000,000. The average amount to the credit of each depositor was $371.36. This represents, in many instances at least, the labor, the economy, the self-denial, of years—perhaps a lifetime. It is the provision which plain, hard-working, sober people have made for sickness and death. Yet Mr. Bryan would rob this most meritorious class of our people of hundreds of millions of dollars by his wild financial schemes. If he should cut the dollar in two it would defraud these people of over $1,000,000,000. Can such a monstrous crime be considered with complacency?

Bryan in 1893.

A clipping from Bryan's personal organ, the Omaha *World-Herald*, of August 3, 1893, is given below to show that the Popocratic candidate's paper had better ideas of right and honesty at that time than it now has. What was true then is true to-day. Read what it says:

"The silver agitators who insist on free coinage upon THE DISHONEST RATIO OF 1 TO 16 and refuse to accept it upon the honest ratio of 1 to 25 are very anxious to delude the public into the belief that the demand for more currency and the demand for coinage upon the ratio of 1 to 16 are identical.

"They brand as goldbugs all who decline to advocate 54-cent silver dollars.

"In truth, however, the only honest bimetallist is he who believes in the free coinage of gold and silver, each taken at its market value and so coined that 100 cents worth of gold shall be in a gold dollar and 100 cents worth of silver shall be in a silver dollar.

"The bimetallist who advocates free coinage of gold and silver on a ratio of 1 to 25 is as much a believer in an increase in the circulating medium as the man who demands coinage on the ratio of 1 to 16.

"The silverites in Chicago need not arrogate to themselves the championship of an increased currency. That is not their purpose, nor is it the real effect of their agitation. They are only the champions of silver."

Coin Harvey Wants Gold.

By advocating silver Mr. Harvey has reaped a harvest in gold.

Yesterday morning W. H. Harvey, commonly known as "Coin" Harvey, because of his authorship of a series of alleged economic papers under that name, came down town. He was accompanied by Miss Josie Hix, his stenographer and confidential clerk. The two went to the Metropolitan National bank at La Salle and Monroe streets. They went to the window of the paying teller, and Mr. Harvey handed in a narrow, long slip of paper partly written, partly printed. It was a check. It was Mr. Harvey's check. It called for $2,500.

"I want it in gold," said Mr. Harvey. And so, because he was a good fellow and because he had more money and was nice and didn't demand all in gold, and because it seemed best all around to do it, Cashier Hitchcock made a mark on the check, and the paying teller counted out 125 gold pieces.

Each was a little smaller than a silver dollar, but a good deal heavier. The whole $2,500 made a glittering yellow column somewhat over nine inches high.

The silver prophet swept that much of the detested metal into the canvas bag and walked out of the bank with his stenographer.

He was destroying the power of gold as other men have attempted to destroy the power of rum. He has proved his antipathy to it by absorbing some of it—by taking that much out of circulation.

Then he took it over to Dearborn street and put it in a safety deposit vault.

The place from which he took it and the place to which he removed it are precisely two blocks apart. But that short walk of "Coin" Harvey with his bag of gold meant more than 1,000 speeches.

The bank is good. Mr Harvey had no fear of its suspension. But he preferred to have the money where he could lay his hands on it at any time without asking leave of any cashier, paying teller or bank president. And he wanted it in gold. Harvey claimed that he wanted the gold to use as an object lesson in his speeches.—Chicago Post.

Taught By Experience.

Everybody but Popocrats learn by experience. It is the only safe guide that we have. No matter how firmly a sensible man may have believed an untried thing yesterday, he will surrender his belief to-day if an actual trial demonstrates its falsity. This is the position of the sensible portion of the people of the United States. Prior to 1890 the great majority of our people were strongly favorable to silver. It was one of our most important products, it had always been one of the world's money metals, and we were reluctant to have the tide set against it. We had resumed the coinage of silver, and gone on for years filling up the Treasury with millions of dollars which nobody would take and use. In spite of us, silver kept failing. Then, in 1890, we resolved upon the herculean stroke of buying up all our own products, and removing it from competition in the world's market. We felt certain that if we kept our own products at home, safely locked up in the vaults of the Treasury, where dealers could feel that it would not be "unloaded" on them at an inconvenient moment, that the world would readily absorb the rest of its production, and the price of silver would rise to par. Nothing could be more reasonable. The thing was done. The Secretary of the Treasury was instructed to buy 4,500,000 ounces a month, 54,000,000 ounces a year. He did so for nearly three years. At first the price advanced in the most gratifying manner, and reached at one time $1.22 an ounce.

Then everybody went to mining silver. New mines were opened, and old ones extended. The price fell rapidly. By the end of 1890 it was down to $1.04; by the end of 1891 it was 95 1-5 cents; at the end of 1892 it was 82 cents; and in October, 1893, it was 73 cents. The result of this experiment convinced everybody who has any reason in him. The Government had lost about $45,000,000 in this latest effort to boost silver, and the metal was lower than it had ever been. The Sherman Act was therefore repealed. Yet, in the face of this conclusive demonstration, Mr. Bryan continues to say that he "believes" silver will go to $1.29 an ounce if we have free coinage. We have seen a number of men who "believed" that a certain horse could trot a mile in 2:30. They were willing to put up their money to back that belief. When the test came and it was found that he could not do it in less than three minutes, they wisely dropped him, with their money, and looked for a faster horse. Mr. Bryan does not seem to have that sort of common sense.

Mr. Bryan and the Silver Dollar.

In his speech at Harper's Ferry Mr. Bryan gave another example of his peculiarly prevaricating method of argumentation. Replying to the question: "How about the fifty-three-cent dollars?" he said: "They did not call the silver dollar a fifty-three-cent dollar when the silver was treated like gold. Prior to 1873 the silver dollar was a dollar and three cents measured by gold. They told us that they wanted to get rid of the silver dollar because it was too good; and now they do want to bring it back because it is not good enough." The last clause of this answer is perfectly correct. The friends of sound money do not want to bring the silver dollar back because it is "not good enough."

But Mr. Bryan knows full well that when the silver dollar was "too good" no silver bullion was taken to the mint by private owners to be coined into money. During a period of eighty years, from 1792 to 1873, while free coinage lasted, the total number of silver dollars produced by the United States mints was 8,000,000. Long before 1873 nearly the whole of this number had been exported or melted up because the money was too valuable to circulate alongside of money of less value. No one was so stupid as to take his silver bullion to the mint to be coined into 103-cent dollars, and thus lose 3 per cent. on the entire coinage.

Such being the case when the silver dollar was "treated like gold," would not a similar result follow if gold should be treated like silver? If the owners of silver bullion did not take it to the mint to be coined into dollars when thus slightly undervalued in the legal ratio, is it not certain that no one would take gold bullion to the mint to be coined into dollars when far more greatly undervalued in the legal ratio? Is it not just as certain that no possessor of gold money would pay it out when he could make payment in coinage of much less value? When no gold should be taken to the mint to be coined, and when none should longer circulate, the country would be on a silver basis, and all values would be measured by the metallic value of the standard silver dollar.

In his speeches for free silver Mr. Bryan makes great parade of what he calls the lessons of experience, and coolly sneers at the friends of sound money for disdaining these lessons. If there be anything to which the opponents of free coinage appeal it is to the universal experience of mankind that gold and silver cannot be kept in circulation as co-equal measures of value at any arbitrary ratio. The English long tried the experiment, and they found that the metal which was undervalued in the legal ratio was sure to be exported, while the cheaper metal was imported. At last the English solved the problem for themselves by making gold the standard and by largely employing silver for subsidiary coinage. The nations of the Latin Union—France, Italy, Belgium and one or two others—tried the experiment, and they were obliged to close their mints to the free coinage of silver at 15½ to 1 with gold, when there was very little disparity between the legal and the market ratios of the two metals. Yet the cheap money mongers of this country, with Mr. Bryan at their head, pretend to believe that the Government of the United States can make silver the equivalent of gold simply by ordering its free coinage on individual account at the ratio of 16 to 1, notwithstanding the vast disparity that has arisen between the two metals in their market values.

Through the centuries a long line of illustrious thinkers have blazed a luminous track through the thick gloom of popular ignorance which has enveloped this subject. From Nicholas Oresme, the venerable tutor of Charles V, of France; Copernicus, who reconstructed the science of the solar system; Thomas Gresham, the quaint merchant, who laid down the universal rule that the bad money drives out the good; Isaac Newton, who discovered the laws of gravitation; John Locke, the moral philosopher, and Adam Smith, who established the principles of political economy, down to John Stuart Mills and Thorold Rogers, it has been demonstrated by reason and experience that bimetallism is utterly impracticable as a national policy. From these great authorities the appeal is to William J. Bryan himself, who unwittingly bears testimony to the truth of their doctrine in his assertion that "prior to 1873 the silver dollar was a dollar and three cents measured by gold."

Why had not Mr. Bryan enough mental integrity to proceed a step farther and show what was the effect of the free coinage of silver and gold prior to 1873? Because in the long period down to 1873 the silver dollar had been as completely demonetized to all practical intents and purposes as if its coinage had been prohibited by act of Congress. This would have brought him to the final conclusion that under the same treatment the demonetization of gold would be inevitable. There is no logic that will permit him to apply two different rules to gold and silver. The same treatment that has demonetized the one must demonetize the other. At this point the lamp of experience, by which Mr. Bryan says his feet are guided, flickers and expires, and he and his silverite followers are left floundering deeper and deeper in the morass of repudiation, lured by a jack-o'-lantern of "free and unlimited coinage at 16 to 1."

THE CROSS AND CROWN.

BY S. M. D., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

With my stolen "Cross of Gold,"
And my wealth of wind untold;
With my stolen "Crown of Thorns,"
And the silver cause forlorn;

With my little "Smile so blind"—
With my silver trump in hand—
With the "Golden Cross" I bore,
I smote all the Gold Bugs sore,

And I made the rabble yell
For Free Silver like all—well,
Then the "Cow Boy of the Platte,"
With a stolen Crown for hat—

When I stole the Popper's hoss
To help bear the Golden Cross,
And a load of silver dross
I was crowned the "Silver Boss."

With my windy silver tongue
Took the persimmon where it hung,
And had nary a long pole,
But a stolen "Cross of Gold."

I knocked out "Silver Dick,"
But have never struck a lick
For the cause I now uphold
With my stolen "Cross of Gold."

Unlimited silver free
For the "Silver Kings," and he
For the working men will shout—
In the divy count them out.

With his stolen "Cross of Gold"
He will catch the theme as of old,
With his stolen "Crown of Thorns,"
Blow with his Free Silver horn.

Moral.

Free bait on a silver hook
May be tempting to the look,
For gudgeons are apt to bite
At most everything in sight.

But no stolen "Cross of Gold"
Will Elysian fields unfold,
Nor a stolen "Crown of Thorns"
Turn the Midnight into morn.

What is absolutely free
Is no gift of you or me;
It comes direct from above,
And turns hatred into love.

Written for THE REPUBLICAN.

JUST MOVE ON.

BY THE TRAMP POET.

Through the mountains, lone and weary,
While the rain is drifting dreary,
Plods a tramp upon his way;
Not a word in kindness spoken,
Not a crust has he had broken:—
"Just move on," is what they say.

He's an outcast from some city,
Undeserving of my pity:—
Yes, he's lost beyond recall;
Once the joy of some fond mother,
Now, no longer "Man and brother;"
Though He marks a sparrow's fall.

Still the rain is never weary,
And the road is dark and dreary
Where the homeless tramp plods on;
But there'll come a golden morning,
And all worldy coldness scorning—
He'll be happy dead and gone.

—THOS. L. JACKSON.

He Wanted Circus Rates.

A story is being told about an interview Hon. John T. McGraw, of Grafton, had with Receiver John K. Cowen, of the B. & O. The committeeman called upon the railroad man with a view of obtaining rates for the tour of Bryan through West Virginia, and Mr. Cowen inquired:

"Well, what kind of rates do you want, John?"

"Well, something cheap," was the reply; "circus rates, I guess."

"That's just the size," returned Mr. Cowen, laughing heartily; "that's just what you want—circus rates; that's good; that's it exactly; you just hit it right."

Rutland Stove Lining, 35 cents per package. Sufficient for back and ends. Fits any stove. 28-4t

Growing Children

One-third of all the children die before they are five years old. Most of them die of some wasting disease. They grow very slowly; keep thin in flesh; are fretful; food does not do them much good. You can't say they have any disease, yet they never prosper. A slight cold, or some stomach and bowel trouble takes them away easily.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites is just the remedy for growing children. It makes hard flesh; sound flesh; not soft, flabby fat. It makes strong bones, healthy nerves. It changes poor children to children rich in prosperity.

Book about it free for the asking.

☞ No substitute for Scott's Emulsion will do for the children what we know Scott's Emulsion will do. Get the genuine.

For sale by all druggists at 50c. and $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

NASBY ON SILVER.

A Letter Written Eighteen Years Ago Which Is Apropos Now—A Homely Illustration of a Diluted Currency.

The following letter from Petroleum V. Nasby, written in 1878, is of peculiar interest just now. It contains a moral which the free and unlimited silver coinage people will do well to heed:

CONFEDERATE X ROADS
(Wich is in the state of Kentucky),
Jan. 22, 1878.

I ain't so certin that I want the silver bill to pass ez I wuz. The fact is, the thing don't work ez I sposed it wood, and I nin't clear on to it. There is suttle principles in these finanshel questions wich requires a good deel uv thought, and there is underlyin principles wich a man hez got to understund afore he is competent to set hisself up ez authority.

One thing I am certin uv, Bascom kin't no financeer, nor never will be, and I told him so.

"Wat is a financeer?" asked he.

"A financeer, sed I, assoomin the look of Dan'l Webster, "is a man wich kin pay his debts with nothin, a man wich kin git suthin with nothin."

"The Corners, then, is full of financeers," he remarkt bitterly, castin a casual glance at the slate wich was jist ful enuff to turn over and begin on the t'other side.

But he hezn't any uv the science uv it. I wuz argooin with him the t'other day in favor uv my noshun uv a leather currency, though I told him silver wuz much the same thing, and, for example, I wood assoom that silver wuz to be the currency uv the fucher.

"Now, don't yoo see, Bascom, that of I hed twiet as much money I cood drink twict as much whisky and pay fur it?"

"How much is twiet suthin?" was the unfeelin anser uv the tyrant who holds the destinies uv the Corners in his hands. "That's wat your capitle's bin ever since I knowd yoo."

"Parson," sed he, "I don't see wat earthly diff'rence it's goin to make wether silver is currency or anything else. How are yoo a-goin to git silver of it is made legal tender? Ef silver wuz ez bricks, wat hev yoo got to git any uv it with?"

"Troo, G. W.," wuz my answer, "but can't yoo see that to hev silver wood releeve the debtor class? Even now, afore it is legal tender, it's only wuth 92 cents on the dollar, and, when the country is flooded with it, it will go still lower. Then we, or rather sich uv us ez hev property to raise money on, kin pay off"—

"Eggsackly so," retorts Bascom, "yoo kin pay me for the good honist likker uv mine wich yoo hev cussoomed in coin wich is less than the dollar yoo promised. All rite. But look here—come in here all uv yoo. I want yoo silver men to know eggsackly wat yoo are rushin into."

And this feend led us into the back room—that back room wich contaues the subsistence uv the Corners. There, in long rows, wnz Bascom's stock. There, in barrels, piled one on top uv another, wuz the delishus whisky uv Loouisville, uv different ages, rangin from that uv two weeks old to that wich had jist left the still and wuz scarcely cold yit. There it lay, and ez my eyes ranged affeckshunately over it I felt of I cood hev the drinkin uv all that likker I wood be content to lay down and die when the last drop wuz gone.

Bascom pinted to an immense tank wich he had erected within a few days, with a pipe runnin in from the roof.

"I shan't raise the price uv likker in consekence uv bein paid for it in a depreshiated currency!" sed he.

I fell on Bascom's neck in an extacy uv delite, whilo the others shoutid, "Rah for Bascom!"

"G. W.," I remarkt, whilo teers suffoosed my eyes, "I never placed yoo much below the angels, but this generous act hez histed yoo 100 per cent in my estimashun. Bless yoo, G. W., bless yoo!"

"But I'll tell yoo what I shall do. Do yoo see that tank?" sed he.

"May I ask wat that is for?" I sed.

"That tank will fill with rane water," sed he. "The moment yoo git to payin me in silver I shel take ont ov eech ov them barrils jist eggsackly 3 1-5 gallons uv likker and fill it with water."

"Merciful hevings!" we all exclaimed, "and yoor likker so weak now!"

"And when silver gets down to 75 cents on the dollar I shel take out 25 per cent uv whisky and fill her up with 25 per cent uv water. And so on down. Ef silver goes up, I shel add whisky eggsackly in proporshun. In short, my whisky is jist a-goin to feller currency, and nothin shorter. Yeo fellers wich work for wagis may swet, but I won't."

"But yoo'l increase the size of yoor glasses?" said I.

"Not any. But yoo may drink twice ez many times to git the same amount uv drunk ez before, by paying for eech drink."

And Bascom stalked hawtily back and took his poslshen behind his bar.

There wuz consternashun in the Corners sich ez I hev never seen. There wuz a hurried consultashun at the deekin's house, and I sejested that we emancipate onrselves from the dominyun uv this tyrant by startin a grosery uv our own, on the joint stock principle, wich wuz agreed to, eech man agreein to contribbet $10 to the capitle stock, wich would be enuff to buy a barrl ur too fur a beginnin.

We wuz enthoosiastic till we cum to ballotin fur the man to keep the place, wen it wuz found, instead uv my bein chosen yoonanimously, ez I eggspected to be, that evry man hed voted fur hisself. Ez not a sole uv them wood receed, the skeem wnz blocked rite there and finelly hed to be abandoned, and we went back to Bascom's and submitted. That tyrant hez us.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Financeer.

A SILVER SENATOR TO SILVER MEN.

SENATOR WALCOTT ADVISES THE FRIENDS OF SILVER

TO SUPPORT M'KINLEY.

The False Doctrines of the Democratic and Populist Platforms More than Offset Their Specious Promises as to the White Metal.

The letter below, to the silver men of the country, was written by Hon. E. O. Wolcott, United States Senator from Colorado, after the Republicans, Democrats, Populists and silver party had held their conventions. Senator Wolcott is a thorough bimetallist. No one who has noted his course in the Senate during the past decade can doubt that he is earnestly a friend to silver and desires its fullest use as a money metal. No one who reads the following letter from him on this subject can doubt his continued loyalty to the cause of silver or the wisdom of his cause in co-operating with the Republican party in its behalf and in advising the true friends of silver the country over to do so.

The letter, written July 21st, 1896, is as follows:

DENVER, Col., July 21st, 1896.

The recent extraordinary political manifestations and sweeping changes of party affiliations seems to render it fitting and desirable that I should publicly state my position in relation to the approaching presidential election. The people are entitled to know at such a juncture as the views of their representatives at Washington.

Among the greatest privileges we enjoy under Republican institutions are freedom of conscience and freedom of speech and if I should hesitate on this, or any other proper occasion, to declare my belief and my convictions on any public question I should despise myself even more than I despise those incendiary newspapers and hysterical individuals who assume that threats and vituperation can choke the utterances of any self-respecting citizens in Colorado who has an opinion to express or a principle to declare. * * * * * * *

During the seven years of my public service in the senate my vote on all questions affecting the currency has been identical with that of the other senators usually known as silver senators; and while my utterances on the silver question may not have been as frequent or as long as those of others whose views I share, nevertheless my record on this subject is clear and consistent, and the views I hold I expect always to maintain.

THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM IS GOOD.

The financial plank of the national Republican platform is, in my opinion far from satisfactory, and those members of the party who believe as I believe will struggle earnestly and hopefully for the full and complete recognition and adoption by the Republican party of the humane principle of bimetallism, animated by the belief that the party which on every other great question involving human freedom and the welfare of mankind, has stood for all that was uplifting and ennobling, will yet realize that a continuance of the gold standard means only further improverishment and suffering. The platform contains, however, a most important statement, pledging the party to the furtherance of bimetallism by international agreement. To the good faith of this pledge the history of the party on other questions requires the fullest credence; the overshadowing importance of the silver question makes it certain to my mind that every effort will be made by the Republican party to secure to this country the blessings of bimetallism, and it is my sincere conviction that silver will again be restored to its place as a money metal, at the old ratio, and that when this restoration comes it will be accomplished through the action of the Republican party.

Except on the money question, no man who believes in the protection of American labor and American products and American industries, and who loves his country, can read the platform without hearty approval; and no man doubts that Major McKinley will bring to his high office every quality needed by a president of this great people.

BRYAN ON THREE BAD PLATFORMS.

Mr. Bryan has been nominated for the presidency on three separate platforms—by the Democratic party, the Populist party and the Silver party. The last named party, the Silver party does not deserve serious consideration. Most of its members were present at its recent convention in St. Louis, and the newspapers report the convention hall as being less than half full.

The Democratic party nominated Mr. Bryan upon a platform, the financial portion of which was everything that could be desired, and the rest of everything that is, in my opinion, undesirable and hostile to the interests of our country.

It declares in terms against any tariff except for revenue, and denounces the tariff laws enacted during the last Republican administration.

It rebukes the supreme court of the United States.

It declares against any changes of our tariff laws until the money question is settled, except such as are necessary to make good the deficit caused by the decision of the supreme court in the income tax cases, and this declaration is made in the face of the fact that the revenues of this government are grossly insufficient to meet its necessary expenses, and that the deficit is many millions more than any estimated revenue from the proposed income-tax.

It denounces the profligate waste and lavish appropriation of recent Republican congresses. Both the Colorado senators have been members of these "recent Republican congresses" and have voted for most of the appropriations.

Above all, the platform denounces the interference of federal authorities in local affairs. This plank was openly stated to be an attack upon the government for sending federal troops to preserve life and property during the recent railway strike in Chicago.

PROTECTION THE IMPORTANT ISSUE.

This, fellow citizens, is the platform which was adopted unanimously by that portion of the Democratic party which nominated Mr. Bryan, one of the platforms upon which Mr. Bryan stands, a platform which those who vote for him must practically indorse. I decline to stand on this platform and vote for this candidate, even with the allaring free coinage plank; I cannot do it. I am a believer in protection and shall not abandon that belief. The supreme court of the United States is a pure and able tribunal, the highest judicial tribunal in the world; I will not help smirch it. This government must be enabled to pay its running expenses, and when ever my vote is needed for that purpose and I fail to vote it supplies to keep it alive I shall consider that I violate my oath as senator. The "recent Republican congresses" have been neither wasteful nor extravagant and I must decline to certify to a statement I know to be untrue. When some months ago, the great railroad strike at Chicago grew beyond control and innocent lives were being sacrificed and millions of dollars' worth of property was being destroyed by lawless men; when the sheriff was powerless and the governor failed to perform his duty, the president of the United States, with federal troops, under sanction of law, saved further bloodshed and destruction and thereby deserved the thanks of every man who values our liberties and believes that the rights guaranteed us by the constitution ought to be sacredly guarded against every form of lawlessness.

The recent travesty at St. Louis, the Populist convention, has but illustrated the elements which naturally graviate towards the candidacy of Mr. Bryan. Every cranky quirk, every incongruous and ludicrous and misshapen idea which the wheels in the brains of men could evolve, buzzed and whirled through days of talk, but the net result was Bryan. Government ownership of railroad, telegraph and telephone lines, initiative and referendum, silver money and more money had their advocates, and at the end on assurances that all who voted for Bryan would be equally recognized, Mr. Bryan was almost the unanimous choice of the convention.

For four years we have been fighting Populism and Populists; that party is as unfit now as it has ever been to control the welfare of this people. The party stands to-day just where it has always stood. I am yet willing to march under its banner.

Because, therefore, I believe that free coinage will come through the efforts of the Republican party, and because the Democratic and Populist platforms, except on the money question, are odious and hostile to the welfare of our country, I shall not cast my vote for Mr. Bryan.

Seven years ago I was elected to the senate by the Republican votes of the general assembly, and against the opposition of every Democrat in the two houses. My re-election met the united opposition of every Democrat and every Populist member of the general assembly. I hold my commission from the Republican party. Many of its members, including some of its leaders, in the exercise of their judgment, have announced their intention of leaving the party. I shall stay. My loyalty to the party which has honored me is entirely consistent with my loyalty to the highest and best interests of the state I represent in the senate of the United States, and I know no reason why I should abandon my party or desert its colors.

It is to me a source of the deepest regret that my position is at variance with that of many of the former members of the Republican party—among them many who have honored me with their personal friendship. I trust that time and further reflection and the course of events will bring us together again in the unity of agreement.

But whatever may result, my path of duty is plain. My one aspiration is for the welfare of the state in which I have lived for more than a quarter of a century—all the years of my manhood. Every interest I have is here and Colorado will be my home until I am buried in this soil. The differences which exist are not as to the result we seek, but as to the best method of reaching that result. There is to my mind no reason why it was not as much our duty to vote for Weaver four years ago, as for Bryan to-day. The Omaha platform declared for free coinage and was no more objectionable than the Chicago platform; and Bryan is vouched for by leading Populists as being "as good a Populist as lives." The Populists have not changed in the past four years. It is we who are expected to join their aggregation. Others may find it wise or expedient, but I won't do it. Whenever the course of events could make it possible that I should speak from the same platform as Tillman or White or Ignatius Donnelly, in advocacy of the same presidential candidate, I know there must be something wrong with me.

LESS HYSTERICS AND MORE COMMON SENSE.

What we need is less hysteries and more common sense. We have glorious resources, yet in the infancy of their development; we are suffering from the imposition of a mistaken financial policy, which it is our natural and proper desire to see overthrown as speedily as possible. We live in a republic where the majority rules. The vast majority of the people of the United States are honest and of high average intelligence, and devoted to the perpetuity of free institutions. Our great desire is to induce a majority of the people of the United States to believe as we believe. The way to the accomplishment of this result is not by vituperation and abuse. The press of the country, East as well as West is largely responsible for the bitter sectional feeling now sought to be invoked. It is for us who do not own or control newspapers, and are not in the business of throwing mud, to remember that of the millions of people who will cast their ballots this fall, nearly all are as patriotic as we are, and with us, equally desirous that this republic shall live and not die. The people of the East are our brothers, we sprang from the same loins, we have a common country, common faith and the same dear flag. This gospel of hate which is now being preached should find no followers among sane men, no welcome among good citizens.

We who believe in the free coinage of both gold and silver at our mints, at the ratio heretofore existing, will secure the adoption of our views when we are able to induce the majority of our fellow citizens to share our belief; when people who do not now agree with us shall be led to agree with us, not alone because of our arguments on finance, but because our views on other great questions entitle us to public confidence and respect. Free coinage will never come, in my opinion, out of the jumble and folly of the Chicago platform, nor will it be heralded by the cap and bells of Populism.

E. O. WOLCOTT.

Proclamation and Notice

Of a new election to be held in Election District No. 10 of Garrett county, Maryland, at the next Congressional election, to be held on November the 3rd, 1896, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication, shall be sold in said District.

Whereas, by Chap or 461 of the Acts of 1896 of the General Assembly of Maryland, it was made the duty of one or more of the Judges of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, upon the presentation before the first day of August, 1896, of the written petition of at least one-third in number of the registered voters who cast their votes at the last preceding general election in said district in Garrett county, to pass an order within thirty days after the filing of said petition, directing the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Garrett county to proclaim notice of a new election to be held at the next Congressional election in such election district to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors and medicated bitters producing intoxication should be sold in such district.

And whereas, such written petition, signed by said number of voters in Election District No. 10 of Garrett county, Maryland, was, on the 31st day of July, 1896, filed with the Clerk of said Court, whereupon on said day it was ordered by Hon. David W. Stlson, one of the Judges of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, that the Clerk of said Court proclaim notice of a new election to be held in said Election District No. 10 of Garrett county, as above provided, unless however, a counter petition from said election district, larger in number than the one filed as aforesaid should be presented before the first day of September, 1896.

And whereas, a counter petition from said Election District number ten, purporting to be signed by a greater number of the registered voters aforesaid than the petition filed on the 31st day of July, 1896, was filed with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county aforesaid on the 31st day of August, 1896.

And whereas, the said petition and counter petition having been duly considered and examined, and it being ascertained by the said Circuit Court that the counter petition did not have as large a number of signers entitled to be counted as the original petition, it was on the 29th day of September, 1896, ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, that the Clerk of the said Circuit Court be directed to proclaim notice of an election to be held in said Election District number ten (No. 10) at the next Congressional election on November the 3rd, 1896, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication shall be sold in said district.

Now therefore, in obedience to said order, I, Edward Z. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, do hereby proclaim and give notice to all the voters and people of said Election District No. 10 in Garrett county, and to all others whom it may concern, that at the time and place of the next Congressional election held in said district in said county on the third day of November, 1896, there will be held a new election in said district by the judges and clerks of election who shall then and there hold said Congressional election, to determine whether or not license shall be granted to sell spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication in said district, and whether any of said liquors or any compound, of which alcohol forms the chief or principal ingredient, shall be sold in said district after the first day of May, 1897, except by a regular pharmacist or druggist having a license for such business under the law of this State upon the written bonafide prescription of a regular practicing physician of such district, whose name shall be signed thereto, and that at said election at said time and place in said district, each legally qualified voter of said district shall be entitled to cast one vote for or against said license and sale, and that if at said election it shall be found that a majority of such votes have been cast for license in said district, license for the sale of such liquors will be granted as now or hereafter may be provided by law, but if it shall be found that a majority of said votes have been cast against license in said district it shall not be lawful for any person or persons, firm, company or body coporate after the first day of May, 1897, to sell or otherwise dispose of by way of barter, directly or indirectly, any such liquors, and no license will be issued or granted for the sale of the same in said election district.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland. 31-4t

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., October 1, 1896.

The Annual Teacher's Institute of Garrett county will convene at Oakland, Md., at 1.30 p. m. Tuesday, October 20th, and continue in session until 10 p. m. Thursday.

INSTRUCTORS:

Dr. E. B. Prettyman, Hon. Henry Houck, Col. J. A. M. Passmore, Prof. John D. Worthington, Prof. H. G. Weimer, and the leading teachers of the county.

LECTURES.

Tuesday evening, (not yet determined.)
Wednesday evening, "History of Maryland," Hon. E. B. Prettyman, Ph. D.
Thursday evening, "Elements of Success," Hon. Henry Houck, LL. D.

Day sessions in the Oakland School Building.

Night sessions in the Shartzer Opera House.

It is imperative that all teachers for the coming year attend this institute to get instructions regarding free text books.

At the close of the Institute, Friday and Saturday, October 23d and 24th, an examination of teachers not yet licensed will be held. The schools will open Monday, October 26th.

U. G. PALMER,
31-2t Secretary and Examiner.

TIN, SLATE and STEEL ROOFING,

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH, MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

RECEIVER'S SALE
OF A VALUABLE
Stone Quarry & Lime Kiln.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county sitting as a court of Equity, rendered on the 10th day of August, 1896, in the Chancery cause of Frederick L. Fredlock against Joseph P. Gleeson, pending in said court, I will, on

Saturday, October 17, 1896,

AT 9.30 O'CLOCK A. M.,

at Crab Tree switch, on the B. & O. R. R., in said Garrett county sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, all the real and personal property of

The Piedmont Lime and Stone Company,

consisting of about forty eight acres of valuable lime stone property, improved by kilns, sheds, etc., and all other necessary and improved appliances for operating and running the same. There are also two heating stoves, some bedding and bed clothes.

This plant is located on the main line of the E. & O. R. R., at Crab Tree switch, and is admirably situated for the successful operation of a Lime and Stone quarry.

The real estate is more particularly described as follows, to-wit: All that piece or parcel of land situated, lying and being in Garrett county, and particularly described by metes and bounds, courses and distances as follows: Beginning for the same at a bounded lynn tree standing near the Southern limits of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad and opposite the Crab Tree station of said railroad, and running thence South 46 degrees West 100 perches to a stake and stones in the line of Isaac and chestnut tree marked each with six hacks as pointers; North 67 degrees West 60 perches to a bounded Spanish oak tree; North 26 degrees East 96 perches to a bounded sapling on the limits of said railroad; North 77 degrees East 204 perches to a bounded pin oak tree, and thence by a straight line to the beginning,

CONTAINING 50 ACRES,

save and except from the operation of this deed, and reserving therefrom, the house and two acres of ground located at one corner of said tract, and said piece hereby reserved being bounded as follows: Beginning at the lynn tree, the beginning of said 50 acres, and running with the first line of said deed for said 50 acres, 18 feet ton stone, thence at right angles with said line 200 feet, thence parallel with said first line 18 feet to the limits of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and thence by a straight line 200 feet to the beginning, being the same property which was conveyed to Frederick L. Fredlock and Joseph P. Gleeson by Peter Monaghan and Ellen Monaghan, his wife, by deed dated on the 21st day of October, A. D. 1895, and recorded among the Land Records of said Garrett county in Liber E. Z. T. No. 28, Folios 561, etc.

TERMS OF SALE:—All sums under ten dollars, cash; all sums over ten dollars, one-half cash, and the balance in one year, the deferred payments to bear interest from day of sale and to be secured to the satisfaction of the undersigned.

The above real estate will be sold subject to two mortgages, as follows:—One executed by Joseph P. Gleeson and wife to Frederick L. Fredlock, and by the said Fredlock assigned to E. J. Fredlock and W. T. Jamesson, dated on the 28th day of October, 1895, for $2000 with interest, payable in four years from date, recorded in Mortgage Record E. Z. T. No. 27, folios 500, etc., of said Garrett county; and one executed by Frederick L. Fredlock and wife to E. J. Fredlock and W. T. Jamesson to secure them as endorsers to an amount not exceeding $1000, dated on the 6th day of November, 1895, and recorded in Mortgage Record Liber E. Z. T. No. 27, folios 581, etc.

For further information, apply to

TAYLOR MORRISON,
Receiver,
29—4t Piedmont, West Va.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF A—
HANDSOME RESIDENCE
IN OAKLAND.

Under and by virtue of a power contained in a mortgage from Ellen Gibbons and P. H. Gibbons to G. S. Hamill and by him assigned to Estes G. Rathbone, said mortgage bearing date of December 11, 1891, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 15, folio 510, one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Default having been made in the payment of the principal, interest, insurance and taxes of said mortgage, I hereby give notice that as assignee of said mortgage, I will on the

17th DAY OF OCTOBER, 1896,

AT TWO O'CLOCK, P. M.,

in front of the Postoffice in Oakland, offer at public sale for cash all the property described in said mortgage, being

LOTS NOS. 1, 2 and 3

in Brant's Addition to the town of Oakland. Said lots are improved by a

Commodious and Well Arranged Dwelling House

with modern improvements; also a carriage house, stable, ice house, etc., etc.

This handsome property is located on Oak Street and is occupid by Maj. E. G. Rathbone.

Terms of sale as prescribed by said mortgage, cash on the day of sale. Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

E. G. RATHBONE,
Assignee of Mortgage.

ESTATE OF HENRY NEWMAN, DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscribers, of Somerset County, Pennsylvania, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the estate of

HENRY NEWMAN,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 1st day of April next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 19th day of September, 1896.

ASA B. NEWMAN, }
NORMAN NEWMAN, } Executors.
39—3t Elk Lick, Pa.

FARM FOR SALE.

I, the undersigned, offer for sale my farm containing 181 acres, lying in district No. 10, south of Deer Park about four miles. I will now give you the cash value of said farm valued by the assessors for Garrett county, $1568. This is expected to be their righteous judgment. I now offer the same for $1203, eight hundred dollars down and the remaining $403 in one year from day of sale, purchaser giving his note with approved security. Anyone desiring to pay all cash can buy said farm at a reduced price by working a small sum in subtraction. You can see there is considerable difference between the assessors' valuation and the owner's valuation. Supposing that three men's judgment is far superior to that of one man, you have the chance to make a nice sum of money and as all this money can be made in one day I invite anyone who wants to buy to come and I will take the pleasure to show said farm.

29—3t ANDREW J. LEE.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from James W. Tusing and Annie C. Tusing, his wife, to Truman W. Casteel, dated April 21, 1894, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 25, folio 60, one of the Mortgage Records of Garrett county, Md., default having been made in the conditions of said mortgage, I, John P. Mitchell, the attorney named in said mortgage, is authorized and empowered to make sale of the property described in said mortgage, and in pursuance of said power I will offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House door in the town of Oakland, on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24th, 1896,

at 11 o'clock a. m., all that lot of ground near the town of Oakland in said Garrett county, and known and distinguished as lot No. 6 of the sub-divisions of part of the tract of land called "John and Mary," and as such described as follows:

Beginning for the same at the end of the 1st line of lot No. 5 and running thence South 65 degrees East 16 9-10 perches, North 24 degrees East 47 3-10 perches to a street 40 feet wide, thence with said street North 66 degrees West 16 8-10 perches to the end of the 2nd line of lot No. 5, and with it reversed South 24 degrees West 47 3-10 perches to the beginning, containing 6 acres, and being the same lot of ground conveyed by Truman W. Casteel and wife to the said James W. Tusing and Annie C. Tusing by deed dated the——day of April 1894, and recorded among the Land Records of said Garrett county.

This lot is located on the road leading from the east end of Oakland to Hotel Dennett and is improved by a small dwelling house and is all under fence.

This is a very desirable lot for a residence, etc.

Terms of sale, cash on the day of sale or the ratification thereof by the court. Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
39-4t Attorney named in the Mortgage.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDER.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Bonnie Smith Hotel Company, of Garrett county, will be held at the office of the Company at Mountain Lake Park, Md., on

Wednesday, September 30, 1896,

at eleven o'clock a. m., for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year and such other business as may legally be transacted.

JOHN P. SHILL,
Mt. Lake Park, Md., Aug. 31, 1896. 27-3t Secretary.

J. L. McCOMAS, Jr.,

Sign, Carriage and Wagon Painting.

INDELIBLE INK WORK on LINEN.

Second Street, OAKLAND, MD.

All work entrusted to my care will receive Prompt Attention.

29-1yr.

Removal.

I, the undersigned, have removed my place of business from the Loar building to the Ravenscroft (Mayers) building on Railroad street, where I will continue to carry a well assorted stock of

JEWELRY,

and give special attention to the repairing of watches, clocks, etc.

Give me a call. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

H. C. SMOUSE.

29—2m.

—THE—
Maryland Agricultural College,
COLLEGE PARK, MD.
Maryland's School of Technology.

FOUR COURSES OF INSTRUCTION: Agricultural, Mechanical, Scientific, Classical.

Each department supplied with the most modern and approved apparatus. Practical work emphasized in all departments. Graduates qualified at once to enter upon their life's work. Boarding department supplied with all modern improvements; Bath Rooms, Closets, Steam Heat and Gas. Books, Room, Heat, Light, Washing, Board, Medical attendance, $144 for scholastic year. 92 A 150 page catalogue, giving full particulars, sent on application. Daily sanitary inspection by Physician to the College. Attention is called to the short course of ten weeks in Agriculture. Particulars sent on application. Term commences September 16th. Early application necessary for admittance.

R. W. SILVESTER,
25—6 President M. A. C.

REGISTRATION OF VOTERS.

OFFICE OF BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF ELECTIONS FOR GARRETT COUNTY.
OAKLAND, MD., September 1, 1896.

Notice is hereby given to the voters of Garrett county that the Registrars for the various precincts and districts will meet for the purpose of registering voters at the places below, between the hours of 8 a. m. and 8 p. m.:

Fourth sitting—Tuesday and Wednesday, October 6th and 7th.

And on Tuesday, Oct. 13, for Revision only.

NO ONE CAN REGISTER AFTER WEDNESDAY, OCT. 7TH.

District No. 1—at Swanton.
District No. 2—at Friendsville.
District No. 3—at Grantsville.
District No. 4—at Bloomington.
District No. 5—at Accident.
District No. 6—at McHenry.
District No. 7, 1st precinct—at Oakland in Thomas Martin's store room, corner Oak and 3rd Streets.
District No. 7, 2d precinct—at Oakland in John Shartzer's new building, corner Second and Liberty Streets.
District No. 8—at the Old Hoye Place on the Northwestern Turnpike.
District No. 9—at Johnson's.
District No. 10—at Deer Park.
District No. 11—at the residence of Peter McIntyre.
District No. 12—at Billinger.

This notice being given by authority of and in pursuance of Section 23, Chapter 202 of the Acts of the General Assembly of Maryland, 1896.

By order of the Board,
A. G. STURGISS, President.
J. ALVIN FRIEND,
FRED C. RIES,
Supervisors.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In effect July 19, 1896.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS	NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1		No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 00*	8 00† lv	Cumberland ar	12 00	6 30
3 31	8 31	Rawlings	11 29	5 59
3 56	8 56	Keyser	11 04	5 34
4 00	9 00	Westernport	10 51	5 21
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	5 18
4 57	9 57	Shaw	10 03	4 32
5 00	10 00	Harrison	10 00	4 29
6 15	10 45* ar	Elk Garden	8 45	3 00
5 25	10 55† lv	Gormania	9 21	2 15
5 41	10 11	Bayard	9 15	2 09
5 52	10 52	Dobbin	9 01	1 55
6 23	11 23	Thomas	8 31	1 25
6 55	11 57* ar	Davis	8 00	12 55
6 27	11 57 lv	Coketon	7 56	12 51
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	7 30	12 25
6 57	11 57	Bemis	7 24	12 19
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 21	12 16
7 40	12 30	Kerens	7 15	12 10
8 00*	1 00† ar	Elkins	2* 7 00	11 50
	1 30* ar	Beverly	1*	11 20
	3 05* ar	Pendleton	1*	9 45
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BESTY, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily ..... 2.46 A. M.
No. 3.—Daily ..... 7.37 A. M.
No. 71.—Accom. daily except Sun. ..... 9.30 A. M.
No. 47.—Daily ..... 10.49 A. M.
No. 55.—Express, daily ..... 8.22 P. M.
No. 15.—Accommodation daily ..... 4.58 P. M.
No. 1.—Daily ..... 10.09 P. M.

GOING EAST.

No. 8.—Daily ..... 5.59 A. M.
No. 2.—Daily ..... 6.31 A. M.
No. 14.—Accommodation daily ..... 3.08 A. M.
No. 72.—Accom. daily except Sun. ..... 4.30 P. M.
No. 56.—Daily ..... 8.02 P. M.
No. 9.—Daily ..... 9.45 A. M.

CHAS. D. SCULL,
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

THE Maryland Building and Loan Association
of Garrett County.

OFFICERS

ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney.
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencies.

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock
INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.

EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, % obl prices; also new and 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
Keyser, W. Va.

MOUNTAIN STATE
Business College,
PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 8 1896.

Notice is hereby given to all persons using and crossing bridges with steam threshers or saw mill boilers and engines, that they will be held responsible for any and all damages done to said bridges by hauling steam threshers, boilers and engines over them.

By order of the board,
IRA E. FRIEND,
Attest: J. S. MEYERS, Clerk. President.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

MARCH OF THE GOLDEN RODS.

There's a torchlight procession aflaunt through the meadows!
The van has gone on, and the rear's never seen.
It troops o'er the fields in undisciplined order,
Each soldier arrayed in a uniform green.

I cannot distinguish recruit from commander,
The order of march lacks the common design;
But, each with his torchlight held valiantly upward,
Is doing his best to keep up with his line.

They leave me the road, and the walk, and the pathway,
Where I, from my cool, shady seat, watch them pass;
While they tramp through ditches and hollows and valleys,
And scramble up hillsides, and through the tall grass.

The regiment gains in recruits as it marches,
And volunteers always "fall in" by the way;
Their names are not drafted—one only condition,
That all carry torches by night and by day.

A gayer procession I never have witnessed.
They look brightly at me, and nod, each and all,
As they sing in a chorus: "Oh, summer is dying!
And we are so glad, for we're soldiers of fall!"

And all through the last, dying days of poor summer
This thoughtless procession keeps up march and song;
And our lady of flowers, of birds and of beauty
Sighs deep, in her death, at the merciless throng.

But by and by comes! Then the torches burn faintly—
A flash—and a flicker! Their brilliance is sped!
And commands from the front, in the distance from nowhere,
Send orders to "halt," for sweet summer is dead!

Then the soldiers in green halt, and patiently listen
For further commands for the troop to disband.
But while they are waiting, their enemy, winter,
Approaches and on them he lays his cold hand!

And they die! and their little lives vanish—Oh! whither?
But their ghosts remain standing, true pictures of woe
With inverted torches—you often can see them
If you walk through the fields in the season of snow.

—Helen T. Wilder, in Chicago Interior.

SAVED BY AN AVALANCHE.

BY THOMAS P. MONTFORT.

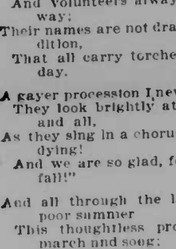

OLD PETER PURDEN had carried mails up into the Sierra Nevada mountains for several years, and his integrity and reliability were so well known to the miners that they did not hesitate to intrust to him the execution of the most important missions. On many occasions he was the custodian of large sums of money which were sent into or out of the camps.

Old Peter lived down on the railroad, and had been there ever since the road was built. He had no family save an orphan boy he had taken to raise. Where he picked the boy up no one knew, as he brought him to the town when he came, and had never volunteered any information regarding the lad or his history. Old Peter was never communicative concerning things that were not of public interest.

One day old Peter had made a trip up to the mines with the mail when he was scarcely able to sit his horse. In fact, it was by a great effort that he remained out of bed. It was a damp day, too, and the air was cold and raw, and the sickness that was beginning to take a hold on his system tightened its grasp so firmly that it could not be easily shaken off.

When the day for carrying the next mail came around old Peter could not make the trip. He had been confined to his bed for two days, but that morning he had attempted to rise and dress, fully intending to carry the mail as usual, but he soon found that he was too weak to stand on his feet, much less

"CAN'T YOU TRUST ME TO TAKE IT?"

to ride 20 miles up the rugged mountain road.

He fumed and fretted and stewed, but that did no good. He was forced to acknowledge that he could not go, and that there was no use of thinking of such a thing.

"For six long years," he said, addressing Frank, the boy, "the mail has gone up the mountains regularly, never missing a day, and now here I am flat on my back not able to get out of the house, and the mail lying down there at the post office with nobody to take it. What will the people at the mines think of me?"

Frank, who had been sitting by the fire, arose and came forward to the bed, saying:

"Uncle Peter, nobody will blame you for not bringing the mail when they learn that you are sick."

"Maybe not," the old man answered, testily; "but that don't mend matters much. The mail is due up there; and they'll be expecting it, and it ought to go."

"But nobody would expect you to bring it when you couldn't get out of bed," the lad urged.

"No, of course not. But for six years I have never missed a day, and now to miss this, one of my most important days of all! If it had just been some other day it wouldn't have been so bad. But to-day—my Lord, boy, if I could make the trip up there to-day anyway at all I'd go, even if I had to crawl."

"Why is it so important that you should go to-day?" Frank asked.

"Because there is a lot of money to go up. Jake Bushnell has $6,000 down here that I promised to bring up to him to-day, and it ought to go if possible. In fact, Frank, it must go if there is any way to get it there."

"Is it so important that it should go?"

"It's going to mean a gain of $20,000 to Jake, and its failure to go means twice that much loss. It is just that important to Jake. And you know what he has been to me, and how, when I was crippled up years ago in the mines, he took care of me and watched over me like a brother. I'd do anything to serve Jake, and now, when so much is depending on me and so little is required, I am helpless."

Frank was silent a moment. Then he said:

"Uncle Peter, can't somebody take that money over there?"

"Who is there that I can trust?" old Peter questioned in turn. "Six thousand dollars is a large sum of money to intrust to the hands of just anybody."

"Yes, but surely there is somebody you could trust?"

"I don't know who it would be, my lad. If it was my own money I might afford to take some risk, but I can't take any with what belongs to Jake."

"Can't you trust me to take it?" Frank questioned.

"Yes, so far as honesty is concerned I can," the old man replied. "I'd be willing to trust you anywhere with any amount of money. But you are small and not used to the road, and it's a bad day."

"I can ride a horse as good as anybody, if I am small, and I know the way well enough not to get lost; and, as for its being a bad day I don't mind that, for I can wrap up well. Let me take the mail and money."

Old Peter hesitated, but after considering awhile finally gave a reluctant consent for Frank to undertake the trip.

Frank did not lose any time, but proceeded at once to saddle his horse and prepare for starting. When all was ready he looked in at the door to tell the old man good-by.

"Be careful of that money," the old man admonished, "and don't give it into anybody's hands except Jake's."

"I won't," Frank answered, closing the door and mounting his horse.

Frank galloped off down across a mile stretch of level ground, then began the ascent of a road that wound its way up the mountain side. The day was dark and chilly and the atmosphere was heavy with falling snow and rain. There had been a heavy snowfall already, and the mountain sides lay buried several feet deep while the gorges far up in the range were packed full.

Frank's road led below the snow line and he was able to make good progress.

He had gone half the distance of his journey, and was riding along at the foot of an abrupt mountain, when he came suddenly face to face with a heavily armed man, who seemed to have been lying in wait for him. As he approached the man whipped out a pistol and ordered him to stop.

Frank obeyed, of course, and as soon as he recovered sufficiently from his fear and astonishment he asked:

"What do you want of me?"

"I don't know jest what I may want of you," the man replied, "until I see what you happen to have. I see, though, you have a mailbag there, so I reckon I'll look through that first an' see what there is in it. You know you might have some letters for me—some registered letters and the like—and there wouldn't be no use for you to carry 'em no further when I'm right here to take 'em off o' your hands. All the registered letters I find are intended for me, you know, though they may be addressed to other folks. People often make mistakes in addressing registered letters, and in cases like that I have to hunt up the mailbags and git my letters, wherever I can find them, 'cause postmasters, when they get hold of them, they won't give me no letters that ain't addressed to me."

The man ended his voluble talk with a laugh, and, reaching for the mailbag drew it from Frank's saddle, and throwing it on the ground drew out his knife to rip it open.

"I don't happen to have my keys along with me," he continued, jocularly, "so I'll have to use my knife in this case. U's mail inspectors sometimes forget our keys and leave 'em at home in our other pockets—in our Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes, you know. However, this is just as handy, and I'll soon see what you've got for me. You just be patient a minute, sonny, and I'll see if you happen to have anything on your person that belongs to me."

Frank's heart came up into his throat when the man uttered those last words, for he knew that if the bandit searched him he would be certain to get Jake Bushnell's $6,000.

He could not think of tamely submitting to being robbed of that money when it meant so much to Jake, and when old Peter had so confidently intrusted it to his keeping.

Yet, what could he do to save it? He could not hope to offer any successful resistance to a man who was a desperado and who was armed to the teeth. To attempt a thing of that kind would be sheer madness. And to attempt to run away would be no more polite when the bandit by one well-aimed shot could bring him to a halt at the sacrifice of his life.

He felt that he must make some effort to save the money, but he could not decide what, and there were not many minutes in which to plan and act. The man already had the mailpouch ripped open and was going through the little bunch of letters, and in a little while he would have finished the work.

Frank began to grow desperate. He looked up the road and then down it. Then he looked up the mountain toward the crest which rose skyward thousands of feet. His first look was but a casual glance, but something caught his attention and he looked again more intently.

He saw something that for an instant fascinated him, then filled him with a feeling of terror. The whole face of the mountain seemed to be slipping down toward him with lightning velocity. In a second he realized that an avalanche of snow was coming down the mountain, and that unless he escaped death and destruction would be upon him.

Calling the bandit's attention, and pointing up the mountain, Frank set spurs to his horse and dashed away up the road. He did not stop to look

ORDERED HIM TO STOP.

back until the avalanche had passed, and he supposed the bandit was close behind him. But at last when he cast a glance back he found he was alone.

The bandit had not been able to mount his horse and escape before the avalanche caught him, and it had swept him on down the mountain as though he had been a feather, and buried him hundreds of feet deep in the gorge.

Frank reached his destination safely and placed the package of money in Jake Bushnell's hands. He had lost the mail, but that was of little consequence, since it contained nothing but a few unimportant letters.

It was a narrow escape, however, both for Frank and the money. But for the avalanche the bandit would have got the letter, and Frank just cleared the track of the avalanche in time to save his life.

Old Peter, when Frank told him of his adventure, ascribed his escape to Providence, and while he worried about the loss of the mail, he was rejoiced that Frank did not suffer the fate of the robber.

Whether the hand of Providence was in it or not, certain it is that the avalanche came in good season; and equally certain it is that the bandit never went about the country hunting up the registered mail that was addressed to other people "by mistake" or otherwise.

Good Stories.

M. de B., contemplating one day the two figures of justice and peace kissing each other, which were sculptured above a fireplace, said to a friend: "Look, they are kissing each other; they are saying adieu, never to meet again."

At the last sermon of a mission in a country parish everybody wept save one peasant. Another asked him: "Why don't you weep?" "I do not," he replied, "belong to this parish."

Here is a story which is always cropping up and will probably long continue to do so, fitted onto some well-known personage of the time. It used to be told 40 years ago of Lady Jersey going to the chapel in Curzon street and was told in London last century about some one else:

"Mme. de B., arriving too late for mass one Sunday at 12:35 o'clock, said to her larkey: 'Go and write my name.'"

Lady Jersey was supposed to have put it somewhat differently, remarking to her daughter as she turned away, finding all the seats filled: "Well, my dear, at least we have done the civil thing."—Cornhill Magazine.

Talleyrand's Intrigues.

At first he appears to have desired a violent death for Napoleon, in the hope of furthering his own schemes during a long imperial regency. At all events, he ardently opposed the departure of the empress and the king of Rome from Paris. Nevertheless it was he who dispatched Vitrolles, the passionate royalist, to Nesselrode with a letter in invisible ink which, when deciphered, turned out to be an inscrutable riddle capable of two interpretations. Launes had long before stigmatized the unfrocked bishop as a mess of filth in a silk stocking; Murat said he could take a kick from behind without showing it in his face. His fellow conspirators were scarcely less bitter in their dislike than his avowed enemies. Yet he pursued the even tenor of his course, scattering innuendos, distributing showers of anonymous pamphlets, smuggling English newspapers into the city, in fact working every wire of conspiracy.—Prof. W. M. Sloane, in Century.

THE SCOTCH VOLUNTEERS.

Queen Victoria First Reviewed Them More Than Thirty-Five Years Ago.

The queen reviewed her Scottish volunteers on the 7th of August, 1860, as the court was moving from Osborne to Balmoral, taking in Edinburgh by the way. The gathering was a truly national one. From all parts of the country vast multitudes flocked to Edinburgh to testify their loyalty to the queen, and the hold which the volunteer movement had upon their hearts. As the English countries had sent the flower of their local corps to the review in Hyde park in June, so now came a goodly array of the best blood and bone and sinew from nearly every county in Scotland to swell the general muster.

From the Orkneys, unto even so far south as Tynemouth and Sunderland, came the picked men of each district; while Glasgow and the west of Scotland furnished about one-third of the entire force of at least 22,000 men who came together on that day to salute their sovereign under the windows of the ancient palace of Holyrood. Her majesty left Holyrood at 3:30 o'clock, attended by a most brilliant retinue. The marquis of Breadalbane, the earl of Rosslyn and other noblemen were in the ranks of the volunteers; and Lord Elcho, one of the earliest and best volunteer pioneers, in the uniform of the London Scottish. The volunteer army was commanded in chief by Gen. George Wetherall, and the two divisions respectively by Lord Rokeby and Gen. Cameron.

There were about 150 different corps on the ground, marshaled into 35 battalions—one of mounted rifles, six of artillery, one of engineers and 27 of rifles. On her majesty's arrival at the position assigned, the royal standard was hoisted, and the volunteers gave a royal salute. The officers returned to their places, and her majesty, attended by the Prince Consort and the duke of Buccleuch on horseback, with the whole of the staff officers on the field, proceeded slowly round in front of the troops. Precisely at four o'clock the whole of the battalions were put in motion. The van was worthily led by the Mounted Rifles of Fifeshire. Then came the First artillery brigade, having in front the Edinburgh city artillery, followed by a strong force from Tynemouth, Alnwick, Sunderland and Whitehaven; but the mass of the three battalions of this brigade, about 1,500 strong, were made up, in addition to the large quota furnished by Edinburgh, of seven companies from Forfarshire.

The Second artillery brigade was headed by the Greenock corps. The Third battalion, composed entirely of Lanarkshire and almost all of the Glasgow corps, drew forth special cheering by their handsome appearance and the steadiness of their march. The engineers, in number nearly 200, came next. The rifles, forming, of course, the great mass of the force upon the ground, followed. The glorious cheer which the volunteers gave at the end of the review—far louder even than the hurrah of the more than tenfold more numerous spectators at its commencement—was a thing to be enjoyed. Lieut. Gen. Wetherall, at the close of the review, expressed to the staff and battalion officers her majesty's "admiration of the steadiness and precision which characterized the large body of volunteers whose movements she had witnessed."—Spare Moments.

THE TSAR'S GOOD SENSE.

He Sits a Worthy Example for His Aristocratic Subordinates.

There is probably no class of people in the world so stiff-necked in their own etiquette as the officers of the crack regiments in St. Petersburg. Since Nicholas II. became tsar he has endeavored to discredit the notion that an army officer should not ride in a street car. In St. Petersburg the army officer has long considered himself too superior to the common civilian to share with him this "vulgar" mode of conveyance.

A few weeks ago one of the few untitled officers in the Russian capital ventured to ride in a street car to his barracks. It was a presumptuous and a courageous act, for he had to alight before the fashionable cavalryman's club of the city. But it proved an uncomfortable act, for his fellow-officers declared that he had disgraced his uniform, and refused to listen to his quotations of the tsar's remarks on the subject.

After some days the colonel of the regiment urged upon the officer the propriety of resigning his commission. He gave as a reason his feeling, and that of other officers, that he had committed a degrading offense by associating with the populace in a street car. In his distress, the unfortunate officer turned to a friend in high official rank, who told the tsar of the affair. Nicholas heard the story at four in the afternoon. He immediately put on a dark suit, and with his adjutant went to the locality where the officer had taken the car, boarded one and rode on it to the barracks. He there alighted and getting on a returning car, went back to the palace.

The next day the colonel of the aristocratic regiment in question received a full autograph account of the trip, which the young ruler ended with these words:

"Am I still worthy to wear the uniform of a Russian officer? Nicholas."

Of course, there could only be one answer to that question. There is now in that regiment significant reserve and silence respecting riding with despised plebians, and titled snobs fall over each other to see who can signal a passing car first.

The tsar deserves respect for his conduct. If he shows as sound common sense in all state matters as he has shown in this little affair, his reign will not be a deadly conservatism that clings to old forms and smothers progress and reform in its stagnant embrace.—Youth's Companion.

PROTECTION OF PHYSICIANS.

Druggists Requested Not to Fill Prescriptions a Second Time.

People who are predisposed to frequent attacks of slight indisposition of an ordinary nature, and who have been in the habit of having their ailment prescribed for by a physician, will look with askance upon the methods adopted by a number of physicians of late of instructing the druggist who fills the prescription not to refill the prescription without an order from the physician. This arbitrary ruling is in the nature of a mild form of highway robbery when viewed from the standpoint of the patient, but from the physician's point of view it is merely a legitimate method of adding to his professional income.

This rule, which happily has been adopted by only a small percentage of reputable physicians in the city, has many obnoxious features, while it has few good points to recommend it to favor.

One of the many objections made to it is the fact that it works a hardship upon the poorer class of patients, who comprise by far the largest proportion of the clientele of the medical profession. A large number of the patients who call upon the members of the medical profession are suffering from only a slight indisposition, which, while it may be chronic, is, at the same time, not of a serious nature, and one which a prescription calling for a simple remedy will either cure entirely or temporarily relieve the sufferer. In such cases, where relief is obtained through the prescription given by the physician, the patient, upon a return of a similar attack, would naturally desire to have the efficacious remedy refilled by the druggist without calling upon the physician again. With this rule adopted by the physicians, however, he would be unable to obtain the remedy a second time before obtaining a prescription from the physician, and paying another fee, unless the druggist saw fit to disregard the request made by the physician.

It will be seen from this statement of facts that the real motive for the action taken by these physicians in asking druggists not to refill one of their prescriptions or to give a duplicate to a customer lies in the fact that it will add materially to their incomes. The physicians themselves, however, deny that they are actuated by such a mercenary motive, and claim that their purpose is to prevent the possibility of any of their patients coming to harm by reason of having a prescription refilled which may contain some powerful poison. Very often, they say, they write prescriptions which contain a poisonous ingredient which if taken oftener than prescribed would seriously endanger the lives of their patients. It is to prevent any such contingencies that they have taken these precautions.

Without the cooperation of the druggists, however, these orders of the physicians not to refill any of their prescriptions would be unsuccessful. While a very small proportion of the druggists about town express themselves in favor of obeying the instructions of physicians in this regard, by far the majority of them admit that they disregard them on every occasion, except in those instances in which they know that the prescriptions asked for by their customers contain a dangerous poison. The druggists generally argue that a prescription which one of their customers has paid a physician to secure belongs to the customer, and that if he wishes to secure a duplicate or to have it refilled he has a perfect right to do so. Many of the druggists say that even if the physicians gave them orders to refuse a duplicate prescription they would ignore it.—St. Louis Republic.

TO BUY AN AMERICAN GIRL.

Proposition of a Chinese Grandee at the Russian Coronation.

At the recent celebration of the coronation of the czar a beautiful American girl, who had the honor of a special invitation to all the state functions, attracted much attention, and among her many admirers was a magnificent and altogether illustrious young grandee of the east, attached to the suite of the ambassador extraordinary, Li Hung Chang.

This youth calmly announced to her people that he would like to buy her, whatever the price might be. When it was explained to him that American girls were not regarded as marketable commodities, and that in any event her family did not desire to part with her, he was greatly disappointed; but gracefully accepting his dismissal, he asked leave to perform to her an "act of homage," such as was offered in his country to princesses of the blood royal.

This courtesy, of course, could not be refused, and a day was appointed for the ceremonial, the young lady and her friends feeling naturally very curious and a trifle nervous as to what this "act of homage" might consist of. At the time appointed the young oriental noble arrived, accompanied by a numerous retinue of friends and servants, quite like Aladdin in the story of the wonderful lamp. All were clad in the most magnificent garments. They drew up before the house where the girl was staying, while the rejected suitor, or rather the would-be purchaser, with a smaller following, entered, his attendants bearing an enormous horseshoe or half circlet of flowers. This he laid at the young lady's feet, while he delivered an equally flowery oration in his native tongue, which was translated for her benefit by his interpreter.

It was altogether an embarrassing but very pretty ceremonial.—Chicago Tribune.

Blacksmiths in Saxony.

In Saxony no one is permitted to shoe horses unless he has passed a public examination and is properly qualified. A great school at Dresden has students from all parts of the world studying "farriery." This includes not only shoeing horses, but their care and treatment—a provision that saves a great deal of money for farmers and others owning horses.—N. Y. Sun.

Fall

Medicine is fully as important and beneficial as Spring Medicine, and the best Fall Medicine is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

A WORK OF ART.

"The Texarkana Gateway to Texas and the Southwest"

Is the name of a handsome publication recently issued by the *Iron Mountain Route*, consisting of 224 pages of descriptive matter, interspersed with 600 beautiful half tone illustrations. It is the most comprehensive and, typographically, the handsomest work of its kind ever issued on the state of Texas, and is really a commercial and industrial history of the state. Anyone reading this will have an excellent idea of the vast resources of and great possibilities of the Lone Star State. The book was gotten up by the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railway and its connections in the State of Texas, for distribution in the North and East, with the view of attracting immigration, investors, tourists and seekers after health. It is in every way a valuable contribution to the current literature of the day, and is calculated to be of great service to the State of Texas. A copy of this publication will be mailed free on application to any passenger representative of the Missouri Pacific Railway, Iron Mountain Route, or may be had by addressing

H. C. TOWNSEND,
General Passenger Agent, St. Louis.

"You will be married at high noon, I suppose?" said Tenspot to his free silver friend. "I shall be married at 16 minutes to 1," replied the white metal man.—Detroit Free Press.

Peace on Earth.

This is once more enjoyed by the rheumatic wise enough to counteract their progressive malady with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. No testimony is stronger than that which indicates it as a source of relief to this complaint. It is also eminently effective as a treatment for kidney trouble, dyspepsia, debility, liver complaint and constipation. Use it with persistence for the above.

"The gre't thrubble that Oi notice about the bicycle," said Mr. Dolan after his first lesson, "is that yez kape fallin' off before yez git an."—Washington Star.

A Household Necessity.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, acts gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispels colds, cures headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

"My boy, it is high time a check was placed on your performances." "Thank you, father. Please make it payable on sight."

Low Rate Excursions South.

On the first and third Tuesday of each month till October about half-rates for round trip will be made to points in the South by the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

SUE—"When a man proposes to a girl, it doesn't always mean that he wants to marry her." He—"No; it may be a matter of necessity."—Life.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

WHICH goes the quickest—a full minute or a spare moment?

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

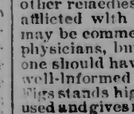

This button with a ten cent box of CASCARETS, CANDY CATHARTIC the ideal laxative and guaranteed constipation cure, sent FREE on receipt of five 2-cent stamps. Address STERLING REMEDY COMPANY, Chicago, Montreal, Can., New York.

STEADY WORK WE PAY CASH WEEKLY and want men everywhere to SELL STARK TREES (not to peddle) absolutely best. Superb outfits, new system. STARK BROTHERS, LOUISIANA, MO., ROCHPORT, ILL.

HAVE YOU TRIED YUCATAN?

TEMPERANCE.

A REVERIE

GRAPES that purple
In the sun,
Spilling your fragrance on the air,
I touch you soft with
reverent hand—
God's thought is
there!

O fields so like an
amber sea,
Whose tides move as the soft winds blow,
You bear the impress of God's hand,
His touch you know!

But, soft-cheeked children of the sun—
His loving gift—you do not know
That each new added beauty means
But added woe!
And you, O yellow sea, you hide
Sirens as did seas long ago,
Luring the fair white barks we love
On rocks below!

O purple grapes upon the wall,
O amber fields, by soft winds blown,
God called you good, but you have turned
His bread to stone!
—Florence A. Jones, in Union Signal.

INEBRIETY IN FRANCE.

How the French Are Degenerating Through the Consumption of Alcohol.

The arguments of the opponents of total abstinence that the use of beer and light wines on the continent is conducive to temperance and that the people are not led thereby into intemperance and debauchery are being thoroughly refuted. This is the work of scientific medical men in both tiermany and France. The Paris, France, correspondent of the Chicago Sunday Chronicle, writes:

A good deal of superficial claptrap is repeated year after year by writers about the remarkable sobriety of the Latin races generally and of the French people in particular. The Italians certainly seem to be as abstemious as they are hard working, but as for the French they are declared by their own most eminent medical authorities to be undergoing a rapid process of degeneration, brought on by the reckless consumption of brain-paralyzing, blood-poisoning liquors. Dr. Brunon, the well-known director of the medical school at Rouen, and a student of his, M. Tourdot, have just published the results of their studies on the subject, and these are eminently calculated to alarm French patriots. The latter gentleman dressed himself up as a waiter and obtained a place in a tavern in Rouen frequented by the lowest class of workmen, many of whom sleep there for a penny a night. M. Tourdot first studied his own colleagues. He declared that, on the whole, they are a sober class, but adds that the perpetual strain on their nerves, the lack of fresh air and the emanations from the alcohol generally bring on nenemia and tuberculosis, which means death in about 18 months. But the guests of this and similar places were the principal objects of M. Tourdot's investigations, and he says that these pitiable people, who earn about fourpence an hour, came regularly, drank their hour's wages in a few minutes, went back to earn more by the most laborious work, and then took to drinking the proceeds of it in like manner till day wore on into night and consciousness was dimmed to intoxication. Sometimes he saw 150 glasses of the most pernicious alcohol served out in the short space of ten minutes. Dr. Branon bitterly complains of the enormous number of little taverns of this type, and mentions one street in Rouen containing 150 houses, of which 75 are licensed to sell poisonous beverages.

Turning to the mothers of the coming generation of France, Dr. Brunon remarks that they are seldom brutally drunk, but that they subject themselves to a process of slow but chronic intoxication, productive of horrible results, and this mainly by drinking coffee. Not that coffee is bad in itself, but that it is never partaken of nowadays without alcohol, and in this latter form is drunk at all hours of the day and night, administered to the children—nay, actually brought to their cradles in little bottles by the affectionate mothers. At the tender age of seven years the unfortunate children are no longer given coffee with spirits, but alcohol neat. This sound incredible, but it is too true. A schoolmaster lately inquired of his pupils, all boys under nine years, how many of them abstained from these drinks, and he found that among his 63 pupils 24 were accustomed to partake of "la goutte" every day of their lives. The mystery is that they live as long as they do. He estimates the proportion of boys and girls thus infected with alcoholism in Normandy at from 40 to 75 per cent. At ten or eleven years the boys add the nicotine poison to the alcohol and are decimated like flies, or contract incurable diseases. No foreign foe, no destruction of human life by floods, collisions or explosions could possibly inflict upon the French race anything like the unspeakable evils which this curse of alcoholism has conjured up.

Why Saloons Are Excluded.

Often the title deeds for lots in towns, or in particular parts of towns, contain a clause forever prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors on the premises. Why? Such a deed before us recites a number of nuisances that are prohibited. Such nuisances are injurious to health, and they retard the growth of the community with a good class of people. For the same reason saloons are prohibited. They are injurious to the community. Has anyone seen a deed in a prosperous community forever prohibiting the erection of a church, or the establishment of a Sabbath-school?—United Presbyterian.

Of 611 paupers in the Edinburgh poor house not one was an abstainer, and 407 admitted that their poverty was due entirely to intemperance.

BOSTON'S DRINKING HABIT.

Interesting Statistics Gathered by Prof. Peabody, of Harvard University.

Prof. Peabody, of Harvard university, publishes in the Forum for July some extremely interesting statistics concerning the dimensions of the drink habit in the city of Boston. He is secretary of the committee of 50, of which Seth Low is president, which is engaged in the study of the liquor problem in various parts of the country, and the figures which he gives were collected under the direction of that organization:

A twofold inquiry was instituted, one to ascertain the average daily patronage of the saloons, and the other the average daily patronage of such resorts as could be fairly described as social substitutes for the saloon. The police patrolmen were asked to give estimates, based upon observation of the average daily attendance at each saloon, and these were in doubtful cases fortified with the evidence of the saloon keepers themselves. The attendance at the substitute places was obtained by an independent but none the less thorough system of inquiry. No effort was made to ascertain the attendance at hotels, private clubs, or licensed grocers, so that all the drinking is not included in the results.

The figures are formidable enough, however, to cause general astonishment. The whole number of saloons is 606, and the average daily patronage of them is 226,752, or about half the entire population of the city. This does not mean that half the population is in the habit of taking a drink daily, for some men enter several times a day, and in this estimate they are counted as different persons each time. The amount spent by each person is put at ten cents, which expert opinion says is the average sum, so that the total daily expenditure is $22,675, and the annual outgo in a year of 300 days $6,802,500. This is a gross income of about $10,000 for each saloon. Prof. Peabody points out that the annual expenditure for the Boston public school system is only a little over $2,000,000, and that the combined public school, fire, police and park departments of Boston do not cost so much as this total saloon income amounts to. "The sum of money paid over the Boston bars, nine-tenths of which, it may be fairly estimated, comes from persons of modest incomes, is sufficient to meet the total living expenses of nearly 11,700 families spending $600 each." Prof. Peabody places the number of males above 20 years of age in Boston at 156,530, and calculates that the "patronage of the saloons is as if every man in the city drank every day, and in addition treated a friend from the country every other day."

The returns from the substitutes for saloons are quite encouraging. There are 572 of these, coffee-rooms, pool-rooms, lunch-rooms, reading-rooms and clubs, of "a reasonable degree of attractiveness," and they have a daily attendance of 98,918, or, excluding the pool-rooms, 76,268. There is a much smaller proportion of non-resident visitors at the substitutes than at the saloons, so that these figures really show a considerable element of the population in regular attendance. Prof. Peabody says the patronage is encouraging to the promoters of this flank attack upon the saloon when one considers the inadequacy of many of these resorts, the meager provision for sociability and comfort as compared with the splendor of the saloons, and the disadvantage under which some of these substitutes are put by regarding sociability as secondary to moral or religious influence.—Evening Post.

VARIOUS NOTES.

When a drinking man swears off he generally takes the name of God in vain.—Lever.

The devil never likes to have a man read a temperance page.—National Temperance Advocate.

The Transvaal Volksraad has enacted a new liquor law embodying total prohibition of the sale of liquor to natives.

The man who pays his whisky bill before he pays his meat bill, will soon want more whisky than meat.—Lever.

Intoxicating drink is the greatest factor of crime, pauperism, orphanhood, disease and insanity.—Prof. F. W. Newman.

Gambling is practiced to such an extent in Sydney, Australia, that the council of the churches is trying to put it down.

There are 324 active branches comprising 200,000 total abstainers in the Anglo-Indian Temperance association of India.

During the past year the National Temperance society circulated, through its missionaries in the south, over 5,000,000 pages.

The juvenile temperance force in Great Britain is authoritatively estimated at 2,813,800 members, nine-tenths of whom are in the Band of Hope unions.

Hard times is not the result of a bad monetary system or our tariff laws. The panacea is in the blotting out of the great and monstrous curse that now covers the land with crime and misery. —True Index.

Tavern Keeper Objects to Red Noses.

At the time of the beginning of the temperance agitation in Maine, 50 years ago, there was a Kennebec tavern keeper who was especially violent against any restraint of his business, and at a town meeting made a stirring speech against prohibition. In the course of the discussion the presiding officer called for a division of the house. All in favor of the traffic went to one side of the room, all opposed to the other. To the surprise of everyone, the old tavern keeper, after a moment's hesitation, deliberately went to the temperance side. "Why are you here?" the astonished people began to question. "You don't belong here. That's your side over there." The old man looked across the hall in disgust and retorted: "You don't suppose I'm going over there in that crowd of red noses, do you?"

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—To make a smooth hole in a sheet of glass, pack wet clay upon the surface, and outline the hole in the clay. Then pour melted lead in the hole, and a circle of glass will drop out.

—The sense of smell is keen with cats, even when they are asleep. A piece of meat placed before the nose of a sleeping cat causes the nostrils to dilate, and in a few moments the animal awakes.

—The manufacture of jewelry in Birmingham, England, gives constant employment to 14,000 persons. In this work gold valued at $3,750,000, and silver valued at $1,750,000, are annually used.

—Francois Coppe pronounces "Aphrodite," by Pierre Louys, the most perfect piece of French fiction since Flaubert's "Salammbo." Louys, though but 26 years of age, has already produced half a dozen volumes.

—A flume six miles long, part of it built on trestles 87 feet high, has been constructed near Cottage Grove, Ore., from a mill in the lumber belt to the Southern Pacific railroad. A million feet of lumber was used in building it, and its capacity is 40,000 feet a day. There is abundant water for it throughout the year.

—Another method of preserving timber has recently been tried. It consists in dissolving in naphtha the heavy oils and waxes left after the distillation of petroleum, and forcing the solution into the seasoned timber in the same manner as in creosoting. The timber is then heated, when the naphtha evaporates and is recovered in a cooling chamber, while the waxes, etc., remain behind in the wood, water-proofing it.

—Free surfaces of water, and soils that are continuously saturated, evaporate into the atmosphere on the average more water under otherwise similar circumstances than soils, whether naked or covered with plants, and whether watered artificially or naturally. Prof. Wollney says only at special times, viz., when the influence of the factors that favor evaporation is most intense, when the plants are in the most active period of growth and when the soil contains a large percentage of water, can the land that is covered with plants show a larger evaporating power than the free water surface.

THE COMING CONVEYANCE.

Sedan Chairs Are Regarded with Favor by the Smart Set.

Now that that august personage, Li Hung Chang, is visiting America, we should be able to see the novel "vehicle"—a sedan chair. While in France he was presented with one which is an exact reproduction of the one Mme. de Maintenon used to take her outings in.

Of beautifully decorated wood, with perfumed leather seats upholstered in yellow satin, it is a dream of beauty. Fortunately, yellow happens to be the Chinese national color, so Li Hung Chang can repose in the sedan chair, lined with that gay color, without shattering any of his country's traditions, for not only is China the "Flowery Kingdom," but it is quite often spoken of as the "yellow kingdom."

Apropos to the sedan chair, even before there was a hint of its being introduced here by the distinguished gentleman from China, it was, now and again, spoken of by society folk as "the coming conveyance." In England, the subject was agitated a year or so ago, and English magazines and papers discussed the subject seriously, with delightful illustrations, in which milady looked so charmingly picturesque peeping forth from the window of her chair that every maid and matron longed to add a similar vehicle to her possessions. Indeed one grand dame forthwith ordered a chaise, a poiteur made in the highest style of the art. She also ordered two extra lacqueys, broad of shoulder, great of calf, and gorgeous in livery, and she sallied forth, first in the seclusion of her own park, afterwards she ventured abroad, to her neighbor, Lady ——'s, for afternoon tea. From that moment sedan chairs became popular in that neighborhood and Lady —— ordered one, likewise her grace, the duchess of ——.

When Mrs. Straus, wife of Hon. Oscar Straus, ex-minister to Turkey, resided in the east, she took her daily outing in a sedan chair, conveyed by two picturesquely and gorgeously-attired Turks, and a photograph she sent to a New York friend was one of herself seated in her chair. It is a charming picture, Mrs. Straus being a brilliant beauty of the brunette type, and the photograph has the place of honor upon a Vernis Martin table in a Fifth avenue drawing-room.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid is another lady who can discourse eloquently of the delights of riding in a sedan chair. When in Constantinople she often used this means of locomotion; her sister-in-law, Mrs. Ogden Mills, is somewhat enthusiastic on the subject and doubtless when the sedan chair becomes a part of the Twentieth century life, she will be one of the first to order a truly magnificent one—one upholstered in crimson damask and gold lace, and leather with gold-headed nails.

Although upon inquiry the writer cannot discover that any coach builders have had orders in this country for sedan chairs, in England a number—that is four—have already been made and more orders are expected. As yet, however, they have not appeared in the public streets or parks. "The Sunday parade knows them not," so an American girl writes home from London, "but in the country, in private parks or lordly estates, perhaps more flourish than one would suspect."—Washington Star.

Too Officious.

First Student—What makes you look so melancholy?

Second Student—I have been fooled. I asked my father to send me 60 marks to pay my tailor, and a few days later I received—the receipted tailor's bill!—Fliegende Blaetter.

LIFE-SAVING EXPERIMENT.

The House-Boat Principle to Be Introduced by the Government.

The government life-saving station service is about to try a new idea, from which great results are expected. It is undertaking to apply the house-boat principle in the saving of life at sea.

Perhaps it is not very clear just how a house-boat is going to be of much service in an angry ocean storm. But the government officials have figured out a use for it that is new. This life-saving station will lie off shore, just outside of the line of breakers. In this new station the life-saving crew will live, and from there they will board their boats.

The most difficult part of the life-saving work is getting a boat launched in a wildly-beating surf and working it out beyond the breakers. In fact, a very large proportion of the upsets, the delays and the difficulties in reaching a stranded or distressed vessel are due to it.

The proposal is to build a boat 100 feet long, 33 feet wide and six feet deep, and strong enough to defy for years the fiercest storms. The new craft is to be fashioned very much like an old-style flatiron, cut off square at the stern. It will be anchored firmly, and, of course, will always present a head to the wind.

There is to be a curious cut in the stern of the boat that is to be called the "harbor." This is an opening 30 feet in length and 17 feet in width. It is surrounded by a walk six feet wide, upon which the boats may be hauled. The upper deck extends the whole length of the boat, covering over the top of the "harbor" as well.

Thus, with her head always to the wind, the "harbor" will offer easy ingress and egress to small boats. The hardest, most disagreeable and most dangerous part of the work which life-saving crews have hitherto had to put up with, the launching of boats through the surf, will thus be entirely done away with.

In the "harbor" also will be moored two naphtha launches for the use of the life-savers, and a surf-boat will hang on davits near the end.

As a whole, despite its odd shape, the craft looks a good deal like the traditional house-boat. It is to be built in the most durable manner, heavily bulkheaded, and the main deck, which is to be ten feet above the level of the sea, will contain abundant room for the crew of eight men and the captain who will man the vessel. There is to be abundant room for comfortable living, and the boat is to be fitted up with kitchen, dining-room and sleeping compartments.

On the deck is to be a large pilot house, seven feet in height, which will be used as a lookout. The station is to be fitted with anchors, but no masts, machinery or steering gear. If it ever broke loose it would go where it liked, but for the most part its movements will be directed by a tow line.

The new craft has just been completed at a ship yard near Noank, Conn., and was designed by Assistant Superintendent of Construction Henry E. Davis. The total cost of the boat is about $7,000, and it will be towed to Boston at once, where it will be stationed off City Point as the Boston bay floating life-saving station.

The government officials will watch the career of the life-saving house-boat with a great deal of interest, and if it proves the success they hope similar stations will be established along the entire coast of the United States. It is probable that in time the boats will be provided with connections with the shore, and either the whole crew of the station will be transferred to the house-boat or else the latter will be used as an adjunct to the shore station.—N. Y. Herald.

Has Many Horses.

Probably the empress of Austria spends more than any other woman in Europe on horses for her own riding. A really first-class hunter commands almost any price the owner likes to ask for it, but let it once hesitate at a fence or show signs of temper and it is never ridden again by her majesty. When the empress is hunting and the meet happens to be from her residence she generally drives to within a short distance of it in a brougham, wearing ordinary carriage attire. With her majesty are two ladies in waiting, whose duty it is to see that everything required for the empress' wear on horseback is brought by the dressers, who follow in another carriage. The coachman has orders to drive up to any gentleman's house which happens to be in the neighborhood of the meet, when the footman alights and requests that a room may be placed at her majesty's disposal to dress in. Naturally a good many people have been somewhat taken aback at thus being suddenly asked to accommodate an imperial guest, and this was especially the case in Ireland when the empress was hunting there a few years ago, for they were not accustomed to such an honor. However, she did there as she always did at home.—Chicago News.

Gunpowder History.

Granting that the origin of the manufacture of gunpowder is lost in the remote past, it is known that about 1265 an English monk, Roger Bacon, was the first to suggest its use in engines of death. Soon after his time the suggestion was taken up and guns constructed, the first by binding iron bars together with hoops to form a tube; then by casting a tube out of brass, with one end closed. Stones of suitable size were used for shot, and the powder was shoveled in at the muzzle. In spite of these drawbacks, very large guns were built. Mahomet II. against the Greeks in the siege of Constantinople in 1453, using a gun throwing a 600-pound stone a mile.—Philadelphia Press.

—Misplaced Magnetism.—"I knew a fellow that could tame a tiger with a glance of his eye." "What became of him?" "He's dead. He tried it on a bicycle scorcher."—Chicago Record.

VARIABLE WEATHER MALIGNED.

Physical Ailments Not Caused by Eccentricities in Temperature.

According to the best medical authorities changeable weather, or what is known as "unseasonable," is not so bad in its effects as generally supposed. It applies to summer, but especially to winter. "Whenever the temperature during any of the winter months rises to an endurable height, and it is possible for one to go out of doors without acute suffering, we always hear prognostications of sickness and death which are sure to result from a green Christmas and an open winter. But the truth is, it is the 'good, old-fashioned winter,' the 'seasonable temperature,' that kills. The incorrectness of the popular idea is well shown by the vital statistics for the first quarters of 1895 and 1896 in England and Wales, which we find summarized in the British Medical Journal of May 16. These two periods of time formed a great contrast in so far as the general temperature of the air was concerned. In the former year the mean temperature of three months was 35.2 degrees Fahrenheit, which was 3.7 degrees Fahrenheit below the average, while in February it was no less than 9.9 degrees Fahrenheit below the mean of that month. In 1896 the temperature of the three months was 42.3 degrees Fahrenheit, or 3.4 degrees Fahrenheit above the average. The public health fully reflected those noteworthy differences in temperature. In 1895 the deaths in the first quarter amounted to 170,501, and the death rate was 22.8, or 1.1 above the average. In 1896 the deaths in the corresponding period numbered 136,809, and were in the proportion of 17.9 deaths annually per 1,000 persons living, which rate was 3.9 below the average. The increased mortality in 1895 was chiefly among persons aged 60 years and upward, of whom 60,454 died, giving a death rate among such persons of 10.90, or 15.4 in excess of the mean. In 1896 52,208 persons aged 60 and upward died in January, February and March, and the death rate was 69.2, no less than 26.2 below the average. These statistics furnish fresh evidence of the killing power of frost and of the beneficent influence of a mild temperature. But popular beliefs are not to be overthrown by statistics, and if we are blessed next winter by a mild temperature and absence of snow there will be plenty of physicians whose surprise will be equaled only by their disappointment that there is not more for them to do."—Medical Record.

A DIVER TELLS OF BIG FISH.

One of Them Nearly Knocked Him Down at the Bottom of Lake Quassapang.

Up in the Woodbary mountains is Lake Quassapaug, which is known to sportsmen as one of the best bass ponds in Connecticut. Its clear waters are so deep in many places that no fisherman has ever seen the bottom, even on the stillest summer day, and it has become a tradition that the water is so deep that fish cannot live at the bottom of the lake. So for years no one has angled for fish at the bottom of Quassapaug, or if some fisherman made the experiment he had so little success that he said nothing about it.

One day last week the little steamboat which plies up and down the lake lost its propeller and the fresh water sailors were unable to find it. A diver was summoned from Bridgeport. The story that he told when he came up from the bottom of the lake set the fishing cranks wild. He found the propeller in 42 feet of water, and all about it were innumerable fish of great size. He judged from their appearance that they were carp and bass, although among them were some species which he did not recognize. They shot in and out about his legs while he was at work and hindered him seriously. One big fish struck him with such force that it nearly knocked him from his feet. His diving armor prevented him from catching one of the fish with his hands.

The diver asserts that the rocks at the bottom of the lake are covered with fresh-water clams and that the fish feed upon these. This, of course, leads to the inference that clams are good bait for these giants of Quassapaug. Fresh-water clams are hard to find, and fishermen who have cast 50-foot lines baited with salt-water clams have not had a nibble. Several Danbury anglers are going to Quassapaug this week for a try at some of the big fish.—N. Y. Sun.

The Moon Will Never Change.

The headline may give the reader the idea that something has gotten wrong with our satellite, and that in the future Luna's fair face will not go through the regular phases of "new moon," "first quarter," "full moon" and "last quarter," as has been her wont since the time "when the mind of man runneth not to the contrary." But such, dear reader, is not the idea we mean to convey; but we do mean exactly what the headline says: That under existing conditions (and the conditions which have existed on the surface of the moon for perhaps millions of years) it is a physical impossibility that the face of the moon should change one iota. There are neither outside nor inside influences that can be brought to bear to make a change in the configuration of "our silvery sister world." Her internal fires have long since died out and there is an utter absence of both air and water. Existing under such conditions it is utterly impossible that the face of the moon should undergo change even in the course of a hundred million years.—St. Louis Republic.

First of the Campbells.

The Campbells of Argyll began in 1190, Talleyrand dates from 1199, Bismarck from 1270, the Grosvenor family, the dukes of Westminster, 1066; the Austrian house of Hapsburg goes back to 952, and the house of Bourbon to 864. The descendants of Mohammed, born 570, are all registered carefully and authoritatively in a book kept in Mecca by the chief of the family.—Chicago Tribune.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—No Wonder.—Mrs. Talkalot—"What does make you talk so much in your sleep, Joseph?" Joseph—"Gosh! It's the only chance I ever get."—Truth.

—"This is the sixth pint of beer I have drunk, all through my wife putting me out of temper; it is surprising what a lot of money that woman costs me!"—Tit-Bits.

—Sure to Be Popular.—"Mudger feels sure his new 'Romeo and Juliet' will make a hit." "What are the high lights?" "Juliet dives off the balcony in her bloomers and they elope on their wheels."—Chicago Record.

—"I suppose you bathe at the seashore every day?" "Yes. I sit on the sand and take a sunbath." "But you miss the surf, don't you?" "Not at all. My little brother can bring me as much as I want in a pail."—Harper's Bazar.

—"I trust your husband is a Christian, Mrs. Bjames," observed the pastor, who was making a call. "Well, yes," returned Mrs. Bjames, somewhat hesitatingly. "He's very amateurish as yet, but I have hopes of him."—Chicago Tribune.

—"I want the bicycle number of the Scottish Quarterly Review," said he to the newsdealer. "I don't think the Scottish Quarterly Review has issued a bicycle number, sir." "No? How very much behind the times."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

—"Oi'm afraid," said Mrs. Dolan, "that Dinny is not industrious." "He's ambitious enough," Mrs. Dolan replied. "Yis, but thryin' is better ner promisin'. Oi loike ty see a young man put 'is besht fut forward. But he'll niver make headway if he laves it there to be admoired, inshtid o' bringin' the other fut along up wid it."—Washington Star.

—An Omen Analyzed.—"Does yoh re'ly b'lieve," said Pickaninny Jim, "dat it's lucky ter git de lef' hin' foot ob er rabbit?" "It all 'pends on de circumstantials, chile," was the reply. "Yoh means on how you gits it?" "Dat's it. Ef somebody gibs yer de lef' hin' foot an' keeps de res' er de rabbit hisse'f, 'tain' no luck 't all. But ef yoh comes erway wif hin' foot, rabbit an' all hit's er sho' sign dah's er good dinner comin' to yer."—Washington Star.

BICYCLE POSSIBILITIES.

The Mechanical Limitations of the Wheel About Reached.

Here we reach the domain of speculation. The bicycle has changed many times in its form, and always for the better; each form has taken on its multitude of improvements, and no part of the modern wheel has escaped the ingenuity of the mechanic in his aim to secure better material, stronger connections, lighter weight, greater speed, grace of design and comfort to the rider. Every day is a day of new records and of the revealment of new possibilities. Four hundred and odd miles for a single day; 30 miles in an hour; 100 miles in three hours and forty-seven minutes; a single mile in one minute and—but a statement of the seconds here would be true only for the week in which it was written.

Six years ago one of the best-informed and most progressive of our cycling authorities, Mr. F. P. Prial, editor of the Wheel, writing of the safety bicycle of that day, mentioned the drawbacks of the pneumatic tire as being "its large size, and the necessity of replenishing the air to keep it properly distended." He advised that the ideal safety should not be geared too high, but only to 54 or 57 inches, "except in the case of strong riders." The gearing of the man's wheel of 1896 is from 63 inches upward, a gearing of 70 inches being about the average and 80 not at all uncommon; while the woman's wheel of to-day, when geared at 60, is easily propelled by new and inexperienced riders. Saddles, tires, frames, bearings, handle-bars, cranks, spokes and rims have been lightened, simplified, improved and from year to year made to displace the cruder product of the year before.

Where is the limit? No man can tell; but so far as it relates to the common pedomotive bicycle of to-day, the practical limit would seem to be not far distant. A year or two hence will probably witness the introduction of a practical motor bicycle, and the more general adoption of motor carriages in certain parts of the country where the roads have been improved. Meanwhile the bicycle now in common use will hold its way, with such improvements in detail, and perhaps in form, as will add to its usefulness, and to the comfort, convenience and security of the rider. —Isaac B. Potter, in Century.

One-Four-Millionth of an Inch Thick.

One dollar's worth of ordinary commercial gold leaf, it is said, is sufficient to cover an area of 900 square inches. In other words, that 900 square inches of gold have been pounded or beaten out of a lump of the yellow metal which weighed no more than a gold dollar. This gold leaf, thin as it is, is thick when compared with that which is now being made by a recently discovered process. By this process the "yellow metal" is deposited with electricity in a bath upon a highly polished sheet of copper. In this manner a film only one-four-millionth of an inch in thickness may be produced. When mounted on glass this new kind of gold leaf is perfectly transparent.—St. Louis Republic.

An Island for Buffaloes.

The reproduction on a large scale of the all but extinct American bison or buffalo of the plains has been decided upon by Mr. Henri Menier, the millionaire chocolate manufacturer of Paris, and now proprietor of the island of Anticosti. He has purchased a young buffalo cow, which was for some time kept in captivity by a Quebec dealer in furs, and his agents are now in correspondence with the proprietors of the few remaining private herds of this noble animal, with a view to the purchase of as many as possible of them for breeding purposes.—Detroit Free Press.

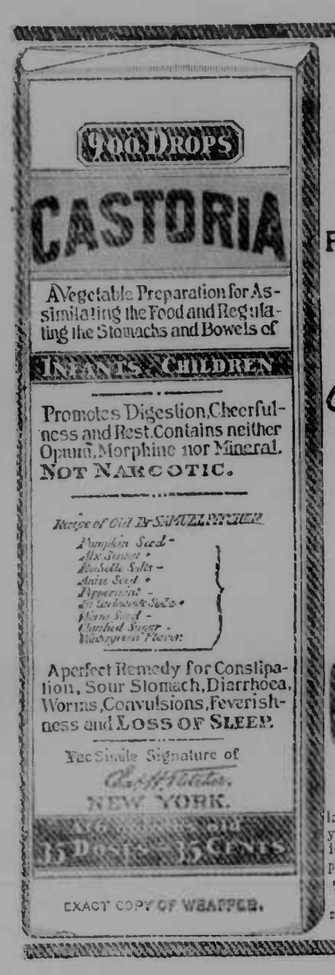

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BOTTLE OF
CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." ☞See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

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Ladies' and Gentlemen's Bicycles.

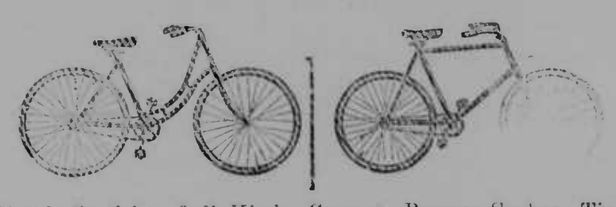

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No Malaria,
No City Temptations.
Skating,
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Delicate pupils go home strong.

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We Prepare for Business,
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The Principal, Miss Swan, formerly at the head of Mt. Auburn Seminary, Cincinnati, has traveled extensively, but has nowhere found such life-giving properties as are in this dry atmosphere. Write for Catalogue to

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Send for catalogue to PRESIDENT MARSH.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 21, 1896.

The Popocrats are a frightened crowd just now, and the publication of Bryan's statement of his alleged confidence over his own signature is generally regarded as farcical under existing circumstances. Not only are they frightened about the states which the Republican managers conceded to be in doubt at the beginning of the campaign, but which they now consider safe for McKinley, but also about seven or eight southern states, some of which Republicans had no idea of making any serious campaign in until very recently. They realize that Maryland, West Virginia and Kentucky, which have from the beginning been strongly contested by the Republicans, are more likely to be carried for McKinley than for Bryan, and now the antics of Tom Watson have got them into a state of fright over North Carolina, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee and Louisiana, and they are no longer certain even of carrying Texas. What they especially fear in several of these states is that the Republicans may withdraw their electoral ticket and support that of the gold Democrats, an idea that is being advocated by some shrewd Republicans for such states as Louisiana where the gold Democrats are numerous and influential.

A Jacksonville, Fla., business man, Mr. W. J. Farrell, now in Washington, dropped a few words which have set some people to thinking. He said: "I take but little interest in politics, and do not assume to predict the result of the coming election in Florida. I take it for granted that the state and county Democratic tickets will succeed, and that Democratic Congressmen will be elected. It does not follow, however, that Bryan will carry the state. In fact, I think that McKinley's chances are better. There are a great many sound money men in the Democratic party in Florida, who will go over to the Republicans because of their hostility to free silver. Among the farmers are many Northern men who are naturally for McKinley. I think Florida can fairly be classed among the doubtful states, so far as the electorial votes are concerned."

The general distribution of campaign literature by the Republican Congressional Committe is practically finished, although orders for documents will be filled right up to election day. More documents, both in number and in bulk, have been sent out than were ever before sent from Washington in a single campaign, and the correspondence of the committee leaves no doubt that these documents accomplished an enormous amount of good, in setting right those who had been misled by having read only one side of the financial and other questions. The work of the committee will not, of course, be finished until after election.

The latest news from Kentucky is decidedly good. It indicates that McKinley will carry the state by not less than 15,000 majority, notwithstanding the fusion of Democrats and Populists and that a majority of the Congressional districts will elect Republicans. In short, it looks like the state might be swept by a Republican landslide in November.

A Democratic Congressman from Alabama has been telling tales out of school. He says there are not less than 15,000 Democrats in his state, who will, under no circumstances, vote for Bryan, and he adds: "Kentucky will probably vote for McKinley and likewise Maryland and West Virginia. I think there is no chance for Bryan to be elected. The free silver movement is not now as strong as it was only a little while ago. It grows steadily weaker. This is not to be wondered at. As men examine the question they become convinced that free coinage is a delusion."

The following prayer is said to have been actually delivered by an aged colored minister in Va., a few days ago: "O Lord, save this country from the hands of them who is trying to bust it up. Give us plenty of work and good money for it, so as we can take care of our wives and children and buy good bread and meat and pay for it. We want to keep politics out of our churches and out of our prayer meeting, but we can't help asking thee to keep a lookout for that poor, miserable sinner, Bryan, who, we hear is coming into this state, hand in hand with Satan. We ask Thee, don't let him do no harm; and if it ain't askin' too much, please forgive his sins that he is committing every day and then knock the stuffin' out of him next November!"

Few Republicans have had a doubt about how the electoral vote of Illinois will be cast since the meeting of the Chicago convention, and those few have been convinced that McKinley will carry the state by an immense majority, by a thorough investigation which has just been completed. So certain is the result now regarded that wagers have been made that McKinley's majority in that state will exceed 200,000.

Very stylish young men's overcoats, older men's over and storm coats, in the latest patterns and at lowest prices. D. E. Offutt & Son. 29-3t.

An Elector Withdraws.

Harry Alvin Hall, who was on the Democratic ticket as an elector for the twenty-eighth congressional district of Pennsylvania, has withdrawn from that ticket. Mr. Hall is also United States district attorney for Pennsylvania.

The following is the full text of Mr. Hall's letter, written in response to a personal inquiry by Mr. Garman as to his position:

PITTSBERG, Pa., Sept. 26, 1896.

Hon. John M. Garman, Chairman Democratic State Central Committee, Harrisburg, Pa.

MY DEAR SIR:—I have this day forwarded to Secretary of State my resignation as a candidate for Presidential elector on the Democratic ticket in Pennsylvania. I have contemplated this action ever since the Chicago convention, but have deferred it until this time in order that the public might know it to be the result of careful and mature deliberation and not an act of ill-considered haste.

I believe in the rights of the individual, the right of local self-government and the honest fulfillment of all public and private obligations. I believe that public taxes are a necessary evil, but that they should be levied for public purposes only and should be made as low as is consistent with the expenses of the government economically administered. I believe the best governed are the least governed and am opposed to paternalism and class legislation in every form, and am consequently opposed to all legislation which, under the guise of taxation and in the name of protection, takes from one individual to give to another and lays the burden on the many for the benefit of the few, thus creating enormous fortunes by legislative favoritism and inducing selfish interests to corruppt legislation. I believe in a strict construction of the constitution of the United States, and am opposed to any encroachment on the rights of the state by the federal government beyond its Constitutional limitations. I believe that all paternal legislation tends to socialism and is hurtful to the best interests of our country.

This is my confession of political faith. These are the fundamental principles of government laid down by Jefferson, which for more than a hundred years have formed the creed of the party he organized. I have been a life-long Democrat, because I believe that upon the survival and enforcement of these principles depends the perpetuity of all Republican institutions.

The platform adopted by the recent so-called Democratic convention at Chicago is opposed to everything the Democratic party has stood for, everything it has taught and every declaration it has made in the past.

It is not the platform of a Democratic convention, but of a convention of socialists masquerading under the name of the greatest party that was ever organized to protect the right of the common people; a convention composed of men who are not Democrats, but who by false pretenses succeeded in having themselves elected as delegates to destroy the party and to deny the principles upon which it was founded, at the same time taking possession of its organization. The machiney of the party to-day is in the hands of the representatives of the revolutionary element of our population. Its candidate is preaching the gospel of hate, sowing the seeds of enmity between the rich and poor, and striving to carry the employed in hostility to employer.

This campaign is not between the Republican party upon the one side and the Democratic party on the other as we have heretofore understood the terms. It is a battle in which the force of law, social order and patriotism are arrayed against those of anarchy, dishonesty and disorder. With those who would take from the thrifty the accumulation of honest effort for the benefit of the thriftless I have no sympathy, and feel that a supine acqiescence in the action of the Chicago convention would be an act for which I should forever forfeit my self respect, for I should regard success upon such a platform as the greatest misfortune that could befall the nation.

We are approaching a crisis in our affairs more dangerous than any we have ever encountered as a nation. It can only be averted by vigorous, unselfish and patriotic action on the part of every honest thinking citizen. I regard it the duty of all such to publicly express their sentiments and to spare no effort until the day of election to avert the threatened disaster. If the Democratic organization and policy are to be controlled by the agitators and disorganizers of society, who are willing to teach the doctrines of anarchy and repudiation for political aggrandizement, there is no longer any place in the party for me.

I believe the welfare of the country—for the present at least—will be best conserved by the election of the Republican candidates, and I intend to vote for Major McKinley and to render every assistance that lies in my humble power to the success of his campaign.

Begging you to accept the assurance of my profound personal regard, I have the honor to be,

Very sincerely yours,
HARRY ALVIN HALL.

HEALTH
FOR 25 CENTS

Liver complaint shows itself in constipation, headaches, biliousness, heartburn, belching, lassitude, foul taste in the mouth. Doesn't seem serious, but it is. Leads to things that people die of. Cured surely and quickly by

DR. A. S. TODD'S
Anti-Bilious Liver Pills

Best and simplest and surest remedy ever made. 25 cents, all druggists.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Proprietors, Wheeling, W. Va.

NOTICE.

Meeting of the Board of Control and Review for Garrett County.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county hereby give notice that on

Tuesday, October 6th, 1896.

they will meet to act as a board of Control and Review, consider the returns to them of assessment made by the several assessors from the assessment district in Garrett county, and to hear and determine the appeals of any person or owner taken from the action of said assessors in accordance with section 175 of Chapter 120 of the acts of Assembly of 1896, and that the session of said board of Control and Review will begin at 9 o'clock a. m. and continue until 4 o'clock p. m. each day (Sunday excepted) until said business is completed.

By order of the Board
J. S. MEYERS,
2-5-4t Clerk to County Commissioners.

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY.
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY,
DAY OR NIGHT.
PRICES REASONABLE.
JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.
31—26

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swallon," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:
C. A. WILT, Agent;
9—1yr. Box 16, Westernport, Md.

Farmers,

Look to Your Interests.

The Oakland Flouring Mill is now ready to grind a million bushels of buckwheat. The best equipped mill in the county; all latest improved machinery. Can give either

Burrh or Roller Process Flour.

Mr. E. A. Dudley, who has charge, has been a life-long miller, and knows how to make a good turnout of buckwheat flour.

Don't fail to give him a Trial. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Will make arrangements with all the Oakland merchants to buy your flour at big prices. Don't fail to give the Oakland Mills a trial.

Don't forget the place, Water street, formerly owned by the late H. A. Rasche.

Yours obediently,
THE OAKLAND MILLS.
51-1yr.

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments,
Headstones
AND
Chimney Pipe
WITH
J. B. WILLIAMS,
FROSTBURG, MD.
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I HAVE PURCHASED
THE OAKLAND COAL YARD
of Mr D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of
HARD AND SOFT
COAL,
KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Glessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

FOR SALE.

The farm belonging to Elizabeth Maley, situated two miles north of Deer Park, adjoining the lands of Jack Cooper, Pondenberg Miller and Ravenston. Contains 165¼ acres about 80 acres cleared, and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the premises. 52-4m.

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I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

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DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
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All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

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Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
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Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

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PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
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Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
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LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.
Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26*

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Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
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C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,
PLANING MILLS,
And BUILDING MATERIALS.
MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advances. What? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar, 12x24 glazed sash, 80 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.
38 13·

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1896. NUMBER 32.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

ncidents and Events al Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

See our 93c photographs. W. R. Loar. 32-2t.

Mr. Ed. I. West was in Cumberland yesterday.

Miss Laura White, of Hutton, visited friends in Oakland Tuesday.

Hon. John P. Jones, of Terra Alta, was here a few hours yesterday.

The recent heavy frosts have denuded many trees of their foliage.

Mr. R. S. Hollis, of Rowlesburg, W. Va., was in Oakland this morning.

Mr. William T. White, of Terra Alta, was here a day or two last week.

Mr. Frank Ashby, of Crellin, was in Oakland yesterday for a few hours.

Fresh bread, pies and cakes every morning at the bakery. 31-2t.

Mr. D. Tasker has purchased the bakery recently owned by Mr. Thomas White.

Call at once and make your sitting for a dozen of our fine cabinets. W. R. Loar.

Miss May Spahr, of Kingwood, W. Va., is in Oakland visiting Mrs. Benj. H. Sloan.

Prof. R. G. Richardson, of Piedmont, was in the city yesterday and to-day on business.

Mrs. John A Brant, who has been and is still, ill, is much improved physically.

On account of winter being so near we cannot keep our gallery here long. W. R. Loar.

Col. William Kilgour and daughter, of Rockville, are in Oakland enjoying the mountain breezes.

A choir quarrel will disrupt any church and cause more hard words than anything that could occur.

Mr. Scott T. Jones went to Chicago last Thursday on a business trip. He will return to Oakland to-morrow.

Mr. Chas. B. Cropp has purchased from the receivers the stock of goods recently owned by D. Tasker & Son.

Messrs. Joe E. Harned, H. V. Leighton and Bert Scott returned from Baltimore and other eastern cities last Sunday evening.

Thursday morning the Oakland boys went over to Bayard and played a game of ball with the nine at that place. The score stood 18 to 18 when the ninth inning was finished.

Mr. Wm. Hinebaugh, Rev. J. W. Butler and Mr. John Shartzer attended the sessions of the Synod of the Ev. Lutheran church which met in Cumberland last and this week.

Dr. A. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street.

Mr. E. H. Bartlett, who graduated at the head of his class in the Baltimore College of Pharmacy, has accepted a berative position with Mr. J. H. Holtzman, a druggist in Cumberland.

There will be service at St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church next Sunday morning and night. Sunday school 9.30 every Sunday morning. Christian Endeavor every Sunday evening at 6.30 p. m.

The registration officers for this county made their returns to the Board of Supervisors yesterday. The registration in some districts was light whilst in others the full vote was registered.

By the action of a few individuals in Piedmont the proposed excursion to Canton has been changed from the 20th inst. to the 21th and this will probably keep a great many Oakland people from enjoying the outing.

Mr. Milton Lowdermilk, of Selbysport, was here last Friday and made this office a very pleasant call, leaving a nice order for printing. Mr. Lowdermilk is a merchant of Selbysport and says he is prospering.

Dr. Henry W. McComas was in Baltimore a few days last and this week. He was accompanied there by a Miss ————, who was afflicted with a tumor and which was sucessful removed by the physicians in Johns Hopkins hospital in that city.

Miss Bessie Nelson, who has been a student in a musical college in Cincinnati for the past two or three years and who spent the summer vacation here with her parents, returned to the above city Tuesday morning where she will finish her course in music.

W. R. Loar is one of the best known photographers in West Virginia. His pictures are always recognized as the finest; he has located a branch gallery here in Oakland and will for the next ten days give the people the best of work at the very lowest prices. Gallery west of Garrett County Bank.

Mr. Eddie Sharpes, of Philippi, W. Va., who was in Oakland two or three weeks for the benefit of his health, returned to his home Monday. The latter part of this month he will go to Colorado Springs hoping to derive some benefit therefrom.

With two little children subject to croup we do not rest easy without a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house, for the most severe attacks quickly succumb to a few doses of it.—Morrison, Colo., Bud. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Rev. Taylor Sines went down in Allegany county last Saturday to conduct a religious meeting. On Monday he was joined at Cumberland by his brother Enos Sines and little son, from near Friendsville, from where they went on to Baltimore to have an operation performed on the boy who had a growth in his nose.

Last Thursday night assistant Fish Commissioner A. F. George brought to Oakland five hundred black bass and deposited them in the Yough. Other fish will be added to the streams of this county as fast as they can be procured. The bass were secured from the United States Fish Commission at Washington, D. C.

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Full reversible burner; hard coal or coke; nearly new; full nickle; cheap. S. M. Engle. 30-2*

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McKinley and His Popocratic Enemies.

One of the most imprudent things of the campaign is the attempt of the Bryanite organs to convict Mr. McKinley of the "crime of inconsistency" because he does not hold the opinions on free silver coinage that he expressed six years ago. Measured by the same standard, what is to be thought of the self-styled Democrats who less than six months ago solemnly protested in party conventions and in the editorial columns of their newspapers against free silver coinage? What evidence have these men given of a sincere change of opinion on the currency question? Not any. On the contrary, with a cynical contempt for political decency having no former example in the history of the country, they have rallied from the gold standard to the Chicago platform and its candidates without even making a pretense of a change of opinion. Should occasion serve there is no question that these men would return to the standard of sound money with the same alacrity which they have displayed in deserting it. It is to be hoped, however, that in the direst emergency the cause will have no need of such aid or such defenders.

Will it be said that this is unjust to the so-called Democrats who a little while ago were apparently among the staunchest advocates of sound money, and who are now supporting a candidate for the presidency who daily threatens to exercise his power, if elected, in such a way as to nullify the laws which provides for the maintenance of the sound money standard? Mr. Bryan decares that he would execute "to the letter" the demands of the Chicago platform to pay the public creditors with sliver dollars and to destroy the gold reserve fund provided for under the Act of 1875 for the resumption of specie payments; and these "honest money Democrats" of day before yesterday are sustaining him. Yet there is not an intelligent man possessed of impartial judgment and memory who has not an innate conviction that the execution of this threat would drag the Government down to the depreciated silver basis and plunge the country into bankruptcy and ruid. What plea can the "honest money Democrats" of last June who are now charging McKinley with inconsistency make with their consciences for this act of tergiversation in supporting the candidate who stands on the Chicago platform? It is not what public opinion may put upon them; for that decree will be unerring and irrevocable. The question is: What do they think of themselves in their self-communings?

It is freely admitted that there are hundreds of thousands of Democrats who sincerely believe that the free coinage of silver would be a blessing to the country. It would be a sad proof of degeneracy if the multitudes who support Mr. Bryan were not sincere in this notion. There are thousands besides who have persuaded themselves that the free coinage of silver could do no great harm, and might possibly result in some good. There are still greater numbers whose dispassionate consideration of this question is prevented by the fell spirit of party, and who will vote for Bryan for no better reason than the "regularity" of his nomination as a candidate. Mr. Bryan himself, and very many other silverite leaders, without doubt believe as sincerely in free coinage and all the rest of the Chicago programme as Babeuf believed in the Social Republic, or as Fourier believed in his dogma that "property is robbery," or as Henry George believes in the single tax, but without half their force of argument.

No such plea can be made in the behalf of the "honest money Democrats" who supported the financial policy of Cleveland's administration down to the adjournment of the Chicago convention, and who then turned a double somersault into the camp of the worst enemies of Cleveland's policy. Witness the unanimous adoption of a sound money platform by the Baltimore convention. Witness the shameful palinodes of the organs that a little while ago were singing praises of Cleveland's courageous defense of sound money and the public credit. What confidence can be reposed in politicians who within a few revolving moons divest themselves of their mature opinions as completely, though by no means as dextrously, as Fregoli changes his coat and wig in the farce?

The opinions inconsistent with his present position which Mr. McKinley held six years ago are of little relevancy in this great contest. It is certain that no silverite will support him because of his former utterances about free silver. He stands on a platform which pledges himself and his party to the inflexible maintenance of the existing monetary standard of value. His character as an honest man affords the amplest guarantee to the country that he will redeem his pledge. Sound money Democrats have the assurance that he will enforce in their spirit the laws providing for gold payment and for preserving the public credit as President Cleveland enforces them, just as certainly as Mr. Bryan would nullify those laws if he should be elected. But the last men on earth to reproach Mr. McKinley with inconsistency should be the retromingents who went to Chicago for sound money, and who are now shouting for Bryan and free silver coinage at the sacramental ratio of 16 to 1.

If Troubled With Rheumatism Read This.

Annapolis, Md., Apr. 16, 1895.—I have used Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism and found it to be all that is claimed for it. I believe it to be the best preparation for rheumatism and deep seated muscular pains on the market and cheerfully recommend it to the public. ALO. G. BROOKS dealer in boots and shoes, No. 18 Main St.

ALSO READ THIS.

MECHANICSVILLE, St. Mary County Md.—I sold a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm to a man who had been suffering with rheumatism for several years. It made him a well man. A. J. McGill. For sale at 50 cents per bottle by the Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin Deer Park.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 12, 1896.

McKinley and Hobart will to a dead certainty, carry Iowa, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. This is no ante-election buncombe, but is a calm, serious statement of facts, based upon full reports from every Congressional district in the states named which are in the hands of chairman Babcock, of the Republican Congressional Committee. Just compare this statement with the claims put forward for Bryan the modest of which includes Indiana and Illinois, and you will get a fair idea of how hopeless the Popocratic campaign really is. The latest of these claims was made by Chairman Butler, of the Populist National Committee and presents a total of 232 electoral votes. Now deduct the electoral votes of Indiana—Butler very considerately concedes that of Illinois, Michigan, Iowa and Ohio are in doubt—and Bryan is a defeated man, even though he should carry all the other states claimed by Butler, among which are the two Dakotas, Washington, Wyoming, Kentucky, Kansas, Nebraska, Oregon, California, Maryland and West Virginia, eleven states, to which more than half will to a dead certainty be carried for McKinley. 132 will come much nearer to the number of electoral votes Bryan will get than 232.

The Republican Congressional Campaign is in just as good condition as that of McKinley and Hobart. There are enough Republicans whose election to the House is now absolutely certain—ascertained by actual personal contact with the voters—to insure a Republican majority of more than 30 in the next House, and there are about fifty more districts in which Republicans have an even chance to win. Taking the whole situation, it is a conservative estimate to place the Republican majority in the next House in the near neighborhood of 50. That isn't as big as it is in the present House, but it is big enough to do business with.

Representative Hepburn, of Iowa, has been in Washington for the purpose of conferring with the Republican Congressional Committee. He says Iowa will give McKinley not less than 30,000 majority, and will send a solid Republican Congressional delegation. Mr. Hepburn says Bryan's appearance in Iowa has not helped his cause any, and probably injured it some by his making assertions without backing them up with proof. According to Mr. Hepburn, the Iowa people "are taking nothing for granted in this campaign; they are nailing every thing."

Representative Coffin, of Maryland, who has been actively campaigning in that state, says nothing can prevent its electorial vote from being cast for McKinley and Hobart. In his own language: "Maryland is as sure to go for McKinley and Hobart this fall as Pennsylvania is."

Republicans as a rule have not been considering that the party has more than a fighting chance to carry Missouri, but recent news from that state indicate that it will be carrid for McKinley. For instance, a poll has been made in one of the Congressional districts which was regarded as reliably Democratic, as it has been represented in the House by a Democrat for years. The poll shows that 52 per cent. of the entire vote of the district have declared their intention to vote the Republican ticket in November. With the same ratio of gain throughout the state, the Republicans will have an immense majority.

Mr. W. B. Thompson, treasurer of the Republican Congressional Committee, has just returned from Michigan. He says he hasn't the slightest doubt that McKinley will carry that state and that the Congressional districts are all right, the gold Democrats alone having strength in several of them to swing the balance of power to the side of honest money. He says that practically the entire business interests of the state are taking an active part in fighting the free coinage of silver.

Betting men have increased the odds on McKinley in order to coax the Popocrats to put up a little money, but they have not succeeded. In one place, much frequented by politicians $12,000 has been posted for several days with instructions to bet it 3 to 1 on McKinley's election. But up to this morning none of it had been covered.

Several prominent silver men have privately admitted that Maryland was certain to go for McKinley, notwithstanding Senator Gorman's claim to the contrary. Maryland Republicans have never admitted that there was a doubt of their carrying the state this year.

John R. McLean who owns the Cincinnati *Enquirer* and a controlling interest in the Washington Gaslight Company, has been doing the "angel" act for the Popocratic National Committee, and the quality of the gas now being furnished the people of Washington indicates that he intends to make the gas consumers pay back the money he has contributed to the Popocrats.

Double Heater Stove.

The Cinderella Air Tight is without doubt the most complete and practical stove and double heater ever devised, and parties who have tried it pronounce it ahead of all others. Can use hard or soft coal. It is handsomely designed and finished with nickle swing cover and handsome urn, nickle top and front rails, name plate and base. Has special constructed anti-clogging drawer and centre ball bearing shaking grate with deep ash pit. Price moderate.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,
31-3t Agents.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

C. S. FRICK,

Sec'y and Treas. of the Frick Merchantile Co., Keithsburg, Ill.

Gives an interesting account of the cure of a severe case of Rheumatism that came directly under his persoual observation. Being in the merchantile business he had many calls for the most celebrated "Yagers Cream Chloroform Liniment." He says:—

"The first bottle he sold was to a party who came into our place of business suffering intensely with Rhematic pains. I advised him to try a bottle of the Yager's Liniment, he thought it would be useless, said he had tried almost everything and could get no relief. I insisted on his trying it and informed him if it did not relieve him should cost him nothing. This was about 4 P.M. He took a bottle and started home, he was hardly able to walk. I saw nothing more of him until bright and early the next morning, when he came into our store walking as lively as could be with no signs of suffering about him. I inquired about the Liniment, he said it was the best stuff he ever used, would not take $5 for the bottle. Said he got home almost done up and as soon thereafter as he could he applied the Liniment, and it gave him almost instant relief, before retiring he applied it once more, went to bed and slept soundly all night, and in the morning bathed the parts affected again and at present felt no pain whatever. This was about four or five weeks ago. I see the party every few days and he says he is not troubled with Rheumatism any more."

Yager's Liniment

Large Bottles, 25 cts.
Sold by all Dealers.
Take no substitutes if you want a cure.

ELECTION NOTICE.

I, Austin Brown, Sheriff of Garrett county, Maryland, do hereby give notice, that on the third day of November, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, at the time and place of holding the general election in election districts numbers SIX and TEN of said Garrett county, there will be an election held in each of said districts, in which the voters of the same may purchase, to determine by their ballots whether spirituous, fermented or other intoxicating liquors shall be sold in either of said election districts; that is to say, the voters of election district number SIX of said county shall determine by their ballots whether spirituous, fermented or other intoxicating liquors shall be sold in election district number SIX of said county, and the voters of election district number Ten shall in like manner, determine by their ballots whether spirituous, fermented or other intoxicating liquors shall be sold in said election district number Ten of said Garrett county.

AUSTIN BROWN,
31-1 Sheriff of Garrett County.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1896. NUMBER 32.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

See our 25c photographs. W. R. Loar. 32-2t.

Mr. Ed. I. West was in Cumberland yesterday.

Miss Laura White, of Hutton, visited friends in Oakland Tuesday.

Hon. John P. Jones, of Terra Alta, was here a few hours yesterday.

The recent heavy frosts have denuded many trees of their foliage.

Mr. R. S. Hollis, of Rowlesburg, W. Va., was in Oakland this morning.

Mr. William T. White, of Terra Alta, was here a day or two last week.

Mr. Frank Ashby, of Crellin, was in Oakland yesterday for a few hours.

Fresh bread, pies and cakes every morning at the bakery. 31-3t.

Mr. D. Tasker has purchased the bakery recently owned by Mr. Thomas White.

Call at once and make your sitting for a dozen of our fine cabinets. W. R. Loar.

Miss May Spahr, of Kingwood, W. Va., is in Oakland visiting Mrs. Benj. H. Sincell.

Prof. R. G. Richardson, of Piedmont, was in the city yesterday and to-day on business.

Mrs. John A Grant, who has been and is still, ill, is much improved physically.

On account of winter being so near we cannot keep our gallery here long. W. R. Loar.

Col. William Kilgour and daughter, of Rockville, are in Oakland enjoying the mountain breezes.

A choir quarrel will disrupt any church and cause more hard words than anything that could occur.

Mr. Scott T. Jones went to Chicago last Thursday on a business trip. He will return to Oakland to-morrow.

Mr. Chas. B. Cropp has purchased from the receivers the stock of goods recently owned by D. Tasker & Son.

Messrs. Joe E. Harned, H. V. Leighton and Bert Scott returned from Baltimore and other eastern cities last Sunday evening.

Thursday morning the Oakland boys went over to Bayard and played a game of ball with the nine at that place. The score stood 18 to 18 when the ninth inning was finished.

Mr. Wm. Hinebaugh, Rev. J. W. Butler and Mr. John Shartzer attended the sessions of the Synod of the Ev. Lutheran church which met in Cumberland last and this week.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street.

Mr. E. H. Bartlett, who graduated at the head of his class in the Baltimore College of Pharmacy, has accepted a lucrative position with Mr. J. H. Holtzman, a druggist in Cumberland.

There will be service at St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church next Sunday morning and night. Sunday school 9.30 every Sunday morning. Christian Endeavor every Sunday evening at 6.30 p. m.

The registration officers for this county made their returns to the Board of Supervisors yesterday. The registration in some districts was light whilst in others the full vote was registered.

By the action of a few individuals in Piedmont the proposed excursion to Canton has been changed from the 20th inst. to the 21th and this will probably keep a great many Oakland people from enjoying the outing.

Mr. Milton Lowdermilk, of Selbysport, was here last Friday and made this office a very pleasant call, leaving a nice order for printing. Mr. Lowdermilk is a merchant of Selbysport and says he is prospering.

Dr. Henry W. McComas was in Baltimore a few days last and this week. He was accompanied there by a Miss ———, who was afflicted with a tumor and which was successful removed by the physicians in Johns Hopkins hospital in that city.

Miss Bessie Nelson, who has been a student in a musical college in Cincinnati for the past two or three years and who spent the summer vacation here with her parents, returned to the above city Tuesday morning where she will finish her course in music.

W. R. Loar is one of the best known photographers in West Virginia. His pictures are always recognized as the finest; he has located a branch gallery here in Oakland and will for the next ten days give the people the best of work at the very lowest prices. Gallery west of Garrett County Bank.

Mr. Eddie Sharpes, of Philippi, W. Va., who was in Oakland two or three weeks for the benefit of his health, returned to his home Monday. The latter part of this month he will go to Colorado Springs hoping to derive some benefit therefrom.

With two little children subject to croup we do not rest easy without a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house, for the most severe attacks quickly succumb to a few doses of it.—Morrison, Colo., Bud. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

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The object of the free school book law in force is plainly to *furnish school books free* to all, but this does not preclude pupils from buying the books if they so desire, in which case they become the owners and rules 4, 6 and 8 do not apply.

McKinley and His Paperatic Enemies.

One of the most imprudent things of the campaign is the attempt of the Bryanite organs to convict Mr. McKinley of the "crime of inconsistency" because he does not hold the opinions on free silver coinage that he expressed six years ago. Measured by the same standard, what is to be thought of the self-styled Democrats who less than six months ago solemnly protested in party conventions and in the editorial columns of their newspapers against free silver coinage? What evidence have these men given of a sincere change of opinion on the currency question? Not any. On the contrary, with a cynical contempt for political decency having no former example in the history of the country, they have rallied from the gold standard to the Chicago platform and its candidates without even making a pretense of a change of opinion. Should occasion serve there is no question that these men would return to the standard of sound money with the same alacrity which they have displayed in deserting it. It is to be hoped, however, that in the direst emergency the cause will have no need of such aid or such defenders.

Will it be said that this is unjust to the so-called Democrats who a little while ago were apparently among the staunchest advocates of sound money, and who are now supporting a candidate for the presidency who daily threatens to exercise his power, if elected, in such a way as to nullify the laws which provides for the maintenance of the sound money standard? Mr. Bryan declares that he would execute "to the letter" the demands of the Chicago platform to pay the public creditors with sliver dollars and to destroy the gold reserve fund provided for under the Act of 1875 for the resumption of specie payments; and these "honest money Democrats" of day before yesterday are sustaining him. Yet there is not an intelligent man possessed of impartial judgment and memory who has not an innate conviction that the execution of this threat would drag the Government down to the depreciated silver basis and plunge the country into bankruptcy and ruin. What plea can the "honest money Democrats" of last June who are now charging McKinley with inconsistency make with their consciences for this act of tergiversation in supporting the candidate who stands on the Chicago platform? It is not what public opinion may put upon them; for that decree will be unerring and irrevocable. The question is: What do they think of themselves in their self-communings?

It is freely admitted that there are hundreds of thousands of Democrats who sincerely believe that the free coinage of silver would be a blessing to the country. It would be a sad proof of degeneracy if the multitudes who support Mr. Bryan were not sincere in this notion. There are thousands besides who have persuaded themselves that the free coinage of silver could do no great harm, and might possibly result in some good. There are still greater numbers whose dispassionate consideration of this question is prevented by the fell spirit of party, and who will vote for Bryan for no better reason than the "regularity" of his nomination as a candidate. Mr. Bryan himself, and very many other silverite leaders, without doubt believe as sincerely in free coinage and all the rest of the Chicago programme as Babeuf believed in the Social Republic, or as Fourier believed in his dogma that "property is robbery," or as Henry George believes in the single tax, but without half their force of argument.

No such plea can be made in the behalf of the "honest money Democrats" who supported the financial policy of Cleveland's administration down to the adjournment of the Chicago convention, and who then turned a double somersault into the camp of the worst enemies of Cleveland's policy. Witness the unanimous adoption of a sound money platform by the Baltimore convention. Witness the shameful palinodes of the organs that a little while ago were singing praises of Cleveland's courageous defense of sound money and the public credit. What confidence can be reposed in politicians who within a few revolving moons divest themselves of their mature opinions as completely, though by no means as dextrously, as Fregoli changes his coat and wig in the farce?

The opinions inconsistent with his present position which Mr. McKinley held six years ago are of little relevancy in this great contest. It is certain that no silverite will support him because of his former utterances about free silver. He stands on a platform which pledges himself and his party to the inflexible maintenance of the existing monetary standard of value. His character as an honest man affords the amplest guarantee to the country that he will redeem his pledge. Sound money Democrats have the assurance that he will enforce in their spirit the laws providing for gold payment and for preserving the public credit as President Cleveland enforces them, just as certainly as Mr. Bryan would nullify those laws if he should be elected. But the last men on earth to reproach Mr. McKinley with inconsistency should be the retromingents who went to Chicago for sound money, and who are now shouting for Bryan and free silver coinage at the sacramental ratio of 16 to 1.

If Troubled With Rheumatism Read This.

Annapolis, Md., Apr. 16, 1895.—I have used Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism and found it to be all that is claimed for it. I believe it to be the best preparation for rheumatism and deep seated muscular pains on the market and cheerfully recommend it to the public. JNO. G. Brooks dealer in boots and shoes, No. 1? Main St.

ALSO READ THIS.

MECHANICSVILLE, St. Mary County Md.—I sold a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm to a man who had been suffering with rheumatism for several years. It made him a well man. A. J. McGill. For sale at 50 cents per bottle by the Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin Deer Park.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 12, 1896.

McKinley and Hobart will to a dead certainty, carry Iowa, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. This is no ante-election buncombe, but is a calm, serious statement of facts, based upon full reports from every Congressional district in the states named which are in the hands of chairman Babcock, of the Republican Congressional Committee. Just compare this statement with the claims put forward for Bryan the modest of which includes Indiana and Illinois, and you will get a fair idea of how hopeless the Popocratic campaign really is. The latest of these claims was made by Chairman Butler, of the Populist National Committee and presents a total of 232 electoral votes. Now deduct the electoral votes of Indiana—Butler very considerately concedes that of Illinois, Michigan, Iowa and Ohio are in doubt—and Bryan is a defeated man, even though he should carry all the other states claimed by Butler, among which are the two Dakotas, Washington, Wyoming, Kentucky, Kansas, Nebraska, Oregon, California, Maryland and West Virginia, eleven states, to which more than half will to a dead certainty be carried for McKinley. 132 will come much nearer to the number of electoral votes Bryan will get than 232.

The Republican Congressional Campaign is in just as good condition as that of McKinley and Hobart. There are enough Republicans whose election to the House is now absolutely certain—ascertained by actual personal contact with the voters—to insure a Republican majority of more than 30 in the next House, and there are about fifty more districts in which Republicans have an even chance to win. Taking the whole situation, it is a conservative estimate to place the Republican majority in the next House in the near neighborhood of 50. That isn't as big as it is in the present House, but it is big enough to do business with.

Representative Hepburn, of Iowa, has been in Washington for the purpose of conferring with the Republican Congressional Committee. He says Iowa will give McKinley not less than 30,000 majority, and will send a solid Republican Congressional delegation. Mr. Hepburn says Bryan's appearance in Iowa has not helped his cause any, and probably injured it some by his making assertions without backing them up with proof. According to Mr. Hepburn, the Iowa people "are taking nothing for granted in this campaign; they are nailing everything."

Representative Collin, of Maryland, who has been actively campaigning in that state, says nothing can prevent its electoral vote from being cast for McKinley and Hobart. In his own language: "Maryland is as sure to go for McKinley and Hobart this fall as Pennsylvania is."

Republicans as a rule have not been considering that the party has more than a fighting chance to carry Missouri, but recent news from that state indicate that it will be carried for McKinley. For instance, a poll has been made in one of the Congressional districts which was regarded as reliably Democratic, as it has been represented in the House by a Democrat for years. The poll shows that 52 per cent. of the entire vote of the district have declared their intention to vote the Republican ticket in November. With the same ratio of gain throughout the state, the Republicans will have an immense majority.

Mr. W. B. Thompson, treasurer of the Republican Congressional Committee, has just returned from Michigan. He says he hasn't the slightest doubt that McKinley will carry that state and that the Congressional districts are all right, the gold Democrats alone having strength in several of them to swing the balance of power to the side of honest money. He says that practically the entire business interests of the state are taking an active part in fighting the free coinage of silver.

Betting men have increased the odds on McKinley in order to coax the Popocrats to put up a little money, but they have not succeeded. In one place, much frequented by politicians $12,000 has been posted for several days with instructions to bet it 3 to 1 on McKinley's election. But up to this morning none of it had been covered.

Several prominent silver men have privately admitted that Maryland was certain to go for McKinley, notwithstanding Senator Gorman's claim to the contrary. Maryland Republicans have never admitted that there was a doubt of their carrying the state this year.

John R. McLean who owns the Cincinnati *Enquirer* and a controlling interest in the Washington Gaslight Company, has been doing the "angel" act for the Popocratic National Committee, and the quality of the gas now being furnished the people of Washington indicates that he intends to make the gas consumers pay back the money he has contributed to the Popocrats.

Double Heater Stove.

The Cinderella Air Tight is without doubt the most complete and practical stove and double heater ever devised, and parties who have tried it pronounce it ahead of all others. Can use hard or soft coal. It is handsomely designed and finished with nickle swing cover and handsome urn, nickle top and front rails, name plate and base. Has special constructed anti-clogging drawer and centre ball bearing shaking grate with deep ash pit. Price moderate.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,
31-3t Agents.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

C. S. FRICK,

Sec'y and Treas. of the Frick Merchantile Co., Keithsburg, Ill.

Gives an interesting account of the cure of a severe case of Rheumatism that came directly under his personal observation. Being in the merchantile business he had many calls for the most celebrated "Yagers Cream Chloroform Liniment." He says:—"The first bottle he sold was to a party who came into our place of business suffering intensely with Rhematic pains. I advised him to try a bottle of the Yager's Liniment, he thought it would be useless, said he had tried almost everything and could get no relief. I insisted on his trying it and informed him if it did not relieve him should cost him nothing. This was about 4 P. M. He took a bottle and started home, he was hardly able to walk. I saw nothing more of him until bright and early the next morning, when he came into our store walking as lively as could be with no signs of suffering about him. I inquired about the Liniment, he said it was the best stuff he ever used, would not take $5 for the bottle. Said he got home almost done up and as soon thereafter as he could he applied the Liniment, and it gave him almost instant relief, before retiring he applied it once more, went to bed and slept soundly all night, and in the morning bathed the parts affected again and at present felt no pain whatever. This was about four or five weeks ago. I see the party every few days and he says he is not troubled with Rheumatism any more."

Yager's Liniment

Large Bottles, 25 cts.
Sold by all Dealers.
Take no substitutes if you want a cure.

ELECTION NOTICE.

I, Austin Brown, Sheriff of Garrett county, Maryland, do hereby give notice, that on the third day of November, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, at the time and place of holding the general election in election districts numbers SIX and TEN of said Garrett county, there will be an election held in each of said districts, in which the voters of the same may participate, to determine by their ballots whether spirituous, fermented or other intoxicating liquors shall be sold in either of said election districts; that is to say, the voters of election district number SIX of said county shall determine by their ballots whether spirituous, fermented or other intoxicating liquors shall be sold in election district number SIX of said county, and the voters of election district number Ten shall in like manner, determine by their ballots whether spirituous, fermented or other intoxicating liquors shall be sold in said election district number Ten of said Garrett county.

AUSTIN BROWN,
31-1 Sheriff of Garrett County.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

QUITE MISTAKEN.

Characters: Capt. Vivian, Evelyn Winter, and Algernon Drummond.

Scene I.—York Station. Scotch express just starting. Guard (opening door of carriage, in which Miss Winter is seated alone)—Now then, sir, get in here, please, can't keep the express waiting. Capt. Vivian jumps in, in a great hurry. Train moves off, he starts and looks doubtfully at his companion.

ISS WINTER (mischievously)—I was wondering how long it would be before you became aware of my existence.

Capt. Vivian (much bewildered)—O! I beg your pardon, I'm sure. Awfully sorry. (Aside) Great Scott! I know her face as well as possible, and yet I can't for the life of me put a name to her.

Miss Winter (pleasantly) — I hate traveling alone; I'm so glad you got in.

[illegible] glad, too. (Aside) If I'd the faintest glimmering of an idea who she is, I should feel a good deal happier.

Miss Winter—It's quite a long time since we met.

Capt. Vivian (with conviction) — I should rather think it must be

Miss Winter—Not since you stayed with us last.

Capt. Vivian (aside)—This is getting pretty hot. (Alond, reflectively) See, when was that?

Miss Winter—Last summer. What fun those theatricals were.

Capt. Vivian (laughing constrainedly)—Yes, capital fun. (Aside) It's confoundedly odd, I don't seem to remember them a bit. (Alond) You've not been in town lately I think.

Miss Winter (distantly)—No, not just lately. (Relaxing somewhat) I met your sisters very often the last time I was there.

Capt. Vivian—No, did you really? (Aside) Now, how on earth did she manage to do that, when I don't happen to possess any. By dove! I've got it. She must be taking me for some one else.

Miss Winter—O yes, and your sister Amy told me all about you going out to India. How soon do you start?

Capt. Vivian (in confusion)—I'm not going, after all.

Miss Winter (deeply interested)—Really! But I thought it was such a splendid appointment, and your people were so glad you'd got it?

Capt. Vivian (suggestively)—Are you quite sure you're not making a mistake? Perhaps you are thinking of some one else?

Miss Winter (positively)—O no, I'm not. I've a very good memory.

Capt. Vivian (gloomily)—Wish I had.

Miss Winter — By-the-bye, do you know, you've never asked after poor dear "Doddles?"

Capt. Vivian (aside)—Now what can "Doddles" be! (Alond) What a horrid shame of me. How is she?

Miss Winter—O, she's pretty flourishing, thank you, but I am surprised you forgot her, you were so very devoted to her.

Capt. Vivian (helplessly)—Was I?

Miss Winter (reproachfully)—O, Mr. Ogilvie! How can you! When you sent her such a lovely present only last Christmas.

Capt. Vivian (with studied carelessness)—Do you know, I think there must be a slight misunderstanding somewhere.

Miss Winter (looking much startled) —What do you mean?

Capt. Vivian (categorically)—Well, it's about like this. I've never acted in my life—I've got no sisters—I don't know who "Doddles" is—and my name isn't Ogilvie.

Miss Winter (pathetically) — But you're just like him.

Capt. Vivian (meekly)—I'm awfully sorry, but I can't help that, can I?

Miss Winter (with rising indignation) —But why, why didn't you tell me all this before—O, it was disgraceful of you!

Capt. Vivian (eagerly)—O, please let

"I'M SO GLAD YOU GOT IN."

me explain. You see I was quite sure I knew you, and as you seemed to know me so well, that made me all the more certain. Don't you understand?

Miss Winter (desperately) — No, I don't understand at all. If you are not Mr. Ogilvie, why I've never seen you before, so you can't know me.

Capt. Vivian (despondently)—I suppose not; and yet—would this be any help? (Extricates card and hands it to her.)

Miss Winter (glances at card and shakes her head)—No, your name is quite unknown to me. But (with consolation) I see you are in the same regiment as my cousin, Algie Drummond.

Capt. Vivian (excitedly)—That's it. I remember now, it's your photograph I've seen.

Miss Winter (skeptically)—My photograph! You must be thinking of someone else, too.

Capt. Vivian (earnestly)—Oh, no; I assure you not. I remember quite well now. You see, your cousin's got a whole lot of your photos and I—I suppose I've noticed them.

Miss Winter—How very impertinent of Algie. He must have stolen them. I wonder what he's got?

Capt. Vivian (thoughtfully) —Well, there's one with a rough-haired terrier on your knee.

Miss Winter—I certainly shan't let him keep that. Why, it's the only one I've got my darling "Doddles!"

Capt. Vivian (looking in alarm)—We can't be getting into King's Cross. We are, though, by Jove! (Turning to Miss Winter) It's awfully good of you to have let me off so easily; I didn't deserve it a bit for keeping up the mistake so long, but you've no idea what a fright I was in.

Miss Winter (laughing)—I'm very sorry; I didn't know I was so alarming. Thank you, that's all. Good-by.

Scene II.—Regimental Sports. Miss Winters and Alice Drummond looking on.

Miss Winter (enthusiastically)—O, well run, well run! Wasn't that splendid, Algie? I'm so glad that man won. What's his name?

Algie (airily)—Blest if I know. Takes all my time to remember my own. O, here's Vivian coming, he'll tell us. Vivian, hi! What's the name of that Tommy who's just won the race?

Capt. Vivian—Parker, I think. How do you do, Miss Winter?

Algie—Oh, I forgot! You know Vivian, don't you, Eve? (Chuckling.) Give you my word I never laughed so much in my life as when I heard the muddle you two got into. I simply yelled. (Laughs immoderately.)

Miss Winter (sharply)—Well, don't yell now, please; everyone's turning round to look at us.

Algie (complacently)—Let 'em; I don't mind, bless you.

Miss Winter—No, but I do. By-the-bye, Algie (severely), I should like to know how you got hold of my photos?

Algie (quite unabashed)—Boned 'em all, last time I was at Kirkleigh. I was awfully hard up for something to stick about the place, you know.

Miss Winter (affronted)—Well! really, if that's all you want them for, I may as well have them back; I must have the one with "Doddles."

Algie—Awful sorry, Eve, but, you see I haven't got it; some fellow bagged it the day I brought it back.

Miss Winter (indignantly)—What a shame! Don't you know who it is?

Algie (valorously)—Wish I did. I'd make him fork out, that's all.

Miss Winter—Perhaps you could find out, Capt. Vivian, as you know it.

Capt. Vivian (red and embarrassed) —

"DARLING!"

O yes, perhaps I might. At least—(Turns away in confusion.)

Algie—Hullo! there are the Fairies. I say Eve, I must go to them, Vivian'll look after you. He knows lots about the sports. (Going.)

Miss Winter (hurriedly)—Stop a minute, Algie—where's mother?

Algie (cheerily)—O! she's all right; don't you worry about her—the colonel's got her in tow. (Exit.)

Miss Winter (with a sigh)—O dear! how dreadfully hot the sun is; it comes straight down upon us.

Capt. Vivian—Suppose we go over there—under those trees.

(They leave the crowd, and go off to quiet part of the grounds.)

Capt. Vivian (with an effort)—Miss Winter, I took that photograph of yours.

Miss Winter—Oh, but why did you?

Capt. Vivian (drawing closer)—Why? Shall I tell you why? Because I fell in love with it at first sight, and I couldn't bear to part with it. But (with a heavy sigh) if you really want it I must give it up.

Miss Winter (nervously) — O, it doesn't matter very much.

Capt. Vivian (delightedly)—Then I may keep it? O thank you! You don't know what it is to me. (A short pause; then recklessly)—I'm not much of a hand at making speeches, but, you know, I seem to have known you so long from having your photo; and—Evelyn—I love you so much, with all my heart. Could you, do you think, learn to love me?

Miss Winter (very low)—I don't think I need learn, because—

Capt. Vivian (rapturously)—Darling! —Black and White.

Deeply Interested.

Few people can claim to have outwitted the late Sir James Hannen, the well-known judge. His lordship, however, was curiously "done" by a somberly-dressed juryman in his own court. In a melancholy tone the juryman claimed to be exempt from serving on the jury which had been impaneled. Sir James very sympathetically asked on what ground he claimed exemption.

"My lord," said the applicant, "I am deeply interested in a funeral which takes place to-day, and am most anxious to follow."

"Certainly, sir; your plea is a just one," remarked his lordship.

The man departed, and the next day the judge learned that he was the undertaker.—Spare Moments.

HORSES AGAIN IN DEMAND.

England Secures Twenty-Five Thousand Fine American Animals.

In spite of the alleged dullness in the horse market on account of the bicycle craze, 25,000 have been shipped to England this year, and there is a constantly increasing demand.

A year ago those farmers—and there were thousands of them—who were making most of their money raising common or "railroad" horses were about the blnest class of men in the United States. To-day they are again in good heart. Then they were convinced that the industry in which their capital was invested, and from which they had won their profits for years, was doomed, that they must abandon forever the one business to which they had devoted their lives, and with which they were familiar, and seek other ways to make their farms productive. Many of them, indeed, sold their horses at big sacrifice and closed out without ceremony. Now they are beginning to go into business again, their pastures and paddocks are once more being brought into use, and they are satisfied that the outlook is full of promise.

This most desirable change in the status of a great industry has been brought about so gradually that few persons not directly engaged in the horse business knows anything about it. Its cause, according to William F. Doerr, one of the best-known horse dealers in the United States, has been the apprehension—somewhat tardily shown, to be sure—by the English of the facts with regard to the horse market in the United States.

It was some time last year that dealers on the other side began to send their buyers over here. They had never done so to any extent before. Possibly this was in some degree because they did not favor American horses, but chiefly for the excellent reason that American horses could never before be bought nearly so cheap as those of foreign breeding. The first Englishagent went at his buying, perhaps, with some hesitation, but he soon became confident, for he found not only that the prices at which he could buy here were much below the current prices abroad, but also that the American horses were hardier, more enduring, grade for grade, and better looking than the English animals.

The first shipment of consequence was sent over rather early last year, and as soon as the horses were seen and tested there a rush of English buyers to the states began. Ever since then the shipments have been constantly increasing. But the traffic has not even yet reached its height, since there are at least 100 English buyers now in the land, picking up horses wherever they may. Seven or eight hundred horses are now being sent over every week, and the total shipments of railroad horses to England this year are likely to reach 25,000 or more.

The English have not yet adopted electricity on their tram lines to any extent. Their adoption of street cars in the first place was slow, and, although they are now using them more freely, they are still behind us to the method of hauling them. Some American horses are being used for other purposes, but not many. The grade of horses formerly called "railroaders" are so much better adapted to tram work than any other sort that they are all snapped up for that purpose. Chicago Journal.

SURGERY IN THE BACKWOODS.

Dislocation Treated by Means of a Pulley and Steam Engine.

"Probably as queer a piece of backwoods surgery as has been described," says a frequenter of the region, "was that performed by a Moosehead lake guide known as 'Old Sabattus,' 20 years ago. The man was not an Indian, as his nickname implies, but a Yankee, one of those rough fellows formerly characteristic of that locality. This guide was left on a lake steamboat at one of the far up landings while the engineer went ashore with the company. A man named Meservey came aboard and in fooling around the boat managed to tumble down into the fire pit and put his shoulder out of joint.

"Here was a dilemma. The other members of the party would not be back for half an hour, and the injured man was in great pain. The guide was a man of expedients. He got a rope and tied his patient securely to a post. Then he tied another rope around the man's wrist and hitched the loose end to a pulley of the engine. He managed somehow to turn on steam and the pulley began to wind up the rope. It drew the arm out tight in beautiful shape, and presently the joint snapped back into its socket. 'Sabattus' jumped around to shut off steam while the pulley kept on winding. 'Holy Moses,' gasped the guide, excitedly, 'how does it go? I don't know where 'tis. I can't stop the blanked thing,' and the pulley meanwhile was slowly but surely pulling Meservey to pieces. His eyes were sticking out of their sockets and he screamed and gasped for breath.

"'Sabattus' danced around like a wild man, not knowing what to do, when he happened to spy a hatchet lying near, and, jumping for that, he cut the rope and saved a dreadful catastrophe. This was done just as the party of city folks who had gone ashore came rushing back on to the boat, alarmed at Meservey's screams. It was some years afterward," says the narrator, "that I was present when a lot of summer company arrived at Greenville. 'Sabattus' was there, too, and presently a distinguished looking man, one of the newcomers, went up to him and said, with a beaming smile: 'Are you the man that practices surgery by steam?' and 'Sabattus' had to admit that he was 'that same feller.'"—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Queer Hen's Nests.

Indian women in southern California have trained hens to sit in their laps. A gentleman saw the squaws sitting on the ground, each with a hen in her lap cackling, until finally the coveted egg would be left and the hen would go about her business.—N. Y. Sun.

FASHION IN CLERICAL GARB.

Changes That Have Been Wrought in the Last Few Years.

The latitude which may be observed now in the dress of the clergy of all denominations is one among the many signs of the modern liberal tendencies. At present it seems to be almost wholly a question of personal taste as to whether or not a minister when not in the pulpit shall wear distinctly clerical clothes. Years ago, when the lines between the different sects were much more sharply drawn, it would have been considered a remarkable departure, significant of its immediate conversion to Anglicanism or even to Romanism, for a Baptist, Methodist or Presbyterian minister to don the regulation dress of the Episcopal clergy. Now the wearers of the cassock vest, the clerical frock coat with its standing collar, and the round linen collar opening at the back, are to be counted among pastors of all denominations. At a Methodist conference held in the spring several of the men present were dressed in extreme clerical style. A leading tailor in Broadway said the other day that he made the Episcopal garb for a great many Presbyterian ministers. The climax of novelty seems to have been reached when a Unitarian clergyman appears in full clericals. The gentleman in question goes so far as to wear the Roman turn-down collar, with the "rabbi" or bib-like attachment of cloth in front, instead of the plain, single band of the Anglican style.

But there is an opposite side to the matter. While ministers in general are practically free now to adopt the distinctive "uniform" if they desire, they are also quite at liberty to wear clothes exactly similar to those of any ordinary citizen, of whatever color or cut may suit their fancy. Hence it has come about that the old-time Prince Albert coat and white tie, which used to be the certain signs of the evangelical preachers a few years ago, are now comparatively seldom seen. Those which still exist are confined chiefly to the older men, who find it hard to depart from life-long conventions, and to country pastors, among whom changes in fashion are long in making themselves felt. If a minister to-day does not choose to adopt the Episcopal dress he usually wears an ordinary suit, making no attempt at any half-way distinction.

Even in the Episcopal church there are some clergymen, though they are decidedly in the minority as yet, who prefer not to be known as such by their clothes. When engaged in any outdoor pastime in the country they put on appropriate costumes, such as bicycle or golf suits, or light flannels. It is the opinion of clergymen who dislike the "uniform" idea that they lose influence with a large class of people by placing themselves apart, and, as it were, advertising their profession. Those who favor the clerical dress contend, on the other hand, that the ministry is a profession which ought to be distinguished from all others, and believe that the significant costume goes far toward claiming the respect of the general public.

The changes in the dress of clergymen when in the pulpit have been less marked. In the Roman Catholic and Episcopal churches the preacher is absolutely required to wear a certain prescribed garb. This for Episcopalians consists of the long, black cassock, moderately tight-fitting underneath, and the white surplice above. The stole, a long silk or satin band, symbolizing the yoke of the gospel, is worn over both shoulders, the ends falling down in front. In the Presbyterian church the wearing of the black Geneva gown is optional, but, judging from what the makers of these articles say, the use of them is certainly not on the decrease. The gown worn by Lutheran preachers differs slightly in cut from the Geneva pattern, but bears a general resemblance to it. Baptist clergymen do not ordinarily wear gowns when preaching, but when an immersion is to take place a garment called a baptismal gown is put on. The demand for these appears to be fully as strong as ever.

The business of manufacturing clerical clothing and vestments is one entirely separate from ordinary tailoring. Some clothing establishments and custom tailors, it is true, do a good deal of this kind of work, but special men have to be employed for it, and it becomes a department by itself. In addition to these there are several houses in this city which exist solely for the clerical trade, and make no other kind of clothing.—N. Y. Times.

X Rays for Eye Trouble.

One of the neatest uses to which the Roentgen photography has been applied is the detection of glass splinters and other foreign bodies in the eye. The difficulty of photographing the eye is very great, because it is practically inclosed in a bony case and cannot be got at. Dr. H. Lewkowitsch has, however, invented a contrivance which enables this operation to be successfully performed. The plate is so made that it can be inserted (under anaesthetics, of course) into the orbital cavity between the os lachrymale and the eyeball, and in this way a photograph can be taken which shows the position of objects quite beyond the reach of the ophthalmoscope. In fact, Helmholtz' wonderful instrument is useless, except where the foreign body is located in transparent tissue, and is free from extravasation of blood, conditions which do not apply to the Roentgen photograph at all.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Latest Thing in Cards.

Cards for both men and women are considerably smaller, and the script engraving is finer in consequence, following more closely the English style than the Parisian, which is large and with flourishes. The block or Roman letter is very English, and with those affecting London styles it finds great favor. The price more than doubles that of script engraving.—Chicago Tribune.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Tommy—"Paw, what is human nature?" Mr. Figg—"Human nature, my son, is the excuse generally offered by a man who has been acting like a hog."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"One reason why some smaht men doan git along faster," said Uncle Eben, "is case dey loses time showin' off how smaht dey is, 'stead o' trabblin' right erlong."—Washington Star.

—"I understand Ham, the actor, dies very naturally in his new play?" "Naturally? Why, he dies so naturally the people in the house don't know whether to be glad or sorry."—Detroit Tribune.

—"You'll drive me into my grave with your demands for money," said old Sleek. "Then you'll have to give me ten pounds more," said Mrs. Sleek, "because mourning goods are very expensive."—Tit-Bits.

—Cure for Seasickness.—Bridget—"Wuz yeh sick whin yez worr comin' over the ocean?" Moike (newly arrived)—"Wosn't I, though! If I hadn't put on a loife preserver I believe Oi'd a doid."—Harlem Life.

—How very easily a child may get out of a scrape is shown by the case of the little nephew who had gone to be the guest of his aunt, and who, on being asked at tea if he had not been helping himself secretly to jam, said quietly: "Please, auntie, pa never 'lows me to talk at meals."—Tit-Bits.

—"We must economize," he said, peremptorily. "I'm so glad!" his wife exclaimed: "You take the announcement more good-naturedly than usual." "Yes. It's pleasant to hear you use the plural number. Ordinarily, when there is any economizing needed, you expect me to do it all."—Washington Star.

—"Humph!" said the wayfarer. "You want assistance, do you?" "Yes," said the beggar. "Well, these are hard times, and I have very strong convictions on the money question. Are you for gold or are you a silverite?" "Sir," replied the beggar, "I am anything—but I have a feeling this evening that I'm a nickelite." He got it.—Harper's Bazar.

A CURIOUS CATCH.

Stolen Bicycle Was Recovered from the Bottom of the Bay of Bermuda.

Among the residents of Bermuda are two brothers, one of whom, besides being an enthusiastic yachtsman, is also a swift and skillful rider of the bicycle. Some time ago, shortly before the date set for a bicycle race in which he was to be one of the contestants, his wheel mysteriously disappeared, and all efforts to find a trace of it proved fruitless.

One day, about 14 months after the bicycle had been presumably stolen, a fisherman, who was angling out in the middle of St. George's harbor for floating fish, hooked a large one, which instantly plunged into the depths of the harbor in a vain endeavor to escape. The angler played with him for awhile, and then, feeling the line tighten in his hand and the strain become steady, began to haul up. He soon realized that he had at the end of his line one of the heaviest catches which he had ever made, and (what he could not understand about it) that it was apparently almost a dead weight. He hauled away, however, until there appeared above the water not only the fish that he had hooked, but a bicycle, round the handles of which the fish, in its efforts to escape, had wound the line a number of times.

When the astonished fisherman had sufficiently recovered from his amazement at his curious catch he took the bicycle ashore. There it was soon identified as the one which had so inexplicably disappeared. Strange to say, the machine, in spite of the fact that it had been at the bottom of the harbor for 14 months, was but little damaged, and was easily put in running order again.

For some time no clew as to how it found its way to its watery hiding-place could be discovered. Eventually, however, several circumstances came to light that pointed to a man with whom the bicycle rider had once had trouble. At one time whenever he rode past this man's place the dogs which were kept there would run out and bark and snap at the rider, causing him considerable annoyance and trouble. At first he contented himself with simply driving off the brutes as best he could, but when he found that they were set upon him by their master, he took prompt measures to have the man arrested, brought into court and fined. From various circumstances that were found out regarding the disappearance of the bicycle, there seems to be no doubt that the owner of the ugly dogs was responsible for it, and that he stole the machine and sunk it in the harbor in order to be revenged on its owner.—Boston Transcript.

Railway Accident Caused by Heat.

A passenger train on the North British railway met with a curious accident which engineers attribute to the intense heat which prevailed on that day. The train when rounding a curve left the rails and ran on the ballast for nearly 400 feet before it could be stopped. This state of thing was brought about by the spreading of the rails from expansion caused by the heat. According to the report the thermometer on that day and at that point registered 128 degrees. The derailing occurred at noon while the track was exposed to the full rays of the sun. The expansion took place within a few hours, as an inspector had passed over the road during the forenoon, and everything appeared to be in the usual condition. As the train approached the spot the engineer saw the rails were badly warped, and although he at once applied the brake, it was too late to stop. The curious feature of the mishap was that the engine remained on the track, having gone safely over the spread rails. In connection with this account comes the statement that the road had not been kept in the very best condition.—N. Y. Ledger.

ENGLISH FOR THE JAPANESE.

Amusing Extracts from a Manual of Conversation.

The English language as spoken and written by the Japs is often fearful and wonderful in its surprising and unexpected twists and contortions. Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain, professor of Japanese and philology in the Imperial university of Japan, gives some amusing and authentic instances of this. Among them are some extracts from a book published in Osaka some time ago, entitled: "The Practical Use of Conversation for Police Authorities." Under the heading of "Misseranious Subjects" is placed an imaginary conversation between a member of "the force" and an English bluejacket:

"What countryman are you?"

"I am an English sailor belonging to the English man-of-war."

"Why do you strike this Jinriksha man?"

"He told me impolitely."

"What does he told you impolitely?"

"He insulted me, saying loudly: 'The sailor, the sailor,' when I am passing here."

"Did you striking this man for that?"

"Yes."

"But do not strike him for it is forbidded."

"I strike him no more."

The author teaches his policemen not only to converse, but to moralize thus:

"Japanese police force consists of nice young men.

"But I regret that their attires are not perfectly neat.

"When a constable comes in contact with a people he shall be polite and tender in his manner of speaking and movement.

"If he will terrify or scold the people with enormous voice he will become himself an object of fear for the people.

"Civilized people is meek, but barbarous people is vain and haughty.

"Those Japanese who acquire a little of foreign language think they have the knowledge of foreign countries, as Chinese, English or French. There is nothing hard to success what they attempt. They would imitate themselves to Caesar, the ablest hero of Rome, who has been raised the army against his own country crossing the River Rubicon."

A gleam of diffidence seems to cross the police mind when one policeman says to the other: "You speak the English very well," and the other replies: "You jest."—N. Y. Sun.

Frocks for Older Girls.

School frocks for girls from eight to twelve years of age are as important as the better ones. These are oftenest made of serge, cheviot, plaid and mixed woolens. A most serviceable design of green and brown mixed cheviot has a lining of brown percaline, full skirt three yards and a half wide, full-topped sleeves and high waist having the front drooping a little over the belt of green velveteen. Collar of velveteen, and tabs from each shoulder seam two inches wide and six long, reaching a third of the way to the belt. Epaulette pieces over the shoulders reach to the bottom of the tabs. A row of small gilt or steel buttons trim each edge of the velveteen tabs. A brown serge may be made with a similar skirt, large sleeves and a round waist close fitting at the back and sides and loose and drooping in front like a blouse, with a box plait and two side plaits bordering it laid at the top. These are held in place by four fancy buttons down each plait, falling loosely below; the back fastens with fancy buttons that should not be larger than a ten-cent piece. Cherry-colored taffeta ribbon three inches wide folded around a narrow standing collar and tied at the back.—Ladies' Home Journal.

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TEMPERANCE.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

Weary and sad I am sitting alone
With a dying babe and a cold hearthstone;
And list to the sound of the drifting snow,
Oh, how unlike to long ago!

Those golden dreams have passed away
That filled my heart on its marriage day,
And the trembling tear drops' silent flow
Are the tribute pearls of long ago.

Oh! the hidden power of the sparkling wine
Can banish love from its holiest shrine

And place in its stead a wreath of woe
In the faded hopes of long ago!

The crowning joy of a woman's life
Is breathed in the blissful name of wife,
And the deepest pang that her heart can know
Is the blighted love of long ago.

—National Temperance Advocate.

THE DEVIL'S HIGHWAY.

Four Stages of a Journey and the Dangers Attending Them.

A man or woman sitting down, or standing up if you like, to drink wine, or other stimulant, always starts on the way that leads through four stages towards an easy realizable destination. Stage one is that gentle stimulation called moderate excitement or support. Stage two is elevation; whatever that may mean it is not elevation of character, of that I am satisfied. Stage three is confusion of mind, action and deed with sad want of elevation. Stage four is complete concatenation of circumstances; all the stages perfectly matured; the journey completed, with the traveler lying down, absolutely prostrated in mind and body. The destination is reached, and found to be—a human being dead drunk and incapable.

I repeat, whenever a person begins to take any portion of alcohol he starts on that journey; starts just as distinctly with the first drop swallowed, as he would start with the first step he would put forward in a walk from the pure region of Hampstead Heath into the outfall of that Babylonish sewage which greets the smiling Thames at Barking creek.

The knotty question then is this, ought a person start on that remarkable journey of alcoholic progress at all? Should he try any stage? Every one says: "Venture not on the last three stages, on any account;" but some say: "Live and go happy, day by day, through the first; walk the first fourth of the way, and you will be better for it; it is a nice exercise; it makes your heart light; it refreshes your mind; it quickens your secretions; it assists your digestion. The wisest men of all ages have daily walked this stage on the alcoholic highway toward the point of concatenation of circumstances. In this fourth stage of their way, with an occasional venture a little further when the companionship was good, they have given the world its wit, its humor, its poetry, its greatness. Suppose they had lived a little shorter time for the exercise; they have done more work in the shorter time than they would have done in a longer time under duller circumstances; so that the advantage, on the whole, is with this moderate indulgence in alcohol. Indulgence just a fourth of the way on toward danger; never further, except on rarest occasions; and then certainly not half way—to the foot of Mount Elevation at furthest, and no further, for the sake of body and mind alike."

This, in plain language, is the argument of the modern school of thought. It is met point blank by the abstaining school, which calls out with all its sympathetic might: "Take not a step on that highway! It is the devil's highway! It is the grand model of his engineering skill; it is wide, it is open, it is straight, it is smooth, it is filled with jolly companions every one, it is fenced with pleasures, it is rich with historical reminiscences; but there is this peculiarity about it, that there is not an inch of it, not a hair breadth of it safe. Therefore, keep off it altogether. It is the devil's highway!"—Sir Benjamin W. Richardson, F. R. S., in Union Signal.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Saloon keepers are recruiting officers for the army of drunkards.

Cowardice is despicable, and a moral coward is the worst of all.—National Temperance Advocate.

Prove that there is no hell, and whisky men will be about the first to throw up their hats.—Ram's Horn.

If people would use the powerful microscope of common sense they would quickly see that all intoxicating liquors contain millions of germs of that disease—crime.—Motive.

No man has a right to destroy his reason by drink; to become diseased by drink, to destroy his moral sense and conception of right and wrong.—National Temperance Advocate.

As a nation we squander every year enough to pay off the national debt, and we squander it for the deadliest poison of them all, since it has power to poison the soul as well as the body. —People.

Commenting on the condition of affairs, the Religious Telescope says: "Times are so hard that some men out of employment find it easier to bear the expense of a three-dollar drunk than to pay a one-dollar grocer's bill."

CURSE OF THE DRINK HABIT.

To What the Largest Part of the World's Poverty and Woe Is Directly Chargeable.

It is sometimes said that there are worse crimes than drunkenness. No doubt licentiousness, in its varied forms, is the cause of untold misery, both to the wicked participants in it, and to multitudes of innocent indirect victims of its ravages. But drunkenness, while productive of a vast train of other evils, is one of the most potent promoters of licentiousness, and hence a large share of the guilt to be laid at the door of the latter vice must be justly charged to the former. It is, in a word, not only a terrible sin in itself, but it is the prolific parent of sin.

More than that, it is the cause of by far the greater part of the misery, want and suffering of the poor. No other single vice—no combination of other vices—is productive of so vast an amount of poverty as this. We have been reading, with much interest, an article in the September number of the North American Review by Rev. R. F. Clarke, S. J., entitled "Neo-Malthusianism." Of the special topic of the paper we do not now propose to speak. It is an interesting and instructive discussion, from the economic as well as the Christian point of view, of a subject that is pressing, with increasing insistance, upon the attention of the Christian sociologist. It is to his statements, which are those of a man of large experience, concerning the part that drunkenness plays in deepening and perpetuating the poverty of the poor that we now desire to call attention.

Speaking of the wretchedness which the so-called Neo-Malthusians attribute to the too rapid increase of population, he says: "I believe the experience of every one who lives or has lived among the poor, whether it be Catholic priest or Protestant clergyman, sister of charity or district visitor, charity organization agent or brother of St. Vincent de Paul, will bear me out in my conviction that nine-tenths, if not ninety-nine hundredths, of the actual destitution among the poor is to be traced, directly or indirectly, to habits of drink. It is not, as a general rule, the drunkard himself who has to pay the heaviest penalty, at least in this world, for his intemperance. It is too often the helpless wife and the neglected children who have to bear the burden of their father's sin. There is scarcely a city or a town in the whole world from which all abject poverty would not practically disappear if the vice of drunkenness could be banished."

This is Mr. Clarke's deliberate verdict after a life spent for the most part in London and other cities of England, where the opportunities for observation are certainly unsurpassed. He further expresses his belief that "in all our complex civilization there is work for all who have willing hands and an honest heart. This proposition," he goes on to say, "is one that will perhaps be disputed. We have heard a great deal of late of the 'submerged tenth,' and of the starving crowds who would fain work if there were work to do." This he does not believe to be really the case. "I am convinced," he declares, "that even in London there is room for everyone." The real cause of the existing misery lies elsewhere than in overcrowding. "A family where there are a number of big boys and girls can earn a collective income that would keep them not only in comfort, but in luxury, if it were not for the curse of drink. Anyone who knows the inner life of Manchester, St. Helens, Dundee, Glasgow and similar towns, will tell you that there is plenty of money going in all of them, and that the poverty, hunger, dirt, disease, the ragged children, overcrowded houses, beggars in the street, paupers in the workhouse are to be traced, not to overpopulation, but (allowing for exceptional cases) almost invariably to drink."

This is, of course, only the reiteration of a truth which has long been known and frequently commented upon by the opponents of the saloon; but coming from the pen of a Roman Catholic priest who has had special opportunities to study the question, his testimony, so unqualified, so sweeping in its scope, has peculiar value. It draws back once more the curtain from that dark picture which the drink habit has painted for our instruction and warning, but whose terrible lines have become so familiar as hardly to shock our sensibilities.

And if drunkenness is the parent of such woeful ills, what shall be said of the traffic without which it would scarcely exist in civilized communities? Its banishment from the earth would not, indeed, sweep away sin. That can only come with a regenerated humanity. But the suppression of the liquor traffic would so enormously lessen the misery of the poor, to say nothing of the blessing it would confer upon the well-to-do—that this world would seem well-nigh a paradise, were it once abolished. In what way this blessed result can be accomplished is a problem to tax the wisdom of the wisest. The most determined enemies of the saloon are not agreed on this point. But that every good man, whether a confessed Christian or not, ought to labor and pray for the overthrow of so tremendous an evil—praying always, and laboring according to what seems to him the surest and most permanent method of securing the desired result—is a matter that admits of no question whatever.—N. Y. Examiner.

The Real Cause.

Too much wheat and thousands hungry; too much wool, and thousands shivering with the cold; too much silver, and thousands penniless. Have we over production? Nonsense! There has been robbery for revenue by means of our rum policy. Uncle Sam has been trying to hire his sons to drink him rich, and now has a family of drunkards to support. Lift yourself by your own bootstraps, will you?—Wayne County Herald.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The money deposited in the corner stone of a new church at London, Ont., excited the cupidity of some mean thieves, and they stole it.

—Jacksonville, for the first time in its experience, has a saloon in which a regular meal is served as free lunch from 11 o'clock until one daily.

—Near Belt, Mont., a rancher who was driving a load of poles to his ranch was struck by lightning and killed. His wagon and three horses were burned up.

—Not one marriage license for white persons has been issued since June in Leon county, Florida, the county of the state capital, but 20 pairs of colored people have been united.

—An Abilene, Kan., jury found a woman guilty on a charge of having driven her stepson and her husband from their home, and she was fined ten dollars and costs, which the husband paid.

—States rights stood two young people, cousins, of La Belle, Mo., in good stead, enabling them to marry over at Keokuk, Ia., although the marriage of cousins is forbidden by the laws of Missouri.

—Three crops of peaches have grown this season on a tree belonging to T. D. Cotton, of Greenfield, Ind. The fruit of the second crop was of the same size as the first, but the seeds were only half as large. The third crop is now on the tree.

—Opium persistently makes its way into the city prison of Oakland, Cal., and all the efforts of the authorities have failed to prevent the "fiends" among the inmates from getting it.

—Four cakes of manufactured ice averaging more than 8,000 pounds each were taken from the vats of an Orange, Tex., company. One weighed 9,000 pounds and measured 16 feet by 8 and was 14 inches thick.

—Although a dread for water is instinctive in cats, a lady living near the Thames has a cat which frequently swims across the river to a spot which is infested with rats. Pussy always swims very low in the water, with tail erect, and shakes herself like a dog on coming ashore.

NEW YORK'S PEAR CROP.

Hudson Valley Pears Find a Market All Over the World—Value of the Crop.

The Hudson valley of New York has long been conceded to be the greatest pear-producing country in the world, supplying almost entirely not only New York, Boston and Philadelphia, but many European cities.

Last year the Hudson valley pear crop was unusually large, selling for several million dollars. Early this spring the outlook for a fair production was very encournging until the buds began to open, when the "tenetocera ocellana" or "bud moth" and the "leaf roller" began their destructive work, destroying fully half the crop, eating into the heart of the bud.

Few people have an idea of the labor and expense entailed in handling the pear crop. Between New York and Albany immense numbers of people are now employed picking and shipping pears.

While the Hudson valley pears are not so smooth and attractive as those of California, they are more highly appreciated and are of superior flavor. Generally the pears are sold to commission men before they are ripe. Canada last year took about one-half of the state's entire crop at $2.50 per barrel. New York and Boston this year get two-thirds of the crop at three dollars per barrel.

As soon as the pears are picked they are barreled and shipped, in New York being sold by the barrel without dumping. In Liverpool the sales are conducted differently, being sold entirely at auction and bringing five dollars per barrel.

Bartletts do not stand transportation very well, consequently very few of them are shipped abroad. Liverpool is furnished with the Kieffer or more hardy variety, but not equal in flavor to the Bartlett. The pear industry in the Hudson valley is in its infancy, notwithstanding that it produces a large percentage of the world's fruit, for there are thousands of acres of young trees not yet bearing and many thousands more are being planted annually.

At the present rapid rate of increase in fruit growth and culture Hudson country people predict that before many years the Hudson valley will be a gigantic orchard, extending from one end of the state to the other and capable of furnishing a bountiful supply of fruit for the entire world.—N. Y. Herald.

Apples for the Complexion.

"The secret of a bad complexion," said a well-known physician, recently, "is a bad digestion, and we generally trace that to a bad liver. One of the best remedies for a sluggish liver is cheap and pleasant. Dieting is the secret of the cure. The best liver regulator for persons of sedentary habits—and those are the ones whose complexions are muddy—is to be found in apples, eaten baked if they are not well digested when eaten raw. I attended the pupils at a well-known boarding-school, and among them was a country girl whose complexion was the envy of all her associates. I found that she was a very light eater at her meals, but she had a peculiar custom of taking a plate of apples to her room at night and eating them slowly as she studied her lessons. This was her regular practice. Some of the other girls in the institution took it up, and I know, as a result of my personal investigation, that the apple-eating girls had the best complexions of any in the school."—Life and Health.

The Way Around It.

"Yes, sir," said the female agitator, "I believe that women are and should be recognized as the equals of men."

"Not by this country alone," suggested Dobbs. "It must be by international agreement."—Philadelphia North American.

DRESSING A FISH.

The Quickest and Best Method for Small Ones.

At this season of the year many are camping or living in summer cottages by lake or ocean. To those who can take with them a competent cook the knowledge of a quick method of cleaning fish may not be of any practical use; but the real campers are those who catch their fish, and clean and cook, as well as eat them. To these, although the catching and the eating may be most enjoyable, the cleaning is always a bugbear.

The quickest and best method for dressing all small fish like perch, bass and crappies, is as follows: Put the fish in a large pan and pour over them scalding hot water. Shake them about in this for a moment, then pour it off and rinse the fish in cold water. Now with an old pair of scissors cut off the fins and tails. With a sharp knife cut off the heads and cut through the skin of each fish in a straight line down the back. Beginning on each side of this incision, easily and quickly pull off the skins. Some epicures prefer the skins left on, but if they had the scales to scrape off, they would perhaps change that opinion. It really makes very little, if any, difference in the flavor.

The fish are now ready to be opened and cleaned as usual. Each one should then be washed thoroughly, inside and out, in cold water; wiped dry; rolled in corn meal or flour; seasoned well with salt and pepper and laid on a clean platter. They may be set aside in a cool place or fried at once. When fried brown and not too fast in hot butter and lard, one part of each, the flesh is firm, crisp and delicious.

Wash the tins and knives which have been used with plenty of hot water and soap. After the hands have had a good scrubbing, if they still have a fishy odor, as they doubtless will, wash them in a little cold water, in which has been put a half teaspoonful of listerine, which will entirely remove the odor.

A very nice thing for the woman who fishes and is the possessor of a delicate skin is a fishing collar. She may wear a veil, big hat and old gloves, but the hot sun and the reflected glare from the water will get at her neck, do the best she can. And a red neck is detestable above all things. Take any light wash goods, linen, calico or gingham, and cut from it a flaring collar at least three inches high. Starch it very stiff. Fasten ribbons to the ends and take it along the next time you go fishing.—Good Housekeeping.

HIS NARROW ESCAPE.

It Was Lucky the Sheriff Looked Before He Shot.

"I was riding along a mountain road in Leslie county, Ky.," said a timber buyer to a reporter, "and at nightfall sought shelter at a double log cabin. I had some acquaintance with the occupant of the house, and he introduced me to three men who seemed to be boarding with him. We sat up that night and played cards until late, after which I retired, occupying a bed with one of the boarders, who had been introduced to me as Sam Taylor. During the night it grew so hot I could not sleep, and I went to the window to get some air. My host was below, engaged in giving a ride to me he said:

"'Go right back thar, Sam, an' drop yo' derned foolishness.'

"I hastily called out: 'Don't shoot, it's me,' and hurried to bed. The next morning my host apologized.

"'I'm glad I didn't shoot befo' I spoke,' he said. 'Yo' see, these gentlemen yo' met las' night is all cused of murder, sah, an' the one yo' slep' with has done ben convicted an' waitin' ter go ter Frankfort soon's I kin git time ter take 'im, so I watch 'im purty clost for fear he gits restless. I'm jailer, an' thar ain't no jail, so they jess lives with me, and I take 'em huntin' and fishin' and try to be squar with 'em, so they won't give me no trouble. But that feller Taylor's jess sort o' cranky. Killed ten men, an' ef he takes a notion agin er feller he jess shoot 'em, so I didn't want 'im to git outer that window. He's gittin' uneasy, an' I reckon I'll hev ter start fer Frankfort with 'im termorrer.'"—Washington Star.

The Food of School Children.

It is a lamentable fact that too little attention is given to the hygienic surroundings of the pupils in the schools, and by far too little to the nature of the food and the manner of eating. The aim often seems to be to so prepare the food that it will require little or no mastication before it is swallowed, and when solid food is taken it is not sufficiently masticated to properly prepare it for the digestive organs. Some years ago a doctor requested many of his patients to report us to the number of bites it required to masticate different foods. He especially desired to learn how much less children chewed the food before swallowing it than their parents. He got reports from 150 intelligent people, and learned that practice in this regard varied very much, that children generally were entirely too apt to bolt their food. To encourage the habit of chewing it more thoroughly he had advised parents to give the children chewing-gum, much to the disgust of many of the parents. He thought the habit of swallowing food before it was sufficiently masticated the cause of insufficient nourishment in many cases.—N. Y. Ledger.

Plaint of the Downtrodden.

"Things ain't right in this world," said Perry Patettic, bitterly.

"What's eatin' you now?" asked Weyworn Watson.

"I was thinkin' of money. A mug don't amount to nothin' without it; and when he don't amount to nothin' he can't git it. No show for a poor man at all."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Too Lazy to Kick.

Flasher—So Easeman's dead, eh? Poor fellow! How did he die?

Dumbleton—Without a struggle.

"I might have known it. He never was known to exert himself."—Public Opinion.

"SAY 'BLANK,'" SAID GLEASON.

Theo Miss Jones Read a Missive Which Was All Blanks But Signature.

When Mayor Gleason, of Long Island City, entered his office in the city hall the other morning he found a large mail awaiting his consideration. The mayor had been away assisting to nominate the gold national democratic ticket in Indianapolis, and business had been accumulating during his absence. After signing a number of official documents and giving interviews to several of his constituents he turned his attention to the pile of letters lying on his desk. The first envelope picked up was a square one. The mayor took up the letter and smiled as he read:

"Hum," he mused. "Wants to teach in the schools."

The next made the mayor frown at first. The frown was followed by a smile that extended into a hearty "Ha ha!"

"That's a good one," said his honor. "Wants to shoot me, does he? Well, I have been down for shooting ever since I entered Long Island City public life, and I am here yet."

"Read that to me, Miss Jones," said the mayor, turning to the young lady typewriter.

Miss Jones took the letter, and, after glancing over its two pages of scrawl, laid it on the desk.

"Why don't you read it?" inquired the mayor.

"I can't," replied Miss Jones.

"You can read writing, can't you?" he asked.

"Certainly."

"Well, then, why can't you read that letter?"

"Because," answered the typewriter, "there are words there I do not understand."

The mayor took up the letter and read it himself. He hesitated several times while perusing the pages, and, after finishing it, said to the typewriter:

"There are some 'hard' words there I don't understand myself." Then he turned and winked at his private secretary.

Taking up a postal card, the mayor handed it to Miss Jones, saying that there could not be any "hard" words on a postal card or the postal authorities would not deliver it. Miss Jones read the card to herself first and laughed while doing so.

"Read it, if it is funny," said the mayor.

Miss Jones read the card. It said:

"Oh, you big robber! You and your robber gang are not fit to be in the city hall. You robber! You robber! I would like to punch your head just once for the poor people. You robber! you raised the city assessment from $15,000 to $45,000. You are a robber and I know it. Oh, oh, oh, how I would like to give you just one punch!"

While Miss Jones was reading the card everybody laughed but the mayor. When she had finished, he said:

"I wish the writer had signed his name. I would send him my office hours for being punched."

The mayor saw a big square envelope among the others, and, selecting it, handed it to Miss Jones to read. She took the letter out of the envelope, and, after glancing at the first line, said to the mayor:

"Shall I read it, mayor?"

"Yes; go ahead," said the mayor.

"My dear—"

"Hold on there!" ejaculated the mayor; "don't read that one," and he reached out and took the letter away from Miss Jones. Then the mayor took up another letter, and, before handing it to Miss Jones glanced at the opening line. The typewriter took one glance at the letter and laid it on the desk.

"Why don't you read it?" asked the mayor.

"It's full of 'hard words,'" replied Miss Jones, blushing.

"Well, when you come to a hard word say 'blank,'" said the mayor.

Miss Jones picked up the letter and started to read:

"P. J. Gleason—You blank, blank, blank, blank, blank, blank, blank—"

"Hold on," broke in the mayor; "is it all blanks?"

"Yes, sir," replied Miss Jones, "all but the signature."

"What's that?"

"Once a friend, now an enemy."

"If the change is agreeable to him, it suits me," said the mayor.

Then he thanked the typewriter, and said that he would read the other letters himself.—N. Y. Herald.

Toilet Novelties.

Unless you have a bit of Bohemian glass on your toilet table you have no right to flatter yourself that you are up to date.

There are any number of odd-shaped Bohemian glass salve boxes, pin trays and hair pin cases, but as yet the brush with a glass back has not been seen.

Ivory toilet articles decorated with gold are much in favor with those who can afford them. Upon a highly polished mahogany table they look very beautiful.

The Bohemian glass puff boxes are exquisite affairs, and much less expensive than gold or silver ones. The puff looks very pretty, showing through the glass box.

Toilet articles of this delicately colored glass are one of the present fads of the society woman. It is not the plain Bohemian glass that she favors but the glass that is studded with imitation jewels and wrought with gilt designs. —Chicago Record.

Green Apple Pie

Is made from the fruit that drops from the early apple trees, which is boiled until it is tender and then peeled and cut up. A syrup is then made of sugar and some of the water the apples were cooked in. When this boils add the apples and cook them for a few moments. The filling is then ready for the pie, which should be baked in a shallow pie plate. This pie can be finished either with an upper crust or with crossbars of pastry. When the crust is a light golden brown it should be taken from the oven and fine sugar sifted over the top.—Ladies' Home Journal.

THE CHARM OF RESERVE.

Nothing More Becoming in a Young Girl Than This Quality.

There is a great amount of small talk indulged in concerning the modern girl. She is supposed to be an entirely novel type of womanhood. Old-fashioned mothers look askance at the greater freedom allowed to the girl of to-day. They predict all manner of harm to come, just as the old-fashioned mothers of their girlhood predicted when they were departing from the ways of previous times. These latest mentors forget they themselves cast aside the stately fashions of the days of the minuet and the lengthened, stilted phraseology in which well-bred dames were then wont to express their simplest thoughts. These sentimental, stately ladies who wept over the sorrows of Alonzo and Melissa could see nothing but a revolt against the social order in the freedom of the girl who read George Eliot and thought for herself. Yet the women of that generation have grown up and reared their daughters, who are reaching forward to a still broader life and greater opportunities of usefulness. Who dare say that the generation of our grandmothers or great-great-grandmothers was more moral than the generation of to-day? It was far more sentimental, and this mawkish sentimentality no doubt weakened the morals more than the coarser realism of the modern novels. Runaway matches among well-bred young people were much more frequent than to-day, and no special odium seemed to be attached to them. Clandestine engagements were common. Certain sections of country are still pointed out which were in dispute between two states. There were the Gretna Greens of a whole territory, where justices considered people amenable to no law, because they were in doubt to which state law they should give allegiance. Hurried ceremonies of marriage could be performed there without the necessity of publishing banns, and before the irate parents of the contracting parties could prevent it.

We live to-day in a blaze of publicity. The presence of a local paper, eager perhaps for a sentimental paragraph, restrains many a foolish maiden to-day from an elopement which her grandmother would have looked upon as a sentimental episode. Our girls of to-day are not given up as the girls of a few generations ago were to the all-absorbing pursuit of "husbands." They are not engaged in the unwomanly task of "setting their caps," as the old phrase goes, for every "handsome stranger" that appears. They must be wooed and won by some more sterling quality than a handsome face and fine clothes. It is a great mistake to think that a pretty girl arrays herself in dainty gown and "fetching" colors merely to attract suitors. She dresses in pretty color, and graceful, attractive fashion because she is attracted to such surroundings. She arrays her room and fits out all her surroundings in the same way, because she enjoys beauty. She is gay, because she is young. Somber thoughts belong to experience. The danger is that the modern girl, with all her exuberance of animal spirits, may be misunderstood. She will be wise and she will be doubly attractive if through all her gayety, her natural flow of spirits, there be thrown a certain reserve. Let her toilets be as dainty and beautiful as she can obtain. Let her remember to moderate the tone of her voice. Let her cultivate a certain repose of manner, which need not intertere with the most graceful dancing footfall or the airiest rotions.

An objection to the old-time maiden undoubtedly was that she was too anxious to be sought. Her future depended upon a successful marriage. Is this the reason why those by-gone loves were so frequently, if we must believe story books, untrue, and the unhappy maiden left as a "blighted being" to drag out long years of purposeless spinsterhood? Sensible girls and sensible young men sometimes find they have made mistakes, and engagements are broken. In a sensible manner without either party considering it necessary to pose as heart-broken. Such a matter is always to be regretted, and no self-respecting girl should enter on such an engagement lightly.—N. Y. Tribune.

Footsore.

Blisters, which are necessarily so very painful, should be bathed on going to bed with strong salt and water, for which, if they are very tender, it is an excellent thing to add just a very little vinegar and fine pounded alum. If the blisters come up very high it is wise to let out the accumulated fluid by running a darning needle through the upper surface of the blister. If it is allowed to break the surface of the skin, it is apt to become very sore, sometimes being very difficult to heal. Burning feet may be relieved by making a bath of one gallon of hot water, one ounce of bi-carbonate of soda and one pint of bran; let the mixture stand until it is cool enough for the feet to be immersed in it, then soak the feet for 15 minutes.—Good Housekeeping.

A Little Mixed.

"George Todgers, where have you been until this time in the morning?"

"Been havin' little financhul discushin, thatsh all."

"Couldn't you do your discussing by daylight?"

"Not thish time m'dear. I had to shtay an' prove that t'other side sticked its statistics."

"Did what?"

"Sticked its mixtistles."

"Say it again."

"Course I can say it again. Micked its stixties. Wha's matt'r with that?"

"Well, you go to bed. I'll see that your statistics are thoroughly well mixed in the morning. Climb!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Exception.

"It is claimed that love levels all things," sighed Mrs. Grumpey.

"But no one in the world ever saw a lover with a level head," sneered Grumpey.—Detroit Free Press.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
G. D. SMITH, Local Editor.

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Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, OCT. 15, 1896.

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET

For President of the United States,

WILLIAM McKINLEY,

OF OHIO.

For Vice President of the United States.

GARRET A. HOBART,

OF NEW JERSEY.

For Congress,

JOHN McDONALD,

OF MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

THE common expression "as good as gold" does not apply to the Popocrats, who have declined politically to fifty cents on the dollar.

THE raise in the price of wheat has "knocked the stuffing" out of tons of Popocratic literature. It is still circulated by the machine, however and finds a place in some of the back-country newspapers; but it makes very moldy reading.

THE bigger the vote for sound money in November the higher will be the tidal wave of renewed business activity that will surely follow. Let every friend of good government aid with his vote in making the vindication of the national credit more complete!

"I BELIEVE it is the duty of this government to encourage its own people and to pass such laws as will give to them the largest opportunity to improve their condition, the highest scale of wages and the greatest encouragement to their skill and their labor."—Maj. McKinley.

Kicking Against the Pricks.

There is no doubt of the forceful and magnetic quality of Mr. Bryan on the stump. He has a wonderful facility for making things appear what they are not. He can, as the Irish say, "talk a bird off a bush." But who can contend successfully against facts? Mr. Bryan would have us believe that depreciating prices are due to depreciated silver and appreciated gold. He has been harping on this theme ever since he was nominated. But the markets give him the lie. The following figures showing the course of prices are more eloquent than a hundred Bryans:

	Wheat, Bushel.	Cotton, Pound.	Silver, Ounce.
July 9	69⅞c.	7c.	68⅞c.
Oct. 2	79c.	8c.	65c.
Increase	13⅛c.	1c.	.....
Decrease	.....	....	3⅞c.

As silver goes down, wheat goes up. Down with repudiation and repudiationists!

Wheat and Silver.

The price of wheat again advanced 1 per cent. per bushel Tuesday and touched the highest figures that have been recorded during the present crop year. Prices are now 13 to 14 cents above the lowest July quotations, and as it costs at least twice as much to carry the grain across the ocean as it did three months ago the foreign buyers are paying about 20 cents per bushel more for wheat than they did when the crop year opened. The reverse movement of silver prices while the price of wheat has been going up should convince every reasonable man of the absurdity of the silverite contention that the value of wheat, or of any other commodity, is controlled by the price of the white metal. If such had been the case the market for wheat would have gone down, not up.

The rise in wheat prices is a perfectly natural result of the working of the law of supply and demand. Usual sources of European supply having been cut off or greatly curtailed, foreign importers have been obliged to buy more freely in the United States; and the increased demand has put up prices. That is all the the reason for the advance; but it is enough to stagger the faith of the most purblind advocate of free silver coinage to have his favorite theory about the influence of silver so completely exploded at a most critical juncture in the crusade against the gold standard.

A Timely Warning.

Archbishop Ireland has thrown a bombshell into the Bryan camp which may cause a regular stampede among a large class of his adherents. He assumes the full responsibility that attaches to a prelate, who steps down from his ecclesiastical platform, and enters the arena of politics for the purpose of procuring the election of one set of candidates, and the defeat of another set, and he wants it understood at the outset that the telling letter which he has thrown into the campaign was written in his character of citizen, and not of pastor. "To be silent when words of mine may be of some profit to the people, would be cowardice—would be crime," **says Archbishop Ireland.**

In further justification of his course the Archbishop says there are occasions when a political platform means disaster to the country; when politics are closely connected with morals, or religion, and at these times the churchman must be a patriot without allowing a moment's thought to considerations of expediency, and must take in hand the moral, or religious issue even if it be vested in the garb of politics.

The declaration of the Chicago platform against the interference of the Federal authorities in a crisis such as was caused by the riots in that city in 1893, the Archbishop regards, as embodying the old idea of secession which was supposed to have perished at Appomattox; and the threat against the Supreme Court is of the same character. Worse than all, the spirit of Socialism that permeates the whole movement, is a menace to civilized society. The torches that are now being placed in the hands of these wild agitators by unscrupulous politicians, may some day be used to light the fires of a "Commune" in America.

The archbishop has seen something of these people and he is afraid of them.

What Free and Unlimited Coinage of Silver Means.

Some of the silverites are arguing that if a man could get $1.29 at the mint for his silver bullion, as they assume he could under free and unlimited coinage as advocated by them nobody would sell it for any less, and, of course that would raise the price to $1.29 per ounce. If their premises were true the conclusion could hardly fail to follow. But the premises are as flimsy as a morning mist. The government will not buy any silver under the free coinage plan. All it will do will be to divide the sliver into lumps of 411½ grains of standard silver and stamp it into the proper form and with the proper dies to certify its weight and fineness. The bullion owner gets the weight in silver dollars to which his bullion entitles, no more. The government stamp, then, will have no effect upon the value of bullion in that dollar. Now the government, by law, is bound to make the silver dollar worth as much as a gold dollar. Then it will not be under any obligations in relation to it in any way. Is he a wise man who believes that a preponderance of the "ayes" in the two houses of Congress and the signature of the President alone will double the bullion value of all the silver in the world? Is there anything that looks like common sense in such a proposition? That is exactly a fair statement of the free silver position in its inevitable consequence. It is impossible that any other effect should follow. The government will not stamp it a dollar in value. It will simply certify to its weight and fineness. If it undertook to make its value equal to that of a gold dollar, how long could it maintain it? The gold reserve would disappear like a flash. Where would the government get the gold to make all the silver good?

But the free silverites do not seem to have any very clear ideas as to what they want or what is going to happen if they get what they want. Mr. Bryan, when confronted with the statement that free coinage will reduce the value of the dollar says, in substance, "Well, we want a cheaper dollar." When, on the other hand, when he hears it charged that the dollar will be worth only fifty-three cents he replies, "Silver will at once go to $1.29 per ounce and stay there." Which is which?—Keyser Echo.

Politics and Morals

As a rule, it is well that a preacher should stick to his pulpit and confine his political activity to saving the country by the exercise of his right to vote on the day of election. But this year the issue to be decided at the polls is a question of morals no less than of civics. It has been proposed by one of the parties, as far as the United States can do it, to repeal one of the ten Commandments. In the discussion of the propriety of such action the preacher has a right to be heard; and we ask the attention of our readers to the following extract from a speech made in Brooklyn by Rev. Dr. Cuyler:

I shall first speak of a Popocratic platform, and then of the candidate, endeavoring to follow the Biblical injunction to speak the truth in love.

Mr. Lincoln once criticised the action of the Supreme Court in its decision in the Dred Scott case. But Mr. Bryan's followers propose to pack the Court, and that purpose brought forth the magnificent denunciation of W. Bourke Cockran and other loyal Democratic orators.

The plank denouncing the Federal interference in riots is nothing but Anarchy; and Governor Boies, of Iowa, was refused recognition by the Chicago Convention because it was known that he favored President Cleveland's action in calling out troops to quell the Chicago riots.

The money plank in the platform stands for repudiation. The foul odor of repudiation is more than this country will stand. If the cause of free silver triumphs we shall be brought to the shadow and curse of a compulsory dishonesty. Free coinage sounds pleasant to the ear, but it does not mean a free distribution of money. It means that silverites and mine owners may get their metal coined at Uncle Sam's expense. It means bimetallism, which may mean almost anything. There can be but one clear, distinct authorized standard of value. This has been the experience of all mankind in all ages. Bimetallism really means monometallism.

Mr. Bryan says we are large enough nation to make our own standard. Why did he not say we are great enough to make our own multiplication table and our own Ten Commandments? Cheap money means cheat money, to cheat every man who is compelled by law to accept it. Our servants, our employes, our pensioners, are to be paid in cheap and cheat money. The man who blacks my boots and who earns his living in the humblest callings is entitled to receive the best money in the world. When you talk about the creditor class and the debtor class, where are you going to stop? Every man is a creditor of his employer and a debtor of others. Every pensioner is a creditor. Shall they all be cheated? Mr. Bryan is meddling with double-edged tools. Mr. Bryan is fond of quoting Scripture not very happily. I will give him a text to preach from: "Divers weights and divers measures are an abomination to the Lord."

I don't doubt for a moment that Mr. Bryan is a clean pure, irreproachable man in all his relations in life. If he adorns private life so beautifully, then for Heaven's sake, let him remain there. What do I care for the private life of a pilot at Sandy Hook, if he doesn't know better than to run us ashore on Romer's Shoals? There never was a purer character than Stonewall Jackson, yet he bent all his energies to perpetuate slavery.

Mr. Bryan is a lawyer who never tried a case, a failure as a newspaper editor, and never a buisness man. He is an orator. Members of Congress have told me that he is a most magnificent speaker, yet when his speeches were printed they were surprised to find so little sound sense in them. A member of the Chicago Convention who bolted from it told me the scenes attending Bryan's nomination reminded him of Carlyle's description of scenes in the French Revolution. Mr. Bryan is a nervous, excitable, impulsive, eloquent man, who believes implicitly that the Presidency is his manifest destiny.

Think of Bryan in the White House! He would be surrounded by such men as Debs, Peffer, Tillman (pitchfork and all), and the Sheehans and Sulzers' and all the other dregs of Tammany Hall.

Mr. Bryan says he represents the toiling masses, the poor who are poor through the oppression of the money power, and he tells them they are the slaves of the moneyed men of the country. I'd like to face William J. Bryan for ten minutes. I'd tell him that instead of being the friend he is the enemy of the toiling men and women of the world. He talks about classes. Before the war we had classes but we have no classes now. We all stand equal before the land, before the law and before God. There is the fanning of flames of dangerous revolution in this talk of classes. Every time Bryan touches that coal he trims off another shred of his chances for the Presidency.

I am no defender of the misdeeds of corporations; but where would Bryan's Nebraska have been but for the railroads? And I don't think the railroads there that were built with Eastern capital are paying very large dividends on their stock. Let Bryanism prevail and they will go into the hands of receivers.

I'm sorry for the sectional feeling that prevails in this campaign. It's a bad state of things. Tillman was hooted down when he said the conflict was a sectional issue, but I fear Tillman was right.

Why talk of the dollar of the Constitution. They might as well talk of the dollar of the Presbyterian church. It is a humbug, and if we are to be tricked out of the presidency and into the morass of financial destruction, those who are responsible will be called at last to a terrible retribution. Bryan is nothing else than the commercial traveler of the silver mine owners in the West. There is the money power, and it is behind Bryan.

M. A. Y. Writes of Festivities in St. Louis.

To the Editor of The Republican.

The past week has been one long gala day for St. Louis.

The exposition, which runs forty days, was and still is in full blast; the great St. Louis fair ran its successful six days course; King Hotee and his gorgeous train paraded the streets in the interest of fun and frolic; the Broadway merchants decorated their stores and homes royally and sent out a procession nearly a mile long filled with all that wealth could command or novelty combine in a trades procession, and lastly the Veiled Prophet and his princely retinue arrived for their 18th annual visit October 6th. This event annually marks an era in the social history of this place. Being under the patronage of the Merchant's Exchange, which is composed of wealthy and prominent citizens, no expense is spared to make the procession and the ball which follows, the crowning event of the season. This series of entertainments was inaugurated in 1878, and from that day to this probably not less than a half million dollars have been spent in that way, the cost of none falling below $25,000 each year, it is said. Each year the invitations are gotten up by skilled Parisian artists, who compete in striving for the unique and original. One year the cards of invitation came in a beautiful hand painted opera bag of white satin daintily boxed. Last year they were accompanied by a beautiful Jarian marble bust of the Veiled Prophet. This year the souvenir was a silver backed hand glass, the handle formed by the head and neck of the Veiled Prophet, tied with long floating ribbons of red, yellow and black.

The souvenir cards for the ball was a double mirror of silver card board containing programme spaces inside, tied with the colors of the Prophet, to which was added a tiny pencil covered with red, yellow and black silk floss.

"The Progress of Art," was the theme chosen for representation, and 22 immense floats drawn by four horses each, bearing rich housing cloths of red, yellow and black, bore the royal pageant through three miles of streets amid a blaze of pyrotechnics and red fire.

The entire route was packed with solid walls of humanity on each side of the street, and fully a half million people must have watched the glittering spectacle.

Each float was a gem of art, gay with garlands, glittering with spangles and jewels. There were gods and goddesses, centaurs and atyrs, nymphs, dancing fauns, dolphins, tritons, statuary and temples of Grecian art and each actor costumed richly to represent the era in which he moved.

Although everything is so costly and expensive which enters into this carnival, I am told nothing is ever used the second time. The actors are among the most prominent men of the city.

The invitations are purely complimentary; and no amount will purchase a ticket. About 6,000 are issued to well known visitors and residents. After the procession the affair winds up with a ball at the Merchant's Exchange or Chamber of Commerce as it is called. There the Veiled Prophet selects and crowns a queen of beauty who will in consequence be the reigning belle of the ensuing year. His high priests select and crown four maids of honor. This year they were crowned with coronets of gold, that of the chief beauty being similar in design to the crown of Queen Victoria.

There is a great deal of wealth and enterprise in this greatest city of the middle west, and all of it is not hoarded.

M. A. Y.

A Card.

DEAR FRIENDS:—The Maryland Synod at its recent meeting, unanimously sustained the pastor and council in their course of action in the troubles of St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church of Oakland, Md., and condemned the opposite course as being disorderly and deserving the disapproval of the Synod.

J. W. BUTLER.

Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers his farm of 238 acres for sale, lying west of Westernport, in Garrett county, Md. 100 acres cleared and in cultivation. The farm is well watered and underlaid with coal and limestone. A fine young orchard in bearing. The improvements are a bank barn 40X60 feet and all outbuildings complete. For further information apply to Philip T. Michaels, P. O. address, Westernport, Md. 28-4t*.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

He Comes Out Squarely for the Republican Platform and for McKinley.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Oct. 11.—Archbishop Ireland, in response to a written request from twenty-seven business men of this state, has made the following statement in reference to the political campaign:

"I am not unwilling, in the crisis through which the country is now passing, to speak for the integrity of the nation, for social order, for the prosperity of the people, for the honor of America and for the permanency of free institutions. I am a citizen of this country, concerned in all the interests of the nation, subject to all the responsibilities of citizenship. To be silent, when words of mine may be of some profit to the people, would be cowardice, would be crime.

"I am not unmindful of the objection made against the churchman speaking at any time on matters which have entered the arena of politics less his influence as a teacher of religion seem to be used to promote the interests of a political party. I might reply that there are occasions when a political platform means disaster to the country when politics are closely connected with morals or religion, and on those occasions the churchman must be the patriot without allowing a moment's thought to considerations of expediency, and must take in hand the moral of religious issue, even if it be vested in the garment of politics.

"But in the present instance I seek no excuse of this kind. I speak entirely as the citizen, without warrant from my ecclesiastical position. Deep as my convictions are I hold in due respect my fellow-citizens who hold convictions as variance with my own. I impeach neither their their good faith nor their honor. I am dealing not with men, but principles and movements. This justice which I render to those whose ideas I am ready to combat I am sure they will render to me.

"I stand by the platform and the presidential candidate of the Republican convention at St. Louis. I am opposed to the platform and the presidential candidate of the Democratic convention at Chicago.

"The days of civil war excepted, at no time did so great peril threaten the country as that which is involved in the political campaign of to-day.

"The question of free and unlimited coinage of silver is put in the foreground. This question has its importance, but it is of a minor importance in presence of other questions which are brought into issue.

"The movement which had its expression in the Chicago convention, and which now seeks by means of popular suffrage to enthrone itself in the capitol of the nation, is, in its logical effect, against the United States. It is secession—the secession of 1861 which our soldiers believed they had consigned to eternal death at Appomattox, but which demands again recognition from the American people.

"The declaration in the Chicago platform has and can have no other meaning. 'We denounce arbitrary interference by federal authorities in local affairs as a violation of the constitution of the United States and a crime against free institutions.'

"These words point to the act of Grover Cleveland sending United States troops to protect national property and enforce national laws during the Chicago riots in 1894. In those words there is the old secessional doctrine that states are independent of the national government at Washington; there is the annulment of the Union; there is notice served upon the flag of America that outside the District of Columbia it is without power of self-assertion or self-defense.

"The President of the United States is told that to enforce national laws and protect national property he cannot march his troops into any state without the authorization of the Governor of that State.

"One of the chief speakers at the convention at Chicago understood the significance of the convention and voiced its spirit. 'I come from a State which was the home of secession,' said Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, 'I say,' he continued, 'it is a sectional issue and it will prevail.'

"And fitting was it that the speaker voicing the spirit of the Chicago convention should be the representative of South Carolina. Thrice now has South Carolina spoken for secession—when it passed in 1832 the nullification ordinance, when in 1861 in fired on Fort Sumter and when in 1896 it cries out: 'A sectional issue, and it will prevail.'

"The platform of the Chicago convention threatens the country with destruction of social order, with lawlessness and anarchy. The personification of law and of social order in America is in our courts, and the promise of safety to our free institutions is the prompt obedience of the people to those courts. And, now, the courts are to be shorn of their power, and shorn of it in favor of mobs bent on rioting and the destruction of property.

"'We especially object,' says the Chicago platform, 'to government by injunction as a new and highly dangerous form of oppression.' Here reference is made to the action of the courts during the Chicago riots, without which action there is no calculating how much ruin would have come to the city.

"The palladium of American liberties is the Supreme Court at Washington, the counterpart of which is majesty and in power to enforce absolutely justice does not exist among the nations of Christendom.

"But, as far as it is possible to human ingenuity, outside of partisan politics, independent of all political influences through their life tenure of office, the judges of this court rule Congress and President, States and nations, and expound the law in all its inflexibility, no matter who or what must yield to it. And now a convention speaks of the Supreme Court 'as it may be hereafter constituted' intimating unmistakably the intention, if the party represented in that convention come to power, to so constitute the court by the popular election of the judges, by the shortening of their terms of office or otherwise, as to make it insensible to the stern voice of the law and responsive to the passing whims of political parties.

"Worse to my mind than all this is the spirit of socialism that permeates the whole movement which has issued from the convention at Chicago. It is the 'international' of Europe now taking body in America.

"Of this one cannot but be convinced when the movement is closely observed, the shibboleths of its adherents listened to, the discourses of its orators carefully examined. The war of class against class is upon us, the war of the proletariat against the property-holder. No other meaning than this can be given to the appeals to the 'common people,' 'to labor,' 'to the poor and downtrodden' and to the denunciations against 'plutocrats,' and 'corporations,' and 'money-grabers,' and 'bankers.'

"Many adherents of the movement do not perceive its full meaning. But let them beware, they are lighting torches which, borne in the hands of reckless men, may start up in this country the lurid fires of a 'commune.'

"America, heretofore, has been free from socialistic hatred and warfare. It has been a country of opportunities for all men and it has given to the laborer a livelihood higher and better than is afforded him in any other country of the world. Is this all to be changed? If social chaos, gloating over ruins, to be the method of social elevation of the masses?

"There may be room in some things for peaceful amelioration through a well-informed public opinion and orderly legislation, but class hatred and angry passion never lead to aught but general misery and suffering. The people of America must today look warily around, guard against catch-words and missleading warcries, avoid giving any countenance to socialistic or anarchistic tendencies and know that the first condition or prosperity to any and all classes of the people is a peaceful Commonwealth and assured social order.

"The monetary question is indeed a secondary issue in this campaign. I have, however, my convictions in this matter. The free and unlimited coinage of silver dollars at a ratio of 16 to 1 by the United States, independently of the other great commercial nations, into dollars which shall be made legal tender will disturb the whole business of the country and bring upon it financial depression far beyond anything which we are now experiencing.

"I am often confronted with the pamphlet of Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, on bimetallism, as a reply to my objection to the silver resolution of the Chicago convention. The pamphlet of Archbishop Walsh had no bearing whatever on the situation in America. The Archbishop dis-

Nourish Him.

That's the whole secret in a word. We can cure no disease unless we can keep up the patient's strength. And there's only one way to do that—feed him. But if the system refuses food? Then use SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites. It goes STRAIGHT TO THE BLOOD. stops the wasting, rekindles the vital fire, makes new flesh and so renders a hopeful fight possible against ANY disease.

Especially is this so in bronchial and lung troubles, in the relief and cure of which Scott's Emulsion has won its reputation. Book about it free.

Scott's Emulsion is no mysterious mixture. It is palatable, non-nauseating and infinitely preferable to the plain oil. The genuine has our trademark on salmon-colored wrapper. Get the genuine.

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cusses bimetallism versus monometallism, and that from only one point of view, the effect of monometallism upon farmer's contracts under the land-purchase act of Ireland.

"He expresses no opinion as to the ratio at which silver is to be coined, and he manifestly presupposes that bimetallism would be brought about under an international agreement. He explains that India was unable to keep up a silver currency independently of European nations. 'It was impossible for India to obtain the loans that are absolutely necessary for the development of the country,' and the reason was 'the fluctuation in the relative of value of the rupee.' 'It is the silver currency of China,' he adds, 'that stops the making of railways in this country.'

"Archbishop Walsh's pamphlet is throughout a solid argument against the Chicago platform. To what he says, we might add that France and all the other countries of the Latin Union together were ultimately compelled to give up up bimetallism so long as other countries of Europe would not co-operate with them.

"The question before the people of America today is the coinage of silver by this country independently of the great commercial nations of the world at the ratio of 16 to 1. This ratio is the double of the present commercial value of silver. The consequence of unlimited coinage in these circumstances are easily perceived.

"The one hope of the silver party is that under free coinage we will raise the value of silver to $1 29 an ounce, measured in gold. On what authority is this said? On that of the mere word of the men who make the assertion.

"The experience of our own country contradicts the assertion. The purchasing of fifty millions' worth of silver bullion per year under the Sherman act was not able to prevent the fall in the value of silver from over a dollar an ounce to its present low value. The experience of France contradicts the assertion; France with all the countries of the Latin Union, had to give up the coinage of silver lest overloaded with the silver of the world, it should lose all its gold. Common sense is against the assertion."

"Silver is now produced in such quantities at such small expense of production that its value cannot be kept up to its former standard, and is the whole business of America to be imperiled by a leap into an experiment which those very men who advocate it confess to be only an experiment, and which experience and common sense condemn?

"The boast that the United States is able alone to whip England and the rest of the world into the coinage of silver at 16 to 1 or to force the value of silver up to $1 29 an ounce is mere nonsense. We are a great people indeed, but we have not yet grown to that commercial strength that our country means the commercial world. "Our national pride may give us extraordinary dreams of our importance but it will not do to build the business of the country on those dreams. Would all the commercial nations together coining silver at 16 to 1 bring up the silver price of bullion to $1 29 per ounce? Perhaps—strong commercial reasons suggest the contrary. Would America alone bring silver to $1 29? Assuredly not: though, of course, the new demand for silver from the mints would give some increase to its value which increases however, might again be offset by an increase of production.

"Some imagine that the ratio of silver to gold was always 16 to 1, or thereabouts. The ratio was constantly changing throughout historic times. At one time silver was more valuable than gold. At the time of the discovery of America silver was ten times less valuable than gold. Two hundred years before it had been eight times less valuable.

"The ratio is constantly changing, and the question for us today is not what the ratio was at a preceding date, but what it should be in our time.

"But has not Herr Bismarck counseled the United States to go ahead and make the experiment all alone? Yes, and some Americans quote his advice as an authority. The sly old fox would, indeed, be pleased to see America make the experiment—and go to the bottom of the sea.

"Free coinage, then, will give us money worth in the commercial markets of the world a little over half its nominal value. No one imagines that the stamp of the government gives value to a piece of metal; it merely certifies to the quantity and quality. Otherwise the government stamp might as well be affixed to copper or to mere paper.

"If the government stamp gave value, the debased coins issued in the past by impecunious sovereigns would not have ruined the subjects of those sovereigns, and the paper issue by Ferdinand of Naples a century ago would not have sold in the market as government rags. Legal tender compelling men to accept against their will money above its commercial value in the markets of the world is rank injustice.

"The early financial statesmen of America, Jefferson, Morris, Hamilton, never thought of making the legal value of coin higher than the commercial value of the metal of which the coins were made.

"Therefore, with the passage of free silver coinage we shall have a currency rejected at its nominal value from the markets of the world, unstable and fluctuating in real value. Business cannot prosper with such a currency.

"The first condition of the life of business is stability of the currency. None will invest money of a certain value today in commerce and industry if by the time the raw material has been turned into marketable wares the currency is likely to have changed in value. Business in all branches would become a speculation, a gamble, and conservative capital would keep out of sight. No loans would be made.

"It is nonsense to say that capital must put itself into the American market, whether the capital be American or European. We should not be deluded by words. We may clamor in vain for capitol. It will not come to us unless there be security for it. It will remain in the vaults of safety or go to other parts so the world where reward is small but certain. And without capital there will be no enterprises and no work for the people.

"I am absolutely convinced that the laboring classes will suffer the most of all from free silver coinage. And yet the laboring classes are those that are the most urgently appealed to in this free-silver movement. A man who talks against free silver is put down at once as an enemy of the 'common people.' Well, for my part I am willing to be called an enemy of the working classes of the common people, if I am in reality advising them for there good and serving their true interests. Those above all others in the land who should to day be on their guard against the silve movement are the laborers of America.

"But will not the farmers be benefited? Will they not receive a higher price for there products? May be a higher price, but not higher value. Of what use is it to have a dollar instead of a half dollar if the dollars can purchase no more than the half dollars? And will farmers receive even nominally a much higher price than they do now? The best market of the farmer's product is his own country, and if his own country is impoverished, if factories are closed, if laborers in cities are penniless, the farmer will receive but little for his harvests.

"Men on salaries will scarcely hope to have their salaries doubled, even nominal, and then their salaries, such as they my be, will have only half the purchasing power they have today.

"Those who owe debts payable—principal or interest—in gold will receive the same salaries as today, and their salaries will have but half the debt-paying power which they have today.

"But—and here is the popular argument favor of free silver coinage—we have had hard times under the gold standrd. That is true and what is also true is that under the silver standard we shall have much harder times.

"It is the great fallacy of the day to be attributing our hard times to the gold standard. The craze for free silver as a cure for hard times is explicable on the same theory that a man who has been a long time sick despite the attentive care of expert physicians will call for any quack who advertised to cure all the ills of humanity.

"Hard times have come through the sever and resistless working of economic law which go their way in spite of legal enactments of parliaments and congresses. Good times may be expected to come back surely even if only gradually. The over production that glutted our markets has been used up, capital is anxious to do something with its money if it can be invested safely, our wondrous natural resources invite investments to develop them, and confidence restored the outlook is bright. But the essential thing is confidence.

"I may, of course be mistaken. But I have come to look upon the present agitation as the great test of universal suffrage and popular sovereignty. Can the people defend public honor and the institutions of the country at the polls, as they have done on the field of battle?

"The only men benefitted, and they are few to-day and it is scarcely worth while to bring around a revolution in the country to benefit them, are the debtors who have to-day gold on hand and who, by free silver coinage, will have their store doubled in nominal value and will be enabled to reduce their debts by one-half. And to those the question remains: If it is honest?

"It is a delusion to imagine that silver will circulate so plentiful that it can be had easily by all that the quantity will make up for the lack of value. If silver bullion does not increase in commercial value silver will not be produced in quantities, and owners of silver will not part with it except in exchange for commodities or labor which they deem useful and valuable. If the business of the country is not prosperous, the people will get very little silver and obtain no profit from free mintage."

The Darlington, Wis., *Journal* says editorially of a popular patent medicine: "We know from experience that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is all that is claimed for it, as on two occasions it stopped excruciating pains and possibly saved us from an untimely grave. We would not rest easy over night without it in the house." This remedy undoubtedly saves more pain and suffering than any other medicine in the world. Every family should keep it in the house, for it is sure to be needed sooner or later. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Proclamation and Notice

Of a new election to be held in Election District No. 10 of Garrett county, Maryland, at the next Congressional election, to be held on November the 3rd, 1896, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication, shall be sold in said District.

Whereas, by Chap or 461 of the Acts of 1896 of the General Assembly of Maryland, it was made the duty of one or more of the Judges of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, upon the presentation before the first day of August, 1896, of the written petition of at least one-third in number of the registered voters who cast their votes at the last preceding general election in any election district of Garrett county, to pass an order within thirty days after the filing of said petition, directing the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Garrett county to proclaim notice of a new election to be held at the next Congressional election in such election district to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors and medicated bitters producing intoxication should be sold in such district.

And whereas, such written petition, signed by said number of voters in Election District No. 10 of Garrett county, Maryland, was, on the 31st day of July, 1896, filed with the Clerk of said Court, whereupon on said day it was ordered by Hon. David W. Sloan, one of the Judges of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, that the Clerk of said Court proclaim notice of a new election to be held in said Election District No. 10 of Garrett county, as above provided, unless however, a counter petition from said election district, larger in number than the one filed as aforesaid should be presented before the first day of September, 1896.

And whereas, a counter petition from said Election District number ten, purporting to be signed by a greater number of the registered voters aforesaid than the petition filed on the 31st day of July, 1896, was filed with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county aforesaid on the 31st day of August, 1896.

And whereas, the said petition and counter petition having been duly considered and examined, and it being ascertained by the said Circuit Court that the counter petition did not have as large a number of signers entitled to be counted as the original petition, it was on the 29th day of September, 1896, ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, that the Clerk of the said Circuit Court be directed to proclaim notice of an election to be held in said Election District number ten (No. 10) at the next Congressional election on November the 3rd, 1896, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication shall be sold in said district.

Now therefore, in obedience to said order, I, Edward Z. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, do hereby proclaim and give notice to all the voters and people of said Election District No. 10 in Garrett county, and to all others whom it may concern, that at the time and place at the next Congressional election held in said district in said county on the third day of November, 1896, there will be held a new election in said district by the judges and clerks of election who shall then and there hold said Congressional election, to determine whether or not license shall be granted to sell spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication in said district, and whether any of said liquors or any compound, of which alcohol forms the chief or principal ingredient, shall be sold in said district after the first day of May, 1897, except by a regular pharmacist or druggist having a license for such business under the law of this State upon the written bonafide prescription of a regular practicing physician of such district, whose name shall be signed thereto, and that at said election at said time and place in said district, each legally qualified voter of said district shall be entitled to cast one vote for or against said license and sale, and that if at said election it shall be found that a majority of such votes have been cast for license in said district, license for the sale of such liquors will be granted as now or hereafter may be provided by law, but if it shall be found that a majority of said votes have been cast against license to said district it shall not be lawful for any person or persons, firm, company or body coporate after the first day of May, 1897, to sell or otherwise dispose of by way of barter, directly or indirectly, any such liquors, and no license will be issued or granted for the sale of the same in said election district.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland. 31-4t

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NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., October 1, 1896.

The Annual Teacher's Institute of Garrett county will convene in Oakland, Md., at 1.30 p. m. Tuesday, October 20th, and continue in session until 10 p. m. Thursday.

INSTRUCTORS:

Dr. E. B. Prettyman, Hon. Henry Houck, Col. I. A. M. Passmore, Prof. John D. Worthington, Prof. H. G. Weimer, and the leading teachers of the county.

LECTURES.

Tuesday evening, (not yet determined.)
Wednesday evening, "History of Maryland," Hon. E. B. Prettyman, Ph. D.
Thursday evening, "Elements of Success," Hon. Henry Houck, LL. D.

Day sessions in the Oakland School Building.

Night sessions in the Sharlzer Opera House.

It is imperative that all teachers for the coming year attend this institute to get instructions regarding free text books.

At the close of the Institute, Friday and Saturday, October 23d and 24th, an examination of teachers not yet licensed will be held. The schools will open Monday, October 26th.

T. G. PALMER,
Secretary and Examiner.
31-2t

TIN, SLATE and STEEL

ROOFING,

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER
VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH, MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

RECEIVER'S SALE
OF A VALUABLE
Stone Quarry & Lime Kiln.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county sitting as a court of Equity, rendered on the 19th day of August, 1896, in the Chancery cause of Frederick L. Fredlock against Joseph P. Gleeson, pending in said court, I will, on

Saturday, October 17, 1896,

AT 9.30 O'CLOCK A. M.,

at Crab Tree switch, on the B. & O. R. R., in said Garrett county sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, all the real and personal property of

The Piedmont Lime and Stone Company,

consisting of about forty eight acres of valuable lime stone property, improved by kilns, sheds, etc., and all other necessary and improved appliances for operating and running the same. There are also two heating stoves, some bedding and bed clothes.

This plant is located on the main line of the B. & O. R. R., at Crab Tree switch, and is admirably situated for the successful operation of a Lime and Stone quarry.

The real estate is more particularly described as follows, to-wit: All that piece or parcel of land situated, lying and being in Garrett county, and particularly described by metes and bounds, courses and distances as follows: Beginning for the same at a bounded lynn tree standing near the Southern limits of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad and opposite the Crab Tree station of said railroad, and running thence South 46 degrees West 102 perches to a stake and stone pile with a locust and chestnut tree marked each with six hacks as pointers; North 63 degrees West 60 perches to a bounded Spanish oak tree; North 26 degrees East 96 perches to a bounded sapling on the limits of said railroad; North 77 degrees East 23½ perches to a bounded pin oak tree, and thence by a straight line to the beginning.

CONTAINING 50 ACRES,

save and except from the operation of this deed, and reserving therefrom, the house and two acres of ground located at one corner of said tract, and said piece hereby reserved being bounded as follows: Beginning at the lynn tree, the beginning of said 50 acres, and running with the first line of said deed for said 50 acres, 18 feet to a stone, thence at right angles with said line 209 feet, thence parallel with said first line 418 feet to the limits of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and thence by a straight line 209 feet to the beginning, being the same property which was conveyed to Frederick L. Fredlock and Joseph P. Gleeson by Peter Monaghan and Ellen Monaghan, his wife, by deed dated on the 21st day of October, A. D. 1895, and recorded among the Land Records of said Garrett county in Liber E. Z. T. No. 48, Folios 581, etc.

TERMS OF SALE—All sums under ten dollars, cash; all sums over ten dollars, one-half cash, and the balance in one year, the deferred payments to bear interest from day of sale and to be secured to the satisfaction of the undersigned.

The above real estate will be sold subject to two mortgages, as follows:—One executed by Joseph P. Gleeson and wife to Frederick L. Fredlock, and by the said Fredlock assigned to E. J. Fredlock and W. T. Jamesson, dated on the 28th day of October, 1895, for $2800 with interest, payable four years from date; recorded in Mortgage Record E. Z. T. No 27, folios 500, etc., of said Garrett county; and one executed by Frederick L. Fredlock and wife to E. J. Fredlock and W. T. Jamesson to secure them as endorsers to an amount not exceeding $1000, dated on the 6th day of November, 1895, and recorded in Mortgage Record Liber E. Z. T. No. 27, folios 581, etc.

For further information, apply to

TAYLOR MORRISON,
Receiver,
29—tf Piedmont, West Va.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF A—
HANDSOME RESIDENCE
IN OAKLAND.

Under and by virtue of a power contained in a mortgage from Ellen Gibbons and P. H. Gibbons to G. S. Hamill and by him assigned to Estes G. Rathbone, said mortgage bearing date of December 11, 1893, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 15, folio 510, one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Default having been made in the payment of the principal, interest, insurance and taxes of said mortgage, I hereby give notice that as assignee of said mortgage, I will on the

17th DAY OF OCTOBER, 1896,

AT TWO O'CLOCK, P. M.,

in front of the Postoffice in Oakland, offer at public sale for cash all the property described in said mortgage, being

LOTS NOS. 1, 2 and 3

in Brant's Addition to the town of Oakland. Said lots are improved by a

Commodious and Well Arranged Dwelling House

with modern improvements; also a carriage house, stable, ice house, etc., etc.

This handsome property is located on Oak Street and is occupid by Maj. E. G. Rathbone.

Terms of sale as prescribed by said mortgage, cash on the day of sale. Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

E. G. RATHBONE,
Assignee of Mortgage.

ESTATE OF HENRY NEWMAN, DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscribers, of Somerset County, Pennsylvania, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the estate of

HENRY NEWMAN,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 1st day of April next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 19th day of September, 1896.

ASA B. NEWMAN,
NORMAN NEWMAN, } Executors.
39—3t* Elk Lick, Pa.

FARM FOR SALE.

I, the undersigned, offer for sale my farm containing 181 acres, lying in district No. 10, south of Deer Park about four miles. I will now give you the cash value of said farm valued by the assessors for Garrett county, $1598. This is expected to be their righteous judgment. I now offer the same for $1200, eight hundred dollars down and the remaining $400 in one year from day of sale, purchaser giving his note with approved security. Anyone desiring to pay all cash can buy said farm at a reduced price by working a small sum in subtraction. You can see there is considerable difference between the assessors' valuation and the owner's valuation. Supposing that three men's judgment is far superior to that of one man, you have the chance to make a nice sum of money and as all this money can be made in one day I invite anyone who wants to buy to come and I will take the pleasure to show said farm.

29—3t ANDREW J. LEE.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from James W. Tusing and Annie C. Tusing, his wife, to Truman W. Casteel, dated April 21 1891, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 25, folio 60, one of the Mortgage Records of Garrett county, Md., default having been made in the conditions of said mortgage, I, John T. Mitchell, the attorney named in said mortgage, is authorized and empowered to make sale of the property described in said mortgage, and in pursuance of said power I will offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House door in the town of Oakland, on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24th, 1896,

at 11 o'clock a. m., all that lot of ground near the town of Oakland in said Garrett county, and known and distinguished as lot No. 6 of the sub-divisions of part of the tract of land called "John and Mary," and as such described as follows:

Beginning, or the same at the end of the 1st line of lot No. 5 and running thence South 66 degrees East 169 10 perches, North 24 degrees East 47 3-10 perches to a street 30 feet wide, thence with said street North 66 degrees West 169 10 perches to the end of the 2nd line of lot No. 5, and with it reversed South 24 degrees West 47 3-10 perches to the beginning, containing five acres, and being the same lot of ground conveyed by Truman W. Casteel and wife to the said James W. Tusing and Annie C. Tusing by deed dated the—— day of April 1891, and recorded among the Land Records of said Garrett county.

This lot is located on the road leading from the east end of Oakland to Hotel Dennett and is improved by a small dwelling house and is all under fence.

This is a very desirable lot for a residence, etc.

Terms of sale, cash on the day of sale or the ratification thereof by the court. Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
30-4t Attorney named in the Mortgage.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the Bemble Smith Hotel Company, of Garrett county, will be held at the office of the Company at Mountain Lake Park, Md., on

Wednesday, September 30, 1896,

at eleven o'clock a. m., for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year and such other business as may legally be transacted.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
Mt. Lake Park, Md., Aug. 31, 1896. 27-3t Secretary.

J. L. McCOMAS, Jr.,

Sign, Carriage and Wagon Painting.

INDELIBLE INK WORK on LINEN.

Second Street, OAKLAND, MD.

All work entrusted to my care will receive Prompt Attention.

28-1yr.

Removal.

I, the undersigned, have removed my place of business from the Loar building to the Ravenscroft (Mayers) building on Railroad street, where I will continue to carry a well assorted stock of

JEWELRY,

and give special attention to the repairing of watches, clocks, etc.

Give me a call. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

H. C. SMOUSE.
29—2m.

—THE—
Maryland Agricultural College,
COLLEGE PARK, MD.
Maryland's School of Technology.

COURSES OF INSTRUCTION: Agricultural, Mechanical, Scientific, Classical.

Each department supplied with the most modern and approved apparatus. Practical work emphasized in all departments. Graduates qualified at once to enter upon their life's work. Boarding department supplied with all modern improvements: Bath rooms, Closets, Steam Heat and Gas. Books, Room, Heat, Light, Washing, Board, Medical attendance, $144 for scholastic year. A 130 page catalogue, giving full particulars, sent on application. Daily sanitary inspection by Physician to the College. Attention is called to the short course of ten weeks in Agriculture. Particulars sent on application. Term commences September 16th. Early application necessary for admittance.

R. W. SILVESTER,
25—6 President M. A. C.

REGISTRATION OF VOTERS.

OFFICE OF
BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF ELECTIONS FOR GARRETT COUNTY.
OAKLAND, MD., September 1, 1896.

Notice is hereby given to the voters of Garrett county that the Registrars for the various precincts and districts will meet for the purpose of registering voters at the places below, between the hours of 8 a. m. and 5 p. m.:

Fourth sitting—Tuesday and Wednesday, October 6th and 7th.

And on Tuesday, Oct. 13, for Revision only.

NO ONE CAN REGISTER AFTER WEDNESDAY, OCT. 7TH.

District No. 1—at Swanton.
District No. 2—at Friendsville.
District No. 3—at Grantsville.
District No. 4—at Bloomington.
District No. 5—at Accident.
District No. 6—at McHenry.
District No. 7, 1st precinct—at Oakland in Thomas Martin's store room, corner Oak and 3rd Streets.
District No. 7, 2d precinct—at Oakland in John Sherizer's new building, corner Second and Liberty Streets.
District No. 8—at the Old Hoye Place on the Northwestern Turnpike.
District No. 9—at Johnson's.
District No. 10—at Deer Park.
District No. 11—at the residence of Peter McIntyre.
District No. 12—at Bittinger.

This notice being given by authority of and in pursuance of Section 33, Chapter 262 of the Acts of the General Assembly of Maryland, 1896.

By order of the Board,
A. G. STURGISS, President,
J. ALVIN FRIEND,
FRED C. RIES,
Supervisors.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In effect July 19, 1896.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS	NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1		No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		Noon	P. M.
3 00*	8 00* lv	Cumberland ar	*12 00	*7 50
3 31	8 31	Rawlings	11 29	6 59
3 56	8 56	Keyser	11 04	6 36
4 00	9 00	Westernport	10 51	6 24
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. June.	10 48	6 20
4 37	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5 52
5 08	10 00	Hardton	10 00	5 28
6 15	10 45* ar	Elk Garden	8 55	*1 00
5 25	10 55* lv	Gorman	8 21	3 51
5 45	11 11	Bayard	8 15	1 08
5 52	10 52	Bobolin	9 01	4 58
6 25	11 25	Thomas	8 35	4 05
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	8 00	3 15
6 27	11 27 lv	Coketon	8 31	4 02
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	7 59	3 30
6 57	11 57	Bretz	7 51	3 25
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 51	3 22
7 30	12 30	Kerens	7 18	2 47
8 05*	1 05* ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	12 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
				P. M.
	5 05* ar	Bemlington	lv	*11 50
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7—Daily ..... 2.46 A. M
No. 3—Daily ..... 7.57 A. M
No. 71—Accom. daily except Sun ..... 9.30 A. M
No. 17—Daily ..... 10.40 A. M
No. 75—Express, daily ..... 6.27 P. M
No. 15—Accommodation daily ..... 4.58 P. M
No. 1—Daily ..... 10.06 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily ..... 5.50 A. M
No. 2—Daily ..... 6.31 A. M
No. 14—Accommodation daily ..... 9.58 A. M
No. 72—Accom. daily except Sun ..... 4.35 P. M
No. 76—Daily ..... 5.15 P. M
No. 4—Daily ..... 12.30 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL,
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

THE
Maryland Building and Loan Association
of Garrett County.

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NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 8 1896.

Notice is hereby given to all persons using and crossing bridges with steam threshers or saw mill boilers and engines, that they will be held responsible for any and all damages done to said bridges by hauling steam threshers, boilers and engines over them.

By order of the board,
IRA E. FRIEND,
Attest: J. S. MEYERS, Clerk. President.

THE GOVERNOR'S ESCAPE

BY FREDERICK M. COLBY.

More than a hundred years ago, in the sweet springtime of the year, pretty little Hetty Marvin sat in her father's orchard, tending the bleaching of the household linen.

On the grass, in the sunshine, by the little brook, lay the long web of 50 yards or more—the spinning and weaving of which had occupied Mrs. Marvin during the long months of the previous winter.

Hetty was not old nor strong enough to help her mother in the heavier work of the kitchen and the dairy, so it devolved upon her to superintend the bleaching. She was not quite 12, a bit or a girl, with bare feet and a profusion of soft, dark hair that would not be trained, but persisted in straggling over her pretty face, and veiling half the time a pair of vivacious, although thoughtful, dark eyes.

Her task was not a hard one. Whenever the folds of the linen grew dry, Hetty sprinkled them afresh with water, obtained from the brook in her gourd-shell dipper. This was to forward the whitening.

The rest of the time she sat under the orchard trees, busy with her book or her knitting, or romped with Towser, the big house dog that bore her company.

On this particular May afternoon, Hetty sat under an apple tree, reading Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." But, like the notable little housewife that she was, she did not allow the adventures of Christian and Hopeful to keep her mind from the task she was overseeing.

The afternoon was very beautiful and still. The sun shone warmly upon the green hillsides, where the violet and the saxafrage were blooming in yellow and snowy and purple glory upon the red farmhouse, set in its frame of lilac bushes all abloom, and upon a dry and dusty highway—which here came up close to the orchard, and was joined by a well-traveled path that led from the farmhouse through the field, although upon the other side of the house the broad thoroughfare swept up close to the front yard.

The boughs of the old apple tree shook their green leaves tremulously above the head of the young girl, and the water of the little brook murmured musically in its channel, as it tumbled over the mossy pebbles to join the broad Connecticut, not far distant, whose surface was visible where it emptied into Long Island sound.

On the morning of that May day, 1777, looking from her childhood's home, she had seen the reflection of the flames in the eastern sky, that told of British and Tory vengeance upon New London.

The night before, when she and her elder sister were in bed, horses' hoofs had dashed up to the door, and a fugitive had been stealthily let in—no less a personage than Gov. Griswold himself, who, fleeing for his life, had sought a retreat among his relatives in this secluded farmhouse.

Her cousin was still there, concealed behind her mother's chest of drawers in a hole in the wall, for she herself had carried his dinner to him. That his enemies were likely at an any time to track him thither was a fact patent to the Marvin household.

Hettie had not troubled herself much about this latter danger to the safety of her kinsman. Perhaps she had not thought enough about the matter fully to understand the peril that would accrue to her distinguished relative in case such an event happened.

She was only a little girl, after all, and just now more intent upon the escape of Christian and Hopeful from Doubting castle than she was in anything in this practical world, save the whitening of her mother's linen. She was reading where Christian had found the key of promise in his bosom, and was rejoicing over the discovery with Hopeful, when Towser sprang up, with a loud bark.

Just at that moment a man came running through the orchard—a man with his hat off, and wearing a haunted, anxious look on his pale face. At the first glance, the girl recognized Gov. Griswold.

He did not see her, in his haste, and sprang by her; but he paused as she called to him:

"Cousin, cousin! what is the matter?"

"Hetty, the British and Tories are at the house, and I am fleeing for my life. Please keep Towser quiet! They will hang me if they catch me."

The girl instantly quieted the dog, who, though friendly enough to the family guest, felt it incumbent to take some notice of his hurried steps.

"But how do you mean to escape?" she asked, growing somewhat pale at the thought of her gallant cousin being caught and hung by the British.

"I left a boat hidden down on the river, and two of my friends are waiting there for me. If I can get down there before my enemies overtake me, I shall be saved. Good-by, little cousin! When the dragoons come along, tell them I have gone up the road after the mail-wagon."

Hetty Marvin's dark eyes looked up, very much surprised and very much distressed, through her truant curls.

"I cannot tell a lie, cousin—indeed I cannot!" she cried.

"But you must, child, else the British will surely overtake me! You would not betray me to death, Hettie?"

"No, no! But I must not, dare not lie. I will never tell which way you go; they may tear me to pieces first. So run quickly, for they are coming."

The loud tramp of horses' hoofs rang out fearfully near.

"It's no use," said the governor, looking around, desperately. "Unless I can deceive them I am a doomed man."

The clink of spurs and sabers could now be heard up the road. The dragoons would soon be there. Yet Hetty felt that she could not tell an untruth, even to save her cousin's life. Suddenly her face flushed with a happy thought.

"I cannot speak falsely, Cousin John," she said, "for that would be wicked; but the British shan't get you if I can help it. Crawl under my web of cloth; they'll never think of looking there for you. Get down as quickly as you can, cousin, for they are almost here, and I will cover you, and stand sprinkling my linen."

The governor looked around with the keenness of a hunted deer. His ears and his eyes told him that it would be vain now to attempt to escape by flight, and his little cousin's plan pleased him.

"It is my only chance, and I thank you," he said. "I will get down as you say."

Suiting the action to the word, Gov. Griswold crept under the great web of linen, and Hetty saw that he was carefully covered and then hastened to the brook to fill her gourd with water.

She was sprinkling the web with her trembling hands when the British dragoons rode up, a score of fierce-looking men in gay uniforms, their heavy sabers clanking at every movement their horses made.

The sharp eye of the leader noticed the little girl in the orchard, and, riding close to the wall, he called out, sternly:

"Child, has anyone passed here within a half hour?"

"Yes, sir," answered Hetty, growing very pale. "I saw a man, running very fast, go by not ten minutes ago."

"Which way did he go?" asked the officer.

"I promised I wouldn't tell, sir," said Hetty, sobbing in her fright.

"But we are friends of his, and we wish to give him aid," said the officer, cunningly. "Did you not see which way he went?"

"Yes."

"And you won't tell us?"

"I said I promised not to tell, and I won't, even if you kill me!" said Hetty.

And she looked very brave and determined, though she trembled so that her teeth chattered.

"Don't you be frightened, child," said a man, whom Hetty recognized as a tory of the neighborhood, and who was evidently the guide of the party. "Is not your name Hetty Marvin?"

"Yes, sir."

"And now, Hetty, wasn't this man your cousin, Gov. John Griswold, and hasn't he been stopping at your house?"

"Yes, sir," replied Hetty.

"Of course, he said something to you when he went past—now, didn't he, Hetty?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did he say?" inquired the tory, his eyes flashing with triumph.

"He—he said he was flying for his life."

"Just so, Hetty. And he told you his plans, very likely? Be a nice girl and tell us all he said."

"My cousin told me that he was going down the river, where some friends were waiting for him with a boat, and he wanted me to tell the men who were chasing him that he had gone the other way to catch the mail wagon."

"And you promised to do as he wanted you to, eh?"

"No, I told him I could not, for that would be telling a lie."

"What did your cousin say to that?"

"He asked me if I wanted to betray him to his death."

"And then you promised that you wouldn't tell which way he went, were you to be killed for it? You are a very brave girl, Hetty, and your cousin ought to be very thankful to you. Now tell us what his last words were as he ran away, and we won't trouble you any more."

It seemed to Hetty as if the tory's eyes were looking directly at the place in the web under which her cousin lay, and her courage almost failed her; but she answered:

"His last words were: 'It's my only chance, child, and I will get down as you say.'"

Then, overpowered by her alarm for her kinsman, if they should rightly interpret the language she repeated, she carried her apron to her face and sobbed aloud. But there was no need. The dragoons had not understood her, and supposing that they had obtained correct information, they galloped hurriedly down the road toward the river, while the hunted fugitive lay safe and quiet in the retreat where the simple shrewdness of his little cousin had hidden him.

The governor's friends had been on the alert. He had arranged a signal with the boatmen that a white cloth by day or a light at night, displayed from the attic of his hiding place, should inform them if he wanted assistance.

Such a cloth had been displayed from the Marvin mansion. But when the boatmen saw the dragoons galloping madly down the road, they rowed out into the sound. The British, concluding that the boat contained the fugitive, gave up the pursuit.

Gov. Griswold did not return to the house. He lay under the linen web quite contentedly until night came, and Hetty went to the house to get her supper. When it was fully dark, Mrs. Marvin came out with some food and a valise that contained his valuables and papers.

Then a light was placed in the attic window, while the fugitive made his way undiscovered to the river, where he was received by his friends, who, seeing the signal light, had returned to the shore.

Affairs quieted down in Connecticut after awhile, and the governor finally returned to his family, which had been augmented during his absence by the birth of a daughter. To this young lady he gave the name of Hetty Marvin, in honor of the girl who had been the means of saving his life, and who afterwards became the wife of a noble patriot, and the mother of descendants who have honored their native state.—Golden Days.

—Envy is the caricature of respect.—Fliegende Blaetter.

IN LITERARY LONDON.

Why Some Americans Enjoy Living Across the Water.

During the last half-century the importance of London as a great literary and artistic center of English-speaking people has been steadily increasing. Not only have Edinburgh and Dublin, in the old world, lost that literary character which once attached to their names, but Boston, Philadelphia and Richmond, in America, have in like manner failed to maintain the promise of earlier days. New York has for some years past been the real literary center of the United States, but it is now a little doubtful whether this distinction can long be hers.

Half a century ago American authors were content to abide in their own country, and to find inspiration there. To-day it is to England that most of the prominent literary workers are turning for the recognition which is denied them here, and while Besant, Barrie, Blackmore, Du Maurier, William Black, Anthony Hope, Conan Doyle and other Englishmen are writing for American periodicals, Henry James, Bret Harte, Robert Barr, Henry Harland, W. L. Alden and a score of younger American authors have made London their residence and rank among the most popular of the contributors to English periodicals.

The reason for this state of things is obvious to all persons who are in touch with the literary and artistic circles of both England and America. In the United States literary workers and artists have long felt the want of proper organization. The little coteries already formed are too exclusive.

In England, literary men, artists and journalists live in a world of their own. When once a man has demonstrated true literary ability, no matter what his pecuniary or social position may be, he meets all his fellow workers on a common ground. An introduction from a literary friend or some editor with whom his manuscripts have found favor will secure him an entree to some "literary at home," and from that time on his social advancement is a question of either personal popularity or literary success. Every week he meets new faces and makes new friends. He soon numbers among his acquaintances some of the best known exponents of contemporary literature, and it is not long before he begins to experience a feeling of comradeship with men who have won high standing.

One of the most striking features of London literary life is its sterling democracy. There is no aristocracy in the field of London letters. The wealthy author may have a secret preference for the atmosphere of the exclusive Athenaeum club, but he never disdains to mingle at times with the rank and file at the "New Vagabonds," or at the numerous "at homes," where the struggling literary tenants of Bloomsbury, Camberwell and Brixton attics drink tea and "talk shop" with young illustrators and embryo journalists.

The London literary "at home" has, unfortunately, no equivalent in America. It is usually held from four to seven o'clock in the afternoon, or from nine to twelve at night. The "at home" of Lady Jenne and Douglass Sladen are probably the best known in London, and are deservedly popular with all those who are fortunate enough to have the entree.

Many of the younger literary men whose success has enabled them to change lodgings for chambers are to be found domiciled in the picturesque old inns of court—Gray's, Furnival's, Lincoln and others. Here each usually sets aside some night in the week for the entertainment of his friends. These informal functions are as delightful as they are numerous, and there is usually no night in the week that a writer who is fairly well acquainted cannot, after a short stroll or a bus ride, find himself in a circle of kindred spirits.

In London, artists, novelists and journalists belong to the same clubs, attend the same social functions and patronize the same restaurants. The English tavern, or "public house," as it is now called, is no longer the rendezvous for Englishmen of letters that it was in the preceding centuries, but there are still places that may be regarded as the legitimate successors of "The Cheshire Cheese" and "The Cock," which, though still in existence, have lost much of their former fascination for idle writers. In the Press club, just off Fleet street, and in several modest drinking houses in the vicinity of Covent Garden and Soho, one may find at almost any hour in the day men of more or less celebrity who earn their bread by means of their pens.—N. Y. Sun.

Dangers of Railroading.

Familiarity breeds contempt for danger, as well as other happenings. This is especially true in railroad life, where the most horrible of deaths awaits a careless step. A gentleman relates an incident of the kind, as seen in New Orleans. The transfer vessel of the Southern Pacific was at its pier, and a locomotive was hauling cars up the short but steep grade to the dock. While the gentleman was watching this operation, he saw a switchman, with a lantern, step on the track right in front of the approaching locomotive. The engine came on, and just as it seemed the man would be crushed, he gave a little jump and landed on the fender, out of danger. The slightest slip would have meant death of a horrible kind, and yet he took the risk 20 times a day. His pay could have hardly been worth the risk, but he never thought of that.—Golden Days.

Likes Prison.

Some years ago a rich man was sentenced in England for some crime to a term of penal servitude. So enamored did he become with prison life and with his surroundings during the period of his incarceration, that, since his release, he has built for himself a miniature prison, with cells, exercise ground and tread mill. Upon the latter, it is said, he daily works just as he did while he was under his sentence.—London Graphic.

ON A FOSSIL SEARCH.

The Remains of Giant Quadrupeds Recently Discovered.

Prof. Henry Fairfield Osburn, curator of vertebrate paleontology in the American Museum of Natural History, contributes a paper on "Prehistoric Quadrupeds of the Rockies," in which he says:

"Before describing the animals themselves we may stop to note what our present knowledge of them has cost in human skill and endurance. Every one of these pictures is drawn from a complete skeleton hewn out of the solid rock, and each of these skeletons represents years and years of arduous exploration in which Wortman, Hatcher, Peterson and others sent out by the American museum, by Princeton or by Yale, have become famous. Our party found the Titanothere in a broiling alkali canyon of South Dakota. Its head was protruding from a hard sandstone cliff, and the chest, limbs and trunk were chiseled out by the men under a rude shelter which lowered the noon temperature to 106 degrees. They were encouraged to think that the whole beast had been mired in a standing position. This was probably the case originally, but suddenly they came across a fault; it appeared that the hind limbs had been swept away; and it required two years' more searching before bones of an animal of a corresponding size were secured. Every other skeleton has its own story of determination, disappointment and surprise.

"The old lake basins, once on sea level, and enriched by the moist, balmy winds of the Pacific, are now elevated from 4,000 to 5,000 feet. The only redeeming feature of their present aspect of absolute barrenness is that the absence of vegetation leaves the old graves and burying grounds bare. Fossil bones and skeletons are not plentiful—far from it; but a trained eye sees a great distance along the bare gullies, cliffs and canyons, and your daily scramble of from 15 to 20 miles enables you to prospect over a vast stretch. You are off in the morning, stiffened by a frosty night. You knew by sad experience that the ice in the basins does not promise a cool day. Your backbone is still freezing while the sun begins to broil and blister your skin, and you are the living embodiments of the famous dessert served by the Japanese—a hot crust without, an ice within. Your trail begins on the upland, which may be the actual level of the old lake bottom; and, as if walking through a graveyard, you never look for bones until the land breaks away by erosion.

"When you reach the edge of this upland you look off into a sea of rock, wild beyond description, and you plunge down the slope to a certain level. Then you follow the level round and round and in and out. Here you are on a seam which bears fossils. Above and below it are other fossiliferous seams, and between them are barren seams where you will not find a bone if you search till doomsday. This level, perhaps, represents the delta of a great mountain river which swept the animals out with coarse sand, pebbles and debris. Sometimes you walk miles and miles, up and down, day after day, and see nothing but common turtle bones, which are so deceptive and tempting at a distance that the fossil hunter profanely kicks them aside. Turtles are found everywhere, because they swam out, basked in the sunshine in the mid lakes and occasionally sank to the bottom, while the carcasses of land animals were buried in the deltas or near shore.

"In such a fossil-barren land the heat seems twice as torrid as on the buttes, your muscles and back ache doubly, your tongues lies parched from the last gulp of alkali water, your soul abhors a fossil and longs for the green shade of the east and the watermelon, when, all of a sudden, a little projecting bone strikes your wearied eye. You fall on your knees and breathe gently on the loose sand; a little scraping, and you see signs of a skull—perhaps of some missing link. The thrill of discovery spreads like an elixir through your frame, and two or three hours later, after carefully cutting out the prize, you walk vigorously back to camp, every inch a man.

"Thus fossil hunting is a life of vicissitudes and emotions. The fossil hunter is predestined to his work, like the sportsman. He returns east in the autumn, vowing he will never go back to the Bad Lands; but as the favorable months of spring come round he becomes more and more restless, until he is off. The country that is as hot as hades, watered by stagnant alkali pools, is almost invariably the richest in fossils. Here, in fact, as you find the greatest variety and number of bones, you enjoy the most delightful flights of the scientific imagination; when parched and burned, you conjure before you the glories of these ancient lakes."—Century.

No Need of Them.

"Girls are becoming more sensible, don't you think?" she asked.

"In what way?" he inquired, for he was a wise man and objected to committing himself until he had seen all the plans and specifications.

"Well, for one thing," she explained, "they no longer wear tight gloves."

"They don't need to," he answered. "They have probably learned that they can get their hands squeezed other ways."

"Well, that's sensible, isn't it? And a great many of us don't wear such tight wrists, either."

"Yes, yes, of course!" he exclaimed, hastily.

And thereupon they went into executive session.—Chicago Post.

Pretty Loud.

He—Miss Uptodate's bicycle rigging is pretty loud, isn't it?

Her Rival—Loud! I should say it was. Every time she passes a vacant barn her bloomers create an echo.—Buffalo Express.

Making It Plain.

"This here piece in the paper makes use o' the word 'superfluity' several times," remarked the man who was sitting on the empty soap box. "Now what do ye take superfluity to be?"

"I dunno's I kin exactly tell it," answered the man with twine suspenders. "But I sense it all right enough."

"Kin ye illustrate it?"

"M' yes. I reckon I kin. Superfluity is a good deal the same thing ez a feller's wearin' a necktie when he's got a full beard."—Washington Star.

The Pleasures of Farming.

Mr. Chatterton—I've decided to go into business, Miss Weatherbee.

Miss Weatherbee—I'm very glad to hear it, Mr. Chatterton.

Mr. Chatterton—Yaas, I've made up my mind to become a farmer. Think how jolly it must be to go out of a mawning and see the butterflies making butter, and the grasshoppers making grass—and—all that sawt of thing, you know.—Tit-Bits.

ONE IS ENOUGH.

He—Well, thank goodness, I'm not two-faced!

She—No wonder you're thankful. One like yours is enough!—In Town.

What Troubled Him.

"Come, old man," said the kind friend, "cheer up. There are others."

"I don't mind her breaking the engagement so very much," said the despondent young man; "but to think that I have got to go on paying the installments on the ring for a year to come yet. That is what jars me."—Odds and Ends.

A PARDONABLE BLUNDER.

How She Is Useful.

"Oh, you may rail at woman all you wish," she exclaimed, angrily, "but you know very well man could not get along without her."

"I believe you are more or less right about that, Hannah," he returned. "Man must have something to laugh at or he would become altogether too morose."—Chicago Post.

Abundant Proof.

He—Why do you keep me in an agony of doubt? What proof have you ever given that you really love me?

"Why, Ambrose, I've broken off every one of half a dozen engagements made since I promised to marry you."—Detroit Free Press.

Three Letters.

"Tell me," said the young man, passionately, "is my answer to be spelled with three letters or two?"

"Three," said the summer girl, shyly. "Darling!"

"That is to say it is 'nit.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Johnny Found Out.

"Little Johnnie opened his drum yesterday to find out where the noise came from."

"Did he find out?"

"Yes; when his father came home the noise came from little Johnnie."—Pick-Me-Up.

Hard Hit.

He wheeled out into the country,
To breathe the sweet, pure air;
'Twas a rugged landscape, and even he
Was much struck by the scenery there.
—Detroit Tribune.

Knows Where He Belongs.

Indignant Butcher—That dog of yours has been getting into my sausages.

Pointer—Well, he seems to know his place, doesn't he?—Yonkers Statesman.

The Only Way to Be Convinced.

"You can play dominoes for ten hours a day for 118,000,000 years without exhausting the combinations."

"I don't believe it."

"Just you try it and see."—Bay City Chat.

Applied to Her Mouth.

"My dear," he said in the middle of the rather protracted curtain lecture,

"Don't interrupt me, John Henry," she returned.

"It's only for your own good," he said, apologetically. "You see, you may let your mouth inadvertently get you into trouble."

She felt that he had something mean to say, but her curiosity forced her to ask what he meant.

"A very earnest attempt is being made," he said, "to enforce the midnight closing ordinance."—Chicago Post.

Business and Politics.

Mr. Stealall—I have done you a good many favors in the past, buying up delegates for you, carrying conventions for you, hiring repeaters, counting votes, and so on; and now, as I am out of a job, I thought maybe you could give me a chance in your factory. I hear you are in need of a confidential bookkeeper.

Great Statesman (also a big manufacturer)—Um—er, I don't think you would suit in that position. But I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll back you for county treasurer.—N. Y. Weekly.

Easily Remembered.

"Beg pardon, sir," observed the tough-looking waiter, suggestively. "Gentlemen at this table usually—er—remember me, sir."

"I don't wonder," said the customer, cordially. "That mug of yours would be hard to forget."

And he picked up his bill and strolled leisurely in the direction of the cashier.—Tit-Bits.

A Bona Fide Announcement.

"Take that bicycle," said the dealer to his assistant, "and put it in the window with a sign announcing that its price will be $65 this week only."

"Supposing we don't sell it, shall I change the price next week?"

"Certainly. We never deceive the public. Next week its price will be $60."—Washington Star.

Might Be Personal.

"Why didn't the professor try to read your mind when he got you up on the stage?"

"I don't exactly know. He went into some sort of trance and announced that there was nothing to be read. I wonder if he meant to be personal?"—Chicago Post.

THE SUPREME TEST.

"And you say you'll always love him no matter what happens?"

Young Widow—Yes — even if we should get married.—Brooklyn Life.

A Life Saver.

Puffy—Just saved a man's life!

Guffy—How was that?

Puffy—Met a fellow on the street. Said he'd blow my brains out if I didn't give him my watch. Gave him my watch.—Detroit Free Press.

The Stumper Stumped.

Politicus—My son, you must learn to say "no."

Son—But, papa, you never say "no." You say: "I'll consider the matter."—Truth.

An Even Thing.

The bicyclist was inclined to be scornful.

"A fig for your horse!" he exclaimed. "You have to stop to bridle and saddle him every time you want to go for a ride."

"True," replied the horseman; "but I don't have to pump him up."—Chicago Post.

Getting His Dad In Trouble.

Georgie—Say, ma; typewriting ain't like handwriting, is it?

Georgie's Mamma — No, Georgie. Why do you ask?

Georgie—'Cause I heard papa down to his office say to the typewriter: "What a beautiful hand!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

SMALL AND GREAT.

From a tiny acorn
A forest giant grows;
From a little streamlet
A mighty river flows.
Many fleeting seconds
Go to make the day;
Days glide into years, and
Ages pass away.

Many tiny blossoms,
Sprinkled o'er the lea,
Make it one vast garden
Beautiful to see.
Many little songsters,
Warbling 'mid the trees,
Send a choral concert
Floating on the breeze.

Many grains of knowledge,
Added day by day,
Lay a store of wisdom
In your minds away.
Every time you conquer
Passion in the strife,
You are one step nearer
To a noble life.

Who will stand the highest
On the judgment day?
He whose valor conquered
In the bloody fray,
Round whose brow is circled
Garlands fair of fame?

Nay! But he of whom the world
Knows not e'en the name,
Who, when passions battled,
Conquered in that fight—
He it is whose name will show
The highest and most bright.
—Kate Clyde, in Golden Days.

AN OLD MAN'S WORK.

Why the Poor of New York Bless Paper Smith and His Basket.

It stands in a corner of the New York post office. The clerks drop into it the papers and magazines they would otherwise throw away, and the attendants add every scrap of reading matter that is left in the long corridors. The special policeman watches to see that no one disturbs it.

At certain hours every day a little old man appears. He empties the basket into a bag, and this he carries to a red box placed at the corner of Broadway and Vesey street by the "associated hospitals." He is known to few of the people who meet him and his name, to those few, is "Paper" Smith.

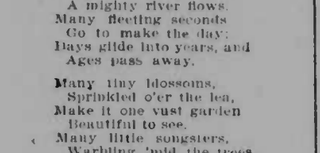

FOR THE HOSPITAL.

Years ago, when he was young, "Paper" Smith met with an accident and was confined in a hospital for many months. With no friends to visit him, nothing to read, hardly anything to look forward to but the doctor's next visit, he found it a dull place.

Some of his companions were worse off than he. They spent the weary hours in brooding over their miseries. Smith knew what pain was; but it did no good to think about that. He was a man who took an interest in other people, and at the worst of times there was always something to be interested about.

Thinking of the unhappy ones, as he often did, Smith saw a way to lighten their burdens. The trouble was that, even after he was cured, he could not put it in practice. He had to earn his living. When the day's work was done he had neither time nor strength to carry out his plan.

So the toilsome years went on until, at the age of 50, Smith inherited a small annuity. It was barely enough to keep body and soul together; but the chance to act upon his cherished thought was the only personal luxury he craved. Then, in the true sense, he began to live.

It is 15 years since the post office people first heard of "Paper" Smith and began to save their papers for the eager old man with the basket. For 15 years no infirmity of age and no desire for rest and ease has caused him to neglect his mission.

He does not know how many of the suffering and sad have been cheered and comforted by the contents of his basket. Very likely he has never wished to estimate. His duty—and it is his pleasure also—is to fill the basket.

There is no waste in God's universe. Neither the thoughtful effort of a great organization nor the impulsive kindness of a little child is ever thrown away. When we commend, and rightly, the deeds of association, perhaps we fail to do complete justice to the possibilities and power of the individual.

And yet the one thing that helps to better the world is the steady purpose that waits for the opportunity, and then the patient, loving, faithful service that makes the most of it.—Youth's Companion.

In Russia Beds Are Scarce.

Beds are quite an innovation in Russia, and many well-to-do houses are still unprovided with them. Peasants sleep on the top of their ovens; middle-class people and servants roll themselves up in the sheepskins and lie down near the stoves; soldiers rest upon wooden cots without bedding and it is only within the last few years that students in schools have been allowed beds.

The Biggest Room on Earth.

One of the rooms in the government factory at Enfield, England, where small arms are made, is said to be the largest in the world. It is so vast that a shout at one end of it would only just be heard at the other. It contains 2,000 separate machines of 180 different patterns.

Just What It Needed.

"It made my blood boil!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," returned the family physician, coldly, "your blood needs boiling, too."—Chicago Post.

THE GERMAN PRINCES.

They Have to Work Hard and Must Learn Many Things.

If there ever was a day when kings and queens led a peaceful and happy life, that time seems to have gone by. With the possible exception of Queen Victoria, the potentates of Europe are continually in hot water, and are kept busy over matters that do not bother ordinary mortals. Even in childhood, royal people undergo unusual trials.

The German emperor is a man of untiring activity, and his children are being reared like young Spartans. They are graciously allowed to study and play like children until they arrive at the age of nine, and then their training begins in dire earnest.

From that time forward, they are allowed but an hour and a half a day out of their waking hours to themselves; all the rest of the day is spent in study and physical training. Even in holiday time their tutors accompany them to superintend their studies.

Here, for example, is an ordinary day's work for the crown prince and his two brothers. In summer, the happy dreams of childhood are disturbed at six o'clock; in winter at seven. Breakfast, consisting of one cupful of coffee and a roll, is served at 7:30. From eight until 9:30, they are hard at work at lessons, to help the digestion of which they are supplied with a second instalment of bread, with water tinged with red wine.

Immediately afterward they start on their books again; but mental exercise is mixed with physical, and an hour is spent in gymnastics and horse exercise, which lasts till 1:15. Thereupon they accompany to dinner their military and civil governors of the castle, and, following this, they have a brief breathing time to themselves.

But the happy moments soon flee away, and again they have to be at their exercises—this time science and music till six o'clock. Then supper is served, and by eight o'clock they are all snug in bed.

In sport and other manly exercises they are proficient, and can ride as well without a saddle as most people can with. Their military education is also pushed to the utmost, and, that they should understand the principles of war thoroughly, a miniature fortress has been built for them of solid masonry. The walls are nine feet high, and in the revolving towers the beleaguered have the opportunity of repelling hostilities by means of miniature Krupp guns and all the latest implements of modern warfare.

A part of their education is also devoted to the gentler arts of peace. In the royal garden each child has a plot of ground, and each is his own gardener, and is responsible to headquarters for the maintenance of the said plot.

After a riding lesson, too, they are not allowed to throw the reins of the ponies to a groom and then walk off. Every prince has to take his pony to its stall, unsaddle it and put everything in its proper place before leaving.—Golden Days.

THE CHAMPION JUMPER.

When Closely Pressed This Queer Creature Covers Seventy Feet.

The champion jumper of the world lives in Borneo, which is one of the largest islands in the world.

This leaper can jump 70 feet when it is pressed hard, and it is no trick at all for him to go 40 and 50 feet in a single bound. The name of the champion is

THE POUCHED JUMPER.

"pouched jumper," and it is a member of the kangaroo family. It moves about much as the kangaroo does, but it can out-jump it any day.

It lives on squirrels, birds and small animals, and is so quick in its movements and can jump so well that it has little trouble in getting all it wants to eat. When it is in hot pursuit of its prey it has been known to jump 70 feet on a level, and it is not at all unusual for it to make jumps of 50 feet.—Chicago Record.

Fly That Carries a Lantern.

One of the largest and most curious of the many luminous or lamp-bearing insects is the large lantern fly, a species of the firefly, peculiar to central and northern South America. The great lantern is hardly as large as the common dragon fly or "snake feeder," but like that creature, it has lace-like wings and an elongated abdomen. In Central America, particularly in Costa Rica and Panama, the Indians capture them by thousands, using them as decorations for their headdresses, saddles, etc. The Frenchman, Renard, who visited Guatemala in 1802, declared that the Indians used the lantern flies and other luminous insects much in the same manner that we do torches and lanterns and that by the light the insects give out they were able to find their way through dark woods and swamps.

Mistaken.

"You women folks," complained young Mr. Sypher, at the supper table, "always laugh at the least little thing."

"You wrong us," returned the beautiful Miss Koolson, earnestly. "When, Mr. Sypher, did I ever laugh at you?"

And while they were removing the soup plates young Mr. Sypher looked into his napkin and thought and thought and thought.

As well as he could.—N. Y. Recorder.

FARM AND GARDEN.

THE POULTRY STANDARD.

The Explanation of How the "Judging" of Fowls Is Done.

The "American Standard of Perfection" is a book containing a list of every recognized breed of poultry, and of the varieties of the several breeds. It describes in detail the proper color and shape of an ideal fowl, and gives a certain value to the shape and plumage in every part of the body of this ideal fowl. The body of the fowl is arbitrarily divided into parts, called sections, and each section is given such value that if all of them were perfect in shape and color the total would be 100 points, which is perfection. As no fowl is ideally perfect, the sections are given so high a value that it is altogether improbable that any fowl will ever be perfect in every part, and therefore no fowl will ever reach perfection. Expert judges are employed to examine poultry that is exhibited at poultry shows and a good many of the fairs, and they pick out the defects and mark them against the fowls under examination, section after section, and when this is finished, the value of the defects is added up and the total deducted from perfection (100), and the remainder is the score of the bird. When a bird scores less than 85 it is called disqualified, and cannot be considered in the awarding of prizes.

The description used in the "Standard" are copyrighted, and we cannot use them, but to give you an idea of how the judging of poultry is done, we will imagine that there is a breed called American Beauties, with the following values fixed on the sections:

Symmetry	7
Weight	7
Condition	6
Head—shape 3, color 3	6
Comb	8
Wattles and ear-lobs	6
Neck—shape 4, color 6	10
Back—shape 4, color 4	8
Breast—shape 5, color 5	10
Body and fluff—shape 5 color 3	8
Wings—shape 4, color 4	8
Tail—shape 4, color 4	8
Legs and toes	8
Total	100

A given fowl may be perfect in most sections, but not one has ever been found that was perfect in all of them. The nearest to a perfect fowl that has ever been scored was 99½ points, if I remember correctly, and the fowl was sold for $200.

It may be asked what all this has to do with practical qualities. It must be confessed that the "Standard" does not encourage any breeder to breed with a view to anything but color of feather and weight, and that it does not put any premium on egg production. This is the weak point in it, and will be until that is remedied and encouragement is given to the breeders to look to egg production.

As matters now stand, the breeder of pure-bred fowls is compelled to regard shape and color before anything else, and it requires the sacrifice of "Standard" points sometimes in order to keep the best layers. As long as this state of affairs lasts the "fancier" will be handicapped in his work of improving fowls and producing egg-laying strains. The pure breeds come into favor because they are good layers in the first place, and keep in front because they transmit this tendency to their progeny, but improvement will not go on as rapidly under the present system as it would if some inducement was made to produce egg-laying strains first and beauty afterward.—Farm and Fireside.

HOUSE FOR POULTRY.

Description of a Structure That Has Proved Very Satisfactory.

The illustrations show a perspective and end view of a house that has proven very satisfactory—warm, well lighted, convenient and cheap. Sills, plates and posts are four by four, the rest of the

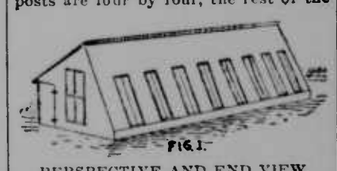
FIG. 1.

PERSPECTIVE AND END VIEW.

frame two by four scantling. Matched lumber or siding for outside. Line inside with building paper and ceiling, or lath and plaster. The latter is most easily kept free from vermin. In the sectional view, a ceiling is shown overhead. The space above may be used as a means of ventilation. A few apertures through the ceiling will remove foul air into this space, and it can be carried out

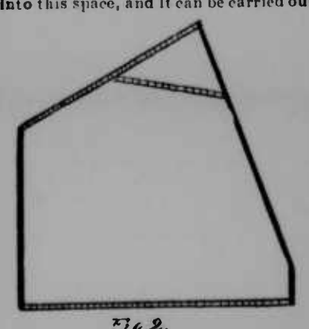
FIG. 2.

SECTIONAL VIEW.

through ventilators or gable windows. This avoids all drafts.

The windows are in the south or sloping side. A convenient size for a sash is one containing two rows of eight by ten glass, five in a row, each overlapping the one below in the style of hot-house sashes. One window to five feet in length of building will give good light.

Of course the interior arrangement depends largely upon the fancy of the owner. The floor may be either cement or earth. The former is preferred by the man who cares for the flock, the latter by the hens. A width of 13 feet is recommended. This will admit of an alley three feet wide along the north side, the remainder to be divided into pens of the size desired.—Ohio Farmer.

When a hog has to be driven to his feed he is being overfed.

PERFECT HEALTH.

How It May Be Obtained by All.

An Interesting Bit of History as Told by a Traveling Man.

From the World, Cleveland, Ohio.

After an extended trip lasting several months and embracing many points of interest throughout the West and South, Mr. George Lockhart, of Hudson, Ohio, returned home a few days ago. He is bright and genial as ever and looks as if his long holiday had thoroughly agreed with him.

Mr. Lockhart's business during his travels took him frequently to Hot Springs and other health resorts. He does not appear to have been very favorably impressed with the peculiarities of life at such places, nor with the benefits received by the patients. "Men go there to get cured of disease," says he. "They take one hot bath in the morning and spend the rest of the day generally in drinking, gambling and general dissipation. How they can expect to recover under such treatment passes my comprehension. But they are, as a rule, what the world calls good fellows, free with their money and bent on enjoying themselves.

"With one man, however, whom I met at such a place I formed what I hope will prove a permanent friendship. I am indebted to him for benefits which have left on my mind a feeling of the strongest gratitude. I was, as you know, not at all well. A lameness in my right leg, contracted a year ago, had gradually become [illegible] until I was compelled to go around on crutches all the time. Then my general health failed, until in the latter part of the summer I had about concluded to come home to die. Such a state of affairs as you will easily understand, was anything but comfortable. I was, in fact, neither more nor less than a helpless invalid, a nuisance to myself and everybody around me. It was at this juncture that one day on the train I fell into conversation with the man I mention. He recommended me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did so. You see the result."

And Mr. Lockhart expanded his broad chest and smiled. "Look here," he continued, as he took off his hat and holding it on a level with his head, kicked it easily with the foot that used to be lame. No better picture of perfect health and abounding animal spirits could be wished for than this one-time invalid.

"My future movements are uncertain," said Mr. Lockhart at parting. "I will remain in Hudson for some time, but before the summer is over I expect to make a visit to Europe."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

KANKAKEE SWAMPS.

Land Owners Adopt a Plan of Action at the Valparaiso Meeting.

The Kankakee valley land owners or their agents met the other day at Hanna, Ind., to discuss the various plans which have for 40 years been offered for the draining of the valley. It was a very representative crowd. The committee on resolutions offered in substance that the meeting be incorporated under the laws of Indiana; that a committee engage an engineer to make survey of different routes offered; this report and an estimate cost of the work to be presented to the land owners and if a majority deem this estimate and plan satisfactory they were to petition the commissioners of the different counties which the river affects to appoint three commissioners to assess the benefits of all lands improved. The report was accepted. James Burke, of Chicago, and Nelson Morris, who he represented, and others endeavored to have the committee begin the work first by removing the obstruction of rock in the river in Illinois and then cutting off the bends of the river. As the matter now stands St. Joseph, La Porte and Starke counties, of the seven which are partially submerged by the Kankakee, will alone try to reclaim their lands.

"If I should die, you would never get another wife who would look after you as I have done." "No, not if I could help it."—Chicago Record.

Fortify Feeble Lungs Against Winter with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

"Johnny," asked his teacher, "what must we do before our sins can be forgiven?" "Sin," replied Johnny.—Boston Beacon.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

The favorite string instrument of a Bostonian—string beans.—Texas Sifter.

When little Willie heard that there was to be a "money-order" department established at the town post office, he was delighted. "Why," he said, "now a fellow can go and order all the money he wants, just like potatoes from the grocery, can't he?"

His Honor (severely)—"How could you, sir, be so mean as to swindle people who put confidence in you?" Prisoner—"Well, your honor, I'll make it worth something to you if you will tell me how to swindle them as don't."—Tit-Bits.

"Jonson, I do believe if you were given your choice between me and your pipe, you would hesitate." "That's where you make a mistake, Mrs. Jobson. A pipe soothes and comforts a man in his old age."—N. Y. Herald.

"Don't you know, Willie," asked the Sunday school teacher, "that you are always happiest when you are good?" "Yes'm," said Willie. "I'm never so happy as when I'm good, 'ceptin' when I'm eatin'."—Chicago Tribune.

Chief of Detectives—"Why didn't you catch Mag, the shoplifter? I told you how to identify her by her peculiar hair." Sleuthhupp—"I guess she changed her switch and threw me off the track."—Philadelphia Record.

To the Small Boy.—Why is it, cherished friend of mine,
With various moods so hard to trace,
You'll swim with glee all day, and whine
Because you have to wash your face?
—Washington Star.

At the Wrong Place.—"Who was that fine-looking gentleman at the door, Jane?" "I don't know, mum. I told him that he had called at the wrong house." "How in the world do you know he did?" "Because he had no bill to present, mum."—Detroit Free Press.

Stranger—"Why did they lynch that man? Did he steal a horse or commit murder?" Native—"Worse than any of them things, pardner. He was ketched scatterin' tacks along the bicycle path."—Cleveland Leader.

A Table of Interest—The dinner-table

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No To Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

"Jamie," called out his mother, sharply, "you've been loafing all day. Satan always finds some work for idle hands to do. Take this basket and bring in some kindlings."

No Time Should Be Lost

By those troubled with constipation in seeking relief from Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The disease is easily relieved in its earlier stage, and as it is utterly subversive of the general health, postponement of the remedy is unwise. The same holds good of delay in cases of fever and ague, kidney complaints, nervousness, debility and rheumatism, ailments to which the Bitters is particularly adapted.

"What is this mental poise that women talk so much about nowadays?" "It is being able to look at caterpillars without feeling them crawling all over you."

A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action, and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

No one can make rheumatism or biliousness interesting. Therefore if you are sick, do not tell about it.

Men and ladies in small towns wishing to earn $18 a week easily, write us; we will explain. Excelsior Chemical Co., Rochester, N. Y. Lock Box 608.

Mrs. Jabber (to Mr. Jabber)—"Are you aware that you talk in your sleep?" Young Jabber (who has just been silenced)—"What other chance does he get?"—Tit-Bits.

When bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

"Don't you think there should be music in every home?" "By all means; what I object to is music next door."—Chicago Record.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. D. Townsend, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, '94.

There is too much said about love in this world, and not enough about the necessity of a marriage license.—Atchison Globe.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

Noah was an expert with the gloves. He boxed everything in the ark.—Texas Sifter.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

YOU HAVE BACKACHE

Get Rid of It!

It is a sign that you have Kidney Disease; Kidney Disease, if not checked, leads to Bright's Disease,

and Bright's Disease Kills!

Because the Kidneys break down and pass away with the urine. .. ..

Heed the Danger Signal

and begin to cure your Kidneys to-day by taking

Warner's Safe Cure

Large bottle or new style smaller one at your druggist's.

Send your name for a Souvenir of the Works of Eugene Field.

FIELD FLOWERS

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The most beautiful Art Production of the century. "A small bunch of the most fragrant of blossoms gathered from the broad acres of Eugene Field's Farm of Love." Contains a selection of the most beautiful of the poems of Eugene Field. Handsomely illustrated by thirty-five of the world's greatest artists as their contribution to the Monument Fund. But for the noble contributions of the great artists this book could not have been manufactured for $7.00. For sale at book stores, or sent prepaid on receipt of $1.10. The love offering to the Child's Poet Laureate, published by the Committee to create a fund to build the Monument and to care for the family of the beloved poet.

Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund,
180 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

DYSPEPSIA: YUCATAN KILLS IT.

OPIUM and **WHISKY** habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.

The Pill that Will.

"The pill that will," implies the pills that won't. Their name is legion. The name of "the pill that will" is Ayer's Cathartic Pill. It is a pill to rely on. Properly used it will cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache, and the other ills that result from torpid liver. Ayer's pills are not designed to spur the liver into a momentary activity, leaving it in yet more incapable condition after the immediate effect is past. They are compounded with the purpose of toning up the entire system, removing the obstructing conditions, and putting the liver into proper relations with the rest of the organs for natural co-operation. The record of Ayer's Pills during the half century they have been in public use establishes their great and permanent value in all liver affections.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

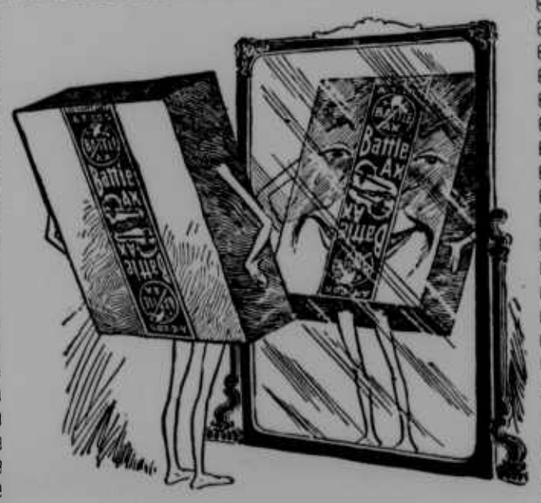

"I am Bigger than the Biggest; Better than the Best!" 78

BattleAx PLUG

A GREAT BIG PIECE FOR 10 CENTS

What a chewer wants first is a good tobacco; then he thinks about the size of the plug. He finds both goodness and bigness in "Battle Ax." He finds a 5 cent piece almost as large as a 10 cent piece of other high grade brands. No wonder millions chew "Battle Ax."

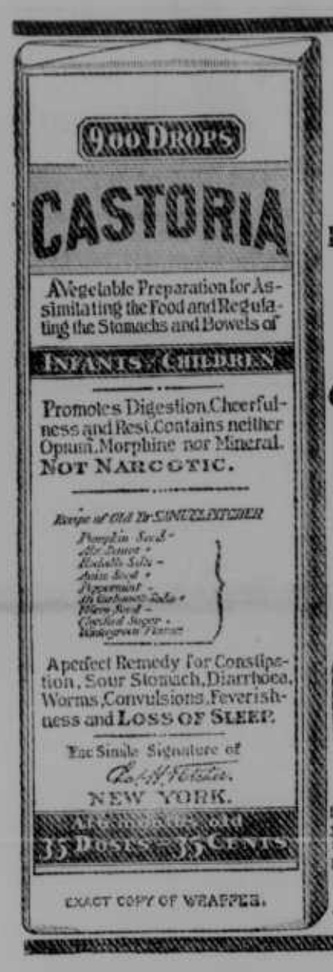

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Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." For less than you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Bicycles.

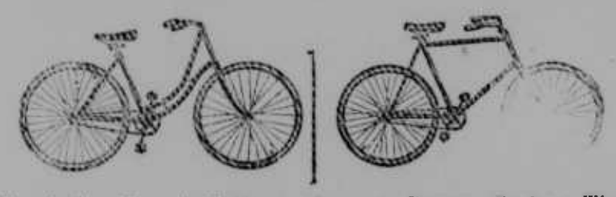

Bicycle Sundries of all Kinds. Cement, Pumps, Spokes, Tires, Wood Rims, Balls, Patching Rubber, Coasters, Lamps, Valves and Valve Stems, Repair Kits, Wrenches, Oilers, Locks, Etc., Etc.

BICYCLE REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

Briar-Bend Seminary.

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No Malaria,
No City Temptations,
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Boating,
Bowling and Tennis,
Delicate pupils go home strong.

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Classics,
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Music and Art,
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We Prepare for College.

The Principal, Miss Swan, formerly at the head of Mt. Auburn Seminary, Cincinnati, has traveled extensively, but has nowhere found such life-giving properties as are in this dry atmosphere. Write for Catalogue to

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Its campaign news and discussions will interest and should be read by every American citizen.

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EXPENSES LOW.

Send for catalogue to PRESIDENT MARSH.

WHY SILVER DOLLARS ARE AS GOOD AS GOLD ONES.

How is it that a silver dollar, which possesses only about 53 cents' worth of commercial value, can be maintained at a parity with the gold dollar?

How is it that I can buy as much now with a silver dollar as I can with a gold dollar?

Why won't silver dollars be just as good under free coinage as they are now?

These are samples of the inquiries that men are asking all over the country, and these and similar queries have poured in upon Secretary Carlisle in such quantities that he has deemed it advisable to answer them by means of an open letter, which contains a clear, frank and convincing explanation of this matter.

Summed up in a single word, it may be said that FAITH is at the basis of the government's ability to maintain each of the silver dollars on a par with gold. The people have faith that each silver dollar issued by the government will purchase exactly as much as a gold dollar will. Remove that faith, destroy that confidence, upset that belief, and the government, strong and powerful as it is, will find itself unable to maintain the parity between the silver and the gold dollar, with the inevitable result that the silver dollar will sink to its commercial value of about 53 cents, while, on the principle that a poor dollar drives out a good one, the gold dollar will disappear entirely from circulation.

The people of this country have freely received silver dollars because the faith, the honor and the integrity of the nation are pledged to keep the silver dollar on an equality with the gold dollar. For this reason the silver dollar, in spite of its commercial shrinkage, has been readily accepted at its face value by the people. But if any doubt arises in the public mind as to the government's ability to keep its pledge, there is at once a sudden withdrawal of gold from circulation either by foreign creditors or by domestic hoarders. Such a condition was created in 1893 and was responsible for the panic of that year, which was further due to the additional fact that the government was issuing too many silver dollars under the Bland law, and too many paper dollars in payment for silver bars under the Sherman law. Congress was obliged, therefore, to stop the issue of this money. But already nearly $600,000,000 in silver dollars and silver notes had been created, and the government naturally found considerable trouble in keeping this mass of silver, together with $346,000,000 in greenbacks, on a parity with gold. As a result it was obliged at times to purchase gold to keep up the equality by the issue of bonds.

Now, if the government has had so much difficulty in keeping its silver and gold dollars exchangeable, with a comparatively limited issue of silver dollars and notes, how can it possibly hope to maintain this parity when our mints are open to all the silver of all the world, when the citizen of any nation on the globe can come to our mints and have 53 cents' worth of silver metal coined into a silver dollar? The government would no longer be able to redeem its obligations in gold, because a point would soon be reached where it would be impossible to exchange gold for silver dollars and their paper representatives, the parity between the gold and silver dollars would soon be removed, the equality in the exchangeable value of the coins would be destroyed, and the country would descend to a silver basis, with the result that a silver dollar would be worth its commercial value and nothing more.

This commercial value now amounts to about 53 cents, and, reckoning on that basis, the enactment of a law for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 would be a violation of the explicit obligations of the nation, which by an act of congress has declared it to be "the established policy of the United States to maintain the two metals on a parity with each other." It would be a confession that the people had lost faith in the ability and integrity of the government to redeem its promises. It would be "a violation of the implied and expressed pledges on the faith of which the people have accepted hundreds of millions of these silver dollars in payment for goods and services at their full gold value. It would be a wholesale repudiation on the part of the government against its own citizens, and the dollars, being full legal tender, would compel all debtors to repudiate half their obligations, cut down pensions, wages, salaries, savings bank deposits and insurance policies one-half, and whelm the whole country in disaster."

These are, in brief, some of the reasons why the silver dollar today passes equal and current with its gold companion, and why the silver dollar will sink to its own intrinsic value if our mints are opened to the free and unlimited coinage of silver.

A tricky dollar never yet made any nation prosperous nor added anything to the real wealth of its people. "An honest man is the noblest work of God," and an honest dollar is the noblest money, and the most profitable that honest men can coin or use.

The Arkansas verdict was discounted in advance. Every one knew that the Bryanites were guilty of as colossal frauds as Tammany Hall ever committed. And that is saying a great deal—even for Tammany.

Free silver means disgrace and poverty to the United States.

FARMERS SHOULD CONSIDER.

Farmers who think that free silver will help them get rid of their mortgages should consider carefully what effect a 16 to 1 law will have on the lenders of capital. As soon as it becomes likely that a free coinage law will be enacted there will undoubtedly be a general demand that all mortgages shall at once be paid in full. Where, then, when this demand comes upon the farmer, will he get the money to meet the demand and save his farm? Does any farmer believe that the man who has money to loan will let a dollar of it leave his hands while there is a possibility of his his being repaid in 50 cent dollars? And if the farmer cannot raise money to pay his mortgage, his home and farm will be sold at a sacrifice and taken from him. Where will he be then?

Even Senator Faulkner of West Virginia, chairman of the Democratic congressional committee, admits that Kentucky is doubtful. How about Maryland and North Carolina and other states that have been Democratic to the core?

An honest and actual bimetallism means that gold and silver dollars shall have an equal intrinsic value. This the Republican party now stands for, and this the United States will have if McKinley and Hobart are elected.

Contrast the dignified, courteous, affable bearing of Major McKinley with the excitable, self seeking, notoriety loving attitude of the Democratic candidate, and you have an object lesson as significant as it is impressive.

The action of the Democrats and the Democratic convention at Indianapolis is a patriotic revolt.

GARFIELD'S WARNING.

His Utterance When Opposing Free Coinage Twenty Years Ago.

[Extract from a speech delivered July 15, 1876.]

In opposing the free coinage of silver President Garfield used the following impressive words:

"MR. SPEAKER—I can hardly conceive a situation in which the house could be brought more directly face to face with what seems to present on the one hand public honor and on the other the deepest public disgrace.

"It has happened in the fluctuation of these metals that there is now a notable opportunity to cheat 7,000,000 men by adopting the baser metal as the standard of payment and thus accomplish a swindle on so great a scale as to make the achievement illustrious. By the proposed measure one-fifth of the enormous aggregate public and private debts can be wiped out with a sponge. This nation owes $2,100,000,000, and private citizens of the United States probably owe $2,500,000,000, possibly more. At the present moment the relation of the debtor and creditor in the United States involves nearly $5,000,000,000. It is proposed by the amendment of the gentleman from Indiana that at one fell stroke one-fifth of all this enormous sum shall be wiped off—repudiated—and that the process shall be called honest legislation. Since I have been in public life I have never known any proposition that contained so many elements of vast rascality, of colossal swindling as this.

"Gentlemen may remember the financial shock of 1837, the later shock of 1857 and the still later shock in 1873. Conceive them all in one vast crash, and the financial ruin, the overthrow of business would be light in comparison with the shock which would follow.

"Put in operation the provision now suggested, and all our gold coin will leave the country as fast as it can be carried abroad. Do this, and a revolution in our monetary affairs utterly unparalleled in the history of our nation would follow."

When Our Prosperity Was Greatest.

It is a mere pretense to attribute the hard times to the fact that all our currency is on a gold basis. Good money never made times hard. Those who assert that our present industrial and financial depression is the result of the gold standard have not read American history aright or been careful students of the events of recent years. We never had greater prosperity in this country, in every field of employment and industry, than in the busy years from 1880 to 1892, during all of which time this country was on a gold basis and employed more gold money in its fiscal and business operations than ever before. We had, too, a protective tariff, under which ample revenues were collected for the government and an accumulating surplus, which was constantly applied to the payment of the public debt.

Let us hold fast to that which we know is good. It is not more money we want. What we want is to put the money we already have at work. When money is employed, men are employed. Both have always been steadily and remuneratively engaged during all the years of protective tariff legislation.—William McKinley in His Letter of Acceptance.

Only Two Sides to the Question.

If any Democrat wants a third ticket, why, let him have it. But, really, what need is there for another ticket when the one all controlling issue is squarely joined in the two tickets already nominated? Are you for an honest dollar and an honest country? You have McKinley to vote for. Are you for repudiation and a cheap and dishonest dollar? Then Bryan is your man. There is a ticket for each side already in the field, and there cannot be three sides to that question.—New York Sun.

Where to Learn Patriotism.

Mr. Bryan's constant chatter about patriotism has led Sconton Lodge to remark that "the party of Lincoln and Grant is not to be taught patriotism by the party of Tillman and Altgeld."

IT'S YOUR LIVER

When you feel tired, listless, heavy, headachy, flushed, and have a foul taste in your mouth you may be sure your liver is loafing. It isn't doing its work; it needs a stirring up.

DR. A. S. TODD'S ANTI-BILIOUS LIVER PILLS

will straighten you out. Make you feel like new. Brighten eyes and brain. Clear your complexion—cure your headache. 25 cents, all druggists. Made by

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

NOTICE.

Meeting of the Board of Control and Review for Garrett County.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county hereby give notice that on

Tuesday, October 6th, 1896.

they will meet to act as a board of Control and Review, consider the returns to them of assessment made by the several assessors from the assessment district in Garrett county, and to hear and determine the appeals of any person or owner taken from the action of said assessors in accordance with section 178 of Chapter 120 of the acts of Assembly of 1896, and that the session of said board of Control and Review will begin at 9 o'clock a. m. and continue until 4 o'clock p. m. each day (Sunday excepted) until said business is completed.

By order of the Board

J. S. MEYERS,
28-4t Clerk to County Commissioners.

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.
31—26

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

Farmers,

Look to Your Interests.

The Oakland Flouring Mill is now ready to grind a million bushels of buckwheat. The best equipped mill in the county; all latest improved machinery. Can give either

Burrh or Roller Process Flour.

Mr. E. A. Dudley, who has charge, has been a life-long miller, and knows how to make a good turnout of buckwheat flour.

Don't fail to give him a Trial. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Will make arrangements with all the Oakland merchants to buy your flour at big prices. Don't fail to give the Oakland Mills a trial.

Don't forget the place, Water street, formerly owned by the late H. A. Reseke.

Yours obediently,

THE OAKLAND MILLS.

51-1yr.

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments,

Headstones

AND

Chimney Pipe

WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS,
FROSTBURG, MD.
4193.yr—8

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Glessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

FOR SALE.

The farm belonging to Elizabeth Maley, situated two miles north of Deer Park, adjoining the lands of Jack Cooper, Fundenberg Miller and Rayclestea. Contains 115¼ acres about 68 acres cleared, and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the premises. 52-tm.*

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate.
CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING.
Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.
Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1614-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Residence on North 3rd Street.
Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate.
P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

THOMAS R. McROBIE,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street.
All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-25 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
30-1yr.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.
LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.
Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26tf

WILLIAM C. KIDD,
Representing
JOHNSON, OMMUNDSEN & CO.,
WHOLESALE NOTIONS, Etc.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
A specialty of Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear
RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
D. E. OFFUTT, President.
H. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.
A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

W. F. ZING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13t.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT
C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,
PLANING MILLS,
And BUILDING MATERIALS.
MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 80 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.
38 13

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1896. NUMBER 33.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

neidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Mr. K. E. Burke, of Terra Alta, was here last Saturday.

See our 99c photographs. W. R. Loar. 32-2t.

Senator Ravenscroft was in town this morning a few hours.

Fresh bread, pies and cakes every morning at the bakery. 31-3t.

Attend the Republican meetings throughout the county next week.

About an inch of snow fell in Oakland Sunday—the first of the season.

Mrs. F. A. Thayer returned last Friday from a visit to relatives near Gorman.

For good flour and plenty of it, Dudley takes the cake at the Oakland Mills. 33tf

Commissioner I. W. Abernathy was in town yesterday and made this office a call.

Call at once and make your sitting for a dozen of our fine cabinets. W. R. Loar.

Mr. D. C. Feather spent Sunday visiting his parents near Cranesville, W. Va.

An orignal widow's pension has been granted Mrs. Nancy Smith, of Oakland.

Mr. William W. Sweet, of Swanton was in the city a few hours Tuesday afternoon.

If you want a good turn out take your grinding to Dudley at the old Rasche Mill. 33tf

On account of winter being so near we cannot keep our gallery here long. W. R. Loar.

Mr. Harry M. Hebden, of Baltimore, is here attending the sessions of teachers' institute.

Mrs. A. B. Gonder and two children spent last Thursday in Cumberland with relatives.

Rev. L. A. Rudisill will preach at Ryan's Glade church Sunday, October 25th, at 2.30 p. m.

Mrs. Sarah Leuthke and little son are visiting friends and relatives at Grafton and Beverly.

Mr. H. C. Sincell made a business trip along the line of the West Virginia railway last week.

Hon Christian J. Otto, of New Germany, was in Oakland Monday and Tuesday on business.

Rev. Jacob Pysell, of McHenry, was in Oakland last Friday and made our office a very pleasant call.

Mrs. Wm. G. Riley, of Kearney, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. White, of near town.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Falkenstine, who spent several days visiting at Cranesville, returned home yesterday.

Mr. John Shartzer went down to Baltimore Tuesday night on business returning to Oakland this morning.

Mr. Hall, a friend of Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, spent Sunday with that gentleman and his family in Oakland.

Mr. Jonas E. Gnagey, of Grantsville, was here Tuesday on business connected with the office of registration.

Mr. Jos. Martin, jr. has opened in the Shartzer building on Railroad street, an oyster saloon and lunch room.

Don't fail to take your grain for grinding to the Oakland Mills. Dudley has full charge and will do good work. 33tf

Miss Bella Carter, who departed from Oakland a few weeks ago to make a foreign tour, has arrived in Paris.

"Silver Bill" Miller, of Accident, chairman of the Democratic committee for this county, was in Oakland a day or two last week.

Miss Bertie Boyer, who visited relatives and friends in and nromd Accident for several weeks, returned to Oakland yesterday morning.

Mrs. Chas. Carter and family, of Philadelphia, who spent the summer in Oakland occupying their delightful home, returned to the above city Tuesday.

Bradford Bros. planing mill situated near the eastern boundary of Oakland is offered for sale at public auction by the receiver, Mr. John Shartzer.

County Treasurer Thomas B. Wiley came up to Oakland yesterday accompanied by his daughter, who is attending the sessions of the teachers' institute.

Mrs. P. G. Hyde and Mrs. James D. Hamill, who spent several weeks with relatives at Rochester, N. Y., returned to their homes in Oakland this morning.

Misses Effie and Alice King, of near Terra Alta, were the guests of Prof. and Mrs. S. C. Smith Friday. They were on their way to visit their aunt, Mrs. S. M. Miller, who lives about six miles south of Oakland.

Friday last Governor Lowndes appointed Messrs. William Meyers and J. A. Friend, deputy game wardens for this county. The position of game warden is purely a complementary one, no salary being attached.

Misses Evelyn Johns and Mamie Weber, who compose the committee on music for the teachers' institute, deserve credit for the most excellent musical programs rendered at the evening sessions of the institute.

Mr. Julius C. Renninger will address the McKinley and Hobart club at Bray's school house on Saturday evening at 7.30 o'clock. It is earnestly desired that all Republicans and Democrats be present at this meeting.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street.

The residence of Elijah Friend, a prominent farmer living between Friendsville and Cranesville, W. Va., was lately destroyed by fire with all its contents valued at several hundred dollars, on the night of the 9th inst.

Mr. Scott T. Jones returned last Thursday morning from a business trip to the western cities. During his absence from Oakland he was in Chicago, Fort Wayne, Ind., and through part of the state of Nebraska.

Eugene Roades, an illegitimate boy, who was abandoned several weeks ago by his mother, was sent by 'Squire McRobie on Tuesday night to the home provided by the Henry Watson Children's Aid Society in Baltimore.

Governor Lowndes and family passed through Oakland Tuesday evening en route to Danville, Ky., where the governor's son, Mr. Richard Tasker Lowndes, was married at noon to-day to Miss Mary Elizabeth McDowell.

We regret to learn the serious illness of County Commissioner Thomas H. Layman, who is suffering with an attack of typhoid fever at his home in the lower end of the county, and hope for his speedy recovery and restoration to health.

Mr. C. A. Bolden, of Meyersdale, Pa., who, with his force of workmen has been engaged the past two weeks in putting in the steam heating plant at Shartzer's Opera House, completed the work yesterday and the steam was turned on.

We would call the attention of the voters to the fact that the Republican ticket this year is placed at the left of the ballot instead of occupying second place as heretofore. Look out for this when you mark your ballot on election day.

The board of control and review for this county composed of the board of county commissioners, will meet for the purpose of hearing appeals from the assessments made by the assessors in the several districts of the county, on Thuesday, November 12, 1896.

W. R. Loar is one of the best known photographers in West Virginia. His pictures are alwaws recognized as the finest; he has located a branch gallery here in Oakland and will for the next ten days give the people the best of work at the very lowest prices. Gallery west of Garrett County Bank.

Rev. G. H. Snapp, of Virginia, a preacher of the Brethern faith, was in Oakland one or two days last week visiting friends. Rev. Snapp went from here down into Mineral county, W. Va., where he will remain a week or two before returning to his home.

Mr. Julius Scherr, of Eglon, was in Oakland a day or two last week on business connected with the telephone lines. Mr. Scherr is one of the liveliest Republicans in West Virginia and he confidently looks for a large majority for Maj. McKinley in that state.

With two little children subject to croup we do not rest easy without a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house, for the most severe attacks quickly succumb to a few doses of it.—Morrison, Colo., Bud. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The Oakland REPUBLICAN, always one of the best printed of out exchanges, comes out in a new dress, and looks better than ever. It is improved in many other respects too, and is now one of the very best Republican papers in Maryland, as far as our acquaintance extends—Keyser Echo. Thanks.

Taking Bismark's letter in the light most favorable to Bryan's cause, what is its value? It merely shows that the German statesman, who in 1880 said Germany could not go to bimetallism without England, is anxious that the United States should try an experiment which was too costly for his own country. It is the old story of the monkey and chestnuts.

The editor is in receipt of an invitation to attend the wedding of Miss Blanche, daughter of ex-Sheriff and Mrs. John H. Riley to Mr. Henry Fredlock, of Oakland, on Wednesday morning, Oct. 28th, at the Davis Memorial church, Elkins, W. Va., in which town Mr. and Mrs. Riley and family have been residing for several years. The ceremony will take place at six o'clock a. m.

The Friendsville correspondent of the Confluence *Press* says: Mr. Paddy Knabb of Manor Land met with a serious accident last Wednesday while returning home from a political meeting. There were several persons on the speaker and it being crowded, he lost his balance and fell in front of the speeder, it passed over and injured him severely. Charles Thomas and Annie B. Savage were united in the holy bonds of matrimony at the residence of the bride's parents on last Saturday evening.

A week or ten days ago, while Dr. Caldwell, the well known medical practitioner, of Thomas, and H. McGill, druggist, of the same place, were enjoying a stroll over the hill back of town, they halted at a spring to quench their thirst and enjoy a breathing spell. While thus engaged they little thought that in close proximity to and in fact almost in the center of the little pool of water were they to resurrect all that remained of a human being, who long years ago perhaps sat beside the gurgling little fountain for a similar purpose, and weary and alone then and there breathed his last. But this is neither here nor there; suffice it is to say that while the above named gentlemen were sitting there they noticed a portion of the skull protruding from the ground, and immediately sat about to resurrect it, and any other portion of a human frame that might be buried there. In this, however, they were unsuccessful, nothing but the skull being secured. It is in a good state of preservation, a full set of teeth remaining intact, one each in the upper and lower jaw being set with a beautiful gold filling. And this is another mystery that will only be solved at the general roll call. —Davis Republican.

The Vote Counting.

This year vote counting will not begin until about 8 p. m. Prior to considering the ballots, the registration books will have to be gone over and every place where a name was not voted on the word "No" written. This takes time. Next all the ballot stubs will be counted to see if they correspond to the number of names voted on. Supper will come in somewhere here and then the ballot counting will begin. New York's vote will be here before Maryland's has begun to be counted.

The Teachers' Institute.

Tuesday of this week the annua teachers' institute for this county convened in the school building here. At the first session seventy-one teachers were enrolled. This number has been considerably augmented since and now nearly one hundred are enrolled.

The day sessions have been very interesting and many talks upon educational work have been made by the teachers and visitors.

The night sessions have been held in Shartzer's Opera House and have been well attended by the ladies and gentlemen of Oakland. Tuesday night at the opera house Col. J. A. M. Passmore lectured. His subject was "Perils of the Hour." He was frequently applauded and the audience appreciated his remarks very highly.

Last night Prof. E. B. Prettyman, Ph. D., state superintendent of public instruction, lectured to a very large audience on the history of Maryland. This session of the institute was the best attended of all.

To-night Hon. Henry Houck, LL. D., of Pennsylvania, will lecture, his subject being "The Elements of Success." Mr. Houck is recognized as the leader of institute work wherever he is known. A crowded house is expected at the lecture this evening.

Business Troubles.

One day last week Mr. John J. Beeghley made application to the court to have a receiver appointed for the purpose of winding up the affairs of the lumbering firm of Clark & McCullough, of Friendsville. The petition was granted and Mr. F. A. Thayer was appointed receiver. Probably the matter will be carried to the Circuit court as the appointment of the receiver was made under the local law of this county known as the manufacturers' and miners' lien law.

Since the above was written the court has passed a restraining order and taken the matter out of the hands of the receiver.

Sound Money.

Grand Republican

Mass Meeting,

Shartzer's Opera House,

OAKLAND, MD.,

Monday Evening, Oct. 26th.

The following speakers will positively be present and address the meeting:

HON. MILTON G. URNER,
of FREDERICK,

HON. GEORGE A. PEARRE,
of CUMBERLAND, and

HON. RICHARD H. BOND,
of BALTIMORE.

The Ladies of Oakland are cordially invited to be present.

Music by Smith's Military Band, to commence at 7.30 o'clock.

REPUBLICAN

Mass Meetings

will be held in Garrett county at the following places on dates named below:

Sang Run, Tuesday, October 27th, at 2 p. m.

Friendsville, Tuesday, October 27th, at 8 p. m.

Sand Spring, Wednesday, October 28th, at 2 p. m.

Selbysport, Wednesday, October 28th, at 8 p. m.

Hileman School House, Thursday, October 29th at 2 p. m.

Grantsville, Thursday, October 29th, at 8 p. m.

Warnick's School House, Thursday, October 29th, at 8 p. m.

Bittinger, Friday, October 30th, at 2 p. m.

Accident, Friday, October 30th, at 8 p. m.

Bloomington, Saturday, October 31st, at 8 p. m.

Crellin, Saturday, October 31st, at 8 p. m.

ALSO

LAST GRAND RALLY

—AT—

Shartzer's Opera House,

OAKLAND, ON

Monday Evening, Nov. 2nd,

AT 8 O'CLOCK.

The issues of the day will be ably discussed by

HON. JAMES WHITEHOUSE,
AND OTHERS.

Ladies are invited to attend these meetings.

J. C. PEDDICORD,
Chairman Committee.

Sent Again to the Pen.

Mrs. Belle Freeland, who it will be remembered was arrested for passing raised bills on some of our merchants here last spring, was tried and convicted in the United States Court at Clarksburg last Saturday. She was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary. Messrs. B. F. Swisher and O. J. Sands and Miss Kate Ebert, of this place, attended the trial as witnesses. Mrs. Freeland's home is at Terra Alta. She was arrested at Chicago during the World's Fair and sent to the penitentiary for passing counterfeit money, but was pardoned by President Cleveland shortly after her term began.—Fairmont Free Press.

Church Notice.

There will be service in the Garrett Memorial church next Sunday morning, and the sermon will be on subject of education. Parents, teachers, children, and all interested in education are especially invited to this service.

Wanted

At Garthright's store, buckwheat flour at the market price. Have just received two cars flour and mill feed, large lot of dress goods and heavy woolens all of which will sell at the lowest possible price. Will take all kinds of produce. Lots of goods to sell at and below cost. Goods were never so cheap and will never be again. 33 2t

The Canton Excursion.

The Republicans of the sections of Maryland and West Virginia lying between Keyser and Terra Alta, will run an excursion to Canton on Monday night Oct. 26th. The excursion train will leave Oakland at 12.40 Monday night, arriving at Canton at 9.30 Tuesday morning. The rate from Oakland will be $3.43 for the round trip. The Gilbert band of Piedmont will accompany the excursionists. Returning the train will leave Canton at 5 p. m.

The Public Schools.

Monday morning next the public schools throughout the county will open for the winter term. The teachers in Oakland are Prof. Chas. D. Smith, principal; Miss Mamie Weber, Miss Mollie Hamill, Miss Mattie Porter, Miss Martha Hinebaugh, Miss Elsie Fay.

If your children are subject to croup watch for the first symptom of the disease—hoarseness. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse it will prevent the attack. Even after the croupy cough has appeared the attack can always be prevented by giving this remedy. It is also invalnable for colds and whooping cough. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Coal Discovery.

The Borden Mining Company has discovered a new vein of coal, said to be from six to eight feet thick, on their lands in Garrett county just across the Allegany line. President Lovell and officials of the company were at the place Monday, and it is said, are arranging to begin soon to work the newly discovered vein. In order to reach the new field it will be necessary to build a branch of the Cumberland and Pennsylvania railroad from Frostburg, a distance of three miles.

Stove for Sale.

Full revertible burner; hard coal or coke; nearly new; full nickle; cheap. S. M. Engle. 30-3*

Estray Notice.

One yearling steer, red and white, hole in each ear, underbit out of left, strayed to my farm two miles east of Cranesville. The owner will call, pay all charges and damages and take his property away. 31-3t*

EUGENE TEATS.

Cash

Will buy goods at the lowest prices at B. B. Savage's grocery on Railroad street, at the H. E. Felty old stand. Fruits and vegetables in season. Staple and fancy groceries will be always kept. The building will be improved and restocked at once. Call and investigate. Your patronage respectfully asked. 31-4

Something of a Difference.

"Henry!"

"Yes, your excellency?"

"Doesn't the Bible say something about 'he who runs may read?'"

"Yes, your excellency; it has words to that effect."

"That is my remembrance, Henry. Things are different now, at least when one considers the prominent part taken in politics by letters of acceptance."

"I'm afraid that I do not follow your argument, your excellency."

"Well, I merely wished to say that nowadays he who runs may write."

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

C. S. FRICK,

Sec'y and Treas. of the Frick Merchantile Co., Keithsburg, Ill.

Gives an interesting account of the cure of a severe case of Rheumatism that came directly under his personal observation. Being in the merchantile business he had many calls for the most celebrated "Yagers Cream Chloroform Liniment." He says:—

"The first bottle he sold was to a party who came into our place of business suffering intensely with Rhematic pains. I advised him to try a bottle of the Yager's Liniment, he thought it would be useless, said he had tried almost everything and could get no relief. I insisted on his trying it and informed him if it did not relieve him should cost him nothing. This was about 4 P. M. He took a bottle and started home, he was hardly able to walk. I saw nothing more of him until bright and early the next morning, when he came into our store walking as lively as could be with no signs of suffering about him. I inquired about the Liniment, he said it was the best stuff he ever used, would not take $5 for the bottle. Said he got home almost done up and as soon thereafter as he could he applied the Liniment, and it gave him almost instant relief, before retiring he applied it once more, went to bed and slept soundly all night, and in the morning bathed the parts affected again and at present felt no pain whatever. This was about four or five weeks ago. I see the party every few days and he says he is not troubled with Rheumatism any more."

Yager's Liniment

Large Bottles, 25 cts.
Sold by all Dealers.
Take no substitutes if you want a cure.

Illiteracy.

The Baltimore *Sun* speaking editorially on the above subject says in part:

In some communities the lower schools were more or less neglected that higher education may be provided for the few and that the town or city may gain distinction by the character of the buildings provided for high or normal schools. There is a similar tendency to build costly school houses for all grades, in which the poor girl feels out of place.

It is no doubt well to make the school houses better than the homes of the very poor and to provide them with facilities which will conduce to health and comfort, but they should not be made so fine as to repel the boys and girls who should attend them. The fine school houses invite fine dressing on the part of the pupils, and soon a custom becomes established respecting dress to which the very poor cannot conform.

If they appear in garb markedly different from that of their fellows, they are jeered at and made so uncomfortable that their parents, already hard pressed for means of support, make feeble resistance to the boy's and girl's desire to leave school and go to work. Even in the most democratic communities an aristocratic sentiment is instilled, very often unwittingly, by teachers whose only aim is the elevation of their pupils, but who go about it in the wrong way. In our cities, at least, in spite of free public schools and in spite, in some cases, of compulsory education laws, we are getting back to something resembling the monopoly of education by the rich which prevailed in olden times, only that our aristocracy of wealth embraces a very much more numerous class and includes what in Europe would be called the middle class. But the poor are being shut out of our schools, not merely by their poverty, which compels them to go at an early age, but by disregard of their wants and by vicious social customs respecting dress and appearance.

But some relief might be obtained by repressing the disposition to ostentations display in the construction and fitting up of school building and by discouraging exhibitions of vanity in the matter of dress on the part of pupils.

There are, of course, many causes contributing to an increase in the number of illiterates, but extravagance in the conduct of schools, and especially public schools, is one of them, and it is a contributing cause that may be removed, and ought to be removed because of its pernicious effect upon the character of pupils.

Pritchard's Gallery

Is the place to get photographs for 90 cents per doz. All others in proportion. As the branch advertises that means something, but it means less at my gallery than at the branch. No matter how low they come I am under them. I am here to stay and you will get your photographs. The branch collected money for pictures here two years ago of parties who have never as yet received the photographs.

33 1t. G. H. PRITCHARD.

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

LITTLE FEET.

Two little feet, so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand;
Two tender feet upon the untried border
Of life's mysterious land

Dimpled and soft, and pink as peach tree blossoms
In April's fragrant days—
How can they walk among the briery tangles
Edging the world's rough ways?

Those rose-white feet along the doubtful future
Must bear a woman's load;
Alas! since woman has the heaviest burden
And walks the hardest road.

Love, for awhile, will make the path before them
All dainty, smooth and fair,
Will cut away the brambles, letting only
The roses bloom there;

But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded
Away from sight of men,
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,
Who shall direct them then?

How will they be allured, betrayed, deluded,
Poor little untaught feet?
Into what dreary mazes will they wander?
What dangers will they meet?

Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness
Of sorrow's tearful shades?
Or find the upland slopes of peace and beauty,
Whose sunlight never fades?

Will they go tolling up ambition's summit,
The common world above?
Or in some nameless vale, securely sheltered,
Walk side by side with love?

Some feet there be which walk life's track unwounded,
Which find but pleasant ways;
Some hearts there be to which this world is only
A round of happy days.

But they are few. Many there are who wander
Without a hope or friend,
Who find their journey full of pains and losses,
And long to reach the end.

How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,
Fair-faced and gentle-eyed,
Before whose unstained feet the world's rude highway
Stretches so strange and wide?

Ah! who may read the future? For our darling
We crave all blessings sweet,
And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens
Will guide the baby's feet.

—Central Christian Advocate.

A MOONSHINE RAID.

BY ROYAL DANIEL.

Weary and travel-stained, aching in every joint and footsore from the long day's tramp, a party of five men sat flown upon a huge log beside the narrow mountain road to rest.

We had walked all day. From early dawn we had tramped over the mountains and explored the darksome dells and glades. And now, as we watched the sun sink below the line of hills, we drew a sigh of relief and shifted our position on the log. We were covered with dust, and the languid expression on each face told the story of a hard day's work. Not a word was spoken, and the deep silence only expressed the disappointment that each one felt.

The party was composed of five men—four revenue officers and myself. Information had been received the day before that in a certain locality in the upper corner of Cherokee county an illicit distillery was in operation.

Following the reading of the letter came orders to make preparations for the raid and four brave men were assigned to the work.

Just as the gray dawn was streaking from the east, our party alighted from the train at a small way station, and as the tail lights of the receding train failed from view around the curve, we found that we were alone. It was not yet day and the village was sleeping. No signs of life were visible and the gloomy little station seemed to be unconscious of the fact that we had arrived. We had expected to be met by the informer, who was to act as guide and pilot us to the still. We waited a few minutes, and as he failed to appear it was suggested that we proceed, as our directions were too plainly given for us to miss the way.

In the uncertain light at early dawn we began our journey, and soon the slumbering village was left behind. The morning air was crisp and exhilarating and as we passed the farmhouses, the cocks, just waking from their night's repose, crew lustily as they watched the faint streak of gold in the east. The "still" was supposed to be located about six miles from the station, and as we had already covered two miles we slackened our pace and leisurely climbed the steep hills. Now and then a noisy little brook would ripple across the road, and then the long ascent would reach out before us seemingly a mile away.

As the country people awoke and signs of life became apparent, we were careful to avoid passing the houses, as our appearance would excite suspicion and possibly, divining our purpose, the friends of the moonshiners would give the alarm. We turned from the road and sought shelter in the dense woods that skirted the highway. We passed steadily on and long before the sun reached the zenith the forks of the road and the tall pine shattered by the lightning's bolt told us that we must leave the mountain road and follow the ravine. "Follow the branch up the hollow," read the letter.

Deep down in the ravines below murmured the mountain stream, and its plaintive gurgle could be heard above the sighing of the trees. The brook lay like a silver thread, bouncing and dancing as it leaped in cascades from rock to rock and then spread over its pebbly bottom like a bridal veil. As we descended to the water's edge, the morning scene in the dense glade was one of beauty and grandeur. The mountains rose on either side and faced each other like gladiators eager for the conflict. Their rugged sides were as the faces of battle-scarred veterans. The scene passed from that of grandeur to solemnity. This was my first trip upon a raid and the character of our business and the rugged scenery filled me with awe. I felt as if I were trespassing, and if the worst should come a rifle ball from the moonshiner might be the penalty of my invasion.

We were in the home of the wild mountaineer. Rugged though his domain, his character is in keeping with his surroundings. He is, like the sturdy oak, bent and shorn by many a storm, and is never conquered and bids eternal defiance to his foe.

As we followed the winding stream, and carefully picked our way over crag and stone, the very murmur of the water seemed to warn us not to proceed. One of the men waved his hand for silence, and we quickly executed his order. We had reached the end of the ravine and all thought that the still was near at hand. The silence was fearful. Not a dry twig was snapped, not a stone was tumbled down the mountain side—it was the silence of death. Carefully and gently the intervening foliage was parted with our hands. We gazed into the interior of the swamp. A look of disappointment settled over the face of the party. The still was not there. Our instructions had been followed, but the game had not been located.

Up the steep mountain side we climbed, our way and when the road was reached we sat down upon the log to rest. We were exhausted from the day's search and the cool breeze was refreshing and pleasant. As we rested we watched the sun sink out of sight, and the fading reflection was met by the shadows of the gathering twilight. The twilight rapidly grew into night and the mountains faded from view until the whole landscape was shut out by the veil of darkness.

We were in a dilemma. Night had overtaken us and possibly a host of moonshiners, having seen us during the afternoon, were even then marshaling their forces for an attack.

Time was slipping past. Action was necessary and delay meant increased danger. The situation was discussed.

Across the valley a familiar sound was wafted on the evening air. Instantly we were upon our feet and listening for a repetition of the sound. In a moment again it came, and this time more distinct and certain. The officers exchanged significant glances. Again and again sounded the ax as each blow was given by the woodsman.

Down in the ravine we saw a little blaze and presently the dim outline of smoke curled up through the trees. We knew the meaning, and the sounds of the ax were as significant to the officers as the click of the instrument is to the telegraph operator. In a low conversation the raid was planned, and like stealthy redskins we crept down the mountain. A faint light was cast in front of us and presently the hum of voices reached our ears. We were eager with excitement and our whole beings thrilled with expectancy. I remembered that we were in a dangerous locality and I fancied that the hum of bullets would soon break the monotony. I shuddered, and a cold, chilly sensation crept over me.

The fire increased and the men went about their work. They were unsuspecting and laughed loudly at a joke that was being told. I watched the jolly crowd intently. Suddenly a man leaped from the opposite side and with drawn revolver that gleamed murderously under the glow of the fire, demanded that hands go up. My heart leaped to my mouth, but to my disappointment no resistance was made. Never have I seen such a surprised expression on the face of a human being. Consternation was written in every line. The echo of their merry laughter had hardly ceased before a low cry of astonishment escaped from the mountaineer's white lips. He was helpless and in despair.

The scene was one of wildness, and the glare of the fire threw grim, long shadows from out the group. On the mountain sides the shadows looked like hob-goblins and giants.

"Where is your ax?" asked an officer of the captain. Not a word was spoken in reply. The question was repeated, but evoked no answer. The captain was resolute. He knew only too well for what purpose the ax was wanted. Not only his liberty, but his property was to be destroyed, and he was determined that he would not lend a helping hand by giving the desired information.

The officers searched the place for the ax, and when it was found the work of destroying the still was quickly done.

The sharp blade descended into the worm and in a few moments the distillery lay in a heap of ruins. Standing close at hand was a large vat, in which many gallons of whisky was stored. As the officers approached the vat I saw a look of anger plainly outlined upon the moonshiners' faces. They had watched the progress of destruction with almost a look of resignation, but when the valuable liquid that represented many days of toil and a year's crop was about to be destroyed their old accustomed spirit was awakened in their breasts and their eyes gleamed murderously.

With a mighty stroke the ax descended upon the vat, and when the keen blade was withdrawn the mountain whisky gurgled out. A match was struck to the heap and like a flash the flames shot up through the funnel-shaped vat. The whisky had saturated the wood and burned like wild fire. It was a bonfire on a gorgeous scale and high toward the heavens the flames leaped. The mountain sides, covered with ferns and honeysuckle, looked like a vast panorama of some ancient ruin. The birds were awakened from their sleep and darted toward the reddening flames, only to be consumed. Others, thoroughly alarmed, twittered noisily in the trees. The fire increased in fury and was fanned by its own artificial breeze. I watched it with a feeling almost akin to remorse. The flames devoured the property of a man who was true to his convictions. While he was a criminal in the eyes of the law, he certainly was not such at heart. He planted his corn and plowed his field, as any honest man would. When the time of harvest drew nigh he gathered in his crop. He was far from market and he made it into whisky. He saw no crime in that, and suffered no conscience sting for what he did. I pitied him. His eyes were upon the ground. I did not know what his thoughts were. His expression was one of utter hopelessness. He was a prisoner and in a few hours the bars of the Atlanta jail would deprive him of his home and liberty.

Standing in the door of her mountain home, a woman steadfastly scanned the ravine. Her eyes sparkled with merriment and she laughingly toyed with the plump little hand of her child, which was held tightly to her bosom. The night wind fanned her brow and her wavy brown hair played hide and seek with the breeze. She kissed the fair charge that lay laughingly on her bosom and turned to close the door for the night. Upon the floor she saw a ray of yellow light that streaked through the open shutters. The little child laughed at the queer antics of the stream of light as it hung suspended like a golden thread.

The mother's trained eye watched the reflection that threw a faint light in the cabin. With a throbbing heart she stepped to the window. Her suspicions were correct—the light came from the ravine below. What could it mean? And then like a flash the truth dawned upon her. The still was being destroyed and she distinctly heard now the stroke of the ax as the vat was cut to pieces.

Like a tigress at bay she leaped to the door and through the dark of the night; the bright yellow glare ascended from the depths below. With one bound she reached for the rifle, and resting upon the casing of the door, she pulled the trigger. A deafening report rang out across the mountains and reverberated through the hollows. She paused. Far away came back the answer to her signal, and another, and still another, until the hillsides multiplied the echoes, when it sounded as if a legion of guns were firing. The signal of death was sounded until the twinkling of stars seemed to join in the general fusillade. The mountaineers were awake. But we were rapidly nearing the station. We had heard the first shot and at once made a hasty flight with our prisoners, knowing full well what the alarm would result in. It meant death, and leaving the still in the power of the flame, we made a rapid journey to the station. Far to our rear we heard the signal answered and then the general alarm sounded out upon the still night. We hurried on and reached the station just as the midnight train came by. With the three prisoners we hurried on board.

As I left the train I extended the moonshiners my hand and wished them a speedy trial and a short sentence. They faintly smiled, but said nothing. As I passed out of the door the owner of the still looked wistfully out of the car window. His eyes were wet with tears and his throbbing heart—it was in the mountain cabin of Cherokee county.—Atlanta Constitution.

AN ELEPHANT'S PRANK.

This Pachyderm Possessed a Keen Sense of Humor.

The elephant is the most intelligent of all animals. He thinks for himself, and no matter in what position he may be placed, or what emergencies he may be called upon to meet, he seems to be equal to all occasions. He has also a strong sense of humor, which at times is so marked as to be almost human.

This sense of the humorous was unusually well developed in an elephant in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris. He was kept in a great inclosure out in the open air, so that he had plenty of room to roam about. In the same inclosure was a very large hippopotamus, for whose comfort and amusement a great stone basin had been built and filled with water, and the hippopotamus in turn furnished amusement for the elephant. I was quite early one morning—before the hour for admitting the public to the garden—when I noticed the elephant walking around on the stone edge of the basin curiously watching the hippopotamus.

Just as soon as the ears of the hippopotamus came it to view the elephant quickly seized one of them with his trunk and gave it a sudden pull. The engaged hippopotamus lifted its ponderous head clear of the water and snorted and blew, but every time he rose to take breath the elephant would recommence his antics. Around and around the beast would go, keeping a sharp lookout for the little ears of the hippopotamus, which he would seize the moment they appeared. His evident delight in teasing his huge neighbor was very comical, and there could be no doubt that he thoroughly enjoyed it.

Again, one day, the keeper placed some food for the hippopotamus in a corner of the inclosure and at once the hippopotamus began to leave the water to get it, but the elephant slowly ambled to the same corner, and, arriving there first, he placed his four feet over the favorite food in such a way that the hippopotamus could not get at it, gently swayed his trunk back and forth and acted altogether as though he were there quite accidentally, until the garden was thrown open to the public and he went forward to receive the daily contributions of bread, cake, pie, etc., which were always offered him by his host of admirers.—Chicago Chronicle.

—"Why does this roof garden have its orchestra concealed?" "Why? Just wait until you hear it play."—Puck.

PHOTOGRAPHING FROM KITES.

New Aerial Method Experimented with in Boston.

William A. Eddy writes of his recent experiments in Boston: "The use of kite photography for the army and navy is yet in a pioneer state, and many improvements remain to be made in the apparatus with which I took the first kite mid-air photograph of Boston on August 25, 1896, at 10:40 a. m. The wind on Monday had been too high to enable me to raise my camera to a sufficient height to enable me to expose the film. There is nothing a kite seems to resent so much as the addition of a weight to the line running up to it. In order to lift a camera weighing three pounds to a height of 1,000 feet a strong uplifting pull of 20 or 30 pounds must be exerted. If the wind is light, as many as eight kites, each one seven feet in diameter, must be employed, but if the wind is strong, say 20 miles an hour, the same work may be better done by means of the upward pull of five kites of the same size.

"The obstacles to be overcome in mid-air photography are formidable, especially when the kites are sent up from a grass plot or from ground covered by bushes. The sudden decline of the kites, due to a falling off in the wind, may drop the camera-snapping line to the ground, where it may become entangled in weeds. In flying kites high buildings, like the new Tremont building in Boston, where my recent experiments were carried out, the chief difficulty to overcome was the updraft and whirling air currents which pertain to all high buildings, especially at noon, when the sun shining upon vertical walls gives rise to strong vertical currents. Another difficulty to be obviated in regard to kite photography from high buildings arises from a lower tandem kite catching in an overhanging cornice when the wind is light and a line of six or seven kites is steadily falling, owing to want of wind. The inside kite by becoming stalled at the cornice may make it impossible to draw in the declining kites, causing the whole line to go down over tree tops, chimneys and roofs.

"There are many great improvements to be made in kite photography, the principal one of which is the exposure of a film which is very wide and which would include more of the horizon line. At the same time the camera shutter will be opened and closed by electricity, which will also turn a new film into place. This would do away with the hauling down of the camera at the completion of each exposure. So uncertain is the wind that any device which will save time must greatly facilitate the work.

"The value of kite photography in the army is beyond question, because it costs far less than that of balloons, and because the cameras can be kept above a local point in strong winds, which would press a balloon downward and force the gas out of it, destroying its buoyancy. Encampments can be seen beyond very high hills. The photographs taken at a height of several hundred feet above Blue Hill observatory reveal a valley and horizon line beyond an adjacent high hill of the range. The smoke of camp fires, the dust of wagon trains, would certainly reveal the approach of an army. In the navy the rapid motion of a man-of-war would keep the camera in the air during a dead calm, while by the use of a steam launch a camera in mid-air supported by kites could be towed toward shore in shallow water where a man-of-war could not enter. I propose to make further experiments to enable me to point my camera nearly in the direction from which the sun is shining. I think this can be done by excluding part of the sun's rays by means of a projecting roof to the lens, and with the size of thin colored glass.

"Should this succeed, then eight cameras, back to back, in the form of an octagon, could be snapped at once, revealing the smoke pennant of an enemy's vessel 40 miles away, should the octagon camera be raised to a height of 900 feet. Such a camera could be readily lifted in a dead calm at sea by means of eight kites, 20 feet in diameter, should the man-of-war move at the rate of 15 miles an hour.

"We all like to look out from mountains, and nearly all the aeronauts have mentioned their exhilaration at the vast hollow bowl-like earth below them, with its horizon line forming a ring level with the eye. All our high buildings are sought for purposes of such observations. In the level landscape, often extending hundreds of miles in the central west, such vistas, taken with the aid of the kite-air camera, must be always interesting to many people. According to the weather bureau records, August is usually the mildest month of the year. In photographing Boston with my kite camera I have been delayed several days by unfavorable conditions which prevented me from taking as many photographs of important historic parts of the city as I would like to have taken. I am indebted to J. W. Smith, of the weather bureau, to C. W. Clark, to H. A. Horton and to countless others for friendly help in many difficult emergencies."—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Unwelcome Arrivals.

St. Peter—Halt!

New Spirit—Can't I come in?

St. Peter—I'd rather you wouldn't. You are just out of college, and we don't want any advice about running the universe.—N. Y. Weekly.

Idiotic Advice.

Peasant—I spoke to our herb doctor, and he advised me that I should—

Doctor (interrupting)—Oh! He gave you some idiotic advice, I don't doubt.

"He advised me to see you."—Humoristische Blaetter.

Simple Enough.

Friend—Why is it that your son rides to business in a cab and you always go on a bus?

Old Man—Well, he has a rich father, and I have not.—London Tit-Bits.

HER PLACE.

She Figured It Out Like One with Experience.

"Well," said Miss Hungerford to Mr. Gildersleeve, as they sat on the piazza of a summer hotel and looked about them, noting the other guests with critical eye, "when I am married—if I ever am married—I shall not march straight from the altar and put myself on exhibition at a summer resort."

"That is a commendable resolution," replied Mr. Gildersleeve.

"Just notice the three or four honeymooning couples at this hotel now."

"I've noticed them, and, do you know, I've rather envied the bridegrooms."

"Have you? Well, I haven't envied the brides. I don't believe in public love-making, either before or after the marriage."

"The honeymooners here seem to enjoy it, and it furnishes a great deal of amusement to some of the old married people."

"Well, no one will ever obtain amusement at my expense in that way," Miss Hungerford went on. "I consider newly-wedded affections too sacred a thing to be put on exhibition."

"Of course, you are right, Miss Hungerford, precisely right."

"Now, when I am married," Miss Hungerford proceeded, "I am going straight to my old aunt's place in the Catskills. It's the finest retreat imaginable in the hot summer days. I usually go there to rest up after a month at the shore. Perfect solitude, you know, the nicest cottage, with well-trained servants. You can lie in the hammock all day long and breathe the most delicious air. Then you can row on the dearest little lake, and take the most delightful walks, with no danger of anybody intruding on your privacy. When I was there last summer, aunty dear said: 'Now, Annie, when you get married, I want you to come straight here with your husband and enjoy your honeymoon as it ought to be enjoyed. You and he are welcome to stay a month or two, if you like; the longer the better.' Now, don't you think it would be much better to spend a honeymoon in a place like that than at a crowded watering-place like this, Mr. Gildersleeve?"

"Indeed I do, Miss Hungerford." He moved nearer to her and added: "Annie, love, let's start right away."

"Oh, George, this is so very sudden! I'll need at least two weeks to get ready for the wedding."

She was ready in time, however.—Harper's Bazar.

How, Indeed.

In the rush and crush of business in the general post office the other day an Irishman's answer was heard that is worth repeating. It was at the general delivery window and the Irishman was poor and a typical son of the sod. He had applied for a letter.

"Letter? All right, sir. What name?"

The Irishman gave his name, but the clerk, not catching it, asked:

"How do you spell it?"

"Spell it!" answered the Irishman. "Shure, if a foine smart clerk loike you can't spell it, how d'ye think a poor man loike me can?"—Harper's Round Table.

Eye Kicked Out by a Grasshopper.

Tommy McCuldaess, a 10-year-old son of a Marion county, Kan., farmer, was playing in a field last week when he was kicked in the eye by a grasshopper and the sight was immediately destroyed. The grasshopper was of the large locust variety, which is noted for the great force of its hind legs.

A PEN may be driven, but the pencil does better when it is lead.

ONE POINT DECIDED.—"Which is the correct pronunciation—Jolly-et or Jo-let?" "Did you ever notice how the railway brakemen pronounce it?" "Yes. They call it Jolly-et." "Then it's Jo-liet."—Chicago Tribune.

MAUD MULLER on a summer's day
Raked in the meadows sweet with hay;
And, later on, with a joyous squeal,
She raked in cash to buy a wheel.
—Chicago Record.

THE BEST THEY COULD DO.—"I found a fishworm in my hydrant this morning," said the wrathful citizen. "Yes," said the official of the water company, "that is the best we can do just at present. We can't furnish fish—all we are able to furnish is bait."—Indianapolis Journal.

"DAR am one thing 'bout some 'er dis here sci'l made man," said Uncle Eben; "dis wohk doan' ginerally fail fob de lack er industry on his paht in boomla' it."—Washington Star.

MITIGATING CIRCUMSTANCES.—Little Benny—"Mamma, please let me hold the baby for a minute." Mother—"I'm afraid, Benny, you might let her fall." Little Benny—"Well, if she does fall, she can't fall very far."—Texas Sifter.

BLAKELY—"I understand you ladies have organized a dooting club." Margaret—"Yes; and we have such grand times laughing at the girls who get up to talk."—Philadelphia North American.

WITHOUT ADVERTISING, TOO.—"Ah, good morning!" said the early bird to the worm. "Looking for a job?" "That's what. Anything I can do for you?" "Yes, you'll about fill the bill, I think."—Harlem Life.

NOT AFRAID OF IT.—Housewife—"Are you afraid of work?" Slumbering Sam—"No, marm, not in the least. I have slept soundly by de side uv it for hours."—Washington Times.

MR. JAYSON—"Why do you permit our Laura to receive the attentions of that young Spooner? You certainly would not think of permitting her to marry him?" Mrs. Jayson—"Oh, certainly not. But the Luptons are just crazy to get him for their Mabel."—Cleveland Plaindealer

Pure

Blood is essential at this season in order to keep up the health tone and resist the sudden changes in temperature and exposure to disease germs.

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

Is the Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared. 25c.

Important Contract.

Readers of this paper will be interested in learning that a large contract for advertising No-To-Bac and Cascarets, the famous preparations manufactured by the Sterling Remedy Co. of Chicago and New York, has been given. The Sterling Remedy Co. appreciate the value of this paper as an advertising medium, and the compliment is the more marked, as the company is a conservative concern which sells its products under an absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded. Every retail druggist is authorized to sell No-To-Bac, guaranteed tobacco habit cure, and Cascarets, guaranteed constipation cure, under this absolute guarantee, and readers need not hesitate to buy these preparations, as it involves no risk whatever, either physical or financial.

To cure a woman of stammering ask her what she thinks of the girl her husband came near getting engaged to a couple of years before she married him.—Texas Sifter.

Low Rate Excursions South.

On the first and third Tuesday of each month till October about half-rates for round trip will be made to points in the South by the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

HE who would be a great soul in the future must be a great soul now.—R. W. Emerson.

MEN and ladies in small towns wishing to earn $18 a week easily, write us; we will explain. Excelsior Chemical Co., Rochester, N. Y. Lock Box 608.

JUST try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

ADVICE is seldom welcome. Those who need it most take it least.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

Send your name for a Souvenir of the Works of Eugene Field,

FIELD FLOWERS

The Eugene Field Monument Souvenir

The most beautiful Art Production of the century. "A small bunch of the most fragrant of blossoms gathered from the broad acres of Eugene Field's Farm of Love." Contains a selection of the most beautiful of the poems of Eugene Field. Handsomely illustrated by thirty-five of the world's greatest artists as their contribution to the Monument Fund. But for the noble contributions of the great artists this book could not have been manufactured for $7.00. For sale at book stores, or sent prepaid on receipt of $1.10. The love offering to the Child's Poet Laureate, published by the Committee to create a fund to build the Monument and to care for the family of the beloved poet.

Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund,
180 Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

DROPSY Treated free. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases pronounced hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE. TEN DAYS' TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE by mail. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Specialists, Atlanta, Ga. MENTION THIS PAPER every time you write.

FREE To introduce, One Nursing Bottle Nipple and Teething Pad. Best ever invented. Send address and 2c. stamp for postage to MILLER MFG. CO., Akron, O.

OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.

STOPPED: HEART BURN, YUCATAN.

Everything connected with Butter

—churns, patters, tubs, firkins—ought to be washed with Pearline. That gets at the soaked-in grease as nothing else in the world can. Things may seem to be clean when you've washed them in the usual way; but use Pearline, and they really are clean. It might make all the difference, sometimes, between good butter and bad. Wherever you want thorough cleanliness, or want to save your labor, the best thing to do is to use Pearline.

TEMPERANCE.

MARRIAGE OF KING ALCOHOL.

He Chose Wisely for His Bride Princess Nicotine.

Now it came to pass, that on a certain day, being wearied with the toils thereof, I laid me down and slept; and as I slept, thus I dreamed:

And I saw in my dream, and behold a goodly palace; and the walls thereof were high, and the towers thereof were lofty. Lights gleamed from the windows thereof, and I heard a sound as it were the noise of them who did revel and make merry. And my heart was moved to inquire the meaning of these things, and I arose and did go unto the palace.

And I said unto one who stood near: "What meaneth this goodly palace, and who is the lord thereof?" And he said: "Lo, this is the palace of King Alcohol. The same is a great and mighty monarch, and there is none like him in all the earth." And as he spoke, he led me into the palace, and I stood in the presence of the king.

And I lifted mine eyes, and behold a king of fierce countenance, and fearful to look upon. Upon his head he did wear a crown of flame, and in his hand he did hold a scepter, as it were of the form of a fiery serpent. The throne upon which he did sit was like ivory; but when I drew near I perceived that it was made of the skulls and bones of those whom he had destroyed. And I bowed low before him, and said: "O king, live forever! Lo, I have heard that thou art a mighty monarch, and the fame of thy greatness hath reached mine ear. Therefore have I come to look upon thee, and to listen to the words of thy mouth." And the king made answer, saying: "Truly thou hast said it, for I am indeed great and powerful. Behold by my might have I slain of the children of men, more than all the kings of the whole world; yet is my heart sad within me, for, like Adam, there is found no helpmeet for me." And I said: "Lo, the land is full of maidens, fair and comely, why, therefore, should not the king arise and go forth; and take unto himself one whom he shall choose, and whom his heart shall desire?"

And the saying pleased the king, and taking with him divers of his servants, he arose and girded himself, and did de-

"O KING, LIVE FOREVER!"

part on an exceeding great journey. And I saw in my dream, and behold, a maiden fair and comely.

Her raiment was white and glistening; her locks were as the beams of the morning; and the brightness of her eyes was as the shining of the stars in the heavens.

And the king did approach her and said: "Who art thou, O maiden, and what is thy name?"

And she made answer and said: "My name is Religion; and I have come down from Heaven to dwell among the children of men. And I do teach them their duty, and warn them to beware of evil, and I entreat them to turn from the error of their ways and seek the way of life." And she said: "Lo, I know thee, O king, and that thou seekest to destroy the children of men, whom I would succor and save. Now, therefore, do I entreat thee to put this evil far from thee and turn unto the more excellent way."

And the saying displeased the king greatly; and as he departed on his way he was exceeding wroth.

And I saw in my dream, and behold, a maiden goodly to look upon. Her brow was lofty and her eyes were flashing, and her mouth did speak words of wisdom and knowledge. And the king did approach her and said: "Who art thou, O maiden, and what is thy name?"

And she said: "My name is Science, and I seek to know all mysteries and all knowledge, whether of the heavens above, or of the earth beneath, or of the waters under the earth. And I search out hidden things, and the secret things are revealed unto me. And I dwell among the children of men to instruct them, and to enlighten their minds, and to lead them in the ways of wisdom and understanding."

And the king communed with himself, saying: "Can two walk together except they be agreed? Behold, she seeketh to enlighten mankind; and it shall come to pass that when mankind shall be enlightened my kingdom cometh to naught."

And he went his way. And I saw in my dream, and behold, a maiden white and ruddy and comely to look upon. And the king approached her and said: "Who art thou, O maiden, and what is thy name?"

And she made answer: "My name is Pharmacy, and I dwell among the children of men to heal them of their diseases. And I seek to know the trees of the forest and the herbs of the field, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop that groweth upon the wall; yea, the grass and the flower of the field are known to me. And I seek to save the children of men from pain and sickness, so that they come to the grave in a full age, like a shock of corn cometh in his season." And the king communed with himself and said: "Though we might for a time dwell together in peace, yet, I fear me, she is a friend of Science. And it shall come to pass, when Science hath enlightened her mind, that she will despise me." And he went his way.

And I saw in my dream, and behold a maiden, neither fair, nor comely, nor goodly to look upon. Her eyes were heavy and her skin was shriveled, her lips were noisome, neither was her breath pleasant.

And the king drew near and said: "Who art thou, O maiden, and what is thy name?"

And she said: "I am Princess Nicotine, and I dwell among the children of men to charm them with my spells and to bewitch them with my sorceries. And they do burn incense unto me and yield themselves up to my power, and I bind them with a chain that cannot be broken."

And she said: "Lo, I know thee, O king, that thou art a mighty monarch, and that thy kingdom extendeth over all the earth, and behold, I have helped thee to attain thy kingdom. Not all who serve me serve thee, but all who serve thee serve me; therefore is my kingdom greater than thine own."

And the king communed with himself, saying: "Though she be not fair to look upon, though her eyes be heavy and her lips noisome, neither is her breath pleasant, yet, methinks, we are agreed as touching the destruction of mankind. It hath been said by them of old time that whom the gods will destroy they first make mad. And in like manner shall it be, that whom I will destroy she shall first make foolish, and together we will subjugate all mankind."

And he brought her to his palace, and they were wedded on that very same day.

And I awoke, and behold it was a dream.—Franc Remington, In Union Signal.

ALCOHOL.

Facts Regarding It—How It Acts on the Digestion.

"Externally applied, alcohol is an antiseptic and a disinfectant, though it is principally used as a local irritant, and by allowing it to evaporate, as a cooling lotion to the skin. If the vapor is confined and penetrates to the flesh underneath, or if the alcohol is diligently rubbed into the flesh, it hardens it. In this way it is of use in preventing bed sores and the like.

Spirituous liniments which contain essential oils and other stimulants are sometimes applied with friction to increase nutrition at the place which is the seat of long-standing inflammation, pain and stiffness, such as is present in chronic rheumatism, stiff joints and paralysis.

Internally the action of alcohol is both local and general. If allowed to come directly into contact with the walls of the stomach it irritates them, causing them to assume an inflamed appearance. If the quantity of alcohol is large, or more or less continuously applied, actual inflammation of the lining of the surface follows.

When alcohol is taken with food, and mixes with the contents of the stomach, it is partly decomposed into substances which in turn decompose the gastric juices, rendering them inert and thus depressing digestion. Whatever may be sometimes said in favor of the use of stimulants with meals, it is very doubtful if the slight temporary stimulating effect of such drinks is at all compensatory for their interference with the action of the gastric fluids.

Alcohol enters the blood unchanged, and is distributed by it to the various organs and parts of the body, where it is rapidly absorbed, and where its action is nearly the same as in the stomach.

It first stimulates the organ to increased activity, but at the same time causes the chemical change in the substance of the organ by which the organ itself is weakened; so that eventually depression ensues.

It is this peculiar double action of alcohol which is misleading. So long as the organs of the body are in a healthy condition, alcohol is little short of a poison. The organ, in order to do its work properly, needs food, and unless there is interference the food will be absorbed and changed into proper forms of nourishment. Alcohol robs the organ of the power of doing this.

In these days of prepared foods and general advance in science, there are many ways of securing the only beneficial result which alcohol gives, that is to say, stimulation, without resorting to its use.—Youth's Companion.

BITS AND BREVITIES.

Total abstinence is always safe.

Juvenile Templar organizations have been started in Holland.

A brewer's horse fares better than a drunkard's child.—National Temperance Advocate.

When a man's credit is good at the bar it is often not good at the grocery store.—Lever.

Every woman who has to live with a drunken husband knows that the devil is still loose.—Ram's Horn.

The man who begins the day with an "eye opener" may be "staving blind drunk" before night.—Lever.

Drink has blasted more homes and broken more hearts than wars or famine or pestilence. Suppress it.—National Temperance Advocate.

Of the 12,000 saloon keepers of New York city, whose "good moral character" entitled them to license, more than half have served terms in prison.—California Prohibitionist.

The Kansas State Temperance union has begun a special movement to secure the united cooperation of the churches throughout the state in holding union gospel temperance meetings during the fall and winter.

The synod of the Dutch Reformed church in Johannesburg, has entered into a crusade for total prohibition of the sale of intoxicants to natives. In one mine alone no less than 20 per cent. of the natives are daily incapacitated for work through intoxication.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Florida's barrooms number 216, more than half of them being in three counties. The state's revenue from them is $108,000.

—Louis XIV., spoken of by his contemporaries as a man of majestic stature, was only of medium height. When the royal tombs of St. Denis were violated during the revolution the body of this monarch was dragged out with the rest and discovered to be only five feet six inches.

—In celebration of the Mexican national holiday a crown of incandescent lights was placed above the head of the Hidalgo statue in the Hidalgo plaza of Monterey, and there was electric illumination in profusion throughout the square in honor of the Mexican father of his country.

—Photography has lately determined the depths to which the sun's rays can penetrate through water, and the result is that at a depth of 553 feet the darkness was about equal to an exposure on a clear but moonless night. The exposed plates at this depth gave no evidence of light action.

—It is now said that Japan is turning its eyes toward the vast unpeopled territory of North Australia and that Japanese colonies will soon be established there. This matter has been talked of before, and Englishmen have predicted that if the attempt should be made trouble would follow.

—A Frenchman's pipe recently saved him from disfigurement. He was attacked by a discharged waiter, who threw a bottle of vitriol at his face. The bottle broke on the pipe he was smoking, sending the greater part of the contents into the fact of his assailant, who was terribly burned.

—The locust was so much dreaded in eastern countries that it furnished John, in the Book of Revelation, with a terrible description of the pest. He compared the locusts to war horses, having the teeth of lions, the faces of warriors, the crowns of kings, and the sound of their wings being as the sound of many horses running to battle.

BRIGGS' MULE HAS MYOPIA.

Some Queer Mistakes He Makes Around His Master's Barnyard.

Stories have been told of horses with snakes in their eyes and horses with "watch eyes," or an evil eye, a blind eye, and a vast amount of information has been printed about pink eye, but it is doubtful if any authentic history has been written of the peculiarities of the animal owned by Col. Haydock Briggs, of New Jersey, whose banyan whiskers were recently described and illustrated. It is afflicted with myopia or near-sightedness.

"I reckon that the reason fur it," said Col. Briggs, "is that my horse is a mewl. Can't see a fence till he gets his nose within three foot of it, and then he shies. Mistakes the pig pen for the barn an' tries to git in with the hogs. Stumbles over the pasture fence and stubs his nose, which makes him kick. Drinks out o' the milk pail 'cause he thinks it's water, and gen'lly makes an all-round mewl fool of hisself.

"Leastwise," added Col. Briggs, "that was the sitiwation up to three months ago, when an idee strikes me, which I mentions to Maria — that's Mrs. Briggs. 'Ef you need glasses to read the newspapers,' says I to Maria, 'that mewl needs glasses to see whether he's eatin' oats or sawdust,' and I got him fitted, an' he's got to like 'em so he won't stir a peg without 'em."

Col. Briggs' spectacled mule is the wonder of all that section of New Jersey around Scuttleville. The lenses are octagonal in shape and are in heavy leather frames, which are strapped to the side straps of the bridle. They are so adjusted that the animal gets a perfect vision while looking ahead or sideways. When first put on they opened up such an unexpected vista that the mule backed into a well and had to be hauled out with a derrick. But as soon as he got accustomed to them he brayed loud and long every time they were taken off.

"People kin laugh," said Col. Briggs, "but I don't keer. Ef I had a near-sighted oyster and wanted to put specs on him I'd do it, an' let 'em laugh till they busted."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

IT WAS CREAM.

How the Waiter Made the Acquaintance of a Milk Inspector.

"Peaches and cream, sir?" inquired the officious waiter, as he pointed it out on the coffee-stained hill of fare with his greasy finger.

The stout man with the curly hair stared in a stupid way at the spot indicated and asked:

"You are sure they are not dried peaches?"

"Oh, yes; they are fine yellow peaches, sir."

"And real cream?"

"Yes, sir; nice thick cream."

"Not milk, but cream, eh?"

"Yes, sir; cream."

"All right; bring me some."

When the waiter returned he found the stout man with a lot of machinery in front of him. There was something that looked like a glass pump, something else that looked like a compass, glass tubes and rubber hose. The stout man picked up the cream and dropped a little into the compass.

"That's the cream, sir," explained the waiter. "That isn't machine oil."

"No, that's skimmed milk. I'll take all you've got of that," and the officious waiter made the acquaintance of Inspector Dockery.—San Francisco Post.

Bell Fritters.

Two cups of milk, two cups of prepared flour, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, four eggs, very well beaten; a pinch of salt, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Beat the sugar into the yolks. Add the milk, salt and seasoning; the flour and whites alternately. Beat hard for three minutes. Fry in very hot lard. Put hot with lemon sauce. — N. Y. Ledger.

MEANS TOWARD GOOD LOOKS.

Trifles Which Aid in Keeping Women's Faces Fair to View.

A well-known writer says: "A woman's gospel is to be lovely in mind and body."

We all know that loveliness of mind is reflected in the expression of the face and eyes, but as it cannot affect the texture or color of the skin, I will give you a few recipes for developing and enhancing the beauty of one, while you alone can cultivate the loveliness of the other.

Fineness of the skin, daintiness of the body and rosiness of the complexion depend almost entirely upon bathing, as a means both of obtaining and retaining them. A cold bath is a good tonic and nerve bracer, but it neither cleanses nor beautifies the skin to any extent. Nor should delicate girls or women think of indulging in it unless so advised by their physician. The temperature of a beautifying bath should be from 70 to 75 degrees, and it should be of daily occurrence. Ordinary water, that is, water neither particularly hard nor soft, is not sufficiently cleansing to the skin, and a French firm has lately introduced dainty bags containing almond-meal, oatmeal and orris-root to be placed in the water a few moments before the bath is ready. This renders the water very milky, and has a wonderfully softening and whitening effect. Baths in which milk, bran or starch has been placed are found to refine or whiten the coarsest, reddest skin, if persistently used. Softness and firmness of skin may be obtained by the use of a simple unguent made famous by the Greek and Roman women, who centuries ago set us the example of perfect personal cleanliness as the road to beauty. The following can be made with very little trouble, and it is delightfully exhilarating after the bath:

Best white vinegar, one pint; rosemary, rue, camphor and lavender (of each), two drachms. Let the herbs soak in the vinegar for several hours, then strain. Rub thoroughly all over the body and a delicious comfortable feeling and a dainty perfume will remain with one all day long.

There are many little skin troubles which are both persistent and troublesome, and vex one's very soul by appearing on the face. A greasy skin may arise from various causes, but generally from lack of cleanliness or debility of the skin. Only an astringent has any effect upon it, and a very simple, entirely harmless one may be made from one pint of rosewater, half a pint of white wine vinegar and a few drops of essence of rose. This lotion may be applied with a piece of soft linen or a very fine sponge.

Blackheads are very difficult to get rid of, and are caused by the clogging of the pores of the skin by dust or foreign matter. Alcohol, 90 per cent., applied by means of a piece of chamois skin, will give tone to the skin and remove unsuspected dirt and dust, at the same time stimulating the small glands and removing, by constant use, the blackheads.

Tan and freckles may be removed by the use of the following lotion: Two drachms of powdered sal ammoniac, four drachms of eau de cologne, one quart of distilled water. Lemon juice and borax are both very efficacious, and are home remedies.

Many skins will stand constant washing, but need to be cleaned after a dusty ride or walk by other means than soap and water. Lait Virginal is a delicious preparation, and can be made as follows: One pint of rose, orange-flower or elder flower water, half an ounce of simple tincture of benzoin and ten drops of tincture of myrrh.

After being exposed to harsh or chilling winds, it is a good plan, upon retiring, to rub a quantity of fresh cream on the face, removing after about five or ten minutes, to be applied again, followed by a generous puffing of rice powder. Remove in the morning by tepid water and Lait Virginal.

The use of cosmetics, face powders and rouges cannot be too strongly condemned. They stamp the person using them as silly and vulgar in the eyes of all refined and cultured people, and do not in even the slightest degree enhance or beautify. A good complexion needs no artificial toning or heightening, nature being the cleverest of all artists. A poor skin is kept clogged and its condition impoverished by the application of cosmetics—often, indeed, it is poisoned by the harmful ingredients contained in them. Arsenic and white lead are the two drugs most used in their preparation, and two of the rankest poisons which can be introduced into the system. Medical treatment for the beautifying, preserving and improving the complexion should only be undertaken under the direction of one's family physician, and once entered upon, should be continued patiently and faithfully until the purpose is accomplished. Nothing short of a complete course of treatment will prove efficacious. With good medical advice, plenty of sleep, fresh air, careful diet and scrupulous cleanliness, all women may hope to have complexions fair and sweet to look upon.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Seemed Reasonable.

"On what ground," asked the court, "does the petitioner base his demand for changing his name?"

"On the ground," replied the petitioner's attorney, "that he was not consulted when his parents, who were Methodists, gave him the name of John Wesley. He now wishes to have it legally changed to Roger Williams, so he can join the Baptists quietly and without attracting undue attention."—Chicago Tribune.

All Purposes Answered.

Mr. Northside—Isn't it a wonder that Bloomfield is not arrested for scorching along on his wheel without carrying a bell?

Mr. Southside—It isn't necessary. The authorities consider that the loud golf stockings he wears answer every purpose.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

AN IDEAL LAUNDRY.

Fixtures Which Are Necessary and Convenient.

The laundry in the great majority of houses is combined with the kitchen. Where it is not necessary to economize space, there is no reason for this arrangement. It is exceedingly desirable to have the room where a weekly washing and ironing can be done apart from the rest of the house. It is beginning to be the fashion to finish off a room in the cellar for this purpose. When the foundation of the house is high enough to allow for windows of proper size, this is an excellent plan. It is always practicable to do so when the house is built on a slope or hillside and the ground is considerably higher in front than it is at the back. Though it adds considerably to the expense of building to make arrangements for a laundry apart from the rest of the house, it is one of those expenditures that pay. It costs little over $25 or $30 to attach a special hot water boiler to the laundry range. This insures a separate supply of hot water for washing and saves much of the annoyance of "blue Monday," when no hot water is to be had for dish washing, bathing or any other purpose, because the supply has been exhausted by the weekly washing. Next to an ample water supply among the first essentials to a convenient laundry are sound stationary tubs. Do not put in wooden tubs, if you can possibly get something better. One of the best and least expensive materials for wash tubs is soapstone. Where the laundry is situated in the cellar the great weight of such tubs is of small consideration, but they are so heavy that they should not be set in an ordinary kitchen unless special arrangements are made to secure proper support for the beams and floor on which they rest. Two such tubs, with the necessary pipes and fixtures for conveying hot and cold water and carrying away the waste water, will not cost over $25. It is desirable to have a third tub, but this is not absolutely necessary.

There should be some arrangement in the laundry to hang up clothes to dry in wet weather and to air on ironing days. There are now several patent devices by which light horses for drying and airing clothes may be lowered to hang clothes on and afterward lifted up near the ceiling to remain until the clothes are dry. Such an arrangement is desirable, as a laundry may then be used as a drying-room as well as a washing and ironing-room.

Next in importance to the water supply and tubs is a suitable range which will accommodate a good-sized clothes boiler and an ample supply of flat irons. There should be a small closet near the range, where the irons may be kept dry when not in use, and another closet for ironing-boards and other articles. A good table of ample size for ironing large pieces, that cannot so conveniently be ironed on a board, should be part of the laundry furniture. A table that "contrives a double debt to pay," and is a comfortable seat when the top is swung back against the wall, is the most convenient kind of table for laundry.—N. Y. Tribune.

NOTES ON DRESS.

Fetching Designs That the Early Autumn Has Revealed.

All the latest frocks have medium-sized if not actually narrow sleeves. This is now a well-recognized fact, the arm being covered with a tight-fitting smooth or wrinkled sleeve, with a very short puff or drapery arranged at the very top.

It seems to be conceded that this season any style whatever may be worn—Louise XV., Henry IV., Marie Antoinette, 1830; in fact, anything that suits the style and taste of the wearer. For this reason, doubtless, there seems to be no very marked change in the autumn gowns. Nevertheless, one cannot be too sure, as the dressmakers are apt to reserve their surprises until later; and it is never safe to order gowns until some decided fashionable function, like the Horse Show, for instance, has shown the tendency of the season. There are certain indications, however, that may be followed by those who desire to have a new but not too expensive costume for the demi-season. Nearly all the street costumes are made with a jacket, either real or simulated, for where a tight-fitting waist is preferred, basques are frequently sewed on to the bodice, the joining being covered with the belt.

Corselets, too, are in great favor, and the bolero jacket seems to have taken a new lease of popularity, and, combined with the corselet or high-draped belt, will be much worn this season.

A very pretty green foulard covered with strange hieroglyphics in white, which are now so popular, is made with a bolero slightly gathered at the neck, but otherwise fitting smoothly over the bust and back. This is cut very open and short, to show a draped belt of dark red satin, hooked together in front, with a couple of tiny ruffles of embroidered red chiffon edging to match. This at the top of the corselet-belt turns back on either side and edges a jabot of red chiffon, which is gathered full, and so graduated that the embroidered edge forms diamond-shaped graduated squares to the neck, this arrangement filling the entire space left open by the bolero jacket. The sleeves are long and tight fitting, with a very short, full puff at the top, over which is gathered a drapery of the silk lined with red silk to match the chiffon front. The skirt is plain, lined with red taffeta, and finished at the bottom with a couple of tiny ruffles, also lined with red.—St. Louis Republic.

Held by the Enemy.

Mr. Jayson—Why do you permit our Laura to receive the attentions of that young Spooner? You certainly wouldn't think of permitting her to marry him?

Mrs. Jayson—Oh, certainly not. But the Luptons are just crazy to get him for their Mabel.—Cleveland Leader.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Fuddy—"They say that Robleton has married his cook." Duddy—"You mean, I suppose, that she is his cook now."—Boston Transcript.

—"Do you know that your confounded dog barks all night?" "Yes, I suppose he does. But don't worry about him. He makes up for it by sleeping all day."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—Two Disagreeable Characters.—"I don't know anything more disagreeable than a man who will not do what he can." "Oh, he is not in it with the fellow who insists on doing what he can't."—Truth.

—There in the dust, footsore and weary, he fell. "How sad, how unjust!" the world cried, "to perish in the very sight of home!" But the umpire refused to reverse his decision.—Rockland Tribune.

—Private—"May I have a furlough for a day? We slaughter our hogs tomorrow." Sergeant—"All right. If you want to stay a day or two longer just send me word—but wrap it up carefully."—Fliegende Blatter.

—"Jinkles is in love," remarked a young man. "How do you know?" "I've seen him out bicycle riding four times with the same girl." "That doesn't prove that he is in love with her." "No. But they were on a tandem, and she weighs at least 180 pounds."—Washington Star.

—Miscalculated.—Scene—The bar parlor of Prince George, Brighton. Pipes and beer all round. An old salt saying: "I've got a riddle to ask you chaps. If a 'erring and a 'alf cost three farthings, 'ow many could you buy for sixpence?" Profound silence and much puffing of pipes. Presently a voice from the corner: "I say, Bill, did you say 'errings?" "Yes, I said 'errings." "Drat it, I've been a-reckoning of mackerel all this 'ere time."—Black and White.

—A Question of Etiquette.—"Excuse me, Mrs. Bowder," said the cook, "but would ye moind if I had this address engraved on me cyard?" "Not at all, Bridget. This is your home, and if you have a card it is perfectly proper to put your address on it." "Thank ye, ma'am," said Bridget. "An' Oi noticed yes have printed on your cyards, ma'am, At home Thursdaas. Would it be proper for me to hov priated on moine, Thursdaas off?"—Harper's Bazar.

NAVAL DISCIPLINE.

There Is Less of It Now Than in Times Gone By.

An American admiral tells a story of old-fashioned discipline in the navy. One day an officer on a ship in service in foreign waters gave an order to one of the enlisted men. The sailor put his arms behind his back and declined to obey the command. He was reported to the commander without delay for insubordination.

The commander had been warned by the surly conduct of other sailors that the morale of the crew was not what it ought to be. He resolved to make an example of the man's disobedience, and ordered him to be confined below without food until he was ready to obey the command.

Forty-eight hours passed without signs of surrender, but on the third day, darkness, imprisonment and hunger were irresistible. The mutineer begged for mercy.

The crew were mustered on deck and the insubordinate sailor was brought up from the hold with gaunt face and bent figure. The captain called upon the officer whose command had not been obeyed, to repeat the order in the presence of the crew. This was done, and after a long pause the sailor with hangdog look sullenly obeyed.

"Repeat the order," said the captain, sternly, to the officer. "It must be obeyed cheerfully."

The order was renewed and the mutineer, completely conquered, dashed off to execute it.

"That will do," said the captain. "Now give him food, but bread and water only for 24 hours."

The sailor was taken below under guard and allowed full rations of bread and water. The next day he was put on unrestricted diet, and no further notice was taken of his offense until the end of a week, when his health was completely restored. Then the ship's crew was again mustered on deck. The sailor's insubordination was briefly described, and he was dismissed from the ship in disgrace.

"Rigorous discipline, did you say!" exclaimed the admiral to the listener, who had commented upon his story. "There ought to be more of it in the American navy to-day. The service is now conducted on sentimental principles, and men are forgetting how to obey."

The criticism may have been too harsh, but the declaration is not infrequently made that discipline is too lax in the United States navy. While the White Squadron was recently anchored at Southampton, previous to the Kiel celebration, a return was made one day of the number of men absent without leave from the four ships. It was 60 out of an aggregate force of 1,500.—Youth's Companion.

Eating Apples at Night.

Those who have been brought up to believe that "fruit is gold in the morning, silver at noon, and lead at night," will be surprised to hear that Dr. Searles, in the Bulletin of Pharmacy, says that everybody ought to know that the very best thing he can do is to eat apples just before going to bed. The apple has remarkable delicious medicinal properties. It is an excellent brain food, because it has more phosphoric acid in easily digested shape than other fruits. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep, and thoroughly disinfects the mouth. It helps the kidney secretions and prevents calculous growths, while it relieves indigestion, and is one of the best preventives known for diseases of the throat. No harm can come to even a delicate system by the eating of ripe and juicy apples before retiring for the night.

The Republican.

B&NJ. H. SCNCELL, Editor and Proprietor
G. D. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, OCT. 22, 1896.

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN TICKET

For President of the United States,

WILLIAM McKINLEY,

OF OHIO.

For Vice President of the United States,

GARRET A. HOBART,

OF NEW JERSEY.

For Congress,

JOHN McDONALD,

OF MONTGOMERY COUNTY.

An Attempt at Intimidation.

Section 83 of the registration and election law of Maryland of 1896 says:

"If at any election hereafter held in any city or county, any person shall * * * * by force, threat, menace, intimidation, bribery or reward, or offer or promise thereof, or otherwise unlawfully, either directly or indirectly, influence or attempt to influence any voter in *giving his vote;* or prevent or hinder, or attempt to prevent or hinder, any qualified voter from freely exercising the right of suffrage, * * * * shall, upon conviction thereof, be punished by imprisonment in jail or in the penitentiary for not less than six months nor more than five years."

It is a fact beyond dispute that a letter has been written from Oakland to a gentleman residing in District No. 1 of this county threatening him with prosecution by the Democratic committee should he attempt to exercise the right of suffrage at the approaching election.

We have quoted this portion of the law above for the benefit of the Democratic committee and any other persons who attempt to influence or intimidate any of the qualified voters of Garrett county.

This is the only letter of the kind which has been brought to our attention but should there be others in the county of which our readers have knowledge we hope they will forward the same to the State's Attorney of Garrett county who will give them the same attention which we are sure he will bestow upon the letter above referred to.

CANDIDATE Bryan is still on the jump; but he can't beat the price of wheat at jumping.

BROTHER McKinley is beyond doubt encouraging the production of 'rah materlal this fall.

ARE the voters of the United States going to swallow a ticket, labeled Democratic, which has turned the stomach of even David B. Hill?

WHATEVER may prove to be Candidate Bryan's fate in the sweet by and by, his chances are certainly dwindling in this wheat buy and buy.

ACCORDING to Chairman Jones there are just five doubtful States; and it is curious that not one of them is being stumped by Candidate Bryan.

THE old silver washed sheet up town devoted many lines to us last week, all of which was read with interest, but the arguments (?) put up by it are "unworthy of mention."

"Not open mints but open mills are the needs of the times. You don't get customers through the mints; you get them through the factories."
—McKinley to the Farmers.

THE St. Paul *Globe* has finished a poll of Minnesota, which shows that McKinley will carry the State by 18,000. The *Globe* cannot have heard of Henry George's calm and conservative estimate, which makes Minnesota solid for the Boy Orator of Salt Creek.

THAT Mr. William J. Bryan sought a position as "press agent" for an itinerant theatrical show is nothing against the man. That he did not get the place was unfortunate. He evidently had a better conception of the eternal fitness of things than was manifested by the Chicago Convention.

A FEW months ago the name of Grover Cleveland would be cheered at a Democratic meeting, but now since the Populists knocked the Democratic persimmon and Mr. Cleveland declines to follow the procession headed by such men as Bryan and other repudiationists he is read out of the party by such obscure sheets as the *Mountain Popocrat.*

THE morning after McKinley's election confidence will spring up with a bound and everybody will go to work, heart and soul, to make good times. They are only waiting to be sure that the country will be ruled for the next four years by sound, patriotic, sensible men instead of the dangerous demagogues and wicked charlatans that came into power four years ago.

MEXICO is in need of wheat, and the government has suspended the import duty for several months. This is greatly to the advantage of the Kansas farmers, who are selling grain to the Mexicans. Of course it was Mark Hanna who produced the drought in Mexico, which made it necessary to buy wheat in the United States.

IT IS irritating to read about the affair at Lake Forest, the Chicago suburb, on Friday night, when some followers of Bryan hauled down the American flag and tore it to tatters. But probably the perpetrators of the deed were a parcel of rowdy-dowdy nobodies on a drunken lark, and it would be absurd to magnify the incident. Nevertheless it is a straw that shows the way the Popocratic wind is blowing.

NOT only the markets of the world but the stars in their courses are fighting in this campaign against the Sisera of adulterated money and repudiation. All the Popocratic calculations based upon industrial depression, bad harvests, popular distrusts, scarcity of money, outflow of gold and more bond issues have been turned to naught. There never was such a run of bad luck!

IN PROOF of the influence of Mr. Bryan in his recent visit to Tennessee the Memphis *Scimitar* has hauled down the names of Palmer and Buckner from the head of its editorial columns and hoisted the flag of McKinley and Hobart. While paying a tribute to the worth of the candidates of the National Democracy, *The Scimitar* has been persuaded by Bryan's speeches that his defeat is the most pressing necessity of the time, and that not a vote against him should be lost in Tennessee.

CHEERING news from Western Maryland reached the Republican headquarters yesterday. Mr. Thomas S. Kean, a Democrat, of Allegany county, who was in Baltimore, said that the miners of Allegany county would vote for McKinley. The democratic leaders of the sixth congressional district have stated that the miners were for Bryan. If the miners vote for McKinley, the district, it is said, will go Republican and Capt. John McDonald will defeat his Democratic competitor, Blair Lee, for Congress. The Republican leaders are now claiming five of the six congressional districts of the state and assert that the fight in the first district, or on the Eastern Shore, will be close and the result uncertain.—Baltimore Sun.

CANDIDATE Bryan's father, Judge Silas Bryan, in a speech delivered at Louisville, Ill., on Oct. 3, 1868, declared for a gold standard and in favor of respecting the courts, while he lamented "the facility with which money could be manufactured by the acre." In various other utterances in the same speech Mr. Bryan the father showed himself to be a fine old Jeffersonian Democrat, "one of the olden time," and notably in this declaration: "The apostolic doctrine is to owe no man anything, and the Democratic doctrine is akin to it—pay what you owe." Thus father and son are seen to have been alike in their fondness for Scriptural citation, with the difference that the father showed accuracy in his "golden texts," and respected their spirit as well, while for the son they seem to be chiefly valuable as rhetorical accessories.

Why We Oppose Bryan.

Ratio: 16 to 0.

1. Because he was put in nomination by the very worst element in his party, against the strong opposition of every man in that party who has hitherto had any standing for ability and patriotism.

2. Because the men who forced his nomination have only been conspicuous for their leadership in rebellion, and other movements of gravest menace to the well-being of the country.

3. Because if elected he would be absolutely controlled by these men.

4. Because the platform upon which he stands is made up of the most alarming declarations against principles and ideas which all patriotic Americans hold sacred.

5. Because it declares for States Rights, as against the National authority.

6. Because it encourages rebellion and mob rule.

7. Because it attacks the Supreme Court, which is the safeguard of our liberties and of law and order.

8. Because it threatens the country with a vicious financial system, radically revolutionary in nature, based upon ideas which have been tried a thousand times in the history of the world, and never failed to bring ruin upon the country trying them, and inflict incalculable misery upon all the common people.

9. Because the first step in the adoption of those ideas involves shameless repudiation of the Nation's honor and good faith, and every subsequent step plunges us deeper in the quagmire of dishonor.

10. Because the heaviest blow will be at once struck against the most deserving of the Nation's creditors—the men who periled their lives and wrecked their bodies to save its existence.

11. Because it threatens to add to the Free Trade robbery of the wage-earners and common people of the country the still more outrageous robbery of Free Silver.

12. Because Bryan not only stands squarely upon this odious platform, but he goes farther than it does.

13. Because he is preaching throughout the country the baneful doctrines of Sectionalism, Anarchy and Class Hatred.

14. Because he is doing all in his power to inflame the West and the South against the East, the poor against the rich, and labor against capital.

15. Because he is absolutely unfitted, by lack of mental capacity, experience, character, and rational ideas to fill the office he seeks.

16. Because his opponent is an infinitely better man.

Any one of these reasons is ample for doing everything possible to prevent his election.

The Case of Railroad Men.

The last report of the interstate commerce commission just issued contains statistics which throws some light upon the causes of the extraordinary interest which railway men are taking in the present campaign. It appears that for the year ending June 30 the number of passengers carried by the railroads of the country has declined from 560,968,211 in 1892 to 507,421,362 in 1895. The number of tons of freight has declined from 745,119,482 to 696,761,171. Net income per mile of road operated has declined from $714 to $316. The commission makes this comment upon the financial condition of the roads:

"The railway of the United States closed the year covered by the report with a deficit from the operations of the year of $29,845,241, which was, of course, met either by a decrease in the accumulated surplus of previous years or in the creations of current liabilities. The deficit for the year ending June 30, 1894, was $45,851,294, showing that the railways of the United States have run behind during the two years in question $75,696,535. Should this continue, either the investments or the credits of railways must disappear."

Declining business and shrinking revenues have had the natural effect of reducing the number of employes and the rate of wages paid. The number of men employed on the railroads of the country has declined from 821,415 in 1892 to 785,034 in 1895, and the amount paid in wages to those who still had employment in 1895 was $7,369,089 below what it was in 1892. If the amount of wages that would have been paid to the 36,381 hands thrown out of work be added to the amount lost, the total will be increased by over $20,000,000.

The Bryanites admit this depression but attribute it to the gold standard. But we have had the gold standard since 1834. They say hard times are the consequence of the act of 1873 discontinuing the coinage of the silver dollar, but never did this country have such good times as between the resumption of specie payments in 1879 and 1892. The only change since then has been brought about by the tariff legislation of Mr. Bryan and his party, a succession of treasury deficits brought about by Mr. Bryan and his party and the formidable character given to the free coinage agitation by Mr. Bryan and his party. Having wrecked the prosperity of the country and depressed every industry except that of the political agitator they now ask authority to continue their work. Since they have succeeded in cutting down the employment of the wage-worker they now propose to cut in two the value of the wages still left to him. Confronted by such a prospect is it any wonder that railroad men should take a lively interest in the campaign.

A Cheering Outlook.

Hambleton's *Circular* for October 17 presents a business man's estimate of the causes of the recent advance in wheat—which is independent of silver—and the probable consequences of the defeat of Mr. Bryan's proposal to debase the currency. It is the conviction of every one in close touch with affairs that the present stagnation is due to the fear of free coinage which would cause infinite loss. Says the *Circular:*

We anticipate that the election of Mr. McKinley will be followed by several years of great prosperity in this country. We have for five years been liquidating, economizing and getting out of debt. Our railroad system has passed through readjustment and fictitious capitalization has been eliminated. Our manufacturing interests have been curtailing and merchants and consumers have been living from hand to mouth and have been buying only to supply immediate wants. There is no overtrading and no general speculation either in stocks or products. Free-silver agitation has frightened capital and caused hoarding of gold and legal-tender notes.

The election of Mr. McKinley will set the wheels of trade in motion, hoarding money and withheld capital will seek investment and employment, a demand will spring up for goods and products, labor will be fully employed at good wages and the land and people will laugh and sing.

But some of our people may say, suppose Mr. McKinley is not elected? Not elected! Why, there has never has been a doubt that the party of repudiation and revolution would be ignominiously and overwhelmingly defeated, or that the party which represents sound money and stands to protect the honor and credit of the nation would succeed.

Mr. McKinley will undoubtedly be elected, and by such a majority as will settle once for all time this miserable attempt to debase our currency and dishonor our country. Improved business will add largely to the revenue of the government, gold will flow in countless millions from Europe to this country, the government will be taken out of the banding business and our currency system will be re-adjusted on sound and scientific principles.

As to the recent advance of wheat the *Circular* has this to say.

The advance or decline in silver is no more responsible for the fluctuations in products than the rise and fall of the Roman empire. Wheat and cotton have gone up because of a reduced supply and improved demand. The report of the consul of the United States at St. Petersburg estimates the world's crop of wheat in 1896 falls short of the crop in 1895 by 185,000,000 bushels. And the exporting countries outside of Europe show a deficiency of 165,000,000 bushels. India and Australia, instead of selling wheat are buying from other countries, and, there being a large demand for our surplus, we are exporting great quantities of grain and prices have advanced. The same cause—a diminished crop of cotton—has caused an improved demand and better prices for this product. The price of products and commodities, including silver, is determined by the law of supply and demand.

Treasury Gold and the Popocrats.

One of the most familiar cries of the Populists in this campaign is that the syndicate of bankers in New York and London, combined to despoil the American Government, is able to control the exports and imports of gold and to drain the Treasury reserve at its sovereign will. Credulous people are told that the recent imports of gold were made merely to influence the Presidential election, and that the exportation will be resumed after the election, when there will be a fresh "raid of bankers on the Treasury," and the Government forced into another loan in order to replenish the reserve. In much the same style of argumentation the Western farmers are told that the recent advance in wheat has been made by speculators in New York and Chicago, who expect to recoup themselves by causing a reaction in the market after the November election.

To show how silly and stupid is the cry of the Populists over the power of the bankers' syndicate to control the markets Mr. W. E. Curtis, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, has written an official letter explanatory of the methods by which gold is exported and imported. Had these importations been made to influence the elections a much smaller amount would have served the purpose. It is no trifling matter to import nearly $60,000,000 of gold, to be exported again, for the purpose of causing a moral impression of extremely doubtful importance, when a shipment of one-tenth the sum would have answered the same end at one-tenth the cost. The few houses in New York dealing in foreign exchange could hardly afford the risks involved in so colossal an electioneering transaction. The absurdity of the Populist pretense is too gross for serious refutation.

As Mr. Curtis shows, the movements of gold in international trade are so natural that they are susceptible of very simple explanation. The merchants of one country pay for the goods bought in another country by bills of exchange, which are usually drawn upon London. The bankers estimate the amount of these bills among themselves, and the balance must be paid in gold. If more goods be bought in Europe than are sent there from the United States the balance must be paid in money; and gold is the only money in international transactions. The greater the demand for bills of exchange the higher the price—that is to say, more money must be paid for a pound sterling. When the price reaches a certain figure it becomes cheaper to ship the gold to Europe than buy a bill of exchange that is payable there in gold.

In the opposite case, when Europe owes a balance in the United States and bills of exchange cannot be obtained to cover it the gold must be shipped to this country for the purpose. In the first eight months of the year 1895 goods to the value of upward of $46,000,000 were imported into the United States in excess of the value of the goods exported during that time. It was necessary then to ship a considerable sum in gold for want of bills of exchange. In the first eight months of this year, on the other hand, the exports of merchandise to Europe exceeded in value the imports by nearly $96,000,000. As a consequence, there was a check to heavy sales of American securities in Europe; and it was no longer necessary to send abroad money to redeem these securities. The tables were turned, and Europe was obliged to pay in part with gold the debt due to this country, as has very clearly been demonstrated by the great influx of gold during the last two months.

How natural is the movement has been shown by the course of rates of exchange. In the last spring and summer, when debts were due to Europe, the American merchant who wanted a sight draft on London was obliged to pay $4.88½ or $4.90 for the pound of sterling; but since the opposite movement has set in the pound sterling has cost from $4.83¾ to $4.85¼. It is thus seen that the recent gold importation is a perfectly natural phenomenon; and those who seek to pervert its causes are themselves ignorant, or are desirous of leading others astray for the sake of promoting party ends.

There is not the least inconsistency with this explanation in the action of the banks last summer in agreeing to furnish bills of exchanges at rates under the point that make it profitable to export gold, and thereby prevent its shipment. The bankers were willing to take the risk of pocketing a loss in order to avert the consequences of a new Government loan in the midst of an exciting political campaign. Fortunately, the natural current of trade made it wholly unnecessary for the bankers to carry out their agreement to prevent a drain of the Treasury gold at whatever cost to themselves. But by this very act they have manifested a degree of public spirit and patriotism in the existing crisis which is in strong contrast with the Popocratic assaults upon the integrity of the Government.

Colonel Ingersoll on Money.

Following is an extract from the speech of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll at Chicago on Oct. 8:

Money that is money needs no guarantee, needs no backer; it is always good. No matter how many nations go down to dust, good money remains ever the same. We have a man running for the presidency on three platforms, with two vice presidents, that say money is the creature of law. If the government can make money by law, why should the government collect taxes? According to Mr. Bryan, our fathers were the friends of silver, and yet our dear old fathers in all their lives only minted 8,000,000 of these sacred dollars. Now see what the enemies of silver have done. Since 1873 the enemies of silver have coined over 430,000,000 of these dollars and yet silver kept going down. We are coining now over $2,000,000 a month, and silver keeps going down.

Senator Jones of Nevada, in 1873, voted for the law of 1873. He said from his speech in the Senate, that God had made gold the standard. He said that gold was the mother of civilization. Whether he has heard from God since or not I do not know. But now he is on the other side. Senator Stewart, of Nevada, was there at the time, but voted for the act of 1873 and said that gold was the only standard. He has changed his mind. No government can afford to be a clipper on coins.

A great republic cannot afford to stamp a lie on silver or gold or paper. Honest money for an honest people, issued by an honest nation. You cannot make a paper dollar without taking a dollar's worth of paper. We must have paper that represents money. I want it issued by the government, and I want behind every one of these paper dollars either a dollar in gold or a dollar worth 100 cents, so that every greenback under the flag can lift up its hands and swear, "I know that my redeemer liveth." That is where I was 20 years ago, and that is where I am to-night.

For nations and individuals, at all times, everywhere and forever, honesty is the best policy. Better be an honest bankrupt then a rich thief. Poverty can hold in its hand the jewel honor—a jewel that outshines all other gems. A thousand times better be poor and noble than rich and fraudulent. Nobody can be helped by free coinage except the few people who could pay their debts if they were willing. Some say that it would help the mine owners. It would not. Coining this bullion into dollars would not increase its value, because you would coin the bullion of the whole world and the supply would be greater than the demand. Have free coinage to-morrow, and there is not a silver mine owner that would make a dollar—not one—by changing it into American coin. It would only be worth what the bullion is worth in the open market.

We want good money—good, honest money. And there was never any real prosperity for a nation or an individual without honesty, without integrity, and it is our duty to preserve the reputation of the great republic.

THE letter of Archbishop Ireland of Minnesota, written in answer to the questions of a number of business men who desired to know his views of the political situation, is one of the most remarkable documents of this remarkable campaign. The prelate departs from his usual custom of abstaining from political discussion only because of the momentous importance of this campaign. He regards the free silver proposition, though containing the essence of repudiation, as mild in its bearings compared to other infamous doctrines of the Chicago platform, including those of class hatred and a sectional prejudice that amounts to undisguised secession. In no campaign since war times has the pulpit everywhere been so outspoken as it is now, because the preachers regard the issues as so inwrought with public morals and national honesty that they far transcend the bounds of ordinary political questions.

WILLIAM B.

[Air, "Sweet Marie."]

I've a secret in my heart, William B.,
Which to you I will impart, William B.,
And I know that you'll agree
It's the truth I tell to thee—
That silver will not be free—
William B.

Chorus—
William B., list to me—
We're for gold, don't you see?
Nothing else will suit us well, William B.
We will demonstrate to you
That there will be but few
Who will cast their votes for you,
William B.

There's another in the field, William B.,
And to you 'twill be revealed, William B.
Though you think that you are right,
And you make a stubborn fight,
You'll be knocked clean out of sight,
William B.

Chorus—
William B., list to me—
We're for gold, don't you see?
And that's what it's going to be, William B.
Wait until election day—
You will not need an X ray
To show you gold holds full sway,
William B.

Oh, the one who wins this fight, William B.
Is the one who stands for right, William B.
Bill McKinley is the man
Who'll preside o'er this fair land—
He'll be leader of the band,
William B.

Chorus—
William B., can't you see,
Silver will not be free
While the people have a vote, William B.?
What they want they're sure to get,
And they will get gold, you bet,
And it ain't no use to fret,
William B.

WILLIAM B. SEVERE.
Baltimore, Seventh Ward.

Double Heater Stove.

The Cinderella Air Tight is without doubt the most complete and practical stove and double heater ever devised, and parties who have tried it pronounce it ahead of all others. Can use hard or soft coal. It is handsomely designed and finished with nickle swing cover and handsome urn, nickle top and front rails, name plate and base. Has special constructed anti-clogging drawer and centre ball bearing shaking grate with deep ash pit. Price moderate.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,
31-3t Agents.

Only One Standard

You and we may differ as to money standards and out of our very differences good may come. But we won't differ as to the merits of one standard emulsion of cod-liver oil.

SCOTT'S EMULSION has won and held its way for nearly 25 years in the world of medicine until to-day it is almost as much the standard in all cases of lung trouble, and every condition of wasting whether in child or adult as quinine is in malarial fevers.

Differ on the money question if you will, but when it comes to a question of health, perhaps of life and death, get the standard.

Your druggist sells Scott's Emulsion.
Two sizes, 50 cts. and $1.00
SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

THE TRAMP

Answers the Silver Argument of M. A. Y. Published in the "Democrat."

To the Editor of The Republican.

Sir: A mountain friend has kindly mailed to me a copy of the *Mountain Democrat* for Sept. 24, 1896, in which M. A. Y., of St. Louis, Mo., attempts to reply to my article in the REPUBLICAN for Sept. 5th.

M. A. Y. is an adept at arguing in a circle and equally accomplished in the Brynnistic art of stating a half truth where it would be damaging to tell the truth, and then to further clinch an argument misquote and misinterpret as freely as may be necessary.

M. A. Y. attempts to disprove my assertion that "there is not a single nation renowned for its enlightenment and advancement whose *highest standard* of value was or is not based on gold." Singularly enough M. A. Y.'s argument with all its flow of fine words and glowing rhetoric proves my assertion absolutely and indisputably. The glory of Great Britain, France and Germany was obtained and maintained on a sound money basis whether bimetallic or otherwise, and that sound money basis had and has for its highest standard of value gold and always gold. The French *assignal* issued during the French revolution, is the only exception: its basis of value was supposed to rest upon the landed estates of the royalists and aristocrats. The French *assignal* met the fate of all unsecured currency.

As a matter of fact the United States has been practically on a gold basis ever since 1805, at which time the coinage of silver dollars was stopped and no more were coined until 1834. At this time the ratio was changed from 15.73 to 15.98 or which is now called 16 to 1. In that year one thousand silver dollars were turned out at the mint. From 1834 to 1873 the mints were opened to the free coinage of silver, but only a few dollars in silver were coined, because the bullion value of the silver at that time was greater than 16 to 1.

It is a fact then that the growth and material prosperity of the United States rested upon a sound money basis, and more than that, upon almost exclusively a gold currency or its equivalent. Bimetallism, as a matter of fact, cut but an insignificant figure in the business of our country from 1835 to 1873 and the mint coinage for that period proves that the crime of 1873 was a step in the right direction—the prudential foresight that prevented the ship of state from foundering on the shoals of an unstable currency.

What M. A. Y. needs to learn is that the Republican party is not opposed to bimetallism, honest bimetallism, but it is opposed to establishing a currency that would be constantly changing in value. England by her coin laws attempted to establish the price of wheat, that the price should never go below eighty shillings per quarter; but the government was powerless to maintain the price in the face of the great crops of 1820-21-22 and wheat sold at 47 shillings per quarter, working great loss to the agriculturists and almost destroyed the business of the island.

Whenever M. A. Y. can show a silver dollar whose bullion value is equal to its face value, in other words whose value is constant, unvarying and unchaning and whose value is not fixed by fiat of government, then bimetallism may win the day. The melting pot is the true test of value. Our silver dollar to-day is not worth a dollar, but it has the government guarantee behind it, and is limited in quantity so that the guarantee may readily be made good.

Bryan in some of his speeches jeeringly asks how many working men see a gold dollar. As a matter of fact every day's wages is paid in money as good as gold, and has the same purchasing power as gold. But with free silver that no longer would be the case; a silver dollar would have a debt paying power of 100 cents but its purchasing power would be no greater than its bullion value.

M. A. Y. places great stress on the power of the bondholders and plutocrats, and yet in the same paragraph the great progress of the United States is landed to the skies. But for the bond buyers in the time of the civil war, in the time of the nation's peril, our country might yet be under the dominion of the slave element, and all our boasted enlightenment and advancement buried in the ashes of an inhuman greed. But for the plutocrats, the men of money, the gold bugs and coupon clippers, no railroads or gigantic manufacturing enterprises, for which our country is justly celebrated, would make our country a hive of industry.

Protection to life and property is a fundamental principle of the Constitution, but the Bryanites hoist the red flag of Anarchy and say down with the plutocrats. Does M. A. Y. claim that the silverites have no desire to amass big fortunes; that God's poor are the Bryanites, and that they prefer poverty to riches? Does M. A. Y. believe that the Bryanites pay better wages to the laboring man than a robber baron, railway magnate or coupon clipper does? These are important things to know, for if a Bryanite is just as anxious to make money as a sound money man is, then why vote for a change? Does M. A. Y. imagine that a successful man will be less successful under free silver than now, or that an unsuccessful man will be more successful? Is it then while the money is to be changed the people are to be changed, too—the rich made poor and the poor rich: and yet to read M. A. Y.'s article and to follow Bryan in his speeches that is the sum of the Bryanistic belief.

The crime of 1873 is as nothing to the crime of 1893 which has robbed our country of some one hundred and fifty millions of revenue. The passing of the Wilson tariff was a deliberate blow to the prosperity of our country not only in the loss of revenue but in the loss from decreased exports. The great card with the promoters of the Wilson tariff was that it would open up the markets of the world and increase the sale of agricultural productions. But the facts turn out otherwise. The value of all exports for the year ending December 31, 1895, was $80,000,000 less than the last year under the McKinley tariff. Add this amount to the revenue lost under the Wilson tariff and we have a loss of $240,000,000 which sum would have been shared by the workingmen as well as by the farmer and manufacturer.

M. A. Y. is pleased to refer to Mexico as a paradise for workingmen: why then, if that is so, don't some of the 3,000,000 tramps go there. Why don't the tide of foreign immigration turn to that silver clime? But M. A. Y.'s statements do not agree with the report of the Labor committee sent to Mexico to investigate the facts. They reported that it was no place for an American workingman, that wages were scanty and the houses and food of the poorest kind. They further advised that anyone going there should be sure to take enough money to get back home on. I am afraid M. A. Y. must be a misprint and Y. A. M. was intended.

The kind of money our country needs, the kind of money that the foremost nation should have is money that is international in character. Money that will represent the glory and the grandeur, the enterprise and power and last but not least the commercial and moral honor of a people who believe in liberty and equality and equal and exact justice to one and all.

It is beyond the power of human legislation to redress all wrongs, but it is not beyond the power of legislation to give its people an honest and a stable currency. The chief creditor class of a nation like ours is its working people, and our laws should guarantee to the laboring man just as good a dollar as it gives the bond holder; a dollar that has the same purchasing power as that of any other nation of equal standing; a dollar that the workingman can take to England and get full value or take to Mexico and get *two dollars* worth.

The day for the isolation of a nation from common intercourse with other nations has happily gone by. Even China, the ancient and barbarous, is giving way to the magical influence of modern civilization. But the Bryanites insist upon building a wall around our country more impregnable than the Chinese wall—thus ignoring all their one time beautiful rainbow hued theories of free trade and dealing in all the markets of the world. Oh, Democracy! thou art even yet consistent in thy inconsistencies and art willing to *risk all* to carry out thy beliefs, even as thou didst when the first shot was fired at Fort Sumpter!

As to Biblical history perhaps M. A. Y. has not lost sight of the use to which the silver of Judas was put—perhaps another potter's field may be bought in November.

One more quotation and I have done:

"And all King Solomon's drinking vessels were of gold, and all the vessels of the house of the forest of Lebanon were of pure gold; none were of silver: it was nothing accounted of in the days of Solomon."

THE TRAMP.

Monarch, Pa., Oct. 16, 1896.

Communicated.

To the Editor of The Republican.

As my study of the political situation now agitating many minds is limited, I would esteem it a great favor to have some light on the question of free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1.

I am reading both the *Democrat* and REPUBLICAN and am confused as to many things pertaining to this important subject.

The *Democrat* under a headline, "That 50-Cent Dollar," and all free silverites I have talked with, practically admit that a dollar of the present weight and fineness of silver, would, under free coinage, really be a 50-cent dollar. One of the stock arguments of the Democratic party is that the volume of circulating currency would be increased. They admit that the price of commodities would immediately be doubled. I think several things should be carefully considered before a person should vote in favor of a 50-cent dollar.

The first is this: The Democrats have not promised anything better than that wages would advance in proportion to the advance in the price of commodities of life. Does such advance materially better the condition of us wage earners? Suppose a workingman is able to save say $20 each month under the present gold standard; under the silver standard if his wages have proportionately advanced we will assume he could save $40 each month. Will his $40 in 50-cent dollars buy more of the necessaries of life if the price of such is doubled, than his $20 would buy in 100-cent dollars under the present gold standard, with prices of commodities as they are at this time? By the above it is conceded by way of illustration, that the wages of the laboring man would immediately advance in proportion to the increase in cost of things he might have to buy. But is it not a fact that experience has demonstrated time after time that the salary paid to the laborer is the very last to advance. Who but the laborer will suffer during the interval between the election of Bryan and the time wages shall have been forced up? Why should the workingman vote into power a party that does not promise in any way to promote their welfare more than to give them what they are now getting, and only promise that much if by strikes and riots capital can be intimidated into making the desired concessions?

Why do the laboring people allow the free coinage element to delude them, when such people are proving to-day that they have lied and do not believe their own words and are positively proving it by the gold clause in all paper promising payment. It seems to me if a person goes on to advocate free silver coinage at a ratio of 16 to 1 from the public platform and will not draw a mortgage without a promise to pay in gold, he either does not believe the problem he demonstrates or thinks I am a fool. Arthur Sewall does this; Stewart, of Nevada, does it: they all do it, and if I am deceived thereby I surely am not wise.

Who but the owners of silver bullion can derive any honest (?) benefit from such legislation? If a citizen of Garrett county owned a chunk of silver bullion as large as a railway steam engine and would have it coined into dollars and handed back to him without cost to himself, is he going to do the generous, and because it is coined into 50-cent dollars will he divide with some less fortunate citizen? We flatter our judgment in thinking he would keep it himself, and if he parted with any of it he would receive its equivalent in labor or in a necessity of some sort.

Is it not true that the Democrats advance the theory that under free coinage farm products will increase? If the coinage of silver will materially increase the price of farm products as they say, why don't the price of corn, wheat or any other product of the farm come to their relief and prove their assertion. We have coined between seven and eight times the amount of silver since the "demonetization" of silver in 1873 than was coined in the entire coinage history of the United States up to that time. If corn was worth fifty cents per bushel in 1873, according to the Popocratic doctrine, it should be firm at seven and one-half times fifty cents, or $3.75 per bushel in 1896.

A silver friend asks why the silver of the United States is not given the same privilege of coinage that is given the gold from the mines of South Africa. I told him that no political party is asking any such favor of the United States government, but that all persons who favor and vote for free and unlimited coinage at a ratio of 16 to 1, are asking twice this privilege for the silver of the world, (as a ratio of 16 to 1 just about doubles its value in gold.) Was this answer correct?

Is it not a fact that the price of gold, or silver either, is governed by supply and demand, just the same as corn, oats, pig iron or anything marketable? And if this is correct, is it not also true that the United States government has about as much silver for monetary purposes, already purchased, as it can conveniently take care of? If not, why was one of the duties of a special session of Congress to repeal a certain legislative measure authorizing and forcing the United States government to purchase 4,500,000 ounces of this dearly beloved stuff each month?

Is it not a fact that owners of silver mines would regard the election of Bryan as just a little bit less than a second visit of the babe born in a manger more than eighteen hundred years ago. Who else would be benefitted?

Would it not be an act of undisguised and blushless dishonesty to coin silver free at a ratio *twice* its bullion value for the benefit of a few silver mine owning senators of sparsely settled western states and to the general detriment of all persons who believe in paying honest debts in honest money; Would it not be an act of shameless dishonor to legislate to any persons the right to cancel 100 cents worth of debt with 53 cents worth of dollar?

Trusting I have not taken too much time and space, I will bring this to a close. What is the result of the Wilson bill on wool? I heard a gentleman say that he sold wool in Garrett county at 30 cents per pound in 1896. But on reflection I think he lied, so you need not answer this last question.

Yours truly,

WAGE EARNER.

Blaine, W. Va., Oct. 14, 1896.

That Bogus Forsythe Letter.

Chicago, Oct. 20.—A stupid and malignant forgery has been widely circulated, in the form of a letter purporting to have been written by one J. Francis Forsythe to Judge R. C. Bell of Fort Wayne, Ind. Mr. Bell is an attorney and was the chairman of the Indiana Democratic State convention. He is said to be the leading silverite in northern Indiana. But who is Forsythe? Bell says that he does not know, as will be seen by the following letter from him:

"Fort Wayne, Oct. 2, 1896.

"Dear Sir: I have received a great number of inquiries, similar to yours, concerning the letter received by me, dated New York, Aug. 19, 1896, and signed J. Francis Forsythe. The letter was received by me in the course of mail, bearing the New York postmark. It was written with typewriter and bore the usual marks of an ordinary business letter, was signed with pen, and numerous interlineations and corrections were also made with pen. I do not know why it was sent me, and I have no recollection of ever having met the author personally. I never answered the letter, but did what I considered to be my duty, viz., gave it to the press for publication and gave it such other publicity as I could. That is absolutely all I know about the letter or its source, and you must draw your own conclusions.

Yours truly,

"R. C. BELL."

The Forsythe letter was copied by many free silver papers, notably by the Omaha *World-Herald*, which has since said of it (Sept. 24, 1896): "We are now convinced that the alleged letter is a fake. Mr. Bell no doubt received it and believed in its genuineness, but we are unable to find any trace of the alleged banker in Wall Street, and we conclude, therefore that Mr. Bell was imposed on. We have abstained from editorial reference to the letter until it could be looked up. It may have been, as some think, a practical joke played on Mr. Bell by a gold-bug friend, or it may have been a more serious imposition. Whatever it is, it is not what it purports to be."

The original publication by Mr. Bell was in the Fort Wayne *Journal*, and the letter was dated from 711 Wall street. There is no such number....The highest number in Wall street is 120. No. 711 would be in the East river. Since this fact has been pointed out, in all the later reproductions of the forgery, No. 11 has been substituted for No. 711. The number will now probably be changed again.

The pretended Mr. Forsythe, whose name is not in the New York city directory, claimed in his letter to be a member of "the Committee of Political Education of Wall Street." There is no such committee.

Inquiries by mail and by telegraph have poured in upon the Republican national headquarters, both in New York and in this city, asking for authentic information on the subject. Word has been received here from New York that 11 Wall street is the Mortimer building, where there is no such person in any of the offices as J. Francis Forsythe, and that diligent search among the bankers and brokers of New York has failed to reveal the existence of any one who knows or has ever heard of any man bearing that name. The various firms who occupy rooms in the Mortimer building as tenants have received so many letters of inquiry respecting him that they are unable to answer them; and the mail addressed to Forsythe himself is refused by the janitor. There are four barrels of letters addressed to him now in the New York post-office, which have not been called for, and will have to be destroyed.

A wit has said that a lie is always better than the truth, because a lie can be amended, denied, confessed, another lie substituted for it, or you can tell it again; but when one has given utterance to the truth, it is past recall. This seems to be the principal on which some politicians are conducting their side of the present political campaign. Other illustrations of its application are found in the spurious quotations from the London Financial Review, and from the writings of Abraham Lincoln. As the old almanacs used to say, in the dog days, "Look out for hot weather about this time," so now the public may be warned to expect a flood of similar frauds during the next week.

The Darlington, Wis., *Journal* says editorially of a popular patent medicine: "We know from experience that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is all that is claimed for it, as on two occasions it stopped excruciating pains and possibly saved us from an untimely grave. We would not rest easy over night without it in the house." This remedy undoubtedly saves more pain and suffering than any other medicine in the world. Every family should keep it in the house, for it is sure to be needed sooner or later. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

RECEIVER'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE
—AND—
Personal Property,
NEAR OAKLAND.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, dated the 15th day of October, A. D. 1896, and passed in a cause wherein Jefferson F. Bradford is plaintiff and Millard M. Bradford is defendant, the undersigned receiver was authorized and directed to make sale of the real estate and personal property mentioned in said proceedings. In pursuance whereof he hereby gives notice that on

Thursday, the 12th Day of November,

1896, at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m., on the premises located in the east end of the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Md., he will offer at public auction to the highest bidder,

1st. All that lot of ground described as follows: Beginning for the same on the north limit of the right-of-way of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad twenty-four and one-fourth feet from the south east corner of the planing mill of Bradford Bros. as now located, and running thence north 58½ degrees east 18½ perches, thence north 67 degrees west 12 perches to a stake, thence south 58½ degrees west 11½ perches to the limits of the aforesaid right of-way of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad to the beginning 10½ perches, containing 157 perches of land, being the same lot of ground which was conveyed to the said Bradford Bros. by Harry Weber and wife by deed dated the 10th day of April, 1895, and duly recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 26, folio 509, among the Land Records of Garrett county.

The improvements consist of a first-class new planing mill with all the necessary machinery and power for operating same, all in first-class condition.

2nd. All the stock of lumber, doors, sash, glass, mouldings, and other material on hand at said premises.

Under the order of the court the said mill, fixtures lumber, etc., will be sold either as an entirety or separately, whichever may appear for the best interests of the trust.

Terms of sale, as prescribed by said order, one-half cash and the balance in six months, the purchasers to execute their bonds with security satisfactory to the undersigned receiver. Deferred payments to bear interest from the day of sale, or the entire purchase money may be paid in cash at the purchaser's option.

JOHN SHARTZER,
Receiver.

For further information apply to Edward H. Stocell or Fred A. Thayer, solicitors. 33-tf

ORDER NISI.

Estes G. Rathbone vs. Ellen Gibbons, et al.—No. 780 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

Ordered, this 17th day of October, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Estes G. Rathbone, assignee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 14th day of November, 1896 provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 14th day of November, 1896.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2700 00.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 33 3

Proclamation and Notice

Of a new election to be held in Election District No. 10 of Garrett county, Maryland, at the next Congressional election, to be held on November the 3rd, 1896, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication, shall be sold in said District.

Whereas, by Chapter 461 of the Acts of 1896 of the General Assembly of Maryland, it was made the duty of one or more of the Judges of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, upon the presentation before the first day of August, 1896, of the written petition of at least one-third in number of the registered voters who cast their votes at the last preceding general election in any election district of Garrett county, to pass an order within thirty days after the filing of said petition, directing the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Garrett county to proclaim notice of a new election to be held at the next Congressional election in such election district to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors and medicated bitters producing intoxication should be sold in such district.

And whereas, such written petition, signed by said number of voters in Election District No. 10 of Garrett county, Maryland, was, on the 31st day of July, 1896, filed with the Clerk of said Court, whereupon on said day it was ordered by Hon. David W. Sloan, one of the Judges of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, that the Clerk of said Court proclaim notice of a new election to be held in said Election District No. 10 of Garrett county, as above provided, unless however, a counter petition from said election district, larger in number than the one filed as aforesaid should be presented before the first day of September, 1896.

And whereas, a counter petition from said Election District number ten, purporting to be signed by a greater number of the registered voters aforesaid than the petition filed on the 31st day of July, 1896, was filed with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county aforesaid on the 31st day of August, 1896.

And whereas, the said petition and counter petition having been duly considered and examined, and it being ascertained by the said Circuit Court that the counter petition did not have as large a number of signers entitled to be counted as the original petition, it was on the 29th day of September, 1896, ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, that the Clerk of the said Circuit Court be directed to proclaim notice of an election to be held in said Election District number ten (No. 10) at the next Congressional election on November the 3rd, 1896, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication shall be sold in said district.

Now therefore, in obedience to said order, I, Edward Z. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, do hereby proclaim and give notice to all the voters and people of said Election District No. 10 in Garrett county, and to all others whom it may concern, that at the time and place of the next Congressional election held in said district in said county on the third day of November, 1896, there will be held a new election in said district by the judges and clerks of election who shall then and there hold said Congressional election, to determine whether or not license shall be granted to sell spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication in said district, and whether any of said liquors or any compound, of which alcohol forms the chief or principal ingredient, shall be sold in said district after the first day of May, 1897, except by a regular pharmacist or druggist having a license for such business under the law of this State upon the written bonafide prescription of a regular practicing physician of such district, whose name shall be signed thereto, and that at said election at said time and place in said district, each legally qualified voter of said district shall be entitled to cast one vote for or against said license and sale, and that if at said election it shall be found that a majority of such votes have been cast for license in said district, license for the sale of such liquors will be granted as now or hereafter may be provided by law, but if it shall be found that a majority of said votes have been cast against license in said district it shall not be lawful for any person or persons, firm, company or body coporate after the first day of May, 1897, to sell or otherwise dispose of by way of barter, directly or indirectly, any such liquors, and no license will be issued or granted for the sale of the same in said election district.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland. 31-4t

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In effect July 19, 1896.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS	NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1		No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 00*	8 00† lv	Cumberland ar	*12 00	*7 30
3 31	8 31	Rawlings	11 29	6 59
3 56	8 56	Keyser	11 01	6 36
4 00	9 00	Westernport	10 54	6 23
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. Junc.	10 38	6 20
4 37	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5 52
5 00	10 00	Harrison	10 00	*5 28
6 15	10 45* ar	Elk Garden	8 55	*4 00
5 25	10 35† lv	Gorman	9 21	4 54
5 41	10 41	Bayard	9 15	4 48
5 52	10 52	Dobbin	9 04	4 38
6 23	11 23	Thomas	8 34	4 15
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	8 00	3 15
6 27	11 27 lv	Coketon	8 31	4 02
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	7 39	3 36
6 57	11 57	Bretz	7 51	3 25
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 51	3 22
7 34	12 39	Kerens	7 18	2 47
8 00*	1 00 ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	*2 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
				P. M.
	3 05* ar	Benlington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.46 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	4.07 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 47	—Daily	10.40 A. M
No. 55	—Express, daily	6 2 : P. M
No. 15	—Accommodation daily	4.58 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	10.05 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	—Daily	5.50 A. M
No. 2	—Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation daily	9.48 A. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	4.35 P. M
No. 46	—Daily	5.05 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	12.50 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

THE
Maryland Building and Loan Association
of Garrett County.

OFFICERS

ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencie

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock
INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month. EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ¼ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
T. R. CARSKADON, Keyser, W. Va.

MOUNTAIN STATE
Business College,
PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Sept. 8 1896.

Notice is hereby given to all persons using and crossing bridges with steam threshers or saw mill boilers and engines, that they will be held responsible for any and all damages done to said bridges by hauling steam threshers, boilers and engines over them.

By order of the board,
IRA E. FRIEND,
President.

Attest: J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

THE COMMONPLACE.

Shall we but value what is rare—
The flawless gem, the peerless face—
And none of our affection spare
For what is only commonplace?

The gifts of God, like words, abound
On ev'ry page of nature's book;
There's something worthy to be found
Wherever you may chance to look.

We do rank common things before
God's rarer wonders, now and then,
As common bread is worth far more
Than diamonds to hungry men.

And always in God's common things
There's beauty, if we care to seek—
The sober brown of sparrows' wings,
The wrinkles on a furrowed cheek.

'Tis not perfection icy-cold,
In earth beneath, or heav'n above,
That can alone our heart-strings hold;
Hearts cannot tell us why they love.

God help us all if men should care
For only what is full of grace,
Lest love itself should then be rare
And we should still be commonplace!
—C. J. Boden, in Chambers' Journal.

BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT.

Characters: Frank Hall, a rising barrister. Molly Lascelles, his fiancee.
Scene: Mrs. Lascelles' drawing-room.
(Frank enters.)

OLLY (jumping up)—What is it?

Frank—Not guilty.

She (clapping her hands)—O, I am pleased. They were bound to acquit her after your magnificent speech. I can't think how you managed to piece the evidence together as you did. (Solemnly) Do you know I wasn't really quite sure—not absolutely sure—in my own mind, until you had spoken.

He (wearily)—It's hard to be sure of anything, Molly.

She—Until some clever person like you—O, but you are—makes it plain to everyone.

He—I'm afraid that nothing is very plain to the average British juryman.

She—It seems that you made the case clear, even to him. Your peroration about the punishment of conscience was simply grand. I've been repenting of my little wickednesses ever since.

He (fondly)—Very little wickednesses, Molly. (Kisses her).

(They sit down on the sofa).

He—Why didn't you stop for the verdict?

She—I couldn't bear the awful suspense. What must it have been for that poor woman!

He—Well, it is over now. (Pause.)

She—I'm so proud and so glad. Aren't you?

He—"Glad"—O, yes.

She—And proud?

He—No.

She—But it will make you, everyone says.

He—I hope so. They've retained me in the Kensington stabbing case already.

She—And you are not proud! Most modest—or mendacious—man! Why are you not proud, my learned brother?

He (dejectedly)—O—because—I don't know, Molly. (Suddenly) I'm sick of the trial. Let's talk of something else.

She—But aren't you delighted to think that you've saved that poor, pretty, innocent woman from death—from hanging? Why, Frank, doesn't justice count for anything to a barrister!

He—I suppose it does. (Pause.)

She—You've overtaxed yourself. I must doctor you. Shall I play you something soothing—with no meaning to bother about—the Largo in G?

He (softly)—It's rest to sit by you, Molly. But—(excitedly)—yet it isn't. You're such a good little lady that it makes everything wrong seem worse, to be with you.

She—But what's wrong, Frank? (Puts her hand on his shoulder) What is it?

He—Nothing.

She—On your honor? (Suddenly) You don't mean—you can't mean—that she was guilty?

He (slowly)—I don't know.

She (excitedly)—But you proved that she didn't buy the poison.

He—She did not. It was kept in his

"I'M SICK OF THE TRIAL."

old cabinet, as I proved. But she might have used it.

She—But how could she find it the very night they were married and went home? And how could she tell what it was?

He—Unless she knew he had it.

She—But you showed that it was kept in his secret drawer. Why, you convinced everyone.

He—Did I?

She—Did she tell you that she was guilty?

He—No.

(A long pause, during which she draws away from him.)

She (swiftly)—Frank, you knew that woman before the trial.

He (dropping his head between his hands)—I did.

She (huskily)—After you knew me?

He—Not after we were engaged.

She—After you knew me? When you were always meeting me? When you were trying to make me like you? (Fiercely) Answer me, sir.

He (unsteadily)—I couldn't break it off all at once. I did as soon as I could.

She—But I can break it off, sir, at once. And I will. And I do. (A long silence.)

She (very pale)—I must ask you to relieve me of your presence. You need not fear that I shall put the police on the track of her accomplice.

He (springing up)—Molly!

She—Mr. Hall! Barrister—and gentleman!

He—Molly, you cannot think that. I did not see her for six months before it happened. It was only a foolish entanglement. I didn't really care for her—nor she for me. But I was dull, and she was lonely, and—

She—Spare me details. Doubtless the unscrupulous advocate and the murderess were admirably suited.

He—But she didn't seem bad, Molly. Indeed she didn't. She was very kind when I told her about you.

She—So I have to thank her for my lover—my ideal of honor and uprightness!

He—For mercy's sake, hear me. She said that she readily forgave me, for she too had known what it was to love. Then she told me how that man—the dead man—had ruined her lover—and he killed himself with poison that he kept—

She—In the cabinet—in the secret drawer?

He—That the dead man took for debt. (Silence.) She said that, if a wish could kill him, he would have died a thousand times. Then she told me to go to you and be happy. And I came, and I was; God help me!

She (under her breath)—And me!

He—Six months after she married her lover's murderer. And on the wedding night he—

She—Was murdered.

He—Died. She asked me to defend her; and I pitied her, and tried to believe her innocent, and they have given

"GOOD-BY, AND HEAVEN BLESS YOU."

her the benefit of the doubt. God forgive us all. (Another pause.)

She (slowly and painfully)—I will trouble you to—go.

He (walks unsteadily to the door and takes the handle)—Molly, little Molly, best among women, I have told you the whole truth. Try to forgive me. Good-by; and Heaven bless you. (Turns the handle.)

She (wildly)—Frank!

He—Molly; my darling!

She (falling on the sofa and gasping)—Frank, I did love you. Frank, have you told me all? All, on your honor?

He (kneeling beside her)—All, on my honor. I can't expect you to believe me, but give me the benefit of the doubt.

She—No, there is but one way. I love you, and I believe you without any doubt. You will be good to me, Frank?

He—My queen! (Kisses her hand.)
—Black and White.

How He Thought Klopp Should Die.

Cramer was Voltaire's Geneva publisher, and the following anecdote may perhaps prove to be interesting. At the rehearsal of one of Voltaire's tragedies M. Cramer was finishing one of his roles, which was to end with some dying sentences. Voltaire, objecting to the manner in which that death scene was played, cried out in accents of seething scorn: "Cramer, you lived like a prince during the four preceding acts, but at the fifth you die like a bookseller." Tronchin, being present, could not help in kindness interfering. "M. Voltaire," said he, deprecatingly, "can you expect to have gentlemen to be at the expense of dresses and fatigue of getting up such long parts if you thus upbraid them? On the contrary, I think they deserve the greatest encouragement at your hands, and, as to my friend Cramer, I declare that, so far as I am a judge, he dies with the same dignity he lived." Voltaire raised his head and glanced defiantly at Tronchin. "Doctor," he cried, "when you have kings to kill, kill them your own way. Let me kill mine as I please."—Notes and Queries.

Plainly Put.

It is well known that the queen of Italy dreads becoming stout. It is a family feature of this royal house. Her love of the mountains is partly due to the fact that high air is considered "thinning." Victor Emmanuel in time grew inconveniently stout. He had an odd shooting attendant, named Guiseppe, to whom he appealed on one occasion: "Giuseppe, they say I've grown fat. Is it true?" Giuseppe and the king had traveled far from the rest of the shooting party, and Giuseppe was supplying the place of the king's valet at the final halt. "You're as fat as a pig" (sierg, in patois), said Giuseppe, who was no courtier. The king told the story with great glee.—London News.

It Deals in Dollars.

"This is a dollar store, isn't it?" asked Gargoyle, as he presented himself at the counter of a prominent bank.

"No, sir," replied the teller, severely; "this is a bank."

"Well, what's the difference?"—Harlem Life.

CONSIDERING THE BICYCLE.

Benefits and Injuries of the Popular Pastime.

Up to the present time, no matter what may be the future changes, the chief claim of the bicycle upon our consideration is its utility as a means of rational and wholesome pastime and pleasurable recreation. While it is put to many uses purely economical in a business sense, still the balance is overwhelming on the side of mere amusement.

Nor is this to be reckoned against it in our calculation. We Americans especially need to have play forced upon us; we are too much given over to constant money-grubbing and the feverish pursuit of sordid ambitions. There is small danger that we will fall too far in the direction of recreation and healthful pastime. Certainly the bicycle is a delightful source of emotion; it sends up through the rider an exhilaration indescribably comforting to weary nerves—and just here arise both the pro and the con of our argument.

If to ride moderately is pleasing, to ride faster is charming, and to speed like the wind is intoxicating. The habit grows, the fascination gets deeper and deeper hold, until, like all other overdone sports or pastimes, it becomes an almost incurable mania. The incorrigible scorcher is already scarcely less a nuisance in our streets and roads than the drunkard and the professional beggar. He casts a malign shadow over the whole subject of wheeling and forces right-minded people to shrink from public appearance on their wheels. The same or more may be said about a certain class of women and girls who for one reason or another choose to make bicycle riding an excuse for immodest and outlandish attire. Instead of honestly adapting costume neatly and becomingly to the needs of wheeling, they rush to the extreme suggested by a necessary change. Here a great question of public taste and morals forces itself into our minds, and it is not too early to give it serious attention.

Overexertion is very hurtful to organic life. Mere waste is healthful if natural and promptly compensated by recuperation. Bodily exercise cannot go beyond the limit of safety without permanent injury to vital centers. This well-known law is too frequently broken by bicycle riders, especially the young and strong ones who feel keenly the sweet exhilaration of rapid movement under circumstances novel and peculiarly fascinating. A rich crop of diseases is sure to be reaped by these reckless sowers.

Doubtless wisdom will control in the long run, wherefore it seems safe to take an optimistic view of the great wheeling epoch. Observation has led us to think that our young people are adapting themselves in the main with great good sense to the conditions imposed by their new means of enjoyment. It is comforting to the taste and a rare delight to the artistic perception to see them out of an evening, gliding along so silently and smoothly, skimming the roads as swallows skim the streams. Where there is so much fascination and so little urge toward evil surely the outcome must be good. —Chautauquan.

HUNGER AND CANNIBALISM.

The Desire to Eat a Fellow-Man Stronger at Sea Than on Land.

Then it comes to pass, when the moment of keenest agony is reached, that the starving man begins to eye his companion with the wolf glare of a beast of prey. His pangs become paroxysmal. During their greatest intensity there springs up within him a fierce impulse to slay his neighbor that he may feed on his flesh and slake his thirst with his blood. This terrible prompting to cannibalism, it may be noted, is, however, rare, save in cases of famine from shipwreck.

Although it is customary to regard it as a common feature of starvation and to make thrilling statements of the frequency with which even mothers will, under the goad of hunger, kill and eat their children, and although startling assertions to this effect have been made by historians of great sieges, yet it ought to be said that, as a general rule, well-authenticated cases of cannibalism among civilized people will be found to occur only at sea. They are very rarely found on land. And what is more curious still, whenever famished, shipwrecked men set foot on shore, no matter how desolate and barren may be their rock of refuge, they seem as if by magic at once to banish from their minds the very idea of anthropophagy, or man-eating, and that, too, though they might have been resignedly contemplating it as an imperative necessity a few hours before.

In the case of Ensign Prentice, of the Eighty-fourth regiment, and his companions, who were wrecked on the Barren Island off Cape Breton in 1780, the difference of famine on shore and on sea is curiously exemplified. Prentice records that they were able to endure the most fearful pangs of hunger without ever so much as a thought of resorting to cannibalism for relief, so long, however, and only so long as they kept on land. But when they took to their boats—and it was not once merely that they experienced this—in order to escape from their rock-bound prison though they were not a whit worse off for food than they were on land, yet the moment they put to sea with one accord they began to think of killing and eating one of their number. On the other hand, when they found their attempt to escape futile and put back to shore, whenever they landed, the horrible idea of cannibalism seemed to vanish.—Science for All.

The Hand of a Queen.

A delicate piece of sculpture is a model of Queen Victoria's hand, which is still a very handsome one, and is said to have signed more important state papers and been kissed by more important men than the hand of any other queen that ever lived.—Detroit Free Press.

HOSPITAL FOR BIRDS.

Of Course the Parrots Take the Lead in Making Things Lively.

"Doncher wanter, doncher wanter?" was the quick interrogative, and—

"Don't I want to what?" was the equally quick reply.

"Why, doncher wanter kiss me, you fool!" shouted the parrot.

The lady bent over the cage, and the quarter of a century old bird in its subdued green dress imprinted a kiss on the lips that chided the feathered member of the family with "You're a naughty bird!"

The sharp eyes of the parrot for a minute were downcast. He studied the sand in the bottom of the cage, but, perking his head erect, summoned courage and said in a doubtful way: "Well, I don't know."

Few persons know that there is a bird hospital in Boston in Mount Vernon street, and few know how interesting birds are until they visit the convalescent ones in their boarding house.

In the ward of the hospital there was a colony of aristocratic birds from the Back Bay and Brookline housed for the summer. Their mistresses had gone off to the seashore or mountains, and some had crossed to the old world, but their feathered pets were summering in the West End, lest by change of atmosphere the tiny things contract asthma or bronchitis, for birds have lungs, and very delicate ones, too, and while in days gone by, like the babies of the slums, it was the survival of the fittest, to-day they are sent to a bird physician, who, by treatment, restores vitality to the featherless flesh and sends the warbler back to its home as fat as butter, with its plumage as yellow as gold. And, by the way, the healthy canary is notable for the yellowishness of its plumage, and may rightly be set down as an advocate of the gold standard.

The bird hospital on Mount Vernon street has existed for five years, and some of the birds there have been willed to the keeper of the birds' boarding house with a fund sufficient to maintain them during their "mortal sojourn," as the aged preacher would say. There are 60 of them housed in comfort, and by spending an hour among them one learns many of their curious ways.

Some of the canaries have bells hanging in their cages, and one of them has the habit of telling everyone about that he is cross by pulling the bell. The more ferocious he feels to his fellow-birds and his mistress the harder he tugs away at the bell.

But there is another kind of "bell," and this time it is spelled "belle." They call her "Juliet," for she is such an unconscionable flirt; indeed, some of the more prudent birds whisper more awful names than that about her character, for wherever Juliet goes a half-dozen or more of her male admirers follow her, and she has caused considerable jealous feeling in at least one bird colony, and she's quite a young one, too. Her imprudence has been the cause of several changes in her domain lately. She has even been confined to a solitary cell as a means of discipline.

"Doody," another parrot, sings a curious ditty, conspicuous for its want of rhythm, but he enjoys it and laughs heartily over his production of "Doody. Doody, puddin' and pie; when the girls come out to play, Doody, Doody runs away."

The letter "r" in girls bothers his vocal organs, and while he is trying to sing it he twirls it out as if it were the smoke from a cigar, until his falsetto tones are piped so high that he loses himself and bursts forth in a peal of laughter intensely suggestive, and then goes on with his story.

There are canaries by the dozen, and rated at all prices; paroquets and paroquettes, mule birds, which indicate their name to perfection by their stubbornness and a beautiful Virginia nightingale, which every traveler in the south would recognize as the little fellow that sings after dark in the rice fields of his native state but is still as a mouse by day.

"Tipple," one of the merriest and most active of the paroquets, is constantly singing: "I'm a quiet little Tippie," even though the people about him declare he is not.

The parrots, of course, claim all attention, because of their ability to express language, and one of them actually recites "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," in very audible tones. The habits of the birds are so much like those of human beings that it is their delight to sit at the window and look out at the passers-by as if they really understood what they saw, and they are so jealous that if one is more petted than another they show their displeasure by flapping their wings against the sides of their cages.

In the matter of bathing there is a great difference with birds. Some just frisk about in their bathtubs, and chirp and sing with delight, and others are too indolent to bathe at all. In the latter case they have to be bathed like babies every day.

All save a couple that had come in during the day for treatment were in splendid condition when the Herald reporter saw them.

The effects of their country home have certainly been beneficial.—Boston Herald.

He Got Rested.

"Did you get rested?" Fogg asked of Fenderson on the latter's return from Europe. "Yes, I did," answered the traveler. "Got into Liverpool on Friday morning, reached London in the afternoon; went to Paris next morning; left for Switzerland the day after that; stopped there two hours; then started for Berlin and slid it up in a forenoon; back in England the next day, and caught the steamer just in time. Rested? By Jove, I feel like a new man!"—Boston Transcript.

At a Dance.

"I've promised to go to supper with some one else, Mr. Blanque; but I'll introduce you to a very handsome and clever girl."

"But I don't want a handsome and clever girl. I want you!"—N. Y. Truth.

Kentucky Journalism.

Col. Bludd (of Kentucky)—I am sorry that I cannot accept your invitation, but I have to attend a law suit.

Friend—I did not know that you ever had a law suit. What is it about?

"The editor of the Blue Grass Bugle stated that I was a low down, drunken loafer."

"And you, of course, have sued him for libel?"

"Not at all. He has sued me for assault and battery, and the worst of it lies in the fact that he has a case against me.'—Bay City Chat.

Campaign Times.

The bugaboo and the roorback
Were strolling on the way,
When the roorback met the bugaboo
And passed the time of day.
Says the bugaboo to the roorback,
"I hear you're doing fine."
Says the roorback to the bugaboo:
"Me? I'm working overtime!"
—Indianapolis Journal.

BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.

He had put on his hat, coat and gloves, and was about to start for the club, to spend the evening.

"Hold on!" said he to himself. "I must kiss my wife before I go. Business before pleasure!"—Das Kleine Witzblatt.

Often the Case.

And this deplorable fact
You have had occasion to note,
That the one who is saved, as a general thing,
Is the fellow who rocks the boat.
—Chicago Trubune

Been There Before.

Guest (at Mrs. De Fashion's Musicale)—Merey! What are all these washboilers and flatirons, and things in the parlor for?

Mrs. De Fashion (helplessly)—I had to get them. The leader of the orchestra came here at the last minute and refused to play unless I furnished those things for the anvil chorus. He said he was bound to have one selection heard above the conversation.—N. Y. Weekly.

She Was Made Up.

Lord Noteham—Just go and inquire if her ladyship is nearly ready to drive out.

John Thomas—Yes, my lord.

(An interval elapses.)

Lord Noteham—Well?

John Thomas—The lady's maid informs me, my lord, that her ladyship is not quite ready. Part of her has been accidentally mislaid.—Judy.

Distinctive Facts Wanted.

Mrs. Mover—What! Don't you remember Blank street? Why, we went there two or three times to look for a house.

Mr. Mover—Huh! Name some street we haven't been to looking for houses and perhaps I'll remember it.—N. Y. Weekly.

Equal to the Occasion.

"Waiter," sharply spoke the guest, "I ordered Roquefort and you have brought me Swiss. You ought to know that's not just the cheese."

"Yes, sir," replied the imperturbable waiter, making the desired change and slapping down a larger cheek, "that alters the kese, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

Gloomy Prospect.

"You're somebody now," said the neglected horse, looking through the inclosure at the prize pig, "but one of these days somebody will invent a sausage that can be made of the cast-off pneumatic tires of bicycles, and your name will be Dennis, too."—Chicago Tribune.

Lots in the Same Line.

"Jinks has the air of a man of considerable importance. What's his particular line?"

"Oh, nothing much, except telling other people their business and giving us all pointers on how to run the government."—Chicago Post.

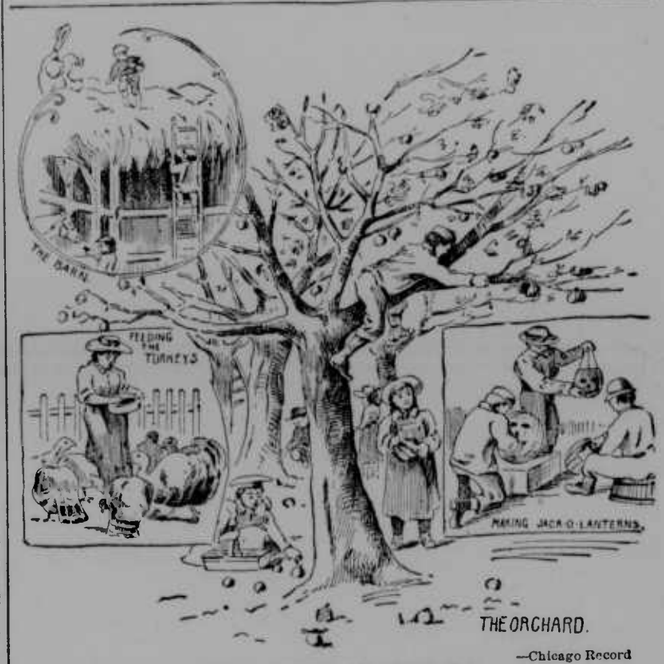

—Chicago Record

AUTUMN SCENES ON THE FARM.
WHAT COUNTRY BOYS AND GIRLS ARE DOING AT THIS TIME OF YEAR.

Turo About.

"Robbed the landlady of the boarding-house where he had lived for years?"

"Yes. Stole $200 in money and ran away."

"He was a most ungrateful thief."

"I don't know. The other boarders said it was simply a case of tit for tat. She cooked his hash and he hooked her cash."—Chicago Tribune.

With a Personal Application.

Mr. Mecker—Did you know, my dear, that the scientists say it is the female mosquito that bites?

Mrs. Meeker—I have no doubt of it. Probably she had to support herself while her lazy husband is down town talking politics.—Chicago Tribune.

Good Advice.

"I'm in a serious c'ndishun, phys'cally," remarked Col. Redbeake, as he urched into a drug store at three a. m. 'Wash'll I take?"

"I would advise you to take a hack," replied the man behind the counter.—Buffalo Express.

Wouldn't Suit the Furniture.

Doctor—No wonder you are sick. Open the blinds and let the sunshine into your room.

Fair Patient—Mercy! It wouldn't harmonize with this expensive furniture. Sunshine is disgustingly cheap.—N. Y. Weekly.

Easily Explained.

Husband—I don't understand why it should always take you two days to make your purchases.

Wife—Simple enough, my dear. I must have one day in which to buy things and the next day in which to exchange them.—Fliegende Blatter.

The Benefit.

Algernon—For a long time I was in doubt whether to kiss Miss Maude or not.

Alfred—Well, what did you do?

Algernon—Gave her the benefit of the doubt.—Washington Times.

Mrs. Letitia Loretta Walker, of Steubenville, O., has been a widow for 71 years. Her age is 101.

Living in Hope.

"I haven't had a ride in a carriage I don't know when," complained Mrs. Jaysmith.

"Never mind," replied her husband; "just have patience. Some of the neighbors will have a funeral one of these days."—Bay City Chat.

Johnnie Found Out.

"Little Johnnie opened his drum yesterday to find out where the noise came from."

"Did he find out?"

"Yes; when his father came home the noise came from Little Johnnie."—Pick-Me-Up.

A STRAY SHOT.

Young Arehey—Aw, no. I don't like to see a man too stout, but these spindle-shanked dudes disgust—

Miss Freshly—Yes? Excuse me, Mr. Arehey, but a stray arrow has passed through the calf of one of your legs.—Bay City Chat.

Out of Balance.

"It always depresses me dreadfully to meet a bicycle scorcher."

"Why so?"

"I hate to see a man's legs work so much better than his brains."—Chicago Record.

Well Directed.

"Here, my boy, how can I get to the ferry landing?"

"Walk."—Detroit Free Press.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A VEXED QUESTION.

I went in the schoolroom, one morning;
My two little girls were there,
And over their atlas bending,
Each with a puzzled air.

Mary glanced up as I entered,
And said, with an anxious look:
"Mamma, perhaps you can help us.
It says here, in this book,

"That we bought Louisiana
From the French. Now that seems queer!
For Nellie and I don't understand
How they could send it here.

"Whoever brought the land over
Must have taken so many trips.
Nell says they put it in baskets;
But I think it must have been ships."
—Ella Johnson Kerr, in St. Nicholas.

CHILD INVENTORS.

History of the First Telescope and the Argand Burner.

That many children have great ingenuity of mind in fashioning toys of various kinds is well known. That they have very frequently turned this quality to good use in the invention and construction of some of our most useful mechanical appliances is attested by the following instances:

The children of a Dutch spectacle maker happened to be playing one day with some of their father's glasses in front of the shop door. Placing two of the glasses together they peeped through them, and were exceedingly astonished to see the weather cock of the neighboring steeple brought within a short distance of their eyes. They were naturally puzzled, and called their father to see the strange sight.

When the spectacle maker looked through the glasses he was no less surprised than the children had been. He went indoors and thought the matter over, and then the idea occurred to him that he might construct a curious new toy which would give people a good deal of amusement. Not long after the telescope was an accomplished fact.

A poor Swiss, named Argand, invented a lamp with a wick fitted into a hollow cylinder, thus giving a supply of oxygen to the interior as well as the exterior of the circular flame. At first Argand used the lamp without a glass chimney, the invention of which important adjunct would doubtless have been delayed for some time had it not been for the thoughtless experiments of his little brother.

One day when Argand was busy in his workroom, and sitting before the burning lamp, this boy was amusing himself by placing a bottomless oil flask over different articles. Suddenly he placed it upon the flame of the lamp, which instantly shot up the long circular neck of the flask with increased brilliancy. Argand did not allow such a suggestive occurrence to escape him. The idea of the lamp chimney almost immediately came into his head, and in a short time his invention was perfected.

POSTAL CARD MAGNET.

A Pretty Experiment Which Must Not Be Tried in Damp Weather.

No doubt you've all made a rubber comb pick up bits of paper by first rubbing it briskly on a rough coat sleeve, but did you ever hear of a postal card that could be turned into a magnet?

Balance a walking stick on the back of a chair and tell the spectators that you are going to make it fall without touching it or the chair.

Having thoroughly dried a postal card, preferably before an open fire, rub it briskly on your sleeve and then hold it near one end of the stick. The stick will at once be attracted to the card, and will follow it as if it were a magnet. As it moves it will soon lose its equilibrium and fall from the chair.

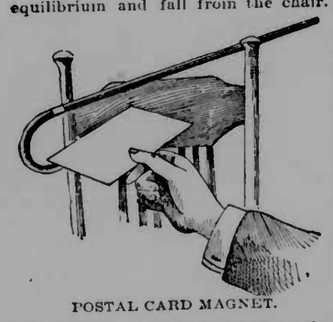

POSTAL CARD MAGNET.

Of course you understand the principle of the experiment. By rubbing the card you waken electricity in it, and it thus becomes a sort of magnet, with the power to attract light bodies.

Do not try the experiment in damp weather.—Chicago Record.

BIRD SHAVES ITSELF.

The Bearded Vulture Is an Adept at the Barber's Art.

The lammergeyer, or bearded vulture, found throughout the whole mountain chains of the old world, actually shaves himself. The expert barber who has for his customers the Fifth avenue millionaires could not ply the keen-edged razor to the stubby beard of his particular patron more deftly than the monarch of the mountain tops prunes his own bristly beard.

The head of the vulture is clothed with feathers, and from the sides of the under mandible proceeds a row of black bristles. From this peculiar projection of feathers the bird derives its name. A layer of similar bristles begins at the eye and covers the nostrils, forming a fleecy mustache.

With his strong and sharp claws, which act as the razor, he begins to trim his fibrous whiskers with great care and dexterity. He does this with great regularity, and soon the downy beard and mustache give way to a full growth of bristly feathers.

Georgia's Crack Shot.

Mr. Smyser, of Summerville, Ga., although nearly 97 years old, is still a crack shot. At a recent practice shoot he put seven bullets out of ten into a target at 60 feet.

Mrs. A. E. Rinehart, of Dover, N. H. has covered 1,052 miles on her bicycle in ten days.

MAN OF IRON NERVE.

How He Snatched a Lighted Candle from a Keg of Powder.

It happened in London many years ago. On the third floor of a large warehouse was stored a considerable quantity of gunpowder. One of the barrels containing the explosive had been opened for the purpose of examining the contents, and had been left uncovered.

In the establishment was employed a young man of a peculiarly headstrong, heedless temperament—just the sort of fellow who nowadays picks up a pistol, pulls the trigger and shoots a comrade, and then explains with many tears that he "didn't think it was loaded." This clerk was sent upstairs one evening on some errand. He carried in his hand a lighted candle, and on entering the store-room, without paying the smallest attention to what he was doing, clapped down his tallow dip right in the midst of the powder in the open barrel. There was no candlestick—he simply jabbed the bottom of the candle into the loose black dust in which a single spark would let loose a force that would rend him in fragments and lay waste the entire neighborhood.

He had scarcely lifted his hand when he realized the whole situation; but his craven soul was too weak to face it. He fled in abject terror, and related

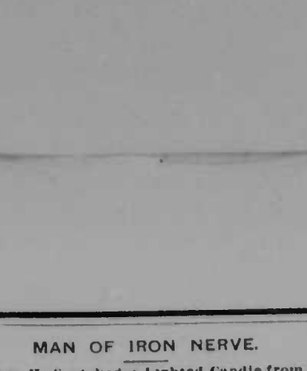

HE FLED IN ABJECT TERROR.

what he had done to the horror-stricken group below.

It was a crowded district and the danger was indeed fearful. Many of those who heard him rushed out into the street shouting the alarm, and a general panic ensued. A frightful catastrophe seemed imminent.

There was, of course, one way—one only way—in which the disaster might be averted. It might be several minutes before any spark fell from the wick; there might still be time to lift the burning candle from its perilous resting-place. But who dare undertake the task?

Happily for the community, there was one man among those who heard the words of the affrighted boy, whose nerve was equal to the emergency. While the others fled for their lives, he groped his way through the dark passage-way and up the narrow stairs. In a far corner of the big loft he perceived a faint glimmer, and made his way toward it through the piled-up bales and boxes. The lad's story was only too true. There was the candle, stuck aslant among the deadly black grains, the wick already burned and drooping downward. There was not a moment to lose.

And there was not a moment lost. Quickly, but with steady touch, the brave man caught the candle between his clasped hands, sheltering the flame with his palms. As he lifted it out of the powder, the wick sputtered and a glowing fragment dropped hot upon his outspread fingers—but that was all. The town was saved.

Has Whiskers at Fourteen.

Ed Jenkins is a 14-year-old boy living in Garrard county, Ky., whose claim to distinction is based on the fact that he has a fully developed black mustache that many a man of 30 would be proud to boast. The boy was hardly ten years old when the fur began to sprout on his upper lip. Contrary to the usage of boys he did not encourage its growth by surreptitiously shaving. He never put a razor to his face, but the hair needed no encouragement, but continued to grow and become darker, until the mustache was thick and long. The remarkable feature is that the boy is not particularly developed beyond his years in any other way. He is not above the average in height or weight. He still wears knee pants, and it is a queer sight to see the kid fumbling at his mustache and curling the ends.

Legend of Solomon's Ring.

The Talmud tells some curious old legends about Solomon. One is that he had a ring on the possession of which depended the keeping of his kingdom. Once Solomon went into the bath and left his precious ring on a shelf, when a concubine of his, Amina, stole the ring and the fiend, Sakhar, flattered Amina and wheedled her out of the ring, and Sakhar took the form of King Solomon and ruled in his stead. Poor Solomon was put to it to regain his power, but he raised such a first-class incantation that Sakhar got afraid and threw the ring into the sea and a fish swallowed it, and fishermen caught the fish and found the ring. It was restored to Solomon, and with it he recovered his kingdom.

Always Gets the Worm.

A very strange animal, related to the lemurs, and peculiar to Madagascar, is the aye-aye. It feeds on wood-boring grubs that tunnel into the bark of trees. The beast eats away the outer bark with its chisel-like teeth, and as the worm retreats to the end of its hole pokes after it with a finger. This finger is a remarkable organ, evidently provided by nature for this purpose, being abnormally long and armed with a hook-shaped claw for dragging out the grub.

At the Musicale.

Miss Gush—Don't you admire Gogginski's execution, Mr. Rush?

Mr. Rush—I should like to hear of it.—Town Topics.

THE FARMING WORLD.

FOR STORING APPLES.

A Simple Arrangement That Keeps Fruit Sound and Plump.

The apple harvest brings up the subject of the proper disposal of the fruit when gathered from the trees. The apple crop is large in many sections of the country this year, and prices will be likely to rule low—for the first part of the winter, at least. Much fruit will undoubtedly be stored in the hope of a better price later on. It is important, therefore, to adopt such a plan of storage as will keep the apples sound and plump, and in possession of the best possible flavor. A cellar just moist enough

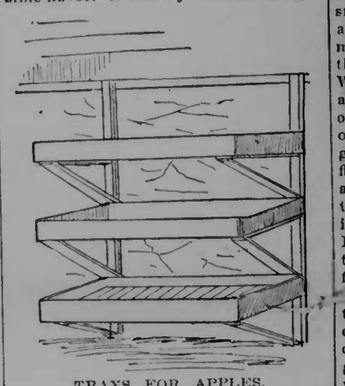

TRAYS FOR APPLES.

to keep the fruit from evaporating any of its own juices, and capable of being held at a low temperature—just above the chilling point—is an almost ideal place for the storing of apples. But the location is not all. Large quantities should not be heaped together, nor should apples be kept in barrels, bins or boxes where the air cannot circulate freely through them. Any tendency toward decay is sure to be augmented under such circumstances. The accompanying illustration is presented as affording an economical and exceedingly practical method of storing fruit. Trays with slat bottoms, each three feet square, are supported, one above another, upon brackets that are nailed to pieces of upright studding. A succession of this studding with brackets can extend along the whole side of the cellar, or upon two sides, if desired. The trays can be made as deep as desired, and the fruit can be heaped up a little. In this way but a small quantity of fruit is kept in a mass, and the air can circulate about each and every apple. Each tray can be removed to a table if it is desired to look the fruit over for the detection of incipient decay, or when getting ready to pack for market. Such trays will last for a score of years, and can easily be made in the home workshop on rainy days.—N. Y. Tribune.

BEES AND FLOWERS.

The Agency of Insects in the Fertilization of Plants.

A writer in Meehan's Monthly in discussing the agency of insects in the fertilization of flowers says that there are few florists who have not been interested in the particular speculations advanced by writers with a limited knowledge of plants in regard to the agency of insects in the fertilization of flowers. According to these speculations color and fragrance have been made the attributes of flowers, solely that insects may be attracted, and thereby insure cross-fertilization. The insect is supposed to carry pollen from the flowers of one plant to the flowers of another, and it is further supposed that the progeny of these crosses have a greater power in what is called "the struggle for life" than plants which originate from self-fertilization. Those, however, who look closely into the nature of flowers find very much that cannot be explained by these speculations. For instance, the willow is a plant that bears male and female flowers on separate plants. Female flowers have no fragrance, and yet they are visited by bees, probably just as freely as if the flowers were ever so sweet. The male flowers, on the other hand, have a delightful fragrance—bees visit them also with freedom. As a general rule bees that collect from the male flowers seem to collect from these male plants only. Usually individual bees seem to work wholly on the female flowers; and, as bees visit the sweet flowers and the scentless flowers indiscriminately, what connection can the odor of the male have to do with questions of cross-fertilization? This seems equally true of color. A large number of sweetest flowers are extremely insignificant as regards color, while numbers of the most showy flowers have scarcely anything that would invite nectar-loving insects. It may be granted that color and fragrance may have some little influence in attracting insects, but these characters certainly can have no great place in building up a speculation as to the great changes in plants involved in theories of cross-fertilization.

Roads Built by the State.

Prof. H. H. Stone, M. A., of Emory college, Ga., in the Methodist Review, makes an elaborate argument in favor of good roads, and suggests that the state construct in each county one road extending in an east and west direction, and one extending in a north and south direction, and the roads of one county to connect with the similar roads of adjoining counties, so as to form a continuous system of first-class roads extending over the state; these roads to be carefully surveyed and located by competent engineers, the cost fully estimated and the details of construction perfected before the work is begun. These roads would be object lessons to the counties and stimulate them to bringing up all their roads to the highest perfection. The farmer will be essentially benefited by improved roads to market.

Get rid of the old cows and the poor cows. Cows are cheap enough to warrant us in having the best.

THE CREAMOMETER.

Not Always Reliable, But Recommended Because It Is Very Simple.

A very simple test, and one which, although not altogether reliable, is better than none, is the judgment of milk by the amount of cream it will show. This is not an accurate test, because it may fail to show cream when it should or it may show more than it ought; however, it will not show cream if there is none in the milk. With two samples of milk having the same amount of fat different results may appear with this test, as the proportion of the fat globules which rise depends somewhat on the age of the milk and the way it was handled before delivery. If fat globules have much difficulty in rising, only a small part of them will get to the top and they may carry up with them so much of the other constituents that there will be a large bulk of poor cream. When the test is carefully conducted and conditions are favorable to the rise of cream, fair results can usually be obtained. This test requires a long, graduated glass tube (fig. 5), which is filled with milk to the zero mark and allowed to stand in a cool place for 20 to 24 hours. The cream is aided in rising by warming the milk to 100 degrees Fahrenheit and then setting it, in the tube, in cold water, or the tube may be filled half full of milk and the remainder with warm water, which raises the temperature and reduces the viscosity; in such case only half as much cream will appear as the milk is to be given credit for; for example, if the contents of a glass are half water and show ten per cent. cream upon the scale, this means, of course, 20 per cent. of the milk. If the milk is the same each day and is tested in the same way, there should be little difference in the cream

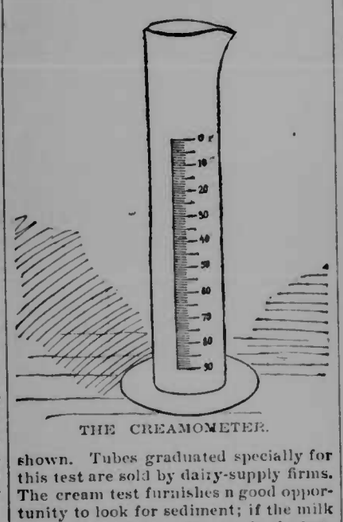

THE CREAMOMETER.

shown. Tubes graduated specially for this test are sold by dairy-supply firms. The cream test furnishes a good opportunity to look for sediment; if the milk is not clean, dirt can be seen in the bottom of the cylinder. Care should be taken to carry the tube quietly, so that neither the cream nor the sediment will be disturbed.—Report of United States Department of Agriculture.

DAIRY SUGGESTIONS.

Cows need both shade and sunshine, but a wooded pasture is not as good as one largely open.

Sweet corn makes one of the very best feeds to cut off and feed green, when pasturage begins to fail.

Have you stopped selling butter at the country store? You must, if you are to make a success of the dairy.

German experimenters claim that cows calving in December give over 25 per cent. more milk than those freshening in May or June.

A farmer friend says that in using his Jersey bull on a small treadpower for running his cream separator is not only a cheap and easy way to secure all the cream, but results in more vigorous calves.

Care for the cow at calving time, or she will be profitless the rest of the season; also, put a little oil meal or oatmeal in the milk for the calves, to keep them plump, and see that they do not gorge themselves; and remember that the calf makes the cow.

The cow requires a ration to grow bone and muscle as well as fat. Do not expect corn to supply all that it requires in the way of grain. It is the food rich in nitrogenous elements which will supply that which is most wanted, such as oats, bran, peas, linseed cakes with clover hay.

GOOD COUNTRY ROADS.

Almost Every Individual Is Interested in Their Maintenance.

Every individual in this country who owns a horse or bicycle has an active, living, personal interest in good roads, says the New York Ledger, but the apathy with which many of them regard the subject is only another example of how "use doth work a habit in a man." At present many roads are in a frightful condition because of the narrow tires that cut up and grind out the country thoroughfares. Property owners shrink responsibility because it takes money to improve the highways, and many of them are so given to procrastination that they cannot bring themselves to take anything in hand that demands immediate attention. In addition to this, most of their wheels have narrow tires, which in itself is quite enough to paralyze some at least of the efforts toward reform. There is no more urgent need in this country than strict attention to the condition of the roads, for a smooth, hard surface means larger loads, greater ease for the team and much comfort for the driver. Bad roads are expensive and annoying, and the only wonder is that communities are not sufficiently alive to their own interests to put the highways in order without the interference of state or national authorities.

Proved by Experience.

It has been clearly proved that the increase in the price of farm lands more than pays for the cost of making good county highways.—Good Roads.

Some men become bald quite early in life, while others die and have their wills offered for probate before their heirs fall out.—Texas Sifter.

It is quite the thing lately for an old girl to marry a young fellow, and bring him up the way she wants him.

Reforms Need More Than a Day

To bring them about, and are always more complete and lasting when they proceed with steady regularity to a consummation. Few of the observant among us can have failed to notice that permanently healthful changes in the human system are not wrought by abrupt and violent means, and that those are the most salutary medicines which are progressive. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the chief of these. Dyspepsia, a disease of obstinate character, is obliterated by it.

Tan man who sells what he does not own cannot cheat the man who never pays him for it. A great deal of business is done on that basis.—Texas Sifter.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

The Minister—"I suppose, these times, a man has got to keep his eyes open?" The Deacon—"Yes, indeed; except on Sundays."—Yonkers Statesman.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a Cough medicine.—F. M. Abbott, 383 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

"I don't quite see why you call Mr. Biggs lantern-jawed?" "Why, because his face lights up so when he talks."—Brooklyn Life.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

De pussons what sets on de ags ob hor rered trouble will at las' succeed in hatchin' de generwine chickens.—Texas Sifter.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

A dirty fellow who was selling a machine for driving nails was advised to get one for cleaning them.—Texas Sifter.

When bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

She—"It is wonderful how much a woman can go through." He—"Yes, especially in the way of pockets or fortunes."—Truth.

THE ADVANCE AGENT OF HEALTH

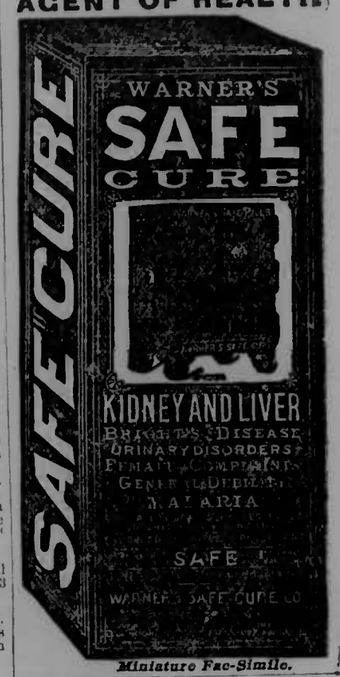

Miniature Fac-Simile.

STEADY WORK — WE PAY CASH WEEKLY and want men everywhere to SELL STARK TREES; millions tested, proven "absolutely best." Superb outfits, new system. STARK BROTHERS, LOUISIANA, Mo., ROCKPORT, Ill.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

A. N. K—C. 1626

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION REGULATE THE LIVER 10¢ 25¢ 50¢ ALL DRUGGISTS

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 216.

FOR one hundred and fifteen years Walter Baker & Co. have made Cocoa and Chocolate, and the demand for it increases every year. Try it and you will see why.

Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

"The Old Soldier's Favorite."

BattleAx PLUG

A GREAT BIG PIECE FOR 10 CENTS

A little bit of pension goes a long way if you chew "Battle Ax." The biggest piece of really high-grade tobacco ever sold for 5 cents; almost twice as large as the other fellow's inferior brand.

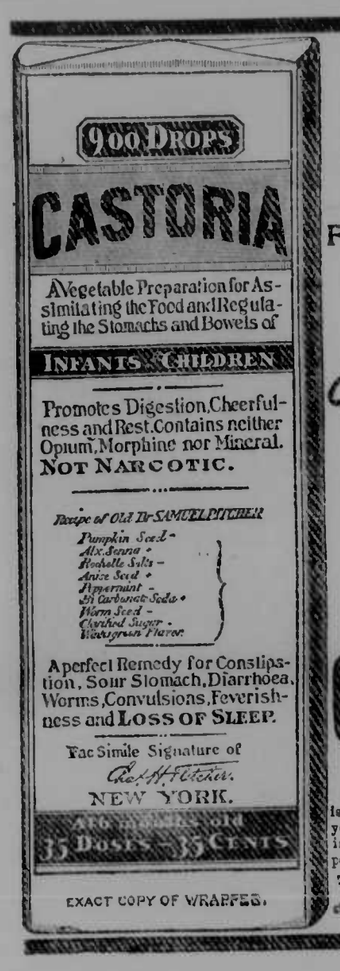

SEE

THAT THE

FAC-SIMILE

SIGNATURE

—OF—

Chas. H. Fletcher.

IS ON THE

WRAPPER

OF EVERY

BOTTLE OF

CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Bicycles.

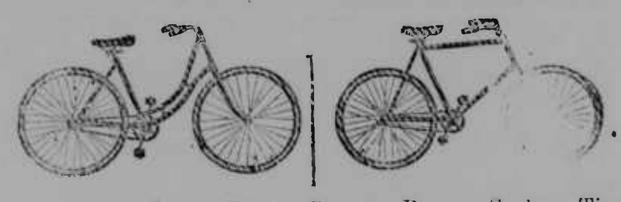

Bicycle Sundries of all Kinds, Cement, Pumps, Spokes, Tires, Wood Rims, Balls, Patching Rubber, Coasters, Lamps, Valves and Valve Stems, Repair Kits, Wrenches, Oilers, Locks, Etc., Etc.

BICYCLE REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

ELECTION NOTICE.

I, Austin Brown, Sheriff of Garrett county, Maryland, do hereby give notice, that on the third day of November, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, at the time and place of holding the general election in election districts numbers SIX and TEN of said Garrett county, there will be an election held in each of said districts, in which the voters of the same may participate, to determine by their ballots whether spirituous, fermented or other intoxicating liquors shall be sold in either of said election districts; that is to say, the voters of election district number Six of said county shall determine by their ballots whether spirituous, fermented or other intoxicating liquors shall be sold in election district number Six of said county, and the voters of election district number Ten shall in like manner, determine by their ballots whether spirituous, fermented or other intoxicating liquors shall be sold in said election district number Ten of said Garrett county."

AUSTIN BROWN,
31-4 Sheriff of Garrett County.

NOTICE.

Meeting of the Board of Control and Review for Garrett County.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county hereby give notice that on

Thursday, November 12, 1896.

they will meet to act as a Board of Control and Review, consider the returns to them of assessment made by the several assessors from the assessment district in Garrett county, and to hear and determine the appeals of any person or owner taken from the action of said assessors in accordance with section 178 of Chapter 150 of the acts of Assembly of 1896, and that the session of said board of Control and Review will begin at 9 o'clock a. m., and continue until 4 o'clock p. m., each day (Sunday excepted) until said business is completed.

By order of the Board.

J. S. MEYERS,
38 Clerk to County Commissioners.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Oct. 20, 1896.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on

Monday, November 9, 1896,

for the purpose of transacting such business as may be brought before them.

By order of the Board,

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

Removal.

I, the undersigned, have removed my place of business from the Loar building to the Ravenscroft (Meyers) building on Railroad street, where I will continue to carry a well assorted stock of

JEWELRY,

and give special attention to the repairing of watches, clocks, etc.

Give me a call. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

H. C. SMOUSE.

29—2m.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from James W. Tusing and Annie C. Tusing, his wife, to Truman W. Casteel, dated April 21, 1894, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 25, folio 69, one of the mortgage Records of Garrett county, Md., default having been made in the conditions of said mortgage, I, John T. Mitchell, the attorney named in said mortgage, is authorized and empowered to make sale of the property described in said mortgage, and in pursuance of said power I will offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, in front of the Court House door in the town of Oakland, on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24th, 1896,

at 11 o'clock a. m., all that lot of ground near the town of Oakland in said Garrett county, and known and distinguished as lot No. 6 of the sub-divisions of part of the tract of land called "John and Mary," and as such described as follows:

Beginning for the same at the end of the 1st line of lot No. 5 and running thence South 66 degrees East 16 9-10 perches, North 24 degrees East 17 3-10 perches to a street 40 feet wide, thence with said street North 66 degrees West 16 9-10 perches to the end of the 2nd line of lot No. 5, and with it reversed South 24 degrees West 17 3-10 perches to the beginning, containing five acres, and being the same lot of ground conveyed by Truman W. Casteel and wife to the said James W. Tusing and Annie C. Tusing by deed dated the——day of April, 1894, and recorded among the Land Records of said Garrett county.

This lot is located on the road leading from the east end of Oakland to Hotel Dennett and is improved by a small dwelling house and is all under fence.

This is a very desirable lot for a residence, etc.

Terms of sale, cash on the day of sale or the ratification thereof by the court. Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
39-41 Attorney named in the Mortgage.

ELECTION NOTICE.

OFFICE OF
BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF ELECTIONS
FOR GARRETT COUNTY.
OAKLAND, MD., October 20, 1896.

Notice to the qualified voters of Garrett county, is hereby given, that an Election will be held in said County at the places heretofore designated and where the last Registration of voters took place in the several Election Districts of said County, on the Tuesday next after the first Monday in November next, it being

THE 3rd DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1896,

for the purpose of balloting for one person to represent the Sixth Congressional District of Maryland, in the Fifty Fifth Congress of the United States, and for the purpose of balloting for eight Presidential Electors for the State of Maryland.

At the same time the voters of Election Districts Nos. 8 and 10 of said Garrett County will be permitted to determine by their ballots whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors shall be sold in said Districts.

The polls of said Election will be opened on said day, in each and every Election District of said County, at eight o'clock a. m., and will close at six o'clock p. m., when the ballots shall be opened and publicly counted.

A. G. STURGISS,
J. ALVIS FRIEND,
FRED. C. RUE,
Election Supervisors for Garrett County.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 19, 1896.

Unimpeached and unimpeachable stands the Republican claim of not less than 270 electoral votes for McKinley and Hobart and a Republican majority of more than 30 in the next House. Nobody knows better than the Popocratic managers the rock-bound foundation upon which these claims are based, and instead of trying to prove them false they are talking wildly of Bryan carrying such states as New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania—states as sure to go overwhelmingly for McKinley and Hobart as are Maine and Vermont. The Popocratic demoralization grows greater each day as the election draws near, and odds of 3, 4 and even 5 to 1 are offered by betting men on McKinley's election without securing takers. That tells the story better than columns of type. The man who bets expects to win and does not allow his personal preference or wishes to influence his judgment. The betting element is backing McKinley simply because all their information leads them to believe that he is bound to win, and they have sought information just as they would on a horse race, in order that they could put their money on the favorite. But their winning will hardly pay their trouble, because of their inability to find men willing to bet on Bryan, even at the big odds now being offered.

Virginia is not one of the states which the Republicans have counted upon, but recent advices make it look as though the Old Dominion would be found in the McKinley column. Mr. Jacob Yost, one of the Republican candidates for Congress in that state writes: "There are very evident signs of a wane in the silver sentiment, and unless there is some reaction which we cannot now foresee, our white vote will be greatly increased, and I believe it will be a permanent increase." Mr. J. F. Browning, of Dickinsonville, Va., says: "Sound money is gaining rapidly here at present." Mr. A. J. Rock, of Washington, who has been stumping in Virginia, says the number of sound money Democrats who are supporting McKinley is constantly on the increase and predicts that sound money will carry the state by a substantial majority.

From all over Indiana comes news which indicates that the state is absolutely safe for McKinley. The following letter from Indianapolis is a fair sample of what is being written from Hoosierdom: "The raid that Alger, Howard, Sickles and Tanner has made in Indiana has stirred up the patriotism which will make it almost a sure winner. Betting is 2 to 1 on McKinley and 100 to 60 on Indiana, and no takers."

The Republicans were not surprised to learn that Altgeld's managers had abandoned all hope of carrying Illinois for Bryan and were offering to trade votes for McKinley for votes for Altgeld for Governor. They knew the gain that McKinley and sound money had been making in that state ever since the campaign opened. How great that gain is may be judged from the following letter from Mr. Frank M. Conger, of Granite City: "Everything looks favorable here. This county was always considered a Democratic county, but a poll shows 1,000 majority for McKinley."

A personal friend of President Cleveland says that he has made up his mind to recognize the Independence of Cuba, unless the rebellion is put down by Spain within the next three months, and that a hint to that effect has been given Spain.

It being now pretty well understood that the Venezuelan Boundary Commission will report in favor of the claims of Venezuela, England with a view of saving herself humiliation has decided to agree to arbitration before that report is made.

One of the amusing features of the campaign is the publication of Bryan's applications for the position of press agent for a New York theatre, a few months before he was nominated for President by the Popocratic convention as a newspaper correspondent. There is not the slightest doubt of his having made the application, both verbally and in writing, as the story is vouched for by Mr. W. J. Block, who was a schoolmate of Bryan and through whom the applications were made. There is, of course nothing discreditable in Mr. Bryan's desiring to become a theatrical press agent; many bright men earn their bread by writing nice things of the stars in the theatrical firmament, and Mr. Bryan may yet do so. It merely shows that he knew his own calibre better than the Chicago convention did, and there is no doubt that the active imagination displayed in his speeches would prove valuable to him in writing threatical notices, should treat New York manager, who now says that after election, he will give him the job which he tried in vain to get before he was nominated for President, keep his promise.

Call for Your Letters.

Gust Wilson, H. F. Post, Hilah Parsons, Geo. C. Parsons, J. H. Hamilton, Pat. Ryley, G. W. Longbridge, Mrs. J. W. Paxton, Miss Kate O'Brien, Miss Mary Williams.

Pea Ridge.

As I have not seen this place represented through the columns of THE REPUBLICAN for some time, I take the opportunity of writing a few items.

Potato digging is the order of the day.

Singing services here every Sunday evening; all are invited to attend.

Hurrah! for our new school house. It's a beauty.

Apple cuttings and bean hullings seem to be all the go. They are largely attended and well enjoyed.

Miss Cora Robeson, who spent the summer with relatives at Firm Rock, is home again.

Miss Minerva Custer, of Manadier's Ridge, is the guest of Mrs. Weltzell.

Walter Lancaster, who has been working for D. Evans, of Lonaconing, is home again.

Mr. Israel Duckworth, of New Germany, was on the Ridge recently. He says McKinley will be elected.

Mr. Olin Wilhelm, who has been laid up for about four weeks with typhoid fever, is slowly convalescing.

Noah Garlitz seems to be doing a thriving business with his flouring mill.

John Tomlinson, of Frostburg, was the guest of Mr. A. J. Lancaster last Sunday.

Wm. H. Merrill contemplates building a new barn wall in the near future.

Merchant R. E. Garlitz is occupying his new store building and is doing a good business.

Cletus McKenzie's new barn is nearing completion.

Silas Bittinger, of Savage River, is working for Mr. Hiram Coleman.

Mr. Bert Baker, of Berkley Springs, W. Va., is building the new school house. Bert is a first-class workman and deserves much credit.

SCRIBE.

Mt. Lake Park.

Dan. Smith, Esq., has rented a cottage for the winter, and with his family has taken possession of it.

Rev. W. M. Frysinger, D. D., and wife, of Carlisle, Pa., are spending a short vacation here.

The infant child of Mr. E. E. Friend was buried Monday.

Snow fell on Sunday—a regular winter day.

Our schools open Monday. Miss Eva Johns will be the principal. Mr. L. A. Rudisill has been appointed one of the school trustees for this district.

Mr. Adam Howell and family have moved to Baltimore, where he expects to open a resturant.

Mr. Caldwell Hopkins, who has been clerking for Mr. Wm. Hocking, leaves for Cincinnati, where he will spend the winter.

Mr. Ohr's family returned to Cumberland Monday, having spent a delightful summer at the Park.

Miss Ella Johnson, of Piedmont, is having her cottage painted, and is adding a porch to it.

A number of our citizens will go to Canton on the excursion which leaves Keyser on the 26th. Garrett county will be well represented at the home of our next President.

Mr. T. B. Guest, of Xenia, O., and Thos. Keating, of Indiana, are guests of the Assembly House.

Mrs. R. Horabrook, of Wheeling, has moved into Lee Cottage, for a month or two.

Mr. A. C. Combs and family of Loch Lynn Heights, have moved to Morgantown, W. Va.

Mr. S. E. Flowers and family, have returned from Morgantown to the Park, having failed to secure a house to live in.

Mrs. Allen, of Grafton, W. Va., spent a day in the Park closing up her cottage for the winter.

Apples have been selling at 12 cents a bushel, in the orchard. The purchaser picking them from the trees. If picked from the ground, the price was from five to eight cents a bushel. Apple parties were the rage for a time.

If Troubled With Rheumatism Read This.

Annapolis, Md., Apr. 16, 1893.—I have used Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism and found it to be all that is claimed for it. I believe it to be the best preparation for rheumatism and deep seated muscular pains on the market and cheerfully recommend it to the public. Jno. G. Brooks dealer in boots and shoes, No. 18 Main St.

ALSO READ THIS.

MECHANICSVILLE, St. Mary County Md.—I sold a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm to a man who had been suffering with rheumatism for several years. It made him a well man. A. J. McGill. For sale at 50 cents per bottle by the Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin Deer Park.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified that I will not be responsible for any debts or obligations contracted by my son, Edward Lee Marville; any person trusting him will do so at their own peril. MRS. GEO. MARVILLE.

Deer Park, Oct. 20, 1896. 39 3t

IT'S YOUR LIVER

When you feel tired, listless, heavy, headachy, flushed, and have a foul taste in your mouth you may be sure your liver is loafing. It isn't doing its work; it needs a stirring up.

DR. A. S. TODD'S ANTI-BILIOUS LIVER PILLS

will straighten you out. Make you feel like new. Brighten eyes and brain. Clear your complexion—cure your headache. 25 cents, all druggists. Made by

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY.
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY,
DAY OR NIGHT.
PRICES REASONABLE.

JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.

31—26

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

Farmers,

Look to Your Interests.

The Oakland Flouring Mill is now ready to grind a million bushels of buckwheat. The best equipped mill in the county; all latest improved machinery. Can give either

Burrh or Roller Process Flour.

Mr. E. A. Dudley, who has charge, has been a life-long miller, and knows how to make a good turnout of buckwheat flour.

Don't fail to give him a Trial. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Will make arrangements with all the Oakland merchants to buy your flour at big prices. Don't fail to give the Oakland Mills a trial.

Don't forget the place, Water street, formerly owned by the late H. A. Rasche.

Yours obediently,

THE OAKLAND MILLS.

51-1yr.

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments,

Headstones

AND

Chimney Pipe

WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS,
FROSTBURG, MD.

4193.yr—g

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

FOR SALE.

The farm belonging to Elizabeth Maley, situated two miles north of Deer Park, adjoining the lands of Jack Cooper, Fundenberg Miller and Rawlesion. Contains 115½ acres about 68 acres cleared, and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the premises. 52-4or.* e

J. L. McCOMAS, Jr.,

Sign, Carriage and Wagon Painting.

INDELIBLE INK WORK on LINEN.

Second Street, OAKLAND, MD.

All work entrusted to my care will receive Prompt Attention.

25-1yr.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate.
CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED.
LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING.
Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Residence on North 3rd Street.
Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

N. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

THOMAS R. McGIBIE,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street.
All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-25 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
10-1yr.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.
LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26t*

WILLIAM C. KIRD,
Representing
JOHNSON, OMOHUNDRO & CO.,
WHOLESALE NOTIONS, Etc.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

A specialty of Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear
RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
D. F. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.
A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 112

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13t.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,
PLANING MILLS,
And BUILDING MATERIALS.
MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Accora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

38 13·

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1896. NUMBER 34.

RECEIVER'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE
In Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett County Maryland.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting in Equity, the undersigned Receiver, on

Saturday, the 21st day of November

1896, at seven o'clock p. m. on the premises, will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, all those valuable lots of ground situated, lying and being in Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett County, Maryland, which on the plat of said Loch Lynn Heights are designated as

LOTS NUMBERS 34 and 35

in Block No. 6 and Block No. 27.

Said lots are improved by a

Large New Three-story Building,

containing store room, town hall, lodge room, etc.

Said sale is made subject to the ratification of the Circuit Court for Garrett County, and will be made upon the following terms, to-wit: One-third cash, one-third in six months and one-third in twelve months from the day of sale, the deferred payments to be secured by the notes of the purchaser with approved security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

JOHN SHUMAKER, Receiver.

ELECTION NOTICE.

OFFICE OF
BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF ELECTIONS.
OAKLAND, MD., October 20, 1896.

Notice is hereby given that a General Election will be held in the several election districts of Garrett county, at the places hereinafter designated, on Tuesday, the third day of November, being the first Monday in November next, for the purpose of balloting for one person to represent the Sixth Congressional District of Maryland in the Fifty-fifth Congress of the United States, and for the Electors of President and Vice President of the United States of Maryland.

The polls of said Election will be opened at the several election districts of said county, at eight o'clock a. m. and will remain open until five o'clock p. m. and no longer, and no ballot shall be received after the polls are closed.

The following are the several Election Districts Nos. 6 and 9 of said County, and the places of holding the said Election in each of said Districts:

THE 3rd DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1896.

for the purpose of balloting for one person to represent the SIXTH Congressional District of Maryland in the FIFTY-FIFTH Congress of the United States, and for the Electors of President and Vice President of the United States of Maryland.

The polls of said Election will be opened at the several election districts of said county, at eight o'clock a. m. and will remain open until five o'clock p. m. and no longer, and no ballot shall be received after the polls are closed.

The following are the several Election Districts Nos. 6 and 9 of said County, and the places of holding the said Election in each of said Districts:

ELECTION DISTRICTS.	PLACES OF HOLDING ELECTIONS.
No. 6	Court House, Oakland.
No. 9	Public School House, Loch Lynn Heights.

By order of the Board.

J. S. MEYERS,
Clerk to County Commissioners.

Boslon Superintendent of Elections.
E. Austin Brown, Sheriff of Garrett County.

NOTICE.

Meeting of the Board of Control and Review for Garrett County.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet as a Board of Control and Review for said county, at the Court House in Oakland, on

Thursday, November 12, 1896.

they will meet just as a Board of Control and Review, and will then and there review the assessment made by the several assessors from the assessment lists returned by them to the Comptroller of the Treasury, and will hear the appeals of any person or persons who may feel aggrieved by any assessment or valuation made by said assessors, and will then and there correct such assessment as to them shall seem just and right, and as is provided by Chapter 150 of the Acts of the General Assembly of Maryland of 1896, entitled "An Act to provide for the assessment and collection of taxes," and will remain in session for the purpose aforesaid for not more than three days, and no longer, unless the business is completed within that time.

By order of the Board.

J. S. MEYERS,
Clerk to County Commissioners.

ELECTION NOTICE.

I, Austin Brown, Sheriff of Garrett county, Maryland, hereby give notice that on the first Tuesday of November, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, being the third day of the month, the general election for electors of President and Vice President of the United States will be held in the several election districts in Garrett county, at which time there will be voted for in each of said districts, by ballot, the number of votes to which each district is entitled, as follows, to-wit:

Number of votes to be voted for in each district: For Representative in Congress, one; for Electors of President and Vice President of the United States, eight.

The polls will be opened at six o'clock a. m. and either of said election districts, that is to say, at the several places of holding elections in said county, shall determine by their ballots whether the polls shall be opened at seven hours after the time above mentioned, and the polls shall be kept open for seven hours after the time they shall be so opened, and no longer, unless the business is completed within that time.

AUSTIN BROWN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

ORDER NISI.

Truman W. Casteel vs. James W. Young and Mary E. Young, his wife. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County. In Equity. In the Circuit Court.

Ordered, this 27th day of October, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made by the Trustee in this cause on the 26th day of October, 1896, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 30th day of November, 1896; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 30th day of November, 1896.

The report states the amount of sale to be $8000.

True copy—Test: J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.
E. T. TOWER, Clerk to Trustee. 31

Removal.

I, the undersigned, have removed my place of business from the Lee building to the Beachem building, where I will carry a well assorted stock of

JEWELRY,

and give special attention in the repairing of watches. Please give me a call. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

H. C. SMOUSE.
29—2m.

OFFICIAL BALLOT.

OFFICE OF BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF ELECTIONS.

OAKLAND, MD., October 22, 1896.

In compliance with the provisions of Section 44 of Article 33 of the Code of Public General Laws, notice is hereby given that the nominations hereinafter mentioned have been filed with or certified to this Board under the provisions of Article 33 of the Code of Public General Laws. The nominations which have been so filed with or certified to this Board wibe on the official ballots, arranged as nearly as practicable in the form and order below set forth:

A X made in the large square space to the right of emblem or party name at head of party ticket means a vote for all the namin that column and no other X is required.
A X made in the small space at right of name of candidate means a vote for the particular person opposite whose name the X placed.
A X made at right of emblem and also opposite one or more of the names of persons in any other column or group, then the vcso cast shall be regarded as given for all the candidates under such marked party emblem or name except the candidate or candidates under such party emblem or name whose name or names is or are opposite to the name or names so marked, and also for the candidate or candidates whose name or names is are so marked.

Make your X mark here for entire ticket.

Make your X mark here for entire ticket.

Make your X mark here for entire ticket.

Make your X mark here for entire ticket.

Make your X mark here for entire ticket.

"Liberty. Justice. Equality."

Make your X mark here for entire ticket.

Republican Ticket.	Democratic Ticket.	NATIONAL PROHIBITION TICKET.	SOCIALIST LABOR TICKET.	SOUND MONEY NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC TICKET.	National Ticket.
For President of the United States: **William McKinley.** For Vice President of the United States: **Garrett A. Hobart.**	For President of the United States: **William J. Bryan.** For Vice President of the United States: **Arthur Sewall.**	For President of the United States: **Joshua Levering.** For Vice President of the United States: **Hale Johnson.**	For President of the United States: **Charles H. Matchett.** For Vice President of the United States: **Matthew Maguire.**	For President of the United States: **John M. Palmer.** For Vice President of the United States: **Simon B. Buckner.**	For President of the United States: **Chas. Eugene Bentley.** For Vice President of the United States: **James H. Southgate.**
For Electors of President and Vice President of the United States:	For Electors of President and Vice President of the United States:	For Electors of President and Vice President of the United States:	For Electors of President and Vice President of the United States:	For Electors of President and Vice President of the United States:	For Electors of President and Vice President of the United States:
ADAM E. KING.	WILLIAM J. O'BRIEN.	DANIEL W. HOPPER.	WILLIAM R. WADE.	CHARLES MARSHALL.	SILAS LANE.
JESSE COOKMAN BOYD.	GEORGE W. PURNELL.	HENRY H. HARTSOCK.	ELIAS JACOBSON.	EDWARD LLOYD.	LEVIN WRIGHT.
WASHINGTON A. SMITH.	WILLIAM M. SLAY.	GEORGE A. COX.	CHARLES BROWN.	L. SIDNEY BELL.	GEORGE H. TRAINOR.
MONITOR WATCHMAN.	GEORGE W. ALBAUGH.	JOHN M. MACKLEM.	CHARLES BECKER.	JACKSON PIPER.	FRANKLIN F. WARTHEN.
ROBERT M. WELCH.	JOHN HUBERT.	EDWIN B. FENBY.	AUGUST BRUEGGEMAN.	GEORGE R. WILLIS.	RICHARD S. COLE.
ALEXANDER FRANK.	EDWARD RAINE.	CHRISTIAN A. E. SPAMER	CHARLES BACKMAN.	FRANCIS E. YEWELL.	JOHN B. WEHN.
TALBOT J. ALBERT.	BENJAMIN H. CAMALIER.	WILLIAM H. SILK.	BERNHARD CLINE.	GEORGE THOMAS.	WILLIAM E. GEORGE.
MERRITT WILSON.	WILLIAM R. GETTY.	WILLIAM W. MOORE.	DAVID PAULSON.	EDWARD W. MEALEY.	ALBERT G. EICHELBERGER.
For Representative for the Sixth Congressional District of Maryland in the Fifty-fifth Congress of the United States:	For Representative for the Sixth Congressional District of Maryland in the Fifty-fifth Congress of the United States:	For Representative for the Sixth Congressional District of Maryland in the Fifty-fifth Congress of the United States:	For Representative for the Sixth Congressional District of Maryland in the Fifty-fifth Congress of the United States:	For Representative for the Sixth Congressional District of Maryland in the Fifty-fifth Congress of the United States:	For Representative for the Sixth Congressional District of Maryland in the Fifty-fifth Congress of the United States:
JOHN McDONALD.	BLAIR LEE.	SAMUEL M. HOCKMAN.			

True copy—Test:
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

By order of the Board:

A. G. STURGISS, Pres't.
J. ALVIN FRIEND.
FRED. C. RIES.
Supervisors of Elections.

A DECISION.

"This case," said the judge, with a serious, yet half-tender glance at the papers before him, "is one that enlists the ardent sympathies of the laymen and the more ardent interest of the legal student."

To hear Judge Holbrook speaking thus one might have supposed that he was beginning an address to a jury as counsel for the claimants to a considerable fortune; but, in fact, he was in his library, in his own home, alone with his books and his learning. Far from being an advocate in the case at hand, he was the presiding justice.

He had been listening patiently all day to the best eloquence that Calhoun county could furnish. A half-dozen lawyers on each side had faced him for eight hours, and all through that time somebody had been talking to him, some lawyer had been endeavoring to convince him as to the proper disposition of Josiah Teliafer's enormous fortune.

It was now evening. Judge Holbrook had dined leisurely after the long session and then had taken up the briefs, with their hundred references, for a conscientious, personal study of the points involved. It never for a moment pained him to render a decision against a perfectly prepared case. He worshiped the law, and it may be he experienced an added pleasure in finding that the statutes were proofs against the cleverest attacks of the advocates.

He took up the case in hand with as much spirit as if he had not listened to it all day. It was his habit to begin the consideration of fine problems by speaking his views aloud, for he had been a famous pleader in his younger days and he found that it helped him to concentrate his attention on his work to argue the matter as if he was trying to convince a third party.

"Here is a widow, a most estimable lady, whose life must pass in abject poverty if the law does not sustain her claims. Associated with her on the same side and similarly circumstanced are several young people and two very old ones. And there is the lass, Effie. The loss of this suit means the ruin of her only romance. Ah, well, all these are good people, good, modest, generous, and yet so situated that a trick of the law may make them miserable for life. I cannot help feeling sorry for them."

The judge paused and glanced admiringly at the pages of the brief. Judge Holbrook's eyes twinkled with pleasure as he came to a sentence of remarkable brevity and more remarkable lucidity. The window curtain rustled, but the breeze failed to arouse a whisper from the leaves of the trees of the great oleanders growing on the lawn. The judge turned over a page of the brief with a crackling sound of stiff paper, and the curtain shook with the—was it the breeze?

"A genuine lawyer, Rontledge Hampden," exclaimed the judge, smiling. "His brief has put the claimant's case admirably that it [illegible]."

He sat down in his big chair and turned over the pages of a musty volume in search of some of the references in Lawyer Hampden's brief. The curtains at his back stirred again—they parted slightly—a little wider. A man's face appears there, eager, suspicious, cruel, repulsive. The curtains fall again together with a quiver, and the tree tops can just whisper timorously together under the influence of a whiff of air that does not stir the oleanders near the ground.

"And to think," resumed the judge, putting Hampden's brief aside and taking up another, "of the personality interested on the other side. No criminal ever glared at me from the dock with more vicious, vindictive eyes than Roanoke Walton, old Teliafer's nephew—a man of evil propensities, selfish, hard-hearted, to whom the possession of a fortune could confer no good but the cultivation of his bad nature. His claim in natural equity could not stand for one instant before that of the others."

The curtains divided again, and the same face, intensely hateful and passionate, peered for an instant at the judge. Even as it was looking, the judge began again, in a half-declamatory tone:

"That the sublime fabric of the law should uphold the claims of such a monster is—is—unfortunate."

Judge Holbrook could not go farther than this criticism of the law. "But if it proves that the law upholds his claim, he must be supported by the bench."

For several minutes the judge busied himself over the defendant's brief, analyzing the sentences, consulting references and jotting down notes. Presently the judge rose to his feet.

"There is another point!" he exclaimed. "In Johnstone versus Hayne I recall that a similar situation was disclosed, and, on my word, I do believe that Routledge Hampden failed to see the bearing on this case. It will tend strongly in his favor if my memory of the decision is correct. How pleasant it would be in this case to find the law on the side of the innocent!"

He found the volume of reports in which Johnstone versus Hayne was recorded, and read the points and decision with evident satisfaction. The man on the veranda is greatly excited. The suspicion in his face had become desperation.

Softly he pulled the curtains aside and stepped into the room. The judge, stooping over the lamp and volume in the alcove, neither saw nor heard him. Rapidly and noiselessly the intruder crossed the library and passed through the open door to the dark parlor. There he paused an instant, that his eyes might accustom themselves to its gloom.

Then he picked his way past the chairs and tables to the dining-room, and so to the kitchen. There a colored servant sat dozing. The intruder shook him by the shoulder.

"Huh! Whar you come frum?" exclaimed the darky, awaking.

"From your master," returned the desperate-looking man, harshly.

"From de jedge?"

"Yes, and he's in a temper about you, you lazy rascal! He wants some ice water. Get it ready at once, do you understand? I'm his doctor, and he's not well. Here, fill this pitcher, and take it to him. I will be preparing some medicine while you're gone."

Half asleep, the darky did not notice that the self-styled doctor had poured a white powder into the bottom of the pitcher. He filled it with water and ice and started toward the door.

"'Scuse me, jedge, that I don't hear ye," he said, in a frightened tone.

"Hear me, Philo?" repeated the judge, without glancing up. He was delightfully absorbed in applying the decision in Johnstone versus Hayne to the case in hand.

"Yaas, jedge," answered Philo, colloquial for Philostratus. "Yere's de ice water, an' de doctor'll git around lively with de medicine."

The judge was too intent on study to notice Philo's rambling excuses. For a full minute the darky stood there, tray in hand, before the judge looked up absently and said:

"Oh, yes. I didn't want ice water, but I'm obliged. It will taste good. Better go to bed, Philo."

The darky opened his eyes in astonishment, stared at his employer a moment and precipitately sought the kitchen. There he met the cook—Sue—in great excitement.

"Wha' you done, you brack niggah?" she exclaimed. "Dat doctor man don' see me snoozin' in de cornah, an' he put white stuff in the ice watah an' light out 'fore you jest gone an' say 'fore I could ketch him: 'Dat fixes the jedge anyhow,' an' dere you've been an' give de jedge pizen!"

With a great gasp of fear Philo started again for the library, followed by Sue. As they stumbled in Judge Holbrook was putting an emptied glass upon the table. He looked surprised at their noise.

"Fo' de Lawd, jedge!" cried Philo, seizing the glass and pitcher, "you done drink dat pizen wnter? Oh, marcy, jedge, say you done knowed all 'bout it an' trowed er stuff outn de winder. I didn't know for shu', jedge. I t'ought he war de doctor. Oh! Oh!"

The judge rose from his chair in astonishment. The jurist stared an instant at his terrified servants, put his hands gropingly to his eyes and fell heavily to the floor.

It was the morning after the judge's study into the great contested will case. A physician stood by his bedside, while Philo and Sue, mute with anxiety, listened near by.

"You are in no danger, Judge Holbrook," said the physician. "There is no need to worry. We've brought you through all right. There isn't a particle of poison left in your system and if you want to get up and walk around to-day you can do so. And you can be perfectly easy about Walton. He has been identified as the man who put the [illegible] and he is now [illegible]."

"I'm glad to hear it," was the judge's reply. "If you will let me get up I will go down to the court before the afternoon session is over."

The physician interposed no objection, further than to caution his patient not to overdo. The judge was perfectly calm, and before leaving the house he glanced over the papers he had been studying when the draught of poison interrupted his labor. The judge received congratulations gravely, and when he had taken his seat on the bench other business was suspended to hear what he had to say.

"Last night," he began, and everybody supposed he was about to refer to the attempt to kill him, "I took the papers in the case of Teliafer and others versus Walton. I gave them careful study in order to free myself from any sympathetic interests with the contestants and to determine the strict bearing of the law upon the points at issue. Because of certain circumstances, personal to myself, I cannot render now a complete opinion in writing, as I had intended to do at this time. This deficiency I will make up at an early day.

"At present, however, I can announce my decision in brief, which is that the law clearly shows the defendant Walton to be fully and indisputably entitled to the estate of Josiah Teliafer, and judgment is accordingly rendered for the defendant."

Judge Holbrook was very pale as he pronounced these words, and the crowded courtroom was as silent as if a funeral oration was being delivered. The judge himself was the first to break the silence as he rose from his chair to leave the place.

At that moment there was a commotion at the door. A flushed, excited man came in and edged his way to where the county sheriff sat. There was a whispered message, and then the sheriff rose with a startled air and said:

"Your honor, I am credibly informed that the defendant Walton has hanged himself in his cell and is now dead."

Judge Holbrook never stirred for a full minute, while all eyes were fastened upon him. His face flushed and his eyes glistened. At last he said:

"In that case I shall write out an opinion upon which my recent decision was based and deliver it to the court at an early day. This event, however, will leave the plaintiffs, Telinfer and others, in undisputed possession of the property until this day at issue. The law is vindicated, and if I may depart for one moment from my judicial capacity I may say that I am glad that it has come about in this way."—Boston Globe.

—A sewing machine agent, falling ill, was told by his physician that he must prepare to pay the debt of nature. "On the installment plan?" whispered the agent, feebly.—Texas Sifter.

—The gladiolus is only "a little sword," this being the Latin form of the expression.

TEMPERANCE.

HE WAS STARVING.

But Would Not Enter a Saloon to Receive Charity.

Thomas Roberts, a young Englishman, arrived at the Allegheny police station this morning in a starving condition. He claimed to have eaten nothing since last Sunday night. Inspector Eichenlaub, of the charity department, offered to take Roberts to a neighboring saloon that he might get something to eat. He refused, and said he would rather starve than enter a place where liquor is sold.

There is a touching story in connection with Roberts' refusal to go into a saloon, and as he sat on the station floor telling of his past the officials surrounding him were visibly affected. When it was finished he had half a dozen offers to dine, but all were refused, he stating that owing to his weakened condition he was unable to eat anything but soup.

Roberts is 27 years of age, but his threadbare clothes, sockless feet and unsteady walk in conjunction with a stoop of the shoulders, brought by hard work, gives him the appearance of a man of 60. English by birth, he suffered the same fate as many of his countrymen, and was compelled to go to work when but nine years of age. In spite of this fact, however, he is a pleasing talker, and to a Press reporter this morning said: "It may seem strange that a man may be hungry in a civilized country while saloons with palatable lunches abound on every side, but I belong to the class who have suffered from the liquor traffic. Two years ago I was guard on the Northwestern rail-

WOULD RATHER STARVE THAN ENTER A SALOON.

road, with a run between London and Tildesley. My elder brother had been in America four years previous to that time and wrote my parents, who resided in Tildesley, that he intended visiting them. I was at the docks watching for his arrival, and never spent a more enjoyable time than during this visit. He persuaded me to return with him, and in March, 1894, we arrived in New York.

"Before leaving London my brother [illegible] money. After reaching Coalville for a short time we left for Montana. My money was always being used for traveling expenses. I had little difficulty in getting a situation on reaching Rock City, but my brother refused to work, and consequently I had to support him. He became a heavy drinker, and finally a revulsion of feeling overcame brotherly love, and on the night of March 24, I left Rock City for the east. The farther east I got the more destitute I became, and since I left Bradford, O., last Sunday, I have had nothing to eat."

At this point Roberts claims he wrote to his parents asking for financial assistance. He expects the answer to arrive at Brownsville in a few weeks. He arrived in Allegheny at five o'clock this morning. Inspector Eichenlaub questioned the man closely and stated at noon that he believed he was telling a truthful story. Roberts had a letter of recommendation from the superintendent of the Northwestern railroad, of England, to which is appended a note stating that should he wish a situation at any future date his position on the Northwestern road would be returned to him.—Pittsburgh Press.

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

Drink is savage and relentless. Suppress it.

British revenue from beer last year was $53,595,000, an increase of $3,085,000 over the previous year.

A Good Templar cycling corps for open air temperance work has been formed in Essex, England.

Many a man puts his family in the dark to help the saloon pay its gas bill. —National Temperance Advocate.

After the Salvation Army's "lifeboat" was started in San Francisco, three whisky-saloons in the same block closed.

A year ago no less than 43 total abstinence mayors were elected in England. Twenty of these were entertained recently by the lord mayor of London, and gave their testimony to the benefits of total abstinence.

A communication read at a meeting of the British Medical association by a physician of the Dublin Hospital for Sick Children, gave particulars of a marked case of delirium tremens in a boy of eight.

The Church Temperance society, of New York city, recently applied to the park commissioners for permission to erect temperance kiosks. The request was, for various reasons, not granted in its original form, and the society now proposes to secure a site on the boulevard, where the plan may be given a trial.

I look upon the saloon traffic as one of the very worst evils confronting our country, and if it were in my power it should cease absolutely, not only in Arkansas, but everywhere. Should the legislature pass a bill to suppress it, it would meet my hearty approval as chief executive of the state.—Col. D. W. Jones, governor-elect of Arkansas.

THE POPPY INSIDE AND OUT.

Wise and Unwise Use of This Potent Drug.

There is such a thing as being too good, and this is the case with the poppy. As a reliever of pain it is facile princeps among all the remedial agents known to mankind. This is told to the medical student, or if not he speedily discovers the fact after entering upon the duties of his profession. Because he knows this, he falls back upon it confidently in all cases of intense physical suffering. The evil of the whole thing lies in its virtue. This seeming paradox becomes clear when I add that the certainty and quickness of its action impel the physician to have recourse to it when some harmless hypnotic remedy would be all-sufficient, and to hold on to it too long for the after peace, health and happiness of the patient.

It is not true by any means that a man knows a good thing when he sees it—that is to say, in the sense that he can apply and use it for himself, or for others. If it were a fact he could recognize and apply all the suffering and distress of the world would be ended, and a millennium would be ushered in of joy and song and gladness all the day long. The mischief is that a good thing is too highly appreciated and becomes a missionary of the devil. Alcohol has many good offices, and if restricted solely to these there would no longer be need for a cure for the drunkard, because there could not be found one upon the face of the earth. Opium is undeniably a good thing, but it is too frequently changed from an angel of light into a spirit of damnation.

What shall I say, then, touching the administration of this most subtle drug, which damns as well as saves? Admitting its efficacy in the time of danger to the human subject, how shall one determine the line, crossing which the opiate becomes a perpetual curse. I would answer that the giving of it should invariably cease when the necessity for its administration no longer exists. It should be used only in emergency cases, in a limited number of chronic disorders and in one or two diseases peculiar to females. Recourse to it should never be had in neuralgia or headache, yet it is a most common practice among physicians to administer it in these very disorders. Headache or neuralgia never kills, and if relief must needs be afforded there are other agents to be had than opium. The reader who is informed need scarcely be told that I use the word opium in its generic sense, including in it morphine, laudanum, paregoric, etc., as well as the gum itself. The physician usually employs morphine because its action is more immediate and for the reason that it does not so disorder the stomach as the other forms of the drug.

Recurring to the main thought, I repeat the use of it should cease promptly when the need for it no longer exists. There are instances in which, if I were a physician, the giving of it should end only with life. This is when the maladies are incurable and attended with great bodily suffering. I should be most [illegible] determine the fact that the itself would not be very far removed. In the remaining instances of its administration let the physician and not the patient be the judge of the time when the giving of it shall cease. Because the latter says he has need for it it does not follow that this is true. There is a wide difference oftentimes between wanting and needing. A child who insists with whines and tears that it wants candy has need, instead, of a sound spanking. It would be far better in every case if the physician were to keep the patient in ignorance of the nature of the drug. Suppose the man or woman does want to know it; he certainly has no need to know it.

It is not necessary to descant upon the misery that has been fastened upon humanity through the careless and unnecessary administrations of this drug, the responsibility for which lies for the most part with the physician. One of the most distinguished physicians of Chicago declared it to be his belief that fully 90 per cent. of opiumism might be traced to the imprudence of members of his own profession. A good thing should not be brought into utter disrepute by those whose duty it is to hold it in sacred trust. That which is an inestimable boon to humanity when safeguarded should not be turned loose to destroy homes, wreck lives and fill graveyards with the dead who die untimely. He who is responsible for the wreckage of a single life has a dread account for which to answer when brought face to face with his victim and those who loved him, before the great white throne of God. Better not to have given the drug at all than to have given it too long. Better the passing out of the life at once than the outcome of bodily decay, mental distress, moral sin and despairing death.

Opium does not necessarily shorten life when its use is persisted in, although it were a consummation most devoutly to be wished. Thomas De Quincy used it in large quantities daily for upwards of half a century. He drank laudanum, and in my study of the matter I have discovered that users of the alkaloid (morphine) suffer more and die sooner than those addicted to the drug in any of its original forms, as laudanum, paregoric, gum or powdered opium, etc. The trouble, the weeping, crying trouble, the heart-breaking trouble, is that in all cases the unhappy victims endure pangs the portrayal of which is beyond the power of human pen or pencil. Alas, too, and alas, again, the torture extends to all the household of every victim, and there is intensified the offense of him who maketh his brother thus to sin.—William Rosser Cobbe, in Banner of Gold.

Good government in Glasgow, Scotland, that best governed of cities, is to be further aided by the Glasgow Progressive union, formed of the various Christian philanthropic and temperance agencies in the city, with Lord Overtoun as president.

A Psychological Cure.

The small boy had been requested to do some errands, but insisted that he was feeling badly. As the family physician happened to call he felt the boy's pulse and looked at his tongue, and said:

"You had better make a good strong mustard plaster.

The boy looked depressed and left the room.

"Where shall I apply the plaster?" asked the mother.

"Don't apply it at all. He'll get well before that stage of the treatment is reached."—Washington Star.

By Actual Measure.

Were Mabel's eyes one-half so deep
As lovers oft have said,
Her hazel orbs would stick a yard
Behind the maiden's head.
—N. Y. Truth.

WITTY WEARY WATKINS.

Weary Watkins—Ain't you afraid of having 'pendicitis?

Mosley Wraggs—No. Why?

Weary Watkins—Thought maybe you were; you're looking so seedy."—N. Y. Herald.

Very Popular.

Gus De Smith is always bragging about his popularity.

"I am getting to be more popular every day. Another man asked me for my autograph to-day."

"Had to sign a note for last month's rent, I suppose," remarked a friend, cynically.—Texas Sifter.

Savage Warfare.

"My voice," said the one in whose heart the fires of patriotism burned, "my voice is for war."

"And I suppose that in case of actual hostilities it would be your voice you would send," said the desiccated cynic.

"No. In such a contingency I would send the voice of my wife."

The other was also married to a musical woman, and his sympathy, though not outspoken, was expressed by an eloquent glance.—Indianapolis Journal.

Dissuaded.

Husband—My dear, I want to ask you one favor before you go off on that long visit.

Wife—A thousand, my love. What is it?

"Don't try to put the house in order before you leave."

"It isn't hard work."

"Perhaps not; but think of the expense of telegraphing to you every time I want to find anything."—Pearson's Weekly.

Willyboy Revenged.

"I have no use," scornfully exclaimed a bloomer girl, "for a youth who parts his hair in the middle."

"And I have no use," replied Willyboy, with more spirit than he had shown for 21 years, "for a young woman who parts her clothes that way." And he gazed at her nether trimmings until she nearly choked with indignation and dodged behind a table. Willyboy was revenged.—Buffalo Express.

Ma Knows Her Business.

Schoolteacher—Now, Master Thompson, tell me the denominations into which the money of the United Kingdom is divided.

Master Thompson—Don't know.

Schoolteacher—Don't you know how the money your father brings home every Saturday night is divided?

Master Thompson—Tain't divided; mother takes it all.—Tit-Bits.

She Was Not Alone.

Little Miss Michel
Was riding her cycle
Along a new street, feeling gay.
On a sharp piece of wire
She punctured a tire
And she had to walk home, sad to say.
—N. Y. Truth.

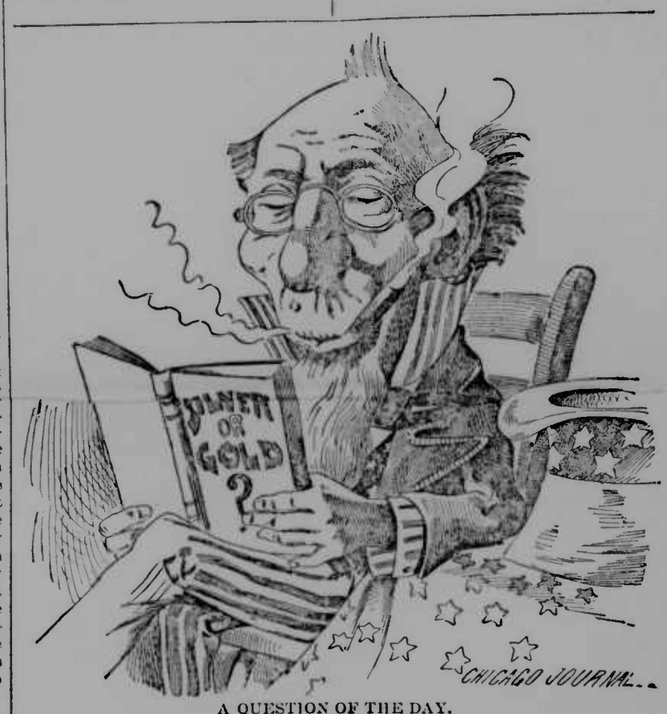

A QUESTION OF THE DAY.

Hit the Bull's Eye.

"Dunn is a good shot, isn't he?"

"Very good. We were practicing with our guns at my country place the other day, and he hit the bull's-eye the first time."

"Very clever."

"Yes; but he had to pay for the bull."—Tit-Bits.

A Discussion of Crops.

Dey tells me in de country dat success in desbere days
Depen's er heap on whut yoh goes an' undertakes ter raise,
An' lots er young men's gwinter meet wif trouble, sho's yer born,
A-raisin' ob de ante when dey should be raisin' corn.
—Washington Star.

Reason to Remember It.

"Before we were married, Henry, you used to bring me a pound of candy every evening."

"I haven't forgotten it, Amanda. By the way, dear, I paid your last dental bill this morning. It was $47.50."—Chicago Tribune.

Not Their Own, However.

Traveling Tank—I tell ye, I'd like to be a doctor.

Bunin DeWay—Why—cause ye'd be around bottles most of the time?

Traveling Tank—No, the doctor can take life so easy, see!—Brooklyn Life.

He Knew Better.

Dick Wellotf—If a fellow hasn't anything he can't lose anything, you know.

Jack Poorfellow—Don't you believe it. I've just been jilted by a girl worth a quarter of a million.—Town Topics.

Horticultural.

"That man in the next flat calls his lively wife 'Blossom.'"

"Great Scott! how inappropriate."

"What makes you say so?"

"Blossoms shut up when the sun goes down."—Chicago Record.

Table Etiquette.

Traveler (in western restaurant)—There's a hair in this soup.

Waiter (imperious)—Well, ye might know better 'n to lean y'r head so far over w'en ye eat.—N. Y. Weekly.

—Cardinal Gibbons has conferred orders on a number of students at St. Mary's college, Emmitsburg.

A Restful Accident.

Jaspar—What has happened to Busk boy? He used to be always bustling around and now I see him sitting on his veranda all day.

Jumpup—His inventiveness got him into trouble. He patched a cane-bottom chair with a porous plaster and now he is trying to wear it off.—N. Y. Truth.

A Wise Man.

Stounder—Why do you always take the poorest seat in a car when you enter it, whether the car is empty or not?

Rounder—Because if I take the best some woman will be sure to come and stand in front of me until common politeness forces me to offer it to her.—Harlem Life.

THERE ARE OTHERS.

Mr. Cuteous—An insurance policy saved my life once.

Mr. Smiles—How was that?

Mr. Cuteous—By paying for it I avoided being talked to death by the agent.—Up-to-Date.

Slow Pay.

"The wages of sin is death," quoted the preacher.

"If that is the case," remarked Mr. Grumps, sotto voce, "there is a great delay in paying off some people I know."—N. Y. Herald.

The Only Gleam of Charity.

"How did the critics treat Jingoli's music?"

"Um. Well, the kindest thing they said about it was that it was not original."—Washington Star.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A LITTLE VISITOR.

There's a busy little fellow,
Who came to town last night,
When all the world was fast asleep,
The children's eyes shut tight.
I cannot tell you how he came,
For well the secret's hid;
But I think upon a moonbeam bright,
Way down to earth he slid.

He brought the Misses Maple
Each, a lovely party gown;
It was brilliant red and yellow,
With a dash or two of brown.
And he must have had a Midas touch,
For, if the truth is told,
The birches all, from top to toe,
He dressed in cloth of gold.

Then he took a glittering icicle
From underneath the eaves,
And with it, on my window,
Drew such shining silver leaves,
Such fair and stately palaces,
Such towers and temples grand,
Their like I'm sure was never seen
Outside of Fairyland.

Who is this busy little man,
Whose coming brings us joy?
For I'm very sure he's welcomed
By every girl and boy;
The little stars all saw him,
Though they will not tell a soul:
But I've heard his calling card reads thus:
J. Frost, Esq., North Pole.
—Helen Standish Perkins, in N. Y. Independent.

A REMARKABLE BOY.

Has Had More Hard Luck Than Any Other Youngster Alive.

Victor Bedingfield, the 12-year-old son of the editor of the Flatbush Press and Kings county Gazette, seems destined to reap the rewards promised in the beatitude which says something about the long suffering, says the New York Tribune. He has probably suffered more pain and experienced more hard luck than any other Flatbush youngster alive at the present day. The father as well as the subject of this story was seen the other morning by a reporter.

"Victor is a bright boy, and reads a good deal," said the father. "He was not born on Friday and I am not sure that any of the accidents with which he has met happened on the 13th day of the month. When the lad was about six years old we lived in York street, Brooklyn. One day Victor, while playing with another boy, was asked to walk down a plank which had been placed on the stairs. Well, he was not to be dared, and started to perform the feat. He fell and was picked up unconscious. Our physician said he would have to undergo an operation as several of the blood vessels in his head had burst. We took him to the Brooklyn hospital, where the physicians said an operation would kill him. They, however, bandaged the head tightly and forced the blood into the system. The marks of the bandages are still on the child's forehead. His head at the time was swollen until it was twice the natural size.

"Several years ago my wife gave all the children creosote. Victor swallowed two spoonfuls of the poison and was once more rescued from the brink of the grave. My wife administered the fluid thinking it was cough mixture. The doctor said the dose was sufficient to kill two men. When he recovered from this illness I bought him a bicycle. This was smashed one day and Victor was carried to the Kings county hospital. A soda water wagon had run him down and had almost severed his right leg from his body. They were going to amputate the limb when I arrived at the hospital, but I would not permit it. Today as you can see, he is able to walk as well as anybody, notwithstanding the fact that he has undergone 13 operations. Ah! that is the only place, I think, in which that number figures in his life. The doctors wondered at the vitality of the boy and I think some of the operations performed on him have been unprecedented. When Victor came out of the hospital he was forced to use crutches. One day while walking in Flatbush avenue he fell and again split his head open. Once more he was laid up. The latest accident happened six weeks ago, when he upset a kettle of boiling water. He is now gradually recovering from this and the flesh on his foot, which was burned nearly to the bone, is rapidly healing."

Victor was born in the city of Christ Church, which is the south island of New Zealand. He has a pleasant face, and, as his father says, he is bright.

PAPER BOOMERANGS.

How to Make a Toy That Affords Lots of Harmless Amusement.

If the children must amuse themselves, let them cut out of stiff cardboard—ordinary business cards will answer the purpose admirably—any

PAPER BOOMERANGS.

one or all of these little boomerangs (see cut), and set them upon a book with one end projecting. Then a sharp, quick blow with a stick, or snap with the thumb and forefinger, will cause them to fly off in the most unexpected directions. These boomerangs may also be made of wood of a considerable size, and thrown in some vacant lot, where there is plenty of space for them to describe their erratic curves; the investigating boy can find out how good an Australian hunter he would make. The natives in that country hunt their game with the boomerang. They throw it with great skill, and the unsuspecting game is taken unawares by the strange direction from which the blow comes. If they attempt to fly from the approaching missile, or to dodge it, they are more than likely to put themselves exactly in the way of it.—Chicago Times-Herald.

YOUNGEST LIFE SAVER.

How a Boston Boy Saved a Young Companion from Drowning.

The youngest life-saver on record is 11-year-old Victor E. Gilbert, of Boston, Mass., who with his parents is spending the summer at Winthrop Beach. Regardless of possible consequences, while older boys than he stood aghast watching their playmate struggling in the water, he plunged in and brought his drowning companion safely to land. He himself tells the story in the following words:

"You see it was this way. We all went down to the beach for a swim, and were having a great time, when along came Robbie Turnhall, and he came in with us. Bobbie is a nice boy, but he can't swim much. There's no place to dive on the Winthrop beach, and we went back a little ways to an inlet where there is a high dock to dive from.

"The water there is about ten feet deep, and the inlet is maybe 100 feet wide at that point. It's a bad place for a beginner, but all right if a boy can

VICTOR E. GILBERT.

swim. Bobbie took a header and went out a little way, and we watched him. I thought he was doing all right, and so did the rest. We saw him splashing around a good deal, and he looked very funny with his head under water half the time.

"I don't remember who it was, but somebody said: 'He's drowning.' Nobody believed it, and I called out to him: 'Keep it up, Bobbie, you are doing right.' He didn't answer and then I saw him throw up his arms and go down. I thought that was a funny way to swim; and then he came up again. That time I was sure he was in trouble, he had such a funny look in his face. I can't tell just what it was like, but he looked as if he had seen something he was afraid of.

"I don't think I thought much about anything at the time, except I remember I felt sorry for his mother, and wondered how she would feel if Bobbie should drown. None of the boys seemed to understand what the matter was, so I went in and caught him by the hair. I can swim in all kinds of ways, so I turned over on my back, holding Bob with one hand, and swam back to shore.

"It was a hard pull and I got pretty tired, but we got in all right, though he was so full of water that he didn't know anything. We turned him over and rolled him about, and pretty soon he was all right. I don't think there was anything particularly great about what I did. We didn't say anything about it, because we were afraid that if we did we couldn't go swimming any more. I'm teaching Bobbie how to swim now, and before long he will be as good a swimmer as any boy at Winthrop Beach."

A BRIGHT IOWA BOY.

How He Tells the Time Without the Aid of a Watch.

One of our boys who doesn't own a watch writes about how he tells the time of day. He works in a wheat elevator in an Iowa town. A big window almost fills one side of his little office. Into a corner of the window creeps the early sunlight in the morning and it shines in all day long and creeps out of the other corner in the evening. On the floor where the edge of the shadow from the sash falls just at noon our boy has placed a long chalk mark and a little further away there is another mark for one o'clock, and so on up to six. The forenoon is similarly divided on the floor. Each day by simply looking at the edge of the sun's light he can tell what time it is. Once in two weeks he changes all these marks because the shadows change as the sun gets higher in the spring or lower in the fall.

This clever device—any of you may use it—suggests the way that the natives of Liberia, in Africa, who have no clocks, tell the time. They take the kernels from the nuts of the candle tree and wash and string them on the rib of a palm leaf. The first or top kernel is then lighted. All of the kernels are of the same size and substance, and each will burn a certain number of minutes and then set fire to the one next below. The natives tie pieces of black cloth at regular intervals along the string to mark the division of time. Among the natives of Singur, in the Malay archipelago, another peculiar device is used. Two bottles are placed neck and neck, and sand is put in one of them, which pours itself into the other every half hour, when the bottles are reversed.—Chicago Record.

Long Time Between Meals.

Some of our boys and girls think that one forenoon is a great deal of time to wait for dinner after breakfast is over. But there is a big anaconda in the Philadelphia Zoo which ate its breakfast almost two years ago—22 months, to be exact,—and has just got around to its dinner. During all that time it didn't seem to be a bit hungry, although when it was really ready for a meal, it ate the whole bill of fare, which consisted of a fat rabbit, all at one gulp. It is not very unusual for a snake to abstain from food for several months, at the end of which time death generally results; but the anaconda's case was distinctly different from any other. Its fast lasted over twice as long as any in the history of the Zoo, and during the whole of its continuance there was no evidence of ill-health.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MARKETING FOWLS.

How to Dress Chickens and Turkeys for the Chicago Market.

Poultry should be kept without food or water 24 hours before killing for market; full crops injure the appearance and are liable to sour, and when this occurs correspondingly lower prices must be accepted than obtainable for choice stock. Never kill poultry by wringing the neck. The demands of various markets vary a little in the manner of dressing poultry, and in preparing it for market; the custom of the market to which one is to ship should be followed.

Chickens for Chicago should be killed by bleeding in the mouth or opening the veins of the neck; hang by the feet until properly bled. Leave head and feet on; do not remove the intestines nor crop. Scalded chickens sell best to home trade, and dry picked best to shippers, so that either manner of dressing will do if properly done.

For scalding chickens the water should be as near the boiling point as possible, without boiling; pick the legs dry before scalding; hold the fowls by the head and legs and immerse and lift up and down three times (if the head is immersed it turns the color of the comb and gives the eyes a shrunken appearance, which leads buyers to think the fowl has been sick); the feathers and pin feathers should then be removed immediately, very cleanly and without breaking the skin; then "plump" by dipping ten seconds in water nearly or quite boiling hot, then immediately into cold water; hang in a cool place until the animal heat is entirely out of the body.

To dry pick chickens properly the work should be done while the chickens are bleeding; do not wait and let the bodies get cold. Dry picking is much more easily done while the bodies are warm. Be careful and do not break or tear the skin.

In dressing turkeys for Chicago observe the same directions as are given for preparing chickens, but always dry pick. Dry picked turkeys always sell best and command better prices than scalded lots, as the appearance is brighter and more attractive. Endeavor to market all old and heavy gobblers before January 1, as after holidays the demand is for small, fat hen turkeys only, old toms being sold at a discount to canners.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

NOTES FOR BEEKEEPERS.

Keep the brood in the center of the hive if possible and the honey on the outside.

All combs that are built by bees naturally contain too much drone comb.

Foul brood is very contagious and will spread with great rapidity over an apiary.

Never allow a swarm of bees to remain long after settling; hive them as soon as possible.

In the heat of the day, when the air is full of them on the wing, is the best time to work with bees. After dark is the worst time.

In arranging the frames in the hive, the best and newest combs should be placed in the brood nest, and not on the outside, for surplus honey.

Comb honey is easily damaged. The greatest pests are moths. If they are allowed access to comb honey, they will soon cut the cappings and destroy its appearance.

Curing honey simply means a proper evaporation of the water it contains. This is accomplished in the hive by a high degree of temperature, and can be done outside by maintaining the same conditions.

Colonies that lack stores for winter should be fed the required quantity in the fall, and September is the best time to do it. It should be done while it is yet warm enough to allow the bees to seal the stores over.

Every colony should have 25 or 30 pounds of good sealed stores to bring them through to the first of May, with good winter protection besides. It is far better to have a little too much stores than too little.

Strong colonies of bees sometimes become suddenly depleted in numbers, with not enough left to keep up the necessary warmth to hatch the eggs. This is because no young bees have been hatched, and the old ones, supernumerated, left the hive in search of food, and were not able to return.—St. Louis Republic.

COLD-WEATHER HOUSE.

A Structure That Is Said to Combine Light, Warmth and Ventilation.

The poultry house illustrated is intended to show how to combine light, warmth and ventilation. By raising the windows the house can be converted into an open, well-ventilated shed, without draughts. On very cold days the windows may be down and only

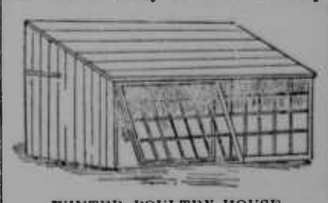

WINTER POULTRY HOUSE.

one raised. By using a high support the windows may be raised to the level of the rear portion of the roof. There are no other windows, the other end of the house being used for the roosts and nests. Such a house is warm during the day, and the fowls are out of the way of draughts at night. Being also light, the fowls will prefer to remain inside, which is not the case when a poultry house is dark, gloomy and dreary. The house may be of any size preferred, the roof being of tarred paper, and the sides of tongued and grooved boards.—Farm and Fireside.

Wonderful Results from Pink Pills.

Mrs. John Tooley Relates a Remarkable Story.

From the Democrat, Charlevoix, Mich.

The *Democrat* has had its attention called to a remarkable cure, due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and the following statement, made to a reporter of this paper, will be read with interest by all similarly afflicted. Mrs. John Tooley, of Dwight, in this county, is the lady benefited by the medicine named, and she makes the following statement:

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF CHARLEVOIX, } ss

"In the year 1891 I was a great sufferer from extreme nervousness, which finally developed into an aggravated attack of St. Vitus' dance. My health was very poor and I suffered terribly for six months, constantly growing worse. Finally I left home and went to my relatives in Canada for a visit, and my people never expected I would return alive. In Canada I was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and the result was truly marvellous. When I began taking them I weighed but ninety-six pounds, and in nine weeks' time, during which I took four boxes of the medicine, I gained so that I weighed 125 pounds, and the St. Vitus' dance and all nervousness disappeared. I returned home in nine weeks, completely cured and in the best of health, and have continued so to this day. Previous to taking the Pink Pills I had been attended by several physicians, but with no good results. I owe my life to Pink Pills, and have earnestly recommended them to all my friends, and my mother and three brothers have taken them with good results, my mother for heart trouble. I will be glad to answer any and all enquiries as to what Pink Pills have done for me."

(Signed.) Mrs. John Tooley.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of July, 1892.

Mrs. Tooley is now the picture of health, and the *Democrat* reporter could hardly realize that she was at one time so near to death. But her testimony is unassailable, and she is very earnest in her desire to spread the good news to other sufferers.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

RESPECTABLE RIDERS.

It Is Just as Well to Talk Civilly as Not to Farmers.

"Hello, old gentleman! Are we on the right road to Newburg, and what's the name of this place?" called out one of the two wheelmen who, while spinning along a country road, had halted beside a cornfield in which an old man was plowing. The old man thus addressed "whoa'd his mule, wrapped the reins about the plow handle and began fairly tumbling down the hill between the rows of corn.

"Don't bother to come; we can hear," expostulated the cyclist, but the elderly plowman only increased his speed and finally struck the road.

"I want to take a look at you," he panted, leaning against the stone wall; "you're the most respectable soundin' fellers I've seen here since sunrise; been tryin' to plow this here corn patch pretty nigh all day, and ain't done much more'n tell a lot o' gic to pitch. Kind o' thought might as well make a sign post o' myself and stand round here sum'ers pintin' up the road. Wouldn't mind so much," he continued, balancing his hat on his left ear while he mopped his countenance, "if some o' them city house plants didn't think themselves so tarnation smart! You spoke civil like and called me 'gentleman' just now, and I'm willin' to tell you all I kin, but when a passel of upstarts comes whizzin' 'long ringin' their bells at nothin but rabbit tracks, with legs on 'em that looks as if they had been fired at by that new-fangled X-Y-Z sharpshooter, and calls me Deacon Hayseed, Poppy Green Grass and Daddy Corn Cob, it's not agreein' with me, and they finds it ain't.

"I asks a feller this mornin' who he thought he was talkin' to, and he said 'a modern Cincinnatus,' and then he winked at another feller. Now, I likes to be winked at as much as anybody, and I told that feller that perhaps he was a modern New Yorkus and owned the earth, and was ridin' round to boss the job, but I'd be blamed if he didn't look jist the greenest, durndest grasshopper I'd ever seen a straddle one o' them patent go-arounds.

"'We're scorchin,' says one. 'Glad of it,' says I, 'fur maybe you'll be nedin' the practice later on.' I talk respectable to them as talks respectable to me, and Newburg's straight ahead then to the right every time and the name o' this place is Claudius Smith's Turnpike. If you'll stop at the house, round the curve yonder, the folks'll give you some buttermilk, fresh churned—city livers like buttermilk."

And the old man climbed back to the plow, where a lot of horse flies were laughing at the way the mule was trying to kick them and couldn't.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

BIG COAL TRUST IN LONDON.

First Move of the Retail Dealers' Combination Is an Advance

England's first retail coal trust, or "ring," as it is characterized by many leading papers, has just gone into operation. It is composed of all the coal merchants in London, many of whom control the trade in other parts of the country.

The capital of the trust, which has been fixed on the basis of the business done by the dealers concerned during the last five years, together with a valuation of plants and good wills, is $13,000,000, in addition to which there is an issue of bonds to the amount of $5,000,000. The trust is to be carried on under the general name of William Cory & Son (limited), the firm having the largest interest at stake in the syndicate and which has been the most active in bringing about the fusion. All the firms in the trust will carry on their branches for the benefit of the general company.

The first effect is an advance in the retail price of coal amounting to four shillings, or a fraction less than one dollar per ton.

It is the telescope that distance lens enchantment to the view.—Texas Sifter.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

THE people should really take more pains to conceal what they know.

IT is a queer thing that some men cannot consider themselves truly religious without making other people uncomfortable.—Truth.

"Ha! the plot thickens," muttered the suburbanite, as he gazed closely at his newsown lawn.

"PROFESSOR," said a graduate, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know." "Pray, do not mention such a trifle," was the reply.

"WHEN I grow up," said little Jack to his father, "I'm going to be just like you, papa." "Good boy to say so," said his father. "Well, I mean it," said Jack. "What a jolly time you do have with mamma always about to writon you'"

PROFESSOR—"You were on the lookout for specimens yesterday, I understand. How many of you read sandstone?" Head Scholar—"Can't say as to that, sir, but I know that father's read Blackstone."

"SAY, grandpa, don't you wish you was a boy again?" "Well, mebby I'd like to be one of I could git back the two fingers I had blown off by one o' them blamed little cannons."

RICHARD—"I understand that old Griffin has given his consent to your marriage with his daughter. Was he good natured about it?" Robert—"Yes, confound it, he was so good-natured that I couldn't help wishing that while I was about it I had asked for something valuable."—Boston Transcript.

THE DEFENDER OF BATTLE.—"What," asked the commander, anxiously, "is that brisk firing off to the left?" "We are not yet definitely informed," replied the aid-de-camp, "whether it is a general engagement or a policeman shooting at a mad dog." With the fate of nations in the balance, the uncertainty was awful.—Detroit Tribune.

A SPIRITED MEAL.—Cannibal Chief—"What was that I had for dinner?" Cannibal Chef—"He was a bicycle rider, your excellency." Cannibal Chief—"I thought I detected a burned taste." Cannibal Chef—"Yes, your excellency, he was scorching when we caught him."—Youkors Statesman.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE

In one of his wonderful sermons very truthfully said, "My brother, your trouble is not with the heart; it is a gastric disorder or a rebellious liver. It is not sin that blots out your hope of heaven, but bile that not only yellows your eyeballs and furs your tongue and makes your head ache but swoops upon your soul in dejection and forebodings,"—and

Talmage is right! All this trouble can be removed! You can be cured!

How? By using

Warner's Safe Cure

We can give you incontrovertible proof from men and women, former sufferers,

But to-day well, and stay so.

There is no doubt of this. Twenty years experience proves our words true.

Write to-day for free treatment blank. Warner's Safe Cure Co., Rochester, N.Y.

LATEST and BEST WELL DRILLING MACHINES
100 feet to 2000 ft.
LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.

EFFECTS OF A SMILE: YUCATAN KILLS IT

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

A. N. K.—C. 1627

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

How Old are You?

You need not answer the question, madam, for in your case age is not counted by years. It will always be true that "a woman is as old as she looks." Nothing sets the seal of age so deeply upon woman's beauty as gray hair. It is natural, therefore, that every woman is anxious to preserve her hair in all its original abundance and beauty; or, that being denied the crowning gift of beautiful hair to attain to this gift or to preserve it, if already possessed. Ayer's Hair Vigor restores gray or faded hair to its original color. It does this by simply aiding nature, by supplying the nutrition necessary to health and growth. There is no better preparation for the hair than

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR.

"It Bridges You Over."

BattleAx PLUG

"Battle Ax" bridges a man over many a tight place when his pocketbook is lean. A 5-cent piece of "Battle Ax" will last about as long as a 10-cent piece of other good tobaccos.

This thing of getting double value for your money is a great help. Try it and save money.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
C. D. SMITH, Local Editor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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First insertion for square of ten nonpariel lines $1; each additional insertion after first 50 cents per square of ten nonpariel lines. Positively no deviation will be made from the above rates.

REMITTANCES:

Remittances made by money order, postal note, registered letter or bank draft will be at our risk, if made otherwise, at the risk of the sender. Address,

THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, OCT. 29, 1896.

An Attempt at Intimidation.

Section 83 of the registration and election law of Maryland of 1896 says:

"If at any election hereafter held in any city or county, any person shall * * * * by force, threat, menace, intimidation, bribery or reward, or offer or promise thereof, or otherwise unlawfully, either directly or indirectly, influence or attempt to influence any voter in *giving his vote;* or prevent or hinder, or attempt to prevent or hinder, any qualified voter from freely exercising the right of suffrage, * * * * shall, upon conviction thereof, be punished by imprisonment in jail or in the penitentiary for not less than six months nor more than five years."

It is a fact beyond dispute that a letter has been written from Oakland to a gentleman residing in District No. 1 of this county threatening him with prosecution by the Democratic committee should he attempt to exercise the right of suffrage at the approaching election.

We have quoted this portion of the law above for the benefit of the Democratic committee and any other persons who attempt to influence or intimidate any of the qualified voters

This is the only

which has been brought to our attention but should there be others in the county of which our readers have knowledge we hope they will forward the same to the State's Attorney of Garrett county who will give them the same attention which we are sure he will bestow upon the letter above referred to.

CHEAP money is like cheap religion. It is dear at any price.

THE ice has broken on Salt River, and navigation will open up early next week.

THOSE two decayed Covington eggs were probably worth a hundred thousand votes for McKinley.

BRYAN has thus far traveled 170,000 miles. When he gets to sailing up Salt River he'll feel like it is a million.

"I STAND on three platforms!" exclaims the Boy Orator; but in not one of them is to be found a Democratic plank.

ONE month ago a bushel of wheat would buy only 11¼ grains of gold. To-day it will buy 16¼ grains. Has gold fallen or wheat risen?

A CONTEMPORARY refers to the Democratic candidate as being "haggard, hoarse and hopeful." William is also handsome, but we fear he is not happy.

"WE HAVE licked them out of their boots," says Hanna. A bad condition that for the unfortunate Popocratic party, whose sole claim for the management of the country's finances lies in its ability to lift itself by its own bootstraps.

THE Nebraska Supreme Court has decided that National Democracy is Democracy. This is the second state tribunal which has expressed that opinion, and the others are probably thinking so, too, though they haven't yet said so.

CHAIRMAN HANNA is confident that Illinois will give candidate McKinley 200,000 majority, and he has warrant for his faith in the fact that a poll in Cook county shows a minimum plurality for the Republican nominee of 109,000. The Popocrats have made their hardest fight in Illinois; and if they are to be "snowed under" to that depth in the Prairie State it is a reasonable conclusion that they will not loom up any better in other States in which they lack the advantage of the Altgeld organization.

IF the "Government has the power to create values," why should it ever levy taxes? What is the need of starting with 50 cents' worth of silver to make a doller? Why not make dollars out of the cheapest material it can get, and make enough of them to pay all of its expenses?

Where!

The party of Bryan has already broken down hopelessly. Not a Democrat of any prominence as a statesman or public or business man of integrity has supported Bryan during this whole campaign. If they have, where are they?

SENATOR Butler, chairman of the Populist National Committee, is nursing bruises from a bicycle fall in which "he lauded on every part of his body at the same time," the machine having got beyond his control. The reference, of course, is to the bicycle, not to the Populist machine, although Mr. Butler has had troubles of his own in riding that, too.

IF AN attempt of intimidation has been or may be made to defraud you of your suffrage on next Tuesday, report the matter to the State's Attorney for this county.

MR. BRYAN continues to quote on the stump the former opinions of Mr. McKinley, Secretary Carlisle and other public men in favor of free coinage. When Secretary Carlisle favored the Bland bill (not free coinage) the silver in a dollar was worth 97 cents in gold, and he believed, with many others who now favor Sound Money, that the effect of an increased coinage of silver would be to restore it with former relations with gold. This was very different from the condition under which Mr. Bryan now advocates the free and unlimited coinage of silver dollars. But what does Mr. Bryan prove by citing these authorities, except that they have the wisdom and courage to abandon a false position when convinced of their error, while he has not.

Preaching Public Disorder.

Mr. Bryan, by his course, encourages the belief that the Government, in undertaking to maintain peace and order in certain contingencies, exceeds its rightful authority, and that resistance to such an attempt for the time...No other candidate taken to create a popular sentiment in sympathy with such a dangerous idea. No nominee of any party has ever before justified resistance to the popular will, definitely expressed and embodied in law and constitution. If there were no other reason why Mr. Bryan should not be elected, it would be found in the facts that he has made it possible by the attitude he occupies for every law-breaker in the land to challenge the national authority in the event of his election, and to quote his own argument in defense of a defiance of law, and of organized attempts to unsettle the foundations of the public order.

PERHAPS nothing that has been said in the entire canvass was more to the point than the utterance of Mr. Carnegie on Tuesday last, when he declared that he could understand how a farmer might be beguiled by the notion of selling his wheat abroad for gold while paying off his farm hands in silver dollars; and he added:

But I cannot find a reason, much as I have tried, why a working man receiving wages should wish to be paid in silver dollars rather than in gold ones. No one pretends that anything better than a gold dollar can be made, and no one denies that there is some risk of the silver dollar never being worth more than half.

Of course, the Popocrats will not admit that any good can come from Mr. Carnegie; yet if they were less blinded by passion they might be able to see that truth is truth irrespective of its source, and that Mr. Carnegie in the foregoing utterance has spoken words of undisputable truth in a conservative and most instructive fashion.

WE HAVE been requested to say to those who have been registered and received letters of intimidation from Chairman Miller of the Democratic committee to vote their convictions and the law will protect them. Don't allow the self-appointed censor of the ballot to intimidate you. You have been registered and no power under the sun can defraud you of your vote. Walk up to the polls on next Tuesday and cast your ballot!

The Issue.

As the campaign progresses the real issue of the present political struggle comes more and more clearly into view. We have but to use our eyes and ears to recognize that there is a deeper subject demanding the present attention of the people of the United States then the tariff, or even the money question. Important as these are, and touching vitally as they do our material prosperity, they are secondary to a consideration that underlies the discussion of every such question, and that is the stability of our republican institutions. Who intelligently notes the daily progress of Bryanism can fail to see that it strikes at the very foundation of our Government? When the Governor of Illinois makes the main subject of his harangues, as he did in New York city the other day, the defense of his own rebellious defiance of Federal authority; when in public speeches the name of the President of the United States is joined with epithets too vile for publication; when the Secretary of the United States Treasury is rotten-egged and free speech denied him in his own city; when the Presidential nominee of a great party dares to speak of certain sections of his country as "the enemy's country"—surely it is time for patriotism to rise above partisanship and assert itself. Shall we surrender into the hands of these demagogues and log orators and ventilaters of foreign-born heresies the control of this Government, hallowed to every American by the sufferings and sacrifices of his ancestors? Shall the rule of the people be exchanged for the rule of the mob?

The American people have done some very foolish things in their time. Often imposed upon and juggled with by those whom they have intrusted with the management of their affairs, they have condoned some acts that sober second thought has condemned. But in great crisis they have ever risen to the occasion, and their native integrity and common sense have guided them to right conclusions. To-day our country is confronted with conditions as grave as it has ever had to face. The spirit of dissnion is abroad in 1896 no less than it was in 1860. Its unholy jargoning now is about "classes" and "sections." Under the mask of Popocracy the country is threatened with the unspeakable tyranny of Rabble Rule. It is a useful reminder. Let the voice of the people through the ballot on the 3d of November tell in trumpet tones that the spirit of '76 still lives; that this people is yet a free people; that their will is sovereign, and that the country shall continue in the vanguard of the nation, declaring for progress and for the perpetuation of "a government of the people, for the people, by the people," on the only lasting foundation of justice, integrity and order.

The Idealoglaes.

The free silver movement is essentially a movement for the repudiation of one half of existing obligations, and derives its greatest strength from that fact. Such an attempt would not, however, excite any moral enthusiasm, and yet it is undeniable that the free silver movement is accompanied by such enthusiasm. It is a sad fact, but none the less true, that there is no financial trickery so foolish or so dishonest, but what it may be transfigured as a movement for social reform in the perverted imagination of a class of minds marked more by quickness of sympathy and susceptibility to impression than by distinctness of mental vision. Men of such nature abound in every community. Their thoughts are dominated by the idea that, if only some new and clever social arrangement could be made, vice, poverty and crime would disappear. The argument is often heard from people of good intelligence and plenty of common sense in the ordinary affairs of life that it is the fault of society that misery should exist in the world. The fact that all our institution, social or governmental, are really the outpnt of character, and can be permanently changed only by modification of national character is beyond their comprehension. Hence there is no outbreak of popular folly which does not secure the support of people who are really good and sincere because they think they descry in it a movement which contains a promise of social reform. Even if they do not approve of the specific measures proposed, they argue themselves into supporting them in the hope that the incidental results may be beneficial. In this campaign Mr. Henry George is a good specimen of this class. He is too intelligent to adopt the absurd theories of the free silverites, but he falls in line with the movement because he thinks he sees in it a great uprising of the people which will supply force for great reforms when it gets its true bearings by dint of struggle and experience.

This class of benevolent reformers are the great danger of states. Their character commands a confidence which secures toleration for follies, which would otherwise be firmly resisted. A policy of social experimentation is begun with high hopes and the inevitable failures excite an intense exasperation. The obvious cure of defects seems to be the employment of more force. If paper money depreciates it is because of a want of patriotism among the people, or it is because of the machinations of bankers and money lenders. The situation calls for an energetic administration, and the men of energy come to the front. The Gironde is succeeded by the Jacobins, and the Jacobins make way for the Terrorists, and at last the nation is glad to give up its liberty for the sake of security. Then the savior of society makes his appearance.

Literature owes to Napoleon Bonaparte a phrase which characterizes the class of men who are the wreckers of free institutions. On December 20, 1912, in an address to his council of state, he said:

"It is to ideology, to that obscure metaphysics which, searching with subtlety after first causes, wishes to found upon them the legislation of nations, instead of adapting the laws of the knowledge of the human heart and to the lessons of history, that we are to attribute all the calamities that our beloved France has experienced. Those errors necessarily produced the government of the men of blood."

The reason why republican institutions have succeeded in this country is not because we are any smarter or more clever than the French, but because of the national common sense which leads us to distrust the ideologians. Never before this campaign could one of this class come any where near a presidential nomination or to get any place in the leadership of a great national party organization. As a rule they have to find a field for their activity in the little crank parties, which constitute the side shows of the presidential campaign. We believe their prominence now is due to a peculiar combination of circumstances which will never occur again, but nothing is more necessary to the permanence of our institutions than that the present attempt of this class to get hold of the government shall be defeated with a thoroughness which will take all such undertakings forever out of the range of practical politics.

Secretary Carlisle's Speech at Covington.

Secretary Carlisle's speech at Covington, Ky., on Thursday night last, the first in his Kentucky campaign, was a masterly exposition of the great issue before the country. It is a matter of regret that the official duties of the Secretary have prevented him from taking part at an earlier day in the contest, in order that his great arguments for sound money and public credit might have reached every voter in the land.

Speaking as a National Democrat for Palmer and Buckner, the Secretary of the Treasury mercilessly exposes the false pretense and hypocritical cant of the claim of "regularity" and Democracy in behalf of the Chicago candidate and platform. Political organization, he says, is not an end, but a means; and the Democracy is not a "machine," but a voluntary association of free citizens representing principles which they deem necessary for good government. This is quite a different conception of the purpose of party organization from that of Senator Gorman, Senator Faulkner and others who have foresworn the principles of Democracy in the vain effort to keep their hold on the party machine. As to the ridiculous claim of "regularity" for the Chicago nominations, Mr. Carlisle showed that in twenty-six or twenty-seven States the supporters of Mr. Bryan have entered into a coalition with the Populists to "cut" the candidate for the Vice Presidency on their own ticket. Yet these Opportunists, who have violated party obligations and Democratic principles for expediency, demand that Democrats shall stifle their consciences to support a programme of revolution and vote for a ticket on the score of "regularity" a part of which they have themselves refused to support! Asking Democrats to vote for Mr. Sewall because he is the "regular" Chicago nominee for the Vice-Presidency, they have traded him in twenty-odd States for the Populist candidate.

In discussing the currency question Secretary Carlisle lays down his propositions with the philosophy of a Bacon or a Locke. A few examples of his method of exposing cheap money humbugs must suffice. He says:

"We deny absolutely that any legislative or executive act of this Government, or of any other Government, however powerful, can make 50 cents in silver equal to 100 cents worth of gold, or equal in value to the commodities which 100 cents in gold will buy."

Again:

"My friends, the laws of trade and finance cannot be repealed by Congressional action. We may destroy the value of our money; we may by unwise legislation drive out the best money and compel our own people to keep the poorest for use at home, but we cannot change the value of money in other countries, nor force their people to receive 50 cents or 75 cents as the equivalent of 25.8 grains of gold."

Once more:

"We may declare an ounce of silver or an ounce of copper to be equal to an ounce of gold; but it will not make it so here or elsewhere. And the sooner we recognize this simple fact, and cease our efforts to work miracles by legislation, the better it will be for us and for those who are to come after us."

Mr. Carlisle enforced these propositions with invincible logic. Having established the doctrine of sound money, he showed that even if all the unfounded pretensions of the Silverites should be true, the consequences drawn from them by their advocates would not follow. In every conceivable condition free coinage must result in a depreciation of the currency, "in a readjustment of prices and wages, and in revolutionizing our trade relations at home and abroad."

Before closing Mr. Carlisle turned his attention to other points of the Chicago platform and relentlessly exposed its monstrous demand that the Government of the United States shall interfere with the right of private contracts among individual citizens. The exercise of such a power had never been dreamed of by the extreme Federalists in the earlier days of the Republic; but it is now proposed to compel our citizens by legislation to exchange the value of their labor against the products of Western or British mine owners on a basis of depreciated money, notwithstanding their wish to reckon in a better kind of money. Should an act of Congress nullifying the right of private contracts be declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, the Chicago platform threatens to reconstruct that Court in accordance with its programme. It is not hard, said Mr. Carlisle, to recognize the consequences of such a policy of depotism.

In conclusion, Mr. Carlisle eloquently urged that the first and most important demand is that the people of the United States shall speak in such emphatic language on the 3d of November as to put an end forever to all selfish and mischievous silver agitation. So long as a great political organization shall continue to threaten the public credit by a debasement of the currency and the repudiation of all obligations there can be no prosperity. Peace on the currency question is absolutely necessary for a restoration of confidence. If the American people shall declare by an overwhelming majority that "no contracts shall be violated, that no obligations shall remain unfulfilled, that public and private property shall be secure, and that the public authority shall be maintained always and in all circumstances, then a great stride will have been taken toward a permanent restoration of prosperity."

A Clumsy Forgery

There is a slight reminder of the famous Morey letter of 1880 in a forged letter from a Republican in Boston named Pressley to Mr. Patrack, the head of a free silver club in Pueblo, California. In the clumsy forgery the Boston man, whose signature is misspelt, is made to say that in case of McKinley's election the standing army would be increased to 250,000 men, and "the labor classes" and strikers, with their unions, would succumb to the rule of force and no longer play any part in the American politics.

If any one should be foolish enough to write such a letter it could have no influence upon sensible minds. But relying on the power of imposture, Chairman Jones found in this forgery a perfect windfall, and sent it out from the Popocratic headquarters in Chicago under startling headlines announcing the purpose of the Republican party to hold the people "at the bayonet's point," with other like absurd exclamations. The forged documents is in perfect keeping with the desperate programme of the Popocrats to provoke conflicts between workingmen and their employers, and to divide a people having common interests into hostile camps. A demagogue who is capable of such a work as chairman of the Popocratic National Committee might fitly sit for Sheol and represent the Devil instead of occupying a seat in the Senate of the United States as a representative of the American people.

The Gun Goes Off

instantly when you pull the trigger. So sickness may come on suddenly. But it takes time to load the gun, and it takes time to get ready for those explosions called diseases. Coughs, colds, any "attack," whatever the subject be, often means preceding weakness and poor blood.

Are you getting thin? Is your appetite poor? Are you losing that snap, energy and vigor that make "clear-headedness?" Do one thing: build up your whole system with SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil. It is the essence of nourishment. It does not nauseate, does not trouble the stomach. And it replaces all that disease robs you of.

A book telling more about it sent free. Ask for it.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

Consolidating the Gold Forces.

As election day approaches a commendable disposition notto waste ammunition is noticeable. Many Democrats who had intended to go no further in their rebuke of Bryanism than to support the Palmer and Buckner ticket have now made up their minds that they can do much better service for the cause of honest money and national morality by voting for McKinley and Hobart. Palmer and Buckner cannot win, and the rebuke of Popocratic heresy can be made much more emphatic by increasing McKinley's majority.

This is the opinion which Mr. J. M. Wilkinson, of Valdosta, Ga., has reached. Mr. Wilkinson was an elector on the Palmer and Buckner ticket, but he has resigned. He says he believes every sound money man should vote directly with the party advocating sound money, as all the free silver elements are uniting their forces. Mr. Wilkinson also says he believes in a reasonable protective tariff and is not in sympathy with several planks of the Chicago platform.

A similar position has been taken by the Memphis *Scimitar*, and this position is a direct result of Mr. Bryan's recent visit to Tennessee. The *Scimitar* has hauled down the names of Palmer and Buckner from the head of its editorial columns and hoisted the flag of McKinley and Hobart. While paying a tribute to the worth of the candidates of the National Democracy. The *Scimitar* has been persuaded by Bryan's speeches that his defeat is the most pressing necessity of the time, and that not a vote against him should be lost in Tennessee.

Elector Wilkinson and the Memphis *Scimitar* have the right idea. The crushing of Bryanism is the main issue and the way to crush it the flattest is to support McKinley.

Dr. Lyman Abbott on Free Coinage.

The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott has published an able and lengthy article on the silver question, from which we take the following:

"'I am firmly convinced,' says Mr. Bryan, 'that by opening our mints to free and unlimited coinage at the present ratio, we can create a demand for silver which will keep the price of silver bullion at $1.29 per ounce, measured by gold"—i. e., at a parity with gold.

"Now, we should as little think of recommending our readers to base their vote on our firm conviction as on that of Bryan, though there is certainly significance in the fact that our apprehension of danger is shared by a great majority of the wisest and most experienced financiers, and Mr. Bryan's sanguine expectations are shared by few who are recognized as financial experts. But the doubtful voter should consider that in this honest difference of opinion the best that can be said for free silver coinage is that it is an experiment, not to say an extra hazardous experiment, and if Mr. Bryan's convictions should prove ill founded, and the convictions of his equally honest and not less well informed opponents should prove well founded, the experiment is one which would bring disaster to this country, and irremediable suffering and irretrievable financial ruin upon unnumbered homes. A man may hazard his own fortunes in a doubtful experiment. He will hesitate more if the fortunes of his family are also hazarded; still more if it brings those of his neighbors into peril; most of all if it creates a national fear of peril and evokes a solemn and earest protest from thousands of men who will be involved in spite of themselves, in the hazards which he proposes to venture under the inspirations of a questionable hope.

"'It is my firm conviction' serves temporarily a good purpose as the foundation of a popular speech, but no purpose at all as the foundation for executive action in the President of a great nation. The plan proposed by this party and the personnel of the party harmonize. The plan is to change by a stroke of the pen a financial structure which has been a quarter of a century in process of construction, because the party believes it has worked injustice; and the men who propose to make the change neither ask nor desire the counsel or co-operation of the masters of finance, in order to prevent the ruin which a too sudden change in our currency might produce, and which an overwhelming majority of the experts think it will produce. Whether, if Mr. McKinley is elected, he will make a vigorous endeavor to secure that international bimetallism to which the platform pledges his party, remains to be seen; but, as a long time believer in bimetallism, with a conviction which recent discussion have only served to strengthen, it is our firm conviction that it would be safer to trust the question of a readjustment of the currency on a sounder basis than our present one, to the possibly too cautious temper of Mr. McKinley and his advisers than to the certainly too eager and unhesitating temper of Mr. Bryan and his advisers."

The Darlington, Wis., *Journal* says editorially of a popular patent medicine: "We know from experience that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy is all that is claimed for it, as on two occasions it stopped excruciating pains and possibly saved us from an untimely grave. We would not rest easy over night without it in the house." This remedy undoubtedly saves more pain and suffering than any other medicine in the world. Every family should keep it in the house, for it is sure to be needed sooner or later. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

IT'S A NATION OF HONOR.

"We Think We Have the Best System Under the Sun—It Is Certainly the Freest."

The *Evening Repository*, published at Canton, Ohio, Major McKinley's home, speaking of the visit of the delegation from Oakland and vicinity to Mr. McKinley on Tuesday of this week, says:

Three states were represented in the first crowd on the McKinley lawn today. The party was composed of the Ladies' Sound Money club of Martin's Ferry, Ohio, in which about sixty women wearing large ribbon badges inscribed "McKinley and Sound Money" marched like veterans. They were at the head of the parade organized by the delegation from Maryland and West Virginia. In the latter party were residents of Mineral, Grant and Preston counties of West Virginia, and Garrett and Allegany counties, of Maryland, the crowd coming principally from Piedmont, West Virginia, and Bloomington, Maryland. The party came in a special train of over fifteen coaches over the Valley and was accompanied by two bands, the Gilbert Military and the Consolidated both of Piedmont. The introductory address was made by E. H. Sinnell, of Oakland, Md., who said in part:

We are here to-day, representing every branch of industry in our midst—farmers, miners, lumbermen, railroad employes, merchants, business and professional men, to honor you as the champion of our interests, and to testify our devotion to the principles of the Republican party.

Old Maryland was redeemed last year, and the example of her Republican sons has served to quicken the energies and redouble the efforts of the people of West Virginia to throw off the yoke which has so long enthralled them.

We believe in honest dollars for an honest day's labor, and the payment of every obligation in the best money obtainable.

We believe in the righteousness of our cause, and the good sense of the American people to rightly solve the problems now engaging their attention.

We look to you and your party for relief from present distresses, and believe that future disorders will be averted by your success. We bid you be of good cheer—the lights are brightly burning everywhere. The beacon fires leaping up on the summit of the Alleghanies; the crags are aglow with their blazing, and the valleys below are refulgent with their beams.

We pledge you Maryland and West Virginia,

MAJOR MCKINLEY'S RESPONSE.

My Fellow Citizens: It gives me much pleasure to greet at my home, representatives from the States of West Virginia and Maryland—one of them among the oldest States of the American Union, and the other among the youngest and newest; but both equal in the great sisterhood of States and both having the same interest in the progress, development and glory of the Union, which we love more even than our own State. I am glad to be assured by your spokesman that both States can be counted on this year in the Republican column; and if on the evening of the third day of November the result should be different, then I shall not regard your spokesman as a good prophet. (Much laughter and applause.) The State of West Virginia was Republican two years ago. The State of Maryland was Republican a year ago; and I know of no reason, do you, why you should alter your respective verdicts rendered in favor of Republican representatives. (Cries of "No, no, there are reasons why we shouldn't.") We divide ourselves into great governmental systems, the projectors of each believing that their system will best subserve the country's interests and best secure the highest destiny for their own people. We think we have the best system under the sun. It is certainly the freest, for up to this hour, this has been a Nation not of dishonor, but of honor and I believe; the people of this country, North, South, East and West, will maintain the unsullied honor of our Government and the unquestioned integrity of our currency forever. (Great cheering.) What we want in this country is an opportunity to develop it. (Applause and cries of "Yes sir, that's what we want.") Your two States are only waiting for the magic touch of confidence to unfold the wealth of treasures which the Almighty has put into your hills. You were just beginning prior to 1892 to show the largest development you had ever enjoyed. Your coal and your iron, your splendid industries scattered all over the two States were enjoying the very highest prosperity that had ever been enjoyed before. Suddenly confidence was shaken; business was paralyzed. Men had no faith in the future. Men did not know what was to await them in their business; capitalists sat with their money hoarded in strong boxes, and while capital is hoarded in the strong box, labor is idle on the streets—all because there is no confidence, all because the people in their magic power did what they have a right to do always. They changed from a policy under which we had been operating for more than a half of the life of the Government, and entered upon a new policy under which, whenever it had prevailed in this country, we had realized business depression; and from that hour to this, the country has suffered. Every interest has suffered, every industry, every workingman in his income and his wages; and the Government itself has suffered in its revenues, and has been forced to go into debt and borrow money. I take it that no man around me believes in such a policy. You don't want to pursue any such debt-creating policy; you don't want to pursue a policy that impoverishes a people and depletes the public treasury. We want to get that confidence back. The only way to get it back is to defeat the party that destroyed confidence and put into power in this country the party that for more than a third of a century conducted this Government to the highest development and the greatest prosperity it ever possessed. (Continued cheers and cries of "You are right," and "That's the way to talk.")

We might just as well commence now to have the whole world know that this people intend to take care of themselves and do their own work in the United States, and not suit it to any other country of the world. (Continuous applause and cries of "Good, good," and "That's right.") The Republican party proposes to preserve this splendid home market for American farmers and agriculturists, and to preserve the American workshops for the American workingman. (Renewed cheers.) This is the policy of the Republican party. It's the true American policy, its the policy of patriotism, of home, of country, and the policy that represents every great interest and valued interest in the United States. Then, my fellow citizens, there is another thing we propose to do this year. We propose to prevent the inauguration in this country of a system of finance such as they have in Mexico and China. (Great applause.) We propose to have our dollars worth a hundred cents each everywhere. (Continued cheering and cries of "Good, good.") Good in Maryland, good in West Virginia, good in every State of the American Union and good in every commercial center of the world. This is the kind of money we have to-day and it is the kind we propose to continue to do the business of this country with. We want everybody to understand that we have never lowered the standard of public honor in this country, and after more than a hundred and twenty years of existence we don't propose to do it now. We want the whole world to know that we do not believe that we can enrich ourselves by depreciating our dollar and changing our standard of value. Then, my fellow citizens, more than that and above that, far overshadowing every question, is the question of Government itself, and we must establish once for all that this is a Government of law, and that the courts of justice shall be maintained in their integrity and incorruptability. The only way we can work out our highest destiny is by always being honest and observing those great fundamental principles of justice and righteousness that have characterized this citizenship from the beginning of the Government down to the present hour. Next Tuesday you will have an opportunity to express your views upon public questions by the ballot. Every man's ballot is his own; it belongs to nobody else; it is to be controlled by nobody else; and the only guide you want for the use of that ballot is that which you believe will be best for your firesides and families, for your country and your country's welfare. (A voice, "We will vote for McKinley," followed by applause and laughter.) I thank you for this call. Another delegation is coming, for this year delegations are coming from every quarter of the country, for this is a year of genuine patriotism and not partyism. (Renewed cheering.) It will give me pleasure to meet and greet each one of my fellow citizens from Maryland and West Virginia here on the porch. (Three cheers.)

Farmers and Workingmen.

In the early stages of the campaign, the great source of alarm to the sound money men was in the supposed desire of the farmers of the country to try the experiment of debased money as a cure for their ills. The notion that the substitution of a cut-value dollar for a full-value dollar might benefit the farmers was not without foundation. It would certainly raise the price, in dollars, of exportable agricultural products; the farmer would get more of the cheap dollars for his wheat than of the good ones. At the same time, they would be just as good as the full-valued dollars for the payment of debts now outstanding, and for a number of years would probably go just as far as a full-value dollars in the payment of wages to farm hands. So that, on the face of it, the farmer would make a gain for the time being.

It is remarkable how largely this phase of the question has disappeared from view as the campaign has progressed. It is not difficult to form a reasonable conjecture as to the cause of this. In the first place, there is a large proportion of the farming class who have no desire to take advantage of such a proceeding as the debasement of the currency, even if it would prove profitable to them. Secondly there has unquestionably been among the farmers a strong and salutary instinct which leads them to doubt whether a course opposed to sound business principles could be of profit to any large class of the community. They have felt that tampering with the national currency would carry with it the danger of such vast demoralization of business that all classes of the community would be bound to suffer together, and it would be only a question which would suffer most.

Whatever the reason, at all events it became plain pretty early in the canvass that no very wide-spread defection from the Republican party would arise from the supposed leaning of the farmers toward free silver. The crushing defeats of the Democratic party in Vermont and Maine and the poor showing made by them in Arkansas put the idea of a "sweep" of the farming class out of the question. Then the attention of the country was centered on how the wage-earner would vote. It is true that the Maine elections, and afterward the Connecticut elections, pointed emphatically toward the conclusion that the wage-earners were not being stamped by the cheap-money cry any more than the farmers. Still, it must be admitted that none of the fall elections have indicated the trend of opinion among the workingmen of the great cities. Such signs as have been furnished by polls in individual establishments, and also such indications as may be gathered from registration figures, however, point distinctly to the indorsement of sound money by the wage-earners in the great centres of industry.

In fact, the workingmen of the country are be subjected to a test of their intelligence, and we are confident that they will stand the test. The appeals made to them by Mr. Bryan and his followers have been based solely on passion and prejudice. There has been no foundation whatever in fact, as there has been in the case of the farmer. They are asked to lower the value of the dollar, without the faintest indication being given them of how a cent-value dollar will benefit them. They asked to favor it because all the employers of labor are against it. But it is perfectly evident that the only possible interest employers can have in opposing a cheap dollar in which to pay wages is that the destruction of confidence would produce business paralysis. Does the workingman want to produce business paralysis simply for the sake of hurting his employer? We do not believe American workingmen have reached such a depth either of stupidity or of bad feeling. If there is anything in the world upon which the interests of wage-earners are at one with those of the great business men of the country, it is in the preservation of an honest system of currency.

The Price of Money is the Rate of Interest.

Like most of the assertions of Mr. Bryan and his deluded followers, their babble about the scarcity and consequent dearness of money under the gold standard is consequently meeting with the most emphatic disproval. Money is found to be abundant and cheap whenever there is an inducement to loan it upon good security. Confidence has very much to do with the price of money. The other day a leading railroad president said that his company had, immediately after the adjournment of the Republican National Convention, effected a large loan, payable in gold, at 3 per cent. interest. He said that the same loan could not have been negotiated immediately after the Chicago platform was promulgated at less than 5 per cent. interest. There is no question that this platform of Depreciated Money and Repudiation has affected many another business transaction.

In every European country which enjoys the gold standard the rate of interest is constantly sinking; and this is a matter of great concern to investors of money. It should be borne in mind that the Government of the United States could long ago have negotiated loans at less than 3 per cent. interest, and thereby have saved a large sum of money, had not Congress refused to make the bonds payable in gold.

Not only the Governments of gold standard countries but private borrowers in such countries can obtain money at very low rates of interest, the rate depending, of course, upon the value of the security. The Government has no further concern in the matter than to protect the lender from depreciated currency, and in all events to make sound money circulate freely by means of a good bank system. When these conditions shall have become established in the United States money will be as cheap and abundant for public as well as for private objects in this country as anywhere else, instead of taking alarm and hiding itself at the threat of repudiation in the Free Silver crusade.

The rate of interest is the point from which is to be determined the cheapness or dearness of money in the markets. This is quite different from the notion of money propagated by Bryan, Altgeld and other political economists of "Coin" Harvey's school. When the prices of commodities are low these philosophers assert that money is scarce and dear because much can be purchased by it. When prices are high they insist that money is cheap and plentiful because little can be purchased by it. They have simply inverted (in their minds) the natural order of things. To the utter confusion of their doctrines, the prices of wheat and some other commodities have gone up, while the prices of some other commodities (including silver) have declined without any change in the volume or the price of money.

A part of the Silverite theory of dear money is the assertion that producers receive less for their commodities because money has become more scarce since the establishment of the gold standard. The gold standard was practically established in this country some sixty years ago, and in England still earlier; and since then prices have undergone many a change. But it is wholly untrue that under the gold standard money has become more scarce and dear. Apart from the fact that the per capita volume of currency has increased in this country and in many others, it has repeatedly been shown that the employment of checks, bills, drafts and other evidences of credit has largely superseded the use of money in the exchange of commodities and securities. All this the champions of cheap money, and plenty of it, persistently ignore; but it is none the less true because they shut their eyes to it.

Of course, for the vast superstructure of "credit" (for want of a better term to designate the means by which the world's exchanges are effected) there should be, and there is a basis of money. But the main consideration is that the standard of this money should be a just measure, and not a false, fluctuating and dishonest measure such as is proposed by the advocates of the free and unlimited coinage of depreciated silver dollars. It is absurd, however, to pretend that under a sound financial system the evidences of credit covering commodities in warehouses and grain elevators or in transit should themselves also be fully covered by metallic money. It would be still more absurd to cover them with a depreciated currency.

While the rate of interest is the real indicator of the price of money, and its plenty or scarcity, the prices of commodities are determined by the varied factors of cost of production and shipment, and supply and demand. But the movements now going on in the markets should convince any wayfarer, though a silverite, that the volume of money has nothing to do with the prices of commodities. Financial difficulties affect prices not because money has become distrustful, and has taken flight. Such is the situation which has been produced by the dread of a base coinage. But let this menace be removed by the overwhelming defeat of Bryan and his cohorts of repudiation, and money will be once more abundant and cheap without the need of coining another dollar!

CANNOT VOTE FOR BRYAN.

Mennonites and Dunkards Will Support McKinley.

CHAMBERSBURG, PA., October 15.—"Will the Dunkards and Mennonites vote this year, and, if so, how will they vote?" is a question which puzzles those interested in sound money and the maintenance of the national credit and a question of much moment, for upon its answer may hinge the result of the election in the Middle Western states, now regarded as so full of uncertainty, and it may ultimately decide the result of the national election.

The attitude which these devout people may take in a campaign is always a matter of concern to the politicians, especially in presidential years. As a body they are well to do, influential and sufficiently numerous to make their support much desired by any party fighting for a great principle. They have made themselves felt in politics here and in other states, but only at remote intervals. They are slow to exercise the franchise, but when they do their votes are always cast for the right, and as they are cast in a solid body at a time and in a year when they are not expected, their influence, taking into consideration their comparatively small number, is simply tremendous.

Here in Pennsylvania the Dunkards and Mennonites are regarded as non-voters. As a rule, they do not register, even in presidential years. Whenever the total registration shows that they have come out to register the politicians know that something is up, and begin to wonder what is coming. Several times they have made their powerful influence felt in Pennsylvania—once in recent years when the constitutional amendment for prohibition was before the people. Although they are the most temperate of people, yet they voted almost solidly against the amendment, as they regarded it an attack upon personal liberty. They have time and again taken a hand in judicial elections for the reason that they think that upon the judiciary they must depend for the preservation of their rights, and for this reason they are particularly aroused by the attack of the Chicago platform on the United States Supreme Court. In Kansas and other Western states they have always fought Populism, and the fact that they have done so is most significant this year when Populism has taken hold of one of the great parties and is trying to overthrow the national credit.

During the last week of May the General Conference of the River Brethren, a branch of the Mennonites, met near Greencastle, eleven miles from Chambersburg. Lay and ministerial delegates were present from all over the West, as far as Oregon and Washington, and thousands took part in the deliberations. Some of the delegates remained here visiting until after the two national conventions, and it is known that they told their Eastern brethren what Populism had done for the West, suggesting that a time had again come when they must exercise their right to vote. It is known, too, that the Kansas delegates told how they had been badly treated by the Populists at Abilene and other points in that state last year.

It has also been learned that letters have come here and to other parts of Pennsylvania from the ministers and leaders of the branches of the Mennonite and Dunkard churches in the West telling of the situation of affairs out there, saying that they were coming out to vote against Bryanism and urging their Eastern brethren to do likewise. The brethren here are averse to talking about the matter but it is certain that such letters have been received, and they point unmistakably to the fact that the members of this great religious body intend to vote this year, as they regard the maintenance of the national credit a matter of principle.

That the majority of these votes will be cast in the very states where they are most needed by the McKinley managers can be seen by the following figures: There are over 75,000 adult members of the Dunkard church in this country. In Ohio there are 11,799; Indiana, 12,350; Illinois, 4,119; Iowa, 3,470; Kansas, 4,067; Maryland, 2,974. In the parent state, Pennsylvania, there are 16,797. There are more than 42,000 Mennonites in the country, and the doubtful Western states have these numbers: Ohio, 5,988; Indiana, 3,732; Illinois, 3,015, and Kansas, 4,620.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 26, 1896.

The march of McKinley and Hobart to victory has been as steady and sure as that of Napoleon's Old Guard in the days when it knew no defeat. It has gone on from day to day since the campaign opened: there has been no halting, no hesitation, no retreating. There has been one cry, "On to Victory!" Each week the extent of the victory has had to be enlarged by the conservative men who have managed this great campaign, because they decided in the beginning to claim no state until absolutely certain that the vote of that state would back up the claim made. The first announcement of the certainty of the election of McKinley and Hobart, the consequent triumph of honest money and of the right to earn it by honest toil, and the maintenance of our National honor, only claimed 270 electoral votes just 46 more than the number necessary to elect; a little later the reports received by the Republican managers justified raising the claim to 302 votes and now the situation justifies the claim of 325 certain electoral votes, with a probability of 44 additional votes. In other words, there are only 78 electoral votes that are certain for Bryan. This last claim is made by vice-chairman Apsley, of the Republican Congressional Committee, the man who while occupying the same position two years ago called the turn on the Republican landslide in the Congressional election in a manner that surprised the country and showed that his figures were backed by actual information. The same gentleman now says that information received since Chairman Babcock recently made his claim for 162 Republican members of the next House justifies his claiming 224.

It is the general impression in Washington that McKinley and Hobart will receive the largest majority of the popular vote ever cast for the Presidential ticket, and not a few men are predicting phenomenal majorities in states considered doubtful a month ago.

Secretary Mercer, of the Republican Congressional Committee will this week go home and will remain in Nebraska until after election day. Mr. Mercer is not going because he regards his presence in the District as necessary to his re-election to Congress—he is already certain of that—but merely because his work in Washington is completed and he wishes to add his vote to the majority that Nebraska is going to give McKinley and Hobart.

Maj. Saunders, of Louisville, Ky., now visiting Washington is of the opinion that the insults given to Secretary Carlisle will do Bryan great injury. He said on the subject: "Most undoubtedly the effect of the ruffianly treatment of Secretary Carlisle will be to weaken Bryan. There is not a community in Kentucky in which the people will not resent the indignity offered Mr. Carlisle. It was an outrage of an unpardonable sort, and I have no doubt that the insult was deliberately planned."

A special report from the State Department, on the currency system of the world's greatest nations and their relations to prices of all sorts of commodities, including human labor, is important, timely and highly instructive. It shows beyond the shadow of a doubt that fluctuating standards cause the greater loss to toilers; also that in every country which has a gold standard, the tendency of wages has been steadily upward and the cost of living has been just as steadily lessened, while exactly the reverse is true of the countries that is upon a silver basis. In Mexico about the only people who receive what would be considered even fairly good wages in this country are those who are especially skilled in the mechanical branches, and most of them are natives of the United States. These are cold, hard facts which cannot be refuted by the silver rainbow chasers. The United States is not exempt and cannot by legislation be exempted from the inexorable rules of business and commerce. If placed upon a silver basis it could not expect that its experience would differ from other countries which have tried and are trying that basis.

It is not an easy matter for a man who has often been licked by another man to keep his nerve up when he knows that he has got to fight the same man again and get another licking. That is just the condition of the Popocratic managers. They had been hoping to escape the licking this time, but now they know it is impossible, and yet they have to keep up a show of cheerfulness and give up bulletins claiming that they will win. When you are looking for subjects for your pity do not forget the Popocratic managers.

IT'S YOUR LIVER

When you feel tired, listless, heavy, headachy, flushed, and have a foul taste in your mouth you may be sure your liver is loafing. It isn't doing its work; it needs a stirring up.

DR. A. S. TODD'S ANTI-BILIOUS LIVER PILLS

will straighten you out. Make you feel like new. Brighten eyes and brain. Clear your complexion—cure your headache. 25 cents, all druggists. Made by

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

Anti-Bilious Tablets relieve nausea.

RECEIVER'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE
—AND—
Personal Property.
NEAR OAKLAND.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, dated the 15th day of October A. D. 1896, and passed in a cause wherein Jefferson E. Brookhead is plaintiff and Mahlon M. Crabtree is defendant, the undersigned receiver was authorized and directed to make sale of the real estate and personal property mentioned in said proceedings. In pursuance thereof he hereby gives notice that on

Thursday, the 12th Day of November,

1896, at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m., on the premises located in the east end of the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Md., he will offer at public auction to the highest bidder,

1st. All that lot of ground described as follows: Beginning for the same on the north limit of the right-of-way of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad twenty-four and one-fourth feet from the south east corner of the planing mill of Bradford Bros. as now located, and running thence north 58½ degrees east 18½ perches, thence north 6° degrees west 12 perches to a stake, thence south 54½ degrees west 11½ perches to the limits of the aforesaid right-of-way of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad to the beginning 20½ perches, containing 1.87 perches of land, being the same lot of ground which was conveyed to the said Bradford Bros. by Henry Weber and wife by deed dated the 16th day of April, 1895, and duly recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 26, folio 519, among the Land Records of Garrett county.

The improvements consist of a first-class new planing mill with all the necessary machinery and power for operating same, all in first-class good order.

2nd. All the stock of lumber, doors, sash, glass, mouldings, and other material on hand at said premises.

Under the order of the court the said mill, fixtures lumber, etc., will be sold either as an entirety or separately, whichever may appear for the best interests of the trust.

Terms of sale, as prescribed by said order, one-half cash and the balance in six months, the purchasers to execute their bonds with security satisfactory to the undersigned receiver. Deferred payments to bear interest from the day of sale, or the entire purchase money may be paid in cash at the purchaser's option.

JOHN SHARTZER,
Receiver.

For further information apply to Edward H. Sinnell or Fred A. Thayer, solicitors. 33-tf

ORDER NISI.

Estes G. Rathbone vs. Ellen Gibbons, et al.—No. 784 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

Ordered, this 17th day of October, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Estes G. Rathbone, assignee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 14th day of November, 1896; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 14th day of November, 1896.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2700 00.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 33 3

Proclamation and Notice

Of a new election to be held in Election District No 10 of Garrett county, Maryland, at the next Congressional election, to be held on November the 3rd, 1896, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication, shall be sold in said District.

Whereas, by Chapter 403 of the Acts of 1896 of the General Assembly of Maryland, it was made the duty of one or more of the Judges of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, upon the presentation before the first day of August, 1896, of the written petition of at least one-third in number of the registered voters who cast their votes at the last preceding general election in any election district of Garrett county, to pass an order within thirty days after the filing of said petition, directing the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Garrett county to proclaim notice of a new election to be held at the next Congressional election in such election district to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors and medicated bitters producing intoxication should be sold in such district.

And whereas, such written petition, signed by said number of voters in Election District No. 10 of Garrett county, Maryland, was, on the 31st day of July, 1896, filed with the Clerk of said Court, who, upon said day it was ordered by Hon. David W. Sloan, one of the Judges of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, that the Clerk of said Court proclaim notice of a new election to be held in said Election District No. 10 of Garrett county, as above provided, unless however, a counter petition from said election district, larger in number than the one filed as aforesaid should be presented before the first day of September, 1896.

And whereas, a counter petition from said Election District number ten, purporting to be signed by a greater number of the registered voters aforesaid than the petition filed on the 31st day of July, 1896, was filed with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county aforesaid on the 7th day of August, 1896.

And whereas, the said petition and counter petition having been duly considered accordingly, and it being ascertained by the said Circuit Court that the counter petition did not have as large a number of signers entitled to be counted as the original petition, it was on the 9th day of September, 1896, ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, that the Clerk of the said Circuit Court be directed to proclaim notice of an election to be held in said Election District number ten, No. 10 at the next Congressional election on November the 3rd, 1896, to determine whether or not spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication shall be sold in said district.

Now therefore, in obedience to said order, I, Edward Z. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, do hereby proclaim and give notice to all the voters and people of said Election District No. 10 in Garrett county, and to all others whom it may concern, that at the time and place of the next Congressional election held in said district in said county on the third day of November, 1896, there will be held a new election to said district by the judges and clerks of election who shall then and there hold said Congressional election, to determine whether or not license shall be granted to sell spirituous or fermented liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication in said district, and whether any or said liquors or any compound, of which alcohol forms the chief or principal ingredient, shall be sold in said district after the first day of May, 1897, except by a regular pharmacist or druggist having a license for such business under the law of this State upon the written bonafide prescription of a regular practicing physician of such district, whose name shall be signed thereto, and that at said election at said time and place in said district, each legally qualified voter of said district shall be entitled to cast one vote for or against said license and said, and that if at said election it shall be found that a majority of such votes have been cast for license in said district, license for the sale of such liquors will be granted as now or hereafter may be provided by law, but if it shall be found that a majority of said votes have been cast against license in said district it shall not be lawful for any person or persons, firm, company or body corporate after the first day of May, 1897, to sell or otherwise dispose of by way of barter, directly or indirectly, any such liquors, and no license will be issued or granted for the sale of the same in said election district.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland. 31-4t

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A FLIGHT TO THE POLE.

BY ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

My air-ship was a complete and perfect success. An extended trial trip had demonstrated that the vertical propeller was capable of raising the ship to a height far beyond that of the highest mountains on the earth, while the horizontal propeller could easily drive it ahead at a speed of 200 miles an hour. It answered the helm more readily than any vessel that ever rode the waves, and its course could be deflected up or down with equal readiness. In fact, I at last had ready to my hand the means of accomplishing my great project. On the evening of the third day after the trial trip, I drove up to my ranch, near Knight's Landing, where the air-ship had been built, unknown to all the world save James Auchincloss, the Scotch machinist who had assisted me in putting the parts together as they arrived from the foundry in San Francisco. He had shared with me the perils and triumphs of the trial trip. Now, as I drove my light wagon up to the door, after a trip to the ferry, Auchincloss came out to help me to unload. Having handed out supplies of bread, crackers and various kinds of canned delicacies, together with some wine and spirits, I flung out six buffalo robes, and the same number of heavy blankets.

"Hallo, Mr. Aitken!" exclaimed Auchincloss. "You've got wraps enough for the north pole."

"Glad you think so," replied I; "that's just where we're going."

"All right, boss," said Auchincloss. "I don't doubt you can do it. A man that can build an air-ship can go to the north pole in it. When do we start?"

"To-morrow morning, at daybreak—half-past four."

"Then let's go to bed."

Day broke dim over the hills and plains of Stanislaus county as, after a hasty breakfast, we stowed into the vessel the things I had bought on the previous night. We also carried in our stove and clamped it securely to the cabin floor, piling in at the same time half a cord of wood for fuel. Two ten-gallon kegs of water completed the commissariat. I secured a small, but beautifully fitted compass, with all modern appliances, at the forward end of the cabin, where it would be furthest removed from the influence of the iron; and, beside it, a very fine chronometer. This latter marked just 12 minutes to five as Auchincloss, standing by the engine, turned on the air, and, under the enormous draught of the horizontal fans, our vessel with a singing noise rose vertically into the air.

The moving panorama beneath us now began to be beautiful in the extreme. I purposed keeping roughly in the region lying between the 120th and 122d meridians of longitude, deviating from a strict northerly course where necessary to avoid a mountainous country. We therefore passed in a northwesterly direction over Farmington and Linden; crossed the Calaveras river at 5:04; the Mokelumne at 5:10; the Cosumnes at 5:14; and were scouring about five miles to the east of Sacramento at 5:20. By six a. m., we had passed Red Bluffs and Cottonwood, and were abreast of the Black Buttes of Lassen; while far away to the north, 70 miles across the intervening country of Shasta, and in that of Siskiyou, the white cone which gives its name to the afore-mentioned district pierced the cloudless ether. Still keeping up the main water-shed of the Sacramento, at 6:20, we skirted the western base of Mt. Shasta, which towered 12,000 feet above us. Ten minutes later we were just crossing the Oregon line, having passed over more than four degrees of latitude, or 300 miles, in an hour and a half. The vessel was answering expectation; the pressure in the receiver was only 80 pounds, and the discharges of cartridges in the condenser had been kept to 12 a minute. Auchincloss continued to smoke imperturbably, and went methodically round with his oil can.

We now and again made a divergence to the northeast to avoid the Cascade range of mountains. At 7:45 we sighted the Columbia river, and crossed into Washington territory at The Dalles. Striking still eastward into the valley of the Yakima, Mount Adams, Mount Rainier and Mount Aiks were successfully left behind us during the next half hour. Here, the mountains becoming more broken, we had to rise to a height of nearly 6,000 feet to avoid their ridges. At 8:30 we crossed the forty-ninth parallel and entered British territory. The next three hours were passed at a great altitude, for we were continually approaching the Rocky mountains. These we crossed between 9:50 and 10:15, at an altitude of 8,000 feet by the barometer, and entered upon a region much colder than that which we had left on the other side of the range. I now lit the stove, as it was getting sharp and cold, for the sun was no higher in the heavens than it had been two hours earlier, though it had, of course, swung further to the south. I also spread out my charts upon the table, and at 12 noon I took a sextant observation, and determined the latitude to be 61 degrees 40 minutes north, while the river which ran beneath I concluded to be the Mackenzie river, in longitude 121 degrees 20 minutes west. The variation of the compass had increased since leaving California; but, by consulting my tables of magnetic variation and deflection, I was enabled to frame an approximate northerly course; and determined now, as there were no more mountain ranges to cross, to keep as closely as I could to the 121st meridian.

After passing Great Bear lake, no examination of the chart was necessary to tell us that we had entered the Arctic circle. The biting breeze from the east, and the sun which, though skirting the horizon, seemed never to approach it, were sufficient to acquaint us with this fact. The air of the cabin, excepting in the immediate region of the stove, was keen and bitter in the extreme. Auchincloss' business, except that of oiling the machinery, having been found to be a sinecure, with such regularity did all portions do their work, he had, half an hour previously, come into the cabin, and was engaged in cooking some food for dinner; previous to doing which he had converted two of the buffalo robes and blankets into very rough leggings with the aid of a brad-awl and some leather laces. At 3:15, while engaged in taking a hasty meal, with the welcome addition of hot grog, one of us eating while the other attended to the charging of the condenser, I descried an unbroken line of water, and in a few minutes we were flying over the Arctic ocean. At 3:45, we again descried land, which a reference to the map showed me must be Baring island. An hour's passage brought us again to an open sea, which examination proved to be Banks' strait. At five p. m., we again reached a line of coast, which I presumed to be Prince Patrick's island, and accordingly knew that we had reached the 77th parallel of latitude, or less than 900 miles from the pole, having actually traversed the distance of 2,800 miles in a little over 12 hours!

As it was not my object to approach the region of the pole until nearly midnight, when I could take an observation to determine its true location, I resolved if possible to find some Eskimo village where we could obtain suitable wraps to continue our voyage, since neither of us now dared to leave the vicinity of the stove for more than a minute or two at a time, or without quickening the circulation of the blood with copious draughts of spirits. This latter seemed to be wholly appropriated by the extremities and external portions of the body without being conveyed to the brain.

We now slackened our speed and rose into the air, so that I might have a more extended view through my binocular of the region beneath me, and if possible catch sight of an Eskimo village. I was able to sweep a circle of some ten miles radius, and, after going over some 20 miles of territory, I descried on the horizon what I thought we wanted. Again turning on our propelling power, a run of a few minutes brought us over the place, which proved to be a settlement of some 30 huts, so we proceeded to drop down upon them at a few yards distance. When we got to within 500 or 600 feet we had evidently attracted their attention. Each pigmy hut poured out two or three denizens of every age and size. They looked at us for several moments motionless with amazement, then suddenly dispersed, some running to their sledges and dogs, which they proceeded to harness with every sign of alacrity, others taking refuge within their huts, but not one staying to look further at the strange visitors. We descended very gradually, and at length alighted quietly on the ground. We next got out and walked about to show that we were men; and Auchincloss, who had brought out a bottle of brandy and a tumbler, held them out and beckoned to one pigmy who was peering from the door of his hut. This individual must at some previous time have become acquainted with the merits of strangers and black bottles, for, under the influence of the continued signs of Auchincloss, he at length approached and received a tumbler of the beverage, which he swallowed with evident relish. It acted like magic. He called to his kinsfolk, who reappeared as speedily as they had previously vanished, and while Auchincloss administered the remains of the bottle, I went to the vessel and returned with a demijohn. During the hilarity which ensued, I made them understand by signs that I would give a demijohn of spirits and a dozen plugs of tobacco for two suits of furs. The suits were brought, the desired exchange was made, and we were again ascending into mid-air, amid the admiring glances of the Eskimos, ten minutes after alighting among them.

Leaving Prince Patrick's island, we shortly passed into the unknown sea. A reference to the chart showed me that explorers, though penetrating further to the north in more easterly meridians, had left the geography of the earth a terra incognita. We were now, in fact, breaking upon the isothermal line which passes through the twin poles of intensest cold, and which runs in a zigzag curve through the northernmost regions of America and Siberia. We kept the stove nearly red hot; we kept the kettle singing; congratulated ourselves on the acquisition of the fur robes, lit our Partagas, and took turns of five minutes each in the duty of charging the condenser and oiling the machinery. We were now running across a tract of ocean blocked, for the most part, with ice, in uncouth, irregular masses, but with here and there straits of open water, varying from a few hundred yards to a hundred miles in width. The scene was white, drear, bleak, monotonous and ghastly; no vegetation, and the animal kingdom—but sparsely represented by an occasional bear or walrus—looking like mere dots beneath us. The compass had now become entirely untrustworthy, for I had no data on which to base its probable variation. I was, therefore, compelled to steer by an empirical angle, computed from the sun's apparent westerly motion and my supposed latitude, reckoned by speed and time.

At six p. m., when we left the Eskimo village, I reckoned our distance from the pole to be 900 miles, and had accordingly slackened speed somewhat, as I did not wish to gain its vicinity until nearly midnight. For five hours we had been traversing the frozen deep, and now, at 11 p. m., I determined to descend and make a trial observation to find our latitude. The gearing was changed and we descended upon a somewhat elevated ice plateau. The sun's upper limb alone was visible, though the horizon was sufficiently sharply defined for all practical purposes. After corrections for semi-diameter, dip, parallax and refraction, I computed the sun's altitude, and from it, by an indirect method sometimes used by navigators, I determined our longitude to be 93 degrees 32 minutes west, which proved that we had gone eastward of a true northerly course. Having thus fixed the meridian and the local time I proceeded to take the latitude, which I found to be 89 degrees 42 minutes, or only 18 minutes or a little over 20 miles from the pole. My only course now was to pass over this intervening distance by dead reckoning, dependent upon the speed of the vessel. As there was still half an hour to midnight we took a lunch and comforted ourselves around the stove.

At five minutes before midnight we were again rising over the ice-fields, and steering straight for the eastern limb of the low, red sun. I allowed seven minutes and a half for covering the 25 miles, at full speed, and two degrees of right ascension for the sun's travel during that time; and, taking this latter element into consideration in the steering, as the chronometer marked the time, I signed to Auchincloss to reverse the gearing, when we slowly dropped upon the desolate scene. A blank landscape of barren desolation stretched on every side to the limits of the horizon, and the weird crimson beams of an impotent sun shed a ghastly light upon this frozen sea. No land, no soil, no vegetation, no animal life, no still or flowing water acted as a relief to the death-like nature of the picture. It seemed as if the dead inertia of the planet at this point had transferred itself to everything around. The stillness of death prevailed, and a deep horror came over me as I stood upon this mysterious spot hitherto trod—at least, within the period of our physical history — by none of the human race. Beside me stood Auchincloss, looking, in his Eskimo suit, very different to the engineer in blue overalls and jumper who had left the ranch on the Stanislaus river 19 hours previously.

"Here we are, Jim," said I, "as near as we can go. I don't think we're more than a mile out, but in what direction, I don't know. It would require a fresh observation to determine everything with perfect accuracy, and that I don't feel disposed to make. And now to signalize the accomplishment of the feat. How are subsequent explorers to tell that anyone has been here before them? I confess I am at a loss; but my mind was so taken up with the sudden requirements of the trip that this thing completely escaped my notice."

"Make yourself easy, boss," said Auchincloss, as he jumped back into the vessel. "I thought of that very thing while you were gone in the wagon to Knight's Ferry. I knew very well there was no pole here, so I made one. Here it is," and, suiting the action to the word, he proceeded to pull out from beneath the center of the vessel a roughly planed piece of timber which had escaped my notice, as it hung supported by rope nooses beneath the length of the boat.

"How will that do, boss?" he exclaimed, as he pulled it from its fastenings. "I rove a block and tackle to it, and I took that union flag of yours that was tucked up on the top shelf of the shanty, and dusted it, and brought it along. Likewise, I took a couple of yards of our calico awning and slapped the red, vertical cross of St. George over the blue diagonal cross of St. Andrew, thereby making a union jack, and here they are;" and he brought out a couple of extremely ordinary-looking flags. "Now," continued he, "I charred the end of this pole, and after that I tarred it. Now, if you'll take the pick and crow-bar and put a hole in this ice, I have no doubt we can leave a pole here, even if we didn't find one."

In 15 minutes our pole was securely imbedded in the ice, surmounted by the twin banners of the stars and stripes and union jack, which would have floated to the breeze had there been any. As it was, our black pole stood out in bold relief against the interminable icy white which surrounded it on every side, and afforded sufficient landmark and guarantee to future explorers that they had not been the first to acquaint themselves with the virgin position of the planet's axis. Of half a dozen bottles of champagne, which had been brought along, three had been drunk, two had burst through expansion as they froze, and but one had retained its liquid condition, having been kept beneath the stove. This last was shivered against our rough mast which Auchincloss christened "North Pole," while I stood sponsor.

Formalities having been expended, and our mission accomplished, we returned to our vessel, again speeding southward under a continuous sun, passing over pretty nearly the same country as we had done on our northward voyage. Suffice it to say that we arrived at our ranch on the banks of the Stanislaus river by seven p. m., or a little after sundown, of the day subsequent to that on which we started, having completed the trip to the north pole and back in somewhat less than 38 hours.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Restful Trip.

"Did you get rested?" Fogg asked of Fenderson on the latter's return from Europe. "Yes, I did," answered the traveler. "Got into Liverpool Friday morning, reached London in the afternoon; went to Paris next morning; left for Switzerland the day after that; stopped there two hours; then started for Berlin and did it up in a forenoon; back to England the next day and caught the steamer just in time. Rested? By Jove, I feel like a new man!"—Boston Transcript.

OSTRICH PLUMES.

Feather Tassels of the New Thread for Boas and Capes.

There has been a new departure in the manufacture of ostrich feather trimming. The feathers themselves have been transformed from the sprightly, curly tips to a stem with long fringe hanging from its flues. The attempt is to make them droop like paradise feathers, as that is the craze of the hour. The fringe is usually in a different tint from the rest of the feather. A white feather, for instance, will have a yellow fringe about eight inches long.

It appears to best advantage, however, when made into tassels and used to trim boas and capes. This material is not new; it is merely a new way of using the feathers themselves. The stiff, ungainly stem, which has always been so much in the way of progress in feather manufacture, has at last been removed, and the soft flues are found pliable. The fringe is made by simply twisting the flues together, three or four being used to make one string for a feather, and more according to length wanted when a tassel is to be made. The tassels on the end of the white feather boa mentioned are about 18 inches long and as thick as a man's arm. It took four girls ten days to twist the 4,000 ends used in these tassels.

Small tassels are used to trim feather [illegible] collarettes, and in this way they very much resemble the fur tails that edged fur capes last year. Instead of the bushy mink tails used on fur boas we shall see soft feather tassels and ostrich boas during the coming season. They are dyed in all colors, but the prettiest combination is white and yellow. A white feather collarette has yellow tassels about eight inches long, set around the bottom at intervals of six or eight inches. There is a sort of jabot of yellow tassels in front.

A very handsome black cape has green tassels, which is a fashionable combination now.

Out of a pound of feathers containing from 60 to 80 plumes about eight tassels can be made of the size described on the white boa. It is a new industry, but there are already 100 people at work in the factory. The product is called plume de saule. The manufacturers intend to use it in connection with novelties in fur goods. There will be ostrich tassels on fur muffs and boas, and it is possible that we shall soon see a soft fabric woven out of the silver threads.

Feather muffs with ostrich tassels are being made to go with the ostrich boas. A large firm in New York holds the patent on this material, but it is being scattered broadcast all over the country, and there is every indication that it will be the leading trimming of the coming season.

In making this feather thread the very best quality of plumes are used, as a poor grade would give a stringy fringe that is not pretty.—N. Y. Sun.

COMFORTABLES AND BLANKETS.

Necessary Articles in the First Cool Weather.

The first cool days of fall, and even the days of late summer, frequently call for warmer bedclothing. Nothing is likely to be more serious than a night chill, such as is frequently brought on by insufficient protection from the cool night air. The sudden changes of this season are too well known not to warn everyone to be cautious. Flannels of light quality and warm cashmere stockings are as much needed now by infants and invalids as heavier flannels are in the depth of winter. Where expense is of no moment, blankets of soft wool are the first choice, but a vast number of people are forced, from necessity, to use comfortables.

There is really very little choice on the score of economy if the comfortables are purchased all readymade, as a good light one that is properly made costs almost as much as a pair of blankets of the same warmth. The readymade comfortable is, moreover, seldom put together so that it can be laundered.

It is a very simple matter to make a good-sized comfortable at home, if there is a quilting frame in the house. It is very difficult to find readymade comfortables of proper size for a double bed. "Double comfortables" are usually too short and always too narrow. A comfortable can be made at home for less than $1.25 that is three yards square, though 2½ yards by 2½ yards is a very good size. Use the patent cotton, which is much softer and lighter than the cheap "bats" that require spreading. Tack the comfortable with Germantown yarn, and finish it on the edge with a buttonhole stitch in Germantown yarn. Such comfortables are easily ripped up when they are soiled. Do not attempt to wash the cotton, as it does not pay. Wash the outside and use fresh new cotton.—N. Y. Tribune.

Cynical.

Those who have reached a point in their journeying on a wrong road where they have lost their pride in a good name are in a very dangerous position. They are not far from the moral ease of a certain speculator of whom one acquaintance said to another:

"I don't see how he can do as he does; he does not seem to think much of his reputation."

"Well," answered the other man, "I don't see how he could think much of it—it's so bad!"—Youth's Companion.

Celery Salad.

Well wash the celery and keep it in the cool till wanted; then dry on a cloth and cut in thin-sliced sticks, 1½ inches long, or in short julienne shapes. Season it with pepper and salt, oil and tarragon or other vinegar and chopped shallot; mix well together and serve in a salad bowl. Garnish with slices of tomatoes or beetroot, cut in fancy shapes and seasoned like the celery.—N. Y. Ledger.

AUNTIE AND HER AMANUENSIS.

The Letter That Was Finally Finished Under Considerable Difficulties.

Aunty crossed the floor with her heavy plantation tread and set the clock on the mantel.

It had in its day kept company with old creole mahogany and carried itself in lordly fashion among its peers, but now for many years, on account of some obscure visceral derangement, it had been retired to humble society.

"The clock doctor, he say she all right now, an' jest as magnificus as she ever were; only you'll jest have ter wind her up, please, ma'am," said aunty.

The mistress cheerfully arose and essayed the novel task.

The key turned in its place with infinite difficulty, as if it dragged after it the whole weight of the unwilling years, and there was a strange groaning and creaking within and a convulsive shudder of the whole machinery and framework. But it began to tick and the hands began to move.

Aunty surveyed it with awe and delight.

"She goes tribulatin' along as peart as ever she did. How nachal it does sound!"

"Where did you get such a fine old relic, aunty?" asked the mistress, noting its points.

"My ole mistr's give her to me arter the surrender. They was all broke up and the ole plantation was sold and they went to N' Orleans ter live. An' now, honey, I'se ready fer de letter if you is."

"Yes, aunty. Who is the letter for?"

"My granddaughter. Her mother give her ter me an' I let her go to N' Orleans ter stay with her father. You see, they didn't get erlong—"

"Who, aunty? Your granddaughter and her mother?"

"Bless yer heart, no! I mean her father an' mother, an' they separated, an' he's got another wife an' she's got another husban'."

"Oh, well, I have written, 'My dear granddaughter.' Now, what next?"

"'I was mighty glad ter hear from you all an' that you was well an' doin' well.'

"She give me when she orter give 12, an' she give 12 when she orter give one," said aunty, interrupting her droning recitative.

The scribe looked up in bewilderment. Aunty's eyes were fixed on the clock.

"Didn't you hear her strike?"

"No. Never mind the clock now, aunty."

"He said she were all right," murmured aunty, sadly.

"We will consult him again if she is not, but now we must write the letter if we want it to go in the next mail."

"I does want it ter go powerful bad."

"Well, then, what next?"

"'I am well and doing well at present, but I have had mighty pore health this winter. Be a good girl an' don't forget your pore ole gran'mother. If her father don't let her come up here 'fore long I'm gwine down there.'"

The scribe caught her breath and drew her pen through a line and a half.

"What you do that fer?" complained aunty.

"Never mind. Go on."

"You worries me so, scratchin' out the writin', I done fergot. Oh! 'Won't you please let my gran'daughter come up an' see me, if it's only fer a day? That's fer her father," said aunty.

The writer paused.

"If I'd listen to her Aunt Lulu I shouldn't never let her go with him. Tell her I'm a-comin' down ter see her. He beats her with his crutch and don't give her nothin'. 'Don't think hard o' me 'cause I didn't send you anything Christmas. I was away from home two months, water bound.'"

The mistress laid down her pen.

"Oh, aunty, what a story!"

"It's jest to satisfy her, honey, so she don't think hard o' me. Tell her I'm comin' ter see her in a week or two an' be sure an' look fer me."

"Now, aunty, you know I can't spare you in a week or two."

"'Co'se I does, an' I ain't a-gwine. But she kin be lookin' out. I wish," added the kind soul, regretfully, "that I could send her some fruit. But how can I? I don't know anybody gwine there."

"Why, aunty, there's always lots of fruit in the city market, and you can send her a dime or two bits any time in a letter and she can buy some."

"Law sakes! So I kin. It becomes it you al'oys thinks of everything? That head o' alyons is plum full all the time," said aunty, admiringly.

"Is that all, aunty?"

"Oh, tell her ter be sure ter ax her father ter pray fer me."

"Aunty, I wouldn't. He seems to be a bad fellow."

"But you see, honey, I don't want him ter be mad at me, 'cause mebby then he won't let her come an' see me. I don't reckon he nims ter let her come, nohow. He took her away ter keep her, but he needn't have gone at it that reverent way."

"What name shall I write on the outside?"

"Rev. Jim Brown."

"But, aunty, it's for your granddaughter."

"He gets the letters an' he'll know who it's fer. And now there's another one, an' it's to Rev. Jim Brown. An' then if you ain't anything partickler ter do I'd like ter have you write ter my daughter out on Tickfaw, please, ma'am."

Two hours later the amanuensis laid down her pen with a long sigh of relief.—Chicago News.

His Mistake.

Brown—This Billy the Biffer, the new English middleweight, is well known on the other side, is he not?

Robinson—Very well, indeed. If he had given his attention to verse instead of prose he might have been poet laureate.—N. Y. Truth.

"How To Fill the Milk Can."

This is the title of a novel and instructive pamphlet issued by the Smalley Mfg. Co., Manitowoc, Wis. It describes the most modern method of stock feeding, emphasizing the importance of the silo on the farm and the intelligent feeding of ensilage. The Smalley Mfg. Co. are doing good work in their effort to advance the interests of the farmer, the stock raiser and the dairyman. Their pamphlets are a source of valuable information and should be read by everyone interested in the subject. No. 1 describes the modern round silo and how to build it; No. 2 is a treatise on "Corn Hay," the new fodder product and how to make it. All of these pamphlets are sent free to anyone, together with Catalogues of the Smalley Family of Feed Savers, consisting of the most practical Ensilage and Fodder Cutters, Corn Shredders, Feed Mills, Ear Corn Grinders and Root Cutters. Each of these machines is a labor saver and a profit maker, and they are being more widely used every day in every section.

A GERMAN paper contains the following unique advertisement: "Any person who can prove that my tapioca contains any thing injurious to health will have three boxes of it sent to him free of charge."—Christian Register.

Get a Farm While Prices Are Low.

If you want a farm of your own now is the time to get one in Northern Wisconsin, along the line of the Lake Superior division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, where a sure crop can be raised each year, which can always be sold at good prices in the lumbering towns along the line of this railroad. *Low prices; long time.* Address C. E. Rollins, 161 La Salle Street, Chicago.

LULU—"We girls are getting up a secret society of our own." George—"Indeed! What's the object?" Lulu—"I don't know yet, but I'll tell you all about it after I'm initiated."—Household Words.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

HER hat was large, but—joyous truth!—
Revenge was waiting there;
Before her sat a football youth
With a head of flaunting hair.
—Washington Star.

A Tenacious Clutch

Is that of dyspepsia. Few remedies do more than palliate this obstinate complaint. Try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, however, and you will find that it is conquerable, along with its symptoms, heartburn, flatulence, nervousness, and loss of flesh and vigor. Biliousness and constipation frequently accompany it. These, besides malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints, are also subdoable with the Bitters.

HE—"What do you think of young Jones?" She—"I think if he had lived in Biblical days, Balaam's ass would never have attained such prominence."—Harlem Life.

To Cleanse the System

Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently overcome habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds, or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.

HOWSO—"I know how to govern my wife, sir." Cumso—"Well, why don't you do it?" Howso—"She won't let me."—Brooklyn Life.

MEN and ladies in small towns wishing to earn $18 a week easily, write us; we will explain. Excelsior Chemical Co., Rochester, N. Y. Lock Box 608.

"HARRY," asked the teacher, "what is an outline?" "Well," replied Harry, who was taking his first lesson in drawing, "in our house the only outline is the clothes line."

PISO'S CURE for Consumption is an A No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. WILLIAMS, Antioch, Ills., April 11, 1894.

THE best cure for sorrow is to sympathize with another in his sorrow. The cure for despondency is to lift the burden from some other heart.

CURE your cough with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.
Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

AS THE Persian proverb has it: "Do not burn the blanket to get rid of one flea." Burn the dog.

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"HAVE you an account at Jones'?" "No. I did have; but he keeps a collector out with it now."—Up-to-Date.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

IMPOSSIBLE.—He—"They say there is a skeleton in the Hamiltons' closet." She—"Josh! They live in a flat."—Brooklyn Life.

WHEN bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

Take

Care of your physical health. Build up your system, tone your stomach, enrich your blood, prevent colds, pneumonia and fevers by taking

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FIELD FLOWERS

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The most beautiful Art Production of the century. "A small bunch of the most fragrant of blossoms gathered from the broad acres of Eugene Field's Farm of Love." Contains a selection of the most beautiful of the poems of Eugene Field. Handsomely illustrated by thirty-five of the world's greatest artists as their contribution to the Monument Fund. But for the noble contributions of the great artists this book could not have been manufactured for $7.50. For sale at book stores, or sent prepaid on receipt of $1.10. The love offering to the Child's Poet Laureate, published by the Committee to create a fund to build the Monument and to care for the family of the beloved poet.

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EDUCATIONAL.

Bush Business and Shorthand School is the Spencerian Commercial College, Cleveland, O. Estab'd 1848. Incorp'd 1895. Graduates assisted to positions. Catalogue and College Journal free.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—A Perfect Gentleman.—"Paw, can a man be a perfect gentleman and refuse to pay his debts?" Mr. Figg—"Nol his poker debts."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Patriotism Up to Date.—"Sawyer, don't you think a man ought to work for his political principles?" "No, sir; I think a man's political principles ought to work for him."—Chicago Record.

—Modern.—"And shall I then look daggers?" asked the ingenue. The stage manager tore his hair. "No," he shrieked. "This is a modern play. Look hat-pins."—Detroit Tribune.

—"I think," remarked the goat, charging headlong at the small boy who was bringing up the rear of the political procession, "I'll do a little business in the campaign buttin' line myself."

—Wicks—"There is one thing I will say for Blaxter; he never talks about his own writings." Hicks—"I am glad to hear that. Where there's a sense of shame there's always some hope for reformation."—Boston Transcript.

—Fashionable.—Sir Toby (after ringing the bell furiously)—"John, what is that confounded van waiting at the door for?" John—"If you please, sir, it's the milliner who has sent it to take away two of her ladyship's hats to alter."—Moonshine.

—Ambiguity.— (Scene, a Highland ferry)—Tourist—"But we paid you sixpence each as we came over, and you said the same fare would bring us back." Skipper—"Well, well, and I telled ye nothing but the truth; an' it'll be no more than the same fare I'm wantin' the noo for bringin' ye back."—Punch.

—A lady who was looking about in a bric-a-brac shop with a view to purchasing something old noticed a quaint figure, the head and shoulders of which apprared above the counter. "What is that Japanese idol over there worth?" she inquired. The salesman replied in a subdued tone: "Worth about £10,000, madam; it's the proprietor."—Tit-Bits.

RELIGIOUS MANIAS IN AMERICA.

Our Short History Is Full of Examples of Mental Epidemics.

Turning now to the American, who somewhat resembles the Hebrew, both in business ability and religiousness, we find social suggestion working in him on a larger and grander scale. The American is highly suggestible, and the short history of his national existence is full of instructive cases of mental epidemics. A few instances will, perhaps, suffice for our purpose.

At the beginning of the present century a mania of religious revival swept over the continent of northern America, and reached its acme in the camp meetings of the "Kentucky revivals." The first camp meeting in Kentucky was held at Cabin Creek, and continued four days and three nights. The scene was awful beyond description. The preaching, the praying, the singing, the shouting, the sobbing, the fits of convulsions made of the camp a pandemonium. Religious suggestion soon affected the idle crowd of spectators, and acted with such virulence that those who tried to escape were either struck by convulsions on the way, or impelled to return by some unknown, irresistible power. The contagion spread with great rapidity and spared neither age nor sex.

The camp meeting of Indian Creek, Harrison county, is especially interesting and instructive for its bringing clearly to light the terrible power of suggestion. The meeting was at first quiet and orderly. There was, of course, a good deal of praying, singing and shouting, but still nothing extraordinary occurred. The suggestion, however, did not fail to come, and this time it was given by a child. A boy of 12 mounted a log, and raising his voice, began to preach. In a few moments he became the center of the religious mob. "Thus O sinners," he shouted, "shall you drop into hell, unless you forsake your sins and turn to the Lord!" At that moment some one fell to the ground in convulsions, and soon the whole mob was struggling, wriggling, writhing and "jerking." In some camp meetings the religious mob took to dancing, and at last to barking like dogs. Men, women and children assumed the posture of dogs, moving on all fours, growing, snapping the teeth and barking.—Boris Sidis, in Century.

Big Pacific Clams.

A monster clam from the sound, weighing some six or eight pounds, was displayed in front of a fish market the other day, and attracted much attention. The neck was about a foot long and as thick as a man's wrist, and the body looked like a mallard duck placed between two clam shells not big enough for it. Such clams are seen here occasionally, but never in quantities. A dozen or so is the largest number ever here at one time. They are not bad eating, the neck being no tougher than that of the ordinary clam. They are only to be obtained on occasion of very high tides, which run very far out, and then are only to be secured with difficulty by digging a trench like a sewer. It is said that they climb down into the mud or sand with as much agility as a clatsop razor clam, and they go so far down they may be said, like truth, to live at the bottom of a well, but not every well. The clam exhibited is to form one of the attractions of the Elks' clambake, and the man who swallows it whole is to have a medal and a pain in the stomach.—Portland Oregonian.

Canada's Militia Force.

In the dominion of Canada there are about 40,000 militia. The permanent military forces consist of about 1,000—artillery, infantry and cavalry.—Chicago Post.

An Armed Spook.

A woman in the outskirts of New York grabbed a "spook" the other night, but the disembodied spirit poked a revolver in her face, and compelled her to relinquish her hold.

FOOT READING.

A New Method of Determining Human Characteristics.

Pedistry is the science that is stepping to the foreground in these days of brain reasoning. The new science sees character in the shape and lines of the foot as wise men have for years seen it in the palm.

The sole of the foot is marked with a myriad of fine lines. Conspicuous among these are the strong middle lines. These, like those of the palm, are almost creases and appear in a photograph of the hand and foot. Pedistry reads these lines.

Starting from the base of the big toe there is a distinct line that is the life line. In one foot it will curve along until it terminates under the instep, far to the lower base of the little toe. This means long life. If broken in the hollow of the foot it denotes a sickness at middle age, and if it terminates in the hollow of the foot it means a short life. This line is the most interesting one on the foot. The experiments that have been conducted lately have proven this to be an almost unfailing reading of longevity.

Next to the lines of life are the diagonal lines running from one side to another at what is known as the hollow of the foot, below "the ball" of the foot. These lines are the lines of love. All the home and moral sentiments are here found. A pronounced cross line means that a good domestic woman or a good family man is here. And if the line is broken it means domestic estrangement. The originator of pedistry seeking to bring the occult in his new science has tried to show that there will be as many transverse lines as there are to be husbands or wives. But this is not followed by the true pedists, who refuse to see more than character traits in the lines.

Line reading is one part of pedistry. The other is in the shape of the foot. Beautiful women of marvelous talent have the Greek foot. You should hear Grece, the Paris photographer, rave about Bernhardt's foot, "the toes separate," he says, "and there is a space between the first and second."

That space means great talent. You never saw a talented woman with the first two toes hugging each other. The toes are square at the ends, and the owner cannot wear pointed shoes, because of that square second toe. But you'll forgive this foot its square shoe because it is such a talented one!

The ideal foot of a woman is ugly to look at, but very charming to know—the foot that is irregular. This foot can wear the pointed shoe, because the big toe is half an inch longer than the other toes. The foot is high in instep, denoting capriciousness to a certain extent, and it has the incurve at the hollow of the foot that denotes aristocratic tastes. A foot like that belongs to a person easy to get along with and good to know. A curve at the ankle means a love of fun. Those slender, curving ankles that cross the street, giving you peeps of prettiness, belong to just such feet as the "ideal" and they mean a good, nice little woman above them.

The solid foot boasts of its instep. It is the step of the worker. The so-called instep is no instep at all. It is a thickening of the ball of the foot without a beautiful curve. Women with these feet are industrious. Notice the next thick-footed woman you see. She will wear a shoe that fairly looms up on the instep, and her heel will come down as straight as can be in a fent. This means a truth-telling instinct and all good, moral qualities. The foot is that of the woman who has done pioneer work for the sex, and who will do it again. The feet of the "strong man" of the family. Seen in a man, this foot brings respect and dignity.

The short-toed woman has a foot as short as her temper. The short-toed man is the man who swears easily. It is the abominable temper that goes with short toes. The toes are to blame, not the man. People with short toes get through life easily. They never borrow trouble. They literally "let Brown do the walking." Their lot is cast in a pleasant place, for they go through life getting what they want and enjoying it. The quick temper serves to discipline the world and keep it in order.

The long-toed foot belongs to the society woman, the woman of many accomplishments and great tact. Long toes belong to orators. They mean ability to talk, to argue, to bring out a nice point. All the diplomats of the world have these long-toed feet. Brunty and talent are shown by the instep and the hollow. The compact shape of the foot means mental balance and you can be sure of finding the owner of that foot here when you come back. The evenness of one's way cannot be disturbed, that foot is sure to say.

Pointed toes are the toes of an artist. Du Maurier would have liked to place these pointed toes upon his Trilby, but Greek models demand the square toes, you may be sure. Toes that come down to little sharp points mean a talent for looking into minutiae, but the slight points denote the artist. The foot is beautiful always, and the Trilby foot might be claimed for the whole world of art, so universal is it where strong talent of this kind is found.

The shape of the foot has a volume in it. Broad feet mean common sense, narrow ones reserve, and curved feet denote an erratic disposition.

The lines in the sole are the most interesting of the later studies of this kind, and it may be possible that foot-reading will form part of the winter's entertainments.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—The horse, no sooner is his head turned homeward, than it trots, and goeth cheerfully. And shall not we, who deem ourselves wiser than the horse, go to our home cheerfully?—Ivan Panin.

—The althaea is named from a Greek word "to cure," an allusion to its supposed medicinal qualities.

LONDON'S QUEER CARTS.

Odd Conveyances in Which the Costermongers Do Business.

All who pass along the thoroughfares of the metropolis, bestowing more than a cursory glance upon the many phases of its busy street life, must be struck with astonishment to observe the various modes of conveyance used by those who resort to the public thoroughfares for a livelihood. From the more provident costermonger's pony and donkey cart to the rusty old iron tray slung around the neck by the vendor of blacking, and down to the ragged little boy with his lucifer matches in the last remains of a willow hand basket or a cigar box—the shape and variety of the means resorted to by the costermongers and other street sellers for carrying about their goods are almost as manifold as the articles they vend.

The pony—or donkey—carts (and the latter is by far the more usual beast of draught) of the prosperous costermongers are of three kinds: The first is of an oblong shape, with a rail behind, upon which is placed a tray filled with bunches of greens, turnips, celery, etc., while other commodities are laid in the bed of the cart.

Another kind is the common square cart without springs, which is so constructed that the sides, as well as the front and back, will let down and form shelves whereon the stock may be arranged to advantage.

The third sort of pony cart is one of home manufacture, consisting of the framework of a body without sides, or front, or hind part. Sometimes a costermonger's harrow is formed into a donkey cart merely by fastening with cord two rough poles to the handles. All these several kinds of carts are used for the conveyance of either fruit, vegetables or fish; but besides these there is the salt vendor's cart, with and without the tilt or covering, and a square piece of tin (stuck into a block of salt), on which is painted "Salt 3lb. a penny." Then there is the poultry cart, with the wild ducks and rabbits dangling at its sides, and with two uprights and a cross stick, upon which are suspended birds, etc., slung across in couples.

The above conveyances are all of small dimensions, the barrow being generally about five feet long and three wide, while the carts are mostly about four feet square.

Every kind of harness is used; some are well blacked and greased and glittering with brass, others are almost as gray with dust as the donkey itself. Some of the animals are gaudily caparisoned in an old carriage harness, which fits like a man's coat on a boy's back, while the plated silver ornaments are pink, with the copper showing through; others have rude traces and bellybands, and not a few indulge in old cotton handkerchiefs for pads.

The next conveyance (which, indeed, is the most general) is the costermonger's handbarrow. These are very light in their make, with springs terminating at the axle. Some have rails behind for the arrangement of their goods; others have not. Some have side rails, while others have only the framework. The shape of these barrows is oblong and sloped from the hind part toward the front; the bottom of the bed is not boarded, but consists of narrow strips of wood nailed athwart and across.

When the coster is hawking his fish or vending his green stuff he provides himself with a wooden tray, which is placed upon his barrow. Those who cannot afford a tray get some pieces of board and fasten them together, these answering their purpose as well. Pineapple and pineapple rock barrows are not unfrequently seen with small bright-colored flags at the four corners, fluttering in the wind.

Then there are the cat and dog's meat barrows. These, however, are merely roumon wheelbarrows, with a board in front and a large or shelf, formed by a piece of board nailed across the top of the barrow, to answer the purpose of a cutting board. Lastly, there is the hearthstone barrow, piled up with hearthstone, Bath brick and lumps of whiting.—Spare Moments.

SPONGES ARE RISING.

The Cuban War Drew the Fishermen Into the Navy and Curtailed the Supply.

One effect of the war in Cuba has been to diminish the export of Cuban sponges by fully one-half. The Cuban sponge fishermen get a license to fish in Cuban waters only upon condition that they shall serve in the navy if required; and so many have been called upon for this service that the harvest of sponges has been materially reduced.

Cuba furnishes less than a third of the sponges used abroad, but the curtailment of that supply helps to put up prices that have been advancing for years. The supply of sponges comes from Florida, Cuba, Nassau, Mexico and the Mediterranean. Ordinarily about two-thirds of the supply, in value, comes from American waters.

The demand for sponges has increased naturally, while the world's supply has not kept pace with it. It has within recent years actually diminished, owing to careless methods of fishing and to overfishing to supply the increased demand.

The sponge is of slow growth; it takes two or three years for it to attain a commercial size. In all countries in whose waters sponges grow there are laws against the pulling of little sponges until they have reached a certain growth, just as there are laws against the taking of lobsters and of some fishes under specified sizes.—N. Y. Journal.

The Smallest Insect.

Entomologists tell us that the smallest insect is the alaptus excisus. Viewed under the microscope it is seen to be a slightly-built, slender creature of such diminutive proportions that it would take over 6,000 of them placed end to end to stretch one inch.—N. Y. Sun.

—It is a surprising fact that the Ethiopians who inhabited Abyssinia and probably also the Soudan, had an alphabet of their own a thousand years before Europeans began to write.

TOURIST CLUBS IN GERMANY.

Organized for the Betterment of Traveling Conditions.

When the average British tourist is arranging his plans for a continental holiday he is apt to leave out of the reckoning most of those centers in Germany which lie off the beaten track of English travel, his impression being that, however great their charm, it would be difficult for him, with his more or less inadequate command of the language, to find his way about in them. The possibility of his getting lost in what he regards as the trackless expanse of a German forest deters him from fresh enterprises, and he invariably keeps to the recognized routes, in which alone he thinks there is safety for him. But, however reasonable his fears may have been years ago, the fact should be recognized that there now exists throughout practically the whole of the innumerable forest districts and "playgrounds" of Germany are almost perfect network of organizations employed in facilitating the movements and increasing the comforts of tourists in every possible way, carrying on, in fact, a work the like of which is unknown among ourselves, but one that, for its ceaseless activity, its thorough-going and most practical plan of operations, and its extremely beneficial results, deserves the most cordial recognition. It is found to be of no use to rely on local or other authorities for the real opening up of a district. The authorities will keep main roads in repair and put up sign posts thereon; but the route of the tourist in search of the picturesque lies as often as not, in Germany, away from the main roads, through more or less dense forests, along unfrequented valleys or over mountain tops; and if these by-paths are to be indicated and kept in order it must be done by private agency. This is where the work of the Tourist Verein mainly comes in and so well, indeed, is the work done that there is to-day hardly a forest or mountain region in Germany where a tourist cannot find his way about or reach a given point with an ease entirely lacking in the case of a stranger who gets into the inner recesses of Epping Forest, of Wales, or the New Forest, or of almost any other of our holiday resorts.

Each verein, or club, is formed by some hundreds, or, it may be, some thousands, of residents in a particular district, the funds being provided by means of small subscriptions ranging from two shillings to five shillings a year. The organization consists, as a rule, of a central body and a sufficient number of sections to cover the whole of the district, each section taking care of its own locality. The practice varies somewhat, but a favorite method is for the members to join a section and pay their subscription to that section, part of the money being retained for local purposes, while the remainder goes to the central body to form a fund for the payment of general expenses or for the making of special grants. Each section has its independent organization for local purposes, but sends representatives to the general assembly of the club. A large number of the clubs have also joined themselves into a federation which meets year by year in different parts of Germany.

The object aimed at are, generally speaking, the indication of routes according to a uniform system; the construction of footpaths and the keeping in order of paths already made; the opening out of good points of view or the facilitating of access to them; the provision of seats, shelters and also of prospect towers in the case, say, of mountain tops where an elevation above the height of the trees would give a greatly extended view; the publication of guide books and maps, and so on. The advantage of each club being split up into sections is that the members in a particular locality are naturally better acquainted with it than those living elsewhere would be, and take a more direct personal interest in carrying out the desired arrangements therein as thoroughly as they can. Not only this, but each particular section within the district becomes, practically, a separate club, which, besides the actual work done, has excursions in the summer and periodical gatherings in the winter for the purpose of either social enjoyment or of hearing lectures on travels, scientific subjects or questions of the day. In a large number of instances the branch club forms in its particular stadtchen, or in its group of villages a center of social and intellectual activity which tends largely to promote the well being of the community.—London Times.

Bird That Shaves Itself.

The lammergeyer, or bearded vulture, found throughout the whole mountain chains of the old world, actually shaves himself. The expert barber who has for his customer the Fifth avenue millionaires could not ply the keen-edged razor to the stubby beard of his particular patron more deftly than the monarch of the mountain top prunes his own bristly beard. The head of similar bristles begins at the eye and from the sides of the under mandible proceeds a row of black bristles. From this peculiar projection of feathers the birds derives its name. A layer of similar bristles begins at the eye and covers the nostrils, forming a fleecy mustache. With his strong and sharp claws, which act as the razor, he begins to trim his fibrous whiskers with great care and dexterity. He does this with great regularity and soon the downy beard and mustache give way to a full growth of bristly feathers.—N. Y. Journal.

A Remarkable Echo.

One of the most remarkable echoes in the world is that produced by the suspension bridge across the Menai straits in Wales. The sound of a blow with a hammer on one of the main piers is returned in succession from each of the cross beams which support the roadway, in addition to which the sound is many times repeated between the water and the roadway, at the rate of 28 times in five seconds.—Chicago Chronicle.

SUBSTITUTES FOR MONEY.

Odd Articles Which Are Used as Currency in Some Lands.

Eggs are about the oddest form of currency. Tschudi, a sober and painstaking Teuton, whose evidence is not to be questioned, declares that he found hens' eggs the only money throughout the Province of Jauja, in Peru; that would be some 50 years ago. The people transmitted them by thousands to the provincial capital and made their purchases therewith at the rate of 40 or 50 to the dollar. We are to understand that the country people had little use for cash among themselves. In Manchuria brick tea and floss silk represent money; but the latter is going out of fashion. The usual brick of tea, 10 inches by 8 inches, 1½ inches thick, is equivalent in trade with Russians to 60 kopecs (80 pence). It is divided to make any change necessary. Russian merchants have tried to introduce a paper currency, the notes representing 60 kopecs and parts thereof, but Tartars reject them. When a brick gets discredited, that is, too much worn by loog circulation, it is consigned to the teapot.

Several old travelers assure us that cats' eyes were employed in the great Indian kingdom of Vijianagar; elsewhere iron worked into the form of large needles, cakes of salt, or again, rays Nicolo Conti, cards inscribed with the name of the king. The Abyssinians also use cakes of salt in remote districts. Various negro tribes have a currency of iron hoes. Nongua shells were the money of the Indians in British Columbia, one string representing the value of one beaver. In Australia rough slabs of freestone, to be fashioned into hatchets, represented cash. The men who hawked these slabs from tribe to tribe were sacred, passing unharmed through all the districts, even at war. Marco Polo reckoned bank notes among the oddest substitutes for money; his account of the notes issued by Kublai Khan and his reflections on the system are peculiarly delightful. He tells of people in the great province of Thibet who use coral, but we must ask where they got it. Had he said turquoise it would have been quite intelligible, for the Thibetans still employ that stone at need. Elsewhere Marco speaks of "sprigs of gold" and "porcelain." In the latter case, also, an error may be suspected. Our word is adapted from the Portuguese, signifying "hogs' back," their name for cowry shell.

Excepting regular coinage, no "circulating medium" has a vogue to compare with that of the cowry. Perhaps it would not be inexact to say that every people in whose territory the shell exists once used it for cash. But this seems very strange, opposed to common sense and political economy, when we hear the supply is unlimited. Over thousands of miles of coast a man can gather a sackful in an hour. But the fact is indisputable, however it be explained. The value fluctuates enormously, of course, over such an immense area, but in a very rough way, we believe, African traders used to estimate 1,000 cowries at a shilling. Anglo-Indian traders had no need to make a reckoning, probably, for the shell, though very largely current among the natives, was never reckoned into their transactions. Mungo Park counted 250 cowries to the shilling in his day and in the countries where he traveled.

But the "bar" was Mungo's currency. In the beginning it was literally a bar of iron imported from Europe, but as the trade developed it became merely a word of value. Twenty leaves of tobacco made a "bar," a gallon of spirits a "bar," and the natives would not willingly allow any fluctuation in quantity, whether more or less. If an energetic newcomer tried to push business by offering more rum or tobacco to the "bar," he was regarded with suspicion; no old hand ventured to offer less. In all parts of Borneo, probably, one may still hear prices reckoned in brass guns—that is, cannon; but a man who has transactions of that importance will instantly translate the sums into dollars at the present time. There was an age when ten or twenty pounders did actually pass from hand to hand. The Malay empires were rich then, and made such a show as astonished the early navigators. But for a long while past, even in the dominions of the sultan of Brunei, brass guns have been merely an expression of value, the article itself being practically non-existent. There are great stores, however, quite useless now, at Brunei, which was the mint, so to speak.

Not dissimilar is the practice of the Red Karens in Burmah, who reckon large sums in kyeezees, or drums of copper; but they always had a currency of silver ingots. The drums are peculiar, however, in the respect that their value does not lie in the weight of metal or even in the excellence of workmanship, though they are adorned with figures of birds, animals and fish. It is the quality and volume of sound they emit which decide their worth; objects not visibly differing may be estimated at £5 to £50. One might think that connoisseurs would disagree upon the quality of the sound, but a drum, no doubt, is more easily valued in that respect than any other musical instrument. Since British trade has approached their territories, however—the Red Karens are not yet annexed, we believe — and the enterprising Chinaman has permeated it, this picturesque usage is dying out fast. The kyeezees are as much reverenced as ever, but they sell for prosaic dollars, though taste still asserts itself by putting a very fancy price upon an article specially melodious.—London Standard.

—Some men know a cure for all diseases. The best cure in this world for unrest is good and orderly living. The best cure for any panic is for the people to settle themselves down, and then go ahead. There never was a time in the history of the world that any suddenly invented medicine cured the world of its ills.—Hon. Thomas B. Reed.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The entire population of the state of New York (6,513,344) could find standing room on a tract of only one square mile in extent.

—Having taken his bride's name upon marriage, a Topeka man who is suing for divorce wants now to regain the untarnished name of his heyday.

—There are not many islands with a more stormy or more heroic history than that of Crete. In remote antiquity it was the redoubtable "Isle of One Hundred Cities," and had an illustrious line of kings, among whom were Rhadamanthus, Minos and Idomeneus.

—The great pyramid of Cheops is the largest structure ever erected by the hand of man. Its original dimensions at the base were 764 feet square, and its perpendicular height in the highest point 448 feet. It covers four acres, one rood and twenty-two rods of ground, and has been estimated by an eminent English architect to have cost not less than $165,000,000.

—The maharajah of Jeypore has offered to supply public institutions, free of cost, with six portfolios containing about 645 examples of architectural details copied from old buildings at or near Delhi, Agra, and parts of Rajputana. According to Mark Twain, who wrote from India to the Critic, calling attention to the offer, the plates are of great interest, and would make a valuable addition to any library.

—In the New View of London, published in 1768, it is recorded that "one James Fair, a barber, who kept the house (which is now the Rainbow) by the Inner Temple gate, one of the oldest in England, was in the year 1657 presented by the Inquest of St. Dunstan's for making and selling a sort of liquor called coffee, to the great nuisance and prejudice of the neighborhood. And who (adds the author) could then have thought London would ever have 3,000 such nuisances, and that coffee would have been, as now, so much drunk by the first quality and physicians."

—The aggregate circulation of books from the Chicago public library during the year past according to the report was 1,173,586. This is a larger circulation than that of any other library. Manchester, in England, has a circulation of 975,944 volumes; Boston has 847,321, and Birmingham, in England, stands next in aggregate circulation. The San Francisco Public library has a circulation of slightly less than one-half of that of the Boston library. A comparison of the circulation in proportion to population shows different results, however. To each 100 people, Chicago has an annual circulation of 69 volumes; San Francisco has 92; Boston, 169, and Manchester, 193.

SUCCESSFUL ENTERTAINING.

There Is a Secret In It Which Must Be Learned.

"I do all I know how to do when I see that my table is properly appointed and my menu correct," I heard a woman say recently. But there was no one among her listeners who could tell her how dull her dinners and her evenings were. No one is happy with a hostess who conveys an impression of having done her duty, even all her duty, to the fullest. One likes it no more in hospitality than one does in love. A sense of having done a duty dams many a spring at its source, and nothing refreshing to soul or body can ever flow out afterward.

The woman who apologizes for the little she has must always be a failure when she entertains. Yet her nonsuccess is no greater than that of her sister who is so overwhelmed by her grandeur as never to be able to equal her conditions. There are hostesses in great houses who seem to be no more a part of their surroundings than frightened mice who sit in corners.

The secret, in fact, of success, in entertaining is as subtle and elusive as the secret of charm. Yet few things in life, unless it be the way to bring up children, tempt the world into laying down so many laws on the subject, or into framing so many precepts. The secret, however, must always be elusive, because it lies in the power of personality—the personality of host or hostess; and by personality I mean the expression which each individual nature has consciously or unconsciously framed for itself. And in this expression lie tact and taste, generous impulse, kindly feeling, love of others, subordination of self, readiness to give and willingness to receive, power of adaptability, desire for harmony. And these tests of success hold good whether entertaining involves lavish display, in which the unaccustomed are apt to be bewildered, or includes only hospitality extended to those who would otherwise be without shelter.—Harper's Bazar.

Used to It.

A groan of horror escaped from passing pedestrians as the scaffolding gave way, and the form of the house painter was seen to drop through the air. He caromed on the third-story cornice, struck the telegraph wire in front of the second-story windows, plunged into a pile of bricks on the sidewalk, and rolled to the pavement with a thud.

Strong men turned away their faces. A woman fainted. The engineer, who was getting a breath of air in the areaway, bounded up the stairs and stooped over the prostrate form. As he did so the prostrate form rose with a spring and nearly knocked him off his feet.

"Aren't you hurt?" asked everybody, in a breath.

"Hurt!" was the contemptuous response. "Why, I've ridden a wheel every day for five years." — Chicago Journal.

An Awkward Mistake.

Mr. Grimsby (who is as gammony as he is near-sighted)—Dear, dear; what a sweet little baby! How much it looks like its charming mamma. It's your own little sister, I suppose, my dear?

Little Jane—No, it isn't! It belongs to our colored laundress. — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

The Oak street bridge has arrived and is being erected.

A cow belonging to Mr. William Brederick was killed by a train Tuesday.

For good flour and plenty of it, Dudley takes the cake at the Oakland Mills. 33tf

If you want a good turn out take your grinding to Dudley at the old Rasche Mill. 33tf

Oakland Chapter Epworth League will hold a social at the home of Dr. B. Ison on Friday night of this week.

Don't fail to take your grain for grinding to the Oakland Mills. Dudley has full charge and will do good work. 33tf

B. & O. carpenters last week laid a substantial platform along their tracks through Oakland. A decided and much needed improvement.

The wooden culvert under the railroad tracks in Oakland is being replaced by a stone one. The channel is being widened several feet which will carry off all the water should a sudden rise take place.

A. D. Naylor has two top and three open buggies for sale cheap and on good time; wants to make room for a lot of swell body and Portland cutters that will be on hand the middle of November. 35-4t*.

The colored school of Oakland opened last Monday morning with a full attendance. The school is held in Hamill & Little's hall and is taught by Miss Emma Hickman, of Washington.

Dr. J. H. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street.

With two little children subject to croup we do not rest easy without a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the house, for the most severe attacks quickly succumb to a few doses of it.—Morrison, Cole., Bud. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Bertha, the six year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs John Nevel, living near the Red House, was run over by a four horse wagon load of hay one day last week and seriously injured. The child is still living and it is thought that it will eventually recover. Dr. Ravenscraft is attending it.

The local columns of THE REPUBLICAN this week are used for the purpose of publishing a copy of the official ballot. The publication of the ballot is made necessary by act of the legislature. As this is the last week of the campaign we feel sure our readers will excuse us for not having our usual quota of local news.

The McKinley and Hobart club have perfected arrangements for receiving election returns Tuesday night by securing Shartzer's Opera House and the services of an experienced telegraph operator. A special wire will be connected with the building and as fast as the returns are received will be announced from the stage. All supporters of McKinley, Hobart and McDonald are cordially invited to make the Opera House headquarters on date named.

Mr. Samuel Blight Johns, a former Garrett county boy who has achieved distinction as the tenor singer in the Schmann Quartette, will go to New York early in November and take a church engagement. This, of course, severs his connection with the quartette, much to the regret of the thousands who have heard and been delighted with his singing at the Park for several years during the Chautauqua. Mr. Johns will, while in New York, also give his attention to concert and oratorio work.

If your children are subject to croup watch for the first symptom of the disease—hoarseness. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse it will prevent the attack. Even after the croupy cough has appeared the attack can always be prevented by giving this remedy. It is also invaluable for colds and whooping cough. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified that I will not be responsible for any debts or obligations contracted by my son, Edward Lee Maxville; any person trusting him will do so at their own peril. MRS. GEO. MAXVILLE.

Deer Park, Oct. 20, 1896. 33 3t

Estray Notice.

One yearling steer, red and white, hole in each ear, underbit out of left, strayed to my farm two miles east of Uniontown. The owner will call, pay all charges and damages and take his property away. 32-3t* EUGENE TEATS.

Cash

Will buy goods at the lowest prices at B. B. Savage's grocery on Railroad street, at the R. E. Felty old stand. Fruits and vegetables in season. Staple and fancy groceries will be always kept. The building will be improved and restocked at once. Call and investigate. Your patronage respectfully asked. 31-4

Wanted

At Garthright's store, buckwheat flour at the market price. Have just received two cars flour and mill feed, large lot of dress goods and heavy woodens all of which will sell at the lowest possible price. Will take all kinds of produce. Lots of goods to sell at and below cost. Goods were never so cheap and will never be again. 33 2t

Wedding at Elkins.

ELKINS, W. Va., Oct. 28.—This morning at six o'clock, at the Davis Memorial church, Miss Blanche Riley and Mr. Henry Fredlock were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by Rev. Lingumfelter.

Miss Riley is one of the highly esteemed and accomplished daughters of Mr. J. H. Riley, lumber agent for the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg Railway, who, with the exception of the last few years, has resided at Oakland. Mr. Fredlock is a well known farmer, near Oakland, and makes friends with all with whom he comes in contact. He is a cousin to Dr. Fredlock, a prominent physician of Elkins.

The happy couple left for Cumberland on No 9 this morning, and with them go the best wishes of their many friends at Elkins. Our hearty and sincere congratulations are extended, and best wishes for the future happiness, and a long, prosperous and flowery pathway through life.

Prilehard's Gallery

Is the place to get photographs for 90 cents per doz. All others in proportion. As the branch advertises that means something, but it means less at my gallery than at the branch. No matter how low they come I am under them. I am here to stay and you will get your photographs. The branch collected money for pictures here two years ago of parties who have never as yet received the photographs.

34-tf. G. H. PRITCHARD.

An Open Letter.

To the Editor of The Republican.

Two weeks ago I noticed in your paper a card from Rev J. W. Butler as follows:

"Dear friends:—The Maryland Synod at its recent meeting unanimously sustained the pastor and council in their course of action in the troubles of St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church of Oakland, Md., and condemned the opposite course as being disorderly and deserving the disapproval of the Synod."

Now Mr. Butler why not tell how this matter was presented to the Synod?

I was before the committee at the same time the pastor and delegate were there. They circulated the twelve-page circular and said they could swear every word in it was the truth. They had a list of about one hundred names to a petition which reflected on me and no doubt had a great influence with the committee.

Mr. Butler stated to the committee that only four or five of the members of the Sunday school stood by me. When I made a list of thirty-nine he said they only came to Sunday school about Christmas time to get a little candy.

The pamphlet is a misrepresentation of facts and the list of names is a double deception. First, deceiving the people who signed it and secondly deceiving the Synod.

I have about fifty questions to ask and I think by the time Mr. Butler explains them all everything will be made plain. I will ask but six at a time, all of which are addressed personally to Rev. J. W. Butler:

1st. Did you not help place the large organ in position for the Easter service?

2nd. See minutes of May council meeting and let me know what business was transacted after I left the meeting.

3rd. Is it not a fact that some of the members are standing with me—more, the most faithful ones?

4th. Did you not tell most of the persons who signed your petition that it was a matter for the good of the church, and that my name was not mentioned in connection with that matter, thus deceiving many of the signers?

5th. Did you not deceive some of the signers of your petition who cannot read?

6th. Did you swear in my presence?

JOHN SHARTZER.

The Florida Tornado.

To the Editor of The Republican.

Although now three weeks have passed since the great tornado of the 29th September visited us with its sweep of devastation, I doubt not but many of your readers will be interested in some account of the dreadful storm by one who was an eye witness.

It so happened that my house was in the very centre of the mad wind's furious path, and myself and family will always remember those two hours between 6.30 and 8.30 a. m. of the 29th September, 1896, as the most thrilling in our lives. Through Heaven's favor, we escaped, not only with our lives, but even without a hurt on our persons. It was indeed necessary to choose positions very carefully, and change from place to place, in order to avoid danger and escape death, but this we fortunately had presence of mind enough to do; and though part of our dwelling was leveled with the ground, and the whole house badly wrecked, we escaped harm to person. Practically our house was wiped out of existence, though we continue on the place, and have commenced rebuilding. In buildings, household goods, fences, crops, timber and stock killed, we sustain a loss of some five hundred dollars, yet we have come off better than hundreds around us and generally in the path of the storm.

It has not been possible up to this time to gather data on which to base a reliable estimate of damages; but certainly the figures would run into the millions in this state alone. Thousands of families were left either without any shelter, or only a partially demolished remnant of a home. In hundreds of cases, not only house and out-buildings went down, but provisions, bedding and clothing were all blowing away, and the families left absolutely destitute. Fortunately this occurred to no great number of families in groups; for, in the general storm there were, here and there, specially bad spots, and those who fared worst found neighbors not quite so unfortunate. But the amount of suffering necessarily resulting, can never be fully known or recorded.

Very remarkably, there was comparatively small loss of life. Possibly not over 200 perished in this state and Georgia, and of this number, a good many met death on the water.

Such a storm had never visited this region. It is idle to make comparison with other storms that have swept this Peninsula; it was unique and Heaven grant it may so remain!

But, as a personal matter, it was worth the devastation, to witness such a scene. Imagine, if you can, clouds flying with the speed of a dove; birds shot through the air like balls from a musket; buildings crushed like cardboard, and trees going down like grain before the sickle. It is no exaggeration to say that we saw a hundred great pines, in the same instant, go down in one sweep of the eye. Such a destruction of timber there has never been, I think, on this continent. Scarcely half a mile of road was to be found anywhere in this county, practicable for wagoning. In many cases one hundred trees to the mile, are being cut from the highways; byroads will not, as a rule, be opened for years. Half a million will not pay road opening in the stricken counties of this state. I should reckon that the timber destroyed would, in the next twenty-five years, have added at least $5,000,000 to the wealth of Florida; scarcely one-fourth of this can be saved.

Of course some few of our people are frightened or disheartened, and will quit the state; but in general, we are making the best of it, and going forward to rebuild our wasted houses, trusting that He who sent the storm, will also find a refuge.

J. B. SHOUP.

Mikesville, Florida, Sept. 24, 1896.

A Last Appeal.

To the Editor of The Republican.

Before the next issue of THE REPUBLICAN you will be called upon to decide by your ballots questions of momentous importance to each individual and the honor and integrity of our common country. Not since the dark days of 1861 have questions of more importance been before the American people for their decision.

The Democratic party cutting loose from the past have joined the Altgeld, Tillman, the Pennoyers, the anarchists, the enemies of law and order and by delusive appeals are trying to get into power, attempting to deceive the people by once more promising bread when they will give us a stone. We cannot in this article discuss the different issues and will only show a few of their inconsistences in the past.

It has not been long since they were before the people talking of economy, crying of the Republican Congress, "Billion-dollar Congress." The people were deceived. They gave them a majority in Congress and the result was appropriations at their first session amounting to forty-four millions of dollars more than the Republicans had made.

They were once more before the people crying and howling about the tax of the McKinley bill. Once more the people were deceived, gave them control of Congress and what a record they made! The fifty-third Congress will go down into history as the most incompetent, the most blundering and contemptible that ever disgraced any civilized country. The Democratic fifty-second and fifty-third Congresses were the most extravagant in the nation's history. Leading Democratic papers said when the fifty-third Congress adjourned:—"The people of the United States should unite in devout thanksgiving to the God of the nations when this scourge is lifted at noon to-day;" characterized it as the Congress of dishonor, which has adapted Populism and brought widespread disaster upon the nation;" styled it as "ignoble and impotent." The members of the press stood up in their gallery in the house of representatives at its adjournment and sang "Praise God from whom all blessing flow.

The people were deluded by their deceptive appeals in 1892 and elected the Democrats to power, and as a consequence our bonded debt has been increased $273,081,632 to run thirty years and will have cost us at that time $607,093,880. This is the legacy of the Democratic administration. How the Democratic orators of the past would almost weep as they told us how the McKinley bill was robbing the laboring man, but Mr. Blair Lee, Democratic candidate for Congress, now tells us in his speech published in the Cumberland *Times* of September 19th: "The Wilson bill was looked upon by the majority of the conservative people as a fair settlement of the tariff question, as there was but little difference in effect between it and the McKinley bill." How about the misrepresentation and down-right lying of the speakers and press on this question? Now, they are working like beavers to bring about the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1, and yet for three years their leaders who are now trying to get the votes of the people have been condemning this very thing. Witness, Democratic county platform of 1893, adopted at a convention held during the extra session of Congress called by President Cleveland for the purpose of repealing the Sherman act, resolved, "that we endorse the courage and fidelity of President Cleveland in his efforts to restore this country to a sound financial basis and for the immediate repeal of the Sherman silver bill by which so much disaster has come to the business interests of our people, and we deplore the efforts of certain Republican senators from the silver mining states in their efforts to block legislation looking to this relief which is so much needed that the wage earner may be paid an honest dollar and not in depreciated money."

It is said politics makes strange bedfellows and we see in this campaign the Democratic party controlled by these same senators, and how these people are working for that principle which they condemned in the county platform of 1893, while of President Cleveland whom they lauded with their hosannas for his fidelity they now cry, "away with him, away with him," although he stands for the same principles for which he then contended.

Again, look at the State Democratic platform of last year in which they commend the administration of President Cleveland, "especially for the courage, sagacity and ability which it has displayed in its determined and resolute efforts to rescue the country from the deplorable evils of a fluctuating, unstable and debased currency and to crush the pernicious financial heresy of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1."

We point you again to the Democratic State platform of last June adopted by the convention over which Senator Gorman presided and which strongly denounced the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1, which was voted for by the delegates from this county and was adopted by a large majority vote of the delegates.

The Democratic party was gobbled at Chicago by the anarchists and Populists, and now we are told that the principles for which those Democratic leaders contended for in the past were wrong and those principles which they have always condemned were right.

We do not think they can deceive the people again but believe that the farmers who have been robbed on the one product of wool alone of $62,819,306, besides their loss on other products will by their votes declare for the principles of the Republican party. The workingmen in this campaign will not be deceived by the party that has opened up our ports to the products of foreign workmen and do now seek to force upon us a depreciated dollar, but in this campaign they will vote for "honest dollars for honest toil," and for "a money as sound as our nation and as untarnished as our flag." Let every Republican do his utmost; let him do his duty in impressing upon his Republican neighbor the importance of each vote, for we must bury this damnable silver heresy so deep that it will never more be resurrected, and assisted by the thousands of Democrats who love their country and their country's flag more than party a signal victory will be achieved for those principles which will bring once more prosperity and plenty to the homes of our people and anarchy will go down in defeat, buried by the ballots of a free and enlightened people who are in favor of progress and prosperity. HOOSIER.

MONDAY NIGHT'S MEETING.

The Republicans of this District Regaled with Three Sound Speeches.

It has been many years since a political meeting held in Oakland was as enthusiastic as the one held last Monday night in Shartzer's Opera House. Never before in the history of Garrett county politics has there been placed on the rostrum a trio of speakers excelling those who spoke that evening. They were Mr. Chas. A. Schirm, of Baltimore; Hon. Milton G. Urner, of Frederick, and Mr. Richard H. Bond, of Baltimore.

Mr. Schirm was the first speaker and for almost an hour he held the undivided attention of the large audience, and shot such facts and sound logic into the ears of his hearers that a visible impression was made upon some of those who are holding onto the free silver fallacy. His oratory was of the highest order and his climaxes were simply superb. His reference to the old soldiers was most affecting and tears were brought to the eyes of a large number of his audience.

Mr. Schirm was followed by the Hon. Milton G. Urner, who is no stranger to our people. They always look forward to an address from him with great pleasure and his effort Monday night was the greatest he has ever put forth in this county. His convincing logic was adorned with oratorical gems, and if any doubt ever possessed the minds of his hearers on the money question they were certainly dispelled by his reasoning. Giant strokes were dealt at the fallacy of free silver, and only regret was expressed when he closed.

Mr. Richard H. Bond closed the meeting with a speech that captivated the entire audience. His illustrations were the best we have ever heard and his powers of mimicry are inimitable. His address was a fitting close to the greatest political meeting ever held in the county.

The meeting was ably presided over by our fellow-townsman Scott T. Jones, Esq., who in his introductory remarks made some of the most telling arguments advanced during the evening. Especially happy were his references to the reasons why gold was now being withheld from circulation and no one could have any doubt remaining in his mind as to the wisdom of the policy now being pursued by the banks of the country with reference to the holding of gold.

Smith's Military band enlivened the meeting with good music and added much to the enjoyment of the occasion with their catchy airs.

CANTON AND LINCOLN.

McKinley's Town has been Made Prosperous and Prominent.

The thousands of voters who go to Canton daily to pay their respects to Maj. McKinley and assure him of their support for the presidency, provide an interesting feature of this campaign. It is likewise in marked contrast to the barnum scarnum tour William Jennings Bryan, the Popocratic candidate, is making over the country for votes. The hundreds of excursion parties which pour weekly into McKinley's town have proved of immense benefit to Canton in a financial way. Some of the leading citizens of the place have undertaken to discover approximately how much money has been brought to and left in Canton by the visitors. Their figures up to the present time show that over $1,000,000 has been spent within the city limits by the various delegations since McKinley was nominated. It is also estimated that the amount will reach $1,500,000 before the campaign is over.

These figures are not imaginary, but are based upon facts as obtained from the hotel proprietors, restaurant keepers, boarding-house people and business men generally. It might be surmised that the Canton people were charging "gilt edge" prices for everything they sell to strangers, but this is not so. There is too much competition for that. There are hotels, boarding houses and restaurants without number. Many private dwellings have been turned into lunch rooms, and the signs in front of them read; "Hot soup and sandwich, 15 cents," or "square meal, 25 cents," while the prices demanded at hotels and restaurants have not been advanced.

Church organizations have opened rooms in the business portion of the town where hot meals are served for 25 cents, and they are palatable enough for a king. A lady in charge of one of these places told your reporter that they had taken in $200 during the noon hour, and she considered that rather "poor" business compared with the ordinary run.

The fact, however, that Canton has been brought before the eyes of the world during this campaign and the advertisement the city has through newspapers and visits of delegations, will be of incalculable value to Canton in the future. That the people never tire of these excursions is evident from the fact that every time a delegation marches from the station through the streets the men, women and children rush to their doors to see the procession, and cheer them on their way. Every one there is in love with McKinley and everything which pertains to his success is of intense interest to them. This, in addition to the monitary benefit derived, lends enthusiasm to business and it can be safely said that Canton has never thrived as she is doing now.

Lincoln, Neb., the home of Bryan, is seldom ever heard of in connection with the Democratic candidate for president. That place has prospered solely through the efforts of her own citizens, and nothing will be owing to W. J. Bryan. Had the latter stayed at home and received delegations, as McKinley has done, Lincoln would have reaped the benefit. It goes without question that visiting delegations would not be one-tenth so large or numerous as those visiting McKinley daily, but there is no doubt that Lincoln would be glad to receive delegations, large or small, if for no other reason than the monetary and advertising advantages to be obtained therefrom. Bryan has been of no benefit to his home city, while McKinley has added both wealth and prominence to Canton.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Oct. 20, 1896.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on

Monday, November 9, 1896,

for the purpose of transacting such business as may be brought before them.

By order of the Board,
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

THE

Maryland Building and Loan Association

of Garrett County

OFFICERS

ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencie

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month. EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ¼ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
T. R. CARSKADON, Keyser, W. Va.

MOUNTAIN STATE
Business College,
PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS T. RENNINGER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate.
CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING.
Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. jel4-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Residence on North 3rd Street.
Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate. P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 9'22 6m

THOMAS R. McROBIE,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street.
All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-25 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

W. McCULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.
LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.
Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the U.S.V.S. in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including road ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 31, Oakland, Md. 18 26t*

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JOHNSON, CROMWELL & CO.,
WHOLESALE NOTIONS, Etc.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
A specialty of Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear
RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.
A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention. 50-13t.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT
C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,
PLANING MILLS,
And BUILDING MATERIALS.
MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time. If you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS

Everything in build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1896. NUMBER 35.

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President-elect Maj. William McKinley, of Ohio.

Hallowe'en or Hollow Eve passed off quietly in Oakland. The small boy was abroad, but owing to some cause did not get in much of his "dirty work." A few signs were missing, sidewalks torn up, etc., but outside of these little "devilment" was done.

Harford county game wardens are vigorously enforcing the game laws. Fourteen arrests were made on Wednesday, and the accused arraigned before a Havre de Grace justice. They were dismissed for lack of jurisdiction, as they had been arrested in Cecil county. Other arrests have been made in various parts of Harford, and convictions have followed.

Flag day is a new holiday in the catalogue of national holidays for this year. It was observed under a proclamation issued by M. A. Hanna, chairman of the National Republican committee, and was celebrated all over the land by Democrats as well as Republicans. Oakland did justice to the occasion, and many of the business houses and residences were beautifully decorated with the national colors. In all the large cities great Republican demonstrations were held and probably more than a million voters participated in the parades, marching to music of the union with "Old Glory" waving in the breeze.

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified that I will not be responsible for any debts or obligations contracted by my son, Edward Lee Marville; any person trusting him will do so at their own peril. MRS. GEO. MARVILLE.
Deer Park, Oct. 20, 1896. 33 2t

Dentistry.

Dr. D. C. McKinley will be at Isaiah Friend's (Elder) from 2 p. m. on the 9th to 11 a. m. on November 10th; at Hoyes on November 11th; McHenry on November 12th; Oakland, November 14th, rooms at Central Hotel; Crellin, Monday November 16th; Mrs. Ellen Leohr's, November 17th, Mountain Lake Park, Wednesday, November 18th, rooms at J. L. Echard's; at Kearney November 16th. Teeth extracted without pain. 35td

Illness of Col. Elkins.

Col. Elkins, father of Senator Stephen B. Elkins, is lying very ill at the latter's home in Elkins W. Va., from paralysis of the bowels and his recovery is not expected.

Senator Elkins went through to Piedmont on No 1 Saturday, where he boarded a special train which conveyed him to Elkins. He had just returned from New Haven, Conn., where his son is lying ill with typhoid fever, but slowly improving when his father left him.

Word was received from Elkins, Sunday, that Col. Elkins was slightly improved. He is well known in Oakland.

Kindle Fire with Crutches.

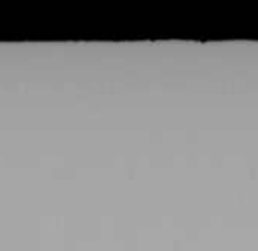

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I have been sick with Inflammatory Rheumatism since November 1895, and have used a half dozen different kind of Liniments, but none of them helped me in the least, except the Yager's Cream Chloroform Liniment. I have used eight bottles of it and do not intend to be without it. It is the only thing that relieves me of pain. I can recommend it to anyone suffering with Rheumatism as the best pain reliever.
MRS. W. M. PARKER, Asbury, W. Va.

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I have been affected with chronic Rheumatism in my back and hips for 10 years; have used various kinds of Liniments and so-called Pain Killers, but nothing I could do would relieve me. I was advised by a friend of mine to try your Yager's Liniment, and the one bottle relieved me, and was so well pleased with the first bottle that I purchased another, and will never be without it. A. S. WOODSON, Greenwood, Va.

YAGER'S LINIMENT,

Large Bottles, - - - - 25 Cents,

Sold by all Dealers. Take no substitutes.

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The Mountain County's Plurality for McKinley the Largest Ever Given.

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No. 4—Bloomington	107	89	107	89
No. 5—Accident	126	129	126	128
No. 6—Sang Run	154	93	154	93
No. 7—Oakland, 1st precinct	185	114	181	114
2nd precinct	267	147	265	152
No. 8—Sunnyside	93	93	93	93
No. 9—Johnsons	39	91	39	91
No. 10—Deer Park	178	73	178	73
No. 11—Elbow	78	47	78	47
No. 12—Bittinger	101	45	101	46
Total	2067	1274	2050	1282

McKinley's plurality, 778; McDonald's plurality, 768.

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SIXTH DISTRICT.

COUNTIES.	McDonald, R	Lee, D	Hockman, P.
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Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

Republican Jollification.

The Republicans of this section of the county are jubilant over the result of Tuesday's election and intend to celebrate the restoration of the Republican party to power by a monster jollification here on Friday night of next week. Capt. J. M. Jarboe and Mr. Scott T. Jones have the matter in hand and will devote their energies to make the occasion a great success. Let every Republican in the county come to Oakland and join us.

A Store Robbed.

Tuesday night during the excitement of receiving the election returns the hardware store of Messrs J. M. Davis & Son was entered from a rear window by thieves who forced the fastenings. At one end of the store was a case containing a dozen good razors which were taken besides several fine pen knives. The private office of the firm was also entered and the safe forced. About ten dollars in money was removed from it. The instrument used in forcing the window was a large chisel which was inserted under the sash. There is no clue as to whom the thieves were.

In Jail.

Monday night Newton Male, Dr. Henry McConnas' coachman, imbibed of the flowing bowl too freely and went to the stable and took out one of the [illegible] the animal down Broppale for a distance of several miles and returning to Oakland the horse got its foot caught in a hole in a bridge or slipped, breaking its foreleg just above the ankle. The horse is a very valuable one, being the best animal in the doctor's stable. A warrant was sworn out for the arrest of Male. He was taken before Squire McRobie and given a hearing. In default of bail he was remanded to jail for a further hearing to-morrow.

A Peculiar Accident.

Mrs. Margaret Dorsey, wife of John W. Dorsey, Baltimore and Ohio track foreman at Okonoko, W. Va., twenty-six miles east of Cumberland, was killed under peculiar circumstances Sunday. She was walking along the track toward a moving west-bound freight train with a pail in her hand on her walk to milk a cow, and when directly opposite the engine the fireman threw off a big lump of coal which struck her on top of the head crushing in her skull. She was picked up unconscious and remained in this condition six hours when death ensued.

The fireman had not observed her when he threw off the coal which they are in the habit of doing when a slaty lump is found, as it would tend to reduce the heat if burned.

How to Prevent Croup.

Some reading that will prove interesting to young mothers. How to guard against the disease.

Croup is a terror to young mothers and to post them concerning the cause, first symptoms and treatment is the object of this item. The origin of croup is a common cold. Children who are subject to it take cold very easily and croup is almost sure to follow. The first symptom is hoarseness; this is soon followed by a peculiar rough cough, which is easily recognized and will never be forgotten by one who has heard it. The time to act is when the child first becomes hoarse. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is freely given all tendency to croup will soon disappear. Even after the croupy cough has developed it will prevent the attack. There is no danger in giving this remedy for it contains nothing injurious. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Oakland's Schools.

At this session of the public schools in Oakland thus far over 260 pupils have been enrolled. Should the number increase very materially an additional instructor will be employed by the School Commissioners.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

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Hallowe'en or Hollow Eve passed off quietly in Oakland. The small boy was abroad, but owing to some cause did not get in much of his "dirty work." A few signs were missing, sidewalks torn up, etc., but outside of these little "devilment" was done.

Harford county game wardens are vigorously enforcing the game laws. Fourteen arrests were made on Wednesday, and the accused arraigned before a Havre de Grace justice. They were dismissed for lack of jurisdiction, as they had been arrested in Cecil county. Other arrests have been made in various parts of Harford, and convictions have followed.

Flag day is a new holiday in the catalogue of national holidays for this year. It was observed under a proclamation issued by M. A. Hanna, chairman of the National Republican committee, and was celebrated all over the land by Democrats as well as Republicans. Oakland did justice to the occasion, and many of the business houses and residences were beautifully decorated with the national colors. In all the large cities great Republican demonstrations were held and probably more than a million voters participated in the parades, marching to music of the union with "Old Glory" waving in the breeze.

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified that I will not be responsible for any debts or obligations contracted by my son, Edward Lee Marville; any person trusting him will do so at their own peril. MRS. GEO. MARVILLE.
Deer Park, Oct. 20, 1896. 33 3t

Dentistry.

Dr. D. C. McKinley will be at Isaiah Friend's (Elder) from 2 p. m. on the 9th to 11 a. m. on November 10th; at Hoyes on November 11th; McHenry on November 12th; Oakland, November 14th, rooms at Central Hotel; Crellin, Monday November 16th; Mrs. Ellen Leohr's, November 17th, Mountain Lake Park, Wednesday, November 18th, rooms at J. L. Echard's; at Kearney November 19th. Teeth extracted without pain. 35td

Illness of Col. Elkins.

Col. Elkins, father of Senator Stephen B. Elkins, is lying very ill at the latter's home in Elkins W. Va., from paralysis of the bowels and his recovery is not expected.

Senator Elkins went through to Piedmont on No 1 Saturday, where he boarded a special train which conveyed him to Elkins. He had just returned from New Haven, Conn., where his son is lying ill with typhoid fever, but slowly improving when his father left him.

Word was received from Elkins, Sunday, that Col. Elkins was slightly improved. He is well known in Oakland.

Republican Jollification.

The Republicans of this section of the county are jubilant over the result of Tuesday's election and intend to celebrate the restoration of the Republican party to power by a monster jollification here on Friday night of next week. Capt. J. M. Jarboe and Mr. Scott T. Jones have the matter in hand and will devote their energies to make the occasion a great success. Let every Republican in the county come to Oakland and join us.

A Store Robbed.

Tuesday night during the excitement of receiving the election returns the hardware store of Messrs. J. M. Davis & Son was entered from a rear window by thieves who forced the fastenings. At one end of the store was a case containing a dozen good razors which were taken besides several fine pen knives. The private office of the firm was also entered and the safe forced. About ten dollars in money was removed from it. The instrument used in forcing the window was a large chisel which was inserted under the sash. There is no clue as to whom the thieves were.

In Jail.

Monday night Newton Male, Dr. Henry McComas' coachman, imbibed of the flowing bowl too freely and went to the stable and took out one of the [illegible] the animal down Hoppole for a distance of several miles and returning to Oakland the horse got its foot caught in a hole in a bridge or slipped, breaking its foreleg just above the ankle. The horse is a very valuable one, being the best animal in the doctor's stable. A warrant was sworn out for the arrest of Male. He was taken before Squire McRobie and given a hearing. In default of bail he was remanded to jail for a further hearing to-morrow.

A Peculiar Accident.

Mrs. Margaret Dorsey, wife of John W. Dorsey, Baltimore and Ohio track foreman at Okonoko, W. Va., twenty-six miles east of Cumberland, was killed under peculiar circumstances Sunday. She was walking along the track toward a moving west bound freight train with a pail in her hand on her walk to milk a cow, and when directly opposite the engine the fireman threw off a big lump of coal which struck her on top of the head crushing in her skull. She was picked up unconscious and remained in this condition six hours when death ensued.

The fireman had not observed her when he threw off the coal which they are in the habit of doing when a slaty lump is found, as it would tend to reduce the heat if burned.

How to Prevent Croup.

Some reading that will prove interesting to young mothers. How to guard against the disease.

Croup is a terror to young mothers and to post them concerning the cause, first symptoms and treatment is the object of this item. The origin of croup is a common cold. Children who are subject to it take cold very easily and croup is almost sure to follow. The first symptom is hoarseness; this is soon followed by a peculiar rough cough, which is easily recognized and will never be forgotten by one who has heard it. The time to act is when the child first becomes hoarse. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is freely given all tendency to croup will soon disappear. Even after the croupy cough has developed it will prevent the attack. There is no danger in giving this remedy for it contains nothing injurious. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Oakland's Schools.

At this session of the public schools in Oakland thus far over 260 pupils have been enrolled. Should the number increase very materially an additional instructor will be employed by the School Commissioners.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

KATRINKA.

Katrinka, fresh as the morning,
Gazed from her casement low;
Far off, the great-sailed windmills
Stood darkly in a row,
And the sky with the changing splendor
Of dawn was all aglow.

"I wonder," thought the maiden,
Thrilled with the glorious sight,
"If all the beauty around us,
And all the love and delight,
Comes flooding the earth at sunrise
To bide with us, day and night?

"I wonder if all the goodness
That makes us steady and true
Glides softly in with the dawning
To gladden us through and through—
To lift our hearts to the Giver,
And help us in all we do?

"Yet whether we lose it or keep it,
Depends upon many a thing;
Whether we're lazy or busy,
Whether we grumble or sing;
Whether our thoughts are noble,
Or whether they grovel and sting.

"Oh, the wonderful sky!" sighed Katrinka,
"How grand!—But the day has begun.
There's breakfast, and spinning, and mending,
And kettles to shine—one by one—
Good-by, you dear, beautiful morning!
There's so much to do; I must run."

Bright little maiden, Katrinka,
In the land of the dyke and the sea!
They who live in the glow of the dawning
Are, all the world over, like thee.
Bearers of sunlight and gladness,
Faithful in shadow and sadness—
The path of the day is diviner
Wherever their light may be.
—Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, in St. Nicholas.

SEEN IN THE TUNNEL.

AM a music teacher by profession, and, twice every week, I travel some little distance to give lessons at a large school. Everyone who has had experience of similar oft-repeated journeys knows how wearisome the treadmill monotony of the same route soon becomes, and I myself have a strong sympathy with those professional or business men who contrive—by ingenious ringing the changes between rail and 'bus—to vary the daily journey from their suburban homes to their offices or chambers. But I had no choice of routes; I could only reach my bi-weekly destination via the Great United railway; but I contrived to extract some slight amusement from one part of my journey.

At one point, my train passed through an abnormally long tunnel, which was usually (probably for the convenience of some of the company's workmen) lighted by lanterns on its wall in certain places. As the train slowly passed (the Great United seldom puts on a very breakneck speed), shadows of the passengers by the carriage windows are often projected upon the whitewashed tunnel wall, and are visible by the light of those lanterns.

I made this discovery one day, when a young lady and gentleman had taken their seats in an empty carriage next to mine. As I passed by, I had noted the pair sitting opposite to each other—the lady gazing abstractedly out of the window, the gentleman almost ostentatiously engrossed in a newspaper. But when their tell-tale shadows appeared on the tunnel wall, behold the two figures leant across and exchanged an affectionate embrace; starting apart again as the train emerged into daylight, and sinking back, each into their respective corners, with an air of well-affected indifference; little conscious of the amusement their stolen kiss had afforded to the quiet old maid in the next carriage.

Ah, well, I am a lonely, middle-aged woman now (I fear many of my pupils call me "an old frump"), but I was young myself once, and—many years ago—a hand which has long been cold had pressed mine in a like manner, and kisses as loving have been showered on my lips. We were troth-plighted; but he, my young lover, died a month before our bridal day; and I—well, "he died, and she remained faithful," sums up the life history of many an "old maid."

I do not, of course, talk about this long-past romance now, but I have still a very soft corner in my heart for all youthful lovers; remembering the days "when I, too, dwelt in Arcadia." So I used to keep a lookout for the chance revelations on the tunnel wall, and often extracted much amusement therefrom, though these silhouettes were not always of a romantic character.

Once I beheld a very grave and demure-looking old lady imbibing draughts from what looked suspiciously like one of those "traveler's bottles" in which spirits are sold at railway station; another time I detected a schoolboy (presumably alone in the carriage) heavily "sampling" a basket of strawberries, which I had overheard his old aunt, who saw him off, enjoining him to deliver to his mother intact; "for you have eaten more than are really good for you already, you know, Tom," the old lady had remarked, plaintively.

I had begun to look upon this tunnel transit as the most amusing portion of my journey. I do not know if any of my fellow passengers observed what I did; but I doubt if they noted the shadows; for few persons save myself ever seemed to peer out upon the tunnel walls. I never called anyone's attention to the silhouettes, not being much given to talk with strangers; and the Great United being neither a much-frequented nor popular line, I often, indeed usually, was the solitary occupant of the carriage on the midday trains by which I journeyed. I little thought how important my casual glances into that tunnel would one day prove.

One dark autumn afternoon I was returning more tired than usual from my work (I had felt strangely tired for several days), and as I passed the first-class carriage next my own third glanced at it with the passing wish that I was going to perform the journey home upon its comfortable cushions. An old gentleman was snugly ensconced in the corner seat with a small black bag on his knees; as I passed, I thought he seemed particularly solicitous about the security of that bag.

As I seated myself in the third-class compartment I observed another man, tall and thin, hurry up to the carriage where the old gentleman was seated and take the vacant place opposite to him; then the train started and I leaned my aching head against the hard back of the carriage and tried to doze a little. I awoke as the train entered the tunnel; I felt too weary to amuse myself with my usual "note-taking"—but as I glanced listlessly on the tunnel wall I observed that a tall shadow was bending over that of the old gentleman and apparently arranging something over or around the upper part of his figure.

"I suppose they are father and son, and the son is wrapping up his father in his rug against the draughts," I thought, lazily, for a strange lassitude seemed weighing me down, mentally and physically. Then the train gave a sudden jerk and the tall figure flung out its left hand against the carriage door as if to steady itself, and I noted that this hand had a curious deformity—one finger lacking from it, the third finger having apparently been removed at the second joint.

I got out at the next station as usual, and managed to crawl home; but the succeeding days and nights were blanks to me for a week or more. I alarmed my elderly cousin, Tabitha, who shares my little home, by going off into a dead faint immediately I entered my house; and it was found that I was sickening with a kind of low fever, which kept me in bed for some time and from which I believe I should never have recovered but for Tabbie's careful nursing. I had been working much too hard for some considerable period and had been careless—as lonely women are apt to become—in the matter of diet and exposure to weather; and at over 50 one cannot "chance" one's meals and sit repeatedly in wet clothing without suffering for one's folly at last.

However, I gradually "pulled round," as the doctor said, and was promoted to the sofa in the sitting-room for a portion of the day. Lying there in luxurious idleness, I listened to Tabitha's detailed account of the beginning of my illness.

"A fortnight? No; actually over three weeks ago to-day since you were taken ill. It was on Thursday, the 16th. I shall always remember the date, because it was the same day that the murder took place upon the Great United, and by the very train you traveled by, Harriet."

Cousin Tabitha is the best and kindest of women, but has one little weakness—a morbid love of reading all the "horrors," especially the murders, which are reported in the newspapers.

"I forgot you know nothing about it, being too ill to hear any news," went on Tabitha, delighted to dwell again on the details of a crime; and then proceeded to relate how a certain well-known London jeweler had taken a quantity of valuable ornaments to exhibit to an invalid and aristocratic customer, who lived a little way out of London, and who wished to select some costly presents for a prospective daughter-in-law. Mr. ——'s confidential clerk, who usually accompanied him on such journeys, was taken suddenly ill, just as the pair were leaving town, and the jeweler, not liking to disappoint a valuable (and rather crotchety) customer, set off for old Lady ——'s alone.

His errand was, of course, known in the vicinity, and it was supposed that he had been followed to the station and robbed and murdered in the railway, for, on the train's arrival at the London terminus, the bag of jewelry was missing, and Mr. —— was found lying dead, with a handkerchief steeped in chloroform fastened over his face. The jeweler was an elderly man with a weak heart, and the chloroform, which was perhaps only designed to stupefy him, had killed him. No clew had yet been found to the identity of the murderer. The guard at the local station

APPEALED TO THE DOCTOR.

fancied that he had seen a man follow the old gentleman into the carriage, but had taken no particular note of this person, nor could even be positive that a second traveler had entered the carriage.

As Tabitha talked on, the events of that last journey of mine flashed back suddenly on my mind. And I saw the two shadows in the tunnel—the tall figure bending over the old man—ah, little did I imagine then that I was the spectator of a crime!

"Tabitha, I ought to give information to the police," I cried, sitting up suddenly, and then hastily poured out my story in turn. Tabitha listened with rather provoking incredulity.

"Do you think you really saw all that?" she asked, gently replacing me on the sofa and shaking up my pillows. "You know, dear, you have been ill so long—and you have fancied all sorts of funny things—you don't know what nonsense you have talked," and Tabitha laughed softly at the recollection; "most likely this is only a delirious fancy, like the rest."

But I was persistent, and appealed to the doctor, who called shortly afterwards. I do not think he either altogether believed my story, but he acquiesced in my desire to communicate with the police authorities; "it will quiet her mind, at least, and it is very bad for her to excite herself in this way," I overheard him remark to Tabitha in the passage.

So I made my "deposition" in all due form to the authorities; and I think the police were more inclined to attach importance to my statement than my two previous listeners had been.

"Could I identify the man I had seen enter the carriage?" I was asked.

"Yes," I replied, after a pause, "I believe I could. I noticed that he was tall and thin, with very dark eyes and an unpleasant, sinister expression of countenance; and then there was the peculiarity of his left hand," and I mentioned the mutilated finger which I had seen shadowed on the tunnel wall.

I saw by the faces of my interrogators that they considered this "an important piece of evidence," though they made no comment upon it. I was told I should be communicated with if my evidence was required, but the months sped away, and the "robbery and murder of a gentleman upon the Great United railway" seemed likely to pass into the category of those undetected crimes which remain mysteries to the end.

Nearly a year had flown. Tabitha and I were visiting some old friends at a quiet, west-country seaside place.

The murder and the likelihood of my being called as a witness had almost

MUTTERED A CURSE UNDER HIS BREATH.

passed out of my recollection, when a chance incident recalled both to my mind.

Tabitha and I had been lingering rather too long upon the beach, and found the incoming tide gaining upon us. To save time, we hastily climbed over some rocks to reach the shore, as several other belated visitors were doing. Just in front of us was a tall, thin man, who turned round to look (and also to laugh) at our hasty retreat; as I looked at him, I fancied that I had, somewhere, beheld that forbidding-looking countenance, with its keen hawk's eyes—the next moment, the man steadied himself with an outspread left hand against a fragment of rock, and I then recognized him at once. That gesture, that mutilated finger—had I not seen them both some ten months ago reflected upon the tunnel wall?

No one, of course, is desirous of figuring as "a witness" at the Old Bailey, but I felt a duty was laid upon me in this case. I watched the man—the old jeweler's murderer!—enter a small hotel opposite the shore; and then walked round to the local police-station to relate my tale; leaving Tabitha (who, on my whispered explanation, entered into the matter with true detective zeal) sitting on a seat near the hotel to watch if the man quitted the premises.

Rather to my relief (for I half fancied the inspector might consider me only a crazy old woman) I found that my "evidence" formed but an additional link in a chain. The police authorities had already established a quiet surveillance over this man, owing to certain suspicious circumstances which seemed to connect him with the sale of some of the stolen jewelry; he was actually being watched at this seaside place in pursuance of orders from Scotland Yard, and my information now furnished sufficient ground for his arrest.

I will not weary the reader with the details of the trial—personally, I never entertained the slightest doubt of the guilt of the accused after noting the expression which came over his face as I related, in the witness-box, the singular manner in which his shadow had betrayed him in the tunnel. As I spoke, a livid paleness overspread his countenance, he clutched suddenly at the rails of the dock, and muttered a curse under his breath.

The evidence against him proved, indeed, fatally complete, and all that his counsel could do for him was to try to persuade the jury that robbery, not murder, was the prisoner's intention; and that the poor old gentleman's death was accidental. The capital sentence was, in fact, afterwards commuted to "penal servitude for life;" for which I was not altogether sorry. I would rather not have felt that my evidence actually hanged a fellow-creature, though I am very glad that it served to effectually "seclude" a man like the prisoner from making further attacks on harmless railway travelers.—Tit-Bits.

—Self will is so ardent and restive that it will break a world to pieces to make a stool to sit on.—Cecil.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The oldest national flag in the world is that of Denmark, which has been in use since the year 1219.

—Among the earliest specimens of alphabetical writing are the inscriptions given on the monument of King Eshmunnezer, which rival in importance the Moabitic inscription of King Mesha.

—The oldest Jewish alphabet is supposed by some scholars to have been an adaptation of the Egyptian ideographs. Its earliest use in a monument is supposed to be the Siloam inscription at Jerusalem.

—Astronomers calculate that the surface of the earth contains 31,625,625 square miles, of which 23,814,121 are water and 7,811,504 are land, the water thus covering about seven-tenths of the earth's surface.

—Size for size, a thread of spider silk is decidedly tougher than a bar of steel. An ordinary thread will bear a weight of three grains. This is just about 50 per cent. stronger than a steel thread of the same thickness.

—Italy has 48 per cent. illiterate people; France and Belgium about 15 per cent. In Hungary the illiterates number 43 per cent.; in Austria, 39 per cent., and in Ireland 21 per cent. In India only 11,000,000 people out of 250,000,000 can read and write.

—The 72 races inhabiting the world communicate with each other in 3,004 different tongues, and confess to about 1,000 religions. The number of men and women is very nearly equal, the average longevity of both sexes being only 38 years, about one-third of the population dying before the age of 17.

—Jeroslaf I. of Russia had no teeth, having lost these valuable adjuncts to happiness by a blow from a Turkish mace. An English traveler in this country says it was commonly reported that the king's chewing was done by the queen, who masticated all the royal food and transferred it from her mouth to his majesty's with a spoon.

WOMAN AS A MAHOUT.

The Views of One of the Drivers of Elephants.

She can do her best work in the world by turning her own talents to account to smooth the path of a man whom she can sway and who has all the possibilities before him. So when the woman does her utmost to use her brain in his interest, to attend to all tiresome details, so as to leave him as free as possible from petty cares and worries. Then the man can concentrate the whole of his energy in his work, and the woman's ambition is vicariously satisfied. She watches the friend, brother and husband, and feels, with a half-amused complacency, that but for her his end would never have been attained. And this eternal watching and criticism develops in woman a greater power of knowing what men will do in particular circumstances. She has seen so often before that particular circumstances have particular effects in determining the actions of the workers. In the stress and hurry of the fight the man is not conscious which way the action is tending. He is absorbed in doing the duty immediately before him. The woman looking on coolly can say to him: "See, this line of conduct must lead to this and this consequence; you have only to take advantage of it and your success will be assured."

It is therefore because woman is essentially a looker-on that she is so invaluable as an adviser to man. To many a great man the advice of an Egeria, even an Egeria of an obviously inferior intellectual caliber to himself, is almost essential. She can watch and weigh the motives of his adversaries, she can calculate the probable effect of his own actions, and still more of his words, she can criticise his past decisions and indicate the best chance of success in the future. In fact, to be a woman is to be a mahout—a driver of elephants. The goad with which she steers the animal is in her hand, but yet she knows, as according to Mr. Rudyard Kipling every mahout knows, that some day, sooner or later, the great beast will get beyond her control and may turn on her with a terrible punishment for the insult of having kept him in subjection. For the ultimate force in life, physical strength, is against the woman as it is against the mahout.—London Spectator.

His One Great Trouble.

An old bedridden fisherman at a fashionable watering place, was frequently visited during his last illness by a kind-hearted clergyman, who wore one of those close-fitting clerical vests with buttons behind.

The clergyman saw the near approach of death one day in the old man's face, and asked if his mind was perfectly at ease.

"Oo ay, I'm a' rich," came the feeble reply.

"You are sure there is nothing troubling you? Do not be afraid to tell me."

The old man seemed to hesitate, and at length, with a faint return of an ration, said: "Weel, there's just ae thing that troubles me, but I dinna like to speak o't."

"Believe me, I am most anxious to comfort you," replied the clergyman. "Tell me what it is that troubles and perplexes you."

"Weel, sir, it's just like this," said the old man, eagerly. "I canna for the life o' me mak' oot hoo ye manage tae get inta that westcoat."—Tit-Bits.

Such a Persistent Dog.

Mother—Horrors! Where did you get that dog?

Young Hopeful—He followed me home.

"Hum! Did you coax him?"

"I didn't coax him. I threw things at him, but he would come."

"That's strange. What did you throw?"

"A lot of hard, ugly bones the butcher gave me."—Odds and Ends.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Hadn't you better call another physician?" said the wife to the young doctor who was treating her husband. "Just for consultation, you know." "No, ma'am," he replied. "My ideas are confused enough already."—Buffalo Times.

—He Wants Rest.—"I'm too old to get married," declared Grumly. "What has that to do with it?" asked his partner. "Well, I've worked hard all my life and want to enjoy the few years that are left me."—Detroit Free Press.

—"I wonder what that man is so angry at himself about?" said the mosquito; "during the half hour I have been flying around his head, he has done nothing but hit himself in the jaw every half minute or so."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Can't tell anything about the case yet," said the lawyer; "the jury is hung." "Jerusalem!" exclaimed the prisoner, "that does beat all! But I knowed my friends 'ud lynch 'em if they got a chance at 'em."—Atlanta Constitution.

—"What are those golf-sticks for?" asked the manager of the small theatrical venture. "That's a little idea of my own. We can use 'em when we're walking home and make believe that we're just enjoying ourselves."—Washington Star.

—"I thought I'd call round," said the ball, as it came through the window-pane. "I'll get square with you," said the housemaid, hiding the ball in the cupboard. Then the boys called round and wanted the ball, but before they could get it they were obliged to pay for the broken square.

—Nipper—"So poor old Soaksby is gone?" Proprietor Blue Light Saloon—"Yes, he's gone, but not forgotten. For more'n a year I've given him a free drink every mornin', and now he's left a will bequeathin' his mornin' drink to his brother."—Covington Post.

—"Excuse me Mrs. Bowder," said the cook, "but would ye moind if I had this address engraved on me cyard?" "Not at all, Bridget. This is your home, and if you have a card it is perfectly proper to put your address on it." "Thanks, madam," said Bridget. "An' Oi noticed yees have printed your cyards, ma'am, 'At home Thursdaas.' Would it be proper for me to hov printed on mine 'Thursdaas off?'"—Hartford Bazar.

MAPS ON POWDER-HORNS.

Maps Through the Wilderness Engraved on Early Colonial Horns.

The horns made and decorated during the period of early French colonial wars, from 1739 to 1745, when the fighting was in the New England states, are quite plain when compared with those used in the French and Indian war, when the finest and most artistic work was done, far surpassing the revolutionary war productions.

The British coat of arms was a prominent feature, covering a large space of the surface, and making a very beautiful decoration. In 1755, when the last French war began, one of the objects of the British armies was to force the French out of every post south of the St. Lawrence river, and finally to drive them from Canada. The fighting throughout this campaign took place in Pennsylvania, Maryland and New York, the interior of these states being then a comparative wilderness, and the various routes being almost unknown except to the fur traders. This fact caused a new feature to appear on the horn of the soldier—a map of the route. Such horns, showing the routes of Gen. Braddock's and Col. Bouquet's expeditions, are quite rare, while those showing the northern routes are numerous, the country portrayed varying greatly in extent. Many begin with the city of New York, showing its churches and other prominent buildings, and its harbor and shipping. Albany was pictured surrounded by a stockade, and crowned by a fort on a hill, and its church steeples topped by the conventional weathercock. Then came Schenectady, and the numerous forts and military posts. Such maps include the Hudson and Mohawk river regions, the country and lakes in New York, and sometimes the intervening sections of Canada to Montreal and Quebec.

These were not only handsome in appearance, but extremely useful to both the officers and the men, as the maps showed the roads and told where supplies could be obtained when needed. At that time few printed maps existed even for the use of the higher officers who were forced to depend on these horns for maps of the wilderness, especially those showing the routes of the fur traders from Canada to New York, and giving the various camping places. The maps also told where boats could be obtained to make the voyages easier, and to make the land journey as short as possible; for roads were almost unknown, and the trails were often very roundabout. A soldier placed the greatest value upon the implements he carried, considering his musket or rifle and his powder horn his companions during years of dangers and hardships, as his greatest friends. He learned to love and cherish them; and at the close of the war he hung them upon the wall of his home over the great fireplace, where they were constant reminders of his war experiences. He never parted with them, but at life's close willed them to his descendants, or to some dear friend.—J. L. Stieht, U. S. N., in St. Nicholas.

Just as Well Dead.

Speak simply; it is better far, especially when you are talking to the common people.

"Mike," said the superintendent of streets, "there is a dead dog reported in the alley between Illinois and Meridian streets. I want you to look after its disposition."

An hour later the intelligent officer telephoned:

"I have inquired about the dog, and find that he had a very savage disposition."—Indianapolis Journal.

Sound

Health is of the utmost importance, and it depends upon pure rich blood. Ward off colds, coughs and pneumonia by taking a course of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

AMERICAN LINERS.

They Are Formidable Rivals to British Ships in Speed, Comfort and Safety.

It is so novel and gratifying for this country to have won a place in the international maritime competition that we are apt to underrate what the fact implies. The truth is that with a number of warships which in their respective classes are entitled to rank with the best in the world we have just two modern seagoing merchant steamers of the first-class afloat. Each of these steamers has in turn wrested from their British-built predecessors and from the other the record between New York and Southampton. In point of time they have already established a rivalry on equal terms with the far larger Liverpool ships for passengers between London and New York.

This is a great triumph for a nation which for more than a generation has been out of the international competition and which has re-entered it with but two ships of its own production. It shows what can be done if only the commercial conditions allow us to keep up the rivalry thus begun. The record completed lately by the St. Paul takes the respectable slice of two hours from that made by her sister ship awhile ago, and assures Americans anew that they can sail under their own flag practically as fast as under a foreign flag.

As a matter of fact, the most interesting and encouraging thing about these records is the fact that the ships which make them are extremely practical vessels, and that they meet the commercial conditions of the North Atlantic trade more accurately than the crack British ships, which alone are their superiors in speed. Every line finds it necessary to have a "greyhound" or two, but it is not the greyhounds that make the money. It is commonly believed that they are run regardless of expense, in order to advertise the lines to which they belong. The St. Paul and the St. Louis, on the other hand, attain a speed not indeed equal, but for the purposes of passengers equivalent to that of the great Liverpool liners, and they do it with the expenditure of, it seems likely, not much more than three-fifths of the coal burned by the larger ships. The difference is enormous and in a close competition must be decisive, for it can hardly be possible the greatest British liners can earn as much more money than the Americans as they spend. It is already recognized in England that we threaten a formidable rivalry to the British carrying trade, at least on the North Atlantic. To have attained this result with but two ships of our own is, we repeat, a remarkable triumph. With a continuance of the policy to which we owe the St. Paul and the St. Louis we may look confidently forward to a fleet of first-class American passenger steamers.—N. Y. Times.

METEORITE FALLS IN DAYTIME.

Will be Taken from the Spot Where It Was Imbedded.

At Roseville, a small town below the city of Zanesville, on the Cincinnati & Miami Valley railroad, great excitement was occasioned by the fall of a body from the heavens at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and almost the entire population of the village visited the scene before nightfall. The meteor buried itself in the soft earth of a creek bottom on the James farm, about half a mile from the town, and, to judge from the size of the hole it made, it weighs 300 or 400 pounds. The meteorite will be unearthed.

"What is it called the honey-moon?" "Because it accounts the fied."—Up-to-Date.

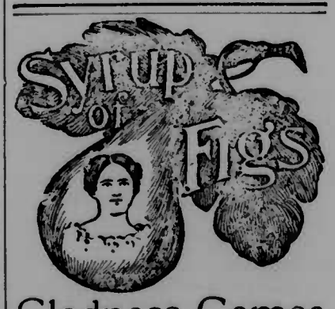

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

BENEFIT TO MANKIND: YUCATAN.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A new illuminating gas made from petroleum has been produced in Germany, which, it is asserted, can be supplied of a quality equal to the best existing photometric standard at a cost of 25 cents a thousand feet. The generative plant is simple; one able to keep up a hundred lights can be built for $150.

—Russia has sent an expedition to Khiva under Count Glonkhoffski, to find a means of diverting the course of the Amu Dairia, the Oxus of the ancients, into its old bed, so that it may flow into the Caspian sea, instead of into the Sea of Aral. It should empty then into Uzanada, south of Krasnovodsk, the terminus of the Transcaspian railroad.

—Four persons landed from the Austrian corvette Albatross on a scientific expedition in the South seas were killed and six wounded by the natives of Guadalcanar, one of the Solomon islands. The bodies of the dead were not recovered, as the islanders are cannibals. M. Foulton, the geologist of the expedition, was one of those killed. The Albatross bombarded the shore in retaliation, killing many natives.

—Abyssinia, according to M. Marcel, a French traveler, has three climates, according to the altitudes above the sea. In the low country or valleys bananas, dates, indigo, cotton and other tropical plants flourish, elephants, lions giraffes, zebras and gazelles abound. The intermediate zone recalls the climate of Sicily or of Andalusia in Spain. There is good pasture for flocks and herds in the highest region.

—The greatest corporation on earth is the London & Northwestern Railway company, of England. It has a capital of $595,000,000 and a revenue of $6,500 an hour; has 2,300 engines, and employs 50,000 men. Everything is made by the company—bridges, engines, rails, carriages, wagons and an innumerable lot of other things; even the coal scuttles and wooden limbs for the injured of its staff. Repairs to the permanent way cost $130,000 a month.

—It has passed current that sea air contains an appreciable quantity of salt. To test this M. Chaix made a series of experiments. He passed about 30 cubic feet of air through a solution of silver nitrate. In every case there was not the least cloudiness of the solution, which proved that the air contained no salt. The air contains salt only when the wind carries salt spray. If we wish to benefit by the salt in the air, we must go where the sea is sufficiently agitated by the wind to continually hold sea water in suspension.

LONDON'S GROWTH STOPPED.

Metropolis of the World Expected to Decline in Population Henceforward.

The result of the recent census shows that during the last five years the population has increased somewhat less rapidly than it did in the previous ten —1881-1891. The number of people turned out to be some 15,000 below the estimate formed on the basis of 1891. The difference is small, but important, as it shows that the previous fall in the rate of increase is maintained. The population is growing at a less rapid pace. At the beginning of the century it used to increase by more than 20 per cent. in the ten years between successive censuses; in 1881-1891 that rate had fallen to 10.4 per cent., the lowest on record, and now it is still less. This movement is not part of a general decline; it is peculiar to London, and seems to indicate that the huge overgrowth of the metropolis has begun to cure itself. No town can go on growing indefinitely, and even London—monstrous as it is—has not fulfilled the expectations of earlier statisticians. Two hundred years ago it appeared to be growing so fast that Sir William Petty, one of the earliest pioneers in demographical research, reckoned that by 1840 the population would reach 10,000,000, supposing it to continue at the same rate. He thought, however, that a natural limit would be reached before then, and placed it in the year 1800, by which time he calculated London would contain something over 5,000,000 inhabitants, and the rest of England only 4,500,000. He was very nearly right about the total, which actually was about 9,000,000, but London only accounted for one of them. Since then it has nearly reached its maximum, which, curiously enough, seems likely to prove a real natural limit. For the four years, 1871-74, the average birth rate was 35.2; for the four years, 1891-94, it was only 30.9. There has been a gradual and almost continual fall off from year to year, which has not been counterbalanced by the simultaneous but slighter fall in the death rate from 22.7 to 19.9. Fewer people die in proportion to the population, but still fewer are born. This is explained by the increasing disinclination to marry. The marriage rates for the two periods contrasted are 19.6 and 17.3 respectively.—St. James Gazette.

A Naval Engagement.

The new American navy has not yet produced any such incidents as one which is reported from Toulon concerning some French naval maneuvers. The new cruiser Vatour began to carry on target practice in the presence of the fleet. Instead of hitting the floating target she sent three shots into the admiral's ship, the Brennus. The first two only struck the bridge on which the admiral was standing, but the practice improved and the third shot brought down the steersman. Admiral Gervais thought that this was getting close enough and gave the signal "Cease firing."—N. Y. Journal.

Why?

Willie—Mamma, they say that history repeats itself, don't they?

Mother—Yes, dear.

"Well, why doesn't it repeat itself when I'm trying to learn it?"—Roxbury Gazette.

COOKING AND EATING.

Not Every Man Knows How to Do It Properly.

At one time, some 200 or 300 years ago, Italy held the palm for cookery, and the French mocked at what Montaigne termed le science de gueule. Then came other days, when masters of the art, such as Bechameil, maitre d'hotel of Louis the Magnificent, and Vatel, the famous steward of the prince de Conde, ruled over the aesthetics of the dinner table, and when great ladies, even princesses of the royal blood and mistresses en titre, thought it no indignity to direct the course of a dish to themselves prepare it. Princess Soubise invented the puree d'oignons, that is even now called after her. The princess of Conte gave her name to a particular mode of serving a breast of mutton; the dutchess of Mailly, vieing with her, to a special way of dressing a leg of the same viand. The gentle Louise de la Valliere was a great adept in all culinary lore, and Mme. de Maintenon, femme savante as she was, would herself prepare les colelettes et papillote for the delectation of her royal master. In fact, so alarmed was she when Louis XIV. showed a predilection for carre du mouton a la Conte that she called in Pere Lachaise, who, in his turn, invoked the aid of another priest, with the triumphant result that Canard au Pere Douillet is known historically of having been the dish that weaned the too susceptible monarch from the pitfalls of the princess and fixed him in the paths of virtue by the side of the Widow Scarron.

With all due respect to Mgr. Savarin, it is not every man of sense who knows how to eat. Witness the first Napoleon and the great Carlyle, men who swallowed their food in great gulps, ruining alike their health and, which is synonymous with health, their tempers also. Everyone is not like Mr. Gladstone, who lays it down as an axiom, and acts upon it, too, that food should be turned over in the mouth at least 20 or 30 times before it is finally swallowed, so do not deceive yourselves. The most important hour that a day has in store for you, the axle on which all else turns, health, business, wealth, happiness, is that hour which is ushered in by what Byron calls "the tocsin of the soul," that is, the dinner bell. It is a time for which to prepare ourselves with a solemnity befitting such a grave occasion, and is not to be rushed into lightly, as if it were of little or no moment. Otherwise, how has it arisen that the favored ones of the earth habitually cast off the garments of toil, the coat of varied and unmentionable garments of unvaried form, and attire themselves de rigueur whenever it is a question of dinner.—London Chat.

VANCOUVER EXPLORERS.

The Island Is Very Little Known or Explored.

Rev. W. W. Bolton, rector of St. Mary the Virgin's, and J. W. Laing, M. A., his friend, returned recently from their exploring trip in the unknown portions of the island of Vancouver. Mr. Laing, who organized the expedition and covered the financial end of it, was full of information about the beauty of the island, but he said they have demonstrated that the central portions of interior Vancouver are no place for settlers.

"It is a magnificent country for the lovers of nature, but jagged, snow-capped mountains and steep declines offer little temptation to people to settle. In Victoria we looked up the records left by previous explorers who, however, do not pretend to have penetrated so far into the interior as we did and we found that they often misrepresented things. In some cases I imagine they must have examined the patches of arable land they speak of from the top of some neighboring mountain with the aid of a telescope. At the head of Woss lake, for instance, one explorer says there is a fine tract of arable land. We examined it and found it to be a swamp. The government makes a mistake in accepting the word of the explorers whose records we found in Victoria. Most of the rivers and lakes in northern Vancouver are very inaccurately marked on the maps. We are now preparing maps for the admiralty which will be official."

Mr. Laing says that Vancouver is one of the best watered countries he ever saw in his life, but that nowhere in the course of his explorings in the northern portion of the island did he or Mr. Bolton find traces of the precious metals. The only discovery was quantities of beautiful marble, but that was in such inaccessible places that there is very little probability that it will ever be utilized.

One of the greatest feats achieved by the party was the climbing of Central Crags and the planting of the British and American flags there side by side. It has generally been believed that Mount Victoria is the highest peak in the island, but the Laing exploring party has proved from observations taken on the spot that Central Crags, situated in the heart of the island, reaches a higher elevation, that of 7,500 feet. In making the ascent of Central Crags the party was at one time detained by fog in the snow for two nights and a day, unable to see a foot before them.—San Francisco Call.

Modern Pronunciation of Greek.

Students of the Greek language the world over will be interested in the movement, recently begun in Athens, to have classical Greek pronounced according to the rules of modern Greek orthoepy. Colleges and universities throughout the earth are to be asked to adopt this pronunciation. In the event of such a consummation Greek would possess two advantages which Latin does not—that of world-wide uniformity of pronunciation, and that of bearing a very close resemblance to a living language.—Youth's Companion.

—The canna, or Indian shot, has its first name from the resemblance to a reed; its second, from the peculiar shape of its seed vessel.

AN INVOLUNTARY HERO.

Two Pieces of Hot Ham Won an Officer's Promotion.

A Polish officer, now dead, who came to the United States soon after the Russians suppressed the Polish insurrection under Gen. Chlopicki, in 1831, used to tell with much zest the story of his promotion from the ranks. He was a private of cavalry when Chlopicki's retreat began. The troops had made a weary night march, and were in bivouac for breakfast when scouts brought word that they were almost surrounded by a Russian force. Instantly the Poles hurried to their saddles, mounted and sought a way of escape.

The young cavalryman had been boiling some pieces of ham for himself in a camp kettle. Anxious to "save his bacon," he dumped the half-boiled meat into his saddle bags and joined his companions. Two minutes later his horse became restive, at a most inopportune moment, for on surmounting a ridge the Poles had found themselves confronted by a Russian force of infantry.

There was but one thing to be done. The Russian line must be broken through at once. It was being rapidly reinforced. If the Poles should fail to cut their way out at the first charge they must be all captured.

On they rushed at the order to charge, and now our young trooper's horse had become fairly frantic and quite uncontrollable. He sprang away far in advance of the charging line. The rider, determining to make the best fight he could, swung his saber, took a stronger grip with his knees and gazed hard at the face of the Russian he expected to be launched against.

Just then a volley hurled into the charging line, but the foremost horse and rider escaped unharmed. A few moments and they were upon the enemy. Usually a horse refuses to leap at bayonets, but this one jumped furiously at the kneeling front rank, and such was the momentum and fury of the beast that the Russians just in his front lost their nerve, broke and gave him entrance.

Through the gap thus made other Poles sprang a moment later. Striking right and left, they widened the breach, and in ten seconds the Russian infantry was demoralized. The Poles escaped with slight loss, and it was not long before their young leader quieted his steed, dismounted and found a chance to examine his half-cooled ham.

A few hours later the Polish general of cavalry rode up to the captain of the troop that had so distinguished itself, complimented him and said: "By the way, captain, who was that splendid young officer who led you all in?"

"He wasn't an officer; that was only one of my boys."

"Not an officer! May the bullets strike me if I don't make him one! Call him out here at once."

The general shook hands with the youth, promoted him to the lieutenantcy then and there and gave him a place on his staff.

Some days later, when the captain called at headquarters, he sought out the new lieutenant, whom he found dolefully contemplating his unsaddled horse, which had a huge, raw sore on each side.

"What on earth is the matter with your horse?" asked the captain.

"Oh, nothing much!"

"But what made these terrible sores?"

"The same thing that made me a lieutenant," said the hero. "A big chunk of hot ham in each saddle bag; but for the love of the saints, don't tell the general or the boys."—Youth's Companion.

OVERBOARD WENT THE RAZORS.

"Scrappy Bill's" Story of a Quick-Witted Steamboat Captain.

"A friendly thunderstorm once saved a carving match between a lot of colored baseball fans," relates "Scrappy Bill" Joyce. "It happened in Galveston harbor in 1888, and at the time I was captain of the Houston team, the champions of the Texas league. On a hot Sunday afternoon we went to Galveston to play a game with the Galveston team. An excursion steamer, with a party of colored excursionists, all rooters for the Galvestons, left one of the coast towns early on Sunday morning. There was plenty to drink on board and the colored sports waded into it. While the fans were collecting a high tide a dispute arose over the merits of the Houstons and Galvestons, and though the Galveston crowd was in the majority the Houston push refused to be downed in the argument. When the dispute was at its height, and all indications pointed to a razor finish, the captain of the steamer corkscrewed his way into the crowd and yelled: 'Stop this noise. We're going to have a thunderstorm in a minute, and I want you to warn all those who have steel weapons concealed on their persons. If you don't part with those weapons you lay yourselves open to danger. The steel will attract the lightning. So look out!' Every colored sport on that boat rammed his hand into his pocket, pulled out a jackknife, a razor or a gun and tossed them into the sea. The storm was a tame affair and passed over in five minutes. But the quick wit of the captain in separating those sports from their steel saved many a fellow that afternoon."—N. Y. Herald.

The Usual Thing.

Drummer—How many members are there in your fire company?

Squam Corners Merchant—About 300.

"Why, that is about all the men there are in the village!"

"Yes, and in the company there are nine firemen and about 291 bosses."—N. Y. Truth.

No Time to Waste.

He—My views of bringing up a family—

She—Never mind your views. I'll bring up the family. You go and bring up the coal.—Chips.

THE HONEST FARMER.

He Is Simple and Unsuspecting, But Scoops the Plane Drummer.

"Talk all you want to about the hocus sleerers and other sharpers of the metropolis," remarked a drummer the other evening at a downtown hotel to a Star reporter, "but some of the slickest of the sharps are to be found in the country. Out among the fields and lambs and sheep and other innocent things, don't you know."

"That's because you don't expect to find such sharpness among the rurals," exclaimed the reporter, who was born and raised in the country, and didn't like to see his fellow-countrymen libeled.

"Expecting it or not," insisted the drummer, "the sharpness is there, just the same, and it is just as sharp. For instance," and the drummer fixed himself for a longer heat, "some years ago, when I was a drummer in pianos, I'll tell you what an experience I had. Our house was one of the big ones, with an advertisement in every newspaper in the country, and the way we sold pianos was a caution to snakes."

"Also a tip to alleged business men who don't advertise," interrupted the reporter.

"Your 'also' is sustained," said the drummer, and proceeded: "As I was saying, we sold pianos right and left, and, as might be expected, we picked up a bad customer at frequent intervals. One of these had got a $300 piano on a small spot cash payment, balance monthly, on the strength of a farm we thought was his, also on his general reputation, which up to this time had been as good as anybody's in the community."

"Like Eve's in the garden?" ventured the reporter.

"Exactly," smiled the drummer. "If the devil had not tempted that hitherto exemplary female who would have come through in good shape, and just so with our customer. A $300 piano was more than he could stand, and he went down before it. After his first payment he failed to respond, and we waited as long as was our practice, and then sent word to him to return the piano, as per contract. In due time the piano box, in as good trim as when we sent it, came back, and we put it in stock. A month later it was shipped to another customer, and we heard from it soon to the effect that there wasn't any piano there, but that the box was filled with pieces of wood and iron of about the piano's weight, and wedged solidly into the box. Ordinarily we would not have been so careless, but we were rushing things, and had to neglect details. Now we had to make up for that neglect, and went after our bunco friend in the country. He lived 200 miles away, and at a short distance from the small town to which we had shipped the piano, which was on the railroad. Well, I got there one morning about 11 o'clock, and, tackling the first driver I saw, I asked him if he could take me to Jim Peters' place. He was a nice, honest-appearing sort of a chap, and he told me Jim had moved to another place, about 20 miles away, and that I could only get there by driving over five miles to another road and go ahead on that to Jim's station. I paid him a dollar to drive me over, and he told me, as I had never seen Mr. Peters, to ask anybody, and he would be pointed out, as everybody knew him. The station where he caught the train was only a crossing, and my driver flagged the accommodation, the conductor nodding familiarly to him as I got aboard. As the train moved off my driver drove briskly away, and when the conductor came around ten minutes later, I asked him if he knew Jim Peters, and he almost toppled over on me in his surprise. 'Why—why,' he stammered, 'that was Jim Peters driving you.' Then it occurred to me that the piano card on my satchel had given me away, and Mr. Peters had done the rest. We tried to get the piano again," continued the drummer, "but we lost all trace of it, and finally gave it up, and Mr. Peters, I presume, went with it."—Washington Star.

Jardiniere Mats.

Some handsome new mats to place under the jardinieres kept on polished tables are squares of white China silk with a border of plush about a finger wide. These mats are made over a stiff foundation of crinoline or canvas, covered with a layer of cotton and lined at the back with silk of a contrasting color. For instance, one of those seen, which is in a room where there is much green of various shades, has a border of olive plush, and is covered at the back with olive China silk. The center of white China silk is covered with an all-over pattern of flowers of about the size of a 25-cent piece. These flowers are outlined in coarse green embroidery silky. On the mat was a green jardiniere holding a palm. The plant was placed on a Turkish coffee table of mahogany. These low tables are much used in all kinds of wood for holding a single plant. In a room with a different coloring the mat could be made of white and dark or old blue, or of raspberry color and white. A spread made for a large mahogany dining table is a larger square of this kind, so that when laid on the table it leaves the corners bare. It has a border of apple-green satin.—N. Y. Post.

He'd Done It Before.

"You look after the dimes," he said in his lordly manner at the conclusion of a few remarks on the cost of running a house, "and I'll look after the dollars."

"I've been looking after the dimes all my life," she protested indignantly; "that's all I've had to look after, while you—you—"

"Maria," he cautioned, fearful that there was about to be an explosion.

"—while you have been diligently looking after the dollars—"

His face relaxed in a gratified smile.

"—to spend," she said in conclusion.

He realized then that she had made a study of him.—Chicago Post.

WONDERFUL NEW MATERIALS.

Statues, Bas-Relief and Carving Can Be Imitated Exactly.

Prof. Woods, a Washington chemist, has discovered a substance which can be made to resemble any metal or marble in color and texture, it can be molded into any form, takes a high polish, reproduces the patterns of the roughest stone or most delicate lace, is acid proof, imperishable, unbreakable, and is probably destined to bring about a revolution in arts and architecture.

The compound which has been the result of years of study is a metalloid in its nature and has been named protean plastic, from its adaptability to every metal and stone with which it is brought in contact and also from the innumerable uses to which it can be put. The astonishing changes by which it will take on the texture of any substance is its greatest advantage, and it is by this means that it can be made to resemble gold, silver, copper, iron, steel, brass, glass, granite, marble, onyx and numberless other minerals. The laboratory in which are kept many models of this new discovery is on one of the busiest streets of the capital. Scattered about the room are molds of the plastic in every form; here a cameo of gold, there a bas-relief of bronze, while on a long table is arranged a collection of figures in every known metal; iron and shining gold resting side by side with marble and mosaics of highest polish.

All of the objects are made of the same substance, the changes in its appearance and color being brought about by a chemical formula, which is known to the inventor alone.

The plastic is a metalloid, as by its nature it partakes of the nature of a metal. Prof. Woods, however, states that the base of this plastic is of very finely powdered stone known as steatite, a variety of soapstone known to commerce. This, with other elements, he places in a crucible and subjects to a heat of nearly 600 degrees, adding at pleasure the substances with which he varies his formula to produce the different effects.

This liquid, which is of about the consistency of thin molasses, is poured into a mold and as soon as cooked is ready for market. By mixing a peculiar compound containing gold dust, the work will come out with a golden surface, it will be, not gilded wood, or marble, but a metal as hard as gold, of the same color and possessing all the properties of the most precious ores, except that it is not quite so heavy. But it will not corrode and will last forever.

With this golden metal, which is one-third cheaper than real gold, we could have our home fashioned into bowers of oriental luxury. The houses of the future can be filled with golden statues exact copies of the ancient Greek art, the tables and service can glitter with yellow luster, and even the doors and windows may be made to seem parts of Aladdin's fabled palace.

The daintiest lace will be reproduced on this golden surface with every fiber of the thread showing in its outline as fine as a hair; the bowls and the thousands of utensils can be equal to the dishes of Midas of old.

If we wish to have a home which will flash back the sunshine from Parian marble, this counterfeit compound can be mixed in a certain consistency and we have but to pour it into a mold and there we have the shape of the purest of stone of what we wish. No cutting for days with a slow saw by the old process; no filing away of the precious stone, but what seems to be the fairest of Italian marble will spring up out of the crucible and cool into beautiful shapes within our sight in a few minutes.

Silver and other metals and rocks and granite blocks can be imitated exactly the same way, for when the plastic is removed from the molds it will be found to have copied the color and the texture of the metal or stone to perfection. It will resemble steel so closely that an expert could not tell the difference. It is hard and yields to the file as slowly as the real metal. In brouze work or statutes it will be invaluable.

The brick of which houses are now built can receive a coating of this compound in any color stone or metal wished and will last forever. For burial caskets, particularly in such countries of low, marshy land as New Orleans, it will spring into instant use. In water piping and sewering it will be found invaluable, as no dirt can accumulate nor can any acid corrode its surface. Neither can it be broken any more easily than iron.—Philadelphia Times.

Proof of His Love.

"Be my wife," urged Mumbojumbo, the young central African warrior, of a shy and darksome maid.

"I will first have to receive some proof of your devotion," she replied.

Whereupon he chased her four miles through the jungle, hit her in the back of the head with his war club and bore her home over his shoulder, unconscious.

When she came to she smiled upon him tenderly and said:

"I now believe that you love me. I am yours."—Buffalo Express.

John Bull's Obstinacy.

English obstinacy was shown in a recent block of 30 hours on the Grand Junction canal in Northamptonshire, the captains of two barges arriving at a small lock from opposite directions, each insisting on going through first. Over 100 canal boats were kept waiting until one of the men gave way by order of the proprietor of his boat.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Candid Expression.

First Artist—Congratulate me, old man. I've just sold my masterpiece to Banker Parvenu for 5,000 marks.

Second Artist—Glad to hear it—the miserable skinflint deserves to be stuck.—Fliegende Blatter.

—People of the United States have the worst teeth of any nation.

ODD OLD WEATHER VANES.

Grotesque Relics of the Strange Craze That Once Struck a Connecticut Town.

Only the oldest inhabitants can recall it now, but years ago a weather-vane epidemic swept through this country, and for a time it raged as fiercely as the lightning-rod plague or the fancy hitching-post curse of more recent years.

Everybody and everything fell before it. Churches, barns and meeting-houses all bore the badge of the malady, and farmers, vestrymen and volunteer firemen reveled in the weather vane until it almost became a habit with them.

Like the metallic but hollow wild beasts that ten years ago roamed over the front yards of the land and then suddenly returned to their native haunts in the iron foundries, the weather vane ran its course and the epidemic passed away without seriously affecting the nation's health or prosperity.

In some places the relics of that era are still to be found, and for the collector of antique weather vanes no locality offers such promise of a fruitful and bountiful harvest as Stratford, Conn. The seat of the whole malady seems to have been located in that quiet little New England village, and for miles around it raged with unabated fury long after the rest of the country had recovered.

Within two miles of Oronoque, a tiny suburb of Stratford, there are dozens of weather-vane monstrosities still standing. They blossom on either side of the road and from every barn and farmhouse. There are bronze arrows and helmets, wooden race horses, warped Venuses and stunted Apollos. But the gem of the collection undoubtedly is a weather-beaten old Cupid impaled on the sharp end of a stick high above the gables of a weather-beaten old barn. From the general outline it is supposed that it originally was intended as a cross between a cherub and a Cupid, but some excellent authorities hold that the vane is really a reproduction from a well-known photograph of Gabriel taken while he was still in short "pants." This theory is based upon the fact that the figure holds in his hands a trumpet instead of the orthodox quiver and bow. Those who oppose this view, insist that the trumpet is not a trumpet, but merely a dinner horn which the architect playfully put there to tease the honest but hungry hired man.

To the casual tourist who is not a student of weather vanes the mongrel Cupid seems more like the living example of some new brand of babies' food, and as he balances himself by his fat little stomach on the sharp end of that stick and wiggles around where the wind listeth, he seems to have taken an overdose. As the weather vane is not a scintillating success, and unless the wind listeth unusually hard it cannot budge him, but as an example of the most acute form of the mania, he is practically priceless.

Farther down the road, toward Shelton, there is another striking proof of the virulent form of the ancient craze. In a pretty old colonial farmhouse, with green blinds and yellow and white trimmings, lives a retired minister of the Gospel, and from the peak of the house of the minister a race "hoss" with brazen effrontery is taking a warming-up gallop in midair. As an ornament for a jockey club the hooded and blanketed steed could not be improved upon, but as a weather vane on a minister's home, it is simply illustrative of how the plague spared neither the righteous nor the ungodly. By a curious coincidence a horse trainer lived near the minister, and as if to emphasize the curious forms of the disease from his barn a truck horse cast in an heroic mold and totally out of sympathy with the trainer's spirited stock and the trainer's spirited ways, plods placidly onward, never getting anywhere and never telling within four points of where the wind is, but contented in setting a worthy example for the young brothers below and in renting out his arched neck as a lodging-house for the birds of the air.

But high above all these, proud in the consciousness of its own superiority, stands the rarest and the oldest weather vane freak in that vane-stricken territory. From the pinnacle of the steeple of Christ church is perched a figuring cock, with head thrown back in a lusty crow and tail feathers arched defiantly. For 189 years that rooster has stood there crowing ceaselessly and boisterously over all creeds, all denominations and all other weather cocks. Christ church, the oldest Protestant Episcopal church in the state of Connecticut, has been rebuilt three times, and over each structure that old bird has stood guard in all kinds of weather, and somehow, in his brave old strut and swagger, he seems to embody both the idea of the "church militant and warring" of today and the promise of the "church triumphant" of the future.—N. Y. Press.

The Atmosphere.

Even if it were possible for man to live without breathing air he could not exist on the earth if it were without an atmosphere. Plants derive carbon, the most important element of their food, from the air, and without plants there could be no food for animals, and therefore no human beings. Water also comes from the atmosphere, but if there were no water there could be neither plants nor animals. If food and water could be supplied in some other way the world would still be uninhabitable by plants and animals owing to the severity of the cold. Without an atmosphere there would be no winds, and consequently no waves or ocean currents. The sea—if we may suppose one to have been supplied by some unknown cause—would be a stagnant pool, uninhabitable by seaweed or fish.—Detroit Free Press.

The Germ Which Causes Baldness.

A German professor claims to have discovered the germ which causes baldness by destroying the roots of the hair.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
G. D. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, NOV. 5, 1896.

THE VICTORS.

PRESIDENT McKinley, Maryland salutes you!

WELL! Well! Well! What do you think of Maryland?

LABOR and capital are friends. The demagogues cannot separate them.

IT WAS the greatest sweep in the whole history of American politics.

THE Boy Orator has demonstrated that oratory does not win a campaign.

WE ARE very proud of good old Maryland. She did her duty nobly.

WHEN the conscience of the nation is aroused there is no limit to its majorities.

SOUND money, sound government, sound citizenship, sound morality won the day.

THE air was pleasant and agreeable but it was a bad day for rainbows and the chasers.

THOSE pluralities in New York and Pennsylvania simply impoverish the eloquence of figures.

BRYAN stampeded the convention for himself, but he stampeded the country for McKinley.

THE navigation on Salt River is good, and the railroad fare to Mexico, land of free silver, is cheap.

FREE silver is a case of the great minority in this world joined the great majority in the next.

THIS is the season when the boy explains after the trouble has come that he "didn't know it was loaded."

THE man who knows the force of a crushing defeat is the sufferer who has had the top of his hat mashed in.

MR. WELLINGTON has once more illustrated the serious fact that he knows how to manage a campaign.

IN MARYLAND, McKinley and McDonald carried the day. The Macs are very popular in Maryland this year.

BY THEIR verdict on Tuesday the American people stamped forever their disaproval of anarchy, riot and socialism.

WITH the election of McKinley we feel safe in predicting that every line of business will be placed on a solid and sure footing.

WE CAN extend to our free silver friends no consolation, especially those who left their party to vote for that ridiculous heresy.

WE EXPECT our free silver plated contemporary up town to display a life size rooster commemorating the victory of the silverites in Mississippi and other unreconstructed Southern states.

FROM Vermont's snowy mountains to Maryland's oyster strands, from Jersey's soda fountains to Western prarie lands the story was just the same—McKinley everywhere in the lead.

IF THE *Democrat* did not read Mr. Cleveland out of its party along with thousands of other good, honest Democrats, will the silver plated sheet please inform its readers why the slump was so great all over the country.

ONE question this campaign seems to have settled is that the matter of loyalty is one of the party to the people rather than of the people to the party. The people have determined that it is they who are sovereign.

IT SEEMS that the voters of this Congressional district wanted a "fahmer" in Congress notwithstanding the fact that at the Democratic meeting held in Oakland last Saturday night one of the speakers tried to make it appear that to be a "fahmer" was a disgrace. Such speakers do the disrupted Democracy more harm than good.

"WE HAVE just pride in our glorious record in favor of free speech, free soil, free press, freemen and free conscience, but I believe that the great majority of our countrymen are neither in favor of free trade, free silver or free lawlessness, nor of cheating people in the sacred name of freedom."—Maj. McKinley to Commercial Travlers, Oct. 17th, 1896.

AFTER November 3rd McKinley will explain it in this fashion: "Well, it wasn't my fault. I didn't want the single gold standard plank. They forced it in the platform and the defeat lays at their doors. I couldn't help it."—Last week's Mountain Democrat.

The above is republished in these columns with the request that our silver plated friend revise it.

YESTERDAY morning the Garrett County Bank resumed the payment of all demands made upon it in gold. We predict the statement without fear of contradiction that in less than one month as much gold will be in circulation as at any time prior to the period when the Democratic party fell into the hands of its disrupters and succeeded in bringing to the front the cry that there was no gold in the country.

Down with the money power.
Down with the railroad.
Down with the coal mine.
Down with the mill.
Down with the coke ovens.
Down with sound money.
Down with National honor.
Down with the Supreme Court.
Down with law and order.
Up with the new Democracy.
Up with the demagogue.
Up with repudiation.
Up with a debased dollar.
Up with anarchy.
Up with idleness.
Up with poverty.

These were the slogans of the Bryanites.

Garrett County's Vote.

The unprecedented Republican majority in this county is a cause for genuine delight on the part of our Republican friends, especially so in the face of the claims and pretensions of the silver Democracy. A glance at the recapitulation of the vote will show that old Garrett has recorded the greatest Republican triumph in her history. This majority is the result of a steadily growing Republican sentiment and population. Year by year it increases and we believe and confidently expect that next year it will reach the one-thousand mark.

Garrett is easily the banner Republican county of the State, yielding a larger majority in proportion to her population than any of her sisters. The heart of every true Republican within her confines ought to swell with rightful pride at the proud position she has taken at the head of a proud line of counties in the grand old commonwealth of Maryland.

We look for a revival of business because confidence has been restored and we believe that it will only be a short time until the good effects of this great victory will be felt among our people.

Let the good work go. Let every Republican help maintain and hold the position already secured by our party in this county. Let no lagging prevail, but endeavor constantly to increase and swell the majority. Let every Republican in the county feel that he is in part the cause of Republican success.

Maryland for Sound Money.

Maryland has again enrolled herself in the column of Republican states. For the second time in twelve months she has given a phenomenal majority for the party of progress and sound principles. Tuesday's vote is a surprise to the most sanguine, and yet those who are familiar with the past history of the state ought to have been prepared for it. Maryland passed through a financial whirlwind in the forties which was locally a severer trial than that to which she was exposed Tuesday, and, thanks to the wise counsels which then prevailed, she emerged from it in triumph. From that day to this there has been no blot on her name. Her credit has been golden in every part of the world. When, therefore, the people were asked to join in a conspiracy to repudiate the obligations of the government and debase the national currency, every inducement of state pride and state precedent urged them to recoil. The state had refused to repudiate, and had on that account become prosperous and honored; how could the nation in proper retain the esteem of the world by doing the opposite?

But there were other reasons which helped to swell the Republican triumph in the state. The Republican party has been in power in Maryland less than a year, and no party was ever more maligned during the same space of time. It is safe to say that no party has ever been less deserving of censure. In city and state the pledges made by the party have been so far as was possible, kept in letter and in spirit. The legislature promised honest elections and a reassessment of property. Tuesday's election was the only fair election ever held in this state in fifteen or twenty years, and this was due solely to the election laws passed by a Republican administration and election officials appointed by it. The reassessment of property is in process of completion, as promised, though ten months have scarcely expired since the Republicans assumed control of the state.

There are other very strong reasons for Republican supremacy in Maryland. The splendid American policy of which President-elect McKinley is the representative appeals directly to the vigorous manhood of the state. The toilers, be they at the forge or in the counting-room, are weary of no[illegible] gations, or even worse, of periodical attacks upon the finances and industries of the country. They have seen the vicious effects of four years of misgovernment. It is like the seven years of famine which followed the seven years of plenty in Egypt, except that there was no prophetic Joseph in the Democratic fold to put the people on guard against the coming evils, or to fill the granaries in time. They are thoroughly tired of a party whose statesmen, when placed in positions of responsibility, precipitate disaster. The Republican party is a progressive party. It believes in helping the American people to help themselves, rather than in helping foreign countries to impoverish the American people. It believes in fostering great American industries, building American ships and extending American commerce. Finely-spun dissertations on the constitutional powers of the government do not make a single blade of grass grow or add a dollar to the wealth of the nation. Practical statesmanship is what the country needs and that is what the Republican party will furnish. Belief in this has been a tremendous factor in the victory achieved Tuesday in this State.

It Was a Landslide.

The flags were out, and the wind blew free Tuesday, and the sun shone, and the people of the United States vindicated before the world their ability to govern themselves.

There was one clean, clear issue rising above all consideration as to candidates or parties or the word-splitting of platforms. The declaration in favor of the free coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1, simply stated, was a proposal, by changing the standard of value, to repudiate one-half of our public and private indebtedness. Though the scheme was urged by seductive arguments to workingmen out of work, to debt-burdened farmers suffering from a steady decline in the prices of their products, and to uninformed men who were dazzled with the promise of cheap money, and though it was also passionately proclaimed that the demonetization of silver was a crime brought about by scheming plutocrats, to the everlasting credit of the American people they were alike deaf to appeals to their distresses, their cupidity, their prejudices or their passions. Against all proposals of mercenary self-interest and all clamor of demagogy, they have chosen the path of honor.

There was no halfway business about it. The people, North, East, South and West, voted Tuesday to sustain the public credit; to keep untarnished the national honor. It was a vote for the gold standard. It was a vote of confidence and support of the financial policy of the Cleveland administration, and at the same time a vote of rebuke for both parties in failing to assist in the effort to maintain gold payments.

There never was a time since 1776 when an American patriot had greater cause to be proud of his country.

There is an old saying that "it makes no difference to the ox how his rib shall be roasted." But it sometimes does make a difference. In the contest which has just ended the Democratic party was slaughtered at the outset. Yet the triumph of Sound Money is a reaffirmation of Democratic doctrine. If the Democratic organization have been lost, Democratic principle has been sustained. Though the shadow has vanished, the substance remains. The decision against free silver coinage is a decision against the protective principle of taxation put in one of its boldest and most obnoxious forms.

The cry has gone forth; there is no denying it. McKinley is elected. Yellow is the color. Gold is the standard. Business will be resumed. Every dollar in circulation will have behind it the pledge of the ballot. Credit will come out of its skulking places, and confidence will spread over the land like sunshine, making all things smile again.

The [illegible]tory for Sound Money and Sound Morals.

Speaking editorially of the great victory for sound money in the United States on Tuesday, yesterday's Baltimore *Sun* says:

The result of yesterday's election leaves no doubt of the sentiment of the people of the United States upon the leading issue of the campaign. The attempt to fly in the face of common sense and common morality by declaring fifty cents to be one dollar has been rebuked and repudiated as it deserved. The specious argument of the advocates of free coinage have failed to mislead the voters of the country, who have brushed aside these sophistries and once more put themselves on record on the side of sound business principles, fair dealing and general good government. It is in the highest degree creditable to their strength and integrity of character that they were not swerved from the path of right and sense by the appeals to their prejudices and their cupidity. The answer which they have made to these appeals should convince the professional politician and demagogue for the future that honesty is the best policy in dealing with the American people.

It is a subject of just national pride as for general congratulation, that after one of the most exciting campaigns in the history of the country yesterday's election should have been attended by no serious disturbances in any section of the Union. Considering the tremendous strain to which the public temper has been subjected during the last few months and the increasing tension upon public feeling and apprehension, the bitterness engendered by the contest and the momentous interests involved, the quiet, orderly and peaceable manner in which some twelve million or more of voters delivered their verdict upon the issues before them is so remarkable as to challenge both admiration and astonishment. This superb manifestation of calmness and self-control constitutes the highest tribute that could be paid to the American people and to American institutions. It is not too much to say that no other people in the world could have displayed such moderation under such trying conditions. They have fully demonstrated their right to political sovereignty by showing that they can govern and control themselves in the face of the strongest temptations to passion and excess.

Now that this extraordinary campaign it happily ended, it is most earnestly to be hoped that the personal and social divisions and dissensions that have been created by it will be forgotten and forgiven. Intense bitterness of feeling—leading even to social ostracism in many cases—was produced by a struggle which arrayed old personal and political friends and associates against each other and which developed charges and counter-charges well calculated to irritate and offend. But Americans should have too much sense, as well as too much manliness to bear malice against each other or to remember with bitterness the words which have been uttered in the heat of the battle. What people of all parties and all sections should remember is that we are all Americans, citizens of a common country of which we all have reason to be proud and in whose prosperity we are all equally interested. Whatever differences of opinion we may have entertained or may still entertain on the prominent issues of the campaign, we cannot afford, as patriots, to perpetuate ill-will or bad feeling. Acquiescing in the result as the will of the majority, we should put away all personal animosities and clasp hands again with the former friends from whom we may have been separated or toward whom we have grown cold during the political conflict just ended.

Consumption

Out-door life and Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites have cured thousands of cases of consumption in the early stages. They cure old, advanced cases too; but not so many, nor so promptly. When a case is so far advanced that a cure cannot be made, even then SCOTT'S EMULSION checks the rapidity of the disease, relieves the pains in the chest, reduces the night sweats, and makes the cough easier. In these cases it comforts and prolongs life. Don't experiment with cures that destroy the digestion. Pin your faith to the one remedy which has been THE STANDARD FOR OVER 20 YEARS.

Book about it free for the asking.

For sale by all druggists at 50c. and $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

McKINLEY THE WINNER.

A Sound Money Tidal Wave

SWEEPS THE COUNTRY.

264 Electoral Votes for McKinley.

THE PEOPLE PROTECT

The Honor and Credit of the Nation.

ILLINOIS AND INDIANA,

Ohio, Michigan and Maryland

IN LINE FOR HONEST MONEY

McKinley has swept the country by the most astonishing majorities in the history of American politics. The national ticket is elected overwhelmingly, and the Republicans will have a large majority in the next House of Representatives.

The magnitude of the sound money victory has surpassed the expectations of everyone. It swept all the great states of the country, and where it did not win it wonderfully decreased the opposition majorities.

The Republicans gain several United States senators, including the successor to David B. Hill, of New York.

With the United States senators won Tuesday, there will be a sound money majority in the Senate, as well as in the House of Representatives.

Maryland has again been struck by a political cyclone, the second being of even greater intensity than that which, last year, swept the Democratic party out of power, and installed the Republicans in control of the state and city machinery.

Not only has the old state been torn away from its customary moorings in the presidential column by a majority which the most enthusiastic McKinleyites scarcely dared to hope for, but a solid Republican delegation will represent it in the lower house of the Fifty-fifth Congress, while the party has gained an additional judge and has retained its grip on the municipal administration in Baltimore by keeping the strength of the opposition in the first branch of the city council down to seven.

The plurality for the Republican Presidential ticket in the State will reach 32,000, and may go higher. Former Democratic strongholds have been transformed into Republican camping ground. Even the rock ribbed First district has gone with the tide, Joshua W. Miles being disappointed in his aspiration to succeed himself.

According to the latest information, the pluralities obtained by the successful Congressional candidates are as follows;

First District—Dr. Isaac S. Barber, 500 plurality.

Second District—William B. Baker, 2,001 plurality.

Third District—Dr. William S. Booze, 4,000 plurality.

Fourth District—W. W. McIntire, 9,109 plurality.

Fifth District—Sidney E. Mudd, 3,000 plurality.

Sixth District—Capt. John McDonald, 4,000 plurality.

McKinley's plurality in Baltimore city reached 22,340.

Henry Stockbridge, the Republican candidate for additional judge in Baltimore City ran behind his ticket, but the personal popularity of his competitor could not avail against the impetus given to the balloting by overshadowing national issues.

The weather was ideal, and a full vote was brought out. The new precautions thrown around the exercise of the elective franchise, and to keep inviolate the secrecy of the ballot, by the last Legislature, were tested for the first time, and amply vindicated the wisdom of those who conceived them. An utter absence of disorder or confusion characterized the election, and the most pronounced opponent of the system was compelled to concede its absolute fairness.

Of the 447 electoral votes McKinley has received a large majority, although only 224 are necessary to make him President. The following States were carried by majorities so decisive, and in many instances so gigantic that even Chairman Jones has not the audacity to question them:

Connecticut, Illinois, Iowa, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Minnesota, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Vermont, Wisconsin.

These States cast in the aggregate 220 votes,—4 less than a majority. On these four votes Mr. Jones was at last advices hanging his hopes. Some time yesterday he sent Mr. Bryan the following dispatch:

CHICAGO, Nov. 4.

Hon. William J. Bryan:

I have all along counted on 156 Southern votes and 61 from west of the Missouri river, which leaves seven for us to get to be successful. I counted on Indian, Michigan and Minnesota, and we have no information except what the press dispatches sent out to the contrary.

The only Southern State I concede is Maryland. JAMES K. JONES.

The later dispatches have swept from Mr. Jones all hope of capturing the needed votes. The following are some of the States relied upon:

CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 4.—California has joined the East in the McKinley landslide and its majority for the Republican standard bearer will pass 5,000 at least. Many of the counties have not yet sent in returns, but the more populous and those in which the fate of the elections hinged have all been heard from and swell the Republican majority to a point where nothing to come later can disturb them.

Los Angeles, which was the stronghold in the southern tiers of counties, is estimated as giving from 1,200 to 2,000 majority for McKinley. Great interest is centred on the Congressional ticket. Outside of this city only one Democratic Representative seems to have been chosen. The Legislature has gone with the general result, and may safely be classed as Republican, to the United States Senate.

OREGON.

PORTLAND, ORE., Nov. 4.—Nearly three-fourths of the total vote of Oregon has been received. McKinley, 32,133, Bryan, 27,409; McKinley's plurality, 4,724. Palmer's vote in the State will be about 100. It is estimated that the precincts yet to be heard from will reduce McKinley's plurality 1,500, making his plurality in the State, 3,200.

NORTH DAKOTA.

BISMARK, N. D., Nov. 4.—The Republicans have carried the State by from 5,000 to 8,000. Fifty-three precincts out of 123 give McKinley, 2,608; Bryan, 1,617.

This is a Republican gain, and shows that the Republican National, State and Congressional tickets are elected, and that North Dakota will have a Senator who favors the gold standard.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

MINNEAPOLIS, Nov. 4.—One hundred and fifty-six out of 1097 precincts in South Dakota give McKinley, 10,-

632, Bryan, 9,411. The same precincts in 1894 gave the Republicans 10,671, opposition 8,408. On the same ratio the State will go for McKinley by only

200. The country precincts may wipe this out.

THE VICTORY IN INDIANA.

CHICAGO, Nov. 4.—Chairman W. D. Bynum and Secretary John P. Frenzel of the Gold Standard Democratic National Committee were at headquarters in the Palmer House to-day receiving congratulations.

"The Republican victory in Indiana was largely due the Sound Money Democrats, and they are entitled to much of the credit for it," said Mr. Bynum. "We certainly rejoice in the defeat of Bryan, as it vindicates all our claims. There will be no necessity of our having the rumored National Convention and none is likely to take place. I cannot just now state when the national committee will meet."

KENTUCKY.

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 4.—At this hour, 8 o'clock, Kentucky seems safe for McKinley, though the majority is very close. In 1,265 precincts out of 1,663 his plurality is 3,506.

The counties not heard from are Leslie, Floyd, Johnson, Knott, Magoffin, Pike, Butler, Greenup, Harrison, Jackson, Owen and part of Henry.

These include some strong Republican as well as strong silver counties, but the heavy Republican gains everywhere seem to make the State safe for McKinley, though the result may be close. Taking the estimate of the missing counties made several days ago by Chairman Sommers of the Democratic Committee, the McKinley majority of the missing vote is 1,238. This would give the State to McKinley by 4,744. The Democratic esthmate of the missing counties is a majority for Bryan of 4,325 and for McKinley of 3,087.

LATER AND BETTER.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Nov. 4.—Returns from the doubtful counties missing early this morning have been received, and they indicate beyond a doubt that McKinley is the victor in Kentucky by not less than 5,000 plurality. Tremendous Republican gains are shown in the mountain counties, while the figures from the silver strongholds do not exceed the previous estimates. The Republicans say the Eleventh district will come down with 14,000 Republican majority. If so the State will be Republican by over 7,000.

WEST VIRGINIA.

WHEELING, W. Va., Nov. 4.—West Virginia gives McKinley about 13,000 majority; and Atkinson for Governor about 14,000. The whole Republican state ticket is elected; and a solid Republican delegation to congress,—consisting of Dayton, Dovener, Dorr and Miller.

KANSAS.

TOPEKA, KAN., Nov. 4—At 9 a. m. it seems practically certain that Bryan has carried Kansas by a small majority. Chairman Bridenthal of the Democratic State Committee claims the state by 13,000. Chairman Simpson of the Republican State Committee, however, refuses to surrender, and declares that complete returns will show a victory for the Republicans. The Democrats claim the election of Congressmen in the Third, Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh districts by majorities of from 2,500 to 6,000. The First district is conceeded to Broderick, (Rep.) and the classed doubtful. Returns generally indicate Republican losses.

NORTH CAROLINA.

RALEIGH, N. C., Nov. 4.—Returns up to 2 a. m. indicated Bryan carried North Carolina by 10,000. Republicans at that hour, however, would not concede the State.

NEBRASKA.

OMAHA, NEB., Nov. 4.—While Bryan has probably carried Nebraska by a small plurality, Republicans are not conceding that fact, since less than 300 of 1551 precincts in the State have been heard from a definite result cannot be known before night, but Bryan is steadily gaining, with most of the remote rural districts yet to hear from. It is conceded that Bryan's greatest strength is there, and it will probably overcome the 2000 plurality McKinley has in Omaha.

The feature of the contest is the enormous vote polled, probably 10 per cent. heavier than at any previous time. This is attributed to that element which has heretofore refused to participate in elections, but which the financial issue this campaign brought to the front. As a result of the generous manner in which the state ticket was scratched, little can be definitely determined before night as to the result. Holcomb, Dem-Populist, Gubernatorial candidate, is probably elected, as he ran ahead of Bryan in many sections.

The probabilities are the State ticket is divided between the two parties, and will be close on all results. The Legislature, however, is largely Republican. In the Congressional districts, while little is definitely known except in the Second, where Mercer is re-elected, there is little doubt that the Republicans have elected four of the five remaining Congressmen. Maxwell, silver Democrat, in the Third, is probably elected. The complete state vote will probably exceed 230,000. The heaviest vote polled in Nebraska was in 1884—210,000. In view of the intense excitement in Nebraska, it is considered remarkable that no disturbance of importance occured on election day.

OMAHA, Nov. 4—Two hundred and thirty precincts in Nebraska outside of Omaha give McKinley 22,180, Bryan 21,685. Two years ago, Republicans 20,798; Democrat-Populists 18,420.

BRYAN STATES.

The following states are conceded to Bryan:

Alabama, Arkansas, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Louisiana: Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Virginia.

The States cast 135 votes, but they leave Mr. Bryan 89 votes short of an election. It is claimed that Texas will give him 50,000, and Missouri 70,000 majority, but this is not conceded by the Republicans.

"PENNY'S" BIG MAJORITY.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 4—With more than one-third of the State heard from there is a Republican gain over the vote of 1892 of more than 60,000. This, added to the plurality of that year, would alone make a total of nearly 125,000, indicating Mr. McKinley will have over 300,000 more votes than Bryan in Pennsylvania. There is no change apparent in the Congressional delegation, with the exception of the election of Wm. McAleer, sound money Democrat, over Frederick Halterman, sound money Republican, in this city. The Legislature is more heavily Republican than it was at the last session.

The contest in the 20th Congressional district, about which some apprehension was felt, because there were two rival Republican candidates for Congress, each claiming to be the regular nominee, resulted in the re-election of Josiah D. Hicks, of Altoona.

Pennsylvania sends 28 Republicans to the House of Representatives.

In Philadelphia, Alexander Crow, the Independent Republican candidate for sheriff was elected over Ashbridge the regular Republican candidate, by a large majority. The city gave McKinley and Hobart not less than 100,000 majority.

ILLINOIS.

CHICAGO, Nov. 4.—Returns from the State indicate that the Republicans will have a large majority in both houses of the Legislature, which will thus elect a United States Senator this winter to succeed John M. Palmer.

The entire Republican State ticket is elected by majorities ranging from 100,000 to 125,000. John R. Tanner, for Governor, will get about 25,000 votes less than McKinley.

The indications at noon point to the election of Republican Congress-

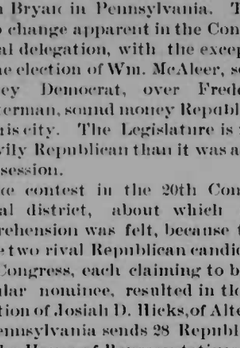

men in all districts in the State except the sixteenth, eighteenth, twentieth, and nineteenth. The last named district is still doubtful, both parties claiming it.

The Chicago Congressional delegation will be solidly Republican. In this city out of a total of 343,708 votes William McKinley received 201,434, and W. J. Bryan 142,274, giving McKinley a plurality of 59,160 votes.

MICHIGAN.

DETROIT, Nov. 4.—Returns incomplete as yet, from the 83 counties of Michigan, indicate McKinley's plurality in Michigan to be 40,000. The returns this morning give Pingree for Governor an estimated plurality of 58,000. That Pingree should have run decidedly ahead of his ticket generally throughout the State is regarded as something of a surprise, in view of the combined interests allied against him. In Detroit, Pingree got more votes than he had ever received in his candidacy for mayor. In 128 precincts of this county Pingree received 37,923 to 19,154 for Sligh; McKinley 33,658, Bryan 24,317.

The Republican State ticket ran considerably behind the McKinley vote. The Republican members of Congress are elected in each of the 12 districts of the State, except the third and eighth, and in the eighth the issue is still doubtful between Congressman Linton and Ferdinand Brucker. Wayne county elected her entire Republican delegation to the Legislature—10 representatives and 4 senators—although ex-Mayor Wm. G. Thompson for senator narrowly escaped defeat.

The legislature will be overwhelmingly Republican, but by what majority is not yet determined.

INDIANA.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 4.—Four hundred out of the 3115 precincts in Indiana, outside of Marion county (Indianapolis), show a net Republican gain of 4197, a little over 10 to a precinct. This ratio of Republican gain has been kept steadily up, and if it continues will give the State to McKinley by over 30,000.

With such a heavy Republican vote over the State the Republicans have probably all the congressional candidates, though there are doubts about Salzer in the fourth district, Tracewell in the third and Landis in the ninth. There is little doubt that Johnson is re-elected in the sixth. The Republicans will have a majority in the legislature which the Republican managers place at 42 on joint ballot. Marion county will probably give a Republican majority of 7,000, which is a big increase over the last vote.

VIRGINIA.

RICHMOND, Nov. 4.—11.30 a. m.—Returns are still coming in slowly. Bryan's majority will probably reach 25,000. Eight Democratic Congressmen are certainly elected. The Republicans probably carry the ninth and tenth districts.

HOW THE HOUSE WILL STAND.

Results of the Congressional Elections Summarized.

The following table shows how the next House will stand in the light of the returns received:

State.	Rep.	Dem.	Pop.
Alabama	1	8	—
Arkansas	—	6	—
California	6	1	—
Colorado	1	—	1
Connecticut	4	—	—
Delaware	1	—	1
Florida	—	2	—
Georgia	—	11	—
Idaho	1	—	1
Illinois	17	4	1
Indiana	8	3	2
Iowa	11	—	—
Kansas	5	—	2
Kentucky	7	4	—
Louisiana	—	6	—
Maine	4	—	—
Maryland	6	—	—
Massachusetts	12	1	—
Michigan	9	3	—
Minnesota	7	—	—
Mississippi	—	7	—
Missouri	4	11	—
Montana	1	—	—
Nebraska	4	—	2
Nevada	—	1	—
New Hampshire	2	—	—
New Jersey	8	—	—
New York	29	5	—
North Carolina	4	—	5
North Dakota	1	—	—
Ohio	17	4	—
Oregon	2	—	—
Pennsylvania	26	3	—
Rhode Island	2	—	—
South Carolina	—	7	—
South Dakota	2	—	—
Tennessee	4	6	—
Texas	2	11	—
Utah	1	—	—
Vermont	2	—	—
Virginia	2	8	—
Washington	1	1	—
West Virginia	3	1	—
Wisconsin	9	1	—
Wyoming	1	—	—
Totals	227	115	15

Electoral Vote.

Returns so far received indicate that the electoral votes of the respective States will be as follows:

STATES.	Electoral Vote.	McKinley.	Bryan.
Alabama	11	...	11
Arkansas	8	...	8
California	9	9	...
Colorado	4	...	4
Connecticut	6	6	...
Delaware	3	3	...
Florida	4	...	4
Georgia	13	...	13
Idaho	3	...	3
Illinois	24	24	...
Indiana	15	15	...
Iowa	13	13	...
Kansas	10	...	10
Kentucky	13	...	...
Louisiana	8	...	8
Maine	6	6	...
Maryland	8	8	...
Massachusetts	15	15	...
Michigan	14	14	...
Minnesota	9	9	...
Mississippi	9	...	9
Missouri	17	...	17
Montana	3	...	3
Nebraska	8	...	8
Nevada	3	...	3
New Hampshire	4	4	...
New Jersey	10	10	...
New York	36	36	...
North Carolina	11	...	11
North Dakota	3	3	...
Ohio	23	23	...
Oregon	4	4	...
Pennsylvania	32	32	...
Rhode Island	4	4	...
South Carolina	9	...	9
South Dakota	4	4	...
Tennessee	12	...	12
Texas	15	...	15
Utah	3	...	3
Vermont	4	4	...
Virginia	12	...	12
Washington	4	...	4
West Virginia	6	6	...
Wisconsin	12	12	...
Wyoming	3	...	3
Total	447	264	170
Necessary for choice	224	...	...

Kentucky doubtful, but probably for McKinley.

Notice to Farmers.

All farmers and others interested are invited to meet the director of Farmer's Institutes, Nov. 13, (Friday) at 11 o'clock in Oakland, in the court room if possible, if not, as to place of meeting inquire at the office of the county commissioners on the day of meeting.

The director's name is Wm. L. Amoss, P. O. address, Benson, Harford county, Md.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

McKINLEY AT THE POLLS.

An Early Voter With a Straight Republican Ticket.

CANTON, O., Nov. 3.—Major McKinley cast his vote at 9 o'clock this morning. It was straight Republican from top to bottom. All Canton was astir at an early hour to-day for the culmination of the struggle in which it has figured so prominently. Bands and marching clubs were on the street by 6 o'clock, summoning voters to cast their ballots early. Major McKinley was about by 7 o'clock. His brother Abner McKinley, who arrived last night, had cast his vote before breakfast, and then had joined the family at the cottage.

At 8 o'clock a telephone from the McKinley Troop asked the Governor if he would go to the polls with the troop as an escort. He acknowledged the courtesy, but said he wished to go as a private citizen, and suggested that the troop march to the house and let him review them on the way to the polls. The invitation was eagerly accepted and the line of marching clubs swung into Market street for the McKinley cottage. First came the young men in white duck uniforms duck hats and widespread white umbrellas catching the glint of the sun. After them came the grizzled veterans, many of them from the shop and factory.

As Major McKinley stepped down the front walk to the curb, shouts and cheers went up from the marchers. They halted, faced about and, with umbrellas waving, gave "three cheers for McKinley." The Major smilingly bowed acknowledgment with a sweep of his beaver, and as the cheers continued he waved his handkerchief. "Three cheers for the next President," were added, and then the marchers moved to the polls with parting shouts of "Eighty per cent. of the vote is in, Governor!" "We will be around to-morrow, Major!"

The Republican nominee started for the polls at 8.30, walking down Market street to Fourth street, where the voting booth of precinct A, first ward, is located. He was accompanied by Abner McKinley and his nephew, Samuel Saxton. It was an easy morning walk, such as any citizen might take on a fine morning. Men raised their hats as he passed and the ladies on the residence street steps waved their well wishes.

The nominee took his place in the line and the systematic march of the Australian balloting proceeded in truly Democratic fashion. Ahead of Major McKinley was a swarthy faced workingman, whose hands showed he had just laid down his tools. With some confusion he greeted the Major and offered to yield his place, but the offer was declined with a whisper in the man's ear, which made him beam.

"William McKinley, 723 North Market street," called the inspector, just as the clock marked 9. The Major stepped forward and received his ballot, a huge sheet with eight horizontal tickets, the first one being the Republican, headed with his own name. He moved through the inclosure to the curtained booths in the rear and stepped into the first one. He was in no hurry. Adjusting his eye-glasses he scrutinized the ticket carefully. For just one minute and eighteen seconds he went over the names. Then, marking the Republican ticket at the head, indicating a straight Republican vote, he came from the booth and handed the ballot to the official in charge of the box. As he emerged from the place there was another cheer from the outside, another kindly acknowledgment and then, having exercised his American privilege as a voter, Major McKinley and his brother walked down to Tuscarawas street to greet the white haired mother, 88 years old, who is a keen observer of the scenes in which her son is playing so large a part.

The Defeat of Altgeld.

One of the happiest facts of the results is the defeat of Altgeld, the governor of Illinois, who was a candidate for re-election. His elevation to that office was largely an accident, and a most disastrous one, for the people of that great state. He prostituted his authority by the pardon of the Anarchists, by the defense of the rioters, by the misuse of state funds, by the practice of the worst politics and the lowest principles.

The worst part of it was his ability, his cunning, his persistence, all of which threatened everything that was orderly and good. His evil influence did more than anything else to turn the national convention of the Democrats into an instrument for the advocacy of free silver, free riot and free repudiation. His was the master mind that dominated its proceedings, and he was the Mephistopheles that stood behind Bryan in his campaign.

To defeat such a person is to defeat an enemy of society, to tread upon the head of a viper, that is all the more dangerous because it has undoubted intelligence. The whole nation will join in the joy that Illinois must feel.

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

IN THE MORNING.

"What are the horns a'blowin' for?"
Said Whiskers-on-Parade;
"To call us out, to call us out,"
The honest voter said.
"What makes you smile so broad, so broad?"
Said Whiskers-on-Parade;
"Because we're rounding up a fraud,"
The Honest-Voter said.

"For they're chasing Billy Bryan,
You can hear the Dead March play;
The voters all in hollow square
Will settle him to-day;
They'll fix him so that with his voice
He'll nevermore get gay—
Oh! They're chasing Billy Bryan in the morning!"

"What makes that old Pop, breathe so hard?"
Said Whiskers-on-Parade;
"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold,"
The Honest-Voter said.
"What makes the silverites turn pale?"
Said Whiskers-on-Parade;
"The marble heart, the marble heart,"
The Honest-Voter said.

"They are chasing Billy Bryan,
They are throwing of him down;
They have separated Billy
From his fame and his renown;
And he'll get it where the lady
Doesn't wear her full-dress gown—
Oh! they're chasing Billy Bryan in the morning!"

"I've hollered quite a lot for Bill,"
Said Whiskers-on-Parade;
"Your yelling has been all in vain,"
The Honest-Voter said.
"His promises were massive things,"
Said Whiskers-on-Parade;
"They'll be reduced in size to-night,"
The Honest-Voter said.

"They are chasing Billy Bryan
Into silence and the shade;
He is on a swift toboggan
And he's started down the grade;
At the bottom is Salt River
And thro' that he'll have to wade—
Oh! they're chasing Billy Bryan in the morning!"

"What's that so black against the sun?"
Said Whiskers-on-Parade;
"The Bryan boom, the Bryan boom,"
The Honest-Voter said.
"What is that dreadful rasping noise?"
Said Whiskers-on-Parade;
"The Boom has burst, the jig is up,"
The Honest-Voter said.

"For they're done with Billy Bryan,
They have settled him in style;
The voters are returning sad
They're laughing all the while;
See, they're shaking hands and cheering,
You can hear the nation smile
After chasing Billy Bryan in the morning!"

G. V. H.

Let All Give Thanks.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4.—The President to-day issued the following Thanksgiving proclamation:

"The people of the United States should never be unmindful of the gratitude they owe the God of nations for his watchful care which has shielded them from dire disaster and pointed out to them the way of peace and happiness; nor should they ever refuse to acknowledge with contrite hearts their proneness to turn away from God's teachings and to follow with sinful pride after their own devices.

"To the end that these thoughts may be quickened, it is fitting that, on a day especially appointed, we should join together in approaching the throne of grace with praise and supplication.

"Therefore, I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the twenty-sixth day of the present month of November, to be kept and observed as a day of thanksgiving and prayer throughout our land.

"On that day let all our people forego their usual work and occupation, and, assembled in their accustomed places of worship, let them with one accord render thanks to the ruler of the universe for our preservation as a nation and our deliverance from every threatened danger, for the peace that has dwelt within our boundaries, for our defense against desease and pestilence during the year that has passed, for the plenteous rewards that have followed the labors of our husbandmen, and for all the other blessings that have been vouchsafed to us.

"And let us, through the mediation of Him who has taught us how to pray, implore the forgiveness of our sins and a continuation of heavenly favor. Let us not forget on this day of Thanksgiving the poor and needy and by deeds of charity let our offerings of praise be made more acceptable in the sight of our Lord.

"Witness my hand and seal of the United States which I have caused to be hereto affixed.

"Done at the city of Washington this fourth day of November in the year of our Lord 1896 and of the independence of the United States of America the 121st.

(Signed) "GROVER CLEVELAND.

"By the President:

"RICHARD OLNEY, Secretary of State."

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AND

Chimney Pipe

WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS,

FROSTBURG, MD.

4193.yr—8

RECEIVER'S SALE

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

—AND—

Personal Property,

NEAR OAKLAND.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, dated the 15th day of October, A. D. 1896, and passed in a cause wherein Jefferson P. Bradford is plaintiff and Mitchell M. Bradford is defendant, the undersigned receiver was authorized and directed to make sale of the real estate and personal property mentioned in said proceedings. In pursuance whereof he hereby gives notice that on

Thursday, the 12th Day of November,

1896, at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m., on the premises located in the east end of the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Md., he will offer at public auction to the highest bidder,

1st. All that lot of ground described as follows: Beginning for the same on the north limit of the right of way of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad twenty-four and one-fourth feet from the south east corner of the planing mill of Bradford Bros. as now located, and running thence north 53½ degrees east 18½ perches, thence north 67 degrees west 42 perches to a stake, thence south 35½ degrees west 11½ perches to the land of the aforesaid right of way of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad to the beginning 40½ perches, containing 1 57 perches of land, being the same lot of ground which was conveyed to the said Bradford Bros. by Henry Weber and wife by deed dated the 19th day of April, 1895, and duly recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 28, folio 509, among the Land Records of Garrett county.

The improvements consist of a first-class new planing mill with all the necessary machinery and power for operating same, all in first-class condition.

2nd. All the stock of lumber, doors, sash, glass, mouldings, and other material on hand at said premises.

Under the order of the court the said mill, fixtures, lumber, etc., will be sold either as an entirity or separately, whichever may appear for the best interests of the boat.

Terms of sale, as prescribed by said order, one-half cash and the balance in six months, the purchasers to execute their bonds with security satisfactory to the undersigned receiver. Deferred payments to bear interest from the day of sale, or the entire purchase money may be paid in cash at the purchaser's option.

JOHN SHARTZER,
Receiver.

For further information apply to Edward H. Sincell or Fred A. Thayer, solicitors. 33-3t

ORDER NISI.

Estes G. Rathbone vs. Ellen Gibbons, et al.—No. 789 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

Ordered, this 17th day of October, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Estes G. Rathbone, assignee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 11th day of November, 1896; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 11th day of November, 1896.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2700.00.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 33 3

ORDER NISI.

Truman W. Casteel vs. James W. Tusing and Annie E. Tusing, his wife.—No. 791 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered, this 27th day of October, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by John T. Mitchell attorney, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 20th day of November, 1896; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks before the 20th day of November, 1896.

The report states the amount of sale to be $520.00.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 31

RECEIVER'S SALE

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

In Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett County Maryland.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting in equity, dated the 28th day of October, A. D. 1896, and passed in a cause wherein John Shartzer is plaintiff and The Loch Lynn Store company of Garrett county, is defendant, the undersigned receiver was authorized and directed to make sale of the real estate mentioned in said proceedings. In pursuance of said order, I hereby give notice that on

Saturday, the 21st day of November,

1896, at eleven o'clock a. m., on the premises in Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Maryland, I will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, all those lots or parcels of ground situated, lying and being in Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett County, Maryland, which on the plat of said Loch Lynn Heights are known and described as

LOTS NUMBERS 34 and 35

in Block No. 1 as recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 1 folio 2, one of the plat records of Garrett county, Maryland.

Said lots are improved by a

Large New Three-story Building,

containing store room, town hall, lodge rooms, etc.

Terms of sale as prescribed by said order, one-third cash, one-third in six months and one-third in twelve months, purchaser to give his single bills for deferred payments with security to be approved by the receiver.

31td JOHN SHARTZER, Receiver.

NOTICE.

Meeting of the Board of Control and Review for Garrett County.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county hereby give notice that on

Thursday, November 12, 1896.

they will meet to act as a Board of Control and Review, consider the returns to them of assessment made by the several assessors from the assessment district in Garrett county, and to hear and determine the appeals of any person or owner taken from the action of said assessors in accordance with section 178 of Chapter 150 of the acts of Assembly of 1896, and that the session of said board of Control and Review will begin at 9 o'clock a. m., and continue until 4 o'clock p. m., each day (Sunday excepted) until said business is completed.

By order of the Board.

J. S. MEYERS,
33 Clerk to County Commissioners.

Ripans Tabules relieve nausea.

THE ACTOR'S DOUBLE.

We were talking about spirit manifestations at the Thirty-nine club, and retailing the usual second or third hand accounts of deceased ladies and gentlemen showing themselves to their sorrowing relatives.

"It is strange the tricks which our brains will sometimes play us," said Dr. Macpherson. "I remember once seeing a ghost myself, and I can tell you that the sensation is a very curious one. It was a good many years ago, in my examination days, and I had been sitting up until the early hours 'cramming.' Everybody in the house had long since gone to bed, where I ought to have been myself, so I was rather surprised when I glanced up from my book to see somebody sitting at the table where I myself had been a few moments before writing. I felt quite startled for an instant, until I recognized the intruder. He was a little hazy, but I could see plainly enough who it was."

"A dead relative?" asked Maj. Dennett, who was a firm believer in the good old-fashioned ghost.

Macpherson answered in his peculiarly quiet way: "No, it was myself. The experience of seeing one's own ghost is not altogether unusual, I believe."

"Now, I do not think your experience was half so remarkable as one of mine," said Gilbert Dane, the well-known actor and manager of the Howard theater, who happened to be there that night. Dane is not a member of the Thirty-nine, but had come with Macpherson. Most of the brain specialist's friends are in the profession, a fact which is perhaps due to the year which he himself spent on the stage as a young man.

"My story begins prosaically," said the actor, when we begged to hear it. "I lost the latchkey with which I let myself into the theater, and took somebody else's to the locksmith's to have a duplicate made. I agreed to call for it the following morning as I was going up to town for rehearsal. I was living at Putney then, and we were actively preparing a play which deserved a better fate than it received, if thought and preparation go for anything, for I came near making myself ill over it. I was feeling out of sorts on the morning that I called for the latchkey, and when the locksmith swore positively that he had given me the thing already—that less than ten minutes previously I had come in for the key, paid for it, and taken it away with me—I will confess that I lost my temper, and stormed at the fellow; but I could not get him to budge a line from his story. He seemed to have an idea that I was playing a practical joke, and the only result of my talking was that I nearly lost my train to Waterloo. It was moving when I reached the platform, and I had to run for the only compartment of which the door was open, near the end of the train.

"The compartment contained two other passengers, but if I glanced at them at all, I noticed nothing except that each was pretty well hidden behind a daily paper. I had fortunately bought my own paper before calling at the locksmith's, and I speedily followed their example. So far the story is painfully commonplace. Now comes the truly remarkable experience which has stamped the doings of that day indelibly on my memory."

The actor paused to strike a match and relight a cheroot, which he had allowed to go out, and we all watched him in silence, wondering what was coming. Macpherson only had the air of a man who had heard the story before.

"I had become rather interested in my paper," Dane went on, when the cigar was lighted again, "and did not notice my companions talking until one of them started telling an anecdote.

"The story and voice startled me, but it is difficult to describe my feelings when I put down my paper to glance at the narrator."

"It was yourself?" asked Maj. Dennett, excitedly, as the actor paused; and Dane nodded.

"Yes, gentlemen, I saw seated at the other end of the compartment by the window, opposite his companion, a figure that was an exact fac-simile of the reflection which I see in my glass every day when I have dressed for the part of a respectable citizen. It was myself complete in every detail of face and attire."

"An optical delusion, I suppose?" I suggested; and the actor shook his head.

"No; that was the first idea that occurred to me—that I had been working and worrying too much over the new play, and my brain had played me a trick. The unconcerned way in which the third man glanced at me encouraged me in the belief, for the likeness, unless I was imagining it, was enough to attract instant attention. I wondered whether there was actually a man sitting and talking who, as I had seen and heard my fac-simile; for the third man, an ordinary, everyday individual, had not spoken a word to him, and might from his expression have been listening to his anecdote or simply thinking. I was relieved when he laughed at the point when 'my double,' as I began to call his companion, came to the joke of the story, but when he opened his mouth it was only to increase the mystery of the affair, for it showed me that 'my double' possessed my name, as well as my voice, my dress, my face, my figure.

"I began to wonder then, not whether the man at the window was a reality, but whether I was reality myself, and it certainly would not have surprised me if I had looked in a mirror and found it reflect back a face that was unfamiliar to me. It is strange how quickly a single phenomenon will sometimes change all one's fixed opinions on a subject of the supernatural. I felt I must speak to the man if only to prove whether I was awake or dreaming, and I seized the opportunity of introducing myself offered by hearing 'my double' called by name.

"'Excuse me,' I said, addressing him, 'but I heard your friend just call you "Mr. Dane." I wonder whether we are related at all, for that happens to be my name, and we seem to bear a striking similarity to one another.'

"'My double' turned and surveyed me through a single eyeglass in exactly the same manner as that with which I should have surveyed a stranger who addressed me in the train.

"'I really do not know whether we are related or not,' he said, in the voice I use when I wish to be slightly patronizing. 'I am Gilbert Dane, of the Howard theater,' and he actually handed me one of my own cards.

"There was something in the substantial nature of the familiar bit of pasteboard that brought back a little of my common sense, and relieved me from the state of stupefaction into which the phenomenon had driven me.

"'Come, this is a very clever trick,' I said, with a smile, which I am afraid was rather feeble. 'You have certainly succeeded in startling me. Now I should like your own card, so that I may know whom to congratulate on a very clever performance.'"

"And what did the Mystery do?" I inquired, with interest, when the actor paused.

"He did exactly what I should have done, if a stranger addressed me in the same manner. He became angry, and asked me what I meant, and whom I called myself.

"'Well, until to-day I have been in the habit of calling myself Gilbert Dane, of the Howard theater—' I was beginning, keeping as cool as I could, when 'my double' interrupted me in a tone which I still recognized perfectly as my own.

"'Well! you had better not do so any more,' he said shurply, 'or you will find yourself in the hands of the police. I see that you have been imitating my dress, too, which I cannot help, but the use of my name is another thing.'

"We had just reached Vauxhall, our first stopping place, as he spoke, and a ticket collector who knows me by sight came to the door. My double caught his eye first.

"'I wish you would tell this gentleman who I am,' he said, and the man answered promptly:

"'Certainly, sir, you are Mr. Dane, the actor.'

"He looked startled when I asked him the same question.

"'I should call you a very good imitation,' he said, when he had recovered from his surprise.

"This was becoming decidedly uncomfortable, and I began to wonder how I could prove to anybody that I was not a good imitation of myself. The ticket collector's ready acceptance of my double as the real 'Mr. Dane' showed how helpless I should be in an appeal to anyone who did not know me well. But I felt that it would not do for two Gilbert Danes to remain at large; the question which one was to surrender the title must be settled at once. It struck me that the easiest way to do it would be to go together to the theater, and submit the question to the company assembled for the rehearsal. I suggested this course to my fac-simile, and he surprised me by accepting it readily.

"'I warn you that I shall detain you when it is settled, and send for the police,' he said, in my haughtiest voice.

"It was what I was intending to do with him."

The actor paused to light another cheroot.

"And did you both go back?" somebody asked.

Dane nodded.

"Yes, together. The third man left us at Waterloo," he said. "You may not believe it, but I felt rather uneasy as I approached the stage door, and the fact that I had no latchkey to open it for myself seemed a calamity. My double calmly produced his, and marched me into my own theater with the air of a proprietor. Then he closed the door behind him, and, changing his voice and manner, suddenly turned quietly: 'And now, Mr. Dane, I will puzzle you no more, but apologize for giving you so much trouble, which I hope you will think repaid by the enjoyment of a unique sensation. The fact is that I am very anxious to go on the stage under your auspices, and I thought that this would be the best way to obtain an introduction to you, and at the same time show you a specimen of my acting in the part of your understudy. You will admit at least that I understand the art of making up. Now are you going to give me an engagement—or send for the police?'"

"And you gave him the engagement, I suppose?" I asked.

"Yes; I have always regretted that he threw it up before the year was out, and returned to his former profession, that of a medical man."

"It was he, of course, who called for the latchkey in the morning?"

"Yes; he had been in the shop when I ordered it, and the fact finally determined him to carry out the affair, which he had been pondering for some time."

"But he must have haunted you like a shadow beforehand," put in Maj. Dennett, "to learn all your gestures and that. I should hardly think the result was worth the trouble."

Macpherson, who had been sitting quietly in the background, surprised us by replying for his friend.

"Excuse me, major," he said, in his usual quiet way, "but you make a mistake there. Any man would have been glad to give £100 down for the engagement which Dane offered me straightway. It cost me less than £10 for clothes, and about a month of study; and my time was not worth £90 a month then, or I should not have thought of giving up medicine and taking up the stage."—Tit-Bits.

—St. Louis is the largest tobacco manufacturing center in the world.

TEMPERANCE.

ANCIENT TEETOTAL APPEAL.

Temperance Sermon from an Old Egyptian Papyrus.

There is sometimes great interest to be found in an old letter. It is like a peep at bygone times. If the age is not simply a few years but a thousand years, then it is surely worth deciphering to get at its meaning. Hence the peculiar interest which is attached to the fragments of Egyptian papyri which have been of recent years brought to light. I venture on the translation of a letter which must tell its own tale. It is of the age, we gather from the style, of Joseph or the Exodus or within a few centuries, not to be exact. At any rate, it was written some time during the time when Egypt was at its glory. Indeed, Joseph might have penned it for aught that could be proved to the contrary. Both writer and receiver have long ago passed into the unseen and their names are forgotten. But thus the epistle reads when translated:

I am informed that you have deserted literature and have given yourself to gayety. You go from street to street smelling of beer. Everywhere descending to beer, though men remove it, giving it your soul till you are stupefied. Like a ship where the rudder is out of order which obeys not either way. You are like a temple without a deity, like a house without food. You run against the wall and break the palisade, people run after you and wound you.

Would that you knew that wine is forbidden. Would that you would no more give it wine your heart. Would that you would ignore strong wine. You have learned songs with accompaniments of pipes, and to sing with flutes, and to give loud voice with harps, to sing with musical instruments. You sit down to the yard surrounded by maid servants. Standing up you make a shuffle. You sit down before little girls. You smear yourself with pitch. The garland on your neck is of mint flowers. You roll about on your stomach, you waddle, you fall on your stomach, you get covered with filth.

The first thing to note here is that this ancient drunkard, the man who stands out in Egyptian history for his intoxication, was educated. He was literary and musical, probably a cultured gentleman. This illustrates a peculiarity of the strong drink demon which it is so difficult to get recognized. It seeks the finer minds. Indeed, there is evidence enough to show that the rule is, the larger the brain power the greater the attraction to alcoholic stimulants. Education and refinement do not diminish the temptation. Literary men, doctors, even clergymen fall, notwithstanding the cautions which education brings, in a sad proportion. In the papyrus, against the word translated literature there is the representation of a scroll, so that the man was probably a scribe and connected with a temple, so that the restraints of his religion had not saved him. After the word gayety are two signs. One is a man dancing and another a man seated pointing to his mouth. Then follows the sign for plural. Tolerably suggestive this of the kind of gayety to which this man had surrendered himself. His friend assuredly talks straight—it shows they did so sometimes in those days—when he tells him: "You go from street to street smelling of beer"—possibly it might be "smelling out beer," always on the scent for it; but after the word smelling is the hieroglyphic for being wrapped up or for disease, so that the meaning is probably that it is a disorder. Either way it is a revolting picture of a drunkard. The writer next notes the slavery of beer. "Giving it thy soul." What a thought! That immortal spirit intended to be given to God for joy and glory is given to the little, mean, stinking spirit of decaying vegetation! The illustrations are good. A ship with rudder out of order. A temple without a deity. A home without food. The loss of the power of self-guidance, of the great object of existence and of the comfort of life. And instead the drunkard becomes a mischievous fool that his fellows seek to chastise.

Counsel is given in the form of expression of a wish. The first is teetotal. "Would that you knew that wine is a forbidden thing." The word here used for forbidden is found in the celebrated "Negative Confession" of the Book of the Dead, which every soul has to make before his judges in the unseen world. No. 9 is "I have not done a forbidden thing."

The letter has the appearance of a poem. There is a rhythm of expression. It is difficult to distinguish the different musical instruments mentioned, but the variety of terms employed shows a high culture of music in those days, which the poor fellow had given up for the ill-smelling beer and the varieties of wine. The description of the groveling state to which intoxication reduces a man, given at the close, is very vivid. More than 30 centuries have passed by. Yet of many well-educated, musically gifted men the degradation is equally true to-day. We may wonder if the poor alcohol slave took the advice. But in vain. This little fragment is all we can obtain. But how immeasurably superior is the man who gives the bold, pointed counsel to the poor, wretched fellow who is left the sport of servants and little girls, rolling in the filth of the wineyard.—Rev. I. Hunt Cooke, D. D., in National Temperance Advocate.

Nansen a Total Abstainer.

Miss Florence Balgarnie, the English temperance worker, recently told from her personal knowledge of Nansen, the Arctic explorer, that he never uses alcoholic stimulants. She says of him: "He is a strong-minded, clear-headed man, and he made himself a total abstainer because, as a sensible man, he knew that if he took alcohol he never would succeed. The testimony of a man of the world like that, who does not belong to the total abstainers' platform, is, perhaps, stronger than any testimony that you or I could offer."

Drunkenness is a crime against God closing the gate of Heaven.—Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

FACTS STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Why It Was That a Grocery Could Not Exist Alongside of a Saloon.

With a rumseller on each side of him, I once had a grocer who owed me for goods, and the bill was overdue three months. I called for a settlement or reasons for not settling. He replied: "Stop right here till 12 o'clock and I'll show you." From the factory gate, directly in front of that grocer's, the operatives came from the factory at 12 o'clock. The line parted—each had a tin pail—and part went to one rum shop and a part to the other. Then they came out with pots of beer and united again at the grocer's counter, bought their bread, had it charged and went home. The rumsellers got cash for

CASH FOR BEER—BUY BREAD ON CREDIT.

their beer. So times were hard with the grocer, collections slow and margins small, and the rumseller had a patent on his rum business, and, as this was in Massachusetts, the law guaranteed to him a possible 1,000 customers. My grocer looked forward to better times also; and he moved from that place to one where there were no saloons near, and ultimately settled with me. Facts drawn from real life are stranger than fiction. But the strange thing about this episode is that this same experience is borne by merchants and men of business all over the land, and still the merchant and the man of business continue to sharpen the sword that cuts them.—Axiom, in Pilot.

BEER EXPORTS.

An Extract from an Editorial in the Brewers' Journal.

The leading editorial in the Brewers' Journal urges upon the brewers of the United States the importance of extending more than they do the exports of their products to foreign countries, and prints an elaborate statistical article showing the United States imports and exports of malt liquor, from which we extract the following:

During the twelve months ending June 30, 1896, the United States exported 492,055 dozen bottles of malt liquor, valued at $560,146, and 290,383 gallons not in bottles, of a value of $89,759, a total of $650,875 against $558,770 for the year ending June 30, 1895; an increase of upward of 16 per cent.

Compared with the above figures, our imports of foreign brewed malt liquor are disproportionately large. The quantity imported during the 12 months ending June, 1895, was 942,939 gallons in bottles, valued at $909,037, and 2,027,737 gallons in other packages, valued at $614,808, a total of 2,971,676 gallons, valued at $1,514,845. For the year ending June 30, 1896, the total is much larger, 1,938,642 gallons in bottles, valued at $1,007,146, and 2,244,763 gallons in other packages, valued at $657,870, a total of 3,283,405 gallons, valued at $1,665,016.

Of this total there remained in warehouses on June 30, 1896, 51,351 gallons, valued at $50,068.

Over against this the editor says:

Great Britain and Ireland have a foreign trade in malt liquors amounting annually to more than $2,500,000; Germany has almost, if not quite, as large a trade outside of her sales to her immediate continental neighbors; Austria does a large export trade in malt liquors and pushes it vigorously, and Belgium and Denmark have also introduced their brews in other lands.

He thinks that in all such foreign markets as the West Indies, South and Central America, Africa, Asia and Australia there are vast openings for American beer.

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

The Citizens' League of Chicago is keeping close watch on saloon keepers who sell to minors and drunkards.

Statistics show that 88 per cent. of the crimes committed in Zurich, Switzerland, were committed under the influence of alcoholism.

I'm not afraid of anarchy if you will abolish the saloon. It is not the pipe filled with dynamite that is the real bomb; it is the bottle on the saloon shelf.—Dr. P. S. Henson.

Temperance teaching in Halifax came to a sudden halt by the appointment of a brewer's agent as one of the lecturers. A new school board was reelected, however, with total abstainers among the members, and the suspended instruction has been resumed.

New York has a woman druggist. When she applied to the state board of pharmacy for a license, her application was refused. She then secured a mandamus, compelling the state board to grant it. She is a Belgian by birth, and had conducted her invalid husband's business for 16 years.

The American consul at Copenhagen reports to the state department that the relation of intoxicants to poverty, immorality and crime in Denmark is very marked, when with a population of 2,266,000 the consumption of intoxicating drinks per head of the population is five gallons of distilled spirits and eight gallons of lager beer.

Said He Didn't Care.

In a New York street a man lay helplessly intoxicated. Staring curiously at him was a group of children. A little girl suggested that the man's son should be told of his father's condition. "I told him," said a boy, "and he said he didn't care." It was the hardened son of a drunkard who spoke in that pitiable way—already, no doubt, in training to be a drunkard in his turn. And so the endless chain of wretchedness and sin stretches out.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

MAMMA'S RIGHT-HAND MEN.

Five of them, all in a row,
Dimpled and white as snow.
Sure and steady, always ready,
Glad enough to run;
Helping mamma is fun.

The first little fellow, you see,
Is short and fat as can be!
And he stands below the rest of the row.
And they above him
Look down and love him.

The next little helper to him
Is straight and proud and slim.
Just a bit haughty, not a bit naughty.
He and his little fat neighbor
Are partners in their labor.

In the middle, in honest pride—
Two subjects on either side—
The king is there, stately and fair.
A silver crown wears he,
And he wears it royally.

Beside him, with languid grace,
The fourth man takes his place.
He's a bit of a dandy, and not very handy,
But he does his best,
As well as the rest.

And last of them all in the row,
Stands the baby brother, you know.
(If you don't know, I would not say so!)
For who cannot guess it, then?
Who are mamma's right-hand men?
—Annie H. Donnell, in Youth's Companion.

DOG KILLS HIMSELF.

When Little Ernest Wilcox Died His Pet Was Found Drowned.

A touching story of a dog's fondness for his young master comes from St. Louis, and is vouched for by those who know the boy's parents. Little Ernest Wilcox and his pet St. Bernard were inseparable companions. They often went swimming together, for Rover, the pet, was not afraid of the water. A few weeks ago Ernest was stricken with typhoid fever, and, after lingering for many days under the most careful nursing, the bright little chap died. All the time that Ernest lay sick abed Rover was on guard outside the door of the boy's room. Nothing could induce the faithful canine to leave his post.

When finally the young master passed away, and weeping friends and relatives came and went, and everything about the house was strangely silent, Rover refused to eat even the tiniest morsel of meat, and scorned a plateful of juicy bones as if they had been that much sawdust.

Very late on the night of little Ernest's death, there came the noise of a great whining from the room where the dead boy lay. Investigation showed Rover standing on his hind legs in front of the cold young body of his quiet master.

Two days later Rover was missing. Ernest's father, Mr. Wilcox, went in

ERNEST AND HIS DOG ROVER.

search of the faithful old canine, but returned home after a long and weary round of inquiry without news of the dog.

The next day two men were rowing on the Mississippi river in search of the odds and ends that float about on the surface of all busy streams and under the big Merchants' bridge that spans the tide at St. Louis they found the dead body of a dog. It was Rover.

Whether the dog had fallen into the river by accident, or whether he had deliberately committed suicide from sheer grief over the death of his little master, no one can ever tell. But the last explanation of Rover's death seems the most likely one, because, as you will remember, Rover was an excellent swimmer.

BRUTUS WAS SMART.

Knew When the Conversation Touched on His Battle with Bruin.

A writer in the American Field tells of a fight between a black bear and a mongrel cur that could boast not of lineage or personal appearance. He put up a game fight, however, only to be worsted in the end by a powerful stroke of bruin's paw. When the bear was dispatched by the dog's master it was found that Brutus, the dog, was very badly used up, and he presented a sorry appearance. He was carefully nursed back to health and strength again, and proved useful in many a hunting expedition. Some time after the dog's adventure with the bear, one of the party—Col. B.—left home and remained away for several years. When he returned he found Brutus an old dog, bearing his honorable scars with the sedate dignity of a worthy pensioner. At first the dog did not recognize the colonel; the memory of old association seemed blotted out. One day, after having been home about a week, Col. B. and his brothers were sitting together talking of old times, while Brutus lay near by, apparently dozing. During the conversation the incident wherein Brutus was so badly used up by the bear was brought up; that memorable hunting exploit was gone over, and the courageous conduct of the dog extolled as it had been years before. The old dog remained quiet while the events of the first bear hunt were being discussed, until his fight with bruin was reached. At this point Brutus jumped up and sprang toward Col. B. in demonstrative recognition, showing that he had heard the conversation, and that his memory had been awakened by the recounting of the unfortunate experience with the bear.

A TINY HERMIT'S HOME.

Established Either in the Goldenrod or in a Willow Tree.

After a hen hatches her chickens she has to scratch around to keep her family comfortable. Each chick, though small, has a big appetite, and, unless it is supplied, the mother is annoyed by numerous doleful complaints. In search of worms, insects and seeds she often leads her brood for long distances through the tall, wet grass. By day they are often exposed to danger from hawks, cats and dogs; they may get under the heavy foot of a horse, a pig or a man. In the night they may be snatched by skunks, minks, owls or thieves. The pleasure of eating, growing, playing and becoming acquainted with so many new things is often marred by privation, accident or the arrival of enemies.

Quite different is the early life of Seesid, who one fine morning burst through the tough wall of his tiny shell, to find himself already provided with a comfortable house barely large enough to turn over in. Seesid had no mother to bring him food or to help him find a living; his room had neither doors nor windows, and none was needed, for he can neither see nor could he travel, if opportunity were offered. He is blessed with a hearty appetite and is well pro-

SEESID'S HOME IN GOLDENROD AND WILLOW.

tected from the scorching rays of the sun, cold and rain, and not at all likely to be disturbed by enemies. If he is unable to travel, the monotony of his life is often broken by the gentle motion of his snug house as it is tossed about by the wind. If Seesid's surroundings are such as are described above, how long do you suppose he can live shut up in a tiny dark room like a hermit?

You have heard the story of the man who suddenly found a large pile of gold in a cave and gloated over his riches till, all at once, he discovered that he was alone and without the ability to escape. He could not eat the gold, nor was he able to buy food with it. Although rich, he must perish by starvation. Seesid was more fortunate. His "cave" was not supplied with gold, but was lined all over with the nicest kind of food. All he had to do was to taste and eat until satisfied, then lie and enjoy it. As he ate and grew he needed more room, and the room enlarged much after the fashion of the shell of an oyster or snail.

The story of Seesid may seem like a fairy tale, but it is all true in every particular, as any observing boy or girl may learn, who has the opportunity and takes the pains to examine the heart-leaved willow or the Canadian golden rods from July to the following spring. Seesid's mother, whom he never saw nor knew, by what mortals call "instinct" bored a hole with her own little augur in the tender tip of the growing willow or the young stem of the golden rod, and in it laid a tiny egg. The plant to the left in the cut shows a round bunch in the stem of a golden rod bigger than your thumb, and within such an odd thing may be found a tiny worm or grub. The plant to the right looks much like a cone of the Austrian pine. The pine cone bears seeds, the willow cones bear small insects. When the egg was laid in the tip of the stem from which Seesid was to hatch, that part of the willow did not die, and thus get rid of its enemy, as we would suppose, but immediately changed its mode of growth. The stem ceased growing larger, and what would have become the long, slender leaves grew broad and short, thick and close together, making for Seesid a snug house an inch and a half high.

Isn't it queer that the willow, when thus wounded, will immediately change the habit of some of its buds to furnish lodging and food for its enemy? We do not know, but possibly in some way, sometime, Seesid may do something to benefit the willow. The willow shouldn't be very particular about it, for there are many uninjured branches and plenty of good leaves besides the small number which grow into cones.

Seesid eats and grows and moults to full size, remaining dormant with the willow through the storms of winter. After the melting snows have run into the river or sunk into the soft earth and the heat of spring begins to revive dormant buds, we suppose Seesid begins to want to know more of the outside world. As long as he needed it, the little room furnished food, but, late in autumn, the cone hardened and died. Seesid was comfortable and doubtless as happy as lonely mites can be. In his perfected new dress, supplied with two gauze-like wings and small eyes, Seesid with his newly acquired jaws tears a doorway through the hard walls, enjoys the light for a minute, and with confidence in his untried wings leaves his little cone forever. His new mode of life requires food different from that furnished by the old home. Seesid seeks something good to eat and companions of his own kind, and soon more eggs are placed in more young twigs of growing willow, to produce more young Seesids.

Next time you see the bunch on the golden-rod stalk or the cone on the willow, pull it apart and take a look at the interesting little insect, Seesid.—Chicago Record.

FARM AND GARDEN.

CAMEMBERT CHEESE.

When Well Made It Is Most Agreeable and Wholesome.

Camembert cheese dates from the last century only. It owes its name to the place of its creation. A certain Mme. Harel, with her husband, cultivated some farm land in the commune of Camembert in 1791. This new production was sold at first only in the commune and at Argentan, on market days. But the demand for it increased so rapidly that a few years later it was necessary to establish a depot in the latter town.

In 1813 Marie Harel, the eldest married daughter, continued the mother's business, and was publicly rewarded in 1864 by the Normandy association. She started four more depots, and her father-in-law, M. Paynel, introduced the first Camembert cheeses in the town of Caen, while her goddaughter, Mme. de Lessert, established the first Camembert cheese manufactory in Calvados. In order to succeed well in the making of this cheese it is necessary not to skim the milk, which should coagulated, and to leave the butter-making for the months from May to August, at which time of the year only dry cheeses can be made. Rennet is added to the milk, which is gently turned and afterward left in repose in vessels with a wooden cover till the coagulation has arrived at the proper point. To ascertain this one places the back of a finger on the surface, and if it is not stained with the milk it suffices. Next comes the process of putting the cream into forms which are open at both ends, and placed on rushes so as to let the drops of thin milk run off easily. The cheeses are afterward carefully salted and taken to the drying place, where they are left from three to four weeks.

On the third or fourth day they begin to be covered with small brown points. After a week or ten days they are full of a sort of white vegetation, with a few blanks between. When they begin to sweat, and don't stick to the fingers, they are placed on planks and carried to the cellars to arrive at a state of perfection. This occupies another 20 or 30 days, during which time they must be carefully watched and tended. When they are ripe they are placed in half-dozens, wrapped in paper, and covered with straw fastened with string, ready for their journey. They are also packed in rush baskets or white wooden boxes. The price of the Camembert varies with the season. In the summer they may fall as low as five francs the dozen, and go up again sometimes to eight and nine francs. When well made it is one of the most agreeable and wholesome of cheeses.—London Standard.

TAPEWORMS IN FOWLS.

Interesting Bulletin Issued by the Department of Agriculture.

The department of agriculture has just issued a very interesting bulletin on this subject, prepared under direction of D. E. Salmon, of the bureau of animal industry. It records 33 species of tapeworm that affect poultry and wild birds, but some of them are doubtful. Six different tapeworms are recorded from pigeons, 2 from turkeys, 11 from chickens, 2 from swans, 7 from geese, 16 from ducks, etc.

Chickens are known to become affected with one tapeworm through eating slugs; they are supposed to become infected with another through eating snails, and still another, from earthworms. Ducks are known to become infected through swallowing fresh-water crustaceans, and with two others they are supposed to become infected the same way. One species is supposed to be transmitted through flies. Geese are infected through fresh-water crustaceans—shell animals.

With ducks and geese that have free access to streams, ponds, lakes, etc., prevention is impossible. With chickens, an extermination of slugs will prevent one species, Davainea proglottina. In general, clean grounds are advised, and a change of turkeys to chicken grounds, and vice versa. Destroy the manure from infected fowls.

Among the remedies advised is powdered areca nut, 2 to 3 grains; liquid extract of male fern; turpentine, etc. Experiments with turpentine show that one-half an ounce is the maximum dose for a full-grown chicken; 1 to 3 teaspoonfuls is the safe rule, according to size of chicken.

Poultrymen can secure this bulletin by addressing department of agriculture, Washington, D. C.

CHEAP GREENHOUSE.

Is Very Effective and Costs But a Few Dollars to Build.

The plan below shows how I built a greenhouse. Dimensions are 16 by 28 feet, built of logs or any material even to brick. The front is 18 inches, the back 5 feet or it may be of any height above four feet. Set the posts on north side so there will be less than one-half and not more than three-quarters pitch,

HOME-BUILT GREENHOUSE.

to admit more noon sun. Build the house east and west and of any desired length. Put a roof on the north portion; the south end may be covered with sashes of glass, muslin or parchment paper. A roll of parchment paper of 900 square feet costs $2.50. If built of lumber, the house would require about 1,500 feet of ship lap at a cost of about $20. Ventilation may be provided in the ends through the doors. I raised cabbage, cauliflower, tomato, cress, rhubarb, radishes, etc., or in value about $25. The house is heated by a stove in one end, with a pipe run through the center near the roof. The beds are all on the ground.—J. M. Aker, in Farm and Home.

ECONOMY IN HAULING.

Some Convincing Reasons Why Good Roads Should Be Built.

In a talk on good roads A. J. Johnson, a civil engineer, who has done some very effective work in road construction in New Jersey, gave the following reasons why good roads should be constructed:

"It has been proved that on sandy roads 30 bushels of grain are a load for two horses; on so-called pike roads 50 bushels are the maximum load; on macadam roads 100 bushels, and on the best grades of telford roads 200 bushels can be carried. If these figures are correct, and there is no reason to question them, they furnish an impressive argument for the improvement of roads—an argument, moreover, which ought to appeal most forcibly to farmers, whose interest in the question has thus far been rather sluggish. The agitation for good roads accomplished little so long as it was disensed from the speculative point of view. People who read appeals on the subject agreed with them in theory, perhaps, but they saw no reason why they should personally do anything in the matter. But there are other practical arguments in favor of good roads that also appeal strongly to the farmer. It is said that certain New Jersey canneries pay two cents less a basket for tomatoes that have been hauled over rubble roads, because they are injured by the jolting they receive."—Wisconsin Agriculturist.

EXCELLENT ICE HOUSE.

It Has a Flat and Broad Roof, with an Air Chamber Between.

The engraving shows an ice house that is so arranged as to ward off from its most vulnerable point the heat of summer. It is the roof of an ice house

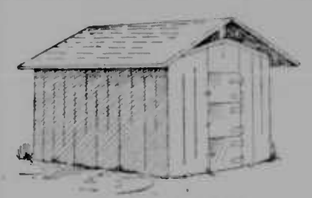

CHEAP ICE HOUSE.

that receives the greater part of the sun's heat, and not the sides, concerning which the most care is usually given. In the ice house shown here with, a flat roof is first built, and above this is a broad, overhanging roof, with plenty of space for the air to circulate beneath it. Where one can build beneath the shelter of a great tree, such a construction is not needed, but most ice houses must be exposed to the sun's rays. In which case a double-decked roof of this sort will prove exceedingly advantageous.—Orange Judd Farmer

Limburger Cheese Making.

The curd is made by aid of rennet in the usual way, then cut up and placed to drain in a perforated box lined with a linen cloth. When the whey has drained off, salt, parsley, tarragon and small onions mashed into pulp are added and well mixed with the curd. It is then put into molds and left to drain for 36 to 48 hours; then the cheese is taken out of the mold and placed in a well-aired room at a temperature of 65 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit, on an osier hurdle covered with wheat straw, where it remains for six or eight days. It is then salted and placed in a cellar upon shelves covered with fresh straw. The salting is repeated after two or three days, after which the cheeses are merely turned from time to time. Once a month the cheese is brushed over to remove the mold, and in three months the cheese is ripe.—Rural World.

Vines as an Attraction.

The object of plants and flowers is to beautify, and the lover of a well-appointed lawn and grounds will make no mistake if he allows them to beautify the commonplace objects about the home. A trim yard of wire netting furnishes a most excellent trellis for vines, while being, at the same time, ornamented by them. Such a netting fence affords an excellent place for the growing of many kinds of grapes, while the shade thus afforded will be most grateful to the inmates of the yard during the hot weather. Carrying the "utility" idea still further, one might mention the hop vine as most suitable to train around the doorway. If one is trying to make his grounds look well it is certainly wise to avail one's self of this easy way to lend beauty, and even a useful beauty, to what might otherwise be an unattractive object.

Four Good Dairy Rules.

I have four rules in the cow stable: Cleanliness, gentleness, dry and quick milking. I have taught one of my children to milk at 12 years old by letting her go ahead and start the milk and I follow and finish, so there is no danger in spoiling cows. The milk is taken to the creamery as soon as drawn, strained into eight-quart cans, and after 36 hours it is skimmed, and the cream stands until it is ripe. Then it is churned in a barrel churn, and as soon as the butter has come into granulated shape it is washed with pure spring water, salted with the best Higgins' salt, put into bricks or tubs, as the trade demands.—C. W. Stoltenberg, in Farmers' Review.

Cause of Oversalted Butter.

The habit of oversalting butter comes from neglect to properly work it. If all the milk were got out of the butter, a very little salt would suffice to keep it sweet. It is the fermentation of casein in the butter rather than the fat itself that makes butter rancid. The popular taste requires much less salt on butter than it used to do. One reason for this probably is that butter eaters have found out that the very salty taste means an attempt to cover up defects in the butter, just as highly salted and spiced meats are open to the suspicion that they have been made so after beginning to spoil.

Big Blueberries.

I've lived in the blueberry regions all my life, and I'm now over 30 years old," said an Elliottsville (Me.) man the other day, "but I never saw blueberries until this year. I mean that I never saw anything to compare with the monster plums we find on the bushes this season, and the quantities of them. Two of us went on the mountain and got 88 quarts in one day. They were as big as sparrow's eggs. I wouldn't have believed the story of such big ones if, instead of seeing myself, some one had told me of them. We went over the steep side of Broadstone, next to Onawa, where when we stood up straight the bushes to pick from were on a level with our hands and we just scooped them off by the pint into our baskets. I don't believe the country ever saw the like of the blueberry crop this year."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

A Leading Question.

"Is your mamma home, my dear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, run in and tell her that one of her old beaux would like to see her."

"Please, sir, which one are you?"

"Which one?"

"Yes, sir. I heard papa telling mamma about all of you last night. He said one of you was hanged, and one was a forger, and one was a bigamist, and one a bunko steerer, and one ran a faro bank, and two were froe lovers. Which one are you?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

POOR YOUNG MAN—"Why do you treat me so unkindly?" Fashionable Girl—"Treat you unkindly. Why, what do you mean? I just told you that I wouldn't marry you?"—Somerville Journal.

Get a Farm While Prices Are Low.

If you want a farm of your own now is the time to get one in Northern Wisconsin, along the line of the Lake Superior division of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, where a sure crop can be raised each year, which can always be sold at good prices in the lumbering towns along the line of this railroad. *Low prices; long time.* Address C. E. Rollins, 161 La Salle Street, Chicago.

THREE came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy! Oh, where was he?
He grabbed his water-cycle—and
Went scorching o'er the sea.
—Chicago Record.

MEN and ladies in small towns wishing to earn $18 a week easily, write us; we will explain. Excelsior Chemical Co., Rochester, N. Y. Lock Box 608.

NATURAL.—"They say that Harpy is the greatest kicker in his football team." "I'm not surprised. His father was the infernalest old kicker ever I knew."

JUST try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

FORGOTTEN.—"Does Miss Wisely still ride that theosophy hobby of hers?" "I've really forgotten the name of her wheel."—Detroit Free Press.

I HAVE found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine.—F. R. Lorz, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

BEING a gentleman is hiding your meanness.—Atchison Globe.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

A MAN'S word is worth more at all other times than when he tells his wife that he has no money.—Atchison Globe.

MRS. NOYES—"Children! children! Can't you get along without making such a terrible racket?" Nellie Noyes—"No, mamma, we can't. Willie's playing he's papa coming home late at night."—Yonkers Statesman.

"IT wasn't a very long performance," said one actor who was standing on Pennsylvania avenue; "but it was impressive while it lasted." "Yes," was the answer; "I don't know when I ever saw anything like the way it brought down the house."—Washington Star.

"I DON'T see how you had the courage to engage single handed with the train robbers and finally drive them off!" said one of the trembling passengers, after the affair was over. "I was mad clear through!" replied the conductor, still quivering with wrath. "I thought they were taking a straw vote!"—Chicago Tribune.

UNHAPPILY PUT.—Bills—"Say, old man, lend me five dollars, will you?" Wills—"I just loaned my last five to Strykes for the sole purpose of getting rid of him. I'm awfully sorry. If you had come 15 minutes sooner I could have done as much for you."—Indianapolis Journal.

NOT ALTOGETHER HOPELESS.—"I shall never marry," declared Miss Elderly in a tone meant to be firm. "Don't say that," answered her best friend, Florence. "Women older than you have had proposals."

MORNING rappers—Milkmen.

TEACHER—"Willie, you are to stay in after school and do three extra examples." Willie—"What! and get put out of the Scholars' union for workin' over time? I will, I don't think!"

"IN what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?" asked a Brooklyn Sunday school teacher of a quiet-looking boy at the foot of the class. "Dead," calmly replied the boy.

"THAT, sir," said the phrenologist, placing the tips of his long, bony fingers on a bump on Biggins' head, "is your bump of locomotion." "Right you are," replied Biggins. "I got that last night while trying to ride a bicycle."

FOR GOOD EATING'S SAKE.

The Unique System Adopted by a Railroad Company to Have Its Dining Car Service Up to the Best.

The following is an extract from the Locomotive Engineer of New York city, a paper of recognized authority in technical railroad matters:

"In connection with the through train service between Chicago, Buffalo, New York and Boston, the Nickel Plate Railroad run their own eating cars, and they have adopted a rather unique manner of keeping the men in charge of the cars up to the mark. There is a grievance committee consisting of two superintendents, the superintendent of motive power, the regular traveling representatives, and the general car inspector, who have authority to take a meal in the cars at any time and report on anything they find wrong. These officers make life a burden to the superintendent of the dining cars. There is a good deal of pleasantry about the criticisms, but those patronizing the cars find that they never have reason to complain of the victuals being cold or out of season.

"The dining car service on the trains of the Nickel Plate Railroad is something that strikes the traveler as approaching perfection. With the system in force referred to, there is not much room for a 'kick' from anybody."

In conjunction with the above article we feel justified in adding our compliments to the painstaking management of the Nickel Plate Road. It has been our good fortune to have occasion to use this line in our frequent trips from Chicago to New York city and Boston.

While traveling in one of the day coaches on a little jaunt from a local station into Buffalo, I was impressed by the cleanliness of the car. The secret was soon divulged. Along came a colored porter in uniform, dust cloth and brush in hand, and with a polish here and wipe there, the seats, window sills and floor were kept scrupulously clean.

The schedules of their fast trains are convenient and the sleeping cars placed in the regular daily service are of the most luxuriant type of modern car construction. Solid trains are run between Chicago, Buffalo and New York city and through sleepers to Boston.

A fact worthy of note yet remains to be pointed out to the readers of this journal, which, perhaps, has not come to the notice of many. Rates are offered between the same points lower than those quoted by competitors of the Nickel Plate Road and from my experience their passenger facilities are excelled by none. A. POINTER.

KNICKERBOCKER—"Were you knocked speechless when you collided with that stone?" Bloomer—"No; but my wheel was knocked spokeless."—Norristown Herald.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

"MISS YAM isn't at all musical." "How do you know?" "I offered to sing 'Oh, promise me,' last night, and she said she'd promise me anything if I wouldn't."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

Mind Reading.

You can read a happy mind in a happy countenance without much penetration. This is the sort of countenance that the quondam bilious sufferer or dyspeptic relieved by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters wears. You will meet many such. The great stomachic and alterative also provides happiness for the malarious, the rheumatic, the weak, and those troubled with inaction of the kidneys and bladder.

A WAY OF ESCAPE.—"There is one good thing about foreign nobility, after all." "What is that?" "Why, when they come over here they can't compel us to associate with them."—Chicago Record.

WHEN bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

The papers are full of deaths from

Heart Failure

Of course the heart fails to act when a man dies, but "Heart Failure," so called, nine times out of ten is caused by Uric Acid in the blood which the Kidneys fail to remove, and which corrodes the heart until it becomes unable to perform its functions.

Health Officers in many cities very properly refuse to accept "Heart Failure," as a cause of death. It is frequently a sign of ignorance in the physician, or may be given to cover up the real cause.

Warner's Safe Cure

A Medicine with 20 Years of . . Success behind it . .

will remove the poisonous Uric Acid by putting the Kidneys in a healthy condition so that they will naturally eliminate it.

STEADY WORK WE PAY CASH WEEKLY and want men every where to SELL STARK TREES millions tested, proven, absolutely best. Superb outfits, new system. STARK BROTHERS, LOUISIANA, MO., ROCHPORT, ILL.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

A. N. K.—C. 1028

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

·Absolutely Pure·Delicious·Nutritious·

The Breakfast Cocoa MADE BY WALTER BAKER & CO. LIMITED DORCHESTER, MASS.

COSTS LESS THAN ONE CENT A CUP. NO CHEMICALS.

ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR WALTER BAKER & CO'S. BREAKFAST COCOA MADE AT DORCHESTER, MASS. IT BEARS THEIR TRADE MARK LA BELLE CHOCOLATIÈRE ON EVERY CAN.

·AVOID IMITATIONS·

PEARLINE

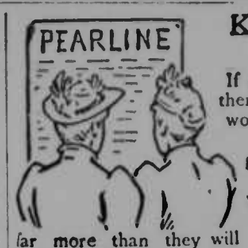

Keep your eye on Pearline "ads."

If you use it already, you'll find hints here and there that will greatly help. There isn't a man, woman, or child but can be helped by Pearline.

All these advertisements are meant for the good of Pearline (no soap), of course—to show you the best and easiest and cheapest way of washing and cleaning, and to lead you to use it.

But if they do, they will have helped you far more than they will have helped Pearline. You have more at stake All the money you could bring to Pearline (no soap), by using it, wouldn't be a drop in the bucket to the money you'd save by it. 60

Millions NOW USE Pearline

"Check it!"

BattleAx PLUG

If he had bought a 5 cent piece he would have been able to take it with him.

There is no use buying more than a 5 cent piece of "Battle Ax." A 10 cent piece is most too big to carry, and the 5 cent piece is nearly as large as the 10 cent piece of other high grade tobaccos.

180,000 Copies of Demorest's Magazine

THE increasing popularity of Demorest's Family Magazine, a popularity extending over thirty years, is ample proof that each succeeding year finds it improved in its vitality, beauty and attractiveness. There must be something in a magazine that increases its subscription list from 80,000 to 180,000 names (a clear gain of 100,000) in less than a year. Don't you think so?

READ THIS.

"Demorest's Magazine is a literary conservator of the artistic and the useful. Get up in America, where it has enormous sales, it is the most remarkable work of the class that has ever been published, and combines the attractions of several English magazines."—*London Times.*

"We have received another number of this delightful Magazine, and we find ourselves bound to reiterate with greater earnestness the high encomiums we have already pronounced on preceding numbers. We are not given to disparage unduly the literary and artistic publications which emanate from the London press, but we are bound, in simple fairness, to assert that we have not yet met with any publication pretending to a similar scope and purpose which can at all compare with this marvelous shilling's worth."—*London Budget.*

The *American Bookseller* says: "There are none of our monthlies in which the beautiful and the useful, pleasure and profit, fashion and literature are so fully presented as in Demorest's."

ABSOLUTELY FREE TO YOU!

Upon receipt of a remittance of $2.00 from you for one year's subscription to Demorest's Magazine we will send you FREE this beautiful Silver Sugar Shell as a premium and, in addition, you will receive a copy of Van Vredenburgh's exquisite oil painting, "Our Bench Show," representing a "yard" of playful puppies—shown above. The picture is 10x36 inches, and it is printed in 14 colors in the highest style of the plate-printers' art. You will say it is the cutest picture you have ever seen when it reaches you. It will be issued with the December number of the magazine.

This premium offer is only available to subscribers sending their subscriptions at once to us direct, using the Order Blank below, accompanied by a remittance of $2.

CUT HERE AND RETURN COUPON PROPERLY FILLED OUT.

Demorest Publishing Co., 110 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

For the enclosed $2.00 please send Demorest's Family Magazine for one year. Also the Silver Sugar Shell and Van Vredenburgh's oil-color, "Our Bench Show," picture offered by you as premiums.

Name.....

Post Office.....

Date..... State.....

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER

10¢ 25¢ 50¢ ALL DRUGGISTS

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 917.

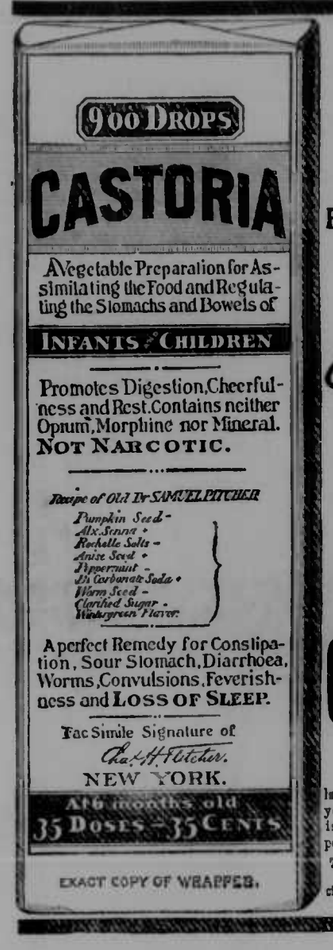

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE —OF— Chas. H. Fletcher. IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF

CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." ☞ See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

A "JUNK SHOP,"
A "BLACKSMITH,"
"TWO-CENT APPLE BUTTER,"
"ROTTEN STOCK" and
A "HUNCHBACK,"

is a poor combination from which to expect a production of anything respectable in the job printing line.

A "junk shop" means a worn-out assortment of type, rules, etc.; a "blacksmith" is a bunglesome printer; "two-cent apple butter" is synonymous of the poorest quality of printing ink; "rotten stock" is poor-made and cheap paper; and a "hunchback" is a press which is so old that it has naturally worn out of shape and usage.

WE TAKE PRIDE

in our Job Printing Department, our skill and our materials; that's the reason why we do such splendid work.

A $5 BILL WILL

get a nice lot of letter heads and envelopes properly and appropriately printed.

IF you believe it, try it: IF you don't believe it, the more need to try it.

The Republican Job Department.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Bicycles.

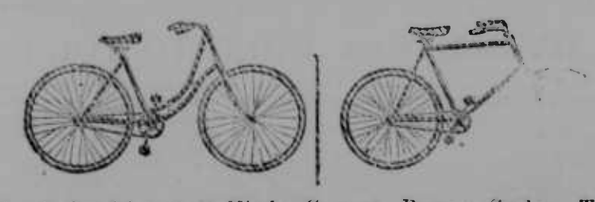

Bicycle Sundries of all Kinds. Cement, Pumps, Spokes, Tires, Wood Rims, Balls, Patching Rubber, Coasters, Lamps, Valves and Valve Stems, Repair Kits, Wrenches, Oilers, Locks, Etc., Etc.

BICYCLE REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.
In effect July 19, 1896.

SOUTHWARD No. 3	No. 1	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 00*	8 00† lv	Cumberland ar	*12 00	†7 30
3 31	8 31	Rawlings	11 29	6 59
3 56	8 56	Keyser	11 04	6 34
4 00	9 00	Westerport	10 51	6 28
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	6 20
4 37	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5 52
5 00	10 00	Harrison	10 00	†5 28
6 15	10 45* ar	Elk Garden	8 55	*4 00
5 35	10 55† lv	Gorman	9 21	4 51
5 41	10 11	Bayard	9 15	4 48
5 52	10 52	Dobbin	9 04	4 38
6 24	11 23	Thomas	8 31	4 05
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	8 00	3 15
6 27	11 27 lv	Coketon	8 37	4 02
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	7 59	3 30
6 57	11 57	Bretz	7 54	3 25
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 51	3 22
7 39	12 39	Kerens	7 18	2 47
8 00*	1 00† ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	†2 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
				P. M.
	3 05* ar	Boulington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.
C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily ..... 2.46 A. M
No. 3—Daily ..... 7.07 A. M
No. 71—Accom daily except Sun ..... 9.30 A. M
No. 47—Daily ..... 10.40 A. M
No. 55—Express, daily ..... 5.22 P. M
No. 15—Accommodation daily ..... 4.58 P. M
No. 1—Daily ..... 10.00 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily ..... 5.59 A. M
No. 2—Daily ..... 8.31 A. M
No. 14—Accommodation daily ..... 9.58 A. M
No. 72—Accom daily except Sun ..... 4.20 P. M
No. 46—Daily ..... 5.02 P. M
No. 4—Daily ..... 12.20 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

Communicated.

To the Editor of The Republican.

The recent death of little Lela Bunce, a pupil of Briar-Bend Seminary, ought not to be passed over without a warning concerning the nature of typhoid fever. It is sad that, blest as Western Maryland is with a splendid health-giving climate, the young and beautiful should be mowed down by a disease which arises solely from human neglect and carelessness, and which by timely precaution can be prevented and guarded against. The two chief causes of typhoid fever are contaminated drinking water and impure milk, especially the latter. The milk supply needs to be looked after very sharply, because it happens unfortunately that some farmers and milkmen are extremely unclean in their habits. Cows are often kept in filthy stalls, and worse still are not washed and cleaned before milking is begun. Thus a quantity of foul matter having got into the milk which is afterwards sold and consumed, the germs or seeds of typhoid take root in the human system, flourish, and destroying hundreds of victims, strong men and women as well as innocent, tender children. Only a few days ago Professor Wm. T. Sedgwirk, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, announced as the result of a painstaking investigation of the present typhoid epidemic in Cambridge, Mass., that every case could be traced directly to the use of impure milk.

During an epidemic in the city of Springfield, Mass., this eminent scientist discovered that a certain milkman was accustomed to rinse and keep his cans in a well, the water of which had been polluted by a closet used by typhoid patients. As soon as the practice was stopped, the fever ceased to rage.

There is no finer food than good milk, but, when once rendered impure, it becomes most deadly. The same may be said of water which grows dangerous to drink only if the contents of closets are permitted to flow into it. A great responsibility, therefore, rests upon the head of every family, to take every precaution that the milk and water they drink shall be fresh and pure. If any individual is too careless or obstinate to do this, the community ought to adopt stringent sanitary measures, including rigid and frequent inspection. Then shall the gaunt spectre of preventible disease vanish, and sorrow and weeping shall be turned into joy and singing.

F. M. NOA, S. B.

Melrose Highlands, Mass., Oct. 29, 1896.

Liquor to a Husband.

A special dispatch to the Baltimore *Sun* of Friday dated at Oakland, says:

"At the last term of the Circuit Court, of Garrett county, as was reported in *The Sun* at the time, Mrs. Emma Cummings, wife of Charles Cummings, residing at Friendsville, Garrett county, obtained a judgment against Walter D. Collier, a saloonkeeper of Friendsville, for $400. This was obtained under a local law of Garrett county, which provides for the bringing of a suit by a married woman against a liquor dealer who has sold liquor to the husband after notice not to do so. This was the first case of the kind that has been tried in the Garrett county court and, of course, attracted a great deal of attention. From the evidence adduced in the cause it was shown that Collier had disregarded the notice given by Mrs. Cummings and had continued to sell her husband liquor. The evidence of the plaintiff went to show that she had been married to Cummings for at least seven years. After the verdict for damages had been returned by the jury, Collier's counsel immediately made a motion for a new trial, which motion is now under consideration of the court and will be finally determined on the 5th of November. Since that time Collier has been making an active investigation as to the truthfulness of Mrs. Cummings' statement in regard to her marriage to Charles Cummins, and he claims to have proof from the license in Pittsburg that Mrs. Cummins was not married to her present husband until the 19th day of August 1896, some months after she had instituted her suit."

Items from "The Oracle."

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Bolden and family are spending the present week at Fetterman, Taylor county, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Shirer.

W. H. Malette, of Oakland, was here on Saturday last, on business.

Mrs. Jas. Shawn, went to Oakland on Monday to visit her daughter Mrs. G. A. Fraley.

Mr. George A. Spedden, of Oakland, spent Monday in Terra Alta, the guest of relatives.

Mrs. S. T. Jones, of Oakland, spent Friday last in town, as the guest of her mother, Mrs. S. Posteu.

Miss Edith Townshend, of Oakland was here for a few hours on Friday last, the guest of the Misses Adair.

If the man who tried to pick the lock on the *Oracle* office, on Sunday night, will kindly call in one day this week we will be pleased to return him the knife-blade which we found sticking in the lock. And also, we will state here that it was a shabby trick in him to ruin our new spring lock, and especially when the key was hanging within three inches of said lock. Had he just come to the editor or one of the employers we would have taken great pleasure in showing him through the office. If the man who tried to get in is in better shape than the *Oracle* we would consider it a great favor if he will kindly purchase us a new lock. He can leave it same as he left the knife-blade.

IT'S YOUR LIVER

When you feel tired, listless, heavy, headachy, flushed, and have a foul taste in your mouth you may be sure your liver is loafing. It isn't doing its work; it needs a stirring up.

DR. A. S. TODD'S ANTI-BILIOUS LIVER PILLS

will straighten you out. Make you feel like new. Brighten eyes and brain. Clear your complexion—cure your headache. 25 cents, all druggists. Made by

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

J. L. McCOMAS, Jr.,

Sign, Carriage and Wagon Painting.

INDELIBLE INK WORK on LINEN.

Second Street, OAKLAND, MD.

All Work entrusted to my care will receive Prompt Attention.

29-1yr.

Farmers,

Look to Your Interests.

The Oakland Flouring Mill is now ready to grind a million bushels of buckwheat. The best equipped mill in the county; all latest improved machinery. Can give either

Burrh or Roller Process Flour.

Mr. E. A. Dudley, who has charge, has been a life-long miller, and knows how to make a good turnout of buckwheat flour.

Don't fail to give him a Trial. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Will make arrangements with all the Oakland merchants to buy your flour at big prices. Don't fail to give the Oakland Mills a trial.

Don't forget the place, Water street, formerly owned by the late H. A. Rasche.

Yours obediently,

THE OAKLAND MILLS.

51-1yr.

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 16, Westernport, Md.

TIN, SLATE and STEEL

ROOFING,

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.

PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.

REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.

SPOUTING, ETC.

WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH, MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

SHARTZER & BOLDEN

OAKLAND, MD.,

DEALERS IN

Furniture, Carpets, Matting, Oil Cloth, Window Shades, Wall Paper,

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Repairing Furniture and Picture Framing a Specialty.

Removal.

I, the undersigned, have removed my place of business from the Loar building to the Ravenscroft (Mayers) building on Railroad street, where I will continue to carry a well assorted stock of

JEWELRY,

and give special attention to the repairing of watches, clocks, etc.

Give me a call. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

H. C. SMOUSE.

29—2m.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Oct. 20, 1896.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on

Monday, November 9, 1896,

for the purpose of transacting such business as may be brought before them.

By order of the Board,

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

THE

Maryland Building and Loan Association

of Garrett County

OFFICERS

ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencie

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.

EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, low old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CAESKADON,
Keyser, W. Va.

MOUNTAIN STATE

Business College,

PARKERSBURG, W. Va.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

Jos. E. HARNED, Proprietor.

31—26

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conneway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

FOR SALE.

The farm belonging to Elizabeth Maley, situated two miles north of Deer Park, adjoining the lands of Jack Cooper, Fundenberg Miller and Rawleston. Contains 115¾ acres about 68 acres cleared, and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the premises. 52-4m.*e

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OALLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

☞Special attention given to real estate.
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EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

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DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

THOMAS R. McROBIE,
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Office in Felty Building, Alder Street.
All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

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JONAS C. BEACHY,
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Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

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Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
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Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties, Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

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LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.
Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including train ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26t*

WILLIAM C. KIDD,
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JOHNSON, OMOHUNDRO & CO.,
WHOLESALE NOTIONS, Etc.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
A specialty of Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear
RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
D. F. OFFUTT, President.
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A General Banking business transacted.
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Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
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Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
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And BUILDING MATERIALS.
MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

38 13*

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1896. NUMBER 36.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

The bowling alley has been repaired by the owners.

Don't forget to buy your underwear from H. C. Sincell.

Mr. John Paugh, of Deer Park, was in Oakland last Tuesday.

Mr. John Shartzer returned from the west Saturday night.

Let every patriotic Republican illuminate to-morrow night.

Sincell, the one-price hatter and clothier, opposite the bank.

Mr. J. S. Lakin, of Terra Alta, was in Oakland one day last week.

When you want clothing go to H. H. Sincell's, opposite the bank.

Mr. Wm. A. Smith, of Johnstown, was in the city yesterday on business.

Sincell has the largest and best assortment of furnishing goods in town.

Rev. W. E. George and Mr. Moon, of Deer Park, made us a call Saturday last.

For good flour and plenty of it, Dudley takes the cake at the Oakland Mills. 33tf

Mrs. Silas Shirer and son Ernest were at Terra Alta Saturday visiting relatives.

Mr. A. B. Sandell, of Baltimore, was here Tuesday calling on his numerous customers.

Mr. Walter Wolfe is lying very ill at the home of his aunt, Mrs. Wm. M. Doddington.

If you want a good turn out take your grinding to Dudley at the old Rasche Mill. 33tf

Ex-Sheriff Chas. Wegman, of Grantsville, was in Oakland several days last and this week.

Messrs. Dixon & Kelso's addition to their store property in Oakland has been completed.

Mr. John Flaherty has purchased the Bush property on Liberty street and is moving into it.

Misses Agnes and Portia Helbig, of Oakland, spent a week with relatives in Cumberland.—News.

Mr. Fred. Felty, who has been in the west several weeks, returned to Oakland a few days ago.

Messrs. Wm. I. Brown and W. McCulloh Brown, of Bayard, W. Va., were in town on Monday.

Mr. J. S. Meyers, who went down to Selbysport district to vote, returned to Oakland last Thursday.

Mrs. Susan Campbell cowhided Harry Osbourne on the street in Hagerstown Saturday night.

Rabbits are very plentiful in the woods this season and are kept on the jump by our local sportsmen.

Mr. Chas. Donnelly, of the Cumberland *Independent*, was a visitor in Oakland Monday evening last.

Chief of Police Taggart has moved from the Bush property to Mrs D. I. Totten's house on Liberty street.

Tuesday morning County Examiner Palmer started on his official visits to the various schools in the county.

Judge Sloan came up to Oakland this morning to hear a number of motions and pass upon questions of law.

Misses Annie Patterson and Rosa McDonald, of Elk Garden, are visiting the family of Lawrence Zwoll on Hoopole.

Mrs. A. G. Sturgiss and daughter, Miss Nellie, of Oakland, were visiting friends in Cumberland last week.—News.

Don't fail to take your grain for grinding to the Oakland Mills. Dudley has full charge and will do good work. 33tf

Mr. Eugene Teats, of Cranesville, W. Va., was in the city last Saturday and had his name entered on our subscription list.

Rev. Wm. Brayshaw of St. Matthew's Episcopal church, will preach in Loch Lynn Hall Sunday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock.

Mrs. D. E. Offutt, Mrs. S. T. Jones and Mrs. Mattie Townshend spent Monday and Tuesday visiting friends at Kingwood, W. Va.

The narrow gauge railroad up the river has reached Sang Run. It will be extended to Oakland within the next year, it is thought by many.

Messrs. W. R. Getty and Chas. O. Warnick, of Grantsville, and O. G. Getty, of Meyersdale, Pa., were registered at the Central one day last week.

Our old friend Mr. W. G. Conley at the recent election was elected prosecuting attorney of Tucker county, W. Va., on the Republican ticket. Here's congratulations.

Messrs. James Friend has associated himself with the firm of Smith & Callis, of Hoyes, in a general store to be opened at Sang Run. The name of the firm will be James Smith & Co.

Good advice: Never leave home on a journey without a bottle of Chamberlain's Cholic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Mrs. William H. Malecte went to Fairmont last Friday to visit relatives for a few weeks. She will also make a visit to friends in Pittsburg before returning to Oakland.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street.

Ex-Senator W. R. Getty, of Garrett county, was in the city last evening. —T. J. Peddicord, of Oakland is in attendance at court to-day. —Cumberland Times of Saturday.

Edgar Whitehead [illegible] the Crellin lumber mills, last week had the two middle fingers of his left hand torn off by catching them in a saw. Dr. Hinebaugh rendered surgical aid.

The first comet of the season has been bagged by Astronomer Perrine of the Lick University. The celestial visitant wanted to ascertain how the election was going, when it incautiously got in range of Perrine's telescope.

About twenty-five of Oakland's citizens went up to Terra Alta Tuesday night to attend the Republican jollification held there. Reports brought back agree that the celebration was a big one and that the enthusiasm was something to be wondered at.

Many election bets were made in Oakland; some were cash and some were freak bets. Godfrey Felty and Gus Shirer bargained that if Bryan was defeated Mr. Felty was to wear a sun bonnet all day. He fulfilled his agreement last Wednesday.

The Episcopal services will be held during the winter in the neat chapel recently fitted up at the Rectory, corner of Alder and Sixth streets, beginning Sunday next at 11 a. m; Sunday school, 2.30 p. m., by the Rev. Wm. Brayshaw, rector.

Mr. E. J. Feinger, accompanied by his daughter, Jessie and Miss Madge Chisholm went down to Friendsville Saturday, returning to Oakland Sunday with Miss Lulu Feinger, who has been teaching music in the above place during the past two or three months.

Dr. J. Lee McComas left on Sunday evening for the City of Mexico, where he goes to attend a meeting of the American Board of Health Association. The doctor will be absent about three or four weeks and visit many points of interest ere he returns.

Assistant Fish Commissioner A. F. George brought to Oakland this morning several thousand German carp which are to be distributed to parties residing near Swanton and Wilson. Next week Mr. George will bring another consignment for farmers living near Oakland.

A Republican jollification is being arranged at Loanoconing. A thousand mine props will be used to make the letter "M," and it will be inlaid with as many coal oil and tar barrels as McKinley has votes in the electoral college. The "M" will then be fired on one of the peaks of the Alleganies, and will be seen for miles.

A display of the November meteors should be watched for on the mornings of the thirteenth and fourteenth. The grandest shower is expected to occur in 1899, being the recurrence of the great showers of 1833 and 1866; but good displays are expected for the next few years as we approach the maximum period.

Two Hungarians employed by the Preston Lumber company at Crellin became involved in a quarrel whilst drunk one day last week when one of them picked up a coupling pin and struck the other on the head with it, laying the skull bare. The wound was dressed by Dr. Hinebaugh. The next day the belligerents fixed up their differences by getting drunk together.

The wife of Mr. Leonard Wells, of East Brimfield, Mass., had been suffering from neuralgia for two days, not being able to sleep or hardly keep still, when Mr. Holden, the merchant there sent her a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and asked that she give it a thorough trial. On meeting Mr. Wells the next day he was told that she was all right, the pain had left her within two hours, and the bottle of Pain Balm was worth $5.00 if it could not be had for less. For sale at 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The Board of County Commissioners with all members of the board present, met in their office in the court house on Monday morning of this week. Routine business was transacted during the sessions lasting from Monday until this morning when an adjournment was had until January, when the board will meet to take up appeals on assessments. It was the intention of the commissioners to take up the assessment business this morning but owing to the small number of returns made by the assessors it was thought expedient to adjourn until the time above stated, when the board will take up and pass upon all appeals. Commissioner Layman, whose illness was noted in these columns several weeks ago, has almost entirely recovered his usual health.

Six weeks ago I suffered with a very severe cold; was almost unable to speak. My friends all advised me to consult a physician. Noticing Chamberlain's Cough Remedy advertised in the St. Paul *Volks Zeitung* I procured a bottle, and after taking it a short while was entirely well. I now most heartily recommend this remedy to anyone suffering with a cold. Wm. Keil, 678 Selby Ave., St. Paul, Minn. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

There is a great deal to do. Where? Everywhere. All around you. Trees to plant. Fences to build and put in order. Fix up the house. Store the farming implements so they will not get weather ruined. Think how you can work to the best advantage. What crops will pay best. Study and read. Reflect. It will pay you in dollars and cents. Books and papers are cheap. Experience furnishes valuable suggestions. Theory and practice want to be yoked up together. The only way the farmer can get ahead is by using every opportunity to make the best use of the soil.

Notice.

All persons are hereby notified that I will not be responsible for any debts or obligations contracted by my son, Edward Lee Marville; any person trusting him will do so at their own peril. MRS. GEO. MARVILLE.
Deer Park, Oct. 29, 1896. 33 2t

Married.

KISNER — CHISHOLM. — Yesterday afternoon by the Rev. John M. Davis, at his residence in Oakland, Mr. James W. Kisner and Miss Mary M. Chisholm. The groom is a son of Jacob Kisner and the bride a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Chisholm, of near Oakland.

Dentistry.

Dr. D. O. McKinley will be at Isaiah Friend's (Elder) from 2 p. m. on the 9th to 11 a. m. on November 10th; at Hoyes on November 11th; McHenry on November 12th; Oakland, November 14th, rooms at Central Hotel; Crellin, Monday November 16th; Mrs. Ellen Leehr's, November 17th. Mountain Lake Park, Wednesday, November 18th, rooms at J. L. Echard's; at Kearney November 16th. Teeth extracted without pain. 35td

Fell and Broke His Leg.

Last Friday at Loch Lynn Heights Mr. Jonathan White was engaged at work on a scaffold about twelve feet high when it gave way precipitating him to the ground. In falling he struck against a piece of timber, breaking his right leg near the ankle. Mr. White is about 62 years of age and it will be some months before he will be able to walk around.

Barn Burned.

One night last week the barn on the farm belonging to Mr. Edward Wiland near New Germany, was discovered to be on fire. In the barn was stored all the crops of Mr. Wiland besides his farming implements, harness, wagons, etc., which was all consumed. Luckily none of his stock was in the barn or it would have also been burned. His loss will amount to about $2,500. The insurance on the barn and crops amounted to $1,200.

Notice.

Bids will be received for the entire stock of groceries, etc., formerly owned by M. E. Holland, Loch Lynn Heights. All bids must be in by Saturday Nov. 14, at 10 a. m. If they are found inadequate the stock will be auctioned at store in Loch Lynn Heights commencing Saturday at 3 p. m. and every evening thereafter until sold.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
B. F. CRANE,
36-1t Trustees.

How to Prevent Croup.

Some reading that will prove interesting to young mothers. How to guard against the disease.

Croup is a terror to young mothers and to just them concerning the cause, first symptoms and treatment is the object of this item. The origin of croup is a common cold. Children who are subject to it take cold very easily and croup is almost sure to follow. The first symptom is hoarseness; this is soon followed by a peculiar rough cough, which is easily recognized and will never be forgotten by one who has heard it. The time to act is when the child first becomes hoarse. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is freely given all tendency to croup will soon disappear. Even after the croupy cough has developed it will prevent the attack. There is no danger in giving this remedy for it contains nothing injurious. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

GRAND

Republican Demonstration

—AND—

Torchlight Procession

—AT—

OAKLAND, MD.,

—ON—

Friday, November 13,

AT 8 O'CLOCK P. M.

The parade will form on Second street in front of the Opera House, and will take up the line of march under the direction of chief Marshal Capt. J. M. Jarboe and Aides.

The citizens of the town are cordially requested to illuminate and decorate their residences and places of business.

At the conclusion of the parade the marchers will assemble in the Opera House, where an address will be delivered by

COL. GEORGE A. PEARRE,
OF CUMBERLAND.

The Opera House will be open early in the evening for the accommodation of those who participate, and the ladies are cordially invited to attend.

The citizens of the adjoining counties of West Virginia have been invited and will send large delegations.

Smith's Military Band will furnish music for the occasion.

Torches, flags, candles, lanterns and fire works will be for sale at [illegible] Jarboe hard [illegible]

Come one, come all, help celebrate the victory of the people.

Call for Your Letters.

Mr. L. J. Smith, Ennice Clark, Eddie Cater, W. M. Loche, Thos. J. Towers, Dr. and Mrs. Brooke, Mrs. I. E. Moors, Miss Viola Keenan.

A Marvellous Cure.

Report of a recovery so remarkable as to almost incline the skeptic to a belief in Christian Scientists' claims, come from the nearby town of Gorman, on the West Virginia Railway.

It is claimed that Miss Alice Shaeffer of the latter place, who has been for many years afflicted with a paralysis which deprived her of the use of her limbs, and limited her power of speech so that she could not speak above a whisper, has been miraculously relieved of her affliction.

Tuesday morning this invalid suddenly "took up her bed and walked." She went to the revival services which were being held at Gorman and began immediately to take an active part in them, shouting and praising God. When last heard from Miss Shaeffer was still up and about and improving every moment.

District No. 3 Republicans.

Monday evening of this week Hon. C. J. Oteo, of District No. 3, was surprised by a crowd of about twenty-five enthusiastic Republicans at his home who called on him and made the welkin ring by their shouts for the Republican standard-bearer, Maj. William McKinley. The crowd recognized in Mr. Otto the leader in the party in his home district and thought it propr to show their appreciation of his efforts. He made them a short address, after which music and refreshments were indulged in until a late hour when the party dispersed for their homes.

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

Kindle Fire with Crutches.

For four years I have suffered with a very bad case of Rheumatism and have been compelled to walk on crutches; the doctors say that my case is chronic and incurable. I tried the Yager's Liniment and I must say that it is the best Liniment to relieve pain that I have ever used, and its action is prompt and effective.
JOHN ABERMAN, Clerk at Mills, Md.

I have been sick with Inflammatory Rheumatism since November 1895, and have used a half dozen different kind of Liniments, but none of them helped me in the least, except the Yager's Cream Chloroform Liniment. I have used eight bottles of it and do not intend to be without it. It is the only thing that relieves me of pain. I can recommend it to anyone suffering with Rheumatism as the best pain reliever.
MRS. W. M. FARRER, Asbury, W. Va.

I have been affected with chronic Rheumatism in my back and hips for 16 years; have used various Kinds of Liniments and so-called Pain Killers, but nothing I could do would relieve me. I was advised by a friend of mine to try your Yager's Liniment, and the one bottle relieved me, and was so well pleased with the first bottle that I purchased another, and will never be without it. A. S. WOODSON, Greenwood, Va.

YAGER'S LINIMENT,

Large Bottles, - - - - 25 Cents,

Sold by all Dealers. Take no substitutes.

Official Statement of Returns of Election Held in Garrett County, Md., Tuesday, Nov. 3, 1896.

CANDIDATES.	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4	No. 5	No. 6	No. 7 1st Pct.	No. 7 2d Pct.	No. 8	No. 9	No. 10	No. 11	No. 12	No. 13	Total	Majority
Presidential Electors.																
Adam E. King, R.	135	271	213	107	126	154	185	267	203	39	178	78	104	2080	789	
Jesse Cookman Boyd, R.	135	270	212	107	126	154	185	267	203	39	178	78	104	2068		
Washington A. Smith, R.	135	270	212	107	126	154	185	267	203	39	178	78	104	2068		
Monitor Watchmon, R.	135	270	212	107	126	154	185	267	203	39	178	78	104	2068		
Robert M. Welch, R.	135	270	212	107	126	154	185	267	203	39	178	78	104	2068		
Alexander Frank, R.	135	270	212	107	126	154	185	267	203	39	178	78	104	2068		
Talbot J. Albert, R.	135	270	212	107	126	154	185	267	203	39	178	78	104	2068		
Merritt Wilson, R.	135	269	213	107	126	154	185	267	203	39	178	78	104	2068		
Congressman:																
John McDonald, R.	135	270	211	107	126	154	182	265	202	39	178	78	104	2053	771	
Presidential Electors:																
Wm. O'Brien, D.	120	112	182	89	129	33	115	146	93	91	73	47	45	1277		
Geo. W. Parnell, D.	120	112	184	89	129	33	115	146	93	91	73	47	45	1277		
William M. Slay, D.	120	112	184	89	129	33	115	146	93	91	73	47	45	1277		
George W. Allbaugh, D.	120	112	184	89	129	33	115	146	93	91	73	47	45	1277		
John Hubert, D.	120	112	184	89	129	33	115	146	93	91	73	47	45	1277		
Edward Raine, D.	120	112	181	89	129	33	115	146	93	91	73	47	45	1271		
Benjamin H. Conalier, D.	120	112	184	89	129	33	115	145	93	91	73	47	45	1276		
William B. Getty, D.	119	113	188	89	129	33	115	145	92	91	73	47	45	1277		
Congressman:																
Blair Lee, D.	120	112	185	89	128	33	115	130	93	91	73	47	46	1282		
Presidential Electors:																
Daniel W. Hopper, P.	1	1	6	3	1	4	12	8	1		3		1	41		
Henry W. Hartsock, P.	1	1	6	3	1	4	12	8	1		3		1	41		
George A. Cox, P.	1	1	6	3	1	4	12	8	1		3		1	41		
John M. Mucklein, P.	1	1	6	3	1	4	12	8	1		3		1	41		
Edwin B. Fenby, P.	1	1	6	3	1	4	12	8	1		3		1	41		
Christian A. E. Spanner, P.	1	1	6	3	1	4	12	8	1		3		1	41		
William H. Silk, P.	1	1	6	3	1	4	12	9	1		3		1	42		
William W. Moore, P.	2	1	6	3	1	4	12	9	1		3		1	42		
Congressman:																
Samuel M. Borkman, P.	1	1		3	1	4	15	6	1		3			35		

The Socialist Labor ticket received two votes in the county, 1 in District No. 4; 1 in No. 5.

The Sound Money Democratic ticket received 11 votes in the county, as follows: [illegible] No. 3, 2; No. 5, 2; No. [illegible] No. 12, 2; No. 13, 1.

For Liquors Nos. 6 and 10 the right to sell spirituous or fermented liquors was submitted to a vote. District No. 6 gave a majority of 34 against license; District No. 10 gave a majority of 2 against license.

J. ALVIN FRIEND, Secretary.
A. G. STURGISS, Chairman Board of Canvassers.

A Blow-Out at Swanton.

The Republicans of District No. 1 had a torch light procession and jubilee at Swanton on last Saturday night to celebrate their great victory. A great crowd of persons was present and the enthusiasm was unbounded. L. H. Friend, Esq., was chief marshal. He was assisted by Messrs. Richard Tasker and J. K. Harshberger. After the parade short addresses were made by Messrs. W. W. Sweet and A. F. George. Immediately after the parade a large pile of logs, barrels, etc., was set on fire near the mill. All who participated thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

A Mysterious Disappearance Solved.

About eighteen years ago Jack Dell, a school teacher employed in this county mysteriously disappeared. At the time it was thought that his disappearance was the result of foul play. From that day until a week or two ago it was the firm belief of many that he would never be seen alive. Recently, however, he again appeared at Thayerville and was immediately recognized. At first he denied being Dell but at length admitted his identity and said that since he left this county he had been residing in Virginia. At the time he left this county there was due him from the school board nearly two hundred dollars for services as teacher. He had the vouchers with him and these were presented on Monday for payment. Mr. Dell stated that he intends coming back to Garrett county next spring to make this his permanent home.

Fatally Injured at Grafton.

Tuesday night about midnight Thomas Wentzell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Moses Wentzell, of near Oakland, was so badly injured by being run over by a freight train that he died yesterday morning from the effects of his injuries. The unfortunate man was a freight brakeman and had been detailed by his conductor to flag train No. 1 as it approached the yards in Grafton. After flagging the train Wentzell got on the engine and rode into Grafton. Upon entering the yards he sprang from the engine directly in front of a moving train, the wheels of which passed over his lower limbs severing them from his body. His remains were brought to Oakland last night on train No. 46 and taken to his father's residence from whence they will be interred to-morrow. The deceased was about twenty-five years of age. He was married a little over a year ago and resided in Cumberland.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Fled to Colorado.

Charles Defilibaugh and Robert Young, two young men of Bedford county, Pa., were arrested last Thursday at Maud Junction, Colorado, on the charge of stealing $1,300 from the residence of Henry College at Rays Hill, Bedford county, near the Maryland, line several weeks ago. The fugitives will be brought to Bedford county for trial. Defilibaugh has been in the reformatory several times and is alleged to be a bad character.

An Old Case.

The dispute regarding the boundary line between Maryland and West Virginia, which affects a cone shaped strip of land claimed as a part of Garrett county, three quarters of a mile wide at the base, and 37 miles long, tapering to a point, will probably be taken up very early at the next term of the U. S. Supreme Court and definitely settled.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

DR. THEEL

1317 Arch Street,

Philadelphia. (Offices Strictly Private, the only advertising specialist in America (who made his studies for six full years under the world-renowned Professors Jahr and Muller, the greatest allopathic and homeopathic specialists, as proved by certificates attested by the German Consul and signed by the American Ambassador. The only advertising Physician who is able to guarantee to cure permanently and quicker than all others without any dangerous drugs, (no matter what others print, write, claim or say). All special diseases of Blood Poisons, Swellings, Pimples, Ulcers, Inflammations, Bladder, Kidneys, Stricture, Sores, Enlarged Veins, Impotency, Debility, Effects of youthful errors, Piles, etc. The most dangerous cases solicited. Nobody new and harmless. Relief at once; fresh cases cured in 4 to 10 days. Those suffering for years, and having thereby lost all hope of cure, send five two-cent stamps for book "Truth." This is a valuable medical treatise which every one should read, and see that DR. THEEL has no equal in treating the above diseases. 25 years' practical experience. Hours daily, 9 to 3, 6 to 8; Wednesday and Saturday evenings, 6 to 10; Sundays, 9 to 12 a. m. Write or call and be cured, like thousands have been.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

THE THREE HOMES.

I.

"Where is thy home?" I asked a child,
Who, in the morning air,
Was twining roses, sweet and wild,
In garlands for her hair.
"My home," the happy heart replied,
And smiled in childish glee,
"Is on the sunny mountain-side
Where light winds wander free."
Oh! blessings fall on artless youth
And all is rosy hours,
When every word is joy and truth
And treasures live in flowers.

II.

"Where is thy home?" I asked of one,
Who bent with flushing face
To hear a warrior's tender tone
In the wildwood's secret place.
She spoke not, but her varying cheek
The tale might well impart:
The home of her young spirit, meek,
Was in a kindred heart.
Oh! souls that well might soar above,
To earth will fondly cling:
And build their hopes on human love,
That light and fragile thing.

III.

"Where is thy home, thou lonely man?"
I asked a pilgrim gray,
Who came with furrowed cheek, and wan,
Slow musing on his way.
He paused, and, with a solemn mien,
Upturned his holy eyes.
"My home," said he, "thou ne'er hast seen,
My home is in the skies."
Oh! blest, thrice blest the man must be
To whom such thoughts are given,
Who walks from worldly fetters free:
His only home is Heaven.
—Collier's Weekly.

JAMES INCH'S DOWNFALL

The Misadventures of the Model Citizen of Parlor City.

MR. JAMES INCH is one of the most staid and dignified citizens of Parlor City. He never drinks, he never smokes, and it is his firm conviction that hades is yawning for every man, woman and child that plays cards. He is a pillar of the local Methodist church, has publicly denounced dancing as an invention of the devil, progressive euchre and pedro parties as greased poles to the realm of Satan and trolley parties as even more sinful diversion than any of the other forms of amusement to which he is opposed. One might imagine from this that Mr. James Inch was an unpopular man in Parlor City. Such, however, is not the case. The inhabitants point him out to strangers as their model citizen and can't say enough in praise of him. That is because Mr. Inch is a sterling business man, and so generous and charitable that his fellow townsmen are willing to overlook his radical views on things in the amusement line.

Mr. Inch had an experience some weeks ago that came pretty near knocking down with one blow the splendid reputation he has built up for himself in Parlor City. It was a most unfortunate experience for Mr. Inch, but it provided amusement for his fellow citizens for days afterward, and some of them are not through laughing yet.

One bright sunny morning early in August Mr. Inch boarded a train bound for Parlor City at a small way station some 20 miles from his home. He had gone out there the night before on business, had missed the last train back, and a night on a cornhusk mattress in the local tavern had ruffled him about as much as he had ever been ruffled in his life. Mr. Inch had not been in the train five minutes when he heard a frightful racket in the car behind him, and on inquiring of the conductor what it meant was told that both of the rear cars were full of lunatics, who were being transferred from New York to the state asylum on the hill back of Parlor City.

"They're in charge of keepers, all right," said the conductor, "but they get excited every now and then, and, I tell you, the keepers have their hands full. Lor'! but they do curse!"

"Do you suppose I could go look at them?" asked Mr. Inch, who immediately made up his mind that it was his

IN THE HOWLING CROWD.

duty as a Christian man to go and speak a few words of admonition to these men.

"Dunno," was the conductor's laconic response. "You'll have to ask the keepers."

Mr. Inch rose from his seat and started back. He decided that he would not ask permission to do what was his plain duty. He felt that the keepers would refuse him admission to the car, so he made up his mind to slide in unobserved, take a seat and watch his chance to distribute advice to the unfortunate. It was not a difficult piece of work, as the keepers were pretty busy when Mr. Inch opened the door and walked in, and they didn't notice him at all. He gradually worked his way to the middle of the car unnoticed in the howling crowd of wild-eyed men and ensconced himself in a seat beside a redheaded individual who was swinging his arms round in most reckless fashion and singing in a shrill voice:

"This is my story, this is my song.
Praising the Saviour all the day long."

Over and over again the man sang the couplet, sandwiching it with strings of oaths which sent chills chasing each other up and down Mr. Inch's spinal column. He attempted to talk with the man, but he might as well have tried to converse with a log of wood. Others with whom he started conversations looked at him so blankly that he soon realized it was a hopeless task, and, settling down in his seat, he resolved to say no more.

"When we get to Parlor City," he figured to himself, "I'll just wait until they get this crew out of the car, and then I'll go out myself and go home."

Mr. Inch's resolution was the result of a little speculation as to what would happen to him if the keepers discovered that he had entered the car and mingled with this crew of violent and irresponsible men.

At the station in Parlor City on the same morning that Mr. Inch boarded the train 20 miles away stood 15 keepers from the state asylum waiting for the consignment of lunatics from New York. With them was young Dr. Blank, on whose shoulders rested the responsibility for the safe transportation of the lunatics from the station to the asylum. Dr. Blank was worried. It was the first expedition of the kind he had commanded, and he was mightily afraid that something would go wrong. Only a month before he had received his appointment to the asylum, and an escape or revolt due to lack of proper precautions would, he knew, mean the loss of his place. He was relieved when the train rolled in and a keeper jumped from the steps of a car, touched his hat and announced that all was well.

"A hundred, altogether, I believe?" the doctor remarked.

"Yes, sir; 50 in each car," said the keeper.

"Well, march them out as soon as you can," said Dr. Blank, and he hauled out a notebook and prepared to check off the men as they were handed over to his keeping.

They took the last car first, and Dr. Blank drew a deep breath of relief when the fiftieth man stepped to the platform.

"Now for the other car," he said, cheerily, and the keepers commenced to hustle the unfortunates out.

Mr. Inch crouched low in his seat and was passed by. Dr. Blank, notebook in hand, sang out: "Forty-nine," just as the keeper escorted a man to the platform and called: "That's all."

"There must be another," said the doctor, nervously.

"You counted wrong," said the keeper.

"No, I'm sure I'm right, but I'll count them again," said Dr. Blank, and he did so, with the result that his first figuring was correct.

"A man was missing. There could be no doubt about that. The car had only yielded 49 men.

"Search the car," called out the doctor, and the keeper proceeded to do so.

The first man he encountered was Mr. Inch, who, having made up his mind that sufficient time had elapsed to render it safe for him to leave the car, had risen and was making for the door.

"Hello," exclaimed the keeper, "how did you get here?"

"I just walked in from the other car," replied Mr. Inch, with dignity.

"Didn't see a man hide himself around this car anywhere, did you?"

Now it happened that some minutes before the train reached Parlor City the red-headed man who sat next to Mr. Inch had slid to the floor and cuddled himself up under the seat. Mr. Inch had seen him do it, and had marveled at the man's ability to stay in one position so long. To tell of this incident, however, was to admit that he had been in the car for some time, which would scarcely do, so he simply said in a tone of mild astonishment:

"See a man hide himself? How ridiculous," and the keeper, impressed by his tone, passed by and started searching at the upper end of the car.

Mr. Inch continued toward the door, reached the platform, and stepped slowly down. Mr. Inch's personal appearance was not what it usually was. A night in a country hotel, with neither hair brush nor comb in the morning, showed on him. Contact with the elbow of a lunatic behind him had put a most disreputable looking dent in his derby. His appearance was altogether bad enough to justify Dr. Blank's exclamation of:

"Ah, here he is. This way, my friend," which he made when he saw Mr. Inch descended to the platform.

Mr. Inch heard the remark, but paid no attention to it. Instead of obeying, he quickened his pace toward the other end of the platform, but before he had gone a dozen yards Dr. Blank was alongside.

"This way, my friend," said Dr. Blank, swinging Mr. Inch around by the arm.

"What do you mean, sir?" said Mr. Inch.

"Keep quiet, now, keep very quiet," said the doctor, soothingly. "It'll be all right if you keep quiet."

"Why should I keep quite when a loafer grabs me by the arm and swings me around as though I were a log of wood?" cried Mr. Inch, indignantly.

"Get back into line," said Dr. Blank. "Get back into line, and let's end this nonsense," and he grabbed Mr. Inch by the collar and proceeded to drag him down the platform.

Mr. Inch lost his temper then, and swung his right around toward his captor's jaw with vicious violence. The blow landed, and so did a second and third, sent in with equal precision. Dr. Blank hung on, though slightly dazed. He couldn't hit the man back. There is a state rule forbidding keepers or doctors to strike an insane person, no matter what the provocation. The doctor has but one mode of defense. He carries a hypodermic injection, and each one carries a syringe loaded with a preparation which will take all the fight out of a man in five minutes, causing him to sleep for several hours, and have him around after his slumber in a decidedly weak mental condition.

While Mr. Inch was banging Dr. Blank on the nose and jaw, the doctor was maneuvring with his free hand for his syringe. While the struggle was on the keepers kept their eyes on other insane men. They couldn't leave them to go to the doctor's assistance. The struggle was apt to excite others, and a general outbreak was to be prevented above all things.

Dr. Blank was fast getting played out when he managed to reach his syringe, haul it out and jab it into Mr. Inch's neck. The effect of the injection was instantaneous.

"I'm stabbed!" yelled Mr. Inch, slapping both hands to his neck and dropping.

"I'm glad of it," remarked Dr. Blank. "You're the toughest one I ever tackled," and he motioned to a keeper who was coming toward him on a run to come faster.

"We've found the other man," said the keeper when he came up.

"Of course we have," said the doctor with sarcastic emphasis on the "we."

He was under a seat in the car, on the keeper. "You've made a good break here, and let's get away."

"Great Scott," roared the doctor, "isn't this one of our men?"

"No," said the keeper. "He's a citizen who wandered into the car.'

"Let's cut this quick," said the doctor. "Tell the boys to march around to the north of the depot and I'll join you there," and away went the doctor in one direction, while the keeper went down the platform.

So much interest had been manifested in the crowd of insane men that few people on the platform had noticed the

THE BLOW LANDED.

struggle between Dr. Blank and Mr. Inch. The few who had seen it went away when the insane men were marched off, and so a little later, when a station hand came across the respectable Mr. Inch asleep in a pile of freight, his clothes torn and dirty, his hat missing, though [illegible] minus his collar and necktie, he threw up his hands in astonishment. He called other station hands, and the men on the baggage-room came, too, and their eyes nearly popped out of their heads at the sight of James Inch, Parlor City's respectable citizen, in so deplorable a condition. They were a heartless crowd, those station men, for they called a policeman, and the policeman hauled Mr. Inch out of the freight and started dragging him toward the station house, Mr. Inch the meanwhile sleeping innocently on. Half way to the station the policeman gave out, and Mr. Inch was allowed to take a short doze on the sidewalk pending the arrival of help.

It happened to be on the main street of Parlor City that the policeman left his prisoner, and as the afternoon was as bright and sunny as the morning had been, the inhabitants were out in great numbers. Any attempt to record here the comments of the people on Mr. Inch and his condition would be futile. Suffice it to say that the downfall of James Inch, the model citizen of Parlor City, the pillar of the church, and the greatest philanthropist in the country, was known for miles that night.

And the next day there was more to talk about. Mr. Inch slept for five hours at the station house, and then went home, and, refusing to recognize his wife, proceeded to destroy the family china. He hurled plates around until he was tired, then smashed windows and mirrors with a poker for a time. He went to bed after hacking at some furniture with a carving knife, and the next morning woke up without the slightest recollection of what had happened. He recalled the struggle at the station, but that was all. His wife tended to believe the story of his having been stabbed in the neck, but she didn't let it all.

For several days the cold glances of former friends and acquaintances annoyed him. They all said "yes, yes," when he told of his remarkable temporary aberration, but he could see that they did not believe him. Nevertheless, the truth came out in time, and Mr. Inch, of Parlor City, is as respected and honored as he ever was. Dr. Blank made a statement in the local paper of the matter over his signature, and that more than anything else exonerated Mr. Inch. As for the doctor, he was suspended, but at Mr. Inch's earnest solicitation the superintendent restored him to duty, and he and his victim are now the best of friends. The doctor doesn't carry his hypodermic syringe except in the asylum wards now, and he has declared that he'll never take it out of the building again. —N. Y. Sun.

Hopeless.

"Clinker tells me had to give up going into the bicycle business."

"Why?"

"He couldn't find a new name."—Brooklyn Life.

—The word nice orlginally meant ignorant or foolish.

NOVEL FLOOR TREATMENT.

Inexpensive Floor Finishings in Paper, Enamels and Paint.

The last thing in floor covering is paper. That is, the floor is laid with a paper imitating or representing grained oak, parquetry, tiles, mosaic pavement or what not. The process is as follows: The floor is first smoothed, then two or three layers of newspapers, saturated with flour paste, are applied, made smooth and allowed to dry. Then the wall paper—that which represents grained oak being preferred—is glued down on the substratum of newspapers, and, after being sized, is varnished. The chief recommendation of paper flooring is its cheapness; for a room not used for much traffic it will answer a purpose. It will not do if there is any dampness about the floor.

Enameling is another novel process for treating floors, but it differs from papering in that it is rather expensive, requiring, as it does, several coats of paint with vigorous intermediate rubbings down with fine glass paper. The ordinary enamels sold in the shops are not recommended for this purpose as, from the nature of their composition, they are apt to crack and chip.

Ebonizing for floors can be easily done by boiling logwood chips in water—one pound of chips to one pound of water—till the liquid is well colored. Apply this to the floor evenly and carefully, giving a second application, if the boards are close textured. When this is quite dry, apply in a similar way, a strong solution of sulphate of iron in water. A good chemical ink-like black will be the result, which, after sizing, may be varnished like any other stain, or if preferable it may be polished with beeswax and turpentine. The duller surface so given is better, artistically speaking, than the glaring, shining surface given by a varnish, at any rate where a black stain is used. Apropos to a floor stain, any which pretends to be a floor varnish as well, and in which the varnish is a spirit as opposed to oil varnish, is a mistake in so far as floors are concerned. It may answer for some articles of furniture, but is not durable enough for floors. To an oil varnish, suitably colored, there is no objection; but a stain, subsequently sized and varnished, is best. It is a mistake to size the floor before staining it, although some people prefer so doing. It may save a little stain, but there is the certainty of the stain and the varnish peeling off eventually in flakes where there is much wear.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

WHAT SHOCKED HIM.

A Victim of Heart Disease Suffers a Trying Ordeal.

The waiter accidentally jogged the elbow of the man eating breakfast in the restaurant.

The morsel that he was about to consume fell to the ground.

The next moment he gave a startled cry and turned deathly pale.

All was confusion.

The proprietor and the occupants of the other tables jumped up and rushed to his assistance.

His face assumed a bluish hue, which was quickly followed by a greenish color, and then by a purplish tinge.

The case looked serious, for he was evidently apoplectic.

Finally, to the relief of all, he was resuscitated.

All demanded an explanation.

"I am subject to heart disease," he at length exclaimed, "and any severe shock is likely to kill me. It's a wonder I'm alive to tell the tale."

"What tale?" they asked, eagerly.

"Heavens, gentlemen!" he replied, as his cheeks blanched at the recollection, "you'll hardly believe me, but I swear on my oath that when the waiter knocked that piece of bread and butter out of my hand it fell to the ground with the butter side up!"

The others surveyed him pityingly.

"Something has affected his brain," they whispered one to another. "Such a thing is unheard of. It could never have happened."

One by one they drew away and left him alone.—N. Y. World.

Savory Rice.

This makes a most appetizing dish. Well wash six ounces of rice. Put it in a saucepan of boiling water, and boil it for five minutes; this is to "blanch" it. Pour away the water, and leave the rice on a sieve to dry and cool. Take six ounces of raw, streaky bacon, remove the rind and cut into large dice. Put these into a clean pan and fry them a very pale brown; now add the rice and 1½ pints of any broth or stock you may have. Season carefully with pepper and salt. Simmer very gently for about 25 minutes, till the rice has absorbed the stock. Stir it very frequently or it will stick and burn. Also, keep on the lid, or the stock will waste away in steam. While it is cooking, rub about three or four fresh or tinned tomatoes through a sieve, so as to get about half a pint of the juice and pulp; mix well; make very hot. Turn out on to a hot dish. Arrange round the rice sippets of fried bread, or little rolls of bacon, or fried sausages cut into slices about a quarter of an inch thick.—Albany Journal.

Builded Better Than He Knew.

Mrs. Jackson—I thought you told me you trimmed that hat yourself. I'm sure it is just as stylish as if it had been done by a high-priced milliner.

Mrs. Johnson (complacently)—Yes, I think it has a stylish look myself. You see, my husband sat down on it accidentally after I had got done, and gave it exactly the right twist.—Boston Courier.

Prospective Traveler.

Prospective Traveler—I suppose your trains have first-class accommodation? I don't mind telling you this is to be my wedding trip, and this is why I am so particular.

Ticket Clerk—Bless you, young man, our line was built expressly for wedding trips. We have a tunnel every four miles.—Tit-Bits.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—A bridge of pink marble is to be built over the river at Knoxville, Tenn. There is a nearby quarry from which an unlimited supply of the stone can be had and the completed structure will be one of the most attractive bridges in the world.

—England has at length decided to adopt the metric system of weights and measures, and the government, in the person of its president of the board of trade, has drafted a bill to be submitted to parliament at the opening of the next session. The change has been under discussion for nearly 70 years.

—Brigandage is one of the flourishing occupations at present in northern Rhode Island. A band of armed Italians recently held up a country doctor in Smithfield and for two weeks past have kept the rural population of North Scituate in a reign of terror. Thus far the state constabulary have been unable to seize the marauders.

—By order of the czar the colonel of a crack Russian regiment has just been retired, a lieutenant dismissed the service and 11 other officers of the regiment reduced in rank, as a punishment for a blackguardly attack upon a civilian. The only culpability of the colonel in connection with the affair was that he had failed to report it to headquarters.

—It seems very odd to have unearthed the playthings as well as the tablets and weapons of antiquity; and yet among the objects found recently in the Assiob necropolis in Egypt was a whole company of wooden soldiers, 15 inches in height. The soldiers carry lances, and give a good idea of the style of military equipment prevailing in the time of the Pharaohs. Many an American boy might enjoy playing with those toy warriors, as perhaps some Egyptian lad once did with utmost glee.

—A certain English baronet, who lived near the spot where one of the most celebrated battles of the war of the Roses had been fought, was presented to George III. at a levee. An ignorant man, he knew little of the history of the country, and was nonplussed when the king remarked, graciously: "You come from the scene of a celebrated battle, I understand, Sir William." "Well, your majesty," was the answer, "I did have a round or two with the blacksmith, but I'm very much surprised that your majesty should have heard of it."

HE BOUGHT THE HAY.

How an Inebriated Pennsylvania Farmer Got the Best of the Auctioneer.

The man who goes to an auction sober is often tempted to purchase things he does not want and cannot afford to buy. But such temptation is much stronger when it comes to one who has been imbibing over freely, particularly if he is of a speculative nature. Yet there are a few who have sufficient wit to get them out of difficulties of this character, even when their brains are more or less befuddled. An amusing occurrence took place at an auction in one of the rural towns of Pennsylvania, where a house, barn and farm were offered for sale. Farmers came from all the surrounding country with a view of making a day of it and some of them imbibed too much corn juice in honor of the occasion.

In the barn were stored between 20 and 30 hundredweight of hay—prime timothy—on which the bidding started at four cents and gradually rose a quarter of a cent at a time, until it neared the market value of seven and a half or eight cents per pound.

The auctioneer was annoyed by the reckless bidding of a typical old hayseed who was so drunk that he could hardly stand. He was determined to buy that hay, regardless of its cost, and when the last sober bidder feebly cried "eight cents" he shouted "ten!" Of course nobody would go higher than that and the farmers chuckled to think how their neighbor was to be taken in. "Do you mean to pay cash for this hay?" asked the auctioneer, who began to believe he had a good thing. "Wall, I reckon," replied the inebriated hayseed. "And how many hundredweight are you going to take?" "Dunno as I keer 'bout takin' a hundredweight," said the purchaser; "you might gimme 'bout one pound." What the auctioneer said will long be remembered by the farmers of Montgomery county.—Philadelphia Record.

His Honeymoon.

The colored female cook of a family living at the South end came upstairs the other afternoon, and, twisting up the corners of her apron with considerable embarrassment, said to her mistress:

"You see, misses, I thought it mought be bes' to be tellin' you dat I—dat I done got married las' week."

"Ah, indeed! And what is your name now, Hannah?"

"Mis' Williams, mu'am. You see, my husban', he am a cook, too. He am what dey calls a sheft in a hotel."

"A chef, heh? That's very nice. And do you expect to leave us directly, Hannah?"

"Not, 'rectly, mum. I'll stay wid ye for de present. You see, my husbar', he's gone to New York an' Washington on his honeymoon, an' it'll be nigh onto six weeks befo' he comes back!"—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

Brutes of Men.

Fond Mother—My dear, don't you think of marrying Mr. Goodsoul. He's hard-hearted, lazy, selfish and without one spark of humanity.

Daughter—Mercy! How did you find it out?

"Why, the day I went to visit your Aunt Sally he was in the same train, and my window stuck, and I asked him to raise it. Well, you mayn't believe it, but it's an actual fact that he didn't work at it more than half an hour before he stopped trying, and advised me to take another seat, and I had all my bundles there, too."—N. Y. Weekly.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"THERE are no jokes like the old jokes,"
Said the humorist blithe and gay.
"And the jokes that now find favor
Pleased the folks of another day."
—Philadelphia North American.

Tourist Sleeping Cars to California Daily.

Every day in the year Tourist Sleeping Cars are run through from Chicago to California via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific Rys). Only $6.00 for completely equipped double berth from Chicago to the Pacific Coast. For tickets and full information apply to agents of connecting lines, or address W. B. KNISKERN, G. P. & T. A., Chicago & North-Western R'y, Chicago.

"How old it is," said Pat, as he trudged along on foot one sultry day, "that a man never meets a cart going the same way as he is!"—Household Words.

Left Destitute!

Not of worldly goods, but of all earthly comfort, is the poor wretch tormented by malaria. The fell scourge is, however, shorn of its thong in advance by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, its only sure preventive and remedy. Dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, rheumatism, nervousness and kidney complaints are also among the bodily afflictions which this beneficent medicine overcomes with certainty. Use it systematically.

"DOROTHY says she was disappointed in England." "Why was that?" "Things didn't look so English as she thought they would."—Chicago Record.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

MARL—"Too bad, old fellow, the hanging committee sliced your canvas." D'Auber—"My boy, with the hanging committee the art is to conceal the art."—London Figaro.

Personally Conducted Excursions to California

Via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line leave Chicago every Thursday. Comfortable Tourist Sleeping Cars, low rates, quickest time and the best of care and attention are advantages secured by those who join these excursions. For full particulars apply to your nearest ticket agent, or address W. B. KNISKERN, G. P. & T. A., Chicago & North-Western R'y, Chicago, Ill.

"I AM sorry I bought one of those doormats with 'Welcome' on it." "Why so?" "Some stupid fellow mistook the meaning of the word and helped himself to it the first night."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Company, printed near the bottom of the package. For sale by all responsible druggists.

MISS KEDDICK—"What an awful talker Mr. Gilley is, and how little he says when he speaks!" Miss Kittish—"The poor fellow is troubled with an impediment in his thoughts."—N. Y. World.

Home-Seekers Excursions.

On November 17 and December 1 and 15, 1885, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway will sell round trip excursion tickets from Chicago to a great many points in the Western and Southwestern states both on its own line and elsewhere, at greatly reduced rates. Details as to rates, routes, etc., may be obtained on application to any coupon ticket agent or by addressing GEO. H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

ON THE FOOTBALL TEAM.—"Bragley claims to be a great tackler." "He is—when you get him at a free lunch table."—Detroit Free Press.

WE think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs.—JENNIE PINCKARD, Springfield, Ills., Oct. 1, 1884.

TEACHER—"What is a straight line?" Pupil—"The picture of its own road which each company prints in the railroad map."—Boston Transcript.

HOW MY THROAT ACHES! Why don't you use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar? Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

TEDDY—"I tell you it's so." Nellie—"I say it is not." Teddy—"Well, mamma says it's so; and if mamma says it's so, it's so even if it isn't so."—Harper's Round Table.

WHEN bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

MR. HOJACK—"Miss Teaspot must be surprisingly beautiful." Mr. Tomdik—"Indeed! What makes you think so?" "She looks well even in an amateur photograph."—Life.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

"EF little learnin' may be er danj'us thing," said Uncle Eben, "but I dean' believe dat it's nigh ez danj'us ez no learnin' 'tall.'—Washington Star.

MEN and ladies in small towns wishing to earn $18 a week easily, write us; we will explain. Excelsior Chemical Co., Rochester, N. Y. Lock Box 608.

ALICE—"I heard something about you to-day." Maud—"Yes; this new biling they are using in dresses makes a frightful noise, doesn't it?"—Yonkers Statesman.

JUST try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

Some people live on the installment plan.

Enrich

Your blood at this season by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and you will not need to fear pneumonia, fevers or the grip. Remember

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Is the Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

STEADY WORK WE PAY CASH WEEKLY and want men everywhere to SELL STARK TREES millions tested, proven, "absolutely best." Superb outfits, new system. STARK BROTHERS LOUISIANA, MO., ROCKPORT, ILL

TEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE IN INDIA.

Marvelous Results Obtained Among the British Soldiers Stationed There.

Drunkenness has always been the bane of British soldiers in India. Under the mistaken theory that men will get liquor, drinking places are kept open in every military station, from which men reel nightly to their cheerless barracks, or sally forth to deeds of mischief, which end in the guardroom. Outside cantonment "limits" Hindu, Parsee, or Christian (?) liquor sellers display various brands of English whiskies and other intoxicants, luring the soldier to drink. Idleness tempts to indulgence. The army has nothing to do. There are no duties save parade and attention to accoutrements. Hours each day must be "put in" by men who, for the most part, have no taste for reading or study, and who find it too hot to make outdoor recreations enjoyable. Consequently these men lie about the "canteen," or stroll out evenings to the shops of public poison venders, to go back to "the lines" in all stages of intoxication.

Several years ago Rev. Geloon Gregson took pity on his countrymen thus exposed to temptation and organized the Army Temperance society. It soon became very popular in the army. Lord Roberts, of Kandahar, the commander in chief in India, gave it his personal and official support for the help it promised to give in the reduction of crime. He ordered that all blanks of the report of military trials be ruled with a column headed "Abstainers," so that the effect of total abstinence upon the conduct of soldiers might be correctly estimated.

Results have gratified the friends of temperance, and confounded its enemies. Year by year the number of abstainers has risen. Year by year there has been a corresponding decrease in the number of arrests and trials for violation of military regulations. The temperance society has become the criminal barometer of the British forces in India. Whole regiments have changed character after the banishment of the bottle. Christian work in the army has never been so fruitful as it is to-day. Men are sober and thus ready to hear and heed the messages of faithful chaplains and earnest Young Men's Christian association workers.

And now comes the surprise of all surprises in connection with this great movement. The Times of India, the most ably edited Indian daily paper, the champion of "sport," of beer for the poor soldier, and all kinds of archaic and godless rubbish, comes out in the subjoined editorial on "The Fruits of Temperance:"

The Army Temperance society in India may very well glory in the results of their good work. The figures before us for 1894-95 embody a picture of success which the promoters of this beneficent scheme could scarcely have anticipated, even under the inspiration of their original enthusiasm. The statistics are set forth under the definite headings, with a clearness which a glance can take in. In trials by court-martial the convictions of abstainers numbered 94; of non-abstainers, 2,131. There are 20,675 abstainers and 49,758 non-abstainers, so that nearly every third man in the British army in India refrains from drink. The convictions, therefore, work out per 1,000 as follows: Abstainers, 4.54; non-abstainers, 42.82, thus evincing that serious crime in the army as represented by court-martial is nearly ten times greater among the men who drink than among their comrades who do not. Among the summary punishments for insubordination, only half the relative number were awarded to abstainers as compared with non-abstainers. Taking the convictions for minor offenses for the first three months of this year, there were 22.2 entries per 1,000 among abstainers as compared with 99.7 per 1,000 among non-abstainers. To show the trouble given to the authorities by drink, and even the pecuniary losses entailed on the men themselves, Gen. Dandridge speaks of a regiment he inspected at Umballa, in 1885, which had 175 court-martials in a single year—the officers must have spent half their time in court—while the fines for drunkenness reached £360. In the following year, when 460 of the men had joined the temperance ranks, there were only 37 court-martials and a similar diminution of the fines. With regard to the general effect of temperance on the health of the men, the following statement carries its own emphasis: During the six months ending March 31, 1895, the per cent. of admissions into hospital among 26 corps was: Abstainers, 6.6; non-abstainers, 12. It would be difficult to beat such a lesson as these figures give in showing the general merits of temperance. Their value is chiefly derived from the circumstance that such statistics, culled from veritable records, are less liable to imperfection than if taken from outside societies among the civil population. There is no difficulty in a regiment about knowing who drinks and who does not, so the figures may fairly be considered unassailable. If the government were to add up the losses caused by ill-health and inefficiency produced by drink within recent memory, they would spare nothing in contributing all they can to make temperance attractive. It would pay the country over and over again by politic outlays to extend and beautify and make thoroughly comfortable the regimental institutes, in other words, the regimental "palaces," where the men can find plenty of varied enjoyment without being expected to call for drink.

The next step will be the abolition of the regimental "canteen," which by its presence in the midst of the men, tempts many a poor fellow to drink who would not go out of his way to get it. Then the figures given above will change places. Abstainers will claim two out of every three of the army. Crime will be further reduced. Christ will appeal to a larger number of clear brains, and His appeal will be heard.—N. W. Christian Advocate.

Offers to Run Whisky Adv. Free.

The editor of the Hustler, Kentucky, offered to let a whisky ad. go in free if he were allowed to write it himself. He submitted the following, which was not accepted: "Hell and damnation put up in bottles from a quart up to a barrel, sent to any address on receipt of price. Our stuff is the best; at least the devil says so, and he knows. It will make a man steal from the blind, wreck his home, lie, cheat, burn; in a word, if there is anything mean it can't make him do, just name it."

The Anti-Saloon league has recently commenced work in Michigan.

A BLOODLESS TRAGEDY.

The Part Rum Played in a Once Happy Home.

Some instinct impelled me, as a pedagogue, to be merciful yet strict in my administration of discipline in the case of a pupil who was stubbornly sly and slyly stubborn—a combination possible in the make-up of a boy who submits to the bondage of school-life as a temporary solution of the problem of earning his living under the guardianship of a parent whom he is obliged to tolerate. But there came a sudden climax to affairs one day, and my pupil, becoming less sly and more stubborn, was exiled from my empire until I could investigate his environment.

I followed him to his haunts—or to one of them—and there listened to the recital of a history, which was a tragedy of hearts, almost as tense and terrible as those assassinations whose records redden the annals of beautiful Florence on the Arno.

"Between us!"—that was the seal of secrecy imposed upon me. Perhaps I should not break it, but the story has elements of urgency and stress that makes it worth retelling, though perhaps it is cruelly common.

It was disclosed to me that my pupil lived in a home shadowed by the horrors of a bloodless tragedy—the tragedy of a death in life. I had supposed his mother dead; he had permitted me to infer that. I had pitied him, had pardoned him, having had my heart softened by baptisms of tears in the valley of shadows.

But his mother was living; I could not learn where; my informant did not know. Where she was, there would no longer be home! Physicians pronounced her "insane." She had been consigned to a sanitarium, but sanitarium fees are large. She had been withdrawn, but was not crazy enough to be sent to an asylum, and her husband would not consign her to the "works" as a "common drunkard," nor to an inebriate asylum.

Of course, she was "insane!" Alcohol is a brain poison. It causes insanity. This woman, who had been a lady—a "loaf-giver"—and a wife—"a weaver"—giving bread to husband and son and weaving the fabric of a genial home

"IF I DRINK BRANDY, IT IS THROUGH WRETCHEDNESS."

life, had become a drunkard. Under vows of law and love to be faithful she had become false, though not unchaste; under ordinance of beneficial nature to cherish children, had bred discords, falsities, antagonism, and, at last, had ruptured all the ties of home.

There was a divorce of mutual consent, and father and son dwelt together, though father saw nothing of son except in the late evening at the end of a long day's toil. Soon the son, who had been taught by his mother to mock at his father, drifted into novel reading, theater-going, the culture of a libidinous imagination. Once he had sung with the choir boys in a church, beautiful with the grace of pure altar cloths, of white candles shining near the cross, of sweet flowers on festal days. He knew the great symbols of Christian faith. He had had vision of the life of that Mother of Nazareth, whose babe, born at Bethlehem, was the Son of God; yet, because his mother had fallen under the damning sway of the demon of drink, he must lose the blessings of sane, charming, transfiguring home life.

He lives in the shadows of hell who rises up to call his mother cursed. To ask him his history is to insult him.

Fantine said to M. Javert: "If I drink brandy, it is through wretchedness; I do not like it, but it makes me reckless."

There are women, who, under social temptation, become reckless—and their recklessness breeds a wretchedness which first wrecks themselves—and then those whose lives find birth in theirs. Their sin of sins is this: They murder men's faith in the ideal realizable in womanhood. They breed unhappiness; if they are ever glad, their joy is that "black happiness" of the wicked who are weak and of the weak who are wicked.

But their defense shall be this in the day of wrath: "The man whom Thou gavest us that his guardianship might be the grace of our life and his power my peace, gave us to drink!"—George Milton Hammell, in Union Signal.

GENERAL GLEANINGS.

The devil has a good start in every home where there is a moderate drinker.—Ram's Horn.

The man who begins by drinking some time, may end by having to drink all the time.—National Temperance Advocate.

Mr. W. S. Caine, M. P., estimates the number of total abstainers in Great Britain at 7,000,000.

For every three shillings invested in the absolute necessaries of life, the English people spend over two shillings in intoxicants.

Eighty-five per cent. of all the children admitted to Dr. Barnardo's home, according to his observation, owe their distresses directly or indirectly to the drinking habits of their parents, grandparents or other relatives.

THE LARGEST CARBON.

Its Owner, a Brazilian Scout, Has Refused $17,500 for the Stone.

Information has just reached New York that the largest carbon ever found has been discovered in the wilds of Brazil. It weighs 3,083 carats, and is almost as big as one's fist. The carbon is a much-sought stone. It is black, of diamondiferous composition, and is the hardest known substance. For this reason it is used for drilling and is extremely valuable. Small bits are found frequently in diamondiferous regions.

About six months ago, M. B. Levy, a diamond merchant of this city, started on the Brazil workings. He worked his way up the Amazon, partly a trip by canoe and partly by the plodding mule. Thus he traveled for nine days, until he came to a place called Jaereandor. Near this spot a former scout of Mr. Levy, one Pedro Gunzalos, had bought a tract of land 30 leagues in extent. Part, in fact, nearly the whole, of this stretch of property yields a choice variety of boa constrictors and wild beasts, but as Gunzalos had been lightning these creatures all his life he didn't mind them. The attractive portion of his land was a bit of clear ground on which he had found a quartz bearing carbon. He saw in this a fortune. He got together a force of natives who were duly spasmodically industrious. Small bits of carbon were found; not, however, in such profusion as to satisfy Gunzalos. He was becoming discouraged.

One day two months after Mr. Levy's arrival Gunzalos' workman was humming a song while dislodging quartz in a perfunctory sort of way. He observed with surprise the outlines of a large carbon in a fallen piece. He gazed at the big stone a moment in amazement, and then shouted exultingly to the overseer. That solemn official lanced a jig when he took it from the workman's hand, and Gunzalos treated all hands liberally when the carbon was brought to him. A few days after he went to Jaereandor. He showed the stone to Mr. Levy, who had been quietly buying a few bargains in gems.

After inspecting it critically, Mr. Levy said: "I'll give you £3,500 for the carbon."

Gunzalos rejected the offer with a scornful gesture. "I'll sell it for £10,000, and not a pound less," he said.

"But," insisted Mr. Levy, "it will cost £1,000 to cut the carbon. Nothing less than a ten-ton hammer will make an impression on it. You can see the expense the buyer will be under."

"I think I shall have it kept in a vault in Paris for the present," said Gunzalos, "and then I may send it to the United States."

The carbon is three and a half inches long, three inches wide, and the same in thickness. It is a trifle spongy on a small area of the surface, but otherwise is solid.—N. Y. Tribune.

AS TO RESPIRATION.

Scientific Tests to Ascertain the Proper Way to Breathe.

Some interesting records on the question of respiration have been compiled by Dr. W. Marcet, who has devoted the greater part of his life to the solution of problems connected with this subject. His investigations have not been confined to the laboratory, but have been conducted frequently in the open air to varying elevations, extending from the sea level to the summit of the highest Alpine ranges.

Beginning with normal breathing in a state of repose, experiments were made on forced or labor breathing, respiration under exercise, and respiration as controlled by the mental exercise of the will. In order to obtain the records of the various conditions, an instrument was designed which showed on the chart in horizontal lines the number of litres of air expired, and in vertical lines the time in minutes.

The traces thus obtained differ considerably from those illustrating forced respiration, being much less deep, though deeper than the normal. In talking, singing, reading and coughing the respiration assumed the form of breathing under exercise, but in talking and reading alone, where the strain of the lungs is very feeble, the tracing returns parallel to the normal almost immediately after the exercise has come to an end.

In singing, however, a marked difference was observed in the breathing when standing and when sitting. This difference is well worthy the attention of vocal students. When the singer sat down the curve resembled that of the "forced breathing" almost exactly, which is not the case when standing. This shows that the erect position is the correct one for singing.

Another fact of interest to athletes and people who run for their trains was demonstrated. It is not generally known that many people run a most serious risk in rushing for a car. If they could keep on running after reaching the car platform the danger would be much lessened. The opening of internal lessons, which may be fatal in character, comes from the sudden cessation of effort. In case of extreme breathlessness, as would occur after running for a train, great relief would be experienced from taking a few deep breaths.—Chicago News.

A Curious Custom.

A strange custom prevails among the members of a certain tribe in the Caucasus. When a single young man dies some one who has carried to the grave a marriageable daughter in the course of the year calls upon the bereaved parents and says: "Your son is sure to want a wife; I'll give you my daughter and you shall deliver to me the marriage portion in return." A friendly offer of this description is never rejected and the two parties soon come to terms as to the amount of the dowry, which varies according to the advantages possessed by the girl in her lifetime. Cases have been known where the young man's father has given 30 cows to secure a dead wife for his dead son.—Chicago News.

AN ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERY.

Important Announcement Concerning Venus and Mercury.

The observers at the Lowell observatory find that Mercury and Venus rotate on their axis once during their revolution about the sun. Venus is not cloud covered, as has been supposed, but is veiled in an atmosphere, but Mercury is not.

The official dispatch from Mr. Lowell, forecasting the announcement of this discovery, is exceedingly interesting, since it suggests radical changes in the generally received opinions concerning the motions of these planets and the atmospheric conditions existing on Venus. Of course the data from which the conclusions have been deduced cannot as yet be stated, for the information has come to us by telegraph. Observations of Mercury and Venus have always been difficult, the reasons therefor in the different planets being, however, not the same. Mercury never leaves the company of the sun, its greatest distance from it in the sky being not more than about 30 degrees. It is on that account enveloped always in sunlight, which dims its brightness and makes the details of its surface difficult to detect. Some 50 years ago astronomers thought they discovered motion about this planet and fixed the day at about five minutes less than ours. But this time, which is generally accepted and given place in text books, has been without absolute proof. It has been conceded that little or no atmosphere exists there, for if it did it would have been detected during the transits of the planet across the sun's disk. The rotation period must in this case be determined from observation of the actual surface of Mercury, and hitherto no observer has been fortunate enough to get even glimpses of this.

With Venus the case is quite different. The brightness of this planet is such as to obscure vision, so that the best observations have been taken at times when there was daylight present to tone down its brilliancy. It has been the general opinion that the surface of the planet was hidden from us by dense clouds in the atmosphere, while mountain peaks piercing these clouds or permanent spots have been lacking, so that the time of rotation has been in doubt. It has been set down, however, as about an hour longer than the day of the earth. Some observations of things which were supposed to give a clew to the rotation have been recorded, but, like the satellite which was seen by the older astronomers to be in company with the planet, the later astronomer with his powerful telescopes has not been able to see them.

The dispatch from Flagstaff suggests the curious fact that these planets have each of them only one day in each year, and this will very readily settle the question of possible inhabitants. There is indeed there are nomadic tribes which follow the sun and live always on the sunny side of the planet, for the other portion, exposed to darkness and planetary cold, can hardly be made to support life. With reference to the atmosphere of Venus, it has been generally conceded that one exists which is denser than ours. The reasons for this belief are, briefly, that at the time when Venus is a crescent the hours extend over more than half a circle, which they could not do were there no atmosphere to reflect the light; and, further, when during the transits of Venus a portion of the planet has entered upon the sun's disk or remains upon it an illumination of the whole edge of the planet has been seen, which could be accomplished in no way known to us except the diffusion of the sunlight through an atmosphere. The degree of this diffusion being considered it is probable that the atmosphere is quite dense. Mr. Lowell is, however assured that the supposed clouds do not exist and all that prevents our observation of the configuration of Venus is the difficulty of looking through its atmosphere. — Boston Transcript.

ENGLISH SHOP GIRLS.

They Are Generally Refined and Also Pleasant.

One can hardly enter a high-class London shop without noting not only the height and air of distinction the attendants possess, but their refined voices and manner. Referring to this one day, the manager of a large establishment said that the girls in their dressmaking departments are required to have all these qualifications and for the most part they come from good families, preferring this to the overcrowded occupation of nursery governess or companion. There is hardly a choice from in point of freedom, for all the girls are obliged to live in a building provided by and under the supervision of the management. These homes are doubtless comfortable, but the rules are extremely strict. No masculine callers are ever allowed, and the house is closed promptly at ten. If a girl misses the closing hour on three occasions no excuse prevents a prompt dismissal. The management claims that these rules necessitate its attendants taking a proper amount of rest, and probably customers find it to their advantage not to be obliged to listen to an account of the last dance, or what "he said," and "she said" when they wish to be waited on.—Toledo Bee.

Large Fleets.

The British Indin Steam Navigation company possess the largest fleet in the world. It numbers 102 vessels, representing a gross tonnage of 257,285. The Peninsular & Oriental company come next with 83 vessels, totaling 221,239 gross tonnage.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

—Halcyon is derived from two Greek words signifying brooding over the sea. As the bird to which this name was applied throve best in pleasant weather, the word thus acquired the acceptation of pleasant, agreeable.

WOMAN'S SOFT LOCKS.

False Hair Coming Into Fashion—Curls and Waves.

Women are dressing their hair as much as ever in the mode of the figure right, finished with a Psyche knot. The hair about the face is puffed out over small combs—to which are sometimes attached the fluffy "waddings" which make a puff look thick and rich. For women, it is whispered, are beginning to wear false hair again, and even "rolls," or stuffing, to augment their own locks.

The pompadour aureole is worn, provided it is becoming, and, if the shape of the face forbids it, it is contrived in a modified form, and soft little rings of hair are arranged about the brow and temples. For most women some kind of "bang" is indispensable. It should not be forgotten that it softens the lines so often seen in women past their girlhood. When cut and curled with an artistic sense, the outline of the hair on the brow brings out every feature of the face to the best advantage.

Curls are much in evidence — curls falling over or beneath flat braids and coils at the back of the head; curls peeping out coquettishly behind the left ear or drooping low on one side of the neck; ringlets glossy, smooth, round like a cylinder and capable of "bobbing" in enchanting fashion with each movement of the owner's head.

Whether for street or evening toilet the hair is worn moderately low. In no case does it rise above the forehead as formerly; far back, on the very crown of the head, is the center of the coiffure. And the tresses must be waved and crimped all over the head to give the loose, unstudied yet pleasing effect so much sought. Gloss and smoothness are desirable, and curling irons are denounced for constant use, as the heat dries up the natural oil and renders the hair brittle and liable to premature grayness.

All kinds of contrivances are used for producing the requisite wave and crimp. "Crimpers" have charming little ribbons attached as fastenings, so arranged that madame looks quite as captivating in her crimping pins as when in full regalia. A golden head with bewitching little blue bows dotted all over it, or ebon locks cased in orange or crimson crimpers are really far from unbecoming.

Every woman wears her grandmother's tortoise-shell comb, or one as nearly like it as she can buy. Gold and silver combs or combs with cut steel headings make a pretty circlet or half-moon of brightness against dark or auburn locks.—N. Y. Tribune.

SHE WAS GOING OUT.

So the Hotel Clerk Told Her Escort and Then She Fainted.

The young lady who was going to the theater was all ready for the carriage. She had enameled her face and grilled her front hair. She had donned her big hat and was slowly drawing on her long gloves, when the bright young man who stands at the desk and yells "Front!" chanced to pass through the hotel hallway and saw the young lady in all her finery.

"Ah! going out for the evening?" he asked, in an intellectual manner. No one would have suspected she was going out, of course.

"Yes, I'm going to a box party," she said, sweetly.

The minutes dragged by heavily and she watched the clock. Eight o'clock came and brought no young man; 8:15 had no signs of an escort, and she began to fidget. She clasped and unclasped her hands nervously, and finally she flounced down to the desk and faced the young man with the intellectual brow.

"Has anyone called for me?" she asked.

"Why, yes," said the young man, brightly. "A gentleman was here with a carriage about half an hour ago and I told him you were going out for the evening. You know you told me—"

But a wild shriek interrupted him and a fair young girl fell prone upon the tessellated floor. Far away in a dark hallway a young man in evening dress slept heavily in a drunken stupor. And the brow of the hotel clerk bulged and bulged.—Chicago Chronicle.

Economy in a New Town.

"This hay fever is a peculiar complaint," said the stout man next to the window as he looked around at his companions on the car seat. "For half a dozen years or more my wife has had a regular dose of it the last week in August. The only help for her has been a hurried journey up to Mackinaw, or somewhere in the Michigan woods. But this year she seems to have skipped it. I don't know why it is, but I scent a faint theory. For the last six weeks I have been talking hard times to her. In fact, it's been my one sweet song. I've croaked so constantly that she couldn't help but become impressed with the serious phase of the thing. Well, a day or two ago I said to her in a half joking way:

"'Isn't the hay fever a little overdue or sidetracked, or something?'

"'My dear,' she solemnly answered, 'after all you've said to me about economy for the past month or so I really didn't feel that I could afford to have it.'

"And, by George, she hasn't even sneezed a sneeze." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Confidence Game.

Irascible Passenger (to sleeping car porter, six a. m.)—Cleaning my shoes, are you, you black rascal? Now, what are you going to hold me up for that job?

Porter (laughing)—O, anything you like, boss, so's yo's suited.

(Mollified, satisfied porters have been slandered)—"Ah! That's it, then? Here's a dollar for you, my good fellow."

And the porter afterwards explained to his brother confidence man that one must be a most acute judge of human nature to work the travelling public to a profit.—Buffalo Times.

THE SEAL KILLING BUSINESS.

As Carried On by the Fleets of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia.

In the latter part of February the great herd of about 500,000 seals has come south as far as the latitude of 50° Straits of Belle Isle. The region between these narrows and Notre Dame bay is the seals' habitual breeding ground. It is among the ice of these waters that the steamship Mariposa, of Montreal, is supposed to have met her recent fate. The seals produce their young upon the ice floes, or "pans," within a few miles of the shore. The parent animals swim about in pursuit of fish, and contentedly follow the ice wherever it drifts. The young grow with surprising rapidity. At the age of three weeks they have attained the size of a bulldog, and replace the white fur of infancy with the dark coat.

Seal ships from Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and the neighboring coasts sail early in March. By that time the ice is well on in the process of breaking up, or "spawning abroad," and navigation has become possible. About the middle of March the killing begins. As the ships approach the sealing grounds the final preparations are completed. The long watch is begun, which is not relaxed until the active ernise is over. This watch, lasting from dawn till dark of every day, is kept up by one man alone. His importance is recognized in his rank, which is next to that of captain. From the shape of his station of observation at the masthead, this individual is known as the "barrel man." He is provided with as fine a telescope as can be procured, and skill in its use is one of his most important essentials.

Another part of the preparation is the division of the ship's crew, 200 or 300 in number, into watches. Each is put under command of a master of watch, and is organized into boats' crews and other small divisions for the performance of the various duties aboard ship. It is the perfection of these details of organization that brings a ship's work to the frictionless system that is a landsman's constant surprise.

When at last seals are sighted the word is passed down from the masthead as quietly as possible. Old seals may be disturbed by a shout at a distance of miles; further reason for caution exists if the observer is within hearing of other ships. In the latter case the first ship edges around toward the seals by a circuitous route, intending to throw others off the track. Meanwhile orders are issued forbidding anyone to show his head above the rail. The slightest carelessness will cause the game to disappear into the water. Perhaps the "pan" of seals is sighted by a rival ship. In that case all roundabout tactics are dropped, and a race ensues. The four watches, armed with gaff-tipped clubs, "stand by" for directions. At the instant the ship gets among ice too closely packed for her to proceed further, all hands are overboard.

Away they run, each master of watch picking a patch for his command, which hurries after him in single file. It is a rough chase; now a climb over a washed-up ledge of broken ice; again a leap across a broken strip of water. Occasionally some unfortunate wretch falls in, and is fished dripping out on the gaff of a companion. His clothes are frozen stiff in a few seconds, but he doesn't stop. The seals by this time are thoroughly alarmed, and it is important to reach them as quickly as possible. A seal's vital point is his nose. One blow of the "bat" usually kills; sometimes, however, an old animal offers a hard and dangerous fight. The men hurry about their work of execution with energy, abated only after the last of the living seals has escaped into the water.

The victims are then skinned and the pelts heaped together in stacks, surmounted by the ensigns of their respective ownerships. These stacks, by the way, are another of the objects designated by the useful term "pan." A "pan" of pelts, like a "pan" of seals, is the supporting flat cake of ice. We have the same usage in "pan of bacon." It is seldom that a pan marked by a flag is molested; feeling on the subject is prohibitively strong.

At dark the ship returns over her day's course to collect the "pans" of pelts. A storm may have arisen. It only becomes the more urgent that the prize be brought aboard without delay. Through the rolling, crunching ice the men pick their way in boats, with the water freezing immediately on whatever it touches. At last all the pans have been visited and all the grease-laden skins laboriously stored away.

At such a day's end one is justified in looking forward to a comfortable bed. But to the sealer this is denied. The bunks, limited in number, are allotted to the men who have been with the ship on previous cruises. The remainder of the men are allowed the liberty of the ship, which offers two alternatives—a berth in one of the boats on deck or a less frigid bed burrowed among the coal in the hold. Considerations of temperature make the latter choice the more popular. Even the rest that a coal bunker affords is always liable to interruption to the call on deck to help the ship through the ice.

In the latter part of the season, the seals, by that time well grown, spend most of the time in the water. It then becomes necessary to shoot them from boats, and the danger that a small boat undergoes in the midst of a field of grinding, broken ice needs no explanation. Sometimes a storm cuts off a watch from its ship for a day at a time. —Baltimore American.

A Modern Malaprop.

Mrs. Shadmind—What a wonderful singer that new soprano is; of course, you heard her at the concert last evening.

Mrs. Franklaign—No; unfortunately I was not able to attend.

"Indeed! You have no idea of what you missed, why, she just electrocuted the audience."—Boston Courier

The Republican.

BENJ. A. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
G. D. SMITH, Local Editor.

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VICE-PRESIDENT STEVENSON has crawled out of the debris to remark that it would have been better had the platform not menaced the Supreme Court. It would have been better for Adlai had he discovered the flaw before the smash-up.

THERE is nothing like the ballot-box for cleaning the political atmosphere of partisan fogs, financial miasmata, silver malaria and other like visitations. It is probable that the number of devotees of 16 to 1 has fallen off at least one-half since the election, and it is also probable that before 1900 most of the remaining half will disappear.

THE outgivings of Democratic leaders who have ventured into the Popocratic camp, and who have had to suffer the consequences of such folly, must not be taken seriously. These gentlemen are in a state of mind. No man can be expected to receive a sound drubbing and maintain an even and equable temper while the smart and sting of it lingers. But time is an emollient. Our bruised brethren on reflection will come to the conclusion that they were in their right minds before they were hypnotized at Chicago, and that the effort to put William Jennings Bryan in the shoes of Thomas Jefferson was a lost labor.

THIS is the way the *Maryland Republican*, a Democratic paper published at Annapolis, speaks of the Republican majority in Maryland and the utter hopelessness of the Democrats to regain the State:

> The tremendous Republican majority in the [illegible] an experience. ity in Maryland has almost taken our breath away. We can scarcely credit it. The gentlemen who handed the State over to the Republican party last fall laughed at and made light of Mr. Wellington's boast that Maryland was as safely Republican as Massachusetts. It would seem that Mr. Wellington's assertion was no empty boast. We predicted last fall that it would be no easy matter to get the State back and the result of Tuesday's election makes the task look harder still. The gentlemen who fought so hard to elect Lowndes and the Republican ticket a year ago will have to fight harder than they have ever yet done before they succeed in electing another Democratic governor.

THERE was less bribery in this State on Tuesday of last week than at any election for many years. In Queen Anne's, it is said, no votes were bought, but the Wicomico Democrats complain that their famous majority was almost wiped out by the use of Republican money. Wicomico is one of the counties which have been notoriously corrupted by the methods of the old Gorman ring. Concerted efforts on the part of honest and independent citizens would insure the stamping out of bribery in future elections. While a few prosecutions and imprisonments would have a salutary effect, it is evident that public opinion can accomplish more in this direction than statutes. The "working" politicians of both parties, who think money the only argument applicable to the "floater," ought to be made to feel the force of moral sentiment. Ballot reform has done much to decrease bribery, and it now lies in the power of the honest men of Maryland to eradicate the evil altogether.

Let the Money Fly!

The way to get good times is to make them. McKinley is elected, sure enough. A sound money majority has also been secured in the United States Senate. The future looks bright. But don't wait for the inauguration of McKinley to inaugurate prosperity. "One may cry 'honey,' 'honey,' all day," says the Turkish proverb, "without bringing sweetness to the mouth." Prophesying betterment doesn't bring it. But the man who pays his small bills sets the wheels turning. Nothing now stands in the way of business but inertia. Give the cart a push. A dollar is still a dollar in the United States. It pays better to use it than to hoard it. Therefore let the money fly. Let it earn its keep.

Whoever owes a small debt, and is able to pay it, and doesn't pay it, is a drone, a mossback and an obstructionist. But the man who pays is like a running spring which constantly gives what it gets for the world's refreshment. The cheerful payer should take his place alongside the cheerful giver as a twin deserver in the estimation of his kind and his Creator.

Restored Confidence.

The cable under the Atlantic is kept hot now by the orders of European investors who are anxious to buy American securities. The special London correspondent of the New York *Tribune* telegraphed that journal the day after the election as follows:

> McKinley's election has been followed by scenes of the wildest excitement on the London Stock Exchange. So great was the pressure by brokers who had received private cable advices of the completeness of the Republican victory that the Exchange was opened ahead of time, and American stocks went up with a rush, carrying everything else with them, even consols. So buoyant a market has not been known for many months. Every American stock advanced rapidly in price. Milwaukees and Louisvilles leading the way. A slight reaction was followed by a sharper advance, and the market remained active and excited until the close.
>
> The foreign markets seem to have responded with greater activity than our own to the good news of the defeat of Populism. There has been a complete restoration of confidence in the value of American securities and the steadfast good faith of the Government. A ballot-box indorsement has been written across the evidences of our indebtedness in the hands of foreign holders.
>
> As an immediate consequence of this improved condition of affairs we may look for continued imports of gold. The gold that has been carted away from the Sub-Treasuries to be locked up by timid or speculative persons, will go tumbling back again to swell the Treasury reserve. The additions to the reserve the day after the election were nearly two and one-half million dollars.

The Meaning of It.

The election of McKinley to the presidency is not a partisan triumph. True, he is a Republican; an earnest, unfaltering Republican. His administration will be distinctive Republican; his patronage will be awarded to his Republican friends; but, above all, he will stand firm as a rock in the execution of the imperious mandate of the nation to maintain its integrity, its dignity, its honor and its matchless advancement. While the triumph carries with it all that is involved in a Republican victory, it is more distinctly a victory of the patriotic people of all parties of the nation over elements which have [illegible] our credit, paralyzed our industries, brought stagnation upon our commerce and trade, made capital retire from active enterprise, and sought to sow the dragon's teeth of sectional and class hatred among the people, who have overwhelmingly declared for a common brotherhood.

The election of McKinly means that confidence will be restored this morning throughout the 70,000,000 people of the Union; that our credit will be firmly re-established to-day in every country of the world; that the stilled or sluggish wheels of industry will begin at once to give employment to labor, to multiply our wealth and to enrich the consumers of the land without whose well required labor there can be no national prosperity. It has settled, not only now, but for all time, that the man who dares to assault the integrity and honor of the republic must fall and be ground to powder by the strong arms and patriotic hearts of the American people. In short, this great verdict means that "government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from earth."—Philadelphia Times.

The Popular Majority.

The read way to measure the success of the sound money campaign is by the fact that every single one of the hotly contested States, with the exception of Nebraska and Kentucky, not only declared for honest money, but declared for it by very heavy, and in most cases phenomenal majorities. These states were Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, West Virginia and Kentucky. While the exact figures are not yet in, they can be put down accurately enough to convey the significant facts, Indiana has given 20,000, Illinois 150,000, Michigan 60,000, Wisconsin 100,000, Minnesota 50,000 and Iowa 70,000 plurality for sound money. West Virginia declares against Bryan by over 12,000. Kentucky is almost exactly evenly divided, and Nebraska has given Bryan about 6,000. The net result of the contest on the great battle-ground is that Bryan has carried his own State by the narrow margin of 6,000 votes, and that nearly every one of the great States that were supposed to be "wild for silver" have rolled up Republican majorities which go far beyond all past records.

To make no distinction, however, let us look at the popular vote of the whole country, and of the sections into which it is divided by the census authorities on strictly geographical grounds, and without any reference to politics. McKinley car[illegible] country by a popular plu[illegible] about 1,040,000, a result unp[illegible] in our history. In the State[illegible] North Atlantic division, co[illegible] New England, New York, Ne[illegible] and Pennsylvania, his plu[illegible] 910,000; the South Atlantic [illegible] comprising Delaware, Maryl[illegible] ginia, North Carolina, Sou[illegible] lina, Georgia and Florida, i[illegible] evenly divided, Bryan's [illegible] being about 30,000; the North [illegible] division, which consists of Oh[illegible] ana, Illinois, Michigan, Wis[illegible] Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, the [illegible] tas, Nebraska and Kansas re[illegible] the astonishing plurality of [illegible] for McKinley and sound money. South Central division, conta[illegible] Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, [illegible] sissippi, Louisiana, Texas and A[illegible] sas, give Bryan 190,000; and f[illegible] the Western division, comp[illegible] Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, [illegible] Nevada, Idaho, Washington, [illegible] and California, give the free [illegible] candidate a plurality of 140,000, [illegible] than half of which is in the m[illegible] camp State of Colorado. An e[illegible] nation of these figures, and still [illegible] with the votes of former ye[illegible] serve to give some idea of th[illegible] sweep and intensity of Tuesday [illegible] tory.

The Senate of the 55th Congress.

Speculation is rife as to the [illegible] plexion of the next Senate. W[illegible] Republican President and Repu[illegible] House, what will the Senate be? [illegible] 55th Congress which dies March [illegible] numbered 89 members, Delaware [illegible] ed one owing to the Dupont co[illegible] and of these 44 were Republica[illegible] Democrats, and 6 Independent [illegible] tors, aided by six or seven bolti[illegible] publicans, who were looking long[illegible] toward silver, succeeded in blo[illegible] ever important measure by ha[illegible] a silver amendment to it, and re[illegible] to vote for any bill that did no[illegible] clude a silver measure.

When the 55th Congress co[illegible] in the Senate there will be 59 [illegible] overs," 28 out-and-out Republ[illegible] who will vote for gold and a [illegible] Of the 31 remaining, six are Inde[illegible] ents, including Shoup, Carter, [illegible] tle, and Cannon. Of these, Sh[illegible] Idaho, and Carter, of Montana, [illegible] ise tariff votes.

Of the 31 new Senators, [illegible] straight Republicans, 8 Democ[illegible] Silver, and 4 straight Populists. [illegible] This makes the straight Repu[illegible] vote 43.

On all questions of finance the [illegible] ocratic sound money vote w[illegible] large—probably bringing the n[illegible] vote will probably stand 45—it[illegible] ing Shoup and Carter—with sc[illegible] ing approval from Independents and Democrats.

If there are no contests—there is some danger in Kentucky—there will be a complete Senate—90 members—and 46 votes will be necessary to carry a measure. In case of a tie the Vice-President casts the deciding vote and there is no need to say where Hobart stands on questions of tariff and finance.

The Effect of Bryan's Speeches.

Every Presidential candidate who went upon the stump has been defeated, and curiously enough, the more speeches he made the heavier his defeat. The greatest exhibition of tact and force made in an electioneering tour was that made by Mr. Blaine, and yet if he had not gone on the stump he would not have met Burchard, and the result might have been different. A Presidential candidate is sure to draw big crowds, but time and again it has been shown that the size of the crowds is no criterion of strength or support at the polls.

Nothing gave so much encouragement to Bryan and his backers as the big crowds he drew wherever he spoke. It has deemed an important point to give to the public the figures of the attendance at meetings addressed by him and his triumphant success was inferred from the [illegible] of his audiences. The Chica[illegible] has gone to the trouble to co[illegible] election returns from the places where Mr. Bryan had his big crowds and compares them with the returns of 1892 when the Democratic candidate took very little personal part in the canvass and did not address a public meeting after his acceptance of the nomination. Mr. Bryan spoke in 84 cities, in 23 States, over a range of territory from North Dakota to North Carolina. In 1892 those cities gave a vote of 932,502 for Cleveland, and 800,044 for Harrison. At the recent election those same cities gave Bryan only 841,985 votes, while they gave 1,277,889 for McKinley. Mr. Bryan's wonderful speeches were attended by a loss of nearly 100,000 Democratic votes and a gain of over [illegible],000 Republican votes.

The Popocrats are talking of running Mr. Bryan again. In such a case it would be a very gratifying and beneficial thing for the Republican party if he should be able to cover a still greater area of country with his continuous performance.

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

FINANCIAL REVIEW.

Henry Clews' Weekly Letter on the Business Outlook.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.—The people have at last delivered their verdict on the issues that have so long held them in alarm and paralyzed all their activities. The national vote is what all men of conservative judgment had devoutly hoped for. It is against free coinage and all the mischief it has implied, and in favor of the strict maintenance of the constitutional safeguards of public liberty and the permanent integrity of the union of states. As such, it is a boon beyond all estimation valuable and assuring. It means that, through all the confusion and sophistries attending the free discussion of a most perplexing question, our people have found no difficulty in distinguishing between peril and safety.

The European press being our judges we have satisfied the world of our financial integrity; of our ability to maintain the supremacy of a sound public judgment upon questions of great economic difficulty; of our superiority to temptations to dishonor toward our creditors; of our ability to hold in check popular discontents and demagogic attempts to impair the conservative elements of our national institutions; and our resolute insistence upon future abstinence from further commitments to the use of silver money. As a consequence of all this, the European estimate of our national stability and conservatism has been immeasurably advanced. Europe has been but little less anxious about the results of the election than ourselves; for it has felt, not only that a vast amount of investments was at stake, but that the rest of the world had a multitude of other vital reasons for hoping that this test of our political institutions might reveal no faults calculated to weaken their hopes for the continued success of our magnificent exhibition of the workings of free government.

The construction put upon the election at the world's chief financial centre was shown in an interest little short of that which greeted the returns in this city, and in a spontaneous rise in the prices of our securities even exceeding that which occurred on our own exchange. All this is exceedingly gratifying, not only because it amounts to the highest possible national vindication by foreign and not always friendly critics, but also because it foreshadows a higher status for American credit among the investing nations of the older continent.

Wall street received this verdict for sound money and law and order with wild rejoicings. No second opinion was entertained as to its significance to the future value of investments, and the immediate effect was a large advance in all kind of securities. The upward movement in prices, however, had been in part anticipated by previous advances; and certain large operators, who are supposed to have had urgent use for their money in other directions, took the opportunity to realize largely when prices had risen 2 to 4 points. This naturally checked the upward force of values and produced a partial reaction in the midst of the excitement; but there were ready buyers for all the stock offered. The new situation attracted into the market a large number of buyers. Cautious people, who have been keeping their funds idle in the banks or had for safety's sake turned them into gold, bought largely of bonds and interest-paying stocks, and a large amount of securities was thus taken permanently off the market.

Speculative operators who have been conspicuous for their long absence from Wall street showed their appreciation of the situation; and between the two classes of buyers the transactions of Wednesday reached the unusual total of 550,000 shares, while the transactions in bonds were correspondingly large. London was a larger buyer than for many months past. Some of the "bears," however could not completely divest themselves of their pessimism; and when on Tuesday, some doubt was thrown upon the vote of certain states which party estimates had given to Mr. McKinley, there was some demonstrative selling, with the effect of a slight reaction in prices. Thursday and Friday were occupied with floating rumors relating to the vote of five or six states the count of which remained uncertain, and some fears were entertained that there might be an attempt by the Bryanites to "fix" the Indiana returns for their candidate. Also, in the uncertain states, the run is apparently so close as to suggest the possibility of an "official count" having to be made. These facts, while suggesting no possibility of Mr. Bryan's success, yet threw an element of uncertainty over the magnitude of Mr. McKinley's majority, which held speculation in restraint and afforded ample scope for the effective use of election canards. The importance of these uncertainties lies in the fact that the effect of McKinley's election upon the spirit of business and of speculation will depend to some extent upon the numerical strength of his majority. Such ostillations usually arise even under the most extraordinary "bull" excitements; and the effects of the new situation now introduced are not to be expected to appear all at once, but will be largely materialized through a more extended process, attended with the ups and downs always incident to speculation. Moreover, in estimating the future course of the market, it is to be kept in mind that even this great victory may not be expected to immediately eradicate the habit of timidity which has become so deply ingrained in the public mind during the last three years of uncertainty, danger and acute apprehension. To eradicate that, by any single event or within the space of one short week would need a miracle.

Among the minor incidents resulting from the sound money victory is the complete recovery of confidence among the banks, and their sanguine expectations of a great revival of business. This feeling has shown itself in an active demand for commercial paper at 5@5½ per cent. for first class names, while time loans on collateral are offered freely at moderate rates. This fact expresses the estimate of the banking community upon the safety of the situation introduced by the election; it is also good evidence that, henceforth, sound borrowers may depend upon getting all the money they need. Another effect is apparent in the disappearance of the premium on gold. Those who have hoarded the metal to the extent of many millions within the last three months are now showing their anxiety to get rid of it by taking it to the treasury and the banks for exchange for paper currency. This lately much coveted gold has therefore become a drug on the market. At the same time, the election has caused a drop in foreign exchange to a point about admitting of imports of gold. But now that the hoarding demand for the metal has ceased and that it is coming out of hoard in a steady stream, this state of exchange attracts little attention; and there are wise financiers who incline to the opinion that, having got all the gold we really need, it may be quite as well for our interests that London should not be disturbed by further drains on this side the Atlantic.

The future looks bright indeed, and by the exercise of good judgment those who have brains can not only make both ends meet through their business operations, but also store up a surplus for a rainy day during the next four years. "E pluribus unum" remains now, as ever, this country's motto; and the stars and stripes wave over all the 70,000,000 of people without any distinction. Major McKinley when he occupies the white house, I am sure, can be relied upon to be fair and just to all that dwell on this continent, and will see to it that the laws be enforced everywhere, so that life and property will be thoroughly protected. HENRY CLEWS.

Saylor of His Country.

CLEVELAND, O., NOV. 10.—J. S. Coxey of commonweal fame is on the ground floor with a new doctrine for 1900. It is a platform which declares for the demonetization of gold as well as silver, State ownership of all railroads, highways and telegraph and telephone lines, municipal ownership of all street car lines, water works, market houses, electric light and gas plants; employment of surplus labor in public work, women's suffrage, State control of liquor traffic and election of President by direct vote of the people. Coxey has called a conference of all friends of the initiative and referendum and advocates of the above principle of government. He believes that the government should loan money to the people at cost, and this principle, he says, will be incorporated in a platform to be adopted in the parlors of the Lincoln Hotel, St. Louis, January 12, 1897. All who favor the principles above set forth are urged to attend the St. Louis convention.

Thin, Pale Children

One satisfaction in giving Scott's Emulsion to children is they never object to it. The fact is, they soon become fond of it. Another satisfaction is because it will make them plump, and give them growth and prosperity. It should be given to all children who are too thin, or too pale. It does not make them over-fat, but plump.

It strengthens the digestive organs and the nerves, and furnishes material for rich blood.

We have a book telling you more on the subject. Sent free for the asking.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

THE SIXTH DISTRICT.

Capt. McDonald Ran Well and Has a Big Majority.

The Republican candidate in the Sixth district was a plain, unassuming man, who has spent the best years of his life in the service of his country, and was not much versed in the arts of practical politics. He conducted a quiet campaign, visited the various counties of the district, conferred with the leading Republicans, and attended a few meetings. That was the extent of his personal canvass. When it came to count the votes, this modest, unobtrusive candidate kept along about even with McKinley at almost every strong precinct,—and it does not appear that the speech-making, money-spending opponent gained upon him anywhere. A good many sound money Democrats voted for the McKinley electors, but did not vote for Congressman at all,—and this accounts for the discrepancy between the McKinley votes and the McDonald votes in a few precincts. Mr. Lee profited nothing by the missing votes.

The pluralities by counties were as follows:

	McDonald.	Lee.
Allegany	1513	.....
Frederick	1125	.....
Garrett	580	.....
Montgomery	.....	103
Washington	979	.....

McDonald's plurality over Lee 1011.

MY MARYLAND.

A Song of Triumph.

Air—"Maryland, My Maryland"

1776.

When first thy soil invaders trod,
Maryland, My Maryland;
Their blood outpoured upon the sod
Maryland, My Maryland;
Thy sons a heritage bequeathed,
(None fairer hath the world achieved),
And sons of sons thy name hath breathed,
Lovingly, "My Maryland."

1812.

Nor quenched the light upon thy shore,
Maryland, My Maryland;
When Cockburn's guns did belch and roar,
Maryland, My Maryland;
The Briton's steel with steel was met,
McHenry's flag gleamed brighter yet
As fled the foe—with sail full set—
Maryland, My Maryland.

1861.

Dear Maryland! thou sore wert tried,
Maryland, My Maryland;
When brothers warred—in all their pride,
Maryland, My Maryland;
A mother's grief possessed thee then,
A mother's love, for sons were slain;
They died, but honor didst retain!
Maryland, My Maryland.

1896.

And once again, yea, even now,
Maryland, My Maryland;
A garland fair doth deck thy brow,
Maryland, My Maryland;
Behold the victory peace hath wrought!
(Nor less renowned, with ballots fought),
God bless thy choice! thy wisdom sought—
Maryland, My Maryland.

Gary for the Cabinet.

The Baltimore *Evening News* quotes Senator-elect Wellington as follows:

"I have good reasons to believe that Mr. James A. Gary will have a seat in the Cabinet, either as Postmaster-General or Secretary of the Interior. The leading Republicans of the country, especially those whose opinion will have weight with Mr. McKinley, will urge the selection of Mr. Gary. Besides, Mr. McKinley himself is a personal friend of Mr. Gary, and knows his excellent qualifications for either place. Maryland is entitled to this recognition because she is the first of the Southern States to join the Republican party in both State and national affairs.

"The Republicans of this State regardless of factions, will back Mr. Gary, and do all in their power to secure the honor for Maryland. The thousands of Sound Money Democrats who supported our ticket last year, as well as this year, will also aid us, and I have every reason to believe that for the first time since General Creswell was Postmaster-General in Grant's Cabinet Maryland will be so honored."

Hatfields in Jail.

HUNTINGTON, November 7.—Cap Hatfield has been captured. J. H. Clark, the detective, and deputy sheriff of the Norfolk and Western railroad, with Dan Christian, arrived here with Hatfield and his 14-year-old son. They were caught in the mountains of Mingo county at dusk last night. After two day and nights of reconnoitering, the Hatfields were located in a natural rock fort in the mountains, which was used by their faction as a place of refuge during their trouble with the McCoys of Kentucky, six years ago. Hatfield and his son are charged with the murder of John Rutherford, Elliott Rutherford and Hanse Chambers in an election quarrel at Matewan, W. Va. The lad smiled and said: "I killed Elliott Rutherford and Hanse Chambers. Dad killed John Rutherford."

Cap Hatfield for years led the famous band of Hatfields against the McCoys. The fame of that feud spread over the whole country. Hatfield is charged with killing 17 men in the past 20 years.

Senator Gorman's Seat.

Congressman-elect Sidney E. Mudd of the Fifth district is announced in the Annapolis *Examiner* as a candidate for the United States Senate to succeed Senator Arthur P. Gorman. Senator Gorman's term will not expire until March 4, 1899, but his successor will be chosen by the General Assembly which will be elected next year.

MAJORITY IN HAND.

Next House to be Republican by Good Plurality.

The next House of Representatives will be controlled by the Republicans, who have, according to latest advices, a plurality of 78, and a clear majority of 56 over the Democrats and Populists combined.

The two members from South Dakota are still in doubt, but they are considered in the Republican column, and the member from Wyoming, which is also doubtful, with the chances favoring the Republicans, is placed in the Democratic column.

The table given below may be changed, but these changes will not materially affect the final result. There is no doubt that the new Congress in both branches will uphold President-elect McKinley in all his efforts to keep up the National credit, and enact a tariff measure that will give the Government all the revenue it needs to insure no deficiency.

There will be numerous contests in those districts where fraud has been charged. Col. W. C. P. Breckenridge intends to return to Congress if a contest before a Republican House will put him there. The State Canvassing Board may throw out the entire vote of Owen county, as a result of a direct violation of the election law in that county. A Democratic primary was held with the general election, the Democratic election officers serving also as the primary officers. The Bryan plurality in this county is 2,239, and if it is thrown out it means the election of Col. Breckenridge in the Seventh District by a majority of 700. Col. Breckenridge will contest the seat of his opponent, Settle (Democrat), basing his contest on the Owen county situation, where he alleges gross frauds were committed.

The next House will stand as follows:

State.	Rep.	Dem.	Pop.
Alabama	—	8	1
Arkansas	—	6	—
California	3	2	2
Colorado	—	1	1
Connecticut	4	—	—
Delaware	—	1	—
Florida	—	2	—
Georgia	—	11	—
Idaho	—	1	—
Illinois	17	3	2
Indiana	9	3	1
Iowa	11	—	—
Kansas	2	1	5
Kentucky	4	7	—
Louisiana	1	5	—
Maine	4	—	—
Maryland	6	—	—
Massachusetts	12	1	—
Michigan	10	1	1
Minnesota	7	—	—
Mississippi	—	7	—
Missouri	3	11	1
Montana	—	—	1
Nebraska	2	4	—
Nevada	—	—	1
New Hampshire	2	—	—
New Jersey	8	—	—
New York	29	5	—
North Carolina	3	1	5
North Dakota	1	—	—
Ohio	15	6	—
Oregon	2	—	—
Pennsylvania	27	3	—
Rhode Island	2	—	—
South Carolina	—	7	—
South Dakota	2	—	—
Tennessee	2	8	—
Texas	1	12	—
Utah	—	1	—
Vermont	2	—	—
Virginia	2	8	—
Washington	—	1	1
West Virginia	4	—	—
Wisconsin	10	—	—
Wyoming	—	1	—
Arizona	—	1	—
New Mexico	—	1	—
Oklahoma	1	—	—
Totals	208	130	22

Electoral Vote.

STATES.	Electoral Vote	McKinley	Bryan
Alabama	11	...	11
Arkansas	8	...	8
California	9	9	...
Colorado	4	...	4
Connecticut	6	6	...
Delaware	3	3	...
Florida	4	...	4
Georgia	13	...	13
Idaho	3	...	3
Illinois	24	24	...
Indiana	15	15	...
Iowa	13	13	...
Kansas	10	...	10
Kentucky	13	13	...
Louisiana	8	...	8
Maine	6	6	...
Maryland	8	8	...
Massachusetts	15	15	...
Michigan	14	14	...
Minnesota	9	9	...
Mississippi	9	...	9
Missouri	17	...	17
Montana	3	...	3
Nebraska	8	...	8
Nevada	3	...	3
New Hampshire	4	4	...
New Jersey	10	10	...
New York	36	36	...
North Carolina	11	...	11
North Dakota	3	3	...
Ohio	23	23	...
Oregon	4	4	...
Pennsylvania	32	32	...
Rhode Island	4	4	...
South Carolina	9	...	9
South Dakota	4	4	...
Tennessee	12	...	12
Texas	15	...	15
Utah	3	...	3
Vermont	4	4	...
Virginia	12	...	12
Washington	4	...	4
West Virginia	6	6	...
Wisconsin	12	12	...
Wyoming	3	...	3
Total	447	277	170
Necessary for choice	224	...	...

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

THE BRINY RIVER.

The Boat Will Leave Oakland on Friday, Nov. 13th, for a Four Year's Cruise.

The new and magnificent steamer, Repudiation, planned by Altgeld, Debs & Co., and built by the Populist Company, will leave Sound Money landing on Friday, Nov. 13th, for a four years' cruise up Salt River.

The boat will be officered by men who are experienced navigators in the waters for which the boat has been chartered to go, they having made many trips over the same course, only returning here about four years ago, since which time the old hulk, Democracy, which served many years in the Salt River trade, has rotted and gone to pieces, hence the new boat. The officers who will have command of the Repudiation are as follows:

Captain, G. S. Hamill; 1st mate, R. T. Browning; 2nd mate, John W. Hart; purser, Edwin L. Mitchell; steward, S. E. Boyer; assistant steward, P. T. Garthright; orator and political adviser, William Broderick; pilot, Silver Bill Miller; chief clerk, Wm. A. Daily; assistant clerk, George F. Loughridge; surgeon, Dr. E. H. Bartlett; assistant surgeon, Dr. M. C. Hinebaugh; reporter, J. M. Litzinger; ticket agent, C. F. Schroeder; chief musician, S. C. Smith; gin slinger, P. A. Chisholm; assistant, G. H. Pritchard; ("arnichy" drinks a specialty); chambermaid, S. B. Stemple; deck hands, Dick Bartlett, Guy Chisholm, Elwood Offutt, Lutker Brown; roustabouts, Harper Bartlett, Paul Daily, Zeke Merrill; cabin boy, "Rip" Hamill.

The menu on this trip will be of unsurpassed quality and the supply inexhaustible. Meals will be served in courses and will consist in great part of Crow prepared in all styles and served on free silver dishes.

Passengers need have no fears of being overcrowded. The boat was made before the late election and was intended for a much larger crowd, but inasmuch as the true Democrats refused to enter into an alliance with Debs, Altgeld & Co., and the Populist party in general, there will be ample room for the limited number of passengers intending making the trip.

We learn from those who have been sojourning at the head waters of the styx-like river for the past four years that on account of the hard times caused by a policy of free trade that very little improvements were made. However, since McKinley's election business is booming and the price of town lots has advanced one hundred per cent.

In addition to the bountiful bill of fare provided by the stewarts for the trip, many valuable books have been added to Defeat library, among the recent acquisitions being the following:

"What I know about Populists," Henry M. Teller.

"How to make a Platform for Democrats," Altgeld.

"The Force of Wind," William Jennings Bryan.

"The Secret of Running a Campaign," Senator Jones.

"Shattered Hopes," Gorman.

"Jeffersonian Democracy," 3 volumes, Burke Cochrane.

"The Political Rocket," W. J. Bryan.

"Mark Hanna, or the Wizard," Chairman Jones.

"Weeping and Wailing and Gnashing of Teeth," Chairman Jones.

"A Fulmer Congressman," Chas. M. Miller.

"Why I Insert the Gold Clause in Mortgages," G. S. Hamill.

"The Champion of true Democracy," John K. Cowan.

This library will be at the disposal of the passengers making the trip.

Immediately on the arrival of the boat a lecture on "Bumps, Warts and Knots" will be delivered by Thomas E. Watson.

The return of the Repudiation is not looked for until the close of the nineteeth century when it is expected back bearing with it those who have been brought to see the error of their way.

North Glade.

Nice weather.

Farmers making good use of it.

Potato digging about over; but not many sold.

Albert Lee and George W. Moon are teaching the North Glade and Meadow Mountain schools, and are succeeding well.

We suggest that district No. 1 organize a teachers' institute at an early date, and we would name this as the first place of meeting. What do you say teachers?

Mr. Thus Beckman and wife, also Mrs. Theo. Beckman and daughter Jennie, have been visiting at Bayard, W. Va.

Rev. D. Tasker gave us a song service on Sunday night, which was largely attended and very interesting. He has organized a large class here and at Meadow Mountain.

Arthur, the little son of C. S. Harvey, has been seriously ill for some time, with inflammatory rheumatism.

Election passed off quietly, a full vote being polled.

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

A Long Drive.

Mr. Norman Nethken, who went from this county about eighteen years ago to build a home in Montana, returning here sometime during last month, having driven from Montana in a wagon drawn by two horses. He was accompanied on his long journey by his wife and their little two year old child. From Montana Mr. Nethken drove down into Arkansas, leaving there early in June. He was attacked by the chills and fever before he left the west and had lost many pounds of flesh. He will purchase a farm in this county and make this his permanent home.

Christian Endeavor Convention.

The annual convention of the Christian Endeavorers of Maryland will be held in Brantly church, Baltimore, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, November 17th, 18th and 19th. Extensive preparations are being made for this convention and the indications are that it will prove an exceedingly helpful as well as successful convention.

The Brantly church is a large, commodious structure seating 1600 persons and if the interest manifested in the convention continues the place will be filled to overflowing [illegible] endeavorers.

The Baltimore city C. E. Union has decided to entertain without charge all delegates who represent country societies and this will doubtless bring a great many people from the counties.

The program is unusually attractive and men of national reputation are engaged to speak.

Tuesday afternoon will be given over to enrollment of out of town delegates and preparatory devotional services. The evening session will attract great attention, the subject will be "Armenia, The Martyr Race of the 19th Century" and Rev. Frederick D. Green, of New York; Miss Margaret W. Leitch, of Ceylon, and Rev. Dr. Allan H. Tupper, of Baltimore, will be the speakers. On Wednesday addresses will be made by pastors and laymen of the Maryland churches. The evening of Wednesday, Rev. Dr. John F. Berkley, of New York, will speak on "What can C. E. do for better Sabbath observance." Hon. Homer L. Castle, of Pittsburg, Pa., will speak on "The Christian's Right Place." On Thursday morning there will be conferences on various Christian Endeavor work led by prominent laymen and an address by Rev. E. H. Delk, of Hagerstown, on "The strength and weakness of Christian Endeavorers." Rev. Chas. Roods, of Virginia, will speak on "The Joy of Soul Winning."

One of the most interesting features of the convention will be the Junior rally on Thursday afternoon. The Juniors will assemble and listen to a talk by Rev. Malthie D. Babcock, D. D. Other exercises will make this an interesting meeting. Thursday President L. B. Whitman, D. D., of Washington, D. C., will make an address on "Every Talent for Christ".

The Convention will close by a sermon by Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D., of Philadelphia.

At noon during the days of the convention evangelistic services will be held down town for men and Dr. Wharton, of Baltimore, and Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman will be in charge.

Marriage Licenses.

The Clerk of the Circuit Court for this county issued licenses to wed to the following persons since October 1, 1896:

Duke H. Warden and Lottie Mason, both of Piuntytown, W. Va.

John W. Frankfort and Emma A. Bloom, both of Scottdale, Pa.

David Shank and Mary C. Sloan, of Garrett county.

Chas. D. Faris and Dora Noel, both of Hambleton, W. Va.

Albert Helmick and Florence McCracken, of Tucker county, W. Va.

Thomas J. Schroyer and Minnie M. Ringer, both of Friendsville.

Charlie Thomas and Anna B. Savage, both of Garrett county.

George B. Furris and Stella E. Smith, both of West Va.

William T. Bacon and L. Bla[illegible] Watson, both of Lewis county, W. Va.

Chas. L. Fretwell and Agnes B[illegible] rico, both of Preston county, W. Va.

William Quinlan, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Martha B. Laughtt, of Doddridge county, W. Va.

John H. Lynch and Annie L. Fahey, both of Preston county, W. Va.

Charles P. Cecil and Ivy E. Friend, both of West. Va.

Lawrence M. Sherlig and Mollie Reall, of Garrett county.

William J. Wilburn and Annie L. Durst, both of Garrett county.

Dryes C. Reese and Texie A. Simmons, both of Wilson, Md.

William F. Beeson and Laura Clark, both of Upshur county, W. Va.

George W. Digman and Ada E. Brobst, both of Garrett county.

Edward Gidley and Berdie Stouffer, both of Morgantown, W. Va.

Albert G. Straley and Elia Foley, both of Weston, W. Va.

Ernest Mason and Victoria McWilliams, both of Grafton, W. Va.

Samuel Reed Lupton Frantz, jr. and Mary Riley, both of Friendsville.

Silas B. Hinerman and Rosa Lancaster, both of Cameron, W. Va.

Two with request not to publish.

NEXT STEP TO TAKE.

Mr. Cowen's Ideas on Following up Tuesday's Victory.

Mr. John K. Cowen, whose great interest and work in the recent campaign is, of course, well known, in commenting on the result, said recently through the Baltimore *News*:

"I do not think it necessary to say much in regard to the splendid victory which has been won both in Maryland and the country at large. The victory tells its own story.

"I am satisfied the result is so decisive that the doctrines of the Chicago platform will never again be adopted by the Democratic party or by any respectable organization. The cowardice of politicians alone permitted these doctrines to get headway sufficient to be placed in a platform and indorsed by a great party. The result has taught the politician that the American people are neither stupid nor dishonest, and a stupid and dishonest platform will not win votes. I think therefore, that the politicians, especially the free-silver politicians of the South, will see that it would be ridiculous to insist any longer upon the dogmas of the Chicago platform, including that of free

"The result in Maryland is especially gratifying and the election of the entire Republican Congressional ticket is another notice to the time serving politician that he cannot change his convictions in an hour and advocate to-day what he denounced yesterday and expect people to follow him. Mr. Rusk did a very manly thing in declining to become a candidate on a free-silver platform after he had been a gold standard advocate for years in the House. I think some other gentlemen are learning that that was the best course to pursue, both as a matter of politics and as a matter of honor.

"The test that was given to the new election law, won after so many years of effort, shows that it is one of the most perfect pieces of election machinery to secure a fair, honest and peaceable election to be found anywhere in the United States. It was a great relief, I think, to men of both parties to know that upon Tuesday no one for an instant thought of fraud anywhere in Maryland.

"The effect of the victory upon business will be seen at once, indeed it is already seen upon my table, where are communications from large lenders stating that sums which were called before election need not now be paid. Business, I believe, will adjust itself to conditions of sound finance, that is to say to the exact conditions of the gold standard. Men will know when they make a contract for a dollar, that that dollar means so many grains of gold or its equivalent.

"I regard the question of the standard of our money as settled by this election. The business men of the country should now take up the question of the reform of the currency. My judgment is most decidedly that the greenback and the Treasury note must be retired and that a national bank currency must be provided, based substantially upon the plan adopted in this city some two years ago by the American Bankers' Association and which is popularly known as the Baltimore Plan. The Government is not fit to do a 'banking business,' the issuing of notes intended to be used as money and payable in coin upon demand.

"This is a function, the experience of the world has shown should be performed by banks. These banks have assets which they can use when required to procure the requisite coin to redeem their notes; the Government, upon the other hand, has no assets and has no means of procuring coin, except by borrowing or taxation, and as long as the Government is in the business and issuing its notes to be used as money there will be a body of cranks who, despite the experience of the past, will insist that 'law creates value' and that money can be made by the Government and ought to be made and made in plenty.

"Of course, hundreds of years of experience have exploded this theory but all parties such as the late Populistic party pick up rejected nostrums and offer them as cures for every political disease. It is, therefore, very important, I think, either that the leagues which have carried on the splendid fight, or the business men's associations, such as chambers of commerce and other like organizations, should make their influence felt in demanding the retirement of the greenback and Treasury note.

"I think the Honest-Money Democratic League of this city deserves the thanks of every man in the State for the splendid fight which is made, and it should constantly be brought to the front that the president of the League and the chairmen of all of its committees, with one exception, were members of the Hurst Business Men's Association last year, and formed the solid phalanx which fought Mr. Hurst's campaign, and influence of their example was felt everywhere. I think too much credit cannot be given for the splendid canvass they made for the honor of State and Union.

"The press of this city deserves the thanks of the whole community for the fight which they have made for private honesty and national integrity.

"For myself, I never felt prouder of the institutions of both State and Union than I do to-day. We have stood the strain and we have demonstrated that the people, when informed, can be trusted to do the right thing at the right time."

Autumn Road Making.

The man who failed to fix his leaky roof because he couldn't repair it while it was raining and it didn't need fixing in fair weather, has thousands of brother pupils of his school of philosophy in all sections of the country.

They don't repair the public highways for the same reasons. During the autumn, when the weather is usually dry, the roads become fairly good without any particular attention being paid them. The farmers have time to do more or less work on them then,—but, pshaw! what's the use of fixing roads when they do not imperatively demand it?

The following spring the rains come and the roads become impassable, but the farmers are then too busy to give a moment's time to road building.

Are the roads in your vicinity? Isn't there a lot of repairing that should be done now, so that the highways may be serviceable next spring?

Mountain Lake Park.

Rev. Dr. Dugan Clark, of Richmond, Ind., died recently at his home. The doctor was a favorite among the camp-meeting people. He was a prominent member of the Quaker church.

Loyal Legion of the W. C. T. U. was organized at this place Thursday. It will be under the care of Miss Eliza Swan and Mrs. Wm. Sweet. Miss Frase was elected president, Miss Hattie Sweet, secretary, and Wesley Rudisill, treasurer.

Mr. Thad Hinebaugh and family have moved from Oak Hall to the Park, where they will spend the winter.

A. W. Hall, who has been in business at Rowlesburg, W. Va., has purchased Peof. Teaf's saw mill, near this place. He will sell out his store in West Virginia and give his attention to sawing lumber. His family will reside in the Park.

John Dunhill, who was the business manager of Hotel Chautauqua the past season, has gone to New York city to enter employment of A. W. Dennett. Mrs. Dunhill and children will leave for the east in a few day.

Rev. Arburthnot, pastor of the M. E. church of Oakland is holding revival services at this place.

Proclamation and Notice

Of the result of the new election held in Election District Number Ten, of Garrett County, Maryland.

I, Edward Z. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Maryland, do hereby certify that it appears from the statement and certificate filed with me by the Supervisors of the Election of Garrett county, acting as a Board of canvassers, that at the said election held in Election District Number Ten of said Garrett county, on Tuesday, the third day of November, 1896, there were cast for license for the sale of spirituous or fermented liquors or alcoholic bitters in said district one hundred and thirteen votes, and that there were cast against license for the sale of spirituous or fermented liquors or alcoholic bitters in said district, one hundred and fifteen votes, and that the majority of the votes cast at said election in said district were against license for the sale of intoxicating liquors therein.

Therefore, I do certify and proclaim that on and after the first day of May in the year, 1897, (being the first day of May in the year succeeding said election) no license can be granted or issued to any person or persons, firm, company or body corporate, to sell or otherwise dispose of, by way of barter, directly or indirectly, any spirituous, fermented or other intoxicating liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication or any compound of which alcohol forms the chief or principal ingredient, in said election district number Ten.

Given under my hand this ninth day of November, A. D., 1896.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland. 36-2t

Proclamation and Notice

Of the result of the new election held in election district number Six of Garrett county, Maryland.

I, Edward Z. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Maryland, do hereby certify that it appears from the statement and certificate filed with me by the Supervisors of Election of Garrett county, acting as a board of canvassers, that at the said election held in election district number Six of said Garrett county, on Tuesday, the third day of November, 1896, that there were cast for license for the sale of spirituous or fermented liquors or alcoholic bitters in said district, thirty-six votes, and that there were cast against license for the sale of spirituous or fermented liquors or alcoholic bitters in said district, seventy votes, and that the majority of the votes so cast at said election in said district were against license for the sale of intoxicating liquors therein.

Therefore, I do certify and proclaim that on and after the first day of May, in the year 1897, (being the first day of May in the year succeeding said election) no license can be granted or issued to any person or persons, firm, company or body corporate, to sell or otherwise dispose of, by way of barter, directly or indirectly, any spirituous, fermented or other intoxicating liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication or any compound of which alcohol forms the chief or principal ingredient, in said election district number Six.

Given under my hand this ninth day of November, A. D., 1896.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland. 36-2t

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments, Headstones AND Chimney Pipe

WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS,
FROSTBURG, MD.

1183.yr—9

RECEIVER'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE
AND
Personal Property,
NEAR OAKLAND.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, dated the 15th day of October, A. D. 1896, and passed in a cause wherein Jefferson F. Bradford is plaintiff and Millard M. Bradford is defendant, the undersigned receiver was authorized and directed to make sale of the real estate and personal property mentioned in said proceedings. In pursuance whereof he hereby gives notice that on

Thursday, the 12th Day of November,

1896, at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m., on the premises located in the east end of the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Md., he will offer at public auction to the highest bidder,

1st. All that lot of ground described as follows: Beginning for the same on the north limit of the right-of-way of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad twenty-four and one-fourth feet from the south east corner of the planing mill of Bradford Bros. as now located, and running thence north 55½ degrees east 18 perches, thence north 37 degrees west 12 perches to a stake, thence south 55½ degrees west 10½ perches to the limits of the aforesaid right of way of said R. R. thence along the same to the beginning containing one hundred and fifty-seven perches of land, more or less, being the same lot of ground which was conveyed to the said Bradford Bros. by Henry Weber and wife by deed dated the 10th day of April, 1895, and duly recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 58, folio 489, among the Land Records of Garrett county.

The improvements consist of a first class new planing mill with all the necessary machinery and power for operating same, all in first-class condition.

2nd. All the stock of lumber, doors, sash, glass, mouldings, and other material on hand at said premises.

Under the order of the court the said mill, fixtures, lumber, etc., will be sold either as an entirety or separately, whichever may appear for the best interests of the trust.

Terms of sale, as prescribed by said order, one-half cash and the balance in six months, the purchasers to execute their bonds with security satisfactory to the undersigned receiver. Deferred payments to bear interest from the day of sale, or the entire purchase money may be paid in cash at the purchaser's option.

JOHN SHARTZER,
Receiver.

For further information apply to Edward H. Sincell or Fred A. Thayer, solicitors. 35-4t

ORDER NISI.

Estes G. Rathbone vs. Ellen Gibbons, et al.—No. 780 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

Ordered, this 17th day of October, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Estes G. Rathbone, assignee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 11th day of November, 1896, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 11th day of November, 1896.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2700.00.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 33 3

ORDER NISI.

Truman W. Casteel vs. James W. Tusing and Addie E. Tusing, his wife.—No. 791

Many fatal [illegible] Court [illegible]

Ordered, this 27th day of October, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by John T. Mitchell attorney, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 20th day of November, 1896, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks before the 20th day of November, 1896.

The report states the amount of sale to be $570.00.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 31

RECEIVER'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE
In Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett County Maryland.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting in equity, dated the 28th day of October, A. D. 1896, and passed in a cause wherein John Shartzer is plaintiff and The Loch Lynn Store Company of Garrett county, is defendant, the undersigned receiver was authorized and directed to make sale of the real estate mentioned in said proceedings. In pursuance of said order, I hereby give notice that on

Saturday, the 21st day of November,

1896, at eleven o'clock a. m., on the premises in Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Maryland, I will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, all those lots or parcels of ground situated, lying and being in Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett County, Maryland, which on the plat of said Loch Lynn Heights are known and described as

LOTS NUMBERS 34 and 35

in Block No. 4 as recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 1 folio 2, one of the plat records of Garrett county, Maryland.

Said lots are improved by a

Large New Three-story Building,

containing store room, town hall, lodge rooms, etc.

Terms of sale as prescribed by said order, one-third cash, one-third in six months and one-third in twelve months, purchaser to give his single bills for deferred payments with security to be approved by the receiver.

33td JOHN SHARTZER, Receiver.

NOTICE.

Meeting of the Board of Control and Review for Garrett County.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county hereby give notice that on

Thursday, November 12, 1896.

they will meet to act as a Board of Control and Review, consider the returns to them of assessment made by the several assessors from the assessment districts in Garrett county, and to hear and determine the appeals of any person or owner taken from the action of said assessors in accordance with section 179 of Chapter 120 of the acts of Assembly of 1896, and that the session of said board of Control and Review will begin at 9 o'clock a. m., and continue until 5 o'clock p. m., each day (Sunday excepted) until said business is completed.

By order of the Board.

J. S. MEYERS,
33 Clerk to County Commissioners.

[illegible] Tablets relieve nausea.

THE INSPECTOR'S LOSS.

Inspector Hookyer had served his 25 years in the detective force, and his colleagues were entertaining him at a little farewell dinner, in anticipation of his forthcoming retirement. The chairman having eulogized the guest of the evening to an extent that brought a blush to the face of that case-hardened officer, the Inspector rose to reply, and at the finish he said:

"The chairman has said that I never let a man slip through my fingers after I had once got on his track, but I am sorry to say he is wrong. I am bound to acknowledge that once an offender was too clever for me."

"Tell us about it!" arose spontaneously from almost every throat, and Inspector Hookyer, in response to the request, gave the story:

"It was a good many years ago now when I had intrusted to me a case of a young woman named Eliza Thickbroom, who had been found dead (evidently murdered by having her throat cut) in some fields adjoining the canal near a town in Lancashire. She had been a domestic servant and was of a very retiring, staid disposition, and bore an irreproachable character. Her friends lived in quite another part of the country, and her mistress had no knowledge of her keeping company or anything of that kind. For some time I had considerable difficulty in fixing the crime or any reason for it upon anyone; but at last, after a lot of inquiry, I ascertained that she had been walking out with a man named Lamprey, who lived near Stockport, in Cheshire, some 30 miles from where Eliza Thickbroom resided.

"It seemed that the girl had been in the habit of spending her holiday, when she had a day off, in going to Stockport, where Lamprey met her, and that she had become engaged to him, but that, hearing something to his discredit, she refused to have anything more to do with him, and, so far, nothing further was known to implicate Lamprey in the crime; but I, of course, at once took the train to Stockport and proceeded to hunt up Lamprey and to make inquiries in the town where he resided.

"I knew nothing about him except his name, but from the local police and cautious questions of one another I ascertained that he had been a sailor and was then a 'steeple-jack,' and one of the best climbers known.

"'Jack Lamprey!' cried one man to whom I had spoken. 'Ah, he can climb, for sure, can Jack! Why, he climbed up to the very top of yon steeple' (pointing to the church hard by, which had a spire remarkably tall and slender, and very hard to mount). 'After the storm had damaged the weathercock. Jack climbed up and fixed it all alone for the parson, and he refused to be paid for it!'

"The man seemed to look upon Lamprey's refusing payment as more wonderful than his climbing the steeple, and perhaps he was right. Well, bit by bit I found little things which when pieced together, pointed unmistakably to Jack Lamprey as the murderer. He had, until recently, been seen frequently in and about Stockport with the girl, but for the last two or three months she had not been observed in his company. He had been a jolly sort of fellow, but since the girl had ceased her visits it had been noticed that he had become moody and silent, and he had taken to drink a good deal, although he had previously been a most abstemious man.

"He was away from his lodgings on the night of the murder, and on his return early the next day he was travel-stained, as if he had walked a long way. His landlady remembered that he told her he had fallen down in some chemical works where he had been on a job and had stained his clothes, and she recollected that immediately after his arrival home he had busied himself brushing and sponging his garments.

"There was sufficient evidence to justify me in obtaining a warrant; but he was away on a job—no one knew where, exactly, except that it was somewhere near Liverpool—and it was useless for me to leave Stockport, where I had the best chance of catching him, on a wild-goose chase to Liverpool without better information. My only course was to wait and keep quiet till he came back, which he was expected to do the following day.

"I took every precaution to prevent anyone knowing that he was 'wanted,' but some 'pal' must have got to suspect it and given him warning. The police in Liverpool had been wired to and had kept watch of all trains in the direction of Stockport, and towards the evening of the second day I received the intimation that a man resembling his description had taken the train and was on his way. Assisted by a local detective who knew the man, I watched every passenger out of the train on its arrival at Stockport, but no Jack Lamprey alighted, and, on inquiring of the guard, it seemed pretty certain that he had got out at Cheadle, a station a few miles outside Stockport.

"It was the beginning of winter, and night had set in, so that it was extremely doubtful if we could follow the man, but we took a train which was just going out of the station, and in a few minutes were at Cheadle. I there made certain that my man had got out. He had booked for Stockport and had given up his ticket; but do all we could, we could get no trace of him. He had left the station immediately on leaving the train; no one knew him, and we could find no one to tell us anything more. So, hoping perhaps to pick up a clew on the road, we walked back to Stockport and on to the town where he lived, which was a few miles the other side, but our tramp was in vain.

"We had left instructions at Stockport for Lamprey's lodgings to be watched; but by some blunder a man had not been sent there for some time, and, much to my anger and disgust, when I arrived at his house I found that he had been there, just for five minutes, his landlady said, and had left again with a bag of clothes.

"I was mightily savage, you may guess, both with myself and with the police of the place for not keeping a better lookout; but it was no use losing my head over it, and I set to work dodging his footsteps after he had left his lodgings. In the public house which he frequented I came across a man to whom I had previously spoken, who seemed to know Lamprey in a very distant sort of way, and I turned the conversation on the man I wanted.

"'Ah! I've just seen him,' said the fellow. 'About an hour ago, or mayhap a little more. He was going to Macclesfield, he said, to catch the early train in the morning into Staffordshire, where he's got another job. He seemed in a mighty hurry, too.'

"I had reason afterward to think that this man was the one who had given Lamprey warning, but whether that was so or not his information that night appeared to be correct, for I met several people who had seen Jack going across the fields toward Marple, which was his best way of getting to Macclesfield from the place he lived in; but when I arrived at Marple station I was at fault again, for no train had been out for quite two hours, and although I waited till the last train to Macclesfield had left, Lamprey did not show up.

"Tired, and vexed beyond description, I tramped back and got what rest I could, hoping that something might turn up in the morning to assist me in recovering the ground I had lost, but afraid that for once I had let my quarry slip, and that I might never catch him, now that he was aware he was being tracked.

"Sure enough, the something did turn up in the morning, and something which confirmed my fears, though I felt that I had got my man dead, if I had missed him alive. The postman came round soon after seven, before it was quite light, and I had only just got up when a boy came running with a letter, which had been delivered at the police station. It bore the Marple postmark, and was addressed to 'The Detective from London.'

"Tearing it open, I read something like this:

"'From John Lamprey. I know you are after me, and I know what for. I managed to keep out of your way to-night, and I meant to try and get down south, but you are sure to have me, sooner or later, so I've determined to make an end of it. Look at the church steeple when you get this to-morrow morning.'

"The church steeple was a tall and prominent feature whichever way you turned, and I had only to go to the end of the street to get a full view of it. When I got there and looked up, I saw something that gave me a start. In the uncertain light of the early morning I could discern against the gray sky, hanging by the neck to one of the iron loops which serve for a ladder on the side of the spire, the figure of a man!

"'So much for Jack Lamprey!' I said to myself, as I hurried to the police station. 'He has saved me any more trouble!'

"By the time I had been to the station and back to the church it was broad daylight, and, of course, the body hanging aloft had been seen, and a crowd had already collected, every one recognized it as Jack Lamprey.

"'A strange freak,' I remarked to the sergeant who was with me.

"There was no one round Stockport who would venture up the spire, and a telegram had to be sent to Stalybridge for a man to come and get the body down. It was past midday before the steeplejack arrived, and by that time half Stockport had heard of the affair. Work was discarded, and an immense crowd collected to witness the sight. Every foot of the man's way up to the steeple was watched by thousands of eyes, and when at last he approached the swaying body of Jack Lamprey, the tongues which had been loudly wagging were hushed as by common consent.

"I shall never forget the few minutes that followed while the steeple-jack (now looking the size of a little child) made his way very cautiously close up to the body, and fixing a rope to it, made his preparations for lowering it to his assistant, who was waiting on the top of the square tower to receive it. There was something awfully sad and solemn about it all!

"In due course the assistant received the corpse, which he let down to the ground, and everyone around me remarked that he swung it roughly to the earth, without showing the respect which might have been looked for. In fact, some actually called out: 'Shame!'

"But all at once the hush which had fallen upon the crowd was broken by a storm of jeers and laughter! The thing which had given us all this trouble was nothing but a guy! And I never felt such a fool in all my life.

"So that he might get nearly a day's start, Lamprey had cleverly missed me the night before. While I had been wasting my time at Marple he had been employed in stuffing the suit of clothes which he had taken from his lodgings with straw, making a very passable representation of himself; and in the middle of the night he had climbed the steeple (which was child's play to him), and left his effigy there to deceive me and lull me into inaction.

"I need not dwell upon the chaff I received. It is too painful, even now, for me to recall without annoyance, but you may be sure that I quickly made myself scarce."

"Did the fellow get clear away?" asked some one.

"Yes. He took the train to the east coast and succeeded in getting to Holland unnoticed," replied Inspector Hookyer. "But he hanged himself in real earnest some considerable time afterward, leaving a letter behind admitting his guilt, and stating that his conscience troubled him so that he could not bear to live."—Tit-Bits.

MUSTANG MEAT.

Broncbos from the Northwest Being Shipped to France.

S. L. Moore, general freight agent of the Northern Pacific, has in operation a scheme for clearing the ranges of the west of their hundreds of thousands of cheap horses—made cheap by the trolley and the bicycle—within the next year or two. The first experimental train load is now en route. Speaking of his scheme Mr. Moore said:

"Five dollars and ten dollars a head is the price now asked for several hundred thousand horses, branded and roaming the plains, too valuable to be destroyed and too expensive to keep alive. These horses vary in weight from 750 pounds to 1,100 pounds each, and as a rule are branded, on the hip or shoulder, or some other conspicuous place, to prevent loss by theft or going astray in stormy weather. Sometimes these animals wander hundreds of miles from the home ranches, but the owners can always identify their stock with very little difficulty. Large droves of these horses are destined to the trade in Paris and other cities in Europe. A train load is now en route over the Northern Pacific railway from Washington, in cars especially provided with hay racks and water troughs, and will soon be driven aboard ship in New York harbor and sent across the Atlantic ocean. This bunch of cayuses and broncbos must pass a rigid health inspection in New York and at the receiving port in Europe. For a year or more the freight department of the Northern Pacific railway has labored to find a market for the surplus of horses tributary to that line. A plant was established by several men at Portland, Ore., to slaughter some of these animals, but it did not succeed for the reason that the European governments passed a prohibitive law against landing horse meat in packages of any kind. This effectually shut out the horse market pickled and preserved in that city, and cut off an industry that promised to be very profitable to the enterprising proprietor, as well as a lasting benefit to the horse ranches on the plains in providing a market for stock almost valueless for any other purpose.

"It is only a few years since that tales of adventure, reading like romance, were written about the capture and slaughter of magnificent specimens of wild horses in the extreme west, which were supposed to be descendants from animals escaped or abandoned during the Spanish conquests, some drifting to the north. It is different with these herds in Montana, Wyoming, Idaho and Washington; they are the abandoned results of enterprises which were projected on an extensive scale, within the past ten or twelve years. Some of the finest horses in Europe were imported for breeding purposes and on nearly all the cattle ranches the work was carried on extensively. The early completion of the Northern Pacific afforded transportation facilities for reaching the markets in the eastern and middle states, and the great ranges heretofore abounding in elk, deer and buffalo, were soon occupied by large droves of horses, many of which were driven overland from Arizona, Texas and Mexico, to fatten on the nutritious buffalo or bunch grass. Immense fortunes were made in this way and cattle kings were numbered by the score; but when the electric device and cables for street railway cars were adopted, profits gradually diminished until instead of there being a gain there was a constant loss. When the bicycle came into general use the industry received the fatal blow. Many who were in the habit of using saddle horses found that the bicycle did not require to be 'broke in' nor did it require feeding or stabling while in many respects the machine was capable of being applied to greater use than the horse.

"According to the secretary of agriculture there are 1,500,000 horses between the Twin Cities and the North Pacific coast in the states before mentioned. Several hundred thousand of these animals could be disposed of and not missed; and at an average price of $7.50 per head would yield over $2,000,000.

"The train load just shipped is in a measure experimental, the rail lines east of Chicago having refused to make a rate proportionate to the rate adopted by the lines west of Chicago. If the Central Traffic and Trunk Line associations would apply cattle rates on horses (worth about one-third as much as cattle), the success of the enterprise would at once be assured; but they have refused to apply less than their tariff rate for valuable horses, which is nearly 50 per cent. in excess of the rate on cattle. Many of the individual lines are favorable to the proposition, and it is hoped that the association will reconsider the proposition for a reduction to a basis approximating the present cattle tariff, to apply on animals of low value in train loads when destined for Europe. The ocean ships are provided with stationary pens for the safe handling of live stock, and all that remains to insure clearing the ranges of the cheap horses is the adoption of the rates proposed.

"If the government officials at Washington are successful in their negotiations with the European authorities for the removal of the restriction against horse meat in packages from America, parties having plenty of capital are willing to open a large and expensive plant, constructed by Marquis de Mores several years ago, at Medora, N. D., for the purpose of slaughtering cattle, and will add to it a pickling and canning branch, for the purpose of slaughtering these horses."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

—Puss, a familiar name for a cat, was once pers, the Persian name for the same animal.

—The word vernacular once meant "a slave who was born in the house of his master."

FASHION AND FANCY.

Ladies' Wraps for the Coming Cold Season.

The coming season will be marked by a lavish use of exceedingly bright colors. Military scarlet will be one of the prominent features of the cold-weather costumes. Red hats, red cloaks, red dresses, red trimmings of all sorts, are in the ascendant. Conservative taste modifies red with black or clouds it with white. A red satin dress literally smothered in white lace was a recent order. A cloak of red broadcloth, lined with satin and trimmed with a lattice pattern of black satin ribbon, is one of the most stylish garments of the season.

The interest of womankind is just now turned toward outside garments, and everybody is wondering what is coming next. Among the styles shown are square-cut box coats that extend 10 or 15 inches below the waist-line. These are made with perfectly square coats and backs, either plain or with a box-plait pressed closely down, watteau fashion, from the shoulders. Other styles have the plait running up to the collar. Another idea is three heavy plaits in the back, but these are not for autumn, being almost too heavy and cumbersome. They weight the shoulders, and are not pleasant to wear.

A garment modeled somewhat after the fashion of the old-time redingote is shown among the best importations. One model is of moderately heavy cloth, and is lined with iridescent satin. The edges are finished with a wide band of black velvet, and similar bands of black velvet outline the seams and finish the cuffs, collars and lapels.

A novelty is a long coat of broadcloth in two colors. The body of the garment is of tan color, the trimmings of black. The collar, deep cuffs and lapels are of black, and black bands are stitched down over all the seams, and a wide trimming of the broadcloth turns back from the front on either side. The garment is double-breasted, and closes over a vest-shaped section that extends about half way down the skirt from the belt. This vest portion is embroidered and braided in the most elaborate fashion. The rest of the garment is without garniture other than the black cloth mentioned. The sleeves are in the modified leg-o'-mutton shape that has been introduced to let us down by easy gradations from the enormous sleeves to the almost tight-fitting styles.

The ulster is to be the general all-around useful cloak of the season. A few ulsters with capes are shown, others are merely the fitted garment. Many of them are lined throughout the waist and the upper half of the skirt portion. This is done for warmth, and cloaks of this pattern, with double-breasted fronts, are adapted for extremely cold weather and driving. The latter cloak is a garment which is very popular, as many women are extremely fond of driving, and must be so arranged as to be easy and comfortable, and, at the same time, sufficiently well fitted to be tight and stylish, which combination is by no means easy to secure. A cold-weather garment of this sort is made of three-brown cloth, of a material somewhat like Irish frieze. The front laps over rather farther than the average double-breasted garment, giving an additional warmth. The sleeves are very loose at the tops, and quite full at the elbows, then narrow to cuffs of the usual shape. A cape, which is long enough to cover the arms to the wrists, is furnished with the cloak. A new point in this cape is a button and buttonhole at the extreme points of the front. In windy weather the front corners of the cape are crossed and button and buttonhole are fastened at the back of the waist. This makes what is equivalent to big sleeves over those of the regularly fitted garment.

Another cape, which is much longer, has a buttonhole made about 12 inches back on either side of the front. Through these holes straps attached to the edges of the cloak pass and fasten at the back. This arrangement permits the cape to fall below the waist line and is a much greater protection than could be imagined unless one has tried it. Circular capes will be quite as much worn as heretofore and differ very slightly in shape from those of last season. A fancy of the moment is the round cape made of West-of-England broadcloth. The trimming may be either the elaborate braiding heretofore described in the Ledger, or, what is just as much liked by many, lattice-work either of the material itself, made into narrow strips and stitched on, or satin, velvet or ribbon. One cape is banned with a ribbon of satin and fire. This describes curves, right on and arabesques, and makes a in effective garment.

The collars and wide lapels are also on these West-of-England broadcloth capes, and short capes of brocade or velvet are lined with ermine and trimmed with rose ruchings of silk or velvet.—N. Y. Ledger.

A Fast Beard.

Three brothers hearing a remarkable resemblance to one another are in the habit of shaving at the same barber's shop. Not long since one of the brothers entered the shop early in the morning, and was shaved by a German who had been at work in the shop only a few days. About noon another brother came in and underwent a similar operation at the hands of the same barber. In the evening the third brother made his appearance, when the German, dropping his razor in astonishment, exclaimed:

"Vell, upon my vord! dat man hash de fashtest beard I ever saw. I shaves him dis morning, shaves him at dinner-times, and he comes back now, mit his beard so long as it never vash!"—London Tit-Bits.

Grape Jam.

The common wild grape is best for this. Boil soft and strain the grapes through a sieve, a pound of sugar to a pound of pulp. Boil 20 minutes, stirring often.—Ladies' World.

Their Conclusions.

Two scientists of the twenty-first century were examining with deep interest a petrified body which had just been discovered.

"It is quite old," said one.

"Yes," replied the other, "but not more than 150 years, I should say. You will notice that it has the bicycle face and the telephone ear. Those peculiarities did not develop until near the close of the nineteenth century, according to the best authorities."—N. Y. World.

Lovely Woman.

If you believe her,
She will deceive;
If you deceive her,
She will believe.
—Bay City Chat.

ANOTHER CASE OF 16 TO 1.

—N. Y. Truth.

An Ovation.

Primus—Spangler has written a play.
Secundus—Has it been produced?
Primus—Yes, last night.
Secundus—Full house?
Primus—Packed.
Secundus—Did the audience call for Spangler after the curtain fell?
Primus—Yes, and demanded their money back.—Bay City Chat.

The Redeeming Feature.

Husband—There was something about Miss Browu's singing to-night that I liked.

Wife—Indeed? What could it have been?

Husband—There was very little of it. —Town Topics.

Using Him to Advantage.

"Mr. Scrimple," said the magnate to the young barrister, "I want to make use of your valuable services."

"Very well, sir," said Scrimple, as he gasped at the joyous prospect of a first brief. "What can I do for you?"

"A firm which competes with my house," replied the magnate, firmly, "is about to bring an action for damages against me, and I want you to get them to engage you as their counsel."—Tithits.

An Effort to Be Cheerful.

The genial young man slapped the merchant on the back and exclaimed:

"How's business?"

"How's business?" the merchant repeated, thoughtfully. Then he took a bundle of notes at anything from 30 days to six months from his pocket, and with an effort at cheer, exclaimed:

"My boy, I never saw a time when business was more promising."—Washington Star.

One Way to Get Even.

Mrs. Bingo (excitedly)—Say, the Baxters, next door, are going to have their house painted brown; now we must have our's painted a little lighter shade.

Mr. Bingo (testily)—I suppose if they had their house painted pure white, you would want one a lighter shade.

Mrs. Bingo—No, I wouldn't. I'd burn soft coal every day the wind was right. —Harlem Life.

Not for the World.

Mrs. Dorcas—Our league of emancipated women is going to have a lecture on the social equality of the sex. You must be sure to come.

Mrs. Cobwigger—Certainly, my dear. I shall bring Miss Manners with me, as she believes in social equality.

Mrs. Dorcas—Not for the world. You know she isn't in our set.—Tit-Bits.

An Easy Task.

Grymes—I can read your mind like a book. I know what your every thought is.

Pokerdek—I don't believe it. What am I thinking about now?

Grymes—You are thinking that I am a liar!—Up-to-Date.

Yes, Indeed.

"Those horseless carriages," said Flo;
"Oh, won't they be real grand?
It always bothers Clarence so
To drive with just one hand."
—Buffalo Times.

Fliegende Blaetter

REASON TO BE PROUD.

"Say, neighbor; ain't your cow a good deal of a high stepper?"
"Well some. It's a countess that's a-milkin' her."

An Assistance.

"Do you think that it prolongs a man's life to be insured?"

"Yes," replied the man who had just been interviewed by an agent; "it does something toward keeping him from being talked to death."—Washington Star.

Realism in the Nursery.

Mrs. Noyes—Children! children! can't you get along without making such a terrible racket?

Nellie Noyes—No, mamma; we can't. Willie's playing he's papa coming home late at night!—Yonkers Statesman.

In the Cloth.

Miss Dorothy—Curious thing, that Rev. Mr. Hicks should marry his typewriter.

The Rival Parson—Had to. She knew where he got his sermons.—Bay City Chat.

Not Appreciated.

"Brown's play failed, I understand. What was the matter with it?"

"Held the mirror too close to nature, I think. He had all the characters talking about the weather during the entire first act."—N. Y. World.

An Awful Story.

"I wouldn't believe the witness on his oath, your honor," said the lawyer.

"State your reasons," said the judge.

"Been in Georgia two years and says he never ran for office."—Atlanta Constitution.

Why He Was a Mouse.

Mrs. Nagleigh (angrily)—Are you a man or are you a mouse? That's what I want to know.

Mr. Nagleigh (sotto-voce)—I guess I must be a mouse. I have evidently been caught by a cat.—N. Y. World.

His View Confirmed.

He—Marry me, dear, and you shall want for nothing.

She—There; I always heard it said that marriage put an end to a woman's happiness!—Yonkers Statesman.

Her Kind.

Clerk—Would you like to look through some of our blankets, ma'am?

Customer—No. I want some that you can't look through.—N. Y. World.

A Mistaken Idea.

"Is that a valuable ring you have on your finger?" asked Gus de Smith of Smiley.

"Well, I've hung it up for $75."

"It must be quite valuable."

"Yes; I've hung it up 75 times for a dollar each time."—Texas Sifter.

Knott Guilty.

A short time since a Mr. Knott was tried for a violation of the law. The verdict was: "We find the defendant Knott guilty."

The judge was at a loss whether to sentence him or not.—The Green Bag.

COMMERCIAL ITEM.

"Drawing on the Bank."

Proof.

Willis—What do you think of the old way they had of bleeding people?

Wallace—Must have been something in it. I had much better health before I quit shaving myself.—Town Topics.

Solid Worth.

"What attracted young Coppage to that homely girl?"

"Why, her name is Maria, and she won't let anybody call her Marie."—Chicago Record.

Long Lived.

"What is the average life of a good bicycle, Sprockets?"

"Well, some of them last until they are paid for."—Chicago Record.

Disgusted with Politics.

"I think I'll abandon the stump!" said Rivers, throwing away the remnant of the campaign cigar a candidate had given him.—Chicago Tribune.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
G. H. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THURSDAY, NOV. 12, 1896.

VICE-PRESIDENT STEVENSON has crawled out of the debris to remark that it would have been better had the platform not menaced the Supreme Court. It would have been better for Adlai had he discovered the flaw before the smash-up.

THERE is nothing like the ballot-box for cleaning the political atmosphere of partisan fogs, financial miasmata, silver malaria and other like visitations. It is probable that the number of devotees of 16 to 1 has fallen off at least one-half since the election, and it is also probable that before 1900 most of the remaining half will disappear.

THE outgivings of Democratic leaders who have ventured into the Popocratic camp, and who have had to suffer the consequences of such folly, must not be taken seriously. These gentlemen are in a state of mind. No man can be expected to receive a sound drubbing and maintain an even and equable temper while the smart and sting of it lingers. But time is an emollient. Our bruised brethren on reflection will come to the conclusion that they were in their right minds before they were hypnotized at Chicago, and that the effort to put William Jennings Bryan in the shoes of Thomas Jefferson was a lost labor.

THIS is the way the *Maryland Republican*, a Democratic paper published at Annapolis, speaks of the Republican majority in Maryland and the utter hopelessness of the Democrats to regain the State:

> The tremendous Republican majority in Maryland has almost taken our breath away. We can scarcely credit it. The gentlemen who handed the State over to the Republican party last fall laughed at and made light of Mr. Wellington's boast that Maryland was as safely Republican as Massachusetts. It would seem that Mr. Wellington's assertion was no empty boast. We predicted last fall that it would be no easy matter to get the State back and the result of Tuesday's election makes the task look harder still. The gentlemen who fought so hard to elect Lowndes and the Republican ticket a year ago will have to fight harder than they have ever yet done before they succeed in electing another Democratic governor.

THERE was less bribery in this State on Tuesday of last week than at any election for many years. In Queen Anne's, it is said, no votes were bought, but the Wicomico Democrats complain that their famous majority was almost wiped out by the use of Republican money. Wicomico is one of the counties which have been notoriously corrupted by the methods of the old Gorman ring. Concerted efforts on the part of honest and independent citizens would insure the stamping out of bribery in future elections. While a few prosecutions and imprisonments would have a salutary effect, it is evident that public opinion can accomplish more in this direction than statutes. The "working" politicians of both parties, who think money the only argument applicable to the "floater," ought to be made to feel the force of moral sentiment. Ballot reform has done much to decrease bribery, and it now lies in the power of the honest men of Maryland to eradicate the evil altogether.

Let the Money Fly!

The way to get good times is to make them. McKinley is elected, sure enough. A sound money majority has also been secured in the United States Senate. The future looks bright. But don't wait for the inauguration of McKinley to inaugurate prosperity. "One may cry 'honey,' 'honey,' all day," says the Turkish proverb, "without bringing sweetness to the mouth." Prophesying betterment doesn't bring it. But the man who pays his small bills sets the wheels turning. Nothing now stands in the way of business but inertia. Give the cart a push. A dollar is still a dollar in the United States. It pays better to use it than to hoard it. Therefore let the money fly. Let it earn its keep.

Whoever owes a small debt, and is able to pay it, and doesn't pay it, is a drone, a mossback and an obstructionist. But the man who pays is like a running spring which constantly gives what it gets for the world's refreshment. The cheerful payer should take his place alongside the cheerful giver as a twin deserver in the estimation of his kind and his Creator.

Restored Confidence.

The cable under the Atlantic is kept hot now by the orders of European investors who are anxious to buy American securities. The special London correspondent of the New York *Tribune* telegraphed that journal the day after the election as follows:

> McKinley's election has been followed by scenes of the wildest excitement on the London Stock Exchange. So great was the pressure by brokers who had received private cable advices of the completeness of the Republican victory that the Exchange was opened ahead of time, and American stocks went up with a rush, carrying everything else with them, even consols. So buoyant a market has not been known for many months. Every American stock advanced rapidly in price. Milwaukees and Louisvilles leading the way. A slight reaction was followed by a sharper advance, and the market remained active and excited until the close.
>
> The foreign markets [illegible] have responded with greater activity than our own to the good news of the defeat of Populism. There has been a complete restoration of confidence in the value of American securities and the steadfast good faith of the Government. A ballot-box indorsement has been written across the evidences of our indebtedness in the hands of foreign holders.
>
> As an immediate consequence of this improved condition of affairs we may look for continued imports of gold. The gold that has been carted away from the Sub-Treasuries to be locked up by timid or speculative persons, will go tumbling back again to swell the Treasury reserve. The additions to the reserve the day after the election were nearly two and one-half million dollars.

The Meaning of It.

The election of McKinley to the presidency is not a partisan triumph. True, he is a Republican; an earnest, unfaltering Republican. His administration will be distinctive Republican; his patronage will be awarded to his Republican friends; but, above all, he will stand firm as a rock in the execution of the imperious mandate of the nation to maintain its integrity, its dignity, its honor and its matchless advancement. While the triumph carries with it all that is involved in a Republican victory, it is more distinctly a victory of the patriotic people of all parties of the nation over elements which have [illegible] our credit, paranyzed our industries, brought stagnation upon our commerce and trade, made capital retire from active enterprise, and sought to sow the dragon's teeth of sectional and class hatred among the people, who have overwhelmingly declared for a common brotherhood.

The election of McKinly means that confidence will be restored this morning thoroughout the 70,000,000 people of the Union; that our credit will be firmly re-established to-day in every country of the world; that the stilled or sluggish wheels of industry will begin at once to give employment to labor, to multiply our wealth and to enrich the consumers of the land without whose well required labor there can be no national prosperity. It has settled, not only now, but for all time, that the man who dares to assault the integrity and honor of the republic must fall and be ground to powder by the strong arms and patriotic hearts of the American people. In short, this great verdict means that "government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from earth."—Philadelphia Times.

The Popular Majority.

The real way to measure the success of the sound money campaign is by the fact that every single one of the hotly contested States, with the exception of Nebraska and Kentucky, not only declared for honest money, but declared for it by very heavy, and in most cases phenomenal majorities. These states were Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, West Virginia and Kentucky. While the exact figures are not yet in, they can be put down accurately enough to convey the significant facts. Indiana has given 20,000, Illinois 150,000, Michigan 60,000, Wisconsin 100,000, Minnesota 50,000 and Iowa 70,000 plurality for sound money. West Virginia declares against Bryan by over 12,000. Kentucky is almost exactly evenly divided, and Nebraska has given Bryan about 6,000. The net result of the contest on the great battle-ground is that Bryan has carried his own State by the narrow margin of 6,000 votes, and that nearly every one of the great States that were supposed to be "wild for silver" have rolled up Republican majorities which go far beyond all past records.

To make no distinction, however, let us look at the popular vote of the whole country, and of the sections into which it is divided by the census authorities on strictly geographical grounds, and without any reference to politics. McKinley carr[ies] country by a popular plur[ality] about 1,010,000, a result unp[recedented] in our history. In the States [of the] North Atlantic division, co[mprising] New England, New York, New [Jersey] and Pennsylvania, his plu[rality is] 910,000; the South Atlantic [division], comprising Delaware, Maryl[and, Vir]ginia, North Carolina, Sou[th Caro]lina, Georgia and Florida, is [nearly] evenly divided, Bryan's p[lurality] being about 30,000; the North[ern] division, which consists of Oh[io, Indi]ana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisc[onsin, Min]nesota, Iowa, Missouri, the [Dako]tas, Nebraska and Kansas [gave] the astonishing plurality of [over] for McKinley and sound money. South Central division, com[prising] Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabam[a, Mis]sissippi, Louisiana, Texas and A[rkan]sas, give Bryan 190,000; and [in] the Western division, comp[rising] Montana, Wyoming, Colorad[o, Utah], Nevada, Idaho, Washington, [Oregon] and California, give the free [silver] candidate a plurality of 140,000, [more] than half of which is in the m[ining] camp State of Colorado. An e[xami]nation of these figures, and still [more] with the votes of former yea[rs] serve to give some idea of the [great] sweep and intensity of Tuesday's victory.

The Senate of the 55th Congress.

Speculation is rife as to the complexion of the next Senate. W[ith a] Republican President and Repub[lican] House, what will the Senate be? The 55th Congress which dies March [4,1897,] numbered 89 members, Delaware lacked one owing to the Dupont co[ntest,] and of these 44 were Republica[ns, 39] Democrats, and 6 Independent Sena[tors,] aided by six or seven bolting Re[pub]licans, who were looking long[ingly] toward silver, succeeded in blo[cking] ever important measure by ha[ving] a silver amendment to it, and ref[using] to vote for any bill that did no[t in]clude a silver measure.

When the 55th Congress co[nvenes] in the Senate there will be 59 [Re]publicans, 28 out-and-out Repub[li]cans who will vote for gold and a [tariff.] Of the 31 remaining, six are Inde[pend]ents, including Shoup, Carter, [Man]tle, and Cannon. Of these, Sh[oup, of] Idaho, and Carter, of Montana, [prom]ise tariff votes.

Of the 31 new Senators, [5 are] straight Republicans, 8 Democ[rats, 4] Silver, and 4 straight Populists.

This makes the straight Repu[blican] vote 43.

On all questions of finance th[e Im]ocratic "sound money vote w[ill be] large—probably bringing the n[umber] up to 52. On questions [illegible] vote will probably stand 45—[lead]ing Shoup and Carter—with scattering approval from Independents and Democrats.

If there are no contests—there is some danger in Kentucky—there will be a complete Senate—90 members—and 46 votes will be necessary to carry a measure. In case of a tie the Vice-President casts the deciding vote and there is no need to say where Hobart stands on questions of tariff and finance.

The Effect of Bryan's Speeches.

Every Presidential candidate who went upon the stump has been defeated, and curiously enough, the more speeches he made the heavier his defeat. The greatest exhibition of tact and force made in an electioneering tour was that made by Mr. Blaine, and yet if he had not gone on the stump he would not have met Burchard, and the result might have been different. A Presidential candidate is sure to draw big crowds, but time and again it has been shown that the size of the crowds is no criterion of strength or support at the polls.

Nothing gave so much encouragement to Bryan and his backers as the big crowds he drew wherever he spoke. It has deemed an important point to give to the public the figures of the attendance at meetings addressed by him and his triumphant success was inferred from the [illegible] of his audiences. The Chicago [illegible] has gone to the trouble to collect election returns from the places where Mr. Bryan had his big crowds and compares them with the returns of 1892 when the Democratic candidate took very little personal part in the canvass and did not address a public meeting after his acceptance of the nomination. Mr. Bryan spoke in 84 cities, in 23 States, over a range of territory from North Dakota to North Carolina. In 1892 those cities gave a vote of 932,502 for Cleveland, and 800,044 for Harrison. At the recent election those same cities gave Bryan only 844,985 votes, while they gave 1,277,889 for McKinley. Mr. Bryan's wonderful speeches were attended by a loss of nearly 100,000 Democratic votes and a gain of over [illegible]00,000 Republican votes.

The Popocrats are talking of running Mr. Bryan again. In such a case it would be a very gratifying and beneficial thing for the Republican party if he should be able to cover a still greater area of country with his continuous performance.

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

FINANCIAL REVIEW.

Henry Clews' Weekly Letter on the Business Outlook.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.—The people have at last delivered their verdict on the issues that have so long held them in alarm and paralyzed all their activities. The national vote is what all men of conservative judgment had devoutly hoped for. It is against free coinage and all the mischief it has implied, and in favor of the strict maintenance of the constitutional safeguards of public liberty and the permanent integrity of the union of states. As such, it is a boon beyond all estimation valuable and assuring. It means that, through all the confusion and sophistries attending the free discussion of a most perplexing question, our people have found no difficulty in distinguishing between peril and safety.

The European press being our judges we have satisfied the world of our financial integrity; of our ability to maintain the supremacy of a sound public judgment upon questions of great economic difficulty; of our superiority to temptations to dishonor toward our creditors; of our ability to hold in check popular discontents and demagogic attempts to impair the conservative elements of our national institutions; and our resolute insistence upon future abstinence from further commitments to the use of silver money. As a consequence of all this, the European estimate of our national stability and conservatism has been immeasurably advanced. Europe has been but little less anxious about the results of the election than ourselves; for it has felt, not only that a vast amount of investments was at stake, but that the rest of the world had a multitude of other vital reasons for hoping that this test of our political institutions might reveal no faults calculated to weaken their hopes for the continued success of our magnificent exhibition of the workings of free government.

The construction put upon the election at the world's chief financial centre was shown in an interest little short of that which greeted the returns in this city, and in a spontaneous rise in the prices of our securities even exceeding that which occurred on our own exchange. All this is exceedingly gratifying, not only because it amounts to the highest possible national vindication by foreign and not always friendly critics, but also because it foreshadows a higher status for American credit among the investing nations of the older continent.

Wall street received this verdict for sound money and law and order with wild rejoicings. No second opinion was entertained as to its significance to the future value of investments, and the immediate effect was a large advance in all kind of securities. The upward movement in prices, however, had been in part anticipated by previous advances; and certain large operators, who are supposed to have had urgent use for their money in other directions, took the opporunity to realize largely when prices had risen 2 to 4 points. This naturally checked the upward force of values and produced a partial reaction in the midst of the excitement; but there were ready buyers for all the stock offered. The new situation attracted into the market a large number of buyers. Cautious people, who have been keeping their funds idle in the banks or had for safety's sake turned them into gold, bought largely of bonds and interest-paying stocks, and a large amount of securities was thus taken permanently off the market.

Speculative operators who have been conspicuous for their long absence from Wall street showed their appreciation of the situation; and between the two classes of buyers the transactions of Wednesday reached the unusual total of 550,000 shares, while the transactions in bonds were correspondingly large. London was a larger buyer than for many months past. Some of the "bears," however could not completely divest themselves of their pessimism; and when on Tuesday, some doubt was thrown upon the vote of certain states which party estimates had given to Mr. McKinley, there was some demonstrative selling, with the effect of a slight reaction in prices. Thursday and Friday were occupied with floating rumors relating to the vote of five or six states the count of which remained uncertain, and some fears were entertained that there might be an attempt by the Bryanites to "fix" the Indiana returns for their candidate. Also, in the uncertain states, the run is apparently so close as to suggest the possibility of an "official count" having to be made. These facts, while suggesting no possibility of Mr. Bryan's success, yet threw an element of uncertainty over the magnitude of Mr. McKinley's majority, which held speculation in restraint and afforded ample scope for the effective use of election canards. The importance of these uncertainties lies in the fact that the effect of McKinley's election upon the spirit of business and of speculation will depend to some extent upon the numerical strength of his majority. Such ostillations usually arise even under the most extraordinary "bull" excitements; and the effects of the new situation now introduced are not to be expected to appear all at once, but will be largely materialized through a more extended process, attended with the ups and downs always incident to speculation. Moreover, in estimating the future course of the market, it is to be kept in mind that even this great victory may not be expected to immediately eradicate the habit of timidity which has become so deply ingrained in the public mind during the last three years of uncertainty, danger and acute apprehension. To eradicate that, by any single event or within the space of one short week would need a miracle.

Among the minor incidents resulting from the sound money victory is the complete recovery of confidence among the banks, and their sanguine expectations of a great revival of business. This feeling has shown itself in an active demand for commercial paper at 5@5½ per cent. for first class names, while time loans on collateral are offered freely at moderate rates. This fact expresses the estimate of the banking community upon the safety [illegible] election; it is also good evidence that, henceforth, sound borrowers may depend upon getting all the money they need. Another effect is apparent in the disappearance of the premium on gold. Those who have hoarded the metal to the extent of many millions within the last three months are now showing their anxiety to get rid of it by taking it to the treasury and the banks for exchange for paper currency. This lately much coveted gold has therefore become a drug on the market. At the same time, the election has caused a drop in foreign exchange to a point about admitting of imports of gold. But now that the hoarding demand for the metal has ceased and that it is coming out of hoard in a steady stream, this state of exchange attracts little attention; and there are wise financiers who incline to the opinion that, having got all the gold we really need, it may be quite as well for our interests that London should not be disturbed by further drains on this side the Atlantic.

The future looks bright indeed, and by the exercise of good judgment those who have brains can not only make both ends meet through their business operations, but also store up a surplus for a rainy day during the next four years. "E pluribus unum" remains now, as ever, this country's motto; and the stars and stripes wave over all the 70,000,000 of people without any distinction. Major McKinley when he occupies the white house, I am sure, can be relied upon to be fair and just to all that dwell on this continent, and will see to it that the laws be enforced everywhere, so that life and property will be thoroughly protected. HENRY CLEWS.

Savior of His Country.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 10.—J. S. Coxey of commonweal fame is on the ground floor with a new doctrine for 1900. It is a platform which declares for the demonetization of gold as well as silver, State ownership of all railroads, highways and telegraph and telephone lines, municipal ownership of all street car lines, water works, market houses, electric light and gas plants; employment of surplus labor in public work, women's suffrage, State control of liquor traffic and election of President by direct vote of the people. Coxey has called a conference of all friends of the initiative and referendum and advocates of the above principle of government. He believes that the government should loan money to the people at cost, and this principle, he says, will be incorporated in a platform to be adopted in the parlors of the Lincoln Hotel, St. Louis, January 12, 1897. All who favor the principles above set forth are urged to attend the St. Louis convention.

Thin, Pale Children

One satisfaction in giving Scott's Emulsion to children is they never object to it. The fact is, they soon become fond of it. Another satisfaction is because it will make them plump, and give them growth and prosperity. It should be given to all children who are too thin, or too pale. It does not make them over-fat, but plump.

It strengthens the digestive organs and the nerves, and furnishes material for rich blood.

We have a book telling you more on the subject. Sent free for the asking.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

THE SIXTH DISTRICT.

Capt. McDonald Ran Well and Has a Big Majority.

The Republican candidate in the Sixth district was a plain, unassuming man, who has spent the best years of his life in the service of his country, and was not much versed in the arts of practical politics. He conducted a quiet campaign, visited the various counties of the district, conferred with the leading Republicans, and attended a few meetings. That was the extent of his personal canvass. When it came to count the votes, this modest, unobtrusive candidate kept along about even with McKinley at almost every strong precinct,—and it does not appear that the speech-making, money-spending opponent gained upon him anywhere. A good many sound money Democrats voted for the McKinley electors, but did not vote for Congressman at all,—and this accounts for the discrepancy between the McKinley votes and the McDonald votes in a few precincts. Mr. Lee profited nothing by the missing votes.

The pluralities by counties were as follows:

	McDonald.	Lee.
Allegany	1513	.....
Frederick	1133	.....
Garrett	789	.....
Montgomery	.....	103
Washington	978	.....

McDonald's plurality over Lee 1011.

MY MARYLAND.

A Song of Triumph.

Air—"Maryland, My Maryland."

1776.

When first thy soil invaders trod,
Maryland, My Maryland;
Their blood outpoured upon the sod
Maryland, My Maryland;
Thy sons a heritage bequeathed,
(None fairer bath the world achieved),
And sons of sons thy name bath breathed,
Lovingly, "My Maryland."

1812.

Nor quenched the light upon thy shore,
Maryland, My Maryland;
When Cockburn's guns did belch and roar,
Maryland, My Maryland;
The Belton's steel with steel was met,
McHenry's flag gleamed brighter yet
As fled the foe—with sail full set—
Maryland, My Maryland.

1861.

Dear Maryland! thou sore wert tried,
Maryland, My Maryland;
When brothers warred—in all their pride,
Maryland, My Maryland;
A mother's grief possessed thee then,
A mother's love, for sons were slain;
They died, but honor didst retain!
Maryland, My Maryland.

1896.

And once again, yea, even now,
Maryland, My Maryland;
A garland fair doth deck thy brow,
Maryland, My Maryland;
Behold the victory peace hath wrought!
(Nor less renowned, with ballots fought).
God bless thy choice! thy wisdom sought—
Maryland, My Maryland.

Gary for the Cabinet.

The Baltimore *Evening News* quotes Senator-elect Wellington as follows:

"I have good reasons to believe that Mr. James A. Gary will have a seat in the Cabinet, either as Postmaster-General or Secretary of the Interior. The leading Republicans of the country, especially those whose opinion will have weight with Mr. McKinley, will urge the selection of Mr. Gary. Besides, Mr. McKinley himself is a personal friend of Mr. Gary, and knows his excellent qualifications for either place. Maryland is entitled to this recognition because she is the first of the Southern States to join the Republican party in both State and national affairs.

"The Republicans of this State regardless of factions, will back Mr. Gary, and do all in their power to secure the honor for Maryland. The thousands of Sound Money Democrats who supported our ticket last year, as well as this year, will also aid us, and I have every reason to believe that for the first time since General Creswell was Postmaster-General in Grant's Cabinet Maryland will be so honored."

Hatfields in Jail.

HUNTINGTON, November 7.—Cap Hatfield has been captured. J. H. Clark, the detective, and deputy sheriff of the Norfolk and Western railroad, with Dan Christian, arrived here with Hatfield and his 14-year-old son. They were caught in the mountains of Mingo county at dusk last night. After two day and nights of reconnoitering, the Hatfields were located in a natural rock fort in the mountains, which was used by their faction as a place of refuge during their trouble with the McCoys of Kentucky, six years ago. Hatfield and his son are charged with the murder of John Rutherford, Elliott Rutherford and Hanse Chambers in an election quarrel at Matewan, W. Va. The lad smiled and said: "I killed Elliott Rutherford and Hanse Chambers. Dad killed John Rutherford."

Cap Hatfield for years led the famous band of Hatfields against the McCoys. The fame of that feud spread over the whole country. Hatfield is charged with killing 17 men in the past 20 years.

Senator Gorman's Seat.

Congressman-elect Sidney E. Mudd of the Fifth district is announced in the Annapolis *Examiner* as a candidate for the United States Senate to succeed Senator Arthur P. Gorman. Senator Gorman's term will not expire until March 4, 1899, but his successor will be chosen by the General Assembly which will be elected next year.

MAJORITY IN HAND.

Next House to be Republican by Good Plurality.

The next House of Representatives will be controlled by the Republicans, who have, according to latest advices, a plurality of 78, and a clear majority of 56 over the Democrats and Populists combined.

The two members from South Dakota are still in doubt, but they are considered in the Republican column, and the member from Wyoming, which is also doubtful, with the chances favoring the Republicans, is placed in the Democratic column.

The table given below may be changed, but those changes will not materially affect the final result. There is no doubt that the new Congress in both branches will uphold President-elect McKinley in all his efforts to keep up the National credit, and enact a tariff measure that will give the Government all the revenue it needs to insure no deficiency.

There will be numerous contests in those districts where fraud has been charged. Col. W. C. P. Breckenridge intends to return to Congress if a contest before a Republican House will get him there. The State Canvassing Board may throw out the entire vote of Owen county, as a result of a direct violation of the election law in that county. A Democratic primary was held with the general election, the Democratic election officers serving also as the primary officers. The Bryan plurality in this county is 2,239, and if it is thrown out it means the election of Col. Breckenridge in the Seventh District by a majority of 700. Col. Breckenridge will contest the seat of his opponent, Settle (Democrat), basing his contest on the Owen county situation, where he alleges gross frauds were committed.

The next House will stand as follows:

State.	Rep.	Dem.	Pop.
Alabama	—	8	1
Arkansas	—	6	—
California	3	2	2
Colorado	—	1	1
Connecticut	4	—	—
Delaware	—	1	—
Florida	—	2	—
Georgia	—	11	—
Idaho	—	1	—
Illinois	17	3	2
Indiana	9	3	1
Iowa	11	—	—
Kansas	2	1	5
Kentucky	4	7	—
Louisiana	1	5	—
Maine	4	—	—
Maryland	6	—	—
Massachusetts	12	1	—
Michigan	10	1	1
Minnesota	7	—	—
Mississippi	—	7	—
Missouri	3	11	1
Montana	—	—	1
Nebraska	2	4	—
Nevada	—	—	1
New Hampshire	2	—	—
New Jersey	8	—	—
New York	29	5	—
North Carolina	3	1	5
North Dakota	1	—	—
Ohio	15	6	—
Oregon	2	—	—
Pennsylvania	27	3	—
Rhode Island	2	—	—
South Carolina	—	7	—
South Dakota	2	—	—
Tennessee	2	8	—
Texas	1	12	—
Utah	—	1	—
Vermont	2	—	—
Virginia	2	8	—
Washington	—	1	1
West Virginia	1	—	—
Wisconsin	10	—	—
Wyoming	—	1	—
Arizona	—	1	—
New Mexico	—	1	—
Oklahoma	1	—	—
Totals	208	130	22

Electoral Vote.

STATES.	Electoral Vote	McKinley	Bryan
Alabama	11	...	11
Arkansas	8	...	8
California	9	9	...
Colorado	4	...	4
Connecticut	6	6	...
Delaware	3	3	...
Florida	4	...	4
Georgia	13	...	13
Idaho	3	...	3
Illinois	24	24	...
Indiana	15	15	...
Iowa	13	13	...
Kansas	10	...	10
Kentucky	13	13	...
Louisiana	8	...	8
Maine	6	6	...
Maryland	8	8	...
Massachusetts	15	15	...
Michigan	14	14	...
Minnesota	9	9	...
Mississippi	9	...	9
Missouri	17	...	17
Montana	3	...	3
Nebraska	8	...	8
Nevada	3	...	3
New Hampshire	4	4	...
New Jersey	10	10	...
New York	36	36	...
North Carolina	11	...	11
North Dakota	3	3	...
Ohio	23	23	...
Oregon	4	4	...
Pennsylvania	32	32	...
Rhode Island	4	4	...
South Carolina	9	...	9
South Dakota	4	4	...
Tennessee	12	...	12
Texas	15	...	15
Utah	3	...	3
Vermont	4	4	...
Virginia	12	...	12
Washington	4	...	4
West Virginia	6	6	...
Wisconsin	12	12	...
Wyoming	3	...	3
Total	447	277	170
Necessary for choice	224	...	...

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

THE BRINY RIVER.

The Boat Will Leave Oakland on Friday, Nov. 13th, for a Four Year's Cruise.

The new and magnificent steamer, Repudiation, planned by Altgeld, Debs & Co., and built by the Populist Company, will leave Sound Money landing on Friday, Nov. 13th, for a four years' cruise up Salt River.

The boat will be officered by men who are experienced navigators in the waters for which the boat has been chartered to go, they having made many trips over the same course, only returning here about four years ago, since which time the old hulk, Democracy, which served many years in the Salt River trade, has rotted and gone to pieces, hence the new boat. The officers who will have command of the Repudiation are as follows:

Captain, G. S. Hamill; 1st mate, R. T. Browning; 2nd mate, John W. Hart; purser, Edwin L. Mitchell; steward, S. E. Boyer; assistant steward, P. T. Garthright; orator and political adviser, William Broderick; pilot, Silver Bill Miller; chief clerk, Wm. A. Daily; assistant clerk, George F. Loughridge; surgeon, Dr. E. H. Bartlett; assistant surgeon, Dr. M. C. Hinebaugh; reporter, J. M. Litzinger; ticket agent, C. F. Schmeder; chief musician, S. C. Smith; gin slinger, P. A. Chisholm; assistant, G. H. Pritchard; ("arnichy" drinks a specialty); chambermaid, S. B. Stemple; deck hands, Dick Bartlett, Guy Chisholm, Elwood Offutt, Luther Brown; roustabouts, Harper Bartlett, Paul Daily, Zeke Merrill; cabin boy, "Rip" Hamill.

The menu on this trip will be of unsurpassed quality and the supply inexhaustible. Meals will be served in courses and will consist in great part of Crow prepared in all styles and served on free silver dishes.

Passengers need have no fears of being overcrowded. The boat was made before the late election and was intended for a much larger crowd, but inasmuch as the true Democrats refused to enter into an alliance with Debs, Altgeld & Co., and the Populist party in general, there will be ample room for the limited number of passengers intending making the trip.

We learn from those who have been sojourning at the head waters of the styx-like river for the past four years that on account of the hard times caused by a policy of free trade that very little improvements were made. However, since McKinley's election business is booming and the price of town lots has advanced one hundred per cent.

In addition to the bountiful bill of fare provided by the stewarts for the trip, many valuable books have been added to Defeat library, among the recent acquisitions being the following:

"What I know about Populists," Henry M. Teller.

"How to make a Platform for Democrats," Altgeld.

"The Force of Wind," William Jennings Bryan.

"The Secret of Running a Campaign," Senator Jones.

"Shattered Hopes," Gorman.

"Jeffersonian Democracy," 3 volumes, Burke Cochrane.

"The Political Rocket," W. J. Bryan.

"Mark Hanna, or the Wizard," Chairman Jones.

"Weeping and Wailing and Gnashing of Teeth," Chairman Jones.

"A Fahmer Congressman," Chas. M. Miller.

"Why I Insert the Gold Clause in Mortgages," G. S. Hamill.

"The Champion of true Democracy," John K. Cowan.

This library will be at the disposal of the passengers making the trip.

Immediately on the arrival of the boat a lecture on "Bumps, Warts and Knots" will be delivered by Thomas E. Watson.

The return of the Repudiation is not looked for until the close of the nineteeth century when it is expected back hearing with it those who have been brought to see the error of their way.

North Glade.

Nice weather.

Farmers making good use of it.

Potato digging about over; but not many sold.

Albert Lee and George W. Moon are teaching the North Glade and Meadow Mountain schools, and are succeeding well.

We suggest that district No. 1 organize a teachers' institute at an early date, and we would name this as the first place of meeting. What do you say teachers?

Mr. Chas Beckman and wife, also Mrs. Theo. Beckman and daughter Jennie, have been visiting at Bayard, W. Va.

Rev. D. Tasker gave us a song service on Sunday night, which was largely attended and very interesting. He has organized a large class here and at Meadow Mountain.

Arthur, the little son of C. S. Harvey, has been seriously ill for some time, with inflammatory rheumatism.

Election passed off quietly, a full vote being polled.

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

A Long Drive.

Mr. Norman Nethken, who went from this county about eighteen years ago to build a home in Montana, returning here sometime during last month, having driven from Montana in a wagon drawn by two horses. He was accompanied on his long journey by his wife and their little two year old child. From Montana Mr. Nethken drove down into Arkansas, leaving there early in June. He was attacked by the chills and fever before he left the west and had lost many pounds of flesh. He will purchase a farm in this county and make this his permanent home.

Christian Endeavor Convention.

The annual convention of the Christian Endeavorers of Maryland will be held in Brantly church, Baltimore, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, November 17th, 18th and 19th. Extensive preparations are being made for this convention and the indications are that it will prove an exceedingly helpful as well as successful convention.

The Brantly church is a large, commodious structure seating 1600 persons and if the interest manifested in the convention continues the place will be filled to overflowing at [illegible] deavorers.

The Baltimore city C. E. Union has decided to entertain without charge all delegates who represent country societies and this will doubtless bring a great many people from the counties.

The program is unusually attractive and men of national reputation are engaged to speak.

Tuesday afternoon will be given over to enrollment of out of town delegates and preparatory devotional services. The evening session will attract great attention, the subject will be "Armenia, The Martyr Race of the 19th Century" and Rev. Frederick D. Green, of New York; Miss Margaret W. Leitch, of Ceylon, and Rev. Dr Allan H. Tupper, of Baltimore, will be the speakers. On Wednesday addresses will be made by pastors and laymen of the Maryland churches. The evening of Wednesday. Rev. Dr John F. Beckley, of New York, will speak on "What can C. E. do for better Sabbath observance." Hon. Homer L. Castle, of Pittsburg, Pa., will speak on "The Christian's Right Place." On Thursday morning there will be conferences on various Christian Endeavor work led by prominent laymen and an address by Rev. E. H. Delk, of Hagerstown, on "The strength and weakness of Christian Endeavorers." Rev. Chas. Roods, of Virginia, will speak on "The Joy of Soul Winning."

One of the most interesting features of the convention will be the Junior rally on Thursday afternoon. The Juniors will assemble and listen to a talk by Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock, D. D. Other exercises will make this an interesting meeting. Thursday President L. B. Whitman, D. D., of Washington, D. C., will make an address on "Every Talent for Christ".

The Convention will close by a sermon by Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D., of Philadelphia.

At noon during the days of the convention evangelistic services will be held down town for men and Dr. Wharton, of Baltimore, and Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman will be in charge.

Marriage Licenses.

The Clerk of the Circuit Court for this county issued licenses to wed to the following persons since October 1, 1896:

Duke H. Warden and Lottie Mason, both of Pruntytown, W. Va.

John W. Frankfort and Emma A. Bloom, both of Scottdale, Pa.

David Shank and Mary C. Sloan, of Garrett county.

Chas. D. Faris and Dora Noel, both of Hambleton, W. Va.

Albert Helmick and Florence McCracken, of Tucker county, W. Va.

Thomas J. Schroyer and Minnie M. Ringer, both of Friendsville.

Charlie Thomas and Anna B. Savage, both of Garrett county.

George B. Farris and Stella E. Smith, both of West Va.

William T. Barcon and L. Blan[illegible] Watson, both of Lewis county, W. Va.

Chas. L. Fretwell and Agnes Barico, both of Preston county, W. Va.

William Quinlan, of Buffalo, N. Y. and Martha B. Langfitt, of Doddridge county, W. Va.

John H. Lynch and Annie L. Fanley, both of Preston county, W. Va.

Charles P. Cecil and Ivy E. Friend, both of West. Va.

Lawrence M. Sherlig and Mollie Reall, of Garrett county.

William J. Wilburn and Annie L. Durst, both of Garrett county.

Orves C. Reese and Texie A. Simmons, both of Wilson, Md.

William F. Beeson and Laura Clark, both of Upshur county, W. Va.

George W. Digman and Ada E. Brobst, both of Garrett county.

Edward Gidley and Berdie Stouffer, both of Morgantown, W. Va.

Albert G. Straley and Ella Foley, both of Weston, W. Va.

Ernest Mason and Victoria McWilliams, both of Grafton, W. Va.

Samuel Reed Lupton Frantz, jr. and Mary Riley, both of Friendsville.

Silas B. Hinerman and Rosa Lancaster, both of Cameron, W. Va.

Two with request not to publish.

NEXT STEP TO TAKE.

Mr. Cowen's Ideas on Following up Tuesday's Victory.

Mr. John K. Cowen, whose great interest and work in the recent campaign is, of course, well known, in commenting on the result, said recently through the Baltimore *News*:

"I do not think it necessary to say much in regard to the splendid victory which has been won both in Maryland and the country at large. The victory tells its own story.

"I am satisfied the result is so decisive that the doctrines of the Chicago platform will never again be adopted by the Democratic party or by any respectable organization. The cowardice of politicians alone permitted these doctrines to get headway sufficient to be placed in a platform and indorsed by a great party. The result has taught the politician that the American people are neither stupid nor dishonest, and a stupid and dishonest platform will not win votes. I think therefore, that the politicians, especially the free-silver politicians of the South, will see that it would be ridiculous to insist any longer upon the dogmas of the Chicago platform, including that of free silver.

"The result in Maryland is especially gratifying and the election of the entire Republican Congressional ticket is another notice to the time serving politician that he cannot change his convictions in an hour and advocate to-day what he denounced yesterday and expect people to follow him. Mr. Rusk did a very manly thing in declining to become a candidate on a free-silver platform after he had been a gold-standard advocate for years in the House. I think some other gentlemen are learning that that was the best course to pursue, both as a matter of politics and as a matter of honor.

"The test that was given to the new election law, won after so many years of effort, shows that it is one of the most perfect pieces of election machinery to secure a fair, honest and peaceable election to be found anywhere in the United States. It was a great relief, I think, to men of both parties to know that upon Tuesday no one for an instant thought of fraud anywhere in Maryland.

"The effect of the victory upon business will be seen at once, indeed it is already seen upon my table, where are communications from large lenders stating that sums which were called before election need not now be paid. Business, I believe, will adjust itself to conditions of sound finance, that is to say to the exact conditions of the gold standard. Men will know what they make a contract for a dollar, that that dollar means so many grains of gold or its equivalent.

"I regard the question of the standard of our money as settled by this election. The business men of the country should now take up the question of the reform of the currency. My judgment is most decidedly that the greenback and the Treasury note must be retired and that a national bank currency must be provided, based substantially upon the plan adopted in this city some two years ago by the American Bankers' Association and which is popularly known as the Baltimore Plan. The Government is not fit to do a 'banking business,' the issuing of notes intended to be used as money and payable in coin upon demand.

"This is a fnuction, the experience of the world has shown should be performed by banks. These banks have assets which they can use when required to procure the requisite coin to redeem their notes; the Government, upon the other hand, has no assets and has no means of procuring coin, except by borrowing or taxation, and as long as the Government is in the business and issuing its notes to be used as money there will be a body of cranks who, despite the experience of the past, will insist that 'law creates value' and that money can be made by the Government and ought to be made and made in plenty.

"Of course, hundreds of years of experience have exploded this theory but all parties such as the late Popocratic party pick up rejected nostrums and offer them as cures for every political disease. It is, therefore, very important, I think, either that the leagues which have carried on the splendid fight, or the business men's associations, such as chambers of commerce and other like organizations, should make their influence felt in demanding the retirement of the greenback and Treasury note.

"I think the Honest-Money Democratic League of this city deserves the thanks of every man in the State for the splendid fight which is made, and it should constantly be brought to the front that the president of the League and the chairmen of all of its committees, with one exception, were members of the Hurst Business Men's Association last year, and formed the solid phalanx which fought Mr. Hurst's campaign, and influence of their example was felt everywhere. I think too much credit cannot be given for the splendid canvass they made for the honor of State and Union.

"The press of this city deserves the thanks of the whole community for the fight which they have made for private honesty and national integrity.

"For myself, I never felt prouder of the institutions of both State and Union than I do to-day. We have stood the strain and we have demonstrated that the people, when informed, can be trusted to do the right thing at the right time."

Antimoo Road Making.

The man who failed to fix his leaky roof because he couldn't repair it while it was raining and it didn't need fixing in fair weather, has thousands of brother pupils of his school of philosophy in all sections of the country.

They don't repair the public highways for the same reasons. During the autumn, when the weather is usually dry, the roads become fairly good without any particular attention being paid them. The farmers have time to do more or less work on them then,—but, pshaw! what's the use of fixing roads when they do not imperatively demand it?

The following spring the rains come and the roads become impassable, but the farmers are then too busy to give a moment's time to road building.

And so it goes, year after year. How are the roads in your vicinity? Isn't there a lot of repairing that should be done now, so that the highways may be serviceable next spring?

Mountain Lake Park.

Rev. Dr. Dugan Clark, of Richmond, Ind., died recently at his home. The doctor was a favorite among the camp-meeting people. He was a prominent member of the Quaker church.

Loyal Legion of the W. C. T. U. was organized at this place Thursday. It will be under the care of Miss Eliza Swan and Mrs. Wm. Sweet. Miss Frase was elected president, Miss Hattie Sweet, secretary, and Wesley Rudisill, treasurer.

Mr. Thad Hinebaugh and family have moved from Oak Hall to the Park, where they will spend the winter.

A. W. Hall, who has been in business at Rowlesburg, W. Va., has purchased Prof. Twat's saw mill, near this place. He will sell out his store in West Virginia and give his attention to sawing lumber. His family will reside in the Park.

John Dunhill, who was the business manager of Hotel Chautauqua the past season, has gone to New York city to enter employment of A. W. Dennett. Mrs. Dunhill and children will leave for the east in a few day.

Rev. Arburthnot, pastor of the M. E. church of Oakland is holding revival services at this place.

Proclamation and Notice

Of the result of the new election held in Election District Number Ten, of Garrett County, Maryland.

I, Edward Z. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Maryland, do hereby certify that it appears from the statement and certificate filed with me by the Supervisors of the Election of Garrett county, acting as a Board of canvassers, that at the said election held in Election District Number Ten of said Garrett county, on Tuesday, the third day of November, 1896, there were cast for license for the sale of spirituous or fermented liquors or alcoholic bitters in said district one hundred and thirteen votes, and that there were cast against license for the sale of spirituous or fermented liquors or alcoholic bitters in said district, one hundred and fifteen votes, and that the majority of the votes cast at said election in said district were against license for the sale of intoxicating liquors therein.

Therefore, I do certify and proclaim that on and after the first day of May in the year, 1897, (being the first day of May in the year succeeding said election) no license can be granted or issued to any person or persons, firm, company or body corporate, to sell or otherwise dispose of, by way of barter, directly or indirectly, any spirituous, fermented or other intoxicating liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication or any compound of which alcohol forms the chief or principal ingredient, in said election district number Ten.

Given under my hand this ninth day of November, A. D., 1896.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland. 36-21

Proclamation and Notice

Of the result of the new election held in election district number Six of Garrett county, Maryland.

I, Edward Z. Tower, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Maryland, do hereby certify that it appears from the statement and certificate filed with me by the Supervisors of Election of Garrett county, acting as a board of canvassers, that at the said election held in election district number Six of said Garrett county, on Tuesday, the third day of November, 1896, that there were cast for license for the sale of spirituous or fermented liquors or alcoholic bitters in said district, thirty-six votes, and that there were cast against license for the sale of spirituous or fermented liquors or alcoholic bitters in said district, seventy votes, and that the majority of the votes so cast at said election in said district were against license for the sale of intoxicating liquors therein.

Therefore, I do certify and proclaim that on and after the first day of May, in the year 1897, (being the first day of May in the year succeeding said election) no license can be granted or issued to any person or persons, firm, company or body corporate, to sell or otherwise dispose of, by way of barter, directly or indirectly, any spirituous, fermented or other intoxicating liquors or medicated bitters producing intoxication or any compound of which alcohol forms the chief or principal ingredient, in said election district number Six.

Given under my hand this ninth day of November, A. D., 1896.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland. 36-21

PLACE YOUR ORDERS FOR

Monuments,

Headstones

AND

Chimney Pipe

WITH

J. B. WILLIAMS,

FROSTBURG, MD.

4193.yr—8

RECEIVER'S SALE

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

AND

Personal Property,

NEAR OAKLAND.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, dated the 15th day of October, A. D. 1896, and passed in a cause wherein Jefferson F. Bradford is plaintiff and Millard Sr. Bradford is defendant, the undersigned receiver was authorized and directed to make sale of the real estate and personal property mentioned in said proceedings. In pursuance whereof he hereby gives notice that on

Thursday, the 12th Day of November,

1896, at the hour of eleven o'clock, a. m., on the premises located in the east end of the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Md., he will offer at public auction to the highest bidder,

1st. All that lot of ground described as follows: Beginning for the same on the north limit of the right of way of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad twenty-four and one-fourth feet from the south east corner of the planing mill of Bradford Bros., as now located, and running thence north 35½ degrees east 18½ perches, thence north 67 degrees west 12 perches to a stake, thence south 35½ degrees west 18½ perches to the line of the aforesaid right of way of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, thence with the line of the same south 67 degrees east to the beginning 222 perches, containing 1½ perches of land, being the same lot of ground which was conveyed to the said Bradford Bros. by Henry Weber and wife by deed dated the 10th day of April, 1895, and duly recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 50, folio 519, among the Land Records of Garrett county.

The improvements consist of a first class new planing mill with all the necessary machinery and power for operating same, all in first-class condition.

2nd. All the stock of lumber, doors, sash, glass, mouldings, and other material on hand at said premises.

Under the order of the court the said mill, fixtures lumber, etc., will be sold either as an entirety or separately, which ever may appear for the best interests of the trust.

Terms of sale, as prescribed by said order, one-half cash and the balance in six months, the purchasers to execute their bonds with security satisfactory to the undersigned receiver. Deferred payments to bear interest from the day of sale, or the entire purchase money may be paid in cash at the purchaser's option.

JOHN SHARTZER,
Receiver.

For further information apply to Edward H. Sinnett or Fred A. Thayer, Solicitors. 35-41

ORDER NISI.

Estes G. Eathbone vs. Ellen Gibbons, et al.—No. 760 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

Ordered, this 17th day of October, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Estes G. Eathbone, assignee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 17th day of November, 1896, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 17th day of November, 1896.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2500.00.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 33-3

ORDER NISI.

Truman W. Casteel vs. James W. Tusing and Annie E. Tusing, his wife.—No. 791 [illegible] Court [illegible]ty.

Ordered, this 27th day of October, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by John T. Mitchell attorney, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 26th day of November, 1896; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks before the 26th day of November, 1896.

The report states the amount of sale to be $550.00.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 31

RECEIVER'S SALE

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

In Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett County Maryland.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting in equity, dated the 28th day of October, A. D. 1896, and passed in a cause wherein John Shartzer is plaintiff and The Loch Lynn Store company of Garrett county, is defendant, the undersigned receiver was authorized and directed to make sale of the real estate mentioned in said proceedings. In pursuance of said order, I hereby give notice that on

Soturday, the 21st day of November,

1896, at eleven o'clock a. m., on the premises in Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Maryland, I will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, all those lots or parcels of ground situated, lying and being in Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett County, Maryland, which on the plat of said Loch Lynn Heights are known and described as

LOTS NUMBERS 34 and 35

in Block No. 4 as recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 1 folio 2, one of the plat records of Garrett county, Maryland.

Said lots are improved by a

Large New Three-story Building,

containing store room, town hall, lodge rooms, etc.

Terms of sale as prescribed by said order, one-third cash, one-third in six months and one-third in twelve months, purchaser to give his single bills for deferred payments with security to be approved by the receiver.

33td JOHN SHARTZER, Receiver.

NOTICE.

Meeting of the Board of Control and Review for Garrett County.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county hereby give notice that on

Thursday, November 12, 1896,

they will meet to act as a Board of Control and Review, consider the returns to them of assessment made by the several assessors from the assessment district in Garrett county, and to hear and determine the appeals of any person or owner taken from the action of said assessors in accordance with section 179 of Chapter 120 of the acts of Assembly of 1896, and that the session of said board of Control and Review will begin at 9 o'clock a. m., and continue until 5 o'clock p. m., each day (Sunday excepted) until said business is completed.

By order of the Board.

J. S. MEYERS,
33 Clerk to County Commissioners.

[illegible] Tablets relieve nausea.

THE INSPECTOR'S LOSS.

Inspector Hookyer had served his 25 years in the detective force, and his colleagues were entertaining him at a little farewell dinner, in anticipation of his forthcoming retirement. The chairman having eulogized the guest of the evening to an extent that brought a blush to the face of that case-hardened officer, the inspector rose to reply, and at the finish he said:

"The chairman has said that I never let a man slip through my fingers after I had once got on his track, but I am sorry to say he is wrong. I am bound to acknowledge that once an offender was too clever for me."

"Tell us about it!" arose spontaneously from almost every throat, and Inspector Hookyer, in response to the request, gave the story:

"It was a good many years ago now when I had intrusted to me a case of a young woman named Eliza Thickbroom, who had been found dead (evidently murdered by having her throat cut) in some fields adjoining the canal near a town in Lancashire. She had been a domestic servant and was of a very retiring, staid disposition, and bore an irreproachable character. Her friends lived in quite another part of the country, and her mistress had no knowledge of her keeping company or anything of that kind. For some time I had considerable difficulty in fixing the crime or any reason for it upon anyone; but at last, after a lot of inquiry, I ascertained that she had been walking out with a man named Lamprey, who lived near Stockport, in Cheshire, some 30 miles from where Eliza Thickbroom resided.

"It seemed that the girl had been in the habit of spending her holiday, when she had a day off, in going to Stockport, where Lamprey met her, and that she had become engaged to him, but that, hearing something to his discredit, she refused to have anything more to do with him, and, so far, nothing further was known to implicate Lamprey in the crime; but I, of course, at once took the train to Stockport and proceeded to hunt up Lamprey and to make inquiries in the town where he resided.

"I knew nothing about him except his name, but from the local police and cautious questions of one another I ascertained that he had been a sailor and was then a 'steeple-jack,' and one of the best climbers known.

"'Jack Lamprey!' cried one man to whom I had spoken. 'Ah, he can climb, for sure, can Jack! Why, he climbed up to the very top of yon steeple' (pointing to the church hard by, which had a spire remarkably tall and slender, and very hard to mount). 'After the storm had damaged the weathercock. Jack climbed up and fixed it all alone for the parson, and he refused to be paid for it!'

"The man seemed to look upon Lamprey's refusing payment as more wonderful than his climbing the steeple, and perhaps he was right. Well, bit by bit, I found little things which when pieced together, pointed unmistakably to Jack Lamprey as the murderer. He had, until recently, been seen frequently in and about Stockport with the girl, but for the last two or three months she had not been observed in his company. He had been a jolly sort of fellow, but since the girl had ceased her visits it had been noticed that he had become moody and silent, and he had taken to drink a good deal, although he had previously been a most abstemious man.

"He was away from his lodgings on the night of the murder, and on his return early the next day he was travel-stained, as if he had walked a long way. His landlady remembered that he told her he had fallen down in some chemical works where he had been on a job and had stained his clothes, and she recollected that immediately after his arrival home he had busied himself brushing and sponging his garments.

"There was sufficient evidence to justify me in obtaining a warrant; but he was away on a job—no one knew where, exactly, except that it was somewhere near Liverpool—and it was useless for me to leave Stockport, where I had the best chance of catching him, on a wild-goose chase to Liverpool without better information. My only course was to wait and keep quiet till he came back, which he was expected to do the following day.

"I took every precaution to prevent anyone knowing that he was 'wanted,' but some 'pal' must have got to suspect it and given him warning. The police in Liverpool had been wired to and had kept watch of all trains in the direction of Stockport, and towards the evening of the second day I received the intimation that a man resembling his description had taken the train and was on his way. Assisted by a local detective who knew the man, I watched every passenger out of the train on its arrival at Stockport, but no Jack Lamprey alighted, and, on inquiring of the guard, it seemed pretty certain that he had got out at Cheadle, a station a few miles outside Stockport.

"It was the beginning of winter, and night had set in, so that it was extremely doubtful if we could follow the man, but we took a train which was just going out of the station, and in a few minutes were at Cheadle. I there made certain that my man had got out. He had booked for Stockport and had given up his ticket; but do all we could, we could get no trace of him. He had left the station immediately on leaving the train; no one knew him, and we could find no one to tell us anything more. So, hoping perhaps to pick up a clew on the road, we walked back to Stockport and on to the town where he lived, which was a few miles the other side, but our tramp was in vain.

"We had left instructions at Stockport for Lamprey's lodgings to be watched; but by some blunder a man had not been sent there for some time, and, much to my anger and disgust, when I arrived at his house I found that he had been there, just for five minutes, his landlady said, and had left again with a bag of clothes.

"I was mightily savage, you may guess, both with myself and with the police of the place for not keeping a better lookout; but it was no use losing my head over it, and I at once set to work dodging his footsteps after he had left his lodgings. In the public house which he frequented I came across a man to whom I had previously spoken, who seemed to know Lamprey in a very distant sort of way, and I turned the conversation on the man I wanted.

"'Ah! I've just seen him,' said the fellow. 'About an hour ago, or mayhap a little more. He was going to Macclesfield, he said, to catch the early train in the morning into Staffordshire, where he's got another job. He seemed in a mighty hurry, too.'

"I had reason afterward to think that this man was the one who had given Lamprey warning, but whether that was so or not his information that night appeared to be correct, for I met several people who had seen Jack going across the fields towrd Marple, which was his best way of getting to Macclesfield from the place he lived in; but when I arrived at Marple station I was at fault again, for no train had been out for quite two hours, and although I waited till the last train to Macclesfield had left, Lamprey did not show up.

"Tired, and vexed beyond description, I tramped back and got what rest I could, hoping that something might turn up in the morning to assist me in recovering the ground I had lost, but afraid that for once I had let my quarry slip, and that I might never catch him, now that he was aware he was being tracked.

"Sure enough, the something did turn up in the morning, and something which confirmed my fears, though I felt that I had got my man dead, if I had missed him alive. The postman came round soon after seven, before it was quite light, and I had only just got up when a boy came running with a letter, which had been delivered at the police station. It bore the Marple postmark, and was addressed to 'The Detective from London.'

"Tearing it open, I read something like this:

"'From John Lamprey. I know you are after me, and I know what for. I managed to keep out of your way to-night, and I meant to try and get down south, but you are sure to have me, sooner or later, so I've determined to make an end of it. Look at the church steeple when you get this to-morrow morning.'

"The church steeple was a tall and prominent feature whichever way you turned, and I had only to go to the end of the street to get a full view of it. When I got there and looked up, I saw something that gave me a start. In the uncertain light of the early morning I could discern against the gray sky, hanging by the neck to one of the iron loops which serve for a ladder on the side of the spire, the figure of a man!

"'So much for Jack Lamprey!' I said to myself, as I hurried to the police station. 'He has saved me any more trouble!'

"By the time I had been to the station and back to the church it was broad daylight, and, of course, the body hanging aloft had been seen, and a crowd had already collected, every one recognized it as Jack Lamprey.

"'A strange freak,' I remarked to the sergeant who was with me.

"There was no one round Stockport who would venture up the spire, and a telegram had to be sent to Stalybridge for a man to come and get the body down. It was past midday before the steeplejack arrived, and by that time half Stockport had heard of the affair. Work was discarded, and an immense crowd collected to witness the sight. Every foot of the man's way up to the steeple was watched by thousands of eyes, and when at last he approached the swaying body of Jack Lamprey, the tongues which had been loudly wagging were hushed as by common consent.

"I shall never forget the few minutes that followed while the steeple-jack (now looking the size of a little child) made his way very cautiously close up to the body, and fixing a rope to it, made his preparations for lowering it to his assistant, who was waiting on the top of the square tower to receive it. There was something awfully sad and solemn about it all!

"In due course the assistant received the corpse, which he let down to the ground, and everyone around me remarked that he swung it roughly to the earth, without showing the respect which might have been looked for. In fact, some actually called out: 'Shame!'

"But all at once the hush which had fallen upon the crowd was broken by a storm of jeers and laughter! The thing which had given us all this trouble was nothing but a guy! And I never felt such a fool in all my life.

"So that he might get nearly a day's start, Lamprey had cleverly missed me the night before. While I had been wasting my time at Marple he had been employed in stuffing the suit of clothes which he had taken from his lodgings with straw, making a very passable representation of himself; and in the middle of the night he had climbed the steeple (which was child's play to him) and left his effigy there to deceive me and lull me into inaction.

"I need not dwell upon the chaff I received. It is too painful, even now, for me to recall without annoyance, but you may be sure that I quickly made myself scarce."

"Did the fellow get clear away?" asked some one.

"Yes. He took the train to the east coast and succeeded in getting to Holland unnoticed," replied Inspector Hookyer. "But he hanged himself in real earnest some considerable time afterward, leaving a letter behind admitting his guilt, and stating that his conscience troubled him so that he could not bear to live."—Tit-Bits.

MUSTANG MEAT.

Broncbos from the Northwest Being Shipped to France.

S. L. Moore, general freight agent of the Northern Pacific, has in operation a scheme for clearing the ranges of the west of their hundreds of thousands of cheap horses—made cheap by the trolley and the bicycle—within the next year or two. The first experimental train load is now en route. Speaking of his scheme Mr. Moore said:

"Five dollars and ten dollars a head is the price now asked for several hundred thousand horses, branded and roaming the plains, too valuable to be destroyed and too expensive to keep alive. These horses vary in weight from 750 pounds to 1,100 pounds each, and as a rule are branded, on the hip or shoulder, or some other conspicuous place, to prevent loss by theft or going astray in stormy weather. Sometimes these animals wander hundreds of miles from the home ranches, but the owners can always identify their stock with very little difficulty. Large droves of these horses are destined to the trade in Paris and other cities in Europe. A train load is now en route over the Northern Pacific railway from Washington, in cars especially provided with hay racks and water troughs, and will soon be driven aboard ship in New York harbor and sent across the Atlantic ocean. This bunch of cayuses and broncbos must pass a rigid health inspection in New York and at the receiving port in Europe. For a year or more the freight department of the Northern Pacific railway has labored to find a market for the surplus of horses tributary to that line. A plant was established by several men at Portland, Ore., to slaughter some of these animals, but it did not succeed for the reason that the European governments passed a prohibitive law against landing horse meat in packages of any kind. This effectually shut out the horse market pickled and preserved in that city, and cut off an industry that promised to be very profitable to the enterprising proprietor, as well as a lasting benefit to the horse ranches on the plains in providing a market for stock almost valueless for any other purpose.

"It is only a few years since that tales of adventure, reading like romance, were written about the capture and slaughter of magnificent specimens of wild horses in the extreme west, which were supposed to be descendants from animals escaped or abandoned during the Spanish conquests, some drifting to the north. It is different with these herds in Montana, Wyoming, Idaho and Washington; they are the abandoned results of enterprises which were projected on an extensive scale, within the past ten or twelve years. Some of the finest horses in Europe were imported for breeding purposes and on nearly all the cattle ranches the work was carried on extensively. The early completion of the Northern Pacific afforded transportation facilities for reaching the markets in the eastern and middle states, and the great ranges heretofore abounding in elk, deer and buffalo, were soon occupied by large droves of horses, many of which were driven overland from Arizona, Texas and Mexico, to fatten on the nutritious buffalo or bunch grass. Immense fortunes were made in this way and cattle kings were numbered by the score; but when the electric device and cables for street railway cars were adopted, profits gradually diminished until instead of there being a gain there was a constant loss. When the bicycle came into general use the industry received the fatal blow. Many who were in the habit of using saddle horses found that the bicycle did not require to be 'broke in' nor did it require feeding or stabling while in many respects the machine was capable of being applied to greater use than the horse.

"According to the secretary of agriculture there are 1,500,000 horses between the Twin Cities and the North Pacific coast in the states before mentioned. Several hundred thousand of these animals could be disposed of and not missed; and at an average price of $7.50 per head would yield over $2,000,000.

"The train load just shipped is in a measure experimental, the rail lines east of Chicago having refused to make a rate proportionate to the rate adopted by the lines west of Chicago. If the Central Traffic and Trunk Line associations would apply cattle rates on horses (worth about one-third as much as cattle), the success of the enterprise would at once be assured; but they have refused to apply less than their tariff rate for valuable horses, which is nearly 50 per cent. in excess of the rate on cattle. Many of the individual lines are favorable to the proposition, and it is hoped that the association will reconsider the proposition for a reduction to a basis approximating the present cattle tariff, to apply on animals of low value in train loads when destined for Europe. The ocean ships are provided with stationary pens for the safe handling of live stock, and all that remains to insure clearing the ranges of the cheap horses is the adoption of the rates proposed.

"If the government officials at Washington are successful in their negotiations with the European authorities for the removal of the restriction against horse meat in packages from America, parties having plenty of capital are willing to open a large and expensive plant, constructed by Marquis de Mores several years ago, at Medora, N. D., for the purpose of slaughtering cattle, and will add to it a pickling and canning branch, for the purpose of slaughtering these horses."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

—Puss, a familiar name for a cat, was once pers, the Persian name for the same animal.

—The word vernacular once meant "a slave who was born in the house of his master."

FASHION AND FANCY.

Ladies' Wraps for the Coming Cold Season.

The coming season will be marked by a lavish use of exceedingly bright colors. Military scarlet will be one of the prominent features of the cold-weather costumes. Red hats, red cloaks, red dresses, red trimmings of all sorts, are in the ascendant. Conservative taste modifies red with black or clouds it with white. A red satin dress literally smothered in white lace was a recent order. A cloak of red broadcloth, lined with satin and trimmed with a lattice pattern of black satin ribbon, is one of the most stylish garments of the season.

The interest of womankind is just now turned toward outside garments, and everybody is wondering what is coming next. Among the styles shown are square-cut box coats that extend 10 to 14 inches below the waist-line. These are made with perfectly square fronts and backs, either plain or with a box-plait pressed closely down, watteau fashion, from the shoulders. Other styles have the plait running up to the collar. Another idea is three heavy plaits in the back, but these are not for autumn, being almost too heavy and cumbersome. They weight the shoulders, and are not pleasant to wear.

A garment modeled somewhat after the old-fashion of the old-time redingote is among the best importations. One model is of moderately heavy cloth, and is lined with iridescent satin. The edges are finished with a wide band of black velvet, and similar bands of black velvet outline the seams and finish the cuffs, collars and lapels.

A novelty is a long coat of broadcloth in two colors. The body of the garment is of tan color, the trimmings of black. The collar, deep cuffs and lapels are of black, and black bands are stitched down over all the seams, and a wide trimming of the broadcloth turns back from the front on either side. The garment is double-breasted, and closes over a vest-shaped section that extends about half way down the skirt from the belt. This vest portion is embroidered and braided in the most elaborate fashion. The rest of the garment is without garniture other than the black cloth mentioned. The sleeves are in the modified leg-o'-mutton shape that has been introduced to let us down by easy gradations from the enormous sleeves to the almost tight-fitting styles.

The ulster is to be the general all-around useful cloak of the season. A few ulsters with capes are shown, others are merely the fitted garment. Many of them are lined throughout the waist and the upper half of the skirt portion. This is done for warmth, and cloaks of this pattern, with double-breasted fronts, are adapted for extremely cold weather and driving. The latter cloak is a garment which is very popular, as many women are extremely fond of driving, and must be so arranged as to be easy and comfortable, and, at the same time, sufficiently well fitted to be tidy and stylish, which combination is not always easy to secure. A cold-weather garment of this sort is made of coffee-brown cloth, of a material somewhat like Irish frieze. The front laps over rather farther than the average double-breasted garment, giving an additional warmth. The sleeves are very loose at the tops, and quite full at the elbows, then narrow to cuffs of the usual shape. A cape, which is long enough to cover the arms to the wrists, is furnished with the cloak. A new point in this cape is a button and buttonhole at the extreme points of the front. In windy weather the front corners of the cape are crossed and buttoned and buttonhole are fastened at the back of the waist. This makes what is equivalent to big sleeves over those of the regularly fitted garment.

Another cape, which is much longer, has a buttonhole made about 12 inches back on either side of the front. Through these holes straps attached to the edges of the cloak pass and fasten at the back. This arrangement permits the cape to fall below the waist line and is a much greater protection than could be imagined unless one has tried it. Circular capes will be quite as much worn as heretofore and differ very slightly in shape from those of last season. A fancy of the moment is the round cape made of West-of-England broadcloth. The trimming may be either the elaborate braiding heretofore described in the Ledger, or, what is just as much liked by many, lattice-work either of the material itself, made into narrow strips and stitched on, or satin, velvet or ribbon. One cape is trimmed with a ribbon of satin and [illegible] and arabesques, and makes a [illegible] effective garment.

[illegible] collars and wide lapels are also worn on these West-of-England broadcloth capes, and short capes of brocade or velvet are lined with ermine and trimmed with rose ruchings of silk or velvet.—N. Y. Ledger.

A Fast Beard.

Three brothers bearing a remarkable resemblance to one another are in the habit of shaving at the same barber's shop. Not long since one of the brothers entered the shop early in the morning, and was shaved by a German who had been at work in the shop only a few days. About noon another brother came in and underwent a similar operation at the hands of the same barber. In the evening the third brother made his appearance, when the German, dropping his razor in astonishment, exclaimed:

"Vell, upon my vord! dat man hash de fashtest beard I ever saw. I shaves him dis morning, shaves him at dinner-times, and he comes back now, mit his beard so long as it never vash!"—London Tit-Bits.

Grape Jam.

The common wild grape is best for this. Boil soft and strain the grapes through a sieve, a pound of sugar to a pound of pulp. Boil 20 minutes, stirring often.—Ladies' World.

Their Conclusions.

Two scientists of the twenty-first century were examining with deep interest a petrified body which had just been discovered.

"It is quite old," said one.

"Yes," replied the other, "but not more than 150 years, I should say. You will notice that it has the bicycle face and the telephone ear. Those peculiarities did not develop until near the close of the nineteenth century, according to the best authorities."—N. Y. World.

Lovely Woman.

If you believe her,
She will deceive;
If you deceive her,
She will believe.
—Bay City Chat.

ANOTHER CASE OF 16 TO 1.

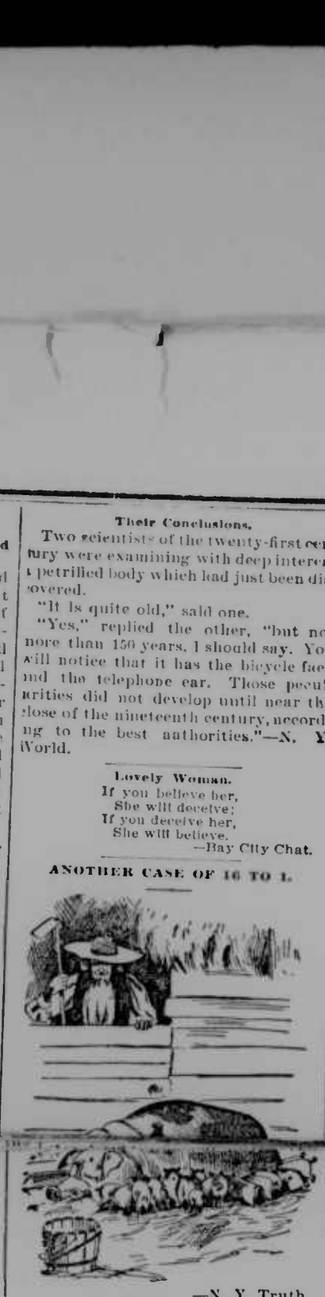

—N. Y. Truth.

An Ovation.

Primus—Spangler has written a play.
Secundus—Has it been produced?
Primus—Yes, last night.
Secundus—Full house?
Primus—Packed.
Secundus—Did the audience call for Spangler after the curtain fell?
Primus—Yes, and demanded their money back.—Bay City Chat.

The Redeeming Feature.

Husband—There was something about Miss Brown's singing to-night that I liked.

Wife—Indeed? What could it have been?

Husband—There was very little of it.—Town Topics.

Using Him to Advantage

"Mr. Scrimple," said the magnate to the young barrister, "I want to make use of your valuable services."

"Very well, sir," said Scrimple, as he gasped at the joyous prospect of a first brief. "What can I do for you?"

"A firm which competes with my house," replied the magnate, firmly, "is about to bring an action for damages against me, and I want you to get them to engage you as their counsel."—Tit-Bits.

An Effort to Be Cheerful.

The genial young man slapped the merchant on the back and exclaimed:

"How's business?"

"How's business?" the merchant repeated, thoughtfully. Then he took a bundle of notes at anything from 30 days to six months from his pocket, and with an effort at cheer, exclaimed:

"My boy, I never saw a time when business was more promising."—Washington Star.

One Way to Get Even.

Mrs. Bingo (excitedly)—Say, the Baxters, next door, are going to have their house painted brown; now we must have our's painted a little lighter shade.

Mr. Bingo (testily)—I suppose if they had their house painted pure white, you would want one a lighter shade.

Mrs. Bingo—No, I wouldn't. I'd burn soft coal every day the wind was right. —Harlem Life.

Not for the World.

Mrs. Dorcas—Our league of emancipated women is going to have a lecture on the social equality of the sex. You must be sure to come.

Mrs. Cohwigger—Certainly, my dear. I shall bring Miss Manners with me, as she believes in social equality.

Mrs. Dorcas—Not for the world. You know she isn't in our set.—Tit-Bits.

An Easy Task.

Grymes—I can read your mind like a book. I know what your every thought is.

Pokerdek—I don't believe it. What am I thinking about now?

Grymes—You are thinking that I am a liar!—Up-to-Date.

Yes, Indeed.

"Those horseless carriages," said Flo;
"Oh, won't they be real grand?
It always bothers Clarence so
To drive with just one hand."
—Buffalo Times.

Fliegende Blaetter

REASON TO BE PROUD.

"Say, neighbor; ain't your cow a good deal of a high stepper?"
"Well some. It's a countess that's a-milkin' her."

An Assistance.

"Do you think that it prolongs a man's life to be insured?"

"Yes," replied the man who had just been interviewed by an agent; "it does something toward keeping him from being talked to death."—Washington Star.

Realism in the Nursery.

Mrs. Noyes—Children! children! can't you get along without making such a terrible racket?

Nellie Noyes—No, mamma; we can't. Willie's playing he's papa coming home late at night!—Yonkers Statesman.

In the Cloth.

Miss Dorothy—Curious thing, that Rev. Mr. Hicks should marry his typewriter.

The Rival Parson—Had to. She knew where he got his sermons.—Bay City Chat.

Not Appreciated.

"Brown's play failed, I understand. What was the matter with it?"

"Held the mirror too close to nature, I think. He had all the characters talking about the weather during the entire first act."—N. Y. World.

An Awful Story.

"I wouldn't believe the witness on his oath, your honor," said the lawyer.

"State your reasons," said the judge.

"Been in Georgia two years and says he never ran for office."—Atlanta Constitution.

Why He Was a Mouse.

Mrs. Nugleigh (angrily)—Are you a man or are you a mouse? That's what I want to know.

Mr. Nugleigh (sotto-voce)—I guess I must be a mouse. I have evidently been caught by a cat.—N. Y. World.

His View Confirmed.

He—Marry me, dear, and you shall want for nothing.

She—There; I always heard it said that marriage put an end to a woman's happiness!—Yonkers Statesman.

Her Kind.

Clerk—Would you like to look through some of our blankets, ma'am?

Customer—No. I want some that you can't look through.—N. Y. World.

A Mistaken Idea.

"Is that a valuable ring you have on your finger?" asked Gus de Smith of Smiley.

"Well, I've hung it up for $75."

"It must be quite valuable."

"Yes; I've hung it up 75 times for a dollar each time."—Texas Sifter.

Knott Guilty.

A short time since a Mr. Knott was tried for a violation of the law. The verdict was: "We find the defendant Knott guilty."

The judge was at a loss whether to sentence him or not.—The Green Bag.

COMMERCIAL ITEM.

"Drawing on the Bank."

Proof.

Willis—What do you think of the old way they had of bleeding people?

Wallace—Must have been something in it. I had much better health before I quit shaving myself.—Town Topics.

Solid Worth.

"What attracted young Coppage to that homely girl?"

"Why, her name is Maria, and she won't let anybody call her Marie."—Chicago Record.

Long Lived.

"What is the average life of a good bicycle, Sprockets?"

"Well, some of them last until they are paid for."—Chicago Record.

Disgusted with Politics.

"I think I'll abandon the stump!" said Rivers, throwing away the remnant of the campaign cigar a candidate had given him.—Chicago Tribune.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY COMPARISON.

Polly was dusting the parlor—
Not that she liked to dust,
But because, as she said: "It's one of the things
That isn't u may, it's a must!"

And in gathering up the papers,
She happened to glance at one
In which somebody spoke of how a queen
"Came sweeping down from her throne."

And as Polly settled those papers
In an orderly little heap,
She said to herself: "When I am a queen
I will neither dust nor sweep!

"But of course she has a 'sweeper'—
Most likely a golden one—
And perhaps, when you're tired of governing,
Sweeping would seem just fun!"

—Margaret Vandegrift, in Youth's Companion.

SURPRISE ALL AROUND.

Adventure of Trapper, a Jealous Camp Cook and a Panther.

Forest and Stream tells a story of a trapper, a panther, and a camp cook The trapper was a good one, and had had such success that a lumber camp cook, also a trapper, was jealous of him.

One day the trapper, John Gardener, visited an Adirondack lumber camp, and there told of his good luck. Murdock, the cook, became restless when he heard Gardener's tales. One day, a week or so later, Gardener returned to his camp sooner than usual, and found Murdock rummaging in his shanty. Murdock explained that he was searching for tobacco. Later Murdock started for the lumber camp in his boat, leaving Gardener cutting a supply of night wood.

Gardener lay down and went asleep, then awakened suddenly with the feeling that something, he didn't know what, was sneaking about camp. His rifle was alongside, loaded, and he raised himself to a sitting position and listened. He heard footfalls, which he thought were a bear's, maybe a panther's. The full moon, shining through a clouded sky and a low-burning campfire, rendered the camp's surroundings partially discernible.

The object that made the sounds came into view, and Gardener reckoned that it was a bear. He leveled his rifle and was pressing the trigger, when out of a tree overhead the long, lean, tawny form of a panther shot down at the stooping creature.

There was a yell then that surprised Gardener and made the panther leap sideways and put through the woods at full speed. Then a flicker of the fire showed a man running and stumbling headed for the creek. A moment or so later the splash, splash of oars sounded back through the woods, dying away quickly in the distance.

The next morning Murdock returned to the lumber camp, having been gone since the afternoon of the day before, his clothes torn to shreds, and hide torn, too, in places. He packed up everything of his own, and away he went before noon. This Gardener learned some days after. Gardener wondered which of the three was the most surprised, the panther, the cook or himself.

CLEVER ILLINOIS BOY.

How He Kept the Birds Away from His Tomato Patch.

One of our boys who lives on a big vegetable farm just south of Chicago is born to be a great inventor. There isn't a doubt of it.

This fall his father had a large crop of tomatoes, covering several acres of ground. A few weeks ago they began to get ripe in large quantities, and it kept several men busy picking them and packing them into boxes and baskets ready for shipment to Chicago.

But, unfortunately, there were certain small birds in the neighborhood that were as well pleased with the tomatoes as was the farmer. And whenever the men's backs were turned down would come those birds in a perfect swarm and begin to peck into the ripe

DRIVING AWAY THE BIRDS.

red fruit. If they had contented themselves with eating up a few big tomatoes it wouldn't have made so much difference, but they pecked into dozens of them, and when a tomato has so much as one little hole in it it won't sell.

All this was very provoking to the farmer, but our boy found a remedy. It happened that he had a lively little black dog that was very fond of chasing chickens, and he knew that if he could be kept in the garden there wouldn't be any more trouble from birds. So our boy went and drove two stout stakes 40 or 50 feet apart near the tomato bed, and between them he stretched a stout wire, on which he had first threaded a small ring. At one stake he placed an empty box for a kennel and then he tied the little black dog to the ring. The next time the swarm of birds came for the tomatoes that little dog ran out and chased them the whole length of his wire, and he kept right at it until they didn't dare to come back. Lots of times he would have liked to run away to the house, but the wire held him straight to business.

Now, don't you think that boy will become a great inventor some day?—Chicago Record.

Where Hens Are Kept Busy.

In China hens are kept busy hatching fish. The spawn is placed in egg shells, hermetically sealed, and a hen is induced to sit on them. At the proper time the little fish are removed and put in carefully tended ponds.

CURIOUS FISHERMAN.

How the Bladder-Wart Catches Unsuspecting Little Fishes.

There are many persons, perhaps, who have heard of plants that catch insects, but comparatively few, I imagine, know anything about this vegetable fisherman here shown. It is an innocent-looking plant, and bears a pretty flower. No one would for a moment imagine its real character. This plant is found in most of our freshwater ponds, and is known as the bladder wart or Utricularia. In the early part of the season this plant lies at the bottom of the water and resembles a mass of fibers; but later on, when the period of flowering arrives, the vesicles absorb the mucus which filled them and replace it with an aeriform fluid. Then the plant, having become much lighter than the water, escapes from the bottom and rises to the surface where it floats and where its beautiful golden-yellow flowers are expanded and fecundated. It is a magnificent sight to see this rootless plant, floating half in and half out of the water, the branching and stem-like leaves forming the submerged float from which rises the flower-stem. To the leaves are attached curious insect-like bladders filled with water, and varying in size in the different species, reaching at times a diameter of one-fifth of an inch. It was formerly supposed that these bladders were filled with air and

THE VEGETABLE FISHERMAN.

acted as floats, but this is not so. In place of air these bladders contain water; they are the digestive organs of the Utricularia, and at the same time are so constructed as to form a very ingenious but extremely simple trap for catching food. It is into these bladders that many tiny fish find their unwitting way, together with many insects. The bladder, as shown in the picture, is somewhat of a pear shape, with an opening at the small end. Around the mouth are antennae-like projections or bristles, which are for the purpose of warding off and keeping out insects of too great size. The mouth is closed by a valve which readily yields to light pressure, but offers an immovable barrier to the once-captured creature. The valve is a thin and transparent plate, and by means of the water behind it is made to stand out like a bright spot, which many naturalists think attracts prey. Some of the insectivorous plants, on catching their prey, at once pour out a digestive fluid analogous to the gastric juice of the human stomach, but with the Utricularia this is not the case. The fish or other food when caught in the bladder are merely captives, and swim about in their confined quarters with eager activity in their endeavor to find an outlet, until asphyxia for lack of oxygen comes on. Even now the plant makes no effort to digest the animal food, but waits patiently until decay takes place and the animal matter is by putrefaction resolved into fluids which the numerous papillae lining the bladder can absorb. — J. Oliver Nugent, in Leslie's Weekly.

Rewarded for His Genius.

While a man was counting his change at an L station in New York, a quarter fell from his hand and rolled along the platform until it lodged under the raised steps, in plain sight but clear out of reach. This exasperated the man. He protested that he did not care about the money, but he hated to lose it in that way. A messenger boy, standing near, offered to get it for a dime. The man gave him the coin, and the boy walked away. Presently he came back with a piece of scantling in his hand, and vigorously chewing gum. From his mouth he took the wad of gum, stuck it on the end of the scantling, thrust the stick through the narrow space, pressed the gum on the coin and drew it out. "Keep it," said the man, promptly. "I believe in rewarding genius." And he boarded a train, his face wreathed in smiles.

The Hunter Softly Stole Away.

A hunter in the Wisconsin woods was going through a swamp when he saw a bear stretched out on a log over a brook. Presently the bear put a paw down through a hole in the shell of the log on which it lay and dipped it into the water. The trout gathered around it and nibbled at the foot. Then the claws shut up quickly, and the fish were caught. That the bear was a successful fisher was shown by the remains of fish around the log. The hunter was armed with a shotgun only, and was not looking for bears, so he quietly stole away, much impressed with the scene he had witnessed.

Horse Drinks from a Nozzle.

A Connecticut livery stable boasts of a clever horse. One day, as one of the men was using a hose to wash a carriage, the horse came out, and the man held the nozzle to the horse's mouth, partly in fun. The horse promptly seized it and took a refreshing drink. The next day the experiment was repeated, and the horse drank again, evidently pleased with the temperature of the water. From that time onward he was always watered with the hose, and if the water is not running he will whinny or stamp with his feet until some one turns on the water.

FARM AND GARDEN.

FOWLS IN WINTER.

Green Food Is the Best Thing to Stimulate Egg Production.

No other food is so absolutely necessary for the production of eggs in winter as the green-food ration. The cooping of hens during the cold months is a modern and rather unnatural condition of things. Our forefathers never considered it necessary to house a flock at any season of the year, except at night, and then only in cold climates. In the south, where the average temperature is mild throughout the year, fowls are left generally to themselves and roost in trees or on fences—any place where they can be higher at night than their prowling enemies.

Modern poultry culture has improved on all this, and to-day the successful breeder, whether for egg production or fancy points, houses his stock comfortably and confines them closely to their coops during the winter months. It is therefore necessary to supply them with all the variety of food they would otherwise gather, if left to their own inclinations. When the spring comes and your fowls are let out for the first time, watch them and you will see how eagerly they will rush to the nearest grass and devour ravenously every blade.

Everything that is of a vegetable nature is worth storing, therefore, to supply the place of the natural green article so much enjoyed by them—small potatoes, turnips, mangel-wurzels, cabbage, dried clover; in fact, anything of this nature that can be successfully kept over during cold weather.

The small vegetables and clover hay can be boiled or steamed and added to the morning mash, and the mangels and cabbage can be fed in the raw state. Many of our most successful egg farmers feed the last two as a separate midday ration, all that the hens will eat up clean, or suspend a cabbage about two feet above the litter in coops for them to jump and peck at, thus giving additional exercise in procuring a tempting green morsel.—Country Gentleman.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

Don't think it luck that brings success, it's proper feed and management that determines the profit with poultry, etc.

Whatever you are breeding, poultry, pigeons or pet stocks, don't neglect your stock and expect to succeed, because you won't.

Don't think you can breed prize winning stock from culls; it takes good stock, a great deal of experience and a little patience.

Don't think you know it all, because you will get left; ask your brother fancier for an occasional bit of advice, especially if you are a beginner.

Don't crowd your stock, you can't keep 50 birds in a place large enough for 20, and have success in breeding them, you might breed plenty of vermin, but that don't pay.

Don't throw a few handfuls of wheat at your pigeons once in awhile and wonder why they don't do well, feed them properly at least twice a day, always have pure clean water before them.

Don't think bantams are too small to be of any account, give them proper care and they will lay more eggs in proportion to their size than a good many of the large breeds.—American Poultry Journal.

FEEDING ARRANGEMENT.

It Prevents Hens from Soiling Their Food or Themselves.

When hens are fed in open dishes, they will persist in getting into their food, soiling it and themselves. A handy and cleanly feeding arrange-

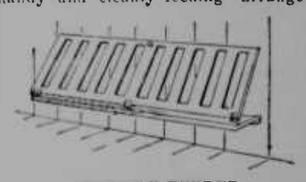

POULTRY FEEDER.

ment is shown in the sketch. A board, with a rim in front, is nailed to the wall, six inches from the floor, and to this is hinged a slat-work arrangement that permits the fowls to feed through it, but will not let them get into the food. It opens out from the top when one is putting food upon the board, and remains closed when shut. —American Agriculturist.

Treatment of Poultry Manure.

Poultry manure should be removed from the houses every day and should be kept under cover. Every time droppings are added to the pile, sprinkle either land plaster or kainit. The latter is to be preferred because it contains potash, in which the poultry manures are deficient. The object of the addition is to prevent the escape of ammonia, and the nose will be a safe guide in determining the amount of kainit to use. The quantity necessary will vary with the degree of moisture of the manure and the temperature of the air. Add enough so that there is no odor of ammonia when the pile is stirred. The mixture of kainit with hen manure fits it for use for hoed crops. It should be made fine before application.—Western Plowman.

Story of a Homesick Horse.

A day or two ago a gentleman told of his having pensioned an old work horse that for years had done good service. He put him out on nice pasture for the remnant of his days. The horse cleared the fence and came home. Three times the experiment was repeated, till they became convinced the horse was too homesick to stand it. When they hitched him to his old wagon his manifestations of joy were almost human, and now he is delivering groceries, as he's been doing for almost a score of years, green pastures having no allurements for this town horse.—National Stockman.

MAIMED MOTOR MAN.

Drawn Out of Shape By a Peculiar Disease—He Is Made Whole.

From the Crisis, East Liverpool, Ohio.

It is hardly necessary to introduce Mr. Robert Collingwood to the people of East Liverpool, Ohio, as everybody in that section of the country knows him, but to those who have not the pleasure of his acquaintance, let it be stated that he is a motorman on the East Liverpool and Wellsville Electric Street Railway, and he has the esteem and has had the sympathy of the community in which he resides, on account of a bone-racking disease, which baffled the skill of physicians. In fact for months he was thought to be the most unfortunate of men, being laid upon his bed enduring excruciating agonies. His limbs were drawn out of shape, and he was looked upon as a hopeless cripple by his fellows, and as for his ever being able to put his hand in a lever again, such a thing was never expected.

While the Union was doing all in its power financially and otherwise for his benefit, to the astonishment of his friends, and especially of physicians, Mr. Collingwood began to mend and soon was able to report for duty at the power house of the company.

When asked to what he attributed his recovery he said: "To Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had really given up all hope of recovery, and had lost all faith in doctors and medicine, when I was induced to try Pink Pills, so procuring a box from our East End druggist, I began using them in a half hearted manner, but in a very short time I began to notice an improvement in my condition. My pains became less frequent and severe, my appetite was better, and a wish to live superseded and ambition reappeared, taking the place of the chronic exhaustion and resignation of despair which had hitherto filled my condition. I wanted to move out in the open air, and found to my delight I was able to do so. My kidneys, which had been sluggish even in normal health, acted regularly. My digestion improved and my blood circulated as it had not done for years. I was soon able to walk to the drugstore and buy my own medicine, which it is needless to say was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I can now do my work and am getting stronger every day."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are not a patent medicine in the sense that the word implies. They were first compounded as a prescription and used as such in general practice by an eminent physician. So great was their efficacy that it was deemed wise to place them within the reach of all. They are now manufactured by the Dr Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Med. Co.

MOVING TO "THE STATES."

Census Proves That Canadian Emigration to This Country Is Great.

We learn from a dispatch dated at Toronto and published in the London Advertiser (Ontario) that the population of the city of Toronto on January 1, 1895, was 176,958, and that on the 1st of January, 1896, it was 178,185, showing a gain for the year of 1,227, or a trifle less than 10 per cent. for ten years.

The annual death rate for all Canada is very low, less than ten per 1,000, while the natural increase is very high, at least three and a half per cent. Without any immigration the increase in population of Canada should be not less than 25 per cent. for ten years. A large number of immigrants land in Canada every year and look about for a place to establish a new home, and then come to the United States and find what they want, although the Dominion has 200,000,000 acres of arable lands which can be had for settling upon them, a small bonus in cash being thrown in. The climate is healthful and the resources of the country in timber, minerals, water power, navigable rivers and lakes are almost unlimited and the fisheries of the Dominion are the best in the world, but those who have lived under monarchical institutions in Great Britain and the continent of Europe will not settle under the British flag in America, and if they come to Canada it is because transportation charges to Montreal are less than to New York, and besides the government of Canada has been paying for some years a large proportion of the costs of ocean passages for immigrants to Canada.

Toronto is the most prosperous city in the Dominion of Canada, the financial, commercial and the industrial center of the great province of Ontario, which has an area of nearly 200,000 square miles, or four times that of the Empire state of the republic. It is also the chief horse, cattle, sheep, hog, wool, grain, butter, cheese and lumber market of Ontario, as well as the center of educational institutions, including the arts and sciences, theology, law and medicine. It is also the center of the charitable institutions maintained by the province, and in addition is the capital of Ontario. No less than nine railways enter the city, and it has the best harbor upon the great lakes. The area of the city is so great that there is no loss of population from the center to the outskirts of the city, as is the case with New York. Neither is there a flow of population from Toronto to the country; on the contrary, the tide is from the country to Toronto.

In these conditions Toronto gained seven-tenths of one per cent. in population, it proves beyond all question that the emigration from Toronto to this country is very great.—N. Y. Sun.

The Whole Globe a Graveyard.

The Parisian doctors and speculative philosophers are great fellows for making odd calculations on all subjects. One of the very latest is one concerning the human family since the beginning of time. It is a long magazine article and gives much that is interesting in the way of human family statistics, but the most striking portions are those which give figures on the number of human beings that have inhabited the earth and have died and been buried in it since the first man was created. According to these curious figures, the earth has been peopled by no less than 66,627,842,387,075,266 human inhabitants since the beginning of time. To bury this vast number the whole landed surface would have to be dug over 120 times. Had you thought that you were living in the midst of such a gigantic cemetery?—St. Louis Republic.

"I do not believe that I have a true friend in the world." "So you have been trying to borrow money, too, have you?"—Truth.

Big Trade of Undertakers.

Probably the largest undertaking establishment in the country is that of a New York establishment, which conducts about 1,200 funerals annually, and, it may be, more. The largest business in dollars and cents is said to be that of a Chicago undertaker, and the next is perhaps that of an undertaker in Pittsburg. Second in number of interments is a New York undertaker, with very nearly 1,000 a year, and this undertaker is probably third in amount of business done as represented in money.

MISS GOODLY—"What's the matter, my poor man! You look ill." Tramp—"Madam, something I haven't eaten has disagreed with me."—London Truth.

MAMMA (after she had punished Tommy)—"Stop making such dreadful faces." Tommy (bursting into tears)—"I ain't. I'm trying to keep a stiff upper lip." — Harper's Bazar.

HAD FAITH IN HER AIM.—Johnny had been naughty. "Go into the garden," said his mother, "and fetch me a stick." Johnny (five minutes later)—"Couldn't find a stick muvver; but here's a stone you might throw at me."—London Figaro.

STREETER—"I don't understand how you can be so engrossed in religious work," Kirke—"I suppose it depends in large measure upon association. There are people who are interested in golfing, for instance." Streeter—"Oh, that's different."—Boston Transcript.

"I WANT to order this suit," said Chumpey, "but I can't pay for it till the end of six months." "All right, sir; it will be ready for you by that time."—Detroit Free Press.

A PHILOSOPHER says that nothing seems to please a fly so much as to be mistaken for something to eat, and if it can be baked in a cake and palmed off on the unwary as a currant, it dies happy.—Tit-Bits.

MANCHESTER.—"The man I introduced you to awhile ago is one of the most noted hunters in the country." Birmingham—"I wouldn't have thought it from his conversation." Manchester—"It's true, nevertheless. He is a fortune hunter."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

"I HAVE found another use for the chafing-dish," said Mr. Cawker to his wife, on that lady's return home from a visit to the country. "Well, dear?" "While you were away I threw it out of the bedroom window at a loquacious cat, and it killed the animal."—Harper's Bazar.

"THE evidence shows that you have been scorching," spoke the magistrate, with great sternness. "You appear to be a persistent, habitual scorcher. What have you to say for yourself?" "Do I look like I was scorchin' now?" asked the blue-nosed youth who stood shivering with dread before him.—Chicago Tribune.

DISEASE DOES NOT STAND STILL.

Every one is either growing better or worse.

How is it with you?

You are suffering from

KIDNEY, LIVER OR URINARY TROUBLES.

Have tried doctors and medicine without avail, and have become disgusted.

DON'T GIVE UP!

Warner's **Safe Cure**

WILL CURE YOU.

Thousands now well, but once like you, say so. Give an honest medicine an honest chance.

Large bottle or new style smaller one at your druggist's. Write for free treatment-blank to-day. Warner's Safe Cure Co., Rochester, N. Y.

There's **MONEY** in it!

No business pays as well on amount invested as **DRILLING WELLS** with our modern machinery. "IT SUCCEEDS—THAT'S THE REASON!" LOOMIS & NYMAN, : TIFFIN, OHIO.

HAVE YOU TRIED YUCATAN?

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

A. N. K.—C. 1629

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

A Cougher's Coffers

may not be so full as he wishes, but if he is wise he will neglect his coffers awhile and attend to his cough. A man's coffers may be so secure that no one can take them away from him. But a little cough has taken many a man away from his coffers. The "slight cough" is somewhat like the small pebble that lies on the mountain side, and appears utterly insignificant. A fluttering bird, perhaps, starts the pebble rolling, and the rolling pebble begets an avalanche that buries a town. Many fatal diseases begin with a slight cough. But any cough, taken in time, can be cured by the use of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

More particulars about Pectoral in Ayer's Curebook, 100 pages. Sent free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

"A Good Foundation."

BattleAx PLUG

Lay your foundation with "Battle Ax." It is the corner stone of economy. It is the one tobacco that is both BIG and GOOD. There is no better. There is no other 5-cent plug as large. Try it and see for yourself.

CASTORIA

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS AND CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr SAMUEL PITCHER
Pumpkin Seed -
Alx Senna -
Rochelle Salts -
Anise Seed -
Peppermint -
Bi Carbonate Soda -
Worm Seed -
Clarified Sugar -
Wintergreen Flavor

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.
NEW YORK.

35 DOSES 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE —OF— Chas. H. Fletcher IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF

CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." At See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

A "JUNK SHOP,"
A "BLACKSMITH,"
"TWO-CENT APPLE BUTTER,"
"ROTTEN STOCK" and
A "HUNCHBACK,"

is a poor combination from which to expect a production of anything respectable in the job printing line.

A "junk shop" means a worn-out assortment of type, rules, etc.; a "blacksmith" is a bunglesome printer; "two-cent apple butter" is synonymous of the poorest quality of printing ink; "rotten stock" is poor-made and cheap paper; and a "hunchback" is a press which is so old that it has naturally worn out of shape and usage.

WE TAKE PRIDE

in our Job Printing Department, our skill and our materials; that's the reason why we do such splendid work.

A $5 BILL WILL

get a nice lot of letter heads and envelopes properly and appropriately printed.

IF you believe it, try it; IF you don't believe it, the more need to try it.

The Republican Job Department.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Bicycles.

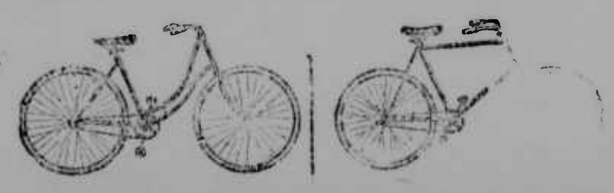

Bicycle Sundries of all Kinds, Cement, Pumps, Spokes, Tires, Wood Rims, Balls, Patching Rubber, Coasters, Lamps, Valves and Valve Stems, Repair Kits, Wrenches, Oilers, Locks, Etc., Etc.

BICYCLE REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.
In effect July 19, 1896.

SOUTHWARD No. 3	No. 1	STATIONS		NORTHWARD No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.			MIXED	P. M.
3 05*	8 00†	lv	Cumberland	ar *12 00	4 30
3 31	8 31		Rawlings	11 29	5 01
3 56	8 53		Keyser	11 01	5 36
4 09	9 09		Westernport	10 57	5 23
4 12	9 12		W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	5 20
4 37	9 37		Shaw	10 23	5 52
5 00	10 00		Harrison	10 00	*5 28
5 15	10 45*	ar	Elk Garden	8 55	*1 00
5 35	10 35†	lv	Gorman	9 21	4 54
5 41	10 41		Bayard	9 15	4 48
5 52	10 52		Dobbin	9 01	4 38
6 23	11 23		Thomas	8 31	4 05
6 55	11 55	ar	Davis	8 00	3 15
6 27	11 27	lv	Coketon	8 31	4 02
6 51	11 51		Hendricks	7 50	3 30
6 57	11 57		Bretz	7 54	3 25
7 00	12 00		Parsons	7 51	3 22
7 39	12 39		Kerens	7 18	2 47
8 10*	1 08	ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	12 30
	1 30*	ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
	3 05*	ar	Beallington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.			A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.
C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—	Daily	2.40 A. M
No. 3.—	Daily	7.07 A. M
No. 71.—	Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 47.—	Daily	10.49 A. M
No. 55.—	Express, daily	6.32 P. M
No. 15.—	Accommodation daily	4.58 P. M
No. 1.—	Daily	10.06 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8.—	Daily	5.50 A. M
No. 2.—	Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 14.—	Accommodation daily	9.58 A. M
No. 72.—	Accom daily except Sun	4.25 P. M
No. 46.—	Daily	5.02 P. M
No. 4.—	Daily	12.20 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9, 1896.

Had it been possible for the vote to have been one week before election the remarkable demonstration of the revival of public confidence which has come from every section of the country since the election of McKinley, there is no doubt that McKinley and Hobart's popular majority would have been a million greater than it is. Republicans had no doubt apprehension caused by the fear of those who controlled money that our standards of value might be upset had done more to paralyze business than any other one thing, and they so told the people from every stump and through the columns of every Republican paper. They convinced many, but if the starting up of idle mills and manufactories and the inauguration of great enterprises involving vast expenditures and the employment of all the unemployed who wish to be employed could have taken place before the election a million more would have been convinced and would have voted for real prosperity instead of for a chimera.

However, it was only by waiting until a restoration of Republican confidence and supremacy of ... absolutely assured, that the business interests of the country, the prosperity of which involves the prosperity of all our people, could show to the world the faith felt in the wisdom of the Republican party. The Republican who does not feel his heart swell with pride merely to belong to an organization which can inspire such faith must be cold-blooded indeed. The news columns of the press since the election of McKinley and Hobart was announced have, by just printing the cold facts about the actual, not prospective, revival in almost every part of the country and in almost every line of industry and business, paid the highest tribute of praise to the Republican party ever paid to any political organization in any country in the history of the world.

It is now for the Republicans to show to the world that this tribute was deserved. No one who is familiar with the life and record of President-elect McKinley and of those of the Republicans elected to the fifty-fifth Congress and those holding seats in the Senate can entertain a doubt on that subject. With President McKinley to suggest and Speaker Reed, the Republican majority in the House, and the hoped for Republican majority in the Senate, to execute, the legislation will be such as will expand and make permanent the business boom which started the hour that Republican success was assured ... and which will, it is confidently believed continue to grow and grow until the country enjoys a long era of the greatest prosperity in its history. And one of the good things about it will be that the misguided Popocrats who tried so hard to prevent Republican success will be equal sharers in the general prosperity. it ought to make them see things as they really are, instead of as they are represented by demagogues who try to trade upon "hard times" and public credulity.

That some appointment of importance will be tendered to gold Democrats for their assistance in the campaign is probable, but I have talked with no Republicans who believe that they will include a cabinet position. The diplomatic service offers opportunities. A man has only to be a patriotic American to represent his country satisfactorily abroad, but a member of the Cabinet must be in sympathy with all the policies of the head of the administration under which he serves, or he disarranges machinery which ought to run smoothly to get the best results.

Senator Quay stopped in Washington long enough while on his way to Florida, where he will fish and rest until Congress meets, to express the opinion that there was a probability that the House Emergency Tariff Bill, passed at the last session and held up in the Senate by the refusal of some of the Republican silver senators to support it unless a free coinage amendment was attached, ... taken up and passed at the ... session. Senator Quay did not enter into details—he seldom does—as to why he thought the bill might be passed. It is supposed that he thinks as many others do, that the Republican silver senators, seeing the absolute impossibility of securing silver legislation, will vote for the bill which would, if enacted into a law, provide the government with revenue enough to make the receipts more than equal the expenditures. While Mr. Cleveland has never said that he would sign this bill, the impression is general that he would not veto it. So that if passed by the Senate, it is reasonably certain to become a law.

Senator Butler, the Populist chairman, rather rubbed it in on the Democrats when he issued an address to the country putting all the blame for defeat on them, and asserting that the Populists will be the principal opponents of the Republicans in 1900. The address has made the Democrats hopping mad, but Butler thinks them of so little consequence now that he doesn't care.

IT'S YOUR LIVER

When you feel tired, listless, heavy, headachy, flushed, and have a bad taste in your mouth you may be sure your liver is loading. It isn't doing its work; it needs a stirring up.

DR. A. S. TODD'S ANTI-BILIOUS LIVER PILLS

will straighten you out. Make you feel like new. Brighten eyes and brain. Clear your complexion—cure your headache. 25 cents, all druggists. Made by

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

J. L. McCOMAS, Jr.,

Sign, Carriage and Wagon Painting.

INDELIBLE INK WORK on LINEN.

Second Street, OAKLAND, MD.

All work entrusted to my care will receive Prompt Attention.

29-1yr.

Farmers,

Look to Your Interests.

The Oakland Flouring Mill is now ready to grind a million bushels of buckwheat. The best equipped mill in the county; all latest improved machinery. Can give either

Burrh or Roller Process Flour.

Mr. E. A. Dudley, who has charge, has been a life-long miller, and knows how to make a good turnout of buckwheat flour.

Don't fail to give him a Trial. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Will make arrangements with all the Oakland merchants to buy your flour at big prices. Don't fail to give the Oakland Mills a trial.

Don't forget the place, Water street, formerly owned by the late H. A. Rasche.

Yours obediently,

THE OAKLAND MILLS.

51-1yr.

LAND FOR SALE!

The undersigned offering for sale in large or small quantities, 21,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

TIN, SLATE and STEEL

ROOFING,

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.

PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.

REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.

SPOUTING, ETC.

WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH, MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

SHARTZER & BOLDEN

OAKLAND, MD.,

DEALERS IN

Furniture, Carpets, Matting, Oil Cloth, Window Shades, Wall Paper,

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Repairing Furniture and Picture Framing a Specialty.

Removal.

I, the undersigned, have removed my place of business from the Lear building to the Ravenscroft (Mayers) building on Railroad street, where I will continue to carry a well assorted stock of

JEWELRY,

and give special attention to the repairing of watches, clocks, etc.

Give me a call. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

H. C. SMOUSE.

29—2m.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Oct. 30, 1896.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on

Monday, Noyember 9, 1896,

for the purpose of transacting such business as may be brought before them.

By order of the Board,

J. S. MACHEN, Clerk.

THE

Maryland Building and Loan Association

of Garrett County

OFFICERS

ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
DR. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencies

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.

EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. E. Turkeys, low old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
T. R. CARSKADON,
Keyser, W. Va.

MOUNTAIN STATE
Business College,
PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

Jos. E. HARNED, Proprietor.

31—26

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Glessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

FOR SALE.

The farm belonging to Elizabeth Maley, situated two miles north of Deer Park, adjoining the lands of Jack Cooper, Fundenberg Miller and Ravelston. Contains 143¼ acres, about 85 acres cleared and is improved by a good house and outbuildings. Apply on the premises. 52-4m.*

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Office opposite bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 50-3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Carroll and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. 38 10 8

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1611-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Residence on North 3rd Street.
Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. B. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate. C. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 5 22 6m

THOMAS R. McHORIE,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street.
All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26. SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 46-1yr.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.
LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including train ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26*

WILLIAM C. KIRD,
Representing
JOHNSON, OMOHUNDRO & CO.,
WHOLESALE NOTIONS, Etc.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

A specialty of Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-13t.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,
PLANING MILLS,
And BUILDING MATERIALS,
MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

38 13*

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1896. NUMBER 39.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Mr. John Shartzer was in Cumberland Monday.

Mr. George Loar, of Grafton, spent Sunday in Oakland.

Squire Fraker, of near McHenry, was in Oakland Monday.

Mr. Ferdinand Williams, of Cumberland, was in Oakland Monday.

Mr. Gilmor S. Hamill made a business trip to New York city Monday.

Go to Dixon & Kelso's store for shell corn. They have a car to sell cheap for cash. 2t

There has been some beautiful weather in this section during the past week.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot is holding a series of revival meetings at Mountain Lake Park.

Bicycle riders find it hard to pedal against the wind during the present breezy days.

Mr. Chas. A. Wilt, of near Markleysburg, Pa., was in Oakland Monday evening.

If you want a good turn out take your grinding to Dudley at the old Rasche Mill. 35tf

Rev. S. M. Engle will preach Sunday morning at 11 o'clock in the Garrett Memorial church.

County Examiner U. G. Palmer was in New York city a day or two last week on business.

Mr. Edmund Albright, of near Cranesville, W. Va., was in Oakland last Thursday on business.

Mr. William Devecmon, of the Cumberland bar, was here one day last week on professional business.

Mr. John M. Freeland, of Terra Alta, was here last Friday and Saturday visiting his daughter, Mrs. A. T. Fraley.

Don't fail to take your grain for grinding to the Oakland Mills. Dudley has full charge and will do good work. 35tf

Mrs. C. Felty entertained the teachers of the Oakland public schools at her home on Alder street last Saturday evening.

Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Brayshaw will tender a reception to a large number of their friends at the Rectory this evening.

Mrs. Mattie Townshend, who visited the family of Dr. J. H. Monown, at Kingwood last week, has returned to Oakland.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company has under consideration the erection of a $20,000 depot at Clarksburg, W. Va.

Miss Mittie Lantz, of Aurora, who visited the Misses Bosley in Oakland two or three weeks, returned to her home Monday.

The property owners along Third street are building sidewalks in pursuance to the ordinance adopted by the council several weeks ago.

Three prisoners broke jail at Moorefield, W. Va., by tunnelling. One of them was afterwards caught. He was in an almost nude condition.

Yesterday the Luther League of America begun its annual session at Chicago. Hon. George L. Wellington will be one of the principal speakers on the occasion. The convention will close to-day.

Good advice: Never leave home on a journey without a bottle of Chamberlain's Cholic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Crane, of Kingwood, were here over Tuesday night visiting friends. Yesterday morning they left for Washington where they will reside during the winter.

Edward Hamilton, a young man employed at the planing mill at Mountain Lake Park, had two of his fingers seriously lacerated by a moulding machine in the mill Tuesday morning.

Clerk E. Z. Tower was in Kingwood W. Va., Tuesday on business connected with the estate of his grandfather, the late Ezekial Totten. Mr. Tower was recently appointed executor of this estate.

There will be a union service Thanksgiving morning at 10.30 o'clock in St. Mark's church. Rev. S. M. Engle will preach the sermon. The choirs of the different churches will combine and furnish the music.

Mr. William H. Malette has concluded negotiations by which he will immediately be enabled to erect a building on the foundation he had built on his lot adjoining Oakland Pharmacy. The proposed structure will be of frame, three stories high and will contain store and office rooms.

The structural iron for the new bridge over the Youghiogheny river two miles west of town is on the siding near Oakland. The new bridge is made necessary because of the large locomotives being run by the B. & O.

Last Saturday night Mr. Daniel Conneway sustained a severe loss by the death of one of his large horses. The cause of its death was lung fever. Mr. A. C. Whetsell also lost a horse Sunday night.

The Lonaconing *Review* says a vein of good coal, four feet in thickness, has been found on the property of the American Coal Company in that place and that it is probable it will be mined in the near future.

Mr. Robert Howe, who has been up in Maine for eight or nine years visited his mother at Mountain Lake Park recently. Last Saturday they left for Morgantown where Mrs. Howe and family will reside during the winter.

The number of scholars in the public schools of Oakland has been very greatly augmented in the past week or two. At present nearly three hundred have been enrolled in the different grades with quite a large number yet to come in.

The Hendrickson Island, between Piedmont and Westernport, was offered at trustee's sale but as the highest Bid was $1,025 it was bid by trustees Hamill and Morrison at $5,000. Several lots have since been sold at private sale.

Superintendent Robert I. Anderson of the Corinth Brick company stated on Monday that his firm had closed a contract with an extensive builder for one hundred thousand brick which are to be delivered immediately. This amount of brick will make ten car loads.

The wife of Mr. Leonard Wells, of East Brimfield, Mass., had been suffering from neuralgia for two days, not being able to sleep or hardly keep still, when Mr. Holden, the merchant there sent her a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and asked that she give it a thorough trial. On meeting Mr. Wells the next day he was told that she was all right, the pain had left her within two hours, and the bottle of Pain Balm was worth $5.00 if it could not be had for less. For sale at 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Tuesday the School Board received the free school books to be used by the public schools of the county. These books will be distributed under the law governing their distribution, extracts from which was published in these columns some weeks ago.

James A. Delawder, receiver of the Maryland Supply Company, has sold one of the Oakland stores belonging to the company to Offutt & Lakin for $550; the Lonaconing store to John Shartzer for $875 and the Midland store to John Felty, Jr., & Co., for $600.

The funeral of Thomas Wensell, who was killed at Grafton last Tuesday night, took place on Friday, the funeral services being conducted by Rev. J. W. Butler. The deceased young man was a member of Oakland council Jr. O. U. A. M., the members of which attended the funeral in a body.

On last Thursday afternoon Mr. John Shartzer as receiver for Bradford Bros. sold the mill and real estate belonging to the above firm at public auction to Messrs. D. E. Offutt and John Ault for the sum of $2,175. Messrs. Offutt and Ault will operate the mill and expect to have it running in a few weeks.

Six weeks ago I suffered with a very severe cold; was almost unable to speak. My friends all advised me to consult a physician. Noticing Chamberlain's Cough Remedy advertised in the St. Paul *Volks Zeitung* I procured a bottle, and after taking it a short while was entirely well. I now most heartily recommend this remedy to anyone suffering with a cold. Wm. Keil, 678 Selby Ave., St. Paul Minn. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

How to Prevent Croup.

Some reading that will prove interesting to young mothers. How to guard against the disease.

Croup is a terror to young mothers and to post them concerning the cause, first symptoms and treatment is the object of this item. The origin of croup is a common cold. Children who are subject to it take cold very easily and croup is almost sure to follow. The first symptom is hoarseness; this is soon followed by a peculiar rough cough, which is easily recognized and will never be forgotten by one who has heard it. The time to act is when the child first becomes hoarse. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is freely given all tendency to croup will soon disappear. Even after the croupy cough has developed it will prevent the attack. There is no danger in giving this remedy for it contains nothing injurious. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

A Sad Affliction.

The approach of death is painful when it cuts into our fond associations, claiming our loved ones, and making desolation in our homes, even when through protracted illness and suffering his visit is looked for. But when one in the midst of the engagements and activities of life, full of vigor, with buoyant spirits and elastic step, is cut down, in the family circle the sorrow is beyond conception.

Such was the affliction brought to the home of Mr. Moses Wensel, on the eleventh inst., when a message was received of the sudden death of his son Tommy, he having been run over by the cars on the B. & O. yards at Grafton, while discharging his duties as an employee of that company, and receiving such injuries as to bring death in a few hours. But not only was young Mr. Wensel's death a great shock and bereavement to his parents and their family at home, but a greater sorrow to his young wife, the mother of a little babe, born to them a short time ago as a pledge of that love which had brought them to share together the joys and sorrows of life, and of that tenderest of all earth's relationships, so soon to be broken.

However, notwithstanding the sudden stroke, Mr. Wensell's sudden departure was not without some consolation and comfort. In his infancy he had received the sacrament of holy baptism, and, while he had not formally identified himself with the church, his life was free from excessive indulgence in the gross vices and worldliness so destructive to the spiritual life, and perilous to the soul. These facts connected with his custom of kneeling in his new home with his wife in prayer, and opposing the use of any profane language on his premises, gave him great resignation to his untimely death. His attending physician said to him when nearing the end, "Mr. Wensell, your condition is serious; if you have anything to say you had better say it." He replied, "If my time has come to die, I am not afraid to go. All I ask is that my wife and baby be well taken care of." He then turned over and died as peacefully as a little child falling to sleep.

Mr. Wensell had a congenial disposition, and was surrounded by many friends. He was buried from his father's home, with funeral services conducted by the writer, at half past ten o'clock on Friday, the 13th inst., with an attendance of a large number of friends and neighbors, and the Junior Order of United American Mechanics in a body from Oakland. After the service the remains, followed by a large procession of relatives and friends, were conveyed to the Lower grave yard, and there committed to the ground with the usual burial service of Lutheran church, followed by the reading of the beautiful service of the Juniors by Mr. S. E. Boyer, and the singing of their funeral dirge. The floral tributes were rich and beautiful.

The deceased was in his 26th year, and was married about a year ago to a Miss Constable, of Keyser, W. Va., who with an infant child survives him. Mr. Wensell was the eldest living son, and is the second grown son the parents have buried within the past fourteen months. May "these afflictions work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." J. W. BUTLER.

Old Records Mixed.

The commission to compile and publish the war records of Union soldiers from Maryland have been in active operation in Annapolis. All the clerical force of the commission—Gen. David L. Stanton, Capt. Wm. F. Chesley, Miss M. L. Funk, and Miss Edna Woodward—was there under Col. George W. F. Varnon compiling, segregating and arranging the original records in the adjutant-general's office, preparatory to compilation for publication. The commission has found that the old records have been mixed through similarity of terms of several of the organizations from Maryland, and to make sure of a proper arrangement the records have to be personally inspected by some one familiar with the various organizations.

Short Chestnut Crop.

The chestnut season, which is now about over, has been very dull, the yield this year being about half the usual crop. The shortness of the crop is attributed by some to the violent storms which occurred just before the chestnuts were ripe, the nuts being beaten from the trees and decayed before ripening. Others say the dry weather had more to do with the shortness of the crop.

The Republican Jubilee.

Last Friday was the night the Republicans selected for which to have their jubilee in commemoration of the victory achieved at the ballot box on the 3rd inst. Probably the weather will not again be as bad during the whole of the coming winter. The wind was blowing a gale and the snow was flying in clouds. The thermometer stood several degrees below the freezing point, but nevertheless the young Republicans were jubilant and all advises to postpone the parade was met with a positive no.

At eight o'clock the parade was formed in front of Shartzer's Opera House with Capt. J. M. Jarboe as chief marshal, and the Oakland band leading. The line of march was over the principal streets of the town and during the route many residences and business places were illuminated very beautifully. The condition of the streets and the foulness of the weather kept many from entering the parade but a very creditable showing was made.

Immediately after the parade had been disbanded quite a large crowd repaired to the opera house where speeches were made by Senator Ravenscroft, Messrs. John Shartzer, Scott T. Jones, E. H. Sincell and J. C. Renninger.

Trains to be Taken Off.

"T. Jay," the Oakland correspondent of the Cumberland *News*, writing under date of Tuesday to his paper, says of the proposed change of schedule on the Baltimore and Ohio:

The new schedule which goes into effect on the B. & O. on Sunday next will make several changes which will prove important to the people of Oakland. Passenger train No. 14, which leaves Oakland at ten a. m. for Cumberland, and No. 15, which leaves Oakland for Grafton at five p. m., will be discontinued. Trains forty-six and forty-seven will not carry passengers. The only local passenger trains our people will have will be the Cumberland and Wheeling accommodation which goes east at five thirty p. m. and west at nine thirty-six a. m. Under the new arrangement one cannot go from Oakland to Deer Park, Altamont or Swanton and return in the same day. The accommodation which goes east in the morning accommodates very few people because the business of nearly all our people is east instead of west. I have not heard a great deal of complaint about the matter up to this time.

The fact is railroad matters have improved so much with us since the B. & O. went into the hands of receivers that the people of this section are much more willing to accept gracefully some little inconveniences which seem to be necessary to the management.

I have learned that officials of the company holding subordinate positions are much more contented with their lot than under the old regime. One of these gentlemen from a distant city said to me a few days ago when talking upon this subject: "Things are not like they used to be. Officers like myself get credit for what they do. This encourages us and the company gets better service. Under the old management nobody got any credit for anything except the heads of the departments. It is different now and I am glad of it." In no way perhaps is the increase of the business of this community understood better than by an examination of the books of Oakland station. The receipts of the B. & O. at this point were four hundred dollars more in August last than they were in the corresponding month of 1895. The receipts for September were seven hundred dollars more than in August and were the largest for any single month in the history of Oakland. On account of the increase of traffic at this point the company has been compelled to erect an additional warehouse to accommodate its business.

Sales Advertised.

On Saturday of this week, at public auction by Mr. John Shartzer as receiver, the real estate belonging to the Loch Lynn Store Company at Loch Lynn Heights.

On Thursday, December 17th, in Oakland, a farm lying near Bloomington at mortgagee's sale, by Mr. Clayton Purnell, solicitor.

First Grade Certificates.

We have been furnished a list of the teachers in Garrett county who were awarded a first grade certificate at the recent examination held by Examiner Palmer. The names of those receiving them are as follows: Miss Lillie B. Wellner, Miss Ella Laughlin, Miss Vergie Hinebaugh, Miss Evelyn Johns, Mr. J. E. Chappell, Mr. J. S. Gnegy, Mr. C. G. Teats, Mr. W. H. Gastelger, Miss Martha E. Porter.

Kindle Fire with Crutches.

For four years I have suffered with the very bad case of Rheumatism and have been compelled to walk on crutches; the doctors say that my case is chronic and incurable. I tried the Yager's Liniment and I must say that it is the best Liniment to relieve pain that I have ever used, and its action is prompt and effective.
JOHN ABERMAN, Clermont Mills, Md.

I have been sick with Inflammatory Rheumatism since November 1895, and have used a half dozen different kind of Liniments, but none of them helped me in the least, except the Yager's Cream Chloroform Liniment. I have used eight bottles of it and do not intend to be without it. It is the only thing that relieves me of pain. I can recommend it to anyone suffering with Rheumatism as the best pain reliever.
MRS. W. M. PARKER, Asbury, W. Va.

I have been affected with chronic Rheumatism in my back and hips for 16 years; have used various kinds of Liniments and so-called Pain Killers, but nothing I could do would relieve me. I was advised by a friend of mine to try your Yager's Liniment, and the one bottle relieved me, and was so well pleased with the first bottle that I purchased another, and will never be without it. A. S. WOODSON, Greenwood, Va.

YAGER'S LINIMENT,
Large Bottles, - - - - 25 Cents,
Sold by all Dealers. Take no substitutes.

"INTRINSIC VALUE SETS THE PRICE OF EVERYTHING."

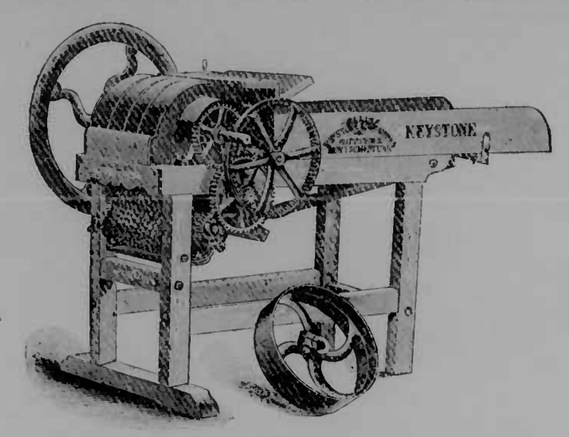

The "KEYSTONE" Feed and Ensilage cutters have all the latest improvements:—Patent Gear to cut ¼ to 1 inch in length; Safety Fly Wheel and Safety Feed Controller.

Fodder prepared upon a "KEYSTONE" is soft and palatable and is eaten, to the last mouthful with a relish, there being no sharp edges to cut the mouth. We have other cutters, also Horse Powers, Feed Mills, Wood Saws, etc., all of the most modern and up-to-date build. Will be pleased to tell more about these machines and mail catalogues if you will ask us.

THE WILLIAM RYLAND COMPANY,
Wholesale—Retail Dealers,
FRIENDSVILLE, MARYLAND.

Married.

COMPTON — MILLER.—Mr. Ernest Edward Compton, son of Mr. Ross Compton, of Grantsville, and Miss Virginia Miller, of Midland, Va., were married Tuesday evening at Cumberland, Md., at 7 o'clock, in the parlors of the Tremont House, by Rev. Dr. M. F. B. Rice, pastor of the M. E. church. Mr. Jacob Brown, uncle of the groom, Mrs. H. H. Hartsock, Mr. D. Newton Brown and sister, Mrs. Frances Laney and Miss Laura Twigg, friends of the young couple, witnessed the ceremony. The bride is well and favorably known, having taught school a number of years in Garrett county. Mr. and Mrs. Compton went to Washington and Baltimore on their wedding tour. L.

Must Stop Drinking.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad company has taken active steps towards abolishing the practice of drinking, which exists among many of his employes. It is thought to be the cause of many of the recent wrecks. It is said that detectives are being paid to take snap shot photographs of the men who are seen drinking.

Robbery at Deer Park.

One day last week the house belonging to Mr. Joseph Bowser at Deer Park was entered by thieves and robbed of $75 in cash, a revolver and a pair of hand cuffs. The thieves also removed a deed and Mr. Bowser's pension papers but these were recovered by him a few days ago, they having been placed in his stable. Mr. Bowser has no idea as to whom the thieves may have been.

Brilliancy of Stars.

The heavens at this season of the year present a most beautiful spectacle. The frequent winds drive the mists away and make the skies brighter and clearer. The stars twinkle with a more sparkling light, and the planets' rays beam more steadily. Above the glamour of the sunset skies, Venus shines in all her beauty, and catches the eye of even the most careless gleaner of the skies. Ruddy Mars is high in the east at nine o'clock and exults among the bright assembly of conspicuous constella now in the east.

More Prizes Captured.

At the flower show now being held in Baltimore by the Gardners' Club, Messrs. H. Weber & Sons have again shown themselves masters of the art of cultivating flowers. They were awarded two first and two second prizes for chrysanthemums and five first prizes for carnations, besides being awarded a special premium for carnations.

To the Business Men.

The excitement consequent upon the election having about subsided people are now paying more attention to business and to what more directly concerns them. Winter is coming on and provision must be made for that season, and from now until Christmas all the people will be making their purchases. To the merchants wishing to attract attention to their business no better menium can be had than the advertising columns of THE REPUBLICAN, whose circulation throughout the county exceeds that of any other paper published. THE REPUBLICAN goes to the homes of the people and the advertisements in its columns are bound to attract attention and be read.

Died.

At the home of his parents near Accident, Irvin Ronald Schlossnagle, aged five years and a few months. The funeral occurred on Sunday at ten o'clock from the Ev. Lutheran church at Accident, Rev James W. Beeghley conducting the services.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Barn Burned.

A barn belonging to Mr. Thos. Michaels, out on the mountain from Westernport, was distroyed by fire, supposed to be of incendiary origin. A quantity of hay, corn, harness and a buggy was destroyed besides the barn, also all the outbuildings. Partially insured for $500.

Not a Kindly Act.

Wm. G. Baker, for thirty years has been at the head of the Maryland Sunday School Union. He is sick now and near his end. The officers of the union met and cut off the old gentleman's salary of $900. This is not regarded as a kindly act by Mr. Baker's friends.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

THE earth is brown, and skies are gray,
The woods are bare,
And the first white flakes of the coming snow
Are afloat in the frosty air;
But the sparks fly up from the hickory log
On the homestead's broad stone hearth,
And the windows shake, and the rafters ring,
To the lads' and lassies' mirth.

The farmer's face is furrowed and worn,
And his locks are thin and white;
But his hand is steady, his voice is clear,
And his eye is blue and bright,
As he turns to look at his sweet old wife,
Who sits in her gown of gray,
With the cobweb 'kerchief, and creamy frills
She wore on her wedding day.

He bows his head to the laden board,
And the guests they are silent all.
"Thanksgiving, Lord, for the sun and rain,
And the fruit on the orchard wall.
For the silver wheat, and the golden corn,
And the crown of a peaceful life—
The greatest blessing that Thou canst give—
A true and a loving wife!"

This white-haired lover he bends to kiss
Her hand in its frill of lace,
And the faded rose on her wrinkled cheek,
With a proud and a courtly grace;
And the snowflakes click on the window-pane,
And the rafters ring above,
And the angels sing at the gates of God
The words of the farmer's love.
—Minnie Irving, in N. Y. Independent.

A Thanksgiving Sermon.

IT WAS the forenoon of the day before Thanksgiving that Mrs. Jack Hoven stood gazing out of the window. Not that she saw any of the beauties that lay outside in the glittering, frost-ornamented world, or the beautiful picture of the white fields set in the rich framing of a dark green pine forest. Her stare was wholly mechanical, for her vision was turned inward and she was moodily thinking of their troubles, both the real and imaginary.

The day before one of the farm horses died. A few days before that a cow died. Potatoes were only a few cents a bushel, and this year they had ventured largely in that crop. Grain was low in value. The price of hogs was going steadily down, down, down. These were some of the real troubles. It seemed surely that the bottom was knocked out of their prosperity.

Then her soul was equally harrowed, for she had that way of fretting over minor ills, over a long array of imaginary woes. A new carpet had just come home from the weaver's with the stripes woven an inch nearer together than she had ordered. This little trifle she had worried over until it was magnified into a great calamity. She was unable to get her a new cloak this fall, as she had intended. Her fall house cleaning was still unfinished. There were actually fly specks on the very window before her now, which fretted her cleanly soul into peevish unhappiness. These, and a score of similar weighty evils, chafed her nerves on this beautiful morning until she was powerless to see that life held one charm or blessing.

Added to the above woes the children had been clamoring for days for an observance of Thanksgiving. But their mother had told them emphatically that they would not have any Thanksgiving this year. That they had been so afflicted by misfortunes they had little to be thankful for. That not a turkey or even a pie would grace their table on that day; every turkey must be sold to buy necessities.

She predicted a dark outlook for their future, filling the infantile minds with visions of ghastly want. Such words coming from their mother were deeply impressive on all the children except Davy, the little seven-year rebel of the camp. Davy had no appreciation of the ethics of such an unheard-of doctrine. Davy liked a good dinner. And not to have a Thanksgiving dinner! not have a turkey! not have a pie! not have any company! Why, it was the vilest heresy to all that was worth living for.

Unlike his mother, there was not one drop of melancholy blood in little Davy's swift-flowing veins. He was the very embodiment of joy and sunshine. He saw life through a mirror which reflected back only pictures of brightness. His eager, vivacious, joy-loving little soul was proof against despondent infection.

As Mrs. Haven stood looking out the window in brooding blueness, her husband came in from the barn and took a seat by the fire to warm.

"John Marsh passed just now," he said. "He says another one of the Green children died last night of diphtheria. How terribly afflicted they are! I hope to God it won't get in this neighborhood."

The door into an adjoining room where the children were playing was slightly ajar. A numerous little regiment were the Haven children, and crowded close together in years. There were six of them, from 12-year-old Katie to year and a half baby Roy. They had all gathered in the big kitchen on this morning where they loved so to play. And, as usual, Davy was the life and leader of the party.

"Say, Katie," he cried, "let's play Thanksgivin.' If we can't have a truly Thanksgivin' let's have a play one. I guess mamma won't care if we just play Thanksgivin' That won't make us any poorer, will it, Katie?"

"How shall we play Thanksgivin', Davy?" asked Helen, who was just his senior.

"Oh, we'll have a sermon, an' then go home an' have dinner. Katie can fix us up a nice Thanksgivin' dinner. You can take some bread an' apples, Katie, an' cut 'em up an' give 'em some nice names. An' I'll run get one of my little sweet pumpkins, an' we'll make a turkey of it. An' we'll stuff it, too."

"What will we stuff it with?" asked Helen.

"Oh, anything," returned the fertile master of ceremonies. "Katie can stuff it with her handkerchief if she can't find nothin' else."

"Will you preach the sermon, Davy?"

"Yes, I'll preach the sermon. An' I'll try to preach a good one, too."

"But, Davy, dere ain't nussin' to preach erbout," said solemn little five-year Susie. "Mamma said dere wasn't unssin' to be sankful for dis year."

"You just wait an' see, Susie. I'll bet a dollar I'll find lots of things to be thankful for."

Davy had often accompanied his father to Grange lectures and to church, and he had heard Thanksgiving sermons. He early became imbued with oratorical tendencies, and frequently took the platform as preacher or lecturer in their sports.

The little company were soon in active preparation for their imaginary celebration. A pulpit was formed in one corner of the room by a circle of chairs, while a chair was placed inside for the speaker to stand on. When the audience was in readness a signal was given, and the young clergyman emerged from an outer room, dressed in some of his father's old work clothes. A church-like gravity pervaded the congregation, Katie checking baby Roy's irreverent crowing with kisses. The young preacher walked in with clerical dignity, and entering the sacred inclosure climbed upon the chair.

"My frien's," he began, diving at once into his discourse in unceremonious disregard of preliminaries, "we're goin' to have a Thanksgivin' sermon. We ought to be thankful for lots o' good things we've got, say nothin' 'bout what we haven't got. The goodest way to be thankful is to have a good dinner an' have comp'ny an' have a good time. But we can't do that this year. We've got just lots to be thankful for, though, 'thout the dinner. We've got papa, an' we ought to be awful thankful for papa. An' we've got mamma, an' we ought to be awful thankful for mamma. An' we've got grandpa an' grandma, an' we ought to be jus' dreadful thankful for them 'cause they are so old. An' they're goin' to spend a lonesome Thanksgivin' all alone, cause nobody don't invite 'em, an' they're too old to fix up for comp'ny. An' we've got Mr. Snowdon for a neighbor. An' Mrs. Snowdon went an' died an' lef' him all alone an' he ain't got nobody to spend Thanksgivin' with. An' we've got us kidses, an' we ought to be so thankful for us kids, 'cause ain't none of us got the dipthery like the Green kids. An' the Green kids won't have no Thanksgivin', may be not a mouthful. An' we've got three good horses to be thankful for."

"Davy," interrupted Susie, "you mus' 'member one of de horses died."

"Well, Susie, I ain't sayn' nothin' 'bout dead horses. It's the live horses I'm talkin' 'bout. Three live horses is good deal more 'count than one dead one. I'm thankful we've got three good, live horses 'sted of two or one or not any 'tall, same's some folks. An' we've got seven milk cows, an' twelve slick little baby pigs, an' twenty-three just awful big turkeys."

Here this grateful minister halted in dead silence for an instant, as if a change of feeling had suddenly crossed his spirits. And as he looked out over his listeners, the benign expression that emanates from a heart filled with gratitude fled from his countenance, and a look of unministerial defiance came over his face.

"An' I tell you, my frien's," he continued with a new animation, "I don't care one cent if half of them turkeys die of hog cholera, same's Uncle John's hogs did. No, I don't care a cent."

"Why, Davy," cried Kate, "it's dreadful wicked for you to say that. Not care if our turkeys die!"

"No, it ain't wicked, Katie. You don't like turkey good's I do, or you wouldn't think 'twas wicked. Jus' think! We can't have jus' one turkey when we've got 23. An' we've got our farm to be thankful for. An' it's all our own farm an' it ain't nobody else's. An' we all love it so good we wouldn't want no other farm in the world, an' we kidses have such nice times here. An' we've got Cousin Myra an' her children to be thankful for. An Cousin Myra is a widder an' ain't got not one turkey. An 'twould be awful nice if we could have her an' the kids come to Thanksgivin', so we kids could have some kids to play with."

Here the orator paused. "Katie," he said, "is there anything else we've got to be thankful for?"

"Dere's our baby kitties," piped in little Susie.

"Oh, yes, I forgot the kitties," returned the informal preacher.

"An Uncle John's 'ittle new baby," suggested Susie.

"Yes, I forgot the baby, too."

"An' our cellar full of apples an' good things," said Helen.

"Yes. Goodness! I ought to a thought of them. An' now what is there we ain't thankful for?"

"Why, Romy an' the cow died, you know," said Katie.

"Yes, but that ain't but two things, an' we've got as many as 40 to be thankful for. I know what's the worst thing we ain't got to be thankful for. That's cause we ain't goin' to have any 'really truly' Thanksgivin'. But now we'll take our play Thanksgivin' dinner over to Miss Katie Hoven's house."

The minister bounced down from the chair and the appreciative audience repaired to dinner.

The parents had been attracted to the play from the first, and had listened intently to every word of the sermon. The mother still stood looking out the window. The father sat by the fire, and occasionally a broad smile would pass over his face as the sermon progressed. At its conclusion he turned to his wife and said:

"Mary, what do you think of that sermon?"

"I think," she returned, her face illumined with both laughter and tears, "that it is true 'a little child shall lead them.' You and I have been enveloped in a cloud of late. We've been living in the morbid delusion that our afflictions are greater than our blessings. But Davy has shown us that they are not. In thinking of the animals that died we completely lost sight of those we have left. And bemoaning the low prices this year we have forgotten the many comforts and blessings we already have. What do you say, shall we have a Thanksgiving, Jack?"

"Yes, indeed, we will," he returned, springing from his chair with new alacrity. "I'll kill the biggest turkey on the place, and we'll have father and mother, and Mr. Snowdon, and Cousin Myra's family. Our little folks shall have a happy surprise for once. Now you just hustle around, little woman, and we'll have the most thankful Thanksgiving we ever had."

"And, Jack, we'll send the Greens a basket of things. Only think how hard it must be for them to get any cooking done. And some good food will no doubt do Mr. and Mrs. Green both good, worn out as they are nursing their sick children."

Fifteen minutes later the whole house was in happy excitement and all hands busy in the work of preparation. And the next day a score of hearts beat in happy enjoyment who would have known no such pleasure had hopeful little Davy not preached his thankful sermon.—Nellie Burns, in Ohio Farmer.

"WE OUGHT TO BE THANKFUL FOR LOTS OF GOOD THINGS."

TWO TEN-POUNDERS.

"Billings, if you've got time drop in at my house on your way home and see the nicest ten-pound Thanksgiving turkey that was ever brought to this market."

"Ruggles, come over to my house and I'll show you a ten-pound Thanksgiving baby worth a million of it."—Chicago Tribune.

DOWN IN SUGAR LAND.

Life in the Canebrakes of Georgia and Florida.

The canebrakes of Georgia and Florida are but little known, as compared with the sugar plantations of Louisiana and Cuba, but the making of sugar and molasses has long been a favored pursuit in Georgia and is fast becoming a prominent feature in Florida. The transient visitor to these states, however, rarely sees the cane growing or witnesses the crude processes of sugar manufacture here in vogue, for the reason that the canebrakes are usually far away from the beaten paths of travel and accessible by devious and not altogether attractive byways.

Before the war almost every planter in southern Georgia had his cane patch and mill whereby he made his supply of low-grade sugar and molasses for home use or for sale and barter, and it was not infrequent that an excellent article of rum was produced from the same source.

From the wreck of these great plantations after the war the former owners and the erstwhile slaves slowly produced order from chaos. The fact that the tilling of the cane as well as the grinding and boiling of the juice had been left entirely to the slaves was the cause which led to the now general condition of the Georgia sugar industry being largely in the hands of negroes. And a picturesque phase of our national life is this pursuit as followed in the south Atlantic states.

The mode of raising sugar cane in Georgia differs in many respects from the practice of the Louisiana planters. In the latter state the heavy and wet soil often makes necessary the employment of three and four mules to each plow in breaking the soil for the first planting of the cane, and much valuable ground is wasted, for between the rows a deep furrow or ditch must be made for drainage. In planting, pieces of sugar cane containing two or more "eyes" or joints are placed in the ground. When fall comes and the grain is cut the roots throw out new branches of suckers, which are known as ratoons, and these form the beginning of the next crop, and so on year by year until the vitality of the stock is exhausted. In Louisiana cane must be renewed every three or four years, while in Georgia and Florida one planting will last for seven or nine years.

In Louisiana the cane rarely tassels, while it does so regularly along the Atlantic coast. The yield in the creole state is about 1,000 pounds per acre, but near Savannah the planters get 1,500 to 2,000 pounds per acre, equal to 20 barrels of sirup. A good cane will yield over a gallon of juice and its height varies from 6 to 12 feet. It is usual to plant corn between the rows of cane, and as the former is taken in long before November, when the cane is ready to cut, the two make good companion crops.

When the cane is ready to cut begins the happy season of the negroes. The ancient cane mill is tinkered up and cleaned for yet another period of usefulness, barrels are coppered, furnaces looked after and the boiling kettles scoured and polished. The single mule on the place is attached to the long sweep of the mill and begins the monotonous tramp around the circle worn deep by many earlier generations of mules at the same task.

The cane is fed to the vertical rollers at a speed equal to the pace of the motive power and as the mule is usually of venerable age and the negro is rather languid in his movements, the effect is very similar to the ancient saw concerning the mills of the gods. However, the juice quickly makes its appearance in the funnel beneath the rolls, and it is led to a barrel, the mouth of which is covered with coarse cloth, acting as a sieve. The color of the sap is gray, foamy ash, and by no means inviting, but it is eagerly drank by the plantation hands, and in consequence a close watch is kept upon the precious liquid by the owner.

From the mill the juice is taken to the boiling kettles or pans and after many boilings and skimmings over fires fed by the refuse cane or "trash" the sap is reduced to a thick, sticky, semi-fluid mass, which is ladled into hogsheads and set away to cool. The liquid portions of the sap drip into receivers and form the molasses so dear to negroes' hearts. The solid residue is sugar, none too clean and none too attractive for others, but all sufficient for the natives. A general holiday and celebration usually follows the close of sugar-making, and in the degree that the turn-out has been satisfactory, the fun swells or ebbs.

The chewing or sucking of green cane is a universal habit in the sugar belt, and the juicy stalks take the place of sweetmeats in many a humble cabin, while forming a dainty by no means despised in higher circles.—N. Y. Recorder.

The Upper Air.

Scientific curiosity knows no bounds. One of the latest manifestations is the attempt of Messrs. Besancon and Hermite at Paris to ascertain the composition of the air at great heights above the earth. For this purpose they send up balloons containing an instrument invented by M. Hermite, which consists of a tube exhausted of air and fitted with a valve which automatically opens at a time fixed in advance. As soon as air has rushed into the tube the valve closes. The height at which the tube was filled is known by means of a self-recording barometer. No important discovery has yet been achieved with this instrument, but interesting results are expected from it. It is the converse of the instruments which are used to bring up specimens of water from great depths in the sea.—Youth's Companion.

Pope Pius IX., in 1871, spoke of his tiara as the symbol of his threefold dignity, in Heaven, upon earth and in purgatory.

There Were Others.

"Am I the only woman you ever loved?" she asked.

"Oh, no," he answered promptly; "you are the sixth."

"The sixth!" she exclaimed, suddenly relieving his shoulder of the weight of her head.

"Yes," he said, coldly, "there were five before you—my mother, an aunt and three sisters."

And thereafter she endeavored to be more specific when she asked questions.—Chicago Post.

LONG DISTANCE AFFECTION.

"Now you are going again on a long journey, Carl, and will forget me entirely, and won't love me any more!"

"Why, my dear, the farther away I am from you, the more I love you!"—Humoristische Blatter.

Balm for His Wounded Soul.

A certain rector in a Suffolk village, who was disliked in the parish, had a curate who was very popular, and on his leaving was presented with a testimonial. This excited the envy and wrath of the rector, and meeting with an old lady one day, he said: "I am surprised, Mrs. Bloom, that you should have subscribed to this testimonial."

"Why, sir," said the old lady, "if you'd 'in a-goin' I'd 'ave subscribed double."—Detroit Free Press.

Which Was False?

Jane, Jane, you do not look the same,
Of tresses you have raised another crop.
Then she tossed her raven hair,
Saying: "This is mine, I swear,
For my golden hair was purchased at the shop."
—Town Topics

Cures for Burglar.

"I believe in Dr. Jones' cathartic pills," remarked a farmer to Hostetter McGinnis.

"What are they good for?"

"Good for burglars."

"Burglars?"

"Yes, I was seriously attacked by burglars. I had no bullets, so I loaded the gun with a box of Jones' pills and killed two of them. I took only one box of Jones' celebrated pills, and the burglars are no more."—Texas Sifter.

A Wasted Rose.

"Will you kindly remove your hat?" he said.

"Certainly not," said she.

"I thought that maybe you would," he said;

"The price tag shows," said he,
"And a beautiful hat like that," he said,
"Seems awfully cheap at 'three.'"
But she only said—though her face grew red—
"You cannot play tag with me."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Method in Her Madness.

Bashawny—Last night I experienced a novel sensation. Miss Twilling invited me out to dinner as her guest, and insisted on ordering and paying for everything. I wonder what she did it for?

Cleverton — She probably wanted something to eat.—Harlem Life.

After Dinner.

Maud—I never knew before that Mr. Smithers lived in one of those horrid boarding houses.

Mamma—How did you make the discovery?

Maud—Why, when he was passing the prunes he shuddered until his teeth rattled.—Brooklyn Life.

He Was Deceived.

Spencer—I see that Skinleigh is suing Luckton for obtaining a lot of valuable stock from him under false pretenses.

Ferguson—How did it happen?

Spencer—Skinleigh sold it to him under the impression that it was absolutely worthless.—N. Y. World.

How It May Be Done.

She was inclined to be sentimental.

He was nothing if not practical.

"Would that you could tell me how to mend a broken heart," said she.

"I have known of cases where it has been done by splicing," he replied.

That was the remedy tried in this case.—Chicago Post.

IS THIS YOUNG MAN INSANE?

Oh, no, he is simply an up-to-date young man, expressing his public sentiment, favorite bicycle, political candidate, comments on the weather, etc., etc., by the wearing of buttons.—New York Ledger.

Merely a Suggestion.

Maggie—There's something the matter with the dumb-waiter, ma'am. I can't raise it.

Mr. Cook—You'd better go and see, dear; perhaps she's put on it the apple dumplings you made to-day.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Hint for Professionals.

Photographer—That is certainly a good picture for an amateur; very good. How did you manage to get such a pleasant expression on the gentleman's face?

Amateur—I told him I wasn't going to charge anything.—Tit-Bits.

Apologizing.

Customer—You don't know how to shave. You'd make a good butcher!

Barber—Say, do you know you are insulting me?

Customer—Am I? Well, I'll take that back. You'd make a bad butcher.—Roxbury Gazette.

Uncle Eben's Philosophy.

"Doan spen' too much time playin' de banjo onless yoh's gwinter make a bus'ness ob it," said Uncle Eben. "De man dat pays too much 'tention ter little 'complishments ain' likely ter 'tract notice foh big achievements."—Washington Star.

Knew the Importance.

The Wife—Be careful, John, and don't let the baby drop on the hard floor.

The Husband—I will, my dear. I wouldn't wake him up for the world.—Town Topics.

For an Accommodation.

"What a noble fellow Giles is! I asked him why he didn't wear an overcoat and he said he had given it to a relation."

"Yes. To his uncle."—Detroit Free Press.

On Their Trail.

"That fellow is always running across down."

"A dramatic critic?"

"No, an engineer on a freight train."—Town Topics.

Kept Her Word.

"And yet to think that only one short summer ago," he hissed, "you vowed to me that you would never marry for gold."

The maiden smiled with the air of one who had a lead-pipe cinch. "So I shall not," said she. "His wealth is all in real estate."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Hopeless Case.

Van Ishe—Will you marry me?

Penelope—No. I don't know you well enough, yet.

Van Ishe—Well, will you marry me a year from now?

Penelope—O, I'll know you too well then.—N. Y. Truth.

EVIDENCE OF POVERTY.

"I do not believe that I have a true friend in the world."

"So you have been trying to borrow money too, have you?"—N. Y. Truth.

Spirit of the Times.

A—These are times that try financial souls. I'm suffering loss after loss.

B—How much did you lose this week?

A—Eighty thousand marks, and the worst of it is that 10C of them were my own.—Fliegende Blaetter.

In a City Restaurant.

Waiter—How will you have your steak, sir?

Patron—I don't care how you cook it, but I'd like it this week.—Town Topics.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

WHICH GENERAL.

Sometimes mamma calls me "general,"
I wish I knew which one?
But I always try to tell the truth,
So I hope it's Washington.

But when I tell my papa that,
He laughs loud as he can,
And says if she calls me general
She must mean Sheridan.

Because whenever she wants me,
And I am out at play,
I nearly always seem to be
'Bout "twenty miles away."
—Kate W. Hamilton, in Youth's Companion.

FIRE-BALL PLAYING.

A Splendid Sport of Which the Boys of Texas Are Very Fond.

About the time every year that the negroes begin cotton-picking the boys of Texas have rare sport playing with fire-balls. Just at evening they gather from the field a pile of cotton-pods and take them to a near-by common or field. As soon as it is dark they go out in force, carrying with them a can of coal oil, or kerosene. Several of the cotton balls are wadded together in a solid mass and saturated with the oil. Then the boys separate in a big circle, standing 15 or 20 feet apart.

"All ready!" shouts the boy who holds the dripping ball of cotton.

"Ready, ready," comes the word from the other players.

A match is lighted and in a moment the coal oil in the cotton ball is blazing. Of course the boy who set it afire cannot hold it more than a second, so he throws it swiftly to the boy next to him. This boy sees the flaming ball coming and he must catch it in his hands and throw it before it burns him. He may take any boy in the ring by surprise, and if that boy drops it he is not only out of the game but he must pay a heavy forfeit for his carelessness. This forfeit usually consists in making the "fumbler" stoop over and allow himself to be struck once with a hat or knotted handkerchief by each of the other players.

When one ball is used up another s lighted and the game continues merrily. Of course the players become well blackened and sometimes just a little scorched, but the intense excitement of the game makes up for all that.

Not only is this game played in the south, but the boys of the north also

PLAYING WITH FIRE-BALLS.

have a hand at it. Instead of cotton they use the fluffy head of the marsh flag, commonly known as the cat-tail, which, as you know, falls apart when dry in a cottony mass. This makes just as good a fire-ball as cotton. Where cat-tails cannot be obtained sometimes cotton batting is used.

Right in this connection many boys would doubtless be glad to know that dried cat-tails make excellent torches. The stalks should be cut as long as possible and the heads of the cat-tails well saturated with kerosene oil. When lighted they will burn for a long time with a flare that will outdo most ready-made torches. No doubt there are companies of boys who would like to march in the political parades of the present campaign. If they do they will find cat-tail torches a very great attraction and they can be supplied at little or no expense.—Chicago Record.

TRAINED CHAMELEONS.

What a Girl Accomplished with Two of These Reptiles.

Much has been written about the beauty, the stupidity and the viciousness of the lizard tribe, and I want to say a word about the intelligence of the chameleon, a little reptile belonging to the great lizard family, and in size the antipodes of the alligator, its big brother.

The incident I now relate came under my personal observation and demonstrates that the chameleon is susceptible to education and can be ranked with animals classed much higher in the scale of intellectual development.

Miss Henriette Keene, a little lady of 12 years, living in Philadelphia, was presented with two Florida chameleons, and she at once began instructing and educating her pets. By continued gentleness and kindness she won their confidence, and at her call they would raise their heads, listen, and then come running quickly. Soon they responded to their names—Brinton and Baby—and nodded their little heads knowingly.

She then taught them to stand up on their hind legs and put their little forepaws together and stand in the attitude of prayer, looking solemn and closing their eyes; at a signal they would quickly prostrate themselves, roll over on their backs and pretend to be dead, lying without motion, until told to rise and embrace, which they would do with every sign of joy and pleasure.—Washington Star.

A Swallow's Swift Flight.

An untamed swallow, which had its nest on a farm near Chetwynd, in Shropshire, was caught and taken in a cage to London, where it was released. It returned to its nest in 80 minutes, having accomplished a distance of 145 miles, at the rate of nearly two miles a minute.

You Can't Deny It.

Many a man has ruined his eyesight by sitting in the barroom looking for work.—N. Y. Recorder.

KIND-HEARTED BEAR.

Lifts a Child in His Paws and Puts Her in a Place of Safety.

Miss Isabel F. Hapgood translates for St. Nicholas a true story from the Russian of Vera P. Zhelikhovsky. It is an incident that occurred in 1847, in the Trans-Caucasian German colony of the Elizabeththal, about 30 miles from Tiflis. A picnic party discovered a large bear (called "Mikhail Ivan'itch" and "General Toptygin" in Russian) on a narrow ledge of rock high up in a gorge. This is what followed:

All at once a simultaneous cry of pity, terror, horror, broke from all. From behind the crag a little girl made her appearance. The tiny colonist was seven or eight years old; not more. She was strolling along with her arms crossed carelessly on her pink apron. A large hat of coarse straw, such as all colonists, whether young or old, wear in hot weather, had fallen quite over on the nape of her neck; and surrounded

THE BEAR AND HIS BURDEN.

by this aureole, all flooded with sunlight, the poor little thing stepped out on the path which skirted the cliff to the brink of the abyss.

The poor child was going to her death in plain sight of many men and women—and to what a dreadful death! And not one of them could help her! No one could either save her or warn her of her danger.

All were condemned to gaze, inactive, at the dreadful event which was on the point of happening before their eyes.

The women raised a cry and fell to weeping. The majority of them sobbed themselves into hysterics beforehand. The men, even those who had been in battle more than once, who had beheld death and blood, said afterward that they became cold and dizzy, and many turned away their eyes in anguish. But those who endured the ordeal, on the other hand, beheld a marvel.

Because of the turn in the path the child could not see the terrible fellow traveler who was coming to meet her. She only caught sight of that dark-brown shaggy mass at the moment when it almost came in contact with her. The huge beast completely blocked her road. His left paws stood on the very edge of the path, while with his right side he almost robbed the cliff. They caught sight of each other almost at the same moment.

Probably a cry or an exclamation on the part of the child revealed her presence to the beast, as he was walking along with his muzzle and his eyes drooped earthward. They stared fixedly at each other. The little girl was petrified with fear; the bear halted, in indecision, no doubt much astonished, if not frightened. For one moment, probably, he reflected: "What am I to do now?" It was impossible to pass without crushing the unexpected obstacle, without striking it or hurling it into the abyss. The path was so narrow at this point that he could not even turn round on all fours. What was to be done?

Down below the people waited with bated breath, expecting at any moment to see the unhappy child pushed into the abyss. But evidently that was not the way in which full-fed and therefore good-natured "Mikhail Ivan'itch, General Toptygin" had settled that problem. He wished neither death nor harm to this tiny creature, helpless before him, with open mouth and staring eyes, having lost through fear all power of crying, and awaiting his will in trembling silence. And "Mishenka" carried out his will.

With a faint growl, caused not by anger, but by the necessity of putting himself to trouble, he reared up on his hind legs, strode up close to the little girl, and, bracing his back against the cliff, clasped his forepaws around her, just beneath the shoulders.

Shrieks and groans of despair resounded from below. The ladies who still continued to gaze with dim eyes grew faint; but the men, especially the huntsmen, who were acquainted with the murderous habits of the bear family, leaped in spirit and with a hope—a mad hope—for the child's safety. They perceived that Mishka was behaving in a very remarkable manner, with all the caution and dexterity that he could command.

They were not mistaken as to his unprecedented goodness. The kind-hearted bear lifted the little girl up, carefully bore her over the precipice, and, turning on the pivot of his hind paws, set her down on the other side of the path.

Having performed this gymnastic exercise the bear, without waiting to be thanked (evidently he was well acquainted with the human race), whirled about, dropped on all fours, and proceeded quietly on his way, swaying from side to side, grunting contentedly in anticipation of sweet repose in his lair not far away.

Chinese Thumbnail Art.

The ancient Chinese and Japanese frequently used to draw pictures with their thumbnails. The nails were allowed to grow to a length of some 18 inches and were pared to a point and dipped in vermillion or sky-blue ink—the only color used in these thumbnail sketches.

—Leaf recalls the palm leaves formerly used in the east as paper.

FARM AND GARDEN.

THE MODERN FARMER.

His Lot Is Not as Hard as Was That of His Grandfather.

Most young men in choosing a life business would rather select an occupation which requires only a little physical effort. That is one reason why young men from the country overcrowd the cities. For a clerkship which enables them to wear fine clothes and see the glare of city life they leave a good home and more comforts than they can possibly compass by the meager salary for which they work; provided, always, that they are so fortunate as to secure a situation.

On looking at the variety and perfection of labor-saving farm machinery it seems to me only about half needs to be done by hard hand labor which was necessary 25 or 30 years ago. To a person who can appreciate, and therefore value and admire, all the various plows, harrows, potato diggers, threshing machines, with a hand-cutter and feeding attachments, or a fanning mill, which separates oats from spring wheat; a self-binding reaper, a strawstacker, a hay tedder, a hay loader and pitcher and the thousand and one labor-saving machines; including corn planters and corn cultivators, seeders of all sorts for wheat, oats, grass and flaxseed, etc., it would seem that but little hard work was left to be done by hand. Old men from other walks of life on seeing all these implements are heard to exclaim: "Oh! that I were a young man now, with 80 or 100 acres of land; how I would like to farm it! I tell you my tools would not rot out in the fields where last used; my granary and cribs should show even last year's grains and corn; my barn and stacks should burst out with hay, fodder and comfort for my family and live stock. The best I raised would not be too good for us."—St. Louis Republic.

PRETTY TO LOOK UPON.

Roadside Watering Place Which Is Attractive as Well as Useful.

A community is "sized up," not only by the character of the farm buildings along the way, but by the character of the public highway as well, and one of the necessary adjuncts of a good highway is wayside watering places. If an effort is made to have these attractive, so much the better for the reputation

ROADSIDE WATERING PLACE.

of the community where they are situated. It is easy to make an attractive watering place, for one can call in the aid of vines and shrubs. A simple plan is shown in the illustration. A hogshead contains the water that is brought to it by a pipe. The sides and top are boxed in, and a roof carried up over the whole. Over this, vines are trained until the little building is fairly hidden by them. It may be thought that this is considerable trouble to take for a watering place, but everything that enhances the beauty of a roadside enhances the value of the property adjacent to it, and increases the respect of travelers for those who live adjacent. Well-constructed roads, well-kept roadsides, attractive watering places and properly marked guide-posts indicate the vicinity of cultured, thrifty, up-to-date residents.—Country Gentleman.

KEEPING ROADS GOOD.

The Time to Repair a Highway Is When It Needs It.

Most everyone has heard of the man who gave it out that he always took a bath every year whether he needed it or not. A great many roads are "worked" on the same principle. Once a year they are given what is known as a "fixing up," and the rest of the time they must shift for themselves. As a consequence they "shift" from one side to the other, just as the lay of the land and the lack of proper drainage may demand.

And, be it remembered, there is sometimes a piece of road that nature has kindly cared for—which really does not require fixing. Often this is plowed up, along with defective sections, and is made soft and susceptible to ruts and washouts. It is also then in a good condition to produce the largest quantity of dust.

A good road should never be thus "repaired." A defective road should be repaired at any and all times. It is cheaper, and certainly much better. Europe's good roads are the result of proper building and constant care. They do not have to be repaired. They are fixed before they need repairing—in the sense of being partly rebuilt.

The one great lesson the people of our land must learn is, that the time to repair a road is when it needs it. These once-a-year reformations are too few and far between. Fix the roads now.—Good Roads.

Beet Sugar in Nebraska.

Nebraska began to make beet sugar just eight years ago. In 1895 her product amounted to 8,000,000 pounds, and the industry is growing rapidly. The state law provides for the paying of a bounty of five-eighths of a cent per pound upon sugar manufactured in the state from beets, sorghum or other sugar yielding plants grown in it, but no money can be paid upon sugar produced from beets for which as much as $5 per ton has not been paid to the producer, nor upon sugar produced from beets raised by the manufacturer.—Farmers' Review.

LARGEST LENS IN THE WORLD.

Dimensions of the Big Glass for the Yerkes Telescope.

The lens for the great telescope for the new observatory at Lake Geneva, Wis., the finest and largest telescopic lens in the world, has been completed after two and a half years' labor, and now lies at the workshop of Prof. Alvin Clark, in Cambridge, Mass., awaiting the orders of the Chicago university authorities. Its focal distance is 61 feet, the extreme diameter of the clear aperture is 41⅝ inches. The crown is about three inches thick at the middle, and 1¼ inches thick at the outer edges, and weighs 205 pounds. The flint weighs 310 pounds. The lens and its iron ring and cell weigh about 1,000 pounds. The cost of the glass plates in Paris was $40,000, and the entire cost of the lens is estimated to have been $100,000. For its journey west it will be wrapped in flannel and bedded in curled hair in a box mounted on springs and packed with excelsior in a large box. It will ride in the center of a parlor car, and will be accompanied by four men.

Euchre.

It is stated by the encyclopedias that euchre was invented in Pennsylvania. The game is little known outside of the United States.

The Faults and Follies of the Age

Are numerous, but of the latter none is more ridiculous than the promiscuous and random use of laxative pills and other drastic cathartics. These wrench, convulse and weaken both the stomach and the bowels. If Hostetter's Stomach Bitters be used instead of these no-remedies, the result is accomplished without pain and with great benefit to the bowels, the stomach and the liver. Use this remedy when constipation is manifested, and thereby prevent it from becoming chronic.

"A HONEYCOMB," says Brother Watkins, "am a lot ob little cells; but a honeymoon am often one big sell."—Philadelphia Record.

Personally Conducted Excursions to California

Via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line leave Chicago every Thursday. Comfortable Tourist Sleeping Cars, low rates, quickest time and the best of care and attention, are advantages secured by those who join these excursions. For full particulars apply to your nearest ticket agent, or address W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago & North-Western R'y, Chicago, Ill.

A GIRL'S idea of a pretty wedding dress is one that cannot possibly be of any use to a woman after she has married.—Atchison Globe.

Tourist Sleeping Cars to California Daily.

Every day in the year Tourist Sleeping Cars are run through from Chicago to California via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific R'ys). Only $6.00 for completely equipped double berth from Chicago to the Pacific Coast. For tickets and full information apply to agents of connecting lines, or address W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago & North-Western R'y, Chicago.

WAITER—"How will you have your steak, sir?" Patron—"I don't care how you cook it, but I'd like it this week."—London Figaro.

WIGGINS—"That man is either a desperate criminal or he lives in Brooklyn." Hogg—"How do you make that out?" Wiggins—"He's either in fear of a detective or a trolley car; I can't tell which."—Truth.

NOT HIS PREFERENCE.—"Well, Mr. Benedict," said the physician, "you scarcely expected triplets to begin with." "No, I didn't," replied the disconsolate man. "I prefer my family on the installment plan."—Life.

SCIENTIFIC MAMMA—"Do not dance all the evening, dear. Remember that the dances of an average ball cover a total distance of nine miles." Practical Daughter—"Oh, but a girl is carried most of the way, mamma."—Tit-Bits.

MR. VAN BRAAM—"You are a republican in politics, I believe, Miss Bellefield?" Miss Bellefield—"Yes, Mr. Van Braam; that is true." "I am a democrat." "So I have understood." Miss Bellefield—"Nellie, dear, let's fuse."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

"I WONDER what this author means when he says that Mrs. De Browne's eyes were riveted upon her husband?" said Mrs. Wilkes. "I don't know," said Mr. Wilkes, "unless he was jealous, and had them riveted on himself so that she couldn't glance at anybody else."—Harper's Bazar.

MRS. BROWN—"Men are such dreadful creatures! Does Mr. Black ever come home at night the worse for liquor?" Mrs. Black—"No, not as I know of. Stop! Yes, there was one night I thought he had been taking too much. That was the time he spoke of 'the man who laid the egg that killed the golden goose.'"—Boston Transcript.

AN INDORSEMENT.—Farmer Corntossel had made a visit to a penal institution and was telling his wife about it. "'Mandy," he said, "I'm mighty glad of one thing, an' that is that our boy Josiar plays football. I uster think 'twus a leetle rough. But there ain't nothin' like outdoor exercise fur givin' moral tone." "What put yer mind on to that?" "The trip I jes' took. I looked them convicts over, an' I could tell by their hair that there wasn't a single football-player in the hull lot."—Washington Star.

A THOUGHT THAT KILLED A MAN!

He thought that he could trifle with disease. He was run down in health, felt tired and worn out, complained of dizziness, biliousness, backaches and headaches. His liver and kidneys were out of order. He thought to get well by dosing himself with cheap remedies. And then came the ending. He fell a victim to Bright's disease! The money he ought to have invested in a safe, reliable remedy went for a tombstone.

Warner's Safe Cure

is the only standard remedy in the world for kidney and liver complaints. It is the only remedy which physicians universally prescribe. It is the only remedy that is backed by the testimony of thousands whom it has relieved and cured.

THERE IS NOTHING ELSE THAT CAN TAKE ITS PLACE

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY. }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

[SEAL] A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

AN Aberdonian, who, making a morning call, was asked if he "wud tak' a dram," soberly declined. "'Twas too airly the day," he said; "besides, I've had a gill already."—Town and Country Journal.

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But there is no reason in nature why any hindrances or derangements of this kind should continue to exist. Ninety-nine times in a hundred they are completely overcome in a perfectly natural and scientific way by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which gives healthy power and capacity to the special organs; reinforces the nerve-centres and makes natural, healthy motherhood possible, safe and comparatively easy.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, NOV. 19, 1896.

MR. BRYAN has resumed his free silver campaign, which is very well. He will be through with it all the sooner by reason of his early start.

MR. WM. JENNINGS BRYAN, the defeated Popocratic candidate for President, is to visit Denver, Col, on the 24th inst., and inaugurate a movement to continue the free silver agitation for the campaign of 1900. From a personal standpoint Mr. Bryan is making a mistake. The country will weary of him long before the approach of the first year in the twentieth century. Politically, if sustained by the Popocratic allies of the Populists and Silverites, the permanent disruption of the Democratic party will result from the movement. The platform of the Sound Money Democrats is undoubtedly most nearly in harmony with the principles of Jefferson and Jackson, and the members of that party who repudiated Repudiation and Altgeldism, to the extent of voting for McKinley or for Palmer, it matters not which never can and never will affilliate with the members of their party who adhere to the free silver heresy and the anarchistic deliverence of the Chicago convention. There is no hope for Democracy as a free silver anti-law party.

An Omitted Formality.

Maj. McKinley will never be officially informed that he has been elected President of the United States. In all the elaborate detail provided by the constitution and the laws for choice of Presidential electors the manner of their voting, and the ascertainment and announcement of the result of their balloting, there is no provision for acquainting the President-elect that he is the choice of the nation. He receives no commision, such as is issued to other officers of the Government. The same is true of the Vice President-elect.

The Electoral law passed by Congress after the disputed election of 1876 sets forth with minute detail the course to be pursued in canvassing the electoral vote. The electors meet at the state capitols and prepare the returns. Three sets of returns are forwarded from each State to Washington. They are guarded with great care. On the appointed day the senators march over to the House, and, in joint session, with much formality, every step in which is directed by law the returns are canvassed. Then the Vice President announces the names of those chosen for President and Vice President, of the term beginning on the 4th of March. With that the formalities end.

There is no danger, however, that the men elected to these high offices will remain uninformed. One means of information was indicated by Senator Edmunds, who was asked one day how a man elected to the Presidency was going to find it out. "By reading the newspapers," replied Mr. Edmunds. It therefore behooves Messrs. McKinley and Hobart to become close readers of the newspapers from this time forward. They may find therein something to their advantage.

Another "Great Victory" for Silver.

We have called attention before to the vast amount of satisfaction the silver men get out of the election by figuring out "how near" they came to carrying this, that and the other State; or what would have happened if they had got a few more thousand votes here and a few more thousand votes there. They can point out a dozen combinations by which by merely changing a thousand votes or so from McKinley to Bryan the very old smash would have been to play with the goldbugs and the money-power. Kentucky is the latest State upon which this kind of a post-mortem examination is being held. There a change of about 130 votes would have given the State to Bryan, and a silver man holds this to show what a narrow margin there was in the gold victory, and what a splendid success the free-silver fight was. He never stops to think that by adopting the Chicago platform the electoral vote of Kentucky was simply thrown away. Before that convention met it would have been difficult to conceive of a platform which would make Kentucky a doubtful quantity in a Presidential election. In 1892 it gave Cleveland 175,461 votes, Harrison 135,441 and Weaver 23,500, the latter really belonging to the Democratic column. In addition, there was a big reserve vote which could be counted on for the Democratic ticket. It didn't come out because it was not needed. Here was a Democratic majority of almost 75,000 wiped out, literlly wiped out by the Chicago platform, and yet Jones and Bryan and Sewell and Altgeld prate about the "wonderful victory" for free silver! Was ever such nonsense heard?

A Plea for the South.

Communities which voted that it would be just and right to declare by law that 50 cents worth of silver bullion should be taken as the equivalent of one dollar will not be regarded as presenting favorable opportunities for the investment of capital. The Baltimore *Manufacturers' Record*, which is devoted to the development of Southern industries, makes an apology for the South, which deserves consideration. It points out that in the South political action is constantly hampered by the fear of negro domination. The disposition is to subordinate every other consideration to the necessity of maintaining white ascendency. It therefore required an uncommon degree of moral heroism for southern men to break away from their party in order to oppose Bryanism. Then, too, they were left to their own resources. The efforts of national party organization were concentrated on the western States. The sound money men of the south had to fight the battle almost unaided. The *Record* continues:

"But hundreds of thousands were equal to the occasion. Three States, Maryland, West Virginia and Kentucky, were by this display of moral courage carried for McKinley, and in nine other States, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Lonisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia, the decrease in the Democratic vote compared with 1892 was over 280,000. Lynchburg, the home of Senator Daniel, for years the apostle of free silver, gave his vote to McKinley, as did Charleston, S. C."

Such a showing made under adverse circumstances, the *Record* contends, should relieve the south of the discredit which rests on Bryanism. It says:

"If the business people of the north will study these facts they will see that the south should receive unstinted praise for its magnificent work in behalf of sound money. They will see that never before has any section given greater proof of the moral courage of its people, and in these facts they will find abundant reasons for regarding with favor the south as a field for investment."

There is justice in this plea. The south has no natural interest in the free silver movement, but it is sorely in need of a more elastic and serviceable banking system and if its wants in this respect were supplied the ground would be cut from under the free silver movement.

Mr. Cox Needs Coaching.

Mr. Francis M. Cox's paper, the Port Tobacco *Times*, is the chief mouthpiece of Senator Gorman, but it is evident that the shrewd, smooth gentleman who last fall lost the State of Maryland from his vest pocket is not as careful in "coaching" his faithful followers and favorite beneficiary of the Federal Treasury as he should be. The *Times* says:

One year ago when the gold aristocracy of Baltimore city first combined with the 45,000 ignorant, prejudiced negroes of the State and the few thousand white men by whom the latter are controlled, to overthrow in Maryland a State government among the best in the Union, they put forward as their excuse that their motive was to down Gorman and boss rule. Leading public men in the State and a number of the influential county papers as well as the *Times* then openly charged that their real motive lay in protecting their millions invested in stocks and bonds from fair and just taxation under the thorough-going assessment bill to the enactment of which the Democratic party was by its platform unequivocally committed.

Bringing forward the reassessment question is a ridiculous way of "vindicating" Mr. Gorman and explaining the revolution against boss rule in this State. Everybody knows that the issue in the campaign of 1895 was bossism. The Cambridge platform pledged the Republican party to a new and more equitable property valuation. As Mr. Cox says, on the other hand, the Democratic party was "unequivocally committed" to the enactment of a similar law by the Gorman-Rasin convention. But, while it was expected that the Republicans would redeem their promise, neither Mr. Gorman nor Mr. Cox, nor any other man of ordinary intelligence and familiarity with the history of the dominant ring in Maryland, believed that the pledge of the Baltimore convention was meant seriously. It was not the first, or the second, or even the third time, that "the Democratic party was by its platform unequivocally committed" to the passage of an assessment act. The purpose of that declaration in a Gorman-Rasin platform was well understood. The bosses inserted it to catch votes, and then gave the "gold aristocracy of Baltimore" its choice of an unjust and injudicious measure, or of making liberal contributions to the "grandmother's fund."

The "gold aristocracy" certainly did not protect its millions invested in stocks and bonds from taxation by supporting Lowndes and the Republican legislative candidates, but it did protect itself against the demands of the bosses for replenishment of the "grandmother fund," and it did give Mr. Gorman a severe defeat, and in these facts he who runs may read the reason for the burst of Gormanic spleen against the "gold aristocracy of Baltimore city."

It requires an unusual amount of nerve for a Democratic newspaper in Maryland to revive the subject of reassessment after the record of the Democratic party upon it.

Butler's Notice to Bryan.

Chairman Butler has issued a akase notifying Bryan that if he wishes to head "the reform forces of the People's party" in the next fight he will have to drop the pretension of being a Democrat. "In the campaign just closed," remarks Mr. Butler, "the People's party joined forces with the Democrats, and the Democrats again played the people false, grossly and brutally false." Butler may disagree with Tom Watson on some points, but this appears to be an approval of Watson's door mat theory. Butler is right in his demand that Bryan become an out-and-out Populist. The Chicago convention was captured by the Populists and the Democrats found it necessary to hold a convention at Indianapolis to maintain the historic tenents of their party. Bryan is a Populist and he will have to cease masquerading as a Democrat.

Democratic Honest Money League Issues a Notice.

The Democratic Honest Money League of America has issued the following notice:

To the Honest Money Democracy of the Nation: The Democratic Honest Money League of America, called into existence through the emergency which was forced upon the country by the Chicago Convention, expected to end its labors with the campaign. After the victory on November 3, it closed its head quarters, prepared to congratulate and thank its constituents and allies throughout the country for the great patriotic effort which had achieved that victory.

But from the latest utterances of those who led the assault upon American honor it is evident that the serpent of repudiation has been only scotched—not killed. These men assert their unshaken faith in the vicious principles enunciated by the Chicago Convention, and declare their intention of continuing the battle during the next four years and of forcing the same issue upon this country in 1900.

In the face of these assertions and declarations but one course is open to the citizens of this country who stand for national honor and safety and against repudiation: To continue the struggle until even Mr. Bryan as well as his associates, shall see the light of truth and abandon the contest.

All those actively engaged in the late campaign know that the victory was cut out of a solid wall of heresy by educational effort. But, although we have succeeded, the narrowness of the margin in certain States which were saved, and the fact that several which should have been saved were lost—States every one of which can be brought into line for honest money by continued educational effort—shows the urgency of the need for further action.

It is evident, therefore, that the work so incompletely done as to leave any life at all in the vicious heresy of Free Silver must not be abandoned. We feel assured that the spirit of devotion to country which prompted loyal Democrats to take up again the nation's colors and do battle in their defense will lead them to finish the task so splendidly begun. It is ours to do this, because the crime attempted was in the name of Democracy.

This is asking much of those who bore the blunt of the arduous campaign just closed; but from the results obtained by three months effort it is manifest that continued effort through the same agencies, now fully equipped by education and familiarity with the field of operations, will finally eradicate the vicious doctrines that constitute a blot upon our civilization and a menace to our national safety and honor.

While thanking its constituents and allied organizations throughout the country for what has been accomplished, this league respectfully asks all such bodies throughout the several States to continue under arms for the present, with a view to meeting the threatened attack; to extend their work and influence into the States which, through lack of time or means, were not successfully covered during the campaign, and to continue in communication with this body, which will remain in the field while there is work to be done.

By order of the Executive Committee Democratic Honest Money League of America. JOHN BYRNE,
New York, Nov. 9, 1896. President.

GORMAN THE ISSUE.

To Demand Indorsement and Re-election.

There has been considerable speculation in the State as to how Senator Gorman viewed the defeat of Bryan in the late election, and whether he would consider it an invitation to himself to step down from leadership. If the Senator's intimate friends are to be believed it may be positively stated that he has no intention of getting out of politics, and does not think the defeat of free silver in any way necessitates his retirement. A prominent Democratic State Senator and one of Mr. Gorman's close friends said Monday morning:

"Senator Arthur P. Gorman will not retire from politics at the diction of the independents and mugwumps of Baltimore. On the contrary, he will be more in evidence next year than he has been for a loug time. His friends are opposed to his retirement, and the Senator will be indorsed by the Democratic State Committee next year as his own successor, and on that issue he will go before the people.

"You will remember," he continued, "that in 1891 the State convention unanimously nominated Gorman as the party candidate for the United States Senate to succeed himself. Such a course had never been taken before. But that year the name of Gorman was put forward by the State Convention for the Senate, and he won by an overwhelming majority.

"This next campaign will be on the same lines. Gorman will be indorsed for the Senate by the regular party organization in the State Convention, and we will make the fight with the Senator as the issue."

The State Senator continued:

"Over 104,000 Democrats voted for Bryan in Maryland at the late election. Probably 16,000 Democrats voted for McKinley on the money issue. Of these 16,000 who voted the Republican ticket, at least half are regulars and will act with the regular party organization on State issues and when it comes to a choice for members of the General Assembly.

"Many of the leading gold-standard Democrats who voted for McKinley are personal friends of Senator Gorman, and will do all they can to aid him in his fight. But the fact remains, over and above all other things, that a vast majority of the Democrats in Maryland this year were regular and voted for the regular party nominees, just as they did last year. They will be regular next year, and will control the party nominations and the delegates to the State Convention. All this talk about reorganizing the party is absurd. The party is well organized in every county in the State, and the organization will continue to be backed by a majority of the party voters, and remain in control off affairs.

"The campaign will be begun earlier than usual. The regulars of the State will back Mr. Gorman to a man."

Here it was suggested to the State Senator that such action would lead to certain defeat, for while it was admitted a majority of the Democrats might be for Gorman, there were enough Democrats opposed to his continued supremacy to defeat him. The Senator replied:

"That may be true, but I doubt it. And even if it is true, the old regulars and their followers prefer to have the Republicans in control rather than to have the men who have caused the defeat in the past two elections to boss it. We will never consent to follow the lead of those who have aided in turning Maryland over to the Republicans.

"The majority must rule, and if the majority of the Democrats of the State want Gorman—and I believe they do—they will nominate him, and the responsibility for Republican supremacy will rest on the minority of the party. If they should win at the primaries and nominate one of their leaders, they would expect us to follow them. They secured the nomination of Mr. Cowen for Congress two years ago, and the regulars elected him. They would probably work as hard for him again. We only expect them to do what they would want us to do. If they act otherwise they must take the consequences. We can stand defeat as well as they.

"But Gorman's friends are not going to desert him at the command of a lot of 'kickers' and 'soreheads,' who are in a minority. Gorman himself will not retire at their demand, but will submit the issue to the people."

Other prominent friends of Senator Gorman, when asked as to the probability of his making a fight for reelection next year, said that he would do so, and that he would undoubtedly be indorsed by the State Convention as his own successor.—Balto. News.

Swearing Disreputable.

Listening to men that are intelligent and honorable in all their business transactions use such profane language, caused me to inquire on what grounds the swearer stood to justify himself in his presumptious course, I can find none whatever. The drunkard I thought might pleased the cravings of his appetite. The murderer might pleased self-defense. The thief necessity. The liar justification. But the swearer is foothold with his presumptions. He is like a ship at sea without sails, a castle in the air—he has nothing to plead. It is no mark whatever of a gentleman to swear, because the greatest prostitutes in all the world swear as well as the would be educated and refined. It does not require any particular art or endowments to give a finish to the art of swearing or cursing. For the lowest and meanest of human beings swear with as much tact and skill as the most refined. The man who wishes to bring himself to the lowest level of degradation shame and pollution only has to learn to be a common swearer.

The most ignorant man in all the world has talent enough to learn to curse God and imprecate perdition on themselves and their fellow creatures. Taking the name of God in vain is all wrong. Swearing is never or ever will do any man any good, nor is he made any the richer by it. There is no gain in wisdom and I am sure none is made any the happier for swearing. It does not help any man to advance in education, nor does it assist him to be mannerly. It is no recommendation to any one to society, but on the contrary it is disgusting, abominable and insulting to the refined. To the mind it is unprofitable and degrading. It is worthless and detrimental to good society.

What! To call down the wrath and vengeance of God upon us in one of the most awful and dangerous offences that man can commit in the sight of heaven. So come boys let us quit our swearing.—"W" in Kingwood Journal.

Mountain Lake Park.

A census of the Park shows that there are fifty-one families in the Park. There is a population of two hundred and thirty persons.

The room occupied by the school of photography during the summer has been plastered and fitted up for Miss Eva Johns and her scholars. It makes a comfortable school room.

Misses Johns and DeBerry, our public school teachers, are giving excellent satisfaction. The former has 24 pupils and the latter 26.

Rev. Idleman, pastor of the Deer Park circuit, has been assisting Rev. Arbuthnot in his meetings at this place.

Mr. W. Rulifson and family left Saturday last for Hagerstown, where they will spend the winter.

Lewis Peters is home again. He does not speak flatteringly of the Morgantown "boom."

Supt. Rudisill has the glade extending from the Oakland road to Hazel Glade drive plowed. It will be put in buckwheat in the spring, to be followed by oats and timothy the next spring.

Philadelphia avenue has been extended from E street to D street, and put in good shape. Messrs. Echard are improving their property at the end of the avenue. A very creditable change has been made.

The lake dam has been raised about two feet. At each end of the dam arrangements have been made for an "overflow" in times of high water.

Four houses are going up on the land sold by Truman Casteel, Esq. Each house has from one to five acres of ground connected with it.

Mr. Bishop has sold several acres of ground to Mr. Lantz. Mr. L. is putting in the foundation for a house just opposite Mr. Shipley's residence.

A. Hawk, Esq., of Loch Lynn Heights, is moving his household goods to Morgantown, where he will engage in the boarding house business.

Mr. C. W. Hopkins leaves Thursday for Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mr. Thomas Keating left for Baltimore this morning, where he will spend several weeks.

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

Poor Blood

When a horse is poor in flesh, a new harness won't give him strength. If a house is cold new furniture won't warm it. If your strength is easily exhausted; work a burden; nerves weak; digestion poor; muscles soft; if you are pale and worn out, the trouble is with the blood. It is not so much IMPURE blood as POOR blood. Pills won't make this blood rich; nor will bitters, nor iron tonics, any more than a new harness will give strength to the horse, or new furniture will make a house warm. For poor blood you want something that will make rich blood.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites is the best remedy in the world for enriching the blood.

We have prepared a book telling you more about the subject. Sent Free.
For sale by all druggists at 50c. & $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

THE GOVERNOR PROCLAIMS.

He Issues His Annual Edict For Thanksgiving Day.

The following proclamation has been issued by Governor Lowndes:

STATE OF MARYLAND,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

To the people of Maryland:

Whereas it is right and proper that we should at all times, and especially at this season, when the earth has yielded forth her increase, turn with feeling of gratitude and acknowledge our dependence upon the great Giver of all good gifts.

Now, therefore, I, Lloyd Lowndes, Governor of the State of Maryland, do appoint Thursday, the twenty-sixth day of November, A. D., 1896, as a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer, and I recommend on that day the people of our state assemble in their usual places of worship and render thanks to Almighty God for the inestimable blessings which we have enjoyed and for that guidance which has delivered us from evil and led us in the ways of peace, and by prayer and supplication invoke a continuance of Divine favor.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of Maryland, done at the city of Annapolis, this 13th day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hunnred and ninety-six, and of the independence of the United States of America the one hundred and twenty-first.

By the Governor: LLOYD LOWNDES,
RICHARD DALLAM, Secretary of State.

The President's Term of Office.

After every election of president an agitation is started for lengthening the term of office of the nation's chief magistrate, for the reason that a presidential campaign is detracting and depressing to business. This is always true of a presidential contest, but the interference with industry has been particularly marked in the campaign just closed. The usual uncertainty attending the outcome of a national election is sufficient to cause men of capital to hesitate before putting their money into new enterprises or enlarging existing ones. The disturbance to business has been unusually severe during the last summer because the issue involved was one of tremendous importance to business interests. But the difference between this and other campaigns is simply one of degree. With every recurring presidental election business must suffer more or less.

These contests follow each other too closely. If elections took place less frequently business would be subject to fewer disturbances from this cause. Six years is not to long a term for the president of the United States to serve especially if it be understood that he shall retire at the end of that time and not seek a re-election to the office. A six-year term would give two presidential elections in twelve years, instead of three, as now. A four-year term is too short. In the early days of the republic the objections were not so great to the shorter term. Now the very cost of presidential campaigns is an argument against having them more frequently than to enable the government to keep in touch with the people.

In order to change the term of the president it would be necessaty to amend the constitution of the United States, something which it is very difficult to accomplish. But the change is a desirable one, especially for the business interests of the country, and it is to be hoped that before many years it may be brought about.

Some of the Names in Congress.

There will be three Walkers in the next House of Representatives, who were successful because they ran well. There will be one colored member, but he is a White man. Jett is also white. The name of a successful aspirant from Maryland is Mudd. This State also contributes Booze, while Ohio sends a Brewer. Animated nature is represented by a Bull from Rhode Island, a Lamb from Virginia, a Fox from Mississippi, a Martin from North Carolina, a Cooney from Missouri, a Kerr from Ohio, and Robbins from Pennsylvania. There is Berry from Kentucky and a Sauerherring from Wisconsin. New York has one Foote to stand upon and Oregon sends a Tongue to speak for her. The national game is represented by a Ball from Texas and a Hitt from Illinois. Workingmen should find advocates for the interests of their several trades in Congressmen Barber, Baker, Cooke, Packer, Gardener, Plowman, Cowherd, Cooper, Taylor, Skinner, Smith and Miller, while the church people must depend upon one solitary Bishop. Illinois feels important enough to put a Prince in the House, while Utah will be satisfied with nothing less than a King.

Call for Your Letters.

M. P. Bock (6), William Gilmore, William L. Lantz, Jeff Luzera, Edwin F. Smouse, John J. Shafer, Gus Wilson, B. J. Warne, Mrs. Matilda Jones, Mrs. Nannie Butler, Miss Rebecca White, Miss Annette Macgill, Miss Emma Lish, Miss Amelia C. Krause, Miss Maggie Kisner, Miss Maggie Hoy.

BALTIMORE AND OHIO.

Seventieth Annual Meeting of Directors, of the Road.

BALTIMORE, MD, November 16—The seventieth annual meeting of the stockholders of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company began at 11 o'clock this morning

Mr. Revedy Johnson, who has been chairman of each annual meeting for many years past, was again called upon to preside. For the first time in more than a quarter of a century the veteran secretary of the company, Mr. Andrew Anderson, was absent, and his place was filled by Mr. Curtis W. Woolford, the assistant secretary.

The report of Mr. John K. Cowen as president, and of Mr. Oscar G. Murray and himself as receivers, was read and accepted, but will not be published in full, as has been done each year heretofore, for the present at least. The substance for the report, however, is fairly well known.

The report stated, it is said, that the increase in gross receipts for the year amounted to almost $1,200,000, every dollar of which has been spent in improving the physicial condition of the property.

It was futher stated that the receipts, as demonstrated by the figures submitted, were as great as there was any reason to expect they would be, and that there has been a decrease in net receipts as compared with some previous years is owing to the fact that it was found necessary to make enormous expenditures for improvements in the roadbed, maintenance of machinery, such as engines, etc.

The figures in this respect showed, it was stated, that notwithstanding the great demand upon the rolling stock, which comprises 875 locomotives and upward of 35,000 cars of various kinds less than 6 per cent. are now in the shops, and this is said to be attributable to the fact that Mr. Murray has completely reversed the policy of the former management in respect to repairs, insisting that when it becomes necessary to repair any rolling stock it is done in the very best manner possible before it is again put into service.

Among the matters referred to in the report of General Manager Greene are the immense system of improvements at Cumberland, and the doubling of the capacity of the Locust Point yards at Baltimore, thus providing storage room for 3,500 cars. At least thirteen miles of additional track will be laid there, and the entire cost of the improvements will be about $45,000

The old board of directors, with one exception, was re-elected, Mr. J. L. McLane, who represents the John Hopkins University interests, taking the place of Mr. Aubrey Pearre, who will, however, remain as a director in several of the leased lines. More than nine tenths of the stock was represented in the voting.

The belief, among those most largely interested, seems to be that continuation of the policy inaugurated by Receivers Cowen and Murray, will place the railroad on a dividend paying basis sooner than was at first expected.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

In many States in the Union there are at this moment men rubbing their political eyes to discover if they are really awake, and that it is a fact "worthless, selfish So-and-So is elected to the legislature or to congress." Let me tell you good men some truths: You will listen for none ought to love freedom and sound sense more hearty than you. Vote-sellers and political tramps are not like you; they are out for plunder, but you earnestly desire the prosperity of the whole country. Yes, you do; in your mind, and it goes no further.

***

The initial thought for you this week is that it appears far easier to maintain a monarchy in efficient strength than a Republic. The selfsame cause that permits the maintenance of a nuisance in the heart of a town operates to make the perpetuation of true Liberty by true men a difficult thing; "everybody's business is nobody's business." The modern royal figurehead knows his part. He sees to it that evils which threaten the continued power of the reigning house are looked into and improved away; and from such motives do we have to record most grand progress, municipal and individual, in kingly realms. The wise ruler buttresses his throne with the hearts of his people. Kingships are not by any means so medieval as some of us think.

***

But the royal man, the self-governing equal man of every other in a Republic is not half so watchful. I mingle with strong ones from day to day; good, clear-headed business-men, but wretched citizens. They raise the hands in depreciation and call politics corrupt, they chime in with that lean and lank ex-Senator from Kansas, and agree that "the purification of the filthy pool of practical politics is an iridescent dream;" they pass the blame along to the next man, as did the individuals in Thomas Nast's cartoon of Boss Tweed and his minions; all stood in a ring and each one jerked a thumb toward his neighbor to blame him. To find the beginning or the end of the wrong in such a group is as difficult as to prove where is the starting point of a circle. If a word is said about the dangers that must arise from having purchasable legislators in State Capitols and at Washington, the shoulders are shrugged and "How can I help it?" is said.

***

I have always admired, since I knew what real manhood was, that old Bible character, Nathan, the prophet. He cornered God's anointed, trumped up a hypothetical story about an ewe lamb, roused the king's ire against the wollish ways of the rich man, and then turned on him like a flash, with anger and menace in his prophetic face, "Thou art the man!" Does it need a wordy trap to catch the ears and touch the consciences of our Davids? Shall we liken our country to a citadel besieged by evil, as all good things are; surrounded by miners and sappers who underhandedly throw down its walls in order that license may march over Liberty and trample our dear one under foot? Then shall we tell of some one within the walls who is seen to crawl to the ramparts and make signals to the besiegers? But not alone that; at a fateful moment he approaches the gate with a key in his hand to let death and disaster have free course and be satisfied among us. You Davids, you kinglets, what shall be done to the traitor? Let him be maimed; let wild horses tear him asunder, that all the people may fear to do evil and seek to do good! It shall be done, but thou that judgest art the man.

***

If you raise only your voice on high to denounce evil, do you think evil men fear you and shake in their shoes any more than they do at a capful of wind? Words and works must go together; blowing of trumpets and shoutings shake down no strongholds in these days; beatings of tom-toms drive out no diseases. Our political evils are no skin troubles to be gently rubbed away with almond-water and glycerine. They go deeper than that and down as deep as they go must you go to purify the national blood. You good men are neglectful in attending primaries, consequently your lazy, worthless neighbor gets elected to conventions; those conventions are necessarily no better than the material that constitutes them; your indolence has sent there "workable" men, men amenable to "the machine" that you howl against but for which you are to blame; the conventions make nominations that your enervating political pride forces you to vote for just "to be regular;" those elected ones conceived in the selfish iniquity of low grade primaries and brought forth in the fullness of time as "honorable" in legislatures are no more fit to represent you than a wolf to pose as the friend of a lot of sheep.

***

In a vague kind of a way we seem to think of government as something fixed and perpetual like a law of nature. No greater or more fatal mistake regarding it can find lodgment in our minds. Brooks run on forever, poet tells us; but governments do not. They are like some delicately constituted child that needs the loving care of wise friends; if that care is withheld the child perishes. Note that, and make your own personal deduction and resolution.

***

The mere fact that things may run along smoothly until we are laid to rest is no real comfort to a real patriot. Our forefathers planned wisely and well for us; we must work willingly and self-forgettingly for those who are to come after us, otherwise is our freedom mere selfishness and no freedom. A very mean king in the Jewish history was Hezekiah. The poltroon thanked God that the trouble prophesied against his nation was not to come in his day. Are you such a man?

How to Do It.

Call a meeting of the citizens of your town or vicinity and find out what they prefer in the way of roads.

It may be they are all passionately fond of mud. If so, a copious street sprinkler and a number of narrow-tired wagons will produce the desired results. May be the farmers want to fix it so the produce of their acres will have to remain at home and not be carted off to market. If so, muddy roads will serve their purpose nicely, for the hauling of half loads will so cut down profits as to make it unprofitable to try to market anything.

And then, again, may be your neighbors are all in favor of good roads. It is barely possible some or all of them think more of a stone crusher and a steam roller than they do of a rough, muddy road.

Anyway, get together and talk it over. Find out what the people want and then give it to them.

Let the mud turtles be sorted out and put in a web-footed class by themselves, while the real human beings go ahead with the work of road improvement.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

The Turkey Joke.

I am
The Turkey Joke,
And for countless years I've been used
to poke
Fun at the horror-stricken hen
And the gloom-enshrouded gobbler
when
They are least in the mood
For merry quips—it does seem rude
To get facetious with a food
Product; but, to tell the plain truth,
I am, in Melancholy soothe,
No longer a button-bursting jest—alas
no!
For ages I have posed as such, but be-
low
The surface I've been full of gloom,
And the tomb
Of the past
Has cast
Its glamor over and about
My frenzied shout
Of make-believe gurgling glee,
Ah! me!
There was a time when I knew not
woe!
When Noah lived, and thro' the long
rain reigned;
Nobody complained
Of me then, for I was at my best,
The merriest, madcap jest
On earth.
I made mirth
And happiness for all the Ark's
Passengers and the care that carks
Was never in my neighborhood.
I was youthful then, and sounded
good
To the ears:
But the years
Have dealt harshly with me
You see
I've been worked so persistently,
And with such untiring energy
That I have been worn threadbare.
No gayer
Jest then I ever wrote itself across the
pages
Of the ages
But how can one be
Funny forever and ever when he
Isn't given a chance to rest
Or pull down his vest?
I'd rather be the coy and tongue-tied
clam
But, unfortunately, I am
The Turkey Joke,
And it is my duty to smoke
Up till the cows come home.
I must forever roam
Broadcast over the land,
Leading by the hand,
A rebellious, seven-foot smile
All the while.
Just so long as Father Time can be-
guile
More years from eternity and set the
pace,
I am doomed to scorch thro' news-
paper space,
And do a continuous performance
century run,
But my fun
Is beginning to get
Frayed around the edges, and my
eyes are wet
With an unwept weep;
While my chin has whiskers 10 feet
deep.
Ah! there comes a turkey up the
street—
Excuse me, I must go and greet
It with a laugh,
And incidentally, throw the bird a
paragraph
Or two of chaff.
I'm making a mighty effort to be gay,
But, say!
I'm a total wreck,
And my neck
Has that in-growing feeling!
I've a presentiment that I'm spieling
Nighty close to a catastrophe—
Whee!
I must brace up and be spry,
G'bye! —G. V. H.

The Hobby of Ingersoll.

"Now I have got a hobby, but do not suppose any of you have heard of it. I think the greatest thing for the country is for all its citizens to have a home. I think it is around the fireside in the homes that all virtues grow, including patriotism. We want homes. Until a few years ago it was the custom to put men in prison for debt. The authorities threw a man into jail when he owed something he could not pay, and by throwing him into jail they deprived him of an opportunity to earn what would pay it. After a little time they got sense enough to know that they could not collect a debt in this way and that it was better to give him his freedom and allow him to earn something if he could. Therefore, the system of jailing was done away with. At another time, when a man owed anything, if he were a carpenter, a blacksmith or a shoemaker and not able to pay it, they took his tools on a writ of sale and execution, and thus incapacitated him so that he could do nothing. Finally they got sense enough to abolish that law, to leave a mechanic his tools and the farmer his plows, horses and wagons, and after this debts were paid better than ever they were before.

Then we took to emancipating the home builder, and we said: "We will have a homestead exemption. We shall put a roof over wife and child, which shall be exempt from execution and sale," and so we preserved hundreds of thousands and millions of homes, while debts were paid just as much as ever paid before. Now, I want to take a step further. I want the rich people of this country to support it. I want the people who are well off to pay the taxes. I want the law to exempt a homestead of a certain value, say from $2,000 to $2,500 and to exempt it, not only from a sale on judgment and execution, but to exempt from taxes of all sorts and kinds. I want to keep the roof over the heads of others when the man himself has gone. I want the homestead not only to belong to the man, but to the wife and children. I would like to live to see a roof over the heads of all the families of the republic. I tell you it does a man good to have a home. You are in partnership with nature when you plant a hill of beans. When you set out a tree you have a new interest in this world. When you own a little tract of land you feel like you and Jehovah were partners. All these things dignify human nature.

Happy Barefoot Babies.

"I chanced to be present," remarked a trained nurse to a group of professional friends, "when a little girl three years of age, just returned from the West, was being put to bed. It was the last day of August, and I noted that she was suffocating in a heavy, high-necked long-sleeved flannel shirt and underdrawers, long, thick stockings and a flannel skirt, besides the full cotton outfit, and this would, I know, be generally accepted as quite the proper and rational way to prepare a little child for a long journey. To me it seemed little less than cruelty.

"On the other hand, I am watching with great interest a little child nine months old, who has never had a shoe or stocking on or had its little feet covered in any way during the day. Whenever the weather is chilly the nurse gives them an occasional brisk rubbing, but argues that since its feet have never been covered they are no more sensitive than the hands, and it is true that the little one has never had a cold. During the hot weather, too, it is dressed in great comparative comfort, which translated means as little clothing as possible.

"One of the leading specialists in children's diseases in America, a most distinguished man, by the way, never allows his children to wear shoes and stockings, except when out of doors in midwinter, until they are five or six years old. All though the spring and early summer they may be seen in park and public garden, walking about with their nurse, exquisitely frocked, but barefooted. Later come the long country barefoot rambles; and even in the winter they never wear shoes in the house. The result of this experiment in his own family has proved more than satisfactory to the famous physician, and the general ruggedness and vigor of his children is his most powerful argument when using the whole weight of his influence to prevail upon other parents to go and do likewise.

"It is to be hoped that saner notions in regard to dressing children in hot weather may in due time percolate all classes of society, and that those who would hesitate before the barefoot idea may at least go so far as to unburden their children of that heavy weight of clothing which is more productive of colds and weakness than all other causes combined."—Marion Depew in Chicago Record.

Three Heads Fall.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 16.—Three Tennessee postmasters were allowed to resign to-day to avoid being dismissed for offensive partisanship during the late campaign. Charges were made against them by Republicans and Gold Democrats, and after a thorough investigation they were found to be well established and the postmasters were notified that they would be removed if they did not resign. Thereupon they resigned and their successors were appointed today.

A number of simular cases are under investigation and similar action will be taken if the charges are found to be sustained.

Was It Blackmail?

The visit of an officer of the courts of Cumberland, Md., and several attorneys to the Register's office in Pittsburg last Friday disclosed a peculiar story which will prove of interest to Fayette, Somerset and Indiana county people. The visiting officials had been in seven counties in the State, hunting the marriage record of Charles Cummins and Mrs. Emma S. Rush. It is alleged that Mrs. Rush secured judgment against several hotel men of Cumberland on informations charging them with selling her husband liquor. The details of the story are somewhat confusing.

It is alleged by the counsel representing the defendants that Mrs. Cummins was not married at the time she entered the suits or secured the judgments. The marriage license records show that the couple took out a license in Pittsburg and were married in the Register's office on August 19th, which was long after the judgment was secured. A copy of the records had been forwarded to Cumberland some time ago, but a certified copy was needed in which Judge Hawkins of the Orphans' Court must certify that S. P. Connor is Register of Allegheny county. It is claimed the couple are now in Salt Lake City, Utah, and the certified papers will be necessary to get services on them there.

Cummins was formerly a resident of Somerset county and Mrs. Rush was a native of Blairsville, but lived in Fayette county with her husband, Dr. Rush, prior to going to Cumberland, where it is alleged, she lived for ten years past with Cummins. At the marriage license bureau in Pittsburg she testified that Dr. Rush was dead, and this is not denied by the people interested. They believe they can prevent Mrs. Cummins from recovering upon the judgments. They claim the suits were a blackmailing scheme.—Connellsville Courier.

The *Courier* is somewhat mixed on the above. The parties to this suit all reside in Garrett and not Allegany county. The judgment for Mrs. Cummins was secured in the Garrett county court last September.

Don't Patronize Pedlers.

It is a well known fact that pedlers do nothing to help a town. He comes and goes and gives nothing to charity or to our churches or other organizations. You are swindled by them and you have no other recourse but to grin and bear it. They have no place of business where you can go and demand full value for your money. Having no reputation to sustain they can do about as they please and it is time for the public to give them the cold shoulder. Instead of patronizing these itinerant merchants you should make your purchases of home merchants, men who help build up the town, men who help support our churches, schools and other enterprises. They are the people worthy of your patronage, and as they have reputations to sustain you are sure to receive proper treatment. If unable to secure your wants at home then the merchants in other towns may be able to supply you. In this day and age when merchandise stores are so numerous, the pedler should be relegated to the rear.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street.

For good flour and plenty of it, Dudley takes the cake at the Oakland Mills. 33tf

ORDER NISI.

Jefferson F. Bradford vs. Millard M. Bradford.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County. No. 761 Equity.

Ordered, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county in equity, this 18th day of November, 1896, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings made and reported by John Shartzer, receiver, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 10th day of December next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 10th day of December, 1896.

The report states the amount of sale of real estate to be $2,175.00

True copy. E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 53-3

RECEIVER'S SALE

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

In Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett County Maryland.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting in equity, dated the 24th day of October, A. D. 1896, and passed in a cause wherein John Shartzer is plaintiff and The Loch Lynn Store company of Garrett county, is defendant, the undersigned receiver was authorized and directed to make sale of the real estate mentioned in said proceedings. In pursuance of said order, I hereby give notice that on

Saturday, the 21st day of November,

1896, at eleven o'clock a. m., on the premises in Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Maryland, I will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, all those lots or parcels of ground situated, lying and being in Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett County, Maryland, which on the plat of said Loch Lynn Heights are known and described as

LOTS NUMBERS 34 and 35

in Block No. 4 as recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 1 folio 2, one of the plat records of Garrett county, Maryland.

Said lots are improved by a

Large New Three-story Building,

containing store room, town hall, lodge rooms, etc.

Terms of sale as prescribed by said order, one-third cash, one-third in six months and one-third in twelve months from the day of sale, the purchaser to give his notes with approved security for the deferred payments, with interest from the day of sale, or all cash at the option of the purchaser. Deed to be prepared at the cost of the purchaser.

JOHN SHARTZER, Receiver.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

SITUATED IN GARRETT COUNTY.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Sarah E. Wilt and John W. Wilt, her husband, to Lewis Popp, dated the 11th day of April, in the year 1892 and recorded among the Land Records of Garrett County, in Mortgage Record Liber E. Z. T. Number 18, folio 423, the undersigned, as mortgagee, will offer for sale at public auction on

Thursday, the 17th day of Dec., 1896,

AT TWO O'CLOCK P. M.,

in front of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, the following real estate, to-wit:

First. All that parcel of land, containing 61½ acres, being part of a tract called

"CHEVIOT DALE,"

and being the same property which was conveyed by Daniel M. T. Wilt to Sarah E. Wilt, by deed of June 27, 1891, recorded among said land records in Liber E. Z. T. Number 29, folio 27.

Second. All that parcel of land, containing 67½ acres, being a part of a tract of land called

"PEA PATCH,"

and being the same property which was conveyed by Michael Gibson and J. W. W. Davis to Sarah E. Wilt, by deed dated the second day of March, in the year 1892, and recorded among said land records in Liber E. Z. T. Number 19, folio 336.

The above parcels of land comprise one farm, situated about ten miles from Bloomington and six miles from Frank ville Station on the B. & O. Railroad, and the place whereon Stephen F. Broadwater now lives.

The farm is well watered, and is improved by one Log Dwelling House, a Barn and a Spring House; about sixty acres are cleared and the balance is in timber.

TERMS OF SALE—Cash.

36—4 *LEWIS POPP, Mortgagee.*

THE

NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE

FOR

FARMERS AND VILLAGERS,

FOR

FATHERS AND MOTHERS,

FOR

SONS AND DAUGHTERS,

FOR

ALL THE FAMILY.

With the close of the Presidential campaign THE TRIBUNE recognizes the fact that the American people are now anxious to give their attention to home and business interests. To meet this condition, politics will have far less space and prominence, until another State or National occasion demands a renewal of the fight for the principles for which THE TRIBUNE has labored from its inception to the present day, and won its greatest victories.

Every possible effort will be put forth, and money freely spent, to make THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE a NATIONAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER, interesting, instructive, entertaining and indispensible to each member of the family.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to George W. Best, Tribune Office, New York City, and a sample copy of THE NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE will be mailed to you.

Canned Corn Fritters.

hen fresh corn is not in season a imitation may be made from ed corn. Chop it very fine, and if add two tablespoonfuls of milk to ean of corn, and then proceed as fresh corn. When you are makcorn fritters from fresh corn plan ve a corn soup for dinner and thus e all the juice that may be left on obs.—Albany Journal.

Without a Rival.

. Gondman—My little man, when I your age I didn't smoke in the way do.

m Child—I should think so. Why, ain't a kid in the alley that kin e like me.—Pearson's Weekly.

Following Instructions.

hy, Jimmie," said the gracious ss, "you have taken half a pie on plate."

es'm. Mamma said I mustn't have one piece when I was visitin'."—oit Free Press.

The Sensitive Cheek.

Nine out of ten persons if asked what is the most sensitive part of the body, will reply the tip of the tongue. This is a mistake. Those engaged in polishing billiard balls, or any other substances that require a very high degree of smoothness, invariably use the cheekbone as their touchstone for detecting any roughness. An ivory article that may feel perfectly smooth if rubbed against the chin or touched with the tip of the tongue will often feel quite appreciably rough when applied to the cheekbone.—Golden Days

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD

UNDER THE WILLOWS.

Here I used to sit and listen for the patter
of her feet,
For the tiny hands to pound upon the
door;
But the icy hand of death has touched the
forehead of my sweet,
And the baby voice is hushed forever-
more.

Angels keep my baby,
Where the willows wave;
Where with each recurring spring
Feathered warblers come and sing,
When the violets are blooming o'er her
grave.

To a little western woodland now my mem-
ory sadly turns,
Where the summer wild rose scents the
silent gloom,
Where a busy little brook is singing softly
in the ferns,
And the willow boughs are bending o'er
her tomb.

Angels keep my baby,
Where the willows wave;
Where the low winds sob and sigh,
When the summer roses die,
And the autumn leaves are falling on
her grave.

Only now I slept and dreamed I was kneel-
ing there to-night,
Where my little one is sleeping on the
hill;
Even now, when I'm awake, and the tears
fall as I write,
I can seem to hear the music of the rill.

Angels keep my baby,
Where the willows wave;
Where the winds blow blenk and
drear
When the silent woodland's sear,
And the snow is drifting deep upon her
grave.

—Cy Warman, in N. Y. Sun.

A TEAM OF ALLIGATORS.

Sensation Created in a Texas Town by a Hunter.

Every old settler in eastern Texas knows old Buck Stobbins. Stobbins came to the lone star wilderness when the republic was in its infancy. He settled in the Big Thicket, not far from Houston, and, during his long careers, he has hunted bear, only varying the monotony of the sport by occasionally getting drunk and spending a few days in getting sober and resting the dogs. The old man is an ironside, hard-shell Baptist, and a liar—not a mere novice in feeble and unpolished mendacity, but a wholesale, artistic, rough and tumble liar of gigantic proportions. His word is pretty good on all ordinary subjects, but when it comes to bear the aged veteran varies, twists, distorts and piles bears and hounds and gunshots and butcher knives together, and makes a story worth listening to. Every hunter goes to see him, and all leave his cabin pleased with his extraordinary hospitality, and feeling that if there were a few more Buck Stobbinses in the world the human race would laugh more and life would be worth living after all.

He has been making war on the black bear of Texas for more than half a century, and killed every year, according to his own candid statement, bear enough to feed an army, and yet he can put you on a stand where you can get a shot at a big, rollicking bruin any fine morning. Very recently he has figured as the most conspicuous character in an adventure that is without parallel in the history of the world. The old fire eater had one son, and when this heir apparent to the Stobbins claim and cabin in the wilderness was about ten years old he captured a pair of young alligators two or three feet in length. Now, young Stobbins did not have any calves to fool with, and so he chained the young alligators together and hitched them to a small slide. He put bull rings in the nose of each 'gator, and then, by the dexterous use of a pitchfork, managed to extract a good deal of deviltry and fun out of his wonderful team.

The boy was fast growing to manhood, and the alligators—well, they were fast growing to 'gatorhood. They were at least ten feet long when the promising youth took the swamp fever and died. Old Stobbins was devotedly attached to his son. He expected to make a famous bear hunter out of the boy. His grief was not of the common kind. He tried to burn it out of his "in'ards" with moonshine whisky, and possibly would have succeeded, but the capacity of the stillhouse was a grade less than the old warrior's endurance and metal. When the still went dry he

from this time forward. They may find therein something to their advantage.

Another "Great Victory" for Silver.

We have called attention before to the vast amount of satisfaction the silver men get out of the election by figuring out "how near" they came to carrying this, that and the other State; or what would have happened if they had got a few more thousand votes here and a few more thousand votes there. They can point out a dozen combinations by which by merely changing a thousand votes or so from McKinley to Bryan the very old smash would have been to play with the goldbugs and the money-power. Kentucky is the latest State upon which this kind of a post-mortem examination is being held. There a change of about 130 votes would have given the State to Bryan, and a silver man holds this to show what a narrow margin there was in the gold victory, and what a splendid success the free-silver fight was. He never stops to think that by adopting the Chicago platform the electoral vote of Kentucky was simply thrown away. Before that convention met it would have been

while he was loading his gun the 'gators crawled out of the tank in the lot and began to snort and bellow like bulls.

"An idea!" exclaimed the thoughtful Mr. Stobbins. "Get the pitchfork, Miss Nancy," he shouted, "and let us see if we can't make them air varmints useful."

In telling the story a few days ago to a party of hunters, Mr. Stobbins said: "It jest beat anything you ever saw. The critters acted jest as if they understood the situation, and when I drove them out into the field and hitched them to the plow I never popped a whip over or stuck a pitchfork into a better team. They knew 'whoa' and 'gee' jest as well as any pair of oxen ever yoked together in all this here broad domain of the land of liberty called Texas. I put my crop in the ground in a hurry—got away ahead of all my neighbors. They were the best plow team that ever straddled a row of cotton. I made two bales and had it ginned before the swallows and bluebirds got ready to fly away to Mexico. Said I to Miss Nancy: 'This here is fun, but it is only the beginnin'. I have sold the cotton at the gin, and I have got the yaller boys in my pocket. Let's hitch up the 'gators and go down to Houston and lay in a few things ready for bear huntin'.'

"'Done, dad,' said Miss Nancy, and no sooner said than done. She hitched the 'gators to the cart and away we went, bound for Housting with a pocketful of rocks. No need to ask people to give the road. Most people's horses and mules and oxen took to the woods as soon as they got a smell of us. We rattled into the city and you never seed no sich an excitement. People quit sellin' things and utterly neglected business to run after us. I was kinder dry, and I stopped at a saloon and got a jug filled. When I came out people were starin' of their eyes out, and a hollerin' and jest raisin' thunder. They were a-rainin' questions at Miss Nancy, and the varmints, bein' unused to sich sights, and so much fuss, were cavortin' around and snappin' their jaws, wantin' to eat somebody or go. There was a band wagon comin' down the street with a lot of cussed fools in it blowin' brass horns. Then 40 other wagons, all painted with varmints sich as lions and tigers and beasts of the forest, was a-followin', and mixed up with them was a lot of loose elephants and camels and fools draped up in pretty clothes, a-ridin' white horses. 'A circus, by thunder, Miss Nancy!' said I. Jest

MIXED UP WITH THE CIRCUS.

then the horses that were hitched to the band wagon began to cavort and they wheeled around and turned the wagon over and spilled the brass band fellers out right immediately on top of my 'gators. 'Look out!' I shouted, 'or some of you will be missin'.' They did not need anybody to advise them to get out of the way. When the elephants and lions came and smelled the 'gators there was fun sure 'nough. You never heard sich roarin' and bawlin'. I thought the devil himself had broke loose. But this was only the commencement of the frolic. The circus horses began to run away.

"I never seen so much commotion in all my born days. There was 40 teams all runnin' away at once and 40 more a-tryin' to run away. People were a-hollerin' and cussin'; lions and tigers were roarin' and women and children were cryin'. Says I: 'Miss Nancy, my opinion is that we have played the dence amazingly, and old Buck Stobbins is goin' to try to vamoose the ranch.' I stuck the fork into the tail of the off alligator and shouted: 'Get up and dust, my beauties.' The 'gators seemed to be enjoyin' the frolic, and they threw open their jaws and plunged right into the mass of overturned wagons, struggling' horses and wild elephants. When we came out on the other side I heard Miss Nancy say: 'Great Heavens, dad! look there!' and I felt something slimy hit me in the face, and when I got my eyes open my blood froze in my veins. The off alligator had the clown of the circus between his jaws and [illegible] mitted.

Bringing forward the reass question is a ridiculous way dicating" Mr. Gorman and ex the revolution against host this State. Everybody kn the issue in the campaign of bossism. The Cambridge pledged the Republican pa new and more equitable valuation. As Mr. Cox say other hand, the Democratic "unequivocally committed" enactment of a similar la Gorman-Rasin convention while it was expected that t licans would redeem their neither Mr. Gorman nor Mr any other man of ordina gence and familiarity with t of the dominant ring in A believed that the pledge of more convention was meant It was not the first, or the even the third time, that " eratic party was by its plat univocally committed" to t of an assessment act. The that declaration in a Gor platform was well understo bosses inserted it to catch then gave the "gold arist Baltimore" its choice of

QUEER PEOPLE IN MAINE.

A Community That Has No Law, Schools, Doctors or Preachers.

Residents of Maine who look to the New York and Boston papers for accounts of queer people and strange forms of government in different parts of the world could learn facts worth studying by going to Norcross. The settlements of Eskimos on the coast of Greenland have their old men, the tribes of Africa have their chiefs, and even penal colonies recognize the authority of firearms and the lash. Here the law-abiding people feel but one power—the hurrying, unsympathetic cars, which bring everything that comes to their homes and take away everything that goes out.

The distance from Milnocket bridge, which crosses the West branch east of there, to Perkin's Siding, which is three miles west, is five miles as the railroad runs or the crow flies. At and between these two points are five settlements of new log and board structures, comprising about 40 buildings in all. Of these one is a railroad station, one is a small store, two are small hotels, one is a sawmill, six are good-sized sporting camps, eight are frame houses with shingles and clapboards on them, and the rest are primitive log cabins with splits for roofing, spotted poles for floors and boughs for bedding. One-half of the male inhabitants are either guides or lumbermen, partly both, one-quarter are mill hands who saw spool bars and dowels at Perkin's Siding, and the remainder are section hands and other employes who work for the Bangor & Aroostook railroad. Though no census was ever taken of the place there are about 200 people who live there the year round. Among them are some 25 women and nearly 40 children. This is when the population is at low ebb. In July when the West Branch drive comes down the population swells to 400 or 500, and after open season for big game begins it often reaches 1,000 souls, besides Indians.

Having grown without governmental restraint from one log camp to its present proportions inside of three years, Norcross has made itself the most anomalous community on earth. It is not a town. It is not even a plantation. On the old survey maps it is named Indian township, No. 3, so called by the surveyors to distinguish it from Indian townships Nos. 1 and 2. The name of Norcross signifies nothing. It was so called in order to locate a station for a railroad and a post office for the hunters.

Though property that cost $500,000 is here and visible, the assessor and tax collector never visit the place. The children are born and grow up without seeing the inside or the outside of a schoolhouse. There are not two rods of bicycle and not 20 rods of cart roads in the whole township. As the nearest clergyman, lawyer and doctor are from 30 to 50 miles away the people get along very well without them. When a couple want to get married they take their bridal tour in hunting up a minister and coming home again. If a person is sick he is sent out to a doctor, because no physician can be coaxed to come and see him; and, in case he dies, the body must be transported more than 30 miles before it can rest in a Christian burying ground. There is no drug store, no dance hall, and no barroom or other place where liquor is sold in the township. If two or more men have a dispute which leads to a free fight, the non-combatants stand by to see fair play, without attempting to interfere. In case the defeated party feels himself wronged and wants to take the matter into court, he cannot afford to do so, because he would have to travel nearly all day by rail before he could find a magistrate. Even the game wardens who arrest men for killing deer spend more money in taking their prisoners to court than the fines amount to when a conviction is secured. Once in its history, when a murder was committed near here, a sheriff from Dover spent a week reaching here and getting back home. The chances are it would take something bigger than a murder to take him there again.

The person who reads this description of Norcross and thinks the inhabitants are degraded or immoral will make a great mistake. A mail four times a day brings letters and papers from everywhere. An enterprising and considerate railroad carries away all the people have to sell, and brings in all they buy. Divine Providence does the rest. The men are industrious and moral. The women are model wives and excellent cooks. The children are bright and well dressed. If Norcross were formed into a plantation or incorporated as a town, the residents would have to pay municipal, county and state taxes. Now they pay no taxes, they do not vote, and every man is as good as his neighbor. The place is fairer than Utopia, and sweeter than the dream of a nihilist. It has no counterpart on earth.—N. Y. Sun.

An Extraordinary Light.

What is believed to have been an aurora of such extraordinary brilliancy as to obscure the sunlight is thus described in an old number of the Gentleman's Magazine: On the 2d day of January, 1756, an unusual light, far above the brightest day, struck all beholders with amazement. The time was four o'clock in the afternoon, and it soon faded away. At seven, however, from east to west, streams appeared like rivers of bright fire. A general feeling of alarm was caused by these, but they gradually faded away to the north, their disappearance being accompanied by shocks which were felt by all, but which did no particular damage.—St. Louis Republic.

A Curious Custom.

The butchers of Berlin are in the habit of informing their customers of the days on which fresh sausages are made by placing a chair covered with a large, clean apron, at the side of the shop door.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

NEGROES IN THE SOUTH.

Educational and Industrial Progress Is Very Marked.

In February of every year the little town of Tuskegee, in Alabama, beholds a curious spectacle. From every direction and every sort of conveyance, from an ox-cart to a railroad train, representatives of the colored population of the surrounding country gather there to attend the Tuskegee negro conference. Persons of both sexes attend, and neither education nor wealth is necessary to secure admission.

No political purpose prompts the movement. The subject of discussion is the welfare of the negro race, and a desire to cooperate in the work of elevating and expanding the lives of their fellows is the one common motive of those who attend.

In connection with the larger convention, and contemporaneous with it, is the workers' conference, made up of officers and teachers in colored schools. Both gatherings stand for the principle of self-help among the colored people of the south.

Our readers were told some months ago of the various institutions devoted to the education of colored youth, and of the eminently practical character which most of them have taken on. Through these institutions, and through their graduates, a wide and elevating influence has been brought to bear upon the whole race. The Tuskegee conferences grew out of the Tuskegee Institute, whose founder and president, Booker T. Washington, is himself a graduate of a similar school at Hampton, in Virginia.

The conferences themselves are but one of many ways in which the influence of such men as President Washington is brought to bear. The credit system, the one-room cabin, the building of schoolhouses and lengthening of the school term, the importance of owning instead of renting a house, the uses of a savings bank—these are among the topics with which the conferences deal.

But the same topics are dealt with in every community where the new spirit has been set at work. They are, in fact, the things that the friends of the race consider everywhere as the things of most immediate importance.

Listlessness in work, a lack of foresight and an indifference to waste are always the characteristics of slave labor. Naturally they did not disappear immediately when the slaves were freed. Mental and physical traits are not easily eradicated, either in the individual or the race; but bad habits and thoughtlessness are gradually yielding to the influences of new conditions and the leaven of new ideas. The returns of the census show that the negro is acquiring property. The Atlanta exposition revealed something of the skill and intelligence which he is adding to his natural capacity for physical labor.

There is every indication that industrial progress is not unaccompanied with moral progress also. Only very gradually could the old habits of thought and life be shaken off. Poverty, not necessarily inimical to morality, tended to perpetuate an instinct of blind submission inconsistent with an erect manhood. The acquisition of property brings with it a certain self-respect and the feeling of responsibility.

The awakening of the blacks to the possibilities and the duties of their new life is not a menace to the still dominant whites. The practical disappearance of the race question from national politics is a hopeful sign. Other indications are not wanting of a better feeling between those who were masters and those who were slaves in the times that seem so much more remote than the tale of years would indicate. Surely an increase of intelligence will help the negro to find his place in the great future of the south. Whatever the solution of the race problem may be, ignorance and immorality cannot aid us in finding it.—Youth's Companion.

One-Handed People.

Has it ever occurred to you that 999,999 people out of a million go through life with the use of only one hand? It is an odd thought, but there is solid truth at the back of it. If you are right-handed, your left hand has no other use than as a very humble auxiliary to your right hand; if you are left-handed, it is a million to one that your right hand is but a poor weakling. You may live to be seventy-and-five years old and not meet a man or woman who can use both hands equally well. It is seriously proposed by a well-known Scotch scientist that all children should be trained from their earliest years to use their left as much as their right hands. They should be taught to write and to hold their knives with their left hands as well as to bat and to bowl at cricket left-handed. In every other way the left hand should be given the same chances as the right. Crowds of right-handed people who have been afflicted with that distressing malady known as "writer's cramp" have taught themselves to write with their left hands. Why can't we all learn to do this?—Golden Days.

Strange Story of a Bat.

A queer story is told of an English naturalist, who died in 1860, and was buried at Blankney, in Lincolnshire. Among his pets was a large gray bat. This bat was permitted to enter the tomb, and was sealed up alive along with the corpse of his dead master. In 1866 the vault was opened, and to the surprise of all the bat was alive and fat. On four different occasions since the relatives of the dead man have looked after the welfare of his pet, and each time it has been reported that the bat was still in the land of the living, although occupying quarters with the dead. It was last seen in 1892.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Regularity in feeding is an important item in fattening hogs.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

De song birds, dey hab lef' de lan';
We doan' know whah dey's at;
But de eagle is a screamin' an'
De tuhkey's gittin' fat.
—Washington Star.

—Anxious.—Willie—"How long are you going to visit us?" Aunt Jemima—"I haven't the least idea. Why do you ask, Willie?" "Mother wanted to know."—Detroit Free Press.

—Farmer's Wife—"I hope you are not afraid of work?" Tramp uneasily)—"I ain't exactly afraid, mum; but I always feels fidgety when there's anything like that about."—Boston Traveler.

—A Sure Cure for Dumbness.—Mr. Gabbleton—"Oh, doctor, my wife has suddenly lost the power of speech—can't utter a word!" Eminent Physician (laconically)—"Take her to the opera."—N. Y. World.

—That was a bright answer given by a little girl in a suburban school to the question of her teacher as to what people find, even in warm countries, when they get to the top of a mountain. "Most people find," said the child, "that they are out of breath."

—His Idea.—Mrs. Jimsmith (who has been reading one of the current beauty prescriptions)—"George, what is your idea of a perfect figure?" Jimsmith—"Well, $250,000 may not be perfection, but it's near enough to satisfy a man with my humble notions."—Buffalo Express.

—She—"That lame man with one eye over there, whom everybody calls captain—was he in the army during the war?" He—"Oh, no. He got his title and injuries as captain of a college football team." She—"Oh, how lovely! The brave fellow!"—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

—Mr. Dismal Dawson's removal of the trash from the lawn was so languid that Mrs. Watts was moved to say: "I fear you are not fond of work?" "Oh, yes, I am, mum," said Mr. Dawson. "I think so much of work that I wouldn't be violent with it fer nothin'."—Indianapolis Journal.

TRAVELS OF A DIAMOND.

Story of a Paris Jeweler's Experience with a Very Fine Stone.

Some years ago a Paris jeweler told a story of one diamond which had passed over his counter no less than 11 times. It was a beautiful stone of nearly four carats, of perfect color and luster, but easily identified by means of a small "feather" in the tip of the lowest part. He bought it from an East India dealer and had it set in a ring. It was sold to a countess in 1869, just before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war. The countess died in a few weeks, and the ring was worn by her husband. He was killed in the siege of Paris, and a few days after his death the ring was brought in the ring and sold it to the mon soldier. He was arrested, and the ring was sent to the family of the dead count. Before the siege ended they brought in the ring and sold it to the dealer in order to procure money to buy food. Directly after the siege it passed into the hands of an English tourist who visited the city to get a look at the ruin wrought by the communists, and a year later back came the stone from the Indian buyer of the firm, who, on being written to and desired to tell how he got it, stated that it had been the property of an English tourist hunter who was killed by a tiger, and his friends sold the ring to get means to send the body home. The stone was reset, and soon found a purchaser in a prominent member of the demi-monde, who not long afterward was murdered in her room. Among the articles taken by the murderer was the ring, and the firm began to wonder how soon it would turn up. They had not long to wait, for all their people had by this time learned about the stone, and were on the lookout for it. After six months it was found in the showcase of a jeweler in London, who had bought it from a firm in Amsterdam. It was bought by the Paris agent, and sent back to be started afresh on its travels. It was purchased again by a woman of the town, who, six weeks later, was drawn out of the Seine with the gem on her finger, and, by a strange coincidence, it was offered to the firm that sold it by the police agents, the court having jurisdiction having ordered it to be sold. And so it went from hand to hand, attended with misfortune at every change and usually bringing death to the possessor. Laborers in the Golconda mines used to say that when a stone was baptized in blood when first taken from the earth it caused the shedding of blood wherever it went, and the story of one such ill-omened gem goes far to confirm belief in such a superstition.—Jewelers' Review.

Changing Serpents Into Rods.

The Egyptian cobra is not unlike its Asiatic cousin, except in the absence of the curious spectacle-like mark which distinguishes the latter. Although it is the most poisonous reptile known to inhabit northern Africa it is the favorite among the snake-charmers. These conjurors know how to render this serpent rigidly unconscious by pressing the nape of its neck with a finger. This net appears to throw the reptile into catalepsy, in which he is as stiff as an iron rod. Traces of something similar having been practiced in olden times may be found in the Bible—where Aaron made a serpent of his rod or staff.—St. Louis Republic.

The Moon and the Earth.

The strangeness of the scenery of the moon, and the enormous size of its crater-shaped mountains, have led some astronomers to think that its past history must have been quite different from that of the earth. This, however, is not the opinion of Messieurs Loewy and Puiseux, who, in a recent communication to the Academy of Sciences in Paris, say that a study of the latest lunar photographs tends to show that the condition of the moon's surface has been produced by the action of the same natural forces now at work on the earth.—Youth's Companion.

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LAWS OF WAR.

A Code that Is Recognized in All Civilized Countries.

Leading men of every country are agreed that the world is about to enter one of its most crucial periods—a period marked, perhaps, by bloody wars and international complications of a milder type. The dismemberment of Turkey during the present year is almost an assured fact, and the division of its territory by the great owners will be watched with interest by the people on this side of the water. Nothing short of a miracle can prevent Russia and England becoming involved in the settlement of this matter. Spain is still waging war on the poor little Isle of Cuba, with no more prospects of subduing the patriots than she had a year ago. Italy is bristling over the wrongs she claims to be suffering from the Brazilian government, and a squadron of King Humbert's war ships is now on its way to the South American country. The marvelous diplomacy of Prince Lobanoff will no longer repress the war spirit that has been so manifest in Europe for the past several years, as that splendid statesman unfortunately has died. Altogether, these be troublous times; and in view of this it is well to look into the "etiquette," as it may properly be called, that governs civilized warfare.

The "laws of war," as at present formulated by civilized nations, forbid the use of poison against the enemy; murder by treachery, such as assuming the uniform or displaying the flag of a foe; the murder of those who have surrendered, whether upon conditions or at discretion; declarations that no quarter will be given to an enemy; the use of such arms or projectiles as will cause unnecessary pain or suffering to an enemy; the abuse of a flag of truce to gain information concerning an enemy's position; all unnecessary destruction of property, whether public or private.

They also declare that only fortified places shall be besieged; open cities or villages not to be subject to siege or bombardment; that public buildings of whatever character, whether belonging to the church or state, shall be spared; that plundering by private soldiers or their officers shall be considered inadmissible; that prisoners shall be treated with common humanity; that the personal effects and private property of prisoners, excepting their arms and ammunition, shall be respected; that the population of the enemy's country shall be considered as exempt from participation in the war, unless by hostile acts they provoke the ill-will of the enemy; that personal and family honor, and the religious convictions of an invaded people shall be respected by the invaders, and that all pillage by regular troops or their followers shall be strictly forbidden.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Very Old Soap.

Soap has been in use for 3,000 years, and is twice mentioned in the Bible. A few years ago a soap boiler's shop was discovered in Pompeii, having been buried beneath the terrible ruin of ashes that fell upon that city 79 A. D. The soap found in the shop had not lost all its efficacy, although it had been buried 1,800 years.

OLD BULLION—"What! You wish to marry my daughter? She is a mere schoolgirl yet." Suitor—"Yes, sir. I came early to avoid the rush."—Modes und Fabrics.

"FOLKS dat is allus lookin' foh trouble," said Uncle Eben, "hab jes' one thing ter brag about. Dey doan' hardly ebber git disappintated."—Washington Star.

PEOPLE who eat the most, usually think the least.—Atchison Globe.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

TEMPERANCE.

WHISKY RUINS FOUR BROTHERS.

Sad Chapter from Real Life That Shows the Curse of Rum.

John R. Wilkinson, 22 years old, the son of a wealthy cotton manufacturer, lies in the alcoholic ward of Bellevue hospital a physical wreck. In spite of education, friends and family connections, he chose a course of wild dissipation, and is paying the price for it.

His father, Edmund Wilkinson, was a cotton manufacturer of Putnam, Conn., who died in 1891, leaving a fortune of $700,000, which was divided equally among four sons, Lawrence, Edward, Gerald and John.

"You see where I am, and you can guess what will become of me," said John the other evening. "My brother Lawrence, the oldest, died one year ago at the Lenox hotel, Greenwich, Conn. He was a lawyer, the valedictorian of his class at Yale and a graduate of a New York law school. He died of alcoholism when 36 years old. Gerald also died from alcoholism. He died two years ago at the Grand Union hotel, Elizabeth, N. J. He was only 21 years old. Edward, 24 years old, is now a mote of the Hartford retreat, to which institution he was committed for a term of three years, as a dipsomaniac. And so you need not be surprised to see me here."

Wilkinson was received at Bellevue at two o'clock in the morning. The young man had to be carried from the carriage into the hospital. He was, however, quite conscious, airily gave his name, and said that he lived almost anywhere, but had no home in particular and no occupation.

Wilkinson was haggard and unkempt, and his twitching muscles showed his extreme condition.

"I wonder what makes my legs feel so queer," he said, frequently. But

HAD ONLY FIFTEEN WHISKIES.

when it was suggested that he had been drinking too much he said, lightly:

"Oh, no; I've had only 15 whiskies to-day." When asked regarding cigarettes, he said that his average was about 90 a day.

He was carried to the alcoholic ward, but his limbs pained him so much that it was long before he could sleep.

"I was at the Columbia college preparatory school from 1891 to 1892, but did not enter the college itself. It's too slow for me," he added, sagely.

Wilkinson's source of income is from his wits and from what is left of the $40,000 left by his father. He draws the interest once a month. A large lump of the principal came to him on his 21st birthday, but has all been spent. Another lump will be paid him on his 25th birthday, if he lives that long.

Wilkinson is very good looking, and at one time was probably handsome. His mother died in 1887, and he says that his only living relatives are an aunt, Mrs. N. W. Mason, who lives at the Arlington hotel, Washington, and a cousin, Mary E. Perkins, of Norwich, Conn.

"This drink appetite is inherited," he said. "I get it from both sides. But," he added, quickly, and with the first touch of feeling that he had shown, "I don't mean that my mother drank. But I am sure her ancestors did, and I know my father did."

Mr. John W. Williams, of No. 15 Stuyvesant place, whom Wilkinson said was a friend of his, was not at home, but his wife's mother said that, while she did not know Wilkinson personally, she knew of him as a young man of very good family.

Dr. Carolan, of Bellevue, who has charge of the alcoholic ward, said:

"The young man is in a bad way. The disease, caused mainly by excessive drinking and aggravated by dissipation of other kinds, will certainly kill him within a very few years unless he thoroughly reforms. There is a slight chance for him. The present symptoms of great pain in the limbs, when even lightly touched, will change to a deadened feeling, and that will be but a precursor of the end."

Wilkinson has lived at innumerable places. Before his first commitment to Bellevue he was at the St. Cloud hotel.—N. Y. Journal.

A Banner Saloon City.

Paterson may well be claimed by saloonists as the banner city. It has 536 saloonkeepers. The mayor is a brewer, and 7 of the 16 aldermen are connected directly with the saloon interests; the balance of the board, being indebted for their election to the saloon influence, are the pliant tools of the liquor oligarchy—one saloon for every 183 inhabitants. The police expenses of the city for 1895 amounted to $87,339. During that year 2,507 arrests were made for drunkenness and 926 for being drunk and disorderly, and for assault and battery there were 939 arrests—60 per cent. of which were due directly to liquor.

Pennsylvania has an annual income of $76,000,000 from its mineral wealth. But it spends it all and $2,500,000 more for its annual liquor bill.—Union Signal.

WHAT IS ALCOHOL?

A Common Confusion of Terms—Difference Between Tonic and Stimulant.

This question has aroused considerable controversy among scientists in the past. While it has been settled satisfactorily to those who have thoroughly investigated the matter, difficulty and error still exist in the minds of many, arising from the varying definitions and application of terms.

A tonic may be defined as that which is capable of adding to the strength. Some medicines are tonic in their effects because they contribute to the system elements that are needed to secure vitalized blood. Fresh air, wholesome food and proper exercise are nature's tonics, because these give to the blood elements and conditions necessary to build up the various parts of the body, whether in early growth or to restore waste occasioned through action. The elements and conditions thus furnished increase the actual strength of the individual.

Any substance, whether food, drink or medicine, which has the power to make one feel stronger temporarily, without adding to the permanent strength of the body, is a stimulant.

These terms—tonic and stimulant—in connection with alcohol, have, unfortunately, been used interchangeably, resulting not only in confusion of knowledge, but positive and deplorable error. The idea prevailed for years that alcohol was a stimulant (in the false sense of creating strength) in small quantities, and a narcotic in large doses. The term "stimulant" means goad. We may, with a whip, goad a tired or even exhausted horse into extra work, and he will, for a time, seem to have gained strength; but it is only calling into use the small amount that remains. As a result, the horse is more exhausted than before. A wasp in his coat sleeve may stimulate a sick man to vigorous action. In no sense, however, can it be said that the whip and the wasp create strength; they simply call out the reserve force.—Scientific Temperance Bulletin.

THE DRINK TRADE IN RUSSIA.

Government Takes the Business Into Its Own Hands to Increase the Revenue.

The mode of regulating the sale of intoxicants in Russia has passed through many phases during the last few years, and now the government have taken the whole matter into their own hands, and have constituted themselves the sole agents for the distribution among 80,000,000 of people of the product of over 2,500 distilleries. It is not in the interest of temperance that this has been done, but rather in the interest of revenue. The hope is expressed that with the liquor places under imperial management the peasants may be induced to moderate their drinking on saints' days, and be more regular in their drinking all the year round, and thus consume in the aggregate a larger quantity than is now consumed by the bouts indulged in on the numerous holidays that mark the Russian year. Already the Russian government are indebted to strong drink for 80 per cent. of their revenue; if the new scheme should realize the hopes of its promoters, the retailers' profit being added to the large sums now received as duties or taxes, the coffers of the treasury ought to swell to the point of bursting. But, as a contemporary says: "There is to be taken into account the inherent rottenness of Russian officialdom. One can imagine no better incentive to peculation and corruption than this gigantic liquor monopoly."—National Temperance Advocate.

VARIOUS NOTES.

It is the moderate drinkers who keep the saloons going.—Ram's Horn.

The drink-shop is the nursery of crime. Suppress it. — National Temperance Advocate.

The rum hole must be closed or the rum hole will engulf christendom.—Bishop R. S. Foster.

A German league against the rum traffic in German colonies has just been organized in Berlin.

The woman who weds with a tippler should prepare herself to live with a drunkard.—Weekly Outlook.

A commendable decree has been issued in the German principality of Waldeck forbidding the issuance of a marriage license to a habitual drunkard, unless satisfactory proof of reformation be produced.

The most serious and widespread derangement of the natural tastes is that caused by alcoholic drinks. Alcohol has been demonstrated to be a poison. Its continued use, even in what are called moderate quantities, paves the way for many diseases, some of which are sure to overtake those who practice using drinks with alcohol in them.—Good Health.

If the use of intoxicating drink was universally given up, our criminal courts would be relieved of a very large amount of very unpleasant business, counties would be spared the payment of much county tax, many of our poor houses and jails would have but few inmates, our churches would be better filled, and many homes now wrecked would be happy.—United Presbyterian.

Non-Smokers at Yale.

A record kept at Yale for eight years shows that non-smokers are 20 per cent. taller, 25 per cent. heavier and have 60 per cent. more lung capacity than smokers. An Amhurst graduating class recently showed a still greater difference, the non-smokers having gained 25 per cent. in weight and 37 per cent. in height over the smokers, and also exceeding them in lung capacity.—N. Y. Tribune.

To Exterminate Cigarettes.

The South Carolina house of representatives has undertaken a war against the cigarette, which is likely to limit the use of the nauseous weed in this form, if it does not eradicate it. A bill has been passed levying a tax of 2a cents on each package of ten cigarettes.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—During a smallpox scare in Johannesburg, Africa, an enterprising fellow declared that he was a doctor, and with a can of condensed milk and a needle vaccinated about 1,500 people, charging each of them five shillings for his services.

—Lightning played queer pranks in the residence of Paul Simmonson, at Montague, Mich. It passed down the chimney, rent the stovepipe, burned holes in a tablecloth and cut some picture wires. Six persons were in the house, but they were not injured.

—A man arrested in London on a charge of attempting to commit suicide said he had no intention of killing himself, but had had a dream in which he thought he was cutting his throat, and woke up to find that he was really hacking his neck with a carving knife.

—A telephone wire in Springfield, Mo., was unintentionally connected with the fire-alarm wires, and when the telephone was tested the fire department was aroused by a long-continued false alarm, which for several minutes kept the firemen on an exasperating hunt.

—Surplus Words.—An ordinary man can say everything that any occasion calls for with a vocabulary of 1,000 words. Of these he only uses 400 or 500, using the remainder when an idea out of the usual line of thought occurs to him. Most of us, being only ordinary men, seldom draw upon the surplus 500 words.

—Soap has been in use for 3,000 years, and is twice mentioned in the Bible. A few years ago a soapboiler's shop was discovered in Pompeii, having been buried beneath the terrible rain of ashes that fell upon that city 79 A. D. The soap found in the shop had not lost all its efficacy, although it had been buried 1800 years.

—A Cat's Timely Warning.—A remarkable instance of feline sagacity is reported from Bristol, where two brothers owed their lives to the warning of their house cat. One of them was asleep in the front room, when the animal came to the door and mewed piteously. The man, convinced that something was wrong, opened the door, and then found the staircase in flames. He and his brother rushed to the window and gave an alarm. Ladders were brought, and they and the cat were rescued.

SOME USES FOR THE REMNANT.

Wonderful Effects to Be Produced for Very Little Money.

One realizes more and more how many hundreds of women there are who never can find use for the remnant, unless it be the wrong one, in which case it is a possession of no use.

But then there are so many women in the world who always put a thing to its wrong use, who seem to take a positive pleasure in misplacing the goods the gods have sent. Do we not all know these women, who, having a Greek contour, yet persist in dressing their hair a la mode Japanesque; the women with the proportions of Juno who hanker unceasingly after the attractions of the stiff-fronted shirt, or the slim little fairylike creatures whose sole idea of a costume is a black brocade, trimmed with jet? It was ever thus; the inappropriate has charms for the soulless.

If only the soulless women were bodiless, too, there would be fewer mistakes in costume than now.

But what is the use of these sage reflections on the doings and misdoings of womankind, when it is one's solemn duty, to say nothing of one's earnest pleasure, to speak of the possible uses of the bargains gathered at the sales that spread like an epidemic from north to south, and from east to west, in the metropolis?

The most useful remnant is one of brocade or silk or satin measuring from eight to twelve yards. This can be utilized either for the skirt, the back of a tea gown, or a petticoat. Five yards, as a matter of fact, may be used for a petticoat, for it is easy enough in these days to elaborately frill it with chiffon, mounted over firmer flounces of taffeta. A capital effect has been gained quite recently by using a remnant of shot silk for a sleeveless coat. It was in blue and green, made rather short, in a fashion that would suit alike the slim or the stout figure.

Wide pluits fell gracefully over each shoulder, and around the armholes were frills of the silk to take the place of sleeves.—Chicago Tribune.

To Clean White Rugs.

There are two methods of cleansing white goatskin rugs. If not very much soiled, wet a soft cloth with naphtha and rub the hair vigorously, doing a small portion at a time; then hang the rug upon the line in the open air, that the odor may disappear. Do this work in the daylight and have no fire in the room while using the naphtha. If it is necessary to wash the rug, choose a cool, windy day for the purpose. Throw half a pint of household ammonia into a tub containing about four gallons of water. Place the rug in the tub and allow it to remain there about 30 minutes; shake thoroughly in the water, rinse carefully in lukewarm water and hang in the shade in the open air. When dry it will be found very stiff, but may be softened by hard rubbing and combing with the fingers.—St. Louis Republic.

Apple Biscuits.

In spite of their name these do not belong to the bread family at all, as neither flour nor yeast enters into their composition. Peel and core some ripe apples and reduce them to pulp; flavor with essence of lemon and mix while warm with their weight of powdered sugar; drop on plates or into paper cases and dry in a slow oven for several days. The heat should never be sufficient to bake, only to dry them. When thoroughly dried they should be packed in glass or tin for winter use. Apricots, pears, raspberries, strawberries, plums, etc., may be done in the same way.—Ladies' Home Journal.

MADE BALD BY X RAYS.

Mr. Levy Finds the Bullet Inside His Skull. But Loses His Hair.

William Levy, of Eau Claire, Wis., who recently had an X ray examination of his skull made by Prof. Fred S. Jones at the physical laboratory of the Minnesota State university had an experience in consequence not generally supposed to accompany that process.

Levy was shot in the head about ten years ago by an escaping bank defaulter. The bullet has been somewhere in his head ever since, and in July he made up his mind to have it located. Accordingly he came up and sat from eight o'clock in the morning till ten at night for a Roentgen ray picture of his head. The bullet had passed into his skull just above the left ear, going toward the back of the head.

After taking a couple of negatives they finally found about where the bullet was located. The doctors wrapped his head up in wires which were definitely located. A picture was taken through the skull from the front toward the back of the head, the tube from which the rays radiated being for this purpose placed inside his mouth. The picture thus secured showed the bullet very distinctly to be lying at the junction of two of the wires which crossed right under the occipital bone. It indicated also that the bullet had struck the back of the skull and turned forward again, for the point of the bullet, being further from the plate showed dimmer on the negative. These exposures had taken up nearly the whole day, but the patient felt no bad effects at the time. He had been warned that the experiment might cause him the loss of his hair, but that did not deter him from taking the risk. A very strong current, about 100,000 volts, had been passed through the tube in making the exposures.

The next day Mr. Levy began to notice a peculiar effect on his skin wherever it had been exposed to the rays, and the hair on the right side of his head, which had been near the wire, began to fall out. In a few days the right side of his head was perfectly bald, his right ear had swollen to twice its natural size and presented the same appearance as if very badly frozen. Sores were visible on his head, his mouth and throat were blistered so that he could not eat solid food for three weeks, and his lips were swollen, cracked and bleeding. In fact, the long exposure to the X rays, while giving him no pain at the time, seemed to have produced very similar effects to a very severe burn.

Mr. Levy has recovered from the effects of his burns, but he still has half a bald head. He is a plucky man, about 30 years of age, and intends to have the investigation carried further and the bullet removed. He has already written to Prof. Jones asking for another sitting. It is necessary now to have a negative showing just how far below the surface the bullet is located before the doctors decide whether the operation can be safely performed.—St. Paul Dispatch.

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

Thought He Could Tell Old Maids from Married Women.

He was still young enough to know everything, and while they waited for a car he was giving her his opinions on various subjects. As for her, she was so interested that she didn't know her feet were cold and forgot that the wind was blowing her hair out of curl.

"Yes," he was saying, "you may talk as you please about your bachelor maids, but I can tell an old maid from a married woman by a glance. How do I manage it? Oh, it's easy enough. I can just tell her by her looks, and I am never mistaken."

"You were always so clever," she murmured. "Now, I am sure I never could do it. To be sure, a married woman usually puts on a bonnet sooner than an old maid does, but then some old maids affect bonnets, and I have seen a grandmother in a sailor hat, so that isn't a sure test."

"Oh, it isn't a matter of headgear with me, I assure you," he replied, in a patronizing tone. "Here, I'll let you see me do it. Look at the two women yonder, now. That tall one is an old maid beyond a doubt. In the aggressive curve of her elbow and the sour droop of her mouth. I know, as well as if I had been acquainted with her for years, that she pretends she has remained single from choice and that she hates all mankind."

"Dear me, how awfully clever you are," she gurgled. "I declare you really alarm me. Why, it's quite like Sherlock Holmes."

"Oh, no, you flatter me. It's really quite simple. Observe the woman who is talking to her—the stout, motherly-looking one. It does not require much perspicuity to know that she is a happy wife. Notice her helpless air and her general appearance of contentment."

"Positively, you are so deep that I am actually afraid of you."

"Oh, not at all. Now, come a little closer, so we can hear their conversation, and you will see that I am right."

"Oh, but I am sure that you are right without that."

Nevertheless, they moved on to a position immediately behind the pair. The tall, aggressive-looking woman was speaking: "Yes," she was saying, "this is the tenth anniversary of my wedding, though it hardly seems possible. I tell you, Mary Ellen, I have the best and the kindest husband in the whole world—and that is saying a great deal!"

Then the stout motherly-looking person responded and there was vinegar in her tones. "Well, when I find a man as sensible as my Maltese cat, as comforting as a cup of tea and as entertaining as my political club I may follow your example, but not till then, Jane, not till then!"

And the very young man! Oh he cleared his throat violently and asked the girl if she didn't want another campaign button.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A BIG BEEHIVE.

Tons of Honey Stored Away in a Pennsylvania Mountain.

Kishacoquillas gap is located in the Tussey, or Seven mountain, range, and is one of the many breaks through this wild chain of mountains leading from Penn's valley into Stone valley.

The Seven mountain range is perhaps the wildest system in the state of Pennsylvania. More than one experienced hunter and woodsman has lost his way in these mountains, and spent weary days wandering around before he found his way to civilization again, and some even failed to return to it, and it is the general belief that their bones lie bleak and bare in some dark ravine of the Tussey range.

Years ago current report said that in one of the least explored of the many fastnesses of these mountains there was a bee hive in the rocks which contained enough honey to make a man rich. The story was in effect as follows: Some eight or ten miles north of the gap is one of the deepest ravines inclosing the wildest spot in the entire chain of mountains. Precipitous cliffs to the height of several hundred feet rise on either side, the whole almost completely covered with a dense growth of small shrubbery and trailing vines, while away down at the bottom, so deep that the sun hardly penetrates, owing to the narrowness of the gorge, trickles a small stream or rivulet.

On the north side of this gorge, about half way up the rock side of the cliff, is a fissure in the rock presenting an opening perhaps 20 feet long and varying in width from two to five feet. Though there is no accurate way of knowing the depth of this fissure or cave in the rock side, it has been estimated at anywhere from 30 to 50 feet, perhaps even more, and possibly with the dimensions of a large chamber.

In this rift in the rock a swarm of bees years ago made their home, and there they have continued to abide, multiply and store up honey until three years ago, when the last report of them, as given by a lost hunter, stated that so numerous had they become that there was one perfect column or string of bees fully a foot thick continually going and coming from the stone hive.

Parties who claim to have seen it aver that on a warm day the sweet fluid, melted by the hot rays of the sun in the brief time its rays penetrate the opening, would trickle down the side of the cliffs and fall in pools at the bottom.

Several parties attempted to dislodge the bees and get at the hive of honey, but owing to the difficulty in getting at the opening they were never successful, as the bees always drove them away.

A few days ago a stranger, who claimed to hail from the eastern part of the state, and who had been trudging these mountains in quest of the outdoor game on several of the game preserves located here, stopped a few minutes at the gap, and while here told of seeing the beehive in the rocks. The man was so excited over the discovery that he could hardly tell a complete story, but the facts related by him are so closely allied to the current report of years that there is no doubt that he found the wonderful honey deposit.

The man averred that the bees going and coming looked like an immense tar rope at least two feet in diameter, and so constantly did they keep at their work that in the hour or more he watched them there was not one break in the flying string of bees.

To dislodge the bees and secure the honey would, however, be an almost impossible task, at the very least a Herculean one. From the bottom of the ravine to where the rift in the rock occurs is fully 75 feet, and from the top down to the rift is almost an equal distance. The rocky side is very nearly straight up and down, and the small brush and wild vines with which the side is almost entirely covered are not embedded securely enough in the rocks to admit of one climbing either up or down them as a support.

There is only one way by which the cavern could be reached, and then it would be at the risk of destroying the rich store therein, and that is to blow the mountain side up with dynamite. But even this mode of attack would not rid the place of all the bees, and when once their home was destroyed all interlopers would want to seek some secure retreat. The stranger averred that he would find a way to get the bees out and get at the store of honey.

He declared his intention of returning to make the attempt, at least, and what the results will be remain to be seen.

Five, four, or even two tons of honey is a large pile of the sweet stuff, and the smaller amount, if it could be put on the market in anything like a good condition, at the present price of 15 cents per pound, would realize just $600 for the successful bee hunter, a very clever sum to pull from a rift in the mountain side.—Philadelphia Times.

Canned Corn Fritters.

When fresh corn is not in season a good imitation may be made from canned corn. Chop it very fine, and if dry add two tablespoonfuls of milk to one can of corn, and then proceed as with fresh corn. When you are making corn fritters from fresh corn plan to have a corn soup for dinner and thus utilize all the juice that may be left on the cobs.—Albany Journal.

Without a Rival.

Mr. Goodman—My little man, when I was your age I didn't smoke in the way you do.

Slum Child—I should think so. Why, here ain't a kid in the alley that kin inhale like me.—Pearson's Weekly.

Following Instructions.

"Why, Jimmie," said the gracious hostess, "you have taken half a pie on your plate."

"Yes'm. Mamma said I mustn't have but one piece when I was visitin'."—Detroit Free Press.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Experts say that in its deepest parts the ocean's waters are so dense that a sunken ironclad would never reach the bottom.

—Five new asteroids were discovered on photographs of the heavens one evening recently by Dr. Max Wolf, of Heidelberg. This brings the number of minor planets up to 423.

—A scientist recommends that every lifeboat carried by ships should be provided with a bottle of citric acid, which precipitates chloride of sodium, and converts sea water into a palatable drink.

—Traffic Through the Strand.—A statistician says: 12,000 vehicles, including 3,000 omnibuses, pass through the Strand, London, in the day, and the narrowness of the street causes each of their 63,000 occupants to waste, on an average, three minutes. The total waste of time equals 3,150 hours; the money value of which, at the very moderate rate of one shilling an hour, is £157 per day, or nearly £50,000 per annum.

—An Automatic Savings Bank.—The automatic machine idea has been turned to new account in Italy. Put a coin in the slot, take out a receipt, and the thing is done. The workingman's "honest penny" is "banked" without the trouble of going to a savings bank or the post office. When a sufficient number of receipts have been collected, they can be exchanged for an acknowledgment of the regular savings bank. Interest at four per cent. is paid on deposits, and the depositors are entitled to a share of the profits derived from the bank's operations.

—The popularity of bicycling is demonstrated in some measure by the fact that since the first of the year over £11,000,000 has been invested in new cycle companies. Up to the end of last year the capital of the cycle companies was less than £6,000,000. It has thus been nearly trebled since January. This figure does not include capital invested in the numerous private concerns in different parts of the country. Nearly 2,000 patents for inventions connected with bicycles or accessories were applied for during 1895. The value of the bicycles made in a year in Great Britain, at the present rate of production, is £12,000,000.

THE SUN CURE.

Here Is a German Doctor Who Compels Patients to Go Naked.

Right on the heels of the Kneipp cure, which obliges people to walk on the grass in their bare feet and to apply water to the skin in other disagreeable ways, comes a still more extraordinary "cure," which robs man of all his clothes and sends him walking about absolutely naked. This return to a primitive nudity is prescribed by a German physician and put into practice in his sanitarium, in the mountains of Carniola, near Treiste. There he gives his patients sun baths on a huge scale.

The treatment consists in exposing the patient entirely nude to the rays of the sun. But the patient must not alone bask in the rays of the sun. He is obliged to walk about naked in the open air, to indulge in exercises, take his meals, and mingle with his friends thus disrobed. The patient must go naked in all weathers, nothing must stop him.

Neither rain, wind nor snow will be accepted by this German doctor as an excuse for allowing his patients to put on their clothes. Only the local policemen have succeeded in making the patients return to the ways of civilization.

A sanitarium has been built on an elevation of 2,500 feet, in a very sunny spot; a large park has been separated into two parts by a high wall, and the two sexes are separated, each to his own park, and in each park the patients go and come in the costume of Adam before the fall.

Many lie on boards or on the ground exposed to the sun's rays for 15, 30, 60 minutes at a time in the hottest part of the day. If a shower comes, the most advanced expose themselves to this also, and then let themselves dry off.—N. Y. Journal.

Organs Lost by Disuse.

It is a curious fact, and one that has often been alluded to by the naturalists, that "as soon as any organ, sense or faculty falls into disuse it degenerates in size or effectiveness and is finally lost altogether." Certain parasitic insects, for an instance, have so completely degenerated, if we are to believe the wonderful stories told by the entomologists, that they have neither eyes, legs, heads, mouths, stomachs nor intestines! Yet, these creatures live, it is said, and "enjoy themselves after a fashion!" A peculiar "fashion," indeed. Along this same line we may note the fact that animals and reptiles which spend the greater portions or all of their lives in caverns or in burrows in the earth lose the power of sight or have eyes that are only rudimentary. Slave ants and working ants have lost their wings on account of being kept on the ground. The masters in some ant colonies where slaves are kept have become so hopelessly dependent on their bondsmen that they will not only not seek food, but are utterly incapable of feeding themselves, and will actually starve with food before them unless a slave is present to place it between their jaws.—Detroit Free Press.

The Sensitive Cheek.

Nine out of ten persons if asked what is the most sensitive part of the body, will reply the tip of the tongue. This is a mistake. Those engaged in polishing billiard balls, or any other substances that require a very high degree of smoothness, invariably use the cheekbone as their touchstone for detecting any roughness. An ivory article that may feel perfectly smooth if rubbed against the chin or touched with the tip of the tongue will often feel quite appreciably rough when applied to the cheekbone.—Golden Days.

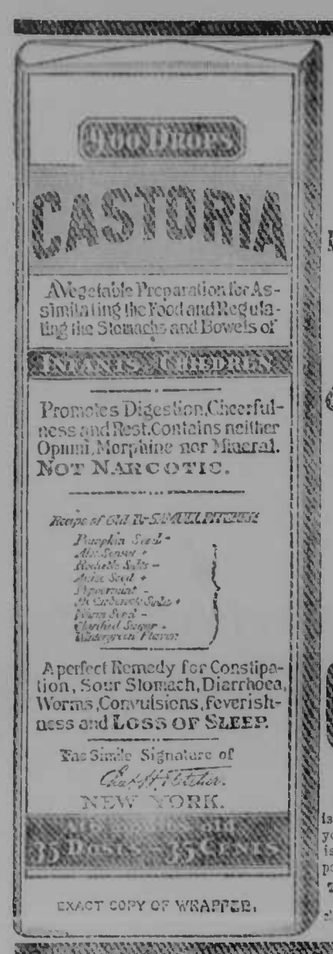

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Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

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A "JUNK SHOP,"
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A "junk shop" means a worn-out assortment of type, rules, etc.; a "blacksmith" is a bungling printer; "two-cent apple butter" is synonymous of the poorest quality of printing ink; "rotten stock" is poor-made and cheap paper; and a "hunchback" is a press which is so old that it has naturally worn out of shape and usage.

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get a nice lot of letter heads and envelopes properly and appropriately printed.

IF you believe it, try it: IF you don't believe it, the more need to try it.

The Republican Job Department.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Bicycles.

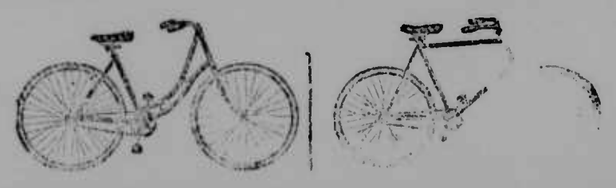

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SOUTHWARD No. 3	SOUTHWARD No. 1	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2	NORTHWARD No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 07*	8 00† lv	Cumberland ar	*12 00	†7 30
3 31	8 31	Rawlings	11 29	6 59
3 56	8 56	Keyser	11 01	6 34
4 09	9 09	Westernport	10 51	6 21
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	6 21
4 37	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5 52
5 00	10 00	Harrison	10 00	†5 28
6 15	10 45* ar	Elk Garden	8 55	*1 00
5 36	10 35† lv	Gorman	9 21	4 54
5 41	10 41	Bayard	9 15	4 48
5 52	10 52	Dobbin	9 01	4 38
6 23	11 23	Thomas	8 31	4 05
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	8 00	3 15
6 27	11 27 lv	Coketon	8 31	4 02
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	7 50	3 30
6 57	11 57	Bretz	7 51	3 25
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 51	3 22
7 39	12 31	Kerens	7 18	2 47
8 01*	1 00† ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	†2 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
	3 05* ar	Beallington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BEETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, March 15, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily ..... 3.46 A. M
No. 3—Daily ..... 7.07 A. M
No. 51—Accomdially exceptSun ..... 9.30 A. M
No. 47—Daily ..... 10.49 A. M
No. 55—Express, daily ..... 6.22 P. M
No 15—Accommodation daily ..... 4.58 P. M
No. 1—Daily ..... 10.06 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily ..... 5.59 A. M
No. 2—Daily ..... 6.31 A. M
No. 14—Accommodation daily ..... 9.58 A. M
No. 72—Accom daily exceptSun ..... 4.26 P. M
No. 46—Daily ..... 5.02 P. M
No. 4—Daily ..... 12.29 A. M

CHAS. O. SCULL
Gen'l Pass. Ag't.

C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, NOV. 18, 1896.

Chairman Hanna has written a Washington friend virtually confirming the rumor that the Republican National Committee would shortly open permanent headquarters in Washington, from which the educational fight against the free silver fallacy, which is to go right along until the truth has been argued into the heads of all misguided people, shall be directed. This move would have been generally commended anyway, but the announcement that the silver committee, the Populist committee, and the Democratic committee intended to maintain permanent Washington headquarters and to keep up the distribution of literature made it almost necessary. The silver sentiment would not have been half so extensive if its opponents had met argument with argument, instead of wasting time laughing at the silver men sending out campaign literature several years ahead of the campaign, and doing nothing themselves. Mr. Hanna knows how hard it was to undo in a few weeks the work that the silver men had been doing for several years; hence he has from the day the campaign closed favored a continuation of the education of the voters on the silver question.

There is enough work on the bills already passed by the House to keep the Senate busy until the close of the last session of the fifty-fourth Congress, but how many of those bills the Senate will act upon, or even devote any time to, is more than any one can really say. Among the important bills passed by the House and left unacted upon by the Senate are the Dingley Emergency Revenue bill, the bill to protect the gold reserve and provide for temporary deficiencies in revenue, the bill to amend the customs administrative law, the bankruptcy bill, the immigration bill and the pension bill. Doubtless other bills would have been acted upon by the House had not the disposition of the Senate to do nothing been so apparent. How much of that disposition remains will not be certain until after Congress meets, notwithstanding the opinions pro and con which some of the Senators have recently made public. It will be noticed that men like Senator Morrill, of Vermont, "The Father of the Senate," are not attempting to say what the Senate will do. Mr. Morrill is in Washington for the winter, but he isn't making any prophecies.

Mr. Cleveland's administration always seems to have a war scare to spring on the public. Having just gotten rid of the principal cause of friction with England by negotiating a treaty providing for the submission of the Venezuelan boundary dispute with England to arbitration, the Spanish war scare is trotted out in a new dress. While no official statement has been made to that effect, friends of the administration say that it has trustworthy information that Spain intends to force a war with this country if her present campaign against the Cuban revolutionists fails, and that the administration is accordingly preparing to fight. If Spain really had any such intention it would be wise to prepare for war, and in any event it will do no harm. But it isn't at all likely that Spain has any such intention. There has been enough to prove to the world that the men, or women, who are running the government of Spain during the minority of the king are not models of wisdom, but that is no reason why they should be foolish enough to provoke a war with the United States. It may be that some Spaniards are ignorant enough to believe that a one-horse nation, like Spain, is in the same fighting class with the United States, but it is impossible to believe that men with sufficient education and intelligence to be entrusted with official positions under the Spanish government, share such an absurd belief. At any rate, there is no reason for anybody to lose any sleep over the probabilities of a war with Spain. If the Dons haven't any better sense than to get up a rumpus with us, they will find that the threshing they will receive will be too sudden and thorough to be dignified by the name of war.

Mr. Cleveland had decided to give Secretary Herbert a place on the bench, and he would like to do as much for Secretary Carlisle and Postmastar General Wilson, but he has grave doubts as to whether the Senate will sanction the nomination of either of these men, owing to the prejudice of the silver Senators against them and him. Republican Senators will not be likely to overexert themselves in helping him, as they will probably prefer to have all vacancies filled by President McKinley.

When one considers that only four years ago the Democratic party won a Presidential election and obtained control of both branches of Congress, its present condition is pitiable indeed. Without a head, without an organization and without even a principal around which to rally the disorganized fragments of a once powerful political organization, it furnishes a warning to all political parties, of the punishment which the people administer to incapacity.

IT'S YOUR LIVER

When you feel tired, listless, heavy, headachy, flushed, and have a foul taste in your mouth you may be sure your liver is loafing. It isn't doing its work; it needs a stirring up.

DR. A. S. TODD'S ANTI-BILIOUS LIVER PILLS

will straighten you out. Make you feel like new. Brighten eyes and brain. Clear your complexion—cure your headache. 25 cents, all druggists. Made by

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

J. L. McCOMAS, Jr.,

Sign, Carriage and Wagon Painting.

INDELIBLE INK WORK on LINEN.

Second Street, OAKLAND, MD.

All work entrusted to my care will receive Prompt Attention.

26-1yr.

Farmers,

Look to Your Interests.

The Oakland Flouring Mill is now ready to grind a million bushels of buckwheat. The best equipped mill in the county; all latest improved machinery. Can give cither

Burrh or Roller Process Flour.

Mr. E. A. Dudley, who has charge, has been a life-long miller, and knows how to make a good turnout of buckwheat flour.

Don't fail to give him a Trial. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Will make arrangements with all the Oakland merchants to buy your flour at big prices. Don't fail to give the Oakland Mills a trial.

Don't forget the place, Water street, formerly owned by the late H. A. Reseke.

Yours obediently,

THE OAKLAND MILLS.

51-1yr.

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

TIN, SLATE and STEEL

ROOFING,

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.

PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.

REBIPPLED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.

SPOUTING, ETC.

WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH, MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

SHARTZER & BOLDEN

OAKLAND, MD.,

DEALERS IN

Furniture, Carpets, Matting, Oil Cloth, Window Shades, Wall Paper,

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Repairing Furniture and Picture Framing a Specialty.

Removal.

I, the undersigned, have removed my place of business from the Loar building in the Ravenscroft (Mayers) building on Railroad street, where I will continue to carry a well assorted stock of

JEWELRY,

and give special attention to the repairing of watches, clocks, etc.

Give me a call. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

H. C. SMOUSE.

29—2m.

THE

Maryland Building and Loan Association

of Garrett County

OFFICERS

ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencie

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.

EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, at old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
Keyser, W. Va.

MOUNTAIN STATE

Business College,

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS, FANCY STATIONERY, DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.

31—26

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

DR. THEEL

1317 Arch Street

Philadelphia. (Offices Strictly Private.) The only advertising specialist in America (who made his studies for many years under the personal guidance of Messrs. Jahr and Mull...), who is reliable and honorable, especially in cases ... and all ... Diseases. Consultation ... German Court and ... Physicians ... permanently and quicker than ... any dangerous drugs, (no matter what other ... claim or say). All special diseases of blood Poisoning, Blotches, Pimples, Ulcers, Inflammation, Nodes, Kidneys, Stricture, Sores, Enlarged Veins, Impotency, Debility, Effects of youthful ... Burnings, etc. The most dangerous cases solicited now and harmless. Send at once; free ... in 4 to 10 days. Those suffering for years, and ... thereby lost all hope of cure, send for free ... book "Truth." This book is a master piece ... every one should read, sealed ... Price $1. ... in general in treating ... $5 ... cheerful correspondence. ... 3 A. M. to ... and Saturday evenings ... Office hours 9 A. M. to ... or call and be saved. ... Thousands ... have been ...

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 15—1yr

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate.

CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 16-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Residence on North 3rd Street.
Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

N. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.

Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.

Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. B. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate. P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6'22 6m

THOMAS B. McRORIE,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street.

All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

B. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-35 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate.

Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, Md. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER:
Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26t*

WILLIAM C. KIDD,
Representing
JOHNSON, OMOHUNDRO & CO.,
WHOLESALE NOTIONS, Etc.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

A specialty of Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-1st.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,
PLANING MILLS,
And BUILDING MATERIALS.
MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still building

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

38 13*

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1896. NUMBER 38.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Weather prophets predicted snow for to-day.

Mr. P. E. Kimmell is now holding cases in this office.

Turkeys are selling in Oakland at ten cents per pound.

A new color is called "profanity blue." It is very deep.

Wheat sold in Baltimore yesterday for 92½ cents per bushel.

Mr. Samuel P. Specht, of Deer Park was in Oakland Tuesday.

Mr. William J. Wilson, of Blaine, was in the city last Thursday.

Freight traffic over the B. & O. at present is the heaviest in years.

No busines is being transacted at either the bank or postoffice to-day.

Mr. Thomas W. Gocke, of Cumberland, was here a day or two this week.

Mr. M. V. Grim and son, of Deer Park, were Oakland visitors yesterday.

Go to Dixon & Kelso's store for shell corn. They have a car to sell cheap for cash. 2t

'Squire Adam McMillan, of Accident, was in Oakland last Saturday on business.

Mr. James W. Thomas, of Cumberland, was here Tuesday on professional business.

Mr. C. J. Miller, residing near Eglon, was in Oakland Tuesday morning with a load of produce.

Mr. Geo. T. Brew, of Grantsville, was circulating in Oakland with friends Saturday last.

Mr. Thomas K. Harvey, of near Kearney, was in Oakland on a business visit last Thursday.

Mr. Alexander Fairall, of Swanton, was in Oakland yesterday visiting Mr. Truman West and family.

If you want a good turn out take your grinding to Dudley at the old Rasche Mill. 33tf

Rev. Wm. Walker returned Monday from Charlottsville, Va., where he attended the funeral of his aged mother.

Mr. Lewis Kamp, of the Cove, was here Thursday of last week and made this office a very pleasant call.

Messrs. H. Weber & Sons have the thanks of the editor for an exquisite assortment of chrysanthemmus and carnations.

Don't fail to take your grain for grinding to the Oakland Mills. Dudley has full charge and will do good work. 33tf

Mr. Joseph Schilling, representing the Cumberland *News*, was in Oakland Monday and made this office a business visit.

Hon. R. T. Browning has sold his personal property which was at Lake Brown and moved with his family back to Oakland.

One of the stores in Oakland has this sign prominently displayed in its show window: "Nails, $1 per keg. Trust bursted."

A phantom tea will be given this evening at the Glades hotel by the young people of Oakland. Quite a crowd is expected.

The name of Mr. Henry Leatham, of Keyser, is mentioned by some of his friends as a candidate for State Senator from this county.

County School Examiner U. G. Palmer was in Baltimore a day or two this week on educational business pertaining to the school system.

Mr. Jacob Brown, the historian, was in Oakland Tuesday shaking hands with his numerous friends. The sales of his books have been very gratifying.

A telegram was received at this office yesterday morning stating that the Big Burlesque Company would not appear at the opera house Saturday night.

A Republican editorial association for this state will be formed next Tuesday. The editors will meet in Republican headquarters in Baltimore for the purpose.

To-day being Thanksgiving day our paper is issued rather early in the morning, which may account for the scarcity of news letters from different sections of the county.

Messrs. J. Lee McComas and John Hipsley are retouching the fresco work in the Garrett Memorial church. When finished the interior of the edifice will be greatly improved.

The firm of Johnson, Omohundro & Co., of Baltimore, which was represented in this section by Mr. William C. Kidd, made an assignment last Wednesday. It is stated that the firm will be able to pay dollar for dollar. Inability to make collections is assigned as the cause of failure.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Peddicord and daughter Miss Mollie, left on train No. 3 yesterday morning for Covington, Ky., where they will spend the remainder of the winter.

Owing to the fact that no bid was made for the real estate of the Loch Lynn Store company which was offered by the receiver, Mr. John Shartzer, last Saturday, no sale was made.

Dr. and Mrs. F. H. Ravenscroft, of Accident, were in Oakland yesterday on their way home from near Cumberland, where they had been on a visit to relatives for a week or two.

Mr. Chas. J. Newman and Ernest Shartzer are at Lonaconing selling the stock of goods recently purchased by Mr. John Shartzer from the receiver of the Maryland Supply company.

Good advice: Never leave home on a journey without a bottle of Chamberlain's Cholic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

A cantract has been made with the Oakland Electric Light company by the County Commissioners to place electric lights in the court house and jail. The work of wiring in the lights is about completed.

Mrs. W. H. Ravenscraft went to Fairmont Tuesday where she will remain until to-morrow visiting her son William H. Dr. Ravenscroft went up yesterday and will return to-morrow also.

Mr. James A. Delawder, receiver of the Maryland Supply company, has disposed of the stock of goods belonging to the above company at Mountain Lake Park to Messrs. Offutt & Lakin, of Terra Alta.

Mr. Thomas B. Keating, of Mansfield, Ohio, who has been residing in Mountain Lake Park for the past year, went to Baltimore last Thursday to spend several weeks. He will return to the Park some time next month.

Mr. M. Cohen, the tailor, has received during the past few days letters of commendation from numerous patrons, all of whom speak in the highest terms of his workmanship and accommodating manner of transacting business.

The William Ryland Company, of Friendsville, this county, will have something interesting for our readers during the next several months. It will pay them to watch their advertisements from week to week.

Train No. 97, a fast freight making the run between New York and Cincinnati in forty-eight hours, has been put in service on the B. & O. At certain points along the road between the two cities the train often attains a speed of a mile a minute.

In order to stem the exodus of people from Barton, Allegany county, owing to the Potomac mines having been worked out, it is said that negotiations are in progress with J. O. A. Greene for his coal lands in that vicinity to be opened up as soon as the deal is consummated.

Mr. William G. Browning, son of Mr. J. M. A. Browning, of Bloomington, Ill., and nephew of Senator R. T. Browning, of Oakland, was stricken with paralysis at his home in Bloomington a few days ago. Mr. Browning is aged about forty-five years.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop William Paret, D. D., LL. D., Bishop of Maryland, will spend a few days taking a much needed rest with his friends, Rev. and Mrs. William Brayshaw, at the Rectory. The Bishop will arrive on the 10 p. m. train Sunday.

Sheriff Leroy Shaw, the plucky official of Preston county, West Va., who carries in his left lung at the present time a bullet received whilst in the discharge of his duties, was in Oakland Tuesday evening of this week and made some of his old time friends a social visit.

Mr. Lee Porter, of Oakland, who went west several years ago and took up a piece of land in Michigan, was bunco'ed out of it by acapitalized corporations of that state. To compromise the matter Mr. Porter settled with the company for $1,500, he receiving a check for that amount Sunday.

Travelling men all over the country are rejoicing over the fact that the opposition to the issuing of an interchangeable 5000 mile book has been removed. At the last meeting of the Central Passenger Committee, in Chicago, the Pennsylvania Line withdrew their objections to the book. After a few minor details are arranged, the book will be placed on the market. Both C. O. Scull, of the B. & O., and McCormick, of the Big Four, feel quite jubilant over the victory. They have been steadfast friends of the 5000 mile book, and have kept the movement agitated until success came.

Mr. Robert Campbell, of Friendsville, was in Oakland last Thursday on business. He was accompanied by Mr. Otho Speelman, one of the few Democrats of District No. 2. Mr. Speelman's Democracy is of such a character that he dislikes very much to have the recent defeat of his party mentioned even in the most casual manner.

Dr. Henry W. McComas has removed his office fixtures from the Central hotel building to his new office building adjoining THE REPUBLICAN home. The doctor's office is on the first floor of the new structure, where he has two beautiful rooms with all the modern conveniences, steam heat, electric light, etc. In addition to the offices occupied by Dr. McComas there are several others in the building which are all rented and will be occupied as soon as they are finished.

Six weeks ago I suffered with a very severe cold; was almost unable to speak. My friends all advised me to consult a physician. Noticing Chamberlain's Cough Remedy advertised in the St. Paul *Volks Zeitung* I procured a bottle, and after taking it a short while was entirely well. I now most heartily recommend this remedy to anyone suffering with a cold. Wm. Keil, 378 Selby Ave., St. Paul, Minn. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Elizabeth Cogley, aged about fifteen years, was brought to Oakland from Cumberland last Saturday by Sheriff Brown on a warrant sworn out by her father charging her with incorrigibility. Friday night preceeding her removal to Oakland she with another girl had been arrested by the Cumberland authorities at a house of bad morals in that city and placed in the station house. Monday morning she was given a hearing before 'Squire McRobie and sentenced to the House of Refuge until she becomes of age.

Saturday we had a very plegsant call from a party of gentlemen who hailed from Parkwood, Indiana county, Pa. Their names were Messrs. I. J. Warner, W. M. Balentine and J. C. Coerane. They drove through from the above place, starting on Monday of last and arriving here on Saturday, and we learned that they will go on throught to Petersburg, Va. These gentlemen were looking up timber lands and will probably locate somewhere in this county if they can secure enough timber to justify the erection of mills.

The wife of Mr. Leonard Wells, of East Brimfield, Mass., had been suffering from neuralgia for two days, not being able to sleep or hardly keep still, when Mr. Holden, the merchant there sent her a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and asked that she give it a thorough trial. On meeting Mr. Wells the next day he was told that she was all right, the pain had left her within two hours, and the bottle of Pain Balm was worth $5.00 if it could not be had for less. For sale at 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Sheriff Austin Brown, George D. White, Richard Maroney, Thomas Martin, jr., Andrew and Harry Helbig and James W. Leathers went over to Dobbin Tuesday to attend the sale of the Rumbarger Lumber Company's live stock, which was offered by the receivers at public auction. Several of the blooded animals were bought by these parties. Sheriff Brown secured a fine mare at a very low figure. Harry Helbig and George D. White also bought a mare each. Mr. Leathers bought a blooded colt. Richard Maroney bought two colts and Thomas Martin bought two. The prices realized at the sale in the morning were very low, but in the afternoon betters offers were made.

A family named Burns hailing from near Wheeling, consisting of the husband and wife and two little children aged four and two years, made an attempt to walk from the above place to Keyser, W. Va., where they have relatives. When the unfortunate family reached Oakland the younger of the children was taken violently ill and after making innumerable attempts to secure shelter from the storm of last Friday and receiving no welcome they were taken in by Mrs. David Durst where they have been taken care of since. The husband was threatened with pneumonia, but by having the proper attention the attack was prevented. A collection was taken up by State's Attorney Thayer for their relief and in a few days they will be sent on to their destination.

Appointed Auditor.

Last Friday evening Clerk E. Z. Tower received an order signed by Judges Sloan and Stake appointing Mr. E. H. Sincell auditor for the Court of Garrett county, vice J. T. Mitchell, who has served in that capacity for a number of years.

THE RESULT OF MCKINLEY'S ELECTION

Sets in Motion one of the Largest Plants in Garrett County.

Monday evening of this week THE REPUBLICAN received the following letter from the Enterprise Tanning company whose works are located at Hutton, this county. This plant employs thirty men in the tannery and by it others will be given steady employment as the result of the starting up of the industry.

The letter we publish below and it speaks for itself:

OFFICE OF
THE ENTERPRISE TANNING CO.,
HUTTON, MD., Nov. 21, 1896.

To the Editor of The Republican.

SIR:—The history of this tannery may be of interest to your readers. It was built in 1893 and began work October 7th of that year. Up to the present time it has made but a little over half time in the aggregate. Within one month after the election of Major McKinley we have closed a contract which will start us up at our fullest capacity and keep us running continuously for many months and thus furnish steady employment to thirty men.

The public are left to draw their own conclusions.

Yours truly,
THE ENTERPRISE TANNING CO.

Witnesses and Lawyers Scored.

Judge Stake, who is holding court at Hagerstown, severely reprimanded from the bench witnesses who failed to stay in the court house. He said that hereafter when a witness was called and there was no answer the witness would not be allowed an attendance fee. Judge Stake also laid down the rule that when cases are called the lawyers in charge are expected to be in the court house or in their offices attending to business. If they are not in court, and the bailiff cannot find them at their offices, their names will be stricken out of the cases on the docket.

Clean up for Winter.

Winter is coming on, and during that period the streets, alleys and backyards are likely to be covered with ice and snow for weeks at a time. Now is the time to put them in good order, and to prevent sickness during the winter.

Just as the careful housekeeper prepares for winter by searching out every nook and corner during the fall housecleaning, so should the city take advantage of the present favorable weather to prepare for the period when cleaning will be impossible. Let the streets, alleys, backyards, and all other places where dirt gathers have a general cleaning up. To be clean is to be healthy. "Cleanliness is next to Godliness."

More Coal Found.

The Borden Mining company has discovered a large amount of coal, as yet undeveloped, on the company's lands in this county, and close to the Allegany county line, near the Borden Pit. There is also a large amount of coal on the Consolidation Coal company's lands in the same vicinity. It is said there is as much coal on these lands as has already been mined from the George's Creek region.

Ambitious Mr. Hearst.

During the past few days it has been rumored among politicians and others in Baltimore that Mr. William Hearst, proprietor of the New York *Journal* and the San Francisco *Examiner* had agreed to establish a free silver daily paper in Baltimore provided 20,000 bona fide subscribers for one year should be guaranteed. Subscriptions for this paper are being solicited in Cumberland.—News.

A New Telephone Company.

We have been informed by a reliable person that a new telephone company has been formed at Friendsville for the purpose of constructing a line from that town up through the county to Oakland. The proposed line will run via Accident, Hoyes, McHenry and Thayerville, with a branch line to Sang Run. It is earnestly hoped by all residents of the county that the line will be erected soon and that it will be extended so as to take in all the towns in the county.

How to Prevent Croup.

Some reading that will prove interesting to young mothers. How to guard against the disease.

Croup is a terror to young mothers and to post them concerning the cause, first symptoms and treatment is the object of this item. The origin of croup is a common cold. Children who are subject to it take cold very easily and croup is almost sure to follow. The first symptom is hoarseness; this is soon followed by a peculiar rough cough, which is easily recognized and will never be forgotten by one who has heard it. The time to act is when the child first becomes hoarse. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is freely given all tendency to croup will soon disappear. Even after the croupy cough has developed it will prevent the attack. There is no danger in giving this remedy for it contains nothing injurious. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Kindle Fire with Crutches.

For four years I have suffered with a very bad case of Rheumatism and have been compelled to walk on crutches; the doctors say that my case is chronic and incurable. I tried the Yager's Liniment and I must say that it is the best Liniment to relieve pain that I have ever used, and its action is prompt and effective.
JOHN ABERMAN, Clermont Mills, Md.

I have been sick with Inflammatory Rheumatism since November 1893, and have used a half dozen different kind of Liniments, but none of them helped me in the least, except the Yager's Cream Chloroform Liniment. I have used eight bottles of it and do not intend to be without it. It is the only thing that relieves me of pain. I can recommend it to anyone suffering with Rheumatism as the best pain reliever.
MRS. W. M. PARKER, Asbury, W. Va.

I have been affected with chronic Rheumatism in my back and hips for 26 years; have used various kinds of Liniments and so-called Pain Killers, but nothing I could do would relieve me. I was advised by a friend of mine to try your Yager's Liniment, and the one bottle relieved me, and was so well pleased with the first bottle that I purchased another, and will never be without it. A. S. WOODSON, Greenwood, Va.

YAGER'S LINIMENT,
Large Bottles, - - - - 25 Cents,
Sold by all Dealers. Take no substitutes.

TAKE NOTICE!

Just received, a large and select line of

Trouserings and Diagonal Suitings,

Which we will close out for the Holidays at Greatly Reduced Prices. Trousers which formerly sold for $8.00 and $10.00 we will make up for

$4.00, $5.00 AND $6.00.

CLAY DIAGONALS MADE UP FOR

$18.00 and $20.00, worth $25.00 and 30.00.

M. COHEN, Xpert Cutter.
10-2. **OAKLAND, MD.**

Episcopal Services.

Thanksgiving and holy communion will be celebrated in the Episcopal chapel, Sixth and Alder streets, 10 a. m. Thursday; services on Sunday at same place 7 p. m. Monday Feast of St. Andrews, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Paret will celebrate holy communion at 10 a. m.

Services at Swanton Sunday 11 a. m. Holy communion and sermon by Rev. William Brayshaw.

B. & O. Interests to Be Paid.

The following interest charges, which will fall due December 1, will be paid by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company:

At London, interest on the Baltimore and Ohio and Chicago Railroad loan, $163,000; Brown Bros. & Co., New York, interest on the terminal loan, $190,250; Mercantile Trust Company, New York interest on the receivers' certificates, $150,000; Philadelphia, interest on the bonds of the Schuylkill River East Side Railroad Company, $112,500. Total, $618,750.

Call for Your Letters.

Mr. H. B. Lockwood, Mr. D. E. Houser, Miss Edith Shank.

Parkersburg Branch Railroad.

Stockholders of the Parkersburg Branch Railroad, at their annual meeting in Parkersburg Monday, elected Gen. Orland Smith president and the following directors: Messrs. W. W. Taylor, Aubrey Pearre, W. H. Blackford, William T. Tucker and L. M. Tough, of Baltimore; J. N. Camden, W. N. Chancellor and C. H. Shattuck, of Parkersburg; T. S. Spates, of Clarksburg, and D. C. Winebrenner, of Frederick. The annual report showed gross earnings for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1896, of $742,216, an increase of $10,705 compared with the previous year. The net earnings were $150,010. Almost all the capital stock of this road is owned by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Shopping News.

"There is something altogether wrong in the woman who isn't fond of shopping," says Bab; and it follows that there is also something wrong with the woman who isn't fond of reading the news of the shops and the story of their current attractions. That is what advertising; and it is hard to conceive of a store which can't furnish a good story of some sort at this suggestive season.

The Wheeler & Wilson No. 9 Family.

ROTARY MOTION and BALL BEARINGS make it the lightest running, most quiet, rapid and durable machine ever made.

These machines are supplied with the best set of attachments, producing the greatest range of practical work ever accomplished.

Sold for Cash or on EASY PAYMENTS.

See them at our store or ask us for circular.

THE WILLIAM RYLAND CO.,
Friendsville, Md.

Webers' Flowers.

The Baltimore *Sun* of last Friday, says of the flowers exhibited at the flower show in that city by Messrs Weber & Sons of Oakland:

One of the principal attractions of the day was a splendid exhibition of carnations. Over to the right of the hall is a regular plateau of white-topped tables, and over this surface were scattered with rich profusion twenty-six rare and lovely varieties of carnations exhibited by Messrs. Henry Weber & Sons, of Oakland, Md. The oder of the carnations seemed not to be as powerful as that of flowers raised in less altitudinous climes, although in size and emphasis of colors and tints they were far superior.

Fatally Injured.

Ashford Rhodes, aged about nineteen years, residing with his mother at Swanton, this county, died last Saturday morning in the Western Maryland Hospital, Cumberland, from an injury to the bowels sustained while wrestling with a companion on Tuesday last. His mother was with him when he died. The remains of the deceased were sent to Swanton from Cumberland Saturday afternoon and the funeral occurred Sunday.

Roll of Honor.

The following named pupils in the fourth grade of the Oakland public school were neither absent nor tardy during the month ending Nov. 20th: Helen Fay, Blanche McRoldie, Dora Martin, Will Lawton, Max Jarboe, Frank Byrd, Joe Welling, Claude Brown.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

A SURGEON'S MIRACLE.

I have just received a letter from an old friend which recalls a remarkable operation I once performed in transfusion of blood. Some months ago I was introduced to an English gentleman who was making San Francisco his headquarters with the expectation of meeting his son, who had set out about a year before to make the tour of the world by the eastern route. Community of tastes threw us much together, and one day it was arranged that we should make a duck-shooting expedition to some convenient quarter.

Tomales bay was the locality selected, and thither we went with the intention of taking a three-days' holiday. On the second day, however, just as we were in the act of pushing off shore—I was already in the boat—Wycherly made a spring and landed just where his left foot caught somewhere about the lock of one of the guns, thus setting it off and pouring the whole charge of shot into his right leg. He fell upon the stern seat, while the man, who was just springing after him, turned his energies to dragging the boat back to land. In a moment I was at the wounded man's side, and at length got him upon the beach.

In a few moments I had ripped open his trouser-leg. From the position of the wound and the spouting of the blood it was easy to see that the posterior tibial artery had been severed, and that if prompt measures were not taken, he would soon bleed to death. Improvising a tourniquet out of a handkerchief and a bit of stick, I temporarily stopped the flow of blood, and the attendant and I carried my now unconscious friend to a dairy ranch near by, where the hospital farmer put a comfortable apartment at our disposal. Nor was it a bit too soon, for the system of compression I had been obliged to use proved too weak for the great iliac artery, and, just as we laid Wycherly on a couch, the torrent of which I had been apprehensive burst forth again. I was now, however, in a better position to act, and by the time the man—whom I had dispatched on horseback for my instruments—returned, I had the case well under control. The only cause of alarm now was extreme weakness and the risk of secondary hemorrhage.

It was while watching by Wycherly's bedside that I evolved the plot which forms the gist of my story. I determined to try transfusion, and, to tell the truth, I rather congratulated myself, from a professional point of view, that chance had thrown in my way such a splendid opportunity.

I watched the men when they came in to their noonday meal, and among the dozen or two I saw two whom I singled out as those who must serve my turn. It did not require a second glance at their ruddy cheeks to assure one less knowing than a surgeon that they possessed a practically unlimited store, so far as my purpose was concerned, of the pure life-fluid of which I was in quest. When I broached my project they were at first very averse to it, but finally they agreed to the terms, provided it did not entail much pain. Luckily I had some cocaine with me, and so anæsthetized the region of the median vein that they did not even feel the incision, and I accomplished a satisfactory transfusion into Wycherly's arm at the same spot, despite the fact that I had to improvise an apparatus out of a syringe and some tubing which I found in my case. My point, however, was gained. I had succeeded in saving my friend's life for the moment at least; I had also sent the two youths away in high spirits at having earned two months' wages in a couple of hours and with the admonition not to do any more work till I saw them again. I had telegraphed down to San Francisco and received, by the first train, such instruments and appliances as I had ordered to be sent me.

I had left the room for a few minutes with my patient resting comfortably, but on my return what was my horror to see that the ligature had burst, the bed-clothes were drenched with blood, and the deadly pallor on my friend's unconscious face, with the weak and intermittent jets of blood from the re-opened artery, told me but too plainly that he was already almost past human aid. Hastily applying a styptic and compress, I again tied up the blood-vessel, meantime shouting lustily for Fritz and Wilhelm, who happened to be near by, and came running in with some other members of the family.

Before Fritz and Wilhelm had bared their arms, my plan was laid. I recollected having seen that morning the carcass of a newly killed calf hanging up in the slaughter-shed. I bade some one fetch me the heart and neighboring organs. When these arrived, finding them still warm, I selected a blood-vessel somewhat larger than those I was about to cut, and speedily had four pieces of about an inch in length ready for use. I then led Fritz to the left-hand side of the bed, and at once severed the cephalic branch of the median vein of his right arm at the elbow. Raising the left arm of the dying man from the bed, I made Fritz sit down so as to bring them nearly to a level, and cut the same vein at the same place. My purpose was to connect the lower extremity of Fritz' vein with the upper of Wycherly's, and vice versa. To do this, I slipped the cut pieces of the calf's blood vessel over the cut extremities of Wycherly's vein, and then inserted the corresponding ends of Fritz' vein into the other ends of the calf's vein, which served precisely the same purpose as the joint used in connecting two pieces of metal pipe. After completing the connection I brought the arms of both men close together, bandaging them tightly in that position, so as to obviate any risk of breaking the connection. Then I took Wilhelm around to the right side of the bed and connected his left arm in the same manner with Wycherly's right. A complete and perfect connection had now been formed with the circulatory organs of the three men—they formed, in fact, one circulatory system.

No perceptible effect was noticeable upon Wycherly for half an hour. It is true he was being supplied with the life-giving fluid from two sources, but they were by no means abundant ones, and besides out of thirty-odd pounds of blood which a healthy man possesses, I am afraid to say how much he had lost. In the case of the youths, however, a critical observer would have detected a very appreciable diminution in the color of their faces, and in order that they might not become alarmed at any feeling of weakness, I ordered some bottles of the best wine the establishment afforded to be brought, and administered it to them freely, at the same time diverting their thoughts as much as possible. Soon I noticed that the color was returning to Wycherly's cheeks. It was evident that his life was saved, and that the measures I had employed had been the means of doing it. About half an hour afterward Fritz and Wilhelm became restive. I explained to them that to move from the position they were in, much less to have the bandages taken from their arms, would entail the death of the sick man; that their meals would be brought to them there, and that they would even have to sleep just where they were; also that I could not tell exactly how long this condition of things would last, but that while it did they would get $20 a day apiece for their services after that day, for which they would get $100 apiece. The sight of the gold which I counted to each of them having received a supply that morning from Wycherly's bankers—removed the last trace of discontent.

From that day on Wycherly's recovery was steady and rapid. Within a week his appetite returned, and he was strong enough to have been up and about.

Up to this time, at my friend's request, I forebore to send any intimation to his friends at home regarding the serious accident that had befallen him, as he feared to cause them unnecessary alarm. Now, however, he requested me to write them a full account of the matter, and also of his rapid convalescence. There were, he told me, only three members of his household proper, now that himself and son were absent, namely, his aged mother, his sister, and a young lady—a distant relative—who was betrothed to his son. Before this letter was dispatched, the China mail brought news from his son, who wrote to say that he found Japan so interesting that he did not propose to leave it for a month to come.

From this time on, a most remarkable physiological change began to take place in the three beings who were so curiously linked together by their circulatory system. They were evidently fast becoming assimilated in physical features and conditions. Wycherly was indeed growing younger while his companions were growing proportionately older. Once I was able to grasp and recognize this dominant fact, I found myself wondering, not so much at the fact per se, as at the rapidity with which the change was being accomplished. I could only account for this last feature of the strange metamorphosis by remembering that the blood now coursing in the veins of this strange partnership was, in the first instance, almost wholly that of the young Germans, as Wycherly's vessels were well-nigh drained at the commencement of the trial. He, therefore, took a fresh start in life, so to speak, with a large capital of new blood, and since then he had been contributing only one-third of the supply to the common stock or partnership circulation. Accordingly, only one-third of the common blood was being assimilated by old organs, while two-thirds were being assimilated by young and robust ones. In addition to this, Wycherly's assimilative organs were being fed and their waste carried off by blood which was day by day becoming younger as the process went on. It was, therefore, impossible to escape the mathematical conclusion that Wycherly would grow younger, while Fritz and Wilhelm would grow older, till a stable equilibrium in the physical condition of the trio was reached. I confidently looked forward to the time, and that at no distant date, when I should have the satisfaction of seeing before me three robust young men of 28; at which time there would no longer be any occasion to maintain their enforced union. I further calculated that the state of equilibrium in age would be reached in about a month from then, so that by the time my friend's son arrived from Japan, there would be but the slight disparity between 23 and 28 in their respective ages.

Two days before the China steamer was due, I carefully separated the three men. The altered appearance of Wycherly, though in the highest degree striking to me, excited no surprise among the dairy people, who had first seen him in a deathlike swoon, and who attributed his altered looks to returning health. As for the young men who had become prematurely matured through keeping company with an invalid, no one thought anything of it, and no one pitied them, as they had been paid liberally for their loss of vitality. Wycherly, however, upon his return to the city, sent each of them a check for an amount which amply represented the earnings for the eight years of life which they had lost. We returned to the city in company, a fashionable tailor fitted out the young English gentleman, my guest, and we arranged to meet next morning to go together to the China steamer.

"Is Mr. Wycherly on board — Mr. Stephen Wycherly?" asked my friend, next day, of one of the stewards.

"Mr. Wycherly?" replied the man, starting; "why—oh, yes, I remember. Please to wait, sir, till I call one of the officers."

Presently we observed one of the officers coming forward, conversing with the steward. As he came up he bowed gravely, and said:

"I grieve to tell you, gentlemen, that Mr. Wycherly died on the passage here and was buried at sea. If you will accompany me to the surgeon's cabin, he will supply you with all the particulars," and he led the way aft.

Sorrowfully I followed the grief-stricken parent, whose bowed head and unsteady step showed the violence of the blow.

"I am speaking to Mr. Wycherly's brother, I presume?" said the surgeon, after the officer had explained our errand, turning to my companion. "The resemblance is so striking that I do not think I can be mistaken, though I should say you were slightly his senior."

"His father," replied my friend, simply.

"His father! Excuse me; if you will come inside I will show you my books."

It turned out that poor Stephen, my friend's son—his name, also—had been taken down with dysentery on the sixth day out from Yokohama, and had never rallied from the attack.

"Did you remark the surgeon's expression of incredulity when you said you were the father of the Mr. Wycherly who died on the passage?" I said to my friend next day, as he sat in my office. "It may turn out that you will have trouble in establishing your identity. I can, of course, vouch for it, but it is not likely that my story would gain undisputed credence, seeing that it is unparalleled in the annals of science?"

"Make yourself easy on that point," returned Wycherly, with something of heat in his tone. "As to my friends at home, is it reasonable to suppose that they would fail to recognize one who is thoroughly conversant with each detail of our family affairs?"

"I hope it may turn out as you say," I remarked, dubiously.

Just then my servant entered with a card. I started on reading it, and handed it to Wycherly.

"Miss Gertrude Tremaine!" he ejaculated. "But how—how—"

"The lady has come to inquire regarding Mr. Wycherly—Mr. Stephen Wycherly," said the boy.

"Show her in," said I, and immediately a tall, handsome brunette appeared in the doorway. She looked first at one and then at the other, as if undecided how to act, and then advanced to where Wycherly was sitting too bewildered to speak, and took him by the hand.

"Why, Stephen," she said, "don't you know me? But I didn't expect to find you here. I thought I should find papa here. They told me I should get news of him here at the place I used to direct all my letters."

"Why, Gertie," returned Wycherly, regarding her with embarrassment, "don't you know me? Don't you know Stephen's father?"

"What does this mean, sir?" she said, drawing herself up with offended dignity. "But do not flatter yourself it was to see you, sir, that I came. I came at the express desire of your grandmother and aunt to see that your father was being properly taken care of. Oh, Stephen," she continued, in softened tone, "they are so very anxious about him at home."

"But, Gertie, I am old Stephen Wycherly you came to see," said my friend.

"You!" she cried with a ripple of silvery laughter, as if now entering into and enjoying the joke—"you! I suppose you think that having made the tour of the world gives you the right to assume age. And now I come to think of it, perhaps it does, for you do certainly look five years older than when you left us a year ago, if that is anything in your favor."

I had been studying all this time how to extricate my friend from his dilemma. So, rising, and looking at my watch, I said in a fatherly sort of way:

"You young people can get along very well without me, I think. I have an engagement which will take me at least half an hour; so I am sure you will excuse me."

When I returned they were gone, and merely a note from Wycherly remained on the table, saying that he would communicate with me shortly. From that day to this I heard nothing of him till I received this letter:

Wychwood Hall, Norfolk, Sept. 15, 1896.—My Dear Doctor: Forgive my abrupt departure from San Francisco. You no doubt wonder how matters turned out with me. First of all, Gertie—Miss Gertrude Tremaine, now my wife—made a terrible noise after you so considerately and, I will add, pusillanimously left (she is looking over my shoulder now and has made me put in that last adverb), because I persisted in telling her I was old instead of young Mr. Wycherly. But little and little, by explaining as well as I could, that the treatment I had received, after the accident she read about in your letter, had produced the extraordinary change in my appearance, she subsided into an apparent acquiescence with what I told her. You may call it what you please, you may attribute it to the transfusion or to the arts and wiles of Gertie, but certain it is that before we were half over the Atlantic, I was head over heels in love. Nor was it a one-sided affair, either, and by the time we reached home we were engaged.

How I dreaded going home. When we got into the carriage at the railway station the footman, while touching his hat, "hoped that I had left my father well." The same thing was repeated at the hall. My mother wept over the return of her grandson, and my sister fell upon the neck of her nephew. When, two months after our return, Gertie and I were married at the village church, I am satisfied that nine-tenths of the people present believed that the Stephen Wycherly who signed the register was son of the man who stood before them. And what is the use of setting people right upon the question? I have determined to remain Stephen Wycherly, Jr., since they will have it so. Your friend, STEPHEN WYCHERLY.

P. S.—I inclose two checks for £100 each for Fritz and Wilhelm.

There! What do you think of that for a denouement to my transfusion operation?—Robert Duncan Milne, in San Francisco Argonaut.

MICHIGAN CELERY.

How It Is Grown by Hollanders Near the Town of Kalamazoo.

Kalamazoo celery is so well known in every part of this country that the name is used for all the better kinds of celery, and, like "Blue Point oysters" and "Little Neck clams," the guarantee contained in the name sells the article to the exclusion of other brands. The excellence of this celery is said to be due to three things—good seed, dark, heavy soil, and care in growing and bleaching it. Careful packing might be added. But as any gardener can select good seed and give the plants good culture, Kalamazoo must excel in the soil or better natural conditions as a celery region.

The celery meadows are just outside of the town of Kalamazoo, north and south of the city, and surrounded by hills, divided crosswise by a high ridge, on which the houses are built. The meadows are about three miles long and a mile wide. These bottom lands are not common farming lands, but are composed of a peculiar form of black muck, the result of vegetable decomposition, and formerly they were so rich that no fertilizers were needed. Not more than a dozen years ago very little celery was raised on these meadows, and none for shipment to other markets. Joseph Dunkly, the florist, was one of the pioneers in the industry, recognizing the peculiar value of the muck soil for celery. He owned one of the earliest celery farms, and it is reported that he amassed a fortune from the business before it was injured by competition.

In recent years the output has been so enormous that prices have dropped from 20 to 10 cents per dozen, and many growers have been complaining. The seasons of 1892-93 were comparatively poor ones, and a number of the growers left their farms to engage in the same business in the suburbs of New York, but they soon returned to their home town. The growers are nearly all Hollanders, and they live in dwellings on their small holdings, which generally consist of from five to ten acres. They are a frugal, industrious race, and they adopt the most advanced system of intensive farming. Five acres here easily support an ordinary Holland family, and there is no doubt but the head of it saves money.

The city of Kalamazoo is one of the prettiest in the country, and it owes not a little of this to the industry of the celery growers. The amount of celery shipped from the city varies from year to year, but a conservative estimate places the average quantity at 60 tons per day from July 1 to January 1. This would mean about 3,600,000 dozen, and at ten cents per dozen, this would amount to $360,000. As this is a very low estimate, one is almost safe in saying that the industry nets the town at least $500,000 a year.

The bunches of celery are packed in wooden boxes and shipped to commission men. The boxes are made in the town, giving employment to a number of mechanics. They are about the size of a peach crate, 24 inches long, 16 inches wide, and 6 to 8 inches deep.

Fertilizers are now used freely upon the already rich bottom lands, and every time a grower takes a load of celery into the town he brings back a load of fertilizer. It is claimed that four crops of celery are raised in one season on the land, but this is not literally true. The farmers make four plantings, which mature from July to December, but these can hardly be called four crops. The first planting is made early, and as this celery must be bleached with boards it is an inferior grade. The old saying is that celery is not fit to eat until after the first frost, and in a sense this is true, but modern conditions of our markets demand that celery shall be ready for use all the year round. The southern growers send it north early in summer, and since people will buy this vegetables out of season, the Kalamazoo growers begin to send their product to the cities much earlier than five years ago.

The question of profit in celery growing is a disputed one, and like strawberry farming there are stories current of farmers making $300 per acre, while others claim that if they make $50 per acre they are doing well. At Greentown, O., where the largest celery farm under the control of one man is located, the profits are said to average between $200 and $400 per acre. There are nearly 100 acres planted with celery on that farm, and if the figures are correct the owner has every reason to believe that farming does pay. Like the Kalamazoo celery lands, the soil of Greentown, O., is exceedingly rich and well adapted to the culture of the celery plant. But even so, cheap labor must be employed to make the farm pay anything like $300 or $400 per acre. Here in Kalamazoo, the growers believe that $100 and $200 per acre is a good profit, and a man with ten acres of soil need not suffer greatly with such an income. Six years ago the same land could have made profits of $400 per acre, but then the growers were receiving just twice as much for their celery as they are to-day.—N. Y. Post.

Chicken Pie.

Boil until tender one or more chickens, according to the size of the pie required. The chickens must be cut into small pieces and boiled in sufficient water to insure plenty of gravy. When done, skim out the chicken and arrange in a baking dish. Thicken the gravy slightly and pour over the chicken; be sure it is sufficiently seasoned. Make a biscuit dough, roll about one-half an inch thick and cover. Bake until a light brown.—Ladies' World.

Breach of Promise.

Fair Plaintiff—Your honor, he carried a lock of my hair all the way to California.

Defendant—I only carried it for a joke.

"Well, I think that is carrying a joke too far."—Washington Times.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Took It Literally.—She—"Why, you foolish boy, if I married you, you wouldn't be able even to dress me." He—"Well—er—couldn't I learn?"—Brooklyn Life.

—She—"I see they have now a 'Woman's Dictionary.' Do you suppose that differs from any other?" He—"Probably has more words in it."—Yonkers Statesman.

—"No, darling," said a mother to a sick child, "the doctor says I mustn't read to you." "Then, mamma," begged the little one, "won't you please read to yourself out loud?"—Tit-Bits.

—Editor at Home.—Husband—"Is there any of that sauce you made for the cabinet pudding left?" Wife—"I believe so, dear. Why?" Husband—"I'm all out of mucilage."—Truth.

—Maude—"They say that Charley Goanes is awfully sweet on you." Clara—"Nonsense! I wouldn't be seen in his company." Maude—"I suppose that is the reason why you always turn the light down when he calls."—Boston Transcript.

—The Unpleasant Part of It.—"Well, Johnnie," said the visitor, "I suppose you'll begin going to school again very soon." "Yes." "Do you like going to school?" "Yes; it's staying there after I get there that I don't like."—Harper's Round Table.

—A reporter for the Cincinnati Tribune lately heard a dialogue between two suburban gentlemen. "How did your daughter pass her examination for a position as a teacher?" asked the first man. "Pass!" was the answer. "She didn't pass at all. Maybe you won't believe it, but they asked that poor girl about things that happened before she was born."

—Differently Expressed.—"In this article," said the editor of a Wall street paper to a new reporter, "you say that 1,000 shares of O. P. Q. were picked up at 104. Don't you know that we are bearish on that stock?" "But must I not report the transaction?" asked the employe. "Certainly; but you should say that 1,000 shares of O. P. Q. were got rid of at 104."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

GATHERING THE RETURNS.

Scenes About New York Police Headquarters on Election Night.

The election bureau of the police board is the official recipient of the returns from the voting precincts. This bureau furnishes each poll with blanks for the official record and also with four sets of small blanks for each office. As soon as the count for an office is finished the four inspectors sign all four blanks and a policeman takes them to a police headquarters, and quickly returns for others. Thus the count goes on until it is completed—sometimes not before midnight.

Meantime there have gathered in a large room at police headquarters all the commissioners, the superintendent, a great number of newspaper reporters with pencils sharpened at both ends, while the walls are lined with messenger and telephone boys. As soon as a report is brought it is read out by the superintendent, taken down by the newspaper men, and forwarded to their editors as rapidly as possible. By eight o'clock the returns come thick and fast, and nothing is heard but the scratching of pencils and the footsteps of racing messengers. The commissioners soon go to their private offices, for they know that anxious candidates will speedily be called to learn their fate, although a very fair idea has spread abroad by nine or ten o'clock as to how the state and city have "gone" on the principal issues. In the case of the election of November, 1894, everybody knew that Tammany was beaten long before that hour.

But the fun of the street is not for that band of reporters at headquarters, nor for those other bands of writers in the newspaper offices down town, who, with almost superhuman diligence and endurance, are tabulating and putting into type and commenting upon these returns for delectation of the public next morning.

The tenement-house districts have been alive with people since sundown, dancing about the fires. They have learned long ago the outlines of the result, and those on the successful side are rejoicing in their tumultuous way, sure of the support of all the boys. As the evening advances the excitement spreads to Broadway and up town. The newspapers will issue extras every hour or so from nine p. m. to two in the morning, but they do not hesitate to give all this news away upon their bulletins as fast as they get it.—Ernest Ingersoll, in Century.

A Vegetable Pistol.

But the most remarkable instance of scattering the seeds (shooting them from the pod) is afforded by Hura crepitans, a handsome tree, native of the forests of South America. The curious fruit of this tree is somewhat flattened, deeply furrowed or fluted body, made up of a circle of many cells, each containing one seed. When the seeds are ripe the cells open, and expel them with a loud report, like the crack of a pistol. Hence the fruit is sometimes called the "monkeys' dinner bell."

Stories have been told of Hura fruits being placed in desks and subsequently opening, and discharging their seeds with such violence as to break inkwells, and even to crack the wood of the desk.—Thomas H. Kearney, Jr., in St. Nicholas.

Famine Bread.

In times of famine bread has been baked from wood bran and husks of corn. The woodbread is made by selecting the sawdust of the least resinous wood—the breech, for example—and washing it with water to remove any soluble matter. It is then dried in an oven and reduced to fine powder. With the addition of a little flour, some yeast and water, it forms a dough which, when baked, constitutes bread resembling in appearance and taste our ordinary brown bread.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Catarrh

Is a constitutional disease and requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine purifies the blood and cures catarrh.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. 25c.

FLINGS AT THE FAIR SEX.

Wife—"What would you do if I stayed out every night until midnight?" Hubby—"Jove, I'd stay at home!"—Truth.

She—"I think a girl looks awful cheap when she first becomes engnged." He—"She may look cheap, but you can bet she is not."—Yonkers Statesman.

No matter how much you have always told a girl you are never going to get married, she will always try to make you think she thought you weren't in earnest.—N. Y. Press.

"I have been reading about the coming style in sleeves," remarked Mrs. Frankstown. "Are they to be too tight or too loose?" asked Mrs. Point Breeze.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Before they are married she will carefully turn down his coat collar when it gets awry, but afterward she'll jerk it down into position as if she were throwing a door mat out of the window.—Tit-Bits.

"My wife was rather worried when I left her this morning." "What was the trouble?" "Well, she had been worrying about something or other last night and this morning she couldn't remember what it was."—Puck.

"What do you wish, madam?" said the election officer to Mrs. Tenspot. "You have already voted once to-day. You voted before noon, you know." "Oh, yes, I know that," replied the votress, "but I want to change my ballot."—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Wardmun—"Your husband's canvass for the nomination was unsuccessful, I believe, dear?" Mrs. Heeler—"Not at all. Of course, John was defeated, but my picture appeared in the papers, and, altogether, three columns were printed about my gowns."—Philadelphia North American.

Mustaches.

Talking of barbers very naturally brings to mind the interesting subject of mustaches; for what boy is there who does not look eagerly forward to the proud time when he can raise a mustache? The wearing of mustaches is such a universal custom that we might supposed it never had a special meaning or be ginning; but the fact is, that it did have a beginning several hundred years ago, and served a very important purpose for awhile. You will remember that for several centuries the Moors had possession of Spain, but were finally conquered or driven out by the Christians. The Moors were believers in Mohammedanism, and having made many converts, it was not always an easy matter to tell a Mohammedan from a Christian; and as there were constant conflicts between the people of the two religions, the Christians decided to adopt some sign by which they could be distinguished from the unbelievers. So they let the hair grow on the upper lip and on the chin, in order to produce, as nearly as possible, the form of a cross, and in that way they were able to recognize one another at all times, and flock together in times of danger.—St. Nicholas.

A BOTTLE OF

Warner's Safe Cure

Might have Changed the Map of Europe.

AT the Battle of Waterloo the great Napoleon .. was so prostrated from Nephritis .. (Inflammation of the Kidneys) .. that for more than an hour the battle was left to his subordinates, with the result that the fortunes of war went against him. Had

Warner's Safe Cure

been known at the time, Napoleon need not have been ill at such a supreme moment, nor his star suffered eclipse.

While all cannot be Napoleons, all can be spared the illness which resulted in his downfall.

Large bottle, or new style, smaller one, at your druggists.

A $65 SEWING MACHINE FOR $19

Our F. & W No. 3 High Arm Machine

Complete, with accessories and attachments, delivered FREIGHT PAID, for $19.00 cash. Warranted for TEN YEARS. If it does not prove entirely satisfactory after THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL it can be returned at our expense and money paid will be refunded. Send for our Fall and Winter Catalogue Sent free upon application. It is replete with bargains in every kind of merchandise and contains our FREE OFFER of Gold and Silver Presents with all orders of $5 and over. We can Save You Money. Our prices are lower than any other house. Address FOLEY & WILLIAMS MFG CO., Cincinnati, O.

☞ NAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

A Man who had barely made expenses with a cheap Well Drilling Outfit took our advice and bought one of our modern and Brat-class..... A Well Machines, and did $7,000 worth of drilling with it last year. There are men who refuse to take good advice when it is offered them on a silver platter. Circulars free. LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.

TEMPERANCE.

—boys," this want I find
As the city's wants I read of.
And that is so—there's a certain kind
Of boys that the world has need of.
The boys that are wanted are steady boys,
Unselfish, true and tender;
Holding more dear the sweet home joys
Than the club or the ballroom's splendor.

Boys who have eyes for the sister's grace,
Swift hands for the household duty;
Who see in the mother's patient face
The highest, holiest beauty.
Boys of earnest and noble aim,
The friends of the poor and lowly;
To whom forever a woman's name
Is something sacred and holy.

Boys are wanted whose breaths are sweet,
The pure air undefiling;
Who scorn all falsehood and smooth deceit
That lead to a soul beguiling.
Boys who in scenes that are glad and bright,
Feel their pulses beat the faster,
But who hold each animal appetite
As servant and not as master.

Boys are wanted whose strength can lead,
The weaker upon them leaning;
Boys whose "No" is a "No" indeed,
And whose "Yes" has an equal meaning.
Who are strong not only when life's decrees
Its bitter and heavy trials,
But can practice its small economies,
And its everyday self-denials.

—Carlotta Perry, in Union Signal.

TREATMENT OF INEBRIATES.

Methods Employed in Austria Apparently Prove Inadequate.

Facts and figures of the highest importance in their bearing on the treatment of inebriates are given in a recent number of the British Medical Journal. It appears from the showing made in this publication, which may be relied upon to speak without prejudice, that the attempts to cure drunkenness by methods followed in inebriate asylums has been largely a failure. The opinions of experts on this point are cited. Thus Dr. Adalbert Irkawsky, director of the State asylum nt Ybbs, Austria, lays down the following conclusions as the result of his observations: 1. The cure of alcoholic mental cases, though rapid, is not permanent, owing to the tendency to relapse and inability to resist temptations to drinking. 2. The relapses are largely brought about by a desire to obtain comfortable board and lodgings at the public expense. 3. The "free" treatment of lunatics is unsuited to drunkards, giving them opportunities of procuring liquor. 4. In the first stages drunkards are only morally defective, not mad. 5. Mixing drunkards, who are often sane, with lunatics is bad for the latter, alcoholics being generally degenerate, but otherwise sane, and therefore having a bad influence on the insane. So unmistakable has been the failure of the treatment of inebriates in lunatic asylums in Austria, that the minister of justice has proposed a bill in the Reichsrath empowering the state, the province and the districts to establish public asylums for inebriates, all such institutions to be under state inspection, and to provide divisions for inebriates in penal establishments for compulsory labor. These asylums, which are not to be allowed to take non alcoholic cases, are for persons judicially convicted three times of drunkenness in one year, and for persons who have not sufficient self-command to resist the temptation to drink, or who through drinking endanger the moral, physical or financial security of themselves or their relatives. Voluntary and involuntary cases are to be received; voluntary patients are under the detention provisions of the involuntary, two years being the original maximum seclusion. A drunkard is to be heard before an order is issued for his detention, and specialists must report on his condition. —Christian Work.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Jails will be for rent when the saloons go.—Index.

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew convened at Pittsburgh, October 14.

Drink stands alone as the chief destroyer of life, character and property. Banish it.

Of the 137 counties in Georgia, 120—all but 17, prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors.

The Brotherhood of St. Andrew contotal membership of 9,673 adults and 5,661 juveniles.

The British Army Temperance association is founded on a religious basis, but is non-sectarian in its methods. So highly is its good work valued that it has been given a grant by the government.

According to a German statistician, the Bulgarians lead the nations in longevity, having n centenarian to every thousand inhabitants. In 1892 alone, there died in Bulgaria 350 persons of more than 100 years.

Each of the 13 "consulting hospitals" in Paris receives monthly 62 habitual drunkards in a hopeless condition, nearly as many women as men. This means that 10,000 inhabitants of Paris are rendered useless citizens each year by alcohol.

There is in this country to-day no greater menace to our free institutions, no darker cloud on the horizon of our great republic's future, no treachery so fatal to the success of self government as this incarnation of diabolism known as the liquor traffic.—Hon. A. G. Wolfenbarger.

"The great cause of social crime is drink. The great cause of poverty is drink. When I hear of a family broken up and ask the cause—drink. If I go to the gallows and ask its victim the cause, the answer—drink. Then I ask myself in perfect wonderment, why do not men put a stop to this thing?"—Archbishop Ireland.

DRINK AND CRIME.

Statistics That Conclusively Prove That the Latter Is Largely the Product of the Former.

Anyone accustomed to read the public prints cannot fail to be struck with the number and variety of atrocious crimes which are being daily perpetrated in our midst, the exciting cause of which is strong drink. Criminals and their judges, chaplains and wardens of prisons unite in declaring that strong drink is the grand cause of this great social evil.

The chaplain of Auburn prison, New York, says: "Directly or indirectly, eight-tenths of the prisoners there were led to commit their crimes under the influence of drink."

The warden of the state prison, Carson, Nevada, in his report for 1893 and 1894, shows that of 77 prisoners only six, or less than eight per cent., claim to be temperate.

The report of the Wisconsin state prison at Waupun for the two years, 1893 and 1894, shows that of 300 prisoners in 1893 there were 44 claiming to be temperate, 169 were moderate drinkers, and 87 confessed to intemperance, making 85 per cent. who confessed to the use of liquors. In 1894 of 395 prisoners 47 claimed to be temperate, 254 moderate drinkers, and 94 intemperate, so that 88 per cent. confessed to the use of drink.

The report of the Connecticut state prison for the year ending September 30, 1895 shows that of 395 prisoners 209, or 52.9 per cent., confess to the use of drink as the cause of their crimes, and 53 more, or 13.4 per cent., make the cause to be bad company, which probably means drink.

The warden of the penitentiary at Anamosa, Ia., reports for the year ending June 30, 1895, that of 640 prisoners only 195 do not use liquor, making 70 per cent. who indulge in drink.

Oregon state penitentiary report for 1895 states that "about 80 per cent. acknowledge to have been more or less addicted to the use of intoxicants," and that "about 60 per cent. attribute their downfall to the use of intoxicants." The average number of convicts was 360.

James P. Gibson, assistant superintendent state penitentiary, Rusk, Tex., says 75 per cent. of the inmates are there through drink.

N. Viall, warden state prison, Howard, R. I., says: "Seventy-five per cent. of the criminals of this prison were in the habit of using intoxicating liquor."

Ellen C. Johnson, superintendent Reformatory Prison for Women, South Framingham, Mass., says: "Possibly 99 per cent. of criminals are here through drink."

Prof. I. I. McCook, of Trinity college, in a paper read before the Twentieth Century club, of Hartford, says:

For 12 years the police arrests for drunkenness alone averaged in Hartford 62.8 per cent. of the whole number, while drunkenness and its allied offenses numbered 80.67 per cent. This proportion is perhaps somewhat larger than in most places, but it may generally be expected to be at least as high as three-fifths.

Ninety-five to 97 out of every 100 incarcerated in our jails are self-confessed drinkers, although they pleasantly add "moderate" to the title, and from 43.6 to 56.1 per cent. of them are there specially for drunkenness, and fully 66 per cent., or two-thirds of them, are there for that and its resulting crimes. There were 1,393 of them there last year out of a total of 2,111.

Of the 381 captives in our state prison last year 46.8, or almost half, thought drink had done it.

Take special phases of crime, for example:

Abuse, neglect, or abandonment of children. Those most familiar with the subject in this neighborhood have put the proportion of cases attributable to drink at or beyond two-thirds. From the Pennsylvania Society to Protect Children from Cruelty, with headquarters in Philadelphia, a former vice president, in talking with me, fixed the proportion roughly at four-fifths to nine-tenths. But the secretary gives me definite statistics for 1891-2, showing 309 cases of drink out of a total of 864 in 1891 and 359 out of 987 in 1892—i. e., from 35.8 per cent. to 36.4 per cent. In some previous years the percentage had been as high as 50.

The United States supreme court states: "The statistics of every state show a greater amount of crime and misery attributable to the use of ardent spirits obtained at these liquor-saloons than to any other source."

Carroll D. Wright, now United States commissioner of labor, when he was in charge of the Massachusetts bureau of labor, made a careful investigation into the relation of drink to crime.

He analyzed the crimes committed in Suffolk county, which contains the city of Boston, for the year ending September 1, 1880. The total number of sentences passed during the year was 16,807, of which 12,289, or 72 per cent., were for offenses clearly due to drink, 12,221 being for drunkenness and 68 for illegal sales of liquor. Of the remaining 4,608 persons convicted of various crimes, Mr. Wright found that 2,097 had committed them while under the influence of liquor, and that the intent to commit the crime was formed by 1,918 while under the influence of liquor. It was found in 1,804 cases that the crime was committed under conditions induced by the drinking habits of criminals, while 821 cases of drinking habits of others induced the crime condition.

If the 2,097, who were shown to have committed their offenses while under the influence of drink, be added to the 12,289 convicted of "distinctively rum offenses," this makes 14,386 out of the total 16,897 commitments, or 84 per cent., due to drink particularly. It is further probable that of the remaining number many were induced to commit their crimes through drink associations.—National Temperance Advocate.

The Saloon and the Home.

The saloon and the home are historic enemies. They stand with drawn swords. The one is utterly and terribly against the other. It always will be so. One shapes young manhood and womanhood. The other debauches them. One stands for purity, the other for uncleanness. One is the dwelling place of peace, the other a den of vice and discord. One sends out benedictions; the other, blight, ruin, death. One typifies Heaven; the other hell. Do you wonder that womanhood loathes that darkest of all the plague spots in the land? She more than loathes. She hates with inexpressible hatred the merciless monster whose cruelties against her sex must be written in tears and blood.—Epworth Herald.

LATE PICKLES.

Fruits and Vegetables Which May Be Put Up in the Fall.

Long after all the fruits in the garden are safely put away for winter, there are still many vegetables that have escaped the frost that make excellent pickles, both sweet and sour. The green tomatoes and the green muskmelons are excellent for this purpose. The ripened cucumber in seer and yellow age, usually supposed to be valueless for anything but seed, makes a most delicious chowchow and a good sweet pickle. Hard wild apples, in most parts of our country the food of the cattle in the field, make one of the most delicious pickled and spiced fruits we have. Sliced with the skins and cores, they make an excellent jelly. Make this jelly just like a crab apple jelly. To spice apples, remove the stems and flowers. Prick them. For four pounds of apples, add two pounds of sugar, one ounce of cassia buds, one ounce of whole cloves and one stick of cinnamon, with a pint of vinegar. Put the apples over in a porcelain-lined kettle. Cover them closely and let them cook until they are tender enough to be pierced with a broom splint, but not till they break into pieces.

Barberries are fit for preserving until after they are thoroughly ripened by frost. Like the persimmon of the south, then they acquire a peculiar softness of flavor. Gather the barberries carefully. Unless they are very poor in quality they can be gathered so carefully from the bush that they will not need looking over for leaves. Put them in a large porcelain-lined kettle to make jelly, with a little water to prevent them burning on the bottom. Let them come slowly to the boiling point, and cook for about 20 minutes, until thoroughly softened. Strain the juice from them through a cloth into a stone pot. Measure it. Allow a pound of sugar for every pint of juice. Boil the juice down for 20 minutes. Add the sugar, which should be heated hot in the oven, and let the mixture boil up once after the sugar is added. Then test it. It will usually be formed; if it is not, boil it a little longer and try it again. Barberries make a nice preserve, using a pound of seeded raisins to every five pounds of the fruit. They are considerable trouble to prepare and somewhat seedy, so that it is better to utilize them in jelly if you have an abundance of them.

A chowchow of ripe cucumbers is made of firm, yellow cucumbers, peeled and chopped fine, without removing the seeds. Measure the chopped cucumbers, and to every three quarts allow a quart and a pint of white onions, also chopped fine. Mix about a cup of fine salt with the vegetables, and put them in a coarse linen or cotton bag. Lay the mixture over narrow slats placed across the mouth of a small keg or barrel, and place weights over it. In 24 hours take out the mixture. Put it into a pot. Add two ounces of white mustard seed, two green peppers, chopped fine, and one tablespoonful of black pepper. Cover the mixture with cold vinegar, add in the mouth of the pot a few nasturtium leaves and seed and a few pieces of horseradish root.—N. Y. Tribune.

WOKE UP THE COMPANY.

Pushed the Only Button He Could See and Could Not Be Blamed.

An amusing adventure recently fell to the lot of an old gentleman in a northern town. He was asked to buy a ticket for a fireman's ball, and good-naturedly complied.

The next question was what to do with it. He had two servants, either of whom would be glad to use it, but he did not wish to show favoritism. Then it occurred to him that he might buy another ticket and give both his servants a pleasure.

Not knowing where the tickets were sold, he inquired of a policeman, and the officer suggested that he should go to the fire brigade station. So the old gentleman went to the station that evening, but found no one in sight.

He had never been in such a place before, and stood for a moment or two uncertain how to make his presence known. Presently he saw an electric button on the side of the wall, and he put his thumb on it.

The effect was electrical in every sense of the word. Through the ceiling, down the stairs and from every other direction firemen came running and falling, the horses rushed out of their stalls, and, in short, all the machinery of a modern engine house was instantly set in motion.

Amid this uproar stood the innocent old gentleman, who did not suspect that he had touched the fire alarm until the men clamored around him for information as to the locality of the fire.

Then he said, mildly:

"I should like to buy another ticket for the ball, if you please."

The situation was so ludicrous that there was a shout of laughter, and the old gentleman bought his ticket and the place resumed its former quiet.—Weekly Telegraph.

Why He Felt Bad.

"Good morning, Jasper! I am very sorry to hear of your domestic trouble."

"Wha' sorter tebble dat, sah?"

"Why, I mean the trouble in your home affairs. I am told that your wife run away from you; is it a fact?"

"Deed, it ar', sah."

"Of course you feel very bad about it?"

"Yas, sah. De way de marter stan' at de presen' time, sah, I feels mighty bad."

"At the present time; what do you mean by that?"

"I mean, sah, dat she hain' had time ylt ter go fur 'nough ter make de ol' man feel sho' dat she hain' comin' back."—Richmond Dispatch.

Fell from Something.

"I understand young Godfsuit has fallen from grace."

"Well, he looks as if he had fallen from something, but he doesn't admit it. He says it's the fashion to dismount suddenly now."—Chicago Post.

A TIME EXPOSURE.

The Traveling Man Tells a Story of a Guileless Photographer.

"As a rule," remarked the drummer in photographic supplies to the photograph man, in the Star man's hearing, "I am willing to accept your statement that photographers don't play as many tricks on the trade as some other people do, but there are exceptions."

"Well, I never heard of one," said the photographer, shaking his head as if he wanted to butt the drummer off the line of argument.

"Let me give you an example," said the drummer, seating himself comfortably. "Not so many years ago I had a friend who was anxious to buy a photograph gallery in a southern city, and having quite a solid little wad of wealth he was prepared to supply himself with something handsome. Being a first-class artist as well, he knew that when he did get what he wanted he would know what to do with it. Well, he had me to look out for him on my trips, and in a month or so I picked up in one of the large southern cities an advertisement by a photo man who wanted to sell out on account of poor health.

"The ad. read well, and my friend wrote to the man at once, and was so pleased with what he was told that he finally came to see the party. It was arranged by the seller that the purchaser should be there on one of three days—10th, 11th and 12th of July. I believe, as he was too busy to see him at any other time, but thought he might have a little resting spell then. My friend got there on the 10th, and went to the gallery as soon as he had breakfast, which was about ten o'clock. A half dozen people were in the place waiting, and the artist only had time to tell him to call at noon. He did so, and there were more people, and the time was put off till three, and then again till five, and it kept going that way for two days and up to noon of the third day.

"Then the photographer said it was a shame to keep him waiting longer and he would give him an hour that evening if he had to shut up shop to do it. Of course, by this time my friend was more than convinced that he had hit on a bonanza, and he was ready to pay almost any price the party might ask. To make the place more attractive to my friend he had observed that most of the visitors to the gallery were judges and majors and colonels and that sort, and their ladies. Well, the bargain was closed and my friend got out that night and was back again in ten days ready to carry on the good work of his successor, whose health prevented his enjoying such a pecuniary snap."

"And, of course, he got a bargain?" interrupted the photograph man.

"Oh, did he?" sneered the drummer. "Oh, that artist didn't do a thing to him, did he? My friend didn't get two customers a week, and couldn't coax them to him, and he just dropped $2,000 cool on the job. And why, friends and fellow-citizens?" concluded the drummer, in semi-tragic tones, "and why? Because that innocent and guileless photographer had worked up a boom for those three days by sending out invitations to a lot of prominent people to come in on those days and he would take their photographs free. Of course, they came. Did anybody ever refuse anything that was free, and especially when it was a chance to have their pictures taken? Well, I guess not." And the drummer handed his handkerchief to the photograph man for him to wipe his weeping eyes with.—Washington Star.

A FAVORITE TINT.

With Frost in the Air Golden Brown Is the True Autumn Color.

Soft shades of brown always spring into favor at the first frost; perhaps because it is harmonious with the fading leaves, and perhaps because there is so much warmth in the color. A lovely gown of this color prepared for a well-known leader of fashion at Bryn Mawr has the skirt made of a soft canvas cloth in the most beautiful, warm shade of golden brown, over crimson satin, showing beautifully through the meshes.

A narrow rope or cord of crimson velvet outlined every seam of the gracefully-gored skirt. The bodice had a body of golden brown mousseline de soie, drawn in soft fullness over a lining of the crimson satin, and brought into a belt of twisted crimson, finished with a knot directly in front.

An odd collarette of appliqued tan figures on a groundwork of golden brown mousseline de soie sets over the bust and the tops of the sleeves, then down the front into the belt. It is a most effective finish to the bodice. A thick ruche of golden brown mull sets off the neck.

The sleeves are narrow-topped leg-o'-muttons, finished in a point at the hand. Golden brown and white combine daintily. A smart gown with this combination shows a box-plaited skirt and box-plaited blouse. The entire under side of the plaits is of white taffeta. The effect is wonderfully pretty when the skirt opens like a fan, revealing the stripes of white. Short jackets of brown velvet are worn with tailor-made skirts of a lighter tone of brown with striking effects.—Chicago Tribune.

For Cooler Autumn Days.

Convenient cloaks of cloth, mohair or heavy silk to match the gown are worn for the early fall.

Among the stylish little capes for evening wear is one of chiffon plaitings and a finish of ostrich tips or rosettes of chiffon and bows of satin ribbon around the neck.

The favorite jacket seems to be the "empire;" at least it is the newest. It is made of covert cloth for practical use and trimmed with braids or stitching.

Some of the latest gowns made for morning and afternoon wear are of plaid and black and white silk alpaca, trimmed lavishly with black velvet ribbon, which is one of the special features of dress decoration.—Chicago Record.

VALUABLE COTTON SEED.

The Remarkable Crop of a Georgia Planter.

An Atlanta farmer has created a sensation in agricultural circles by being waited on by a committee of south Georgians appointed by the farmers of that section of the state to buy from him the seed from a crop of cotton. The price to be paid for the seed is $18,000. The man who raised and owns the valuable cotton seed is Mr. Jackson, a well-known farmer, who lives on and cultivates the farm of Tax Collector Stewart. The citizens of south Georgia are not the only persons who are anxious to become owners of the cotton seed. Other men throughout the state have made offers almost as flattering, all of which have been refused by Jackson.

The unnatural part of the offer to be made Jackson by the committee from south Georgia is the fact that the men who will buy the seed do not wish to plant them. On the contrary, if they get possession of the seed they will destroy them as quickly as possible, taking care that not a single seed escapes. Such a price as that for cotton seed was never heard of before. Jackson has received hundreds of offers for his seed, but even he was surprised when he heard that a committee would wait on him for the purpose of offering him as high as $18,000 for his crop.

The seed has a history of a kind that is unusually interesting. Several years ago Mr. Jackson was presented with them by a Jew who had brought them from the interior of Africa, from a part of the dark continent on which the foot of white men seldom treads. The Jew had joined an exploring party which had started to the center of Africa. He was wealthy, and went on the trip simply for the novelty of the experience. When in the very middle of Africa the party came across some cotton, the stalks of which were over 20 feet in height. The government botanist who was along with the party took the measure of one of the stalks, and it was from this stalk that the first seed came. The Jew cut off about 18 inches of the stalk with a view to bringing it to America. On the stalk were 65 bolls, the largest and finest ever seen. The seeds were well preserved by their original owner, and were brought safely to America. While on a trip through the south the man who had brought the seed from Africa told of them, and stated that he would give them to some farmer who would take care of them. Jackson was mentioned to him, and the Jew turned the seed over to him.

Jackson planted the seed and watched its growth with fond eyes. He had heard how high the stalks from which the seed were taken had been, and he determined to grow stalks equally as high. His first crop was a success. The stalks of the cotton grew to an enormous height.

This year when the time for planting cotton came Mr. Jackson determined to give the seed a severe test to see if it would stand it. He planted every seed in the poorest ground on his entire farm on the west side of a hill. As is well known to farmers, the west side upland ground is always very poor. Though the land was unusually poor and the year one of the worst cotton years in the history of the south, the cotton flourished. Mr. Jackson used nothing to enrich the soil in which the seed was planted. The test was a severe one, but, notwithstanding that fact, some of the stalks are as high as seven feet.

The cotton produced by this seed is of the very finest quality, and is even as fine as long staple cotton. Jackson has been offered ten cents per pound for what he has raised this year, but he has refused to accept it and believes he will be able to get 14 cents for it. One of the peculiarities of this cotton is the fact that it is leafless. When the stalk grows up leaves begin to sprout out on it, and after they have grown out for some distance the fruit comes out from the stem of the leaf. After the fruit has partially matured the leaf drops off, leaving the stalk perfectly leafless. This is the only cotton of this kind ever heard of in this country, and is causing no end of comment among the farmers throughout the south.

The farmers of south Georgia have sent their committee to Atlanta to buy the seed from Mr. Jackson, because they believe that if the cotton is planted throughout the south they will be ruined beyond repair. They are of the opinion that if cotton will do so well under so severe a test, when planted and cultivated it will produce so much that cotton will be so cheap that there will be no money in it for the farmer.

Jackson says that if the cotton is cultivated it will produce at least two bales to the acre, and possibly as much as four. He feels sure that he will be able to convince the committee from south Georgia of the fact that the cotton will be the greatest thing the south has ever seen or heard of. He says that with this cotton in use all over the south the farmer can reduce his acreage by over one-half and raise more cotton then than he is raising now. The land that he does not use for cotton can be put to a profitable use, and the income of the farmer will be doubled as compared with the amount of labor employed in the raising of cotton.

Jackson does not much like the idea of having the seed destroyed, but will sell it to the south Georgia committee if they will pay him a large enough price for it. If he refuses the offer of $18,000 he will have the consolation of knowing that he has been offered the highest price ever before offered for cotton seed.—Atlanta Constitution.

What Did He Mean?

"Do you think that beautiful women are apt to be spoiled?" she murmured with upturned eyes.

"Your beauty will never spoil you, darling," was his equivocal answer.—Detroit Free Press.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—During the past fiscal year employes in the postal service handled 13,581,000 pieces of registered mail, with the loss of only one piece in every 16,254.

—Insanity experts declare that family troubles are the greatest cause of insanity and suicide. Men are more likely to take their own lives from these causes than women.

—The experiment of serving guests at restaurants by electricity is about to be tried at Amsterdam with a view to the general adoption of the plan at the coming exposition.

—The production of a Japanese paper is a far greater undertaking than it is for us. For instance, we have only 26 letters to distinguish. They have 5,000 ideographs. Now, it is impossible for them to provide each compositor with 5,000 pigeon-holes, so they have made a careful calculation as to the ideographs most in use and each compositor has two or three quick-witted, quick-footed little fellows who run about collecting ideographs from case to case.

—In 15 years the world's output of coal has nearly doubled, rising from 364,737,405 tons in 1880 to 628,805,239 tons in 1895. The increase in Great Britain has been from 164,605,738 to 212,320,725 tons; in the United States from 71,481,569 to 193,117,530 tons; in Germany from 65,177,634 to 114,524,186 tons; in Austro-Hungary from 16,713,000 to 33,570,358 tons; in Belgium from 18,617,585 to 22,453,471 tons; in Russia from 3,570,413 to 8,367,357 tons, and in all other countries from 3,621,423 to 14,250,093 tons.

—Sound Distances.—The whistle of a locomotive is heard 3,300 yards through the air; the noise of a railway train, 2,800 yards; the report of a musket and the bark of a dog, 1,800 yards; an orchestra or the roll of a drum, 1,600 yards; the human voice reaches to a distance of 1,000 yards; the croaking of frogs, 900 yards; the chirping of crickets, 800 yards. Distinct speaking is heard in the air from below to a distance of 600 yards; from above it is only understood to have a range of 100 yards downward.

STORM HYPNOTISM.

A London Writer Tells of His Strange Experience in Paris.

The recent disastrous cyclone in Paris, which was one of the first of the kind ever experienced in that city, has opened up a discussion on the subject hitherto but little investigated, the mesmeric or hypnotic influence of storms.

It is well known that birds and other animals are often restless and disquieted before an earthquake or a severe storm, and there is every reason to suppose that they perceive the preliminary tremors and air vibrations before they are felt by man.

A correspondent of a London daily describes the experience of himself and his wife in Paris as illustrative of the impressions to which highly strained and nervous organizations are subject under certain conditions of atmospheric or electric disturbance. The night before the storm they went to the theater. The atmosphere was stifling; it was almost impossible to breathe. They both experienced a dead, dull depression on the brain, that can only be described as the symptoms of semi-inebriety.

They went dinnerless and supperless to bed and slept, unconscious of everything. In the morning the woman was seriously ill. Her lips and skin were burning. She could not swallow, and could scarcely articulate. The pupils of her eyes were dilated, the whites were veined and almost jet black. She had every symptom of narcotic poisoning. By dint of great courage she recovered somewhat and they sat in the courtyard of their hotel while the cyclone raged, feeling it, but seeing nothing of its terrors. They started for their English home on the night boat. The writer says that he went dazed into the car and fell asleep instantly. He has no recollection of the trip across the channel, being in a stupor all the way.

He left London soon after to go down into the country. He says: "I slept in the train, and I have gone on sleeping every few minutes ever since. The cyclone was on Thursday. It is now Sunday, and I am as sleepy as an owl; but gradually the mesmeric influence of the storm is fading away.

"The hypnotism of the cyclone is decreasing. The intolerable pressure of the brain is getting less acute, but there still remain that awful burning pain and the ache over the eyeballs from which we have suffered so long. What has happened to us? Will scientists explain?"—St. Louis Republic.

America's Need of Cavalry.

Discussing the possibilities of a war with England, and the strength of the United States militia or national guard, some of our newspapers lately boasted that an army of 100,000 men could be thrown into Canada within a few weeks. How many of these men would be mounted on horseback? It is a very pertinent inquiry, for it requires from three to six months' training to make a cavalryman, and some of the states which furnish large contingents to the national guard have not a single troop of horses. If there is any lesson that the failure of the confederacy can teach us, it is this: that an invasion of Canada—and I do not mean that such a thing is in the least probable or desirable—made without sufficient cavalry would be as barren of permanent results as it would be if made with an army of crossbowmen.—Duncan Rose, in Century.

An Observant Man.

Mr. Hellefield—Doesn't the itch for office usually settle in the head?

Mr. Bloomfield—How did you get that idea?

"I have noticed that the only remedy for that sort of itch is a lively scratching at the poll."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Dispatch.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
G. D. SMITH, Local Editor.

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Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, NOV. 26, 1896.

BRYAN'S family has been quarantined but the head of the family is still at large.

COLORADO alone gave Bryan a greater plurality than is found in the coupined five Southern States of Georgia, Tennessee, North Carolina, Florida and Louisiana. This causes the St. Louis *Globe Democrat* to remark that "the enthusiasm for the cheating dollar was largely confined to those who expected to supply the material for it."

Improvement of the National Road.

A telegram in the Pittsburg *Chronicle-Telegraph* dated at Washington, Pa., contains the information that Hon. John McDowell, road commissioner for Pennsylvania, will ask the next legislature of that state for an appropriation for the repair of the old highway's bridges and road bed.

Should the commissioner of that state be successful in securing an appropriation from his state's treasury, thus setting a good example, probably the representatives of the counties in Maryland through which the road winds its way could secure the passage of a like measure at the session of the Legislature of Maryland which meets in January, 1898.

THE receipts of the returns of the late election in South Dakota makes it possible to complete the list of members of the House of Representatives of the 55th Congress. This showes a total of 205 Republicans; five are said to favor the free coinage of silver, Messrs. Hilborn, of California; Broderick and Curtis, of Kansas; Linney, North Carolina and Beach, of Ohio, and of the Democrats two, Messrs. McAleer, of Pennsylvania, and Elliott, of South Caroline, are Sound Money men; so that upon the silver question the House will stand: Sound Money, 202; Free Silver, 155; majority for Sound Money, 47. In the present Congress the totals are: Republicans, 252; Democrats, 92; Populists (including Fusionists and Silverites), 10; vacancies, 3.

Another Crime of '73.

A case on trial before a magistrate of Iowa has made public a fact which has escaped the notice of Iowans generally. This fact is that in 1873 the Legislature of Iowa demonetized the bushel basket. The litigation which brought this interesting circumstance to light was a dispute over a wagonload of potatoes, which when delivered had been measured in a bushel basket, under the impression that the quantity of potatoes which a bushel basket holds is a bushel. One of the lawyers connected with the case discovered that Iowa's law-makers had turned down the bushel basket 23 years ago and decreed that 60 pounds of potatoes should constitute a bushel regardless of the number of cubic inches which 60 pounds of potatoes will fill. The farmers of Iowa have another crime to denounce now, for the bushel basket was demonetized without their aid or consent, and they are just learning of this additional crime of '73.

Mexicanizing Kansas.

Out in Kansas the Populist statesmen are still seriously talking about legalizing the Mexican silver dollar by act of the Legislature. Of course Mexico regards the proposition with favor, for while Kansas is by no means the wealthiest State in the Union, the use of the Mexican dollar there as a legal tender would give Mexican money a much greater circulation than it now enjoys. At the same time it can be stated without fear of contradiction that if the Kansas Legislature should make the fifty-cent Mexican dollar a legal tender it would pass for only fifty cents and no more. Some shrewd and unscrupulous persons who are in debt might seek to discharge their obligations with depreciated currency, but they would soon learn the folly of such an undertaking. The Populists themselves, who are anxious to make the half-value dollar a legal tender, would not receive it for more than its bullion value. And, by the way, when was the Kansas Legislature authorized to enact currency legislation?

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

Our Near Neighbor.

In an editorial article inviting the attention of the capitalists and business men of Baltimore to the magnificent natural resources of our close neighbor, West Virginia, and admonishing them to keep a sharp lookout lest other cities may attract her trade by new railroad connections and extensions, the Baltimore *Evening News* says:

The mineral and timber resources and agricultural capabilities of West Virginia are so great as almost to defy sober language in attempting to describe them. A State that can boast of 17,000 square miles of the richest coal territory in the world, being 50 per cent. more than the total coal area of Great Britain; a State with about one-half of its area still covered with virgin timber that has no superior, and whose valleys are as fertile as the Blue Grass regions of Kentucky, has wealth-creating capabilities that can scarcely be exaggerated. It has numerous rivers furnishing transportation that make war against exorbitant railroad rates, while half a dozen great railroad systems, such as the Baltimore and Ohio, the Pennsylvania, the Chesapeake and Ohio and others, are each anxious to control as much of its territory as possible, realizing the immense traffic that will be developed in the near future. The rivalry for railroad extension in that State and for the control and development of mineral and timber property promises to bring about a very wonderful period of activity and progress.

Hoarded Money Returns.

During the past two weeks the associated banks of New York have gained nearly $38,000,000 in deposits. The statement on Saturday showed an increase of $21,900,000, which has never been equaled in the history of the association. The figures seem to justify the estimates of the amount of money hoarded pending the result of the election. From the beginning of September to the end of October gold was coming to this country at the rate of several millions a week, and yet it disappeared from all the official records where one would naturally look to find it. The only conclusion is that the coin was hoarded. An examination of the character of the deposits now being made verifies this surmise. In the last statement made by the New York banks before election day, they reported $60,000,000 gold. On Saturday last they reported $76,000,000, a gain of $16,000,000. The United States treasury reserve at the beginning of business on Saturday amounted to $127,000,000, which represents a gain of about $15,000,000 during the past three weeks. The hoarding of gold and legal tenders was not confined to New York. It was noticeable all over the country. A conservative estimate places the aggregate at a hundred million. Nearly all of it has been restored to circulation and is now available for discounting the paper of merchants and manufacturers, assuring an easy money market.

The Woman in Politics.

Women not only voted in several States at the recent election, but they were candidates for offices to which heretofore they had not aspired. In Wyoming Mrs. Maloy was one of the Republican electors who were defeated by a narrow margin, and if she had been elected she would have been the first female member of the electoral college of whom there is any record.

Mrs. Martha Hughes Cannon, of Utah, has the proud distinction of being the first woman who was ever elected a State Senator. Mrs. Cannon is the wife of a Mormon elder—at least, she is one of the wives of Angus M. Cannon, of Salt Lake City, as that gentleman finds that his domestic happiness is not complete without a quartette of fair ones to round out his conjugal felicity. Mrs. Cannon's opponent in the race for the senatorship was her husband, whom she beat by a majority of 4,000 votes. Any slights which she may have had to suffer as the fourth part of her husband's household are therefore amply avenged in his discomfiture at the polls on November 3. Mrs. Cannon is a Democrat; her husband is a Republican. The plank in her platform in which she believes most strongly is tersely stated in her own language, as follows: "Women are better than men." She also believes that the millennium is coming sooner than most people think. It will, therefore, be seen that she is an optimist not only in regard to the superiority of her own sex, but also as regards mankind in general. She ought, therefore, to make a very interesting as well as a very useful member of the Utah Legislature.

While woman suffrage has made no headway in the East and South, it has captured at least four Western States, namely, Colorado, Utah, Idaho and Wyoming. It is stated that sixty per cent. of the voters of Utah are women, although that may possibly be too high an estimate. Exactly how many female votes were cast for the silver candidate in Colorado, Wyoming and Utah cannot, of course, be indicated; still, if the election of Mr. McKinley or of Mr. Bryan had depended upon the result in any one of these States, it is possible that the male voters in other sections of the country might have been so ungallant as to protest against the result. In fact, there would doubtless have been an appeal to the courts, if the lawyers had been of the opinion that the case was one which called for judicial consideration and determination. Fortunately that issue was not raised, and as Mrs. Cannon has a clear majority over her husband she will be allowed to take her seat in the Utah Senate without and, possibly, to vote for a free-coinage Senator when the time comes for Utah to elect a representative to the United States Senate.

The Tennessee Frauds.

The Tennessee Popocrats seem to have at last over-reached themselves in their election frauds, and a day of reckoning is at hand. This is the fifth time that they have stolen the State, after it had been carried against them by a decisive majority. Once was in 1880, once 1882, once in 1884, once in 1894, and the present time. This time they had to do more bare faced stealing than ever. The temper of the people is such that they will not stand it any longer. There was the deepest feeling aroused in all respectable Democrats in 1891, when H. Clay Evans was counted out by means of an *ex post facto* law passed by the Legislation after it was found that he had a majority on the face of the returns. Adding to this is the fact that a great many influential Democrats in the State belong to the sound money wing, and unite with the Republicans in demanding that the open and flagrant crimes committed against the voters shall be punished.

Evidence is being rapidly accumulated as to these. Some of the worst were committed in the Tenth Congressional District, which includes four counties—Shelby, Tipton, Fayette and Hardeman. The city of Memphis is in the district. The Republicans and sound money Democrats had 14,000 voters registed in Shelby county, but the face of the doctored returns show that they only had 4,363. Ballots were thrown out on all sorts of pretexts—that they were marked with a pencil, not folded right, etc., for which there is no warrant in the law. Watchers were beaten and driven off, men intimidated from going to the polls, and so on through the whole catalogue of brutal devices.

The Republicans and sound money Democrats have organized, with some of the ablest men in the State at their head; money had been contributed to defray the expenses, and trouble is ahead for the rascals who have so long ruled the State to its great injury. There is much more than politics in this. The people of Tennessee want their State to develop. In natural resources it is one of the richest in the country, but it can never go ahead while it is under the domination of such a rascally oligarchy as has ruled it and the others of the seceding States since the days of Reconstruction.

Can It Be Carried Out?

The question has been raised whether the international free coinage pledge of the Republican platform has any practical value. The New York *Sun* says that it "was never of practical importance, nor was it intended to be." This blunt assertion has evoked a chorus of dissent and members of the committee on resolutions agree in saying that the plank was adopted in good faith and with honest intent to carry it into effect.

This is certainly the case. The Republican party has long been committed to the policy of international free coinage, and the St. Louis platform simply reaffirmed its well-known position. The financial plank declares opposition to "the free coinage of silver, except by international agreement with the leading commercial nations of the world, which we pledge ourselves to promote." Now that the election is over, the question comes up, how and in what way is it possible to promote an international agreement. It is an awkward point, and the party will be lucky if it escapes serious trouble over it. It is impossible to see how anything more can be done to promote an international agreement. Several international conferences have been held which have accomplished nothing, and there is no better prospect of action from another conference, should one be held. The last conference was held on the invitation of our government, and for the United States to lead off again would put this nation in the position of being an importunate nuisance. Foreign nations were not at all pleased at being dragged into the last conference, although accepting the invitation as a matter of international courtesy. This feeling was, however, marked by the instructions given to delegates, which virtually interdicted any action on the matter, and the only encouragement which the commissioners from this country met with came from the Rothschilds, which powerful banking house gives its support to any movement which will enlarge the monetary use of silver. If, on the other hand, this government waits for an invitation, which will never come, it will be impossible to point to anything done to promote international free coinage.

Therefore, in one way or another, something will have to be done to procure another international conference on the subject. But that will be the last of the business. The idea that an agreement among nations can fix the price of silver is as fallacious as that one nation can do it. There is only one way to maintain bimetallism, and that is to have a single standard, with coinage on government account of any other metal in monetary use, just as this nation is now doing.

What Is the Democratic Party?

Under the above caption the Baltimore *News* (Dem.) of Tuesday evening says:

A considerable amount of feeble speculation is heard in various quarters as to the immediate future of the Democratic party. There is some little talk about "getting together," and occasionally some faint anticipation of the benefit that may accrue to the Democratic party from blunders made by the Republican party. This sort of thing would be all very well in ordinary circumstances after an ordinary party defeat. But in the present situation, it is verily "such stuff as dreams are made of." There is no ground to work from; there is no bottom on which to stand. Until we know what the Democratic party is, and what it means, it is idle to talk of its plans or its prospects.

The Democratic party, as represented by the Chicago Convention and platform, alienated, throughout the country, a large proportion of all the men of intelligence and independence which it contained. We say throughout the country advisedly, for we do not mean to omit the South. Of the Southern men belonging to the same class who in the North and the West repudiated the Chicago platform and candidate, a great number did vote for Bryan or at least refrained from voting for McKinley; but they did so for reasons connected with State government, and in spite of intense disapproval of the national platform adopted at Chicago. But, leaving the South to one side, we find in the North and in the Central West, and also in Maryland and West Virginia, an open and determined revolt, of unprecedented magnitude, comprising an element of the population without whose co-operation the Democratic party cannot possibly be a representative party, and cannot hope to regain control of the government. These men did not leave the party from caprice. They did not leave it on trivial grounds. They left it because the party had made itself, in their opinion, the enemy of the public welfare, and the advocate of a course, which, if entered upon, would start the country upon the road toward ruin and disgrace.

The opposition of these men to a party committed to such a course is not going to diminish by the mere passage of time. On the contrary, many men were held back from revolt by their traditional feelings and their strong opposition to the Republican party; but these feelings and this opposition will wear away if the party of their former attachment continues to be identified in their minds with a menace to financial security and to public honor. If the Democratic party means permanent doubt in this great commercial country as to what the dollar is, a permanent menace to creditors, a sword of Damocles ready to fall upon our industrial and commercial prosperity at the first opportunity opened to the activity of demagogues—if this is what the Democratic party is to mean, then the Democrats who repudiated the Chicago platform have no course open to them but to repudiate the party altogether. Whether it is to mean this or not may not be capable of immediate settlement; but until this question is settled, all talk about reorganization and conciliation and the future of the party generally should be treated as the idle wind which we regard not.

Bryan Slays a Rabbit.

William Jennings Bryan is doing his best to obtain revenge on the rabbit tribe, whose hind feet got him into such trouble not long ago. The press agent who accompanied him to the game preserves of Taney county, Mo., reports the result of Bryan's first foray into the rabbits' country.

It appears that the Boy Orator of Salt Creek, is no more successful in rabbit chasing than in vote catching. The veracious correspondent remarks: "Mr. Bryan is not much of a hunter." He shot at several rabbits that made their escape, but finally he killed a bunny. One rabbit, presumably carrying two hind feet, was the result of a "hunt of several hours" in those well-stocked preserves.

Before Mr. Bryan can attain unto Presidential size, he will have to get some one who can edit his game bag more successfully. It will be remembered that Daniel Lamont progressed to his present high place as Secretary of War from a humble beginning, simply by making judicious announcements of the number of ducks that fell by Grover Cleveland's shotgun, and the number of fish which fell victims to his rod and line.

See that it is there!

This is the trade-mark which is on the wrapper (salmon-colored) of every bottle of the genuine SCOTT'S EMULSION. Be sure this is on the package, and that nothing else is palmed off on you when you ask for it.

Nothing has been made that equals it to give strength and solid flesh to those who are run down or emaciated.

Your doctor will tell you that it is the one food for all those whose weight is below the standard of health.

Put up in 50 cts. and $1.00 sizes, and sold by all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

It seems a peculiarity of youth to envy: to grow dissatisfied because some other person is apparently better supplied with pleasures. Youngsters, this is because you are not grown enough spiritually to understand life. Tell me if your old people grow morbid at another's success. They certainly do not, if they are normal; for the older we grow the more fully do we realize that "all is not gold that glitters;" and that there is a seamy side to the most expensive wardrobe. As the years roll by we learn to look at things from others' points of view, instead of looking from within outward and judging things good or ill just according to whether we feel happy or depressed. A faint recollection comes to me of a metaphor that is admirably suited to us young folks. If we take in its full meaning it can make our lives more effective and beautiful; since it is a certainty that while we envy and covet we obstruct our own progress as effectually as sand obstructs navigation.

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Life is arranged somewhat as follows: Each of us travels a narrow road from the cradle to the grave—a road of experiences, pleasurable and pitiful, that no other human being ever has traveled or ever will, for no two lives exactly agree in ways and works and woes. Scattered all along this narrow road are toll-gates, whereat, for further progress, we have to surrender this and that and the other thing, and it is these toll-gates that makes us anxious to enjoy the lot of our neighbor, whose head we see bobbing pleasantly along in his own narrow roadway, just shut off from us by a shoulder-high fence. If we were only raised high in spiritual perception we should see that his way was fully as beset as ours with toll-gates, many of them calling for sacrifices that we should shrink from, and, after seeing, should turn from, to pay eagerly our own little toll of a less harrowing character.

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Thus goes life, and wise is he who spends no time in repining over joys that have been and are gone; or in yearning for a life that would be pleasant but may not ever be. Shedding idle tears over spilt milk when our supply of fodder and meal is plentiful to nourish the stock that furnishes the milk is on a par with beating our hands against our neighbor's fences and in any agony crying to God to give us their lot. We know not what we ask. If our neighbor's heart were bare to us, he would be found, unless he were philosphical, possibly ready to give up all the advantages we envy in him, for only a taste of the simple pleasures he detects, in our more obscure life. Tut, tut! to grow wan over what we can never be will be as fatal to us as the attempt of the bull-frog to equal the ox in size. Plodding is what we must content ourselves with. The duty well done to-day is the solid ground for the step-forward to morrow. The gradual process of accretion whereby the ant builds the ant-heap must be our method. A weary road? Certainly at times; for (this is a truth) the future always seems long. But when by patient performance of the simple every-day duty we at last reach some faint enjoyment of the pinacle that once towered before us as worthy of ambition, the past will seem strangely short, and we shall ask ourselves why we ever grew impatient.

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Every life, great or small, good or bad, has to bow before the unyielding law of sacrifice. No single thing is gained in any direction except by the giving up of something that seems estimable in itself. Libertines and ascetics; wicked women and wise; men of business and ministers; and all other classes that you can name, meet the inexorable necessity of judging things to be either major or minor in importance, and then surrendering the minor in order to enjoy the major. Do I really mean that butterflies of fashion, mere pleasure-seekers, lawless ones of every stripe, make sacrifices? Emphatically I do; the moth fluttering around the lamp gives up the fresh coolness of the restful night, because the scorching light attracts it more; the libertine rushes to destruction despite the tender hands of the mother whose breasts sustained his infant life, despite the quiet and honorable paths opening on either side of him, despite the curses and the agony of those women whom he has wronged, but from whose upbraidings he turns to seek fresh victims of his passion. Truly *he* sacrifices! Yes, upon the altar everything of beauty and sweetness is scorched up, while things of tinsel remain, for he esteems the tinsel most supremely. In Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal" (I write where the book is inaccessible) some lines express this thought:

"In the devil's bauble shop
All things are bought and sold,
For every ounce of dross
We pay an ounce of gold."

You readers can carry out this suggested line of thought indefinitely and you will find "giving up" everywhere. To excel in one direction you need to turn your back on the roads that lead in another. Civilization and savagery both are based upon it. The freedom from care and the simple life of the savage cannot be ours; nor can our complicated social life, our arts, our sciences, our progress be his. Government cannot be ours unless we sacrifice to sustain it; the crowded cities cannot be pleasant dwelling places unless the dwellers therein continually "give up" this or that evident personal right for the good of all.

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Now then, sacrifice the air-castles, dreams, and envyings that too often occupy your heart and exhaust its energy; then yield yourself to common sense and contentment.

You cannot travel any other person's way of life; stop longing to do so.

You cannot live without wielding an influence, then without fail let that influence be good.

You cannot be a friend to your race unless you share those things of good that you gain.

"The Holy Supper is kept, indeed.
In whatso we share with another's need,
Not what we give, but what we share—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

Death of G. W. G. Ferris.

PITTSBURG, PA., Nov. 22.—George W. G. Ferris, inventor and builder of the famous Ferris wheel, died to-day at Mercy Hospital, where he had been treated for typhoid fever for a week. The disease is said to have been brought on through worry over numerous business matters. He leaves a widow in this city.

Mr. Ferris was born in Galesburg, Ill., lived his early life on the Pacific slope, and educated in Carson City, Nev., and San Francisco, Cal. In 1876 he entered the Renesselaer Polytechnic Institute, New York, and graduated with high honors. He first worked at locating coal mines and railroads in West Virginia, and then was employed by the Louisville Bridge Company, at Louisville, Ky.

In 1893 Ferris conceived the wheel which made him famous, and which was one of the particular features of the World's Fair at Chicago, Ill. The wheel was constructed in Pittsburg, under the supervision of the inventor and shipped to Chicago, where he watched the erection of it. Its capacity was 1440 passengers, and thousands made the revolution in it. The wheel made a fortune for Farris and gave him fame as an engineering genius all over the world. After the fair closed the wheel was erected in one of the Chicago parks for a time. Later, Ferris sold out his interest in it.

Freight Wreck Near Piedmont.

PIEDMONT, W. VA., Nov. 23.—An eastbound Baltimore and Ohio freight train, drawn by engine 1602, ran into another freight at West Virginia Junction, near here, this evening, demolishing a caboose, coal hopper, and badly breaking three gondlas and one stock car loaded with cattle and hogs from Philippi, W. Va., for Jersey City. A few hogs were killed and others and some cattle injured. Both tracks were blocked for several hours. Trains 46 and 1 used the West Virginia Central track. Engineer Adam Pickens jumped, landing in swampy grounds. No one was hurt. The wreck was caused by the the train stopping on account of a blockade—number of cars slightly broken.

Resolutions of Respect.

At a meeting of Garrett Council No. 35 Jr. O. U. A. M., held on Tuesday of last week the following resolutions of respect were adopted in memory of Thomas Wensell, deceased:

WHEREAS, In the death of our brother Thomas Wensell we have lost a true advocate and a faithful associate.

Resolved, That while we deeply feel the loss of our noble brother we bow in submission to God's righteous dealings with mankind.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the wife, father, mother, brothers and sisters in their sorrow and bereavement.

Resolved, That these resolutions be placed on the minute book of our council and that they be published in THE REPUBLICAN and *Mountain Democrat* and that a copy of these papers be sent to our brother's family.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
SAMUEL E. BOYER,
JOHN W. ARNOLD,
Committee.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

"Be Thankful Unto Him."

[The following article was written by Miss D. Virginia Farley, of Sherman, Texas, for the *Epworth Herald*. Miss Farley is well known to many of our readers.]

Thanksgiving Day is an annual festival in the United States, celebrated in New England from the settlement by the Pilgrims—a band of Puritan exiles from England. For a long period the Thanksgiving festival was peculiar to the northern states of the Union. But it is no longer sectional: it is a day observed in all this broad and glorious land over which Old Glory waves. There is no written law setting apart a day for general thanksgiving. Thanksgiving Day is a "product of custom," and truly it is a custom worthy of all commendation. The first public Thanksgiving Day appointed by authority in America was celebrated by the Puritans on Oct. 24, 1621. Among the records preserved by Congress there is a proclamation by the council of Massachusetts, bearing date of Nov. 16, 1776, advising "acknowledgment for blessings and mercies enjoyed." On Nov. 1, 1777, a thanksgiving proclamation was reported to the Continental Congress by Samuel Adams, of Massachusetts—the very same Samuel Adams who urged the opening of Congress with prayer. The chaplain of Congress, in November, 1778, recommended that "Wednesday, Dec. 30, be observed as a day of public thanksgiving and praise." In 1779 the first Tuesday in May was appointed as a day of Thanksgiving by proclamation of the Continental Congress. In October, 1779, Congressman Root reported in favor of setting apart Thursday, Dec. 9, as a day of special thanksgiving. On report of Congressman Witherspoon, the states, in 1782, were advised to appoint Thursday, Nov. 28, "a day upon which to give thanks to God;" and from that time to the present, the last Thursday in November has been the day appointed for the thanksgiving festival. George Washington signed the first Thanksgiving Day proclamation ever issued by a President of the United States. There is an introduction to this proclamation, but the text is as follows:

Now, therefore, I do recommend and assign Thursday, the twenty-sixth day of November next, to be devoted by the people of these states to the service of that great and glorious Being who is the beneficent author of all the good that was, that is, or that will be. That we may then all unite in rendering unto him our sincere and humble thanks for his kind care and protection of the people of this country previous to their becoming a nation; for the signal and manifold mercies, and the favorable interpositions of his providence in the course and conclusion of the late war; for the great degree of tranquility, union, and plenty which we have since enjoyed; for the peaceable and rational manner in which we have been enabled to establish constitutions of government for our safety and happiness, and particularly the national one now lately instituted; for the civil and religious liberty with which we are blessed, and the means we have of acquiring and diffusing useful knowledge, and in general for all the great and various favors which he hath been pleased to confer upon us.

And also, that we may then unite in most humbly offering our prayers and supplications to the great Lord and ruler of nations, and beseech him to pardon our national and other transgressions; to enable us all, whether in public or private stations, to perform our several and relative duties properly and punctually; to render our national government a blessing to all the people by constantly being a government of wise, just, and constitutional laws, directly and faithfully executed and obeyed; to protect and guide all sovereigns and nations (especially such as have shown kindness to us), and to bless them with good government, peace and concord; to promote the knowledge and practice of true religion and virtue, and the increase of science among them and us; and generally to grant unto all mankind such a degree of temporal prosperity as he alone knows to be best.

Given under my hand at the city of New York, the third day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine.

G. WASHINGTON.

Previous to 1864 Thanksgiving Day had not been observed for many years. But, thanks to the noble efforts of a Christian woman and author, Sarah Josepha Buell Hale, the matter was finally taken up, and the propriety of the observance of an annual Thanksgiving Day was forcibly and eloquently advocated through the columns of a magazine of which she was editor. President Lincoln became interested in the matter—as he always did in everything that was for the good of the American people—and in 1864 issued a proclamation for a day of general thanksgiving. Unchanged, the custom has come down to this Thanksgiving Day in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six.

The Thanksgiving proclamation each year follows the caprice of the President by whom it is written—usually he writes it with his own hand. It is then sent to the state department, and there taken charge of by a clerk who is a fine penman. He copies it artistically on parchment, and this copy is sent to the executive mansion to be signed by the President. This done, it is returned to the state department, where the signature of the secretary of state attests that of the President. The government seal is then affixed, and the proclamation is finished. The present seal of the United States was designed by Mr. Dwight, formerly librarian of the state department. It depicts the American eagle, holding in each claw a sheaf of thirteen arrows, and surmounted by a circular wreath inclosing thirteen stars, corresponding to the thirteen original states, and encircled by the motto of the United States, "E Pluribus Unum." It is mounted upon a massive block, and is so perfectly constructed, mechanically, that the slightest turn of the screw develops all the pressure needed.

This seal goes upon all pardons, commissions, and other official documents issued by the President; but a law passed in 1789 says it shall not be affixed to any instrument except a commission "without the special warrant of the President therefor."

Accordingly, when the President sends a Thanksgiving proclamation, or any other official paper that requires an impression of the seal of state, he always sends with it a copy of the following printed form properly filled out and signed: "I hereby authorize and direct the secretary of state to cause the seal of the United States to be affixed to——dated this day, and signed by me, and for doing so this shall be his warrant."

The clerks in the state department are at once put to work to make copies of the President's Thanksgiving proclamation for transmission to the governors of states and territories. Each governor, as soon as he receives the President's proclamation, issues one of his own. The President's proclamation is published in all the newspapers of the land, that the people everywhere may know what day has been assigned as one upon which to give thanks to Him who "giveth us richly all things to enjoy."

It was Philips Brooks who said: "Let us give thanks to God on Thanksgiving Day. Nature is bountiful, and fellow-men are dear, and duty is close beside us, and He is over us and in us. We want to trust him with a fuller trust, and so at last to come to that high life where we shall 'be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let our requests be made known unto God;' for that, and that alone, is peace."

Mountain Lake Park.

Martin Swiers and family are visiting near Greenland Gap, W. Va.

Dr. McComas shot four ducks last Friday. The Doctor made quite a noise about the lake with his gun and ammunition.

The present railroad time-table is an aggravation. If we want to go anywhere and get home some time, we must walk to Oakland or pay a hotel bill until the next day. Our "drummer" friends cannot find words to express their sentiments.

L. A. Rudisill and family will eat their Thanksgiving dinner at Altoona, Pa., the home of Mr. R.'s parents.

The large ice house of the Park Association is being made ready for the coming "ice harvest." Supt. Rudisill has purchased B. F. Crane's ice tools.

"Gib" Baumgardner will attend school this winter at Salisbury, Pa., making his home with relatives at that place.

Charles Kimmell, of Loch Lynn Heights, is at Morgantown, W. Va. His wife has gone to her father's home for the winter.

A. H. Frey, of Loch Lynn Heights, has gone to Morgantown, W. Va. He may engage in the livery business at that place.

I see by a Florida paper that ripe tomatoes are being gathered from the gardens of that State. During the season of 1895 a Florida family summered at the Park. Last summer we had two families from that State.

The stock of goods owned by the Maryland Supply Co. at this place was sold on the 21st to Offutt & Lakin, of Terra Alta. The goods were shipped Tuesday.

Mr. Bunce purchased the stock of goods in the Burley building, Loch Lynn Heights, and has opened the store again.

Red House.

This historic spot is about to become a place of great activity. Recently William Devers, Esq., purchased of the firm of Smith & Shaffer the large store building and store fixtures with a view of entering the mercantile business on an extensive scale. Mr. Devers is also conducting a general blacksmithing business at this place. There is also another building in course of construction, which, when completed, will be used as a shop for wagon making and wagon repairing purposes. The business will be conducted by a Mr. Pierce, late of Parkersburg, W. Va. Mr. Pierce has had many years experience as a city smith.

A protracted meeting is in progress here in the Ev. Lutheran church, conducted by Revs. Royer and Brenninger. The services are well attended and much good is being done.

The German Baptists of this place have just closed a revival service with very satisfactory results.

Our school, under the management of Miss Emma Hamill, of Wilson, W. Va., is making good progress.

History.

The following extract is taken from Emily Z. Rice's "History in the Common Schools," in the September number of the *Educational Review:*

"If we accept the proposition that all our history must be grounded in the present needs and interests of our pupils, we may draw freely from any part of the past to help the child at any age. We are not obliged to follow the logic of events and arrange them according to their occurrance in time. Whatever we need, we may use. Methods of skill in industry or art, action according to principle, and deeds of heroism need not be omitted from any grade of work because they did not occur in our own country or any particular country which we introduce as the study for that grade. We need only ask: Do these pupils need this particular truth at this time. Does it illustrate or expand the thought upon which their minds are now intent. Their power to receive and assimilate the new truth is not dependent necessarily upon some related fact in the subject, but upon its usefulness in their work or in their thought. It is wonderful how readily we ourselves keep what we can use in any practical way, and what we throw away what is unrelated to our immediate needs. Are our pupils drawing a derorative design for some useful purpose, history lessons may better explain certain of the designs of other nations, even of old Egypt or far-off Japan, than attempt to turn the attentions of the children to subjects of American history entirely dissociated from the drawing. Are they interested in irrigation, in dykes and canals, better let them learn of Holland with its wonderful story of the siege of Leyden, or, if younger, The boy at the Dyke, than to chain them by chronology to facts otherwise important but not immediately useful. Why should we wait until we are ready to give the entire history of England before we teach anything of the Age of Chivalry? The study of that age pictures for us by contrast our fortified homes protected by the strong arms of the government under which we live in peace. It shows to us the true gentleman like the mediaeval knight in gentleness, courtesty and heroism, but a vivid contrast in obedience to law and breadth of sympathy. It explains the origin of many of our customs and the spirit our early struggle as a nation for independence. It interprets the experience of the average boy and girl of the grammar grades and helps them to overcome their lawless moods, to cultivate noble and gentle traits and to appriciate home and country."

Cy Summers Is Famous Now.

The New York *World* published the following in a recent issue:

Not far from great centres of civilization live a people in the mountains of West Virginia as primitive almost as aborigines. Though but a few miles back from the railroad they live and die without ever seeing it or caring what goes on in the busy world. Their wants are simple and easily supplied. They seldom see money and seldom have any use for it, taking what they produce to the stores where they trade it for coffee, sugar, tobacco and other supplies.

Cy Summers, his sister and mother live on top of the mountain a few miles from Terra Alta, W. Va. They have lived there all their lives, and are known far and wide as snake hunters. The elder woman is now so old that she has quit active work, but the younger woman has killed almost as many snakes as her brother. She is 35 years old, and he is several years her senior. He admits her superior prowess in killing serpents and seems proud to claim relationship to her. She has never seen a train of cars, but Cy went to Wheeling during the war, and is not through telling the wonders he saw yet.

They confine their efforts to killing rattlers, and do not look for other varieties. The mountains about their cabin are alive with the poisonous reptiles and as many as 200 or 300 are often found in a single den. From early May until frost the snakes are found sunning themselves near crevices in the rocks, and are easily dispatched by means of a long club with a knot at the end.

The snakes are cut open and the fat extracted to be cooked down. The oil thus obtained is regarded as valuable for its medical properties. It is particularly recommended for rheumatism and deafness. The rattles are also saved and occasionally a market is found for them, large ones being in demand among curiousity seekers. Cy says that he is able to make $15 to $20 a year from killing snakes, and this, together with the profit from raising buckwheat and gathering wild honey, as well as killing game in the winter, enables him to live in comparative ease and comfort.

A recent visitor to Cy's home was directed a part of the way through the mountain by a boy. When the visitor offered the boy a dime the latter refused saying: "Better keep your money yourself, stranger. It ain't no use here. Have you got any tobacker?"

Cy himself is intelligent but he was unable to understand a reference to the silver question, and when the contention regarding the currency was partially explained, he said that he believed the state should pay a bounty of 50 cents for dead rattle snakes.

Died.

PAUGH.—James E. Paugh, of Bethlehem settlement, died on the 19th instant, aged 68 years, 11 months and 25 days, and was laid to rest beside his companion who departed this life Feb. 8, 1893. He was a member of the United Brethren church for a number of years and lived an earnest christian life and died as did his companion in the triumphs of a living faith and endless life beyond the grave. He leaves surviving him seven children, with other relatives, and quite a number of friends.

MOON.—Mary Magdalena Moon, of Bethlehem settlement, died on the 22d inst. in her 51st year. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. D. R. Wagner. Her remains were interred in the family burying ground. She was a member of the United Brethren church for upwards of 30 years and died trusting in her Redeemer. She leaves surviving her one sister and seven brothers, with quite a number other relatives.

BEEGHLEY.—At her home in Cove Mrs. Josiah Beeghley, aged nearly 72 years. The deceased lady has been ill for a number of months suffering from an internal complaint. Her remains were laid to rest at the Bear Creek burying ground on Sunday in the presence of a large concourse of relatives and sorrowing friends.

German Carp.

During the past two or three weeks the Fish Commissioner at Baltimore has received petitions from different counties in Western Maryland asking that no more German carp be furnished parties who desire to stock private dams. The petitions allege that the persons to whom the fish are furnished soon tire of them and cut their dams open thus allowing the carp to get in the larger streams where they destroy the more valuable fish. The carp are considered by some to be unfit for food.

Many thousands of these fish have been furnished the farmers of Garrett county in recent years and already it is noticeable that the rivers are beginning to be emptied of the bass, trout and other fine fish and the carp taking their places. To protect the trout and bass it would seem the proper thing for our sportsmen to request the fish commission that no more carp be sent here.

Real Estate Office.

Messrs. Andrew B. Gonder and Alex. C. Mason have formed a co-partnership and opened a real estate office in Shartzer's building. They will handle all kinds of real estate, either improved or unimproved. Persons having land for sale may do well to give them a call.

The New B. & O. Schedule.

Sunday morning the new schedule on the B. & O. railroad went into effect. The changes in the running of the trains are of much importance to the people of Oakland and vicinity. The east-bound accommodation at 10 o'clock and the west-bound accommodation at five o'clock have been discontinued, whilst train No. 72 which formerly arrived here at 4.30 p. m. now runs at 1.38 p. m. Train No. 55 at 6.13 p. m. will take passengers for Terra Alta, Rowlesburg, Tunnelton and Newburg.

A National Figure.

The *Evening Star* speaking of new men from the South in the United States Senate says: "George L. Wellington, who will succeed Senator Gibson, of Maryland, has become a national figure in politics. He will be one of the leaders of the younger element in the Senate. He is now so thoroughly a part of the politics of Maryland that his hand will be seen in many of the coming fights in that State. Mr. Wellington is already well known in Washington."

A Speller From Spellersville.

Mr. W. H. Gasteiger, a young man of this place, went to Garrett county, Md., a few weeks ago to take the examination required for positions as school teachers there. Among other tests was a spelling contest in which there were one hundred and fifty-six contestants, and we learn that the committee on prizes has just awarded the prize to Mr. Gasteiger.—Somerset Standard.

To Our Subscribers.

We positively give notice that all bills for subscription now amounting to $3 or more will be placed in the hands of a Justice of the Peace for collection on December 1st. Further notice will not be given to delinquents. Patience, with us, has ceased to be a virtue and we can assign good reasons for this being the case.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street.

For good flour and plenty of it, Dudley takes the cake at the Oakland Mills. 33tf

HAMILTON ORGANS ARE GOOD ORGANS

These instruments have made for themselves friends and admirers, purchasers and praisers wherever they have been seen and heard, and more particularly wherever they have been carefully and intelligently examined by those qualified to pass judgment of an expert nature. In building "HAMILTONS" no expense is spared to turn out instruments combining beauty of design and finish, responsiveness, sweet tone and durability.

We sell for cash or on EASY PAYMENTS and reliable parties, living at a distance, can have instruments shipped them on approval, the same to be returned at our expense if not SATISFACTORY.

NEW LINE JUST IN FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

We invite those who can to visit our store and see and hear these instruments. Catalogues will be mailed upon request.

THE WILLIAM RYLAND CO.,
Friendsville, Md.

THIS SPACE
IS
RESERVED.

WATCH FOR
THE
ADVERTISEMENT
NEXT WEEK.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE
SITUATED IN GARRETT COUNTY.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Sarah E. Witt and John W. Witt, her husband, to Lewis Popp, dated the 11th day of April, in the year 1892, and recorded among the Land Records of Garrett County, in Mortgage Record Liber E. Z. T. Number 18, folio 423, the undersigned, as mortgagee, will offer for sale at public auction on

Thursday, the 17th day of Dec., 1896,

AT TWO O'CLOCK P. M.,

in front of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, the following real estate, to-wit:

First. All that parcel of land, containing 61½ acres, being part of a tract called

"CHEVIOT DALE,"

and being the same property which was conveyed by Daniel M. T. Witt to Sarah E. Witt, by deed of June 27, 1891, recorded among said land records in Liber E. Z. T. Number 19, folio 27.

Second. All that parcel of land, containing 67½ acres, being a part of a tract of land called

"PEA PATCH,"

and being the same property which was conveyed by Michael Litteson and J. W. W. Davis to Sarah E. Witt, by deed dated the second day of March, in the year 1892, and recorded among said land records in Liber E. Z. T. Number 19, folio 336.

The above parcels of land comprise one farm, situated about ten miles from Bloomington and six miles from Frankville Station on the B. & O. Railroad, and the place whereon Stephen F. Broadwater now lives.

The farm is well watered, and is improved by one Log Dwelling House, a Barn and a Spring House; about sixty acres are cleared, and the balance is in timber.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash.

36—1 *LEWIS POPP, Mortgagee.*

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

George O. Miller vs. Gustavus Delawder. No. 747 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

This is to give notice to the creditors of George O. Miller & Company to file their claims properly authenticated with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before the 18th day of December, 1896, as I will then state an account in the above entitled cause, distributing the money in the hands of John Shartzer, receiver, to the parties entitled to participate in the distribution of the fund.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
Auditor.

40 1

The *American Homestead* says: "For useful, pleasure and profit, fashion and literature are so f
ABSOLUTELY FR
Upon receipt of a remittance of $2.00 fr
norest's Magazine we will send you FRE

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Henry E. Felty vs. The Maryland Supply Co. No. 791 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

This is to give notice to the creditors of The Maryland Supply Company of Garrett County, Maryland, to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before the 18th day of December, 1896, as I will state an account on said day in the above cause, distributing the money in the hands of James A. Delawder, receiver, amongst the parties entitled to participate in the distribution of said fund.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
Auditor.

40 4

ORDER NISI.

Jefferson C. Bradford vs. Millard M. Bracefield.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County. No. 761 Equity.

Ordered, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county in equity, this 18th day of November, 1896, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings made and reported by John Shartzer, receiver, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 4th day of December next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 10th day of December, 1896.

The report states the amount of sale of real estate to be $2,175.00

True copy. E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 36-3

Andrew B. Gonder, Attorney at Law. Alexander C. Mason, Surveyor.

GONDER & MASON,
-: REAL :- ESTATE :- AGENTS. :-
OAKLAND, MD.
39—1yr. Office, Shartzer's Opera House.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

THE
NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE
FOR
FARMERS AND VILLAGERS.
FOR
FATHERS AND MOTHERS.
FOR
SONS AND DAUGHTERS.
FOR
ALL THE FAMILY.

With the close of the Presidential campaign THE TRIBUNE recognizes the fact that the American people are now anxious to give their attention to home and business interests. To meet this condition, politics will have far less space and prominence, until another State or National occasion demands a renewal of the fight for the principles for which THE TRIBUNE has labored from its inception to the present day, and won its greatest victories.

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Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to George W. Best, Tribune Office, New York City, and a sample copy of THE NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE will be mailed to you.

FROM THE SHADOW.

Are the little ones all at home? Answer me
quickly—fearlessly, Sweet!
For I have been out in the world to-day,
and death has been reaping the street,
And it's voiceless for lack of a child's sweet
voice—and a man's I held most dear,
Are the little ones all at home, my love—
and the Shadow passed so near?

Ho!—thank God!—they are coming! Beat—
O glad heart—beat!
Music of children's voices, and children's
pattering feet!
Living, to meet—to miss me—full in my
arms embrace—
Climb to my heart and kiss me, and toss
your curls in my face!

God be praised for His mercy—for the stay
of the iron rod;
For these that I call my children are only
a breath from God—
The waft of a rose-leaf from Him; and oft
in the lonesome night
I fancy the Shadow is near them, and
weep till the dawn of light.

Come to the happy heart of me—come ere
the Shadow fall!
A kiss and a clasp for you—and you! There
is room in my love for all!
Come, unheeding the glad, sweet tears that
from my eyelids shine;
To-night—to-night, in the dear home-light,
with your mother's hand in mine!

O, as I walked in the street to-day—in the
chill and trampled street,
The solemn Shadow blurred the way and
hid a child's face sweet;
And a woman went a-wailing, and the
heart in a man fell dead,
And fast to the dear home-valleys I
dreamed the Shadow fled.

And I could not toil for weeping; for I
heard the woman moan,
And the Shadow was on my soul, and what
if it struck my own—my own?
And my heart would not be steadfast when
the Shadow passed from view,
And, dreaming, I came unknowingly to the
dear, sweet hearts of you!

All home—thank God!—save one, and she
has been so long away
We have ceased to weep when the shadows
creep and stretch o'er the hills of gray
To the violet acres of God, where they
neither sow nor reap;
Where love is a rose in the sod—a song
that sings her to sleep.

Warm hands and hearts at the bright home
fires! The wind is abroad in the night,
And the rain's on the hills . . . but the
Shadow has passed from my weeping
sight;
Up to my arms! unheeding the eyes where
the glad tears shine—
To-night, to-night, in the sweet home-light,
and your mother's hand in mine!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

LUCK OF A MIDSHIPMAN.

BY LIEUT. C. S. RIPLEY, U. S. N.

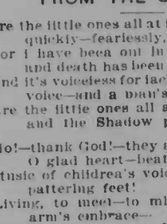

A GAME of poker between the American navy and the British army. A young navy officer who was an invariable loser becomes a big winner at last.

A naval officer in conversation with a Gazette reporter the other evening, at one of the hotels told the following story, which, instead of being a tale for the marines, dealt with actual facts in his experience:

It seems that some 12 years ago the officer relating the story was serving on board one of the cruisers attached to the South Atlantic squadron. He was then a midshipman—an old-time navy grade which has now been changed to naval cadet. One of his messmates, another midshipman whom we shall call B——, was quite a popular fellow and, professionally, a very promising young officer. Unfortunately, or fortunately, perhaps, as results will show, Mr. B—— had a tendency which seemed to have been born in him to continually handle the cards. But he was always a loser; never had he been known to come out ahead in any game of chance in which he had ever taken part. In this way his entire income generally passed into the pockets of his more lucky opponents, and, besides, he borrowed from his friends from time to time, and, in consequence, was always more or less in debt. Yet, notwithstanding his long and continuous experience with ill luck, nothing but the absolute absence of capital would deter him from entering any game that he encountered.

After a long cruise among the South Atlantic ports and on the way home the ship touched at the island of Barbadoes for a few days. Upon her arrival there Midshipman B—— owed about $100 among his various messmates, besides numerous other debts elsewhere. His financial condition, however, did not deter him from at once

A LITTLE GAME OF POKER.

dropping into a little game of poker gotten up by the British army officers of the Barbadoes garrison for the entertainment of the American guests.

The game at first was not particularly interesting or exciting. No one seemed to gain or lose very much, except Mr. B——, who, as usual, began to steadily drop his chips. This continued until his capital had been exhausted, when he began to issue I. O. U.'s, and, as the game went on, their number increased rapidly. The other American officers playing began to get nervous. It would never do for one of their number to leave an English port with a large issue of I. O. U.'s in the possession of British officers, and, as each "pot" was raked in, it became more and more apparent that this would happen. One by one the Americans dropped out of the game, until this reckless midshipman was alone with her majesty's officers and his own I. O. U.'s. But before returning to the ship the officers held a council of war, at which it was decided that for their own reputations, as well as for that of the service in general, B—— must be compelled to stop. So, calling him away for a moment, they used every imaginable argument to make him desist, but all to no avail. Midshipman B—— refused positively. In despair, his companions made their adieux and returned to their ship.

The next morning the first thought of those who had been ashore the night before was of their reckless companion, who, they were quite sure, had disgraced the service. Upon inquiry it was learned that he had not returned on board. But just before morning quarters—about nine o'clock—a shore boat was observed pulling towards the ship, and in it was Mr. B——. His heavy eyes and general weary appearance were unmistakable indications that he had made a complete night of it; but,

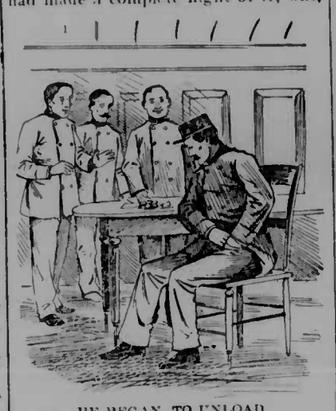

HE BEGAN TO UNLOAD.

instead of the air of a ruined man, he bore an expression of calm self-satisfaction.

Boarding the ship, he saluted the officer of the deck and reported his return, then immediately went below and entered the junior officer's headquarters, where he was joined by his messmates and the younger wardroom officers. All were eager to hear an account of the finishing up of the game, and breathlessly awaited the announcement of the sum which had been lost to the English army officers.

"Well, fellows," said Midshipman B——, as he threw himself into a chair near the end of the mess table, "I have done the Britishers—done them clean out of their boots—not a one of them will want to play any little game of poker for some time to come."

As he spoke he began to unload, and it was observed that his pockets were fairly bulging out. Before his dumfounded messmates he slowly produced and piled on the table before him handful after handful of good English gold, mixed with a few American eagles, notes of the Bank of England and rolls of I. O. U.'s, signed by various British officers.

It seems that a couple of hours after his companions abandoned him to his fate the night before Midshipman B——'s luck suddenly changed, and thenceforth, for the remainder of the night, it steadily improved, until he had redeemed all of his own I. O. U.'s and had quit the game more than $2,000 winner in cold cash, besides the value of the English I. O. U.'s, which were, of course, in due time redeemed, adding regularly to his income for a year or more.

At the end of the cruise Mr. B—— resigned from the navy and went into business in New York. He eventually drifted into Wall street, where he has met with great success in "doing the lambs," and, said the officer relating the story, "I would not be surprised if some day he became one of the nation's greatest financiers. When last I saw my old messmate, a few months ago in New York, he told me that he had not played a game of poker since that famous game at the Island of Barbadoes, but that that little Anglo-American game had been the turning point of his life. Ever since, things had gone his way, and still were going."—Military Gazette, Chicago.

Bridal Superstitions.

If the wedding ring is lost the couple will separate.

If an apple be thrown upon the roof of the bridegroom's house it is a sign the bride will be happy.

The bride must not look in the glass after performing her toilet unless one hand is ungloved.

If a bride tears her wedding dress it is not good.

It is unlucky for a bride to put her bare feet on any bare floor on her wedding night.

To change the name and not the letter is to change for worse and not for better.

A SWIMMER'S GREAT FEAT.

He Crosses the Golden Gate at San Francisco.

The most important feat in swimming in the history of the coast was accomplished recently by Charles Cavill, the champion swimmer of Australia. Cavill managed to breast tides and currents between Fort Point and the Marin county shore and swam across the Golden Gate. It was 3:30 o'clock when Cavill left Devil's Point, and just 1 hour and 15 minutes later he touched the rocks about 200 yards seaward from Fort Winfield Scott, having covered a distance, as the crow flies, of over 1½ miles.

The Australian's performance drew a big crowd. The shore about Fort Point was lined with people and the waters in the gate were crowded with small craft of every description. The ferryboat Sausalito had a place in the stream with almost a thousand people aboard.

From a swimmer's standpoint the day was an ideal one. The water was as smooth as could be desired, its surface only rippled by the curling edges of the long swells that came from the ocean. There was a slight wind blowing, but it was not strong enough to kick up any disturbance.

Cavill left the Sausalito when the boat arrived in midstream off Lime Point. He had as companions Adolph Kuhn, the high diver of the California Swimming club, and Prof. Killick, of the Sutro baths life saving crew. The tide was at a standstill, and the three men chose as a starting point for the swimmer a bunch of rocks about 100 yards north of Devil's Point and a mile north of Lime Point. A selected crew from the Dolphin Boat club acted as escort in a whitehall boat.

Cavill wore the regulation tights. He dipped into the water easily and naturally, and started for the San Francisco shore with energy, Killick and Kuhn and the Dolphin crew accompanying him in boats. The swimmer left off with a long, easy, right-side stroke, and for the first few hundred yards of the course the way was easy and his pace was rapid. About a quarter of a mile from shore the Australian encountered what he says was the swiftest current he ever met.

The tide had turned since he left the ferry, and was now pouring through the channel with the speed of a mill race. The ripples roared like a miniature sea and threatened to engulf the boats. Cavill struck into it bravely, and attempted to stay its progress by turning his face toward Sausalito and swimming north. The rowers in the boat attempted similar tactics, but the rush of waters toward the ocean carried everything with it. Seeing that it was useless to attempt to withstand the force of the tide Cavill drifted with it. He was carried out almost to the Heads before he encountered the counter-currents on the Presidio shore. The eddy opposite Point Lobos caught him in its grip and whirled him back again toward the bay. From this time on Cavill's work was comparatively easy. He swam leisurely and easily toward the fort, followed by half a hundred boats and tugs. A half a mile from the landing point he picked up an old felt hat that was floating in the water and put it on his head, much to the amusement of the spectators.

As he neared the shore Cavill increased his speed. The Dolphin crew and a boat from the life-saving service cleared the way. There was a long, slow swell smashing against the rocks, and on top of one of these breakers Cavill landed easily. There was a great crowd awaiting his arrival, and as the swimmer walked up the beach he was given an ovation by everything and everybody, from the small boy on the fort parapets to the big whistle of the steamer Sausalito. Cavill returned to the water almost immediately and swam to the Dolphin club's boat, from which he was transferred to the Sausalito.

Cavill's performance adds a new notch to the swimming record of the coast. The time spent in covering the distance is remarkably short, considering contrary tides and currents and the fact that he was carried almost a mile out of his course. Throughout he swam on his right side, using a side stroke.

At the finish he was almost as fresh as when he started. The water was cold, and when he touched shore after his long swim his right arm and leg were benumbed to the point of uselessness.

The swimmer's physical dimensions are: Height, 5 feet 10 inches; weight, 180 pounds; chest measurement, 43 inches, with the phenomenal expansion of 9¾ inches. He is the son of Prof. Fred Cavill, of England, who swam across the English channel in 11 hours, making a world's record.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Granite Hotel for the Yosemite.

All the so-called hotels, cottages, tents and other makeshifts provided for the accommodation of visitors to the Yosemite valley are to give way in the near future to a handsome, imposing and fireproof structure, to be built at a cost of about $50,000, of granite to be quarried in the valley. This project was developed at a recent meeting of the Yosemite commissioners during the discussion of plans to provide for the accommodation of visitors to the valley. "I am in favor of a granite building that can be constructed from the stone right on the ground," said Gov. Budd. "I don't believe it would cost more than to build an equally large hotel of lumber up there in the mountains, where the hauling of the lumber costs more than the lumber itself." Commissioner Sperry said that a granite structure with 100 rooms could be put up at a cost of $40,000 to $50,000. He suggested that plans ought to be secured to enable a proper presentation of the scheme to the legislature when an appropriation was asked for. Gov. Budd said he would, in his message to the legislature, call attention to the proposition.—San Francisco Call.

ARTIFICIAL SPONGE CULTURE.

A Promising Project for the Coast of Florida.

Several causes have recently combined to reduce the supply of sponges in the American market. The paralysis of all industry in Cuba in consequence of the civil war now prevailing there is one of them. The West Indies, Bahamas and Florida are the principal centers of production in this part of the world. Reckless fishing, which threatens to exterminate the sponges, much as similar proceedings do the seals off the coast of Alaska, is another factor in the situation. These facts lend peculiar interest to the proposition recently made to the United States government, through its consular agent at Mitylene, by a Greek named Charalampos Chorphios, to establish the business of artificially cultivating sponges somewhere on the Florida coast, if he can get a concession. A great deal has been done in the past, under the auspices of the national and state fishery commissions, toward restocking American lakes and rivers with trout, bass, shad and salmon, with small fry hatched and nurtured under human management. Artificial means, too, have much to do with the culture of the oyster and the maintenance of the supply of that bivalve. But the reasonableness of the project of Mr. Chorphios does not rest alone on these precedents. Ichthyological experts in Washington are said to have shown confidence in its practicability. They say that by taking proper measures the Florida sponge fisheries could be brought to a higher state of productiveness in a few years. The men already engaged in the industry might not, however, relish this interference in behalf of the public.

The tough, soft, elastic, fibrous mass which is to be had at the druggist's, under the name of sponge, is really the skeleton which once supported a whole colony of jelly-like creatures which have built up that structure. These propagate, naturally, in two ways, by means of spores or eggs, and by the formation of buds which eventually split off from the mature polyp. The scientific sponge culturist proceeds on a plan which utilizes both of those methods, but is like a common practice in horticulture. He simply cuts up the tenement house of a colony into a number of pieces, employing a sharp knife or razor for the purpose, and conducting the operation while the pulpy mass is still under water. He is also careful to leave a portion of the original outer surface on each fragment. Each bit may then be loaded with a small stone or other sinker to take it to the bottom again. A few of these sections fail to revive; but the great majority, after an interval of two or three months, begin to thrive and eventually grow to a considerable size.

There are hundreds of distinct species of sponges, but scarcely a dozen are suited to man's use. It is asserted that those which are obtained from Mediterranean waters are the finest in the world; yet the deliente "sheep's wool" and "velvet" sponges of Florida are wonders of softness and beauty. And if a system of artificial culture should come into vogue these choice varieties could be produced almost as abundantly as the coarser grades are now.—N. Y. Tribune.

A Strange Power.

It is a curious thing, the power which some human beings have over animals. There is in Lowell a boy, differing in no respect from his companions, who has this power in a marked degree. Every stray dog or cat in the neighborhood knows him and loves to be in his company. A vicious horse which the stablemen can with difficulty handle will stand like a lamb while he harnesses him. The doves fly around him, and in the woods the wild birds apparently regard him as a friend and ally. The most remarkable exhibition of his power, which has long been known and commented on by his friends, was given the other day. A large and vicious rat was captured in the stable in one of those traps which permit of easy ingress and no egress. The men who were looking at the animal were afraid to go near the trap, the animal showed such terror, but the boy, when he beheld the imprisoned creature, fearlessly put out his finger and stroked its head, the rat manifesting as much pleasure as would a cat or a dog. Several days have passed since then, and the stablemen are still afraid of their capture, but he has grown so tame and familiar with the boy as to allow him to take him out and put him back in the trap, will come at his whistle, and manifests every appearance of joy at his presence. There seems to be no question that the boy could train that rat to perform almost any feat within the power of such an animal.—Lowell (Mass.) Star.

Microbes Leap Niagara.

Prof. Frankland told some very interesting things about microbes in water during a recent lecture at the Royal institute. He said that these little organisms sent into the Niagara river from the sewers of Buffalo take the tremendous leap over the great falls, and pass through the fearful turmoil of the rapids and whirlpools beneath with little or no harm. But after they have reached the placid waters of Lake Ontario they rapidly perish, and almost entirely disappear. This and many other similar facts were adduced to show that quiet subsidence in undisturbed water is far more fatal to bacterial life than the most violent agitation in contact with atmospheric air. Hence Prof. Frankland argues that the storage of water in reservoirs is an excellent method of freeing it from microbes.—Youth's Companion.

Egyptian Bells.

The invention of bells is attributed by some of the best foreign campanologists to the Egyptians, who are credited with having made use of such percussion instruments to announce the sacred fetes of Osiris.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Melancholy State.

"I've made up my mind to one thing," said the resolute-looking young man. "I'm not going to the theater any this winter."

"For what reason?"

"For many reasons. In the first place, I can't afford it, and if I could afford it, I'd probably find the seats all taken for the play I wanted to see. And if I got a seat, it would be behind some girl with a big hat. And if I did get to see the play, I might not like it, anyhow."—Washington Star.

A Slight Mistake.

A young surgeon had just amputated the limb of his first patient. The professor appears.

"Does the operation meet your approval, professor?" asks the youth, confidentially.

"You have done your work well, save for one slight mistake."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; you have amputated the wrong leg—it's the left limb that is gangrened."—L'Illustre de Poche.

THE CONSIDERATE HUSBAND.

Wife—You are very late. It's past two o'clock.

Husband—My darling, I didn't want to disturb your beauty sleep. The rest you get before midnight, science says. Is the healthiest, you know.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Would Have Bid Enough.

The bard who wished to see himself
As others saw 'tis plain
Had never been a nominee
An office for to gain.
—Detroit News.

Securing a Scoop.

A well-known Dublin journalist tells the following anecdote:

One night as a messenger from the office of an evening paper was passing along the quays on the banks of the Liffey he heard the sound of some one struggling in the water.

"Are you drowning?" he shouted.

"I am," replied a feeble voice from the water.

"What a pity!" said the lad, consolingly. "You are just too late for the last edition to-night; but cheer up, you'll have a nice little paragraph all to yourself in the morning!"—Tit-Bits.

The Appreciated Present.

Jennie Chaffie has a way of talking that is liable to cause her to lose some of her friends.

One of her friends, Birdie McGinnis, who is not very well off in a worldly way, brought her a simple but pretty gift on her birthday.

"It is only a trifle," said Birdie, when Jennie interrupted her with:

"Oh, that's all right. I shall value it almost as much as some of the presents I got that were really worth something."—Texas Sifter.

A Serious Case.

Mrs. Briske—Johnny, did the doctor call while I was out?

Little Johnny (stopping his play)—Yes'm. He felt my pulse an' looked at my tongue, and shook his head and said it was a very serious case, and he left this prescription, and said he'd call again before night.

Mrs. Briske—Gracious me! It wasn't you I sent him to see; it was the baby.—N. Y. Weekly.

Depends on the Point of View.

Jakie—What does it mean by "seeing the humorous side of things?"

Father—Well, my son, take a banana peel, for instance. How many sides has it?

Jakie—Why, two, of course.

Father—Exactly; and when some other man steps on that banana peel, he sees the serious side of it, and you see the humorous side.—N. Y. Truth.

Temptations to Error.

'Tis not the man whose feet are large
Who makes the swiftest sprinter;
'Tis not the girl with temper hot
Who best endures the winter.
'Tis not the hen that cackles loud
Who makes the steadiest layer;
'Tis not the biggest head of hair
That makes the football player.
—Washington Star.

MACEO AMUSES HIMSELF.

A Fool Two Ways.

Jinks—Well, if ever there was a fool, that man is one. He's worth a cool million, yet there he stands waiting for a newsboy to bring him two cents' change out of a nickel he gave the boy for a three-cent paper.

Blinks—Well, he is a fool. Of course he'll never see that boy again.—N. Y. Weekly.

That Old Story.

"Did you read about that man whose life was saved by a pie?"

"No; how was it?"

"Well, his dear little wife made it, set it in the window to cool and a tramp came along and stole it."—Chicago Record.

Quite a Difference.

Telephone Superintendent (over the wire)—Hello, there, you! No swearing through the telephone.

Irate Subscriber—I ain't swearing through the telephone; I'm swearing at it.—N. Y. Weekly.

Then He Won't Mind It.

Fortune-Teller—You will be very poor until you are 35 years of age.

Impecunious Man (eagerly) — And after then?

Fortune-Teller—You will get used to it.—Tit-Bits.

Sure Thing.

"Bottsy's blowing all the time about paying us he goes. Do you think he does?"

"Sure of it, for there isn't a place in town where he can get trusted."—Chicago Tribune.

Demonstrated.

Miss Tirelegh—Do you really think bicycling is immoral?

Miss Primleigh—I am sure of it. I heard a man swearing dreadfully the other day, just because he fell off.—Brooklyn Life.

A Variable Weight.

Teacher—How many ounces in a pound?

Tommy—It depends on the grocer.—Harlem Life.

Barred Out of Society.

Sally Gay—What has become of Mr. Slicksmith, that we never see him any more?

Jack Swift—Slicksmith has done something that has completely barred him out of society.

"My goodness! What was it?"

"He died last month."—N. Y. World.

Latest and Shortest.

"Repeat now the shortest commaadment," said she,
The Sunday-school girl to her class,
And a freckled faced urchin replied readily,
The shortest is: "Keep off the grass."
—Buffalo Times.

NO MEDIUMS NEEDED.

Elder Feather—I see dat Prof. Slippah, de prestidigitatur, is on de back seat, an' he will 'blige me by steppin' out on de po'ch while de colleckshun is tuck up.—Demorest's Magazine.

What He Needed.

"One good thing is," laughed young Hacket, "I've got a cork leg, so I shall never be drowned."

No; but a cork leg won't prevent you from being hanged," growled a bystander. "What you want is a castiron neck."—Chips.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

"I WISH" AND "I WILL."

"I Wish" and "I Will," so my grandmother says,
Were two little boys in the long ago,
And "I Wish" used to sigh while "I Will" used to try
For the things he desired, at least that's what my
Grandma tells me, and she ought to know.

"I Wish" was so weak, so my grandmother says,
That he longed to have some one to help him about,
And while he'd stand still and look up at the hill
And sigh to be there to go coasting, "I Will"
Would glide past him with many a shout.

They grew to be men, so my grandmother says,
And all that "I Wish" ever did was to dream,
To dream and to sigh that life's hill was so high,
While "I Will" went to work and soon learned, if we try,
Hills are never so steep as they seem.

"I Wish" lived in want, so my grandmother says,
But "I Will" had enough and a portion to spare;
Whatever he thought was worth winning he sought
With an earnest and patient endeavor that brought
Of blessings a bountiful share.

And whenever my grandma hears anyone "wish,"
A method she seeks in his mind to instill
For increasing his joys, and she straightway employs
The lesson she learned from the two little boys
Whose names were "I Wish" and "I Will."

—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

ELEPHANT'S PRANKS.

Being Full of Life He Likes to Have Fun with the Hippopotamus.

The sense of the humorous was unusually well developed in an elephant in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris. He was kept in the great inclosure out in the open air, so that he had plenty of room to roam about. In the same inclosure was a very large hippopotamus, for whose comfort and amusement a great stone basin had been built and filled with water, and the hippopotamus in turn furnished amusement for the elephant. I was quite early one morning—before the hour for admitting the public to the garden—when I noticed the elephant walking around on the stone edge of the basin curiously watching the hippopotamus.

Just as soon as the ears of the hippopotamus came into view the elephant quickly seized one of them with his

LIFTED ITS PONDEROUS HEAD.

trunk and gave it a sudden pull. The enraged hippopotamus lifted its ponderous head clear of the water and snorted and blew, but every time he rose to take breath the elephant would recommence his antics. Around and around the beast would go, keeping a sharp lookout for the little ears of the hippopotamus, which he would seize the moment they appeared. His evident delight in teasing his huge neighbor was very comical, and there could be no doubt that he thoroughly enjoyed it.

Again, one day, the keeper placed some food for the hippopotamus in a corner of the inclosure and at once the hippopotamus began to leave the water to get it, but the elephant slowly ambled to the same corner, and, arriving there first, he placed his four feet over the favorite food in such a way that the hippopotamus could not get at it, gently swayed his trunk back and forth, and acted altogether as though he were there quite accidentally, until the garden was thrown open to the public and he went forward to receive the daily contributions of bread, cake, pie, etc., which were always offered him by his host of admirers.

Boy Frightens Policemen.

A small boy got into the habit of flying his kite nightly from the roof of a police station in New York city, unknown to the guardians of the peace. They heard his footsteps, but, strange to say, when they went to investigate they never found anyone. Then terror took possession of the police force at the station, and they declared that a ghost was haunting them. At length one, braver than the others, lay in wait and captured the little fellow. He was then hauled before a magistrate, who, after hearing the case, discharged him with a reprimand to the effect that it was very wrong to frighten policemen.

Better Than Position and Wealth.

See here, young people! Not all can gain high position, or great wealth, or social influence, or wide reputation. But all—all may have that which is better than position and wealth and social influence and reputation — all may possess a pure heart and a clean life. An upright, unselfish life spent amid poverty and obscurity is a larger life than that lived by a king or queen who knows not God and righteousness. —Detroit Free Press.

Not in the Mood.

First Clubman—Are you going to Mrs. De Style's musicale to-night?

Second Clubman—No. I'm not in a mood for talking.—N. Y. Weekly.

UMBRELLA CARRIERS.

Ants, Sea Urchins and Anemones That Affect Sun Shades.

"One of the most interesting sights I have witnessed," remarked a naturalist to a group of listeners, "was an army of ants marching through a South American jungle. I had been out all day hunting butterflies with a native guide, and, almost overcome by the intense heat, had stretched myself out beneath a great mass of vines which hung from a large tree, when I noticed a column of ants moving along at my feet.

"There was nothing remarkable in this, as it was an ant country, where they literally overran everything; but these ants, as though recognizing the tropical heat, each bore a highly-colored umbrella in such a position that it was more or less a shield and protection. The umbrella was a bit of a leaf that had been carefully bitten out in a semi-oval shape, and was an umbrella in fancy only, hundreds being carried to line a subterranean nest, deep in the heart of the jungle.

"One of these nests," continued the naturalist, "I found by following up

UMBRELLA CARRIERS.

the train, and saw the saubas, as these ants are called, pouring into it, each holding the umbrella, which was about as large as a ten-cent piece, vertically, resembling soldiers raising banners.

"There were three kinds of ants, Those who carried the leaves were laborers, but not workers, as they merely deposited the bit of leaf in the nest, where it was taken in hand by another kind of ant, the skilled carpenters of the tribe, who placed the leaves on the wall, as a thatching, and covered them with globules of earth. Some of the nests built in this way are two feet high, and three or four feet in diameter —marvels of constructive ability."

Among the marine animals are many that construct over and above themselves coverings which might not inaptly be termed umbrellas. This is particularly noticeable in the sea anemones. At times they are free and unencumbered with foreign objects; at others they are completely covered with plates of sand, which they take from the ground about them, or bits of seaweed, which form more or less protection or covering.

When the anemones desire to assume these countless umbrellas, they bend over their tentacles and touch the ground, many bits of shell and sand adhering. These are lifted up and placed upon the sides of the creature until it finally appears to be covered with a mosaic, which, while a protection, serves as a disguise, making the otherwise conspicuous animal resemble the rocks about it.

By far the most interesting animal possessing this habit is the sea urchin that looks like a pin cushion, being covered with long or short bristles, according to the species. How the sea urchin, with its stiff spines, can lift scores of minute stones and bits of shell, distributing them over its body in such number that collectively they form an umbrella-like covering, would appear a mystery, which, however, is solved upon an examination of the urchin. The spines are not the only organs, but from among them rise two suckers with little disks attached to them, and other organs that have long stalks upon the end or top of which is perched a little feeler with three biting teeth. These feelers, stationed on the lower part of the urchin, pick up particles of shell and sand, and pass them to others higher up, and so, by continued passing, the piece of shell travels up to the dome of the animal, and there finds a place among the spines. This is repeated an indefinite number of times, until the urchin is completely covered by a strong umbrella, poised, as it were, upon the spines, affording more or less protection. Sometimes the animal disdains one of shell or stone, and spreads over itself a canopy of weed, a ribbon of green zostera, or one of brighter hue, a decoration more or less esthetic.—C. E. Holder, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

Making a Hole in Glass.

Everybody who has tried understands how difficult it is to bore a hole in a strip or sheet of thin glass. The following method is said to be successful: Press a cake of wet clay upon the glass and then make a hole through the clay of the desired size, laying bare the glass at the bottom of the hole. Then pour melted lead into the hole, and it will drop through the glass, making a round aperture. The explanation is that the sudden application of heat cracks the glass in a circle corresponding in size with the hole in the clay.

The Eggs of the Mosquito.

The eggs of the mosquito are fastened together by a viscid secretion from the insect's body. From 250 to 300 eggs are laid at a time, and the little boat-shaped mass is so constructed that it will not overset. It cannot be sunk nor in any way injured by wind, rain or water. It is abandoned by the insect, and the eggs are hatched by the heat of the sun or atmosphere. A temperature below freezing is said not to destroy the vitality of the mosquito's eggs.

The Proper Course.

"We are going to have an amateur opera. Would you put in any gags?"

"Yes; gag the performers, by all means"—Town Topics.

FARM AND GARDEN.

THE HENS IN WINTER.

Kind of Treatment Which Induces a Good Egg Supply.

In order to have a good supply of eggs during the winter it is essential to have either early-hatched pullets that have been kept growing and are reasonably well matured or two-year-old hens that moulted early, and are in a good thrifty condition when winter begins.

Then warm, dry quarters must be provided. No matter how well fed the fowls may be, they will not lay well unless they are kept comfortable. The quarters should be roomy, so that when closely confined, as will be necessary on cold, stormy days, they will have plenty of room to exercise.

The roosts should be on a level, not over three feet from the ground, and arranged so that they can be taken down to clean when necessary. When it can be done the nests should be in a separate place, rather darker than the rest of the house, so that the laying hens will not be disturbed by the others. There should be room to feed them away from under the roosts. Brood boards should be provided on which the soft food can be placed. Have the quarters dry.

The hens must be regularly and well fed if they are kept in a good laying condition. Gather up the scraps from the table, the paring and the leavings of the vegetables from the kitchen, put them into a pot that should be kept in the stove. Usually it will cook sufficiently through the day and can be warmed up while breakfast is being cooked. If the quantity is not sufficient add wheat, bran and milk to make up a good feed. Give it warm—not hot—for breakfast, and try to have it ready as soon as they fly down from the roosts. At noon give whole wheat, oats, sorghum seed or something of this kind, changing often enough to make a good variety.

At night give a good feed of whole corn just before they go to roost. Water regularly and keep the drinking vessels clean.

With eggs to sell in winter the hens will be found profitable.—St. Louis Republic.

ROOST FOR TURKEYS.

A Cheaply-Made Open Shed That Serves as a Protection.

Turkeys will always seek a high roost and they resort to the tree-limbs instinctively to escape danger from enemies that may reach them on the ground. The limbs of trees, however, are not suitable roosting places, as the turkeys are thus exposed to cold and driving storms, frequently their feet becoming frozen to the limbs. An open

SHED ROOST FOR TURKEYS.

shed, with roost as high as can be located, as may be noticed in the illustration, will serve as a protection, and may be made either of boards or by arranging cornstalks on stakes and poles in some manner so as to accomplish the purpose.—Farm and Fireside.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

Glass on the south, east and west of the poultryhouse is of course necessary to the health and comfort of the fowls. One can err, however, on the side of too much glass. It is a great mistake to make a poultryhouse after the pattern of a greenhouse. It won't do at all, for the change between day and night temperature is far too much. The fowls will become sick and unproductive. A window for every six or eight running feet on the south side with a window on both the east and west sides, will be all the sash surface necessary. In cold northern climates I would advise the use of shutters or double windows or both. These will keep out any amount of cold and wind and pay for themselves a hundred times over.—W. P. Perkins, in National Stockman.

Rice Is Good for Fowls.

Rice is said by those who have tried it, to be the very best of food for fowls, and that it possesses more fattening qualities than corn. In the Carolinas and the rice growing regions of the south, rice meal or broken rice can be purchased from one-fourth to one-half cent per pound, and is largely used as a feed in those sections. Poultrymen within easy reach of the southern or gulf seaboard can thus get a cheap poultry food at small cost for freight. Rice will never produce diarrhoea in fowls or animals like some grains, but will check it when produced by other causes. With broken rice, Kaffir corn, and wheat, we not only have a good ration for chicks, but an ideal food for broilers.—Southern Fancier.

To Cure Feather Pulling.

Feather pulling is a vice that comes from confinement and idleness; there is no remedy, but it may be prevented, in a measure by so feeding the fowls that they will be compelled to scratch. It is contagious, to a degree if one or two fowls become addicted they are apt to teach the others. For this reason, preventive measures in the way of giving the fowls something to do should be adopted, but if any of the hens acquire the habit, the quicker they are killed and marketed the better, or soon the whole flock will be at it, and this means ruination to all.—Rural World.

Clean up and thoroughly oil the harness after the work is finished up.

A SCHOOL-MASTER'S TESTIMONY.

From the American, Newark, Ohio.

Mr. Fred. M. Wimple, a well-known school-teacher, of Perry, Mich., told a reporter of the *Daily American* of the wonderful cure Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had effected in his case. Mr. Wimple has lived near Perry all his life and is highly respected. The following is his story:

"For the last twelve years I have followed the profession of school-teacher, and taught in and about Perry until 1892, when suffering from catarrh I had to resign and go south. I went to Amite City, La., where I caught jaundice, but the catarrh disappeared. On top of the jaundice came chronic diarrhœa, and a peculiar disorder of the blood. Of course I had to give up my school and every thing else. My mouth broke out into large sores, and one of the strangest things was that if I cut myself hardly any blood would flow. I was in Louisiana about one year, and then on the advice of one of the four doctors who had been attending me, on May 2, 1895, returned to my home in Perry.

"Until August, 1895, I had one physician in Owosso and one in Perry, who declared they could do nothing for me, as my case was beyond their skill.

"While in Louisiana I was recommended by a lady to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I did take two boxes, when it was discovered by the physicians and they would not let me take any more, though they certainly benefited me.

"Now that the Michigan doctors declared they could not help me, I naturally turned back to Pink Pills. At this time I weighed 150 pounds, was pale and emaciated, with chronic diarrhœa, blood disorder and incipient paralysis of the arms. Before I had taken two boxes the numbness in my arms was gone, and I began once more to enjoy refreshing sleep. Then the diarrhœa stopped, I began to look placid and healthy and by the time I had taken twelve boxes I was a healthy man, weighing 184 pounds. I taught my school all last winter and this spring, and now this August, 1896, I have done more work on the farm than I have done in years.

"These pills can be purchased where I obtained them at Mr. L. M. Marshall's, the Perry druggist, who is also a practising physician. If any one has doubts about this case, let him write to Dr. L. M. Marshall, Perry, Michigan.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, } ss.
COUNTY OF SHIAWSSEE, }

On this 12th day of August, A. D., 1896, before me, Newton Baldwin, a Justice of the Peace, in and for the City of Owosso, in said county, personally appeared Fred M. Wimple, and who being duly sworn deposes and says that the above statements are correct to the best of his knowledge and belief.

FRED M. WIMPLE.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of August, A. D., 1896.

NEWTON BALDWIN,
Justice of the Peace.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price. 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

"I RUNNO which is de wust o' de two," said Uncle Ebeu, "de man dat thinks he's too good ter be in politics er de man dat's so bad he has ter be put out."—Washington Star.

Home-Seekers Excursions.

On November 17 and December 1 and 15, 1895, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway will sell round trip excursion tickets from Chicago to a great many points in the Western and Southwestern states both on its own line and elsewhere, at greatly reduced rates. Details as to rates, routes, etc., may be obtained on application to any coupon ticket agent or by addressing GEO. H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

MR. CRIMSONBEAK—"Do you think, my dear, that the time will ever come when the men will do the cooking?" Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"Not in this world, John."—Yonkers Statesman.

That Joyful Feeling

With the exhilarating sense of renewed health and strength and internal cleanliness, which follows the use of Syrup of Figs, is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old-time medicines and the cheap substitutes sometimes offered but never accepted by the well-informed.

AFTER THE "RAZZLE."—"Brace up, old man. I'll have to be off, or my wife won't speak to me when I get home." "Lucky dog. Mine—hic!—'ll talk to me all night."—Sydney Bulletin.

DON'T Neglect a Cough. Take Some Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar *Instanter*. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

ANSON—"I believe male attire for woman lowers her religious standard." Ganley—"Why so?" Anson—"Because in man's garb she looks like a be-thea."—Washington Times.

I COULD not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures. MRS. E. C. MOULTON, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, '94.

WHEN bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

CENTER shots are what tell, one bullet in the bull's-eye is worth ten that just miss it.

JUST try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

"MARY, has anyone called while I was out?" "Yes, ma'am, Mr. Biggs was here." "Mr. Biggs? I do not recall the name." "No, ma'am; he called to see me, ma'am."—Le Gaulois.

ÆSTHETIC WIFE (sobbing)—"Dearest, I'll see that your grave is kept green; but not one of those horrid bright greens. A nice olive-gray green, with an old bronze tombstone, will look too awfully lovely for anything."—Tit-Bits.

A PERPLEXED CALLER.—Mrs. Mulligan—"Do yez feel better this morning, Mrs. O'Toole?" Mrs. O'Toole—"I do, ma' then again I don't." Mrs. Mulligan—"That's bad, for its harrud to know whether ter say oim sorry or glad."—Harper's Bazar.

TREMPER OLD LADY—"The district council ought to put up a notice on that hill saying it's dangerous to cyclists." Stolid Milkman—"Well, marm, you see there's an undertaker on the board, an' he won't let them."—Pick-Me-Up.

CARDS.—The eyes of the wicked queen glittered fatefully. "If I play my cards right," she hissed, "my hated rival will be overwhelmed." But even as she spoke she paled with terror. "What's trumps?" she gasped, glaring into space.—Detroit Tribune.

"MY husband says that your husband gets cold in his feet when he plays poker," said Mrs. Jack Potts. "I don't wonder at it," replied Mrs. Luke Pleasant, "for whenever he does play poker he always comes upstairs in his socks."—London Figaro.

MIXED HIS SPORTS.—"They had a baseball umpire to referee a prize fight yesterday. He made a darn fool of himself." "How?" "He had Jerry Dugy put out of the ring on his third strike."—Chat.

FOGG—"Fenderson is a good enough fellow, but he is terribly slow at seeing a joke." Bass—"H'm, h'm!" Fogg—"He slipped on a banana peel the other day, and had a fall. Everybody laughed, but Fenderson couldn't see the point of the joke." Bass—"Not surprising." Fogg—"He saw it about 24 hours later, however, when another fellow did the same thing."—Boston Transcript.

THANKSGIVING PUDDING.

Chop half a pound of beef suet fine, mix with half a teacup of stale bread crumbs, half a pound of sugar, a teacup of flour, two teaspoonsful of Cleveland's baking powder, a gill each of molasses and thick cream, a pound of seeded raisins, a teaspoonful each of ground mace and cinnamon, and five beaten eggs. Stir all together. Put in a pudding bag, and boil for four hours. When done take up, turn out on a large dish, and serve with plum pudding sauce.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

A NUMBER of youngsters of this town engaged in a battle the other day. Not a stone was left unturned to make the affair a success.—West Union Gazette.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

SUPERSTITION FOILED.—"Somebody has invented a mirror that will not break." "Gracious! Now how are we going to tell when there is to be a death in the house?"—Chicago Record.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

MISS SHARPE—"I celebrate my 24th birthday to-morrow." Miss Oldage—"Indeed! And isn't it singular! So do I!" Miss Sharpe—"Oh, but I celebrate mine for the first time!"—Tit-Bits.

Physicians Wise in Their Generation.

The above class of scientists recognize, and have repeatedly borne testimony, to the efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a remedy and preventive of fever and ague, rheumatism, want of vigor, liver complaint, and some other ailments and infirm conditions of the system. Experience and observation have taught them its value. They but echo the verdict long since pronounced by the public and the press. Only the benighted now are ignorant of America's tonic and alterative.

A DISCOVERY.—"I've discovered something the most fractious broncho can't throw." "What's that?" "Kisses."—Chat.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

Father Time has to halt when he meets a woman who knows how to take care of her health. Time can't make her seem old.

She may be the mother of a family; that makes no difference. She is bound to be young because her heart is young and there is rich, young blood circulating in her veins. She doesn't need cosmetics and face-powders and skin-preservers. Pure blood is the only true skin-preserver.

But when a woman's blood is full of bilious impurities, she can neither look young nor feel young. Her whole constitution is poisoned with bad blood. It permeates every part. It paralyzes the nerve-centres; weakens the stomach; irritates the heart, preys upon the lungs and bronchial tubes.

It reduces a woman to a state of weakness, nervousness, irritability, dejection and melancholy. Such a woman can't possibly be youthful, no matter what her age may be. She needs the youthfulness of highly vitalized blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will give it to her. It will help any woman to get back her youth and freshness again.

It gives the digestive and blood-making organs and the liver power to produce good, pure, healthy blood. It gives color to the cheeks, and sparkle to the eyes; drives away pimples and blotches; wipes away wrinkles; rounds out emaciated forms, and creates firm, natural, healthy flesh.

Mrs. Rebecca E. Gardner, of Grafton, York Co., Va., writes: "When I was married I weighed 125 pounds. I was taken sick and reduced in health and broke out with a disease which my doctor said was eczema. He treated my disease but failed to do me any good, and I fell away to 90 pounds. I began using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and thank God and you, I began to improve. Now I weigh 140 pounds and have only taken two bottles. I cannot say too much about the medicine. My husband says I look younger than I did the first time he saw me, 15 years ago."

Are the boss to pump water and cut feed by hand this winter, or have an Aermotor, oiled with Aermotor OIL IT NEVER FREEZES NOR THICKENS. Sold in 1 & 5 gal cans by limp. dealers. 20 branch houses. One near you. AERMOTOR CO. Chicago

IT IS THE BEST. YUCATAN.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

AYER'S ARGUMENT.

If there is **any reason** why you should use any sarsaparilla, there is **every reason** why you should use Ayer's. When you take sarsaparilla you take it to cure disease; you want to be cured as quickly as possible and as cheaply as possible. That is **why** you should use Ayer's: it cures quickly and cheaply—and it cures to stay. Many people write us: "I would sooner have one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla than three of any other kind." A druggist writes that "one bottle of Ayer's will give more benefit than six of any other kind." If one bottle of Ayer's will do the work of three it must have the strength of three at the cost of one. There's the point in a nutshell. It pays every way to use

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

180,000 Copies of Demorest's Magazine

THE increasing popularity of Demorest's Family Magazine, a popularity extending over thirty years, is ample proof that each succeeding year finds it improved in its vitality, beauty and attractiveness. There must be something in a magazine that increases its subscription list from 80,000 to 180,000 names (a clear gain of 100,000) in less than a year. Don't you think so?

READ THIS.

"Demorest's Magazine is a literary conservator of the artistic and the useful. Got up in America, where it has enormous sales, it is the most remarkable work of the class that has ever been published, and combines the attractions of several English magazines."—*London Times.*

"We have received another number of this delightful Magazine, and we find ourselves bound to reiterate with greater earnestness the high encomiums we have already pronounced on preceding numbers. We are not given to disparage unduly the literary and artistic publications which emanate from the London press, but we are bound, in simple fairness, to assert that we have not yet met with any publication pretending to a similar scope and purpose which can at all compare with this marvellous shilling's worth."—*London Budget.*

The *American Bookseller* says: "There are none of our monthlies in which the beautiful and the useful, pleasure and profit, fashion and literature are so fully presented as in Demorest's."

ABSOLUTELY FREE TO YOU!

Upon receipt of a remittance of $2.00 from you for one year's subscription to Demorest's Magazine we will send you FREE this beautiful Silver Sugar Shell as a premium and, in addition, you will receive a copy of Van Vredenburgh's exquisite oil painting, "Our Bench Show," representing a "yard" of playful puppies—shown above. The picture is 10x36 inches, and it is printed in 14 colors in the highest style of the plate-printers' art.

You will say it is the cutest picture you have ever seen when it reaches you. It will be issued with the December number of the magazine.

This premium offer is only available to subscribers sending their subscriptions at once to us direct, using the Order Blank below, accompanied by a remittance of $2.

CUT HERE AND RETURN COUPON PROPERLY FILLED OUT.

Demorest Publishing Co., 110 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

For the enclosed $2.00 please send Demorest's Family Magazine for one year. Also the Silver Sugar Shell and Van Vredenburgh's oil-color, "Our Bench Show," picture offered by you as premiums.

Name.....
Post Office.....
Date..... State.....

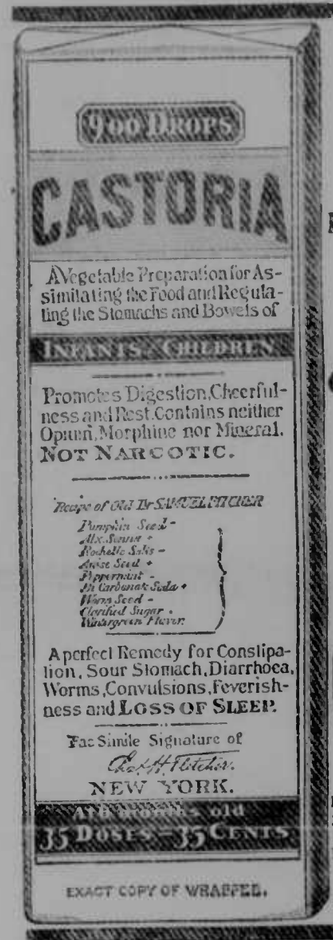

SEE

THAT THE

FAC-SIMILE

SIGNATURE

—OF—

Chas. H. Fletcher.

IS ON THE

WRAPPER

OF EVERY

BOTTLE OF

CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.* is on every wrapper.

A "JUNK SHOP,"
A "BLACKSMITH,"
"TWO-CENT APPLE BUTTER,"
"ROTTEN STOCK" and
A "HUNCHBACK"

is a poor combination from which to expect a production of anything respectable in the job printing line.

A "junk shop" means a worn-out assortment of type, rules, etc.; a "blacksmith" is a bunglesome printer; "two-cent apple butter" is synonymous of the poorest quality of printing ink; "rotten stock" is poor-made and cheap paper; and a "hunchback" is a press which is so old that it has naturally worn out of shape and usage.

WE TAKE PRIDE

in our Job Printing Department, our skill and our materials; that's the reason why we do such splendid work.

A $5 BILL WILL

get a nice lot of letter heads and envelopes properly and appropriately printed.

IF you believe it, try it; IF you don't believe it, the more need to try it.

The Republican Job Department.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Bicycles.

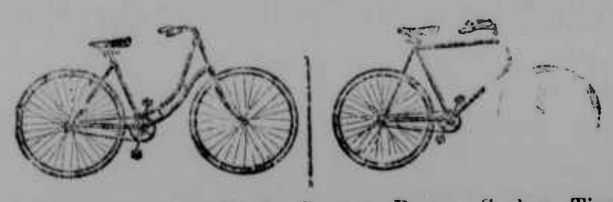

Bicycle Sundries of all Kinds, Cement, Pumps, Spokes, Tires, Wood Rims, Balls, Patching Rubber, Coasters, Lamps, Valves and Valve Stems, Repair Kits, Wrenches, Oilers, Locks, Etc., Etc.

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WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

In effect July 19, 1896.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS	NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1		No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 40*	8 00† lv	Cumberland ar	*12 00	†7 30
3 31	8 31	Rawlings	11 29	6 59
3 26	8 56	Keyser	11 01	6 36
3 09	9 08	Westernport	10 51	6 23
3 12	9 12	W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	6 20
1 37	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5 52
5 00	10 00	Harrison	10 00	5 28
4 15	10 45* ar	Elk Garden	8 55	*1 00
5 35	10 35† lv	Gorman	9 21	4 54
5 41	10 41	Bayard	9 15	4 48
5 52	10 52	Dobbin	9 01	4 38
6 23	11 23	Thomas	8 31	4 05
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis'	8 09	3 15
6 27	11 27 lv	Coketon	8 31	4 02
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	7 59	3 30
6 57	11 57	Bretz	7 51	3 25
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 51	3 22
7 39	12 39	Kerens	7 18	2 47
8 00*	1 00† ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	†2 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
	3 05* ar	Beallington	lv	*P. M.
	P. M.			*11 30
				A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, General Manager. O. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, November 22, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—	Daily	3.46 A. M
No. 3—	Daily	6.44 A. M
No. 71—	Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 47—	Daily	10.49 A. M
No. *55—	Express, daily	6.13 P. M
No. 1—	Daily	9.58 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—	Daily	5.50 A. M
No. 2—	Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 72—	Accom daily except Sun	1.88 P. M
No. 46—	Daily	4.43 P. M
No. 4—	Daily	12.29 A. M

*Will take passengers for Terra Alta, Rowlesburg, Newburg and Tunnelton.

CHAS. D. SCULL, General Passenger Agent.

C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23, 1896.

President-elect McKinley is free from the disease which has suddenly attacked many men elected to the Presidency. This disease has many names, but is most popularly and comprehensibly known as the "big head." One of the indications showing that Maj. McKinley has happily escaped an attack of the "big head" is that he has engaged inauguration quarters for himself and family at the same Washington hotel in which he and Mrs. McKinley made their home during his entire congressional career, instead of at the more fashionable hotel which has been the inauguration stopping place of the Presidents-elect and their families for a long period. This is a little thing in itself, but it means much. It means in the first place that he considers what was good enough for Representative McKinley is good enough for President-elect McKinley, and it incidentally make known to all that his elevation to the highest place in the gift of the American people has not caused and will not cause him to forget the friends he had when he was the mere modest position of one of three hundred-odd members of the House. This little incident serves to emphasize one of the strongest traits in Maj. McKinley's character, loyalty—loyalty to country, loyalty to party and loyalty to friends—a trait of which any man should be proud.

All the indications are that Mr. Cleveland is going to have hard sledding all this winter. The silver Democrats blame him for Bryan's defeat and they are determined to get all the revenge they can in every way they can. Some of them want to hang up every nomination sent to the Senate by Mr. Cleveland, and that proposition will be made and advocated at a caucus of silver senators to be held as soon as congress assembles. Under the circumstances, the Republican Senators cannot be expected to aid Mr. Cleveland in any fight that he may have with the silver Senators, even if they would not be helping Mr. Cleveland to get his nominations confirmed be depriving President McKinley and themselves of patronage. There will be another and a stronger reason for his not getting any assistance from Republican Senators. It is generally understood that Mr. Cleveland will recommend in his annual message to congress and will endeavor to get through at this session internal revenue legislation which will furnish enough money to make up the deficit in government revenue. This he will do solely for the purpose of trying to place obstacles in the way of tariff legislation on protection lines by the extra session of Congress which Republicans nearly all expect President McKinley to call as soon as he is inaugurated. It is Mr. Cleveland's idea that if the needed revenue can be provided for by internal revenue taxation at the present session of Congress, the Republicans will be deprived of one of the strongest arguments in favor of tariff revision and that business pressure can then be brought to bare upon President McKinley against calling an extra session. Needless to say, that this idea is not shared by Republicans, who, as a rule, believe that President McKinley and a Republican Congress were elected to give the country a protective tariff and restore the prosperity which has always been enjoyed when our industries were protected, and that a protective tariff law which will incidentally furnish the revenue needed to operate the government will be the leading feature of the McKinley administration and of the fifty-fifth Congress.

The most pronounced spoilsmen among the Democratic office holders have suddenly become the most ardent advocates of the civil service reform law. Even Logan Carlisle, Chief Clerk of the Treasury department, who has been directly instrumental in the discharge or reduction of more Republicans than any other one man connected with the administration, has turned civil service reform. Logan does not probably hope to remain in office himself, but he has a large number of Democratic friends whom he had promoted to places taken from Republicans and who are drawing salaries in excess of their merits as clerks whom he hopes to see keep their office. But the Republicans, who, notwithstanding their good records, were reduced to make higher places for Democrats are not without influential friends, and while no Democrats in the classified service are likely to be dismissed solely for political reasons, it is extremely probable that many of them will get copious doses of salary reduction early in the coming administration.

It is already evident that the attendance at the inauguration of President McKinley is going to smash all records. But no reader of this has an idea of witnessing the inangaration should allow the fear of a large crowd to keep them away. Washington knows how to handle a crowd, and no city is so well prepared to do it well and cheaply. Let everybody come! They can be assured of comfortable accommodations at reasonable prices.

IT'S YOUR LIVER

When you feel tired, listless, heavy, headachy, flushed, and have a foul taste in your mouth you may be sure your liver is loafing. It isn't doing its work; it needs a stirring up.

DR. A. S. TODD'S ANTI-BILIOUS LIVER PILLS

will straighten you out. Make you feel like new. Brighten eyes and brain. Clear your complexion—cure your headache. 25 cents, all druggists. Made by

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

J. L. McCOMAS, Jr.,

Sign, Carriage and Wagon Painting.

INDELIBLE INK WORK on LINEN.

Second Street, OAKLAND, MD.

All work entrusted to my care will receive Prompt Attention.

29-1yr.

Farmers,

Look to Your Interests.

The Oakland Flouring Mill is now ready to grind a million bushels of buckwheat. The best equipped mill in the county; all latest improved machinery. Can give either

Burrh or Roller Process Flour.

Mr. E. A. Dudley, who has charge, has been a life-long miller, and knows how to make a good turnout of buckwheat flour.

Don't fail to give him a Trial. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Will make arrangements with all the Oakland merchants to buy your flour at big prices. Don't fail to give the Oakland Mills a trial.

Don't forget the place, Water street, formerly owned by the late H. A. Rasche.

Yours obediently,

THE OAKLAND MILLS.

51-1yr.

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 30,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

TIN, SLATE and STEEL

ROOFING,

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.

PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.

REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.

SPOUTING, ETC.

WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH, MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

SHARTZER & BOLDEN

OAKLAND, MD.,

DEALERS IN

Furniture, Carpets, Matting, Oil Cloth, Window Shades, Wall Paper,

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Repairing Furniture and Picture Framing a Specialty.

Removal.

I, the undersigned, have removed my place of business from the Loar building to the Ravenscroft (Mayers) building on Railroad street, where I will continue to carry a well assorted stock of

JEWELRY,

and give special attention to the repairing of watches, clocks, etc.

Give me a call. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

H. C. SMOUSE.

29—2m.

THE

Maryland Building and Loan Association

of Garrett County

OFFICERS

ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencie

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.

EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, 14 old prizes; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
Keyser, W. Va.

MOUNTAIN STATE

Business College,

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

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PURE DRUGS, FANCY STATIONERY, DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.

31—26

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conneway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Glessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

DR. THEEL

1317 Arch Street,

Philadelphia. (Offices Strictly Private; the only advertising specialist in America (who made his studies for six years under the world-renowned Professors Jahr and Muller, the greatest authorities and homeopathic specialists, as proved by certificates attested by the German Consul and signed by the American Ambassador. The only advertising Physician who is able to guarantee to cure permanently and quicker than all others without any dangerous drugs, (no matter what others print, will claim or say). All special diseases of Blood Poison, Swellings, Pimples, Ulcers, Inflammations, Bladder, Kidneys, Stricture, Sores, Enlarged Veins, Impotency, Debility, Effects of youthful errors, Bandages, etc. The most dangerous cases solicited. Methods new and harmless. Relief at once. Fresh cases cured in 4 to 10 days. Those suffering for years, and being thereby lost all hope of cure, should not fail to send for book "Truth." The best treatable medical book which every one should read, and sent free. DR. THEEL has no equal in treating, (no name). Hours 9 to 3, 6 to 8. Sundays 9 to 12. Write or call and be saved. Fee (no name).

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
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Special attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL
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AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

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Residence on North 3rd Street.
Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
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OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
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Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

THOMAS R. McCOBLE,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
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Office in Felty Building, Alder Street.
All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
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JONAS C. BEACHY,
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Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
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Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

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PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
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Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.
LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including train ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26*

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Representing
JOHNSON, OMOHUNDRO & CO.,
WHOLESALE NOTIONS, Etc.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

A specialty of Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear
RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
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A General Banking business transacted.
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W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.
Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention.
50-1st.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,
PLANING MILLS,
And BUILDING MATERIALS.
MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

38 13.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1896. NUMBER 39.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby—Personal Mention, Etc.

Exit November.

Now for Christmas.

Yes, it's cold enough!

Winter came with a swoop.

The old maid has another month of leap year.

Age and little brothers are bound to tell on a girl.

Rev. E. P. Idleman, of Deer Park, was in Oakland Monday.

Mr. C. M. Miller, of Swanton, was in Oakland Monday a few hours.

Attorney G. S. Hamill was in Grafton Tuesday on business.

Mr. James W. White was at Terra Alta yesterday on a business trip.

Miss Addie Cupp spent last Thursday with relatives at Terra Alta.

M. M. Mansbach, of Cumberland, was here Tuesday.

Outdoor rose bushes are being wrapped with straw for the winter.

Attorney James W Thomas, of Cumberland, was in the city on business.

Mr. Thomas McFadden, of Floyd, was registered at the Central on Saturday.

Mrs. Rene Robinson has returned from her visit to New York.—Cumberland News.

Mr. H. J. Frear has purchased a lot on Liberty street and will erect a dwelling on it.

The next attraction at Shartzer's Opera House will be Old Farmer Hopkins, December 16th.

Mr. Will B. Miller, of Deer Park, was here on business Tuesday morning.

Mr. John L. Harne came home last Friday evening to recuperate for a few days.

Mr. D. T. Thayer, of Sang Run, was in the city Tuesday and made our sanctum a business visit.

Traveling salesmen are on the road in great numbers and hotel men are enjoying a great rush of custom.

Mr. Chas. A. Tower went to Baltimore Wednesday night to spend a few days with friends.

Col. N. W. Fitzgerald, who now hails from Salt Lake City, was an Oakland visitor one day last week.

Mrs. W. B. Ravenscraft returned from a visit to Fairmont last Friday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott T. Jones and two children spent Thanksgiving day with relatives at Terra Alta.

Rev. Thomas J. Stanton, of Lonaconing, was here a day or two last week visiting his parents.

School Commissioner Laughlin, of Deer Park, was in town last Saturday morning.

Mr. William Newman was in Baltimore on business two or three days last week.

Rev. J. W. Butler will preach next Sunday morning and evening in St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church.

Sunday the first snow storm of the year struck Oakland and made overcoats and big fires a necessity.

Mr. Buckner Mason, accompained by his son, from near Swanton, were in Oakland Monday.

Go and get anything you want at Offutt & Son's mammoth store, where goods are arriving on every train.

Mrs. L. Stoddard left Oakland last Friday night for Stoddardstown, Pa., where she was called by serious illness of her father.

A committee of teachers will request the Allegany School Board to appropriate $5000 to keep the schools open nine months.

The largest and finest line of china, plated ware, glass, cut and imitation cut, books and holiday novelties, at Offutt & Son's.

Mr. C. A. Combs, who recently moved from Mt. Lake Park to Morgantown, W. Va., was in Oakland a day or two this week.

A movement is well under way to erect one of the finest railroad terminal stations in the United States in Washington.

Lovely handkerchiefs, ties, gloves, perfumes, soaps. Presents from five cents up. Ladies wrappers 99cts at D. E. Offutt & Son's.

The members of St. Peter's Catholic church are making extensive preparations to hold a fair during holiday week.

Reduced prices on ladies' and children's coats, men's and boys' overcoats, and everything in clothing at Offutt & Son's. 39-4t.

Grave diggers in a cemetery at Pittsburg recently unearthed the petrified body of a girl. Even the hair had turned to stone and her features were perfect.

State's Attorney Fred A. Thayer will move his office from the Felty building to the McComas building in a short time.

The Union Sunday school will observe Christmas by giving an entertainment on Christmas eve. The full program will be published later.

Gov. Lowndes will move to Annapolis in January with his family and occupy the governor's mansion during the remainder of the winter.

Mr. Chas. J. Newman returned from Lonaconing last Saturday, where he had been engaged the previous two weeks clerking for Mr. John Shartzer.

Just opened fresh and the best raisins, currants, citron, nuts, oranges, lemons, candies, mince meat, fine canned fruits—everything for Christmas—at Offutt & Son's.

The euchre club will meet to-morrow evening at the residence of Mrs. Jennie Johnson. Last Friday night the club met at the residence of the Misses Jarboe.

Semmes and Stewart Hamill, who are students of the Allegany County Academy, spent Thanksgiving and a few days thereafter with their parents in Oakland.

Mr. Louis Leary on Monday removed from the house at the corner of Liberty and First streets to the Reynolds house near the Catholic church.

Holiday goods are beginning to make their appearance in the stores and show windows in Oakland. Indications point to a merry Christmas in this neighborhood.

Ex-Fish Commissioner R. T. Browning and son Dick went to Baltimore Tuesday night where Dick has a position on one of the street railways in that city.

Four killed and 121 injured is the total of football casualties up to date, with the back county teams to be heard from. Almost as dangerous as a battle in Cuba.

Senator-elect Wellington has received over three hundred applications for postmasterships and other federal offices, all of which he has placed on file.

Mrs. George Kildow returned to Oakland last Saturday, after having spent two or three weeks with relatives and friends near Parkersburg, W. Va.

Mr. John Shertzer has disposed of the stock of goods recently purchased from the receiver of the Maryland Supply company in its store at Lonaconing.

Dystemper is getting in its work among the dogs in this section, several valuable animals having died with the disease during the past week or two.

Mr. William Newman has put in a big stock of cigars, confectionery, etc., in the room next to the postoffice which was recently vacated by F. E. Merrill.

The highest price obtained for any one horse at the sale of the blooded stock of J. L. Rumbarger at Dobbin was $220 and the lowest $33. Some fine animals were sold.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street.

The Sunday *Herald* published a splendid cut of Johnny Bonny, the Mt. Lake Park baseball champion, in its last Sunday's issue. The coming season Mr. Bonny will play with the University of Virginia nine.

The several Sabbath schools in Oakland are making extensive arrangements to observe Christmas. All the programs are arranged beautifully and no doubt they will be rendered in a manner that will do credit to the participants.

The editor of THE REPUBLICAN went to Baltimore Tuesday night where he participated in the organization of a Republican Editorial Association for this state. The meeting was held in the Republican headquarters.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Bolden, of Terra Alta, were in Oakland a day or two last week. They will move from Terra Alta to Kingwood this week where Mr. Bolden will take charge of the local and mechanical work in the *Journal* office.

Chrysanthemums are the fancy of the moment—as is fitting—and the chrysanthemum pattern for silverware is the handsomest of all new designs. The chrysanthemum is embroidered and painted, and chrysanthemums are woven into silks and satins. There are chrysanthemum dinners, luncheons, weddings, chrysanthemum shows, chrysanthemums everywhere.

Last Friday morning Sheriff Brown went to Baltimore, taking with him Lizzie Cogley, who was sentenced last week to five years in the Female House of Refuge by 'Squire McRobie.

Messrs. D. E. Offutt and John Ault, who purchased the Bradford planing mill two or three weeks ago, have started the plant in operation and will continue to run it during the winter, giving employment to a number of hands.

Grafton, W. Va., made a contract with the Baltimore and Ohio railroad three years ago to supply the road station with water for 20 years at $65 a month. Both the town and railroad consumption has doubled since then, and the town is losing money on the contract.

All members of Garrett Council, Jr. O. U. A. M., are requested to meet at their hall on Sunday morning, Dec. 20th, at 10.30 o'clock for the purpose of attending church service in a body at the Garrett Memorial church where a sermon will be delivered to them by the pastor, Rev. S. M. Engle.

Albert J. McCleary, aged twenty-two years, a Baltimore and Ohio brakeman, who resided at Bayard, W. Va., while shifting cars in the South Cumberland yard last Sunday, was struck by an engine and his right arm was almost torn from the shoulder. He was removed to the Western Maryland Hospital, but lived only a short time.

The wife of Mr. D. Robinson, a prominent lumberman of Hartwick, N. Y., was sick with rheumatism for five months. In speaking of it, Mr. Robinson says: "Chamberlain's pain Balm was the only thing that gave her any rest from pain. For the relief of pain it cannot be beat." Many very bad cases of rheumatism have been cured by it. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Next Monday evening Miss Dora E. Sandy, a young woman who has been engaged in the deaconess work of the M. E. church at Washington, D. C., will give an address upon that work to the friends and members of the Epworth League in St. Paul's M. E. church at 7.15. All are cordially invited.

Our gallery will only remain in Oakland about one week longer, and those wanting fine photographs had better take advantage of the opportunity for you will not have a chance soon again to get such pictures as we are giving you at such a price nor at any other price, and you need have no fears of not getting your work. Call and make your sittings at once and the pictures will be finished as soon as the weather will permit.

LOAR & Co.

Cards are out announcing the coming marriage of Miss Nilsson Oder, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Oder, of Frostburg, to Mr. Oder Hurrell, of Front Royal, Va. The ceremony will take place at 8 o'clock Wednesday evening, December 9, in St. John's Episcopal church, Frostburg. The prospective bride's father is the accomplished editor of the *Frostburg Mining Journal*.

In 1892 Mr. A. L. Goldwater, who owns three retail drug stores in New York City, having learned of the great value of Chamberlain's Cough remedy for colds, croup and whooping cough, ordered a supply for his customers. It met with so much favor that he soon found it necessary to order more, and during the winter sold over two gross of the remedy. He says it gives the best satisfaction of any cough cure he has ever handled. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy, and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Mr. D. E. Bolden has been awarded the contract for Wm. Malette's building on the corner of Railroad and Main streets. The building will be a two-story frame structure with a frontage of 84 feet on Railroad street and 96 feet on Main street. The first floor will be divided into four business rooms the largest with plate glass and the remaining ones with double thick glass fronts. The building will be finished with two galvanized iron cornices. The second floor will be divided into eight office rooms.

When most needed it is not unusual for your family physician to be away from home. Such was the experience of Mr. J. Y. Schenck, editor of the Cadillo, Ind. Ter., *Banner*, when his little girl, two years old was threatened with a severe attack of croup. He says: "My wife insisted that I go for the doctor, but as our family physician was out of town I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which relieved her immediately. I will not be without it in the future." 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Secretary Dallam has forwarded to Secretary of State Olney, of the United States, certificates of the election of the Republican electors for President and Vice-President of the United States returned as having been elected in Maryland November 3. These electors will meet in the Senate chamber the [illegible] Monday in January and declare the result as to [illegible] voting, [illegible] and Hobart. [illegible] eight Republican electors will be delivered to the [illegible] when they reach Annapolis that day. The transmission of the certificates is under the act [illegible] approved February 3, 18[illegible]

Ma[illegible]ton is manager of the [illegible] Hotel, at Denison, Texas, which [illegible] traveling men say is one of the best hotels in that section. In speaking of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy Major [illegible] says: "I have used it in my family for several years and take pleasure in saying that I consider it an infallible cure for [illegible] and dysentery. I always recommend it, and have frequently administered it to my guests in [illegible] and in every case it has proved worthy of unqualified [illegible]. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Thanksgiving Day in Oakland.

The weather last Thursday was of an ideal nature. Not many days like it do we ever have in this section at this season of the year. It was more like a spring day than a winter day. Every one took advantage of its salubrity. In the morning a union service was held in St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church, where the Rev. S. M. Engle preached a powerful sermon to a large congregation.

In the afternoon business was almost entirely suspended, and the citizens of the town enjoyed themselves in various ways.

Items From the Oracle.

Messrs. Chas. May, P. T. Garthright and Jacob Gauer, all of Mt. Lake Park, were Terra Alta visitors on Saturday last.

Miss Rosa Hinebaugh, of Oakland, was in Terra Alta several days of this week, the guest of her uncle, Captain Jno. Hinebaugh.

H. Weber, the successful florist of Oakland, Md., accompanied by his daughter, Miss Katie, were the guests of Mr. H. L. Gillis and family, on Saturday last.

The road between this place and Oakland is in a fearful condition. For about two miles east of Connell's lane the road is almost impassable and it is dangerous to drive over it. This condition is caused by heavy lumber and log wagons passing over, which cuts the road and forms puddles axle deep. The road will probably never again be in as good condition as it has been up to within the past season.

Just Received

A large assortment of beautiful and useful

HOLIDAY GOODS

which will be sold at prices to suit the times.

On the counters in Oakland Pharmacy you will find novelties of various kinds.

Photo Albums,
Mirrors,
Silver Articles,
Toilet Cases,
Toilet Trays,
Shaving Sets,
Traveling Cases,
Ink Stands,
Fancy Cut Glass Bottles
Fine Extracts,
Children's picture books the very latest;
Bibles,

and a vast number of trinklets, etc., too numerous to mention.

Come and see us and get prices.

Come, whether you want to buy or not.

You are always welcome.

Oakland Pharmacy,

JOS. E. HARNED, Prop.

CURES COUGHS AND COLDS HONEY-TOLU CURES

CURE COUGHS OR COLDS

—BY TAKING—

HONEY - TOLU,

A POSITIVE CURE.

FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

Price, - - - - - 25 Cents.

Sold by All Druggists or Dealers.

—PREPARED BY—

GILBERT BROS. & CO., Baltimore, Md.

THE "KEYSTONE."

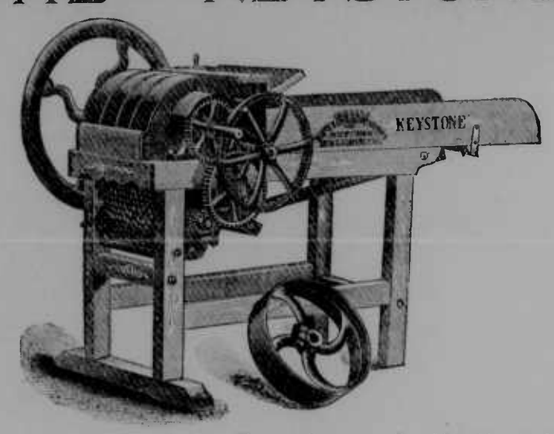

HOYES, GARRETT CO., MD., May 16, 1896.

THE WILLIAM RYLAND CO.:—

With pleasure I recommend your "KEYSTONE" Two-Horse Tread Power and "Keystone" Fodder Cutter and Crusher to any one who intends to buy anything of that kind. The cutter and crusher puts the food in fine condition for mastication, therefore is the greatest saving machine on the market. It runs with little power and is strongly built.

Yours respectfully,
GEO. E. BISHOFF.

Ask for catalogue and sample of fodder prepared on these machines.

THE WILLIAM RYLAND COMPANY,
Wholesale-Retail Dealers,
FRIENDSVILLE, MARYLAND.

State Republican Editorial Association.

Yesterday at noon fifteen of the Republican editors of Maryland met in the Republican headquarters in Baltimore and formed an editorial association. The name adopted was "The Republican Editorial Association of the Counties of Maryland."

A constitution and by-laws were adopted, after which the following officers were elected: Maj. J. Albert Clark, of the Laurel *Free Quill*, president; Cyrus F. Flook, of the Frederick *Examiner*, and L. B. Russell, of the Chestertown *Enterprise*, vice presidents; G. Guest King, of the Annapolis *Examiner*, secretary; M. N. Nock, Bel Air *Times*, treasurer; Executive committee, W. L. W. Seabrook, *American Sentinel*; Wilson M. Taylor, Easton *Gazette*; Benj. H. Sinceil, THE REPUBLICAN; W. W. Burton, Elliott City *Progress*, and J. M. Post, Elkton *Appeal*.

A meeting of the association will be held the second Monday in January, when delegates will be elected to the National Association, which meets in Galveston, Texas, January 25, 1897.

A Phantom Ball.

Last Thursday night the annual Thanksgiving ball was held in the Glades hotel dining room. A departure from the regular custom was made in that this year the social gathering was as a phantom ball. Quite a large crowd of phantoms were present. The number was considerably augmented by the presence of many lookers-on.

Sales Advertised.

By Sheriff Austin Brown, on Saturday, Dec. 26th, three tracts of land, at public auction. Sale to be made in Oakland.

Thanks.

We hereby return our sincere thanks to the members and friends of St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran congregation for their visit to the parsonage and their bountiful donations on last Wednesday night, the 25th inst.

PASTOR J. W. BUTLER AND WIFE.
Oakland, Md., Nov. 30, 1896.

B. & O. Changes.

The office of the train dispatcher of the Grafton division of the B. & O. R. R., has been removed to Cumberland and Mr. U. V. Williams has been appointed trainmaster. Mr. J. S. Austin, who has been chief train dispatcher and operator here, has been removed elsewhere and Mr. D. W. Vincent, of Pittsburg, appointed to fill that position.—Cumb. News.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

A Visit from the Secretary of State.

Tuesday morning of this week Hon. Richard Dallam, Secretary of State, came up to Oakland to confer with the County Commissioners and the general assessors regarding the new assessment of property in this county. Mr. Friend, president of the Board of County Commissioners, was detained at home and could not be present at the meeting, but Commissioners Abernathy and Layman and the two general assessors, Messrs. Fresh and Berkman met Mr. Dallam in consultation. The interview between the officials was entirely satisfactory and resulted in an arrangement whereby the work of assessing the property in the county will be greatly facilitated. Mr. Dallam expressed his pleasure at meeting with the officials of the county and departed for Annapolis Tuesday evening.

The next districts to be taken up by the assessors will be Nos. 9 and 11, and the work of finishing up the assessment throughout the county will be pushed rapidly.

Athletics.

On Monday evening last a number of young men met for the purpose of organizing an athletic association in Oakland. The meeting was presided over by Mr. Joseph E. Harned and Mr. George Fleming was named as secretary. A committee on constitution and by-laws was directed to report on Wednesday evening, at which time the report was read and adopted. The following officers were elected to serve for the next three months: President, Joseph E. Harned; vice-president, Edw. H. Sinceil; secretary, George Fleming; financial secretary and treasurer, Harper Bartlett; board of governors, Messrs. Joseph E. Harned, George Fleming, Edw. H. Sinceil, Hamill Spedden, Andrew Nelson, John D. Taggart, Wm. A. Sturgiss. The gymnasium will be located in Shartzer's public building, and steps will be immediately taken to secure the proper apparatus. We are pleased to note this move on the part of the young men of the town, and believe that it will result in much good to the members. We understand that certain hours each week will be set apart for the use of the gymnasium by the ladies.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

AFTER BANK BURGLARS.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS.

THE First national bank, of Parkville, was the financial institution of Park county. Its stockholders included all the best business men of the town and a number of leading farmers, and the standing of the institution was all that could be desired. There is always an odd sheep in every town, and in Parkville the odd sheep was Uncle Billy Edwards. Not once in a year did anyone mention his last name. It was always "Uncle Billy," and he was everybody's friend and nobody's enemy. At the time the bank was organized he was a man 50 years old. He was simple-minded, lived with a relative, and picked up a quarter now and then by doing an odd job. Some one told Uncle Billy about the bank, and he straightway sought an interview with the man who was to be president. In a spirit of fun the latter appointed him "The First National Bank Extraordinary Burglar Catcher," and promised him a salary of $10 per year.

They had lots of fun over Uncle Billy's stories of the suspicious characters he had seen sneaking about, and of the bank burglars who had tried to bluff him and run him off, and no one was jealous of him, except the regular night watchman. About four nights a week Uncle Billy would slip out of his bed at midnight and walk half a mile to knock on the front door of the bank and satisfy himself that the watchman was awake. He was chased away time after time, with missiles following him as he fled, but he reappeared after a night or two and was not to be got rid of.

As is the case with most country banks the building was two stories high, with the second story finished off for offices. There were six or seven rooms, and for the first year these were rented out to local lawyers. At the end of the year the party having the rooms over the vaults moved out, and, after they had stood idle for two months, they were rented to White & Gregg, insurance and real estate agents, who came to Parkville from Philadelphia well recommended. Both claimed to be married men, but neither brought his family. They were going to try it first for a few months. Their first move was to deposit $8,000 in the bank and a box of bonds and valuable papers. Their next was to invest in 20 vacant city lots and to take $1,000 worth of stock in a woolen mill then building. In these and other ways they made themselves solid with the business men of the town, and the public at large looked upon them as valuable acquisitions to the community. Uncle Billy, in addition to being the "extraordinary burglar detector," carried up the fuel and swept out the offices for the lawyers, and when White & Gregg took possession he did not lose his job. They soon came to understand him, and he was allowed to come and go at will, though he was never in the way when not wanted. He was enthusiastic in their praise for the first three months, as they paid him liberally, but one day, in whispered tones and with an air of mystery about him, he asked for a private interview with the president of the bank. When this had been laughingly granted, he said:

"Mr. Davis, I am not sure about those men, White & Gregg. I shouldn't wonder if they intend to rob our bank."

"How will they do it?" asked the amused official.

"By cutting through the floor and the vault."

"But the roof of the vault is of brick and two feet thick."

"Well, I think they are going to try it. They have a saw, a crowbar, a sledge-hammer and other tools in a closet up-

"I'M GOING TO KEEP AN EYE ON 'EM."

stairs. I'm going to keep an eye on 'em."

He was encouraged to do so, but so skilfully did the president consider the incident that he did not speak of it to anyone, and in half an hour had forgotten all about it. Not so with Uncle Billy, however. On two occasions he was sent to the express office by White & Gregg, and brought them small, but heavy parcels. Two or three times, also, he saw a stranger in their office whose looks he did not like and whom he set down for a conspirator. For the first two months, the two men, who boarded at the hotel, never returned to their office after supper. After that they were frequently there for an hour or two, and as time passed on they stayed later. Uncle Billy watched all these things, but kept his own counsel for many weeks. One day again he asked for a private interview, and when the president began laughing at him, said:

"It won't be long now before they will try to rob the bank. They have got all the tools they need, and to-day I found a satchel to put the money in."

"So you think they are bank robbers?' was asked.

"I am sure of it. Last night they were in the back room till 11 o'clock, and they would not let me go in there to-day. I guess they have cut a hole in the floor."

For three months after the bank opened a watchman had been kept inside. Then some one growled at the expense and he was changed to the outside and given the whole block to patrol. For a minute or two, as Uncle Billy looked so confident, the president wondered if there was not something in it. Then he felt amused at the idea and said:

"Well, Uncle Billy, you are our burglar catcher, you know. Perhaps you'd better sleep in the bank here for a few nights."

"I'll do it, and I'll catch burglars, too;" exclaimed the delighted old man.

It was arranged that he should be left in the bank at night, and he was given an unloaded double barreled shotgun for a weapon, and received many cautions. To give you a fair idea of what the robbers were after, I must explain that the safe, which stood outside the vault, was only for day use. At the close of business each day everything was deposited in the vault, which was of brick, with a heavy iron door, and supposed to be burglar proof. As Uncle Billy couldn't get into the vault, and no burglar inside could get out, the bank people laughed as they asked each other how he was going to work it to capture anybody. Further, he was to be locked in the bank, with no way of getting out.

On the second night of Uncle Billy's guardianship, something happened which Parkville is talking about yet. That day the firm of White & Gregg drew out their deposit, claiming they

A SHOTGUN THRUST INTO HIS FACE.

were going to buy a farm. That night at ten o'clock while Uncle Billy was taking a smoke on his cot near the vault before going to sleep, he heard suspicious sounds in the vault. He listened and listened again, and after a few minutes was satisfied that robbers were within. They could have got there only through a hole cut through the floor of the office above. The old man was not a bit rattled. He had been appointed burglar catcher in the bank and here were the burglars. His idea was to catch them instead of driving them off. It was a lucky thing for the First national that some of the officials with a key to the front door had left it lying on a table. Uncle Billy saw it as he wondered how he would get out on the street. He saw the night watchman down at the end of the block, but had no use for him. The way to catch the burglars was to get into the rooms above, and the old man crept softly upstairs and tried the door of White & Gregg's office to find it locked. He lifted the sash of the hall window, crept along the cornice and one of the office windows was found unfastened. He crept in, tiptoed across the two rooms and into the rear one, but he was not at all surprised at what he saw.

A square hole had been cut in the center of the floor, an opening made through the brick vault and the men had descended by a rope. Uncle Billy could see a light down there and hear men at work. His first move was to draw up the rope. It was not missed for several minutes by those below. When it was missed a man was boosted up, to find the muzzle of a shotgun thrust into his face and hear Uncle Billy say:

"You try that again and I'll blow your head off!"

The man dropped back, and the next minute Uncle Billy was hailed by White from the bottom of the vault. He explained that he had discovered the hole in the floor, made during his absence from the office, and had descended to investigate. Mr. Gregg was there with him, he said, and also a friend. He talked glibly and coaxingly and asked the old man to lower them the rope. When he refused they offered him $10, $20, $50. Then they turned to threats, and finding him still firm and determined, several shots were fired at him from revolvers. He was on his guard against them and suffered no injury. Half a dozen times before daylight came one of the trio was boosted up, but always to find himself so menaced that he was glad to drop back. They could not get out of the vault by the door, and Uncle Billy and his unloaded shotgun prevented escape from above. No burglars were ever caught in a neater trap, and this was their own making, and they had planned it from the day they had rented the office. They were held in the vault until morning, and help came, and Parkville will never have another such sensation. Gregg and White turned out to be two bad men, wanted by the police of three or four different cities, and the third man was still more prominent. They had everything arranged to the smallest detail, but were brought to grief by a man who didn't know a bank burglar from the man in the moon. The fellows got long sentences in prison, and Uncle Billy got a pension for life and died less than five years ago.—Philadelphia Press.

PRIVILEGES TO PRISONERS.

Beneficial Effect of Humane Methods in the Connecticut Penitentiary.

When the convicts at the state prison left the workshops the other day nearly all of them wore the old familiar uniforms of gray and they marched with the lock-step to their cells. But there were a few at the rear of each gang who marched, with their arms folded, to a room in the old west end. They wore suits of cadet blue that fitted their figures nicely and their trousers were creased. Their caps were of the same material as the suit, with patent leather bands. The coat and vest buttons were of polished steel. These men were prisoners of the first-class, and there were 19 of them out of a total of [illegible].

This was one feature of the most important step ever taken to reform prisoners.

The prisoners begin in the middle of the second-class. Then, according to their conduct, they remain there or are promoted to the first-class or are degraded to the third-class. The second-class prisoners will be treated as they always have been. The third-class men will wear red suits. The prisoners will be subjected to light punishment and will be deprived of light, books and the luxuries of the rations. In this department the Bertillon system of measurement is established. The solitary cells underneath the department for side three are arranged with every consideration of humanity. The cells are clean. They are furnished with a plank bed, on which the occupant must sleep without a pillow. Thirty days is the limit of confinement in a solitary cell. The cell is not absolutely dark.

The interior of the new department for first-class prisoners is clean and looks well. The finish of the walls produces a brick and brown stone effect. The 32 cells are made of burglar-proof steel. They are five by seven feet and eight feet in height. The beds hang by chains and are folded to the walls when not in use. There is a sink to each cell and a faucet for running water. The floor is carpeted. The sanitary arrangements are excellent. There is a small cabinet to hold the dishes when the men eat. In each cell are a molasses cup, a vinegar jug, plates, brush, knife, fork and spoon and salt and pepper cruets. A chair, a mirror, lamp and rack and shelf complete the furnishings of the cell. Each cell is furnished with a radiator that enables the occupant to regulate the heat. The corridors are well lighted. The tiers are divided into two sections and between them there is a passage wide enough for one person to pass. In this passageway is placed the apparatus for ventilating and heating the department. By the operation of this apparatus a constant and plentiful supply of pure air is secured. There are glass spyholes in the walls of the cells in this passage, and through these spyholes officers can see the prisoners without having to look through the door. As each prisoner shuts his door an indicator at the end of the prison shows that he is locked in.

There is a separate kitchen connected with this department. The rations are boiled rice, bread, butter, coffee and molasses for breakfast; corned beef, cabbage, potatoes, turnips, carrots, corn bread, butter and coffee for dinner, and bread, butter, gingerbread and cocoa for supper. A movable ration server is wheeled up to each cell. "How do you like it?" asked the warden of one prisoner. "Very much." "Think you will stay there?" "I will try to." The men there get butter three times a day, while the second-class men have this luxury only three times a week. The third-class men will forget the taste of butter.

Once in two weeks the men in this department are allowed to meet for literary and other intellectual exercises. They will be allowed to debate on a given subject. In the interim between the meetings the warden will furnish the men with books on the subject which is to be discussed. The men will be furnished with a better grade of tobacco and they will be allowed the use of light in their cells until 8:45 in the evening. They may write once a week to their friends. The prisoners to be eligible for this department must be generally cheerful and obedient to the rules. They must be of sound mind and in their cases there must be an absence of punishment for the six months previous.—Hartford Courant.

Russia's Greatest Ambition.

In Constantinople centers the vastest ambitions of the race of czars. For over a century the great White Power has descended toward the queen of cities. Over mountains has she come, hostile people has she subdued, treaties has she made and treaties has she torn up, armies has she raised and navies built, wars has she waged, and countries has she absorned in her march. On the surface her policy has changed so often that the story of them would be a tapestry for variegation; at heart it has never altered one iota. She is coming to the Mediterranean, and she is coming there through the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. Her purpose is as fixed as fate, and she is prepared to be as patient as providence in its accomplishment. But so long as she exists she will never relinquish it. Bit by bit Turkey has rotted; step by step the Cossack with his cross has advanced. To-day he is almost within striking distance.—Cosmopolis.

Broiling Chops.

When your fire is not in proper condition for broiling chops, they will be found to be equally good if breaded and baked in a hot oven. Use loin or rib chops, take out the bones, roll them in as compact form as possible, and lay in a deep pan, with some of the fat trimmed from them under each one. Make a dressing from fine stale bread-crubs, season with salt and plenty of white and red pepper, moisten with melted butter and a beaten egg. Spread smoothly over the chops, and bake until they are easily pierced with a fork and brown on the top.—N. Y. Post.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"How did you feel when Charlie was proposing?" "I felt sure I'd say yes if he ever got through."—Cleveland Leader.

—"That fellow is always running actors down." "A dramatic critic?" "No, an engineer on a freight train."—Town Topics.

—Nell—"The fruit you sent me the other day was green." Bjones—"That's strange. I sent it by a messenger-boy."—Philadelphia Record.

—Sobersides—"I had an uncle who knew a week before the exact day and hour he was to die." Wagstaff—"Who told him? The sheriff?"—Tit-Bits.

—Daughter—"Did you give Charley any encouragement?" Father—"Well, I suppose it amounts to that. He called it a loan, however."—Detroit Tribune.

—Policeman—"You had better come along quietly and not make any trouble." Pickpocket—"G'yarn. Not give you trouble. Where'd your job be if it warn't for the likes o' us?"—Judy.

—Sexton (from the vestry room)—"Dr. Blank—Dr. Blank—the church is on fire!" Dr. Blank (from the pulpit)—"Very well, William. I will retire. Perhaps you'd better wake up the congregation."—Bazar.

—Dismal Dawson—"I'm trying to git back to me poor old mother. She ain't seen my face for ten years."—The Offensive Plutocrat—"I guess that is the truth. Why don't you wash it?"—Indianapolis Journal.

—He sighed deeply. Alas, it was only too true. She had refused his suit. However, there was a grain of comfort in the knowledge that her husband would return in half an hour. Possibly he would advance two dollars on the garments.—Baltimore News.

EFFECTS OF TEA SMOKING.

Serious Nervous Complaints Are Brought On by the Habit.

Physicians and specialists on nervous troubles are treating numerous cases of extreme insomnia and nervousness in young women who come to them for treatment without disclosing to them that their condition is the result of practicing the new vice of smoking tea cigarettes.

The habit is increasing. From observations of its effects a West side physician declares to the Sunday Press that "a tea cigarette is a genuine brain excitant. Anyone who uses it, and yet does not work with her brain, would go half crazy with nervousness, but with those who do brain work it is different, for the stimulus produces strange intellectual activity.

"After a couple of green tea cigarettes a poem, for instance, will almost write itself, I am told by one of my literary patients. The effect of the tea cigarette, while stimulating the brain and its flow of thought, acts as a pure sedative to the rest of the body, quieting restlessness, uneasiness or actual pains. The after effects are bad if they have not been worked off by unusual mental work.

"At some houses green tea cigarettes are handed round after dinner, and I know three actresses of considerable reputation who give 'tea smoking parties' twice a week.

"One woman, to break off this habit, on which she had expended nearly ten dollars a week, has lately voluntarily placed herself under private restraint. She had concealed her habit from her husband by using an artfully contrived cigarette case. It resembled a bunch of keys, each key containing one cigarette.

"So much has the habit spread that several tobacconists and druggists are keeping tea cigarettes in stock for regular customers.

"The active chemical principle of tea is theine, just as caffeine is of coffee and nicotine of tobacco. When theine is administered to a frog or a small animal it is found that it chiefly influences sensation, which caffeine or coffee does not. In larger doses theine produces spontaneous spasms or convulsions, which caffeine does not do. This is, in fact, the ultimate effect of smoking numerous tea cigarettes, finally producing 'fits' or convulsions.

"Theine also acts as a local anesthetic, quieting painful nerves. Green tea contains much more theine than ordinary black tea. So you can see that the habit of smoking tea cigarettes is terribly pernicious."—N. Y. Press.

A Hut Used by Washington.

While hundreds of pilgrims daily crowd the shrine of Mount Vernon, one of the most interesting relics of Washington remains unknown and unnoticed, and is rapidly falling into decay. This is a small cabin which was used by Washington when a young man, engaged in surveying the lands of upper Virginia. The house is located in Clark county, the district being formed in 1830 from Frederick, and named for the illustrious general, George Clarke, of early days. Near Berryville, in Clarke county, Gen. Daniel Morgan, of revolutionary fame, built a handsome home, which he called "Soldiers' Rest." About 200 yards from the site of this manor is located the cabin, which is regarded with almost religious veneration by the people of the neighborhood, and which is being slowly eaten by the tooth of time. The house is 12 feet square, and there are but two rooms, one on the ground floor and one for a garret. Beneath the building flows, or rather, did flow, during the last century, a small stream, which was used for cooling purposes. The upper chamber is lathed and plastered; only one window lights it, while a rough door gives access to the visitor, who must go out by a ladder. Here it was that Washington was accustomed to keep his instruments when on a surveying expedition.—New Haven Journal.

Appreciated Sympathy.

"Why are you here, my poor fellow?" asked the visitor of the prisoner.

"De walls are so thick I can't git out. Dat's why, see?"—Bay City Chat.

Correct.

The teacher was making her scholars finish each of her sentences to show that they understood her.

"The idol had eyes," she said, "but it couldn't—"

"See," cried the children.

"It had ears, but it couldn't—"

"Hear," was the answer.

"It had lips, but it couldn't—"

"Speak," once more repeated the class.

"It had a nose, but it couldn't—"

"Wipe it!" shouted the children.—London Mail.

WOULD NOT BE MISSED.

Mr. Skinner—Spare me, as I have a wife and six children at home to feed.

Cannibal—Say, you wouldn't make much of a meal for such a large family. I guess they'll not miss you.—N. Y. Herald.

Looking for It.

An Irishman once worked all day on the promise of getting a glass of grog. At night the employer brought out the grog to him and the Irishman tasted it and said:

"Which did you put in first — the whisky or the water?"

"Oh," said the employer, "the whisky."

"Um-hum," mused the Irishman: "well, maybe I 'll come to it by and by."—Household Words.

Raps for Spirits.

Dukane—I saw Soker order a drink yesterday. He merely rapped on the bar and the barkeeper served him without any delay.

Gaswell—That's a way he has, you know.

"Does he always rap when he orders drinks?"

"Only when he wants whisky. They are spirit raps, you know."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Unkind Fate.

"It must have been a thrilling sight when the bandages were taken off De Benyon's eyes and he was able to see again, after ten long years of blindness."

"It was. He burst into tears and reached for the bandages again. The first object his eyes rested upon happened to be a girl in bloomers."—Chicago Tribune.

The Church Fair.

It was a Bangor philosopher who summed up a church fair in these terms:

"A church fair is a place where we spend more money than we can afford for things we do not want in order to please people whom we do not like and to help the heathens, who are happier than we are."—Boston Herald.

Her Ultimate Destiny.

"What became of the Holman girl who used to stand so high in the classics?"

"Oh, she became famous."

"What did she do? Translate the Iliad?"

"No; she wrote an essay on how to live on two cents a day by using a chafing dish."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Woman's Advantage.

Artistic Friend—And so you are to be married?

Miss Marie Bilkins (struggling artist)—Yes, it is simply impossible to sell a picture with such a name as Bilkins on it, so I have accepted the heart and hand of a grocery clerk named De La Croix.—N. Y. Weekly.

At the Theater.

Behind a bunch of plumes she sat;
They could not smother
A laugh; for surely one big hat
Deserves another.
—Washington Star.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

Expectantly the budding man
In secret scans his lips for down,
And daily dreams of when he can
With his mustache delight the town.

Expectantly the rooster chick
Stands on the fence and tries his voice,
And dreams that when his plumes are thick
His crow will make the world rejoice.
—Chicago Record.

On the Ascendant.

Millbrook—Is it true that that Highfly girl has actually married a doutinie?

Max—Yes. She has gone herself one better.

Millbrook—How so?

Max—She was a woman with a past, and now she is a woman with a pastor.—Town Topics.

Something of a Strain.

"So you do not think a minister ought to ride a bicycle?"

"No; I didn't say that at all. But I do think he ought not to tackle it unless he is sure his religion can stand the strain of learning."—Indianapolis Journal.

He Didn't Deserve It.

"Mrs. Lightwits has never erected a monument to her dead husband."

"No; she is too mad at him. She had saved money for a seal coat, and when he died she had to use the money to bury him."—Chicago Record.

A Fair Compromise.

Highwayman—Your money or your life!

Struggling Author—Money I have none, but if you will tell me some of your adventures, I will write them and divide the profits with you.—Tit-Bits.

A Reminder.

"Col. Carter, of Kentucky, is a remarkably well-preserved old gentleman," said one young woman.

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "he reminds me of a brandied peach."—Washington Star.

The True Inwardness of It.

He—Are you going to invite them to our wedding?

She—Yes. I guess we can stand it for the sake of the present they are sure to send.—N. Y. World.

An Honest Lover.

Claudia—How long have you loved me?

Herbert—From the first moment that your uncle's will was read. — Town Topics.

When It Is Most Useful.

"A piano always sounds loud in a flat."

"That is one of its advantages. It drowns the discordant profanity of the neighbors."—N. Y. Truth.

An Unkind Retort.

Mrs. Dusenberry—It's dreadful to be disappointed in love.

Mr. Dusenberry—There is something a great deal worse than that.

"What, for instance?"

"To be disappointed in marriage."—Texas Sifter.

Love's Sacrifice.

He squandered ten dollars for roses, you see—
Her joy in the gift was immense;
But little she dreamed that his dinner would be
Three buckwheats that cost him ten cents.
—Chicago Record.

REASON FOR DELAY.

Guest (at country hotel)—What kept you so long? Were you waiting for the hen to lay the eggs?

Waiter—This was the only egg in the place, and the hen had been sitting on it for a week or more, and we had an awful time to get it away from her.—Harlem Life.

The Politician.

With the "welfare of the masses"—
His oration was begun;
Yet he always, as he passes,
Keeps an eye on number one.
—Chicago Record.

She Thought So.

Wife—How are you pleased with our new maid?

Husband—Very much.

Wife—I thought so; I have discharged her.—Fliegende Blaetter.

An Adjustable Hat Wanted.

Jaggs—I want to get a new hat.

Hatter—Which size—night before or morning after?—Texas Sifter.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A DELECTABLE LAND.

Over the hills and far away
There are dreadful dragons that knights may slay—
Great snorting dragons with brazen scales,
And wings of leather, and coiling tails.
But if you're the proper kind of knight,
With a suit of mail and a sword that's bright,
You may whip those dragons and win the day,
Over the hills and far away!

Over the hills and far away
There are ogres living in castles gray,
With a horn to blow and the drawbridge down,
And the ogres bellow, and stamp, and frown.
But it doesn't do to be frightened—no!
You must face them boldly and strike a blow,
And then you marry the Princess May,
Over the hills and far away!

Over the hills and far away
There are fairy monarchs in grand array,
With gnomes, and pixies, and brownies, too;
And my! the marvelous things they do!
But though they startle you just a bit,
They will help a lad who is sharp of wit,
And it's fun to watch when they dance and play—
Over the hills and far away!

Over the hills and far away
You may have an excellent time, I say.
There are golden islands and magic springs
And jabberwockies—and heaps of things!
You can't be dull in a land like that,
With enchanted boots and a talking cat,
So is it a wonder you long to stray
Over the hills and far away?

—Felix Leigh, in St. Nicholas.

SANDY BROWN'S OWL.

Caught by Means of a Very Cleverly Constructed Trap.

Some one was stealing Sandy Brown's chickens. Every morning when Sandy went out to scatter screenings there was at least one of the younger roosters or hens missing, usually the very fattest and finest of the flock. Sandy couldn't understand at all where they went to. He knew every man in the neighborhood, and every chicken, too, for that matter, and he knew that some stranger must be guilty of the thieveries. Now, it was no small matter to Sandy to have his plump pullets stolen, for he was only a boy, and he was depending on the money that the eggs and chickens would bring him to help pay for a certain handsome little rifle that he longed to possess. So he determined to watch and see if he couldn't catch the thief.

Before daylight the next morning he was up and out, hiding in the cornerib, where he could see and not be seen. Not long afterward the chickens came clucking into the barnyard. For a time everything was quiet, and then the old red-top rooster straightened up and began to grumble and turn his head from side to side and blink his eyes. There was a sound of wings in the air, and a huge bird lighted on the corner of the barn. The next instant the chickens began flying about and clucking excitedly, and then, before Sandy could open his mouth to shout, the owl, for an owl it was, darted down, and Sandy saw one of his favorite pullets carried away over the hill. "So you're the thief," exclaimed Sandy. "I'll fix you."

But, although Sandy hid in the corncrib for several mornings with his father's old shotgun double loaded, the wary old owl didn't come near. Sandy's father said he smelled the gun.

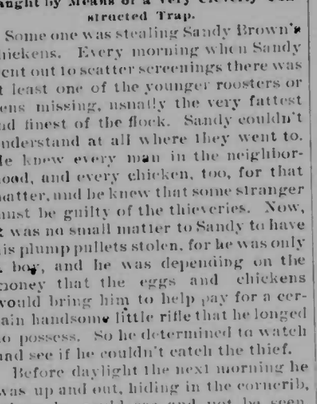

SANDY'S TRAP.

"I'll get him yet," said Sandy, with determination.

That very afternoon a bright plan popped into Sandy's head. He cut a long pole in the woods, sawed off the top square and smooth, nailed a board on it, and set it up firmly in a corner of the fence near the barn. On top of it he placed a steel rat trap, already set, and fastened by a long chain to the post below.

Next morning he was awakened by a terrific commotion in the chicken yard. He rushed outside, and there was Mr Owl flying wildly about with the trap close fastened to one of his feet. He had come along early, and thinking that the post was an excellent place to light while he picked out the best pullet in the flock, he had stopped there to rest. In a minute Sandy was pulling him down, and although he scratched and fought Sandy succeeded in conquering him. He was a huge horned owl, and the next week, when Sandy went to town, he took him along, and a dealer in stuffed birds told him that it was the finest specimen of an owl he had ever seen. Sandy, being of a practical turn of mind, offered on the spot to sell the big bird. The dealer promptly gave him four dollars for it, and Sandy at once paid it over to the man who had rifles to sell.

"I hope some more big owls will come along and steal my chickens," he said to himself on his way home. "They're more profitable than pullets."—Chicago Record.

Some Facts About Camels.

A camel has twice the carrying power of an ox. With an ordinary load of 400 pounds he can travel 12 or 14 days without water, going 40 miles a day. Camels are fit to work at five years old, but their strength begins to decline at 25, although they usually live to 40. The Tartars have herds of these animals, often 1,000 belonging to one family. They were numerous in antiquity, for the patriarch Job had 3,000.

TWO QUEER CHUMS.

Black-and-Tan Scratches Up Worms for Baby Chicks.

Black-and-tan dogs are not expected to earn their own living, any more than dolls and other such pets; but the Indianapolis Sentinel reports an interesting exception to the rule. As the story goes, the mistress of the dog is also a keeper of hens. One of these was sitting upon a "clutch" of 13 eggs, and Don, the black-and-tan, soon became very curious to know why she stayed in the barn so closely.

The dog, as it appears, had formerly been given to teasing the hen, snatching her food away from her, and otherwise making himself a torment; but this intercourse had gradually turned into friendship, and the two would sometimes be seen lying and squatting side by side in the sun, on a bit of carpet in the back porch.

During the three weeks that the hen sat on her eggs Don used to pay daily

ONE OF DON'S DAILY VISITS.

visits to the barn, and sometimes would stay with her by the half hour.

Then the chicks came out of their shells. Don was intensely interested. All day long he scarcely left the barn. The next morning, when the hen stepped off the nest and with a cluck called her brood after her, Don followed.

The hen fell to scratching, and the fluffy chicks darted hither and thither, picking up the titbits which the mother had uncovered.

"Good!" said Don to himself; "I can help in this business," and to the terror of the chickens he ran in among them and began turning up the soil at a lively rate. Then he sat down and waited.

The mother hen called back the chicks to the newly scratched earth, and soon they picked it clean. Then the dog took another turn. And so the good work proceeded, to the great delight of all the parties.

CHICKEN AND CANARY.

A Firm Friendship That Was Begun in a Singular Way.

One day last spring, in purchasing a lot of fowls from her marketman, a lady in Nashville, Tenn., got one little bit of a chicken that was almost too small to eat, and which made its escape through the wires of the coop and began to chirp and cry about the yard. The lady made no effort to recapture the little thing, thinking it would be better off running free about the place. But it soon became evident that the chick had been too soon taken from parental care and was totally unable to provide for itself. Two whole days passed, during which it neither ate nor drank, though the lady tried every means in her power to provide for its welfare. The chicken simply peeped and drooped till the lady gave up all efforts and left the little thing to die, which no doubt it would have done right speedily had it not been rescued in the following singular manner:

It chanced that the lady has a pet canary of which she is very fond, and to which she devotes much care and attention. For instance, it is her invariable custom in mild weather to turn the bird out of his cage for a certain portion of each day, letting him have his bath in a sunny spot on the back porch. So that morning when the little chicken was so nearly giving up his life for lack of food and comfort, it happened that the canary was turned out of his cage for his hour of freedom in the sunshine. The lady was watching to see that no cats came around, and presently she saw the canary trip down the steps to the lawn, where the little chicken was crying. For a moment the two little feathered things stood and looked at each other inquiringly. Then the bird chirped and made a dab with its beak. The chicken chirped and made a dab, too, and pretty soon the two were chirping and dabbing away mightily. What the chirps and dabs meant of course we may not know, but presently the bird came hopping up the steps, the chicken following behind. Making his way to the cage, which sat open on the floor, the bird went in, chirping and dabbing all the while, with the chicken following after, and presently the two little friends were eating and drinking together.

That was the beginning of the singular friendship, which continues still unabated. The chicken stayed in the bird's cage with him till it was too large to get in the door, and then a roost was placed for it close to the cage hook, so that they might be near each other at night. It is no uncommon sight to see the canary throwing seeds down from his cage to the chicken, and if the chicken finds a worm he brings it in the house and chirps under the cage till the lady lets the bird out when the friends enjoy the feast together.—Philadelphia Times.

Bees Against Carrier Pigeons.

An agriculturist of Westphalia made a bet that 12 bees, released at a distance of three miles from the hives at the same time as 12 pigeons, would travel over the ground as quickly as the birds. The first bee entered the hive one-quarter of a minute before the first pigeon reached its columbary. Three other bees arrived before the second pigeon, and the remainder of the competitors reached home simultaneously.

FARM AND GARDEN.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS.

A New York Farmer's Sensible Idea on the Road Question.

The time was when stones were thought to have value for fencing purposes, but now many a farmer would gladly give his old walls to anyone who would make a clean job of removing them. Others, more progressive, would do the drawing, provided some yawning chasm was opened near at hand to receive them, where they would be forever out of sight and doing some good.

There are thousands of miles of country highways that need only thorough underdraining, a properly rounded surface and the necessary gutters to take care of the surface water to make them permanently good roads.

It will be remembered that the worst pieces of road are apt to be very hard and smooth at certain seasons, and if we get rid of all trouble caused by too much wet, freezing and thawing included, we make that certain season 12 months long each year.

Let the commissioners of highways select portions of the road most in need of improvement and where the land owners would agree to fill a ditch with stones if the town would do the digging and covering. The ditch should be in the center of the road, properly graded and provided with outlets, the same as if draining the land was the sole object. The width and depth of the ditch should be governed by the needs of the case and the amount of stones available for filling. The depth of earth above the stones is also a matter of experience and judgment. The above is not a new theory or untried experiment, a portion of my farm road having received similar treatment many years ago, and still proving satisfactory. In many places where stones are not to be had, free or otherwise, tile draining would do the roads more good than the same cost expended in any other manner.

Our road-reform scribes and orators are pretty unanimous on one point, viz., that good roads cost just $10,000 per mile. But none of them ever tell us how many miles of road we have, or how much the proposed improvements would cost per acre. Where roads are laid out in squares of one mile each, every 640 acres calls for two miles of road, costing at the price named above $31.25 for each acre. Such improving as I have indicated could be done at a cost to the town of one dollar per rod, exclusive of putting in the stones—$320 a mile, just one dollar per acre of adjoining land. Any enterprising town could stand a few miles of such road-making every year, and what are now its worst roads would soon be its best. Some expect to see all surplus stones crushed by machinery and used on the roads, but, besides the cost, not one-quarter of the country highways will ever have enough heavy traffic on them to make good roads of broken stones.

A strong argument in favor of making our own roads in our own way, and at the least cost, is that we may thus have some good roads to use while we are waiting for a law that will provide a state engineer, to instruct a county engineer to direct the town engineer to have his subordinates survey and map out their respective localities and send the results to headquarters, in order that somebody may, at some time, tell us how, if not when, we may have good roads.

Perhaps people generally are looking too far away, and too high up, for improvement in roads. A town can do any ordinary piece of work for less expense that would be required for the county to do the same. A supervisor gets twice as much per day when the county pays him as when his own town is to foot the bills. Unless the state should make roads more economically than it does the capitol and other state works, the less state roads the better for all concerned, excepting, of course, those who would thereby be given easy places with good pay. I have seen ex-Gov. Flower's road object lesson at Clinton prison, made in part by convict labor, and wondered much whether it cost the state any less than if done by contract with a private individual. Much of the road improvement literature of recent years bears indications of being furnished by those who have never taken off their coats to do any real road work.

Generally speaking, the easiest way to right a wrong is to "write" it, and it does seem as if there were some people who make it a religious rite to do that kind of reforming.—J. A. Clark, in N. Y. Tribune.

FOR DOUBLE HARNESS.

A Lately-Invented Device That Is Both Neat and Effective.

It is often desirable to hitch up a double team with light, single harness, where regular double harnesses are not

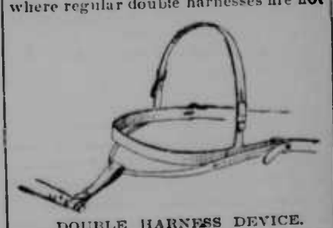

DOUBLE HARNESS DEVICE.

at hand, or if at hand, are, perhaps, too heavy. The special objection to using a breast plate in double rig has been the difficulty of so attaching it to the yoke that the horse might hold back the load easily. The accompanying illustration shows a device recently seen in use, that tells its own story. The extra attachment in front passes back and connects with the breeching, giving the same power to the horse in holding back the load that he has when used in single harness. It is thus both neat and effective.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Better Than Rubber or Steel.

The best mud guard is a perfectly clean, hard road.

A Literary Man.

"Al[illegible]me, Miss Bawston, to make you a[illegible]inted with Mr. Brown, our bookm[illegible]er."

"Yes[illegible]o delighted. I am always glad to know those wonderful men who publish books. What is your latest work from the press, Mr. Brown?"

"Ahem! I have spent a good deal of time this summer on an anthropological work entitled: 'The Coming Race.'"

"An [illegible]pensive work, Mr. Brown?"

"Seve[illegible]l of my friends have put their fortune[illegible] into it, Miss Bawston," and he winked at the score card and hurried away.—Nuggets.

GOTLEY—"Is there a ball-room in this hotel?" Gadser—"Yes, sir; downstairs to the left; only we generally call it the bar in this part of the country."—Roxbury Gazette.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If [illegible] want to quit tobacco using easily and [illegible]ver, be made well, strong, magnetic, full [illegible]ew life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the [illegible]der-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over [illegible],000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

MRS. GRUMPEY—"Why don't wives rise up and make their husbands stand around?" Grumpey—"Because men never propose to that kind of women."—Detroit Free Press.

Cheap Excursions to the West, North and Northwest.

On December 1 and 15, 1896, the North Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Railway) will sell excursion tickets to a large number of points in the west, north and northwest. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines, or address W. B. KNISKERN, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C. & N. W. R'y, Chicago, Ill.

TAGLEIGH (facetiously)—"A man can always dictate to his stenographer, you know." Wagleigh—"Yes; but she takes him down, just the same."—Vogue.

JUST try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

"IS IT true that Pidger is financially embarrassed?" "He is awfully in debt, but it doesn't seem to embarrass him any."—Chicago Record.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe.

LADY (to drunken beggar)—"Are you not ashamed to beg?" D. B.—"Yes, ma'am, but I'm full; when I'm sober I'm a burglar."—N. Y. Tribune.

DR. KURNIT (writing a prescription)—"Take this every morning." Pat—"Divil a bit I will. Do yez t'ink Oi'm a dumbed billy-goat, that yez kin fade me on a bit o' paper?"—Up-to-Date.

WHEN billous or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

"WELL, Jacky, did you enjoy the horse show?" "Pretty good. Thought it was kind of queer they didn't have any hobby-horses there, though."—Harper's Bazar.

PISO'S Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—MRS. W. PICKERT, Van Sicien and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, '94.

HICKS—"Are you fond of children?" Wicks—"Immoderately. A house is so restful after the little dears have been put to bed."—Boston Transcript.

DISPROVEN.—She—"Have you always got to stop in a saloon on your way home? Haven't you any self-control?" He—"Why, my dear, I always pass by six saloons and only go into one! Don't you call that self-control?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

"So you were at the opera last night?" "Yes." "How were the voices?" "Excellent." "The way the boys rendered 'Opera books—books of the opera,' left an impression on the audience that will not soon be forgotten."—Roxbury Gazette.

A WESTERN farmer wrote to his lawyer, as follows: "Will you please tell me where you learned to write? I have a boy I wish to send to school, and I am afraid I may hit upon the same school that you went to."—Yonkers Statesman.

THE INTELLIGENCE OFFICE OF THE FUTURE—Cook—"Phwere do yez live?" Mrs. B.—"Orange, ma'am." Cook—"Dhot's in the counthry?" Mrs. B.—"Yes, ma'am." Cook—"Is there a polishe force there?" Mrs. B.—"Yes, ma'am. A very good one." Cook—"Are the minders agreeable loike?" Mrs. B.—"Very." Cook—"Well, oi'll shpake to the lady as lasht did your cookin', an' if she says you're amiable, an' not a big ayter-noon, mebbe oi'll thry yez for a month. Come back to-morrer."—Harper's Bazar.

NO QUALITY will ever get a man more friends than a sincere admiration of the qualities of others. It indicates generosity of nature, frankness, cordiality and cheerful recognition of merits.—Dr. Johnson.

"I DON'T care that for what the newspapers think about me," said the statesman, snapping his fingers. "No?" said the incredulous constituent. "No. It is what they say that keeps me awake of nights."—Indianapolis Journal.

THE FEMININE VIEW.—Nell—"Did you enjoy the performance last night?" Belle—"No, it was stupid. Nearly every woman in the house took her hat off, and there was nothing to look at but the play."—Philadelphia Record.

OWENS—"What's in a name, anyhow?" Dunne—"Not much in yours, old man." Owens—"What do you mean?" Dunne—"Why, everything you've got is in your [illegible]."—Brooklyn Life

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

NO LOCAL COLOR—"So Boston rejected MacMonnies' 'Bacchante!'" "Yes, they were annoyed because she carried a bunch of grapes instead of a pot of baked beans."—Chicago Record.

An Appeal for Assistance.

The man who is charitable to himself will listen to the mute appeal for assistance made by his stomach, or his liver, in the shape of divers dyspeptic qualms and uneasy sensations in the regions of the gland that secretes his bile. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, my dear sir, or madam—as the case may be—is what you require. Hasten to use if you are troubled with heartburn, wind in the stomach, or note that your skin or the whites of your eyes are taking a sallow hue.

HE—"You're worth 16 of any other of the girls I know." She—"That's the same old compliment. You mean, dear, that I'm worth my weight in gold."—Detroit Free Press.

Home-Seekers Excursions.

On November 17 and December 1 and 15, 1896, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway will sell round trip excursion tickets from Chicago to a great many points in the Western and Southwestern states both on its own line and elsewhere, at greatly reduced rates. Details as to rates, routes, etc., may be obtained on application to any coupon ticket agent or by addressing GEO. H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

EVERY man has some peculiar train of thought which he falls back upon when he is alone. This, to a great degree, molds the man.—Dugald Stewart.

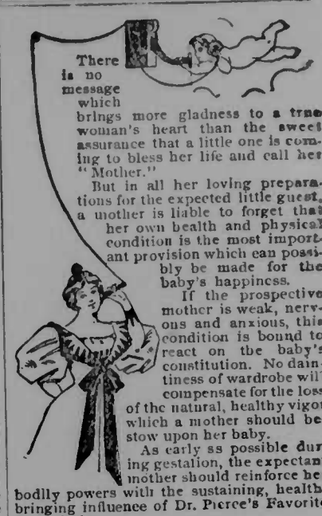

There is no message which brings more gladness to a true woman's heart than the sweet assurance that a little one is coming to bless her life and call her "Mother."

But in all her loving preparations for the expected little guest, a mother is liable to forget that her own health and physical condition is the most important provision which can possibly be made for the baby's happiness.

If the prospective mother is weak, nervous and anxious, this condition is bound to react on the baby's constitution. No daintiness of wardrobe will compensate for the loss of the natural, healthy vigor which a mother should bestow upon her baby.

As early as possible during gestation, the expectant mother should reinforce her bodily powers with the sustaining, health-bringing influence of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It gives natural, healthy vigor and elastic endurance to the organs specially concerned in motherhood. It makes the coming of baby perfectly safe and almost painless. It gives nerve-strength to the mother and vital hardihood to the child.

It is the only medicine devised by an educated physician specially to overcome all weaknesses and diseases of the feminine organs.

Mrs. Roscoe Vanover, of Robinson Creek, Pike Co., Ky., writes: "I wish to express my thanks to you for the good I have received from your 'Favorite Prescription.' I have used it at different times for the last five years, and always with the most gratifying results. But the greatest good received from the 'Favorite Prescription' was about four months ago when my last baby was born. I was afflicted with 'child-bed fever.' Instead of sending after a doctor I used the 'Prescription' and was cured. A lady friend of mine was similarly afflicted and sent after the doctor and took his remedies *and died*. I am 27 years old, weigh 147 pounds, the mother of five children, and am enjoying the best of health."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation, promptly and permanently.

Important Notice!

The only genuine **"Baker's Chocolate,"** celebrated for more than a century as a delicious, nutritious, and flesh-forming beverage, is put up in **Blue Wrappers** and **Yellow Labels.** Be sure that the **Yellow Label** and our Trade-Mark are on every package.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

TRADE-MARK.

The cleaning of carpets

without taking them up. That is a specialty with Pearline (use with, or without soap). After a thorough sweeping, you simply scrub them with Pearline (no use of soap) and water. Then you wipe them off with clean water, and sit down and enjoy their newness and freshness.

You ought to be able to do a good deal of sitting down, if in all your washing and cleaning you use Pearline (use with, or without soap), and so save time and work. Use it alone—no soap with it. 457

Millions NOW USE Pearline

MRS. BURTON HARRISON, ONE OF THE POPULAR WRITERS FOR 1897.

Celebrating in 1897 its seventy-first birthday, THE COMPANION offers its readers many exceptionally brilliant features. The two hemispheres have been explored in search of attractive matter.

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For the Whole Family.

In addition to twenty-five staff writers fully two hundred of the most famous men and women of both the Old and the New World, including the most popular writers of fiction and some of the most eminent statesmen, scientists, travellers and musicians, are contributors to The Companion.

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New Subscribers who will cut out this slip and send it at once with name and address and $1.75 (the subscription price) will receive:
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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

HIS IS THE TIME of year .. .. when men .. and women .. become weakened by .. the weather, and run down generally. .. .. The first parts that the weather affects are the kidneys. The urea is not thrown off, but is forced back upon the lungs, and disease results—caused by weakness of the kidneys.

HERE IS ONLY ONE SURE WAY known to medical men for promptly checking troubles of the kidneys and restoring these great organs to health and strength, and that is by the use of

Warner's Safe Cure

It has stood the test of time; it has saved thousands of lives; it has restored millions of sufferers to health; it has done what was never done, never attempted before; it has made men stronger and healthier; it has made .. women brighter and happier; .. it stands alone in all these qualities. Do you not think it would be wise for you to use it and thus avoid the dangers of the season? Insist upon having it.

Large bottle, or new style, smaller ones at your druggist's.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER

10¢ 25¢ 50¢ ALL DRUGGISTS

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 317.

The Republican.

BE... [illegible], Editor and Proprietor
G. D. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, DEC. 3, 1896.

SOME of the Popocratic managers in the late political contest seem to fondly imagine that they can hold onto the organization of the Democratic party and at the same time let go of its principles. This reminds us of the fellow who in a runaway lost his horse but saved the harness.

AS THE election returns show, neither the Republican nor the Democratic party has gained anything by the admission into the Union of the new States during the last eight years. Of the seven States admitted within that time North Dakota alone has chosen Republican electors. These States all contributed, on the other hand, to fasten the Chicago platform and a Populistic candidate for the Presidency on the Democratic party. The political beneficiaries of the admission of these premature states have been the Populists.

MAJ. MCKINLEY is to have two very fine horses to draw his carriage. The late Gen. Joseph T. Torrence, of Chicago, possessed as fine a stable of horses as was owned in the Windy City. It was the General's intention before his death that two magnificent brown horses, the best matched pair in his stables, should be presented to Mr. McKinley to ride behind to the Capitol on Inauguration day, in the event of his election. The General left no written will to this effect, but it is said that his daughter, Mrs. Magonn, who has come into possession of the estate, will carry out her father's wish, and present the horses to the President-elect.

APROPOS of the election frauds in Tennessee the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* (Democrat) says:

"Election crimes must cease; election criminals must hide their heads and remove themselves from the gaze of their fellow-men. A higher moral tone must succeed, and the present debasement of manhood suffrage must come to an end. A clever thief must not be regarded as the best party man and entitled to the greatest honor. Party loyalty must not be gauged by the amount of thievery performed. A demand for decency is not a defiance of party domination and a condemnation of fraud is not treason to party organization. The ballot-box stuffers and election criminals have fattened on the spoils of victory and trespassed on public patience until further patience would be a compounding of crime. A halt has been called."

THE West Virginia Senatorship begins to be interesting. It is true that Senator Faulkner's term does not expire for two years, but it is generally conceded that henceforth West Virginia may be counted upon as a safe Republican state, and that his successor will be a Republican. The most popular man in the state is Nathan Goff. He was the first one to carry the State for the Republicans, though he was counted out. It was a shrewd move on the part of Senator Elkins to get him put out of the way by appointment as a Circuit Judge. West Virginians say that he is too valuable a man to the state to be shelved on the bench. He has not expressed his views as to whether he prefers a very honorable life position to the more active career of a Senator. The next strongest candidate is probably Charles Burdett Hart, of the Wheeling *Intelligencer*. When Elkins was trying to organize West Virginia for Harrison, Hart boldly lifted up the McKinley banner, and carried it through with a whirl. Next in popularity comes A. B. White, of the Parkersburg *Journal*, and Geo. C. Sturgiss, of Morgantown.

Silver as an Issue.

In the December number of the *North American Review* Hon. William J. Bryan has an article, in which he discusses the result of the election as affecting the status of the silver question.

The issue on which the election turned he describes as "the greatest ever submitted to the American people in time of peace." The declaration of the Chicago convention in favor of the free coinage of silver, he says, forced upon the people of the country a study of the money question in general, and within the last four months more people have been simultaneously engaged in its consideration, he states, than ever before in the history of the world.

The result of this study, Mr. Bryan declares to be "temporary defeat, but permanent gain for the cause of bimetallism." He regards it as a significant fact that the silver sentiment was strongest where the question had been longest considered—that is to say, in the West and South.

In Mr. Bryan's opinion, the cause of bimetallism made more rapid progress than any other cause ever made in such a short time. He expresses his assurance that the election can by no means be regarded as a conclusive settlement of the question at issue.

The advocates of free coinage are convinced, he says, that they are laboring in behalf of a large majority of the people, not only here, but throughout the world, and he says they propose to continue their contest, confident that four more years of experience will convince many who have thus far resisted argument.

This confidence, Mr. Bryan says, is confirmed by the history of recent elections. Mr. Greely was defeated in 1872, he points out, and yet Mr. Tilden was elected in 1876. Mr. Blaine was defeated in 1884, but Mr. Harrison was elected in 1888. The Republican victory of 1888 was followed by the Democratic victory of 1890 and the election of President Cleveland two years later.

Mr. Bryan counsels the successful party to remember that thousands of Republicans have been held to their party this year by the pledge that will try to secure international bimetallism."

In regard to the gold-standard Democrats, he says they cannot do as much in 1900 as they have done this year. They have declared their affection for Democratic principles, he declares, while they spared no effort to secure the success of the opposing ticket. "They cannot," he says, "disguise themselves again."

Of Cheating and Being Cheated.

Samuel Butler was not the discoverer of the reciprocity of enjoyment between those persons who cheat and those persons who get cheated. Colossal cheating, as well as colossal enjoyment on the part of cheats and dupes, has gone on from the beginning in this jolly world and will continue to go on to the end. Our own blessed country has perhaps given the most signal modern instance. The contention on the part of thousands upon thousands of our esteemed fellow-citizens that the money of the United States was too good for the people of the United States was, on its face, such a bold, bald, brazen defiance of ordinary common sense that it seemed impossible that it should meet with serious acceptance upon the part of anybody anywhere. Yet it did. In spite of its absurdity, in spite of its dishonesty, and in spite of the confusion and ruin it was certain to bring in its train, if assented to, over six million two hundred thousand voters did what they could to give us 50-cent dollars instead of 100-cent dollars!

The pages of history are filled with the details of popular crazes, crashes and delusions, but it has remained for the greatest republic, in the closing days of a century of unparalleled advancement, to outdo the record.

The massiveness of our folly is made more apparent when we consider that Mr. Bryan polled more votes in 1896, when he was defeated, than Mr. Cleveland polled in 1892, when he was elected. Happily the diversion to Bryan of the vote cast in 1892 for the Populist candidate was not sufficient to overwhelm the sane friends of order and honest money, but it was an appalling expression of human gullibility. It should serve to drive together and compact in one solid body the opponents of repudiation and socialism until they shall have settled right and settled for good the issues that have so rudely shaken the very bases of our constitutional government.

No Hope.

The Oakland (Md.) *Democrat* is informed that there is an impassable gulf between the merits of tariff reform and free coinage.

The one is based upon a sound, imperishable principle; the other upon an unsound, fantastic conceit.

The Democratic party could do better before the people with prohibition than free coinage.

Certainly better with local option.

Free and unlimited coinage of silver at any ratio is a wild duck.

It is also a wild duck that is dead.—Frostburg Journal.

Business.

The best authorities are agreed that the business outlook is increasing favorably.

At the end of last week about nine hundred mills and factories were in operation that had been silent before election, and bank clearances for the week were ten per cent. higher than for the same period last year, and nine per cent. higher than in 1892.

The prime fact of the situation is that labor is becoming employed and is receiving wages. This money is immediately spent in buying supplies and paying accounts. In a great degree this helps business, while the activity of manufacture works up material and gives relief in that direction.

As yet there has been little advance in prices, and that must be regarded as fortunate, in the light of the slender resources of buyers generally. A large volume of business with fair margins is undoubtedly the proper condition of affairs for the present. It enables the recently employed laborers to provide the necessaries of life at the smallest possible cost, and shows that the return of business has come in a way least likely to produce reaction and collapse.

The reports of the commercial agencies at the end of the week were all gratifying and full of promise for the future.

A Hopeless Lost Cause.

From the Louisville Post.

Is it expedient to commit the Democratic party further to free silver?

We think not. The election shows that the country is opposed to free silver, and, to use the phrase of the New York *World*, that "the sound money line is impregnable." It takes 224 votes in the Electoral College to name a President. Now look at this phalanx:

	Electoral vote.	Plurality.
Connecticut	6	50,000
Illinois	24	138,000
Iowa	13	68,000
Maine	6	55,000
Maryland	8	32,000
Massachusetts	15	169,000
Michigan	14	55,000
Minnesota	9	50,000
New Hampshire	4	35,000
New Jersey	10	85,000
New York	36	305,000
Ohio	23	50,000
Pennsylvania	32	295,000
Rhode Island	4	15,000
Vermont	4	38,000
West Virginia	6	13,000
Wisconsin	12	103,000
Total	226	

There is not a doubtful state on the list, and neither Kentucky, California, Washington nor Indiana is there. It is well to consider the matter as one of practical politics. Committed to free silver, the Democratic party is doomed to perpetual defeat.

A Groundless Assertion.

The New York *Journal* asserts that Mark Hanna had a corruption fund of sixteen millions of dollars for the conduct of the recent campaign of which two millions remains unexpended. But the *Journal* offers nothing but its own unsupported assertion, either as to the extent of the fund raised by Mr. Hanna, as chairman of the Republican National Committee, or the uses to which the money was applied, and its word is worth less than nothing in a matter of that character. The extreme probability is that money was not improperly used by Republicans at all. Certainly the election in the state of Maryland was the purest held here in many years. The methods to which ring Democracy usually resorted to in this State were impossible under the new registration and voting system and the effect of fairness is everywhere apparent in the result. Democratic hopes, even in several districts of Carroll county, were blasted because the usual means of swelling the Democratic vote could not be worked. As the Democrats persisted in claiming Maryland for Bryan by a safe majority, it is reasonable to suppose that Mr. Hanna would have used money here, improperly, if anywhere. Yet it is perfectly certain that the Republican campaign in this State was as clean as any of either party, ever known in the old commonwealth. There is no reason to doubt that the same character marked the campaign in behalf of Honest Money and Good Goverment in every other State. The *Journal* and its imitators know much more about crooked methods in their own conduct than they do about Mark Hanna. Jones, Atgeld and Tillman, the Apostles of Bryanism, are not political saints, and it is perfectly patent that they did not stop at falsehoods to further the interest of their cause and candidates. Men who lie to prevent defeat will not hesitate to lie for the purpose of accounting for it when it is encountered.

Maryland's School Fund.

Governor Lowndes' plain talk to the Association of School Commissioners, composed of members of the board of education from every county in the State, has caused a sensation, particularly in the southern and eastern counties. The free text book law was the chief topic of discussion at the annual meeting, and a number of the commissioners sharply criticised Comptroller Graham's plan of distribution of the apportionment of $150,000 by the last Legislature, because it gave more money to those counties in which the colored population is large.

Governor Lowndes defended the Comptroller's course. "It is no use for you gentlemen to meet," said he, "and spend your time talking about Mr. Graham. He is acting on the best legal opinions, and you cannot change his policy. Go the next Legislature if you want things different."

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

VISITED MAJOR McKINLEY.

Senator-elect Wellington and the President Confer.

Senator-elect Wellington returned at three o'clock yesterday morning from Canton, Ohio, where he had an interview with President-elect McKinley on Saturday. He was accompanied by his private secretary, Mr. Willim J. Feaga. Speaking last night of his visit Mr. Wellington said: "My reception by Major McKinley was most cordial; in fact I never had a pleasanter chat with any man in my life. Major McKinley was in the best of health and spirits. Upon arriving in Canton I went to the Hurford House. I sent Mr. Feaga to see when it would suit the Major to have me call. He sent word back, 'Right away.' Mr. Feaga and I then repaired to the McKinley homestead.

"I went to see Major McKinley upon his invitation, and the nature of our conference was confidential, so that it would not be in good taste to divulge what occurred. However, I can say, that we discussed matters pertaining to the incoming administration and I have every reason to believe that the relations between the President and myself will always be of a most harmonious and satisfactory character. It was a perfectly plain, straightforward talk and the situation was thoroughly reviewed.

"Major McKinley did not forget to express his gratification, and with much feeling, over the splendid victory achieved in Maryland.

"He said he hoped everything pertaining to the State and the national administration would work in harmony. I assured him that we would work to the one great end, namely, that his administration should be for the good of the whole people and an honor to himself. Indeed, our interview, which lasted over an hour, could not have been more agreeable or satisfactory. He insisted upon my staying longer, but as the business had been transacted and it was but a few minutes of train time I took my leave."

Senator-elect Wellington will probably leave to-day for Washington to spend the day. On Friday he will go to Brooklyn, N. Y., where in the evening he will be tendered a reception by the Elks. On Saturday evening a reception will be given in his honor at the Union League, and on Sunday he will deliver the memorial address to the Elks in Plymouth church, Brooklyn.

FROM ANOTHER SOURCE.

The Canton correspondent of the New York *Tribune* telegraphed to that journal the following:

Major McKinley had a number of visitors to-day of prominence. The first caller from a distance was Senator-elect George L. Wellington, of Cumberland, Md. Major McKinley congratulated Mr. Wellington upon the handsome victory won by the Maryland Republicans, and discussed the political situation at some length.

Senator-elect Wellington, who is thoroughly conversant with political conditions in Maryland, said afterward to the correspondent of the *Tribune:* "I think Maryland may safely be added to the column of Republican States. The tide has been turning for several years. It was artificially and fraudulently stayed for a period by the inadequate election laws which obtained in Maryland, but new and modern legislation governing elections has been enacted, and the will of the people now finds full and honest expression at the polls. We have fair elections and fair counts. So long as these conditions prevail the State will be Republican. The bitterness that was engendered by the war has been diminishing steadily, and is now no longer a force to be played upon by politicians. Maryland has taken her place in the line of progressive, prosperous States. Our people understand that the Republican party is a party which comprises both business and patriotism, and they feel that material prosperity is sure to follow in the wake of great Republican victories."

Referring to the Cabinet, Senator-elect Wellington said: "The people of Maryland would be glad to see such a man as James A. Gary, of Baltimore, in Major McKinley's Cabinet. He is a capable man, well known in business and political circles. He has the indorsement of the State.—Monday's Cumb. News.

International Bimetallism.

Mr. Bryan in his speeches during the recent campaign frequently asserted that the plank in the Republican platform advocating bimetallism by international agreement was a "hollow mockery," and that the forces which controlled the St. Louis convention were opposed to bimetallism with or without an international agreement. Perhaps Mr. Bryan believed all that he said about the hostility of his opponents to silver, but as Mr. McKinley will no doubt make an effort to secure the co-operation of the commercial nations of Europe in perfecting a scheme of international bimetallism, Mr. Bryan and his friends should be content to wait for what the future may bring forth before they condemn the policy of their antagonists. As the incoming administration will probably appoint a commission to represent this country in the event that European nations are willing to reconsider the subject of bimetallism, it would not be a bad stroke of policy if Mr. McKinley were to select Mr. Bryan a member of that commission, so that the latter might have an opportunity to ascertain by practical experience the difficulties in the way of making sweeping changes in the monetary system of the world. There could then be no charge of lukewarmness or honest effort on the part of Mr. Bryan or his friends if they attempt to extend the use of silver for redemption money were not regarded with favor by the representatives of European nations. Mr. Bryan would have every opportunity to impress upon the members of an international monetary congress the views which he presented during the campaign. The result probably would be just what it was when the issues were fairly understood by the American people and rejected by a great majority of the voters. Still, if the "claims of silver" are presented to the financiers of Europe by the most prominent advocate of free coinage in the United States, it will be impossible hereafter for the friends of the white metal to complain that the cause of bimetallism was not pressed with earnestness and vigor.—Sun.

The Assessment Law.

Several Hagerstown lawyers have expressed the opinion that the new assessment law will yet be "knocked out" by the Court of Appeals.

The law does not permit the person assessed, when the mere matter of valuation is concerned, to appeal from the Board of Control and Review and in this particular, the lawyers say, the law may be proven unconstitutional.

For instance, should the Board of Control and Review (though it is not likely to do so) assess a man's property at considerably more than it is actually worth, the person so assessed is without a remedy.

It is intimated that several persons who believe that they have been asseesed too high will bring the matter into the Circuit Court by refusing to pay taxes, and thus get an opinion on the validity of that clause giving the Board of Control and Review final power.

The law provides that where the question of title is involved an appeal may be taken to the Circuit Court, but as far as the valuation of property is concerned the Board of Control and Review is the highest tribunal.

Merit is Not Enough.

Mr. Carpenter, United States Commercial Agent at Furth, Germany, says: "Americans seem to think that the merits of their goods ought to be sufficient to guarantee them a market and that it is, therefore, unnecessary to make special efforts to find customers in foreign lands." American merchants used to have the same idea with respect to the home market—the result partly of vanity, and partly of failure to precieve the truth that merit without push is a talent buried in a napkin. Advertising has taught them better at home; and they should utilize a large share of their wisdom in the foreign market.

A Welcome Stranger

Under pleasant auspices a son came to the household of Judge D. W. Sloan Wednesday morning, finding two sisters, but no brothers. He must be all that Shakspeare called "a gracious little fellow," for the Judge, at whose own birth a jovial star must have reigned, has been apparently more in love with his life than ever before. His very apt and felicitous presentation of Gen. Gordon half a *diem* later is largely traceable, no doubt, to the propitious morning event. Congratulations.—Frostburg Journal.

Broken Chain

The family circle is never so happy after the chain is broken and a link taken. Some family chains are strong, others weak. Have you a good family history? Or is there a tendency to coughs, throat or bronchial troubles, weak lungs? Has a brother, sister, parent or near relative had consumption? Then your family chain is weak. Strengthen it. Take SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites. It makes rich blood, gives strength and vigor to weak lungs and run-down constitutions. With its aid the system throws off acute coughs and colds. It prevents the chain from breaking.

Shall we send you a book about this, free?

For sale by all druggists at 50c. and $1.00
SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

THE NATIONAL TREASURY.

Receipts During the Past Fiscal Year Were $326,976,200, While the Expenditure Amounted to $352,179,446.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—The annual report of Daniel N. Morgan, treasurer of the United States, shows the net ordinary revenues of the government during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1896, to have been $326,976,200, and the expenditures $352,179,446, leaving a deficiency for the year of $25,203,246, or $17,601,977 less than during the preceding fiscal year.

The report shows that during the last fiscal year there was an increase of $7,863,134 in the receipts from customs, an increase of $3,341,192 from internal revenue sources, an increase of $2,479,622 from miscellaneous sources, and a loss of $97,823 from the sale of public lands, making the net increase in the receipts $13,586,125. The decrease in the expenditures amounted to $4,015,852.

The report shows the total receipts from the first $50,000,000 loan of 1894 to have been $58,660,917; the second loan of $50,000,000 of 1894, $58,719,710; the loan of $62,315,400 for 1895, $65,428,056, and the $100,000,000 loan of 1896, $111,355,612. From the first loan there was realized $52,850,264 in gold coin and $5,810,420 in gold certificates; from the second loan, $53,651,188 in gold coin and $5,068,410 in gold certificates; from the third loan, $65,428,051 in gold coin, and from the fourth loan, $109,327,455 in gold coin and $2,026,810 in gold certificates.

Referring to the condition of the treasury during the last year, the treasurer says:

"The gold reserve has been the cause of much concern and has been maintained only at the cost of a fresh issue of bonds and by the voluntary contributions of banks and financial institutions. With the exception of a brief period in the autumn of 1895 and another in the spring of 1896, the ruling rates of foreign exchange were such throughout the year as to permit, if not to require, the export of gold.

"In ordinary times and under ordinary circumstances there is a natural flow of gold toward the treasury, which often is limited only by the capacity of the treasury to carry the specie.

"Fortunate indeed has it been for the treasury that even during the most critical periods through which the country has recently passed these currents of inflow have not been altogether checked, and that where their volume has been materially diminished the loss has been partly made good by the assistance of financial institutions. In the fifteen months ended with September last the withdrawals of gold from the treasury in redemption of United States notes and treasury notes amounted to the immense sum of $192,972,205, while the net gains of gold from all sources attained a total of $98,138,902."

The public debt outstanding June 30, 1896, is shown to have been $1,769,840,323, and on June 30, 1895, $1,676,120,983.

SHERIFF'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, the same being No. 53 Judicials to December Term, 1896, at the suit of the Garrett County Bank of Oakland, Maryland, vs. William Klipstine, the undersigned sheriff will offer at public auction to the highest bidder for cash on the day of sale, on

Saturday, the 26th day of December,

1896, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, in front of the Court-house in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, all of the following parcels of land situated in said county described as follows to-wit: First, All that lot of ground which is known and designated as Military Lot Number Eighty six (86) containing the quantity of fifty acres of land more or less, and being the same lot that was conveyed to the said William Klipstine by deed from Elizabeth Myers and husband, dated the 30th day of May, 1896, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 20, folio 283, etc.

Second, All that part of a tract of land called "Republic," containing the quantity of two hundred and seven and a quarter acres, which was conveyed to the said William Klipstine by deed from Joseph R. Anderson and wife, dated the 24th day of January, 1887, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. —, folio 284, etc.

Third, All that part of a tract of land called "Mount Nebo," containing the quantity of one hundred and eighty-six and three-fourth acres, which was conveyed to the said William Klipstine by deed from Berkley W. Klipstine, dated the 23rd day of March, 1886, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. H, folio 278, etc., among the land records of Garrett county.

Said lands are improved and in a state of cultivation to some extent and will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs, or so much of said lands as may be necessary

Terms of sale:—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN,
38-3t Sheriff of Garrett County, Md.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.
OAKLAND, MD., Dec. 1, 1896.

Notice is hereby given by the County Commissioners for Garrett county that the General Assessors have been and are from now on under the control of the County Commissioners and subject to their orders, and all persons who have not been assessed and have not made out their schedules are required to do so at their earliest opportunity and have them ready for the assessors when they call for them.

The board will meet on January 4, 1897, for the purpose of appointing supervisors of roads and the districts will be taken up as follows:

Monday, January 4, Districts 5, 12, 3 and 9.
Tuesday, January 5, Districts 6, 8, 10 and 1.
Wednesday, January 6, Districts 7, 11, 2 and 4.
Thursday, January 7, the board will go into session as a Board of Control and Review, and all persons that have filed a notice of an appeal will be notified what day and date they will be heard and must attend on the day so arranged.

ISAAC W. ABERNATHY,
THOMAS H. LAYMAN,
County Commissioners.
Attest: J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

In relation to employers' liability for injuries to workingmen Massachusetts is decidedly advanced, New York wofully negligent, and varying degrees of interest in the matter are shown on the statute books of other States. You young men, many of yon legislators that are to be, may well take up this subject for exhaustive study and determine in your minds to secure a certain uniformity and justice in such laws. The mechanic of to-day, debarred from intimate acquaintance with his associates gathered by hundreds in factories, and by thousands on railroads, is hopelessly at the mercy of the carelessness of others.

It seems to be in keeping with our present state of civilization that the burden of maintaining the legless or armless, and certainly hopeless, sufferer, from injuries received while at the post of duty for some defiant employer, should fall on the strong employer, and not on the community at large, through the poorhouse or almshouse, or whatever else you may style the form that cold, perfunctory charity takes. The wife and children deprived of the bread-winner by another's negligence, would seem to have a righteous claim upon the man or corporation that had been served even as the families of soldiers have worthy claim upon the country whose battles disabled the husband and father.

I suggest no wrongful imposition upon the employer, nor do I utter any ravings about illegal profits and heartless grindings. Employers are men like onrselves and in the average quite as reasonable as the toilers. But I do not speak out emphatically for uniformity in relation to liability as much for the sake of the wage payer as the wage earner; for the intensity of competition has rendered the employer in some cases even less certain of profit than the workman of wages. Any charge, therefore, upon the employers in one State not equally borne by men in similar business just across the border of another State would be quite naturally resisted.

Still, you will find among employers a decided willingness to have this burning question of a manufacturing age properly discussed and forever settled. Wherever progress is made in any State equal to that in Massachusetts, the natural result will be the formation of insurance companies to assume the monetary responsibility of the employer at so much per month or year for every employe. This is one of those subjects, young men, quite worthy of your consideration. It may not have in it any money rewards for your efforts, but it will have in it an element that no money ought to be able to buy, justice.

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A child just learning to toddle can prattle forth a string of "whats" and "whys" that will be the desperation of the most learned philosopher. I heard of one recently that was propounded when a child by a former United States Fish Commissioner. "Papa," said he, "before there was anything, what was there, and what did it look like?" These questions of childhood signify much to them, if patiently and properly answered. Their little inquisitive minds are like magnets gathering particles of metal here, there and everywhere, in imbuing those particles with their own individuality.

Dear mother, whose whispered "yes" is working in its effects on the children gathered around you, and will work on generations of men whom your eye shall never behold; strong father, whose purpose in life has been to win and to honor that wife with worldly goods and moral purity, I thrill at the knowledge that thousands of eyes like yours look over these written words. Let me put to you a question. How will you answer your child when with a puzzled look and a growing sense of its own existence it comes to ask, "Where did I come from?" Will you evade the question with blushings and confusion, and tell the child some story about storks or gooseberry bushes? So surely as you do you will soon find it listening with avidity to the story told by some more knowing companion, and your silence and evasion will seem to it like an association of impurity and shame with the child's existence. Learning about holy things at the unholy fount of inflamed guessings, little wonder if later in life the child should regard love and marriage as merely refined names for lust and self gratification.

I cannot do better at this point than quote a beautiful passage written by Dr. Mary Wood-Allen: "But supposing, at the time when the innocent child came with his honest query, the mother had taken him in her arms and with holy words had told him of the days when he had been a party of her own life, when held in her close and protecting embrace he had grown with the beating of her heart, and been moulded by the touch of her thought, when her love had enfolded him, and her prayers had created the tenor of his own thoughts, when through long days she had dreamed of him, and worked for him, and prepared for his coming, and finally had gone down into the vale of physical pain, perhaps even to the gates of death, with a brave courage to welcome him to his independent earthly existence. Do you not believe the holiest of feelings would have been aroused in that child's heart, and henceforth to him 'mother' would be the tenderest, holiest word, and love and marriage be symbolic of unselfish loyalty and most sacred responsibility? When the sweet story fell upon the ear of one child, he threw his arms around his mother's neck, exclaiming, 'Now, mamma, I know why I love you best of all the world.'"

No apology is needed for bringing in this subject here. Just as "intensest love begets the fiercest hate," so the uplift and the downfall of our race both are implied in sex differences. Homes and all the associated arts that go to adorn and sustain them take their origin primarily from the fact that man seeks woman for his own, and she takes him for herself alone. Yet those very sex differences, through misapprehension of all that they mean, through the criminal silence of parents, through the prurient prudery of the professedly pure, are fateful to overthrow and render null and void all the grandeur that is possible in our race. These differences are at once the Heaven and Hades of our life, and wise is he who chooses the path that is right, and blessed be they who guide him therein.

Temperance.

The residents of Oakland and Mt. Lake Park are to be congratulated in having clergymen so thoroughly in sympathy with the temperance work. In response to the invitation sent by the W. C. T. U. for the observance of Nov. 22 as "Universal Temperance Sunday," Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot preached a powerful sermon. Rev. William Brayshaw reported that his Sunday services were already planned but that he should preach at least eight sermons upon temperance during the year. Rev. S. M. Engle was out of town, but wrote that his heart was in the cause and that he should push the temperance work this winter.

For what has been done in co-operation with the organization I represent, and for what the brethren propose to do in the future, our heartfelt thanks are herewith tendered. Let us never cease to fight this tremendous foe of social law and order—the liquor demon—while hearing ever the Master's voice, "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

ELIZA B. SWAN,
Co. Supt. of Press Work.
Mt. Lake Park, Nov. 27, 1896.

A Girl Who Shoots Deer.

Deer and wild turkeys are more numerous in the mountains of Maryland and West Virginia this season than for several years. A number of Philadelphia and Baltimore sportsmen have had great luck shooting in Allegany and Garrett counties. For the first season in twelve years deer are plentiful within 15 or 20 miles of Cumberland.

Susie Harness, of Gardensville, W. Va., is one of the best shots on the mountains. She is a tall, handsome girl, and has made a record in deer hunting. Hunters from five or six states have their camps pitched in Hampshire county, West Virginia, which section seems to afford the best sport. Pheasants are scarce, much to the regret of the wing shooters.

Zack Laney, of Cumberland, who was the leading spirit in the movement to restock the surrounding country with partridges, says that the birds brought from Missouri last spring and put into the fields in care of various farmers, have been doing very well, and he hears of convoys in n number of places. The restocking will continue. Several hundred pairs are to be ordered. Garrett county is overrun with squirrels and rabbits. One man recently trapped 67 rabbits in n single day.

Col. Nat Ward Fitzgerald.

Col. Nat Ward Fitzgerald, who figured prominently in the late campaign as the Populist candidate for Governor of West Virginia, but afterwards withdrew, has sold his personal property and real estate at Terra Alta, W. Va., where he resided for the past fourteen years, and with his wife and two daughters, has removed to Salt Lake City, Utah. Col. Fitzgerald went to Terra Alta from Washington, where he was well known as a patent and pension attorney. In 1894 he was the Populist candidate for Congress in the Second West Virginia district against William L. Wilson. He is a man of striking personality and oratorical ability and has been dubbed "the Bryan of West Virginia." Free sandwiches and cider were drawing cards at his sale which took on the aspect of a big picnic. John M. Lamb, of Terra Alta, bought the farm, known as "Burgh Westra." Col. Fitzgerald is a warm free silver man and it is said his object in going West is to get into a section where the advocates of the cause are quickly recognized and rapidly advanced in the party councils. Col. Fitzgerald and his family were very popular among the residents of Terra Alta.

LOST IN SNOW DRIFTS.

Numerous Victims of the Blizzard in the West.

ST. PAUL, Nov. 30.—Human beings have been frozen to death, cattle have been smothered in snowdrifts, trains delayed, wires blown down and the November storm record is broken by the blizzard in the northwest. Men are missing everywhere in the heart of the storm.

Thomas Anderson, 18 years old, was lost in the snow near Moorehead, Minn. F. M. Burrows, mail agent, was lost in the storm at Devil's Lake, N. D. Frank Vack, of Chicago, and two unidentified men were found frozen to death, and three men were lost in the snow near Fargo, N. D.

From the cattle country in the western part of Dakota come reports of intense suffering among the live stock on the range. South Dakota is suffering, too. At Pierre over eight inches of snow fell, and the wind blew 28 miles an hour. Wires were down and trains and street cars tied up.

Cattle on the prairie strayed ainlessly and losses are reported. It was the worst storm for years.

IN THE PATH OF A CYCLONE.

PERRY, O. T., Nov. 30.—News reached here of a destructive cyclone at Ralston, a small town on the Arkansas river, 50 miles northwest of Perry. There is hardly a whole house left in the town. Mrs. Dorman and two small children were killed and many were wounded. The large store of J. H. Comer was blown down and in Foley's livery barn 15 head of horses were killed.

In Payne county, 50 miles east of here, many farmhouses were laid low and several persons were wounded. After doing its work at Ralston, the storm crossed the Arkansas river and struck the Osage Indian nation, and for 20 miles northeast took everything in its path. It seems to have gone to pieces there. The path of the storm was about a quarter of a mile wide.

SCHOONER STRANDED.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30.—The life-saving service has received a telegram stating that the schooner City of Philadelphia stranded last night six miles below Virginia Beach. The crew of seven was rescued by the life-saving station at Little Island.

About Good Roads.

"Constant dropping wears away stones," and it is only by constant reminders by the press that the public mind can be brought to the sensible conclusion that good roads are among America's essentials. They are not merely wheelmen's wants, but wants demanded by the comfort and convenience of everybody. It does not by any means follow that because a man has not a team of his own, or does not ride a wheel, that he has not a direct personal interest in the improvement of roads. European countries have long recognized their merits, and for centuries in some portions have enjoyed their benefits. We, in America, have only begun to appreciate, and mainly in the immediate vicinity of large cities, their great importance.

The importance of the subject demands a much wider-spread feeling of interest. While the area of the United States is too immense and the population too sparse to hope for many years to come, for a general good roads system, yet great progress can be made in sections of the country where farmers are prosperous, and where they have occasion to use roads to a considerable extent in order to get the products of their farms to railroad stations for shipment to large cities and towns. Were it possible to estimate the dollar and cent extra cost for repairs to wagons and carriages, the wear and tear of horse, mule and ox flesh over wretched roads, and the delays caused in winter by their impassability, the aggregate would be startling, and would, we feel assured, aggregate a sum far in excess of what would be needed to provide good roads and keep them in good condition. And if, to the economy referred to, be added the increased value of property, and last, but not least, the comfort of farmers and their families, there would be overwhelming argument in favor of immediate action. The work is a stupendous one, when viewed as a whole, but n beginning once made and the advantages clearly demonstrated, there would be steady improvement.—West Chester (Pa.) Republican.

A Statement Confirmed.

Some weeks ago a paper contained a story to the effect that Miss Alice B. Shaffer, of Gormania, who had been an invalid for some time, had been cured by faith, etc. Wednesday her father, Mr. D. W. Shaffer, of Mt. Storm, W. Va., seven miles from Gormania, called at our office and confirmed the report. He said that his daughter had been an invalid for about three years and had been in a hospital in Philadelphia, but while there something told her she must come home to be cured.

She was brought home and was here in Cumberland the day that Mr. Bryan was here and had to be kept awhile in the city on account of high waters. She was unable to stand, sit or talk except in a low whisper. She was then taken home and while there an evangelist by name of Koch held meetings there in the M. E. church at Mt. Storm, (not Gormania.) The evangelist made Mr. Shaffer's home his home and had talked and prayed with the young lady and one evening at the services he asked all the Christian people to pray for the restoration of Miss Shaffer at a certain set hour next day.

About this hour the young lady's sister went to her room and inquired how she felt, and the reply was, "I'm better, I'm better," and immediately she rose up, got out of bed and began shouting praises to God for her recovery, and she has been well ever since. That evening she went to the church and spoke to the people and a more effecting scene had never been seen in that section—all were moved to tears.

Miss Shaffer had been a school teacher. Her father manufactures bed springs and is well known to many in this vicinity. They are highly respectable people.—Cumberland Times.

Loyal Temperance Legion.

The Loyal Temperance Legion of Mt. Lake Park has been reorganized with a membership of twenty-seven. Of these twenty-six have taken the triple pledge, that is, total abstinence from liquor, tobacco and opium. The next meeting will be held in the auditorium Thursday, Dec. 3, at 4:30 p. m. Miss Elizabeth Hawley, associate teacher in Briar-Bend Seminary, will give a lecture before the L. T. L., containing scientific instruction with regard to the evils of liquor as a beverage. All, both old and young, are cordially invited to be present. Our success as temperance workers depends largely upon our knowledge of the scientific facts that prove liquor to be so harmful to the human system.

The teachers in Mt. Lake Park and Loch Lynn are earnestly requested to induce their pupils to come to the meeting and to come with them. Let us make a grand rally for temperance.

ELIZA B. SWAN,
Co. Supt. Scientific Temperance.
Mt. Lake Park, Nov. 27, 1896.

B. & O. Again Leads.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company again leads its competitors in the amount of eastbound tonnage. Last week's total eastbound tonnage aggregated 61,866 actual tons, and the percentages carried by the 10 joint traffic lines were: Baltimore and Ohio, 12.6 per cent; Lake Shore, 11.8; Michigan Central, 10.5; Fort Wayne, 7.4; Panhandle, 9.1; P. C. & St. L., 11; Grand Trunk, 10.2; Erie, 11.1; Wabash 8.2; Big Four, 8.1.

The fact that the B. & O. carried the biggest portion of the tonnage has caused further comment in railroad circles. That that road should lead other roads is marveled at, although official denial is given of the reports that the heavy tonnage of late hauled by that company was secured by rate-cutting.

A Scientific Problem.

A problem is now being discussed in the columns of the Washington *Star* by volunteer correspondents which may have some interest for such of the readers of THE REPUBLICAN as are attending school and studying the physician sciences. We should be glad to publish any solutions of the problem, or comments thereon, that may be furnished, provided they are not too long. The question is this:

Suppose that a hole were bored perpendicularly through the earth, and a hundred pound cannon ball dropped into the hole, where would it finally rest? Or would it continue to vibrate from the one side to the other?

Who speaks first?

Wheel of '97.

The long looked for '97 bicycle models have put in an appearance. In general they look much like the model of last year, but there are several improvements in detail. The crank-hanger is lower so that the chain runs down hill. The main portion of the frame of one of the highest grade machines is made of nickel-steel tubing one and one-eighth inches in diameter. The rear forks are of D-tubing. The joints are flush. The sprocket wheel has five spokes, and the flange to which the socket is screwed is a part of the crank forging. The barrel hubs have stubs inserted to receive the spokes, so that there will be no bend in the spoke at the point of contact. The tubing used for the handle bar is larger and the ball bearings are of larger size. The bearings are dust proof and fitted with self oiling felt pads which will keep the bearings lubricated for a year. There are improvements in the mud guards and in the seat posts.

Newspaperial.

We have received at this office the initial number of the *Parsons City Advocate*, edited at Parsons, W. Va., by Mr. William G. Conley. The paper will espouse the principles of the Republican party, and as it says in the salutatory, "It will heartily support every effort to place our people on a higher plane of education and morals."

NO ONE LIKES THEM.

A Lively Account of Carp Fishing at Shepherdstown.

A Shepherdstown, W. Va., special to the New York *Sun* says:

"Local fisherman often tried to catch the big carp with hook and line, but nothing in the way of bait was ever found to tempt them until E. D. Bowley set his wits to work. Mr. Bowley struck a combination that proved irresistible to the carp. He took the green tops of young garlic and chopped them up very fine, and mixed them with cornmeal and made a sort of dough. He sewed the dough up in mosquito netting, making the lumps about as big as the end of his finger, and fastened hooks inside. With this bait he proceeded to Dam No. 4 and cast his line into a big basin where the carp could be seen plunging and puffing as they disported themselves in the water. In about two minutes Mr. Bowley had a bite, and when he began to reel in he thought he had a mule. His bait had been taken by a tremendous carp, and it was only after a half hour's spirited struggle that he landed his fish. It was a big German carp that weighed exactly twenty-four pounds, and some of its scales were almost as large as a silver dollar. Mr. Bowley threw in again, and his bait was immediatey taken by another huge fish, weighing about twenty pounds. By noon he had caught eight of the monsters, varying in wight from eighteen to thirty-two pounds. The last one he hooked ended the day's sport. Although he didn't have any opportuniy to weigh it, Mr. Bowley thinks the fish must have been a forty-pounder at least. He hooked it firmly, but the big fellow was so strong that Mr. Bowley was forced to follow it into the water almost waist deep. By slow degrees he reeled it toward him, and by the time the slack had been taken out of all but about ten feet of the line the fisherman was pretty well exhausted. Just at this time the fish made a rush at Mr. Bowley, and passing between his legs gave a mighty flirt that tumbled him headforemost into the water. By the time the fisherman had scrambled ashore and got his breath the fish was far down the river. The fish Mr. Bowley had caught made a good sized wagon load and he was generous to his friends in Shepherdstown. The carp were cooked in every style, but after one meal no one could be found who was enthusiastically in favor of the carp as a food fish. The unanimous opinion was that it took artistic cooking and extra good sauce to make it palatable. Other fishermen tried Mr. Bowley's bait with more or less success, and some persons have found that the carp bite well on green corn, fresh from the cob. But no one goes to much trouble to catch them because they are worth nothing after they are caught."

Church Notice.

Episcopal services will be held in the Chapel, Sixth and Alder streets, Sunday 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday-school 2:30 p. m.

Rev. Wm. Brayshaw will preach in Loch Lynn Hall Sunday next 5:30 p.m.

The Right Rev. Wm. Paret, D. D., LL. D., bishop of Maryland, after a few days rest at the Episcopal rectory, returned to Baltimore on train No. 8 Wednesday. The bishop had many callers during his brief stay and was well pleased with them and expressed much regret that his duties would not permit him to remain and meet many more Thursday evening, but promised to return in the early summer for another rest in this favored spot.

Call for Your Letters.

Mr. Daniel Mangron, Mr. Albert Gordon, Miss Martha Schell, Miss Mollie O'Donnell, Miss Laura Meyers, Miss Allie Forman, Miss C. Dens, Miss Eunice Brown.

Pea Ridge.

The ground is frozen and the snow beginning to fly.

Miss Mayme Liston, of Confluence, Pa., is teaching the Goodwin school at this place. She has an enrollment of thirty pupils. She is a very successful teacher, and we predict for her a bright future.

Dr. Bruce Lichty, of Grantsville, made a business trip to this place one day last week in regard to the newly erected school houses.

Mr. George Garlitz has purchased the Wilhelm farm and will erect a dwelling house in the near future.

Dr. D. O. McKinley, of Elk Lick, was here one day last week.

Wm. Steinway Dead.

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.—Wm. Steinway, the rapid transit commissioners and the head of the famous piano house of Steinway & Sons, died of typhoid fever at his residence, No. 26 Gramercy park, at 3:30 o'clock this morning. He was taken ill three weeks ago.

Andrew B. Gander, Att'y at Law. Alexander C. Mason, Surveyor.

GONDER & MASON,
-: REAL -:- ESTATE -:- AGENTS, :-
OAKLAND, MD.
40—1yr. Office, Shartzer's Opera House.

Ripans Tabules relieve nausea.

Some Relics.

Monday afternoon on the lookout for news THE REPUBLICAN was shown by Col. A. G. Sturgiss a number of Confederate bills in denominations from 50 cents to $100. One of the bills for $100 was issued at Richmond Aug. 12th, 1862, which bore on its face a promise to pay interest at the rate of two cents per day. On the reverse side of the bill there is stamped a certificate that the interest had been paid to January 1st, 1865. A calculation was made and it was shown that from the time the bill had been issued the aggregate of interest paid by the Confederate government to January 1st, 1865, amounted to $1,760. This immense sum for the use of one hundred dollars for less than thirty months was of course paid in Confederate money.

Col. Sturgiss has also in his possession an orlginal copy of the *Maryland Journal and Baltimore Advertiser* dated Friday, Aug. 29, 1773. This paper is in an excellent state of preservation, and came into the possession of Col. Sturgiss along with a number of other relics belonging to the late George Wagner, of Morgantown, W. Va.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE
SITUATED IN GARRETT COUNTY.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Sarah E. Wilt and John W. Wilt, her husband, to Lewis Popp, dated the 11th day of April, in the year 1892 and recorded among the Land Records of Garrett County, in Mortgage Record Liber E. Z. T. Number 18, folio 423, the undersigned, as mortgagee, will offer for sale at public auction on

Thursday, the 17th day of Dec., 1896,

AT TWO O'CLOCK P. M.,

in front of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, the following real estate, to-wit:

First, All that parcel of land, containing 61½ acres, being part of a tract called

"CHEVIOT DALE,"

and being the same property which was conveyed by Daniel M. T. Wilt to Sarah E. Wilt, by deed of June 27, 1891, recorded among said land records in Liber E. Z. T. Number 19, folio 27.

Second, All that parcel of land, containing 67½ acres, being a part of a tract of land called

"PEA PATCH,"

and being the same property which was conveyed by Michael Gibson and J. W. W. Davis to Sarah E. Wilt, by deed dated the second day of March, in the year 1892, and recorded among said land records in Liber E. Z. T. Number 19, folio 336.

The above parcels of land comprise one farm, situated about ten miles from Bloomington and six miles from Frankville Station on the B. & O. Railroad, and the place whereon Stephen F. Broadwater now lives.

The farm is well watered, and is improved by one Log Dwelling House, a Barn and a Spring House; about sixty acres are cleared, and the balance is in timber.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash.

36—4 LEWIS POPP, Mortgagee.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from John J. Beeghley and Ellen Beeghley, his wife, to Joshua Beeghley and Sally Beeghley, dated May 20th, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 14, folio 773, etc., one of the mortgage records of Garrett county, Maryland, and duly assigned to John P. Spiker, the assignee will offer for sale at public auction, on

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1896,
AT TEN O'CLOCK A. M.,

on the premises, near the Cove postoffice in said county, the following valuable real estate:

All those pieces or parcels of land situated in said Garrett county, known and described as Military Lots Nos. twenty-five hundred and ninety-nine (2599), twenty-six hundred (2600), twenty-six hundred and one (2601) and twenty-six hundred and two (2602), containing two hundred acres more or less, excepting one-fourth acre where school-house is located.

The above parcels of land comprise one farm, situated in the celebrated Cove settlement, and is now occupied by John J. Beeghley.

The improvements consist of a dwelling house, large barn and other necessary outbuildings; also apple, cherry and sugar orchards, and the farm is in a good state of cultivation.

Terms of Sale, Cash.

JOHN P. SPIKER,
Assignee of Mortgagees.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

John Shartzer vs. Loch Lynn Store Co.—No. 709 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

This is to give notice to the creditors of The Loch Lynn Store Company of Garrett County, Maryland, to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett County, on or before the 15th day of December, 1896, as I will state an account on said day in the above cause, distributing the money in the hands of John Shartzer, receiver, amongst the parties entitled to participate in the distribution of said fund.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
404 Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Henry E. Felty vs. The Maryland Supply Co. No. 791 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

This is to give notice to the creditors of The Maryland Supply Company of Garrett County, Maryland, to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before the 15th day of December, 1896, as I will state an account on said day in the above cause, distributing the money in the hands of James A. Delawder, receiver, amongst the parties entitled to participate in the distribution of said fund.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
404 Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

George O. Miller vs. Gustavus Delawder. No. 737 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

This is to give notice to the creditors of George O. Miller & Company to file their claims properly authenticated with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before the 18th day of December, 1896, as I will then state an account in the above entitled cause, distributing the money in the hands of John Shartzer, receiver, to the parties entitled to participate in the distribution of the fund.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
404 Auditor.

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENI. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

PETHERICK'S PERIL.

I was born and grew to manhood near the high cliffs of the coast of Cornwall. Millions of sea-fowl make their nests along the face of those wave-worn precipices. My companions and I used to get much excitement, and sometimes a good deal of pocket-money, by taking their eggs. One of us, placing his feet in a loop at the end of a rope and taking a good grip with his hands, would be lowered by the others to the nest. When he had his basket full they would haul him up, and another would go down.

Well, one afternoon, I thus went dangling off. They paid out about a hundred feet of rope before I touched the ledge and let go.

You must know that most of the cliffs along that coast overhang the sea. At many points one could drop 600 feet into the sea, and then be 40 or 50 feet from the base of the rock he left. The coast is scooped under by the waves. But in some places the cliff wall is as though it had been eaten away by seas once running on higher levels. There will be an overhanging coping; then, some hundred feet down a ledge sticking out farther than that of the top; under that ledge, all will be scooped away. In places there are three or four such ledges, each projecting farther than those above. These ledges used to fall away occasionally, as they do yet, I am told, for the ocean is gradually devouring that coast. Where they did not project farther than the upper coping, one had would swing like a pendulum on the rope and get on the rock if not too far in. Then put a rock on the loop to hold it till his return. When a ledge did project so that one could drop on it, he hauled down some slack and left the rope hanging.

Well, the ledge I reached was like this: It was some ten feet wide; it stuck out maybe some six feet farther than the cliff top; the rock wall went up pretty near perpendicular, till near the coping at the ground, but below the ledge the cliff's face was so scooped away that the sea, 500 feet below, ran in under it nigh 50 feet.

As I went down thousands of birds rose from the jagged places of the precipice, circling around me with harsh screams. Soon touching the ledge, I stepped from the loop, and, drawing down a little slack, walked off briskly. For fully a quarter of a mile the ledge ran along the cliff's face almost as level and even in width as a sidewalk. I remember fancying that it sloped outward more than usual, but instantly dismissed the notion, though Gaffer Pentreath, the oldest man in that country-side, used to tell us that we should not get the use of that ledge always. It had been as steady in our time as in his grandfather's, and we only laughed at his prophecies. Yet the place of an old filled fissure was marked by a line of grass, by tufts of weeds and small bushes, stretching along as far as the ledge itself, and within a foot or so of the cliff's face.

Eggs were not so many as usual, and I went a long piece from my rope before turning back. Then I noticed the very strange conduct of the hosts of sea-fowl below. Usually there were hundreds, but now there were thousands on the wing, and instead of darting forth in playful motions, they seemed to be wildly excited, screaming shrilly, rushing out in terror and returning in masses as though to alight, only to wheel in dread, and keep the air in vast clouds.

The weather was beautiful, the sea like glass. At no great distance two large brigs, and nearer a small yacht, lay becalmed, heaving on the long billows. I could look down her cabin stairway almost, and it seemed scarcely more than a long leap to her deck.

Puzzled by the singular conduct of the sea-birds, I soon stopped, and set my back against the cliff to rest while watching them. The day was deadly still and very warm.

I remember taking off my cap and wiping the sweat from my face and forehead with my sleeve. While doing this, I looked down involuntarily to the fissure at my feet. Instantly my blood almost froze with horror. There was a distinct crack between the inner edge of the fissure and the hard-packed, root-threaded soil with which it was filled. Forcibly I pressed back, and in a flash looked along the ledge. The fissure was widening before my eyes, the rock before me seemed sinking outward, and with a shudder and a groan and a roar the whole long platform fell crashing to the sea below. I stood on a margin of rock scarce a foot wide, at my back a perpendicular cliff, and 500 feet below the ocean, now almost hidden by the vast concourse of wheeling and affrighted birds.

Can you believe that my first sensation was one of relief? I stood safe! Even a feeling of interest held me for some moments. Almost coolly I observed a long and mighty wave roll out from beneath. It went forth a high, curling crest—a solid wall of water. It struck the yacht stern on, plunged down on the deck, smashed through her swell of sail, and swept her out of sight forever.

Not till then did my thought dwell entirely on my own position; not till then did I comprehend its hopelessness. Now my eyes closed convulsively, to shut out the abyss down which my glance had fallen; shuddering, I pressed hard against the solid wall at my back; an appalling cold slowly crept through me. My reason struggled against a wild desire to leap; all the demons of despair whispered to me to make an instant end. In imagination I had leaped! I felt the swooning helplessness of falling, and the cold, upward rush of air.

Still I pressed hard back against the wall of rock, and, though nearly faint from terror, never forgot for an instant the death at my feet, nor the utter danger of the slightest motion. How long this weakness lasted I know not; I only know that the unspeakable horror of that first period has come to me in waking dreams many and many a day since; that I have long nights of that deadly fear; that to think of the past is to stand again on that narrow foothold, and to look around on the earth is often to cry out with joy that it widens away from my feet.

Suddenly these words flashed to my brain: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. Fear not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows." My faculties so strained, I seemed to hear the words. Indeed, often yet I think that I did truly hear a voice utter them very near me.

Instantly hope arose, consciously desperate indeed, but I became calm, resourceful, capable, and feeling unaccountably aided. Careful not to look down, I opened my eyes and gazed far away over the bright sea. The rippled billows told that a light outward breeze had sprung up. Slowly, and somewhat more distant, the two brigs moved toward the horizon. Turning my head, I could trace the narrow stone of my footing to where my rope dangled, perhaps 300 yards distant.

It seemed to hang within easy reach of the cliff's face, and instantly I resolved and as instantly proceeded to work toward it. No time remained for hesitation. Night was coming on. I reasoned that my comrades thought me killed. They had probably gone to view the new condition of the precipice from a lower station, and on their return would haul up and carry off the rope. I made a move toward it. Try to think of that journey!

Shuffling sidewise very carefully I had not made five yards before I knew that I could not continue to look out over that abyss without glancing down, and that I could not glance down without losing my senses. Imagine trying to move sidewise—incapable of closing your eyes, forced to look down, from end to end 300 feet! Imagine you've got to go on or jump off! Would you not, in an ecstacy of nervous agitation, fall to your knees, get down face-first at full length, clutch by your hands, and with shut eyes feel your way? I longed to lie down and hold, but, of course, that was impossible.

The wall at my back made it worse. The cliff seemed to press outward against me. It did, in fact, incline very slightly outward. It seemed to be thrusting me off. Oh, the horror of that sensation! Your toes on the edge of a precipice, and the implacable, calm mountain apparently weighing you slowly forward.

I knew that with my back to the wall I could never reach the rope. I could not face toward it and step forward, so narrow was the ledge. Motion was perhaps barely possible that way, but the breadth of my shoulders would have forced me to lean somewhat more outward, and this I dared not and could not do. Also, to see a solid surface before me became an irresistible desire. I resolved to try to turn round before resuming the desperate journey. To do this I had to nerve myself for one steady look at my footing.

In the depth below the myriad sea fowl then rested on the black water, which, though swelling more with the rising wind, had yet an unbroken surface at some little distance from the precipice, while farther out it had begun to jump to white-caps, and in beneath me, where I could see, it dashed and churned with a faint, pervading roar that I could barely distinguish. Before the descending sun a heavy bank of cloud had arisen. The ocean's surface bore that appearance of intense and angry gloom that often heralds a storm, but, save the deep murmur going out from below my perch, all to my hearing was deadly still.

Cautiously I swung my right foot before the other and carefully edged around. For an instant, as my shoulder rubbed against the rock, I felt that I must fall. I did stagger, in fact, but the next moment stood firm, face to the beetling cliff, my heels on the very edge, and the new sensation of the abyss behind me no less horrible than that from which I had with much difficulty escaped. I stood quaking. A delirious horror thrilled every nerve. The skin about my ears and neck, suddenly cold, shrank convulsively.

Wild with fear, I thrust forward my head against the rock and rested in agony. A whir and wind of sudden wings made me conscious of outward things again. Then a mad eagerness to climb swept away other feelings, and my hands attempted in vain to clutch the rock. Not daring to cast my head backward, I drew it tortoise-like between my raised shoulders and, chin against the precipice, gazed upward with straining of vision from under my eyebrows.

Far above the dead wall stretched. Sidewise glances gave me glimpses of the projecting summit-coping. There was no fear in that direction. But the distraction of scanning the cliff-side had given my strained nerves some relief; to my memory again returned the promise of the Almighty and the consciousness of His regard. Once more my muscles became firm-strung.

A cautious step sidewise made me know how much I had gained in ease and security of motion by the change of front. I made progress that seemed almost rapid for some rods, and even had exultation in my quick approach to the rope. Hence came freedom to think how I should act on reaching it, and speculation as to how soon my comrades would haul me up.

Then the idea rushed through me that they might even yet draw it away too soon; that while almost in my clutch it might rise from my hands. Instantly all the terrors of my position returned with tenfold force; an outward thrust of the precipice seemed to grow distinct, my trembling hands told me that it moved bodily toward me, the descent behind me took an unspeakable remoteness, and from the utmost depth of the sheer air seemed to ascend steadily a deadly and a chilling wind. But I think I did not stop for an instant. Instead, a delirium to move faster possessed me, and with quick, sidelong steps—my following foot striking hard against that before—sometimes on the point, stumbling, stretched out like the crucified, I pressed in mortal terror along.

Every possible accident and delay was presented to my excited brain. What if the ledge should narrow suddenly to nothing? Now I believed that my heels were unsupported in air, and I moved along on tip-toe. Now I was convinced that the narrow pathway sloped outward, that this slope had become so distinct, so increasingly distinct, that I might at any moment slip off into the void. But dominating every consideration of possible disaster was still that of the need for speed, and distinct amid all other terrors was that sensation of the dead-wall ever silently and inexorably pressing me outward.

My mouth and throat were choked with dryness, my convulsive lips parched and arid; much I longed to press them against the cold, moist stone. But I never stopped. Faster, faster—more wildly I stepped—in a delirium I pushed along. Then suddenly before my staring eyes was a well-remembered edge of mossy stone, and I knew that the rope should be directly behind me. Was it?

I glanced over my shoulder. The rope was not to be seen! Wildly I looked over the other. No rope! Almighty God!

But what! Yes, it moves!—it sways in sight!—it disappears—to return again to view! There was the rope directly at my back, swinging in the now strong breeze with a motion that had carried it away from my first hurried glances. With the relief tears pressed to my eyes, and—face bowed to the precipice, almost forgetful for a little time of the hungry air beneath—I offered deep thanks to God for the delivery that seemed so near.

I stood there for what now seems a space of hours, perhaps half a minute in reality. Then all the chances still to be run crowded upon me. To turn around had been an attempt almost desperate before, and certainly, most certainly, the ledge was no wider where I now stood. Was the rope within reach? I feared not. Would it sway toward me? I could hope for that.

But could I grasp it, should I be saved? Would it not yield to my hand—coming slowly down as I pulled, unrolling from a coil above, trailing over the ground at the top, running fast as its end approached the edge, falling suddenly at last? Or was it fastened to the accustomed stake? Was any comrade near who would summon aid at my signal? If not, and if I grasped it, and if it held, how long should I swing in the wind that now bore the freshness and tremors of an imminent gale?

Now again fear took hold on me, and, as a desperate man, I prepared to turn my face once more to the vast expanse of water and nothing beyond that awful cliff. Closing my eyes, I writhed, with I know not what motions, easily around, till again my back pressed against the precipice. That was a restful sensation. And now for the decision of my fate. I looked at the rope. Not for a moment could I fancy it within my reach! Its swayings were not, as I had expected, even slightly inward; but when falling back against the wind, it swung outward, as though the air was eddying from the wall.

Now I gazed down steadily. Would a leap be certain death? The water was of immense depth below. But what chance of striking it feet or head first? What chance of preserving consciousness in the descent? No, the leap would be death; that at least was clear.

Again I turned to the rope. I was now perfectly desperate, but steady, nerved beyond the best moments of my life, good for an effort surpassing the human. Still the rope swayed as before, and its motion was very regular. I saw that I could touch it at any point of its gyrations by a strong leap.

But could I grasp it? What use if it were not firmly secured above? But all this time for hesitation had gone by. I knew too well that strength was mine but for a moment, and that in the next reaction of weakness I should drop from the wall like a dead fly. Bracing myself, I watched the rope steadily for one round, and as it returned against the wind, jumped straight out over the heaving Atlantic.

By God's aid I reached, touched, clutched, held the strong line. And it held! Not absolutely. Once, twice, and again it gave—gave with jerks that tried my arms. I knew these indicated but tightening. Then it held firm, and I swung turning in the air, secure above the waves that beat below.

To slide down and place my feet in the loop was the instinctive work of a moment. Fortunately it was of dimensions to admit my body barely. I slipped it over my thighs up to my armpits just as the dreaded reaction of weakness came. Then I lost consciousness.

When I awakened, my dear mother's face was beside my pillow, and she told me that I had been tossing for a fortnight in brain fever. Many weeks I lay there, and when I got strong, I found that I had left my nerve on that awful cliff-side. Never since have I been able to look from a height or see any other human being on one without shuddering.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Gaming in Old England.

In 1541, during the reign of Henry VIII., gaming became so popular in England that an act was passed by parliament prohibiting gaming to all persons of the rank of gentlemen, and forbidding cards, dice, tennis, bowls and the like to all persons of low degree, except at Christmas. The act seems to have had no effect in diminishing the amount of gaming.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE MONEY OR THE BURGLAR.

A Lady Takes an Unusual Course Under Trying Circumstances.

In St. Paul recently a lady was awakened in the night with the consciousness that somebody was prowling about her room. She soon became convinced that it was a burglar. Her husband was sleeping by her side, and she knew that his clothing and jewelry, the latter valued at over $700, would probably fall into the hands of the thief. But she kept perfectly quiet and permitted the fellow to take what he could and depart, preferring the loss of the money and jewels to the risk of having her husband shot, as he probably would have been had he been awakened.

There is no record of the husband's remarks on the discovery of what had happened, but a cold common-sense view of the case will commend the lady's conduct. It might have seemed more heroic, perhaps, for her to make a fuss, rush for the intruder, and wake her husband out of a sound sleep to find himself confronting an armed and desperate man; but she coolly weighed the merits of the two courses opened to her and preferred to keep her husband at the expense of the valuables that were pilfered.

One cannot settle this question for another. Circumstances differ on such occasions, but generally when a burglar has succeeded in getting fairly into the room he has advantage of the inmates. He takes his life in his hand, it is true, but he is wide awake and on the watch, while his victims often are neither and are also unarmed.

There is also the danger of a mistake in shooting an intruder at such times. The other night a man in New York shot a man who was prowling about his apartment, killing the latter, only to find that the dead man was an innocent somnambulist who had come from an upper room in the house in his sleep and harbored no thought of robbery.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

WITHOUT WINGS.

The Gar-Fish Flies and the South Pacific Native Catches Them.

"One of the most dramatic accidental positions I ever witnessed was observed in the islands of the South Pacific," writes a well-known traveler. "I was wading over the reef near the Tonga islands, with some men and natives, when one of the latter, a few yards away, suddenly threw some coral back in the water with a crash, which caused a number of long, sharp-nosed garfish to start out of the water. They bounded away like arrows, tipping the surface with their gills, and seeming to gain fresh impetus in this manner.

"The fish came directly toward us, and I instinctively dodged as one shot over my head. But just beyond me was a native, carrying a flat oval basket that looked more like a shield than anything else, and, seeing the fish, he threw it up, catching it fairly and squarely. The bill penetrated the basket, and the man looked for all the world like a warrior receiving an arrow or spear upon his shoulder. I afterward learned that natives were occasionally killed by these fish.

"Anyone who has lived in southern countries must be familiar with the sight of garfish. They bound over the waves in what appears to be a true flight, and one that suggests that there are many animals which seem to fly and have actual wings, though they have not in reality.

"The flying fish is a common example. The forefins are enormously developed, and are used in aiding the fish to soar through the air, apparently after the manner of a bird; hence to the genus exocetus has been applied the term of flying fishes. But the little creatures do not fly, neither have they wings. They bound out of the water, and give themselves a high rate of speed by the screw-like motion of the tail, then, spreading their fins, soar away as if held aloft by parachutes."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

OLD GOLD AND SILVER COINS.

Not the Rare Old Coins of Numismatic Collections, But Everyday Money.

No 20-cent silver pieces have been coined at any of the United States mints since by an act passed in May, 1878, such coinage was prohibited. The coinage of this piece went on for five years only and the weight of the coin was 77 grains. There are now of them outstanding about $150,000. Since February, 1887, no trade dollars of silver have been coined and the total amount of these in existence, though not in circulation, is now $35,000,000. The coinage of the trade dollar was begun in 1873 to compensate in part for the effects of the "crime of 1873," so-called by the silverites, and it was not until 14 years later that it was stopped.

An old coin of silver very rare nowadays is the silver half dime of 20 grains, the coinage of which was originally authorized by act of congress in April, 1792, more than a century ago. The coinage of half dimes was continued until 1873. There are now of them nearly $1,000,000 worth in existence, though they are rarely seen in circulation. Still another small and now retired silver coin of much more recent origin is the three-cent silver piece, first authorized in March, 1851, but not coined since February, 1873. The weight of the three-cent silver piece was 12½ grains, whereas the legal weight of the three-cent nickel piece, still in occasional use, was 30 grains. There are outstanding $1,250,000 worth of three-cent silver pieces.

The coinage of gold dollars was discontinued in 1890. Prior to that time nearly 20,000,000 gold dollars had been coined, and many of them are still in active circulation. The first of them were coined under a law passed in 1849, two days before Zachary Taylor was inaugurated. The three-dollar gold pieces, coined between 1853 and 1890 were 77 grains in weight, and there are of them outstanding $1,500,000 worth.—N. Y. Sun.

BICYCLES NEXT YEAR.

Plans That Are Being Made by the Manufacturers.

It seems a trifle cold to speak of the bicycle year of 1897 as already begun, but begun it is.

For months already the heads of the great manufacturing houses have been puzzling their brains over novelties to be introduced into wheel construction, and rival firms have been closely watching each others' movements. Most of them have pretty well determined next season's models and patterns; the next thing is to keep the factories running all winter to supply the spring demand.

A sharper line of demarkation will be drawn next year than ever before between the roadster and the racing bicycle—between the light, high-geared machine for track use and the wheel of moderate gear and weight which can be relied upon for ordinary roads. There is a considerable reaction against the 19-pound wheel, as used for heavy riders on the road. Sedate riders who are more fond of scenery than of speed will be perfectly satisfied with a weight between 22 and 27 pounds, while track racers will be built as low as 12.

The gearing shaft is no longer a novelty. Many firms will probably make chainless bicycles for next year, as the principle of the bevel-geared cog is so familiar in mechanics that simple applications of it can hardly be covered by patent, any more than the chain and sprocket arrangement now universal. The chainless gears will especially commend themselves to women because they require no skirt guards and will cause no grime of mingled oil and dust within sight or touch.

The gear even of roadster wheels is constantly rising, 56, 63 and 68 being successive landmarks of the progress. Next year one of the famous New England firms will build no gear below No. 80 for men's wheels unless specially ordered. This year the "standard wheels" have varied between 68 and 72. Next year 76 will be considered about medium. As the gear is raised the necessity of a brake becomes more urgent. Back pedaling as a means of stopping a high-geared wheel in swift motion is hardly adequate for an emergency. Equipped with a brake the rider of a 76 gear can ascend hills of fair grade which is fit for carriages. Women's wheels will be geared between 63 and 72.

Wooden handle bars are to be used by many builders as a means of saving a few ounces of weight and may become nearly as universal as wooden rims. Handle bars—and indeed an entire running gear—of aluminum would be much better, relatively to weight, but the cost is as yet prohibitive of general use.

Whether the cost of high-grade bicycles is to be reduced from $100 no one will know for some time yet. Some makers will propose to step in the other direction by making a line of "specials" at $115 or $125.

Whatever the list price no one need, now or next spring, pay $100 for a first-class wheel, if he is willing to buy a second-hand. There are so many "cranks" who insist upon having the very latest models that there are usually in the market plenty of little-used second-hand wheels of the best makes, and obtainable at from $40 to $60 each. Bicycles of the best '96 grades in good condition are certainly good enough for any but cranks or racers to use in 1897.

The present rage for tandems is expected to continue during 1897, and many light tandems are being built. The bicycle built for two was, early in the passing present season, used mainly for pacing purposes, but tandem racing is having quite a little boom this autumn and will undoubtedly rage with much virulence next year. It's a dangerous business, like road racing, but, like road racing, it will be hard to stop.

The most exciting novelty of the wheeling season has been bicycle polo, which was practically unheard of until about a month ago. It is a rather dangerous game, but not more so than polo as played with ponies at East Indian gymkhana or a Meadowbrook hunt meet. A low geared bicycle has decided advantages in playing it because it is so much easier suddenly to check or start it. Of course, the rider in bicycle polo must have a quick eye for distance, to be able to ride "hands off" at any angle, and to turn in the shortest compass. In spite of its difficulties the game will be the principal attraction at most of the big exhibition meetings in the riding academies this winter.—N. Y. Herald.

Too Clever by Half.

The people of the Orkney islands are blamed, as a rule, for "looking at both sides of a penny before parting with it." Quite a laughable example occurred the other day. A man, slightly deaf, went to the doctor with a bruised finger. The doctor washed and bandaged it, and when the man asked the charge said: "Oh, it is just a trifle, and won't cost anything." The man not hearing distinctly, said: "No, no; you will need to make it less than that." The doctor, catching on, said: "Very well; we will say two shillings and six pence." Which the man promptly paid, thinking he knocked something off.—Answers.

Turning Out the Old Generals.

Germany is fast turning out its older generals, 32 having been forced to retire within a year, which beats the record. The average age of a brigade commander is 53 years to 57 in the French army, where the average age of all ranks is higher than in the German. No German brigadier is more than 56, while 30 French brigadiers are over 61.—Chicago Tribune.

—Stentorian was originally the name of a herald mentioned by Homer, Stentor, remarkable for his tremendous voice.

Eyes

Ears, nose are more or less affected by catarrh, which is caused by impure blood. Cure catarrh by purifying the blood. Remember

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

ALUMINUM AND ITS USES.

A recent invention in aluminum alloys is Wolframinium, discovered by William Berg, a German contractor of aluminum military equipments, who also invented the Victoria alloy.

The production of aluminum has increased so enormously in the past decade that the development of working it has also been great, and we find results to-day which three years ago were hardly believed to be possible.

At the Rock Island arsenal a few meat cans have been made of stiffened aluminum sheets. These weigh but six ounces, while the regulation meat can of tinned iron for army uses weighs 16 ounces. The only fault found with the aluminum meat can is that if placed in a fire without food or some such material in it to conduct off the heat it will melt.

In this country the most promising alloy is nickel aluminum which, like the Victoria alloy, seems to be remarkably well adapted for castings. In this form (castings) it has a tensile strength of 25,000 to 30,000 pounds per square inch with the rigidity of cast iron. Its specific gravity is 3.0, while its remarkable resilience and ductility fit it for use in many articles of military equipment.

In the German and French armies the application of aluminum and its alloys to military purposes has passed the experiental stage in several important articles of equipment. Canteens cups, cooking utensils, etc., made of aluminum alloys can by means of stamping be made entirely without soldered joints, and however crushed and dented in service can readily be hammered back into shape.

MANUFACTURED NOVELTIES.

D. B. Jones, of Brooklyn, owns a watch that formerly belonged to Oliver Cromwell.

Queen Victoria's crown was made in 1838, contains 2,783 diamonds, 277 pearls, 27 emeralds, 17 sapphires and five rubies.

The largest steam hammer in France is that at the works of Marrel Freres, at Rives-de-Gier. It is of 100 tons weight and works on an anvil which weighs 600 tons. The face of this anvil is a solid block of steel weighing 165 tons.

SECRET SOCIETIES.—"My pa's an odd fellow," boasted a little boy. "My pa's a freemason," replied the other, "an' that's higher, for the hod fellows wait on the masons!"—Tit-Bits.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

What organ shall I buy?

Why not buy the one which holds the world's record for largest sales—the

ESTEY

Write for Illustrated Catalogue with prices, to Estey Organ Company, Brattleboro, Vt.

Yucatan, it is perfection.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

TEMPERANCE.

THRILLING STORY BY GOUGH.

Terrible Work of Rum Almost Beyond Belief.

A minister of the Gospel told me one of the most thrilling incidents I ever heard in my life. A member of his congregation came home for the first time in his life intoxicated, and his boy met him upon the doorstep, clapping his hands, exclaiming:

"Papa's come home!"

He seized the boy by the shoulder, swung him around, staggered and fell in the hall. The minister said to me:

"I could give you his name, if necessary. I spent the night in the house. I went out, bared my brow that the night air might fall upon it and cool it. I walked down the hill. There was his child—dead! There was his wife in strong convulsions, and he asleep!"

A man but 30 years of age asleep with a dead child in the house, having a blue mark upon the temple where the corner of the marble steps had come in contact with the head as he swung him around, and a wife upon the brink of the grave!

"Mr. Gough," said my friend, "I cursed the drink. He had told me I must remain till he awoke, and I did.

"OH, MY CHILD!"

When he awoke he passed his hand over his face, and exclaimed: 'What is the matter? Where am I? Where is my boy?'

"'You cannot see him.'

"'Stand out of the way! I will see my boy!'

"To prevent confusion I took him to the child's bed, and as I turned down the sheet and showed him the corpse he uttered a wild shriek: 'Oh, my child!'"

That minister said further to me: "One year after he was brought from a lunatic asylum to lie side by side with his wife in one grave, and I attended the funeral."

The minister of the Gospel who told me that fact is to-day a drunken hostler in a stable in Boston.

Now tell me what rum won't do! It will debase, degrade, imbrute and damn everything that is noble, bright, glorious and God-like in a human being. There is nothing that drink will not do that is vile, dastardly, cowardly, sneakish or hellish. We are united, comrades, are we not, to fight this monster, rum, till the day of our death?—Charleston Messenger.

BITS AND BREVITIES.

Of the 75 counties in Arkansas 45 voted no-license in 1894.—Union Signal.

The temperance cause is essentially a Christian cause.—National Temperance Advocate.

The Transvaal Volksraad has enacted a new liquor law embodying total prohibition of the sale of liquors to natives.

Statistical inquiries in Paris prove that 2,000,000 francs are annually expended there in the consumption of alcohol.

Of 611 paupers in the Edinburgh poorhouse, not one was a total abstainer, and 407 admitted that their poverty was due entirely to intemperance.

Nineteen of the leading railroads of the states report that liquor is forbidden to their employes when on duty, and 18 require total abstinence of their trainmen.

The grand lodge of Good Templars of Pennsylvania which met a short time ago at Reading decided to ask the legislature to pass an anti-treating law, and to make it a misdemeanor for a person to offer intoxicating beverages to another.

Prof. Morse, at a recent meeting of the Alumni Association of the Medico Chirurgical college in Philadelphia, said: "We are rapidly becoming a nation of beer drinkers, and the insidious hold gained by that incurable kidney affection known as Bright's disease threatens in time to decimate the ranks of the beer drinkers."

The worst thing in the world is sin. It is not suffering, or sickness, or loss of property, but sin. Concerning the worst sin which affects ourselves, one sin is as bad as another. Sin is poison to the soul, and sin kills the soul. Which is the worst sin which affects society? The worst or very nearly the worst sin which affects society is intemperance. Gambling is bad, murder is bad, stealing is bad, but intemperance combines them all.—Rev. A. F. Newton.

Alcoholic Stimulants in India.

The authorities at one time were so convinced that Europeans could not live in India without alcoholic stimulants that they actually prohibited the formation of temperance societies among the soldiers. The theory is now altogether changed, and the English soldiers in India include no fewer than 29,000 total abstainers.

Annual Deaths by Alcohol.

The statistics of the government in reference to loss of life by alcoholic drinks gives about 70,000 deaths each year. But a conservative estimate of the deaths caused by alcoholic poisoning, though credited to other causes, would increase the number to 400,000 annually.

STIMULATION VS. NUTRITION.

A Common-Sense Talk on Intemperance in Food as Well as Drink.

The most common definition of the term stimulant is "an exciting agent," in other words, that which compels activity or movement for the time, always to correspondingly weaken action afterward. Do we wish to be unduly excited in any single organ of brain or body? We can all understand that no one laboring under excitement of brain or mind produces the truest and best thought. It is sure to be tinged more or less by the abnormal condition. Why can we not see as clearly that the truest and best physical condition is not and cannot be produced through stimulation! Only admit that the principle of stimulation is true and the argument against alcohol is shorn of its force. There is no better stimulant in use among the "drugapaths"—alcohol being in small doses a tonic, in larger doses a stimulant, yet larger doses a narcotic, and still larger doses death. The lesser stimulants produce their evil results in much the same ratio, each one doing its own specific harm, besides developing the craving for something stronger. Many seem as much dependent on their tea, coffee, meats, spices and condiments as the slave of nicotine is on his cigar, or the toper on his glass. The moral sense of many persons prevents them from accepting anything that they believe intoxicating, yet with utter inconsistency they accept freely that which clogs the liver, kidneys and capillary circulation, till the whole system is saturated with poison and the blood so foul that hosts of disease germs find food and lodging ready prepared for them. Then when sickness gets full possession instead of seeking out and returning to God's laws that have been so ruthlessly broken and trampled on, they seek yet another stimulant, perhaps an inorganic poison or patent nostrum of whose pernicious qualities they are ignorant, and presently find themselves a companion of the woman mentioned by Mark, who had "suffered many things of many physicians, and spent all that she had, and was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse,"—as though health were bottled up! As though a few spoonfuls of some poisonous fluid or powder could mend all the broken laws, or purify the foul blood that can only be restored by God's own remedies of pure food and drink—pure air and sunlight, with normal exercise for body and mind—rest, sleep, etc.

The attempt to cure tired brain nerves, digestive organs and so on, by stimulation is precisely like the effort to cure a worn out old horse of weariness by urging him up the hill with whip and spur. True, that unkindness might seem to benefit the man that rides the horse—but could human reason imagine that it is any benefit to the horse? The remedy in both cases is rest. Judicious fasting alone would remove a large proportion of the "ills that flesh is heir to." It is still true of much sickness that "this kind goeth not out save only by prayer and fasting." It is one of the crimes of civilization that where food is plenty a large proportion of persons ignorantly exhaust about one-half their vitality in the attempt to digest and assimilate food they do not need; while the almost universal habit of cramming into the stomach countless stimulating preparations that are not food at all, produces sickness enough to support an army of physicians. Is not our blood manufactured from what we eat and drink and breathe? And does it not supply the brain as well as the body and, therefore, our mind and our life? Is not our body the temple of the Holy Spirit? What right have we then to swallow anything that comes to us in the guise of food or medicine, until we have fully investigated its qualities and are reasonably and conscientiously convinced that it contains only pure elements, easily digested and appropriated and will therefore make for us the purest blood we are capable of having? What right have we to foul stomach or liver or kidneys or blood when the wild animals guided by instinct alone can avoid these things? It never ceases to be a matter of astonishment that persons otherwise comparatively intelligent will accept and swallow the various preparations of lard, rancid butter, sugar, pepper, vinegar, ginger, cloves, mustard, soda, alum, alcohol, etc., without question, and will take almost any kind of poison given them by an M. D. and labeled medicine, or any patent villainous combination of poisons that has been given a high sounding name and well advertised. May the day be hastened when our temperance journals at least will refuse to publish such advertisements with their "picture gallery of the weak-minded" and hasten the advent of that kingdom in which the tired stomachs and livers, now overloaded equal to any mule or world's fair street car, will seek restoration in the normal way, through the rest of fasting and by setting wide open the five great excretory organs that God made to cleanse the body, and not by the whip and spur of stimulation.—Sadie E. Wilson, M. D., in Union Signal.

Success of Swiss Temperance Societies.

At the Swiss National exposition, held in Geneva this summer, the Swiss Temperance societies had a very creditable exhibit, and Pastor Philippe Chatelain, secretary of the International Federation of Temperance societies, was there daily to explain the charts and expound the principles to interested listeners. The news now comes that the Swiss "Blue Cross" and the International Federation of Temperance societies have each been awarded a gold medal by the exhibition jury. This public recognition will wonderfully help the Swiss temperance reformers, especially among a well-meaning and influential class which is still prejudiced against them because it does not know the blessed results of the movement.—Union Signal.

Prohibition comes into effect in the Transvaal, January, 1897

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Denmark allows every subject, male or female, who is 60 years of age, a small pension.

—About the thinnest thing in the world is the film of a soap bubble, of which it would take 50,000,000 to measure an inch.

—"The Union of People's Kitchens" maintains 14 kitchens in Berlin, where laborers who live too far from their homes to return at noon for a comfortable dinner can obtain such by paying 3d.

—The largest orchard in Great Britain is at Tottington, in the county of Gloucester. It is 500 acres in extent, and in some seasons yields to its owner, Lord Sudley, a profit of $50,000. The trees are chiefly apples and plums.

—Cardinal Richard, the archbishop of Paris, having learned that several priests of the diocese had been seen riding about the Bois de Boulogne on bicycles, sent for them, gave them a lecture, and then formally forbade them hereafter to stride a wheel.

—A French chemist has discovered that the eggs of certain species of fish are enveloped in veritable silk cocoons. Since the learned Frenchman began his experiments in this line (in 1894), he has found several different species of fish that produce eggs from which a fine quality of silk may be woven.

—Nothing less than a 30-inch diameter top will do milady now for her tea table. It has become a necessity to have a small bread and butter plate under each cup and saucer. It is an everyday matter with her to dispense high tea at five o'clock, and, after the English fashion, she has small sandwiches, scones, etc., and hence the plates.

—A Collection Among African Natives.—The orthodox plate or bag will not do for a collection among African natives. In an address at Cape Town the bishop of Zululand stated that, in response to one appeal, there were offered 93 baskets of mealies, seven head of cattle, one horse, some sheep, and a number of chickens. Those who offered the chickens put a feather in the plate, and brought the chickens at the end of the services.

PRUSSIAN AMBER.

The Specialty of the Baltic Coast—Picked Up on the Beach.

Amber is a specialty of the Baltic coast of Prussia and the British consul at Dantsic, in his last report, states that it is a monopoly worked by a firm which paid for the concession to the government last year a royalty of about £32,000. It is calculated that the firm has, up to the present, paid £1,000,000 in these royalties. Last year, in addition to the product of the mines, a good deal of amber was picked up on the beach at Pillau, in the province of East Prussia, having been washed up with the seawrack during the prevalence of the northwesterly gales. The shore at Pillau after a storm is sometimes covered with a layer of seaweed three feet thick, in which the amber is found entangled. Men, women and children find easy and lucrative employment in searching for the amber along this part of the coast. After a storm last year one man was lucky enough to notice a piece of amber the size of a child's head in the weeds near the shore, and with some difficulty secured it, having had to dive for it. The people engaged in this precarious work sometimes earn £1 10s a day. The raw amber that goes into Dantsic to be worked up is nearly all melted to make lac and varnish. The larger pieces are made into beads, which are sent all over the world and are known as Leghern corals. There is a great demand for them. Amber mouthpieces and ornaments, especially necklaces, some of which are very tastefully put together, are said to be gaining in favor abroad.—London Times.

Phosphor Bronze.

Phosphor bronze has long taken its place in the industrial world, and now the English manufacturers of this product report an alloy of it, termed melloid, which is a malleable phosphor bronze, having the property of being forgable at a red heat like steel. It is made of the finest copper and tin, containing no other metal whatever. Its resistance to corrosion is stated to be complete, while the tensile strength is as high as that of mild steel. These qualities render melloid of the greatest value for tropical climes, and wherever a combination of great strength with maximum resistance to corrosion is required, as, for instance, in boiler stays, fire boxes, boiler tubes, condenser tubes, condenser plates, pump and piston rods, bolts and nuts exposed to moisture, etc. It has a maximum strength of 28.8 tons per square inch when cold.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Snatching a Brand, Etc.

An evangelist who lives in the mission is so devout that he never permits himself to think a secular thought and his tongue cannot frame a worldly word. The salvation of souls in peril is his single thought, his sole occupation.

The evangelist has a very bright little daughter, five years of age. The other day she answered the door bell and found the coal man there with a bill.

"Papa is not home," she informed him, "but if you will come in, you poor, perishing soul, mamma will pray for you."—San Francisco Post.

The Pitfalls of Politeness.

Mr. Phizzidore Tarara (after his song)—I must beg of you to excuse my voice, Lady Jasmine, but I really ought not to be singing at all. Indeed, I have a doctor's certificate with me to say that I cannot sing.

Hostess (gushing over with sweetness)—I am sure a doctor's certificate was not in the least necessary, Mr. Tarara!—Tit-Bits.

GIRL ROOMMATES' TROUBLES.

Use Each Other's Sweetheart as Well as Clothes.

"I've come to take sanctuary with you," said the girl in the blue and green hat. "The fact is that I don't care to meet Louise for a day or two!"

"Been using her postage stamps, spilling her cologne, or—can it be possible that the lovely chiffon boa you were displaying at the theater the other night was hers?" asked the girl in the plum-colored gown.

"Oh, no, dear child, it's a great deal worse than that. You know you promised trouble when Louise and I took a room together last month."

"I think I only said that no room that was ever built was large enough for two feminine occupants. What has Louise been doing, then? Did she hang her rainy day dress on the hook over your fluffiest tea gown, or has she insisted upon monopolizing the mirror?"

"N—neither; she—"

"Will use your curling irons, will she? Well, the nicest girl I ever roomed with did that. Worse still, she used my bonnet brush on her velvet cape! A girl who would do a thing like that—"

"Must come to some violent end! I know. But I must say for Louise that she does none of these things. She—"

"Refuses to get up first in the morning and poke the fire, then? Pshaw, just let it get out for a morning or two—that will fetch her. I know how pink Louise's nose always turns if she gets the least bit cold!"

"No, she always attends to the fire—won't allow me to touch it, in fact. You saw me at the theater with Jack the other evening, didn't you? You know he used to come to take me out pretty often when I was at the other house, but somehow things haven't gone so well since I moved. Louise and I are the only boarders, so we share the parlor, and—"

"I begin to see now."

"Louise will stay in the room when Jack calls, and we seldom get a word alone. To be sure, he calls oftener than ever, but—"

"It does you no good, with another girl always in the room."

"That's it. Now, he spent Tuesday evening with me—us, rather. I didn't see him a moment alone. Louise even wanted to go to the door with him!"

"How ridiculous! And you can't complain to him, because of his masculine vanity."

"That's just it. I knew, too, that he had something to say, because he fidgeted so in the hall. He had no chance to say it, though, and I was not at all surprised when I came into the room the following afternoon to see one of his familiar gray-blue envelopes on the mantel. It was dusk, and I crouched down on the hearth rug to read it. It was an invitation to go that very evening to see that play 'of which you spoke when I met you on Monday.' By the way, it was on Sunday that I met him, and I didn't remember mentioning the play. Of course, though, I was pleased to go. He said that, as the time was so short, he wouldn't bother me to reply, but would come in hopes I would go."

"And you went?"

"Of course. You should have seen how envious Louise was. She'd been talking about that play for a week. But what puzzled me was Jack's behavior when he came. He seemed surprised to see me waiting for him."

"Expected you to keep him waiting, most likely."

"And he asked so oddly for Louise."

"Supposed that she wasn't in the room, I suppose."

"And all evening he was so queer and flighty that as soon as I got up this morning—Louise had gone down to breakfast—I fished out that invitation to the theater and reread it carefully, hoping to find the key to the mystery."

"And did you?"

"Yes. I hadn't looked at the envelope at all. It was addressed to Louise!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Guesswork in Bicycle Making.

We are often wont to think that in these days of scientifically trained designers there is less of the cut-and-try in constructive mechanics and more of scientific proportioning, but there are some glaring examples of the very opposite. Everyone can remember the fearfully and wonderfully distorted shapes of the earlier bicycles; and one has only to pick up an old catalogue or glance through the advertising pages of any of the leading magazines of a few years ago to be reminded of the outrageous defiance of all rules, mechanical and artistic, which those vehicles exhibited. One can scarcely believe that any attempt whatever was made to ascertain the forces or analyze the strains upon either frame or driving gear, and the present light and still frames and carefully proportioned propelling gear are the result of many trials and failures—a "survival of the fittest" rather than an "evidence of design." It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that a large sum of money and a vast amount of human energy might have been saved had just a little knowledge of mechanical design been infused into those early efforts, and, indeed, there are wheels now on the market making claims for superiority upon points which, to the engineer, are obvious mechanical defects, so that the cut-and-try stage cannot yet be considered as altogether past.—Cassier's Magazine.

Wisconsin's Lost Silver Mine.

A Wisconsin Central engineer is trying to locate the lost silver mine in northern Wisconsin by means of spiritualism. He has taken the medium and his wife with him, it is said, and proposes to have the spirit accomplish what man has never been able to do. The so-called lost mine that was based upon the fact that as late as 50 years ago the Chippewas on Chequamegon bay made trips into the country, returning with native silver, which they chopped out of the rock with their tomahawks. They refused to divulge its whereabouts to any white man.—Chicago Chronicle.

BRAVE AND UNGALLANT.

A Washington Hero Who Is Brave, But Who Will Learn.

A young fellow of 16 or 17 stood at the corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Nineteenth street the other morning, when the air was feeling like it would make a cyclist turn traitor to his country rather than miss a spin, and as a pretty girl—the prettiest of a bunch of pretty ones—whizzed past him with a smile and a nod, he pulled his cap at her, and, instead of bowing and smiling, he bowed and cussed.

A minute or so later the young fellow made a rush for a cable car as if it were a football, and when he landed he landed in the lap of a Star man.

"Hello!" exclaimed the Star man, "where's your wheel? A man on a street car a morning like this is fit for raisins, chewing gum and shawls."

The pretty-girl gang had turned about and were coming back.

"See that girl in the front row?" asked the young fellow.

"Of course. I'd see her if I didn't see any of the others."

The youngster shook his head.

"That was my fix, too, yesterday; but I'm not so any more," he said.

"What's the row?"

"That's where my bicycle is."

"Girl got it? She can't ride it."

"Naw, jacky yap. She consumed it yesterday."

The young fellow was becoming unintelligible, and the reporter began back pedaling till he slowed him down.

"Well, I'll tell you about it," he said, shaking his fist at the disappearing maiden. "I had just got a new wheel, and it was a beauty, and me and the girl went out in the country near Kensington to see some kin people of hers. She had an old second-hand wheel that wasn't worth a dollar, but she rode it like it was a $200 trap. There was a fine bit of smooth road leading up in a curve to the house, and we went up that like a pair of royal nibs, and created a sensation. Later in the day I was sitting up in front of the house, and pretty soon I heard a scream down the big road, and lo and behold you, there was the girl, with the red skirt she wore, making a fine target for a big brindle bull, and he was coming head down, like he was in the ring in old Madrid.

"I didn't know anything to do, not having a Gatling gun or one of those big 13-inchers, except to jump on my wheel and go down to meet the girl, which I did just in time, for she was so bad scared she couldn't do much. I suppose the bull was a hundred yards behind her, and in I sailed to attract his attention. But his mind was on that red, and he wouldn't change his course, so I saw that I'd have to try to stop him with my wheel or tell the girl good-by and go to town for a hearse.

"So I got a good hold of it, and as the bull swept by I shoved the wheel at him any old way, for I wasn't any bull fighter or toreador, or that kind. I was lucky, though, or the girl was, for the bull's horns caught in the spokes of the hind wheel, and it tripped Mr. B., sending him forward on his head and getting him so tangled up in the spokes, chains and handle bars, that when he did finally get on his feet the girl was in a safe place, and so was I, and the bull looked like he had been out all night in a cyclone with a barbed wire fence."

Here the young fellow stopped and sighed profoundly.

"That was my nice new bicycle," he concluded, like a wail, "and the darn girl never shed a tear when she rode back to town with another fellow, and I came in alone on an electric car. You bet the next time—" but the reporter absolutely refused to record what he said.—Washington Star.

Old-Fashioned Gingerbread.

To make the old-fashioned gingerbread or ginger bricks, for which "Daughter of an Old Subscriber" asks, mix a cup of softened butter, or make half of any nice clean beef shortening and half butter, with two cups of molasses. Boil a heaping teaspoonful of soda in a cup of milk. Stir a tablespoonful of ginger with the butter and molasses and add boiling milk and soda. Let the mixture cool a little, then sift in four cupfuls of flour and beat the batter enough to mix thoroughly. It should be beaten as rapidly and as little as possible to attain the desired result. Dredge flour on the board and over the batter. Turn it out on the board and cut it into portions, and roll out each portion into a slab an inch thick and about ten by five inches in size. Score these with the blade of a knife in parallel lines. Lay them in dripping pans and bake them in a hard, quick oven until brown, but not until they are hard. Cool them rapidly, as soon as they are taken from the oven. Serve them while still warm, breaking them into squares of uniform size. It is also nice cold, but will not keep fresh and moist beyond a few days.—N. Y. Tribune.

The Little Things.

"Some very good people have singular ideas," remarked a well-known divine to a Star reporter. "I was talking to a lady who is a member of my church, and thoroughly conscientious, but who neglects the amenities of life and thereby creates enemies. I thought I might induce her to see how she was injuring herself and took occasion to have a talk with her, in the course of which I said: 'It is the little things that make up the joys and sorrows of life.' 'Yes, doctor,' she replied, 'you are right. I know all about them. I raised ten, and there was a good deal of joy and a good deal of sorrow in it, and since they have grown up, my neighbors have little things, and they are certainly the worst to be found in Washington.'"—Washington Star.

Badly Torn Up.

First Deaf Mute—What's the matter with your hand. Been trying to ride a bicycle?

Second Deaf Mute—No. Been learning to speak Russian.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

WHAT MEXICO PRODUCES.

Many Plants of Great Importance in Commerce.

Sir Henry Dering has sent to the foreign office some practical notes on the cultivation in Mexico of the "yuca," or cassava plant, pineapple, ginger, "chicle," or chewing gum, sarsaparilla, jalap, licorice, canaigre and ramie. These, together with the plants dealt with in a previous report, form the principal products which may be profitably cultivated, together or singly, either on a large or small scale, by persons possessed of some small capital and desirous of obtaining satisfactory returns therefrom by investing in land in that republic. "The fault generally committed by Mexican planters," says Sir Henry, "is the confining their attention to one kind of cultivation on their land. If several different crops were taken off alternately, as in a system of rotation, or grown in different parts of the land where soil and climate prove suitable, the planter would find himself in even a better financial position than he generally does now. There is scarcely a spot on any estate, whether large or small, in Mexico that is not capable of giving remunerative returns from some plant or another." In addition to government lands there are innumerable tracts held throughout the country by private individuals which it is probable could be purchased at comparatively low prices, inasmuch as they can never be utilized by their present owners. And contracts might be made with the government by which immigrants settling on such lands might receive the same exceptional treatment accorded to those settling on government lands.

Sir Henry Dering states the yuca is to the peon in the tropical section of the republic what potatoes are to the poor and working people of Ireland. Yuca is a native of the country and its use dates back before the conquest by Hernan Cortes, and it has always formed a portion of the food of the ancient and present Mexicans, especially those living in Vera Cruz, Oaxaca, Chiapas, Tabasco and Yucatan. The returns of yuca cultivation are immense; the yield of an acre contains more nutritive matter than six times the same area under wheat. The writer planted last January in Atlaa, Pueblo, two rows 150 feet long, and was told by an old cultivator that there was enough food in that plot to feed more than 100 people for six months. The Toltecs and Aztecs knew how to cultivate the pineapple, and when the Spaniards conquered Mexico they found the fruit in the markets of the towns on their way from Vera Cruz to the great Tenochtitlan. From time immemorial the pineapple has been cultivated in Amatlan, a town two leagues south of Cordoba, from where the ancient Mexicans used to get their main supply. Now it is grown in tropical Hidalgo, Puebla, Vera Cruz, Tabasco, Chiapas, Oaxaca, Morelos, Guerrero, Michoacan, Colima, Jalisco and Tepic. Besides the fruit being very delicious and wholesome, Sir Henry Dering says a fine wine and vinegar are made of the juice. The leaf furnishes a fiber of extraordinary strength and fineness, making it even more valuable than the fruit. The fiber is made into ropes, cables, binding twine, thread, mats, bagging, hammocks and paper.

A pineapple rope 3½ inches thick can support nearly three tons. A textile fabric as fine and beautiful as silk is made of this fiber, too. It is believed that the fine cloths of various colors used by the upper classes among the Aztecs was made of the pineapple fiber. The moderns Mexicans do not manufacture it much now, except in the isthmus, where the Zapotec Indians still make a cloth from it and from wild silk. One cause of its disuse is the slow and wasteful manner in which it is separated. Ginger is found growing wild in various parts of Mexico. The returns from an acre of land vary considerably, but when cultivated under favorable conditions the crop ought to be 4,000 pounds and upward. A man having a ten-acre patch ought to have an annual income of $5,000 to $7,000. Though for years canaigre has been used by the Mexicans, both for medical and tanning purposes, it has but recently attracted the attention of the outside commercial world as a valuable source of tannic acid. The result of investigations has been to create a demand for canaigre in the tanning business of European countries and more recently in the leather-making centers of the United States. The only supply now to be obtained of this plant is from the wild growth along the rivers and valleys of western Texas, New Mexico and this republic, and Sir H. Dering says a fear has been felt for some time that with the constantly increasing demand the present sources of supply must soon become exhausted.—London Standard.

Danger in the Caster.

In connection with the fitting of a table, especially for the everyday use of the family, there is one source of danger which should be considered and avoided. Nothing which can by any possibility corrode should under any circumstances be used for holding condiments or other articles which are liable to remain unchanged from meal to meal. Solid silver is practically safe, though under certain conditions it may be affected by chemical action. But the cheap plated articles, or those made of cheap metal composition, are never reliable. An intelligent housewife not long since had occasion to take off the metal top of a pretty easter bottle, and was horrified to find it lined with a coating of mingled salt and verdigris from the metal. Salt is very liable to create chemical action of this kind, as it not infrequently is contaminated with foreign substances.—Good Housekeeping.

Cause of Unanimity.

Mrs. Henpeck—Do you notice, Mr. H——, that a great majority of the newspapers are opposed to easy divorce laws?

Mr. Henpeck (wearily)—Yes. I wonder how it happens that editors get such good wives.—N. Y. Weekly.

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is a poor combination from which to expect a production of anything respectable in the job printing line.

A "junk shop" means a worn-out assortment of type, rules, etc.; a "blacksmith" is a bunglesome printer; "two-cent apple butter" is synonymous of the poorest quality of printing ink; "rotten stock" is poor-made and cheap paper; and a "hunchback" is a press which is so old that it has naturally worn out of shape and usage.

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Bicycle Sundries of all Kinds, Cement, Pumps, Spokes, Tires, Wood Rims, Balls, Patching Rubber, Coasters, Lamps, Valves and Valve Stems, Repair Kits, Wrenches, Oilers, Locks, Etc., Etc.

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SOUTHWARD No. 3	No. 1	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 05*	8 00 lv	Cumberland ar	*12 00	17 30
3 31	8 31	Rawlings	11 27	6 50
3 56	8 56	Keyser	11 04	6 34
4 09	9 09	Westernport	10 51	6 21
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. June.	10 48	6 20
4 37	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5 52
5 00	10 00	Harrison	10 00	*5 28
5 15	10 45* ar	Elk Garden	8 55	*1 00
5 35	10 35† lv	Gorman	9 21	4 54
5 41	10 41	Bayard	9 15	4 48
5 52	10 52	Dobbin	9 04	4 38
6 21	11 23	Thomas	8 31	4 05
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	8 00	3 15
6 27	11 27 lv	Coketon	8 31	4 02
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	7 50	3 30
6 57	11 57	Bretz	7 54	3 25
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 51	3 22
7 33	12 30	Kerens	7 18	2 47
8 00*	1 00† ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	*2 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
	3 05* ar	Beallington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, November 22, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily ..... 3.46 A. M
No. 3—Daily ..... 6.41 A. M
No. 71—Accom daily except Sun ..... 9.30 A. M
No. 47—Daily ..... 10.49 A. M
No. 55—Express, daily ..... 6.13 P. M
No. 1—Daily ..... 9.58 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily ..... 5.59 A. M
No. 2—Daily ..... 8.31 A. M
No. 72—Accom daily except Sun ..... 1.38 P. M
No. 40—Daily ..... 3.43 P M
No. 4—Daily ..... 12.29 A M

*Will take passengers for Terra Alta, Rowlesburg, Newburg and Tunnelton.

CHAS. O. SCULL, General Passenger Agent.

C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30, 1896.

Senator Sherman, with characteristic promptness and bluntness, put his foot down on the sensational stories saying that he had made a deal with President-elect McKinley, Governor Bushnell and Chairman Hanna, whereby he has to resign from the Senate to become Secretary of State and Governor Bushnell was to appoint Mr. Hanna to succeed him in the Senate. Said Mr. Sherman: "I have not talked with Mr. McKinley nor with Mr. Hanna since the election, and no letters have passed between us except on ordinary matters. There has not been a word on the subject between either Mr. McKinley or Mr. Hanna and myself. I know Mr. Hanna well. We are friends. He is a man of lofty purposes and a disinterested gentleman. I do not believe he is seeking any office or wants it." Mr. Sherman also had something to say about the difference of opinion among Republicans as to what should be attempted in the way of legislation at this session of Congress, and he stated the case just as it is when he said that there was no friction among Republicans and no likelihood of differences that would give trouble. "The question is one," he added, "concerning which men may honestly differ, but all that will be settled in conference."

Senator Quay has reason to feel gratified at the reception his idea for the retirement of the greenbacks is meeting from Senators and Representatives, even if it does not get adopted. His idea is to remove the opportunity for raiding the gold in the Treasury by replacing the greenbacks with notes payable in gold at the option of the Government. He thinks these notes would everywhere be regarded as good as gold; that they would be used by the banks to maintain their gold reserve, and that their use would put an end to the much talked about "endless chain." Men who are opposed to further issues of bonds take kindly to Senator Quay's plan, and if no legislation increasing the revenue can be had this winter, they may try to put it through Congress, provided that it is endorsed by the Republican caucus.

While Republicans are unanimously in favor of the re-election of Speaker Reed, who is not likely to have an opponent before the Republican caucus the Democrats are actually beginning to fight for the empty honor of the leadership of the House minority, left vacant by the death of ex-Speaker Crisp. Tennessee has two candidates for the leadership—Richardson and McMillin—and Texas has two—Culbertson and Baily—and from the manner in which their friends are squabbling, it would hardly be supposed by those who did not know that they were after so unsubstantial a thing as the Democratic nomination for Speaker of the next House.

There is a decided revival of the talk of organizing a Patent Bar, with Rules of Pratice strict enough to make the profession of soliciting patents as honorable as that of practicing in our highest law courts. And there is reason enough for the revival, too. The honorable patent lawyer doesn't like to be considered in the same class as the green goods man, the bunco-steerer or the illicit vender of lottery tickets. But if something isn't done to stop and to prevent the bunco offers of alleged would-be purchasers of patents and of lotters prizes for inens whether patentable or not, there is grave danger that they will be so associated, certainly in the minds of those who are buncoed by these schemes of doubtful legality and of certain immorality. But after all, it is the inventer who needs protection the most. The U. S. Courts will give it to him after he gets his patent that he is skinned, if he does't exercise good judgment enough to make his application through honorable patent lawyers, such as would scorn the introduction of lottery methods into their business for the sake of enticing advance fees from the pockets of inventors. If an inventor doesn't know of such a firm he should inquire of friends, and take no chances.

Secretary Herbert's report will not be made public until the last of this week, but it can be stated upon good authority that it will take strong grounds in favor of the continued increase of the Navy and recommend that three new battle-ships and ten torpedo boats be provided for at this session of Congress.

Chairman Hanna is expected in Washington this week, to announce the Chairman of the inauguration committee and take other preliminary steps towards making the inauguration of President McKinley the grandest event of its kind in our history. It is supposed, but it is not certain, that Mr. Hanna will appoint Mr. S. W. Woodward, the gold Democrat who has been recommended for the position by Col. Parker, the District of Columbia member of the Republican National Committee, but whoever he appoints will have the cordial support of the people of Washington regardless of party.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

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Teething time is the most trying time of infancy. The little gums are hot and swollen. They tingle and ache and smart. All the nerves in the little body are on edge. Sleep restless—digestion bad.

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soothes and cools the gums, controls the bowels, cures colic, brings good digestion, sleep and rest. 25 cents, all druggists. Guaranteed. Made by JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

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Look to Your Interests.

The Oakland Flouring Mill is now ready to grind a million bushels of buckwheat. The best equippee mill in the county; all latest improved machinery. Can give either

Burrh or Roller Process Flour.

Mr. E. A. Dudley, who has charge, has been a life long miller, and knows how to make a good furniout of buckwheat flour.

Don't fail to give him a Trial. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Will make arrangements with all the Oakland merchants to buy your flour at big prices. Don't fail to give the Oakland Mills a trial.

Don't forget the place, Water street, formerly owned by the late H. A. Rasche.

Yours obediently,

THE OAKLAND MILLS.

51-1yr.

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Give me a call. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

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29—2m.

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31—26

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HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

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All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

ORDER NISI.

Jefferson F. Bradford vs. Millard M. Bradford.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County. No. 701 Equity.

Ordered, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county in equity, this 18th day of November, 1896, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings made and reported by John Shartzer, receiver, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 10th day of December next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 10th day of December, 1896.

The report states the amount of sale of real estate to be $2,175.00

True copy. E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 2t 3

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W. F. KING, Carriage, Sign and House Painter, OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.

Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention. 50-13t.

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C. M. RATHSUN & CO., PLANING MILLS,

And BUILDING MATERIALS.

MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS.

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

38 13·

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1896. NUMBER 40.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

1896 calendars are growing thin.

Christmas trees are pining to be cut.

F. G. Hyde has everything. Just lovely. 2t.

Newman has a fine line of cigars and smoking tobaccos.

Nice line of gentlemen's and ladies' slippers at Townshends'.

Mr. "Duke" McLain, of McHenry, was in Oakland Tuesday afternoon.

Palmistry and poker are much alike. Both are a study of the hands.

When a man dies he leaves the earth but none of his decendants get it.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Harmon, of Bittinger, were in Oakland last Monday.

Ladies' capes and coats at reduced prices at M. L. Scott's Baltimore Store.

Hon. A. F. George, of Swanton, was in Oakland a few hours last Saturday.

Miss Tina Connell, of Hutton, spent Tuesday night with friends in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Hyde entertained a few friends at their residence last night.

If you want fascinators, winter caps, gloves and mittens, go to Townshends'. 40-3

Mr. W. C. Jones, of Deer Park, was in the city yesterday on business for a few hours.

Mr. David Gregy, of near Eglon, was here last Saturday and called to see the editor.

Bear in mind that Newman has the finest line of Christmas tree ornaments in town.

Raisins, figs, nuts, oranges and Malaga grapes at Newman's, next door to postoffice. 39-2.t

Fresh new line of candies, cakes, nuts, citron and raisins just opened at Townshends'. 40-3.

Miss Olie Lowenstein went to Cumberland Monday to spend a week or two with relatives.

Mr. E. H. Sincell went to Kingwood, W. Va., last Monday on professional business.

Go and get anything you want at Offutt & Son's mammoth store, where goods are arriving on every train.

A very pretty selection of silk, embroidered and hemstitched handkerchiefs, and silk scarfs at Townshends'.

"Old Farmer Hopkins" at Shartzer's Opera House Tuesday evening, Dec. 15th, instead of Wednesday, the 16th inst.

Mr. Chas. Tower, after spending several days in Baltimore on a pleasure trip, returned to Oakland Sunday evening.

After Sunday, Dec. 27th, and until further notice, Sunday trains on the West Virginia Central railroad will be discontinued.

Cheap John has been in the toy business 30 years in Oakland and knows what to buy for the trade. Kuhn and C. 40-2

The largest and finest line of china, dated ware, glass, cut and imitation cut, books and holiday novelties, at Offutt & Son's.

Hon. Thomas B. Davis, of Piedmont, was in Oakland Tuesday on business connected with the receivership of the J. L. Rumbarger Lumber Co.

Reduced prices on ladies' and children's coats, men's and boys' overcoats, and everything in clothing at Offutt & Son's. 39-4t.

C. G. Hyde has the finest stock of Xmas goods ever put upon the market. Something to suit everybody and prices to suit the times. 2t.

Lovely handkerchiefs, ties, gloves, perfumes, soaps. Presents from five cents up. Ladies wrappers 49cts at D. E. Offutt & Son's.

If you want Lowney's candies go to Newman's next door to the postoffice; also a fine line of stick and mixed candies which he will sell cheap for cash.

Mrs. S. M. Eagle and children arrived from near Harper's Ferry last Saturday night where they had been on a visit for two or three weeks to relatives and friends.

Jos. Martin, jr., Railroad street, receives fresh daily a supply of oysters which he serves in all styles. Oysters prepared and sent to any one in Oakland ordering them. 36-3t.

Mr. Chas. J. Newman went to Terra Alta Monday and is engaged this week in the *Oracle* office where he will probably secure a permanent position as foreman.

Just opened fresh and the best raisins, currants, citron, nuts, oranges, lemons, candies, mince meat, fine canned fruits—everything for Christmas—at Offutt & Son's.

Now is the time of the year when the knowing wife economizes on her table in order to be able to give her dear husband a pair of vases for the parlor mantel as a Christmas gift.

Sleds, Doll Carriages, Hobby Horses, Wagons, Tool Chests, Doll Furniture and Dolls, Albums, Toilet Sets, Books, Candies, Fruits, Nuts, etc. Please call and C Cheap John's Great Stock.

Sunday morning a large force of men arrived in Oakland to begin the work of putting up the new bridge over the Yough river west of Oakland. It is thought by the contractor that it will require five or six weeks to set the heavy iron work.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Malette returned from a visit to relatives and friends in Wheeling and Pittsburg yesterday morning.

For sale cheap, square, rosewood piano, comparatively new. For further particulars inquire at this office or address box 111, Oakland. 1t

Misses Nan and Elsie Kennedy arrived in Oakland from Wheeling this morning and will remain here a few days with their sister, Mrs. H. C. Sincell, before going to Washington, their future home.

Mr. H. L. Grant, of Grafton, has moved his household goods to Oakland and will remain here acting as telegraph operator at the Yough bridge while the new structure is being put up.

We keep on hand constantly at this office a full and complete supply of justices' blanks printed on good quality of paper and sell them at a small margin; also mortgages and deeds always on hand.

Mr. Jonas Frazee, of Pittsburg, was in Oakland last Saturday. Mr. Frazee has disposed of his mercantile commission business in the above city and will soon embark in the wholesale grocery business there.

Go to Newman's for your Christmas goods consisting of dolls, toys, children's books, china and pewter dishes, iron trains, tops, rubber balls, block games and many other toys two numerous to mention.

C. H. Gaskill, of Cumberland, a Baltimore and Ohio freight brakeman, whilst engaged in coupling cars in the cut near the water station in Oakland had the misfortune to have one of the fingers of his right hand very seriously mashed. Dr. Henry McComas, the company' surgeon here, rendered surgical attention to the injured man.

The management of the bowling alley is to be congratulated for the improvements they have been and are making. In a few days arrangements shall have been completed which will set one or two days apart for the ladies exclusively in which they alone will be permitted to use the alleys. Bowling in the cities is now what the roller skating rink was a few years ago in the fashionable world.

An exchange draws a parallel between a man and a dog, which inclines to favor the latter, in these words: "Help a dog out of a ditch and no matter what sort of a dog he is—town dog or country dog, educated or illiterate, aristocratic or plebeian, he will wag his tail into paralysis, and exhaust every muscle trying to tell you that every drop of blood in his veins is at your service. Help a man out of a ditch, and what follows will depend very much upon his breed."

The late heavy purchases of coal lands in the Connellsville region, Southwestern Pennsylvania, and in Preston county, West Virginia, will lead to developments that will give the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad company a heavy addition to its tonnage. It is gratifying to be informed that less wasteful methods will be introduced in making coke so as to as far as possible utilize by-products.

Monday of this week a petition was filed in the Circuit Court for this county to have Messrs. G. S. Hamill and Fred. A. Thayer appointed receivers for the personal property of John J. Beeghley, of the Cove settlement. It is estimated that the property so placed in the receivers hands will amount to about $1,500 whilst the claims against it will be something in the neighborhood of $3,000.

Dr. J. Lee McComas, of Oakland, just called on me, on his way from the city of Mexico, where he has been attending the Pan American Medical Congress. The doctor is enthusiastic over his trip, and barring the loss of his trunk, and a few other drawbacks had a splendid time. He proposes to spend two or three weeks here, before returning to Oakland. I may have something to say about the sights the doctor saw hereafter. —T. Jay's Covington (Ky.) Corr. in Cumberland News.

In 1892 Mr. A. L. Goldwater, who owns three retail drug stores in New York City, having learned of the great value of Chamberlain's Cough remedy for colds, croup and whooping cough, ordered a supply for his customers. It met with so much favor that he soon found it necessary to order more, and during the winter sold over two gross of the remedy. He says it gives the best satisfaction of any cough cure he has ever handled. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy, and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The railroad agent is the most patient man in town. Some people are evidently of the opinion that he is placed in his position just to answer questions of the inquisitively inclined. Some people make it a point to go to him daily and inquire about trains, etc. If anything happens a train to cause it to be late, the agent is besieged by people who have no interest in the road, asking all kinds of questions, and if he refuses to be bothered, the inquirer goes off mad, calling the agent all kinds of hard names.

Major C. T. Picton is manager of the State Hotel, at Denison, Texas, which the traveling men say is one of the best hotels in that section. In speaking of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy Major Picton says: "I have used it myself and in my family for several years, and take pleasure in saying that I consider it an infallible cure for diarrhoea and dysentery. I always recommend it, and have frequently administered it to my guests in the hotel, and in every case it has proven itself worthy of unqualified endorsement. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street.

Quite a large number of the citizens of District No. 5 were in Oakland last Monday summond here in a law suit before Justice Boyer. The case was for the recovery of money due from John J. Beeghley to several persons for labor preformed. After the case had been called an agreement was entered into by which the case was settled. Those whom we noticed present were Lewis Kamp, Austin Speicher, Jacob Becker, Edward Margroff, T. O. Collier, Louis and Henry Harmon, W. D. Collier, Philip and Albert Miller, Louis Smearman, Fred. Krouse, Albert Fisher, and Joseph Patton.

Stories that recall the old home among the hills, the silvery brook, the sloping woodland, the widestretching meadows, the fragrant hay, and the curious doings of the old folks and the farm hands, will never lose their interest. Such a story is told in the play "Old Farmer Hopkins." A sweet clean, delightful touch of rural life. Absolutely perfect in its scenery and presentation. It is a sermon, a song, a poem and a picture all combined, not only enchanting while you listen, but will linger with you for many, many days. Opera House, one night only, Tuesday, December 15th. Tickets now on sale at Oakland Pharmacy.

The wife of Mr. D. Robinson, a prominent lumberman of Hartwick, N. Y., was sick with rheumatism for five months. In speaking of it, Mr. Robinson says: "Chamberlain's pain Balm was the only thing that gave her any rest from pain. For the relief of pain it cannot be beat." Many very bad cases of rheumatism have been cured by it. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

When most needed it is not unusual for your family physician to be away from home. Such was the experience of Mr. J. Y. Schenck, editor of the Caddo, Ind. Ter., *Banner*, when his little girl, two years old was threatened with a severe attack of croup. He says: "My wife insisted that I go for the doctor, but as our family physician was out of town I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which relieved her immediately. I will not be without it in the future." 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Useful Gifts for Christmas Presents.

Fine umbrellas, hose, mittens, gloves, handkerchiefs, ties, fans, hats, trimmings, ladies' and children's fine shoes, etc., at M. L. Scott's Baltimore Store.

Miners' Strike at Shaw.

The miners' strike at the Major mines in this county, along the W. Va. C. R. R., has culminated in armed deputies being sent there to protect the new men that have been put to work and to protect the property of the mine owners from damage. The trouble, which has been brewing for a month or two, grew out of the dissatisfaction of the miners over the method of weighing the coal, which they allege to be unfair.

Sheriff Brown went over to the mine Monday accompanied by Deputies J. S. Meyers and Joseph Martin, and as nothing has been heard from them it is fair to presume that no trouble of a serious nature has followed their arrival.

LATER—The sheriff returned home this morning, reporting everything quiet at the mine.

Leg Broken.

Sunday morning last William Thrasher, aged about twenty years, son of Mrs. Benj. Thrasher, residing at Deer Park, slipped and broke his leg. He was attended by Dr. Laughlin, of Deer Park.

Death of Mrs. Rudisill.

Sunday morning Superintendent L. A. Rudisill, of Mt. Lake Park, received a telegram announcing the death of his mother at 3.30 p. m. Sunday at her home at Altoona, Pa. Mr. Rudisill left for Altoona on the early train Monday morning.

Call for Your Letters.

H. S. Tiller, W. R. Lear, John W. Barns, M. D. Yoder, Dr. Chas. Bartlett, Mrs. E. M. Arnold, Miss Ella P. Burns, Miss Rana Fraley, Miss Ella Hughes, Miss Emma Miller, Miss Susan Staley, Miss Effie M. Teats.

Estray Notice.

A red steer, about eighteen months old, no mark, came on our premises in New Germany the past summer. The owner can have his property by paying all expenses. Jacob S. Miller, Grantsville. 30-3.

Teachers' Institute.

A teachers' institute and educational meeting will be held at North Glade Friday evening and Saturday, the 11th and 12th insts. County Superintendent U. G. Palmer and other prominent school men and educators will be present. An elaborate program is being prepared. Teachers, trustees, patrons and all interested in education are cordially invited and expected to be present.

Robbery at Deer Park.

Monday night thieves effected an entrance into Nethkin Bros. store at Deer Park and succeeded in opening the safe from which they took a gold watch. In a small toy safe inside the large one was a sum of money amounting to about twenty dollars which the robbers overlooked. Entrance to the store was effected through the front door by forcing the lock with bars.

Death of an Aged Lady.

Mrs. Mary Ann Chambers, relict of the late David Chambers, died at the residence of her son, Lloyd Chambers, near Oakland, on Tuesday afternoon at five o'clock, after an illness of but a few days.

The deceased lady's maiden name was Bosley, she being a sister of the late Thomas Bosley, of Oakland, and was born in Allegany county, Md., Feb. 7th, 1813. She was married April 4th, 1842, in Cumberland, by Rev. E. Allan. About the year 1850 she and her husband moved from Allegany county to this county and resided for a number of years on the old Houser farm near the Red House, where three of their eight children were born. Some years later they moved to Oakland and lived here continuously.

Mrs. Chambers connected herself with the Methodist Episcopal church when she was quite young and always lived a consistent Christian life.

The funeral will occur this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, the services to be conducted at the house by the Rev. John M. Davis. The interment will be made in Odd Fellows' cemetery.

Seriously Injured.

Levi, the nine year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Glotfelty, residing near McHenry, whilst playing with a number of school mates at the McHenry school Monday morning, fell and struck the back of his head against a stone, rendering him unconscious. Medical aid was summoned from Accident, but it is thought that his injuries will prove fatal.

Non-Scientific Teaching.

It is probable that nine-tenths of all the teaching done is non-scientific. The school dame who sat in her chair and called each child up in turn and pointed to the letters of the alphabet successively with the blade of a knife and demanded the name was a fair type of the scientific teacher in her day—and her day is by no means over. Dr. Gregory used to tell of a teacher who would point to the first letter and ask, "What's that, 'A'?" And so of the rest. The reason Ichabod Crane made Washington Irving smile was because he was so unscientific that he became ridiculous; it was not because he taught in a poor log schoolhouse.

Let us put a bicycle into the hands of a man of scientific tendencies and observe the way he regards it. He looks at it as a piece of mechanism fitted for a certain purpose; it must be light, and so the frame work is of hollow tubes; it must pass over inequalities, without shaking or jarring the rider, and so it has an elastic footing, and so of its other features. Its fitness for the great end of rapid and easy movement will be comprehended by a person of philosophic mind, and he will ride it in the spirit of this comprehension. He comprehends that it needs lubrication, protection from oxidation, and in general, a treatment and usage anticipated by its machinery.

Children are far more wonderfully made than bicycles; they are planned for lives of happiness, usefulness, and possibly grandeur even here. At all events they are far more obedient to the laws of the Creator than adults; this is the testimony of Jesus. There are plenty of reasons why adults underestimate children, or have done so; they need not be here stated. Not only in their homes but in the schoolrooms this underestimation has gone on, and is going on to day.

Mr. Page speaks of certain teachers who look at their pupils as jugs to be filled. "Have you got your tables? Have you studied your spelling lesson over ten times? Have you learned what is justification? Can you say the 'sixes?' Have you done your sums? Can you say the chief towns, rivers and products of Ohio? Can you give the date of the entrance of the Goths into Rome?"

Froebel is the nearest to us of the educational masters; he died in the present half of this century. He became a master of looking at children philosophically. He observed the fact that children played and said, why? Nor did he stop until he got a satisfactory answer, and being a practical man (far beyond those who claim they are practical because they don't think at all and only set lessons and hear them), he sought to find ways of utilizing play; of getting more out of it than the child did.

The philosopher sees the child rub the glass and get a spark of electricity; he ponders on the matter and finds there is power in it. It was so in the case of Froebel. He set himself to study children; the feature of play caught his attention; he followed that up, and the kindergarten is the result. Thousands now are using certain selected plays and songs; of course, the results they get are partial and unsatisfactory.

Froebel was the pupil of Pestalozzi; it is not at all likely that he would have made his discoveries if he had not been under the influence of the great Swiss teacher; there was enough fire in Pestalozzi to light all the torches that were brought to him; in fact, the wonderful thing about Pestalozzi is not that he discovered so much, but that he set so many on the track of discovery. The great thing in this man was that he studied the child.

The fault in all schools—a few only excepted—is that the teacher does not philosophize or proceed scientifically. He will say in reply, "I must teach them to read, spell and compute, and have no time to philosophize," or he may say, "If I should philosophize I could produce no better results; it is a practical business I am in; I have to teach them to read, write and compute." But the philosophizing of Pestalozzi brought crowds to his school to see his results; and, in fact, the man was a very poor philosopher; the same may be said of Froebel.

CURES COUGHS AND COLDS HONEY-TOLU CURES

CURE COUGHS OR COLDS

—BY TAKING—

HONEY - TOLU,

A POSITIVE CURE.

FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

Price, - - - - - 25 Cents.

Sold by all Druggists or Dealers.

—PREPARED BY—

GILBERT BROS. & CO., Baltimore, Md.

CURES COUGHS AND COLDS HONEY-TOLU CURES

BOB SLEDS.

There are Sleds and Sleds, but ours are GOOD SLEDS.

It will pay you to go many miles to see them or to write for circular.

THE WILLIAM RYLAND COMPANY,

Wholesale-Retail Dealers,

FRIENDSVILLE, MARYLAND.

TAKE NOTICE!

Just received, a large and select line of

Trouserings and Diagonal Suitings,

Which we will close out for the Holidays at Greatly Reduced Prices. Trousers which formerly sold for $8.00 and $10.00 we will make up for

$4.00, $5.00 AND $6.00.

CLAY DIAGONALS MADE UP FOR

$18.00 and $20.00, worth $25.00 and 30.00.

M. COHEN, Xpert Cutter.

40-2. OAKLAND, MD.

Make Men Pay.

Experience has shown that women are more successful as collectors than men, as woman will find her way into a debtor's office, present her bill and get the money, while a man will be standing outside in the cold, wondering whether the debtor is in or not. The woman does not ask the question. She sails in and when once she is in the presence of the delinquent, he must either pay or give some good reason for not doing so. Even the reason will not satisfy the woman. She demands more than this, for she insists on having a definite time set for the payment of the bill. And she is sure to be there again at that time. She feels that it is her business to get the money and she will not take anything else in its place.

There are hundreds of women employed as collectors in New York. Mrs. Edgar J. Werner, who is a well-known lawyer, said yesterday:

"This collecting is a great field for woman's labor. I believe that women are much better than men for this business, and evidently business men think so, too, judging by the number of women that are engaged in the collecting business. You see when a woman goes to a business man with a bill he is not likely to throw her down stairs if she is persistent as might be done with a man. The business man recognizes the privilege of the sex to the extent of listening to what the woman has to say without treating her roughly. Then, too, it is generally supposed that women are more persuasive than men."

Mrs. Werner stopped speaking to laugh curiously and went on:

"I suppose you think that persuasion has not much to do with collecting bills, and perhaps you are right. Still, in some cases, the debtor will have the money in his pocket, but he is to part with it, to discharge his obligation. It seems to me that a woman's intuition is useful there. It enables her to read the soul of the man to some extent, and before she leaves him the chances are that he has paid her. I have known more bills collected by women from notorious bad pay people than any men could get."

Mrs. Werner said that lawyers, doctors and professional men generally found women the best collectors. Such service demands that the person shall be polite, but obstinate. These two qualities together are possessed by more women than men. This is conceded by everyone, and hence it is apparent that a woman makes the best collector. Then a woman knows that she is protected by her sex, and she can say what she pleases so long as it is not absolutely offensive.—New York Press.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

George C. Miller vs. Gustavus Delawder. No. 747 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

This is to give notice to the creditors of George C. Miller & Company to file their claims properly authenticated with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before the 16th day of December, 1896, as I will then state an account in the above entitled cause, distributing the money to the hands of John Shortzer, receiver, to the parties entitled to participate in the distribution of the fund.

EDWARD H. SINCELL, 10 4 Auditor.

ORDER NISI.

Alexander Moon vs. Emily C. Hardesty et al. No. 750 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 10th day of December, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Edward H. Sincell, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 1st day of January, 1897; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 1st day of January, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $510.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

WOMAN'S WEARY DUTIES

Steps Along the Path That Leads to Housekeeping.

The Labor in Looking Around a Little—Problems of Glass Pitchers—Misapprehensions of a Truck Load of Packages.

At the boarding house at dinner the man mentioned to his wife the fact that he had that day signed the lease of the house which they had decided to take, and then told the colored waiter that he would like some more beef. The waiter left the door open behind him as he went into the kitchen, and bawled:

"He's been asking for more beef!"

"Somebody's been asking for more beef!" shrieked the landlady's daughter.

"Who's been asking for more beef?" demanded the landlady.

The other boarders looked curiously at the man who had asked for it. A shade of vexation came upon his face, and as he ate and choked over the beef, he remarked to his wife:

"I will be glad when we do get to housekeeping."

"Yes, dear," said his wife.

"Of course," continued the husband, "I don't mean that I'll like it simply because then I'll get enough to eat, but I'll be glad to have a home of our own."

"So sweet," murmured his wife.

"And," the husband went on with enthusiasm, that grew the more he choked over the beef, "I suppose we might as well move in at once, as soon as we get a few things we need, and then we can furnish it properly afterward as we go along."

"Of course, dear," assented his wife.

"Well, then," said the husband, briskly, in good spirits in spite of the beef, "let's say you pack up to-morrow, and we move in the day after."

"But, dear," said the wife, putting her head on one side and wrinkling her forehead, "do you think we can possibly do that?"

"Why, yes," said the husband. "I'll just stop in at a store to-morrow morning and tell them to send up what we need."

"H-m-m," murmured the wife, slowly.

"We'll just get some things to cook with and eat with and sleep on to start with," the husband explained lightly.

"Yes?" returned the wife, with increasing doubt.

"Yes," said the husband. "You might tell me now the things to get."

"Well," replied the wife, promptly, "for the kitchen we need—" and she talked for five minutes. "Of course," she said in conclusion, "those are only the most important things, the things we can't get along without, and I may have forgotten some. Then there are the other things we will be needing all the time, and the things we'll have to have sometimes."

"Say," asked the husband, with the dawning of an abyss before him, "don't you think, after all, that it would be better for you to step into the store in the morning and do the ordering yourself?"

A soft, low light came into her eyes.

"Very well," she replied, sweetly.

"And you can get everything that we'll need at once, so that we can move in the day after, can't you?" he asked a little anxiously.

"I'll try," she replied earnestly and bravely; "but you know I'll have to look around a little to see what I can get. You know it would be extravagant if I were to buy everything in the first store I entered; and you don't want me to be extravagant, do you, dear?"

"No, no," said the husband quickly, and the next morning he deposited her at the door of the first of the stores.

That afternoon he hurried home from business as soon as he could get away so that he might help in the packing and other preparations for moving on the following day. His conscience rather reproached him for having left the labor of shopping and of packing both to his wife, and his remorse was intensified when he opened the door of their room and caught sight of her tired, worried face.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come," she said eagerly. "I need your advice so much. My head is actually whirling with all I've been through to-day."

"Poor thing," said the husband penitently. "I ought to have known better than to make you do all that yourself, especially as I really was afraid of the job myself when I shunted it off on you. It must have been dreadful."

"It was so puzzling," returned the wife with a sigh. "I was trying to make up my mind about these," and she pointed to a raw of glass pitchers on the table before her. "Did I do right in buying those, or should I have taken china?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter," said the husband consolingly.

"Now," continued the wife, absorbed in the problem before her, "they pretend that these are cut glass. You can see for yourself that they are not the best cut," putting one of them into her husband's hands, "but they say they're German or English cut glass, which isn't so good as ours. What do you think?"

"I think they're glass," returned the husband rather vaguely after an examination.

"Now," the wife went on, "if they're pressed glass, I paid too much for them; but if they're any kind of cut glass, they were cheap, one-fifth of what American cut would be."

"Then," said her husband impressively, "you did quite right to buy them."

"Any way, they'll do for the kitchen," concluded the wife with a sigh of relief.

Her husband looked around the room.

"Where are the other things?" he asked.

"What things?" returned his wife.

"Why, the rest of the kitchen and dinner and bedroom things. Haven't they come yet, or did you have them sent to our boarding house?"

"Oh, you mean things for the house?" replied his wife. "Why, you don't suppose I had time to get them to-day do you?"

"And we're not going to move in to-morrow?" demanded the husband, in a voice eloquent with disappointment.

"Certainly not, unless you think I can keep house with two glass pitchers," replied the wife with dignity and some trace of injured feelings. "I've been going through one store after another all day long till I'm dizzy with all the things I've seen. Where do you think I had time to buy anything?"

The husband begged her to buy provisional utensils, so that they could move into their house certainly in another day. It was in trembling hope that he returned home on the following evening. He found his wife lying upon the bed.

"I've such a headache!" she sighed wearily.

The husband looked around the room. Upon the mantelpiece he saw the two glass pitchers of the day before, and at their side a vinegar cruet. He eyed the cruet hard.

"Humph!" he grunted, with strong disapproval in his tone.

His wife's eyes had followed his. At this reproach she arose proudly from her bed, took him by the arm, and led him to the window. There was to be seen a heavily laden truck, from which men and boys were busily engaged in carrying packages of all shapes and sizes into the house. She pointed to it.

"There," she said, with reproach and a headache and forgiveness and unrecognized merit all mingled, "those are kitchen things."

With the unreasonableness of men, he bounded from one extreme to the other.

"Great Caesar!" he exclaimed, "you're bankrupting me."

The patience of the woman, though tried sorely, was not upset for a moment. She displayed a large roll of bills.

"You misjudge me," she said, tapping him affectionately upon the cheek. "You have not yet learned to know your wife. There are 97 different packages there, and for them I have spent less than $5, a few cost ten cents apiece, and the others cost five cents. So," she added, with a little pride, "you see I am not so extravagant as you thought."

"Pardon me, dear," said the husband, both penitently and anxiously. "Then the kitchen is furnished and we can move in to-morrow?"

"No-o-o," replied the wife, "not quite yet. You see, these things are only some of the things we need. Pots and kettles and pans," she added, with a sweet smile, "cost more than five or ten cents."

The husband sighed and resigned himself to the boarding house for another week. The history of what has occurred since then is not worth giving in detail. You can see the wife in the stores any day at this time. She is still patient, industrious and sweet natured. The husband sometimes accompanies her. He began going with her while he still retained the impression that manly decision could hasten the slow, tortuous process of shopping. He still is her companion nowadays at times, because he is possessed of the notion that it may some time be possible for him to discover how she spends her time at the stores, but he knows that it is best that he should not accompany her. The two natures of the male and the female grate. The man cannot grasp the subtle distinctions that are seized by intuition by the finer sense of the woman. For instance, one day she showed him a four-quart saucepan.

"The price of this," she said, "is 40 cents. Now in the other store we can get a saucepan like it for 47 cents. Now, which one ought we to buy?"

"The other," said the husband, promptly.

"But," objected the wife, "they are different, and I don't know which is the best."

"Buy both," said the husband, promptly.

"But," objected the wife, "we need only one of them."

"Flip a cent," said the husband, promptly.

"And perhaps get the worst of it," said the wife.

"Then don't buy either," said the man, promptly.

Of course the proper solution of the difficulty was to go to a third store and find a third saucepan of a third price and quality; but it never occurred to the husband to suggest such a thing, and as for the wife she was so confused by the unkind behavior of her husband that she always failed to remember the proper procedure in such cases until she got home. Then she was accustomed to tell her husband where he had been mistaken, and intervals of coolness would arise between them. So the husband has given up accompanying his wife to the stores.

Six weeks have passed and the husband no longer asks his wife every evening if she thinks she will be able to get the few things still lacking on the morrow, so that they will be able to move into their new house on the day following. He has schooled himself to a point where he is now resigned to making his dinner from one small piece of beef, and no longer dreams of the beauties of housekeeping. At the same time hopes have begun to spring up. His wife is talking of a trip to the south.

"I'm so tired," she says, "and I really need to go somewhere to rest."

That makes him think that the shopping must be nearly over and that the next move she makes will be to begin housekeeping.—N. Y. Sun.

—In car wheels it is desirable to combine toughness of structure with an intensely hard rolling surface, and to this end the outside is sometimes case-hardened or made almost as hard as "cold steel."

FRILLS OF FASHION.

Notes on the Newest Notions in Feminine Dress.

The rather eccentric fad for wearing live insects as jewelry seems to be increasing, and the Japanese terrapin is announced as the latest victim, reported that the terrapin are being sent out of Japan by thousands to meet the demands in Paris and New York.

The most approved felt hats are ventilated by a row of slits in the crown, bands of velvet or ribbon can be passed through them.

A walking stick is regarded as a very "smart" addition to the English girl's street costume, and very elaborate sticks are made for such use. An ebony stick with a gold knob, decorated with cupids in blue enamel, is one of the favorites.

The empress of Russia and her little daughter are in one sense leading the fashions in Paris, for all sorts and kinds of confections are named after them, and the Russian headdress is copied and adapted to the varied requirements of millinery on a great scale. Fans with water color hand-painted portraits of the emperor and empress are all the rage, and czar violets have taken a new lease of fashionable life. The old saying that there is everything in a name seems to have taken on a new meaning in the French people's enthusiasm over the imperial visit, and most of the new fabrics are named Alexandre, Nicholas or Olga Alexandra.

The latest thing in veils is square-cornered instead of round, and made of fine black net with white spots.

The newest belts are of gold galon, with an oblong enameled buckle. Other pretty belts are of gold, embroidered with turquoise or of chine galea, which has a faint patteru of rose and green running through it.

Very pretty evening capes are made of chine silk in dull artistic shades, with black velvet flowers over them, and trimmed with black fox and jeweled trimming, which repeats the colors in the silk.

Buttons are much used as a dress trimming and as many as 300 tiny ones are distributed on one gown.

Among the elegancies of underwear is the corset and skirt of brocaded silk to match. The most popular corset is very short in the hips and low at the top.

The new muffs are very large this season, and those made of velvet and brocaded silks are rounded like a sack at the lower edge and trimmed with velvet bows, bands of fur and yards of cream lace. Ruches of gauze ribbon and artificial flowers are another decoration, and birds with outstretched wings appear on some of the mouflon muffs. Sable muff, trimmed with purple, velvet lace and a rhinestone buckle are one of the prettiest fancies, and muffs of chinchilla with black or white lace and pink roses are lovely. Little muffs, too, are made entirely of ostrich tips to match the small shoulder capes of feathers; muffs of cloth match the coats.

The small empire puff is a popular sleeve for evening gowns. Wire is sometimes used to make it stand out enough to hold the cape trimming around the neck.—N. Y. Sun.

HIRED READERS.

They Live in Libraries and Dig Out Facts for Other People.

Visitors to the Astor library have observed that certain persons appear there with great regularity, and two or three faces seem to be as permanent a feature of the place as the busts and white columns. These regulars are there at all hours of the day and at all seasons of the year. One man in particular seems to spend all his time within the walls of the library.

A man whose work on a certain subject took him regularly to the library made an effort to see what subject was absorbing one visitor whom he had noticed at work whenever he had been in the library during the two years preceding. For a month he observed the man, and found that during that time the man had been reading industriously volumes relating to four different subjects, and taking copious notes from them. He did not look like a man who was reading for the purpose of general cultivation, and the books he had been using varied as widely in subject as the history of the Spanish drama and the Chinese metaphysics.

The hopelessness of learning anything about the man's occupation from his own observation led the interested inquirer to ask one of the library officials who the regular visitor was. Then he learned that the fellow, like many of the others he had often noticed at work in the library, was a regular reader employed to do for others the reading and investigating necessary for particular work. Usually this man and others like him are called upon to dig out only the points relating to certain phases of a subject, but often their work extends over a much wider range. They are known to the officials of the library, and in this way they are brought into contact with persons who are looking about for somebody to undertake the required labor of reference and reading.—N. Y. Sun.

Of the Earth, Earthy.

"No," said the gentleman who is fond of quoting texts, "I cannot give you anything on that account to-day. I know I promised you, and I am sorry; but man is nought but poor, weak clay, you know."

"I realize that," said the collector.

"I am glad you do, my friend."

"And I came around here in the hope of striking pay dirt, but I seem to have missed it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

In the Front Rank.

Customer (trying on his new pantaloons)—Great snakes! These things seem to be a bifurcated skirt. I'll look like a guy if I wear these.

Conscientious Tailor—Can't help it, sir. If fashion says men must look like guys, they'll have to look like guys if they deal with me.—N. Y. Weekly.

MR. CUMING'S COSTLY FROGS.

Paid $25 Apiece for Them in France and Got Them at a Bargain.

A. P. Cuming, a lawyer of this city, while spending his vacation in France during the past summer, bought three frogs for which he paid the high price of $25 each. Lest the publication of that fact encourage local dealers to imagine that they may be able to work off more frogs on Mr. Cuming at that fancy price, it is well to explain that the frogs he bought are not considered good to eat, that they are so small that a good meal of them would cost several hundred dollars, and that he is not passionately fond of that sort of diet. These frogs are simply good to look at. They are only about 3½ inches long, when fully extended, and possibly a fraction over an inch high when sitting up to take an interest in their surroundings, or half that thickness when they flatten themselves out on the glass of their aquarium home and stick there, for hours at a time, like gobs of green mud. Their backs and sides are of a pretty shade of green, which changes to the exact tint of any foliage, lighter or darker green, upon which they place themselves. Their bellies are white, their throats bright yellow, their eyes shining black, and over each eye is a crescent of bright gold.

The variety of frogs to which they belong has been found only in the fresh water lagoons running into the Mediterranean, and even there they are not abundant nor is their capture easy. These were bought at Hyeres, near Toulon, and were considered a good bargain at the price Mr. Cuming paid. There is considerable diversity of color among these found, and their value depends altogether upon their beauty. Sometimes one is found darkly beautifully blue, and it is worth $500, that color being exceedingly rare.

They are very dainty little creatures. Fresh pure water must be given to them every day, and they will eat nothing but live winged insects from which the stings have been extracted. Mr. Cuming has been urged to try the effect upon one of giving to it a healthy bee in working order, but refuses to do so, fearing that the experience might shock too greatly the nervous system of his costly pets. They will not touch insects with hard wing cases, such as cockroaches, and high-flavored ones—bedbugs, for instance—are scorned by them. And they do not know that worms of any kind are good for frogs. When one of the little creatures is put in possession of a huge night moth, bigger than itself, it begins swallowing by the head, and neatly folding in the broad spreading wings by dainty manipulating with its hands, gradually gets the insect down, sometimes taking as much as half an hour in the process.

Mr. Cuming is now occupying his leisure in educating his frogs. They know him, perch fearlessly on his fingers, and have learned to jump over a trapeze, climb a rope, and do other things that encourage him to hope for a high development of their abilities.—N. Y. Sun.

WINDOWS OF CLOTH.

A Substitute for Glass Which Never Leaks and Will Not Break.

Windows of cloth instead of glass sounds like an impossibility, and yet it is a reality, and the employment of such a substitute is an acknowledged success. It is not ordinary cloth, but such as is translucent, through which light comes just as through glass. To all intents and purposes this cloth window is similar to the sheets of glass, and lasts ever so much longer, while still having just as good an appearance.

Now the remarkable feature of this new fabric is that it never leaks, does not break and is nearly one-third cheaper than glass. A large skylight composed of the new substitute for glass, which has been in constant use long enough to show its worth, remains in perfect condition, not one cent having been spent on it for repairs.

The material has many advantages claimed for it, chief of which is that by its employment in train sheds, freight houses, large auditoriums and public buildings having skylights of large area, the light weight of the material permits of a simple, inexpensive and light form of skylight construction.

The joints are made water-tight by a special method used with this material. The translucent fabric consists of a transparent material spread over steel wire cloth, with 12 meshes per inch, which gives the panels a flexible and elastic quality permitting its adjustment to any shape that the roof structure may take, owing to the expansion or contraction of the framework. The fabric is strong and is made in panels 18 by 36 inches in size, and can carry a weight of over 400 pounds per square foot.

It might be naturally assumed that the translucent qualities of the fabric would be much inferior to that of glass, but a careful comparison has shown that the amount of light which it transmits equals that of the ribbed glass one-quarter of an inch thick. As it is treated with a special preparation, the fabric is impervious to cinders or even to hot coals dropped upon it, and will burn only when set fire to at the edges. Even then the flames will make slow progress, thus furnishing timely warning.

Another argument in its favor is that it is greatly superior to even the finest glass as a covering for art galleries and studios, for the reason that it will never leak, and therefore serves as a perfect protection to the valuable works of art. Sometimes a heavy deposit of snow serves to crack the heaviest glass skylight, and often injures paintings and tapestries beyond restoration.—N. Y. Journal.

He Was Rattled.

Signor Spaghetti (who has just received an ovation and a floral tribute)—Ladies and shentlemens—I—I—tanka you—I tanka—I tanka you—I tanka—

Voice from the Wings—Aw, come off, dis ain't no tank showl—Up-to-Date.

Hoped Not.

Mrs. Caswell—Some people have an idea that we shall pursue in the next world the avocations which occupy our attention in this.

Mrs. Dukane—I am inclined to think there is something in the theory.

"Oh, I hope not."

"Why?"

"Well, my husband is such a confirmed scorcher."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Her Touching Appeal.

My wife now leaves for the south, alas!
To seek for a sunnier clime.
She says a book might help her to pass
More pleasurably the time.
But through the booksellers' shops I know
It's useless for me to look;
They haven't it there; when she's ready to go
She'll reach for my pocketbook.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

KEEPING HIS WORD.

Hannah—And Pat, what are ye doing?

Pat—Whist! be aisy, Hannah. Didn't I promise Father Ryan that I'd niver touch a bottle to me lips again, and I mane to keep my word with his reverence.—Harlem Life.

Who They Were.

Mrs. Winks (at dinner in a great hotel)—Who are those men at that table in the corner?

Mr. Winks—Don't know. What are they talking about?

"Baseball, horse-races, prize fights, and so on."

"Oh, they are probably city officials."—N. Y. Weekly.

In Theory and Practice.

"They talk about women being impractical!" she exclaimed, "but they ought not to."

"What has set you thinking about that?" inquired the neighbor at whose gate she was stopping.

"My husband. He's been talking about the rise in wheat. He's explained all about the purchase and sale of millions of bushels of wheat and billions of barrels of flour and the law of supply, but when it comes to remembering to stop at the bakers' to tell him to send around a four-cent loaf of bread, he's no more to be depended on than a baby."—Washington Star.

They Have an Advantage.

The man who owned an ugly little pug dog looked at him with apparent admiration.

"I see a certain celebrated physician has decided that dogs really think," he said.

"Not at all unlikely," returned the man who didn't think much of pugs and thought still less of pug-owners. "I myself have seen instances where they seem to have a very decided advantage over their masters."—Chicago Post.

Taking Time by the Forelock.

"How impressive—"

Noiselessly did the burglar put his head out of the window to see if a policeman was in sight.

—are these—"

Smiling at his idle fears, he approached the dressing table of the sleeping pair.

—"watches of the night!"

Securing the two stem-winders he made an easy exit from the house.—N. Y. World.

Better Than a Doctor.

A lawyer had a great reputation for collecting bad debts. It was to this lawyer that little Bob Fidehley repaired when he was requested to run quick for a doctor, as a neighbor's child had swallowed a coin.

"Bother the doctor!" cried Bob; "run for Lawyer Johnson; he'll get the money out of him quicker than a dozen doctors."—Tit-Bits.

Heads, Et Cetera.

By the wheel great men are prompted
To remarks we can't repeat,
And as they learn they leave behind them,
Prints of everything but feet.
—Chicago Journal.

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"I wonder if he really wants to marry me for my money?"

"It must be that, dear."

Wanted the Other Kind.

The lawyer patted his client soothingly on the shoulder.

"Now, don't you worry," he said, with a reassuring air; "you shall have a fair trial."

The gentlemanly burglar turned pale.

"That's what I'm afraid of," he returned, nervously.—N. Y. World.

Multum in Parvo.

A young lady of very extraordinary capacity lately addressed the following letter to her cousin: "We is all well; and mother's got the his Terrix; brother Tom is got the Hupin Kaugh; and sister Ann has got a babee; and I hope these few lines will find you the same. Rite sune. Your apheetionate kuzzen."—Tit-Bits.

Didn't Get Her Present.

Mamma—Well, Edith, how did you like the kindergarten?

"I didn't like it a bit. The teacher put me on a chair and told me to sit there for the present. And I sat, and she never gave me a present."—N. Y. Tribune.

And He Didn't Get Married.

"Still a bachelor? When I met you last spring you told me you were soon to be married."

"I did talk seriously of it, but found that the state of my finances demanded that I either remain single or get along without a bicycle."—Detroit Free Press.

Miseries of Managers.

Stage Manager—Great snakes! Stop! Don't move that scene yet.

Supe—It's most time.

"Don't touch it. Juliet is there dead in the tomb. If you move that canvas it will let in a draft, and she'll sneeze."—N. Y. Weekly.

The Fly in the Ointment.

Bacon—I love the very ground that girl walks over!

Egbert—Why don't you marry her, then?

"Because I'd have to take the girl with the ground."—Yonkers Statesman.

Fear Another Temptation, Perhaps.

"A very peculiar and inexplicable fact is shown by French statistics. It has been discovered that widows and widowers are by far the most liable to commit suicide."

"What's unexplainable in that?"

"Why, it's like a man waiting until he has swum ashore before drowning himself."—N. Y. Truth.

A Good Thing.

Bliggins—Jerkins is a humorous sort of a chap, isn't he?

Wiggins—At times.

Bliggins—He got off a good thing last night.

Wiggins—What was it?

Bliggins—His bicycle.—Buffalo Express.

AN X RAY VIEW.

Mrs. Commonplace—Them folks next door sets a fine table, John. They use napkins and toothpicks.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Where Her Troubles Began.

"I understand that Mr. and Mrs. Birdie are not so happy as they expected to be."

"No, they are not. You see, she is afraid to stay alone at night."—Brooklyn Life.

An Easy Method.

He—I can't tell you how I love you, Dorothy.

She—I'm glad of it. Your infirmity of speech saves all embarrassment.—Detroit Free Press.

FARM AND GARDEN.

AN ECONOMICAL FENCE.

Made of Barbed Wire Bolted to Apple Trees for Posts.

One of the greatest problems of the farmers to-day is how to make the best and cheapest fence. Many devices have been recommended, but the most economical fence, to my mind, is one made of barbed wire stretched to small strips—say two by four inches—bolted to apple trees for posts, as shown in the illustration.

The trees are trimmed up pretty high, and the two by four-inch strips should be all cut into equal lengths, the

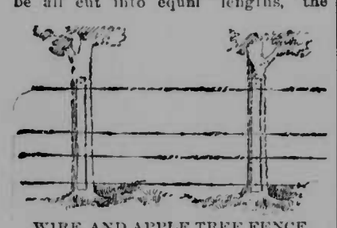

WIRE AND APPLE TREE FENCE.

height you desire your fence, and a hole bored near each end, leaving the spaces between them all of equal distances apart. Then make bolts about nine inches in length, sharpened at one end, and with two holes drilled in the other, two inches apart, as shown in illustration. They can be made very cheaply. They are driven into the tree about three inches deep, at their proper distance apart; put a key in the second hole, then slip on your two by four-inch strip, then put in the other key to hold it on, and the post is com-

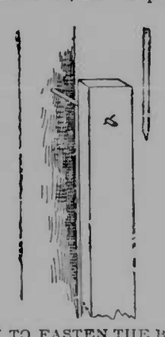

HOW TO FASTEN THE BOLTS.

plete. The wire is then stapled onto the posts; and by taking pains to have all the trees the same distance apart, the fence, with the two by four-inch posts, can be removed by taking out the keys that hold them on, to any portion of the farm where trees are prepared for them.

This makes a very substantial and durable fence, lasting from 25 to 30 years. The trees need not cost anything more than a little time and attention, as they can be obtained by planting the seed from the nicest apples; and the fruit will more than repay for the cost of the fence in a few years.

Such a fence should be along every public highway, as it would give the road and fields an attractive and homelike appearance.—Farm and Fireside.

SUGAR BEET CULTURE.

Nebraska Farmers Are Making the Crop Pay Fairly Well.

The live question among farmers now is what can be done to make farming pay? If sugar beet growing pays in Nebraska may it not be made profitable in other grain-growing states? It is an interesting question. What, then, are they doing in that state that is taking the lead in this industry? The season is so far advanced that a pretty close estimate of the beet-sugar product may be made, and the output of the great Oxnard factories is expected to reach a total of 15,000,000 pounds from 75,000 tons of beets. This is about twice as large a field as that of 1895, and nearly three times as great as that of 1894. At the same time the number of farmers who have cultivated beets has increased with like rapidity. In 1894 only about 500, and in 1895, 1,300 engaged in the business, but the present year the number reached about 2,000. The average yield has been about 14 tons of beets to the acre, and the price per ton has ranged from four to seven dollars. The latter figure was paid for beets that contained the remarkably high per cent. of 20; the lower price was given for those that graded only 12 per cent. of sugar. The amounts received by the growers ranged from $44 to $77 per acre. The average amount of beets grown by each farmer was only about 37 tons, showing that less than four acres were planted, on the average. But the profit from this small area was from $150 to $200—more, probably, than that derived from all the remainder of the farm.

It is an interesting fact that in all the foreign sugar-beet growing countries, including France, Germany and Russia, this industry is steadily increasing. In the last-named country the increase last year was nearly 20 per cent. over the amount grown in previous years. The subject is certainly well worthy of consideration by our farmers.—Indiana Farmer.

Diversified Production Pays.

Diversified production on the farm not only increases the opportunity for profit, but lessens the risk of failure. With the average farmer the farm should be made to produce nearly or quite all that the family consumes, and a surplus for market will often prove a decided advantage. Dairying on the farm can, with a little good management, be made to bring in a regular income every week during the year, and while the amount each week may not be very great, it will be sufficient to materially help keep up the running expenses.—Southern Cultivator.

The morning dew penetrates the thickest shoes when ordinary rain will not. For diseases of the hoof in horses, horsemen lead the horses through the dew.

ABOUT CORN FODDER.

Some Valuable Hints About Shredding, Storing and Feeding.

Combined corn huskers and fodder cutters or shredders were used to a limited extent in this section of country some years since, but I think none are used now. Imperfections in material, workmanship, and in principle of construction, as then made, and the expense of operating, will account for their failure to obtain a foothold among the labor-saving machines of our country. All except the last of these objections have been overcome in the latter machines, which are now before the public.

For several years past all the shredding that has been done in this section has been with the common small-grain thresher—mostly with old machines. While they do not do the work quite as well as the special corn machinery now in use, the expense of purchasing the latter is avoided by the use of the thresher.

As a shredder, the thresher, used with all of the cylinder spikes and two half-rows of concave spikes, is a decided success, doing the work rapidly and well—in fact, much more of a success than as a sheller and cleaner of the grain, which usually is left somewhat broken and not clean enough for market, though in good condition for feeding purposes. If, however, the ground has been wet and is frozen when the threshing is done, causing the earth to adhere to the stalks, a considerable quantity of lumps of frozen earth about the size of corn kernels will be found in the grain. If the corn is dry when threshed (a condition essential to best work and easily secured west of the Missouri), there will be no difficulty in keeping the grain in bin and the stover in large quantities in mow or stack. Our dry autumns are very favorable for this work, which is usually done in November and December. I know that in northern Ohio the corn was never ready to shell and store in bulk before winter set in; therefore, I think the huskers and shredders should be better adapted to that and other sections where the season is comparatively short and the autumn moist. Ear corn can be safely stored in large quantities when so damp that if shelled and piled up it would certainly be lost. As before stated, the fodder must be dry when it is threshed; for damp stover is a great material to develop heat when shredded and stored in large quantities. A little of the natural juice remaining within the stalk is not nearly so bad as outside moisture from rain or dew.

The western plan is to run the shredded stover directly into large racks in the feed yard, where two or three men mow it away, same as they would mow or stack straw from the machine.

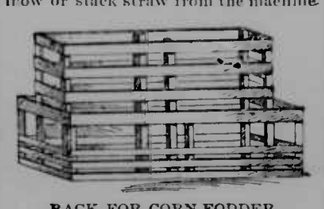

RACK FOR CORN FODDER.

being careful to keep the center full and well tramped so it will turn water perfectly. A rack 16x32 feet should hold a good-day's threshing, or about 12 acres of ordinary fodder, without making the rack very high. Racks are made by setting posts in the ground and nailing on fencing, beginning four or five feet from the ground and running them as high as necessary. To keep the thing from spreading, the wires are tied together by putting wires across and twisting them together with a stick to tighten them. Around the rack a manger is constructed with fencing boards and posts for the cattle to eat out of.

The sketch herewith will serve to show the principle of constructing; it shows a small rack which is very convenient for feeding straw or hay in the yard, as well as for fodder, when it is made on a larger scale. The lower part of the manger, being the opening for heads of cattle to pass through, should be bounded up tight for feeding fodder. The railing about the opening should be a strong pole or a hardwood 2x4.—George T. Pettit, in Ohio Farmer.

NOTES ABOUT HORSES.

The horse has been known to exhibit hatred to particular men, and home sickness.

A fence is not a good protection from cold and storm, or a straw stack very succulent food.

Too much feed is as bad if not worse than too little, especially when the horses have but little to do.

The colt should be well cared for and well fed from the day of his birth until he is a mature horse ready for market.

First impressions are most lasting in man or beast. Animals can never be made to unlearn habits which are once acquired.

A few feeds of bran mash, carrots or other roots, given to a horse off his feed or slightly ailing, will generally bring him around all right.

If we would fatten the work horse for market, we take him off his oats and bran and put him upon corn and oil meal. Just so are we learning much about feeding cows for beef or milk. Good milkers are invariably thin, while others with the same food get fat and produce less milk.—Southern Cultivator.

How to Dig a Farm Well.

Before digging a well it is well to look and see what kind of trees are growing near it. Locust trees will send their roots a distance of 15 to 20 feet for water, and if a well is within that distance they will surely get into it if the well is walled with stones. In a driven well, of course, the water can only get in at the bottom, and this is a much better and cheaper way of putting down wells than the old-fashioned one of digging out the earth by hand.

"AS IF BY MAGIC."

Miss David's Strong Endorsement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She Wishes That Every Afflicted One Could Try This Remedy.

From the News, Hamilton, Ohio.

From no one in this city has Dr. Williams' Pink Pills received more unstinted praise than from Miss David, of No. 16, North B Street, Hamilton, Ohio. Seldom one hears of such favorable results from the use of medicine, as was effected in the case in question.

Miss David, who is a modest and unassuming, but most charming little lady, is prompted to make a public statement of her case, solely as an act of charity to others who are unfortunate enough to be afflicted, and no one among Miss David's large circle of friends and acquaintances could possibly question the lady's motive in making such a statement. Miss David has resided in this city for years and is connected with the Traher family, one of the oldest and most honored in Butler county.

Speaking to a *News* representative, Miss David said:

"Although I have resided in Hamilton for quite a while, I am originally a native of Pennsylvania, and it was while on a visit in Philadelphia a number of years ago, that I suffered a very severe attack of diphtheria, it being in the most malignant form. Subsequently, my whole system became affected in sympathy, as it were, and it was only a short time until I became so debilitated and run down that I had given up nearly all hope of recovery. I tried many remedies and spent much money in an effort to regain my health, but to no avail.

"One day in looking over a Philadelphia paper, my attention was attracted to the Pink Pill advertisement and I resolved to give it a trial. Not anticipating results so soon, you can imagine my great surprise and pleasure to soon notice beneficial results. The old numb feeling in my limbs, for I had also received a partial stroke of paralysis, gradually disappeared as if by magic—and my whole system was soon on the mend. In fact at the very outset the medicine worked a wonderful change in my whole body and thanks to the efficacy of the little Pink Pills, I am a greatly improved woman to day. I only wish that every one afflicted could try this remedy, for I feel certain that a speedy cure would be the inevitable result."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

HE IS JUST ADVERTISING.

Method of Interesting the Public Adopted by a Railroad.

Those who for the last few days have seen a man dressed as a farmer circulating through the business districts of Chicago, with a gripsack and every appearance of the regulation "yap," must not think they are gazing on the relics of a blasted political hope. They must not think that the man is, figuratively speaking, "eating crow," or paying an election bet. Middle-of-the road populists need not shed sympathetic tears for the fellow in the belief that he is one of their unfortunate brethren who "went against it" too hard.

As a matter of fact, the farmer is not a farmer, but a shrewd man of business who has advanced ideas of advertising.

The "farmer" wears a faded stiff hat which at one time was brown. He is dressed in pantaloons which strike him at about the shin bone and expose his high boot legs. A sun-bleached blue coat hangs over his shoulders like a dress suit on a scarecrow, and in his hand the man carries a yellow valise which would dissolve in a rainstorm. On the valise is an advertisement for one of the big railway lines.

Oldest Church Building.

The oldest building in the world that has been uninterruptedly used for church purposes is St. Martin's cathedral at Canterbury, England. The building was originally erected for a church and has been regularly used as a place for religious gatherings for more than 1,500 years.

American Horses in London.

London 'buses are drawn by American horses, thousands of which are imported annually. English breeders will not raise horses strong enough for the work.

HICKS—"The Bible says: 'Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.'" Wicks—"It is evident from that that our maid knows her place perfectly."—Boston Transcript.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. DR. KLINE, 931 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

"BANKLY, why is it that they call money dust?" "Because it is so easy to blow it."

THE young woman was dying and the attendant leaned over the bed. "Have you any friend to whom you wish to send any message?" she asked. The patient nodded. "Yes, I have a dear friend, who—" She paused and shook her head. "What shall I write to her?" asked the attendant. The patient shook her head again. "Nothing," she answered. "I had forgotten for the moment that she owes me a letter."—London Figaro.

MRS. BILLUS—"Johnny, if you don't go to bed right now I won't wake you up to-morrow morning at all." Mr. Billus (looking at her over his glasses)—"What good do you think that'll do, Maria?" Mrs. Billus—"It will bring him. He has made arrangements to go fishing to-morrow morning." (It did.)—Chicago Tribune.

HE squandered ten dollars for roses, you see—
Her joy in the gift was immense;
But little she dreamed that his dinner would be
Three buckwheats that cost him ten cents.
—Chicago Record.

"I guess we'd better tell that errand boy he'll have to give up his habit of whistling," said the business man. "I shouldn't do that," his partner replied. "The only time he hurries is when he is keeping time to a march."—Washington Star.

DARLIN—"The members tell me that Fudway is one of the best members of the Rockrib Athletic association." Wabash—"Why, he's no athlete!" Darlin—"That's true; but then he pays his dues regularly."—Roxbury Gazette.

"OLD up your 'ands!" commanded one of the two footpads, pointing a cocked revolver at the head of the belated citizen. "You've got the drop on me," grumbled the citizen, complying reluctantly, "or I'm darned if I'd let an English syndicate rob me without making some resistance!"—Chicago Record.

THE FEMININE INSTINCT.—"I admit that as yet woman is not absolutely certain of her sphere," said the high-browed lady. "I thought as much," said the base man. "If she felt that it was really and truly her own she would already have had it decorated with pink ribbons."—Indianapolis Journal.

"THE DAYS OF '49"

...aled by the Wonderful Find of Gold ...Western Mexico—Choice Mining ... Lands Owned and Developed by Chicago Capital.

...'gold fever" days, when men became ...n a day and millionaires in a month, ...rikingly recalled by the present dis... of gold deposits—the richest known ...ars—in the vast mountain ranges of ... Sierra Madre. Experts have made careful ... inspection and they invariably report ... deposits unlimited.

It is confidently stated by those who know that this will shortly become the gold mining center of the world. Already miners ...d investors from everywhere, especially ...m the West, are flocking to Mexico, confident of enormous success, but Chicago capitalists, with their customary World's Fair City hustle, got in on the ground floor ...d secured the most valuable tract in the entire range. The result was the incorporation of the Gold Hill Mining Company of Mexico, with a capital of $5,000,000. No one can doubt the soundness and promise of the enterprise of which such well-known business men as these are the head and front. The President of the company is Robert Weems Tansill, the well-known capitalist of New York and Chicago, who made a trip for himself to see the possibilities of gold mining in Mexico, and who returned enthusiastic over the result of his journey; Vice-President, John C. Shaffer (President Englewood and Chicago Electric Street railway); Secretary and Treasurer, Benj. N. Freeman, the Denver banker; Directors, Israel F. Rumsey (Rumsey, Lightner & Co., Chicago, grain commission); Edwin F. Getchell, Chicago (real estate and loans); and Charles Henrotin, Chicago (stocks and bonds).

The principal gold mines owned by this company are the Tarros and Rosario, the richest in the entire region, and with their other possessions cover a tract of over twenty-five square miles, situated in the southwest corner of the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, 500 miles southwest from El Paso.

The vein in each mine is a great porphyritic dyke of unusual width and length, penetrated in all directions by a network of smaller veins abounding in free gold.

A ten-stamp mill with all the necessary machinery, including engines, boilers, crushers, cars and car track, has already been installed, together with the accessory buildings, and in addition blacksmith and carpenter shops, dwellings, company store and storehouse have been erected, making a perfectly equipped plant for the development of these vast properties, which comprise in all nearly 100 claims.

In order to provide for a much larger plant and an increased development two million shares have been placed in the treasury to be sold as the directors may determine. They now offer for public subscription 250,000 shares of this stock, which is full paid and non-assessable.

This organization has been made purely mutual, so that each subscriber for stock in this company shares the benefits from his investments in exact proportion to the largest stockholder. The officers and directors are gentlemen of national reputation, whose names guarantee wise and economical management, making it the safest investment that has ever been offered as a mining proposition.

The Gold Hill Mining Company's offices are at 811-814 Marquette Building, Chicago. They have issued a prospectus giving a complete description of their properties, which they will mail upon application.

Judging from the large number of applications already made at the company's offices these shares will soon be subscribed for.—Chicago Times-Herald.

THERE are many men living who have never received more than one telegram during their lives.—Atchison Globe.

GRANT AND WASHINGTON.

Two Wonderful Serials Which "The Century Magazine" Has Secured for 1897.

One of the best friends that Gen. Grant ever had was Horace Porter. There first meeting was at Chattanooga in the autumn of 1863, and soon after Gen. (then Captain) Porter became a member of Grant's staff and served with him constantly until Lee's surrender. When Grant became president Horace Porter was made his private secretary, and until Gen. Grant breathed his last at Mount McGregor the two men were close friends. Nor did Gen. Porter's love for his chief cease with his death, for to him is due the success of the movement to raise the half million of dollars which the Grant monument in Riverside park will cost. The inauguration of the tomb will take place next spring on Grant's birthday, and Gen. Porter will be the orator of the occasion.

During these years of intimacy with Grant Gen. Porter kept a diary, and in his moments of leisure he has arranged his unique stories of anecdotes and memoranda into a series of twelve articles, entitled "Campaigning with Grant," and The Century Magazine has secured all rights in the series and will print it during the coming year. Since the famous "Century War Series," for which Gen. Grant himself wrote four articles (the beginning of his "Memoirs"), no magazine has had such a treat to lay before its readers.

Another great serial in The Century is a novel of the American Revolution, written by the well-known Philadelphia physician, Dr. S. Wier Mitchell, whose literary reputation is as high as his standing in his own profession. The story is supposed to be the autobiography of the hero, "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," who becomes an officer on Gen. Washington's staff. Social life in the capital, Philadelphia, is most interestingly depicted, and the characters in the story include Washington, Franklin and Lafayette. The readers of "Hugh Wynne, the Free Quaker" will obtain a clearer idea of the Revolutionary War than can be had from any other single source. It is believed that Dr. Mitchell has written "the great American novel," for which we have been waiting so many years.

These are only two of the features of The Century for the coming year—the magazine that leads the world of periodical literature. Very few of our readers will be without it in 1897. It costs $4.00 a year, not too high a price for what The Century gives, but many people are arranging to club together in groups of four, paying one dollar each, and securing the reading of the magazine one week in the month. The publishers advise the making up of clubs early. Send $4.00 to The Century Company, Union square, New York, with the name of the person to whom the magazine is to be sent. If you begin your subscription with the December (Christmas) number, the publishers will send you a copy of November *free*, in which the two great serials begin.

IN addition to being liars, all men are gossips.—Atchison Globe.

NO MISTAKE. Thousands have been cured promptly of Neuralgia by St. Jacobs Oil.

HOW TO CLEAN CARPETS AND RUGS.

Shave four bars of ivory soap (which contains no rosin), and put in a kettle with one gallon of water. Let boil until dissolved. Spread the carpets or rugs on the floor. Add a quart of the mixture to a gallon of warm water. Dip a flannel cloth in it, and go over the article to be cleaned, being careful to rub the soiled spots. Then rinse in clear water, and let dry.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

"Yon kain't set down no fixed rule o' conduct in disher life," said Uncle Eben. "Samson got inter trouble 'cause he done got his hair cut, an' Absalom got inter trouble 'cause he didn't."—Washington Star.

Lands in Wisconsin

Are now as desirable as any in the market. The lands, particularly in the northern part of Wisconsin, are being rapidly taken up by actual settlers.

The most salable are the timber and meadow lands now ranging in price from $6.00 to $12.00 per acre. A few months hence their value will be greatly increased. For a home or for investment no luckier chance in the West has ever before been offered. Now is the time to invest. No better farming land exists anywhere. No greater results can be obtained anywhere. Schools and churches abound everywhere. Nearby markets for all farm products. Wisconsin is one of the banner states of the West.

For further information address or call upon W. E. POWELL, General Immigration Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ills.

It ain't changed any;
For the sky's still blue;
It's the same old country,
And—the house rent's due!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

CLASSIFICATION WANTED.—"Sir," said the gentleman with the distinguished air, "I am a poet." "Yes?" responded the gentleman with the chin whiskers. "Campaign dialect or magazine?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Fortune Seeking Emigrants.

Many a poor family that seeks the western wilds in the hope of winning a fortune, is preserved from that insidious foe of the emigrant and frontiersman—chills and fever—by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. So effectually does that incomparable medicinal defense fortify the system against the combined influence of a malarious atmosphere and miasma-tainted water, that protected by it the pioneer, the miner or the tourist provided with it, may safely encounter the danger.

JUDGE—"What is the charge against this prisoner?" Policeman—"He stole a wheel, your honor." Judge—"What make?"—Philadelphia North American.

THE letter quoted below, written March 23, 1896, by the editor and manager of the Sheffield, Ala., Standard, leaves no room to doubt that a successful treatment for the cure of the liquor habit exists:

"DR. B. M. WOOLLEY, Atlanta, Ga.: Your antidote for the liquor habit will do all you claim for it. After drinking whisky for more than 20 years I find myself entirely relieved of the accursed appetite through the use of three bottles of your medicine. It is absolutely a specific for the liquor habit and leaves no bad effects. E. M. RAGLAND."

TEACHER—"Why do the geese go south in the winter?" Pupil—"Pap says they've got a lot o' big hotels down there."—Boston Transcript.

BLACK, deep bruises cured by St. Jacobs Oil. It wipes them out.

TIME is money, we are told, yet most money is thrown away to kill time.—Fliegende Blaetter.

SURELY. Often after 10, 15, 20 years' suffering, St. Jacobs Oil cures rheumatism.

DID you ever hear a descriptive piece of music that described anything?

CRIPPLED for years? Pshaw! Why St. Jacobs Oil will cure sprains right off. Sure.

Choosing a Husband.

George Eliot says in one of her novels, that almost any woman can marry any man she makes up her mind to. Whether this is truth or fiction, certainly a woman chooses her husband oftener than he knows it. But she must play the negative part. She can only make herself as attractive as possible in a modest, womanly way and rely upon human nature and manly instinct.

A sensible man naturally seeks a wholesome-looking, healthy, capable companion. Men are not unselfish enough to willingly assume the care of a weak, nervous, debilitated wife.

Men are not attracted by a sallow, pimply complexion, foul breath, or thin, emaciated form, because these symptoms are the sure index of poor digestion and impoverished blood.

A woman afflicted by these mortifying miseries should seek the powerful, purifying and nutrimental influence of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which completely dispels all unwholesome appearances by clearing and renovating the organic sources of healthful vitality.

It helps the liver to filter all bilious impurities from the blood. It gives the digestive organs power to extract nourishment from the food. It rounds out thin forms; wipes away wrinkles, and gives to the complexion its natural clearness and bloom.

"Your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me of a severe case of poisoning of the blood," writes Mrs. Sclia Ricca, of Consul, Santa Cruz Co., Cal. "Boils one after another would break out on my arms, and were very painful. I have tried the loudly praised Sarsaparillas without any benefit whatever, and not until I took your 'Discovery' did I get well. That was two years ago, and I have not had a boil or sore of any kind since."

Webster's International Dictionary

Invaluable in Office, School, and Home.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

A thorough revision of the Unabridged, the purpose of which has been not display nor the provision of material for beautiful and showy advertisement, but the due, judicious, scholarly, thorough perfecting of a work which in all the stages of its growth has obtained in an equal degree the favor and confidence of scholars and of the general public.

The Choicest of Gifts for Christmas.

IN VARIOUS STYLES OF BINDING.

Specimen pages sent on application to

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.

In three points—tone, action, and durability—no organ approaches the

ESTEY

Write for Illustrated Catalogue with prices, to Estey Organ Company, Brattleboro, Vt.

OPIUM HABIT AND **DRUNKENNESS** Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay till Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.

OH, YES; WE USE IT. YUCATAN.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

A. N. K.—C 1633

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

Sweetness and Light.

Put a pill in the pulpit if you want practical preaching for the physical man; then put the pill in the pillory if it does not practise what it preaches. There's a whole gospel in Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills; a "gospel of sweetness and light." People used to value their physic, as they did their religion,—by its bitterness. The more bitter the dose the better the doctor. We've got over that. We take "sugar in ours"—gospel or physic—now-a-days. It's possible to please and to purge at the same time. There may be power in a pleasant pill. That is the gospel of

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

More pill particulars in Ayer's Curebook, 100 pages. Sent free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

STOP! .... Don't Let .... Constipation Kill You!

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER

10¢ 25¢ 50¢ ALL DRUGGISTS

THE MOST WONDERFUL, RELIABLE AND EFFECTIVE

MEDICINE • EVER • DISCOVERED.

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 910.

The Republican.

BENJ. J. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
G. D. SMITH, Local Editor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

THE REPUBLICAN is published every Thursday morning at the following rates:

One copy one year	$ 1.50
One copy six months	.75
One copy three months	.40
One copy one month	.15
Single copies	.05

ADVERTISING RATES.

First insertion for square of ten nonpariel lines $1; each additional insertion after first 50 cents per square of ten nonpariel lines. Positively no deviation will be made from the above rates.

REMITTANCES:

Remittances made by money order, postal note, registered letter or bank draft will be at our risk, if made otherwise, at the risk of the order. Address,

THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, DEC. 10, 1896.

Which?

The fact is that those who voted for silver were the reverse of "ignoramii"—they were the only portion possessing enlightenment upon the money question. And such papers as the *Journal* are responsible for the *ignorance* of the unenlightened portion. They keep their readers in the dark as to the true meaning and intent of free coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1.—Oakland (Md.) Democrat.

In lieu of argument upon this point will the "enlightened" *Democrat* fairly and frankly state what is "the true meaning and intent of free coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1" as declared in the platform adopted by rhe last State convention of its party?

Was the *Democrat* a hypocrite then or did it afterwards drop its convictions as gentlemen shed their pants?

Let us have no equivocation, but a straightforward, manly reply.

Upon which depends the nature of further comment.—Frostburg Journal.

The President's Message.

If for nothing else President Cleveland's last general message to Congress will always be memorable from the fact that in it the head of a national party congratulates the country on the defeat of that party. Of all the possible changes of politics who could ever have dreamed that the last important act of the man raised to power by a sweeping party victory four years ago would be to express public felicitations on the overthrow of the same party organization. Such an occurrence is without precedent in political history.

The feature of the message which will probably elicit the greatest interest is that relating to the war in Cuba. The policy of our government as here set forth, is sensible and judicious: He points out that while Spain has been unable to suppress the insurrection, neither have the insurgents been able to set up a government. Even the form of a civil government has been abandoned and the cause of Cuban independence is at present represented purely by military authority disconnected with any civil government with which other nations may enter into relations. The situation is such as to suggest the necessity of intervention to end a struggle which is continually growing more harmful, and the government has taken a step in that direction. It has proposed to Spain that the island be granted complete autonomy of government, and, since the insurgents could not be expected to lay down their arms on a mere pledge from Spain, the fulfillment of which they would have no means of securing, our government will guarantee the execution of the agreement. No answer has yet been received from Spain in reply to this proposal, and whether or not it would be acceptable to the insurgents is yet to be ascertained. If this overture is rejected, intervention may be compelled to take another form, but that the present posture of affairs cannot be allowed to continue is quite certain.

As regards the financial situation President Cleveland has nothing new to offer. He declares his belief that the present tariff law, if allowed a fair opportunity, will yield sufficient revenue to provide for the expenses of the government if due economy is practiced. He reiterates his previous recommendation that the greenbacks should be retired and that the national banks should be compelled to redeem their own notes. He recommends the reduction of the tax on circulation to one-quarter per cent. It is now 1 per cent.

The message closes with a representation of the uneasiness in the public mind over the aggregation of capital in the form of trusts, and calls attention to the fact that existing legislation against trusts is inadequate to deal with the subject. On this point he does not make any distinct recommendation, and the sum of what he says is that something ought to be done.

A Curious Situation.

There is a queer turn in this perpetual problem of southern election frauds. It begins to look as if a solution were in sight, but from an entirely unexpected quarter.

Republicans have long known of these frauds but have been unsuccessful in attempts to check them. The federal election law, foolishly termed the "force bill," proved futile, and it was finally repealed, after being held up as a dreadful bugbear though in reality it was a harmless scare-crow. Now that it is no longer in existence, a new situation arises. The recent presidential campaign found the southern Democrats divided on the currency question. The election machinery was in the hands of the free silver men, and the sound money Democrats demanded an honest count of the vote. This was refused, and several states were carried for Bryan in the usual southern way—literally stolen. Now it is the southern Democrats, sound money men, who are disfranchised and who are crying out against these crimes against suffrage, and a new and sweeping punishment is urged as a remedy.

The Galveston (Texas) *News* a leading Democratic newspaper, points out that Louisiana, with 8 electoral votes, returned a popular vote of but 100,960, while Connecticut, with only 6 electoral votes, cast 174,462 votes. South Carolina and Vermont each returned about 75,000 votes, yet while Vermont has only 4 electoral votes, South Carolina has 6. Thus one elector in South Carolina has more than twice the voting power possessed by one elector in Vermont. The constitution of the United States provides that where the vote of any state is suppressed and any portion of its citizens are disfranchised, the representation of that state in congress shall be correspondingly reduced. The Galveston *News* declares this provision is mandatory and should be enforced. Says this bold Texas jounal: "Mississippi's representation in the national house of representatives should be reduced from seven to two, and South Carolina's from seven to three. Likewise," it continues, "Mississippi's representation in the electoral college should be reduced from nine to four, and South Carolina's from nine to five.

Republicans have abandoned these ex-Confederate southern states to their own election infamy, and can get along without any help from them. But now that the better element of southern Democrats demand heroic treatment for these frauds, it is not unlikely that congress may take up the matter and enact the necessary legislation to strip those states of their undue representation in congress and the electoral college, as provided for by the federal constitution.

About Our Population.

The increase of our population since the civil war has been enormous, and particularly attracts attention from the figures which show the extent of foreign immigration to our shores. These figures are striking. They make us, however, unmindful of what is equally striking—namely, the growth of our native population. And yet this is an important factor in considering the problem of population.

Of the white population of the United States in 1834 one-third had sprung from the New England Puritans—to wit, about four millions. And this multiplication had arisen from little more than twenty-one thousand persons; for the Puritan emigration comparatively ceased in twelve or fifteen years—that is, from 1630, the date of Winthrop's expedition, to the Long Parliament, in 1640-1641. Green in his history of the English people, speaking of this emigration, says: "Nor were the emigrants, like the earlier colonists of the South, 'broken men,' adventurers, bankrupts, criminals; or simply poor men and artisans, like the Pilgrim Fathers of the Mayflower. They were in great part of the professional and middle classes; some of them were of large landed estate; some zealous clergymen, like Cotton, Hooker and Roger Williams; some shrewd London lawyers, or young scholars from Oxford. The bulk were God-fearing farmers from Lincolnshire and the eastern counties." It was from men like these, from about twenty-one thousand of them (for with the elections to the Long Parliament "the Puritan emigration to New England was suddenly and utterly suspended"), that sprung the four millions who in 1834, as we have said, constituted one-third of the population of the United States. In that year they numbered one-half the population of New York and Ohio. In the interval between 1834 and 1896 the four millions have multiplied and extended. Their numbers now are conjectural; but this Anglo-Saxon stock has spread over the West to the shores of the Pacific and has become the solid basis of its population.

Meanwhile, the same stock from the Southern Atlantic states has poured out a stream of immigration into the Southwestern states and territories. Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, Indiana and Illinois have largely derived their native population from this source; and it is a population that has also multiplied and increased. Indeed, Mr. Sydney G. Fisher, in a recent article in *The Forum*, has endeavored to show that if there had been no migration to our shores since the war of the Revolution our population from the native increase alone would have been equal to what it is now. His theory is that the foreign population has made the struggle for existence harder, has lowered the standard of living, and as a result has checked the growth of native population. The number of children in families has steadily grown less. This is seen among the masses, and, if Mr. Gladstone's classification be admissible, among the classes also—in the one case from the hardness of life, in the other from its luxuriousness.

But is the increase of the native population have been checked, its political weight and influence are in any emergency potential and controlling. Already there has been more or less intermarriage between the different races which make up our population and without doubt this intermingling will constantly increase. In time it will modify the American type of figure and feature, as well as the mental and physical attributes. The Anglo-Saxon American has now more activity and quickness than the Anglo-Saxon Englishman. The introduction of Celtic and Latin qualities into his blood may heighten his own, and lead in the blended stock to a higher and more refined race than the world has yet seen. The eulogy upon Colonel Yell, of Yellville, was "that though it was true his books did not balance, none could doubt that his heart bent warmly for his native land." We trust the ideal American of the future will both balance his books and maintain a high and fervid patriotism.

An Attorney at Law.

The return of Thomas E. Watson to the practice of law is worth more than the bare fact. If not an event of the first magnitude, it is an event of interest, pointing a political moral and adorning a populistic tale.

Mr. Watson abandoned his profession some five or six years ago. At that time populism as a national factor was just rearing its bucolic head. The discovery had just been made that the country's distresses all grew out of the preponderance of lawyers and politicians in the paths of the public service. These men had too much to do with framing the laws, and with their execution. They had established a sort of legislative trust, which must be dissolved. And the only way to dissolve it was to elect more farmers to office. Agriculture must have a larger representation in the halls of Congress, and wherever public affairs were transacted.

Mr. Watson fell in enthusiastically with the new propaganda. A lawyer himself, with a fair practice in a country town, he sold his books, locked his office door, turned his back on the courts, and set up regularly as a champion of the people. The episode was widely advertised, and on the crest of its wave Mr. Watson came to Congress, a farmer, and in earnest.

His conversion to populism was complete. He was the Populist candidate for Speaker of the House. He held the "age" even over the famous Jerry Simpson as the spokesman for populism on the floor. He kept the cause of populism continually in evidence. He became a martyr to the cause when he offered for re-election; but he rose from his congressional ashes into the position of leader of the party at home, and finally into that of vice-presidential candidate on the ticket with Mr. Bryan. He is suspected of a desire to head his party's national ticket in 1900, and of already laying pipes to secure that nomination.

But behold, Mr. Watson is a lawyer again. He has bought back his old books, or invested in a new set, returned to his old office, or opened a new one, gone into court again and earned and received a large fee. He is again distinctly tarred with the legal stick. What does it all mean? That Mr. Watson is now so strong that he can afford to ignore the mere prejudices of populism? Or is populism itself abating some of the fantastic notions which heralded its appearance on the national stage?

Maryland's New Game Law Tested.

Baltimore, Md., Dec. 5.—The validity of the game law passed by the last Legislature is being hotly contested in the courts here. City Councilman Conrad Dickout was indicted for having in his possession rabbits out of season. He is a large dealer in game, and contends that as the rabbits came from Virginia the State of Maryland has no right to prohibit their sale.

It is claimed that the new law is a violation of the United States Constitution, and involves the point already settled in the South Carolina dispensary and original package cases. The results of the trial will have an important bearing on the large game and fruit and oyster packing interests of Maryland.

Our gallery will only remain in Oakland about one week longer, and those wanting fine photographs had better take advantage of the opportunity for you will not have a chance soon again to get such pictures as we are giving you at such a price nor at any other price, and you need have no fears of not getting your work. Call and make your sittings at once and the pictures will be finished as soon as the weather will permit.

LOAR & CO.

WHY KANSAS SHOULD SECEDE.

Strong and Sane Advice to the Violent Ward.

The Populist Kansas City *World*, a valiant defender of our noble cause of sixteen to one and Repudiation, prints a thrilling story to the effect that Kansas is going to secede from the Union. At first thought this seems a little—not very, but just a little—startling. But as the idea sinks deeper, it strikes root and grows and waxes and blossoms and bares logical and delicious fruit. The idea is a good one.

Let's secede. Let's tear loose from the plutocracy and arrogance and brains and respectability of the corrupt and unsympathetic East. Let's rather to our selves here in Kansas all our jewels and flounce out of the sisterhood of States. Let's take our poll rags and quit civilization and annex ourselves to barbarism. Let's foolish interest; make poverty a felony; punish work with a sentence of enforced silence; make thinking a penal offence, enact brains into buttermilk; point over "ad astra per aspera" with blue mud, and in its place inscribe in letters of seething goose grease; "Vive la Lease; hurrah for hell!"

What's the use of being bound up with communities that are chained to old superstitions about what they call honesty? We of Kansas want to pulverize the money power; we want to pay our mortgages in silver, tin, cast iron, pot metal, asbestos, papier mache and wampum. The pent-up Utica and Schenectady and other plutocratic centres contract our powers. With these communities constantly treading on the ruffles of her garments, Kansas is handicapped.

Therefore let us secede. What! Ho there, Alabama! Aux Armes Citiyens of Arkansaw! Aroune ye, Florida! Rally round the standard of Jerry Simpson, who boasts of his "fiat money lunacy," shouting the battle cry of Kansas. Peffer forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah; up with Bill Bryan, down with the law, for we'll rally round his Whiskers; we'll rally once again, shouting the battle cry of Kansas!

If war shall show his wrinkled front, let's get a flatiron and smooth it out. This is a great day for Kansas.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

Life in "the home of the brave and the land of the free" is not by any means the selfish tooth-and-nail struggle for existence that some would have it to be. One phrase of evolution has became so commonly accepted among us that we rattle off "survival of the fittest" quite glibly, and imagine it explains everything of unevenness in the lives of fellows who are better or worse off than we. When, however, you and I can see so many "unfit" both surviving and flourishing, we must look for some law in operation different from that which Herbert Spencer shows to prevail among lower creatures, "carnivorous animals remove from herbivorous herds individuals past their prime, and weed out the sickly, the malformed, and the least fleet and powerful."

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And what may this different law be that explains the continued existence of those who are weak and feeble and puny? The law that in the hearts of the highest beings of the earth there shall grow with their progress upward from the animal an increasing recognition of the claims that the feeble have upon the strong. This impulse of man to look after and protect his weaker brethren is more completely pervasive of our civilization than would appear from the surface of our daily life, covered as it is with people scrambling eagerly for self and pelf these two. But surface indications are not enough for our inquisitive human race, else were coal mines and other forms of mineral wealth practically unknown, and we would still creep in and out of caves and gather our scant sheepskins about us.

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Look then with me, just for a few moments, beneath all the fierce struggle for wealth, food, life even, going on around us, and by the law of "the survival of the fittest" explain to me the existence of so simple a thing as your public school. You will find yourself unable to do it, for you will find there the children of worthless, shiftless parents who make no contribution to the maintenance of the teacher, and yet who reap the benefits that are secured to all children alike by the industry and thrift of the parents of some.

By that same law explain a hospital where suffering creatures, maimed in many cases beyond all hope of future utility, are kept alive by the most expensive appliances of science; where even the slighest neglect of the poorest patient, if that neglect becomes known, arouses an uproar. You cannot by any possibility see from such a place that the fit alone survive or are deemed worthy to survive.

Endeavor to understand how, by the rule of "every man for himself," your little country church came into existence. Your task will be a hard one, for into it are built the widow's mite, the farmer's hard-earned dollar, the mechanic's gift saved out of some perilous employment—all given up gladly without hope of personal gain.

Again, tell me or yourself whence come public libraries instead of the private aggregations of the "middle ages;" public parks instead of enclosures prohibitively walled against all that are "common or unclean;" public art galleries, where the connoisseur needs must jostle against the poor and the threadbare?

In all the foregoing examples, the chief beneficiaries are those who have succeeded in doing least to gain such pleasures. From the well-to-do have been abstracted the advantages they or theirs have earned, and these advantages are given to others who have not earned them. Yet not a voice of protest is raised, though this is all manifestly in favor of the "unfit" at the expense of the "fit."

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We run counter to this "animal" law, a law that has ruled even human beings through many a dark age of the past, because the great advancing common sense of civilization is superior to any such brutish, break-and-claw method of making progress. You and I belong to society—to some one government, if you will—and we are no longer regarded by it as individuals. We are members of that government, much as your fingers are members of your body, and, as members, are to be protected, guarded, cherished as part and parcel of your own life. By our social instincts and our government, which after all, is more for the protection of the weak than the strong an end is put in some degree to the interindividual struggle for existence, and the strength and advantage of all is in a sense given to each one. In fact, an unhindered struggle for existence would break up government, society, everything that now surrounds us, the defeated and the weak, with pleasures that would have been unreachable by us in the days of Magna Charta, or even in the days of the Declaration of Independence.

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This principal of government explains the theory of our courts of law, where the most feeble, represented by "the state" as plaintiff, may bring to his knees the most haughty and wealthy criminal. If you are enjoying any of the mental, legal, physical, spiritual helps that surround you on every side, you may set it down as a certainty that some one somewhere has given up something for you, whom he has never seen, just because you are a member of the same society or the same body politic. It amounts in all to this, that we are coming more and more to recognize the value of human beings as brothers of ours; that the interest of all is best subserved by throwing the best products of high civilization unreservedly before those who, in their individual struggle, are least able to attain to them.

Repair of Highways.

If it be true that $40,000,000 is spent in this country every year for road repairs, then indeed we get very little for our money. The extravagance of this bill, however, is due to the fact that so many of the roads are irreparable. They are not made right in the first place, and no amount of mending can make them right.

The indignant citizens who are mired in them at frequent intervals or whose houses are fouled in dry weather by the dust of them demand that they be bettered, but instead of getting an engineer to lay off a really good road with easy grades and proper bed and with protections and gutters the rural townspeople, thinking to save money, put the matter in the hands of some one who knows no more about roadmaking than a child and he dumps a quantity of sand over the broken place. This sand packs down and for a little while seems to improve the highway, even then it is deeply rutted by the wagons that are carefully driven in each other's tracks in order to save the horses, but it is not long ere the rains and winds and ordinary travel have done their work, and the road needs mending worse than ever.

We would think it absurd if we spent $20 to patch a $10 coat, or if we were to get a stonemason to make repairs to a cabinet, yet exactly that sort of economy is seen in many of the country districts.

Now the material for making a mile of good road where all conditions are favorable need cost only about $50. Indeed, if a township bought the quarry outright it would cost less. Stone that has to be crushed or hauled for a distance of course comes to more, but there are many places especially in the south and west, where $50 will cover the expense of material for a mile of road, and the road itself, after we have added the labor and the roller, can be reckoned at $2,000 a mile. The road once made is there forever. It may require a new surface from time to time, but if laid by a practical engineer who secures it by its grade and convexity against the wear and wash of rain and wind it will endure until some cataclysm changes the face of the whole country.

Attempted Suicide.

Norman Fasenbaker, a farmer living seven miles west of Frostburg, along the National pike, attempted suicide Tuesday evening of last week. For some time the would-be suicide has been suffering from general debility, and he became melancholy. The last time he visited Frostburg he told a number of his acquaintances that they could expect to have surprising news from him in a short time.

Early Tuesday evening he made an attempt to get a gun, with which to end his life, but his family discovered his intention and placed the gun out of his reach. Knowing that some muriatic acid was about the house he procured the bottle that contained it and drank a quantity of the acid. His wife administered oil and milk to relieve him, while his son hastened to Frostburg for a physician, who worked all night with the unfortunate man. He is now in a precarious condition. He is 55 years of age.

Throat Coughs

Is there a tickling in the throat? Do you cough a great deal, especially when lying down? Are you hoarse at times? Does nearly every cold you take settle in your throat? These "throat coughs" are very deceptive. Don't neglect them. Troches, or cough syrups won't touch the spot. You must take remedies that will enrich the blood, tone up the nerves; and heal the inflamed membranes.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites contains such remedies. It has wonderful nourishing and healing power. The cause of the cough is removed; the whole system is given new life and vigor; and the danger from threatening lung trouble is swept away.

Book about it free.
For sale by all druggists at 50c. and $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

PLANS FOR CURRENCY REFORM.

Chairman Hugh Hanna Outlines the Coming Convention's Work.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Dec. 6.—The movement of the business interests of the country toward national currency reform upon wholly non-partisan lines, which has resulted in a call by the commercial organizations of the Central West for a convention in this city in January, promises to become one of the notable things in the history of the country. It is doubtful whether any of the delegates to the conference last week have any idea of the breadth of the plan Hugh Hanna, chairman of the Executive Committee, has in mind for accomplishing this reform.

"I am convinced that we should have a commission," said Mr. Hanna, in conversing with a reporter to-day. "This is not a question upon which a large convention can make an intelligent decision in a day, or in a week. This is a matter that will require a commission two or three months, possibly six months, of continuous work and thought. Every plan presented should be carefully weighed, and the commission, I believe, will be able to evolve something that every intelligent business man can heartily indorse. I think a long step in this direction will be made if this convention should select a commission composed of the very greatest and best men we have in the country. We could afford to pay well for the services of those who could not otherwise afford to devote the necessary time to the work.

"Then when the commission has finished its work the largest part of our duty remains to be done in the thorough organization and continuation of the business of the country behind the measure.

"Instead of sending a committee to Washington to ask a Congressional Committee for a hearing we should, when a bill that we can all indorse is evolved, ask our Representative to come home for consultation with his constituents. If all the members of Congress with large business constituencies can be thus thoroughly informed as to the desires of the men who were potential in their election I do not believe there would be any doubt about the enactment of the measure into law.

"I do not want to see it made a bankers' convention or a bankers' commission, though I want to see that their interests as well as other business interests are represented. We want to solve this problem for the whole people, not for any particular class of people, or for any particular line of business."

Too Much Comfort a Disadvantage.

Is the world or mankind benefited by having too much comfort and luxury? This question has been under discussion by many of the master minds of the world. No definite conclusion has been reached. We may wisely study the subject for ourselves. Cities furnish more apparent luxuries and attractions than the country—many more advantages in the eyes of young people.

The farm has been at a discount for years. Boys have set their eyes toward great commercial centers and have said good-by to green fields and lowing herds at the first opportunity. Some of them have grown rich and prominent and have outstripped their competitors who were city born—they have put more energy and hard work into their pursuits. They have had to gain for themselves the comforts of the city instead of having them furnished by indulgent parents. They have grown strong in toiling, while those with ready-made conforts have simply enjoyed them and refrained from the severe work of necessity.

The majority of the really great men of the world have been born in the country and have struggled for development. Ease robs the possessor of ambition and of power. Riches do away with a desire to work.

Too many of our young men and women fail to appreciate the advantages of country life, the beauties of sky and field, the peace and quiet of farm life, the freedom of excitement and rivalry, the opportunity for self-education and reflection.

Handsome furniture, fine clothes and high-toned surroundings are not essential elements of greatness. Too many comforts are often weakening. Rugged, strong characters are formed in the cold and gloomy hills of Scotland rather than under the sunny skies and in the balmy climes of the Indies.

Let our young people cultivate an ambition for self-development and expanded mental vision; how to bring improved methods to the farm and to enjoy economy rather than grow envious of their city acquaintances or become filled with discontent because they do not possess the comforts which in their enjoyment are frequently weakening. Give us the development of mental power, the cultivation of nobility rather than the possession of unlimited wealth and luxury.—Montgomery Press.

Death of Mrs. John S. Combs.

The Cumberland *Times* of Monday evening contained the following notice of the death of Mrs. Emma V. Combs, wife of Mr. John S. Combs, formerly editor of the *Mountain Democrat*. The deceased lady has quite a large number of friends in Oakland who will be shocked to learn of her death. The *Times* says:

Mrs. Emma V. Combs, wife of Mr. John S. Combs, assistant forman in the *Times* composing room, died Sunday morning at 8 o'clock at her residence on Hanover street aged 42 years. The deceased had been ill for a long time, yet her death was so sudden that it was a great shock to her friends as the family had every hope that she would live for some time.

The deceased was a good mother and a faithful wife. She leaves besides her husband, five children, two of whom are grown while one is an infant sixteen months old, and the other two are of tender years. She also leaves a father, Daniel P. Seaber, of Westernport, and the following brothers: John F. Seaber, of Westernport, and Charles W. Seaber, the foreman of the *Times* composing room, and one sister, Mrs. Laura Lybarger, who resides on Center street.

The funeral will take place Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock from Kingsley M. E. church with interment at German Benefical cemetery, Baltimore pike.

HIS LAST MESSAGE.

Cleveland Instructs Congress On Many Points.

After a brief allusion to the peace and tranquillity that have followed an election which filled the country with feverish apprehension, and explaining that he would not reiterate minute details from departmental reports which have already been published, the President proceeds to take up the matter of our foreign relations and says:

While none of our citizens in Turkey have thus far been killed or wounded though often in the midst of dreadful scenes of danger, their safety in the future is by no means assured. Our government at home and our minister at Constantinople have left nothing undone to protect our missionaries in Ottoman territory, who constitute nearly all the individuals residing there, who have a right to claim our protection on the score of American citizenship.

ON ACTIVE INTERVENTION.

Our efforts in this direction will not be relaxed; but the deep feeling and sympathy that have been aroused among our people ought not to so far blind their reason and judgment as to lead them to demand impossible things. The out breaks of blind fury which lead to murder and pillage in Turkey occur suddenly and without notice, and an attempt on our part to force such a hostile presence there as might be effective for prevention or protection, would not only be resisted by the Ottoman Government, but would be regarded as an interruption of their plans by the great nations who assert their exclusive right to intervene in their own time and method for the security of life and property in Turkey.

DAMAGES DEMANDED.

We have made claims against the Turkish Government for the pillage and destruction of missionary property at Barpoot and Marash during uprisings at those places. Thus far the validity of these demands has not been admitted, though our minister, prior to such outrages and in anticipation of danger, demanded protection for the persons and property of our missionary citizens in the localities mentioned, and notwithstanding the strong evidence exists of actual complicity of Turkish soldiers in the work of destruction and robbery, the facts as they now appear do not permit us to doubt the justice of these claims, and nothing will be onmitted to bring about their prompt settlement.

ARMENIAN REFUGES.

A number of Armenian refugees having arrived at our ports, an order has been lately obtained from the Turkish Government permitting the wives and children of such refugees to join them here. It is hoped that hereafter no obstacle will be interposed to prevent the escape of all those who seek to avoid the perils which threaten them in Turkish dominions. Our recently appointed consul to Erzeroum is at his post and discharging the duties from his office, though for some uncountable reason his formal exequtur from the Sultan has not been issued.

I do not believe that the present somber prospect in Turkey will be long permitted to offend the sight of Christendom. It mars the humane and enlightened civilization that belongs to the close of the nineteenth century that it seems hardly possible that the earnest demand of good people throughout the Christian world for its corrective treatment will remain unanswered.

THE CUBAN STRUGGLE.

The insurrection in Cuba still continues with all its perplexities. It is difficult to perceive that any progress has thus far been made towards the pacification of the island or that the situation of affairs as depicted in my last annual message has in the least improved. If Spain still holds Havana and the sea ports and all the considerable towns, the insurgents still roam at will over at least two thirds of the inland country. If the determination of Spain to put down the insurrection seems but to strengthen with the lapse of time and is evinced by her unhesitating devotion of largely increased military and naval forces to the task, there is much reason to believe that the insurgents have gained in point of numbers, character, and resources, and are none the less inflexible in their resolve not to succumb, without practically securing the great objects for which they took up arms.

GUERILLA TACTICS.

Were the Spanish armies able to meet their antagonists on the open, or in pitched battle, decisive results might be looked for and the immense superiority of the Spanish forces in numbers and equipment could hardly fail to tell greatly to their advantage.

But they are called upon to face a foe that shuns general engagements, that can choose, and does choose its own ground, that from the nature of the country is visible or invisible at pleasure, and that fights only from ambuscade and when all the advantages of position and numbers are on its side. In a country where all that is indispensable to life in the way of food, clothing, and shelter is so easily obtainable, especially by those born and bred on the soil, it is obvious that there is hardly a limit to the time during which hostilities of this sort may be prolonged. Meanwhile, as in all cases of protracted civil strife, the passions of the combatants grow more and more inflamed and excesses on both sides become more frequent and more deplorable.

THE PROCESS OF DESTRUCTION.

Such a condition of things would inevitably entail immense destruction of property even if it were the policy of both parties to prevent it as far as practicable. But while such seemed to be the original policy of the Spanish government, it has now apparently abandoned it, and is acting upon the same theory as the insurgents, namely that the exigencies of the contest require the wholesale annihilation of property, that it may not prove of use and advantage to the enemy.

It is to the same end that in pursuance of general orders, Spanish garrisons are now being withdrawn from plantations, and the rural population required to concentrate itself in the towns. The sure result would seem to be that the industrial value of the island is fast diminishing, and unless there is a speedy and radical change in existing conditions, it will soon disappear altogether. That value consists very largely of course in its capacity to produce sugar. A capacity already much reduced by the interruptions to tillage, which have taken place during the last two years. It is reliably asserted that should these interruptions continue during the current year, and practically extend as it is now threatened to the entire sugar producing territory of the island, so much time and so much money will be required to restore the land to its normal productiveness that it is extremely doubtful if the capital can be induced to even make the attempt.

It would put the prosperity of the island and the fortunes of its inhabitants within their own control, without severing the natural and ancient ties which bind them to the mother country and would yet enable them to test their capacity for self government under the most favorable conditions.

The objection on behalf of the insurgents—that promised reforms can not be relied upon—must of course be considered, though we have no right to assume, and no reason for assuming that anything Spain undertakes to do for the relief of Cuba will not be done according to both the spirit and the letter of the undertaking.

A FRIENDLY PROFFER.

Nevertheless, realizing that suspicions and precautions on the part of the weaker of two combatants are always natural and not always unjustifiable—being sincerely desirous in the interest of both as well as on its own account that the Cuban problem should be solved with the least possible delay—it was intimated by this government to the government of Spain some months ago that, if a satisfactory measure of home rule were tendered the Cuban insurgents, and would be accepted by them upon a guarantee of its execution, the United States would endeavor to find a way not objectionable to Spain of furnishing such guaranty.

While no definite response to this intimation has yet been received from the Spanish government, it is believed to be not altogether unwelcome, while, as already suggested, no reason is perceived why it should not be approved by the insurgents. Neither party can fail to see the importance of early action, and both must realize that to prolong the present state of things for even a short period will add enormously to the time and labor and expenditure necessary to bring about the industrial recuperation of the island. It is therefore fervently hoped on all grounds that earnest efforts for healing the breach between Spain and the insurgent Cubans upon the lines above indicated, may be at once inaugurated and pushed to an immediate and successful issue. The friendly offices of the United States, either in the manner above outlined or in any other way consistent with our constitution and laws, will always be at the disposal of either party.

DANGER OF DELAY.

Whatever circumstances may arise, our policy and our interests would constrain us to object to the acquisition of the island or an interference with its control by any other power.

It should be added that it cannot be reasonably assumed that the hitherto expectant attitude of the United States will be indefinitely maintained. While we are anxious to accord all due respect to the sovereignty of Spain, we cannot view the pending conflicts in all its features, and properly apprehend our inevitably close relations to it, and its possible results, without considering that by the course of events we may be drawn into such an unusual and unprecedented condition, as will fix a limit to our patient waiting for Spain to end the contest, either alone and in her own way, or with our friendly co-operation, a situation will be presented in which our obligations to the sovereignty of Spain will be superseded by higher obligations, while we can hardly hesitate to recognize and discharge.

Until we face the contingencies suggested, or the situation is by other incidents imperatively changed, we should continue in the line of conduct heretofore pursued, thus in all circumstances exhibiting our obedience to the requirements of public law and our regard for the duty enjoined upon us by the position we occupy in the family of nations.

THE EMERGENCY MAY COME.

A contemplation of emergencies that may arise should plainly lead us to avoid their creation, either through a careless disregard of present duty or even an undue stimulation and ill-timed expression of feeling. But I have deemed it not amiss to remind the Congress that a time may arrive when a correct policy and care for our interests, as well as a regard for the interests of other nations and their citizens, joined by considerations of humanity and a desire to see a rich and fertile country, intimately related to us, saved from complete devastation, will constrain our government to such action as will subserve the interests thus involved and at the same time promise to Cuba and its inhabitants an opportunity of enjoying the blessings of peace.

NO TROUBLE ABOUT VENEZUELA.

The Venezuelan boundary question has ceased to be a matter of difference because Great Britain and the United States, their respective governments have agreed upon the substantial provisions of a treaty between Great Britain and Venezuela submitting the whole controversy to arbitration. The provisions of the treaty are so eminently just and fair that the assent of Venezuela thereto may confidently be anticipated.

Negotiations for treaty of general arbitration for all differences between Great Britain and the United States, are far advanced and promise to reach a successful consummation at an early date.

GORMAN-WILSON TARIFF.

The President devotes a portion of his message to a defence of the tariff law of 1894 as a producer of revenue. He says that the receipts from customs last year were $6,500,000 in excess of the previous year, and that our exports were $70,000,000 more than in the previous year. The deficit he attributes to the business depression which checked imports. The two past years he regards as most unfavorable for giving the tariff law of 1894 a fair test. In his opinion low prices for the necessaries of life are a great blessing and he thinks "the people should not be required to relinquish this privilege of cheaper living, except under the stress of their government's necessity made plainly manifest."

RETIRE THE GREENBACKS.

On the currency question the President favors the retiring of greenbacks, and the gradual substitution of silver coin for the silver certificates. National banks should be allowed issue circulation up to the par value of the bonds deposited,—and the tax on circulation should be reduced from 1 per cent. to one-fourth of one per cent.

The President goes into an argument to show that the effect of aggregation of capital is to stifle wholesome competition and to crush out individual enterprise.

WHY WE ARE INTERESTED.

The spectacle of the utter ruin of an adjoining country, by nature one of the most fertile and charming on the globe, would engage the serious attention of the Government and people of the United States in any circumstances. In point of fact they have a concern with it which is by no means of a wholly sentimental or philanthropic character. It lies so near to us as to be hardly separated from our territory.

Our actual pecuniary interest in it is second only to that of the people and Government of Spain. It is reasonably estimated that at least from $30,000,000 to $50,000,000 of American capital are invested in plantations and in railroad, mining and other business enterprises on the island. The volume of trade between the United States and Cuba, which in 1889 amounted to about $64,000,000, rose in 1893 to about $103,000,000, and in 1894, the year before the present insurrection broke out, amounted to nearly $96,000,000. Besides this large pecuniary stake in the fortunes of Cuba, the United States finds itself inextricably involved in the present contest in other ways, both vexatious and costly.

THE CUBAN PROPAGANDA.

Many Cubans reside in this country and indirectly promote the insurrection through the press by public meetings, by the purchase and shipment of arms, by the raising of funds and by other means, which the spirit of our institutions and the tenor of our laws do not permit to be made the subject of criminal prosecutions.

Some of them, though Cubans at heart and in all their feelings and interests, have taken out papers as naturalized citizens of the United States, a proceeding resorted to with a view to possible protection by this government, and not unnaturally regarded with much indignation by the country of their origin.

THE SYMPATHY OF A FREE PEOPLE.

The insurgents are undoubtedly encouraged and supported by the widespread sympathy the people of this country always and instinctively feel for every struggle for a better and freer government, and which, in the case of the adventurous and restless elements of our population, leads in only too many instances to active and personal participation in the contest.

The result is that this government is continually called upon to protect American citizens, to claim damages for injuries to persons and property, now estimated at many millions of dollars, and to ask explanations and apologies for the acts of Spanish officials, whose zeal for the repression of rebellion sometimes blinds them to the immunities belonging to the unoffending citizens of a friendly power.

DEMAND FOR INTERVENTION.

These inevitable entanglements of the United States with the rebellion in Cuba, the large American property interests affected, and considerations of philanthropy and humanity in general, have led to a vehement demand in various quarters for some sort of positive intervention on the part of the United States. It was at first proposed that belligerents rights should be accorded to the insurgents—a proposition no longer urged because untimely and in practical operation, clearly perilous and injurious to our own interests. It has since been, and is now sometimes contended that the independence of the insurgents should be recognized. But imperfect and restricted as the Spanish government of the islands may be, no other exists there—unless the will of the military officer in temporary command of a particular district, can be dignified as a species of government. It is now also suggested that the United States should buy the Island—a suggestion possibly worthy of consideration, if there were any evidence of a desire or willingness on the part of Spain to entertain such a proposal.

RIGHT, NOT MIGHT.

It is urged, finally, that, all other methods failing, the existing internecine strife in Cuba should be terminated by our intervention, even at the cost of a war between the United States and Spain—a war which its advocates confidently prophesy could be neither large in its proportions nor doubtful in its issue. The correctness of this forecast need be neither affirmed nor denied. The United States has, nevertheless, a character to maintain as a nation, which plainly dictates that right, and not might should be the rule of its conduct.

A PEACEFUL NATION.

Further, though the United States is not a nation to which peace is a necessity it is in truth the most pacific of powers and desire nothing so much as to live in amity with all the world. That our conduct Spain and all her dominions has constituted no exception to this national disposition is made manifest by the course of our Government, not only thus far during the present insurrection, but during the ten years that followed the rising at Yara in 1868.

ADMIRATION FOR SPAIN.

The people of the United States view with wonder and admiration the cheerful resolution with which vast bodies of men are sent across thousands of miles of ocean, and an enormous debt accumulated, that the costly possession of the "Gem of the Antilles" may still hold its place in the Spanish crown. And yet neither the Government nor the people of the United States have shut their eyes to the course of events in Cuba, or have failed to realize the existence of conceded grievances which have led to the present revolt from the authority of Spain,—grievances recognized by the Queen Regent, and by the Cortes voiced by the most patriotic and enlightened of Spanish statesmen, without regard to party, and demonstrated by reforms proposed by the exec-

u[illegible]ve and approved by the legislative b[illegible]nch of the Spanish Government.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE.

[illegible]would seem that if Spain should [illegible] to Cuba genuine autonomy—a [illegible]ure of home rule, which, while [illegible]rving the sovereignty of Spain, [illegible]d satisfy all rational requirements of her Spanish subjects—there [illegible]d be no just reason why the [illegible]ication of the island might not [illegible]ected on the basis. Such a re[illegible] would appear to be in the true i[illegible]ests of all concerned. It would [illegible]once stop the conflict which is now co[illegible]uming the resources of the island and making it worthless for whichever party may ultimately prevail. It would keep intact the possessions of Spain without touching her honor, which will be consulted rather than impugned by the adequate redress of limitted grievances.

LAST ADMONITION.

The message thus concludes:

In concluding this communication my last words shall be an appeal to the Congress for the most rigid economy in the expenditure of the money it holds in trust for the people. The way to perplexing extravagance is easy, but a return to frugality is difficult. When, however, it is considered that those who bear the burdens of taxation have no guaranty of honest care, save in the fidelity of their public servants, the duty of all possible retrenchment is plainly manifest. When our differences are forgotten [illegible] contests of political opinion are no longer remembered, nothing in the retrospect of our public service will be as fortunate and comforting as the recollection of official duty well performed and the memory of a constant devotion to the interests of our confiding fellow-countrymen.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

New Germany.

There has been a decided decline in the pork business of this vicinity.

Our school is progressing nicely under the management of Mr. E. N. Hall, and we predict a pleasant and profitable winter for the boys and girls in his care.

Mr. Noah Niland and Miss Mary Broadwater will start for Florida on the 10th inst.

Mr. Ernest E. Compton and wife returned home from Cumberland last week.

Mahlon Warnick drives a new horse.

F. D. Brooke, of Mt. Lake Park, spent Sunday and Monday last week with his father-in-law, John Bancord.

Miss Nora Warnick was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ross Compton last Sunday.

The choirs of the Twin churches are practicing for Xmas. XXI.

Avilton.

In reading your worthy paper, I notice items from various points and thought perhaps you would publish a few items from this thriving little town of Avilton.

The weather is exceedingly fine for the season.

The teachers of this vicinity received the free books last week.

Our schools are all progressing nicely.

Miss Mary Machin, of Mt. Savage, is the guest of Mrs. M. H McKenzie.

George Brown, one of our prominent young men, is going to Texas to spend the holidays.

W. H. Hoffmeyer attended singing at the Beall school, and we presume is inclined to join the class ere long.

Oscar Robeson took a flying trip to Frostburg Saturday evening, returning early Sunday morning.

Everything wears a prosperous aspect since McKinley's election.

Pea Ridge.

The people of this community feel proud of their new school house and congratulate Mr. Hiram Coleman for the interest he has taken in erecting a house that is an ornament to our settlement and a credit to the builder. Mr. N. A. Barker, of Berkeley Springs, W. Va. Mr. Barker is a first-class workman and deserves much credit.

Rev. David Merrill preached a very able and interesting sermon to a large audience here Sunday last. Services every two weeks.

Mr. John Tomlinson, of Frostburg, spent Saturday and Sunday on the Ridge as the guest of Mr. Andrew Lancaster.

Miss Zelphia Durst, of New Germany, was on the Ridge Sunday visiting friends and relatives.

Mr. Peter Broadwater has left us and gone to Mt. Nebo, where he expects to make his future home and engage in the milling business this winter. We wish him success.

Mr. Silas Crow, of Stump Island, is erecting a commodious dwelling house.

Swan Meadows.

This beautiful section of country is situated about three miles south of Oakland on the Oakland and Aurora pike. It is about one and a half miles in length and its breadth is nearly one mile. It is perhaps one of the most beautiful parts of country in Garrett county. This tract of land is for the most part level and its soil has been so extensively improved by the application of lime and other fertilizers within the past twenty years that for the production of wheat, corn, oats, buckwheat and grass it is hard to beat in any part of the county. This large farm is owned principally by Mr. Fred Gortner, who understands the business of farming in all its branches. At the intersection of the "Camp Pendleton" road with the Oakland and Aurora pike, at this place, are situated a large store, planing mill, saw mill and flouring mill, all of which are owned and operated by Mr. Peter P. Gortner. Mr. Gortner is doing a thriving business and the products of his mills are shipped to all parts of the country; especially is this true of his flouring mills. Mr. Gortner's reputation for the manufacture of high grade buckwheat flour is well established.

The Gen. B. F. Kelley farm, now owned by Mr. John Shartzer, of Oakland, is situated near here. This, too, is a large and beautiful farm, and Mr. S. is sparing neither money nor labor toward its improvement. While speaking of fine farms near this place, we would not fail to mention those of Mr. D. J. Slabach and Mr. William White. These gentlemen each have large and productive farms and know just how to conduct farming to bring the best results for the labor expended.

Our people round about are a

Teachers' Institute.

The following program has been prepared for the teachers' institute and educational meeting which is to be held at Grantsville Friday evening and Saturday, December 18th and 19th, 1896. The sessions will begin at 7 o'clock Friday evening:

1. Music.
2. Declimation, Bertha Bittinger.
3. Select reading, Eva Broadwater.
4. Declamation, Melissa Compton.
5. Declamation, May Younkin.
6. Music.
7. General Department of Teachers, Dr. Lichty.
8. Educational Advancement, Prof. D. H. Bender.
9. Garrett County Schools, Prof. C. G. Palmer.
10. Music.

SATURDAY MORNING, 9 O'CLOCK.

1. Music.
2. Queries.
3. How to use the Globe in school room, J. H. Bender.
4. Discuss best methods for teaching roumon fractions, M. H. McKenzie and Charles Custer.
5. Select reading, Mayme Liston.
6. Declamation, Etta Brenneman.
7. How to secure regular attendance, C. W. Hall and Will Beeghley.
8. School organization, Harvey Yoder and Ella E. Turney.
9. Queries.
10. Select reading, Lester Boucher.
11. Declamation, Lee Beachy.
12. Discuss how to teach language to the primary grade, Jonas Hersleberger and John Custer.
13. Music.

Just Received

A large assortment of beautiful and useful

HOLIDAY GOODS

which will be sold at prices to suit the times.

On the counters in Oakland Pharmacy you will find novelties of various kinds.

Photo Albums,
Mirrors,
Silver Articles,
Toilet Cases,
Toilet Trays,
Shaving Sets,
Traveling Cases,
Ink Stands,
Fancy Cut Glass Bottles
Fine Extracts,
Children's picture books
the very latest;
Bibles,

and a vast number of trinklets, etc., too numerous to mention.

Come and see us and get prices.

Come, whether you want to buy or not.

You are always welcome.

Oakland Pharmacy.

JOS. E. HARNED, Prop.

SHERIFF'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, the same being No. 53 Judicials to December Term, 1896, at the suit of the Garrett County Bank of Oakland, Maryland, vs. William Klipstine, the undersigned sheriff will offer at public auction to the highest bidder for cash on the day of sale, on

Saturday, the 26th day of December

1896, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, in front of the Court-house in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, all of the following parcels of land situated in said county described as follows to-wit: First, All that lot of ground which is known and designated as Military Lot Number Eighty-six (86) containing the quantity of fifty acres of land more or less, and being the same lot that was conveyed to the said William Klipstine by deed from Elizabeth Myers and husband, dated the 30th day of May, 1890, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 20, folio 283, etc.

Second, All that part of a tract of land called "Republic," containing the quantity of two hundred and seven and a quarter acres, which was conveyed to the said William Klipstine by deed from Joseph R. Anderson and wife, dated the 31th day of January, 1887, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. —, folio 284, etc.

Third, All that part of a tract of land called "Mount Nebo," containing the quantity of one hundred and eighty-six and three-fourth acres, which was conveyed to the said William Klipstine by deed from Berkley W. Klipstine, dated the 23rd day of March, 1886, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 11, folio 278, etc., among the land records of Garrett county.

Said lands are improved and in a state of cultivation to some extent and will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs, or so much of said lands as may be necessary

Terms of sale:—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN,
38-41 Sheriff of Garrett County, Md.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE
SITUATED IN GARRETT COUNTY.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Sarah E. Wolf and John W. Wolf, her husband, to Lewis Popp, dated the 11th day of April, in the year 1892 and recorded among the Land Records of Garrett County, in Mortgage Record Liber E. Z. T. Number 18, folio 425, the undersigned, as mortgagee, will offer for sale at public auction on

Thursday, the 17th day of Dec., 1896,

AT TWO O'CLOCK P. M.,

in front of the Court House in Oakland, Maryland, the following real estate, to-wit:

First, All that piece of land containing fifty acres, being part of a tract called

"CHEVIOT DALE,"

and being the same property which was conveyed by Daniel M. Wolf to Sarah E. Wolf, by deed of June 27, 1874, recorded among said records in Liber [illegible] Z. T. Number 18, folio 425.

Second, All that parcel of land, containing 67½ acres, being part of a tract of land called

"PEA PATCH,"

and being the same property which was conveyed by Michael Gibson and J. W. W. Davis to Sarah E. Wolf, by deed dated the second day of March, in the year 1892, and recorded among said land records in Liber E. Z. T. Number 18, folio 426.

The above parcels of land comprise one farm, situated about ten miles from Cumberland and six miles from Oakland, on the B. & O. Railroad, at the place where said Stephen F. Broadwater now lives.

The farm is well watered, and is improved by one Log Dwelling House, a Barn and a Spring House; about sixty acres are cleared, and the balance is in timber.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash.

30-4 LEWIS POPP, *Mortgagee.*

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Josiah Beeghley and Ellen Beeghley, his wife, to Josiah Beeghley and Sally Beeghley, dated May 20th, [illegible] and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 11, folio [illegible], etc., one of the mortgagees of Garrett county, Maryland, and duly assigned to John P. Spiker, the assignee will offer for sale at public auction, on

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1896.

AT TEN O'CLOCK A. M.,

on the premises, near the Cove post office in said county, the following valuable real estate:

All those pieces or parcels of land situated in said Garrett county, known and described as Military Lots Nos. twenty-five hundred and ninety-nine (2599), twenty-six hundred (2600), twenty-six hundred and one (2601) and twenty-six hundred and two (2602), containing two hundred acres more or less, excepting one-fourth here where school-house is located.

The above parcels of land comprise one farm, situated in the celebrated Cove settlement, and is now occupied by John A. Beeghley.

The improvements consist of a dwelling house, large barn and other necessary outbuildings; also apple, cherry and sugar orchards, and the farm is in a good state of cultivation.

Terms of Sale, Cash.

JOHN P. SPIKER,
Assignee of Mortgagees.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Henry E. Fully vs. The Maryland Supply Co. No. 791 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

This is to give notice to the creditors of The Maryland Supply Company of Garrett County, Maryland, to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before the 24th day of December, 1896, as I will state an account on said day in the above cause, distributing the money in the hands of James A. Delawder, receiver, amongst the parties entitled to participate in the distribution of said fund.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
40-4 Auditor.

Andrew B. Gonder, Attorney at Law. Alexander C. Mason, Surveyor.

GONDER & MASON,
:: REAL :: ESTATE :: AGENTS, ::
OAKLAND, MD.
10—1yr. Office, Shartzer's Opera House.

NOTICE TO
Delinquent Tax-payers.

Notice is hereby given to all delinquent tax-payers that if "taxes now due and in arrear" are not paid before January 1, 1897, I will proceed by law to collect. For full information to all parties interested I refer to Sec. 51 of Chapter 566 of Acts of General Assembly of Maryland, a copy of which is hereto annexed.

THOS. B. WILEY,
Treasurer of Garrett County.

SECTION 50. The said Treasurer shall during the first week in December in each and every year, give notice to all the delinquent tax-payers of said county, by advertisement inserted in two newspapers published in said county, and by hand-bills posted in five of the most public places in each election district of said county, and at the court-house door warning them that the payment of all taxes then due and in arrear will be enforced by advertisement and sale unless the same be paid before the first day of January next following.

N. B. The above will be strictly enforced after January 1, 1897.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Dec. 1, 1896.

Notice is hereby given by the County Commissioners for Garrett county that the General Assessors have been and are from now on under the control of the County Commissioners and subject to their orders, and all persons who have not been assessed and have not made out their schedules are required to do so at their earliest opportunity and have them ready for the assessors when they call for them.

The board will meet on January 4, 1897, for the purpose of appointing supervisors of roads and the districts will be taken up as follows:

Monday, January 4, Districts 5, 12, 3 and 9.
Tuesday, January 5, Districts 6, 8, 10 and 1.
Wednesday, January 6, Districts 7, 11, 2 and 4.
Thursday, January 7, the board will go into session as a Board of Control and Review, and all persons that have filed a notice of an appeal will be notified what day and date they will be heard and must attend on the day so arranged.

ISAAC W. ABERNATHY,
THOMAS H. LAYMAN,
County Commissioners.
Attest: J. S. METZGER, Clerk.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

JOURNALISM THAT PAYS.

BY LE ROY ARMSTRONG.

"NOT as much local matter as there should be," said Wallace, the editor, as he stood over the forms of his paper and drummed with a make-up rule against the stone.

"I can give you an item," said Haggerty, the printer, shifting his long legs and distributing dead bourgeois.

"Good! What is it?"

"The 'Red Front' will close up Saturday night and move over to Jimtown."

"Oh, Lord! There goes another advertiser."

"And the 'Tin Tunnel' was abandoned yesterday. Joyce says there isn't any more gold there than there is in his hat."

"Do you want me to publish treason? The Deep Gulch Courier shall never admit that a mine has failed to pay."

"And Brindley Rann is going to move his faro lay-out to Bolivar on Monday."

"Haggerty, you are a positive blessing in disguise—rather too well disguised, in fact. You can get more items that I don't want to print than any reporter I ever saw. Have you nothing that reflects credit upon Deep Gulch?"

"Naw," growled Haggerty, with an old printer's pessimism. "Deep Gulch is dying—or dead. You better follow the rest of them and get out with your printing office."

"Oh, surely these other mines are solid. The malcontents will all move back again. The Trolley and the Empire will never close down. I wrote an item about them myself this week."

"Just two Chinamen working in the Trolley," rejoined Haggerty, searching for an r in the a box. "And as for the Empire, the superintendent is making a bluff. He knows there is no pay dirt there."

"Then, by the mass, I'll quit the town, too, and move over to Jibtown before any other paper gets a start there."

And yet Wallace hated to leave Deep Gulch. He had come here with the first of them, and had insisted through columns and columns of leaded type that this was the real El Dorado. He had believed it himself. Editors must be optimists, of necessity. Still, he would not be the last to move. He planned while working off the papers that night on his Washington press how he could straighten up affairs and get out easily. He would probably have no interest is that relating to the war in Cuba. The policy of our government as here set forth, is sensible and judicious. He points out that while Spain has been unable to suppress the insurrection, neither have the insurgents been able to set up a government. Even the form of a civil government has been abandoned and the cause of Cuban independence is at present represented purely by military authority disconnected with any civil about his one small room in perpetuity. Haggerty helped him out by reaching for the sprinkling can. "I'll get some water," he said, and vanished.

"I'm from New York. I'm secretary of the Empire Mining company. They tell me most of the mines here are closing down; not paying anything."

"Yes, so I hear," assented the editor.

"Business men pulling up and going to Jimtown."

"Yes; I've about concluded to go there myself, before any other paper—"

"I don't want you to do it."

"No?"

"No. What will you take to stay right here and run your paper all winter?—run it wide open, fill it with items, crowd it with advertisements and reports of new diggings, arrivals, lights,

"JUST REPORT THEM."

big finds, new buildings—you understand. How much?"

"Why, there are none of those things happening."

"I didn't ask you to make them happen. Just report them."

"Oh, I see."

"Yes, I thought you would."

"You want your mine boomed."

"Certainly. I want to unload a little Empire stock down in New York if I can."

"What'll you give?"

"A hundred a week."

"For how long?"

"Till March."

"I'll go you."

They traded. The secretary paid one week's wages on the spot, and promised a check every Monday for three months. Haggerty came back with the water, and found Wallace radiant. They went out that night and tried their luck at a farewell throw in Brindley Rann's place. But Brindley knew he was going to quit Deep Gulch in a day or two, so they lost.

One by one the houses—some of lumber, some of canvas, some of both materials combined—folded their wings and withdrew bodily. The street became more and more an empty hillside every day. Saloons, groceries, gambling-rooms and dry goods emporiums were loaded on freighters' wagons—goods, walls, roofs and windows—and hauled away from Deep Gulch.

Nothing was left but the big double house that had been hotel and gambling-room and hardware store all in one, and the little pine printing office, of all the buildings that Deep Gulch had boasted six months before. Yet the Courier never confessed it. Reading the columns of that veracious sheet, one was astounded at the bustling, not to say seething, condition of municipal affairs.

I wish I had space to copy the items. There was a quarrel in the city council over opening a new street; a letter from "Vox Populi" condemning the councilmen for favoritism in letting the contract for the sewer; the arrival of Piper's Uncle Tom's Cabin company with four mules and four Markses; half a column of births and weddings, and another half of an accident in the Strawboard mine—an industry which had no earthly existence.

"Good story, that gun fight you described," grinned Haggerty, as he rattled the untruthful types into his stick.

Wallace thanked him.

"Might report a lawsuit."

"Good thing!" exclaimed the editor, and wrote half a column about the crowds at the courtroom and the cheers when the accused woman was acquitted. Then he grew boastful in the declaration that the Masonic temple, "now nearing completion," laid over anything in Jimtown, or any other city of twice the size in Idaho.

Big finds in the Rabbit mine, bigger still in the Empire, good reports from the Snowback diggings, better still from the Eclipse—these were vagrant items scattered through the pages.

Wallace "made up" and put the forms on the press; Haggerty "rolled" for him, and they printed four copies—two for the secretary of the Empire Mining company in New York, one for a foreign advertiser, and one for the files.

That was the extent of the issue; and when they had "worked it off," Haggerty washed the type with concentrated lye, and threw it in again.

There was no post office in Deep Gulch; it had vanished with the vanishing business. There was not a single resident beside these two men and a half-breed who slept in the double house next door and hunted for a living. Every week Wallace walked ten miles to Jimtown, mailed the three copies of his paper, paying full rates to keep the secret, received his check at the post office, cashed it, bought supplies for him and Haggerty, and then walked home again. He used to say grimly it was an excellent time to gather items.

[illegible]d every week the secretary of that [illegible]re Mining company opened the [illegible]siness in his office at New York, demanded the wrappers, and showed his [illegible]s how the mine was booming. [illegible]tent[illegible]ng toward spring Wallace saw [illegible]shar[illegible] the letters accompanying his re[illegible]nces that the secretary had about The[illegible]aded," and he made arrangements of w[illegible]ll out as soon as his contract was the [illegible]. Haggerty wanted him to throw And[illegible]nd follow the star of empire; but [illegible]cong[illegible]litor was too honest a man. Besides, the business was paying.

One day they saw a man prospecting up at the mouth of the abandoned Trolley mine. Presently he came down, and entered the office.

"First to come and last to leave, eh?" he remarked, laughing, as he regarded the material with an expert eye.

"Well, last to leave, anyway," said Wallace, not very proudly. "Been prospecting?"

"Yes. I rather like the looks of things up there on the hill."

"Lots of gold been taken out of there."

"Lots more to take out yet," rejoined the stranger.

It was not for the Courier to contradict that statement. The stranger toyed with the standing type in that easy way that proves acquaintance.

"Haven't much use for a paper here, have you?" he asked.

"No; I would sell."

"What will you take?"

"What'll you give?"

He made an offer, and Wallace traded, possession to be given the 1st of March. After the papers had been signed the stranger went over to Jimtown and got the money. Wallace and Haggerty both thought they were in a dream. The stranger hung around that Trolley claim, digging, washing, cutting timbers. One day he came down with some specimens, and showed them. Wallace had been something of an expert. He knew they held gold. He regretted selling, but he went away with the end of winter and drifted up to Boise City, where he put his money in the Miners' bank and took cases on the Herald.

Haggerty put what money he could raise in the faro banks, and "snubbed" on an afternoon paper.

One day in August Wallace saw a man in a restaurant with a copy of the Courier in his pocket. Now an ex-publisher, seeing his paper folded with the title out, may ask anyone possessing it to surrender, though it be the angel Gabriel. And this was not. This was a very accommodating, not to say friendly, fellow who was glad to form a new acquaintance.

"So you used to run the Courier?" he asked, after they had taken a drink together. "Well, I run it now."

"Oh, you bought it of—"

"No. He bought it for me. You see, I was on the inside. I knew there was gold in the Trolley and all along that gulch, and that a rush would come the minute the truth was told. So I bought the paper, and loomed her where she would do the most good."

"And did the rush come?" Wallace swallowed that reference to "the truth."

The stranger frowned a very good imitation of a thunder-cloud, and replied: "Filled the gulch from Sage Run to Honeycomb Rock."

"You don't tell me!"

Those names were regretfully familiar.

"Main street runs right up the hill. Morris & Swan put in a new stampmill the other day. That's five in six months."

"You amaze me."

"Bought a lot for 50 cases last May and sold it in June for 100."

"Well! well!"

"Dan McCarty elected mayor last Monday, and—"

"Not Dan McCarty, of Indianapolis?"

"That's the man."

Wallace was trembling with excitement.

"Why, I've known him for 20 years."

"You have? Well, he's mayor."

"How things have changed!"

"Changed! Well, I guess yes. Little too fast for me. I'm looking about for something nearer civilization. Don't hanker after frontier journalism more than six months at a time."

"Pays, don't it?"

"Well, I've taken out enough to buy an interest in the Herald here. Pays that well."

"Who bought your office?"

"Tisn't sold. I own the Courier."

"Would you sell it?"

"Yes, if I got my price."

"How much?"

The prosperous proprietor named a figure. Wallace won a concession of half a hundred, and they made a bargain, taking another drink to bind it. Wallace always did like the Deep Gulch country. He drew his cash from the Miners' bank, paid down, giving a mortgage on the Courier plant for the balance, and threw up his cases on the Herald.

He hunted up Haggerty, bought a pair of burros, loaded one with a camp

"SO YOU USED TO RUN THE COURIER."

outfit, and they left Boise City on their pilgrimage.

"Tell Mayor McCarty I'll be down in a week or two," said the stranger as he gave them good-by. "No, give him a note for me." And he scribbled on the leaf of a memorandum book, tore it out, sealed it, and gave it to Wallace. Then they took another drink and shook hands for the fifteenth time, parting solemnly.

Four days Haggerty and Wallace climbed up hills for the monotonous pleasure of climbing down again. Four nights they rolled themselves in dusty blankets and slept the sleep of the hopeful. Hour by hour they hammered the stubborn little burros, but could not make them trot; met Indian squaws riding straddle on dejected ponies; forded streams where the current was swift and treacherous; and then they came at sundown to the crossing of Sage run.

"Seems to me we ought to see the lights of the city," said Haggerty.

"Well, he said the main street runs up the hill, instead of across, you know," was Wallace's reply.

They crept along the bank, but the burros would not take to the water in the darkness. So they rolled themselves in their blankets for a final camp, and swore they would eat breakfast at the best hotel in the morning.

When the coyotes barked, just before daybreak, Haggerty arose and climbed a height that towered above Sage run and dominated the whole canyon where Deep Gulch lay. There he lighted his pipe, and waited for sunrise. When it came, he threw pebbles down at the sleeping burros till their braying waked the editor.

"Come up here," called Haggerty; and Wallace hastened to him. As he reached the summit, he flashed one look along that empty canyon, then staggered, and sank down on the stones. He recovered, and looked again.

There was no stampmill. There was no store; there was not even a saloon from Sage run to the very apex of Honeycomb rock. The double house had vanished, and the shanty which sheltered the printing office in old days was all that was left of the metropolis.

Wallace opened the letter addressed to the mayor, unfolded the scrap of paper, and read:

"Dear Mr. Wallace: Maybe you can unload on someone else. It is the only way to make journalism pay in the provinces. If you ever meet Mayor McCarty, tell him how good a turn the mention of his name served me. And send me a copy of the Courier with your saturatory. Good-by."

That was all.—Lippincott's.

When a Young Man Doesn't Like It.

"As a general thing," said a fond father, "a young man likes to be patted on the back; but not always. I was pleased the other day with something my eldest boy had done, and, rather impulsively, I will admit, I patted him on the back."

"'Oo—oo!" he says, and he shrank away as though I'd hurt him; and no wonder, for he's black and blue and sore all over. He plays football; and the football players don't like to be patted on the back, except figuratively speaking."—N. Y. Sun.

THE ART OF BUCCOMANCY.

Reading Character by the Mouth Has Come Into Vogue Again.

Buccomancy is again in fashion.

We know not the word, but our fathers knew it. Buccomancy is the art of revealing the past, present and future of a person by an inspection of his or her mouth.

William Rogers, who flourished about 1700, and who was a prosperous dentist, discovered the art and expressed his views thereon in a work, which may be found at the Academy of Sciences. "Show me a man's mouth," said Rogers, "and I will tell you what he has been, what he is, and what he will be." He added that this new system of divination was based on the teaching of the most celebrated physiognomists, and principally upon the discovery of a buccal alphabet—that is to say, upon the characteristic and telltale signs of the human mouth.

Certain scientists to-day are studying this system of his, for which reason the following rules will prove of interest:

Cheeks are first in order, for, according to buccomancy, they form part of the mouth. As a rule, fleshy cheeks indicate sensuality and a general moisture of temperament, whereas thin and shrunken cheeks are a token of melancholy and dryness. Chagrin produces the hollowness, and severity and fierceness give birth to deep wrinkles. A cheek which is naturally gracious, and which toward the eyes is stirred by a slight tremor, is an almost infallible sign of a heart tender, generous and incapable of any meanness.

The space between the nostril and the extremity of the mouth is very significant. If it is covered with any shading or undulation, it is an infallible sign of folly.

Chins tell many a story. A round chin which has a dimple signifies kindness; a small chin, timidity; a flat chin, coldness and dryness of temperament; an angular chin, diplomacy, prudence, firmness; a pointed chin, craft and finese, and a long, large, heavy chin, hardness, pride and violence.

Teeth too, are revealers of character. White teeth, which are well arranged and which show themselves as soon as one opens the mouth, but neither project themselves beyond the lips, nor reveal themselves entirely, are always a token of kindness, loyalty and amiability. On the other hand, whenever a great part of the upper gum is seen as soon as the mouth is opened, one can generally predict that the owner is a cold and phlegmatic person. Jean Jacques Rousseau says that "no worthless woman ever has beautiful teeth," and a Spanish proverb assures us that "a good tooth is better than a diamond."

Small and short teeth are the token of extraordinary force and frequently of great penetration of character. When they are small and turn inward, they denote an innocent love for finesse, but at the same time a hard and revengeful character. Long teeth are a sure sign of weakness and timidity. Those which are very prominent and which seem to rest on the lower lip, betoken a lack of energy and spirit.

"Everyone knows," says the learned Herder, "that the upper lip reveals the tastes, the tendencies, the appetites, the loves of a man, according to the extent to which pride and anger curve it, finesse sharpens it, kindness rounds it, and debauchery enervates and tarnishes it."

Rogers claims that a man's character is of the same stamp as his lips—either firm, soft, or mobile, according as they are firm, soft, or mobile.

Large and well-proportioned lips indicate kindness and frankness. Fleshy lips show a leaning toward sensuality and indolence. Thin lips betoken avarice. An upper lip which is slightly protruding is the mark of affectionate kindness, whereas a protruding lower lip is the mark of a cold nature.

A lower lip which is hollow in the middle reveals a character full of playfulness and harmless wit. Lips closed tightly, the division between which runs in a straight line and the edges of which are not seen, are a sign of coolness, assiduity, order, exactitude and neatness. A mouth gently closed and of harmonious proportions indicates a firm, reflective and judicious character; whereas a mouth always gaping is the sign of a fool. Moreover, a mouth which is twice as long as the eye is the sign of an idiot.

Finally, Rogers tells us that we must regard as a "sanctuary" that mouth which is calm, which is closed easily, and without any tension, which has lips well proportioned, which has no rude hollow, and which, as regards lineaments, is fine and delicate, and, as regards skin, is pure and mobile.

Men and women who are bold and courageous are recognized by their slightly long eyebrows, by their noses drooping down over their mouths, which are always very large, and by their teeth, which are long, sharp and strong.

The haughty woman is known by her extremely arched eyebrows, her slow gait, and her veiled eyes. Pride, however, is especially shown by the mouth. The lips of a proud woman are unequal in size, and the upper lip protrudes less than the lower one, which contracts every instant.—N. Y. World.

Scotch Doughnuts.

Two eggs well beaten, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of milk (sweet), four teaspoonfuls hot lard from the frying pan, one teaspoonful (little more than even full) of soda and two of cream of tartar sifted with one cupful of flour. Add enough more flour to make quite a stiff batter. Roll out and fry in hot fat. Before adding the flour add one teaspoonful of vanilla. I hope some one will try this, as I have always had good luck with it, and it makes just enough for three.—St. Louis Republic.

A Matter of Five Dollars.

Daskaway—Did you meet Travers?

Cleverton (sadly)—No. He saw me first.—Bay City Chat

PHOTOGRAPHY EXTRAORDINARY

Some Very Curious Productions of the Camera.

A French photographer has pleased Paris, always charmed with a novelty, by producing extraordinary photographic combinations through an ingenious arrangement of mirrors. The results he attains are novel, surprising and sometimes sensational, as, for instance, his bona fide photograph of a well-known Parisian being ridden in the street by his horse. Grotesque combinations such as this are, of course, familiar to us all, for photographers have long been able to produce very curious effects by embodying figures from several negatives in one print.

The beauty of this last photographic novelty is, however, that the prints do not "give away" the process, as the old-fashioned built up photographs invariably do by the stilted postures and incongruous discords of the composition, but appear to be single, instantaneous glimpses of real scenes of an altogether impossible nature. They are clever enough to deceive an expert, or to make a superstitious person almost believe in miracles.

All Paris is enthusiastic over one of his pictures in particular. It is a photograph of a gentleman in evening dress, with the face of his fiancee daintily poised on his immaculate skirt front. The girl's face seems to be as much a part of the man's figure as is his head, and not merely a picture stamped on the white linen bosom.

This feat is accomplished by posing the figures in such a way that they are reflected from the maze of mirrors directly into the eye of the camera. Sometimes the woman's face is reproduced in a smaller form, and in the shape of a heart, and is so arranged as to take the place of the organ in which the god of love is popularly supposed to dwell.

Photographs taken by the mirror process show people in every conceivable position. For instance, two brothers are photographed to appear as one balanced upside down on the other's head. As both are in evening dress, from patent leather pumps to crush hats, it is difficult to decide when one has the picture right side up. Pictures of animals in all conceivable positions are a fad of this photographer, whose art often takes a humorous turn. A very small snake in the act of swallowing an unusually large elephant is a favorite with those who have a sense of the ridiculous. Other pictures, however, lean to tragic rather than the comic.

A pyramid of babies, to the number of a score, is another picture which attracts a great deal of interest, for, though the tots are still in the long clothes period of existence, they appear to balance themselves with all the sang froid of professional acrobats.

One large photograph which the Parisian camera juggler lately exhibited at an exhibition of pictures, noted more for their oddity than the popular character of their subjects, is probably the most grewsome of any he has yet taken. This photograph portrays an exceedingly beautiful woman dressed as for a ball, through whose body the bare arm of a man is thrust, the hand clasping the handle of a sword that is dripping with blood. The woman's face is distorted, as though with pain, and she seems about to fall to the ground.—N. Y. Herald.

BALLROOM BICYCLING.

A Musical Ride at Lord and Lady Brassey's House.

The all-conquering bicycle has had many triumphs, but its latest conquest is its greatest.

It has invaded the ballroom and when Lord and Lady Brassey gave their ball of the season at government house, Melbourne, some weeks ago, a musical ride on bicycles was an important item in the programme. It was an adaptation of the musical ride of the Household brigade.

The ladies wore cycling costumes of pale blouses, with dark blue ties and dark blue skirts. The dress of the men was a return to knee breeches and stockings, and in color harmonized with the dresses of the ladies.

Some days before the ball a rehearsal was held in a large suburban drill-room with peculiarly appropriate environments, for a ball had been held the night before. The floor was so highly polished that French chalk had to be used to minimize that dread of all cyclists, side-sliding. Both the figures and the commands indicated a blend of the cavalry ride and the quadrille. Although one lady in particular came down several times, she did it so deftly that there was barely an interruption to the movement. Another lady in a Holland costume, turning sharply too near the wall, was unseated, but remounted so quickly that only an expert cyclist could detect that the movement was not part of the rehearsal.

We have not yet heard how the real ride went off, the mail not having brought the account to hand.—London Mail.

Drinking Rain Drops.

The interesting doings and peculiarities of the young king-bird, kept a captive, are thus described: The king-bird lives on insects, which it generally captures on the wing, and the young bird that Mr. Bumpus experimented with caught falling drops of water by striking at them with its beak, but could not be induced to drink from a dish after the manner of a chickadee. This leads Mr. Bumpus to suggest that king-birds may be in the habit of quenching their thirst by seizing falling drops of rain.—Science.

Building Made of Ashes.

A building has recently been erected by Herr Wagner, an architect in Limburg, solely of materials formed of ashes, without any admixture of sand. It is claimed that hard, natural stones of almost every variety have been successfully imitated with this very cheap material.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Catarrh

is a constitutional disease and requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine purifies the blood and cures catarrh.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. 25c.

A Smoothly Appointed Train.

Undoubtedly the handsomest train between Chicago and St. Paul, Minneapolis, the Superiors and Duluth is the "North-Western Limited," which leaves Chicago at 6:30 p. m. daily via the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Ry). Its equipment, which is entirely new throughout, and embraces Compartment Sleeping Cars, Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, standard Sleeping Cars, Dining Cars and ladies' coaches, has every luxury which imagination can conceive or mind invent for the comfort and convenience of passengers. All agents sell tickets via the Chicago & North-Western Ry. For full information apply to agents of connecting line, or address W. B. KNISKERN, G. P. and T. A., Chicago, Ill.

DON'T judge a man's bravery in the day time, when there are no ghosts or mad women around.—Atchison Globe.

Garden Spots of the South.

The Passenger Department of the Louisville & Nashville R. R. has just issued a hundred page book with the above title. It is descriptive of the resources and capabilities of the soil of the counties lying along this line in the states of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Southern Mississippi and Western Florida. It also contains a county map of the above mentioned states, and is well worthy of a perusal of any one interested in the South. A copy will be sent to any address upon receipt of ten cents in silver or stamps, by C. P. ATMORE, Gen. Pass. Agt., Louisville, Ky. Semi-monthly excursions South. Write for particulars.

HE—"So Bullem has failed?" She—"Yes; but they only owe us a call, so thank goodness, we won't lose by it."—London Figaro.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

CLARA—"Do you call Bertha a beauty?" Maddie—"To her face, yes."—Boston Transcript.

An Important Difference.

To make it apparent to thousands, who think themselves ill, that they are not afflicted with any disease, but that the system simply needs cleansing, is to bring comfort home to their hearts, as a costive condition is easily cured by using Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only, and sold by all druggists.

THIS sorrow, which has cut down to the root, has come, not as a spoiling of your life, but as a preparation for it.—George Eliot.

California.

If you will send your name and address, we will send a representative to your home to explain all about the advantages of Phillips-Rock Island personally conducted Tourist Car Excursions to California. Address A. PHILLIPS & CO., 91 Adams St., Chicago. JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago, Ills.

"YOU," shouted the long, lean man, "you, sir, are no patriot." "Well, what if I ain't?" retorted the short, fat man. "Election's over, ain't it?"—Indianapolis Journal.

I CANNOT speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—MRS. FRANK MORRIS, 215 W. 22d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1895.

RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCE.—"You ride your wheel on Sunday, don't you?" "Yes, but I never run over anyone on that day."—Tit-Bits.

IF you want to be cured of a cough use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

MOTHER (to her boy sliding down the banisters)—"Fritz, what are you doing there?" Fritz—"Making trousers for orphan boys."—Fliegende Blaetter.

HUMPED and bent. Lame back did it. Straight and sound. St. Jacobs Oil did it.

YOUNG Mr. Punctuality was on a mountain top. He pulled out his watch. "Ah!" said he, "if the sun doesn't rise in just one minute and nine seconds, it will be late."

SORE and Stiff! Cold. St. Jacobs Oil the cure. It warms and relaxes.

1 OUT OF EVERY 3

Persons you meet every day,

WILL DIE

OF BRIGHT'S DISEASE

or some trouble of the kidneys, urinary or female organs.

WHAT CAN BE DONE?

In such a serious condition you must secure the best remedy you can find in the market

AT ONCE.

There is only one absolutely sure cure for these troubles, and that is

Warner's Safe Cure

"It has stood the test of time."

LATEST AND BEST WELL DRILLING MACHINES 100 ft. to 2,000 FEET.

HORSE, STEAM AND GASOLINE POWER..... ADDRESS LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.

FOR SALE--FINE DIAMOND about ONE karat, at sacrifice. Will send by express for examination. Post-office Box 715, Rochester, New York.

TEMPERANCE.

THE DUEL OF THE EYE.

Story of a Remarkable Conflict Between Indian Chiefs with a Temperance Application.

[W. C. T. U. Medal Contest Recitation.]

The forceful influence of the human will is an agency to the import of which all people are not thoroughly alive. Exerted in a physical way, and by a human organ, this power which one life may hold for another, is perhaps best illustrated by the wonders of the human eye. The eye is the most power-charged instrument which God has given us, and can, more perfectly than tongue, express in its changing moods the varying sentiments of the flesh-veiled soul, of which it is indeed the outlook. The eye can smile and caress, and be kindly as the perfumed breath of the dew-sweat grass in summer's time; or it can frown and blight, and curse away happiness, or even life itself.

The deadly, destroying voltage of "the evil eye" is well understood among savage peoples. Some of the American Indian tribes hold traditions of one or another of their great chieftains in the past who have had this gift of peculiar power in themselves, so that the eye would execute as an outward symbol the vengeful dictates of a hating heart within. One who found in himself this potent weapon considered it a great mark of favor from the gods, and was not content until he had so perfected himself in this mysterious power that his eye was a servant terrible in its obedience to wreak out upon his enemies the vengeful demands of its mastering will.

The most terrible duel which was ever fought on American soil occurred many years ago on the marge of one of the great northern lakes. Two famous Indian chiefs had long been bitter rivals for the possession by their respective peoples of a coveted hunting ground. Strangely enough, each was holder of this strange, dominant force, which is now better known as occultism, hypnotism, mesmerism and by other names. Each realized his strength, and, while knowing his adversary and his wiles, felt that his opponent could actually be put to death by sheer will power, expressed in an unflinching eye. So it was finally agreed that in the settlement of the feud ordinary weapons of destruction should be cast aside and a battle of the eye waged to the death.

On the time appointed the two leaders repaired to the spot selected for

THE WARRIORS LOOKED STRAIGHT INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES.

the unique and terrible affray, each accompanied by a number of his most trusted braves. Ere the beginning of a beautiful autumn day the two parties approached each other, and not a word was spoken. Each chief glided to a seat on the ground but a few feet distant from the other, while the followers squatted in stoic silence behind. The sun shaded off the tense hours of the morning and mounted to the high meridian of midday. Yet the blazing eye of the king of day itself was no more faltering than the burning, blighting, blasting gaze which each of the two death-desiring warriors bent upon his opponent and held there in its hot-shotted and awful fury as the hours trembled along in the sky above.

Through all the morning each had bent his whole mental power upon the bombardment and destruction of his enemy; but the anxious, spellbound watchers could not distinguish that either as yet had gained the slightest ascendancy of will-power over the other. Through all the long, terrible hours that death-impelling battery of hatred and flashing jets of death-envenomed ire had never faltered and suffered not a waver of weakness on either side. The little birds ceased their glad singing in the gracious forests, and the mild-eyed beasts of the calm wilderness looked out with dumb, wondering sight upon the sad spectacle of man's unforgiving enmity. Nature itself seemed hushed, as it bent above the scene in the strained suspense of silence, and the deep-shrouded quiet of a lifeless world engloomed itself in a sobless sea of sorrow all about.

Next the lapse of the afternoon started on its way, and the sun rolled off the first four hours of its decline.

It was then that one of the chieftains trembled!

This one had all along been counted in strength a shade the lesser of the two, and his sign of coming palsy of fear was at once spotted by his alert enemy. The involuntary shudder was immediately suppressed, and, to all appearance, he once more was sturdy as before. But from this time on there steadily poured into his being a pitiless rain of fire from the piercing eyes of his now thoroughly aroused enemy, and every baleful blade of hating, sinister sight stabbed itself hilt-deep into his fear-fed fibers. Yet he held his ground splendidly, grandly determined that he would not succumb so long as a shred of life's length lent itself to his still unconquered spirit. His unabashed eye met that of the other, and glare answered blaze—while the sun still journeyed into the western way of night. The tortured hours dragged along, and finally there remained but a few more minutes of the light of day to look down upon the bloodless, but keen-suffering field of battle.

Then came the break!

A start of fear for the second time shook the weaker fighter in its stealthy embrace—and this was the final signal for the other to climax the contest.

He sprang to his feet, and, holding his foe fear-fixed in the thongs of his now triumphant will, as a serpent compels a helpless bird, he reared himself to his full stature, and towered a very giant, chafing for his adversary's life. With searing, piercing eye, and face red-wreaked in livid hatred, he leaned forward, and pointing one long, sinister finger almost into the face of his mortal-terrored victim, he hissed through cruel, clenched teeth the single, awful word of doom:

"Die!"

A convulsive shudder, a few short struggles—and the other swooned away in death—killed by the evil eye!

The human eye and will are just as potent for good as ill. They can do what they desire, and there is not a red-running liquor mill, or any other insolent public enemy to-day which could withstand that doom of "die!" if the Christian citizens of the land would but come up in their majestic power and link themselves to Christ in bidding such forever cease.—Edward Page Gaston, in Union Signal.

THE KOLA NUT.

Physician Sounds a Note of Warning Against the Use of This Stimulant.

A prominent physician says he feels it a matter of duty to warn bicyclers and the public generally against the use of the kola nut. This drug was virtually unknown two years ago, but by judicious advertising, in which was emphasized the wonderful staying power derived by savages on their long hunts in the forest, from the kola nut alone, the drug has become popular, and is now put in every conceivable shape, pills, tablets, still and sparkling wines, and in combination with other drugs, principally quinine and cocoa. The terrific power of kola may be understood from the fact that it contains three times as much caffeine as coffee. It is this that makes it dangerous. There are coffee drunkards. The kola drunkard is just three times as pitiable an object, and escape for him is just three times as difficult. Kola was taken up by people who would never have enslaved themselves to rum or opium, because it was announced as a stimulant without reaction. That is the sheerest nonsense. There must be reaction from the exhilaration of any stimulant. The first effect of kola is hardly noticeable. The man who takes it simply feels refreshed, but after eight or ten hours the heart's action is increased enormously. Then, later, in the habitual kola drinker or eater, there is the lassitude, the nervous weakness and the tremulousness that ensue from over-drinking. The difference is that with kola the reaction comes on more gradually. The wise bicycler, who is wheeling not only for this year but for many years to come, will let kola in all its forms severely alone. It is in the insidiousness of the drug that the danger lies. It does away with the fatigue that a long bicycle ride brings, and a "pill," or a nip at the tiny flask, will add greatly to the pleasure of the day's run. Before long, the nut comes to be relied upon, and from that stage the development of the slavery is easy. The effect of the kola itself is aggravated by the alcohol which is used in making it into liquid form. Many a wheelman, who would not drink alcohol, does not know that in taking kola to fortify himself he is getting "rum" just the same. The important point for the public to bear in mind is that while kola is in many respects a most valuable and useful drug, they must not suppose it is harmless, but must regard it with the same suspicion and use it with the same caution that they would use opium or morphine.—Exchange.

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

Fourteen parishes in Louisiana are prohibitory.

The devil has a good start in every house where there is a moderate drinker.—Ram's Horn.

The rum traffic is an unmitigated evil. Not one honest word can be said in its favor. Suppress it.—National Temperance Advocate.

Europe is burdened with her expenditures for self-protection; America is burdened with her expenditures for self-destruction.—Portland Herald.

Build a granite wall between the children and the first glass, preach temperance from the pulpit, practice it in the pews and parlors as a part of real religion.—National Temperance Advocate.

An Odessa correspondent of the London Daily News says that at least 1,500 people were killed and 5,000 wounded at the recent Moscow disaster during the coronation. It was a beastly orgy of a drunken horde of partly civilized people.

The New York Sun says that "6,000 of the 7,000 saloons in New York are controlled directly or indirectly by one of the great liquor monopolies, and the saloon keeper is practically subject to the demands of these monopolists."

As a result of the rule adopted by the Grand Lodge of Tennessee, that hereafter no masonic property should be occupied by a saloon, the fraternity of Nashville, on July 1, removed from its building a saloon keeper who is said to have occupied it for a quarter of a century.—Christian Worker.

The fact has been brought to light that in Belgium during 40 years the number of public houses has increased from 53,000 to 175,960 and the excise revenue from $800,000 to $6,600,000. In view of this appalling showing, the ex-minister of justice in Belgium is moved to declare that "the nation is returning to a new form of barbarianism."

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

Generally speaking, we say that the curvature of the earth amounts to about seven inches to the statute mile; it is exactly 6.99 inches, or 7.962 inches for a geographical mile.

—Scientists say that no negro has ever tamed an elephant or any wild animal, though negroes frequently perform with wild animals after they have been cowed into subjection by white men.

—Lightning is zigzag because, as it condenses the air in the immediate advance of its path it flies from side to side in order to pass where there is the least resistance to its progress.

—A gray, green or yellowish green sunset indicates rain. A red sunset means rain. A deep blue sky means fair weather. A growing whiteness, a storm. Unusually bright or twinkling stars mean rain.

—Prof. Barnard's photograph of the milky way shows the existence of 500,000,000 suns, each supposed to be the center of a system of planets, where hitherto it was thought to contain only about 20,000,000 such suns.

—A female codfish will lay 45,000,000 eggs during a single season. Piscatorial authorities say that were it not for the work of the natural enemies of fish, they would fill all the available space in the seas, rivers and oceans.

—Snow appears white because it is an aggregation of an infinite number of minute crystals, each reflecting all the colors of the rainbow; these colors, uniting before they reach the eye, cause it to appear white to every normal eye.

—The nautical term "trade winds" applies to constant winds which blow at sea to the distance of about 30 degrees on both sides of the equator. On the north of the equator they blow from the northeast and on the south from the southeast.

GATHERS SKULLS.

A Medical Student Who Risks His Life to Get Them.

About 45 miles below Portland, on the Oregon side of the Columbia, the broad expanse of water flows without a ripple, and is deep and as still as death. The bank rises high above the water's level and stretches away back to the timber line. Just above this point is "Coffin rock," which was the starting-place to "the happy hunting grounds" of the various Oregon tribes of Indians, but the very high water of 1862 swept Coffin rock of all of its deposits to the point below. It is a lonely place, without sound, save the call of the cricket in the grass, or the hoot of the screech owl nestled in the adjacent timber. Here the overflowing waters of nearly a half-century ago lodged the remains of many tribes high and dry, literally moving the last resting-place of their dead, for no Pacific coast tribe ever buried their dead below the surface of the earth. Some hedged them about with rocks, above the ground, leaving the face upward and exposed. Others put a bark covering over them, while others were suspended from limbs or left in the forks of trees. Time has robbed every form of its substance, and left only the whitened bones and bleached skulls.

Students, dentists and physicians are eager to secure these trophies for articulation. So great is the demand that at least one man has for years followed the hazardous business of gathering these skulls for the market. It is risky, for the few remaining Indians still keep vigil over the remains of their dead, and to be caught in the act would mean a prison in the recesses of the neighboring mountains, followed by a death of slow torture, for no quarter or mercy would be shown to the victim. Still, knowing this, Howard Clause, a recluse, nightly risks his life to gather these grinning, whitened skulls, and every now and then a box of large and small skulls are shipped from Portland, Ore., to the various noted seats of medical and dental learning in the east. —San Francisco Call.

WOMAN'S IMPULSIVENESS.

It Often Proves to Be Her Worst Enemy.

If a thoughtful woman were asked: "What is the greatest curse of your sex?" she might well answer: "Impulse." It is responsible for almost all the mistakes made by the good-hearted among us. May it not be safely said that a few minutes' thought before speech or action would prevent most fatal blunders? Many of us are in positive bondage to our bird-like quickness to feel, to show our feeling, to retort or to respond. If we are hurt we must immediately "give ourselves away," as the phrase runs, if not by bitter speech at least by look and manner; yet reflection frequently brings the keenest regret for the lost dignity, the betrayed secret. Many a one has wrecked her own happiness for the want of the patient stoicism which would have led her to stand aside for awhile watching events until they brought with them her opportunities. Even when we are happy it is not always well to let the bright stream bear us away rudderless. The impulsive manifestation of affection, the hasty proposal of marriage, the bastier acceptance—have they never proved the beginnings of misery? Or has a rash word never sundered true lovers, true friends? If these things are true it is likewise true that the fault in the commencement has been that of feminine impulsiveness. The defect is a generous one, and, therefore, commoner with us than it is with men, so that it handicaps us unfairly in the struggle of life. And truly it is a weary task to be always "with a host of petty maxims preaching down" one's heart. But we must do it; either we must rule feeling or feeling will rule us. It is a good servant, but a bad master. Our loving women's hearts are like the fire of the domestic hearth—the light of the home when duly controlled warming the whole house, but if the fire be not kept in its subordinate place what a conflagration ensues!—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

FOR THE TABLE.

Some Dishes That Are Truly Palatable, Yet Easily Prepared.

Veal Roast With Tomatoes.—Wash a fresh, tender roast of veal, lard it well, salt and pepper it and dredge with flour on both sides. Lay it in a baking pan with hot water enough to nearly cover and roast for an hour, basting with the gravy every ten or 15 minutes. Then turn on the other side, and to the roast add a quart of peeled and mashed tomatoes, two or three onions chopped fine, two sprigs of parsely chopped fine and black pepper. Pour this mixture over the top and baste for another hour every ten minutes, adding boiling water as needed. Serve hot with its own gravy, which is to be eaten with rice cooked dry.

Deviled Lobster.—Chop the meal finely of a boiled lobster, after removing the obnoxious portions, keeping the coral by itself. Season the mince meat with cayenne, mustard, and some favorite sauce pungent in quality, salt and stir well together. Mix the coral smooth with strong vinegar till of a creamy consistency. Put the meat into a granite stew pan, with sufficient water to prevent burning. Bring to a boil, add a tablespoonful of butter and the prepared coral. When it all boils up remove from the fire.

Scrambled Eggs.—Boil one dozen eggs hard, cut same lengthwise in halves, slicing a bit off the bottom to make them stand. Extract the yolks, rub to a smooth paste with a little butter melted, cayenne pepper, a little mustard and a dash of vinegar. Fill the hollowed whites with this paste. Chop cresses, season with pepper, salt, vinegar and sugar. Spread same about two inches thick on a platter and lay the eggs thereon in rotation. Can use lettuce or cabbage instead of cresses.

Scalloped Sweet Potatoes.—A dish of scalloped sweet potatoes is delicious. Peel, wash and slice them in thin slices, put a layer of them in a large pudding dish, sprinkle salt over them, with a very little powdered cracker crumbs, and put a bit of butter; then another layer of the sliced potatoes, cracker crumbs, salt and butter, until the dish is full. Don't be sparing of the butter, as this requires more than the scallop of white potatoes. Pour in milk enough to nearly cover and bake until nicely browned.

Sweet Potatoes Creamed.—Boil the potatoes. When cool enough peel and cut in half lengthwise, then cut each half in three long pieces. Place on a tin in a hot oven, sprinkle with salt and put two spoonfuls of butter in the pan; when they have been in a few minutes pour over them a cupful of sweet cream. When it is hot pour the creamed potatoes into a vegetable dish and serve.

Cocoanut Pudding.—Cream one cupful of sugar with the yolks of six eggs, and stir in one-half pound of grated cocoanut (fresh grated is better than the desiccated), one pint of rich milk, and one-half cupful of stale sponge cake crumbs, two teaspoonfuls of vanilla, and the whites of three eggs well frothed. Put in the oven and bake for 40 minutes. Add to the top of the pudding a meringue made of the whites of the other three eggs, beaten stiff into which has been stirred one-half cupful of powdered sugar. Let this brown slightly, then serve.—St. Louis Republic.

PHOTOGRAPHIC FAD.

Used as Ornaments of Menus and Other Souvenirs.

The camera is queen at present, and the fad for photographs comes a close second in the minds of fashion's votaries. Photographs are everywhere, upon everything. From letter paper to china, from book covers to door panels, from gloves to garter clasps, the photograph is placed in every position which ingenuity can devise. The latest in this line is the fad for menu, dinner, luncheon and invitation cards, each with a tiny photograph of the fair hostess in the upper left-hand corner. These pretty trifles cost from seven dollars a dozen upward, and they can be used but once, of course, but they make charming souvenirs of an occasion, and as they are quite beyond the reach of the woman of moderate circumstances they are bound to be popular.

This is the mode of placing them upon the cards or stationery: The prettiest photograph which you have is taken to the half-tone man, reduced and made ready for printing. This costs from $1.50 to $3, according to personal taste and the quality of the work. Only good, smooth, fine paper can be used, and this adds to the cost. The first lot of letter paper (five quires) costs nearly five dollars. After that the cost is increased by the cost of producing the half-tone.

One clever Chicago girl who dabbles in photography made for herself some new menu cards which cost a great deal less and look quite as pretty as the seven-dollar ones. She first induced a sister to take a tiny portrait of her which she developed and printed in the regular way. Then she cut out the photograph, using a delicate oval outline as a margin, and afterward covered the finishing line with a fine tracery of pen and ink work. The result resembled a fine half-tone with a border of etching, and the effect was so satisfactory and charming that she has since filled many an order for her friends.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Musical Note.

Chairman Church Music Committee—The tenor told me yesterday that unless he could get an increase of $100 on his salary next year he wouldn't sing. What shall I tell him?

Deacon Jones—Tell him he can whistle for it.—Somerville Journal.

Sized Up.

"Uncle Theophilus, what is a gross absurdity?"

"Well, it is a 40-year-old woman who weighs 200 pounds and calls her father and mother 'papa' and 'mamma.'"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

MAKING THE DESERT BLOSSOM.

How a Georgia Waste Was Converted Into a Fertile Farm.

In two miles of the Union depot may be seen a little farm that speaks stronger than words of what can be done on Georgia lands. A few years ago this land had gone to waste. Ruts made it unsightly and its owner was moving with all his energy to sell and set off to Texas. About this time there came to Atlanta a family of French people to work in the factory. This French family hailed from the little village called Natziller, Alsace-Lorraine. When the war was raging between Napoleon III. and the Germans these people refuged from Alsace-Lorraine and took their abode in Paris. When the war was ended and Alsace-Lorraine fell under the government of the Germans these people preferred to come to America than to return to their conquered homes. They landed in New York city on May 10, 1881, with only 85 cents in their pockets, a houseful of small children and in a strange land. A visit to their home out West Hunter street, just two miles, and a look at their surroundings will impress you of what may be accomplished in Georgia.

It has been just 14 years since the old man Bernard purchased this seven-acre lot. It was considered too poor to sprout peas at that time, and rough, red and unsightly, but when I look upon it now I feel sorry for the fool "Georgia cracker" who sold it for a song and spent the money moving to Texas. The whole place has been bearing grapes for a number of years, the Bernards are rich, good dwellings, barn and a wine cellar 90x110 feet, three stories high and full of wine.

As I have stated, these people were refugees from Alsace-Lorraine during the Franco-German war. When they landed in New York they were seen by an agent of the Atlanta cotton factory and made a trade to come to Atlanta. They sold everything they had to get to Atlanta, and there was not one of them that could speak a word of English. But they could work, and the whole family went at it, and they went to planning to save to buy a few acres. By the aid of Gov. Bullock and the firm of Elsas, May & Co., old man Bernard was enabled to buy this seven-acre tract, and he at once moved upon it and began planting grapes and improving the land. The children were kept in the factories for a few years while the old folks stayed at home and tended the farm.

For three years spades and grubbing hoes were all they used to do the work that our folks performed with the plow. Pretty soon, though, the little farm began to bloom and blossom and the rats began to pass away. They got them a cow and pigs, they saved and stinted till pretty soon they had more cows and more pigs. A barn was built, and every sprig of grass and every weed was cured and put in that barn. Then their grapes began to bear, and they ceased to raise vegetables, but planted more vines and attended to their grapes. Good dwellings were soon built and a fine wine cellar, and so they have progressed till prosperity and comfort creps out on all their surroundings, and to-day they rate their place as being worth as much for the growing of grapes as the lands of France or any other country. Anyhow, their place is a thing of beauty and their success should encourage us all to be satisfied. All over Georgia are evidences of the generosity of the old hills. They will yield freely of many fruits if we give them the chance. Start in any direction from Atlanta and once in awhile you will run across a farm which has been given a chance, and it is by these farms that Georgia should be rated. Close to where I live a Switzerland gentleman grows as fine clover and grain as can be grown in any country. As a sample of his farming, he makes 50 bushels of oats per acre, while the native "cracker" brags on eight and ten bushels. Near Decatur Col. Crockett and George Ramspeck have vineyards as fine as those of the French people, and Mr. Ramspeck raised this year thousands of bushels of Irish potatoes among his vines. When I say thousands of bushels, it sounds mighty big, but thousands it is. He has about 40 acres in vines, and for several years has grown potatoes among them. Convinced that it was no injury to the grapes to raise the potatoes, he planted the whole 40 acres this year, and thousands of bushels is the result. All we have to do is to give the land of Georgia the same showing that the lands of other countries receive and they will respond with as generous yield as any, and of all varieties.—Atlanta Constitution.

He Had Tried It.

"You have no idea how much amusement and sport one can derive from egg-collecting."

"Egg-collecting?"

For a minute the actor seemed to think that some insinuation was intended.

"Yes—egg-collecting," returned the collector. "There is an excitement and an interest to it that — Oh, well, you ought to try it some time."

"I've been through it all," returned the actor. "You forget that I starred in 'Hamlet' all one season."

And then he generously offered to go out on the same old circuit and use the collector as a dummy to collect the eggs, but nothing came of the offer.—Chicago Post.

In Luck.

Felton—I had a bit of good fortune at the races the other day.

Downing—Indeed! Backed a winner?

"Oh, no! But I discovered when I got there I had left my money at home."—Boston Globe.

An Affliction.

Little Johnny—What is your papa's business?

Little Clarence—My papa is a poet.

Little Johnny—Huh! That ain't a business—it's a disease.—N. Y. Tribune.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—There are about 100 grains of iron in the average human body, and yet so important is this exceedingly small quantity that its diminution is attended with very serious results.

—"Cleanliness is next to godliness," quotes the mother of three school children in Mount Vernon, N. Y., and she insists, she says, on giving them a bath at least once a year, "whether they need it or not."

—The robes worn by the speaker of the house of commons are identical with the judicial costume of the master of the rolls, an office which in former years was frequently united with the speakership.

—A buttonhole bouquet was fastened with a needle to the jacket of a little son of Henry Haynes, of Clarkesville, Tenn. Soon afterward, while turning a somersault, the needle penetrated his heart, causing death.

—Nine married and nine single women played on opposing sides in a game of baseball, at Hopkins, Mo. The umpire was the husband of one of the players and there was a little riot when every decision was announced.

—One of the oldest of actual specified diseases would probably be smallpox, which, on the authority of Masudi, attacked the African tribes who made excursions into Arabia, and laid siege to Mecca in the latter part of the sixth century, A. D.

—A writer in L'Union Medicale concludes that all kinds of food can produce fat, and that beverages, especially water, may influence its deposition. Alcohol causes its accumulation by limiting its oxidation, and lack of exercise favors it for the same reason.

—When a criminal is sentenced to death in England the judge writes opposite the name in the calendar: "Left for execution." Fourteen clear days must elapse, and then it remains for the sheriff, or sheriffs, to appoint a day for the execution. No warrant is issued from the home office, except for a respité or reprieve. The queen does not sign a death warrant.

NEW KIND OF BEAST.

The Zebra Mule Said to Have Many Useful Qualities.

A new beast of burden has been produced by Prof. Cossar Stewart, of Edinburgh. It is a result of a cross between a Burchell zebra and an ordinary mare. Its proper designation is the zebra mule. It is a very pretty little creature, with almost the same outlines as a colt and with the charmingly variegated coat of a zebra.

The species of zebra named after Burchell is the one which most nearly resembles the horse in shape. The other zebras are nearer to the donkey. The Burchell zebra is, in fact, more like a horse than any other animal.

The greater powers of endurance of the mule bred from an ass and a mare, as compared with the horse, are well established. It is said that in doing the hardest kind of work a mule will last ten years and a horse three. For the new zebra mule a great increase over the old-fashioned mule, both in strength and in endurance, is claimed.

The zebra, though smaller than an ordinary horse, is stronger in proportion to his size. He is extremely tough and, owing to his thick coat, is able to sustain falls and blows that would cripple or kill a horse.

It was long suspected that the zebra was absolutely untamable, but recent experience has shown that this is a mistake. He remains, however, harder to domesticate than any other animal apparently intended by nature for a beast of burden. He is full of spirit and go, which are admirable qualities, when trained in the proper direction, but are apt to lead the zebra to jump over walls and turn somersaults.

In South Africa six zebras have been harnessed to a mail coach and have given satisfactory results. They were used in a place where there were no roads. They had to drive over piles of stones and fallen trees and swim through a river. All this they did excellently, a few tumbles giving them no concern.—N. Y. Journal.

As to Children and Dogs.

Washington Irving has often been accused of saying that little dogs and children were influential members of French society. It is quite true that in the United States I never noticed that close and sentimental intimacy between human beings and quadrupeds so frequently seen in France. American life is so active, so desperately crowded, either usefully or socially, that perhaps it does not permit the loss of time inevitably brought about by friendly intercourse with a dog. As for children I believe that their importance is equally great in all countries; but it asserts itself in a more noisy manner in America than anywhere else. Everything is sacrificed to them, for they represent the future, which is all that counts in a country whose past is very short, and whose present is a period of high-pressure development. Yet no one must suppose that, before presenting an apology for French children, I intend to malign American children, as certain travelers have taken the liberty of doing very thoughtlessly, although they had met them only on steamships, cars, or at hotels, enjoying a holiday with that buoyancy which is the characteristic mark of the whole race. I have known some who were very well brought up, even from our point of view, and among those who were not I have admired precocious sense, vivacity of mind, quiet determination and capacity for self-government, qualities which I should wish for all ours.—Th. Bentzon, in Century.

The Cheerful Idiot.

"I wonder why fat people are so universally good natured?" queried the speculative boarder.

"For the reason," answered the cheerful idiot, "that it would take a fat man so much longer to get mad clear through."—Indianapolis Journal.

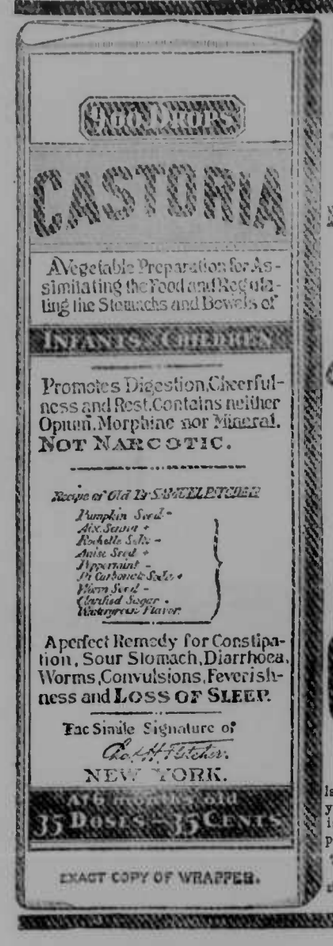

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IS ON THE

WRAPPER

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Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." ☞See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

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A "JUNK SHOP,"
A "BLACKSMITH,"
"TWO-CENT APPLE BUTTER,"
"ROTTEN STOCK" and
A "HUNCHBACK"

is a poor combination from which to expect a production of anything respectable in the job printing line.

A "junk shop" means a worn-out assortment of type, rules, etc.; a "blacksmith" is a bunglesome printer; "two-cent apple butter" is synonymous of the poorest quality of printing ink; "rotten stock" is poor-made and cheap paper; and a "hunchback" is a press which is so old that it has naturally worn out of shape and usage.

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in our Job Printing Department, our skill and our materials; that's the reason why we do such splendid work.

A $5 BILL WILL

get a nice lot of letter heads and envelopes properly and appropriately printed.

IF you believe it, try it; IF you don't believe it, the more need to try it.

The Republican Job Department.

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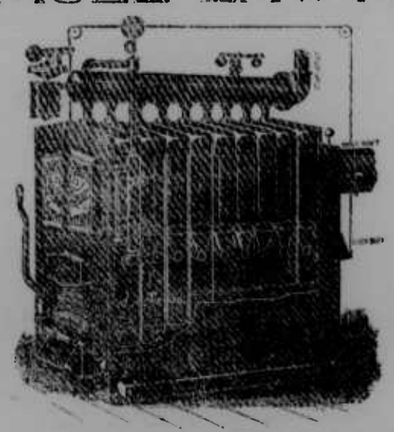

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SOUTHWARD No. 3	No. 1	STATIONS		SOUTHWARD No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.			NOON	P. M.
3 05*	8 05*	lv	Cumberland	ar 12 01	17 34
3 31	8 31		Rawlings	11 24	6 50
3 56	8 58		Keyser	11 01	6 34
4 02	9 02		Westernport	10 51	6 25
4 12	9 12		W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	6 20
4 37	9 37		Shaw	10 23	5 52
5 01	10 00		Harrison	10 00	†5 28
6 15	10 15*	ar	Elk Garden	8 55	*1 00
5 35	10 35*	lv	Gorman	9 21	4 51
5 41	10 41		Bayard	9 15	4 48
5 52	10 52		Dobbin	9 01	4 38
6 23	11 23		Thomas	8 30	4 05
6 55	11 55	ar	Davis	8 00	3 15
6 27	11 27	lv	Canteen	8 31	4 02
6 51	11 51		Hendricks	7 50	3 50
6 57	11 57		Bretz	7 51	3 25
7 00	12 01		Parsons	7 51	3 22
7 39	12 39		Kerens	7 18	2 47
8 00*	1 00*	ar	Elkins	lv 7 00	12 30
	1 30*	ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
	3 05*	ar	Bealington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.			A. M.	A. M.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, General Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, November 22, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—	Daily	2.46 A. M
No. 3.—	Daily	6.41 A. M
No. 71.—	Accom daily except Sun	8.30 A. M
No. 45.—	Daily	10.49 A. M
No. 55.—	Express, daily	6.13 P. M
No. 1.—	Daily	9.38 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8.—	Daily	5.58 A. M
No. 2.—	Daily	8.31 A. M
No. 72.—	Accom daily except Sun	1.38 P. M
No. 46.—	Daily	4.41 P. M
No. 4.—	Daily	12.29 A. M

*Will take passengers for Terra Alta, Rowlesburg, Newburg and Tunnelton.

CHAS. O. SCULL, General Passenger Agent.

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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7, 189[illegible]

Speaker Reed's "the House please be in order" at noon to announced the opening of the session of the fifty-fourth Cong Every seat was not filled, but than a quorum of the House w at the place. Ditto the Senate. principal business of the Best was the alleged listening to the r ing of the President's message, der the most favorable condition there are few members of eith house who really listen to the read ing of the message, because they all have printed copies of it; but to-day, when they all knew that the recommendations of the message will not amount to a row of pins as a factor in influencing legislation, there w scarcely a pretense of listenin There are many points of resemblan between the message and that se to Congress one year ago; the sam ideas are stated in different la guage.

While none of the numerous Republican Senators and Representatives who have recently been to Canton are willing to quote President-elect McKinley to that effect, their general manner of talking leaves not the slightest doubt that an extra session of Congress will be called together within a few week after the inauguration, to pass a tariff bill, regardless of whether this session passes a revenue legislation or not.

Chairman Hanna has no reason to complain of any lack of attention since his arrival in Washington, to make the start on the preparation for the inauguration. Indeed, it is fair to suppose after seeing the crowds which are always around him—he sees all callers—that he would be just as well pleased with less attention. General Horace Porter, of N. Y., who will be Chief Marshal of the inaugural parade, is one of Mr. Hanna's constant companions and assistants. It is regarded as about settled that the Inaugural Ball will be held in the beautiful Library Building.

The substitute for the House Immigration Bill, which provides that no immigrant shall be admitted who is unable to read five lines of the U. S. Constitution in some printed language, is the "unfinished business" of the Senate and as much has the right of way in that branch of Congress. The bill is in charge of Senator Lodge who expresses confidence that it will pass. There seems no logical reason for opposing it. Certainly no man who is so illiterate as to be unable to read in any language can be considered a desirable accession to our country.

Senator Dubois, of Idaho, isn't half as sure that he will be re-elected to the Senate as some other people have assumed to be. He said on the subject: "Those friends who have been saying that I would be reelected don't know any thing of the situation. It is the Democrats that are bothering me. They have united with the Populists and are engaged in a still hunt for an original silver man to represent them in the Senate." And, while Senator Dubois didn't say so, it is evident that he fears they will find the man they are hunting for. There is no truth in the statement that the Republican National committee is trying to prevent the re-election of Senator Dubois to punish him for bolting the St. Louis Convention.

Representative Blue, of Kansas, who has made more of a name for himself than most members do in their first term, and who was a victim of the popo-dem. combine, presents this word picture of the elements that carried his state this year: "The leaders of the Populists in Kansas are at heart socialists, every one of them, and they welcomed Bryan's candidacy because they believed it was in its essence socialistic, as indeed it was. The unrest and discontent in this country and Europe are but manifestations of socialism. Every man who had failed in his profession or business, whose life had been unsuccessful, was on Bryan's side; so were those who contend that one man should not have any more property than another; that all citizens should stand on an absolute equality regardless of industry or natural ability, and that it is the business of the government to support the people rather than the people to support the government."

Commissioner of Pensions Murphy has had several unpleasant interviews with Republican Congressmen, who accuse him of having during the campaign purposely delayed answers to calls they made on the Pension Bureau in behalf of their constituents, for the purpose of injuring them and preventing their getting votes. Mr. Murphy denied the accusation in every case, but that didn't prevent the indignant Congressmen having their say, and it will not prevent their working to have Mr. Murphy's head be among the first that falls after the inauguration of President McKinley.

One of the notable absentees of the opening session of the Senate was Senator Allison, of Iowa, who was at home by a severe cold.

Richmond E. Sharps, travelling salesman for the J. T. Goodwin drug company, of Wheeling, was here on Tuesday and Wednesday. Mr. Sharps is the eldest son of Rev. W. J. Sharps, now of Buchannon, but who for many years was a preacher in Preston county, and who will be well remembered by many of the citizens of Bruceton, Brandonville and Albrights. Edward, the youngest son of Rev. Sharps has been very unwell for the past two years and is now in Denver, Colorado, where he hopes to regain his usual health and strength. We were pleasde to learn that Colorado's climate is improving him very satisfactorily.—Journal.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

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Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., patent attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

SAVE BABY'S LIFE.

Teething time is the most trying period of infancy. The little gums are hot and swollen. They tingle and ache and smart. All the nerves in the little body are on edge. Sleep restless—digestion bad.

There's a remedy.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

soothes and heals the gums, controls the bowels, cures colic, brings good digestion, sleep and rest. 25 cents, all druggists. Guaranteed. Made by JOHN C. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

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Sign, Carriage and Wagon Painting.

INDELIBLE INK WORK on LINEN.

Second Street, OAKLAND, MD.

All work entrusted to my care will receive Prompt Attention.

29-1yr.

Farmers,

Look to Your Interests.

The Oakland Flouring Mill is now ready to grind a million bushels of buckwheat. The best equipped mill in the county; all latest improved machinery. Can give either

Burrh or Roller Process Flour.

Mr. E. A. Embley, who has charge, has been a life-long miller, and knows how to make a good turnout of buckwheat flour.

Don't fail to give him a Trial. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Will make arrangements with all the Oakland merchants to buy your flour at big prices. Don't fail to give the Oakland Mills a trial.

Don't forget the place, Water Street, formerly owned by the late H. A. Rasche.

Yours obediently,

THE OAKLAND MILLS.

51-1yr.

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WIDT, Agent, Box 10 Westernport, Md.

9—1yr.

TIN, SLATE and STEEL

ROOFING,

SPOUTING, ETC.

M. A. HOUGH.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.

PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.

REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.

SPOUTING, ETC.

WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best grands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH, Mt. Lake Park, Md.

SHARTZER & BOLDEN

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DEALERS IN

Furniture, Carpets, Matting, Oil Cloth, Window Shades, Wall Paper,

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Repairing Furniture and Picture Framing a Specialty.

Removal.

I, the undersigned, have removed my place of business from the Loar building to the Ravenscroft (Myers) building on Railroad street, where I will continue to carry a well assorted stock of

JEWELRY,

and give special attention to the repairing of watches, clocks, etc.

Give me a call. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

H. C. SMOUSE.

29—2m.

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upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.

EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

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One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

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Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

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SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, low old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

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PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

Jos. E. Harned, Proprietor.

31—26

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

ORDER NISI.

Jefferson F. Bradford vs. Millard M. Bradford.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County. No. 761 Equity.

Ordered, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county in equity, this 16th day of November, 1896, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings made and reported by John Shartzer, receiver, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 16th day of December next, provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Oakland, Maryland, once in each of three successive weeks before the 16th day of December, 1896.

The report states the amount of sale of real estate to be $2,455.00.

True copy. E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 16-3

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☞Office in Mayers building.

Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.

☞Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.*

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

THOMAS R. McROBIE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street.

All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

E. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Residence and P. O. Address,

2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate

Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE. AUCTIONEER:

Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1867.

ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN, SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including train ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 45-26t*

WILLIAM C. KIDD, Representing JOHNSON, OMOHUNDRO & CO., WHOLESALE NOTIONS, Etc., BALTIMORE, MD.

A specialty of Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.

☞Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

W. F. KING, Carriage, Sign and House Painter, OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.

Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention. 50-13t.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M. RATHBUN & CO., PLANING MILLS, And BUILDING MATERIALS. MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

38 13

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1896. NUMBER 41.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events of Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

All the women are talking shop.

New Year's shooters will be scarce.

F. G. Hyde has everything. Just lovely. 2t.

Almanacs for 1897 are putting in appearance.

Newman has a fine line of cigars and smoking tobaccos.

Red-ripe holly berries are the proper per Christmas fruit.

Now's the time, young man, to quarrel with your best girl.

Mr. Henry F. Kahl, of Accident, is in Oakland on a visit to friends.

With others my prices are mere vulgar fractions. C. B. CROPP.

A large second hand double heater for sale at J. M. Davis & Son's cheap.

Ladies' capes and coats at reduced prices at M. L. Scott's Baltimore Store.

Cropp has bargains that enables him to get the pull on the public purse.

A bargain got should be a bargain given. That's what C. B. Cropp is doing. 41-2

Mr. Parley DeBerry, of Terra Alta, was an Oakland visitor last Friday evening.

Editor Litzinger, of the *Democrat*, was in Cumberland on business Monday last.

If you want fascinators, winter caps, gloves and mittens, go to Townshends'. 40-3

Hon. John P. Jones, of Terra Alta, was in Oakland one day last week on a business visit.

Raisins, figs, nuts, oranges and Malaga grapes at Newman's, next door to postoffice. 30-2.t

Bear in mind that Newman has the finest line of Christmas tree ornaments in town.

Attorney J. C. Renninger went to Terra Alta this morning on professional business.

Mr. Calvin Fowler, of Eglon, W. Va., was an Oakland visitor Monday and made this office a call.

Mr. David J. Lewis, of the Cumberland bar, was in Oakland last Friday on professional business.

Fresh new line of candies, cakes, nuts, citron and raisins just opened at Townshends'. 40-3.

Mr. Chas. J. Newman, who spent last week in Terra Alta, returned to Oakland Saturday evening.

Go and get anything you want at Offutt & Son's mammoth store, where goods are arriving on every train.

Mr. William Brown, of Friendsville, is here undergoing treatment at the hands of Dr. Henry W. McComas.

"Man wants but little here below," says the poet, but all this season the average small boy wants the earth.

The members of St. Peter's Catholic church of Oakland will hold a fair during the holidays in Offutt's Hall.

A very pretty selection of silk, embroidered and hemstitched handkerchiefs, and silk scarfs at Townshends'.

Mr. Charles Definbangh spent Sunday with friends in Cumberland, returning to Oakland Monday morning.

Competition is a general rattler up of dry bones and dull trade. Cropp underbuys and he undersells. Come and see. 41-2

Reduced prices on ladies' and children's coats, men's and boys' overcoats, and everything in clothing at Offutt & Son's. 39-4t.

Senator R. A. Ravenscroft, of Accident, returned from a visit to his parents in Allegany county Tuesday morning.

The largest and finest line of china, plated ware, glass, cut and imitation cut, books and holiday novelties, at Offutt & Son's.

Cheap John has been in the toy business 30 years in Oakland and knows what to buy for the trade. Kum and C. 30-2

Lovely handkerchiefs, ties, gloves, perfumes, soaps. Presents from five cents up. Ladies wrappers 99cts at D. E. Offutt & Son's.

The thermometer registered nine degrees above zero this morning. Quite a change from the summer like weather of last week.

Mr. Samuel Jones, with his all but seven feet of stature, of Swanton, was here last Saturday and made this office a pleasant visit.

Mr. Thomas J. Peddicord arrived in Oakland from Covington, Ky., yesterday morning and will remain here two or three days.

F. G. Hyde has the finest stock of Xmas goods ever put upon the market. Something to suit everybody and prices to suit the times. 2t.

All kinds of dolls, toys, wagons, sleds, carts, baby carriages, dishes, balls, pocketbooks, cologne, picture frames, etc., at C. B. Cropp's.

New goods arriving almost every day—enough to supply Oakland, Mt. Lake Park, Deer Park, Swanton and Hutton Switch—at C. B. Cropp's.

If you want Lowney's candies go to Newman's next door to the postoffice; also a fine line of stick and mixed candies which he will sell cheap for cash.

Mr. Thomas B. Keating, of Mountain Lake Park, who went to Baltimore a short time ago, has returned and will spend the winter in the Park.

The members of the Christian Endeavor society of St. Mark's Lutheran church will have special service on Christmas morning at 6 o'clock. All are cordially invited.

Judge and Mrs. J. W. Kennedy, of Wheeling, arrived in Oakland last Saturday morning and will remain here a few days visiting their daughter, Mrs. H. C. Sincell.

Just opened fresh and for best raisins, currants, citron, nuts, oranges, lemons, candies, mince meat, fine canned fruits—everything for Christmas—at Offutt & Son's.

Ex-Sheriff Chas. Wegman, of Grantsville, was in Oakland a day or two last week shaking hands with his many friends who are always glad to see his jovial face.

Indications point to a joyful Christmas among the Sunday school children in Oakland as all the churches are preparing to celebrate the holiday in a lavish manner.

Mr. A. L. Spiker of Mountain Lake Park, will leave for the west in a few days and will probably locate at Manassa, Col., where he has relatives and many acquaintances.

Jos. Martin, jr., Railroad street, receives fresh daily a supply of oysters which he serves in all styles. Oysters prepared and sent to any one in Oakland ordering them. 30-31.

We are pleased this week to receive from our correspondent at Grantsville a lengthy and well written letter which will be found in another column of to-day's issue.

Sleds, Doll Carriages, Hobby Horses, Wagons, Tool Chests, Doll Furniture and Dolls, Albums, Toilet Sets, Books, Candies, Fruits, Nuts, etc. Please call and C Cheap John's Great Stock.

Mr. Don Hoffman, of Baltimore, one of the principal stockholders of the Corinth Brick Company, was in Oakland a few days last week looking after the interests of his company.

Rev. Chas. S. Trump, of Martinsburg, president of the Ev. Lutheran Synod of Maryland, spent Monday night in Oakland with friends. He returned to Martinsburg Tuesday morning.

We keep on hand constantly at this office a full and complete supply of justices' blanks printed on good quality of paper and sell them at a small margin; also mortgages and deeds always on hand.

Mr. C. S. Davis, of J. M. Davis & Son, hardware dealers, Oakland, who spent last week in Pittsburg, and adjoining cities purchasing goods for their store, returned to Oakland Monday evening.

John Dick, jr., aged 20 years, was killed in a mine at Lonaconing on Saturday by a fall of roof coal. He was a brother of ex-Assemblyman David E. Dick of the Bureau of Industrial Statistics.

Go to Newman's for your Christmas goods consisting of dolls, toys, children's books, china and pewter dishes, iron trains, tops, rubber balls, block games and many other toys two numerous to mention.

Miss Belle Browning will leave for Roanoke, Va., Saturday night where she goes to attend the wedding of her sister Miss Edith which will take place next week. Miss Browning will return to Oakland in a few weeks.

Mr. John A. Wagner of Swanton, was in the city last Saturday and paid his respects to this office. Mr. Wagner recently purchased a tract of timber land and will go into the manufacture of lumber, shingles, ect., in the near future.

Last Saturday while Mr. Charles Welling was butchering hogs for Mr. Hessen near town, he slipped and fell on his butcher knife, severing the tendons in his wrist. The wound was dressed by Dr. Henry McComas, and he is getting along nicely.

The attention of our readers this week is invited to the advertisement of Messrs. J. M. Davis & Sons, the hardware merchants of Oakland. It will pay our readers to keep in mind this firm when contemplating the purchase of anything in the hardware line.

Recently the Circuit Court for this county filed an order setting aside the judgment recently rendered against Walter D. Collier for $400 obtained by Mrs. Emma S. Cummins, of Friendsville, on the charge of selling liquor to her husband after having been notified by her to the contrary.

Fast freight train No. 91 which makes the run from Chicago to New York in 60 hours over the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, has been on time on an average of 9 out of 10 days the last three weeks. The success of these fast freights has encouraged the management to such an extent that other trains are contemplated.

Miss Carrie Sell, daughter of Mr. Adam Sell, of this place has gone under instructions of Dr. Henry McComas for a trained nurse. She will receive training until competent to discharge the duties of a nurse, and then will be employed by the doctor as nurse for such of his patients as need attention.

In 1892 Mr. A. L. Goldwater, who owns three retail drug stores in New York City, having learned of the great value of Chamberlain's Cough remedy for colds, croup and whooping cough, ordered a supply for his customers. It met with so much favor that he soon found it necessary to order more, and during the winter sold over two gross of the remedy. He says it gives the best satisfaction of any cough cure he has ever handled. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy, and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

A complaint has been made by the officials of the B. & O. to Mayor McComas of boys and youth men jumping on trains between town and the Yough bridge. The mayor has accordingly issued an order that the ordinance now on the statute book of the town relating to the jumping on and off of trains be rigidly enforced.

Levi, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Cal Glotfelty, who was reported in these columns last week as being probably fatally injured by a fall on the play ground of the Mellenry school, is well. The theory advanced by the physician attending the injured lad is that a clot formed on the boy's brain caused by the fall and that it was absorbed. From Monday until Friday of last week the injured boy was a raving maniac and his restoration to health was instantaneous.

A Maryland man sued a telegraph company which had failed to deliver promptly a message informing him of his wife's illness. He received it two days after her death. The judge decided that anguish could not be measured in cash, and ordered a verdict of one cent damages. It is true that agony cannot be compensated by money, but it is also true that verdicts like this will not stimulate a telegraph company to make efforts to serve its customers.

Dr. Talmage in a recent address on the country newspapers, spoke thus: "A newspaper whose columns overflow with advertisements of business men has more influence in attracting attention to and building up a city or a town than any other agency that can be employed. People go where there is business. Capital and labor will locate where there is an enterprising community. No power on earth is so strong to build up a town as a newspaper well patronized, and the power should be appreciated."

When most needed it is not unusual for your family physician to be away from home. Such was the experience of Mr. J. Y. Schenck, editor of the Caddo, Ind. Ter., *Banner*, when his little girl, two years old was threatened with a severe attack of croup. He says: "My wife insisted that I go for the doctor, but as our family physician was out of town I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which relieved her immediately. I will not be without it in the future." 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Major C. T. Picton is manager of the State Hotel, at Denison, Texas, which the traveling men say is one of the best hotels in that section. In speaking of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy Major Picton says: "I have used it myself and in my family for several years, and take pleasure in saying that I consider it an infallible cure for diarrhoea and dysentery. I always recommend it, and have frequently administered it to my guests in the hotel, and in every case it has proven itself worthy of unqualified endorsement. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

For Rent.

The whole or a part of Mrs. D. Tasker's cottage on Liberty St., furnished or unfurnished. 1t*

Ingratitude.

Monday evening last a tramp applied at the residence of Dr. Mahlon C. Hinebaugh for something to eat. After satisfying his hunger and just as he was leaving the kitchen door he espied the doctor's storm overcoat and mackintosh hanging on the porch which he converted to his own use.

Call for Your Letters.

Mr. Wm. Spitzer, Mr. Charles H. Roberts, Mr. James Ryan, Mr. Patrick E. Finzel, Mr. M. W. Southard, Mrs. Carrie Spiker, Miss Sadis Munsey.

Sales Advertised.

By David J. Lewis, trustee, on Jan. 9th, at Bloomington, a farm of about fifty acres.

Festival and Oyster Supper.

The ladies of North Glade will conduct a festival and oyster supper on Dec. 25th, beginning at 7 p. m. The proceeds will be for the benefit of the M. E. church of the above place. Attend and partake of the feast of good things and enjoy a social evening with the young folks.

2t. COMMITTEE.

Here's Our Sentiment.

No newspaper, no matter how ably edited or how enterprisingly conducted can long keep afloat and abreast with the times when published in a dead town. It takes a live town to make a live newspaper. There never was in the past hundred years, never will and never can be a live town without a live newspaper. The newspaper is dependent on the town. It reflects the push, progress and aspiration of the town. Without home patronage it cannot live and thrive. Then again while it is dependent on the town, the town cannot get along without it. There is no auxiliary so valuable to a growing town as an out-spoken public printed paper, wisely and well managed. Nor is that all; the business man who does not advertise in it, and the enterprising citizen who does not subscribe for it and talk up for it, stands in its light, and is a stumbling block in the way of the town's progress. Help the press of your town and in nine hundred and ninety-nine out of one thousand cases it will return your help many fold.—Oxford News.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street.

"T. JAY" IN KENTUCKY.

Versatile Correspondent Writes of Preachers and Sermons.

[For the Cumberland News.]

COVINGTON, KY., Dec. 13, 1896.

This is Sunday, and such a Sunday as one rarely sees at this time in the year. The weather report published in the afternoon papers of yesterday suggested rain for to-day, but to the delight of everybody, the morning papers brought us a report of fair and warm weather for this locality. December is nearly half gone, but notwithstanding this fact we are enjoying all the glories and delights of an October Indian summer. The fact is the weather is too fine to remain indoors. Feeling inclined to go somewhere this morning, I joined the crowd and went to church. Judging from the large number of people who seemed to be going to the various churches, the residents of this city must be a church-going people. However, it is quite the thing nowadays to go to church on Sunday. It is a place to show one's new clothes, and then it is so nice to have a little gossip with one's friends after the service. Another feature is good music, which may be enjoyed without money and without price. I feel bound to say, however, that there is a large body of Christian people who go to church whether the weather be fair or foul because they believe in worshiping the Master and enjoy the service of the sanctuary.

***

I went to Union Methodist Episcopal church, which is the leading church of that denomination in the city. I was ushered into a luxurious pew, and as I sat there I could not help contrasting my surroundings with those of a Methodist congregation in the early days of that church. Now, reader, I am not going to write a sermon, but intend simply to give you a few of the thoughts which came to me in this holy place on this holy day. In the early days of Methodism, to which reference has been made, the churches were few, weak and poor. Now they are mansions, strong, rich and powerful. I wonder if they have increased in the same ratio in Christian zeal and religious experience. The church is a very fine one and handsomely furnished. The congregation bears every evidence of wealth and prosperity. All that was done, even to the taking of the collection, was done in a quiet formal way, which seemed to say, "Don't you see how eminently respectable we are?" The music was grand and inspiring. As the great organ pealed forth its rapturous tones, I wondered how anybody ever could have suggested the idea that an organ was an invention of the devil, and designed to destroy spirituality in the churches. I am not very aged, and yet I distinctly remember the time when there was great opposition to organs in Methodist churches. How the times have changed! Why, even the Salvation Army has the drum, tamborine and other musical instruments, which it uses in connection with its worship. The organ of Union church is the largest in Covington, and is manipulated by a professor from the College of Music. The choir master is also a thoroughly trained and cultivated musician. Again, I found my mind running back, and I wonder what John Wesley would think if he could look in on one of our fashionable Metropolitan Methodist churches during their Sunday morning service.

***

The strains of the organ die away, and the preacher takes his place to preach the morning sermon. He is a distinguished looking man, a finished scholar, of rare literary attainments and a polished gentleman. The sermon was decidedly able and I listened to it with great interest. It was neither too long nor too short, but just right. I have often wondered why preachers deem it necessary to talk just the same length of time without reference to the subject in hand. I have often listened to a sermon of forty-five minutes when everything in it of importance might easily have been said in fifteen minutes. When listening to sermons of that character, I have frequently been reminded of the first sermon to the Christian church by the apostle Peter on the day of Pentecost. That sermon was short, but decidedly pointed. If you will take the trouble to count, you will find it contains just five hundred and thirty-one words, and might have been delivered in less than ten minutes. Two hundred and eighteen of those words were quotations from the old testament. It is in marked contrast with much of the sensational stuff we hear from the pulpits in these times. The preacher of the morning impressed me with the fact that he is a religious preacher, and that he does not deal in sensational trash.

***

Dr. Clark made a very touching allusion to the sad plight of Jackson and Walling, the condemned murderers in the Covington jail awaiting execution for the murder of Pearl Bryan. The position in which these young men now find themselves shows the truth of that scripture which declares "the way of the transgressor is hard." He said their awful fate should be a warning to young men all over this land. I thought this warning to young men very timely and appropriate. As I listened to it intently it occurred to me that the warning should be broadened so as to include young women. I remember well when the old school master, in the little log school house at the foot of the hill, used to write at the head of my copy-book, "evil communications corrupt good manners," and it is just as true now as when it was first written. I think the fate of Pearl Bryan should be a warning to young women to beware of evil associations and to turn a deaf ear to the tempter. Was not she a party to the sin which led to this horrible business? Whilst Jackson and Walling will probably forfeit their lives for their brutal crimes, that poor girl has already paid the penalty of her wrong doing. Her death was not the necessary penalty of her sin, but it was the direct result of it. It is a common thing for a young woman to be betrayed under the pretense of love and the promise of marriage, and whilst I have no feeling in my heart but pity and sympathy for all such, I feel that each case which comes to light should be a warning to all others.

***

The event in religious circles during the week just past was an address delivered in the Mound street synagogue, Cincinnati, by Rabbi Joseph Jacobs, of London, England. The address was a remarkable one in many respects, but that which attracted the greatest attention and which has been most widely commented upon, was the declaration by this eminent Hebrew that "the Jews made a mistake in not accepting Jesus Christ as a Jew." In commenting upon this remarkable statement, I heard a very learned clergyman say: "I hope to live to see the day when the Jews will admit that they made mistake in not accepting Jesus Christ as their promised Messiah."

***

This was anti-saloon day in Cincinnati. The day was celebrated by the Young Men's Christian Association, and in the various churches. Many able sermons were preached against the saloon, but whilst the services were going on, and whilst these eloquent sermons were being delivered, the saloons and hotel bar rooms were running at full blast and doing a big business. There is a statute against Sunday selling. Why is it not enforced? If church people would make it their business to enforce the law instead of contenting themselves with denouncing the saloon, there would be a different state of affairs. The saloon should at least cease business on Sunday.

Cupid Again.

One of the prettiest weddings that has taken place for a number of years in Somerset county was celebrated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Wagner near Salisbury, Pa., on Thanksgiving evening, the contracting parties being Mr. Charles A. Wilt, late of Westernport, Md., and Miss Rachel C. Wagner, the accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Wagner, above named. Promptly at 8 o'clock the wedding march was played by Mrs. M. A. Wagner, and the bridal couple attended by Professor C. E. Dickey and wife of Avalon, Pa., marched into the parlor where a large number of friends from far and near had assembled to witness the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Johnston, of the Ev. Lutheran church of Salisbury, Pa. The reception followed immediately. Dinner was served at 9 o'clock; the tables were beautifully decorated with chrysanthemums and carnations and was loaded with all the delicacies of the season. Mr. and Mrs. Wilt left the same evening to visit some of the larger cities of the east, particularly New York, where Mr. Wilt's employer resides.—Myersdale Commercial.

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice

CURES COUGHS AND COLDS HONEY-TOLU CURES

CURE COUGHS OR COLDS

—BY TAKING—

HONEY - TOLU,

A POSITIVE CURE.

FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

Price, - - - - - 25 Cents.

Sold by all Druggists or Dealers.

—PREPARED BY

GILBERT BROS. & CO., Baltimore, Md.

CURES COUGHS AND COLDS HONEY-TOLU CURE

BOB SLEDS.

There are Sleds and Sleds, but ours are GOOD SLEDS. It will pay you to go many miles to see them or to write for circular.

THE WILLIAM RYLAND COMPANY,

Wholesale-Retail Dealers,

FRIENDSVILLE, MARYLAND.

STOVES

—AT—

REDUDED PRICES

After spending several days among the manufacturers investigating the different lines of Stoves and Ranges, we have added to our already large variety an additional line for 1897 bearing the name

"CINDERELLA"

In order to make room for the new stock, we will offer for the next thirty days the stock of

HEATERS

NOW ON HAND AT

REDUCED PRICES.

Now is the time to get a bargain. Any person in need of a first-class Cooking Stove or Range who will send us their address, we will mail an illustrated catalogue showing the new line and different styles and sizes of Cinderellas with the latest improvements, including a pocket mirror given as an advertisement.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,

OAKLAND, MD.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

HEAVEN ON EARTH.

The heavens may lose their blue and gold,
The lilies scentless lie;
The roses, when the winds blow cold,
May fade, and fall, and die;
The merles may hide in bush and brake,
The lark and thrush be dumb:
But Love can constant summer make
Within the walls of home.

Though tumults loud may rise and reign
In market place and square;
Though greed and strife in street and lane
Make discord on the air;
Yet angry feelings enter not,
And discords never come
To noble hall or lowly cot,
If there is Peace at home.

And though the years bring pain and woe,
And many an hour of care;
Though soft cheeks pale and hollow grow,
And silvery white the hair;
Still sorrows lighter seem to bear,
And fuller joys become—
A heaven on earth is surely where
Love reigns with Peace at home.

—M. Rock, in Chambers' Journal.

A RESURRECTION.

"CAN I trust you, Maudie?"

"Trust me! in what way, Gerald? I am afraid I have not been paying much attention to all that you were saying."

She turned her beautiful flower-like face toward him with a mocking moue, her blue eyes sparkling under their dark lashes with a mischievous light in their depths, and with a coquettish lifting of the finely marked eyebrows, which distracted and unnerved him from the task he had set himself. Would she ever be serious? ever see that life held deeper interest than the whims and amusements of the passing hour?

His wife—this bewitching, lovely, irresponsible being! He went over to where she was lying in a long chair in the shadiest, coolest corner of the veranda, and taking her two slim white hands in his strong brown ones, he knelt beside her and said: "Maudie, I have to leave you here with Mrs. Tailyour, and I want to feel sure that while I am away from you, my dearest one, that you will be prudent, and do nothing foolish or unsuited to your position as my wife, for which afterward you would be sorry or ashamed—"

"Gerald!" she interrupted, with petulant indignation.

"Yes, my darling, I must speak plainly. You remember last winter, it was unintentional on your part, I know; but still, how unhappy you were made by all the wretched talk and gossip that followed!"

"That was three months ago, Gerald. I am older now and more experienced. I am sure you need not remind me of that miserable affair; it is unkind of you."

She withdrew her hands from his clasp with a reproachful gesture, and added, pouting:

"After all, it is not my fault that I am pretty, and I cannot help it if your friends will admire me and pay me attention."

"But you will be careful, my darling; promise me—this fellow Perceval—"

"Oh! now you are going to abuse Lord Perceval again, I suppose; I am so tired of that topic; I shall not listen to a word against him, Gerald; I have known him all my life; he is my oldest and greatest friend, and I do not intend to give him up for anyone; no, not for anyone, not even for you, Gerald—so there!"

She sprang to her feet and walked quickly to the edge of the veranda, where she leaned over the balustrade with her head averted from him in an attitude of mutinous defiance. So small and childlike a creature, and yet possessed of such potentialities to wound

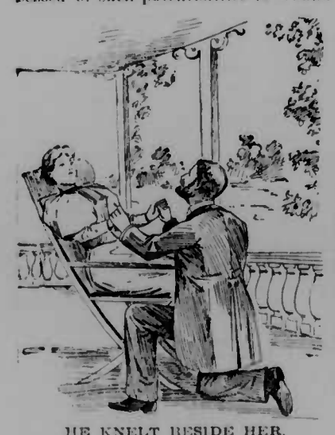

HE KNELT BESIDE HER.

and hurt the man who loved her with all the passionate intensity of his strong and sensitive nature. Such a slim, fragile-looking being, and yet so powerful in wielding an influence over the hearts of those around her.

A look of helpless and baffled anxiety passed over Maj. Jocelyn's handsome, careworn face. Without glancing at him his wife continued coldly: "I consider it very ungenerous of you to attack Lord Perceval in the way you have done lately, hinting at things against him, throwing out insinuations as to his character, but with nothing really definite that you can state against him. You know I like him, that he is my friend. I call it mean of you, Gerald, positively mean."

"There are plenty of things I could state against him if I felt so inclined, but there is no need to particularize. It ought to be enough for you that I tell you that I distrust and dislike the man. Lord Perceval has brought a slur on the names of too many women for any honest man who cares for his wife to call him friend."

He spoke with angry emphasis, and afterward there was an ominous silence between them for some moments. It was at last broken by the girl saying with passionate reproach:

"Oh, it is cruel of you, Gerald, to speak to me like this, to want to quarrel with me in these our last moments together; to leave me with angry words upon your lips, making me so unhappy." Her voice trembled and broke, and her hands went up to cover the tear-laden eyes. In a moment he was at her side, all the severity had vanished from his face, and with his arms around her he was murmuring in pleading accents the words of penitence and love which made his peace for him before he left her.

A week had passed since Gerald Jocelyn had bade farewell to his young wife and started on his journey through the desert to join the troops in advance. The still, blue heat of an Egyptian day brooded over the quiet villa, which from its lack of sign or sound of life seemed to be prolonging its mid-day siesta into the evening hours. The clatter of hoofs outside aroused the attention of the solitary inhabitant of the veranda, a middle-aged woman, whose strongly-marked features and keen dark eyes proclaimed her a person of intelligence and decided character. She threw aside the book she was reading, and advanced toward the flight of steps where the rider, an artillery officer, was already dismounting from his horse. As he caught sight of her, the dark cloud of sorrowful anxiety which hung over his countenance was visibly lightened.

"Ah, Mrs. Tailyour, I am indeed thankful to see you! You are the very person who can help me," he cried.

"Anything wrong, Capt. Ferguson?" she asked, eagerly, as he joined her in the shade. Then taking in the details of his horse's heaving sides and his own heated and worn appearance, she added, with increased apprehension: "You have ridden fast—no bad news I trust?"

"Yes, very bad news; the worst, as far as I am concerned! Poor Jocelyn—my greatest friend, as you know—such a good sort he was. I never was so cut up about anything in my whole life."

He sank beside her on a seat with the air of dejected melancholy, and passed his hand wearily across his brow.

"Has there been a skirmish already?" Mrs. Tailyour asked, breathlessly. "I did not know any fighting was expected yet; the colonel reported all quiet in his last; is poor Maj. Jocelyn wounded?"

"He is dead, poor fellow! There has been no fighting; but it was an accident—with one of the guns, I imagine, but the telegram only said: 'Accident, Jocelyn killed; meet train to-night.' That is all I know."

"Good God!" Mrs. Tailyour exclaimed. "Gerald Jocelyn killed! How shocking! I am terribly grieved. His poor young wife! only married six months!" The tears rose in her eyes as she spoke.

"Yes, his wife!" Capt. Ferguson answered, anxiously. "I rode out at once hoping to find you here and that you would kindly break the news to Mrs. Jocelyn and relieve me of the painful responsibility. I have not the courage to do it, though I don't suppose she will feel it much."

He spoke with some bitterness, and Mrs. Tailyour answered him quickly.

"You misunderstand her—indeed you do, Capt. Ferguson. Poor child! poor, pretty child! she is but a child, after all. The shock will be enough to kill her; a thoughtless, frivolous creature she may be, but I believe her love for Gerald is genuine and far deeper than anyone suspected, deeper even than she herself is aware."

"She has a curious way of showing it, then, I must confess," Capt. Ferguson replied, with acerbity. "I never liked her, you know that, Mrs. Tailyour. A brainless, selfish coquette without a spark of real feeling for anyone but herself. I am sure I pitied poor Jocelyn for the life she led him last winter in Cairo, flirting with every man she met! And then that poor fellow Cummings shooting himself, that was a horrid business. However, this will sober her if anything will. Where is she now?"

"She is out riding with Lord Perceval; they started soon after breakfast and may return at any moment."

"That fellow Perceval! Brute! I wonder Jocelyn did not put his foot down there." Capt. Ferguson frowned and relapsed into gloomy silence.

"See that little cloud of dust. That is their party, no doubt."

Mrs. Tailyour pointed to the distant undulating line in the desert. "I dread this business! Poor little soul, she is not of the stuff for bearing trouble well. God knows how she may take it."

Some few minutes later the little cavalcade rode up, laughing and joking, to the villa, all unconscious of the two people who awaited its arrival in sorrowful silence, dreading the moment when their sad intelligence must be made known. Maud Jocelyn sprang from her horse and ran lightly up the steps toward them with a laugh on her lips—then something in the strange expression on the two faces that confronted her froze the words of merry greeting on her tongue.

"Oh, my dear! my dear!" Mrs. Tailyour said, pitifully, taking her by the hand and drawing her away.

"Oh, what is it, Mrs. Tailyour? What has happened? Gerald!—is he ill? tell me quickly; you have bad news," Maud stammered, in terrified accents.

"Yes, dear child, there is bad news; be brave!" and the older woman led the girl quickly away to her own room.

There, later, a voice wailed forth in anguish: "Gerald, my love! Gerald! Oh, I cannot bear it—it is not true! Dead, my dear love! Dead Gerald, husband! Lying dead while I rode laughing and jesting across the desert!"

Then the thought of their last words together flashed across her mind; she seemed to see again the proud, handsome face and hear again that pleading, earnest voice: "Can I trust you, Maudie? Promise me."

And she had spurned his warning, had refused his last request, and set her whims in defiance of his feelings and wishes. As she rode by the side of Lord Perceval that day on the banks of the canal she had listened with pleased vanity to his whispered words of admiration; words which conveyed to her mind the rose's worship of her beauty and at the same time insisted that such beauty was wasted on the grave and serious-minded soldier, who was engrossed, heart and soul, in his profession. She had listened without protest to Lord Perceval's thinly-veiled sneers at her absent husband; she had been disloyal, a traitress in her passivity; false in word, if not in deed, to the brave and tender heart which beat with such true and passionate love for her.

That evening, outside the railway station, a detachment of soldiers awaited, in melancholy silence, the coming of the train which was conveying to them the body of their dead officer and comrade, whom they had all respected and admired. Close by the gun carriage was standing on which Gerald Jocelyn was to make his last journey to the cemetery on the hillside a mile away; and at a few yards' distance a closed carriage was drawn up in which sat Mrs. Tailyour holding in mute sympathy the hand of the girl widow, who, white and tearless, leaned back beside her, immovable in calm despair. She had scarcely spoken since she recovered from the deep swoon into which she had fallen after hearing of her husband's death; had only announced her determination to bid him a last farewell beside his grave.

Capt. Ferguson was standing near the carriage, and whispered to Mrs. Tailyour that the train was signaled; then he withdrew from her sight inside the station. Puffing and panting, the train swept in; there was a strange si-

FELL SOBBING ON HER HUSBAND'S BREAST.

lence for a few seconds, followed by a muffled murmur of voices, the soldiers bent forward eagerly, and a message was passed down their line from one to another, accompanied by looks of amazed surprise. Mrs. Tailyour pressed her companion's hand tighter, the terrible moment had arrived—now would the girl face it? Was it possible that she possessed sufficient strength of mind and body for the horrible ordeal which she had set herself?

Then Mrs. Tailyour saw Capt. Ferguson emerge from the station with a dazed look of consternation on his face, the result evidently of great and overpowering emotion.

He came hurriedly toward them making signs to Mrs. Tailyour, which she failed to understand.

"Has it not come?" she whispered to him as he approached.

"There has been a mistake," he murmured, in reply; and Maud—though apparently unaware of what was passing around her—caught the words; her face woke to animation; she leaned forward crying.

"A mistake! He has not come! Oh, tell me quickly, I can bear it, he is not dead; he is alive—I see it on your face; for pity's sake don't keep me in suspense—let me out—I must go to him."

She was struggling to open the door when someone put Capt. Ferguson quietly aside, and then with a loud cry Maud sprang past Mrs. Tailyour, and fell sobbing on her husband's breast.

Yes! There had been a mistake. Gerald was alive, though not uninjured; for he carried one arm in a sling, and a bandage round his head accentuated the startling pallor of his face.

Two words omitted in the telegram that day explained the mystery of his resurrection. "Accident. Jocelyn wounded, gunner killed," altered the whole meaning of the message. Private Brown, R. A., had the honors accorded to him which had been prepared for Maj. Jocelyn's funeral, and Gerald drove back to the villa with Mrs. Tailyour and his unconscious wife. Joy never kills, they say, but Maud approached very nearly to the shadow land of the Great Unknown. She came back from the borderland of eternity, no longer a laughing, thoughtless child, but a woman in mind and feeling. The shock of a great sorrow, followed by a great and overwhelming joy, had awakened her sleeping soul, and brought to maturity the deeper and finer traits of character which she possessed, but which, hitherto untouched by the molding hand of sorrow, had lain quiescent in her and unknown.

Capt. Ferguson averred that he had faced the horrors of war and endured many terrible experiences, but at no time in his life had he come so near utterly losing his presence of mind as in that moment when his dear friend, Gerald Jocelyn, stepped from the train and laid a hand upon his arm.—St. Paul's.

A Kind Husband.

"Pore Jim was always mighty good to me," sobbed the weeping widow. "With all the beatin's he gimme he never hit me where the marks would show so the neighbors could see 'em."—Indianapolis Journal.

FIGURES THAT ASTOUND.

Velocity of the Planets from Astronomical Calculations.

Even with the figures before us duly proved it is impossible for us to comprehend the wonderful velocity at which many of the planets travel. That which moves most rapidly, according to the latest astronomical calculations, is Arcturus, which rushes through space at the rate of 197,999 miles an hour or 4,728,000 miles a day.

Arcturus, according to Dr. Guilemin, a prominent astronomer, is 11,500,000 times as far away from the earth as the sun, in round numbers 1,069,500,000,000,000 miles, an inconceivable space. It is fairly generally known that if the sun were twice as far away as it now is, we should get only a fourth of the light we now obtain from it.

Careful comparisons have shown that Arcturus sends to the earth about one twenty-billionth as much light as the sun, but if the sun were removed 140,000 times as far away as it now is it would shine as a star no brighter than Arcturus. Yet Arcturus is 11,500,000 times as far away as the sun.

The sun's diameter is 886,000 miles, and therefore the diameter of Arcturus must be about 71,000,000 miles, while its bulk is 351,000 times greater than the sun. Therefore, if every point upon it is as bright as the corresponding point on the sun Arcturus must shine 6,724 times more brilliantly than the sun. Such a globe as near to us as the sun is would fill half the sky, but we never could live in such proximity to it. If the earth could be moved through space toward Arcturus the spectacle that would be presented to its inhabitants as they approached that great star would be of indescribable magnificence.

When we had arrived within something less than 8,000,000,000 miles of it its light and heat would be equal to that which we get from our sun at a distance of only 93,000,000 miles. When we approached it as close as Neptune the intensity of its heat would begin to be unbearable. At the distance of Jupiter it would smite the earth with the resistless energy of its radiation. The forests would burn, the oceans rise from their beds in vapor, the ground would sink, and before we could approach as close as the earth is to the sun, the whole of our globe would be melted and dissipated in steam.

Truly, Arcturus is a king among stars, and our sun, great and brilliant as it is, if dropped into the blazing photosphere of that great planet would be instantly swallowed up and the only visible evidence of its fate would be a sudden flash.

Upon the sun the force of gravity is 27 times as great as upon the surface of the earth, but upon Arcturus it would be 2,200 times as great, so that a man weighing 200 pounds on the earth, when transported to Arcturus would be crushed under his own weight of 444,600 pounds, in a speck, almost before the fires of that mighty solar surface could consume him.

If a devilfish had been born at the same date as Julius Cæsar, June 12, 100 B. C., with a tentacle 1,069,500,600,000,000 miles long and on the day of its birth had placed one claw upon the fervid surface of Arcturus, it would yet require the lapse of several thousand years beyond the present date before the sensation of the burn would enter the creature's consciousness—upon the supposition that sensation travels with the same speed as light, 186,000 miles per second.

Of course, the figures bewilder one, but as far as they can be they have been proved correct.—N. Y. Recorder.

The Child of a Village.

All the scenes and atmosphere of one's native village—if one is fortunate enough to have been born in such a locality—lie around the memory like the horizon line, unreachable, impassable. Even a so-called cosmopolitan man has never seemed to me a very happy being, and a cosmopolitan child is, above all things, to be pitied. To be identified in early memories with some limited and therefore characteristic region—that is happiness. No child is old enough to be a citizen of the world. What denationalized Americans hasten to stamp as provincial is for children, at least, a saving grace. You do not call a nest provincial. All this is particularly true of those marked out by temperament for a literary career. Literature needs for its material only men, nature and books; and of these, the first two are everywhere, and the last are easily transportable, since you can pile the few supreme authors of the world in a little corner of the smallest log cabin. The Cambridge of my boyhood afforded me all that human heart could ask for its elementary training. Those who doubt it might, perchance, have been the gainers if they had shared it. "He despises me," said Ben Jonson, "because I live in an alley. Tell him his soul lives in an alley."—Atlantic.

Not a Practiced Sailor.

A lady who lives in an inland town in New England went to the last convention of the Christian Endeavor societies at Washington, and traveled from Boston to Baltimore by steamer. She had never been on the sea before.

After her first night on the steamer a friend observed, when she made her appearance on deck in the morning, that she looked very much fatigued.

"Why," said the friend, "I'm afraid travel by water does not agree with you. Didn't you sleep well? The sea has been perfectly calm."

"Sleep!" exclaimed the lady. "I didn't sleep a wink. I am tired all out, and I shall never travel by water again."

"What has tired you out?"

"Why, trying to sleep in that thing. I read the card in the state-room about how to put on the life-preserver, and I thought I understood it all right, but I suppose I didn't, for I couldn't get a wink of sleep with the thing on!"—Youth's Companion.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Helium, being more permanent than hydrogen, is a new thermometric substance for very low temperatures.

—By using electric light during the daytime Prof. Bailey produced lilies fully two weeks before the plants grown under the natural conditions flowered.

—Sugar beets have thrived so this year near Grand Island, Neb., that farmers have cleared on their crops twice the amount needed to pay for the land on which they were grown.

—Specimens of fire damp have been recently collected from many sources, all containing nitrogen, with, apparently, about the same proportion of argon as is obtainable from the nitrogen of the air.

—The railway metals between London and Edinburgh (a distance of 400 miles) are 200 yards longer in summer than they are in winter. This is owing to the expansion caused by the extra heat.

—In many cases where artificial respiration is employed, a man apparently killed by electricity or lightning can be resuscitated. A man struck by lightning should be treated like one apparently drowned.

—The purchase of a 500-acre lot near London, to be gradually covered by an immense ethnological museum, is urged by Prof. Flinders Petrie, who finds existing museums far too small to receive the materials explorers are so rapidly unearthing.

—The British South African company has secured to the British empire 750,000 square miles, which would otherwise now be held by the Boers, Germans and Portuguese. It has opened out this vast territory, built seven towns, and completed 1,400 miles of telegraph line, about 1,000 miles of road and 3,000 miles of railway.

A UNIQUE VILLAGE.

It Is Almost Ideal in Many Ways—Two Beautiful Boulevards.

Along the Second street pike, just beyond the village of Bethayres and 12½ miles from Huntington Valley station, on the Newton railroad, John Pitcairn, a wealthy Philadelphian, founded a little settlement several years ago for Swedenborgians, or members of the Church of the New Jerusalem. He bought a large tract of land, built a fine house and surrounded it with conveniences. The country, naturally pretty, attracted others of his faith, who viewed with favor the idea of the sectarian community. They secured lots from the original property, which was nearly a square mile in extent, and put up houses. Eight or nine families are now included in the settlement and more are to join it, only awaiting a favorable opportunity to build.

The place has no name other than Bethayres, which it takes from its close proximity to that old town. It is, however, entirely distinct from Bethayres proper. Every house within its borders is large and handsomely finished, inside and out. There are improvements in this new and well-regulated little settlement of which a municipality would be proud.

The houses are built along two beautiful boulevards, one of which is three-fourths of a mile long and the other somewhat shorter. The driveways, of hard crushed stone, are flanked on each side by a strip of sod, with young shade trees planted at regular intervals. Outside of these green borders are the sidewalks. The larger of the boulevards has half a dozen rounded turns in its course and the other is laid out with a proportionate number. The effect is novel and pleasing and reminds the visitor of a well-kept park.

A complete system of underground sewers drains the village and an electric-light plant furnishes illumination for all the inhabitants. Water is distributed under good pressure from a huge tank, the pumping being done by a windmill. Many other conveniences contribute to the common comfort.—Philadelphia Record.

A Trembling Pillar.

The Church of St. Nicaise, in the city of Rheims, is surrounded with pillars, one of which sways perceptibly with the ringing of one of the bells of the tower. When the bell is rung it causes the top of this pillar to sway to the extent of seven inches on each side, although the base of the pillar is immovable, and the stones are so firmly cemented as to seem like a solid piece of masonry. Although each of the four bells in the tower is about the same distance from the trembling pillar, only one of them has any effect on it, the ringing of the others either singly or all together not causing it to tremble in the least. When a board was placed on the pillar bearing two glasses of water, and the bell was rung, at the fifth stroke of the bell the two glasses were thrown off. Curiously enough, it was an adjoining pillar that formerly swayed, then it became immovable, and some years ago the present trembling pillar became the eccentric one.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Popples Two Thousand Years Old.

The extraordinary resuscitating power of light received a very curious illustration a few years ago in the silver mines at Laurium. The mines had been abandoned more than 2,000 years ago as unworkable, and consisted for the most part of the "slag" produced by the workings of the miners. An enterprising Briton discovered that the slag contained plenty of silver, which could easily be removed by modern appliances. When the slag was removed to the furnace the next visit to the mine found the entire space covered with a most gorgeous show of popies from the seed left under the slag when the mine was abandoned. After their 20 centuries' rest they had bloomed as vigorously as ever, without the aid of a single drop of water or any restorative other than the rays of the sun.—Popular Science News.

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The Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient and easy in effect. 25 cents.

The Crop Outlook in South Dakota for 1897.

It requires but a small amount of rainfall in South Dakota to mature the crop. During 1895 South Dakota had, up to September 30th, three and seven tenths inches more of rain-fall than for any of the previous sixteen years. Since September 30th there has been added at least three or four inches to the excess, making a gain of nearly eight inches more than the average. Early in November there were heavy rains, depositing over two inches, and since then there have been heavy snows, and about a foot of snow covered the ground on November 25th. Dakota farmers have abundance of hay and great supplies of oats, barley and corn. Wheat has advanced to about seventy cents a bushel in the local market, and prospects for further advance are good. The ground will come out in the spring better soaked than ever before. The prospect for better prices next year is good. There are thousands of people in the East who could do no better than to go to South Dakota now and buy their seed and feed for next year, and move out in the spring. First-class farming land in South Dakota, along the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, can now be bought at from $10 to $15 an acre. The creamery industry and stock-raising in South Dakota will greatly increase during 1897. For further information address W. E. Powell, General Immigration Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, or H. F. Hunter, Immigration Agent for South Dakota, 295 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Young Medical Student (to charity patient)—"I think you must have a—a some kind of a—a fever, but our class has only gone as far as convulsions. I'll come in a week when we get to fevers."

Garden Spots of the South.

The Passenger Department of the Louisville & Nashville R. R. has just issued a hundred page book with the above title. It is descriptive of the resources and capabilities of the soil of the counties lying along this line in the states of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Southern Mississippi and Western Florida. It also contains a county map of the above mentioned states, and is well worthy of a perusal of any one interested in the South. A copy will be sent to any address upon receipt of ten cents in silver or stamps, by C. P. Atmore, Gen. Pass. Agt., Louisville, Ky. Semi-monthly excursions South. Write for particulars.

The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone, shadows of the evening fall around us, and the world seems but a broader shadow.—Longfellow.

Cheap Excursions to the West, North and Northwest.

On December 1 and 15, 1896, the North Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Railway) will sell excursion tickets to a large number of points in the west, north and northwest. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines, or address W. B. Kniskern, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C. & N. W. R'y, Chicago, Ill.

A right state of heart cannot be maintained, without keeping a close watch on the tongue.—Ram's Horn.

We have received from Warner's Safe Cure Co., of Rochester, N. Y., whose advertisement may be found in another column, their attractive pamphlet for 1897, of which five million copies, it is stated, are being distributed free by mail and through druggists. It contains besides advertising matter, biographical sketches and portraits of the Presidents of the United States including President-elect McKinley. The perusal of the pamphlet affords abundant proof that Warner's Safe Cure Co., which has twenty years of success back of it, is as active and enterprising as ever.

A good man finds good wherever he goes, because the good in him brings out good in others.—Ram's Horn.

California.

If you will send your name and address, we will send a representative to your home to explain all about the advantages of Phillips-Rock Island personally conducted Tourist Car Excursions to California. Address A. Phillips & Co., 91 Adams St., Chicago. John Sebastian, G. P. A., Chicago, Ills.

Run down many a man's religion, and it will be found to have been nothing but froth.—Ram's Horn.

For Whooping Cough, Piso's Cure is a successful remedy. M. P. Dieter, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, '94.

Our lives are the open volume the world reads.

Gentle treatment. St. Jacobs Oil soothes Neuralgia and cures it. It fades away.

No man can climb higher than his own ambition.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

TEMPERANCE.

THE BOTTLE OF WINE.

Some Lessons Drawn from a Little Girl's Sad Experience.

I want to tell you about something which will help us all to realize better what is the use of signing the pledge or joining the Loyal Temperance legion. I know some of you think that it does not signify much, but little Janie W—— found that it did.

She is the daughter of a poor blacksmith who lives near my home, and her mother died last year, so Janie became a comfort to her father, and learned to keep house cleverly. When Christmas drew near, John W—— went to pay his account at the grocer's, and the shopkeeper was so pleased at getting his money promptly and honestly that he gave John a present of a bottle of wine. The blacksmith did not care much for spirits, but he carried home the bottle, and placed it in the cupboard. Some days later John returned to his house after a hard spell of work, and called to his little girl, who generally met him at the door; but no Janie answered. The fire had gone out, and everything looked dreary and deserted.

Poor John searched the kitchen all in vain, and then turned to go upstairs, wondering where the child could be. Then a cry of horror came from his lips, for there lay Janie senseless and helpless, her breathing heavy, her limbs quite powerless.

The father lifted her in his arms, and carried her to bed; he poured water on her forehead, and tried every means to restore her to life.

By this time his sons had come in, and he was just going to send for the doctor when Janie's eyes opened and her lips moved.

"Thank God!" cried John, "she won't die now. What happened to you, my darling?"

Janie could not speak for some moments, but at last she whispered: "The

THERE LAY JANE SENSELESS AND HELPLESS.

bottle, father, the bottle poisoned me!"

John drew back with a shudder; his little girl had been intoxicated, not ill!

She had found the wine when preparing supper, and tasted it, as children will taste anything strange. Then, being thirsty, she took a good drink and soon lost consciousness.

"I'll never let another drop of liquor into my house as long as I live!" cried John, and I hope he has kept his word. No wonder he was shocked at seeing what real poison alcohol is, by its effects on his child.

Now I want you to notice some things about Janie's state when John found her. First, she could not come to her father, even though he called her. Did you ever see a drunken man or woman yet who was on the way to our Heavenly Father? Does not every step towards the public-house and every glass of liquor bear such people further away from Him, and nearer to the great enemy of us all, who loves to see men drown themselves in destruction and perdition?

Second, she could not hear her father. I have read of a man who was in a house on fire, and might have escaped, but, though his friend called again and again, he never heard; he was quite drunk, and perished in the flames. Do you remember little Samuel, who caught the sound of God's voice so quickly as he lay on his bed, and said: "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth?" I am sure when people deaden their ears by drink they cannot hear the voice of our Lord, and, what is still sadder, they do not care to listen to it. Satan has caught them in his net, and though you may break through its fine meshes easily in youth, you will find them grow stronger and stronger, like great ropes at last, if you do not free yourselves, at once and forever, from the habit of taking spirits, which fastens the first knot.

Third, Janie could not see her father. God says: "Look unto me, and be saved, all the ends of the earth," but those who become slaves to drink bend their eyes downward, not upward. Their steps are so unsteady that they have to watch their feet, and they shuffle along, with stooping back and hanging head, until they fall down helpless, and sink into stupor. Jesus says: "The light—or lamp—of the body is the eye;" if we put out that lamp "how great is the darkness" (Matt. 6:22, 23). Dear children, do not risk the step which may lead to foolishness, deafness, blindness. Let your ears be open to hear what words of love our Father will speak, and your eyes bright and clear, gazing right up towards heaven, that happy home into which no unclean thing can enter (Rev. 21:27; Eph. 5:18).

I think Janie learned by her experience how dangerous it is to meddle with poison. Will you not take the warning which her story ought to convey?—C. Maud Battersby, in Christian.

Of the 12 presidents which the United States Brewers' association has had eight were foreigners and three of the remaining four were of foreign descent. Most of our beer barons, like the saloonkeepers, who are their distributing agents, are among our imported evils.

ALCOHOLISM IN NORMANDY.

Alarming Increase in the Consumption of Intoxicants—Even Babes Have Their Brandy.

Dr. Brunon, in the Bulletin Medical, enters a protest against the increasing consumption of alcohol in Normandy, which in this part of France has reached the maximum. The quantity of alcohol drunk at Rouen is equal to an average per head of the population of 17 litres of pure alcohol. In other centers of the province the consumption is even higher; it amounts, for instance, to 19 litres at Lillebonne. Of course, it is cheap corn or maize spirit that is consumed; a brandy made from the grape would be much too dear, and the supply of real cognac falls far short of the demand. The chief consumers belong to the working class. Indeed, Dr. Brunon affirms that they only work so as to drink and that they spend but a very small proportion of their earnings in food; all the rest goes to the publican.

In the department of the Seine-Inferieure—that is, the Havre district—there is a drinkshop for every 67 inhabitants. The women are also hard drinkers, and drink is supplied to them by the grocer, the green-grocer, and even by the men who sell roast chestnuts at the corners of the streets. Young women and children refuse to drink their coffee unless it is mixed with brandy, and children begin to drink coffee when only two or three years old. Naturally the children very soon ask for the brandy which they see their seniors mix with the coffee, and parents are weak enough to very generally accede to the demands of their children. The agricultural laborers seem to drink nearly as much as the workmen of the towns. Alcoholism is also very prevalent among the trading class, and especially among grocers and cafe proprietors. It is the rule for commercial travelers in all branches of trade to drink over each transaction. A commercial traveler who refused to drink would not be able to do any business. Dr. Brunon relates a case of a traveler in the grocery trade who regularly consumed 18 "doses" of vermouth before breakfast and from five to eight of brandy in the afternoon. Later in life this traveler opened a grocer's shop and found himself compelled to drink with almost every customer. On the other hand, it appears that the wealthy and better educated classes, especially those who live in the towns, are drinking much less than they did formerly. In view of these facts it is important to note that in Normandy both wine and beer are imported, and, therefore, are expensive luxuries. Cider is the only drink which the country provides. It is in the wine-growing countries that the least drunkenness occurs. Nothing has done more to increase alcoholism in France than the prevalence of phylloxera. Now, however, that new vines have had time to grow it becomes easier to make some effort to place wholesome wines on the markets.—London Lancet.

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

Fully one-half of the precincts of the state of Alabama are prohibitory.

When men begin drinking they generally stop thinking.—Ram's Horn.

Trying to make the world better and doing nothing to destroy the saloon is a good deal like trying to kill a snake by pinching the end of his tail.—Ram's Horn.

The saloon is the devil and for the devil; therefore why should not the church hurl her thunders of eloquence and power against the saloon.—True Reform.

The Medical Journal says that the paper used in many brands of cigarettes made in England contains arsenic. When arsenic is inhaled in small quantities it causes a chronic cough and other symptoms usually associated with consumption.

There are now in America over 400 Scandinavian total abstinence societies with a membership of between 15,000 and 20,000. Most of their newspapers are said by Ole B. Olsen to give space to temperance work, because of the demand for such news.

God has 165,177 temples and 111,036 ministers in the country working for the salvation of man. Satan, or Bacchus, has 225,000 temples and 500,000 priests for the destruction and damnation of men. The groggeries outnumber the churches, almost two to one, and there are nearly five times as many bartenders as ministers. Then 25 times as much money is spent every year for drink as is given for the church and benevolent purposes in this country.—Rev. Frank Hungate, Baptist, Columbus, O.

Narcotics.

There are a number of poisons whose use the body at first endures, though with considerable protest, but which finally have the effect of cultivating a demand for the poison that generally ends seriously or fatally. Among the most dangerous of these is morphine, which appears in many forms of medicine. The morphine habit is fully as dangerous as the alcohol habit. The tobacco habit, while it does not compare with the liquor and morphine habits in the seriousness of its results, is of no benefit, is a great and useless expense, and is often the direct cause of a derangement of the healthy action of the body. Its use has been demonstrated to be especially dangerous to the young.—Good Health.

No Longer a Good Argument.

It has long been common to refer the advocates of total abstinence from alcoholic drink to the wine and beer-drinking countries of Europe, as proof that the remedy for intemperance is the use of lighter drinks. But not so much of this is now done, for the reason that intemperance is increasing in these countries with fearful rapidity. Europe begins to feel the danger, and it will not be long until the demand for legal suppression will be heard there, as it is now heard here.—United Presbyterian.

BIRDS TAUGHT TO SING.

Some Particulars of a Very Interesting Operation.

Probably not one reader in 1,000 ever heard of a "bird organ" or saw one. They are made only in France, and are imported to this country in small numbers, as dealers in musical boxes have few calls for them, and generally send for them only upon orders from customers. They are made solely for teaching tunes to canaries and bullfinches. A wooden box about a foot square contains a large roller covered with pasteboard upon which brass pins are set according to the system used in preparing the rolls of music boxes. Beneath the roller is a small pair of bellows, and in the back of the box is set a row of ten metal pipes about the size of a long lead pencil. When the crank on the outside of the box is rapidly turned wind is forced into the pipes, as the valves open when the metal tongue belonging to each is struck by a pin on the roller. The music is therefore produced on the principle of a set of Pan's pipes, and is very shrill and high, yet sweet and full.

The ten notes produced by the ten pipes range from middle G in the staff to B, above, or an octave and three notes. That is, the bird music is written in the octave used in the musical notation for the human voice, but properly would be written in an octave higher when comparing the voice of a canary with the voice of a soprano. However, the quality of the tones differ so greatly that the shrill, clear pipe of the bird makes its voice sound as if it were pitched much higher than is really the case.

The "bird organ" is pitched in exactly the same tone and key as the voice of the canary, or perhaps this is putting the cart before the horse, for the bird strikes faultlessly the key and tone of the pipes. It is more accurate to say, after all, that on the hand the organs are pitched to be with the canary's voice, as the result of the experience of the builders, and that the canary shows wonderful power of imitation in falling in with the tone qualities of its teacher. If one note in the organ is off the key in the slightest degree the bird takes the same tone, and if it once learns that note wrong it will always carry the blemish in the harmony. All of the airs used in these organs are written in the keys of G, one sharp, or in C, and as they have only the range of ten notes, from G to B, it is very difficult to adapt many tunes to the limitations of canary music.

There is a dealer in music boxes on Ridge avenue who sells "bird organs" and writes music for the canary teachers. He has a drawer filled with manuscript music which he has arranged for use in these "bird organs," and he also puts tunes to order on the rollers. He has bird organs which pipe a repertoire of seven airs, with "Mulligan Guards," "Yankee Doodle," "A Dream of Love," Lucy Gray," "Down Went McGinty," and "You Can't Play in My Yard," all on one roller.

"One tune is all that a man tries to teach a canary," he said, "and he will never let the bird hear more than that one. He keeps the bird in a quiet room while he is teaching it and doesn't let it hear the voice of another bird. A canary's brain is not very big, and he gets his musical memory tangled it he hears more than the same old tune. I have heard of birds that could whistle two airs, but these are very rare, and it is a risky undertaking. For when a bird is working on the second tune he is likely to get mixed with the first, and then all your trouble's gone for nothing. It's simply a question of time and patience. You've just got to play the tune on the organ as often as you get a chance; the more the better; you'll grind away for two or three months, or longer, perhaps for six months.

"If you have the luck to get a bright bird, he'll begin to notice the tune in three months. At first he'll sing two or three bars, then falter and start over again. When he has learned the air all the way through his voice is weak and uncertain, but it gets stronger and more confident all the time. When he once picks it up your troubles are over. It's simply a matter of time and practice then. It's all luck in getting a bright bird with a good ear, and the sweetest singer may turn out a failure as a trained soloist. Bullfinches are easier to teach, but they are so short-lived that the results are scarcely worth the trouble. A canary will keep his voice and memory for eight or ten years, and he makes the sweetest music in the world."

The German's patience and love of music make him most successful in the training of canaries, and nearly all of the schooled songsters in Philadelphia have been educated by Germans. The man has sold several at an average price of about $100. There are many curious industries in a great city, but none more unusual than the educating of canaries, and the adding to one's income by selling "bird organs" and writing music for these little soprano stars. The music furnished is very simple, and accidentals, grace, notes, runs and quavers are ruled out. But the adapter has not an easy task with his imitation of key and range, and earns all that he gains in this unique fashion. Occasionally a customer calls for an air which the adapter discovers cannot be adapted to the vocal powers of the canary, and is obliged to find a satisfactory substitute. "Home, Sweet Home" is one of the sweetest and easiest airs for a canary to be taught, and once heard will linger always in the memory.—Philadelphia Press.

What He Feared.

"I don't care that for what the newspapers think about me," said the statesman, snapping his fingers.

"No?" said the incredulous constituent.

"No. It is what they say that keeps me awake of nights."—Indianapolis Journal.

THE GIRL IN GRAY.

Irresistible Impulses Which Called Her to a Life of Renunciation.

Susan earned her daily bread by trying on hats in one of the majestic dry goods palaces of the metropolis. Her beautiful head, flue eyes, exquisitely refined expression and beautiful figure had been the source of a splendid income to her. She did not know it, but nature had been most kind in making her an ideal model for the milliuery business.

Susan was a gray girl. She was a perfect poem in gray. Her eyes were deep twilight gray; her skin the cream tint of the white flesh about a blue-bird's beak; her eye that drab gray-brown which is noticeable in the eyes of Welsh girls, and her eyelashes such a tint of chestnut gray as ornamented the mane of the famous race horse Sir William.

Susan was full of gray moods, and her favorite position was to sit half bent over in one of the guest's chairs in the aforesaid emporium, with a Paris creation upon her fair head, and to gaze out of the window.

People came and people went, and they wondered that such a beautiful girl was not fairly carried away by some rich and appreciative wife-hunter, who had a taste for the fine arts. An artist who went to the shop to sketch hats and bonnets raved over Susan, but Susan didn't mind. To all his compliments she only smiled a cold, grey, far-away smile that could be easily interpreted. Susan interested an author one time enough to have her question the girl and find out why she always wore such a pensive look and seemed altogether removed from her environment.

She found that Susan was all alone in the world; that she came from a good English family; that she was obliged to cross the ocean to earn her living; that she cared little for dress and worldly things.

After becoming better acquainted with Susan she learned that most of the girl's female relatives had been nuns.

Susan said to her one afternoon, when they were friends: "I have a perfect horror of ever becoming a nun myself, but day after day the idea grows upon me, and I am sure that some fine morning I shall go to the sisters and ask them to take me in. I truly believe that heredity has called me to that mission. I think so much about not becoming a nun that my mind is drawn to them, and their lives own me.

"I unconsciously read all about them in publications. I follow them about in the streets; I cast my eyes down when I meet them, and always speak to them if I have a chance. I cannot keep away from the nun costume, and every dress I have is made as near like theirs as it can possibly be. I wonder if it is hypnotism or thought transference, or the effect of training, or what?

"Do you know much about mysticism and mental science? If you do, tell me. Do people always feel drawn to do what their hearts tell them not to do?"

The author could not answer, but was full of guessing, as the girl had been.

One day the author went to the shop to get a new hat for a swell matinee, and of course asked for Susan and she was told that Susan had suddenly become very pious and had given up her position to do religious embroidery in one of the technical shops connected with the church.

The author heard nothing more from the girl until one day, while investigating a charity on the east side, she saw a familiar figure flit past. Upon looking intensely at it, it proved to be Susan.

She smiled, and recognized the author, and said: "And how is it with you? I have answered my own question. I have proven to myself that each individual is given the mental life to perceive and enjoy those things which bring pleasure and to be able to sacrifice and give happiness to others, and the spiritual life as an inspiration pointing the way to a better life, where the only pleasure is in giving up pleasure and the only happiness in bestowing your own inheritance of it upon those who have neither mental perception nor spiritual inspiration.

"When I fought my own soul I was nearing a point where my mind would have become shattered because my mind had not solved the wants of my spirit. Now I love that which I hated, and hate nothing, and I feel that this is the highest state a human being can reach."

And artists and society women look in vain for an ideal model in the famous dry goods shop to anticipate their artistic wants.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

HER EFFECTIVE METHOD.

Fair Passenger Makes a Request for More Room in the Street Car and Gets It.

She was little and meek looking; he was big and a bully. This was apparent the moment they entered the car, says the Chicago Tribune. The impression was intensified by the timid way in which she crowded herself into the least possible space, while he spread himself all over. His coat sleeve was interposed between her face and the rest of the car, and the skirts of his long ulster almost covered her lap. The other passengers supposed them married as a matter of course, and when the little woman spoke, she might almost as well have fired a bombshell.

Slowly and carefully extricating herself from the folds of his garments, she gently but decidedly seized his arm, and lowered it into a position which permitted her to see the conductor as he demanded his fare. Then she addressed him quietly, but in a clear voice, which was audible all through the car.

"I am afraid I must trouble you a moment," she said gently. "Will you kindly ask this gentleman next me to remove his elbow from my mouth?"

The conductor stared, the other passengers laughed, but the little woman never moved a muscle or an eyelash, and the elbow came down to normal attitude suddenly.

WONDERS OF WEDLOCK.

Some Queer Matings of People in This Country.

The conventional idea of a wedding does not agree with the tastes of some people, and occasionally very eccentric and sometimes romantic marriage ceremonies are solemnized. Men and women entirely opposite in disposition and character frequently unite in the holy bonds of matrimony—sometimes much to their mutual regret. This peculiar fact, it would seem, also applies to oddities of human nature. In many of the traveling shows the freaks who help to draw money from the public intermarry, and it is not an unusual thing to find the fat man wedded to the skeleton woman, and the tattooed man to the bearded lady.

Mrs. Hannah Battersby, who at one time toured the country as a fat woman, was married to a Pennsylvania man, and it is stated as a curious fact that no sooner were they married than she began to lose flesh and he to gain it. His weight increased so rapidly that he soon took to exhibiting himself as a fat man. An exception to this rule of contrast, however, was Col. Glover, the giant, who stood six feet seven inches. He was wedded to Martha Penbody, the American giantess. Several years ago, when they appeared in public together, they used to receive as much as $750 a week.

The Italian consular agent at Cincinnati performed the most peculiar marriage ceremony on record. The groom was a well-to-do resident of the Ohio city and his bride lived in Italy. The contracting parties were thousands of miles apart when the wedding was performed, the marriage being by proxy. The consul filled in a blank certificate, which he forwarded to authorities in Italy, who in the presence of the parish priest exhibited it before the bride, who affixed her signature, accepting it as her action. The marriage was perfectly binding.

A very similar ceremony was performed some time ago. The affair took place by proxy, and Miss Maple was married by a clergyman in New York to a man who at the time of the marriage lay dying in a Texas town. The bridegroom was represented in the ceremony by the bride's cousin, who made the necessary responses and signatures as his proxy. The two lovers had been engaged for a long time, and Miss Maple wished to bear the name of her betrothed even though she could do so only as a widow.

The all-important ring is sometimes forgotten, and in more than one case the door key of the church has had to do duty, but it is not often that portions of the marriage service are omitted. In a southern town, however, a little while ago, after the party had left the church it was discovered that the clergyman had forgotten the words, "with this ring I thee wed," etc., thus relieving the bridegroom of the most serious part of his obligations, and the fair bride was minus a wedding ring. Instead of sitting down to a breakfast the party hurried back to the church and were thus practically married twice in one day.

Cupid ran amuck some time ago among the old folk of a Georgia town. An old soldier, 78 years of age, led to the altar an aged damsel who had seen 72 summers. There were three bridesmaides, whose ages respectively were 60, 68 and 70. They were all spinsters. The best man, who was 75, brought the combined ages up to 423 years.

An unusual kind of marriage was celebrated in New York recently. This was between a couple both deaf and dumb. They held prayer books while a friend pointed out the different passages in the service as they were spoken by the clergyman, and they made the customary responses in the deaf and dumb alphabet.

An ingenious couple once conceived the idea of being married by phonograph. In the place where the bridegroom resided he and the minister went over the marriage service, and he recited the proper responses into the instrument. The phonograph was sent to the lady, she willingly supplying the requisite "I will" and "I do" in the presence of her pastor, who then pronounced the pair united in matrimony. No explanation is given of how they got over the difficulty of the ring.

A well-known anthropologist, in describing various marriage customs, refers to a strange sort of symbolical marriage which is supposed to have originated in India. It is a marriage with trees, plants, animals and inanimate objects. If anyone proposes to enter upon a union which is not in accordance with traditional ideas, it is believed that ill luck which is sure to follow may be averted by a marriage of this kind, the evil consequences being borne by the object chosen. In various regions a girl must not marry before her eldest sister, but the difficulty is overcome by the eldest daughter marrying the branch of a tree. Then the wedding of the younger daughter may safely be celebrated.—Buffalo Express.

Only One Sale.

There is a pleasant little story about a party of drummers sitting in the smoking-room of a sleeper talking about trade. One after another had told about what sort of trade he'd been having, and they'd all been doing well; but the last man of all, when it came his turn, said he'd made only one sale in six weeks. The rest started in to sympathize with him a little on this, but when they came to ask him what business he was in and learned that he traveled for a bridge-building establishment, and that his last sale was a steel bridge something less than a mile long for about $500,000, they agreed that he wasn't doing so poorly after all.

Baronets in England.

The Order of Baronets was established by James I., in 1611. The title is found in no country of the continent, existing only in the British dominions.

—In 1883 Japan had only 88 factories with machinery. Ten years later their number was 1,163.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"I tell you, the man I respect is the man who can change his opinion." "And the man I respect is the man who can change a $1,000 bill."—Indianapolis Journal.

—A.—"My wife has given me a birthday present of a key ring." B.—"Well, if I were you, on my next birthday I'd see to it that she gave me the house key!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

—Departing Boarder—"I'm sorry we couldn't get along, but I hope you are willing to let bygones be bygones." Landlady—"Does that include your board bill, Mr. Jones?"—Boston Courier.

—Mrs. Mimms—"George, are you sure you locked up the house carefully?" Mimms—"By Jove, I can't remember about the front door." Mrs. Mimms—"Never mind the front door. How about the coal bin?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—"How is it that you are always in debt? You should be ashamed of yourself." "Come, now; don't be too hard on a fellow. You would perhaps be in debt, too, if you were in my place." "What place?" "Able to get credit."—Odds and Ends.

—"Why don't you work for a living?" asked the lady who answered the ring at the door bell. "I used to, but there's no business now," answered the tramp. "What was your business?" "I was a barber in a football town."—Yonkers Statesman.

—Contradictory Evidence.—"The doctor ordered your husband whisky for his rheumatism. Does it do him any good?" "He says it does him a world of good, but I notice the twinges come upon him more frequently than ever."—Odds and Ends.

—That's Different.—"Who's making all that racket out there? I want some chance to read and think." "It's me as is singin'," snapped the autocrat of the kitchen; "and what of it?" "O, I beg your pardon. I thought it was my wife."—Detroit Free Press.

THE GERMAN WAGON.

An American Tourist Finds It a Strange Contrivance.

The German wagon is a strange mixture of use and discomfort and well adapted to both. Being devoid of elasticity, a morning ride in one over the rough cobblestone pavement is a fine constitutional; it brings into active motions all the members of the body, and if a thorough shaking up is good for one, then it is also a healthful contrivance.

The body is coffin-shaped; the wheels about three feet in diameter and the shafts a single pole. "What is the use of having two poles where one will do?" says the matter-of-fact German. The lock is often in the most inconvenient place for the driver to manage. It is generally some kind of screw arrangement, placed as far to the back of the wagon as possible, and if there is any necessity for its use the driver winds it up something like a hand organ, and in many cases the music is about as melodious. The attachment of the motive power is indescribable; it must be seen to be appreciated. It is neither an attachment of love or beauty; it may be one of usefulness. The custom is for the driver to walk, the wagon generally being so small there is not room enough for the load and his ample proportions. I have often thought in watching these wagons that an appropriate motto would be to those who sought to ride in them: "Memento Mori."

If while walking along the street in conversation with a friend one of these crude vehicles comes near you will imagine that 161 distinct noises have broken loose. So exercising is this disturbance that you, of necessity, cease to talk, finally to think, or to use a very common but expressive slang phraze: "It paralyzes you."

The laws in regard to the right of way appear strange to Americans. It does not seem a mutual right, the equity, if there be any, is very one-sided. In this case the driver has the advantage. If he happens to run over you in the street he is the damaged party, and if you are killed you are required not only to pay your own funeral expenses, but pay the fellow well who killed you.—Detroit Free Press.

Australia's Remarkable Summer.

As is generally known, the Australian summer of 1895-96 was a record-breaker in the way of great heat. Some facts that have just come to hand in the way of government statistics kindly arranged for the Press by H. C. Russell, the government astronomer, of Sydney, New South Wales, point out some of the more extraordinary features of the hot spell which broke the record in Sydney. That city's hottest day ranged from 83.6 at six o'clock in the morning to 100 at ten o'clock, 106 at noon, 108.5 at 2:30, when the breeze shifted around to the sea and the temperature fell, reaching 88 at six o'clock in the evening. Bourke, an inland town northwest of Sydney, however, is the banner hot town, with a record of 127 degrees. This year it struck 119, and in January 26 days were above 100 and 19 above 110. Only Arizona and the California deserts can equal these figures. Philadelphia may be warm, but it cannot keep pace with Sydney.—Philadelphia Press.

Denmark.

The present king of Denmark is Charles IX., who ascended the throne November 15, 1863. The Danish historical records claim that their monarchy was established B. C. 60 by Skiold, a son of the gods, but for many centuries the authentic history of Denmark and its royal family is uncertain. The history of the Danish kings may be said to begin with Canute the Great, who conquered Norway and England and reigned from 1016 to 1028. From that time to the present Denmark has had 30 kings. The royal family of Denmark is related by blood or marriage to nearly every reigning family in Europe.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Republican.

REN. I. GUSTIN, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
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THURSDAY, DEC. 17, 1896.

WHEN Cuba comes into our possession the question of population will be settled very quickly. The fertile island will furnish homes to 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 American land seekers, who will speedily make it a thoroughly American State. Cuba has about as much land as New York or Pennsylvania, with only 1,600,000 people. Her soil has simply boundless fertility. Only a small portion of it has been reduced to cultivation. The Spaniards have selfishly done everything possible to discourage immigration, because they rightfully feared a rush which would deprive them of the possession of the island, or which would at least compel them to modify their rapacious Government. One law which has operated strongly to prevent an influx of Germans and English is that every foreigner who settles there must become a Roman Catholic within three months. Once put the island under the Stars and Stripes, and there will be a rush thither that will transform the character of the population within a very few years.

Postoffices.

The President calls attention as follows to the Postoffice service:

Our postoffice department is in good condition, and the exhibit made of its operations during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1896, if allowance is made for imperfections in the laws applicable to it, is very satisfactory. The total receipts during the year were $82,499,208.40. The total expenditures were $90,626,296.84, exclusive of $1,559,898.27 which was earned by the Pacific railroad for transportation and credited on its debt to the government. There was an increase of receipts over the previous year of $5,516,080.21, or 7.1 per cent., and an increase of expenditures of $3,836,-124.02, or 4.42 per cent. * * *

The deficit for the last year, although much less than that of the last and preceding years, emphasizes the necessity for legislation to correct the growing abuse of second-class rates, to which the deficiency is mainly attributable. The transmission at the rate of 1 cent a pound of serial libraries, advertising sheets, "house organs" (periodicals advertising some particular "house" or institution), sample copies and the like ought certainly to be discontinued.

The growth in weight of second-class matter has been from 299,000,000 pounds in 1894 to 312,000,000 in 1895 and to almost 349,000,000 in 1896, and it is quite evident this increasing drawback is far outstripping any possible growth of postal revenues. * * *

He deservedly scorches the cheap and trashy libraries that are being circulated at the expense of the taxpayer, and shows that the expense of hauling it outgrows the revenues all the time.

Peffer's Impudence.

The most audacious proposition that we can recall as ever having been seriously made in Congress is that contained in the resolution offered by Senator Peffer Monday, providing for a Monetary Commission. Peffer coolly claims that the election settled nothing, and that therefore the thing to do is to have the whole money question reopened, and referred to a Commission in which all views are equally represented! He wants to have a Commission consisting of one Republican, one Palmer Democrat, one Bryan Democrat, and one Populist, the four to select a fifth man to complete the Commission. Of course, the scheme is too utterly preposterous to deserve a moment's attention.

The people of this country have passed through one of the most tremendous struggles that a free people has ever gone through in time of peace. The outcome of that struggle was the election, by an extraordinarily large majority, of a president pledged in the most emphatic and unmistakable manner to the maintenance of the existing gold standard, which had been made the object of a powerful attack, after many years of persistent agitation. The House of Representatives elected at the same time shows a heavy majority of the same character. In the Senate there will also be a majority for sound money. In these circumstances, there are only two things that can be thought of for a moment, concerning the currency. The first is, to do nothing at all; for no legislation is absolutely necessary at the present time on the money question. The second is, to remedy the imperfections which exist in our monetary system, and which may at any time again become a source of danger.

But if any such remedial legislation is to be undertaken, it must be on the absolutely clear basis of the maintenance of the existing standard. The possibility of an international bimetallic agreement need not be excluded; the law enacted could, without the least difficulty, take such a future possibility into account. But what it would positively have to do is to place our currency upon such a footing that the parity of all our money with gold would be sure to be maintained without our incurring the difficulties and dangers we have lately encountered. We are of opinion that a Commission is the best available instrumentality for securing a good currency law; but it must be a Commission appointed for the purpose of securing a definite object. After the tremendous battle of last fall, we certainly don't propose to refer the whole money question to a debating society of four or five persons representing all possible views. We want light from competent persons as to the means by which a certain end can best be attained; not a lot of gabble about money and prices and labor and what not, of which Heaven knows we had quite enough all last summer.

Water Supply in Maryland Towns.

Under the above caption the Baltimore *Sun* of Friday, says editorially:

"The sale of water bonds in the town of Rockville, Md., took place Wednesday, as announced in The Sun. Town waterworks are to be speedily constructed. Artesian wells and a stand pipe will provide the supply. The bonds bear 4 per cent. interest and run for twenty years. They were all taken by a New York purchaser at a good premium, which is a most gratifying testimonial to the good credit of the people. Rockville has a high and healthful location in Montgomery county, Md., of which it is the county seat, about sixteen miles from Washington. The location and surrounding are not only healthful, but are beautiful and in every way attractive It is a place of residence for many persons whose business is in Washington and there is a charming and refined society in and around it.

"Rockville is a small town, but the manifest advantage of waterworks in attracting residents is such that the surprise is they have not been provided long ago. The comfort of a bathroom and hot and cold water in the house is a mighty inducement, and will probably do more to swell the population of the town by attracting citizens from the city than any other attraction they could be offered. In a town a good water supply is not only essential to comfort, but is also generally essential to health. To keep a town clean, healthful and attractive to have well-paved and well lighted streets, does more to promote substantial prosperity than all the artificial booms and assisted factories that can be started.

"There has been a vast amount of discussion in Cumberland about the impurity of water served to the people from the town waterworks, but there seems to be but little progress toward a good supply. The present supply comes from the Potomac river, and it is taken from the river not many miles below the point where the drainage from several large towns is received. There are also upon the river not far above Cumberland a pulp mill and perhaps other factories. The result has been a supply of water which during a good part of the year is the color of sassafras tea. Cases of typhoid fever have, of course, been frequent. A number of artesian wells were bored at various places in the streets of the town to afford drinking water. But it is now stated that these wells were too shallow and the water in them became contaminated with sewage and surface drainage.

"It is inconceivable how the town council of Cumberland can permit this condition to remain for a day longer than it will require to remedy it. The problem of correction is doubtless a difficult one to solve. But no one doubts it can be solved either by filtering the present supply or by going to a new source. The matter is too important for trifling and the consequences of delay are so serious that the authorities with whom the responsibility lies should not rest day or night until the remedy is found and applied."

The Dominant Issue.

The tariff has been so many years the leading feature of Republican policy and the foundation of party action in Congress that it is hard to be compelled to let it drop into a subordinate place and confront the innumerable risks and perplexities which attend the task of concentrating party strength in a new position. And yet it is evident that the currency question has forced itself to the front of our politics, and parties must meet that issue whether they will or no. With the public mind intent on the money question it would simply be madness for the Republican party to do that which would in effect say to the country: "All that you need expect from us is another dose of the tariff. If you want currency reform you must go to some other shop." Nothing would suit the Bryanites better than to be allowed to hold the advantage of being the only party which puts the money question ahead of all things as the issue of the times. The last election was carried by a desperate effort. Sooner or later the party which can appeal to the hopes of the country is going to triumph over a party which relies on appeals to its fears. The tariff question has been so thoroughly thrashed out that there are no longer any great expectations concerning it in one way or another. If the Republican party now exhausts its strength in making a new general tariff it will simply remove the issue from the campaign of 1900, for it is evident that the Bryan party does not intend to make any contest on that issue. Whatever disappointment may ensue—and there are bound to be many, however wisely the job may be managed—will redound to the disadvantage of the Republican party, while at the same time it will have to encounter the terrible force of the reaction against the party in power which has become a regular feature of national politics.

The dangers of the situation are appreciated by thoughtful politicians. Chairman Walker, of the House Committee on Banking and Currency, in a recent communication to the Boston *Herald*, said:

If the Republican party simply revises the tariff with a view, first, to protection, and second, to securing a sufficient revenue for the expenses of the government, and rests the matter there without reorganizing the financial and banking system of the country, the risks taken in the canvass just closed will be increased a hundredfold in the Presidential contest of 1900. The Republicans are as sure to be hurled from power in 1900 as it is that the Democrats were hurled from power November 3.

Mr. Walker is a thoroughgoing Republican, and it is with perfect fidelity to party interests that he makes this startling prediction. And the more the matter is considered, it will be seen that such fears are well founded.

Here is a heavy responsibility for the incoming administration and for the party managers! If when that extra session is called President McKinley should send in a message devoted to currency reform and should follow it up by employing all the influence of the administration to promote party action in that direction, it will be a proof that that responsibility is fully appreciated and is being met in the best possible way.

Expel the Assassins!

Maceo is dead! How sweet to the Spanish chivalry is the news. Light bondfires in the streets of Madrid, of Seville, of Cadiz, ye swarthy patriots. Ring the bells of the Giralda, illuminate the Alhambra. Shout defiance to the Republic of the United States until your cautious governors throw a cordon of police about the United States Legation in Madrid, lest mob violence and complications result. It is a wondrous triumph for Spain—one man slain, and the event hailed as the greatest exploit since the Moors were driven from the Spanish peninsula! In London Lord Salisbury congratulates the Spanish Ambassador on the magnificent achievement of killing a single soldier. In Washington Ambassador De Lome sends word to his colleagues of the diplomatic corps that the revolution is ended for Maceo is dead. In Havana Weyler, the butcher, innocent of participation in a single battle, rides in theatric style down the principal avenue while men cheer—or get locked up as suspect—maidens sing paeans of proise, and little children in white robes scatter flowers in his path. A glorious victory has been won.

Maceo is dead! Aye, but how slain? Comes the story, well authenticated, that black treachery alone accomplished the deed. With a traitor on his own staff, lured by treachery to a rendezvous under protection of the Spanish word of honor, all unsuspecting he fell, he and the boy Gomez, under the murderous fire of ambushed assassins. From his blood, as from the blood of the dragon in mythology armed men, with hearts beating all the more fiercely for freedom from the iniquitous yoke of Spain, will spring to prosecute the work which he so gallantly begun.

"Assassination," said Lord Beaconfield, addressing the House of Commons on the death of Abraham, "Assassination never yet turned the history of the world." Please God, the assassination of Antonio Maceo shall change the history of Cuba only for the better. If Spain has resorted to the methods of the early American Indian in warfare, if the bravo is to be the ideal soldier in the Spanish army and ignoble treachery the highest form of martial triumph, the time is at hand when the United States will interfere to help the establishment in Cuba of a government with loftier ethical and moral ideas than Spain can show. Assassination has been the common practice of the Spanish forces on the island. Pacificoes, prisoners of war, the wounded in hospitals and noncombatants of all sorts have been murdered in cold blood. But the story of General Maceo's death shows a cold-blooded predetermination to assassinate never paralleled in civilized warfare.

Past now is the time when this nation need seek longer for an arrangement which, in Grover Cleveland's words, shall end this war "with honor and advantage to Spain." No longer do we, with that ponderous statesmen recognize the "chivalrous devotion to the national honor" of Spaniards. It is asserted—though doubtfully—that there is honor among thieves, but we have never heard of honor among assassins.

If the story of Maceo's death by treachery be true it affords new reason why the United States should interfere to stop the barbarous conflict raging at our very doors. Let us drive forth Weyler and his band of assassins, regarding them, as the doughty Chevalier Gourgues held the Spaniards he hanged two centuries ago at the mouth of the St. John's river. "Not as Spaniards, but as treacherous robbers and assassins."—New York Journal.

B. & O. Mysteries.

Chairman Alexandre Shaw, of the Baltimore Reorganization committee of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad company, said yesterday that he would call the committee together this week to consider the report of Mr. Stephen W. Little on the financial condition of the property and to fill the vacancies on the committee caused by the resignations of Ex-Judge Wm. A. Fisher and Mr. D. Fahnstock. The security holders of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad company and the public in general look forward to this meeting with considerable interest, as it is intimated that there may be some important developments.

A gentleman who is prominent in Baltimore financial circles said yesterday:

"It is almost incredible that gentlemen enjoying, as most of those who served as directors of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad company from 1888 to 1895, the confidence and esteem of the community should continue to rest under the serious charges that have been preferred by Mr. Stephen W. Little in his report to the New York Reorganization committee against the old management of the property of which they were a part.

"According to Mr Little's statement, they either knew that the accounts of the company had been falsified and that unearned dividends had been disbursed among the stockholders, which is, of course not to be believed, or they accepted without any pretense at a personal investigation the statements of the officers of the corporation.

"Viewed in either light, the charge is a serious one.

"It is idle to talk of formulating a plan of reorganization until the causes that brought about the present condition of the company are known. Mr. Little's report failed to enlighten the security holders on this point, and in my opinion the only way open now is for the Baltimore Reorganization committee to sift matters and solve this question."

The letter of Ex-Vice President Wm. Keyser severely blaming the directors for their inattention to the company's condition is the subject of much comment.

The Dangers of Femininity.

A business establishment is like a machine; everybody is working for one end, and the introduction of ulterior elements is a distraction which clogs the machinery. Therefore a women when she enters a business office should be content to dispense with the little social amenities which she has a right to expect in her own home. For example, in many offices, and particularly in newspaper offices the men are accustomed to work in their shirt sleeves in warm weather. The woman should not feel that she is being treated impolitely if they fail to rise and put on their coats when she enters; nor do I think it necessary for men to take off their hats in an elevator when it is also occupied by women. There is a growing disinclination on the part of business women to accept seats in cars from men; they want no concessions simply because of their sex. But this suggests the matter of physique, which must not be overlooked in considering the problem. Men are physically stronger than women, and when it becomes a question of strength and weakness, as, for example, when the car is swaying and it requires considerable exertion to stand on one's feet, I believe that the man should give away to the women. But there is no element of sex in this. In the same way a gentleman would give up his seat to one of his own sex if the latter were manifestly feeble. Not only does it interfere with business for a women to expect concessions or favors because she is a woman, but it is dangerous as well. If this is her attitude, she may find it difficult to draw the line just where she wants to; there may be too much attention. The matter is in the woman's hands. Let her be absolutely business-like and her influence in an office is a good one; but let her overstep that bound in the least degree, and she upsets the fine equilibrium of her position and invites difficulties.—"Marion Harland," in Demorest's Magazine for January.

Consolidation Coal Company.

The directors and stockholders of the Consolidation Coal Company held meetings Monday at the offices of the company, No. 44 South street Baltimore. The stockholders ratified the new bond issue proposed. On January 1 next $1,100,000 of first mortgage six per cent. coupon currency bonds of 1872 will fall due. The new issue will be $750,000 of first mortgage 4½ per cent. 25 year gold bonds; with the Guaranty Trust Company of New York as trustee. Of the total issue, $150,000 of the new bonds will be retained in the treasury of the company and $600,000 will be placed on the market, preference of subscription to the extent of fifty per cent. of their holdings being given holders of existing mortgage bonds.

Nice line of gentlemen's and ladies' slippers at Townshends'.

HONORABLE JAMES A. GARY

Pressed For a Place in President McKinley's Cabinet.

CANTON, Dec. 12.—A delegation representing the states of Maryland, Tennessee, Georgia, Virginia, Florida, Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama, called on Major McKinley to-day for the purpose of talking over the political situation, and presenting the name of a gentleman whom they would be glad to see in the cabinet.

Hon. George L. Wellington was the spokesman for the delegation, and to Major McKinley stated that the Republicans of the South were practically united upon one man, James A. Gary, of Baltimore.

"Mr. Gary," said Senator Wellington, "is a successful manufacturer and one of the strong business men of the country. He has great executive talent, and, of course, his character is above reproach.

"From a political point of view he has this to recommend him. He is the unanimous choice of the Republicans of a state that has just been redeemed from long years of Bourbon rule, and whose citizens think the progress they made should be met with encouragement and substantial marks of approval.

"More than this, the whole of the South is practically behind the candidacy of Mr. Gary. We have representative Republicans on the committee from a considerable majority of all the Southern states, and my understanding is that the only other Southern state that is deemed worthy of serious consideration, by reason of its practical achievements, is West Virginia.

"North Carolina may as a matter of form suggest a man for the cabinet, but it will, I think, be conceded that the honor, if it falls to any Southern state, ought to come to Maryland or West Virginia, and I think Mr. Gary represents the whole South better than any man from any other state can do.

"We did not come here to urge the appointment of Mr. Gary to the cabinet. That would not be proper—but we came to say to Major McKinley that, if it shall seem best to him to have a man from the South in his official family, we hope he will consider the many qualities which Mr. Gary possesses which go to make him available for appointment to the cabinet.

"We hope Major McKinley will see his way clear to appoint a Southern man, and we hope most earnestly that man may be Mr. Gary; but if the President-elect finds that he cannot appoint a Southern man to the cabinet, and is not able to make choice of Mr. Gary, we want it understood that our enthusiasm and loyalty will in no wise be diminished."

Mr. McKinley listened with marked interest to Senator Wellington's remarks and then chatted with the other members of the delegation.

"I have decided to recognize the South in the formation of my cabinet and I see no reason why I should go around Maryland in making my selection." This was the substance of what Major McKinley said to the delegation. The impression prevails here that Mr. Gary will surely be selected for the cabinet.

Capt. A. T. Wimberly, of Louisiana, said: "Mr. Gary is in the cotton manufacturing business and is a true representative of the cotton belt of the United States. He is interested in the progress of all things relating to the 'King of the South' and knows what is best for that part of the country. More than that, he is a man of ability and would represent the nation well in its councils. The South wants a man in the McKinley cabinet and has united on Mr. Gary."

Mr. Wellington, when asked whether or not he aspired for a cabinet place himself, replied in the negative. He said it is an honor of which any man might be proud, but that he stands for Mr. Gary and hopes Major McKinley will select that gentleman.

The delegation consisted of the following gentlemen:

Senator George L. Wellington, of Maryland; A. T. Wimberly, of Louisiana, national committeeman; National Committeeman George E. Bowden, of Virginia; National Committeeman William Youngblood, of Alabama; James Hill, national committeeman from Mississippi; W. P. Brownlow, national committeeman from Tennessee; Congressman Sidney E. Mudd, Isaac A. Barber, W. S. Booze and William B. Baker, of Maryland; Judge J. C. Long, national committeeman, of Florida; Jeremiah Connolly, District of Columbia; Colonel Fred Brackett, Baltimore; U. G. Hamlet, Baltimore; W. J. Feaga and Myron M. Parker, Washington; J. M. Lyons, of Georgia.

Candy and nuts to Sunday-schools cheaper than ever at C. B. Cropp's.

Little Men and Women

We call them little men and little women, but they are neither. They have ideas and ways all their own. Fortunately they soon become fond of cod-liver oil, when it is given to them in the form of SCOTT'S EMULSION. This is the most valuable remedy in existence for all the wasting diseases of early life. The poorly nourished, scrofulous child; the thin, weak, fretting child; the young child who does not grow; all take Scott's Emulsion without force or bribe. It seems as if they knew that this meant nourishment and growth for bones, muscles and nerves.

Book telling more about it, free.

It won't pay to try a substitute for Scott's Emulsion with the children. They will relish the real thing.

For sale at 50c. and $1.00, by all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

MONETARY COMMISSION.

Mr. Wellington Favors the Idea and Gives His Reasons.

A Washington dispatch to the Baltimore *Evening News* gives the views of Congressman Wellington upon the proposed commission to examine into our financial system and report thereon:

"I am favorable to the appointment of a monetary commission. It is evident that nothing can be done with the currency at this session of Congress. If we have a special session of the Fifty-fifth Congress next spring, as now seems probable, it will be chiefly devoted to tariff and revenue matters. It is not likely that the special session would undertake to deal also with the currency problem. A commission made up of Senators, Representatives and financial experts not members of either branch of Congress authorized to sit during the special session and during the vacation as well, and to send for persons and papers and to administer oaths and instructed to report to Congress on the first day of its session next winter, could and ought to be able to present a plan, backed up by such facts and arguments as would satisfy the people and convince Congress which would permanently solve the currency problem.

* * * * *

"My general views on financial questions are too well known to demand repetition at length at this time," continued Mr. Wellington. "but I will say, briefly, that I am in favor of sound money, a correct banking system, and an elastic currency. Gold must remain the basis money of our financial system, but at the same time I favor the use of such amount of silver as subsidiary coin as we can readily maintain at parity with gold.

"I favor taking the Government entirely out of the banking business, and therefore am in favor of the retirement of the greenbacks and Treasury notes. Of the two I think the latter should go first. It will, however, be impossible to retire these notes all at once—instanter, as it were. It will require time, and it can only be done at all by convincing Congress and the people that their retirement and cancellation will not result in a contraction of the circulating medium."

Mountain Lake Park.

The attention of the public is called to this christian health and summer resort and the advantages it offers to those seeking a summer home.

The Park contains 800 acres of ground, laid off in lots fifty by one hundred and twenty feet, each facing an avenue fifty feet wide. In the rear of each lot there is a twelve foot alley. There are only eight lots in a block, thus protecting the public from being "crowded" with buildings.

These fifty foot lots are sold at prices ranging from $75 to $300 each and on the most liberal terms. They may be purchased on monthly payments of $5 or on annual payments of $25. To those who will build within a year, payments will be extended, if desired, through three or more years. Those who build will receive a rebate of one half of all the money paid the B. & O. R. R. for freight on building material and household goods.

Advantages secured by purchasing property at Mountain Lake Park.

By special charter granted by the State of Maryland, Mountain Lake Park has conferred upon it special police power and protection. The entire track of 800 acres is under special police regulations. The Community police officers have authority to enforce law and protect its citizens. No long trip to Oakland to secure the protection of the sheriff or of a constable.

This charter protects the property holders from cattle, etc., running at large. The outside world must fence in their stock from the Park, under penalty of having their stock placed in the Community pound, hence the expence of fencing in lots is not necessary in the Park.

Every lot owner in the Park has conferred upon him or her elective franchise for municipal purposes. Only lot owners are allowed to vote at our municipal election. No public improvements requiring the expenditure of money can be made without the vote of property owners.

No trains will stop at Mountain Lake Park station on Sunday from January 1 to December 31 inclusive.

No liquor can be sold within one mile of Mountain Lake Park.

Miles of excellent streets and avenues have been made at a cost of over $50,000. Not a dollar of indebtedness against the Community of Mountain Lake Park.

At a large expence electric lights have been put in the Park. Additional lights will be added next season.

Good hotels and boarding houses already in operation. Nearly two hundred cottages built.

A large two-story assembly hall, with numerous class rooms.

An auditorium with a seating capacity of 2200, is lighted with electricity.

A park of ten acres of magnificent oaks, and a good spring.

Church services are held regularly at the Park all the year. Well equipped stores supply us with the necessaries of life.

Annually we have: 1, an Inter-State Undenominational Camp Meeting; 2, a W. C. T. U. Convention; 3, a Chautauqua, second to none in the land; 4, Summer Schools, with an excellent faculty.

Mountain Lake Park, while it is and ever will be a christian health and summer resort, is undenominational. Here God's people, all lovers of order and quiet, meet and enjoy the beauty and purity of this mountain top.

Mountain Lake Park is not a venture. It is not an experiment. It is an established fact. A grand success with wonderful possibilities. Thousands of dollars have been expended to make it what it is. Its stockholders have never received a dividend. The receipts from the sale of lots have been expended for improvements. Many more thousands will be laid out in beautifying the Park and making it an ideal christian resort.

If you are interested, call at the office of the Mountain Lake Park Association for full particulars. You will be driven over the Park and furnished with all desired information.

ROAD DESTROYERS.

Narrow Tires are the Highway's Worst Enemy.

The road question has been one that I have studied much, as I have ridden a wheel from the introduction of the first two wheel velocipedes until the present time, writes a correspondent of *The L. A. W. Bulletin*. During these years I have pedaled over roads from the St. Lawrence to the gulf and from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific. I do not mean that I have ridden across the states, but have taken in many parts all over the United States, so have had a chance to see different styles of roadmaking and different mixtures that make or spoil roads. I have come to the conclusion that in about four-fifths of the states wide tired wheels would turn the now bad roads into smooth and money-saving ones. The balance can only be made good by a regular system, engineered by adepts in the art of roadmaking.

The counties now spend their money each year by scraping the ditches and piling this worthless filth in the roadway, to be rolled, cut up and finally washed down into the ditch again. During this shifting process it becomes ground up into fine powder, which cannot be rolled or packed down, making a fine, soft grade of mud in wet weather and a correspondingly good dust in dry weather. Wide tired wheels will be of little use in such places unless all this fine dust is first scraped off and a heavy course of crushed stone put on, rolled thoroughly and covered with gravel and again rolled, with plenty of ground at center for drainage. When this is done, shut out all narrow tired heavy wagons, and a good smooth road will be insured. In the spring and fall go over the road and fill up all soft or low places; see that the ditches are not clogged in low places, causing the roadbed to be flooded during storms.

It would also pay each township to hire some good, reliable man, with a team, to go over each road, when required, with a load of crushed stone or gravel and fill up each little depression before it becomes a mudhole and requires several loads to do the work of a few shovelfuls. Such a system, with a strict wide tire law, would save each county thousands of dollars each year, and the farmer would soon find that he could haul two tons or two loads with one team that now require two teams or twice the time. In many sections this saving would amount to several times this amount.

I live just west of Pittsburg, where the roads are fairly good, as country roads go. We have elegant roads at times, and their fineness at such times is caused by the following conditions: First, many of the roads are made with a good crown for drainage, and the roadway is covered with a cement gravel taken from the beds of the creek and frequently rolled when placed on the roads.

This gravel soon packs down and after two or three moderate rains is in elegant condition, showing that it will pack hard before it is ground up. Now we have a fine road, and it lasts until the first hard rain; then, while it is soft, along come the cutters, in the shape of two-inch tires, worn round on the face, and cut in deeper and deeper. The rain stops, and the road dries up in ruts and lumps; soon the wheels roll down the lumps, and in so doing grind the material finer and finer, so by the time it has worked over a few times it is powder. This will soon furnish plenty of dust and turn into mud when the next shower comes.

I have seen these same roads rolled by the passage of some 30 or 40 four inch tired wagons, belonging to some contractor and at a time when the mud was from two to six inches deep. After these wagons had passed the riding was good. I happened to be out on my wheel and followed this trail for miles. When the wagon turned out of the road, a bicycle could not navigate, and wagons had a hard time. This confirmed me in my decision regarding the advantage to the farmer in the adoption of the wide tire, as it was a plain example of a good road made bad by narrow tires, and, when bad, turned to a good one by the passage of only one man's outfit.

First stop the cause of poor roads by compelling the use of broad tires, and then fix up the roads in a thorough manner, and they will stay so at small expense. Any amount of money spent in roadmaking will not accomplish the desired result unless the main cause of the trouble is removed.

Grantsville.

The present momentous issue—what is the value of your property?

Miss Mollie Dorsey acts as principal of the Grantsville public schools in the absence of the principal, J. H. Bender, who is ill with a slight attack of typhoid fever.

Chicken pox has broken out in town.

A little son of Jacob A. Beeghley is very ill.

On Tuesday of last week Christian Selders, of near Bittinger, this county, was killed from loss of blood from a wound in the leg caused by a fragment of the balance wheel of a fodder cutter which burst into pieces while cutting corn fodder for Joel D. Brenneman, near Keyser, this county. The governor of the engine failed to work properly, and the fireman went into the barn to inform the proprietor, who was feeding the machine, of the condition of the engine, when it is supposed a cutter knife caught, having become loose in the machine, and jerked the governor open and it failed to lower to its proper position. This permitted an enormous volume of steam to escape into the engine's cylinder, which immediately ran with terrific velocity, fairly quaking as it stood. Before the fireman could run half way to the engine the cutter balance-wheel burst with a report. One piece struck the unfortunate man upon the leg above the knee, tearing away the flesh to the bone; another struck him upon the chest; one piece just grazed and seared the the head of one of the hands; one piece passed through the plank threshing floor and inflicted slight damage in the basement, and another was hurled through the roof and broke off an oak lath in its passage and is supposed to have been found eighty paces from the building. The deceased suffered intense pain. Death occurred about one hour after the accident. Funeral services and interment took place on Thursday, the 10th inst., at the Cherry Valley or Forks Amish Mennonite meeting-house in Bittinger district, Jacob S. and Joel J. Miller officiating. A very large concourse assembled to pay their last respects to the departed. He was 42 years old, his death occurring on his birthday. Wife, two sons and two daughters, the oldest about thirteen and the youngest about three years old, and a son aged about nineteen years, of a former wife, of the immediate family survive to mourn the early departure of a devoted father and husband. May He, without whom not even a sparrow falleth to the ground, cherish, comfort and protect the bereaved. The deceased will be very greatly missed as a member of the church, as a faithful and aidful neighbor and as an enterprising and benevolent citizen. The sorrowful tidings of the fatal accident greatly shocked his many friends, but we truly believe that our loss in this event is his eternal gain. How forcibly are we taught by this sad occurrence the mandate which went forth to King Hezekiah of old, "Set thine house in order for thou shalt die and not live."

Donation Parties.

Many of the friends and members of St. Paul's M. E. church assembled with a donation for their pastor in the lecture room of the church on Tuesday evening Dec. 8th. Although the evening was a very stormy one yet despite the weather there was "a goodly company on good intent." A summons on the parsonage door brought the surprised pastor and his wife to the church. The friends had made a pyramid of the good things they had brought and seemed to enjoy the bewilderment of the pastor's family. Rev. J. M. Davis in a few well chosen words explained the situation and the pastor attempted to return his thanks. After some additional remarks and songs and a prayer the familiar hymn "Blest be the Tie that Binds" was sung and the company departed for their homes.

The members of the class at Mt. Lake Park had intended to be present and take part in this donation but were prevented by the story weather. However they sent a liberal supply of groceries, etc., to the parsonage on Friday last.

The undersigned wish to express publically to all who so kindly contributed of their worldly goods their sincerest thanks and hope and pray that God's richest spiritual blessing may be poured out upon them in abundant and overflowing measure.

S. K. ARBUTHNOT,
Mrs. M. J. ARBUTHNOT.

The School-Fund Distribution.

To the Editor of The Republican.

DEAR SIR:—At the last session of the Legislature $150,000 was appropriated for the purchase of text-books for the free schools of the State. Garrett county, with an enrollment of about 4,200 pupils received this year from this fund $1,850, or less than 45 cents per pupil.

Charles county, with an enrollment in the colored schools of 1,558, received $1,521, or about 98 cents per pupil. The same county with an enrollment of 1429 in the white schools, received $2,014 for the purchase of their books, or over $1.40 for each white pupil.

The free book fund is distributed on the same basis on which the school fund if distributed, out of the latter of which Charles county gets over $14 per pupil, while Garrett gets only $2.84.

The white schools of Charles county are always open ten months, and their county school tax is less than one-third as much as ours, while we cannot keep ours open even half that time.

It is the paramount duty of the State to educate its children and make good scholars and good citizens of them. On what grounds are the white children of Charles county entitled to three times as much from the State treasury with which to buy their books and six times as much to maintain their schools as the white children of Garrett? And more, why should a colored child in Charles receive more than twice as much for the purchase of its books as a white child in Garrett?

How in the name of justice and humanity, with the boasted enlightenment of our nineteenth century, can the great commonwealth of Maryland tolerate under the guise of law, such a flagrant violation of all the principles of common honesty and equity, and treat the citizens in a manner consistent only with barbarism. Yours truly,

U. G. PALMER.

Hutton, Md., Dec. 16, 1896.

Eastbound Traffic.

Eastbound shipments last week over the B. & O. were 58,357 tons against 72,166 for the preceding week and 52,843 for the corresponding week of last year. The roads carried tonnage as follows: Michigan Central, 5,560; Wabash, 4,873; Lake Shore, 8,197; Fort Wayne, 6,736; Pan Handle, 7,077; Baltimore and Ohio, 5,712; Grand Trunk, 6,242; Nickel Plate, 4,842; Erie, 7,518; Big Four, 2,800. Shipments were made up of the following articles in tons: Flour, 2,443; grain and mill stuffs, 28,216; cured meats, lard, etc., 8,036; dressed beef, 9,342; miscellaneous, 9,360.

Fatally Injured.

Tuesday evening of last week Mr. Christian Soulders, jr., of District No. 12, met with an accident by the bursting of a fly-wheel on an engine which caused his death in a short time after the accident occured. Mr. Soulders was engaged in operating an engine which was driving a feed cutter when the fly-wheel burst a fragment of which struck him on the leg completely shaving the bone from his hip to his knee. Before medical aid could reach him the loss of blood sustained caused his death. He was 42 years of age the day of the accident and leaves a wife and a number of children.

Estray Notice.

A red steer, about eighteen months old, no mark, came on our premises in New Germany the past summer. The owner can have his property by paying all expenses. Jacob S. Miller, Grantsville. 30-3.

Ripans Tabules relieve nausea

MACEO MURDERED!

Betrayed to His Death by His Renegade Physician.

Jacksonville, Fla., Dec. 13th.—Little doubt remains that Gen. Antonio Maceo is dead, and that he was foully murdered by the Spaniards while he was under the protection of a flag of truce. J. A. Huan, agent for the Cuban Junta here, has made public a letter received yesterday by Justo Carrillo from a Cuban in Havana in which the assassination is described. The letter is dated Dec. 9, and is as follows: "Our brave Gen. Antonio Maceo and the greater part of his staff have been murdered by the Spaniards, the Spanish Maj. Cirujeda acting the part of assassin with Dr. Maximo Zertucha as an assistant in the horrible sin. Convinced that notwithstanding his enormous army, he could do nothing against our gallant leader, who had so repeatedly defeated the Spanish generals in Pinar del Rio, Weyler conceived the idea of appeasing his beastly instincts by cold-blooded murder, and making the best of the secret relations between Dr. Zertucha and the Marquis of Ahumada he planned with the latter his hellish scheme."

Christmas Service.

The following program has been arranged for the Christmas service to be held in the Lutheran church, Christmas eve, December 24, 1896, at half-past seven:

Opening chorus, "Joy Bells."
Apostrophe to the Christmas Bells, Miss Ruth McRobie.
Scripture reading, Isaiah, chapter 52, first nine verses; Luke, chapter 2, 8th to 14th verse.
Prayer.
Song, "Lift up the voice," by the school.
Address by a little boy, Grover Stemple.
Address by a little girl, Edith Ault.
Song, "The Angel's Song," by the school.
Recitation "The Star Above the Manger," Beulah Loughridge.
Duet, Grace and Walter Falkenstein.
Soprano and Alto Duet, Carrie Andrews and Ruth McRobie.
Song, "Merry Christmas Bells," by the school.
Dialogue, "In the Highest," by fourteen small children.
Recitation, "Christmas Eve Snow Flakes," Miss Nettie Loughridge.
"The Children's Christmas," with bells, songs and recitations.
Solo, Miss Nettie Loughridge.
Recitation, "Once Upon a time," Grashie Stemple.
Song, "A Christmas Sleigh Ride," by the school.
Solo, "Out in the Darkness," Miss Muggie Stemple.
Obligato solo and chorus, "Glory in the Highest."
Recitation, "Santa Claus," Miss Hattie Rose.
Song, "Santa Claus is Coming," by thirty-four small children, after which Santa Claus will appear.

Union S. S. Christmas Services.

Christmas program of the Union Sunday-school to be rendered at Shartzer's Opera House Christmas Eve, Dec. 24, 1896, at 7:30 p. m.:

Opening chorus, "Here the Merry Bells."
Prayer.
Address of welcome.
Responsive reading.
Chorus, "The Heavenly Song."
Recitation, Jessie Conneway, "All Hail, Thou Light."
Chorus, "Behold the Tidings."
Recitation, Leah Bolden, "The Two Lights."
Responsive reading.
Chorus, "They Rejoiced."
Recitation, Julia May, "Ring the Bells."
Chorus, "Bells are Chiming."
Recitation, Blanche McRobie, "Our Tree."
Recitation and song, Prema Shartzer.
Recitation, Effie Mealey, "Why I am glad for Christmas."
Solo and chorus, Florence Fulmer and infant class, "Christmas Fairies."
Recitation, Charles Milton Sincell. "I'll do my Best."
Song, by infant class, "The Happy Christmas Time."
Recitation, Helen Conneway, "The Lesson of Christmas."
Recitation with response, Sadie Cohen, "Peace on Earth."
Recitation, Maud Ferguson, "Santa's Visit."
Chorus, "Song of the Angels."
Recitation, May Fulmer, "Under the Holly-Bough."
Vocal duet, Prema and Olive Shartzer, "Glory in the Highest."
Appearance of Santa Claus and distribution of gifts.
Chorus, "Jesus of Bethlehem."
Doxology.
Everybody cordially invited.

The Huldeman Murder.

CUMBERLAND, MD., Dec. 14.—Lionel P. J. Smith, who is being held at Parkersburg, W. Va., on suspicion of being implicated in the murder of Preston E. Huldeman, near Westernport, Allegany county, three years ago, was for awhile, it is stated, an inmate of the asylum at Townshend, Md., and was once confined in the Maryland penitentiary. When Smith obtained his release from jail at Parkersburg he secured employment as a brakeman on the Ohio River Railroad although the authorities thought he had acted upon his expressed intention when released of going to Washington, D. C., where his mother-in-law Mrs. A. J. Benton, resides. He shaved off his mustache, completely changing his appearance, and obtained board in an obscure quarter of Parkersburg. When he applied to the Ohio River Railroad officials for work he gave his name as P. D. Smith and told a story about himself entirely different from any he had previously related. After Smith had been released ex-Mining inspector Frank J. McMahon, of Allegany county, appeared at Parkersburg with a description of the supposed murderer of Haldeman, with which Smith tallied. This, added to the growing conviction of the Parkersburg authorities that Smith was implicated in the homicide, caused his rearrest. Mr. McMahon had a talk with Smith on Saturday and, it is said the latter made several damaging admissions. McMahon has been on Smith's track for over a year. When the prisoner first went to Parkersburg and obtained employment in the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad shops and gave his name as "J. E. McCarty, of Washington, D. C."

FOR A BRILLIANT INAUGURAL.

Military Display to Serve as a Warning to Foreign Powers.

In the inauguration of William McKinley Washington will witness the greatest military demonstration since the grand review at the close of the civil war. It is customary at the inauguration of a President of the United States for all the states having organized militia to be represented by troops in the parade from the Capitol to the White House. With the exception of the states of Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio and Illinois the contingents from the various states have heretofore been small. This year, however, the conditions are different. The prospect of trouble with a foreign power will serve to augment the national spirit. The desire of patriotic Americans to make a display which will convince European powers the nation which brooks war with this country will be undertaking a very large contract, will not be discouraged by the officers of the government should there be any occasion for such a demonstration when the day of inauguration rolls around. That the disposition exists at present to give a manifestation of the country's military strength on the occasion of the inauguration is evident from the extensive preparations that the local committee on arrangements is making for quartering troops that are likely to come.

Gov. Hastings, of Pennsylvania, who was in Washington several days ago, in speaking of the inauguration ceremonies, said he would wait and see what the New Yorkers would decide about their military display. Pennsylvania, he said, would not be outdone. The probability was that her 8,000 soldiers would march down Pennsylvania avenue. Should New York order out a similar number of troops these two states alone would furnish a respectable army.

The total organized strength of the militia in the United States is 110,000. It is not likely that the regular troops except those stationed immediately around Washington, will participate. They, together with the marines, number several thousand. It will be readily seen therefore that if the present disposition to make an unusual display should take definite form an army larger than any single army engaged in the civil war would be mobilized at the capital, and that, too, of splendidly equipped soldiers.

Santa Claus.

I am
Santa Claus!
And I'm going to pause
Right here to say that—
And this conversation is not a la hat—
In my time
I've encountered kids in every clime,
But the up-to-date youngster takes
All the cakes
In my
Collection of eatables, including the pie.
If I hadn't been so
Long in the business I know
The fin de siecle kid
Would have did—
Excuse me, I mean done
Me up long ago; but I'll run
Him beat or two yet,
You bet!
And another evil, the bicycle craze!
Honest injin, it nearly ended my days!
For, in a mad
Moment I got it bad.
And left my reindeer home,
Intending to roam
Over the world on a bike—
I started down the pike
And then I did, as I said
Roam over the world—on my head
Goshhang the blankety blank things!
The thongh of 'em brings
On a chill; and what's more,
I swore
A solemn oath to get square!
So ye up-to-date youngsters, beware!
And take this tip:
If I slip
Down your chimney and find that you
Want to do
Me by hanging up knickerbockers—say!
The way
I'll wrap you up in a cold-wave flag
Will make your heads wag!
And for the boy
Who, in his exuberant joy,
Springs golf-stockings on me
Whee!
I'll fill 'em with ice!
Let this timely advice suffice
Come! jog along, reindeer!
I must get away from here—
Get 'ap!

The Strike at Shaw.

The following communication dated at Elk Garden, regarding the strike at the Shaw mines, appeared in the Cumberland *News* Tuesday morning:

Please allow me space in your paper to explain the strike as it is. Many newspapers have misrepresented the facts. There is no truth in the published statements that a miners riot was threatened; that a large force had been deputized to protect the Big Vein Mining Company's property at Shaw; that the strike was caused by the company's refusing to pay for the mining by weight instead of by cars.

This company gives better weight than the men who struck have ever been accustomed to. The strikers showed no signs of being riotious. The correspondent of the Baltimore *American*, who lives at Piedmont, could have obtained the real facts by making a trip of 11 miles.

The correspondent of the Baltimore *American* was also in error in saying that the Grants had retired. Your correspondent has it from good authority that they not only have not retired, but that having a majority of the stock of the company, they are well satisfied with the outlook, and are in harmony with all persons connected with the organization.

P. A. Grant, formerly with the company, will assume his old position. He has been at the works since the trouble began.

The strike appears to be a failure. The company had 58 men at work on Friday and 64 on Saturday. Fourteen men have been employed to guard the property at night. This company has not been hard on their men, and at first took no action against them for posting notices to outside miners to keep away. This is a violation of the law and if it is repeated it is said the company will not be so lenient.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

Just Received

A large assortment of beautiful and useful

HOLIDAY GOODS

which will be sold at prices to suit the times.

On the counters in Oakland Pharmacy you will find novelties of various kinds.

Photo Albums,
Mirrors,
Silver Articles,
Toilet Cases,
Toilet Trays,
Shaving Sets,
Traveling Cases,
Ink Stands,
Fancy Cut Glass Bottles
Fine Extracts,
Children's picture books the very latest;
Bibles,

and a vast number of trinklets, etc., too numerous to mention.

Come and see us and get prices.

Come, whether you want to buy or not.

You are always welcome.

Oakland Pharmacy,
JOS. E. HARNED, Prop.

BOLDEN BROTHERS,

Tin, Galvanized and Sheet Iron WORKERS.

Roofing and Spouting Done on Short Notice.

Special Attention Given to Repairing.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED. GIVE US A CALL.

NOTICE TO Delinquent Tax-payers.

Notice is hereby given to all delinquent tax-payers that if taxes now due and in arrear are not paid before January 1, 1897, I will proceed by law to collect. For full information to all parties interested I refer to Sec. 50 of Chapter 366 of Acts of General Assembly of Maryland, a copy of which is here to annexed.

THOS. B. WILEY,
Treasurer of Garrett County.

SECTION 50. The said Treasurer shall, during the first week in December in each and every year, give notice to all the delinquent tax-payers of said county, by advertisement inserted in two newspapers published in said county, and by hand-bills posted in five of the most public places in each election district of said county, and at the court-house door warning them that the payment of all taxes then due and in arrear will be enforced by advertisement and sale unless the same be paid before the first day of January next following.

N. B. The above will be strictly enforced after January 1, 1897.

--THE--

National - Tribune,

Washington, D. C.

1897—TWENTIETH YEAR—1897

The People's Great Paper.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is now entering upon its 20th year of unprecedented success. It has won this success by sterling merit. It has demonstrated itself to be a journal of the very highest character. It is always loyal and true; it is absolutely reliable and exact in everything it says; its contents are always on the highest plane of literary and historical merit, and it has the

Most Distinguished Contributors

of any paper in the country. It is now publishing

Gen. Sherman's Memoirs,

to which it has the exclusive right. These are intensely interesting. Besides, it has contributions on important events of the war from Maj.-Gen. L. A. Grant, of the famous Vermont Brigade; Maj.-Gen. R. W. Johnson, of the Army of the Cumberland; Maj.-Gen. H. M. Plaisted, of the Armies of the Potomac and the South, and many others of equal note.

Its columns are filled every week with accounts of thrilling interest of real happenings of the war by the men of every grade and rank, who did the actual marching, digging, and fighting of the great contest.

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Every veteran, son of a veteran, and all interested in the true history of the war, should not fail to subscribe.

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THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is publishing a series of handsome little booklets under this title, each of which is a condensed and absolutely correct presentation of facts and figures concerning the war of the rebellion. They are unequaled in their way, and have received the highest praise of competent authorities. Any one will be sent, postpaid, to any address on receipt of 5 cents. Send 5 cents for a sample copy.

Office of David J. Lewis, Attorney, Cumberland, Maryland.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

Consisting of Farm, Etc.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in Equity, passed on the 7th day of December, 1896, in a cause wherein Edson Bosley, by the next friend, is complainant, and Lee Seybert and others are defendants, the same being No. 739 on the Equity docket of said court, the undersigned will, as trustee, on the

9TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1897,

in the village of Bloomington, at the door of the post-office, offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder the following valuable real estate situate in Garrett county, Maryland, to-wit:

All that tract of real estate known as

"Steevey's Adventure"

surveyed for Alex. Steevey December 6th, 1790, described as follows: Beginning at a [illegible] white oak, the beginning of the tract called "Mud Spring," standing on the [illegible] hill and about ten perches north of Mud spring and about [illegible] perches from the P. T. ridge and running thence with the lines of the New Central Coal Land Survey [illegible] 76 degrees West 100 perches, [illegible] south 14 degrees West [illegible] degrees East 15 perches, [illegible] 68½ perches to the beginning, containing seventy-one acres, more or less, except a certain parcel of land heretofore sold by Mary Lowry to Mary Ann Lowry, by deed recorded in Liber W. B. No. 5, folio 67, etc., among the land records of Garrett county, which was decided by the Court to be excepted from the sale hereby made.

Also all that lot of ground situated in the village of Bloomington, Garrett county, Maryland, known as Lot No. 2 on the plat of the said village, and described in the deed from Mary Lowry to Mary Ann Lowry, recorded in Liber W. B. No. 5, folio 67, etc., among the land records of Garrett county, Maryland, to which deed reference is hereby made for a more particular description.

All that tract of real estate known as

"Steevey's Adventure"

surveyed for Alex. Steevey December 6th, 1790, described as follows: Beginning at a [illegible] white oak, the beginning of the tract called "Mud Spring," standing on the [illegible] hill and about ten perches north of Mud spring and about [illegible] perches from the P. T. ridge and running thence with the lines of the New Central Coal Land Survey [illegible] 76 degrees West 100 perches, [illegible] south 14 degrees West [illegible] degrees East 15 perches, [illegible] 68½ perches to the beginning, containing seventy-one acres, more or less, except a certain parcel of land heretofore sold by Mary Lowry to Mary Ann Lowry, by deed recorded in Liber W. B. No. 5, folio 67, etc., among the land records of Garrett county, which was decided by the Court to be excepted from the sale hereby made.

This property is in good repair, with ordinary outbuildings.

TERMS OF SALE: Cash on the day of sale or one-third cash, and the balance in two equal payments at one and two years from the day of sale, the purchaser to give his bonds for purchase money, bearing interest from day of sale, with approved security, or all cash at the option of the purchaser. Deed to be executed at the cost of the purchaser.

DAVID J. LEWIS, Trustee.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Daniel Bender and Mary Bender, his wife, to Daniel Bender, Jr., dated the 30th day of May, 1896, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 20, folio 285, one of the undersigned will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, on the premises, on the

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1896,

AT TEN O'CLOCK A. M.,

all the property described in said mortgage, lying in said county, the following described lots:

All those pieces or parcels of land situated in said Garrett county, known as and described as Salisbury Lots Nos. [illegible] five hundred and ninety-three (593), five hundred and twenty-six hundred and one (2601), twenty-six hundred and [illegible] (2602), twenty-six hundred and two (2602), containing two hundred acres, more or less, except one-fourth acre where school-house is located.

The above parcels of land comprise one farm, situated in the celebrated Cove settlement, and is now occupied by John J. Beeghley.

The improvements consist of a dwelling house, large barn and other necessary outbuildings; also apple, cherry and sugar orchards, and the farm is in a good state of cultivation.

Terms of Sale, Cash.

JOHN P. STRICK,
Assignee of Mortgagees.

SHERIFF'S SALE —OF— REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, the same being No. 34 Judicials to December Term, 1896, at the suit of the Garrett County Bank of Oakland, Maryland, vs. William Kilpatrick, the undersigned sheriff will offer at public auction to the highest bidder for cash on the day of sale, on

Saturday, the 26th day of December,

1896, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, in front of the Court house in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, all of the following parcels of land situated in said county described as follows to-wit: First, All that lot of ground which is known and designated as Millbury Lot Number Eighty-six (86), containing the quantity of fifty acres of land more or less, and being the same lot that was conveyed to the said William Kilpatrick by deed from Elizabeth Myers and husband, dated the 30th day of May, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 20, folio 285, etc.

Second, All that part of a tract of land called "Republic," containing the quantity of two hundred and seven and a quarter perches, which was conveyed to the said William Kilpatrick by deed from Joseph E. Anderson and wife, dated the 24th day of January, 1887, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. —, folio 281, etc.

Third, All that part of a tract of land called "Mount Nebo," containing the quantity of one hundred and eighty-six and three-fourth acres, which was conveyed to the said William Kilpatrick by deed from Berkley W. Kilpatrick, dated the 23rd day of March, 1886, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 11, folio 278, etc., among the land records of Garrett county.

Said lands are improved and in a state of cultivation to some extent and will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs, or so much of said lands as may be necessary.

Terms of sale:—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN,
Sheriff of Garrett County, Md.

ORDER NISI.

Alexander Mason vs. Emily C. Hardesty et al. No. 739 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 10th day of December, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Edward H. Sincell, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 1st day of January, 1897, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 1st day of January, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $510.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Dec. 1, 1896.

Notice is hereby given by the County Commissioners for Garrett county that the General Assessors have been and are from now on under the control of the County Commissioners and subject to their orders, and all persons who have not been assessed and have not made out their schedules are required to do so at their earliest opportunity and have them ready for the assessors when they call for them.

The board will meet on January 5, 1897, for the purpose of appointing supervisors of roads and the districts will be taken up as follows:

Monday, January 4, Districts 5, 12, 3 and 9.
Tuesday, January 5, Districts 6, 8, 10 and 1.
Wednesday, January 6, Districts 7, 11, 2 and 4.

Thursday, January 7, the board will go into session as a Board of Control and Review, and all persons that have filed a notice of an appeal will be notified what day and date they will be heard and must attend on the day so arranged.

ISAAC W. ABERNATHY,
THOMAS H. LAYMAN,
County Commissioners.

Attest: J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

THE TWO MR. MORTONS.

BY CAROLINE M. BEAUMONT.

Dolly is the most maddening, tantalizing, perverse and charming—I might as well admit it, you'd soon have found it out—young woman of my acquaintance. I've been in love with her for five years, and it's a wonder my hair isn't white; sometimes I think it is turning gray, but when I spoke to Dolly about it, she said not to bother, I was old enough to be gray anyway. Ah! that's where Dolly hurts, and she knows it, for I am 15 years older than she is, and when that willful young woman wishes to be particularly cruel, she treats me with respect.

I know that among my friends I am considered to have fairly good sense; I can talk rationally on most subjects, and, I stand well enough in my profession, at least enabling me to keep my head above water. But when I'm with Dolly, or in her presence, I'm an ass, a driveling, foolish ass. A lunatic from an asylum would be a brilliant conversationalist compared to me. And alas! Dolly knows that too, and she torments me and makes life an unutterable burden to me. I start to make a sensible remark, when suddenly I meet Dolly's eyes; then I stumble and say the wrong thing, and she will remark: "Do you really think that?" with such a wicked look in her beautiful blue eyes, while I don't think it at all, but have just said it. And so it goes until I wonder sometimes if I am quite right. When we go to dances—I say we, I'm always there if I know she is going—things are a little worse than usual, for Dolly dances past me with beasts and lads of men, and I stand about the wall watching her. She never will give but two dances to me, so I have nothing to do in the meantime but watch her.

One night I was desperate. I had sent her violets as usual—she is particularly fond of them, and most of my money goes that way. Sometimes she wears them, and often carries them, but this night they were nowhere to be seen, and in her hand was one large red rose. I went up to her; appearing to be sorry to see me was the particular form of torture which commended itself to her on this especial night. "You here!" she said, lifting her eyebrows in astonishment and without a smile; all put on, of course, because I am always where she is.

"Oh, no, I'm not here, I'm somewhere else;" I said, wittily. She laughed immoderately.

"You're — so — funny," she remarked, choking.

"Yes," said I, severely, "I suppose I am funny, very funny—but where are my violets?"

"Why, had you — any — violets?" said she, "I didn't know how should I know?" She said it seriously, but there was a look in her eyes that I was used to; I'd have liked to shake her.

"Dolly, you know exactly what I mean; where are my violets?"

"If you mean the violets you sent me," she replied, with dignity, "I understood that after they left you they belonged to me; do you want them back?" This frezingly.

"Oh, Dolly," I said, reduced once more to my usual condition of asininity, "I didn't mean it, dear, I don't want them; I only wanted you to wear them or carry them, you know, darling."

But she saw that she had the best of me, so carried things with a high hand.

"The rose was sent me by a friend," she hesitated, "and I suppose I have a right to wear what I please; but sit down, don't stand so long, you'll be tired!" This was an allusion to my age, and it maddened me.

"You are exceedingly rude!" I said, turning away and leaving her.

It was the most severe speech I had ever made to Dolly, and I suffered at the thought of it. For four days I didn't go near her or send her violets once. It was an awful four days; I neither slept nor ate, but just reviled myself as a fool for becoming estranged from the only woman in the world. In my despair I even went so far as to take Jane Hunt to a dance where Dolly was sure to see us, and she did. And when I passed her and she looked over my head with her small nose in the air, I wished Miss Hunt was in—well, somewhere else, that I might rush over to Dolly, throw myself at her feet, —and kiss them! Yes, I acknowledge that I have often wished that.

Finally I wrote to her, fully conscious that it was a very silly letter, wherein I told her I was merely angry at myself for not knowing she cared for red roses, and I sent three dozen. The answer I received was characteristic:

"You are a silly old goose, and if you had only waited until I finished what I was saying you would have discovered that you sent the rose yourself with the violets. I don't care at all for red roses."

But the greatest of my misfortunes has not yet been set down. There was another young man, an acquaintance and admirer of Dolly's, with exactly the same name as myself—Richard Morton. I, of course, had taken a huge dislike to him, in fact I hated him (for Dolly once remarked that he was a nice fellow), and I don't think he had an extraordinary affection for me. We were no relation; I was glad of that. A few days after I had been such a cad to Dolly I called upon her, and, heaven favoring me, I found her alone.

"Dolly, dearest," I began, "I am so sorry—"

"Don't," she said, "that incident is closed. There are so many nicer things to talk about; Jane Hunt, for instance." I shivered; I was about to be punished.

"Is she nicer?" said I.

"What do you really think of her?" said Dolly, with rather an anxious look, I thought; but of course I was mistaken.

"Splendid wife she'd make!" said I, not meaning to rouse Dolly.

But suddenly she turned and said the most terrible thing to me that she'd ever said since I'd known her.

"Then you'd better marry her!" This from Dolly!

"Oh—" I began, but she was gone, and there was nothing for me to do but to pick up my hat and go, which I did, calling myself a beast and a brute as I went.

That night leaving the theater we happened to meet a moment. She was radiant and scornful.

"Dolly," I said, resolving not to notice the contretemps of the afternoon, "who are you going to dance the cotillion with at the Terry's to-morrow night?"

"With Mr. Morton," she answered sweetly.

"What a dear you are—I was afraid you'd promise somebody else."

And then she laughed.

"With the pleasant, agreeable Mr. Morton," she continued, "who never says the wrong thing." And then I knew she meant the other one! I'm afraid I said a bad word; her mocking laugh followed me in the darkness, and echoed in my dreams that night. I wished I'd never seen her—and took it back immediately.

I debated a long time within myself whether or not I should go to Terry's, but as usual ended by going. I could dance stag and take Dolly out, and—lovely idea—perhaps she would take me out! Then as I thought of the way I had left her the night before, this beautiful hope faded. What would she want with a brute like me?

I never saw her look better than that night of the Terry's dance; she was in white, which best became her, and she seemed to me like an angel. And that beastly Morton looked pretty well too. I had to admit to myself that he was rather a well-appearing chap.

Mrs. Floyd-Hopkins, who aspired to be something of a belle herself, stood for a moment and followed the direction of my glance.

"Miss Dalrymple is looking particularly well this evening," said she, a very gracious speech indeed for her.

"Very!" I replied, having sense enough left not to discuss Dolly with a woman.

"But what an awful flirt!" she went on; this left me gasping.

"And engaged, I understand, to Mr. Morton all the time."

"Who said it?" I asked hoarsely. Dolly engaged—and to that—cad—with my name.

"Oh, everybody says so," and then she looked at me with such an unpleasant smile. "That's your name too, isn't it?"

"Yes, I believe it is," I said brilliantly, moving away from her.

It seemed centuries until supper; I tried to think of what I should say to her but my mind was in such a chaotic state that I decided to depend on the inspiration of the moment.

At last supper was over and I found her, tucked her arm in mine, and marching off to a quiet nook, put her in the only seat, and stood accusingly before her.

"Dolly," I began, "look at me!" This she did, a little timidly, I thought, and I almost forgot what I was going to say in the joy of looking at her.

"My darling," I went on, "I have loved you so long, so well, and hoped that in the course of years you might come to care—" she dropped her eyes; just then I remembered that horrible gossip, "but to-night, Dolly, I heard something that turned my heart to stone."

"What was it?" she asked.

"That you were engaged to—"

"Whom?" breathlessly.

"Morton," I gasped, "that wretched, caddish—"

"Stop!" she said, with dignity.

"Tell me, you shall," I grasped her wrists; "is it so?"

If it had been any woman in the world but Dolly I should have said she was embarrassed. She actually blushed.

"No," she said slowly, "it is not so, but—" her hands went up and covered her face. My heavens! suppose she should cry!

"But what?" I insisted cruelly; "you're not engaged to him, but you're in love with him?" She took her hands away and her face was very red; if it had not been such a serious moment I should have said she had been laughing.

"Mr. Morton has — never — asked me to be his wife—if he does—I shall—"

I was beside myself.

"And if he does?" I hissed.

"I shall say yes," very softly. A terrible silence ensued; the earth was sinking beneath my feet.

"You love this Mr. Morton?" I said sharply.

And then the very queerest thing in the world happened; Dolly's face whitened a little as she rose and put out her hand.

"Yes, you old goose," she said, "I love this Mr. Morton!" It didn't take me long to gather Dolly into my arms. The next five minutes are not to appear in this narrative.

"Dolly," said I, blissfully, "did you ever know such a stupid old fool as I am?"

"Never in all my life," said the sweetest of girls, her voice coming from the vicinity of my coat collar.

"And do you suppose that woman meant me when she told me that gossip, my darling?"

"Of course she—did," said the voice, "and I'm glad she said it—I don't believe you'd ever have asked me, otherwise!" My answer would not look well on paper.

"Do you know, Dick, that you never have asked me before?" .

And when I came to think of it, I never had.—Midland Monthly.

—Fossil animals bearing a close resemblance to our horses have been found in many parts of the world.

SPRING IN A GRAVEYARD

Alleged Medicinal Waters Drawn from Indian Skeletons.

The people who have for the last 25 years been deriving much real or imagined benefit from drinking the medicinal waters of Big Indian spring on the farm of Hans Egerede in the township of Springvale, Wis., are now afraid with qualms of the stomach that they will counteract all the good the spring may have done them.

In a narrow valley of the wild region of the southeastern Wisconsin watershed, lies, or until the other day lay, Big Indian spring. The country roundabout is the hilliest and most rugged of the central west, the precipitous hills lacking only height to give the scenery all the characteristics of a mountain landscape. Some of the hills are indeed quite high, rising 1,000, 1,200 and 1,800 feet into the bellucid Wisconsin air. Everywhere are the ruins of an older world, the vast undestroyed battlements of the ancient surface of the globe, left behind when the rains and rivers cut down the hills and graved the valleys, for these Wisconsin mountains are not wrinklings of the earth's crusts, or upheavals of volcanic fires like other mountains, but flint-capped eminences which, once part of a general level, now tower high above the rest of the country, their former surroundings having been washed away.

In the very wildest part of this region, oozing out from under an immense monolith that at a distance bears the appearance of a rude semblance of a man, is a lively little spring that, flowing some 20 feet deep, drops into a nearly circular pool some 50 feet in circumference, a barrier ledge damming back the current to form the pool. This is the Big Indian spring, its name, according to the belief of the Norse folk who make up the population of the township, being given to it on account of the big rock at whose base the spring arises.

But an inmate of the county poorhouse, a daft old man of unknown and vast age, the last of the Yankee pioneers who first won the land from nature and then sold out to the Norseman and moved on after the retreating Indian, his old mun has always insisted that the spring got its name for some other reason, and that it should be shunned by all. His memory went no farther than this, and though he always strived to remember what this reason was and why the spring should be shunned his aged mind could never quite call back what he wished to know.

But the reason for the name of the spring and the reason why the waters should be shunned by all is now sickeningly apparent. The last four years have been dry ones in Wisconsin, atmospherically, not excisely, for the normal amount of beer has flowed, but the rainfall has been deficient. This year the rainfall has returned to the normal, but the effect of the dryness of past years has not thereby been repaired. Whole forests dropped their leaves in the early summer and are now dead. Dozens of lakelets, some of them a square mile in extent, are now marshes and even cultivated land. Springs and wells have gone dry everywhere and among them Big Indian spring, and the real reason for its name, long hidden beneath its cold, iron-impregnated waters, long sought in the dim mind of the pauper pioneer, though not the reason for its medicinal virtues has been disclosed.

Big Indian spring is a charnel-house. Its bottom for a depth of four feet is covered with human bones, heaped upon each other, packed down by the infiltration of the waters, covered with a light film of mud. At the upper end of the basin there are no bones, and standing there one sees that the heaps of human remains rise to a height of some four feet above the floor of the pool.

No single skeletons are to be discerned. All the bones lie in an indiscriminate mass, parts of skulls protruding here and there. Whether this is a burial place of the Indians of our own times, the Sacs and Foxes, who were in southern Wisconsin when the white man came, the Ojibeways and Winnebagoes, who preceded them, or the Dakota Sioux, who, before Columbus, were Wisconsin Indians, none can say. The old pioneer is dead and no one can jog his faltering memory with the recital of the late discovery, so who the dead of Big Indian spring were when alive seems likely to forever remain a mystery.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Swiss Parliament.

A parliament in which the discussions are carried on in three different languages is probably unique. The country where this singular fact occurs is Switzerland. The languages spoken by the members are French, Italian and German. Italian, true, is not as often employed as the other two, the members for Tessin (a canton in the south) very often delivering their speeches in French. As almost every educated Swiss speaks French and German, members are therefore able to understand each other's speeches, although spoken in a different language to their own. It often happens that when a French-speaking member wishes to make a stronger impression on the German-speaking part of the house, he delivers his speech in German, and vice versa.—Golden Days.

A Luxuriant Mustache.

A clerk at the Fort Hall Indian agency boasts of a mustache nearly long enough to make a lariat. Mr. Jenkins' face is just naturally good soil for hair, and his mustache just grew and grew, until it reached a length of nine feet. Ordinarily Mr. Jenkins folds the ends of his mustache away out of sight under his vest, but sometimes he lets it drag the floor to show its full length just as a woman with a wealth of black hair exhibits it in the privacy of her boudoir to a coterie of admiring friends. This is not the first time we have heard of Mr. Jenkins and his famous mustache. —Portland Oregonian.

A NEW DISEASE.

Trolley Heart from Riding on Electric Cars.

Chicago is afflicted with the trolley heart. Her people have a new kind of palpitation to deal with. Physicians say that in time it may prove dangerous and end in genuine heart palpitation. The rapid introduction of the trolley cars to Chicago's street railway system is the cause of this new disease, and indirectly the officials of the different street railway companies may be said to have unwittingly given it to the people. The trolley heart, as the doctors call it, comes from the jolting and shaking which passengers on the electric car receive when they sit at either end of the cars or stand on one of the platforms. The disease is less noticeable in passengers who sit down than in passengers who stand up. It is also a fact that the motorman on an electric car is rarely troubled with it, while the conductor is a constant sufferer.

The trolley cars are so constructed that when in motion they have a peculiar see-saw vibration. They rise and fall, whether the track is rough or smooth, like small waves on the seashore. This motion is not irregular, but constant. It might be said to be rythmical. It is felt as strongly on the rear end of the car as in front. The only part of the car where a passenger will not notice it is in the middle, and many worthy citizens who have been affected by the trolley heart now make vigorous effort while riding to be in the middle.

After the car is started and under full way the rocking motion is communicated to the passengers through the feet. It passes from thence through the entire nervous system to the heart. That organ, which had previously been moving along in a natural way, begins immediately to thump loudly. Its action is accelerated to an unnatural degree, and if the passenger is at all given to noticing the action of his heart and the flow of his blood, he will see that both heart and blood are doing better service. To have this experience once or twice is not harmful. But in time it is liable to grow upon the passenger and demand the attention of the physician.

Chicago's electric cars are built upon such dwarfed plans that the average passenger going to work and coming home on them rarely expects to get a seat. He stands up and gets the full effect of the car's motion, producing, as the doctors say, the severe shock to his nervous system if he travels any distance. It is not a fact, the medical authorities claim, that the system becomes accustomed to this kind of treatment. Instead, strong resentment is shown to it, and the protest takes the form of heart palpitation, which continues after one leaves the car.

Motormen escape the trolley heart because when on the car they have two objects with which they steady themselves, and in reality become a part of the car itself. The motorman's right hand is always on his brake handle, and his left hand is on the controller, with which he applies the power or shuts it off. He is really braced against all shocks and in that way escapes having the trolley heart. The conductor, on the other hand, has nothing with which to brace himself. He is moving through the car constantly or standing on the rear end, and, as a rule, has to see his physician about once a month in order to have his heart regulated.

Dr. J. Frank Hubert, who attends to the ills of the men employed by the Chicago City Railway company at its Sixty-ninth and Halsted street barns, said:

"The trolley heart is an actual thing in my experience and with increased electric car service is likely to make itself very apparent among the people who travel much. I find the street car men who are my patients frequently suffering from it, and have to treat them for a palpitation of the heart that is aggravating and painful. I do not know any way for passengers to avoid it except to sit in the middle of the car, which all cannot do. Of course, if the street car company geared their cars differently, and if pneumatic springs could be used, then the motion would be overcome and the trolley heart be only a joke. I am afraid it will be a long time before that happens, though." If this trolley heart becomes an epidemic, one can imagine that among the damage suits of the twentieth century brought against street railway companies many will be for heart palpitation.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Male View of Talking Women.

Some women who can talk well, and necessarily require a subject to talk about, have again seized upon the theme of the decadence of the home and the flourishing condition of the modern boarding-house, which is held up as the pernicious and disintegrating influence of American family life. Well, now, why shouldn't one woman as well as another choose what she will do? It is only given to a few women the ability and inclination to travel over the country and address clubs upon the duty of all other women to stay at home and mind the babies and make the hearth bright for hard-working husbands. But those who have neither the talent nor the wish to do this have the desire and capacity for something else, and naturally they go about doing it. And they do it, be it observed, unobtrusively and with no thought or care for the conduct of other women who have different tastes and vocations. But there is nothing that the talking woman isn't ready to comment upon, from potatoes to politics. She is glib, oh, wonderfully, fatally glib! And she can tell with such pretty phrases and in such sweet tones just what everybody else should do. And, mind you, it is always what she herself is not doing, and is not going to do. But the talking woman is not, and is not expected to be, consistent.—Boston Herald.

—One-third of the females of France over 14 years of age are farm laborers.

One Was Enough.

They tried to get the old man to "sit in" for "a little game," but he shook his head.

"Don't you ever play?" asked one of the party.

"Not now," he answered. "I used to, but I had to quit."

"Game too much for you?"

"Well, it wasn't that entirely. I made up my mind that it wasn't safe for more than one in the family to play poker, and my son's at college. I'll do pretty well if I can earn enough to pay his debts."—Chicago Post.

ILLUSTRATED EXPRESSIONS.

"There are many disagreeable things about her."—N. Y. World.

A Hypothetical Case.

"What did the editor say about your story?" asked the young man's friend.

"I don't believe he liked it very well."

"Well, there are differences in the appreciative faculty as well as in the ability to create. The same man's taste will vary according to circumstances."

"I suggested that, and he agreed with me. He said that if a man found himself on a desert island with nothing to read except my story and a back number city directory, he might read my story."—Washington Star.

Over the Handle Bar.

She smiled at me as she swiftly passed,
Over the handle bar;
That sunny smile was the maiden's last,
Over the handle bar;
She caromed hard on a cobblestone,
She took a header she couldn't postpone—
Her twinkling heels in the moonlight shone,
O'er the handle bar.
—Cleveland Post.

Not to Be Overreached.

"You want as much for this thermometer," said the woman who had arrived before the store opened so as to be the first at the bargain counter, "as you did for those you showed me last August."

"Of course," the salesman answered. "It's the same thermometer."

"No, it isn't. There ought to be a reduction in the price. Those others had nearly twice as much mercury in them as these have."—Washington Star.

The Orator Only Partly Right.

"You, you," shouted the orator, pointing his finger at the man with tin pail and overalls; "you, my friend, I venture to say, dare not call your vote your own. Am I right or wrong?"

"I guess you are right," answered the laborer.

"There! Look at him! His vote owned by a soulless corporation!"

"Look here, mister," the man of toil shouted in turn, "don't you go to callin' my wife no names like that or you an' me will mix."—Indianapolis Journal.

How the Coolness Started.

"Warm this morning."

"Yes, it's warm enough now, but there was ice several inches thick at my house when I got up."

"You're joking."

"No; it's a fact."

"Where was it?"

"In the refrigerator." — Chicago Tribune.

Consequences.

His wife's millinery bill slipped from his nerveless fingers.

"The consequences of your extravagance," he exclaimed, "be upon your own head."

They were, with the exception of Thursday afternoon, when the cook wore them.—Chicago Journal.

Many Orders Ahead.

Mr. Slowpay (airily)—I wish to get measured for a suit of clothes, but it will be about three weeks before I can pay for them, as our pay-day comes only once a month now. How soon can you have them done?

Tailor—Um—let me see. In about three weeks.—N. Y. Weekly.

Willing to Help Him.

"I would that I were a bird!" he sang.
The landlady nodded her head.
"Perhaps I can help you attain that form,
By presenting your bill," she said.
—Tit-Bits.

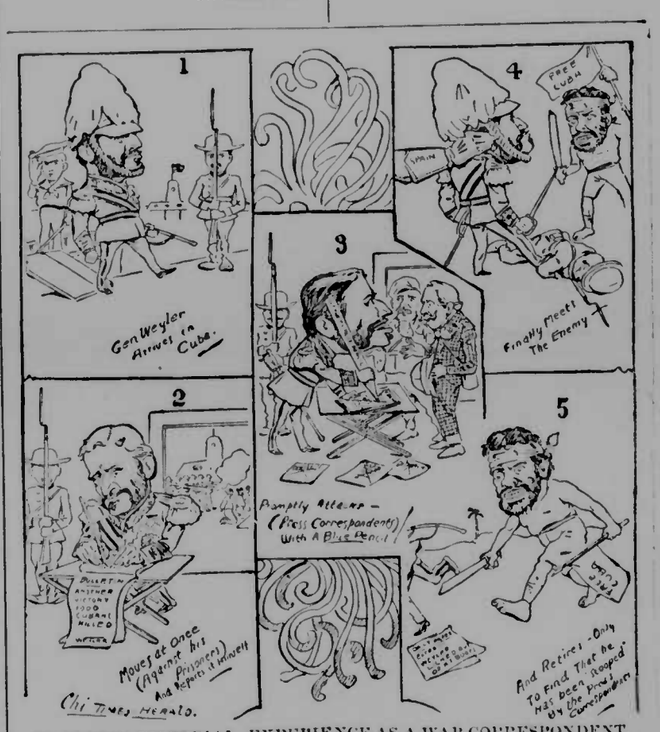

WEYLER'S PICTORIAL EXPERIENCE AS A WAR CORRESPONDENT.

Knew It Was Unusual.

Husband (at supper)—Can't you give me a napkin? I haven't had one for a week.

Wife—Why, I remember giving you one yesterday, just before you said grace.

Bobby (who has just returned from a week's visit)—Oh, ma, was the minister here yesterday?—Bay City Chat.

Swept the Wrong Way.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—This paper speaks of a belle at one of the resorts, who sweeps everything before her.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Isn't that all right?

"Well, I never yet saw a girl wear a dress that would sweep that way."—Yonkers Statesman.

Improving His Time.

Mamma—What in the world are you doing, child?

Willie—I'm scouring the rust off papa's watch.

Mamma—What put such an idea into your head?

Willie—Well, he said it had been in soak for nearly a year.—N. Y. Herald.

A Tramp's Gallantry.

"Why is a strong man like you found begging?"

"Ah, madam, it is the only profession in which a gentleman can address a beautiful lady without the formality of an introduction."—N. Y. Tribune.

Adamantine.

"Do you think, doctor, that a portion of the cheek will have to be removed?" asked the drummer.

"There's no other way. I will have to drill and blast just as a safe blower does in his business."—Detroit Free Press.

In the Dark.

Bobbie—I guess that fellow must be engaged to sister by this time.

"Why, Bobbie?"

"Last night when I looked through the keyhole I couldn't see a thing."—Brooklyn Life.

Sweet Relief.

"I tell you, nature never gives us more than we can stand. Look at Gilbby. Yesterday he was attended by two doctors and three trained nurses."

"And then what happened?"

"Death came and put an end to his sufferings."—Brooklyn Life.

Those Coal Tons.

"Perdition," hissed the burglar, "I am pursued."

He was forced to drop all the heavy articles he had stolen, retaining only the ton of anthracite coal.—Detroit Tribune.

Mild Treatment.

"Kitty, did you have a good time at the bargain sale?"

"Yes, lovely. I only had my hat pulled off six times, and I didn't get kicked in the back but once."—Chicago Record.

A HOUSEKEEPING CONUNDRUM.

She (delightedly)—Papa says if we want to get married he'll pay half the expenses of furnishing a house for us.

He (despondently)—But who would pay the other half?—N. Y. World.

Disappointed.

He—Did you like the Rocky mountain regions, Madge?

She—Never so disappointed in my life. Couldn't see anything for the hills.—Detroit Free Press.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

WHAT THE CLOCK SAYS.

What does the clock say, loud and clear,
Upon the mantel high?
Hark! only two wee words I hear,
While snug in bed am I.
The whole day long it sang "tick, tock!"
Now it has changed its tune, this clock.
"You're good! you're good!" it seems to say,
When I have been quite good all day.

What does the clock say, loud and clear,
When lips have learned to pout?
How it should know I'm bad is queer,
I'm puzzled to find out.
And yet when all the house is still,
A voice the whole room seems to fill.
"You're bad! quite bad!" I hear it say;
Who told it I was bad all day?
—George Cooper, in Our Little Ones.

LIVELY GOLF GAME.

Requires Little Room and Is Played by Sides from One to Four.

More than a score of years ago square and circle or small golf was a popular outdoor game in England. It has, however, never been played in this country.

The game has some of the characteristics of golf, and offers an excellent opportunity for training to a mastery of the latter favorite pastime. Not the least of its advantages is found in the fact that, like golf, it admits of variation in the area of the ground played over, while a smooth surface is not essential.

Whatever the size of the ground determined, it must be laid out as nearly as possible in a square. The diagram shows the method used in marking the ground.

For example, the space chosen might be ten yards square. In that event, the center circle would be about a half yard in diameter, the others of the same size. Each of the squares would be one yard square. In any other extent of playing surface the relative area of the parts would be the same.

Each of the players must be equipped with a mallet, as in croquet, a hockey stick or a golf stick. There is no necessity for uniformity among the players. One may prefer the mallet, another a curved stick.

There is one ball only, which must be hard and about the size of the regulation baseball.

The number of players may be any number from two to eight. An explanation of the game as played by the last named team will be easier.

The eight are divided into two sides of four each. The "in" side then occupies the circles, A, B, C and D, the "out" side taking the four squares.

When all are in position the player at A strikes the ball toward B, trying to drive it within the circle. If he is successful in this attempt, the player at B, in his turn, drives the ball toward C. The player at C, if the shot be accurate, sends the ball to D, if possible. The player at D must then drive it to O. If this is done, the game is won. In the following games the positions of the two sides are reversed.

If the player at A fails in his shot the player at 1 has the ball, and, taking it to his square, drives it toward 2. If the ball gains that square, the "out" side continues with it, endeavoring to send it from square to square until the center is reached, when the game is won by that side.

The rule is that whenever a player fails in a shot, the player of the opposite side, whose location is nearest the ball's stopping place, gains possession of the ball for the next shot.

The most important positions are those of the players at 4 and D, since if,

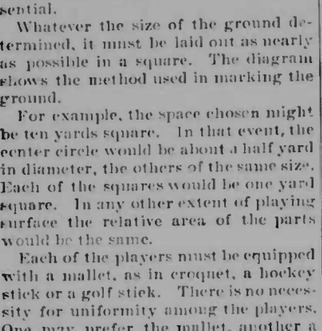

FIELD DIAGRAM FOR SMALL GOLF.

when they gain the ball, they fail to place it in O, they lose the winning stroke, and the player on the opposite side nearest whom the ball is gains the mastery of the ball.

The ball must never be touched after it is driven until it is fully stopped. If it is interfered with while in motion the last player may repeat his shot.

If the ball passes beyond the limits of the course at any time it is next played from the square or circle nearest the point where it left the ground.

Any number less than eight apportions two or more squares or circles to each player, as may be necessary. The game can be played by an odd number by a proper allotment of squares.

Three games constitute an ordinary set on a large ground, five on a smaller one. The fact that it can be played on rough ground, without the even lawn necessary for croquet and tennis, is of importance.—Boston Globe.

Little Girl and the Cakes.

When the Japanese boy or girl begs for a story the mother or father sometimes tells him this little fable about the little girl and the rice cakes: "Once a little girl was told by her mother to make rice cakes. But the little girl wanted to play shuttlecock, and left the dough in the bowl. A little imp in the shape of a frog came and when the little girl was in the midst of her play he threw the dough into the air. It fell upon the girl's head and streamed down over her shoulders until she was entirely covered. Her mother came, and, supposing it was all dough, threw her into the oven. And so the naughty little girl was baked in a rice cake."

Considering His Health.

Cleverton—You didn't take any vacation this year, did you?

Dashaway—No. I thought I needed the rest.—Life.

BOYS' FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Brooklyn Youngsters Have Lots of Fun with a Toy Patrol Wagon.

Several Brooklyn boys have organized a fire department of their own. The ages of the little firemen runge from 11 to 15 years, Ernest Grant, the foreman and organizer of the company, being the oldest. They have a complete patrol outfit, consisting of two goats seven hands high in their bare hoofs, one regularly constructed patrol wagon of small size made to fit the goats, one fire-extinguisher improvised from a tin water-cooler and a half-inch rubber tube, one scaling ladder and all the appliances found among the equipment of a modern patrol company's headquarters. The uniforms are blue overalls and blouses, with rubber boots, rubber coats, fatigue caps and gaudy red fire hats of regulation block.

The goats' names are Tom and Bill, and they have been trained by the boys until there is not a horse in all the regular department which responds more faithfully and quickly to the clang of the alarm gong than do Tom and Bill. With them the boys have made a "quick-hitch" record of ten seconds. No such sleek goats were ever seen on the rock-ribbed hills of Shantytown. Tom is a wiry-haired maltese and Bill boasts a brindled yellow complexion.

The boys live near the house of engine company No. 35, and all summer long each of the lads was prompt at roll call at eight o'clock every morning. Their names were duly registered at lunch time. All fire alarms and the time they were sounded were entered in the blotter with red ink. In fact, everything about the place was conducted just as it is in a regular patrol house. All day the goats stood in their stalls back of the lilliputian patrol wagon ready to dart out and place themselves under the drop harness at the sound of an

THE BOYS GOING TO A FIRE.

alarm. All was bustle and excitement about the shed at such a moment. Foreman Grant shouted his orders in a shrill voice as all were slipping on their boots, rubber coats and fire hats.

"Willie and Jakie, grab the axes! Davy and Jonas take the hooks! Charlie, grab the roof rope!" he would shout.

The goats came clattering out, and the fire brigade was off with a bang, the gong on the front of the wagon clanging loudly. The company's mascot, a fox-terrier dog, ran, barking, ahead. Around the corner they would speed to the house of engine No. 35, often arriving there before the regular company had started out. They remained at the fire house ready to respond to any alarm that might come in while engine No. 35 was away.

Since school began the young firemen have taken a vacation, but next summer they will organize again. The New York World prints an interesting picture of their fire patrol wagon making a run.

AMUSING SEA DOG.

This Canine Chews Tobacco and Blows Out a Match.

"Grip" is the name given a remarkable dog that follows the fortunes of the Neptune liner Ohio, on account of the tenacious hold on life he has shown, he having fallen from the ship into mid-ocean no less than three times, says the New York Journal. He is a cross between a Bedlington and a Skye terrier and does many things that other dogs do not do.

He will eat raw potatoes ravenously, but will not touch meat. The sailors have taught him to chew tobacco, and he has developed a taste for whisky and water, under the influence of which he does many foolish things and shows a bad temper.

He will blow out lighted matches. He has one trick of standing on his hind legs and by a little twist throwing into the air and thence into his mouth any article placed on his nose.

His brightest accomplishment is to select at word of command a given coin out of a collection composed of a half-penny, penny, sixpence, shilling and half-crown, which are laid on the floor of the captain's cabin, Grip being sent below, with the command: "Bring me the shilling," or whatever it may be that is asked for.

An Amusing Introduction.

The little word "again" once threw a large assembly into fits of laughter. It was at a public meeting in New York. One of the speakers, Rev. Mr. R——, had the misfortune, when he tried to take his seat, to miss his chair, and come down at full length on the platform. The accident caused not a little subdued mirth. When at last it came his turn to speak the presiding officer introduced him in these words: "Rev. Mr. R—— will again take the floor." The reverend gentleman never met with so enthusiastic a reception as greeted the announcement.

Pigs the Size of Rats.

A hog that was no bigger than a house rat would hardly seem like much of a hog, would it? Yet, in Australia there is a breed of pigmy pigs no bigger than that. They are like the larger breeds in every respect, except in the size of their squeals and their appetites. They are said, too, to be quite as unclean in their habits as are those with which we are familiar.

FARM AND GARDEN.

VALUABLE TESTIMONY.

Long Island Farmers Don't Regret Money Spent for Good Roads.

The total issue of bonds in Queens county within the past three years, and before the present improvements were provided for, for roads and bridges on account of the county and towns, amounted to over $1,500,000. Of this sum, about one-half are county bonds and the balance are bonds issued by the various towns.

The interest on these bonds is in the neighborhood of $10,000,000 a year. The question is, has it been a good investment for the taxpayers? A large real estate owner at Lynbrook says: "I voted for the macadamized roads in our town and they have proved a fine investment. It was done most opportunely, just as the bicycle came into general use, and the Merrick road has become a famous route in consequence. In the first place, it has led to the investment of perhaps $100,000 in the county for road houses, improvements to old hotels, etc., and the best of it is all these investments have proven profitable, and there is every prospect of the investment of as much more next year, in club and road houses to accommodate wheelmen. Then wheelmen spend an immense amount of money in the town—some say as much as $10,000 in one day, during the height of the season. The macadamized roads have also encouraged carriage riding, and made the town and country vastly more attractive in all respects."

Capt. Abrams, an oyster dealer at East Rockaway, says "that one of the results of the macadamized roads is the carting of large quantities of oysters direct to the city. When we have packed our oysters in sacks or barrels, taken them to the depot and paid the freight or expressage upon them, there is very little profit; but when we put them into our wagons and cart them direct to our customers we can make a little money at the business."

The farmers at Valley Stream and Springfield say the macadamized roads have extended the market garden region several miles further from the city, and have vastly helped the business. "We can," said one, "increase the size of our load nearly one-third, and at the same time save considerable time in the round trip to and from the city." It is officially reported that nearly 60,000 market-wagon loads of vegetables were brought to Wallabout market alone last year. This will give some idea of the saving in time and horseflesh to the farmers of Queens county.

Along the north side of the Island one of the indirect results of the good roads has been the abandonment of the market-wagon train, which formerly ran between Oyster Bay and way stations to the city. The wagons and horses were taken on the train, the charge for the round trip being four dollars. An average train carried from 25 to 30 wagons, holding about three tons each. Now the teams are driven direct to the city, returning with a load of manure. At a recent meeting of the Farmers' club, the matter was informally discussed in connection with the freight rates of the Long Island railroad. It was the opinion of the farmers present that, until market produce could be carried by trolley cars and manure returned in the same way, the best way to market produce and get fertilizers was by hauling with horses, and this necessitates good macadamized or loamed roads.—Brooklyn Eagle.

ARTISTIC ENTRANCE.

A Suggestion for a Driveway Which Is Pleasing To the Eye.

The accompanying illustration shows an unusual, but artistic, form of entrance driveway. The highway is separated from the adjoining grounds

ARTISTIC FARM ENTRANCE.

by a hedge, the opening through which is flanked at one side by a tree, and on the other by a huge bowlder, both objects which are entirely harmonious with the landscape and with nature generally—something that cannot be said of all the bounds to driveway entrances that one sees. If one has a name for his place, it can very appropriately be cut upon the outer face of the bowlder. The same arrangement could be used very effectively for a footpath entrance. In this case, the bowlder may not occupy so much ground space, but have an equal height with the bowlder suited for a carriage entrance.—American Agriculturist.

A Hint from Massachusetts.

The state highway commission are enforcing a point which has been known for thousands of years—certainly as long as there have been roads anywhere—that steep grades should be avoided whenever they can be; in fact, that the steeper the grade the greater the wash from rains and the costlier the road to maintain. "Everybody knows that," you say. Certainly, but where is the city or town with hilly highways that reduces those hills to a minimum? It would be hard to find. Grading costs a little money, and to save this money, town and city authorities spend other money annually for all time to keep their water-washed highways in repair. It is simply a case of penny wise and pound foolish.—Farm and Home.

The Game of Silence.

This is the way to play the game of "Silence." Numbers are drawn from a bas[ket] and the person drawing the highe[st] is constituted "judge." He or she must then sit solemnly before a semi-circle of players and cry: "Silence!" Then everybody must begin to talk as rapidly and foolishly as possible. The judge gravely observes them; the eloquence of one becomes exhausted, if the judge laughs or even smiles that person is denounced and must pay a forfeit. A successor is then chosen. The person failing to keep up with the others in jibing being first choice for the vacant judgeship. The judge has the right to detect the person failing and the others the right to call for him if they detect the judge in either laugh or smile. After such an interruption "Silence" is again called, and the game proceeds as before. Sometimes the judge cannot help smiling, but he is instantly accused and replaced. This game should not last more than 15 minutes, as it is apt to be noisy; but if the participants are witty and good-natured, and try to make each other laugh, it is very pleasant and amusing.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Collie's Faithfulness.

A large black collie dog prowls up and down the platform at Camden station outside the gates, watching every train that arrives and departs. As soon as he sees a train he makes for the baggage car and mounts the platform. It is said that he came in on a Royal Blue train about two months ago, and that ever since that time he has been waiting for the same baggage car to come back. When it does the people around the station say it will be the last of dog, for when he has found the car he will, it is believed, have found his master.

What He Would Deny Himself.

In a Camden, Me., Sunday-school a teacher was endeavoring to impress upon her scholars the need of practicing self-denial and requested each one to agree to deny himself something. "What will you give up, Walter?" was asked of one urchin, who had been quietly listening with a very grave face. The answer came: "Lying, I guess."

Horseless Carriages in Germany.

Germany has had horseless carriages for several years. There is a variety of kinds. They have not, however, the speed or elegance of the French models.

Good times. Happy state. St. Jacobs Oil cures pain right up to date.

The devil can meet eloquence without trouble, but he has never been able to stand before love.—Ram's Horn.

When pain ceases, no sufferer ever regrets the price he paid for St. Jacobs Oil.

Don't go with the crowd simply because it is a crowd.—Ram's Horn.

Crutches and cruel pains from Sciatica. From St. Jacobs Oil the cure of it.

"Can any of you tell me why Lazarus was a beggar?" asked the female teacher in a west side Sunday school. "Why was Lazarus a beggar?" she repeated sternly. "Please, ma'am," replied a small boy whose father was a merchant, "because he didn't advertise."—Buffalo Times.

Stage Manager—"But, Mr. Smith, nobody ever looks that way who has fallen in fighting for his bride! Can't you give a more life-like impersonation of a corpse?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

She—"And now, Charlie, I suppose tomorrow you will have to speak to papa about our engagement." He—"Yes, dearest; I suppose I must." (After a pause) "Has your father got a telephone?"—Somerville Journal.

"Oh, this bouquet is too costly. You must take it back to the lieutenant," said the rich fiancee. "Oh, that's all right, miss. Since my master is engaged to you he has been able to get things on credit," replied the valet.—Tit-Bits.

Farmer Benson—"Do you often hear from that boy of yours at college?" Farmer Johnson—"Every other day. You see, we arranged to let him have his money by ten dollar installments, and he was always to write and let us know when he needed the next."

"Doctor," said he, "I'm a victim of insomnia. I can't sleep if there's the least noise, such as a cat on the back fence, for instance." "This powder will be effective," replied the physician, after compounding a prescription. "When do I take it, doctor?" "You don't take it. You give it to the cat in a little milk."

"Didn't I see you pitching pennies with that little Sprankle boy?" "Yes'm." "Well, don't you do it again. Do you hear me?" "Yes'm. I won't do it no more. He hain't got a cent left."

A minister, having walked through a village churchyard and observed the indiscriminate praises bestowed upon the dead, wrote upon the gatepost the following: "Here lie the dead, and here the living die!"

Constipation

is a disease which afflicts over 75 per cent. of the American people. It is a dangerous disease because it not only poisons the blood but causes heaviness, oppression, and dulls the intellect. Then follow chronic headache, loss of appetite, slow digestion, nervousness, bad breath, dingy complexion and low spirits. It will eventually bring on liver and kidney disease in some incurable form. But sufferers from this dreaded malady are speedily

Cured by

Warner's SAFE Cure and Warner's SAFE Pills. Leading physicians the world over, have acknowledged this fact, and thousands of people throughout the land have testified to it.

Warner's

SAFE Cure puts a stop to backaches, headaches, constipation, loss of appetite, dyspepsia, tired feelings and sleeplessness. It builds up the exhausted system. It is a sure cure for liver and kidney complaint in any form, and the only remedy that has ever been able to cure Bright's disease.

If you are feeling the need of such a remedy, you cannot do better than try this klog of remedies, the great

Safe Cure

HOW TO GET UP A "CENTURY" CLUB.

And Secure the Reading of the Greatest of Four Dollar Magazines for One Dollar.

Everybody wants to take The Century during the coming year on account of its serials, "Campaigning with Grant," written by Grant's friend and staff officer, Gen. Horace Porter, and the novel of the American revolution, "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," in which Washington is one of the characters. The Century costs $4.00 a year, and many people are clubbing together in groups of four, each one securing the reading of the magazine one week in the month.

If you want The Century in 1897 (and who does not?) a little work among your friends will result in finding three others who want it too. Get one dollar from each of them, and send $4.00 to The Century Company, Union square, New York, for a year's subscription. Begin with December, and the publishers will send you the November number free, in which these serials begin. There are many dollar magazines, but there is nothing like The Century, and by this arrangement it will cost you no more than a cheap magazine.

Bamburt—"I hear that Stimpton is dead. Did he leave his wife much?" Mispah—"I suppose so. He always left her as much as he could while he was alive."—Boston Transcript.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

One Matron—"Since I have been married I have taught my husband good taste." Another—"Really! It is a good thing for you that you did not teach him before you were married."—Tit-Bits.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Let your mind be full, and you will want little or nothing to fulfill your happiness.—Chicago Standard.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

No metaphysician ever felt the deficiency of language so much as the grateful.—Colton.

How to cure Rheumatism! Use St. Jacobs Oil. It subdues. It cures.

While man is growing life is in decrease, and cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.—Young.

Better times come to all cured of aches and pains by St. Jacobs Oil.

False Witnesses.

There are knaves now and then met with who represent certain local bitters and poisonous stimuli as identical with or possessing properties akin to those of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. These scamps only succeed in foisting their trashy compounds upon people unacquainted with the genuine article, which is as much their opposite as day is to night. Ask and take no substitute for the grand remedy for malaria, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism and kidney trouble.

Doctor—"Now, what did your father and mother die of?" Applicant for Life Insurance—"Well, sir, I can't say as I exactly remember; but it wasn't anything serious."

What a wonder it is that some women are so heedless about the things that concern them most. They endure all sorts of pain and misery with carelessness which would never be possible if they realized the consequences.

Comparatively few women understand that when they neglect their health because they are too busy or overworked or their minds are taken up with other concerns, that they are balancing on the edge of a fatal precipice.

Any weakness or disease of woman's special organism is no trifling matter. A woman who through indifference neglects these troubles is laying the foundation for life-long wretchedness.

A modest woman naturally recoils from the mortifying ordeal of examinations and local treatment which doctors insist upon. But there is no necessity for any such repugnant alternative. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures these delicate complaints positively and completely. It is a medicine devised for this particular purpose by one of the most eminent of living specialists in woman's diseases.

Dr. Pierce has been for nearly 30 years chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. During this time he has received fully ninety thousand letters from women who have been cured by the "Favorite Prescription." Some of these letters are printed by permission in one chapter of Dr. Pierce's great thousand page book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." It contains advice and suggestions for self-treatment which every woman ought to read. More than half a million copies have been sold at $1.50 each. An absolutely free edition in paper covers will be sent for a limited time to anyone sending 21 one-cent stamps to pay the cost of mailing *only*. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. For a handsome cloth-bound copy send 31 stamps.

If you ever want to sell or exchange your Organ, remember it will be twice as valuable if the name on the front is

ESTEY

Write for Illustrated Catalogue with prices, to Estey Organ Company, Brattleboro, Vt.

USE NO OTHER THAN YUCATAN.

Important Notice!

The only genuine **"Baker's Chocolate,"** celebrated for more than a century as a delicious, nutritious, and flesh-forming beverage, is put up in **Blue Wrappers** and **Yellow Labels.** Be sure that the **Yellow Label** and our Trade-Mark are on every package.

TRADE-MARK.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

Milk Pans,

and pails, and cans, and bottles (even baby's)—or anything that you want particularly clean, ought to be washed with Pearline.

You'll save work in doing it, and it's a great deal more thoroughly done. Dairies and dealers use Pearline extensively. Just try it once, on your milk-ware or butter-ware—and then say if it isn't the most satisfactory way of cleaning. Pearline is the most economical thing you can use, too. You get so much more out of it.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE PARIS SKIRT. Sold only by canvassers. Exclusive territory. Agents make $15 to $40 a week. Sample sections free. A Christmas present of a skirt to every agent selling 1 doz. in December. Please mention this paper. THE GILKEY SKIRT CO., Portland, N. Y.

FOR SALE--FINE DIAMOND about ONE karat, at sacrifice. Will send by express for examination. Post-office Box 715, Rochester, New York.

OPIUM HABIT AND **DRUNKENNESS** Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay till Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, Ohio.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

INDORSED

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr SAMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed -
Alx Senna -
Rochelle Salts -
Anise Seed +
Peppermint -
Bi Carbonate Soda +
Worm Seed -
Clarified Sugar +
Wintergreen Flavor

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 DOSES - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

SEE
THAT THE
FAC-SIMILE
SIGNATURE
—OF—
Chas. H. Fletcher
IS ON THE
WRAPPER
OF EVERY
BOTTLE OF
CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

A "JUNK SHOP."
A "BLACKSMITH."
"TWO-CENT APPLE BUTTER,"
"ROTTEN STOCK" and
A "HUNCHBACK"

is a poor combination from which to expect a production of anything respectable in the job printing line.

A "junk shop" means a worn-out assortment of type, rules, etc.; a "blacksmith" is a bungleSome printer; "two-cent apple butter" is synonymous of the poorest quality of printing ink; "rotten stock" is promenade and cheap paper; and a "hunchback" is a press which is so old that it has naturally worn out of shape and usage.

WE TAKE PRIDE

in our Job Printing Department, our skill and our materials; that's the reason why we do such splendid work.

A $5 BILL WILL

get a nice lot of letter heads and envelopes properly and appropriately printed.

IF you believe it, try it: If you don't believe it, the more need to try it.

The Republican Job Department.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

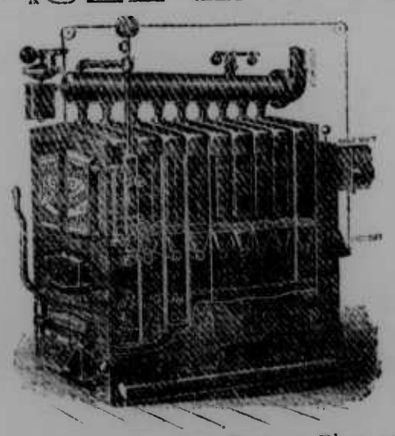

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SOUTHWARD No. 3	No. 1	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		Noon	P. M.
3 00	8 00 lv	Cumberland ar	12 40	7 20
3 31	8 31	Rawlings	11 20	6 50
3 56	8 56	Keyser	11 01	6 34
4 19	9 19	Westernport	10 51	6 21
4 32	9 32	W. Va. C. June.	10 46	6 10
4 37	9 37	Shaw	10 28	5 52
5 00	10 00	Harrison	10 09	5 28
5 15	10 15 ar	Elk Garden	* 55	* 1 00
5 35	10 35 lv	German	9 24	4 54
5 41	10 41	Bayard	9 16	4 48
5 52	10 52	Ioholn	9 01	4 38
6 23	11 23	Thomas	8 35	4 05
6 45	11 45 ar	Davis	8 00	3 15
6 27	11 27 lv	Oakvale	8 21	4 02
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	7 59	3 30
6 57	11 57	Bretz	7 51	3 25
7 08	12 09	Parsons	7 51	3 22
7 20	12 20	Kerens	7 18	2 47
8 00	1 00 ar	Elkins	lv 6 30	12 20
	1 30 ar	Beverly	lv	* 1 53
	3 05 ar	Healington	lv	P. M. 11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.
G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Manager.
I. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Pass. Agent.
After Sunday, Dec. 27 and until further notice Sunday trains will be discontinued.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, November 22, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily ..... 3.46 A. M
No. 3—Daily ..... 6.44 A. M
No. 71—Accom daily except Sun ..... 9.30 A. M
No. 47—Daily ..... 10.40 A. M
No. 55—Express, daily ..... 6.13 P. M
No. 1—Daily ..... 9.58 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily ..... 5.59 A. M
No. 2—Daily ..... 6.31 A. M
No. 72—Accom daily except Sun ..... 1.38 P. M
No. 46—Daily ..... 4.46 P. M
No. 4—Daily ..... 12.20 A. M

Will take passengers for Terra Alta, Rowlesburg, Newburg and Tunnelton.

CHAS. O. SCULL, General Passenger Agent.

C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 14, 1896.

Republicans have every reason to feel gratified at the outcome of the consultation of Senators and representatives of the party, which has been a feature of the first week of Congress. With the exception of a few silverites, the party leaders in both branches of Congress is a unit as to what is to be done in the near future. Without a majority in the Senate the party is powerless to force any other legislation at this session of Congress, but the mischievous silver element in the Senate, led by Allen, the Nebraska Populist, have already been taught that the Republican Senators do not intend to lose any opportunities to pass the Dingley bill at the present session. These would be mischief-makers found out with the mistaken idea that the Republicans were afraid of the Dingley bill and that they would demonstrate to the contrary; they will find themselves prepared to go on record as the opponents of increasing the revenues of the government before the short session closes, by being forced to vote on the Dingley bill.

The Republican members of the House Committee on Ways and Means have once more demonstrated that the Republican party never shirks its responsibilities and always keeps promises made to the people, by deciding to begin at once the preparation of a protective tariff bill, to be passed at the extra session of the next Congress. No man in Congress is better fitted to take charge of these preparations than is Chairman Dingley of that committee, and no man is better fitted to direct the department of the Government charged with the administration of the tariff law should President McKinley see fit to make him his Secretary of the Treasury, as many believe he will. There are probably not twenty men in the country who are so well posted on the tariff as Mr. Dingley is, and this is especially fortunate both for the country and the Republican party, as it is the intention to make the new tariff bill the best we have ever had—no catering to favorite industries, as the present law does, but equitable protection for all, and at the same time revenue enough to meet the needs of the government. It is in a sense an innovation for the Ways and Means Committee of one House to prepare a bill for the next House, but it happens to be all right in this case, as every Republican member of the present committee has been reelected to the next House and will be certain to retain their committee places because Speaker Reed will be chosen Speaker of the next House without Republican opposition.

The Ways and Means committee has already held a formal meeting and assigned the work of preparing the different schedules of the new tariff bill to the individual members of the committee best fitted to handle them, and hearings of the representatives of different industries will at once be arranged for. One of the mistakes of the past which will be avoided by the new bill will be the heavy importations of foreign goods and the consequent injury of our own manufacturers and working men. This will be done by providing that dutiable goods in bonded warehouses at the date upon which the new bill becomes a law shall pay duty under the new and not the old law.

No one was greatly surprised when certain Democratic Senators—sixteen of them—tried to kill the bill forbidding the landing of any immigrant between the ages of sixteen and sixty years who is unable to read five lines of the United States constitution in some printed language, by postponing its consideration until January. But the decisive manner in which these Senators, working in the interest of steamship companies rather than raise the standard of our foreign born citizens, were set upon by thirty-seven Senators, indicates almost to a certainty that the bill will be passed before the holiday recess.

The House during its first week passed the regular Pension Appropriation bill, several important postal bills, a number of miscellaneous measures and private pension bills, and a bill prohibiting the sale of liquor in the capitol building, and this week another one of the appropriation bills will be reported and probably passed. It is strictly a business body, as has been every House presided over by Speaker Reed.

Senator Sherman, chairman of the Republican Senatorial Caucus, lost no time in complying with the unanimous instruction of the caucus to appoint a committee of five to devise legislation in the interests of international bimetallism, and, although he is often accused of being unfriendly to silver, every man on the committee is a bimetallist. They are Senators Wolcott, Hoar, Chandler, Carter and Hear.

North Glade.

Our educational meeting 11th and 12th insts. was very successful. Supt. Palmer is wide awake on the school question. Prof. Palmer and Hon. A. F. George gave us splendid addresses.

The unjust apportionment of state funds has been disastrous to the schools of Garrett county. No other county in the state has less than seven and a-half months of school. Most of the counties have nine and ten months schooling.

The following topics were discussed: Primary geography, by A. L. Lee and others; long division, by M. R. Frantz and others; language lessons, by Geo. W. Moon and others; "Corporal Punishment," "How to improve School attendance" and "Twenty days actual teaching for a month," were questions discussed by Prof. Palmer and several others.

Good music was rendered for the occasion.

GEO. W. MOON, Chairman.
A. L. LEE, Secretary.

The wife of Mr. D. Robinson, a prominent lumberman of Hartwick, N. Y., was sick with rheumatism for five months. In speaking of it, Mr. Robinson says: "Chamberlain's pain Balm was the only thing that gave her any rest from pain. For the relief of pain it cannot be beat." Many very bad cases of rheumatism have been cured by it. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

SAVE
BABY'S LIFE.

Teething time is the most trying time of infancy. The little gums are hot and swollen. They tingle and ache and cause all the nerves in the little body are on edge. Sleep restless—digestion bad. There's a remedy.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

soothes and cools the gums, controls the bowels, cures colic, brings good digestion, sleep and rest. 25 cents, all druggists. Guaranteed. Made by JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

J. L. McCOMAS, Jr.,

Sign, Carriage and Wagon Painting.

INDELIBLE INK WORK on LINEN.

Second Street, OAKLAND, MD.

All work entrusted to my care will receive Prompt Attention.

29-1yr.

Farmers,

Look to Your Interests.

The Oakland Flouring Mill is now ready to grind a million bushels of buckwheat. The best equipped mill in the county; all latest improved machinery. Can give either

Burrh or Roller Process Flour.

Mr. E. A. Dudley, who has charge, has been a life long miller, and knows how to make a good turnout of buckwheat flour.

Don't fail to give him a Trial. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Will make arrangements with all the Oakland merchants to buy your flour at big prices. Don't fail to give the Oakland Mills a trial.

Don't forget the place, Water street, formerly owned by the late H. A. Raseke.

Yours obediently,

THE OAKLAND MILLS.

51-1yr.

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 51,000 acres of a tract known as "Swallow," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with heavy valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

TIN, SLATE and STEEL

ROOFING,

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH, MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

SHARTZER & BOLDEN

OAKLAND, MD.,

DEALERS IN

Furniture, Carpets, Matting, Oil Cloth, Window Shades, Wall Paper,

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Repairing Furniture and Picture Framing a Specialty.

Removal.

I, the undersigned, have removed my place of business from the Lear building to the Havenscroft (Mayers) building on Railroad street, where I will continue to carry a well assorted stock of

JEWELRY,

and give special attention to the repairing of watches, clocks, etc.

Give me a call. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

H. C. SMOUSE.

29—2m.

THE

Maryland Building and Loan Association

of Garrett County

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Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
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DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month. EIGHTY FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, Gold prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. E. CARSKADON, Keyser, W. Va.

MOUNTAIN STATE

Business College,

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. C. SINE, PRESIDENT.

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PURE DRUGS,
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DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.

31—26

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

Andrew B. Gonder, Att'y at Law. Alexander C. Mason, Surveyor.

GONDER & MASON,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
OAKLAND, MD.

40—1yr. Office, Shartzer's Opera House.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

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JULIUS W. BENNETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office opposite Book, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and insurable law given special attention. Collections solicited and promptly made. 35—1yr

FRED A. THAYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Folly Building opposite the Postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who may choose to call on their legal business to my office.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW

Will give special attention to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED, and SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 1y6

GILMOR S. HAMILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collecting claims. Loans negotiated. 1ef4-1y

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Residence on North 3rd Street. Office in Sharizer's Block, Second Street.

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Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. E. HINEBAUGH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.

Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.*

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate. P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

THOMAS B. McHOBIE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Folly Building, Alder Street.

All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

E. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Residence and P. O. Address,

2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate

Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE, AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md

Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties, Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 48-1yr.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN, SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including train ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26*

WILLIAM P. KIDD, Representing JOHNSON, OMOHUNDRO & CO., WHOLESALE NOTIONS, Etc., BALTIMORE, MD.

A specialty of Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President.
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S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted. Prompt attention to collections. 112

W. F. KING, Carriage, Sign and House Painter, OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.

Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention. 50-13t.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M. RATHBUN & CO., PLANING MILLS,

And BUILDING MATERIALS.

MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line. 38 1y

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1896. NUMBER 42.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Snow balls are ripe.

Mistletoe is scarce.

"Snow flies" does not refer to winter insects.

A man of means is frequently a mean man.

Get your stocking darned and hang it up to-night.

Newman has a fine line of cigars and smoking tobaccos.

With others my prices are mere vulgar fractions. C. B. CROPP.

Nice line of gentlemen's and ladies' slippers at Townshends'.

Soda water fountains offer cold comfort this kind of weather.

The Oakland public schools closed yesterday for the holidays.

Justice D. W. Fraker, of McHenry, was in Oakland last Saturday.

Mr. Will Shartzer is home from St. John's college for the holidays.

We wish our many readers a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Some Christmas trees come high, but it is easy to saw off the ends.

Candy and nuts to Sunday-schools cheaper than ever at C. B. Cropp's.

Hon. John P. Jones, of Terra Alta, was in the city last Saturday on business.

Mr. Wm. Offutt, of St. John's College, Annapolis, is home for the holidays.

Ladies' capes and coats at reduced prices at M. L. Scott's Baltimore Store.

A bargain got should be a bargain given. That's what C. B. Cropp is doing. 41-2

If you want fascinators, winter caps, gloves and mittens, go to Townshends' 40-3

Mr. Washington Taylor, of Friendsville, was in Oakland Monday attending court.

Bear in mind that Newman has the finest line of Christmas tree ornaments in town.

Raisins, figs, nuts, oranges and Malaga grapes at Newman's, next door to postoffice. 30-2.t

Mr. A. L. Sines, of Dobbin, W. Va., was here last Friday and made this office a call.

Mr. James H. Smith, of near Hazelton, W. Va., was in Oakland Monday and Tuesday.

A contemporary speaks of Cubans being killed and their burned alive. We give it up.

Indications to-day point to a scarcity of turkeys in the market for to-morrow's dinner.

Mr. John Edmonds, of Deer Park, was in Oakland yesterday and made us a pleasant call.

Mr. Walter D. Collier, of Friendsville, was in Oakland yesterday and this morning on business.

Prof. C. D. Smith will go to Baltimore Saturday to spend several days with friends and relatives.

The Epworth League of the M. E. church will hold a social next Monday evening in Sturgiss' hall.

Fresh new line of candies, cakes, nuts, citron and raisins just opened at Townsiends'. 40-3.

Hon. A. F. George and Wm. W. Sweet, of Swanton, were in Oakland last Monday on business.

Mr. Charles J. Newman has gone to Lonaconing, where he will manage Mr. John Shartzer's store.

Miss Nell Offutt, who attends school in Baltimore, is home and will spend the holidays with her parents.

Mr. John A. Wilt, of Swanton, was in Oakland last Thursday and made this office a very welcome visit.

Go and get anything you want at Offutt & Son's mammoth store, where goods are arriving on every train.

The Chesapeake and Ohio canal was drained last Monday thus putting a stop to navigation for this season.

Mr. John A. Wagner, of Swanton, was an Oakland visitor last Monday and made this office a pleasant call.

Mrs. George Waters, of Clarksburg, W. Va., is spending a couple of weeks with her many friends in Oakland.

A very pretty selection of silk, embroidered and hemstitched handkerchiefs, and silk scarfs at Townshends'.

Messrs. Peter Popp and Clayton Purnell, both of Frostburg, were in Oakland last Thursday on legal business.

Mr. Daniel Hinebaugh, of McHenry, was in Oakland yesterday on a visit to his brother, Mr. Wm. Hinebaugh.

On Christmas morning the Epworth League will hold an early prayer-meeting at 7 o'clock. All are invited.

The tramp nuisance continues unabated and there are an unusually large number of mendicants on the streets.

Mr. John Sweeney, who spent several weeks with relatives in Cincinnati, returned to Oakland yesterday morning.

Mr. E. L. Kelso, who has been attending the Morgantown University, is spending the holiday vacation in Oakland.

Go to Newman's for your Christmas goods consisting of dolls, toys, children's books, china and pewter dishes, iron trains, tops, rubber balls, block games and many other toys two numerous to mention.

The largest and finest line of china, plated ware, glass, cut and imitation cut, books and holiday novelties, at Offutt & Son's.

Cheap John has been in the toy business 20 years in Oakland and knows what to buy for the trade. Kuhn and C. 40-2

Attorneys D. James Blackiston and James W. Thomas, of Cumberland, were here on professional business last Friday.

Competition is a general rattler up of dry bones and dull trade. Cropp underbuys and he undersells. Come and see. 41-2

Reduced prices on ladies' and children's coats, men's and boys' overcoats, and everything in clothing at Offutt & Son's. 39-4t.

Attorney Morrison, of Piedmont, was in Oakland last Monday morning attending the sessions of the non-jury term of court.

The lumber plant at Crellin during the past year has made an unprecedented record in its output of manufactured lumber.

Mr. R. C. Campbell, of Mineral Springs, was in Oakland attending court on Monday as was also ex-Justice Kahl, of Accident.

Mr. Walter Ravenscraft, of Ridgeway, Pa., was here a day or two this week visiting his parents, Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Ravenscraft.

Lovely handkerchiefs, ties, gloves, perfumes, soaps. Presents from five cents up. Ladies wrappers 98cts at D. E. Offutt & Son's.

Send your name and address to J. M. Davis & Son and they will mail you the latest illustrated catalogue of Cinderella stoves and ranges. 2

New goods arriving almost every day—enough to supply Oakland, Mt. Lake Park, Deer Park, Swanton and Hutton Switch—at C. B. Cropp's.

If you want Lowney's candies go to Newman's next door to the postoffice; also a fine line of stick and mixed candies which he will sell cheap for cash.

The St. Paul's M. E. Sunday school will have their annual Christmas entertainment and treat on Christmas night. The exercises will begin at 6:30 p. m.

Mrs. W. V. Waltz went to Grafton Saturday where she was called to the bedside of her mother, who fell and broke her thigh and is not expected to live.

A young woman went into a store in Oakland yesterday and asked "to see some cigars suitable for a blonde young man, with blue eyes and glasses."

Just opened fresh and the best raisins, currants, citron, nuts, oranges, lemons, candies, mince meat, fine canned fruits—everything for Christmas—at Offutt & Son's.

Messrs. Davis & Son are making extraordinary efforts and offering great inducements to purchasers of Cinderella ranges and stoves. See their advertisement in this issue.

Jos. Martin, jr., Railroad street, receives fresh daily a supply of oysters which he serves in all styles. Oysters prepared and sent to any one in Oakland ordering them. 30-3t.

Mr. William Brown, of Friendsville, is here as the guest of his brother, Sheriff Brown. He is somewhat broken down in health and is under the care of Dr. Henry McComas.

Mr. D. M. Mason, who has been confined to his bed for two or three weeks suffering from the effects of an abcess on his ankle, has recovered so far as to be able to be out of bed.

Sleds, Doll Carriages, Hobby Horses, Wagons, Tool Chests, Doll Furniture and Dolls, Albums, Toilet Sets, Books, Candies, Fruits, Nuts, etc. Please call and C Cheap John's Great Stock.

Among the students of different institutions of learning who are spending the vacation days at home, we notice Messrs. Semmes and Smart Hamill, of the Allegany County Academy.

Mr. J. S. Harvey, of near Gorman, who is a student at the Wesleyan University at Delaware, O., returned to his home yesterday to spend the holidays. He was met here by his brother, Mr. E. C. Harvey.

Miss Marie Smith, who has been attending the Fairmont, W. Va., normal school, stopped in Oakland from Friday until Monday, on her way home, near Hazleton, W. Va., and was the guest of her brother, D. G. Smith.

John Dice, a miner, was drowned in a pond near Westernport last Wednesday while drunk. His body was shipped to Oakland Thursday and taken overland to his late home near Leadmine, West Va.

A freight car on the B. & O. loaded with merchandise for points west of Piedmont, was broken into one day recently and robbed of numerous articles, many of them being consigned to merchants of Oakland and vicinity.

A brakeman named Carr, residing at Keyser and engaged on a freight train, attempted to couple cars at the new bridge west of town Tuesday and had one of his fingers so badly mashed that it was amputated at the first joint by Dr. Henry W. McComas.

Dr. Mahlon C. Hinebaugh's gray horse "Bob" was taken suddenly ill yesterday with a malady closely resembling meningitis. After suffering terribly for several hours he died at about seven o'clock. The animal was a very valuable one.

The Misses Kennedy entertained the euchre club at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Sincell on Tuesday evening last. About fifteen couples were present. Refreshments were served at 1[illegible] Prizes were won by Misses Jenn[illegible] Johnson, Hattie Bartlett and Nann[illegible] Weber and Messrs. Hamill Spedden, Eugene Hart and Edwin L. Mitchell.

County Treasurer Thomas B. Wiley, of Bittinger, was in Oakland last Thursday and part of Friday. He has two daughters lying ill, one at Grantsville suffering with typhoid fever and one near Frostburg suffering with an attack of measles.

The members of St. Peter's Catholic church will hold a fair in Offutt hall during holiday week. The fair will open on Christmas night and close the Saturday night after New Year's. Mrs. Rasche's orchestra will furnish music every night during the week.

In the issue of this paper of the 31st we will enclose to each subscriber a yearly calendar which was manufactured in this office. Those of our patrons failing to receive the calendar will be supplied by sending us a postal stating the fact that none had been received by them.

Mr. G. J. Slabaugh, who went out to Cripple Creek, Col., during the gold excitement in that locality, returned to Oakland several days ago. He spent two or three months in Cripple Creek and went from there to Dakota and Nebraska. He was in Cripple Creek during the miners riots, but luckily escaped injury.

A profusely and beautifully illustrated article on the famous Horse-show held annually in New York City appears in the January number of *Demorest Magazine*. Notable among the illustrations are a full-page and several other spirited drawings by Max F. Klepper. The show as a social function and as an exhibition of horses is interestingly described in the text.

The wife of Mr. D. Robinson, a prominent lumberman of Hartwick, N. Y., was sick with rheumatism for five months. In speaking of it, Mr. Robinson says: "Chamberlain's pain Balm was the only thing that gave her any rest from pain. For the relief of pain it cannot be beat." Many very bad cases of rheumatism have been cured by it. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Next Sunday, Dec. 27th, Rev. Geo. C. Shaw, pastor of M. E. church at Terra Alta, will hold the first quarterly meeting services at St. Paul's M. E. church. He will preach at 10:30 a. m. and administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Love feast will be held at 3:15 p. m., at the close of the Sunday-school. Mr. Shaw will also preach at night. The quarterly conference will be held by Rev. N. L. Baumgardner, P. E., on Friday, Jan. 1st, 1897, at 2 p. m.

The American flag on and after next Fourth of July will have 45 stars. An order has been issued to the custodians of public buildings throughout the United States to begin at once to put the additional stars in all old flags or secure new ones which must comply with the order. There will be six rows of stars. The first, third and fifth rows will have eight stars each, and the second, fourth and sixth seven stars each.

Major C. T. Picton is manager of the State Hotel, at Denison, Texas, which the traveling men say is one of the best hotels in that section. In speaking of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy Major Picton says: "I have used it myself and in my family for several years, and take pleasure in saying that I consider it an infallible cure for diarrhoea and dysentery. I always recommend it, and have frequently administered it to my guests in the hotel, and in every case it has proven itself worthy of unqualified endorsement. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Christmas Services.

Christmas services in Oakland this year will be naturally a delight to the children and the officers of the several Sabbath-schools have made extraordinary efforts to please their scholars by preparing elaborate programs for the occasion. The services will be held in St. Mark's church and the Union Sunday-school to-night. To-morrow night the members of the Methodist school will have their entertainment in the church, while the members of the Presbyterian school will celebrate the Christmas festival at the Glades hotel the same evening.

Auction.

The entire stock of doors, sash, mouldings, etc., of the Bradford Bros. planing mill will be sold at auction Saturday, January 2nd, at 2 p. m.
JOHN SHARTZER, Receiver.

The Shortest Day.

Monday was the shortest of the year,—that is there was the least sunshine. The sun rose in this latitude at 7:24 and set at 4:44, so that it was above the horizon 9 hours and 21 minutes. The days will remain nearly the same length till the close of the year; the sun will shine two minutes longer on the 31st than on the 21st. This period in the year is called the winter *solstice* because to the eyes of the ancient astronomers, who had no instruments for measuring the movements of the heavenly bodies, the sun in its apparent path among the stars seemed to stop as it came to the constellation Capicornus, and to turn back. These natural divisions of the year were celebrated with great festivals, and no doubt this was the origin of our Christmas festival. The exact date of the birth of the Savior not being known tradition would locate it at this great winter festival, and thus the Pagan, and the Christian celebration coincided, and finally the one absorbed the other.

A MINISTER THE VICTIM.

A Young Man Makes False Representations In Order to Get Money.

A young man came to Oakland on last Monday night and registered at the Glades Hotel as Ralph R. Smith, giving his residence as Chicago. The same evening he went to the regular weekly meeting of the Epworth League in St. Paul's M. E. church and there made an address to the members, stating that he had been converted at a meeting held in Grafton the night before by Miss Jennie Smith. After the meeting in the church Smith spent the remainder of the evening at different places in town and about ten o'clock again appeared at the Glades and retired.

Tuesday morning he went to the residence of Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, pastor of St. Paul's church, and represented himself to be a son of Rev. W. W. T. Smith, of New York, secretary of the Missionary Society of the [illegible] church. He told Mr. Arbuthnot that he was stopping at the Glades, and being short of ready cash he could not pay his bill. This was necessary, he said, to lift his baggage and secure his samples that he might canvass the town. He asked the minister to endorse a sight draft on his father for the amount of ten dollars. The young man, accompanied by the minister went to the Garrett County Bank, and there the money was secured upon the indorsement of Mr. Arbuthnot.

The same game was played in Cumberland on last Friday by the same person and under the same circumstances. A friend of the minister went to him shortly after and laid these facts before him. His suspicions as to the correctness of the statements made to him by Smith were aroused and he went directly to the hotel and faced the young scamp, accusing him of being an impostor. Smith at once confessed his misdeeds and refunded to Mr. Arbuthnot his money. In the meantime he had paid his bill at the hotel with part of the money secured from the minister. This he asked for, stating that he had a little transaction on hand and would return it in a few minutes.

After Mr. Arbuthnot had left the hotel Mr. West, the proprietor, got into conversation with Smith, and he stated that he was really the person he represented himself as being and further said he had been to school out in Illinois, his father paying all his bills promptly, but tiring of school life and his father cutting off his allowances he had gone out into the world determing to work his schemes to secure money. Smith told Mr. West that he had been successful in getting money from three ministers before he arrived in Oakland.

Shortly after he had this conversation with Mr. West he boarded a night train and left town, leaving his satchel behind as payment of his board bill.

Smith was handsomely dressed and had an intelligent face, of quiet and unassuming manner, which no doubt brought him into favor with his chosen victims.

Church Notice.

Christmas service in the Episcopal Chapel, Alder and Sixth streets, 10 a. m. Friday. Sunday service 11 a. m. A cordial welcome to all.
REV. WM. BRAYSHAW, Rector.

Married.

BELL—PENNINGTON.—In Keyser, Dec. 16, by the Rev. J. H. Moore, M. Ray Bell and Miss Sallie Pennington. —Keyser Echo.

Mr. and Mrs. Bell are now residing in Oakland, where Mr. Bell is telegraph operator at the new bridge being erected.

Chased By Moonshiners.

Theodore Beckman and son Charles, of North Glade, Garrett county, were in West Virginia last week looking at timber, and on their return home they report being put to flight by moonshiners of that State, who thought they were detectives.—Cumb. News.

Festival and Oyster Supper.

The ladies of North Glade will conduct a festival and oyster supper on Dec. 29th, beginning at 7 p. m. The proceeds will be for the benefit of the M. E. church of the above place. Attend and partake of the feast of good things and enjoy a social evening with the young folks. COMMITTEE

Call for Your Letters.

Mr. Henry Lower, Mr. Hamill T. Little, Mr. John Herman, Mr. John W. Herman, Mrs. John E. McInnis, Mrs. Ida Hineman, Miss Della Savage, Miss Amelia Kranse, Miss Fannie Bosley.

A Close Guess.

On the 21th of October last Mr. Thomas B. Keating left at this office an estimate of McKinley's plurality over Bryan. According to the official figures Mr. Keating came within 61, 955 of the correct result.

Five Indian Skeletons.

A large mound, situated on a high and rocky cliff, on the Maryland side of the Potomac river, a few miles below Williamsport, was opened by Mr. Harry Traver, of that section, who is a collector of Indian relics and curiosities, a few days ago. The result brought to light additional knowledge of the mode of burial and other facts concerning the savage tribes that once inhabited this section. The mound was found to contain the skeletons of five Indians, who, as their positions indicated, had been buried in a circle, face downward, with the feet in the center and the heads resting on the outer edge of the mound.

Given Away.

1,000 illustrated catalogues of Cinderella ranges. Send your name and address to J. M. Davis & Son. 42 2

CURES COUGHS AND COLDS HONEY-TOLU CURES

CURE COUGHS OR COLDS

—BY TAKING—

HONEY - TOLU,

A POSITIVE CURE.

FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

Price, - - - - - 25 Cents.

Sold by all Druggists or Dealers.

—PREPARED BY—

GILBERT BROS. & CO., Baltimore, Md.

CURES COUGHS AND COLDS HONEY-TOLU CURES

BOB SLEDS.

There are Sleds and Sleds, but ours are GOOD SLEDS. It will pay you to go many miles to see them or to write for circular.

THE WILLIAM RYLAND COMPANY,
Wholesale Retail Dealers,
FRIENDSVILLE, MARYLAND.

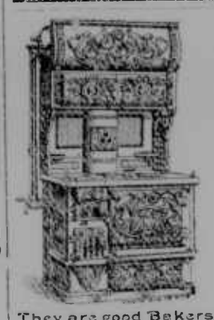

The Queen Cinderella,
Royal Cinderella,
And
Cinderella Kitcheners,

For style, finish and good workmanship cannot be excelled. The wants of the housekeeper have been carefully studied and every feature to promote DURABILITY, CLEANLINESS and ECONOMY has received the most careful consideration.

Points of Excellence Embodied in their Construction:

They are good Bakers and perfect Roasters, and are sold with that understanding. They will do their work quicker, better and with the least expense of any stove upon the market. They have every new feature that is of value to the house-keeper.

Construction of Top. The top is made in four parts, and bolted to the body of the stove; this is a decided advantage over the old style construction in which the rods come to the surface, and place almost the entire strain upon the top. All rods in the Cinderella Range are supported by lugs, directly under the top. The expansion and contraction of the same in no way affects the top. All Cinderella Ranges have the cut centers, supported by a heavy post.

Triplex Grate. The Triplex Shaking Grate is the perfection of convenience, cleanliness and economy. It is especially durable, having three separate sides or the advantage of three grates in one. It can be reversed each morning and a different surface exposed to the fire, which prevents warping and insures the durability of the same.

Fire Flint Linings. All Cinderella Ranges are fitted with a special linings, known as "Fire Flint;" this material is selected with a view of great durability, and the workmanship is the best. We can safely say that the "Fire Flint" will outlast three sets of the ordinary fire brick. Cast iron linings can be furnished if desired.

The Oven and Ventilator. You can bake or roast equally well in all parts of the oven. Ample ventilation is also provided. The volume of inflow and outflow air can be regulated by opening or closing the wicket on the oven door. The small opening in the back oven plate creates a circulation which discharges all steam and odor into the flue instead of the room, when the oven door is opened. The oven rack is provided with circular openings for roasting eggs; they can be roasted thoroughly without breaking the shell, by placing the small end downwards in the opening.

The Reservoir. The water is heated by radiation, which experience has proven to be the most practical, as it dispenses with the use of a water front and connecting pipes. It furnishes abundant hot water and gives the user absolute control of the same. The amount of hot water can be increased or diminished at will, without affecting the uniform temperature of the oven. The reservoirs are made of planished copper and will hold fifteen gallons. They can be furnished nickle plated if desired.

Hot Air. If you have a room over the kitchen, you can heat it thoroughly, at a slight additional cost by using the Cinderella Ranges. All the heat of the oven, when not in use for baking or roasting, can be turned into a special hot air pipe and conducted to the room above. This is one of the many advantages of the Cinderella Stoves and Ranges over the ordinary kind. They are complete in every detail.

Other Advantages. The nickle plate on the oven door can be easily removed, when cleaning the range, by drawing out the pin at the top. The heavy nickle towel rod can be folded under the top when not in use. The Alaska non-heating dumper handle and knobs are especially desirable. Nothing but the best material and workmanship enters into the construction of the Cinderella Stoves and Ranges.

For Hard or Soft Coal. Fire box at either right or left hand end. All the old objections to Ranges removed. Made in all sizes and styles.

Sold, guaranteed and recommended by

J. M. DAVIS & SON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street.

We keep on hand constantly at this office a full and complete supply of justices' blanks printed on good quality of paper and sell them at a small margin; also mortgages and deeds always on hand.

Cropp has bargains that enables him to get the pull on the public purse.

When most needed it is not unusual for your family physician to be away from home. Such was the experience of Mr. J. Y. Schenck, editor of the Caddo, Ind. Ter., *Banner*, when his little girl, two years old was threatened with a severe attack of croup. He says: "My wife insisted that I go for the doctor, but as our family physician was out of town I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which relieved her immediately. I will not be without it in the future." 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

THE REPUBLICAN

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

A WAIF OF THE PLAINS.

BY LESTER KETCHUM.

For days and weeks those of us who had not flown to the safety of the towns and the larger camps had watched for the coming of the Apaches, who had been raiding the outlying ranchos and the smaller mining camps by flying forays of small parties not known to be absent from the reservation. We had grown tired of standing guard and spoiling our winter holidays and our eyesight looking into the darkness for the attack that did not come—although the most recent "tenderfoot" knew that it was more than likely to come at the most unexpected time—when there came a courier from Silver City to tell us that our camp was billed for the next engagement.

It came upon his arrival—or very nearly so. This courier, who was a cowboy from the "S-bar," 30 miles north of us, had hardly gone to his supper when the trouble arrived.

Within an hour it seemed as though millions of howling, sharp-shooting, government-fed loafers had surrounded the camp, and every man who could handle a rifle was needed.

Driven back from the surrounding hills to the confines of the camp proper—driven by sheer force of numbers, back, back, into our very cabins, where the women and children were—bullet after bullet sent after an unseen enemy who lay behind the rocks—then—

There came a bugle call, of which we knew not the technical meaning. But we did know that troops from Fort Bayurd had come to our rescue, and that we and ours were saved.

The troopers, used to this kind of work, had dismounted and had surrounded the redskins; and when some of the latter made a break through the lines, they were followed by a number of soldiers, among whom, not leading, but anxious to be "in the thick of it," was Lieut. John Marcus Horton, late of West Point, who found himself unable to brandish a sword and shout "Follow me!" at one and the same time, but who sprinted admirably, nevertheless.

Lieut. Horton never knew what did happen that night, not exactly. He remembered only that when the trouble was all over in this, his first engagement, he was the possessor of a shattered arm, a broken rib or two, a cut head, and a small, blood prisoner, whom he had captured at the point of the sword when the troopers found the obscure canyon in which the Indians, who had evidently proposed to emigrate to Mexico despite the season, had concealed their families.

Horton's prisoner came along with surprising willingness. Her complexion was tanned by the sun and winds almost as dark as that of any Apache; but the same influences had served only to bleach her naturally light hair to an unmistakable tow-and-molasses-taffy color or two. She must have retained some recollection of her Scandinavian parents, else she had not come along with Mr. Horton so willingly, for she had a temper, as was presently discovered by several persons. Yet she could not or would not speak a word aside from the Apache dialect, and we could learn nothing, through the interpreters, of her origin or as to the time she had lived among the Indians.

It was not embarrassing, merely; it was distressing, really, to all of us, the question of what we should do with this waif. Those of the Apache parentage we could and would return to the reservation. But this one—

The women had talked it over, with doubtful shakes of the head, when John Marcus Horton, with more apparent bravery than he ever showed as a "plebe," a cadet officer or in actual fighting service, strode modestly into the breach.

"I'll attend to her case," he said. Then seeing that the eyes of the assembled mothers of the community were upon him, he blushed, but continued, firmly: "My people will see to it that she lacks nothing in the way of education or training. Why not send her to my mother in Ohio, and I will attend to the expenses of her chaperonage?"

That was the end of Olga for a time. Five years afterward she came back to us, and her readvent was the undoing of many susceptibles.

Meanwhile there had been changes while Olga was at school. John Horton, was no longer in the army, an uncle of his having died and left his interest in several valuable mining properties, the sole condition being that he resign his commission as a titled defender of his country; and Horton, it is needless to state, exchanged his chances for glory for this very substantial consideration with all the alacrity that army regulations would permit, thereby becoming "Col." Horton, by brevet of his admiring and envious fellow citizens.

That was three years back, and twice during that time he had been in Ohio to visit his people, only to return with glowing accounts of the manner in which Olga was getting on with her music, her other studies, and the ways of polite society. After each of these trips, it was "Olga this" and "Olga that," until we were tired of hearing of his little "Norwegian Apache," as one of the boys ungallantly dubbed her one time when Horton was not present. Had Horton been anything but a good fellow (and a wealthy man) he might have been "called down" scores of times by the bored ones. As it was, however, we listened to him with what was intended to be an interested expression, drank his wines, borrowed his money, and hoped we might never behold Olga in the flesh.

But when, after his third visit east, Morton returned to Silver City, bringing with him his mother and the little "Norwegian Apache," what a change of heart and a surrender of hearts! Instead of an angular, awkward young person, possessed of points that might make her, when developed, a beauty of the "lily" type, behold a petite young woman, with a wealth of pale-golden hair, beautiful eyes and teeth, complexion of roses and cream, a decidedly vigorous constitution which called for lots of horseback riding and other outdoor exercises.

Of course Horton was persona grata at the post, having been stationed there during the major portion of his brief term of service as a lieutenant; wherefore the wives and daughters of the garrison strove to outvie each other in their attentions to his beautiful little protege, suffering themselves, on her account, to listen to his mother's long dissertations on pedigrees, especially that of the Hortons. As a general thing, the female contingent of garrison society does its best to discourage "outsiders," as being likely to prevent the capture, in due form, of what it considers its own legitimate prey. But in this instance it was different—for wasn't it possible that this merry young stranger might captivate and marry some penniless subaltern, thereby leaving the field open for some spinster sister to ensnare the very eligible and decidedly wealthy Horton?

Decidedly so; and upon this basis the campaign went on, much to the evident amusement of Olga, who, with womanly intuition and a knowledge of the ways of women far beyond her years, put two and two together and told Horton it was all very funny. "Fancy those army frumps, Jack, being jealous of me—poor me! Jack" (this with mock solemnity), "are you in love with me?"

"Olga, I wish you would not talk in that frivolous manner. It isn't like you—and you should have enough consideration for me to believe those people sincere in their attentions." And Horton turned away with a pained look, but Olga's arms were around his neck and her face was close to his, as, with wet eyes, she whispered:

"Jack, dear, have I hurt you?"

"Yes, you have, dear. Please don't speak of my friends again in that way," he said, disengaging her arms.

Olga's mouth drooped, and there was a piteous look in her eyes as she replied:

"I won't, John." Then, with a sudden kiss, she walked away as though she intended to go to her room for a big, feminine cry; but she didn't. A half hour later found her at the piano teasing to warble a Mexican song while she fondled the cat with one hand and picked out the accompaniment with the other.

Horton stood in the gallery for some seconds, her parting kiss burning upon his cheek, her pathetic face as she left him still before his mind's eye.

"I'm an old brute!" he told himself. "A man of my age" (he was 28) "talking to a buoyant, irrepressible child in that manner, merely because I am supposed to be her guardian! Jack, you old scoundrel, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

If there was a male person in southwestern New Mexico who did not fall down and worship that "little Norwegian Apache" he failed, probably through fear, to declare himself; but, of all the love-stricken young idiots that ever commanded a first platoon (with credit) in times of peace and in times of war, and fell ignobly before the initial onslaught of the little fellow with the arrows of love, Mr. Danby, of the Xth, was the hell mule.

With him Olga's affair was serious—to the young lieutenant. He had all but neglected his duties to be at her side when she and Mrs. Horton were stopping at the post; and, even in his infatuation, almost compromised her by falling in with one of her mad fancies one day when he had obtained leave of absence and riding with her unchaperoned to Lordsburg and back, returning at dead of night.

For this Horton took both of them seriously to task, as soon as he learned of the affair, as he did the evening following through his shocked and distressed mother, who rode into town in an army ambulance in order to tell him.

To Danby, whom he found in his bachelor's quarters, he said, in his lowest, quietest tones:

"Dan, if it were almost anyone but you, if I didn't know you for a gentleman, I'd punch your head and call you out beside. But for Olga's sake—"

"Perhaps you couldn't punch my head, Jack, interrupted his friend, calmly, "not if I were present. But let's say nothing more, and—it shan't happen again. You don't know how sorry I am. I suppose she'll never speak to me again, after all this," he concluded, sadly.

But she did, and she also officiated as pallbearer at the funeral of his hopes, a week or two later, when he proposed to her at a picnic given by the ladies of the garrison in honor of Olga's departure from the fort. She was kind enough to him, and all that, but Danby took it rather hard, and swore he'd resign his commission, retire to the mountains and adopt hermitage as a profession. Instead, however, he exchanged to a northern post, fell in love again, and married his colonel's wife's sister, who was plain, but who had money enough to disguise the fact somewhat.

Fielding comes next. He was a leading light of the local bar at one of the larger Arizona towns, and attended to a good deal of business for Horton, who was interested in copper over there. He came to Silver City to consult with his client, met the "papoose," and a heart theretofore considered impregnable capitulated at first glance, and Fielding was lost. He neglected his other suits to attend to this one to such a degree that it hurt his practice, and in the end he met the same fate at the charmer's hands as had poor Danby—with a difference. Miss Olga told him that if he remained of the same mind until the following year, he might propose again, and she "might" then consider the matter. Meanwhile, if Mrs. Horton did not object, he might write to her at school, but she would not answer his letters.

Poor Fielding was utterly cast down, not even the permission to write affording him any hope, and all that kept him from suicide was an earnest request from Horton neither to make an ass of himself nor to die on the premises; after which that severe guardian lectured his ward quite harshly for her flirtations ways, especially when her arts were practiced upon his own personal friends.

"But I don't mean to, Jack; really I don't. What makes them act so? I can't help it," sobbed the culprit.

"Yes, you can," said the mentor, severely, adding, mentally, "but they can't."

He looked out of the window a moment, then turned to her and, in a strained voice, said:

"'Papoose,' I think it best you and mother should curtail your visit and go back to Ohio as soon as you can pack up. I'll speak to mother about it tonight, and—well, I'll see you at Christmas, anyway."

Over a year later, Horton wrote his ward a letter somewhat to the following effect:

"There has been enough of this sort of thing. I suppose you do your flirting now with the callow sophomores and the hitherto sedate and dignified professors, for want of better material. Now, Olga, this must stop. Here is Jim Fielding, one of the best, brightest, brainiest fellows in the world, going to the dogs on your account. * * * I want you to be serious and think things over, and when you come down here this time, do give dim a chance."

Olga came on schedule time, along with Mrs. Horton, and it was very shortly after her arrival—not more than two days—that Fielding again declared himself.

But it was a different Olga to whom he spoke this time. It was a girl with the same old ways, the same odd fancies, but yet a girl who could understand and appreciate his feelings, and pity him with her whole heart without making her pity obnoxious. She had known, she said, that this was coming, and had dreaded, yet hoped for, this talk on the gallery; but she did not tell him of her stormy interview with John Horton that afternoon, when that ogre had told her she must accord Fielding a hearing, or—or—there would be indefinite trouble.

"Will you shake hands with me, Mr. Fielding?" the girl asked, tremulously, when she had finished telling him how she had long thought it over and found she could not love him. "I suppose it's useless to say I'm sorry, although I hope you know I am, so—"

"I know you are, Miss Horton. I believe in your sympathy and your kindness of heart as thoroughly as I believe in human existence. And I believe in myself enough," he went on, more firmly, "to think that I might be the successful one were it not for another—someone. Good night. God bless you both."

They shook hands as two ordinary acquaintances might have done, and Olga disappeared through the hall and up the stairs.

That very day Horton had made himself practically certain that the future of his giddy ward was assured—that, true to his behests and the promptings of a conscience he had done everything to make worldly, Olga would engage herself to Jim Fielding. Then, after all his guests had gone to bed, and he was left alone in his library, this great, big ex-soldier, thinking it was all over, and that he was forsaken, leaned his head on the table and cried like a baby.

He was a baby, too. For presently some one entered the room quietly, and, kneeling beside him, said:

"Tell me, Jacky. Tell your mother."

Some women are jealous of their sons' loves. Jack's mother was not one of these, no matter what her other faults.

"You can't direct a woman's affections, darling, any more than you can direct the Gods or the winds. And—you have done a great deal, it seems to me, for Mr. Fielding in this case."

There must have been at least 20 guests at Horton's house to celebrate the home-coming, and these had progressed through nearly every course when one of the girls, who sat opposite Olga, remarked, suddenly:

"Why, Olga Horton! Where's your pretty solitaire? The last time I saw it—"

Olga flushed, then paled, as she rose, trembling, and showed the solitaire (a gift from Mrs. Horton from among the family heirlooms) on the third finger of her left hand.

"It's just changed hands, that's all," she said, trying to speak brightly, "because Jack and I are to be married next summer." Then she smiled on them all and was gone, and presently Jack, utterly bewildered, but entirely happy, found her in the garden, crying.

"Sweetheart—"

"Go away! I hate you! I—"

"Another lie," commented Jack, judicially but exultantly. "However, you're forgiven, for the sake of the cause in which it was told. But, here, Sapphira, how are we to explain things?"

"Why, just go and tell them that you're an old slow-poke and a duffer, and that I'm a silly schoolgirl, but that what I say 'goes'—and, Jack, it's just seven years ago this time that you found me, and it's leap year, too; and, Jack, you're not cross, are you?"

"Of course, I am," he replied, between kisses. But he did not say it with any measure of solemnity.—San Francisco Argonaut.

—The deepest gold mine in the world is at Eureka, Cal., and is 2,290 feet deep. The deepest silver mine is at Carson City and has a depth of 3,300 feet.

AN INTERESTING RELIC.

Shattered Tablet from the Ancient Temple of Herod.

[illegible] the interesting museum of antiquities at Constantinople the object [illegible] struck me most was a hoary, battered tablet, with a long Greek inscription cut on it in seven lines. It was discovered in Jerusalem about the end of May, 1871, by the French archaeologist, Clermont-Ganneau, at a considerable depth below the ground, in the foundations of an Arab house, not far from the mosque of Omar, on what might have been the site of the temple of Herod.

This is one of the very few relics of that magnificent structure which have survived to our day. The inscription, in capital monumental letters and [illegible] may be translated thus: "No stranger may enter within the balustrade round the sanctuary and inclosures. Whoever is caught will be responsible to himself for his death." Josephus gives a graphic description of Herod's temple and mentions that the court of the Gentiles was separated from the part that was restricted to the Jews by two walls, about 15 feet apart. The outer wall was about 4½ feet high. It was an elaborate carved stone balustrade with 13 doors in it, each of which had a pillar in front of it, bearing an inscription in Greek and Latin, forbidding any foreigner to enter the inclosure on pain of death. Josephus mentions that the Romans respected this law and no Gentile ever ventured to intrude beyond this point.

The prohibition in question, however, was long regarded as apocryphal, even although Philo spoke of the inscription and corroborated the statement of the Jewish historian. But the discovery of Clermont-Ganneau has placed the matter beyond dispute. The tablet which he found was part of one of the columns guarding the inner sanctuary from the approach of unhallowed feet, and the connection between the inscription carved on it and the passage in Josephus is most striking. The expressions and forms are almost identical. There is indeed a curious variation in the Greek word for "balustrade," or partition wall. In the passage in Josephus it is druphaktos, whereas in the inscription it is truphaktos; but this variation may be accounted for by the fact that Josephus used the correct classical term, while the inscription spelled the word according to the Jewish method of pronouncing it, changing a d into a t. Josephus twice refers to the inscription, once in his "Antiquities;" and the parallel passages are differently worded, showing that he did not intend to give the exact phraseology of the stone monument, but only the sense; and, therefore, that the tablet should give the sense of Josephus' words, without his exact expression, is just what might have been expected in such a discovery. According to Clermont-Ganneau, the tablet is the most ancient, as well as the most interesting Greek inscription which archaeological investigation in Jerusalem has produced. Its bearings are most important. It supplies a standard of comparison by which to distinguish the Herodian sculpture and palaeographic works from those of previous or later days.—Sunday at Home.

Suffocated by Sulphur.

While two men were hunting on the Yellowstone river, they saw in a small gulch a grizzly bear, curled up as if asleep. Being men of experience, they climbed up the side of the gulch and, when out of reach, hurled rocks at the huge animal. To their surprise it never moved, although hit quite frequently. Presently it dawned upon them that the grizzly was dead, and closer examination revealed such to be a fact. There was no wound on its body, and while the men were pondering over this singular circumstance, they became conscious of a sense of suffocation from strong sulphur fumes, arising from several holes in the ground near by. At some risk they investigated further and found the skeletons of four other bears, an elk, squirrels and other small game, all evidently asphyxiated by the noxious gases. The gulch made a natural basin in which the gas settled, and, as it is heavy and lies near the surface, quadrupeds fall easy victims in this death-trap. Even the hunters suffered from severe headache and nausea, after their brief stay.—Golden Days.

Buried Cities In Central Asia.

The Norwegian traveler, Sven Hedin, has contributed to a German journal, Globus, an interesting account of his journeyings in central Asia in the district north of the Kwenlung mountains. Ruins of large towns were discovered which had been buried by successive sandstorms spreading over a thousand years, hence very modern from a Petrie point of view. Separate houses were uncovered of very fragile construction consisting of wooden pillars, while the walls were put together of plaited reeds covered with mud. The latter were rendered at once impervious and suitable for decoration by being coated with white plaster. Drawings were discovered on these walls, and well executed, of human figures, horses, dogs and flowers, and judging by the copies which have been brought back, of no small artistic merit. Small figures of Buddha were also dug up, as well as various fruit trees which told a tale of the bygone days when this arid surface was once made fertile by the waters of the River Kerija.—N. Y. Post.

A Curiosity, Indeed.

"I don't see anything peculiar about this specimen," said the visitor to the museum as he stepped in front of the last exhibit.

"Don't you, indeed?" repeated the manager, scornfully. "Let me tell you we can't duplicate him on this continent. He's the young man just learning to ride a bicycle who never talks 'wheel' when he's not riding."—Buffalo Times.

CHINA'S GREATEST MAN.

Li Hung Chang and His Standing with the People.

That was a strange collocation of a single day's dispatches which told how Li Hung Chang, upon his arrival at Pekling, had been made minister of foreign affairs and had been reprimanded for omitting one or more of the proper forms in paying respects to the dowager empress. It was known before that the lady was a great stickler for etiquette, though in this she does not differ from some Christian sovereigns of her sex. She is a great stickler also for more substantial things and is believed to have done her full share toward getting the middle kingdom into its recent scrapes. The conjunction of reprimand and promotion would be very incredible anywhere else, but it is no more incredible in China than things that have indubitably happened, as, for example, the quick succession of the privation of the yellow jacket and its restoration, followed by the bestowal of a confidential mission which anywhere else would denote a man whom the king delighted to honor.

It is quite hopeless for an occidental to attempt to penetrate the mysteries of Chinese politics. The more the kingdom is laid open by conquering invaders the less do we understand what is disclosed. The want of apprehension seems to be shared by men who have given their lives to understanding. For a generation or so Great Britain has been conciliating China and treating Japan with contempt, upon the theory that China was a valuable ally against Russian aggression. When Great Britain had succeeded in alienating Japan in the supposed interest of China, and Japan had conquered China, it suddenly appears that it is Russia which gets the ultimate benefit of all the proceedings. For there does not seem to be any doubt that the concession of a Chinese outlet for the Siberian railway has in fact been made.

There is reason to doubt, however, that Li Hung Chang has been made minister of foreign affairs. In the first place there is no such minister and, indeed, no such ministry; and in China that is rather more than a detail. Of the administrative boards which among them mismanage the empire, not one of them is specifically a department of foreign affairs, and if they were it would be a board and not an individual. "Abroad" is as much ignored in all Chinese official arrangements as Mr. McKinley would like to see it in the industrial exchange, or Mr. Bryan in finance. In the next place the report does not take account of the dead weight of inertia that the mandarin class can and does oppose to any attempt to assimilate their country to the rest of the world, or to put it in line with modern progress. The contempt of mere ignorance, such as the untutored Chinaman exhibits for foreigners, is nothing to the contempt of Chinamen tutored after the Chinese mode of education. Li Hung Chang is an energetic person, but he is quite helpless against this inert resistance. We may be quite sure that a Chinaman who believes that the isolation of China ought to be modified is looked upon either as a harmless visionary or dangerous radical. Li Hung Chang cannot be put in the former class, and so he must belong to the latter. In the course of his voyage around the world he has expressed himself in favor of fuller and freer trade with his own country, and this is to the mandarins a sentiment alarming and revolutionary. Though the innovator is an old man in the scale of human life he is a mere boy in that of Chinese civilization and its representatives, who count themselves some 2,000 years older and consequently wiser than he.—Harper's Weekly.

A Precious Cannon.

A cannon made of solid gold, mounted upon a carriage of rosewood, inlaid with costly gems, is the unique bauble of warfare that has come into the possession of the imperial army of Berlin. As a valuable acquisition to the armament of the kaiser's own soldiery this unique field-piece is more interesting than terrible. No other armory in the world can boast of a field cannon so beautiful or costly. This singular gun was presented to the Berlin army by the managers of the Hamburg museum, in whose keeping it has been for two centuries. Guns of this sort are not produced to-day, and a war is made with cannon that are more effective in their destructive powers than pleasing to the aesthetic taste. The outward appearance of this monster jewel is most delicate in workmanship. It is valued at £5,000, though, as a matter of fact, it could not be purchased for twice that amount of money. The liveliest interest in this marvelous military engine has been evinced by Emperor William, and he has ordered a special guard to be placed over the precious cannon, which, two days in the week, is on view to curious Berliners and the strangers within the German capital's gates.—Toledo Blade.

A Day with the Sultan.

A writer in the Paris says that the working day of the sultan of Turkey, with his secretaries, is from six o'clock in the morning until noon, when he partakes of a slight breakfast, and afterward goes for a walk in his park, which has been designed after the English fashion. When he returns to the palace he gives audiences up till eight o'clock in the evening. He dines mostly alone, occasionally in the company of an ambassador. In the evening he plays with one of his children, takes a turn at the piano, which he loves, his favorite composition being "La Fille de Mme. Angot."—Chicago Times-Herald.

South American Jewelry.

One of the principal occupations of jewelers in the cities and towns of Chili and Peru is making gold crowns set with precious stones for the heads of images in churches and cathedrals. They usually are adorned by wealthy women, who thus pay homage to the saints.—Chicago Tribune.

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Undoubtedly the handsomest train between Chicago and St. Paul, Minneapolis, the Superiors and Duluth is the "North-Western Limited," which leaves Chicago at 6:30 p. m. daily via the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Ry). Its equipment, which is entirely new throughout, and embraces Compartment Sleeping Cars, Buffet, Smoking and Library Cars, standard Sleeping Cars, Dining Cars and ladies' coaches, has every luxury which imagination can conceive or mind invent for the comfort and convenience of passengers. All agents sell tickets via the Chicago & North-Western Ry. For full information apply to agents of connecting line, or address W. B. KNISKERN, G. P. and T. A., Chicago, Ill.

"Do you think, Mr. Grafly, that Callow has lost his mind?" "There is no reason to hope that he has, madam."—Detroit Free Press.

Garden Spots of the South.

The Passenger Department of the Louisville & Nashville R. R. has just issued a hundred page book with the above title. It is descriptive of the resources and capabilities of the soil of the counties lying along this line in the states of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Southern Mississippi and Western Florida. It also contains a county map of the above mentioned states, and is well worthy of a perusal of any one interested in the South. A copy will be sent to any address upon receipt of ten cents in silver or stamps, by C. P. ATMORE, Gen. Pass. Agt., Louisville, Ky. Semi-monthly excursions South. Write for particulars.

LAWLESS are they that make their wills their law.—William Shakespeare.

Borne Down with Infirmities,

Age finds its surest solace in the benignant tonic aid afforded by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which counteracts rheumatic and malarial tendencies, relieves growing inactivity of the kidneys, and is the finest remedy extant for disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. Nervousness, too, with which old people are very apt to be afflicted, is promptly relieved by it.

In the Yosemite Valley a while ago, a young fellow went out on the edge of a shelving precipice two thousand feet high, and balanced himself on his head. A little slip or little puff of wind would have sent him to eternity. Not one man in a million would be that kind of a fool. But nine men in ten are all the time taking foolish chances.

There is no deadly peril about a little fit of indigestion or biliousness, and yet if a man allows these troubles to get a hold on him he is taking serious risks. Dyspepsia alone seldom kills anybody; that is, it only kills you by inches, and takes a good many years doing it. But it weakens and undermines the constitution so that it is all ready to receive and fertilize the dangerous diseases which do kill you outright.

Disease-germs won't grow in healthy blood any more than corn will grow on a rock. A man who keeps his digestion perfect and his blood pure may eat and drink and breathe disease-germs, but they gain no foothold. They are cast out of the system. But a man with a dyspepsia-weakened constitution breathes in typhoid or diphtheretic germs and down he goes.

The best health-insurance a man can have is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It acts directly on the stomach and liver. It gives the blood-making organs power to make healthy blood. It clarifies the blood from all impurities, and builds up the healthy flesh, muscular power and nerve energy, which fortifies you against disease.

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TEMPERANCE.

THE RUM TRAGEDY

If I had understood her trusting heart—
Had known the meaning deep of loving ways—
Had I been more kind and true in those old days—
Had I been wise to choose "the better part,"
Then I need not have heard so soon her solemn mort.

If I had caught her subtilities of thought,
Could I have heard the lisp of hidden speech,
Could I have climbed to higher planes, where each
The other's pulse of higher sense had caught,
Then I had done in part—ay, simply what I ought.

Had I reciprocated every wistful gaze—
If I had noticed when she felt so sad,
And done some kindly thing to make her glad—
Had given a tender word, a little praise,
Then I had never writ these mournful shameful lays.

But I was nervous, restless, discontent—
I groveled low in by, forbidden ways.
And grew morose and cross in these old days;
Regardless of her love I came and went,
And oft in revelry my days and nights were spent.

Strong drink had made me blind to every good—
I failed to see the bleeding heart that lay
All torn and throbbing in her breast a prey
To unrequited love—a love that would
Have made my home a Heaven if I had understood.

Debased, debauched, demoniac possessed,
I heeded not the true regard
That ruled her royal soul; and so was hard
Of heart, and thus destroyed her peace and rest,
And wore the life away, of all good wives the best.

But when, too late, too late, I saw her pass
Away, ay! saw within her dying eyes,
As clear and pure and true as summer skies,
The deepened love of long lost years, the crass
Vile veil of rum fell from my eyes, too late, alas!

Too late I saw my crime—too late, I knew—
The blade was keen—too late I understood—
I saw my hands all crimsoned with her blood,
And then her love and faith upon me grew
Till all my blindness passed away as morning dew.

—Lyman W. Denton, M. D.

DR. NANSEN'S TESTIMONY.

The Successful Arctic Explorer Has No Use for Alcoholic Stimulants.

While science and physiology long ago exploded the idea that whisky keeps out the cold, there are still those who hold to the notion that spirits are adapted for cold climates and seasons; to all such we commend the testimony of Dr. Nansen, whose experience abundantly confirms science and physiology. Let it be borne in mind the explorer is no teetotal fanatic, but he is a strong-minded, clear-headed, practical man, who is a total abstainer because he believed if he took alcohol he never would succeed.

Before the doctor started on his long and trying voyage of discovery, he had an offer of two cases of old Scotch whisky from a gentleman who evidently believed in its virtues. In his reply to the person who conveyed the offer, Dr. Nansen said:

"As you know, I am of opinion that the use of alcoholic drinks, especially in arctic regions, is to be prevented (avoided), so I cannot accept the kind offer of Mr. J—— to supply me with very fine old Scotch whisky."

This was dated May 15, 1893, from Lysaken, Christiania. On a previous occasion Dr. Nansen had to cross on foot the cold region of Greenland, and, along with several companions, spent several weeks on floating ice. For 40 days they tramped over frozen snow with 80 degrees of frost, and in referring to this journey the doctor said:

"The only spirits we took were as fuel for our stove to melt the snow, that we might have water to drink. I believe the use of stimulants to be a mistake."

So on this greater journey he took no alcohol with him for drinking purposes; only methylated spirits for the purpose of cooking, in a region where no firewood could be obtained.

SIGNIFICANT FACTS.

Comparison Between Two English Localities, One With, the Other Without Saloons.

The Westminster Gazette gives the following account of effective prohibition in England: "There is a more remarkable instance of the working of prohibition in England than the teetotal colliery village of Roe Green, Lancashire (a correspondent reminds us), both because of the much larger number of people affected, and because of the immediately adjoining area in which drink shops abound, which makes comparison both interesting and useful. Some 30 years ago the owner of a large estate in Liverpool, which was to be let for building purposes, applied the direct veto to the whole of his property by inserting a clause in the leases prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors on his estate, and this area, which now covers more than half the township of Toxteth and the whole of the parliamentary division of East Toxteth, is entirely under prohibition. Two hundred streets, 12,000 houses and 60,000 people without public house in their midst! The results of this have been remarkable. In the prohibition area in 1891 the death rate was in some districts as low as ten to twelve per thousand, and in others 14; in the area outside, in which public houses abound, the death rate was 41 per thousand. The typhus and typhoid fever map, published by the health officer of Liverpool, closely corresponds with the map showing the number of public houses in the same locality. Nine-tenths of the applications for parish relief come from the district where public houses and typhus prevail."

The entire number of retail liquor dealers in the United States for the year ending June 30, 1894, was 215,410, as against 249,863 in the year previous. It takes 2,000,000 boys every generation for raw material for the saloons.—Union Signal.

A DYING DRUNKARD.

Pen Picture of the Horrible Agonies Endured.

Did you ever see a drunkard die?

Go with me and I will raise the curtain and show you the horrors of that awful hour.

Look at the once handsome, noble man of God, surrounded by his heart-broken, terror-stricken wife and children. Delirium tremens blaze through his agonized, guilty soul, while he yells, screams and roars like a caged lion, and shrinks and crouches from a thousand snaky, forked tongues, as they hiss and bite him with their fiery stings. No artist can paint the awful terrors of that terrible hour, as I gazed upon the dying drunkard in his convulsions of departure. The background must become tinted in awful shades, whilst every tail of the fiery serpent carries a sting, and every mouth is filled with poisonous fangs. A scaly dragon, with eyes of rolling fire, nostrils of crackling flame, terrific wings fringed with jagged barbs, tipped in venom, with a tail of crushing windings, while in whose explosive wake of infernal and grinning hobgoblins seem to mocking-

HE SCREAMED IN AGONY.

ly hover. I can never forget that midnight scene. His piteous, plaintive wail echoes sadly through the corridors of passing years, as I hear him wildly shriek: "Snakes! dragons! monsters! dropping on me from the ceiling, rushing over my bed from the floor, dancing all through the air, plunging red-hot tongues of fire into my mouth and ears! O God, snatch me from this cave of vipers!" Four stout men could not hold this dying wretch in his bed. He screamed in agony, as he said every feather in his pillow and bed, and every flower on the wall paper and in the carpet, and on the bed clothes was a hissing serpent from the opened pit of the damned. This man was once a leader in Christian circles, full of hope and promise, surrounded by friends, wealth and growing influence; but, alas! he became a moderate drinker, and often boasted of his power to quit the habit of an occasional dram. To-day his heart-broken widow weeps in her rags, and her poor cabin home echoes with the hungry wails of her orphaned children, while opulent church members all around her stupidly-petitioned the county court to grant a license to first deceive, then destroy, the body, soul and spirit forever of him who was her only earthly stay and shield. Over the royal gateway of life is written in burnished gold: "No drunkard shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven."—E. M. Grandfield, in the Pilot.

GENERAL GLEANINGS.

Many of the children in Maine never saw a drunkard.

A home for inebriates is being considered by the Queensland government.

Ivan Tourgueneff, the Russian novelist, neither smokes nor uses alcoholic drinks.

Many a man dies on the scaffold who wouldn't, if there were no saloon.—Ram's Horn.

Sinful pleasures never satisfy. The pleasure lasts only as long as the sin lasts. The practice of iniquity may be pleasant, but memory is painful.—The Southeast.

Men who say the hardest things about the drunkard and the drunkard maker don't say hard things against the maker of the drunkard maker. They are not given to testifying against themselves.—Corner Stone.

For its 300,000 population San Francisco has 3,260 licensed saloons besides other places where drink can be procured. It is not a matter of surprise, consequently, that there were 15,392 arrests last year for drunkenness.

One dollar for religion and $12 for drink is the ratio between Christianity and the drunkard making business in this country, as estimated by Dr. Carroll, of the Independent. How long will it take at that ratio to save the boys of America.—Religious Telescope.

The saloon is the greatest breeder of pauperism and crime there is. It is not the man with a clear mind and eye, who is holding a good position, that commits a crime; it is the man with a ruined life and a brain reeling with liquor. Last year there were 10,300 murders committed in America, and of these nearly 10,000 were the direct result of liquor.—Rev. Dr. Williams.

The Trail of the Serpent.

The trail of the serpent, which is over all things related in any way to the liquor traffic, will soon be made in France, according to reports. M. Paul Leroy Beaulieu, the most trustworthy and eminent of all writers on political and social economy in France, declares that the country is about to involve itself in another scandal, surpassing in gravity even that of Panama, in connection with the conversion of the fabrication and rectification of alcohol into a state monopoly. M. Beaulieu declares that the project will bring ruin to all concerned, and that the millard of revenue which the promoters expect to obtain for the state is a perfect delusion, pointing at Switzerland, where the government monopoly of alcohol is about to be abolished after a disastrous trial of six years.—Christian Work.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Three copies of the Bible, writt on leaves of the fan palm, are in t British museum.

—A codfish recently caught off Fla borough Head, England, had insule it 59 fish hooks.

—A floating island in the Sab river, 50 acres in extent, and cover with water hyacinths, floated for week up and down the stream, near Orange, Tex.

—Two mischievous boys in Haskel Me., touched a match to a squirre tail to see if it would burn. The anima ran under a house, and the blazing tail set it on fire.

—Some regard for decency is dis played by the proprietor of a restau rant in Asburn, Ore. A sign on t wall reads thus: "Gentlemen are quested not to swear when ladies present."

—The servant girls in Decatur, have formed a union to regulate wag One of the laws is that when a gir employed in a family which is increased by the addition of a "little stranger," the wages of the servant must be advanced one dollar a month.

—The four great tunnels of the world are cited as an illustration of the marked diminution of the cost of engineering works during the past quarter of a century. The Hoosac tunnel, the oldest of the four, cost $500 a foot; the Mount Cenis, the next in date, $475; the St. Gothard, $365; and the Arlberg, the most recent, only $200.

—Superintendent Hubbard, of the Clackamas hatchery at Oregon City, Ore., is to send to Washington specimens of young salmon which have died in large numbers at the hatchery of a strange disease, the only manifestation of which is a white spot on the fish's belly. Half the 2,000,000 fishes brought from the Salmon river have been killed by it.

—The making of artificial ears seems to have reached scientific perfection within the last decade. Made of a specially prepared rubber, flesh-colored in the rough, they are painted by hand in exact imitation of the remaining ear of the unfortunate customer, and as carefully "touched" and marked over as an artist's picture. The maker gets $100 apiece for them.

EDIBLES FROM REFUSE.

Scarcely Anything Is Wasted In France.

All visitors to Paris rave about the delicacy of the food and daintiness of the service. They do not know some of the ways followed by restaurants and chefs. At the lower class of Paris restaurants a very ingenious fraud has been in practice for half a century. They make beef tea or bouillon without beef—warm water colored and flavored with burned onions and caramel as bouillon. To supply the little grease bubbles which connoisseurs demand was the only trouble. Finally a cook hit upon the ingenious device of blowing a spoonful of fresh oil over the soup. The oil immediately forms in tiny beads on the surface and there is your soup. Nowadays every cafe of this sort has its employe aux yeux de bouillon, whose sole duty is to make the little eyes or bubbles of grease on the soup.

Parisians of a certain class are immensely fond of ham, so much so that the number of hams eaten in Paris could not be furnished by all the pigs killed in France, even allowing for the shoulder as well as the leg being cured—this being the French practice. The demand is supplied by buying up old ham bones and ingeniously inserting them into pieces of pickled pork, which are trimmed into shape, covered with grated bread crusts and then sold for ham. In this way a bone does duty for hundreds of times. Still, the supply of bones was limited, and it was not inconvenient to be put out if one's neighbor did not return the ham bone which the dealer relied upon securing the day before to recover for you. So a man conceived the idea of manufacturing ham bones wholesale, and made a fortune from the sale of these artificial foundations. Nowadays, therefore, ham is plentiful in Paris.—Boston Herald.

A FROG HUNTING DOG.

The Queer Work Performed by an Irish Setter.

"Talk about your dog stories," said a prominent sporting man the other day. "I saw something out at Cutoff lake which beat anything I ever heard of. I was out there hunting snipe and saw a man riding around on horseback and in front of him was circling an Irish setter. As the fellow did not have any gun, my curiosity was aroused to know what he was doing, but I supposed he was simply breaking his dog. In a few minutes I saw him ride up to where the dog was on a dead stand and the horseman proceeded to jab a pole he was carrying down into the ground and, bringing it up, took something off the end of it. My curiosity was greater than ever, and circling around I came up with the horseman and asked him what he was doing.

"'Hunting frogs,' was the reply.

"'What is the dog doing?' said I.

"'Hunting frogs,' was the laconic answer.

"'You don't mean to tell me that the dog will set the frogs, do you?'

"'I don't mean anything else.'

"A few more questions and answers brought out the fact that the dog had seen his master hunting around in the grass for frogs and spearing them and had of his own accord taken up the task of locating the green beauties. He was a thoroughly trained hunter on birds and he soon became very expert in locating frogs, so his owner informed me, and my observations of his movements confirmed the man's statements."—Omaha Bee.

Looks Are Deceitful.

She—I think a girl looks awful cheap when she first becomes engaged.

He—She may look cheap, but you can bet she's not.—Yonkers Statesman.

RICHES OF THE SOUTH.

The Mountains Said to Be Full of Gold and Precious Stones.

One of the mineralogical experts of a large mining company recently returned to New York after an extended trip through the south in the interest of his organization, and, in speaking about the mineral resources of the southern states, he said:

"I have passed through nearly all the mining sections of the south to examine the mineral products of the interests of a number of capitalists, and, after a careful survey of the field, it is my honest belief that the future mining operations of this country will be in the south, instead of the west. I found the Appalachian range particularly rich in all the auriferous and argentiferous ores, not only in Virginia, but throughout the whole length into Alabama. In Georgia the rich deposits are well known, and companies are now rapidly organizing to mine the various ores. In South Carolina the deposits of monazite (crystals of a rare metal known as cerium, used only in chemistry, and worth $160 an ounce) have been found so valuable that a big industry has been built up in the Piedmont section. It is estimated that this [illegible] is now valued at several mil- [illegible] though it is only a [illegible] years old. When I visited the fields everybody was looking for monazite, and the business will bring in at least $100,000 to the people of the Piedmont section this year. Owners of apparently worthless land have let it out to contractors at the rate of $200 an acre, and these miners make big profits besides. A few years ago the owners would have been glad to have received three or four dollars per acre for this land.

"There is more gold in the south than any man ever imagined. Traces of it crop up in the most unexpected places, and there must be some valuable veins hidden away in the mountains that will some day be discovered and startle the country. Cripple Creek will be nothing to the southern gold fields after they have once been located. It seems strange, but the fact is nevertheless true, that the south has never been thoroughly examined for mineral and gold products. Before the war everybody went west to find gold, and the south was given over to cotton, tobacco, sugar and rice. After the war closed nothing was done for a long time to develop the industries of the southern states, but now we are beginning to realize that a great, undeveloped field spreads out before us. There are scores of gold prospectors traveling through the mountains of the south, looking for the treasures that are sure to come to light some day. People speak about the future supply of gold being found in Africa! Why, more gold is buried in the Appalachian range of mountains than they will find in Africa in the next 100 years. But the mountains are so vast, and the region so little known, that it will take time to locate the best mines even after the prospectors have been attracted to the place.

"Another thing about the southern mines is that many of the most precious stones have been picked up at various points, and where such jewels are spread out on the surface you can rest assured that there are others further down under the ground. For instance, at Corumbum Hill some beautiful sapphires have been found. There are some that I secured from a miner. They were not mining for sapphires, but happened to pick them up while mining for ores. Over 100 sapphires have been found at this place, and most of them are valued at $50 to $100 and upward.

"The fact is that we have a country capable of producing all the precious stones known to science, but so much attention has been given to the mining of iron, coal, oil, silver and gold that the more precious products of the rocks have been neglected. I remember distinctly in California, when the gold fever was at its height, miners threw up several fairly good specimens of diamonds, but in their craze for the yellow metal they paid no attention to the precious stones. They knew all about gold mining, but nothing about diamonds. Now that the gold fields have been exhausted, I guess many of them wish they had stopped and pocketed some of the precious stones they threw away. If we made as thorough preparation for diamond mining as they do in South Africa, we would find this country much richer in materials than anybody anticipates. A company has recently been organized to develope the mines of precious stones in the south, and it has a number of agents in the field making examinations. They will include in their work all of the precious stones, diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, beryls, garnets and every other gem of any value. They will be provided with the proper machinery, and not with coal and gold mining implements. It is all wrong to suppose that a coal or gold miner would unearth the precious stones if they happened to be in the mountains. The precious stones are not always found where the gold and coal fields are located. It needs distinct machinery and methods, and this is the only way that we can ever hope to develop the gem resources of this country. The company which I have been traveling for has already made negotiations for large tracts of mineral land along the Appalachian system, and it will make immediate efforts to develop the mines. I have no doubt but they will strike many unexpected fields of precious gems, and the country will get a new idea of the resources of the mines of the south."—Philadelphia Times.

For the Cook.

To improve sweetbreads and give a fine flavor soak them in a mild lemon-juice water one hour, then boil in beef stock 20 minutes.

Sharpen all kinds of fish sauce with lemon juice.

Chocolate is greatly improved by adding a teacup of strong coffee just before serving. A teaspoon of sherry gives a delicious flavor also.—Chicago Tribune.

JAPAN'S EXPANSION.

How She Feels in Regard to Australia.

The German papers inform England that there are other besides English-speaking races imbued with the desire for new territory. It would be interesting to know in how far our German contemporaries acknowledge the right to expand of nations outside of Europe. Japan, to the horror of the European element in the far east, turns her attention toward the Indian ocean. We condense the following account by Mr. Audley Coote in the Argus, Melbourne:

"While in a car with several Japanese officers they were conversing about Australia, saying that it was a fine, large country, with great forests and excellent soil for the cultivation of rice, coffee, tea and other tropical products. The whites settled in Australia, so thought these officers, are like the dog in the manger. Some one will have to take a good part of Australia to develop it, for it is a pity to see so fine a country lying waste. England is a useful enough nation as an ally to Japan, but if any ill-feeling arose between the two countries it would be a wise thing to send some battleships to Australia and annex part of it. I found that this is the prevalent opinion in Japan, and it is certainly not surprising that this [illegible] small country, teeming with its 40,000,000, should regard Australia, with only 4,000,000, with a certain amount of covetousness."

Commenting upon this, the Argus says:

"We have not formulated or even discussed any rational policy to guide us in our dealings with these eastern neighbors; consequently the attitude of Australia must be one of simple aloofness. Mr. Coote's tidings are an eloquent homily to Queensland as to the necessity for federation and a reminder to the colonies generally how precarious the position of Australia would be were it not an integral part of the British empire. While that is as menace can only arise to Australia in the event of a great war in which the naval strength of the empire is overtaxed. In such a case Japan, enrolled upon the side of England's enemies, would be an important factor in the sum from the Australian point of view."

The Australians, therefore, like the Spaniards, are not inclined to do more than take note of the fact that danger may threaten them from Japan. It is different with the Dutch. They talk of taking the bull by the horns. Prof. Schlegel writes in the Dagblad, The Hague, as follows:

"The only way to guard against attacks upon the colonies by the Japanese is to drive them out of Formosa. Holland must take possession of Formosa. The remembrance of Dutch rule has not yet been eradicated in that island, and both Chinese and natives would welcome our return as putting an end to the reigning anarchy. True, Japan would not voluntarily give up the island. But that is not necessary. Perhaps Russia and France, and even England, would join Holland in dispossessing the Japanese. The seed sown by Dutch ministers and teachers two centuries ago would then speedily bear fruit."—Literary Digest.

HOW CHILDREN ARE SPOILED.

The Young Mother Fosters Ugly Traits by Injudicious Management.

The dangers that cluster about the untried feet of the young mother begin from the very first dawning of her babe's intelligence. Long before she dreams of his knowing anything or receiving mental impressions, the seeds are sowing for good or ill in his character. I have watched the growth of weeds that, with the lightest touch, might have been tipped away from the tender soil, but time passed by and the intruder flourished apace. Get control of your child during the first three years and you are sure of him. If the habit of obedience and deference is firmly rooted then he will never fail you in after years when he has slipped the apron leash.

The trouble is too often with the parents. The mother herself fosters ugly traits by injudicious management. Her baby refuses to kiss her. She makes believe to cry about it and thus gives a lesson that will soon have him crying for what he wants. He bumps his head and she whips the door or whatever it was that hurt him, thus teaching him to be combative and spiteful. What is it that makes nearly all children liars and many of them thieves? They are trained to be so by the unconscious fingers that point the way. The mother promises anything, everything to keep peace and avoid a combat with the little creature, who even now is beyond her control. She does not fulfill those promises and the child becomes her judge. Never tell a lie to a child, or in any way deceive him, if you would hope to get the proper influence. Do not rob him of the happiness of supreme trust in you. It will cling to him through life. —Ladies' Home Companion.

Asked Too Much.

"Is it true that your engagement is broken?"

The beautiful girl inclined her head slightly and acted as if she considered the subject a particularly painful one.

"He must have done something terrible," persisted the best friend. "I never knew of anyone more devoted than you."

"We could have been happy if it were not for his intolerant spirit," answered the beautiful girl. "I gave in to him on every point that I could and still retain my independence, but when he insisted that I should give up my bicycle and ride the make he favored it was too much."—Chicago Post.

—Sedan, where Emperor Napoleon III. surrendered himself and his army to the Germans, is a small fortified town of the French department of Ardennes, 150 miles northeast of Paris. It is famous for having been the place where the Sedan chair was invented and first used.

HOW KEROSENE IS REFINED.

Something About a Remarkable American Industry.

How many housekeepers, as they fill their lamps with kerosene oil or their summer stoves with gasoline, have any idea how these oils are made? And yet a few miles from Chicago, at Whiting, Ind., is the largest oil refinery in the world.

Naphtha, benzine, gasoline or kerosene, the last often called coal or illuminating oil, belong to the same family. The three first named being lighter oils, do not require nearly so much handling to bring them to perfection as the kerosene. This, of course, is easy to believe, but when it is said that from the same crude oil, after all the lighter oils have been distilled out, wax is made so closely resembling the product of the bee as to deceive even an expert, and that it is used in chewing gum factories, candle factories, laundries and even in candy factories, one is often met with a polite look of doubt or an incredulous shrug of the shoulders. Yet it is so. It is possible to go yet further, and say that hundreds of homes in Whiting and Chicago will be made comfortable this winter by the refuse that adheres to the bottom and sides of the "stills" after even the wax has been pressed out. This refuse makes a good coke, is easily lighted and is warmer, cleaner and cheaper than coal. Hundreds of tons are removed from the stills daily before they are "charged" again, and hundreds of those who use this fuel do not know that it was once crude oil, dug in the Ohio fields and piped on to Whiting. The carbon used in electric lights is also made from this coke. Nothing is wasted.

As the most common the kerosene oil is perhaps the most interesting of the products. After leaving the crude stills it appears again in "sweetening stills," or in the "compound cylinders," which perform the same work as the sweetening stills, but in a newer invention, and is patented by an outsider, who allows only 40 in each refinery. The "sweeteners" form an important factor in the refining of Ohio oil. Owing to the "compound" before mentioned and the continuous friction of the immense wire brushes, which keep the oil in a mad whirl, it loses much of its bad odor. It is again vapored off, cooled in the condenser boxes and passed off into the "steam stills" for the next process.

In the steam stills it is treated just the same as in the two previous processes, with the addition of a washing by steam from perforated pipes passing through it. It is "vapored" off as before, and now one would suppose that it was ready for use. Not quite. The kerosene oil now passes into the agitator for the final process. The agitator is a funnel-shaped tank in which the oil is treated with acid and beaten and blown about by a machine called a blower and washed by torrents of water until it roars like the lake in a storm. Every particle of foreign matter is thus expelled. It is then pumped off into the storage tanks for shipping. —Chicago Tribune.

THE PRISONER'S FRIEND.

Beneficent Results of a Little Girl's Humane Act.

Thirty-eight years ago a little girl, named Linda Gilbert, began a thoughtful and most useful work, where such work had not been done by other and older people. Her father's house was in Chicago opposite to what was then the old brick prison. On her way to and from school she passed directly beneath the grated windows of the city prison. Many were the rude faces she saw peering out of these windows as she hurried by. One morning an old man who was serving a sentence in the prison, and who had noticed the child passing daily, spoke to her through the bars or iron.

"Won't you bring me something to read, my dear?" he asked, plaintively. "I am very lonesome here, and have nothing to do. Bring me any kind of book, that's a good girl."

No prisoner had ever spoken to the ten-year-old child before, and half-interested, she hurried home and told her father the incident. He immediately gave her a book from his library to take to the prisoner. In a short time the little messenger had made friends with the old man, who seemed to be touched for the first time in his life. Every Sunday after that the child carried a book to the prison, asked for the man who talked to her through his grated window, and gave him a new book to read. Several months later, the prisoner became mortally ill and sent for his little benefactor. Before she went away the dying man said:

"Promise me, child, you'll do as much for my comrades in prison as you've done for me."

"I will," said Linda, solemnly.

She kept her word, and for a long time confined her labors to prisoners in her own state. Hundreds of discharged convicts came to her. She had been their prison friend, and was their only hope when they were released. No one went away without assistance. To some she gave money; to others clothes and shelter and employment.

The first county jail library in Chicago was established by her. Soon she reached out into other states. She interested her friends in the work and gave a library of 2,000 volumes to the county jail in St. Louis. Thousands of books began to be sent to her from people all over the country, and these she distributed to many prisons. Now she began to be known throughout the west as "The Prisoner's Friend."

Ludlow street jail, the tombs, the house of detention, in New York, have each libraries due to Miss Gilbert's efforts. It is impossible to estimate the far-reaching influence over depraved people that this consecrated woman exerted; and when she died in October, 1895, the prisoners of the country mourned the loss of their best friend. The resolve of a child produced this wonderful result.—Youth's Companion.

TEMPERANCE.

THE RUM TRAGEDY

If I had understood her trusting heart—
Had known the meaning deep of loving ways—
Had I been more kind and true in those old days—
Had I been wise to choose "the better part,"
Then I need not have heard so soon her solemn mort.

If I had caught her subtilities of thought,
Could I have heard the lisp of hidden speech,
Could I have climbed to higher planes, where each
The other's pulse of higher sense had caught,
Then I had done in part—ay, simply what I ought.

Had I reciprocated every wistful gaze—
If I had noticed when she felt so sad,
And done some kindly thing to make her glad—
Had given a tender word, a little praise,
Then I had never writ these mournful shameful lays.

But I was nervous, restless, discontent—
I groveled low in by, forbidden ways,
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And wore the life away, of all good wives the best.

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Away, ay! saw within her dying eyes,
As clear and pure and true as summer skies,
The deepened love of long lost years, the crass
Vile veil of rum fell from my eyes, too late, alas!

Too late I saw my crime—too late, I knew—
The blade was keen—too late I understood—
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The Successful Arctic Explorer Has No Use for Alcoholic Stimulants.

While science and physiology long ago exploded the idea that whisky keeps out the cold, there are still those who hold to the notion that spirits are adapted for cold climates and seasons: to all such we commend the testimony of Dr. Nansen, whose experience abundantly confirms science and physiology. Let it be borne in mind the explorer is no teetotal fanatic, but he is a strong-minded, clear-headed, practical man, who is a total abstainer because he believed if he took alcohol he never would succeed.

Before the doctor started on his long and trying voyage of discovery, he had an offer of two cases of old Scotch whisky from a gentleman who evidently believed in its virtues. In his reply to the person who conveyed the offer, Dr. Nansen said:

"As you know, I am of opinion that the use of alcoholic drinks, especially in arctic regions, is to be prevented (avoided), so I cannot accept the kind offer of Mr. J—— to supply me with very fine old Scotch whisky."

This was dated May 13, 1893, from Lysaken, Christiania. On a previous occasion Dr. Nansen had to cross on foot the cold region of Greenland, and, along with several companions, spent several weeks on floating ice. For 40 days they tramped over frozen snow with 80 degrees of frost, and in referring to this journey the doctor said:

"The only spirits we took were as fuel for our stove to melt the snow, that we might have water to drink. I believe the use of stimulants to be a mistake."

So on this greater journey he took no alcohol with him for drinking purposes; only methylated spirits for the purpose of cooking, in a region where no firewood could be obtained.

SIGNIFICANT FACTS.

Comparison Between Two English Localities, One With, the Other Without Saloons.

The Westminster Gazette gives the following account of effective prohibition in England: "There is a more remarkable instance of the working of prohibition in England than the teetotal colliery village of Roe Green, Lancashire (a correspondent reminds us), both because of the much larger number of people affected, and because of the immediately adjoining area in which drink shops abound, which makes comparison both interesting and useful. Some 30 years ago the owner of a large estate in Liverpool, which was to be let for building purposes, applied the direct veto to the whole of his property by inserting a clause in the leases prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors on his estate, and this area, which now covers more than half the township of Toxteth and the whole of the parliamentary division of East Toxteth, is entirely under prohibition. Two hundred streets, 12,000 houses and 60,000 people without public house in their midst! The results of this have been remarkable. In the prohibition area in 1891 the death rate was in some districts as low as ten to twelve per thousand, and in others 14; in the area outside, in which public houses abound, the death rate was 41 per thousand. The typhus and typhoid fever map, published by the health officer of Liverpool, closely corresponds with the map showing the number of public houses in the same locality. Nine-tenths of the applications for parish relief come from the district where public houses and typhus prevail."

The entire number of retail liquor dealers in the United States for the year ending June 30, 1894, was 215,419, as against 249,863 in the year previous. It takes 2,000,000 boys every generation for raw material for the saloons.—Union Signal.

A DYING DRUNKARD.

Pen Picture of the Horrible Agonies Endured.

Did you ever see a drunkard die?

Go with me and I will raise the curtain and show you the horrors of that awful hour.

Look at the once handsome, noble man of God, surrounded by his heart-broken, terror-stricken wife and children. Delirium tremens blaze through his agonized, guilty soul, while he yells, screams and roars like a caged lion, and shrinks and crouches from a thousand snaky, forked tongues, as they hiss and bite him with their fiery stings. No artist can paint the awful terrors of that terrible hour, as I gazed upon the dying drunkard in his convulsions of departure. The background must become tinted in awful shades, whilst every tail of the fiery serpent carries a sting, and every mouth is filled with poisonous fangs. A scaly dragon, with eyes of rolling fire, nostrils of crackling flame, terrific wings fringed with jagged barbs, tipped in venom, with a tail of crushing windings, while in whose explosive wake of infernal and grinning hobgoblins seem to mocking-

HE SCREAMED IN AGONY.

ly hover. I can never forget that midnight scene. His piteous, plaintive wail echoes sadly through the corridors of passing years, as I hear him wildly shriek: "Snakes! dragons! monsters! dropping on me from the ceiling, rushing over my bed from the floor, dancing all through the air, plunging red-hot tongues of fire into my mouth and ears! O God, snatch me from this cave of vipers!" Four stout men could not hold this dying wretch in his bed. He screamed in agony, as he said every feather in his pillow and bed, and every flower on the wall paper and in the carpet, and on the bed clothes was a hissing serpent from the opened pit of the damned. This man was once a leader in Christian circles, full of hope and promise, surrounded by friends, wealth and growing influence; but, alas! he became a moderate drinker, and often boasted of his power to quit the habit of an occasional dram. To-day his heart-broken widow weeps in her rags, and her poor cabin home echoes with the hungry wails of her orphaned children, while opulent church members all around her stupidly petitioned the county court to grant a license to first decoy, then destroy, the body, soul and spirit forever of him who was her only earthly stay and shield. Over the royal gateway of life is written in burnished gold: "No drunkard shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven."—E. M. Grandfield, in the Pilot.

GENERAL GLEANINGS.

Many of the children in Maine never saw a drunkard.

A home for inebriates is being considered by the Queensland government.

Ivan Tourgeneeff, the Russian novelist, neither smokes nor uses alcoholic drinks.

Many a man dies on the scaffold who wouldn't, if there were no saloon.—Ram's Horn.

Sinful pleasures never satisfy. The pleasure lasts only as long as the sin lasts. The practice of iniquity may be pleasant, but memory is painful.—The Southeast.

Men who say the hardest things about the drunkard and the drunkard maker don't say hard things against the maker of the drunkard maker. They are not given to testifying against themselves. —Corner Stone.

For its 300,000 population San Francisco has 3,260 licensed saloons besides other places where drink can be procured. It is not a matter of surprise, consequently, that there were 15,392 arrests last year for drunkenness.

One dollar for religion and $12 for drink is the ratio between Christianity and the drunkard making business in this country, as estimated by Dr. Carroll, of the Independent. How long will it take at that ratio to save the boys of America.—Religious Telescope.

The saloon is the greatest breeder of pauperism and crime there is. It is not the man with a clear mind and eye, who is holding a good position, that commits a crime; it is the man with a ruined life and a brain reeling with liquor. Last year there were 10,300 murders committed in America, and of these nearly 10,000 were the direct result of liquor.—Rev. Dr. Williams.

The Trail of the Serpent.

The trail of the serpent, which is over all things related in any way to the liquor traffic, will soon be made in France, according to reports. M. Paul Leroy Beaulieu, the most trustworthy and eminent of all writers on political and social economy in France, declares that the country is about to involve itself in another scandal, surpassing in gravity even that of Panama, in connection with the conversion of the fabrication and rectification of alcohol into a state monopoly. M. Beaulieu declares that the project will bring ruin to all concerned, and that the milliard of revenue which the promoters expect to obtain for the state is a perfect delusion, pointing at Switzerland, where the government monopoly of alcohol is about to be abolished after a disastrous trial of six years.—Christian Work.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Three copies of the Bible, writt... on leaves of the fan palm, are in t... British museum.

—A codfish recently caught off Flan... borough Head, England, had inside ... it 59 fish hooks.

—A floating island in the Sab... river, 50 acres in extent, and cover... with water hyacinths, floated for ... week up and down the stream, near... Orange, Tex.

—Two mischievous boys in Haskel... Me., touched a match to a squirre... tail to see if it would burn. The anima... ran under a house, and the blazing tail ... set it on fire.

—Some regard for decency is dis... played by the proprietor of a restau... rant in Auburn, Ore. A sign on th... wall reads thus: "Gentlemen are ... quested not to swear when ladies ... present."

—The servant girls in Decatur, ... have formed a union to regulate wag... One of the laws is that when a girl ... employed in a family which is increased ... by the addition of a "little stranger," ... the wages of the servant must be ad... vanced one dollar a month.

—The four great tunnels of the world are cited as an illustration of the marked diminution of the cost of engineering works during the past quarter of a century. The Hoosac tunnel, the oldest of the four, cost $500 a foot; the Mount Cenis, the next in date, $475; the St. Gothard, $365; and the Arlberg, the most recent, only $200.

—Superintendent Hubbard, of the Clackamas hatchery at Oregon City, Ore., is to send to Washington specimens of young salmon which have died in large numbers at the hatchery of a strange disease, the only manifestation of which is a white spot on the fish's belly. Half the 2,000,000 fishes brought from the Salmon river have been killed by it.

—The making of artificial ears seems to have reached scientific perfection within the last decade. Made of a specially prepared rubber, flesh-colored in the rough, they are painted by hand in exact imitation of the remaining ear of the unfortunate customer, and as carefully "touched" and marked over as an artist's picture. The maker gets $100 apiece for them.

EDIBLES FROM REFUSE.

Scarcely Anything Is Wasted in France.

All visitors to Paris rave about the delicacy of the food and daintiness of the service. They do not know some of the ways followed by restaurants and chefs. At the lower class of Paris restaurants a very ingenious fraud has been in practice for half a century. They make beef tea or bouillon without beef—warm water colored and flavored with burned onions and caramel as bouillon. To supply the little grease bubbles which connoisseurs demand was the only trouble. Finally a cook hit upon the ingenious device of blowing a spoonful of fresh oil over the soup. The oil immediately forms in tiny beads on the surface and there is your soup. Nowadays every cafe of this sort has its employe aux yeux de bouillon, whose sole duty is to make the little eyes or bubbles of grease on the soup.

Parisians of a certain class are immensely fond of ham, so much so that the number of hams eaten in Paris could not be furnished by all the pigs killed in France, even allowing for the shoulder as well as the leg being cured—this being the French practice. The demand is supplied by buying up old ham bones and ingeniously inserting them into pieces of pickled pork, which are trimmed into shape, covered with grated bread crusts and then sold for ham. In this way a bone does duty for hundreds of times. Still, the supply of bones was limited, and it was not inconvenient to be put out if one's neighbor did not return the ham bone which the dealer relied upon securing the day before to recover for you. So a man conceived the idea of manufacturing ham bones wholesale, and made a fortune from the sale of these artificial foundations. Nowadays, therefore, ham is plentiful in Paris.—Boston Herald.

A FROG HUNTING DOG.

The Queer Work Performed by an Irish Setter.

"Talk about your dog stories," said a prominent sporting man the other day. "I saw something out at Cutoff lake which beat anything I ever heard of. I was out there hunting snipe and saw a man riding around on horseback and in front of him was circling an Irish setter. As the fellow did not have any gun, my curiosity was aroused to know what he was doing, but I supposed he was simply breaking his dog. In a few minutes I saw him ride up to where the dog was on a dead stand and the horseman proceeded to jab a pole he was carrying down into the ground and, bringing it up, took something off the end of it. My curiosity was greater than ever, and circling around I came up with the horseman and asked him what he was doing.

"'Hunting frogs,' was the reply.

"'What is the dog doing?' said I.

"'Hunting frogs,' was the laconic answer.

"'You don't mean to tell me that the dog will set the frogs, do you?'

"'I don't mean anything else.'

"A few more questions and answers brought out the fact that the dog had seen his master hunting around in the grass for frogs and spearing them and had of his own accord taken up the task of locating the green beauties. He was a thoroughly trained hunter on birds and he soon became very expert in locating frogs, so his owner informed me, and my observations of his movements confirmed the man's statements."—Omaha Bee.

Looks Are Deceitful.

She—I think a girl looks awful cheap when she first becomes engaged.

He—She may look cheap, but you can bet she's not.—Yonkers Statesman.

RICHES OF THE SOUTH.

The Mountains Said to Be Full of Gold and Precious Stones.

One of the mineralogical experts of a large mining company recently returned to New York after an extended trip through the south in the interest of his organization, and, in speaking about the mineral resources of the southern states, he said:

"I have passed through nearly all the mining sections of the south to examine the mineral products of the interests of a number of capitalists, and, after a careful survey of the field, it is my honest belief that the future mining operations of this country will be in the south, instead of the west. I found the Appalachian range particularly rich in all the auriferous and argentiferous ores, not only in Virginia, but throughout the whole length into Alabama. In Georgia the rich deposits are well known, and companies are now rapidly organizing to mine the various ores. In South Carolina the deposits of monazite (crystals of a rare metal known as cerium, used only in chemistry, and worth $160 an ounce) have been found so valuable that a big industry has been built up in the Piedmont section. It is estimated that this industry is now valued at several mil... of dollars, although it is only a ... years old. When I visited the fields everybody was looking for monazite, and the business will bring in at least $400,000 to the people of the Piedmont section this year. Owners of apparently worthless land have let it out to contractors at the rate of $200 an acre, and these miners make big profits besides. A few years ago the owners would have been glad to have received three or four dollars per acre for this land.

"There is more gold in the south than any man ever imagined. Traces of it crop up in the most unexpected places, and there must be some valuable veins hidden away in the mountains that will some day be discovered and startle the country. Cripple Creek will be nothing to the southern gold fields after they have once been located. It seems strange, but the fact is nevertheless true, that the south has never been thoroughly examined for mineral and gold products. Before the war everybody went west to find gold, and the south was given over to cotton, tobacco, sugar and rice. After the war closed nothing was done for a long time to develop the industries of the southern states, but now we are beginning to realize that a great, undeveloped field spreads out before us. There are scores of gold prospectors traveling through the mountains of the south, looking for the treasures that are sure to come to light some day. People speak about the future supply of gold being found in Africa! Why, more gold is buried in the Appalachian range of mountains than they will find in Africa in the next 100 years. But the mountains are so vast, and the region so little known, that it will take time to locate the best mines even after the prospectors have been attracted to the place.

"Another thing about the southern mines is that many of the most precious stones have been picked up at various points, and where such jewels are spread out on the surface you can rest assured that there are others further down under the ground. For instance, at Corundum Hill some beautiful sapphires have been found. Here are some that I secured from a miner. They were not mining for sapphires, but happened to pick them up while mining for ores. Over 100 sapphires have been found at this place, and most of them are valued at $50 to $100 and upward.

"The fact is that we have a country capable of producing all the precious stones known to science, but so much attention has been given to the mining of iron, coal, oil, silver and gold that the more precious products of the rocks have been neglected. I remember distinctly in California, when the gold fever was at its height, miners threw up several fairly good specimens of diamonds, but in their craze for the yellow metal they paid no attention to the precious stones. They knew all about gold mining, but nothing about diamonds. Now that the gold fields have been exhausted, I guess many of them wish they had stopped and pocketed some of the precious stones they threw away. If we made as thorough preparation for diamond mining as they do in South Africa, we would find this country much richer in materials than anybody anticipates. A company has recently been organized to develope the mines of precious stones in the south, and it has a number of agents in the field making examinations. They will include in their work all of the precious stones, diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, beryls, garnets and every other gem of any value. They will be provided with the proper machinery, and not with coal and gold mining implements. It is all wrong to suppose that a coal or gold miner would unearth the precious stones if they happened to be in the mountains. The precious stones are not always found where the gold and coal fields are located. It needs distinct machinery and methods, and this is the only way that we can ever hope to develop the gem resources of this country. The company which I have been traveling for has already made negotiations for large tracts of mineral land along the Appalachian system, and it will make immediate efforts to develop the mines. I have no doubt but they will strike many unexpected fields of precious gems, and the country will get a new idea of the resources of the mines of the south."—Philadelphia Times.

For the Cook.

To improve sweetbreads and give a fine flavor soak them in a mild lemon juice water one hour, then boil in beef stock 20 minutes.

Sharpen all kinds of fish sauce with lemon juice.

Chocolate is greatly improved by adding a teacup of strong coffee just before serving. A teaspoon of sherry gives a delicious flavor also.—Chicago Tribune.

JAPAN'S EXPANSION.

How She Feels in Regard to Australia.

The German papers inform England that there are other besides English-speaking races imbued with the desire for new territory. It would be interesting to know in how far our German contemporaries acknowledge the right to expand of nations outside of Europe. Japan, to the horror of the European element in the far east, turns her attention toward the Indian ocean. We condense the following account by Mr. Andley Coote in the Argus, Melbourne:

"While in a car with several Japanese officers they were conversing about Australia, saying that it was a fine, large country, with great forests and excellent soil for the cultivation of rice, coffee, tea and other tropical products. The whites settled in Australia, so thought these officers, are like the dog in the manger. Some one will have to take a good part of Australia to develop it, for it is a pity to see so fine a country lying waste. England is a useful enough nation as an ally to Japan, but if any ill-feeling arose between the two countries it would be a wise thing to send some battleships to Australia and annex part of it. I found that this is the prevalent opinion in Japan, and it is certainly not surprising that this small country, teeming with its 40,000,000, should regard Australia, with its 4,000,000, with a certain amount of covetousness."

Commenting upon this, the Argus says:

"We have not formulated or even discussed any rational policy to guide us in our dealings with these eastern neighbors; consequently the attitude of Australia must be one of simple aloofness. Mr. Coote's tidings are an eloquent homily to Queensland as to the necessity for federation and a reminder to the colonies generally how precarious the position of Australia would be were it not an integral part of the British empire. While that is so menace can only arise to Australia in the event of a great war in which the naval strength of the empire is overtaxed. In such a case Japan, enrolled upon the side of England's enemies, would be an important factor in the sum from the Australian point of view."

The Australians, therefore, like the Spaniards, are not inclined to do more than take note of the fact that danger may threaten them from Japan. It is different with the Dutch. They talk of taking the bull by the horns. Prof. Schlegel writes in the Dagblad, The Hague, as follows:

"The only way to guard against attacks upon the colonies by the Japanese is to drive them out of Formosa. Holland must take possession of Formosa. The remembrance of Dutch rule has not yet been eradicated in that island, and both Chinese and natives would welcome our return as putting an end to the reigning anarchy. True, Japan would not voluntarily give up the island. But that is not necessary. Perhaps Russia and France, and even England, would join Holland in dispossessing the Japanese. The seed sown by Dutch ministers and teachers two centuries ago would then speedily bear fruit."—Literary Digest.

HOW CHILDREN ARE SPOILED.

The Young Mother Fosters Ugly Traits by Injudicious Management.

The dangers that cluster about the untried feet of the young mother begin from the very first dawning of her babe's intelligence. Long before she dreams of his knowing anything or receiving mental impressions, the seeds are sowing for good or ill in his character. I have watched the growth of weeds that, with the lightest touch, might have been flipped away from the tender soil, but time passed by and the intruder flourished apace. Get control of your child during the first three years and you are sure of him. If the habit of obedience and deference is firmly rooted then he will never fail you in after years when he has slipped the apron leash.

The trouble is too often with the parents. The mother herself fosters ugly traits by injudicious management. Her baby refuses to kiss her. She makes believe to cry about it and thus gives a lesson that will soon have him crying for what he wants. He bumps his head and she whips the door or whatever it was that hurt him, thus teaching him to be combative and spiteful. What is it that makes nearly all children liars and many of them thieves? They are trained to be so by the unconscious fingers that point the way. The mother promises anything, everything to keep peace and avoid a combat with the little creature, who even now is beyond her control. She does not fulfill these promises and the child becomes her judge. Never tell a lie to a child, or in any way deceive him, if you would hope to get the proper influence. Do not rob him of the happiness of supreme trust in you. It will cling to him through life. —Ladies' Home Companion.

Asked Too Much.

"Is it true that your engagement is broken?"

The beautiful girl inclined her head slightly and acted as if she considered the subject a particularly painful one.

"He must have done something terrible," persisted the best friend. "I never knew of anyone more devoted than you."

"We could have been happy if it were not for his intolerant spirit," answered the beautiful girl. "I gave in to him on every point that I could and still retain my independence, but when he insisted that I should give up my bicycle and ride the make he favored it was too much."—Chicago Post.

—Sedan, where Emperor Napoleon III. surrendered himself and his army to the Germans, is a small fortified town of the French department of Ardennes, 150 miles northeast of Paris. It is famous for having been the place where the Sedan chair was invented and first used.

HOW KEROSENE IS REFINED.

Something About a Remarkable American Industry.

How many housekeepers, as they fill their lamps with kerosene oil or their summer stoves with gasoline, have any idea how these oils are made? And yet a few miles from Chicago, at Whiting, Ind., is the largest oil refinery in the world.

Naphtha, benzine, gasoline or kerosene, the last often called coal or illuminating oil, belong to the same family. The three first named being lighter oils, do not require nearly so much handling to bring them to perfection as the kerosene. This, of course, is easy to believe, but when it is said that from the same crude oil, after all the lighter oils have been distilled out, wax is made so closely resembling the product of the bee as to deceive even an expert, and that it is used in chewing gum factories, candle factories, laundries and even in candy factories, one is often met with a polite look of doubt or an incredulous shrug of the shoulders. Yes it is so. It is possible to go yet further, and say that hundreds of homes in Whiting and Chicago will be made comfortable this winter by the refuse that adheres to the bottom and sides of the "stills" after even the wax has been pressed out. This refuse makes a good coke, is easily lighted and is warmer, cleaner and cheaper than coal. Hundreds of tons are removed from the stills daily before they are "charged" again, and hundreds of those who use this fuel do not know that it was once crude oil, dug in the Ohio fields and piped on to Whiting. The carbon used in electric lights is also made from this coke. Nothing is wasted.

As the most common the kerosene oil is perhaps the most interesting of the products. After leaving the crude stills it appears again in "sweetening stills," or in the "compound cylinders," which perform the same work as the sweetening stills, but in a newer invention, and is patented by an outsider, who allows only 40 in each refinery. The "sweeteners" form an important factor in the refining of Ohio oil. Owing to the "compound" before mentioned and the continuous friction of the immense wire brushes, which keep the oil in a mad whirl, it loses much of its bad odor. It is again vapored off, cooled in the coudenser boxes and passed off into the "steam stills" for the next process.

In the steam stills it is treated just the same as in the two previous processes, with the addition of a washing by steam from perforated pipes passing through it. It is "vapored" off as before, and now one would suppose that it was ready for use. Not quite. The kerosene oil now passes into the agitator for the final process. The agitator is a funnel-shaped tank in which the oil is treated with acid and beaten and blown about by a machine called a blower and washed by torrents of water until it roars like the lake in a storm. Every particle of foreign matter is thus expelled. It is then pumped off into the storage tanks for shipping. —Chicago Tribune.

THE PRISONER'S FRIEND.

Benificent Results of a Little Girl's Humane Act.

Thirty-eight years ago a little girl, named Linda Gilbert, began a thoughtful and most useful work, where such work had not been done by other and older people. Her father's house was in Chicago opposite to what was then the old brick prison. On her way to and from school she passed directly beneath the grated windows of the city prison. Many were the rude faces she saw peering out of these windows as she hurried by. One morning an old man who was serving a sentence in the prison, and who had noticed the child passing daily, spoke to her through the bars or iron.

"Won't you bring me something to read, my dear?" he asked, plaintively. "I am very lonesome here, and have nothing to do. Bring me any kind of book, that's a good girl."

No prisoner had ever spoken to the ten-year-old child before, and half-interested, she hurried home and told her father the incident. He immediately gave her a book from his library to take to the prisoner. In a short time the little messenger had made friends with the old man, who seemed to be touched for the first time in his life. Every Sunday after that the child carried a book to the prison, asked for the man who talked to her through his grated window, and gave him a new book to read. Several months later, the prisoner became mortally ill and sent for his little benefactor. Before she went away the dying man said:

"Promise me, child, you'll do as much for my comrades in prison as you've done for me."

"I will," said Linda, solemnly.

She kept her word, and for a long time confined her labors to prisoners in her own state. Hundreds of discharged convicts came to her. She had been their prison friend, and was their only hope when they were released. No one went away without assistance. To some she gave money; to others clothes and shelter and employment.

The first county jail library in Chicago was established by her. Soon she reached out into other states. She interested her friends in the work and gave a library of 2,000 volumes to the county jail in St. Louis. Thousands of books began to be sent to her from people all over the country, and these she distributed to many prisons. Now she began to be known throughout the west as "The Prisoner's Friend."

Ludlow street jail, the tombs, the house of detention, in New York, have each libraries due to Miss Gilbert's efforts. It is impossible to estimate the far-reaching influence over depraved people that this consecrated woman exerted; and when she died in October, 1895, the prisoners of the country mourned the loss of their best friend. The resolve of a child produced this wonderful result.—Youth's Companion.

The Republican.

BENJ. A. MCNELL, Editor and Proprietor
L. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THURSDAY, DEC. 24, 1896.

HON. ROSWELL G. HORR, editor of the New York *Tribune*, died at his home in Plainfield, N. J., on last Friday. Many of our readers will remember Mr. Horr when he visited Mountain Lake Park two or three years ago.

"THAT some may be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence it is just encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let not him who is homeless pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently and build one for himself; thus, by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Dollar Wheat and Silver.

The fact that wheat touched the dollar mark last month without a corresponding rise of silver is worthy of the attention of those who think low silver means low wheat and ruin to the farmer. It restores respect for the matter-of-fact law, known in the markets but unknown in our recent politics, that price is determined by the relation of supply and demand. We were recently taught that price was put down by the wicked gold-bugs working through legislation, but it turns out that a short crop in Europe and famine in India may disregard the wiles of bugs of all sorts. Silver is still low. Its price has nothing to do with the price of wheat. What is also remarkable is the fact that the price of wheat went up in spite of the preservation of the gold standard in the recent election. Silver was "not in it."

Tariff Prospects.

Washington advices state that a canvass of the situation discloses an encouraging prospect for tariff legislation. It is found that the long winded Democrats and Populists of the Senate are not supposed to filibuster against the bill, but are inclined to assist its passage after they have taken as much time as they need to put upon record a number of speeches for campaign use.

The discovery of this state of affairs is said to have occasioned surprise. But it is not at all surprising. It is clearly to the interest of the Bryanites to get the tariff out of the way so that the campaign of 1900 shall turn exclusively on the currency issue. Although the tariff was a side issue in the last presidential campaign, it was a great help to the Republican party, and in many places doubtless turned the scale.

Some Silly Estimates.

The New York *Journal's* correspondents have been trying to find out how many men could probably be mustered in defense of their country "in case of war with a foreign power." The queries are asking in view of the remote possibility of war with Spain on account of Cuba.

Some of the answers will strike the general reader as rather humorous. Indiana, for example, promises 10,000 men; Virginia thinks that 3,000 volunteers could be depended upon to fight for the United States, while California has 5,000 patriotic volunteers, and Wisconsin thinks she could spare a force carefully estimated at 2,800. It must be remembered that these men are not to go to Cuba to fight in the revolutionary army, but are to enlist in defense of the United States against a foreign foe.

The estimates are ridiculous. Spain should place no reliance upon them. If the President of the United States should find it necessary to call for volunteers, such figures as these would look silly before the call had been out an hour. Kentucky alone would furnish more colonels then all the men promised from the four States named. Gov. Hasting replied to the *Journal's* query: "I do not care to estimate the number of troops who would volunteer from Pennsylvania in case of a war with Spain." His difficulty would be to put the figure high enough.

Mr. Wellington's Views.

There appears to be doubt as to whether the Cameron resolution recognizing the independence of Cuba would pass the House, even if the Senate should reach a vote. Mr. Wellington is quite sure that the resolution will be rejected if it ever reaches the House. To the Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* Mr. Wellington said:

"I have been studying the matter closely and I do not believe any action will be taken by the present Congress affecting the matter one way or the other. I have talked with a number of Senators and am convinced they are beginning to think the time has not come for such decisive action as has been proposed by the foreign relations committee of the Senate. However, if the resolutions should pass the Senate, they will not pass the House. The sentiment here is unquestionably in favor of letting matters alone. What the country needs is rest and restoration of confidence, and as long as the talk of war continues confidence cannot be restored. In order to improve our commercial and industrial conditions we have to restore confidence not only among ourselves, but also among the people of other countries with whom we have commercial relations. The country does not want war and the House of Representatives is not disposed to take any ill-advised step that will make war probable. It would unquestionably be injudicious to take such action just as we are about to have a change of administration and before we have had an opportunity to ascertain what will be the policy of the next President respecting questions now in dispute."

Loose Definition.

Mr. Bryan, in reply to queries addressed to him by *The Richmond State* asking him "Why are you a Democrat?" and "What constitutes Democracy?" undertakes to show that possibly in a latitudinarian and general sense a believer in Democracy is a Democrat. He says:

"In a broad sense a Democracy is a government in which the people rule, and a Democrat is one who believes in such a government."

So far Mr. Bryan is vague, but correct. But he immediately adds:

"In a party sense, Democracy is defined by the Chicago platform, and the person who supports the party and its platform can call himself a Democrat."

From this it would appear that a man may be satisfied to "call himself a Democrat" without being a believer in Democracy.

There certainly is a difference between Democrats who are Democrats because they believe in Democracy and Democrats who are Democrats because they concur in a Populist platform adopted by a Democratic Convention.

The Democrats who were Democrats in 1892 were believers in Democracy and not in Populism. But in 1896, "in the whisk of a lamb's tail," Democracy was repudiated and Populism adopted. According to Mr. Bryan the Populists, like himself, were thereafter entitled to call themselves Democrats, and the Democrats who still cling to the old-fashioned Democracy were out in the cold.

Populism, it is true, was lugged neck and heels into the camp of the Democratic party at the Chicago Convention, but the attempt to substitute the bastard for the true child will never succeed. Democracy is the same thing in 1896 that it was in 1783.

Senator Morgan, of Alabama, to whom *The State* addressed the same interrogations, has a much clearer idea of Democracy than the rattle-brained Nebraskan. He says:

"I do not think that any man's right to be classed as a Democrat is to be determined always by his acting with or against the majority of his party on a particular measure. Whatever assails the rights of a State, under the Constitution, or any right guaranteed to or reserved to the people is opposed to Democracy."

One Cent Postage.

The deficit of over $8,000,000 in the postoffice department, which is shown by the report of Postmaster General Wilson for the fiscal year which ended June 30th, 1896, threatens to postpone one-cent letter postage for some time to come. It appears to be the contemplation of the postal laws to render the postal service self-sustaining, and from the fact that the postmaster general endeavors to explain away the causes of the annual shortage indicates that he feels himself held responsible to make both ends meet. The causes assigned for the shortage is second class matter sent at the pound rates. The increase in this pound-rate matter is put down at 37,000,000 pounds for the year.

The postmaster general urges Congress to pass such laws as will confine such matter within bounds. To the uninformed this explanation may be sufficient, but is it proper to compel the senders of letter mail to pay for the transportation of other matter? It is a well established fact that one cent for each half ounce letter postage would pay the cost of transportation of letter mail.

The report of the postmaster general, however, omits to note two heavy drains upon the revenues of the postoffice department, namely, the transportation of "free" matter and the indiscriminate establishment of fourth class postoffices.

Congress has given the President and his cabinet and both houses of Congress the privilege of the free use of the mails. This privilege is used to the extent of abusing it. The free matter transported in the mails last year was over 94,000,000 pounds. The Baltimore *Sun*, in discussing this subject, says:

"Why not limit the franking privilege? That it is abused can hardly be questioned. The average member of Congress can now use the mails to conduct his political campaigns. He can, at the expense of the government, keep his district flooded with speeches tending to his own glorification, ostensibly designed to educate his constituents, but really intended to promote his private ends. The government also could not be restricted to mailing only such letters and documents as are necessary in a purely business way. The franking privilege was not created for the purpose of making "deadheads" out of the government and our statesman. When used for public and necessary purposes it is a very good thing and no objection can or will be made. But its abuse has grown to be so flagrant that a halt should be called at once upon the reckless way in which it is too often employed for private ends."

Those enterprising statesmen read whole books on the floor of Congress in order to have them printed in the Congressional Record, so as to send them out as political literature free of charge.

Nearly every fourth-class postoffice established is an expense to the government for carrying the mail over a longer route, besides the equipment for the new office. The multiplication of fourth-class offices in many cases lessens the efficiency of the service and should be limited by law. It is not right that one cent postage should be made dependent upon these abused and unlimited privileges granted by the postal laws and pressure ought to be brought to bear on Congress to pass salutary laws so as to make one-cent postage a possibility.

The Free Book Fund.

To the Editor of The Republican.

The letter published in your columns last week from the pen of Prof. U. G. Palmer should be read by every voter in the State of Maryland. The present law for the distribution of the fund for the purchase of free school books, as also the one making distribution of the State school fund, is one which works great injustice to the children of our county. With Charles county getting $14.40 per capita for the white children who attend its public schools, St. Mary's, $13.09, Calvert, $10.56, Anne Arundel, $10.62, while Garrett gets $2.85, the least of any county in the State.

This is a great injustice to our people, an outrage perpetrated in the name of law and civilization, which would be a disgrace to the highwayman who demands your money or your life.

Our people are entitled to better treatment at the hands of the sister counties of our State.

Charles county, by the help it gets from the State, pays by tax upon her own people for the support of her schools 12 cents on the $100; St. Mary's, 12½; Calvert, 12, and they are enabled to keep their schools open for long terms. In Calvert the term each year since 1870 has been ten months; Charles not less than nine months in any year and most years ten months, and St. Mary's county ten months most years during the same period, while Garrett has only three years in her history been able to keep her schools open seven and a-half, although our people pay more according to our taxable basis than any county in the State and nearly three times as much as the counties above mentioned; we have had as low as thirty-five days, while several years we had but two and a-half months. This is a terrible evil. There are boys and girls growing up in our county who at night gather around the firesides of our people, who will soon be men and women engaged in the fierce battle for existence with those who have had the privileges afforded them to obtain an education in other counties. "Knowledge is power" never was more true than to-day, and boys and girls of Garrett will be pushed to the wall and many of them will curse the day when their lot fell to them in this county. Our people have done more than those of any other county in the State. We are being grevionsly wronged, unjustly treated by a law enacted by the Legislature of this State. This question must be agitated until this unjust law is repealed and the boys and girls of Garrett county given the same rights and privileges of those of other counties.

Prof. Palmer has sounded the keynote. Let it be kept up until the law, which is a curse to our people, is blotted out forever. In the meantime, while it may seem hard and no doubt is, can we not for the sake of our children, for the sake of humanity, do something more ourselves? Is it not possible, although paying more than any county in the State already? Can we not (when we consider that no remedy can come from the State for nearly two years) do something more ourselves? It is true that many of our people feel the burden of taxation heavily, yet a little more all around and we could have another month's school.

This is a terrible. What we want is a remedy, and the only one I can see for the next two years is for us to help ourselves, and in the meantime wake up on this question, demand our rights from the State and fight along until we get them.

Yours for justice for the boys and girls of Garrett county.

A. F. GEORGE.

Notice.

On January 1st, 1897, the firm of D. E. Offutt & Son will be changed to that of D. E. Offutt & Sons by taking into the firm Mr. Charles Ellwood Offutt.

Thanking our friends and the public generally for their very liberal patronage heretofore, we hope to merit a continuance of the same.

All parties having unsettled accounts with the old firm will please call and settle same by cash or note.

2t. D. E. OFFUTT & SON.

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

BY "NEMO."

Each individual male reader will have to judge of the justice of the following attack upon our sex. It is the expression of a woman's opinion. The very eagerness of a man for his meals shows him to be the inferior animal. Keep him hungry when he reaches home and there is peace neither for God nor woman, for he finds fault with both. To make a man docile and tractable you must treat him like a snake, gorge him." This may be brilliant, but it is too severe, particularly as woman from the story of Eden onward has not shown great skill in managing snakes; and possibly not much more in managing men. The woman, to whom a man is nothing more than a thing to be petted and pampered with this and that gratification, will find her theory strongly confirmed by the "animal" within him. But the woman who believes in other, grander possibilities in man will find them there, because she expects and demands them. Men are, after all, but plastic clay, and take on readily the forms into which the gentle hands of woman mold them. This also has been shown from the story of Eden onward. At least that is what "Nemo" thinks.

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Never have any hesitation about learning from others. If we each were held down to the knowledge we could acquire by personal travel and investigation the amount we did not know would be even more monumental than it now is. But beware, you omnivorous learners, of acquiring ideas and then having them remain unassimilated, like the food on an overloaded stomach. As to learning, I would say, be in a skeptical frame of mind; reject the things that you prove to be untrue; read, mark, learn and inwardly digest all the truths that you approve, or that reach you from reliable sources, and let them become part of *you*; just as the steak you eat and assimilate is no longer steak, but has become part of *you*, your blood, your brain, your power.

To be sincere in this advice as to skepticism, I should have to warn you against accepting statements because they are in print; alas, this would include even these "Thoughts." For them I ask no hearing, no reception except where they interpret some little particle of the great universe of Truth, divine and human, in which we live, and of which we permit ourselves to partake, some more and some less, as we journey.

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It is quite the regular thing to find fault with the weather forecasts issued from Washington and local bureaus. Surely because we expect too great a prescience from fallible men. When we remember that observations in the upper strata of air are still practically unattainable, and yet that those high regions are liable to exert sudden influence upon the lower strata, from whose conditions the forecast has been circulated, then we shall be ready to concede that the bureau does great things. By means of its work the average farmer or coastwise mariner can gain knowledge at a given moment of general conditions in the most remote regions, as well as in his own immediate neighborhood. It works entirely in the line with the cooperative instinct that thrills our age; the feeblest aided and advised by trained experts. Of course crops still suffer from violent storms, ships are wrecked. The farmer cannot go and uproot his crops just because a cyclone is coming. But more than once in every year each farmer and seaman is greatly aided by his knowledge of the probabilities of twenty-four hours, and thereby are dollars and lives most freely saved. The fateful moment of the season is naturally different for every locality, so that each hour throughout the year some one gains immense benefit from his forewarned condition.

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A really brave deed always arouses enthusiasm; and not all brave deeds call for blood. With the hoarse pulsation of the drum in his ear, the rattle of musketry on every side, the frenzy of martial music in his veins, swept onward by the enthusiasm of shouts and of numbers, the soldier will glory in throwing away his life like a flower. But we are all called to a heroism far transcending that, a heroism that keeps us quietly and unobtrusively working for national and personal betterment in our little sphere unknown to the rest of the world, uncheered by the applause of men, unaided by the hoarse-throated cannon. Let me give publicly to one such brave deed, at least.

The newspapers from east to west have contained casual references to the recent burning of toll-gates by mobs in Kentucky. Right in the disaffected region lives the editor of the Vanceburg *Sun*, terribly dependent upon his local patrons as all country editors are. Yet on his first page he places a notice two columns wide and surrounded by a border. Abbreviated, it is as follows:

"The *Sun* is, has always been, and always will be, so long as the present management has the say-so in its columns, an advocate of the free turnpike system. . . . It has carried, and the result is assured. We now learn that there is a move on foot among some of the citizens to supersede the proper course . . . and to use force in making them free at once . . . If force is to be used in advance of the law *we will take up the cause at the gates* and do all we can to bring the guilty parties to justice. . . . We are for Lewis county, its people and their interests so long as they abide by the will of justice, *but not otherwise.*"

This is as brave an editorial utterance as I have seen for a long time, and is grandly refreshing after that which takes the life out of so much writing that could be powerful, the attempt to trim every breeze that blows.

Clear the Walks of Snow.

His Honor Mayor McComas has determined that the ordinance relating to the clearing of snow from the sidewalks of the town shall be strictly enforced and has served personal notice on all residents and property owners to that effect. To disobey the ordinance means a fine of not less than one dollar nor more than twenty-five dollars or imprisonment in the town lock-up. Get out your shovels.

TOMMIE'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

(With apologies to James Whitcomb Riley, if he cares.)

We ain't got no Chris'mus tree,
'Cause my Mamma's husban' he
'Ist forgot he had a kid,
'At's what my Ma's husban' did.

Pa, 'at's my Ma's husban' says
Trees ain't fash'able these days:
Ast him why, an' Pa says "cause
Don't believe in Santa Claus!"

Says he hates the noise an' fuss,
Makes him aggravate an' cuss;
Don't see why Ma keeps him, he
Ain't no use 'at I can see.

'F me was bim an' him was me
Bet I'd have a Christ'mus tree;
Ma 'ist smiles an' says "too bad!"
'At 'ist makes me awful mad.

Other little boys has Pas
What believes in Santa Claus,
Bate mean Pas—I'll tell him so
'Ist as soon as I can grow.

Wisht Ma lock him out to-night
When he comes, 'ist serve him right:
Make him stay out there an' then
Goblins an' bogie men

Ketch him 'fore the mornin' come—
Bet you then I'd have a drum,
An' a whistle 'at I'd blow
Whether he don't like er no.

Wisht—why, here's Pa, an' I see
That he's brought a Chris'mus tree;
Says he thought he'd fool the kid—
'At's 'ist what Ma's husban' did!

G. V. H.

A Winter Idyll.

A maid but twenty winters old—
Two eyes with gladness gleaming;
A callow youth of freshest mould
Upon her beauty beaming.

The wintry wind is sounding low
The music of its whistle,
And wafts toward her cheeks aglow
Full many a flaky missile.

He looks upon the merry maid
With merry eyes and mellow;
When, lo! there wanders to his ahl
A thought—the lucky fellow!

"Your dainty hand is cold as stone!"
Exclaims the fresh young chappy;
"Come, let me hold it in my own—
'Twould make my heart so happy."

"Ah, thanks, you're very kind," replies
That flippant maid of twenty;
"But"—toward the youth she turns her eyes—
"One muff is quite a plenty."

B. & O. Locomotives.

The last of the 75 locomotives ordered a few months ago by the B. & O. railroad have been delivered, and General Superintendent of Motive Power Harvey Middleton is now engaged in making exhaustive tests of their capacity. The order for these engines was divided as follows:

25—21x26 in. consolidation engines, class E-10, Nos. 1241 to 1265 inclusive, by the Richmond Locomotive works.

10—22x28 in. consolidation engines, class E-11, Nos. 1600 to 1609 inclusive, by the Cooke Locomotive works.

20—22x28 in. consolidation engines, class E-12, Nos. 1610 to 1629 inclusive by the Pittsburg Locomotive works.

10—22x28 in. consolidation engines, class E-13, Nos. 1630 to 1639 inclusive, by the Baldwin Locomotive works.

6—21x26 in. ten wheel passenger engines, 78 in. driving wheels, class B-14, Nos. 1308 to 1313 inclusive, by the Baldwin Locomotive works. These passenger engines are built from the plans furnished by General Superintendent of Motive Power Middleton, and are giving the very best of satisfaction.

4—20x26 in. ten wheel passenger engines, 68 in. driving wheels, class B-15, Nos. 1314 to 1317 inclusive, by the Baldwin Locomotive works. Also from plans drawn by Mr. Middleton.

This addition to the motive power of the B. & O. fills a large gap in the equipment.

General Manager W. M. Green of the B. & O. says that there is no truth in the report that the B. & O. is back of the Benton Harbor & Southern, now under construction, and the Cincinnati, Union City & Huntington railroads, which is being located in Indiana.

Estray Notice.

A red steer, about eighteen months old, no mark, came on our premises in New Germany the past summer. The owner can have his property by paying all expenses. Jacob S. Miller. Grantsville. 30-3.

relieve nausea

Scott's Emulsion

is made up of the most essential elements that go to nourish the body. Where the appetite is varying or lacking, it increases it, and where digestion is weak, it aids it to perform its function in a more vigorous way. It enriches the blood, makes healthy flesh and cures chronic coughs and colds by making it possible for the body to resist disease. Our friends tell us "IT WORKS WONDERS" but we never like to over-state the merits of our remedy even when it has been tested and tried for over twenty-five years. If you will ask for it, we will send you a book telling you more about the subject than we can put in a few words.

Go to your druggist for Scott's Emulsion. Two sizes, 50 cts. and $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

Christmas on the Rappahannock.

From Harper's Weekly.

The snow still fell; the keen wind, raw and fierce, cut to the bone. It was God's worst weather in God's forlornest, bleakest spot of ground, that Christmas day of '62 on the Rappahannock, a half mile below the town of Fredericksburg. But come, pick up your prostrate pluck, you shivering private. Surely there is enough dampness around without adding to it your tears.

"Let's laugh, boys."

"Hello, Johnny!"

"Hello yourself, Yank!"

"Merry Christmas, Johnny!"

"Same to you, Yank!"

"Say, Johnny, got anything to trade?"

"Parched corn and tobacco—the size of our Christmas, Yank."

"All right; you shall have some of our coffee and sugar and pork. Boys, find the boats."

Such boats! I see the children sailing them on the small lakes in our Central Park. Some Yankee, desperately hungry for tobacco, invented them for trading with the Johnnies. They were hid away under the banks of the river for successive relays of pickets.

We got out the boats. An old handkerchief answered for a sail. We loaded them with coffee, sugar, pork, and set the sail, and watched them slowly creep to the other shore. And the Johnnies! To see them crowd the bank and push and scramble to be first to seize the boats, going into the water and stretching out their long arms! Then when they pulled the boats ashore, and stood in a group over the cargo, and to hear their exclamations: "Hurrah for hog!" "Say, that's not roasted rye, but genuine coffee. Smell it, you uns." "And sugar, too." Then they divided the consignment. They laughed and shouted, "Reckon you uns been good to we uns this Christmas day, Yanks." Then they put parched corn, tobacco, and ripe persimmons into the boats and sent them back to us. And we chewed the parched corn, smoked real Virginia leaf and ate persimmons, which, if they weren't very filling, at least contracted our stomachs to the size of our Christmas dinner. And so the day passed. We shouted, "Merry Christmas, Johnny." They shouted, "Same to you, Yank." And we forgot the biting wind, the chilling cold; we forgot those men over there were our enemies, whom it might be our duty to shoot before evening.

We had bridged the river—spanned the bloody chasm. We were brothers, not foes, waving salutions of good will in the name of the Babe of Bethlehem, on Christmas day, in '62. At the very front of the opposing armies the Christ Child struck a truce for us—broke down the wall of partition, became our peace. We exchanged gifts. We shouted greetings back and forth. We kept Christmas, and our hearts were lighter for it and our shivering bodies were not quite so cold.

Unprofitable Newspaper Readers.

The custom of borrowing a neighbor's paper, says the Elsworth (Me.) *American*, has been called to our attention by the Bar Harbor *Record*, which mentions an instance where a subscriber wrote for an extra copy because her copy had been worn out by neighbors who had borrowed it. This is by no means an exceptional case. We know of cases where one copy of the *American* supplies a whole community with news, the paper going from house to house. It is flattering to the editor to find his paper so eagerly sought for, but it is not profitable—flattery wont pay bills. Not only is this practice unfair to the publisher, but in many cases it is a great inconvenience to the subscriber. It is not always that one can sit down and read a paper as soon as it is received, and there are other members of the family who wish to read it, too, but when a neighbor runs in to ask for it for a few minutes, the accommodating subscriber does not like to refuse. How often has the man of the family, after a busy day's work, settled himself for an hour with his paper, only to learn from his wife that Mrs. Soandso had borrowed it? The *American* considers every one of its subscribers a friend yet, thoughtlessly perhaps our friends are doing us an injustice when they loan their papers to a borrowing neighbor, who thereby receive the benefits of the paper without contributing his share to its support. We agree with the *Record*, that "the person who is too stingy to buy a paper which he wishes to read, is to mean to be permitted to borrow it."

Died a Maniac.

Samuel R. O. Speed, the young Englishman, who was released from jail in Baltimore Friday, pardoned by Gov. Lowndes, left his cell a raving maniac. On Sunday he died on a cot at Maryland general hospital. Speed was 33 years old, and came to America about 12 years ago. He was well educated, a brilliant mathematician, and had a particularly winning manner.

A little over a year ago he went to Baltimore, and was employed by Mrs. Blanche Woodyear as a tutor for her son. He forged Mrs. Woodyear's name on several checks and got into other monetary troubles, after serving a short term in Sing Sing. Speed as soon as released, was brought on a requisition to Baltimore, and he was convicted of the forgeries there. Mrs. Ballington Booth and Mrs. Cyrus W. Field took an interest in him, owing to his exemplary conduct while a prisoner at Sing Sing. They prevailed on Gov. Lowndes to pardon him. His wife lives in New York.

The Bridge Broke Down.

At Littleton, Wetzel county, W. Va., a wire suspension bridge over a creek broke down while crowded with people returning home from a church entertainment and about 30 or 40 people were thrown into the stream. One young man was killed, two others probably fatally hurt and 8 or 10 others injured.

The fact that the creek was low prevented greater loss of life.

Roll of Honor.

The following pupils of the fourth grade in the Oakland public school were neither absent nor tardy during the month ending Friday, Dec. 18:

Helen Fay, Effie Porter, Effie Mealy, Maud Ferguson, Moxie Cohen, Chaid Brown, John O'Donnell, Frank Byrd, Lee Bosley, Charles Sell and Getty Browning.

The Failure of the New Sectionalism.

The Baltimore *Sun* of yesterday talks out in language too plain to be misunderstood even by the most cantankerous Democrat, as follows:

The future of the Democratic party is a subject that just now very naturally engages the attention of all its thoughtful leaders. Except as an opposition party it is very plain that it has no immediate future. But this is a country in which political conditions are apt to change rapidly, and it is our habit as soon as one presidential contest is over to speculate upon the circumstances under which the next one will be waged.

An old proverb admonishes us that it is useless to cry over spilled milk, and without doubt the Democratic milk was badly spilled in the recent national election. At the same time it is not wholly useless to consider how and why the milk was spilled, with a view to discovering what practical steps may be taken toward recovering in 1898 and 1900 what was lost in 1896. It may be safely promised that as the divided national Democracy went to defeat this year, it cannot reasonably hope to remain divided and have any chance of conquering four years hence. There is apparently a disposition on the part of several of the Bryan leaders, including Mr. Bryan himself, to treat the recent national verdict as though it were not conclusive, but merely a temporary judgment, from which an appeal might be taken with success in 1900. But we see no indications of a tangible sort that the Democrats who refused to vote for free silver coinage at the late election can be either persuaded or coerced into changing their minds. Neither can we discern any solid ground for believing that, even if the Republican party should be so unwise as to leave the currency issue open, free silver coinage could be presented with any better chance of proving a winning card in the next national campaign than in the one which closed last month.

Many thousands of Democrats in every State voted for Mr. Bryan this year simply and solely because they regarded him as the regular standard-bearer of the party, without sharing his currency views, and fully believing that the Chicago platform was a blunder. That large body of voters, whose ballots were given to Mr. Bryan on what may be termed strictly technical grounds—in deference to the strict construction of a party man's obligation to stand by his party, right or wrong—will certainly object to a repitition of what they all along regarded as a disastrous piece of party strategy, which the final result certainly showed it to be. Yet we are told by some of the free-silver statesmen who cannot reconcile themselves to the will of the people as it was declared last month that the new Democratic party created at Chicago last summer has come to stay, and that it will stand inflexibly by its platform from now on until 1900, and that then it will seek victory again by appealing to the same sectional alliance which was expected to prove successful this year, but which failed so utterly at the ballot-box. They are still dreaming of a combination of Southern and Western electoral votes sufficiently strong to overpower "the capitalistic East."

Mr. Charles Nordhoff, in a recent letter to the New York *Herald*, points out very clearly the futility of basing any hope of future Democratic national success upon such a league of the South and the West against the East. Not only in the late national canvass, but in Congress for a good many years past, Southern leaders have courted an alliance with the West. The recent disastrous attempt to carry the nation by the drawing of a new sectional line, with the Atlantic and Middle States on one side of it and the Southern and Western States on the other, was the culminating step in a long course of policy which ought now to be frankly acknowledged to be mistaken by Southern statesmen. If the West, in the larger sense of that geographic expression, were actually ready to join hands with the South, using that term also in its broadest significance, it would be a feasible project to gain the control of the national government by such a partnership. But, as Mr. Nordhoff says, the West, whose alliance the Southern silver leaders have been building their hopes upon, has been steadily growing smaller as the years have gone by. He observes truly that the East "is no longer only the Atlantic seaboard, down to Mason and Dixon's line, as the Bayan people believe. It is not merely this and the Middle West. 'The East,' in spirit, in temper, in opinion on vital questions, has in the course of the years since the war, since 1861, come to include for all important public purposes all of the States east of Kansas and Nebraska and the Dakotas and north of Missouri. That is socially and politically now 'the East;' and 'the West,' the political West, consists of Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, the Dakotas, Wyoming, Utah and Washington."

The truth is that the gospel of the new sectionalism is a flat failure. There is a deep-rooted repugnance on the part of all patriotic and conservative citizens to the election of another geographical barrier like that which so long divided the North from the South, and which at last gave to party strife that form and character which made civil war inevitable. The warning of Washington on this subject, given in his farewell address, was so deeply impressed by that appalling object-lesson upon the minds of all reflecting Americans that their aversion to the formation of new parties on a sectional basis can be surely counted upon. It is also clear that the assumed antagonism of Eastern to Western and Southern interests, which was at the bottom of the whole Bryan campaign, has no real existence. As we showed in a recent article in this column, it is not true that the West and the South are peopled exclusively with debtors, and the East exclusively with creditors. It is not true that the West and South are the distinctively debtor sections. The people of the Eastern States, using that expression to mean the Atlantic and Middle States, are, in fact, more heavily burdened with debts, public and private, than the people of the South and West.

The division of the voters of the nation into a debtor class and a creditor class is wholly fanciful, and as a working basis for practical political action it is altogether impossible. The recent national election showed conclusively that Iowa, Minnesota, Michigan and Wisconsin, no less than Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, are all Eastern states for voting purposes whenever an artificial issue is attempted to be drawn on the lines laid down by the Bryan platform. And this, as Mr. Nordhoff observes, is the result of perfectly natural causes, because the relationship and practical identity of interests between those states and the states of the extreme East "is as close as that of father and son, as close as that which obtains between partners in a successful business, or as that of an old-fashioned family, where parents and children and grandchildren nourished and were prospered by a common interest a common policy as well as by the community of blood."

It will be as impracticable in 1900 as it was in 1896 to organize a winning national campaign by trying to mass the people of the West and South against the people of the East. They cannot be so massed for the simple reason that their vital interests instead of being antagonistic are mutual. As for the future of the Democratic party, it is involved for the present in a great deal of uncertainty, that the party is destined to survive the great error committed at Chicago last summer, as it has survived even greater errors in the past, we have no doubt. The principles of Democracy as laid down by Jefferson, Madison, Monroe and Jackson, and illustrated by all the antebellum Democratic administrations from Jefferson to Buchanan, and not less ably and steadfastly in his two executive terms by President Cleveland, are bound to survive all the follies that may be committed in the Democratic name, because they are the historic and necessary constitutional principles on which our republic was founded, and which cannot perish while the republic itself endures.

But we are convinced that until the democratic party plants itself once more upon those vital historic principles, and abandons the idols of free silverism, socialism and miscellaneous political incendiarism set up for it to worship at Chicago July last it cannot expect, and will not be allowed, to regain control of the general government. The men who forged populism upon the Chicago convention may be able to maintain themselves as dictators in control of the party organization for four years to come but they were unable to force their populistic vagaries upon the acceptance of fully a million of stanuch and true democratic voters in 1896 and they will be more powerless to do so four years hence.

As in the national field, so in the state of Maryland. So long as the old program is offered to the people in the name of democracy there can and will be no reunion of democratic voters and the republicans will remain in power. The democratic party is likely to stay out of office a long time, both in the nation and in this State, if the policies which have just led it into the shambles and slaughtered it are kept to the front.

On the Border.

The following items were clipped from the Cranesville (W. Va.) correspondence in the Kingwood *Journal* of last week:

Quite a large amount of lime stone is being quarried. W. T. Mattingly has the facilities of handling the stone with more ease than anyone else in the business. It's nothing like being long headed to make labor easy, it is Timothy.

David Wolfe, engaged in quarrying met with an accident which might have been fatal but otherwise only caused some bruises. He had put down a hole and charged it with powder and from some cause it didn't go off as expected. He attempted to drill the tamping out—and when he got to the powder it ignited and through the scare he fell off the rock backward, a distance of ten or twelve feet.

The grading on the Confluence and Oakland R. R. is still going on and the cars are running as far up as Sang Run. The road will be built as far as Hoye Run this winter and next summer they expect to complete it to Oakland.

Mr. Harned, county surveyor of Garrett county, was in this community locating a tract of land for Henry Albright, known as the "Reserve of the Crane Heirs."

Miss Ette Frantz of Sang Run, is teaching the Pine Grove school and is getting along nicely.

Mountain Lake Park.

Hon. J. D. Botkin, a member of Congress, is to preach the opening sermon at the Park June 6, 1897.

Mrs. Nannie Blake, of Baltimore, so well known at the Park, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Hank, at Martinsburg, W. Va., December 3. She was 85 years of age. Her remains were taken to Baltimore and buried at Greenmount cemetery.

James O. Smith a few days ago suffered a very bad fall, which made him *hors de combat* for several days.

Master Irvin Sperry, cut himself in the the leg, last week, with a knife. He is confined to his room on account of it.

The Sunday school at this place is practicing for Christmas exercises which will take place on the evening of the 29th. A handsomely decorated Christmas tree will be displayed on the occasion.

The enrollment of our public schools is: Miss John's room, 33; Miss DeBerry's room, 30; Miss Clark's select school has closed for the winter.

The Misses Hawley, of Cincinnati, teachers in Briarbend Seminary, are making many friends here. They enjoy a high reputation as teachers.

Alex Johnson has moved his goods and family to Pennsylvania, where he will engage in business.

Through the kindness of the fish commission, a nice lot of trout were put in the lake by Assistant Commissioner George a few days ago. Some of them were five inches long.

Superintendent Rudisill spent Sunday, the 13th, at Aurora, W. Va. He preached twice at the new church. At the morning service nearly $200 was raised to assist in paying the debt on the church. The church will not be dedicated until next spring. The pastor Rev. Jones, closed a meeting at Stemple Ridge, resulting in about 45 conversions and 34 accessions to the church.

Miss Millie Clark is visiting friends at Rowelsburg, W. Va. Before returning to the Park she will spend some time in Pennsylvania.

Mr. J. L. Eckard and family will spend the winter near McHenry. Mr. Eckard has a contract for hauling lumber to Friendsville, Md.

C. W. Conner, Esq., of Wheeling spent a day, last week, looking over the park.

McHenry.

Winter still remains open and the farmers are preparing for their spring crops. Many of them are engaged in getting out lime stone.

The child of Mr. C. H. Glotfelty, who was injured by a fall two weeks ago, has recovered.

Measles have made their appearance in this neighborhood. Mr. John Delawder and Mr. Joseph Sebold are both suffering with them.

Miss Martha and Mr. George Welsh were visiting friends at Markleysburg, Pa., last week.

Miss Laura Myers and Minnie Umbel were on a visit to friends here last week.

The pupils of the public school at this place are preparing for an entertainment to be given during the holidays.

Mr. W. M. Raley's home has been blessed by the arrival of a little girl.

Since the election business in this section has increased wonderfully. The people have confidence in the Republican party and its representatives.

The prospects for a telephone line to this place are good. We think a line would be both a convenience and a benefit to the neighborhood.

Grantsville.

DEAR READER:—How will you spend your Christmas this season? Will its memories in time and eternity be joyful and contented or will they be sorrowful and regretful? Mark, these are pertinent questions. We can and inevitably shall make them one or the other. As we sow, so shall we reap. It is very probable that one or more of THE REPUBLICAN readers will be removed from time into eternity ere another birthday of the lowly babe, who for want of room in the inn was "cradled in a manger," rolls around on the rounds of ever-moving time. So these are issues of the day. Let us live, and not merely proclaim hypocritically, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

We are glad to say that our obliging postmaster, T. H. Bittinger, who several weeks ago had a bone in the lower part of the leg fractured, is again able to walk with the aid of a cane.

Ex-sheriff Chas. Wegman left here for Redfield, N. Y., on a visit to his sister, Mrs. Mary McCraw.

The educational institute held here last Friday evening and Saturday was well attended, especially on Friday evening. We had the pleasure of being present at the evening session. No part of the exercises impressed us as surpassing or even equaling the wholesome thoughts and principles contained in the select reading by Miss Eva Broadwater. This is not flattery or solicited praise. We do not yield to overtures or solicitations for empty "puffs" very readily, as some of our people can testify.

Examiner Palmer made a statement concerning the deplorable situation of our public schools, and also suggestions of remedy. In our humble judgment, a little more optimism exercised by members of the county school board in discussing the school situation in public would tend to encourage the people to greater effort to better school conditions, and would thus tend to ameliorate present conditions, yet facts are facts and it is vain to be voluntarily blind to them. When all is said and done being *schoolish* cannot be synonymous for *scholarly*.

New Germany.

Snow is flying and there are prospects for good Christmas sleighing.

Mr. E. W. Hall left for his home at Confluence, Pa., Saturday evening, Dec. 19th, to attend the funeral of his grandfather. The school will not open again until Jan. 1st.

We are glad to see Low Broadwater out again after a six weeks' siege of typhoid fever.

Messrs. Calvin and Mahlon Warnick were the guests of Misses Florence and Rachel Gregg on Tuesday evening of last week.

Mr. Archibald Warnick has a slight attack of typhoid fever.

Samuel Wiland is real tickled. It's a boy.

Mr. C. M. Miller, of Swanton, paid New Germany a visit last week.

Accident.

As I am a reader of your worthy paper and find there has been no correspondent from this place for some time, I ask to be one of the number of the correspondents' band.

Our merchants were very busy yesterday taking in poultry and preparing it for shipment.

The snow is about eight inches deep and is still falling very fast. Our farmers are making good use of it.

The members of our Sunday school are preparing for a good time Christmas.

Mr. Josiah Beeghley, who has been quite ill for some time, is slowly improving.

Mr. William Smith, of Hoyes, and Dr. F. H. Ravenscroft, of this place, should be congratulated upon their untiring efforts in leading the citizens of this community to realize the need of a telephone line. We are now assured that we are soon to have the benefit of a line, which will not only put us in direct communication with the more important places of our own county, but will connect us with adjoining counties of other states. As usual, some of our most prominent citizens are ignorant as to the convenience each individual will experience by having a line built through our community. The line will be built from Senator Ravenscroft's new residence to Sang Run *via* Hoyes, where it will connect with the Friendsville line, which has already been completed. Enough money has been subscribed to complete the line, and it will be built as soon as the weather gets more favorable for such work. Mr. William Smith will be president; Dr. F. H. Ravenscroft secretary, and Mr. John Englehart treasurer. The line will be known as the Accident and Hoyes Telephone Company. There will be but few stockholders, which will insure harmony. The line will be built along the county road.

Circuit Court.

The [illegible]-jury term of the Circuit Court for this county convened in the court house here on Monday with his Honor Judge David W. Sloan on the bench.

The several dockets were called over and proper entries made.

A number of arguments were made on petitions filed, after which court adjourned and Judge Sloan returned to Cumberland on the afternoon train.

A Big Boy.

Some time since the Grafton *Leader* was bragging about a fine hearty boy that some patron had in with him at the office, and gave his measurement and weight. We think Kingwood is ahead as usual and has the finest, healthiest and handsomest child that can be found anywhere. We refer to Master Verne Thomas, the son of William [illegible]. Thomas, and grandson of Mr. and Mrs. D. Y. Morris. The boy's mother is dead and the grandparents are raising him. He is the most perfect picture of health we have ever seen, and while he is only three years old this month, he weighed 55 pounds the last time he was weighed, and measured 26½ inches around the chest and is three feet and four and three-quarter inches height. The little fellow is not chubby looking or too fat, but is simply a big, fine looking specimen of young America.—Kingwood Argus.

Master Thomas, above referred to, is a nephew of Mrs. Benj. H. Sincell.

Rail Roaded to Prison.

Three men, giving the names of John Kimball, of St. Louis, Philip Snyder, of Baltimore and Henry Peters, of Delaware, were taken to Kingwood and placed in jail last Wednesday. On Monday they were indicted for burglary by a special session of the grand jury, convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for three years. Tuesday morning they robbed W. W. Shock's general store at Rowlesburg. He and his son had a regular battle for a few minutes, in which fully 50 shots were exchanged. Shock and his son secured two of the thieves and later captured the other about a mile from the scene of the burglary.

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1897. THE SUN. 1897.
BALTIMORE, MD.

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FOR THE PEOPLE AND WITH THE PEOPLE.

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NOTICE TO

Delinquent Tax-payers.

Notice is hereby given to all delinquent tax-payers that if "taxes now due and in arrear" are not paid before January 1, 1897, I will proceed by law to collect. For full information to all parties interested I refer to Sec. 51 of Chapter 556 of Acts of General Assembly of Maryland, a copy of which is hereto annexed.

THOS. B. WILEY,
Treasurer of Garrett County.

SECTION 50. The said Treasurer shall, during the first week in December in each and every year, give notice to all the delinquent tax-payers of said county, by advertisement inserted in two newspapers published in said county, and by hand-bills posted in five of the most public places in each election district of said county, and at the court-house door warning them that the payment of all taxes then due and in arrear will be enforced by advertisement and sale unless the same be paid before the first day of January next following.

N. B. The above will be strictly enforced after January 1, 1897.

--THE--
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Washington, D. C.
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Office of David J. Lewis, Trustee, Oakland, Maryland.

TRUSTEE'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE
Consisting of Farm, Etc.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in Equity, passed on the 7th day of December, 1896, in a cause wherein Edith Boerstler by her next friend, etc., complainant, and Peter Boerstler, et al., are defendants, the same being No. 720 on the Equity docket of said court, the undersigned will, as trustee, on the

9TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1897,

in the village of Bloomington, in front of the postoffice, offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder the following described real estate situate in Garrett county, about three miles from the town of Lonaconing, Maryland, to wit:

All that tract or parcel of land known as

"Steevey's Adventure"

patented to Alex. Steevey December 9th, 1793, as follows: Beginning at a stone standing at the head of a branch of Bear Creek, called "Mud Spring," standing on the west side of a hill and about ten perches south of Mud Spring, at corner to Barton's survey, and runs south 1½ degrees and running thence with the lines of the New Central Coal Land Co.'s survey south 76 degrees west 161 perches to a gray oak, south 1½ degrees west 64 perches to a stone, south 12½ degrees east 12 perches, south 45 degrees east 66¾ perches to the beginning, containing 53 acres and 15 perches, and being the property which was deeded to Geo. H. Cook and Chas. M. Boston July 16th, 1892, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folio [illegible], one of the land records of Garrett county.

This property is being improved with ordinary conveniences.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash or the payment of one-third cash. Balance to be secured by bonds of purchasers with security, payable in six and twelve months respectively with interest.

DAVID J. LEWIS, Trustee.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Joseph S. Hinebaugh and Josephine, his wife, to Joseph Brookhart, dated January 20th, 1894, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. [illegible], folio 75, etc., one of the mortgage records of Garrett county, Maryland, and duly assigned to John P. Spiker, the assignee will offer for sale public auction, on

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1896,
AT TEN O'CLOCK A. M.,

on the premises, near the Cove postoffice in said county, the following valuable real estate:

All those pieces or parcels of land situated in said Garrett county, known and described as Hilary Lots Nos. twenty-five hundred and ninety-nine (2599), twenty-six hundred (2600), twenty-six hundred and one (2601) and twenty-six hundred and two (2602), containing two hundred acres more or less, excepting one-fourth acre where school house is located.

The above parcels of land comprise one farm, situated in the celebrated Cove settlement, and is now occupied by John J. Beechley.

The improvements consist of a dwelling house, large barn and other necessary outbuildings; also apple, cherry and sugar orchards, and the farm is in a good state of cultivation.

Terms of Sale, Cash.

JOHN P. SPIKER,
Assignee of Mortgagees.

SHERIFF'S SALE
OF
REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, the same being No. 53 Judgments to December Term, 1896, at the suit of the Garrett County Bank of Oakland, Maryland, vs. William Kilpatrick, the undersigned sheriff will offer at public auction to the highest bidder for cash on the day of sale, on

Saturday, the 26th day of December,

1896, at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, in front of the Court-house in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, all of the following parcels of land situated in said county described as follows, to-wit: First, All that tract of land which is known and designated as Military Lot Number Eighty-six (86), containing the quantity of fifty acres of land more or less, and being the same lot that was conveyed to the said William Kilpatrick by deed from Elizabeth Myers and husband, dated the 30th day of May, 1896, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 29, folio 283, etc.

Second, All that part of a tract of land called "Republic," containing the quantity of two hundred and seven and a quarter acres, which was conveyed to the said William Kilpatrick by deed from Joseph B. Anderson and wife, dated the 24th day of January, 1887, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. —, folio 284, etc.

Third, All that part of a tract of land called "Mount Nebo," containing the quantity of one hundred and eighty-six and three-fourth acres, which was conveyed to the said William Kilpatrick by deed from Berkley W. Kilpatrick, dated the 23rd day of March, 1885, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 13, folio 278, etc., among the land records of Garrett county.

Said lands are improved and in a state of cultivation to some extent and will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs, or so much of said lands as may be necessary.

Terms of sale:—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN,
Sheriff of Garrett County, Md.
38-3t

ORDER NISI.

Alexander Moon vs. Emily C. Hartlesty et al. No. 750 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 10th day of December, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Edward H. Sincell, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 1st day of January, 1897, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 1st day of January, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $510.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Dec. 1, 1896.

Notice is hereby given by the County Commissioners for Garrett county that the General Assessors have been and are from now on under the control of the County Commissioners and subject to their orders, and all persons who have not been assessed and have not made out their schedules are required to do so at their earliest opportunity and have them ready for the assessors when they call for them.

The board will meet on January 4, 1897, for the purpose of appointing supervisors of roads and the districts will be taken up as follows:

Monday, January 4, Districts 5, 12, 3 and 9.
Tuesday, January 5, Districts 6, 8, 10 and 1.
Wednesday, January 6, Districts 7, 11, 2 and 4.
Thursday, January 7, the board will go into session as a Board of Control and Review, and all persons that have filed a notice of an appeal will be notified what day and date they will be heard and must attend on the day so arranged.

ISAAC W. ABERNATHY,
THOMAS H. LAYMAN,
County Commissioners.
Attest: J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

GOOD WILL to men! Good will to men!"
O, loud and high, O, sweet and clear,
The song rang through the dazzling space
In that wintry time of year.

"Good will to men! Good will to men!"
Ah, who sits wan and wistful there,
No Christmas joyance in her soul,
Upon her lip no prayer?

"Good will to men! Good will to men!"
In the rich place the tones made way,
The pictured saints leaned down to hear,
Green-wreathed for Christmas day.

"Good will to men!" O, lady fair!
In splendor weeping thus apart,
How strange it seems a ragged boy
Should have so glad a heart.

For hungry are the helpless ones
Who look and long for his return;
And bare the chamber where they sit,
And low the hearthfires burn.

"Good will to men!" The meaning pierced,
Though selfish impulse barred the way,
Deep to the lady's inmost heart,
That shining Christmas day.

And dimpled children, cherub-fair,
Who into Heaven had slipped away,
Seemed whispering to the mother there
Thoughts meet for Christmas day.

Of little ones who moan for bread
While Christmas bells ring merrily,
"O, give to them," one seemed to say,
"As once you gave to me."

Then to herself that lady said:
"For my lost babes I've sorrowed long,
There comes a cure for aching hearts
In that sweet Christmas song."

She called the singer from the street.
He sang it o'er and o'er again—
"Peace on earth to all who mourn;
Good will, good will to men!"

Through lane and alley, side by side
The singer and the lady went;
And, strange to tell, he was her guide
To measureless content.

Within her stately rooms no more
She sits and sighs the hours away.
The pictured saints look down and see
Sweet children at their play.
—Mary F. Butts, in Youth's Companion.

WE PLANNED it one day—my brother Sam and I—as we sat under a harvest apple tree. We agreed to scrape and save and buy father a silver watch and mother a new shawl for Christmas. Sam was 15 and I two years younger, and we were the sons of a farmer who couldn't afford luxuries. We couldn't hope to do it all by ourselves, though we did get enough together for the shawl. Our uncles and aunts and cousins chipped in, and the jeweler threw off $4 on the price of the watch, and on the day before Christmas old Santa Claus had the watch and shawl and father and mother hadn't the slightest suspicion of what was in store for them. Sam and I had sold apples, embezzled eggs, disposed of old plowpoints, hoed corn for the neighbors, gathered and sold hickory nuts and worked various other schemes to get that $12 shawl and we had a right to feel elated and proud. We had the articles hidden in the hay mow at the barn, and about once an hour we had to go out there and take a look at them.

It was growing dark on Christmas eve when a stranger on foot turned in at our gate and asked for lodgings. He was a well-dressed, keen-looking man, and the fact of his being on foot and the village tavern only two miles away, ought to have set father to thinking. Mother eyed him suspiciously, but when the man said he had rheumatism, and that he expected to pay for his entertainment, father invited him in and appeared to think that it was all right. Not so with Sam and I, however. We didn't like the looks of the man, and when we discovered that he used profane language and chewed plug tobacco we put him down as a bad man. After supper the man told father that he lived in Cincinnati and had come to look at a farm on the Six-Mile road. He made an effort to be entertaining and agreeable, and though he succeeded with the old folks Sam and I couldn't give him any credit.

There was a bedroom off the parlor, and it was arranged that he should sleep in there. Also that Santa Claus should leave the gifts for father and mother on the parlor table after he had gone to bed. Sam and I would hang our stockings in the kitchen. The man excused himself about nine o'clock and went to bed, and ten minutes later the watch and shawl were on the table, and mother had promised not even to look in. We hustled off to bed, and by half-past nine father and mother came up.

"Do you s'pose that feller heard about the watch and shawl?" queried Sam, as we got into bed.

"How could he?"

"I dunno, but I believe he just came here to steal 'em. If he was goin' to look at a farm on the Six-Mile road why didn't he get off the train at Grafton? I'll bet you he robs the house and clears out before morning!"

"Let's tell father!"

"He wouldn't believe it, and it would only scare ma."

We talked the matter over for a few minutes and then fell asleep, and the old clock down in the kitchen was striking 12 when Sam nudged me with his elbow and whispered:

"That fellow is robbing the house!"

"How do you know?"

"Because I can hear him moving about. There—don't you hear that? We've got to go downstairs and stop him from taking that watch and shawl!"

"We dasn't!"

"Yes, we dast! I'll go first, but you come along! Robbers always run if they hear anybody, and maybe he'll get scart off before he gets the things."

We slipped out of bed and drew on

WITH THE WATCH IN HIS HAND.

our trousers and socks, and descended the stairs, which led up from the family sitting-room. Only two rustics, ignorant of the peril of such an undertaking, would have done as we did. When we got downstairs we found the parlor door wide open, the room lighted, and the stranger stood at the table with the watch in his hand. We had crept down so softly that he heard nothing. He was fully dressed, even to his overcoat and arctics, and as we watched him he pocketed the timepiece and removed the wrapper from the shawl. Sam's idea had been to raise an alarm, or perhaps rush in on him, but as we cowered there and watched, a sense of helplessness came over him, and his teeth began to chatter before mine did. We were about to creep back to the stairs, when the man turned the lamplight almost out, and came into the sitting-room, and made for the outside door. He passed within a foot of us, and why the thumping of my heart did not catch his ear has always been a wonder to me. He unlocked the door, passed out and softly closed it behind him, and we heard him going down the frozen path to the barn. I was for going upstairs for father, but Sam drew me across to the side window, and pulled aside the curtain and said:

"He's got the watch and shawl and is now after that span of horses."

Let me explain that about the first of the month the sheriff of our county had taken possession of a span of fine horses, supposed to have been stolen, and they were being cared for in our stables until the owner should turn up. The stables were in the basement of the barn and half underground. The windows were very small and the door a stout one. This door had no lock, but fastened with hasp and pin. We watched the man until he opened the door and entered the stables, and then Sam said:

"Yes, he's after the horses and I'm going to do something."

"We must call father."

"If we do, the man will kill him, for he hasn't got nothing to fight with! You stand right here and hold the door a little open for me."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to shut him in the stable. Don't holler nor run away, for I'll be back in a minute."

Out into the snow and cold dashed Sam. It was about 300 feet to the barn, and being in his stocking feet he ran like a deer and as noiseless as a cat. He found the door shut, and it did not take him ten seconds to lift up the hasp and slip the pin through the staple. When he came back we ran upstairs and aroused father and mother, and just as we all got down, we heard the man kicking on the stable door. He had both horses ready to bring out before he discovered that he was locked in. From the rumpus he made you would have thought that he was tearing the whole barn down, but it was useless to kick against that door. In daylight he could have made his way up through one of the feed-racks, but he had used his last match and had to go slow in the darkness. We routed out the neighbors, sent for the sheriff, and in about an hour the door was unfastened and the fellow invited to come out. He had strapped mother's new shawl on one of the horses for a saddle, and father's Santa Claus watch was ticking away in his vest pocket. Why he had no weapons I never could understand, for he turned out to be a professional horse thief and a desperate man, but he had neither knife nor pistol. He was marched off to jail while the roosters were crowing for Christmas, and Sam and I were in court later on when he was sent to prison for five years.

"Boys," said my father, after the man had been taken away from the house, and we had returned to the kitchen, "boys, I thank ye a thousand times for this watch, which is worth more to me than anything I've got in the world, and sorter wanted for yours, let me jest tell ye that ye both of ye have taken out and licked fer not tellin' about that robber till ye had him safely locked up. Don't ye never do such a thing as that ag'in as long as ye live on the face of this airth."

"And, boys," added mother, with tears in her eyes, as she hugged her shawl and us, too, "I not only thank ye as much as father does, but I say ye did jest right in not wakin' us up; I'd have had a fit and father might have tumbled downstairs, and there's no tellin who'd a-busted up or who'd a tumbled into the cistern!"

SAM'S BROTHER.
—Detroit Free Press.

Origin of Santa Claus.

As for Santa Claus himself, he has surely a guarantee of immortality, if ever a creation of human fancy and domestic affection did so. He has a history—much of it legendary, we must confess—which of itself makes him a noted character. He seems to be a composite personality, uniting the Boy Bishop of old times in England, the Christ-kindlein of Germany—the Christ-child who came down the chimney on Christmas eve to fill the children's stockings—and the St. Nicholas of the Fourth century, who, having inherited a large fortune, devoted it to the relieving of distress, and sometimes the necessities of those who in some distress of evil fortune became embarrassed, or reduced from wealth to poverty. The reindeer and the sleigh must be of a far northern origin. Thus the orient, Britain, Germany and Scandinavia, appear to have each a hand in creating a personality which is so dear to us all because it represents what is most simple, kindly and beneficent in the more intimate relations of human life.—Chicago Standard.

A CHRISTMAS DELUSION.

Susie (angrily)—Sir, what right had you to kiss me?

Tom—I was laboring under a delusion.

Susie—Explain yourself, sir. What delusion?

Tom—The same one you were under, the mistletoe.—Brooklyn Life.

A Christmas Blessing.

As the Christmas bells are ringing their chimes of peace and love,
And the voices of the angels come floating from above,
Oh, Thou "Who art in Heaven," for our little ones we pray
Thy tenderest, sweetest blessing on this their Christmas day.
And to us, whose hearts are glowing with gratitude to Thee,
That Thou hast spared our darlings, with their sunshine and their glee,
Wilt Thou send Thy daily presence, give us patience with our love,
Give that wisdom, Heavenly Father, that can come but from above.
And the power to do our duty by these precious ones, we pray,
Be the longed-for Christmas blessing which Thou sendest us to-day.
—Good Housekeeping.

Not That Kind of Boy.

Visitor—Johnny, are you making great preparations at your Sunday school for Christmas?

Johnny—I'm not going to Sunday school now, ma'am.

Visitor—Not going to Sunday school?

Johnny—Nome. I quit last Sunday. I don't want folks to think I'm one of these boys that's only good durin' the holidays. I'll start again after Christmas is over.—Chicago Tribune.

THE BLIND TO SEE.

Edison's Scientific Skill May Bring This Thing to Pass.

Thomas A. Edison, who has given to the world so many marvels of electric science, has paused to do another good deed for humanity. Through his fluoroscope the man who breaks his leg can watch the surgeon fit together the rugged fracture with a certainty that the work is being done rightly. Mr. Edison now demands that the blind shall be allowed to see. He was led into this train of thought in quite an accidental way. Some little time ago, while at work in the Roentgen ray room, he happened to lean his head upon his hands, with his palms pressed against his closed eyes.

At the time his head was in the neighborhood of a Roentgen tube and to his astonishment he found that he could see through his closed eyelids and hands. This astonishing result caused Mr. Edison to reason that if the X ray would penetrate through his closed eyelids, why should it not penetrate through a cataract in the eye or any similar obstruction and inform the optic nerve, provided the latter were still intact? In the case of a deaf man, where the tympanum has been destroyed but the aural nerve remains, sounds can be transmitted through the teeth. So much for theory and the next step was to make a practical test.

Interested friends offered to bring before him some persons afflicted with blindness. The offer was quickly accepted by the wizard, and it was not long afterward when Jacob Mahrbacher and Otto Kallensee, of Newark, walked into the laboratory. Mr. Edison patiently heard the story of their afflictions and then went to work. Mahrbacher was the first to be tried by Mr. Edison. The light was flashed before his eyes and gradually the operator turned on the X ray current stronger and stronger. Finally, as the strongest light was reached Mahrbacher tremblingly announced that he could see a glittering substance. Mr. Edison's face brightened and again the tube was changed.

Kallensee then stood before the X ray and gazed unblinkingly at it for some time. Another light was thrown, and with almost a sob the man cried: "I can see a light. It's burning now, isn't it? I can see."

The best result was reached by the incandescent light in a red globe, and this gave Edison a clew that may be important. Many experiments were tried, by the use of direct rays and also the fluoroscope, but with no better results.

After working for two hours Mr. Edison concluded to postpone the experiments for a time. As the men left him he said to them:

"Don't be discouraged, men. I know it is awfully hard to be blind, but we will find a cure for you yet."

The result of this test was not as satisfactory as it might have been had the persons experimented with been of a high order of intelligence. Commenting upon this Mr. Edison said:

"Jacob Mahrbacher and Otto Kallensee were not the right kind of subjects. I want a thoroughly intelligent man, one who can explain his sensations to me as I go along, for without knowing these I am as much in the dark as he is. These men could not tell me what they saw. They were hysterical with delight at being able to see anything, and were sure they would soon be able to read fine print by candle light. All I knew is what they could tell me, and that wasn't much. They said they saw points of fire dance before their eyes when the current was on, and were in Egyptian darkness when it was off. I did not have the apparatus to make the test that will be made later on. I have simply pointed the way and there is no telling who will make the final discovery. It may be made in Germany, San Francisco, or France, or here in West Orange."

"Why should not these persons use your fluoroscope?" was asked of the wizard.

"That is out of the question," Mr. Edison replied. "The flourescope is ordinary daylight. It simply converts the unexplainable Roentgen ray into ordinary light by reflecting it on particles of calcium tungstate. This mineral has the property of converting the invisible ray into light. Put the Roentgen ray into a dark box and you have absolute night. Put into that box crystals of the simple calcium tungstate and you have light. If we had always known the Roentgen ray we should have regarded the tungstate calcium as a phosphorescent mineral, they have such an affinity for each other. These two make the flourescope; so, you see, they would do the blind man no good."

Tremendous interest was aroused among scientific and philanthropic persons by the announcement of Mr. Edison's discoveries. Medical men are conservative, however, and to what extent Edison's latest application of the Roentgen rays may improve the sight of persons partially blind or restore sight of persons in utter darkness none of the most eminent oculists or the best known opticians would hazard a prediction. Most oculists and a number of specialists in the electro-pathological branch of medical science are already at work experimenting along the lines suggested by the Wizard's revelations regarding his latest discovery.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Your Last Winter's Fur Coat.

Furs, when taken out in the fall, are often found to have a marred and crushed appearance. They can be made to look fresh and new with little trouble. Wet the fur with a clean brush dipped in water and then shaken, brushing the hair up the wrong way. Let the fur dry in the air for half an hour and then give it a good beating with a rattan. After beating it comb the fur in the right way with a coarse comb.—Chicago Tribune.

—It is a tradition among the Jews that Solomon had 40,000 chariot horses and 12,000 cavalry.

The Victor.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Rykins' friend, in dismay. "Have you been sick?"

"I've had a little season with the surgeon," was the cheery reply.

"Was it an accident?"

"No. It was a bicycle road race."

"Who won it?"

"I got the best of it. We were three in a bunch. One man fractured his shoulder blade and broke his arm and one leg. Another one dislocated several joints and stove in a number of ribs. I didn't break anything but my collarbone."—Washington Star.

Tom's Sad Fate.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a bike and away he spun.
The wheel broke down, Tom cracked his crown,
And now he's hobbling round the town.
—N. Y. Truth.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Siten Doze—Say, pard, wot's de difference between free silver and free lunch?

Wauken Sleep—Lots. One's sixteen to one, and de other's eleven to two.—N. Y. Journal.

Turned the Tables.

One day a member of a great legislative body was conversing with a gentleman when another member came up.

"Allow me," said the first member, "to introduce you to Mr. Blank, the man who has written more stupidities than any other living person."

"Ah," said the second member, "an editor?"

"No; he's the official stenographer of the house!"—Detroit Free Press.

A Good Guess.

Jinks (at a party)—You never met my wife, did you?

Blinks—Wife? I didn't know you were married. Is she in the room?

"Yes."

"Well, then, it must be that beautiful creature over there."

"By George! You hit it the first time. She's the most beautiful woman in the room, isn't she?"

"Yes; that's why I guessed she was your wife. You are the homeliest man in the room, and people always marry that way."—N. Y. Weekly.

It Might.

"Oh, Henry," exclaimed his little wife, as she threw her arms rapturously around his neck, "I do love you so! Don't forget to leave me $20 when you go in town this morning, will you, dear?"

"And this," muttered Henry, softly disengaging himself from her fond embrace, "this is what you might call being hard pressed for money."—Somerville Journal.

The Writer's Misfortune.

"There," said the tired author, with a sigh, "you'll have to economize. We can't expect any returns from my last book now."

"Why," exclaimed his wife, "what has happened?"

"The critics have all pronounced it a good, clean, wholesome story, and, of course, after that, nobody'll buy it."—Cleveland Leader.

He Secured the Job.

Lord Barcacres—You have called regarding the situation of footman?

Applicant—Yes, my lord.

Lord Barcacres—Was there not some one in the ante-room as you came in?

Applicant—There was, my lord. There was a man with a writ for your lordship, but I threw him out.

Applicant engaged on the spot.—Tit-Bits.

The Wheel of Love.

He—Dearest girl, the tire of my heart has been punctured by the tacks of your charms. Be mine, and let us ride tandem through life.

She—How sweet and strange! You have scorched your way into my affections and I cannot back pedal against your attractions. I surrender the handle-bar of my life to your hands and am sure you will steer our united lives wisely.—Philadelphia Review.

Chicago Tribune

MAJ. M'KINLEY DISCOVERS THAT A NUMBER OF PERSONS ARE WILLING TO HOLD OFFICE.

A Furniture Mystery.

Mrs. Wiggsy—That family who have moved in next door must be either very rich or very poor.

Wiggsy—Why so?

Mrs. Wiggsy—Their furniture was all done up carefully in sheets and blankets, and I don't know whether it was done to hide its shabbiness or to protect its beauty.—N. Y. Tribune.

Very Amusing.

The Heiress—Yes, when I don't wish to accept certain men's attentions, and they ask me where I live, I say, in the suburbs.

Mr. Selfsure—Ha! ha! An excellent plan. (After a pause)—But where do you live, Miss Brownlow?

The Heiress—In the suburbs.—Tit-Bits.

Not a Close Imitation.

"What sort of stuff is this?" inquired the young husband.

"That is mock turtle soup," said the bride. "I made it myself. Don't—don't you like it?"

"Well, I dunno," said he. "But you can be sure that you will never be accused of plagiarism."—N. Y. World.

What They Were.

"Pillbody has a good many revolutionary ideas in his head."

"Those are not ideas revolving in Pillbody's head. They are wheels."—Indianapolis Journal.

A General Conflagration.

He saw her, and his youthful breast
Was fired with love's sweet flame;
Alas! her father fired the rest
Of his poor, fragile frame.
—Springfield (Ill.) Monitor.

A Delicate Subject.

Miss Goldstein—Why do you love me?

Young Rakemoff—I wish you wouldn't ask me that; I can't bear to talk about money matters.—Town Topics.

Undoubtedly.

Mother—Here's a wedding present from some one who didn't pay the express charges.

Prospective Bride—It must be from a relative.—Brooklyn Life.

Chested the Old Gentleman.

"Is it true that Goldy's son eloped with the old gentleman's typewriter?"

"Yes; they skipped out two weeks ago."

"I presume Goldy is just pawing the air."

"Naturally. He was engaged to the girl himself."—Detroit Free Press.

Within the Law.

Wild-eyed Man—I want a lot of poison right off.

Drug Clerk—It's against the law to sell poison to people who look as if they want to commit suicide; but I'll let you have a bottle of Dr. Black-Sequin's elixir of life. That seems to be pretty sure death.—N. Y. Weekly.

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE

Mamma (a widow)—I want to tell you something, Tommy. You saw that gentleman talking to grandmamma in the other room? He is going to be your new papa. Mamma is going to marry him.

Tommy (who has a memory)—Does he know it yet, mamma?—N. Y. Tribune.

Hard to Recognize.

Barber—You say you have been here before? I don't seem to remember your face.

Victim—Probably not. It is all healed up now.—Tit-Bits.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

MATILDA ANN.

I knew a charming little girl,
Who'd say: "Oh, see that flower!"
Whenever in the garden
Or woods she spent an hour.
And sometimes she would listen,
And say: "Oh, hear that bird!"
Whenever in the forest
Its clear, sweet notes she heard.

But then I knew another—
Much wiser, don't you think?—
Who never called the bird a "bird,"
But said the "bobolink,"
Or "Oriole" or "robin,"
Or "wren," as it might be;
She called them all by their first names,
So intimate was she.

And in the woods or garden,
She never picked "a flower;"
But "anemones," "hepacticus,"
Or "crocus," by the hour.
Both little girls loved birds and flowers,
But one love was the best;
I need not point the moral;
I am sure you see the rest.

For would it not be very queer,
If when, perhaps you came,
Your parents had not thought worth while
To give you any name?
I think you would be quite upset,
And feel your brains a-whirl,
If you were not "Matilda Ann,"
But just "a little girl."
—Alice W. Rollins, in N. Y. Independent.

TEMPEST IN A BOTTLE.

A Very Simple Experiment Invented by a Belgian Professor.

Some of our young experimenters may be interested in a simple device for making a real rainstorm in a bottle. The only apparatus necessary is a tall bottle, like the one shown in the cut, and an ordinary coffee saucer. The bottle is half filled with alcohol of 92 degrees strength, and heated in a bath of water until the alcohol, the bottle and the saucer are of an almost equal temperature. Then the apparatus is removed from the water, wiped quickly with a soft cloth, and the experimenter is ready to watch some wonderful transformations inside of the bottle.

The vapor of the alcohol soon rises and fills the bottle, but the saucer cools rapidly, and the vapor being warmed is quickly condensed. Real clouds appear in the upper part of the bottle, and presently, as the cooling process goes on, tiny rain drops form and fall just as in a regular shower.

The whole process of the distribution of moisture on the earth's surface is illustrated in the bottle. The alcohol is the ocean or the lake, the air above it is the clear sky, and the warm bath of water is the sun. The saucer plays

MAKING RAIN IN A BOTTLE.

the part of the cold currents in the upper air and condenses the vapor which the sun draws up from the ocean.

A still more striking result can be obtained by using a cold saucer in place of the warm one. In that case the difference of temperature will be increased and there is a regular old-fashioned hurricane.

This very simple experiment was invented recently by Prof. Errera, of Brussels, and almost any of our boys or girls could interest a whole class or a school exhibition with it. Try it.—Chicago Record.

OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How Little Elsie Illustrated One of Her Favorite Songs.

A dear little girl, named Elsie, was quite a singer, and very fond of an old song, familiar to most children, called "The Old Oaken Bucket." Elsie was taking lessons in drawing, which interested her very much. She drew pictures in all her spare time, and often teased mamma with the question:

"What shall I draw next, mamma?"

Mamma always suggested cows, or bears, or steamengines, or trees, according to the first idea which came into her head. One day, in answer to Elsie's usual question, mamma replied:

"Draw the 'old oaken bucket,' Elsie. You are very fond of singing 'The Old Oaken Bucket.' Sit down and make a picture of it."

This was new. Elsie, with a deep satisfied breath, sat down and staid quiet about five minutes. At the end of that time she brought mamma this picture:

"What upon earth does this mean?" asked mamma. "It looks like a conundrum, Elsie; or like the sun, moon, and stars!"

Elsie looked at her design with great pride, and a little impatience at mamma's obtuseness.

"Why, don't you see, mamma?" she cried. "The first one is 'the old oaken bucket,' and the next one is 'the iron-bound bucket,' and the next is 'the moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well!'"

Then mamma laughed hard, leaning back in her chair, while she held Elsie's sketch at arm's-length to see it better, as artists always look at pictures.

"And what are all those little spots for, Elsie?"

"Why—those, mamma?" said Elsie. "Those are 'the spots that my infancy knew!'"—Harper's Round Table.

Why She Took Him.

Mother—Why did you accept Charlie from among all the young men who have paid you attention?

Daughter—Because he was the only one that had the good taste to propose.—Detroit Free Press.

BRAVE ANDRE ETTIENNE.

Known in History as the Drummer Boy of Arcole.

Perhaps no picture more fires the patriotism of the French heart than does that in which Napoleon is represented, flag in hand, making his final stand upon the bridge of Arcole at the memorable battle fought there.

Of the drummer boy of Arcole even the encyclopedias are silent.

Andre Ettienne, the drummer boy of Arcole, is no legendary personage; he is the hero of an authentic action, and his native town of Castanet, in Vaucluse, is about to erect to his memory a statue, for which contributions have for the past year poured in so generously that the secretary of the committee of the enterprise is scarcely able to reply to all the letters from those anxious to commemorate the brave deed of this simple hero.

Ettienne, says the clockmaker of Malakoff, one of his descendants, was inactive, as were his comrades; his at-

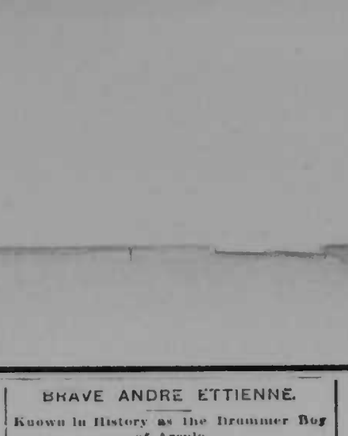
THE DRUMMER BOY OF ARCOLE.

tention was called to a dense mass of smoke rising above a group of houses.

The idea came to him that this indicated the bridge of Arcole as the scene of action. After a moment's reflection, he said to his sergeant: "It is necessary to pass to the other side."

"Don't you know that you would be drowned if you did so," replied the sergeant.

"If I know I will be drowned, I believe it all the same."

"Then go," said the sergeant.

"But my drum will get wet."

"Put it on my knapsack," said the sergeant, "and beat it."

So the drum was fastened to the knapsack of the equally brave sergeant, while Andre followed, beating it as though a whole regiment was behind him, whereas but a few grenadiers had rallied to his call, and waded or swam to the opposite bank.

The enemy, surprised and believing a whole corps advancing, abandoned the cannons which had not ceased to sweep the bridge, from which Napoleon, flag in hand, had just before been driven back into a quagmire, and from which ignoble position his grenadiers now rescued him, and, fired by his undaunted courage, the gallant lines were formed once more.

The recognition which Andre's brave deed received at the time was a pair of golden drumsticks.

In 1805, when Bonaparte was once reviewing the consul's guard, in which Andre had been entered, he stopped before the little drummer, who was using so vigorously his golden sticks, and demanded of him on what field of battle he had gained this recognition. The drummer recounted to him his story.

"It is not enough, my brave boy," replied Napoleon, and, detaching the cross from his own coat, he fastened it on the breast of the drummer.

Ettienne remained drummer to the end of his life, and in 1830 entered the Tenth legion of the national guard, where he remained until his death in 1835. His act of heroism at the bridge of Arcole was an army classic, and at their banquets his story was often told.

In 1831 the officers of the garrison of Paris were reunited at the Cafe Foy, in the Palais Royal, under the presidency of Gen. Lamarck. Mercier, his colonel, invited this evening Andre to come with his drum and famous drumsticks. At dessert he was asked to tell his story, which he did with great modesty, and actually swooned when the officers present eulogized him, recalling also his heroic conduct at Marengo.

The story of his death is almost fabulous. According to Mistral, it followed a visit he made to the Pantheon. Among the heroes sculptured on the pediment, he figured, beating his drum; Andre himself, the little drummer.

"Look, father," said to him his daughter, who accompanied him, pointing to the figure. The father looked, murmuring: "It is I: so high!" and fell down dead.—M. W. Metcalf, in Boston Globe.

The Boy Was Generous, Too.

The late Prof. Blackie, of Edinburgh, was a wiry-framed old patriarch, with long hair that fell in ringlets about his shoulders. One day he was accosted on the street by a very dirty bootblack, who cried: "Shine your boots, sir!" The urchin was very importunate, and the professor finally said: "I don't want a shine; but if you will go and wash your face, I will give you a sixpence." The boy went off very readily, and made his ablution at an adjacent drinking fountain. Returning, the professor gave him the money, saying heartily: "You have earned it fairly." "I don't want it, old chap," said the boy, with a lordly air. "Keep it and get your hair cut."

The Thought Was Hers.

"I suppose that you and your wife are 'two souls with but a single thought,'" said his old friend Tom Dick, who had not seen him since his marriage.

"That's about the situation," said Henry Peck, "and about half the time she will not tell me what that thought is."—N. Y. Truth.

FARM AND GARDEN.

IMPROVING GRASSES.

Why Our Farmers Should Bring Native Species Into Cultivation.

One of the best lines of work in connection with the development of improved forage conditions is that of bringing our native forms into cultivation. More than 20 per cent. of all the grass species of the world are natives of the United States, the number ranging upward of 700, and I think I am not wrong in saying that there is no other continent on which there is a greater number of native forage plants other than the grasses. Nearly all of our cultivated forage plants are of foreign origin, and if it were not simply a matter of public interest, it ought to be one of public sentiment, to preserve the coming generations of American farmers those native species which have added so much to the wealth of the land in the past. The species of the grazing regions in the west and southwest, and, for that matter, in every part of this country where sheep or cattle are raised, are best adapted for the conditions under which they grow, and it is folly to think that better forms may be introduced from Europe or Asia or Australia, where climate and soil and nbundance of rainfall are different. The meadow grass of the parks, woodlands and mountain slopes, the grama and buffalo grasses of the southwest, and the blue stems of the eastern prairie belt, cannot be improved upon.

We must go out into the fields and meadows and select, care for and propagate the thrifty grasses and native clovers, just as the horticulturist selects and propagates his finest varieties of fruits, or the florist his most perfect and most highly developed flowers. Every cultivated grass, every cereal, every fruit or flower, has been developed up from just such small beginnings, and when we take into consideration the importance of the grazing industries, the great amount of money invested in them, and the vast yearly income from these sources, we must adopt the conclusion that such a line of work is an exceedingly important one.—United States Department of Agriculture.

SIMPLE FLY WHEEL.

Can Be Used to Advantage for Many Kinds of Farm Work.

A fly wheel is often serviceable on the farm for helping keep the churn in regular motion, or the hand separator, or the grindstone, where one must grind by using a treadle for foot

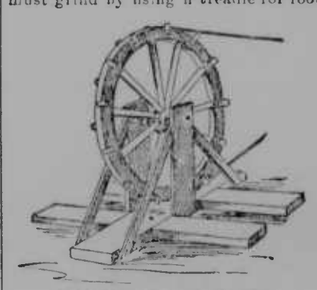
HOMEMADE FLY WHEEL.

power. In the latter case a fly wheel will cause the stone to run very evenly. Our sketch shows a cast-off, heavy, farm cartwheel, mounted and ready for business. Small strips of hard wood screwed to the rim keep the band from coming off. The plan of setting up the wheel is plainly shown in the illustration. Where the rim of the wheel used is of sufficient thickness, the old iron tire can be removed and a very thick, but narrow, tire put upon both edges of the rim, leaving a chance for the band to run between them. In the case of a cast-off cartwheel this plan would answer admirably.—Orange Judd Farmer.

EXCHANGING EGGS.

A Practice from Which None But Shiftless Persons Profit.

It is not unusual to have a neighbor request you to exchange eggs with him, and such neighbor may have been the first to condemn your enterprise in purchasing new blood and pure breeds. As a rule, every farmer who steps outside of the beaten paths, or ventures into something better, is at once classed as a crank, or a book-farmer, but sooner or later his neighbors will show a willingness to obtain his stock if they can "exchange" with him. He must go to the expense of bringing the stock into the community, and if he fails, he is set down as lacking in intelligence, but when he succeeds he receives no credit. There is no reason why one should exchange eggs of pure breeds for those from scrub fowls, any more than a Jersey calf should be exchanged for one from a nondescript cow. When eggs are sold for hatching they represent something more than their value for the table. Those who buy them do not want eggs, but stock, the eggs representing the embryo young of the desired breed. Any farmer who procures pure breeds should be encouraged by his neighbors, as he benefits the whole community.—Farm and Fireside.

The Nature of Sandy Soil.

Sand has a great power for the transportation of water. It will convey water quicker than any other soil, but it will not hold as much. A clay soil will hold more, but water will pass through more slowly. Sandy soils take in all the rains that fall, and if there is a subterranean supply within ten or fifteen feet of the surface, it seems to have a power to pump the water up to the roots of the plants. If, however, there is no such supply, the higher temperature of summer will usually increase the temperature of the top sandy soil and gradually dry it out faster than a fine, clayey soil. Clay will hold more moisture, and hold it longer than any other form of soil, but it must be protected by surface cultivation.—Rural World.

The th honored scheme of rolling up a ple of paper and using it for a lighter l been utilized by an inventor In the i ufacture of matches. The inventio promises to revolutionize European natch manufacturing, and is perfec timely, because the wood for this pose is constantly growing scarcer more costly. The new matches considerably cheaper than wooden tches and weigh much less --a fact ch counts for much in the exporta The sticks of these matches nsist of paper rolled together o be bias. The paper is rather strong a porous, and when immersed In a solu of wnx, stearin, and simular substa , will easily stick together and burn h a hright, smokeless and odorless fl . Strips one inch in width are first d n through the combustible mass ken of above, and then turned by machinery into long, thin tubes, pi of the ordinary length of wood or x matches being cut off automa ly by the machine. When the sti are cut to size they are dipped the phosphorus mass, also by the chine, and the dried head easily i s by friction on any surface.—Na nal Druggist.

Absent-Minded.

Mr. Charles Townsend used every morning as he came from his mother's to the treasury ss by the canal In the park the ducks with bread or h he brought in his pocket for the purpose. One morning, having called his affectionate friends, the ducks, he found, unfortunately, that he had forgotton his usual offertory. "Poor duckies," he cried, "I am sorry I am in a hurry and cannot get you any bread; but here is sixpence to buy some with," and threw the ducks a sixpence, which one of them gobbled up.—Nuggets.

Sense of Shame.

Wicks—There is one thing I will say for Blaxter: he never talks about his own writings.

Hicks—I am glad to hear that. Where there's a sense of shame there's always some hope for reformation.—Boston Transcript.

Sometimes in the course of a year so many as 400 bodies are taken out of the Nile, from which the Egyptians obtain their water supply.

The Modern Mother

Has found that her little ones are improved more by the pleasant Syrup of Figs, when in need of the laxative effect of a gentle remedy than by any other, and that it is more acceptable to them. Children enjoy it and it benefits them. The true remedy, Syrup of Figs, is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only.

One thing a woman can't do is to drive a horse and use a muff at the same time.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

California.

If you will send your name and address, we will send a representative to your home to explain all about the advantages of Phillips-Rock Island personally conducted Tourist Car Excursions to California. Address A. Phillips & Co., 91 Adams St., Chicago. John Sebastian, G. P. A., Chicago, Ills.

We often hear people say they will contribute to the support of the church even if they have to wear their old clothes to do it. We notice they never wear the old clothes.—Washington (Ia) Democrat.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

As soon as thought finds a body, it begins trying to move the world.—Ram's Horn.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice. Dr. G. W. Patterson, Jukster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

Do what you can do well, and you will soon be able to do much better.—Ram's Horn.

Put a pain to sleep! St. Jacob's Oil does this with sciatica. Torment cure.

When love gives, it enriches itself, but what covetousness keeps it takes from itself.—Ram's Horn.

Sudden weather changes bring rheumatism. St. Jacobs Oil makes prompt cure.

Not Answered Yet.—Tommy—"O, paw!" Mr. Figg—"Well?" "How can a solid fact leak out?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Blacker the spot, surer the cure. Use St Jacobs Oil for bruises.

The wise learn right judgment of the present from the past.

Don't snap in two. Limber up. St. Jacobs Oil will cure lumbago sure.

Sense shines with a double luster when set in humility.—Penn.

Time counts, health gains. A quick, sure cure—St. Jacobs Oil for sprains.

Everyone has a fair turn to be as great as he pleases.—Jeremy Collier.

The more accurately we search into the human mind, the stronger traces we everywhere find of the wisdom of Him who made it.—Burke.

People who say they first find out that they are right and then stick to it, are usually wrong.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

Nearly everybody has more trouble erasing the cost mark on a present than he has selecting it.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

Almost any man would rather win one dollar betting on election than to earn ten dollars by working for it.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

"Why, Emily! your aunt has been dead only a few days, and you are wearing a light dress?" "But you surely don't expect me to wear mourning at home, do you?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Tired of it.—She—"Would you love me just the same, dearest, if I were poor instead of worth a million?" He—"I have registered a solemn vow never to discuss the financial question again."—Detroit Free Press.

"Is it a fact," asked the cynic one day, "that you improve each shining minute?" "Yes," answered the Busy Little Bee, modestly. "How long have you been doing that?" "Always." "Well, you ought to be having a better time than you seem to have, if that is the case."—Detroit Tribune.

Explained.—Mrs. Twickenham (to Mrs. Stimson)—"Of late we have been having our meals sent in by various caterers." Willie Stimson (to his mother)—"Mamma, is that what you meant when you said that Mrs. Twickenham didn't know where the next meal was coming from?"—Brooklyn Life.

Tourist—"How in the world do you manage to shoot a man when you are too intoxicated to stand up? I don't see how you can preserve your accuracy of aim." Rubberneck Hill—"It is easy enough when you know how. When you git to seein' a party double, you just shoot between 'em."—Indianapolis Journal.

Paper Matches.

The Crop Outlook in South Dakota for 1897.

It requires but a small amount of rainfall in South Dakota to mature the crop. During 1896 South Dakota had, up to September 30th, three and seven tenths inches more of rain-fall than for any of the previous sixteen years. Since September 30th there has been added at least three or four inches to the excess, making a gain of nearly eight inches more than the average. Early in November there were heavy rains, depositing over two inches, and since then there have been heavy snows, and about a foot of snow covered the ground on November 25th. Dakota farmers have abundance of hay and great supplies of oats, barley and corn. Wheat has advanced to about seventy cents a bushel in the local market, and prospects for further advance are good. The ground will come out in the spring better soaked than ever before. The prospect for better prices next year is good. There are thousands of people in the East who could do no better than to go to South Dakota now and buy their seed and feed for next year, and move out in the spring. First-class farming land in South Dakota, along the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, can now be bought at from $10 to $15 an acre. The creamery industry and stock-raising in South Dakota will greatly increase during 1897. For further information address W. E. Powell, General Immigration Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, or H. F. Hunter, Immigration Agent for South Dakota, 205 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

There are people who think that if a fellow doesn't like olives, it is a sign that he hasn't been moving in the best society.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

The Safest Way.—Borax (reflectively)—"I wish I knew how to tell a woman's age." Sam Jones—"The best way is to tell it is in a soft and gentle whisper."—Truth.

Feeble nerves—severe weather—neuralgia. Soothing cure—St. Jacobs Oil.

Showing our best side to others will cause them to show their best side to us.—Ram's Horn.

Check Colds and Bronchitis with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.
Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Suffering Women.

Alas! women do suffer. Why, we often cannot tell, but we know there is one great cause, and that is weakness. The headaches, the depressed feelings, the pains, the discouragements, indeed, almost all the misery has a common cause—weakness. At such times a woman always needs a friend that can be relied upon, and such a friend, for more than twenty years, has been that greatest of all remedies,

Warner's Safe Cure

By its purity and its power it furnishes a prompt relief for women in their hours of need, and if the grateful expressions which come up from the homes of the land about what SAFE CURE has done were printed, they would fill volumes. If you, reader, are a sufferer, can you not take hope from this suggestion?

Large bottle, or new style, smaller one, at your druggists.

OPIUM HABIT AND DRUNKENNESS Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay till Cured. DR. J.L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

A. N. K.—C 1635

When writing to advertisers please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

The Same Old Sarsaparilla.

That's Ayer's. The same old sarsaparilla as it was made and sold *50 years ago.* In the laboratory it is different. There modern appliances lend speed to skill and experience. But the sarsaparilla is the same old sarsaparilla that made the record—*50 years of cures.* Why don't we better it? Well, we're much in the condition of the Bishop and the raspberry: "Doubtless," he said, "God might have made a better berry. But doubtless, also, He never did." Why don't we better the sarsaparilla? We can't. We are using the *same old plant* that cured the Indians and the Spaniards. *It* has not been bettered. And since *we* make sarsaparilla compound out of sarsaparilla plant, we see no way of improvement. Of course, if we were making some secret chemical compound, we might.... But we're not. We're making the same old sarsaparilla to cure the same old diseases. You can tell it's the *same old sarsaparilla* because it works the *same old cures.* It's the sovereign blood purifier, and *—it's Ayer's.*

Madame Lillian Nordica,
who has written a practical article, "How to Train the Voice," for The Companion for 1897.

Celebrating in 1897 its seventy-first birthday The Companion offers its readers many exceptionally brilliant features. The two hemispheres have been explored in search of attractive matter.

The Youth's Companion

In addition to the 25 staff writers The Companion Contributors number fully 200 of the most famous men and women of both continents, including the most popular writers of fiction and some of the most eminent statesmen, scientists, travellers and musicians.

For the Whole Family.

The Companion also announces for 1897, Four Absorbing Serials, Adventure Stories on Land and Sea, Stories for Boys, Stories for Girls, Reporters' Stories, Doctors' Stories, Lawyers' Stories, Stories for Everybody—all profusely illustrated by popular artists. Six Double Holiday Numbers. More than two thousand Articles of Miscellany—Anecdote, Humor, Travel. Timely Editorials, "Current Events," "Current Topics" and "Nature and Science" Departments every week, etc.

One of the most beautiful CALENDARS issued this year will be given to each New Subscriber to The Companion.

It is made up of Four Charming Pictures in color, beautifully executed. Its size is 10 by 24 inches. The subjects are delightfully attractive. This Calendar is published exclusively by The Youth's Companion and could not be sold in Art Stores for less than One Dollar.

Subscription Price of The Companion $1.75 a Year.

12-Color Calendar FREE.

New Subscribers who will cut out this slip and send it at once with name and ... will receive
FREE—The Youth's Companion every week from the time subscription is received till January 1, 1897.
FREE—Christmas, New Year's and Easter Double Numbers.
FREE—The Companion's 4-page Calendar for 1897, a beautifully colored souvenir. The most costly gift of the kind The Companion has ever offered.
And The Companion Fifty-two Weeks, a full year, to Jan. 1, 1898.

The Youth's Companion, 201 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

Look Tired This Morning?

Was it your own baby or your neighbor's that drove sweet sleep away? It's all unnecessary. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, sweet to the taste, mild but effective, stop sour stomach and colic in babies, and make papa's liver lively, tone his intestines and purify his blood.

EAT CASCARETS LIKE CANDY

They perfume the breath and make things all right all around. At your druggist's 10c., 25c., 50c., or mailed for price. Address

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

Cascarets CANDY CATHARTIC

CURE CONSTIPATION.

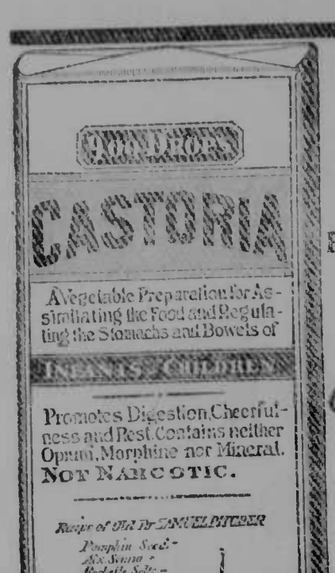

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THAT THE

FAC-SIMILE

SIGNATURE

—OF—

Chas. H. Fletcher

IS ON THE

WRAPPER

OF EVERY

BOTTLE OF

CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

A "JUNK SHOP,"
A "BLACKSMITH,"
"TWO-CENT APPLE BUTTER,"
"ROTTEN STOCK" and
A "HUNCHBACK"

is a poor combination from which to expect a production of anything respectable in the job printing line.

A "junk shop" means a worn-out assortment of type, rules, etc.; a "blacksmith" is a bunglesome printer; "two-cent apple butter" is synonymous of the poorest quality of printing ink; "rotten stock" is poor-made and cheap paper; and a "hunchback" is a press which is so old that it has naturally worn out of shape and usage.

WE TAKE PRIDE

in our Job Printing Department, our skill and our materials; that's the reason why we do such splendid work.

A $5 BILL WILL

get a nice lot of letter heads and envelopes properly and appropriately printed.

IF you believe it, try it; IF you don't believe it, the more need to try it.

The Republican Job Department.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

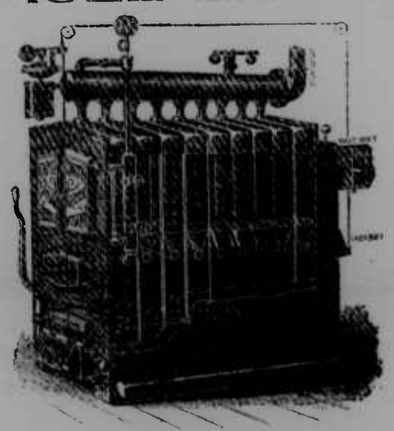

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SOUTHWARD No. 3	No. 1	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
1 05	8 00 lv	Cumberland ar	12 01	17 30
1 31	8 31	Rawlings	11 31	6 31
1 56	8 56	Keyser	11 01	6 01
2 09	9 09	Westernport	10 51	5 51
2 12	9 12	W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	5 48
2 27	9 27	Shaw	10 33	5 32
5 00	10 00	Harrison	10 00	*5 28
5 15	10 45 ar	Elk Garden	8 55	*1 00
5 25	10 35 lv	Gortman	9 21	1 54
5 41	10 41	Bayard	9 15	1 48
5 51	10 52	Dobbin	9 04	1 38
6 23	11 23	Thomas	8 34	1 05
6 35	11 35 ar	Davis	8 19	5 15
6 55	11 55 lv	Coketon	8 31	4 02
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	7 58	3 30
6 57	11 57	Bretz	7 51	3 25
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 51	3 22
7 29	12 30	Kerens	7 15	2 47
8 05	1 06 ar	Elkins	lv 6 40	12 20
	1 30 ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
				P. M.
	3 05 ar	Healington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

*Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BERTZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

After Sunday, Dec. 27, and until further notice Sunday trains will be discontinued.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, November 22, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily	3.46	A. M
No. 3—Daily	6.44	A. M
No. 71—Accom daily except Sun	9.30	A. M
No. 47—Daily	10.48	A. M
No. 55—Express, daily	6.13	P. M
No. 1—Daily	9.58	P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily	5.59	A. M
No. 2—Daily	6.31	A. M
No. 72—Accom daily except Sun	1.38	P. M
No. 46—Daily	4.43	P. M
No. 4—Daily	12.29	A. M

Will take passengers for Terra Alta, Rowlesburg, Newburg and Tunnelton.

CHAS. O. SCULL, General Passenger Agent.

C. P. SCHROEDER, Agent.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., [illegible] 1896.

There is great danger of the merits of the Cuban question being entirely overlooked in the [illegible] is likely to follow the [illegible] position taken by Secretary Olney, that Congress has nothing to do with the recognition of a new government, the power being vested in the President alone. Mr. Olney first took this position in a dispatch to Minister Taylor at Madrid. The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations before that committee had decided to report the Cuban resolution for the recognition of the independence of Cuba. The committee had decided to report the resolution to-day, Mr. Olney has by a great deal further by making a statement through the Press Associations, saying in effect that the President would veto the resolution if it was adopted and even if it were then repassed by the constitutional two-thirds of both branches of Congress he would ignore it and treat it simply as the personal opinions of those who voted for it. It is not that this administration had such a short time to run that there is reason to believe that if elected Cleveland dared to maintain this position, the country would sustain other impeachment trial upon the U. S. Senate, and even as it is it is bound to lead to serious trouble. This question is higher than party politics or [illegible] Cuban question. If the President has the constitutional right to override two-thirds of Congress, which may be considered as fairly representative of the people, it is time that the people knew it, in order that this enormous power, greater than that possessed by the crowned heads of most of the world's limited monarchies, may be curtailed by a constitutional amendment before some unscrupulous President uses it to destroy our Government.

It is hardly probable, however, that this question will get before the U. S. Supreme Court for settlement in connection with the Cameron resolution, for the very simple reason that the Cameron resolution is not likely to be adopted by both branches of Congress, notwithstanding its having received the endorsement of the following eminent gentlemen, who compose the Senate Foreign Committee: Sherman, of Ohio; Frye, of Maine; Lodge, of Massachusetts; Cameron, of Pennsylvania; Davis, of Minnesota; Cullom, of Illinois; Gray, of Delaware; Turpie, of Indiana; Mills, of Texas, and Morgan, of Alabama. Daniel, of Virginia, is also a member of committee, but he was not present at the meeting and says he has not made up his mind whether he will support the resolution or not. The resolution will almost certainly be adopted by the Senate, probably by more than a two-thirds vote, if it be seriously pushed that far, but if expressions of leaders of the House count for anything, it will never reach a vote in that body. Gen. Henderson, of Iowa, voiced this sentiment when he said: "We are not going to have war. The Cameron resolution has not passed, and I don't believe in encouraging this war talk. We have had enough agitation already, and we don't want our business interests again interrupted by talk of war or by actual war." It is the impression in Washington that by the time Congress reassembles the country will have made it so plain that it wants neither a war nor a war scare that the resolution will not be pushed.

It was brought out by questions of Senators during Secretary Olney's unsuccessful attempt to persuade the Senate Committee into following Mr. Cleveland's policy towards Cuba that the administration has received much credit to which it was not entitled, by reason of misstatements in the newspapers as to demands it has from time to time made on Spain in behalf of American citizens. For instance, Secretary Olney admitted that this Government had made no demand upon Spain in the case of the alleged filibusterer Competitor, and others of a similar character, beyond mere requests for information. This will doubtless greatly shock the individuals who only a short time ago slopped over to the extent of writing communications to the papers advocating Olney's appointment as President McKinley's Secretary of State, because of his intense Americanism. His "intense Americanism" seems to be, like Li Hung Chang's conversation, mostly interrogation points.

Among the bills passed by the House was one appropriating $100,000 for Government participation in the Tennessee Centennial to be held at Nashville next year and $30,000 for a Federal building for the exhibit, and an Emergency Deficiency Bill appropriating nearly $900,000 for the completion of Naval work now under way. A resolution was also adopted giving the four days beginning Jan. 7th to the consideration of the Pacific Railroad Funding Bill. The holiday recess will be from Dec. 22, to Jan. 5, and many Senators and Representatives who live at a distance and wish to spend Christmas at their homes have already left Washington.

The Rabbit Editor on Figures.

It was asked the other day by a hunter why it was that the sportsmen managed to kill off the quail, but that the rabbits still kept up their wonderful numbers despite the fact more are slaughtered each year than quails. The rabbit editor thereupon began a research and bobs up serenely with the following bit of information: The rabbits breed at six months and have seven or more litters a year each of from four to twelve. It has been estimated that the descendants of a single pair of rabbits, if allowed full scope, would in four years amount to more than 1,250,000.—Ex.

In 1892 Mr. A. L. Gohlwater, who owns three retail drug stores in New York City, having learned of the great value of Chamberlain's Cough remedy for colds, croup and whooping cough, ordered a supply for his customers. It met with so much favor that he soon found it necessary to order more, and during the winter sold over two gross of the remedy. He says it gives the best satisfaction of any cough cure he has ever handled. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy, and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

All kinds of dolls, toys, wagons, sleds, carts, baby carriages, dishes, balls, pocketbooks, cologne, picture frames, etc., at C. B. Cropp's.

SAVE
BABY'S LIFE.

Teething time is the most trying time of infancy. The little gums are hot and swollen. They tingle and ache and smart. All the nerves in the little body are on edge. Sleep restless—digestion bad.

There is a remedy.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

soothes and cools the gums, controls the bowels, cures colic, brings good digestion, sleep and rest. 25 cents, all druggists. Guaranteed. Made by JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

J. L. McCOMAS, Jr.,

Sign, Carriage and Wagon Painting.

INDELIBLE INK WORK on LINEN.

Second Street, OAKLAND, MD.

All work entrusted to my care will receive Prompt Attention.

29-1yr.

Farmers,

Look to Your Interests.

The Oakland Flouring Mill is now ready to grind a million bushels of buckwheat. The best equipped mill in the county; all latest improved machinery. Can give either

Burrh or Roller Process Flour.

Mr. E. A. Dudley, who has charge, has been a life long miller, and knows how to make a good turnout of buckwheat flour.

Don't fail to give him a Trial. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Will make arrangements with all the Oakland merchants to buy your flour at big prices. Don't fail to give the Oakland Mills a trial.

Don't forget the place. Water street, formerly owned by the late F. A. Rasche.

Yours obediently,

THE OAKLAND MILLS.

51-1yr.

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,
Box 20, Westernport, Md.

9—1yr.

TIN, SLATE and STEEL

ROOFING,

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.

PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.

REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.

SPOUTING, ETC.

WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH, Mt. Lake Park, Md.

SHARTZER & BOLDEN

OAKLAND, MD.,

DEALERS IN

Furniture,
Carpets,
Matting,
Oil Cloth,
Window Shades,
Wall Paper,

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Repairing Furniture and Picture Framing a Specialty.

Removal.

I, the undersigned, have removed my place of business from the Loar building to the Ravenscroft (Mayers) building on Railroad street, where I will continue to carry a well assorted stock of

JEWELRY,

and give special attention to the repairing of watches, clocks, etc.

Give me a call. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

H. C. SMOUSE.

29—2m.

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Maryland Building and Loan Association

of Garrett County

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Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
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DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.

EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. Interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, for sale at reasonable prices; also new and second hand 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
Keyser, W. Va.

MOUNTAIN STATE

Business College,

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, President.

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

Jos. E. Harned, Proprietar.

31—26

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. B. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

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KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

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3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

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For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

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Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Petty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
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EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
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AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
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Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

THOMAS B. McCOMBS,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
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Office in Petty Building, Alder Street.
All business left to my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

E. J. FRANTZ,
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JONAS C. BEACHY,
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Will sell Real or Personal Estate
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

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Will sell Real or Personal Property
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Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

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PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
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Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
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LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including train ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 18 26*

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PLANING MILLS,
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DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 30 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1896. NUMBER 43.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

New leaves are ready for turning.

Have you formed any resolution for the new year;

School Board meeting Monday and Tuesday next.

The Court of Appeals will meet January 5 and file opinions.

Misses Annie and Kate Speddan are at home for the holidays.

The old year will breath her last this evening at midnight.

Mr. Sam Jones, of Swanton, was an Oakland visitor on Tuesday.

Something that will be out of style next year: Almanacs of 1896.

The first county to complete the new assessment is Washington.

Mr. Wm. W. Sweet, of Swanton, was [illegible] Tuesday.

Miss Rosa Shunk, of Oakland, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Miller of Gormania.

Mr. Julius Remninger is spending this week with his parents in Cumberland.

Rev. James W. Beeghley, of near Accident, was an Oakland visitor on Tuesday.

Monday morning the thermometers in Oakland registered two degrees below zero.

Mrs. Robert Felty is spending several weeks with relatives at Buckhannon, West Va.

William A. Miller, of Allegany, was killed in a mine at Douglas, W. Va., Sunday night.

Mr. James Aronhdt, of Wilson, W. Va., was a caller at this office on Thursday last.

The German Baptists will have a service in Sturgiss' Hall on Sunday afternoon next.

Mrs. S. C. Smith will entertain a number of her friends this evening from 7.30 until 10.

Mr. Wade Hinebaugh, of the Maryland Agricultural College, is home for the holiday vacation.

Mr. D. M. Mason has recovered from his late illness and is again at his post in the B. & O. depot.

Mr. Will Ravenscraft, of Fairmont, was here Sunday on a visit to Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Ravenscraft, his parents.

Mr. Richard F. Bartlett is home from the Maryland Dental College to spend the holidays with his parents.

Mr. Paul White has been transferred from Rawlings to Oakland where he is engaged as night telegraph operator.

Mrs. Jennie McMoreland, of Atlanta, Ga., is in Oakland visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Martin.

Mr. John E. Legge, who is attending a medical school in Baltimore, is spending his vacation with his parents here.

Mrs. Jennie Davis, of Frostburg, is spending several days with her mother, Mrs. S. M. Miller at the Commercial Hotel.

Miss Mollie Peddicord, who has been spending the winter in Covington, Ky., is here on a visit to her brother, Mr. J. C. Peddicord.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Schroeder went to Frederick last Thursday night where they will visit relatives for a week or ten days.

Mr. Allen Ison, of Laurel, and Maj. Willey O. Ison, of Washington, are here as the guests of their parents, Dr. and Mrs. Benj. Ison.

Rev. Shaw, of Terra Alta, occupied the pulpit in St. Paul's M. E. church in Oakland last Sunday morning and preached a strong sermon.

Mr. J. J. Miller and family, of Cumberland, are guests of his brother-in-law, Mr. Danl. Smith, at Mountain Lake Park during the holidays.

Send your name and address to J. M. Davis & Son, and they will mail you the latest illustrated catalogue of Cinderella stoves and ranges. 2

Mr. Sam Cohen, of Fairmont, W. Va., who spent Christmas with his parents in Oakland, returned to the above place Tuesday morning last.

Mrs. George Waters, of Clarksburg, who spent two or three days here with her sister and brother, returned to the above place Tuesday morning.

Dr. E. H. Bartlett, Mr. S. T. Jones and Mr. G. S. Hamill were at Terra Alta last Tuesday, where they went to assist in instituting a Masonic lodge.

A jack-pot is noted for its power in causing trouble, but it is a fish-pot raising Cain among West Virginians and Marylanders residing on the banks of the Potomac.

The majority of the people are discussing whether the new century begins with 1900 or 1901, but some Eastern chronologists are mixing things by declaring that it begins Friday.

The Misses Capps, of Terra Alta, spent two or three days since our last issue visiting their sister, Miss Addie Capp.

His Honor Justice Bayer had before him Tuesday afternoon several young men of Oakland charged with jumping on trains last Sunday. He imposed nominal fines which were paid.

Mr. Jefferson F. Bradford and Mr. Sommerville, a Grafton attorney, were in Oakland Monday and Tuesday. Mr. Bradford has been engaged at his trade in Clarksburg since he left Oakland.

Notice is given to the sportsmen of this county that the limit of time for killing rabbits expired on the 24th of December. The killing of the same after that date will be a violation of a law passed by the last le[illegible]

[illegible] church will assemble in their house of worship at ten o'clock and engage in a watch-night service. At midnight the bell of the church will be rung and the new year welcomed by a praise service.

Dr. J. Lee McComas, who spent a month or two down in Mexico, returned to Oakland last Thursday night very much improved in health. The doctor brought back with him from Mexico many curiosities with which that country abounds.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawson Loar, of Grafton, spent several days with Mr. Loar's parents here. They left on Tuesday for Florida, where they will spend a couple of months with the hope of benefitting Mr. Loar's health. He has been suffering with a complication of ailments for several months past.

The wife of Mr. P. Robinson, a prominent lumberman of Hartwick, N. Y., was sick with rheumatism for five months. In speaking of it, Mr. Robinson says: "Chamberlain's pain Balm was the only thing that gave her any rest from pain. For the relief of pain it cannot be beat." Many very bad cases of rheumatism have been cured by it. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Bliss, the nine-year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jamison, met with an accident yesterday morning which resulted in a contusion of his leg. He was riding on the runner of Messrs. Townshend & Son's sled which was loaded with goods when it broke down. The lad was caught beneath the load with the result as above stated.

When most needed it is not unusual for your family physician to be away from home. Such was the experience of Mr. J. Y. Schenck, editor of the Caddo, Ind. Ter., *Banner*, when his little girl, two years old was threatened with a severe attack of croup. He says: "My wife insisted that I go for the doctor, but as our family physician was out of town I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which relieved her immediately. I will not be without it in the future." 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement in this issue of the Piedmont Stone & Lime Co., whose kilns are located at Crabtree, this county. During the short time this quarry has been in operation the quality of the lime has secured a wide reputation as being the best for agricultural and building purposes. The works are operated by the E. J. Fredlock Manufacturing & Building Co., of Piedmont, W. Va.

In 1892 Mr. A. L. Goldwater, who owns three retail drug stores in New York City, having learned of the great value of Chamberlain's Cough remedy for colds, croup and whooping cough, ordered a supply for his customers. It met with so much favor that he soon found it necessary to order more, and during the winter sold over two gross of the remedy. He says it gives the best satisfaction of any cough cure he has ever handled. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Major C. T. Picton is manager of the State Hotel, at Denison, Texas, which the traveling men say is one of the best hotels in that section. In speaking of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy Major Picton says: "I have used it myself and in my family for several years, and take pleasure in saying that I consider it an infallible cure for diarrhoea and dysentery. I always recommend it, and have frequently administered it to my guests in the hotel, and in every case it has proven itself worthy of unqualified endorsement. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Notice.

On January 1st, 1897, the firm of D. E. Offutt & Son will be changed to that of D. E. Offutt & Sons by taking into the firm Mr. Charles Ellwood Offutt.

Thanking our friends and the public generally for their very liberal patronage heretofore, we hope to merit a continuance of the same.

All parties having unsettled accounts with the old firm will please call and settle same by cash or note.

2t. D. E. OFFUTT & SON.

Religious Meeting.

On Friday afternoon, January [illegible] at 2 o'clock, a religious meeting [illegible] be held in Sturgiss' Hall, Oakla[illegible] The meeting will be conducted [illegible] Mr. Frank Draper, of Ohio. All [illegible] cordially invited to attend the m[illegible] ing and all will receive a hearty w[illegible] come. Some good singing will [illegible] rendered. The subject chosen [illegible] this meeting is "The Kingdom [illegible] God." During Mr. Draper's stay [illegible] this community he will be the gu[illegible] of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Weber, [illegible] town. The meeting will be free.

Religious Service.

The Auxiliary reception will [illegible] at the Rectory Thursday at 7.30 p. [illegible] At 11.25 a watch-night service will [illegible] held in the ch[illegible]

Sunday services January 3d a[illegible] a. m. and 7 p. m. in the chapel.

WM. BRAYSHAW, Rector.

Married.

THOMAS—DETRICK.—At the home of the officiating minister near Accident, on December 23d, by Rev. Jas. W. Beegldey, Mr. Ephraim Thomas and Miss Minnie Detrick, both of Garrett county.

A Christmas Night Wedding.

A pretty wedding took place on Christmas night at the M. E. church parsonage, Oakland, when Rev. Arthur Arthurnot, pastor, joined in marriage Mr. James O. Smith, of Mt. Lake Park and Miss Dora Sandy, of Weston, W. Va. The bridal couple entered the parlor to the strains of Lohengrins wedding march rendered by Mrs. Arthurnot. Miss Johns then sang "O Promise Me" in her usual pleasing manner. After the ceremony the bridal party were driven in sleighs to Braeburn, Mt. Lake Park, the home of the groom's brother, Mr. D. W. Smith, where a bountiful wedding supper awaited them. The large dining room was handsomly decorated with potted flowers, holly and smylax. Only immediate friends of the family were present and an enjoyable time was spent.

B. & O. Employes Must Pay.

The Baltimore and Ohio road has suspended a number of men on the Wheeling division because they are in debt and owe bills to [illegible] chants. They will be [illegible] suspended list until [illegible] receipt that all claims [illegible] been filed against them [illegible] settled. Honesty is the best [illegible]

Watch Night Services.

Following the usual custom of the M. E. church, watch night services will be held in St. Paul's M. E. church on Thursday, December 31st, commencing at 10 p. m. Some readings and recitations are expected, together with two or three addresses and plenty of good, spiritual singing and prayers. Near midnight a solemn consecration meeting will be held. All are invited.

Card of Thanks.

We take this opportunity of thanking the kind friends and members of the church at Blaine and Kitsmillersville, who so kindly remembered us before and on Christmas eve, with a generous donation of the good things of this life. We pray that God will abundantly bless them for so kindly remembering us.

MRS. MARY E. BLACKBURN.

Blaine, W. Va., Dec. 28, 1896.

Valuable Discovery

Black oxide of manganese has [illegible] discovered by Theodore Mille[illegible] Frostburg, on the property o[illegible] Borden Mining company, five [illegible] northeast of Frostburg. Fro[illegible] quantity found there are va[illegible] evidence of a large body of the [illegible] eral present. Mr. Miller mad[illegible] discovery last August, but di[illegible] make it public till recently.

Will Entertain the Electors.

Governor Lowndes will entertain [illegible] luncheon at the Executive Ma[illegible] on January 11, the eight membe[illegible] the Maryland electoral college. T[illegible] will receive formal invitations to t[illegible] function in a few days. The gath[illegible] ing at Annapolis on that day will p[illegible] bably be one of the most notable [illegible] its kind in the history of the State.

Spinsters' Ball.

Tuesday evening of this week t[illegible] young ladies of Oakland gave t[illegible] last leap year ball to the young g[illegible] tlemen. Sixteen couples were p[illegible] ent. Music was furnished by M[illegible] Rusche's orchestra. At midnig[illegible] light luncheon was served an[illegible] two o'clock the ball was brought t[illegible] termination.

Monday night of next week [illegible] young gentlemen will give a ball [illegible] honor of the young ladies.

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

Jailed.

Tuesday of this week a warrant for the arrest of "Bob" Male, a notorious character residing at Deer Park, was placed in the hands of Sheriff Brown for execution. The warrant charged Male with assaulting an officer [illegible] also with breaking in the door of Justice Wheeler's office at Deer Park. Male was brought to Oakland and placed in jail. Yesterday morning he was taken before Justice McRobie for a hearing. While in the Justice's court he became very abusive. He was again remanded to jail and will be given a hearing to-morrow.

"Reddy" Clary, of Bloomington [illegible] brought to Oakland yesterday [illegible] placed in jail charged [illegible] wife. Hein[illegible] [illegible]dit the action of the gran[illegible] Clary, three or four years ago [illegible] was in jail on the same charge. His brother-in-law, Lawrence Garvey, shot Cleary at that time for beating his wife and was sent to the penitentiary.

Call for Your Letters.

Mr. John F. Carter, Mrs. Anna Smith, Mrs. Rena McLucas.

Week of Prayer in Oakland.

The annual Week of Prayer, observed throughout the United States in concert, is an excellent series of services. It has been arranged by the ministers of the Protestant denominations to unite in observing this week, January 4th to 9th inclusive, going from church to church. The leaders and subjects for each evening are as below indicated. The hymn books that will be used are those in use at the church where the service is being held at the time. Let all Christians unite and take a hearty interest in these services.

Monday night, Garrett Memorial church, Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, leader. Subject, "Humiliation and Thanksgiving."

Tuesday night, Garrett Memorial church, Dr. B. Ison, leader. Subject, "The Church Universal."

Wednesday night, Lutheran church, Rev. S. M. Engle, leader. Subject: "Nations and their Rulers."

Thursday night, Lutheran church, Rev. [illegible] Shaw, leader. Subject: "Missions."

[illegible] Methodist church, [illegible] Subject: [illegible]ers, leader. Subject: [illegible]s and Schools."

All-day Meeting at St. Paul's Church.

Next Sunday, January 3, 1897, Miss Annie Smith, the celebrated railroad evangelist, will conduct an "All-day meeting" in St. Paul's M. E. church. Members from the surrounding country are expected, and this is an invitation to all who will to come. Persons from abroad can bring their luncheons and they will find a warm comfortable place in the lecture room of the church where they can eat their food. The following program has been arranged for the day, which, however, may be slightly modified.

9—10.30 a. m., prayer and praise meeting.

10.30—12 m., regular service; sermon.

12—1 p. m., general class meeting.

1—2.15 p. m., parents' and teachers' meeting.

2.15—3.15 p. m., Sunday school.

3.15—4 p. m., general benefactors and W. C. T. U. meeting.

4—5 p. m., Junior Epworth League hour.

5—6 p. m., Senior Epworth League hour.

6—7.15 p. m., prayer and praise meeting.

7.15—8.15 p. m., regular Sunday evening service.

8.15—9 p. m., revival services.

A Curious Stamp Collection.

Mrs. George Wilson of Birmingham [illegible] has a unique curio in the shape of a bedroom set—bedstead, dresser, washstand and chairs, decorated with postage stamps of every known civilized country on the globe. Mrs. Wilson has been collecting stamps for the past seven years, and the number has reached over half a million, 862,000 being the number. The value of these stamps has been estimated at $3800.

All of these stamps have been carefully washed, dried and pasted on after the style of a crazy patchwork quilt and represent great patience and a large amount of labor. There are seven pieces of furniture in all decorated. This curio is valuable, an offer of $200 from Cornell University having been refused by the owner. It is, perhaps, the most novel collection of foreign and domestic stamps in the United States. The stamps are stuck on with glue, and are covered with a heavy spar varnish which can be washed without injury to the stamps.

THE WILLIAM RYLAND COMPANY,
Wholesale Retail Dealers,
FRIENDSVILLE, MARYLAND.

If you will pay you to go many miles to see them or to write for circulars.

BOB SLEDS.

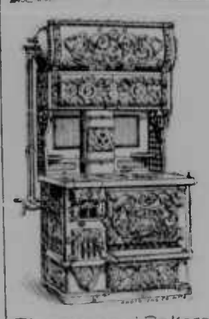

The Queen Cinderella,
Royal Cinderella,
And
Cinderella Kitcheners,

For style, finish and good workmanship cannot be excelled. The wants of the housekeeper have been carefully studied and every feature to promote DURABILITY, CLEANLINESS and ECONOMY has received the most careful consideration.

Points of Excellence Embodied in their Construction:

They are good Bakers and perfect Roasters, and are sold with that understanding. They will do their work quicker, better and with the least expense of any stove upon the market. They have every new feature that is of value to the house keeper.

Construction of Top. The top is made in four parts, and bolted to the body of the [illegible] This is a decided advantage over the old style construction in which the rods came [illegible] to the surface, and [illegible] almost the entire strain upon the top. All rods in the Cinderella Range are supported by lugs, directly under the top. The expansion and contraction of the same in no way affects the top. All Cinderella Ranges have the cut centers, supported by a heavy post.

Triplex Grate. The Triplex Shaking Grate is the perfection of convenience, cleanliness and economy. It is especially durable, having three separate sides of the advantage of which every one. It can be reversed each morning and a different surface exposed to the fire, which prevents warping and insures the durability of the same.

Fire Flint Linings. All Cinderella Ranges are fitted with a special lining, known as [illegible] The material is selected with a view of great durability, and the workmanship [illegible] We can safely say that the "Fire Proof" will outlast three sets of the [illegible] best. [illegible] linings can be furnished if desired.

The Oven and Ventilator. [illegible] all parts of the oven can be [illegible] Cinderella Ranges have the [illegible] Opening to the [illegible] of the same for testing, [illegible] facing the small [illegible] wards [illegible]

The Reservoir. The water is heated by radiation, which experience has proven to be the most practical, as it dispenses with the use of a water front and connecting pipes. It furnishes abundant hot water and gives the user absolute control of the same. The amount of hot water can be increased or diminished at will, without affecting the uniform temperature of the oven. The reservoirs are made of planished copper and will hold fifteen gallons. They can be furnished nickle plated if desired.

Hot Air. If you have a room over the kitchen, you can heat it thoroughly, at a slight additional cost by using the Cinderella Ranges. All the heat of the oven, when not in use for baking or roasting, can be turned into a special hot air flue and conducted to the room above. This is one of the many advantages of the Cinderella Stoves and Ranges over the ordinary kind. They are complete in every detail.

Other Advantages. The nickle plate on the oven door can be easily removed, when cleaning the range, by drawing out the pin at the top. The heavy nickle towel rod can be folded under the top when not in use. The Alaska non-heating drop handle and knobs are especially desirable. Nothing but the best material and workmanship enters into the construction of the Cinderella Stoves and Ranges.

For Hard or Soft Coal. Fire box at either right or left hand end. All the old objections to Ranges removed. Made in all sizes and styles.

Sold, guaranteed and recommended by

J. M. DAVIS & SON,
OAKLAND, MD.

CAN YOU READ IT?

If So, Is He a Good Man or a Bad Man? Take Your Choice.

Hon. D. D. Hare while leading through an old scrap-book, the other day, came across a short clipping that he had pasted in the book over a quarter of a century ago. The wording of the article is ingeniously unique, and the reader must punctuate it to suit his own version. The clipping is headed, "Is this a good or a bad man? It all depends upon the punctuation," and is as follows:

He is an old experienced man in vice and wickedness he is never found opposing the works of iniquity he takes delight in the downfall of his neighbors he never rejoices in the prosperity of his fellow creatures he is always ready to assist in destroying the peace of society he takes no pleasure in serving the Lord he is uncommonly diligent in sowing discord among brethren he takes no pride in laboring to promote the cause of Christianity he has not been negligent in endeavoring to stigmatize all public teachers he make no exertion to subdue his evil passions he tries hard to build up satan's kingdom he lends no aid to the support of the gospel among the heathen he contributes largely to the evil adversary he pays no attention to good advice he gives great heed to the devil he will never go to heaven he must go where he will receive the just recompense of reward.—Upper Sandusky Chief.

Luck Has Never Helped Any Person

In replying to the query, "Does not luck sometimes play a goodly part in a man's success?" Edward W. Bok, in the January *Ladies' Home Journal*, writes:

"Never. Henry Ward Beecher answered this question once for all when he said: No man prospers in this world by luck, unless it be the luck of getting up early, working hard, and maintaining honor and integrity. What so often seems, to many young men, on the surface, as being luck in a man's career, is nothing more than hard work at some special time. The idea that luck is a factor in a man's success has ruined thousands; it has never helped a single person. A fortunate chance comes to a young man sometimes just at the right moment. And that some people call luck. But that chance was given him because he had at some time demonstrated the fact that he was the right man for the chance. That is the only luck there is. Work hard, demonstrate your ability, and show to others that if any opportunity comes within your grasp you are able to use it."

[illegible] Tablets relieve nausea.

THE NEW YEAR'S ADMONITION.

WE BID you welcome, New Year!
Your joyful dawn we sing!
And have you brought us golden gifts
Beneath your shining wing?
O, will your skies be always fair,
Your seasons always gay,
With not a single cloud to mar
The brightness of the day?

And will you tell the springtime
Her favors we bespeak,
When we in sylvan glades and glens
Her earliest trophies seek?
Will March forbear to flout us
With blustering jibes and jeers,
And April show her sunniest smiles
In place of frowns and tears?

Will summer bring her roses
To deck the woodland bowers,
With not a single cruel thorn
Concealed among her flowers?
And will she coyly linger
When harvest songs go round,
Till all the gleaming swaths are cut
And golden sheaves are bound?

O, tell us, happy New Year,
Will all our friends be true
Unmixed [illegible]
Will every heart be joyful,
And every eye be bright,
With not a single tear to dim
The luster of their sight?

"Ah, no," the New Year answered,
"Such gifts I promise not,
For joy and sorrow mingled
Must be each mortal's lot.
But if you heed them rightly—
Life's clouds and thorns and tears—
Then not a single vain regret
Will mar your future years!"
—Helen W. Clark, in N. Y. Ledger.

TOLD BY THE VIOLIN

A New Year's Story.

I AM one of the ancients, an antique of sober hue and homely appearance. Shapely enough, for was I not formed by Amati, the master, he who astonished the world with the perfection of his work, and who has not since been approached in skill, though the moderns excel in so many things? The violins of to-day, pert and foppish in lustrous varnish and glossy as mirrors, are not valued as we are nor can they approach us in interpreting those other masters to whose grand compositions and soaring thoughts we violins give vitality and voice.

Beginning my active career in Italy, I have outlived many owners, but I now repose in a glass front cabinet in Chicago. It was at first in a very humble home, al[illegible]ng of real value [illegible] my mistress [illegible] fairly estimate her worth.

Of Italian descent, small but shapely, with cheeks of the swarthy red and brown, which is my complexion, too, eyes of deeper brown through which her soul gazes, teeth of polished pearl, hair blue-black like a raven's glossy plumage, her cheap dress did not succeed in obscuring her beauty or the shapeliness of the little form which had the easy movements of a queen half disguised in beggar's garb. When she laid her cheek against mine, and charmed me into the proper mood until our voices melted into one, you would have understood in an instant how much I loved her and why.

All know that I have a voice which is a marvel, but it is shy like all real talent, and responds only to the masterly touch it loves, knows and understands. Inez had a voice as clear and clean as that of a bird, bell like in ringing tone, full of lights and shadows which broke forth in song, sometimes capering merrily as insects do in the sunlight, sometimes rippling with tuneful laughter like that of a mountain brook, sometimes vibrating with deep emotion, sometimes sobbing with unshed tears. And I? I laughed, cried, rejoiced, wailed, or broke into cataracts of jubilant praise in touch and tune with her. Our hearts and voices were twins. What wonder that they rioted in joy or sobbed in sympathy together?

Inez was poor, and lived in a locality where haggard sights and sounds were but too common; but evil did not mar the soul of noble inspiration and instinct. You may splash mud upon a diamond or dust upon the opal, but you cannot reach with it the flame in the heart of the one or the wondrous changing iridescent light of the other. Stains do not penetrate to the inner altar upon which burns the sacred flame of the really valuable gem.

And Inez had a lover, a brown-eyed youth as poor as herself and as deeply devoted to the spirit of song. He, too, played the violin, though not as she did, nor did he, like her, inherit, as the only costly gift from an otherwise poor grandfather, an heirloom like myself. He had been a true friend to the oftentimes almost friendless girl, who, since the death of her old grandmother not long before this story opens, had often needed protection, solace and advice. I think their souls first mingled in music, and ran together as do two streamlets which join hands to travel together to the vast and boundless ocean. We are all travelers to eternity; it strengthens two clear streams to unite their currents until they create a river large enough to mirror the whole earthward side of heaven, instead of small fragments thereof. What are souls but lenses, reflecting at differing angles, true or false, the light of heaven, the flashes of inspiration, the goodness of God?

He proposed to her in a palace beside which those of European kings were dull and lusterless. They had strolled to a grove some distance from the great city, crowning a hill which overlooked Lake Michigan. It was mid-October, and the grand transformation scene with which nature closes her summer dreams was at its height. Over them were the forest arches gorgeous in crimson and gold; on either hand stretched aisles festooned with drapery such as no loom ever produced, each aisle ending in a glorious vista of earth or sky. Leaves softly fell in golden gifts about them, and sunlight of rich gold sifted through traceries of branches interwoven above and wove patterns of gold lace on embossed carpets of moss. In the haze over the lake's deep blue there was royal purple, and in the sky tints innumerable, mingled with opal, amethyst, amber and pearl. They were in tune with the scene, and coaxing us violins to join them we four united in a song of jubilant praise. Their eyes met, their voices changed to a love song which we deepened and prolonged; then the lad, in simple words, declared his love and was, in as simple words, accepted. She nestled [illegible] with kisses, they invoked our aid again and we all rejoiced together as true friends should. That was a little drama and concert worth seeing and hearing. I am hollow, but it warms even my heart to think of it, though nobody is by to wave the magic wand over me and charm me into song. What do those rich only in lands and money know of such happiness as that shabbily dressed couple felt that autumn afternoon? Thank God Cupid is not a time-server or worshiper at merely gilded shrines.

"We have nothing but ourselves and our beloved violins, dear Inez," said the sturdy youth, "but we will compel happiness yet and conquer success, will we not?"

"Of course, Oscar," was her prompt reply, "and whether we have success or not, we have each other and our instruments. Poverty is an old friend of ours, too. Why need we fear that together which we have survived apart?"

We all went home in the glory of the sunset together, heaven in our hearts and hunger keeping it company for the

SHE PLAYED AS I NEVER HEARD HER PLAY.

two human members of the tuneful quartette.

On New Year's eve, thanks to some kind ladies who had interested themselves, Inez was to "come out" at one of the large churches, the result to determine whether they should aid her in studies for a professional concert career, or set her aside for some more promising protege. Some of them had promised even to lend her clothing for the occasion, and were really learning to love the shy, but true-hearted girl.

The days sped, happy for the lovers, though often touched with the want which keeps poverty company in the large cities. High-toned conventionalities did not erect barriers between them, so they spent nearly every evening together, talking lovingly, or playing softly and singing in the twilight. We were always with them, and they made true confidants of us, letting us hear echoes from their hearts in addition to the intuitions which always interpreted to us the impulses of their souls. Talk of love laughing at locksmiths! It does better than that, for, when properly understood and welcomed, it laughs at poverty and sings in want, makes rags into royal robes, magnifies pennies into fortunes. Better Inez with a dowry of naught but the gift of song and of hope, than a purse-proud princess pearl-bedecked.

New Year's eve came, and with it the expected debut. The great church was crowded. Oscar in the front row of seats, that he might not lose a tone or look. There were organ preludes which shook the massive building, choral numbers by trained choirs, soloists at whose shrine the great metropolis had long worshiped, and then came the little girl who was to win or lose that night.

The great crowd frightened her, and she looked a very little frail mite as she stood there facing the multitude, dressed in some simple material, and looking pleadingly around. But her beauty pleaded for her, and the audience, though critical, was not unkind. Suddenly she began to feel faint, her eyes met those of Oscar, beacon lights of love which guided her wandering senses safely back. I was trem[illegible] myself, time-hardened antique, [illegible] raised me to her shoulder and wit[illegible] bow invoked my aid. Then she p[illegible] as I had never heard her play be[illegible] until I felt myself lifted above this [illegible]erable world, and her voice a little [illegible] broke triumphantly into song. [illegible] a revelation and a surprise. To[illegible] we soared or sobbed, rang out in[illegible] only harmony or murmured as [illegible] as the rustle of dying roses. We [illegible] with a grand, vibrant flourish, an[illegible] moment you could have heard a th[illegible] unfold itself. Then the aud[illegible] broke into tumultuous app[illegible] again and again, and the battle won. We were recalled again [illegible] again, and each time seemed to e[illegible] them more. I heard laughter from [illegible]dreds when we laughed, and tears [illegible]tened when we sobbed. Our [illegible]pretation of the soul-song of the [illegible] masters had awakened the souls [illegible] living from sleep. It was a rest[illegible]tion, a revelation and a victory, al[illegible]bined.

Well, hard times for Inez ended [illegible] and there. She was petted, er[illegible] flattered, but, thank heaven, e[illegible] be spoiled. Her prosperity was [illegible] with Oscar and for him, too [illegible] happened [illegible] eve[illegible] night. Oscar had spent the [illegible] there, and we had helped them i[illegible]tle home concert, such as we had [illegible] joined in before. They were sup[illegible]ly happy, for the poverty they did[illegible] fear was ended, its lessons only [illegible] remain, lessons good and whole[illegible] too, for hearts like theirs which [illegible] the gift of seeing and did not ea[illegible] forget.

I had been placed in my old [illegible] front cabinet, and had been listen[illegible] their rapt conversation, sharing it[illegible] piness, when suddenly the spirit [illegible]me, as a Quaker might say, to [illegible] I had a secret, and did not care t[illegible] conceal it any longer. So I began t[illegible] murmur on my own account, a[illegible] sounded so mysterious to the [illegible] much like a ghostly manifestatio[illegible] both stopped talking and gazed [illegible] aghast. I kept buzzing like an h[illegible] bumble-bee, and even tried a [illegible] two by way of experiment.

"How strange," said Inez, [illegible] close in his arms. "I do beli[illegible] Amati is bewitched. Can it be [illegible]

At that wedding there was sweet music in abundance, and I was chief musician among the violins. I laughed and the world laughed with me, as it is prone to do with the prosperous and independent. And mingling with the New Year's chimes which, from many a tall steeple, rang out the old and in the new, was the angelic voice of my mistress made vibrant and vital with unspeakable joy. Unspeakable in mere words, of course, but capable of interpretation in song. People said my mistress and I were inspired. Of course we were, for I was full of sunny memories voiced in music, and Inez, radiant with love, interpreted in songs sublime.

This household has been a happy one ever since, and in the place of honor outranking newer and fresher furniture in the family sitting-room is my antique case and myself. We see all that is going on, and Inez makes of me a sort of shrine, for she loves me still as in days of yore. The constancy of such natures is proof against change. Happy indeed are they who have such friends.

Near me in the sitting-room stands a crib, and the jewel in this particular casket is a pink-cheeked baby with those wonderful Italian eyes, and looks in which those of its father and mother [illegible] strangely and mysteriously blend[illegible] I do not pre[illegible]tions, and this litt[illegible] too much for me. I can stand its laugh and enjoy its cackle or crow, but when it lifts its voice for more vigorous musical effort I prefer a boiler factory or the filing of saws. I love it, of course, but one can love a wee sinner without loving its sins. As an antique gifted in harmonics and such, I protest against its methods of playing "haw!" or serenading.

The strangest thing of all is that its father and mother, loving and understanding harmony, seem to love even its war yells and efforts when sailing to windward in a house-made squall.

All the same, we shall have a christening this New Year, and from the plans I have overheard, it is to be a gay event. His babyship is to be saddled for life with a name, and there will be feasting and dancing galore. We violins love dancing, for at such events we rule the roost, and every merrymaker obeys us as implicitly as soldiers obey their general. Even the clumsiest feet step in time to our bidding and dare not disobey. Come out to the christening, dear reader, and see what a home made happy, hearts gladdened and faces illumed are like. On the household altar in this little home love's sacred flame burns clear, for the draughts of suspicion, envy, jealousy, hatred and uncharitableness never imperil its gladsome glow.

This is a very simple story, but it may prove to you the power of love and harmony to promote happiness, the possibilities within reach of an antique violin. We violins are generally a happy race, with no hypocrisy in our songs, no strife entangled in our strings. Would that all the world might learn [illegible]s the secret of song, the sym[illegible]hich vibrates to a loving touch, [illegible]tion which brings two souls [illegible]long the magnetic current of [illegible] music, the trinity of in[illegible] which is represented by love enshrined in song and hallowed with the spirit of harmony.

My story is ended. Despite its simplicity despise not the voice of the observant and experienced violin. Life is made up of harmonies and discords, false notes or true. Hearts, like violins, differ in capacity, but the best of them need the master touch to interpret the music of the master. We hollow instruments know and feel this. What a pity it is that many human souls never learn so simple a truth. Surely the golden harps which angel fingers coax to anthems of untold sweetness, but elaborate and prolong the songs of earth we true interpreters, human or inanimate, launch heavenward here below; beginning sweet and low with true and loving touch what God magnifies later into music of the spheres.

I. EDGAR JONES

THE GREAT RIDDLE.

Colwigger—Women are incomprehensible.

Merritt—What put that into your head?

Colwigger—My wife spent $15 for a smoking-jacket for my Christmas present, and on New Year's she was crying her eyes out because I didn't swear off smoking.—N. Y. Truth.

Her Little Sorrow.

"Of course, I shouldn't want to stand in the way of anything that you feel like doing in the way of New Year's reformation," she said. "But it does seem too bad—"

"What seems too bad, my dear?" asked her husband.

"That you should feel obliged to stop smoking just after I have given you those lovely Christmas cigars."—Washington Star.

His Thoughtless Answer.

"You didn't receive calls last New Year?" said the leap-year girl.

"Not as many as usual," replied the thoughtlessly candid young man. "The bill collectors all had a holiday."—Washington Star.

TEMPERANCE.

ONLY A BABY'S PRAYER.

"Now I lay me down to sleep"—'Twas just at even' tide,
A little freckled, chubby boy knelt by his mother's side.
The father, in his old arm chair, was moved to tender tears.
The sound of those pathetic words brought back his childhood years.

He thought of how he used to kneel beside his little bed,
And how his mother knelt there, too—alas! she now is dead.
He looked back o'er the vanished years when he was but a boy,
So full of hope and innocence, his own dear mother's joy.

Since then the drunkard's cup has thrown its shadows o'er his life,
It wrecked his years and crushed the hope of his devoted wife.

Their wedded love was blighted and their home was filled with tears,
And the future seemed to promise only dark and dreary years.

"Dod bless dear papa dear to-night, an' mate him dood and true,"
Thus came the words from tender lips. His heart was stirred anew.
The mother hugs the little boy, and checks a straying tear,
The father's heart glows warm again with love for those so dear.

'Tis night again, and side by side they both kneel down and pray
Just as they used to do at home in times so far away.
The father's heart is true once more; his words are kind and mild,
He kneels a ransomed man at last, led by a little child.
—Albert C. Smith, in Ram's Horn.

THAT ROBBER ALCOHOL.

Edward Everett Hale Preaches a Mighty Temperance Sermon.

Edward Everett Hale preaches a mighty temperance sermon in the close of an article on the poet, Robert Burns. He says:

"The English government of that time has been much ridiculed because, for the noblest poet of the time, it could find no gift but the office of an excise-man. But it should be remembered that, at that time, at least, no one supposed that governments were formed to provide for poets, or that provision for poets was one of their duties. We live in a state of high civilization, as we think; but even with us, if you have a man like Hawthorne or Howells you have to make him a consul; if you have a lady who writes poetry you have to make her a postmaster. It is fair to the wretched ministry of the time to say that Burns himself asked for the office of excise-man, and it is more than probable that the selection of the office was made by himself.

"And he died in his thirty-seventh year, so young! And we should have had so many more treasures from that warm heart and ready pen, that sympathetic friend of everybody who desired a friend, if—

"If—

"If he had been able to resist the temptations of liquor.

"Let it be remembered, then, that men of his gift, men who have this exquisite fiber of brain and sympathy of heart are the special prey of this special devil. And let it be remembered that 'taste not, touch not, handle not' seem to have been known, even by pure and temperate men in Scotland, in their effort to suppress drunkenness. Such men, if they counseled poor Burns, only counseled 'moderation.'

"As if there could be moderation in playing with fire!

"It would seem that no man, woman or child, not the father who loved him nor the mother who bore him, no one probably but his poor wife, ever begged him or even asked him to give up whisky, wine and all intoxicating liquor.

"What would the page of literature be to-day had Robert Burns been taught in his childhood of the dangers to which poets are the nearest? What would it be had the ready sale of a 'social glass' been prohibited by law? What would it be had he lived in a social order where gentlemen hate and despise drunkenness and those who tempt men to drunkenness? Where would it be had not all Scotland combined to defeat his prayer when he asked the good God that he might not be led into temptation?"

The Drop Business.

"Come in, Patrick, and take a drop of something," said one Irishman to another. "No, Mike; I'm afraid of drops ever since Tim Flatherty died." "Well, what about Tim?" "He was one of the liveliest fellows in these parts. But he began the drop business in Barney Shannon's saloon. It was a drop of something out of a bottle at first. But in a little while Tim took a few drops too much, and then he dropped into the gutter. He lost his place, he lost everything but his thirst for strong drink. Poor Tim! But the worst is to come. He got crazy with drink one day and killed a man. And the last time I saw him he was taking his last drop with a slipping noose around his neck. I have seen too many good fellows when whisky had the drop on them. They took just a drop from the bottle, then they dropped into the gutter, and they dropped into the grave. No rumseller can get a drop in me any more, and if you don't drop him, Mike, he will drop you."—Tract.

As long as the devil can keep the saloon going, he will conclude that the thousand years he is to be shut up is a long way off.—Ram's Horn.

DRINK, PAUPERISM AND CRIME.

Official Report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics a Powerful Temperance Lecture.

The Massachusetts bureau of labor statistics is not a conservator of morals. But an official report which it has just issued is one of the strongest temperance lectures ever made. The statement has been prepared in pursuance of a law passed by the legislature, and is intended to show the relation of the liquor traffic to pauperism, crime and insanity in the state. The investigation has been especially close and exhaustive, and the facts were carefully verified before they were given publicity.

As to pauperism, the report shows that for the year ended August 30, 1895, there were 3,250 persons of both sexes and all ages in the different institutions of the state. Of these 2,108, or 65 per cent., had been addicted to the use of liquors, and of the latter 505, or about one-fourth, had been drinkers to excess. There were 866 total abstainers, but more than half, or 429, were minors.

In brief, the report shows that three-fourths of the state paupers have indulged in the liquor habit, and 39 per cent. of them attribute their condition to their intemperate ways. Of the paupers 68 per cent. were foreign born, and 58 per cent. had never been naturalized. The native born numbered [illegible] of these the parents of only 305 were native [illegible] This tells its own story of the extent of the contribution by foreigners to the intemperance and pauperism of the state.

The report goes into details, and that portion of it relating to pauperism and drink alone covers 120 pages. With regard to the relation of drink to crime the following table gives the facts in condensed form:

Convictions—male—for:	
Drunkenness alone	15,543
Drunkenness and other crimes	6,4[illegible]
All other crimes	7,436
Females—	
Drunkenness alone	2,093
Drunkenness and other crimes	49
Other crimes	1,610
All convictions, both sexes	26,672
Of which for drunkenness alone	17,575

In this department also there has been great minuteness of inquiry. The facts are considered by age periods, and a careful analysis and classification made. It appears that of the entire number of 26,672 persons convicted, no less than 21,863, or 82 per cent., were "in liquor" at the time of the arrest. The total number addicted to the use of intoxicants was 25,137, or 94 per cent. of the whole, though but 4,516 would confess themselves excessive drinkers. Here, as in the case of the paupers, most of the total abstainers were under 21 years of age. The foreign born element figured in the criminal statistics as follows:

Total number in 1895...25,672 or 100 per cent.
Of which native born...14,151 or 52.9 per cent.
Foreign-born naturalized...3,726 or 13.9 per cent.
Foreign-born aliens...8,815 or 33 per cent.
Both parents native...4,083 or 15.3 per cent.
Both parents foreign...21,204 or 79.5 per cent.

In the matter of insanity it appears that out of 1,836 lunatics 671, or 37 per cent., had been addicted to liquor, and of this number 311 were excessive drinkers. The adult insane numbered 1,281, of whom 659, or 51 per cent., had used liquors.

There is much else of interest to the student of sociological science in the report. The above facts and figures furnish their own comment on the effect of too great indulgence in the cup that inebriates.—Troy Times.

VARIOUS NOTES.

Wine hath drowned more men than the sea.—Christian Guide.

Four of our great Protestant denominations now refuse to admit rumsellers to church membership.

A new body called the Temperance Ironsides, is going to try to convert England to total abstinence.

North Carolina white-ribboners are working for the good enforcement of their scientific temperance law.

Our theory is simply this—that the burden inflicted upon this nation by 240,000 saloons and the wasting in them of a billion dollars a year is crushing out national prosperity and we must give up the saloons or the prosperity.—Independent Citizen.

The court of criminal appeals in Texas has ruled that the following was a sale to a minor. A minor went to a saloon with a written order and money furnished by an adult, bought liquor and took it to the adult who, with others, drank it.—Union Signal.

Dipsomaniacs in Sweden, when put under restraint, are fed almost entirely on bread steeped in wine. In less than a fortnight they loathe the very look and smell of liquor and when liberated generally become total abstainers. In Russia a similar treatment is followed with good results.

The leading citizens of Cape Town, Africa, have petitioned the colonial secretary to establish an asylum for inebriates. The secretary has expressed his warm support of this movement and promised that the government will aid it in every way. A bill has been prepared appropriating money and making laws for control, which will be presented at the next parliament.

Nearly All Abstainers.

At a meeting of the Congregational Total Abstinence association, held in connection with the fifty-seventh autumnal assembly of the Congregational union of England and Wales, which met recently in Leicester, the secretary stated that last year 96 ministers entered the Congregational body, and that a letter was sent by the association to each of them. Of the 87 who replied 86 were abstainers. If the whole of the remaining ministers, he added, were credited to the non-abstaining side, there would be a grand total, out of 2,950 Congregational ministers, of 2,313 total abstainers—about 80 per cent. In Scotland 95 per cent. were total abstainers and in Ireland every minister. In the Congregational colleges in Wales and Scotland every student was a total abstainer, and in England 90 per cent.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE MIND CURE.

There was a boy I knew of,
Whose clothes were made too small,
His jacket always pinched him,
And it did not fit at all.
The sleeves were short and narrow,
And the collar was too tight,
And the buttons didn't suit him,
And the pocket wasn't right.

And so, this foolish fellow,
Because his clothes were small,
Was very cross and sulky,
And he would not grow at all.
For he said: "My jacket pinches,
As everybody knows,
And a boy, in my opinion,
Can't be bigger than his clothes."

There was a little fellow
Who was sick, and pale and thin;
He had a tiny body,
But a mighty will within;
His head was always aching,
And his back was always weak,
And he had a voice so feeble
You could hardly hear him speak.

"What!" said this little hero.
"I will not have it so;
Because my body pinches,
Shall my spirit never grow?
I will not mind the backache,
And I will not mind my head,
If I can't be big in body,
I'll be big in soul instead."

And so, with cheerful courage,
He chased his pains away
And all the people saw him
Growing braver day by day,
Till for his tiny body
They did not care a fig,
But everybody loved him,
Because his soul was big.
—Harriott Wight Sherratt, in Youth's Companion.

PROF. BARNARD'S STORY.

How a Famous Astronomer Worked Up in the World.

One day many years ago a bright boy found employment in a photograph gallery in Nashville, Tenn. His wages were small, but he took good care of them, and in course of time he had saved up a snug little sum of money. One day a friend, less thrifty than he, came to him with a long face and asked for a loan of money, offering a book as security. Although the other knew there was little probability of his ever being repaid, he could not refuse the request.

"Here is the money; keep your book, and repay me when you can."

The grateful lad went away in such haste that he left the book behind. The kind youth with curiosity examined the volume. It was a work of astronomy, by Dick, and it so fascinated him that he sat up all night studying it. He had never seen anything which so filled him with delight. He determined to learn all that he could about the wonders of the heavens. He began thenceforth to read everything he could obtain relating to astronomy.

The next step was to buy a small spyglass, and night after night he spent most of the hours on the roof of his house studying the stars. He secured, second-hand, the tube of a larger spyglass, into which he fitted an eyepiece, and sent to Philadelphia for an object

PROF. E. E. BARNARD.

glass. By and by he obtained a five-inch glass, which, as you know, is an instrument of considerable size.

Meanwhile he worked faithfully in the shop of the photographer, but his nights brought him rare delight; for he never wearied of tracing out the wonders and marvels of the worlds around us. With the aid of his large spyglass he discovered two comets before they were seen by any of the professional astronomers, whose superior instruments were continually roaming the heavens in search of the celestial wanderers. This exploit, you may well suppose, made the boy famous. He was invited by the professors in Vanderbilt university to go thither and see what he could do with their six-inch telescope. In the course of the following four years he discovered six comets.

He was next engaged by the Lick observatory in California. With the aid of that magnificent 36-inch refracting telescope, the largest ever made, he discovered eight comets, and last summer astonished the world by discovering the fifth satellite of Jupiter. He invented a new method of photographing the nebulae in the milky way, and has shown an originality approaching genius in his work in star photography.

Perhaps you have already guessed the name of this famous astronomer, which is Prof. E. E. Barnard, of the Lick observatory, and this is the story of how he worked up.

Male Birds Lead the Way.

When birds are migrating the males usually precede the females. The robins, for instance, which are seen early in the year are almost invariably males, which apparently traveled on before their mates. The female birds follow, perhaps because they are not such powerful flyers, and also perhaps because they like to take their time and gossip with one another. In the fall the male birds leave first—the old ones—while females travel along together with their young, solicitous of their welfare and still training them after the fashion of mother birds.

Truly Wonderful.

"Wonderful man."

"What is there so wonderful about him?"

"Why, he has a prize dog."

"Yes."

"And he has a record of talking about it for 15 minutes without lying."—Chicago Post.

AN AMUSING DEVICE.

How Any Bright Boy Can Construct a Toy Locust.

It is a very easy matter to make a locust, that is a toy that will closely imitate the sound made by a locust, and the materials needed are very simple. Any boy or girl can construct one with a little skill and patience, and it will furnish much amusement.

To begin with, find a small tin box about two inches in diameter and two inches high—about the size of a pepper or spice box; or a small baking powder can will do. Remove the top and bot-

FIG. 1.

tom, leaving only the cylindrical portion, which should have a lap-joint seam running its entire length.

At a stationery store obtain a small piece of thin parchment and with a compass describe upon it a circle having the same diameter as the box, and half an inch outside of this draw another. Then with a sharp pair of scissors cut out small pieces of the parchment all around the edge between the lines as shown in Fig. 1.

Soak the parchment in warm water for a few minutes, then stretch and glue it fast to one end of the cylinder, binding the glued ends down with linen thread wound tightly around the box over the ends as shown in Fig. 2.

The threads help the glue in keeping the parchment firmly fastened to the tin, and relieve the glued ends from excessive strain. When the parchment is dry it will be tightly stretched like the head of a drum. The outer part of the can may then be covered with some colored paper securely fastened on with glue. This will hide the tin and improve the appearance of this part of the locust.

Next whittle out a round stick six inches long and a quarter of an inch

FIGS. 2 AND 3.

in thickness; to the end fasten a small bone button with two or three slim steel wire nails, as shown in Fig. 3. Melt together a piece of resin and a piece of sealing wax one quarter the size of the resin lump; they may be placed in the cover of the box and held over a lighted candle. Then work the melted resin around the stick for an inch or two at the end where the button is fastened, so that it will appear as shown also in Fig. 3.

Now obtain several strong horse hairs, and form a loop at one end of them by tying a knot three-quarters of an inch from the end. This loop is to slip over the resined end of the stick, and will be prevented from working off by the button. The other ends of the horse hair are to be passed through a small hole made in the center of the parchment head, and through a small button or piece of cardboard, the ends being tied in a large knot to prevent their pulling through again. The fin-

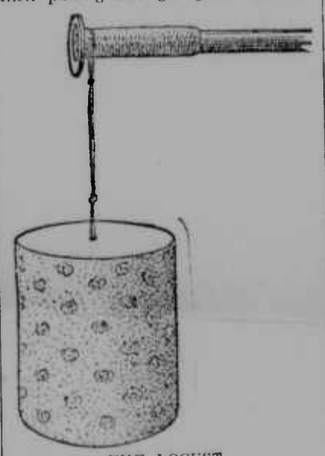

THE LOCUST.

ished locust will then appear as in the illustration.

To make it sing grasp the stick in one hand and swing the cylinder about it. This will cause it to give out a sound similar to that produced by a large locust in full flight, and the faster it is revolved the louder it will sing.

The sound is produced by the friction of the horse hair against the resin on the stick, transmitted to the tightly stretched parchment and augmented by its vibration. The pressure is chiefly due to the centrifugal force of the tin box as it is briskly swung through the air.

A large locust can be made from a can five or six inches high, swung from the end of a stick two feet long; but in this case the stick must be held in both hands. Such a locust, however, should only be used out of doors, as the noise would be deafening in the house.

J. HARRY ADAMS.

Greatness and Strength.

Who says "I will," to what is right,
"I won't," to what is wrong,
Although a tender little child,
Is truly great and strong.
—Youth's Companion.

FARM AND GARDEN.

BRICK COUNTRY ROAD.

One Has Just Been Put Down in Monmouth Township, Ill.

The first brick country road laid in the United States has been put down in Monmouth township, Warren county, Ill. It is the fruit of a movement for hard roads which has been going on in the township for the last four years and which has resulted in the construction of a number of miles of broken stone road and finally in the departure from old methods and the laying of a paved way of brick. The road is the culmination of a series of experiments in road-

BRICK ROAD AT MONMOUTH, ILL.

building, and though it is regarded as more or less on probation the utmost confidence in its success is expressed. The work has attracted much attention among friends of good roads all over the country.

The brick road came by way of evolution. When hard road-building began in the township four years ago it was decided to expend the money on hand in an experimental way. Monmouth township has long been a sufferer from bad roads. In winter the town had often been completely blockaded by mud too deep for wagons. Even within the town itself the streets were so poor that at times the "bus" lines were obliged to suspend business and baggage. Mail and baggage were carried to the railroad station on wheelbarrows. The first road was completed during the summer of 1892. Two others were laid during the two years following. All were of broken stone, laid with increasing excellence as experience pointed out the weak points of the first constructions. This year it was determined to try the wearing qualities of brick in place of broken stone. The manner in which the roadway was laid is described as follows in the Monmouth Daily Review:

The ground was prepared for it by grading and being allowed to stand for two months. It was treated to an occasional scraping so that it would settle evenly, and when the contractor ... ready to lay brick it was as ... whose even as a floor. ... blacken ing. This was made of 2x6 inch plank, set seven feet apart, and held by oak stakes 18 inches long, and put down every four feet. Inside this was put a five-inch bed of sand. This was evened up and the single course of No. 1 paving brick was put down. They were set on edge, and make a fine roadbed. Outside the curb two feet of the crushed rock was laid, graded up to make an easy approach. This makes a road 11 feet wide. The earth on each side was graded and worked, making it all 40 feet wide and affording tracks on each side for use in dry weather.

The average cost of the stone roads has been 70 cents per foot. The brick road cost $2,500 for 3,000 feet, or about 90 cents a running foot.

IDEAL DAIRY COW.

She Is Bony and Muscular and Has Strong Nerve Force.

Dairyman Gould in a recent lecture gave this description of the "cow for him."

"The ideal cow," he said, "is not large; she weighs about 1,000 pounds; she is something like a race horse, for speed in the horse and milk in the cow are allied. Beef in a horse and beef in cow mean strength always. It is a question of nerve power, and that is something food will not produce, only maintain. For the typical dairy cow you must have race horse type, bony and muscular, whether she be a Holstein, a Jersey or whatever she may be. You will find her with bony head and strong jaw, long between the eyes and nose, with broad muzzle. She should have a very bright, protruding eye—I want a cow I can 'hang my hat, on her eyes.' Why? Simply on account of her brain power. It means strong nerve force, and that means action later on. I want a thin neck and retreating brisket. The lines above and below must not be straight, or she will steal from you; I want her slightly depressed behind the shoulders, with sharp chin; I don't want too straight a back bone. She must have large organs of reproduction—you don't want a cow with a straight back; I want her wedge shaped. I want two wedges, large in rear and large heart girth, i. e., wide between forward legs, sharp on shoulder. This gives me large heart action and the strong arterial circulation I want. Then last, but by no means least, she must have a good udder, for one-half of the value of the cow is in her udder. She should have a long udder from front to rear. Then she must have a good handle on each corner of her udder. And why? Because if she gives two pails of milk a day it is a matter of some labor to milk her."

Now Is the Best Time.

Fix the road when you can, for when you can't you won't.

All fruit intended for long keeping should be sorted carefully and handled so as not to bruise it in any way.

A cow giving a good flow of milk needs more feed than an ordinary cow.

A DEAL IN COAL LANDS.

Purchases Forty Thousand Acres in West Virginia.

...ost extensive purchase of coal ...er made in the world was con... at Morgantown, W. Va., the ...ny. It is known as the Preston ...coal land deal, and the mem... the purchasing syndicate are ...ey, Mellon Bros. and Stratton & ...Pittsburg; John Sliney, of Cor... and the builders of the Cheat ...ilroad.

...liney for several months past ... securing the options from the ... of the land. The tract con... 40,000 acres, all in Preston coun... ...ng between Oakland, Va., and ... W. Va. The price paid was ... here. T. L. Mansill, who has ... a map of the tract, says it is ...tionably one of the richest coal ... the world, the vein at points ... feet thick and of splendid ...or coking.

...e intention of the syndicate to ...number of coking plants at ...ake a coking re... in size the big...

A ...rse's Age.

...popular idea that the age of a ...an always be told by looking at ...eth," said a veterinary surgeon, ...ot entirely correct. After the ... year the horse has more new ... so that the method is useless for ... the age of a horse which is more ...ight years old. As soon as the ... teeth is complete, however, a ...e begins to appear on the upper ... of the lower eyelid and a new ...e is added each year, so that ...at the age of a horse more than ... years old he must figure the ...lus the wrinkles."

To Purify the Cistern.

...n suspect that the cistern water ... suspend in it by a rope a muslin ...taining three or four pounds of ...l, and it will become pure in a ...s. Bake the charcoal and you ...it the same way again. To keep ...charcoal, toss into the cistern ...e of permanganate of potassa ... 50 gallons of water. It will ...right purple when the water is ...well, but if it does not clear in ...es put in more potassa. All ...se will settle to the bottom, ...water become clear and odor...Washington Star.

California.

If you ...will send your name and address, ...we will s... and a representative to your home ...to explain ... all about the advantages of Phillips-Rock... Island personally conducted Tour... 1st Car P... excursions to California. Address A. Phill...ps & Co., 91 Adams St., Chicago. John Seb...stian, G. P. A., Chicago, Ills.

The be... way to be thankful is to so live ...and set th... at all our actions show forth our gratitude.

He clim... is highest who helps another up. —Chicago ...Standard.

Sae h... HEAD THE PAPERS.—"Papa," said ... "Yes, Tommy," "won't you please ... $10,000?" "What do ...(Indianapolis) "We ...

1,00... been published. Wheel... barrier's wagon runs into a bicyc... ...metures his golf stockings. the rid... ...ay speak to the driver without the forma... ...ity of an Introduction.—Tit-Bits.

...RANER—"I thought your minis... to have a call to Minneapolis." ...wick—"There was talk of it, but ...ff now. He went out there to ...rial sermon, and absent-mindedly ...ext from St. Paul."—Indianapolis ...Journal.

...FUL MEMBER.—Member from the Fourth ...Yard—"So you're one of Throck... constituents, eh? Well, he's a very use... ful member. In fact, we wouldn't get a c... ...ance to do much business without him." ...Citizen—"You don't tell me! Why, I never ... supposed he knew enough to sub... tract $... from 17." Member from the Fourth —"Oh ... yes! He always moves that the reading ... of the minutes be dispensed with." —Cleve... ...and Leader.

Mas... NORTHSIDE was talking one day with her new... ...rly acquired help, an Irish girl, who had be... ...n in this country less than a year. and wh... ...o was always piling for the Easter ald Isle... "Why," said Bridget, "whin I fust kim to... ...this country Oi cuddent ate anything. The fud was so quare." "It was ... different... ...t from what you had been accustomed ... did yo... ...to, was it?" "It was, mmm." "What had p... ...have to eat in Ireland?" "Oh, we fru't." ...eats, an' blied cabbage, an'—an' "O, i... ...What kind of fruit, Bridget?" ...ynus an' sich, mum."—Pittsburgh ...Circle-Telegraph.

...Miss Passe is a bargain." She—"Is that?" He—"Thirty-eight marked to twenty-four."—Tit-Bits.

...RESSOR—"Say, Anna, couldn't we just ...ll postpone our silver wedding and ...ate it at the same time as the golden ...ng? I don't like to be interrupted in ...ork so often."—Fliegende Blaetter.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"No, MY dear, it's no use talking, I shan't give up smoking until I'm dead." His Wife (bitterly)—"What leads you to believe that you will give it up then?"—Brooklyn Life.

To Pay a Penalty for Dining

Is rather hard, isn't it? Yet how many are compelled to do this after every meal. Dyspepsia, that inexorable persecutor, never ceases to torment of its own volition, and rarely yields to ordinary medication. But tranquillity of the stomach is in store for ... pursue a course of Hostetter's ... [illegible] constipation, biliousness and nervousness.

THERE are people who would do great acts; but because they wait for great opportunities, life passes, and the acts of love are not done at all.—Chicago Standard.

Garden Spots of the South.

The Passenger Department of the Louisville & Nashville R. R. has just issued a hundred page book with the above title. It is descriptive of the resources and capabilities of the soil of the counties lying along this line in the states of Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Southern Mississippi and Western Florida. It also contains a county map of the above mentioned states, and is well worthy of a perusal of any one interested in the South. A copy will be sent to any address upon receipt of ten cents in silver or stamps, by C. P. ATMORE, Gen. Pass. Agt., Louisville, Ky. Semi-monthly excursions South. Write for particulars.

"WALKING has been a pleasure to me ever since I can remember." "Yes; the painful part of it was before you could remember."—Chicago Record.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. DR. KLINE, 931 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

THE man who always does his best will find a steady demand for the things that he can do.—Ram's Horn.

IN this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.—H. W. Beecher.

WHILE asleep, cured soreness, stiffness? All right, St. Jacobs Oil did it.

THE morning of opportunity passes; the day of accountability never.—Chicago Standard.

PISO'S CURE cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing. E. CADY, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1895.

AN... ...gia will cease. St. Jacobs Oil the cure. Get ease.

BEWARE of the sin whose only defense is that it is highly respectable.—Ram's Horn.

BACKACHE, toothache, frost-bites, too, St. Jacobs Oil will cure—that's true.

CONVERSATION.—She—"Strange how wet it is!" He—"Be stranger still if it were dry with such heavy rains."—Comic Home Journal.

THE same—old or new rheumatic pains St. Jacobs Oil will cure.

ENERGY and persistence conquer all things.—Benjamin Franklin.

BUSINESS lifts the strain. St. Jacobs Oil is master cure for pain.

CHARITY is an eternal debt, and without limit.—Quesnel.

ALL kinds, little or big. St. Jacobs Oil surely cures aches and pains.

UNLESS the heart first gives, what the hand bestows is not a gift.—Ram's Horn.

POISONING THE FOUNTAIN.

If the fountain of life is poisoned at its very source, there can be no health in any part of the body. When a woman has any disease or weakness of the delicate special organism of her sex, the fountain-head of her physical existence is poisoned and she cannot be healthy in any respect until this one fundamental trouble is cured. A physician may make the very common error of ascribing all the trouble to superficial causes; he may prescribe for neuralgia, indigestion, insomnia, or headache, when these are merely symptoms of some deep-rooted malady of the distinctly feminine organs.

Any woman suffering from these delicate complaints may be completely cured right in the privacy of her own home (without recourse to mortifying examinations and "local treatment") by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It gives health to the special organism of womanhood. It purifies all diseased conditions; gives elastic strength to the ligaments, and vitality to the nerve-centres. It promotes good digestion, sound sleep, and freedom from pain.

It is the only medicine devised for this one purpose by an educated, skilled specialist in this particular field of practice. It is the only medicine which insures prospective mothers against the dangers and sufferings of motherhood.

Dr. Pierce's thousand-page illustrated book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser" contains several chapters devoted to the special physiology of woman, with advice and suggestions for self-treatment which every woman ought to read. A paper-bound copy sent absolutely free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay for mailing *only*; or, cloth-bound, 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Look for the name
ESTEY
on the front of an Organ.
That is the quickest way
to tell is a
Write for
to Estey Org... ...ont, VT.

IT IS THE BEST. YUCATAN.

Important Notice!

The only genuine "Baker's Chocolate," celebrated for more than a century as a delicious, nutritious, and flesh-forming beverage, is put up in **Blue Wrappers** and **Yellow Labels.** Be sure that the **Yellow Label** and our Trade-Mark are on every package.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

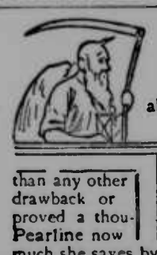

It's only a question of time

about your using Pearline (use without soap). So it seems to us. It seems as if every bright woman must see, sooner or later, how much easier and quicker and better and more economical is Pearline's way known way of washing. You can't think of any objection to it that hasn't been met and dissand times over. Millions of women are using. Ask some one of them, who uses it rightly, how much she saves by it. Manufactured only by James Pyle, N. Y.

than any other drawback or proved a thou- Pearline now

Millions NOW USE Pearline

OUR ENEM... STOLE IN ... What has happened?... Simply this: the cold has settled on your kidneys. They are overcharged with blood and inflamed. Instead of passing the waste matter out of the body they are damming it up in the blood. Every minute, yes, every heart beat adds to the poison in you. Normal action of the kidneys will purify the blood. Nothing else will.

...ast week ... touched ... lightly in ...ng. You ...ght little of the ...tter at the time, ... the enemy was ...ly a vagrant cur... ...t of air. But ...w you are beginning to learn what ...ischief the little ...truder did, for ...ur back is stiff and ...ainful. Your head ...hes, and at times ...ou feel dizzy.

Safe Cure

...s the friend in need. It will reduce the inflammation, so that the grip on the tissues of the blood-vessels is relaxed, and the uric acid is sent on its way out of the body.

Thus You Overcome Your Enemy

Large bottle, or new style, smaller one at your druggists.

Look at the Tongue

HEAD Ache this Morning.

Shows you did not take a tablet of Cascarets Candy Cathartic last evening. Cascarets prevent sour stomach, tone up the intestines, stimulate the liver, leave no chance for sick headaches in the morning. You eat them like candy, and they leave your breath sweet and fragrant. Better send out for a box right now, 10c., 25c., 50c., any drug store, or mailed for price. Write for booklet and free sample.

Cascarets TRADE MARK. CANDY CATHARTIC Cure Constipation.

ADDRESS STERLING REMEDY COMPANY OHICAGO; MONTREAL, CAN.; NEW YORK.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

FOR SALE--FINE DIAMOND about ONE karat, at sacrifice. Will send by express for examination. Post-office Box 715, Rochester, New York.

OPIUM HABIT AND DRUNKENNESS Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay till Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

The Republican.

BEN [illegible], Editor and Proprietor.
D. C. SMITH, Local Editor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

THE REPUBLICAN is published every Thursday morning at the following rates:

One copy one year	$ 1.50
One copy six months	.75
One copy three months	.40
One copy one month	.15
Single copies	.05

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First insertion for square of ten nonpariel lines $1; each additional insertion after first 50 cents per square of ten nonpariel lines. Positively no deviation will be made from the above rates.

REMITTANCES:

Remittances made by money order, postal note, registered letter or bank draft will be at our risk, if made otherwise, at the risk of the sender. Address,

THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

To Our Patrons.

With this issue the year 1896 is brought to a close. To-morrow we enter upon a new year, and prospects for a year of general activity in business circles are bright. During the past six months many improvements have been made in the mechanical department of THE REPUBLICAN, and by the aid of our many friends and patrons we hope to keep adding to these improvements until our facilities for the general publishing and printing business are well-nigh perfect.

The subscription price of THE REPUBLICAN has always been and still is $1.50 per year, invariably in advance. Should this price be reduced it would be at the expense of our readers, for some one or more departments of the paper would in all probability have to be slighted in order to make up for the deficiency in the exchequer coming from that source.

Wishing our patrons a Happy New Year, and that prosperity may follow their labors thoroughout the coming twelve-month, we remain,

Very truly,
THE EDITOR.

SEMI-OFFICIAL denials from Madrid of the rumor that Spain would accept the good offi[illegible] United States either [illegible] suppress the revolt at any early date or that the Spaniards are so wrapped up in their pride as to scorn even the best intentioned offer of mediation. The London *Statist* is authority for the statement that in the opinion of the Government of Great Britian, France and Germany, the tender of the good offices in the United States to restore peace in Cuba ought to be accepted; and if the war shall continue much longer Spain may be obliged to yield her pride before the force of opinion of civilized mankind. All the world is interested in preserving a garden spot like Cuba from complete devastation.

The Cuban Question.

Washington advices indicate that our government is approaching an agreement with Spain on the Cuban question. In the absence of any authoritive details, it is impossible to form any definite opinion on the nature of the agreement, but certain considerations are quite obvious. It is plain that the United States will have to undertake a grave responsibility under any agreement made on the lines sketched in the President's message. According to the plan as therein set forth the United States would guarantee the fulfillment of the pledges made by Spain and would act as a go-between in arranging terms with the insurgents and in effecting a pacification of the island.

The scheme is a feasible one, but [illegible] portant and delicate [illegible] problems, all of which will fall to the next administration. Under such circumstances it would seem quite proper either that Maj. McKinley should be made cognizant of the details of the negotiation and remain in touch with it, or else the conclusion of the matter should be deferred until after the incoming administration is installed. Unless the negotiations should be expedited in a manner unusual in diplomacy the consummation of the agreement would require more than the few months remaining of the Cleveland administration.

"Satiated With Gold."

Alex. Del Mar one of the leading authorities of the world on finance is sure that the silver question is settled forever. The question of gold will soon be an anxious one, and on this point he has revolutionized his views. He was one of the authors of the theory that gold was becoming inadequate for the commercial uses of the world, on account of its limited production, while thouse of it was constantly extending. This theory the bimetallists took up and worked with the greatest energy. The condition that he feared a few years ago has been totally changed by the discovery of the cyanid process, which permits the profitably working of the lowest grade of ores. Now he thinks it likely that the world will be "satiated with gold." Ores can now be worked at a cost of from $1 to $1.25 a ton, thus giving a profit on all that contain more than that, and of this grade there are limitless quantities. He says:

Gold is the most commonly diffused of all the metals. It is even to be obtained, and has been obtained, from salt. There is an almost continuous line of hills, filled with low-grade ores streteling from Alaska to Patagonia. This is the Mother Lode. I know of a single hill in California which has been explored enough to "demonstrate" nearly 40,000,000 tons of low grades, which numerous engineers have averaged at $10 a ton, but which, for safety's sake, we will put at $5 a ton. It is a veritable quarry, and, with adequate machinery, can be all [illegible] years. [illegible] slight seigniorage—say, 2½ per cent—to retain the gold coined in our own country.

The Revolution of 1689.

From the Bad mere Sun.

Not one of the English colonies in America has a more interesting history than the colony of Maryland. Not one of them has been the subject of more voluminous controversy, and yet the history of the colony of Maryland is, perhaps, more obscured in doubt and less understood in some of its phases than any other. Tradition has been accepted as history, and mere assertions as uncontroverted facts.

The Hopkins University has been doing good work in clearing away the mists of Maryland history, supplementing the work of the Maryland Historical Society. At the instance and by the aid of the Historical Society the colonial records of Maryland have been published in a series of volumes, and in these volumes is contained material which can be, and much of which has been, digested into history.

The fourteenth series of "John Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science" has lately been published. It is by Mr. Francis Edgar Sparks and deals with the revolution of 1689. The leaders of that revolution, says Mr. Sparks, "have been abused as rogues and lawbreakers, but they are really patriots." From the contemporary documents and authorities cited by Mr. Sparks, the movement was not so much a protestant mo[illegible] as it was against the Catholic [illegible] the French who were supporting him in Ireland. It was also a successful effort to reform real and intolerable abuses in the colonial government. The leaders of the movement drew up a declaration, which they sent to the King, setting forth their grievances against the proprietor. Among them were the following: Violating the freedom of elections: prevention of the sitting of elected delegates by summooning only a select number; making laws without consent of the Assembly assuming a power to assent or dissent when and to what laws he pleased that were made in his absence from the province; assuming a power to repeal laws by proclamation; assuming a power to dispense with laws made that had received his own royal assent; assuming the "royal stile, dignity, authority and prerogative;" arrest of persons who were left in ignorance of the charges against them; export duty on tobacco; exaction of illegal fees; erection of new and unnecessary offices with excessive emoluments, and the sale of appointments. There was also a charge of the grossest nepotism whereby the offices were retained in the family of the proprietor.

Mr. Sparks contends that many of these grievances really did exist and that they were remedied by the success of the revolution.

After William and Mary had become King and Queen, and while the struggle for James was going on in Ireland with the aid of the French, the proprietary government of Maryland was openly supporting the deposed King. Many of the inhabitants of the colony became alarmed over reports of a French and Indian invasion such as did actually take place about seventy years later. The proprietary government went down like a house of cards before the "Association in arms for the defense of the Protestant religion, and for asserting the right of King William and Queen Mary to the Province of Maryland and all the English dominions." Perhaps it saved the colony from a great danger, for, to have stood out in rebellion against the English government at that time would have been absurd.

To Redeem Pledges.

CANTON OHIO, Dec 28.—Among today's callers at the McKinley residence were United States Senator E. O. Wolcott of Denver, Col., and Secretary Mercer, of the Republican congressional committee.

Mr. Mercer was one of the earliest callers and had a long talk with the President-elect. Senator Wolcott was in earnest conference with Maj. McKinley more than two hours. He had just come from a conference with Chairman Hanna at Cleveland. T[illegible] Senator said:

"I came to Canton to call on Pre[illegible] dent elect to further the cause of i[illegible] ternational bimetallism, the Unit[illegible] States Senate having appointed [illegible] committee of five, of which I wa[illegible] made chairman, to prepare a bill [illegible] the interest of this cause."

It is understood that Senator Wo[illegible] cott has the legislation which h[illegible] committee will propose substantial[illegible] outlined, and that its provisions we[illegible] under discussion at the conferenc[illegible] with the President-elect. When asn[illegible] ed if Major McKinley had express[illegible] an opinion on the subject, he said:

"I am glad to say that the inco[illegible] ing President was deeply interest[illegible] in the cause of bimetallism. We wo[illegible] over the subject at considera[illegible] length and he was earnest in his[illegible] sire that the Republican platfo[illegible] pledges for the furthera[illegible] happened national agreeme[illegible] tive action."

The bill will provide for the [illegible] pointment of a commission to co[illegible] with the representatives of other n[illegible] tions and take steps towards exped[illegible] ing an international agreement.

Maryland's Early History.

Several members of the Maryla[illegible] Historical Society have called Gov[illegible] nor Lowndes' attention to a rec[illegible] sale in New York city of docume[illegible] which are represented to cont[illegible] many valuable facts pertaining to [illegible] early history of Maryland. Am[illegible] the articles advertised to be sold w[illegible] the muster rolls of the Maryland l[illegible] and documents containing the sig[illegible] tures of the signers of the Decl[illegible] tion.

Just where these papers came f[illegible] is a question which is puzzling m[illegible] students of the early history of M[illegible] land, and it is for the purpose of [illegible] ing the documents and finding [illegible] who collected them that several [illegible] tlemen have interested themsel[illegible] the matter. It is claimed by [illegible] that there should be but one [illegible] where such colonial records sho[illegible] preserved, and that is at the [illegible] House or at the land office at A[illegible] olis.

The Governor has sent an e[illegible] of the State to New York to loc[illegible] the matter and search out the [illegible] who consigned the goods for s[illegible] the papers are of such value [illegible] been represented to Gov. Low[illegible] says that he would favor the p[illegible] of a bill by the next Le[illegible] purchase them at a fai[illegible]

"The [illegible] the Gov[illegible] receive more atten[illegible] be some place set aside in [illegible] valuable documents and [illegible] papers could be kept and the party to whom they are entrusted should be held responsible for their safety."

Keep The Streets Clean.

The wide awake, prosperous [illegible] town differs as much in appeara[illegible] it does in manner from the sleepy careless community that lets things take care of themselves. What a contrast the well paved and well kept str[illegible] of the former present to the untid[illegible] and neglected aspect of the latter! The capitalist, the artisan, the homeseeker can but be impressed with the evidence of thrift and energy that are inseparable from cleanliness and order. As a consequence the one rapidly advances in wealth and population, while the other stands still if it does not—which is probable—execute a backward movement.

The first duty of a town is to pro[illegible] for the health of its residents—tha is so far as it is possible to do so by preventative measures. Cleanliness is next to godliness, and pure water and a scientific sewerage system are indispensable aids to the physical and moral welfare of the community. In far too many localities is the question of drainage left to take care of itself and it remains a perpetual menace to the public health, sooner or later to break forth with dire results.

A system of drainage should embrace not only the removal of storm water which falls upon the streets, but [illegible] the water from sinks, closets, fact[illegible] and other sources. All such [illegible] have direct connection with sew[illegible] having an outlet in the nearest wat[illegible] course. The street gutters should [illegible] kept free from rubbish and have su[illegible] a perfect grade that no water will fi[illegible] lodgment along the streets on eithe[illegible] side. Money judiciously spent in this work under the supervision of a competent engineer is a safe and sure investment that will be returned with compound interest. In our own town there is much room for improvement in this direction, and each business man and householder owes it to himself and his neighbor to help along this necessary work.

In the matter of streets, too, we are far from perfect. With a little more care in the details of construction and more systematic and thorough methods of keeping them free from sticks, stones and other accumulations of rubbish our thoroughfares would be a credit and a pride instead of, in some cases, an eye sore and cause for mortification. As in the larger cities, ordinances fixing penalties for dumping ashes and other household refuse to [illegible] streets should be enforced, as well [illegible] forbidding the loading of wagons [illegible] dirt, coal, wood, etc., in such a [illegible] rt of the contents will be distributed [illegible] ong the route of their passage. A [illegible] roper supervision of these matters, [illegible] with a liberal distribution of the [illegible] linted ordinances will go far toward [illegible] he desired neatness..

Work.

In this day of educational fads one [illegible] needs to exercise great care in adopt[illegible] ing new ideas of education. We do not desire to be among those who are slow to get in the line of progress, nor do we wish to go rainbow chasing with the faddists. We are led to suppose by the doctrines put forth by the disciples of the New Education, that [illegible] new system of education is soon to appear, which shall educate a boy without any effort on his part.

Improved aparatus, pictured walls, [illegible] angelic teachers, and a perfect [illegible] ent are all good in their ways. [illegible] all our discussions about the means of making the curriculum attractive and the surroundings delightful there is nothing that strengthens the mind so much as hard study. No man has ever become scholarly and learned without intense and persistent mental application. This being true, why should we permit our pupils to be mere passive recipients of what we may give them? I believe we ought to require our pupils to work. Common sense should be used as to what they are able to do. I am thankful today that when a farmer's boy I was kept busy. It seemed hard then, but I have habits of work now. We are all naturally lazy. This is especially true of children, hence the importance of teaching them habits of work. Yes, work in school can be made attractive to some extent, but no teacher can free the mind of the pupil from the thought that it is work. The fact is, the average pupil in our schools is not so afraid of work as the average teacher is. A great many teachers have no fixed habit of study. In a great many cases the blind are trying to lead those who can see some. Teachers, do you know that the reciting of facts by your pupils in their classes is the smallest part of the result of your work? Long after those facts are forgotten and your face is a shadow in their memory they may use the habits of study and the modes of [illegible] which they got from you. [illegible] tion [illegible] annot all be graduates, but [illegible] long [illegible] much better teachers if [illegible] all the means of improving [illegible] on which. Let us stop this trying to h[illegible] the fact that the fruitful life in school has a background of solid work. No fad can make us able to escape the force of the divine injunction, that in the sweat of our face we shall eat bread. It is our duty to train our pupil to study for himself and to think for himself. Our work is a failure unless we do this. I have no fear of what one writer calls the "cramping influence of formal examination." There is nothing to be feared from anything which requires good hard work. You sometimes read about those fellows that have hurt themselves working in school, but you don't meet them often. The country is full of the other kind that [illegible] good for anything, because [illegible] don't work in school. J. R.

In Memoriam.

[illegible] Ann Friend was born July 27, [illegible] d Dec. 17, 1896, aged 63 years, [illegible] s and 20 days. She was married [illegible] ev. D. H. Friend Jan. 11, 1855. [illegible] were born seven children, [illegible] whom, Mrs. Letetia Fearer, of [illegible] arms, W. Va.; Mrs. Minnie Custer, of Friendsville, Alvin and Arthur, of Sang Run, Md., survive her. Mrs. Friend was of a gentle disposition, a kind and obliging neighbor and will be very much missed in the community in which she had lived so long. Most of all will her absence from the home be felt. A vacant place therein that cannot be filled. As a wife she was devoted and affectionate, as a mother forbearing and loving. The religious features of her life was very satisfactory. Having consecrated herself to the Lord very early in life and maintained her christian integrity, she was ready to go when the summons came. Her illness was of a lingering, painful nature, but no murmur was heard to escape her lips. She said, "If it was the Lord's will he could give her health, but if not she was ready to go." Realizing that her work was done, as the end drew near, she bade each member of the family [illegible] ndien and urged them to meet her [illegible] heaven. By her own request songs of praise was sung as she was crossing the river. So calm and peaceful were the last moments that those present said "she seemed to be sweetly sleeping." Her funeral was preached by her pastor, after which her remains were laid to rest until the resurrection morning.

E. R. SKIDMIRE.

Friendsville, Md., Dec. 24, 1896.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street.

Christmas Services in Oakland.

As indicated in these columns last week all the Sabbath schools of Oakland celebrated the greatest of church holidays in a manner creditable to towns of twice the population.

Christmas eve the Ev. Lutheran school and the Union school rendered their programs. The decorations in the Sabbath school room of the Lutheran church were superior to all. The program carried out was splendid and spoke well for those having it in charge. The Union school had the stage at Shartzer's Opera House very nicely decorated with evergreens, ferns, etc. Behind the first drop certain was the tree. The musical and literary program was entirely gone through with before the audience was aware that a tree was in the large room and when the curtain was run up exclamations of delight and pleasure were expressed by the children and those gathered to witness the entertainment. In both schools numerous gifts were made to the scholars, consisting of candy, nuts, etc. The Presbyterian school had their entertainment at the Glades Hotel, where gifts to the children were distributed and a musical and literary program rendered.

The Presbyterian Entertainment.

The Presbyterian Sunday school held their entertainment in the Glades Hotel dining room. The evening's program consisted of a pantomime in connection with the reading of W. C. Moore's poem, "A Visit From Santa Claus". The scene was an old time room, in which the chimney built of candy boxes in the shape of bricks, ran up on the inside. Stockings were hanging from the fire-place and on one side sat the grandmother knitting; on the other side sat the mother, keeping a sharp lookout for Santa. Back of the fire-place and chimney the windows were covered with snow and in front on either side of the room stood two trees loaded with oranges and lighted up with candles. When the jingle of bells indicated the arrival of Santa, the grandmother had fallen asleep in her chair and was not awake until the jolly old fellow had almost completed his work of filling stockings and leaving toys. Santa took his departure, and most likely intended to go on to his work, but when the Sunday school had finished singing "The Chimbleys are Falling" the chimney fell down in fact, and so Santa had to come back to assist in straightening out matters. He was called back by Leslie King, in a well said speech, and all joined merrily in gathering up the fallen sweetness. After distributing to all the school, it was found that a lot of oranges and candy remained, and this was placed by the pastor in the hands of a committee for distribution among some in the town that do not see so much of Christmas goodies. All seemed to vote the evening a decided success, and "Merry Christmas" was heard from many lips.

A Preacher Well Pounded.

To the Editor of The Republican.

SIR:—Will you allow me to use your paper in thanking the good friends who so completely supplied our pantry on last Tuesday.

In the afternoon sleds and sleighs from Terra Alta drove up, and the faces of the occupants soon made known to us the object of their call. Dry goods, groceries, etc., were piled up until it looked like Santa Claus and all his family had come to gladden and cheer. After an hour of social good cheer, prayer was offered, and the gay company returned home, leaving behind them many valuable presents, and a good deed was recorded in heaven.

Cause for a second prayer of thanksgiving was afforded about two hours afterward by the Oakland congregation doing the same thing. They, too, came in a body, piling the table and floor with useful articles, until the true Christmas spirit was manifest to us most beautifully. The material benefit done is great, but not to be compared in value with the encouragement and sympathy thus expressed. So while thanking the friends of Oakland and Terra Alta for this kindness, our prayer is that He who alone inspires such acts will plentifully bless them during the coming year.

Yours truly,
Mr. & Mrs. S. M. Engle.

Your Vitality?

The essence of life is force. Every breath you breathe, every heart beat, every motion of your hand, takes force. The measure of force we call vitality. If this is lacking, there is loss of flesh, lack of resistive power, a tendency to catch disease easily, especially a tendency to Consumption. For low vitality nothing is better than Scott's Emulsion. It supplies force by furnishing the nourishing, strengthening elements of food in an easily digested form; enriches the blood, and builds up the system. When ordinary food is of no avail, Scott's Emulsion will supply the body with all the vital elements of life.

Two sizes, 50 cts. and $1.00. All druggists.

If you will ask for it we will send you a book telling you all about Scott's Emulsion. Free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

E. L. Sociable.

Monday night last the members of the Epworth League of Oakland held their quarterly sociable at Sturgiss' Refreshments were served and a general sociable time had [illegible] present. A novel feature of the evening was the introduction of cards bearing questions which were distributed to the members. The cards were headed with the words: "A Floral Love Tale," which we give in full below with the answers attached. The person answering the greatest number of questions properly was awarded a prize. This was won by Rev. Arbuthnot, he having given ten answers.

1. The maiden's name and the color of her hair? Marigold.
2. An adjective that suited her and her brother's name? Sweet William.
3. His favorite sport in winter? Snowball.
4. His favorite musical instrument? Trumpet.
5. The hour he awakened his father playing it? Four o'clock.
6. What his father gave him for punishment? Ladyslipper.
7. What did he make the boy do when punished? Balsam.
8. What office in the church did his father occupy? Elder.
9. Her sweetheart's name and what he wrote it with? Johnquill.
10. What he, being single, often lost? Bachelor's Button.
11. What kind of candy did he bring her? Candytuft.
12. What ghastly trophy did he bring her? Bleeding Heart.
13. What did she say to John as he knelt before her? Johnny-jump-up.
14. What flower did she give him? Tulip.
15. What flowers bloomed on her cheeks? Roses.
16. What flowers did she try to cultivate? Heartsease.
17. When he proposed, to whom did she refer him? Poppy.
18. What minister married them? Jack in the Pulpit.
19. What did Mary wear on her hair? Bridal-wreath.
20. What did John say when he left her for awhile? Forget-me-not.
21. What happened on his return? A yellow rose.

Christmas at The Park.

On Christmas eve Santa Claus drove his reindeers up to the Auditorium. After perching his ladder he mounted it and crept down through the chimney to the room where Mrs. F. Arnold, Mrs. James Enlow, Misses Eva Johns and Nell Bowman had prepared the Christmas tree to receive his beautiful gifts for those whom our Savior said "Suffer them to come unto me." On Christmas night we found the evergreen boughs ladened with the favors of Santa Claus. The children were made happy and the older people were made to feel that they were children again.

Due credit must be given to Miss Eva Johns for her pains-taking in preparing the choir for the beautiful music rendered on this occasion. The choir, consisting of Miss Eva Johns, Miss Mabel Frazee, Miss Belle Michael and the Johns brothers, more than met the expectations of those who assembled to partake of the pleasures of the evening. Miss Ellen Hayden organist, as always is the case, lent a charm to the singing. Several essays were well rendered, but especial mention must be made of that of Miss Aggie Bullard. The selection for the occasion was admirably chosen and the rendition of the same comparatively faultless. Too much credit cannot be given to Capt. Jas. Hayden, Messrs. Enlow and Arnold for the active part taken by them.

A Record Breaker.

"Henry!"

"Yes, your excellency?"

"One of the newspapers makes the point that if I live until the 4th of March I will have one distinction that no other President enjoyed. I will be the only occupant of the White House that has ever ridden to the Capitol with two different successors."

"Yes, sire."

"But there is another matter on which I have already broken the record.

"What is that your excellency?"

"I have killed more ducks than any other president."

Aviltion Teachers' Institute.

The following is a program for an educational meeting to be held at McKenzie school house near Aviltion, Friday and Saturday, January 15 and 16, 1897:

FRIDAY, 7 P. M.

1. Opening address, M. H. McKenzie.
2. Music by Institute.
3. Recitation, Wm. H. Hoffmeyer.
4. Recitation, Grace Chaney.
5. Recitation, Ethel Robeson.
6. Select reading, M. H. McKenzie.
7. Lecture, Garrett County Schools, Prof. U. G. Palmer.
8. Music by Institute.

SATURDAY, 9 A. M.

1. Address of Welcome, Dr. Lichly.
2. Music, Miss Rose Dorsey.
3. Teacher's duty to pupils, C. C. Custer.
4. Pupil's duty to teacher, Misses Nora McKenzie and Mayme Liston.
5. Queries.
6. Best method of teaching Orthography, A. J. Loraditch.
7. Drill in Phonetics, L. Boucher.
8. Language, Mary C. Dorsey.
9. Queries and Music.
10. Essay, Miss Mayme Liston.
11. Government, C. W. Hall and J. Bender.
12. Penmanship, Wm. H. Hoffmeyer.
13. Teaching beginners to read, Misses Ella Turney and Emma Yutzy.
14. Music and Queries.
15. How to use the Globe, U. G. Palmer.

All questions will be open for general discussion.

The school trustees and patrons are requested to attend these meetings. An invitation is also extended to all friends of educational progress.

This being the first educational meeting in our vicinity, we hope that all may receive a cordial greeting, be treated hospitably, and that their aim for the advancement of education be realized.

Aviltion.

Well, as we did not send in our items last week will try and put in our appearance this week.

The Institute at Grantsville Saturday was quite a success. Most of the teachers of this community were there and report a good time. Mr. Daniel Dorsey has returned from Davis W. Va., to spend the holidays with his parents.

George Pope and Charles Layman were the guests of Mr. M. H. McKenzie Sunday last.

We hope the institute at the McKenzie school will be a success and want every one who is interested in education to attend. We expect to have Prof. U.G. Palmer with us. He is a wide awake man and will make the Institute a success.

Mr. George Garlitz has erected a fine dwelling near this place and will move in it in the near future.

Mr. Wm. H. Hoffmeyer, who is teaching the Dorsey school, has gone to his home at Listonburg, Pa., to spend the holidays.

Mr. W. C. Hall, who is teaching the New Germanny school, was called to his home near Confluence, Pa., to attend the funeral of his grandfather.

Oak Hill.

Our school is progressing nicely under the care of Mr. Henry Speicher as teacher.

Messrs. Joseph Groer and B. F. Schroyer have taken a large contract hauling lumber for Messrs. Clark & McCullough, the Friendsville lumber manufacturers.

Again many of our farmers have been busily engaged the past week or two hauling lime stone. Amongst those we noticed John Speicher, Joseph Beegbley, John Mosser, Henry Spoerline and others.

Mr. James Beegbley is in this section issuing insurance policies to our farmers on their barns and dwellings.

The assessors have not as yet put in their appearance in this section of the county.

Mr. J. E. Gnagey, the enterprising merchant of Accident, has returned from the west.

Messrs. W. M. Teats and his brother are making preparations to burn a large kiln of lime in the spring.

Grantsville.

We are having excellent sleighing now, which, however, will soon be slayed by the liquifying rays of the solar luminary, unless a change for more snow and a lowering of temperature takes place soon.

A son of Lon Yommer was very critically ill with pneumonia recently. At last accounts he had improved somewhat in condition.

Mrs. Samuel Kemp is ill with pneumonia. Her condition was convalescent at last accounts.

Christmas was celebrated by services by the Methodist Episcopal Sunday school on Christmas evening, and by the German Reformed and Evangelical Lutheran schools jointly, on Saturday evening. Both services were attended by large audiences, the edifices being too small for the comfort of the assemblages. At the Methodist services the pleasures were greatly marred by the ill and disgraceful conduct of some of those of the audience. They were in the greater part strangers to this immediate community, apparently, but in our humble opinion they were more foreign yet to well bred department, or even common, respectable conduct. It seems some young people deem it very [illegible] useless and idiotic, and to giggle, ogle and leer at others, at home or abroad, who often are far more worthy of esteem and respect than their would-be ridiculers. We admit that young people as a rule are prone to relax restraint a little more when away from home supposedly among strangers, especially when a number of acquaintances come together, but there is such a thing as being *prone* too to *pronness*.

Bowser [illegible] are selling off their stock of [illegible] merchandise by auction this [illegible]

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Sheldin[illegible]

Christ[illegible]is way to the consty.

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Ja[illegible]eadcropper. He was busy kis[illegible]
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[illegible]ged for several [illegible]oo ramanur to market. [illegible]shed, the

Our school is progre[illegible]l up v with Miss Belle Hamill as teac[illegible]

William Bray has been on the list for several days suffering from the effects of a paralytic stroke he had some months ago, but is better now.

Prayer meeting at the school house next Sunday at 10.30 o'clock. All are invited.

Miss Della Kimmel is home spending the holidays, from where she is teaching school.

Joseph Kisner has had a force of hands for several weeks cutting stave timber on William Bray's land.

Aaron Run, District No. 9.

Having noticed the correspondence from various sections of our county regarding Christmas festivities, Christmas trees, etc., I beg leave to write a few lines upon one of the most pleasant Xmas Eves we have spent for "lo! these many years," the event being a Christmas tree at Aaron Run school house, four miles north of Westernport, Md. As early as 6 o'clock p. m. the jingle of sleigh bells could be heard from all directions, and by the appointed hour, 7.30 p. m., the house was filled to overflowing. Promptly at 7.30 o'clock the superintendent of the Sunday school, Mr. Wm. A. Michael called the audience to order. After a brief but instructive address by the superintendent on the "Birth of Christ," an essay was read by the assistant superintendent, Mr. Lee Fazenbaker, on the parable of the "Barren Fig Tree," after which the prepared program was taken up as follows:

1. Recitation, "Christmas Gifts to others," by James Grove, Elsie Michael and Eliza Grove.
2. Recitation, "Christmas Thoughts," by Geo. Coleman.
3. Recitation, "The Gift of Gifts," by Minnie and Nettie Duckworth.
4. Recitation, "Christmas Tree," by Eliza Grove.
5. Recitation, "The Children's Gifts," by Harry Michael, Nellie Coleman, Earl Fazenbaker, Elsie Michael, Wm. Grove, Lulu Grove, Dollie Grove, Fannie Coleman, Anna Coleman, Elmer Michael and Lucy Grove.
6. Recitation, "Christmas all the Year," by Philip Duckworth.
7. Recitation, "Christmas," by Vernon Michael.
8. Recitation, "Christmas Gifts," by Porter Michael.
9. Recitation, "The Babe of Bethlehem," by Josie Fazenbaker and Bessie Michael.
10. Singing, "Joy to the World the Lord is Come."

After the programme had been disposed of, next in order came the treat for the school, which was very pleasing to the little ones and appreciated by the larger ones. Last but by no means least the presents were taken from the tree and distributed by the superintendent and assistant, but new in the vast crowd failing to receive some token of regard, many of which were both valuable and useful. The event will long be remembered by all who were present, and great credit is certainly due the entire school for the magnificent way in which the exercises of the evening were conducted. In conclusion I would add, if all the powers and principalities and thrones of the world would only echo sincerely the song and sentiment of the first Christmas morning, what a glorious old earth this would be.

SANTA CLAUS.

Mt. Lake Park Notes.

As you have spent some time in Mountain Lake Park, will you kindly tell us how the people spend their time during the long winter months, and any other information you may have concerning the place? Every reader of your valuable paper is familiar with the beauty and grandeur of the Park during the summer months. They know far better than my pen can express of the spiritual feast given to saint and sinner during the month of July, and of the musical and intellectual treat furnished those whose refined tastes bring them hither.

When the Chautauqua is brought to a close the Park is practically deserted. The radical change which takes place so suddenly about the last of August makes the situation desolate indeed, and the death-like stillness for a short season is almost unbearable. But it is at the close of the Chautauqua that the Park and its environments are to be fully enjoyed. The beauty and magnificence together with its salubrious climate during the months of September, October and November cannot be excelled, and as a sanitorium, the Park has but few if any equals. A season spent in a valley in Utah led me to think it was a paradise, but it was left for me, later along, to learn that this summit of the Allegheny mountains far exceeds the Mormon country as a genial and health-giving clime. The many thousands who have been accustomed to visit the Park from year to year, and who hurriedly packed their trunks and left the Park at the close of the Chautauqua would have experienced an unmistakable joy had they remained thirty or sixty days longer and drank in of the quiet and beauty of this season. After the evacuation of the Park by the pleasure seekers and cottagers, the citizens accommodate themselves to the usual ways of living. No, it is not lonesome here. The most desolate and most lonesome place on earth for one to be is to be a stranger in a strange city. Oakland is a lonesome place for a denizen of the Park to visit on a cold bleak day when its people are housed up, and when the streets are practically deserted. How we hasten back to the Park on such occasions. It is our home.

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like Home."

We have two first-class boarding houses—the Assembly house, presided over by Mrs. Samuel Sawyer; the Braethorn Cottage, kept by Mrs. Daniel Smith. The latter is the hostlery where Capt. James Smith spent the first night of his honeymoon.

What about Park society? It consists chiefly of Christians; besides there is a moral element that places with a larger population might well feel proud of. The busiest man in the Park is Supt. Rudisill, and the beauty of it all his busy hours are confined to strictly attending to his own business. I am sorry to say that Mt. Lake Park, like many other small places, has an element which is continually sowing the seeds of discord, and trying to destroy the peace and comfort of this quiet community. I refer to the gossipers. They whose sole delight is to endeavor to blacken one of God's choicest gifts to man, viz., character. They invade the homes of saint and sinner alike. No moral force can stop them. They will break down every barrier and enter the sanctity of the minister's home and study to deposit their sweet morsel of gossip and slander. They will shed crocodile tears over our foibles and then hasten to their congenial spirits and build castles of sin and iniquity for us to dwell in.

They have been known to take desperate chances of being consigned to prison by using the United States mails for their nefarious work, by sending anonymous letters through the mails. They make their own homes the vestibule of Hades and a place for fear and trembling when the husband enters, and they are not unfrequently the cause of the husband and children seeking a more agreeable temporary abode. Their only disappointment and unhappiness comes when they learn that their vicious stories are proved to be fruitless and false. It is then and then only that they are unhappy. The recipient of their ungodly messages does not always receive them with the satisfaction which the dispenser of it experiences in the bestowal, but this matters little to them. They deal it out in full measure, pressed down hard, heaped up and running over. They bubble over with it, and revel in its ever-blooming fragrance. In their insatiable desire to bring the happy ones down to their own miserable level they would, if possible, follow a pure soul to the very gates of heaven to breathe out their venom. Cowards as they are, they always refuse to give the author of their stories, and they shield themselves behind the flimsy excuse, "Oh! I promised not to give the name of my informant." They put in circulation their vile slander and leave the innocent victim defenseless by withholding the name of their mythical partner in sin and iniquity. It is a blessing there is but few of this class of persons here, but few as they are, they can make more disturbance to a square acre than one hundred ordinary prevaricators. For the benefit of all who love to wag the tongue of gossip and slander, let me advise them to transfer their property to some friend (if they have any) whose cardinal virtue is keeping the commandment which says, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," because the law makers of the commonwealth in their wisdom has made it possible for those injured by the slanderer to collect damages. Were I to do justice to the good and respectable portion of this community, I would not mention the names of these two Satan. But it is best for the present to allow these moral lepers this offensive and irritating excrescence to allow in their own wallow.

X.

Marriage Licenses.

The following licenses have been issued by Clerk Tower since November 16th:

J. W. Dolphin and Lielia M. Giles, both of Monongalia county, W. Va.

Martin L. Te[illegible] and Margaret J. Stephens, both of Oakland.

Sylvester C. Goodwin and Zeppa L. Lynch, both of Harrison county, W. Va.

Dominick Bonifede and Columba Forcelli, both of Clarksburg, W. Va.

Wm. H. Knight and Margaret A. Hawkins, both of Fairmont, W. Va.

Jasper Westfall and Pallie Harmon, both of Pendleton county, W. Va.

Edmond D. Miller and Ada F. Shaffer, both of Preston county, W. Va.

Arlie H. Groves and Louisa E. Spiker, both of Preston county, W. Va.

Elijah Thomas and Minnie Derrichaw, both of this county.

P. [illegible] Camlin and Anna J. Collins, both of Fairmont, W. Va.

[illegible] Lemley and Rosa Merrain, both of Wetzel county, W. Va.

Oscar Friend, of this county, and Mary Bodecheaver, of Preston county, W. Va.

Thomas Jones and Mrs. Bridget Ellwood, both of Bloomington.

Arthur Winters and Alice Whetzell, both of Preston county, W. Va.

G. W. Martin and Ella Anderson, both of Marion county, W. Va.

Elisha F. Lee and Laura R. Murphy, both of Garrett county.

Howard M. Miller and Minnie Broadwater, both native Garrett countians.

Henry L. Wolf and Gertrude Garey, both of Friendsville, this county.

James O. Smith and Dora E. Sandy, both of Garrett county.

Henry H. Lemley and Mary Hawkins, both of Marion county, W. Va.

Isaac B. Gohlen and Florence M. Sheets, both of Harrison county, W. Va.

Lewis Smearman and Mary Opel, both of Garrett county.

Simeon S. Dunn and Annie Merrifield, both of Marion county, W. Va.

Philip R. Hess, of Piedmont, and Annie Burley, of Deer Park.

Thomas D. Digman, of this county, and Sarah E. Cornwall, of Harrison county, W. Va.

Four were marked "don't publish."

During the year Clerk Power issued 216 licenses, the majority being to persons residing in West Virginia.

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The E. J. Fredlock Mf'g and Bld'g Co.,
PIEDMONT, W. VA.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

[illegible]ttee of the deed of trust from Hinebaugh to Eli McMillan, No. 723 [illegible]y, in the Circuit Court for Garrett [illegible]ty, Maryland.

[illegible] to give notice to the creditors of Hinebaugh to file their claims properly authenticated with the Clerk of the Circuit [illegible]or Garrett county, on or before [illegible]y of January, 1897, as I will then [illegible] the money in the hands of Eli [illegible]ttee, to the parties entitled to the distribution of the fund.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
Auditor.

ORDER NISI.

[illegible]k L. Fredlock vs. Joseph P. Gleeson. No. 7[illegible] quity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

Ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county sitting as a court of equity, this 23d day of December, 1896, that the sale of property mentioned in these proceedings made and reported by Taylor Morrison, receiver, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the [illegible] day of January, 1897. Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in said Garrett county once in each of three successive weeks before the [illegible]y of January, 1897.

The report states the amount of sales to be $[illegible].00.

True copy. DAVID W. SLOAN,
Test, E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 41-3

SCHOOL BOARD MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS OF GARRETT COUNTY.
OAKLAND, MD., Dec. 28, 1896.

[illegible]eeting of the Board of School Commissioners for Garrett county, Maryland, will be held in the office of the Board on

MONDAY, JANUARY 4th,

at 2 p. m., and also on

TUESDAY, JANUARY 5th,

[illegible]., for the purpose of transacting any [illegible]ess that may be brought before them.

By order of the Board

U. G. PALMER,
Secretary.

Testimony for Public Benefit.

Mr. Oliver A. Horner, Cashier of the Banking House of Annan, Horner & Co., Emmittsburg, Md., and Commander Dept. Md., G. A. R., says:—

"It affords me great pleasure to recommend 'Honey-Tolu' for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, &c. I have used this valuable remedy in my family which gave speedy relief in all cases and I most cheerfully recommend it to the general public as a most efficient remedy."

Mr. T. W. Hobbs, 41 Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., testifies as follows:

"It affords me much pleasure to say that I have tried 'Honey-Tolu' in my family for Coughs and Colds, etc., with perfect satisfaction. It acts like a charm, its good effects being felt from the first dose; so cheerfully recommend it to everyone needing a reliable remedy for coughs and colds.

Mr. J. Edw. Wolf, of 128 N. Mount St., Baltimore, Md., the Sec'y of Ideal Council, No. 73, Jr. O. U. A. M., says:—

"It gives me pleasure to testify to the merits of 'Honey-Tolu,' which I consider the most valuable remedy ever offered the public; and one that should be constantly on hand in every family. When our baby was quite young it was attacked by an aggravated cough, which was exceedingly annoying and the source of much solicitude to us. A number of "old time" remedies were resorted to, but all without effect. During the past winter Croup prevailed in our midst, and he had it in a fully developed form; and it would have gone very hard with him, but I was fortunate enough to hear of 'Honey-Tolu,' of which I procured a bottle. After a very short trial it proved effective, relieving him at once and before the bottle was used the cough had entirely disappeared."

Honey-Tolu.

Sold by all Dealers. Large Bottles, 25c.

BOLDEN BROTHERS,

Tin, Galvanized and Sheet Iron WORKERS.

Roofing and Spouting Done on Short Notice.

Special Attention Given to Repairing,

ALL WORK GUARANTEED. GIVE US A CALL.

NOTICE TO Delinquent Tax-payers.

Notice is hereby given to all delinquent tax-payers that if "taxes now due and in arrear" are not paid before January 1, 1897, I will proceed by law to collect. For full information to all parties interested I refer to Sec. 51 of Chapter 500 of Acts of General Assembly of Maryland, a copy of which is hereto annexed.

THOS. B. WILEY,
Treasurer of Garrett County.

SEC. 51. The said Treasurer shall, during the first week in December in each and every year, give notice to all the delinquent tax-payers of said county, by advertisement inserted in two newspapers published in said county, and by hand-bills posted in five of the most public places in each election district of said county, and at the court-house door warning them that the payment of all taxes then due and in arrear will be enforced by advertisement and sale, unless the same be paid before the first day of January next following.

N. B. The above will be strictly enforced after January 1, 1897.

--THE-- National Tribune,

Washington, D. C.

1897—TWENTIETH YEAR—1897

The People's Great Paper.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is now entering upon its 20th year of unprecedented success. It has won this success by sterling merit. It has demonstrated itself to be a journal of the very highest character. It is always loyal and true. It is absolutely reliable and owned in everything by soldiers. Its contents are always of the highest place of literary and historical merit, and it has the

Most Distinguished Contributors

of any paper in the country. It is now publishing

Gen. Sherman's Memoirs,

to which it has the exclusive right. These are intensely interesting. Besides, it has contributions on important events of the war from Maj.-Gen. L. A. Grant, of the Iowa Vermont Brigade; Maj. Gen. R. W. Johnson, of the Army of the Cumberland; Maj.-Gen. H. M. Duffield, of the Army of the Potomac and the South, and many others of equal note. Its columns are filled every week with accounts of thrilling interest of real happenings of the war by the men of every grade and rank, who did the actual marching, digging, and fighting of the great conflict.

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ORDER NISI.

Lewis Popp vs. Sarah E. Wright, John [illegible] Will[illegible]

No. 811 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 28th day of December, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above case by Lewis Popp, mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 23d day of January, 1897, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Oakland, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks before the 23d day of January, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $700.00.

True copy—Test. E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 41-3

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

Consisting of Farm, Etc.

[illegible] 9TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1897,

"Steevey's Adventure"

[illegible] DAVID J. LEWIS, Trustee.

ORDER NISI.

Alexander Mc[illegible] vs. [illegible] of [illegible] No. 750 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

Ordered this 16th day of December, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Edward H. Sincell, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 1st day of January, 1897; provided a copy of this order be published once in each of three successive weeks in some newspaper published in Garrett county, before the 1st day of January, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $850.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: E. Z. Tower, Clerk.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.
OAKLAND, MD., Dec. 1, 1896.

Notice is hereby given by the County Commissioners for Garrett county that the Collateral Assessors have been and are from now on under the control of the County Commissioners and subject to their orders, and all persons who have not been assessed and have not made out their schedules are required to do so at their earliest opportunity and have them ready for the assessors when they call for them.

The board will meet on January 4, 1897, for the purpose of appointing supervisors of roads and the business will be taken up as follows:

Monday, January 4, Districts 5, 12, 8 and 9.
Tuesday, January 5, Districts 6, 8, and 11.
Wednesday, January 6, Districts 7, 10, 2 and 4.
Thursday, January 7, the board will go into session as a Board of Control and Review, and all persons that have filed a notice of an appeal will be notified what day and date they will be heard and must attend on the day so arranged.

ISAAC W. ABERNATHY,
THOMAS H. LAYMAN,
County Commissioners.

Attest: J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

1897. **THE SUN.** 1897.

BALTIMORE, MD.

THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE,
FOR THE PEOPLE AND WITH THE PEOPLE.

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FEARLESS IN EXPRESSION,
SOUND IN PRINCIPLE,
UNSWERVING IN ITS ALLEGIANCE TO RIGHT THEORIES AND RIGHT PRACTICES.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

BY F. D. MILLET.

We had been expecting a battle for 24 hours or more, and the fever of anticipation did not make us rest any easier as we turned in after nightfall under the friendly shelter of a high gravel-bank along the highway. It was late in the month of November, in the year 1877, and we were among the foothills of the Balkans on a rapid march to try to fight our way through the Turkish lines and move on Sofia and Adrianople.

Nineteen years is a long time to keep in mind the incidents of a war, and I may as well review as briefly as possible the main lines of the situation.

[illegible] Pasha, with a large [illegible] besieged in Plevna by the combined forces of Russia and Roumania. The town, which is the largest in that part of Bulgaria, is situated about one-third of the way between the Danube and the Balkan mountains, and a fine highway runs from the river to Sofia, now the capital of Bulgaria. For many weeks the Russians had been unable for lack of troops to surround Plevna, and Osman Pasha continually received supplies and reenforcements from the main Turkish army in the Balkans.

In order to complete the investment of the town, the Imperial guard had been brought from Russia. After a short campaign this force, under Gen. Gourko, had cut the highway and had extended the lines quite around the Turkish army. The fall of the stronghold became only a matter of time.

When the siege was settled on the new lines, it was thought safe to withdraw a considerable portion of the troops and make a move to the southward in order to cross the Balkans, or at least to seize such advantageous positions in the mountain passes that they would be practically impregnable. In case he was unable to penetrate the valley of Sofia, Gen. Gourko was to wait until Plevna fell, and then, reenforced by the besieging army, he would be able to sweep everything before him.

We advanced as a flying column, with Cossack scouts scouring the country on either side and in front of us, and, with the exception of a few small skirmishes, did not come in touch with the Turks until we were well into the region of the high and rugged hills that gather around the great shoulders of the Balkan range on its northern slope. The highway winds over these foothills in a series of sharp curves and steep grades, but preserves a good average width. It was at that time in pretty fair condition, and our progress was comparatively easy and rapid.

One afternoon, toward sunset, the column halted, and the troops were deployed to the right and left of the road, and soon disappeared among the trees. A few scattered shots told us that the enemy was prepared to resist our advance.

Riding up the road a little way, we could see that the highway turned to the east a little, and then plunged into a narrow gorge. On the south side of this canyon the lines of a freshly built earthwork broke the smooth surface of the highest summit, and at the entrance of the defile wreaths of smoke as blue as turquoise against the heavy green of the fir trees showed where the Turkish pickets were busy with our scouts.

In the first gray of the morning we were all on foot, and were informed that, as soon as the regiment before spoken of got into position on the right, we should move over the hills on the left or the north side of the gorge. Joining a column that was sent in the latter direction, I soon began to appreciate the difficulties of campaigning in a rough country.

It was, of course, impossible to move artillery or cavalry, and the infantry troops, with whom I had cast my fortune, scattered all over the hillside and scrambled up the steep decline as best they could, reaching the picket-line at the summit after an hour's climb.

The regiments were halted in irregular order just behind the crest of the ridge in the edge of the woods, and a strong skirmish-line was sent forward to make a demonstration by advancing over the crest of the hills. The moment they reached a point where they could be seen by the Turks a sharp fusillade began. A few were wounded, and the rest, according to the plan, returned behind the shelter of the hilltop.

From that time for several hours a constant rattling fire was kept up by the enemy, but our men were ordered not to reply, and we waited for a change in the situation. The delay grew irksome and I determined to go up to the skirmish-line to reconnoiter on my own account.

Crawling up to where the men were lying, I found I could look over the crest of the hill by raising myself on my hands, and when the firing was not lively I studied the landscape with eager interest. A great convulsion of nature had split the hills from west to east, and the gorge thus formed was about 250 yards wide and nearly as deep, with sheer precipitous sides. The skirmish-line, or at least the part of it where I joined it, was very near the edge of the cliffs.

Two mountain howitzers masked in the woods directly opposite were constantly bursting shrapnel over our skirmish-line. There was absolutely no protection there against a rain of bullets and bits of iron from above, so it was much better policy, for other reasons than those of curiosity, to get into cover.

By carefully studying the ground beforehand, it was a matter of little difficulty to work my way down to a place where I could plainly see across the chasm and run very little risk of discovery by the sharpshooters in the rifle-pits. In fact, I did accomplish this without drawing a single shot; and when I was safely installed I could plainly look into the earthwork.

The entertainment grew stale after an hour or two of watching, and I began to yearn for news of our flanking column. It had been raw and chilly all day, and the sky was dull and lowering. About the middle of the afternoon the wind changed, and heavy clouds began to gather and to drift along the hillsides.

As they gathered in volume and mass they settled down into the ravines and hollows, and soon surrounded every hilltop with swelling, rolling forms. Behind me this sea of fleecy vapor hid from sight the lower hills and the great valley, and stretched away without a break into the misty distance. On either side and in front the summits rose like the islands of an archipelago, and dotted the undulating expanse of clouds with their dark [illegible]

The Revolution of 1876. [illegible] ancy joined the serrated wall of the high Balkans far to the south.

It was a beautiful and most unusual scene. I had quite lost myself in wonderment at the strange effect when the dull echo of distant rifle-firing, lower down and to the right, brought me to my senses again. I could see a slight commotion among the Turks, and all along our skirmish-line the men began to raise themselves up and look across the gorge.

However, nothing was to be seen in that direction but the island-like hilltops and the rolling sea of clouds. The sound of the shots seemed to rise out of the opaque mist like bubbles from the surface of a turbid pool. It was absolutely impossible to judge how far away the firing was, for the reason that the dense vapor deadened the acuteness of the sounds and at the same time seemed to magnify their volume.

In a few minutes the Turkish rifle-pits ceased firing altogether, and the two howitzers which had been demoralizing us all day also ceased their annoying attentions. From across the like a football scrimmage, and a scattering of a few Turks, who dashed weaponless. Between intervals shots I could plainly hear groa shouts, the strange, shrill cries Turks and the deep, rumbling of the Russians. It was all over minutes, although it seemed an h

When I thought every Turk had killed or had fled, one solitary ish soldier crawled out of the and calmly walked aw[illegible] parent haste, picking [illegible] the rocks and stumps, [illegible] ly turning to fire a [illegible] Russians, wriggling his fingers nose after each shot, and otherwi pressing his contempt for his en No one seemed to think of follo him, but he became the target scores of marksmen. He paid n tention to these compliments, and dodged behind a tree with an insu yell.

Immediately after this incide bank of clouds, which had been adv ing for some time, swept across hilltop, hid it from view, and sh ed both combatants and spectate chill, drenching vapor. The skirm line, which had been standing up cheering as the fight went, gathere groups and excitedly discusse event. Darkness came on co[illegible] with the representatives of [illegible] rapidity; the fog increased in de pickets were posted, and we bega prepare for the night.

Nothing better was at hand the shelter of a shelving rock, there, in company with two office had supper, such as it was, and enj the hot, refreshing tea from the present samovar. The sound of vo and of rare, random shots came u out of the murky chaos opposite, seemed to float away past us and be us into the mysterious gray space.

About eight o'clock there was a den cheering and a rattle of shots, lowed by groans and cries; but wh er the brief conflict was to our ad tage or not, we could not tell. It impossible to sleep with this trag going on within easy earshot, bu completely out of our vision as if were blind men, and for hours we and smoked and listened to the sou that sometimes seemed to be close side us, and again somewhere abo around or below us.

About two o'clock in the morni there was a second great outburst cheers, yells, groans and shots wh

ON THE TOP OF THE PARAPET.

gorge the sound of voices came plainly to my ear, and I imagined even that I could hear the tramp of feet.

It was a wonderful setting for a drama of such exciting human interest. From my position the opposite hilltop, isolated as it was by the clouds surrounding it, made a sky line, first of a thick clump of trees at the extreme left, then a slope of rough ground with stumps and bowlders, next the sharp line of the parapet of the earthwork, and lastly to the right and a little lower the curve of the smooth decline disappearing into the vapor below.

Both sides were thus exposed to my view, although I was slightly to the rear of the Turkish earthwork.

It was a rare situation, and one which it has seldom been the lot of anyone to witness. The stage was the great hilltop with its dramatic and scenic cloud accessories; the auditorium was the surrounding summits; the audience, 80,000 men; the actors, a few hundred soldiers who were to play the piece without rehearsal, but with a spirit never seen in the artificial drama.

In a very few moments after the first firing the earthwork was lined with Turks who began to pump bullets down into the clouds, and I could plainly see the quick action of their hands as they drew down the levers of their Peabody-Martini rifles and pushed in the long cartridges.

Suddenly the figure of a man appeared on the very top of the parapet, sharply outlined against the sky. I could not tell whether it was the distortion of the atmosphere or what it was, but he seemed to be a giant in proportions, and produced much the same moral effect on the Turks as a man of phenomenal stature would have done, for many of them immediately began to scramble out of the ditch and run down the slope toward the woods.

In an instant several other Russians sprang to the top of the entrenchment, and an irregular line of men swarmed out of the clouds, scaled the smooth slope nearest the gorge and began to shoot over the earthwork.

Several knots of Turks made a determined stand, and the Russians leaped pell-mell among them. There was a brief tangle of bayonets, a rush, lasted two or three minutes. Like t echo of a conflict of demons the sounds filled the air, floated far ubo us, and then died away completely. W heard no more, and at last went sleep, shivering with the cold.

In the first gray dawn I scramb down the hillside and joined friends on the stuff of Gen. Gourk whom I found already mounted a about to visit the scene of the l night's engagement. They inform me that the Turks were driven f their last position at two o'clock y morning, and that the pass was open to us.

We were in the deserted entre ment in less than two hours later, when we arrived the soldiers ha[illegible] began to gather the Russians' burial. The body of a tall, fine gentlema man was pointed out to us as th who first gained the earthworks, who had died from a dozen bullets as many bayonet wounds. "He w have had the cross of St. George," ly remarked one of his comrades.

Scores of bayoneted Turks lay pil the ditch, and a few bodies were tered among the rocks and stu Remembering the incident of the treat of the single Turk, I follo as well as I could his path down slope in order to picture to myself probable sensations as he walked a

In the edge of the woods not from the first tree was the body of man whose bravery had excited my miration. I readily recognized him a sleeved waistcoat of pink silk whic had attracted my eye as he came out the ditch. He had fallen just as reached cover, and his last impul must have been to give another sh to these "dogs of Giaours," for o hand was in his cartridge-box and t other still grasped his American ri The weapon, the equipments and th unused cartridges were among m most cherished relics of the winte campaign, and an eloquent souvenir the fate of two heroes of a Balka tragedy.—Youth's Companion.

—The python, in the old world, r places the boa in the new. The pytho differs from the boa in having fou teeth in the intermaxillary bone.

KEEPING A HOLIDAY.

How Shall We Plan to Get from It All the Good It Can Give?

What is sure to make it a red-letter day?

What is the very best way to spend it? How shall we plan to get from it all that it can give? To make the very most of a single day, a holiday, a day that we are at liberty to spend as we like, may be something of a puzzle.

It suggests the question—what do you care most about doing with all your time? Time is the stuff of which life is made, and just to be sure of what we care most to do with it is worth thinking about.

Most young people, and in fact pretty much all persons, have some favorite occupation or study, or both in one, some special direction in which they are strongly drawn, that lies outside of the daily necessary routine of work. For those who have ordinarily but little leisure (and in this busy work-a-day world this includes the majority), the indulgence of this private liking is a capital use for at least a part of the holiday. It may lead to important results or it may not—the thing we are most eager to do may be a mere amusement of which we soon tire, or it may be the thing that we were made to do, [illegible] tractive and the surroundings one real serious business of our lives, which circumstances have seemed to put beyond our reach, yet which perseverance will enable us to achieve.

However that may be, there is no question about the pleasure of doing the thing one likes best. It may be music or history, or football, or wood-carving, or what not—there is certainly a very keen satisfaction in following one's own personal taste. And the chances are that if you are enough in earnest, something worth while will come of it. Too much is made of the motive of making money. It is well to remember that there is another kind of satisfaction in good work, in every kind of employment, done for its own sake. It does not make much difference what the work is. Any kind of useful or beautiful thing done, in the measure in which the heart is thrown into it, doing one's very best for the sake of seeing it well done, is good and satisfying. Time spent in this way is well spent.

If there is any such thing as a secret of happiness, it is surely this—make others happy. And all good work is an antidote for selfishness. Not only that, but it is one of the surest, most lasting and rightful sources of continual happiness. To talk about work as the best play—the best resource—for enjoying a holiday, seems on the surface a contradiction. But the best play is not idleness merely. To be worth having, it must be some kind of activity, and to be really delightful, it must be something loved. To make the most of a holiday, then, it is quite fair to do the very thing that you care for personally, however unimportant it may appear to somebody else.

Something is due to the day itself. Is it Thanksgiving day? Are we not more ready to give thanks in sincerity for material blessings, for abundant food and rich dress, prosperity in the shape of money, houses and lands, than for better culture and richer gains in building up our own characters and lives? Yet these are worth more.

Is it Christmas? Do we think of it as a time of gifts, of merry making, of unusual gayety and self-indulgence, or do we care first for its higher meanings? Do we make it a time of good will toward all, a time for earnest thought and generous deeds to promote the welfare of those whom we love, first, but also, so far as we may, of all our human brothers and sisters?

Even on a holiday, and perhaps most on a holiday, when our time is free from ordinary claims, a little honest discussion with one's self of the very best uses and objects to which we can devote a little of our time will not come amiss.—Country Gentleman.

Black Men in Persia.

Old inscriptions and carvings have shown that there existed in ancient Persia members of a race of black skinned men, who possessed features resembling those of Africans. The origin of these people, as well as their apparent disappearance in modern times, have furnished puzzling questions for ethnologists. Some have supposed that in prehistoric times the greater part of southern Asia was occupied by a primitive black race, of which only vestiges remained when the empires of Babylonia and Assyria arose. Lately descendants of the black [illegible] therein that cannot be filled. A man who figured in the early history of Persia are believed to have been found by the Russian explorer, Dr. Daniloff, dwelling among the mountains near Shiraz, east of the Persian gulf. These people, although they still form an independent group, mingle with the surrounding population, as in ancient times, and find employment at long distances from their home. Some of them are to be seen in the city of Teheran.—Youth's Companion.

Advantages of Sleep.

In reply to the question: Is it wise for a man to deny himself and get along with a few hours' sleep a day, to do more work? Tesla, the great electrician, replied: "That is a great mistake I am convinced. A man has just so many hours to be awake and the fewer of these he uses up each day the more days they will last, that is the longer he will live. I believe that a man might live 200 years if he would sleep most of the time. That is why negroes often live to advanced old age, because they sleep so much. It is said that Gladstone sleeps 17 hours every day; that is why his faculties are still unimpaired in spite of his great age. The proper way to economize life is to sleep every moment that is not necessary or desirable that you should be awake."—Popular Science News.

—Assyrian monumental records show that cavalry and war chariots were used at least 2500 B. C.

THE CUBAN SITUATION.

Insurgents Are Confident of Winning Their Freedom.

If the people of Florida and their way about it Cuba would be free to-morrow. The state is practically unanimous in favor of the independence of the island from Spanish rule. The war has practically destroyed the tobacco and cigar industry of Key West, Tampa and Jacksonville, locking up thousands of dollars of capital invested in property tit only for tobacco manufacture in some form, and throwing out of employment thousands of men who are unable to find employment in any other industry and are in the main unsuited [illegible] House other.

"I am using up my [illegible] cigarettes, of tobacco to-day," said a correspondent, "and first droppe Sun close down my factory. The musical tobacco. How many was entirely by to- out of employ before the and large number, and at a tree was in th others in this city when the curtain w[illegible] quite a set the expressed by the chi[illegible] by the war in the manufacture gathered to witness the and fully. ment. In both schools un- to make fts were made to the schools by the free, a[illegible] [illegible] Christmas night. The decorations in the Methodist church [illegible] were pretty. The officers, [illegible] surgent have just come over from Cuba upon a special mission. One of them spoke English fairly well. He is a colonel, and looks it every inch. He said:

"Weyler has under his command in the island fully 200,000 men. It is estimated that from 10,000 to 15,000 of them are laid up in the hospitals. The remainder of them stick to the cities. When they sally forth it is in large numbers. Are they afraid of the Cubans?" The colonel shrugged his shoulders, and a comical smile agitated the stiff hairs of his mustache. "The idea of a Spaniard being afraid of a Cuban," said he, ironically. "No, it must not be that. Oh, no: something else must keep them in the cities. The Cubans have fully 40,000 armed men in the field, and fully 90,000 reserves ready to fill up the ranks as fast as they are decimated by the enemy. We have plenty of men, if we could only equip them. It is estimated that we have three men to every gun.

"Every armed column has an unarmed column following it, and whenever a soldier falls there is a mad scramble for his weapon.

"Gen. Maximo Gomez commands the eastern department. Gen. Antonio Maceo commands the western department, comprising Las Vegas, Matanzas, Havana and Pinar del Rio, where the principal operations are to-day. The Maceos have a glorious record," said the colonel. "There were nine of the brothers, of whom Gen. Antonio is the only survivor. All the others were killed in battle, fighting for the independence of Cuba. This is a record of which a Spartan would have been proud.

"What are our prospects to-day? We shall win. We can't fail. In the ten-years' war the insurgents did not invade the province of Matanzas at all. They were kept out of it. But Gen. Maceo has gone further than that, so that Weyler has not only to drive us out of Camaguey and Matanzas, but out of Pinar del Rio as well. We have the eastern department in our grip. It is the more important of the two departments, and the inability of the Spaniards to collect any taxes there is one of the severest blows the insurgents have inflicted upon them.

"The industries of Cuba are paralyzed. The extent of the paralysis may be inferred from the fact that it is estimated that not one bag of sugar will be sent out of the island this year. Last year Weyler ordered the planters to grind their cane. The insurgents were opposed to their doing so. Now he has no power to command them to grind. There will be no sugar crop this year. All the tobacco that was collected has been burned, and that which remained in the fields has been ruined.

"The policy of the insurgents has been to destroy the sugar and tobacco estates in order to cripple the revenues of Spain.

"The people of Cuba are determined to achieve their independence. They are tired of Spanish extortion and tyranny, and prefer death to further submission. The war began February 24, 1895. We gained more in the first six months of the war than we gained in the whole time of the ten-years' war. When Spain [illegible] 1868, when it was confined to one province, in ten years, with the sacrifice of 200,000 men, how can she do so now, when we have the run of the island from one end to the other?

"Then it should not be overlooked that in the ten-years' war our men numbered hardly more than 7,000 with arms; to-day we have more than 40,000 armed men, with 90,000 unarmed reserves. The men are so eager to fight that they contend with each other for arms."—N. Y. Sun.

Soft Chocolate Caramels.

One pound of granulated sugar, one-fourth pound of "frosting" chocolate, half a teacupful of milk, and piece of butter the size of an egg. Stir all the time over a slow fire, and cook until it is brittle when dropped in ice water. This is the chocolate caramel usually made by home candy-makers. The cutting of caramels is the hardest part of the work, as the candy is so stiff the hand gets tired in a short time.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Sharp Detective.

"How did you spot him?" asked the reporter of the detective who had just nabbed a brilliant young confidence gentleman, disguised as a bloomer girl. "The disguise is perfect."

"I happened to catch him blushing," said the astute sleuthhound of the law.—Indianapolis Journal.

—The ancient Britons often wore the dragon or serpent as a helmet crest.

100

Doses One Dollar is true only of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is economy to get Hood a when you need a blood purifier and nerve tonic because

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

NEW CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

Wonderful Results from Hot Air Experiments in Philadelphia.

Remarkable results have been obtained from a new method of treating rheumatic affections which has just been tried in this city before the county medical society.

The method consists in the local application of hot air to the parts affected. The apparatus by which this is accomplished consists of a copper cylinder, under which several gas jets are kept burning. Into this cylinder the limb is inserted and the ends are closed. Stop-cocks are arranged to let out [illegible] moisture exuding from the skin, and the temperature is raised to 250 to 260 degrees. Precautions are taken to prevent the limb from coming in contact with the hot metal, and the application is continued for fully 40 minutes.

Two patients were brought in for the experiment. One was a man who had been under the care of a physician, who was present, for several months, and had been gradually growing worse. He was unable to move his toes or his ankle, and any motion of the limb caused excruciating pain. At the end of 40 minutes, during which time his temperature was raised nearly two degrees, as shown by the mouth thermometer, and his pulse increased about 15 beats per minute, the limb was taken out of the cylinder; the patient moved his toes as freely as does a child, bent his ankle without difficulty and walked with ease, feeling no pain. Other rheumatic pains in other portions of the body had also disappeared.

The second patient was a negro who was suffering from a long-continued lumbago, and who uttered many groans as he was being placed on an apparatus which inclosed his back. He was also subjected to the heat for 40 minutes, and when told to rise he sat up as readily as when in perfect health. The temperature in the first case was from 248 to 260 degrees Fahrenheit.

In the discussion which followed it was stated by the exhibitor that these men would probably be better in the morning than they appeared to be when the experiment closed, and that in most cases one application is sufficient. Where extensive deposits had been made several applications were necessary to remove them. The system has been in use in the principal hospitals of London with wonderful success.

In the discussion which followed it was stated by the exhibitor that this method dissolved and carried off the deposits upon the bones and in the muscles, and that this effect extended in a greater or less degree to the whole body. The apparatus used is now for the first time brought to the notice of the medical fraternity of this country.—Philadelphia Press.

What They Carry.

Japanese folk, says a traveler in that country, have six or eight pockets cunningly inserted in the cuffs of their wide sleeves. These pockets are always filled with a lot of things that would surprise anyone who took a dip in one of them. Among the things they carry are the prayers which the priests compose, and which are written out on little squares of rice paper. They carry plenty of these pocket prayers, for they use them like medicine; if they feel distressed in mind or body they whip out a prayer and swallow it, paper and all, confident that they will feel better at once. Their handkerchiefs are of paper, too, small squares again of a silky paper; and they use these for various things, never using one but once. As soon as it has done one service, wiping out a teacup, drying a tear, or what it may be, it is thrown away.—Albany Argus.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

OLD YEAR AND NEW.

AH, WE have been true friends for many a day,
No matter whether skies were grave or gay—
The old, old year and I.
Now, in the hush of midnight, silently
It comes and softly whispers unto me:
"Good-by, good-by."

Old year, so many blessings you have brought;
So many glad, sweet lessons you have taught;
And yet so much of pain!
Days, both of joy and grief, you gave to me—
Sweet songs of interwoven harmony,
With many a minor strain.

Old year, could I recall so many a day
You gladly gave, would I not haste to say
Sweet words I left unsaid!
But what avails it now that I should weep?
Since those they would have gladdened are asleep
In cities of the dead!

Old year, I will be strong; I will not grieve;
But in the silence of the past will leave
Every regret and tear;
And, looking upward, trustingly will say:
God give me strength and hope for every day
Within the glad new year.

For ere the shadows of the night are flown;
Before me shines a fairer, radiant one—
So I both smile and sigh
While welcoming the year so glad and new;
And, looking backward, whisper unto you:
"Old year, good-by, good-by."

—Alice J. Cleator, in Housekeeper.

PINKHAM'S VIGILS.

IT was a jolly house-party at Cliveden during the holidays that winter. Cliveden was not an ancestral hall. It was merely the country-seat of Joshua Warren, capitalist, who had built it just three years previously, and it owned neither a ghost nor a gallery of solemn-visaged ancestors. As a matter of fact, Mr. Warren, albeit a quiet man, and one not given to boasting, was rather proud of the fact that he had neither a pedigree nor a family skeleton to keep him awake nights. His principal desire, now that he had made his fortune, was to enjoy life and to make those about him happy without worrying his head about genealogical trees or ways and means of forcing himself into the "upper ten." On these points his wife and their only daughter, Madge, agreed with him—and being agreed, they succeeded in making the most of life. They were jolly entertainers, and always had a houseful, more or less, of company, usually a lot of young people, whom they preferred as being more likely to make things lively; and during these particular holidays they were housing at least a dozen young folks, on account of Madge, who was to be married in the middle of January to Will Braden.

There were all kinds of jolly times during that closing fortnight of the old year. The sleighing was faultless, there were lots of social festivities at Cliveden and neighboring houses, and there was every opportunity in the world to drive dull care away—yet Will Braden, despite his approaching marriage with quite the sweetest girl in the world, was unhappy. Not all the time; for occasionally Madge would devote to him an entire five minutes, all at once, thereby filling him with ecstacy—after which, alas! she would neglect him for hours together to attend to her duties as hostess, whereupon he was plunged into despair, and became gloomy and sullen, much to the amusement of all the rest, who called him "Hamlet," behind his back, and cracked jokes about "green-eyed monsters," and so on, to the mystification of Mrs. Warren, who earnestly insisted that "poor, dear Willie's" eyes were not green, but hazel.

But there was no doubt that Will was jealous, just as most young men are likely to be when the attentions of the adored one are demanded in other quarters, even though by the laws of hospitality. He told himself he didn't mind it, but he did. What galled him particularly was the presence of that pedigreed prig from Philadelphia, Mr. Martindale, whom he had long suspected of a sneaking affection for Madge, who, by the way, was particularly pleasant to him, not to say somewhat confidential with him. For, at least a half dozen times, Will had seen them, apart from the rest, talking in guarded tones about something or other, and at these times both had looked very serious. It was getting past endurance, decided Mr. Braden, and he proposed to put a stop to it. So when they returned from their sleighing party, on New Year's eve, he drew Madge, who had seemed to be flirting desperately all the evening with Martindale, into a recess in the hall, where he proceeded to protest with much vigor against the treatment accorded him.

Madge laughed merrily, then pretended to be offended. "Don't be an idiot, Will," she said, sharply. "I think I know what I'm about."

"You know nothing of the sort, or else you don't care!" declared Will, with some heat. "It seems to me I am entitled to some consideration, instead of which you do your best to make me feel badly and to make a laughing-stock of me. Darling," he went on, more gently, "this is the last year of our single lives. Can't we watch it out and the new one in just by ourselves, since the New Year means so much to us both?"

Madge was touched, but for some inscrutable reason did not choose to let him see it just then. "Don't be a 'spoon,' Will," she answered, pettishly. "We've all our lives to be 'spooney' in, and, besides, I have other obligations." She turned and left him, regardless of the pleading, reproachful eyes that she knew were following her, and for the rest of the evening she hardly noticed him at all. Indeed, he kept out of the way as much as possible, for all this merriment was to him, in his present mood, gall and wormwood.

He had just returned from a lonely smoke in the library, and, somewhat soothed, was returning to join the others, who were gathering about the big fireplace in what good Mrs. Warren designated as the "sittin'-room," to observe that time-honored custom of watching the Old Year out and the New Year in. He told himself, sentimentally, that he would quietly take a seat at Madge's side, gain surreptitious possession of her hand, and thus they would enter upon the New Year together.

But Madge was not in the group about the fireplace, nor was she in the room; and, even as he looked, the offensively handsome and aristocratic Martindale rose quietly and made his exit through the other door. For a moment Braden stood dazed—then, with jealous intuition he turned and made his way to the conservatory, and there, not ten feet from the door, he recognized the figure of Martindale. But the latter did not see nor hear the eavesdropper. He was busy kissing the willing lips of some one in feminine attire whose face could not be seen, but whose dress and figure, in the dim light, looked only too familiar to poor Braden. Utterly crushed, the latter turned silently and hastened up to his room.

"Where's Will?" some one asked, suddenly, when New Year's greetings had been exchanged and the merriment had subsided to some extent. No one present had seen him, and Mr. Warren interrogated the servants.

"No, sir, 'e hain't in 'is room, sir, Mr. Braden hain't," said Alfred, the butler. "Hi saw 'im go hout the front door habout a hour hago, sir. Yes, sir, 'e 'ad 'is 'at an' coat on, sir."

It seemed very strange, indeed, until Mr. Warren, who had gone to his study for a good-night smoke, found on his desk a note from Will. In it the young man begged forgiveness for thus abruptly taking his departure, intimated that Madge would doubtless explain and requested that his luggage be forwarded to him at Philadelphia. That was all.

"The young scoundrel!" stormed Papa Warren, as, at a most unseemly hour, he prepared to retire, "to go off like that when—confound it! I suppose my poor little girl will cry her eyes out, but she's well rid of him, just the same!" Which is a way parents have of trying to console themselves in such cases.

Near the end of the one street in a little western prairie town stood a tiny one-story frame building containing two rooms. In front of it two weather-beaten tin "shingles" swung and rattled in the winter winds, making doleful music for the occupants of the "shack" to listen to in bad weather. On one of these signs was painted: "W. A. Braden, J. P." and on the other "John Pinkham, Constable."

It was a bleak December afternoon, rapidly merging into dusk, when Mr. John Pinkham emerged from the heat and tobacco smoke of the stuffy little office into the frosty outside air. He was a ruddy, corpulent man, with good-humored eyes and a ready laugh that could, it was claimed, be heard all over the township. But this evening he looked serious and neglected to whistle, as usual, on his way up the street.

He walked into the office of the "hotel," and with a profound sigh seated himself by the fire, all by himself. Presently Birch Hunter, the landlord, entered with a supply of firewood.

"Hullo, John!"

"Hullo, Birch!"

Hunter busied himself about the stove for a few minutes, then looked up suddenly and asked:

"Comin' up t' th' New Year's ball, I reckon, John?"

Pinkham shook his head and sighed, ponderously: "Nope. I got t' keep wigil ag'in t'-night."

Hunter nodded understandingly. "Jedge havin' one o' his spells?"

"Yep. Wuss'n ever, this time. Even tells me, awhile ago, he wish't I'd git out an' leave 'im alone."

"I'd do it, then," said the landlord, warmly. "'Pain't right f'r you t' give up all these yere New Year's goin's on jes' t' watch him."

Pinkham shook his head again.

"'I got a charge t' keep,'" he quoted, somewhat uncertainly. "F'r three s'ceedin' year, Birch, I've kep' this yere New Year's vigil t' keep th' jedge fr'm doin' 'isself any harm in one o' them blue spells; an' I propose to keep them wigils jest 's long 's 'e has them spells."

Hunter shook his head deprecatingly. He could not understand why John should give up his enjoyment of the season to watch another who had annual "blue spells." "If 'e wants t' git away with 'imself John can't help it—none whatever," he reasoned. But he knew there was no use arguing with the constable, who, as a matter of fact, got not a little mournful satisfaction out of his martyrdom.

"He's wuss'n ever, this time," he repeated. "Sets by th' hour starin' at nothin' an' mutterin', then gits up an goes walkin', walkin' up an' down an' mutterin' some more. I'm goin' t' watch 'im t'-night ef 'e likes it 'r not. Say, tell th' women t' put up 'is supper in a basket, an' I'll take it when I go back. Th' jedge hain't et all day."

As Pinkham approached the office with Braden's supper, he almost collided with the station agent, who, coatless and hatless, was running madly up the street.

"Hurry!" he panted. "Get the doctor, quick! Get—"

"Here, what's up?" demanded Pinkham.

"Wild engine comin' down from Hilton—just got word. No. 4 already left Chapelle—sent Jim to flag 'er, but no use—they're bound to meet about here. If it wasn't for them cars—" The agent pointed with a sob toward a line of box-cars on the side track—"we might save 'em. But—" It was all over so quickly that none of the citizens had time to reach the scene of the collision before it occurred. The flagged express halted and had started to back to Chapelle, but it was too late. The wild engine bore down upon it too swiftly.

Fortunately, no one was killed, despite the completeness of the wreck, and but few persons were injured. These were at once taken to houses near the track, to be cared for, while the rest went to the Hotel Hunter.

Will Braden, stalking gloomily up and down the floor of the room occupied jointly by himself and Pinkham, heard not a sound, until the door was suddenly thrown open and Pinkham and some one else entered, supporting an elderly man who had been cut about the head. Behind them came two or three other persons, and one of these, a pretty young woman, halted just at the threshold with a wild cry:

"Will!"

"Madge!"

Then she fainted in his arms, and all was confusion for a time.

"Tell ye what," chuckled John Pinkham to his crony, Hunter, as they by the stove in the hotel office the next night recounting the events of the previous evening, "but ye jest ought t' see how chirked up th' jedge is! Say, 'twas better'n a play. In we comes, carryin' th' ol' gent, th' gyurl an' 'er ma right behind, an' th' jedge turns on us all of a sudden like 'e'd bite our heads off. Then th' gyurl an' him both screeches, an' she falls over onto 'is neck like she was there t' stay—an' she is' so t' speak.

"Ye see, it was girl-trouble, jest like I allus allowed. Th' jedge, he was jealous, an,' one night, when he thinks 'e sees a-nother feller makin' love to 'er, he up an' slides, 'thout sayin' a word. Come to find out, twas 'er cousin th' feller was makin' love to, an' they gits married later. Wa-al," he concluded, in a contented voice, "I'm glad them wigils is over, an' I c'n go an' shake a foot wi' th' rest of ye next year. Them wigils o' mine was a sore trial, Birch, a sore trial."

Down at the little shack Will and Madge, hand in hand, with the old folks looking on approvingly, had kept their own New Year vigil, just as they had expected to do on that night gone by.

LESTER KETCHUM.

"WE HAVE ALL OUR LIVES TO BE SPOONEY."

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HTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Thing to Begin It by Making Good Resolutions.

the beginning of the New Year
he almost universal practice of
good resolutions. All conscientious persons who have been accustomed to indulge in habits that they know are not to be approved by a high standard of aesthetics or morality, or that take occasion to make resolves cordially will amend their ways according to the best accepted ideas on such objects.

It is a curious fact that the breaking of such resolutions is likely to cause as much merriment as regret, and failures to live up to the new determination are regarded by many as huge jokes. It is a good thing to begin with the New Year to lop off some of our mental or moral derelictions and correct whatever physical shortcomings we may have been guilty of. Especially Is the case with young persons. Every year ought to show a distinct and decided advance over the one just before it. Boys and girls have every incentive to strive to elevate and develop their characters. They have the world and life before them, and it rests with them to make the coming generation better than the present and infinitely superior to the one just passing away. Young people who are now entering upon the preliminary duties of life will find it of the greatest advantage if they will select some pursuit which they can devote whatever spare time circumstances may allot to it. The girl who takes up botany, poultry raising as a special study, with determination to make 1897 a redletter year in her calendar, by reason of her thorough study and comprehensive understanding of the business in hand, will, before long, find herself in an independent and commanding position, able to paddle her own canoe among the rocks and reefs that line the shores of the river of life. It is a good thing to begin a new study with the New Year. It gives something to date from, and an ambition to cover all possible ground during the 365 days before the calendar is to be renewed. The man who makes up his mind to cut loose from all nonsense, to give up everything that sounds like excuses for nonperformance of duty, and determines to be prompt, thorough, alert, concentrative and watchful of every opportunity to make himself indispensable, will some day look back to the beginning of the present year and congratulate himself that there is in the world such a thing as good resolutions. There are very many persons who would be the gainer by a determined resolve to divest themselves of the idea that they are of such great importance. Conceit bars more characters than any other of our besetting sins. The world gets along just as well without us, and while for a little time the few may regret us, the many never miss us. When once we become fully reconciled to the idea that we are but particles in the great mosaic of creation and that if we drop out of it there are plenty more that slip almost unconsciously into the spaces we leave vacant we will have removed from our lives some of the leading factors of unhappiness and unrest. January, 1897, is an excellent time to prune, as far as we may, everything in the way of weaknesses and follies and set up a standard higher than we have ever before raised, and register a vow to follow the best models and methods that our most enlightened intelligence can furnish.—N. Y. Ledger.

A New Year's Prayer.

I know a little temple,
Its walls are dim and low,
Yet up and down its darkened aisles
The blessed angels go.

And he who keeps the temple
Should pray to God to-night,
That Faith may light the altar flame,
And Hope may keep it bright;

That love may bring the sacrifice
Which Love delights to give,
And all the angels innocent
May tarry there to live.

And may no evil spirit
Have in it place or part.
What is this temple beautiful?
The temple of the heart.
—Ola Moore, in Youth's Companion.

WHY HE LIKED THE PRACTICE.

t's too bad," said Willie Wishing
"that the good old custom of mak-
calls on New Year's day is slowly
surely dying out."
Do you like the practice?"
Verwy much. When you eawn't
nk of anything else, you can say:
appy New Year,' and it's the only time
en I evah feel weally at home as a
versationalist." — Washington Star.

A Curious Superstition.

In Scotland there is a superstition
at the complexion of the first caller
a New Year's day indicates the good
ill-fortune to befall the house during
he following year. If the caller is a
londe, the indication is favorable for
ood luck; if a brunette, the contrary
much confidence is placed in the in-
cation by some persons that families
ve been known to have a blonde ready
the door to walk in the moment after
e clock strikes 12.—St. Louis Globe-
emocrat.

PENALTY OF CHARITABLENESS.

After All Her Labor She Was Snubbed for Her Pains.

"Are you much interested in charitable work?" asked the girl with the eyeglasses.

"I was," returned the girl in the fur cape. "I'm afraid that hereafter my charity will begin at home and go no further than next door."

"Ah, you are wrong there," said the girl with the eyeglasses. "Of course, it does discourage one to have the waif in whom she is interested pick her pocket and the destitute widow for whom she has been persecuting her friends criticise her taste in millinery; still, the broad principles of humanity—"

"Look here," said the girl in the fur cape, fiercely, "it is all very well for you who are engaged to a young clergyman to talk about the broad principles of humanity—I'm surprised that you don't use capitals in speaking of them—but for my part I'd like to see a little less public charity in some people and a little more common humanity."

"Oh, if you mean in regard to pauperizing people by—"

"I mean nothing of the kind. Now, there is Harold—"

"I was wondering how soon Harold was coming into the conversation," said the girl with the eyeglasses, softly.

"It—it wasn't Harold, exactly," said the girl in the fur cape; "it was his mother; she—is interested in charity, you know."

"Of course, a woman with a nose like that couldn't be expected to keep it out of other people's affairs."

"I think she has a very nice nose herself," said the girl in the fur cape, stiffly. "Harold is thought to look a great deal like her."

"Oh, I—that is, by the way, I heard that you bought a gold thimble the other day. Have you been doing much sewing?"

"N—not very much. Oh, Elsie, if you will never, never tell as long as you live, I'll tell you all about it. You see, Harold's mother has somehow gotten an idea that I am a frivolous person, and last week I—well, I decided that I'd show her how practical I am."

"Well, and did you?"

"It was this way—I was, of course, anxious for her good opinion."

"M—yes; I understand that she has a good deal of money in her own right."

"She wants Harold to marry a practical girl, so I gave up curling my hair, bought a pair of boots a mile too long for me and asked everybody to call me 'Margaret' instead of 'Daisy.'"

"Yes, and what was the result?"

"She told Harold that she hoped she was the one, not she, who was mistaken in my character, and casually mentioned the fact that she thought every young couple should own the house in which they set up housekeeping!"

"Oh, Dai—I mean Margaret, how perfectly lovely!"

"Wasn't it? Then I heard that she was interested in an orphans' home, so I decided to become interested in it, too. I told her that I would make a lot of garments for the orphans, and you should have seen her surprise and pleasure!"

"So you really made garments for the children? How did you go about it?"

"I made one. I bought a lot of stuff; the people at the shop seemed to think it rather unsuitable for the purpose, but it was so pretty that I couldn't resist it. I had expected mamma to help me, but she showed such a lack of interest in it that I just shut myself up alone and made a little dress all by myself!"

"You don't say so! How long did it—"

"Take me? A week. When it was finished I decided not to wait until the others were made, but take it at once to Harold's mother. When I got there I was so proud and so excited that I could hardly open the package and hold up the dress for inspection!"

"And wasn't she surprised?"

"She was. She—she held it in her hands a long time, turning it this way and that, then she asked me—"

"Where you wanted to live when you were married?"

"No; she—she asked me what on earth it was!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

QUESTION OF LUCK.

Citation That Clinched the Other Side of the Argument.

"I hate to hear people say there's no such thing as luck," remarked the melancholy Mr. Dolittle.

"I don't see why," his wife rejoined.

"Because it isn't true," he returned, with asperity. "A man can go on trying and trying, and never get along. And some other person will go ahead and tumble into good things without making any effort whatever.

"Hiram, no great man has succeeded without hard work."

"That's the kind of talk you always hear. But nine times out of ten it is all owing to the opportunity that presented itself. Fortune just seems to lie in wait to kidnap some men. Look at Sir Isaac Newton. His name is handed down from generation to generation. And why? Simply because he was sitting under a tree and an apple happened to drop on him. You can't pretend that a man is in a position to claim superior merit simply because, through no action or preference of his own, he gets hit in the head with an apple, can you?"

"No, Hiram."

"Then don't tell me about there not being any such thing as luck."

"It seems to me that you've chosen a poor example in support of your argument. The case of Isaac Newton goes to show that the difference is in the people. If it had been some men that I know of instead of Newton the first thing they would have done after the apple fell would have been to go into the house and mean for the arnica bottle; then they would have spent two or three hours of precious time talking about their bad luck." — Washington Star.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Queen Victoria frequently examines her will. It is engrossed on vellum, quarto size, and is beautifully bound.

—While digging near a blasted tree, on his farm, in Beech Grove, Tex., Sampson Gilder found an iron pot which contained $5,550 in gold.

—The taxable wealth of the negro population in the United States is over $300,000,000. There are 23,462 negro church bodies, with church property valued at over $26,626,448. There are over 1,000 college-trained ministers and 2,677,977 church communicants. The census shows that there are nearly 4,000,000 communicants.

—The gas engine, which in Europe has now supplanted the steam engine for moderate power, is being used in France for ships. A new gasboat on the Havre-Rouen-Paris line is 100 feet long, with seven feet draught, and attains a speed of seven knots. The gas is stored in steel tubes under a pressure of 95 atmospheres. The engine is a two-cylinder one and is of 40 horse power.

—Only 900 persons in 1,000,000, according to medical authority, die from old age, while 1,200 succumb to gout, 18,400 to measles, 2,700 to apoplexy, 7,000 to erysipelas, 7,500 to consumption, 48,000 to scarlet fever, 25,000 to whooping cough, 30,000 to typhoid and typhus and 7,000 to rheumatism. The averages vary according to locality, but these are considered accurate as regards the population of the globe as a whole.

—There are some horses working in cities which have never been seen to lie down in their lives. They continue to [illegible] for years, and always sleep standing; but their rest is said to be incomplete, and their joints and sinews stiffen. Young horses from the country are liable to refuse to lie down when first placed in a stable in town, and the habit may become confirmed unless special pains are taken to prevent it.

JIM WAS UNGRATEFUL.

Sheriff Had Grown Tired of Giving Him Too Much Freedom.

I was sitting with the sheriff in front of the town courthouse, when he suddenly stood up, shaded his eyes with his hand and looked across the street and then called out:

"Heah, yo'! Is that yo', Jim?"

A colored man, about 50 years old, who was slouching along the other side, came across the street and replied:

"Yes, Mars Renfog, dis am me."

"And what ar' yo' doing heah?"

"I'ze jist walkin' out, sah. I dun thought I'd drap down and see my darter."

"How did you get out?"

"Jist made a hole through the back wall, sah."

"Look-a-heah, Jim," said the sheriff, as he sat down and picked up a stick to whittle on, "I ain't gwine to stand this fussin' no mo'. This is nigh about seven times you's broke out o' jail."

"Yes, sah, nigh 'bout seben times, sah, but don't be hard on me."

"You's got out by the doah, the windows, the floor, the ceiling and the walls, and you's put me to trouble and the county to expense. Now, yo' can't go back thar' no mo'."

"Please, sah!"

"No, sah, yo' can't do it. I've given yo' a fair show and yo' can't expect no mo'. Yo' can jist take yourself off."

"But, Mars Renfog, I'ze dun bin put in jail on a hog case, an' I'ze got to stay dar till de cotehouse meets!" protested the man.

"I know you were arrested and examined and bound over and all that, but I'm tired of the fussing. I ain't going to stand by and let nobody damage the jail. Yo's got out and come back and now I won't abide it no mo'. Jist take yo'self off and don't come back to my jail again unless you want to be hard used. If I find yo' breakin' in I'll shoot yo' shore's yo' bo'n."

"Won't yo' try me jist once mo'?" pleaded the prisoner.

"No, sah! I've drawed the line and now yo's has got to go and take keer of yo'self. I'm tellin' yo' to scatter befo' I make yo' turn in and stop up that last hole in the wall."

The man "scattered" in a discouraged, dejected way, and as he was lost to sight down the street the sheriff growled:

"Dura a fellow who don't know when he's being used like a bo'n gentleman."
—Detroit Free Press.

Broiled Partridge on Toast.

Partridge broiled makes a delightful course at a luncheon served on delicate squares of toast bread. After preparing the bird with great nicety, divide and flatten it with a meat bat, dip in melted butter, and broil over a clear fire. Serve with mushrooms prepared as follows: Take a pint of mushrooms, and pare them neatly, removing the stalks; as they are pared drop into water, to which has been added some lemon juice to preserve their color. When all are prepared take them from the water, drain well, and put them into a saucepan with three ounces of fresh butter, white pepper and salt to taste and the juice of half a lemon. Cover them closely and simmer for 20 minutes; then sift in a dessertspoonful of flour, and a very little cream—about four tablespoonfuls will be sufficient; add a little grated nutmeg, and serve hot, garnished with parsley.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Squash Pie.

Take two cups of sifted squash, add a tablespoon of melted butter and stir well. Now take a bowl and beat three eggs, one and one-half cups of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one-half tablespoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of cassia, one-fourth teaspoonful of lemon extract. Mix well and add to your squash; then gradually stir in three pints of milk. Put in your prepared crust and bake. This will make two large pies or three small ones.—St. Louis Republic.

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr SAMUEL PITCHER
Pumpkin Seed -
Alx. Senna +
Rochelle Salts -
Anise Seed +
Peppermint -
Bi Carbonate Soda +
Worm Seed -
Clarified Sugar -
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A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher.
NEW YORK.

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35 DOSES - 35 CENTS

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—OF—
Chas. H. Fletcher.
IS ON THE
WRAPPER
OF EVERY
BOTTLE OF
CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

A "JUNK SHOP,"
A "BLACKSMITH,"
"TWO-CENT APPLE BUTTER,"
"ROTTEN STOCK" and
A "HUNCHBACK"

is a poor combination from which to expect a production of anything respectable in the job printing line.

A "junk shop" means a worn-out assortment of type, rules, etc.; a "blacksmith" is a bunglesome printer; "two-cent apple butter" is synonymous of the poorest quality of printing ink; "rotten stock" is poor-made and cheap paper; and a "hunchback" is a press which is so old that it has naturally worn out of shape and usage.

WE TAKE PRIDE

in our Job Printing Department, our skill and our materials; that's the reason why we do such splendid work.

A $5 BILL WILL

get a nice lot of letter heads and envelopes properly and appropriately printed.

IF you believe it, try it; IF you don't believe it, the more need to try it.

The Republican Job Department.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

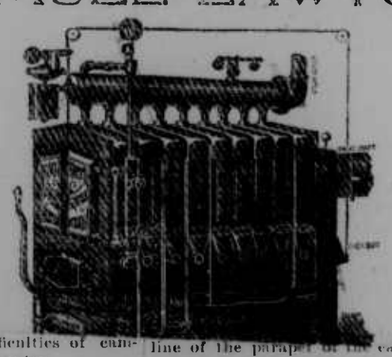

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SOUTHWARD		STATIONS		NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1			No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.			Noon	P. M.
3 05*	8 00†	lv	Cumberland	ar *12 00	4 50
3 31	8 31		Rawlings	11 29	5 59
3 56	8 56		Keyser	11 01	6 31
4 00	9 00		Westernport	10 51	6 28
4 12	9 12		W. Va. C. Junc.	10 18	6 28
4 37	9 37		Shaw	10 23	5 52
5 00	10 00		Harrison	10 00	5 28
6 15	10 45*	ar	Elk Garden	8 55	*4 00
5 35	10 35†	lv	Gorman	9 21	4 51
5 41	10 41		Bayard	9 14	4 48
5 52	10 52		Dobbin	9 04	4 38
6 21	11 23		Thomas	8 34	4 05
6 55	11 55	ar	Davis	8 00	3 15
6 27	11 27	lv	Cokelon	8 31	4 02
6 51	11 51		Hendricks	7 59	3 30
6 57	11 57		Britz	7 54	3 25
7 00	12 00		Parsons	7 51	3 22
7 30	12 30		Kerens	7 18	2 47
8 00*	1 00†	ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	12 30
	1 30*	ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
	3 05*	ar	Beallington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.			A. M.	A. M.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRITZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

After Sunday, Dec. 27, and until further notice Sunday trains will be discontinued.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, November 22, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7—	Daily	2.46 A. M
No. 3—	Daily	9.41 A. M
No. 71—	Accom daily except Sun	8.30 A. M
No. 47—	Daily	10.49 A. M
No. 53—	Express, daily	6.05 P. M
No. 1—	Daily	1.25 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—	Daily	5.59 A. M
No. 2—	Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 72—	Accom daily except Sun	1.38 P. M
No. 46—	Daily	4.43 P. M
No. 4—	Daily	12.29 A. M

Will take passengers for Terra Alta, Rowlesburg, Newburg and Tunnelton.

CHAS. O. SCULL, General Passenger Agent.

C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 28, 1896.

Chairman Dingley, of the Committee on Ways and Means, and the other Republican members of that Committee opened the hearings, which are to last for two weeks, today in the Ways and Means room in the capitol, the first day's hearing being devoted to the schedule which includes wines, and other beverages. To-morrow it will be the cotton schedule, in which there is an impression that no extensive or very important changes will be made by the new tariff bill, and on Wednesday the schedule relating to molasses will be dealt with. Although it was expressly stated in the notification of these hearings that written or printed arguments would receive the same attention from the committee that oral arguments given in these orally delivered would be, it is the wish of those interested in the various schedules that they have preferred sending representatives to talk directly to the committee.

The inauguration preparations are going merrily along and an immense quantity of work has already been done. The executive committee has asked that a guarantee fund of $100,000 contributed by citizens of Washington, and without doing any personal soliciting, chairman Dingley, of the Committee on Ways and Means, has already been paid into the treasurer of the committee. It has practically been decided that the inaugural ball shall be held in the court of the pension building, although the official announcements to that effect will not be issued until the end of the red tape needed that be unwound in securing the use of Secretary Francis's shall be held in reached. Some striking improvement the way of illumination are to be made until by the sub-committee in charge necessary to that branch of the consent Among the latest applicants for accommodations are those of the ladies of the R. B. Hayes club, whom were members of Major McKinley's old regiment, the 23d Ohio.

It is daily becoming more apparent that the Republican majority in the house regardless of the individual opinion of members as to Congressman Mc- not allow any action to be taken at this session that is considered likely to make war with Spain a practical certainty. They feel that it would not be just either to President McKinley, the fifty-fifth Congress, which will be taken at so soon he in session, to take such action, even were there sufficient stronger reasons therefor than have yet been brought forward; that nothing but good can come of leaving matter where President McKinley, whose patriotism and courage have both been tested, can have say about it, while nothing but good could come of precipitating the that might give the new administration a foreign war to handle, instead of being able to devote all its time and energy to the restoration of domestic prosperity.

Speaking of Cuba, not the least amusement has been the result of the announcement of what is to be referred to as "Money's foot in the mouth." Representative Money, who is Senator-elect from Mississippi, has gone to Cuba with the avowed intention of telling Gen. Weyler what is there as a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, asking to be put in a position where he can obtain personal knowledge of the whole situation. Money, it is said, his living as a lobbyist in Washington too long to be called a foreigner, ought to know that any information he obtains through Gen. Weyler will be just as one-sided as if he remained in Washington and asked the Spanish minister to give it to him. Such a visit by a member of congress who is also a member of the House Committee which must deal with any Cuban legislation, while not illegal, can hardly fail to strike most people as lacking in good taste. A copy of the first dispatch from Consul General Lee sent to Secretary Olney, after he heard a Congressional visit, would make interesting reading, or I miss my guess. Mr. Money has now that the Turks were driven from their last position at two o'clock this morning, and that the pass was then open to us.

We were in the deserted entrenchment in less than two hours later, and when we arrived the soldiers had begun to gather up the Russian dead, the body of a tall, fine-looking officer in his official capacity. This will cause the Spaniard to believe that Congress doesn't trust the information the State Department has received through its consular officers in Cuba, and that the same will be drawn by others in authority.

Very few Senators and Representatives are now in Washington. The state of business in both houses and Senate make it likely that most of them will be on hand when Congress reassembles. The Lord help the mailing out books and sample copies of newspapers from pound rates, which will be the first business before the House and will be voted on Jan. 5. Then comes four days for the Pacific Railroad Bill. It is supposed that the Cameron Cuban resolution will be once taken up in the Senate, but it is not certain.

SAVE BABY'S LIFE.

The hot time is the most trying time of the year. The heat causes hot and restless. They tangle and ache and cause. All the misery in the little body are on edge. Sleep restless—restless bad.

There is a remedy.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

the bowels, cures colic, brings good digestion, sleep and rest. 25 cents, all druggists. Guaranteed. Made by JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

J. L. McCOMAS, Jr.,

Sign, Carriage and Wagon Painting.

INDELIBLE INK WORK on LINEN.

Second Street, OAKLAND, MD.

All work entrusted to my care will receive Prompt Attention.

29-1yr.

Farmers,

Look to Your Interests.

The Oakland Flouring Mill is now ready to grind a million bushels of buckwheat. The best equipped mill in the county; all latest improved machinery. Can give either

Burrh or Roller Process Flour.

Mr. E. A. Dudley, who has charge, has been a life-long miller, and knows how to make a good turnout of buckwheat flour.

Don't fail to give him a Trial. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Will make arrangements with all the Oakland merchants to buy your flour at big prices. Don't fail to give the Oakland Mills a trial.

Don't forget the place, Water street, formerly owned by the late H. A. Rasche.

Yours obediently,

THE OAKLAND MILLS.

51-1yr.

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 21,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

TIN, SLATE and STEEL

ROOFING,

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.

PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.

REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.

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WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

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DEALERS IN

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Carpets,
Matting,
Oil Cloth,
Window Shades,
Wall Paper,
—AND—
GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Repairing Furniture and Picture Framing a Specialty.

Removal.

I, the undersigned, have removed my place of business from the Loar building to the Ravenscroft (Mayers) building on Railroad street, where I will continue to carry a well assorted stock of

JEWELRY,

and give special attention to the repairing of watches, clocks, etc.

Give me a call. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

H. C. SMOUSE.

29—2m.

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of Garrett County

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Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
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INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.

EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

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The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

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Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, Ja cod prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
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Business College,

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Finest Equipped College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. MINE, PRESIDENT.

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FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

Jos. E. HARNED, Proprietor.

31—26

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr D. L. Conneway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Glessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

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GONDER & MASON,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS,
OAKLAND, MD.

40—1yr. Office, Shartzer's Opera House.

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For Infants and Children.

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Real estate and miscellaneous law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 35—1yr

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I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the Postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

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Especial attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED, SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 8-1y

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All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

E. J. FRANTZ,
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Will sell Real or Personal Estate. Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

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Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 49-1yr.

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Particular attention given to TOWN Surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drainage and GRADE LINES generally, including train ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 8 29t*

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JOHNSON, OMOHUNDRO & CO.,
WHOLESALE NOTIONS, Etc.,
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A specialty of Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.

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Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
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Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.

Orders left with A. D. Naylor will receive prompt attention. 50-13t.

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PLANING MILLS,
And BUILDING MATERIALS.
MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time. If you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. WHY WE CAN DO IT—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given, whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

38 13

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1897. NUMBER 44.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

A shell game—oysters.

How often have you written it 1896?

Overcoats are not burdensome this sort of weather.

Mrs. John White is visiting relatives at Bayard, W. Va.

Mr. John A. Wagner, of Swanton, was in Oakland Tuesday of this week.

Mr. George Crim spent last week with friends at Keyser and Cumberland.

The man who pawns his watch to go on a spree spends his time foolishly.

Sheriff Brown went down to Cumberland Monday afternoon on business.

Mr. Jonas Beachy, of near Bittinger, was in Oakland last Monday on business.

Mr. John Friend, of Deer Park, was in Oakland on business Tuesday morning.

Mrs. Dr. M. C. Hinebaugh and little daughter are visiting relatives in Baltimore.

Miss Florence Parks, of Kingwood, was here Tuesday visiting Mrs. Scott T. Jones.

Mr. Hiram M. Frazee, of District No. 2, was in Oakland yesterday on business.

The hard times are probably responsible for the narrow trousers affected by the dudes.

Mr. George A. Herring, of Kingwood, spent last Sabbath in Oakland with friends.

Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. I. West is lying dangerously ill at the Glades Hotel.

Messrs. Harry and George Loar, of Grafton, spent Sunday in Oakland with their parents.

Mrs. Thomas Little went to Baltimore yesterday morning to visit relatives for a few weeks.

Mrs. Arnohl Werner, of Parsons, W. Va., was here last Sunday as the guest of Mrs. Robert Felty.

Mr. Daniel Gnagey, of Eglon, was in Oakland on Monday and made this office a very pleasant visit.

Miss Edith Townshend returned from a visit to friends in Baltimore Saturday evening last.

Dr. John G. Robinson, spent the holiday week with his parents and other relatives in Baltimore.

The frame work on W. H. Madette's new building is being erected by the contractor, Mr. D. E. Bolden.

Mr. Henry Barnard, of Bloomington, was in Oakland yesterday and made this office a business visit.

Mr. S. T. Jones went to Washington Monday morning on business. He returned to Oakland last night.

Mr. Charles Porter, wife and little son of Cumberland, were in Oakland last Thursday visiting relatives.

Sunday last was a beautiful day and almost every person in Oakland took a stroll to the new railroad bridge.

Mr. John Murphy, of Floyd, was in Oakland last Tuesday on business before the County Commissioners.

Mr. Chris Tichy made a business trip to Baltimore this week to secure a line of samples for the spring trade.

Mr. Ezra B. Brook, proprietor of the Club House at Krug, was in Oakland two of three days this week on business.

Mr. Edwin Mitchell spent last week with his parents in Somerset county, Pa., returning to Oakland Saturday night.

Mr. Aden C. Duckworth, of District No. 4, was in Oakland yesterday on business before the County Commissioners.

Mr. J. D. Bosley returned to Baltimore Monday morning, to resume his studies in the Maryland School of Pharmacy.

Mr. William C. Kidd, of Baltimore, traveling for the firm of John E. Hurst & Co., was in Oakland a few days this week looking up trade.

Hon. George L. Michaels, of Bloomington, was in the city yesterday preparing to make his returns of assessments in that district.

Mr. George H. McKenzie, of Swanton, has been granted an original pension. The amount paid him was $170 with a monthly pension of $6.

John Legge returned on Tuesday morning to Baltimore to resume his studies, as also did Messrs. Will Offutt and Will Shaffner to Annapolis.

The Oakland Planing Mill Co. is now ready to do any kind of work which is generally done at a first-class mill, including bank counters, mantles, screen doors, bee hives, etc. Furniture made to order. Stair building a specialty. 44-3t

A great many men seem to think that by occupying a high seat in the synagogue and holding a receipt for its rent is a passport to heaven.

Mr. Wade Hinebaugh, who spent the holiday season in Oakland with his parents, returned to the Maryland Agricultural College on Monday.

Justice Samuel E. Boyer and Attorney Gilmor S. Hamill were in Cumberland Monday as witnesses in a case tried in the Allegany county court.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sincell entertained quite a number of their friends at their residence on Tuesday evening. Refreshments were served at 11 o'clock.

Monday morning the public schools throughout the county resumed after the holiday vacation. In many schools the enrollment was considerably increased.

Mr. Edward H. Bartlett came up from Cumberland Monday afternoon and spent a few hours with his parents here. He returned to Cumberland Tuesday morning.

The recent sudden and severe changes in the weather has brought on a great deal of sickness in this community, most of which is confined to those persons who easily contract colds.

Prof. Chas. D. Smith, who spent the holidays with his parents in Baltimore, returned to Oakland last Saturday evening to resume his duties as principal of the Oakland public school.

Rev. Dr. Benj. Ison was in Terra Alta last Sunday conducting the quarterly meeting there for the presiding elder, Rev. Bannigardner, whose wife is lying dangerously ill at her home in Mountain Lake Park.

Garrett Lodge Jr. O. U. A. M. has moved its paraphernalia from Sturgiss' Hall to the Naylor building on Railroad street which has been rented by that organization and where it will hereafter hold its weekly meetings.

Since last Friday we have added the names of ten new subscribers to our subscription books. All of them became patrons without any solicitation on our part and the majority paid in advance the regular price, $1.50 per year.

At a regular meeting of Oakland Lodge No. 192 A. F. and A. M. the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: W. M., Gilmor S. Hamill; S. W., Scott T. Jones; J. W., Robert L. Anderson. Treas., S. L. Townshend; Secy., Chas. J. Newman.

Kate C. Speddon, of Oakland, is in town for a few days, the guest of her sister, Mrs. G. A. Bolden. Miss Speddon is a teacher of the Davis City high school and has been spending her holiday vacation at her old home in Oakland.—Kingwood Journal.

The Board of School Commissioners held their monthly meeting in their office in Oakland last Tuesday with all members of the board present. At night the School Commissioners met the members of the Board of County Commissioners in a business meeting.

Justice David W. Fraker, of Mcdonry, who visited his father and other relatives in Cumberland county, Pa., for the past two weeks, returned to the home via Oakland yesterday. Mr. Fraker's father who is nearly ninety years of age is still enjoying good health.

The County Commissioners met in the court house in Oakland on last Monday and were engaged from that time until late last evening in appointing road supervisors for the present year. They adjourned last night as a board of commissioners and will meet to-day as a board of Control and Review.

Miss Kate C. Speddon, of Davis, who spent the holidays with relatives in Oakland, returned to the above place Monday. She was accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Spedden and two children, who visited Mrs. Tillson there this week.

Saturday afternoon engine No. 1573, drawing a freight train, was thrown from the track west of the new bridge by the rail turning. Three cars followed the engine. Things were gotten into shape in a few hours and after delaying trains a short time.

Not a few who read what Mr. Robert Rowls, of Holland, Va., has to say below, will remember their own experience under like circumstances: "Last winter I had la grippe which left me in a low state of health. I tried numerous remedies, none of which did me any good, until I was induced to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The first bottle of it so far relieved me that I was enabled to attend to my work, and the second bottle effected a cure." For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Lt. R. M. G. Brown, U. S. N., whose services have been recognized by the nation, and by his native state of West Virginia, is still confined to his room at the residence of his sister, Mrs. J. A. Dille, in Morgantown. He is sorely afflicted with rheumatism, and has been here since last August. —Morgantown Post.

The snowed-in, blizzard-bitten farmers of Kansas and thereabouts may thank their lucky stars that they have overflowing corn cribs to lean upon in their present stress. With corn worth only nine cents a bushel in their market, they can toast themselves by the fire the whole day long without any family discord on the duty of splitting firewood.

It will be an agreeable surprise to persons subject to attacks of bilious colic to learn that prompt relief may be had by taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. In many instances the attack may be prevented by taking this remedy as soon as the first symptoms of the disease appear.

25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Last night the newly elected officers of Garrett Lodge No. 113, Knights of Pythias were installed by D. D. G. C., Chas. J. Newman, as follows: C. C., Truman West; V. C., John D. Tuggart; P., Lewis Walters; M., of W., A. G. Ross; M. of E., A. G. Sturgiss; M. of F., J. S. Meyers; M. at A., J. C. Morrison; I. G., Thomas Little; O. G., George Little.

Mrs. Parker became very wrothy at Nancy Kitzmiller, because Miss Nancy sought to make love to Jacky, who is Mrs. Parker's young son. Mrs. Parker is certainly not sentimental so she decided to do something. This decision led her into trouble, and caused great sorrow to Nancy who was fairly knocked out in the first round. Squire Stullenbarger applied the usual remedies for such cases.—Piedmont Independent.

An inquiry at the office of the Board of Control and Review this morning discloses the fact that despite the great protests in different sections of the county against the assessments made upon property by the assessors only fifty-nine appeals have been filed. Unless this number is greatly augmented by persons residing in the districts not yet assessed the work of the board will be comparatively light.

For a pain in the chest a piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on over the seat of the pain, and another on the back between the shoulders, will afford prompt relief. This is especially valuable in case where the pain is caused by a cold and there is a tendency toward pneumonia.

For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

An exchange prints the following article, which is applicable in every community and is worth reproducing: "We would like to offer a suggestion to the people of this town for this winter. Don't ship a big box of clothing and provisions a thousand miles away when a little boy is freezing just around the corner, probably within a hoot of you. Is it right to send help away? Don't hesitate to give a Presbyterian coat to a Methodist boy, or a Methodist pair of pants to a Baptist. Give the clothing to the needy, regardless of his parents or his relatives and you will have done an act that is commendable in the eyes of the Almighty."

Many merchants are well aware that their customers are their best friends and take pleasure in supplying them with the best goods obtainable. As an instance we mention Perry & Cameron, prominent druggists of Pinckney, Michigan. They say: "We have no hesitation in recommending Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to our customers, as it is the best cough remedy we have ever sold and always gives satisfaction." For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Farmers' Meeting.

Mr. A. D. McNair, of Dansville, N. Y., will give a free lecture and distribute free books on "Commercial Fertilizers" at Oakland court house on Wednesday, Jan. 13, at 2 o'clock.

On a Serious Charge.

Sunday morning last Constable Silas Teats, of District No. 5, and Constable E. M. Coddington, of District No. 2, brought to Oakland John Hetrick, of near Accident, and placed him in jail upon a commitment issued by Justice McMillan, of Accident. Hetrick is charged with committing a rape on Sarah Hostetler, of District No. 3. He is also charged with bastardy upon the oath of Lucinda Spiker.

The warrants for the arrest of Hetrick have been in the hands of the officials for several months, but until last Saturday he had eluded the officers in their efforts to capture him. Once during June Constable Teats chased Hetrick through a swamp for several hours, and the chase was only given up when the officer became too worn out to continue it.

Hetrick was arrested in the house of Mr. Jacob Feik, of Accident district, with whom he had been boarding for some time. His trial upon the two charges will take place at the March term of the Circuit Court.

Call for Your Letters.

Mr. Fred R. Babcock, Mr. J. R. Cunningham, Mr. John Sliney, Mr. Chas. E. Tasker, Master Webster Mackey, Miss Flora McCrobie (2), Miss Ruth McCrobie.

Week of Prayer.

According to the announcement in last week's issue of this journal beginning Monday evening the present week is being observed by the several protestant denominations in Oakland as a week of prayer. The meeting begun in the Garrett Memorial church and continued there until Tuesday night. Last night the meeting was held in St. Mark's Lutheran church, where it will be continued this evening. To-morrow night and Saturday night the meetings will be held in St. Paul's M. E. church. Thus far during the series of meetings the attendance has been fair considering everything.

His Nose Broken.

Tuesday night in the gym a number of the young men of Oakland were boxing. The gloves used are too light for ordinary sport but nevertheless when the boys get into it they don't pay any attention to this disadvantage, therefore it is not surprising that Harry Sincell's nose was broken when John Sweeney landed on it with an upper-cut. He has a pair of beautiful black eyes now in addition to about a yard of court plaster strung across his face to keep his fractured member in place until the bones knit.

Welcoming the New Year.

Last Thursday night two watch services were held in Oakland, the one at St. Paul's M. E. church, and the other at the Rectory. At St. Paul's church the evening was spent in singing hymns of praise, in prayer and in addresses. At midnight the new year was welcomed by the ringing of the bell.

At the Rectory a large number of the young folks, being members of the Auxiliary and friends of Rev. and Mrs. Brayshaw, gathered and after spending several hours in social chat, various games and music, the chapel in the rear of the Rectory was thrown open and the guests filed into its sacred precincts. Rev. Brayshaw led the service which consisted of singing, prayers and an address. Just as the New Year was dawning the meeting was brought to a close.

Death of Mrs. John A. Grant.

Entered into rest on Saturday, January 2, 1897, Rebecca Maria, beloved wife of John A. Grant, and eldest daughter of Rebecca M. and Hyde Ray Bowie, deceased, of Baltimore.

Mrs. Grant was well known by the people of Oakland, having lived here the last seventeen years of her life. She was born in Baltimore and came to Oakland twenty-two years ago and conducted a private select school. She afterwards entered the training school for nurses at Belview Hospital, New York City, where she graduated in 1879. She was married to J. A. Grant, of Oakland, on December 13, 1879, in New York City, and came to Oakland where she has since lived. She leaves three children to whom she devoted her love and life. Gradually she felt the weight of her home cares and devotion to her loved ones, and for the past year she was an invalid. During the last four or five months she suffered greatly, and slowly but surely she sank. With all the efforts of her physician and the loving care of all nothing could be done and the end came suddenly. With unbounded faith in the Heavenly Father and in the loving Jesus she had no fear of death, and we comfort the broken hearted ones with the sure knowledge that her cares and sufferings are over, and that now she is in the blessed presence of Him who bought and redeemed her with His precious blood, "to be forever with the Lord."

Mountain Lake Park.

The four-acre tract of land west of Hotel Columbia was sold Saturday last for $910 to Miss Jennie Smith.

The Loch Lynn Heights livery stable was sold on Monday under mortgage, and bought in by D. James Blackiston, trustee, of Cumberland.

Mayor Rathbun, of Loch Lynn Heights, has been quite sick, but is now able to be about the house.

Charles Kimmell, of Morgantown, visited the Park Saturday. He sold his Loch Lynn Heights property to the Park Improvement Co.

Mrs. Bannigardner, wife of Presiding Elder Bannigardner, is quite ill. Rev. Dr. Ison, of Oakland, supplied Mr. B's appointment at Terra Alta last Sabbath.

The property of Charles Washington at Loch Lynn Height was sold under a mechanic's lein last Thursday, and knocked down to Mr. Hawk, one of the lein holders.

J. Howard Echels has moved from Loch Lynn Heights to one of Mr. Jamison's houses on H street, which he has rented for a year.

Dave Claid has moved into his new house in Casteel's addition.

Mrs. Whetsell has moved to Hall's saw mill, near Kearney. She will look after the store lately opened at the mill.

Herb Ferguson has moved to his father-in-law's, near Sang Run, for the winter. Herb has a job on the new railroad. The contractor informed him that they expected to have the road completed to Hoye's Run by spring. Two passenger coaches have been ordered. Passenger trains will be run from Krug, on the Oakland and Confluence R. R. to the terminus of the road as soon as the cars reach Krug. Freight is now delivered at Sang Run. They expect by July 4th to run an excursion train to Oakland. So mote it be.

Squire McCrobie has sold his house on Deer Park avenue to Ed. Barnard; consideration, $800.

Amandus Hawk, of Morgantown, was a visitor at the Park for several days the past week. He is keeping boarding house in Morgantown.

Miss Rilla Pope, of Frostburg, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Ed. Friend.

J. P. Shipley is quite ill at his home near Mountain Lake Park.

Mrs. G. Hornbrook returned to Wheeling Thursday, to spend the winter.

The mid-winter edition of the *Mountain Chautauqua* is now at press. It will be mailed within a few days to the subscribers.

Miss Duckworth who has been visiting Mrs. P. T. Garthright, returned to Bloomington Monday, 4.

A Peculiar Case.

A peculiar relief case is now before Congress. Last week Mr. Wellington introduced a petition from Samuel Gantz, of Hagerstown, asking for pecuniary relief by Congress. Gantz states in his petition that prior to the war he was engaged in making gunstocks for the Government Arsenal at Harper's Ferry. While so engaged he had the misfortune to break both legs, and was thus prevented from enlisting in the army. During the war he was engaged in the occupation of repairing wagons for the Government in which occupation he was liable, he says, to be shot or taken prisoner by the Confederates. He thinks he has a right to demand a pension.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & Co., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

Ripans Tabules cure headache.

BOB SLEDS.

Having just taken in another car of these, we are in a position to fill all orders for both WHOLESALE and RETAIL trade upon receipt. Our Sleds are the best that can be produced. Circular mailed upon request.

THE WILLIAM RYLAND COMPANY,
Wholesale Retail Dealers,
FRIENDSVILLE, MARYLAND.

We have a plan by which Farmers can get
TOOL CHESTS FREE
Containing of first-class quality (guaranteed) every tool—Axes, Saws and Planes included—necessary to repair vehicles, machines or build a house. Three two-cent stamps and the name of this paper required for particulars. Powell Fertilizer & Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

THERE IS NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.

It has been Proven so Often, that

ANTI-FAG

the surest cure that ever been

HEADACHE

Cures and is Harmless.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers all over it for 10 and 25 cts. a bottle.

Mailed on receipt of price by

Gilbert Bros. & Co., Proprietors.
BALTIMORE.

SHERIFF'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE

Situated in the Town of Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett Co., Md.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county at the suit of Charles T. Sweet and G. Conway Sandeford, trading as Sweet & Shackleford, against the Mountain Home Company, the same being No. 38 Judicials to December Term, 1896, of said court, the undersigned Sheriff will, on

Saturday, the 30th day of January,

1897, at the hour of two o'clock, p. m., sell at public auction to the highest bidder in front of the Court-house in the town of Oakland, all that tract of land situated in the town of Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Maryland, belonging to the said defendant, containing the quantity of eighty acres more or less, and being the same property which is more particularly described in a deed from Joseph C. Anderson and wife dated the 19th day of July, 1894, and duly recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 21, folio 417, one of the land records of Garrett county, to the Mountain Home Company, except so much of said land as has heretofore been sold in the way of town lots, the number of which can be seen on record in the clerk's office of Garrett county. This is one of the most beautiful pieces of land along the B. & O. R. R., and is now divided into town lots, a plat of which can also be seen in the above clerk's office.

Said land, or so much of it as may be necessary, will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs.

TERMS OF SALE—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

11-3t

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

A LITTLE SONG OF HOPE.

I've battled through adversity when skies
were blue an' bright
To win of fickle fortune but a feather in
the light,
An' I've never felt a flurry nor the small-
est mite distressed
Till Sol had sunk to slumber in the cradle
of the west.

It always seemed that even, with its dark-
ness an' its dew,
Brought forth a host o' pygmies, an' these
little troubles grew
Till, like Gulliver, they bound me, an'
when hope had nearly gone
I felt a peace come stealing through the
gateway of the dawn.

I've lain awake so troubled, an' a-tossin'
through the night,
A-hopin' I'd be guided in the paths o'
truth an' right,
A-wrestlin' with my conscience over some-
thin' I had done,
Or else a-plannin' duties with the risin' o'
the sun;
An' I've conjured up the sorrows that it
seemed were sure to fall
Upon me an' to wrap me in a sort o' somber
pall,
But the ills have always vanished when the
morning cried: Begone!
An' a dream o' peace came stealing through
the gateway of the dawn.

An' so I say to sinners, an' to saints who
strive as well,
The cares that came upon you when the
shades o' sorrow fell
Will vanish with the vision of a sout-en-
lightened day,
An' God will wipe the tear-drops from your
swollen eyes away.
The host of little worries that beset you
through the night
Shall steal in stealth an', banished, shall be
frowning in their flight,
An' the rest will be the sweeter for the
ills you've undergone
When that holy peace comes stealing
through the gateway of the dawn.
—Roy Farrell Greene, in Leslie's Weekly.

HIS ROMANCE.

It was two years since Joe Bentley had left his home in a quiet little Ohio town to seek his fortune in the west. For two years each working day had found him at his desk in a large mercantile house in Chicago. He had been fortunate in securing a position at once, through a brother of his town postmaster, who was now chief clerk in the office. Joe will never forget those two years—lonesome two years they were, the more lonesome, perhaps, because he had never been away from home and among strangers before.

When he first came to Chicago the world's fair and other attractions made the city a wonderful place for the country boy, but these soon paled or passed away, and the loneliness settled upon him as he felt himself a stranger in a strange land.

For a time he attended church, as had been his habit at home, but they were such large places, and the congregation and young folks dressed and acted so differently from the church folk at home that he finally got in the habit of staying away. He sorely missed his own acquaintances, the companionship of his sisters and brothers and the bright smile of Cousin Fan, who used to pop in so unexpectedly and leave such a volume of sunshine behind her when her father would come to town to do his marketing. The girls with whom some of his fellow clerks associated, and with whom they tried to make him at home, somehow failed to fill the bill. Somehow it didn't seem right for the fellows to greet them on the street with a familiar slap on the shoulder and a "Hello, Kit, old girl, how you is?" and in spite of himself he felt too much of an aversion to them to enjoy himself or make himself entertaining, and dropped them.

At last a change came—gradually, to be sure, so slowly that Joe hardly knew there had been a change till it was there. For several days the seat at the opposite end of the table in the restaurant where Joe ate lunch had been occupied by a modest-appearing little woman, whose long lashes fringed the darkest of blue eyes, and whose slightly pouting lips and rounded cheeks glowed with the natural health which can never be duplicated by art and which only country air can give. The next day she was in the same seat, and the next and the next, and Joe soon came to look forward, unthingingly, to see the bright face of the unknown.

One day the chair was vacant, and Joe, with a sense of deep disappointment, knew why it was he looked forward so eagerly to the noonday meal. The next noontime he took particular pains with his toilet and was so impatient that he was at the table five minutes before his accustomed time. She was not there, and his heart sank. A minute later it bounded again as he saw the well-known figure coming down the aisle. As she pulled back her chair preparatory to taking her seat, somehow or other, Joe never quite knew how it happened, the big blue eyes flashed for a moment into his and he was on his feet, blushing and bowing.

This was the beginning, and it became customary to bow, later to sit side by side and talk during lunch, and, if time permitted, to walk with her as far as the Monadnock building, where she was employed. He had vainly tried to discover her name, but when he had naively informed her that it was awkward to call her "Say," she had asked him to call her simply Miss Margaret, adding that this was what she was most generally called and was most accustomed to.

This went on for several weeks and Joe had several times been on the verge of asking for her address, that he might call, or asking her to accompany him to the theater, but he kept delaying, fearing that he might rupture the growing friendship and be left again to himself and the lonesomeness of feeling that he knew almost no one.

One noontime (and Joe will always remember it) she was not in her accustomed place, although the day before she had been speculating what the bill of fare would be. He ate as slowly as he could and spent his whole noon hour in the restaurant, but when he left the chair was still vacant. The next day the same experience. He reproached himself for not finding out more about her—perhaps she was sick or had met with an accident. At any rate, she knew his name and address—why didn't she at least drop him a line? Surely it was cruel to leave him in such uncertainty. He brooded over what might possibly have happened to her, till his health began to fail. He never thought the daily walk of a few blocks could mean so much to him.

Several weeks passed by and the chair still continued vacant. On the very day his two years was up Joe remembered that she had spoken of Oconomowoc one day in connection with her family. He would ask for a few days' respite from work and go up there. He had never asked for a vacation and they surely would not refuse him. Besides, it was not far from Chicago and many Chicago men went up Saturday nights to spend Sunday with their families who were stopping there. Anyhow, he would go for the rest of the week—possibly he might see her or hear of her and the change would do him good even if he didn't.

The next morning, Wednesday, he started. He could only be spared for the rest of the week, but what might not happen in four whole days? When he arrived at the depot of the pretty little Wisconsin town he found himself anxiously looking around, though he condemned himself for his foolishness in doing so—why should she be around the depot if she was in the town?

After he had registered at a hotel he wandered aimlessly about the town, admiring the handsome houses and the beautiful twin lakes, and watching the launches, filled with happy campers, darting to and fro. In the afternoon he hired a boat and tried to fish, but after a couple of hours' effort, when only a couple of sickly-looking dogfish rewarded his efforts, he gave it up in disgust and returned to the hotel.

At dinner that evening he was made aware of the fact that a circus was in town by a couple sitting across the table from him, who had come in from the surrounding country and were going. In the barber shop also there was nothing talked of but the circus. It made him feel quite at home to see the enthusiasm created by the mere fact of a circus being in town. How different from Chicago, where nothing seemed to be able to command but passing interest.

Then he remembered that at home everybody went to the circus—why shouldn't they do it here?—and perhaps she might be there. He would go to the circus.

It was a little late when Joe reached the tent. He had not calculated on how many would be ahead of him for the single barber's chair nor how long it would take the hotel bootblack to put a satisfactory gloss on his shoes.

As he entered the tent he went down the open space to the ropes and starting at one end glanced as critically at each face as the flickering of the gasoline lamps would allow. Of a sudden he stopped, rubbed his eyes and looked again. Yes, surely that was Margaret, looking fairer and more winsome than ever, appearing quite out of place among the rusties who surrounded her—and, wonder of wonders, there was an empty seat beside her. In a matter of ten minutes Joe had forced his way to where she sat and found himself at her side. She appeared glad to see him and Joe felt supremely happy as explanations on both sides were being made—though he thought it strange that she assigned no reason for her sudden departure from Chicago.

All things must have an end and the entertainment came to a close. Joe's request to "see her home" had been accepted and he seemed to be treading on air as he left the tent with the little hand resting lightly on his arm. As they were nearing a crossing and Joe was opening up the subject of carrying on a correspondence a woman's form came under the light across the way. Margaret half turned around to go back with a "Gracious, there's ma!" Joe looked more closely and saw a middle-aged woman with a determined-looking face hurrying toward them. She took Margaret sharply by the arm and drew her to one side as she said:

"I've been hunting for you everywhere—what made you change your seat? We won't trouble this young man for his company any further"—with a seething look at Joe—"I'm ashamed of you, out with a young man and your wedding only three days off. I'll be glad when Frank has you to look after instead of me."

And as Margaret was being hurried away from him across the street, Joe caught the gleam of the ring on the little hand that was surreptitiously waved to him.—Chicago News.

Law as She Is.

Lawyer—You say you saw the prisoner, my client, commit the murder? Remember, you are on your oath. How do you know you saw him?

Witness—I saw him with my own eyes.

"Did you have on your spectacles?"

"I never wear spectacles."

"You don't? How do you know you don't need them? How do you know you don't see incorrectly? Answer that. Did you ever have your eyes examined?"

"Only once. I applied for a position on a railroad, and was refused because I could not tell an olive-green zephyr from a sea-green one."

"Ah, ha! Gentlemen of the jury, the witness admits that he is color blind and yet he stood up here and perjured his soul to injure my client, when his own testimony shows he can't tell a white man from a negro."—N. Y. Weekly.

All He Could Do.

"Your boy is simply a depraved boy Mrs. Bronson," said the physician "You need a doctor of the soul, not one of my profession."

"I didn't know, doctor," said the tired little woman, "but what you might help me a little with advice."

"No, madam, the only thing I can prescribe for him is a mixture of strychnine and prussic acid." — Bay City Chat.

THE LORD ADMIRAL'S PLAYERS.

They Made a Brave Showing in the Good Old Days of Queen Bess.

At early dawn the Oxford carrier had brought the news that the players of the lord high admiral were coming up to Stratford out of London from the south to play on May day there; and this was what had set the town to buzzing like a swarm. For there were in England then but three great companies, the high chamberlain's, the earl of Pembroke's men, and the stage-players of my Lord Charles Howard, high admiral of the realm; and the day on which they came into a Midland market-town to play was one to mark with red and gold upon the calendar of the uneventful year.

Away by the old mill-bridge there were fishermen angling for dace and perch; but when the shout came down from the London road they dropped their poles and ran, through the willows and over the gravel, splashing and thrashing among the rushes and sandy shallows not to be lost when the players came. And old John Carter, coming down the Warwick road with a load of hay, laid on the lash until piebald Dobbin snorted in dismay and broke into a lumbering run to reach the old stone bridge in time.

The distant horsemen now were coming on again, riding in double file. They had flung their banners to the breeze, and on the changing wind, with the thumping of horses' hoofs, came by snatches the sound of a kettledrummer drawing his drumhead tight, and beating as he drew, and the muffled blasts of a trumpeter proving his lips.

The first of the riders had reached old Clopton bridge; and the banners strained upon their staves in the freshening river wind. The trumpeters and the drummers led, their horses prancing, white plumes waving in the breeze and the April sunlight dancing on the brazen horns and the silver bellies of the kettledrums.

Then came the banners of the company, curling down with a silky swish, and unfurling again with a snap like a broad-lashed whip. The greatest one was rosy-red, and on it was a gallant ship upon a flowing sea, bearing upon its mainsail the arms of my Lord Charles Howard, high admiral of England. Upon its mate was a giant bearded man with a fish's tail, holding a trident in his hand and blowing upon a shell, the Triton of the seas which England ruled; this flag was bright sea-blue. The third was white, and on it was a red wild rose with a golden heart, the common standard of the company.

After the flags came two-score men, the players of the admiral, the tiringmen, grooms, horse-boys and serving-knaves, well mounted on good horses, and all of them clad in scarlet tabards blazoned with the coat-armor of their master. Upon their caps they wore the famous badge of the Howards, a rampant silver demi-lion; and beneath their tabards at the side could be seen their jerkins of many colored silk, their silver-buckled belts, and long, thin Spanish rapiers, slapping their horses on the flanks at every stride. Their legs were cased in high topped riding-boots of tawny cordovan, with gilt spurs, and the housings of their saddles were of blue with the gilt anchors of the admiralty upon them. On their bridles were jingling bits of steel, which made a constant tinkling like a thousand little bells very far away.

Some had faces as smooth as boys, and were quite young; and others wore sharp-pointed beards with stiff waxed mustaches, and were older men with a tinge of iron in their hair and lines of iron in their faces, hardened by the life they led, and some again were smooth-shaven, so often and so closely that their faces were blue with the beard beneath the skin. But, oh, to Nicholas Attwood and the rest of Stratford boys, they were a dashing, rakish, admirable lot, with the air of something even greater than lords, and a keen knowingness in their sparkling, worldly eyes that made a common wise man seem almost a fool beside them!—John Bennet, in St. Nicholas.

Painless Surgery.

The greatest boon ever given to humanity through human agency is surgical anaesthesia. There is not a minute, day or night, in the year when it is not saving some human creature from torture. There is not a minute when it is not giving mental comfort to thousands who know that they must undergo operations, but that this benign gift will make the ordeal painless. Anaesthesia has banished pain from surgery, and has taken away the dread of pain, that was almost as hard to bear as the pain itself. It has made easy operations that could not be done because the hurt was more than human fortitude could endure, and thus it has lengthened life. The fiftieth anniversary of the first public demonstration of surgical anaesthesia was recently celebrated in Boston. Physicians and surgeons made much of the occasion, as became the representatives of a humane and beneficent profession. To have been permitted to give this boon to the world is sufficient to immortalize the name of the giver, Dr. William Thomas Green Morton.—Youth's Companion.

A Royal Rider.

Queen Henriette of Belgium, by birth an Austrian archduchess, continues, in spite of her snow-white hair and rank as a grandmother, to occupy her time with circus riding. A year ago she gave in the riding school of the royal palace at Brussels a semi-public performance, in which she and her daughter Clementine put their horses through all kinds of fancy paces and trick-riding with the skill of professionals. They leaped their horses through burning hoops and over flaming hedges, and her majesty jumped a pet horse over a dinner table covered with flowers and lighted candelbra. Then she drove a team of 20-in-hand, herself mounted on her favorite mare.—Detroit Free Press.

TWICE WOOED AND WON.

A Man Who Had Forgotten Everything, Even His Sweetheart.

As the finale to an exceedingly singular and at the same time a romantic case, information was lately received to the effect that William E. Higgins, of Sandusky, and Miss Edith Marchus, of 263 Forest street, Cleveland, were married in that city some time ago, thus joining two young people who were separated for months by unprecedented circumstances.

Several months ago the medical authorities were nonplussed by the peculiar malady which afflicted Mr. Higgins, and to this day there has been no satisfactory explanation of it made. The young man is about 22 years of age, and up to the summer of 1895, lived with his parents in Sandusky. He went to Elyria, where he obtained a situation on the electric railway, and one day in August of that year, while at work as a lineman, an insulator fell from a crosstop and struck him on the forehead. At the time he complained of a peculiar sensation about the head, and as time passed by he daily became more confused in his thoughts. Fearing that he would be ill, he returned home, and was prostrated for four weeks. When he had recovered his health apparently, he returned to Elyria and reentered the employ of the railway company.

One Saturday evening he announced to his landlady that he was going home to spend Sunday, and she became alarmed when the young man did not return. Mr. Higgins, the father, went to Elyria in search of his son. That was the first intimation that anyone had that a misfortune had befallen the young man. It was thought for a time that the young man had been murdered for his money. This idea was exploded when his bank book and a sum of money were found in his valise. The father returned home thinking he would never see his son again. He communicated with the authorities of various cities, asking for information regarding his son. Reports came of strange young men in various sections, and the father traveled hundreds of miles to identify his son. So many disappointments awaited him that for a time it seemed hope was vain.

One day a friend of the family told the father that he thought he had seen Will in St. Louis. Mr. Higgins at once left for that city and found his son.

The father was overjoyed at the recovery of his son and threw his arms around the neck of the young man. The consternation and horror of the father can hardly be imagined when the son said: "Excuse me, but I do not know you." Then the terrible truth flashed across the mind of the father, and he realized that his son had lost his memory. The father worked with the young man for hours trying to recall to him scenes of his home and mother, but all to no avail. The young man said he remembered nothing antedating his living in a boarding house in St. Louis. Where he came from, he said, he did not know. He said, however, he was desirous of solving the mystery of his past, and accepted his father's invitation to return home with him in the hope that his memory might be awakened.

It was supposed that when young Higgins would arrive home and see his mother he would again be himself in every respect. But he did not know her, although she wept on his shoulder and repeated to him all those fond names she used in addressing him when he was an infant and a growing child. He could not recall anything of his past.

Then a delicate surprise was arranged for him, which, it was hoped, as a last resort, would awaken his memory. Miss Edith Marchus, of 263 Forest street, this city, whom Mr. Higgins had been engaged to marry in October, 1895, was sent for. She arrived, and was much moved by the presence of her lover, whom she had mourned as dead for so many months. The young man treated her with respect, but his demeanor plainly indicated that Miss Marchus, whom he would have married but for his misfortune, was as a stranger to him. Miss Marchus had formerly lived in Sandusky, and having moved to Cleveland, she was prevailed upon to remain at the Higgins home for several days, in the hope that constant association would rekindle young Higgins' memory.

All efforts failed, however, but Mr. Higgins developed a strong attachment for Miss Marchus, which ripened into love, and they were finally married in this city.—Cleveland Leader.

The Highest Clouds.

During the past year a committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science has been engaged in measuring the height of clouds with the aid of photography. Simultaneous pictures of a cloud are made by two cameras placed 600 feet apart and connected by telegraph wires. From the amount of displacement of the cloud caused by viewing it alternately from each end of the 600-foot base line, its height can be calculated. Some of the "mackerel-sky" clouds photographed were 7¼ miles high. The loftiest clouds whose elevation was thus measured belonged to the type known as cirrus or "curl-cloud," the height being a little more than 17 miles.—Youth's Companion.

War Dogs.

In German military maneuvers of this year, dogs will be used in the ambulance department. At the command "seek," accompanied by a gesture indicating the direction in which the search is to be made, the trained dog goes off to the field, finds the wounded man, returns with a cap, helmet or a piece of clothing, brings this to the ambulance men, and then returns with them to the spot at which the wounded man lies.—Detroit Free Press.

Eggs with Cream Sauce.

Boil eggs hard, dash cold water over them, and when cooled take off the shells. Make a cream sauce, and season with chopped parsley or with curry powder. Just before serving pour the sauce over the eggs.—N. Y. Ledger.

The Voice of Envy.

Mrs. Bricktop (bursting with pride)—How do you like my new carpet, Mrs. Crosseye?

Mrs. Crosseye (bursting with envy)—It's—er—very nice, indeed, Mrs. Bricktop, for—for Brussels. By the way, I nearly forgot what I came for. I wish you would lend me your lawn mower a few moments.

"Lawn mower? Why, certainly. But what on earth can you want with a lawn mower at this time of the year?"

"I desire to thin down our velvet-pile carpet in the nursery a little; the children are always losing their marbles in it."—Tit-Bits.

He Drew the Line.

"I love you!" she sighed;
"I'll ne'er love another."
"When will be my bride?"
"When you can provide
For six," she replied,
"Including dear mother!"
"I love you!" I cried;
"I'll be your—big brother!"
—N. Y. Journal.

A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY.

He—Amelyer!

She—Yuss, William!

He—Before I loved you, Amelyer, I had a monkey.

She—Did yer, William? And 'aven't yer got it now?

He (tenderly)—No; I've got oo—oo—now, ducky; oo—oo!—Pick-Me-Up.

A Soft Answer.

"Your kiss, hold sir," the maiden cried,
"Did of assurance truly smack."
"If you are vexed," the youth replied,
"I shall be pleased to take it back."
—Up-to-Date.

Cholly's Contribution.

"Aw, Miss Feighr," asked Chawles Aigernawn Chapp, "d'ye know why it is I think you are like a mirror?"

"Give it up."

"Well, y'see, you're a—nw—a good looking lass."—Cincinnati Comuercial Tribune.

All Explained.

Mrs. Twickenham (to Mrs. Slimson)—Of late we have had our meals sent in by various caterers.

Willie Slimson (to his mother)—Mamma, is that what you meant when you said that Mrs. Twickenham didn't know where the next meal was coming from?—Brooklyn Life.

He Died for Her.

"I would die for you!" he said.

But she refused all of his entreaties. He was too old and grny.

A week later, however, she learned that his hair was no longer white; it was a chestnut brown.

Then she became convinced that he had dyed for her.—N. Y. Herald.

Her Irish Was Up.

"What did the lawyer say to you bridget?"

"He axed me did I know there was brass enough in me face to make a good-sized kittle; and I tould him shure this there was sauce enough in his tongue to fill it, the ould hnythen."—Bay City Chat.

A Lover's Compliment.

"A pretty thing in gloves," she said,
"I wish to get a perfect glove."
"The prettiest things in gloves," said he,
"Are those white hands of yours, my love."
—Boston Courier.

A SEASONABLE PULL.

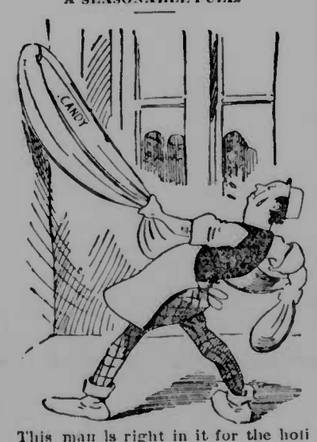

This man is right in it for the hot day season.—N. Y. World.

The Athlete at Home.

Eer boy hab sech contrariness,
Hits cla' beyond control;
He wants de biggest dumbbell an'
De smallest bod o' coal.
—Washington Star.

Evidence.

Farmer—I b'lieve there's been somebody fishing in our trout stream behind the barn.

Farmer's Wife—How do you know? Have you found a line and hooks?

Farmer—No. I found a whisky flask. —N. Y. Dispatch.

A Little Boy's Reason.

Algy—I don't want you to wash my face!

Grandma—Why, I've washed my face three times a day ever since I was a little girl.

Algy—Yes, and just see how it's shrunk it!—N. Y. Journal.

In the Smoker.

Upercck—Why does that old duffer occupy two seats, while we have to stand?

Conductor—He says he is sick.

Upercck—Yes, he is; I'll bet It's trichinosis, too.—Bay City Chat.

More Than He Expected.

An old man was breaking stones one day on a country road in Wales, when a gentleman came riding along.

"Bother these stones! Take them out of my way," he said.

"Where can I take them to, your honor?"

"I don't care where; take them to hades, if you like."

"Don't you think, your honor," said the old man, "that I'd better take 'em to Heaven? They'll be less in your honor's way there?"—Spare Moments.

An Eminent Expert.

First Burglar—What are you doin' now?

Second Burglar—I'm in de noospaper line—reportin' fer de daily Churn-ail.

First Burglar—How's dat?

Second Burglar—Well, when dere's a mysterious burglary I examines de prémises, an' den I goes back to de office an' dictates to me see'ntery me t'eories about how I done it.—Town Topics.

Just Before the Engagement.

May—There is one good thing about you, Frank; when you take me to the theater you never go out between the acts.

Frank—I don't need to; your beauty is so intoxicating that it answers all purposes!—Bay City Chat.

A Slander.

Boggs—If women were allowed to vote, the inspectors would never get through.

Foggs—Why not?

Boggs—An hour after one had cast her ballot she would sneak back and want to change it.—N. Y. Journal.

Family Secrets.

"Julia, you know how George used to love to stuff my sleeves in before we were married?"

"Yes."

"Well—now he says: 'Great guns—can't you get some kind of cloak that you can get into by yourself'"—Chicago Record.

His Great Desire.

"What do you think of my daughter's execution, professor?" asked the fond mamma, as her fair daughter pounded on the piano keys.

"Think, madam!" was the reply; "why, that I should like to be present at it."—N. Y. Tribune.

Why She Went.

The opera's one of her joys,
On everyday shows she frowns,
For music to her is just the noise,
But, ah! she's a critic of gowns.
—Pittsburgh News.

THEY WERE NOT SONG BIRDS.

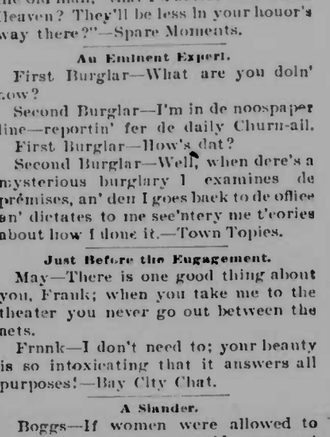

Mr. Bulltiddle—Goodnesh gracious, dash is the mosh difficultish piech of mooshic dash I have ever tackled.—N. Y. Journal.

His Golden Wedding.

She—So Mr. Sapper has just celebrated his golden wedding.

He—Golden wedding? Why, he's only just got married.

She—Yes, but the girl has £10,000.—Tit-Bits.

In the Boarding House.

"Your coffee never seems to lose its strength," said Mr. Starr.

"Do you know why that is?" asked Mrs. Weirdhash, beamingly.

"Because, I suppose, it has never been strained."—N. Y. Journal.

The Way of the World.

"My mother was an elegant cook. There was only one person she couldn't please."

"Who was that?"

"My father. He remembered his mother's cooking."—Bay City Chat.

In the Near Future.

Mrs. Jones—I can let you have a pair of old shoes.

The Tramp—T'anks, lady, an' mebbe yer have an old wheel wot yer don't want. Yer kin see me machine is all wore out.—Chicago Tribune.

Uncle Eben's Philosophy.

"Dah's er big dif'unce," said Uncle Eben, "in de righteousness o' tellin' de troof ez er matter o' conseience an' tellin' it 'cause hit's gwinter hu't somebody's feelin's."—Washington Star.

Her Equipment.

"What have you in that pill box?" asked the manager of the new burlesque actress.

"A few quinine capsules and my wardrobe."—Detroit Free Press.

A Suitable Position.

Here's a place just fit for woman,
Quite regardless of her rank;
Since she cannot keep a secret,
Make her teller in a bank.
—N. Y. World.

How the Neighbors Knew.

"It must disgrace me before all the neighbors that you came home drunk."

"But, my dear, who saw me?"

"No one; but they all heard me scolding you."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Different.

Arthur—I would marry that girl but for one thing.

Chester—Afraid to pop the question?

Arthur—No. Afraid to question the pop.—Brooklyn Life.

Proof.

"You say he's not a humane man?"

"Oh, dear, no; far from it."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive. Why, he's president of a trolley company."—Chicago Post.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

AT THE CROSSING.

Now at the crossing, boy, you stand,
With sturdy heart and strong right hand,
Ruddy cheek by the breezes fanned,
And sunshine streaming o'er the land.

Boy at the crossing, look! awake!
Oh, be sure of the road you take!

Boy at the junction, now beware!
For many roads are crossing there,
And sin's deceitful thoroughfare
Seems bright and smiling—have a care!

Oh, study well before you choose
Which you will take and which refuse!

Right roads crossed by the roads of sin,
Naught to tell but the voice within
Where right shall cease and wrong begin;
You will be tempted; men have been.

For strange roads cross roads everywhere,
And you at the junction—boy, beware!

Pause at the crossing, boy, to-day,
And count the costs, dear, while you may.
Think of the mother far away,
And breathe the prayers she used to say.

Then all your doubts will disappear,
And show the right road, straight and clear.

—Carrie V. Shaw, in Golden Days.

SMARTEST FIRE HORSE.

"Nigger" Is as Full of Tricks as He Is Full of Intelligence.

"Nigger" is the pride of the fire department of St. Louis.

There are 225 horses in good and regular standing in the city fire department. They have fulfilled the requirements of being not less than six, nor more than seven years old on joining the department; of weighing 1,300 pounds in order to run with engine and hose carts, or 1,600 pounds to trot off with the hook and ladder truck. They are sound, well built and active according to the specifications. They are of various colors and habits, temperament and heredity, but Nigger leads them all.

He is a powerful, coal black fellow with eyes like black diamonds. He is as susceptible to a caress as a kitten and is in a state of superlative felicity when a visitor deigns to tarry at his stall and rub Nigger's nose, as black as sooty velvet. Nigger puts up at engine house No. 7. He occupies the middle stall on the left side and looks out meditatively upon the sights of Seventh street near Franklin avenue. But the fire alarm changes all that. He tosses his head aloft. His eyes gleam with imprisoned fire. His limbs are tense with excitement and he bursts from his stall with the speed of a cannon ball. He dashes to the middle space before the hose cart and bends his handsome head beneath the suspended harness rack. He rushes away to the fire as to a gambol in the pasture he left not many years ago.

When the company returns the other horses may need some guidance or urging to their stalls. Not so Nigger. He shakes himself free from the last incubus of harness, and backs off, a distance of 20 feet, to his proper habitation, and relapses into contemplation. Nigger is so completely self-reliant and so entirely reliable that he has come to be regarded as the most intelligent horse in the fire department. The fire laddies in engine house No. 7 say he is a self-made horse, that he took to the life of the fire department as a duck to water. He was led to his place at the first alarm after his entry into the department, and he rushed to his particular post the next time as though he had been to the fire-manner born. He has never disappointed his admirers; never been sulky or stupid or sick for an hour since his debut upon the fiery stage.

Nigger is in his equine prime, somewhat less than ten years old. There are some veterans in the department that number their age by two decades, equivalent to the human "allotted three score and ten."

"What becomes of the horses of the fire department?" said Chief Swingley. "We keep them as long as they can do their work. After that we sell them to the highest bidder. Some of them go back to farms where most of them come from. No, we don't pension them yet. That is something that remains to be considered."—St. Louis Republic.

SOME OF NIGGER'S TRICKS.

The Little Toe Is Doomed.

It seems that there are to be no more little toes. A comparative anatomist declares that the little toe must go, and announces gravely that already it is showing signs of degeneracy. Once upon a time it seems that the horse was the possessor of four well-developed toes, whereas now he has but one to save his life. But that toe is a great one. And man's toe that is to survive "the crash of matter and the wreck of worlds" is to be the great one; so this wise scientific anatomist says.

Why Noah Was Wise.

Teacher—Who was the wisest man?
Tommy—Noah.
Teacher—Noah?
Tommy—Yes'm. He was the only man who knew enough to come in when it rained.—Chicago Record.

A WALTONIAN TALE.

Duck Seeks Aid to Rescue Her Mate from a Box Trap.

Some time ago I was up in Wisconsin hunting and fishing with a party of as jolly fellows as you would want to be with. Game and fish were plenty, and each one in the party enjoyed himself in the way he desired, with his rifle, fowling piece or tackle. When evening came each one had a new experience to relate—some daring adventure to tell his companions around the camp fire. The vieing with each other, and the guying each author received, when the story was beyond probability, was enough to tax the wits of our best story-teller in his next endeavor, that he might keep pace with the rest. I cannot say that everything that was told around that camp fire during our three weeks' stay would stand the test of the usual oath administered to witnesses in court, yet under all circumstances each member of our party banked on his honor and

HE RAISED HIS GUN.

integrity, and at times was heroic in his own defense. We were simply lucky that none of us were called upon to "second" in an "affair of honor" out in those Wisconsin wild woods.

The story that I am about to relate was told for the truth, yet no one was an eye-witness, and hence I can only vouch for it by telling you that I told it, and when you understand the Ego of this tale it will present itself forcibly to your doubting minds as "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

We have all read stories time and again of the instinct of animals in domestic life, but I have never read anything like what I have to relate, and hence it may serve to advance the knowledge already acquired in this direction.

I left camp early one morning with tackle in hand to try my Waltonian skill in one of the little streams that emptied its waters into the lake, on the shores of which we had pitched our tents. I had also taken my fowling piece along for any emergency that might arise. On reaching a desirable place where my piscatorial art could be used, as I thought, to the best advantage, I threw out my lines, and seated myself in a convenient place to await a "bite." After some patient waiting without even as much as a "nibble" to remunerate my loss of time, I was attracted by a strange noise emanating from a clump of stout bushes that skirted the stream not far away. I took up my gun and started in that direction to discover the cause. I had only proceeded a few steps when out from the bush waddled as fine a mallard as anyone would wish for a roast. "Ah!" thought I, as I raised the gun. "I'll just take you in." But the strange action of the duck called me from any intention to slay it, and I did not fire. The raising of the gun did not stop or disturb the bird in the least. On it came toward me, each moment increasing its peculiar action, violently shaking its wings, and bobbing up and down, trying in every way, as I now know, to attract my attention. I stood still to watch it. She would advance in this way toward me and then with a volley of short "quacks" retreat hastily toward the bush. It repeated this several times and each time with seeming more earnestness. I then resolved to follow it. I had no doubt it had a purpose in all this maneuver. I was right in my conjecture. The duck led the way into the bush, keeping directly in front of me and just out of my reach. I followed to where, near the brink of the stream, was an old box trap, and in it secure and fast was the male of the pair. The female with the usual sagacity of that sex undertook to free her mate, and I resolved to repay her effort. I lifted the box, and that instant they were wild ducks once more. Away they went as fast as wing and mid air could carry them, presuming, I suppose, on the perfidy of man and that I would shoot if they would give me a chance.

I went back to my lines pondering over the question: Do not the wild beast and fowl of the air know that man hath been given the wisdom to conquer and subdue all things?

I told this at the camp fire that night, but no one could or would offset it, and at that I went to bed, the proud champion of the day.

GUY ROYAL.

Alligators Fight a Duel.

A Florida alligator, six feet long, and a Mississippi alligator, four feet long, both kept in a basin at the public fountain at Anderson, Ind., fought a duel recently. They fought for an hour without injuring each other. At the end of that time the Mississippi reptile failed to dodge a snap made by the other, and was fatally wounded. As soon as the Floridian got a taste of blood he dispatched the defeated, and coolly made a meal of him. The alligators left the water of the basin and fought on a wide stone ledge inside the inclosure. They balanced themselves on their tails, and, standing upright, charged each other dexterously.

FARM AND GARDEN.

ECONOMIZING FOOD.

Early Winter Is the Worst Time to Reduce Cattle Rations.

While it does not pay to ever put live stock on short rations, if it is to be done at all let it be at any other time than the early winter. The animal is a machine for converting some portion of his coarse food into finished products, and his energy in conversion depends very largely upon his physiological condition as well as upon his constitutional power.

These facilities of theirs to produce the materials we desire are natural to be sure, but they have been greatly exaggerated by domestication, full feed and good care. But the animal has also himself to look out for, and it is a natural law that under circumstances of distress everything else stops that the vital processes may go on. That is, that under hard conditions these extra activities stop, and we get little product from the animal.

But what difference does it make at which end of the winter this shortening of rations comes, if it be to come at all? Much, and for the reason that sudden and violent changes are disastrous, physiological conditions considered. If they come to us gradually we can accustom ourselves to things that, if suddenly brought upon us, would prove fatal.

As the animal goes into winter quarters all his habits of life are changed, and changed suddenly. He goes from green feed to dry; from uniformly warm weather into great extremes of cold and heat; from the free atmosphere of the field to the close air of the stable, if he be lucky enough to get the stable. Their powers of resistance and adaptation are severely tried. If he now also suffer a diminution of food his resources are cut off, and if his artificially developed faculties in self-defense cease to act, they will be slow indeed to resume their activities.

The reverse policy is pursued by careful stockmen who seek to make the change from autumn to winter as light as possible, and by extra feed and care to fortify the animal against more or less distressing circumstances. The change from winter to spring and summer is not only into increasingly better conditions, but the changes are marked by less violence.—Farmer's Voice.

CHOLERA-PROOF HOGS.

A Few of Them Can Be Found in Every Average Herd.

We used to hear about breeds and strains of hogs that were cholera proof; we hear no more of them now, says Wallace's Farmer. Nevertheless facts abundantly testify that some hogs are cholera proof. In some herds one or two brood sows will go through a siege of cholera, eating among the dead and dying, and remain in the most perfect health and vigor, and occasionally, but very seldom, we hear of some whose litters are equally cholera proof. We would not say that these animals were worth their weight in gold, for that would be stretching it, but they are worth more money than any man would dare to ask for them, and should not be sold under any circumstances short of the entire loss of usefulness.

It will usually be found that brood sows that have had the disease and recover will not succumb to it on a second visit. We therefore regard animals of this kind as worth double the usual value in times like these. This matter is of practical importance just now. The man may be considered happy whose herds have been attacked in time to allow the survivors to be put in the best condition for breeding. It is questionable whether in fact the farmer has sustained any real loss in the line of brood sows if he has saved 50 per cent. with their breeding capacity unimpaired. He need have no such fear of the ravages of disease in the future. Save these brood sows, and males likewise, by all means. They are worth plenty of money.

HORSE STABLE FLOOR.

How to Make It Water-Tight by Means of Coal Tar.

A stable floor can be made absolutely watertight by the use of coal tar. It must be made of well-seasoned lumber; chestnut or spruce, as suggested, could be used. The walk behind the stalls may be made of single plank, matched, and hot coal tar be poured in the cracks.

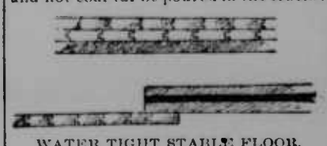

WATER TIGHT STABLE FLOOR.

The floor of the stalls should be made of double thickness of matched plank, with a good application of hot coal tar and tarred paper between the floors. The upper floor must not be nailed or only at the end near the manger, and the cracks filled with coal tar. The cut shows how the floor should be laid. The lower figure shows a cross section of the floor as we enter the passageway behind the horses, while the upper one shows a cross section as we stand facing the stall.—Rural New Yorker.

He Fed Too Much Corn.

Visiting a poultry farm lately, says Maine Farmer, a number of hens were seen squatting on the ground, unable to walk. Naturally the owner asked: "What is the cause of this trouble?" In seeking a solution, the question of feed was raised, and the man stated frankly: "I feed on corn, because it is so handy to use and so cheap in the market." Here was the cause of all his troubles. He was feeding a grain not adapted to bone and muscle building, and the little body could not stand the strain. Rational feeding would save from these annoyances.

To crowd the fattening rapidly, feed at least five times a day.

AMONG THE DEAD OF THE YEAR.

These Prominent Men All Died of that Great Modern Curse---Bright's Disease.

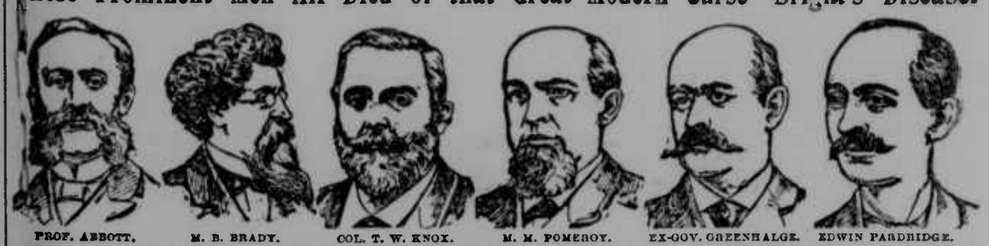

PROF. ABBOTT. M. B. BRADY. COL. T. W. KNOX. M. M. POMEROY. EX-GOV. GREENHALGE. EDWIN PARDRIDGE.

The year just closed has furnished an alarming array of prominent men who have died of Bright's disease of the kidneys. The number includes Professor Austin Abbott, the great jurist and author of law books; M. B. Brady, the famous photographer; Col. Thos. W. Knox, the author of the "Boy Travellers"; Mark M. Pomeroy, the well-known editor; Mr. Edwin Pardridge, the prominent Chicago merchant; and ex-Governor Greenhalge, of Massachusetts.

If "death loves a shining mark," it is also certain that Bright's disease finds its victims among the prominent as well as among the millions of people who are suffering with it to-day, and yet do not realize this serious fact.

There are men and women in every portion of America who feel out of sorts and who do not realize what it is that affects them. They may have peculiar pains in various parts of the body, stra ge lassitude, a bad taste in the mouth, pains in the back and about the loins, and a general irregularity of the system.

These things mean Bright's Disease in some one of its various stages, and no man or woman is safe who has them.

This terrible disease was once considered incurable. Eminent doctors so declared, but constant scientific and chemical experiments resulted in a discovery, which is an absolute cure for Bright's disease, even in its advanced stages. It is the one and only known remedy for this terrible complaint; its name is Warner's Safe Cure.

It is simply marvelous how many people are to-day kept in perfect health and strength through its use. It has a pleasing, soothing and quieting effect upon the kidneys and all adjacent organs. It relieves promptly, puts the system in a condition of health, and substitutes happiness for misery. Testimonials of its great power could be furnished by the thousands, but all intelligent men and women, as well as the medical profession, know its great power and the grand work it is doing in the world.

IN THIS COUNTRY.

Some immense flags were hung out in New York City during the political celebrations there this fall. One contained 3,000 square feet of bunting, and still another had 4,050 square feet. Each stripe was three feet ten inches in width and the stars measured 32 inches from tip to tip.

This year the American people will not eat bananas. To their disgust the fruit importers have discovered this and have cut down the number of vessels running to Central America for this fruit. New Orleans supplies nearly all the west and south with bananas and is the largest importer, but bananas have sold badly of late.

One of the pioneers of progress, who has been absent for 30 years, has just returned to civilization—Joseph Juneau, the founder of the Alaskan city that bears his name. He is in San Francisco at present. He is a French-Canadian, who caught the gold fever and came to California in 1851. He drifted to Alaska and has never been able to overcome his love for prospecting.

Difficult Gardening.

An amusing story comes from India. It concerns a distinguished officer who was constantly embracing some new hobby, much to the disgust of his brother officers and to the annoyance of the soldiers on whom the hobbies frequently involved extra duty. His latest fad was amateur gardening. One day he was strolling past the officers' quarters, when he saw a couple of soldiers busily raking a lot of gravelstones over a patch of earth. "Ah, men, I'm glad to see you taking an interest in gardening. It's a very nice occupation." One of the men, not knowing him by sight, replied: "Nice, is it? Umph! That's all you know. We wouldn't be hilding this earth with gravel if we didn't have an old fool of a general that's mad on gardening. Here we are scraping these stones about in case he should pass this way and want to grow cabbages on the bit of earth underneath."—Harper's Round Table.

Considerate.

Housekeeper—Half the things you wash are torn to pieces.

Washerwoman—Yes, mum; but when a thing is torn in two or more pieces, mum, I count them as only one piece, mum.—N. Y. Tribune.

A 50-Cent Calendar Free.

Perhaps the most beautiful Calendar issued for the year '97 is THE YOUTH'S COMPANION Art Calendar, which is given to each subscriber to the paper for the year '97. It is made up of four charming pictures, beautifully reproduced in twelve harmonious colors. It is in form a four-page folder which, when extended, is 10x24 inches in size. The subjects are delightfully attractive. The Calendar makes a desirable ornament for a mantel, center-table or writing-desk. It is offered for sale only by the publishers of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION at 50 cents per copy. Only because of the enormous number published is it possible for the publishers of THE COMPANION to send it free to all COMPANION subscribers.

SHE HAD READ THE PAPERS.—"Papa," said young Mrs. Hunker, "won't you please give George and me $10,000?" "What do you want that much money for?" "We want to build a $5,000 house."—Harlem Life.

DROPSY treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest dropsy specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

LIKE OTHER MEDICINE.—Penelope—"I hear you are engaged to Miss Dingbatts at last." Reginald—"Yes; she refused me six times, but I persevered." Penelope—"Then you were well shaken before taken."—Harlem Life.

MRS. W.—"Jenkinson, here's an item in the paper about some town adopting a curfew ordinance. What does curfew mean?" W.—"It means that there's got to be fewer curs. It's a sort of dog law."—Chicago Tribune.

A REPORTER in describing the murder of a man named Jorkin said: "The murderer was evidently in quest of money, but luckily Mr. Jorkin had deposited all his funds in the bank the day before, so that he lost nothing but his life."—Tit-Bits.

"It's a sad thing," said the sympathetic man, "but Blykins has become a veritable miser." "Impossible" "It's true. The last I heard of him he didn't get any pleasure out of anything except sitting down in his cellar counting his hoard of anthracite coal over and over again."—Washington Star.

CRIMSONBEAK—"There's a man who was congratulated by his employer for being short in his accounts." Yeast—"That's curious!" "Not at all; he's a newspaper writer."—Yonkers Statesman.

SATISFIED.—Rankin—"I hear that you called me a liar." Danby—"Yes, I did, and I'll prove that you are one." Rankin—"Oh, never mind! I make it a rule never to pursue a disagreeable subject."—Cleveland Leader.

PROOF.—"I know," said Mrs. Barlow, "that it isn't Billy that is quarrelsome. Why, he will play here all day by himself, and I never hear a word, but just as soon as some little boy comes there is a fight going on."—Harper's Bazar.

WINKS—"What sort of a man is Blinks, any way?" Jinks—"Oh, he's one of those men who, if they should happen to read that Charles Dickens was born on Friday, February 2, 1824, would take keen delight in showing that February 2, 1824, fell on Tuesday, and that the biographer, in consequence, was wrong."—Nonsensville Journal.

THE HOSTESS—"I suppose there is no use in asking you to stay to dinner?" The Caller—"Not in that way."—N. Y. Tribune.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886.

[SEAL] A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A POUND OF PERSWASHUN is better than a ton of compulshun.—Truth.

California.

If you will send your name and address, we will send a representative to your home to explain all about the advantages of Phillips-Rock Island personally conducted Tourist Car Excursions to California. Address A. PHILLIPS & Co., 91 Adams St., Chicago. JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago, Ills.

"MAUD MEFFETT says that the age of chivalry has passed." "I guess she means she has passed the age when she may expect any."—Indianapolis Journal.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

SOME young men would get along better if they had less point to their shoes and more to their conversation.—Springfield (Ill.) Register.

MIRIAM—"Don't you think my new hat is a poem, Ned?" Ned (critically)—"From its height, dear, I should compare it instead to a short story?"—Spare Moments.

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action; but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently overcome habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

HARDLY anybody likes to have his family physician criticised.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. DR. KLINE, 933 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

DAT'S so many hills on de road ter Heaven dat some folks misses de place entirely by buildin' a railroad 'round 'em.—Atlanta Constitution.

AFTER physicians had given me up, I was saved by Piso's Cure.—RALPH ERIEG, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 23, 1895.

One Secret of Longevity.

Those anxious to prolong this rapid transitory existence of ours beyond the average span, should foster his digestion, negatively by abstaining from indiscretions in diet, and affirmatively by the use of that peerless stomachic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, when he experiences symptoms of indigestion. The impairment of the digestive function is fatal to vigor. Subdue with the Bitters, also, fever and ague, biliousness and constipation.

YOU can't tell the size ov a man by the noise he makes.—Truth.

COLD did it. Warmth cures it. Rheumatism is cured promptly by St. Jacobs Oil.

HOW TIME flies from the date on which a man distinguishes himself.—Washington Post.

A CRUEL pain—sciatica. Its cure is sure. Use St. Jacobs Oil.

WE say that the good die young. As a matter of fact it is the young that die good.—Boston Transcript.

LIKE OIL UPON TROUBLED WATERS is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar upon a cold. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

YOU can make lots of headway sometimes by admitting you are wrong when you are not.—Life.

DULL, gnawing pain—neuralgia. Prompt, soothing cure—St. Jacobs Oil.

THE real purpose of arbitration is to show that the other fellow is wrong.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

A WOMAN never thinks a bed is complete without a lot of fussy trimmings on the pillows.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

DOUBLED up and beat with pain—Lumbago. Use St. Jacobs Oil and straighten up.

NOTHING gets a man out of humor quicker than to have some one come in to visit, and then pick up a newspaper and go to reading.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

A CRUTCH is used for sprains. Use St. Jacobs Oil instead; it cures.

SOME people are not as bad as they look, while others are a great deal worse.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

A COLD—sore and stiff. All right again. St. Jacobs Oil did it—cured.

PERHAPS more good might be accomplished by ringing a curfew for grown people.—N. Y. Press.

What organ shall I buy?
Why not buy the one which holds the world's record for largest sales—the
ESTEY
Write for Illustrated Catalogue with prices, to Estey Organ Company, Brattleboro, Vt.

The Blue and the Gray.

Both men and women are apt to feel a little blue, when the gray hairs begin to show. It's a very natural feeling. In the normal condition of things gray hairs belong to advanced age. They have no business whitening the head of man or woman, who has not begun to go down the slope of life. As a matter of fact, the hair turns gray regardless of age, or of life's seasons; sometimes it is whitened by sickness, but more often from lack of care. When the hair fades or turns gray there's no need to resort to hair dyes. The normal color of the hair is restored and retained by the use of

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Ayer's Curebook, "a story of cures told by the cured." 100 pages, free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

CCC Get A Move On

THAT Listless, Aimless, Dull, Lack-Lustre feeling of yours shows that your internal machinery is running too slowly.

YOUR LIVER IS LAZY
BOWELS are languid
BLOOD is sluggish

Get a move on without delay, or you'll be a very sick person. Cascarets Candy Cathartic make your liver lively, your bowels regular, your blood pure, move your machinery. Buy a box to-day, any drug store, 10c., 25c., 50c., or mailed for price. Write for booklet and free sample.

Cascarets TRADE MARK. CANDY CATHARTIC
CURE CHRONIC CONSTIPATION.

ADDRESS STERLING REMEDY COMPANY, CHICAGO; MONTREAL, CAN.; NEW YORK. 299

The Republican.

BEST [illegible], Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, JAN. 7, 1897.

THE Republican press of Kansas is trying its best to charge into silence the Populistic calamity howlers who have so terribly injured the State. This is sensible as well as patriotic. While Kansas has suffered in common with the rest of the country on account of the hard times, and also on account of troubles peculiar to the region, she is still in very much better shape than is generally believed. This is particularly true of the eastern half of the State, which is doing as well as any portion of the United States. A large portion of the people who migrated to Kansas were exceptionally intelligent, forceful, industrious and thrifty. They were mainly discharged Union soldiers and fine types of the class. They have done wonders in Kansas in making the naked prairies blossom as the rose, and they are now "standing up for Kansas," as valiantly as they once stood up for the country on the battlefield, and they will succeed in lifting from their beautiful State the cloud that now hangs over it.

SENATOR-ELECT WELLINGTON was one of the several prominent speakers at the Merchants' and Manufacturers' banquet in Baltimore on Thursday evening last. Responding to the toast, "Cuba Libre," he said that the American people should be the leaven among the nations of the earth for freedom, liberty and self-government. They have demonstrated their capability to constitute and preserve a republic, and their asperation should be to see other nationalities enjoying the same great heritage, which of right belongs to them. "But," said he, "while the sympathy of this nation should be with any people struggling to accomplish independence, we should be slow to enter into a quarrel on their account with another nation to whom we owe much, and with whom we have no disagreement such as would warrant war; that if there be any nation among all European peoples that deserves commendation for its conduct in the great transaction which brought about the discovery of America, that nation is Spain. If there is to be a sentiment in matters of State, we owe Spain a debt of gratitude. An interference would mean war with Spain. War under any circumstances is a calamity but a war without just cause is a crime, and, notwithstanding Spain may be a weaker power, there is no assurance that she would stand alone, and the gravest of consequences might follow. And it is not well that the United States shall gain the reputation of a Bombastes Furioso, or Don Quixote, among the nations of the earth. The duty of the United States is to attempt by friendly intervention to amicably arrange the quarrel between the mother country and her dependency, and by so doing confer a greater benefit upon Cuba—a milder government than she would have if she were made sole ruler of herself."

The Wages of Sin.

The suspension of the National Bank of Illinois has already been the direct cause of two self-murders. Vice President W. A. Hammond, the active man in the institution, could not endure the well-merited criticisms of his conduct and sought oblivion in Lake Michigan. Otto Wasmansdorff, a private banker, who was affected by the failure, preceded Banker Hammond to the unknown bourne by a few days. It will be impossible to calculate the loss and suffering entailed upon innocent victims by the event.

The bitterness of it all to the latter and to the families of the deceased is that it need never have been if the wise provisions of the national banking law had been faithfully observed. The position most flagrantly violated in this instance was that which restricts the loans to an individual to 10 per cent. of the paid-up capital of a national bank. There is reason to believe that not only the spirit but the letter of this section of the law is violated every day all over the country in the large cities. The consequences of such violation may be escaped ninety and nine times, and the responsible officers may congratulate themselves that they are wiser than the framers of the law, but the failure on the hundredth time may bring a train of disaster from which neither the bank nor its customers will ever fully recover.

The sad incidents connected with the National Bank of Illinois and other banks which have gone to the wall recently may contain some recompense if they stimulate directors to make closer inquiry into the acts of their officers and keep them strictly within the letter of the law, the wisdom of which is being demonstrated every day.

Protection the Remedy.

We do not believe that there ever was a time in the history of this country when the sentiment in favor of a policy of protection for our industrial interests was stronger than it is now. Democrats who were ardent supporters of Mr. Cleveland and his free trade policy four years ago now unhesitatingly declare their belief that the present hard times here are traceable directly to the Wilson tariff law, and the only hope for relief of the country lies in the enactment of a revenue law that will afford ample protection alike to labor and to capital, and that will concurrently yield all the revenue required by the Government. The people of this country have learned through the hardest and sternest of all schools—experience—that a surplus in the treasury is not as bad as a deficit, and that there can be no permanent and substantial prosperity in this country as long as we continue the suicidal policy of sending annually hundreds of millions of dollars abroad to purchase the products of foreign cheap labor, while our own working classes are living in idleness and destitution. In the face of this condition of things it is idle to talk about relief in currency reform. The chief cause of the hard times and the congested state of the currency may be found in the un-American and unwise industrial policy of the Government for the last three years or more.—Petersburg (Va.) Index-Appeal.

Mr. Bryan Retires.

According to the New York *Journal*, Mr. Bryan's experences at Atlanta, where he delivered a lecture last week, were of such a mortifying character that he has concluded to cancel his contract and withdraw finally from the lecture stage. It appears that Mr. Bryan wanted his tour to be conducted greatest modest, the advertising in the newspapers and bill posters to be of the most unostentatious description. Indeed, this had been stipulated in the contract, but when Mr. Bryan arrived in Atlanta he was horrified to find that his ideas of simplicity and dignity in advertising were far removed from those of the syndicate which has charge of his tour. It is to be inferred from the *Journal's* statement that the bill posters were of the same retiring modesty which characterizes the mammoth sheet of many colors with which the enterprising advance of a circus placards the walls of a country town. When Mr. Bryan saw himself thus pictured in all the colors of the rainbow, standing in a gronp with Washington and Lincoln, *primus inter pares*, if not *e pluribus unum*, he realized that he had been betrayed and that the syndicate intended to force him into a vulgar notoriety and keep him there as long as it paid. It is to Mr. Bryan's credit that he at once dissolved his relation with his managers, returned to them the sum of $10,000 which had been paid in advance for ten lectures, and has now returned to his home in Nebraska with his dignity and self-respect in his own keeping and not at the mercy of a syndicate which was speculating on his reputation.

Another Spelling Reformer.

The Hon. B. Johnson, of Mound Valley, Kan., is a specimen of the legislators elected by the Populists of the Sunflower State to make laws for the commonwealth. Beside subscribing to the Populistic doctrine to the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold at the ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation, the Hon. B. Johnson believes in the free coinage of orthographic forms regardless of the aid or consent of dictionary men and speiling book makers. He has written the following letter, which is on file in the office of Secretary of State:

Decembar 19, 1896.

"to hon. secretary of stait topeka, Kans.

"I was eleckted representateve of the 26 distrecte and i have not recevede enny certifecait of eleckticn from you cording to law, please send me one or stait the reasons whie, respectfully yonres,

"B. JOHNSON."

It is to be hoped that there is no conspiracy to keep the Hon. B. Johnson out of the seat to which he was elected by an admiring and appreciative constituency, and that he has by this time received his "certifecait" or the "reasons whie."

It would appear that Mr. Johnson is a valuable addition to the collection of freak statesmen produced by Kansas in recent years, and nothing should prevent him from taking his place among them. Perhaps he will introdnce a new scheme of spelling reform.

SHORT AND A SUICIDE.

Cashier Cornelius, Enoch Pratt's Right Hand Man, Drowns Himself at Baltimore.

Richard Cornelius, cashier of the National Farmers' and Planters' bank, corner of South and German streets, Baltimore, committed suicide by drowning yesterday morning in the duck pond in Druid Hill park.

A shortage in his accounts amounting, possibly, to $60,000 has been discovered by the bank officials, and this undoubtedly caused him to take his own life.

The body of the dead cashier was found by Bicycle Patrolman John J. Dunn at 1:15 p. m. The drowning probably occurred about 11 o'clock.

Astonishment was unbounded in financial circles when it became known that Mr. Cornelius had ended his life.

In reply to inquiries President of the Bank David L. Bartlet and Vice President John A. Whitridge said: "After a recent examination by the bank examiner, who, when verifying an account with a corresponding bank, discovered irregularities which he reported to the president and vice-president; they, with the examiner, undertook an examination of the bank to-day. They found the cashier's accounts short about $60,000."

Vice President Whitridge talked freely about the discovery of the shortage. "We have nothing to conceal," said he. "The old gentleman was very careless in his accounts, and as long ago as October 1 asked the national bank examiner to make a very thorough examination the next time he came to the bank. On Saturday he reported to the me that there were discrepancies in our accounts with the National Mechanics' Bank of New York and the Atlantic National Bank of Boston, who are our correspondents in those cities.

"I came down to the bank early and went over the accounts with Mr. Cornelius. We found carlessness in the way things were kept, and discovered one piece of collateral made out in Mr. Cornelius' own name. In explanation of this he said that the late Enoch Pratt, who was president of the bank, had told him to make it out so.

"Not wishing to be severe upon him," continued Mr. Whitridge, "I handed the paper over the desk to him, and said: 'What kind of a cashier are you? You haven't even endorsed it. Put your name on the back.' And he took a pen and wrote his name upon it.

"At 10:15 o'clock I had to go across the street to my office. I was back again at 10:25 o'clock, and learned that Mr. Cornelius had left the bank about five minutes before. Search was then made for him."

Mr. Bartlett has been president and Mr. Whitridge vice-president only since the death of Mr. Pratt, which occurred early in the autumn.

Mr. Cornelius had been for some time treasurer of the Methodist Preachers' Aid Society, the condition of which was last examined on January 3, 1896, by Joshua S. Rawlings and David Abercrombie, the committee of the conference, who reported that they found everything correct.

Concerning the funds of the Methodist Preachers' Aid Society, of which Mr. Cornelius was treasurer, Summerfield Baldwin, president of the society, stated last night that there was no question in his mind but that the fund was intact.

Governor Lowndes was seen at his office in the Second National bank this morning by a *Times* representative, to whom he stated that he had known Cashier Cornelius very well, and that he was always considered capable and efficient and stood high in banking circles throughout the State. "I am very much surprised," said the Governor. "Mr. Cornelius had been cashier of the bank for thirty years, and was a member of the Methodist church. Yes, I am not only surprised, but shocked to learn that he has ended his life."

Mr. Robert Shriver, president of the First National Bank, said he knew Mr. Cornelius very well, and that his bank had done business with Mr. Cornelius for years, and that they always found him upright and honest. "We," said Mr. Shriver, "esteemed him very highly."

Mr. Harry Weber, cashier of the Second National Bank, said that while he did not know Mr. Cornelius personally he knew of him very well through the American and State Bankers' Association. Mr. Weber thought it a little remarkable that a strong institution like the above bank would be so slow in finding out the alleged shortage.—Times, Tuesday.

Settlers for Maryland.

Mr. Cornelius W. Van der Hoogt, secretary of the State bureau of immigration, who is engaged in making a visit to some of the foreign settlers in the Northwest for the purpose of inducing them to migrate and settle in Maryland, has written a report of his doing to Mr. Littleton T. Dryden, superintendent of the bureau.

During the week before Christmas Mr. Van der Hoogt spoke to eager listeners in three Michigan towns—New Era, Muskegon and Grand Rapids—and distributed many of the pamphlets describing the resources of Maryland. His audiences were for the most part composed of Dutch settlers. Questions were freely asked of him and Mr. Van der Hoogt endeavored in his replies to interest all.

In speaking of his talk at New Era he says: "It is here, as all over, the same trouble. Many would like to move at once, but they have property and cannot sell it on account of the hard times, but there is no doubt they will leave and come to our State as soon as they can manage it. New Era is a little town of about eighty Holland and twenty American families most of them have farms, but they cannot find markets for their products, as the lumber camps have been broken up and left forever.

"From Grand Rapids to Traverse City was formerly one big lumber district. Thousands of people found employment in and through the sawmills and in the woods. But the lumber is gone, and most of the saw-mills are shut down, and this part of the State has now to look upon agriculture, but they have no home markets for their products, and the freight is too high to ship to Chicago and other large cities.

"Muskegon, once one of the most prosperous lumber cities in the North is completely dead, and the once prosperous Holland and French colonies are looking out for an opening to leave their old homes.

"As an example of the hard times, I give you a little story which explains the situation. I met a man who is a carpenter. He bought, several years ago, a lot and built a house on it which cost him $1,000. To-day he cannot sell it, nor rent it, except at $36 per year. From this amount he has to pay $15 taxes and $12 insurance, besides necessary repairs. In that part of the city alone there are 200 houses empty.

"I had many callers upon Christmas Day in Grand Rapids. They told me that there was great talk about Maryland. Most of them are well fixed, the class we want. They have confidence in the work of our bureau, and they believe in the good results of a Holland colony in our own State. They appreciate and feel that our work is more to their own interests than to our State I have no doubt. Many land agents from companies come to the colonists, but they don't trust them, as they have so often been deceived by them. Our State bureau of immigration gains in popularity from day to day. The Holland newspapers, which never favor any land company or undertakings of new colonies in other States, speak highly of our work and give good articles.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

BY "NEMO."

In every hamlet of the country last week there were shoutings and noise to welcome in the New Year. I cannot quite understand this almost universal exultation. It is hardly because of what we have done, for a good many of us have accomplished nothing more remarkable than the making of a journey of 366 days nearer to the end. And then we howl with joy at the prospect of 365 more to be spent in an equally aimless fashion. Perhaps it is the joy, exaggerated, of the child who rubs off one puzzling example from the blackboard and then starts again. This supposition brings me to the question of New Year's resolves.

***

By an absurd misfitness this season has come to be regarded as the favorable time for making resolutions—a tendency that results, unfortunately, in keeping the Recorder of Deeds most busy writing down the failures and mistakes. To lump all good intentions into one day of the year, while our carelessness of good during all the other days has weakened our moral fiber, is to invite failure, absolute and nauseating. The time for a good resolution is the time that any particular temptation is strongest. Then while right in the whirl of the struggle against wrong-doing, a sincere deep-felt determination is much more likely to be effective than if we reserve it for the clearing-house day of the year. For at this opening of the year, it is not at all unlikely that many of the temptations that have assailed us most strenuously in the year gone by will be absent, and our resolutions, therefore, will be worse than useless because of their lulling influences upon our moral senses. We are to fight hour by hour and day by day, and not once a year. The sailor cannot temporize with a storm and say: "Rude Boreas, if you will kindly come blustering here on the 1st of January, I shall then be in harbor with everything snug." No, the poor fellow must hustle up the whistling shrouds, hang on by the skin of his teeth while he clears away the wreckage above, pull and haul, strain and struggle, till by supreme effort he makes everything safe. Learn from him!

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Then let us not make futile resolves, regarding the whole category of sins and weaknesses, against which life is a constant battle. But if we must "resolve," just to be like others, then let it be "To be watchful, unrelenting with ourselves; to crush the lower nature; to feed the higher; to scatter seeds of kindness, unofficiously and gently, day in and day out." If we die rich, our heirs scramble for the dross we leave behind; if we die poor, we are "only paupers whom nobody owns;" if we die learned, others will arise mightier than we; but, if either rich, poor or learned, we die beloved, then our own lives are not in vain, and our memories shall live at least as those live who loved us. So you, money-makers, as you turn to your vain and dismal task; you poor folks with another dreary grind of labor before you; you students piling up knowledge that will surely slip from you, glorify and transmute it all into beauty and grandeur by an honest edort to live on the Golden Rule.

***

Be not among those who rejoice in finding out evil-doing and weakness in others. There are some who seemingly take more pleasure in discovering a worm at the heart of a noble tree than in standing off to admire its symmetry. To such, a lion is not a noble beast, but merely the supporter of some disgusting parasites. To such, a clump of woods is not a thing of beauty, but merely a harbor for wood-ticks. To such, great and good characters are inconceivable. Each one hath its wood-ticks, its parasite, its worm, and they rejoice thereat. To you, tender-hearted maidens, too kind to hurt an animal; to you, brawny boys, too manly to smite a fellow from behind; to you, mothers and fathers, the tutors and guides of boys and girls, shut down relentlessly on "gossip" in the year to come. A shrug of the shoulders, a questioning tone, or an unjust surmise, may serve to blast a reputation that has been built by years of goodness. Almost my closing "Thought" this week is on the horror of injustice, the depth of meanness shown in idle talk by those whose hearts are tender and noble in every other respect.

***

There is for most of us poor mortals a large degree of isolation in life. Our inner experiences we cannot voice to those around us; our battle with wrong within or beyond human ken; even outward sorrows call for scarcely more than a passing thought of sympathy on the part of the great rushing world, whose time permits it to enter into our feelings about as fully as the scientist enters into the anxieties and fears of the insect that squirm under his microscope. What fools we mortals be, who add to our isolation in the crowded ways of life by sticking out the porcupine quills of repulsion. To have friends to do for us, we must show a willingness to do and suffer for them.

***

My New Year's wish to you is that the best wishes of all those who love you best may be fully realized.

Died.

Died, at Bayard, W. Va., December 29th, 1896, Ernest Trent, son of Rev. J. B. and Azalia Enlow, aged 9 years, 3 months and 19 days.

He was converted December 3rd, 1896, during revival services held in the M. E. church in Bayard. He gave evidence of a bright conversion and while patiently enduring intense suffering from the disease, membranous croup, he realized approaching death and testified that he was "going home to live with Jesus."

His remains were interred at Hoyes, Md., the funeral services being conducted by Rev. E. R. Skidmore, S. H. Mickey and J. H. Marshall, of Bayard, delivered appropriate addresses in remembrance of little Ernest and of sympathy and consolation to the bereaved parents and relatives who have the sympathy of the entire community.

May the Healer of all sorrows be present with them to give them the consolation that human sympathy is unable to give is the prayer of

A FRIEND.

50 lbs. of Coal

A day would keep your rooms warm in winter. But that small stove will burn only twenty-five. Hence, discomfort and misery.

A certain amount of fat, burned daily, would keep your body warm and healthy. But your digestion is bad, and you don't get it from ordinary fat-food. Hence you are chilly, you catch cold easily, you have coughs and shivers; while pneumonia, bronchitis, or consumption finds you with no resistive power.

Do this. Burn better fuel. Use SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil. Appetite and digestive power will revive; and soon a warm coating of good flesh will protect the vital organs against the cold and the body against disease.

Two sizes, 50 cts. and $1.00
Book free for the asking.
SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

PENROSE WINS.

Mr. Quay's Candidate Will Be Elected Senator.

HARRISBURG, PA., Jan. 5.

The Republican joint caucus tonight nominated Boies Penrose for United States Senator to succeed Senator Cameron. The vote was: Penrose, 133; Wanamaker, 75; Cameron, 1; Congressman Robinson, 1; Judge Rice, 1; not voting, 4.

Municipal Light.

CUMBERLAND, MD., Jan. 5.—The Cumberland city council last night passed the ordinance submitting to the vote of the people at the election in May the question of estaldishing an electric lighting plant not to cost over $20,000. Councilman Isaac Hirsh who introduced the ordinance, has made a special study of municipal lighting, upon which he gave a highly intelligent talk. He read letters on the subject from the mayors of Frederick, Md., Chambersburg, Pa., Staunton, Va., and other points regarding the operation of the municipal plants in those places, and all claimed that a great saving was effected. Coal is over one dollar cheaper in Cumberland than at any of the above-named places, and Mr. Hirsh claimed that Cumberland would enjoy an additional annual saving of about $800 on this item alone. He had letters from four of the leading electric light companies in the United States, any one of which was willing to put in a plant with a capacity one-third greater than required by the city for $20,000. The city now buys its light at an annual cost of about $7,500. It is believed that a municipal plant would reduce the cost about one half. The streets of Cumberland are lighted mainly by incandescent lamps, are regarded as very unsatisfactorily. Mr. Hirsh believes that 90 per cent. of the voters are in favor of an independent electric lighting plant.

Farmer's Tool Chest.

A good tool chest is almost a necessity to every well regulated farm, but very few farmers have one, in fact we believe one-half the money spent by farmers for the smaller tools is often thrown away, for two reasons: the first is, in the country it is hard to get tools of first-class quality, and the second is that most farmers have no convenient place to keep them, so their tools get battered up, scattered around and eventually are lost, or become useless.

If you want a chest of good tools, our friends, the Powell Fertilizer and Chemical Company, Baltimore, Md., have solved the Tool Chest problem most satisfactorily, and we think if you will read their offer as made in their advertisement published in this issue you will investigate their plan for getting a Tool Chest free.

Commandeated.

To the Editor of The Republican.

I just thought I would drop you a few lines giving you an item or two of news from this place.

On last Thursday evening I understood that Joseph Lashorn, a citizen of this town, had a standing rule of getting up a supper every New Year's eve, when it is his custom to send out a number of invitations so that his table may be furnished with guests. Being under the impression that I should have a welcome with others, I made bold to go, and perhaps you may judge of my surprise when I reached his domicile to find it crowded—the little folks upstairs, the adults below—I began to cast about in mind whether our host would be prepared to supply food sufficient for all present. The younger folk passed the time very pleasantly till supper was about ready, at which time it began to be whispered that there was to be a marriage ceremony performed before supper commenced. All other pleasure was suspended at once, and it was understood that Rev. William E. George was to be the officiating minister. Very soon, if I am a judge of numbers there must have been not less than seventy to witness the marriage. In a few minutes in came a young gentleman and leaning upon his arm one of Deer Park's fair maidens, and as it cannot any longer remain a secret, I will give you the names of the bridal pair. Here they are: Mr. Philip Roland Hess, of Piedmont, W. Va., and Miss Annie Virginia Marley, of Deer Park.

Now comes the call for supper, and as near as I could judge from seventy-five to eighty partook of a bountiful repast, and still a large supply was left over.

The clock was by this time being closely watched, and at 12 o'clock a general salutation of a "Happy New Year" took place and the report of fireworks was heard, after which the guests began to disperse.

In conclusion, I must say that I quite enjoyed the event, and I think if I should live and be in Deer Park at the close of the present year I may make Mr. J. Lashorn another call.

Deer Park, Jan. 4.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street.

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4, 1897.

Mr. Cleveland may or may not send the special message to Congress on Cuban affairs, which report says he has prepared during the recess, but his action in ordering the cruiser Vesuvius and the dispatch boat Dolphin to proceed to Florida waters and join the U. S. vessels already there in preventing filibustering, is a notification to Congress that the administration has not in the slightest changed its attitude toward Cuba. Conservative men in the Senate will endeavor to privately argue with those Senators who are regarded as likely to make incendiary speeches on the Cameron resolution, in order to have them not speak at all, or at any rate if they do speak, not to use language calculated to excite the country. There is no question that the conservative men in both branches of Congress, regardless of their personal opinion about what should ultimately be done by this government believe that as long as the matter has been allowed to stand up to this time it will be wisest to leave it unacted upon until the change of administration. And it is the opinion of your correspondent that whatever the Senate may do the House will take this view of the matter and will do nothing.

The fact most strongly brought out by the first week of the tariff hearings before the House Ways and Means Committee is that, taken as a whole, the men who have appeared before the committee have taken a common-sense business view of the tariff and have asked for nothing that could not be granted without violating the announced intention of the committee to make a moderate tariff bill—just enough protection to give our own manufacturers, producers and workingmen the first call on the American market, admittedly the best in the world. Needless to say that Chairman Dingley and his Republican colleagues on the committee are pleased with the hearings as far as they have gone. It would have been a waste of time for anybody to have asked unreasonable things, but it is none the less pleasing that they have not done so.

The House reassembles with a program mapped out for a week's work, outside of the appropriation bills, which are being steadily pushed ahead by the committees. Tuesday and Wednesday the Loud bill shutting novels, books published serially and sample copies of newspapers out of the privilege of being sent through the mail at pound rates will be discussed and disposed of. The fate of the bill is in doubt with the chances slightly in favor of its being defeated by a small margin. Thursday the Pacific railroad funding bill will be taken up, and after four days' discussion it will be voted upon. The general impression is that it will pass, although its opponents will make a strong fight against it, and are claiming that they can defeat it.

While Republicans in Congress have nothing but good wishes to express towards the trip Senator Wolcott has undertaken for the purpose of ascertaining what is thought in Europe of the proposed effort to bring about international bimetallism, which this Congress will authorize, and which will be made early in the administration of President McKinley, they do not wish the statement to go uncontradicted that Senator Wolcott went upon this errand at the request of the Republican caucus committee of which he is chairman, or of President-elect McKinley. This contradiction can best be given in Senator Wolcott's own words: "I am going solely at the request of the Bimetallic League to examine into the general sentiment on the subject throughout the world, and report to the League. I go informally and unofficially, and I deprecate any publication which intimates anything else. The League desires to know before the extra session of Congress is called, exactly what the situation is. I expect to be able to return and make my report within two months. I cannot say what my course will be abroad, except that I will first consult with the Bimetallic League of Great Britain."

The Republican Senators are just human enough not to do anything to prevent the silver Democrats carrying out their threat of hanging up the nominations of gold Democrats sent to the Senate by Mr. Cleveland, except in cases where failure to confirm might make future trouble, as for instance, Secretary Francis. It might make disagreeable and costly legal complications for years if the Senate failed to act upon his nomination to be Secretary of the Interior, and the Republican Senators will see that his nomination is acted upon; but in the other cases every nomination left unacted upon means another appointment placed at the disposal of President McKinley. Republican Senators would not have originated such a method of increasing the party patronage, but they are not called upon to interfere now that the silver Democrats have done so.

...es relieve nausea

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

Communicated.

To the Editor of The Republican.

SIR:—In your last issue I noticed a number of items from this end of the county, one of which I wish to speak about, inasmuch as I feel a personal thrust in more ways than one. Not knowing who the contributor was, I feel at liberty to speak my mind. The educational institute held here is the topic in question. It was well attended, it is true, but I am sorry to hear that your worthy correspondent has overlooked, and not even as much as mentioned the two principal addresses of the evening, and has magnified a piece of select reading to such an extent as to belittle all the other exercises of the evening. The select reading was good and contained "wholesome thoughts and principles," but was not an original article by the reader. In our humble judgment a person's scholarly attainments are measured by what he himself says or does, not by repeating what some one else said. A person must not expect to come across a Demosthenes, a Plato, an Aristotle, a Daniel Webster or a Major McKinley at a village educational meeting. Either the contributor has grossly erred in his judgment, or else the educational public are intellectually below par. Again, we not only want to be "schoolish" but we aim to be as "scholarly" as we can. The expression of the author from which we quote only a few words, is either ambiguous or else literally construed it casts a mantle of ignorance over the present incumbents of the county school board.

We know that we are not as intellectual as many persons, but at the same time we know too much to think and preach that the public school system of Garrett county is good enough at the present time or that it cannot be improved upon.

We do not believe in shielding any person or persons or party, that either wilfully or neglectfully fails to aid the common school cause of our county, when we know it was their privilege to at least cause an agitation.

I consider it highly necessary to expose the partial way and manner in which our State school fund is divided. Our children are very anxious to know why we have such short school terms; and my optimistic views are too weak to overrule my better judgment and attempt to make our children believe that the present existing state of affairs is all right and that a four and five months school term in Garrett is much better than an eight or nine months term would be.

The best way I can think of at present to encourage the people to put forth a greater effort for the enhancement of our schools is to show them the injustice we are securing, and the disadvantages under which our children are being brought up in this county.

A MEMBER OF THE SCHOOL BOARD.
Grantsville, Md., Dec. 29, 1896.

A Sad Accident.

John Wable, aged about forty-five years, residing at Sand Spring, this county, was instantly killed Thursday, Dec. 24th, whilst engaged in cutting down trees on the land of B. W. Hoff. The unfortunate man was struck by a falling limb sometime during the morning of the above day and was not found until late in the afternoon. He was the sole comfort and support of his aged mother who is past three score and ten. His remains were taken to his late home on Christmas morning.

Mr. Wable resided fourteen years in Colorado, and returned to this home in this county only eighteen months ago where he went to keeping house with his mother.

He was kind and loved by all, especially children for whom he always had kind words and little gifts. He would rather give than to receive.

He lived with the writer for many months and I do not know that he ever had an enemy. He remarked a few days before his death that religion was to do for others. He always showed this for he was untiring in helping those that were unable to do for themselves.

His funeral was the largest ever held in the community and many tears were shed for love of him and sympathy for his mother. He was a grand-son of Gabriel Friend, one of the pioneers of this county. Rev. Skidmore, of Friendsville, officiated at the funeral. X.

Selbysport.

We have been having fine winter weather, but on Saturday last the sun shone forth with such power that before night most of the snow had disappeared. At this time, however, Tuesday, snow is beginning to fall again and we hope to have a foot or more to-morrow morning.

We think our friends in this community enjoyed a merry Christmas and spent a happy New Year.

Mr. J. Wesley Savage gave a hop and wood chopping to his freinds one night last week.

Mrs. Jonas and Miss Nellie R. Frazee, of Pittsburgh, are spending a few days in our town.

Our postmaster has his shivering pants on. No wonder, he lives on the river bank and March 4th so near at hand.

Jonas Frazee stopped off for Sunday dinner a few Sundays ago. He had not time to stay over night.

We wonder why our farmers do not pay more attention to the manufacture of an A No. 1 butter also the raising of turkeys. It is said here that turkeys brought eighteen cents per pound in the city on Christmas.

COST OF POOR ROADS.

It Falls on Every Producer and Consumer.

Good roads are a most important factor in the prosperity of any country, writes E. W. Perry in *Bearings*. They are at the very foundation of its progress. Softness, steepness or roughness in a road adds to the cost of living and gives no compensating benefit. This loss falls on every consumer and on every producer. Everybody is in one or the other of those classes; most people are in both, and we are doubly taxed by our errors in road management. No human being can escape wholly from paying part of this great and utterly useless tax.

Improvement of our highways can harm no one. All will benefit by such improvement properly carried out. Therefore the efforts made by the United States department of agriculture and by several state institutions for the purpose of creating wide and deep interest in the subject of road improvement meet no opposition from people of intelligence. It is unfortunate that information gathered with exceeding pains by state and by national institutions usually reaches the public only slowly and often in a form which does not move the people. The aid of the popular press is necessary if a strong and widespread interest is to be aroused and legislation is to be obtained that will insure a general improvement of the highways of this country.

Thanks to a press which is quick to help any movement intended for the general good, many truths about the evils of our past and present methods of managing our highways have become familiar to millions of intelligent people. But there are other millions to whom the truth that every human being in the land is compelled to pay needlessly heavy tolls for the use of bad roads, the fact that a general and thorough betterment of our roads would be directly and immediately profitable to all and the other fact that a fair share of the burden of such improvement should be borne by every one who may be benefited thereby are obstruse conceptions, unfamiliar and difficult to master.

The losses caused by lack of good roads fall most heavily on the farmer, but the manufacturing, mining, lumbering, the railway and other interests suffer enormously, and each consumer of the products of the others suffers with them. The losses fall most heavily on those who are at the extreme of the line—on the original producer and on the final consumer and no one can avoid being in one or the other of those classes.

It is time that our people should awake to the fact that the crude, skiffless, cheap ways to which they are accustomed, and which they have learned to believe "will do well enough for the present," have ever been, as such ways must always be, wasteful and ruinous. Our past and our present methods, or lack of method, in the management of public highways have imposed upon the people excessively heavy and altogether unnecessary burdens. Much better ways have been in use in other lands for generations. There is no need for delays or for costly experiments to determine what will be the best way to cure the evils of our highways.

No argument should be needed to convince any one that every man, woman and child in the country, and millions of inhabitants of other lands also, are directly and indirectly affected to a serious degree by the condition of our own highways. Each is taxed to pay the needlessly heavy cost of dragging the food from American farms through dust and sand and mud over rough and steep roads. All these people could therefore well afford to contribute to reduce that tax to the lowest possible quantity.

The draft which is levied on the purse by every effort to move a vehicle over a road—that direct road tax which is not recognized by the statutes, but must be at once paid for each expenditure of energy for that purpose—is increased by every increase in steepness of the ascents up which the vehicle is moved, by every roughness of the surface of the highway, by every fraction of an inch of mud, by every layer of sand, and even by the dust in the track before the wheel.

This direct money loss is a tangible measure of the heavy road tax which bears hard on our people. Its results are seen in the desertion of the country by our sturdy and ambitious youth. It is a potent cause of evils which come from crowding the towns, for "we now live in the city and go to the country, but we should live in the country and go to the city." This can never come before good roads shall connect cities and villages with the pure life, the healthful air and ennobling scenery of the country.

THE
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FOR
FATHERS AND MOTHERS.
FOR
SONS AND DAUGHTERS.
FOR
ALL THE FAMILY.

With the close of the Presidential campaign THE TRIBUNE recognizes the fact that the American people are now anxious to give their attention to home and business interests. To meet this condition, politics will have far less space and prominence, until another State or National occasion demands a renewal of the fight for the principles for which THE TRIBUNE has labored from its inception to the present day, and won its greatest victories.

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ORDER NISI.

John P. Spiker, assignee of Josiah Beeghley vs. John J. Beeghley and Ellen Beeghley. No. 807 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered, this 8th day of January in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in Equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by John P. Spiker, assignee of mortgage, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 29th day of January, 1897; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 29th day of January, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2,500. E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—test:
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

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Owned and operated by The E. J. Fredlock Manufacturing and Building Company, of Piedmont.

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AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the deed of trust from Daniel Hinebaugh to Eli McMillan, No. 729 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

This is to give notice to the creditors of Daniel Hinebaugh to file their claims properly authenticated with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before the 22d day of January, 1897, as I will then state an account in the above entitled cause, distributing the money in the hands of Eli McMillan, trustee, to the parties entitled to participate in the distribution of the fund.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
43—1 Auditor.

ORDER NISI.

Frederick L. Fredlock vs. Joseph P. Gleeson. No. 758 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

Ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting as a court of equity, this 23d day of December, 1896, that the sale of property mentioned in these proceedings made and reported by Taylor Merrison, receiver, appointed by a decree of this court to make said sale, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 24th day of January, 1897. Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in said Garrett county once in each of three successive weeks before the 24th day of January, 1897.

The report states the amount of sales to be $90.80.

A true copy. DAVID W. SLOAN.
Test, E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 46-3

Testimony for Public Benefit

Mr. Oliver A. Horner, Cashier of the Banking House of Annan, Horner & Co., Emmittsburg, Md., and Commander Dept. Md., G. A. R., says:—

"It affords me great pleasure to recommend 'Honey-Tolu' for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, &c. I have used this valuable remedy in my family which gave speedy relief in all cases and I most cheerfully recommend it to the general public as a most efficient remedy."

Mr. T. W. Hobbs, 41 Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., testifies as follows:

"It affords me much pleasure to say that I have tried 'Honey-Tolu' in my family for Coughs and Colds, etc., with perfect satisfaction. It acts like a charm, its good effects being felt from the first dose; so cheerfully recommend it to everyone needing a reliable remedy for coughs and colds."

Mr. J. Edw. Wolf, of 128 N. Mount St., Baltimore, Md., the Secty of Heal Council, No. 73, Jr. O. U. A. M., says:—

"It gives me pleasure to testify to the merits of 'Honey-Tolu,' which I consider the most valuable remedy ever offered the public; and one that should be constantly on hand in every family. When our baby was quite young it was attacked by an aggravated cough, which was exceedingly annoying and the source of much solicitude to us. A number of "old time" remedies were resorted to, but all without effect. During the past winter Croup prevailed in our midst, and he had it in a fully developed form; and it would have gone very hard with him, but I was fortunate enough to hear of 'Honey-Tolu,' of which I procured a bottle. After a very short trial it proved effective, relieving him at once and before the bottle was used the cough had entirely disappeared."

Honey-Tolu.

Sold by all Dealers. Large Bottles, 25c.

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Tin, Galvanized and Sheet Iron WORKERS.

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ALL WORK GUARANTEED. GIVE US A CALL.

NOTICE TO Delinquent Tax-Payers.

Notice is hereby given to all delinquent tax-payers that if "taxes now due and in arrear" are not paid before January 1, 1897, I will proceed by law to collect. For full information to all parties interested I refer to Sec. 54 of Chapter 366 of Acts of General Assembly of Maryland, a copy of which is hereto annexed.

THOS. B. WILEY,
Treasurer of Garrett County.

SECTION 54. The said Treasurer shall, during the first week in December in each and every year, give notice to all the delinquent tax-payers of said county, by advertisement inserted in two newspapers published in said county, and by hand-bills posted in five of the most public places in each election district of said county, and at the court-house door warning them that the payment of all taxes then due and in arrear will be enforced by advertisement and sale unless the same be paid before the first day of January next following.

N. B. The above will be strictly enforced after January 1, 1897.

--THE--
National - Tribune,
Washington, D. C.

1897—TWENTIETH YEAR—1897

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ORDER NISI.

Lewis Popp vs. Sarah E. Will and John W. Will. No. 811 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 29th day of December, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above case by Lewis Popp, mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 23d day of January, 1897, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Oakland, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks before the 23d day of January, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $700.00.

True copy—Test. E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 43-3

Office of David J. Lewis, Attorney, Cumberland, Maryland.

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

Consisting of Farm, Etc.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, the undersigned, trustee named in said decree, will offer at public sale, on the premises, at or about the hour of 2 o'clock, p. m., on

9TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1897,

the following described property, situate in Garrett county, Maryland, about 2½ miles from Oakland, on the road leading from Oakland to Deer Park, and adjoining the lands of Jacob Bittinger, Jacob Hoffman and others, containing

"Stevey's Adventure"

DAVID J. LEWIS, Trustee.

ORDER NISI.

Ordered this 8th day of December, 1896, that the sale made by the trustee named in these proceedings of the real estate mentioned in the bill of complaint, and reported, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 1st day of January, 1897, provided a copy of this order be published in the newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 1st day of January, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $500.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Dec. 1, 1896.

Notice is hereby given by the County Commissioners for Garrett county that the General Assessors have been and are from now on under the control of the County Commissioners and subject to their orders, and all persons who have not been assessed have not made out their schedules are required to do so at their earliest opportunity and have them ready for the assessors when they call for them.

The board will meet on January 4, 1897, for the purpose of appointing supervisors of roads and the districts will be taken up as follows:

Monday, January 4, Districts 5, 11, 3 and 9.
Tuesday, January 5, Districts 6, 8, 4 and 7.
Wednesday, January 6, Districts 10, 2 and 1.
Thursday, January 7, the board will go into session as a court of Oyer and Terminer, and all persons that have filed petition of an appeal will be notified what day and date they will be heard and must attend on the day so arranged.

ISAAC W. ARNEGATHY,
THOMAS H. LAYMAN,
County Commissioners.
MILES S. MEYERS, Clerk.

1897. THE SUN. 1897.

BALTIMORE, MD.

THE PAPER OF THE PEOPLE,

FOR THE PEOPLE AND WITH THE PEOPLE.

HONEST IN MOTIVE,

FEARLESS IN EXPOSITION,

SOUND IN PRINCIPLE,

UNSWERVING IN ITS ALLEGIANCE TO RIGHT DOCTRINES AND RIGHT PRACTICES.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

ELLEN'S ULTIMATUM.

"I see you have n tall hat, John;
I thought that you despised 'em.
; never heard a man run on
The way you critticized 'em."
'Oh, yes; but Ellen said," quoth John,
"And said it plain and flat,
A beau to suit her must have on
A stylish stove-pipe hat;
I wished to suit her as her beau,
And bought a stove-pipe hat, you know."

"I see, too, you've a diamond ring;
But once you used to swear
It was an ostentatious thing
No modest man should wear."
"That was my former view," said John,
"But years new wisdom bring,
And Ellen said I must put on
At least one diamond ring;
; had no courage to demur,
And so I wear the ring for her."

"Your silver watch has been replaced,
I notice, by a gold one,
A gold one elegantly chased—
Much better than your old one.
You used to say a watch of gold
Was useless ostentation—"
"I've changed," said John, "as I've grown old,
My point of observation:
For Ellen no coarse man would wed
Who wore a silver watch, she said."

"I see you've changed your former shoes
For those of patent leather—
A kind you swore you'd never use
While nature held together."
"Don't quote," said John, "my former views:
'Tis useless to restate 'em:
I bought these patent-leather shoes
At Ellen's ultimatum;
She vowed no husband she would choose
Who wore plain, common-leather shoes."

"Now you and Ellen soon will wed?"
At this did John turn yellow.
"Why, she's run off," he sadly said,
"And with another fellow."
"How did this other fellow dress,
What did the man have on?"
"Slouch hat, brass ring, brass watch—and, yes—
Old cowhide boots," said John;
"Old cowhide boots, brass watch, brass ring,
Slouch hat and all that sort of thing."
—Sam Walter Foss, in Town Topics.

THE BROWN CLOAK.

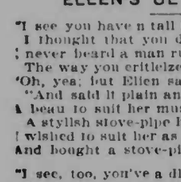

"I DON'T know as I've got anything to give," said Farmer Foxglove, looking dubiously around the kitchen.

Widow Waterman gave a little sniff of mingled depreciation and humility.

"Times is very hard with me, Mr. Foxglove," said she. "I hain't had no work since August, and there ain't nothin' to eat in the house."

"You don't tell me!" said the farmer, who was the softest-hearted of men. "Here, give me your basket! Philena'll say I'm an old fool; but I don't care."

With a trepidation not unlike the sensation of a schoolboy who robs an orchard for the first time, he went into the buttery and helped himself to half a cold roast fowl, a loaf of rye bread, a goodly wedge of yellow butter out of a covered stone jar, and three-quarters of a juicy apple pie. Then he opened Mrs. Foxglove's especial tea caddy and filched a handful of the fragrant dried leaves, which he wrapped up in brown paper and put beside the other viands. And, chancing to notice how thin and inadequate the poor old woman's shawl was, he recklessly took down an old bombazine cloak, originally a bright brown, but now faded in as many streaks as a zebra hide, which had hung from time immemorial in the back entry.

"There ain't no more use in that old dud," he thought. "And it'll keep the cold out, and if Philena makes a fuss I'll give her a new blanket shawl."

Mrs. Waterman went off rejoicing. Presently Mrs. Foxglove and Seraphina came home from the weekly meeting of

"YOU DON'T TELL ME!"

the Society for the Helpers of the Heathen in jubilant spirits.

"George Paterson was there," said Mrs. Foxglove. "He said he came after his aunt, but it's my belief that he wanted to walk home with Seraphina."

Seraphina hung down her head and said nothing.

"La, me!" said Mrs. Foxglove, from the kitchen. "What has come to things? Here's the cold chicken and the apple pie gone! And the cover off the butter jar, too!"

"Y—yes," said the farmer, coughing. "I—I got sort o' hungry, so I thought I'd jest take a snack."

"Where's the bombazine cloak, pa?" said Seraphina, after the somewhat frugal supper, as she took the milking pail. "It's raining a little, and the cows haven't come home from pasture yet."

"If I had a pair of eyes I'd use them," said Mrs. Foxglove, coming to the rescue and viewing the row of empty pegs with an eager glance. "Well, I declare! Nehemiah," turning to her husband, "that comes of leaving you to keep house. You must have gone off and left the door open, and some tramp has got in and robbed us."

"I did just step out to the woodpile for some more logs," said the farmer, thankful for the avenue of escape that was opened to him. "But I wasn't gone long."

He wriggled uneasily in his cushioned rocking-chair.

"I wish old Mrs. Waterman had been in Jerico before she came here!" he said to himself.

Meanwhile pretty Seraphina, singing softly to herself, folded an old striped shawl around her taper shoulders, and went out to the pastures after the truant company of cows.

Old Tulip's bell was jangling among the silver-stemmed birches on the bleak hill; they were already on the homeward path, but Seraphina loitered unnecessarily on the footbridge that spanned a brawling brook.

All was still and dusk; a certain frosty sweetness was in the autumn air, and

"SERAPHINA!"

the only visible person was a woman farther down the brook, who was dipping out water.

Suddenly there was another step—strong, swift and full of purpose. Seraphina's eyes brightened; a vivid color rose into her cheeks.

"There he comes now!" she murmured. "There comes George!"

To her surprise and dismay, however, the cavalier did not come up the hill, but stayed his steps beside the other woman below.

"He is throwing his arms around her neck," thought the indignant Seraphina. "He is—yes, he is actually kissing her! But I don't care. Why should I care? I'm sure it don't matter to me."

Seraphina hurried the cows home and finished the milking in less time than it had ever taken her before. She was just carrying in the foaming pail when a tall figure approached.

"Seraphina!"

"Pray don't trouble yourself to speak to me," said Seraphina, with a toss of the head. "Or if you do, please call me 'Miss Foxglove!'"

And Seraphina vanished through the kitchen door.

"What's the matter, Phiny?" said her mother, noticing the girl's quick movements and heightened color.

"Nothing, ma," said Seraphina.

It was getting toward nine o'clock when there came a knock at the door. Mrs. Foxglove opened it. There stood the Widow Waterman.

"I hope I'm not intruding," said Mrs. Waterman, "but here's the brown bombazine cloak, Mr. Foxglove, and, humbly thanking you all the same, I'd rather not wear it."

"Eh?" said Mr. Foxglove, in amazement.

"It was very kind of you to give it to me," went on Mrs. Waterman, to the utter discomfiture of the poor farmer, "but there's some things as human flesh and blood can bear, and to have Deacon Pullaby's son asking if he could not see me home when I came out of the store, and Mr. Ferdinand Pluff saying was I to be at the dance at Melinda Edwards' on Tuesday night, and might he call for me at eight o'clock—well, it's rather upsetting. But the worst of it all was when I went to get a little water at the brook. A young fellow seized hold of me and was going to kiss me. I believe it's the brown cloak as done it all," with a meaning glance at Seraphina Foxglove. "So, if you would please take it back, I'll try and get along with my old shawl a spell longer. And the roast chicken was very good, sir, and that apple pie couldn't be beat."

There was a moment's direful silence, and then Mrs. Waterman sidled out of the room and betook herself once more to the mysterious silence of the night.

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Foxglove.

"Ma, don't scold pa," said Seraphina, halfway between laughing and crying.

The farmer feebly rubbed his hands.

"I think I'll go to bed," said he.

And he went. Seraphina, running out for a pitcher of water, the last thing before shutting the house for the night, nearly stumbled against George Paterson.

"Goodness me! what are you doing here?" said Seraphina.

"I can't go home and sleep, Seraphina, while you are angry with me," said the poor young fellow, who was very desperately in love. "What have I done?"

"Nothing," she answered. "Except—except that you can't blame me for being jealous when I see you hugging and kissing the Widow Waterman!"

"It was the cloak, Seraphina — the brown cloak that misled me," pleaded George. "I thought it was you."

"Oh, it's all very well to talk!" said Seraphina.

Mrs. Foxglove thought Seraphina had never before been so long in bringing a pitcher of water. To George Paterson, however, the moments seemed winged; but nevertheless he went home rejoicing.—Woman's Journal.

—Wild horses are found in great numbers both in Asia, North and South America.

FAILED TO KEEP HIS PROMISE.

A Domestic Tragedy in Which the Husband Was the Heavy Villain.

"Harry," said Mrs. Hartleigh, the other morning, with a serious look upon her face; "are you sure that you love me the same as you did before marriage?"

"Why, you little simpleton," exclaimed Mr. Hartleigh, gently pinching his better half's bewitching little chin; 'what a question! Of course I do."

"And you will keep all promises you make to me?"

"Religiously."

"And whatever I ask of you, you will do?"

"Yes; that is to say, darling, everything in reason."

"Ah, Harry, in our courtship days you never thought of reason."

"No, probably not," said Harry with a smile that bore on the border of cynicism. "No, dear, of course not."

"Then why do you now? Alas! I fear that you do not care so much for your Mamie as you used to do."

"Nonsense, darling! I meant anything that it is possible for me to do."

"And you are sure, Harry, that I am never out of your mind? That you are always, always thinking of your pet?"

"You are never out of my mind an instant while I am away, and when I am asleep you are always with me in my dreams."

"And, Harry dear, can I trust you?"

"Always, darling, and with anything. Of whom do I think or care except your sweet self?"

"But then, men are so changeful."

"Some men, darling; but not your loving husband. You will ever find me the same, always true to you, always keeping you in my thoughts, always bent upon pleasing you, always ready to respond to your behests!"

"Are you sure, Harry?"

"Sure."

"I have a great favor to ask of you, Harry."

"Oh, that's it; well, it is granted before it is asked."

"Harry, my love, be careful how you promise recklessly. It is no common thing I am going to ask of you."

"It makes no difference what it is, darling, you have my promise."

"You may think me foolish, Harry, but this is such an awful thing to ask of you."

"Awful? Why, what in the world can it be? You arouse my curiosity. Come, dear, out with it."

"Well, dear, you are sure you won't think me unreasonable?"

"Not a bit."

"Nor exacting?"

"Nix."

"Don't trifle, Harry; this is a serious matter."

"Serious? You don't mean that you have been cooking something?"

"What an idea! No."

"Or that your mother is coming to live with us?"

"Harry, you know better than that!"

"Then, for heaven's sake, tell me what it is."

"I will. But don't start, and don't refuse me. Here is a letter, dear, that I want you to mail. It is important. Now, you won't forget it, will you?"

"You silly little goose! And it is only this? Why didn't you tell me at once? Of course I will do it. I'll put it in the box at the corner as I go by."

"And you will not forget to do it?"

"Forget? Impossible."

"O Harry, you don't know what a load you have taken off my mind. Here it is, now be sure!"

They embrace and kiss, and Mr. Hartleigh goes off with the letter in his hand, so as to be sure not to forget to mail it, and his little wife goes singing about the house happy in the assurance that she has a husband whom she can trust.

In the evening, Mr. Hartleigh, after the customary greeting, discovers dust on her husband's coat. Proceeding to dust it off with her hand, she perceives that there is something in his breast pocket. "What have you there?" she asks.

"Nothing, that I know of," Harry replies. But mechanically he thrusts his hand into the pocket and draws something thence with the exclamation: "By Jove!"

It is that letter which he promised to mail.

His little wife bursts into tears. "O Harry!" she cries; "mother told the truth. The men are all alike. My dream of happiness is over. My husband has proved false. Oh, why was I ever born?"

Mrs. Hartleigh did not go home to her mother, but in a few days she appeared on the street in a new seal sacque and a perfect love of a bonnet.—Boston Transcript.

The Cure Would Follow.

The European friends of the late John Chamberlain, and he had many, were pained to hear of his sudden death at Saratoga. He was a gourmet in, and the best-known hotelkeeper in Washington. His restaurant had a national reputation, but the prices were exceptionally high. Apropos of this, Col. Tom Ochiltree and a young friend from Texas were about to dine. The latter expressed a strong desire to partake of a porterhouse steak and fried onions, but said that he could not do so, as he was going to the theater with some ladies and his breath might give him away. "Don't be afraid, my friend," said Col. Ochiltree, "go right ahead and have your steak and onions. When you get your bill for the meal it will take your breath away."—London Chat.

Feminine Logic.

"The female sect," said M. Calino lately, "is the most illogical in the world."

"What new proof have you for the want of devotion of women to the canons of logic?" he was asked.

"Why, take my wife," answered M. Calino. "I had all the trouble in the world to get her to enter her thirties and now, a dozen years later, I can't get her out of them!"—Youth's Companion.

ADVANCING WATERS.

The Atlantic Coast Line Undergoing a Change.

Once upon a time the sites of New York and Philadelphia were far inland, and there was dry land where now the ships go sailing.

The sea is steadily encroaching upon the land. In old maps, deeds and other documents the shore lines recorded do not coincide with those of the present day. Comparisons of Long Beach, from Barnegat Inlet, 12 miles southward, on the United States coast survey maps, of 1839 and 1871, shows that during the intervening 32 years the shore line retreated more than one-tenth of a mile. Each average year the ocean advances a rod on the coast of New Jersey. This gain by the sea amounts in each century to a third of a mile, the seaward slope being about six feet per mile. The seaside resorts all the way from Sandy Hook to Cape May have suffered immense losses by the march of Father Neptune.

Only last summer great changes were made in the ocean front at Rockaway beach and various places along the Jersey coast. Long Branch has suffered very severely, and it was not so very long ago that a hotel at another great seaside resort was dragged back by a team of locomotives from the threatening waves of the ocean. That the tides now run higher than of old is proved by submerged forests and meadows. In the official report of the state geologist of New Jersey for 1882 there are accounts of ancient meadows and forests considerably below high water mark, recently exposed by the wear of the waves on the coast. Some of the trees had been cut with the ax.

Prof. W. J. McGee told the writer of buried cedar swamps, which have given rise to a singular industry—the literal mining of timber. At several points of eastern New Jersey enormous quantities of white cedar and magnolia logs, sound and fit for use, are found submerged in the salt marshes, sometimes so near the surface that roots and branches protrude. Many of the trees thus overthrown and buried were forest giants.

Along the Carolina coast, Prof. McGee said, the advance of the ocean upon the rice-growing islands has been noted by observing residents during three generations. On the central gulf coast the same thing is going on—the land is steadily sinking. Forty years ago Last Island, a pleasure resort of New Orleans, was swallowed by the storm waves, with most of its transient population—"the wealth and beauty of the creole parishes"—and naught but a tide-washed bank remains to mark its site. More than once during later years villages and settlements on the gulf shores and on the delta islands of the Mississippi have been swept from the face of the land and made the prey of the insatiable waters.

The cause of this sinking of the Atlantic and gulf coasts is not far to seek. The rivers which empty into the Atlantic from Cape Cod to Cape Hatteras, and along the shore of the gulf, carry out into the ocean each year billions of tons of material. This matter is deposited outside the ocean's edge, and the weight thus transferred causes a steadily progressive depression of the coast line.

Geological science has ascertained that the entire crust of the earth is in such a condition of sensitive equilibrium that the taking of weight from one part of it to the other brings about elevation of the portion from which the weight is removed and produces a corresponding depression of the portion where it is added. In a word, the earth's crust is in a condition of hydrostatic equilibrium, and relatively as sensitive to changing pressure as the beam of the assayer's balance.

If the water in the Atlantic ocean were dried up you would perhaps be surprised to observe that the eastern edge of the great land mass called the North American continent is not the present beach line at all. You would see that the continent itself extends far out into the ocean a distance varying from 50 to 150 miles. Once upon a time this terrace was all above the water; the east shore of the continent had a very different shape, and there was deep sea close to the coast. Gradually, owing to the cause mentioned, this great terrace has sunk, so that the whole eastern edge of the continent is overflowed. Apparently, the entire eastern coastal plain of the United States is destined eventually to be submerged beneath the ocean, together with all its populous cities and fertile fields.

Prof. Arthur Hollnck, of the geological department of Columbia college, smiled when his attention was called to the subject of the sinking of New York.

"It is not a very serious matter," he said, "as centuries will be required to make any level along this coast. But that there is a gradual subsidence going on is quite well verified by careful observation along the Atlantic shore. The United States coast survey has paid some attention to this matter, and its reports show that there is a settling in the coast line of a little over a foot in a century."—N. Y. Herald.

Adroit Reply.

Dr. Howley, archbishop of Canterbury, who died in 1848, upheld the dignity of his position in the fashion deemed necessary. One day he drove up to the door of the house of lords in a coach and four, with liveried coachman and two footmen. A Quaker, who knew him, addressed him: "Friend Howley, what would the Apostle Paul have said if he had seen these four horses and the purple liveries and all the rest?" The archbishop, who was seldom flustered, replied with a benignant smile: "Doubtless the apostle would have remarked that things were very much changed for the better since his time."—Youth's Companion.

—It is said that in tropical regions the natives have vegetable antidotes for almost all kinds of snake poison.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Minnie—"He said my complexion was a perfect dream." Mamie—"What did he mean by that—that it was not real?"—Indianapolis Journal.

—She (at the masquerade ball)—"Do you think my costume becoming?" He (with enthusiasm)—"Yes, indeed; but you would be lovely in any disguise."—Harper's Bazar.

—Theatergoer (to professional claqueur)—"Why don't you applaud this piece? Don't you think it's excellent?" "Oh, yes; but I am here only for fun to-day."—Fliegende Blaetter.

—Accidentally Overheard.—"Pa, are you only a imitation man?" "No, child. Why?" "'Cause I heard Sister Belle tell Mr. Padger in the hall las' night 'at he wuz th' on'y real man in th' whole world."—Chicago Record.

—"My next victory," said Gen. Weyler, with great enthusiasm, "is to be the achievement of my life." "Indeed?" said the officer. "Yes, sir. I have arranged with my publishers to make it an edition de luxe."—Washington Star.

—"I'll teach you to play pitch and toss," shouted an enraged father. "I'll flog you for an hour, I will!" "Father," instantly replied the incorrigible, as he balanced a penny on his thumb and finger, "I'll toss you to make it two hours or nothing."—Tit-Bits.

—There was a capital "bull" at a recent meeting of the London school board. The report of a committee was being discussed by the full board. "The committee," said one member, "hadn't a leg to stand upon; and now the board are asked to follow in their footsteps."—Household Words.

—"What kind of weather had we better predict?" inquired the clerk at the weather bureau. "Much colder," replied his superior, promptly. "But we've been saying that for the last three or four days, and every time we predicted 'much colder' the weather has seemed to get much warmer." "My boy, never forget that to this business as well as to any other the old motto applies: 'Keeping everlastingly at it brings success.'"—Washington Star.

RED MAN'S RIGHTS.

Not a Citizen or a Foreigner, But He May Sue and Recover, All the Same.

The suit of Clemens Whirlwind et al. vs. Chris Von der Ahe involved, besides other things, the right of Indians who are "tribal Indians," to sue. Whirlwind and other Indians left their reservation at Rose Bud agency, South Dakota, under a contract and bond made by "Buck Taylor." He used them in a "Wild West show." At St. Louis Taylor made a contract with Von der Ahe, by which Chris was to pay the Indians the salaries they had been receiving. The show started on the road, but eventually "busted." The Indians assigned their claims to Whirlwind. He brought suit and won. Chris denied that there was any contract with the Indians, and he denied also that the Indians had any right to sue. The court of appeals affirmed the conclusion of the trial court, Judge Fliteraft's. When Indians are on their reservations there are certain limitations as to their contract rights. But when off their reservation, they are not debarred from appealing to the courts for the enforcement of personal rights. Judge Bond, who wrote the opinion, remarks that it is a part of the American creed that all men are created equal before the law. In the administration of justice, no advantage is conferred by race, rank or riches, he says. "Upon this principle we have builded on this continent the fairest fabric of freedom which has met the eye of time. We cannot in justice or humanity deny the application of this principle to the original owners of the soil, nor refuse to any person, though neither citizen nor foreigner, the equal protection of the laws of any state, while he is a denizen within its borders."—St. Louis Republic.

Big Steel Chimney.

A Philadelphia firm has just given an illustration of the advances made in building operations by erecting a steel chimney 217 feet high, in the remarkable time of ten weeks. This steel chimney has been erected at the Ridgewood pumping station, East New York, and can be seen for miles as it rears its slender stem high above every other object in the vicinity. Workmen are at present engaged in filling the big steel tube with brick, to prevent the heat of the great chimney injuring the metal. The chimney's foundation runs 25 feet into the ground and is built of concrete, into which are sunk, to a depth of 18 feet, steel rods two inches in diameter. To these steel rods are bolted plates of cast iron two inches thick, and to these are fastened the steel plates that form the chimney. The chimney is 22 feet in diameter at the base, tapering at the top to eight feet, and in a high wind has about eight inches sway. A brick chimney has a sway of from 12 to 15 inches.—N. Y. Journal.

Military Bear Hunting.

Russian soldiers in Siberia are not only encouraged to exercise their martial ardor on big game, but are actually led out in squads to take part in the hunt. On a recent occasion a local police inspector joined in the hunt, and got two of the soldier beaters to act as his body-guard. When the bear came merrily romping toward him over the snow the inspector got flurried, missed with both barrels, flung down his gun and buried his head in the snow, seeking to burrow out of sight. The bear came on in a great fury. Two of the soldiers waited until he came to close quarters and turned him back with a volley. They then charged with fixed bayonets and finished him off in true military style. They have been rewarded for their presence of mind in saving the life of the guardian of the peace by having their photographs hung in their headquarters and being exalted: presented with one ruble.—Chicago News.

Better

Than cure, is prevention. If subject to rheumatism, ward off its attacks by purifying your blood now with a thorough course of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

ABOUT POSTAGE STAMPS.

The Fiji one pence has been changed in color from black to lilac.

There are fully 20,000 distinct varieties of stamps, and this number could be largely increased by including shades of color.

The obsolete Indian-nine pies stamps have been surcharged "Postal—One Anna—Service," in three lines, and thus converted into customs revenue stamps.

Bundi, one of the native states of India, has a stamp of its own. It is one anna, gray-blue on thin wove paper, imperforate.

From the Seychelles we are advised that provisional 18-cent and 36-cent stamps will be prepared by surcharging the 45-cent stamps. There will be 24,800 18-cent and 12,400 36-cent.

A novel postal service will soon be established between the Farallone Islands and San Francisco. The Farallones lie some 40 miles west of the city, and all outgoing and incoming vessels pass close by. It is proposed to employ carrier pigeons, and maintain hourly service, if necessary, between the islands and the mainland.

HORSE TALK.

You can spoil your horse's temper by losing your own.

Never be content with attempting to produce moderate or inferior animals.

If a horse is out of condition there is a cause; find it. Has he been fed irregularly or improperly, or are his teeth sharp or uneven?

It will pay some one to make a specialty of raising and educating family horses—horses that are brainy, level-headed and handsome.

If a man of wealth wants a horse he will pay a long price to secure what suits him.

PEOPLE expect too much credit for behaving themselves properly, when in fact it is really a debt they owe to society.—Milwaukee Journal.

A sick person trying to keep up on mere stimulating tonics is like any one pretending to swim while supported by a belt. The instant the support is withdrawn down you go.

Nearly all diseases result from a deep-seated impairment of the nutritive powers which cannot be reached by any temporary exhilaration. The only good that any medicine can do is to increase your own natural powers of recovery and make you able to swim for yourself.

The debilitating weakness, nervousness and digestive disorder which indicates this state of mal-nutrition can only be overcome by a scientific remedy like Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery which acts directly upon the digestive and blood-making organs, and effects the nutritive transformation of food into rich, healthy blood, which carries genuine permanent vitality to every corner of the system.

It is vastly more nutritious than malt-extracts. It does not paralyze the nerves, but feeds them with health. It is better than cod liver oil emulsions. It is assimilated by the weakest stomachs. It does not make flabby useless fat, but muscular strength and healthy nerve-force. It is the only perfect invigorant for corpulent people.

Mrs. Ella Howell, of Derby, Perry Co., Ind., writes: "In the year of 1894 I was taken with stomach trouble—nervous dyspepsia. There was a coldness in my stomach, and a weight which seemed like a rock. Everything that I ate gave me great pain; I had a bearing down sensation; was swelled across my stomach; had a ridge around my right side, and in a short time I was bloated. I was treated by three of our best physicians but got no relief. Then Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery was recommended to me and I got it, and commenced the use of it. I began to see a change for the better. I was so weak I could not walk across the room without assistance. I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and one bottle of the Pleasant Pellets.' I began to improve very fast after the use of a few bottles. The physicians who attended me said I had 'dropsy' and that my disease was leading into pulmonary consumption. I had quite a cough, and the home physicians gave me up to die. I thank God that my cure is permanent."

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PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

TEMPERANCE.

THE SNARE OF THE TABLE.

Its Viands and Beverages Have Proved the Destruction of Many a Soul.

The snare is a device for catching prey. It needs be a secret and unsuspected contrivance, else, its design being revealed, the prey will avoid it. "Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird." If he haste to the snare it is because he "knoweth not that it is for his life."

Many snares are spread for man. When he falls into any of them, he may conclude that "an enemy hath done this." We read of "the snare of the devil." He hath many snares and they are not all spread in vain. As the spider weaves his web where the flies must needs go, and not in some dark corner where his intended victims do not wander, so the most fatal snares of the devil are spread where men do most congregate and where they least suspect his wiles. Hence where riches glitter, where pleasures allure, and soft, siren songs are sung, there are found the frequent and fatal snares of the devil. So "they that make haste to be rich fall into temptation and a snare."

The table with its viands and beverages has proven a snare to many who make a "god of their belly" and sell out their divine birthright for a mess of pottage. "It is a snare to a man who devoureth that which is holy and after vows to make enquiry." But does the devil make a snare of the table? The Psalmist, in one of his terrible imprecations, prays in Psalm 69:22: "Let their table become a snare before them," seeming to mean the crucifiers of Christ, for the context shows that the Psalm is Messianic, though Paul quoting this text clearly applies it to all unbelieving Israel. He says, Romans 11:9: "Let their table be made a snare and a trap and a stumbling block and recompense unto them."

If the table is a snare it is one of which it may be said it is of the man's own spreading. He who sets the table sets

THE CONVIVIAL CUP.

the snare. If it prove a snare and a trap is he not responsible for setting it and being caught by it? Can he say: "An enemy hath done this?" With less than the caution of a silly bird he falls into it when it is spread in his sight and by his own hands. If such a necessity as the table for daily bread can become a snare and a trap, were it not well to know how this can be, so we may not fall into its meshes, and perhaps, in our non-suspicion, be destroyed? How many "wine bibbers and riotous eaters of flesh" and others who "fare sumptuously every day" have gone down from their sensualities to beg for drops of water and feel the torment of the undying flame will be known only when the lurid light of hell shall reveal the impassable gulf. Certain it is that the glutton and the drunkard cannot inherit the Kingdom of God.

The fearful peril of the table snare is in this, that it is spread by hands unsuspected and every day in our homes. How easy it is to find excuses for the pleasure of the convivial cup and for the excesses of even proper things! Appetite rather than reason decides, in many instances, the question, "What shall we eat, what shall we drink?" and how much. The French have a proverb: "Men dig their graves with their teeth." It were well if it did not need to be added—and the pit into which they sink beyond it. We are to "live soberly," and "let our moderation be known to all men." Luxury, excess, intemperance—these have always been the snare of man and have slain the bodies and ruined the souls of uncounted multitudes.

Oh, how dangerous is the table snare! The sins of its excesses were more excusable if there were not always and everywhere starving Lazaruses who are begging for the crumbs which fall from our tables. Millions there are who never know what it is not to go hungry. "I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat." Ah, what an awful reminder will that be to the pampered sons of luxury, in the last day! The snare of the table!—Joel Swartz, D. D., in Union Signal.

But One Conclusion.

There is but one conclusion among economists, physicians, men of science, and men of morals, concerning the use of alcoholic drinks as a beverage, and that is that it is a waste of money, a strain of the body and a menace to the morals of any man or woman who indulges therein. Rule out of court if you will every man with a suspicion of fanaticism in his attitude toward this question, dismiss every tetotaler, and every prohibitionist, every teacher of morals in the land, and ask only the best balanced brains to be found among the judicial, educational and industrial leaders in our land, and the verdict is practically unanimous that alcoholic drink as a beverage is unnecessary to the healthy, and, except under medical prescription, to the sick.—Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

No man who is intoxicated, or whose breath is even tainted with strong drink, is allowed to take his post on a train on the Grand Trunk railway.

THE CARNIVAL OF BLOOD.

Victims of Rum Far Outnumber the Armenian Martyrs.

This is the way the papers speak of the sultan's fiendish work of exterminating the Armenians; and to protest against its continuance indignation meetings are being held all over the country, in which all classes of the people have joined.

To hold such meetings and to enter such protests is all right, seeing how all hearts are wrung with awful records laid before them, and well might they literally gnash their teeth at their inability to stop these horrible atrocities.

But they see how impotent they are even to arouse those nations who with ample knowledge of the facts have so long stood by and permitted these atrocities at the hands of "the great assassin," which they might have stopped. Let the American people turn from what they could not do to what they could do.

One hundred thousand victims of intemperance are reckoned as having died last year; many of them died drunk, and all died prematurely in consequence of drinking. Every six minutes, therefore, the gate of death was opened to admit some poor victim of strong drink to the bar of God to receive sentence from that Judge who has said: "The drunkard shall not inherit the Kingdom of Heaven." As we do not bury by night, but only through about eight hours of the day, the grave was opened last year every minute and a half to admit the mortal remains of some poor wretch who had been slain by strong drink. And who regards it?

Suppose we could have witnessed the departure of these tens of thousands as some writers witnessed the massacre of the Armenians; could have gazed on their squalid poverty, their bloated forms, their plunge in the rapid stream, hanging from the beams, bleeding on the floor, burning on the hearth, tumbling over the precipice, thrown from spurred and maddened horses, flung on the rails over which dashed the thundering locomotive, or shouting and fighting like fiends; could have listened to their shrieks of agony, their curses of despair, their untold horror in delirium tremens; or could have looked into the homes where these victims of alcohol were each in his vileness linked by ties tender and indissoluble to other beings, and often to beings of the purest virtues, of the liveliest sensibility, and the loftiest aspiring: oh! could we have seen them thus, what rule could measure the extent or arithmetic sum up the amount of misery comprehended in our field of vision!

Angels are amazed, nature groans, Jesus weeps, as they look upon the victims of alcohol piled up, the mangled, the ghastly, the wounded heaps of mortality! While 10,000 demons shriek, these are doing, strong drink! Man alone passes on, drinks daily, and for a few pieces of silver licenses men to continue this "carnival of blood" year after year! "How long, O God! how long?"—National Temperance Advocate.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Two-thirds of the members of the Ontario government are total abstainers.

The juvenile temperance force in Great Britain is authoritatively estimated at 2,813,800 members, nine-tenths of whom are in Band of Hope unions.

The Union Signal calls attention to the fact that Chicago's city council has seen fit to reduce the license of wholesale liquor dealers, and then significantly adds: "Meanwhile the tax on water remains the same."

Capt. Wiggins, a well-known explorer, testifies to the beneficence of total abstinence to Aretic travelers and never carries anything alcoholic with him on his voyages save what the board of trade compels him to take.

Human nature is a cheerful study. Dig out a spring in the roadside, fix it up with a nice half barrel to hold the water, place a tin tia dipper by the side of it, and see how long it will be before the weary traveler, after slaking his thirst, will steal the dipper.—Josh Billings.

The surgeon in charge of the troops of Vancouver barracks has a stern and effective treatment for drunkenness, the main features of which are, in brief, the stomach-pump, stomach cleansing with a strong solution of soda, a bowl of hot beef extract with cayenne pepper, an hour's rest, return to work. The malady is said to be on the decrease.

The barroom is a bank. You deposit your money—and lose it. Your time—and lose it. Your character—and lose it. Your health—and lose it. Your strength—and lose it. Your manly independence—and lose it. Your self-control—and lose it. Your home comfort—and lose it. Your wife's happiness—and lose it. Your children's happiness—and lose it. Your own soul—and lose it.—Nettie Kerr, in Ontario Mirror.

A Frightful Anomaly.

What a frightful anomaly is presented in that beautiful city "over the border," Toronto, and one that can be mirrored in any of our large cities. Over there is a famous corner which the people call "Educational-Damnational-Legislational-Salvational Corner." Why? Because on the one corner is the University of Canada, on another the handsome residence of the lieutenant governor, on the third a splendid Protestant church, while on the fourth is a great saloon.—National Temperance Advocate.

Gladstone's Versatility and Longevity.

Mr. William T. Stead credits Mr. Gladstone's versatility and longevity to the following causes: Trust in God, a wife who has guarded and inspired him, the gift of sound sleep, regular habits of industry, total abstinence from tobacco and temperance in the use of liquor, diversified interests and out-of-door life. He might have added on Mr. Gladstone's own authority his respect for the Sabbath and the sane use of the same.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Lord Roberts, commander-in-chief of the army in Ireland, has become an indefatigable cyclist. He may be seen any day careering through the Dublin streets.

—During his entire career Stradivarius made from 6,000 to 7,000 violins. Few of these were sold for more than $25 during his life. Now some of them command $10,000 each.

—In certain parts of China the young women wear their hair in a long, single plait, with which is interwined a strand of bright scarlet thread, which denotes them to be marriageable.

—A wealthy gentleman of Vienna stipulated in his will that an electric light must be constantly burning in his tomb, and another inside his coffin, for 12 months after his death.

—By an Italian law any circus which does not perform every act promised in the printed programme, or which misleads the public by means of pictures, is liable to a fine of $2,500 for each offense.

—It is said by philologists that there are 13 original languages — the Greek, Latin, German, Slavonic, Welsh, Biscayan, Irish, Albanian, Tartarian, Illyrian, Jazygian, Chamein and Fianic.

—The secret marks on Bank of England notes by which forgeries are so rapidly detected are constantly being changed. The microscope will reveal many such peculiarities to an observant eye.

—People often find a difficulty in keeping their shelled eggs from cracking while boiling. This can be remedied by throwing a small quantity of salt into the water before putting in the egg.

—At a public meeting of citizens, held under the presidency of the lord mayor at Belfast, it was decided to erect a statue of the queen in commemoration of her majesty's reign. The cost of the statue will be $25,000.

—An auditor in a Japanese theater is allowed for a small fee to stand up, and the unfortunate individual behind him has no right to remonstrate or to rise and get a peep at the stage. He may hear, but he cannot see.

EXCHANGED GRIPS.

Also a Few Courtesies When They Discovered Their Mistake.

A Cleveland man tells a funny story of a blunder he made while on his wedding tour. When he took the sleeper for Albany, boarding it at New York's Grand Central depot, the porter accidentally put him in the wrong car. Later on he rectified the mistake by escorting the Cleveland couple into the right section of the car ahead. When the local man arose to go he picked up what he supposed was his traveling bag and started away with it.

He hadn't been in the forward car but a few moments when he had occasion to open the bag. This is what he found in it:

A black bottle, a brush and comb, a pack of playing cards, a package of papers labeled "Bills," a half box of cigars, a couple of collars and a night shirt, a memorandum book marked "private canvass," and a check book half used and an envelop full of railroad passes.

The Cleveland man closed the bag and put it down. Then he looked for the owner. He didn't have long to look. Down the aisle, accompanied by the porter, came a stocky man with a big black mustache and a shiny silk hat. He grabbed the bag with a smile of relief and trotted back with it. The bridegroom followed him and secured his own bag. As he turned to leave the car the stocky individual shouted after him:

"Young man, you want to take a little better care of your ruffles next time you go a-journeying."

Of course the people in the car all laughed. This settled the Cleveland man a little.

"That's all right, old boy," he fired back, "the next time you go up to Albany a log rolling you'd better lock up your glassware and your boodle books a little more securely."

It was a chance shot, but the Cleveland man knew he had made a hit by the way the other passengers howled.

Then he escaped with his baggage.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

MOUNTAIN DOG FIGHT.

When They Came Back They Would Fight to a Finish.

"I was out in the mountains this summer," said a departmental clerk to a Star reporter. "At the house where I boarded there were 20 or 30 Washington people. One day a mountaineer came up to the porch where we were all seated dragging a dog that seemed very loath to move. A short distance behind him was another man, also pulling a dog along.

"'Gentlemen,' said the first man to arrive, 'these hyar dawgs air th' fightenest dawgs in th' mounting. We uns hev a bet on 'em an' we're gwine to hev th' fight in th' stable yander. It'll be th' derndest bout yo' all ever seed. Only two bits ter look at it.'

"We all went to the stable, in which there were a door and a window. A ring was made and the dogs thrown into it. One uttered a yelp and jumped through the window, the other made a break for the door.

"'Thar they go,' shouted one of the men; 'foller 'em, gentlemen, ef yo' want ter see the purtiest race yo' ever looked at. They've jest takin' a run fer exercise, an' when they git back the fout'll come off. We'll go an' bring 'em back when they git enough warmed up.' Then they left; and I guess the dogs are still running, as the fight has not come off."—Washington Star.

Billy Wasn't Fit.

"Johnny," called his mother, "stop using that bad language."

"Why," replied the boy, "Shakespeare said what I just did."

"Well," replied the mother, growing inflamed, "you should stop going with him—he's no fit companion for you."—Tit-Bits.

GREAT SCENIC DISCOVERY.

Northwestern Montana Surpasses the Yellowstone Region.

"We have discovered a second and greater Yosemite valley and a grander National park than the Yellowstone," said Prof. L. W. Chaney, of Carleton college, Northfield, Minn., in telling about his recent visit to Avalanche basin, which he discovered last year in the northwestern corner of Montana.

A year ago Prof. Chaney and some other scientists, one of them a lecturer on the natural scenery of the west, found in the western part of Montana a country which had seldom been seen by man—red or white. They heard vague rumors of a glacier valley, and cut their way from the then newly-found Lake McDonald through the forests that crown the mountains.

They were told by the original settler in the vicinity of this lake that a year before, in following up the slopes of Brown peak, north of Lake McDonald, with the idea that glaciers were to be found, he had seen not only a glacier, but also a beautiful valley and a lake new to the world.

The scientists found the basin and lake, and, by reason of the constant roar of avalanches, they named the valley Avalanche basin, and spent as long a time as their provisions would allow in searching the beauties of the spot. They had no instruments and were unable to get any measurements.

They determined to return at the earliest opportunity. This they have now done, armed with all needed instruments, to make a thorough investigation. In the meantime others have been to Avalanche basin, and the trail from Kalispel has been so chopped out that a woman—Mrs. J. H. Edwards, of that place—has made the perilous trip.

Some of the dozen or more men who have seen the basin have been world-wide travelers, and declare that there is nothing in the Swiss mountains or in the most famed resorts of Europe that can compare with it. The valley is a scenic gem set in a frame of cloud-touching peaks, and is unrivaled in its brilliancy and natural interest, but owing to the purity of the atmosphere and the consequent impossibility of getting distance in the view it is impossible to make a photograph that will show adequately the beauties of the region.

Lake McDonald is located in the northwestern portion of Montana, about 35 miles from the little mountain town of Kalispel. It is 16 miles in length, four or five miles wide, at an altitude of about 3,000 feet, and as clear as crystal.

Its mirroring effect is more sharply defined than is that of the famous Mirror lake of California, and it reflects the forests of the surrounding mountain slopes so clearly that the narrow, sharply-defined beach of smoothly-polished gravel is the only indication of where the reflections begin and the forest ends. From Lake McDonald the trail through the mountain extends to the northward about 15 miles, up the rocky steeps, and at the last cuts through a gorge of crimson jasper quartzite, in which are many deep cascades.

Suddenly, and without warning, one emerges on the shores of Avalanche lake and into a valley of the most sublime and impressive grandeur. The way has been hard and the climbing difficult, but the end repays it all.

The basin is more than 800 feet higher than Lake McDonald, and the surrounding rocks tower in almost a perpendicular wall for from 3,000 to 6,000 feet higher. Rising here and there above the general level of the wall of rock are various peaks. The discoverers have named one the Matterhorn, and its altitude is 4,000 feet above the level of the lake; another has been called the Cathedral Dome, from its resemblance to the dome of St. Peter's, as seen from the campagni, and it rises about 4,500 feet; a third has been called the Sphinx, and a fourth the Castle. The last rise to a height of over 10,000 feet above the sea. Down the sides of these walls cascades fall at heights varying from thousands to about 400 feet, breaking in foam on the lake below, and filling the valley with the roar of a Niagara.

The basin is nearly two miles long and nearly the same in width. In its center is Avalanche lake, three-fourths of a mile in length and half a mile wide. Its waters when seen from the shore are of a turquoise blue, but when looked down upon they are as clear as crystal, even more so than those of Lake Superior, and the rainbow and mountain trout lying in their depths can readily be seen.

The upper end of the basin is about two miles east of the entrance, and plunging down the precipitous rocks are some dozen mountain streams, forming a series of beautiful cascades and cataracts. All are fed from the snows of the mountains, and they are large and small according as the sun has had an opportunity to melt the snows. Avalanches have cut their way down the slopes and have left their gashes on the surrounding cliffs.

North from Avalanche basin to the British line the scenery is of the grandest. It rivals if it does not surpass that to be found in the Selkirks and in the Canadian Rockies. Glaciers abound, and about 30 miles north of Avalanche is one of the greatest to be found in America.—N. Y. Sun.

A Puzzle.

She—There is one thing about politics I could never understand.

He—What is that?

She—Why is it that in making up tickets they always use a slate? Wouldn't a sheet of paper, and a pen or pencil be more convenient?—Brooklyn Life.

Progressive Honors.

She—Maj. Pommelwell wears three medals. I wonder why they were given him?

He—He got the third because he had the other two; the second because he had the first, and the first because he had none at all.—Washington Times.

HATE THE ENGLISH TONGUE.

Indians Grow Hostile Through Rigid Rules at School.

For years government instructors among the Indians have been troubled by the fact that the red men, after learning English at the schools as children, invariably return to their own tongues and seem positively to hate the white man's language.

The superintendent of Indian schools, W. N. Hailman, in a report just made to the commissioner of Indian affairs, says that the Indians were actually taught to hate the English tongue, because of the rigid rules against the use of any Indian conversation by pupils. Until lately the great majority of Indian teachers have labored under the delusion that they can hasten the acquisition of the English language on the part of the pupils by compulsory measures, visiting more or less severe penalties upon the unfortunate children who were caught in the use of the Indian speech.

The unreasonableness of such proceedings, which are always punished with more or less serious failure, appears when it is considered that an idiom that is forced upon a child by means of penalties and other appeals to fear is necessarily hateful to him. Then, in his own heart, he turns away from it and uses it only under more or less pronounced protests. This becomes quite manifest as soon as the children are removed from the restraint of the school, when, for instance, they return to their parents for a visit or more or less permanently after graduation, and when, on meeting their former teachers, they will either refuse to speak English altogether or answer with shame-faced reluctance.

Prof. Hailman says: "There is no doubt in my mind that the unreasonableness of the offensive warfare made in the Indian schools against Indian vernacular is largely to blame for the apparent stubbornness with which older Indians refuse to learn English or to use the little knowledge thereof which they may possess. If it is argued that with liberty to use the Indian vernacular the Indian children will engage in conversation, possibly improper, which the teacher can neither understand nor control, the fault lies not with the child's knowledge and use of his own idiom, but with the teacher's ignorance of the same, and the remedy will be found not in the repressive measures, which must, because of their unreasonableness, fail of their purpose, but in the determined effort on the teachers' part to acquire a knowledge of the child's idiom.

"Probably the traditional hostile attitude of certain schools to the Indian vernacular is responsible for the fact that in a number of instances teachers and other school employes continue at the same school, working with the same tribe of Indians, without acquiring any appreciable knowledge of the language spoken at the homes of their children. This ignorance frequently extends to the customs, habits of life, and the historical development of the tribe in question. They seem to treat the Indians as outcasts, and the outcome of their work corresponds with this attitude."—Chicago Tribune.

BEAT THAT ALL HOLLOW.

He Could Lose Anything According to His Story.

The man with the corduroy vest was telling the story. He said he was there when it happened. He has the reputation among his friends of having been at every important event since the landing of the ark. Anyhow, this is what he said:

"I was over at the theater last night and was standing in the lobby waiting for some friends who were going with me to see the show. Two men, both of whom had been drinking, came in. One of them, the more unsteady one, wobbled up to the box office and bought two seats. He lost the tickets between the box office and the door.

"When they got to the doorkeeper and were asked for their tickets the man who had bought them began hunting through his pockets and looking hopelessly into his hat. His friend encouraged him with maudlin advice and finally the doorkeeper told them pretty sharply to hurry up and let other people in.

"'Can't do it,' replied the man who had lost the tickets.

"'Why not?' asked the doorkeeper.

"'I losh my tickets.'

"'Why, you couldn't have lost them. I saw you buy them two minutes ago. You couldn't have lost two little bits of pasteboard like that so quick.'

"The ticket loser was very indignant. He looked as sternly as he could at the doorkeeper. Then he said:

"'Oh, I couldn't losh 'em, couldn't I? I couldn't losh 'em. Thash all you know 'bout it. I can't losh anythin'. I losh a bass drum once.'"—Buffalo Express.

Lowest Lying Land in England.

The marshy district called "The Fens," which occupies the northern half of Cambridgeshire, the southeastern corner of Lincolnshire, and parts of Norfolk, Suffolk, Huntington and Northampton, extending 50 miles from north to south and 30 miles in its greatest breadth, and covering an area of 750,000 acres, is the lowest land in this country. The surface of "The Fens" is, on the average, eight feet below the level of the North sea, varying from four feet to 16 feet below the level of high-water mark.—Tit-Bits.

The Queen's Preacher.

Etiquette is to be observed in preaching before the queen. No personal reference to her majesty is permissible, a pure Gospel discourse being the rule, delivered as though she was not present. Many have tried to evade these rules. The queen likes and enjoys a plain, practical discourse, selected from the lessons or Gospel of the day, to occupy about 20 minutes in delivery. Questions of the day, and, above all, politics, must be entirely excluded.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The asparagus served at the Elysee banquet in honor of the czar cost three francs a stalk, or 90 cents a bundle, and there were 200 guests.

—The first railway in Corea is to be built by an American, J. R. Morse. It will connect the port of Chemulpo with the capital, Seoul, which is only 25 miles distant. The cost is estimated at $1,550,000.

—The vast mahogany forests of Nicaragua are almost wholly controlled by Boston firms by contract with the Nicaraguan government. The export trade in the expensive wood has become very extensive, it having reached 6,000,000 feet in 1893.

—Analysis of food is enlisting the services of Roentgen rays for the discovery of adulteration. In pictures so obtained of powdered materials thinly scattered on a sheet of glass the presence of any of the mineral adulterants commonly used is plainly visible on account of the rays not being able to penetrate them.

—The Berlin Academy of Sciences proposes, as the subject for the Cothenius prize: "Experiments and Observations on the Origin and Behavior of New Varieties of Grain During the Past Twenty Years." The paper, which may be in Latin, German, French, Italian or English, must be presented before the beginning of the year 1899.

—M. Fleurent, a French chemist, has discovered a purely chemical standard for determining the bread-making properties of flour. In a paper presented to the Academie des Sciences he asserts that flour containing one part of glutenine to three parts of gliadine produces the best results for digestion of the bread and for bakers' purposes.

—Electric railways are spreading over Europe almost as rapidly as over the United States, while the use of electrically propelled carriages on ordinary roads is increasing much more rapidly there than here. Last year the number of trolley, or storage lines, in Europe, grew from 70 to 111, while the total amount of rails used went up from 437½ miles to 564. Germany heads the list with a total of 255 miles and 857 automotor vehicles.

BLOODHOUND TRACED A BABY.

After Searchers Had Failed, the Animal Led Them to Its Discovery.

A few days ago Bertha, the pretty four-year-old daughter of John C. Putnam, of the little settlement of Mill Village, Vt., disappeared. All the neighbors joined in the search for her. Night and day the hunt was continued, but not a trace of the little one could be discovered. The parents were in despair. It was feared that the child had been kidnaped. Finally the father, in desperation, suggested that the state bloodhound Pilot could find some trace. Anxious to do anything that would in the least relieve the father's mind, the officials took the dog to Mill Village.

The dog was then given a tiny shoe that had been worn by the child the day before she disappeared. This he held in his mouth for a minute. Then he dropped it and sniffed the air. He seemed puzzled, and the knowing ones were beginning to remark that they knew the hound would not be of any use.

It really seemed as if the animal understood their words, for he suddenly put his nose to the ground and was off like a shot, dragging his keepers after him. On he went, crossing roads, fields and timber stretches, until he reached "Devil's Camp," a point about a mile below Rutland, where there is a small mill stream. Here the animal suddenly brought up at the edge of the water, gave one long bark, and refused to further.

Then the men got to work. They procured hooks and poles, and the bed of the stream was thoroughly searched. All this time Pilot stood by the water side, though attempts were made to drag him away. For the first time since he had been in the state he refused to obey the voice of his keeper. Toward night the body of the missing child was found. As it was drawn to the shore Pilot sprang forward, took the slimy dress in his mouth and, raising the child as tenderly as though it had been in its mother's arms, trotted back to the house, the long line of searchers following.—N. Y. Herald.

Apple Dainties.

The plentiful supply of apples this season, with its natural corollary cheapness, should make this healthful fruit in common use in every household. Physicians consider apples a febrifuge of great value in the autumn and early winter months, when they are in their perfection, and when the insidious fevers are most apt to lie in wait for their victims. For breakfast and luncheon the fruit may be served in its natural state, but at night, particularly if there are children in the family, it should be cooked. The list of appetizing dishes that may be prepared from apples runs from the homely, but very good, when well made, brown Betty through a long range of custards, puddings, pastries and meringues. Among these apple snow may be mentioned as delicate and especially conserving the flavor of the fruit: Peel, core and quarter a number of apples; set them to boil with a little water, sugar, and the thin rind of a lemon; when quite done, remove the lemon rind and pass the apples through a hair sieve. Have some whites of eggs beaten to a froth, stir them lightly into the apple puree, a spoonful at a time, until the mixture is of the consistency of whipped cream and quite stiff. Serve heaped upon a dish garnished with lady fingers.—St. Louis Republic.

Keeping Rain Water.

Rain water should never be kept in copper or lead lined cisterns, as the contained carbonic acid and other gases powerfully affect these metals. Very pure rain water will remove zinc coating from galvanized iron.—Chicago Tribune.

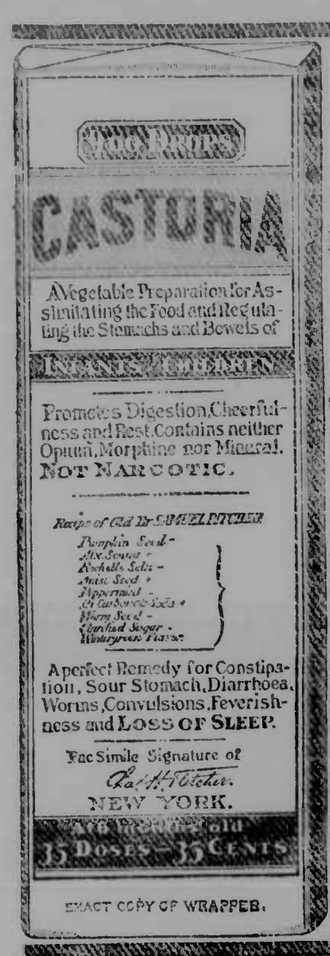

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THAT THE

FAC-SIMILE

SIGNATURE

—OF—

Chas. H. Fletcher.

IS ON THE

WRAPPER

OF EVERY

BOTTLE OF

CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.* is on every wrapper.

A "JUNK SHOP."

A "BLACKSMITH."

"TWO-CENT APPLE BUTTER,"

"ROTTEN STOCK" and

A "HUNCHBACK"

is a poor combination from which to expect a production of anything respectable in the job printing line.

A "junk shop" means a worn-out assortment of type, rules, etc.; a "blacksmith" is a bunglesome printer; "two-cent apple butter" is synonymous of the poorest quality of printing ink; "rotten stock" is poor-made and cheap paper; and a "hunchback" is a press which is so old that it has naturally worn out of shape and usage.

WE TAKE PRIDE

in our Job Printing Department, our skill and our materials; that's the reason why we do such splendid work.

A $5 BILL WILL

get a nice lot of letter heads and envelopes properly and appropriately printed.

IF you believe it, try it; IF you don't believe it, the more need to try it.

The Republican Job Department.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

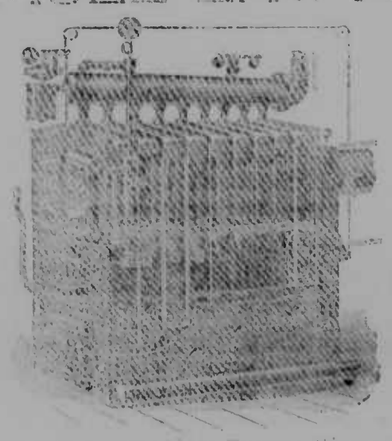

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BICYCLES AND BICYCLE REPAIRING.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS		EASTWARD	
No. 3	No. 1			No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	P. M.
5 15*	5 00*	Cumberland		12 00	7 30
4 81	8 31	Rawlings		1 29	8 00
4 28	8 58	Keyser		1 59	8 30
3 40	9 00	Westernport		2	8 45
3 12	9 13	W. Va. C. Junc.		2 48	9 32
2 37	9 37	Shaw		3 05	9 52
2 00	10 00	Harrison		3 39	10 28
1 14	10 14*	Lake Garden		4 00	10 50
1 05	10 23*	Gormania		4 21	11 01
12 41	10 41	Bayard		4 45	11 18
12 32	10 52	Dobbin		4 57	11 28
12 23	11 03	Thomas		5 11	11 46
12 05	11 25*	Davis		5 36	12 14
11 57	11 37	Oakdale		5 51	12 32
11 51	11 43	Hendricks		6	12 40
11 37	11 57	Bretz		6 21	12 54
11 30	12 00	Parsons		6 37	1 02
11 20	12 20	Rexens		6 47	1 15
11 00*	1 00 ar	Elkins	lv	7 00	1 30
	1 30 ar	Beverly	lv		2 00
	1 05* ar	Beallington	lv		11 30
P. M.	P. M.			A. M.	A. M.

*Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BURNS, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

After Sunday, Dec. 27, and until further notice Sunday train will be discontinued.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, November 22, 1886. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7—Daily		2.46 A. M.
No. 3—Daily		6.11 A. M.
No. 71—Accom. daily except Sun.		9.30 A. M.
No. 5—Daily		10.49 A. M.
No. 9—Express, daily		6.13 P. M.
No. 1—Daily		9.38 P. M.

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily	5.59 A. M.
No. 2—Daily	6.31 A. M.
No. 72—Accom. daily except Sun.	1.58 P. M.
No. 4—Daily	1.04 P. M.
No. 1—Daily	12.20 A. M.

Will take passengers for Terra Alta, Rowlesburg, Newburg and Thurston.

CHAS. O. SCULL, General Passenger Agent.

C. P. SCHROEDER, Agent.

FIELDS OF FIFTY THOUSAND ACRES.

And Straight Strings of Fences Over Eighty Miles Long in Texas.

Very few people at a distance, in thinking of western Texas, understand that nearly the whole of it is at present fenced up in mammoth pastures, yet such is the case. Many of them are larger than one or two entire counties, and some of them embrace large parts of three or four counties.

Just west of Belcherville, Tex., come the Silverstine, the Ikeard and the Worsham pastures. This latter contains 50,000 acres and has one line of fence 23 miles long. Pastures of about this size continue in almost unbroken succession until we reach Armstrong county. There we find what is known as the Goodnight ranch, the southern boundary of which is a little string of fence 83 miles long. Charley Goodnight, as the owner is familiarly known, is considered one of the richest men in the panhandle, but I really feel sorry for his boys if he ever sends them out on a hot afternoon to stop hog holes in that line of fence. It is hardly likely that this is the case, however, as all fences in that country are built to turn cattle and without reference to hogs. There is a little railway station called Goodnight, which consists of the Goodnight residence and the depot. Mr. Goodnight lives in almost baronial style. His park contains deer, a drove of elks and one of the few herds of buffalo in the United States.

Another fair sized holding of land is that of the Espinella Cattle company. This contains over 1,500,000 acres and takes in parts of Dickens, Crosby and Emma counties. If the land were in the form of a square, it would be about 50 miles each way. The Matterdere is smaller, but still includes rather more than 1,000,000 acres.

These are owned by syndicates, with headquarters in London, and they are only two selected at random out of a large number. They have had their bearing on state politics. If it were not for the railroad commissioners, the uniform textbook bill and the alien landholder question, Texas politics would not be worth shucks.

The largest of these alien land holdings belongs to what is called the capitol syndicate. A few years ago the old capitol at Austin burned down, and it was decided to build another on a magnificent scale. An English syndicate agreed to put it up, and in payment therefor they received 3,000,000 acres of public lands. Does the reader realize how big 3,000,000 acres of land is? Imagine a slice of land 24 miles wide and extending across the state of Missouri at its northern border. Such a strip would include the whole northern tier of counties and would be larger than several states of the Union.

This would be about the extent of the capitol syndicate's pasture. Few people have any idea that there is such a thing as a single pasture, in one body and within one fence, larger than some states of the Union, yet such is the fact. More than that, it is owned by a foreign syndicate. It takes in half of Dear Smith county and parts of several others.

Another large pasture is that of the X. I. T. Cattle company. It begins with the Colorado line and extends several counties back this way. The Fort Worth and Denver railroad runs through it. Some idea of its size may be gathered from the fact that the regular night express train enters on the south side of the pasture at 11:35, and after continuous running leaves it at 3:20 next morning. A pasture which it takes an express train four hours and a quarter to cross would be considered large in some countries.—Chicago Times.

Proper Food in Diabetes.

Meat dishes of all kinds can be used—green vegetables growing above the ground. You know the only thing to be avoided is sugar and starch. Milk, with the white of an egg mixed with it thoroughly, either shaken or beaten together, can be used as food; also gelatin sweetened with saccharine, flavored with acid phosphate or lemon. Baked apples, apple snow, without sugar, are quite palatable dishes. Simply stew the apples, have them perfectly dry, press through a colander, add to them a sufficient amount of well beaten white of an egg to make light and float this on the top of cream. Turnips cut into blocks, thrown into boiling water and allowed to stand where they cannot possibly boil until they are transparent and clear are exceedingly pretty and palatable. After they are drained cover over with a little thick cream, add seasoning of salt and pepper, and they are ready to serve.—Household News.

Lemons.

Wash lemons before using, for if not thoroughly cleaned the tiny black specks on the rinds are very likely to become an ingredient of the dish for which the lemons are used. Cleanse them with a small brush kept for the purpose; then drop them into cold water and let them remain there for five or ten minutes.

SAVE BABY'S LIFE.

Teething time is the most trying time of infancy. The little gums are hot and swollen. They tingle and ache and smart. All the nerves in the little body are on edge. Sleep restless—digestion bad. There's a remedy.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

soothes and cools the gums, controls the bowels, cures colic, brings good digestion, sleep and rest. 25 cents, all druggists. Guaranteed. Made by JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

J. L. McCOMAS, Jr.,

Sign, Carriage and Wagon Painting.

INDELIBLE INK WORK on LINEN.

Second Street, OAKLAND, MD.

All work entrusted to my care will receive Prompt Attention.

20-1yr.

Farmers,

Look to Your Interests.

The Oakland Flouring Mill is now ready to grind a million bushels of buckwheat. The best equipped mill in the county; all latest improved machinery. Can give either

Burrh or Roller Process Flour.

Mr. E. A. Dudley, who has charge, has been a life-long miller, and knows how to make a good turnout of buckwheat flour.

Don't fail to give him a Trial. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Will make arrangements with all the Oakland merchants to buy your flour at big prices. Don't fail to give the Oakland Mills a trial.

Don't forget the place, Water street, formerly owned by the late H. A. Rasche.

Yours obediently,

THE OAKLAND MILLS.

51-1yr.

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,

9—1yr. Box 10. Westernport, Md.

TIN, SLATE and STEEL

ROOFING,

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.

PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.

REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.

SPOUTING, ETC.

WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH, Mt. Lake Park, Md.

SHARTZER & BOLDEN

OAKLAND, MD.,

DEALERS IN

Furniture, Carpets, Matting, Oil Cloth, Window Shades, Wall Paper,

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Repairing Furniture and Picture Framing a Specialty.

Removal.

I, the undersigned, have removed my place of business from the Lowe building to the Ravenscroft (Mayers, building on Railroad street, where I will continue to carry a well assorted stock of

JEWELRY,

and give special attention to the repairing of watches, clocks, etc.

Give me a call. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

H. C. SMOUSE.

20—2m.

THE

Maryland Building and Loan Association

of Garrett County

OFFICERS

ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencie

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.

EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, 1/4 off prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON, Keyser, W. Va.

MOUNTAIN STATE

Business College,

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.

31—26

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Glessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

Andrew B. Gonder, Attorney at Law. Alexander C. Mason, Surveyor.

GONDER & MASON,

REAL ESTATE AGENTS,

OAKLAND, MD.

10—1yr. Office, Shartzer's Opera House.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.* is on every wrapper.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office opposite bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED, SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD D. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1c14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Residence on North 3rd Street.
Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.

Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
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OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.

Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate. P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

THOMAS R. McBRIDE,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street.

All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-28 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate.

Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEXT. C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 18 26*

WILLIAM L. KIDD,
Representing
JOHNSON, CARQUINEZ & CO.,
WHOLESALE NOTIONS, Etc.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

A specialty of Hosiery Gloves and Underwear
RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

H. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier

A General Banking business transacted. Prompt attention to collections. 1-12

W. F. KING,
Carriage, Sign and House Painter,
OAKLAND, MD.

Fine carriage work a specialty.

Shop on Liberty Street.

Orders left with A. P. Naylor will receive prompt attention.

50-13.

C. M. BATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M. BATHBUN & CO.,

PLANING MILLS,

And BUILDING MATERIALS,

MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD. Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still building

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent Sheriff's sale. What? We've got them—two car loads, doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

38-13

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, JANUARY 14, 1897. NUMBER 45.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Naylor has a few cutters on hand yet for sale. 45-1*

WANTED, mine props at D. E. Offutt & Son's. 45-2t.

Mr. Benj. F. Paugh, of Deer Park, was in the city Monday.

Piano dealers do a grand, square and upright business.

WANTED. Chestnut cross-ties at D. E. Offutt & Son's. 45-3t

Mr. Thomas J. Peddicord was in Oakland a day or two this week.

Mr. Chas. J. Newman is working at Terra Alta this week in the *Oracle* office.

Miss Mattie Spear has been commissioned postmaster at Oakton, this county.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Schroeder, who spent the holidays with relatives in Frederick, have returned to Oakland.

State's Attorney Thayer has moved his office from the Felty building to Dr. Henry W. McComas' building on Second street.

Mr. Julius C. Remninger, who spent the holidays with his parents in Cumberland, has returned to Oakland and is again down to business.

Mr. Chas. E. Burke, manager of the Terra Alta *Oracle*, accompanied by a Mr. Hardesty of that town, was in Oakland last Sunday afternoon for a few hours.

Mr. Walter G. Myers, of Friendsville, who is in the mercantile business in that thriving town, was in Oakland on business Monday and called to see us.

County Superintendent of Public Schools Mr. U. G. Palmer went down in District No.4 Tuesday to make a visit to the several schools in that section of the county.

The Board of County Commissioners of this county, acting as a Board of Control and Review, will probably get through with the appeals on assessments this week.

Mr. Richard Custer, of near Swanton, was in Oakland on Monday and made this office a visit. Recently Mr. Custer's sixteen-year old son died. *His ailments* was typhoid-pneumonia.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street.

Monday afternoon the mercury took a sudden drop and with its fall the snow commenced to come down at a pretty lively gait, covering the ground at a depth of several inches before night.

Thursday evening last an attempt was made to switch some cars from the main track to a siding in Oakland when three of the cars became derailed stopping traffic three or four hours on the east bound track.

Messrs. Thomas J. Peddicord and Edward H. Sincell went to Annapolis where they argued the appealed case of John Shartzer, substituted trustee, vs. the Mountain Lake Park Association in the Court of Appeals yesterday.

The annual protracted meeting in St. Paul's church was begun Sunday night and will be continued an indefinite time. Rev. Arbuthnot, the pastor, is in charge of the meeting, assisted by Rev. Dr. Ison and Rev. John M. Davis.

Mr. Thomas Nelson's large mastiff dog Tico got a dose of poison at the slaughter house of its owner and died Saturday afternoon. The dog was a very valuable and handsome animal, Mr. Nelson having been offered a large sum of money for him only a few days previous to his death.

The Oakland Planing Mill Co. is now ready to do any kind of work which is generally done at a first-class mill, including bank counters, mantles, screen doors, bee hives, etc. Furniture made to order. Stair building a specialty. 44-3t

Mr W. R. Johnson, of Mountain Lake Park, went to Friendsville yesterday where he will locate for the next sixty days and conduct a photograph gallery. Mr. Johnson's ability as an artist is beyond question and he will no doubt do a good business in Friendsville.

Misses Elsie and Nannie Kennedy, who have been here for several weeks visiting their sister, Mrs. H.C. Sincell, were called to Washington this morning owing to the illness of their parents. The Misses Kennedy have made hosts of friends in Oakland during their stay all of whom will regret to learn of their departure.

The members of Garrett Council Jr. O. U. A. M., of Oakland have elected the following officers for the ensuing year: P. C., T. Clagett; C., G. Litte; V. C., Lewis Walters; R. S., Julius Remninger; F. S., William Kildow; treasurer, John W. Arnold; R. S., William J. Nairy Cond., Asa Coddington; W., Thomas Martin; O. S., A. D. Naylor.

J. B. Williams, the Frostburg marble dealer, desires to thank the people of Garrett county for the large patronage he received from them in 1896, which proves they prefer buying their memorial work from a firm that does the best of work and uses nothing but the best of material. For 1897, with increased facilities, he will be able to sell work cheaper than ever. 45-2t.

The series of meetings held in the several churches in Oakland last week were all well attended and a great deal of interest was manifested by those present. The meeting which was to have to been held on Saturday night in St. Paul's church with Mr. Scott T. Jones as leader was postponed until some evening this week.

Ex-Sheriff Wegman of Garrett county, Md., spent his Christmas at Redfield, N. Y., with his sister, Mrs. McCaw. He says it is very cold there; on the day before Christmas the mercury was 22 below, and on December 28th it was 12 below. Better come home Sheriff; its too cold up in York state, but there are lots of good Republicans there.—Myersdale Commercial.

Not a few who read what Mr. Robert Rowls, of Holland, Va., has to say below, will remember their own experience under like circumstances: "Last winter I had la gripe which left me in a low state of health. I tried numerous remedies, none of which did me any good, until I was indneed to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The first bottle of it so far relieved me that I was enabled to attend to my work, and the second bottle effected a cure." For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Under a new law a saloon-keeper cannot board out a fine for violation of the liquor law in jail. Edward Crowe, a saloon-keeper of Lonaconing, at the last term of court was fined over $300 for a number of violations and would have been compelled to remain in jail eight months. Under the new law suit was filed against Crowe's bondsmen, who paid the fine and on Friday Crowe was released from custody.

Didn't Know It was Loaded.

Monday afternoon Dr. Henry McComas received a hurried call to attend Mrs. Dewitt Minard, residing near the Fickey mine, who had been accidentally shot by her husband as he was cleaning what he thought an unloaded revolver. The ball penetrated the woman's knee and removed by the physician about six inches above the knee. In its passage the ball cut away part of the knee cap and made quite an ugly wound.

Good Shows.

Last Monday night the Macauley-Patton Co. began a week's engagement at Shartzer's Opera House, presenting as their initial performance "A Son's Devotion." The plot is laid amongst the mountains of the far west and the acting of the several parts were well executed by the members of the company. Tuesday night the Irish drama, "Kathleen Mavourneen," was presented and played well. Last night "My Old Kentucky Home," with Ida Florence Campbell as the leading lady, was played to a fairly good house. This was Miss Campbell's first appearance in Oakland she having just arrived yesterday afternoon, and judging from the great applause greeting the lady see made quite a favorable impression on the audience. The other members of the company all acted their parts well. To night "La Belle Marie" will be played.

Warmed the Oil.

The large flouring and saw mill at Clifton Mills, W. Va., near the Garrett county line, owned by George Evans, was entirely destroyed by fire by crude oil, which Mr. Evans was warming at a grate, igniting during his temporary absence. Mr. Evans, William Burke and another man attempted to carry the blazing kettle out through the door and passed a barrel with oil in it which also caught fire. They were compelled to abandon the kettle within six feet of the door and in a few minutes the whole building was ablaze. The mill was running at full speed making flour and continued running until consumed by the flames. The fire lasted three hours. A large quantity of grain was burned and heroic efforts saved the store across the street owned by J. P. Barnes & Son, from burning. Both Mr. Evans and Mr. Burke were seriously burned, but Dr. R. A. Ravenscroft, of Accident, the attending physician, thinks they will recover.

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

$4,000 EXTRA FOR SCHOOLS.

This Amount was Appropriated Monday by the County Commissioners.

Through the indefatigable work of County Examiner Palmer and the members of the County School Board the County Commissioners on last Monday agreed to levy for school purposes an extra appropriation of $4,000 provided the teachers throughout the county will teach one hundred days full time for the school year.

According to the terms of the agreement entered into by the two boards of county officials Superintendent Palmer has sent the following notice to the teachers throughout the county and so far has received none but favorable replies.

To the Teachers of Garrett County:

Last year the schools were open four and three-fourth months. It costs about $4,300 per month to run the schools. We have about $3,125 less money for school purpose than last year. This means about four months school this year.

The County Commissioners have agreed to let us have $4,000 in order that we may keep the schools open full five months, provided the teachers will do one hundred days of actual teaching for the school year. This money will not be available unless the teachers agree to do this.

Upon receipt of this card please write me a postal with your decision. I trust that every teacher will respond immediately and favorably.

Yours truly,
U. G. PALMER.

The Board of School Commissioners is to be congratulated for their efforts in securing this extra money and the thanks of the friends of education should be extended the Board of County Commissioners for making the appropriation.

New Coal Development.

To the Editor of The Republican.

I have thought it worth while to inform your large circle of readers of a new coal enterprise that will at an early day take form in Garrett county.

Col. Horace Resley has lately purchased and secured title to a coal field of nearly one thousand acres situated about one mile west of Bloomington in Garrett county, in an angle formed by the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and the West Virginia railroad. This valuable property reaches within a few hundred yards of the line of the former, thus possessing unusual facilities for outlets. The purchases were made from Judge Wm. H. Barnard, Hugh Warnick, Norman Barnard and Henry Barnard. This field lies at the farther end of the great Davis coal holdings in Mineral county, W. Va., and not far from the southern end of the Georges Creek region which is now being depleted. This field has four different veins. The lower seven feet in thickness, next above four feet, next four feet and the top vein three feet, all bearing excellent coal, with some properties superior to the George's Creek coal.

This enterprise when put into operation will be of great advantage to the county, especially to the eastern part, and also to Allegany county. It will give employment to many laborers and mechanics, and enlarge the market demands, as well as to create a vast amount of freight for the two roads named, as also the old Canal Company, which is being gradually rehabilitated.

Another advantage of this enterprise over the other enterprises south and west of it is that it is much nearer eastern markets.

Col. Resley is already in correspondence with capitalists for the sale of the property, and no doubt at an early day a strong company will be organized for practical operations.

Great expectations are now reasonably indulged in, that there will speedily appear a healthy revival of languid business, with a return to the good old times of the past.

January 9, 1897. J. B.

A New Coal Mine.

Recently the Offutt mine situated some two or three miles west of Oakland was opened by Mr Jefferson Kisner and a good grade of coal mined. Last week Mr. John Scally took charge of the mine and is pushing the business as fast as the limited number of men can get the coal out. The coal is of excellent quality and a ready sale for the entire output of the mine is being found.

A Slight Fire.

Yesterday afternoon about four o'clock the stove in the room above Hamill & Little's store in which the sessions of the colored school are held, fell down and set the floor on fire. Luckily it was discovered before the fire had done any damage and was extinguished with a few buckets-ful of water.

The Home Visit.

To the Editor of The Republican.

There is an inexpressible sadness attending a visit to the homes of our childhood after a lapse of many years. Thirty-eight years ago I left a quaint, old Pennsylvania town of about four thousand inhabitants situated on the left bank of the Susquehanna river. The river at this point is a little over a mile wide and with my little eyes I could not discern moving objects on the opposite shore. The principal hotel was a three story brick building with massive doors, large locks with keys weighing several ounces. The window sash were filled with glass 10x12. Many, many times I stood before this building in wrapt admiration and longed for the time when it would be my privilege to be a guest in a hostelry so grand as this seemed to be. The principal street was in a worse condition, if possible, than the main street in Oakland. There was the same lack of enterprise among the property owners, the same cry about high taxes as prevail in Oakland to-day. Like Oakland many of our streets were like steep inclines, therefore in wet weather those were in a fair condition. Many of the resident streets were lined with small shade trees, mere saplins. A few weeks ago I returned to my native town to spend the holidays. How wonderfully changed. The river seemed narrower now; I could plainly see pedestrians on the other shore. I stood by the grand old river in which I used to bathe, boat, fish and indulge in all manner of aquatic sport. On its icy surface with blades of steel and with sled and not infrequently with horse and sleigh crossed and recrossed. My palace hotel had dwindled down to three low stories, with the same little 10x12 window panes, the same high doors and mammoth locks and keys. The small saplins had become mighty trees the branches of which interlaced with their neighbors across the way forming an arch and making a beautiful and shady driveway. The deep muddy streets had given place to the modern brick pavements. Electric lights and gas had taken the place of tallow dips and lard oil lamps, electric cars running through many of the principal streets, one line extending ten miles into the country and four miles in another direction. Old fogy ideas long since have been relegated to the rear. A progressive element took control of this little staid old town and lifted it from its lethargy making it a busy and beautiful city of about 15,000 inhabitants. I looked for my companions in youth and found the names of many, oh! so many carved in cold white marble. The few remaining were heads of families and some were grand parents. Those who were in middle life, when I left my early home had long since passed away. I was surely disappointed with the companions of my school-boy days and I doubt not they were equally as much disappointed with myself. They were not what I expected to find them. I had forgotten that they were no longer boys. I had forgotten that time must have wrought a great change in them. I had forgotten that I too had greatly changed and had lost my Pennsylvania Dutch identity, and had taken on western ways. In memory I turned back to last Decoration Day, when another one had returned to Oakland after an absence of thirty years from the scenes of his boyhood. I thought at the time that this gentleman exhibited no small degree of selfishness in not calling on his friends and acquaintances. I understand now a little of the sadness which possessed him when he beheld the marked changes which had taken place in his companions of thirty years ago. I looked in vain for the spot where my parents resided for many years. No trace was left by which I could locate it. Large business blocks lined the street and all familiar land-marks had been obliterated. It was with much difficulty I found the house in which I first saw the light of day. I went to the door and lifted a large iron door knocker which had done service for nearly seventy years, and hammered on its anvil. The noise it made echoed through the wide, spacious hallway. My summons was answered by a neatly attired lady of about seventy years. After introducing myself and making known my wish she invited me into a plainly furnished parlor. I asked her if it would be agreeable for her to conduct me through the house. "With pleasure I will show you through," she said. "Where do you wish to go first," she asked. Into the kitchen, I replied. To the kitchen she conducted me. I took a seat near a table which occupied the same relative position my mother's table did so very, very many years ago. In front of the table stood a tall lady with black hair and eyes equally as black. Her head was crowned with a neat, white cap. She wore a checkered apron, and with her sleeves rolled above her elbows she displayed a pair of beautiful, white and shapely arms. She held in her hand a rolling pin. I watched her dusting a mass of light brown dough with flour, and then roll it out to a given thickness. My eyes danced with delight as I watched her dexterously cutting out rabbit cakes, horse cakes, lady cakes, hearts, etc., etc. It was my mother at work. We next went up stairs and into a small room. My little trundle-bed was there. It was on Christmas eve. I knelt by the side of that dear little couch. I caught again the sweet accents of my mother's voice as the Lord's prayer fell from her lips and I repeated the sacred words after her. I felt again the tenderness of her hand tucking the bed clothes around my little form. Again I felt the impress of her sainted lips as they touched my own with the sweet good night kiss. Left alone in the darkness I waited for the coming of Santa Claus. On hearing a slight noise I covered my little head with the coverlet, listening with fear and trembling for the welcome visitor. I know not when I fell asleep. Morning—Christmas morning came; I descended the stairs and hurried to the old chimney where my stocking hung. I awoke; 'twas all a day dream. I thanked the kind old lady, and with a heart filled with sadness and bitter disappointment I left the home of my childhood to spend my Christmas among the friends of my mountain home.

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

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Brown and Oil King Wagons.

We have arranged with the Brown Manufacturing Company for a car load of the above named Wagons to be delivered in February. The OIL KING is a new style and made at a price to suit the times. Any person wishing to purchase a good Wagon and will give us their order before shipment is made, shall have the benefit of all freights. Wagons made to order in any style or size, steel skeins or hollow axle. The very best evidence as to the superior quality of the Brown Wagons is their constantly increasing demand and the high favor with which they are regarded by dealers and purchasers in all parts of the country. Twenty-five years experience in Farm and Freight Lumber Wagons has demonstrated to us that the Farmers and Teamsters in general want and are willing to pay a fair price for a strictly first-class article—a wagon that is known to be just as represented. Further information furnished on application.

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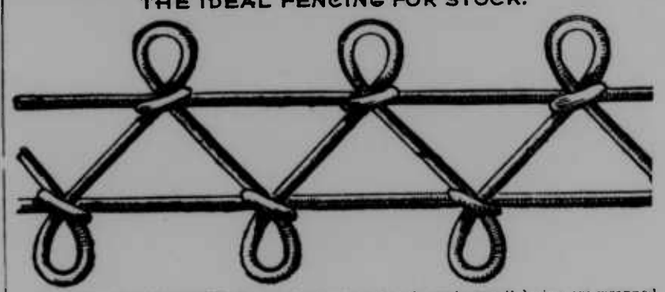

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Hathaway panels stand erect, ever visible and ever handsome, and this panel fencing is very strong, being made of best quality of steel wire, well galvanized; it is easily put up, and if properly stretched will not sag.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

WHY HE FAILED.

Within the quiet park they sat—
The light was growing dim;
He idly dallied with his hat,
She fondly gazed at him.

"And so you failed in love," she sighed;
"Your manner tells me so."
"Alas, I did," the youth replied,
"'Twas many years ago.

"I loved a maid of virtue rare
And features fair to see;
I loved her tenderly, I swear,
And she was fond of me.

"Our perfect courtship rippled past
Like melody, but oh!
That dream of Heaven could not last—
It never does, you know."

"But why," she softly asked of him,
"Why were you never wed?"
He turned away—his eyes grew dim;
"We were," he sadly said.

—N. Y. Truth.

KITTEN OF THE AMAZON.

BY E. L. PIERCE.

I WAS sitting on deck aboard the steamship Hubert, of the North Brazil line, and watching her loading at a port of the Amazon, when a fellow-passenger beside me cried:

"What an enormous cat they are bringing aboard!"

Well might he call her so, though she was then but two months old. Four weeks later she weighed over 40 pounds, and was four feet four inches long from the muzzle to the tip of her tail.

She was, in fact, a young cougar or striped puma—always called tiger in the Guianas—one of a litter that had been captured by an Indian of the Amazon when they were very young. He had sold this one to Capt. Crimp, of the Hubert, who was now taking her to Barbados. There he gave her to the Marine hotel at Hastings, where I stayed for some weeks and completed my acquaintance with her ladyship.

On first seeing her she looked so dangerous that I had no expectation of reckoning her among my cat friends, and I gave her no attention; but the next day at sea I saw that she was suffering thirst.

"I give her water once a day, and then she takes very little of it," said the sailor who had her in charge.

So I had a basin of water put near her, of which she lapped a little many times a day, as cats will, and for this she was probably grateful. Moreover, I placed a steamer chair so that she could lie in its shade.

The next day, while I was reading near where she was chained, I felt something placed on my knee, and, looking down, saw Tiger's chin, and her two great brown eyes looking up at me; so it was plain that she was affectionately disposed. After this I frequently spoke to and stroked her, with such results that one evening when she slipped her chain and sneaked away unseen, they found her under the berth in my cabin which she had "smelled out" for mine. So, at any rate, the sailors insisted, probably with good reason.

Her friendship was not an unalloyed pleasure, as the sailor, Williams, who fed her, had occasion to know. Being fond of her, he would sometimes roll over and over with her, a sport which she evidently enjoyed; but now and then she would bite him playfully, but so hard that he had to yell, stout seaman though he was. After such an occurrence he would punish her by avoiding her for a day or so, and then she would utter what we spoke of as her "love call," for an hour or more, until he came and was "good friends" once more.

This love call is a very curious sound—a chirrup or musical whistle as if from the throat of a bird. When I first heard it her head and paws were in my lap, but I did not perceive the sound to be hers.

"Where is the bird?" I asked her attendant sailor.

"Bird be blowed! It's the tiger," said he.

One evening when I went into the trunk room for some clean clothing I found Tiger seated near me on a barrel,

TIGER.

and as I stooped to unlock my trunk her strong paws clasped me around the neck from behind and her hot breath panted in my ear. I dared not move; her claws were sharp, and I knew they would press in terribly if I tried to put her away. I could only think: "What will be, will be." Then she laid her soft muzzle against my cheek and her hold relaxed. After that I had little fear of my friend.

At the Marine hotel they kept her chained by a light iron chain 16 feet long to an iron stake in the courtyard so that she could roll in the grass, lie on the veranda or go to bed under the arches, safely sheltered from rain or wind. Here I had much opportunity for studying her peculiarities.

She cannot mew, as a domestic does, but she purrs very gruffly, though never for more than a short time. The pupils of her eyes do not contract to an upright slit like those of the house cat, but are round in all lights. She is fond of water; loves to lie out on the grass during a shower; rolls in the puddles after rain, and will often make an artificial puddle to sprawl in by upsetting her water dish.

Like many a house cat, it pleases her to be lifted and carried about by a friend; she loves to sit in one's lap; to curl up in a big armchair also delights her.

Of her familiar pet names she is so fond that she will soon notice them if they are uttered caressingly, even from a distance, and will respond by her singular love call. Invariably she chirrups a welcome when the hotel doors are opened by the watchman in the morning, which shows pretty clearly that she has missed human company during the night.

She enjoys being stroked or scratched on head, neck, back, belly and forepaws, but allows nobody to meddle with her hind legs nor with her tail.

Taylor, a colored man at the hotel, made rapid strides in her favor by rubbing his head against hers. When I did the same she showed the liveliest affection, and then I surmised that she had been seeking this caress when she put her paws round my neck in the trunkroom on the steamer.

She likes to mumble a friend's hand in her mouth, or to chew gently on a thumb; when she did this to me in the dark she would frequently stop and lick my hand as if to reassure me. As a favor she will give her paw to be held, and she likes to lie in touch with a friend's foot; evidently such personal contact is with her a sign of affection.

She is very fond of human company, and when a witness is present plays much more gaily than when she thinks she is unobserved. Music quite fascinates her; when the music box of the hotel is set going, or when the maids sing in kitchen or laundry, she is sure to perch on the steps and listen, whether by day or by night.

White cloth and red cloth seem to please her particularly. I have seen her carry a white silk handkerchief for ten minutes without tearing it in the least. Once she severely wrenched one of her forepaws by leaping with a complication of her chain, and during the weeks while her hurt was mending she would lie for hours on her side

HER STRONG PAWS CLASPED ME AROUND THE NECK.

gently rolling a white ball under her sound paw.

She was a very obedient patient when ill. Having taken a severe cold by lying wet in the wind after a shower, she showed some fever and signs of delirium, whereupon I fed her bits of raw steak, four of which had been dipped in castor oil. She ate all the undipped bits first; then, with rigidity in every muscle, ate the castor-oiled doses, which soon cured her.

Her conduct was very curious and unexpected. One day when mumbling my hand, which had been severely scratched the day before, she tore the skin so badly that blood ran into her mouth. I had been warned that if ever she should taste my blood she would try to devour me at once. Instead of this she slunk away as if utterly ashamed, and for several days seemed so abashed by the recollection that she would not play freely if I were near.

Her favorite plays were much like those of smaller kittens. She loved to knock about cocoanuts and balls, to crouch and stalk at the gunnybags which we shook at her to amuse and exercise her, and to bite and tear at sticks, palm-leaf fans, or newspapers.

For want of use in running and climbing trees her sharp claws grew overlong, and threatened to turn in and wound her. Now she much disliked any meddling with her claws, and so I, in advising her owner that he should clip them with wire nippers, told him he would need to be very cautious, and be content to cut one claw a day, seizing chances when she was asleep or very quiet; but she made no objection whatever to the clipping, and he cut them all at one time. Evidently she had the good sense to understand that his purpose was her benefit.

Ladies were playing with Tiger when I left the hotel. She would then eat beef gently from the hand, though at first it was unsafe to be near her when she was feeding. In short, kindness had quite tamed her, and I saw every reason to believe that Waterston, the naturalist, is right in saying that pumas, reared gently with human beings, will, when mature, let children ride on their backs. When I hear of tamed lions, tigers and other great cats that have turned savagely on their keepers, I blame the men more than the beasts. The poor creatures have, probably, been ill treated; or else they have gone insane from loneliness and longing for their kind, just as many human beings would go insane if they were shut up in barred cages and poked and stared at by lions or tigers.—Youth's Companion.

The song of the nightingale can be heard at the distance of a mile.

MODES OF HAIRDRESSING.

Dress the Hair in the Style That Is Most Becoming.

What becomes a woman's face so well as a frame of her own silken tresses, especially if they curl softly and lovingly about her brow and ears and throat, as though their end and aim in life was to cling and nestle about so fair a resting place?

The hair should be trained to lend all its shining silkiness and possibilities to the glory and attractiveness of milady's face, and it should be carefully kept and coiffured with an eye always to the most becoming style. The Marie Antoinette mode of dressing the hair is in full fashion this season, and if the brow be smooth and low, and the shape of the head and face inclined to be classical, it is an altogether beautiful and becoming arrangement. Women should study their faces and the shape of the head and neck, and find out, by repeated efforts, the style of coiffure best suited to conceal deficiencies and to accentuate all good points. Soft, clustering, fluffy styles are usually becoming to the majority of women, the straight parting and perfectly smooth drawing of the hair away from the brow being very trying to any but the pure Greek face. And in these retrousse, aquiline and "mixed" times and styles of features, the goddess types are few and far between. The woman with naturally curly locks should be grateful forever more, for it is only her straight-haired sister who understands what anguish of spirit means, as she wrestles with curling-tongs, "bandoline," kid rollers and reeds, in a deep, desperate frame of mind that at times almost borders on lunacy.

A sweet, girlish face looks especially lovely when the hair is curled loosely and naturally, and held in position by a plain bandeau. Soft curls about the back of the neck are absolutely necessary to women who are thin.

The English girls are wearing their hair waved and drawn down over their ears, completely concealing them, after the manner of the Botticelli coiffure, in Paris. At the back it is caught up in a soft knot. The hair is merely waved for this style, curls being more in vogue when the coiffure is high on top of the head.

Great care should be taken to keep the hair clean and glossy, and the scalp in a healthy condition. Every three or four weeks the ends should be singed off and the hair thoroughly washed. Quinine is an excellent tonic, promoting its growth more satisfactorily than almost any other remedy. But it has a tendency to darken the hair, and, unless you want the gold "shaded" off your locks, you would best be very careful as to its too frequent use.

Brushing the hair regularly at night is good. It grows glossy from this treatment, since the oil cells are induced to freer action by a vigorous brushing. When you have finished, plait it loosely before you go to bed. Red hair is, at present, extremely fashionable, and it seems a pity that we cannot keep all stylish colors "on tap," as it were, so we could appear in the prevailing vogue on a moment's notice. But place red hair next to the majority of eyes and complexions, and—picture the result! The freak museums would get the most of us!

Do not "friz" the hair. It not only ruins it in time, but it is rarely becoming to anyone. Indulge in curls and waves to your heart's content, but draw the line on "frizzing."

The small combs are still worn, but not so much as a few months ago.—N. Y. Tribune.

SUNNY ROOMS.

They Do Much Toward Making Sunny Lives.

Light is one of the most active agencies in enlivening and beautifying a home. We all know the value of sunlight as a health-giving agent to the physical system; it is not less so to our moral and spiritual natures. We absorb light, and it nourishes us with strange powers. We are more active under its influence—can think better and work more vigorously. Let us take the airiest, choicest room in the house for our living room — the workshop where brain and body are built up and renewed. And let us there have a bay window, no matter how plain in structure, through which the good twin angels of nature, sunlight and pure air, can freely enter. We can hang no picture on our walls that can compare with the living and everlasting pictures which God shall paint for us through our ample window—rosy dawns, golden-hearted sunsets, the tender green and changing tints of spring, the white of winter, storm and shine, glimmer and gloom—all these we can have and enjoy while we sit in our sheltered room, as the changing days glide on. Dark rooms bring depression of spirits, imparting a sense of confinement, of isolation, of powerlessness, which is chilling to energy and vigor; but in light is good cheer. Even in a gloomy house, where walls and furniture are dingy and brown, you have but to take down the heavy curtains, open wide the windows, let light stream in, and gloom vanishes and care and sadness flee. Keep your house sunny, and keep your soul sunny. Let the Sun of Righteousness arise on you with healing in his wings, and you shall find that "light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart."—Detroit Free Press.

Brighton Biscuits.

Take 1¼ pounds of good moist sugar, roll it fine, mix it with 2½ pounds of flour, and sift it through a flour sieve; rub in two ounces of butter, make a hole in the middle, and stir in a few caraway seeds; pour in half pint of honey water and a half pint of milk; mix it into a dough, but do not work it too much; roll it out in thin sheets, cut into biscuits, and place them on buttered tins, about two inches apart; wash the tops with milk, and bake in a steady oven.—St. Louis Republic.

Accounted For.

Mistress (reprovingly) — Bridget, breakfast is very late this morning. I noticed last night that you had company in the kitchen, and it was nearly 12 o'clock when you went to bed.

Bridget—Yis, mum; I knowed you was awake, fur I heard ye movin' around; an' I said to meself y'd made slape this mornin', an' I wouldn't dislocrb ye wid an early breakfast, mum. —N. Y. Weekly.

Could Account for Part of It.

"What becomes of the gold anyhow?" demanded the excited individual in the corduroy waistcoat.

"I know what has become of 50 cents' worth of it," responded one of the men in the group. "I paid a dentist eight dollars for putting it in a bicuspid yesterday."—Chicago Tribune.

NO PLACE TO START.

Lady of the House—Charity begins at home.

Odorous Oliver—Yessum; but you see, leddy, I hev no home.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Setting Him Right.

"I understand that you have some intellectual canines here," said the learned professor with a pleasant smile to the proprietor of the show.

"Naw, we hain't got nawthin' of the kind. This is a high moral exerbition give by nine eddicated dogs."—Detroit Free Press.

Diplomacy.

His Father—If you marry old Stubbs' daughter you shan't have a cent of my money.

The Son—But, father, if I don't marry her I can't get a cent of old Stubbs' money.

His Father (with a grudge to satisfy)—My own boy! Marry her and render that old skinflint penniless. — Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

An Anomaly.

"Bilkins is the strangest man I ever knew."

"How so?"

"Why, he never drinks, or smokes, or swears."

"That's nothing. I know lots of men like that."

"That's all right; so do I; but Bilkins doesn't steal, either."—Chicago Tribune.

The Irony of Fate.

"When I think of the violent prejudice that turkey always entertains toward anything red," remarked the guinea hen, "I can't help laughing."

"I don't see why," remarked the peafowl.

"I just saw the cook going into the house with a bucketful of cranberries."—Washington Star.

Ingratitude.

First Tramp—I ran across a rich uncle of mine lately, but after all I done fer him he wouldn't gimme a cent.

Second Tramp—What did you do for him?

First Tramp—Fer ten years I've been travelin' under an assumed name jest to spare his feelin's.—Brooklyn Life.

From Timbuctoo.

Diner (at the restaurant) — I had some of your homemade pie yesterday.

Waiter—Yes, sir.

"Well, give me a piece of imported pie; the farther the place it was imported from the better!" — Boston Transcript.

Happy Padger.

Accidentally overheard:

"Pa, are you only a' imitation man?"

"No, child. Why?"

"'Cause I heard Sister tell Mr. Padger in th' hall las' night 'at he wuz th' on'y real man in th' whole world."—Chicago Record.

COAL TRUST—Mr. Weather Clerk, when we get together, don't we hit 'em hard?

Just the Same.

Tommy—Mamma, the ice cream I put on my burned hand didn't do me a bit of good.

Mother—Ice cream! Why, my dear child, I said cold cream.

Tommy—Well, ma, isn't ice cream cold cream?—N. Y. Tribune.

A Correction.

"I should have brung my umbrella," remarked Mrs. Livewayte, a member of the Chicago Literary society.

"Brung?" asked Mrs. Laker, in a gentle, correcting tone.

"How stupid of me! Of course I meant 'brang.'"—Bay City Chat.

This Sign Couldn't Fail.

Wife—I thought that that was a married couple before us, but it isn't.

Husband—How do you know?

Wife—She stopped to look into the windows of that bonnet shop, and he stopped and looked, too.—Odds and Ends.

Generous Girl.

She (after giving him a kiss)—You mustn't tell anyone.

He—Why?

"Oh, I don't know. I'd rather give you another than have you tell."—Boston Herald.

Just Like a Woman.

"Was the brute who struck his wife punished by the court?"

"No; when it came to the trial the woman wouldn't acknowledge herself beaten."—Tit-Bits.

Horizontal Longevity.

"Are boa-constrictors remarkable for longevity?"

"Indeed they are. Some of them grow to be 30 or 40 feet long."—Bay City Chat.

When the Snow Flies.

Wheel, and the world wheels with you;
Walk, and you're lonesome for miles;
Get out a sleigh, with a high-stepping bay,
And damsels pursue you with smiles.
—Chicago Record.

Tame by Comparison.

Parker—You had a lively time at your club last night, did you not?

Newlywed—I thought so till I got home.—Town Topics.

A scarcity of hay is reported in northern Maine.

He Didn't Catch On.

Willie—How did you know, dear Rosalie, that I was going to propose? Are you a mind-readuh?

Rosalie—Say, the way you dudes are always fishing for compliments makes me weary. (And Willie hasn't discovered yet what she meant).—Town Topics.

Carried It Too Far.

Daisy—Charley Dudeleigh is a great mimic, isn't he? He's always impersonating somebody.

Bella—Yes, and I think he carries his propensity for that sort of thing too far. Why, even the ring he gave me was an imitation.—Tit-Bits.

THAT WAS ONE OF THEM.

Mr. Bickers—Look here, Mary Ann, Mrs. Bickers says you don't clean up the floors properly.

Mary Ann—O, Mrs. Bickers is always making sweeping accusations against me.—Up-to-Date.

Excessive Sickness.

Mrs. Casey—It's a dale of sickness we're afther havin', Mr. Dolan.

Dolan—Thrue for yez, Mrs. Casey. An' people are dayin' now that niver doied before.—N. Y. World.

The Veteran "Cop."

"Tell me about Rip Van Winkle, pa."

"I don't know anything about him except that he slept 20 years."

"Was he on the police force all that time?"—Town Topics.

Keep

Your blood pure, your appetite good and your digestive organs in healthy condition at this season, and thus avoid serious illness, by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness. 25 cents.

Guest—"This wine is really excellent!" Host (to himself)—"This fellow is either an ignoramus or he is the rascal who sold me that wine."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

It is not what we have, but what we do with what we have, that proves our fitness for promotion.

Danger Environs Us

If we live in a region where malaria is prevalent, it is useless to hope to escape it if unprovided with a medicinal safeguard. Wherever the endemic is most prevalent and malignant—in South and Central America, the West Indies and certain portions of Mexico and the Isthmus of Panama, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters have proved a remedy for and preventive of the disease in every form. Not less effective is it in curing rheumatism, liver and kidney complaints, dyspepsia, biliousness and nervousness.

There are said to be three men in Atchison who paid for monuments to the memory of their wives' first husbands.—Atchison Globe.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Berham—"It took three hours for our parade to pass a given point." Mrs. Berham—"Was the given point a saloon?"—Truth.

California.

If you will send your name and address, we will send a representative to your home to explain all about the advantages of Phillips-Rock Island personally conducted Tourist Car Excursions to California. Address A. Phillips & Co., 91 Adams St., Chicago. John Sebastian, G. P. A., Chicago, Ills.

It is a great mistake for the young to despise what the old have learned by experience.—Ram's Horn.

The man who gives the world gold will be forgotten, but he who gives it good will not.—Ram's Horn.

No wonder the sick consult the famous chemist Dr. C. E. Wacklus, of Ayer, Mass., when all one has to do is to send age, name, leading symptoms and 10 cents in stamps.

The man who thinks for himself will also think for the long procession that follows him.—Ram's Horn.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

While there is nothing particularly soulful about cook aprons and dish towels, no woman ever had enough of them.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c.

The test of good mince pies is that you can't sleep the night after you eat it.—Atchison Globe.

Colds quickens rheumatism, but quickly, surely, St. Jacobs Oil cures it.

Truth has nothing to fear from the future. —Ram's Horn.

Limp and lame—lame duck. St. Jacobs Oil cures it promptly, surely.

For a man to exert his power in doing good so far as he can is a glorious task.

All sorts of aches and pains—nothing better than St. Jacobs Oil. It cures.

Nobody says "yes;" everybody says "yeh."—Atchison Globe.

A young woman about to be presented at court receives the fullest instructions as to her behavior. She is told how to dress; how to manage her train; how to courtesy correctly. Every incident is carefully rehearsed so that she may commit no blunder in the presence of royalty. If all this trouble is worth while for the satisfaction of one brief moment, how infinitely more important it is that a young girl about to enter into the sacred precincts of womanhood, should be properly instructed in all that concerns a life-time of possible happiness, or possible misery.

Every mother ought to see to it that her daughters are healthy and strong in a womanly way. She ought to make them aware that any neglect or irregularity of the special functions of womanhood may result in life-long weakness and disease.

Any mother or daughter may write concerning these delicate ailments, with the utmost confidence to Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. Her letter will be answered free of charge with suggestions for self-treatment at home, by which these complaints may be overcome without need of mortifying examinations.

Dr. Pierce has had over thirty years' experience in the treatment of women's diseases, and is an eminent specialist in this particular field of practice. His "Favorite Prescription" cures completely and permanently the most obstinate cases of feminine weakness and disease. It heals all inflamed conditions, strengthens and tones the nerve-centres and the entire womanly organism.

For prospective mothers and nursing mothers, the "Favorite Prescription" is a perfect strength sustainer.

TEMPERANCE.

A CHICAGO CHANSONNETTE.

Drunk! He is drunk, poor fool—
A bundle of rags and dirt,
By the side of the street, in the snow and the sleet,
Besotted, benumbed, inert.

Drunk! He is drunk, poor fool—
Wearing his life away,
Deadening each vein and burning his brain
Till it smolders and molders away.

Drunk! He is drunk, poor fool—
Blighting and blasting his soul
For a glass of drink, if only he sink
For the present his world of dole.

There, like a beast, he lies;
But be not too hard on him,

For often he thinks, as he drinks and drinks,
And his eyes grow moist and dim.

And often he thinks, as he drinks, poor fool,
With a heart that is sad and sore,
With his manhood dead and despair ahead
Of the days that can come no more.

Yes, he is drunk, poor fool!
But pity and do not hate,
For his is the woe only those can know
Who know—but know too late.
—Chicago Record.

BEER-DRINKING JUNKET.

Party of Germans to Tour the Country Quaffing the Amber Fluid.

No one but a German would ever have originated the idea of such a pilgrimage as is about to be undertaken by a band of beer-drinkers of Berlin. It will certainly be the most novel kind of pilgrimage ever organized. Under the patronage of St. Gambrinus these pious votaries will set forth to visit all the great brewing centers of Germany, from Munich to Pilsen. It is proposed in the space of one short week to halt at Nuremberg, Dresden, Leipsig, Culmbach, and as many other towns as possible on the way where the cult of malt and hops flourishes in all its pride. The work of the pilgrims is therefore cut out for them, and though there will be many mighty "bier koenigs" among them, not a few may be expected to fall by the wayside. This, indeed, is the principal fear which haunts the minds of the promoters of this unique pilgrimage—that the zeal of their followers may overmaster their prudence. For this reason there has been appended to the programme, which has already appeared, a warning, in type bigger and blacker than the rest, to the effect that the eyes of the empire will be upon them, and that it is hoped they will bear themselves in a manner worthy of citizens who hail from the imperial capital.

It is said that these novel pilgrims will have the blessing and sanction of Prince Bismarck himself, and there are deep regrets that old age and failing health will prevent him from heading the procession, as he certainly would have loved to do in the days of his prime.

What particular object these beer-loving Berliners have in view, except that of not knowing their thirst for a whole week, is hard to discover. They doubtless are able to give the best reasons to their families, however, for their projected pilgrimage. "A pilgrimage, indeed, without some good reason or sanction back of it, would be no pilgrimage at all," once said Geoffrey, of Monmouth, an old English chronicler. According to him it was no end of a joke to go on a pilgrimage, for everybody was witty and had something screamingly funny to tell to keep the spirits up.—N. Y. Journal.

BITS AND BREVITIES.

"Drunkard-makers are sent to parliament; drunkards are sent to prison and the scaffold."

A prominent French medical authority states that 10,567,000 gallons of absinthe are annually consumed in France.

In 1895 something like 70,000,000 fewer cigars were made than the previous year. It is said that the wheel has done much to diminish the demand for cigars.

An exchange remarks: "The old druukards are dying rapidly." But there seems to be a sulplus of recruits from the young drunkards. Are they your boys? They are somebody's boys.

It is not only total abstinence from smoking that so mightily improves the health of prisoners. The gaols are among the healthiest places of residence in the kingdom largely because no liquor-tippling in them is allowed.—Alliance News.

A grocer in a country town advertises that any man who takes two drinks a day for one year at a cost of ten cents each can have for that money at his store 10 sacks of flour, 250 pounds of granulated sugar, 175 pounds of good coffee and save $2.50 as a premium for making the exchange.—National Temperance Advocate.

We have known many a man who attended divine services every week for 20 years or more, who "grew in grace" and in all the elements of true manhood, during all these years. Who can point out a man who has been a regular frequenter of barrooms for 20 years, who has maintained unimpaired, the character, manliness, integrity and virtue he had in the beginning?—Motive

PERIODICAL INEBRIATES.

Study of a Peculiar Psychical Phase of Certain Drinkers.

I use this term to describe a class of persons who only drink to excess on special occasions, and in particular surroundings. At other times they are strict abstainers, and often very bitter opponents of spirit taking. One of these classes drink on holidays, such as Christmas, New Year's, Fourth of July, and other national holidays. Another class drinks only on occasions of great excitement, of sorrow, of joy, such as weddings, political meetings, court trials, accidents, triumphs in business. A third class drink in the country, and away from all observation, or in certain cities, and at certain hotels or houses. A fourth class drink at the seashore or in the high mountains, or at the changes of seasons, as the beginning of winter or summer.

Another class are solitary, midnight drinkers, who never use spirits except in the most favorable conditions, and in seclusion at midnight. Others never use spirits except in the company of certain persons, who seem to provoke an intolerable desire to become intoxicated. Others are always intoxicated when out on fishing and hunting excursions. A certain class only drink at class or other reunions, or at certain club dinners, and thus the list might be extended, and would include many very strange conditions which appear as special exciting causes. These cases never use spirits except in these special environments, which seem to break up all judgment and control for the time. Often the holiday drinkers escape by isolating themselves from all sources of excitement on these occasions.

Going to the country, seeking quiet, with total change of surroundings and living, and by this means the drink symptom is controlled. As soon as the holiday is passed all desire for spirits disappears. The states of excitement are obscure which rouse this drink craze and pass away as quickly as they began. This excitement may continue, but the drink paroxysm dies out. One man drinks to stupor at the beginning of a political campaign, then abstains, although exposed to the same or greater excitement for weeks after. Another becomes intoxicated with some great successes of life, then never drinks again, unless the conditions are radically changed. Certain surroundings of large cities, and particularly hotels and houses, rouse the drink paroxysm. One cannot visit New York, or another go to Washington, Philadelphia or Chicago without becoming intoxicated, and this continues a certain fixed time, then ceases or lasts until the surroundings are changed. Such persons never use spirits elsewhere, and these obscure psychical states seem to destroy all self-control at the particular place and time. The mountain and seashore inebriates, who never use spirits at any other place, display the same impulsive craving for intoxication. Such cases complain of headache, nervous trembling and depression, with extremes of appetite, insomnia and drowsiness as preliminary to the drink craze. Change of surroundings bring sobriety and relief. The solitary, midnight inebriates, who never drink unless the conditions are most favorable for seclusion. Such cases will resist all temptation to use spirits in company; then go away to some secluded place and drink at midnight to stupor. If they make a mistake and the seclusion is broken up, or their presence becomes known, they become sober at once. The influence of certain fixed and particular surroundings dominates the central organism in a strangely mysterious way. These, and other drinkers who are never seen to use spirits, except in special conditions and surroundings, are neurotics with peculiar susceptibilities to unknown psychical influences. Some of these cases develop into well marked inebriates, with all the common symptoms; others remain a lifetime subject to these nerve storms. Many of these persons early recognize these particular exciting causes and avoid them. Others never realize their meaning, and give way to the impulse to drink on the occurrence of the special exciting causes. The impression prevails that all the exciting causes are under the control of the will, and that it is always vice in the moral sense which dominates. A study of these cases indicates some very subtle causes, both in the surroundings and brain centers. Some obscure degeneration provokes these psychical nerve strains, from unknown special conditions and surroundings. A person who drank only on the Fourth of July was deceived as to the exact day, being in the country away from noise and excitement; he was strangely nervous and excited all that day, but fully recovered after a night's sleep. This indicated that something more than the memory of the past, and the dominance of the idea of drinking that day, prevailed.

There are, undoubtedly, many physical and psychical causes which combine in provoking the drink impulse at certain times. These cases occur among the most active workers in the higher circles of human activity, and it is somewhat singular that they have not attracted attention or been studied in any systematic way.—Journal of Inebriety.

Crusade Against "Cordial Drops."

The National Confectioners' association offers a reward of $400 for the arrest and conviction of any person selling impure candy to either minors or adults, and is making a crusade against "cordial drops," which are filled with a sticky substance, of which alcohol is an ingredient. It is said to have stopped the use of brandy and wine in making various kinds of candies.—Union Signal.

The German Society for the Suppression of the Abuse of Spirituous Liquors reports that the consumption of beer in north Germany, especially in Berlin, has within the past 20 years increased annually per capita from 68 to 89 litres

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The London Court Journal remarks that "hotel life seems to be growing in England. The institution has come from America, and has taken root for good."

—R. T. Brooke, a wealthy rancher in Tonkawa, O. T., is a dead shot. Five desperadoes attempted to enter his home. He shot two of them dead, wounded a third, and the other couple fled for their lives.

—The state board of commerce of Ohio is working for a constitutional convention to revise the organic law of that state. One of the chief changes they desire to obtain is the removal of provisions that prevent a better system of taxation.

—Herod the Great loved Marianne, his wife, so devotedly that when he was summoned to Rome by Augustus to answer certain charges made against him, and was afraid he might never return, he left her in care of three trusted servants, with orders that if he himself were put to death by Augustus she was to be immediately killed.

—The New York health authorities have suggested that as a means to aid in preventing the spread of contagious and infectious diseases the public school children be examined by a corps of 150 physicians appointed for that special purpose. This plan has been in practical operation in the Boston schools for some time, greatly to the benefit of the health of the pupils.

—The new Japanese stamps, issued September 13, are, for the first time in that country, adorned with the portrait heads of prominent persons. The original intention was to make the stamps commemorative of the war with China, but the prime minister, Marquis Ito, rejected the idea on the ground that it would not be well constantly to remind the Chinese of their defeat.

—The pension system of the United States began in 1790, when, by act of congress, Baron Frederick William Steuben was granted a pension of $2,500 for life, for "sacrifices and eminent services made and rendered to the United States during the late war." From that date there was hardly a session of congress in which pensions were not granted to wounded or disabled soldiers, or to the widows and orphans of those who had fallen in one or another war of the United States.

THE NURSERY.

Regularity Should Be One of Its Inviolable Rules.

If parents could thoroughly appreciate the healing balm of the open air they would not house their delicate children so carefully. When a child looks pale and seems inclined to "mope" about the house, it is not a sign she should be allowed to do so. On the contrary, she should be encouraged to go out doors as much as possible. Nothing is so dangerous as confinement within doors, when it is not positively necessary. The coldest day of winter is none too cold for "baby" to take a midday ride in the sun, providing he is properly prepared for the trip. Get him accustomed to have his face uncovered. Nothing is more injurious to the eyes of a young child than the veil which too many careful mothers insist on wrapping around their children's faces to protect them from cold. A keen, sharp wind is always to be avoided. A light rainstorm offers no objection to an "outing," provided the child is protected from dampness. Moist air is as wholesome as dry air, unless there is some trouble with the lung or breathing apparatus.

Sometimes, when a young child is feverish and fretful with sleeplessness, an outing in the cool, fresh air will put him to sleep when all other remedies have failed. No medicine is equal to sleep. Many threatened dangers are carried off in sound, quiet, peaceful sleep. Never allow a little child to sit up to "see company."

Little children should imitate the regularity and early hours of all the wild birds and other creatures of the forest who are not midnight prowlers. Five o'clock is none too early for the supper of children, under five and six o'clock is the proper time for their bedtime. Bread and milk is the simple supper which is best for children of this age. Delicate children are much better if they adhere to these early hours and to this simple supper, even though they are much older than five years.—N. Y. Tribune.

FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Odd Bits of Information on Matters in General.

Browned flour is almost as necessary to keep on hand in the store closet as white flour. To brown flour put a thick layer of flour into a baking pan and place it in a hot oven. Watch it and stir with a spoon until the flour is well browned all through. When it becomes cold put it into empty preserve jars and cover them closely. It will then be ready to use in making gravies and sauces or whatever it is needed for.

An unusual and attractive hanging, intended for a closet door in a yellow room, was made of heavy linen of a golden brown shade, having a deep border at the top and bottom of yellow linen. The upper border was of a lighter shade than the lower. Upon the borders was a graceful design of oak leaves and acorns worked in light browns and veined with gold threads.

An excellent dinner sweet is stuffed figs. To prepare them, cut an opening in the side of nice, fresh figs, and take out the inside with a spoon. To this add some salted almonds or salted peanuts that have been chopped fine. Mix these thoroughly together and moisten them with a little brandy. Put this mixture into the fig shells and press the sides of the opening together. Roll the figs in powdered sugar.

If pie crust is desired to be brown when baked, it should be brushed over with sweet milk just as the pie is put into the oven for baking.—N. Y. Sun.

"UNCLE JACK."

Why He Stole Coal—A Kentucky Courtroom Ticking.

He was a negro, old and poor, and ragged. When Judge Sandefur called his name in police court the other morning and he stood up, everybody in the courtroom felt a thrill of pity for him. Jackson McClain he said his name was, and he was charged with stealing two lumps of coal from a car in the Texas yards.

Before daylight one morning Watchman Jesse Stroud saw a dark form sliding by some coal cars. He suspected that he had a coal thief to deal with, so he lighted a match in order that the man might see him in time to escape. For all his rough exterior Stroud has a kindly nature. Despite the warning, however, this thief deliberately climbed upon a car and put two lumps of coal into a sack he carried.

Under the circumstances, Stroud was forced to place him under arrest. And that's why "Uncle Jack" appeared in police court for the first time in his 72 years of life. Judge Sandefur looked sternly over his glasses at the offender after Stroud had told the story.

"Have you anything to say?" he said.

The throng of hangers-on stopped their murmur of conversation as the old negro took the witness stand. The muscles in his black face quivered, and his toil-knotted hands twitched aimlessly as he began to talk.

"I've been in dis town nigh on to sixty-foh yeahs," he said, "an' no man has 'cused me of stealin' befo'. Hit's dis way, suh: De ole woman's been sick nine weeks. I jes' nachly kain' fin' no wuck to do. Gawd knows I've tried, suh, one place, den anerr. I hatter take keer o' de ole woman, an' I didn't think it were any ha'm to piek up a little coal. I thought mebbe ef I could buil' up a fiah and wa'm her up good twel de col' git onter her she mout get bettah an'—an'—" "Uncle Jack" had lost control of his emotions.

His voice which had grown huskier as he talked, failed him utterly and he covered his face with his hands. Great tears trickled over his fingers and dropped, one by one, on the patches on his knees. Four or five city officials coughed loudly and became interested in something that was going on outside. There was a curious choke in Judge Sandefur's voice when he began to speak.

"Old man," he said, "didn't you know you could have come to my coalhouse, even if I had only two lumps, and gotten one of them? Will you promise me now to keep out of the railroad company's coal hereafter? If you will, I'll let you go back to the old woman, to take care of her as long as you both live." The promise was tearfully given, and "Uncle Jack" shuffled out.—Henderson (Ky.) Journal.

THE RICH MAN.

Ian Maclaren Presents Him in a New and Better Light.

In all times the rich man has been a target for the shafts of writers, and never more so than in these days of our own. It is somewhat novel, therefore, and, indeed, refreshing, to discover Ian Maclaren, essentially a man of the people, a champion of the much-berated possessor of wealth. His is a qualified and discriminating appreciation, it is true, and the more interesting because of these conditions.

It has been the fashion of literature to put this man in a pillory, says the distinguished Scotch author, and to make play with him, and to leave the impression that any scribbler who could string together a few verses, although neither he nor his verses had any claim to character, stood higher by the truest standards of worth and was of more value to the community. This man is also apt to give himself away by too often insisting on his own history, and by speaking as with his own sword and bow, and not by the good favor of the Almighty, he had achieved his success. But it is common speech which does him most injustice and quite confuses the situation. For it is asked: "How much is he worth?" and then the answer is given in figures. If this were indeed the exact value, surely his life had been a sad fiasco, and he himself was of no account. What he is worth is another thing from what he possesses, and if you go into the matter his fortune becomes a mere symbol to be transferred from figures into qualities. Just as half a dozen books stamped with university arms show that a young scholar has made a fair beginning in culture, or a simple bronze cross on a soldier's breast proves that he has played the man on the field of battle, so does honorable success in business bear witness to character. It means that a fellow man called to his work in his calling has not been idle and careless—flinging away his opportunities and denying his duties. It means that he has not yielded to the lower impulses of his nature and done foolishly, to the weakening of his mind and body. It means that he has resisted temptation to trickery, deceit and unprincipled work of all kinds. This ten or hundred thousand pounds are in themselves only dust and vanity. But consider them as x, and work the equation out, and they read industry, perseverance, thrift, intelligence, self-denial, integrity. This gold is but another word for brain and conscience, and proves that one has done the work laid to his hand with all his might, and in so doing has built up his manhood. —Detroit Free Press.

Cause for Gratitude.

A train out in Arkansas, having on board Mr. and Mrs. Bill Bradley and their bull pup, ran off the track, and when the wreck was cleared away it was discovered that Bill was a widower.

"Well, well!" he said, calmly. "Hit might o' been wuss, by Jacks, fer hit might of killed the pup, and hit's got the finest record o' any bull pup in Arkansas. I've got lots to be thankful fer!"—N. Y. Herald.

DANCING TURTLES.

Curious Training Through Which They Are Put in the Far East.

The spectacle of an old, bearded man, with long, tangled locks, dressed in a fantastic costume, attracted the attention of passers-by one day in one of the large seaports of Japan. Some said he was an Aino, pointing to his long hair and beard, and that he was a bear worshiper from Nagasaki.

The old man stood on the deck of a houseboat quite as disreputable as he himself appeared and gave an exhibition that was in every respect remarkable. He held an old brass drum, upon which he bent with several sticks, keeping time with his foot; and in obedience to this strange summons a number of common high-backed river tortoises of various sizes crawled out of a box, and, forming themselves in line, began to march, one after the other, to the slow, discordant music. Around they went in a circle, the big ones ahead, the smaller ones following on behind, and at the word of command the larger ones took their places between two boxes and formed a living tortoise bridge, over which the small ones passed from box to box, the others then following suit, whereupon all the tortoises arranged themselves in groups, like plates about a table.

The Japanese have another tortoise, which they train to perform simple tricks in the water. It is a little creature about three or four inches long, that from a life of inactivity has become covered with a long growth of green pond weed, which streams behind like hair as it swims along.

These people are also famous for their strange fishes of the carp family; some are short and chubby, with eyes that protrude so far from the head that they look like telescopes, or the stalked eyes of some crabs, with which the little creature can see in every direction. Others have a broad lace-like tail that hangs gracefully like a mass of lace, and appears to be divided into three parts. Others have a perfect black cross marked upon the back, which against the deep red, which is the prevailing color, presents a magnificent appearance. Others are called the fish of the white cross, the latter being white against red.

These fanciful creatures are trained to perform a variety of tricks; they rise at the sound of a bell, ring a bell themselves, follow one another in a row at the signal and then in many ways show their remarkable intelligence.

The Japanese also import the famous fighting fishes from India, which they keep in an aquarium and match in contests which are, it must be said, decided without bloodshed, though the little creatures show no little ferocity.

The tortoise and crane are both sacred animals in Japan, and the former is often seen with the stork walking about villages, paying no attention to the people, and as safe as is the sacred ox of India.—St. Louis Republic.

GARDEN OF EDEN.

A Colored Man Believes He Has Found the Home of Original Man.

There is a lawyer out in Del Norte, Col., who believes that he has found the site of the Garden of Eden. He has spent a good part of his life in studying antiquities, and has compared the remains of prehistoric man found in many quarters of the globe. He has at last located original man in the state of Colorado and the near neighborhood of his home. There, in the course of his explorations, he recently came across a cave that he thought was a promising place for excavation.

Nor was he mistaken. Below the surface he found remains of men far antedating the mound builders and the cliff dwellers. In fact, before he was nearly through with his excavation he was satisfied that he had made one of the most important discoveries of modern times, and now that he has had time to study the remains that he found, he is perfectly convinced that the section he has been exploring was the original Garden of Eden.

Mr. Elliott says that he was led many years ago to suspect that the San Luis valley had a primeval history of thrilling importance, and has spent most of his leisure since in making investigations. This valley is 150 miles long and 30 or 40 miles wide, and is one of the loveliest and most fertile tracts in Colorado. According to Mr. Elliott, a lovely lake once filled the great dimple in the mountains, upon whose borders original man once lived and died.

"The caves in which the race lived," said Mr. Elliott, "were located above the water line, and may now be seen by any person who has the curiosity to make the investigation. The caves are about 300 feet or more above the bottom of the valley. They are entered through very narrow openings, which, in many cases, have been closed entirely by the sliding of the cliffs, or by the debris rolling down the side of the mountain.

"I have entered 40 or 50 of the ancient caves. In some of them a kind of rude masonry is to be seen. This masonry consists of rocks laid one upon the other, without the use of mortar or mud.

"I am convinced that mankind originated in the chain of mountains passing through Colorado."

But while many relics of man are found in these caves, Mr. Elliott has been able to find no bones. He believes that the men of those days practiced cremation, and the remains of one furnace, which, he thinks, was used for the destruction of human bodies, can be seen in one of these caves. He himself unearthed it.—N. Y. Herald.

Creamed Oysters on Toast.

Drain 16 oysters in a sieve; melt half tablespoonful butter in the blazer, add half tablespoonful flour, cook two minutes; add half cupful milk and half cupful oyster liquor, season with half teaspoonful salt, one-eighth teaspoonful white pepper, stir and cook till smooth; add the oysters, cook a few minutes, pour over four slices of buttered toast and serve.—Chicago Tribune.

INCINERATION IS INCREASING.

Cremation of Corpses Growing More Popular Every Day.

Cremation, as a means of disposing of the bodies of the dead, when first tried in New York state, on December 4, 1885, attracted a great deal of attention, and there was also considerable discussion as to the relative merits of the new method as compared to the usual custom of underground burial. Many people were superstitious regarding incineration. People were at first loath to give consent to this disposition of the bodies of their friends and relatives. Those who favored the new method urged its adoption, giving as their reason for the change that it was cleaner, cheaper, and did away with the necessity for elaborate funerals. It was also urged that the incineration of bodies of persons who had died from contagious diseases would lessen the dangers of contagion and would be the safest way in which to dispose of such bodies. On the other hand, the fear of burial alive caused some strongly to advocate incineration.

As an aid to the adoption of the new method, indorsements were secured from ministers and from others, in which they said there was nothing unscriptural in disposing of the dead by means of fire, and advocating the method as more cleanly than burial.

The first incineration in this state was at the New York Fresh Pond crematory, on Long Island, facing the Lutheran cemetery, just north of Fresh Pond station and the Long Island railroad. This was on December 6, 1885. Since that time, despite assertions by some to the contrary, incineration has grown in popularity, and it is said that there is an increase of 50 incinerations a year. The number of cremations at Fresh Pond up to the beginning of the present year is given as 1,881. Of this number 1,213 bodies were those of men, 98 of boys, 496 of women, and 73 were the bodies of girls. Thirty-five dollars is charged for the incineration of a body. This charge is only for the mere consuming of the body by means of heat, the body being placed in an airtight compartment of an immense furnace. Enough ashes are left to fill a small-sized urn. It takes several hours to dispose of a body, after which the ashes are collected and placed in an urn which has previously been purchased. Often the ashes are taken away by friends, and at other times they are deposited in alcoves in the walls of the columbarium where the body has been incinerated. By the request of friends endeavoring to carry out the peculiar wishes of the departed, the ashes are often taken and thrown to the four winds.

There is a charge for the door which is placed in front of the niche. The urns may be bought for from $9.50 up to $45, while the niche in the wall costs from $15 to $25, according to its location in the wall. To the cost of the incineration, which is $35, must be added the cost of the urn for the ashes and the niche for the reception of the urn. When the body is borne to the columbarium in carriages there is extra charge, according to the number of carriages brought into service. With this method there is no necessity for the purchase of a burial lot, although many people bury the ashes. The maximum cost for incineration, including the purchase of an urn, the leasing of a niche to receive the urn, the door of the niche, and all expenses, not including the hire of carriages, need not exceed $125, or $150 at most.—N. Y. Tribune.

LARGE EATERS.

Much Food Is Not Necessary to Good Health.

Large eaters are generally deficient in activity and endurance. I used to know one who tried hard to be a Christian, but failed because of too much dinner. That man was a curiosity. He worked in a small wood-turning shop and ate five times a day. When he consulted me about his "poor stomach" I told him flatly that he was a pig. He replied: "You are mistaken; I am faint half the time, and have to eat extra meals to keep up my strength." I went at him with fact and physiology. At length he was convinced, and promised me that he would follow my prescription, which was this: Take but two meals a day. * * * In 15 days his faintness had disappeared and he rapidly recovered. To-day he is a healthy, active man, and a warm advocate of two meals a day, and moderate ones.

Temperate people with good digestion never feel their stomachs—forget they have stomachs—while these big eaters are always hungry, faint or bloated, troubled with eructations, acidity, diarrhea or some other unhappy condition of the digestive apparatus.

Persons having a good stomach to begin with can, by practice, learn to digest an enormous quantity of food. If they give their whole force and vitality to this business of grinding grist they can, in the course of even a short life, grind through immense quantities. But the wiser, the more human way, is to find out just how much food is needed to run the machine, exactly what fuel will keep the system at the best working point, and never pass these bounds.

For years the author had eaten three hearty meals a day. At length, upon a careful consideration of the physiology of digestion, he thought he was probably using too much of his force in that function. He reduced to two meals a day. He cannot express what freedom in mental and bodily activity he experienced. Men with large heads and well-made bodies sometimes consume so much of their nerve force in digestion that they have nothing left with which to achieve those triumphs that otherwise would be easy to them.—Dio Lewis, M. D., in Journal of Hygiene.

An Awful Hardship.

Jones—Ever read any of the accounts of the polar expeditions? Their sufferings are terrible.

Robinson—Yes; I believe they even have private theatricals.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Republican.

BE... [illegible], Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, JAN. 14, 1897.

Too True.

A lawyer in a court room may call a man a liar, scoundrel, villian or a thief, and no one makes a complaint when court adjourns. If a newspaper prints such a reflection on a man's character there is a libel suit or a dead editor. This owing to the fact that the people believe what an editor says; what the lawyer says ents no figure.

THE railroads will carry a bushel of wheat or a barrel of flower a thousand miles for less charges than the cost of wagon transportation for five miles. The farmers would be, therefore, as much or more benefited by good roads cutting down the cost of transportation which they manage for themselves as by reduction in the cost of transportation which they are obliged to purchase from others.

THE report of Comptroller Robert P. Graham makes a good showing of the financial condition of the State. The total receipts for the fiscal year ending September 30, 1896, were $3,156,875,64, and the disbursements $2,945,101,07, which included a payment of $200,777,70, on account of the penitentiary loan, $125,000 for free school books and nearly $200,000 for the second asylum for the insane. At the end of the fiscal year there remained in the Treasury the sum of $916,042,76. Comptroller Graham says that the net debt of the State is $3,338,553,13.

A GLANCE at the message of the Governors of the various States shows that they all insist upon greater economics. The pinch of business depression has at least made its impression upon executive apprehension. But it is doubtful whether there will be responsive legislative action. For thirty years extravagance has had a steady growth. It is now a habit. There is no more thought of thrift among assemblages of legislators distributing treasury assets than among assemblage of rats burrowing in a cheese.

A Call for Aid.

To the Editor of The Republican.

Mrs. Carrie P. Bruere, who spent one winter in Mt. Lake Park, is now in charge of an orphanage in Poona, India. She writes that the famine now raging in India makes it possible to gather the starving children into her home. They come in a wretched condition, having been living on roots, seeds or grass, unground, uncooked grain—anything they could lay their hands upon.

People are dying by the road side in Central and North India. One boy was taken into the orphanage who was found beside his dead mother; another was sleeping on his dead mother's body; another emaciated one was found on the river bank the father lying in the water where he had fallen on going for a drink, being too weak to rise again. He said, "I have been here four days; never mind me now, but save, oh! save, my boy." They took him to the orphanage and is now a fine bright little fellow.

"Oh! if we can only take in a large number of these boys and girls," Mrs. Bruere says, "it will mean a strong Christian church in the future, for the children will be Christians instead of heathens, and so on for succeeding generations."

Should not this appeal touch our hearts and our pockets and should we not give as God has prospered us to secure these perishing souls from starvation and from everlasting death Oh; let us hear our blessed Master saying, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, my brethern, ye did it unto Me."

We do not ask for large sums although we would be glad to have them but will be happy to receive the pennies. May the Lord touch some hearts to give to this cause.

All contributions may be sent to Mrs. Fannie L. Sperry, President Mt. Lake Park Miss. Ass'n, Mt. Lake Park, Md.

Sales Advertised.

Real estate and personal property by Messrs. Julius C. Renninger and Lewis Kamp, trustees, on Saturday, Jan. 23rd, at Cove, 10 o'clock a. m.

MARYLAND ELECTORS.

Their Meeting in the Historic Chamber of the Senate at the State Capital.

The stars and stripes were flying above the gilded acorn which crowns the dome of the old State House at Annapolis when at noon Monday the electoral college met in the Senate chamber to vote for a President and vice-President of the United States. It took about an hour for the college to cast the vote of the State for William McKinley, Jr., of Ohio, for President, and Garrett A. Hobart, of New Jersey, for Vice-President, and then the body adjourned and went over to the Executive Mansion for luncheon.

The lobby of the Senate chamber was filled with persons mostly from Baltimore, who clapped their hands when the eight electors entered the Senate chamber. A flag covered the front of the desk of the President of the Senate, and a number of pots of plants were on the desk. The chamber had been thoroughly cleaned and looked fresh and bright.

Gen. Adam E. King called for a justice of the peace to administer the oath of office to the electors, and it was done by Justice Henry Lovely, of Annapolis. Mr. Talbot J. Albert opened the business of the college by nominating Gen. Adam E. King for president of the electoral college. He put the vote and it was carried. Monitor Watchman nominated Dr. Washington G. Tuck for secretary. He was elected and sworn in by Mr. Lovely. J. Cookman Boyd nominated Emanuel W Hermann, of Baltimore county, for messenger to carry the vote of the State to Washington, and John B. Summers, of Baltimore, was elected doorkeeper.

After these officials had taken the oath of office the chairman appointed a committee of three—Dr. Smith, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Frank—to wait upon the Governor and inform him of the organization of the college and to notify him that the college was ready to receive any communication from him. In response to the communication the Governor transmitted by the secretary of State the official credentials of the members of the college and shortly afterwards came in person. He was received with hearty applause as he entered the chamber.

The secretary read the credentials, which were certificates of election giving the vote of each candidate at the election.

MEMBERS OF THE COLLEGE.

The members of the college are as follows:

At large—Gen. Adam E. King and J. Cookman Boyd.

District 1—Dr. Washington A. Smith, of Dorchester.

District 2—Monitor Watchman, Baltimore.

District 3—Robert M. Welch, Baltimore.

District 4—Alexander Frank, Baltimore.

District 5—Talbot J. Albert, Baltimore county.

District 6—Merritt Wilson, Garrett county.

BUSINESS OF THE MEETING.

The real business of the meeting began with the nomination of the candidates. This was done in a brief speech by Mr. J. Cookman Boyd, who said he considered it the highest honor to name as the person to receive the vote of Maryland for President of the United States the man who is to occupy that high office for the next four years. He nominated William McKinley, Jr., of Ohio. Mr. Talbot J. Albert seconded the nomination in a speech equally brief, and then the nominations were closed. Monitor Watchman and Robert M. Welch were appointed tellers. They carried the ballot-box around and collected the eight ballots. These were read out aloud one by one, and then the chairman declared that William McKinley had received the vote of the State of Maryland for President, and the people clapped their hands.

The same formality was observed in voting for Vice-President. Garrett A. Hobart, of New Jersey, was nominated by Mr. Albert, and the nomination was seconded by Merritt Wilson. The vote was taken and counted as before and the result announced, with more applause.

Then the various sets of papers were signed, each elector having to sign his name seven times, and the electoral college adjourned.

The Legislature of 1896 appropriated $500 for the expense of the electoral college. Heretofore each elector has received $50, and the Secretary who has taken the returns to Washington the remainder of the appropriation, $100. This time there are more officers and the money will not quite go around. It is understood that the doorkeeper is to get $10, and that the messenger, Mr. Hermann, will ask for nothing, only desiring the honor of carrying the papers to Washington. The federal government, however, allows 25 cents a mile for this service, but that, in the case of the Maryland messenger, does not amount to much. Mr. Lovely asked $5 apiece for swearing in the electors, but to this there was some demur.

AT THE MANSION.

Twenty-five guests gathered around the Governor's hospitable board for a most delightful luncheon as he called it of seven courses. But it was rather a substantial dinner. It was a stag party, as Mrs. Lowndes will not arrive in Annapolis until Tuesday of next week. The table was ornamented with a mass of blossoms on the great state centerpiece of the mansion. The Governor sat at one end of the table and Gen. L. Allison Wilmer at the other. At the Governor's right was Gen. Adam E. King. One of the most interesting was Dr. W. A. Smith, of Dorchester county, the elector from the first congressional district. Dr. Smith was a member of the House of Delegates in 1850, forty-seven years ago. Since that time he has served in the House of Delegates five sessions, in the Senate two sessions, and was a member of the constitutional convention of 1864. The Governor's guests were besides the eight electors: Adjt.-Gen. L. Allison Wilmer, Attorney-General Harry Clabaugh, Comptroller Robert P. Graham, Treasurer Theos. J. Shryock, Senator John Wirt Randall, Phillips Lee Goldsborough, Capt. I. E. Emerson, Lieut.-Col. J. Frank Supplee, Police Commissioner W. W. Johnson, Wm. T. Henderson and George R Gaither.

THE FIRST REPUBLICAN VOTE.

Thirty-two years ago, namely, in December, 1864, the electoral vote for Maryland was cast for the first and only time until now for the Republican candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States. Those candidates were Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson. Lincoln was assassinated and Johnson became President, and so the vote of the State went for a sort of a Democrat after all. The vote received by the successful electoral ticket in the whole State was only 40,171, 22,000 less than the successful ticket this time received in Baltimore city alone. And of the vote in 1864 2,800 was the soldier vote. The vote for McClellan and Pendleton was 32,739, the rest of the Democratic vote being disfranchised by the test oath in the constitution of 1864, which had just been adopted before that election. It is interesting to note that one of the electors at large who in 1864 cast his vote for Lincoln and Johnson was Wm. J. Albert, father of Talbot J. Albert who was elected in 1896 and cast his vote Monday for McKinley and Hobart. The other electors were H. H. Goldsborough, W. H. W. Farrow, Isaac Nesbit, Wm. Smith Reese, George W. Sands and R. Stockett Mathews.

THE GOVERNOR'S PROPHECY.

"To-day," said Governor Lloyd Lowndes, "witnesses the fulfilment of my prophecy made during the campaign of 1895, that if the Republican carried the State at that election Maryland would be in line for the Republican candidate for the presidency in 1896. To-day the vote of the State has been cast for McKinley and Hobart. If I had been defeated in 1895 and the Democrats had carried the State I believe they would have carried it last November for Bryan. In carrying the State for McKinley the Republicans were aided by the honest election law enacted by the last Legislature. Without that law we might not have succeeded. I believe that the success of the Republican party in Maryland and in other States, in fact, the election of McKinley was brought about by the aid of the gold Democrats."

Speaking of State affairs generally, Governor Lowndes said that he expected the Republicans to carry the State next fall. Probably the most important issue, he said, will be the United States senatorship. "If the Eastern Shore fails to unite upon someone," he continued, "as it has failed heretofore, or if it goes Democratic, it is not to be supposed that they will get the Senator if the Republicans have the Legislature."

"Republican success in Maryland next fall will depend, in my judgment more upon what takes place at Washington in the interval than in the State. If wise counsels prevail there and the new Republican federal administration and Congress give the people government and content it will be a great aid to us in Maryland. As far as the State administration is concerned we are now on record before the people and will be judged by what we have done.

"As regards the civil-service amendment to the constitution, which will be submitted to the people in November, 1897, that is a Republican party measure, and the administration will favor it, and the Republican State convention will doubtless indorse it. I am well aware, however that there are some Republican leaders who are opposed to the measure and will try to defeat it at the polls."

MARYLAND'S FORMER VOTERS.

This is the twenty-eighth election for President and Vice President of the United States. The Vice-President was not voted for until after the election of 1800. Before that time two persons were voted for, and the one having the highest vote, providing he received a majority, was declared President and the next highest Vice-President. The deadlock in 1800 between Jefferson and Burr led to the twelfth amendment.

In the beginning the Maryland electors were chosen on a general ticke[t] as at present, but in 1795, at the suggestion of Governor Stone, the law was changed and the vote was by districts. The method continued for about forty years, when the general ticket was resumed.

The electoral vote of Maryland at each of the elections has been cast as follows:

1789—George Washington and Robert Hanson Harrison, of Maryland; 6 votes.

1792—George Washington and John Adams; 10 votes.

1796—John Adams, 7; Thomas Pinckney, 4; Thomas Jefferson, 4; Aaron Burr, 3; John Henry of Maryland, 2.

1800—John A. Adams, 5; C. C. Pinckney, 5; Thomas Jefferson, 5; Aaron Burr, 5.

1804—Thomas Jefferson and George Clinton, 6; Pinckney and King, (federalists,) 2.

1808—James Madison and George Clinton, 9; C. C. Pinckney and Rufus King, 2.

1812—Madison and Elbridge Gerry, (democrats,) 6; DeWitt Clinton and Jarett Ingersoll, (federalists,) 5.

1816—James Monroe and Daniel D. Tompkins, (democrats.)

1820—James Monroe, 11; Tompkins, for Vice-President, 10; Robert Goodloe Harper, 1.

1824—For President, Andrew Jackson, 7; J. Q. Adams, 3; W. H. Crowford, 1: Vice-President, Calhoun, 10; Andrew Jackson, 1.

1828—Jackson, 5; J. Q. Adams, 6.

1832—Jackson, 3; Clay, 5.

1836—W. H. Harrison and John Tyler, 10.

1840—Harrison and Tyler.

1844—Clay and Frelinghuysen.

1848—Taylor and Fillmore.

1852—Pierce and King.

1856—Fillmore and Donelson. At this election the State was carried by the know-nothings. The vote of Maryland was all that Fillmore received.

1860—Breckinridge and Lane.

1864—Lincoln and Johnson.

1868—Seymour and Blair.

1872—Thomas A. Hendricks and B. Gratz Brown.

1876—Tilden and Hendricks.

1880—Hancock and English.

1884—Cleveland and Hendicks.

1889—Cleveland and Thurman.

1893—Cleveland and Stevenson.

1897—McKinley and Hobart.

For a pain in the chest a piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on over the seat of the pain, and another on the back between the shoulders, will afford prompt relief. This is especially valuable in case where the pain is caused by a cold and there is a tendency toward pneumonia.

For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

La Grippe

If you have had the Grippe, you know its aches and pains, the fever, the chills, the cough, the depression—you know them all. The Grippe exhausts the nervous system quickly, lowers the vitality. Two things should be done at once:—the body must be strengthened, and force must be given to the nervous system. Cod-liver Oil will do the first; Hypophosphites the second. These are permanently and pleasantly combined in Scott's Emulsion.

It lifts the despondency and heals the inflamed membranes of the throat and lungs.

But you need not have LA GRIPPE.

You can put your system in a condition unfavorable to it. You can have rich, red blood; resistive strength; steady brain and nerves. Scott's Emulsion prevents as well as cures.

And whether you send or go for Scott's Emulsion, be sure you get the genuine.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

BROWN ON GORMAN.

Ex-Governor Thinks the Senator will Retire.

From the Baltimore News.

Ex-Governor Frank Brown does not stick entirely to the clam-like silence regarding politics that he adopted on his return from Europe last October. He talked politics. The most interesting thing he had to say was that he believed Mr. Gorman would not be a candidate for re-election to the United States Senate.

"This is not a new belief with me," said the ex-Governor, "for I have inclined to the same opinion for the last three years, and I have told a great many people of it in that time. I have no positive information on the subject, but it is my opinion that it will be found that Mr. Gorman is not a candidate for re-election. I don't think that he could expect to hold on to the office indefinitely, especially in a State so near Washington, where it is so convenient to be a Senator, and where there are a number of people who would be anxious to try the experience.

INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS.

"Then too, it must be remembered that Mr. Gorman has not the press with him this time, and when he ran the last time he was practically the press' candidate. It makes all the difference in the world, I tell you, whether the press is with you or against you in politics. I don't think anybody can be elected in this State unless he has the independent press with him, and I don't care on which side he happens to be. I know that I would not be a candidate for any office unless I had the assurance that I would have the support of the press. It will be some years before anyone is elected to office in this State in opposition to the newspapers here.

STRONG MEN IN PUBLIC LIFE.

"The people in the State and country have learned what it is to have a strong arm at the helm in the person of Grover Cleveland, and it will be some time before they are contented with anything except strong arms. The next few years will be ones in which strong, able men will come to the front all over the country and they are what we need in this State, whether Democratic or Republican. The people will not be contented with a political recommendation alone.

REORGANIZING THE PARTY.

"As to reorganizing the Democratic party in Maryland, it is pretty hard to say what can be done with it. The press which led in the defeat and the rout and which pushed the leaders to the background, should lead in the movement to reorganize. They pushed the party down and should help to push it back again. Until a few weeks ago I felt that this would be done, and that terms might be arranged by which all of the elements of the party could be reunited with good candidates. With good candidates and a reunited party we can win, but now without them. I am not so sure now that the party will be in shape to reclaim the State next year, but good work can certainly be put in in the city."

ALAS, AND ALACKAIAY.

As pretty as
A peach that has
The fairest bloom upon it;
A girl complete
Unto her lovely bonnet.

Her downcast eyes
With mild surprise
Gazed on the world around her;
And all the while
A dimpled smile
Proclaimed that joy had found her.

When if, perchance
Her roguish glance
Fell on a passing stranger,
'Twere well that he
From thence should flee
Or find his heart in danger.

As down the street
This maid complete
Proceeded so demurely,
It seemed to me
Her voice must be
Like silver bells—yes, surely!

But, sad the end!
She met a friend—
The scene—how can I paint it?
"Say, Mame?" said she—
That voice! Ah me!
"It's corkin' weather, ain't it?"

G. V. H.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

BY "NEMO."

There is no government so decidedly under the notice of the American people at this time as the Spanish. This is because its methods of management in Cuba come very near to our own shores. Whether our indignation, political or actual, would be as deep if Cuba were 3,000 miles away is an open question; for much that is said and done in Congress and out of it savors greatly of politics and wire-pulling, while real sympathy never savors of either.

* * *

So, though by letter I have been asked for an expression of opinion upon the Cuban question, I shall not give it (at any rate not yet,) for the great ones of the country still feel uncertain of the right thing to do. However, if your readers will allow me, I will spend a short time considering Spain as a nation. Its desperate methods in Cuba may then be more clearly understood. To consider an individual carefully, to weigh his faults and strength, is always interesting. To do the same thing to a nation is always interesting also, but more complicated. I may, therefor, be in error in my judgment. That I leave to your readers.

* * *

In the fifteenth century Spain was a respected power in Europe. As a nation it has been solidified out of a number of Christian elements, by a common antagonism to the Moorish conquerors. In the sixteenth century it had grown to an enormous empire, with vast territories in the richest portion of the New World. Streams of wealth were constantly pouring into its coffers from these conquered possessions. At the close of the eighteenth, and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, the outlying portion of this vast nation began one by one to sever all relations, until at present it retains its hold upon only two sections of any great importance—Cuba in the West, and the Philippine Islands in the East. Judging by the past century, and the loss to Spain of every possession in both South and North America, it seems not unsafe to predict that the beginning of the twentieth century will see it return once more to the actual limits of its possessions in the fifteenth. Now, then, what causes have been operated to bring on such decay of prestige, while other European nation, like Germany and England, Russia and Italy, France and Austria, have developed and in some measure kept close together in their developments, mental and moral? Briefly put, I should sum the causes up as (1) Irreligious solicitude for God; (2) Greed for gold; (3) The Grandee spirit; (4) A wrong colonial policy; (5) Unprogressiveness. On only two of these features shall I have space to dwell this week. The balance will be referred to in my next.

* * *

Altogether Spain seems to have been posessed of a demon of self distruction, a demon that has taken varied forms in four centuries, but which, through them all, has been forcing Spain steadily onward toward annihilation. Its wars with the Moors fostered a strong national spirit, and beause the wars were religious in character, they tended also to make Spain the stronghold of Catholicism. So long as there was fair fighting Spain was strengthened by the conflict; for in certain stages of human progress war, with its intendant horrors, seem to have been, if not a neccessary feature, at any rate an aid to civilization. But Spain, when the conquest was practically complete, and the remaining Moors had settled down to agriculture and to trade, burning with zeal for the God of their bloody imaginings, called in to aid in the complete extermination of every heresy, that fiendish device for populating Heaven and saving souls, "The Inquisition." Their conquests in the New World also were in the beginning religious conquests. Their adventurers were to win vast glory for the Church, and so in the name of almighty God most joyously did they slay without compunction.

* * *

The demon of Spain, burning with the lust of conquest, drunk with the blood of its best children, personified by Pizarro in Peru, and Cortez in Mexico, by treachery and by superiority of arms, by ambush and by outrage, destroyed the civilization of the Incas and ravished the possessions of Montezuma. Everywhere the thought was supreme to win a greater realm for the Catholic faith. But, as always with religion lacking the true religious elements of unselfishness and mercy, it became a mere cloak for greed and wickedness indescribable.

It is safe to say that any nation that places its hopes for permanency upon a misconception of God's character, is building its structure upon the sands.

* * *

That strange royal pair, Ferdinand and Isabella, combined in themselves an intense greed for gold and a fierce religious intolerance. When their country could produce such devoted servants of God as Loyola and Saint Theresa, we must indeed believe there was depth to the religious feeling. But also when we consider the servant of Ferdinand and Isabella, the fierce Torquemada, we are compelled to realize that with religion was a tremendous admixture of greed. After the Inquisition became thoroughly established, it was found so easy to secretly dispose of men and women of wealth that to Ferdinand, eager for money, the temptation was too over powering. So, while Isabella's fanatical soul was satisfied with the works of the Holy office, Ferdinand found solace to himself in replenishing his treasury. The work of the Inquisition became, in short, little else but robbery and murder in the name of God. If the walls of the Escurial could speak, a cry for vengeance, long inaudible to human ears, would stir the human heart. With the same spirit of lust for wealth, the colonies were always regarded as fair prey to be mercilessly stripped of everything valuable that was compact and transportable. Precious metals became common in Spain, wealth was on every side, luxury was all pervading. Yet in the midst of its greatest material prosperity, the demon of self-destruction was unobtrusively at work, for any nation that puts its trust in material wealth for permanency also builds its structure upon the sands.

Notice to Teachers.

An annual local institute will be held at Accident on Friday and Saturday, date, 22 and 23, 1897.

The public especially invited to attend the first session, beginning at 7:30 p. m., Friday at which time they will be addressed by Prof. R. R. Sanner, of Pennsylvania and Supt. Palmer upon subjects of general interest.

All teachers that can possibly do so are expected to be present on Saturday's session beginning at 9 o'clock a. m.

It will be an agreeable surprise to persons subject to attacks of bilious colic to learn that prompt relief may be had by taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. In many instances the attack may be prevented by taking this remedy as soon as the first symptoms of the disease appear.

25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

ROAD SUPERVISORS.

List Appointed by the County Commissioners for the Year 1897.

It is hereby ordered by the County Commissioners of Garrett county, this 6th day of January, 1897, that the following named gentlemen be and they are hereby appointed road supervisors for one year from the 4th day of January, 1897, or until their successors are appointed and qualified:

DISTRICT NO. ONE.

Patrick Laffy, road from Frankville to Custer's corner; $40.

T. K. McRobie, road from Meadow Mountain road to Beckman's tram road gate; $37.50.

Buckner Mason, road from Mason's to narrows of Deep creek; to District line No. 1; $25.

Richard Custer, road from Beckman's tram road gate to Swanton; $37.50.

Bradley Bray, road from Swanton to Folly inn; $24.

George Bray, old State road from River road near Joseph Paugh's; $45.

Sampson Harvey, road from Folly run to Kitzmillers and Altamont, and Kitzmiller's road to Swanton; $33.

J. W. Moon, road from Beckman's gate to Meadow mountain road near Geo. O'Brien's; $25.

H. R. Shank, road from Glendale church to Altamont road; $33.

Elijah Moon, road from Swanton to Edmund's road; $32.

John B. Friend, road from Swanton to Wilson's store; $30. Road from railroad at Swanton to Altamont road; $30.

N. B. Bray, road from top of mountain to Mountain ridge road at Kitzmiller's; $75.

J. Z. Browning, road from Sell's to Wilson's fields; $65.

Robert C. Wilson, Kitzmillersville road to Chaffee; $15.

DISTRICT NO. TWO.

Silas Teats, road from Bear creek at E. Friend's to district line No. 5, by old furnace; $70.

Joseph Jeffries, road from Speelman's mill to line of District No. 5; Newton Guard road and all others north; road from Neil's mill to district line No. 5; $60. Cove road from Neil's mill to district line No. 5; $10. Mineral Spring road; $20.

George Dunham, road from Pennsylvania line at Swalp's by J. Guard's to M. E. church at Selbysport and to Guard's bridge; $25.

W. S. Friend, Morgantown road from west end of river bridge at Selbysport to line of district No. 5, on Winding ridge; $70.

John Riley of G., road from John Riley's to Mill run road by McHenry farm; $20.

Jonas Teats, road from Selbysport bridge to Bear creek bridge at E. Friend's; $50.

A. C. Friend, jr., road from Bear creek bridge to line of district No. 5 by Elder Hill; $75.

George F. Lowdermilk, road from Kim Frazee's to Pennsylvania line by Rhige school house and by Jefferson Lowdermilk's; $60. S. K. Frazee's to Guard's bridge; $35. Road from Morgantown road to Buffalo run; $15.

John Meyers, road from Selbysport bridge (west end) to Hiram Humberson's; $25.

Elijah Thomas, road from S. K. Frazee's to Pennsylvania line at Daniel Umble's house; $35. Glade road to West Virginia line; $10.

Geo. D. Frantz, road from east end of Friendsville bridge to West Virginia line, and from A. Thomas' to West Virginia line; $70.

Tell Frazee, road from Rush's watering trough to Buffalo run; $15.

Taylor Friend, road from Ira E. Friend's to Sand Spring; $45. Road from Sand Spring road to Blooming Rose church; $30.

Frank Fike, road from near Jeff Frazee's to McDermot farm; $30. Road from Sand Spring to I. M. Umble's.

W. F. Meyers, road from Reckner place to Sand Spring road by W. F. Meyers'; $25.

L. H. Johnson, road from L. H. Johnson's to Ira E. Friend's; $20.

Elijah Sines, road from L. H. Johnson's to White Rock run; $20.

Enos Sines, road from White Rock to John H. Friend's; $25.

D. K. Herring, road from Friendsville bridge to gate at Hook farm; $40.

Jeremiah Frazee, road from gate at Hook farm to lane leading from Blooming Rose church; $30.

Wm. Frazee, road from covered bridge to Morgantown road at Frey farm; $10.

S. W. H. Friend of J., road from Morgantown road by Blooming Rose church to Friendsville road; $10. Friendsville road from lane leading from Blooming Rose church to Ira E. Friend's; $30. Road from cross road at Ira E. Friend's to West Virginia line by Faulkner's to West Virginia line by Sam Faulkner's saw mill; $45.

DISTRICT NO. THREE.

Patrick Engle, road from Daniel Brenneman road to Swanger mill road; $20.

Samuel J. Brenneman, road from Bittinger by Samuel Brenneman's to intersect Meadow Mountain road; $25. Road from Meadow Mountain road by Daniel Brenneman's to intersect Jno. Bender's road; $30.

James Ross, road from John Bender's to top of mountain; $20. Road from old Custer place to Mary Otto's lane; $20.

Ralph Engle, road from Hoover's bridge by Engle's school house to Gideon Gnagey's; $45.

Joel Orendorf, road from shook shop to Bittinger; $20.

Charles E. Riley, road from Lutheran church by Brenneman's to Meadow mountain and from Meadow mountain to Swanton road; $40.

Jacob L. Durst, road from iron bridge to shook shop; $60.

Jonas C. Beachy, road from river bridge to line of district No. 6, and from Mary Beachy's to Meadow mountain; $45. Road from Mary Beachy's to Christian Soelder's; $10.

Wesley Durst, road from National road by David Pope's to McKenzie saw mill; $25.

Horace R. Chaney, road from Piney Grove to line of district No. 11; $25.

Jacob L. Fresh, New Germany road from church to Patrick Dorsey's by Bender's; $20. Road from German settlement to district line No. 41; $30.

J. J. Michael, road from Geo. Hetz's to Israel Garlitz's lane; $25.

Joel J. Brenneman, road from Bittinger to Mary Beachy's; $25.

A. J. Lancaster, road from Lonaconing road to New Germany, thence to Brown farm; $30.

Jacob Miller, Negro mountain road to State line; $25. Road left out in 1896 from pike; $15.

James M. Durst, Meadow mountain road from Mary Otto's to Sam Swauger's farm; also road from John Warnick's to Engle farm; $30.

James Wiley, Amish road; $30.

U. M. Stanton, road from Stanton's barn to State, (River road); $40.

Elias Orendorf, road from Bittinger to Mill road by Widow Hetrick's; $25.

Christian Gingrich, road from National to State line; $25.

James Folk, road from Bender's to Ridgley school house and from Hoover's to intersect Grantsville road near Benedict Beachy's; $15.

Jacob Beachy, road from iron bridge to Grantsville and from National road to Widow Miller's; $55.

John Baker, road from Engle schoolhouse to covered bridge; $15.

Christian Orendorf, road from Shook Shop to district line near Becket place; $35.

Israel Glotfelty, road from National road by Glotfelty's mill to Pennsylvania line; $30.

Ross Compton, road from Compton school house to National road; $35.

Moses D. Yoder, road from Swan's Shook Shop to Pennsylvania line; $45.

Abraham Maust, Steinhouse road; $50.

C. J. Otto, road from Otto's by Dorsey's to National road; $55.

Francis Durst, road from Mary Otto's lane to cross roads at the church road from Swanger's mill to Otto's mill; $20.

Jacob Gnagey, road from National road to C. J. Otto's; $15. Road from Blocher school house to forks of Garlitz farm and from same point to Little Glade; $25.

DISTRICT NO. FOUR.

Henry Barnard, road from Frankville to Folly Run; $55.

Jesse Michael, road from Westernport by Firm Rock church to district line No. 11; Mill run road and road from Phil Michael's to Firm Rock church, also road from Michael's to John H. Wilt's; $75.

John Murphy, road from Frankville to mouth of Crabtree run, thense to line of District No. 12; $60. Road from district line to Meadow mountain road at Riley's; $20.

Nathaniel Rowns, road from ford of Savage to Jesse Michael's; $20. Road from mouth of Dry run to ford of Savage; $20.

James S. Groves, road from Garrett county line to Phil Michael's, and from Race bridge to Allegany county line; $60.

Joshua Tichnell, road from Bloomington to Folly run; $55.

Gilbert B. Warnick, Bloomington road from Allegany county line over mountain to Folly run; $65.

DISTRICT NO. FIVE.

Christian Klotz, road from Widow Stark's to Widow Hetrick's; $30.

Eli Brown, road from William Fisher's to Morgantown road by Sam Hileman's and from Caroline Frazee's to Fike road, and from Morgantown road to Bear creek bridge, from Geo. Schlossnagle's to Kease's mill; $80.

John M. Fisher, road from Cove church by A. Fisher's to Morgantown road and from church by William Fisher's to Wesley Hileman's, Morgantown road from line of District No. 2 to Cove road, from Cove road to National road, Lewis Harman road; $88.

Frank Suter, road from Matthias Frazee's by Solomon Boyer's to Accident road at Rock Lick, road from Ode DeWitt's to near Charley DeWitt's and from Sol Boyer's to Weller's mill; $33.

Jesse Frazee, Cove road by Jerry Strawns' to National road, Spruce hollow road, Mill road to district line No. 2; $80.

John Gloss, road from Engle's mill to Mud pike and from Engle's mill to line of district at Charley Hetrick's; $30.

D. C. Bowman, road from Accident to Bear creek, and from Boyer's to Georg's and from Accident by Georg's to Bear creek; $75.

Christian Beitzell, road from Grantsville road to Armish church, from Grantsville road to Bear creek; $32. Road from district line No. 12 to Joel Bender's and thence the Bender road through to line of District No. 7; $55.

Leonard Shartzer, road from Accident to line of District No. 2, from Zehem's gate to Bear creek bridge; $82.50

James W. Beeghley, from Accident to district line at Bethel church, from M. J. Miller bridge to district line at Saul Mosser's from Wm Hartman's to the Shartzer farm, from Miller's distillery to X roads at Wm. Engelhart's; $—.

Jacob Becket, road from bear creek bridge (south side) to Cove church and from Brethren church to district line; $55.

Mt. Zion Epworth League.

On last Sunday evening the members of Mt. Zion Epworth League near County Commissioner Layman's met and reorganized by the election of the following officers: President, Chas. C. Layman; 1st vice president, Albert Michael; 2nd vice president, Augie Michael; 3rd vice president, Jennie Turner; 4th vice president, Mrs. Thos. W. Frost; secretary Bradford Blocher; treasurer, Maggie L. Layman. The League is in a prosperous condition and the newly elected officers expect to make its sessions interesting to all who may attend.

Call for Your Letters.

Absalom Welch, J. K. Vetter, John Drummond, Miss Louisa Shaffer, Miss Katie Burke (2).

GARY FOR THE CABINET.

Mr. Wellington Thinks That he Will Receive an Appointment.

Representative Wellington said regarding the suggested appointment of Mr. Gary to a position in the cabinet, that so far as the Republicans of Maryland are concerned there is absolutely no opposition to Mr. Gary, despited statement to the contrary. Mr. Wellington said that from the conferences the friends of Mr. Gary had with Mr. McKinley they had become convinced that he stood an excellent chance for appointment.

Mr. Wellington reasons that from the first Mr. McKinley had determined to recognize the South by a cabinet appointment, and that the appointee should come from one of the Southern States that cast its electoral vote for the Republican candidate. He argues therefore, that the choice of a Southern man must be limited to Maryland or West Virginia. He thinks the cabinet position will go either to Judge Goff, of West Virginia, or to Mr. Gary, with the chances in favor of the latter.

Mr. Wellington believes Judge Goff would prefer to retain his present position upon the bench, which is a life position.

Avilton.

Hurrah for 1897! The holidays are past and every one seems to be down to business again, especially the Garrett county school teachers, who as near as we can learn, have opened their schools with the intention of having five months school this year; or at least we hope they will have.

Farmers are all very busy hauling coal and preparing for winter.

Three weddings within one week in our town. Beat that if you can.

How many have broken their resolutions made Jan. 1, 1897, and how many write 1896 instead of 1897?

The roads that were bedecked with such fine sleighing a few days ago are nothing but mud at present.

Mr. M. H. McKenzie has started to trading hores. He has a fine thoroughbred Hambletonian which can trot a mile in 2.29. I suppose he will put up a tract if he can find a level place.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. McKenzie were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Garlitz Sunday.

A sleighing party took Miss Nora McKenzie on surprise last Tuesday eve. The evening was spent in singing, music and games.

Miss Mayme Liston spent her vacation visiting the Misses Dorsey, of New Germany. TIM JONES.

Grantsville.

We are pleased that the public schools of this county are to be continued beyond the time anticipated, thus giving us about five months of school for the season.

Mrs. Daniel Kinsinger, who was very ill with what threatened to develop typhoid fever of a serious form, is much improved in condition.

Mrs. Aaron Beachy, who had been critically ill with pneumonia, is improving.

The bible says that man is unable to increase his stature one cubit, but if the stalwart figure of J. S. Miller seems to tower extraordinarily above those of common stature, it might be attributed to the recent arrival of that eleven and three-quarter pound son.

The remains of Minnie, infant daughter of Louis Gingerick and wife were interred Monday in the cemetery at the Amish Mennonite meeting house north of town. Funeral services were conducted by D. H. Bender and G. D. Miller. The departed one was twenty-nine days old.

"Over the river" one more is gone,
Ere long we all must follow on,
May we all strive His life's crown to won.
And hear the Master's approval—"well done."

Resolutions of Respect.

WHEREAS, The Great and Supreme Ruler of the Universe has, in his infinite wisdom, removed from our midst Ernest, eldest son of our brother and sister J. H. Enlow, on Tuesday, Dec. 29, 1896. It is with mingled sorrow and regret that we chronicle the same; therefore be it

Resolved, That Laurel Lodge No. 77, K. of P., deeply sympathize with the family in their sad bereavement and the great loss they have sustained; be it

Resolved, That the sudden removal of such a life from our midst which leaves a vacancy in the family circle and a shadow that will be deeply realized by the members and all the friends of the family.

Resolved, That with deep sympathy with the bereaved family we express our hope that even so great a loss to all may be overruled for good by Him that doeth all things well; be it

Resolved, That a copy of the resolutions be spread upon the minute book of our lodge, a copy to the following papers for publication: *The Mountain Democrat*, THE REPUBLICAN, *The Grant County Press* and a copy sent to the family of the deceased.

B. PARSONS,
S. T. ANDERSON,
J. H. MARSHALL,
Committee.

Ripans Tabules relieve scrofula.

SHERIFF'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE

Situated in the Town of Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett Co., Md.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county at the suit of Charles T. Sweet and G. Conway Shackleford, trading as Sweet & Shackleford, against the Mountain Home Company, the same being No 38 Judgments to December Term, 1896, of said court the undersigned sheriff will, on

Saturday, the 30th day of January,

1897, at the hour of two o'clock p. m., sell at public auction to the highest bidder in front of the Court house in the town of Oakland all that tract of land situated in the town of Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Maryland, belonging to the said defendant, containing the quantity of eighty acres more or less, and being the same property which is more particularly described in a deed from Joseph C. Anderson and wife dated the 19th day of July, 1891, and duly recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No 21, folio 417, one of the land records of Garrett county, to the Mountain Home Company, except so much of said land as has heretofore been sold in the way of town lots, a number of which can be seen on record at the clerk's office of Garrett county. This is one of the most beautiful places of land along the B. & O. R. R., and is now divided into town lots, a plat of which can also be seen in the above clerk's office.

Said land, or so much of it as may be necessary, will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs.

TERMS OF SALE—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

4-4 4t

Office of Julius C. Renninger, Attorney, Oakland, Md.

TRUSTEES' SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE
—AND—
Personal Property.

By virtue of a power contained in a deed of trust executed by John J. Beeghley and Ellen Beeghley, his wife, on the 8th day of December, 1896, for the benefit of the said John J. Beeghley's creditors, the undersigned trustees will sell at public auction on

SATURDAY,
The 23d Day of January, A. D. 1897,

at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m.,

on the farm now occupied by the said John J. Beeghley, situated about one mile south of the postoffice at Cove, and about three miles from the town of Accident, Garrett county, Maryland, the following real estate, to-wit:

First: All that piece or parcel of land situated in Garrett county, Maryland, about one mile south of the Cove and beginning at or near the gate post at the end of the lane near the barn of John J. Beeghley and running from thence south to the corner of the lands of Samuel Engle, deceased, and Henry Kease; then west to a spruce stump at the side of the public county road a few perches south of a culvert crossing said public road; then along said public road north-east to a post at the board fence, and from thence by a straight line to the beginning, containing about

EIGHT ACRES,

and improved by a

Fine Large Barn.

Second: A two-sevenths interest in a tract of land called the

"Lime Stone Quarry,"

situated on the north side of Bear Creek and about two miles east of Friendsville, in Garrett county, enclosed and surrounded by a tract of land called the Vesper Tract, with improvements.

Third: A piece of land lying on the east side of the public road leading from Accident to the National pike, about one mile south at the postoffice at Cove, Garrett county, and adjoining the lands now occupied by the said J. J. Beeghley, containing one and one-half acres, more or less, and improved by a

Fine Dwelling House.

And on the same day and at the same place the trustees will also offer for sale at public auction, the following personal property, to-wit:

Four sets of Harness, one Saddle and Harness, one gray Horse, five Pigs, one Binder, three Cows, twenty-five bushels of Oats, twenty bushels of Wheat, ten tons of Hay, one mow of Straw, seven hundred Sugar Buckets, and also all the paraphernalia used in a Sugar Camp, one Mowing Machine, one Spring Tooth Harrow, crop of Wheat in the ground, two Barrels and one Keg, two Corn Planters, lot of Carpenter's Tools and Bench, one Turning Lathe, one Grain Cradle, one Mowing Scythe, one pair of Scales, one tinned Stone, one Fruit Sprayer, one dinner Bell, two bundles of Wire, one Washing Machine and Wringer, four Kettles and Stirrer, one Churn, part of a barrel of Coal Oil, four Stands of Bees, Blacksmith's Tools, seventeen head of Sheep, two Calves, three Sheats, a large quantity of Household Goods and numerous Farming Implements.

TERMS OF SALE: Positively cash on the day of sale and no goods so be removed until terms of sale are complied with.

LEWIS KAMP,
JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
2 *Trustees.*

STATEMENT

of the condition of The Garrett County Bank, at Oakland, Md., at the close of business January 4, 1897.

RESOURCES.

Bills receivable	$ 15,062.02
Stocks and bonds	20,402.50
Banking house	6,017.02
Furniture and fixtures	2,215.40
Real estate	3,720.00
Due from banks	35,572.92
Gold coin	5,145.00
Silver coin, nickles and cents	1,010.75
Currency of the United States	14,745.00
Checks	53.14
	$200,105.91

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock	$ 25,000.00
Surplus	5,000.00
Undivided profits	5,036.74
Due banks	1,368.21
Demand deposits	116,352.16
Time deposits	15,888.55
Dividend No. 11	750.00
	$200,105.91

STATE OF MARYLAND, COUNTY OF GARRETT, } ss.

I, S. T. Jones, Cashier of the Garrett County Bank, of Oakland, Maryland do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

S. T. JONES, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of January, 1897.

G. A. FRALEY, Notary Public.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

ORDER NISI.

John P. Spiker, assignee of Josiah Beeghley vs. John J. Beeghley and Ellen Beeghley. No. 807 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered, this 6th day of January in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in Equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by John P. Spiker, assignee of mortgage, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 29th day of January, 1897; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 29th day of January, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2,500.

E. Z. TOWER,
True copy—test: Clerk.
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the deed of trust from Daniel Hinebaugh to Eli McMillan. No. 723 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

This is to give notice to the creditors of Daniel Hinebaugh to file their claims properly authenticated with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before the 22d day of January, 1897, as I will then state an account in the above entitled cause, distributing the money in the hands of Eli McMillan, trustee, to the parties entitled to participate in the distribution of the fund.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
4-4 Auditor.

ORDER NISI.

Frederick L. Fredlock vs. Joseph P. Gleeson. No. 758 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

Ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting as a court of equity, this 23d day of December, 1896, that the sale of property mentioned in these proceedings made and reported by Taylor Morrison, receiver, appointed by a decree of this court to make said sale, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 24th day of January, 1897. Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in said Garrett county once in each of three successive weeks before the 24th day of January, 1897.

The report states the amount of sales to be $96.80.

A true copy. DAVID W. SLOAN,
Test, E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 4-3

ORDER NISI.

Lewis Popp vs. Sarah E. Wilt and John W. Wilt. No. 801 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 24th day of December, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above case by Lewis Popp, mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 22d day of January, 1897, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Oakland, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks before the 22d day of January, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $700.00.

True copy—Test. E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 43-3

STATE OF MARYLAND,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
ANNAPOLIS January 11, 1897.

To all whom it may concern:

Notice is hereby given that application has been made to His Excellency Lloyd Lowndes, Governor of Maryland, for the pardon of Winfield Cliddisler, who was convicted at the March term, 1895, of the Circuit Court for Garrett county of burglary and sentenced to be confined in the Maryland Penitentiary for three years.

The Governor will take up the said case for final decision on or after Monday, the 1st day of February 1897, until which time protests against such pardon will be heard, and the papers filed open to inspection, at the discretion of the Governor.

By order of the Governor:
RICHARD DALLAM,
45-3 Secretary of State.

NOTICE.

All persons not having paid their corporation tax for the year 1896 are requested to do so at once, or I will be compelled to collect by process of law.

JAMES O. HINEBAUGH,
45-3 Collector.

--THE--
National - Tribune,
Washington, D. C.

1897—TWENTIETH YEAR—1897

The People's Great Paper.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is now entering upon its 20th year of unprecedented success. It has won this success by sterling merit. It has demonstrated itself to be a journal of the very highest character. It is always loyal and true; it is absolutely reliable and exact in everything it says; its contents are always on the highest plane of literary and historical merit, and it has the

Most Distinguished Contributors

of any paper in the country. It is now publishing

Gen. Sherman's Memoirs,

to which it has the exclusive right. These are intensely interesting. Besides, it has contributions on important events of the war from Maj.-Gen. L. A. Grant, of the famous Vermont Brigade; Maj.-Gen. R. W. Johnson, of the Army of the Cumberland; Maj.-Gen. H. M. Plaisted, of the Armies of the Potomac and the South, and many others of equal note.

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It has now entered upon a vigorous campaign for the passage of a

Service Pension Bill.

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THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE is publishing a series of handsome little booklets under this title, each of which is a condensed and absolutely correct presentation of facts and figures concerning the war of the rebellion. They are unequaled in their way, and have received the highest praise of competent authorities. Any one will be sent, postpaid, to any address on receipt of 5 cents. Send 5 cents for a sample copy.

Many merchants are well aware that their customers are their best friends and take pleasure in supplying them with the best goods obtainable. As an instance we mention Perry & Cameron, prominent druggists of Flushing, Michigan. They say: "We have no hesitation in recommending Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to our customers, as it is the best cough remedy we have ever sold and always gives satisfaction." For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

Testimony for Public Benefit

Mr. Oliver A. Horner, Cashier of the Banking House of Anuan, Horner & Co., Emmittsburg, Md., and Commander Dept. Md., G. A. R., says:—

"It affords me great pleasure to recommend 'Honey-Tolu' for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, &c. I have used this valuable remedy in my family which gave speedy relief in all cases and I most cheerfully recommend it to the general public as a most efficient remedy."

Mr. T. W. Hobbs, 41 Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., testifies as follows:—

"It affords me much pleasure to say that I have tried 'Honey-Tolu' in my family for Coughs and Colds, etc., with perfect satisfaction. It acts like a charm, its good effects being felt from the first dose; so cheerfully recommend it to everyone needing a reliable remedy for coughs and colds."

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"It gives me pleasure to testify to the merits of 'Honey-Tolu,' which I consider the most valuable remedy ever offered the public; and one that should be constantly on hand in every family. When our baby was quite young it was attacked by an aggravated cough, which was exceedingly annoying and the source of much solicitude to us. A number of "old time" remedies were resorted to, but all without effect. During the past winter Croup prevailed in our midst, and he had it in a fully developed form; and it would have gone very hard with him, but I was fortunate enough to hear of 'Honey-Tolu,' of which I procured a bottle. After a very short trial it proved effective, relieving him at once and before the bottle was used through had entirely disappeared."

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CHRONOLOGICAL.

Brief Notes of the More Important Happenings of 1896.

THE YEAR AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Financial and Industrial Interests—Notable Disasters of Various Kinds—Crimes and Lynchings—The Political Arena Sportsman's Column.

BUSINESS FAILURES.

BANKS GENERALLY — INCLUDING VOLUNTARY SUSPENSIONS.

Jan. 6—Exchange, Greeley Center, Neb.
Jan. 7—Fifth Avenue savings, Columbus, O.
Jan. 12—Bank of Ogallalla, Neb.
Jan. 14—Banks at Blue Springs and Stratton, Neb.
Jan. 15—Bank of Wauneta, Neb.....City Bank, Minneapolis.
Jan. 16—Irish-American, Minneapolis.
Jan. 17—Farmers' national, Portsmouth, O.
Jan. 21—Bank of Commerce, Grand Island, Neb.
Feb. 5—At Momence, Ill., bank of Wilton M. Burham....Maurice, Ia., State....Citizens', Connersville, Ind.
Feb. 14—Exchange, Flemingsburg, Ky.
Feb. 17—McCague savings, Omaha.
Mar. 2—Central Trust and Savings, Chicago.
Mar. 6—Bank of Frankfort, Mich.....Matuchi Maynard's, Apple River, Ill.
Mar. 9—Sherman county, Goodland, Kan.....Bloomfield (Neb.) State.....Commercial and Savings, San Jose, Cal.
Mar. 27—Midway (Ky.) Deposit.
Mar. 30—First national, Morris, Minn.
Apr. 6—Farmers', Decatur, Ill.
Apr. 11—Chadron (Neb.) Banking Co.
Apr. 15—First national, and Liberty savings, Bedford City, Pa.
Apr. 22—American national, Denver, Col., Kan.
Apr. 24—Grand Forks (N. D.) national.
May 1—City savings, Hot Springs, Ark.....Bank of Fairland, Ill.
May 7—Citizens', Union City, Ind.
May 14—Sumner national, Wellington, Kan.
May 19—Citizens', Edwardsburg, Mich.
May 25—National, Jefferson, Tex.
May 29—Bank of New England, Manchester, N. H.
June 2—Bank of Maroa, Ill.
June 3—Farmers' deposit, Creighton, Mo.
June 11—John A. Thompson's bank, Edinburg, Ind.....First national, Larned, Kan.
June 16—First national, and Bank of Cheney, Cheney, Wash.
June 25—Security savings, Winchester, N. H.....Hinsdale (N. H.) savings.
July 13—People's savings, Lansing, Mich.
July 16—First national, Hillshoro, O.
July 23—German savings, Omaha.
July 27—Farmers' bank, Rock Valley, Ia.
July 29—Denison (O.) deposit.
Aug. 6—American national, New Orleans.....Gosbling Bros., Nevada (Mo.) bankers.....Banks at Bronaugh and Richards, Mo.
Aug. 7—Lake county, East Chicago, Ind.
Aug. 10—Ingham county savings, Lansing, Mich.
Aug. 11—Security, Duluth, Minn.; $800,000.....Murray Hill, New York, $500,000.
Aug. 12—Bank at National City, Col.
Aug. 14—State bank, Iowa, Ill.
Aug. 19—Bank of Argentine, Kan.
Aug. 21—Bank of Wymore, Neb.
Aug. 24—Church & Son's state bank at Howell, Mich.
Aug. 25—Sioux national, Sioux City, Ia., $500,000.
Sept. 1—First national, Beatrice, Neb.
Sept. 2—Manufacturers' bank, West Duluth, Minn.....State Loan & Trust Co. bank, Ogallalla, Neb.
Sept. 4—First national, Helena, Mont.
Sept. 5—Jackson county, Black River Falls, Wis.
Sept. 19—Mutual national, New Orleans.
Sept. 21—Bank of Commerce, New Orleans.
Sept. 24—Bennett national, New Whatcom, Wash.
Sept. 16—Midland state, Omaha, Neb.
Sept. 17—Shellsburg (Wis.) bank.
Sept. 19—National, Troy, N. Y.; $449,000.
Sept. 22—Pawnee (Ill.) bank.
Sept. 22—Marleton (Minn.) bank.
Sept. 25—Argonia (Kan.) state bank.
Sept. 26—Tribune (Kan.) bank.
Oct. 5—First national, Mount Pleasant, Mich.
Oct. 7—First national, Ithaca, Mich.
Oct. 10—Security Trust Co., Nashua, N. H.
Oct. 12—First national, Eddy, N. M.
Oct. 14—Marine national, Duluth, Minn.....Second national, Rockford, Ill.....Bank of Commerce, Buffalo, N. Y.
Oct. 16—Merchant's, Atlanta, Ga.....Bank of Pokwana, S. D.
Oct. 20—Marion (O.) Deposit.
Oct. 24—At Big Rapids, Mich., Mecosta county.
Nov. 5—Marine national, Duluth, Minn.
Nov. 16—Iowa savings, Sioux City.....First national, Decorah, Ia.
Nov. 14—La Harpe (Ill.) bank.
Nov. 19—First national, Sioux City, Ia.....Sioux City, Ia.
Nov. 20—First national, East Saginaw, Mich.
Nov. 23—Dakota national, Sioux Falls, S. D.
Nov. 24—Davis County Savings association, Gallatin, Mo.
Nov. 28—Citizens' bank, Midlothian, Tex.
Nov. 30—First national, Tyler, Tex.....Missouri national, Kansas City; $1,131,000.
Dec. 1—German-American, Portage, Wis.....Bank of Westport, Mo.
Dec. 5—Baxter, of Baxter Springs, Kan.
Dec. 9—Henry county, at Clinton, Mo.
Dec. 10—Harlan (Ia.) state.....Jonathan Easterly, Columbiana (O.) bankers.
Dec. 11—National Bank of Commerce, Duluth, Minn.....First national, Niagara, N. Y.
Dec. 14—First national, Hollidaysburg, Pa.....Banks at Martinsburg and Williamsburg, Pa.
Dec. 21—National bank of Illinois, at Chicago; E. S. Dreyer & Co., Chicago, $1,200,000; Rosmansdorff, Heinemann & Co.
Dec. 22—Bank of Minnesota, and Union Stockyards bank, at St. Paul.
Dec. 23—Bank of West Superior, Wis.....American Banking & Trust Co., Auburn, Me.
Dec. 24—Calumet state bank, Blue Island, Ill.
Dec. 28—Security Mortgage & Trust Co., Dallas, Tex.; $2,000,000—Atlas national, Chicago.
Dec. 28—Bank of Superior, Wis.....Scandinavian of Minneapolis.....McCoy Banking Co., Independence, Mo.

LARGER COMMERCIAL CONCERNS, INVOLVING LIABILITIES OF $500,000 OR OVER.

Jan. 3—At Philadelphia, Solicitors' Loan & Trust Co.
Jan. 10—At Philadelphia, Keene, Sutterlee & Co., exporters and importers, $4,000,000.
Jan. 14—At Minneapolis, American Savings and Loan association.
Jan. 23—William Foster, Jr., mining and manufacturing tollice in New York), $500,000.
Jan. 28—At Louisville, Belle of Nelson distillery; $500,242.
Feb. 6—At New York, R. & H. Adams, cotton goods manufacturers; $500,000.
Feb. 10—At Columbus, O., Northern Fire Association, $900,000.
Feb. 29—Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Co.
Mar. 9—At Holyoke, Mass., Albion Paper Co.; $650,000.
Mar. 14—At St. Paul, Patrick H. Kelly, wholesale merchant; $1,000,000.
Mar. 16—At New Haven, Conn., Peck Bros. & Co., manufacturers of plumbers' and steam fitters' materials; $650,000.
Apr. 22—At Cincinnati, Smith & Nixon, piano dealers; $500,000.
Apr. 23—At Little Rock, Ark., James E. Sayre & Co.; $795,000.
May 2—At Detroit, J. L. Hudson & Co., jobbers; $500,000.
May 5—At New York, American Trading society; $525,000.
May 8—At Akron, O., Ferdinand Schumacher, president American Cereal Co.; $3,500,000.
May 30—At St. Louis, United Elevator Co.; $2,000,000.
June 4—At San Jose, Cal., Jacob Rich, and First St. railroad; $900,000.
June 5—At Wyandotte, Mich., James T. Ellery, lumberman; $500,000.
Aug. 1—Columbus (O.) Buggy Co.; $500,000.....At Bay City, Mich., Samuel G. M. Gates, lumberman; $644,000.
Aug. 3—At Chicago, Moore Bros., dealers in Diamond Match and New York Biscuit stocks; $20,000,000.
Aug. 6—At Chicago, George W. Hankins; $2,300,000.
Aug. 13—At New York, S. F. Myers & Co., manufacturing jewelers, $500,000.
Aug. 19—At New York, Archer & Pancoast Co.; $800,000.
Aug. 24—At Alexandria, Ind., Union Steel Co.; $3,000,000.
Aug. 26—At New York, Hilton, Hughes & Co., dry goods merchants; $1,000,000.
Sept. 30—At Atlantic City, Ia., F. P. Whitney, banker, $520,000.
Nov. 13—Terre Haute and Indianapolis Railway Co.
Dec. 11—W. F. Slade and F. H. Clough, operating Clear River woolen mills, Burrillville, R. I.; $1,000,000.
Dec. 22—G. A. Weiss Malting & Elevator Co., Chicago; $500,000.
Dec. 26—Norton & Co., millers, Chicago; $500,000.
Dec. 28—W. M. & J. S. Van Nortwick, bankers and manufacturers, at Batavia, Ill.; $2,000,000.

CASUALTIES.

RECORDING CATASTROPHIES IN WHICH FIVE OR MORE LIVES WERE LOST.

Jan. 2—At Columbus, O., 6 in fire....At St. Louis, 6 in explosion.
Jan. 4—At Schooley's Station, O., 6 in railway collision.
Jan. 14.—At Highland Light, 9 by sinking of schooner from Boston.
Jan. 17—Near Williams, S. C., 7 by caving in of underground ramp.
Jan. 28—Off Long Island, 10 by foundering of steamer conveying party of Cuban filibusters.
Jan. 30—At Hollidaysburg, Pa., 6 by boiler explosion.
Feb. 6—Near Bristol, Conn., 11 by collapsing of bridge....At Morristown, N. J., 25 by breaking of a dam.
Feb. 8—Off Massachusetts coast, 10 sailors during storm.
Feb. 12—Near Dexter, O., 7 in railway wreck.
Feb. 18—Near New Castle, Col., 55 by gas explosion.
Feb. 20—At Buffalo, N.Y., 13 drowned during storm.
Feh. 23—At Baltimore, 7 in burning home.
Mar. 1—In New England, 12 lost in freshet.
Mar. 6—At Harold, Wis., 7 in burning home.
Mar. 12—In New River Valley, W. Va., 7 by falling of car in coal mine.
Mar. 17—Tug Mascot (left Baltimore in Nov., 1895) lost; 9 drowned.
Mar. 18—At Rifton, N.Y., 5 by explosion of powder mill.
Mar. 23—At Dubois, Pa., 13 miners by gas explosion.
Apr. 1—In Lee county, Va., 5 in freshet....At Greenville, Miss., 5 by boiler explosion....At Brooklyn, N. Y., 10 in burning tenement.
Apr. 2—Col. A. F. Naff, a U. S. deputy marshal, and 7 men drowned in Rainy river in Canada.
Apr. 3—On Little Sexton and Buffalo creeks in Kentucky, 16 in cloudburst....In Montcalm county, Mich., 8 from milk of diseased cows.
Apr. 8—At Ogden, Utah, 7 by powder explosion.
Apr. 11—At Butte, Mont., 6 by explosion of giant powder.
Apr. 18—At Nichart, Mont., 7 by mine explosion.
Apr. 25—In Clay county, Kan., 11 in cyclone.
Apr. 30—Off Newport News, 8 in sinking steamer.
May 11—Below Vicksburg, Miss., 11 by explosion of a tow-boat's boilers.
May 15—At Sherman, Tex., and vicinity, over 100 in cyclone.
May 17—In northeastern Kansas and southeastern Nebraska, 18 in cyclone....At Elva, Ky., 5 in tornado.
May 18—On Pawnee reservation in Nebraska, 40 by cyclone.
May 19—Near Shumway, Ill., 6 by lightning.
May 21—On Osage reservation in Oklahoma, 10 by cyclone.
May 26—Near Boston, 10 in colliding schooners.
May 24—At Palaria, Ia., 9 in cyclone.
May 25—In Polk county, Ia., 50 in cyclone....In northern Illinois, 7 by cyclone.....In Oakland, Macomb and Lapeer counties, Mich., 60 by cyclone.
May 26—At Cairo, Ill., 14 by capsizing of ferryboat.
May 27—At St. Louis and East St. Louis 347 in cyclone....At Labaddie, Mo., 10 by tornado.
May 30—At Seneca, Mo., 25 drowned during cloudburst.
June 1—At Buck Ridge colliery, near Shamokin, Pa., 5 by gas explosion.
June 16—Near Baker City, Ore., 7 by collapsing of reservoir.
June 22—At San Francisco, 5 by collapsing of building....At Donchette, Tex., 7 by boiler explosion.
June 27—At Pittston, Pa., in Twin Shaft mine, 100 by cave-in....At Shawano, Wis., 6 by capsizing of yacht.
July 12—At Lawrence, Kan., 5 swept over a dam....At Chicago, 5 in wreck of excursion train.....At Logan, Ia., 31 in wreck of excursion train.
July 15—At Santiago, Minn., 9 by poisoned lemonade.
July 16—At Cleveland, O., 15 drowned.
July 21—Near Frankfort, Ky., in Benson creek, 10 by flood.
July 26—At Morrison and Golden, Col., 28 by flood.
July 26—At Cecil, Pa., 7 in flood....In Pittsburgh and vicinity, 15 by storm.
July 30—Near Atlantic City, N. J., 47 in railway wreck.
Aug. 6—At Niagara Falls, N. Y., 7 in a fire.
Aug. 7—Near Leighton, Ia., 6 in railway wreck.
Aug. 9—At Columbia, Pa., 5 in trolley accident.
Aug. 10—At Bridesburg, Pa., 5 drowned.
Aug. 11—At New York, 5 in fire....Deaths from heat were recorded as follows: 146 in New York, 22 in Brooklyn, 18 in Philadelphia, 12 in St. Louis, 16 in Terre Haute, Ind., 8 in Chicago and 34 in various other towns.
Aug. 12—Near Bourbon, Ind., 25 by flood.
Aug. 15—In New York city, 651 deaths from heat during week ending with date.
Aug. 16—At Augustine, Ala., 15 by cyclone.
Aug. 17—At Troy, S. C., 5 by boiler explosion.
Aug. 18—Near Butte, Mont., in St. Lawrence mine, 5 by falling cage.
Sept. 1—At Hercules Station, Cal., 12 by explosion.
Sept. 6—At Bentor Harbor, Mich., 11 by falling walls of burning building.
Sept. 21—Off Dorchester, Mass., 6 in storm.
Sept. 26—Schooner Edward E. Webster, of San Francisco, lost in Pacific; 25 drowned.
Sept. 29—At Savannah Ga., 7 by cyclone.
Sept. 30—In Florida, 125 by hurricane....Tornado on the sea islands in Georgia cost 100 lives....In Pennsylvania, at Pottsville, 6; at Reading, 2; at Shamokin, 2, by hurricano.
Oct. 1—At Philson, Pa., 6 in railway wreck.
Oct. 3—Near Osage City, Kan., 7 in railway wreck.
Oct. 15—Near Linden, Wash., 6 in burning home.
Oct. 16—Near Van Buren, Ark., 6 by dynamite explosion.
Oct. 24—In Smith's lake, near Denver, 6 by upsetting of boat.
Oct. 25—In Big Bear cut, near St. Louis, 8 in railway collision.
Oct. 29—In Lincoln and Payne counties, O. T., 7 in cyclone....At Wilkesbarre, Pa., 6 by gas explosion in mine.....In Tensas parish, La., 6 by cyclone.
Nov. 8—Off Muskegon, Mich., 7 in lake during storm.
Nov. 22—Near Hamilton, Mo., 5 in burning house....Off Point Arena, Cal., 6 by steamer San Benito cycling ashore.
Nov. 24—Near Rochelle, O., 16 in prairie fire.
Nov. 29—Near Perry, N. Y., 5 in burning home....Six perished in storm in Dakota.
Nov. 30—Near Conway, Ark., 5 in burning home.
Dec. 5—Near Waelder, Tex., 5 in railway collision.
Dec. 7—In navigating the great lakes during past season, 62 lives lost.
Dec. 8—At Seville, Ga., 6 by boiler explosion.
Dec. 16—Near Redcliff, Col., 6 by falling earth in tunnel.
Dec. 18—At Ouray, Col., 5 in falling cage in mine.
Dec. 20—At New York, 5 in burning home.
Dec. 21—At Wilkesbarre, Pa., 6 in mine explosion.
Dec. 27—Near Birmingham, Ala., 27 in railway wreck....At Princeton, Ind., 6 in mine explosion.

CRIMES AND SUICIDES.

SOME OF THE MORE STARTLING DOMESTIC TRAGEDIES MENTIONED.

Jan. 13—At Chicago, Peter Hongaard asphyxiated himself and family of 6.
Jan. 14—Near Marysville, Mo., Mrs. Joseph Hilderbrandt killed her 7 children and self; despondency.
Feb. 4—At St. Paul, Minn., Joe Friedman shot former sweetheart, Julia Celker, his rival, Hoffman, then killed himself.
Feb. 11—At Newton, Ia., Charles Phares shot father-in-law (R. T. Smith), killed mother-in-law and self; insane.
Feb. 14—At Centerville, Ia., George Jones killed Leah Martin (sweetheart), her mother and self.
Feb. 27—Near Blue Earth City, Minn., Moritz Firky killed wife and self.
Mar. 31—At San Francisco, Mrs. Olga Deuss killed her 2 children and self.
Apr. 8—At Millica, Tex., John Brooks killed his daughter and her lover (about to elope) and self....At Mallett, La., 25 blacks and 2 whites killed in riot.
Apr. 10—At Pentwater, Mich., S. B. Minshall killed William H. O. Sands, his (Minshall's) wife and 3 children.
Apr. 14—At Chicago, John Lehman killed his 3 children and self; financial trouble.
Apr. 25—At Rockville, Ind., Peter Egbert killed Mrs. Herman Haschke, 2 children, Sheriff W. M. Mull, Deputy Sheriff Sweem and self.
May 4—Near Sturgeon Bay, Wis., Mrs. F. N. Sailer drowned her 2 children and self; family trouble.
May 14—Near Ripley, O., Widow Fitzpatrick killed her 4 children and self.
May 15—At Irwin, Pa., Bernard Koch poisoned brother-in-law, wife, and 2 children and drowned himself.
July 20—Near Huntington, W. Va., Etta Robbins killed A. J. Call, his daughter Nottie, and wounded tha other 3 members of family.
July 21—Near Attica, Mich., George Swain killed his 3 children and self; insane with grief over wife's death.
July 22—Near Royston, Ga., Dave Berryman, in drunken fit, killed wife, 3 children and self.
July 25—Near Jasper, Fla., 6 men killed in battle between whites and blacks.
Aug. 28—At Kansas City, Mo., Mrs. W. W. Green killed her 3 children and self; insane.
Oct. 14—At Red Key, Ind., Mrs. Col. Vernon poisoned her 2 children and self.
Oct. 27—Near Richmond, Mo., Mrs. Jessie Winner and her 3 children murdered.
Nov. 14—At Glenwood Springs, Col., J. B. Spurrier shot Nina Cornell and J. F. Wilson (her escort) then killed himself; jealousy.
Nov. 20—At Valley City, N. D., man and woman registering at hotel as T. Owens and wife committed suicide.
Nov. 27—At De Kalb, Ill., H. L. Bower killed wife and self.
Dec. 7—Near Argos, Ind., George Deacon killed wife and self.
Dec. 15—At Detroit, Mich., Ernest L. Chase, aged, killed wife and self.
Dec. 22—Near Madella, Minn., John Vattle killed Frederick Joblinsk, son, daughter and himself....At Cincinnati James Preston killed his wife, her son and self.
Dec. 23—At Washington J. D. Williams killed wife and self.

SOME NOTABLE LYNCHINGS.

Jan. 8—Near Lexington, Tenn., Frank Simpson and Harrison Fuller (negroes); assault.
Jan. 11—Near New Orleans, Patrick Morris (white) and wife (colored); charged with keeping disorderly house.
Jan. 12—Near Fort Holmes, O. T., 4 outlaws by vigilance committee.
Feb. 12—Grant Atterbury, at Sullivan, Ill., charged with assaulting sister-in-law.
Feb. 26—Foster Crawford and "The Kid," at Wichita, Tex., murder and attempted bank robbery.
Feb. 29—Paul and Gilbert Frances, at Convent, La.; attempted robbery.
Apr. 25—William and Victor Hills, at McMinville, Tenn.; murder.
May 10—Redden Williams, near Mintau, Ala.; raped his daughter.
June 1—Jesse Slayton and William Miles (colored), at Columbus, Ga.; assault.
June 10—Louis Whitehead, George I. Johnson and Jim Reddick, at Bryan, Tex., assault.
Aug. 1—Two negroes who attempted to assassinate Col. C. D. Hunter, near Selma, Ala.
Aug. 8—Lorenzo Saladino, Recino Sorceora and Angelo Marcuso, at Hahnville, La.; murder.
Aug. 19—Frank Biles (half-breed Indian), at Austin, Wash.; assault.
Sept. 6—Dorman Musgrove and C. A. Cingman, at Glencoe, Minn.; murder of Sheriff Joseph Rogers.
Sept 19—Walter Brown (negro), at Slayden's Crossing, Miss.; murderous assault on Mrs. Sladen, postmistress, aged 73.
Nov. 14—Charles Allen (negro), at Kenzie, Tenn.; criminal assault.
Dec. 7—Jim Davis, near Pine Bluff, Ark.
Dec. 18—Arch Dink and Bill Proctor, near Russellville, Ky.; murder.
Dec. 19—George Finley (colored), near Mayfield, Ky.; assault.
Dec. 21—Jim Stone (colored), at Mayfield, Ky.; assault.
Dec. 22—Joe James (colored), at Woodstock, Ala.; attempted assault.
Dec. 27—Alfred Holt (colored), at Owensburg, Ky.; murder.

FIRES.

INVOLVING A LOSS OF HALF A MILLION DOLLARS OR MORE.

Feb. 2—In Philadelphia, American Baptist Publication society, American Baptist Historical society and a dry goods firm; $2,000,000.
Mar. 2—At Minneapolis, G. W. Van Duzen & Co., elevator; $800,000.
Apr. 2—At Brunswick, Ga., wharves, warehouses and business blocks; $500,000.
Apr. 25—At Cripple Creek, Col., 250 buildings; incendiary, $1,000,000.
Apr. 27—Cripple Creek, Col., nearly wiped out by second incendiary fire.
Apr. 29—At Quincy, Ill., business buildings; $200,000.
May 2—At San Francisco, W. A. Fuller & Co.'s pants factory; $500,000.
May 6—At Elyria, O., business houses; $100,000.
May 19—At Ashland, Wis., dockage and lumber, $500,000.
July 12—At Nashville, Tenn., business block; $300,000....At St. Louis, Merchants' Terminal elevator.
July 18—At Chicago, City street railway car barns; $542,700.
Aug. 27—At Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., business bl ks, post office and custom house; $300,000.
Sept. 3—At Norfolk, Va., 27 buildings.
Sept. 5—At South Beach, N. Y., 6 summer hotels.
Oct. 8—All bridges over Union river and the Iron river bridge and nearly all the 20 bridges between Fund Union and Ontonagon, Mich., together with much farm property.
Oct. 26—In Chicago, grain elevators of Chicago & Pacific Elevator Co.: $1,200,000.
Dec. 9—Chester, Ark.; business section.
Dec. 17—Near Pittsburgh, Casino skating rink; $500,000.
Dec. 21—Business section, Fitzgerald, Ga.
Dec. 23—Part of business portion, Somerset, Ind.
Dec. 21—Polyclinic hospital, New York; $500,000.
Dec. 27—Part of business section, Potsdam, N. Y.; Business portion, Minml, Fin.

Following towns and cities entirely or almost entirely destroyed by flames: Snow Hill, Md. (Mar. 6); Aetna Mills, Col. (Mar. 16); North Port, Wash. (Mar. 19); Gypsum, Kan. (Mar. 24); Benton, Ark. (Mar. 26); Rockford, Mich. (Apr. 8); Dorchester, Neb. and Dagsboro, Del. (Apr. 14); L'Anse, Mich., $2,000,000 (May 10); Cottage Grove, Tenn. (May 13); Whitehouse, O. (July 3); Marengo, O. (July 9); Malvern, Ark., and Trout Run, Pa. (July 19); Hillsboro, Ind. (July 29); Gladis, Mich. (Aug. 3); Ontonagon, Mich., $2,000,000 (Aug. 25); Poplar Grove, Ill. (Sept. 17); Springfield, Ky. (Oct. 22); Elk, W. Va. (Nov. 9); Mercer, Pa. (Nov. 17); Flippen, Ky., Weston, Mo., and East Corinth, Vt. (Dec. 4); Jamestown, Cal. (Dec. 17.)

FOREIGN.

Jan. 3—Dr Jameson with force of 750 men defeated in battle with Transvaal Boers.
Jan. 4—Near Aintab, Asia Minor, 900 Armenians killed by Kurds.
Jan. 11—Armenian advices say that in provinces of Harpoot and Diarhekir 176 towns have been destroyed and 15,845 Armenians killed.
Jan. 15—Premier Greenway's liberal government in Manitoba returned to power by a large majority on national school issue.
Jan. 17—Capt. Gen. Martinez de Campos resigns command of Spanish army in Cuba.
Jan. 26—Lord (Sir Frederic) Leighton, president of Royal academy, dies in London; aged 65.
Jan. 30—John Hays Hammond, American imprisoned in Transvaal, appeals to U. S. for assistance.
Feh. 13—Uprising of Coreans against imperial order forbidding cues resulted in murder of premier and 7 officials and flight of king and queen to Russian legation.
Feb. 15—President Dole grants ex-Queen Liliuokalani full pardon.
Feb. 25—Reports from Constantinople tell of fresh massacres at Malatia and 7 other points of Armenia.
Mar. 1—Office of American consul at Barcelona stoned, because U. S. senate passed resolutions favorable to Cuban belligerents.
Mar. 2—Spain apologizes for outrage on consulate at Barcelona, offering to make reparation.
Mar. 4—Practical annihilation of Italian army in Abyssinia forced Crispi cabinet to resign.
Mar. 8—New Italian ministry formed with Marquis di Rudini as premier and Gen. Ricotti as minister of war.
Mar. 11—Definite statistics of fighting at Adowa show Italian loss of 12,500 killed and wounded.
Mar. 20—Khalifa declares holy war against Egypt.
Apr. 23—French cahinet resigned.
May 1—Nazir-ed-Din, shah of Persia, assassinated near Teheran.
May 26—Emperor Nicholas Alexandrovitch, autocrat of all the Russias, and Empress Alexandra Feodorovna crowned in Moscow....Over 100 lives lost by giving way of bridge at Victoria, B. C.
May 30—Stampede of people at Moscow at a popular feast in honor of czar's coronation caused death of 3,000 persons.
June 8—Muzaffer-ed-Din, new shah of Persia, enthroned at Teheran.
June 11—John Hays Hammond, Col. Rhodes, George Farrar and J. W. Leonard released from Pretoria jail on paying fine of $125,000 each.
June 17—Tidal wave on island of Yesso, Japan, drowned 30,000 people.
July 8—Sir Charles Tupper and cabinet resign at Ottawa, Ont.
July 13—Poririo Diaz reelected president of Mexico.
Aug. 5—Consuls and missionaries estimate that fully 1,000,000 deaths have occurred in Armenia due to massacres and starvation.
Sept. 24—At Kemah, near Erzingan, 2,000 Armenians murdered.
Oct. 3—William Morris, poet, author and designer, died in London; aged 62.
Oct. 6—Czar and czarina of Russia received in Paris.
Oct. 8—George du Maurier, artist, novelist, author of "Trilby," died in London; aged 62.
Oct. 26—Advices from Turkey tell of massacre at Egin; 2,000 Armenians slain.
Nov. 9—Near San Jose, Cuba, 19 noncombatants butchered by Spaniards.
Nov. 12—Gen. Weyler and troops driven from camp by insurgents at Pinar del Rio, Cuba, with loss of 34 killed.
Nov. 27—Massacre of 500 near Diarbekir, Armenia.
Dec. 3—Province of Mamouret-Ul-Aziz raided by 10,000 Kurds, pillaging villages and massacring inhabitants.
Dec. 7—Antonio Maceo, Cuban insurgent leader, invited to a Spanish conference, treacherously slain in ambush.
Dec. 16—Maceo reported to be alive.
Dec. 17—Dr. Adolph Danchee elected president of Swiss confederation....Violent earthquake in British Isles.
Dec. 22—Amnesty granted Armenian prisoners not sentenced to death for murder in Constantinople....Mohammedan rebellion in northern China ended.

INDUSTRIAL.

Feb. 1—Indefinite closing of collierres in western anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania makes 15,000 men and boys idle.
Feb. 17—Large clothing manufacturers in Chicago declared their independence of labor union rule in their establishments.
Mar. 16—Clothing cutters' and trimmers' strike in Chicago renders 25,000 idle.
Apr. 3—No. 5 mill of Lawrence Manufacturing Co. at Lowell, Mass., closed; 2,000 operatives thrown out of work.
Apr. 31—In Indiana, 4,000 miners in bituminous field struck for raise in wages.
May 4—Milwaukee street car lines tied up by strike of employes for increase in wages.
June 17—Middlesex woolen mill at Lowell, Mass., closed indefinitely; 1,000 thrown out of work.
June 18—Printers' strike in Minneapolis settled by agreement to arbitrate.
June 27—Braddock (Pa.) wire works closed; 1,000 men thrown-out of work.
June 30—Pending settlement of wage scale every iron mill in Mahoning valley in Ohio closes; 8,500 men affected.
July 2—One killed and many wounded in riot between strikers and police at Brown Hoisting & Conveying Co. in Cleveland; troops called out.
July 21—Brotherhood of Tailors in New York strike, involving 12,000 workmen.
Aug. 4—Rioting at Brown hoisting works in Cleveland drew fire of militia.
Aug. 12—Strike ordered in Ohio where men work for less than scale rates, and in all mines operated under contract lease system.
Aug. 25—Locked out men of Brown Hoisting & Conveying Co's. works at Cleveland voted to return to work.
Aug. 31—At Wheeling, W. Va., 3,000 employes of Riverside iron works strike against 20 per cent. wage reduction.
Sept. 5—At Johnstown, Pa., 2,000 men thrown out of work by indefinitely closing many departments of Cambria iron works.
Sept. 21—Lawlessness at Coronado mine in Leadville, Col., causes 4 deaths and $25,000 property loss.
Sept. 23—Martial law in Leadville, Col.
Sept. 26—Miners' strike at Leadville, Col., ended; work resumed at old wages.
Sept. 28—Cleveland (O.) rolling mill closed down; 4,000 thrown out of work.
Oct. 2—At Boston 3,000 men and women employed in manufacture of clothing go on strike.
Oct. 21—Striking miners in many large mines in Hocking Valley, O., return to work at reduced wages of 45 cents a ton.
Nov. 5—Pork butchers in Chicago strike for wage advance.
Nov. 24—Difference between window glass workers and manufacturers settled at conference in Pittsburgh, putting 15,000 men (idle since May 30) to work Dec. 15.
Dec. 10—During months of Nov. and Dec. among others tha following concerns, extensive employers of labor, have resumed operations: Painter & Sons' hoopiron mill and Jones & Laughlin continuous mill, Pittsburgh; Illinois Steel Co.'s steel and billet departments, Joliet, Ill.; Niagara iron foundry, Irvington, N. Y.; Arcade File, Emanuette Tile, American Wire Nail and Anderson Nut and Bolt Cos. at Anderson, Ind.; Dowagiac (Mich.) Co.'s drill works; Whitaker iron works and Wheeling Steel and Iron Co., at Wheeling, Va.; Ohio Falls car works, Jeffersonville, Ind.; Ensign car works, Huntington, W. Va.; Phoenix Furniture Co., Widdecomb Furniture Co., Nelson & Matter Co., Grand Rapids Brush Co., at Grand Rapids, Mich.; Porter brick yards, Chesterton, Ind.; Ironton fire brick yards, and Parker fire brick yards, Coal Grove, Ky.; Ashland Steel Co.'s plant and Norton nail works, Ashland, Ky.; Rockefeller's Lake Superior mines; Corrugating works, rolling mill, Snyder Bentwood works and Orr linseed mill, Piqua, O.; Des Moines (Ia.) Packing Co.; Chambers, Bearing & Quiniau, F. H. Taft & Co., Decatur Furniture Co. and Wabash railway shops, Decatur, Ill.; Cambria steel mills, Johnstown, Pa.; Vale mills, Nashua, N. H.; Falls Cotton Co., Norwich, Conn.; Pemherton mills, Lawrence, Mass.; American sheet-iron mill, Parry & Soudders' knitting establishment, Philipsburg, Pa.; Rhodes, Riddle and Angora mills, Media, Pa.; Bellefonte (Pa) glass plant; Lima (O) paper mills; Consolidated Steel & Wire Co., Braddock, Pa.; Edgar Thomson steel works, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Aetna Milk Co., Norfolk, Conn.; ore mines, Ore Hill, Conn.; Sawyer cotton mills, Colebrook River, Conn.; shop department, busheling furnaces and muck rolls of Western Tube Co., Kewanee, Ill.; Aetna rolling mill, Cleveland, O.; Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.
Dec. 16—Following concerns among others have during months of Nov. and Dec. closed shop: Paul paper mill, Menasha, Wis.; Peninsular car works, Detroit, Mich.; Probst Construction Co., Chicago; East St. Louis Packing Co.; Alexander Smith & Sons' Carpet Co.'s tapestry mill, Yonkers, N. Y.; Ohio Iron Co.'s furnaces and rolling mills, Zanesville; Crescent type foundry, Chicago; Meyer Bros., cloak manufacturers, New York; Decker Bros., piano manufacturers, New York; flour mills at Superior, Wis.; Rock City Falls (N. Y.) Paper Co.; Willis A. Meyer's department store, Milwaukee, Wis.; John M. Negus Shoe Co., Barrie, Mass.; Union Dry Goods Co., Sioux City, Ia.; Heather & Co., dry goods, New York; C. C. Adams, jewelry, New York; Excelsior Machine and Boiler Works Co., Chicago; White & Howe Co., shoe dealers, Sioux City, Ia.; Louis Grahower, dry goods, Marquette, Mich.; Herman Waterman, grain dealer, San Francisco; G. F. Grassel & Co., dry goods, Cincinnati; Laconia Car Co., Laconia, N. H.

METEOROLOGY.

Feb. 6—Entire coast from Florida to Maine swept by heavy gales reaching velocities from 50 to 70 miles.
Mar. 1—Floods from rain in New England cause $2,000,000 loss.
Mar. 31—Cloudburst along Little Sexton creek in Clay county, Ky.
Apr. 12—Terrific wind and snowstorm in Cripple Creek district of Colorado.
Apr. 13—Texas cyclone wrecked houses at Regan, Abilene, latan, Colorado City and Fort Worth....Heavy anowfall at Palmer Lake, Col.
Apr. 17—Much damage done by rain in Vernon county, Wis.; village of Odanah under water.
Apr. 20—Tornado did great damage in Erie, Sandusky and Tiffin, O.
Apr. 27—Cyclone near Sanhorn, N. D....Cyclone at Manley, Plymouth and Rock Falls, Ia.
Apr. 28—Epiphany, N. D., completely destroyed by cyclone.
Apr. 29—Cyclone in Boone, Audrian and Monroe counties, Mo....Cyclone in Chickasaw, Butler and Bremer counties, Ia.
May 8—Cyclone at Clark, S. D.
May 12—Cyclone at Lincoln, Neb....Cyclone nt Worthington, Minn.
May 13—Cloudburst at Bloomer, Wis.....Panama, Neb., destroyed by cyclone.
May 15—Smithton, Pa., wrecked by windstorm and cloudburst.
May 21—Cyclone 7 miles south of Emporia, Kan.
May 23—Sahor, S. D., nearly demolished by cloudburst....La Fontaine, Kan., nearly destroyed by cyclone.
May 24—Cloudburst between La Moille and State Center, Ia.
May 27—Rush Hill, Mo., almost destroyed by tornado....St. Louis, East St. Louis and vicinity swept by cyclone; $12,000,000.
May 28—Tornado at Mt. Vernon, Ind.....Hurricnne in Indinna did great damage at Elwood, Lapel, Alexandria, Middletown, Muncie, Frankton, Linwood and Yorkton.
June 9—Wyeth City, Ala., destroyed by cyclone....Lake City, Cal., nearly destroyed by cloudburst.
June 14—Wind and rainstorm at Atlantic City and Asbury Park, N. J.
June 17—Buildings wrecked at Kingman, Penalosa, Anthony and Attica, Kan., by windstorm.
June 22—Tornado swept Marion and Jackson counties, O....Hail in western Nebraska blocked railway trains....Hurricane at Ridgeville, Ind.
June 23—Tornado at Clayton, Clear Lake, Neshkoro and La Crosse, Wis.
June 24—Cyclone in Texas swept from Willis Point to Waco, doing immense damage.
June 27—Buildings wrecked at West Louisville, Ky., by cyclone.
July 1—Cloudburst at Borden, Ind.
July 6—Flood swept valleys bordering Wegee and Pipe creeks south of Bellaire, O....Waterspout in Ohio and Marshall counties, W. Va.
July 8—Business section of Mobile, Ala., suffered severely from tornado.
July 15—Wind and rainstorm in southern Michigan....Heavy rain at Pittsburgh and Allegheny did nearly $1,000,000 damage.
July 20—Damage to crops on Roanoke river in North Carolina amounted to over $1,000,000.
July 25—Auburn, W. Va., destroyed by heavy rains.
July 27—Wind and rain did heavy damage in Pittsburgh, Pa., and vicinity....Storm at Van Wert, O., cost $400,000....St. Anthony, Ia., nearly destroyed by storm.
July 29—Cloudburst at Steubenville, O.
Aug. 10—Cloudburst at Fort Wayne, Ind.
Aug. 12—Flood in Tiptown river

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

"BY AND BY" AND "NEVER."

Of all the roads so pleasant,
So smooth unto our feet,
So tempting and inviting,
Whose roses seem so sweet,
There's none along life's journey,
Beneath youth's cloudless sky,
That leads to half the mischief
Of that road, "By and by!"

Of all the far-off cities,
In story or in song,
Where dark regrets, like phantoms,
In countless numbers throng—
Where hopes lie coldly shattered,
'Mid sorrow and 'mid shame,
There's none like one dim city,
And "Never" is its name.

Oh, eager hands that labor
In youth's bright, golden clime!
Oh, earnest hearts, remember
How speeds the foot of Time!
Take heed, lest all unfruitful
Your dearest purpose die;
For to that city "Never"
The road is "By and by."
—George Cooper, in Golden Days.

BRAVE HORACE COMER.

All England Hails Him as a New True British Casablanca.

Wherever the British flag floats—and it floats pretty nearly everywhere that the wind blows—men take off their hats in approbation of the British tar. Even the Yankee who gave Johnny Bull such a lot of thrashing in the war of 1812, and can do it over again, does not demur too loudly at the tuneful proposition that "Britannia rules the wave."

And in Britannia's journey round the world, wherever she has gone grabbing territory and pocketing good, hard dollars, there the British sailor has been at the fore, taking hard knocks, with only the thoroughly Saxon determination to give them back again with compound interest. When the game has been against him, when the enemy has been too fierce or too frequent, or a flying missile has battered the English sailor's hulk so that he was unfit for service, and perhaps had only a brief residue of life left in him, it has been discovered and set down in history that he died as he had lived—game and a glutton for fight. He has invariably had the English Jack flying when the waters of eternity closed over him.

He has lived for centuries in the full belief and consistent practice of that doctrine so recently and well enunciated by Fessenden, of Connecticut: "God Almighty hates a quitter."

But of all the British sailor-men who in all ages and in all climes have brought glory and renown to England, there has never been one with more unadulterated British sand than little Horace Comer. Horace Comer is not an admiral. He is not even an ensign or a midshipmite. He is only a first-class apprentice, and a mere speck of one at that; but he has the stuff in him which England will need some day upon her quarter decks, when the Russian bear takes to following the salt water in search of conquests. There was a lad like him in the French navy once before. His name was Nelson. The French knew him, and there is a monument in Trafalgar square now to his memory.

The story of Horace Comer might be headed: "Casabianca Up to Date."

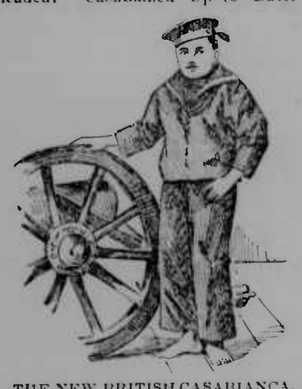

THE NEW BRITISH CASABIANCA.

The lad who so many years took up his stand

—— "on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled,"

and who is still standing there, a model of fidelity and courage to the youth of all time to come, had no whit the better of little Horace Comer. He, too, saw the flames rushing from the ship's hatches and licking the tarred rigging with greedy tongues, and the great English heart in him rose in the face of the forlornest hope the seaman ever knows. Little as he is, he was master of the situation, and not a captain in all the service ever did more yeoman duty than he did. He saved a goodly ship for England. Horace Comer, age 14, learned the rudiments of seamanship on board the famous Exmouth training ship, and when he had learned under the marine masters there something of how to hand, reef and steer, and ship a salvage, he was shipped on board the Marino, a steamer of 6,000 tons. He went a couple of voyages in her, attended to his business, and gave evidence of being a good sample of the thorough-going English boy. On her latest voyage, bound for Yokohama, the Marino took fire at sea during a storm. The crew battled stubbornly with the flames, but it looked a losing fight. They had the boats all ready to cast off, when little Comer jumped into the shrouds and shouted: "I won't go! I've shipped on board this ship, and where she goes, I'll go with her. What's the use of takin' on men? If we've got to die, let's die like men, and like Englishmen!"

The British tars heard him, and stopped and began to fight the fire again. They fought it so well, with the lad's taunt ringing in their ears, that they brought the vessel safe into the Azores.

Little Comer's foot was badly burned—so badly that he implored the ship's surgeon to cut it off. "They'll give me a wooden one, I know," he said. But the foot was saved to occupy, maybe, some day an admiral's shoe.—N. Y. Journal.

JOLLY LITTLE HERMIT.

The Chipmunk Is Entitled to Respectful Consideration by Boys.

When the blackbirds have come, and the arrival of the robins is announced, and you wander along the sunny woodside or warm shelter of a ledge with eyes hungering for a spear of green grass, an unfolding leaf or mallow blossom-bud, or any visible token of spring, and with ears thirsting for its sounds, the hunger and thirst of the senses are measurably appeased by the sight and sound of a chipmunk.

How fresh and bright he looks, his striped coat unsullied by long burial! How cheery his full-mouthed cluck or sharper chirp, without a trace of drowsiness after months of sleep! He seems to have burst into new life as freshly as a leaf or a flower, and he voices spring as perfectly and joyously as do the birds and the running brooks.

He suffers you to come so near his seat on a sun-warmed rock or mossy log that you catch the full expression of his bright eyes, regarding you with alert curiosity, and can see every vibration imparted to his little body by his ecstatic chucks. But if you overstep the prescribed limits, or make a sudden movement, he is gone like a flash, with a light, quick rustle of dry leaves and a "chitter!" that is smothered in the depths of his burrow.

Later in the season he may be guilty of sins against the farmer as unpar-

"HOW BRIGHT HE LOOKS!"

donable as the crows', but you will not outlaw him for uncommitted crimes, and would no more harm him now than you would the welcome robin or beloved bluebird or dear song-sparrow. You wish that he might not be led into the temptation of the newly-planted cornfield, and might be delivered from guns and cats and naughty boys.

Though you would not harm a hair of his sleek body, to-day you remember with a pang of remorse how miserable you made his life with the slings and arrows of outrageous boyhood. You are thankful that the gathering years have softened your heart. But, alas for the chipmunk! there are yet boys.

Many years ago, one summer day when the chipmunk had long been a familiar of the sun, and when woodside and ledge were shadowed by full-grown leaves, I was lounging on the grass that grew in the half-shaded spaces between the scattered trees of a sugar-place. Near by was an old sugar house, an open shed fronting a rude fireplace, and both, now that they were fallen into the indolence of three seasons, were the homes and haunts of several chipmunks.

Five or six could be seen at once, some perched in crannies of the fireplace, others scampering in and out of the shanty, and all looking very pretty and cunning. As I watched them I began to whistle softly, with no more definite purpose than to attract their attention.

This I at once succeeded in doing, and three of my audience, evidently young fellows full of youthful curiosity, left off their romping and came out toward me through the tall grass which to them was forest jungle.

For a minute they were hidden in it, and then they reappeared within four feet of me.

I happened to have a herdsgrass stalk in my hand, and I cautiously advanced the head toward them, moving it gently to and fro. The little fellows watched it a moment, and then began to follow its movements—at first timidly, like shy kittens, but after a little they were chasing it back and forth quite fearlessly, often running over my feet and legs.

So we amused each other till I could stay no longer. Though I arose with the utmost care not to alarm them, my pretty playmates were seized by a sudden panic, and went scampering and chittering into their various places of refuge. Perhaps when I stood up they instinctively recognized in me a semblance of the terrible boy.

I do not know whether it is because the decrease of larger game has forced the weasel, the fox and the hawk to content themselves with such small deer that we less frequently see the jolly little hermit tacking along the angled thoroughfare of the rail fence, or sitting on some rock or cradle knoll near the door of his cell, and so seldom hear the continuous iteration of his cheery note; but even so it is, as every woodland stroller must confess.

At the same time, too, he must deplore the loss of this atom from the wild life of his favorite haunts.—Rowland E. Robinson, in Youth's Companion.

Where Haste Is Bad Form.

All travelers in Africa comment on the deliberation of the natives. One who brings you a message does not rush up and deliver it and bolt away. He first puts his weapons in a place of safety, then sents himself comfortably on the ground, and, after a long breathing spell, tells what he has to say. If you reach a village at noon to-day, no matter how important it may be to keep moving, the chief will feel very much disappointed if you do not spend the whole of the next day in camp in or near his village.

She Gave Herself Away.

A Boston girl had her hair cut short, donned male attire, and passed for a boy. People suspected her real sex by noticing her loitering in front of millinery stores.

FARM AND GARDEN.

WISCONSIN WIDE AWAKE.

Everybody in the State Is Enthusiastic About Road Reform.

It is pretty well settled that "good roads" will be a rallying cry in Wisconsin until good roads come in each of the counties. The prejudice that for some time has divided the farming element and Wisconsin's army of more than 100,000 wheelmen and wheelwomen, a greater number of people than any general, north or south, led into a battle, is rapidly disappearing. If it has not already disappeared. Two or three years ago the farmers allowed themselves to believe that the good roads agitation was wholly in the interest of the wheelmen, and that the burden of providing them would fall upon the farmers' shoulders. That idea has exploded. While the farmers know that good roads mean increased comfort and pleasure for those who ride the wheel, they have come to understand that good roads mean more than that to them; that they not only mean pleasure and comfort for them but a high degree of profit—profit in time saved; profit in vastly larger loads while marketing their products; profit in saved horse flesh; profit in a large increase in the value of their farms. They have come to realize that good roads are cheap roads, the cheapest that the farmer can have. They have only to point to here and there patches of good road that have needed no attention, in some instances, for a quarter of a century.

It is safe to say, now, that the cry for good roads is as heartily entered into by the farmers of Wisconsin as it is by the wheelmen. The press of the state is a unit in favor of good roads and its columns are open for their advocacy. Politicians have noted the turn of the tide. The best men of the professions are in the good roads procession. This is notably true of the teachers and preachers, most of whom are users of the wheel as a means of grace, pleasure and promoter of health.

At a recent banquet the superintendent of the farmers' institutes, Prof. McKerrow, declared that in each of the 110 institutes to be held the coming winter the question of good roads would be given close attention. It will be discussed in all of the teachers' institutes. It will be the subject for discussion by debating clubs, including those connected with the high and district schools. There is not a man of prominence in the state, in office or out of office, who is not pronounced in favor of good roads.

When the good road procession passes by watch for Wisconsin well to the right of the column.—Chicago Times-Herald.

WASTE OF VAST WEALTH.

Why Farmers Should Make Liberal Outlays for Good Roads.

The national good roads congress will hold its next yearly session at Orlando, Fla. This is somewhat remote from the path of commerce, but nevertheless the place of meeting may be well chosen. Good roads are a necessity in all states, and the aggregate of good to the republic cannot be attained until in all parts of the country all highways are fit for travel by heavily laden wagons at all times of the year.

It is possible that the interest of the farming people in good roads has been retarded of expression by continual preachment of the advantages that bicycle riders and pleasure seekers on horseback or in vehicles will derive from improved highways. These, though important, are secondary considerations.

The loss to the United States by bad roads is estimated at from $200,000,000 to $300,000,000 a year. It is a loss caused by enforced idleness during many months of the year, and by the employment of needless horse power during most months. In the spring and summer the farmer can find work in plenty on his farm. In the fall and winter he ought to be able to haul hay, grain, wood, and other material to market. It is in these seasons that, as a rule, he can obtain the highest prices for his products and it is in these seasons that he can market them without taking time that ought to be used in the work of plowing, sowing and harvesting. But it is in these seasons that he is forced to be idle, or to haul half a load with four horses, instead of a full load with two, because of the wretched or impassable condition of the roads.

It is strange that a class of men so frugal and so wisely economic in most expenditures has hesitated to make liberal outlays for road improvement. No farmer is foolish enough to grumble at an outlay of $100 or $150 for good mowers and reapers, for it is known that the difference between $150 on a reaper and $3 on a scythe or "cradle" is soon compensated by saving on wages. But an outlay of $200 on each farm for good roads is looked upon by many as extravagant, though if that amount were levied as a tax upon every 100 acres, and wisely expended, there would be an improvement amounting to a favorable revolution in farm life within the next few years.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Market for Filled Cheese.

As a result of the congressional laws affecting the manufacture of filled cheese the figures on file in the Chicago internal revenue office indicates that hardly ten per cent. of the former business is now being done. The year previous to September 1, when the act of congress went into effect, 15,000,000 pounds were made, yielding a revenue of $1,000,000 and keeping 30 factories busy. A foreign market has been created, and since September three factories have qualified to Collector Mize. They expect during the coming year to make 1,500,000 pounds.

Pliny said for the uses of life bees labor, work, ordain a commonwealth, have their private councils, their public warlike actions, and have morality.

CALENDAR FOR 1897.

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DECEMBER						
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HOMEOPATHIC NOTES.

Doctor's Wife—"Have you told Mrs. Blank that her baby is deaf and dumb?" Old Doctor—"Not exactly; but I have told her that if the little girl grew up and married her husband would be devoted to her."—Spare Moments.

Patient—"I have a great habit of talking in my sleep, doctor." Physician—"You sleep alone, do you not?" Patient—"Yes." Physician—"Then I don't see as talking in your sleep is a serious matter. What is needed is to put a stop to some people's talking in their wake."—Boston Transcript.

Doctor—"Yes, I examined your son carefully, and I am convinced that his condition is entirely due to climatic influence; you ought to send him to a warmer climate. Parent—"Why, doctor, that's absurd; ever since he's had a bicycle he's done nothing else but scorch."—Boston Courier.

"Well, I see old Banks has finally quit smoking. I heard his doctor tell him over a year ago that unless he stopped it would kill him, and his wife has been at him about it ever since." "But that wasn't what made him swear off. His typewriter girl objected to his breath."—Cleveland Leader.

SPICES.

The Malabar coast of India furnishes the natives with cardamon and mustard comes from the East Indies.

Cinnamon, a small portion of which was once held a present which kings were glad to receive, is a native of Ceylon and had been known from the most remote time. It was first carried to Europe by the Arabs. Cassia bark is a relative of cinnamon and is prized for flavoring liquors and chocolate.

The Spice islands have given the world few things more popular than the dried buds of a tree smoked and dried in the sun, named in Latin for their resemblance to a nail, clavus, and called by us cloves. In the same group of islands a small collection of islands are planted entirely in nutmeg trees.

Caraway, from the northern and central parts of Europe and Asia, is used as flavoring in cooking and drinks, in cheese, cakes and bread. Sweet marjoram, native to Portugal and the east, is employed as a seasoning, and capers originally grew wild in Greece and northern Africa. Asafetida, which has an unsavory reputation among us, is highly prized as a condiment in Persia and India and is used in France.

"Why do they say 'as smart as a steel trap?'" asked the talkative boarder. "I never could see anything particularly intellectual about a steel trap." "A steel trap is called smart," explained Mr. Asbury Peppers, in his sweetest voice, "because it knows exactly the right time to shut up."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Why He Was Depressed.—"Somehow," he said disconsolately, "I don't seem ter make furnitur pay." "Maybe you haven't tried the right way." "Yes; I've done ev'rything. I've 'tended meetin's an' joined clubs an' voted fur every candidate that said he knowed the way ter help us along. But it don't seem ter do no good, an' I mus' say I'm gettin' clean discouraged."—Washington Star.

"Papa, don't fish have legs?" "They do not," answered papa. "Why don't they, papa?" "Because fishes swim and don't require legs." The small boy was silent for a few minutes and papa forgot about his questions. Then he said—"Papa, ducks have legs, don't they?" "Yes." "Then why don't fishes have legs if ducks do? Or why don't ducks not have legs if fishes don't?" Papa gave it up.—Pearson's Weekly.

Somnambula—"I had an uncle who knew a week before the exact day and hour he was to die." Wagstaff—"Who told him?" "The sheriff."—Tit-Bits.

We are carried through many a hard thing by the very press and stimulus to our whole nature, summoned in its integrity to act or to endure. It is like the 15 pounds to the square inch which we rest in, because we bear it on all the square inches.—Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

Young Lawyer (on his first case)—"I'd give anything to win this case, but I don't see how it is possible to clear you." Prisoner (modestly suggesting)—"I don't sp'ose ye'd like ter swear yer committed the crime yerself?"—Tit-Bits.

Bonny—"Pop, what does hereditary mean?" Fond Parent—"It means, Bobby, something that goes from parent to child. Now see if you can give me an example of something that is hereditary!" Bobby—"Measles. I get 'em from mother."—Brooklyn Life.

A REPUTATION FOR ONIONS.

The Odorous Bulb Is Exported to England by Egypt.

English imports of onions have increased from Egypt and it is acknowledged that this country is at present the most active and aggressive competitor in the onion trade. Egypt has been regarded by some people as the land of pyramids and mummies only, but it has from time immemorial had a reputation for onions. Ancient Egyptians swore by the onion and regarded the plant as sacred. The inscription on the pyramid of Cheops tells us that the workmen had onions given to them and from the Bible we learn that the Hebrews, when slaves under Pharaoh, enjoyed these bulbs, and that when far away they remembered "the leeks and the onions and the garlic." The trade with Egypt for onions is now so important that four lines of steamers are engaged in the traffic, bringing consignments from Alexandria to Liverpool, Hull and London.

The Egyptian onion is a handsome and useful vegetable, and by selecting the best strains of seed the quality tends year by year to improve. The Egyptians know two varieties—the "baali" and the "miskaoui"—but supplies of the latter kind are seldom sent abroad, as they absorb so much moisture from the frequently irrigated ground in which they are grown that they do not stand a sea voyage well. The "baali" onion is the more popular Egyptian onion and is grown in yellow soil, which is sparingly watered while the bulbs are maturing, in order that the onions may stand a lengthy sea voyage with little risk of "sprouting." So excellent in quality are these onions that efforts are, it is said, being made in other countries to raise onions from Egyptian seed.—Chambers' Journal.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Millions of men who are daily "Tobacco Spitting and Smoking Their Lives Away" will be glad to learn that the makers of No-To-Bac, the famous guaranteed tobacco habit cure, that has freed over 400,000 tobacco users in the last few years, have put on the market a fifty cent package of their great remedy. This will give every tobacco user a chance to test No-To-Bac's power to control the desire for tobacco in every form and at the same time be benefitted by No-To-Bac's nerve strengthening qualities. Every tobacco user should procure a fifty cent box at once from his druggist or order it by mail. You will be surprised to see how easily and quickly the desire for tobacco disappears. Any reader can obtain a sample and booklet free by addressing the Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York, and mentioning this paper.

No invitation, we think, ever caused quite as much talk as the telephone.—Yonkers Statesman.

There are no excuses not to use St. Jacobs Oil for bruises.

The reformer is a living declination of war.—Ram's Horn.

A dull, racking pain—neuralgia. Its sure cure—St. Jacobs Oil.

The man who robs another of his right loses most by the transaction.—Ram's Horn.

Just try a 10c. box of Cascarets candy cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made

No one can study elocution and not be affected afterward.—Atchison Globe.

Greek Fire.

Greek fire, which had several other names—wild fire, liquid fire, wet fire and rain—descriptive of its destructiveness, is said to have been the most destructive engine of war previous to gunpowder. Discovered by Callinicus, a Syrian, it was first used in the siege of Constantinople, 675-678, and at Mecca, 690.

Great Irrigation Work.

Ditches are now in course of construction in the Big Horn basin, in Wyoming, which will irrigate 125,000 acres of land.

There is such a thing as having great influence without having great talent.—Ram's Horn.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me many a doctor's bill.—S. F. Hance, Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, '95.

A Missourian always likes to cut a figure or whittle when he is thinking.

Burning, itching, frost-bite. Use St. Jacobs Oil—cures promptly. Costs the fewest.

Seven out of ten men who order raw oysters do not like them.—Atchison Globe.

When bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

A GREAT deal of nonsense has been written—and believed, about blood purifiers. What purifies the blood? - - -

THE KIDNEYS PURIFY THE BLOOD

AND THEY ALONE.

If diseased, however, they cannot, and the blood continually becomes more Impure. Every drop of blood in the body goes through the kidneys, the sewers of the system, every three minutes, night and day, while life endures.

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puts the kidneys in perfect health, and nature does the rest.

The heavy, dragged out feeling, the bilious attacks, headaches, nervous unrest, fickle appetite, all caused by poisoned blood, will disappear when the kidneys properly perform their functions.

There is no doubt about this. Thousands have so testified. The theory is right, the cure is right and health follows as a natural sequence.

Be self-convinced through personal proof.

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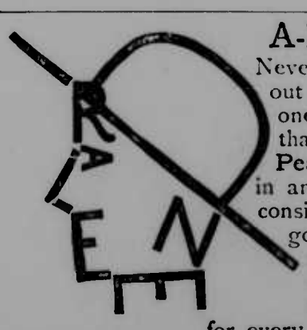

A-head of Pearline?

Never! Not a bit of it! That is out of the question. Probably not one of the many washing-powders that have been made to imitate Pearline would claim to excel it in any way. All they ask is to be considered "the same as" or "as good as" Pearline. But they're not even that. Pearline is to-day, just as it has been from the first, the best thing in the world for every kind of washing and cleaning.

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Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa.

1. Because it is absolutely pure.
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3. Because beans of the finest quality are used.
4. Because it is made by a method which preserves unimpaired the exquisite natural flavor and odor of the beans.
5. Because it is the most economical, costing less than one cent a cup.

Be sure that you get the genuine article made by WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass. Established 1780.

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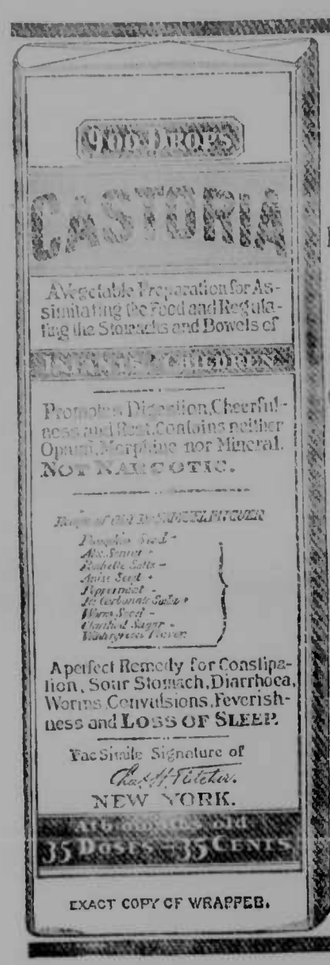

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get a nice lot of letter heads and envelopes properly and appropriately printed.

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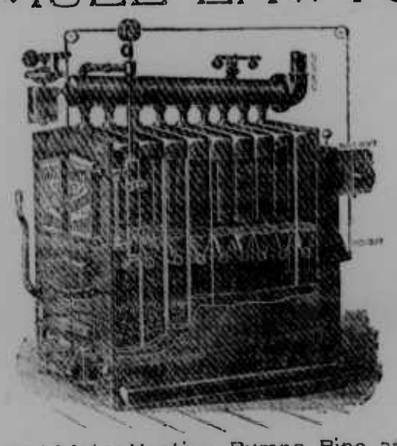

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3 21	8 31	Rawlings	11 21	6 59
3 56	8 59	Keyser	11 01	6 34
4 01	9 04	Westernport	10 51	6 24
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. June.	10 18	6 20
4 37	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5 52
5 00	10 00	Harrison	10 00	*5 28
5 15	10 45* ar	Elk Garden	8 55	*4 00
5 35	10 35* lv	Gorman	9 21	4 54
5 41	10 11	Bayard	9 15	4 48
5 52	10 52	Dobbin	9 01	4 38
6 23	11 23	Thomas	8 30	4 05
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	8 00	3 15
8 27	11 27 lv	Coketon	8 31	4 02
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	7 59	3 30
6 57	11 57	Rretz	7 51	3 25
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 51	3 22
7 30	12 31	Kerens	7 18	2 47
8 00*	1 00 ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	12 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
				P. M.
	3 05* ar	Beallington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. J. BEITZ, General Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

After Sunday, Dec. 27, and until further notice Sunday trains will be discontinued.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, November 22, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily ..... 2.46 A. M
No. 3—Daily ..... 6.41 A. M
No. 71—Accom daily except Sun ..... 9.30 A. M
No. 47—Daily ..... 10.49 A. M
No. 55—Express, daily ..... 5.13 P. M
No. 1—Daily ..... 9.58 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily ..... 5.59 A. M
No. 2—Daily ..... 6.31 A. M
No. 72—Accom daily except Sun ..... 1.58 P. M
No. 46—Daily ..... 4.41 P. M
No. 4—Daily ..... 12.29 A. M

Will take passengers for Terra Alta, Rowlesburg, Newburg and Tunnelton.

CHAS. O. SCULL, General Passenger Agent.

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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11, 1897.

Senator Sherman will probably settle the question of whether he is to be Secretary of State in the coming administration, during the present week, as he will by special invitation, have a personal conference with President-elect McKinley at Canton. Mr. Sherman's personal inclinations are not towards the Cabinet, but he is prepared to do his duty as a good Republican and a patriotic citizen, and if it be the wish of President McKinley and of the Ohio Republicans, who have given him such great political honors in the past that he should accept a cabinet portfolio, he will not allow his personal inclinations to stand in the way. That he would make a good Secretary of State is as certain as that he has made a good Senator and a good Secretary of the Treasury and while his colleagues would miss his experience and wisdom in the Senate, the knowledge that President McKinley and the country would have the benefit of them would go far towards consoling them for the loss.

Having heard what the parties directly interested had to say about the new tariff bill, the Republicans of the House Ways and Means Committee will this week begin the actual construction of the bill. The Democratic members of the committee had the privilege of attending the hearings, and some of them availed themselves of it, but the construction of the bill will only be participated in by the Republican members. Chairman Dingley has pointed out the difference in this task and the construction of the McKinley bill in 1890, and it should not be lost sight of by those who are interested in seeing the arduous task successfully performed. In 1890 the Treasury had a surplus which was growing larger all the time, and the tariff bill was intended to protect American products and manufactures and at the same time, to reduce the receipts of the government. Now, again referring to Chairman Dingley's words, the new tariff bill must protect American products and manufactures, and at the same time, add from $50,000,000 to $75,000,000 a year to the Government receipts, in order to provide for the deficit made by the insufficiency of revenue produced by the Democratic tariff bill, which Mr. Cleveland denounced as an outrage and refused to sign, and which he now declares to be a good thing, notwithstanding all the trouble it has brought to the country.

The Loud bill depriving sample copies of newspapers and books of the right to be sent through the mail at the pound rates was passed by the House, and has now gone to the Senate, where its prospect of being acted upon is far from bright. It will be fought hard and time is getting scarce.

The speech of Representative Johnson, of California, on the Pacific Railroad Funding bill, which was to-day disposed of by the House, in which he made a vicious personal attark upon Mr. W. R. Hearst, proprietor of the San Francisco Examiner and the New York Journal, is much regretted by all who heard it. Some of the language of Mr. Johnson was so vulgar and indecent that it could not be printed in newspapers which go through the mail without a violation of law—such language as should never be heard in a gathering of gentlemen and which no provocation can excuse. Disgusting people never brings them to your way of thinking.

It remained for Senator Mills to introduce a humorous phase to the Cuban question. His resolution, upon which he made a speech to-day in his usual style—he works harder than a blacksmith when he makes a speech—after reciting that Cuba ought to be free and declaring that this country recognizes its independence, and that the President must act in harmony with Congress, provides for the appointment of a U. S. Minister to Cuba and appropriates $10,000 to pay his salary and expenses. The idea of appointing a minister to a country which as yet has neither government, according to the common American conception of government, nor a capital is regarded as about the choicest tidbit of humor turned upnt the present session of Congress, although Mr. Mills doesn't pose as a funny man.

Representative and Senator-elect Money, of Miss., is back from his fool trip to Cuba, but if he found out anything that the newspapers have not already acquainted the people of the United States with he has not told it. He has suddenly adopted an owl-like style. He looks mysterious and drops mysterious hints about what he might tell if so disposed, but it does not fool anybody.

A Correction.

In the account of the arrest of John Hetrick which appeared in these columns last week the types make us say that he was arrested at the residence of Mr. Jacob Feik in District No. 5, whereas his arrest was made at the residence of Mr. Henry Feik in District No. 6. This correction is made to clear Mr. Jacob Feik of any connection with the harboring of Hetrick.

Ripans Tabules relieve nausea

SAVE
BABY'S LIFE.

Teething time is the most trying time of infancy. The little gums are hot and swollen. They tingle and ache and smart. All the nerves in the little body are on edge. Sleep restless—digestion bad.

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All work entrusted to my care will receive Prompt Attention.

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Farmers,

Look to Your Interests.

The Oakland Flouring Mill is now ready to grind a million bushels of buckwheat. The best equipped mill in the county; all latest improved machinery. Can give either

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Mr. E. A. Dudley, who has charge, has been a life-long miller, and knows how to make a good turnout of buckwheat flour.

Don't fail to give him a Trial. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Will make arrangements with all the Oakland merchants to buy your flour at big prices. Don't fail to give the Oakland Mills a trial.

Don't forget the place, Water street, formerly owned by the late H. A. Rasche.

Yours obediently,

THE OAKLAND MILLS.

51-1yr.

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

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I, the undersigned, have removed my place of business from the Lear building to the Ravenscroft (Mayers) building on Railroad street, where I will continue to carry a well assorted stock of

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and give special attention to the repairing of watches, clocks, etc.

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H. C. SMOUSE.

29—2m.

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31—26

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of Mr D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

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All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

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All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

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LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

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Representing
JOHNSON, OMOHUNDRO & CO.,
WHOLESALE NOTIONS, Etc.,
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A specialty of Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.

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Shop on Liberty Street.
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DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, JANUARY 21, 1897. NUMBER 46.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby—Personal Mention, Etc.

WANTED. Chestnut cross-ties at H. E. Offutt & Son's. 45-3t

WANTED, mine props at D. E. Offutt & Son's. 45-2t.

Mr. John A. Delawder, of McHenry, was in Oakland a few hours last Friday.

Mr. David Little is lying dangerously ill at his home in the east end of town.

Mr. Parley DeBerry, of Terra Alta, was in Oakland last Saturday for a few hours.

Miss Annie Spedden has gone to Kingwood to visit her sister, Mrs. G. A. Bolden.

Mr. Thomas J. Peddicord was in attendance at the Allegany county court Tuesday.

The Misses Jarboe entertained very pleasantly the euchre club at their residence on Tuesday evening.

Mr. Chas. J. Newman returned from Lonaconing yesterday evening suffering with an attack of the grip.

The firm of Whetzell & Hall at Kearney, has been dissolved. See announcement in our advertising columns this week.

Dr. John G. Robinson, who was a sufferer for several days last week with an aggravated attack of the grip has recovered.

Mr. M. H. Dodge, of Terra Alta, who recently graduated at an optical college in Philadelphia, was in Oakland last Monday a short time.

Last Saturday the Board of Control and Review for this county declared a recess until Tuesday, Feb. 9th when they will again meet and conclude their work.

Owing to the absence of the editor from town and illness in the office force this week the local department of THE REPUBLICAN does not contain its usual quota of news.

A very great number of new cases of the grip has developed in Oakland during the past week. Hardly a home in Oakland has escaped being visited by the disease.

Monday morning the editor went to Baltimore to attend a meeting of the Republican Editorial Association where he was elected a delegate to the National Editorial Association which meets at Galveston, Tex., on Feb. 16th.

The members of the Auxiliary of the Episcopal church are arranging an entertainment to be given in Shartzer's Opera House some time next month. The proceeds of the entertainment will be applied to the missionary cause.

Mr. Geo. E. Bishoff, of Hoyes, was in Oakland last Thursday working up an interest of the Sunday schools of the county. Mr Bishoff is president of the Union in this county and will in future devote considerable time to the improvement of the different organizations.

Mr. A. C. Suddreth, the photographer, was very seriously injured by a fall on the icy sidewalk last Friday evening and in consequence was laid up for several days. During his illness Mr. Will Loar, of Grafton, his employer, operated the gallery in Oakland.

Caused by the spreading of the rails on Monday morning last one of the heavy B. & O. engines drawing an east bound freight train, was thrown from the track just west of the depot in Oakland and delayed traffic on that track for several hours.

A letter received at this office yesterday morning from Elkins, W. Va., announced that Mr. Bliss Riley, son of ex-Sheriff and Mrs. John H. Riley, is slowly recovering from an attack of typhoid fever and that Mrs. Riley and her son will visit Oakland in a few weeks.

Mr. George F. Richardson, of Pittsburg, who has been employed for some months with a bridge company of the above city, met with an accident whilst pursuing his work one day last week at Piedmont which has since compelled him to walk with the aid of crutches. He is now in Oakland visiting his sister, Mrs. Leah F. Sincell.

The case of John Shartzer, substituted trustee, vs. the Mountain Lake Park Association in the Court of Appeals at Annapolis, did not come up for argument until last Thursday when it was argued by Messrs. Story and Peddicord for appellees and Messrs. Sincell and Richmond for the appellant. It will be probably two months before the decision of the court in the case is handed down.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

The Oakland Planing Mill Co. is now ready to do any kind of work which is generally done at a first-class mill, including bank counters, mantles, screen doors, bee hives, etc. Furniture made to order. Stair building a specialty. 41-3t

J. B. Williams, the Frostburg marble dealer, desires to thank the people of Garrett county for the large patronage he received from them in 1896, which proves they prefer buying their memorial work from a firm that does the best of work and uses nothing but the best of material. For 1897, with increased facilties, he will be able to sell work cheaper than ever. 45-2t.

Call for Your Letters.

Mr. John Ast, Mr. Edward Hildal, Mrs. John E. McLucis, Miss Mamie Hogar.

Sales Advertized.

By Mr. Percy H. Veitch, on Saturday, Feb. 13th, a lot of ground at Deer Park at mortgagee's sale.

Special Notice.

The service at Garrett Memorial church on next Sabbath will be in the morning and not evening as announced.

Roll of Honor.

The following named pupils of the fourth grade in the Oakland public school were neither absent nor tardy during the month ending January 15th: Edie Porter, Dora Martin, Bertha Shartzer, Earl Ashby, Ernest Ashby, George Sincell, Frank Byrd, Claude Brown.

"Si" Summers' Mail.

The Teara Alta correspondent of the West Virginia *Argus* remarks: "Si" Summers, the snake hunter, is receiving more mail now than the average Congressman. The advertising given him by the newspapers lately has made his name a by-word all over the United States, and he is now receiving orders from Maine to California for sample bottles of rattlesnake oil.

Death of Eddie Sharpes.

A rumor in Oakland last week which was given no credence at the time was to the effect that Eddie Sharpes had died in Pueblo, Col., a few days previous. By reading the following clipping taken from the Buckhannon *Delta* his many friends in Oakland will be pained to learn that the rumor was true:

"Edward Sharpes, son of Rev. W. J. Sharpes of this place, died at the home of C. W. Hart, in Pueblo, Colorado, of consumption, January 11, 1897, aged about 22 years. He went there but a short time since, thinking that the dry climate would stay the inroads of that dread disease, but too late, and he has passed from all earthly suffering and pain. His remains will be brought back here for interment."

The Macauley-Patton Co.

Last Saturday night the Macauley-Patton Co. closed a week's engagement at Shartzer's Opera House and on Monday morning went to Lonaconing where they will fill an engagement this week. All the members of this company are thorough actors and in every play produced here acquitted themselves admirably. They were accorded applause on every hand. The members of the company both individually and collectively, made many warm friends during their stay. As announced at the closing performance Saturday night Mr. Macauley expects to return to Oakland during the coming summer and will appear in a repertoire of popular plays. Should his intentions be carried out he will certainly meet with a hearty welcome. The best wishes of the people of Oakland will follow this company no matter where they go and on their return they will receive a cordial reception.

Gratitude of a Rattlesnake.

A man over in Preston county driving home one evening, noticed a snake lying in the road with its head pinned under a stone. Feeling compassion for the reptile he got out of his sleigh and lifted the stone from the rattlesnake's head, where, by the way, it had been lying in such a position as not to injure the snake. He was greatly astonished to find the snake so grateful for this act of kindness that it commenced purring and rubbing itself against the gentleman's legs and furthermore proceeded to follow him home and to fool around him generally, while he put his horse in the barn, etc. To his further astonishment, the snake persisted in following him into the house remaining in the dining room during dinner, and on his retiring, accompanied him upstairs and curled itself in a comfortable position on the floor right under the window. By this time the Preston man had gotten so accustomed to snakes that it did not interfere with his sleeping in the slightest. Toward the middle of the night, he was awakened by an unusual noise, and, on striking a light, discovered a burglar had tried to enter his room and the snake had wound itself around his legs, holding him as if in a vice, while its tail was out of the window rattling for a policeman.

Local Institute.

A local institute will be held at Oakland the 5th and 6th of February. The program of the 5th (Friday night) will consist of an entertainment held at the school building to which the public is cordially invited. The program will be published in a later issue of this paper. The following is the program for Saturday:

Address of welcome, Prof. William Hinebaugh; response, Prof. A. W. DeWitt; penmanship, Mr. Hrrry McAnkeny; simple numbers, Miss Ella Martin.

"How the schools of Garrett may be improved," Mr. J. S. Gregg, Mr. W. A. Moffett, Mr. S. H. Ralston, Mr. Chas. Ashby, Mr. A. L. Lee, Mr. M. H. Frankhouser.

History, Mr. E. E. Friend; moral training, Miss Emma McBerry; decimal fractions Miss Margaret Grim.

Discussion, resolved that Garrett county needs a change in text books. Affirmative, F. J. Fringer, M. R. Frantz, W. A. Bannan, C. G. Teats, Miss Vada DeWitt; negative, M. L. Selby, R. C. Collins, Frank Glotfelty, Geo. W. Moon, Miss Alice DeBerry.

Busy work, Miss Emma Hamill; illustrative teaching, Miss Edna M. Cox.

Died.

SMITHMAN.—On Friday morning last Mr. A. H. Smithman, an old and respected citizen of Oakland, died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. Loewenstein, with whom he has made his home for several years past. Mr. Smithman was born in Germany in 1819 and emigrated to this country when he was quite young. He was a member of St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church and also a member of Crook Post G. A. R. He leaves four children, they being Mr. Jos. H. Smithman, Mrs. Annie Loewenstein, Mrs. John W. Wolf and Mrs. James M. Litzinger. His funeral occurred on Sunday afternoon last from his late home, the services at the house being conducted by Rev. J. W. Butler. At the cemetery the services were in charge of the G. A. R. post. The interment was made in the Odd Fellows' cemetery.

LITTLE.—On Saturday last the three months old child of Mr. and Mrs. George Little died in Oakland after a short illness. The funeral occurred Sunday, being conducted by Rev. Butler. Interment was made in Odd Fellows' cemetery.

A Character Sketch.

To the Editor of The Republican.

Several years ago while walking along a street in the outskirts of Cincinnati, Ohio, I stopped in front of a one and a half story frame dwelling where a number of colored children were huddled together engaged in serious and solemn conversation. After listening for a while to their low tones I learned that there was death within.

I cannot tell why I knocked at the door and went into the house of mourning. An old colored woman, and a child cold in death, were the only occupants. I inquired about her family. "I hab no family," she said. "All de res' done gone but me. My old man wah workin' in de Cote House an' wah killed in de riot at de time de Cote House wah burned. De chile yo' see in dat little coffin ober yandah wah my daughtah's chile. Heh mammy died when de chile wah about foh months ole." "How ole wah she when she died?" "Bout six years yestahday mawnin when de good Lawd called heh home. Mistah, yoh eber lose a little chile?" I assured her that the angel of death had touched the fair brow of one of my loved ones with his cold hand, and said, "This boy is mine." "Den sah," she said, "yo' poo' heart wah bleedin' too, jes' like mine wah dis mawnin'. My trouble's all ober now. Hit wah habd for' me to make myself beliebe dat my dahlin' wah dead fo' shoo. All yestahday I done nuffin but walk de floo'. I'd go up to dat little coffin an I'd look down at dat cole, still face an' I'd bend ovah until my face most touched hit, an' I put my han' up to my ear an' call Manda! Manda!! Manda!!!, but her lips jest seemed like dey wah glued togothu, an' den I sot down an' cried till I tho't this poo' ole heaht 'ud break. By an by I took de lookin' glass an put it close to hit's face to fin' out if dah wah any breff comin' from its poo' little body, an' when I seed de glass wah not a bit wet, I kno'd foh sho dat hit's spirit had gone home. I hab shed all de teahs I am gwine to shed. De blessed Lawd took little Manda in his arms yistahday mawnin'. I done wrong to go on so an' cry 'bout de will ob de Lawd. I fo'got dat de Mastah said 'suffah little chil'ren to come unto me, an' fo'bid dem not.' Heah, take dis," handing me a little book and pointing to a place which she had previously marked. "Read dat, sah; dat's wheh I done got an' got a heap consolation." I read: "A devout Christian lady on being informed of the death by drowning, of her two remaining children, both boys, she said with unmurmuring Christian resignation, 'I feel that the Lord has resolved to take my whole heart, and I am resolved that He shall have it.'" "Yes sah, mistah, de good Lawd hab done gone an took e'enemost all my heaht; now de chile's gone left. I'se 'solved too, I'm jes' waitin'; twon't be long any moah, Mister.

"Jes' befo' y'h come in sah, I 'wah thinkin' dat hit wah all wrong foh us to cry an' go on 'bout ouh dead; about ouh buried hopes an' ouh lost loves. Jes' think ob dat sweet little angel goin' fro' de same gate ob de tomb fro' which ouh Savioh passed. Ain't it bettah foh us to be happy an rejoice ovah such a blessed passage dan to be weepin' all de time? Hit always seemed to me dat de time fo' weepin' is when de Lawd lays one ob His precious littie lambs on de mother's breast; when He trusts one ob His little ones to another's care to fit it foh a good life in dis worl' ob sin an' sorrow, an' fit it fo' de bettah worl'. No sah, I hab no clouds 'bout my futah. When I wah a slave an' when I seed my chil'en taken one by one away from me, an when I heah de folks say 'a niggah hab no soul,' I e'emmost bellebe it. But somehow I felt a feelin deep down in my heaht dat it wah somethin in dis poo' black body dat would libe aftah death, an' dat I would see my chil'en again. Aftah de wah I libed wid a lady in Tenn'see who leahned me how to read. I took de good book and I praised de good Lawd when I read in hit dat he took a black man into de chariot wid himself an' baptized him. I know den fo' sho' dat a 'niggah' hab a soul, fo' de Lawd would not go foolin' 'round, baptizin a lump ob clay. No sah, I am not [illegible] dis house, an all de white folks ar' very kind to me. Sah, I am glad you called. Good bye, sah."

I left that humble dwelling feeling that I had been where heavenly messengers had so recently taken an emancipated soul from all earthly care to the throne of glory. K.

Bible Peculiarities.

A contributor, who claims to have made the researches and calculations himself, sends the following article on bibleal pecularities:

The Bible contains 3,646,489 letters, 773,502 words, 31,173 verses, 1,189 chapters and 66 books. The word And occurs 46,247 times; the word Lord occurs 1,855 times; the word Jesus occurs 932 times; the ward Rev. occurs but once, which is in the 9th verse of cili Psalm; the word ferry boat occurs but once, which is in the 18 verse and 19th chapter of 2nd Samuel; the word chimney occurs but once, which is in the 3rd verse and 13th chapter of Hosea; the word Townclerk occurs but once, which is in the 19th chapter and 35th verse of Acts; the words Boys and Girls occur but once, which are in the 8th chapter and 5th verse of Zacharias. The book of Ester has ten chapters but neither the word Lord or God is in it; the song of Solomon has 8 chapters and neither the word Lord or God is in it; the 24th verse of the 107th chapter of Psalms is the middle verse of the Bible; the 141st chapter of Psalms is the middle chapter of the Bible. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet except the letter J; the 19th chapter of the 2nd Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike; the finest chapter to read is the 20th chapter of Acts; the longest verse to read is the 9th verse of the 8th chapter of Esther; the shortest verse is the 35th verse of the 11th chapter of John. The 8th, 21st and 31st verses of the chapter 107 Psalm end alike. There are no words of more than six syllables; the word Governor occurs but once, which is in the 11th chapter and 32nd verse of the 2nd Corinthians; the word Wax is found only once, which is in the 11th verse and 1st chapter of Hebrews; the word Slaves occurs but once, which is in the 43rd verse in the 14th chapter of Mark; the word Ice occurs but once, which is in the 29th verse of the 38th chapter of Job, the word Snow-water occurs but once, which is in the 30th verse and 9th chapter of Job; the word Apple-tree occurs but once, which is in the 3rd verse and 2nd chapter of the Song of Solomon; the word Wine-press occurs but once, which is in the 3rd verse and 23rd chapter of Isaiah; the word Wine-bibber occurs but once, which is found in the 20th chapter and 33rd verse of Proverbs.

CURES COUGHS AND COLDS HONEY-TOLU CURES

CURE COUGHS OR COLDS

—BY TAKING—

HONEY - TOLU,

A POSITIVE CURE.

FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

Price, - - - - 25 Cents.

Sold by all Druggists or Dealers.

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MONROETON GOLD CURE INSTITUTE,

ARLINGTON HOTEL, ORAFTON.

For the Treatment of Liquor, Morphine and Cigarette Habit.

Absolute Cure Guaranteed. All Communications Strictly Private. 15-13

Brown and Oil King Wagons.

We have arranged with the Brown Manufacturing Company for a car load of the above named Wagons to be delivered in February. The OIL KING is a new style and made at a price to suit the times. Any person wishing to purchase a good Wagon need will give us their order before shipment is made, shall have the benefit of all freights. Wagons made to order in any style or size, steel skeins or hollow axle. The very best evidence as to the superior quality of the Brown Wagons is their constantly increasing demand and the high favor with which they are regarded by dealers and purchasers in all parts of the country. Twenty-five years experience in Farm and Freight Lumber Wagons has demonstrated to us that the Farmers and Teamsters in general want and are willing to pay a fair price for a strictly first-class article—a wagon that is known to be just as represented. Further information furnished on application.

Hathaway Patent Panel Fence Wire.

THE IDEAL FENCING FOR STOCK.

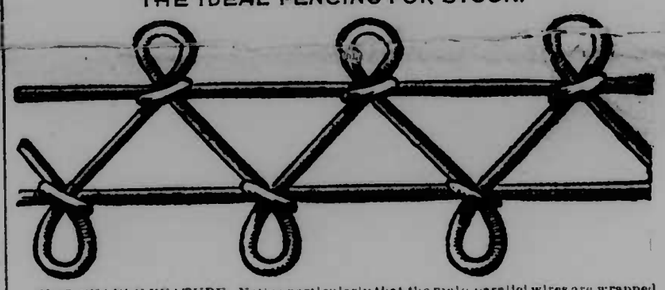

NOTICEABLE FEATURE—Notice particularly that the main parallel wires are wrapped around and securely fastened to the zig-zag truss wire. This construction makes a rigid, visible and absolutely non-collapsible fencing strand, a distinctive feature with the Hathaway fence not found in other patterns of panel or truss fencing.

Hathaway panels stand erect, ever visible and ever handsome, and this panel fencing is very strong, being made of best quality of steel wire, well galvanized; it is easily put up, and if properly stretched will not sag.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,

OAKLAND, MD.

BOB SLEDS.

Having just taken in another car of these, we are in a position to fill all orders for both WHOLESALE and RETAIL, trade upon receipt. Our Sleds are the best that can be produced. Circular mailed upon request.

THE WILLIAM RYLAND COMPANY,

Wholesale-Retail Dealers,

FRIENDSVILLE, MARYLAND.

We have a plan by which Farmers can get

TOOL CHESTS FREE

Containing of first-class quality (guaranteed) every tool—Axes, Saws and Planes included—necessary to repair vehicles, machines or build a house. Three two-cent stamps and the name of this paper required for particulars. Powell Fertilizer & Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

TEMPERANCE.

TO THE BOYS.

There's no beauty, boys, in a glass of wine,
But there's ruin and shame therein;
There's no joy or peace to be found there, boys,
But there's trouble, and sorrow and sin.

The weak become the fallen
If they yield to it's tempting sway.
It leads to degradation,
Growing deeper every day.

But listen, boys, for a message
From the law of God to you;
And you need not fear the cup, boys,
If you stand by it brave and true.

The message is, shun it forever,
Look not while it moveth aright,
For God's law is that no drunkard
Shall enter the Gate of Light.

Then look to Jesus for help, my boys,
For courage to always say no;
And always be upright and true, my boys,
No matter where you may go.
—Jennie Rowill.

ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES.

Awful Story of Neglect on Part of Drunken Parents Almost Beyond Belief.

Sarah McGeown was three months old, and lived with her parents at 7 Shore street in New York city. Her mother had yielded to the temptations to drinking which abound in the neighborhood, and according to her own confession, made on the 16th ult., had been indulging during the previous week. On Saturday, 13, she left the child in charge of her husband, and started for a visitation of the public-houses in the vicinity. When she had satisfied herself, she managed in some way or other to return to her domicile and to lay herself alongside of the baby, who had in the interval been deserted by the father, and who had received no nourishment from the morning. The father who fancied that, notwithstanding the pledge he was trying to keep, he had as good a right as his spouse to a drop at the end of the week, especially after an hour's nursing, did not return till almost closing time.

On Sunday father and mother drank as much as they could procure. The former taking it into his head that the latter was not attending to the child's appeals for nourishment—as the milk of human kindness, not to speak of

DRUNKEN FATHER, DEAD BABE.

maternal love, had turned to bitterness—struck her by way of asserting his conjugal authority and his paternal affection. The blow had the intended effect, and the little one was allowed, as best its strength would admit, to appease the pangs of hunger at the fount of life.

On Monday father and mother, giving themselves over to the bottle again, went out together, that neither might have undue advantage of the other, to convert into current coin whatever within the four-walls offered itself to them in the shape of garment, furniture, or heirloom. From the pawnshop they hastened to the grog-shop, where they enjoyed themselves until their money was exhausted. On their return to the ground-floor of the house whose upper story gave them shelter, they felt unable for the task of ascending the stairway until they had negotiated for and consumed a further supply of whisky—this time in company with their landlady and her family.

All this time the infant was alone, as far as earthly nurse or comforter was concerned. She was without food, without the soothing presence of a human being, or the music of a voice to fill the great void space which presented itself to her sad eyes. She cried, but there was no one to hear; she suffered agony, but there was no one to sympathize or help. How long must have seemed to her those hours during which her Heaven-ordained guardians were in raptures over the "cup of kindness." At last convulsions set in; there was a short, sharp struggle; the muscles became rigid, the hands clenched, the face set, and the spirit flew away from the world which had wronged it so, and which was calculated to make such an unfavorable impression upon it, to that land where are those who have "come up out of great tribulation."

When the drunk and incapable father climbed to the room little Sarah had fallen off the bolster where she had been laid in the morning, her face lay upon her arm as if to protect it from the floor, and she was—dead.—National Temperance Advocate.

Pledge for School Boys.

By direction of the Omaha board of education boys in the public schools are asked to sign, of their own free will, a pledge to abstain from the use of tobacco during their school days, with a proviso that they can be released from their pledge at any time on a personal request. The teachers report that the plan has worked well, that very many of the boys have signed the pledge, and that keeping it has come to be regarded as a matter of honor. Better scholarship, better morals, and more cleanly habits are among the direct results of the movement.

Less tobacco is consumed in Great Britain, in proportion to the inhabitants, than any other civilized country. The average is 23 ounces per annum for each person.

CIGARETTES.

The Amount of Money Worse Than Wasted on Tobacco During a Single Year.

From Tobacco, which claims to be the only paper exclusively for wholesale and retail dealers in cigars and manufactured tobacco, we find that 4,050,844,220 cigarettes were made, and presumably smoked, during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1896—an increase of 722,356,543 over the preceding year. The number of cigars manufactured was considerably greater, aggregating 4,237,755,943, though the increase over the preceding year is much less than that in the manufacture of cigarettes. The increase in the number of cigars was only 73,783,504, as against an increase of 722,356,543 cigarettes. The Inter Ocean aptly says: "This augurs ill for the health of the next generation."

No less than 12,548,600 pounds of snuff were sold during the same year. This being 1,777,125 pounds more than was marketed the preceding year.

Nor is this all. The figures of the statistician show that the consumption of manufactured tobacco, for chewing and smoking, increased during the same period 5,397,000 pounds, the total output for the year being 253,667,138 pounds. Hard times do not seem to affect the tobacco trade at all unfavorably any more than they do the liquor traffic, but to give to both trades a stronger tone and a much more extended market.

The aggregate cost of the annual output of tobacco, snuff, cigars and cigarettes to the consumers in this country amounts to $600,000,000. Surely tobacco is an expensive luxury. Add to this the $1,000,000,000 annually expended in the consumption of liquor, and we have the enormous sum of $1,600,000,000 wasted, and worse than wasted, in the United States every year. What wonder if we have hard times and oft-recurring financial panics so long as this continues?—National Temperance Advocate.

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

As the saloon prospers the home is beggared.

Strong drink is the devil's way to man and man's way to the devil.—National Temperance Advocate.

A candid saloonkeeper at Des Moines, Ia., says the saloon is a necessity, and "necessity knows no law."

Whisky is not a tonic. It is probably an alternative; it certainly alters dollars to cents, virtue to crime, and men to brutes.—Good Health.

"I don't see why the court licenses men to sell liquor and then punishes so severely those who drink for what liquor does." This was what a country lad, who had yielded to temptation wrote to his sister.—National Temperance Advocate.

In a summing up of the year's outlay for drink and its consequences, the Irish Temperance league reports that "the fines on the drunkard-makers amounted to about one one-hundredth part of the amount levied on their victims."

The Medical Pioneer says: "It is very like straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel to make such strenuous efforts to extinguish smallpox, while the cause of alcoholism and its attendant evils is petted and encouraged by the medical profession."

Mrs. Harirson Lee has a catechism the first part of which is as follows: "Is it right to put the sugar basin in the baby's way, and then punish it for taking the sugar? Is it right to put drink in men's way, and then put them in prison for drinking it? Is it right to license men to tempt others to go wrong, and then denounce them for not going right?"

A Comparison.

An Englishman, now in Washington, says: "The poor man in this country seems to be more self-respecting than the chronic pauper that has made the name of Whitechapel notorious all over the world. The latter is in such abject poverty that he has lost all hope of ever bettering his condition. How the miserable wretches live is a mystery. And when it comes to the women, this nation has an immense advantage. Your women, unless of the fallen order, do not frequent public drinking-houses. It is the greatest disgrace of London that the women of the poorer classes are as good customers of the liquor shops as the men, and, worse still, the poison is handed them across the bar by one of their own sex. In East London children of tender years accompany their mothers into such places."

Moderate Use of Alcoholic Drinks.

The most serious and well-known results are, of course, from the effects of excessive use. But in the moderate use of these drinks there is constant danger, as has been demonstrated a countless number of times, that the "moderate" may grow into the immoderate use. Even the continued moderate use of alcoholic drinks is almost certain to lead to some of the many forms of disease which are made to invade some portion of the body that has had its processes of nutrition for a long time thus disturbed. If we now add to this the constant imminent danger of the growth of an already abnormal appetite for such drinks until it leads to excess in their use, which is so revolting in its every aspect, is there not enough to deter one from even a moderate cultivation of this dangerous appetite?—Good Health.

Significant, Surely.

In an article in the Paris Figaro on "Alcoholism and Madmen," it is shown that at the beginning of this century comparatively little liquor was drank in France. It shows that since 1800, when the practice of distilling brandy from corn, potatoes, etc., began in that country, the number of insane people has increased with the consumption of liquor. In the four years, 1826-30, there were 1,739 cases of self-destruction, while from 1776 to 1800 there were 6,259.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS

—The only woman who has ever asked for an office in Daviess county, Mo., is seeking a postmastership.

—An unmarried woman has made a reputation in Gage county, Neb., as a corn husker, doing 75 bushels a day.

—A board on the side of a horse at Forbes, Mo., was removed the other day by the owner, as it appeared warped. He found a hive in the wall, and 125 pounds of honey. The bees had entered through a knot-hole.

—Twelve bees and 12 pigeons were released at the same time in a Westphalian village, three miles from home. The first bee arrived 15 seconds before the first pigeon; three other bees and pigeons reached home simultaneously.

—In the woods of Shelby county Ind., a den of wild dogs was discovered, and Morgan Hendrickson set about digging them out. He had to dig down seven feet. Of the seven dogs five got away from him, and now he doesn't know what to do with the other two.

—A small metallic object was found among some rags, in a paper mill at Westbrook, Me., and the workman who was sorting them tried to open it with a penknife. It proved to be a Japanese bomb, and in the explosion which followed the unfortunate man lost three fingers and a thumb.

—The most successful trapper in Maine is William Brown, of Oakland. Last fall and winter he captured 83 foxes, 98 skunks, 13 coons, 9 mink and 2 silver-gray foxes. His success is chiefly due to some aromatic essence, a drop of which on the bait lures the animals.

—A mouse, while scampering around a classroom in a public school in Baltimore, stepped on the foot of a teacher, Miss Clara Evans. The excitement which ensued was only allayed when the fire department was summoned, under the belief that the school was in flames.

—An aquatic creature, supposed at first to be a whale 22 feet long, 8 feet wide and 6 feet high, was found partly buried in the sand at Anastasia Beach, Fla., by a couple of St. Augustine cyclists and was pronounced by the president of the local scientific society to be an octopus. The missing tentacles might have been worn away by the sand and waves, or eaten by sharks.

PAYING FOR THE HONOR.

In China It Costs to Put on Airs of Importance.

In China it is believed that people should pay according to their means. The one barber in Peking who understands the foreign mode of hair-dressing charges a foreign minister 50 cents, a secretary of legation 25 cents, and an unofficial foreigner 10 cents. Natives pay about half a cent for the same service. So says Mr. Holcombe, in his book, "The Real Chinaman," and he adds this bit of personal experience:

In passing through Japan I once had occasion to employ a Chinese chiropodist residing there. His charges, so he declared, were five cents to [illegible] Chinese, 10 cents to an ordinary Japanese, and 50 cents to all other foreigners. In the course of the conversation, while he was at work, he said:

"I hear that our Chinese minister came to this hotel to-day. Do you know whom he came to see?"

"Oh, yes," said I, "he came to call on me."

"Then you must be an official," said the Chinaman.

I modestly admitted such to be the fact, and the conversation drifted to other subjects. When the man's labors were concluded he demanded a dollar, in the face of his own statement that his regular charge to all foreigners, excepting Japanese, was 50 cents; and he enforced his claim by this argument:

"Sposey that China minister come see you, you b'long all same he. You b'long same he, you makey pay one dollar all same. That b'long ploper."—Youth's Companion.

An Odd Bridal Costume.

Dr. John G. Paton, missionary to the South Sea islands, describes the dress of a native bride on her first appearance at church, after the ceremony. Perhaps those who "follow the fashions" will like to make a note of the various garments for future reference, though hardly for imitation. Her bridal gown was a man's drab colored great coat, put on above her native grass skirts, and sweeping down to her heels, buttoned tight. Over this she had hung on a vest and above that again, most amazing of all, she had donned a pair of men's trousers, drawing the body over her head, and leaving a leg dangling gracefully over each of her shoulders and streaming down her back. Fastened to one shoulder was a red shirt, and to the other a striped one, waving about her like wings, as she sailed along. About her head a red shirt had been twisted like a turban, and her notions of art demanded that sleeve thereof should hang aloft over each of her ears. She seemed to be a moving monster, loaded with a mass of rags. The day was exceedingly hot and perspiration poured over her face in streams. Her husband looked at me and then at her, as if to say: "You never saw in all your white world, a bride so grandly dressed."—Youth's Companion.

Rising Generation.

"Papa," inquired the editor's only son, "what do you call your office?"

"Well, my son, I believe the editorial office is generally known as the sanctum sanctorum."

The small boy was thoughtful for one moment, then he burst out: "I suppose that mamma's office is the spankum spanktorum, isn't it?"—N. Y. Journal.

Perfectly Correct.

"I joined a fly club while I was in Boston," said Fosdick.

"Why do you use such slang?" asked Keedick, who is a purist in language.

"Oh, that isn't slang in this case. The club I allude to is the Boston Aeronautical society."—Up-to-Date.

A STRANGE STOCK FARM.

An Elk Ranch in the Mountains of Colorado.

One of the strangest enterprises in the country is an elk farm in Colorado. Few people have ever heard of it. The man who took it into his head to start this oddest of all farms apparently undertook the work more for the love of doing something that no one else would care to attempt than for money-making purposes. He has carried out his plans in a quiet, conservative manner, having some fear at first as to its ultimate success. But now that there is no longer any question of a failure, and Capt. Marcus Coon has a farm with a herd on it that people will go thousands of miles to see, he has decided to let those who cannot make a personal visit know about it. This he has done in the statement which follows:

"I own an elk farm. As far as I know there is not another such farm in the world. There may possibly be men who hold elk in captivity, and who keep them for breeding purposes to a certain extent; but to have a regular farm, where there are nothing but elk, where they are looked after, kept in condition, and treated just the same as any cattle—that is a thing which I do not believe anyone has done before me.

"Some idea of the extent to which I work my farm may be gained from the fact that each year I raise for my elk alone enough hay to bale up 150 tons and garner from 300 to 500 bushels of grain.

"On this farm, which is 6,500 feet above the level of the sea, the elk roam through the timber land and across the rolling meadows just as though they were not captive. But they are safe enough, nevertheless, for I have them fenced in with a five-strand barbed wire fence.

"In my time I have followed many lines of work and farmed in different parts of the country, but I have never had such experience as I am now passing through. The elk is such a strange animal, but in time they get to be just as gentle as milch cows.

"It has been four years now since I first took the notion of taming the elk and raising them just as other people raise cattle. It took me a year to get the farm in order, to capture the six animals with which I started, and to place them in the enclosed ranch. Up to that time I did not know whether the idea was feasible; I was afraid that I should have a good deal of trouble in domesticating them.

"To be sure, the worst worry of my life began from the moment I caught the first elk for the herd. It was not that they were wild and unruly; on the contrary, they were too tame. Although the farm is large enough, the animals seemed to know by instinct that they were prisoners. They have to be petted like children. In the matter of feeding, too, I have to use the utmost care. In the summer it is easy enough, for they may wander at will and pick up suitable food from stubble field and timber land. But during the winter their food must be especially prepared—chopped and sometimes sweetened when they do not readily take to it. But from the first year everything seemed to favor my project. The numbers increased rapidly, and were augmented from the neighboring forests from time to time.

"While wandering at will on their native tracts, the elk of all sizes and ages seem to be perfectly able to take care of themselves and their horns. But when once they get on a farm they seem to forget all this. The young steers, especially, get into no end of trouble, and break their horns in the most distressing manner. As these broken horns and badly spreading prongs injure the general appearance of the herd, I have contrived a means of regulating and controlling the horn's growth. This is done by means of a box-like wooden frame, light and easily carried by the elk. The horns are guided in their growth by this frame, and it also keeps the animal from getting into bad places in the timber belt. Then, too, when the horns are still in the milk, they are very soft and easily damaged. They have to be watched with the greatest caution, and iron rust must be mixed with their food, as it has a strengthening quality.

"But, although under usual conditions elk need no more care than cows, there comes a time when this is changed. After the second year of their life on the farms the males sometimes get ugly during the heated terms. This ugly temper is liable to be communicated through the herd unless each refractory animal is at once removed and isolated. So when any elk shows a disposition to kill everything that comes within his reach, we secure him with ropes and cut off his horns. This renders him less dangerous and takes some of the pride out of him. When he has been placed in the separate enclosure, as a general thing we keep away and let him go without food for several days. Already I have had several elk killed by their fellows, who were not taken from the herd in time, and one of my men had his leg broken while in the enclosure superintending the cutting off of horns.

"But all the hard trials I have on the farm with my strange herd are fully counterbalanced by the pleasure I take in watching the animals as they grow from tiny calves to be great and powerful. The rapid increase in number is another matter I watch with great interest. I have not found any deterioration yet in my herd because of in-breeding, and think it would be a long time before any bad effects would be noticed. Still, it is always an easy matter to catch young calves in the timber belt and add them to the band. This I do each spring."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

—The Japanese claim that their nation was founded B. C. 660, by Jimmu, the dynasty of this monarchy being still on the throne. The first literary account of the Japanese was from the pen of Marco Polo, who visited the country in the Thirteenth century.

His Wish.

The football player was struggling over his examination paper. He passed his hand over his brow and gazed at the ceiling.

"I wish," he said mournfully, as the pen dropped from his hands.

"What do you wish?" inquired the professor, who happened to be passing.

"I wish," was the answer, in tones of dull-blue melancholy, "that my memory were as long as my hair."—Washington Star.

So He Says.

In the street-auction jeweler there we will find
The alchemist mentioned of old:
'Mid cheap, trashy trinkets of every known kind,
Everything that he touches is gold.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

JOHNNY'S JEALOUSY.

Johnny—Mr. Lighthead, my sister treats you better than she does me.

Mr. Lighthead—Why do you think so, Johnny?

Johnny—I heard her tell ma she gives you lots of taffy, but she never gives me any.—N. Y. Herald.

Why He Was Depressed.

"Somehow," he said, disconsolately, "I don't seem ter make farmin' pay."

"Maybe you haven't the right way."

"Yes; I've done everything. I've 'tended meetin's an' j'ined clubs an' voted fur every candidate thet said he knowed the way ter he'p us along. But it don't seem ter do no good, an' I mus' say I'm gettin' cleau discouraged."—Washington Star.

Deeply Interested.

Jinks—I would have been run over on Broadway to-day if it had not been for Winks, who was with me. He sprang forward and showered blows on the horses' heads with an umbrella. Just as the umbrella broke, the team stopped, and I was pulled out from beneath the wheels.

Blinks—Did the umbrella have a silver handle like a shepherd's crook?

"I didn't notice particularly, and, besides, he broke it all to pieces stopping the team. Why?"

"He borrowed mine yesterday."—N. Y. Weekly.

The Porous Plaster.

Tommy had been suffering from a lame back for a day or two and his mother bought a porous plaster for the same and prepared to adjust it. As the eyes of little Mabel fell upon the punctured square, she exclaimed: "Oh, mamma! What are all the holes for?"

"I know," interjected Tommy; "they're for lettin' the pain out."—Richmond Dispatch.

Worth Giving a Trial.

Housewife—Mrs. Gass says she discharged you because she frequently caught you listening at the doors.

Applicant—Well, now, mum—

Housewife—Well, I'll engage you on one condition. You'll have to tell me everything you overheard at Mrs. Gass'.—Tit-Bits.

Stung to the Quick.

"Henry, you look very pale. What's the trouble?"

"I was stung to the quick by an adder this afternoon."

"How did it happen?"

"Why, I dropped in at the bank, and the bookkeeper told me my account was overdrawn.—N. Y. Tribune.

A Sarcasm.

"So," said the composer, indignantly; "that writer has the impertinence to say that my music is reminiscent?"

"That's what has happened," the manager replied.

"Well, you may tell him for me that my music is quite as original as his criticism."—Washington Star.

To Be Encouraged.

Jeer not at the bald-headed man at the play,
Nor the front row, where long he has sat.
Far better a pate that is not in the way
Than the plumes of a theater hat.
—Washington Star.

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"Can't you recognize it, sir?"
"Not yet. I can't make out much but smoke."

A Doubtful Compliment.

"Yes," said the Chicago literary woman, "I intend to leave my footprints on the sands of time. In future ages some wanderer may discover them and take heart."

"I feel sure that he will find them."—N. Y. World.

Hurricane Holds the Record.

It is said that a hurricane holds the best time record for one mile, covering the distance in half a minute. Then a balloon has done the mile in 40 seconds. The third place is held by a railway engine in 53.57 seconds.

The Retort Courteous.

Dawson—What is your business, may I ask?

Boorish Stranger—I'm a gentleman, sir. That's my business.

Dawson—Ah! you failed, I see.—Odds and Ends.

Changed.

Parke—I can remember before I was married that I was tired of everything—utterly blase.

Lane—Things are different now?

"I should say so; now it's a real pleasure to go to the club."—Brooklyn Life.

Sure Presentiment.

"Au revoir!" plaintively murmured the young poet, as he dropped the latest effort of his muse into the mail box.

It was a poem entitled: "My Pet Cat," and it came back.—Chicago Tribune.

Too Much for Him.

Daughter—George says he fears he can't support me in the style I'm accustomed to.

The Father—Marry him, anyhow. I can't keep it up much longer myself.—Town Topics.

Still Another Twist.

Lives of millionaires remind us
That most laws we can evade,
And departing leave behind us
Creditors who'll ne'er be paid.
—N. Y. Truth.

It is said by scientific men that the hair from the tail of the horse is the strongest single animal thread known.

Pitied Him.

Mrs. Witherby—Last night the man next door made an awful mistake. He got into our house instead of his own, and I thought at first it was you.

Witherby—Yes, I met him on the street this morning and he said he never was so sorry for any man in his life.—N. Y. Truth.

Missed Each Other.

Mrs. Gadd (who spent last summer on her aunt's farm)—I did not meet you at any of the summer resorts, Mrs. Gabb.

Mrs Gabb (who summered on her uncle's farm)—No-o; and, by the way, I don't remember meeting you in Paris.—N. Y. Weekly.

HEARD IN BOSTON.

Visitor—My! how your little boy grows.

Mrs. Commonwealth—Yes; we intend to put him in spectacles next week.—N. Y. Journal.

Of Two Evils.

Nobbsie, the Office Boy—There's a man downstairs says he's goin' to kill yer, and a beautiful young lady says wants ter go on der stage.

Manager—Of two evils—well, show the man up.—Bay City Chat.

Toned Down

"Mrs. Thatcher has red hair, hasn't she?"

"Well, she would have, but, you see, her father is a banker, and that makes it auburn."—Chicago Record.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A CONTRARY PAIR.

Bonny Bobby, round and wee,
Tried to skate the best he could,
But his feet would not agree,
As two little playmates should.
Right foot started, but aback!
Left foot would not venture forth;
Then each took a different tack,
One to south and one to north.
For the only trouble lay
In this very thing, you know,
Neither foot would move the way
That the other wished to go.
So this naughty little pair
Went a-straying all about,
Here and there and everywhere,
Till at last they quite fell out.
Bobby, rubbing ruefully
All his bruises one by one,
Says when playmates won't agree
There's an end to all the fun.
—Youth's Companion.

THE PITCHER PLANT.

It Is the Worst Rogue Yet Discovered in the Vegetable Kingdom.

Here's the picture of a rogue of a plant that lies in wait like a highway robber for unwary flies and other insects, and when they appear it swallows them up and their friends never hear of them again. It has been given the botanical name of sarracenia, but it is commonly called the pitcher plant,

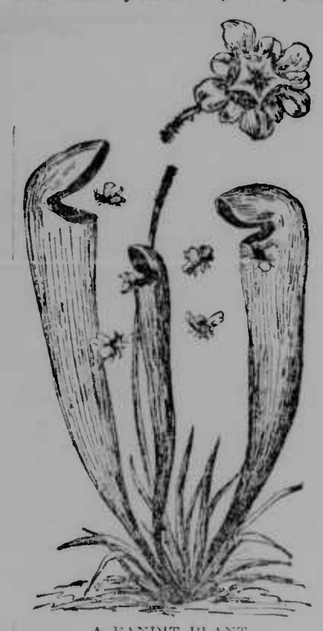

A BANDIT PLANT.

from the fact that its leaves are rolled into the form of pitchers, in which many a poor fly is caught. The flies are attracted to the plant by a sweet liquid which it gives off, and in their greediness they go a little too far and are killed. Botanists do not know exactly why the plant should wish a dinner of flies, but there must be some good reason for it, else its pitchers would not be so attractive. By experiment they have found that the plant will live just as well where the flies cannot get at it at all. So all the evidence would indicate that it is just a rogue, killing flies because it really enjoys the sport.—Chicago Record.

SPARROW WHIPS BANTAM.

Regular War Dance Indulged In by the Bellicose Midget.

The sparrow, in whatever part of the world he is found, seems to earn a reputation for a degree of persistency and pugnacity altogether disproportioned to his size. Even the climate of India does not enervate the valorous little creatures and they make their way, or take it, with the same resolute impudence that they exhibit in colder regions. In the Journal of the Bombay National History society Lieut. Barnes gives some interesting particulars about the house sparrows of western India. At Deesa he found that a pair had built their nest between a pair of antlers on the veranda, and another pair appropriated a soap box in the bathroom, where, although their nest was destroyed several times, they persisted in building until, out of compassion for their repeated labors, they were left alone. A third pair built in an empty cage hanging against a wall and there reared their little ones, although the cage was frequently taken down to exhibit the family to visitors. Once their eggs were stolen and their indignant clamor was so disturbing that the residents of the house, for their own sakes, were obliged to hunt up and restore the missing treasures. Lieut. Barnes also states that these sparrows will attack their own image in a looking glass and will fight with it all day, only leaving off when darkness sets in, to begin the battle over again next morning, so that it was often found necessary to protect the mirrors with coverings. They are, perhaps, not more brave than the fiery little British American residents of this country, one of which not long ago disputed with a bantam cock the possession of a particularly delectable tid-bit. The bravado of the sparrow so astonished the bantam that he retreated in dismay, casting glances of affright over his shoulder, so to speak, at the small warrior, who, having disposed of the delicacy, was indulging in a fantastic war dance.—Worthington's Magazine.

The Wonderful Marching Ant.

Paul Du Chaillu tells of the doings of a queer specimen of ant, which which the natives call the bashikonay, which marches through the forests in a regular line. This line usually averages about two inches in breadth and is often several miles long and with not a break in the column. "All along the line," says the great traveler, "large and fierce looking ants act as officers, keeping the singular army in order."

An Aged Bicycle Rider.

Bishop Ellicott, of Bristol and Gloucester, who is 78 years of age, has taken up the bicycle.

PRETTY EXPERIMENTS.

Some Curious Illusions of the Senses in Men and Animals.

Among the many curious optical illusions produced by contrasting lines and forms some of a very astonishing character occur for which no satisfactory explanation has been furnished. If a card perforated by a pinhole be placed close to the face resting against the nose, as shown in the illustration, and a pin be held by its point in such a way that its head comes between the eye and the pinhole in the card, the pin being held quite close to the eye, the pin, strange to say, will appear on the other side of the pinhole, reversed and magnified. You see the pin, in fact,

A PIN TRICK.

not as you hold it in your hand, but through the perforation on the other side of the card. It will be found necessary, unless you have exceptionally fine nerves, to rest the hand holding the pin against the cheekbone, for the difficulty is to get the pinhead directly between your eye and the perforation in the card and to hold it there without wavering. I must confess inability to satisfactorily explain this illusion, nor have I met with any explanation that seemed to meet the case fully and at every point. If a small peforation be made in a thimble such as, indeed, often occurs from long and constant use of that indispensable household article, everything seen through it, the letters on this column, for example, if the thimble is slowly moved over it, will appear greatly magnified.

A very curious optical illusion may be made to occur with the help of the accompanying illustration. Let a white card about the size of an ordinary business card, or smaller, according to the focus of the person's eyes who tries the experiment, be placed along the dotted line between the bird and the cage, on its edge likewise. It must be turned to the light so that the card throws no shadow. Let the middle of the end of the nose be placed on the upper edge of the card, and after a few moments' steady looking the bird will be seen to enter the cage.

Place a pea between the first and second fingers of the right hand in their natural position and you will feel the pea as one. Cross two fingers, bringing the second over the first, and place the pea in the fork between them so as to feel the left side of the pea with the right side of the second finger and the right with the left of the first. The impression will then be that you have two peas touching the fingers, especially if the eyes are shut and the fingers placed in position by another person. The illusion will be equally strong if the two forefingers of both hands are crossed, and the pea placed between them. If a chicken in a sitting position on a table be gently pressed with one hand upon the supporting surface, the head and bill pressed down with the other hand, the fowl will remain perfectly powerless in the position given it for some time after all restraint has been removed; or if a thread be suspended over the comb of a chicken so that the ends hang down over its eyes the fowl will remain in a cataleptic condition, and finally pass into somnolence so deep that it will permit all possible movements without giving any signs of life; or if a pigeon be pressed gently upon a table so that it cannot use its

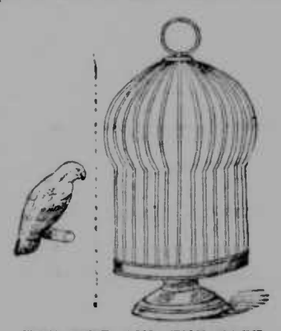

THE BIRD AND THE CAGE.

wings, and a finger be placed before its eyes and moved back and forth, following the motion of the head, so that the eyes must continually notice it, the bird will soon become quiet, and will not fly away when the hand is removed. If a frog's forelegs are tied together and the sides of the animal carefully stroked with the finger, it will, when laid upon its back, remain perfectly quiet, and only regain its activity when the cord is removed, while a frog that is free cannot be made to lie upon its back.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Dog Was Very Much Surprised.

A large Newfoundland dog in Albany had a surprise the other day. One of the span wires of the trolley line fell across a trolley wire and hung within a foot of the ground. The dog watched it swinging, and, his curiosity getting the better of him, came closer and sniffed at it. He was a fortunate dog that there was only a weak current on, but it was strong enough to make him turn several somersaults before he regained his senses. When he did, he gave one mournful look at the wire, and then started for home with the speed of an express train.

It Was Not His Fault.

Jack's Mamma — There were three slices of cake in the pantry, Jack, and now there is only one. How does that happen?

Jack—It was so dark in there, mamma, that I didn't see the third one. —Chicago Record.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

WAGON-BOX LIFTER.

A Simple Device That Saves Lots of Backache and Temper.

Below is a description, with cuts, of a wagon-box lifter that we have had in use for ten years. In that time it has paid for itself several times over in the saving of backaches and temper. I think Figs. 1 and 2 will make its construction plain. Fig. 1 shows the frame, or a portion of it, of the wagon shed and corn crib, with apparatus in place, and the wagon-box lifted part way. Fig. 2 shows the roller and drum, with ropes in place, detached.

The first thing we did was to spike (or bolt) two joists to the rafters as shown at L Fig. 1, and far enough between them to take a roller as long, at least, as the wagon-box, Fig. 2. Then we made a roller of 4x4 oak, leaving it square where it passed through the drum, A, Fig. 2. Then we bored an inch hole lengthwise in each end of the roller and drove in each hole a round

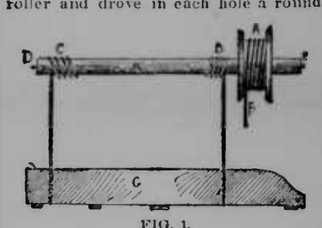

FIG. 1.

iron pin for a gudgeon. Then by cutting a notch in the pieces L (as at K, Fig. 1), the roller was placed in position.

The drum is 15 inches in diameter and 8 inches long, with flanges 3 inches deep at A, Fig. 2.

The ropes C and B, Fig. 2, are ⅞ inch and are wound around the roller the same direction and are long enough to reach to the ground. The lower ends of the rope are attached to large rings as shown at D, Fig. 1. To these rings are attached two other ropes that go around the wagon-box; one end of

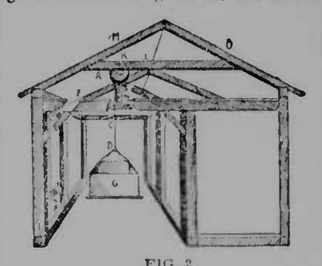

FIG. 2.

each of those ropes has a hook attached. Around the drum is wound a ½-inch rope, but, of course, in the opposite direction to the ropes C and B, so that when the rope on the drum unwinds the other two wind up. The rope on the drum passes over a pulley P, Fig. 1, then down the side of the wall to the roller I, placed at a suitable height for winding while standing on the ground. The pins, X, work loosely through the roller I, and have knobs on each end to prevent them from dropping out.

After you have everything in place, drive your wagon under the roller, place the ropes under each end of wagon-box, and begin winding the roller I, Fig. 1, and see how easy it is for one man to remove a heavy wagon-box, and that without danger to either man or box.

We use cross-poles under the box after it is up out of the way, that rest on the nailing ties on each side of shed, to prevent any danger of the box falling. A careful examination of the two cuts will make all this plain.—C. L. Reamer, in Ohio Farmer.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

Keep the manure hauled out during the winter, applying on the field where it is most needed.

The more a milch cow will assimilate in excess of what is required for maintenance the better.

Cleanliness is as essential as shelter and food. Stock will not eat wet fodder to an advantage.

No matter how good a pedigree an animal may have, individual merit and good conditions are essential.

The principal advantage in using salt as a fertilizer is that it helps to make plant food in the air available.

With quite a number of farm products, low prices are caused not so much by overproduction as by poor quality.

With fattening hogs, allowing food to remain within reach after the appetite is satisfied injures the digestion and decreases thrift.—Farmers' Union.

Needs Careful Investigation.

Dealing in "futures" is a system that should be carefully investigated by congress. Some maintain that it is an advantage to farmers, while others assert that it depresses prices while products are held by the producers, the rise in prices going to a class which simply deposit certain sums as wagers on the results. There is no doubt, however, as long as the system exists there will continue to be an uncertainty in prices, and that the farmer will be compelled to suffer all the losses, but will not share in the profits. Much of the business done by the manipulators of wheat and other grains is not based on the articles at all, as it frequently happens that more grain is sold than exists in the whole country.—Colman's Rural World.

A Homemade Bag Holder.

We glean the following idea from the Farmer's Advocate: Take an inch board, three feet long by 14 inches wide, and slant it. Then take two slats, three inches wide and three feet long, and nail them upright to the board about five inches from the top, to serve as feet. Drive a wire nail through each corner of board, and turn them up a little to hook the bags on. Nail the board down at the bottom, and one man can fill and tie the bags as fast as two men can clean the grain.

A DOCTOR WHO WAS EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

From the News, Youngstown, Ohio.

An interesting little story was told your reporter recently by Mrs. F. A. Lawson, of No. 35 Custer Aveuue, Youngstown, Ohio. She had been an invalid for eighteen years and had been examined and treated by many physicians, among them the skillful Dr. A. M. Clarke. They all diagnosed the case in the same way, and all insisted that an operation was necessary, except Dr. Clarke, who maintained that proper treatment could cure her. Her entire left side was paralyzed and her heart became affected. This soon developed into true organic heart disease. In January, '93, she became so bad that she had to take to her bed for three months. Now comes the interesting part of the story. Hear what Mrs. Lawson says:

"One morning, I believe it was April 9, 1893, the doctor changed the treatment and gave me in its place a supply of pills of a peculiar pinkish color. They were pleasant to the taste. After taking several the doctor, upon his next arrival was greatly surprised to find me considerably stronger and more hopeful. During my illness I read a great deal and in one paper I noticed a testimonial which had been given by a prominent government official relative to the merits of a proprietary remedy. They were called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

'When the doctor next called I said to him: 'Doctor, are you prescribing patent medicine to your patients now.' To this he smiled and answered: 'Well, Mrs. Lawson, whether it is [illegible] or not, just so it does you good!'

"To make a long story short, in two weeks I was able to sit up and shortly after could walk about the house. At the doctor's suggestion I bought six boxes of the pills and used them strictly according to directions. I went to the country for a month's visit, thereby hoping to recuperate more quickly and was continually taking the pink pills. In two weeks' time I felt strong enough to go home; as strong as I had felt before I became afflicted, and to-day I am as well as I was when I was twenty. I'm fifty-two years old now."

"Well, do you attribute the excellence of your health now, Mrs. Lawson, to the use of the Pink Pills?" was asked.

"I most certainly do. I realize that had I not taken them I should long since have died. No one could help me. To show you again what good they have done me I need only say that to-day I did my own washing and ironing and do not feel in the least fatigued. I attend to all of my own housework now and my heart does not give me a bit of trouble. It may interest you to know that I have increased in weight from less than one hundred pounds during my illness to one hundred and forty-three pounds."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

BEING BLOWN UP.

Gen. Avery's Experience When 10,000 Pounds of Dynamite Exploded.

"I suppose that one of the most exciting episodes of my life," remarked Gen. Dudley Avery some time since, "was during a thunderstorm a number of years ago on Avery's island, when 10,000 pounds of dynamite exploded. It was a story of [illegible] happening, and the most remarkable thing of the affair was that I lived to tell the tale. I was in the vicinity of the building in which the dynamite was stored, and when the storm came on I took shelter under a shed which was some distance removed from the explosive, and which was used as a blacksmith shop by a man who was employed in this capacity, and who served with me during the war and at the battle of Shiloh. We were chatting together when I felt a shock, and then to my surprise I saw the blacksmith going up in the air. I watched him pass through the roof of shed, but the man, who, by the way, was an Irishman, did not seem to get any further away from me. Then I realized that I was going up, too. I suppose we must have ascended for 30 or 40 feet, and then we came down with a rush, reaching the earth a little disfigured and with lungs in a state of collapse. When we caught our breath the Irishman remarked between his gasps that a little thing like that couldn't scare us, as we'd both been in explosions before. He was wounded badly, however, while I escaped with a few scratches. We found upon coming down that the lightning had exploded the 10,000 pounds of dynamite. Where the storehouse had stood was a hole in the ground about 30 feet deep, and with a diameter of fully 60 feet, shaped like a funnel. Trees in the vicinity were burned black, and an oak two feet thick that had stood 20 feet from the building, was blown into shreds so fine that not a vestige could be found. I have been afraid to go near dynamite ever since."—N. O. Democrat.

English Know Little About Wales.

It is related that an English lord once said to his guests. "I have a mansion in Wales which I have never seen, but which, I am told, is very fine. Every day dinner for 12 is set there and the carriage drawn up at the door in case I should arrive." This may illustrate the relation of Wales to the average Englishman, for, although all the Welsh towns are merely a ten-hours' ride from London, there is perhaps no other country in the world lying so close to the center of civilization of which so little is known to the outside world. Bookstores may load their shelves with volumes on all subjects, but few books will be found among them on this quaint, quiet, and perhaps most picturesque of all countries. The fact is, Wales is not much visited, is slightly spoken of, and little read about—not having produced a Walter Scott—and perhaps these circumstances have done much to preserve the place in its typical state, and enabled the people to cling to old-time superstitions, customs and language, and to present to a visitor a unique and refreshing flavor wholly its own.—Lippincott's.

His Preference.

First Transient—If you had got to get into business what line would you choose?

Second Ditto—I'd open an employment ageney. It would be so nice getting other people work without having any temptation to do any myself.—Boston Transcript

NOTES A-WHEEL.

The brakeless bicycle continues to be the subject of exhaustive (and exhausting) editorial condemnation.

A Boston cycling girl announced her engagement by saying she had gone into the hands of a receiver.

The general post office of London has invited bids for 10,000 bicycles, to be used in the suburban postal and telegraph service.

It is stated that the falling off in the demand for cigars in the United States this year amounted to 7,000,000 and this loss is largely credited to cycling.

All the members of a family secretly laugh at the efforts made by another member to be agreeable to callers.—Atchison Globe.

Dr. C. E. Watkins, of Ayer, Mass., the famous chronist, is authority on chronic disease. If sick send your age, sex, leading symptoms, and 10c. in stamps for consultation.

A woman convinced against her will—but there, there, nobody ever heard of any such thing.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

You can tell an expert cigarette smoker by the way he knocks the ashes off his cigarette.—Washington Democrat.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Louisa Lindaman, Bethany, Mo., Jan. 8, '96.

A man is young so long as he enjoys being out of doors no matter what the weather. —Atchison Globe.

When bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

Nothing gives one a more melancholy feeling than a clock that doesn't run.—Washington Democrat.

The proof of it is thousands say St. Jacobs Oil cured us of neuralgia.

A man never gets too old to talk silly about his love affairs.—Washington Democrat.

With a rub or two lumbago is often cured by St. Jacobs Oil.

No matter how many times some people look at your clock, they always ask if it is right.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

The Public Awards the Palm to Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for coughs. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

You have a place in society peculiarly your own; endeavor to find out where it is and keep it.—Chicago Standard.

Just try a 10c. box of Cascarets candy cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made

Occasionally a worm turns and finds an early bird waiting to gobble it.

"Do you really wear a corset through necessity?" she asked. "O, no," the other girl replied, "simply as a matter of form." —Twinkles.

Hewitt—"I have no race prejudices." Jewitt—"You would have race prejudices if you had lost as much money on horses as I have."—N. Y. Tribune.

"At last," murmured the cabbage, as it hurled toward the footlights, "at last I realize my histrionic ambition. I am cast for the star part."—N. Y. Press.

"Who is the woman who sent word objecting to our boys practicing on the cornet?" "She's the mother of the boys who celebrate every holiday by blowing tin horns before daylight."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Bray—"I never saw more perfect acting than Miss Spot's at that amateur performance." Mr. Bray—"She wasn't in the cast, was she?" Mrs. Bray—"No; she sat in the front seat and looked as though she enjoyed it."—Comic Cuts.

He—"When I was in the west the last time I had a very narrow escape from a burning hotel. I was awakened by the smoke, and with not a minute to spare rushed down the fire-escape—" She (creatlessly)—"O, what did you have on?" He (visibly embarrassed)—"Ah—hum—a very lively hustle, miss."—Cardiff Western Mail.

"Great town, Louisville," said the man with the fat cigar. "Kentucky hospitality and all that sort of thing. The last time I was there they didn't let me spend a cent." "Hunh," said the man with the cigarette, "I had that sort of experience in Chicago." "Yes you did." "Indeed I did. They didn't let me spend a cent there, either. They took it all away from me before I got two blocks from the railway station."—Indianapolis Journal.

The universe is either cosmos or chaos. If cosmos, shall thy life alone of all things be without order? If chaos, see to it that thy life at least be order, though there be none in the things without thee.—Ivan Panin

The Livery of Billiousness

Is a pronounced yellow. It is visible in the countenance and eyeballs. It is accompanied with uneasiness beneath the right ribs and shoulder blade, sick headache, nausea and irregularity of the bowels. To the removal of each and all of these discomforts, as well as their cause, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is admirably adapted. This pre-eminent family medicine also remedies malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints, nervousness and debility. It promotes appetite and sleep.

Men have better health than the women, because they sigh less when things go wrong, and kick more.—Atchison Globe.

Many cases of cancer are reported as cured by a vegetable cancer remedy manufactured by a Dr. Mason, of Chatham, N. Y. It is believed a cure for cancer has at last been found.—"Free Press."

At once use St. Jacobs Oil for sprains. At once it will cure.

What a difference between the woman you hate and the woman you love!

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c.

Bright's Disease CAN BE CURED

Bright's Disease is but advanced Kidney Disease. It is better to cure the kidney trouble in its incipiency, but if you have neglected it, hesitate no longer, but cure yourself at once,

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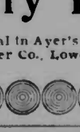

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A. N. K.—C 1629

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The man who scoffs at the friendly advice, to "take something for that cough," will keep on coughing until he changes his mind or changes his earthly residence. A great many scoffers have been converted by the use of the standard cough remedy of the past half century,—Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. But some are scoffing and coughing yet. They wheeze with asthma, bark with bronchitis or groan with the grippe. Singular, is n't it, the number of stubborn people, who persist in gambling, with health and perhaps life as the stake, when they might be effectually cured of cough, cold or lung trouble, by a few doses of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

More particulars about Pectoral in Ayer's Curebook 100 pages. Sent free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION REGULATE THE LIVER 10¢ 25¢ 50¢ ALL DRUGGISTS ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 372.

The Republican.

BEN [illegible], Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THURSDAY, JAN. 21, 1897.

SENATOR SHERMAN, of Ohio, has been tendered the State portfolio by President-elect McKinley, and has accepted it.

Wilson Law and Cattle.

Before the ways and means committee, on Tuesday while the agricultural schedule was up, representative Curtis, of Kansas, said that he represented the district in which more Mexican cattle were fed than any other in the United States, and in behalf of the American cattle raisers, feeders and farmers of Kansas, he asked to have restored the duty of $10 a head on all cattle one year old and over, and $2 a head on calves less than one year old. In the first twenty-one months of the Wilson law 361,000 had been imported into the United States, of an average value of $2,50 a head, paying 51 cents duty each.

Representative Bowers, of California, declared that the Wilson law had killed the cattle business in California flooding the State with Mexican cattle. Labor was fifty cents a day in Mexico. He combatted the statements of the cattle raisers that but few of the Mexican stock imported were sold, being brought in for feeding. Not more than one in ten were imported for feeding.

These are matters of the deepest interest to farmers. These duties are but an illustration of the inadequacy of the Wilson law and points out the great relief that will be afforded the country by the McKinley administration.

A Kansas Idea.

The latest from Kansas is a memorial which was presented in the United States Senate yesterday by Mr. Peffer, proposing that the power of the Supreme Court shall be so limited as to require the Court, in case of an intended decision against the constitutionality of an act of Congress, to furnish Congress with an advance copy of its decisions in the case of a Presidential veto, so that Congress may have the right, by a two-thirds vote, to affirm the constitutionality of the act.

The peculiar absurdity of this proposition lies in the fact that the very time we are in greatest danger of an overriding of the Constitution by Congress is when one party has a two-thirds majority in both houses, or when, under a wave of public excitement, some particular measure is pressed upon Congress with a force which, for the time being, is irresistible. During the reconstruction period, the Republican party could usually command a two-thirds majority in both House and Senate, and it passed more than one measure of the greatest importance which was afterward pronounced unconstitutional by a Supreme Court consisting almost entirely of Republicans. If the Supreme Court had then been limited in its powers, after the manner proposed in this Kansas idea, not only would these measures become law, but no end of other wild schemes would have been put through which were actually never brought forward owing to a salutary consciousness that the Supreme Court stood in the way. Of course, the Supreme Court is not going to be disturbed at all by this puff of air from Kansas, but it is worth while to refer to it as showing the want of hold on the fundamentals of our Government which seems to prevail in that unfortunate State.

Our Young Men.

The success or failure of our young men decides this country's future. Every year marks the passing away of many prominent business and professional men and substantial citizens. In the inevitable struggle of life this history is written on every hand.

Who are to take their places? Young man, one of these proud and honorable positions in society awaits you; but remember no streak of luck, no chance turning can bring you distinction. The world now bows to no prestige; but unto the strong arm, clean conscience, and the clear and masterly intellect are all things obedient.

Young man, we are not preaching as you call it, but are talking very serious business direct to you who may read.

If you could only realize what conditions will confront you and what demands will be upon you in a very few years, we believe you would make more serious and earnest preparation for the responsibility. It is all very well for you to enjoy life as you go; but be certain that in your enjoyment and pleasures you are not adding to the drafts you will have to meet and that in the very near future.

What preparation are you making to do something for yourself? Seriously, what are you going to do? Not be a drone, will you? Are you educating yourself, learning some useful trade, or prepaaing yourself for some profession, or merely drifting as the tide of affairs go? Be assured that desirable positions are not going about looking for you. You will probably have to begin very much lower down than you like and work yourself upward. You cannot drift upward. All drifting is downward. Your progress will depend almost, if not entirely, upon your own efforts. Elements of chance are now ignored by all intelligent men, and honest effort considered.

Don't think this job, or that one is too small for you. You are very small, indeed, if you are not doing something. And no matter how small your opportunity may seem, by all means make the very best of it you can. If you are getting small wages, be sure that you are not only earning whatever wages you may receive, but that you are serving your employer, in all honorable ways, to the very best of your ability. Even if he should not appreciate it, which is very improbable, there will be someone who will see and know of your valuable service.

Don't have any mistaken ideas. There is no merit in being "sharp," as the world calls it. You had better be an honest plodder; and young man do you know that it is these very everlasting plodders, who generally succeed in life.

And as you go on your way, be sure you have the esteem and confidence of all good men. It is the very best capital.

There are always good men who are not only willing to help deserving young men, but glad to do so in any proper way. In all things, however, learn to rely on your own exertions and your rise will be a source of much gratification to you. Certainly no man will help you if you are not deserving.

A Good Old Ship.

Every now and then some incident occurs to bring the frigate Constitution before the public. The battle-scarred old warship has been out of commission these many years, and but for the sentiment that attaches to her remarkable career, would have been the prey of junk dealers long ago. One of her commanders was Commodore Charles Stewart, grandfather of Charles Stewart Parnell, and every time the ancestry of the great Irish leader, or his mother, was mentioned, it was the proper thing to say something about the Constitution (nick-named "Old Ironsides") and the action off the coast of Brazil, when Capt. Stewart whipped two British cruisers, and compelled both to strike their colors.

In her early career the Constitution was probably the fastest sailer on the ocean,—in fact, her first great exploit was in running away from a British squadron, which pursued her up the Atlantic Coast for three days and lost sight of her on the fourth. Capt. Isaac Hull was her commander then and in a few weeks he had an opportunity to test the qualities of his vessel in pursuit, rather than in flight. The man on the look-out saw a little white speck on the edge of the horizon, and after studying the object awhile, Capt. Hull concluded that it might be one of the enemy's vessels, so he bore down upon it under full sail. It proved to be the Guerriere, commanded by a combative Englishman, who didn't wait to be attacked.

When Capt. Dacres found that he was being pursued, he changed his course, put his ship in fighting trim, and after a little maneuvering for position opened the battle himself. From the professional standpoint this was one of the most splendid engagements ever fought at sea. The vessels were evenly matched, and the commanders were men of indomitable courage. But the gunners of the Constitution were by far the best marksmen. They raked the deck of the Guerriere, and shot away the masts and spars until nothing was left but the hulk. When Dacres struck his flag and surrendered, it was found that his ship was so full of holes that it could not be brought to port, so it was burned at sea.

The Constitution brought her prisoners to Boston, and after undergoing necessary repairs, started out on another cruise under Capt. Bainbridge. Off the coast of Brazil she fell in with the British warship Java, and the fine marksmanship of the American gunners again gave victory to the Constitution. The Java was so completely knocked to pieces that it could not be brought into port, and was blown up at sea. The action with the Cyane and Levant has already been mentioned.

The treaty of Ghent was signed about the time the Constitution won her last victory, and the Hulls and Bainbridges and Stewarts ceased to plow the seas in pursuit of British ships. The vessels in which they sailed were relics of what may be called the heroic period of the American navy. Only two of them are yet afloat, the Constitution and the Constellation. The last named vessel is lying at Newport, R. I., and is used as a training ship for naval apprentices. The Constitution is used for the same purpose at Portsmouth, N. H. A bill has been introduced in Congress making an appropriation to bring her to the Washington Navy Yard, and fit her up as a naval museum. In support of this bill, Mr. Fitzgerald of Massachusetts, made a speech on Tuesday, and recited the poem written by Dr. Oliver Wendall Holmes, years ago, when it was proposed to condemn the ship by a board of naval survey, and dispose of her according to law. Here is the poem that saved the ship:

OLD IRONSIDES.

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky,
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunder shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave.
Nail to her mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

Some Rambling Thoughts.

BY "NEMO."

Allow me to continue and conclude a necessarily brief consideration of Spain as a decaying nation. In last week's "Thoughts" the assertion was practically made that a nation must have some ideal before it beyond the forcing of a creed or the piling of wealth. In both of these directions Spain has been in fault. Three further enervating causes have been at work undermining its national strength.

* * *

THE GRANDEE SPIRIT: For centuries after the distruction of the Roman Empire by the Goths and Vandals, the human intellect was almost benumbed. Until the Renaissance and the Reformation a pall of darkness was over all; the nobles being almost as untrained as their serfs, and the serfs being utterly crushed by those of nobler blood. Humanity in Europe lay like a giant chilled by the cold. But since that time stimulation of thought has caused the great heart of the world to throb with increasing power, till the life of common humanity thrills, to large measure, even those most separate by birth and wealth. Each age has had its peculiar characteristic; ours is the "People's Age." But against the tendency of the people to think and act, hope and accomplish, the proud and stubborn spirit of Spanish grandeeism has stood forth with fierceness. Yet just as Canute by his word could not hold the sea in subjection nor Mrs. Partington sweep back the waves with her broom, so no dynasty or power, even hoar with age and crusted with heroic deeds, can withstanding successfully, by narrow-minded repression, the rising tide of human aspiration. If it turn a deaf ear to the cry of the poor for life and liberty, for education, for hope, the cry will not die out but its pleading tone will be turned into the fierce and fateful growl of a cornered beast. Thus has it been with Spain. Far more organized and dangerous than Nihilism in Russia, is Anarchism in Spain. The Kingdom is so thoroughly honey-combed with the sentiment of a lawless breaking down of the government, that the men in power try constantly to divert public thought from home affairs and are glad of anything in foreign lands that form a safe outlet for the comfatative spirit. They are under the hopeless necessity of watching and guarding against home population as thoroughly as they would have to watch an invading army. I believe I am safe in saying, not even excepting Russia, that no other nation in Europe but Spain is in this anomalous condition. It stands revealed before the world as a nation that has not controlled the growth of hope and thought, but withstood it instead; with the inevitable disaster coming nearer every day.

* * *

COLONIAL POLICY: I fear if we look back to the conquest of three or four centuries ago, when constant tidings of new continents, wealth, etc., fired men's adventurous souls, the skirts of no nation will be found entirely free from innocent blood. With a few notable exceptions, in spots, like Rhode Island under Williams, Pennsylvania under Penn, and Maryland under Calvert cruelty and illiberality have almost universally accompained the work of establishing a new colony But gentler methods and various nations seem now to vie with each other in the liberality and excellence of their colonial policies. Take England for an instance. Its illiberal treatment of its most valuable possessions, now the United States, has entirely passed away; so that at the present it is practically true that many small possessions in various parts are better ruled, better prospered, and stronger as dependencies than they would be as separate and independent governments. The policy of England and of other nations who try to rival her in colonizing activity, is to look only for indirect results from good government. Internal development is amid it with the confident hope that the resulting prosperity will react favorably to the home country by reason of increasing trade, etc. But Spain's policy has remained unchanged while other nations marched onward. As I said in last week's letter her colonies have always been regarded as fair prey to be stripped of every thing valuable that was compact and transportable. The fierce greed of Cortez and Pizarro is apparently unchanged. Whatever positions of power were open for filling, have seemed to be regarded as the rightful heritage of the Spanish nobility without any regard as to fitness, or the benefit of the country they ruled over. Indirect gain from the development of a colony has never been regarded with such favor as the direct results by squeezing out taxes and farming out productive positions. This is simply another evidence of the mad spirit of self-distruction that has possessed Spain. The inevitable result has been the loss one by one since the end of last century of the very jewels of her diadem of empire.

* * *

AGRICULTURAL UNPROGRESSIVENESS: About the beginning of the 16th century Spain possessed of a religious fury very adroitly mingled with greed, expelled the Jews and the Moors and confiscated their property. By so doing inflicted as severe a national injury to itself as France did when it drove out the Hugenots, stripping itself of its best farmers and mechanics, tradesmen and merchants. In 1609, if my memory serves me right, Spain gave a further fatal blow to itself by expelling all the Christainized Moors. As a result up to the present, agriculture, the necessary basis of national prosperity, is very undeveloped. The most primitive instrument are still in use and great regions that the Moors had made productive have fallen back to wildness. Shortsightedness characterized her abroad. When Pizarro landed in Peru the strip of land fifty and more miles wide stretching from the ocean front to the foot-hills of the Andes, supported a population of about 700,000. The patient Peruvians has made this sandy desert blossom like the rose by vast irrigation works. In some cases they had constructed aqudncts hundreds of miles long and even pierced mountains in order that this particular region might be watered. Now the desert is again triumphant. The conqueror seeking those things alone that could be gained by the sword, neglected the real essentials of prosperity, until now only a few thousand exist where hundreds of thousands were once prosperous. The same lamentable neglect was shown in Mexico. The strange creatures whom Montezuma ruled were exceedingly progressive in their way. But their works and plans and agricultural gains were scattered to the winds by their blood-thirsty conquerors. Now the spiritless Peon seems sunken beyond all hope of revival.

Women Will Get Ideas Here.

Every woman has natural curiosity to see how other women furnish their homes. To satisfy this *The Ladies' Home Journal* will publish during the year interior photographic views of a hundred of the most artistic, cheerful and comfortable homes in America. These will show in detail the construction, fitting and furnishing of parlors, drawing-rooms, halls, reception, music, sitting, dining, bed and bath rooms, kitchens, porches, piazzas, etc. This unique series will be full of excellent ideas for every housekeeper or home-maker. It will present views of the interiors of houses of moderate cost, which are fitted and furnished with conspicuous good taste, and at comparatively small expense.

New Through Line to Indianapolis and Chicago.

Commencing January 24th, the B. & O. R. R. will operate a through line of Pullman Buffet Drawing-room Sleeping cars between Baltimore, Washington, Indianapolis and Chicago via Cincinnati. Train schedule as follows:

Leave Baltimore	10.15 a. m.
Washington	11.45 a. m.
Weaverton	1.14 p. m.
Harper's Ferry	1.25 p. m.
Martinsburg	1.58 p. m.
Cumberland	4.05 p. m.
Gratton	7.50 p. m.
Clarksburg	8.29 p. m.
Central	9.31 p. m.
Arrive Parkersburg	11.00 p. m.
Cincinnati	3.05 a. m.
Indianapolis	7.00 a. m.
Chicago	12.01 noon.

Direct connections are made for Green Castle, Terra Haute, Lafayette, Crawfordsville and principal points in the west and northwest. 46-3.

Ripans Tabules relieve nausea.

ROAD SUPERVISORS.

List Appointed by the County Commissioners for the Year 1897.

DISTRICT NO. SIX.

Mortel Frankhauser, road from Crane's lane to Hinebaugh's mill road and from same road to West Virginia line by Elsey's; $75.

Elijah Friend of E., road from Crane's lane to White rock run; $35.

James DeWitt, road from Wm. Lowdermilk's to Elijah Friend's, on the mountain; $25.

Jerome Kelly, road from Crane's lane to coal bank on road to Sang Run; $35.

Richard Friend, road from J. Frantz to coal bank on road to Cranesville $20.

John W. Johnson, road from Sang Run to Hoye's run; $30.

John Sines, road from Hoye's run to Deep creek; $40.

Duke McClain, road from Ode DeWitt's to McHenry; $40. Road from McHenry to line of District No. 5; $45. Road from Joseph Frantz's to Glotfelty's field at McHenry road; $20. Road from Seabold's to Ed Bishoff's by Casteel farm; $20. Road from Johnstown to district line No. 5; $15. Road from McHenry road to district line No. 5; $20. Road from Deep creek to McHenry; $40. Road from finger board to Glendale church; $20.

John DeWitt, road from Jos. Frantz's to Johnstown; $25.

James Horchstedler, Grantsville road from Sand hole to Bear creek bridge, road from Mud pike by Jonas Horchstedler's to intersect county road; $30.

Jesse Glotfelty, road from Bender's to McHenry road; $30.

DISTRICT NO. SEVEN.

William White, road from Gortner's mill to corporation line of Oakland; $85. Road from West Union at Gortner's mill to Mason lane; $20. Road from West Union road to Totten farm by White's to Yough river bridge at Glotfelty farm (old location); $50

Ralph Ashby, Ashby and Hutton Switch road and new road from Yough river bridge at Glotfelty farm to West Virginia line; $45.

Daniel Lewis, road from Crancville road to Sang Run road by the river; $20. Road from Deep creek to Bray school house; $25.

Stephen Browning, road from corporation line of Oakland to White road and from same road to Crellin by Stephen Browning's; $70.

G. B. M. Friend, White and Barnard road; $40.

H. N. Fredlock, road from King's run to Broadford; $15. Road from Schooley's fence to Oakland; $80. Road from Oakland to Hinebaugh's mill road by William Hall's; $80. Road from finger board to West Virginia line and from same road to Hutton Switch, $35. Road from Terra Alta road to Cranesville road by Davis', $10. New road from Hutton Switch road to West Virginia line; $10.

Andrew Shartzer, road from near Alexander Lower's to near Lindale school house; $20. Baker road from railroad at Mt. Lake Park to district line No. 8; $40. Wonderly road from railroad to line of District No. 8, and from Lewis Thompson's to Wonderly's; $20. Road from Hooppole to Pysell's, to cross roads; $40. Road from Ryan's Glade road to Fogelpole's; $10. Beckman road; $30. Road from Oakland to Broadford and from Broadford to Maddigan's, from Broadford to Deer Park by Riley farm, road from Shaffer's to Mountain Lake Park, from Ryan's Glade road near Mountain Lake Park to Boiling Spring, and all roads north of railroad by Mountain Lake Park to Oakland between railroad and Hooppole road and Lake Mail road; $195. Road from Oakland to Bray school house; $75.

P. H. Rodeheaver, road from Schooly's farm to Deep creek bridge in the middle and to Delawder's; $80. Road from narrows of Deep creek to Legislative road; $15. Altamont road to J. Sell's; $10.

Chauncy Kimmell, new road from Hooppole road to Sang Run road to Henry Jordan's and to Dodge school house; $30.

DISTRICT NO. 8.

W. P. Lee, Wilson road to Wilson; $70.

John H. Sanders, Mansfield road; $20.

W. McC. Brown, Bayard county road; $20.

John Bramble, Abernethy road from top of mountain at pike to Wilson road; $55.

Dennis Rider, road from Wood place to Dobbin; $55.

David Gnagey, Shaffer road; $50.

Jeremiah Harvey, Mason road from Clements'; $50.

Elisha Harvey, Ryan's Glade road from Gorman to district line; $105.

J. M. Miller, Miller and Gauer road and road from Red House to West Virginia line; $40.

Thomas J. Moreland, Northwestern pike from top of mountain to Gorman $75. Also road from pike to White's lane by B. F. Harvey's; $20.

Peter F. Nine, Sunnyside road; $20.

Marcellus Wolfe, road from Mason school house to Bowman's, pike from top of mountain to West Virginia line at Chisholm's mill; $65.

James E. Moreland, King and Wildeson road; $50.

Jonas Yutzy, road from Gortner's mill to Chisholm's mill, road from Marion Hawser's to Red House; $90. Road from north end of Mason's lane to top of mountain; $35.

Parker Ashby, the Parker Ashby and Thomas DeWitt road; $25.

DISTRICT NO. NINE.

Henry Finzell, Johnson road to Pennsylvania line: $35.

Samuel S. Meese, road from Johnson's by Wilhelm's to Pennsylvania line; $40.

Jacob Minnick, road from top of Savage to line of District No 11; $40.

Edward Finzell, road from top of Savage to Pennsylvania line; $40.

William Brown, Lowry road to Pennsylvania line; $15.

DISTRICT NO. TEN.

James L. Harvey, road from Deer Park to line of District No. 8, and from Jerry Tasker's to river; $100.

George W. Moon, road from Jerry Tasker's by Paugh's school house to Eagle Rock; $55.

James H. Wilson, road from Kitzmiller's to Paugh's school house, from Bush farm to Ryan's Glade road; $70.

James Walters, Paradise road; $25.

W. H. Chadderton, road from Wilson's fields to Riley farm, Kimmell road from Delawder's school house to Deer Park; $45.

Francis McRobie, road from Wilson's field to top of mountain by Wilson's store, from Wilson's store to Deer Park on mountain, Postoffice road: $70.

DISTRICT NO. ELEVEN.

August Durst, road from Swanger's mill to Burned camp; $10.

Samuel Wiland, road from Burned camp to Bancord's lane; $5.

W. P. Hansell, Laurel run road to Allegany county line; $15.

Peter S. Stevens, new road from P. Leighton's to Lonaconing road at Spiker's; $45.

Peter McIntyre, road from west end of Savage river bridge to huckleberry patch; $45.

Barney Weimer, road from huckleberry patch to Allegany county line; $25.

James Weir, road from Allegany county line to J. A. Strickland's; $25.

John Wilhelm, road from Strickland's to Frostburg road; $55.

Hiram S. Coleman, road from Widow Brown's lane to Frostburg and thence to line of District No. 9; $40.

Jesse Warnick, Bear pen road, Monnridge road (new road) from Wesley Broadwater's to Gregg's mill; $55.

David Merrill, road from Noah Garlitz's mill by Robinson's to Lancaster's lane; $5.

William Clark, Huckleberry road to Jesse Michael's; $10.

NATIONAL ROAD.

D. B. Layman, the National road from Allegany line to the end of second mile west of Allegany county line $109.

Henry Blocher, third mile west of Allegany county; $37.

G. W. Blocher, fourth mile west of Allegany county; $35.

Peter Pope, fifth mile west of Allegany county; $35.

David Pope, sixth mile west of Allegany county; $35.

Thomas W. Frost, seventh mile west of Allegany county; $35.

William Turner, eighth mile west of Allegany county; $30.

Henry Knepp, ninth mile west of Allegany county; $25.

Lewis Delinbaugh, tenth, eleventh and twelfth miles west of Allegany county; $75.

J. W. Durst, thirteenth and fourteenth miles west of Allegany county; $40.

Charles Boing, fifteenth and sixteenth miles west of Allegany county; $40.

Henry A. Reichelt, seventeenth and eighteenth miles west of Allegany county, $40, and from National road to district line No. 5; $10.

Jonas Platter, from end of eighteenth mile west of Allegany county to Pennsylvania line; $26.

Twenty Years....

For more than twenty years we have been telling how Scott's Emulsion overcomes the excessive waste of the system, puts on flesh, nourishes and builds up the body, making it the remedy for all wasting diseases of adults and children, but it isn't possible for us to tell the story in a mere stickful of newspaper type.

We have had prepared for us by a physician a little book, telling in easy words how and why Scott's Emulsion benefits, and a postal card request will be enough to have it sent to you free. To-day would be a good time to send for it.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

Letter of Condolence.

The following unique letter of condolence is published as an example of somebody's grief in Frostburg:

"MR. EDITOR—I desire to thank the friends and neighbors most heartily in this manner for the united aid and co-operation during the illness and death of my late husband while eating breakfast. To the friends who contributed so willingly toward making the last moments and the funeral of my late husband a success, I desire to remember most kindly, hoping these lines will find them enjoying the same blessings. I also have a good milch cow and a roan horse eight years old which I will sell cheap. God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform. He plants His footstep on the sea and rides upon the storm. Also a black and white shoat very low."

It will be an agreeable surprise to persons subject to attacks of bilious colic to learn that prompt relief may be had by taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. In many instances the attack may be prevented by taking this remedy as soon as the first symptoms of the disease appear.

25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

STATE FINANCES.

Comptroller Graham Makes His First Report.

Mr. Robert P. Graham, comptroller of the treasury of the State of Maryland, has submitted his annual report, showing the receipts and disbursements and the financial affairs of the state for the fiscal year ended Sept. 30, 1896, to the Governor. In it Mr. Graham says:

RECEIPTS.

The total receipts during the fiscal year aggregated $3,156,875, to which sum must be added the balance in the treasury proper Sept. 30, 1895, of $704,568.19 and cash to the credit of the funds account of $2,000,000, making the total cash amount in the treasury for this period $3,863,443.84. This sum exceeds that of the year previous by $547,631.55, while increase is shown by the issuance of the two loans authorized by chapters 164 and 166 of the Acts of Assembly of 1896, known as the insane asylum and penitentiary loans. The amount from these loans, $612,784, if deduced from the receipts of the government for the year, would show as ordinary receipts the sum of $2,544,091.64, a sum less by $65,152.45 than for the year previous, and less by $62,612.03 than the fiscal year 1894.

DISBURSEMENTS.

The disbursements amounted to $2,945,401.07, leaving a balance on hand Sept. 30, 1896, of $916,042.76. This sum of $2,945,401.07 is greater than the preceding year, which is always incidental to a legislative period and augmented this year by a payment of $200,777.70 on account of the penitentiary loan, together with the further sum of $150,000 for free books, another large expenditure. As you will also observe, there was paid to the second hospital for the insane the sum of $99,500, under chapter 231 of 1894. This amount was used in the purchase of a sight for said hospital near Sykesville, Carroll county, and in the maintenance and equipment of the same, which sum was further augmented by the insane asylum loan of $100,000, fully guaranteeing the institution amide means to be a credit to the state.

SOURCES OF REVENUE.

The amount received into the treasury during the fiscal year from loan taxes aggregated $332,524.33, or $87,-260.81 less than for the same period in 1895, which is explained by a difference in the state tax levy for 1896 and by a shortage in receipts from collectors. While the state of 17½ cents and the school tax of 10½ cents thereof remains the same as last year, yet the legislature of 1896, chapter 165, regulating the levy for state purposes, changed its division and purposes by repealing the tax of 5½ cents for the defense redemption loan and the 1½ cents for the exchange loan of 1896, enacting in lieu thereof a tax of 3¼ cents for the outstanding debt. 15-16 of 1 cent for the penitentiary loan, 3-16 of 1 cent for the insane asylum loan and 2 cents for the purchase of free books in the public schools, the latter tax being thoroughly inadequate for the purposes sought.

The tax of 5½ cents for the redemption of the defense redemption loan was very properly repealed, inasmuch as its sinking fund was then nearly equal to the amount of the loan of $3,000,000, and now at the close of the fiscal year is $204,770.05 in excess thereof. Suffice it to say, however, that after paying the interest upon the public debt, as required by law, there has been placed to the credits of the sinking funds the amounts above mentioned, a sum more than sufficient to maintain their integrity, to which policy I shall rigidly adhere.

ASSETS.

The productive assets of the state aggregate $3,605,249.99 and the unproductive $8,129,626,99. The stock of the Annapolis Water Company, amounting to $30,000, was transferred to the unproductive column by reason of its failure to pay any dividends since July, 1894. The item of $74,000 of Frederick city 4 per cent. bonds is less by $42,000 than at the close of the last fiscal year, for the reason, that this amount was exchanged under chapter 172 of the Act of 1896 for a like amount of the defense redemption loan stock. You will notice that in making the statement of productive assets I have capitalized the annuity of $93,000, secured by mortgage upon the Northern Central railroad at 6 per cent. Should it be found advisable to dispose of this investment, it could be done at a much higher figure than is placed in the statement.

STATE DEBT.

At the close of the fiscal year 1896 the total state debt aggregated $9,-284,986.24, or an increase of $600,000 over that of last year. This increase you will readily observe was occasioned by the two new loans authorized by the last legislature, as per chapters 166 and 164, known as the penitentiary and insane asylum loans for $500,000 and $100,000, respectively. The wisdom of the legislature in creating these loans is obvious. One of the very highest obligations upon a state is the proper care of its insane and criminals. The old penitentiary was thoroughly inadequate to meet the demands made upon it, while the one now in course of construction will represent the highest type of modern penal institutions both as to size and security.

As an offset to this debt the state holds stocks and bonds, including investments in the sinking funds, the par value of which is $5,946,433.11, but market value much greater, notably the stock in the Washington Branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company of $550,000, paying 5 per cent. semi annual dividends and the State's interest in the Northern Central Railway, amounting to $1,500,000, leaving the net debt of the state at the close of the fiscal year 1896 $3,338,553.18.

FREE SCHOOL BOOKS.

The amount of levy of 2 cents on each $100 for free school books aggregated $108,092.34. If every cent of this sum had been collected and added to the amounts received from tax on incorporated institutions and Baltimore city stock, yet it would have been $29,359.05 short of the $150,000 appropriation. When it is remembered that a large percentage from every levy must be allowed by abatements from insolvencies, erroneous assessments, etc., it will readily be seen that the tax as now levied for this purpose will never be sufficient to equal the appropriation. The receipts during the year amounted to only $63,639.78, leaving a deficiency of $86,370.22 as a net payment from the treasury proper, which must necessarily be increased from year to year as the statute now stands.

The above sum of $150,000 was apportioned by me in strict conformity with the laws applicable to the same. Sec. 3 of chap. 135 of 1896, recites: "That the whole of said sum shall be apportioned by the comptroller in the month of July of each and every year as the state school tax is now apportioned." This was done to the fraction of a mill. The state school tax has been apportioned by this department but one way for the past twenty-four years, or since the passage of the Act of 1872, chapter 377, in the correctness of which there can be no legal doubt. I obeyed the law and apportioned the above sum "as the state school tax is now apportioned." If there be any inequalities in the law, the legislature is alone responsible and alone has power to correct them.

The above report is very gratifying in many ways. It shows that the financial condition of the state is sound, that the state debt is comparatively small (about $5 per capita) and that the Republican administration has not wasted the state's money. The moneys appropriated by the late legislature were $500,000 for a new penitentiary, $100,000 for building an insane asylum and the free school book fund which was not fully provided for. The above three objects are all most worthy and cannot be looked upon as needless extravagance.

The shrinkage in real estate has been felt by smaller receipts from the several tax collectors in the counties and the diminished amounts tell the tale of depression and hard times.

The oyster fund is an expense, or rather has been heretofore, but better results are expected since it was overhauled by the late legislature. The sinking funds of the state are wise provisions and one of the funds now in hand is more than sufficient to take up the indebtedness that it stands against. The defense redemption loan of 1882, due in 1899, for $3,-000,000, is the next debt to be cancelled and it is a comfort to know that there is already nearly enough money in hand to liquidate it. Every citizen ought to acquaint himself with the finances of the state and hold public officials to a careful and economical management of them.

Mountain Lake Park.

Dr. C. P. Masden, pastor of First Church, New Haven, Conn., and one of the founders of Mountain Lake Park, was presented a purse containing substantial evidences of the high appreciation in which he is held by his people, on Christmas day.

The past week we have had excellent sleighing, good skating, and yet pleasant weather.

P. T. Garthright filled his ice house Friday last, with ice six inches thick.

The Lake is covered with ice, clear as crystal and six inches thick.

A revival meeting is in progress at Loch Lynn Heights, conducted by the United Brethren. Interesting meetings are reported.

Miss DeBerry teacher of the K. street school at the Park, has been on the sick list for the past week. For that time her school was dismissed.

The sheriff is advertising a number of lots for sale in Loch Lynn, on the 29th, seized as the property of the Mountain Home Co., to satisfy a claim of Mr. Wm. Sweet.

W. R. Johnson, the Park photographer, has gone to Friendsville to spend a month. He will open "photo rooms" there.

Mr. Frase and wife returned last week from a very pleasant visit among friends in Ohio.

Robt. Walsh, of Keyser, was in the Park Saturday trying to sell organs. He sold Mrs. Henry May quite a fine instrument.

Robert Burley, who has been clerking in P. T. Garthright's store for the past year, has given up his position.

Joseph Johns has returned from a week's visit at Davis.

Many merchants are well aware that their customers are their best friends and take pleasure in supplying them with the best goods obtainable. As an instance we mention Perry & Cameron, prominent druggists of Flushing, Michigan. They say: "We have no hesitation in recommending Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to our customers, as it is the best cough remedy we have ever sold and always gives satisfaction." For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Popesville.

The weather has been very favorable for January. We have been having some sleighing, but it is gone now.

Quite a number of the young folks attended the institute at the McKenzie school and report it a success.

We were glad to have the examiner, Mr. U. G. Palmer, visit our school. It shows he takes an interest in us.

George Pope is cutting the timber on his land and expects to have a mill move in and saw the lumber in the spring.

Mr. and Mrs. George Turner have gone to housekeeping at Shade Mill in the old Frost mansion. We wish them success in life.

Mr. Albert Michael, who has been ill for some time, is improving in health slowly.

Our League was reorganized and new officers elected for the year. We hope that each officer will do his best to make it a success.

Mr. William Ravenscroft bought a fine five-year-old coach animal. He likes fast stock.

For a pain in the chest a piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on over the seat of the pain, and another on the back between the shoulders, will afford prompt relief. This is especially valuable in case where the pain is caused by a cold and there is a tendency toward pneumonia. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Oak Hill.

The enterprising farmers of Accident were very busily engaged in hauling limestone last week during the little snow. There were as high as forty teams in one string. We were all sorry to see the snow disappear, but the way it looks at present there is more to come.

Mr. Clark Rush has rented his farm to a Mr. Brown and his two sons, of Pennsylvania.

There will be preaching in the Oak Hill school house next Sunday at 10.30 a. m., by Rev. Frank Conway, of Elder.

Mr. Martin Rush is quite ill at present.

We hope all the teachers have consented to do one hundred days of actual teaching for the school year. Our teacher for one is perfectly willing to do so, and we are very glad to have five months of school this year, for we are having the best school this winter that has ever been taught at Oak Hill.

We notice that Leonard Shartzer and Silas Teats are appointed as road supervisors on the road from Accident to Friendsville.

Mr. John Miller has improved his farm with a new dwelling. Mr. S. K. Schlossnagle did the carpenter work.

Mr. Adam Snyder made a business trip to Barton last week.

Mr. J. W. Shroyer purchased a valuable horse last week from his brother Edward.

Not a few who read what Mr. Robert Rowls, of Holland, Va., has to say below, will remember their own experience under like circumstances: "Last winter I had la grippe which left me in a low state of health. I tried numerous remedies, none of which did me any good, until I was induced to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The first bottle of it so far relieved me that I was enabled to attend to my work, and the second bottle effected a cure." For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Notice to Teachers.

An annual local institute will be held at Accident on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 22 and 23, 1897.

The public especially invited to attend the first session, beginning at 7:30 p. m., Friday at which time they will be addressed by Prof. R. R. Sanner, of Pennsylvania and Supt. Palmer upon subjects of general interest.

All teachers that can possibly do so are expected to be present on Saturday's session beginning at 9 o'clock a. m.

Taylor's King Fools.

Beginning to-night Taylor's King Fools, a company of acknowledged artists, will fill a three night's engagement at Shartzer's Opera House. The production to be played to-night is "Gilhooly's Troubles." While having no apparent plot the play abounds in laughable situations, bright witticisms and sweet music. Popular prices, 15, 25 and 35 cents. Tickets on sale at Oakland Pharmacy. The ladies will be admitted free this evening.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

SHERIFF'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE

Situated in the Town of Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett Co., Md.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county at the suit of Charles T. Sweet and Company vs. Shackleford, trading as Sweet & Shackleford, against the Mountain Home Company, the same being No 38 Judicials to December Term, 1896, of said court, the undersigned sheriff will, on

Saturday, the 30th day of January,

1897, at the hour of two o'clock p. m., sell at public auction to the highest bidder in front of the Court-house in the town of Oakland all that tract of land situated in the town of Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Maryland, belonging to the said defendant, containing the quantity of eighty acres more or less, and being the same property which is more particularly described in a deed from Joseph C. Anderson and wife dated the 10th day of July, 1894, and duly recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No 21, folio 417, one of the land records of Garrett county, to the Mountain Home Company, except so much of said land as has heretofore been sold in the way of town lots, the number of which can be seen on record in the clerk's office of Garrett county. This is one of the most beautiful pieces of land among the B. & O. R. R., and is now divided into town lots, a plat of which can also be seen in the above clerk's office.

So much of said land, or so much of it as may be necessary, will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN,
11 31 Sheriff of Garrett County.

Office of Julius C. Renninger, Attorney, Oakland, Md.

TRUSTEES' SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE
—AND—
Personal Property.

By virtue of a power contained in a deed of trust executed by John J. Beeghley and Ellen Beeghley, his wife, on the 8th day of December, 1896, for the benefit of the sale John J. Beeghley's creditors, the undersigned trustees will sell at public auction on

SATURDAY,
The 23d Day of January, A. D. 1897.

at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m.,

on the farm now occupied by the said John J. Beeghley, situated about one mile south of the postoffice at Cove, and about three miles from the town of Accident, Garrett county, Maryland, the following real estate, to-wit:

First: All that piece or parcel of land situated in Garrett county, Maryland, about one mile south of the Cove and beginning at or near the gate post at the end of the lane near the barn of John J. Beeghley and running from thence south to the corner of the lands of Samuel Engle, deceased, and Henry Keiser; then west to a spruce stump at the side of the public county road a few perches south of a culvert crossing said public road; then along said public road north-east to a post at the bound fence, and from thence by a straight line to the beginning, containing about

EIGHT ACRES,

and improved by a

Fine Large Barn,

subject to the interest of Josiah Beeghley.

Second: A two-sevenths interest in a tract of land called the

"Lime Stone Quarry,"

situated on the north side of Bear Creek and about two miles east of Friendsville, in Garrett county, enclosed and surrounded by a tract of land called the Vesper Tract, with improvements.

Third: A piece of land lying on the east side of the public road leading from Accident to the National pike, about one mile south of the postoffice at Cove, Garrett county, and adjoining the lands now occupied by the said J. J. Beeghley, containing one and one-half acres, more or less, and improved by a

Fine Dwelling House.

And on the same day and at the same place the trustees will also offer for sale at public auction, the following personal property, to-wit:

Four sets of Harness, one Saddle and Harness, one gray Horse, five Pigs, one Blinder, three Cows, twenty-five bushels of Oats, twenty bushels of Wheat, ten tons of Hay, one mow of Straw, seven hundred Sugar Buckets, and also all the paraphernalia used in a Sugar Camp, one Mowing Machine, one Spring Tooth Harrow, crop of Wheat in the ground, two Barrels and one Keg, two Corn Planters, lot of Carpenter's Tools and Bench, one Turning Lathe, one Grain Cradle, one Mowing Scythe, one pair of Scales, one Grind Stone, one Fruit Sprayer, one dinner Bell, two bundles of Wire, one Washing Machine and Wringer, four Kettles and Stirrer, one Churn, part of a barrel of Coal Oil, four Stands of Bees, Blacksmith's Tools, seventeen head of Sheep, two Calves, three Shoats, a large quantity of Household Goods and numerous Farming Implements.

TERMS OF SALE: Positively cash on the day of sale and no goods to be removed until terms of sale are complied with.

LEWIS KANE,
JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
2 *Trustees.*

STATEMENT

of the condition of The Garrett County Bank, of Oakland, Md., at the close of business January 4, 1897.

RESOURCES.

Bills receivable	$ 15,998.92
Stocks and bonds	32,012.50
Banking house	6,812.92
Furniture and fixtures	2,315.40
Real estate	3,773.83
Due from banks	36,772.92
Gold coin	5,485.00
Silver coin, nickels and cents	1,610.75
Currency of the United States	14,365.00
Checks	55.14
	$200,405.91

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock	$ 25,000.00
Surplus	5,000.00
Undivided profits	6,041.71
Due banks	1,998.21
Demand deposits	136,852.46
Time deposits	25,988.53
Dividend No. 11	760.00
	$200,405.91

STATE OF MARYLAND, COUNTY OF GARRETT, } ss.

I, S. T. Jones, Cashier of the Garrett County Bank, of Oakland, Maryland do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

S. T. JONES, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of January, 1897.

G. A. FRALEY, Notary Public.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

ORDER NISI.

John P. Spiker, assignee of Josiah Beeghley vs. John J. Beeghley and Ellen Beeghley. No. 807 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered, this 6th day of January in the year eighteen hundred and ninety seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in Equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by John P. Spiker, assignee of mortgage, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 29th day of January, 1897, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county once in each of three successive weeks before the 29th day of January, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2,500.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—test:
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the deed of trust from Daniel Hinebaugh to Eli McMillan. No. 738 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

This is to give notice to the creditors of Daniel Hinebaugh to file their claims properly authenticated with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before the 22d day of January, 1897, as I will then state an account in the above entitled cause, distributing the money in the hands of Eli McMillan, trustee, to the parties entitled to participate in the distribution of the fund.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
43—4 Auditor.

ORDER NISI.

Frederick L. Fredlock vs. Joseph P. Gleeson. No. 758 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

Ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting as a court of equity, this 23d day of December, 1896, that the sale of property mentioned in these proceedings made and reported by Taylor Morrison, receiver, appointed by a decree of this court to make said sale, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 23th day of January, 1897. Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in said Garrett county once in each of three successive weeks before the 24th day of January, 1897.

The report states the amount of sales to be $96.80.

A true copy,
Test, E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
DAVID W. SLOAN.
45 3

ORDER NISI.

Lewis Popp vs. Sarah E. Will and John W. Will.

No. 801 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 24th day of December, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above case by Lewis Popp, mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 22d day of January, 1897, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Oakland, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks before the 22d day of January, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $700.00.

True copy—Test. E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 45-3

STATE OF MARYLAND,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
ANNAPOLIS, January 11, 1897.

To all whom it may concern:

Notice is hereby given that application has been made to His Excellency Lloyd Lowndes, Governor of Maryland, for the pardon of Winfield Childister, who was convicted at the March term, 1895, of the Circuit Court for Garrett county of burglary and sentenced to be confined in the Maryland Penitentiary for three years.

The Governor will take up the said case for final decision on or after Monday, the 1st day of February 1897, until which time protests against such pardon will be heard, and the papers filed open to inspection, at the discretion of the Governor.

By order of the Governor:
RICHARD DALLAM,
45-5 Secretary of State.

NOTICE.

All persons not having paid their corporation tax for the year 1896 are requested to do so at once, or I will be compelled to collect by process of law.

JAMES C. HINEBAUGH,
45-3 Collector.

--THE--
National - Tribune,
Washington, D. C.

1897—TWENTIETH YEAR—1897

The People's Great Paper.

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Most Distinguished Contributors

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Gen. Sherman's Memoirs,

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Testimony for Public Benefit

Mr. Oliver A. Horner, Cashier of the Banking House of Annan, Horner & Co., Emmittsburg, Md., and Commander Dept. Md., G. A. R., says:—

"It affords me great pleasure to recommend 'Honey-Tolu' for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, &c. I have used this valuable remedy in my family which gave speedy relief in all cases and I most cheerfully recommend it to the general public as a most efficient remedy."

Mr. T. W. Hobbs, 41 Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., testifies as follows:—

"It affords me much pleasure to say that I have tried 'Honey-Tolu' in my family for Coughs and Colds, etc., with perfect satisfaction. It acts like a charm, its good effects being felt from the first dose; so cheerfully recommend it to everyone needing a reliable remedy for coughs and colds."

Mr. J. Edw. Wolf, of 128 N. Mount St., Baltimore, Md., the Sec'y of Ideal Council, No. 73, Jr. O. U. A. M., says:—

"It gives me pleasure to testify to the merits of 'Honey-Tolu,' which I consider the most valuable remedy ever offered the public; and one that should be constantly on hand in every family. When our baby was quite young it was attacked by an aggravated cough, which was exceedingly annoying and the source of much solicitude to us. A number of "old time" remedies were resorted to, but all without effect. During the past winter Croup prevailed in our midst, and he had it in a fully developed form; and it would have gone very hard with him, but I was fortunate enough to hear of 'Honey-Tolu,' of which I procured a bottle. After a very short trial it proved effective, relieving him at once and before the bottle was used the cough had entirely disappeared."

Honey-Tolu.

Sold by all Dealers. Large Bottles, 25c.

PIEDMONT STONE & LIME CO.,

Owned and operated by [illegible]
Manufacturing [illegible]
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Superior Lime

TO BUILDERS, FARMERS AND OTHERS, IN BARRELS OF [illegible]
PURE BURNT.

This lime is equal to [illegible] agricultural, building and [illegible] purposes. Address the Piedmont or Baltimore office.

KILNS AT CRABTREE, MD.

Address all orders to

The E. A. Frederick Orr & Gold Stone Co.
43 26 [illegible], W. VA.

1897. THE SUN, 1897.

BALTIMORE, MD.

THE PEOPLE'S PAPER.
FOR THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE.

HONEST, MANLY,
FEARLESS AND INDEPENDENT,
SOLICITOUS OF THE WELFARE OF,
UNSWERVING IN DEVOTION TO THE
EQUAL RIGHTS AND
RIGHT PRIVILEGES OF ALL.

THE SUN PUBLISHES ALL THE NEWS AND ALL THE TIMES, but it does not show its columns to be degraded by the publication of merely sensational matter.

EDITORIALLY, THE SUN ADVOCATES THE MOST LIBERAL AND PROGRESSIVE VIEWS CONSISTENT WITH SOUND AND CONSERVATIVE GOVERNMENT AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF POPULAR RIGHTS AND THE SUPPRESSION OF WRONG. It is absolutely free from partisan bias, and is not the organ of any political organization or association of any character. Independent of all things, except truth, it fearlessly and impartially discusses all questions of public interest, and aims to be a welcome visitor in every household, a trusted counsellor in every community, and a potent factor for good government and good order.

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A. S. ABELL COMPANY,
Publishers and Proprietors,
Baltimore, Md.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
Real Estate
IN DEER PARK, Garrett County, MD.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Adam H. Long and Anna C. Long, his wife, dated the 17th day of June, 1893, and recorded in Liber G. Z. No. 21, folio 508-7, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, the undersigned will offer at public sale, on the premises, on

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1897,

At the hour of two o'clock p. m.,

The following described property, situated, lying and being in Deer Park, Garrett county, Maryland:

Beginning at the end of the second line of a lot of ground belonging to the United Church Association of Deer Park, and running thence along Church street, north 28 degrees east 60 feet to Geo. Marley's fence; thence with said fence north 62 degrees west 80 feet to H. G. Davis' line; thence with said line south 17 degrees west 61 feet to the "Church Lot," and thence south 62 degrees east 70 feet to the beginning, being improved by a

FINE DWELLING

and out-buildings. This is the same property formerly owned by Dr. Laughlin, and is near his present residence.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-third cash and the balance secured by mortgage on the property, payable in two years, or all cash at purchaser's option.

PERCY H. VEITCH,
49-4 Attorney named in the Mortgage

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

A MOVING ACCIDENT.

BY CLARENCE COOK.

"ANYHOW," said Celia, wishing to console me, "we shall be able to drop the Higginsons."

Celia stood before me in a dress which, as experience had taught me, implied that Celia had cleared for action. In one hand she held a paint pot, in the other a trowel. For Celia was off for a day's work upon the new house, while I was trying to write a humorous review of a scientific work upon an upturned box in the old flat, sitting amid the ruins of two years' comfort.

Why we were moving I cannot tell. In some vague way Celia had given me to understand that she was uncomfortable. I protested that I was happy enough where I was; whereat Celia alluded disparagingly to the stairs, the hall porter and finally the Higginsons. Then came hints of an eligible house and garden at a microscopic rent. I assumed no interest, having none. And then one morning men came upstairs in their shirt sleeves, fell upon the furniture and tore it from its moorings. I remarked to Celia that of all the happy days I had spent in my study this was not the happiest. And Celia replied that we should be able to drop the Higginsons.

"It would certainly be jolly not to see the Higginsons again," I said. "But this is a high price to pay for the pleasure."

Celia looked round, and, finding a coal scuttle which the men in shirt sleeves had overlooked, sat down upon it to explain.

"Everyone should move—well—once every two years," said Celia.

I laid down my pen and looked inquiringly.

"WE SHALL BE ABLE TO DROP THE HIGGINSONS."

"For one thing it means clearing up," said Celia, looking triumphantly round my ravaged apartment. "Think of the amount of rubbish one accumulates. Now you can weed it all out when you move, because it's not worth taking away. This room was simply awful, wasn't it? Crammed with things you'll never want—and never see again."

Celia gave a nod of victory. I shook my head slowly, and, I think pathetically.

"I shall never absolutely want them," I said, "but—well—they were company."

"Pouf!" said Celia. And there was silence for the space of half a minute.

"Anyhow, the Higginsons are not company," said Celia. And there's another advantage in moving. You send out fresh cards. And people who don't get invitations to the new house have no right to come."

"Then, socially speaking, we start again," I said.

"Exactly," said Celia, welcoming my flash of intelligence. "I am only going to ask the people we really want. I've got the list in my pocket."

"You haven't cut out Martin, I hope Celia had never said she disliked Martin Howard; but I had my suspicions, and did not intend to be parted from my best friend.

"Oh, no! of course you'll ask Mr. Howard," said Celia, graciously. "And I'm going to have fresh servants."

"Just as Jane is beginning to comprehend my little ways," I murmured.

"Jane," said Celia, "is beginning to consider herself necessary to us. It is a great mistake to keep a servant so long that she becomes necessary to you."

"Is it not rather a mistake," I suggested, modestly, "to send away a servant when she has become necessary?"

"You don't understand," said Celia. "I am determined to get rid of Jane and the cook. And we must have a boy. There is so much more to do in a house than in a flat. I shall begin looking out for fresh servants at once. Oh, dear! I must be going; there are such heaps of things to do."

Celia rose from the coal-scuttle and gathered up the paint pot and the trowel. I resumed my pen. At the door Celia hesitated.

"I don't know," she said, slowly, "how I'm ever to get anything done. And I want to ask some people for this day week. Just a few people—those we want to know, you know."

"I suppose," I said, doubtfully, laying down my pen again, "that I really ought to do something to help—eh?"

Celia frowned thoughtfully.

"You're so silly," she said. "You can't even drive in a nail, or—oh! I'll tell you what you might do. You might just write notes to the people we want. I have the list in my pocket. You can write, can't you? Just little, friendly notes, saying I shall be at home between four-thirty and seven."

Celia dived into her pocket, bringing forth a handkerchief, a latchkey, a pair of gloves, a small box of chocolate creams, a reel of cotton, some hairpins and a memorandum book. This last she handed to me.

"You'll find the names and addresses there," she said. "Good-by. There's a good boy."

I turned to my task. From the list I gathered that Celia had dropped the Higgsusous, as well as several others of our old friends, some of whom I liked well enough. Martin's name was missing. But I meant to write to him on my own account.

It was rather difficult to devise the proper form for the notes. Many of the ladies who gather about Celia's "at home" days are quite unknown to me, and a glance showed me that several of the names on the list were strange ones. You can hardly write informal notes to people you don't know. However, I finally succeeded in inventing a sufficiently colorless formula, simply indicating that Celia would be glad to see so-and-so next Tuesday between four-thirty and seven. By the time Celia returned to dinner the notes were written and posted, and I had finished my humorous review. Though tired and dishevelled, Celia complimented me on my industry.

"It will be such a relief," she said, "to know only the nice people that we—that we know."

Tuesday came; and Celia, after superhuman exertion, was ready for it. I had begged Martin to come early to support me, and, like a good fellow, he came.

Then there was a pause. Celia and I were just showing Martin the veranda overlooking the garden, on which we intended to breakfast during the summer, when the bell rang at the garden door. In a few moments Jane appeared, obviously "put about."

"A young person, 'm, about a place."

"Oh, there's some mistake," said Celia.

"No, ma'am," said the young person, who was close behind Jane. "You sent for me to come to-day." She drew a letter from her pocket, and handed it to Celia, who glanced at it, and held it out to me.

"What is the meaning of this?" said Celia.

It was in my writing, and stated that Celia would be glad to see Mrs. Simmons on Tuesday between four-thirty and seven.

"I'm sure I don't know," I said. "Look here, Martin, come upstairs to my den and smoke."

The bell rang again. And as I looked out of my study window I saw Jane coming up the garden path followed by an awkward looking boy.

"Been making an ass of yourself again?" said Martin, as he selected a cigar.

"I'm not quite sure," I replied. "All I know is that I sent out Celia's invitations for to-day, and—and this is the result."

The bell continued to ring at intervals, and I judged from the look of the visitors, that Celia would have a wide choice of cooks, housemaids and boys. Martin and I watched their arrival and their departure from the window.

"Look here, Martin," I said. "You had better stay to dinner. It is quite clear that Celia had two lists, one of servants and the other of friends, and that I worked upon the wrong one. But it is equally clear that Celia gave me that list. Now I want you to give me and Celia your honest opinion as to whose fault it was."

Martin looked at me and smiled.

"I'll never do it," he said.—Idler.

—The Austriane were originally the Oester-Reichers or inhabitants of the Eastern Empire.

DISEASE GERMS ON MONEY.

A Serious Menace to the Public Health.

Public attention has never been directed in an adequate manner to the dangers which exist in the careless handling of money. Owing to its rapidly circulating nature and to the many uncleanly places in which it is constantly being concealed and carried, the coin of the realm possesses advantages in the dessemination of infections diseases not inherent in any other object of public utility. For this reason it should be regarded as a possible source of contagion at all times, and should be handled with the most serious consideration. But instead of applying sanitary or common-sense methods to the nevessarily numerous personal contacts with the circulating medium, the majority of people show less discretion in its use than in any other habit of life. Business men unconsciously dampen their fingers in their mouths when running through a package of bills, passengers in the street cars hold nickels in their lips, and shoppers neglect cuts or abrasions on the fingers which touch quantities of change. Yet all of these foolish oversight may prove as serious as the careless handling of a firearm. In both cases the excuse is the same: "Didn't know it was loaded." Recent experiments prove that practically all of the older coins and bills in circulation are thoroughly tainted with diseases of more or less malignant types. Molds and fungi of numerous varieties; cocci, which included all of the more deadly blood-poisoning germs, and bacilli of several possibly dangerous kinds were all found in a few samples, while the chance of detecting the organisms of the greater number of the contagious diseases was prevented by the conditions of the experiment. More complete and extended tests would doubtless have shown even more startling results, while the possibility of finding germs of an epidemic nature, even in the present state of the city's health, was admitted by the bacteriologists conducting the investigation.

This contaminated condition of the money in circulation may well be considered one of the most serious menaces to the public health. Yet a few simple and common sense precautions will remove the greater part of the danger. Clean the unscarred hands, or gloves worn while shopping, a reasonable degree of care in holding money, and above all an avoidance of putting coins, bills, or fingers in the mouth or on the lips while engaged in commercial pursuits, are easy ways to procure safety. With these simple methods of obtaining security ready at hand the present widespread violations of sanitation must result either from profound ignorance or from an almost criminal degree of carelessness.—Chicago Tribune.

THE "CHRISTMAS FACE."

Type of Countenance Seen In Holiday Shopping Times.

The "Christmas face" has become a distinctive feature of modern life—as much so as the "bicycle face." It makes its appearance annually a few weeks before the holidays, and gradually disappears toward spring. It can now be seen on thousands of restless women who wander anxiously up and down the crowded streets, toiling from window to window, pushing their eager ways into the dense knots of humanity and staring with hungry eyes at the Christmas gifts displayed.

It is seen in the big stores where the shopper threads her weary way through endless aisles and handles over the huge piles of Christmas offerings in search of "something suitable."

It takes weeks of riding through crowded streets to acquire the "bicycle face," but the "Christmas face" usually begins to assume fixed lines after two days' shopping, and at the end of a week the earnest and energetic seeker after bargains has developed a look of anxious, restless and painful expectancy bordering on mild insanity.

The "Christmas face" is easily distinguished. The eyes are never in repose. They roll from side to side and take on a haunted, hungry look as they peer into the shop windows and lay bare the innermost secrets of bargain counters. They rove over bewildering acres of fancy work and shrink with bloodshot terror as they gaze into the seas of blue and green and yellow "art works" displayed in the fake Christmas stores. Often they light up with hopeful tenderness as they rest lovingly upon some rare bit of artistic beauty in metal, oil, or fabric, but quickly darken with despair when the price ticket is displayed.

The mouth assumes a hardened expression. The lips are tightly drawn into sour and sternly bitter curves at the corners. The lines of the cheeks are sunken, and the brows are heavy with doubt, and deeply corrugated. The chin is pushed out at an angle of about 20 degrees, and the entire countenance betokens varying shades of sickening anxiety, deferred hope and pathetic martyrdom, all blended into a sort of fixed and vacuous insanity.—Chicago Tribune.

Apples Stewed Whole.

Take six large red apples, wash carefully and put in a fruit kettle with just enough boiling water to cover. Cover the kettle, and cook slowly until the apples are soft, with the skins broken and the juice a rich red color. After removing the apples, boil the juice to a sirup, sweeten and pour over the apples.—Good Health.

—The Phoenicians were first mentioned as a nation about 1500 B. C., though it is probable their ships had covered the Mediterranean long before that date. Tyre was founded and the Phoenicians became a military and naval power 2267 B. C.

Detected in a clothing store at Frankfort, Ky., a burglar wound a coat about his head and, jumping through a plate-glass window, escaped.

RUSSIA'S VOLUNTEER FLEET.

Great Ships Intended Either for War or Commerce.

The origin of this peculiar organization is interesting. In the last war between Russia and Turkey the former's navy was recognized to be weak, and some patriotic subjects of the czar resolved to create by private effort a force of auxiliary cruisers that might be useful in case a naval power should intervene on the side of Turkey. Subscriptions were started in the chief towns, and in a few months about 2,000,000 roubles were collected. With these the Alsatia, the Lotharingia, and two other steamers belonging to the North German Lloyds were purchased. Not very long afterward peace was concluded, so that the work of the four vessels proved to have consisted chiefly of conveying the sick and the wounded and transporting troops from San Stefano to the Black sea ports.

In casting about for a new sphere of duty for the volunteer fleet, it was decided to have them ply between Russia's European ports and Vladivostock. But the first operations of the fleet as a commercial venture were not encouraging. There were no profits, and there was talk of turning them over to the Black sea trade. However, the direction of them was transferred to the minister of marine, and presently an era of prosperity for the fleet began. The numbers increased, and now the fleet is managed by a committee representing the treasury, war, navy and audit offices, the president, who is generally an admiral, being selected by the minister of marine. The chief executive officer is known as the inspector, and the present incumbent of the office is Col. Lindeu, who for a long time had been a naval attache in England, representing the Russian government.

At present the volunteer fleet possesses 13 large steamers, each capable of carrying from 3,000 to 5,000 tons of cargo, exclusive of bunker coal. They are the Kherson, Petersburg, Saratoff, Orel, Vladimir, Voronej, Kiav, Ekaterinoslav, Tambov, Yaroslaval, Kostroma, Nijni-Novgorod and Khabarovsk. The first four can make 19 knots and the others 13 knots. All of them have been built in England, where also two other vessels are to be constructed. The original, acquired in Germany, have been given up and turned over to the admiralty as training ships.

Odessa is the principal port from which the steamers of the fleet start. They pass through the Suez canal, and reach Vladivostock in about 40 days. On the way they call at Port Said, Perim, or Aden, Colombo, Singapore and Nagasaki as the principal ports. Only two or three years ago no more than seven or eight voyages were made each year, but, under the present management, no fewer than 22 voyages are carried out within the year. Thus Vladivostock has increased in importance, and the volunteer fleet has rendered a great service in building up the Asiatic shores of Russia. The fleet is also used in transporting materials for the Siberian railway, and so adds largely to its earnings, while being of public service in that way. It also carries out immigrants and convicts, the latter being sent out to the island of Saghalien, not far from Vladivostock. It takes back to Odessa soldiers whose terms have expired; teas from Hankow, the tea trade being entirely in its hands, and no less than 35,000 tons being carried last year; copra, castor seeds and other produce.

It is also worthy of note that "the freezing of Vladivostock harbor is not now an insuperable obstacle in the passing of ships. Last winter vessels entered the port even when the frozen surface had reached a thickness of 12 inches. A canal through the ice four miles long was cut out by sawing, the huge frozen masses being crushed or towed away by the government vessel Siloch. The operations were successful, but in order to do the work still more efficiently in future, an ice breaker is being constructed at Copenhagen."

Altogether, Engineering concludes that, although the volunteer fleet still has at Odessa guns ready to be mounted for war purposes, yet its chief functions are commercial, and that the building up of Asiatic Russia may help British manufacturers. In any event, so long as all the ships of the fleet come from English yards, the latter cannot complain.—London Engineering.

Companion of the Dog Star.

Sirius, the dog-star, which is the brightest to our eyes of all the fixed stars, has a very remarkable companion, never visible except with powerful telescopes. It was first seen in 1862, and in 1890 it disappeared, the reason of its disappearance being that it had moved so close to Sirius as to be lost to view in the overpowering light of that great star. During the time of its visibility the fact had been ascertained that it was revolving about Sirius at a rate which would carry it completely around in some 50 years. The shape of its orbit, which is an ellipse with Sirius situated in one of the foci, being calculated, astronomers felt certain that in a few years the vanished star would reappear as it moved into a part of its orbit more distant from Sirius. This expectation has now been fulfilled, for recently the missing star was seen again at the flagstaff observatory in Arizona. Although it is probably half as large as Sirius, it is but one-ten-thousandth part as luminous as that star.—Youth's Companion.

Oxygen in Surgery.

Remarkable results are reported to have been obtained in England by treating wounds with oxygen gas. Two kinds of micro-organisms are found in wounds, one kind being beneficent and the other injurious in its effects. Oxygen causes an increase of the former and a decrease of the latter, so that wounds treated with oxygen heal more rapidly and with less pain than by any other form of treatment.—British Medical Journal

THE FAMINE IN INDIA.

Horrible Sufferings of the Natives Through Sickness and Hunger.

"The present drought in India is one of the most severe ever known," said Mr. Vincent L. Tissera recently.

"I am from Ceylon and know what the horrors of a famine resulting from drought are. Ten or 12 years ago the Ceylonese were the victims of a comparatively mild water famine, but the suffering I witnessed then wrung my heart and I can see as plain as though I were in the country the agony of the starving Hindoos. The British papers have not given the truth in its pitiful completeness, and even though they did all in their power to alleviate the present distress thousands must die of starvation. Russia's proffered aid was refused by the English for political reasons. John Bull wants nothing done that will augment the kindly feelings of the Hindoos for the Russians. There are 200,000,000 people and nearly all of them are vegeterians. They believe it a sin to kill an animal and the result is easily seen. No vegetation on which they can subsist can escape the drought, and pathetically sincere in their belief of the teachings of Buddha, the poor, ignorant people will starve rather than prove unfaithful to this time-honored tenet of their religion and eat the flesh of animals.

"America has spent millions of dollars in sending and maintaining missionaries in India and I, as a Christian, am thankful for it, but now is the time when the Americans, and the churches especially, can show that the love and charity they have preached so many years to my countrymen are not merely subjects of discourse but real conditions. Aid from America would do more for the conversion of these people than all the preaching that has been done in all the years since missions were first established in India. It is a charity the ignorant could understand and I know and God knows how woefully they are in need of it now.

"A car load of husks would be received with the joy of a people who have been living on roots that the drought has spared. Millions of people have no other food and knowing the likely results of such diet they still must eat. Leprosy is the outcome in many cases, but what will not a starving man do? Think of your own arctic explorers who resorted to cannibalism. But leprosy, though the most dreaded disease and a common one in India, is not the most prevalent or fatal of the ills that come from poor diet and impure water. A plague called in the native tongue 'burbonic' fever, something like yellow fever, carries off thousands. I hear daily that it has begun its ravages to add to the horror of starvation and poverty. One day 500 died of it, but it has not begun to do its worst yet."

Mr. Tissera is a Ceylonese. At the time of the world's fair he came to America in charge of the agricultural products of Ceylon. Obtaining a three months' leave from the railway by which he was employed at home that he might visit further the country with which he was fast becoming impressed he traveled all over the union. That decided him and he resolved to make America his home. He is the first of his nationality to go into business in this city. Beside his native tongue, he speaks Portuguese, Tamil, the tongue of southern India, Spanish, English and is now mastering the German language. He is not a recent convert to Christianity, as the religion has been handed down in the family from the time of the first missionaries, 100 years ago, when the forefather of the present Tissera was converted.—Chicago News.

DANGER IN FRESH EGGS.

Fatal Spores Which Are Found Upon the Shells.

When, in the brave, unscientific days of old, the tyrant got to think that the sort of dinner to which he was accustomed might be apt to disagree with him very seriously, he took to dining upon eggs, and he cooked the eggs himself. The repast might be a frugal one, but he could, at any rate, console himself with the reflection that it couldn't be toxic. That tyrant, if he read the scientific journals, would know better to-day, and, even if his hens performed their office in his presence, would be careful to wash the new-laid egg before he cooked it. For nowadays we have mycelium and the fatal spore. When, but yesterday, a hundred eggs were "set," with experienced hens to sit upon them, who never neglected their duty for a moment, the result was a bare score of chicks. On each unfruitful egg was presently remarked just the kind of smudge which has hitherto been held by connoisseurs to be the surest outward and visible sign of the nearness of an egg's laying. Science, however, decided that the smudge meant mycelium, that the spore had penetrated the eggshell, and had slain the chick within. And science proved its assertion by ocular evidence. Further, it showed that there was mycelium in the straw of the nests, that the straw had got a little damp, and that the hen had failed to hatch the egg because she had hatched the spore. But the spore will hatch just as well in the ordinary temperature of a room, and, once entire, does well within the human. Hence the ablutionary process in the case of smudged eggs of the most undoubted freshness is strongly recommended.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Usual Course.

Mrs. Greathead—Why is it that since you were nominated for an office you have been drinking so heavily?

Mr. Greathead—Can't be helped, m' dear; I musht spend m' time 'mong the boys, m' dear, an' try t' prove to them I'm worthy of the suffrages o' the people, m' dear.—N. Y. Weekly.

—Students of history are inclined to believe, from the commonness of the dragon tradition in almost every country, that a serpent-like animal with feet probably once existed

Save

The expense of doctors' bills. Keep your blood pure, your digestion good by taking

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

The Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Southern Homes in Texas.

A great development is now going on in the Coast Country of Texas, especially that portion known as the "Diamond district."

This is a section with Houston and Galveston at the north and south points of the Diamond, the west side being bounded by the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe Railroad and the east side by Buffalo bayou, San Jacinto bay and Galveston bay. Less than four years ago this was a great cow pasture, being one of the richest grazing countries on the face of the globe. Only a few isolated small farms existed, but they were producing phenomenal results, not only with the southern staples of corn, cotton, oats and sugar, but more particularly with early fruits and vegetables. In fact it was demonstrated beyond any doubt that the net revenue produced yearly from ten or twenty acres would equal and in many cases exceed that of the ordinary quarter section in the north. People of all trades and professions in the north were attracted toward south Texas by the successful result of the jetties at Galveston, which increased the depth of the water in that harbor to more than twenty-seven feet, deep enough for the largest vessels and the rapid advance of commercial prosperity in both Houston and Galveston. These people were not slow to see the agricultural possibilities in the Diamond district above referred to, and the results of the past four years, depressing as they had been financially speaking, had been astounding. Houston has doubled her population, Galveston has done nearly as well, and the intermediate country is dotted throughout the entire Diamond district with hundreds of small farms in the highest state of cultivation. Railroad and water facilities are ample and reasonable, and the inhabitants of that district are within an hour's ride of the two largest as well as the Metropolitan cities of Texas. Within its borders have grown the prosperous little cities of La Porte, Webster, Alvin, etc., which are attracting the attention of the whole north. The climatic and healthful conditions are all that could be asked for, and it is expected that within a very few years it will be the garden spot of the United States.

TURN a buzzard loose anywhere, and it will immediately go to looking for a carcass.—Ram's Horn.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

LOTS of people tell you they are hustlers, when they know very well they are only bores.—Washington Democrat.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco. Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed, 50c and $1.00, all druggists.

WHEN some men get hurt they take so much pleasure in telling about it that they do not seem to mind the injury.—Atchison Globe.

FRANK FORD & SON, of Ravenna, O., are mailing free to all who apply, their 1897 catalogue. It is the most unique and systematic Seed and Nursery catalogue of the season. They believe in giving their patrons the benefit of the best that can be grown at reasonable prices, instead of making them pay for expensive colored plates and fancy misleading catalogues.

IT is better to be nobody who amounts to something than to be a somebody and accomplish nothing

ARE you bruised? Use St. Jacobs Oil and you won't be long.

DUNNO slippery weather, pray less, and put more ashes on your sidewalk.

SUDDEN cold sometimes brings soreness and stiffness. St. Jacobs Oil always brings a cure.

IT sounds real funny to hear an old physician called Mister.—Washington Democrat.

AS IT certainly cures it, St. Jacobs Oil is the Master Cure for rheumatism.

IF you want your grave kept in order be good to an old maid before you die.

Beauty is the power which captivates the strongest natures.

A woman's personal attractiveness is the weapon with which she conquers her world. Almost every woman believes that she possesses at least some one attractive feature and strives to make the most of that. But mere regularity of feature is not the most attractive form of beauty.

Mankind is more influenced by the bright glowing vitality of perfect health. A classic cast of countenance will not make a woman attractive and captivating, if she is pale, thin, weak and nervous, or has a pimply complexion or unwholesome breath.

These complaints are due to imperfect nutrition. The digestive and blood-making organs fail to extract the needed nourishment from the food, and the liver is too sluggish to cleanse the blood of bilious impurities. The entire constitution becomes weak and poisoned.

The only perfect antidote for this state of things is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It gives power to the digestive and nutritive organs to make an abundance of pure, rich, highly vitalized blood, which permeates the whole system with the sweetness of purity; the beauty of womanly vigor and animation.

It creates solid, healthy flesh and natural color; clears the complexion; dispels wrinkles; rounds out the form and imbues the whole physique with the irresistible natural magnetism of perfect health.

Miss Julia Ellis, of Faith, McLean Co., Ky., writes: "After suffering for a long while with a lingering disease, I was advised to try Dr Pierce's medicines. I took seven bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Favorite Prescription' and found relief. Life is now no longer a burden to me. I weigh 120 pounds. A year ago I weighed 92 pounds. I shall praise Dr. Pierce's medicines wherever I go. I feel better than ever before. My health was very much impaired, and I feel that I owe a great deal to your wonderful medicines. I truly believe they saved my life. I thank you for the advice which you so kindly gave me while taking your medicines.'

HIS FLYING CAT.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

"Sparrows," said the colonel, "may be very upright, respectable, middle-class birds so long as they stay in England, but when they emigrate to America, they are no better than the average of our working classes. Some meddling idiot brought a lot of sparrows to the states some ten or fifteen years ago, expecting they would kill all the worms on the fruit trees. They hadn't been in the country six months when they took the ground that they were as good as the best of our swell birds, and that they considered that killing worms was a degrading kind of labor fit only for blackbirds and crows. So they took to living on wheat, and strawberries, and cherries, and they multiplied so fast that they are the worst curse that the farmer and the fruit grower ever had.

"Prof. Van Wagener and I were discussing the sparrow question one day, and I was complaining of the inefficiency of the American cat. Our cats are about as wide-awake and as monarchial cats as you can produce, but they can't catch a single sparrow. I've known ambitious cats who set out to catch sparrows, and who wasted away to mere skeletons, and died of weakness through watching for sparrows from dawn to darkness, and never once getting within ten feet of one. As a general rule I don't have much sympathy for cats, but the insulting language that sparrows use when they see a cat laying for them, and the aggravating way in which they will fly just over the cat's head, or maybe hit the cat over the tail with their wings, is more than any cat can be expected to bear.

"'The trouble is,' said Van Wagener, 'that the cat isn't a flying animal and the sparrow is. The sparrow's native element is the air, and you can't expect a cat to catch a sparrow so long as the cat can't fly.'

"'That's true,' said I, 'but it don't help us out of our difficulty. Cat's weren't made with wings, and neither you nor I can invent a new model of cat that will be able to fly, and to catch sparrows on the wing.'

"'Don't be too sure of that,' said the professor. 'Science has improved everything that it has put its hand to, and I see no reason why science shouldn't improve cats. A flying cat would supply a great public want, for she would kill off the sparrows as easily as she kills off the mice. I've half a mind to try the experiment of inventing a flying cat.'

"'All right,' said I. 'When you get your flying cat finished just notify me, and I'll come and see her fly. Then, if you are going in for improving animals, perhaps you will invent a cat that can sing like a nightingale. The present style of singing among cats is disgraceful. They haven't any more idea of music than a Chinaman.'

"Well, the professor buckled down to business, and from his daily interviews with his private cat, and the consequent scratches that diversified his good old scientific countenance, I judged that he was doing his best to make a cat that would fly. Before the six weeks were up he sent me a note inviting me to come round to his house at two o'clock the next afternoon to see the first successful flying cat that had ever been invented. I needn't say that I went. I had assisted at the birth of dozens of Van Wagener's inventions, and I had generally found that the presence of a man with experience in the treatment of accidents was a handy thing so far as the professor was concerned.

"'You know, colonel,' said he, 'my method as an inventor. I ask myself what is needed in some particular purpose, and then I proceed to supply that need. Most people think that an inventor has ideas come to him all of a sudden, in a supernatural sort of way; but that is all nonsense. Inventing is a business, like any other, and any intelligent man can learn it. Now, when I saw that the reason why cats don't catch sparrows is that they can't fly after the bird, I saw what was wanted was a flying cat, and I proceeded to invent one. Here I have a small balloon. This I fix to that cat of mine, and when it is inflated it will just support the weight of the cat in the air. Then you see this pair of paddle-wheels. They are to be fixed one on each side of the cat, and are to be driven by a small electrical engine. The balloon floats the cat and the paddle-wheels propel her. In order to steer the cat I fix a flat piece of tin to the extremity of her tail. When she sees a sparrow her instinct will make her swish her tail from one side to the other, and her attention being fastened on catching the bird, she will unconsciously work her tail in such a way as to steer her directly towards it.

"It wasn't an easy job to rig up Van Wagener's cat. She kicked and swore her level best, and got in several good scratches on the professor's hands. However, he stuck to his task, and after awhile the cat was ready, and we adjourned to the backyard. There was a whole gang of sparrows in the middle of the yard, forming a sort of ring round two that were fighting, and from the way in which every sparrow was talking at the top of his voice it was clear that some heavy betting on the fight was in progress. When they saw Van Wagener and his cat, they naturally flew up to the eaves of the house, where the fighting was resumed. Van Wagener took his flying cat to the extremity of the yard, and after showing her the sparrows at the top of the house, and exhorting her to gather them in, he launched her into the air.

"The cat rose slowly, kicking and yelling, until she was just about level with the eaves. The sparrows were so occupied with the fight that they paid no attention to her, and when she saw that there were at least 20 of them gathered close together, her desire to get at them made her temporarily forget her balloon and her paddle-wheels. She lashed her tail, as cats will do when bent on murder, and, just as the professor predicted, the effect was to steer her in the direction of the sparrows. Her paddle-wheels were working smoothly and regularly, and though they were not large enough to give her any speed, they steadily carried her across the yard towards the sparrows. Van Wagener was in ecstasies. He challenged me to point out any defect in his flying cat, and when I candidly admitted that it did seem to be a complete success, he was the happiest man in New Berlinopolisville. The cat came through the air so slowly and noiselessly that she was within two yards of the sparrows before they saw her. When they did catch sight of this new and startling animal, they were the worst frightened lot of birds that were ever seen outside of one of those so-called happy families, where half a dozen birds, clean paralyzed with fear, are shut in a cage with a cat that has been filled up with chloral, and the public is asked to regard the exhibition as a specimen of what will be the usual sort of thing when the millennium gets its work fairly in. Those sparrows left in a tremendous hurry. They had a sudden business call in some distant part of Illinois, and I don't believe a single one of them stopped flying until they had put at least 30 miles between themselves and Van Wagener's flying cat.

"'Now, you see,' said the professor, 'how completely successful my invention is. My flying cat will either catch the sparrows and kill them, or she will frighten them out of the country. In either case the great sparrow problem is solved. It makes no difference to me, as a patriotic American citizen, whether all the British sparrows in the country are killed, or whether they are driven over into Canada. Come to think of it, I should prefer the latter result, for the driving of monarchical European birds out of our beloved country will be an object-lesson in the enforcement of the Monroe doctrine, which will be of immense benefit to the nation.'

"The professor, being a scientific crank, was naturally a political crank also, and he was more than two-thirds mad on the subject of the Monroe doctrine. When the professor once got fairly started on the subject of the Monroe doctrine he forgot everything else, and he had clean forgotten his flying cat when Mrs. Van Wagener leaned out of a second-story window, and advised him, in case he was going to make a political speech, to hire a hall. She was a mighty sarcastic woman, and her contempt for her husband's political views was even greater than her contempt for his scientific achievements. She was on the point of continuing her remarks about the professor's political oration, when she suddenly gave the awfullest screech that I ever heard from female lips, though I was once in a room full of strong-minded women when a mouse ran across the floor. Mrs. Van Wagener thought that her last hour had come, judging from her screams, but, as I had a full view of what was taking place, I knew it was only the cat who had come. Having missed the sparrows the cat turned partly round to see what had become of them, and just then Mrs. Van Wagener, having unconsciously put her head within the animal's reach, the cat judged that her opportunity for making a landing had arrived, and accordingly she lit on the top of Mrs. Van Wagener's head.

"Most any woman, not knowing that her husband had invented a flying cat, would have supposed when some monster with sharp claws, and a talent for using bad language, came flying through the air and lit on her head, that nothing less than the sea serpent, or the flying dragons mentioned in Scripture, had attacked her. What with the cat's desire to kick herself free from her flying apparatus, and her anxiety to get square with the human race, she did more with that poor woman's hair in five minutes than any other cat could have done in a good half hour. The professor tried to explain that it was only the cat, and begged his wife not to injure the flying apparatus. It didn't seem to occur to him that he ought to run to his wife's assistance till I had taken him by the shoulders and started him upstairs. I don't want you to think for a moment that he wasn't anxious to help his wife, but he was so in the habit of looking at things from a scientific point of view, that he forgot that while he was explaining things Mrs. Van Wagener might be clawed to such an extent that she would never be recognized by her nearest friend. When he had once grasped the idea that she needed his help he fairly flew upstairs, and succeeded in transferring the cat's attentions to himself. Then I had to come to the rescue, for the professor, not having hair enough to interest the cat, she had devoted her efforts to beautifying his countenance, and if I hadn't succeeded in pulling her off, and tossing her out of the window, she would have torn his eyes out, or at all events ruined his nose. Her balloon had burst during her interview with Mrs. Van Wagener, and consequently when I threw her out of the window she struck the ground pretty heavily and smashed up the paddle wheels. We never saw her again.

"Mrs. Van Wagener made peace with her husband on condition of his making a solemn promise never to have anything more to do with flying cats. I consider that she was wrong in so doing, for Van Wagener's invention was bound to be a success. If he had been allowed to carry it out, flying cats would have become as common as bats, and every sparrow in the states would have emigrated. If it wasn't that I don't believe in using other people's inventions I would go in for the manufacture of flying cats myself; and as it is I believe that Edison will some day hear of Van Wagener's experiment, and will immediately invent a flying cat and spend the rest of his life in trying to make the invention work."—Idler.

PRACTICAL JOKES AT COURT.

There Were Some Merry Souls in the Time of King George.

A practical joke may be defined as one in which merriment is produced or sought, not by words, but by action, practiced upon a fellow-creature—commonly an offensive or annoying action. Even if harmless, it holds up the sufferer to ridicule, and intelligent human beings do not need to be told that such conduct is reprehensible. But if the joke be well contrived, sufficiently humorous in idea, and neatly executed, we do not care so much as we should if it fell under the "practiced" class. Who would not have liked to be present at the royal masquerade when Heidegger, master of the revels to George II., was confronted by his double? The duke of Mantagu had obtained a cast of the great man's face, from this he caused a wax mask to be fashioned and colored. Heidegger's tailor supplied the fac-simile of the new and gorgeous dress he was to wear, and the duke engaged an actor to play the part. He told the band, at the last moment, to strike up "Charley Over the Water" at his majesty's appearance instead of "God Save the King." They hesitated, but it was undeniably Heidegger—features, voice, clothes, and also imprecations when the conductor demurred. So the king heard that treasonable air, perhaps for the first time, on entering. We can faintly imagine the tumult. Heidegger rushed to the band, struck the conductor, set him playing "God Save the King," and rushed back to apologize. Next moment he returned to the orchestra, equally furious—that is, his double returned—ordering the band to resume "Charley Over the Water," and the bewildered musicians obeyed. There was never such a scene in the presence of royalty. The officers of the guard in attendance made a dash at the band with swords, but those in the secret blocked the way. Heidegger, dancing around the king, made inarticulate protestations and excuses, whilst his majesty stormed and threatened, making for the door. The situation became perilous. So the counterfeit stepped forward, crying, with passionate indignation: "Sire, the devil has taken my likeness to undo me. Look at him!" Heidegger saw his double, gasped, gibbered and fell senseless. One may think that longer and more complicated "business" might have been developed from such an ingenious hoax; but for a dramatic situation of its class this could not be beaten.

In some parts of South America good folks store all the glass and crockery broken in the twelvemonth, and at carnival time put it into a sack attached to the lofty balcony by a stout cord, not quite long enough to reach the ground. When a desirable victim passes beneath, the sack is quietly let go—to be arrested with a hideous crash, upon his very heels. It is credibly reported that foreigners unprepared for this jest have tumbled headlong at the shock, and others have taken to their beds with an attack of fever. These are rare triumphs.

No time or place is sacred to the enthusiastic joker. Ducios tells, in his memoirs, how the prince archbishop of Cologne asked license to preach in the royal chapel at Versailles, when visiting Louis XIV. himself. All the court assembled. It was April 1. The prince archbishop mounted the pulpit in stately fashion, bowed from side to side, and stood a moment as if collecting his thoughts, then shouted: "April fools!" picked up his skirts and ran.

At the Sistine chapel on Good Friday each worshiper received a small whip on entering. Three candles only burnt on the altar. When the first was extinguished everyone threw off his coat; the next his waistcoat; the third was a signal to flog himself in pitch darkness. Sir Francis Dashwood, afterward chancellor of the exchequer, founder of the Dilettanti club, and a personage whose name dwells in history, was visiting Rome. He provided himself with a stout riding whip and got admittance to the Sistine; when the flogging began, instead of titillating his own shoulders delicately, he slashed his neighbors right and left, with British whipcord, conscientiously laid on. The scene is not yet forgotten in Rome. Dashwood had made his arrangements to escape. Horses and servants stood ready in a by-street—he mounted and rode for his life, but some of his followers were captured, tried for sacrilege and sent to the galleys, if we remember right. It may be hoped that when the reckless youth became a power in Europe he did not forget those poor fellows.—London Standard.

Voluntary Testimony.

The following story, which hails from a north country town, shows there are widely varying ideas as to what constitutes voluntary testimony on any subject:

"Did I understand you to say that this boy voluntarily confessed his share in the mischief done to the schoolhouse?" asked the magistrate, addressing the determined-looking female parent of a small and dirty boy.

"Yes, sir, he did," the woman responded. "I just had to persuade him a little, and then he told me the whole thing voluntarily."

"How did you persuade him?" queried his worship.

"Well, first, I gave him a good hidling," said the firm parent, "and then I put him to bed without any supper, and took his clothes away and told him he'd stay in bed till he confessed what he'd done, if 'twas the rest of his days, and I should thrash him again in the morning. And in less than an hour he told me the whole story voluntarily."—Boston Traveler.

Lovely.

Maud—Who is that deformed young fellow talking to May Smiley?

Ethel—Why that's Mr. Dawkins, the famous full-back. He had his shoulder twisted in the last big match."

"What a lovely deformity! Introduce me, dear." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HOUSE PLANTS IN PLACE.

Care That Makes Palms Grow Green and Glossy—Fashionable Flower.

There is probably nothing quite so attractive for a household ornament as a healthy, growing plant. Just at this season of the year the palms and rubber plants, which have been enjoying riotous span of life under the smiling influences of the sunshine all the past summer, have been restored to their accustomed places in the house. As a rule, whatever these plants have added to their girth or height during the summer will represent their gain for the year. Their tropical constitutions are not capable of much exertion or expansion during the winter, and the unfolding of a new leaf is really a matter of great moment during this period to those who are fond of watching their development and growth.

An experienced florist says that contrary, perhaps, to the general impression the fall is not the season for repotting or slipping rubber plants. The spring is the time. Repotting of both palms and rubbers was made a necessity in hundreds of cases lately after the night of the big storm, when so many fine plants, still adorning gardens, were toppled over. Excepting for this they would have needed no change until next spring, for the little which would have been added to their size would not have affected the root.

Palms and rubber plants are in such general use as house ornaments because it is comparatively easy to care for them. Just like human beings, they are extremely sensitive to changes in temperature, and should be guarded against draughts. They want sunshine and light for healthy growth, and deprived of either or both they soon show a failure in beauty and vigor. In the average house the plant has some tough experiences. Madam decorates the pot with silken scarfs; puts the plant where the softened glare of a big lamp falls prettily on it, but at the same time, little by little, either scorches or dries up the plant itself, or it is placed with all due regard to light and sunshine in a window recess, where every wind that blows sends a shivering and chilling sensation to its very heart. If all the conditions of sun and light, with an equable temperature, are in the plant's favor, besides keeping the roots slightly moist, it is necessary that the leaves of both plants and rubbers should be kept free from dust by washing them off carefully every day with a sponge or soft cloth in lukewarm water. Attention of this kind need not take much time, and the appearance of the plant in its glossy green will be ample compensation.

Unless fortunately protected by dense overhanging foliage, neither rubbers nor palms, if still outdoors, could have survived the recent frosts. There will be many mild days yet, and, in fact, off and on all winter when they could be exposed without danger, but, as a rule, it is best to keep them indoors and run no risks, for it takes a long time for a plant to regain its vigor after a blight, whether it be a freezing or a scorching one.

The chrysanthemum will not be queen of the floral realm this fall. Orchids, in beautiful colorings and shapes, will be the proper thing for all decorative work for those who can afford such a costly luxury.

Roses are beautiful just now, whether it be the last one, "blooming alone," or whether one views a collection in a florist's storehouse. The American Beauty holds her own as queen of the mall, and will be just as popular this winter as ever. While moderately costly just now, when the gay season begins and social events succeed each other with giddy rapidity, the price will mount higher and higher, until it is far beyond the reach of the ordinary being. The modest violet is on hand also, and holds its own. Bridal bouquets are just as popular made of lilies of the valley as of bride roses, and possibly are more artistic. Valley lilies can be had now, but the fashionable thing is, of course, the orchid.—Washington Star.

ASTONISHING CANDOR.

Africans Who Are in the Habit of Saying What They Think.

There are many drawbacks to living quite beyond the boundaries of civilization, but the experiences gained must be refreshingly new. From Africa there comes in a private letter an amusing story of the reception accorded to some ladies who were sent to the mission station at Uganda. Their arrival caused great joy to the natives, especially to the women.

The visitors found that they had reached a land where the most astonishing candor prevailed, and where it was quite possible for them to "see themselves as others saw them."

The comments of the natives were always astounding and often witty. They gazed long and earnestly at the waists of the English ladies, and with ready wit bestowed upon the newcomers the name of "slender-middled."

The king, after asking various questions as to the age and personal history of his visitors, and having found them ready to answer any such reasonable demands for information, next noticed their ample sleeves, and remarked that "they must put all their food up their sleeves, for it was very evident that it did not go inside."

Such a comment on one of the improvements of fashion could, of course, only have been made in a land where civilization is unknown. It might, however, be somewhat instructive to look occasionally at the results of fashion through the eyes of an unmitigated savage. He is at least unprejudiced.—Youth's Companion.

—Charles I. established races at Hyde Park, in London. The Puritans suppressed them during the commonwealth, and they were revived by Charles II., who, instead of the golden bells formerly given, presented the victors with silver cups valued at 100 guineas each.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Beef cattle sold from the counties of Harney and Malheur, Ore., this season represent a value of more than $1,000,000, or more than $12 each for all the men, women and children in the counties. The sales were more than 10,000 head.

—By actual measurement of 50 skeletons the right arm and left leg have been found to be much longer in 23, the left arm and right leg in six, the limbs on the right longer than those on the left in four, and in the remainder the inequality of the limbs was varied. Only seven out of 70 skeletons measured, or ten per cent., had limbs of equal length.

—Dr. Fridtjof Nansen does not propose to rest. A 20-ton yacht is on the stocks at a Norwegian port, designed for coasting around the shores of Norway and Spitsbergen to take soundings; and in this he intends to continue the studies of currents he began on board the Fram. Colin Archer, who planned the Fram, is overseeing the building of this yacht.

—The statistics show that since last July the shipments of apples to Europe have been from 150,000 to 175,000 barrels a week, the total up to December 1 exceeding 1,750,000 barrels, which surpasses all previous records. This is one of the American products for which the foreign demand is constantly increasing, with but little competition from other countries.

—Land well stocked with the saw palmetto, which was long looked upon as hardly worth despising in Florida, can be bought in the Keuka region at $1.25 an acre, and the plant is likely to prove yet one of the most valuable products of the state. Coffee made from the pits is said to have a fine flavor and to be wholesome. A cordial manufactured from it is said to make a spirit-broken sick man look upon life with new courage. And the roots are well stored with tannin.

—"Certain facts about lightning strokes have recently been tabulated," says Popular Science News. "Thunder storms reach their maximum in June and July, though reported in every month except January, the region of winter thunderstorms centering about Louisiana. Forty such storms are the maximum average for any such section. The average annual loss of life from lightning in the United States is 24 persons; or loss of property over $1,500,000. People living in cities and thickly built towns run little danger, the risks in the country or suburbs being five times as great. For the same reason the center of a grove of forest is safer than its edges, the dense growth acting to distribute the current."

FROZEN MUTTON.

Preparation of the New Zealand Product for the Market.

The reason why Argentine mutton generally is of inferior price to that of New Zealand has a three-fold explanation. In the first place New Zealand possesses to-day a mutton-producing breed superior to that known in the Plate. In the second, the New Zealander feeds his stock during the winter time with extra forage, while in the Argentine the sheep are allowed to graze upon the same bare pampa during the dead season. The result of this is that the New Zealander produces an even, well-grown carcass, while there is sent home from the Plate one upon which a hasty covering of fat has been put during the spring months of the year. The difference between the two carcasses will readily be noted by anyone who pays a visit to the cattle market. Thirdly, the freezer in New Zealand freezes the mutton on account of the breeder; and in the Argentine the freezer buys from the breeder. The disadvantage of the latter system, so long as the breeder has no knowledge of the requirements of the market, is apparent. The New Zealand breeder selects his wethers with care, rejecting any which will give an inferior weight, or which are insufficiently fattened for the butcher. He remits them in small droves to the freezing establishments, and takes every care that they shall arrive in perfect order. The Argentine breeder, on the other hand, makes a contract with the representative of the freezer to sell a given number; and the latter binds himself to remove them within a certain date.—N. Y. Ledger.

Reading for Children.

I had recently in my service a pretty little housemaid, barely 19 years old, neat, capable and good-tempered, but so perpetually downcast that she threw a cloud over our unreasonably cheerful household. I grew melancholy watching her at work. One day, going into the kitchen, I saw lying open on a chair, a book she had just been reading. It purported to be the experience of a missionary in one of our large cities and was divided into nine separate stories. These were their titles, copied verbatim on the spot: "The Infidel," "The Dying Banker," "The Drunkard's Death," "The Miser's Death," "The Hospital," "The Wanderer's Death," "The Dying Shirtmaker," "The Broken Heart," "The Destitute Poor." What wonder that, like the Scotchman's famous dog, "life was full o' seriousness" for her, when religion and literature, the two things which should make up the sum of our happiness, had conspired, under the guise of Sunday-school fiction, to destroy her gayety of heart?—Agnes Repplier, in Scribner's.

Bull Fighting on Bicycles.

In Spain bull fighting is becoming popular. Not long ago Carlos Rodrigues, a famous cyclist, and Senor Badila, a famous picador, mounted on cycles, tackled a bull in the arena in Madrid. The bull won—in a canter.—Chicago Tribune.

A Heartless Test.

Penelope—You vow that you love me, colonel—would you go through fire and water for me?

Col. Kaintuck—Through all th' flahs of hades; but, well, ah dunno about th' waterl—N. Y. Truth.

CURIOUS CLOCKS.

One Without Works Was Prominent in the French Palace.

The timepiece ordered of Bouchier by Duc d'Aumale's grandfather for the prince of Wales, afterward George IV. of England, was recently sold in Paris. It is in the form of an negress' head, modeled admirably. Jewels are incrusted in the bronze around the neck to form a necklace, in the woolly hair and in the bust, as a clasp for the handkerchief. A pair of open-work gold earrings, long and delicately carved, hang from the ears. On pulling one of them the hour is shown on the right eye and the minute on the left. If the other earring is drawn a set of musical bells, lodged where the brain should be, chimes out the time of day. A clock without works is a distinct novelty, yet one formerly stood in the splendid Cour de Marble at Versailles, where it was installed in the reign of Louis XIV. Its hands always pointed to the exact moment of the death of the last king of France, and it never moved during his successor's reign. Thus, as one writer has put it, it was a perpetual reminder to the most splendid of courts that "the paths of glory lead but to the grave."

In the private collection of a gentleman in the south of England is a timepiece which records the age of all the planets by an arrangement which gives the exact revolutions of each one. Besides giving the golden number, the dominical letter, and other similar information of equal interest, this remarkable clock records the time when it is high tide at various points in Europe. Some time ago a description appeared in an American journal of a Japanese clock standing in a frame three feet high and five broad, representing a landscape of great beauty. In the foreground were plum and cherry trees in full bloom, while in the rear was a hill, gradual in ascent, from which flowed a cascade of crystal. From this point a threadlike stream glided along, encircling rocks and tiny islands in its wanderings, but presently losing itself in a far-off stretch of woodland. In the sky turned a golden sun, indicating as it passed the striking hours, which were marked upon the frame below, where a slowly creeping tortoise served as a hand. A bird of exquisite plumage, resting on the branch of a plum tree, proclaimed by its singing the expiration of each hour; while, when the song ceased, a little mouse sprang from a grotto close by, and running over the hill hastily disappeared in the distance.—N. Y. Times.

LIBERTY TREE TRANSFER.

Now the Property of the Newport Historical Society.

H. Audley Clarke and Dumont Clarke, heirs-at-law of the late William A. Clarke, have transferred to the Newport Historical society the small triangle of land at the northern end of Thames street, at the junction of Farewell street, inclosing the Liberty tree, being the land heretofore conveyed by William Reed to William Ellery, John Collins, Robert Crook and Samuel Fowler and their successors, by deed bearing date of April 14, 1776. William A. Clarke was the last surviving trustee, in succession to the trust under the deed.

The deed sets forth that "the said tree forever hereafter be known by the name of the 'tree of liberty,' and be set apart to and for the use of the Sons of Liberty, and that the same stand as a monument of the spirited and noble opposition made to the stamp act in the year 1766 by the Sons of Liberty in Newport, Rhode Island, and throughout the continent of North America, and be considered as emblematic of public liberty, of her taking deep root in English America, of her strength and spreading protection by her benign influences, refreshing her sons in all their just struggles against the attempts of tyranny and oppression; and, furthermore, the said tree of liberty is destined and set apart for exposing to public ignominy and reproach all offenders against the liberties of their country and abetters and approvers of such as would enslave her, and that the same may be repaired to upon all rejoicing on account of the rescue and deliverance of liberty from any danger that she may have been in of being subverted and overthrown; and, furthermore, that the said tree of liberty stand as a memorial of the firm and unshaken loyalty of the American Sons of Liberty to his majesty King George III., and of their inviolable attachment to the happy establishment of the Protestant succession in the illustrious house of Hanover; and, in general, said tree is hereby conveyed to and apart for such other uses as they, the true-born Sons of Liberty, shall from time to time, from age to age, and in all time and ages forever hereafter apprehend, judge and resolve may subserve the glorious cause of public liberty."—American Historical Register.

Tit for Tat.

A well-known baron whose stables were among the most elaborate in Paris told his servants one morning that he was not going out. But a couple of hours or so later, he had occasion to alter his plans and order his carriage. The hostler came back after a short interval and announced that the horses and carriages were in the stables but that the coachman had gone around to the saddler's and all the grooms were gone on various errands. The millionaire instantly left the house, hailed a cab, drove to the nearest horse dealer and coachbuilder, brought them back with him and sold on the spot every one of his horses and carriages to them. What, then, was the amazement of the small army of coachmen and grooms when they came home to find that a clean sweep had been made and that their occupation was gone! Now the baron always goes about in cabs and says he prefers them.—Chicago Record.

—The Lapps are first mentioned as being conquered by the Swedes and Norwegians in the Thirteenth century.

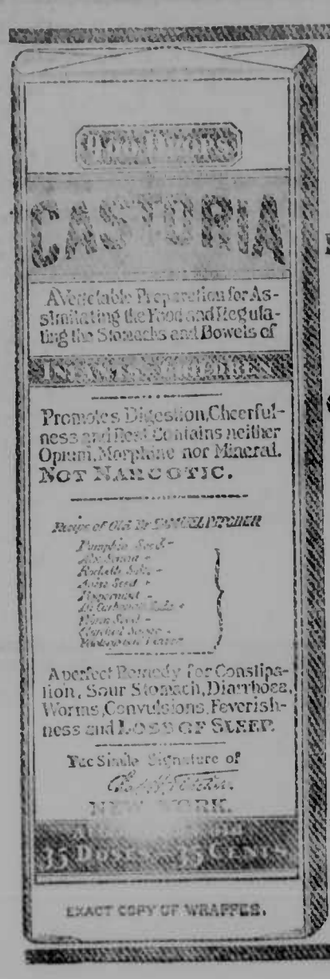

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The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

A "JUNK SHOP,"
A "BLACKSMITH,"
"TWO-CENT APPLE BUTTER,"
"ROTTEN STOCK" ana
A "HUNCHBACK"

is a poor combination from which to expect a production of anything respectable in the job printing line.

A "junk shop" means a worn-out assortment of type, rules, etc.; a "blacksmith" is a bunglesome printer; "two-cent apple butter" is synonymous of the poorest quality of printing ink; "rotten stock" is poor-made and cheap paper; and a "hunchback" is a press which is so old that it has naturally worn out of shape and usage.

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in our Job Printing Department, our skill and our materials; that's the reason why we do such splendid work.

A $5 BILL WILL

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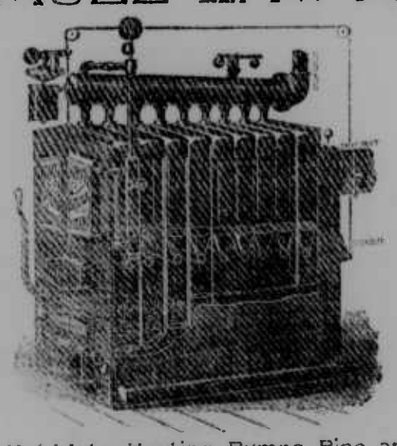

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P. M.	A. M.		Noon	P. M.
1 00*	8 00† lv	Cumberland ar	12 00	47 30
8 31	8 31	Rawlings	11 20	6 39
8 56	8 56	Keyser	11 01	6 34
9 09	9 09	Westernport	10 57	6 23
9 12	9 12	W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	6 20
9 37	9 37	Shaw	10 35	5 52
10 00	10 00	Harrison	10 00	†5 28
10 15	10 15* ar	Elk Garden	9 45	*1 00
10 35† lv		Durman	9 29	1 51
10 11		Bayard	9 15	4 18
10 52		Doblin	9 01	4 38
11 23		Thomas	8 31	1 05
11 50 ar		Davis	8 00	3 15
11 57 lv		Coketon	7 55	1 02
11 51		Hendricks	7 49	3 50
11 37		Bretz	7 31	3 25
12 00		Parsons	7 08	3 22
12 39		Kerens	7 18	2 17
1 00 ar		Elkins	lv 6 38	12 50
1 30* ar		Beverly	10	*1 35
				P. M.
3 05* ar		Beallington lv		*11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. ‡Daily except Sunday.
D. D. BLOSS, G. W. HAMMOND,
Gen'l Manager. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

After Sunday, Dec. 27 and until further notice Sunday trains will be discontinued.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, November 22, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily		2.46 A. M
No. 3—Daily		6.11 A. M
No. 71—Accom daily except Sun		9.20 A. M
No. 47—Daily		10.49 A. M
No. 55—Express, daily		6.13 P. M
No. 1—Daily		9.58 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily	5.50 A. M
No. 2—Daily	6.31 A. M
No. 72—Accom daily except Sun	1.30 P. M
No. 46—Daily	1.41 P. M
No. 4—Daily	12.20 A. M

Will take passengers for Terra Alta, Rowlesburg, Newburg and Tunnelton.

CHAS. O. SCHLEY,
General Passenger Agent.

C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12, 1897.

Congratulations have been showered upon Senator Sherman since he returned to Washington and made the formal announcement that he had decided to become Secretary of State under President McKinley, and congratulations have also been wired to Maj. McKinley on his success in getting so able and experienced a man for his Secretary of State. The great business interests of the country will welcome the selection of Senator Sherman for this important post, because his well-known conservatism is a guarantee that while the foreign policy of the McKinley administration will be firm and strongly American, it will not be tinged with the disturbing element of jingoism—it will maintain the rights of American citizens abroad, just as its internal policy will protect Americans at home, but it will not get up war scares for political effect, which disarrange all branches of business and add to the timidity of capital. The corner stone of the McKinley administration will be confidence, and no one thing could have made that plainer to the country than the choice of Senator Sherman to be Secretary of State. Mr. Sherman's resignation as Senator will not take effect until the close of this session of Congress, as he is deeply interested in matters which may be legislated upon by this Congress. Besides, it would not be good policy to have a vacancy in the chairmanship in the committee on Foreign Relations at this time, as there is no certainty that the Senate, as at present composed, would allow the Republicans to name his successor.

The Republican steering committee of the Senate has given the Nicaragua canal bill the right of way in the Senate. A similar bill has passed the Senate several times, and there is little doubt that this one will pass, but its chance for getting considered in the House is not considered especially good.

Senator Gear has reported his bill to the Senate for the appointment of a commission to be composed of three members of the Cabinet to determine upon a just and equitable settlement of the indebtedness of the Pacific railroads to the Government, together with a unanimous report from the committee on Pacific railroads, of which he is chairman, in its favor. The fate of the bill is dependent upon favorable action by the House on a similar bill, as it would be a mere waste of time for the Senate to pass it until assured of the attitude of the House. Meanwhile the legal officers of the government are getting ready to apply to the courts for an order foreclosing the mortgage.

Col. Fred. D. Grant, representing the army of the Tennessee, and Gen. S. B. Lee, of Mississippi, representing the Confederate Veterans Association, made a joint argument before the House Committee on Rules for the setting apart of a day for the consideration by the House of the bill for the purchase of ground around Vicksburg, in order that future generations may see the battle-ground and study the maneuvers made by Gen. Grant, which resulted in the capture of what was known as the Gibraltar of the Confederacy—Gen. Grant's first really great military achievements. Speaker Reed, who is Chairman of that Committee, told the gentlemen that inasmuch as the bill carried an appropiation, it could not be considered from a centimental standpoint alone, and that the committee could not at the time make a positive promise.

The return of Hon. Thomas C. Platt to the Senate by the New York legislature, recalls the remarks made by himself and Senator Conkling, when they resigned from the Senate. Mr. Conkling said: "This ends me so far as politics is concerned. I shall never again allow the use of my name in connection with any political office. I am done for all time with the game of politics." Mr. Platt said: "I will re-enter politics at this very moment and stay in until I die. Maybe to get even with certain perfidious scoundrels who have deceived us, and maybe to get back to the Senate of the United States."

Before passing the Oklahoma Free Homesteads Bill, the Senate amended it by making its provisions apply to all homesteads on lands acquired from the Indians, and the amended bill is now in the hands of the House Committee on Public lands. So far as can be learned, the reports of an attempt to kill the bill in Committee have no better foundation than guess work.

The Republican members of the House Ways and Means Committee are making progress on the new tariff bill, but it is not probable that the bill can be completed before about the first of April, even with the most diligent work. Attempts, which have been made, to give any schedule of the bill at this time are simply silly. Chairman Dingley himself would not try to do it.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street.

SAVE
BABY'S LIFE.

Teething time is the most trying time of infancy. The little gums are hot and swollen. They tingle and ache and smart. All the nerves in the little body are on edge. Sleep restless—digestion bad. There's a remedy.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

soothes and cools the gums, controls the bowels, cures colic, brings good digestion, sleep and rest. 25 cents, all druggists. Guaranteed. Made by JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

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Sign, Carriage and Wagon Painting.

INDELIBLE INK WORK on LINEN.

Second Street, OAKLAND, MD.

All work entrusted to my care will receive Prompt Attention.

29-1yr.

Farmers,

Look to Your Interests.

The Oakland Flouring Mill is now ready to grind a million bushels of buckwheat. The best equipped mill in the county; all latest improved machinery. Can give either

Burrh or Roller Process Flour.

Mr. E. A. Dudley, who has charge, has been a life-long miller, and knows how to make a good turnout of buckwheat flour.

Don't fail to give him a Trial. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Will make arrangements with all the Oakland merchants to buy your flour at big prices. Don't fail to give the Oakland Mills a trial.

Don't forget the place, Water street, formerly owned by the late H. A. Rasche.

Yours obediently,

THE OAKLAND MILLS.

51-1yr.

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

TIN, SLATE and STEEL

ROOFING,

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
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WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH, Mt. Lake Park, Md.

SHARTZER & BOLDEN

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DEALERS IN

Furniture, Carpets, Matting, Oil Cloth, Window Shades, Wall Paper,

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Repairing Furniture and Picture Framing a Specialty.

Removal.

I, the undersigned, have removed my place of business from the Lear building to the Ravenscroft (Mayers) building on Railroad street, where I will continue to carry a well assorted stock of

JEWELRY,

and give special attention to the repairing of watches, clocks, etc.

Give me a call. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

H. C. SMOUSE.

29—2m.

THE

Maryland Building and Loan Association

of Garrett County

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Issues Two Kinds of Stock

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.

EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

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The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ¼ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON,
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Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

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OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,

FANCY STATIONERY,

DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

Jos. E. HARNED, Proprietor.

31—26

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

Andrew B. Gonder, Att'y at Law. Alexander C. Mason, Surveyor.

GONDER & MASON,

-: REAL :- ESTATE :- AGENTS, :-

OAKLAND, MD.

40—1yr. Office, Shartzer's Opera House.

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

This is to give notice that the firm of Whetzell & Hall, composed of Mrs. Isabelle Whetzell and A. W. Hall, doing a general lumber manufacturing and general merchandize business at Kearney, Md., has this day been dissolved by mutual agreement, Mrs. Whetzell retiring.

The business will be continued by A. W. Hall.

MRS. ISABELLE WHETZELL.
A. W. HALL.

Kearney, Md., Jan. 11, 1897. 46—3t.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNER,
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Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 15—1yr

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I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

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Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

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All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

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Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
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Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

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Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

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RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.

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S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 21, 1897.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on

Tuesday, February 9th,

to transact all business that may properly come before them. They will also at this session act as a Board of Control and Review.

By order of the Board,

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,

PLANING MILLS,

And BUILDING MATERIALS.

MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still building

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1897. NUMBER 47.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Mrs. Nancy J. Cooper, Deer Park, has been granted a pension.

Quite a large number of persons residing in Oakland are still ill with the grip.

The next legal holiday—in West Virginia—is Tuesday, it being Ground Hog Day.

Mr. E. J. Fredlock, of Piedmont, was a business visitor to Oakland last Friday.

Mrs. C. W. Thorne and son, of Washington, are here as guests at the Commercial.

Mr. William I. Brown, of near Gormania, was in Oakland last Saturday afternoon.

Ex-Sheriff Charles Wegman, of Grantsville, is here this week on a visit to friends.

Arctic zephyrs were blowing Monday morning. The mercury registered 8 degrees below zero.

We regret to state that Mr. David Little is still extremely ill with little or no hope for his recovery.

Mrs. S. T. Wolfe, jr., is very ill at her home in the east end of town with a complication of diseases.

Episcopal services will be held by Rev. Wm. Brayshaw at Swanton 11 a. m. and at Oakland 7 p. m. Sunday, the 31st.

Mr. Pat Casey, of Hutton, a fireman on the B. & O. one day last week had his arm broken while on duty near Rowlesburg.

Mr. D. E. Offutt, sr., who spent several days last week in Baltimore on business, returned to Oakland Saturday evening.

Mr. S. P. Baker, of near Mt. Lake Park, has gone on a visit to his old home near Grantsville, where he will spend a week or two.

Mr. E. W. Kelso returned last Thursday from a week's visit to eastern cities. He combined business with pleasure on his trip.

Mr. John Shartzer is in New York this week on business connected with the insurance on his store which burned over a year ago.

Mr. D. A. Sheedy arrived from Chicago last Saturday morning accompanied by his bride. The couple are stopping at the Glades.

Mr. Thomas J. Peddicord, after spending a week in Oakland looking after his practice, returned to Covington, Ky., last Friday night.

A petition addressed to Gov. Lowndes asking him to make the 4th of March a holiday, is being circulated and is receiving many signatures.

Dr. Benj. Ison and family left for Washington, D.C., yesterday morning where they will remain until spring visiting their two sons and other relatives.

The effort to kill the bill placing a tax on bicycles and imposing a stringent tax on bicyclists was defeated in the West Virginia Senate by a vote of 12 to 11.

Examiner Palmer visited the teachers' institute which was held last Friday and Saturday at Accident. He returned to Oakland Saturday afternoon.

W. W. Shoch, a wealthy business man of Rowlesburg, purchased the Preston county blue stone quarries at Rowlesburg and will add extensive improvements.

On Monday Governor Lowndes appointed Mr. J. H. Rafter Justice of the Peace for the tenth district of Garrett county, vice C. E. Rafter, who failed to qualify.

The new bridge over the Yough has been completed and the contractor and his men have gone to Pittsburg, where another bridge will be erected for the B. & O.

Read our offer to the Garrett county school teachers in another column. The premium offered is something which every teacher in the county should strive to secure.

Mr. Julius C. Renninger, accompanied by Mr. E. J. Fringer went down to Cove on Friday afternoon last where the sale of the property of John J. Beeghley took place on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ollie Ridenour, of Aurora, W. Va., were in Oakland Sunday on their way home from Buckhannon, where they attended the funeral of Mrs. Ridenour's brother, Eddie Sharpes.

General Assessor Jacob Fresh was in Oakland a few hours last Monday. He is now engaged in assessing property in District No. 1. From there he and Mr. Beckman will go to District No. 5 and finish up their work that district being the last one in the county which they have not as yet assessed.

About 5,000,000 birds are killed every year to furnish trimmings for hats for our women folk. Song birds, egrets, herons, reed birds—everything that wears pretty feathers is killed. Audubon socities are needed more than ever.

And still the cold weather continues. Monday night was the coldest of the winter, the official thermometer showing eight degrees below zero, and this morning the mercury registered six below.

The many fires reported in the papers all over the country should remind our people to be particularly cautious about the condition of their stoves and flues during cold weather when large fires are needed.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore has decided to locate permanently in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street.

Last Thursday a brakeman residing at Keyser, while coupling cars near Oakland, had his hand so badly mashed that it necessitated the amputation of his second finger, which operation was preformed by Dr. H. W. McComas.

Here's a state of things! By actual count there are 15,000 husbands within the limits of Greater New York now under bonds to support their wives. Twenty per cent. of these wives are under age; 50 per cent. contracted matrimony while yet in their teens.

The series of meetings which have been going on in the M. E. church for the past two weeks closed last evening. Some three or four persons professed conversion. Owing to the bad weather and the sickness of a great many of the members the services were not as well attended as they would otherwise have been.

Mr. Thomas R. McRobie, of Oakland, who has been a Justice of the Peace for over a year, sent his resignation to the Governor one day last week, and on Monday the Governor accepted it. Mr. McRobie has made a good record as a Justice. He will return to his farm in District No. 1 as soon as he can arrange his matters in Oakland.

One day last week as an east-bound freight train was nearing the new bridge west of town a truck under one of the cars jumped the track and turned crosswise. In this condition it was hauled over the bridge and was brought to a stop only after the brakes had been set on a number of other cars. The damage done was slight, but may have resulted very seriously if the car had jumped over into the river.

Not a few who read what Mr. Robert Rowls, of Holland, Va., has to say below, will remember their own experience under like circumstances: "Last winter I had la grippe which left me in a low state of health. I tried numerous remedies, none of which did me any good, until I was induced to try a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. The first bottle of it so far relieved me that I was enabled to attend to my work, and the second bottle effected a cure." For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

"Evangelist" Williams, of Philadelphia, advertised on Monday a series lectures to be given Tuesday and last night in Shartzer's Opera House on Romanism. The arrangements for the use of the opera house during the lectures was not consumated on account of the absence of the owner and therefore they were not given. Williams is a fluent speaker and come to Oakland bearing numerous recommendations. In appearance he resembles a Catholic priest.

Since the gym was established several weeks ago numerous additions to the paraphernalia have been made, the latest being rings, ladders, etc. The membership is increasing and quite an interest is being manifested by the young gentlemen who desire to become athletes. Tuesday and Thursday afternoons of each week the gym is open for the use of young ladies exclusively and quite a number have availed themselves of the opportunity to develop their biceps and in the art of swinging Indian clubs, the use of dumb bells, trapeze work, etc.

For a pain in the chest a piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on over the seat of the pain, and another on the back between the shoulders, will afford prompt relief. This is especially valuable in case where the pain is caused by a cold and there is a tendency toward pneumonia. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Call for Your Letters.

J. P. Calhoun, S. E. Finzel, G. P. Kearns, F. Lee Willingham, N. A. Shaffer, Jerry Strawser, Sid Spiker, T. Manning Dodge, Rev. J. W. Hall, Mrs. James Savage, Mrs. Martin Felsinger, Miss Edith Wilhelm.

It will be an agreeable surprise to persons subject to attacks of bilious colic to learn that prompt relief may be had by taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. In many instances the attack may be prevented by taking this remedy as soon as the first symptoms of the disease appear. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Many merchants are well aware that their customers are their best friends and take pleasure in supplying them with the best goods obtainable. As an instance we mention Perry & Cameron, prominent druggists of Flushing, Michigan. They say: "We have no hesitation in recommending Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to our customers, as it is the best cough remedy we have ever sold and always gives satisfaction." For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Reinstated.

Quite a number of the men discharged at Shaw, W. Va., as the result of the recent strike, have been reinstated. Others implicated in the strike have been given employment at Douglas, W. Va., by Mr. Jenkins, superintendent of the Douglas mines, and president of the Manor Company.

Arrested for Forgery.

On the complaint of Fox Bros. a warrant was issued by Justice Hill, of Terra Alta, for J. Lewis Guseman, for forging John Vanworth's name to four notes. Constable Hardesty had a five mile chase before he captured his man, whom he finally rounded up in a coal bank. Guseman confessed his crime and was placed in the Kingwood jail to await the action of the grand jury.

Legislation for Miners.

For a number of sessions of the West Virginia Legislature, efforts have been made to enact laws providing for the weighing of coal before it is screened; to abolish company stores and to prevent the payment of miners in script. Laws on each of these subjects have heretofore been inactive as they have been invariably been held unconstitutional in the courts. The present Legislature is beginning to wrestle with the matter again and while as heretofore, that body seems anxious to have such laws, the great dilliculty appears in so constructing them as to stand the test of the courts.

Governor of New Jersey.

NEW YORK, Jan. 24—Former State Senator Winton, of Hackensack, N.J., thinks that President Cleveland stands an excellent chance of being New Jersey's next Governor.

The following editorial in the Bergen County *Democrat* shows Winton's feelings:

"President Cleveland's residence in Princton will be ready for occupancy on March 6, when the President and family expect to take possession of it. The Democracy of Mercer county are getting ready to give him a warm welcome. If Mr. Cleveland is not the next Governor of New Jersey it will be because the Democratic party is short on votes."

Four Miners Injured.

Last Friday there were two serious accidents in the mine of the Manor Big Vein Coal Company at Shaw, W. Va. Two men were injured in the morning by fall of coal and two at noon by the fall of slate. Grant Faugh had his head cut, his hips crushed and ankle broken, and can hardly recover. The names of the others could not be ascertained, but two of the number were not fatally hurt, while the other may die. The men were extricated from under the debris after some difficulty, and Drs. Abbott and Gorsteil summoned.

Governor Lowndes' Second Cousin.

Mrs. Maria Lloyd Steele, daughter of Francis Scott Key, a niece of Chief Justice Taney, and second cousin of Gov. Lowndes, died Saturday at Annapolis, of bronchitis. She was 92 years old. Two daughters and a son survive her.

One on Holden.

The Kingwood *Journal* of last week contained the following:

"There really ought to be a change made in the telephone central office at Oakland. It is one of the hardest matters on earth to get an answer from Oakland and when the call is answered the man who answers it is as dumb as an oyster. You can ask him about a shipment of sheep skins and he will usually answer something relative to coffins, burial robes, ten-pin balls or poker chips and the effect is somewhat annoying to say the least. Oakland is a very important point on the line as it commands communication with Mt. Lake Park, Webers, Deer Park and many other points, and the company would do well to locate the office at some place where dead men, wooden men, burial robes, ten-pins and poker chips are not thought so much of."

Wrecked in a Cut.

[illegible] bound fast freight No. 95 drawn by [illegible] new 1600 85 ton engine, was wrecked on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad one mile east of Tunnelton, at three o'clock Sunday afternoon. The front truck of the engine, the tender and seven box cars loaded with mixed merchandise left the track. The wreck occurred in a narrow cut and both tracks were blocked, the trucks having been torn from the cars causing quite a mass of debris. The merchandise was but little damaged. Wreckers promptly went to the scene and the tracks cleared by midnight. Chicago express 55 and St. Louis express No. 1 were dispatched from Cumberland via Pittsburg in consequence of the wreck. No one was hurt.

The narrow space confining the work and the bitter cold made the work of clearing the debris away unusually difficult.

Two Horses Killed.

Last Monday morning as Charles Washington, colored, driver of Maj. J. C. Alderson's team, was attempting to drive over the railroad crossing at the Mountain Lake Park depot, train No. 47, the west-bound express, came along at a terrific rate of speed just as the horses were fairly on the track. The engine struck them, killing both instantly and smashing the sled into kindling wood. The driver escaped without serious injury, although somewhat shaken up.

The Farmers' Union Association and Fire Insurance Company of Garrett County.

A number of the citizens of District No. 5 met in the school house at Accident on January 16th and organized the Farmers' Union Association and Fire Insurance Company of Garrett County. The object of the organization as will be known by the title is that of a mutual fire insurance company.

The officers elected at the meeting were as follows:

President, Meshech Mattingly; vice president, Edward Margroff; treasurer, Horace DeWitt; secretary, Wm. M. Frazee. The board of directors is composed of Messrs. Joel Oreudorf, Fred Kump, William Callis, John Georg, Eli Brown and William M. Lohr.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

Communicated.

To the Editor of The Republican.

The article on "Bible Peculiarities" published in last week's REPUBLICAN is one that is very unreliable, and we would suggest to your contributor, who claims to have made the researches and calculations himself, to try and give us something more correct. I give him credit for having more patience than I to count the letters, the words, the chapters, etc., and of that part I will not have anything to say whether correct or not, but if it is not any more reliable than the rest of the contribution, it is to say the least, very incorrect. He tells us that the word "boys" occurs but once. We find it twice—Genesis 25th chapter, 27th verse and Zachariah 8th chapter 5th verse. He says the word "governor" occurs but once, yet I find it fifty-two times, while "governors" is found twenty times. The word "slaves" is not found in the reference given, but in Revelation 18-13. We are told that the word "wax" occurs but once. We find it eight times—Psalms 22-14, 67-2, 97-5, Micah 1-4, Job 14-8, 6-17, 2 Timothy 3-13, Hebrews 1-11. The word "ice" occurs three times instead of but once—Job 6-16, 38-29, Psalms 147-17. "Snow water" is found twice instead of on once, as stated, in Job 9-30, again in 24-19.

"Appletree" he tells us is found only once; you will find it Solomon's Song 2-3, 8-5, Joel 1-12. He says that "wine-press" is found but once, yet I have found it eighteen times. "Winebibber," which we are told occurs but once, is found in the Bible twice—Matt. 11-19 and Luke 7-34, and is not found in the reference which your contributor gives, Prov. 23-20, which reads, "Be not among winebibbers, among riotous eaters of flesh;" verse 21 adds, "for the drunkard and glutton shall come to poverty and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags."

I leave the mathematical portion of the contribution to some one else, but if it is not more reliable than the rest of the article, it is very incorrect.

Yours,
A. F. GEORGE.

Swanton, Md., Jan. 25, 1897.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

BY "NEMO."

Why not strive to make this the most satisfactory year of life? "Yes," you say, "but failure is found in many that have gone before." Well, let us talk it over, for I know too well what it is to mourn over bad execution after good intention, trifling results after great purposes, and ignoble acts after high ideals. Two things are holding you back; you are careless in the present because you and its duties seem insignificant to yourself.

* * *

As with the slow boy in class, whose chance to spell has passed him before he knows it has reached him, so it is with us. The hurrying years tarry for nothing. We are not afflicted with a feeling uncommon to men, when [illegible] eyes to see if it is a fact that a whole year has passed since the blare of horns frightened off the ghost of 1895. All the generations before us have felt the same alarm. Yet the past and the present are filled with lives that have accomplished much, though subject to the same onrush. Bear in mind then for your encouragement, that what has been done can be done again.

* * *

They accomplish most who spend no time repining at circumstances. Seeing things around them to be done, they take hold and do them well, just because they come next to hand. I verily believe the secret of all true greatness is found in faithfulness to the present duty no matter how small and insignificant. Peter Cooper made good glue and from small beginnings great, used his greatness well; and the glue-maker ranks high among the world's philanthropists. Even as the caterpillar in a physical sense comes to the wider, freer sphere by doing the things necessary to growth day by day, so shall we in a moral sense. To be faithless, and complaining over little duties is certainly no guarantee that greater duties will be better done. While it is not fair to say that all faithful ones become prominence of a lasting character. Humanity itself is our teacher; twenty-five years of body-building pass before we are matured enough to stand the strain of real life.

* * *

We must try to take a saner view of life. Then can we understand that the little acts make up in large part the world's progress. Thus will our own work take its proper dignity. A few great deeds show forth in history here and there; but built of them only the world's total gain would stand up like the naked steel frame work of a lofty building. As a matter of fact, clustered around every monumental deed are innumerable small ones that have been well done and that have made the greater deed possible. No general ever wins with an army of disaffected soldiery. No wide stretching bridge is built merely by the mind of the engineer; to his aid is brought the sullen strength of stone and iron that winter, in and out, will steadily do its work. No great onward step is taken in any country unless there is an upheaval of public opinion. You and I, obscure ones, are public opinion. We are in all great progress of the spirit of progress if the spirit of progress is in us; just as the boiler is a thing of power because of the steam within and the steam is a thing of power because of the boiler without.

* * *

Pray mourn no more over your hidden state. Do your "little" and do it well. Then whether you come to greatness or not, you cannot be robbed of one great thing, the real usefulness of your life. It needs but a few words to remind you that our great nation is like a huge body, with independent parts. Let me emphasize your possible importance from your own bodies. A drop of blood, moving hither and thither in your veins is a small thing. Yet your health as a whole is closely related to its duty-doing. It carries oxygen from the lungs, or nourishment from the stomach and the intestines; then gives that up somewhere—brightens the eyes, perhaps, or strengthens the brain. Once more it loads itself; this time with the poisons that come from wasted muscles and nerves, and, for your maintenance in health, it discharges those poisons in the breath you exhale, or the secretions that leave the body—then dear man, dear woman, disappointed often, perhaps neither eye nor brain of this great country; may you not possibly be a globule of its most essential blood, be a minute lung cell, working to save it from wasting consumption, weakness of character, loss of liberty. Furthermore, if within you is working the high motive of good-will to your race because of some fragmentary understanding of the good-will of the All-Father to you, then, in truth, should not your heart be troubled because of the *little* things you do. When sturdy legs come hurrying in the door, and a little pudgy fish grasps tight a withered dandelion, or a tattered daisy that has been carried a long way as a posey for you, you never judge the value of the love by the size of the gift. This way of regarding the deed is, I reckon, nothing but a faint reflection of God's way of looking at you and the good works, but small, that you do.

* * *

Have I grown altogether too serious? It is well to be serious sometimes. Full of laughter though I am I can plainly see that the man who is never in earnest is never of influence. Then, if not too serious, I will finish this little chat by addressing the younger ones in the family, for they often meet with real burdens, and unless there is an ideal of life within, these burdens make the heart sick. You girls read a book full of delusive thoughts regarding love and marriage, and you rise from its rosy and delightful pages to be met with the necessity of washing one more of the never ending series of dishes that fall to your lot. Then you pout and sulk, and I am sorry for you; since dish-washing does seem terribly monotonous. But suppose you think of dish-washing as a means of making your mother's burdens lighter, and as a training for yourself in patience and perfection. Then its burdens will be almost entirely lifted. The ideal before you have changed it. Again, you bonny boys, eager with the spirit of adventure, entering heart and soul into Indian adventures (in books) or the hair-breadth escapes of some rollicking sailor lad. I sympathize with you when you feel angry at being called back to duties, that look dull-gray to you all the time. But laddie, if you think of your work in the fields, as a means of making you strong for the battles of life, or if your shop work is thought of as a means of making you dexterous in all you do, then the way will not seem so hard.

* * *

I need not say all now. Much more remains to be said, but a whole year in which to continue these little talks for broader views of life stretches out before me.

Mountain Lake Park.

The latter part of last week Supt. Rudisill had a force of men housing ice for next summer's use. He put up several hundred tons of good, marketable ice. On Monday two cars of ice were shipped to George Warnick, Esq., Bloomington, Md.

W. R. Johnson came up from Friendsville on Friday to visit his family for a few days. He returned Monday.

The cold wave struck us Sunday night. Monday morning at eight o'clock the thermometer registered 10 degrees below zero. The wind was blowing at such a rate that the men were compelled to give up ice cutting on the lake until after dinner. All day Sunday snow fell.

Everybody seems delighted that the public schools are to be open for five months. It is a shame that in the past, our school terms have been so short. It is the general desire that next year the time shall be extended to seven months. It ought to be.

Miss DeBerry, after an illness of two weeks, was able to take charge of her school Monday last.

Superintendent Rudisill was offered a contract last week for 4,000 tons of ice. When the Mountain Lake Park Association get their ice plant in shape to furnish ice in large quantities to wholesale dealers it will give employment to a large number of men, and scatter in this section of the State a large amount of money at this season of the year when work and money is very scarce. It was a fortunate day for Garrett county when the founders of Mountain Lake Park bought the Hoye Big Pasture Lands. Since then several hundred thousand dollars have been expended in buildings and improvements. Each year thousands of dollars are earned by the farmers and gardeners through the sale of their produce in the Park.

Mrs. R. Hornbrooke, of Wheeling, died Monday evening at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. L. A. Bullard, Mrs. H. was well beloved by all who knew her. She has been a warm friend of the Park. Her remains will be taken to Wheeling for burial.

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

THE BARMINSTER MYSTERY.

BY G. CANNINGS.

"And if the verdict should go against me, Rose?"

"But it can't, Arthur!"

"Yet circumstances would seem to point to my guilt, and circumstantial evidence—"

"Lies as often as it speaks the truth. Your counsel will show that it lies in your case."

"Still, should the verdict be adverse?"

"I refuse to believe such a miscarriage of justice possible."

"Be reasonable, darling. Look a possible contingency in the face. Men have been convicted on circumstantial evidence before now, and will be again, even though their innocence has afterwards been made manifest. Witnesses may lie—I have more than one enemy in the world. Or they may misstate unconsciously, and their misstatements may just turn the scale against me."

"But you are innocent, dear; and the judge who tries the case will know—must know—that you are, and will so direct the jury. You must regard an adverse verdict as beyond the pale of possibility!"

"I want to be prepared, Rose. In the affairs of men all things are possible, and if the jury should say I am guilty—"

"Arthur, love, it would not alter my feelings towards you! I would still think—know—that you are innocent. Nay, if I knew you had committed the murder, I should still love you as fervently as I do now!"

A Courthouse in a Country Town—A Judge Summing Up.

"* * * * The history of the case, then, gentlemen, is as follows: Mr. John Conroy, an elderly gentleman, lived at a house known as the Towers, at Barminster, a small seaside resort seven miles from here. Close by him lived his nephew, Arthur Vereker, a barrister, who, like many another member of the bar, had, in the absence of briefs, turned his attention to literature, by which means he earned a slender income. Yet, poor as Arthur was, he had somewhat large expectations from his Uncle Conroy, who, it was well known, had made his will in the young man's favor. Uncle and nephew appear to have been on friendly, though not on such cordial terms as one might expect would have been the case between such near relations. One point of disagreement undoubtedly existed, and led to some estrangement between the two—namely: with respect to certain investments which the uncle contemplated making, and of which Vereker strongly disapproved. You have had Mr. Conroy's stockbroker before you, and he has shown you that, had the speculations in question been persisted in, they would have ended disastrously.

"Now, imprudent as you may consider such a step to have been in the case of a man of means so limited as Mr. Vereker's, he had nevertheless engaged himself to be married to a young lady named Rose Manners. And it was this projected marriage which made him doubly anxious that the legacy which he had good grounds for thinking one day would be his should remain intact, and not be squandered away in hazardous ventures. Miss Manners, as you remember, lived with an invalid father at a cottage residence about a mile and a half from Barminster. The little house was situated some 200 or 300 yards from the steep cliffs which, having their rise in the town of Barminster, ascend rapidly from there and extend several miles along the coast.

"On the 3d of March last, at as near three o'clock as it has been possible to determine, Arthur Vereker and his uncle start from the Towers. The uncle is going, as is his almost daily custom, for a stretch along the cliffs, and his nephew is bent on a visit to his intended. The two men's roads, therefore, lie for a certain distance in the

THE JUDGE SUMMING UP.

same direction. On their way along the cliff they are met by a farm laborer named Williams, who has told you that when he passed them by, at a distance of some 20 yards, Conroy and Vereker had the appearance of being engaged in some hot dispute, though from the distance which separated him from them he could not catch what they were saying.

"Vereker had told Miss Manners that he hoped to call on her at about half-past three that same day. When the time of the expected visit, therefore, was drawing near, instead of waiting for her lover at her house, she went to meet him. She left the cottage at a little before the half hour and walked to a spot on the cliffs, anticipating seeing Vereker coming towards her from the town. From where she stood (you will see the spot indicated on the sketch map that has been prepared for you) she was able to command the whole line of cliff to Barminster. Yet, to her disappointment, she failed to see any trace of her lover. After watching for him for some minutes, and still perceiving no signs of him, she concluded that he had either been detained or had gone to her house by another route. Upon that she returned to her home, hoping to find that her intended had reached the cottage before her. As a matter of fact, she did not find him there on her arrival.

"Now, half an hour from this a gypsy named Benjamin Lee, in searching for a goat which had strayed from his encampment not far off, was startled to see the dead body of a man lying on the rocky beach below the cliff's edge. The body turned out to be that of John Conroy. And of this man's murder Arthur Vereker, the prisoner in the dock, stands accused."

Here the judge touches more minutely on a portion of the evidence; then, taking up the thread of his charge, he proceeds:

"What caused the sudden disappearance and death of John Conroy? By your verdict you will have to answer for or against the prisoner. It is contended by the prosecution that the deceased was pushed over the cliffs by his nephew. What evidence is adduced in favor of this contention?

"It is pointed out that before Conroy's death Vereker was in needy circumstances, and that he earnestly desired money; that a climax was at last reached when it became known to him that his uncle contemplated making investments which he, the nephew, considered unsound. Vereker tried to dissuade his uncle from these speculations, and had frequent disputes with him in consequence. Without avail. For on the very morning of his death Conroy prepared the draft of a letter to his stockbroker, instructing him to buy the shares the purchase of which Vereker deemed so detrimental to his interests. Vexed, annoyed, harried, it is contended, he sets out on his walk with his uncle. When last seen together they are in hot dispute. One word leads to another, till at last a sudden impulse, it is supposed, seizes the young man. One push will put him in possession of the money he so badly needs, and, yielding to the tempter at his elbow, the dreadful crime is committed. Directly after the murder he starts off by the short route inland to Miss Manners' house, and reaches it about 3:35.

"For the defense, on the other hand, it is urged that Mr. Conroy's death was the result of pure accident. When Vereker left his uncle—the prisoner's counsel says—the old man walked on till he reached a point on the cliff where some clumps of a somewhat rare herb, indigenous to that part of the coast, were known to grow. Stooping to pluck one of these, which his known love of botany would lead him to prize, and some of the very leaves of which were indeed found in the pockets of the dead man, it is urged that he lost his balance, became giddy, or that a sudden gust—it has been given in evidence that the wind was high on the 3d of March—drove him over the edge. When Miss Manners from her eminence therefore scanned the line of cliff and saw neither uncle nor nephew Mr. Conroy had but a moment before disappeared from view over the precipitous wall of rock."

The judge here enters at great length into a critical analysis of the entire evidence. After which he resumes:

"Gentlemen, I have placed the facts before you so far as we have been able to ascertain them. I have also recalled to your mind the hypotheses adduced therefrom, but from the point of view of the prosecution and that of the defense; and I have endeavored to guide you so far as I justly may to a right finding. The evidence in this case is in the main circumstantial; but let me warn you that it is no whit the less weighty on that account if the links composing it be but durable and perfect. Having heard the depositions of the various witnesses for the crown, does that evidence in your mind clearly establish the guilt of the accused? If you have no reasonable doubt that the prisoner at the bar is the man who committed the murder of which he stands charged it is your duty, irrespective of the feelings of others, to find a verdict of guilty. If, on the contrary, in your opinion, the circumstantial chain should in any one particular be faulty, should the hand of guilt not point with sufficiently convincing directness towards the prisoner, then it is equally a duty you owe to him to return a verdict of acquittal. In a word, should any doubt—any reasonable doubt—assail your minds, bear in mind that the accused is entitled to the benefit of that doubt.

"Gentlemen, I leave the ultimate finding in your hands, well knowing that you will act in this grave, this momentous question as good citizens, as God-fearing men, and that you will return only such verdict as will commend itself to your one true guide—your conscience."

Extract from the Barminster Gazette:

"The jury retired at a quarter past four, and at five o'clock returned into court. In answer to the question put by the clerk of arraigns the foreman replied that they had arrived at their verdict, and that it was a unanimous one.

"'What, then, is your verdict, gentlemen?' again demanded the clerk.

"'We find the prisoner "not guilty."'

"Thus ended, in an acquittal of the prisoner, a trial which has created a profound sensation in the neighborhood, and which has been known for the last few weeks by the name of the Barminster Mystery."

A Private Sitting-room in a Hotel in North Wales.

"Tired, Rose?"

"No, dear."

"You ought to be—all you have passed through."

"Not more than you have, Arthur, not half as much. To be tried for your life. To know that you are innocent, and yet to be tried. To undergo hideous, sickening feeling that at very last the jurymen might blunder. I pretended to scout such ideas before the trial. Yet I felt them all the same. But now it has ended in the way it should, now that you have been publicly pronounced innocent—why, I can almost laugh at the whole matter."

"Come and sit on this low stool close beside me," Arthur said. "We can talk better so." Rose did as desired. "Quite—quite happy?"

"Is there a wife in all this world as happy?"

After which Rose continued with a smile: "We didn't lose much time in getting married, did we?"

"Can you wonder? I was impatient—very impatient to call you my wife. I had waited long for that day, and longed for its coming."

"My darling!"

"And I will be a good husband to you," Arthur went on, very earnestly. "You, and you only, shall always be my love. All that you want, all that I can give you—and we are rich now, and have left earking care behind us—that will I give you. And you will always love me—always as much as you do now?"

"Always—always," she replied. Then, more fervently still, and speaking with a nervous force: "I love you the more for what you have gone through. As I sat cowering in the court house hour after hour, I wanted again and again to cry out to the judge: 'Stop! look into the prisoner's eyes as I do, and there you will see his innocence written! What need to try him? Look into

"I CAN ALMOST LAUGH AT THE WHOLE MATTER."

his eyes, then say if you think he can be guilty! You must know that he is innocent—that he is incapable—'"

"Rose! Rose! you are flushed—feverish. Calm yourself, child. Come, Rose!" Arthur caressingly smoothed her hair, and the wild, startled look in her face and the crimson glow in her cheek subsided.

Then they were silent again for some minutes.

After a little while the wife rose, walked to the French windows, pushed back the blind, and looked out across the hills. Arthur also rose, crossed over to the mantelpiece, looked at his wife for a moment, took up a pipe, half filled it, then put it down again. Rose, who had seen him do this, said:

"If you want to smoke, dear, do not mind me."

"No, no, dear. I do not want to smoke. I took up the pipe out of pure habit."

Another pause.

"Arthur?"

"Yes."

"Do you know, I think there is one thing I ought to tell you now that we are married."

"Very well, darling, what is it? No; let me guess."

"Sit down on that chair again, then, and let me sit on your knee. So. Put your arms around me as mine are around you." Presently Rose goes on, in a low, cooing voice: "I wonder if it would ever be possible to be as happy again?"

"Why not, Rose? Why not?"

"Of one thing I'm certain. People in Heaven could never be so happy. There would be a serenity about them that would make them 'superior' kind of people. And the 'superior person' is too egotistical to be completely happy."

"This is quite happiness enough for me, Rose. I couldn't be happier even in Heaven!"

After a moment or so Rose asks:

"But have you forgotten what this thing was I wanted to tell you?"

"I had for the minute. What was it?"

"You said you would guess? That you were in love with some one else, perhaps, before you met me?"

"I never was in love till I saw you."

"That you are deeply in debt?"

"I don't owe a shilling, Arthur."

"That you are inordinately fond of dress?"

"My ambition has never soared higher than a serge frock and a black silk gown."

"Then what is it?"

"Arthur, tell me again that you love me. Just once again."

"I love you, Rose; I love you!"

"Now put your ear close to my lips."

"There, I'm listening, dear."

"Can you hear me if I whisper?"

"Yes."

Rose takes a long breath, and hesitates. Then she tells him:

"It was I who committed the murder."

Then she continues quickly, breathlessly, with hurried, fierce impetuosity:

"He was alone on the cliff—you had just left him—he was bending over a little plant—at the cliff's very edge. I knew how you were harried, and—I did it—I did it! My brain was aflame then—it is aflame now! Don't let me faint! Why do you fix your eyes upon me so sternly? Speak, man, speak—to your wife! I can't see your face—only an outline—a mist is rising—push it back, Arthur—push it back—don't let it come between us—Arthur—I—!"—Chicago Tribune.

WORK OF "BEACH COMBERS."

Digging in the Sands for Lost Money and Valuables.

A storm is just as good as a fire, though. When the "beach combers" see one coming across the waters they pull on their rubber boots and oilskins and forth they sally. The first wind picks up the light dry sand and blows it away in little swirls. That takes off one layer. The "comber" hurries around after the swirls and picks up whatever is exposed to sight. Layer after layer of sand is removed, uncovering more and more coins and trinkets for the scavengers of the seashore. On the day of the last great storm one man picked up $32, which is the best day's work remembered by any of the men talked with. This storm chasing is pretty hard labor. The men have to run around from place to place after the "blows of sand," and the wind soon begins to lift and throw in big waves, which, with the tide, pour in shore and cover the beach. So profitable is it, however, that the combers search till the water is over their boot tops.

The most profitable work of all is the hardest. That is digging around the base of the piles of the iron pier. The pier in summer is a promenade as well as writing-room. From it all sorts of things drop, and, sinking in the water, are given up by the owner as lost. The comber knows otherwise. He has learned that the ebb and flow of the tide washes little eddy holes around every pile, and that everything that comes anywhere near these holes is deposited in them. He is aware, moreover, that even heavy objects are borne backward and forward by the waves, and that consequently the chances are in favor of the pile hole receiving, on some in and out flow of the tide, all things worth recovering. So when the beaches are left by the summer crowds and the mudsters, the combers go out with their big shovels and sieves and dig up the sand in the holes. They say that the finds are of good value and very miscellaneous. Most numerous are the pickings from the surface of the "hard pan" from two or three feet down through the surface sand. Upon this hard floor the coins stand on edge in a position to penetrate to the safe regions below. But the comber, understanding this, shovels down three or four feet further, and though it is heavy work and exhausting afterward when the sieve has to be used to release the sand the patient placer miner makes sure he has reaped the summer harvest before he leaves off his task.

There are two rich places which have not been explored. One is defended by a man and his wife who own the ground. It is a line of poles set up for the bathing patrons. Four years ago a young man went into the water there with two $20 gold pieces around his neck. He was about to be married and was saving up the money for the event. It was too precious to be left in the bathhouse keeper's safe, so he kept it in the little leather bag at his neck. When he came out of the water the bag and the gold were gone. He wept and cursed and made such a noise about his loss that everybody "on Coney" knew of it. The combers were not alone in the search for it, but it was not found during the season and in the fall the winter men prepared to dig around the life-line poles. Gebhard was afraid they would dig up the poles or loosen them and he forbade them to work there. The police assisted him when they were within call, but whenever they and Gebhard were away down swooped the combers to search for the gold. The owner found it necessary to leave his wife to watch while he was away and the combers have been kept off ever since. But they mean to have those double eagles yet; they know they are in the pole holes and Dave Stewart, the negro comber, said recently:

"I'se goin' to have them goldbugs if it takes till Gabriel blows."

The other untouched spots are also life-line poles, those that once carried a line from the pier to the Scenic railroad. When the bathing houses there were torn down the poles were left and the combers are welcome to delve beside them. But every year they have been passed over because there were enough other places equally rich to last through the winter, and now the tide and the sand drift are gradually rising over the tops of the poles. They will soon be buried and their location will be forgotten unless some energetic comber attacks them.—N. Y. Post.

Much in Little.

One of the most important industries of the world is manufacturing a product which, if taken singly, may be said to be without value. No person would hesitate to ask a stranger for one of them, and nobody thinks of offering for the favor anything but thanks in return. Yet the industry is one of the comparatively few which are of such magnitude as to lead to the organization of that unpopular combination known as a "trust." The shares in this trust have recently sold at a large premium, notwithstanding the fact that its affairs a little while ago were in a condition that produced a panic in one of the greatest American financial centers. The explanation of these seeming paradoxes is that, however hard the times, few people can think of economizing in so small a thing as a match.—Youth's Companion.

An Independent Subject.

King Leopold of Belgium has one subject who is ready to show his independence. M. Vandendriesche bought a lot in front of the king's villa at Ostend and built a house on it that interfered with the king's view. The king remonstrated, whereupon M. Vandendriesche pulled his house down and built a 12-story iron hotel on the lot.—N. Y. Sun.

—In all varieties of serpents the sense of hearing, taste and smell are very imperfect, the serpent depending upon its sight for information as to the nearness of its prey or the proximity of possible danger.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—A notice has been placed at the entrance to the long walk at Windsor park, in London, prohibiting motor cars from passing either up or down the royal avenue.

—A well-known London horse dealer not long ago died from worry caused by bad debts. There is a likelihood of something like £14,000—out of £17,000—being paid to the widow.

—Baroness de Hirsch has signified her intention to erect and endow a home for Jewish consumptives. She has, with that object, placed under the control of her relative, Mrs. Bischoffsheim, Sir Edward Sassoon and Frank Lucas a sum between £40,000 and £50,000.

—The office of librarian at the English house of lords will become vacant in a few weeks by the retirement of Mr. Pulman, who has held this post for 35 years. The salary is £180 a year, with an excellent official residence. The post is in the gift of the lord chancellor.

—Mrs. Irving, of Shield Burnfoot, near Langholm, England, visited that town to discharge some business. She had just left the shop of a cabinetmaker when a varicose vein in her leg burst, and, though medical aid was at once sent for, she bled to death in a few minutes.

—At Bloomsbury county court in England, before his honor Judge Bacon there were two plaintiffs in an action—husband and wife. When they got into the box it was found that the wife could not talk and the husband was deaf. Judge Bacon's only comment was: "Dear me!"

—The West Australian gold fields show little difference from the Victorian fields of the '50s in their extravagance and prodigality. At the banquet recently given in Kalgoorlie to celebrate the opening of the railway "champagne flowed in miniature torrents," 1,000 bottles being consumed.

WANTED A WIFE.

Although He Needed One He Was Particular About Quality.

A prominent attorney preserves the following document as one of the chief curios of his office.

It bears a recent date and was written from one of the Missouri river towns. The young woman referred to is the presiding genius of the kitchen in the lawyer's home.

"Dear Sir: I got acquainted with Miss —— through our correspondence with each other. She wants to marry me. Should she suit, I will not want her for three or four months yet. Please find out through your wife and let me know by return mail if she is worthy of a good husband.

"Is her character good? How about her honesty and integrity? Does she seem to like children? Is she neat and clean? Is she tasty about her dress? Is she gay or frivolous, or what you call sullen?

"Is she wasteful in her cooking and thinks she is saving or not? Is she strong and healthy? Can she hear and talk good? Is she homely or pretty? Is she smart? To make it short, would she make a good man a good wife?

"I am a cooper by trade, a widower with five children, and I need a woman that's a good cook and to look after my children. She has been working for your wife three weeks. You ought to know her pretty good by this time. Anything you may say she won't know if it isn't good, unless you tell her yourself.

"Is she stylish? Has she begun to break or show edge? Is she steady and does she know how to please?

"You can do me a great favor if you take five minutes of your valuable time to answer these few questions.

"Please write at once. I want to know quick. Your obedient servant, ——."—St. Louis Republic.

Nevada Cricket Yarn.

"You've heard about clouds of grasshoppers in Kansas and the plague of locusts in Egypt," remarked an old Nevada miner, "but did you ever hear of the cricket pest in the western deserts? No. Well, I'll tell you how I ran against it once up in Nevada. I had been prospecting 100 miles from nowhere and had run short of water. I was nearly dead of thirst, when a couple of miles away, at the foot of a hill, I saw a clump of willows. I knew there must be water near, so I struck out for the willows. When I got there I found a fine spring, but it was filled up with crickets till the pile stuck a foot above the banks. I estimated that there were at least 16 bushels of crickets in that spring."

"Sure that there were not 16½?" inquired one of his hearers.

"Be careful how you come back at me, or I may raise your bet a few crickets. You see the insects start across the desert and naturally get a little dry. When they strike water they stampede for it like a herd of cattle. Well, sir, I had to shovel out crickets for half a day before I could get a space clear to get a chance at the water myself."—San Francisco Post.

New Uses for Sugar.

Try adding a scant tablespoonful of sugar to each pint of gravy. It will impart a delicious flavor that cannot be obtained in any other way.

Try adding sugar to meat soups in the same proportion, putting the sugar in just before serving the soup.

Try adding a little sugar to oatmeal while it is cooking, instead of putting it on when served at the table, and it will be much improved.

Try adding the sugar to apple sauce after the sauce is nearly done, or just before it is served, as the sugar added while the apples are cooking will make some varieties hard and tough.—N. Y. Recorder.

As Usual.

"What became of your woman's debating club?"

"We had to disband. We couldn't find a girl who would act as chairman and keep still while the rest of us talked."—Philadelphia North American.

Cold

Is dangerous. We require heat. We need pure, warm, nourishing blood to keep us warm and guard against sickness. Good blood is given by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

No WONDER that the old folks stand
A troop of chilling mockers.
When little boys wear trousers and
Grown men wear knickerbockers.
—Washington Star.

A Step Forward in Railroad Advertising.

One of the most elaborate and successful moves in the way of advertising transportation lines that has been seen recently, is that of the Queen & Crescent in the January issue of the Review of Reviews. While it appears in the advertising pages of that magazine, it is not so much an advertisement as it is an article of unusual interest concerning the equipment of trucks and trains on the modern line of railway. It is a revelation to most people to know that such a line exists south of the Ohio River. The block system, the electric equipment such as track signals, locomotive headlights, crossing gongs, all go to provide for the swift movement of trains and is found here. The track is of heavy steel and the ballast of crushed stone and over this road-bed passenger trains of the most luxurious pattern hurry to and from schedules which each year are made a little shorter.

THERE is nothing that makes a good woman's heart so swell with pride as to have her pastor notice her absence from church.—Atchison Globe.

To Get Out of the Way

When trouble is coming, is obviously the part of common sense. An obstruction of the bowels is a serious obstacle to health. To get this out of the way is an easy matter with the thorough laxative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which, although it affords relief, never gripes and convulses like a drastic purgative. Dyspepsia, malarial, kidney and rheumatic ailments and nervousness yield to this genial family medicine.

A CONN doctor says that if people walked more they would not have corns. If they didn't have to walk so much they wouldn't care for corns.—Washington Democrat.

Finest Trains South.

Queen & Crescent Route Florida and New Orleans Limited. Standard coaches, through Pullman sleepers, Cafe, parlor and observation cars.

MOST young married couples begin housekeeping with hope and misfit wedding presents.—Atchison Globe.

Florida.

Queen & Crescent Route only 24½ hours Cincinnati to Jacksonville.

GOOD breeding is doing nothing needlessly that one thinks will hurt or displease others.—N. Y. Weekly.

A SPRAIN may cripple but St. Jacobs Oil will cure it before it can. It cures.

A WOMAN sharpens a pencil pigeontoed.—Atchison Globe.

STAND straight and strong—St. Jacobs Oil cures lame back—cures promptly.

IDEAS are a capital that bear interest only in the hands of talent.—N. Y. Weekly.

USE St. Jacobs Oil and say to rheumatism: "Will see you later."

THE longer a woman has been married the larger a dollar grows to her.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c.

A SHORT absence quickens love, a long absence kills it.—N. Y. Weekly.

THE pain that tortures—sciatica. The cure that cures it—St. Jacobs Oil.

OUR happiness is but an unhappiness more or less consoled.—N. Y. Weekly.

SORE and stiff from cold; don't wait and suffer; use St. Jacobs Oil and get cured.

Cupid, the Beggar.

How Love goes a-begging for a little kindly treatment! How many women turn their backs on the little fellow! They give freely of their time and attention to fashion or social pleasures, but seem to regard happy wifehood and motherhood as a mere secondary consideration. They take no end of trouble over the fit of a gown or the success of a dinner party, but think they have no time to bestow upon the health and physical soundness which are absolutely necessary to happy wifehood and motherhood.

Any weakness or disease of the delicate special organs of her sex totally unfits a woman to be a wife or mother. It is a woman's primary duty to be strong and healthy in a womanly way. Careful living and judicious treatment will certainly and completely eradicate these delicate complaints.

A complete and practical treatise on this subject with careful professional advice and suggestions for self-treatment are contained in "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," by R. V. Pierce, M. D., chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. This 1000-page illustrated book will be sent paper-bound absolutely free for *cost of mailing only*: 21 one-cent stamps, or cloth-bound for 31 stamps. Address Dr. Pierce, as above.

Dr. Pierce has given a life-time to the study of women's diseases, and has had as wide a practical experience in this particular field as any living physician. His "Favorite Prescription" is a perfect and scientific remedy for diseases of the feminine organs.

It is the only medicine devised for this particular purpose by an educated and skilled physician. It is a positive and permanent cure as attested by more than ninety thousand grateful women.

TEMPERANCE.

A PATHETIC LETTER.

Young Man Awaiting the Gallows Utters Solemn Warning to Others.

Some weeks ago a young man, while mad with drink went into a shoe store in Omaha and killed Mr. Dubois. Young Claude Hoover was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be executed. Before he was led to the scaffold, he wrote the following statement, and gave it to Rev. C. W Savage:

"I desire to let young men know the causes which led me to commit this terrible crime. From a child until I was 14 or 15 years of age I ulways attemled Sunday-school and church. I was given a Bible for reciting the most verses in the Psalms. I still have that Bible in my possession. I have kept it for 22 years, and I cherish it very highly as a keepsake from my Sunday-school teacher, who has long since passed away. When my father died I was 15 years old, and I started to work to support my mother and sister. My first position was in a printing office. That was where I took my first glass of beer. I relate this with sorrow. The printers always made it a practice to get a small keg of beer every Saturday night. There were three or four of us young boys working in that office, and when the men went to lunch we would steal beer out of that keg and drink it. That is how I fell into

MAD WITH DRINK.

the habit of taking intoxicating drink. I next worked as a bridge builder, and in this I was thrown among a class of men who drank and who spent the greater part of their leisure in saloons, drinking and playing cards. I soon fell into their habits of life.

"I have lived in Omaha most of the time for the past eight years and have been vaciously employed, working on the railroad, building bridges, etc. At the time the crime was committed I was not feeling well, so I drank a glass of whisky, and that led to another, and by noon I was very full of liquor. I got into an argument with my brother-in-law over a trifling matter, but which made me very angry. I drank more beer and became so intoxicated that I did not know what I was doing or where I was going. I do not remember anything about going into the shoeshop. I do not remember the occurrence. I cannot realize what caused me to do it, for Sam Dubois was one of the best friends I had on earth. Young men of Omaha, let me give you some good advice and take heed of what I say, for if you do not you may find yourself some day in the same place I am. If anybody a year ago had told me that I would be in jail to-day with a death sentence upon me, I would have called him crazy. But I am here and have only a few more hours to live. And the cause of my being here is drink. If I had kept away from that vile stuff I would be out in the world to-day. Young men, for God's sake keep away from drink. Keep out of bad company. Don't go around saloons and beer gardens. Seek the society of respectable and manly young men or stay at home with your mother. To-day my greatest sorrow is that I have brought shame and disgrace on my poor mother and sister. Oh! if I could only recall the past. If I could only live my life over, it would be very different. But now it is too late. By the time you hear these words I shall be in eternity. Now, dear friends and brothers, remember, whenever you take a glass of beer or any kind of intoxicating drink, think what I have told you.

"CLAUDE HOOVER."

Profit in Beer-Making.

An English exchange gives us the following remarkable and appalling statement: "Brewers, with numerous beer-shops and groggeries, take water from the waterworks of cities and towns at about £15 per 1,000,000 gallons, make it liquor of strife and impoverishment, and sell it at threepence per pint, and grab £100,000 per 1,000,000 gallons; the cost of making the beer and retailing it being about one-eighth; thus the revenue system and liquordom profit each nearly £45,000 per 1,000,000 gallons of beer. The brewers buy whisky and gin in large quantities at three shillings per gallon (and at that figure the makers become millionaires) and the brewers retail it over their groggery counters to realize £1 5s. 6d. per gallon; the revenue system takes 10s. 6d. per gallon and the brewers take the balance."

Saloon Keeper Responsible.

The appellate court of Indiana has held that a saloon keeper is responsible for the liquor sold to a youth who, under the influence of such liquor, is killed. The case came from the Lawrence circuit court. In the trial court Adam Johnson sued Thomas Reath, a saloon keeper, for damages sustained by the loss of his son. The boy had become intoxicated by liquor sold by Reath. The court held that the saloon keeper is responsible although the liquor was sold by a bartender employed by him. The court held further that it is not necessary that the father in pleading the loss of support by such death of the son should be reduced to pecuniary straits.

ALCOHOL AND DISEASE.

How the Habitual Use of the Former Renders the Treatment of the Latter Impossible.

A man was recently brought into one of the public hospitals of a large city suffering from a bruise. He had fallen backward across a narrow obstruction of some kind, and upon examination it was found that he had fractured one of the bones of the spine. The back was not what is commonly called broken, but one of the bones was cracked in such a way that unless an operation was performed and the pressure of the fragment upon the spinal cord relieved, paralysis and probably collapse would follow.

The operation, though comparatively rare, is not excessively difficult, and the man's chance for recovery would have been at least an even one; but when the surgeons ordered him to be prepared for the operation, it was noticed that he bore marks of being addicted to drink. The operation was immediately abandoned, and the man died within a week.

To the casual reader it might seem a case of professional heartlessness. But the doctor knew—from sufficient experience in just such cases—how powerless the man would be, worn out as he was by indulgence, to withstand the shock of an operation. And since cases of a similar sort are of frequent occurrence in all our large public and private hospitals, it is worth while to inquire into the cause of such a state of affairs, and to draw from it a lesson and perhaps a moral.

The downward course of a person who becomes enslaved to stimulants follows a natural law. Beginning with a sufficient quantity of alcohol to produce a certain pleasurable sensation, he finds himself, quite as a matter of course, gradually increasing his daily allowance.

Alcohol stimulates the various organs of the body to increased work. By this increase of exercise the organ grows, and the larger organ makes larger demands. These demands the tippler interprets as a call for more alcohol, and so the round is continued.

Under excessive stimulation the substance of the body begins to change its character. Food which cannot be used is stored up in the form of fat. Watery instead of solid substances appear. Eventually the organs themselves change their appearance and begin to break down and decay. Then comes a crisis—through accident or some acute disturbance—and the unfortunate victim is unable to call on nature to help him against the shock—and death follows.—Youth's Companion.

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

Beer is never as flat as the man who drinks it.

It is the character of the liquor, and not the conditions under which it is sold, that concerns thoughtful men.

In the recent election in Connecticut 97 towns voted against license to sell liquor and 71 towns for license.

The next annual meeting of the British Woman's Total Abstinence union will be held in London, in May, in St. Martin's town hall, Charing Cross, W. C.

The saloon is the enemy of every mother. Every mother's son, for that reason alone, should be an inveterate foe of the saloon.—National Temperance Advocate.

Our government spent, during the past year, $8,763,751 for its Indian population, in number, 177,235—not quite $50 per individual. But then, for one year, our annual drink bill was over $1,000,000,000.

In the trial of a recent case before the New York supreme court, an attorney remarked, in extenuation of an acknowledged weakness of his client, "The best of men get drunk." Thereupon the judge quickly announced his dissent. "The best of men," he said, "do not get drunk. If there was ever such a time it has gone by in this and all other civilized communities." It is equally as much to the point, too, that some of the worst of men do not get drunk. They understand that drunkenness weakens the reason, and unfits a man to carry out his purposes, whether they be good or evil. Their abstinence is also a temperance lesson.—Youth's Companion.

Brewer Asks Prayers for Himself.

The cause of temperance has nowhere a more earnest advocate than Prof. W. Garden Blaikie, of Edinburgh, the biographer of Livingston and a frequent contributor to the columns of this paper. Recently Dr. Blaikie received a letter from an eminent London brewer, a philanthropist, asking for a subscription to the Reformatory union. He took the liberty of asking some pointed questions regarding the shops belonging to his firm, saying that he humbly thought that by his gin palaces he was helping to tumble into the gutter far more human creatures than all the refuges in the kingdom were picking out of it. The brewer replied, and said he was not responsible for the abuse of his wares. He was evidently very ill at ease, and concluded his letter in a way that touched Dr. Blaikie—by asking the latter to pray for him.—Christian Work.

An Echo of Approval.

There will also be a general echo of approval to the protest, heard from the University of Wisconsin, regarding the drink habit in American colleges and universities. The statement that a large number of professors are not total abstainers, but in their daily lives set examples of "moderate drinking" before the students committed to their care, will arouse not ony wide attention, but excite grievous fear. If abstinence from the use of intoxicants is required from ministers of the Gospel by an opinion which is more exacting than a written law, surely a similar abstemiousness will be demanded on the part of those to whom boys and young men must necessarily look for examples of life and conduct, as well as for the mere teaching of literature and science.—Men.

ABOVE THE HOTEL SERVANTS.

New Aristocracy of Help Which Lives Apart in Big Hostelries.

With the advent of the big new hotels uptown there has arisen a new aristocracy, which is about as amusing as most American aristocracies are. It is the aristocracy of help. It wears its masters' and mistresses' clothing, eats in a dining-room by itself and, trying to ape the manners of its employes, gives an exhibition to amuse gods and men.

Passing the dining-room inhabited by these haughty ones recently a reporter heard a snatch of the conversation indulged in by the knights and ladies of the bandoir, these gentlemen's and ladies' ladies:

"Kindly pawse the buttah."

"Beg pahdong."

"A little of the butter, if you plense."

"Why, certongly. It's a little passee, that butter."

"Indeed. Do you think so? I thought there was something off color in the taste, don't you know."

"Anything going on in town, Tom?"

"Not a dem thing, me boy, not a dem thing."

"Your mawster goin' abroad this year?"

"Me—oh, you mean Allie. Yes, I dessay. He, usually goes—to get his eloset, you know. Deuced good dresser, Allie—an' just me own size, too—but don't know much. Ah! if I had his allowance, now!"

"You'd cut a wide nu, James, tee hee."

"Well, I'd try and not disgrace me name, Miss Marrie, haw haw."

"I heah the suvvants are kicking up a devil of a row over their grub. Poor creatures! I'd rather die right off than be a hotel suvvant. However, they're mostly Irish—them as isn't tiermans—so it don't make much diffence what you feed 'em. Anything with potatoes, I guess. Haw, haw."

"Hee, hee."

And so, with light converse and bright raillery, the acistocracy of help brightens the tedium of dinner.—N. Y. World.

COLORS AND COMPLEXION.

Women Should Know What They May Wear and What Not.

It is surprising how few women consider whether the colors they wear are suited to their own particular complexion or not. Not long since the stylish color was that rich purple hue known as petunia, and petunia was forthwith massed on the hats and bonnets of blonde and brunette alike. To some women it was absolutely fatal to any good looks they may have possessed. Yet it is possible to be dressed well and becomingly at the same time by a little study of color in conjunction with one's personal appearance. Any woman who studies effect will soon see that the color which intensifies the color of her eyes is the one which is the most becoming every time.

Pale blue and pink should be carefully avoided by women with red hair, as they exaggerate rather than soften the natural coloring; but they will never make any mistake with the dark shades of brown, especially the red-brown. Brown is also the color of a brown-eyed woman, as it will bring out the beauty of her eyes as no other color can, if she but chooses the right shade. Gray is becoming to women with gray hair, and to young women who have gray eyes and lovely complexions, old or young, provided she selects the right tint.

The blonde can wear pure white, without a tinge of yellow or pink in it, but the brunette must be careful to wear the soft cream shades, and if she wears black at all it must be very glossy, while a pronounced blonde can safely deck herself in the dull black which is used for mourning. Green is pretty sure to be suitable to every complexion, providing one is fortunate enough to discover the particular shade which harmonizes best with the coloring; and it so happens that green is the leading color this season, especially the strong, dark shades of metallic green.—Boston Traveler.

LIKED HIS DETERMINATION.

The Schoolmaster Patted Grant on the Head Instead of Whipping Him.

A favorite game of the boys of John D. White's subscription school at Georgetown was mumble-the-peg. Grant could not play the game very skillfully, and the peg always got a few clandestine licks every time he was to pull it. On one occasion it was driven in so deep that the boys thought Lys could never get it out. He set to work with his forehead down in the dirt, the sun beating hot upon him, and the crowd of boys and girls shutting out every breath of fresh air. The peg would not move. The red-faced, shock-headed, thick-set boy, with his face now all over mud, had forgotten his comrades, and saw only one thing in the world—that was this stubborn peg.

The bell rung, but the boy did not hear it. A minute later, after a final effort, he staggered to his feet with the peg in his mouth. The old schoolmaster was in the door of the schoolhouse with a long beech switch—the only person to be seen. There was glee inside at this new development—here was fun the boys had not counted on. Imagine their surprise when, as the boy came closer, and the stern old schoolmaster saw his face, he set down the switch inside the door and came outside. The old man was pouring water on Lys Grant's hands and having him wash his face. He gave him his red bandana to wipe it dry. What the school saw a minute later was the schoolmaster coming in, patting this very red and embarrassed boy on the head.—McClure's Magazine.

Beet Salad, or Chopped Beets.

Cold boiled or baked beets, chopped quite fine but not minced, make a nice salad when served with a dressing of lemon-juice and whipped cream in the proportion of three tablespoonfuls of lemon-juice to one-half cup of whipped cream, and salt if desired.—Good Housekeeping.

HER SISTERLY REMEDY.

Wouldn't Let Her Brother-in-Law Go Out of the Family.

There are more ways of killing a dog than by hanging him, and there are more ways of curing a man than by giving him medicine. At least there is another way of restoring a feminine invalid to health and strength, if the experience of a young woman of this city is to count for anything.

This young woman is a most attractive creature, bright, pretty, amiable. Any man might be proud to win her, but no one has succeeded so far. She has a married sister, however, and has often expressed her fondness and admiration for her brother-in-law in enthusiastic terms. All of which is a part of the story.

Not long ago the married sister had a serious illness and the young woman did a large and devoted share of the nursing. Everything that skill and medical care could devise was done for the invalid, but she remained an invalid in spite of all. Day after day she grew feebler, and day after day she hinted more strongly that she was not long for this world. The young woman, of course, hoistered up her sister with encouragement and tonics three times a day, but the sister still insisted that it was of no use. Finally she got to a point where she was so very low in her mind that she called the young woman to her bedside one day, and in a voice choked with emotion she said:

"Don't try to hide it from me any longer, Grace! It's got to come, and I'm reconciled—or hope I am. But before I go I want you to promise me one thing."

"Now, stop talking such nonsense," gently chided the young woman. "You're going to be all right, soon. All you need is another bottle of tonic and a good brace."

The sister feebly shook her head.

"You mean it all right, but you don't know. I tell you that I am going to die and this is a dying request I have to make of you."

"All right, dear," said the young woman, humoring her sister for the time.

"It's—it's about Ned," beginning to sob weakly. Ned was her husband, by the way. "I want—I want you—to look after—him—and see that—he isn't—oh, too miserable, you know. Promise me—I ask it as—my last request—that you—will look after—Ned!" and the unhappy wife wept bitterly.

The young woman was really deeply affected, but she had a flash of inspiration and she said briskly, almost gayly:

"Don't worry about Ned! I'll see that he doesn't get out of the family!"

The invalid started, dashed away her tears and gazed at her sister as if she could not believe that she had heard aright.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"I'll keep him where I can take care of him, dear. That'll be all right. Don't you worry."

The invalid stared for a minute, then she said, in a business-like tone:

"You mean thing! I'll see that you don't!" and then she began a rapid recovery.—N. Y. Sun.

ILL BREEDING OF SWELLS.

Our Fashionable Folk Indifferent and Disagreeable Toward Strangers.

"Who is that, Jim?"

"A stranger."

"Well, 'eave a brick at him."

In civilized life the instinct of avoidance is by no means so defined, but nevertheless it is distinctly noticeable. Everyone who has ever been a stranger in a strange land has at some time felt that depressing sense of isolation.

"I shall never forget," said an American girl who had been thrown more or less in the "smart set" in London, "my first dinner in England. At table I got on fairly well with the men, but afterward in the drowing-room my penance began. The fashionable women present paid no more attention to me than if I were a piece of furniture. My hostess, of course, would be coldly polite, bringing me a basket of photos or something of the kind to look over, and then with obvious relief would turn to her friends, while I sat lonely and neglected until the men came in. They were very much kinder."

New York, we are sorry to say, has not the reputation of treating outsiders with courtesy, and unless they are exceptionally rich or beautiful or fashionable they receive scant attention.

"There is no place so trying," declared a Washington belle, "and so humiliating as a New York assemblage of slight acquaintances. It costs so little to be polite, one would think; but of all ill-bred, indifferent, disagreeable people I think a roomful of New York girls takes the precedence."

This is a very strong charge, but in a measure it is deserved by our fashionable people, who are certainly very indifferent to strangers and not overcivil. How different from Anglo-Saxon rudeness are the kindly ways of the tiermans. To them a stranger is a guest and is treated as such by all present. If it is a woman at a small gathering every man in the room will be asked to be introduced to her, whether she is attractive or not; that does not necessarily mean that they must stay and converse. It is simply a greeting, no more; but it puts a timid girl wonderfully at her ease with those present. The women are equally kind and invariably make a point of showing courteous attention to an outsider. It seems a pity that the same genial manners cannot be more universal, and that the true courtesy which springs from a kind heart and intrinsic good breeding is not oftener met with in society.—N. Y. Sun.

Steamed Fig Pudding.

Take half a pound of the best figs, wash them and chop them fine, two teacupfuls of grated bread, half a cup of sweet cream, one cup of sweet milk and half a cup of sugar; beat it all together and steam for three hours.—Leisure Hours.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Ambiguous. "I am sorry to hear that you have lost your wife, Cicero." "Yes, pahson, but de Lawd knows wot's bes' foh us."—Life.

—Willie—"Mamma, they say history repeats itself, don't they?" Mother—"Yes, dear." Willie—"Well, why don't it repeat itself when I'm trying to learn it?"—Tit-Bits.

—Teacher—"What is that letter?" Pupil—"I don't know." Teacher—"What is it that makes honey?" Small Boy (son of a manufacturer)—"Glucose."—N. Y. Weekly.

—Of Modern Application.—"Badger, did you enjoy the play—'Richard III.?'" "Yes; that fellow had a hump that ought to make him president of any bicycle club on earth."—Chicago Record.

—A Natural Deduction.—The Teacher—"When a woman's husband dies, Patsie, what is she called?" Patsie—"A widder." The Teacher—"And when a man's wife dies, what do we call him?" Patsie (after some thought)—"A widout-her, mu'mm!"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

—Baroness—"Clara, bring me those dozen pocket handkerchiefs on which I told you to mark my monogram." Lady's Maid—"Here they are, my lady." Baroness—"But how is this? You haven't marked all of them with my monogram." Lady's Maid—"Indeed I have, my lady. I marked one with your monogram, and I have marked all the others with the word 'Ditto.'"—Tit-Bits.

—"I am sorry," said the poet, "but I am obliged to call your attention to the fact that a line in one of my recent compositions was entirely perverted and the meaning painfully distorted by the compositor." "Young man," replied the editor, "that compositor has gone through more poems than you ever wrote or even read. He has put in his life setting up poetry of all kinds, spring and fall styles and heavier goods for winter. He may have changed your poem—but when you say he harmed it, you presume. When a man of his experience makes up his mind to change a piece of poetry, a person in your position should not attempt to criticise."—Washington Star.

HOW 2,500 VOLTS FEEL.

That Is If the Shock Doesn't Kill You Outright.

The following details of a recent electric accident are interesting, and may be useful. November 20 an electrical engineer was standing on a chair ready to move a reversing switch on the arc lamp side of a rectifier for lighting a series of 60 lamps (3,000 volts). He casually placed his hand on the metal cover of an ammeter (which was in series with another 60-lamp circuit), and, turning to the left and leaning back to make an observation (still standing on the chair), he placed his left hand on an iron pillar. Now, the ammeter case proved to be in metallic contact (accidental) with the light leads, and as the return wire was "earthed" there played through the body from hand to hand a current under pressure of (normally) 3,000 volts. As a matter of fact, the electro-motive force tested between the points of contact by a Kelvin electrostatic volt meter proved to be 2,500 volts.

He says that the first thing he realized was that he found himself standing on the floor, but has no clear idea as to whether he jumped off or was "knocked off." The forearm was "drawn up close to the chest" and the hands clinched. From a little above the elbow down he described a "feeling of pulsation" and a violent beating in exact step with the alternators (running 83 periods per second). All power of movement below the elbow was absolutely lost, but the arm at the shoulder could be moved from the side. The pulsations, although still retaining their periodicity, soon became less violent, and motor power returned successively in the muscles that move the elbow, wrist and fingers. In three minutes he felt "none the worse." There was no sensation of burning at the moment, but ten minutes afterward the hands became painful, and examination showed a burn on the tip of the left middle and ring fingers and on the back of the right little and ring fingers, with a seared line across the lower portion of the palm. There has been no other effect except ing that he expresses himself as feeling "decidedly better in general health."

Which current did the body receive? With the contacts named, I estimate that the resistance of the body might be 10,000 ohms.—London Lancet.

Postage Stamps on a Bedstead.

Mrs. George Wilson, of Birmingham, N. Y., has a unique curio in the shape of a bedroom set—bedstead, dresser, wash stand and chairs—decorated with postage stamps of every known civilized country on the globe. Mrs. Wilson has been collecting stamps for the past seven years, and the number has reached over half a million, 862,000 being the number. The value of these stamps has been estimated at $3,800. All of these stamps have been carefully washed, dried and pasted on after the style of a crazy patchwork quilt, and represent large patience and a great amount of labor. There are seven pieces of furniture in all decorated. This curio is valuable, an offer of $200 from Cornell university having been refused by the owner. It is perhaps the most novel collection of foreign and domestic stamps in the United States. The stamps are stuck on with glue and are covered with a heavy spar varnish, and can be washed without injury to the stamps.—Chicago Chronicle.

Oldest English Firm.

One of the oldest, if not the oldest, English firms is that of Richardson, leather manufacturers, of Newcastle-on-Tyne. The predecessors of this firm were leather sellers to the monastery of St. Hilda, which was disestablished at the time of the reformation, and this can be proved from contemporary records.

NEW WAY TO TREAT GOLD ORE.

Alternately Roasting and "Quenching" the Quartz to Soften It.

There are two general methods of separating gold from the rock with which it is associated in a vein. In both the ore is crushed to a certain degree of fineness, greater or less, according to circumstances. The stuff is then washed with water over a layer of mercury, with which the gold amalgamates, or else (perhaps after a preliminary roasting) mixed with a chemical solution which dissolves the precious metal. Subsequently the gold is recovered from the amalgam or the solution by further treatment. In the system in which quicksilver is employed there is always a certain loss of the precious metal. Inasmuch as the rock is exceedingly hard, usually quartz, it is subjected to heavy hammering in the final stage of pulverization, and in consequence some of the particles of gold are flattened into tiny plates or saucers, and float away with the wash water. Then, too, the mechanical separation is not quite perfect, and a little of the gold still remains imbedded in the minute bits of rock which go off as refuse, or "tailings." As it is usally a rather high-grade ore which is handled in this way, the loss is apt to be disregarded. But there has been a great tendency towards more economical methods of late years, and some of the chemical processes now in vogue are well adapted to the treatment both of "tailings" and low-grade ores.

Attention has recently been directed, in England and Australia, to still another plan of insuring the recovery of a very large percentage of the gold originally existing in the ore. The main idea involved, that of breaking up the quartz by alternately heating and cooling it, is old; but some of the details of the process are new, and it is claimed for the so-called "ore-atomic" system that it is more successful than any previous attempt in the same direction.

In the preliminary crushing the rock is brought down only to small lumps of convenient size, and not to actual powder. The material is then inclosed in a chamber from which the outside air is carefully excluded, and the chamber is placed in a furnace, in which, beside the fuel, there are pieces of red-hot iron. A jet of steam is thrown upon both the coal (or coke) and iron, and the result is the development of water gas and hydrogen. These gases have access to the chamber, and prevent the oxidation of the metal. Indeed, if there be any oxide in the ore it is "reduced" by the hydrogen. Any sulphur which may be present is also eliminated, passing off in the form of sulphuretted hydrogen. After the ore has remained in the heated chamber for a time, whose length varies according to the composition of the rock, it is suddenly "quenched" by the injection of cold water. Inasmuch as the fragments to which this first chill breaks up the quartz are not as small as could be desired, the water is drained off and the series of operations is repeated several times. Finally the contents of the chamber are dumped into a tank. When the ore is cool enough to be taken between the fingers, it crumbles into powder easily. No heavy stamps are required to pulverize the substance now. It is alleged that there is absolutely no loss in the form of "float gold" and no oxidation, and therefore that all the precious metal originally in the ore may be recovered.

In some experiments recently made with the ore-atomic system in London, samples of Cripple Creek and West Australian ores were treated. An English weekly publication, Invention, declares that disinterested experts were present and assisted in the tests. It adds: "In every respect the results were most satisfactory, and unquestionably demonstrated the correctness of the principle involved." It is announced that the West Australian (Gold District) corporation has bought the right to use the ore-atomic system.—N. Y. Tribune.

SPEAKING TO THE DEAF.

A Mistake Is Often Made in Trying to Enunciate Very Plainly.

Many people, and I am sorry to say some teachers of the deaf, fail to realize, in practice at least, that speech is not as clearly visible to the eye as it is audible to the ear and think that by speaking slowly, word by word, and opening their mouth to the widest extent, they will render the task of the speech-reader easier. As a matter of fact they render it all the more difficult. A child in school may learn to understand a teacher who mouths his words in this manner, but this ability is of no value to him when he leaves school. Indeed, perfectly natural, deliberate speech is easier to understand than the exaggerated form of articulation which people are apt to use the moment they know they are talking to a totally deaf person.

People who depend entirely upon their speech-reading for understanding others have requested me, when introducing them to strangers, not to say that they were deaf, because they find it easier to read the lips when the person speaking is not aware that he is being understood in that way. I have in my acquaintance a young man educated wholly by this method, who travels a great deal, and picks up acquaintances on the steamer or on the train just as people do who possess all their faculties. I have in mind, also, a congenitally deaf girl of 14 who is not considered unusually bright, yet whose speech is clearly intelligible to strangers after the first ten minutes, who is intelligent on the topics of the day, and whose conversational repertoire is much larger and more entertaining than that of many young ladies of 20 and over that I have met in metropolitan society.—John Dutton Wright, in Century.

Rattlesnakes and White Ash Leaves.

Rattlesnakes are said to have a natural antipathy to the leaves of the white ash. Some naturalists assert that a rattlesnake placed in a circle composed of half white ash leaves and half hot coals will cross the coals before he will encounter the leaves.—Albany Journal.

The Republican.

BE... S. TELL, Editor and Proprietor
P. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THURSDAY, JAN. 28, 1897.

SENATOR FAST, leading the fight for the West Virginia wheelmen, scored a big victory in the Senate at Charlestown by defeating the two bills introduced by Senator Cattlett, of Morgan county, one restricting the rights of wheelmen on the highway and the other taxing bicycles and tricycles specially.

HARD work is the only cure for hard times. Society is made up of the working class and the shirking class, and it is not necessary to say which of these two is prosperous and happy. The young man who is looking for a soft spot will find it at that point where his brains ought to be. Those who are born in the lap of luxury usually require the rap of adversity before they do anything to honor ancestry or enrich posterity.

The Most Important Measure.

A measure far exceeding in importance the Nicaragua canal bill, Cuban recognition or the Hawaiian cable appropriation, promises to engage the attention of the United States Senate sometime this week. It is the bankruptcy law, which has been under advisement of Congress ever since the last law was repealed, many years ago. The confusion which prevails in the different States as regards the collection of debts, the preference of certain creditors and with regard to the equitable distribution of the assets of the insolvents among creditors, and the relief a good bankruptcy law would give worthy but unfortunate business men, all call loudly for the passage of a bill of this kind. The Senate might well spend all of its remaining disposable time of the present session upon the question, and thus regain a good part of the good opinion of the people.

Business Improving.

The revival of business, for which the public has been looking, is long delayed, but its arrival, if not announced actual, is now being predicted by trade journals of all classes as an event of the very near future. The total volume of business transactions is undoubtedly increasing. Bradstreet's reports a slowly improving demand for goods at most distributing centres. The New York *Journal of Commerce* points to the significant fact that bank clearings are better by 12.6 per cent. than a year ago and 3 per cent. better than they were a week ago. International relations are greatly improved the world over. The enormous excess of exports of merchandise over imports in the past year laid the foundation for the maintenance of the gold reserve at Washington and a comfortable balance in Europe for some time to come. To these general considerations, which favor the belief that trade is bound to continue to improve, may be added certain recent minor events of a reassuring character.

Among these events is development of a probability of a settlement of the government's claim against the Union Pacific in such a way as to put $45,754,000 or more in the treasury, the net result being that the government gets the face of the subsidy bonds and 3½ per cent. interest besides. Such an addition to the resources of the treasury at the present time will be very welcome as a protection against deficits and as a safeguard against new bond issues. With the gold reserve approaching $150,000,000 and an addition of nearly fifty millions to the cash balance, the situation cannot but be deemed fairly satisfactory. There is little life, it is true, in the iron and steel trade, but the Southern furnaces are selling much pig abroad and common grades of pig are in fair demand in the West. Textiles are inactive, though there is some improvement in the wool market. Railway earnings are disappointing. The movement of merchandise is less than in the corresponding period of 1896. With the approach of milder weather however, better results are expected. The present, in fact, is a period of confident expectation. If differs from recent periods chiefly in the fact that there are more signs of coming improvement and more positive, though small, evidences of actual improvement.

Heredity.

The doctrine of heredity, whatever its truth in these respects, is not necessarily true with respect to intellectual qualities. A child brought up in a happy home, and subject to the benign influence of good examples, is likely to show the effect when grown to manhood or womanhood; but this effect is, in the main, the result of environment, and not of heredity. Neither a happy home nor good examples can implant intellect when Nature has denied its fitting receptacle. The child may have the eyes, the features and the distinguishing bodily marks of one or both parents; but there is no assurance that it will inherit the parental intellect.

A man's decendants, says Mr. Godkin in his article on "Democratic Tendencies" in the Atlantic Monthly for February, "rarely inherit from a father more than one or two mental peculiarities, valuable when united with other things, but standing alone of little use in the battle of life—a fact which may be verified anywhere by observing the families of distinguished men. A man eminent in politics or law or medicine or commerce or finance or war is seldom succeeded by a son who recalls the ensemble qualities which have secured the father's success, although he may have one or two of his characteristics. Heredity obtained its stronghold in the popular imagination in the Middle Ages, owing to the fact that the son was in possession of his father's power when he did, and that is the rude age, when things were mainly decided by fighting, it offered the readiest means of settling peaceably questions of succession. But as soon as the questions of the right of a class to rule in virtue of heredity broke down."

The law of heredity undoubtedly applies to animals. The horse, for instance, transmits speed and endurance. Likewise man may transmit physical qualities; but there is no law that insures the transmission of intellectual qualities. Training however, has a wonderful effect in developing and strengthening such qualities. The Military Academy at West Point furnishes a ready illustration. When a new class, the "Plebs," assemble they are for the most part mere animals. At the end of four years they are different beings; discipline and study have developed body, mind and spirit. They have become gentlemen and soldiers. Their bearing, their expression and their movement witness to the transformation which they have undergone. "That being born of particular parents made any one essentially of better quality than anybody else," says the writer of the Atlantic Monthly, "that is one hundred babies of different conditions were brought up in the same manner the sons of noblemen and gentlemen among them would show their superiority to the others in their character, was a doctrine which after the Middle Ages was probably never fully accepted, even by the most ardent believers in heredity."

We are inclined to think that while the intellect of the parent is not necessarily nor usually transmitted, the germs of character are; and among the hundred babies above mentioned great differences would be observed in their several characters. The superiority might not be on the side of the nobleman's son; on the contrary, there might possibly be inferiority. But the father of high character, whether peasant or gentlemen, would be apt to transmit the outlines of that character of his offspring. After all, though, it is training and environment that draw out and fix the characteristics of mankind; and it is the training and environment of the young must be looked to and provided for if we would secure the future safety of our institutions and promote a genuine and lasting civilization.

Outlook in the South.

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—E. St. John, vice president and general manager of the Seaboard Air Line, who is in this city, says he takes a hopeful view of the outlook in the South. He declares that a marked change in sentiment is now apparent. Improvement can be seen, but the greatest gain is in the confidence for the future. "I do not look for any great sudden stride to be made," he declared, "as the new administration must be seated and the tariff and other questions settled first, and the people will wait before taking important steps. But the whole South is on the eve of great prosperity. The past depression is now to be followed by advancement."

New Through Line to Indianapolis and Chicago.

Commencing January 24th, the B. & O. R. R. will operate a through line of Pullman Buffet Drawing-room Sleeping cars between Baltimore, Washington, Indianapolis and Chicago via Cincinnati. Train schedule as follows:

Leave Baltimore	10.15 a. m.
Washington	11.45 a. m.
Weaverton	1.14 p. m.
Harper's Ferry	1.25 p. m.
Martinsburg	1.58 p. m.
Cumberland	4.05 p. m.
Grafton	7.50 p. m.
Clarksburg	8.29 p. m.
Central	9.31 p. m.
Arrive Parkersburg	11.00 p. m.
Cincinnati	3.05 a. m.
Indianapolis	7.01 a. m.
Chicago	12.00 noon.

Direct connections are made for Green Castle, Terra Haute, Lafayette, Crawfordsville and principal points in the west and northwest. 46-3.

WELLINGTON ON CUBA.

Senator-Elect is Opposed To the Recognition of the Insurgents by the United States.

Hon. George L. Willington responded as follows to the toast "Cuba Libre" at the banquet of the merchants and manufacturers in Baltimore on Wednesday night of last week:

"Mr. Toastmaster and gentlemen of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association.

"The American people should be the leaven among the nations of the earth for freedom, liberty and self-government.

"They have demonstrated their capability to constitute and preserve a republic, and their aspiration should be to see other nationalities enjoying the same great heritage, which of right belongs to them. From the hour in which the great declaration went forth from old Independence Hall in the city of Brotherly Love, and gave notice to all the world that the American colonies were and of right ought to be free and independent states; through all the vicissitudes of the Revolution, and a century of constitutional government which has passed since then, we have stood as an exemplar of the possibilities of a people imbued with a desire for freedom gradually developing into a great nation in which each man is a sovereign and the government is one of the people, by the people, and for the people.

"It would be well to remember, however, that freedom is not anarchy, that liberty is not license, and that continuous rebellion against any and all forms of government is not self-government, and while the sympathy of this nation should be with any people that is struggling to accomplish independence against great odds and under many difficulties, we should be slow to enter into a quarrel on their account with another nation to whom we owe much, and with whom we have had no disagreement such as would warrant war. The island of Cuba has been a dependency of Spain since its discovery. Four centuries have passed since the Genoese navigator stood a beggar in the courts of Europe for men, money and ships, that he might sail into the vastness of the unknown deep, and give to the Old a New World. His genius was certain that to the westward there was another, perhaps a brighter and better land, but neither England, France, Germany, the Papal Court, nor the Republic of Genoa listened to his appeal, and it was the Spanish King and Queen of yonder age—Ferdinand and Isabella — whose names should ever be remembered and held in highest esteem, with that of the great discoverer himself, who gave not only the moneys of the state but their private means, and sent Columbus upon that voyage, which was fraught with great results, so great indeed as to change the whole current of the world's history. Among the first discoveries of Columbus was the 'Gem of the Antilles' the island of Cuba, which after having explored the coast for hundreds of miles, he believed to be the main land of the new continent. If there be any nation among all the European peoples that deserves commendation for its conduct it is the great transaction which brought about the discovery of the new continent on the Western Hemisphere, known as America, that nation is Spain.

"If there is to be sentiment in matters of state, then we owe a great debt of gratitude to them which can never be repaid, and I for one am willing to acknowledge that debt, and let it go far toward making good many of the shortcomings of which the monarchy of Spain has been guilty since then. If sentiment is not to be indulged in, upon what other ground will you justify the intervention of the United States of America in Spanish affairs, such as the rebellion of the colony against the mother country?

"When the North American Colonies of Great Britain declared their independence, they set forth their grievances and appealed to the nations of the earth as to the justice of their cause. One of the causes which led to the rupture with the home government was taxation without representation. This was the chief form of oppression of which the colonies complained. Can Cuba make the same complaint? Assuredly not. The people of that island are represented in the Spanish Cortes the same as the Spaniards themselves. That there has been misgovernment on the island all will admit. That the war now in progress, if war it may be called, has brought many scenes of horror, which too plainly show 'man's inhumanity to man,' there can be no reasonable doubt. But we need not go to Cuba for harrowing scenes. In our own land, during the Civil War, and since then, there have been massacres, butcheries and inhuman starvations, which, if we have forgotten, the historian of the past has recorded, and the chronicler of the future will embellish in the centuries yet to come.

"The American colonies were not even recognized as belligerents until they had established a government, which was complete in its executive, legislative and judicial departments. After due examination by the special agent of this government, the President of the United States is not able to find any government of the insurgents on the Island of Cuba, save one that exists on paper. Its armies are desperate bands, who disdain legitimate warfare, and, in a half-civilized, rude and barbaric manner, war not only against the Spanish Government but against any and all forms of government whatsoever. It is impossible, futhermore, to form any idea of the real condition of its affairs, or of the result of the bushwhacking expeditions and ambuscades which are denominated battles, for the reports of those fights are of such a character as to remind one of the enterprising reporter of a Cumberland newspaper who spent a day looking after an item of news, and returned in the evening to inform the management that nothing worthy of record had occurred. He was told that something must be forthcoming as a result of his labors, and he sat down and wrote an account which may be stated in this manner: 'We saw to-day what might have been one of the most terrible and heartrending scenes that ever occurred in our city. At two o'clock this afternoon a cabman drove down the main street at a terrible rate of speed, and as he approached a crossing nearly ran over a nurse and two children. Had it not been for the extraordinary care of the nurse, who was so fortunate as to have left the children at home, and herself had gone into a neighboring drug store to procure some necessary medicine, and the driver, bethinking himself before he reached the crossing that he ought to drive down a by-street there might have been in that locality one of the most terrible and melancholy catastrophes ever recorded by the pen of man.'

"The sanguinary conflicts described each day in the newspapers would lead one to believe that the population of Cuba must be more than that of the United States, or it would long ago have been destroyed, and yet the dread warfare goes on. Why should the United States interfere in this struggle? Has any right or privilege or prerogative of the government been disturbed? We cannot point to one. We are asked to recognize the independence of Cuba. What right have we to engage in such a measure? There is not, either in ethics or international law, anything that would justify such action. If we would justify it upon any condition it must be that of maudlin sentiment.

"What would be the result of the recognition of the independence of Cuba by the United States? Primarily it would mean war with Spain. I understand very well that with a certain portion of our population war upon any pretext and with any nation would be welcome, but I do not believe that the people who are responsible for government, who guide and direct the policy of our land, would tolerate any such system.

"War under any circumstances is a calamity, but when it is sought without just cause it is a crime. War with Spain would bring us in conflict with a power which we perhaps deem weaker than it really is. Spain has a navy that to-day could attack and destroy many of our unprotected ports along the great stretch of coast from the forests of Maine to the headlands of Florida, about the Gulf and on the Pacific Coast, and we, who are unprepared for war, would stand idly by without being able to strike a blow in defense. But would Spain stand alone? What assurance have we that there would not be a European alliance between such powers as Great Britain, France and Germany to uphold Spain in protecting her colony? For the principal which would lead us in this matter would endanger the dependencies of all those nations, and where interest is one the European powers will stand together. Thus we see the grave consequences which might follow, and most probably would follow a war with Spain involving us in a maze of dangers and difficulties which would only end in our humiliation and undoing.

"It is not well that the United States gain the reputation of a Bombastos Furiosa or Don Quixote among the nations of the earth. If we would assist the cause of liberty in general we must first make it steadfast at home. Give it a conservative character such as will bring to us the confidence and respect of all peoples, whether they be monarchies or republics, and in our intercourse with other people it would be well not to undertake the part of the exhuberant individual at the fair, who was dragging his support garment behind him, looking for someone to tread upon the tail of his coat, but rather assume the language of conciliation, 'for a soft answer turneth away wrath,' as was demonstrated by the experience of a peddler in the wilds of Allegany who knocked at the front door of a farmhouse standing by the side of the great national pike, and, when the door was opened, asked the lady who stood in the hallway: 'Madam, can I see the lady of the house?' The answer came rather snappishly, 'you can if you are not blind.' And he answered in a milder tone, 'You are the lady of the house, then?' She said, 'what else would you take me for; the gentleman of the house, the next door neighbor, a farm hand, a stove or an ice chest?' He bowed low, and in a tone still kindly said: 'No madam. A wandering thought seemed to tell me that you might be the young daughter of the house.' That selfsame peddler by the use of diplomacy, opened up his pack, sold quite a bill of goods and departed in good humor with himself, and left the good lady feeling younger and better than she had before.

"As it is among individuals, so it is with nations. The duty of the United States is to attempt by friendly intervention to amicably arrange to quarrel between the mother country and the rebellious dependency, and we will be conferring a greater benefit upon Cuba by obtaining for her milder government than if she were made sole ruler of herself, which would be 'a heritage of woe' to a people who are not trained or educated for self-government. Our first duty is ourselves. Four years of hard times is back of us in the past. The last battle of ballots has proven to the world that the American nation desires to be honest in the payment of its debts and will be honorable in all its dealings. We look into the future with hopeful eyes and trust that the year which confronts us will bring back the busy hum of industry, the sturdy voice of confidence, the sunlight of prosperity, and over all the benign influence of peace. How can this best be accomplished? By evincing to ourselves and to all the nations of the globe that we are not only honest and honorable, but that we are conservative, cool, calm and careful, and this can only be done by pursuing the even tenor of our way, declaring that we mean to attend to our own business. Then every class of American ship will not only be free in name, but in deed and in fact, and as the evolution of the years go on our strength and might and wealth and power will increase, and by the forces of American freedom and government we will direct others, and the whole world will be free at last."

New Life for Old Rails.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., Jan. 26.—At a meeting in this city of officers of the McKenna Steel Working Company organized for the purpose of renewing old steel rails under the process invented and patented by F. W. McKenna, it was decided to establish a complete plant for the carrying on of this secret process, in April next at Joliet, Ill., The building of this plant will be followed by several others in different parts of the country as soon as the company can arrange for starting them. They will be located at Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland and Milwaukee. By the McKenna process old steel rails heretofore regarded as worn out and fit only for the scrap pile, are made as good as or better than new, by a secret method of treatment and with a loss in actual weight of only about four pounds to the yard. After passing through this process the renewed rail is considered to be good for 50 years or more.

A Farmer Governor Speaks.

Good roads are essential to our highest development socially, intellectually and financially. Many counties in our State, actuated by a commendable spirit of progress, are rapidly improving the highways. In the near future some of our counties will have a system of free gravel roads. The main thoroughfars in these counties, having been graveled and received by the county commissioners, are kept in repair at the county's expense. The supervisor, being thus relieved from care of the main thoroughfars, is enabled to concentrate the labor and tax at his disposal upon the lateral roads; hence all will soon be improved. The economy in road improvement will soon be demonstrated by the fact that the counties having the best roads will maintain them at less cost than the mud roads, with all their inconveniences, are maintained in their wretched condition. The work required by law of able-bodied men, together with the road tax, gives to the road supervisors of our State the expenditure, in money and labor, of a vast sum. Much of this is wasted by reason of incompetent management. The rail road tax for highway improvement, in some road district of our State, is so manipulated by the road supervisor that the money inures more to his benefit than the improvement of the thoroughfars. In some instances in our State, a brokerage business is carried on, and money is made out of trafficing in this road tax.

While some of our road laws need reforming, the manner of their execution needs revolution. When the competence is made the test in selecting supervisors, and tax-payers see that they discharge their duties, we will find some improvement in our highways without additional tax.—From the Inaugural Address of Gov. of Indiana.

Are You Thin?

Look about you! See for yourself! Who suffer most from sleeplessness, nervousness, nervous dyspepsia, neuralgia, despondency, general weakness? Who are on the edge of nervous prostration all the time? Those who are thin, Opium, chloral, bromides, headache powders, only make matters worse. Iron and bitters are only stimulants. To be cured, and cured for good, you need a fat-making food. You want new blood, rich blood; and a strong nerve-tonic.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites is all this. It feeds the tissues, makes rich blood, and strengthens the nerves.

Book about it free for the asking.

For sale by all druggists at 50c. and $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

A Bachelorie Ballad.

I love to sigh as I have sighed
Times numbered by the score,
And realize how grand it is
To be a bachelor.

I love to sew on buttons, or
Put neckbands on my shirts,
And run the needle thro' my thumb—
Gee whiz! but how it hurts!

I love to put a patch upon
My trousers, and to know
That life is full of trials for
The man who tries to sew.

I love to crawl far underneath
The bureau, and to swear
Because my collar button's gone
And vanished in thin air.

I love to darn my socks and things—
The accent on the things—
I love to note the ruined clothes
My washerwoman brings.

I love to come home at an hour
I do not care to state,
And realize no one will ask,
Why I've been out so late.

I love to eat my lonely meals
At some cheap restaurant,
Where I can get all else on earth
Except just what I want.

I love to laugh as I have laughed
So often heretofore,
And realize how grand it is
To be a bachelor.

L'ENVOI.

I love—ah me! but she is fair,
The maid that I adore!
She's promised very soon I'll cease
To be a bachelor.

Martin Divorced.

CUMBERLAND, MD., Jan. 25.—Judge Sloan has granted an absolute divorce to Mrs. Anna G. Martin from her husband, Upton S. Martin, the Cumberland city councilman, who eloped with a fifteen-year-old girl last May and is now thought to be in Philadelphia. Martin was here in disguise last week when testimony was being taken. He agreed to a divorce and delegated his attorneys to treat with Mrs. Martin's attorney as to terms. Mrs. Martin will get the George street property, consisting of four brick tenements in Cumberland, valued at $6,000, on which there is a mortgage of $4,500, $500 in cash and $75 for attorney's fee.

Accident.

The institute held here on the 22nd and 23rd insts. was not as largely attended as had been expected, on account of the extreme inclemency of the weather. However those who were sufficently enthusiastic in the profession to face the elements, came out, and without an exception contributed much valuable information upon the various subjects which came up for discussion.

The educational meeting on Saturday evening, the 23rd, was well attended by the citizens who were entertained by a short literary program, after which Supt. Palmer presented the deplorable condition of educational matters in Garrett county very forcibly.

Attorney Renninger and E. J. Frinzer, Esq., of Oakland, were down attending the sale of Mr. Beeghley's property on Saturday.

The proposed telephone line is the talk of the day.

Mr. John Miller, of Westernport, paid his parents a short visit on last Saturday.

Mr. Daniel Fresh and Mr. Durst, of New Germany, were in town on Friday and Saturday last,

Mr. Len Shartzer expects to erect a commodious barn in the near future.

Martin Hoffman, our genial young jeweler, has embarked in the photograph business.

Senator Ravenscroft is not only a terror to disease, but he causes the foxes in this neighborhood much fright. He hopes to have them exterminated by Spring; but they do say the Doctor could'nt tell a fox from a bear.

Mr. Zunkin, of Frostburg, is the guest of his brother this week.

IN THE MINORITY.

Republicans Admit They Cannot Control the Senate in the Next Congress.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—In regard to the political bias of the Senate after March 4th conversation with Republicans to-day indicated rather an abandonment of their hopes to possess the power of control in some way or other. No positive calculation can be made as to the respective figuring up of Republicans, Democrats and Populists until all the senatorial elections are over. There is no danger, however, in assuming that the balance of power will rest with the Populists and the silver Republicans, and the indications are that the latter will probably ally themselves with the Democrats upon every strictly party measure, with the exception, possibly, of the tariff.

Senator Faulkner said to-day: "Without taking into consideration the three states, Kentucky, Idaho and Oregon, where there is some doubt as to what will be the outcome of the Senatorial contests, the parties in the Senate after March 4th will stand as follows: Republicans, 42; Democrats, 24; Populists, 5; silver Republicans, 6. It is next to certain the Republicans will get the Senators from Oregon and Kentucky, which will make their number 44, just one less than half the Senate. There will be a Democrat elected in Utah, and in Idaho and South Dakota a silver man will be elected who will not act with the Republicans. It may therefore be assumed as certain that for all party purposes the Republicans will have but 44 votes and will have to secure assistance from either the Populists or the silver Republicans before they can pass any partisan legislation.

"I believe, however, that they will be able to pass their tariff bill. Of the silver Republicans and Populists who aided in the Democratic campaign last fall, at least four of them are protectionists. Senators Teller, Stewart, Pettigrew and Jones are likely to vote for a tariff bill, in my opinion, both because their inclinations and opinions are in favor of protection, and also because they believe that the only manner in which the need of monetary reform in this country can be demonstrated is by permitting the passage of a protective measure which will fail to improve conditions or to relieve distress. For this reason I anticipate the passage of a tariff bill, but am satisfied that upon no other question of partisan legislation will they be able to secure assistance from either the Populists or the silver Republicans. On a strict party vote there will be 46 votes opposed to the 44 of the Republicans.

"Regarding the control of the committees, that is a matter to be determined in the future. The Republicans now control the committee organization and will continue to do so until a reorganization of the Senate is effected."

Senator Faulkner further said: "There is no question that Mr. Kenney will be seated from Delaware, probably this week, but certainly before the close of the session. We have a clear majority in the Senate in favor of Mr. Kenney," he said, "and, as his right to a seat constitutes a question of the highest privilege, it will be acted upon, and when we once take it up we will stick to it until it is disposed of."

Senator Carter, who is one of the practical politicians of the Republican side, and has been watching the contests over the senatorships in different states with close attention, agrees with Senator Faulkner regarding the state of the parties in the Senate when the next Congress meets, except that he thinks the vacancy from Delaware will not be filled during this Congress, and he classes as Populists some of the gentlemen that Mr. Faulkner regards as silver Republicans and Democrats. Counting upon the Senators from Kentucky and Oregon as certain to be Republicans, Mr. Carter places the maximum Republican strenght of the Senate as 44 votes. The Democrats, he says, will have 33, the Populists 7 and the silver Republicans 5.

Mr. Carter believes Senator Dubois will be re-elected in Idaho, and he counts as silver Republicans Senators Teller, Dubois, Cannon, Mantle, and Pettigrew. The Populists, he says, will be Senators Allen and Butler, the two Senators from Nevada, the new Senator from Kansas, Mr. Harris, and the Senators to be elected from South Dakota, Washington and Utah. Senator Faulkner, on the other hand, says a Democrat will be elected by the fusionists of Utah, and a silver Republican, who will not act with the eastern Republicans, will be elected from Washington. He also believes that the new Senator from Kansas will act with the Democrats on all questions of tariff legislation. He is an advocate of low tariff and differs in this respect from Senator Peffer.

Senator Carter concluded: "I am satisfied that while we will not have a majority in the Senate after March 4th, there will be a majority in favor of tariff legislation. There is no reason in my opinion to doubt the passage of such a measure."

Senator Allen, the leader of the Populists, when shown Senator Carter's figures said: "I believe they are absolutely accurate except in the matter of the Delaware vacancy. Mr. Kenney will be seated before the close of the present session.

"We will have at least seven Populist Senators and will hold the balance of power. This I regard as one of the fortunate circumstances arising from the situation. I do not know what the Republicans expect to do to secure the passage of their tariff bill, but I presume they will be able to get votes enough. The opposition to their measure will be strong enough, however, to insist upon the passage of a reasonable bill."

Senator Lindsay, of Kentucky, one of the gold Democrats of the Senate, said that he thought forty-four votes was the highest number the Republicans can count upon. Asked about the probable strength of the Democrats, he replied, laughingly, that he had understood there would be but three left in the Senate after March 4. There will be three Democratic Senators who refused to support the Chicago platform and nominee.

Grantsville.

Weather is very cold. Thermometer registered nine below zero Monday morning.

Clarence, son of Clarence Potter, who, since the death of his mother, resided with Henry Witzgall, died last Monday. Funeral services and interment were held here on Wednesday, Rev. Johnson, of Salisbury, Pa., officiating. The departed one had been a much afflicted invalid nearly all the period of his brief existence upon earth. He was 9 years, 7 months and 15 days old.

Charles Loeser, or Lease as he was generally named, died last Wednesday morning at the residence of Mrs. Bonig about three miles west of town, at the advanced age of about or nearly 85 years. Interment took place on Thursday in a private cemetery adjoining the farm upon which deceased died.

Goodheart Durr is quite ill with pneumonia.

Clarence Getty is on the sick list, with lung trouble.

Menno Miller, a lad about fourteen years old, and a pupil of the school just north of town, was seriously injured while coasting down the hill at the school house, last Thursday. He, with six of the largest pupils and the teacher went down the hill at a thrilling rate of speed, upon a long bob-coasters or "eastern" sled, as they are sometimes termed, and when they arrived at the foot of the hill, where the road turns sharply to the right, the sled was proceeding so terrifically as to render effective steering impossible and the sled with its passengers ran into a rail fence. The principal victim of the accident, who was piloting the expedition, and being the foremost one suffered most severely from the accident. His face struck a rail which cut a wound upon his forehead, into the skull, gave him a cut upon the nose and tore a ghastly wound below the eye, breaking his cheek bone. He bled considerably. Miss Compton, the teacher, also received a bump upon the head, which, however, was not serious. Dr. Lichty was summoned and dressed the wounds, and considering the nature, etc., of the injury the patient is doing remarkably well. Sport is well enough as long as indulged in judiciously, but when practiced to such an extent as to jeopardize the lives of the participants it becomes serious recklessness. This occurrence should serve as a warning against future indiscretions of the kind.

Unto Samuel Hershberger and wife a daughter was recently born.

It seems our comments upon the Educational Institute held here some time ago, were greatly misrepresented and misunderstood, judging from a reply written thereto by a member of the county school board, purporting to speak for the school board and from direct information in explaining thereof by the author. As our time is too limited to reply fully and explanitorily this week, having neglected it until the eleventh hour, we will endeavor to do so in the near future. Our reply shall be greatly modified to what it likely would have been had we replied immediately after seeing the article in question, which by the way we had overlooked until our attention was called to it, because of an explanation of the light in which the county school authorities viewed the matter.

Pine Grove.

The winter has come at last, bringing plenty of sledding, which brings joy to the hearts of the young people.

Some of the people in this vicinity are suffering from la grippe.

Making cross ties seems to be the order of the day.

Henry Sines and sons are engaged in hauling cross ties to Oakland.

Some of the young folks attended the meeting at Thayerville.

Aaron Sines captured a very large catamount a few days ago. The animal had broken the chain that held the trap, and managed to drag the trap a considerable distance. When Sines overtook it the animal showed fight, but a shot from Mr. Sines' gun soon killed it.

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

A Description of the Engagement by General Jackson.

In the January *Century* William Hugo Roberts has an article entitled "Napoleon's Interest in the Battle of New Orleans." In this is quoted a hitherto unpublished letter written by General Jackson to Mr. James Monroe. A portion of the letter follows.

There was a very heavy fog on the river that morning, and the British had formed and were moving before I knew it. The disposition of the riflemen was very simple. They were told off by numbers one and two. Number one was to fire first, then, step back and let number two shoot while he reloaded. About 600 yards from the riflemen there was a great drainage canal running back from the Mississippi river to the swamp in the rear of the tilled land on which we were operating. Along this canal the Britsh formed, under the fire of the few artillery pieces I was near enough to them to get their range. But the instant I saw them I said to Coffee whom I directed to hurry to his line, which was to be first attacked. "By——, we have got them; they are ours!" Coffee dashed forward and riding along his line, called out: "Don't shoot till you can see their belt buckles." The British were formed in mass well closed up, and about two companies front.

The British, thus formed, moved on at a quickstep without firing a shot to within one hundred yards of the kneeling riflemen, who were holding there fire till they could see the belt buckles of there enemies. The British advance was executed as though they had been on parade. They marched shoulder to shoulder, with the step of veterans as they were. At one hundred yards' distance from our line the order was given. "Extend column front." "Double quick. march; Charge!" With bayonet at the charge, they came on us at a run. I own it was an anxious moment; I well knew the charging column was made up of the picked troops of the British army. They had been trained by the Duke himself, were commanded by his brother-in-law, and had successfully held off the ablest of Napoleon's marshals in the Spanish campaign. My riflemen had never seen such an attack, nor had they ever before fought white men. The morning, too, was damp; their powder might not burn well. "God help us!" I muttered, watching the rapidly advancing line. Seventy, sixty, fifty, finally forty yards, were they from the silent kneeling riflmen.

All of my men I could see was their long rifles rested on the logs before them. They obeyed their orders well. Not a shot was fired until the redcoats were within forty yards. I heard Coffee's voice as he roared out: "Now men, aim for the centre of the crossbelts! Fire!" A second after the order a crackling, blazing flash ran all along our line. The smoke hung so heavily in the misty morning air that I could not see what had happened. I called Tom Overton and Abner Duncan, of my staff, and we galloped toward Coffee's line. In a few seconds after the first fire there came another sharp, ringing volley. As I came within one hundred and fifty yards of Coffee the smoke lifted enough for me to make out what was happening.

The British were falling in a confused, disorderly mass, and the entire first ranks of their column were blown away. For two hundred yards in our front the ground was covered with a mass of writhing, wounded, dead and dying redcoats. By the time the rifles were wiped the British line was reformed and on it came again. This time they were led by General Pakenham in person, gallantly mounted, and riding as though he was on parade. Just before he got in range of Coffee's line I heard a single rifle shot from a group of country carts we had been using, about one hundred and seventy five yards distant, and a moment thereafter I saw Pakenham reel and pitch out of his saddle. I have always believed that he fell from the bullet of a free man of color, who was a famous rifle shot, and came from the Atakappas region of Louisiana. The second advance was precisely like the first in its ending. In five volleys the 1,500 or more riflemen killed and wounded 2,117 British soldiers, two-thirds of them killed dead or mortally wounded. I did not know where General Pakenham was lying or I should have sent to him, or gone in person, to offer any service in my power to render.

I was told he lived two hours after he was hit. His wound was directly through the liver and bowels. General Keene, I hear, was killed. They sent a flag to me, asking leave to gather up their wounded and gather up their dead, which, of course, I granted. I was told by a wounded officer that the rank and file absolutely refused to make a third charge. "We have no chance with such shooting as these Americans do," they said.

Cove.

The farmers of this section are making good use of the snow hauling limestone, etc.

William Frazee is making preparations to build a new barn in the spring.

Mr. J. W. Daniels is doing a large business with his chop and saw mills.

The musicale held in the Cove church Saturday evening was enjoyed by those present.

The school is progressing nicely under the management of A. A. Frazee as teacher.

Elder.

Weather fine for sleighing.

Farmers busy hauling coal and limestone and preparing for spring work.

Mr. J. H. Sterling and sons are cutting timber for Dight & Hosack who are operating a lumber mill near Hoyes.

Mr. F. T. Casteel, of near Selbyspelt, is working for J. H. Sterling in the timber.

Our school is progressing nicely under the care of Mr. H. K. Friend. We wish him success all through the school year.

Messrs. Wm. Sterling and Milton Lickle were the welcome visitors at the Elder school Monday afternoon.

Some of our young folks a few days ago attended the spelling match at Sang Run, held by Prof. A. W. DeWitt, who is teaching at that place.

Mr. Joseph Groer, of near Accident, is hauling lumber for Clark & McCulloh, who have a mill operating near this place.

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17—52

ORDER NISI.

John P. Spiker, assignee of Josiah Beeghley vs. John J. Beeghley and Ellen Beeghley. No. 807 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered, this 6th day of January in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in Equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by John P. Spiker, assignee of mortgage, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 29th day of January, 1897; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 29th day of January, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2,500.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—test:
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

BOLDEN BROTHERS,
Tin, Galvanized and Sheet Iron
WORKERS.
Roofing and Spouting Done on Short Notice.
Special Attention Given to Repairing,
ALL WORK GUARANTEED. GIVE US A CALL.

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SOUTHWARD No. 3	SOUTHWARD No. 1	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2	NORTHWARD No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 00*	8 00	lv Cumberland ar	*12 00	*7 30
3 31	8 31	Rawlings	11 29	6 59
3 56	8 56	Keyser	11 01	6 34
4 09	9 09	Westernport	10 51	6 23
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. June.	10 48	6 20
4 37	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5 52
5 00	10 00	Harrison	10 00	†5 28
6 15	10 45*	ar Elk Garden	8 55	*1 00
5 35	10 35†	lv Gorman	9 21	4 51
5 41	10 41	Bayard	9 15	4 48
5 52	10 52	Dobbin	9 01	4 38
6 23	11 23	Thomas	8 34	4 05
6 35	11 35	ar Davis	8 00	3 15
6 37	11 37	lv Coketon	8 31	4 02
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	7 50	3 30
6 57	11 57	Bretz	7 51	3 25
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 51	3 22
7 39	12 39	Kerens	7 18	2 47
8 00*	1 00†	ar Elkins	lv *7 00	†2 30
	1 30*	ar Beverly	lv	*1 55
				P. M.
	3 05*	ar Bentington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

After Sunday, Dec. 27, and until further notice Sunday trains will be discontinued.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, November 21, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily ..... 2.40 A. M
No. 3—Daily ..... 9.28 A. M
No. 71—Accom daily except Sun ..... 9.30 A. M
No. 47—Daily ..... 10.10 A. M
No. *55—Express, daily ..... 5.58 P. M
No. 1—Daily ..... 9.58 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily ..... 5.59 A. M
No. 2—Daily ..... 6.41 A. M
No. 72—Accom daily except Sun ..... 1.38 P. M
No. 46—Daily ..... 4.43 P. M
No. 4—Daily ..... 12.29 A. M

*Will take passengers for Terra Alta, Rowlesburg, Newburg and Tunnelton.

CHAS. O. SCULL, General Passenger Agent.

C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

To the Teachers of Garrett County.

THE REPUBLICAN, in order to increase its circulation, makes the following offer to the School Teachers of Garrett County:

We have a set of

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA,

numbering nine volumes, bound in silk cloth, pages 10x14 inches, and strictly up-to-date in every particular, which we will award to the teacher who sends to this office between now and May 1, 1897, the largest number of paid-up yearly subscribers to THE REPUBLICAN.

To the teacher who sends the second largest number we will give

$5.00 IN GOLD

and to the one sending the third largest number we will award a handsomely bound volume entitled

"Portfolio of the World's Photographs."

Begin work at once to secure one of these prizes. The Encyclopedia has the endorsement of Superintendent Palmer, and cannot be purchased to-day for less than $25 cash.

Send in the names and the cash as fast as received. Proper credit will be given.

Address,
THE REPUBLICAN.
Oakland, Md.

DO YOU realize the fact that only a slight cough or cold neglected sometimes leads to consumption?

DO YOU appreciate the fact that Honey-Tolu is the surest cure for a cough or cold?

DO YOU suffer from Hoarseness, Tickling in the Throat, or Chronic Cough? Honey-Tolu will cure it.

DO YOU have that dry Hacking Cough and Sore Throat? Honey-Tolu will cure it.

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DO YOU know that Honey-Tolu has saved the lives of thousands of children? It has, because it is never known to fail in cases of croup or Whooping Cough; it cures.

DO YOU know that many consumptives rely entirely on Honey-Tolu for relief from those Coughing Spells? It relieves when other remedies fail.

DO YOU know this wonderful and efficient remedy can be had from your regular dealer in large bottles for only 25 cents? Ask for it.

DO YOU have a cough or cold at this time? If so, get Honey-Tolu; if not, get Honey-Tolu anyhow, and have it in the house ready for emergencies; one dose in the middle of the night is worth a whole bottle in the store the next morning.

PIEDMONT STONE & LIME CO.,
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MORTGAGEE'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
Real Estate
IN DEER PARK, Garrett County, MD.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Adam H. Long and Anna C. Long, his wife, dated the 17th day of June, 1893, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 2, folio 568-7, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, the undersigned will offer at public sale, on the premises, on

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1897,

At the hour of two o'clock p. m.,

The following described property, situated, lying and being in Deer Park, Garrett county Maryland:

Beginning at the end of the second line of a lot of ground belonging to the United Church Association of Deer Park, and running thence along Church street, north 58 degrees east 69 feet to Geo. Marley's fence; thence with said fence north 62 degrees west 80 feet to H. G. Davis' line; thence with said line south 17 degrees west 61 feet to the "Church Lot," and thence south 62 degrees east 70 feet to the beginning, it being improved by a

FINE DWELLING

and out-buildings. This is the same property formerly owned by Dr. Laughlin, and is near his present residence.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-third cash and the balance secured by mortgage on the property, payable in two years, or all cash at purchaser's option.

PERCY H. VEITCH.
45-1 Attorney named in the Mortgage.

SHERIFF'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE
Situated in the Town of Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett Co., Md.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county at the suit of Charles T. Sweet and G. Conway Shackleford, trading as Sweet & Shackleford, against Ole Mountain Home Company, the same being No 38 Judicials to December Term, 1896, of said court, the undersigned sheriff will, on

Saturday, the 30th day of January,

1897, at the hour of two o'clock p. m., sell at public auction to the highest bidder in front of the Court-house in the town of Oakland, all that tract of land situated in the town of Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Maryland, belonging to the said defendant, containing the quantity of eighty acres more or less, and being the same property which is more particularly described in a deed from Joseph C. Alderson and wife dated the 19th day of July, 1891, and duly recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 21, folio 417, one of the land records of Garrett county, to the Mountain Home Company, except so much of said land as has heretofore been sold in the way of town lots, the number of which can be seen on record in the clerk's office of Garrett county. This is one of the most beautiful pieces of land along the B. & O. R. R., and is now divided into town lots, a plat of which can also be seen in the above clerk's office.

Said land, or so much of it as may be necessary, will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs.

TERMS OF SALE—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN,
41 51 Sheriff of Garrett County.

NOTICE.

All persons not having paid their corporation tax for the year 1896 are requested to do so at once, or I will be compelled to collect by process of law.

JAMES O. HINEBAUGH,
45-3 Collector.

A BOLD, BAD BURGLAR.

BY EMILY R. SCHMIDT.

"Isn't it perfectly dreadful? It seems there is no place secure from them. The papers contain nothing but burglaries, robberies and hold-ups. I am almost afraid to look under the bed at night."

Blanche Warden turned the rings on her fingers nervously as she spoke. She was not a timid girl, but the final test of bravery had never come to her.

"What would you do in case a burglar entered your room, Mr. Dulano?" she asked, addressing one of her callers.

"Exactly what I did last night," the gentleman replied.

"You surely didn't have a burglar last night!" Blanche cried.

"And why not? I'm keeping the affair quiet because I have a clew that is being followed up. Of course, it will be safe to mention it here," Dulano replied.

"To be sure. Do tell us about it," the girl said, eagerly.

"It must have been about 2:30 o'clock this morning when I was aroused by some one turning a key in the door that communicates with the adjoining room. I'm pretty stupid when I first awaken; but I was soon aroused to full consciousness by something cold against my temple."

"Oh, how dreadful!" Blanche cried, shivering.

"That wasn't the dreadful part," Dulano laughed. "The part I object most to is what followed. The fellow held his gun calmly with one hand while he went through my clothes and helped himself to my watch, my diamond scarf pin and all my ready change."

"At what time did you say that occurred?" Arthur Forrest asked.

"Well, I didn't have any watch to tell me the exact time; but after I had lain awake some three or four hours the chimes on Pilgrim church sounded the three-quarter hour, and after an equally long time the clock struck three," Dulano replied, with a comical drawl.

"Guess it was watches he was after. He got mine at about the same time. Wonder if he visited any of the other fellows at our house," Forrest said.

"What! The burglar wasn't in your room, too, Arth—Mr. Forrest?" Blanche cried.

"Yes, but he had the kindness to let me sleep until he got what he wanted. He awakened me as he went through the window," the young man replied.

"Oh, please don't tell me any more," Blanche exclaimed. "You will have me so frightened. And I have to stay in this great house with no one but the servants. You know poor Leona is very ill and papa and mamma were called to Chicago to-day, so I am alone," Miss Warden said, with some uneasiness.

"Really, Blanche, it isn't safe for you to stay here alone," Arthur said, seriously.

"Oh, I'm not afraid. I'll put the jewels and plate in the big chest in the wine cellar and sleep with a revolver under my pillow. It would be real fun to have a burglar come," Blanche replied, laughing.

Then they dismissed that terror-inspiring theme from their conversation; but Arthur continued restless and uneasy. He stood at the window and gazed moodily out on the moonlit boulevard while his hostess played and sang. As Dulano turned the music for her, he whispered, softly:

"Slip into the library a moment. I have something important to say to you." Then he said, aloud: "I think I shall take a smoke in the library, if I may be excused."

When he had left the room Blanche walked over to the deep bay window and laid her hand gently on Arthur's arm. "What makes you so silent this evening, dear?" she asked, tenderly.

"Oh, Blanche, I hate that Dulano. I suppose I am jealous, but I wish you wouldn't have him hanging 'round here," he exclaimed, while his handsome face crimsoned.

"But, Arthur, you brought him here before you ever spoke of love to me. Surely you are not afraid of him now that you have my promise," the girl said, seriously.

"No, dearest, I do not doubt you. I felt sorry for him, a stranger there at the boarding-house. And besides I wanted him to meet the sweetest woman in St. Louis," he whispered, as he pressed just the suggestion of a kiss on her cheek.

"By the way, I'll go and hunt up that Harper for you, dear," she said, with an effort at spontaneity that was not altogether a success. Then she left the drawing-room; walked half way up the stairs, descended softly and slipped into the library. Dulano was at her side in an instant.

"I'm sorry you spoke of the jewels and things," he said. "I have reason to think Forrest is the burglar. He has been losing heavily at cards lately and is in danger of losing his position at the bank," he whispered, hurriedly.

At the mention of Arthur's name Blanche would have cried out, but the man placed his fingers deftly over her lips. As soon as the speech was ended she fled to her room, hunted up the magazine and returned to the drawing-room. The two men were glaring at each other in angry silence when she entered.

"This call promises to be a game of freeze-out, so I guess I will leave and give you a chance to help Miss Warden put away the silver," Mr. Dulano said in a faintly sarcastic tone to Forrest.

"If Miss Warden desires my help I shall certainly remain," Arthur said, angrily.

"I shall require no assistance whatever," the girl said, haughtily, and the two men departed together. For some minutes she sat in the drawing-room, been so moody of late? Her heart was not a gambler, perhaps a burglar! No, it could not be. And yet, why had he been so moody of late? Her heart was sore and, with no thought of the valuables in the house, she dragged herself to bed. The night wore on and sleep came not. The clock was just striking the hour of three when the door opened slowly and she could see the shadowy outline of a man. For a moment she was paralyzed with terror. The scream that started from her heart lost itself somewhere in her throat. A thousand awful fancies chased each other through her mind as the man advanced to the bed. Then she thought of the revolver that she had intended to put under her pillow. Alas, it was peacefully reposing on the dressing table in her father's room. The man was tall and wore a black mask. He must be the same one who had visited Mr. Dulano and Arthur the night before. Perhaps it was Arthur. At the thought of her lover the blood went coursing again through her body and, to her astonishment, she found that she was calm.

"Are you awake?" the burglar whispered, and his voice sounded strangely familiar.

"Yes," she said, faintly.

"Then get up. Don't be afraid. I am not going to harm you. I only want the family jewels. Take me to where they are kept," he whispered again.

At the sound of that voice the last vestige of fear left her. Indignation and outraged feeling smothered every other emotion in her heart. She would prove this lover of hers. Without a moment's hesitation she arose from her bed, glanced indifferently at the glittering barrel of the revolver in the burglar's hand, and walked over to the table, where she lit her little emergency lamp.

"Follow me; I am at your mercy, but I trust you as a gentleman even though you are a burglar," she said, in frigid tones.

Then she led the way through the corridor and down the back stairway to the laundry and cellars. Blanche, in her indignation, knew not that the granitoid floor was cold beneath her little bare feet. When she had almost reached the wine cellar, she remembered that the key was on her father's keyring, and was probably at that time in Chicago. An idea struck her.

"Here; you hold the lamp while I climb up and get the key," she said, indicating a niche high in the wall. The man's eyes followed her glance, and he was lost. As quick as thought she blew out the lamp, hurled it in resounding fragments on the floor and sprang upon her burglar like a tiger. The revolver was hers without a struggle and the man was her prisoner.

"Are you Arthur Forrest? Speak, or I'll blow your brains out!" she cried.

"My God, spare me, Blanche! I am Arthur," the man whispered.

She covered him with the revolver while she backed across the laundry. When she had gained the stairs she bolted the door securely and fled trembling to the hall above. At the library door she halted, and a low cry escaped her lips as she caught sight of another man in the open window.

"Blanche, my darling, are you safe?" Arthur Forrest cried, as he beheld her white-robed figure.

"How did you escape? I thought the outer door was locked," she said, as she repelled his touch.

"Escape!" the young man cried in astonishment. "I have been following him since midnight. One of my men, who was left here to guard the house, tells me that he entered this window ten minutes ago. The fellow was afraid to follow him alone. I have tracked him from Broadway and twice he evaded me. Where is he, darling?"

"Who—who is it you are looking for?" the girl gasped.

"Wallace Dulano. The officers are here to arrest him. Is he still in the house?" Arthur asked, eagerly.

"There is no way of escape except up the pantry stairs," Blanche replied.

Then, while Arthur let the officers in, she slipped away to her room and donned her dressing-gown and slippers. In a few minutes she joined her lover in the reception hall. The gas was burning brightly now and she could hear the heavy tread of men as they took their prisoner from her impromptu jail.

"You are a brave little woman," Arthur said, fondly, as he led her to a divan.

"No, I am a miserable coward; but I am a proud woman, and when a woman thinks she has been wronged, fire and storm cannot stop her," Blanche said, humbly.

"What do you mean by that, dearest?" the lover asked.

"Oh, Arthur, he lied to me and I believed him. He told me that you were the burglar and I thought you were using even my love to further your own wicked ends. That is why I had courage to walk downstairs at the end of a revolver. Can you ever forgive me for cherishing such an ignoble thought?" she cried as she buried her face on his breast.

"Yes, my darling," the young man said, tenderly. "But I have stolen something that is of infinitely more value than your plate and jewels. I have stolen this noble heart, and I am willing to admit that I am a bold, bad burglar."—St. Louis Republic.

Satisfactory Answers.

"You are a producer of petroleum, I believe?"

"I am."

"I would like to ask you a question or two."

"Go on."

"I have noticed that when oil sells high there is a great deal of activity in well drilling. Why is that?"

"That question is easily answered. We want to take all the advantage we can of high prices. That is natural enough, isn't it?"

"No doubt it is; but when the price of oil is low, again prospectors are busy putting down wells. How do you explain that?"

"The explanation of that question is quite as simple as the other. When petroleum sells at a low price we have to produce more to obtain the same return in dollars."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

ARE WE BECOMING INDIANS?

Increasing Resemblance in Faces to the Aboriginal American Type.

It is an extraordinary question in anthropological science which has been propounded popularly of late. The influence of environment upon the race resident in the United States must in the course of four centuries produce certain marked and undeniable physical results. It is not generally acknowledged by American anthropologists that there is a tendency of reversion to the type indigenous to the soil. But foreign students of race, with more perspective, have offered interesting food for reflection. A writer in the Chicago Times-Herald, commenting on the assertion of the French authors that on this continent the American white man has varied toward the Indian type offers a supporting study which is curiously fascinating, possibly vastly important.

First, the familiar faces of the caricaturists' creation are called in as witnesses. The Yankee and the Southron, large and loose-limbed of these pictures are types, even as the stout, full-faced John Bull is a type found in another environment. Both American favorites of the cartoonist have high cheek bones, and usually excellent straight noses. These witnesses are not, of course, scientifically admissible. The faces given us by the caricaturemakers are impressions, not testimony.

Scientific, however, is the study offered of the Pennsylvania German—a happy, thrifty, frugal people, who have been subjected to American conditions for nearly two centuries, with very little intermingling with other races, much less than the English people in New England or in Virginia.

It is true that the pervasive and beguiling Irish have intermarried somewhat with these old Pennsylvania settlers, but in the main it is a very exclusive, pure-blooded Palatinate stock. Data have been secured relative to a large number of school children, and to adult males from 25 to 50 years of age, and many copies of portraits of original settlers. It appears that stature increases and that other important generalizations may be made, tentatively, of course. The increase of finger reach is marked and the head measures are important.

"The anthropologist places considerable value upon certain proportions or relations between measures," says the student of the subject. "Thus the length of the head and the breadth of the head, when compared, give numerical expression which is called the cephalic index. To find it the length is divided into the breadth and the result multiplied by 100. A head one-half as wide as it is long would have an index of 50; one three-fourths as wide as long would have an index of 75; one as wide as it was long would have an index of 100. There is no race whose head is normally so wide as to have an index of 100, or so narrow as to have one of 50. The higher the index, of course, the broader and rounder the head; the lower the index, the longer and narrower the head. Germans generally are notably round-headed. Topinard gives for some people of Lorraine the index of 85.3. The average index of 100 Pennsylvania Germans is 81.9, which is notably less and narrower. The heads of our northern and eastern Indians are still longer and narrower. We cannot at present make a further comparison with profit. What we have already said may prove erroneous when we learn the actual Palatinate type. We assume now that the Palatinate Germans were of medium stature, light haired, blue or light eyed, round headed, with a finger reach of 1,043. We find that the Pennsylvania German children are dark in hair and eyes; that the men are probably of increased stature; that heads appear to be lengthening; that arm reach appears to be increasing. In all these respects the Pennsylvania German varies from the assumed Palatinate type and in the direction of the Indian. If our assumption proves valid we may claim that our evidence shows change, which, if continued, may form an Indian type from the German."

All this, it must be noted, is absolutely distinct from any of the reasons for discussing the tendency of Americans to revert to original types from the infiltration of the red Indian blood itself in the veins of the white race. From the days of the old French and Indian wars, fireside tales of New England intermixture of that sort have been common enough. A recent novel has expressed the country knowledge in New England that there is an occasional "streak" from ancestry that approached New England from the west as well as that which approached it from the east across the Atlantic. In the western states and territories the great numbers of half-breeds whose descendants find their way into the life of cities brings to bear a curious and unreckoned force in the development of the fiber and sinew of the race in North America.—Boston Transcript.

Pikeathly Bannock.

The proportions of butter, sugar, flour and rice flour are the same as for shortcake, with the addition of a quarter of a pound of almonds (blanched and minced fine) and two ounces candied orange peel, chopped very small. Make up exactly the same as for short-cake: mix the fruit and flour together before adding to the butter. As this cake is rather more troublesome to make than shortcake, on account of being more brittle, one egg may be added just at the last to make the mixture adhere better. Proceed exactly the same as for shortcake, but do not make the bannock quite so thick, and do not prick the top of it, but sprinkle over it, before baking, a small quantity of finely-chopped almonds and orange peel.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—Spain headed the list with 3,000 hours of sunshine in 12 months, Italy coming next with 2,300 hours, Germany 1,700, and England with 1,400.

CHANCES OF LIFE OF OLD MEN.

Science Says Age Is No More a Disease Than Childhood.

Dr. Adolph Bloch read a paper the other day before the Paris Society of Anthropology, in which he ridiculed the theory that old age is a disease, contending that it is no more a disease than childhood. With precautions an old man is no more exposed to maladies than is a younger man, provided he has not taxed his strength too heavily.

It is difficult to say at what period of life old age arrives. There are many causes that bring on precocious senility. Sometimes one man is very old at 30, and another presents all the attributes of a second youth at 60. It is more logical to describe old age as that period in life during which a man dies naturally, if he does not succumb to a malady or an accident. Very few old men, as a matter of fact, die of disease, however strange this may appear. A great many of them drop off from simple exhaustion, without leaving the least trace of any malady. No doubt, there are maladies that attack old men, such, for instance, as congestion of the brain, inflammation of the lungs, and arterial atheroma, that is to say, a degree of thickness, more marked in the tunics of the arteries, which become as solid and brittle as pipestems. Many deaths of old people are attributed to these causes, but we must not forget that they do not suffice to explain all. Bichat came nearer the truth when he said that we die in detail, and continue to die until the day when we quit this earthly scene altogether.

Dr. Bloch shares the ideas of Bichat, and he cites statistics to prove that they are not wrong. He secured from M. Jacques Bertillon the Parisian record of the deaths from senility of both men and women during a period of 11 years, taking the age of 60 as the average. From these figures it appears that mortality among old people is greatest between the ages of 80 and 85, while it diminishes suddenly from the 90th year. That is to say, the malady takes a lighter hold upon an old person who has reached that age and passed the critical period named above. In other words, an old person who reaches 90 without accident has a good chance of becoming a centenarian and dying of old age only.

The deaths of old people in whom no disease can be discovered are always put down in statistics under the name of senile debility, senile exhaustion, senile cachexy, and senility. Now, the natural death through senility is not known, according to Dr. Bloch. It has sometimes been noticed among old people in the hospital of Sainte-Perine, but the anatomical examination in most cases revealed no defect, and it was natural to come to the conclusion that death was due to progressive weakness.

Mortality among the old is variable, according to the periods of the year. It is highest during the winter months, without at all being assisted by pneumonia. It is also variable according to localities, as can be proved by consulting the statistics of the departments of France. There are some regions where men live longer than they do in others. For instance, Yonne and Gironde are particularly favored in this matter. How this is nobody can tell, but it is a fact duly observed.—N. Y. Sun.

HELD DOWN BY A DENTIST.

Predicament of a Man Whose Wheel Fled with a Thief.

One day lately a young man went to a dentist's office in Kansas City to have a bridge, with some teeth hanging to it attached to his upper jaw. He rode to the building on a bicycle, which he left in the hall, and ascended to the fifth floor in the elevator.

The dentist's chair faced a window which looked out upon Grand avenue. The dentist had filled up his mouth with cement and was pressing it up into the gum with his finger. The victim was gazing out upon the street with a martyr's expression on his face.

Suddenly the victim struggled to get his head away from the grasp of the dentist.

"Ugh, ug-glug, glug-ug-lug-mug gug," he shouted, in a muffled voice.

The dentist thought the man in the chair was having a fit, and fearing that he might swallow the cement, to say nothing of several porcelain teeth backed with gold, and several hours hard labor, he kept his finger in the victim's mouth and a silent struggle took place. The man in the chair tried to rise; the dentist, who is something of an athlete, struggled to keep him down. This sort of thing went on for several minutes until the dentist could feel that the cement had hardened. Then he took his finger out of his victim's mouth and let him up.

"Dad blame you," shouted the angry victim. "Why in Sam Hill did you hold me down that way for? Didn't I tell you I wanted to get up?"

"I thought you were having a fit," answered the dentist, apologetically.

"Fit nothing," said the victim. "I saw a thief going up the street with my bicycle. I knew it by the color and the way the tool bag hung behind and the ribbons on the handlebar. Being up five stories is handicap enough without having a brigand like you holding me down with his fist in my throat."—Kansas City Star.

Falling.

Mr. Figg—I have called to get something done for my boy Tommy. Perhaps you can prescribe without going to the house.

Dr. Howless—What are the symptoms? How is his appetite?

"That is just what I called to see you about. He has got so for the last two or three days that he doesn't eat more than twice as much as I do."—Indianapolis Journal.

Even Up.

Husband (at the close of a heated argument on women's rights)—No, Maria, they're not going to allow women and geese to vote yet awhile.

Maria (calmly)—Well, that lets us both out, anyhow.—Twinkles.

One Letter Omitted.

"Did you ever hear of singing insects?" she asked.

"Singing?" he said, interrogatively.

"Yes. I have just been reading an article to the effect that there are insects that sing."

It was only after he had given the matter his thoughtful attention for something like six or eight minutes, during which his mind reverted to experiences at a number of summer resorts, that he suggested:

"It must be a typographical error. There's evidently a 't' missing from the word."—Chicago Post.

JUST THE PLAIN TRUTH.

Widow (ordering tombstone)—And I don't want any maudlin sentiment on it; just put: "Died, Age 75. The Good Die Young."—Phil May's Annual.

His Comfort Exploited.

Mrs. Ferry—Just think! That man's wife across the way died only six weeks ago, and to-day he is getting married!

Mr. Ferry—Well, what would you have? You surely could not expect a man on a salary to stand the expense of a funeral and a wedding all in the same month, could you?—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Inconsiderate.

"I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls,"
She sings the whole night through;
She never seems to think that we
Would like to dream some, too.
—Washington Star.

A Sister's Love.

"Do I love George?" mused Clara, softly, "or is it simply a sister's affection that I feel for—" Just then Bobby burst noisily into the room and interrupted her meditations. "Get out of here, you little brat!" she shouted, and, seizing him by the arm, she shot him through the door. "Ah, no," she sighed, as she resumed her interrupted train of thought; "my love for George is not a sister's love. It is something sweeter, purer, higher and holier."—London Figaro.

Occasion for Regret.

It was his wife's father who spoke.

"Do you know," he said, "that you made a very poor impression upon me the first time you called?"

The wife's father's son-in-law shook his head.

"Well, you did," continued the father-in-law of the wife's father's son-in-law. "I had half a mind to kick you out."

"Too bad you didn't," regretfully answered the son-in-law of the father-in-law of the wife's father's son-in-law.—Chicago Post.

No Opinions.

Lawyer—Judging from your replies, you do not seem to have any opinions on any subject.

Possible Juror—No, sir; I ain't tried to have no opinion of my own for a good many years.

"Humph! How many years?"

"Oh, I dunno; ever since I married."—N. Y. Weekly.

George Tumbled.

"I don't see any mistletoe hanging in the old-time place," said George, reproachfully.

"Papa could not afford it this year," replied Grace, coyly; "but I've got the ribbon in my hair I used to hang the mistletoe up with."

George fell over himself.—N. Y. World.

The Horrid Brother.

Clara's little brother had heard the barber say something about her beau's beard being a la mode. Running in to her as she was seated with the family at the dinner table he exclaimed:

"Clara, it won't be fun for you to kiss Mr. Monser any more, 'cause he's had his beard all mowed."—Boston Courier.

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La Fiance—Are you sure, dearest, that I shall not be a burden to you? He assures her that she will not.

Not a Prey.

Stern Uncle—Yes, sir; the young man with no church connections is a prey to all the worst elements of society.

Youthful Scapegrace—Oh, I don't know, he avoids the fair.—Chicago Journal.

Error in Computation.

"Maw, didn't you tell me that Miss Mature and her brother Bob was twins?"

"Yes, Jimmie."

"Must be some mistake, for he told me he was 35 and she says she's 24."—Detroit Free Press.

How He Remembered.

Ethel—What was the date of our engagement, Willie?

Westside—I remember it as though it were but yesterday. It was the day you took sick after the fifth dish of cream.—Buffalo Times.

Branded.

He (from the west)—Yes, the cattle business is very interesting. They brand the little calves to distinguish them.

She—It is not necessary here. They wear bloomers.—Up-to-Date.

Commerce Prevails.

Schoolmaster—Master Isaac, what wrong did the brothers of Joseph commit when they sold their brother?

Isaac—They sold him too cheap.—N. Y. Tribune.

Warning Too Late.

She—You looked like a fool when you proposed to me.

He (gloomily)—Well, why didn't you tell me before it was too late?—Detroit Tribune.

An Inference.

Jones—The play is said to be an artistic success.

Smith—Are they losing much money on it?—N. Y. Truth.

A Victim of Generosity.

Jones—So you are going away?

Brown—Yes; the doctor says I am suffering from overwork.

Jones—You were all right yesterday morning when I saw you.

Brown—Yes, but in the afternoon I smoked the cigar you gave me.—Town Topics.

A Fortune in It.

Her face is not her fortune,
Though fair indeed to see;
Rather the fortune of her
Complexion's patentee.
—Town Topics.

"GOING FOR THE DOCTOR."

—Up-to-Date.

Alpha and Omega.

Cora—The great trouble with female suffragists is that they go to extremes.

Merritt—I quite agree with you, my dear. They used to be satisfied with short hair; now they want short skirts.—N. Y. Journal.

Truly Wonderful.

"What do you think of my French, Jules?" I asked of my Paris guide.

"It iss vonderful, madame," he replied, courteously. "In all my life before I never have heard anysing like it."—Tit-Bits.

Women's Ways.

"When Mrs. Rawton lived in Pawpaw she wouldn't wear a gown unless it was made in Chicago.

"Yes, and now that she lives in Chicago, she won't wear any gown made outside of Paris."—Chicago Record.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

CLIMBING.

My boy, are you fond of climbing?
Would you scale the lofty hill?
Those on the far-off summit
Were men of steadfast will;
Often their feet grew weary
And worn in the toilsome way,
But they never got discouraged
And stand at the top to-day.

You have read what a poet tells us—
That we gain not at a bound
The heights; but life's like a ladder—
We must climb up round by round.
So the hill that is steep before you
It may take you long to climb,
But one step after another
Will lead to the top in time.

He who would reach the summit
Must turn not left or right;
He must keep up heart and courage,
And keep the heights in sight.
Little by little the summit
Grows bright in his steadfast eye,
And at last he stands with the victors,
As you may, if you try.
—Eben E. Rexford, in Golden Days.

SHE IS A LINGUIST.

Eight-Year-Old Maria Rose Can Converse in Four Languages.

Most small girls of 8½ years are accounted bright if they can speak tolerably correct English, but Maria Rose, of that age, talks English, French, Greek and German as fluently as natives of the various countries where these languages are spoken.

She is not held up as a prodigy, but simply an extraordinarily bright and ambitious girl. Maria Rose was born in America, and four years ago, an orphan, was adopted by Dr. Achilles Rose, a New York physician noted for his advocating the adoption of the Greek tongue among medical men of all nations in order to render intercourse easier. He is unable to explain the child's talent. She is of fair complexion and has pretty brown hair and eyes, is quiet, demure, but very observant. When Macia came to him she spoke English, and the doctor was anxious she should learn Greek after he saw how rapidly she picked up French. He does not believe in the ordinary school methods of teaching Greek, so he imparted a native Greek governess, who, with him, talked Greek, teaching Maria the language by the

MARIA ROSE.

conversational method. The child recited and sang in the language before a medical association, illustrating her father's lecture on Greek, and so pleased were the physicians that they sent her an engraved scroll thanking her for the entertainment. Even Rev. Archimandrite Agathordoros Papageorgopoulos, a Greek resident of New York, was charmed, so no higher praise is necessary. Then Dr. Rose procured a French governess for awhile, and in a short time so proficient was Maria that one could not tell whether English, French or Greek was her native tongue.

Not content with these languages she learned another to surprise the doctor. She attended the Sacred Heart convent and managed to learn German from some scholars who speak the language. She gave the doctor no hint of her scheme till one day at home she broke into a conversation he was holding with a German friend and her triumph was complete. Dr. Rose is very proud of the child and she is not forced to study more than she wishes.

ARCTIC CHRISTMAS.

How a Party of Men Once Made Some Little Eskimos Happy.

Once on a time a party of men were far north in the arctic regions at Christmas time, and they could not help thinking of their families at home, and longing to be with them. For they knew it would not do to be homesick, for it would unfit them for their work, so they chose the best possible cure for it—they made other people happy.

The little Eskimo children around them had never even heard of a Christmas tree, and the men of the ship's company went to work to make one. Make one? "Why, trees grow." Certainly, but they do not grow in the arctic lands, for these explorers were far north of the tree line. But they took bones of the whale, walrus and other animals, and tied them together so as to make a trunk with branches. That was the tree. A Christmas without candy would seem strange to you, but instead of candy, they made balls of whale fat, or blubber, of which the Eskimo children are as fond as you are of chocolate drops or peanut brittle. They hung these on the tree, and prepared some simple presents of buttons and beads, and that was all. But it was enough for a delightful time for the little Eskimos, and their pleasure made the men so happy that they forgot their loneliness and homesickness. — Home Magazine.

Pro and Con.

Mrs. Todgers—I am always in favor of giving the under dog a show.

Mrs. Rodgers—It's a wonder, then, that you don't remove the pressure from your husband once in awhile.

The ensuing affair was not governed by Queensbury rules.—Cleveland Leader.

CITY OF BETHLEHEM.

It Is a Small and Unattractive Town at the Present Time.

It is a little city, and it does not take many people to crowd it, but, besides being the birthplace of Jesus, it is the birthplace of Israel's great warrior-king, David.

Bethlehem to-day has barely 8,000 inhabitants, and in appearance is not attractive. The streets are too narrow for vehicles; in fact, there is but one street in the town wide enough for carriages, and it is so very narrow that they cannot pass each other in it. The streets were made for foot travelers, donkeys and camels.

Bethlehem is about five miles south of Jerusalem. Leaving the larger city by the Jaffa gate, we take a carriage and ride rapidly over the fine road built but a few years ago. The carriage we are in and those we meet are wretched

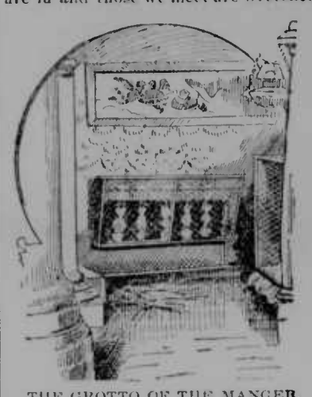

THE GROTTO OF THE MANGER.

affairs. The horses are to be pitied, first, because they are not well cared for, and second, because their drivers are regular Jehus who drive them "furiously" uphill and down. In less than an hour we are in the marketplace of Bethlehem, in front of the Church of the Nativity.

Let us suppose we have arrived on Christmas eve, in time to wander about and to become acquainted with the little city.

Of course it has changed in appearance since the time of the birth of Christ. It is larger and better built. Now, as then, the houses are of stone, and, as cities and customs change but little in the east, we may safely infer that modern Bethlehem houses are much like those of 1900 years ago. Perhaps some of the old buildings that were in existence so long ago may still be standing. Of course the great Church of the Nativity was not then erected, nor were any of the large religious buildings we see. These are the memorials of a later date, built in honor of Him whose early life began here. One would have to be unmindful of his surroundings and very unimaginative not to wonder what the place was like on that night the anniversary of which we are celebrating.

We know that then, as on this December 24, it was filled with people. But those people had come for a different purpose. Augustus Caesar, the master of the then known world, had issued an imperial decree ordering a general registration of all his subjects. This was for the purpose of revising or completing the tax-lists. According to Roman law, people were to register in their own cities—that is, the city in which they lived, or to which their village or town was attached. According to Jewish methods they would register by tribes, families, and the houses of their fathers. Joseph and Mary were Jews, and conformed to the Jewish custom. It was well known that he and Mary were of the tribe of Judah and family of David, and that Bethlehem was their ancestral home. Accordingly, they left the Nazareth home, in the territory of Zebulun, and came to David's "own city," in the territory of Judah.

They came down to the east bank of the Jordan, crossed the river of Jericho, and came up among the Judean hills and valleys till they reached Bethlehem. It was a long journey, and a wearisome one; and, on arriving, a place of rest was the first thing sought. Evidently they had no friends living in the place; or, if they had, their houses were already filled. It was necessary that shelter be had, and immediately. In the khan, or inn, there was no room; so there was nothing to do but occupy a part of the space provided for cattle. It was not an unusual thing to do, and is often done to-day in the eastern villages. In fact, they were about as comfortable there as in the khan. At a khan one may procure a cup of coffee and a place to lie down on the floor; but each guest provides his own bed and covering. This was all Joseph and Mary could have obtained in the inn, had there been room for them. And here in Bethlehem, in a stable, or a cave used for stabling animals, Jesus was born, and Mary "wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger."—Edwin S. Wallace, in St. Nicholas.

How to Transfer Leaf Colors.

The natural colors of a leaf may be easily transferred to paper. Take a leaf of any tree or shrub, place over it a small piece of white linen soaked in spirits of niter, and insert between the leaves of a heavy book, with a sheet of paper to receive the impression. Lay the book aside for a few days. The leaf will be found devoid of color, which will have been transferred to the paper in all the original beauty of tint and outline of leaf.

His Ignorance Accounted For.

"I can't understand why Squallop wears that ugly beard on his chin."

"Have you ever seen Squallop's chin?"

"No."

"Well, that's why you can't understand."—Chicago Tribune.

Spoken with a Sigh.

She—The Druids thought the mistletoe a charm against disease.

He (sighing)—It may have been then, but it's a bad thing for heart trouble nowadays.—Town Topics.

FARM AND GARDEN.

ROADS MUST BE ROADS.

Why the Reign of King Mud Should Be Cut Short Everywhere.

There appears to be a growing impression to the effect that a road is a place of passage from one point to another, and that if it is anything short of that, the ones accountable for its condition may be held responsible for the trouble that may be occasioned by its faultiness.

Passengers injured in a railroad accident, occasioned by a defective roadbed or an imperfect rail, are very sure to sue for damages and to recover liberally.

Anyone injured by a defective sidewalk can usually make a town or an individual pay smartly for it.

The spirit of the law seems to be that a railroad must be a railroad and in a condition to properly carry on its work in a business-like manner.

A sidewalk must be kept in a safe condition for people to walk over it.

Now, what about a road over which persons in vehicles must travel? Must it be a real road? Oh no! Most any old thing will answer. It differs from a sidewalk and a railroad. They have to be what they pretend to be, but a wagon road may be simply a streak of mud or stones or anything else. No one appears to be responsible for the condition of the public road. It is supposed to just run wild and look out for itself. If any one is injured or his vehicle broken, it is the result of his own folly in presuming to use a road for traveling purposes.

But the times change and we are changed with them. Folks are beginning to apply the same rules to county governments they do to city governments and private corporations. Accidents on public roads and bridges caused by defective conditions of the same have to be paid for by the county. It is just.

Good roads are cheapest in the long run. The reign of King Mud should be cut short.—Good Roads.

COST OF MARKETING.

Mud Has Added Enough to It to Keep Many Farmers Poor.

The fight for reduced freight rates which the farmers, through their representatives, used to wage so earnestly and incessantly against the railroad companies, has now been brought nearer home.

Increased competition among railroad companies, dull times, and much legislation friendly to the farmers, have diverted the attention of the public from the railroads, many of which are in the hands of receivers, to the farmers, themselves, and the roads they maintain.

The cost of the long railroad shipment to the metropolis has been reduced nearly to the minimum. Attention is now being directed to the wagon road leading to the local market. Herein has lain a hidden enemy to the prosperity of the agricultural classes. The monster, Mud, has added so much to the cost of marketing, and thus, indirectly, to the cost of production, that thousands of farmers have failed, where, with good roads, they would have been happily prosperous.

Not that the farmers have found the wrong they wish corrected is very close at hand, and has a vital influence on their welfare, they should not be slow to correct the evil. Every poor road robs them of profit and the pleasure of living, for amid their surroundings mud-clogged highways mean enforced isolation.

The transportation problem has become simplified. Every man is his own road-maker. Every neighborhood, town and city has its work to do. The proper amount of labor and legislation will correct the wrongs.—Good Roads.

SLEDS FOR EVERYBODY.

Homemade Ones Are Just as Good as Those You Buy.

Many farmers do not have sleds, thinking the first cost too great for their pocketbook. Ready-made sleds can be bought of implement dealers, but they cost considerable, and are no better than those made at home. Get from the sawmill or lumberyard two 10-foot 2x14-inch oak boards for runners, two 2x6-inch boards ten feet long to go on top of the bolsters, one 12-foot 4x10 for bolsters, a 4x4 scantling for a

CHEAPLY MADE SLED.

Fig. 1. Side view of completed sled. Fig. 2. Sled runner cut from board 2x14 inches, the runner proper being 7 inches high. Fig. 3. General shape of bolster, made from 4x10 stuff. Fig. 4. Sled tongue fitted to the 4x4 crosspiece.

tongue, and a short 4x4 for the cross piece into which the tongue is fastened; from the back lot get two tires from the rear wheel of an old wagon; from the hardware store 12 half-inch bolts, and you will have about all material necessary.

The whole sled can be made at home, with the assistance of the blacksmith in fitting the tires to the runners, and if you are so fortunate as to have a forge you can do this yourself. Fashion the boards for runners so that the desired shape is secured. Place them so they will rest about the middle of the horse-path, slightly spread apart at the bottom. It is better to have the sled a little narrow rather than a little wide, for a wide sled is forever getting into ruts and making trouble generally. Paint thoroughly every part, and if the material is good and the sled is carefully protected when not in use, it will last many years and be a source of great satisfaction. The illustrations make the construction plain.—American Agriculturist.

Vinegar from wormy apples is worm juice.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.

To Assure Success Only Ordinary Care and Judgment Are Required.

The moving of trees from one place to another is work that can be done by almost any person who will exercise ordinary care. Almost anybody who plants a tree will use care in some of the points that ought to be well known by every person, such as digging a good large hole, working the fine dirt around the roots, etc. But there is one point of equal importance that is almost sure to be overlooked even by those who are fairly well acquainted with such work. The more I do of such work the more I see the value of it, and my experience has been considerable. The point I refer to is the one of cutting back thoroughly the top of the tree at the time it is transplanted.

I remember when I was a small boy of seeing my father, who was a nurseryman, showing his customers how to prepare a peach tree for planting. He would cut it back so severely that they would shake their heads and tell him he would spoil the tree. But I am satis-

CUTTING BACK FRUIT TREES.

fied that if they had followed his advice they would have found it good. He applied the cutting back particularly to the peach tree.

In the spring of 1892 I superintended the setting out of about 14 acres of orchard on the experiment station farm at Wooster. This was a variety orchard with a vengeance, such as no private individual would care about planting, containing over 800 kinds of the different fruits. The trees came from many parts of the United States, and coming at different times, they were not in as good shape as if they had all been bought at one place, yet by severe cutting back the per cent. of loss was small. I remember particularly the apple trees, which we cut back in very much the manner shown in Fig. 1 and Fig. 2, and all other trees were cut back nearly as much. The season started out very wet, but got very dry before the middle of the summer. This experience showed me that not only the peach tree was benefited by a severe pruning at the time of transplanting, but all other fruit trees as well.

In the spring of 1896 I spent nearly the entire months of April and May in planting trees on the grounds of the Ohio State university. There were no fruit trees, but a large collection of shade and ornamental trees and shrubs. The season was unusually favorable for the growth of trees, yet in looking them over at the end of the season I find that those cut back severely have done the best. While they may have looked rather bad to start with, they have more than made up the difference by their good growth later on. About 150 shade trees were planted out very late—so late that I had my doubt if any would grow. The leaves were out to full size, and they had made quite a growth of wood, but by cutting them back severely, with the favorable season, nearly every one lived.

While the proper cutting back of a tree at transplanting time may not be the most important point, yet I believe it to be the one to be most insisted on, because it is the one most likely to be neglected. It seems rather hard when we buy a tree, to cut away the part we most want, but could we see the roots as they are in the soil, and compare them as they usually come to us, we could see a better reason for cutting back in the same manner. I do not think Figs. 1 and 2 exaggerate this point.—E. C. Green, in Ohio Farmer.

LOCATING AN ORCHARD.

Why Fruit Trees Should Be Planted on Good Soil.

"You won't plant trees on that nice ground," said the visitor, when told, in being shown over the premises, that arrangements were in progress for setting out a new orchard there.

"Why not?" was the reply.

"Because the surface lies well and the soil is good for any of the crops most generally raised."

"Those are two of the reasons why I selected it. The soil is good, the location is elevated, but not too high, the surface is nearly level, so that the trees can be cultivated as often as necessary without danger of washing, and there is sufficient drainage so that water will pass off in a short time after the rain ceases."

It is surprising that some people think an orchard should be planted on land not fit for much else. True, such land can often be made more profitable in fruit of some kind than in raising grain or grass. But it does not follow that an orchard will not be a good investment on good land. Such persons have never calculated the cost — the greatly lessened cost, rather—in growing fruit as compared with other products, in a series of years. If they did they would find that, under fair conditions, the orchard is the most profitable piece of land of that size on the farm. This, to say nothing of the pleasure, and the advantage to health, of a regular supply of fine fruit.—National Stockman.

From Canada to Mexico.

"Ring out wild bells across the snow!"
Ring in the newer, better modes;
Ring out the mud, ring in Good Roads
From Canada to Mexico.
—Good Roads.

These cold mornings the cows' teats should be handled carefully. Vaseline is excellent for scratched or chapped teats.

The Great Boston Organ.

The great Music hall organ, once the pride of Boston, which has been stored in a shed for the last ten years, is to be sold. It cost more than $60,000, and weighed nearly 70 tons. It was finished on October 31, 1863, and the public was invited to hear it on November 2. An ode was written by Mrs. James T. Fields, and was recited by Miss Charlotte Cushman. Although it was looked upon almost as a sacred thing, and referred to as the "hope of art in future years," it was kicked out in 1884 because more room for the permanent orchestra was needed.—N. Y. Tribune.

Not Kids.

Fifth Form Boy—Please, I want a pair of gloves.

Gentleman's Outfitter—Kid gloves?

"No, no. Gloves for grown-up people!"—Comic Cuts.

The Most Unique Calendar of the Season

Has just been issued by the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry. Copy can be secured by sending six cents in stamps to cover postage, to A. J. SMITH, G. P. A., Cleveland.

There seems to be nothing people enjoy talking about so much as a married couple that don't get along very well.—Washington Democrat.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco. Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed, 50c and $1.00, all druggists.

Everyone who doesn't have to light the fires in the morning preaches against using coal oil for that purpose.

Frank Ford & Son, of Ravenna, O., have published a little book on the cultivation of vegetables and fruits, which they send free to purchasers of their Seeds, Fruit Plants and Trees. Our readers will miss a good thing if they fail to send for their 1897 catalogue. It is unique, tells the truth, and gives prices you can afford to pay.

We should do everything we can for others, if only to dissipate the thought of what they omit to do for us.—N. Y. Weekly.

Many of the sick in our vicinity have sent to the chronist, Dr. C. E. Watkins, of Ayer, Mass., for a diagnose, and have received a perfect description of their case, and are employing him and rapidly getting well. When a doctor understands a case he is apt to effect a cure.

Some people blame Providence for things that even a very ignorant man would be ashamed of of.—Washington Democrat.

Many cases of cancer are reported as cured by a vegetable cancer remedy manufactured by a Dr. Mason, of Chatham, N. Y. It is believed a cure for cancer has at last been found.—"Free Press."

People often abuse their own relatives merely for the sake of having you contradict them.—Washington Democrat.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

There is an unwritten law among women that no woman should go further from home than two blocks with a shawl over her head.

Piso's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs.—Rev. D. Buchmueller, Lexington, Mo., Feb. 24, '95.

"I hate to bother you, pop; but, really, I'd like to know—" "Well, what?" "How it happens that baby fish don't get drowned before they've learned to swim?"—Harper's Round Table.

"Have you broken your New Year's resolutions yet?" asked one Pittsburger of another the other morning. "Didn't make any." "That's what saved them, then."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

"Why do you hate soap so?" asked the inquisitive lady. "I don't," said Mr. Dismal Dawson. "I simply ignore it. We don't move in the same set; that's all."—Indianapolis Journal.

Soaker—"Hear about the terrible break Lushly made the other evening to Miss Budde?" Broaker—"No; what was it?" Soaker—"Meant to tell her she was his all in all, but he got rattled and called her his altogether."—N. Y. Press.

A great many people will tell you of occurrences that are exactly like something you have experienced, only, when you investigate, they are not alike at all.

"The dividing line between laughter and tears," said the maximistic boarder, "is a very small one." "As if we didn't all know that," said Asbury Peppers. "Many is the time I have found myself howling within a minute after I had laughed at the tea her."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Appreciation of Experience.—"Why do you think so much more of your father than you did before you were married?" "Because I had never lived with any other man up to that time."—Detroit Free Press.

"Talk about your western air to build up a man," said Charlie, "why, I know a fellow who went out there about two years ago and gained ten pounds in a week." "Holy smoke! Is that possible?" "Yep. He pearled an old joke on the cowboys and they filled him full of lead."—N. Y. Evening Journal.

A Generous Sister.—"Did you divide your bonbons with your little brother, Mollie?" "Yes, ma; I ate the candy and gave him the mottoes. You know he is awfully fond of reading."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Use St. Jacobs Oil promptly and freely and say good-bye to neuralgia.

Some very trifling people are well posted on Scripture.—Washington Democrat.

When billious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

We all like to put off disagreeable jobs as long as possible.—Washington Democrat.

Just try a 10c. box of Cascarets candy cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made

Only One!

Not more than five men or women in a thousand are free from some form of Kidney, Liver or Bladder trouble, which is certain to run into serious disease unless checked.

Stop and Think!

that there is but one known remedy for these troubles! Ask any druggist, physician or friend what it is, and he will tell you,

Hunt's Safe Cure

This great remedy stands ABSOLUTELY "at the top," and is so acknowledged by the most advanced thinkers of the world. This suggestion is all you require!

FOR 14 CENTS.

We wish to gain 50,000 pleased customers in 1897 and hence offer

1	Pkg Bismark Cucumber	15c
1	Pkg Round Globe Beet	10c
1	" Earliest Carrot	10c
1	" Kaiser Wilhelm Lettuce	15c
1	" Earliest Melon	10c
1	" Giant Yellow Onion	15c
1	" 14-Day Radish	10c
3	" Brilliant Flower Seeds	15c

Worth $1.00, for 14 cents.

Above 10 pkgs. worth $1.00 we will mail you free together with our great plant and seed catalogue upon receipt of this notice and 14c. postage. How can we do it? Because we want new customers and know if you once try Salzer seed, you'll never, never get along without them! Catalogue alone 5c. postage. K

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Does your Physician understand your case? If not write us, send age, leading symptoms and 10 CENTS in silver or stamps and your case will be diagnosed by the famous SPECIALIST OF CHRONIC DISEASE, DR. C. E. WATKINS, Lock Box 10, Ayer, Mass.

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Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.
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A. N. K.—C 1640

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REASONS FOR USING
Walter Baker & Co.'s
Breakfast Cocoa.

1. Because it is absolutely pure.
2. Because it is not made by the so-called Dutch Process in which chemicals are used.
3. Because beans of the finest quality are used.
4. Because it is made by a method which preserves unimpaired the exquisite natural flavor and odor of the beans.
5. Because it is the most economical, costing less than one cent a cup.

Be sure that you get the genuine article made by WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass. Established 1780.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION
REGULATE THE LIVER
10¢ 25¢ 50¢ ALL DRUGGISTS
ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 917.

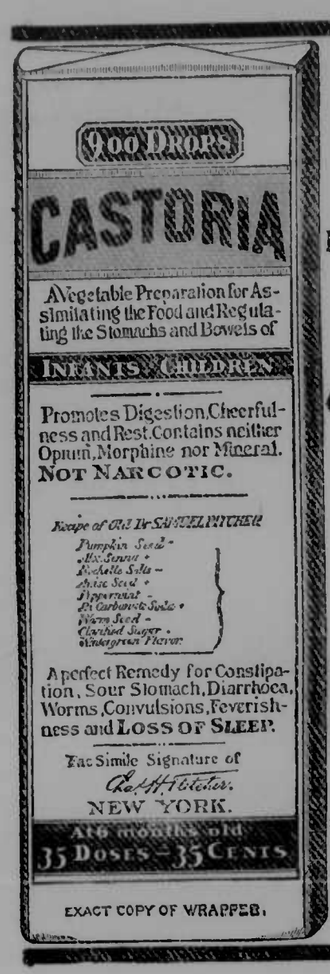

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Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." ☞See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

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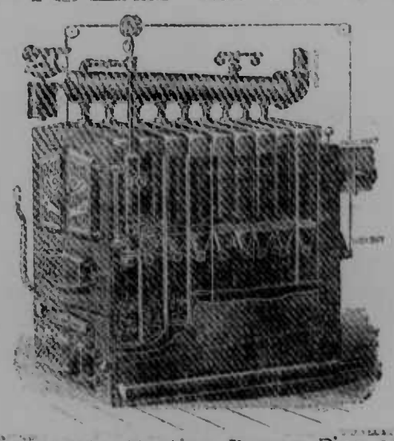

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For the Treatment of **Liquor, Morphine and Cigarette Habit.**

Absolute Cure Guaranteed. All Communications Strictly Private. 15-13

We have a plan by which **Farmers** can get

TOOL CHESTS FREE

Containing of first-class quality (guaranteed) every tool—Axes, Saws and Planes included—[illegible] to repair vehicles, machines or build a house. Three two-cent stamps and the name of [illegible] required for particulars. Powell Fertilizer & Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25, 1897.

If John Bull is really behind that sensational protest against the Nicaragua Canal bill, made to Secretary Olney by the minister of the Greater Republic of Central America, and sent to the Senate by Secretary Olney, John Bull has made a break by showing his hand too soon. Of course the protest by showing that the government of Nicaragua already regards the canal company as having forfeited all the concessions granted it by that government, will kill the present Nicaragua canal bill, but it will also go much further. It may kill the arbitration treaty recently negotiated between the United States and Great Britain. It has been openly charged on the floor of the Senate that English diplomacy was working through the combination of those three little Central American Republics to put England in a position where it could either control or have a share in controlling the Nicaragua ship canal. This may or may not be true, but so long as there are grounds for suspicion, there will be danger that the arbitration treaty will be rejected by the Senate. If there is one point upon which the Senate is practically a unit, it is that the Nicarrgua canal shall, if ever completed, be controlled by the United States, and if it be shown that this question might have to be submitted to arbitration with the casting vote in the hands of a European monarch, then good-bye to the arbitration treaty. The Senators who have openly protested against the public clamor for immediate ratification of the treaty, on the ground that it was too important a matter to be hurriedly acted upon, regard this Nicaragua canal incident as a vindication of their position. Secretary Olney, however, doesn't take that view of it, and would not have been so prompt in sending that protest to the Senate had he supposed that it would cause additional delay in acting on the treaty.

Some of his colleagues are inclined to poke fun at Senator Peffer because of the petition from Kansas Populists against increasing the salaries of Senators and Representatives and extending the term of the President, he has presented since he was defeated, and an ex-Confederate elected to be his successor. There isn't the slightest possibility that the bill to increase the salaries of Senators and Representatives will even be seriously considered, but Senator Peffer is jocularly accused of holding back these petitions until he knew he would have to leave the Senate.

The refusal to appoint a woman to a vacant $1,500 clerkship in the War department, for which she had passed a very difficult examination and was the only one eligible under Civil Service rules, is likely to be made the subject of a Congressional investigation. The examination required that the applicant should be able to translate into English military works in French, German, Italian and Spanish; to do typewriting in all of these languages; to do proof-reading and prepare manuscript for the press; to be familiar with library methods, cataloguing, indexing, etc.; also to be tested in the use of the English language and literary composition. Miss Maud Stahnker, of Washington, D. C., was the only one who was able to pass the examination, but the War Department refuses to appoint her to the position because she is a woman.

So much has been written about the lack of dignity on the part of ex-Representative "Billy" Mason, of Ill., who was last week named by the legislature as Senator Palmer's successor, that his friends are rightfully beginning to protest. Mr. Mason is popular in Washington. He is a man of fine instincts, and it is merely his love for a good story and a hearty laugh traits of Lincoln that caused him to be called undignified. One of the Illinois Representatives give this picture of him that will be at once recognized by all who know him: "He is one of the readiest gentlemen I ever knew to do a favor for a friend. Trouble doesn't count with Billie Mason when asked to render a service by any one who has a claim on his goodwill. I have seen that trait of his nature exemplified a hundred times. There is a big heartedness and sunny disposition about the man that attracts all who are thrown into his company. He will make a good Senator, even if he does lack in conventionality and owlish dignity."

The vacancy in the Senate from Delaware is going to cause a fight at the present session. Whether it will be a three cornered fight is yet to be settled. The Committee on Elections has not reported on the petition of Col. Dupont to have his application for the seat reopened; the credentials of Mr. Addicks, who claims to have been elected by one of the Delaware legislatures sitting last week, have already been presented to the Senate and those of Mr. Kenney, the silver Democrat who claims to have been elected by the other legislature will be presented this week, and presented too, by Senator Gray, the Cleveland Democrat.

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

SAVE BABY'S LIFE.

Teething time is the most trying time of infancy. The little gums are hot and swollen. They tingle and ache and smart. All the nerves in the little body are on edge. Sleep restless—digestion bad.

There's a remedy.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

soothes and cools the gums, controls the bowels, cures colic, brings good digestion, sleep and rest. 25 cents, all druggists. Guaranteed. Made by JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

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INDELIBLE INK WORK on LINEN.

Second Street, OAKLAND, MD.

All work entrusted to my care will receive Prompt Attention.

29-1yr.

Farmers,

Look to Your Interests.

The Oakland Flouring Mill is now ready to grind a million bushels of buckwheat. The best equipped mill in the county; all latest improved machinery. Can give either

Burrh or Roller Process Flour.

Mr. E. A. Dudley, who has charge, has been a life-long miller, and knows how to make a good turnout of buckwheat flour.

Don't fail to give him a Trial. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Will make arrangements with all the Oakland merchants to buy your flour at big prices. Don't fail to give the Oakland Mills a trial.

Don't forget the place, Water street, formerly owned by the late H. A. Rasche.

Yours obediently,

THE OAKLAND MILLS.

51-1yr.

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 30,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address

C. A. WILT, Agent,
Box 10 Westernport, Md.

9—1yr.

TIN, SLATE and STEEL

ROOFING,

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.

PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.

REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.

SPOUTING, ETC.

WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH, Mt. Lake Park, Md.

SHARTZER & BOLDEN

OAKLAND, MD.,

DEALERS IN

Furniture,
Carpets,
Matting,
Oil Cloth,
Window Shades,
Wall Paper,

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Repairing Furniture and Pieture Framing a Specialty.

Removal.

I, the undersigned, have removed my place of business from the Loar building to the Ravenscroft (Mayers) building on Railroad street, where I will continue to carry a well assorted stock of

JEWELRY,

and give special attention to the repairing of watches, clocks, etc.

Give me a call. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

H. C. SMOUSE.

29—2m.

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of Garrett County

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FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
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THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencie

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
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Issues Two Kinds of Stock

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.

EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

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The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

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Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, 14 old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

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Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. C. SINE, Principal.

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PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

Jos. E. Harned, Proprietor.

31—26

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

Andrew R. Gonder, Att'y at Law. Alexander C. Mason, Surveyor.

GONDER & MASON,
-: REAL :- ESTATE -: AGENTS, :-
OAKLAND, MD.

40—1yr. Office, Shartzer's Opera House.

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

This is to give notice that the firm of Whetzell & Hall, composed of Mrs. Isabelle Whetzell and A. W. Hall, doing a general lumber manufacturing and general merchandise business at Kearney, Md., has this day been dissolved by mutual agreement, Mrs. Whetzell retiring.

The business will be continued by A. W. Hall.

MRS. ISABELLE WHETZELL.
A. W. HALL.
Kearney, Md., June 11, 1896. 46—3t.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 46—1yr

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I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW

☞Special attention given to real estate. CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED, ☞SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 8-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

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DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate. P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

THOMAS R. McROBIE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, OAKLAND, MD.

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All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

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2-26 **SELBYSPORT, MD.**

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate.

Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
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Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md Oakland, Md., Feb. 22nd, 1897.

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Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

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LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including train ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26*

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A specialty of Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

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G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.
☞Prompt attention to collections. 1Y2

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING.

OFFICE OF GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 21, 1897.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on

Tuesday, February 9th,

to transact all business that may properly come before them. They will also at this session act as a Board of Control and Review.

By order of the Board,

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

C. M. RATHBUN. F. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,
PLANING MILLS,
And BUILDING MATERIALS.
MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 80 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Accora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

38 13

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1897. NUMBER 48.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Mr. J. C. Renninger spent Sunday with relatives at Eglon, W. Va.

Naylor has on hand for sale two pairs of bobs.

FOR SALE CHEAP.—A second-hand sleigh at Naylor's.

County Commissioners' meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

Mr. Joseph Rembold, of Horse Shoe Run, was in Oakland on business yesterday.

Mr. Chas. S. Davis returned from a business trip to Baltimore last Saturday night.

Mr. Thomas J. Peddicord came to Oakland from Covington, Ky., Tuesday morning.

Misses Annie and Daisy Grant are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bush, near Eglon, this week.

Lydia S. Swearinger, of Mountain Lake Park, has been granted an original widow's pension.

Mrs. S. E. Bolden went to Baltimore last Monday night where she is receiving treatment for her eyes.

Mr. Julius Scherr, of Eglon, came down to Oakland on Monday and spent two or three days here on business.

Services both morning and evening will be held in St. Mark's church Sunday by the pastor, Rev. J. W. Butler.

Messrs. S. T. Jones and J. M. Jarboe went down to Cumberland last night to attend a meeting of the Masons there.

During the month of January Clerk Tower issued eleven marriage licenses, the majority of them being to nonresidents.

Mr. Aaron Wilhelm, residing near Frostburg, is in Oakland on business and this morning made this office a pleasant call.

Guy Orentt has opened a barber shop in the room recently vacated by Dr. Henry W. McComas in the Central Hotel building.

Preaching services by the German Baptists will be held in Stergiss' Hall, Oakland, next Sunday morning at 10.30 o'clock.

Clerk Meyers is preparing and mailing the bonds of the road supervisors recently appointed by the County Commissioners.

Rev. S. M. Engle went down to Piedmont Tuesday afternoon where he held services at night. He returned to Oakland yesterday morning.

Ex-Justice Thomas R McRobie removed his household goods from Oakland to his farm near Swanton Monday where he will reside hereafter.

Mr. John Friend, of Deer Park, was in Oakland last Monday, his first visit to Oakland for a number of weeks on account of an attack of the grip.

Mr. James Leathers, of Oakland, went to Winchester, Va., last Friday to attend the funeral of his father. He returned to Oakland Tuesday evening.

Dr. J. Lee McComas has moved his office from his building on Second street to the office building of his son Dr. Henry W. McComas, where he has two rooms.

Miss Nannie Sweeney left Oakland for Cincinnati yesterday morning where she will visit her brothers, Messrs. Charles and Thomas Sweeney for a few weeks.

It is urgently requested that all members of Oakland Lodge No. 192 A. F. and A. M. be present at the next regular communication. Thursday evening, Feb. 18th.

Mr. H. Krug, who own a large saw mill at Krug, Garrett county, was at the Queen City. Mr. Krug reports that his railroad is now within eight miles of Oakland.—Cumb. News.

Mr. John T. Sincell was on last Saturday appointed Justice of the Peace by Governor Lowndes vice Thomas R. McRobie, resigned. Mr. Sincell has opened his office in Shurtzer's building.

All members of the Oakland Athletic Association are urgently requested to meet at the gymnasium on Monday evening next at 8 o'clock sharp, as there is business of much importance to be transacted.

During the recent cold weather an excellent quality of ice from six to eight inches in thickness was formed on the river and the several ice ponds in the vicinity of Oakland. The ice was harvested and stored away for summer use by those having ice houses.

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The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Home Grown Oranges.

Messrs. Henry Weber & Sons, the florists, have in their green house an orange tree, the property of Maj. E. Rathbone, which has recently yielded a number of oranges, one of which was sent to this office Tuesday. The orange sent to us has a very smooth skin and looks very much like a genuine Florida product. The taste, however, is extremely bitter.

Church Notices.

There will be service in the Garrett Memorial church next Sunday evening at 7.30, but the ordination service of the newly elected officers will not take place until the Sunday following, February 14th, at 11 o'clock a. m.

On next Monday evening, February 8th, will begin a week's preaching in the same church by Rev. J. H. Moore, of Keyser. Mr. Moore is well known in Oakland, and his many friends will be pleased to know of this week's preaching by him.

Art Idols.

The ninth number of this expensive publication is now ready. As this art work is issued quarterly, the reader will remember its publication began at a time when the nude in art was a rage. But like all things, the good die young, but the best remain. The plates in each number are loose, so one can frame them. Size, 11 x 14 inches. Number nine, which is now ready, contains six plates a follows: "Venus," "In the Woods," "Coquetterie," "Floreal," "A Daughter of Eve," "Nature and Art."

The price is $1.00 per copy. Any newsdealer will get it for you or you may send direct to the White City Art Co., 611 Manhattan Building, Chicago, Ill.

Marraige Licenses

Since January 1st, 1897, the following marriage licenses were issued by Clerk E. Z. Tower, of the Circuit Court for this county:

John Joseph Shaffer and Mrs. Rosa Shaffer, both of near Oakland.

Thomas Lee Dalton and Mary Melissa Shaw, both of Monongalia county, West Va.

Lucien Dennis Uphold and Dessie Wilhelm, both of Crellin, this county.

William H. Johnson, of near Oakland, and Ida M. Jefferys, of Preston county, W. Va.

Harrison Casto Hersman, of Preston county, West Va., and Zettie May Jenkins, of Garrett county.

Henry F. Evans and Carrie E. Winters, both of Preston county, West Va.

James Luther McMillian and Jennie Mayfield, both of Preston county, West Va.

Six marked "don't publish."

Cold Weather Don'ts.

Don't miss skating. If you know how, sieze every opportunity. If you don't learn. It is the most enjoyable, healthful, invigorating cold weather exercise. It makes rosy cheeks and bright eyes, too, and gives you a chance to show how graceful you are.

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Don't wear close-fitting gloves or shoes in cold weather if you suffer from cold hands and feet: these will increase your trouble.

****

Don't go out in a cold wind without a veil if you care for your complexion as wind browns, roughens and hardens the skin. Besides, there is warmth in even the flimsiest veil.

****

Don't wear a large hat on a windy day; it catches the wind a great deal more than a small one and it is very unbecoming to a woman to go along ducking her head because her hat is not secure.

****

Don't tell everyone how much you like low temperature, as some people's lives are made miserable by the cold weather, and, on the other hand, don't bore your friends always growling about the cold; but, above all, don't be a "is it cold enough for you?" fiend; this remark is very hackneyed.

****

Don't fail to have warm regular meals these cold days. Don't go out in the morning without something warm to eat and drink. If you are employed get a warm lunch, not a few sandwiches carried with you, and if of the leisure class and you get chilled through while shopping have a cup of hot chocolate or bouillon; this is good for health as well as comfort.

The little daughter of Mr. Fred Webber, Holland, Mass., had a very bad cold and cough which he had not been able to cure with any thing. I gave him a 25 cent bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, says W. P. Holden, merchant and postmaster at West Brimfield, and the next time I saw him he said it worked like a charm. This remedy is intended especially for acute throat and lung diseases such as colds, croup and whooping cough, and it is famous for its cures. There is no danger in giving it to children for it contains nothing injurious.

For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Mr. Woodchuck's Forecast.

After secluding himself in his subterranean home for about three months, Mr. Arctomys Monax came out Tuesday to make a meteorological observation. Mr. A. Monax is better known by the names he uses for everyday wear than by the distinguished appellation engraved on his visiting cards. "Mr. Woodchuck" and "Mr. Groundhog" are aliases of his, but the name we have called him by is his designation in the official zoological directory.

Mr. A. Monax is a weather prophet of great ability, but his method of observation is exceedingly simple. If the sun shines so that his furry body casts a shadow, he knows that six weeks more of wintry weather is on the programme, and he retires promptly to his burrow and goes to sleep again. Cloudy weather he recognizes as an indication of an early breaking up of winter, and then he sets about getting ready for his spring work.

The accuracy of Mr. Woodchuck's forecast has been challenged by the Weather Bureau people, who are jealous of his prestige. They even point to examples of the untrustworthiness of Groundhog Day forecasts, but if the same rule were applied to the Weather Bureau, Mr. Woodchuck could reply in simple but effective language, "There are others."

Tuesday, however, was extremely cloudy, and in this section of the country snow fell the whole day and Mr. A. Monax did not get an opportunity for surveying his majestic shadow. Therefore we shall wait and see what kind of weather follows.

School Entertainment.

A literary and musical entertainment will be held in the public school building in Oakland on Friday evening of this week at 7.30 o'clock to which the citizens of the town and vicinity are cordially invited. The committee in charge of the entertainment especially desires that the parents of the pupils attending the school be present. There is not sufficient co-operation between the parents and teachers and they are anxious that both should go hand in hand for the improvement of the school and to better advance the interests of the pupils.

To one portion of the program especial attention is directed: "The Public School," a discussion in which Messrs. John M. Davis, Gilmor S. Hamill, Edward H. Sincell, Scott T. Jones, Jacob S. Meyers, and others will take part.

The following is the program for the evening's entertainment:

Instrumental music, Mrs. Rasche.
Praise ye the Lord, Glee Club.
Paul Revere's Ride, Miss Beulah Laughridge.
Quartette, Misses Margaret Miller and Grace Loar and Messrs. Tom and Andrew Nelson.
Barbara Frietchie, Miss Bessie Littman.
Solo, Miss Evelyn Johns.
Echo Song, Junior Glee Club.
Washington, Miss Percy Brady.
Mount Vernon Bells, Glee Club.
The Children, Miss Jessie Fringer.
Instrumental music, Mrs. Rasche.
Solo, Mr. Joseph Johns.
Quartette, Misses Margaret Miller and Grace Loar and Messrs. Tom and Andrew Nelson.
The Pilgrim Fathers, Miss Sadie Cohen.
Solo, Mr. Walter Johns.
The Public Schools, Messrs. John M. Davis, Gilmor S. Hamill, Edward H. Sincell, Scott T. Jones, Jacob S. Meyers, and others.
Eventide, Glee Club.
Instrumental music, Mrs. Rasche.

Women Soon to Vote.

Dr. Felix Adler said recently that women are going to vote, some day, and the time is not so far away as some folks suppose. The introduction of social reforms in the politics of the day is hastening the day when women will vote.

In his lecture at Carnegie Hall on "Political Aspirations of women," he said that women do not get a fair return in compensation for their labor, but there are a number of very good reasons therefor. In the first place, the day since women became a worker is too short for the subject to adjust itself satisfactorily.

"Women is a born peacemaker," continued Dr. Adler. "In ancient Rome she was the guardain of the sacred fire of loyalty. Her influence in the community is all powerful, and it is thus, now that she is exerting her influence for her own benefit as well as that for the State, it is necessary that each one's own good shall be made subservient to the public good. And the women, is a peculiar fashion, are turning the minds of men their way.

Sent to Jail.

Yesterday afternoon George Friend, a lumberman in the employ of one of the lumber firms in the lower end of the county, was arrested upon a warrant sworn out by Mr. Morris Cohen, the tailor, charged with the larceny of a pair of trousers valued at $7. Friend had a preliminary hearing before Justice Sincell, and failing to furnish bond for his appearance at court he was sent to jail to await the action of the grand jury at the March term.

Boy Burglar In Jail.

Alonzo McDomerott, the youngest criminal ever arrested in Preston county, was landed behind the bars at Kingwood, Tuesday. He is thirteen years old, and is in the county jail charged with breaking into and robbing a farm house near Pleasant Hill. The boy was captured in Garrett county.

Maryland Republican Colors.

The Maryland Republican Club met Monday night at 927 F street, Washington, D. C., the occasion being the presentation of a flag to the association by Mr. H. B. Warner. The flag consists of two black strips, with an orange strip between, with the words "Maryland Republican Club" on the flag. The presentation speech was made by Julian C. Dowell, of Montgomery county, who referred to the fact that the colors were those of the Calvert family and the Baltimore Oriole. William A. Melory, of Prince George's county, Md., responded in a happy speech. The portraits of Gov. Lowndes and Senator-elect Wellington were not presented Monday night, owing to the absence of the gentleman who was to present them. They will be presented at their next meeting in March. The committee on entertainment took up a subscription to be used in entertaining the Republicans from Maryland who visit the capital March 4th.

Hardware and Implements

Cheaper than Ever.

1897 finds us better prepared than ever to supply the trade with hardware, farm implements, stoves, ranges, tinware, oils, paints, etc., etc. The greatest possible care has been taken in selecting these goods, not, however, to find a low grade of goods, but to get the very best at the lowest possible price. Nearly all of our goods are bought from manufacturers direct. While we do not profess to do what others in the same business cannot, yet we propose to give a man as much value for his money as he can get anywhere. First quality of goods are generally sold at less profit than the inferior, but the customer is always best pleased with the goods. Our wagons, plows, nails, wire, harrows, sewer pipe, cultivators, etc., are shipped in mixed car lots from factory so as to save freights and benefit the customer. We have arranged for the best line of shovel plows and cultivators we ever handled. In mowing machines, binders and grain drills we are up to date; will have three grades of hay rakes, all guaranteed to do good work. We can offer to the trade good steel frame spring tooth harrows at greatly reduced prices, and a lever wheel harrow of an entirely new design. It will afford us much pleasure to show goods and quote prices to persons in need of anything in our line. Many persons are deceived by sending for goods they see advertised at lower prices than good articles are worth in the market. The tendency of the age is to cheapen goods rather than increase durability, hence the necessity of careful examination before purchasing. Thanking our friends and customers for past favors, we are

Yours respectfully,
J. M. DAVIS & SON.

NOTICE.

All persons not having paid their corporation tax for the year 1896 are requested to do so at once, or I will be compelled to collect by process of law.

JAMES O. HINEHAUGH,
45-3 Collector.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1897. NUMBER 48.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Mr. J. C. Renninger spent Sunday with relatives at Eglon, W. Va.

Naylor has on hand for sale two pairs of bobs.

FOR SALE CHEAP.—A second-hand sleigh at Naylor's.

County Commissioners' meeting on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

Mr. Joseph Rembold, of Horse Shoe Run, was in Oakland on business yesterday.

Mr. Chas. S. Davis returned from a business trip to Baltimore last Saturday night.

Mr. Thomas J. Peddicord came to Oakland from Covington, Ky., Tuesday morning.

Misses Annie and Daisy Grant are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bush, near Eglon, this week.

Lydia S. Swearinger, of Mountain Lake Park, has been granted an original widow's pension.

Mrs. S. E. Bolden went to Baltimore last Monday night where she is receiving treatment for her eyes.

Mr. Julius Scherr, of Eglon, came down to Oakland on Monday and spent two or three days here on business.

Services both morning and evening will be held in St. Mark's church Sunday by the pastor, Rev. J. W. Butler.

Messrs. S. T. Jones and J. M. Jarboe went down to Cumberland last night to attend a meeting of the Masons there.

During the month of January Clerk Tower issued eleven marriage licenses, the majority of them being to nonresidents.

Mr. Aaron Wilhelm, residing near Frostburg, is in Oakland on business and this morning made this office a pleasant call.

Guy Orcutt has opened a barber shop in the room recently vacated by Dr. Henry W. McComas in the Central Hotel building.

Preaching services by the German Baptists will be held in Sturgiss' Hall, Oakland, next Sunday morning at 10.30 o'clock.

Clerk Meyers is preparing and mailing the bonds of the road supervisors recently appointed by the County Commissioners.

Rev. S. M. Engle went down to Piedmont Tuesday afternoon where he held services at night. He returned to Oakland yesterday morning.

Ex-Justice Thomas R McRobie removed his household goods from Oakland to his farm near Swanton Monday where he will reside hereafter.

Mr. John Friend, of Deer Park, was in Oakland last Monday, his first visit to Oakland for a number of weeks on account of an attack of the grip.

Mr. James Leathers, of Oakland, went to Winchester, Va., last Friday to attend the funeral of his father. He returned to Oakland Tuesday evening.

Dr. J. Lee McComas has moved his office from his building on Second street to the office building of his son Dr. Henry W. McComas, where he has two rooms.

Miss Nannie Sweeney left Oakland for Cincinnati yesterday morning where she will visit her brothers, Messrs. Charles and Thomas Sweeney for a few weeks.

It is urgently requested that all members of Oakland Lodge No. 192 A. F. and A. M. be present at the next regular communication, Thursday evening, Feb. 18th.

Mr. H. Krug, who own a large saw mill at Krug, Garrett county, was at the Queen City. Mr. Krug reports that his railroad is now within eight miles of Oakland.—Cumb. News.

Mr. John T. Sincell was on last Saturday appointed Justice of the Peace by Governor Lowndes vice Thomas R. McRobie, resigned. Mr. Sincell has opened his office in Shurtzer's building.

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The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Home Grown Oranges.

Messrs. Henry Weber & Sons, the florists, have in their green house an orange tree, the property of Maj. E. Rathbone, which has recently yielded a number of oranges, one of which was sent to this office Tuesday. The orange sent to us has a very smooth skin and looks very much like a genuine Florida product. The taste, however, is extremely bitter.

Church Notices.

There will be service in the Garrett Memorial church next Sunday evening at 7.30, but the ordination service of the newly elected officers will not take place until the Sunday following, February 14th, at 11 o'clock a. m.

On next Monday evening, February 8th, will begin a week's preaching in the same church by Rev. J. H. Moore, of Keyser. Mr. Moore is well known in Oakland, and his many friends will be pleased to know of this week's preaching by him.

Art Idols.

The ninth number of this expensive publication is now ready. As this art work is issued quarterly, the reader will remember its publication began at a time when the nude in art was a rage. But like all things, the good die young, but the best remain. The plates in each number are loose, so one can frame them. Size, 11 x 14 inches. Number nine, which is now ready, contains six plates a follows: "Venus," "In the Woods," "Coquetterie," "Floreal," "A Daughter of Eve," "Nature and Art."

The price is $1.00 per copy. Any newsdealer will get it for you or you may send direct to the White City Art Co., 611 Manhattan Building, Chicago, Ill.

Marraige Licenses

Since January 1st, 1897, the following marriage licenses were issued by Clerk E. Z. Tower, of the Circuit Court for this county:

John Joseph Shaffer and Mrs. Rosa Shaffer, both of near Oakland.

Thomas Lee Dalton and Mary Melissa Shaw, both of Monongalia county, West Va.

Lucien Dennis Uphold and Dessie Wilhelm, both of Crellin, this county.

William H. Johnson, of near Oakland, and Ida M. Jefferys, of Preston county, W. Va.

Harrison Casto Hersman, of Preston county, West Va., and Zettie May Jenkins, of Garrett county.

Henry F. Evans and Carrie E. Winters, both of Preston county, West Va.

James Luther McMillian and Jennie Mayfield, both of Preston county, West Va.

Six marked "don't publish."

Cold Weather Don'ts.

Don't miss skating. If you know how, sieze every opportunity. If you don't learn. It is the most enjoyable, healthful, invigorating cold weather exercise. It makes rosy cheeks and bright eyes, too, and gives you a chance to show how graceful you are.

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Don't wear close-fitting gloves or shoes in cold weather if you suffer from cold hands and feet; these will increase your trouble.

****

Don't go out in a cold wind without a veil if you care for your complexion as wind browns, roughens and hardens the skin. Besides, there is warmth in even the flimsiest veil.

****

Don't wear a large hat on a windy day; it catches the wind a great deal more than a small one and it is very unbecoming to a woman to go along ducking her head because her hat is not secure.

****

Don't tell everyone how much you like low temperature, as some people's lives are made miserable by the cold weather, and, on the other hand, don't bore your friends always growling about the cold; but, above all, don't be a "is it cold enough for you?" fiend; this remark is very hackneyed.

****

Don't fail to have warm regular meals these cold days. Don't go out in the morning without something warm to eat and drink. If you are employed get a warm lunch, not a few sandwiches carried with you, and if of the leisure class and you get chilled through while shopping have a cup of hot chocolate or bouillon; this is good for health as well as comfort.

The little daughter of Mr. Fred Welcher, Holland, Mass., had a very bad cold and cough which he had not been able to cure with any thing. I gave him a 25 cent bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, says W. P. Holden, merchant and postmaster at West Brimfield, and the next time I saw him he said it worked like a charm. This remedy is intended especially for acute throat and lung diseases such as colds, croup and whooping cough, and it is famous for its cures. There is no danger in giving it to children for it contains nothing injurious.

For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Mr. Woodchuck's Forecast.

After secluding himself in his subterranean home for about three months, Mr. Arctomys Monax came out Tuesday to make a meteorological observation. Mr. A. Monax is better known by the names he uses for everyday wear than by the distinguished appellation engraved on his visiting cards. "Mr. Woodchuck" and "Mr. Groundhog" are aliases of his, but the name we have called him by is his designation in the official zoological directory.

Mr. A. Monax is a weather prophet of great ability, but his method of observation is exceedingly simple. If the sun shines so that his furry body casts a shadow, he knows that six weeks more of wintry weather is on the programme, and he retires promptly to his burrow and goes to sleep again. Cloudy weather he recognizes as an indication of an early breaking up of winter, and then he sets about getting ready for his spring work.

The accuracy of Mr. Woodchuck's forecast has been challenged by the Weather Bureau people, who are jealous of his prestige. They even point to examples of the untrustworthiness of Groundhog Day forecasts, but if the same rule were applied to the Weather Bureau, Mr. Woodchuck could reply in simple but effective language, "There are others."

Tuesday, however, was extremely cloudy, and in this section of the country snow fell the whole day and Mr. A. Monax did not get an opportunity for surveying his majestic shadow. Therefore we shall wait and see what kind of weather follows.

School Entertainment.

A literary and musical entertainment will be held in the public school building in Oakland on Friday evening of this week at 7.30 o'clock to which the citizens of the town and vicinity are cordially invited. The committee in charge of the entertainment especially desires that the parents of the pupils attending the school be present. There is not sufficient co-operation between the parents and teachers and they are anxious that both should go hand in hand for the improvement of the school and to better advance the interests of the pupils.

To one portion of the program especial attention is directed: "The Public School," a discussion in which Messrs. John M. Davis, Gilmor S. Hammill, Edward H. Sincell, Scott T. Jones, Jacob S. Meyers, and others will take part.

The following is the program for the evening's entertainment:

Instrumental music, Mrs. Rasche.
Praise ye the Lord, Glee Club.
Paul Revere's Ride, Miss Beulah Laughridge.
Quartette, Misses Margaret Miller and Grace Loar and Messrs. Tom and Andrew Nelson.
Barbara Frietchie, Miss Bessie Littman.
Solo, Miss Evelyn Johns.
Echo Song, Junior Glee Club.
Washington, Miss Percy Brady.
Mount Vernon Bells, Glee Club.
The Children, Miss Jessie Fringer.
Instrumental music, Mrs. Rasche.
Solo, Mr. Joseph Johns.
Quartette, Misses Margaret Miller and Grace Loar and Messrs. Tom and Andrew Nelson.
The Pilgrim Fathers, Miss Sadie Cohen.
Solo, Mr. Walter Johns.
The Public Schools, Messrs. John M. Davis, Gilmor S. Hamill, Edward H. Sincell, Scott T. Jones, Jacob S. Meyers, and others.
Eventide, Glee Club.
Instrumental music, Mrs. Rasche.

Women Soon to Vote.

Dr. Felix Adler said recently that women are going to vote, some day, and the time is not so far away as some folks suppose. The introduction of social reforms in the politics of the day is hastening the day when women will vote.

In his lecture at Carnegie Hall on "Political Aspirations of Women," he said that women do not get a fair return in compensation for their labor, but there are a number of very good reasons therefor. In the first place, the day since women became a worker is too short for the subject to adjust itself satisfactorily.

"Women is a born peacemaker," continued Dr. Adler. "In ancient Rome she was the guardain of the sacred fire of loyalty. Her influence in the community is all powerful, and it is thus, now that she is exerting her influence for her own benefit as well as that for the State, it is necessary that each one's own good shall be made subservient to the public good. And the women, is a peculiar fashion, are turning the minds of men their way.

Sent to Jail.

Yesterday afternoon George Friend, a lumberman in the employ of one of the lumber firms in the lower end of the county, was arrested upon a warrant sworn out by Mr. Morris Cohen, the tailor, charged with the larceny of a pair of trousers valued at $7. Friend had a preliminary hearing before Justice Sincell, and failing to furnish bond for his appearance at court he was sent to jail to await the action of the grand jury at the March term.

Boy Burglar in Jail.

Alonzo McDonerott, the youngest criminal ever arrested in Preston county, was landed behind the bars at Kingwood, Tuesday. He is thirteen years old, and is in the county jail charged with breaking into and robbing a farm house near Pleasant Hill. The boy was captured in Garrett county.

Maryland Republican Colors.

The Maryland Republican Club met Monday night at 927 F street, Washington, D. C., the occasion being the presentation of a flag to the association by Mr. H. B. Warner. The flag consists of two black strips, with an orange strip between, with the words "Maryland Republican Club" on the flag. The presentation speech was made by Julian C. Dowell, of Montgomery county, who referred to the fact that the colors were those of the Calvert family and the Baltimore Oriole. William A. Melory, of Prince George's county, Md., responded in a happy speech. The portraits of Gov. Lowndes and Senator-elect Wellington were not presented Monday night, owing to the absence of the gentleman who was to present them. They will be presented at their next meeting in March. The committee on entertainment took up a subscription to be used in entertaining the Republicans from Maryland who visit the capital March 4th.

Hardware and Implements

Cheaper than Ever.

1897 finds us better prepared than ever to supply the trade with hardware, farm implements, stoves, ranges, tinware, oils, paints, etc., etc. The greatest possible care has been taken in selecting these goods, not, however, to find a low grade of goods, but to get the very best at the lowest possible price. Nearly all of our goods are bought from manufacturers direct. While we do not profess to do what others in the same business cannot, yet we propose to give a man as much value for his money as he can get anywhere. First quality of goods are generally sold at less profit than the inferior, but the customer is always best pleased with the goods. Our wagons, plows, nails, wire, harrows, sewer pipe, cultivators, etc., are shipped in mixed car lots from factory so as to save freights and benefit the customer. We have arranged for the best line of shovel plows and cultivators we ever handled. In mowing machines, binders and grain drills we are up to date; will have three grades of hay rakes, all guaranteed to do good work. We can offer to the trade good steel frame spring tooth harrows at greatly reduced prices, and a lever wheel harrow of an entirely new design. It will afford us much pleasure to show goods and quote prices to persons in need of anything in our line. Many persons are deceived by sending for goods they see advertised at lower prices than good articles are worth in the market. The tendency of the age is to cheapen goods rather than increase durability, hence the necessity of careful examination before purchasing. Thanking our friends and customers for past favors, we are

Yours respectfully,
J. M. DAVIS & SON.

NOTICE.

All persons not having paid their corporation tax for the year 1896 are requested to do so at once, or I will be compelled to collect by process of law.

JAMES O. HINEBAUGH,
45-3 Collector.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

JINNY.

Across the meadow, yonder on the hill,
Jinny, my first wife, lays at rest in death—
Where through the lonesome days wild roses fill
The broodin' stillness with their sweetest breath.
The family graveyard is neglected some;
The fence I know's been tumblin' more each year;
But birds an' grigs, they often wake the gloom,
An' sheep-bells drows'ly tinkle always near.

I am not old, an' yit the world somehow
Hain't seemed just like it was before she died;
I feel myself a-wishin' she's here now,
Like when we used to toil on side by side.
I prize her more'n I did before she went—
Strange 'at I couldn't see her worth in life;
But then, I seldom told her how she lent
A charm to home an' driv' off much of strife.

So thoughts like these have teched me ever-more,
When plowin' in the field below her grave,
Or when at noon I set out by the door
Beneath the vines 'at on the trellis wave;
Her mound is jest in sight, an' I can view
The little slab 'at tells one where she lays,
An' hear across the shimmerin' fields the coo
Of doves that linger through the summer days.

An' evenin's, settin' on the gallery,
The twilight's arm a-closin' round the world,
It seems 'at mem'ry'll come in spite of me,
An' all the past is like a scrip unfurl'd.
I think of her when rain drops patter through
The shadows turkin' 'mongst the maple boughs,
I hear her voice when comes the s-o-o-o,
s-o-o, s-o-o,
Down by the gap where Jinny milked the cows.

An' when the moon is shinin' ca'm an' bright—
So clear 'at one can see on upland knolls
The flocks of sheep a-browsin' ghostly white,
As we consider selected women's souls—
My eyes git full, a-thinkin' of her there,
Not hearin' love, but peacefully an' still;
An' then I wish I, too, was done with care
Restin' with Jinny yonder on the hill.

—Will T. Hale, in Showers and Sunshine.

MY VILLAGE NEIGHBOR.

BY LUCY HARDY.

I made her acquaintance through the accident of renting a small cottage for a few weeks in a remote Devonshire village. I had been overworked, so the doctors said, and was now ordered "country air and quiet," both of which I found in the pretty abode (quite the ideal "cottage" of fiction) of which I was now temporary owner. "Laburnum Cottage" was situated on the outskirts of the village, and its only near neighbor was a somewhat larger abode of the same rustic type of architecture, whose garden, back and front, was only separated from mine by a low hedge. I believe the two houses had originally been built for the occupancy of relatives who wished to be together.

"You will find Mrs. Fraser, the lady next door, a most quiet and inoffensive neighbor," said the house agent from whom I rented my country abode; and his words certainly proved true. No noisy pianoforte performances broke my repose; no disagreeable exhibition of "washing at home" offended my eyes in the garden next door. Mrs. Fraser kept neither dogs, nor pigeons, nor fowls; she was indeed a model next-door neighbor, as I often reflected, remembering my sufferings at the hands of some of my suburban next-door residents in London. I often caught a glimpse of Mrs. Fraser flitting about her garden, or sitting at work in her bow window; she was a sweet-faced woman about 60, with silvery hair smoothly braided under a lace cap, and possessed of a voice as gentle as her face. Her modest establishment consisted of a little village maid and an elderly servant, who was devoted to her mistress. My married sisters (I am the only old maid in the family) often laugh at me for the manner in which I "take notice of strangers." Perhaps if my life was as full of home cares and interests as are theirs, I might look less far afield; but a solitary woman's personal affairs are not very engrossing, and I plead guilty to "taking notes" of my neighbors. Possibly my literary avocation as a novelist has disposed me to observe "traits and characteristics" more than I should otherwise do, and I had not been many days in Laburnum cottage before I had begun to speculate regarding my next-door neighbor's history, and had settled in my own mind that she must be a widow.

"I'M GOING TO MEET MY HUSBAND."

Longfellow truly remarks that some faces bear a story in their lineaments; others nothing but a date. My gentle old lady looked as if she had experienced sorrow as well as joy in her lifetime; and the tranquil look which her countenance usually bore seemed that of the calm which succeeds a great grief, when the passionate prayers for happiness which we offer in youth are exchanged for the hope of passing peracem ad locem.

I was greatly attracted by my neighbor, and was pleased when chance gave me an opportunity of speaking to her. As I had expected, her manner was as fascinating as her face, and before I had been a week in the cottage, Mrs. Fraser and I regularly "gave each other the time of day," as the servants phrase it, whenever we saw each other over our garden hedge, although neither had yet entered the other's house. I returned from a long ramble one evening to find my neighbor standing at her gate. As I passed into mine I made one of the usual "weather remarks." The sunset was cloudy, and I said that I hoped the next day would be fine, as I expected a niece to stay with me, and was to meet her at the station, about a mile away.

"Yes, I, too, hope it will be fine tomorrow," said Mrs. Fraser; "for I also am going to meet some one at the station, and this place looks so cheerless on a wet afternoon. I am going to meet my husband," she added.

Here was an end to all my preconceived theories; but somehow I had never associated the house next door, so neat, so quiet, with the idea of a man on the premises. I suppose my face showed my surprise, for the old lady went on:

"My husband was obliged to go to London for some business, but I expect him back to-morrow—indeed, I am quite sure he will come that day, for it is my birthday—of course, I miss him so much when he is away."

"You have no children to keep you company?" I said.

A slight blush rose to the old lady's cheek as she said: "No," with a little hesitancy of manner, and then walked into her house.

"Perhaps her family has given her trouble," I thought to myself, now driven to construct a fresh romance to account for the lines of former care on my neighbor's brow. A daughter who had left her home, a son who had disgraced his name—was some such domestic tragedy locked in my neighbor's heart?

Despite the threatening sunset, the next day proved bright and cloudless, and I set off on foot to meet my expected guest, instead of rumbling both to and from the station in the one decrepit fly which the village boasted, and which duly awaited the arrival of possible "fares" at the station. As I walked down the lane I heard steps behind me, and turned to see my neighbor. She looked ten years younger, with a bright light in her eyes and a pretty faint color in her cheeks. Happiness beamed on her generally quiet face.

"I am going to the station to meet the three o'clock train," she explained. "Edward will be sure to come by that."

My sisters always say I am "absurdly romantic." Certainly, though I am an old maid myself, I still take much interest in other folks' love stories—perhaps long ago I had one of my own. And there is always something inexpressibly touching, to any way of thinking, in the faithful love of an elderly pair, the abiding affection between a Darby and Joan which has withstood the chilling effects of age and time. I looked at my dear old lady; as flushed and eager at the idea of meeting her (presumably elderly) husband as any young bride might have been to greet a newly-wedded bridegroom, and reflected that hearts can keep young if faces grow older.

"I suppose you have been married a long time?" I hazarded. But Mrs. Fraser's replies seemed fated to surprise me; for, to my great amazement, she answered, promptly:

"Not very long, only about a year."

"About a year!" And surely my neighbor must be 60 at least. Well, one sometimes hears of elderly lovers, sundered in youth, coming together in later life; and it has been truly said: "The tenderest thing in the world is an old love revived."

Assuredly this old lady was still "in love" with her husband, whom she was now hurrying to meet; checking herself, indeed, as she noted that I could hardly keep pace with her rapid steps, and saying, half laughingly:

"I am walking too fast for you, and I know we have plenty of time. It is very silly of me, but I am so anxious to see my husband again, although, of course, he cannot arrive before his train comes in."

"Has he been away long?" I asked.

A sudden shadow fell on my companion's face.

"I—I scarcely know," she said, slowly; "I am never very good at counting time exactly. But he is sure to be here this afternoon," she continued, brightening again; "for he promised to be with me on my birthday—to-day—without fail;" and she walked on again so rapidly that I could scarcely keep pace with her.

The little local train duly dawdled into the station some while after the appointed time, and a few passengers, among them my expected guest, alighted on the platform. But I was sorry to observe that my companion was still standing solitary, with tears rising to her eyes. I was busy collecting my niece's parcels, or would have spoken to her, and before I could do so her old servant entered the station.

"Your master has never arrived, Sarah—and he promised," said Mrs. Fraser, in a piteous tone.

"Well, it is no use waiting here any longer now, ma'am," said the woman, in a soothing tone, as one would address a child; "there's no other train till to-morrow. I have the pony chaise outside, and you'd best drive home now and rest, because you know"—here she whispered something in Mrs. Fraser's ear—and the old lady blushed again, and said, with a little laugh:

"Yes, Sarah, you are right; I must not overtire myself, of course. It would so vex your master when he comes home to find that I had been fatiguing myself waiting here," and the two women left the platform.

"I am sorry that lady has been disappointed of meeting her husband," I remarked to the civil station master, with whom I had become on friendly terms, through the trouble he had taken on my first arrival at the village to trace the errant wanderings of a lost box of mine.

Mr. Smith looked at me with surprise.

"Mrs. Fraser meet her husband, poa'am!—why, she's been a widow these 35 years."

"But she was coming to the station all in a hurry to-day, to meet her husband, she said," I exclaimed.

"Ah, that's how it is, poor lady," said Mr. Smith, shaking his head. "I forgot, ma'am, you're a stranger in these parts and don't know the story. It's over 35 years agone that Mr. and Mrs. Fraser came down here to live, a young married couple, and wonderful devoted to each other they was, all folks say. It was quite a vexation when Mr. Fraser had to go to London for a few weeks about some law business—he had had a little property left to him—and the doctor here forbid Mrs. Fraser, who was keeping quiet just then, traveling with him. You remember the railway accident at ——," mentioning one of the most terrible fatalities of the last half century of railway annals; "well, Mr. Fraser was in that crash and was killed on the spot. And, by a most unlucky accident, the poor lady, who was come to the station all eagerness to meet her husband, heard the dreadful news all of a sudden, and Mr. Fraser's name, he being well known in these parts, was a boy at the time, but I've often heard father, who was stationmaster here then, say that he never to the end of his life should forget the look on that poor creature's face, nor the awful scream she gave when some blundering fool jumped out of the train, which had come in at last, some two hours late, and bawled out: 'There's been the most awful accident at ——, and our Mr. Fraser is among the killed.'"

"SHE'S BEEN A WIDOW THESE THIRTY-FIVE YEARS."

"I wonder the shock did not kill her outright," I said.

"It nigh did. The poor little baby, as never drew a breath, was born that night, and no one ever thought that the mother would be long here. But the doctors pulled her through somehow, as regards her body, but her mind was altogether gone for a long while. She was took away for years, poor soul, and the little house shut up, but after a time she came back here with her maid, Sarah, who'll stick faithful to her all through, and the doctors said Mrs. Fraser was 'cured,' leastways they'd done all they could for her. It was what they called an experiment, bringing her back to her old home, but it answered, for they say the poor lady grew no sight more quiet and rational-like after she was back in her old home."

"She has always appeared perfectly rational whenever I spoke to her," I remarked.

"Aye, so she is, to talk to. But it's a curious thing, ma'am, and perhaps a merciful one, too, that the poor lady has clean forgot all that happened after her husband left her. She doesn't understand that she's a widow; she doesn't count how the years have gone by; she believes she's still a young wife of five-and-twenty, preparing for the little baby that's soon to arrive, and that her husband's only away for a day or two. Sarah manages to keep her quiet and happy, just like a child: there's only one day in the year that she grows restless, and that's to-day—the day of the accident. Somehow she always seems to remember to-day, and will come to the station to meet her husband. They've found it best to humor her in this. Sarah coaxes her home after the train comes in and quiets her, and by to-morrow she'll have, in a way, forgot, and be only looking forward in a general sort of style to her husband's return. They say she keeps his room and all his things ready, just as he left them all those years ago."

It was a piteous little story, and my companion and I were silent on our drive home. How little any of us fathom the tragedies which may have occurred in our neighbors' lives!

As I walked up my garden I saw Mrs. Fraser seated at her window, busy with some sewing. The tears were gone from her eyes and her countenance had resumed its wonted serenity of expression. She looked up as I passed and nodded with a bright smile.

"Edward will be here to-morrow, Sarah says," she remarked, "and you see I have some work—pleasant work—to keep me quiet while I am alone;" and she held up the materials on which she was engaged.

I turned away, sick at heart: the old lady's fingers were busy with an infant's shirt, the dainty cambric and lace faded and yellowed by time.

And yet, perhaps, as the stationmaster had remarked, the delusion was a merciful one. In her own imagination the desolate widow of 60 was still the happy girl-wife, the hopeful prospective mother of nearly 40 years gone by. Some dreams are happier than the actual realities.—Madame

ORIGIN OF EYEGLASSES.

They Were the Find of King Charles II. of England.

The study of the eye is one of the most intricate known to science, and yet one of the most enchanting and absorbingly interesting to those who pursue it with any degree of success. New beauties and wonders are developed every day as the oculist progresses with his studies.

Now that the study has advanced far it is interesting to look back upon the work which has been accomplished a mere start in the study. The time was when there was no aid to defective vision, and very few who now use glasses ever dreamed that their discovery was due to an accident and the fact that a crowned head was near-sighted.

When young Charles Stuart, afterward Charles II. of England, escaped to France with his head, he became a pensioner of the great Louis XIV. While living his indolent and dissolute life in Cologne he met an expert artisan in glass, and accidentally looking through a small lens belonging to this workman he found that it greatly aided his very imperfect vision. The young prince was born with myopic astigmatism (irregular near-sight). By a mathematical calculation, based upon the crude and heavy lenses he is said to have finally worn, which are now in the British museum, his vision was found to be about one-twentieth of normal sight.

He and the artisan were so impressed with the possibilities as revealed by the rough lens he had tried in the workshop that the latter from that day gave his whole time, and the former all the thought he was capable of exercising, to this work.

The name of this Frenchman is not known, although he was probably the first optician. When Charles was recalled to England and crowned as Charles II. he took this artisan with him, together with several others that he had found in France.

After establishing his London workshop without regard to cost he ransacked all Europe for still other artisans in glass, until he had secured about 20. It is said that as many as 6,000 lenses were made in this shop for the king's eyes before he got what he wished and what gave him perfect vision. His gay and dissolute court at once followed his example by attempting to wear glasses, without regard to their necessity, but as a majority of them were young, and had not overworked their eyes as students do in this age, glasses were as a rule unnecessary.

The fashion originated from a necessity, and the king met it through his persistence and the sacrifice of many thousands of pounds sterling and with many thousand trials through art alone. The science of refraction was not then in its present state of perfection to direct the artisan how to grind lenses to fit the king's eyes at one effort; indeed, it did not then exist. This fashion soon became a fad, with a disregard to the peculiar necessity that originated it; yet without science to direct them what to grind, the artisans became rich, not only in English pounds, but in experience of mechanical optics.

The way was thus paved for the almost perfect science of optics that now exists, as well as the art of grinding lenses. "'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good." The good, accidentally, it would seem, that followed Charley's exile to France has been worth many times over the loss of his father's head, the fear of the same result to himself having been his incentive to flight.—St. Louis Republic.

FOOTBALL AND SCHOLARSHIP.

The Old Roman Idea Is to Be Carried Out.

We are quite ready to believe that university and college authorities are looking more sharply after the scholarship of their athletes. There is certainly no incompatibility between excellence in athletics and excellence in the class room. The history of college teams and crews proves this to be true. There are men who have just come from the football field who stand high in their classes and who have lost nothing in scholarship rank by reason of the games and matches that they have played. There is at least one of these men who stands easily at the head of his class. Faculties realize that they must see to it that there shall be no loss of scholarship and no discredit to scholarship by reason of intercollegiate athletics.

Only the other day the Ohio university authorities compelled the captain of the football team to resign his captaincy because he had fallen behind in his studies. No doubt in recent times there has been a disposition on the part of professors, most of whom are human and proud of their institutions, to overlook ignorance and stupidity when manifested by a strong-armed oarsman, a cool-headed quarter-back or a cunning pitcher, but the day of the scholar is surely coming again; for, while professors who are fit instructors of youth are proud of their teams and dearly love a victory of brawn for their colleges, at the bottom scholarship is really their ideal and they will make it the ideal of the institutions in which they teach. The time will come, we have no doubt, when the athlete will be subordinated to the scholar in even the most bubbling of undergraduate minds, and then we can say: "What if there was too much worship of brawn for a time? It followed the worship of what was considered mind but was really sentimentality, and some of it mandlin at that. Out of all has come a practical exposition of the old Roman ideal, a sound mind in a sound body."—Harper's Weekly.

The Hand of Fortune.

Freddy—What is the hand of fortune, papa?

Papa—Four aces, my son—that is, don't bother me. Go to your mother.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

—A stall-fed cow will consume about four tons of hay per annum.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Russian thistles, a patch of which have flourished for some time near Whipple, A. T., have overgrown well-trodden paths there and made them impassable for men or animals.

—A Maryland lady recently entertained during a church festival three guests, strangers to her and to each other, whose names were Mrs. Sprinkle, Mrs. Shower and Mrs. Storm.

—While the sun was shining brightly and the sky was almost clear over Algansee township, Branch county, Mich., lightning struck R. D. Tift's barn and destroyed it with its contents.

—Fountain tooth brushes are an improvement over the old style. The handle contains a reservoir and a tube runs from this to the center of the brush proper to discharge the liquid on the bristles.

—With pride in her every look a Fossil (Ore.) woman who had shot a coyote which her husband had missed, after discovering it trying to steal his turkeys, carried the scalp to the newspaper office and applied it on her husband's subscription.

—Suit to recover $1,999 has been begun against a packing company at Kansas City by a former employe who worked three years in the boiler-room, and becoming overheated one day was sent into the refrigerating-room to cool off, and afterward suffered a long illness. He asserts that the illness was caused by the sudden great change of temperature.

—Ascension island, in the south Atlantic, is having troublesome times. Its government is that of a British man of war, but officers' wives are allowed to live on it. There are ten of them; they have quarreled about precedence and now refuse to speak to each other. The captain of the last war vessel that stopped there with supplies, including dresses, tried to make them adopt the rule of seniority of age, but it didn't work.

—A heathen burying ground, with giant skeletons, was recently dug up at Mitterndorf, in the Austrian Salzkammergut. Many of the bodies were six foot seven inches tall; they were all buried with the feet to the east, each inclosed in a circle of stones, with a stone under the head. Large earrings and finger rings were found on them, and one skeleton held a knife in its hand. No signs of Christian burial were discovered.

THE FASHIONS.

Feminine Fancies in Cold Weather Costumes.

Smart little coat bodices made of satin brocade in various dainty colorings are worn by fashionable young women with afternoon gowns of black or dark-colored material in silk and wool, moire, or figured satin. The bodice opens over a full vest of some airy fabric shirred or plaited over colored silk and banded with lace insertion. The short frilly basque is lined with a matching color of silk, and is belted at the back and on the sides where the belt disappears, leaving the front of the coat bodice free, banding only the lower edge of the full vest in front.

Faced cloth remains a great favorite this winter, and some of the most attractive imported tailor gowns are made of this material. The prices of these goods seem disproportionate, taken in connection with the fact that the material is only wool, not even intermixed or flecked with silk. But it is wool of the finest description, most carefully prepared and beautifully dyed, looking almost equal to heavy silk, and for certain uses being more fashionable than silk. A stylish winter costume of Russian green faced cloth has a jacket bodice finished with wide revers joined to a cape-collar made of white satin overlaid with a delicate arabesque embroidery of iridescent beads. The revers and collar are edged with mink fur, and gauntlet cuffs match this decoration. The gored skirt is bordered with the fur. Elegant cots of creamy tan Melton cloth are lined with pale-blue or cream satin brocade, and trimmed with sable or other fur; and among other luxurious garments are tight-fitting sealskin jackets, with box fronts, the jackets merely silk lined to make them less heavy, with additional warmth imparted by deep-pointed cape collars of the same fur falling over the sealskin sleeves that fit snugly on the lower arm and are made without cuffs.

Many of the winter street coats and capes have added collarettes made of very delicate textiles in marked contrast with the heavy wrap itself. Formerly these delicate additions would have been deemed fit only for the most ornate theater or opera wraps. An instance of present modes is a green velvet cape worn with a green cloth tailor costume, with a huge collarette of plaited black chiffon interspersed with sable tails and satin ribbon loops. A black velvet cape lined with old rose satin has an immense ruche formed of lace, net, old rose, ribbon, and jet ornaments. A black velvet jacket has a similar ruche showing a magpie mixture of costly white lace, fur, and accordion-plaited mousseline de soie.

The empire or sack-back coat has gained much ground in favor this winter, and is found to be at least a very easy and useful garment. The cutters have greatly improved on the shape we were first familiar with, smartness and a sack-back coat being a few seasons ago quite irreconcilable. Though fashion favors coats of this style, if greatly shortened in length, it is never elegant even worn by the most admirable of figures. A woman has only to put on a loose dressing-sack that just reaches the hips to partially judge of the unbecoming effect of this particular model.—N. Y. Post.

Oh, the Perverseness of Things.

"How are those cork shoes you got?"

"Great! Why, when the water gets in, the cork keeps it from getting out."—N. Y. Truth.

Warm

Rich, nourishing blood in winter keeps the system healthy and strong and wards off colds, fevers, pneumonia and bronchitis. It is given by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c.

TOLD BY A SYCAMORE TREE.

Marks Made Thirty Years Ago Found Beneath the Bark.

The line of survey between the Muscupiabe rancho and the forest reservation, which has been so often disputed and so many times surveyed, has at last been settled, and in a novel manner. A huge sycamore tree has given witness, and that in the form of a record that is beyond dispute. The original survey of the line in question was made almost 30 years ago. On the location of station 29 there has never been any dispute, but many claims were put forth for the location of section 30. Later and private surveys claim that the line must have gone almost straight east from section 29, which is in Devil canyon. Again, the claim has been made by surveyors that the line of the survey from station 29 to station 30 runs in a general southeasterly direction. As station 30 is over a mile east of station 29, this made a discrepancy of over 1,500 feet at station 30.

Many private surveys have been made, and the exact location of the line has been the subject of many thousands of dollars' worth of litigation. In the Muscupiabe land cases this has been one of the subjects of dispute. A short time ago United States Surveyor G. A. Perrine appeared in this city with a force of men, and has been steadily working on this survey ever since. The original survey, made 30 years ago, was the work of Surveyor John Hancock, and the field notes made by him were brought with Mr. Perrine. When the disputed territory was passed there was a memorandum stating that a tree had been blazed near station 30. Arriving at a point where he thought the station should be located, Mr. Perrine sighted over the surrounding country for a tree which he thought might have been growing at the time of the first survey.

A tree was found that bore on its trunk a rough and gnarled spot. The surveyor decided that if this was the tree inside of the trunk should be indications of the original marks. He took an ax, cut above and below the rough spot, removed a huge chip and there in the heart of the tree were the original marks made long ago. The characters appeared inverted on the chip, and as plain as the day when first made—"M—30—B. T.," signifying Muscupiabe station 30, blazed tree.

The chip was brought to the city and forwarded to the federal courts at Los Angeles, where it will in the future be used as evidence, clearly proving the original line of survey. The marks on the trunk of the tree had been overgrown with almost 30 years of growth, so that it was due to Mr. Perrine's perseverance and knowledge of botany that the line was definitely settled beyond all dispute.—San Bernardino (Cal.) Sun.

Mackerel Getting Wary.

Cape Cod fishermen complain that the mackerel of to-day are not to be taken by any of the methods that proved successful with their ancestors. The first result of the constant pursuit of which these fish were the objects was almost to exterminate them. Only the most knowing mackerel survived, and their progeny, though now very numerous again, manifest an adroitness in escaping from nets and hooks that is immensely pleasing to the people seeking confirmation for the theory of natural selection, but most exasperating to men with a living to earn.—N. Y. Sun.

Women to Change Into Men.

A certain Chinese sect teaches that women who wear short hair will be transformed into men in the great hereafter.

When a man falls out of a ten-story window you'd naturally say he is a dead man. Well, perhaps he is and then again, perhaps not. Something may save him. There may be a friendly awning that will let him down easy, so he may be sound and well to-morrow. You never know what may save a man who seems to be as good as dead.

Many a man who seemed to be dying of consumption, and whom the doctors pronounced just as good as dead, has got well and strong and hearty again by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This wonderful medicine has shown the doctors that consumption isn't always a fatal disease. It can be cured if you get at the germs of it in the blood and clear them out thoroughly. That is what this "Discovery" does. It makes new blood,—healthy blood.

The germs of consumption can't exist in healthy blood. They simply let go their hold and are carried out of the system; then the new blood builds up new tissue, new flesh, new power, new life. It carries vitality to the lungs, the bronchial tubes and every other part of the body.

It cures people after cod liver oil has failed, because their digestive organs are too weak to digest fat-foods. The "Discovery" makes the digestion strong.

For thin and pale and emaciated people there is no flesh-builder in the world to compare with it. It doesn't make flabby fat, but hard, healthy flesh. It builds nerve-power and force and endurance. It is never safe to pronounce any one "dying of consumption," or any other wasting disease, until this marvelous "Discovery" has been given a fair trial.

Dr. Pierce's thousand-page Illustrated book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser" will be sent free paper-bound for the cost of mailing *only*, 21 one-cent stamps. Cloth-bound, 10 stamps extra. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

TEMPERANCE.

THE DRUNKARD'S RAGGIT WEAN.

[The following tender lyric was very popular 25 or 30 years ago. It was written by James Paul Crawford, a native of Kattrine, Ayrshire, Scotland, and attracted the attention of Queen Victoria. It has been sung to the old tune "Castles in the Air."]

A wee bit raggit laddie gangs wan'rin' thro' the street,
Wadin' 'mang the snow wi' his wee backet feet,
Shiverin' i' the cauld blast, greetin' wi' the pain:
Wha's the puir wee catlan'? Ite's a drunkard's raggit wean.

He staun's at tlka door, an' he keeks wi' wistful e'e
To see the crood aroun' the fire a'lauchin' loud wi' glee;
But he daurna venture een; tho his heart be e'er sae fain,
For he mauna play wi' ither bairns, the drunkard's raggit wean.

Oh, see the wee bit laddie, his heart is once fou,
The sleet is blawin' cauld, and he's drouktt through and through;

He's spierin' for his mither, an' he won'ers whaur she's gane—
But, oh! his mither she forgets her puir wee raggit wean.

He kens nae faither's loue, and he kens nae mither's care,
To soothe his wee bit sorrows or kame his tauilt hair,
To kiss him when he wankens, or smooth his bed at e'en,
An, oh! he fears his faither's face, the drunkard's raggit wean.

Oh, pity the wee laddie, sae guileless an' sae young,
The oath that lea's his faither's lip'll settle on his tongue;
An' sinfu' words his mither speaks, his infant lips'll stain,
For, oh! there's nane to guide the bairn, the dronkard's raggit wean.

Then surely we mnteht try an' turn that sinfu' mither's heart,
An' try to get his faither to act a faither's part,
An' mak' them lea' the drunkard's cup, and never taste again,
An' cherish wi' a parents' care, their puir wee raggit wean.

NOTES ABOUT STIMULANTS.

Effect on the Body of Alcohol, Beef Tea, Tea, Coffee and Cocoa.

Alcohol does not give force. Taken into the body it liberates more heat (force) than it gives.

Every healthy human body contains a store of latent energy. Any one of the stimulants taken into the body liberates some of that energy, either as work done or as heat sensible to the body.

Stimulants are vegetable, animal, alcoholic. Vegetable stimulants are tea and coffee, and the animal stimulant is beef tea.

Beef tea, ordinary tea, coffee and cocoa all have for their active principles substances which are very nearly alike in chemical formula.

When we take a cup of tea we take it to get out of the body certain force from a reserve that otherwise we would not draw on. We are tending to bankrupt the system, and the stimulant adds nothing to our capital.

The use of a stimulant at any time should be followed by the prompt ingestion of easily digested food sufficient to replace the amount of force that the stimulant released.

Our hospitals abound in tea drunkards and coffee drunkards, just as much, perhaps, as alcoholic drunkards.

A woman nervous over household cares, too busy to get a meal, takes a cup of tea and feels better momentarily. The tea braces her up, liberating some of the force that has been stirred up. Shortly she breaks down again and takes another cup of tea. This proceeds every few hours for days. Ultimately she gets into the doctor's hands. Before she can recover she must give back to the body the force that has been robbed from it.

To get the strength out of the meat one must consume its proteid matter as well as the other constituents.

Beef tea is in itself a stimulant, but not a food.

In administering beef tea give the patient nourishing food at the same time or shortly after.

A perfectly well person needs no stimulant.

Never take a stimulant before a task. After the task is done and the need of something bracing is felt, a stimulant may be advisable, as a cup of tea, coffee or cocoa.

Much poverty is due to abuse of stimulants; poverty also leads to their use. —Philadelphia Record.

Cause of Ill Health.

Sir H. Johnson, British commissioner in Central Africa, writes in the Central African Blue Book: "Undoubtedly another cause of ill health here is the increasing consumption of alcohol, which is too obviously prevailing among many of the more recently arrived Europeans. The chief bane of British Central Africa is that accursed spirit, whisky." Again he says: "It is whisky which is at the bottom of much of our ill health, it is whisky which is answerable for many of our deaths."

Judge—"You have been behind the bars several times. I know your face." Prisoner (a barkeeper)—"Yes, your honor; I have served you in every saloon I ever worked in."

WASN'T TRAINED TO DRINK.

Miss Willard Discovers an Ocean Captain Who Was a Total Abstainer.

It is lunch time on a famous trans-Atlantic "flier," a ship well-nigh 600 feet long, with engines of 20,000 horse power and 1,500 voyagers, writes Frances E. Willard, in Union Signal.

"Here are your table tickets," said the steward, and a minute later I found myself seated at the captain's right hand. The distinction surprised me, for it was usually given to some famous politician, noted capitalist or society leader. A teetotader and temperance reformer is the last one to be thus honored, for the captain generally takes a glass of wine at dinner, and if he does not his guests are likely to do so.

But this time our captain was a strict total abstainer. And why not? He was bred in Maine from the age of five, was a Good Templar from his youth, and told me he "had never known the taste of liquor in his life." He was a noble specimen of manhood—over six feet high and well proportioned, weighing 280 pounds and carrying himself with gracious dignity.

We talked of his career. He had risen from "before the mast" until he had now been for years captain of a first-class "ocean greyhound," and he told me that he owed it all to his clean habits. When he first began to rise, the ship on which he was an officer put into the port of San Francisco, and as it was "a great day," all the men were drinking, the captain leading on and asking him to "celebrate." "I did not know but it would cost me my chance," he told me, "but I could not go back upon my training, and I said: 'Captain, I never touched a drop in my life, and I can't begin now.'" Upon this the captain clapped him on the shoulder and said: "I wish to God that the same was true of me."

BEER SUPPLANTING WHISKY.

As a Nation We Are Using Less Strong Stimulant.

The internal revenue receipts of the United States government for the last fiscal year show an increase of about one per cent. in the income from the tax on spirits, whereas the revenue raised by the tax on malt and other fermented liquors increased no less than six per cent. The rates of taxation were not changed, so that the increase in receipts corresponds with the expansion of the market for the liquors taxed.

These figures seem to prove that the consumption of spirits is not increasing in the United States as fast as the population. It is evident that the rate of growth in the last fiscal year was not much more than half as much as the rate of gain in the number of inhabitants.

On the other hand, the revenue from the tax on beer and similar liquors indicates that the use of such alcoholic beverages is fast outrunning the increase of population. It is not probable that the number of inhabitants of the United States is growing at the rate of more than two per cent. a year, and if this is so the consumption of beer showed an increase last year about three times as great, in proportion, as the growth of the country.

This means that we are becoming more like the continental countries of Europe, as a nation, in the use of stimulants, and there ought to be much less drunkenness in proportion to the number of drinkers than there used to be when whisky was the great American tipple.—Cleveland Leader.

GENERAL GLEANINGS.

The prosperity of the saloon is the destruction of the people.

The man who "can drink or let it alone" is pretty sure to do both, just to show you he can.—Indiana Phalanx.

No gift on earth pure water can excel;
Nature's the brewer, and she brews it well.
—National Temperance Advocate.

No person addicted to drinking can expect to be trusted with any responsible duty, and a person who cannot be trusted would better not be continued in office.—Hon. Rutherford B. Hayes.

I'm not afraid of anarchy if you will abolish the saloon. It is not the pipe filled with dynamite that is the real bomb; it is the bottle on the saloon shelf.—Dr. P. S. Henson.

Buried in a pauper's grave near Hartshorne, I. T., was the body of an old man named Johnson, who, it is said, was once lieutenant governor of Florida. He was brought low by drink.

The grand lodge of True Templars of western South Africa has just held its annual session. The reports concerning the growth of the order were very encouraging. There are now 44 temples, with 3,008 members, an increase during the year of nine temples and 493 members. It was decided to discontinue the Temperance News, the organ of the order, and unite with the grand lodge of central South Africa in issuing a larger paper. This is an excellent move.

As a strategic move, the cleaning out liquors from the capitol restaurants is an immense victory. It shows the powerful growth which is unquestionably rapid and deep. And it prevents that muddling of congressional brain and conscience of the few drinkers there at critical times which has so often defeated righteous measures. Every thoughtful man familiar with the proceedings of congress will know that to prohibit liquor selling in the capitol is a victory of great significance.—Charles Roads, D. D.

French Are Great Drinkers.

According to an eminent professor at Geneva, France drinks more alcohol annually than any other nation in Europe. The calculation is made on the basis of the strength of the liquids consumed, and all drinks being brought to a common standard, it appears that each person in France drinks 13 quarts a year. Next to France comes Switzerland, Belgium, and Italy, the annual consumption in the case of each of these countries being ten quarts. The English and Germans consume nine quarts, the Swedes four, the Norwegians three, and the Canadians only two.

NO MORE BALDNESS.

A Disease That May Easily Be Prevented.

Now the real cause of baldness has been discovered, and a French dermatologist, Dr. Labourand, suggests a remedy. By the use of this remedy, he says, baldness can be prevented, and in the next generation it may be unknown.

Can the awful consequence of such a discovery be imagined? Can people of this generation contemplate such a social condition as a total lack of baldness? What will the ballet girl do without that inspiring row of shining pates just beyond the footlight? What will the funny man do, deprived of his fund of baldheaded jokes? Hair will grow in vulgar abundance.

It has been known for some time among medical men that baldness is a disease. It has even been supposed to be due to a specific microbe. In fact, such an extraordinary amount of evidence in favor of the theory has been accumulated that the idea is now generally accepted. Dr. Labourand's investigation in the subject has been exhaustive and of such a conclusive nature as to add heavy reinforcements to the already existing microbic theory. He believes that the disease is contagious and that the cause of contagion and the spreading of microbes is due to the barber's instruments. He presents strong evidence in support of this theory.

According to Labourand the typical diseased hair is found at the edge of a constantly enlarging bald spot. It is the stump of what was once a long hair. It is shaped like an interrogation point; it grows less in diameter toward the root, and has lost its color, being either gray or white. The normal pith canal is wanting at the root, which is itself no longer bulbous and hollowed for the papilla, but distorted in shape and hardened. Within the root sac a little bulb may be seen developing if examined under the magnifying glass. It is this which is said to be the cause of the disease.

In the good hair this bulb or utricule is full and closed, and contains in its center compact clusters of microbes, a culture of the smallest bacillus known. As the microbe matures it may become one one-hundredth of an inch in width, is bent or slightly curved in shape, like a comma, blunt at the ends and slightly swollen in the center. Each bulb contains millions of these bacilli, and to them is attributed the cause of baldness.

Investigation shows that by the time the hair is dead and the root and sebaceous glands useless the microbe which produced this effect is gone. Thus remedies applied to the bald spot in the hope of making hair grow again are vain. For that glistening, white desert is totally barren of productive roots, and the oily sacs are dried forever.

However, the progress of baldness can be impeded. This is accomplished by disinfection of the skin at the edge and in the neighborhood of the patch by means of an effectual, microbe-destroying tonic.

If the microbe of baldness is an actual fact, as seems fairly probable, and if the prevalence of the condition is due to contagion, as is the reasonable and logical deduction, baldness can be prevented and the first stages of the disease arrested by intelligent treatment. So, in time, baldness may disappear from humanity.—Chicago Times-Herald.

OYSTERS AND TYPHOID.

The Bivalves Capable of Causing Disease.

It is not likely that the public will read, or even see, the elaborate report on the oyster and the typhoid question just issued by the local government board, and therefore we beg them not to be alarmed at the comments that are appearing in the press on the subject. Report does not warrant an alarmist view. It contains, it is true, the abundant justification for having raised the question. Oysters are now proved, not only in this country but in France and the United States, to be capable of causing, and to have actually caused, typhoid fever. And the investigation of the oyster beds on our coasts, carried out by Dr. Bulstrode for the local government board, shows that in several places oysters are exposed to the risk of conveying the disease. They are placed for fattening in shallow water near the foreshore, and so close to sewer outfalls as to be pretty constantly bathed by sewage. The worst places in this respect are Southend, Grimsby, Shoreham and the Isle of Wight. On the other hand, Whitstable and several other famous beds are beyond suspicion, while a third class is only theoretically open to danger. But the most comforting point brought out by the report is that even in the worst cases the danger can be removed without difficulty. Now that the government has pointed the way, it is for the local authorities to carry out the necessary reforms, and for oyster consumers to insist that they are carried out.—St. James Gazette.

A Pin in the Heart.

The old time idea that the slightest touch of a foreign substance on the heart means certain death was shattered years ago. One of the most remarkable cases ever heard of, however, was that described in a paper read before the Association of American physicians some years ago by Dr. Peabody. It was of a case where a pin was found in a human heart after having been there for an indefinite period. The point of the pin was distant above five millimeters from the external surface of the heart. The pin seemed eroded, and was broken by the scissors in dissection, without becoming displaced. There was no evidence of recent local inflammation, but that part of the heart in the neighborhood of the protruding head of the pin was greatly thickened and snow-white and firmly adherent to the edge of the head. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Rhinestein—"Life is a failure." Borgenbaum—"If one could only live a hundred lives!"—Boston Transcript.

—"What is your nephew doing now?" "For the last five years he has been choosing a profession."—Jugend.

—"What is it that ails you, Mrs. Giles?" "Well, my lady, the doctor says it's just general nobility!"—Moonshine.

—Pat—"They do say the car nixt the engine be the most dangerous." Mike—"Begorra, then, why don't they lave it off?"—Household Words.

—"You ain't forgot that maximum I tole you yestiday, is you, Sammie?" "No, grand-dad. 'A bird in the hand is worth two on de roost.'"—Life.

—"Uncle Simon, what is a phenomenon?" "A phenomenon is a man who gets so rich that he won't accept a pass on a railroad."—Chicago Record.

—Stikker—"I dreamt last night that you gave me ten pounds." Stryker—"Good! that makes us square. I owed you a tenner, you know."—Tit-Bits.

—The Baby—"Gobble, hobble, Gobble, hobble." The Wife—"John, I do believe the baby is trying to say he loves me." The Brute—"Very likely. He hasn't known you long."—London Figaro.

—Doctor (to Irish patient)—"Do you sleep with your mouth open?" Irish Patient—"Shure, Di don't know, doctor. Oi've never seen myself when Oi've been nslape, but Oi'll have a look tonight!"—Tit-Bits.

—Benedict—"I tell you, my boy, it is impossible for me to find my wife's pocket!" Batcheller—"You shouldn't be discouraged. Look at me; I haven't been able to find even a wife yet."—Yonkers Statesman.

—Trustworthy Guarantee.—Customer (at the livery stable)—"He's perfectly safe, is he? I don't want a skittish animal." New Stable Boy—"All I know about 'im is that he used to be a Philadelphy car horse."—Chicago Tribune.

—The Only Drawback.—Visitor—"There is a panel in my new dining-room that that would just fit." Hungry Artist—"Most happy, I'm sure." Visitor—"Only, when the room is paid for, I shall have no money for pictures."—Harper's Bazar.

—Tenoyson used to tell the story of a farmer who, after hearing a red-hot sermon of never-ending fire and brimstone, consoled his wife quite sincerely with the naive remark: "Never mind, Sally; that must be wrong; no constitooshun could stand it."—Tit-Bits.

—"It's hard," remarked the man who was trying to write a letter, "to realize that it is '97 and not '96.'" "That's so," replied the friend with knotty legs and a downy mustache; "the bicycle makers don't give us nearly the difference in style from year to year that they used to."—Washington Star.

—A Dead Shot.—Algernon (who has invited himself down for a day's shooting)—"Hullo, Tom, what are those tickets tied on the dogs' collars for?" Keeper—"Well, sir, you see, the squire remembers your last day's shootin', and thought you had better know the valley of the dogs beforehand to save future unpleasantness!"—Fun.

GEOLOGICAL CONJECTURES.

Speculations Aroused by the Discovery of a Buried Tree.

The recent discovery of an oak tree, two or three feet in diameter, 50 feet below the surface, while sinking a well with a drill at the confluence of the Oneida and Seneca rivers, is an important discovery. It indicates that the Oneida river was at one time the outlet of an immense volume of water and opens to one readers very interesting geological conjectures.

The theory would seem to be plausible that the Oneida river was once the outlet of the great chain of lakes. One is reminded that Lake Ontario is 334 feet lower than Lake Erie. Three Rivers is 115 feet higher than Lake Ontario at Oswego. A great depression has taken place, unquestionably, in conditions immediately connected with Lake Ontario. It has apparently subsided several hundred feet, while the Oneida river has been raised up so that to-day it is 115 feet higher than the surface of the waters of Lake Ontario.

The waters from the great chain of lakes must have passed from Lake Ontario south through the valley where the Oswego river now runs, a reversal of the present course of that river. At the confluence of the Oneida with the Oswego this great volume of water made its way eastward through the Oneida river to the Mohawk and Hudson rivers. The Mohawk valley shows plainly that it was a great water course at one period and the discovery of the buried timber at Three Rivers proves conclusively that the water bed of the Oneida was at one period at least 50 feet lower than it now is and perhaps 100 to 150 feet lower.

It is even asserted that the shores of Lake Ontario were once located as far south as Baldwinsville; thence the course of the shore has been traced through Cayuga, Wayne, Monroe and adjacent counties. This condition shows, if correct, that the whole region, including Schoeppel, Clay, Cicero and portions of Madison county, was at one period a vast lake, but that in subsequent years a subsidence of the waters took place by the depression, causing Lake Ontario. Silt was washed down from the west through the Oswego and Oneida rivers and valleys. The drift of alluvium was eastward and, as now proved, covered up trees and filled in deep channels. It is conjectured that the St. Lawrence river did not exist at that time.—Popular Science News.

A Precious Ring.

Queen Victoria's coronation ring is never out of her sight, and is worn by her every evening. It is a band of gold, containing a cross in rubies surrounded by white brilliants. A coronation ring is supposed to symbolize the wedding of the sovereign with the nation.—Albany Journal.

EAT UNCOOKED FOOD.

Three California Women Who Subsist on Strange Fare.

There are three charming women in Berkeley who constitute the exception necessary to prove the rule that man is a cooking animal. They regard cooking as barbarity. Their dainty palates rebel at the suggestion of any food that has had its crude nature mollified by fire. To them the chef and all his works are anathema maranatha. They eat three hearty uncooked meals every day, and are as plump as partridges, as rosy as pippins and as happy as sandboys withal.

This gastronomical eccentric trio consists of Mrs. L. Beal and her two daughters, Alice and Mary Beal. The Beals are a cultured English family. Their wealth and intelligence preclude the idea that their extraordinary diet should have been adopted through either economy or imperfect investigation into matters of science. They moved from England to the South Sea islands, where Mr. Beal was a representative of her majesty's royal government. When Mr. Real died they came to California, and have been living in a very pretty little place which nestles among the Berkeley hills.

It was during their residence in the islands of the South sea that the Beals acquired their taste for uncooked food.

The Beals are in no sense simple eaters of fruit. Their regimen includes all kinds of vegetables, cereals, fruit, berries—every thing, in fact, except meat. But nothing is permitted to approach the oven or the pot, the frying pan or the griddle.

The first article on the Beal breakfast menu is mush. That is, they call it mush, but no one would recognize it as the time-honored article. The raw material is taken from the original package and deposited in the dish of each breakfaster. To this is added milk to suit. The Beals do not confine themselves to one kind of mush, but devour by turns oats in different forms, corn meal and wheats, but always raw as the article comes from the grocery. To this are added fruits, nuts and one vegetable, all in a state of nature.

At luncheon uncooked bread takes the place of the uncooked mush. Wheat, corn or barley coarsely ground and mixed with milk is the substitute for bread upon the Beal table. Luncheon is completed much like the breakfast.

Dinner is completed by adding two vegetables to the luncheon menu and by varying the uncooked "bread." Any vegetable that may be in season is allowed—string beans, cabbage, turnips, carrots, artichokes or asparagus, as the case may be. Green corn eaten from the cob uncooked is said to be a great luxury, and raw green peas are described as delicious. When fresh fruits are out of season the dried fruits are accepted as a substitute. Canned fruits are never served, because they are cooked before canning. Among the dried fruits prunes find the greatest favor with the Beal family. Tea and coffee are never used, because the Beals regard the brewing thereof as a form of cookery.

"We live upon uncooked food simply because we believe that it is the best," said Mrs. Beal. "It is not a religious mania, but it is done because we are satisfied that it is proper from a scientific point of view. Our dietary habits are the result of our experience while living in the islands, and, now that we are in the heart of civilization, we do not see any reason to change it."

The simplicity that is exhibited in eating is carried through the remainder of the house. The furnishing of the place is very simple, but of the finest that can be purchased. The floors of the house are uncarpeted, but are of hardwood, highly polished, with rugs made from the pelts of wild animals found in the islands. The raiment of Mrs. Beal and her daughters is as simple and yet as expensive as the rest of their environments.—San Francisco Examiner.

FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Hints of Value to the Cook and Housekeeper.

When loaves of bread are baked in too hot an oven and the outside crust gets too brown do not attempt to cut it off, but as soon as the bread is cold rub it over with a coarse tin grater and remove all the dark brown crust.

Always remember that one of the best appetizers is pleasant conversation.

It is said that if each of the large peppers is rolled in paper and put in a dark, cold place it will keep green and may be used for a vegetable until midwinter.

When baking a custard pudding or pie, as soon as the custard becomes solid remove the dish from the oven, for too long cooking will make a custard watery.

A delicious sauce is made from grated horseradish root mixed with lemon juice, a little salt, and a suspicion of white sugar. Served with cold meats, it makes them much more inviting and palatable. This sauce will retain its flavor for some time if kept well covered when not being used. Made with the juice of a lemon, the root does not discolor so quickly as when made in the old way with vinegar.

One of the best and quickest ways of cleaning the isinglas windows in a stove is with vinegar and water. Dip a soft cloth in the vinegar and water, and quickly rub the windows over, going well into the corners. The windows will remain clean for a long time.—N. Y. Sun.

Where Milk Is Scarce.

Fresh milk is an almost unknown luxury in South African towns, and for a large part of the year in the country also. "Condensed cow" is the form in which milk is procurable at hotels and in private houses.—Chicago Tribune.

Sure To Be.

"I see that they caught the fellow who broke out of jail last week," said the boarder who was looking over his paper. "Of course," said the Cheerful Idiot. "A fellow who breaks out is sure to be spotted."—Indianapolis Journal.

SHELTERS FOR POULTRY.

Two Houses Which Are Popular in England and Australia.

The barrel poultry house (Fig. 1) is largely used by cottagers in England, and makes a capital house for a small lot of birds, says Australasian. Any cracks or crevices should be filled up with clay or putty. The inside should have a good coating of lime, in which some carbolic acid has been mixed, and the outside should be well tarred or

BARREL POULTRY HOUSE.

painted. When perfectly dry it should be placed on bricks or blocks of wood, so as to raise it a few inches from the ground.

The other sketch (Fig. 2) represents a more elaborate house, which can be made according to the number of birds for which it is required. The illustration explains itself, and the space under the floor is of great advantage, as

POPULAR IN AUSTRALIA.

it gives protection from the weather and is much appreciated by the birds. The house should be removed every few days on to fresh ground. It will be noted that two important points, light and ventilation, have received attention from the designer of this house. Strong handles placed at each end would facilitate removal, or the house could readily be fixed on wheels. If corrugated iron is used for the roof it should have a wooden lining, as the former is a rapid conductor of heat and cold.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

Keep the quarters dry.

Do not feed musty grain to the laying hens.

After a hen passes her third year she declines in value.

Boiled milk is one of the best remedies for diarrhoea.

Most cases of gapes come from feeding in filthy places.

The early hatched chicken is generally the most profitable.

Hens that moulted late will rarely begin laying before spring.

A warm feed for breakfast goes a long way in inducing hens to lay now.

A hen with a frozen comb will not lay.

Have troughs in which to feed all soft feed.

There is no profit in marketing poorly fattened and poorly dressed poultry of any kind.

Eggs from fully matured fowls will not only hatch better but will produce stronger chickens.

If any considerable number of geese are kept it will pay to provide a special pasture for them.

If ducks are kept be sure to arrange so that they can be kept away from the well and the kitchen door.

On the average farm it is usually best to have only one breed of chickens, and give them the run of the farm.

A fowl that is properly housed and cared for never gets the roup unless it is in contact with fowls that have it.

Poultry pay best when kept in small flocks about the farm, getting their living from what otherwise would go to waste.

While the laying hens require grain, they also require something else. They should not be overfed with one thing and stinted of others. There must be variety to secure the best results.—St. Louis Republic.

BOYCOTT THE SCRUB.

It Does Not Pay to Feed Inferior Stock of Any Kind.

Scrub stock may be a luxury enjoyed by some farmers who refuse or neglect to breed to pure-bred sires, as a useless folly only for book farmers and experiment stations, but we see an excellent object lesson in the Live Stock Report, referring to feeding stock in times of depression. It shows the necessity of boycotting the scrub and selecting good grades to feed, which was never more important than now, and this should drive the scrub stock from the American farms and induce farmers who think, read and care for their own prosperity, to breed only pure-bred or high-grade stock that will return a fair profit for the feed given them. The Report says:

Feeders are obliged to invest cautiously. If ever there was a time when the feeding of inferior stock should be avoided it is now, and in placing their cattle in the feed lots we strongly advise feeders to select only such stock as can be safely depended upon to make good use of the feed given it, and return fair profits for the time, labor and money expended in fitting it for market. Stock cattle are high in value, it is true, when compared with fat cattle prices. This is because supplies are light—that is, good ones. But it is usually better in the end to pay well for a good article rather than take a poor one because it is cheap, and even if we are to have low prices again next year as a result of the abundance of feed, we confidently believe prime cattle will sell at prices that will repay the feeder for money invested, and leave a fair margin of profit.

The Republican.

BY SUNDELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THURSDAY, FEB. 4, 1897.

LYMAN J. GAGE, President of the First National Bank of Chicago, has been tendered and has accepted the position of Secretary of the Treasury in President McKinley's Cabinet. Mr. Gage is a native of New York and will be sixty one years old in June. He is possessed of great financial skill for which, alone, he seem to have been selected as the head of the Treasury Department.

MR. MCKINLEY has done no act since his election to the Presidency which will so dispose the people of the United Stases to have confidence in his fairness and his firm intention to answer as far as he can the just expectations of the friends of Sound Money who made his election possible as the selection of Lyman J. Gage as Secretary of the Treasury. That action is in effect a pledge in favor of monetary reform and an assurance that the gold standard will be faithfully maintained and the public credit kept inviolate. The conduct of the Treasury is the point where the Administration most nearly touches business affairs; and a most wholesome access of public confidence is certain to follow the announcement of final action in the choice of a successor to Secretary Carlisle.

In the Sear and Yellow Leaf.

How much money does a man need, and what amount of property shall he acquire before commencing to settle up his affairs and take some comfort and leisure in this world previous to stepping over into the other? It all depends on the man, his family and surroundings. What he and his household are going to insist upon in the way of style on behalf of themselves and the public generally. The anxieties and cares of business come to be oppressive and annoying in most instances. Men feel that they would like freedom and a change but the financial demands incident to the style in which they have maintained their families, make them doubt the policy of risking any reduction in their incomes, and so they move on hurrying and worrying as much in the afternoon as they did in the morning of their days.

These questions have been frequently discussed. We should say most men are better off if occupied. They need work to keep them from indolence and laziness, but they should regulate their affairs so as to have more leisure as they reach latter days of life. Take no greater risks than are absolutely necessary. Economize to some extent. Limit extravagant taste. Study happiness and contentment in simple things

The quiet spirit who unselfishly ministers to others, who cultivate retirement rather than prominence, often find more real happiness than the wealthiest and busiest who are continually sought after.

A man's needs can be in most cases fixed by himself and his family and they should not be so magnified as to require continual strain and worry. Think about this. Happiness is sometimes the result of economy.

Protection and Free Trade.

So long as the policy of protection remaines established by the sanction of the people at the ballot boxes from and after the process of canceling the war indebtedness began, the revenues of the Government were enough for its expenses, enough for its pensions, enough for the payment of its bonds at maturity, enough to reduce steadily its rate of interest paid, and in the course of a very few years, when the worst effects of the war upon trade and commerce had passed away and a wise and salutary protective system had had time to produce its full effect, the revenue piled up and up; in spite of the abolition of the income taxes, in spite of the return to specie payments, in spite of paying the debt over so much faster than it became due, the revenue piled up and up, under the protective system serving its natural fruit, until there was a surplus in the Treasure so huge that it threatened disturbance to the currency equilibrium, and how to reduce the surplus became a problem of statesmanship.

In 1892, for the first time in thirty-six years, a Presidential election was carried by a party which declared itself hostile to the protective principal. Within less than two years protection, as a recongnized object of tariff law was expunged from the Federal statuts book. No sooner had protection been voted down by the country than the revenue began to fail. No sooner had protection been discarded by act of Congress than the Government's receipts began to fall behind its expenses at the rate of ten of millions of dollars per annum. No sooner was protection given up in the name of "revenue only" than the revenue shrank to so small a figure that not only could no more payments be made toward liquidating the national debt but the debt had presently to be increased by borrowing once and again, until at length $200,000,000 were added to the interest-bearing burden of the Government, in time of peace, to meet current expenses and to enable the Treasury to keep its promissory notes from falling below par!

So much for the result from a revenue point of view of discarding the protective principle near the end of the nineteenth century. To find another instance we have to go back through the path of history nearly forty years. James Buchanan, like Grover Cleveland, was elected on an anti-protectionist platform. The tariff of 1857, like that of 1893, was for revenue only. Then, as now, it yielded revenue with a vengeance! Buchanan's administration, like Cleveland's, had to face a deficit, had to borrow money and was at its wits end to escape bankruptcy.

The Steady Improvement of Business.

Because the business of the country has not immediately and fully recovered from the depression that has so long afflicted it the free-silver journals are noisily claiming that there has been no improvement at all since the election last November. And they are confident, of course, that there will be none. The motive of their croaking is plain to everybody. They are still mourning the lost cause of the fifty-cent dollar and vainly dreaming of its resuscitation in 1900.

Outside the ranks of the Bryan partisans, however, considerable impatience is being expressed of an unreasonable kind because the business revival does not proceed faster. There seems to have been a curious expectation in some quarters that the mere vote of the country in favor of maintaining sound money conditions would of itself instantaneously restore prosperity in full measure. A little reflection only is needed to satisfy sensible men that there is no magic power in the casting of ballots on election day, no matter which party prevails, to transform in a day or a month, or even in three months, the whole face of industry and trade. The country did not touch the bottom of the pit of dull times in a single month or in many months. It was a gradual decline, which began some months before President Harrison went out of office in 1893, and went on from bad to worse until with the appearance of the free-silver spook at Chicago last summer, it reached its last point. That the recovery will progress faster than the prostration there are excellent reasons for believing, but it cannot and will not come all at once in a great flood.

It may be profitably reflected that it is better that the good times should come upon us as they are coming, with a steady and conservative movement toward complete convalescence, because that is the only way in which prosperity can be brought back to stay There is no method by which industries long depressed can be suddenly and completely revived, nor by which trade conditions, long demoralized can be made entirely sound as "in the twinkling of an eye." To produce any such violent transition from bad times to good there would have to be a resort to inflation processes and to the stimulant of excessive speculation. That would be the wild-cat way of reviving business. It would simply mean a short period of delusive good times while the speculative debauch lasted, and then would come the inevitable smash and a slump downward to worse depths of depression than before.

Nevertheless, the silver organs are wasting their ink and space in their futile efforts to deny that there has been any improvements at all in the business situation since the election of McKinley. The evidences of a very decided improvement are seen on all hands and are cheerfully recognized by the business world and by all intelligent observers. In the first place, it is certain that our credit abroad, which was under a cloud so long as Bryan's election seemed possible, has been firmly re-established since his defeat was announced. American securities are as strong as the strongest in London market to-day. They find equal favors there with the gilt-edged bonds of Great Britain herself. This in itself worth many millions to American borrowers. It means that money from Europe is ready to pour into this country for investment in all forms of legitimate enterprise at lower rates of interest than have obtained during the gloomy years that are past, during which the European investor was continually haunted with the fear of the election of a fiat-money President and Congress. Mr. Henry S. Kerr, one of the leading New York bankers, commenting on this important phase in the business improvement that has already commenced, says: "There is a wonderful change in sentiment from that prevailing two months ago. Then no one wanted bonds and there was no difficulty in filling what few orders there were. Now the conditions are just the opposite. It is difficult to get securities to fill orders. Europe is giving promise of becoming quite a factor in our bond market. For some time past London has been buying American securities, but only in the past week has European demand assumed any considerable proportions."

It would probably be quite useless to point out to the average populist that an abundance of money waiting to be drawn into American enterprises, public and private, at lower rates of interest than have ruled heretofore and at less than half the rates that would have ruled if we had gone to the silver standard, is a great advantage to our working-people, as well as to every branch of business which gives them employment; but such is the fact. It is in reality the greatest benefit of the new era of political and commercial sanity which opened last November that it makes capital, both home and foreign, eager to find investment in this country. With that foundation element of prosperity assured, all the rest is plain sailing, always provided that the coming administration and Congress fulfil the hopes and expectations of the people and abstain from disquieting foreign alarms and from radical measure of domestic legislation, particularly as regards the tariff. There is no keener writer in London on the drift of financial affairs than Editor Henry Labouchere, and in his financial review in *Truth* just received on this side, he says: "The Americans, in fact have now the ball at their feet, if they only act prudently as regards political interference and give their industries a fair chance to recover from their previous depression. The only big bear card in the composition of the present Congress, and as long as it is sitting there is always the danger that some extraordinary resolution may suddenly be passed, such as the one which was utilized for the manufacture of a scare on Cuban affairs. Apart from the excellent foreign trade situation, the bull points are a good price for wheat and still better prices in prospect and the resumption of activity by mills and factories."

It is true, and it is not at all surprising, that there has been as yet no general and thorough reawakening of business, such as some people foolishly expected to follow the election of McKinley as soon as the votes were counted. There has, however, been a considerable increase in the number of factories at work. Last week's record alone showed the opening of ten iron works and thirteen woolen mills, against five establishments closed in both those industries—a net gain of eighteen establishments. Every week since the election a similar report of moderate but substantial additions to the list of factories and workshops running on full time has been made. It is idle, to attempt, as the silver organs are doing, to gainsay these comfortable facts. They all point in one direction, and show that the country has already begun, gradually but certainly, to regain its normally prosperous condition. More men are going to work now, by many thousands, than were doing so last October, and the number of the unemployed is being further reduced every week.

Until this Congress adjourns there cannot be a full restoration of confidence, which is the first essential condition of a full revival of industry, and were it not for the fact that President Cleveland still sits at the helm, with the veto power at his disposal, there would be general apprehension as to what Congress might do in the way of mischief in the month still left it for reckless speech and action on foreign questions. Aside from that consideration it is highly unreasonable to expect, as some persons seem to do, that the McKinley administration should accomplish great things in the way of reassuring the business interests and encouraging a general revival of trade before it has even been inaugurated. In the very nature of the case the country must wait for the new captain and crew of the ship of State to come on board before it can get any results from the change.

In the meantime the indications are all hopeful. The two principal places in the new cabinet are to be filled by Secretaries whose views on the two great classes of question that most largely affect the business peace and welfare of the nation—foreign affairs and finance—are essentially of the same sound and conservative character as those which have distinguished Mr. Cleveland's administration. The coming Congress also gives promise of being in harmony with the same wholesome lines of policy. There is really no reason or justification for croaking at this time. As a matter of fact the camp of the croakers is a small one, occupied almost exclusively by the followers of "the light that failed" last November. In the words of Mr. William A. Smith, the veteran ex-president of the New York Stock Exchange, in a recent review of the business situation: "It takes time to re-establish business, and it is better that the start should be steady and sure. A false beginning would be a disaster." But he added that there can be no doubt that improvement is already taking place and that "it will grow and widen until we are in the midst of a great prosperity."—Balto. Sun.

Mr. Gary for the Cabinet.

CUMBERLAND, MD., Jan. 31—Congressman Geo. L. Wellington left for the West this afternoon. It is thought he will see President-elect McKinley and Chairman Hanna on the trip, and will urge more strongly than ever Mr. James A. Gary for a place in the cabinet now that Judge Goff has positively declined to become Attorney General. It seems a certainty that if Maryland is given a place in the cabinet Mr. Gary will be the appointee Since Mr. Goff has declined, the support of a number of prominent West Virginians is assured to Mr. Gary, including that, it is said, of National Committeeman N. B. Scott, of Wheeling.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

BY "NEMO."

A sub-soil plow, a harrow, a roller, and a cultivator are all good things in their proper place and time; but there are soils in which the deeper you go the more you impoverish your farm, and there are stages in plant growth when the use of either a roller or any other implement is agricultural suicide. Because these are facts maintainable against all argument, and because so many hundreds of thousands of my readers are farmers, I wish to make these-out-of-door truths the starting point for another "Rambling Thought."

* * *

Humanity has from time immemorial been likened to a field, a vineyard, etc., wherein laborers are needed to plow and to harrow, to reap and to garner. And the call to thrust-in as the field is white unto harvest has always found increasing response since the moment when man first began to understand that the claims of his neighbor are urgent upon him the moment his own absolute needs have been attended to.

* * *

But enthusiasm in relation to good work has to be combined with commonsense; it certainly must not be ahead of it; or we shall find ourselves embarked in another fateful Children's Crusade, like that of the middle ages. Enthusiasm alone will sink us into helplessness, just as with the rearing and the straining of a mired horse. To make amply clear my meaning I will go a little further. There is hardly a community in which you will fail to find men and women working for the benefit of their race from the purest motives at the outset. But in almost as many communities you will find lines of effort crossing and re-crossing one another. So eager becomes the straining after statistical pre-eminence — so many garments made, so many hungry fed, so many souls saved, etc.,—that the real object of the humanising work, the reaching of human hearts, is almost lost to sight in the rush. Then, here and there some extra enthusiastic one instead of trying, or pretending to try, to water where others have planted, starts his unswerving plow or his drastic harrow right over the growing crops and standing sheaves of others; excusing himself by asserting that their methods have been wrong. Thus he not only undoes the work of others but he wastes his own strength by doing at an improper time, a thing essentially proper in its own time and place.

* * *

So while our voices should undoubtedly be raised in strength these closing years of the century, for freedom for all to work as they will, Wisdom being justified of her children; there is equal need for securing a certain unity of effort, so as to economize the moral strength of a neighborhood. Eagerness to work is not alone sufficient, else we would praise the child that pulls up corn to see it grow, or that tears open a drum to see where the sound comes from. The human race, looking backward can say, "when I was a child * * * I thought as a child;" but it is not yet able to say, "when I became a man, I put away childish things." If it could, we should see less pettiness, indirectness, and stupidity among those who claim to be children of Light, and yet grope in the selfish, narrow stages of human development.

* * *

What than shall be said to YOUR heart this week? You need in deep humility to acknowledge to yourself that the stone-age has passed, when every man's enemy was the very next man he happened to meet; that the iron-age is passing, when men learn the power of combination but use it for oppression; that the Golden Age is coming, when the co-operation of those who love, for the benefit of those who suffer MUST be the rule. If it be true that as a man thinks in his heart, so is he; then you will promptly be found ready to sink individual gain and fame, ready to forego the praise of man, ready to seek the greatest good for the greatest number even if your own personality becomes merged in the common effort.

* * *

Would it not be of advantage to form in your town—what shall I name it? —a "Get-Together" society. Its membership to be made up of those who in divers ways are working for the uplift of the race. Its function to be a sort of clearing-house ideas, where those who work give to others the benefits of their experience, thus economizing the strength that is now wasted and the damage that is done by those who laboriously work out plans for themselves that others have already effectually learned. You will say perhaps, that this is not feasible, because each worker will be on the watch against giving advantage to anyone else. You may be right, but if you are, you are voicing the deepest protest that fallen humanity can raise against the workers for good. The poor object of their solicitous attention is pulled one way and then then the other until he cries out "I would rather go one way wrong, than travel twenty different ways to be right." If the ability to combine which has been such a notable discovery among men, a discovery that has led him upward from caves in the earth to our present highly organized civilization, if, I say, this ability is to stop short when it comes to moral effort, it were almost better that it had remained undiscovered.

* * *

But I am persuaded better things. It is not for nothing that we are passing through our little day on earth. All nature is vocal of the value of combination, and of growth by combination; all history proclaims it, and all height of moral power and accomplishment are possible by means of it. The continuity of life is nature, assures us is no uncertain way of the continuity of effort — ours—yours. Then, human fellow, begin to think and to prepare for the generations yet to come, who will look for blessings from your hands just as rightfully as you enjoy the blessings that come from before you whom you cannot even name.

Fear Frosty Rails.

During these cold days the engineers of fast express trains often feel a little uneasy while thinking of the possibilities of striking a broken rail. The big heavy express trains that go thundering over the road, striking a rail with tremendous force at every revolution, are liable to be hurled down to destruction by the snapping of a frost-affected bar of steel, and such a catastrophe always comes without the least warning, and its results are fearful to contemplate. It is a hard matter to find five or six hundred or a thousand miles of steel without occasional flaws, which are difficult to locate, and when one of these weak places is made still weaker by frost, it is liable to give way under the strain of the wheels.

Railroads in these days are very nearly perfect, but there are accidents which cannot well be guarded against. Heavier steel rails now introduced add to the safety limit, as they will stand a greater strain, and they give the engineer a greater degree of confidence.

Threw Away His Canes.

Mr. D. Wiley, ex-postmaster, Black Creek, N. Y., was so badly afflicted with rheumatism that he was only able to hobble around with canes, and even then it caused him great pain. After using Chamberlain's Pain Balm he was so much improved that he threw away his canes. He says this liniment did him more good than all other medicines and treatment put together.
For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Your Cough,

like a dog's bark, is a sign that there is something foreign around which shouldn't be there. You can quiet the noise, but the danger may be there just the same. SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil is not a cough specific; it does not merely allay the symptoms but it does give such strength to the body that it is able to throw off the disease.

You know the old proverb of "the ounce of prevention?" Don't neglect your cough. A book which will tell you more on the subject sent free on request.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil. Put up in 50 cts. and $1.00 sizes.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

CAPITOL BURNED

Pennsylvania Legislature Out in the Cold. Valuable Records Destroyed.

HARRISBURG, PA., Feb. 2.—Fire broke out at 1 o'clock in the Senate wing of the State Capitol, and the building seems to be doomed, as the fire department is unable to control the flames. The fire originated in the rooms of Lieut.-Gov. Walter Lyon, over the Senate chamber. It is supposed to have been started by an electric light wire. The fire burned for several minutes before it was discovered.

It had made such headway that but little could be saved in the costly apartments of the Lieutenant-Governor, or across the hall in the rooms of Superintendent of Public Instruction Schaffer, who was alone in his office when the fire was discovered. He did all he could to check the fire, but it was not in his power. All he saved was the appropriation books. Thousands of dollars' worth of records were lost.

The flames had eaten their way through the Senate roof before the fire department arrived. Part of the roof tumbled in before the water was started. Then the streams were so small that the fire laughed at the play and burned on. Soon the great dome was a mass of flames. That burned like shavings.

The fire quickly communicated to the House side. There seems to be no possible way of saving the building. The House was in session when the fire was discovered and it quickly adjourned. The members saw the probabilities of the fire spreading and they began to save their belongings. The smoke soon drove them from the building and very little was gotten out.

The officers in the department buildings adjoining the Capitol are preparing to move. The dome has just fallen. Before it fell one patriotic citizen crawled through the mass of flames and hauled down the flag. He was loudly cheered. Several men were slightly injured by falling timbers.

2 p. m.—The entire interior of the House is in flames. The water power is still very weak. The building stands between those used by Adjutant General Stewart and Secretary of Internal Affairs Latta. These officials are removing their valuable papers and furniture.

While trying to remove their desks from the House Representatives G. W. Rhoads of Northumberland and J. M. Hoagy of Dauphin had narrow escapes. Just as they were leaving the chamber a portion of the roof fell in. They were slightly injured.

2:30 p. m.—The fire will be confined to the capitol building. The entire structure is now in flames in the interior. The roofs have fallen in and soon the great pillars at the main entrance will fall. The walls are now cracking and crumbling.

The loss is placed at $1,000,000; insurance, $400,000. The loss to valuable records is great. They can never be replaced.

Avilton.

The weather has moderated some and sledding is all the go.

Most of the citizens around here visited the towns of Frostburg and Lonaconing Saturday.

Mr. Charles Custer, who is teaching the Pea Ridge school, has closed for a few days on account of sickness among the pupils. We hope they will soon be well again so he can go ahead with the school.

Mr. H. A. Friend, of Friendsville, and Miss Clara Englehart, of Accident, were the guests of M. H. McKenzie Saturday and Sunday.

A large sled load of our Avilton folks attended the dance at Mr. Henry Swanger's near New Germany Friday night. They report a good time, and we know they had it, for they did not return until eight o'clock Saturday morning.

A sled load of folks, consisting of Misses Mayme Liston, Nora McKenzie, Evelyn Nash, Minnie Clice and Messrs. Enoch Robison, Oscar Robison and Wm. Hoffmeyer were the guests of Mr. C. J. Otto Sunday last.

TIM JONES.

MY OPINION OF GRANDMOTHERS.

Grandmothers are very nice folks,
They beat all the aunts in creation—
They let a chap do as he likes,
And don't worry about education.
I'm sure I can't see at all
What a poor fellow ever could do
For apples and pennies and cakes
Without a grandmother or two.

Grandmothers have muffins for tea,
And pies, a whole row in the cellar;
And they're apt, if they know it in time,
To make chicken pie for a fellow.
And if he is bad now and then,
And make a sad, racketing noise,
They only look over their specs,
And say, "Ah, those boys will be boys!

"Life is only so short at the best,
Let the children be happy to-day."
Then they look for awhile at the sky,
And the hills that are far, far away,
Quite often, as twilight comes on,
Grandmothers sing hymns very low,
To themselves as they rock by the fire,
About heaven and where they shall go.

And then a boy stopped to think
Will find a hot tear in his eye—
To know what will come at the last.
For grandmothers all have to die,
I wish they could stay here and pray,
For a boy needs their prayers every night.
Some boys more than others I s'pose—
Such as I need a wonderful sight.

STRAIGHT TALK FROM LYMAN J. GAGE

The Future Secretary of the Treasury States His Views.

The New York *World* of Monday, publishes the following dispatch from Chicago:

The *World* submitted in writing to Mr. Lyman J. Gage on Saturday twelve questions concerning the most vital issues with which he will deal as Secretary of the Treasury.

Mr. Gage, with great condor and courage, makes his posision quite clear on all of them.

Mr. Gage is in temperament and training a leader rather than a follower. Those who know him intimately are sure that he will be the master-spirit of the McKinley cabinet. The administration of the Treasury Department, always of high importance, is now supremely so. The fortunes of the country as well as the fate of McKinley will depend upon the success of the financial reforms executed if not originated by Mr. Gage. It is therefore news of the highest importance which the *World* presents to-day.

Here is Mr. Gage's opinion of the present financial system, given in his own words:

"Our whole monetary system is the result of makeshift legislation and unscientific compromises. It is time that reform began.

"In my own opinion the greenbacks should be permanently retired. The silver purchase under the Sherman act should be gradually sold and the Treasury notes redeemed and canceled. Some well-guarded system of bank note circulation, broader and more elastic than the present national bank act provides, should be inaugurated.

"Such bank notes should be redeemable at a central place and be redeemable in gold only.

"Silver certificates, which form nearly one-fifth of the circulating medium of the United States, are dangerous. By their use a volume of inferior money has found an abnormal use. They are the most perplexing feature in the much-involved problem of our national finances.

"There is no reason why the government should act as warehouseman ...ther gold or silver. Such a ...ion is outside its proper limit of action.

"But we are faced by a condition. The enormous amount of $500,000,000 of silver, represented by $338,000,000 in silver certificates, added to the $150,000,000 purchased by the government under the Sherman act, constitutes a standing menace to every business interest.

"To sum up, the defects of our present currency system are:

1. "Confusing heterogeneity which needs simplification.

2. "The greenback controverts the principle of paper money, viz.: That every note injected into the commercial system should represent an existing commercial value.

3. "The Treasury note is a standing evidence of a foolish operation—the creation of a debt for the purchase on a falling market of a commodity for which the purchaser has no use; it lies open to the just charge of being both idiotic and immoral.

4. "The national bank note nearly conforms to the true principle of paper money, but the unreasonable requirements for security paralyze its efficiency and operate to destroy its elasticity.

5. "The silver certificate encourages the use of silver to a larger extent than is consistent with the safe preservation of that metal on a parity with gold."

"Would a national commission help to promote reform?"

"There is reason to hope that it would be of great service in that direction. Such a commission if rightly elected would throw a flood of light upon these involved questions. The information it might gather would be of immense value to all of our people, and would guide us to wise legislation.

"Emotion and sentiment are not safe guides in matters of science. A clear apprehension of true principles will lead to correct action.

"Reaction will be slow, but it is coming and will be of long duration."

He defines money thus:

"Through our heterogenous system the public mind has seemingly lost the power to discriminate between real things and the shadows or signs of things. It is necessary that disguises be pulled aside and that real facts appear.

"There is in truth only one real money—metallic coin. It may be composed of gold or silver; it might be of something else, but it is not. Greenbacks, treasury notes and national bank notes are but promises to pay. In the nature of things they can be nothing more. They pass as money, perform the functions of money often more conveniently than money itself.

"Because of this confusion comes and we are led astray. Seeing that the greenback is uttered by the government, that it has by the legal tender quality imparted to it the power to pay debts, and that it circulates with all the power of money, discrimination ceases, we call it money; and the idea that Government can create money by its sanction or fiat becomes rooted in the mind.

"The distinctions just pointed out are, however, fundamental distinctions. They should be taught in the schools. They are simple and easy to be understood even by a child.

"While the silver dollar is real money, its power to exchange for other things is more than doubled by an artificial value imparted to it through the law which gives it power equal to the dollar in gold to pay custom dues.

"Having an equal value in this direction, and the quantity being limited, it has equal value in all directions, but the difference between the metallic value of the silver dollar and this arbitrary value lies in the realm of credit."

Mr. Gage's views on other questions submitted by the *World*, are authorized by him in this form:

1. He is not merely in favor of civil service reform as an amiable theory. He is an active, aggressive civil-service reformer. He was one of the first men in this city to give support to the national movement which resulted in the present law.

He goes as far as, if not farther than, any man in Mr. Cleveland's or Mr. Harrison's cabinet in his belief. He will extend the merit system wherever he finds an opening for it.

2. He favors retiring of the greenbacks.

3. He favors enlarging the national banknote circulation.

4. He is against the trusts.

5. He believes the Sherman anti-trust law can be enforced.

6. He believes the Republicans should invite and encourage the co-operation of sound-money Democrats.

7. He sympathizes with Cuba, and believes the government should use its good offices to bring about a terminus of the bloody strife.

8. He does not believe in involving this country in war.

9. He is not radical in his tariff views. He is inclined to a low tariff.

10. He endorses the arbitration treaty with England.

To the question: "Do you think the national banks could have borne the demand for gold of the past three years better than the United States Treasury if the greenbacks had been retired?" He makes this answer:

"To obtain the coin for such a movement bank notes would be presented for redemption as the greenbacks have been. If the coin demand proved continuous the banks would recoup by calling in maturity loans. In short, a contraction in general credits would occur. Under its influence prices would fall until foreign creditors would find it more advantageous to take commodities than to take coin. Thus the movement would be self-curative. The strain of this process would under ordinary conditions be light; because it would be spread all over the country, wherever banks of issue existed."

Pea Ridge.

Our school is progressing nicely under the care of Miss Mayme Liston, although the school has been greatly reduced in numbers on account of many of the pupils being down with the measles.

Mr. N. A. Barker is repairing the Wilhelm mansion. He will make of it a first-class job of work and will surprise some of the people of this community when finished. Mr. Barker always does good work and deserves credit for it. The house when finished will be occupied by Olin Wilhelm and family.

The institute held at the McKenzie school house on the 15th and 16th of January was largely attended and quite a success.

Messrs. Charles Custer and Oscar Robeson were guests at the Goodwin school Tuesday.

We notice Walter Crowe has returned home from West Virginia.

Clarence Coleman, representing the house of R. L. Wolcott, New York, made a business trip to Avilton and vicinity recently.

Joseph Goodwin has a large contract hauling mine timber to the mines at Lonaconing.

Mr. John Crow lost a fine five year old horse recently.

SCHOOL BOY.

A Suitable Man.

"Henry!"

"Yes, your excellency?"

"I have noticed with some curiosity the election of Mr. Earle to represent the State of South Carolina in the Senate."

"You know the fortunate candidate I presume, sire?"

"No, not personally, but his election is the first instance, so far as I am aware, of sending a real live Earle to the American House of Lords."

New Through Line to Indianapolis and Chicago.

Commencing January 24th, the B. & O. R. R. will operate a through line of Pullman Buffet Drawing-room Sleeping cars between Baltimore, Washington, Indianapolis and Chicago via Cincinnati. Train schedule as follows:

Cumberland	4.05 p. m.
Grafton	7.50 p. m.

Direct connections are made for Green Castle, Terra Haute, Lafayette, Crawfordsville and principal points in the west and northwest. 46-3.

CAPTURE ENGINES.

How the "Johnny Rebs" Got Away With B. & O. Locomotives.

Among the earliest and most perplexing problems that confronted the Confederate leaders in the civil war was that of railroad transportation.

The southern railroads had a few shops, it is true, but their combined facilities were not equal to the manufacture of half the rolling stock needed.

The plan, based on the axiom that "all is fair in love and war," was nothing more or less than that of seizing the rolling stock of a northern road and appropriating it to use on the southern lines.

It is generally conceded that the idea of taking the Baltimore and Ohio rolling stock originated with Col. Thomas R. Sharp, at the time of the occurrences narrated captain and acting quartermaster in the Confederate army. Most of the facts given are obtained from J. E. Duke, now residing in Cumberland, and in 1861 Col. Sharp's confidential clerk.

In June, 1861, Stonewall Jackson, acting under the orders of Gen. Johnson, went to Martinsburg and burned a number of cars and engines belonging to the Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

The first capture of locomotives took place at Martinsburg on a bright morning in 1861. Everything having been previously arranged, the forces selected to do this work, consisting of about thirty-five men, including mechanics, detailed from the ranks, ten teamsters, and about a dozen laborers, left Winchester before daybreak and proceeded by the pike to Martinsburg. They were under the immediate charge of Hugh Longust, an experienced railroad man from Richmond. Forty horses formed a highly picturesque feature of the expedition. They were to furnish the motive power.

Upon arrival at Martinsburg, Mr. Longust, swarthy, wiry little man, looked about until his eyes fell upon a big locomotive standing on a side track near the roundhouse.

"That's the fellow we've got to begin on, boys. Go in, boys!" he shouted.

First, the tender was uncoupled, then the engine was raised by means of jackscrews and stripped of all the parts that could be removed, such as side and piston rods, valves, levers, lamps, bell, whistle and sandbox. All the wheels were taken off except the flange drivers at the rear. The stripping was done to lighten weight, secure greater ease in hauling, and for the better preservation of the running gear.

The next step was to swing the prize round until it hung poised in the air and to replace the missing forward wheels with a heavy truck. A powerful chain formed the connecting link between the locomotive and the team of horses.

When all was in readiness a teamster mounted the end of each four, Longust gave the signal, the crack of ten whips rang out, and the locomotive's novel trip was begun.

The average time of the entire trip was three days to Strasburg, thirty-eight miles south of Martinsburg. Often the macadam covering of the road would break through under the unwonted weight and let the iron monster down into the soft earth.

Before the first trip was made a prospecting party went over the route and examined the bridges on the line of the pike. In most instances these were not equal to supporting a heavy locomotive, and it was necessary to strengthen them for the unusual burden.

One of the hardest problems to solve was that of regulating the speed in descending hills. Just what the cyclist does with his little spoon-shaped brake, the men in charge of the locomotive did for that unwieldy mass of iron. After considerable experiment and thought the all useful jackscrew was again called into requisition and used as a brake, being fastened to the engine frame and placed sidewise against the driving wheel and tightened or loosened, as the necessity arose, by a man who rode on the engine.

When the engines reached Strasburg they were placed upon the tracks of the Manassas Gap railroad, which had the same gauge of the Baltimore and Ohio—five feet eight and a half inches—by the process employed in taking them from the rails at Martinsburg, and the tenders having been attached, they were hauled by means of other steam power over the road mentioned and the Orange and Alexandria and Virginia Central roads to Richmond, the detached part remaining in the cars. At Richmond they were assembled and kept until all had been brought from the line of the Baltimore and Ohio.

Nearly a year was occupied in conveying the seized locomotives, nineteen in all. The reason so long a period was covered in the collection of the seized stock was that the Baltimore and Ohio road was not continuously in the possession of the Confederates. Sometimes, by the fortunes of war, they were driven south of the Potomac, and when, perhaps, after months of skirmishing they regained the lost ground, the interrupted work of conveying the rolling stock was patiently resumed.

Two or three of the locomotives which were started out of Martinsburg on the pike never got to Winchester, the Union forces having suddenly appeared upon the scene and driven off the party engaged in hauling them. The attempt to convey the[m] to Strasburg was never renewed, and they stood on the pike between Martinsburg and Winchester until discovered by the Baltimore and Ohio people at the close of the war, somewhat the worse for their exposure to the elements, but still capable, after repairs, of doing good service.

Col. Sharp, who conducted the movements for the seizure of the rolling stock, was, not many years after the war, made master of transportation of the Baltimore and Ohio road, and filled this important place for a number of years under President John W. Garrett, who was at the head of the road during the war and was able to appreciate enterprise and ability, even when for a season directed against his own interest.

Avilton.

Winter is here, and the thermometer said ten below zero this morning.

Miss May McKenzie, of Mt. Savage, who was visiting friends and relatives of this place, returned home Sunday, the 24th.

Misses Evelyn Nash and Minnie Clise, of Frostburg, are visiting at this place.

The dance at Mr. Charles McKenzie's last Friday night, was well attended, and everybody reports a good time.

We certainly are glad to hear that the teachers of Garrett county have agreed to teach one hundred days actual teaching. We hope the teachers will put forth their best efforts in preparing the children for a better education.

Misses Mayme Liston and Nora McKenzie were the guests of Mr. Patrick Dorsey Sunday last.

Alvin, the nine-year-old son of Mr. C. Potter, was buried last Wednesday in the Lutheran cemetery at Grantsville.

Several of our young folks attended the institute at Accident Friday last.

Mr. M. H. McKenzie and wife, and W. H. Hoffmeyer took a flying trip to Fire Clay Sunday last.

Mr. Garlitz, our enterprising merchant, is doing a rushing business at present.

TIM JONES.

FREE HOMES
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NORTH DAKOTA
160 Acres of Land FREE to Every Citizen.
Rich Agricultural Farming Lands
Free from Stumps and Stones.
NO FERTILIZER REQUIRED.
NO TAXES For Seven Years
Near
Churches and Schools.
Settling up very fast with DUNKERS, MENNONITES and AMISH People. CONVENIENT TO MARKETS. Full particulars free.
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A. C. HARVEY,
42 S. Third Street, Phila., Pa.
47—52

ORDER NISI.

John P. Spiker, assignee of Josiah Beeghley vs. John J. Beeghley and Ellen Beeghley. No. 807 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered, this 6th day of January in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in Equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by John P. Spiker, assignee of mortgage, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 20th day of January, 1897; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 20th day of January, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2,500.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—test:

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

R. BOLDEN,
Tin, Galvanized and Sheet Iron
WORKER.
Roofing and Spouting Done on Short Notice.
Special Attention Given to Repairing.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED. GIVE US A CALL.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

ESTATE OF RACHEL HORNBROOK, DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett County, Maryland, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the estate of

RACHEL HORNBROOK,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 10th day of August next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 1st day of February, 1897.

LOVILLA F. BELLARD, Executrix.
48-4 Mt. Lake Park, Md.

*

To the Teachers of Garrett County.

THE REPUBLICAN, in order to increase its circulation, makes the following offer to the School Teachers of Garrett County:

We have a set of

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA,

numbering nine volumes, bound in silk cloth, pages 10x14 inches, and strictly up-to-date in every particular, which we will award to the teacher who sends to this office between now and May 1, 1897, the largest number of paid-up yearly subscribers to THE REPUBLICAN.

To the teacher who sends the second largest number we will give

$5.00 IN GOLD

and to the one sending the third largest number we will award a handsomely bound volume entitled

"Portfolio of the World's Photographs."

Begin work at once to secure one of these prizes. The Encyclopedia has the endorsement of Superintendent Palmer, and cannot be purchased to-day for less than $25 cash.

Send in the names and the cash as fast as received. Proper credit will be given.

Address,

THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

DO YOU realize the fact that only a slight cough or cold neglected sometimes leads to consumption?

DO YOU appreciate the fact that Honey-Tolu is the surest cure for a cough or cold?

DO YOU suffer from Hoarseness, Tickling in the Throat, or Chronic Cough? Honey-Tolu will cure it.

DO YOU have that dry Hacking Cough and Sore Throat? Honey-Tolu will cure it.

DO YOU have that troublesome Cough that usually follows La Grippe? Honey-Tolu will cure it.

DO YOU know that Honey-Tolu has saved the lives of thousands of children? It has, because it is never known to fail in cases of croup or Whooping Cough; it cures.

DO YOU know that many consumptives rely entirely on Honey-Tolu for relief from those Coughing Spells? It relieves when other remedies fail.

DO YOU know this wonderful and efficient remedy can be had from your regular dealer in large bottles for only 25 cents? Ask for it

DO YOU have a cough or cold at this time? If so, get Honey-Tolu; if not, get Honey-Tolu anyhow, and have it in the house ready for emergencies; one dose in the middle of the night is worth a whole bottle in the store the next morning.

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Owned and operated by The E. J. Fredlock Manufacturing and Building Company, of Piedmont.
WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH THIS
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This lime is equal in strength for agricultural, building and tanning purposes to the Frederick or Baltimore county lime.
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Address all orders to
The E. J. Fredlock Mf'g and Bld'g Co.,
43-26 PIEDMONT, W. Va.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
Real Estate
In DEER PARK, Garrett County, MD.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Adam H. Long and Annie Long, his wife, dated the 17th day of July, 1893, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 5, folio 508-7, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, the undersigned will offer at public sale, on the premises, on

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1897,

At the hour of two o'clock p. m.,

The following described property, situate, lying and being in Deer Park, Garrett county, Maryland:

Beginning at the end of the second line of a lot of ground belonging to the United Church Association of Deer Park, and running thence along Church street, north 28 degrees east 60 feet to Geo. Marley's lot; thence with said fence north 62 degrees west 80 feet to H. G. Davis' line; thence with said line south 17 degrees west 61 feet to the "Church Lot," and thence south 62 degrees east 70 feet to the beginning, it being improved by a

FINE DWELLING

and out-buildings. This is the same property formerly owned by Dr. Laughlin, and is now his present residence.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-third cash and the balance secured by mortgage on the property, payable in two years, or all cash at purchaser's option.

PERCY H. VEITCH,
43-4 Attorney named in the Mortgage.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, November 29, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	3.46 A. M.
No. 3	—Daily	8.26 A. M.
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M.
No. 47	—Daily	10.40 A. M.
No. *55	—Express, daily	5.54 P. M.
No. 1	—Daily	9.58 P. M.

GOING EAST

No. 8	—Daily	5.50 A. M.
No. 2	—Daily	6.41 A. M.
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	1.25 P. M.
No. 46	—Daily	4.15 P. M.
No. 4	—Daily	12.30 A. M.

*Will take passengers for Terra Alta, Rowlesburg, Newburg and Tunnelton.

CHAS. O. SCULL,
General Passenger Agent.

C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

SOUTHWARD No. 3 P. M.	No. 1 A. M.	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2 NOON	No. 4 P. M.
3 00*	8 00† lv	Cumberland ar	*12 00	11
3 31	8 31	Rawlings	11 30	6
3 56	8 56	Keyser	11 04	6
4 09	9 09	Westernport	10 51	5
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. June.	10 48	5
4 37	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5
5 00	10 00	Harrison	10 00	4
6 15	10 45* ar	Elk Garden	8 55	3
5 35	10 35† lv	Gorman	9 21	4
5 41	10 41	Bayard	9 15	4
5 52	10 52	Debbin	9 04	4
6 23	11 23	Thomas	8 34	3
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	8 00	2
6 27	11 27 lv	Coketon	8 31	4
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	7 50	3
6 57	11 57	Bretz	7 54	3
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 51	3
7 20	12 20	Kerens	7 18	2
3 00*	1 00† ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	12
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	11
	3 05* ar	Beallington	lv	*11
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BYERS, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

After Sunday, Dec. 27, and until further notice Sunday trains will be discontinued.

DAVID'S BABY.

BY ELLA F. MOSBY.

"He's jest a common-sized boy, ma'am."

This was the baffling reply to Mrs. Wilmot's question about the size of Mrs. Brown's boy. Mrs. Wilmot was the minister's wife and Mrs. Brown one of his outlying parishioners, a mountaineer from one of the steepest and wildest peaks of the ridge. Her husband had died in the great snowstorm of the past winter, and David, her only boy, was her sole prop and stay. Mrs. Wilmot thought a suit of clothes would not come amiss, even if second-hand.

But what was "a common size" for boys? In Mrs. Wilmot's experience they were of all sorts and sizes. Her mind reverted to Richard, her long boy, and his Aunt Ellen's frequent entreaty: "Richard, lay dear, uncross a few of your legs!" to Robin, a head shorter, who was now crumpled up in a heap over "Stories of Lion Hunting in South Africa," and John, a round, roly-poly of a boy—and she looked slightly perplexed.

"No'm, he ain't to say big, nor yit small; he's jest a common-sized boy, betwixt and between."

Mrs. Wilmot, in despair, went after the clothes, and saw by the delight in his mother's eyes as soon as she saw them that they might at least be worn by David.

"I'm mo' than thankful, ma'am." Her voice trembled, and Mrs. Wilmot hastened to ask:

"Haven't you a little girl, too?"

"Thar's two gals—Lucy, she's goin' on seven, and the baby; the folks calls her 'David's baby,' he's so good-natured with her. I never see a boy so tuk up with a baby befo'. She ain't a mite of trouble when he's 'round;" and her hard-worked, thin, worn face looked quite illumined by her smile of pride and delight.

Robin let his book fall. "Are there any bears on Priest's mountain?" he asked, suddenly.

"Oh, nonsense!" said his mother; but Mrs. Brown answered seriously:

"Ef it's a mild winter, mebbe you won't see one; but in a long freeze they'll come right low down the mountain. They don't gin'rally attack humans; the damage they does mostly is to young creeturs—pigs and such things. I seed one myself; 'twas in the summer, too, three or fo' years ago; and I don't want to see another."

"Tell me about it," said Robin, coming over to the chair next hers.

"Well, 'twas a long, hot spell, and I'd gone out to git blackberries. Mos' of 'em was leetle and dry with the dreuth, but jest above my head on a long ledge of rocks I see a big clump of briers, all hanging with beeries, big juicy berries, ez shiny ez silk. I kin see 'em now. I put my hand out to pull the nearest branch down, and then I heerd a growl—there ain't much more ongleasant noises than a growl or a hiss, in the woods, I kin tell ye! Thar stood a big b'ar just on 'tother side o' the blackberries, showin' his teeth in an ugly sort o' grin. I didn't stop to have no words 'bout the berries—in fact', there was mighty few berries in my basket when I got home, I came so fast. Them was the finest berries on the mountain," she added, regretfully; "big and shiny and sweet-lookin', and jest burstin' with juice; and I hadn't fa'rly teched 'em when I heard that growl."

"Would he have showed fight if you had stayed?" inquired Robin, eagerly.

Mrs. Brown's eyes twinkled.

"I didn't keer to argy a point with him," she answered.

"What other wild beasts live near you?" pursued Robin in a tone of positive envy.

"Why, squirrels and possums and foxes, and wildcats—it do sound mighty lonesome to hear 'em cry! I reckon the woods is right full o' prowlin' varmints after nightfall."

"But you have Dave to take care of you," said Mrs. Wilmot.

"Yes'm; and he's tolerable strong fur a boy. He kin shoot, too, mos' ez well ez his uncle. He's been takin' David out huntin' with him this spring and summer."

A few weeks after this talk David bustled into the mountain cabin at "sundown" in great excitement.

"Hello, Sissy!"—to Lucy—"there, honey!"—to the baby, who was laughing and gurgling with delight to see him—"Brother will take you in a minute—jest ez soon ez he kin wash his hands."

David Brown was a plain, freckle-faced boy, so tanned that his skin was several shades darker than his flaxen hair and pale eyes; but the sweetness and good humor of his homely face made it a pleasant sight to more than "David's baby." Everybody on the mountain liked David, from the gruff mountaineers themselves down to their curs that snapped and snarled at almost everyone else. As he whistled to the baby, who was now changing her rapturous noises to a more imperative demand, Spot, his own "yaller dog," watched his every movement with his keen, blinking eyes, and the black kitten, a recent stray, rubbed itself between his legs with a satisfied purr, and gazed up into his face with its yellowish-green opals.

"You've got some news, David," said his mother, bringing out the meal and a sifter.

"You are the beatin'est one to guess, mother!" exclaimed David, admiringly. "I've got a job. Mr. Jones wants me to help him drive his cattle down to the station to-morrow, and he'll give me a man's pay if we have 'em there on time and in good condition. Me and Spot'll do the job fine, won't we, young 'un?" and he held out his hands to take the baby.

"You set a lot o' sto' by that chile, David," observed his mother, laughing.

"Yes'm. I set a lot o' sto' by the baby and Lucy, too;" and he patted the older child's head, as she flushed with delight. It was not David's way to forget anyone.

Mother, 'spose you take the children and go with me ez fur ez Uncle Martin's? I don't like leavin' you all—a passel o' wimmen folks," he said, laughing at the very small one on his lap—"by yo'selves all day; and mebbe I'll be back late."

"It'd be powerful lonesome here," answered his mother, "thet's a fac'. But how would I know when you was back?" she added, anxiously.

"Why, I'd 'lowed on meetin' you at the dividin' fence 'bout dusk, and totin' the baby fur you. An' the moon 'd be up early; ef I git back sooner, I'll come up ter the cabin, but I'll be sho' ter be at the fence, by nightfall, anyhow."

Mrs. Brown enjoyed her long, neighborly day, getting a new receipt from sister Martha, and hearing old Martin say how "peart" the baby was, and Lucy as rosy as a peach blossom. As for David, she never wearied in talking of him, and it was really dusk before she was fairly started. The "dividing fence," a boundary line between two large tracts of mountain land, was often used as a trysting place by others than lovers, and would save David a good many steps.

As they reached the fence in the woods a cloud was over the moon, and it was quite dark; but she could see a dim figure on the other side.

"David, have you been waitin' long?" she called out, and handed the baby over in a hurry, turning as she did so to see what was the matter with Lucy; for the child clung to her skirts in fright, and cried out that it wasn't David.

When, with some difficulty she had lifted her over the fence, struggling and crying still, and had herself climbed over—Mrs. Brown was not as active as she had been—there was no one in sight.

"David!" she cried. She heard a rustling in the bushes; but the moon, shining out at that instant, showed the place empty. "David!" she cried, again, in terror.

Then he appeared just at the bend of the mountain path, whistling cheerily and with Spot leaping and barking at his heels. But where was the baby?

For he had called out to her to give him the child as soon as he had caught sight of her, and David was not given to fooling. She could not answer, for her sobbing and crying.

Lucy tried to tell him the strange story. When she said: "A big, black, shaggy man" he threw himself on the ground, examining every mark. Spot smelled, too, and his yellow hair began to bristle with rage, and he growled fiercely, for there were surely the recent footprints of some large animal.

"Mother, run back and rouse the neighbors. Tell 'em to bring their rifles," and, breaking off a stout stick, David dashed into the bushes, Spot springing in front and leading the chase.

Once David thought he heard a half-stifled baby's cry, and hurried faster. For a "common-sized" boy he was making good speed; but Mme. Bruin was on the home stretch, and she knew it.

At last he caught a glimpse of a big, clumsy, dark form, trotting briskly along with what seemed like a bundle dangling from its mouth. He was none too soon. The cave in which the little black cubs rolled about, impatient for their supper, was but a hundred yards or so distant. He thought she must be near home by her quickened gait, and he knew, if she ever got the baby inside its black, yawning mouth, there would be no hope of bringing it out alive.

With the energy of despair he darted forward and gave the bear a sharp blow over the nose with his long stick. Spot closed in at the same moment, yelping and snapping at her legs.

The huge beast, enraged but not hurt by this simultaneous attack, dropped the baby, and reared up on her hind legs, looking in the mingled moonlight and shadow so like a human figure that David did not wonder afterward at his mother's mistake. She showed her sharp, white teeth with a fierce snarl, and stretched out her forepaws for a grapple. She was near her own babies now, and she meant fight.

David looked at the precious bundle. It lay just under the creature's terrible claws, and to attempt to pick it up would have placed him utterly at the bear's mercy, unless her attention could be diverted.

"At her, Spot! at her, good dog!" he shouted; and again he rained a shower of blows on her eyes and nose so quick and fierce that, blinded and confused for the instant, she backed a step or two, growling horribly.

Spot inflicted a sharp bite on her hind quarters, and she turned her head. It was his only chance. Quick as a flash he seized the baby and fled, leaving poor Spot to receive a terrific blow from the brute's paws, at which he, too, broke and ran, the blood streaming from his wound, and howling at every jump.

Half way down the mountain they met the Martins with dogs and torches. The bear, after a fierce fight, was brought to bay and killed, and the poor little cubs taken captive.

Old Martin untied with rough but trembling fingers the knot he had laughed at—the knot which had saved the baby's soft limbs from the bear's teeth. David hardly dared to be certain that he had heard a cry in his headlong flight; but when they had unwrapped fold after fold and unfastened the veil, there lay the baby—"David's baby" now, without doubt or question—as rosy and fresh as a flowerbud, its big blue eyes full of wonder and fright; but ready to smile at the first sight of David.

David was more his mother's hero than ever. She never told the story without adding:

"And he was jest a common-sized boy when he done it!"—N. Y. Independent.

THE HOME OF INVENTION.

A New York Farm Where Genius Is Fostered.

In the heart of New York state, beyond the reach of the merely curious, yet open to all of a scientific turn of mind, is the only inventors' farm in the world. There is doubtless no stranger place anywhere, for it is a farm where balloons are "raised," aerial schemes are hatched and air ships are born.

So far as the place at Frankfort, Herkimer county, N. Y., is surrounded by fields and groves which give no suggestion of city life, it is a farm, but its products are those of which the ordinary farmer knows nothing. For these products are flying machines, balloons, strange ships that—in theory at least—dart through the air or skim the ground like a bird.

Prof. Carl E. Myers, who has established the unique farm, is like most men of purely scientific mind in that he is most conservative in his ideas of publicity, and is content to live in the midst of wonders with his assistants and those who, from time to time, are associated with him. If an inventor has an idea that he will be able to overcome the forces of nature and construct a mechanical bird, it will no longer be necessary for him to spend fortunes to work out his ideas or die without accomplishing his life's object. All he needs to do will be to go to the inventors' farm and find there willing hands and fruitful brains, as well as all appliances of this electrical age to assist him.

Almost in the center of the big farm is a modern country house, standing amid many smaller buildings, in which are to be found the materials for every form of experiment connected with aeronautics. The lower portion of the large house is given over to living rooms, while a third story and attic extending the length of the building and occupied by balloon apparatus, accessories and wonderful devices for the construction of air ships.

The farm was especially selected for its natural advantages. There are stretches of level ground, gently rising slopes and strong declivities. Thus it does not matter at what stage of work the inventions may be, a suitable grade can always be found on the farm at which trials can be made. If it be an air ship that has been constructed where there is a doubt as to the exact nature of its workings, it can be tested on the slight grades, so that there will be as slight a risk as possible to human life or to the ship.

Close to the main house, in a glen, is situated one of the most important features of the farm. This is the spot designed for the making of fabric for all manner of flying machines and balloons. On this half acre of ground, which is skirted by the higher ground and trees, the fabric is stretched to receive the coatings of gasproof varnish. For this application of varnish a special machine has been invented and constructed by Prof. Myers, so contrived as to supply a complete coating of thick varnish and then to remove the coating with the exception of an exceedingly delicate film, difficult to be measured by instruments.

One section of the attic of the big house is a workshop containing all tools necessary for the construction of apparatus from wood, metal or textile, including lathes of various and original designs, steam engines, all classes of wood-working machinery and kindred apparatus for making comparative tests. This is the section in which is constructed the material for the full-sized machines of the air after working models have been tested. Another section of the attic is given over to space and machinery for the construction of models especially of kites, aeroplanes, wind-borne or self-propelled motors, winged apparatus worked by hand and feet, gas vessels propelled by screws or serving to support other devices for safe trial by their inventors.

In the little buildings scattered over the farm are located the gas engines and tanks for practical experiments, the chemical chambers and several furnaces and retorts. Some of these last are so strange and unusual that their appearance suggests the laboratory of some old-time alchemist rather than a Nineteenth century workshop.—N. Y. Herald.

Astronomical Discoveries.

That the best attainments are not the result of chance was exemplified in the discovery of the planet Neptune, the fiftieth anniversary of which event was recently celebrated in France. Telescopes had long swept the sky without discovering this shy outer planet; but when astronomers noticed how Uranus hastened in one part of its orbit and moved with less rapidity in another, they knew there must be an attracting body that held him in check. Leverrier, therefore, after minute calculations, wrote to the astronomer of the Berlin observatory, requesting him to point his telescope to a particular spot in the sky on an evening indicated, and said: "You will see a planet which I have not seen, and which no human eye has ever seen, but which nevertheless must be on the spot." No one would venture to call its discovery that night an act of chance.—Youth's Companion.

Facts About Eclipses.

The maximum number of eclipses that can take place within a period of a year is seven, and of these five are solar and two are lunar, and the minimum number of eclipses is two, which must both be solar. The year 1897, the second of the last semidecade of the Nineteenth century, will present this minimum number of eclipses, which, of necessity, must be solar and central, and will be annular. The first takes place on February 1, and the second on July 29. Both will be visible to some extent in this country.—Albany Journal.

Hoping for the Best.

She—You know, dear, we won't get any of father's money while he lives.

He—I know, but he's going to reside with us and you're going to do the cooking. Let's hope for the best.—Cleveland World.

LESSONS IN PATRIOTISM.

Taught the Children of Russian Immigrants in New York.

Five hundred Russian emigrant children, who are being educated under Baron de Hirsch fund at the Educational Alliance building on East Broadway, New York, took part in a recent competition for the prize offered by the Patria club to the school children of New York city for the best "salute to the flag" and the best original patriotic song. The auditorium where the exercises were held was festooned with national colors, and above the platform upon which the officers of the society, the committee of the Patria club and the visitors were seated large American flags were draped.

There were 556 names on the society's register, and there were only six absentees when the children marched into the hall to the music of "Dixie," each child wearing an American flag upon his or her breast. Many of the girls wore the national colors in their hair. Mr. A. S. Solomons, formerly of Washington, who is the general agent of the society, said that the exercises derived special interest from the fact that the majority of the children taking part had been in this country less than six months. They were unable to speak English when they came to the school, but had become conversant enough now with the language to enter the sixth and seventh grades in the public schools.

"These little Russians are born Eugnists," continued Mr. Solomons. "We are endeavoring to instill into their minds ideas of patriotism and a love of this their new fatherland, and the enthusiasm we meet with is surprising."

Then, turning to the children, he said: "You are no longer Russians, but good Americans. Let's see whether you can give three good, loyal cheers."

Five hundred heads were raised in the air and 500 voices rang out with a vim that would have done credit to a battalion of war veterans.

Then the brief exercises were begun by 13 boys, carrying national colors, representing the original colonies, who marched down the aisle to the front of the platform. A bright-eyed little maiden about eight years old took the part of Columbia, and as she raised aloft a large silk flag the following original salute was given:

Flag of our great republic: inspirer in battle, guardian of our homes, whose stars and stripes stand for bravery, purity, truth and union.

We, the children of many lands, who find rest under thy folds, do pledge our lives, our hearts and our sacred honor to love and protect thee, our country, and the liberty of the American people forever.

Every hand was raised and at the words "we salute thee" both arms were stretched out toward the uplifted flag, and an instant later were folded upon the breast. Then to the tune of "Maryland, My Maryland," an original song, composed at the school, was sung with the utmost enthusiasm. The title of the song was "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

Mrs. Mills, in behalf of the Patria club, presented the school with a bust of Abraham Lincoln, saying that he was the one who first used the words, "the government of the people, by the people, and for the people." "I think everyone will agree with me," she continued, "that we have never seen a more impressive sight than you have presented to us this morning. May you learn to love and reverence the flag you have so enthusiastically waved here this morning, and stand ready to uphold it whenever you shall be called upon."

The words met with a storm of applause, and for several minutes the air was brilliant with red, white and blue flags and streamers. With the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" the exercises ended.—N. Y. Sun.

Dictates of Fashion.

The small muff looks absolutely antiquated in these days of giant hand-warmers.

Glace kid gloves are superseding the suede ones, as they have been found to be more durable.

A sleeve that terminates at the wrist bone marks the gown to which it belongs as being a relic of last season, while a plain or low collar is equally reliable as an indication of antiquity.

Damp shoes should be cleaned and rubbed with vaseline as soon as they are removed. Then they should be filled with oats and set aside. In 12 hours the oats will have absorbed the dampness and the leather will be as soft as when new.

The art of bow-tying is one that every woman of limited means should acquire, if she wishes to be well dressed. The bow for the hair and the bow for the slipper, the knot at the waist and the one at the throat, all have peculiar twists of their own.—Chicago Record.

The Pedicure Box.

The fashionable woman now cares for her feet as carefully as for her hands, and a footbox is as necessary to her as a manicure set. The box is a good-sized one, and contains everything required for the welfare of both shoes and feet. For the former there are various kinds of dressing fluids for taking stains out of satin, brushes for removing dust, spools of silk and waxed shoe thread, a cobbler's needle, thimble and scissors, quantities of laces of all colors and assorted buttons; while for the pedal extremities themselves there are provided instruments for amateur surgical treatment, soaps, salves and bandages, the last being intended principally for the correction of disfigurements caused by long use of shoes that do not fit.—St. Louis Republic.

There Are Others.

William—I suppose the old Norse tower at Newport is the most interesting ruin there?

Madge—O, no, it isn't. You ought to be there in the summer and see a few of those dear old counts and barons!"—Twinkles.

NOW IT CAME ABOUT THAT THE RIVAL KINGDOMS OF NEBERANTERBERGENSTEIN AND WILDHOHENSOUNEWALO WERE UNITED.

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Not Pride, But Caution.

Sweet Girl—Mother, Mr. Nicefellow is coming to take me out riding this afternoon. I may go, mayn't I?

Mother—If he drives up with a span of spirited horses, you can go; but if he comes with that broken-down old nag he had last time, you shan't.

"Why, mother, I didn't suppose you would ever have such foolish pride."

"My dear, a young man who comes with a pair of spirited horses expects to drive with both hands."—N. Y. Weekly.

He Was Too Good to Stand.

A clergyman and one of his elderly parishioners were walking home from church one icy day last winter, when the old gentleman slipped and fell flat on his back. The minister, looking at him a moment, and being assured that he was not hurt, said to him:

"James, sinners stand on slippery places."

The old gentleman looked up as if to assure himself of the fact, and said:

"I see they do, but I can't." Tit-Bits.

One Way of Looking at It.

Minnie—O, I'm superstitious about Friday!

Ida—Would you decline a proposal on Friday?

Minnie—Well—ah!—if it were satisfactory in other respects I might think it unlucky to decline.—Chicago Tribune.

Fetched.

"So a mere bonbet brought you to this?"

"Yes," sobbed the culprit. "It was very fetching."

She was thereupon remanded to custody until it could be decided whether her act was kleptomania or grand larceny.—Town Topics.

The Old-Fashioned Oriental Way.

They send no glittering statements out
When a bank goes to smash in China,
To show 'tis solvent beyond a doubt,
When a bank goes to smash in China.
No pitying tears you see them shed,
But they take a big cheese knife instead,
And amputate the president's head,
And banks never break in China.
—Chicago Tribune.

The Life Line.

First Passenger—Oh, yes; I know those southern railroads very well. I've been riding on this line all my life.

Second Passenger—That so? You must have got on a little sooner than I did.—N. Y. Truth

Not Nature.

He—Nature abhors a vacuum.

She—Yes; but nature probably never sat up all night, hoping, every time she yawned, that he would take the hint.

Then he grabbed his hat and went.—Cleveland Leader.

An Appropriate Gift.

"Henry, I bought a beautiful book for Bridget."

"What is it?"

"It is called 'The Autocrat of the Kitchen Table.'"—Chicago Record.

Spoiled His Fun.

Olive—How did you show George you were angry with him?

Violet—He took me out for a sleigh ride and I wore a veil.—N. Y. Journal.

How It Worked.

"That woman getting her purse snatched out of her hand saved money for me."

"How was that?"

"My wife went shopping and put her purse in her pocket; when she got down-town she couldn't find her pocket."—Chicago Record.

Cause for Activity.

"What is Sexton hustling around so in the interest of a curfew ordinance for?"

"His boy saw him coming out of a variety theater the other night and went home and told about it."—Indianapolis Journal.

Often They Have To.

Two souls with but a single thought,
(Twas better had they none),
For the thought they had was the old, old thought,
That two can live as cheap as one.
—Detroit Tribune.

CHOOSING THE LESSER EVIL.

"Oh, Charles, baby is crying awfully. Guess I'll sing to him."

The Brute—Let him cry.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Her Device.

Daphne seeks to repulse me,
The coy, tricksy elf,
So she gave me her portrait
She painted herself.
—Chicago Record.

Very Tantalizing.

"Have you thought of that man's name yet?" signaled one deaf-mute to another.

"No, I haven't," was the reply. "I can't think of it to save my life, although I have it right at my finger's end."—N. Y. World.

From Her Point of View.

"That was a pretty hat that Mrs. Jones wore last night," he suggested.

"Pretty?" she exclaimed, with infinite scorn. "Why I happen to know that that hat only cost ten dollars."—Chicago Post.

She Wanted More Jelly.

Fond Mother—My dear, are you feeling any better?

Dolly—I dunno. Is the jelly all gone?

Fond Mother—Yes, my dear.

Dolly—Well, I think I am well enough to get up now.—Comic Home Journal.

Willing to Oblige.

Mrs. Benham—I don't want you to go out between the acts to-night, Henry.

Benham—Well, if you insist upon it, I will take a bottle with me.—Town Topics.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

Oh, I have had a splendid play,
The nicest times that ever were!
I've made believe, the whole long day,
I was a great discoverer.
You see, I skated all around
The pond, and down the ice-brook, too,
And oh, such pretty things I found!
I'll tell them all to you.

First, I discovered near the shore
A little frozen waterfall.
Poor thing! it used to splash and pour,
But now it cannot stir at all.
And next I found an island wee;
I felt just like Columbus then!
The only native I could see
Was one brown whiter wren.

And then a tiny cave I found,
Where all along the rocky wall
The icicles were hung around,
Like spears in some old robber's hall.
And then I spied a fairy bower,
All made of grasses, dry and white,
Each frosted like a silver flower,
Or diamonds sparkling bright.

But soon as in the hemlock-boughs
The evening star began to show,
Then I discovered our own house
As fast as ever I could go.
For when the sun has gone behind
The winter woods, and night has come,
The nicest place that I can find
Is just my own dear home.

—Youth's Companion.

COYOTES ARE CLEVER.

How One of Them Drew a Hunting Dog Into an Ambush.

No outer animal is found in the west than the coyote. The coyote is to the plainsman what a fox is to an eastern farmer, only the coyote is more in evidence. Forest and Stream tells about a dog that had its principal sport chasing and otherwise worrying coyotes, and was led into ambush by one coyote and then set upon by several other of the prairie wolves and almost done to death.

"About nine o'clock one night," the paper says, "one of the coyotes came to the kitchen door and howled aggravatingly at the dog, which, thereupon set after the coyote full tilt. The coyote fled around the house, down to the corral and around the blacksmith shanty, the dog yelping after. Behind the shanty were other coyotes, six or seven of them, and all of them made for the dog in a way that made it feel lonely. The ranchman heard the fight and the dog's howls of pain; and grasping a rifle started that way on a run, yelling as he went. The coyotes each took a farewell nip and fled, leaving a sore dog behind. Since then the dog has not been so much interested as on former occasions in coyotes. It follows single coyotes vigorously, but the appearance of another sends it back as fast as it can run."

A coyote likes badger flesh very much, but one coyote is not equal to a badger in a fight; consequently the coyote, when it meets a badger has to resort to stratagem till aid arrives. The manner in which it does this, according to the sportsman's paper, is interesting.

"A few weeks ago," the writer says, "as I was riding along I saw a coyote and a badger. The coyote seemed to be playing with the badger. He would prance around it, then run off a little way, the badger following, evidently very angry. When the badger saw me it ran into its hole, while the coyote went off 40 or 50 yards and lay down, evidently knowing I had no gun with me. The coyote's device was evidently to tease, and so keep the badger interested till another coyote happened along, when the badger would have been killed."

NEAT TOY BALLOON.

This Tells How Any Boy or Girl Can Make One of Them.

It is easy enough to make a neat little balloon at a cost of only a few cents.

Buy several large sheets of stout tissue paper and cut them into 14 sections the shape of that shown in the picture, and of such size as you may wish—three feet is a good length. Now paste these strips together at their edges, being careful to leave no slits

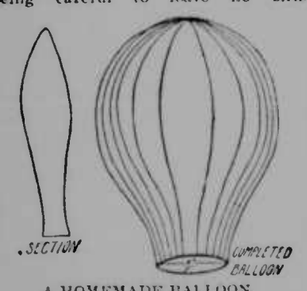

A HOMEMADE BALLOON.

or holes anywhere in the balloon. Trim the bottom off evenly all around, and in the neck fasten a circular piece of thin wire by folding over the tissue paper and pasting it down firmly. Now provide two cross pieces of wire, which may be hooked to the circular piece, as shown in the picture. Where these pieces cross fasten a bit of soft cotton.

To inflate the balloon, have some boy hold it up by the top; then dip the cotton in alcohol and set it afire, being very careful not to let the blaze touch the tissue paper. The hot air will expand the balloon and cause it to rise to a great height.

Any boy or girl can make this balloon.—Chicago Record.

Gen. Grant's Two Tunes.

A drum corps in passing caught sight of the general, and at once struck up a then popular negro camp-meeting air. Everyone began to laugh, and Rawlins cried: "Good for the drummers!" "What's the fun?" inquired the general. "Why," was the reply, "they are playing: 'Ain't I glad to get out ob de wilderness!' The general smiled at the ready wit of the musicians and said: "Well, with me a musical tune always requires explanation. I know only two tunes. One is 'Yankee Doodle,' and the other isn't."—Gen. Horace Porter, in Century.

To Make Lace Yellow.

To give cheap white lace the yellowish tinge beloved of artists, steep it for a few minutes in weak tea.

BERTHOLDE, THE DWARF.

His Shrewd Answers at the Court of a Lombard King.

Mary Sheurs Roberts, in her series of "Historic Dwarfs," contributes an article on Berthelde to St. Nicholas. Berthelde was an Italian, and one day he made his way to the palace of Alboin, king of the Lombards, at Verona, and boldly seated himself in an empty chair next the throne.

The courtiers were as much surprised at his audacity as they were amazed at his grotesque appearance; but the Lombard chieftain smiled grimly upon the intruder and inquired of him "what he was, when he was born and in what country?"

"I am a man," replied the dwarf, whereupon the attendants went off into fits of laughter. "I was born when I came into the world, and the world itself is my country."

King and couriers now began to realize that they had a shrewd little imp before them, and they commenced to ply him with questions of all kinds. The asking of conundrums was a sort of trial of wit to which sovereigns were much given at this period of history.

"What thing is that which flies the swiftiest?" asked one.

"Thought," replied Bertholde, promptly.

"What is the gulf that is never filled?"

"The avarice of the miser," was the ready answer of the quick-witted dwarf.

"What trait is the most hateful in young people?"

"Self-conceit, because it makes them untenchable."

"How will you catch a hare running?" inquired the king.

"I'll stay till I find her on the spit."

"How would you bring water in a sieve?"

"I'd wait till it was frozen," answered the dwarf, readily.

The king was delighted. "For so clever a rejoinder," he said, "you shall

SEATED NEXT THE THRONE.

have from me anything you may desire."

"Oh, no!" cried Bertholde, with a mocking laugh. "I shall have nothing of the sort. You cannot give me what you do not possess. I am in search of happiness, of which you have not a particle. So how can you give me any?"

"How!" exclaimed the king. "Am I not happy on so elevated a throne?"

"Yes, you are, if the happiness of a man consists in the height of his seat."

Then Alboin referred to his kingly power and dignity, and the dwarf retorted with another mocking laugh; and when the king called attention to the robes and courtiers about him, Bertholde with a sneer remarked: "Oh, yes, they cluster round your throne; so do hungry ants round a crab-apple, and with the same purpose—to devour it."

"Well said," spake the king, keeping his temper; "but all this does not prevent me from shining among them, as the sun among the stars."

"True, but tell me, shining Sun, how many eclipses you are obliged to suffer in a year? For the continual flattering of these men must now and then darken your understanding."

"For this reason you would not be a courtier?" inquired his majesty, whose fingers began to play upon his sword in a threatening manner.

"Miserable as I am, I should be sorry to be placed in the rank of slaves," replied the dwarf. "Besides, I have not the necessary qualities to succeed in this fine employment."

"What then do you seek at my court?" asked the king in an angry tone.

"Something I have not been able to find there," answered Bertholde. "I was told that a king was as much above common men as a tower is above common houses; I find, as I suspected, that sovereigns are honored more than they deserve."

This was a little too much. The king lost his patience, and commanded the dwarf jester to leave the palace immediately or he would have him whipped out of court.

He Had Earned the Bribe.

Young people have a certain sense of right and wrong which is not easily deceived. A Maine physician tells a story about one of his patients, a small boy, who for a long time resolutely refused to take the prescribed medicine. Finally the doctor offered him five cents if he would take it. The offer was accepted, the medicine taken, and the physician handed him the money. "Aren't you going to thank the doctor?" asked the mother, at the conclusion of the performance. "No, I'm not," replied the boy, stoutly. "I don't thank people for paying me what I earn."

A Fairy's Washday.

A fairy washerwoman down in a dell
Set her acorn-cup tubs under a drooping harebell.
She washed her clothes—queer little duds—
With the greatest of care in sea-foam for suds.
To make them look as good as new,
She rinsed them well in the fresh morning dew,
And for indigo used a bit of blue sky;
Then, on a cobweb for clothes-line, they were hung up to dry.

—Outlook.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Railroad builders say the building this year will be mainly for the purpose of developing lumber tracts, coal mines and other freight-making districts.

—Laborers are flocking to Liberia to work on the great Liberian railway. This is the route that will play havoc with the eastern question, destroy the usefulness of Constantinople as the key to Europe and enable Americans to go to the Japan sea in 17 days.

—A very low temperature, 400 degrees below zero, has been shown to have a remarkable effect upon the color of many bodies. The brilliant scarlet of vermillion and mercuric iodide is reduced, under its influence, to a pale orange, the original color returning with the rise of the temperature. Blues are unaffected by cold, and the effect is comparatively small upon organic coloring matters of all tints.

—The movement for the industrial education of the southern negroes is about to be advanced by the building of a cotton mill at Concord, N. C., for the special employment and instruction of negroes in this line of work. It is being built by W. T. Coleman, a wealthy colored man, and will be the first cotton mill in the country to employ colored operatives, although there is a spinning mill at Columbia, S. C., where they are employed.

—In so dry a region as central Australia frogs are found in fair numbers, creeks and claypans "swarming" with them. As the waters dry up the frogs disappear in their burrows, remaining till the rains come again. "Certain species of them," says Spencer, "gorge themselves with water before they go into their retreats, and in times of drought the natives dig them out and obtain enough water from their bodies to satisfy their thirst.

—It appears that as the earth becomes overpopulated all men must become vegetarians. A recent estimate shows that 22 acres of land are necessary to sustain one man on fresh meat, while the same area, if devoted to wheat culture, would feed 42 people; if to oats, 88; potatoes, Indian corn and rice, 176, and if to plantain or breadfruit, over 6,000 people. Ere the dire prophecy of Malthus is fulfilled, however, we may reasonably expect the chemist to provide artificial food for the multitude.

As to the age of the Niagara falls, geologists differ widely in opinion. At first it was estimated that the Niagara river came into existence through changes in the level of the land around the great lakes, about 55,000 years ago. Later this was reduced to only 12,000 years. The celebrated geologist, Sir Charles Lyell, increased the estimate again to 35,000 years; but more recently others have lowered it to about 9,000 years. The latest estimate is that of Dr. J. W. Spencer, who, basing his conclusions on the most recent investigations, places the age of the river at 32,000 years and that of the cataract at 51,000 years. At one period, many thousand years ago, the height of the falls was 420 feet.

BOSTON'S NEGLECT OF POE.

No Fitting Recognition of His Fame in in the Whole Country.

I have mentioned the circumstance that it has never occurred to the town of Boston to erect a monument to Poe, who, next to Franklin, probably has the most world-wide fame of all the men of letters native to that town, and Poe was connected with Boston not alone by the important accident of his birth, but by the commencement there of his literary career, itself an event worth commemorating. So far as I am aware, Boston never awarded to Poe the honor which, in the case of her dead literary men of eminence, she sometimes deems worthy to be taken in lieu of any further monumental attention, namely, the calling of a public meeting by the mayor, at which addresses are made and complimentary resolutions adopted. The name of Poe is, indeed, carved on the outer walls of the public library at Boston; so are several hundred other names. Their purpose is chiefly decorative.

However, Boston's neglect in respect of Poe was but the neglect of all the rest of the country. His kindred left his grave at Baltimore unmarked and a fund of about $1,000 had to be raised by public subscription to place above his ashes the unbeautiful mortuary monument which now bears his name. If an enterprising commercial person had not hired the cottage in which Poe lived at Fordham, just out of New York, and put up above its door the large sign "Poe's Laundry," surmounting it with the figure of a raven, thereby arousing the wrath of many people, including the owner of the cottage, and shaming them into a protest, it is probable that the poet's fame would still be quite destitute of any public memorial.—Atlantic.

Signs of Longevity.

The primary conditions of longevity are that the heart, lungs and digestive organs, as well as the brain, should be large. If these organs are large, the trunk will be long and the limbs comparatively short. The person will appear tall in sitting and short in standing. The hand will have a long and somewhat heavy palm and short fingers. The brain will be deeply seated, as shown by the orifice of the ear being low. The blue hazel or brown hazel eye is a favorable indication. The nostrils being large, open and free, indicates large lungs. A pinched and half-closed nostril indicates small or weak lungs.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Patti Fears Burglars.

Burglars are the great terror of Mme. Patti's life at Craig-y-nos castle, and she has had all her window shutters fitted with electric bells, which start ringing at the slightest touch, while by the same machinery a gun is fired and a number of dogs are let loose in the grounds. Special watchmen are told off every night on "round" duty, it is added.—Cassell's Journal.

EXCESSIVE FATIGUE IS DANGEROUS.

Fatigue Means a Draught on One's Reserve Strength.

From the Leader, Cleveland, Ohio.

John P. Souulhalter, who lives at No. 52 Melrose Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, is one of a small army who can bear testimony to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Souulhalter is in the prime of life. He is married and his family is his pride. He is strong and athletic and has a splendid physique. But, like many other men who are similarly fortunate in the possession of an excellent constitution, he recently overestimated the train which it could undergo. He is the yardmaster of the Zetteimeyer Coal Company, Nos. 29 to 31 Commercial St., and in that capacity finds it necessary to exercise considerable physical strength. The use of a great deal of muscular energy, however, did not seem to affect him in any manner until last spring. Then he discovered, to his alarm, that he had been overexerting himself. He began to be troubled with constipation, mental and physical prostration, relaxation of the muscular tissues, insomnia, and other symptoms of the result of overwork. But the story in his own words is interesting, for he tells it in the plain and simple manner characteristic of a man who earns his sustenance by the sweat of his brow, and at the same time he pays a glowing tribute to his inanimate and diminutive benefactor.

"It was last May," said Mr. Sonnhalter, "that I began to notice the effects of my hard work. The blood would rush from my heart into my head, and almost make me faint. I felt that my strength was on the wane, and my entire system seemed to be out of order. Strong as I was I would feel weak. I was nervous, and felt distressed not only in body, but in mind as well. When I awoke in the morning I dreaded to think of the hard day's work which was ahead of me. My footsteps were not as light and sprightly as formerly, and I was altogether wretched. My appetite, always strong, vigorous, and healthy before, seemed to be deserting me. I could not sleep well, and was unable to get the rest and recreation I needed. The warm weather was at hand, and I was afraid I would break down completely unless I got better soon. I was suffering, you might say, from general debility. Was tired all over, and nearly all the time.

"I knew that something would have to be done, and soon, too. I talked with my friends about what to do or take. Some advised me to try this or that, but I did not heed their suggestions, and now I am glad of it. One day I picked up a little pamphlet or advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I told how the medicine cured people who were suffering from just what ailed me, and I decided to buy a box, and I did. I was somewhat in doubt as to whether they were as good as it was claimed they were, but my doubt was soon removed. These pills fixed me up inside of two months. I never saw a medicine work so quickly and surely as those little pills. Almost the first one I took seemed to benefit me, and the more I took the better I felt. That awfully tired and dejected feeling began to leave me almost from the start. After taking half a dozen of the pills my sleep was unbroken. Then my appetite returned, and with it came my old time vigor. My muscles are as strong as ever now, and my health is good, and the pills did just what they were advertised to do.

"My work in the coal yard is hard, and I often have to overtax myself. But if I ever get in the condition I was last May, I'll buy more of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They do more good than a doctor, and I have recommended them to my friends."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. They are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold by all druggists at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50.

Oyster Pie.

One quart of solid oysters, one quart of milk, ten large oyster crackers rolled fine, pepper, salt, and a small piece of butter. Stir all together and pour into a dish lined with a thick puff paste. Cover with an upper paste and bake three-quarters of an hour.—Ladies' World.

The Country School.

"Teacher, is this ruler straight?"

"No, Mary; I bent it a little this morning on Bob Timbers, but I'll hammer it straight pretty soon on Tommie Grinwell.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Pleasant, Wholesome, Speedy, for coughs is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

One reason there is so much profit in chickens is that if properly managed the neighbors provide all the feed for them.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. Blunt, Sprague, Wash., March 8, '94.

An Atchison man and his wife are not on speaking terms, because he said he couldn't tell his rubbers from hers.—Atchison Globe.

A slip—a sprain—lame. St. Jacobs Oil cures it all the same.

Simultaneously with the discovery of her first gray hair, a woman discovers that it runs in her family to turn gray early.—Atchison Globe.

When bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

The man who wears a hair shirt hates those who dress comfortably.—Ram's Horn.

Don't refuse or excuse—St. Jacobs Oil's the cure for bruise.

It robs the world for a man of ability to live in idleness.—Ram's Horn.

Long and short—years with rheumatism, no time with St. Jacobs Oil—and a cure.

Turning a mad dog loose is a trifling thing compared to what the devil can do with a gossiping tongue.—Ram's Horn.

Wrinkles come with neuralgia. They go with St. Jacobs Oil's cure of it.

Either people should be more natural out in company or less natural when alone with their families.—Atchison Globe.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c.

Our idea of a good cook is one who fries oysters in such a way they don't shrink more than half.—Atchison Globe.

The John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., sent a special train load of seed potatoes, seed oats, grasses and clovers to Texas customers, leaving La Crosse January 11th.

Before you put in a crop of wild oats remember that you will have to reap what you sow.—Ram's Horn.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

That Castelano baby is getting enough presents to stock a department store.

A man humps himself with lumbago. He hustles when cured by St. Jacobs Oil.

In El Paso a meal can be obtained at a place called the Pig's Ear restaurant.

Just try a 10c. box of Cascarets candy cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made

Keep the heart young and the body will be slow in growing old.—Ram's Horn.

Pains and aches break down. St. Jacobs Oil builds up and finishes with a cure.

A Thermometer Free.

Warner's Safe Cure Co., of Rochester, N. Y., are sending out a limited number of accurate spirit thermometers graduated from 20 degrees below zero to 120 degrees above and mounted on heavy 4x6 inch card board, in red and green, by mail, free to any address on receipt of two cents in stamps to pay postage. To be sure the free distribution of the thermometers is intended to advertise the celebrated Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure (see advertising columns) but nevertheless they will be found to be useful as well as ornamental little articles for the home or office and well worth the little trouble and expense of sending for them.

Breathless Hunter.—"I say, boy, did you see a rabbit run by here?" Boy—"Yes, sir." "How long ago?" Boy—"I think it'll be three years next Christmas."—American Review.

The Strongest Fortification

Against disease, one which enable us to undergo unscathed risks from hurtful climatic influences, exposure, overwork and fatigue, is the vigor that is imparted to a debilitated physique by the peerless medicinal safeguard, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. You may possess this vigor in a higher degree than the trained athlete, although your muscular development may be far inferior to his. Vigor implies sound, good digestion and sound repose, two blessings conferred by the Bitters, which remedies malarial, rheumatic, nervous and kidney trouble.

How it would soften the push of the door in the bookagent's face sometimes, if we could see the little hands that stretch out to him for bread.—Ram's Horn.

THAT SPLENDID COFFEE.

Mr. Goodman, Williams County, Ill., writes us: "From one package Salzer's German Coffee Berry I grew 300 pounds of better coffee than I can buy in stores at 30 cents a pound."

A package of this and big seed catalogue is sent you by the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., upon receipt of 15 cents stamps and this notice. [K]

"I know now," remarked the young man who was sued for breach of promise, "why they call it 'courting.'"—Credit Lost.

Sick Cows.

It will tell any farmer how to cure abortion (slinking), Barrenness (failure to breed) or retained afterbirth, free. Enclose two stamps. B. M. Lyster, Lyndonville, Vt.

"Why can't you get an accident insurance, Grumpy?" "Because they say I'm too stiff to dodge bicycles."—Detroit Free Press.

Queen & Crescent

86 Miles Shortest to New Orleans, 109 Miles Shortest to Jacksonville from Cincinnati.

Cyclones are beginning to understand their business when they serve free lunches.—Atchison Globe.

New Orleans

Queen and Crescent Route 24 hours Cincinnati to New Orleans.

If you are unjust to a friend don't imagine that because he says nothing he didn't notice it.—Atchison Globe.

Lots of people feel away a great deal more time training a dog than they do on their children.—Washington (Da.) Democrat.

When boys first get to thinking they are men they call each other by their last names.—Washington Democrat.

When women notice anything suspicious they begin to talk and the men begin to watch.—Atchison Globe.

How many men there are who we think could have done so much better if they only had tried!—Washington Democrat.

A man must have mighty little to do who has time to preserve and keep in order every scrap of business paper he ever gets.—Washington (Da.) Democrat.

"Can't you see that sign: 'Beware of the Dog?'" asked the lady of the house, indignantly. "No, mum, I really cannot," replied the tramp at the door; "you see, I ruined my eyesight lookin' for work."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Pop," said Willie, "why is it called a gymnasium?" "Why? Why, because that's its name—ah—" "Yes, I know that," said Willie, "but why didn't they call it a Tompasium or a Bobnasium, eh?"—Harper's Round Table.

Artie—"Darling, you have no idea how anxious I was while you were coming down the rope ladder. I was so afraid you had not fastened it securely above." Susie—"You needn't have been alarmed, dear. Papa tied the knot for me."—Detroit Free Press.

Simplifying the Matter.—Attorney—"In order to fight this case intelligently I must know, in the first place, whether you are guilty or not." Client—"Well, if you've got to know the truth, I'm guilty." Attorney—"Good! Now the affair is simple. All that we've got to do is to establish an alibi."—Chicago Journal.

Machinations that Machinate.—"Nothing shall part us," she murmured. An hour elapsed. "Go," she said. In that brief hour she had grown cold through the machinations of a cruel father. You see he machinated with the furnace, cutting off all heat from the front parlor.—Detroit Tribune.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Sooner or later every great thought will make its way around the world.—Ram's Horn.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco. Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed. 50c and $1.00, all druggists.

The inventor of pins did more for the world than the builder of the pyramids.—Ram's Horn.

Some of Dr. C. E. Watkins' cures of chronic disease are called miracles by his patients. Dr. Watkins charges 10 cents in stamps to consult with him. His address is Ayer, Mass.

When the world comes to its worst it will soon be at its best.—Ram's Horn.

Bright's Disease CAN BE CURED WITH WARNER'S SAFE Cure.

Bright's Disease is but advanced Kidney Disease. It is better to cure the kidney trouble in its incipiency, but if you have neglected it, hesitate no longer, but cure yourself at once,

BUY NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS
FARM SEEDS
Salzer's Seeds are Warranted to Produce.
John Breider, Mishicott, Wis., astonished the world with a yield of 173 bu. of Salzer's Silver King Barley per acre. Don't you believe it? Just write him. In order to gain, in 1897, 50,000 new customers, we send on trial
10 DOLLARS' WORTH FOR 10c.
12 pkgs. of new and rare farm seeds, including above Barley, Teosinte, Giant Spurry, Sand Vetch, "40c Wheat," and other novelties, positively worth $10, to get a start, all postpaid, including our great seed catalog, for 10c.
Largest growers of farm seeds and potatoes in the world. 35 pkgs. earliest vegetable seeds, $1. Catalog tells all about it. Gladly mailed to intending buyers. Send this notice. K
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OPIUM HABIT AND DRUNKENNESS Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, Ohio.

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Sweetness and Light.

Put a pill in the pulpit if you want practical preaching for the physical man; then put the pill in the pillory if it does not practise what it preaches. There's a whole gospel in Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills; a "gospel of sweetness and light." People used to value their physic, as they did their religion,—by its bitterness. The more bitter the dose the better the doctor. We've got over that. We take "sugar in ours"—gospel or physic—now-a-days. It's possible to please and to purge at the same time. There may be power in a pleasant pill. That is the gospel of

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More pill particulars in Ayer's Curebook, 100 pages. Sent free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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Cascarets
CURE CONSTIPATION
REGULATE THE LIVER
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ALL DRUGGISTS
ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 317.

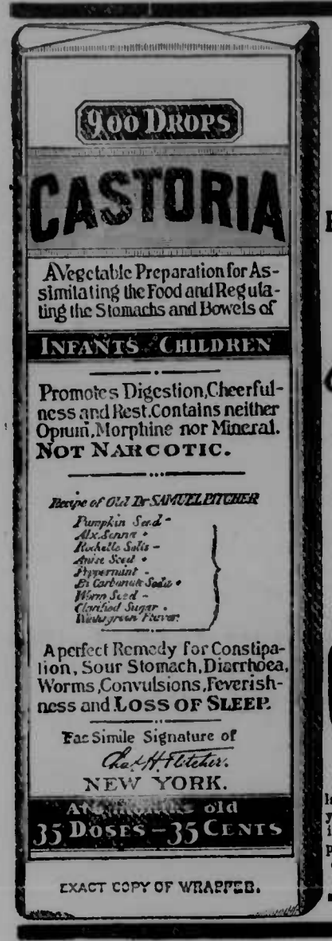

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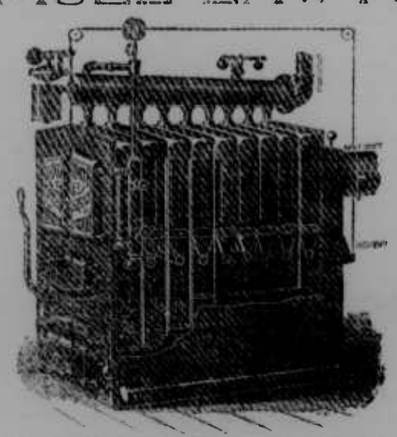

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We have a plan by which Farmers can get
TOOL CHESTS FREE
Containing of first-class quality (guaranteed) every tool—Axes, Saws and Planes included—necessary to repair vehicles, machines or build a house. Three two-cent stamps and the name of this paper required for particulars. Powell Fertilizer & Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25, 1897.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations having amended the arbitration treaty to meet the objections to it, by the insertion of a sentence excepting from arbitration, except by special agreement, all questions affecting the foreign or domestic policy of either with any other nation, and by striking out that portion which gave King Oscar, of Sweden, authority to name the umpire, has reported the treaty to the Senate with a recommendation that it be ratified, and there is now little doubt of its speedy ratification. Another treaty has just been signed with Great Britain and sent to the Senate. It provides for a determination of a portion of the Alaska Boundary line.

Had President-elect McKinley tried ever so hard, he could not have pleased the old-soldier element party more than he has done by the selection of General Russell A. Alger, of Michigan, to be his Secretary of War. Gen. Alger is also popular with the party at large, and the Michigan delegation in Congress is especially well pleased with the honor bestowed upon him.

Although the Senate voted down an appropriation to pay the expenses of the West Point Cadets in coming to the inauguration, it is probable that they will come after all, unless Secretary Lamont shall decide otherwise. The public spirited managers of a Washington hotel have offered to board the cadets free during their stay in Washington, and any other expenses that may be necessary will be met by the inauguration committee. Public sentiment in Washington wants the cadets in the inaugural parade, and nothing will be left undone to get them.

Ex-Queen Lil, of Hawaii, who is now in Washington, is very discreet in her utterances as to her object in visiting the United States at this time but one of her hangers-on has left the cat out of the bag, by stating that she thought President Cleveland ought, before retiring from office, to replace her upon the throne. She has been badly advised if she thinks any such thing as that can be accomplished. Although Mr. Cleveland was at one time very anxious to restore the deposed Queen to authority, there is reason to believe that he has long since realized his mistake he made in his policy towards Hawaii, and that he would not now carry it out if he could. And everybody, including the ex-Queen ought to know that he could not if he wanted to.

Several anti-Republican Senators made quite a bluff at opposing the bill authorizing President McKinley to appoint delegates to represent this country at any international monetary conference that may be called by any other country or that he in his judgment may deem advisable to call but when it came up to the scratch only four votes were cast against the bill in the Senate. No trouble is expected in getting the bill through the House. A notable feature of the short debate which preceded the passage of the bill by the Senate was the speech made by Senator Hoar, who, when abroad last year made it a point to secure information on the growth of bimetallism in Europe. He expressed the positive opinion that international bimetallism was bound to come in time. As to the length of time he said: "If not in three months then in three years. It will be stronger twelve months hence than it is to-day and it is stronger to-day than it was twelve months ago." Mr. Hoar quoted original letters in his possessions to show why he believed that four great nations, the United States, England, France and Germany, were steadily advancing towards bimetallism.

While there are few Republicans in Congress who would have named Mr. Lyman J. Gage, had they been asked to select President McKinley's Secretary of the Treasury, all of them agree in commending the choice now that it has been made by Maj. McKinley. Many Republican Senators and Representatives are personally acquainted with Mr. Gage, and those who have not that honor are familiar through others with his splendid business career in Chicago, where he has resided for more than forty years. From a business standpoint there is not a flaw in the record of Mr. Gage; from a political standpoint, there is one flaw: He voted for Cleveland when he was elected president the first time. The best proof that Mr. Gage regretted his action in that case if found in the fact that he did not vote for Cleveland the second and third time that he was a candidate and that he was especially active in the support of McKinley and Hobart and honest money, during the late campaign. His administration of the treasury department is likely to be very strong in business, and somewhat indifferent in partisan politics. Under existing circumstances, this may be the best possible sort of an administration of that important branch of the government, not only for the country but for the Republican party.

Call for Your Letters.

L. W. Selby, John Rumer, Fred C. Mills, Conn Keef, F. A. Glotfelty, A. B. Clark, Page Austin, Mrs. P. T. Martin, Mrs. Silas Smith.

IT'S YOUR LIVER

When you feel tired, listless, heavy, headachy, flushed, and have a foul taste in your mouth you may be sure your liver is loafing. It isn't doing its work; it needs a stirring up.

DR. A. S. TODD'S ANTI-BILIOUS LIVER PILLS

will straighten you out. Make you feel like new. Brighten eyes and brain. Clear your complexion—cure your headache. 25 cents, all druggists. Made by JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

J. L. McCOMAS, Jr.,

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INDELIBLE INK WORK on LINEN.

Second Street, OAKLAND, MD.

All work entrusted to my care will receive Prompt Attention.

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Farmers,

Look to Your Interests.

The Oakland Flouring Mill is now ready to grind a million bushels of buckwheat. The best equipped mill in the county; all latest improved machinery. Can give either

Burrh or Roller Process Flour.

Mr. E. A. Dudley, who has charge, has been a life-long miller, and knows how to make a good turnout of buckwheat flour.

Don't fail to give him a Trial. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Will make arrangements with all the Oakland merchants to buy your flour at big prices. Don't fail to give the Oakland Mills a trial.

Don't forget the place, Water street, formerly owned by the late H. A. Rasche.

Yours obediently,

THE OAKLAND MILLS.

51-1yr.

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address

C. A. WILT, Agent,
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WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH, MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

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DEALERS IN

Furniture, Carpets, Matting, Oil Cloth, Window Shades, Wall Paper,

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Repairing Furniture and Picture Framing a Specialty.

Removal.

I, the undersigned, have removed my place of business from the Loar building to the Ravenscroft (Mayers) building on Railroad street, where I will continue to carry a well assorted stock of

JEWELRY,

and give special attention to the repairing of watches, clocks, etc.

Give me a call. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

H. C. SMOUSE.

29—3m.

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JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencie

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.

EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ½ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON, Keyser, W. Va.

MOUNTAIN STATE Business College,

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,

FANCY STATIONERY,

DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

Jos. E. HARNED, Proprietor.

31—26

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

Andrew B. Gonder, Att'y at Law. Alexander C. Mason, Surveyor.

GONDER & MASON,

-: REAL :- ESTATE :- AGENTS, :-

OAKLAND, MD.

40—1yr. Office, Shartzer's Opera House.

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

This is to give notice that the firm of Whetzell & Hall, composed of Mrs. Isabelle Whetzell and A. W. Hall, doing a general lumber manufacturing and general merchandise business at Kearney, Md., has this day been dissolved by mutual agreement, Mrs. Whetzell retiring.

The business will be continued by A. W. Hall.

MRS. ISABELLE WHETZELL.
A. W. HALL.

Kearney, Md., Jan. 11, 1897. 46—3t.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

FRED A. THAYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate. CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY. OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON OAKLAND, MD.

Residence on North 3rd Street. Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.

Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.

Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.*

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6'22 6m

THOMAS R. McROBIE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street.

All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

E. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Residence and P. O. Address,

2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate.

Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-3yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE. AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN, SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including iron ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26*

WILLIAM C. KIRD, Representing JOHNSON, OMOHUNDRO & CO., WHOLESALE NOTIONS, Etc., BALTIMORE, MD.

A specialty of Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.

Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 21, 1897.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on

Tuesday, February 9th,

to transact all business that may properly come before them. They will also at this session act as a Board of Control and Review.

By order of the Board,

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M. RATHBUN & CO., PLANING MILLS,

And BUILDING MATERIALS.

MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

48 13

Thomas R McRoble

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1897. NUMBER 49.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

See Side Tracked.

Mr. Harry Loar, of Grafton, spent Sunday with his parents in Oakland.

Side Tracked at Shartzer's Opera House Friday night, Feb. 19th.

Mr. William I. Brown, of Cornuna, was in Oakland last Saturday a short time.

Hon. Chas. E. Hilleary, of Gormania, was here on business Saturday last.

Mr. Perry E. Kimmell was in Piedmont and Frostburg a day or two last week.

Mr. John Speicher, of Deer Park, was in Oakland yesterday and called to see us.

Mr. Richard and Miss Tina Connell, of Hutton, were Oakland visitors last Saturday.

Mr. Chas. Bolden, who has been ill for a number of weeks, has recovered his usual health.

20 Colonies of Bees to exchange for Oak or Poplar lumber. Inquire of John Ault. 48 2t.

Attorney E. H. Sincell was in Rowlesburg, W. Va., on professional business yesterday morning.

Mr. Norman B. Bray, of Blaine, was in Oakland last Friday and made this office a pleasant call.

Mrs. Alvin Getty, of Frostburg, is spending a few days visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Kepner.

Justice John H. Rafter, of District No. 10, was here last Saturday and qualified before Clerk E. Z. Tower.

Mr. Ralph Engle, of near Grantsville, was here Tuesday and Wednesday. He returned home this morning.

Miss Alice Kepner, who spent several weeks visiting friends at Cumberland and Frostburg, returned home Saturday.

Messrs. W. W. Shoch and Enoch M. Huffman, both of Rowlesburg, were in Oakland on business Tuesday afternoon.

Messrs. Eli Merrill and J. H. Gregg, of near Lonaconing, were in Oakland Monday and made this office a very pleasant call.

Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Benj. H. Sincell entertained a number of their friends at their home on Third street.

Rev. Wm. Walker attended a quarterly conference of the A. M. E. church at Piedmont last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. J. Ed. Kildow, of Beverly, W. Va., spent Saturday and Sunday in Oakland visiting his mother and other relatives.

Miss Annie Spedden, of Oakland, has been in this city the past week visiting her sister Mrs. G. A. Bolden. —Kingwood Journal.

Mr. George H. Faulkenstine, of Cranesville, was here on Thursday last visiting his brother J. M. Faulkenstine and family.

Judge Sloan will come to Oakland from Cumberland to-day and draw the jurors to serve at the March term of the Circuit Court.

Mr. Harry M. Hebden, who represents the Dulany printing company, of Baltimore, was calling on his customers in Oakland Saturday.

Mr. F. E. Merrill spent several days recently at Tunnelton, W. Va., where he went to assist in waiting on Miss Smith, his cousin, who continues very ill.

Cline Locoskey, an insane Hun, was sent to jail last Saturday by Justice Boyer where he will remain until removed to an asylum by order of the court.

Services at the Episcopal chapel Sixth and Alder streets, Sunday next 11 a. m ; 7.30 p. m. At Swanton 3.30 p. m. A cordial welcome to all. Rev. Wm. Brayshaw, rector.

Sheriff Brown went to Charleston, W. Va., last Monday to secure requisition papers for the arrest of two parties wanted in this county and who are now residing in West Virginia.

Mr. Thomas Little is in Baltimore this week attending the grand lodge, Knights of Pythias, which is holding its annual sessions in that city. Mr. Little is a representative from Oakland lodge.

Mr. Merritt Wilson, of Wilson, accompanied by his sister, drove over to Oakland yesterday morning. Miss Wilson took the train here for Buckhannon, W. Va., where she will enter the seminary.

Ella, the six year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Cleveland, who has been dangerously ill for the past three weeks, also Miss Alice, who has been quite sick for the past ten days, are both on the road to recovery.

Sheriff Brown went down to Bloomington last Friday and there arrested Lee True, who was indicted by the last grand jury for disturbing a religious meeting. True was brought to Oakland and put in jail where he will remain until his trial takes place at the March term of the Circuit Court.

The Board of County Commissioners met in their office on Monday with all members present. Routine business was transacted and this morning the board are acting as a Board of Control and Review. They will probably adjourn on Saturday.

"Some Rambling Thoughts," copyrighted by "Nemo," which have been appearing in these columns for a number of issues, will continue to be published exclusively by this paper in Garrett county. The articles, as heretofore, will treat upon all subjects and all will be interesting.

Simon S. Hartman, of Tunnelton, W. Va., has been subject to attacks of colic about once a year, and would have to call a doctor and then suffer about twelve hours as much as some do when they die. He was taken recently just the same as at other times, and concluded to try Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He says; "I took one dose of it and it gave me relief in five minutes. That is more than anything else has ever done for me.

25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Last evening a sleighing party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Thayer, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Peddicord, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. S. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sincell, Mr. and Mrs. King Delawder and Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Schroeder, went up to Aurora, where they took supper at the Mountain View House, returning to Oakland about midnight.

The entertainment given by the teachers and pupils of the public school last Friday evening, was quite a success. The lecture room was full to overflowing and many being unable to secure seats. The program as published in these columns last week, was carried out and each number rendered with much credit to the performer.

Our people are growing more and more in the habit of looking to the Oakland Pharmacy for the latest and best of everything in the drug line. They sell Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, famous for its cures of bad colds croup and whooping cough. When in need of such a medicine give this remedy a trial and you will be more than pleased with the result.

For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Miss Minnie Smith the popular young music teacher of Tunnelton, was seriously ill several days of last week. She has been suffering for some time past with a complicated disease of the stomach and heart. Her condition was so serious on Sunday that her relatives, who reside in Garrett county, were telegraphed for. Dr. Sivey of that place is the attending physician.—Kingwood Journal.

Dr. J. Lee McComas was recently elected an honorary member of the Medical Society of the State of New York. This society, the strongest in the country, is made up of only those who are recognized as standing high in the profession. To become a member of the above society is quite an honor and in bestowing it upon our fellow-townsman we feel that it is also an honor to the town and community.

This evening the editor of this paper leaves for Galveston, Texas, where he goes to attend the annual meeting of the National Editorial Association as a delegate from the Republican Editorial Association of Maryland. A ten days' trip down through Mexico is anticipated by the delegates to the convention. At St. Louis the delegates from the different states of the Union will take special trains over the St. L. & S. F. railroad on Saturday evening, arriving in Galveston in time for dinner Monday. During the absence of the editor the local work on THE REPUBLICAN will be in charge of Mr. D. G. Smith.

F. G. Hyde will have a great reduction sale, begining on Saturday, Feb. 13th. You pay just one-half the price for anything you want. Be sure you secure a hand bill, which will be worth a fortune to you. It will give the prices of almost every article. The lowest sale ever known since the day of Adam.

Terms spot cash.

Very respectfully,
F. G. HYDE,
The Big Jeweler.

N. B.—Don't fail to take in the show window. There will be great attractions. lt

Call for Your Letters.

Mr. J. Paul, Mr. George T. Kerns, Mr. Vernon Kryder, Mr. Sherman Duvall, Mr. John Ash (3), Mrs. Sivila Snyder, Miss Nella A. Shaffer, Miss Jennie Hetrick.

Dogs—a Nuisance.

The Hagerstown correspondent to the Baltimore *Sun* last Thursday says:

At a special meeting of the city council last night an ordinance was introduced providing that dogs shall not be allowed to run at large on the streets of Hagerstown, and authorize the appointment by the mayor, with the consent of the council, of not more than three dog-catchers. All dogs siezed shall be kept twenty-four hours, and if they are not redeemed by owners by paying a certain sum for impounding expenses, they shall be killed in the most humane way. The chief of police is to witness all executions and certify to the number of dogs killed by the catchers. Catchers are to receive seventy-five cents for killing each dog and twenty-five cents for burying outside of city limits each dog executed. Any person annoyed at night by howling dogs may have the dog killed or removed by complaining to the mayor, who is required to have an officer abate the nuisance. Action on the ordinance was postponed until to-night, when it is expected it will be passed.

Such an ordinance will naturally have strong opposition from the lovers of dogs, but it must be remembered that the comfort and safety of the people should be the greatest aim and the dogs must be—well, secondary. The fact is of late years people have been paying too much attention to dogs. We all know of men and women, too, who upon going into their homes will speak to and caress a pet dog before noticing their children. Then there are mothers who will take their pet poodle in their arms on the streets, who would think themselves disgraced to carry their own offspring, and leave their babies with servants. Men will caress, fondle and praise dogs because of some special qualities, who never have a good word for boys, no matter how well they behave or how promising they are.

Let more attention be given to educating and benefiting the children and less to dogs and the country will not be "going to the dogs" in so many particulars. Let the worthless dogs be sent to "dogheaven" and let the flea nests be made into flower beds.

Donations are daily made for the poor, when, if the truth be known, in many cases portions of the bread and meat furnished is fed to the dogs that help to keep the people poor.

Of what use are dogs in a city? They are as much a nuisance as hogs and as filthy if not more so. Look at the wares along the streets and see unmentionable filthiness, even on the vegetables that people sometimes buy. It's dreadful! Let Oakland do as Hagerstown is doing and let the city be rid of this nuisance, and then begin on the cats, or they might be taken together and get rid of the hideous night howling that one might expect if he lived along the banks of Yough river instead of in the town.

Chautauqua Program for 1897.

The Febuary number of the *Mountain Chatauqua*, contains the following that will be of great interest to many of our readers:

Even at this early date, arrangements are shaping themselves a little for the Assembly of next summer. The program of last season was so thoroughly satisfactory in every sense of the word and included so much that was of the first quality, that it will be difficult to surpass it. More money, however, than ever before will be used in the employement of talent, and only the very best which the platform is able to provide will be procured. None will be employed, save those who have won their way to renown and are recognized as leaders. Already the following engagements have been effected: Madame Cecilia Eppinghousen Bailey, the most brilliant concert soprano in America, who so charmed us last year, will return for a stay of ten days. The Airon Lady Quartet, unsurpassed on the continent, will be heard for many days. Miss Marion Short, the most popular reader who ever came to Mountain Lake Park, after a regretted absence from us, will return to the delight of all. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, the best known preacher in the world, and the highest priced lecturer on the American platform has been secured for two lectures. Gen. John B. Gordon, that brilliant Southerner who so captured us last year, will again be our speaker on Grand Army Day. The great Baptist, Thomas Dixon, Jr., of New York City, who has become so famous the country over for his strong and witty lectures, will be heard twice. Herbert A. Sprague, the unrivalled impersonator, will delight us with two of his fascinating entertainments. Miss Vandelia Varnum, possibly the most brilliant women lecturer ever before to public, will lecture twice. John R. Clarke, a varsatile genius who has achieved great renown, will give two of his fescinating t[illegible]. S. M. Spedon, the lightning [illegible] on artist who leads the processi[illegible] in this line of work, will be hear[illegible]wice. Prof. Louis Favour, the grea[illegible]etrician who carries tons of appa[illegible]us and preforms many brilliant [illegible]periments, will be one of the novel[illegible]ies of the season. Col. George W. P[illegible]ln, among the most popular men [illegible]last year, will return for two lect[illegible]es. Of course John DeWitt Mill[illegible] will be on the list. It would be u[illegible]less to think of attempting the Assembly without him. He is the unrivaled favorite, and will both preach and lecture. Charles Banard, the well known story and play writer arthur of "The County Fair," will give his delightful picture story on "The Town Behind the Fence." We shall also have that marvelous bit of realism, the Vitoscope, with its wonderful moving pictures. It is the sensation of the year. Our Venetain night will again be a feature, with the addition of many novelties.

This is only the faintest glimse of the program which will be provided but gives at least some slight intimation of the efforts which are being put forth to satisfy our patrons. It is enough to say, that when completed it will be the very best which money can procure and that no more brilliant program will be provided by any Assembly in America.

It is also hoped that the brilliant Baptist pastor of Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool, England, Rev. Charles F. Aked, may be imported especially for service at our Assembly. We have now grown so large, and are so full of determination to make the platform of the Mountain Chautauqua an ideal platform, where the best of everything may be expected, that if this country doesn't furnish the talent for which we look, we will bring it from the ends of the earth.

The little daughter of Mr. Fred Webber, Holland, Mass., had a very bad cold and cough which he had not been able to cure with any thing. I gave him a 25 cent bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, says W. P. Holden, merchant and postmaster at West Brimfield, and the next time I saw him he said it worked like a charm. This remedy is intended especially for acute throat and lung diseases such as colds, croup and whooping cough, and it is famous for its cures. There is no danger in giving it to children for it contains nothing injurious.

For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Two Mills Wrecked.

The recent deep snow and rain falling upon it resulted in breaking down the buildings over Hon. C. J. Otto's steam mill at New Germany, damaging the machinery to some exteut. About $100 will repair Mr. Otto's loss.

Maust Bros. mill, in the same community, is a total wreck.

Teacher's Institute.

An institute of the Garrett county teachers was held in the public school building in Oakland on Saturday last. Secretary Palmer presided over the meeting and the opening address was made by Mr. Wm. Hinebaugh. About twenty teachers were present, the small number being on account of the inclement weather. Various topics of interest to the teachers were discussed, among them being the explanation by Examiner Palmer of the injustice of the division of the State school fund among the different counties. This was explained in such a clear manner as to be readily understood by each teacher present, and we hope will insure the co-operation of the teachers in the agitation of the subject until the parents and patrons understood it thoroughly. When this is once accomplished, in our opinion, the road to the remedy will be short.

Capt. McDonald Improving.

The following paragraph from the montgomery *Press* of last week will be read with pleasure by the many friends of Capt. McDonald in Garrett county:

"Capt. John McDonald has been seriously ill with la grippe and was threatened with pneumonia but is now convalescent."

Killed Near Swanton.

On last Thursday afternoon Charles T. Gilpin, was fatally injured by the machinery in his father's steam saw mill near Swanton, this county. The lad was only fourteen years of age and was engaged in oiling a part of the machinery near the driving belt when his clothes were caught in it. He was whirled around a number of times and finally thrown to the ground. An examination revealed terrible injuries, the most serious being that of his arm which was almost entirley severed from his body at the shoulder. His feet were very much injured also. Surgical aid was summoned immediately. After living a number of hours the lad died in great agony and was buried on Sunday.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

For sale by

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

Bitten by A Dog.

Last Thursday morning the child of Mr. and Mrs. John Flaherty, residing on Liberty street, was playing with a dog when the animal sunk its teeth through the child's lip, lacerating it very seriously. The dog was shot later in the day.

Threw Away His Canes.

Mr. D. Wiley, ex-postmaster, Black Creek, N. Y., was so badly afflicted with rheumatism that he was only able to hobble around with canes, and even then it caused him great pain. After using Chamberlain's Pain Balm he was so much improved that he threw away his canes. He says this liniment did him more good than all other medicines and treatment put together.

For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Improvements at the Oakland Hotel.

On Monday of this week the Oakland Hotel was leased for a term of five years from the B. & O. Railroad authorities by a gentleman named Mills, residing in Washington. Mr. Mills will at once get out a large line of advertising for this house and will send it all over the country.

The contract for filling the ice house was given to Mr. Broderick, and immediately teams began hauling ice from the lake.

As soon as the weather opens great improvements will be made at the hotel. The house and outbuildings will be painted and the grounds put in better shape.

McKinley Souvenirs.

Mr. George H. Crim, will on next Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights have on exhibition in the Felty building on Alder street souvenirs of the coming inauguration which he will offer for sale. The souvenirs will make quite a parlor ornament. Call on one of the above nights. lt

New Postmaster at Grantsville.

On Monday the postoffice department appointed Mr. Joseph C. Shaw postmaster at Grantsville, vice Thomas Henry Bittinger, resigned. Mr. Bittinger has been postmaster at the above town for eight or ten years.

Side Tracked Coming.

The next attraction at Shartzer's Opera House will be Side Tracked, appearing here one night only, Friday, Feb. 19th, 1897. The Company presenting this play has just closed a successful week's engagement in one of the largest theatres at Philadelphia, where it received many notices by the press. This show is without doubt one of the best on the road and will be recorded a large audience when it comes to Oakland. Tickets on sale at Oakland Pharmacy.

Are You One?

Under the above caption the Baltimore *Methodist* relates that a county school examiner "recently asked every teacher in the institute who took their local paper to hold up their hands, and out of about one hundred present only six responded, at which he expressed the utmost surprise and said: "You don't spend a dollar a year with these papers, yet you expect them to print free of charge notices of institutes, insert large programs and full reports of what you say and do on these occasions, and thus expect them to advertise you in your chosen profession, thus helping you to climb the ladder of higher position and better salaries, without a cent's postage in return." He closed by saying: "Your conduct in this matter would lead me, were I an editor of these papers, to promptly throw in the waste basket any communications sent in by any society, the members of which were too proud and stingy to take a paper, or if I inserted it to demand full advertising rates for every line published."

Roads and Road Laws.

Once a community finds out that Good Roads are possible all the year round, and that they are cheaper—by all odds—than poor roads, it will insist on having highways that are a public comfort and convenience.

"The best is the cheapest" applies to nothing else with more force than to roads. The farmers are learning this fact, and only the fear of greatly increased taxes keeps them from pushing the movement for getting the best stone highways.

This objection is now being overcome by following some plan whereby the whole property of the State, city and county, is being taxed to build the country roads, though a system whereby State aid is being extended to communities and help is offered those that offer to help themselves.

It is a matter of uncertainty which need fixing most, the roads or the road laws of this country. Fixing the latter will do much toward correcting the former.

In a legislative way, a good deal is being done. In the matter of the actual work of fixing the highways there must, of necessity, be a great improvement in work and methods.

Low Rates to Washington for the Inauguration.

The B. & O. R. R. will sell round-trip tickets to Washington, D. C., from all stations on its lines east of the Ohio River, for all trains March 1, 2, 3, and all trains on the morning of the 4th that reach Washington not later than noon, at rate of two cents per mile in each direction, valid for return journey until March 8th inclusive.

The rate from stations in the vicinity will be as follows:

Piedmont	$7 20
Deer Park	8 00
Mountain Lake Park	8 15
Oakland	8 25
Grafton	10 00

and correspondingly low rates from other stations.

Died.

FRIEND.—Last Friday afternoon, Mrs. Wm. H. H. Friend, of Friendsville, died and was buried Sunday. The cause of the death of the lady was an aggravated attack of the grip.

JAMISON.—Charles Jamison, aged a little more than forty-two years, died at his home in Oakland Monday afternoon. The deceased was taken ill on Wednesday of last week with pneumonia, which caused his death within a very short time. His funeral occurred yesterday morning from St. Peter's Catholic church, the interment being made in the Catholic cemetery. The deceased leaves a widow and five children.

Sale of Cigarette.

Judge Stake has decided, Judges Boyd and Sloan concurring, that the cigarette law must be construed literally, and a boy under fifteen years of age cannot buy cigarettes unless he has a written order from his parents, guardian or employer. George Wittig, a dealer at Frostburg, sold cigarettes to a boy upon the written order of a man who bore no relationship as enumerated above, yet his attorney, Mr. A. A. Doub, thought a liberal construction of the law might bring about Wittig's acquittal. Col. George A. Pearre prosecuted the case.

Art Idols.

The ninth number of this expensive publication is now ready. As this art work is issued quarterly, the reader will remember its publication began at a time when the nude in art was a rage. But like all things, the good die young, but the best remain. The plates in each number are loose, so one can frame them. Size, 11 x 14 inches. Number nine, which is now ready, contains six plates a follows: "Venus," "In the Woods," "Coquetterie," "Floreal," "A Daughter of Eve," "Nature and Art."

The price is $1.00 per copy. Any newsdealer will get it for you or you may send direct to the White City Art Co., 611 Manhattan Building, Chicago, Ill.

DEAR lady fair, 'tis but my heart I send to you this morn,
All battered, shattered, dented and rent and sadly torn;
You've played with it for many a day; most cruel sweetheart mine,
And now I send it back to you to be your valentine.
Others may bring red roses and sing of Cupid's darts,
Of mating doves and dimpled loves or prate of bleeding hearts;
But I, I only send you this—'tis of myself a part;
What will you do with it, fair maid, this living, human heart?
Wilt wear it as the roses above your own dear heart?
'Twill glow and blossom if you will—your smile shall cure its smart.
You've tossed it back to me so oft, and yet 'twas half in play,
Ah! keep it now, for Cupid's self brings it to you to-day!
He's sworn to be my messenger, to lay it at thy feet,
To use his gentle offices to gain it shelter sweet;
And should he fail—then keep it still; I would not even grieve
Tho' it were silver-plated, dear, and worn upon thy sleeve.
—May Eldred Armstrong, in Chicago Post.

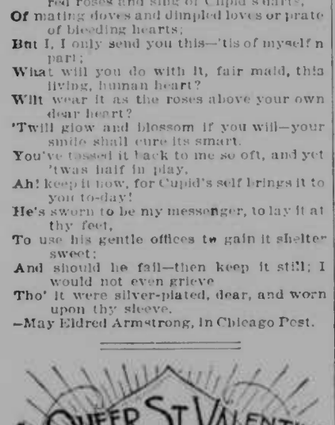

THE vicar of Whinfield was not popular with his parishioners. He was one of those men who, without meaning to be disagreeable, nevertheless make themselves disliked wherever they go. The real reason was that he was utterly devoid of tact. He seldom failed to say the wrong thing, especially when it was essential that he should say the right. If there was a chance of putting his foot into it, into it (as sure as eggs) his foot went. If he was obliged, in the exercise of his duties, to make an unpleasant remark, he was absolutely certain to say it in the most unpleasant way. These unfortunate proclivities were always displaying themselves.

There was another little point about him which increased his unpopularity—especially among the tradesmen of the place. He was "near" in the matter of money. He seemed to have a constitutional aversion to parting with it. Even when an account was due he invariably dallied in the discharging of the same; and though he always paid up in the end, he often kept shopmen waiting longer than they cared about. It was really a fad of his—a mere idiosyncrasy, and did not arise from any conscious churlishness. But the shopkeepers of Whinfield regraded it shopkeepers of Whinfield regarded it niggardly nature; and though they supplied the vicar, because it was worth their while, they nevertheless disliked him with all their commercial souls.

Whinfield was a small place of 1,500 inhabitants, something between a tiny town and an overgrown village. It had quite a fair number of shops—butcher, baker, fishmonger, grocer, linendraper, ironmonger, wine merchant and tobacconist. It was served by a doctor, eke by an auctioneer. But there was one important thing not to be had there—namely, law. No solicitor had yet found it worth his while to settle in so small a place.

But about the middle of October a year or two since a solicitor did, at length, make his appearance, and set up in Whinfield. His name was Perks. He was a shrewd, dapper, little man, of prepossessing exterior and insinuating ways, who soon made to himself friends in the village. Although his manner was bland and courteous, it was pretty obvious that he was not quite a gentleman. But as very few persons in Whinfield—except the squire and the vicar—had any pretensions to that distinction, the solicitor's lack of the pure "haut ton" was no barrier to his getting on. Perhaps, indeed, it rather helped him; since it was to the tradesmen and farmers that he would chiefly have to look for business; and they preferred a man with whom they could associate on a footing of equality.

This is just what Perks did. He constantly went to the tradesmen's houses. He dined and supped with them. He did the civil to their wives and daughters. He often dropped in casually in the afternoon for a cup of tea, or in the evening for a pipe and a glass of grog. This naturally made him popular in their circle.

"Mr. Perks is quite the gentleman," said Mrs. Grocer Hobb, "and there's no nasty pride about him, neither."

"True, Maria," asserted Hobb, her spouse, a fat and prosperous figure, "Perks is a good sort. And if I have a bit of lawyering to be done I'll put it in Perks' way."

For the first month or two after his arrival in Whinfield Perks was a regular attendant at the parish church. It was the proper, the respectable thing to do. Besides, to get in with the vicar—even when the vicar is unpopular—may pay a newcomer very well in a country parish

But the vicar did not take to Perks at all. From the first he had shown a dislike to him, and nothing that the solicitor did to ingratiate himself in that quarter made any difference. At the best of times, and to his dearest friends, the vicar's manner was scarcely agreeable. Where he felt dislike it was positively forbidding. Perks put up with several snubs from him, "pour le bon motif." But at length, seeing the uselessness of such a course, he abandoned further attempts to win the vicar's friendship, and openly declared himself on the side of the reverend gentleman's enemies.

There was scarcely a tradesman in Whinfield who was not to be numbered in this category. From Grocer Hobb downwards every one of them had his grievance against the vicar. "Treats me like a dog, he does," said one. "Never calls to see me when I'm ill," said another. "Is always grumbling at my meat," said a third—the local butcher. And so forth. While in one common grievance against him all concurred—namely, his tiresome habit (already mentioned) of keeping them waiting for their little accounts. "'Tisn't as if he was hard up," was the unanimous complaint. "He has plenty of money. He simply does it to make himself disagreeable."

Of course, Perks heard these grumbles in his almost daily intercourse with the tradesmen of Whinfield. The solicitor—in spite of his bland exterior and insinuating ways—was not the man to forget a slight or to pardon a snub. He meant to give the vicar a Roland for his Oliver when he saw the chance, and it occurred to him, after some reflection, that he might, perhaps, see that chance in this aforesaid matter of the vicar's little accounts.

It was getting on into February and the vicar's Christmas bills still remained unsettled. Perks conceived a wish that the tradesmen to whom the bills were due would put them into his hands for collection. The wish strengthened into a longing, the longing into a fixed resolve. He began, by a gradual and insinuating process, to get the tradesmen in the mind to cooperate.

This was not such a very easy matter. For though the Whinfield shopkeepers growled at and disliked the vicar in no measured degree, still his custom was a consideration; and, glad as they would have been to do him a nasty turn, they nevertheless were not prepared to take a step which would drive him away altogether from their shops.

"WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?"

Perks, however, was a smart man, and he managed, in the end, to engineer his scheme. He was—it may be added—providentially assisted in this matter by the vicar himself. Just at the right minute (from Perks' standpoint) the reverend gentleman had complained to Grocer Hobb about the quality of the bacon supplied him, and had, indeed, sent back half a side as unfit to eat.

Something of the same sort happened in reference to Shanks, the butcher. Shanks had a sirloin returned to him, on the ground of its being cow-beef. It was cow-beef. But Shanks had sold it for ox-beef, and he felt it an unwarrantable insult to have his word thus questioned.

Butcher Shanks was not logical; nor was Grocer Hobb. And each was led by his dislike for the vicar to believe that the vicar himself had purposely insulted him. Perks rejoiced to find them both in this mood. He struck while the iron was hot. He unfolded to them his pretty little scheme for giving the vicar beans. If they, and the other tradesmen in the place, to whom the vicar owed bills, would combine and hand him their accounts to collect, he would soon read his reverence a lesson. He would teach him to be careful how he insulted honest tradesmen.

Grocer Hobb and Butcher Shanks liked the idea of the vicar being taught that lesson. But they made it a "sine qua non" that if they did this thing the other creditors of the vicar in Whinfield should do likewise.

Perks undertook to see the other creditors, and, if possible, to secure their compliance. He saw them; he talked to them in his most insinuating way; he worked upon their unqualified hatred for the vicar. The end of it was that the solicitor was instructed to collect the seven largest accounts owed by the vicar in the place. They amounted jointly to about 200 pounds.

It was then the end of the first week in February, and Perks' intention was that the vicar should receive his agreeable communication on the morning of Valentine's day. Perks had a tolerable notion of effect; and he considered that the vicar would be doubly incensed if he received the dunning letter in the form of a valentine. He had not told his clients the exact strain in which he should write, nor the extreme peremptoriness of the demand he should make. But the letter which he posted to the vicar on Valentine's eve was as good a specimen of the sharp-practice solicitor's composition, when intentionally insolent, as could be well desired. The gist of it was that unless the whole amount due on these seven accounts were paid to him, Sidney Perks, by return of post, he should issue process against the vicar, without further notice or delay.

"There," said Perks to himself, triumphantly, as he sealed up the envelope, "I calculate this will just about give his reverence fits."

It did give his reverence fits. That is to say, it put him into a fine state of rage and excitement when he read it at breakfast next morning. His angry looks and savage frowns struck decided consternation into the breasts of the two other persons who were sharing that meal with him. These were his only daughter, Amy, and his nephew, Frank Miller, a young barrister, who frequently came down from town, when he was not very busy, to stay at the vicarage. The fact was, there had long existed a sort of attachment between the cousins, of which the vicar was unaware. It had not, however, developed into an express engagement until that very morning; when young Miller, coming down early and finding his cousin in the garden, had taken the opportunity—for which the day was so singularly appropriate—of declaring a passion which he could not any longer conceal.

Amy had answered his proposal with a blushing acceptance; stipulating, however, that Frank should inform her father of the circumstances immediately, and this he had, of course, agreed to. He did not, however, look forward to the interview with any great pleasure or confidence, for two sufficient reasons. In the first place, he knew that his uncle had a prejudice against first cousins marrying; in the next, his own worldly circumstances were not, at present, such as would commend themselves to a prospective father-in-law. He had, indeed, a little money of his own; and do owe the money, of course. And I was going to pay these seven accounts this week. Still, to have the money demanded in such an impudent way is intolerable. I shall certainly leave all these tradesmen who have instructed Perks."

"I should. They deserve being made to sit up. But, in any case, it will be much more agreeable for you not to have to net in the matter personally. You leave it entirely in my hands."

This, after some demur, the vicar, at length, agreed to do; Frank persuading him that it would be far more dignified for him to have no personal communication whatever with Perks or with the tradesmen. And so the affair was placed, unreservedly, in the young barrister's hands.

The vicar rubbed his glasses and looked at the letter again. He felt that his eyes must have deceived him. But no. There the thing was in black and white, unmistakably clear and evident, and as the vicar read it a second time, he gave quite a gratified smile. But still he was puzzled.

The letter was as follows:

2 and 3 The Broadway, Feb. 18, 189—.

Reverend Sir: In thanking you for your most generous and honorable behavior, I take the opportunity of apologizing, with all my heart, for what has occurred in reference to my account. The truth is, reverend sir, that I was enticed by the deceiving arts of a cheat and swindler; and I need not say that I shall be only too pleased to cooperate in any steps that may be taken for his arrest and punishment.

Your grateful and obedient,

HEZEKIAH HOBB.

The vicar opened a second letter which had arrived by the same post. It was from Shanks, the butcher, and was even more effusively apologetic than Hobb's. It also referred to "your having acted so honorable and like the gentleman." The vicar looked still blander and more gratified, but still decidedly puzzled.

There were five other letters from local tradesmen, and all ran in much the same strain, not one of them omitting to eulogise him for his honorable conduct. Never in his life before had the reverend gentleman received seven such flattering communications. He did not, in the least, understand what they meant; but still they put him in an excellent humor. Honorable? Certainly, acting on his nephew's advice, he had given him checks for distribution among the seven tradesmen on the previous day; but, that was only a settlement—rather a tardy one into the bargain—of his just debts. There was nothing extraordinarily honorable in that. Still it is always nice to be acknowledged honorable, especially by your enemies. And when the vicar had finished reading the seventh letter he was in a very good temper indeed.

At that fortunate moment a knock came at his study door, and Frank entered. Seeing the expression on his uncle's face, and auguring therefrom the best results, he lost no time in making his momentous confession about Amy. The vicar exclaimed. He hummed and hawed. But he was in a heavenly temper; and he ended by giving his consent.

This is how Frank Miller had worked his little scheme. Sidney Perks was the solicitor whom he had come across in town; and, in certain dealings with him, Frank had learnt some facts about Perks, by communicating which to the proper authorities, he could have brought him to the bar of the Old Bailey. Perks had tried to obviate such a possibility by promptly clearing out of town. Curiously enough he had betaken himself to the very place of which Frank's uncle was vicar.

Armed with these irresistible arguments, Frank had, on the morning of Valentine's day, gone straight to Perks' office, and, under threat of setting the police on to him immediately, had made two demands, to which, after some useless demur, Perks was fain to consent.

The first demand was, that he should write out and hand over to Frank receipts for the seven accounts. The second, that he should leave Whinfield within 12 hours. Upon these conditions, he should be left to escape and lose himself, unmolested. Frank was inexorable, and Perks was not in a position to resist. So both demands were complied with.

Frank's next step, two days later, was to go round and see the tradesmen, informing them that the vicar had duly paid their accounts to Perks, and producing the receipts; he also advised them (in a friendly way) to look sharp after their money, as ugly rumors were current about Perks, and he was said to have bolted. * * * Those concerned lost no time in hurrying round to Perks' office, where he was not; and thence to his house, which (his servant told them) he had quitted hurriedly two days before. "Where had he gone?" "He hadn't left no address." Then, indeed, was bitter lamentation and outery heard among the swindled shopkeepers. Then it was that the vicar (all unknown to himself) had "acted so honorable and like a gentleman," by writing the checks for the seven accounts and handing them to Frank to distribute. This astute young man had left the tradesmen under the impression that, in order to save them from loss, his uncle had paid their accounts twice over; and had descanted, in rather strong terms, upon this truly Christian return of good for evil.

Frank did not acquaint his uncle with these little mysteries until he was just starting on his honeymoon. And as, by that time, the vicar had tasted the sweets of six months' popularity in the parish, and found it exceptionally agreeable, he saw no reason to forfeit it, at this late hour, by any useless disclosures.—London Truth.

A Natural Mistake.

"Oh, look!" exclaimed Ruth, a victim of the passing craze, "what lovely posters!" And she and Mabel went into the store and purchased several dollars' worth. Pray, how were they to know that the goods bought were not posters, but comic valentines?—Boston Transcript.

Hitting Home.

Lawyer—Now, Mr. Thrift, describe to the court the chickens you charged my client, the defendant, with stealing.

Farmer Thrift goes into the details, but he is interrupted by the lawyer, who exclaims: "I have some chickens like those myself."

Farmer Thrift (resuming) — The chickens he took are not the only ones I have had stolen!—N. Y. Herald.

THE POWER OF WEALTH.

Brother James—Harriet, Jimmy loves yer, but he's too bashful to tell yer so; he's willin' to devote hisself to you if you'll on'y say the word!

Jimmy (aside)—Speak to her of my wealth; tell her I've got a quarter saved up. Money talks!—N. Y. Truth.

Courage.

"None but the brave deserves the fair"—
To this we credit give;
But add, none but the brave would dare
With some of them to live.
—Bay City Chat.

Not a Good Subject.

Chumpley—That hypnotist is a fraud. He couldn't control my mind at all last night.

Pokely—Of course he had some excuse.

Chumpley—Yes; he said there was no material to work on. You ought to have heard the audience give him the laugh.—Detroit Free Press.

Getting Along.

"Have you made any progress in your lessons on the bicycle?"

"Yes," replied the man with a gentle disposition.

"Do you ride into the country yet?"

"Oh, no. I don't ride anywhere worth mentioning. But I don't think I hurt myself so much when I fall off."—Washington Star.

Studied Affront.

"The impudent thing!" exclaimed Miss Glizzard, still quivering with wrath. "I met that young Peduncle on the street a few minutes ago for the first time since we had our quarrel. After he had passed me I heard him whistle 'Just Tell Them That You Saw Me.' And I hadn't even looked at him!"—Chicago Tribune.

Suspicious Circumstance.

She—Here's a letter from Aimee asking me to send her money, and I'm just positive that it is a forgery.

He—O, I imagine that it's all right.

She—I can't believe it. There's not the sign of a postscript.—Detroit Free Press.

Repartee.

Tommy Kutun—Papa, what is repartee?

Mr. Kutun—Repartee, my boy, is a very clever answer, when you say it to anybody, but a very rude answer when anybody says it to you.—Punch.

CHIC TIMES HERALD

IN FUTURE THE HIGH HAT WILL BE REMOVED IN CHICAGO PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

Her Record.

He—Miss Flipp says she had nearly 100 proposals at the seashore last summer.

She—That is true.

He—She must be very popular.

She—Oh, I don't know. You see, Mr. Softly proposed to her every day for three months.—N. Y. Journal.

The Real Article.

"Louise, do you consider Isabel a true friend?"

"Yes, indeed; she has promised me that if I die suddenly she will come right over and straighten up the house before my husband's folks get here."—N. Y. Truth.

Mistaking the Place.

"Can't you give me credit for a pair of knee pants?" asked a man of a clerk in a clothing store.

"My dear sir," replied the affable young man, "you have mistaken the place. This is not the office of the Knickerbocker Trust company."—Bay City Chat.

In His Own Coin.

"This quahtah has a hole in it, sah," said the sleeping car porter, with a rapid series of bows.

"So had that blanket you put over me last night," snapped the bald-headed man as he yanked on his skull cap.—Detroit Free Press.

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HELD UP.

Like a Dog.

"She treats her baby as though it were a dog."

"Is that possible?"

"Yes, she's hugging and kissing it all the time."—Chicago Journal.

A Hint Not Taken.

She—What a beautiful day for a drive.

He—Yes, it's too bad your father hasn't a horse.—Town Topics.

Candor on Canvas.

Artist—How do you like the portrait?

"Well, I don't exactly like the nose."

Artist—Neither do I—but it's yours.—N. Y. Tribune.

Her Purpose.

"Do you really wear a corset through necessity?" she asked.

"Oh, no," the other girl replied, "simply as a matter of form."—N. Y. Tribune.

The Ocean's Greed.

"Why do they speak of it as the hungry sea?"

"It takes the dinner right out of a person's mouth."—Brooklyn Life.

Has No Rivals.

Of all the great composers known,
There's one will always keep
A prominence that's all his own—
The great composer—Sleep.
—Harlem Life.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

TWO LITTLE BOYS.

A little bad boy with a little cross face
Came slowly downstairs in the morning;
Of fun or good nature he showed not a trace;
He fretted and cried without warning
He'd not touch his breakfast, he'd not go and play;
If you spoke he just answered by snarling;
He teased his pet kitty; and all the long day
He really was "nobody's darling."

A little good boy, with a little bright face
Came down in the morning-time singing,
And indoors and out, and all over the place,
His laughter and music went ringing.
He ran grandpa's errands; his orange he shared
With Sue; and he found mamma's thimble;
To do what was asked he seemed always prepared,
And in doing it equally nimble.

These two little boys, who are wholly unlike,
Though they live in one house, are not brothers;
That good little lad and that bad little tyke
Have not two kind fathers and mothers
But there are two tempers to only one boy,
And one is indeed such a sad one
That when with the good one he brings us all joy,
We ask: "Has he really a bad one?"
—F. K. Batcheider, in Outlook.

CATS WITHOUT TAILS.

Their Home Is in the Isle of Man, Near the English Coast.

At first glance you might eal it a rabbit or a kangaroo's little cousin; but it is really n eat, even if it hasn't nay tail.

Its home is in the Isle of Man, south of England, and for that reason it is called a Manx eat. A few of the kind have been brought to this country, but they do not thrive very well outside of their native land.

To one accustomed to an ordinary eat the Manx eat apears very unfinished and incomplete, its tail being a mere brush of hair hardly as large us a rabbit's tail. It is much bigger and stronger than the common "pussy," and it has a roundish head, with fuller, fiercer eyes. Its hair also is coarser and thicker, often a yellow or buff, and its hind legs are longer and of greater strength than the others. And its claws—one touch of them is enough, for they are long and sharp, and when fighting the Manx eat drives them deep into the flesh of its enemy. It is astonishingly swift in its movement and like its wilder brother, the wildeat, it knows no fear. For catching rats and mice, rabbits, birds and other small game no animal equals it.

Although the Manx eat lives in and around the homes of mankind, it is not so gentle and easily tamed as an

A MANX CAT.

ordinary eat. Indeed, it is more like a dog; for it will follow its master anywhere, hunt with him and fight for him.

Scientists have been very much puzzled to know why the Manx eat is not provided with n tail, like others of its kind, and a great many theories have been advanced to account for it. The general opinion now seems to be that the first Manx eats, living hundreds of years ago, sat down too much. That sounds odd, doesn't it?

The soil of the Isle of Man is very damp, and the air, also, is full of moisture, and the early eats in sitting on their haunches acquired some disease of the tail, so scientists think, and gradually the tail disapeared entirely.

The Manx eat is not the only tailless eat. In Siam and Burmah there is a eat with a tail only half the ordinary length and curled up in a knot like a pig's tail, and in the Crimea there lives a race of eats entirely without tails and having the general appearance of Manx eats.—Chicago Record.

The Skipper Was a Rat.

The London Field tells this story: "A rat was caught alive on board a British naval vessel in a trap, and the beast was thrown from the trap into the water without being killed. A large gull that was following in the wake of the ship to pick up scraps of food thrown overboard by the steward, stopped several times, endeavoring to pick the rat up. Once the bird got too close to the rat's jaws and the beast grabbed it by the neck. After a short fight the rat succeeded in killing the bird. When the gull was dead the rat scrambled upon the bird's body, and, hoisting one wing as a sail, and using the other as a rudder, succeeded in steering for the shore. Whether the rat reached shore or not is a question, since the ship soon got out of sight of the skipper and its craft."

Hanged and Then Varnished.

An English custom of not so long ago was to hang smugglers on gibbets arranged along the coasts, and then tar the bodies that they might be preserved n long while, as a warning to other culprits. As late as 1822 three men thus varnished could have been seen hanging from Dover castle. Sometimes the process was extended to robbers, assassins, incendiaries and other criminals. John Painter, who fired the dockyard at Portsmouth, was first hanged and then tarred in 1776. From time to time he was given a fresh coat of varnish, and thus was made to last nearly 14 years. The weird custom did not stop smuggling or other crimes, but no doubt it worked some influence as a preventive.

—Bayonets are now altogether machine-made, a very simple, as well as clever, contrivance stamping the steel into proper shape.

RAT OF RARE TASTE.

It Used Its Tail to Secure a Daily Supply of Dainty Food.

A story is told of a recently deceased rat who obtained oil from a narrow-necked bottle by dipping its tail therein. Then he licked the oil from his long and well-oiled tail and waxed fat. The truth of the story is certified by reputable men, and is contained in "Stories of Animal Sagacity," a book published by S. W. Partridge & Co., of London.

The rat had the misfortune to be born in a machine shop, where only metal was used, and there was, consequently, little good food for his kind. He was brought up in penury by his parents, and after he was old enough to look out for himself, gained a precari-

USED ITS TAIL FOR A SPOON.

ous livelihood by looking for scraps of food accidentally left around.

It happened that the men always kept a bottle of oil uncorked, and fastened by a wire to a certain part of the machinery. It was in constant use. One evening the thoughtful rat betook himself to a study of this bottle. It lay open temptingly before him. Its contents would make him fat and shiny, and n social leader among his companions.

Could he not get at the oil? He scratched his head and thought harder. Then his thinking gave a brilliant result. He had a tail—what use was he making of it? This tail was an opportunity, and he had been wasting it, but now he could use it.

Immediately he inserted the long tail as far as it would go into the narrow neck of the bottle and soaked it thoroughly in oil. Then he withdrew it and licked the oil carefully from off it. After that he repeated the same process as often as he felt hungry. A little judiciously selected wood provided the necessary solid element in this diet. He became fat and sleek and a leader among rats.

One day he was taking n copious meal of oil, when he realized that he had forgotten his hereditary caution, and that a man was watching him. The man showed no sign of attacking him, but rather n pleased curiosity, and the rat therefore stayed. The result of this meeting was that in time the rat got into the habit of taking his meals in the presence of the workmen, and that to have killed so clever a creature would have been regarded as a crime. He led n happy life, and died of oil and years.

SAVAGE TELEGRAPHY.

A Mystery Which Has Never Been Solved by White Travelers.

By what occult means do barbarians transmit news with almost the rapidity of lightning? Again and again has this puzzled the advance forces of civilization. In the Soudan, where the world's interest centers now; with the Indians, on the western frontiers of the United States; among the Eskimos of Alaska—in fact, with savages in nearly every quarter of the globe—the facility with which information is spread far and wide is marvelous.

Only with the utmost difficulty has the intelligence department of the British army learned of the movements of the dervishes. The Egyptians and other native allies of the English army seem not to have been possessors of the dervishes' secret modes.

On the other hand, Mohammedans everywhere were informed of the advance upon the Nile of the Anglo-Egyptian army. No more pilgrims are going to Mecca, but all are flocking to the green standard of the khalifa.

Long before the tidings of the Custer massacre reached Fort Abraham Lincoln the Sioux had spread it among their brethren of the northwest. The scouts of Crook's column to the south knew of it in n day or two, and those with Gibbons, further northwest, were not long without the information. Terry's Crow scouts told their chief the next day, and the story was discredited. Two days later, when Terry reached the battlefield, he found his scouts had not exaggerated.

In Alaska several years ago a naval lieutenant on exploration ran short of provisions. He pushed on toward a settlement, reducing rations every hour. When he reached there he found the inhabitants had provided against his coming and had a bounteous store awaiting him. The people in the village were of n different tribe from those through whose domnin he had passed, and so far ns he could learn were not in communication with them.—Golden Days.

He Knew What She Needed.

One small boy, aged three, has a sister, aged nearly two, who has a propensity for upsetting her mother's spool basket. For this offense she has had to be corrected several times, and her brother has become aware of the enormity of the offense. Recently the mother heard a terrible uproar in her room, where the children were together, and, going to see what was the matter, found the little girl weeping, while the boy, looking very conscious of virtue and radiant with efficiency, said: "She tipped over the 'pool basket, mamma—but she's all 'panked."—Boston Transcript.

BURIED IN THE DEBRIS.

Strange Story of the Indian Troy, a Dead City.

At last the ruins of the Indian Troy, deeply buried in the debris of over 22 centuries, are likely soon to see the light. Pataliputra, the Palibothra of the Greeks, the "city of sweet-scented flowers," so famous in ancient Indian legend and romance, is perhaps most widely known as the capital of Asoka, the greatest of Indian emperors and the most lavish devotee the world has ever seen. He covered his mighty kingdom, from Afghanistan to the Decan, from Nepal to Gujerat, with countless Buddhist monuments and buildings of vast size. His stupendous stupas or mounds of solid masonry to enshrine Buddha's relics or to mark some sacred spot are found all over India and are almost like Egyptian pyramids in size. His colossal edict pillars, single shafts of stone over 40 feet in length and beautifully polished and sculptured, still excite the admiration and wonder of all who see them.

How magnificent, then, must have been the capital of this great Hindoo king, who was the ally of the Greek kings, Antiochus, of Syria; Ptolemy, of Egypt; Antigonos, of Macedon; Magnas, of Cyrene, and Alexander, of Epirus! It was already a splendid city in the fourth century B. C. in the time of his grandfather, Chandragupta, the Greek sandracottus, as we learn from the glowing descriptions of Megasthenes, the ambassador of the successor of Alexander the Great. At that time the buildings were all of wood, like the palaces and temples of Barmah in the present day. It is a matter of history, however, how Asoka found this capital of wood and left it stone. But before the dawn of our era this great city had decayed with the fall of Asoka's dynasties, and the smaller succeeding dynasties, and the transfer of capital elsewhere. In 400 A. D. the Chinese pilgrim Fa Hian reported that it lay deserted and in ruins. Since the Mohammedan invasion in the twelfth century A. D. the very site of this city was forgotten. It was known to be somewhere near the modern town of Patna, in Bengal, but most of the experts and others who had deliberately searched for it believed that it had been entirely washed away by the Ganges. Then it will be remembered that Surgeon Maj. Waddell, who in 1892, made a flying visit to Patna, found that the leading landmarks of Asoka's capital still existed.

He found several sculptured stones and images of the Asoka epoch lying on the surface or built into houses or walls, and these, together with the position of the old mounds, many of which still retain their ancient names, enabled him to fix with certainty the limits of Asoka's citadel, and also to indicate roughly the possible sites of particular buildings for exploratory excavations, without which, of course, no detailed identifications could be decisively attained. Unfortunately, most of the likely mounds now contain Mohammedan graves, for the Mohammedan invaders were wont to seize the highest mounds for their residences and burial grounds, and for centuries they have used these ruins as a quarry for their building material.

Still, a beginning has now been made, and already at Patna, where five years ago no stones of the Asoka period were suspected to be, there may now be seen pieces of the well known stone posts, the so-called Asoka railings, with their quaintly-figured, medallion-like bosses, by which Asoka perpetuated in stone the original wooden fences which surrounded the sacred Buddhist spots. And close by one may see, about 12 feet below the present surface, parts of "the wooden walls" of Palibothra, with their marvelously well preserved Sal timber, over 2500 centuries old.—Calcutta Englishman.

MORE DISCRIMINATION.

The Discovery Made by a Man Who Was on the Alert for an Affront.

There was that about his attire and his manner which showed that, although of African descent, he was fully alive to the respect due him as a citizen of the United States and an equal voter at the polls. The salesman in the men's furnishing store hastened to learn his wishes and ventured to wish him "good morning," in spite of his haughty glare.

"What can we do for you to-day?"

"You can't do nuffin' much foh me," was the reply. "I come yuh ter do sometin' foh you."

"We—er—we don't need any help."

"I ain't lookin' foh wuhk! I come yuh to give you all some money. I wants ter trade an' ef anybody gits de bes' er de bahgain, I don't reckon it's gwineter be me. Only I don' want no bowin' an' scrapin' like yoh 'magined I was de prince o' Wales, an' at de same time I don' want no sassiness. All I desiahs is ter put money on de counter an' kyah off de goods, ef dey suits me."

"What do you wish to purchase?"

"Er shirt."

"Ah, yes. I'm sure we can give you a satisfactory article. Do you want a white shirt or a colored shirt?"

"Whut's dat?" and his hand reached ominously for his hippocket.

"I merely asked you whether you wanted a white shirt or a colored shirt," the salesman replied as he edged behind a pile of hat boxes.

"I s'peeted it in de fus place; an' now I knows it. I'm in de wrong sto'. Whut's de guool er clvil rights? I goes ter de theayter an' dey has white sents an' colored seats. I goes ter de restaurant and dey has white vittles an' colored vittles. But when I comes yuh ter git some cotton foh my back an' yoh stan's me up an' tells me dat yoh has white shirts for white folks an' colored shirts foh colored folks, you's done got pas' de limit, an' dar ain' nuffin' lef' foh me ter do, 'ceppin' ter hire a lawyer."—Washington Star.

—The Argentine Republic is the greatest cattle-raising country in South America, having in 1887 raised 22,870,000 head.

PROTECTING WILLS.

A Convenient Device to Carry Out a Testator's Wishes.

The only practical and simple scheme for the practical prevention of attacks on wills is that proposed by Judge John H. White, of this city, and defeated by the legislature of 1895. It provides that every person making a will may deposit it with a legal officer, who shall give public notice that a will has been so offered, and that all who wish to attack the capacity of the testator shall have a certain time in which to offer evidence and bring the matter to a decision. If no objection to the testator's capacity is made within the time specified, the will must not be attacked on that ground after his death.

The contents of the will are not disclosed, even to its custodian. No one has any ground to attack it because he is left out, or gets less than he thinks he should have. Evidently people will think twice about attacking the testamentary capacity of a man who is there to defend himself, especially when they are uncertain how he has devised his property, and may be biting off their own noses. As "Mr. Swiveller" remarked about the rooms at Bevis Marks: "The contingent advantages are extraordinary." Under this law there would be no premium on will-breaking.

The proposed law does not require anyone to deposit his will. It merely gives to every person an opportunity to make sure that his intentions regarding his property shall be carried out and a growing scandal diminished.

Another idea is that the legislature pass an act, directing the judge in his charge to the jury, in case the will contests, to instruct them as to the weight of evidence and the verdict that is demanded by the law. These will cases present questions of law about which the judge knows more than the jury; and we can conceive of no more infamous practice than that of breaking a will on technical points, when the intent of the testator is clear. Something should be done to stop this continued and growing raid upon wills.—Hartford Times.

THE ORIGINAL WORKING GIRL.

Her Burden Is Carried Lightly and Gladly.

"I am an original working girl."

An original working girl, as the shirtmaker expressed it, is, in fact, a new type. She is a girl to whom work is a necessity, but a burden she takes up lightly and gladly. It means independence, freedom, power. It means association, companionship, organization. It leaves her free to do with her life what she chooses. The regularity that her work exacts she knows is good for both body and mind. She has n pride, which she feels is not wicked, in being one of the cleverest of workwomen. If there is extra work to be done, she is booked to do it. This gives her satisfaction. Certainly she does not earn money enough to suit her. But if she cannot make more she doesn't mean to make less, and is ready to try conclusions with a light heart.

In all probability she has not been to school since she was 13 years old. Since then her education has been conducted by experience and the newspaper. Neither is an inefficient teacher. On the contrary, so ably has this been done that her mind is a storehouse of facts that make her valuable frequently for the purpose of reference to people who have been through college. Her experience directs her mind toward matters of public importance, and these include how public men have stood with regard to them. Not infrequently she has had the career of some legislator assigned by her organization to her watchful eye. Whatever has at any time engrossed the public mind, she is informed about.—Scribner's.

TREES FULL OF ELECTRICITY.

Peculiar Phenomenon Attending a Snowstorm in South Dakota.

A peculiar feature of the late great wind and snowstorm at Huron, S. D., was the great amount of electricity in the atmosphere. It was quite difficult to operate telegraph instruments, so heavily charged with electricity was the air. A touch of the stovepipe with an iron poker or other metallic substance would result in sending a sharp current up the arm and thousands of electric sparks into the room.

Another peculiar fact was the appearance on the tips of the tree twigs of bright sparks of electricity. They were seen in different parts of the city, and presented a strange and beautiful sight. On touching the twig with a finger the electric spark would immediately be transferred from the end of the twig to the finger, and there remain as long as the finger was in contact with the twig upon which the spark appeared. Remove the finger and the spark would again take its place on the tip of the twig, and no amount of shaking of the tree could displace it.

His Match.

In a country town in Kentucky, says Harper's Drawer, there is a store where they sell "'most everything." The young man who does the selling considers himself a brilliant hand at repartee. He practices his skill on his patrons in general, with a preference for colored ones. An old "auntie" came in on a market day and inquired:

"You ain't got no cends o' satin cut squintin', is you?"

"I didn't say I hadn't, auntie."

"Well, you needn't be so smart, mister. I ain't arst you isn't you; I arst you nin't you. Is you?"

Mad Dog Does Not Foam.

A mad dog does not foam at the mouth, as is commonly believed. The discharge from the mouth is small in quantity, brownish in color and hangs about the lips like strips of gum.

Finest Trains South.

Queen & Crescent Route Florida and New Orleans Limited. Standard coaches, through Pullman sleepers, Cafe, parlor and observation cars.

If a woman has whiskers you are no gentleman if you see them.

Just try n 10c. box of Cascarets candy cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made

Nothing is gained by starving the soul to feed the body.—Ram's Horn.

"THE WOODEN HEN."

Hatches chickens from hen's eggs. It is 10x15x8 inches; will hatch 28 eggs. Price, $6.00. Write to Mr. Geo. H. Stahl, Mfr., Quincy, Ill., for a copy of his booklet "K," describing the "Wooden Hen," also large catalogue. Both sent free.

There is nothing that would cause a woman greater secret satisfaction than to fall over in a faint when her husband is scolding her.—Atchison Globe.

Vibrating in Tuneful Accord.

Like the strings of a musical instrument, the nervous system in health harmonizes pleasantly with the other parts of the system. But weakened or overwrought, it jangles most inharmoniously. Quiet and invigorate it with the great tranquillizer and tonic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which promotes digestion, bilious secretion and a regular action of the bowels, and prevents malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints.

A number of years ago, in order to attend his girl on all occasions, a young man had to learn how to dance. Now he must also learn how to milk a cow.—Atchison Globe.

The B. & O. S-W. Ry. commencing Sunday, January 26th, will inaugurate on trains No. 4 and 5, n through Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car line between Baltimore and Chicago, via Cincinnati and Indianapolis.

This will enable the patrons of the B. & O. S-W. Ry. to make the above named points without the inconvenience of changing cars.

For time of trains and further information call on agents B. & O. S-W. Ry.

When n man gives a gift with the request that his name be not mentioned, he always feels a little bit chagrined to find his request observed.—Atchison Globe.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco. Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed, 50c and $1.00, all druggists.

Everyone imagines himself a worm, and is of the private opinion that his turning will cause the greatest commotion the world ever knew.—Atchison Globe.

Like an electric current St. Jacobs Oil seeks and cures Sciatica.

THE MARKETS.

	NEW YORK, Feb. 3.		
FLOUR	$ 3 25	@	$ 5 40
WHEAT—No. 2 red (Feb.)	82⅜	@	82⅝
No. 1 hard	91⅝	@	91¾
CORN—No. 2	29	@	29¼
OATS—No. 2	21⅝	@	21¾
BEEF—Extra mess	7 45	@	7 50
PORK—Family	9 50	@	10 00
LARD—Western	4 10	@	4 15
BUTTER—Western creamery	12	@	20
CHEESE—Large	8	@	12
EGGS—State and Penn	18¾	@	18¾
WOOL—Domestic fleece	15	@	20
Pulled	15	@	18
CATTLE—Native steers	4 10	@	4 92½
SHEEP—Poor to prime	3 00	@	4 30
HOGS	3 60	@	4 00
CLEVELAND.			
FLOUR—Ariel	5 75	@	5 80
Minnesota patents	4 65	@	4 90
Minnesota bakers	3 80	@	3 85
WHEAT—No. 2 red	89⅝	@	90
CORN—New	24	@	24¾
OATS—No. 2 white	21½	@	22
BUTTER—Choice to firsts	17	@	20
CHEESE—York state	11	@	12
Ohio state	9½	@	10¾
EGGS—Strictly fresh	16	@	17
POTATOES—Per bushel	25	@	32
SEEDS—Timothy	1 35	@	1 50
Clover	2 75	@	5 40
HAY—Timothy, baled	7 50	@	11 50
Bulk in market	10 00	@	12 00
CATTLE—Steers, fair to good	3 50	@	4 00
SHEEP—Fair to good	2 50	@	2 85
HOGS—Yorkers	3 60	@	3 65
CINCINNATI.			
FLOUR—Family	3 50	@	3 80
WHEAT—No. 2 red	88	@	89
CORN—No. 2 mixed	23	@	23¾
OATS—No. 2 mixed	19	@	19
RYE—No. 2	35¾	@	36
HOGS	2 90	@	3 60
TOLEDO.			
WHEAT—No. 2 red	80⅝	@	80¾
CORN—No. 2 mixed	21⅜	@	21½
OATS—No. 2 mixed	17⅜	@	17½
BUFFALO.			
BEEVES—Steers	3 00	@	4 70
Veals	4 50	@	7 25
SHEEP—Mixed, good	3 50	@	3 85
Best lambs	5 15	@	5 20
HOGS—Yorkers	3 70	@	3 75
Roughs	3 10	@	3 15
PITTSBURG.			
BEEVES—Prime	4 75	@	4 90
Stags and cows	2 00	@	3 60
SHEEP—Prime	3 90	@	4 40
Lambs	3 75	@	5 20
HOGS—Best mediums	3 85	@	3 90
Roughs	2 25	@	3 35

Florida.

Queen & Crescent Route only 24¼ hours Cincinnati to Jacksonville.

"I'll never ask mother woman to marry me as long as I live." "Refused again?" "No; accepted."—Tit-Bits.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

Justice (who had been a shopkeeper)—"To you it will be six months; for anybody else it would be eight."—Boston Transcript.

After six years' suffering, I was cured by Piso's Cure.—Mary Thomson, 2914 Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, '94.

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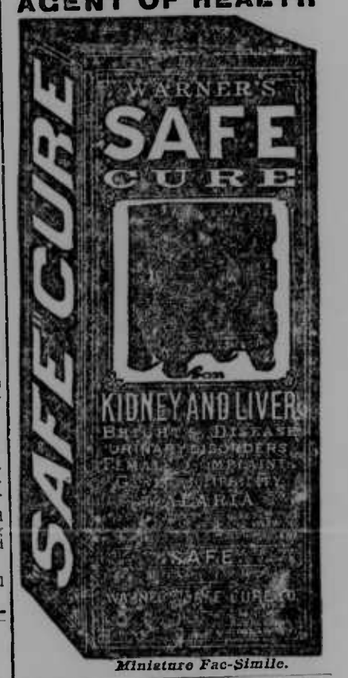

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PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

A. N. K.—C 1642

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4. Because it is made by a method which preserves unimpaired the exquisite natural flavor and odor of the beans.
5. Because it is the most economical, costing less than one cent a cup.

Be sure that you get the genuine article made by WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass. Established 1780.

"Out of the frying-pan into the fire." Take care that you don't go that way, when you try to make your washing easier. Better be sure of what you're doing.

Get Pearline, the original washing-compound, the best-known, the fully-proved. There are plenty of imitations of it. But even if they're not dangerous—and some are—they're not economical.

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CURE CONSTIPATION
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ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 811.4

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BENJ. F. [illegible]SELL, Editor and Proprietor
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THURSDAY, FEB. 11, 1897.

McKinley's Cabinet.

President McKinley's Cabinet selections thus far announced are as follows, and leave but two more appointments, that of Attorney General and Postmaster General, to be determined upon:

Secretary of State, John Sherman, of Ohio.

Secretary of the Treasury, Lyman J. Gage, of Illinois.

Secretary of War, Russell A. Alger, of Michigan.

Secretary of the Navy, John D. Long, of Massachusetts.

Secretary of the Interior, Joseph McKenna, of California.

Secretary of Agriculture, James S. Wilson, of Iowa.

The appointment which has attracted the greatest attention and elicited the strongest commendation is that of Mr. Gage to the Treasury portfolio. Mr. Gage is the leading financier of the middle west, and his ability, conservatism and ripe experience make his selection an eminently judicious one. He resigns important private interests to undertake the duties to which he has been called, with the determination to give the country a thoroughly broad and businesslike administration of the Treasury.

The other selections are also highly commended by the press of the country.

Stuff From Bryan.

We give the following extract from an interview with Wm. J. Bryan as a speciman of his after-campaign style:

"Mr. Gage is a daisy. Greenbacks should, he says, be retired and silver purchased under the Sherman act should be sold and treasury notes redeemed and canceled. Then we ought to have bank notes that are redeemable only in gold. And he also says that the government should not act as a warehouse of either gold or silver. There is no doubt about Mr. Gage being a daisy. I wonder if he wouldn't like to inaugurate a system by which he would have to obtain his permission each morning to live throughout the day.

This sort of stuff would have sounded queer had Mr. Bryan been given a chance to work it up into messages and proclamations.

Mr. Bryan is cultivating his taste as a sportsman in hunting ducks, and when he gets well up in taking this class of fowls, he is going to start in and endeavor to find geese enough to help him run for office in 1900.

Mr. Bryan you will never be wanted again as a Presidential candidate. It will take four years to get over the shock you gave us last fall, even if you did not settle yourself then, you will effectually do so in the books, lectures and interview you are producing. The country needs something from a statesman besides a capacity as a "calamity howler."—Montgomery Press.

Gen. Alger's War Record.

A number of the baser sort of papers are making a villainous attack upon Gen. Russell A. Alger's war record. The allegation is that he left his command in the face of the enemy and in the middle of the compaign; also, that Gens. Sheridan, Torbert, Merritt and Custer recommended his dismissal.

The plain facts are that the records show that Gen. Alger had served nearly three years with conspicuous courage and zeal. He had engaged in 67 battles and skirmishes, had been twice wounded, and had everywhere shown such gallantry and ability as to win for him the highest approval of his superior officers. After Gettysburg, Gens. Pleasonton and Kilpatrick united in a strong recommendation for his promotion to Brigadier-General for his splendid soldiership in that engagement. The end of 1863 found him broken in health, and harassed by fears as to the fate of his property, which had been entirely neglected during his long service, and was then in danger of being entirely lost. He tendered his resignation, but was persuaded not to press it, but take part in the coming campaign. He did so. In the Sheridan's memorable campaign in the rear of Lee's army and around Richmond, Alger behaved so splendidly and showed so much soldiership that Custer, Merritt and Sheridan joined in strongly urging his promotion to Brigadier - General. Sheridan wrote the War Department that he had a brigade which he wanted Alger to command. Shortly after his entrance upon the Shenandoah Campaign Alger's health broke down. His Brigade Surgeon ordered him to the rear, and he was sent to the hospital at Annapolis. Sometime after, the Surgeons pronounced him sufficiently recovered for light work, and he was ordered to Washington as a member of a court-martial. The prospect of this kind of work was not pleasant to him, and he was harassed by increasing troubles as to his property. Thereupon he tendered his resignation, and in his letter recited the facts of his ill-health, his continuous service for nearly three years, with only short absences on account of wounds, returning before he was fully recovered the danger of his losing all his property, and that he could be spared from his regiment, which was fully officered with excellent men.

Thereupon his resignation was accepted.

There was some misunderstanding of this by Custer, who assumed that Alger had been absent without leave, and as Custer was never very judicial-minded he at once recommended that he be dismissed. This went to Division and Corps Headquarters, where it received the formal indorsement of Merritt and Torbert. When is reached Army Headquarters Sheridan put on it a very reluctant indorsement, in which he spoke of Alger's previous good service. When this came to Washington it was returned with the indorsement that Col. Alger was out of the service, his resignation having been accepted before Custer's action.

Alger did not know of Custer's action until a quarter of a century after and it was a great surprise to him for Custer had always been his warm eulogist.

The Immigration Bill.

The immigration bill has emerged a second time from the hands of the committee of conference and in better shape for passing both houses and becoming a law than it did the first time. Bills to amend the present immigration laws and intended to be restrictive of immigration, and especially of the admission of illiterates unable to read or write any language, even their own, had been passed by both House and Senate. But the Senate bill passed as an amendment of or substitute for the House bill differed from the latter in several important particulars. Hence the refusal of the House to concur in all the Senate amendments and the necessity for a committee of conference. The bill reported by this committee was found to differ, however, from both the other bills. It enjoyed, to use the language of one member of the House "the unusual distinction of not having had a prior passage through either House." "The conferees appointed on the part of the two houses," said another member, "have prepared an entirely new bill and now present it to us for action, and we are asked not to act upon a measure passed by either house, but upon a measure passed, if you please, by the Senators and two Representatives". This objection, although it did not necessarily touch the merits of the bill, being rather technical and parliamentary, undoubtedly facilitated the adoption of the motive made by Mr. Gorman in the Senate to recommit the bill to the conference committee.

The objections, however, to some of the changes made by the conference committee were matters of substance and not merely to form. One main object of the bill being, as we have said, the exclusion of illiterate immigrants, to House bill sought to accomplish this by excluding "all male persons between 16 and 60 years of age who cannot read and write the English language or some other language." The Senate bill excluded "all persons over sixteen years of age who cannot read and write the language of their native country *or some other country*," without distinction of sex.

The educational test proposed in each bill was simply the ability to read and write *some one language*, which might be English or that of their "native country," or any other country. The effect was to bar out such illiterates as could not read or write at all. The bill first reported from the conference committee adopted the language of neither the House nor the Senate bill, but proposed to exclude "all persons physically capable and over sixteen years of age who cannot read and write the English language *or the language of their native or resident country*." This was an educational test of an entirely different and more stringent character from that originally proposed by either House or Senate. Its effect, as pointed out by *The Sun* in a previous article, would be to exclude Russian Jews who could read and write their own peculiar language, for example, but not English nor Russian, the official language of their native or resident country, and for the same reasons Germans, who might not be Jews, from the Baltic provinces of Russia who could read and write German and perhaps half a dozen other languages if these did not include English or Russian. It would exclude also natives and residents of Alsace and Lorraine who could read and write French, but not German, and Armenians, subjects of Turkey, who could read and write Armenian, but not Turkish. The conference committee's bill was in this respect a new bill and went far beyond the restrictions imposed by either house. Now in the conferees' second report this is again changed and the simple requirements in the House bill that the immigrant shall be able to "read and write the English language *or some other language*" is restored. The bill is thus relieved from the objection and the odium of discriminating against immigrants from certain countries or belonging to certain races and nationalties.

Another objection which has been obviated in the second report of the conference committee is that which we made to their first report—that the bill as reported by the committee would lead to the separation of families by preventing a qualified immigrant from bringing in with him or sending for his illiterate wife, minor children or grandchildren. The Senate provided for the admission of the wife, parent, grand-parent, minor child or grandchild—five classes of relatives. The House adnitted the parents, but made no express provision for the illiterate wife, i. e., admitted one class. The bill at first reported from the conference committee admitted parents and grandparents—two classes—but made no provision for wife, children or grandchildren. These, it is understood, will be admitted according to the bill as now reported in the case of immigrants who are qualified and capable.

Undoubtedly the leading idea of the bill was to discourage and restrict the immigration of illiterate males; in other words, the increase of illiterate voters, especially the foreign-born. In these days of printed official, or, as they are commonly called, "Australian," ballots, and in the absence of State laws making the ability to read and write English an essential qualification for the exercise of the right of suffrage the putting a stop by legislation to the further influx of illiterate voters from abroad would seem to be scarcely less important as a matter of public policy than the exclusion of paupers and criminals. This latter object is already sought to be accomplished by existing laws. The new bill is only a further step in the same direction—that of the exclusion of unwelcome and undesirable citizens. Baltimore Sun.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

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A story some years ago went the rounds to illustrate the un-enthusiastic character of some men. It was related that the only remark made by a miller when he at last gazed upon the Falls of Niagara, was "What a lot of mill-wheels it would turn." He was held up to derision, as a man whom nothing could stir except practical results. But such a man has his rightful results. As the event has proved Niagara is now regarded with fully as much admiriation for its creation of power, as for its scenery. The simple savage stopped before it in awe; peopled its wierd mists with spirits; gazed, grew hungry, and departed. Generations of white men have followed. They came; they saw; were conquered; and still left it to its thunderous waste of power. Then arose men of fearless heart, who, like the conquerors of our swamps, our forests, and our prairies, said to riotous nature, "The sons of men have need of thee." At last the broad bosom of the stream, still in beauty gliding, is the donor of light and heat, power and transportation to the thousands who are gathering to it, like children to a generous mother.

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Praised be all practical men who are not confused by the noise of many shoutings; who stand like a rock in the rush of the thoughtless throng; who dare to ask for actual results from culture and popular enthusiasm. Diogenes was of these confused ones; sweeping aside polish and artificialities, he dared to ask his age whether it had produced an honest man. If in all its gaining it had failed to uplift character, then its material progress was like Niagara unharnessed, beautiful but essentially futile. A hopeful spirit is of great gain; but upon the minds of even the most hopeful of us must be forced deepest questioning as to whether civilization may not possibly be progressing backward in these broad States. We flippantly talk of millions; we pride ourselves on the vastness of our territory; we tell of its onward sweep and the very noise of boasting so fascinates us that we are loth to ask for real evidences of power. A few statistics in one direction are unavoidable. They shall be very limited in number.

Roughly speaking we have in this country 396,000 public school teachers. By latest figures from the Bureau of Education, we spend yearly 178 millions of dollars on our common schools whose buildings are valued at 439 millions of dollars. There are enrolled in public and private schools 15 million children of school age. So much for education.

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But despite education, there are vast numbers who seem utterly unprepared to struggle for existence. Though knowledge is increased like a flood, and men hold their hands aloft to praise free education, it still has failed to give worthy ideals to the dwellers in our jails, the tramps on the highways, and the traitors in our political life. Despite Religion—and Science—and Education—the triune hope of the race, thousands upon thousands of men are beastly and grovelling, selfish and cruel. In their most essential relations they will remain in the deepest darkness;—witness the swarms of idiots and the gibbering hosts of the insane. To knowledge we may well say:—

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If heal'th no more be Labor's meed,
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Agricultural Meeting.

To the Editor of The Republican.

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The Oakland Institute was called to order in the Court House by Director Amoss.

Prof. S. B. Heiges, of the Agricultural Department, Washington, being introduced, gave a most practical and instructive address on "Poultry as a Farm Product." Having been a breeder of all the finest varieties of birds since 1854, he was well qualified to speak upon the subject. Among other remarks he said that he never got less than $3 for a setting of eggs, which he sold with a guarantee that seven out of thirteen eggs would hatch, and then gave a simple method by which each farmer could test the eggs before setting. He told the reason why a setting of eggs which had been carried even a short distance should be allowed to remain perfectly quiet for twenty-four hours before they were put under the hen; gave a simple method of preserving eggs in fresh condition, which required only a box and some oats or bran as packing, and outlined the proper method of feeding for fowls and chicks. He said that he had for years kept a poultry account, which (with eggs and poultry at current market value) showed an average profit of $1 a year for each hen, and that poultry raising can be made profitable by every one who will exercise what Gen. Grant called "good common horse sense."

A farmer who wants to raise poultry ought to have a good wife to care for the chickens.

The rough work can be done by the men and boys, but the chicks need motherly instinct and tenderness of the wife and daughters. At the end of the address many questions were asked, which were fully and satisfactorily answered.

The next speaker, Mr. James Armstrong, formerly a large breeder of cattle and sheep, gave many valuable suggestions as to breeding and methods of feeding.

He brought out plainly the loss which our farmers incur by keeping inferior stock, and by careless and injudicious feeding.

Any man who would pour grain into the top of a sack when he knew that much of it was running out through a hole in the bottom and would be lost, would be called a fool; yet, while all knew that with cattle, *food* and *digestion* play an all important part, we see them in so many cases exposed to the winter's cold, and driven to a pond or brook where the ice is broken for them to drink, instead of having shelter, and if not given tempered water, at least driven to a spring which has not frozen.

If we are out on a cold ride and stop for a meal we will not call for cold bacon and a glass of icewater, but for buckwheat cakes and a cup of hot coffee, and then travel on not minding the cold.

By cold and exposure the temperature of the body is reduced, and an extra amount of food must be supplied to restore the lost heat, and even then the animal has lost by the stoppage for a time of the organs of digestion.

The speaker advised winter production of milk and butter, at which time prices are good; and gave a description of a simple silo or pit, which any farmer could make by digging into a hillside where drainage could be obtained, and lining the three sides against the earth as well as the outer end, with vertical plank. Into this pit during the summer could be put all kinds of green forage plants—corn, grass, vines of peas and beans, turnip tops, or anything which stock would eat. There should be boards with stones or other weights kept constantly upon the fodder as the silo is filled, the pressure arresting fermentation. When the pit is full it can be covered by a simple roof. In the winter the ensilage will come out almost as fresh and green as when it was put in, and the stock will relish it most thoroughly.

Director Amoss called for a sheep in order that Mr. Armstrong might illustrate the "points" which breeders should strive for, and which will count at all fairs and exhibitions, but unfortunately there was none in town.

At the afternoon session Prof. Heiges discussed the "Geographical and Chemical Formation of Soil," giving the distinguishing characteristics of different soils, the amount of heat and moisture which they would retain under given conditions, and from these data, drew valuable illustrations for the proper treatment and methods of working them.

He is a strong advocate of economic methods is preserving the natural manures produced upon the farm, and of plowing under green crops.

In conclusion Prof. Heiges gave five uses of lime as follows:

1. When applied to a sandy soil it will make it more compact and adhesive.

2. The action upon a stiff clay will be to loosen the soil and make it more friable.

3. Its action will be to sweeten the soil and remove acidity.

4. It will hasten the decomposition of vegetable matter in the soil.

5. It will unite with insoluble salts in the soil, forming soluble ones, which can be taken up as plant food.

I hope that those who read the brief sketch which I have given of the institute will see and appreciate the practical character of the work which has been undertaken.

Mr. Amoss, the director, is thoroughly in earnest with his work, and should meet with the support and co-operation of the farmers of Garrett county. He will hold one or more institutes each year, and will if the interest of the farmers warrant it, offer premiums for farm products. He makes no plan for clubs or societies, but strongly urges the organization of the farmers of each county for themselves, and then will be glad to aid and work through such an organization.

It is sometimes said that the farmers are forgotten; here is direct legislation in our behalf. We want our share of State funds for the instruction of the children, why not take advantage of what is offered for ourselves, as has been done in Frederick county where the attendance was nearly four hundred.

I earnestly express the belief that in this case there is no one who cannot learn some new and valuable points by attending the Farmers' Institute. Let us then watch for the next meeting, and when it comes, turn out in force and show that Garrett is not unmindful of the advantage which is offered her.

CORUNNA.

Accident To a Night Train of The C. & P. Railroad.

CUMBERLAND, MD., Feb. 7.—About twelveo'clock last night the tri-weekly night passenger train on the Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad was wrecked near Franklin Mine, Allegany county, Md., one mile from Piedmont, W. Va. The train was in charge of John Robert Ross, Fireman John Haman Howard, conductor Thomas Rowe and brakeman William Johnson, all residing in Westernport, opposite Piedmont.

The passenger train left Cumberland at ten o'clock at night filled with passengers, all but about fifteen of whom got out before reaching Franklin Mine, in Allegany county. At 11 o'clock the track-walker had crossed a trestle fifteen feet high over a run at this point and found it safe, but a half hour later an ice gorge broke as the result of the rapid rise of the water, caused by the dashing rain and the thaw during the day and bore down against the trestle, tearing out the props. The train came along at a rapid rate of speed—so fast that the engine got over in safety, but the tender and the combination car and rear coach, which made up the train, went over on their sides into the raging creek with a terrific splash. The sudden twist turning the engine over on its side. The lights were extinguished and in the pitch dark coaches were filling with water, against which the ice and debris were crashing.

The battle for an exit is said to have been awful. A number of the passengers were badly bruised, but all are said to have escaped from the cars, many of them through the windows not, however, without great difficulty.

Robert Ross, the engineer, and John Hamen Howard, the fireman, both attempted to jump from the engine at the same time. Ross was caught in the wreck, his hands being pinioned until the escaping steam actually burned them loose from his body. It was some time before he was extricated. He inhaled the steam, but was conscious until this morning, when he died in great agony. He was a brother-in-law of Messrs. Samuel and John W. Young, of Cumberland. Howard was badly lacerated by jumping into splintered timber. He was scalded, but will recover. Thomas Rowe, the brakeman, had his shoulder dislocated and was badly bruised.

Growing Children

One-third of all the children die before they are five years old. Most of them die of some wasting disease. They grow very slowly; keep thin in flesh; are fretful; food does not do them much good. You can't say they have any disease, yet they never prosper. A slight cold, or some stomach and bowel trouble takes them away easily.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites is just the remedy for growing children. It makes hard flesh; sound flesh; not soft, flabby fat. It makes strong bones, healthy nerves. It changes poor children to children rich in prosperity.

Book about it free for the asking.

☞ No substitute for Scott's Emulsion will do for the children what we know Scott's Emulsion will do. Get the genuine.

For sale by all druggists at 50c. and $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

The Republican.

BENJ. F. DANIELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md

THURSDAY, FEB. 11, 1897.

McKinley's Cabinet.

President McKinley's Cabinet selections thus far announced are as follows, and leave but two more appointments, that of Attorney General and Postmaster General, to be determined upon:

Secretary of State, John Sherman, of Ohio.

Secretary of the Treasury, Lyman J. Gage, of Illinois.

Secretary of War, Russell A. Alger, of Michigan.

Secretary of the Navy, John D. Long, of Massachusetts.

Secretary of the Interior, Joseph McKenna, of California.

Secretary of Agriculture, James S. Wilson, of Iowa.

The appointment which has attracted the greatest attention and elicited the strongest commendation is that of Mr. Gage to the Treasury portfolio. Mr. Gage is the leading financier of the middle west, and his ability, conservatism and ripe experience make his selection an eminently judicious one. He resigns important private interests to undertake the duties to which he has been called, with the determination to give the country a thoroughly broad and businesslike administration of the Treasury.

The other selections are also highly commended by the press of the country.

Stuff From Bryan.

We give the following extract from an interview with Wm. J. Bryan as a speciman of his after-campaign style:

"Mr. Gage is a daisy. Greenbacks should, he says, be retired and silver purchased under the Sherman act should be sold and treasury notes redeemed and canceled. Then we ought to have bank notes that are redeemable only in gold. And he also says that the government should not act as a warehouse of either gold or silver. There is no doubt about Mr. Gage being a daisy. I wonder if he wouldn't like to inaugurate a system by which he would have to obtain his permission each morning to live throughout the day.

This sort of stuff would have sounded queer had Mr. Bryan been given a chance to work it up into messages and proclamations.

Mr. Bryan is cultivating his taste as a sportsman in hunting ducks, and when he gets well up in taking this class of fowls, he is going to start in and endeavor to find geese enough to help him run for office in 1900.

Mr. Bryan you will never be wanted again as a Presidential candidate. It will take four years to get over the shock you gave us last fall, even if you did not settle yourself then, you will effectually do so in the books, lectures and interview you are producing. The country needs something from a statesman besides a capacity as a "calamity howler."—Montgomery Press.

Gen. Alger's War Record.

A number of the baser sort of papers are making a villainous attack upon Gen. Russell A. Alger's war record. The allegation is that he left his command in the face of the enemy and in the middle of the compaign; also, that Gens. Sheridan, Torbert, Merritt and Custer recommended his dismissal.

The plain facts are that the records show that Gen. Alger had served nearly three years with conspicuous courage and zeal. He had engaged in 67 battles and skirmishes, had been twice wounded, and had everywhere shown such gallantry and ability as to win for him the highest approval of his superior officers. After Gettysburg, Gens. Pleasonton and Kilpatrick united in a strong recommendation for his promotion to Brigadier-General for his splendid soldiership in that engagement. The end of 1863 found him broken in health, and harassed by fears as to the fate of his property, which had been entirely neglected during his long service, and was then in danger of being entirely lost. He tendered his resignation, but was persuaded not to press it, but take part in the coming campaign. He did so. In the Sheridan's memorable campaign in the rear of Lee's army and around Richmond, Alger behaved so splendidly and showed so much soldiership that Custer, Merritt and Sheridan joined in strongly urging his promotion to Brigadier-General. Sheridan wrote the War Department that he had a brigade which he wanted Alger to command. Shortly after his entrance upon the Shenandoah Campaign Alger's health broke down. His Brigade Surgeon ordered him to the rear, and he was sent to the hospital at Annapolis. Sometime after, the Surgeons pronounced him sufficiently recovered for light work, and he was ordered to Washington as a member of a court-martial. The prospect of this kind of work was not pleasant to him, and he was harassed by increasing troubles as to his property. Thereupon he tendered his resignation, and in his letter recited the facts of his ill-health, his continuous service for nearly three years, with only short absences on account of wounds, returning before he was fully recovered the danger of his losing all his property, and that he could be spared from his regiment, which was fully officered with excellent men.

Thereupon his resignation was accepted.

There was some misunderstanding of this by Custer, who assumed that Alger had been absent without leave, and as Custer was never very judicial-minded he at once recommended that he be dismissed. This went to Division and Corps Headquarters, where it received the formal indorsement of Merritt and Torbert. When is reached Army Headquarters Sheridan put on it a very reluctant indorsement, in which he spoke of Alger's previous good service. When this came to Washington it was returned with the indorsement that Col. Alger was out of the service, his resignation having been accepted before Custer's action.

Alger did not know of Custer's action until a quarter of a century after and it was a great surprise to him, for Custer had always been his warm eulogist.

The Immigration Bill.

The immigration bill has emerged a second time from the hands of the committee of conference and in better shape for passing both houses and becoming a law than it did the first time. Bills to amend the present immigration laws and intended to be restrictive of immigration, and especially of the admission of illiterates unable to read or write any language, even their own, had been passed by both House and Senate. But the Senate bill passed as an amendment of or substitute for the House bill differed from the latter in several important particulars. Hence the refusal of the House to concur in all the Senate amendments and the necessity for a committee of conference. The bill reported by this committee was found to differ, however, from both the other bills. It enjoyed, to use the language of one member of the House "the unusual distinction of not having had a prior passage through either House." "The conferees appointed on the part of the two houses," said another member, "have prepared an entirely new bill and now present it to us for action, and we are asked not to act upon a measure passed by either house, but upon a measure passed, if you please, by the Senators and two Representatives". This objection, although it did not necessarily touch the merits of the bill, being rather technical and parliamentary, undoubtedly facilitated the adoption of the motive made by Mr. Gorman in the Senate to recommit the bill to the conference committee.

The objections, however, to some of the changes made by the conference committee were matters of substance and not merely to form. One main object of the bill being, as we have said, the exclusion of illiterate immigrants, to House bill sought to accomplish this by excluding "all male persons between 16 and 60 years of age who cannot read and write the English language or some other language." The Senate bill excluded "all persons over sixteen years of age who cannot read and write the language of their native country *or some other country*," without distinction of sex.

The educational test proposed in each bill was simply the ability to read and write *some one language*, which might be English or that of their "native country," or any other country. The effect was to bar out such illiterates as could not read or write at all. The bill first reported from the conference committee adopted the language of neither the House nor the Senate bill, but proposed to exclude "all persons physically capable and over sixteen years of age who cannot read and write the English language *or the language of their native or resident country*." This was an educational test of an entirely different and more stringent character from that originally proposed by either House or Senate. Its effect, as pointed out by *The Sun* in a previous article, would be to exclude Russian Jews who could read and write their own peculiar language, for example, but not English nor Russian, the official language of their native or resident country, and for the same reasons Germans, who might not be Jews, from the Baltic provinces of Russia who could read and write German and perhaps half a dozen other languages if these did not include English or Russian. It would exclude also natives and residents of Alsace and Lorraine who could read and write French, but not German, and Armenians, subjects of Turkey, who could read and write Armenian, but not Turkish. The conference committee's bill was in this respect a new bill and went far beyond the restrictions imposed by either house. Now in the conferees' second report this is again changed and the simple requirements in the House bill that the immigrant shall be able to "read and write the English language *or some other language*" is restored. The bill is thus relieved from the objection and the odium of discriminating against immigrants from certain countries or belonging to certain races and nationalties.

Another objection which has been obviated in the second report of the conference committee is that which we made to their first report—that the bill as reported by the committee would lead to the separation of families by preventing a qualified immigrant from bringing in with him or sending for his illiterate wife, minor children or grandchildren. The Senate provided for the admission of the wife, parent, grand-parent, minor child or grandchild—five classes of relatives. The House admitted the parents, but made no express provision for the illiterate wife, i. e., admitted one class. The bill at first reported from the conference committee admitted parents and grandparents—two classes—but made no provision for wife, children or grandchildren. These, it is understood, will be admitted according to the bill as now reported in the case of immigrants who are qualified and capable.

Undoubtedly the leading idea of the bill was to discourage and restrict the immigration of illiterate males; in other words, the increase of illiterate voters, especially the foreign-born. In these days of printed official, or, as they are commonly called, "Australian," ballots, and in the absence of State laws making the ability to read and write English an essential qualification for the exercise of the right of suffrage the putting a stop by legislation to the further influx of illiterate voters from abroad would seem to be scarcely less important as a matter of public policy than the exclusion of paupers and criminals. This latter object is already sought to be accomplished by existing laws. The new bill is only a further step in the same direction—that of the exclusion of unwelcome and undesirable citizens. Baltimore Sun.

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A story some years ago went the rounds to illustrate the un-enthusiastic character of some men. It was related that the only remark made by a miller when he at last gazed upon the Falls of Niagara, was "What a lot of mill-wheels it would turn." He was held up to derision, as a man whom nothing could stir except practical results. But such a man has his rightful results. As the event has proved Niagara is now regarded with fully as much admiration for its creation of power, as for its scenery. The simple savage stopped before it in awe; peopled its wierd mists with spirits; gazed, grew hungry, and departed. Generations of white men have followed. They came; they saw; were conquered; and still left it to its thunderous waste of power. Then arose men of fearless heart, who, like the conquerors of our swamps, our forests, and our prairies, said to riotous nature, "The sons of men have need of thee." At last the broad bosom of the stream, still in beauty gliding, is the donor of light and heat, power and transportation to the thousands who are gathering to it, like children to a generous mother.

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Under the able supervision of Mr. Wm. L. Amoss, appointed director under the above act, full and instructive meetings were held last week at Frederick, Hagerstown and Cumberland. At the latter meeting Gov. Lowndes made a short address, giving his experience in connection with his farm of 700 acres, and warmly commended the purpose of the institute in bringing useful and practical information before the farmers.

The Oakland Institute was called to order in the Court House by Director Amoss.

Prof. S. B. Heiges, of the Agricultural Department, Washington, being introduced, gave a most practical and instructive address on "Poultry as a Farm Product." Having been a breeder of all the finest varieties of birds since 1854, he was well qualified to speak upon the subject. Among other remarks he said that he never got less than $3 for a setting of eggs, which he sold with a guarantee that seven out of thirteen eggs would hatch, and then gave a simple method by which each farmer could test the eggs before setting. He told the reason why a setting of eggs which had been carried even a short distance should be allowed to remain perfectly quiet for twenty-four hours before they were put under the hen; gave a simple method of preserving eggs in fresh condition, which required only a box and some oats or bran as packing, and outlined the proper method of feeding for fowls and chicks. He said that he had for years kept a poultry account, which (with eggs and poultry at current market value) showed an average profit of $1 a year for each hen, and that poultry raising can be made profitable by every one who will exercise what Gen. Grant called "good common horse sense."

A farmer who wants to raise poultry ought to have a good wife to care for the chickens.

The rough work can be done by the men and boys, but the chicks need motherly instinct and tenderness of the wife and daughters. At the end of the address many questions were asked, which were fully and satisfactorily answered.

The next speaker, Mr. James Armstrong, formerly a large breeder of cattle and sheep, gave many valuable suggestions as to breeding and methods of feeding.

He brought out plainly the loss which our farmers incur by keeping inferior stock, and by careless and injudicious feeding.

Any man who would pour grain into the top of a sack when he knew that much of it was running out through a hole in the bottom and would be lost, would be called a fool; yet, while all knew that with cattle, *food* and *digestion* play an all important part, we see them in so many cases exposed to the winter's cold, and driven to a pond or brook where the ice is broken for them to drink, instead of having shelter, and if not given tempered water, at least driven to a spring which has not frozen.

If we are out on a cold ride and stop for a meal we will not call for cold bacon and a glass of icewater, but for buckwheat cakes and a cup of hot coffee, and then travel on not minding the cold.

By cold and exposure the temperature of the body is reduced, and an extra amount of food must be supplied to restore the lost heat, and even then the animal has lost by the stoppage for a time of the organs of digestion.

The speaker advised winter production of milk and butter, at which time prices are good; and gave a description of a simple silo or pit, which any farmer could make by digging into a hillside where drainage could be obtained, and lining the three sides against the earth as well as the outer end, with vertical plank. Into this pit during the summer could be put all kinds of green forage plants—corn, grass, vines of peas and beans, turnip tops, or anything which stock would eat. There should be boards with stones or other weights kept constantly upon the fodder as the silo is filled, the pressure arresting fermentation. When the pit is full it can be covered by a simple roof. In the winter the ensilage will come out almost as fresh and green as when it was put in, and the stock will relish it most thoroughly.

Director Amoss called for a sheep in order that Mr. Armstrong might illustrate the "points" which breeders should strive for, and which will count at all fairs and exhibitions, but unfortunately there was none in town.

At the afternoon session Prof. Heiges discussed the "Geographical and Chemical Formation of Soil," giving the distinguishing characteristics of different soils, the amount of heat and moisture which they would retain under given conditions, and from these data, drew valuable illustrations for the proper treatment and methods of working them.

He is a strong advocate of economic methods is preserving the natural manures produced upon the farm, and of plowing under green crops.

In conclusion Prof. Heiges gave five uses of lime as follows:

1. When applied to a sandy soil it will make it more compact and adhesive.

2. The action upon a stiff clay will be to loosen the soil and make it more friable.

3. Its action will be to sweeten the soil and remove acidity.

4. It will hasten the decomposition of vegetable matter in the soil.

5. It will unite with insoluble salts in the soil, forming soluble ones, which can be taken up as plant food.

I hope that those who read the brief sketch which I have given of the institute will see and appreciate the practical character of the work which has been undertaken.

Mr. Amoss, the director, is thoroughly in earnest with his work, and should meet with the support and co-operation of the farmers of Garrett county. He will hold one or more institutes each year, and will if the interest of the farmers warrant it, offer premiums for farm products. He makes no plan for clubs or societies, but strongly urges the organization of the farmers of each county for themselves, and then will be glad to aid and work through such an organization.

It is sometimes said that the farmers are forgotten; here is direct legislation in our behalf. We want our share of State funds for the instruction of the children, why not take advantage of what is offered for ourselves, as has been done in Frederick county where the attendance was nearly four hundred.

I earnestly express the belief that in this case there is no one who cannot learn some new and valuable points by attending the Farmers' Institute. Let us then watch for the next meeting, and when it comes, turn out in force and show that Garrett is not unmindful of the advantage which is offered her.

CORUNNA.

Growing Children

One-third of all the children die before they are five years old. Most of them die of some wasting disease. They grow very slowly; keep thin in flesh; are fretful; food does not do them much good. You can't say they have any disease, yet they never prosper. A slight cold, or some stomach and bowel trouble takes them away easily.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites is just the remedy for growing children. It makes hard flesh; sound flesh; not soft, flabby fat. It makes strong bones, healthy nerves. It changes poor children to children rich in prosperity.

Book about it free for the asking.

☞ No substitute for Scott's Emulsion will do for the children what we know Scott's Emulsion will do. Get the genuine.

For sale by all druggists at 50c. and $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

Accident to a Night Train of the C. & P. Railroad.

CUMBERLAND, MD., Feb. 7.—About twelve o'clock last night the tri-weekly night passenger train on the Cumberland and Pennsylvania Railroad was wrecked near Franklin Mine, Allegany county, Md., one mile from Piedmont, W. Va. The train was in charge of John Robert Ross, fireman John Haman Howard, conductor Thomas Rowe and brakeman William Johnson, all residing in Westernport, opposite Piedmont.

The passenger train left Cumberland at ten o'clock at night filled with passengers, all but about fifteen of whom got out before reaching Franklin Mine, in Allegany county. At 11 o'clock the track-walker had crossed a trestle fifteen feet high over a run at this point and found it safe, but a half hour later an ice gorge broke as the result of the rapid rise of the water, caused by the dashing rain and the thaw during the day and bore down against the trestle, tearing out the props. The train came along at a rapid rate of speed—so fast that the engine got over in safety, but the tender and the combination car and rear coach, which made up the train, went over on their sides into the raging creek with a terrific splash. The sudden twist turning the engine over on its side. The lights were extinguished and in the pitch dark coaches were filling with water, against which the ice and debris were crashing.

The battle for an exit is said to have been awful. A number of the passengers were badly bruised, but all are said to have escaped from the cars, many of them through the windows not, however, without great difficulty.

Robert Ross, the engineer, and John Haman Howard, the fireman, both attempted to jump from the engine at the same time. Ross was caught in the wreck, his hands being pinioned until the escaping steam actually burned them loose from his body. It was some time before he was extricated. He inhaled the steam, but was conscious until this morning, when he died in great agony. He was a brother-in-law of Messrs. Samuel and John W. Young, of Cumberland. Howard was badly lacerated by jumping into splintered timber. He was scalded, but will recover. Thomas Rowe, the brakeman, had his shoulder dislocated and was badly bruised.

A Silver Dollar's Story.

I shall never forget the first time I met an older silver dollar than myself. I had lain for a great while in a strong box which had been stored away in a dark corner of a vault in one of the New York City banks. One cold morning in the month of January, 1872, I was taken from the gloomy place where I had so long been sleeping, and piled upon a desk or shelf together with a number of other silver dollars. I had not remained there very long before an older silver dollar introduced himself. "Yes, he said, this is a nice comfortable place. You had better make the most of it while you remain in here, when you go out into the world you will find it different indeed." I could not realize that with my bright and shining face and with my clear, ringing voice that I would be treated in any other way than with extreme kindness. However, I asked this old dollar to give me a little of his history. "And so you wish to know how I fared in circulation? I shall give you a brief sketch of it," he added. "When I made my debut into society I was too vain to ask any questions and went abroad with more dignity and pride than common sense. I remember very vividly when I first was handed over the counter. I dropped into the pocket of a member of Congress. The same evening he carried me up a flight of stairs where he gave three raps on a heavy door. This strange summons was answered by a colored man peeping through a small wicket. The Congressman was readily recognized and admitted into a brilliantly lighted and elegantly furnished room. He then walked over to were a large oaken sideboard stood. After surveying himself in a finely polished mirror he poured some dark red liquid from a handsome cut glass decanter into a glass and drank it down, after which he took a seat among a number of gentlemen who were seated around a square table covered with green cloth and had fifty-two cards pasted around its three sides. The Congressman then took ten silver dollars and fifteen dollars in greenbacks from his pocket and handed them to a man, and said, 'Mr. Dealer, give me a stack of reds.' I was then placed in a drawer where an older dollar told me that the men who sat around the table were playing at 'faro.' The following day I was placed in the drawer of a tobacconist. In his absence the clerk took me from the drawer and another young man produced another silver dollar and these young scamps played crackloo with us. The clerk lost me and the young man took me with him on a hunting expedition. After hunting all the morning and missing everything he shot at, he fastened me to a tree and he and another fellow shot at me for an hour or more, but failed to hit me. Next an old woman took me in for some laundry work she had done. She carried me home and hid me in an old stocking which she placed in an oak chest. How long I remained in the chest I cannot tell. It must have been a very long time, because when I was brought forth I was handed over to an attorney as part of the sum charged for breaking the old woman's will. The lawyer gave me to a young stenographer. When that young lady was getting off the ferry boat she let me fall into the river, but I was soon fished out by a kindhearted boy who returned me to the lady. She then tied me up in her handkerchief and in her excitement she thrust me in her bosom. The lady purchased coal with me. The coal operator paid an ice bill with me. The ice dealer put me in the missionary box, and for the first time in my life a minister prayed over me and rendered thanks for the good I would do. From the missionary box I went into a bank again. I was taken from the bank and carried to New Orleans, where I was used to help purchase a ticket of admission into a prize fighting exhibition. I was put in circulation and done some more mean work. I was with sporting men several days. Early one morning I was sent out of a sleeping apartment for two bottles of seltzer water and some bromide.

Somehow, I cannot tell how it came about, but I went on a mission of charity. I fell into the hands of a poor widow woman. My hard face seemed to shrink with pity when I heard her enumerate her many wants. I then wished that I were a dearer dollar. I left this poor woman's hands and in a few days I was in the possession of a humane society. I was used then to purchase stockings for same poor children. During the whole winter it seemed that I was happily employed in doing good. Early in the springtime I went into the hands of a china merchant who put me in a safe. One night burglars entered the store, cracked the safe and carried me off. I went into the penitentiary with the burglar. The burglar handed me to the warden for safe keeping. The warden gave me to his son, and he in turn gave me to a minister for his marriage fee. The minister paid a colored man with me for work done. The colored man turned me over to an Irishman for a watermelon, some sweet potatoes and a possum. The Irishman sent me to Ireland and I returned with his sweetheart. On the day the Irishman was married he gave me to a beggar. The beggar took me to Nebraska where I helped purchase a farm. From Nebraska I went to Mexico. It was in Mexico where I had the best time of my life. Everybody wanted me. I associated but little with the half-breeds, and my associations were mostly American dollars. I felt a national pride when I worked side by side with those big Mexican silver dollars and done double the duty assigned us."

Stop! stop! I cried. I have had enough. I would that I never were born, and as I looked at the old dollar's well worn metallic features I saw that his eyes were dim and his head was worn smooth and bald. I bid him good bye. He long since has been called to rest. For twenty-five years I have experienced all the trials and vicissitudes of a silver dollar. Only a few days ago a poor broken-hearted woman with tear stained cheeks carried me to an undertaker and used me to pay for the coffin in which she had placed the divinely moulded clay of her departed husband. Oh! how I longed to remain with that bereaved one. I had many of the experiences of the old silver dollar that I became acquainted with in 1872. But my greatest trial came to me in the summer and fall of 1896, when I was threatened with debasement, when some people wanted to make a cheap commodity of me. I was really ashamed to meet a greenback dollar until after the Presidential election. About four weeks prior to the election a Bryan man made up a purse of five hundred dollars and this he bet with a Republican that I would not maintain my dignity and standing in the world for the next four years. Of course the Republican won. I was one of the five hundred dollars. The Republican threw me down on a bar and said, "Boys, what will you take?" They all took, Democrats and Republicans alike. I do not want to go through another political campaign. I am getting too old for such trials. I am almost worn out. Now I am in the worst predicament of all. A mugwump got hold of me and drilled a hole through my body. Mrs. Mugwump put a ribbon through me and placed the ribbon around her little baby's neck. This precious youth pounds me with a tack hammer, knocks me against the stove and I have the imprints of his teeth all over my body. On one occasion he threw me into the fire. I was pulled out and once more submerged in water. I wish some poor person would get possession of me. He would take me to Mr. Scott Jones and he would send me to my long wished for home.

When I was young it was said of me that my face was a study. I was told that if I was studied well one could find in it an architectural structure, a place of worship, domestic animals, a tropical fruit, musicians and flowers, but through constant wear and attirition many of these marks of distinction have become obliterated.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following transfers of real estate were recorded by Clerk Tower during the month of January, 1897:

Isaac N. Shillingburg to Robert Davis, part of "Elk Garden," 100 acres, also a part of "William and James," 37 acres; $1,800.

Jacob D. Otto to Harry M. Gilnett, part of Jacob D. Otto farm, 15 acres; $150.

Jacob D. Otto to Wilson J. Livengood, part of Jacob D. Otto farm, 16 acres and 40 perches; $150.

Samuel J. Beachy and wife to Jacob Gnagey, their interest in "Augustine farm," 135 acres: $1, &c.

Jacob L. Echard et al. to Levi Echard, lot of ground in Mountain Lake Park; $50.

Homer Friend and wife to Cassius N. Friend, their interest in 26 acres and 157 perches of land in Garrett county; $161.88.

Elizabeth F. Cecil to Sarah A. Friend, part of Lot 3279, 5 acres and 64 perches; $27.

Sarah A. Friend and husband to Wm. Rumbaugh, 6 acres of land near Friendsville; $150.

Lucy Kimmel and husband to the Park Improvement Co., Lots 4 and 5 in Block No. 34, on the plat of Loch Lynn Heights; $10, &c.

Wm. T. White and wife to Parley Deberry, ¼ acre of land at Hutton; $400.

Jonas Frazee and wife to W. M. Trickett, Lodge House lot in Selbysport; $1,000.

Wm. M. Sines to Fanny Belle Cross, part of "Gleanings," 31 acres; $325.

Geo. R. Beckman et al. to George M. Sisk and J. A. Fulmer, 227½ acres land in Garrett county; $500.

Clark Deberry to Charlotte Simcox part of "Cranberry Glade" 467⅞ acres also Military Lot No. 1603; $500.

Howard B. Carroll and wife to Geo. T. Miller, lot No. 32 in Bloomington; $800.

A. J. Oliver and wife to Elijah Livengood, ½ interest in tract of land called "Creel," 663¾ acres, also in "Auray," 347¾ acres; $550

Sarah C. Cassidy et al. to Charles W. Cassidy, part Military Lot No. 1168, 14½ acres and also part of "Poultry," ¾ of an acre; $300.

Isabel Whetsell to Aaron W. Hall, ½ interest in Lot No. 305; $100

Isabel Whetsell to Eugene Teats, five acres of land in Garrett county; $140.

John R. Kerfoot and wife to Lewis Pangh their interest in 21 acres and 13 perches land in Garrett county; $126.

J. B. Meese and wife to Jonas Glotfelty, ½ interest in Military Lot No. 3170; $1.

Henry Brown to Lewis Gortner, lot of ground in town of Crellin; $250.

John N. Kerling and wife to Harry J. Black, part of lot No. 4117 in Friendsville; $110.

James C. Peddicord, trustee, to Estes G. Rathbone, lot of ground in Oakland; $1.

Jonas Glotfelty and wife to Alice R. Delawder, Military Lot No. 3170 and part of lot 3171 and also part of Locust Tree Bottom, containing in all 101¼ acres; $900.

Alice A. Snyder and husband to Levi Bidinger, lot No. 10 of the subvision of "Lochiel," 105 acres; $175.

John J. Brenneman and wife to Christian J. Brenneman, Military Lots Nos. 2363 and 2364, 100 acres; $1.-600.

B. F. Friend of W. and wife to Lillian D. Myers, part of a tract of land called "Look Sharp," in Friendsville; $300.

Laurel Run.

Mr. C. A. Green and wife were called to see her sick father, Jefferson Green, of Paradise.

Mrs. George Green has been lying very ill for some time.

Mr. Jacob Miller is lying very ill at the home of his sister, Mrs. Lewis Stephen, with typhoid fever.

Mr. Howard Paterson and Miss Mary Travis, of Moscow; Mr. Ed. Shaw, of Laurel Run, and Miss Lizzie Palmer, of Pekin, recently took a trip to Frostburg.

Rev. Nice, of Barton, preaches every two weeks at Hansel's school house. The people of Laurel Run would like to have him back again.

Stop-over Privilege at Washington.

A ten day stop over at Washington, D. C., is now granted on all through tickets between the East and West, via Baltimore & Ohio R. R. Stop-over will also be granted on the return journey made on round trip tickets, within the final limit of such tickets, but not exceeding ten days. Passengers will deposit their tickets with the Ticket Agent at B. & O. R. R. Station in Washington, who will retain them until the journey is to be resumed, when they will be made good for continuous passage to destination by extension or exchange. This arrangement will doubtless be greatly appreciated by the traveling public because it will permit the holders of through tickets to make a brief visit to the National Capital without additional outlay for railroad fare.

Teachers' Institute.

The following program for the teachers' institute to be held at New Germany on Friday and Saturday, the 15th and 16th insts., was received at this office last Thursday morning after the forms had been closed and the paper put on press. An inquiry from the patrons of the school asking why it was not published last week prompts us to make this explanation. The session will begin Friday evening at 7 o'clock.

FRIDAY.

Voluntary, Anna J. Otto.
Address of welcome, C. J. Otto.
Song.
Recitation, Mertie Otto.
Recitation, Susie Durst.
Singing.
Select reading, J. W. Bancord.
Recitation, C. W. Hall.
Male quartette.
Recitation, Althea Otto.
Reading, Laura Warnick.
Recitation, Lottie Swager.
Singing.
Recitation, Wm. H. Hoffmeyer.
Address, Prof. D. H. Bender.
Mental arithmetic, U. G. Palmer.
Song, "Good Night."

SATURDAY—9 O'CLOCK.

Song, "America."
Devotional exercise, D. H. Bender.
Essay, Nora McKenzie.
Music, Rose Dorsey.
Latitude and longitude, Lester Boucher.
Penmanship, Wm. H. Hoffmeyer.
Singing.
Need of school buildings, Dr. Lichty.
Queries.
Recitation, Mayme Liston.
Patriotism, J. E. Hershberger.
Song, "The Flag."
How to use the globe in the school room, J. H. Bender.
Address, U. G. Palmer.
Singing.

SATURDAY—2 O'CLOCK.

Singing.
Sentiment roll.
Home preparation of lessons, John Custer.
One aim of the teacher, Mary Dorsey.
Music, Ella Turney.
Queries.
Teaching reading, C Custer.
Declamation, H. Brenneman.
Ethics, M. H. McKenzie.
Select reading, Thos. Turney.
Singing.

The school trustees, patrons and all teachers who possibly can be present are expected.

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

North Glade.

Truman, a fourteen year old son of Mr. Scott Gilpin, met with a horrible death. Thursday of last week he was caught in the fly-wheel of his father's saw mill engine and terribly mangled. He died Friday morning.

Mrs. Jas. W. Baldwin, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia, we are glad to note, is recovering.

Mr. T. R. McRobie has moved his family back to his farm near this place.

The assessors have been with us the past week. They assure us that our taxes will be greatly reduced.

Mr. A. L. Lee went to Oakland last Friday to attend the teachers' institute.

Rev. E. P. Idleman commenced a series of meetings here Monday night. May much success attend these efforts.

FREE HOMES
...IN...
NORTH DAKOTA
160 Acres of Land FREE to Every Citizen.
Rich Agricultural Farming Lands
Free from Stumps and Stones.
NO FERTILIZER REQUIRED.
NO TAXES For Seven Years
Near
Churches and Schools.
Settling up very fast with DUNKERS, MENNONITES and AMISH People. CONVENIENT TO MARKETS. Full particulars free.
Address
A. C. HARVEY,
42 S. Third Street, Phila., Pa.
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Hardware and Implements
Cheaper than Ever.

1897 finds us better prepared than ever to supply the trade with hardware, farm implements, stoves, ranges, tinware, oils, paints, etc., etc. The greatest possible care has been taken in selecting these goods, not, however, to find a low grade of goods, but to get the very best at the lowest possible price. Nearly all of our goods are bought from manufacturers direct. While we do not profess to do what others in the same business cannot, yet we propose to give a man as much value for his money as he can get anywhere. First quality of goods are generally sold at less profit than the inferior, but the customer is always best pleased with the goods. Our wagons, plows, nails, wire, harrows, sewer pipe, cultivators, etc., are shipped in mixed car lots from factory so as to save freights and benefit the customer. We have arranged for the best line of shovel plows and cultivators we ever handled. In mowing machines, binders and grain drills we are up to date; will have three grades of hay rakes, all guaranteed to do good work. We can offer to the trade good steel frame spring tooth harrows at greatly reduced prices, and a lever wheel harrow of an entirely new design. It will afford us much pleasure to show goods and quote prices to persons in need of anything in our line. Many persons are deceived by sending for goods they see advertised at lower prices than good articles are worth in the market. The tendency of the age is to cheapen goods rather than increase durability, hence the necessity of careful examination before purchasing. Thanking our friends and customers for past favors, we are

Yours respectfully,
J. M. DAVIS & SON.

NOTICE.

All persons not having paid their corporation tax for the year 1896 are requested to do so at once, or I will be compelled to collect by process of law.

JAMES O. HINEBAUGH, Collector.
45-3

R. BOLDEN,
Tin, Galvanized and Sheet Iron
WORKER.
Roofing and Spouting Done on Short Notice.
Special Attention Given to Repairing.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED. GIVE US A CALL.

ESTATE OF RACHEL HORNBROOK, DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE. That the Subscriber, of Garrett County, Maryland hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the estate of

RACHEL HORNBROOK,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 10th day of August next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 1st day of February, 1897.

LOVILLA F. BULLARD, Executrix
Mt. Lake Park, Md
48-4

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

NOTICE.

ORPHANS' COURT, GARRETT COUNTY, FEBRUARY TERM, 1897.

Ordered, by the Orphans' Court for Garrett County, this 9th day of February 1897, that Executors, Administrators and Guardians who have not performed all the duties required of them according to law, are hereby notified and requested to perform their duties on or before the 23rd day of February, 1897, so that proper returns of estates may be made to the County Commissioners for taxation.

DANIEL WILSON, } J. O. C.
T. H. CEPPETT, J. O. C.
True Copy, Test: J. W. WHITE, Register.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the trust estate of Bradford Bros. No. 761 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

This is to give notice to the creditors of Bradford Bros. to file their claims properly authenticated with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before the 25th day of February, 1897, as I will then state an account in the above entitled cause, distributing the money in the hands of John Shartzer, receiver, to the parties entitled to participated in the distribution of the fund.

JULIUS C. KENNINGER,
Special Auditor.

WANTED:
ROCK OAK BARK.
Write for prices.
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
19-13 CUMBERLAND, MD.

To the Teachers of Garrett County.

THE REPUBLICAN, in order to increase its circulation, makes the following offer to the School Teachers of Garrett County:

We have a set of

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA,

numbering nine volumes, bound in silk cloth, pages 10x14 inches, and strictly up-to-date in every particular, which we will award to the teacher who sends to this office between now and May 1, 1897, the largest number of paid-up yearly subscribers to THE REPUBLICAN.

To the teacher who sends the second largest number we will give

$5.00 IN GOLD

and to the one sending the third largest number we will award a handsomely bound volume entitled

"Portfolio of the World's Photographs."

Begin work at once to secure one of these prizes. The Encyclopedia has the endorsement of Superintendent Palmer, and cannot be purchased to-day for less than $25 cash.

Send in the names and the cash as fast as received. Proper credit will be given.

Address,
THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

DO YOU realize the fact that only a slight cough or cold neglected sometimes leads to consumption?

DO YOU appreciate the fact that Honey-Tolu is the surest cure for a cough or cold?

DO YOU suffer from Hoarseness, Tickling in the Throat, or Chronic Cough? Honey-Tolu will cure it.

DO YOU have that dry Hacking Cough and Sore Throat? Honey-Tolu will cure it.

DO YOU have that troublesome Cough that usually follows La Grippe? Honey-Tolu will cure it.

DO YOU know that Honey-Tolu has saved the lives of thousands of children? It has, because it is never known to fail in cases of croup or Whooping Cough; it cures.

DO YOU know that many consumptives rely entirely on Honey-Tolu for relief from those Coughing Spells? It relieves when other remedies fail.

DO YOU know this wonderful and efficient remedy can be had from your regular dealer in large bottles for only 25 cents? Ask for it.

DO YOU have a cough or cold at this time? If so, get Honey-Tolu; if not, get Honey-Tolu anyhow, and have it in the house ready for emergencies; one dose in the middle of the night is worth a whole bottle in the store the next morning.

PIEDMONT STONE & LIME CO.,
Owned and operated by The E. J. Frechock Manufacturing and Building Company, of Piedmont.
WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH THIS
Superior Lime
TO BUILDERS, FARMERS AND TANNERS IN BARRELS OR BULK TO SUIT PURCHASERS.
This lime is equal in strength for agricultural, building and tanning purposes to the Frederick or Baltimore county lime.
KILNS AT CRABTREE, MD.
Address all orders to
The E. J. Frechock Mf'g and Bld'g Co.,
41-26 PIEDMONT, W. VA.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE Real Estate

IN DEER PARK, Garrett County, Md.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Adam H. Long and Anna C. Long, his wife, dated the 17th day of June, 1893, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 21, folio 568-7, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, the undersigned will offer at public sale, on the premises, on

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1897,

At the hour of two o'clock p. m.,

The following described property, situated, lying and being in Deer Park, Garrett county, Maryland:

Beginning at the end of the second line of a lot of ground belonging to the United Church Association of Deer Park, and running thence along Church street, north 25 degrees east 60 feet to Geo. Marley's lot; thence with said lot north 62 degrees west 80 feet to H. G. Davis' line; thence with said line south 17 degrees west 61 feet to the "Church Lot," and thence south 62 degrees east 70 feet to the beginning, it being improved by a

FINE DWELLING

and out-buildings. This is the same property formerly owned by Dr. Laughlin, and is now his present residence.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-third cash and the balance secured by mortgage on the property, payable in two years, or all cash at purchaser's option.

PERCY H. VEITCH,
46-4 Attorney named in the Mortgage.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, November 21, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily		2.16 A. M.
No. 3—Daily		3.28 A. M.
No. 71—Accom daily except Sun		9.30 A. M.
No. 47—Daily		10.19 A. M.
No. 55—Express, daily		5.58 P. M.
No. 1—Daily		7.18 P. M.

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily		5.59 A. M.
No. 2—Daily		6.41 A. M.
No. 72—Accom daily except Sun		1.08 P. M.
No. 46—Daily		4.40 P. M.
No. 4—Daily		8.35 A. M.

*Will take passengers for Terra Alta, Rowlesburg, Newburg and Tunnelton.

CHAS. O. SCULL, General Passenger Agent.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

SOUTHWARD No. 3	No. 1	STATIONS		NORTHWARD No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.			NOON	P. M.
3 00*	8 00†	lv	Cumberland	ar *12 00	17 30
3 11	8 31		Rawlings	11 20	6 58
3 56	8 56		Keyser	11 01	6 36
4 09	9 09		Westernport	10 51	6 23
4 12	9 12		W. Va. C. June.	10 48	6 20
4 37	9 37		Shaw	10 23	5 55
5 10	10 00		Harrison	10 00	*5 28
6 15	10 45*	ar	Elk Garden	8 55	*4 00
5 25	10 35†	lv	Gorman	9 21	4 54
5 41	10 41		Bayard	9 15	4 48
5 52	10 52		Dobbin	9 04	4 36
6 21	11 21		Thomas	8 34	4 06
6 55	11 55	ar	Davis	8 00	3 15
6 27	11 27	lv	Coketon	8 31	4 02
6 51	11 51		Hendricks	7 50	3 30
6 57	11 57		Brelz	7 54	3 25
7 00	12 00		Parsons	7 51	3 22
7 31	12 30		Kerens	7 18	2 47
8 00*	1 00†	ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	*2 30
	1 30*	ar	Beverly	lv	*1 30
	3 05*	ar	Beallington	lv	P. M. *11 30
P. M.	P. M.			A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. J. HIRTZ, General Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

After Sunday, Dec. 27, and until further notice Sunday trains will be discontinued.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

A CONVERSATIONAL EVENING

MR. BLISS went out to the Saunders house last Sunday evening.

He did not go there to learn what happened just before Chattanooga, or how Mrs. Saunders frightened away the burglar, or why Mr. Bleech was so attractive to young females traveling alone.

He wanted to be alone with Gertie Saunders—sitting beside her, leaning against the sofa pillows and looking into her eyes.

It was nine o'clock when he reached the Saunders house.

Gertie came into the hallway after he had been admitted and said: "I'm so glad you came. Papa's fighting the war over again. Perhaps you can head him off."

"Who all are here?"

"Oh, Mr. Bleech, of course. Don't you get him started if you can help it."

"He doesn't require any starting."

"Well, I hope they'll go soon."

Mr. Bliss was received with much cordiality by Mr. and Mrs. Saunders and Mr. Bleech.

"I was just telling Bleech when you came in, of a little experience my company had a day or two before the principal engagement at Chattanooga," said Mr. Saunders.

"I'd be glad to hear it," said Mr. Bliss, although he saw Gertie shaking her head at him in entreaty.

"Well, as I was telling you, Bleech, our company was bivouacked just at the edge of a clump of timber, and made the extreme end of the right division, the Two Hundred and Sixty-eighth Illinoy being over at our right, with Cap Turnbull in full command. That was before he went to the hospital, and old Bill Lansing, or 'Swearing Bill,' as we used to call him, took his place. Well, one morning I was in my tent drying out things—we'd had a rain the night before, I remember, and everything was sopping wet. An orderly came in and said Col. Woodthorpe wanted to see me. I told him to give Col. Woodthorpe my compliments and say I'd be at his tent in a few minutes. Well, to make a long story short, I went over to the colonel's tent. I found him there, hopping mad. He says: 'I'll get those fellows out of there if I have to smoke them out myself.' I just stood there waiting—I knew better than to put in my oar or ask questions. Finally he quieted down just enough to tell me that the Johnny rebs had been crawling up into a patch of brush over to the east of us and taking long shots at some of our boys on picket duty. He says to me: 'Cap, I want to dislodge that crowd and cut down that patch of brush.' You see, they'd wounded one of our boys that morning, a young fellow from Perrysville, that the colonel knew well, and that was what made him fighting mad. He says: 'How many men do you want, captain?' I says: 'Twenty men, if you'll let me pick 'em out of my company!' 'Go ahead,' he says; 'I knew you could smoke out the rebs if anybody could.' Well, I went back to the company feeling pretty skittish, but of course I didn't dare to let on. You see, on this reconnoiter we had to go more than 200 yards outside of our picket lines and we didn't know how close we might be to some division of the enemy or how many rebs there were in this patch of brush. I didn't call the company into line, but just went among the boys and picked out the ones I knew were all right, and told them what was wanted

"I WENT OVER TO THE COLONEL'S TENT."

and gave them a chance to go along. Not one of them backed out. I knew they wouldn't because I went to the perviest boys in the company. They'd rather go on an expedition like that than eat. Well, we got together and started out for this patch of brush where the rebs had been firing. That was about ten o'clock in the morning. The colonel had sent for me about nine. It took about an hour to get the boys together and have them put all their arms and accoutrements in good shape. Well, we passed the picket line and started out for the brush, marching in loose order. Just as we reached the top of a little knoll I heard a rifle crack, and a ball went ping-g-g right past my ear. 'We'd better drop down, cap,' one of the boys says. I says: 'I'll not drop down till I've counted 'em and seen that they've got more than we have.' So we marched on, aiming to get behind the patch and shut off any men that might be layin' in there. We must have been within 100 feet of the patch before there was any more firing, and then there was three or four shots, and one of my boys—Walt Jefferson—fell over with a bullet in his leg. 'Come on, boys,' I yelled, and we started on a dead run for that patch and—"

Mr. Bliss looked over toward Gertie, who was looking up at the ceiling.

Her expression was that of a martyr at the stake. She had heard the "patch of brush" story once a week since earliest childhood.

This was the third time for Mr. Bliss. The hour was 9:45.

Mr. Saunders had fought the battle of Chattanooga, and Mrs. Saunders, by some magic, had directed the conversation toward the subject of burglary and was telling of her burglar.

Mr. Bliss sat in a cramped position glaring at her as if fascinated by the narrative. Gertie had begun to droop. She plucked at the edge of the table cover and did not pretend to be interested.

"That was the horrible part of it—Mr. Saunders not being at home," said Mrs. Saunders, addressing Mr. Bliss, because of his evident interest in the story. "Of course John was in the back room downstairs, but I couldn't arouse him without going down the stairway and then through the dining-room, and the sounds, as nearly as I could tell, came from the dining-room. I don't know why I didn't scream, but, do you know, I just couldn't. I was lying there wondering what in the world I could do. My first impulse was to slip into Gertie's room and arouse her, but I knew that would only make matters worse, for she is such a coward at night and I knew she couldn't help me. Finally I slipped out of bed and started for the bathroom. I knew Mr. Saunders had his revolver in the bureau drawer, but I'd just as soon touch a lizard as a revolver. What do you suppose I intended to do? Well, I knew that Mr. Saunders had a pair of dumb-bells in the bathroom, because he used to go in there to take exercise with his cold bath. I thought I would get one of these dumb-bells, slip to the head of the stairs with it and throw it downstairs and then run back and lock myself in the bathroom. I don't know what put such a crazy notion into my head, but I was, oh, so terribly frightened.

THE MARTYR.

Well, the bathroom door squeaked as I opened it, and I just thought I'd drop over. I felt around in the dark and finally I found the dumb-bell, and then I crept toward the—"

Gertie sighed deeply. Mr. Bliss heard it, but he did not dare to look toward her.

It was 10:30.

Mrs. Saunders had succeeded in frightening away the burglar, and Mr. Bleech was telling how he fascinated the girl whom he met by chance in the Pullman parlor car.

Mr. Bleech was a straw-colored bachelor, who was rapidly becoming bald, but as the hero of his own stories he had all the ardor and impetuosity of a college freshman.

"Well, sir, I'd give a good deal to know if that was her right name," said he. "I know she lives somewhere or the South side, for she got off at Forty-third street. You know I expected to take her home, and so I told her that was where I got off, too. There was a carriage waiting for her and I helped her with her baggage and supposed she would invite me to ride home with her but she was too smooth for that. After she got in the carriage she held out her hand and said: 'Good-by.' Then I asked her what I should tell the driver and she said he knew where to go. I'd give anything to know who she is—a blonde, a beauty. Why, I noticed her just as soon as the train left Indianapolis. She was at the other end of the car, but she kept looking at me, and I supposed that possibly I had met her somewhere, but I guess I hadn't. You know it was the merest accident that we fell into a conversation. You see, she was on the sunny side of the car and wanted to change to a chair on the other side of the car. I saw her stand up and look for a place, so I arose and volunteered to remove the coat and valise from my seat and allow her to use that. She seemed to be very grateful, and from that—"

It was 11:15.

Mr. Bleech had given all the details of the ride from Indianapolis to Forty-third street, and had then said he believed he would have to be going.

Mr. and Mrs. Saunders begged of him not to hurry, but he said he had to take an early Monday morning train out of town.

After he had departed, Mr. Saunders yawned a couple of times and wearily disappeared up the stairway.

Then Mrs. Saunders went away—evaporated. Mr. Bliss did not know of her going until Gertie said: "Well, at last they're all gone."

So Mr. Bliss moved over to the sofa pillows and Gertie came and sat beside him.

"Wasn't it awful?" she asked.

"Terrible."

He took hold of her hand, and for five minutes they leaned back, feebly smiling at each other. This was his idea of a pleasant conversational evening.—Chicago Record.

MOONSHINE WHISKY.

How It Is Made in the Mountains of the South.

Those who know by actual experience how the "moonshiner" makes his "mountain dew" are loath to tell how it is done. They reason, and not without good sense, that it is a dangerous secret, and therefore it is a matter of some difficulty to persuade one to tell his secret. The "moonshiner" knows that the very minute he starts a brew, that minute he is a criminal in the eyes of the law. His individual views as to the criminality of his act do not at all coincide with the law on this subject, however. The moonshiner believes that he has as much right to convert his corn into whisky as the gardener has to make sauce out of his tomatoes, or the grape grower to distill the juice of his fruit into wine. That is the way he looks at the crime of illicit distilling. All the laws in the kingdom cannot change his view of the matter. He imagines that the government has a particular spite to vent against him, and therefore he regards civilized man as his ruthless enemy. He holds the officer, whose sworn duty it is to enforce the law, in as much odium as society entertains for the moonshiner. He will stubbornly insist that he is more sinned against than sinning.

The moonshiners of this country have been unjustly compared to the smugglers who infest the mountainous regions of Europe and traffic in contraband commodities and articles. As a rule, they are not as desperate a lot as they are painted. Some have slain to protect themselves from what they deem unjust and outrageous laws, but that is done by men in other walks of life, and such are not denominated desperadoes.

But this is digressing from the subject. How is "mountain dew" made? The idea of the average person whose environments in life have been such as would afford no opportunities for gleaning the secret of the moonshiner, would take in some fine chemical process that could not have originated in any but a college professor's mind, and yet the way in which the rugged moonshiner makes his "dew" does not include anything that the college student encountered in his study of chemistry, from a purely practical point of view.

The process is simple. The moonshiner sends his corn to mill to have it ground. It is converted into meal, the same as is used to make corn bread. This meal is put in a tub or barrel of boiling water. In this way it is cooked. It sits until it is cool enough to burn the hands when they are put in it. It is stirred up well and then put in the still. The still is then filled with cold water. After that the malt is added. Malt is made by putting corn in water and letting it soak two or three days, or until it sprouts. (Then it is malted.) The malt is ground the same as the corn was and to every bushel of corn is added 16 single handfuls of malt. The malt and the cold water are added at the same time. Then the brew stands until it sours, which requires several days. In that time it begins to "work" or ferment. A crust, or cap, as it is called by the moonshiners, of bran forms on the top of the water. This cap is bluish in color. It is not disturbed at all. In a short time this "cap" settles to the bottom where it came from. The weight of the solidified mass of bran or husks causes it to sink. The fire is then started under the still and it is only a matter of two or three hours until about two gallons of whisky have been distilled. The moonshiner then has two gallons of "dew" which he can sell for from two to five dollars, as the needs of the purchaser may justify, and he has consumed six days and a bushel of corn in making it. Thus one bushel of corn yields two gallons of whisky, which may bring, in the moonshiner's market, from four to ten dollars. About 30 gallons of water are used to brew one bushel of corn.

"Do moonshiners buy or make the stills?" asked the representative of the young man who explained the process of making the whisky.

"They are bought," he answered; "though I have known of people making their stills. A still," he continued, noting the inquisitive look on the faces of his listeners, "is a large copper kettle, shaped like a cistern. They hold from 50 to 60 gallons. Over the neck of the still a cap fits the same as one joint of stovepipe fits over another. From the top of this cap an arm runs out about ten inches long. To this arm is attached the worm. Well, the worm is a coil of pipe about 16 feet long. It is through this that the evaporation of the steam from the still passes. The worm is coiled in the flake stand, which is filled with water for the purpose of keeping the worm cool. If the worm was not thus cooled no evaporation would take place, or at least not immediately. The other end of the worm runs out of the flake stand into the mouth of a funnel, which is placed in the keg or jug that catches the run. From the time the fire was started under the still until the brew is finished has consumed about two hours."

The whisky made by moonshiners is pronounced the very best when it has a little of age on it. They do not color it, but sell it just as it comes out of the still. It is then as clear as water.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

A Touch of Nature.

The yearly visit of the queen to the tomb of the prince consort is not only an event that the English people always look forward to with affectionate interest, but it is one of those scenes that bring to all human hearts that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin.—Collier's Weekly.

—Jersey cattle take their name from the Isle of Jersey, one of the channel islands, a British possession off the French coast, and the last remnant of the English territory on the continent. The Jersey blood is kept pure on the island by the most rigid exclusion of cattle of every other breed.

CARE OF FURNITURE.

The Housekeeper Is Amply Rewarded for the Work Expended.

How many housekeepers are aware that furnace and steam heat are to a large degree responsible for the cracking and warping of the lighter kinds of furniture, especially bamboo, and that to counteract the ill-effects of the same they should be rubbed regularly with equal parts of linseed oil and turpentine, applied with a flannel and then rubbed in with a soft cloth? Bamboo is also improved by an occasional wash in cold water, if thoroughly dried afterward.

Mahogany, rosewood, or black walnut should be rubbed regularly with linseed oil or crude petroleum, a very little being put on at a time, and rubbed in thoroughly until the surface looks like a mirror. If the rubbing is done once every two weeks it is not difficult to get a shine in a short time, but the first application may require longer. Any of the natural woods that are not varnished can be polished in the same way, but varnished surfaces should be washed with water in which tea leaves have been steeped for half an hour. This will make them much brighter than if washed with soap and water, and unlike the latter will not remove the gloss.

When the varnished furniture becomes scratched the spots should be gone over with a camel's hair brush and shellac varnish till they disappear. Nothing should be allowed to touch the places until the application is thoroughly dry. If a small splinter of wood is knocked off a bureau or chair glue it on again with a little liquid glue, and if the edges show white color them with paint to match the rest of the wood. When this is dry varnish and the break will hardly be perceptible. If the broken piece is large, and where it is likely to be hit and knocked off again, in addition to the glue secure it in position with small brads, or, for a makeshift, pins driven in as far as possible and the remainder filed off flat to the surface. The end of the pin must be touched with the paint at the same time as the edges.

When larger breaks occur, such as the leg of a chair or the arm of a sofa, do not trust to glue alone, but strengthen the weak part with an extra piece of wood, nailed on the side that does not show, in such a manner that the nails do not come quite through to the right side.

Leather trimmings which have such a persistent way of separating themselves from wood may be securely fastened by means of a paste made of melted India rubber, mixed with shellac varnish. The leather itself can be made to look almost like new by being washed with warm milk. This is especially good for leather seats or lounge coverings.

The best thing to use in cleaning delicate satin furniture is fresh bread crumbs. Rub the soft part of the bread between the hands until thoroughly crumbled, then rub over the satin with swift, smooth strokes, changing the crumbs as soon as they grow discolored. When the soil is removed dust off the remaining crumbs with a soft cloth or whisk. Other furniture covering can be cleaned with benzine or naphtha. About once a month the upholstered furniture should be well beaten and dusted.

When the stuffing of chairs and sofas begins to bulge out on the under side turn the article upside down, take out the tacks which hold the foundation canvas or burlap, and, after pushing the stuffing back into place, take interlacing strips of webbing across the bottoms, and replace the burlap. If the stuffing gets lumpy in the backs of these articles, untack the burlaps from the backs and distribute the filling, adding to it or taking from it as comfort demands. Then retack.

To remove ink stains from mahogany, rosewood, or black walnut furniture put half a dozen drops of spirits of nitre in a spoonful of water, and touch the stain with a feather wet with this. As soon as the ink disappears rub the place with a cloth wet with cold water, or the nitre will leave a white spot that will be very difficult to remove. If after washing off the nitre the ink spot still appears, apply the treatment a second time.—Philadelphia Record.

The Best Data He Could Give.

I have a friend who is connected with one of the large shoe stores of the city. A day or two ago he was called to attend to the wants of a customer, and his first question brought out the fact that the man wanted a pair of shoes. Of course my friend next inquired the size, and thereby hangs this tale. The customer looked dumfounded for a minute, but he was not to be fazed by such a simple question, and finally he blurted out:

"Wa'al, I don't know egzactly, but I wear a fifteen and a half collar."

He did his best, but my friend was not sufficiently posted in the relative proportion of one's neck and feet, and so had to make a guess at the size required, and try different pairs until he had found the proper fit. — Springfield (Mass.) Union.

An Earlier Generation.

Would-be Purchaser—What do you sell those fowls for?

Facetious Poulterer's Boy—We sell 'em for profits, mum.

"Thank you for the information that they are profits. I thought they were patriarchs."—Pick-Me-Up.

Familiar Features.

"His novel has no new features as far as I can discover."

"No?"

"No; nothing but low, broad foreheads, mobile mouths, and finely chiseled noses."—Detroit Journal.

News for the Minister.

Minister—You say you knew that I was coming, my little man?

Tommy—'Cause ma told me if I sat for more than one piece of cake at the table she'd pound the blame liver out of me to-night.—Cleveland Leader.

RAILWAY COUPON TICKETS.

The Operation of Taking Them Up on Different Roads.

"You frequently hear it said," remarked a traveler on an incoming train to his companion, "that man is a mighty inquisitive animal; that he is forever behind the returns in pursuit of knowledge, and that he is never satisfied unless he can lift the cover of things and watch the wheels go round. That opinion is only superficial, however. It isn't sustained by facts. On the contrary, man is universally indifferent to the real processes which produce certain results with which he comes in contact almost every day of his life.

"Not long ago I was obliged to take a trip to the coast, going by way of the northern lines, through St. Paul, and returning by the southern route. As I took out my ticket I noticed that on every coupon or section of the long strip appeared the number of the ticket, and also the initials of each particular line or road over which it was to carry me. That interested me at once and I carefully watched every step in the process of taking up the coupons. When I reached home again I went to the general ticket office of the main line over which I had bought my ticket and there spent an hour in finding out what had been done with the coupons which I had distributed over half a continent into the hands of various conductors. There I learned some very interesting facts.

"The first coupon detached from the ticket is handed to the conductor, who takes it up to the ticket cashier, who immediately forwards it to the ticket auditor in the general offices of the line of origin. Here it is first checked up against the report of the agent who sold it, the report indicating over what other line the ticket is sold. The auditor and his clerks have 'division sheets,' which indicate what proportion of the entire amount received for the ticket belongs to each of the interested roads. Generally the value of each coupon is arbitrarily fixed and is so indicated by the division sheet, but of course the original basis of settlement is practically a pro rata arrangement. In some instances the clerks in the auditor's office have to calculate the division according to the mileage of each road.

"The different lines represented in each ticket are credited with their share of the total and there is a regular interchanging of reports between all connecting roads. Settlements, which are made by check, generally occur at 60-day intervals.

"Each one of the connecting lines receives from its conductors the coupons which have been collected, and it is by means if these that it is able to have a perfect check on the reports of credits received from 'the road of origin,' as the railroad men designate the line which sells the ticket.

"That practically ends the travels of the ticket, for after settlement each auditor files his coupons away and preserves them for a year, after which they are burned.

"Where two or more conductors divide the distance covered by a single coupon it is generally the man on the last 'run' who takes up the bit of pasteboard. Those before him simply punch the ticket. To this rule there is an exception where the distance is usually great. Then the first conductor takes the coupon up and issues to the passenger a train check which is treated by the following conductors on that division as a ticket. A ticket sold in New York over the eastern line connecting with a western road is handled by the auditor of the latter as if it were originally sold at Chicago. The frequent reports of tickets sold between the various connecting lines are necessary in order that each may make its weekly estimate of current earnings.

"This, I tell you," concluded the chronic investigator, "is a world of system, and railroad offices are not a whit behind the procession in this particular."—Chicago Post.

LADIES' HATS.

Small Ones in Fantastic Shapes to Be Popular.

Judging from the number of feathers worn, few indeed must be the women who have pledged themselves against cruelty to the feathered tribe. Never were so many birds called upon to contribute their beauty to the adornment of headgear.

Ribbons and velvet also play some part in the trimming of hats, but they are decidedly subordinate to feathers and used only where the latter would be impracticable.

In shape as well as trimming hats are peculiar. As a rule they are small and many have unexpected points sticking out here and there on the brim. One in particular, with very flat crown, is narrow of brim in the front and the back, but at each side flares out in a point that extends far beyond the head. On occasions those points are accentuated by the hat trimmings, which are designed with narrow loops and wings that rise upward and tend to increase the fantastic shape of the hat.

Prettier, perhaps, is a hat of the same shape, covered with tan canvas cloth and bound with black velvet. Two bands of velvet encircle the crown and a chou in front is held down by a brilliant buckle. From beneath the buckle two satin wings start—wings of glorious beauty, that extend far beyond the points of the brim, making them truly insignificant.—Chicago Record.

Unkind.

Medium (to party at sitting)—The spirit of your deceased husband desires to converse with you.

Wife—Hmh. If he ain't got no more spirit now than he had when he died he ain't worth troubling about.—N. Y. World.

Keep It Quiet.

Mrs. Slight—I dreamt last night that the doctor came to see me.

Mr. Slight—S-sh! Don't let him hear of it or he'll charge us for the visit.—Up-to-Date.

Now

Is a good time to put your physical system in good order by purifying your blood and building up your health in order to avoid sickness. Take

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills do not cause pain or gripe. All druggists. 25c.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"WHAT a distinguished looking man." "Yes, the last time I saw him he was on the bench." "What, a judge?" "No; a substitute ballplayer."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

1667 BUS. POTATOES PER ACRE.

Don't believe it, nor did the editor until he saw Salzer's great farm seed catalogue. It's wonderful what an array of facts and figures and new things and big yields and great testimonials it contains.

SEND THIS NOTICE AND 10 CENTS STAMPS to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., for catalogue and 12 rare farm seed samples, worth $10, to get a start. [K]

A FORM OF SPEECH.—He—"I ran across grandmother in the park yesterday." His Aunt—"Oh, dear! I didn't know that you rode a bicycle."—Life.

Low Rates to the West and South.

Via B. & O. S-W. Ry. Feb. 1, 2, 15 and 16, for Home-Seekers, to points in Alabama, Arkansas, Arizona, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Indian Territory, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, New Mexico, Oklahoma, the Carolinas, the Dakotas, Utah, Virginia, Wisconsin, Wyoming, Tennessee, Texas, etc. The limit and stop-over privileges will permit thorough inspection of the country. For tickets and further information call on agents B. & O. S-W. Ry.

It always takes a girl an awfully long time to learn to ride a bicycle when some handsome young man is teaching her.

The Inauguration of President McKinley

will attract many prominent individuals to Washington. You can attend very cheaply, and enjoy a most satisfactory trip, by going via the B. & O. S-W. Ry. Tickets good going March 1, 2 and 3, and good returning including March 8, at special low rates for this occasion, with a Splendid Train Service. Make up your parties, and for further information, consult any agent B. & O. S-W. Ry. Write for guide to Washington, to J. M. CHESBROUGH, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Cincinnati, O.

THEY say rich people worry more over their riches than the poor do over their poverty. But lots more folks feel sorry for them.—Washington Democrat.

A SPRAIN cannot cripple if you use St. Jacobs Oil. It cures it.

NOTHING is quite so mean as for a fellow to ask you for a match when you have both hands full of bundles.—Washington Democrat.

THE nerves are tortured by neuralgia; soothed and cured by St. Jacobs Oil.

LOTS of us think we are not appreciated for what we are worth. We never think so about anybody else.—Washington Democrat.

LOOK out! Shiver, then soreness and stiffness. Use St. Jacobs Oil—then a cure.

EVERY temptation resisted is trouble escaped.—Ram's Horn.

WHEN bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

YOU know the man when you know the company he keeps.—Ram's Horn.

WITHOUT teeth frost bites. Without doubt St. Jacobs Oil cures frost-bites—sure.

THE man who will not live up to his convictions is untrue to himself.—Ram's Horn.

MISERY and rheumatism are foes. St. Jacobs Oil and cure are friends. Try them.

THERE are a good many people who can't keep from making fools of themselves when they get rich.—Washington Democrat.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean," wrote the poet Tennyson. But tears always mean something. There are tears of melancholy, tears of joy, and of despair, and those saddest most pathetic tears of the nervous overwrought woman who has been bearing up as bravely as she may under a daily burden of weakness and dragging, torturing pain.

No wonder women weep. The wonder is that they are not oftener in tears for all they have to bear and suffer; and the saddest thing about it is how little their sufferings are understood. Even the doctor, nine times in ten says: "Oh, a little nervousness, that's all" or "neuralgia," or "insomnia," or "dyspepsia." If he suspects the real cause he insists upon examinations and local treatment,—about the very worst thing possible to a nervous, overwrought woman.

There is no need of these repugnant methods. Any woman may insure health and strength in a womanly way by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures the weaknesses and diseases of the feminine organism absolutely and completely. It was devised for this special purpose by one of the most eminent and experienced physicians in this country; an expert specialist in women's diseases.

For nearly 30 years Dr. Pierce has been chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y. Any woman may consult him by letter, free of charge. Her letter will be answered not by a mere nurse or uneducated, unscientific person, but by the most competent medical authority anywhere obtainable.

All women should read Dr. Pierce's thousand page illustrated book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser." It contains more clear and comprehensive advice on medical subjects than any other book ever published. A paper-bound copy sent free for twenty-one one-cent stamps to pay the *cost of mailing only*. Or cloth-bound for thirty-one stamps.

TEMPERANCE.

A FAMILY CUSTOM.

How the Aristocratic Mrs. Nevers Came to Banish Wine from Her Table.

"I was brought up to have wine on the table," said aristocratic Mrs. Nevers, "and I have kept up the custom in my household. Boys will never fall into the habit of drinking too much if they always have wine and brandy as free as water."

Nevertheless, Mrs. Nevers' oldest son, Robert, the pride and hope of the family, did fall into dissolute ways, to the extreme mortification of his lady mother. Yet, when a great temperance reformer came to the city, and Robert became interested in the meetings, Mrs. Nevers said to her beautiful only daughter, Alice:

"I hardly know whether I would rather have Robert a drunkard or have him speak at one of those common meetings."

"It is very common indeed to get drunk, mother," said Alice. "A few days ago as I was walking down Main street I saw my brother Robert on Exchange corner turning a hand-organ while a drunken negro danced."

"Alice!"

"I did, mother, and I held up my head and walked on, saying to myself, this is the beautiful fruit of the aristocratic old family custom of having wine at table."

"Alice!"

"I know you are horrified, mother, so was I, but that was what I said. I have inherited much of the family pride, and it would be the proudest day of my life to see Brother Robert leading this reform that is stirring the whole city."

"And have his name in the Times as one of the pledge-signers, I suppose?"

"Certainly, mother."

"And have him lead Gospel temperance mass-meetings, and sing, perhaps?"

"Why not? If he is converted to the Gospel of Christ I hope he may have the courage to live it and proclaim it.

ROBERT TURNS THE HAND-ORGAN WHILE A DRUNKEN NEGRO DANCES.

He has a fine address and a melodious voice; how could he put them to better account than to become a leader of men?"

"I do not know, child, but I suppose my pride must be humbled."

The next morning's papers chronicled the fact that handsome Robert Nevers, the most popular young society man in the city, had been converted at the meetings, had signed the pledge, and spoken at some length and very eloquently from the platform.

"I shall go to-night," cried Alice with animation. "Say, boys," to her brothers, "let us all go and lead the applause. I never was so happy in my life;" and as her brother Robert at that moment entered the breakfast room perfectly sober for the first time for months, she threw herself into his arms.

"May I go to-night, Rob, and hear you speak, and tie on ribbons?"

"Certainly, darling, if mother is willing. I hardly expected a follower in my own family," replied the young man, much touched at this exhibition of genuine feeling.

"Oh, I am willing for anything," replied the mother.

"And we are all inclined to follow our lion in pledge-taking," said the younger brothers.

Robert shook hands with them all around without a word, and, turning to his mother, said:

"Then, mother, dear, you are willing to have me remove my quarters from here to the new temperance hotel?"

"For what reason, my son?"

"Because I can no longer sit at table where there is wine."

"So I am to be vanquished, am I, with all my traditions?"

"Not at all. I simply announce that I am to leave."

"When it comes to choosing between my son and the wine, of course there is but one thing to be said—the wine must go."

"What misery we all might have been saved had you said that years ago, mother."

So the family custom gave way to the reign of Gospel temperance. Robert is still a temperance worker, and dainty Alice and her younger brothers are his staunch advocates and supporters.

The aged mother in her new peace of mind says:

"The Lord was good, to save my family, as a brand plucked from the burning, in spite of my determination to keep up the proud old family customs."—Annie A. Preston, in Christian Safeguard.

In New York state it is a misdemeanor to employ engineers, firemen, conductors, switch tenders, train dispatchers, telegraphers, commanders, pilots, mates, foremen or persons in other like capacity who habitually indulge in the intemperate use of liquors.

The average production of Canadian breweries for five years is stated to be: Whisky, 4,538,000 gallons, and beer and ale together, 27,150,000 gallons.

ESTABLISHED PRINCIPLES.

A Setting Forth of Facts That Should Make of Every Person a Foe of Alcohol.

1. Alcohol is a poison, and is always injurious to persons in health.

2. Alcohol is the result of fermentation, and is the same intoxicating article, whether in brandy, rum, whisky, or in wine, beer and cider.

3. Alcohol is a more fruitful source of disease and death than any other known cause whatever. From the testimony of physicians and from reliable sources it is ascertained that fully 100,000 persons die annually in the United States from this cause alone.

4. Alcohol is the prolific source of poverty, insanity, and crime. Three-fourths of the crimes are attributed to this source, as is also the derangement of above one-half of the inmates in insane asylums. There is much force in the moral of this old fable: "A man had the choice of committing the least of three offenses—murder, robbery, drunkenness. He chose the latter, got drunk, and then committed the other two."

5. Alcohol is an indigestible, unnutritious substance. This has been abundantly proved. It is adapted to no part of our system; it passes the stomach unchanged, and runs rapidly from one point to another, irritating and inflaming each, and rejected by each. So quickly does it diffuse itself that the effects of a single glass of wine may almost immediately be seen in the delicate blood vessels of the eye. Gin had had been extracted pure from the brain.

6. Alcohol costs the country in money expended upon it $1,000,000,000.

These are some of the established facts. How can any conscientious individual, in view of these facts, countenance or aid in any way the manufacture, sale, or use of alcohol as a beverage in any of its forms?—National Temperance Advocate.

A TERRIBLE RESPONSIBILITY.

Danger of Allowing Alcohol to Be Taken by Children of Nervous Temperaments.

In a recent lecture by Dr. Banham, professor of clinical medicine at the Sheffield medical school, occurs the following:

"Again, the public mind is still to be awakened to the danger of allowing alcohol to be taken by the children of families in which nervous diseases prevail—in which there is, so to say, a defective nervous organization. The existence in a family of epilepsy, drunkenness, insanity, or even the milder disturbances of neuralgia, sick headache, or hysteria, would lead any cautious doctor to recommend its members' entire absence from alcohol. Dr. Savage, whose opinion upon insanity is universally respected, says that every variety of insanity may be started by drink, and that it is a very prolific agent in causing insanity. Dr. Maudsley, in his 'Pathology of the Mind,' deals largely with the transmitted craving for alcohol, and he points out that the acquired disease of the parent is the inborn heritage of the child. Terrible, therefore, indeed, is the responsibility attaching to the parents who allow alcohol to be taken by their children, when a tendency to drunkenness and nervous diseases has already revealed itself in their families."

VARIOUS NOTES.

In Montreal, Can., in one year the ratio of arrests per 1,000 population was 10.38.

The most commonly-used intoxicant in Norway and Sweden is "brandevin," a liquor made from corn and potatoes.

The young man should shun a drinking social party with as much terror as he would a low liquor den.—National Temperance Advocate.

The fact that the rum power is still strong is no reason why the Christian should close his Bible and give up praying.—Ram's Horn.

The saloon is the pirate of commerce, the destroyer of industry, the robber of wealth. The business man who does not oppose the saloon is, to put it mildly, not sagacious.—National Temperance Advocate.

Cardinal Manning says: "Drunkenness causes every year in England 60,000 deaths. According to the testimony of the magistrates it is the source, directly or indirectly, of 75 per cent. of the crimes committed, causing the disastrous ruination of families and destroying domestic life, together with the practice of religion and the Christian education of the children."

What to Drink When Cycling.

A well-known cycling authority recently solved the problem "What to drink when cycling" by giving his personal testimony in favor of drinking nothing. The cyclist may, he said, indulge in oatmeal water, cold tea and other thirst quenchers, but the penalty for this want of early self-restraint is the incapability of riding without drink of some sort or other ever after. "Do not drink while riding, in spite of the thirst," he added, "and the latter will very soon disappear." It is most gratifying to find cycling authorities declaring so strongly in favor of abstinence; and to this it may be added that the three cyclists — Messrs. Fraser, Lowe and Lunn—who are presently to start on a tour round the world are practicing the principles of abstinence.—National Temperance Advocate.

An Old Pledge.

A friend sends a copy of a pledge signed by his grandfather in 1806. It has the true ring about it, even to alcohol as a poison. Here it is:

"An exortation by Simon Lucas, Sunday evening the sun just setting, 31st August, 1806. This truly servant of God came to my house and most lovingly in the name of his God entreated me to abstain from evil company and the Soul damning sin of touching, tasteing or handling spiritous Liquors by drinking the deadly poison I humbly and most earnestly beseech his God and my God to assist me by His grace to flee every appearance of evil and quit from this day and ever hereafter all sinful practices and the temptations of the wicked. JOHN MORGAN,

"Born in the year 1768.

"Forks near Batsto Furnace, New Jersey."

—Union Signal.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—It may interest those who love to compare man with monkeys to know that the latter frequently get horribly seasick when taken on the ocean.

—The mineral water industry of this country gives employment to close upon 100,000 men, and upwards of £30,000,000 of capital is invested in it.

—The prime of life of a man of regular habits and sound constitution is from 30 to 55 years of age; of a woman, from 24 or 25 to about 40 years of age.

—It is estimated that the total amount of gold actually in circulation consists approximately of £45,000,000 in sovereigns and £17,500,000 in half sovereigns, or a total of £62,500,000.

—The appropriation for the New York police department for the year 1897, as authorized by the board of estimate and apportionment in the provisional allowance, is $6,981,589, as against $5,927,410 for this year, an increase of more than $1,000,000. The sum asked for by the department was $150,050 more than this allowance.

—To elevate packages from one floor to another without the necessity of stopping to unload, an Illinois man has designed a mechanism having an endless chain of tilting platforms operated by levers. As the platform rises past the operator he places the package on it and sets the lever to trip the platform and slide the package off at any floor he desires, the returning platforms being used in the same manner for carrying packages downward.

—Two wheels are used in a trolley designed by a Missouri man, the idea being that both wheels are not apt to jump from the wire at the same time; also that the trolley can pass a cutout or cross wire without the necessity of cutting off the current from the car, as one wheel is always in contact with the wire. The trolley pole is connected half way between the two wheels by a rocking swivel. Another trolley has a single wheel and tilts sidewise, for the same purpose as the first one.

SHELLING NUTS.

Machines Invented to Do the Work in the Best Manner.

Nut meats are used mostly for confectioners' purposes, but they are sold also for domestic use, for home cake and candy-making, and for table use as dessert. The meats chiefly used are those of English walnut, pecans, hickory nuts, black walnuts, Brazil nuts and almonds.

Years ago, when the consumption of nut meats was comparatively small, the nuts were cracked by hand; now they are shelled by patented machines of ingenious construction, varying in their methods of operation according to the kinds of nuts for which they are designed. Such nuts, for example, as pecans and English walnuts, the meats of which are formed in substantially uniform halves, are fed into hoppers, from which they fall singly between knives so arranged that they cut only the shell, without cutting or marring the meat. From the cutters the nuts drop upon a sifter, constantly shaken, where the shells are shaken clear of the meats, and thrown off. The nuts are left entire, and they are seldom broken. The meats are then separated into halves to remove the thin partition that divides the nut.

Brazil nuts are put into machines that cut the ends from the nut; the structure of the Brazil nutshell is such that all or the greater part of the shell is usually detached by the operation of cutting off the ends. Whatever may remain is cut off with knives by hand. Hickory nuts are cracked in machines. It is impossible to get whole meats; there are likely to be some halves, but hickory meats are usually in fragments.

The various nut meats, when they have been taken from the shells, are put through a drying process in blowers, to remove superfluous moisture; the meats keep better when properly dried. Nut meats packed for domestic uses are put up in half-pound and pound paper boxes. The usual commercial packages of nut meats are 25-pound and 50-pound boxes, and barrels containing about 150 pounds.

The cultivation of nuts is increasing in this country, as is also the consumption of them.—N. Y. Sun.

An Odd Controversy.

The strangest possibility of armed conflict that the United States has known is impending in northwestern Colorado, on the Wyoming border. The land is fit for little but grazing; the cattlemen desire it as a range for their herds, while some sheepmen insist that their flocks shall graze there. The cattle are satisfied with grass, whether green or dry, but the sheep are said to nip the grass roots below the surface—probably because the cattle have left nothing but roots. There have been some compromises and agreements, all of which were soon broken, so now the two interests are arrayed against each other, to the extent of several hundred men organized and armed like military companies, and each little army is determined that the other, with its animals, shall go. To complete the oddity of the situation, the land in dispute does not belong to either of the parties, but to the United States, the cattlemen and sheepmen being alike squatters.—Collier's Weekly.

Cleopatra's Mummy.

Where does Cleopatra's body rest? Scarcely a layman who would not answer, "Why, in Egypt!" After her exploleries, her wiles, her life of intense, if not very exalted loves, Cleopatra was laid in one of the loveliest tombs that have ever been fashioned by the hand of man. But what a change 2,000 years has brought about! To-day an ugly mummy, with an emblematic bunch of decayed wheat and a coarse comb tied to its head—a mere roll of tightly-swathed dust—lies crumbled in the hideous glass case at the British museum. It is Cleopatra, the once great queen, a Venus in charm, beauty and love.—Golden Days.

PUMPING FOR MILLIONS.

An Attempt to Drain a Rich Gold Mine That Was Flooded 28 Years Ago.

After lying idle for over a quarter of a century the Allison Ranch mine, famous as one of the former big producing properties of Grass Valley, is to be reopened and worked to its fullest capacity. There is ample capital behind the enterprise, for the mine is now the property of John W. Mackay and James L. Flood.

The Allison Ranch has a unique history among California mines. As far back as the early sixties it was considered one of the banner gold properties of the state. In the height of its prosperity it was purchased by J. B. Haggin and A. E. Davis. Davis was known as a mining partner of James G. Fair, and the rumor was current at the time that the property had fallen into the hands of the "Big Four," who were then beginning to loom up as formidable capitalists. Subsequent developments showed that Fair was not interested in the deal.

The mine proved a good buy for its new owners. In 1866 it led all Nevada county mines in the matter of dividends. Two years later it had paid over $3,600,000 in dividends. One day a miner's pick tapped a vein of water in one of the levels. The fluid gushed through the aperture with the force of a geyser, driving the workmen before it. Almost in an instant a property valued at millions was threatened with absolute ruin. Haggin and Davis made some ineffectual efforts to stay the flood, but the water flowed faster than the pumps could lift it out, and after a few weeks of this discouraging work Allison Ranch was left to its fate.

That was 28 years ago. During all this time the mine has been a waste of water. Tunnels and machinery were long since abandoned. Now and then an expert was asked to inspect the property and the report was always unfavorable. There were those who believed that the bottom of the mine had fallen out. Haggin and Davis spent a fortune in their efforts to stop the big leak and then gave it up.

Eight years ago the property passed into the hands of John W. Mackey and James L. Flood for a mere song. Since that time there has been no cessation of the water flow until at the present time the water is actually running out of the mouth of the tunnel as if from some enormous monster. Mackay and Flood made the purchase with the idea that some day possibly the leak at the bottom would exhaust itself. Now they are determined to pump the mine out in any event. An enormous pump with a lifting capacity of 1,080,000 gallons a day will be put to work. It is estimated that even with this machine two years will be required to clean the mine of water. After that development will be begun.

Owing to the slipshod manner of doing business in the early days no accurate record or survey of the underground workings was kept, with the result that beyond the fact that the lowest level is at the foot of a 750-foot incline, neither Mackay nor Flood have any definite knowledge of the interior arrangement of their property. As soon as the pumping is completed a definite underground survey will be the first work undertaken. As well as can be remembered the ledge is a big one and regular in its formation. After this a big stamp mill will be erected.

The projectors of the enterprise believe they have one of the best gold properties on the coast somewhere down among those countless gallons of water. At any rate they will spend a fortune to find out. Steam will be utilized as the pumping power at first, although it is probable an electric power plant will be erected this coming summer.

James L. Flood, his private secretary, Walsh, and Richard V. Dey, who represents Mackay on this coast, lately made a personal inspection of the property. They are enthusiastic over the prospects. They believe that the Allison Ranch is destined for a new and long lease of prosperous life.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Pidgin English.

The curious vernacular known as Pidgin English is a strange mixture of English, Chinese and Portuguese, and is used by most of the natives of Hong Kong and other Chinese ports in their intercourse with foreigners. Its basis consists in turning the consonants "r" into "l" and "v" into "b," adding a final "ee" to most words, and above all, the constant use of the word "pidgin," which means business in the most extended sense of the word. Not long since a gentleman in Hong Kong was interrupted by his servant, a boy of 14, who rushed into the office in an excited manner to inform his master that his wife had presented him with a daughter. He gracefully and delicately made the announcement in Pidgin English in these words: "Missy Smith hab got one piecee small cow chilo!"—Chicago Tribune.

Kittens Reared in a Trap.

Two kittens were born in a large warehouse. These kittens were very frolicsome and became general favorites. One day the men employed could not find the two kittens. They hunted and hunted, but found no trace of them. About four weeks afterward it was necessary to tear away a part of the platform in front of the building. To the surprise of the workmen, under this platform was a rat trap; and in the rat trap were the two kittens. Their mother had found them and had nourished them all the time they were in the trap. They had grown so large that they were very much crowded in their tiny wire house, from which the men soon liberated them.—Outlook.

Easily Settled.

When the Dyaks in Borneo have to decide which is in the right they have two equal lumps of salt given to them to drop into water, and he whose lump dissolves first is deemed to be in the wrong.—Albany Argus.

THE CABLE CAR JOKE.

He of the Jaded Taste Tells Why It Does Not Appeal to Him.

"I have never been tobl by my friends," said the dyspeptic man, "that I lacked a sense of humor." His manner was earnest, although it was perfectly plain that anybody who had attributed such an amiable quality to him had flattered the man unconsciously. "I can see a joke, and I have occasionally got off a few myself that have made my friends laugh because they did not happen to like the other man. Usually they were about a man I didn't like, come to think of it. But at all events, people laughed, and I have never been accused of lacking a sense of humor.

"But I refuse to laugh at the one thing which is most frequently presented to me in the light of a joke. I refuse even to smile at circumstances which seemed to me deficient in every element of humor. But, perhaps, three or four times every day I am asked, if not by word, at least by manner, to exhibit hilarity over one particular incident of the kind I mean.

"It confronts me usually in its most aggravated form at Fourteenth street and Broadway, or at the corner of Fifty-third street and Broadway. Then it is liable to occur at any other point along the cable line when a person of inferior mentality and an untrained gripman come into temporary conjunction. What they want me to smile at comes about in this way: The cable car dashes around the curve. A man thrown violently forward tramps all over my feet, or dashes headlong at me, knocks off my hat, and lands into my lap. Then he looks at me and smiles at the joke with a geniality that plainly invites me to laugh with him. 'It's very funny,' says his manner unmistakably, 'and we'd better laugh together.' I am asked to laugh because my toes are crushed, my hat mashed or clothes mussed. Naturally I refuse to respond to any such invitation. When I go into any joke of that kind I want to do it voluntarily, and if I'm to be subjected to any such physical strain, I won't laugh unless I'm allowed to have a chance at the game as the other fellow. If I'm allowed to jump on his feet, mash his hat, and otherwise damage him, I'll smile back and think the joke just as good as he does. But I see no humor in the thing when I am reading a newspaper and he goes at me without a word of warning. The game is too one-sided to amuse any but one of the men that is in it.

"Every time they look into my face and expect me to laugh at anything of the kind, whether it be a man or a woman, or only a 90-pound cash girl going home from work, I can't help thinking of the magnificent prospect for a philanthropist's efforts that very question opens up. Think of a generous-hearted citizen who would give some of his millions toward the establishment of a branch of kindergarten learning by which people would be taught to ride in cable cars. No more sudden and disastrous rushes from one end of the car to the other, a finish to the desperate clutching at elusive straps, and the resulting tumble into the lap of the passenger beneath. What a saving of harrowed tempers, strained nerves and damaged feet. Possibly some people would never be able to learn, but the younger generation might take to it. What an achievement for a philanthropist! What a generous use of money!"—N. Y. Sun.

GARTERS AND SUSPENDERS.

The Historic Girdle Gives Way to the Harness.

The suspender is gaining the day over the garter, and is indeed much more worn by the really smart woman than the round garter. The secret of which is that she has learned to make it serve a two-fold purpose. The old way of wearing these suspenders fastened to the sides of the corset has a tendency not only to push the corset out in front, but what is much worse to force the abdomen forward. But the clever woman has hit upon a trick worth two of that; one so simple that it seems strange she should have been so long finding it out. She has discovered that one strap holds up the stocking exactly as well as two and this she wears fastened to the front of her corset, just back of the steel, the effect of which is to press the abdomen back. Broad bands of elastic with strong fastenings at either end come ready to be worn in this way; but there is a scheme even better than that which any woman can make for herself. Take a rather wide piece of silk elastic and incase it in two pieces of ribbon stitched together and of the length of the elastic when stretched to its utmost limit. Stitch one end of this to the corset just back of the steel. In the other end work two strong eyelets, or, better still, have two corset eyelets clamped in through which to pass a yard of ribbon. Then sew a loop of wash ribbon attached to the elastic and tie in a dainty bow.

This is exceedingly pretty in effect, holds the stockings absolutely secure, and keeps an obtrusive abdomen in place.

If the round garter is tight enough to hold up the stocking without fold or wrinkle it is too tight to allow the blood to circulate unimpeded, and this stricture is apt to bring varicose veins and kindred ills. Where one is afraid to trust herself entirely to the security of the suspender, it is a very good plan to wear also a round garter tight enough to hold up the stocking in case of accident, but not sufficiently so to affect the circulation.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

No Such Thing.

The young woman who had decided to put in the winter at a bicycle school learning to ride so as to be ready in the spring was explaining her views.

"Now, in regard to bicycle etiquette," she said, "I desire to be thoroughly posted on all—"

"There isn't any," interrupted the proprietor of the school. "Lung power is all that counts."—Chicago Post.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Before drinking beer it is a wise habit to eat a small piece of bread. So says Prof. Gaffy, of Germany, who has followed this habit from youth and is the personification of health.

—In the deserts of Arizona there is a species of woodpecker which pecks the telegraph poles to pieces. The bird hears the humming sound and imagines that insects are beneath the surface.

—In London the mail deliveries from ten in the morning until ten at night are hourly. It is not unusual for the writer of a letter in that city to get an answer from a resident within three or four hours.

—When a suspicious-looking person approaches one of the tellers in the Bank of France a private signal is given to a concealed photographer, and in a few seconds the suspected individual is secretly photographed.

—Mrs. Bush, of Clayton, N. Y., saw her sons, Fred and John, aged respectively nine and ten years old, fall through the ice while skating. She plunged in after them, but they sank before she could rescue them.

—To prevent the hair from falling out, soak fine pine shavings in a pint of alcohol for two weeks, strain, add 40 drops of glycerin, and moisten the hair with this liquid morning and night, rubbing it well into the scalp.

—A New Haven paper lately contained two advertisements, side by side, one exhibiting a preparation for removing superfluous hair and the other recommending a fluid that is certain to produce a growth of hair on bald heads.

—Nettie Hinkle, aged 13, of Quakake Valley, Pa., was attacked by a huge eagle, which threw her to the earth and was endeavoring to carry her off, when a companion, Jennie McDowell, drove a hatpin through the eagle's heart and killed it.

—A teacher at Ypsilanti, Mich., under examination for appointment to a school, was asked to explain the purpose of the electoral college. He promptly described it as "an institution having for its object the furthering of the study of electricity."

OLD-TIME STENOGRAPHERS.

They Swap Confessions as to the Mistakes They Had Made.

They were both old-time stenographers, employed somewhere by the week, but the consciousness of being able, at will, to produce pages of hen's tracks which only they could decipher—and sometimes even they failed to do so—invested them with a feeling of intense superiority to the rest of mankind.

But this normal feeling was for the moment usurped by one of humility, as they sat on the sofa, the light turned gently down, and the soft radiance of the flickering jet in the street alone illuminating the apartment.

It was an hour for confession, and he paved the way by saying:

"The first job I ever struck I lost through carelessness. My employer dictated a letter to a client, asking him to meet him at a hotel called the Seven Ravens. I wrote it out the Seven Elephants."

"A wholesale chemist was my first employer," she murmured. "He used to keep a diary. One day he dictated to me the fateful words: 'Bought a carload of sulphuric acid. Quite good day's business.'"

"How did you transcribe it?" he inquired eagerly, for he had registered a vow in his inmost soul that he would never marry a perfect idiot.

"I didn't get it quite right. 'Bought a carboy of sulphuric acid. Good God! It's poisonous!'"

He moved a little way from her, but remembered his own early struggles and edged back again.

"Dearest," he whispered, "do you remember the conversation which nominated Garfield?"

She thought he was trying to find out how old she was, but curiosity got the better of discretion, and she confessed to a dim memory of that occasion.

"I was hired by the Times then to report the speeches. A New Yorker got up and said the dissensions among their opponents were very timely, for they bid fair to create a break in the ranks of the democratic party."

"Oh, tell me," cried the fair girl, with a sudden accession of interest, "how did you get it?"

His head fell on his breast.

"I cannot. I dare not tell you."

Rising, she turned the lamp down still lower. "This man said the dissensions among their opponents bid fair to create a breach in the ranks of the democratic party?"

"He did! And I transcribed it 'pants of the democratic party,' and what is more, it was printed in the paper that way the very next morning."—Chicago Dispatch.

Preaching Before the Queen.

A foreign writer tells of the etiquette to be observed in preaching before the queen of England. No personal reference to her majesty is permissable, a pure Gospel discourse being the rule, delivered as though she were not present. Many have tried to evade these rules. The queen likes and enjoys a plain, practical discourse, selected from the lessons or Gospel of the day, to occupy about 20 minutes in delivery. Questions of the day and, above all, politics must be entirely excluded. A celebrated clergyman broke this rule one Sunday and preached a strong political sermon; but it was his last opportunity—the royal pulpits have neither of them been filled by him again.—Chicago Tribune.

Important Discovery.

Bliffers (reading)—Science now recognizes a condition called "intoxication by radiation." Many cases of drunkenness are cited in which the victim has touched nothing alcoholic, but has simply been in the company of drinkers.

Whiffers—Cut that out. I want to show it to my wife.—Pearson's Weekly.

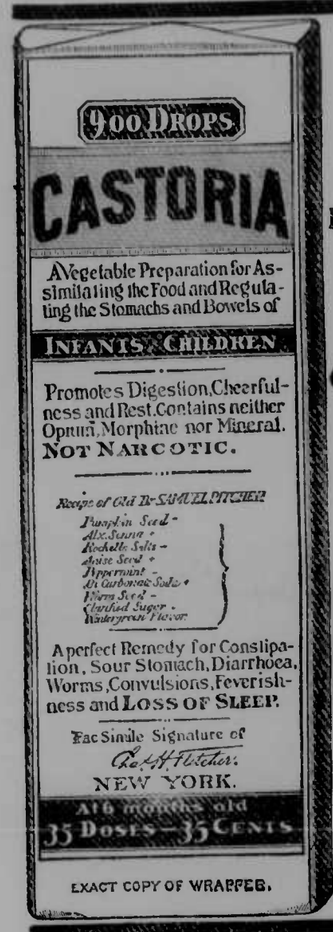

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

SEE
THAT THE
FAC-SIMILE
SIGNATURE
—OF—
Chas. H. Fletcher.
IS ON THE
WRAPPER
OF EVERY
BOTTLE OF
CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." ☞ See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

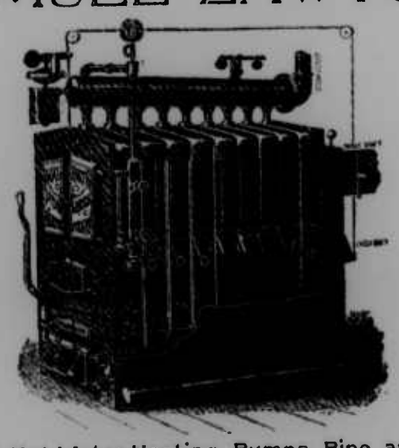

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L. C. PAINTER, Manager. J. M. BROWN, M. D., Physician in Charge.

MONROETON GOLD CURE INSTITUTE,
ARLINGTON HOTEL, ORAFTON.
For the Treatment of Liquor, Morphine and Cigarette Habit.
Absolute Cure Guaranteed. All Communications Strictly Private. 45-1l

We have a plan by which Farmers can get
TOOL CHESTS FREE
Containing of first-class quality (guaranteed) every tool—Axes, Saws and Planes included—necessary to repair vehicles, machines or build a house. Three two-cent stamps and the name of this paper required for particulars. Powell Fertilizer & Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

Having just taken in another car of these, we are in a position to fill all orders for both WHOLESALE and RETAIL trade upon receipt. Our Stock are the best that can be produced. Circular mailed upon request.

THE WILLIAM RYLAND COMPANY,
Wholesale-Retail Dealers,
FRIENDSVILLE, MARYLAND.

BOB SLEDS.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 8, 1897.

The most important event of this week in Congress will be the counting of the electoral vote by the two houses of Congress in joint session. Representative Murray, the colored member from South Carolina, has announced his intention to enter a protest against the counting of the vote of that state, on the ground that the state has not a constitutional republican form of government. Mr. Murray says he has made up his mind to this course in deference to the wishes of his constituents and without consulting with the Republican leaders in Congress. If his protest, which must be made in writing, be signed by one Senator, it will be necessary to stop the counting of the votes until the House and Senate in separate session shall decide the validity of the protest. So far as known the protest has not yet been signed by a Senator.

The immigration bill will have to go back to the House, as the Senate rejected the conference report on the bill and further amended it by providing that illiterate wives and minor children of immigrants who can meet the requirements of the bill may be admitted. It was stated that Mr. Cleveland said that he would veto the bill if it were sent to him with the clause which would have admitted the husband who could read and shut out his wife and children over fifteen years who could not, left in it. It was also that clause upon which most of the opposition to the bill in the House was based; consequently the bill is now reasonably certain to become a law.

A conference with Speaker Reed and other Republican leaders of the House having convinced the Senators who have advocated the Nicaragua Canal Bill that the bill would not even be considered by the House at this session, no matter whether the Senate passed it or not, these gentlemen have decided to drop the canal bill and allow it to join the great aggregation of legislative might-have-beens.

Senator Sherman has announced his intention to endeavor to get the Senate to take up the Arbitration treaty for consideration at once, but there are several reasons which make it doubtful whether the Senate will, during the present session, devote enough time to the treaty to dispose of it. The session is rapidly drawing to a close, and besides the appropriation bills there are a number of other important measures upon which the Senate ought to act. In addition there is a growing opposition to the treaty among the silver Senators.

Two members of the Canadian government, the minister of trade and commerce, and the minister of marine and fisheries, arrived in Washington authorized to offer certain trade concessions in exchange for duties low enough in the new tariff bill to allow Canadian farmers to dispose of their products in the United States, just in time to learn that the Ways and Means committee had informally agreed to the agricultural schedule which prescribes duties high enough to practically shut the Canadian farmers out of our market. They will endeavor to secure a reconsideration on the part of the committee by offering special inducements in the way of concessions to certain of our goods and products, but the committee has already gone over the matter very carefully, and been convinced that Canadian competition was ruining our farmers, in sections of the country, without being of any special benefit to anybody except the Canadians, under the low duties of the present tariff bill, and it is not likely to change.

In their zeal to give their papers the news of the progress that is being made on the tariff bill, some well meaning Washington correspondents have been making a great deal of unnecessary trouble for the committee by sending the rates left in schedules that have been informally considered by the committee to the papers with the statement that they have been definitely agreed upon. Neither Chairman Dingley nor any other member of the committee will consider any duty definitely decided upon until the entire bill is ready to be reported. They do not wish to be commended or condemned for fractions of the bill, but for the whole measure, which will be made public when it is completed.

The Senate committee on elections have decided not to reopen the DuPont case, no objection was made to the swearing in of Senator Kenney, when his credentials were presented, although Senator Chandler took advantage of the occasion to state his belief that the seat belonged rightfully to Col. DuPont, a belief, it is needless to say, that is shared by every Republican Senator, and which was voted by them at the last session when the Populists joined the Democrats and refused by a bare majority to allow Col. DuPont to be seated.

Dr. J. G. Robinson, Dentist, of Baltimore has decided to locate permanently here in the town of Oakland, where he will be fully equipped to perform in all branches of his profession. Office in Felty building, Alder street.

IT'S YOUR LIVER
When you feel tired, listless, heavy, headachy, flushed, and have a foul taste in your mouth you may be sure your Liver is loafing. It isn't doing its work; it needs a stirring up.
DR. A. S. TODD'S
ANTI-BILIOUS LIVER PILLS
will straighten you out. Make you feel like new. Brighten eyes and brain. Clear your complexion—cure your headache. 25 cents, all druggists. Made by
JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

J. L. McCOMAS, Jr.,
Sign, Carriage and Wagon Painting.
INDELIBLE INK WORK on LINEN.
Second Street, OAKLAND, MD.
All work entrusted to my care will receive Prompt Attention.
20-tyr.

Farmers,
Look to Your Interests.
The Oakland Flouring Mill is now ready to grind a million bushels of buckwheat. The best equipped mill in the county; all latest improved machinery. Can give either
Burrh or Roller Process Flour.
Mr. E. A. Dudley, who has charge, has been a life-long miller, and knows how to make a good turnout of buckwheat flour.
Don't fail to give him a Trial. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Will make arrangements with all the Oakland merchants to buy your flour at big prices. Don't fail to give the Oakland Mills a trial.
Don't forget the place, Water street, formerly owned by the late H. A. Rasche.
Yours obediently,
THE OAKLAND MILLS.
51-1yr.

LAND FOR SALE!
I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.
All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.
Call on or address:
C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10. Westernport, Md.

TIN, SLATE and STEEL
ROOFING,
SPOUTING, ETC.
W. A. HOUGH,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.
WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.
Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.
Shop opposite depot,
W. A. HOUGH, MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

SHARTZER & BOLDEN
OAKLAND, MD.,
DEALERS IN
Furniture,
Carpets,
Matting,
Oil Cloth,
Window Shades,
Wall Paper,
—AND—
GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.
Repairing Furniture and Picture Framing a Specialty.

Removal.
I, the undersigned, have removed my place of business from the Loar building to the Ravenscroft (Mayers) building on Railroad street, where I will continue to carry a well assorted stock of
JEWELRY,
and give special attention to the repairing of watches, clocks, etc.
Give me a call. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
H. C. SMOUSE.
20—2m.

THE
Maryland Building and Loan Association
of Garrett County

OFFICERS
ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencie

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock
INSTALLMENT STOCK
upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.
EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.
PAID-UP STOCK.
One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.
Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.
The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.
Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. E. Turkeys, 1/4 and prices; also new and three quarter 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
T. R. CARSKADON, Keyser, W. Va.

MOUNTAIN STATE
Business College,
PARKERSBURG, W. VA.
Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Course. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.50 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

OAKLAND PHARMACY,
OAKLAND, MD.
PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.
PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.
PRICES REASONABLE.
JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.
31—26

I HAVE PURCHASED
THE OAKLAND COAL YARD
of Mr D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of
HARD AND SOFT
COAL,
KINDLING WOOD, Etc.
All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.
3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

Andrew H. Gonder, Att'y at Law. Alexander C. Mason, Surveyor.
GONDER & MASON,
:: REAL :: ESTATE :: AGENTS. ::
OAKLAND, MD.
10—1yr. Office, Shartzer's Opera House.

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.
This is to give notice that the firm of Whetzell & Hall, composed of Mrs. Isabelle Whetzell and A. W. Hall, doing a general lumber manufacturing and general merchandise business at Kearney, Md., has this day been dissolved by mutual agreement, Mrs. Whetzell retiring.
The business will be continued by A. W. Hall.
MRS. ISABELLE WHETZELL.
A. W. HALL.
Kearney, Md., Jan. 11, 1897. 10—3t.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.
Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.
Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.
I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.
Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
☞ Special attention given to real estate.
CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED. ☞ SURVEYING.
Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.
Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.
Residence on North 3rd Street.
Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,
☞ Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June 1 to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
☞ Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

THOMAS R. McROBIE,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office in Felty Building, Alder Street.
All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.
Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
40-1yr.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.
LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.
Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by anerold barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26t*

WILLIAM C. KIDD,
Representing
JOHNSON, OMOHUNDRO & CO.,
WHOLESALE NOTIONS, Etc.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
A specialty of Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear
RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.
A General Banking business transacted.
☞ Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 21, 1897.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on

Tuesday, February 9th,

to transact all business that may properly come before them. They will also at this session act as a Board of Control and Review.

By order of the Board,
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT
C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,
PLANING MILLS,
And BUILDING MATERIALS.
MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.
DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding
DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,
at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.
FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS
Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.
Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.
6 38 1y

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1897. NUMBER 50.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Did you get a valentine?

Circuit court convenes Monday, March 1st.

Mrs. K. T. Crane and son are in Terra Alta visiting.

Mr. N. B. Harvey, of Kearney, was a caller at this office on Friday last.

Mr. Daniel Hinebaugh, of McHenry, was in town several days last week.

Mr. Harry Fulton, of near town, went to Baltimore Tuesday morning.

Mr. Wm. Callis, of Hoyes, was a caller at this office on Saturday last.

Dr. R. A. Ravenscroft, of Accident, was in Cumberland last night.

Mr. Buckner Mason, of Swanton, was in Oakland on Monday and made us a pleasant call.

Attorney R. H. Gordon, of Cumberland, was registered at the Glades on Thursday last.

Messrs. A. W. Miller and George Richter, of Cove, were registered at the Central hotel last Thursday.

Miss Grace Loar spent several days since our last issue visiting friends at Westernport.

Mrs. H. W. McComas is lying very dangerously ill at her home on Second street.

Wanted—Court boarders at 50 cents per day. Apply to Mrs. E. P. Russell, First and Water streets. 50-3t

A large bill board has been erected on the vacant lot west of the Garrett County Bank.

Mr. A. G. Lipscomb, of Deer Park, was an Oakland visitor last Saturday.

Last Thursday Judge Sloan came up from Cumberland and drew the jury list for the March term of court.

Hon. A. F. George, of Swanton, was in Oakland on Saturday last shaking hands with his many friends.

Attorney D. Warren Reynolds, of Cumberland, was in Oakland on business before the court Monday.

Miss Jenaie Smith, of Mt. Lake Park, was in town this week.—Piedmont Herald.

Mr. John Bradley, who lives west of town, has been seriously ill for several days.

Mr. Percy H. Veitch, of Hyattsville, Md., was in Oakland on legal business [illegible]

Mr. W. C. Kidd, a popular salesman of Baltimore, was in Oakland last week.

Mr. S. G. Steyer and wife and Mr. C. A. Steyer, of Kearney, were callers at this office on Thursday last.

Mr. John T. Steyer, of Gormania, was in Oakland on business Thursday last.

Mr. Lewis Brenneman has been commissioned postmaster at New Germany.

Auction sale of horse, buggy, sleigh and harness, in front of Postoffice, Saturday, February 20th, at three o'clock. It

Mr. J. F. Dixon, ex-sheriff of Mineral county, W. Va., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Cropp Friday of last week.

Miss Belle Browning, who spent several weeks visiting her sister at Roanoke, Va., returned home last Friday morning.

Justice Eli McMillian and Fish Commissioner John E. Gnagey, of Accident, were in Oakland a day or two the latter part of last week.

Mrs. D. Y. Morris, of Kingwood, W. Va., has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Benj. H. Sinell, for the past week. She returned home Monday.

A consignment of ship spars was shipped from Oakland to Baltimore this week. Some of the spars were eighty-two feet in length.

Mr. Lawson Loar, of Grafton, W. Va., was in Oakland Tuesday on his way home from Florida. He is much inproved in health.

Mr. Martin Paugh, of Walnut Bottom, was a caller at this office Tuesday and had his name entered on our books as a subscriber.

Owing to the earlier arrival of the evening mail, on and after to-day the postoffice at Oakland will close at 7.30 p. m. instead of 8.00 o'clock as heretofore.

On Tuesday a tramp giving his name James Kelly was committed by Justice Boyer to the care of the sheriff the cause being vagrancy and sickness.

Messrs. L. C. Fink and Lee Wing, two Celestials from Fairmont, W. Va., were here the first of this week negotiating for the buying or leasing of the Dunlap steam laundry. They have not as yet made the necessary arrangement, but will probably do so in the near future.

Mrs. Eliza Fundenberg, of Deer Park, a sister of Robert Shriver, Esq., this city, passed through Cumberland on her way East Thursday.—Cumb. News, Friday.

Mrs. Daniel Pleasants, (colored) of near town gave a birthday dinner Monday to her friends. Mr. Wm. Walker and wife and Miss Sarah Banks attended from town.

This evening a number of the young people of the town will meet at the residence of Mr. E. D. Kepner for the purpose of forming a Crokinole club.

Last Friday morning a heavy sleet formed on the timber in this section but toward noon a strong wind had blown it nearly all down. No damage to fruit trees was reported.

A statement of the earnings of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad for the month of January was issued Monday. It shows gross earnings of $1,955,645, an increase of $137,713 over the same month of 1896.

Attention is called to the professional card of Dr. J. G. Robinson in this issue. The doctor has been in our town for the past two years and is building up quite an extensive trade in his line of business.

Rev. S. M. Engle last week assisted Rev. Shaw at Terra Alta, in holding a very successful series of revival services in the M. E. church at that place. Several conversions are reported.

The giving away of the bride by her father is not a very important part of the marriage ceremony, but the giving away of some maidens by their little brothers has prevented many marriages.

Sunnyside, Md., which ought to be the warmest, cheeriest spot in the State, if there is anything in a name, is reported by the Weather Bureau to have 17 inches of snow.—Baltimore News.

Last evening Mr. Will Weber left Oakland for Cincinnati, Ohio, where he goes to attend the annual meeting of the American Carnation Society. Mr. Weber will read a paper before the society.

The Epworth League of St. Paul's M. E. Church will hold a "Photo" social on Monday night of next week. Miss Laura Barne will be in charge. Each member is requested to bring [illegible]

possess.

A special sermon was preached in the Garrett Memorial church last Thursday evening for the order of Knights of Pythias by Rev. Moore, of Keyser, who held special services in that church last week. The lodge attended the service in a body.

Last Thursday sheriff Brown returned from Charleston, W. Va., where he went to secure requisition papers for the custody of George O. Lee, charged with forgery. The Sheriff arrested Lee at Weston, W. Va., and he is now in jail awaiting trial at the coming term of court.

William Strawser, while working in a mine near Cranesville, opposite the Garrett county line, was badly injured by a fall of slate. There was no one with him but a small boy who ran a half a mile for aid and when the latter arrived Strawser was unconscious. His condition is serious.

A divorce suit has been instituted against Belle Freeland by her husband, Samuel Judson Freeland. Mrs. Freeland is serving a second term in the penitentiary for passing raised bills. Her husband was in the Joilet, (Ill.) penitentiary for a similar offense. The parties belong in Preston county and formerly lived in Terra Alta.

The case of H. P. Tasker vs. the County Commissioners, which came up in the Washington county court this week, was continued on motion of the plaintiffs. The cause of the postponement of the trial was the absence of Mr. W. H. Hagans, one of the important witnesses in the case.

In order to successfully handle the great crowds that are expected in Washington during the inauguration of Major McKinley, the B. & O. has arranged to lay about ten miles of additional side track to store special trains and sleeping cars on. The facilities this year will be very much greater than ever before.

The receivers of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad placed an order on Saturday for 55,000 tons of steel rails. Of this amount 30,000 tons are for immediate delivery, and will be placed in the track as rapidly as possible. The total order, it is estimated, will make over 325 miles of single track.

Mr. Benj. H. Sinell, editor of the Oakland REPUBLICAN, left last night for Galveston, Tex., to attend the annual meeting of the National Editorial Association as a delegate from the Republican Editorial Association of Maryland. A ten days' trip down through Mexico is anticipated by the delegates to the convention.—Cumb. News, Friday.

George Geissman, that ardent and sterling Republican who until recently was a resident of West Virginia, but lately removed to Oakland, Md., where he is engaged in the hotel business, was here this week on business before the county court. George is looking fairly well after his late serious spell of typhoid fever.—Kingwood Journal.

The law in Garrett county which makes a saloon keeper liable to damages for selling liquor to individuals when he has been notified by a member of the drunkard's family not to do so, is a statute which should be strictly enforced. When a liquor dealer has been notified by a suffering wife not to sell liquor to her husband he should have manhood enough to obey that command or suffer the consequences.—Lonaconing Review.

The gown that Mrs. McKinley will wear at the inaugural ball is described as follows: The meterial is cloth of silver. The groundwork of white satin, heavily woven with silver thread in a conventionalized lily design. The train, which is plain, full and sweeping, measures two yards and a half in length. On the left side it is open over a panel of seed pearls embroidered on satin. Beginning at the bottom of a flounce of Venatian point lace of a special and beautiful design, a half yard in width which is carried narrow at the bottom and gradually widens toward the top, until it is extended its full width over the hip and out to the back, where it is partly concealed under the full train. The right side of the skirt is also slashed open half-way up and under that is an embroidered petticoat of pearls. The bodice is tight-fitting, and slightly pointed front and back. The lower part is silver cloth, and the upper part and back pearls. The same beautiful lace that is used in the flounce is fastened at the waist line into a narrow point and is draped wider toward the shoulders in a V-shape. The collar is of pearl-embroidered satin, and from it is a high Medici collar of the [illegible] tight, and are finished at the wrist with Vandyke effect, embroidered at the edge from which falls frills of narrow lace of the same design as that on the skirt.

Arrested for Forgery.

Tuesday evening a warrant was sworn out by Mr. D. M. Dixon for the arrest of Richard Gant charging him with forgery. "Dick" has been employed for the past winter by the Garrett County School Board as janitor for the school building at this place, and it is to be presumed that he was paid for his services in checks signed by Secretary Palmer. This gave "Dick" a chance to practice on the signature of Mr. Palmer until he could write a pretty good imitation and then he proceeded to fill out a number of checks with various amounts, and signed the Secretary's name to them. So far as known he has passed four of these. Mr. Dixon was the first victim of the spurious paper he having cashed one of the checks for $20 Saturday evening last, and on Monday the other three were passed on Messrs. C. B. Cropp, D. E. Offutt & Sons and Truman West. The amounts of the first two named were fifteen dollars each and the other twenty dollars. When the check was presented to Mr. Cropp he was rather suspicious as to its genuineness, and remarked to "Dick" that his writing very much resembled that of Mr. Palmer's, to which he replied, "No sir, not in the least."

However, Mr. Cropp's suspicions were aroused, and, proceeding to investigate the case, he presented the check to Cashier Jones, who informed him that it would not be cashed at the bank. Mr. Cropp then learned that Mr. Dixon had a check of the same kind, and he in company with Mr. Dixon proceeded to Justice Boyer's office, where the warrant was issued to Mr. Dixon while Mr. Cropp went for Sheriff Brown. When they arrived at "Dick's" house they found him preparing to leave the town, and had they been five minutes later he would have been gone. He was given a hearing before Justice Boyer, who, in default of bail, committed him to the county jail to await the action of the grand jury.

Call for Your Letters.

V. James, Patrick Carter, George Wineholt, Charles Beachy, Professor Carl Cornelius, Singer Sewing Machine Agt., Mr. and Mrs. Will Pierce, Mrs. Joshua Horner (2), Miss Grace R. Riley.

ROMANCE OF THE ROAD.

Green's Four-Horse Express—A Story of Negro Mountain.

From the Cumberland News.

Quite recently a communication appeared in your paper in regard to the fast horseback mail express, over the old national highway, with a brief reference to the four horse express line over the same road, which ceased more than forty years ago—at the time the B. & O. reached Wheeling, the name of which was Green's express Co. Elijah Fuller, referred to in the paper mentioned, was a driver for several years upon the line and can give many interesting incidents with its strong recollections. His route of 18 miles was from Sand Spring, just beyond Frostburg, (Hiram Sutton was the hotel keeper) to Grantsville, at the new Shultz hotel, one of the finest those days, now a school house.

During the Mexican war of 1846–1848 a great deal of "hard money" was carried from the East to the West in these immense vehicles,—something like the great ice wagons that ply the streets of Cumberland. The coin thus carried was for the soldiers engaged in that war.

The paper money of the day was not deemed good enough for soldiers fighting the battle of their country. When a wagon was thus freighted there would be a guard of two soldiers; one sitting outside with the driver and the other on the inside among the money kegs or barrels.

Among the jolly drivers was one Joe Gint. One day as he was passing down the western slope of Negro Mountain with a freight of the precious metals, the unwieldly vehicle "upset" and one of the vessels bursted open, and away went the coin all over the road. At once there was satanic temptation, almost too strong for human nature. Still these custodians gathered up the fugitive double-eagles and eagles and put them back in the vessel, but after it had been repaired.

Upon further search, a number of pieces was found in the dust and sand on the road. It was to much trouble and there was too little time to open the keg, so the stray pieces went into the men's pockets instead of the vessel. It was said the little loss was never missed nor noticed.

But about midway up the eastern slope of the same [illegible] battle ground between the Negro and Indian (from which the mountain takes its name) was in the long past the scene of an occurrence of a different character, with far more serious consequences. At this place there was a well known "tavern," at the time kept by two respectable brothers; one was newly married to a fair daughter of the mountains and the other a bachelor.

The stage coaches then carried the great United States mails in large leather bags. Frequently these sacks contained big sums of paper money. The mail drivers were selected with much care. They were expected to be honest, reliable and fit in every respect. Among these trusted men, was one from a very prominent and respectable family—was bright and intelligent, and a great favorite; but at last he fell from grace never to rise again.

At the tavern mentioned was a famous watering place for man and beast. Neither man nor beast passed without a quaff of the limpid water. Just below the fountain was a deep ravine with its many wagoners the year round, a convienent place to conceal things.

The driver referred to, of a favorable night stopped there to water the thirsty horses. An arrangement had been made, between the fallen stage driver, and the keeper of the hotel, who took one or more of the mail bags with the conviance of the driver. They contained large sums of money which was divided among the guilty ones. Suspicion soon fell upon the guilty parties and in due time they were arrested by the United States authorities and were carried to Baltimore where they were tried in the United States court. The driver and one of the hotel men were convicted and sent to the penitentiary. The convict brother was not legally guilty and would not have been convicted but to screen the married brother, took upon himself the guilt of the other who never received any punnishment for his crime.

When this part of the proceedings leaked out Stockton the eminent stage proprietor interposed and the viearlous man was pardoned by President Taylor and sent home, and lived an honest, straightforward and respectable life to the day of his death many years ago. No one ever thought the less of him on account of his misfortune, for really it was such more than anything else. But the screened brother led a vicious life to the close only a few years ago. I think the driver was also in time pardoned on account of his prominent family connections.

These strange and exciting occurrences had their realities about the year 1840. Names need not be mentioned, as there are kindred who do not merit such reminders, so let them remain untold, though a half a century has passed away. But the old tavern—there it still stands in utter dilapidation. The noted Polly Reckner was its last inhabitant. She died in the house years ago. It is an unsightly place and almost shunned. Still it is, and will continue to be historic, though its full history will never be written or told.

Feb. 6, 1896. J. B.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

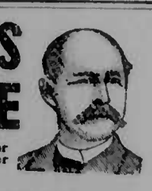

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

For sale by

If dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

CATALOGUE FREE.

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

Jury List.

The following is the list of jurors drawn for the March term of the Circuit Court for Garrett county:

District No. 1.—John D. Ashenfelter, Lewis Littman, John B. Friend, Charles S. Harvey, Geo. J. Walters.

No. 2.—Taylor Friend, Salathiel Savage, Ezra B. Hook, Harry M. Rumbaugh, Thomas B. Welch, John D. [illegible]

No. 3.—[illegible] Hedges, Alexander Croft, Wesley Durst, Phineas C. Bouchier, James B. Dorsey, Joshua Turner.

No. 4.—Dennis M. Grove, Wm. A. Michaels.

No. 5.—George F. Ault, Frederick Kamp, Jacob Becket, Henry L. Kahl, A. C. Dewitt, Joel Diehl, Freeman D. Dewitt.

No. 7.—Charles G. Sweeney, Franklin P. Arnold, George L. Bosley, Geo. T. Porter, Charles M. Wamsley, Geo. H. Fulmer, Alfred G. Sturgiss, Wm. H. Hall, James Z. Andrews, Edwin S. Slabach, John S. Casteel.

No. 8.—Owen Brinegar, Jacob P. Gamer, John S. Hamill, David F. Mosser, Michael S. Harvey.

No. 10.—John P. Kidwell, Ephraim W. Kelso.

No. 11.—William P. Hansel, Robert Russell.

No. 12.—Thompson P. Gilpin, Silas C. Beachy.

The little daughter of Mr. Fred Webber, Holland, Mass., had a very bad cold and cough which he had not been able to cure with any thing. I gave him a 25 cent bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, says W. P. Holden, merchant and postmaster at West Brimfield, and the next time I saw him he said it worked like a charm. This remedy is intended especially for acute throat and lung diseases such as colds, croup and whooping cough, and it is famous for its cures. There is no danger in giving it to children for it contains nothing injurious.

For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

A Clarksburg Fiend Seems Determined To Take the Life of Miss Julia Lawton.

We clip the following from the Wheeling *Register* of February 12th. Miss Lawton is known by many of the people in town and is a sister to Messrs. Samuel and Abram Lawton and Mrs. C. S. Davis, of this place. A telegram received by her brothers announced the fact that an attempt had been made to take her life, and Saturday Abram went out to Clarksburg and brought her home. She is slowly recovering from the shock:

Special to the Register.

CLARKSBURG, W. VA., Feb. 11.—As Miss Julia Lawton was returning home a few nights ago she was assaulted by an unknown person near her home. She was caught by the throat and struck on the head. She fell to the ground and laid there for fully half an hour unconscious. When she became conscious she went home and upon entering the door fell prostrate on the floor. On the following evening about 7:30 she went to the well to get a pitcher of water and was assaulted the second time by the same person.

She was assisted in the house and it was found that her injuries were of a serious nature. His finger prints were on her throat and several bruises upon her head, plainly showing that the cowardly cur was determined to kill her. Medical aid was summoned and she is getting along as well as could be expected.

Miss Lawton is an estimable young lady and has made her home for the past year with Miss Maggie Wallace of the West End and has been in the employ of the Clarksburg Woolen Mills for four or five years.

Our people are growing more and more in the habit of looking to the Oakland Pharmacy for the latest and best of everything in the drug line. They sell Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, famous for its cures of bad colds croup and whooping cough. When in need of such a medicine give this remedy a trial and you will be more than pleased with the result.

For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Martha Washington Reception.

The members of the Guild will hold a Martha Washington reception in Shartzer's Opera House on Monday evening, February 22, to which a small admission fee will be charged. Cake and coffee will be served free; ice cream extra. The public is cordially

Lodged in Jail.

Tuesday Constable Coddington, of District No. 2, brought to Oakland Frank Mead. He was sentenced to jail by Justice Fike, of the above district on two charges of larceny. On one offense he is charged with stealing two horse blankets and sixteen harness rings valued at $7.50, and the other a horse blanket valued at $5.

From the Oracle.

Miss Tina Connell, of Hutton, Md., was visiting her sister, Mrs. Parley DeBerry, this week.

Merchant J. S. Lakin, who is on a pleasure trip to Florida and other Southern States, shipped home a small live alligator this week. Drop in at Offutt & Lakin's and see the "critter."

Lawyer Gilmor S. Hamill, of Oakland, was in town Wednesday.

Simon S. Hartman, of Tunnelton, W. Va., has been subject to attacks of colic about once a year, and would have to call a doctor and then suffer about twelve hours as much as some do when they die. He was taken recently just the same as at other times, and concluded to try Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He says: "I took one dose of it and it gave me relief in five minutes. That is more than anything else has ever done for me.

25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The Tasker Case

Monday morning the attorneys and witnesses left Oakland for Hagerstown where the Case of Tasker vs. Garrett county comes up in the Washington county court. Those who went from this county were, attorneys Sinnell and Peddicord, Albert Ross, J. S. Myers, Alec Mason, Jacob Fresh, W. P. Hansel, Edw. E. Sollars, County Commissioners Friend Abernathy and Layman.

Died.

BOYER.—On February 16, 1897, Charles E., in the 37th year of his age, son of Mary M. and the late Jacob M. Boyer. Funeral on Thursday, at 2 p. m., from his late residence, No. 1100 North Stricker street. Interment private.—Balto. Sun of Wednesday.

Mr. Boyer formerly lived in Oakland and moved to Baltimore several years ago. He was well known by many of the citizens of Oakland, who will be pained to hear of his death.

DR. J. G. ROBINSON, DENTIST. Felty Building, Opposite Postoffice. GAS ADMINISTERED. OAKLAND, MD. 50-3t

CROSSING THE DELAWARE

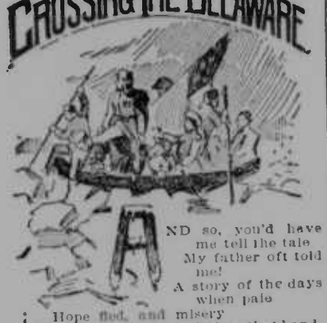

AND so, you'd have me tell the tale
My father oft told me!
A story of the days when pale
Hope fled, and misery
Stood stark and grim before that band
Of men beyond compare—
The tale of Washington the grand,
Who crossed the Delaware!

One Christmas night, long years ago,
When shrilly cold winds blew,
And through the darkened air the snow
On frozen pinions flew,
A little band of patriot souls
Stood brave and fearless where
In ieiness and anger rolls
The fretful Delaware.

Nor ice, nor storm, nor cruel blast
Can hold these heroes back;
They have resolved; the die is cast
Per freedom's cause! A track
Of blood upon the snow they've left
From shoeless feet and bare;
Of all life's comforts they're bereft,
Beside the Delaware.

But "Onward! Onward!" is the word
Their brave commander speaks.
When thro' the storm his voice is heard
Each son of freedom seeks
To do his bidding; put aside
Is every woe and care—
There's victory o'er the icy tide,
Across the Delaware.

On through the gloomy, stormy night
With hardships dire they cope—
"For God, and native land, and right!"
Their watchword and their hope;
Until at last, all cold and dark,
They greet the morning glare;
Safe thro' the tide they've reached the bank
Across the Delaware.

And then, nine miles beyond they go,
With steady, solemn tread,
To where the hated Hessian foe
Sleep in their drunken bed.
Aroused from dissipation's doze
In wild surprise they stare,
And conquered, give their swords to those
Who crossed the Delaware.

And may its lesson be to you
A guide and solace when
Storms hover near, my brave grandson,
And you, granddaughter fair—
Press onward, till the victory's won
Across Life's Delaware.
—George V. Hobart, in N. Y. Herald.

George Washington's "Bufday."

"GEORGE WASHIN'TON! You George Washin'ton, you! Ef you don' come 'long here when I call yer I'll take a bresh broom ter yer, sah, dat I will!"

Aunt June stood in the cabin doorway calling, shrilly and sharply, to a boy at that moment reluctantly making his way to the cabin from the direction of the "spring branch" that skirted the field in the low ground.

"Come 'long here, sah! Don' you see I'se waiting?"

George Washington obeyed reluctantly, however; for it was the season of the year when trout were biting. The small rod and bucket that he carried told, silently, the story of an interrupted minnow excursion, preparatory to a day's fishing in Duck river.

His mother wore her best dress, a bright magenta skirt and a brown worsted waist; a bonnet of curious shape and colors, and a pair of very white, home-knit gloves. A long, brown barege veil floated majestically from the bows and blossoms of her bonnet.

A large market-basket and a tin bucket covered with a clean white cloth stood on the doorstep; a crazy little cart with a white mule nodding between the shafts waited at the gate. In lieu of leather reins a white cotton rope passed from the bridle bit to the seat upon which Aunt June was preparing to mount.

"Is yer goin' ter town, mammy?" said George Washington, with a rueful glance in the direction of the waiting wagon. His black face expressed better than words his heart's disappointment at the unexpected disarranging of his plans.

"Co'se I'se gwine ter town! How's de butter gwine git dar ef I ain' fetch it? Huccome yer reckin hit's gwine walk dis day, stidder waiting fur me ter fetch it same's udder days? You's ter stay right in here wid de baby till I git back. Does yer hear? Ef de baby cries gib her de biscuit on de she'f; and don' let her fall in de fiah. Does yer hear me? Why'n yer answer me, George Washin'ton?"

"Yessum," said the boy, "I hears yer;" and with a glance at the little black bundle squatted upon the floor "Wash," as he was called on ordinary occasions, began to whimper.

Since the baby was born he had been its nurse; not a willing one always, but always a faithful one. To-day, for the first time, the rebellion took a tearful turn.

"Shet up, I tell yer, and ten' ter dat chile. Po' little sister; ain' yer shame yerse'f?"

"Won't yer fetch me a stick of striped candy?" sobbed Wash, seeking to make the best of an unpleasant duty.

"I'll fetch a stick ter stripe yer back ef I hear anudder word fum yer; see ef I don't. Shet up, I tell yer."

If the rebellion was bitter, it was short-lived. Before the crazy little wagon had creaked out of sight Wash was squatted beside his sister, industriously stuffing her with the big biscuit that had been provided for her refreshment.

Aunt June, sailing into the county town in all the grandeur of her own turnout, soon forgot all about the children in the cabin at home. George Washington was to be relied upon, she knew, and so she gave herself no further uneasiness on the subject.

Aunt June always went to town in style. The big basket went along for style, too, for Aunt June was not neglectful of her reputation, which was large among her acquaintance. The curious old bonnet bobbed many a mild "good morning," as the old mule jogged along the lanes or the white turnpike. As she neared the town, however, the bows became less cordial and a trifle—just a trifle—condescending. The reason was soon made known to the white mule.

"Dese trifling town niggers!" she muttered. "Dey-all 'ud ruther lay about town in rags, and go ha'f-starved, ez ter go ter the country, whar dey's plenty ter eat and drink, too. De lazy lot ob 'em! Jest look at 'em—eight erclock in de mawning, and not a bressed thing ter do!"

Aunt June was a thrifty soul, as was

"SHET UP, I TELL YER, AN' TEN' TER DAT CHILE!"

Uncle Jake, her "ole man." There were seven pounds of fresh, yellow butter in the tin pail at her feet, in exchange for which she would bring many a comfort to the cabin that she and Jake had bought with their own savings; the deed of it was safely registered in the clerk's office in town.

Aunt June scowled, grunted, and then sighed for the less fortunate ones of her race; but as she said, the town negro had no love for the quiet country life that had been her prosperity.

The wagon had passed through the last tollgate when Aunt June spied an acquaintance among some workmen who were repairing a bridge over which her team must pass. She pulled up the mule and beckoned the man to her. He came promptly, and stood with his hand upon the mule's back while passing the compliments of the day.

"How you do, Mis' Pennin'ton?" said he. "I ain' see you in a long time."

"I'se toler'ble," was the reply. "You-alls well?"

"Toler'ble. Gwine ter town dis mawning, Mis' Pennin'ton?"

"Yes, sah. I hab some butter ter fetch in, and some groc'ries ter fetch out. 'Pears lack dey-alls at home keeps me toler'ble busy gwine in town fur groc'ries; but Jake and de chillen am hearty, and so nu'l; so we ought ter be thankful fur that, I tell 'em."

"Yessum, dat you ought. Plenty hab got de health and de appetite what ain't got de groc'ries, I tell yer, Mis' Pennin'ton. Dat dey is."

"Dat nu a fac'," said Aunt June, giving the big basket a turn. "'Pears lack you-all's toler'ble busy ter-day."

"Yessum; we's trying ter finish dis here bridge ter-day, bekase we don't work ter-morrer. Hit's George Washin'ton's bufday."

Aunt June straightened herself with a jerk:

"What dat you say? Hit's whose bufday?"

Instantly the negro assumed the grandeur of enlightener. "Hit am de bufday ob George Washin'ton; de—"

"What dat you saying?" demanded Aunt June, uncertain whether to take the man seriously and be angry, or whether to laugh at him for a joker.

The man grinned and patted the white mule's back. "Yessum, hit am George Washin'ton's bufday. He wuz—"

"Shet up! You reckin I don't know whut he wuz? Yer think I ain't got a scrap of sense. Telling me 'bout George Washin'ton's bufday? I say it!"

"I heerd it ober in town," said the negro.

"Des listen at dat, will somebody?" cried Aunt June. "What town got ter do wid George Washin'ton, I'd lack ter know? Talking 'bout de town saying bit 'uz George Washin'ton's bufday!"

The negro broke into a laugh. "Well," said he, "it am de sho' fac'. Dey say—"

"Shet yo' mouf. I don' want hear none yo' big talk. I wonder ef yer takes me fur a fool, or a what? Letting on I don' know when's George Washin'ton's bufday! Hit ain' ter-morrer, I tell yer. Ter-morrer ain' no mo' his bufday dan it's mine. I reckon I ought ter know when George Washin'ton wuz bawn. I reckin I wuz dar at de bawning."

The negro broke into a laugh so loud that his fellow-workmen looked from their work to smile encouragingly, and wonder what had tickled him so. He stumbled back to them bent almost double, and holding his sides with both hands, laughing until the tears chased each other down his dark, furrowed cheeks.

To him it was a great joke. He supposed Aunt Juno had merely disputed the question in order to prove herself not lacking in the general knowledge of the day. But when she stated, "as a clincher," he said afterward, that she "was there," the joke became so funny that he could not contain himself.

Aunt June gathered up her lines and clucked to the white mule. "Git up dar!" she exclaimed. "You's gitting ez lazy ez one of deso here town niggers; dat you is."

The mule started off rather briskly, but not too briskly to let Aunt June hear the parting shot from the bridge:

"Look out, folkses; look out. Dar goes de ol'est 'oman in de worl'. Look at her well. You ain' gwine nebber had no seeh chance ter see seeh a ole 'oman agin in dis worl'. De ol'est 'oman in de worl'—ef de troof wuz all told."

Aunt June's anger had cooled somewhat when she reached the store at which she did her trading. The butter was weighed and she began selecting supplies in exchange for it. If she was slow the merchant was patient; for Aunt June's butter was of the best, and there was always a demand for it. There were 40 cents to be traded out when the town clock in the courthouse steeple struck 12.

"Lor, marster," she declared, "I'm 'bleeged ter g'loug back home. Hit am twelbe erclock and de chillen ain' got a bite ter eat. I'll be 'bleeged ter come back and finish ter-morrer."

"You'll have to get through to-day, Aunt June," said the merchant. "The store will be closed to-morrow; it is George Washington's birthday."

Aunt June dropped the hank of yellow yarn she had been fingering for some minutes. "Marster," she exclaimed, "who tole you dat?"

"Who told me? Why, I don't know. Everybody knows that; it is in all the papers."

The black face wore a puzzled expression. "Yer don' sesso."

"Why, yes," said the merchant, smiling, "why shouldn't it be? We all love George Washington, Aunt June."

"Yes, sah; yes, sah; sholy; ter — be sho'."

She finished her trading and went out to arrange her packages in the cart; she was puzzled; she didn't at all understand what it all meant; yet there was a pleasant something about it, too.

"Dat chile sholy been and done something and not let on ter we-nills, his pappy and me," was her thought. Then in her honest old heart she felt a twinge of regret for her anger at the bridge; she wondered if the old negro could have been right after all.

"But naw," she mused, "hit couldn't 'a' been in de winter time he wuz bawn. I 'members hit wuz in de summer, bekase Jake wuz threshing wheat dat day. And dey wuz cabbage fur dinner, fur Lize Ann come ober and cooked it. Naw, sah, dey-all am sholy wrong."

At that instant a gentleman to whom the woman and her team were familiar, passing at the moment, called out pleasantly to her:

"Hello, Aunt June! Must be going to celebrate George Washington's birthday from the number of your packages. Been buying yourself rich?"

There it was again, George Washington's birthday; she heard it everywhere. The very banks would be closed, she heard somebody say; and the post office would be open but an hour all day. Clearly it was George Washington's birthday.

To be perfectly sure about it, however, she determined to step around to "Marse Tom's office," and ask about it. Marse Tom was once her husband's old master, and he would be pretty sure to tell her the truth.

"Marse Tom," said she, thrusting her head in a moment at the door, "what am de incasion ob all de incitement in de town ter-morrer?"

"It is George Washington's birthday, Aunt June. Come in and get warm," said the master, without looking up from the paper he was busily preparing for the court that would convene the next week. But Aunt June was gone; she went straight back to the grocery.

"Ef dey's all detarmint ter hab it so, I reckon it am got ter be so," she declared; and she bought back a pound of the butter she had sold, two pounds of cheese, and a dozen sticks of striped peppermint candy.

"Ef ev'ybody elsc nin' gwine begrudge de chile de celebrating, I reckin sholy his own mammy ain' gwine do dat," she said. "I'se gwine straight home and kill a hin."

She felt relieved in crossing the bridge to find the workman gone.

"I don' want hear no more of that nigger's mouf," said she. "Lack ez not he'll be thinking I don' kuow de bufday ob my own chillen."

She made several convenient stops on the way home, however, and at each stop explained why she was imposing so upon the mule.

"Dey's a lot of things in de cart, to be sho," said she. "But hit am George Washin'ton's bufday."

And for the life of her she couldn't help saying it just as the people in town had said it; as something that everybody ought to know. Whether these knew or not she was not able to divine, since the same reply met her at each repetition of the announcement: "Yessum."

She was planning a great feast; she meant to make a cake and stuff it with raisins. "He nin' no onery nigger, dat boy ain't," said she, as the white mule plodded patiently homeward.

Little Wash couldn't understand his sudden rise to greatness, though he very cheerfully washed the potatoes, killed and picked the hen, and was told that he might beat the whites for a cake the next day.

"A cake fur yo' bufday dinner, son," his mother told him.

That night when his father came home Aunt June asked him if he couldn't get off from his work next day and eat dinner at home.

"Hit am George Washin'ton's bufday," she explained again in the town lone. "I done been gitting de chile up a bit of nice victuals."

Uncle Jake scratched his head and pondered. "'Ole 'oman," said he, after a pause, "you's mistookin, honey, 'bout dat. Ter-morrer ain' Wash's bufday. Wash 'uz bawned in de summer time. Don' yer rickerliet de threshing?"

"Yes, sah, dat I does. But de town folks dey all say ter-morrer 'uz George Washin'ton's bufday. Dey all wouldn't hab it no udder way. De very niggers on de pike say it 'uz George Washin'ton's bufday. And seeing they wouldn't hab it no udder way I jest stepped round ter Marse Tom's office and ax him. Kase I know ef Marse Tom say it so, it am so. So I put my head in de do' and says I: 'Marse Tom, what's ter do ter-morrer?' or something mighty lack dat. And says he: 'Hit am George Washin'ton's bufday.' Den I come 'long and kilt a hin; kuse I know it mus' be so den, aldo I reckelick it ain' so."

Uncle Jake tilted his chair back and broke into a laugh. "Ole 'oman," said he, "you're all wrong 'bout dat. Dey wuz talking 'bout annunder George Washin'ton. I heered all 'bout dat long 'go. Dey wa'n' meaning we-alls' po' little Wash here."

Aunt June's eyes flashed for a minute; only a minute, however, and she ducked her head to laugh.

"I done kilt a hin," said she, "and it's got ter be eat. George Washin'ton am gwine hab dat bufday. He been mighty handy he'ping 'bout de baby and all, and he kin hab two bufdays dis year well ez not. Dey ain' no sech gre't differ'nce 'twix the twenty-seeken o' Feb'rery an' de twenty-ninth of July, ez I kin see. Seed de reesuns, son, fur de enke; hit's fur yer bufday dinner ter-morrer."—Will Allen Dromgoole, in Youth's Companion.

THE SAME CASE, WITH A DIFFERENT ENDING.

This boy, Tommy Max, who is getting the whacks
For chopping his father's plum tree,
Couldn't well tell a lie when his dad asked him why;
And he "didn't do a thing to him!"—see?

—It is estimated that in the German empire there are 7,500,000 milch cows.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

[Copyright, 1897, by Mitchell & Miller.]

Plenty of Self-Respect.

Mrs. McSweilem—I should think you would have more self-respect than to drink the way you do.

Mr. McSweilem — Self-r'spect, 'm dear? I'm sho full self r'spect m' dear, that I enter every shloon by back door. —N. Y. Weekly.

WHY TOMMY CRIED.

Mrs. Bellows—What is your little boy crying and moaning about in the next room?

Mrs. Fellows—Oh, he begged me to give him a raw turnip awhile ago.

"And you didn't do it?"

"Yes, but I did."—N. Y. Tribune.

No Doubt About It.

Lady Customer:—Are you sure this is real Ceylon tea?

Well-Informed Young Salesman—Certainly, madam. Mr. Ceylon's name is on every package.—N. Y. Tribune.

Wise Judge.

Mrs. Blurtout—Why do you suppose the judge refused to grant us a charter for our new secret society?

Her Husband—Did you swear that certain portions of your work were to be secret?

Mrs. Blurtout—Certainly.

Her Husband—Then he didn't want to make any of you liable for perjury. —Philadelphia North American.

His Waterloo.

He saw the smoke of battle curl afar and never quailed;
He faced the fire of cannon with a heart that never failed;
But terror swept him in a tide that courage could not stem
When he had to face the furnace smoke and fire at six a. m.
—Washington Star.

Well Preserved Bread.

Mr. Bellows—Oh, wife, these look like the biscuits my mother baked 20 years ago.

Mrs. Bellows (greatly delighted)—I'm so glad!

Mr. Bellows (biting one)—And, by George, I believe they are the same biscuits.—N. Y. Tribune.

After Information.

Judge—What's the charge?

Officer—Pickin' the pockets of a lady's bloomers.

Judge (whose wife wears 'em, sotto voce)—Say, prisoner, I'll let you off if you'll tell me how to do it.—N. Y. Journal.

The Jest.

The jest is meet, not meat,
It should, to be good fun,
Be juicy, 'tis true, but furthermore,
Rare and still well done.
—Detroit Journal.

ASPECTS OF CURRENT FICTION.

[Copyright, 1897, by Mitchell & Miller.]

Invisible Shade of Robert Louis Stevenson: "Good Heavens! What have I let loose?"

Oh, These Girls!

"I have an idea that she'll marry him."

"But do you think he's quite ready to propose to anyone yet?"

"I don't know; but his intentions won't make any difference anyway if she wants him."—Chicago Post.

Not So Sick as She Might Be.

Old Lady—There, throw away that cigarette, little boy. It makes me sick to see a boy like you smoke.

Little Boy—Yes, ma'am; but I'll bet you'd be sicker if you smoked one yourself.—Demorest's Magazine.

A War Relic.

"That's a curious-looking cane, colonel. Is it a memento of the war?"

"Yes. It was made from the hollow log I occupied during the battle of Lookout mountain."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Useful Rule.

"They say it calms the mind to let the eye rest on the distant horizon."

"That's a fact; when I see a man to whom I owe money it always quiets me to look steadily into the distance."—Chicago Record.

Of Course Not.

Aunt Maria—But why didn't you sing out when he attempted to kiss you?

"Why, you know, auntie, I never can sing without my notes."—Boston Transcript.

Humility Not Negotiable.

Her Adorer—Of course I realize that I am unworthy of your daughter.

Her Father—Young man, humility may win a girl's love, but it will never get you credit at the butcher's and baker's. You can't have my daughter.—N. Y. World.

NOT VERY NEATLY PUT.

He—Your face reminds me of old times.

She—Sir!!!—N. Y. Truth.

By Another Name.

Daughter—Did you give Charley any encouragement?

Father—Well, I suppose it amounts to that. He called it a loan, however.—Detroit Tribune.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

PATTY-CAKE.

Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker's man!
Love is a jewel, and life is a span;
Summer is here, and the morning is gay,
Let us be babies together to-day.
Sorrow's a myth, and our troubles but seem,
The past is an echo, the future a dream;
Plenty of mornings to worry and plan!
Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker's man!

Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker's man!
Roll it and prick it as fast as we can;
Roses and lilies for baby and me.
Roll it and prick it and mark it with T.
Roses and lilies and daisies that come
Down from the garden that dimples are from—
Let us be babies as long as we can!
Patty-cake, patty-cake, baker's man!
—Albert B. Paine, in N. Y. Independent.

AN ANCIENT DOLL.

Brought from China by a Sea Captain 171 Years Ago.

One of the quaintest and prettiest dolls to be seen anywhere is preserved at Reading, Mass., and here is where dolls have the advantage of real human beings—though she is the oldest doll in America, she does not show her age at all, except in the matter of dress, and is just as charming as when Capt. Gamaliel Hodges brought her home to his little daughter at Salem, Mass., when he returned from a voyage to Canton, China.

She is now dressed in Louis XIV. style, but history does not record just how this tiny counterfeit of woman was originally attired. What we do know is that when she came to America we had no direct trade with any distant ports of the world, for everybody here was a subject of King George, and no one had ever heard of the Star Spangled Banner.

This little doll, therefore, has looked upon the most remarkable events of modern times, and it has not even aged her. When the war of the revolution was inaugurated she had already passed through the hands of several generations, and was really entitled to all the

OLDEST DOLL IN AMERICA.

respect due a very venerable person. She was much older than Gen. Washington when he became the president of the United Colonies, and Gen. Lafayette must have seemed a mere boy to her. The events of the war of 1812 found her approaching her hundredth year, and each succeeding decade has added tremendously to the weight of her experience.

During all this time the doll was passed on from one person to another, evidently receiving the best treatment from each successive owner—unusual beauty and strange history saving her from the sad fate of so many of her sort.

WHERE WILLIE WENT.

Walnutting While Wintry Wisconsin Winds Wailed Wildly.

Wisconsin's wild winds were whistling when Willie Wade went walnutting. Warmly wrapped was Willie, with woolen wrapper, wadded wristcoat, with warm wristlets.

Winnie Wade wondered why Willie wouldn't wait until warmer weather, when Winnie would walnut with Willie.

Willie wandered where Walter West was wheeling wood, with wonderful wheelbarrow, wishing Walter would walnut.

Without wasting words, Walter whistled: "Whew! Walnuts will wait, while wood won't."

Where walnut woods were, woodmen were working with wabbly-wheeled wagons, with worn, weary, wretched work-horse, which was wasted with weakness, which was well worn out with work.

Woodman Wheeler waggishly wrenched Willie's water-pail, whereupon water wet Willie's winkers; Willie wept woefully.

Woodman was worried. "Why weep, Willie? Weak women weep with wee woes. Whistle, Willie!"

When winkers were wiped Woodman Wheeler went with Willie where walnuts were. Willie's wooden water-pail was well filled, while wee wrens warbled, wood-pigeons whizzed.

Willie warily watched while Woodman waged war with wasps—which wasn't wise. Wasps were waxing warmer, whereupon Willie, with water-pail, went where Widow Walman, Winnie's washerwoman, was who well washed woolens with warm water, with washing-machine, wringing with wringer.

Willie went within wash-room, where Widow Walman welcomed Willie with warm wheat waffles, with wholesome whortleberries washed with water.

When well warmed, Willie wandered where water was, willows waved; where, when weather was warmer, white, waxen water lilies were witnessed.

Willie waded where web-footed water-Winnie, with well-filled water-pail, was witnessed.

Winnie warmly welcomed Willie.

When woods whiten with winter, when windows wear wonderful white-frost works, Winnie, with Willie, will welcome walnuts, will want warm walnut cake.—Youth's Companion.

CARPENTRY FOR BOYS.

How They Can Make a Neat Bookcase and Pretty Inkstand.

These long winter evenings and stormy Saturdays are just the time for the boys to busy themselves with their jack-knives.

Any number of beautiful and useful urticles can be made for litting up your room or for decorating your home.

Have you just a few books of your own that you are anxious to have always near at hand—say at the head of the bed in your own room? Why not make a neat little bookcase for them? It is easily done, and the cost is practically nothing at all.

The bookcase shown in the picture is of oak, but if you cannot get oak, use

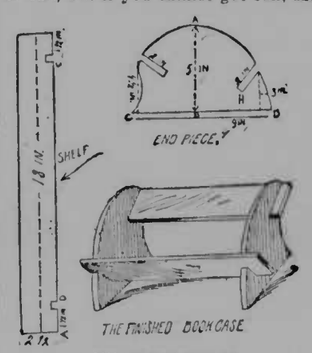

A NEAT BOOKCASE.

hard pine or cherry or butternut, the last of which is especially desirable.

As you will see, the bookcase is very simple in construction. There are four parts—two end pieces and two side pieces, or shelves. Wood a half-inch thick will do very well. Have it neatly and smoothly planed on both sides and of a size large enough to make the various pieces of the dimensions shown in the picture. In the end pieces the grain of the wood should run lengthwise from C to D, thus preventing splitting. The height from A to B is six inches. Draw a perfect diagram of the end pieces on the board, taking care to have every measurement exact. If you have a scroll saw you can readily follow the lines and cut out the end pieces; but if you haven't, saw with an ordinary saw as nearly to the lines as possible and trim off the sharp corners with your jack-knife. The sides of the two small slits may be cut with a saw and broken out with a chisel.

Next make two connecting pieces, or shelves. As shown in the picture, they are 18 inches long by 2½ inches wide, and when they are completed they should fit snugly into the end pieces and remain solid without nails. The bookcase is now complete, so far as your jack-knife is concerned. With bits of broken glass and sand-paper smooth off the joints and corners and polish the wood smooth. If you like, you may give it a coat of oil or shellac varnish, and it may be still further ornamented with a neatly carved design on the ends, or studded with brass nails, to suit your fancy. This makes an exceedingly convenient and handsome bookcase, which will occupy only a small space, and which in moving can be readily taken apart and packed.

Try it and see if you don't like it.

Another very neat and pretty object which any boy can make is a wooden inkstand and penrack. To make it get two pieces of wood one-fourth to three-eighths of an inch in thickness, ten inches long by four inches broad. Fasten the two together with tine brads so as to form a right angle. Now, take another piece of wood of the same thick-

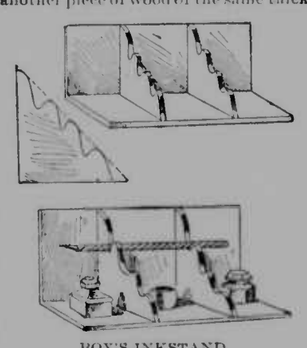

BOY'S INKSTAND.

ness four inches square. Cut this in two from corner to corner, and then, with a sharp jack-knife, cut the penracks as shown in the picture. When this is done fasten the two triangular pieces to the main body of the inkstand, three inches from each end.

Now give the whole inkstand a thorough sandpapering, and if it has a good grain and a pretty color a coat of colorless shellac will dress it out the best. If it is not especially attractive rub it with walnut or mahogany stain and afterward shellac it.

At any stationery or department store two glass ink wells and a glass sponge cup with square bottoms may be obtained at small expense. The ink wells may be fastened by means of four neat little cleats to each end of the stand and the sponge cup in the middle as shown in the picture. If a sponge is not desired the central cup may be used for pens, rubbers and other little objects. This inkstand makes a very pretty gift.—Chicago Record.

New England's Girl Soldiers.

Lassell seminary, Massachusetts, has a battalion of girl soldiers. They are becomingly clad in an army-blue waist and skirt with soldier stripes down the side, a belt like that worn in the regular army, and a fatigue cap. They drill according to Hardy's tactics, and must in all things conform to strict army discipline. The object is physical culture—to cause the girls to stand erect and walk well.

—The elephant is from ten to twelve feet in length and from six to seven feet in height, although elephants of ten feet in height have been numerous.

FARM AND GARDEN.

RATIONS FOR SHEEP.

Corn and Oats in Equal Parts is a Standard Winter Feed.

Corn and oats in equal parts makes one of the very best grain rations for sheep. Corn alone is too heating and fattening. Moreover, if sheep are fed exclusively on corn for any considerable length of time they lose their wool.

It costs just so much to keep a sheep of a certain weight right. But if, with good care in selecting and breeding, and with good feeding, the sheep can be made to give eight or nine pounds of wool instead of four or five the extra weight of wool will be that much additional profit. When it barely pays to keep a sheep that shears only four or five pounds, one that shears seven or eight will give a good per cent. on the money invested. In addition in nearly all cases the heavier fleece will be of a better quality.

While it is always best to feed with as little waste as possible, it is rarely good economy to compel the sheep to eat up the hay in their racks as clean as with cattle and horses, unless it is unusually fine. Still, care must be taken not to feed too much, as sheep are inclined to waste their feed if overfed. But considerable waste can be avoided by having good racks. The slats should be wide enough apart to allow the sheep to put their heads entirely in the racks and eat or they should be so close as to only allow them to insert their noses. If made in this way, however, it is important that they be made slanting, so that the hay will gradually sink down and always be within reach of the sheep.

Every day that the weather will permit the sheep should be turned out in the morning to get fresh air and water. At the same time their quarters can be well aired. Sheep do not bear close confinement well. Whenever it is possible the doors of their quarters should be left open during the day so that they can run in and out, as suits them. With the breeding ewes, especially, care should be taken to have the doors to their quarters wide, so as to lessen the risk of injury in their running in and out. It will still further lessen the risk of injury if the doors are hung to slide open rather than to open and shut with common hinges.

In extremely cold weather more corn may be given than when it is milder, but do not make it an exclusive ration at any time. Give oats, barley, mill feed, and other materials to make up a good variety. Sliced turnips with wheat bran sprinkled over them makes a good feed for sheep, especially when grain is given at other meals. The condition of the sheep is the best criterion as to what the quantity of the ration should be. One of the most economical rations is unthreshed oats, run through a dampener sufficiently to make the bran stick to the straw. Give them all that they will eat up clean.—St. Louis Republic.

CHEAP CHICKEN COOPS.

Prepare This Winter for the Broods to Be Hatched in Spring.

It is well to utilize the leisure of winter in preparing for the rush of work that always comes when spring opens. One such preparation is the preparing of the needed chicken coops for the broods to be hatched out during the spring months. A simple arrangement is shown in the cut. Empty grocery boxes are produced and turned upon their sides, the cover being replaced by slats, the cover being reserved for closing the coop at night. Upon the top now nail three strips that will project 15 inches in front, making the middle strip higher than the other two. Tack upon these strips, as shown

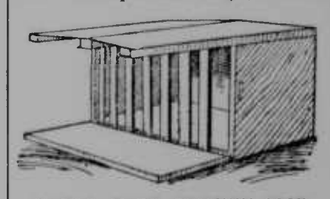

EASILY MADE CHICKEN COOP.

in the cut, a piece of tarred paper, and a waterproof roof will not only be secured, but a protection from the sun in front of the coop. This will be very grateful to the chicks in hot weather, and to the mother hen, which often suffers in the ordinary coop in the heat of summer.

These coops will answer their purpose admirably, can be made with but a few moments' work, and need not cost over 15 or 20 cents apiece.—N. Y. Tribune.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

Clean up the fence rows.

Be the best farmer in your county.

Roll the corn stubble after plowing it next spring.

Making a good seed bed for corn is half the battle.

Drain that wet place. It is the richest land you have.

Trim up the hedge or cut it down and grub out the roots.

Use straw in the stable as absorbent for the liquid manure.

Talk farm with the boys. Make confidants of the youngsters.

Keep everything looking neat, harness, carriages, horses and—yourself.

Think for yourself. What will do on one farm will not do on another.

Make the fields as long as you can. Every turn that is saved is economy.

A cow that kicks is nice and agreeable as compared to a man who is a chronic kicker.

The production and management of manure deserves as careful attention as the production of any other farm crop.

The farmer's garden is the most profitable piece of ground on the farm if it only produces all kinds of garden crops for the family.—Western Plowman.

INTERMITTENT HEART.

Stopped Every Third Beat.

But Mrs. Strope's Heart Now No Longer Skips But Throbs Regularly.

From the Leader, Cleveland, Ohio.

In a large, commodious house at No. 104 Huntington Street, Cleveland, Ohio, lives Mrs. Emily A. Strope, widow of the late X. M. Strope, and she is the mother of a young man who has been, and is now one of this city's successful and energetic pharmacists. Mrs. Strope who has lately recovered from serious cardiac difficulty when questioned by a reporter regarding her late illness stated as follows:

"Two years ago, I had my first experience with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For a long time I was troubled with an ailment which I feared would eventually drive me crazy unless I rid myself of it. It will sound strange, no doubt, to some, but my heart did not beat as it should. Its action was irregular. There would be two pulsations, or perhaps three, and then a sudden cessation. My heart seemed to rest for the period of one or two beats, and then resume its action. Sometimes such lapses would not be so frequent as that, but scarcely a day passed that they did not occur. It felt as though something would strike the heart with great force, and push it out of place. During the period, whenever I lay down to sleep or rest, my hands would become perfectly numb and helpless. I could feel the temporary paralysis coming over them, but I could do nothing which would prevent it. My feet were affected in a like manner, and I had considerable difficulty in walking when such a spell had possession of me. Naturally that state of affairs completely upset my nerves, and any one whose nervous system is well nigh shattered, can appreciate and understand the misery, chiefly mental, which I endured. I lost much sleep and rest, and often I was compelled from sheer exhaustion to sit down during the day to obtain some repose. But as soon as I did so I felt that numb sensation come over my hands and feet, and I rocked violently in my chair to drive it away, but frequently to no avail.

"One day, my son who was keeping a drug store at the time, brought me home some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and advised me to take them for my heart trouble. I did so and soon began to feel better. I used the pills about two months and they certainly cured me, for now my heart beats regularly and all numbness has disappeared and my circulation is in splendid order."

We print the above hoping Mrs. Strope's experience may be beneficial to others who may suffer from derangement of the heart.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Longevity of Poor and Rich.

Many paupers have lived to be 100 years old, but there is no record of a millionaire having attained that age.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

SURE THING.—Hiply—"I do hope that I can smoke in the next world." Diply—"I've no doubt that you will be accommodated."—Detroit Free Press.

Presidential Inauguration.

For the inauguration of President McKinley, C. A. & C. Ry., will sell excursion tickets from points on its line at very low rates. Tickets on sale March 1st, 2nd, 3rd, good returning until March 8th, 1897. For detailed information call upon or address any C. A. & C. agent, or C. F. DALY, General Passenger Agent, Cleveland, O.

"LOOK here, suh," said Washington Whitewash, "what yo' mean by runnin' inter me dat away?" "Go way, black man," replied Jackson Chickcoop. "I's color-blind, I is."—Philadelphia North American.

SALZER'S GERMAN COFFEE BERRY.

A package of this and big seed catalogue is sent you by the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., upon receipt of 15 cents stamps and this notice. [K]

IT may sometimes cost you a good deal to do right, but it will be sure to cost you more not to do it.

Specially Remember

that the Cleveland, Akron & Columbus R'y. is still selling round trip tickets between all stations on its line, good going and returning Sunday, at a rate of one fare for the round trip. Ask any agent for particulars, or write to C. F. DALY, General Passenger Agent, Cleveland, O.

THERE never did, and never will, exist anything permanently noble and excellent in the character which is a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial.—Walter Scott.

TEACHER—"Now, here is an example in mental arithmetic: How old would a person be who was born in 1808?" Tommy—"Please, mum, was it a man or a woman?"—Tit-Bits.

"WHAT qualifications have you for a detective?" "Been in the coal business all my life." "Cannot see the connection." "I've been lying in weight for dishonest men."—Yonkers Statesman.

SOME one asked Max Nordau to define the difference between genius and insanity. "Well," said the author of "Degeneration," "the lunatic is, at least, sure of his board and clothes."

NEW ROOMER (sarcastically)—"Is this all the soap there is in the room?" Landlady (decidedly)—"Yes, sir; all I can allow for one room." New Roomer—"Well, I'll take two more rooms. I must wash my face in the morning."—Household Words.

NOTHING ELSE TO DO—"How did they happen to acquit the president and convict the janitor in that bank robbery case?" "Simple enough. The president's a kleptomaniac. The janitor's a thief."—Detroit Free Press.

"DE MAN dat boasts ob his cha'ty," said Uncle Eben, "makes some folks criticise. But he ain' ez bad as de man dat ain' got no 'sense fob boastin', even of he wanted ter."—Washington Star.

"HARRY says his life was a barren desert before he saw me." "Well, he looks as if had lived where he couldn't get water to drink."—Chicago Record.

MRS. SPAT—"Your husband is an inventor, I believe?" Mrs. Spotter—"Yes; some of his excuses for coming home latent night are in use all over the country."—Philadelphia North American.

EVASIVE.—Policeman (to suspicious-looking character)—"Have you been passing any bad money?" Suspicious-looking Charter—"Dunno, guv'nor. Have you bin dropping any?"—Fun.

An Interesting Item.

By reason of its mileage and location, the Texas & Pacific Railway is the most important of all railway lines in Texas. It traverses the Lone Star State from East to West, through the most progressive towns, great forests of pine, and the broad prairies and well-kept farms, affording the most beautiful scenery all along the line. No other line affords such opportunities for the home seeker or investor to see and enjoy Texas. Cheap lands for all. Low rate Home Seekers' Excursion Tickets on sale to all points in Texas and Louisiana February 16th, March 2nd and 16th, April 6th and 20th, May 4th and 18th.

For a handsomely illustrated book fully describing the wonderful State of Texas, conceded to be the finest publication issued in recent years, send eight cents postage to GASTON MESLIER, Gen'l Pass'r & Tkt. Agt., Dallas, Texas.

BREATHLESS HUNTER—"I say, boy, did you see a rabbit run by here?" Boy—"Yes, sir." Hunter—"How long ago?" Boy—"I think it'll be three years next Christmas."—Tit-Bits.

Twins in Size, Shape and Activity.

This is what those important little organs, the kidneys are when healthy. In disorder they may differ in all three particulars. Disease usually destroys them successively, not simultaneously, and one may be active while the other is semi-paralyzed. Give to both a healthful impulse, without exciting them, with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which forestalls such dreadful maladies as Bright's disease and diabetes. Use the Bitters also, for malarial, bilious, rheumatic, nervous, bowel and kidney trouble.

JUST RIGHT FOR HIM.—"What did you think of our new patrol wagon?" asked the roundsman of his friend who lonfs for a living. "Great! I was carried uway with it."

Queen & Crescent

36 Miles Shortest to New Orleans, 100 Miles Shortest to Jacksonville from Cincinnati.

KITSON—"Ah, there is a lovely girl, Miss Lulu. Her face is her fortune." Catesby—"Um! She must have made an assignment lately."—Philadelphia North American.

New Orleans

Queen and Crescent Route 24 hours Cincinnati to New Orleans.

"THE pun," said some one to Henry Erskine, an incurable at the practice, "is the lowest of all forms of wit." "And therefore the foundation of it all."

The Inauguration of President McKinley

will attract many prominent individuals to Washington. You can attend very cheaply, and enjoy a most satisfactory trip, by going via the B. & O. S-W. Ry. Tickets good going March 1, 2 and 3, and good returning including March 8, at special low rates for this occasion, with a Splendid Train Service. Make up your parties, and for further information, consult any agent B. & O. S-W. Ry. Write for guide to Washington, to J. M. CHESNOUGH, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Cincinnati, O.

AN ounce of earnestness is worth more than a pound of rhetoric.

REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE

In one of his wonderful sermons very truthfully said, "My brother, your trouble is not with the heart; it is a gastric disorder or a rebellious liver. It is not sin that blots out your hope of heaven, but bile that not only yellows your eyeballs and furs your tongue and makes your head ache but swoops upon your soul in dejection and forebodings,"—and

Talmage is right! All this trouble can be removed! You can be cured!

How? By using

Warner's Safe Cure

We can give you incontrovertible proof from men and women, former sufferers,

But to-day well, and stay so.

There is no doubt of this. Twenty years experience proves our words true.

Write to-day for free treatment blank. Warner's Safe Cure Co., Rochester, N.Y.

FOR 14 CENTS.

We wish to gain 50,000 pleased customers in 1897 and hence offer

⅛	1 Pkg Bismark Cucumber	15c
¼	1 Pkg Round Globe Beet	10c
¼	" Earliest Carrot	10c
¼	" Kaiser Wilhelm Lettuce	15c
¼	" Earliest Melon	10c
¼	" Giant Yellow Onion	15c
¼	" 14-Day Radish	10c
¾	" Brilliant Flower Seeds	15c

Worth $1.00, for 14 cents.

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Concerning a Mother's Duty to Her Young Daughter. Together with a Chat with Miss Marie Johnson.

The balance wheel of a woman's life is menstruation. On the proper performance of this function depends her health.

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Mother, when you see your daughter languid and indifferent to things that usually interest a young girl, when you note that flush on her cheek, that glassy appearance in her eyes; when your daughter tells you that even the weight of her dress waist oppresses her, and that she has terrible pains in her stomach shortly after eating, don't ignore these signs! If you do, you will be following your daughter to the grave, for she will die!

This is gospel truth—she is developing consumption of the bowels!

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"My health became so poor that I had to leave school. I was tired all the time, and had dreadful pains in my side and back. I would have the headache so badly that everything would appear black before my eyes, and I could not go on with my studies. I was also troubled with irregularity of menses. I was very weak, and lost so much flesh that my friends became alarmed. My mother, who is a firm believer in your remedies from experience, thought perhaps they might benefit me, and wrote you for advice. I followed the advice you gave, and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills as you directed, and am now as well as I ever was. I have gained flesh and have a good color. I am completely cured of irregularity. Words cannot express my gratitude, and I cannot thank you enough for your kind advice and medicine."—MISS MARIE F. JOHNSON, Centralia, Pa.

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The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, FEB. 18, 1897.

SINCE the burning of the capitol buildings at Harrisburg, Pa., an effort is being made to remove the seat of the state government to Philadelphia.

PRESIDENT-ELECT MCKINLEY has appointed Mr. J. Addison Porter, of Hartford, Conn., for the important position of private secretary. Mr. Porter is editor and proprietor of the Hartford *Post*, and a gentleman of high character and fine literary attainments.

GOVERNOR LOWNDES has been requested to issue a proclamation designating March 4th as a legal holiday throughout the State. He is said to look with favor on the proposition and will probably issue the required proclamation, in which case the crowds from this State which will attend the inauguration will be unusually large. Under the law the Governor has the power to proclaim legal holidays, in addition to those days which are made legal holidays by statute. The regular statute legal holidays in Maryland are New Year's, Washington's Birthday, Good Friday, Decoration Day, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving Day and Christmas.

Aided by Democrats.

At a banquet held at Hotel Rennert, Baltimore, last Friday by the Young Men's Republican Club, of that city, in commemoration of Abraham Lincoln's birthday, Senator-elect Wellington responded to the toast, "The Republican Party in Maryland," as follows:

After briefly sketching the early history of the Republican party at large he told of its early struggles in Maryland. For thirty years, he said, the little band of Republicans in Maryland wandered in the wilderness; then came a victory.

"We found," said he, "that in Maryland there still lived a spirit of justice and fairness; hate and envy had passed away. Upon that we builded. We appealed to all citizens, we made honest promises, and so we entered the fight. We appealed to our party associates abroad, but they scorned us; we appealed to our Democratic brethren in Maryland, and the help refused us by the National Republican committee was given us by those Democrats.

"We won our fight in 1895 without the aid of a dollar from any State in the United States outside of Maryland. We won the battle of 1896 in the same manner. The victory was achieved by Maryland Republicans and Maryland sound-money Democrats, and those interests will hold the State for thirty years to come.

"We are ready for the fight in the future. In 1897 the Republicans of Maryland, by their organization, aided by sound-money and reform friends will elect such a Legislature as will send a Republican Senator to the United States Senate.

"There is not a boss in Maryland, but there are and will be leaders, and all company captains will march behind them. There is discipline in the ranks. The young men of Maryland will take the party in hand and march to victory. Maryland is as impregnably a Republican State as Massachusetts or Maine."

Lincoln's Birthday.

The eighty-eighth anniversary of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln was celebrated on Friday, February 12th.

There has been a strong sentiment aroused of late in favor of adding Lincoln's birthday to the list of public birthdays, and it has already been made a holiday by law in five States—namely, Illinois, Minnesota, New Jersey, New York and Washington. It is true that public sentement and general acquiescence is more effective than legal enactment in the establishment of holidays. The Fourth of July, Christmas and New Year's Day, and in lesser degree Memorial day, had been generally observed long before their observance obtained the seal of legislative appoval; on the other hand the celebration of Labor day has not become general nor very enthusiastic, notwithstanding the fact that it has been legally consecrated as a holiday by the Legislature of thirty-eight States and by act of Congress. It is true also that Lincoln's birthday comes at an unpropitious season, and that its date and that of Washington's birthday are rather too close together. February is the shortest month of the year; and deducting two legal holidays and four Sundays, the working days of the month might be reduced to twenty-two.

But if the people should generally resolve to set apart a day in the civic calender in honor of Abraham Lincoln they could have their way law or no law, and in spite of all objections that might be urged to the timeliness of the season for holiday-making. Lincoln typified better than any other man of our century the real and rugged American. In his humble origin and in the unostentatiousness of his greatness the lowly beginning and the homely grandeur of the American people were truly represented. If there be a name on the nation's roll of honor that should be memorialized by a special civic holiday it is that of Abraham Lincoln.

More Cars Needed.

Receivers Cowen and Murray, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, have been authorized by United States Judges Goff and Morris to enter into an agreement for the construction of one thousand box cars to be used on the Baltimore and Ohio system. The agreement was made between the Akron and Chicago Junction Railroad, part of the Baltimore and Ohio system, the Missouri Car and Foundry Company, the Fairport Warehouse and Elevator Company and the receivers.

The cars are to be built by the Missouri Car and Foundry Company under a contract with the Akron and Chicago Junction Railroad Company. They are to be used on the lines of the Baltimore and Ohio Company, which is to pay mileage for them at the rate of six mills a mile, and collect that rate for their use by connecting roads. The Baltimore and Ohio is to make good any deficiency in mileage payments to meet the quarterly lease warrants in payment of the cars, and to maintain, repair and insure the cars. These advances are to be made good out of the mileage earnings of the cars. In consequence of its traffic being given preference, the Fairport Warehouse and Elevator Company is to advance the cash payment of 10 per cent. on the delivery of the cars. This advance is to be repaid out of the mileage earnings after the lease warrants have been paid.

In their petition asking authority to execute the agreement the receivers state that notwithstanding the recent additions to the car equipment of the Baltimore and Ohio, the balances against them on account of foreign car mileage have increased because of the large increase in traffic. Through the agreement, they also state, the Baltimore and Ohio will obtain the use of much-needed cars without any cash out-lay other than the payment of mileage, which will be applied to the purchase of cars and finally vest their title in a company whose stock is owned by the Baltimore and Ohio. This same mileage, it is added, has been paid on foreign cars and has inured entirely to the benefit of companies in which the Baltimore and Ohio has no interest.

New Germany.

The teachers' institute convened at the New Germany school house on Friday evening and was called to order by Mr. C. H. Hall. The meeting was organized by electing Mr. C. J. Otto as chairman and Miss Nora McKinzie secretary. As a whole the institute was a grand success the house being crowded all the time, and we had good speaking and singing. Rev. D. H. Bender made a very practical address on the subject, "The Ideal Teacher." There were fifteen teachers present. It was very much regretted that examiner Palmer could not be with us. May the good work go on.

The sleighing is good and the young people are making good use of it.

There is much sickness in this neighborhood, among them being Mrs. Joel Wiland, Mrs. Charles Swanger and Mrs. C. J. Otto. Some entire families are down with the grip.

During the services at the Reform church Sunday a stable near by collapsed with a heavy wight of snow. Quite an excitement prevailed but fortunately no one was hurt.

A Bursted Wheel.

A wheel on the truck of a passenger coach on the West Virginia Central railroad, burst near Barnum, W. Va., last Friday. The coach was thrown over a slight embankment and dragged some distance by the momentum of the train. Nine of the passengers were cut and bruised, while all were more or less shaken up.

Marriage Licenses.

Franklin P. Granbill and Katie M. Hileman.
Jacob Wiley and Lizzie Steeding.
Edward Davis and Lucinda Shipley.
John Burgess and Jemima E. Fike.
James B. Klug and Emily Flannigan.
Archibald H. Beckman and May Fitzwater.

Editorial Communication.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Feb. 13, 1897.

The delegates to the National Editorial Association, which meets in Galveston on Tuesday of next week, and to which I was elected a member by the Republican Editorial Association of Maryland, are here at the Terminal hotel in great numbers. Delegates use this as a place of rendezvous. The hotel is in Union station, in which about twenty-five different railroads enter the city and discharge thousands of passengers daily. Delegates are here from every State in the Union, except possibly the extreme Southern States bordering on the Gulf.

The run over the Baltimore and Ohio railroad from Oakland to St. Louis made without any incident of special note. Along the Ohio Valley, however, evidences of high waters were to be seen on every hand. In this morning's paper was a startling account of the ravages of high water in the vicinity of Evansville, Ind., where it is feared the Ohio will change its course and leave that city away to the South of the river's present channel.

Last night the train I came on stopped in Cincinnati about three hours. I took the opportunity offered by this stop-over, to hunt up two or three of the Oakland boys. I went to police headquarters and there found Cal. Crim. He is away up in the department now. Everyone in the city seems to know him, and for his efficient services recently rendered in the celebrated Pearl Bryan murder case his salary was handsomely increased.

Charley Mason is also in Cincinnati, but I did not get to see him.

This morning I went up in the business section of St. Louis and found Max Good, another young man raised in Oakland. The older citizens of the town will remember him as being a small boy. He is now what you may call a healthy looking man of medium build and full of business. He is associated here with a gentleman in the wholesale coffee business and seems to be very prosperous.

Just before the Republican Nominating convention was held in this city last summer it will be remembered a great wind storm swept over this section of country. Evidences of the storm's fury can yet be seen. Out on one of the avenues, Mississippi, I think there is yet standing dismantled houses wrecked by the storm. In other sections, however, a person could never tell a storm had visited here. The streets are all covered with a thick coating of mud, which extends also to the pavements, thus making walking very disagreeable at best.

This evening at 9 o'clock we leave for Galveston, arriving there in time for dinner on Monday. En route from here we will stop at Mouett, Mo., for breakfast; Fort Smith, Ark., dinner; Paris, Tex., supper; breakfast on Monday at Rosenberg, Tex. In the car to which I have been assigned I find J. S. Brown, of the Kingwood *Argus*, accompanied by his sister, and the balance of the West Virginia and Maryland delegation. Brown is full—not of liquor—of yarns and fish stories. He has a knack of telling the right thing at the right time and keeping everyone in good humor.

This being my first trip with the Association I am not as yet very well acquainted with the delegates, but they are all sociable and friendly.

When I arrive in Galveston I will write again.

BENJ. H. SINCELL.

What Will Become of Me?

The above question was asked by a lady to an engineer of the railroad, running from the base to the top of our New Hampshire Mt. Washington, when half way up. "What will become of me if your brakes should happen to give way?"

"That will depend, madam, on your previous life," was the engineer's reply.

It was a reply which a good many people will do well to consider.

Nourish Him.

That's the whole secret in a word. We can cure no disease unless we can keep up the patient's strength. And there's only one way to do that—feed him. But if the system refuses food? Then use SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites. It goes STRAIGHT TO THE BLOOD. stops the wasting, rekindles the vital fire, makes new flesh and so renders a hopeful fight possible against ANY disease.

Especially is this so in bronchial and lung troubles, in the relief and cure of which Scott's Emulsion has won its reputation. Book about it free.

Scott's Emulsion is no mysterious mixture. It is palatable, non-nauseating and infinitely preferable to the plain oil. The genuine has our trademark on salmon-colored wrapper. Get the genuine.

For sale at 50 cts. and $1.00 by all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

DEMOCRACY DOOMED.

Gorman's Candidacy Hopelessly Divides His Party.

From the Baltimore News.

Senator Gorman's silence in regard to his position in the coming campaign is causing considerable adverse criticism among Democrats, not only among those who are opposed to his further supremacy, but also among many of his friends and heretofore loyal supporters. Indeed, ever since the election last fall many of Senator Gorman's friends have been waiting patiently for some word from him as to his future course, but he has said nothing. Reports of various sorts have from time to time been spread abroad that the senior Senator intended to issue a statement withdrawing from the contest for re-election and thus clear the way for a reconciliation between the Gorman and anti-Gorman factions, preparatory to the work of the coming campaign.

But no such statement has appeared and the fact that the county papers whose editors are closest to the Senator, and whose columns are generally used to indicate his future plans and intentions, are all, without exception, advocating his re-election as the issue for this year's campaign, is considered by most people to indicate that he intends to place himself boldly forward and ask for an "indorsement" in the shape of a fourth term in the Senate.

A leading county Democrat, who has for years been noted for his loyalty to Senator Gorman and his political fortunes, said to-day.

"I should, of course, like to see Senator Gorman re-elected to the Senate, and will support him should he decide to become a candidate, notwithstanding the fact that I am convinced that his candidacy will result in the defeat of the Democratic party this year, and its continued defeat so long as he is an issue in our elections. Mr. Gorman should retire permanently and definitely, and should let it be known in unmistakable terms, for the good of the party, and I belive he would do so if he realized the true situation in the State.

"But he does not realize the extent of the hostility to him. He believes that the opposition is narrow in its extent and comparatively few as regards numbers. When told by those who have the courage to give him the facts, he does not believe it. He prefers to take the word of a few flatterers who are very close to him rather than to listen to what may be said by some of his friends who are disinterested in what they have to say and tell him the truth.

"In the present situation, Gorman is the victim of the same bad advisers, who have been causing him to make mistakes for several years, and notably during the past three campaigns. Many Democrats, who are neither office-holders nor office-seekers, and whose only interest is in the success of the party, have advised him as to the situation in times past, and are doing the same this year, but he pays no attention to them.

"He has around him a small clique of office-holders, who tell him that he can win—who do all in their power, successfully, too, to convince him that he alone can save and redeem the party. These men, whom he sees oftener than any others, never tell him what they think; they only say what is agreeable and pleasant to him, and their constant swinging of censers before him has made him believe all they may say.

"The truth is, if Collector Shaw, Internal Revenue Collector Murray Vandiver, Naval Offier Barnes Compton, Colonel Louis Victor Banghman, Colonel John Walter Smith and the set to which they belong would tell Gorman what they know and what they think, he would get out of the way at once. But they have filled him with the idea that he can win, and it is largely due to their bad advice that he is placing the Democrats in this State in their present dangerous position. These men are responsible for the situation. They know as well as anybody else that there is no hope for the party with Gorman as the issue, and yet they are either afraid to tell him so or else they prefer to have another overwhelming defeat, to success with some one else in the lead. Three out of every four old-time regulars whom I meet think as I do on the subject and believe that Vandiver, Shaw, Compton and their coterie are responsible for the fact that Gorman has not announced his retirement before this.

"The only hope we have is that the State Central Committee will take some wise action on the subject when it meets in the spring. Gorman should retire at once, and he should let the people know it in emphatic terms. If he does not the party might as well disband, for it will only meet with certain defeat."

Make Haste Slowly!

This is the treacherous month of storms and sudden changes in the weather, as is evidenced by the marked increase in the Health Board's returns of deaths. Conveying in its train rheumatism, pneumonia and heart-failure, there is but one bit of philosophy to be gathered along with February's direful harvest—that is the necessity of care in convalescence. On a mild May day or a midsummer morning the air is bland and stimulating; but wintry air should not be breathed too suddenly after one has been confined to the house for any length of time. Even a slight chill or small check of vitality may have fatal results to any patient who has either lurking or pronounced pneumonia. The house fires must be kept up evenly, the fresh air admitted cautiously, and all the drink must be similarly adjusted with reference to evenness and to avoidance of shock by cold.

Physicians and nurses are always on the lookout for a sudden rise in temperature, which is alarming; but perhaps the family and the patients themselves do not realize that there is great danger in a sudden fall in the bodily warmth, and that to overtax a weakened body by any experiments of too hastily taken exercise is always dangerous. It is chiefly those sufferers who have suddenly fallen ill out of robust health that fail to realize the necessity of care. The "delicate" man or woman has learned to be careful and to avoid extremes. But February air sometimes brings only dangers to those who venture out into it when not "seasoned" to its insidious chilliness or to the dampness arising from slushy streets. "Hold the balance even," and "do not hurry in getting well" should be stamped across all the invalid calendars for six weeks to come, at least.

Grantsville.

Charles Getty, of Frostburg, visited his relatives here over Sunday.

Miss Della McKenzie and Arthur Jordan were married in Frostburg last Wednesday.

Howard Bittinger recently purchased the Muhlenberg residence, lot, etc., of Wm. R. Getty for $800.

Katie, daughter of James Bevans, who had been very ill with pneumonia, is convalescing.

Mrs. Winterberg, who has been severely afflicted with erysipelas, was improving at last accounts.

Minnie, daughter of John Yaste, died last Tuesday of pneumonia. The obsequies were held here on Wednesday, at 2 p. m., Rev. E. S. Johnson officiating. Deceased was 1 year and 9 days old.

Frank Spicer died on Monday, February 8. The remains were taken to New Baltimore, Pa., and interred there the following Wednesday. The deceased had been a wagon maker by occupation at this place for many years. He was about 61 years old.

Mahlon E. Hershberger died to-day (Monday). Funeral is to be held at the Mapledale Amish Mennonite meeting-house, north of town, Wednesday at 10 a. m.

While Mrs. Louis Stanton, of Frostburg, accompanied by her infant child, was visiting Mr. Stanton's relations, the little one became quite ill at Mrs. J. W. Blocker's, thus preventing a return home at present.

The statement that our worthy and efficient postmaster, T. H. Bittinger, had voluntarily resigned the postmastership, as the local press has it, is erroneous. The majority of the patrons of this postoffice do not seem to concur very heartily in the appointment by the outgoing administration recently made.

After considerable delay, we will endeavor to answer briefly those criticisms of our brief educational institute report. In announcing our intention of replying we stated that it had evidently been *misinterpreted*, instead of the misrepresented, as the typo had it. To the "personal thrust" phase of the question we give little attention as it had been grossly misunderstood, as we have been duly assured. The statement that the two principal addresses of the evening were overlooked and unmentioned is erroneous, as Examiner Palmer's was one of them, and it was mentioned. In regard to the select reading which we commended, we did so because of the excellence of the thoughts contained therein without intentional favor or partiality. Observe, we did not call attention to personal attainments, but to "thoughts and principles." The article read did not require magnifying. Its thoughts stood easily head and shoulders above anything presented at the evening's session, if for no other reason than that of applying to education in general, and not merely bearing a local relation thereto. Then again we are unwilling to concede the laurels of value or virtue to originality; or, in other words, to make it a test of merit. In especially calling attention to the select reading we wished to emphasize the dominant thought contained therein, which is so essential to education, and that is thoughtful and thorough reading in opposition to the hurried, heedless practice of reading so prevalent in our supposed-to-be advanced era, especially among the devotees of frosty, yellow-bound, cheap literature. Our assertion that "being schoolish is not synonymous with being scholarly," was intended as a further emphasis that mere reading or attending school never made a scholar and never will, and we reiterate it, in its entirety, without fear of contradiction of *any savant* of *any age*, much less by the local talent of learning. We did not mean to accuse the county school board of being too "schoolish." Oh, no! We did mean, however, to express a frank, friendly and honest opinion that at the evening session of our institute too much of a we're-gone-can't-do-anything countenance was put upon the school situation by certain members of the board present. Even though our educational states were on an equality with the Chinese, it would not tend to improve the situation by building a Chinese wall around us.

Low Rates to Washington for the Inauguration.

The B. & O. R. R. will sell round-trip tickets to Washington, D. C., from all stations on its lines east of the Ohio River, for all trains March 1, 2, 3, and all trains on the morning of the 4th that reach Washington not later than noon, at rate of two cents per mile in each direction, valid for return journey until March 8th inclusive.

The rate from stations in the vicinity will be as follows:

Piedmont	$7 20
Deer Park	8 00
Mountain Lake Park	8 15
Oakland	8 25
Grafton	10 00

and correspondingly low rates from other stations.

Threw Away His Canes.

Mr. D. Wiley, ex-postmaster, Black Creek, N. Y., was so badly afflicted with rheumatism that he was only able to hobble around with canes, and even then it caused him great pain. After using Chamberlain's Pain Balm he was so much improved that he threw away his canes. He says this liniment did him more good than all other medicines and treatment put together.

For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

WILLIAM L. WILSON

Elected President of Washington and Lee.

LEXINGTON, VA., Feb. 11.—The board of trustees of the Washington and Lee University to-day unanimously elected Wm. L. Wilson, Postmaster-General, president of the University, in place of Gen. G. W. C. Lee, who recently resigned.

It is well understood that Mr. Wilson will accept the position and will enter upon the duties of his office on the first day of next July.

Description of the Car in Which McKinley Will go to Washington.

President-elect McKinley will go to Washington in a private car without a name. It is known all over the Panhandle system as "No. 38." The walls of it are of white oak, planked solid instead of usual studding. If it should roll down an embankment the sides would not break and it would resist almost any kind of shock in a collision. The top is a double frame work of steel, and the ceiling is enshioned. The floor is four thicknesses of heavy white oak.

The entire car is a huge indestructible box. The chief luxury of the interior is the perfect arrangement of everything pertaining to comfort. It has an old-fashioned log fireplace and two bedroom apartments, with brass bedsteads in each and a bath opening from each chamber. There is a fine silver service and a large collection of rare china.

Another Big Industry.

Josiah Summers, commonly called "Si," the great rattlesnake hunter of Snaggy Mountain, has become a famous character through the advertising he has received by the newspapers. Some time since the New York *World* gave him a big send-off by publishing a sketch of his life and deeds, and telling how he made a specialty of killing and capturing rattlesnakes and selling them alive and stuffed, and their rattles and buttons, and the oil extracted from their fat, which is said to be good for rheumatism, neuralgia and various other complaints. "Si's" mail is now so heavy that it makes the postmaster at Terra Alta swear and be glad when his time is out.

The great hunter has had to come in from Snaggy Mountain, and is located at Corinth, a small town on the B. & O. railroad near Terra Alta. Here he has opened an office and hired a secretary to read and answer his mail, as "Si" has no "book larnin'" himself. He is getting letters and orders from all parts of the country, and has raised his prices as the demand exceeds the supply. He used to sell his oil at fifty cents per pint, but now he has raised to $3.50 per pint. Live rattlers formerly sold at $2.50 per pair, but now Si promptly quotes them at $9.50. We are informed that recently a student from the Wisconsin University, who has been making a special study of poisons and their antidotes, etc., came all the way here to see Si and get all the information he could from him. Another report is, that a man from Michigan came out to get some of the rattlesnake oil for his rheumatism, as he had tried everything else without avail.

The demand has been so great here lately for Si's specialties that his stock is about exhausted, and he cannot procure a new supply till warm weather comes. Some of Si's friends suggested that he ought to mix his rattlesnake oil with something else, and thus make it go further, but he refused to do this, as he said it would not do the work then.—Kingwood Argus.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

Copyrighted by "Nemo."

Once upon a time a certain silversmith (Acts 29.24-41) gathered around him a mob, and for several hours all cried out "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." The silversmith had most excellent reason for the agitation since by belief in Diana he made his living. As for the rest, most of them "knew not wherefore they had come together," but they shouted just the same. That mob (not Demetrius himself) has always stood forth as an example of blind devotion.

* * *

Have we in our day any experience with such a gathering? I must answer very carefully, or possibly a later Demetrius may be affronted. For fifty years or more we have heard a swelling cry that has echoed and reechoed through the land, "Great is Education in the public school;" And by a sort of metal infection the cry has been taken up by all who heard until "Eduention! Education!! Education!!!" greets the ear on every side. —Now I reckon there were some Ephesians who worshipped Diana in sincerity and in truth. They actually gained strength from the wholesome myths that had gathered around her, and their shout, therefore, meant something far more spiritual than did the rest of the clamor:—much of it was for "business." So I believe that "Education" on the tongue of growing numbers who look deep down into the conditions of life, means all that is helpful and hopeful in the race. But with the great swaying, shouting multitude, it begins and ends with parrot-like book knowledge, it is against this very common view of the subject that these lines are directed.

* * *

As there are myriads of homes, each, more or less wisely or mistakenly, solicitous regarding the welfare and career of one or more children, perhaps in this column we may profitably dwell for a while on some phases of education that are much overlooked. Furthermore as these children will be the young people of the next century a right idea of education will be just as profitable a preparation for the opportunities of the new age, as will be the massing and unification of reform forces that I have dwelt on for the past weeks.

* * *

The question to answer to yourself at the outset is "What is the child mind?" Some things it is certainly NOT, and by disposing of the negatives, the positive purpose of education becomes clearer. It, the child mind, is not alone a sheet of paper to be written on at will, nor a gaping cistern to be filled to repletion, nor a plassic substance to be moulded just as you please, nor an animal to be taught to act without reflection, nor a mere machine to be set going and be kept going for the purpose of earning a living until death puts an end to need. In some ways it partakes of the nature of all of these figures of speech. But more than all, it is like an uncultivated territory to which man, the saviour comes, absolutely beyond his control is the original outline of that land. Its rivers, its hills and its valleys were there before it ever came into his possession. If the owner has wisdom, however, he carefully studies every portion and decides on the treatment needed to get the greatest possible good from the land at his disposal. He drains the lowlands and makes them produce. He removes the great boulders left by glaciers of former ages. He diverts a stream and makes even dry poor soil surrender things that are good. Furthermore, bear in mind, that whatever he puts into his fields by way of fertilizer or of seed is of no profit at all if it retains the condition or the form in which he distributed it. The soil it is in must act upon it, taking from the fertilizers or giving up to the seed; and therein is the wisdom of the husbandman shown in suiting his efforts to the character of the ground and then leaving light and air, soil and moisture,—things he never made and never will make,—to do their unobserved work by day and by night. One other point, and we will turn to the application of this somewhat lengthy similitude:—Each of all the tracts of land in your town calls for different attention. Every farmer reader of these lines will say "Amen" to that.

* * *

Thus is it with the child mind. Fond mother, bending over your dull-eyed babe for the first look of recognition, though that child in your wonderful sense, bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh, yet after all physically and mentally, it is nothing but a gathering into living form of inheritances of body and of mind that have come down through generations. Its latter life may convince you even that in some instance those gifts from earlier ages reach back to the days of savagery. It is for you and the teacher to operate upon conditions as you find them. Each child in a family has peculiarities of its own. Each little creature calls for individual consideration, just as with each of all the farms of your town. If the attempt is made to treat all alike in training and in control, the result is disastrous and cruel. This one needs to be urged to self assurance; that one to be held in check; here perfect frankness must be used to counteract a lying tendency there a little effort made to set a too confiding nature on its guard. Your failure to recognise all this means danger to the child and demonstrates your unfitness for training.

I know it will be said that it is fearfully difficult to give this close personal attention to each one. Certainly it is. So is it much more difficult to clear a piece of land than to leave it alone, but the farmer goes to work with a hope of gain and the teacher and parent should be actuated by the same motive. But the gain in the latter case is infinitely above merely material profit. It represents the removal of bad tendencies and the planting of grand purposes that after being absorbed into the being of the child shall be transmitted to generations yet unborn, but over whose fate your influence shall have been exerted. Is not that reward enough?

* * *

Go back to the "uncultivated territory" for a moment—if man neglects the swamps, they poison him; if he makes no clearings, he starves. We have but opened the subject.

The S. P. C. A.

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
—COWPER.

Every old or young person who wants to make the world happier and better can do so by identifying themselves with a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals and by trying to be kind to all living creatures. While it is true that Oakland has no such society, it is equally true that Oakland is brimming full of humane people, who would find a degree of pleasure and happiness in working for those who cannot help themselves that they do not now enjoy. Then why not organize a S. P. C. A.? It is not only humane, but educational, and what other country of the world is there greater need of humane education than ours. Ten thousand six hundred and fifty-two murders were committed in the United States last year.

Humane societies in their teaching are refining and elevating. The human mind cannot calculate the good which these societies have already done. They not only work for the good of the dumb animal, but for the poor and suffering also, and they have laid the foundation for the protection of life and property, the prevention of wars and every crime of violence, and the promotion of peace on earth and good will to all God's creatures both human and dumb. There is not only a good field for a humane society in Oakland, but for an auxillary, "a merciful society for the prevention of cruelty to all." Over twenty thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members. These bands of mercy are composed chiefly of children. Seeds of kindness to all living creatures when sown in the human heart—then the light of heaven will reach its innermost recess.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday-school teachers, should be presidents of bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed. K.

PLEDGE.

I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage.

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word harmless from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All.

We send without cost, to every person asking, a copy of Band of Mercy Information and other publications.

Also without cost, to every person who writes that he or she has formed a Band of Mercy by obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both—either signed or authorized to be signed—to the pledge, also the name chosen for the band and the name and postoffice address of the president,—

1. Our monthly paper, *Our Dumb Animals*, full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.

3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5. Eigh Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

"Any intelligent boy or girl four teenyears old can form a band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

"The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents; ribbon, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents, and membership book, eight cents. The Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

"Everybody, old or young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, Geo. T. Angell, Esq., President, 19 Milk street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information."

A Comical Scene.

I was married in India, writes Phil. Robinson, the author and traveler. I engaged for our honeymoon a little house—sixteen miles or so from any other habitation of white man—that stood on the steep white cliff of the Nebudda river, which here flows through a canyon of pure white marble. Close beside our house was a little hut, where a holy man lived in charge of an adjoining shrine by polishing little pieces of marble as mementos for visitors. It was a wonderful place altogether, and while my wife went in to change her dress, the servants laid breakfast on the veranda overlooking the river. At the first clatter of the plates there began to come down from the big tree that overshadowed the house, and up the trees that grew in the ravine behind it, from the house-roof itself, from everywhere, a multitude of solemn monkeys. They came up singly and in couples and in families, and took their places without noise or fuss on the veranda and sat there, like an audience waiting for an entertainment to commence. And when everything was ready, the breakfast all laid, the monkeys all seated—I went in to call my wife.

"Breakfast is ready and they are all waiting," I said.

"Who are waiting?" she asked in dismay. "I thought we were going to be alone, and I was just coming out in my dressing-gown."

"Never mind," I said, "*the people around here are not very fashionably dressed themselves.* They wear pretty much the same things all the year round."

And so my wife came out. Imagine then, her astonishment. In the middle of the veranda stood her breakfast table, and all the rest of the space, as well as the railings and the steps, was covered with monkeys, as grave as possible and as motionless and silent as if they were stuffed. Only their eyes kept blinking and their little round ears kept twitching. Laughing heartily—at which the monkeys only looked all the graver—my wife sat down.

"Will they eat anything?" asked she.

"Try them," I said.

So she picked up biscuit and threw it among the company. And the result! About three hundred monkeys jumped up in the air like one, and just for one instant there was a riot that defies description. The next instant every monkey was sitting in its place as solemn and serious as if it had never moved. Only their eyes winked and their ears twitched.

My wife threw them another biscuit and again the riot, and then another and another and another. But at length we had given all that we had to give and got up to go. The monkeys at once arose, every monkey on the veranda, and advancing gravely to the steps, walked down them in a solemn procession, old and young together, and dispersed for the day's occupations.

McHenry.

Sledding has been fine, but a little more sunshine will spoil it.

Mrs. D. W. Fraker has been very ill with la grippe.

Mrs. Franklin Suter, son and daughter were visiting at Mr. Jonas Glotfelty's Sunday last.

Quite a large crowd of people were at the Speicher church Sunday last, but the pastor did not make his arrival.

Mr. Brison Welsh is visiting friends and relatives at Markleysburg, Pa.

Mr. Nelson Brenneman is home enjoying the sledding.

Mr. W. W. Echard has been very ill but is convalescing; his son Calvin is very low.

We are sorry to hear Mr. Callis is talking of leaving our community.

Mr. and Mrs. Upton Cuppett and Mrs. Welsh, also Miss Belle Drane were visiting at Mr. Dr. D. W. Fraker's Sunday last.

The pastor of the M. E. Church being ill, Brother Callis filled his appointment at this place. There was small but appreciative audience.

Mineral Spring.

This place is increasing very fast, there being eight dwelling houses erected in the past few months.

Mrs. G. W. Logue is doing a flourishing business in her store.

Mr. Logue is preparing for bark peeling. He has about one hundred hands already employed.

R. F. Lenhart has been running the coal mine at this place extensively this winter.

Messrs. George and Frank Logue have just returned from a trip to see their father, who was very ill, but we are glad to hear he is better.

Holiday Bros. are engaged in making crossties on the tract of land owned by L. F. Neile.

Mr. George Stop and wife took a flying trip to Confluence to see their friends.

Mr. Ed. Hay, of Rockwood, Pa., has purchased the saw mill owned by J. W. Gasteiger, also a tract of timber from J. M. Miller.

The roads are almost impassable at this place.

J. W. Gasteiger has returned from a visit to Somerset.

Mr. Jonas Wass lost a fine drove of hogs, supposed to be frozen in the snow.

S. J. Ringer spent Monday as the guest of Mr. George Logue.

The school at this place is progressing nicely under the management of N. R. Selby.

Miss Nannie Hone departed for Indiana to see her sister, Mrs. Conner, who is very ill.

Swallow Falls.

Sledding is good.

Mr. W. T. Sines has gone to Marion county to spend a few days.

Mr. Freeman Lewis is very ill with the grip.

Mr. Thomas Cross has moved to Sang Run.

Mr. William Reams is making crossties for A. Knabb & Co.

Mr. William Sines spent a few days in Somerset county last week.

Misses Mollie and Laura Sines were visiting at J. N. Markley's last week.

Accident—Delayed.

That "disease is no respecter of persons" has been forcibly demonstated in our midst within the past two weeks. Our physicians have been laboring zealously against many attacks of pneumonia and lung fever, and with much success, which speaks well of their skill.

A new telephone enterprise is now about completed, the line to connect Friendsville and Accident. Thomas Flannagan, of Friendsville, is sole owner.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Englehart were visiting relatives at Aurora, W. Va., last week.

J. E. Gnagey is having lumber for the construction of a large barn, hauled from near Bittinger.

Bittinger.

Not seeing any items from our quiet little town, will endeavor to pen a few.

The farmers are making good use of the snow hauling lime and coal.

Miss Hannah Camp is absent from her school on account of the illness of her mother.

Mr. W. H. Lohr was at Swanton Sunday.

Mr. Silas O. Wiley, who has been in the west for some time is at home again.

Mr. Albert Brenneman visited Meyersdale recently.

Messrs. T. B. Wiley and C. J. Brenneman were at Elk Lick Monday.

Stop-over Privilege at Washington.

A ten day stop over at Washington, D. C., is now granted on all through tickets between the East and West, via Baltimore & Ohio R. R. Stop-over will also be granted on the return journey made on round trip tickets, within the final limit of such tickets, but not exceeding ten days. Passengers will deposit their tickets with the Ticket Agent at B. & O. R. R. Station in Washington, who will retain them until the journey is to be resumed, when they will be made good for continuous passage to destination by extension or exchange. This arrangement will doubtless be greatly appreciated by the traveling public because it will permit the holders of through tickets to make a brief visit to the National Capital without additional outlay for railroad fare.

FREE HOMES
...IN...
NORTH DAKOTA
160 Acres of Land FREE to Every Citizen.
Rich Agricultural Farming Lands
Free from Stumps and Stones.
NO FERTILIZER REQUIRED.
NO TAXES For Seven Years
Near
Churches and Schools.
Settling up very fast with DUNKERS, MENNONITES and AMISH People. CONVENIENT TO MARKETS. Full particulars free.
Address
A. C. HARVEY,
42 S. Third Street, Phila., Pa.
47—52

NOTICE.

All persons not having paid their corporation tax for the year 1896 are requested to do so at once, or I will be compelled to collect by process of law.

JAMES O. HINEBAUGH, Collector.

45-3

R. BOLDEN,
Tin, Galvanized and Sheet Iron WORKER.
Roofing and Spouting Done on Short Notice.
Special Attention Given to Repairing,
ALL WORK GUARANTEED. GIVE US A CALL.

ESTATE OF RACHEL HORNBROOK, DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett County, Maryland, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the estate of

RACHEL HORNBROOK,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 10th day of August next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 1st day of February, 1897.

LOVILLA F. BELLAIRD, Executrix
48-4 Mt. Lake Park, Md.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

NOTICE.

ORPHANS' COURT, GARRETT COUNTY, FEBRUARY TERM, 1897.

Ordered, by the Orphans' Court for Garrett County, this 9th day of February, 1897, that Executors, Administrators and Guardians who have not performed all the duties required of them according to law, are hereby notified and requested to perform their duties on or before the 23rd day of February, 1897, so that proper returns of estates may be made to the County Commissioners for taxation.

DANIEL WILSON, C. J. O. C.
T. H. CUPPETT, J. O. C.
True Copy, Test: J. W. WHITE, Register.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the trust estate of Bradford Bros. No. 761 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

This is to give notice to the creditors of Bradford Bros. to file their claims properly authenticated with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before the 26th day of February, 1897, as I will then state an account in the above entitled cause, distributing the money in the hands of John Sharrer, receiver, to the parties entitled to participated in the distribution of the fund.

JULIUS C. BENNINGER, Special Auditor.

WANTED:
ROCK OAK BARK.
Write for prices.
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
49-13 CUMBERLAND, MD.

To the Teachers of Garrett County.

THE REPUBLICAN, in order to increase its circulation, makes the following offer to the School Teachers of Garrett County:

We have a set of

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA,

numbering nine volumes, bound in silk cloth, pages 10x14 inches, and strictly up-to-date in every particular, which we will award to the teacher who sends to this office between now and May 1, 1897, the largest number of paid-up yearly subscribers to THE REPUBLICAN.

To the teacher who sends the second largest number we will give

$5.00 IN GOLD

and to the one sending the third largest number we will award a handsomely bound volume entitled

"Portfolio of the World's Photographs."

Begin work at once to secure one of these prizes. The Encyclopedia has the endorsement of Superintendent Palmer, and cannot be purchased to-day for less than $25 cash.

Send in the names and the cash as fast as received. Proper credit will be given.

Address,

THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

DO YOU realize the fact that only a slight cough or cold neglected sometimes leads to consumption?

DO YOU appreciate the fact that Honey-Tolu is the surest cure for a cough or cold?

DO YOU suffer from Hoarseness, Tickling in the Throat, or Chronic Cough? Honey-Tolu will cure it.

DO YOU have that dry Hacking Cough and Sore Throat? Honey-Tolu will cure it.

DO YOU have that troublesome Cough that usually follows La Grippe? Honey-Tolu will cure it.

DO YOU know that Honey-Tolu has saved the lives of thousands of children? It has, because it is never known to fail in cases of croup or Whooping Cough; it cures.

DO YOU know that many consumptives rely entirely on Honey-Tolu for relief from those Coughing Spells? It relieves when other remedies fail.

DO YOU know this wonderful and efficient remedy can be had from your regular dealer in large bottles for only 25 cents? Ask for it.

DO YOU have a cough or cold at this time? If so, get Honey-Tolu; if not, get Honey-Tolu anyhow, and have it in the house ready for emergencies; one dose in the middle of the night is worth a whole bottle in the store the next morning.

PIEDMONT STONE & LIME CO.,
Owned and operated by The E. J. Frodlock Manufacturing and Building Company, of Piedmont.
WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH
Superior Lime
TO BUILDERS, FARMERS AND TANNERS IN BARRELS OR BULK TO SUIT PURCHASERS.
This lime is equal in strength for agricultural, building and mining purposes to the Frederick or Baltimore county lime.
KILNS AT CRABTREE, MD.
Address all orders to
The E. J. Frodlock M'f'g and B'l'g Co.,
43-26 PIEDMONT, W. VA.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE

Real Estate

IN DEER PARK, Garrett County, MD.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Adam H. Long and Anna C. Long, his wife, dated the 17th day of June, 1893, and recorded in Liber L. Z. T. No. 21, folio 588, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, the undersigned will offer at public sale, on the premises, on

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1897,

At the hour of two o'clock p. m.,

The following described property, situated, lying and being in Deer Park, Garrett county Maryland:

Beginning at the end of the second line of a lot of ground belonging to the United Church Association of Deer Park, and running thence along Church street, north 28 degrees east 60 feet to Geo. Marley's fence; thence with said fence north 62 degrees west 89 feet to H. G. Davis' line; thence with said line south 27 degrees west 61 feet to the "Church Lot," and thence south 62 degrees east 70 feet to the beginning, it being improved by a

FINE DWELLING

and out-buildings. This is the same property formerly owned by Dr. Laughlin, and is near his present residence.

TERMS OF SALE:—One-third cash and the balance secured by mortgage on the property, payable in two years, or all cash at purchaser's option.

PERCY H. VEITCH,
43-1 Attorney named in the Mortgage.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, November 21, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily	2.46	A. M.
No. 3—Daily	6.28	A. M.
No. 71—Accom daily except Sun	9.30	A. M.
No. 45—Daily	10.49	A. M.
No. 55—Express, daily	5.58	P. M.
No. 1—Daily	8.8	P. M.

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily	5.50	A. M.
No. 2—Daily	6.41	A. M.
No. 72—Accom daily except Sun	1.38	P. M.
No. 16—Daily	1.44	P. M.
No. 4—Daily	12.29	A. M.

Will take passengers for Terra Alta, Rowlesburg, Newburg and Tunnelton.

CHAS. O. SCULL, General Passenger Agent.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

SOUTHWARD No. 3 P. M.	No. 1 A. M.	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2 NOON	No. 4 P. M.
3 00	8 00 lv	Cumberland ar	12 00	17 30
3 31	8 31	Rawlings	11 20	6 50
3 56	8 56	Keyser	11 01	6 30
4 09	9 09	Westernport	10 51	6 23
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. June.	10 48	6 20
4 37	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5 52
5 00	10 00	Harrison	10 00	5 28
6 15	10 15 ar	Elk Garden	8 55	4 00
5 35	10 35 lv	Gorman	9 21	4 54
5 41	10 41	Bayard	9 15	4 48
5 52	10 52	Dobbin	9 01	4 36
6 23	11 23	Thomas	8 34	4 06
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	8 00	3 15
6 27	11 27 lv	Coketon	8 31	4 42
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	7 50	4 01
6 57	11 57	Bretz	7 54	3 25
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 51	3 22
7 39	12 39	Kerens	7 18	2 47
8 00*	1 00 ar	Elkins	lv 6 60	2 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	1 56
				P. M.
	3 05* ar	Beallington	lv	11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily, *Daily except Sunday.

C. J. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. O. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

After Sunday, Dec. 27, and until further notice Sunday trains will be discontinued.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND. : GARRETT CO., MD

BILL, THE PLOTTER.

BY LESTER KETCHUM.

IT seems but yesterday that old Bill Ijams lurched into the office, fell over a chair or two, sat himself down upon the edge of my table, and announced, with drunken gravity, that he was the best blunk-dashed job-printer that hit the pike.

"Yes?" I said, briefly, glancing up from one of the pungent paragraphs that used to cause me so much amusement, yet were not appreciated by the exchange editors of the metropolitan papers.

"Didn't I say so, young feller?" he asked, in an aggrieved tone, as he reached for my box of smoking-tobacco and stowed away a handful of it behind his wealth of bristling mustache and whiskers. "Gimme a job?" he added, closing one eye and viewing me critically with the other, the while he masticated the tobacco.

We needed a man, so I called the foreman.

"Give this man that bill-head job of Dudley's, Ed, and see what he can do," I said.

"I'll dern soon show ye what ol' Bill c'n do, young feller," grumbled Mr. Ijams, as he rolled off the table and followed Ed. "Ol' Bill c'n turn out artistic work fr'm a blacksmith shop—such 's I take this t' be, sonny," with a contemptuous glance at the interior of the press and composing-room. Then he hung up his coat, filled his old cob pipe—with my tobacco—grabbed a "stick," and went to work.

The proof of that one-horse bill-head job, when it was handed me, about three-quarters of an hour later, filled me with joy. It was a thing of beauty—a masterpiece.

"Do you want to stay here awhile?" I asked, having in mental view numerous orders for job-work on the strength of Mr. Ijams' unquestionable ability in that line. Bill was standing with folded arms, leering at me with that one-eyed squint of his.

"'Course—ef ye c'n stan' my price."

"What is it?"

He named a figure about seven dollars a week higher than I felt we could afford; but as I pondered over it, he added: "But I c'n do more work th'n two ord'nary men—ef I git it t' do."

"All right," I said, finally, "we'll try it a week," and I turned again to my work.

"Hold on," he said. "I want t' make 'n agreement with ye. Don't let me have any money. I can't stand prosperity, ye see. So, ef ye'd jest's soon stake me out at some boardin'house, an' git me a little eatin' an' burnin' t'bacca, I'll be fixed."

This was agreed to, as was also the request that I "stake" him for another drink, to "steady his nerves." Then Bill settled down to work—and if ever there was a star of the first magnitude in the job-printing line, he was that same. I took samples of the first two or three jobs he turned out, and with these I sallied forth and booked more orders than we had received in months past; but old Bill, slow in his movements as he was, proved equal to the rush, and everything was done on time, as promised. Not only was he valuable in his working capacity, but he kept us all amused with a constant flow of anecdotes, related in his dry way in a drawling voice rendered husky by years of dalliance with John Barleycorn and tobacco.

He had been with us about a week, when, one morning, he slouched into the office and dropped into a chair near me. For some time he puffed away at

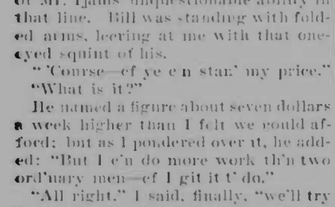

"GIMME A JOB."

his vile old pipe without speaking, but finally remarked, apropos of nothing:

"Tell me ye write some f'r magazines, an' so on."

I admitted that I possessed literary aspirations.

"'F ye want s'm' rattlin' good plots," said Bill, with some diffidence, "I c'n fill ye full of 'em. Make 'em up when I'm drunk 'r on th' road. Good ones, too."

"Yes?" I said, wearily—for I had spent many a dull hour with that variety of bore with "a rattling good plot" to tell about. "Why don't you write 'em yourself?"

"Can't; ain't never sober long enough," said Bill, frankly. "When I am sober, I have t' work 't th' trade, so's t' git quick r'turns. But I'll tell you some of 'em. Stay awhile, after they go t' press, some night, an' we'll chaw th' rag."

With all due gratitude to Bill for his kindly interest in my affairs, and the painstaking way in which he imparted to me those plots of his upon which such successful bits of fiction were to be builded, it must be said that his efforts to assist me were fruitless. Either Bill sober forgot the principal features of the plots mapped out by Bill drunk, or his listener was singularly obtuse and failed to see things as Bill himself did. At any rate, I am not going to tell what became of the three or four manuscripts in which some of old Bill's ideas were embodied.

This saddened Bill and made him morose. The last straw came in the shape of a note from an editorial friend who had published a number of sketches of mine, in which he frankly stated his private opinion that I must have an awful nerve to expect him to read such rot, much less publish it. I handed the letter to Bill. He read it in silence, then, with some lurid profanity directed at editors in general, turned and left the office.

At five o'clock in the afternoon he came back, drunk and abusive, and wanted what money was due him. I tried to dissuade him, telling him we wanted him to stay with the office awhile.

"T' deuce with you an' th' office!" he roared. "Gimme my time!"

"But the bank's closed, Bill," I pleaded. "Won't a few dollars do until tomorrow?"

"Give—me—my—time—now!"

I went out, cashed a check with some difficulty, and came back and gave Bill his money. He went out growling.

Next morning he came in showing the effects of his debauch, and sat down by the stove.

"Ready to go to work, Bill?" I asked.

"No. I'm goin' t' hit th' road," he said, gruffly. "C'n ye let me have four bits?"

"Great Caesar, Bill! You won't quit us, with all those jobs on the book?" I cried, in dismay.

"Might as well. Won't be any good ef I stay," he replied, with considerable firmness. "Do I git th' four bits?"

He got it, and, after shaking hands all round, he disappeared in the direction of the railway station.

About six months later Bill floated into the office again. If he had been sober during the interval, there certainly was nothing about his appearance to indicate it. I have seen almost every variety of bum and tramp, but in all my experience I cannot recall meeting one of such thoroughly unwholesome appearance as Bill presented that morning.

"Wie gehts, sonny?" he hiccoughed, cheerfully, holding out his dirty paw. "Know me?"

I surveyed him with ill-concealed disgust, as I remarked:

"It is possible that a bath and a barber might disclose the face and form of my old friend Bill. But now—great Scott, Bill! Go and get a bath and a hair cut."

He took the dollar I gave him, chuckled hoarsely and left, to return in about an hour somewhat improved in appearance and ready for work.

"Say," he remarked, as he took off his coat, "I've got th' best derned plot f'r a short story ye ever heard of. I'll tell ye t' night."

But alas! it was like all the others he had given me, and quite as valueless as those he subsequently imparted to me during his three weeks' sojourn with us. At the end of that time he departed in much the same manner as before. He got drunk, "went broke," borrowed a half-dollar again, and walked out of town.

A year or so after the death of the always sickly Journal, of which I had been editor-in-chief from the beginning, I met Bill in Chicago. I was then "doing police" on one of the morning papers and it was while attending the Monday morning "round-up" at the old Armory station that I became aware of his presence. As the police judge, after looking at the name on the sheet before him, remarked something about "jim-jams" being a more appropriate name than "Ijams," I glanced up, and there, in the prisoner's dock was old Bill, looking, oh! so tough! but with a knowing leer on his face as he recognized me.

I whispered to the judge, who grinned. "Old friend, eh? William, the officer says you were drunk and disorderly Saturday night. How about it?"

"Guilty, judge," said Bill, cheerfully.

"M—hm. Ever been here before, William?"

"Not as many times 's I ought t' been."

"Coming again? No? Discharged. Your friend here wishes to see you, William."

Bill was entirely unabashed when I met him at the door, and seemed greatly amused at my suggestion that he ought to be ashamed of himself. "I never thought you'd come to this, Bill," I said, severely.

"Fiddle - de - dee, boy! Likewise 'rats!' " replied Bill, with coarse disregard for the dignity of my official star. "Ef I had two bits f'r ev'ry time that's happened, I would be tryin' t' borrow a dollar now," he continued, adroitly.

He got the dollar and on the way uptown unfolded to me one of the "best derned plots" for a story he had ever evolved; but it was not good enough to consider, and my manner told him so.

"I'll leave ye here," he said, abruptly, as we came to Van Buren street. "I look too tough t' go uptown with ye, but looky, sonny, nex' time I see ye, I'm sure goin' to give ye a plot that 'll make y'r hair curl. Understand?"

We parted and Bill made a bee-line for the nearest place to get an "eye-opener." That was the last I saw of him for two years.

Of all the ubiquitous individuals I ever ran across in all sorts of out-of-the-way places and elsewhere, Bill Ijams was the one oftenest in evidence. The next time I saw him was in New York; next, I found him officiating as foreman in a little newspaper office in a Nebraska prairie town; and a year later he turned up in San Francisco, and stumbled across my path. On each and every occasion he had "the best derned plot" all ready to give me; and, quite as regularly, nothing came of it.

A few months after seeing him in San Francisco, while chatting with the editor of a paper in southern New Mexico, I heard a familiar voice from the door of the composing-room asking some question about a "job." Behold our old friend Bill, stick in hand, with the same old familiar one-eyed leer on his grizzled countenance. After he went out I told the editor about him.

"Why don't you take the old villain out to the mine and straighten him out, if you're going to be there awhile?" asked Sherman. "He's good for years if you can keep him sober; but he nearly died after his last jamboree, a few weeks ago. He's about 'due' again, by now."

Just then Bill's head emerged from the doorway. "Say, sonny," he remarked, "I got somethin' t' tell ye, ef y're 'round t'night. It's a corker, sure, this time."

"All right, Bill. Come over and take supper at the hotel with me."

Bill readily accepted the proposition I held out to him to go over to our camp and work. He liked the prospect of a change of employment, and also that of being out of reach of his old enemy when one of his "spells" came on.

"ONE OF THE BEST DERNED PLOTS."

So when I drove out next day, I was accompanied by this cheerful old reprobate, who seemed happy as a boy over the outlook. He had one or two "plots" to unfold, too; but he did not seem hurt when I failed to enthuse over them.

Bill had been with us at White Hawk about three months, and during that time had succeeded not only in standing off "the old enemy," but in making himself the most popular man in camp, besides. So it was with genuine regret that everybody heard that he was about to pull up stakes and move on. But the roving fever had him, and nothing we could do or say would induce him to reconsider.

Without his knowledge "the boys" bestirred themselves in his behalf, and on the eve of his departure he was decoyed up to Higgins' boarding house, where a "grand ball" was being held in his honor. And when they presented the old fellow with a handsome watch: "This is addin' insult t' injury," said Bill, with grateful tears in his bleary old eyes.

About midnight, when the baile was at its height, came startling news, brought from a late arrival from the Arizona line. The notorious "Kid" and his cutthroat band of reds were out on the warpath, and it behooved those present—the men, at least—to get to their respective ranches and look after their building and stock.

A week later found us, a mere handful of men, hampered by the presence of half a hundred women and children, besieged in garrison by a hundred or more agency-fed redskins, who had obviously succeeded in heading off couriers going toward the military posts, and proposed to starve us out. And we were in a sad way. There was plenty of water, but provisions were getting distressingly low, and, worse still, our supply of ammunition could not hold out much longer.

It was a very dejected lot of men that gathered together that August morning in Higgins', which was our "fort," and discussed the situation. It had come to pass that, unless help arrived very, very soon, we must manage to get a courier through to the fort—an undertaking that, more than likely, meant death to the man attempting it. In this emergency arose old Bill.

"I'll go—t'night," said he. "I got nobody t' keer f'r me; no chick n'r child. I'm nearly seventy years old, an' not long f'r this world, anyhow. 'Course, I'm a tenderfoot, but I c'n try t' git through, anyhow."

It must be confessed, to our everlasting discredit, that we saw the logic of Bill's arguments, and the protests against his proposition were few and insincere. That night, mounted on the best horse in camp, and heavily armed, Bill Ijams went out into the darkness, to give up what remained of his miserable, mistaken life for others.

He must have got lost in the hills that night; for when the reds sighted him next day he was only a few miles on his way. He gave them a running fight for several miles, but was finally hit by a stray shot and obliged to seek cover in the rocks. He made a good fight for his ebbing life, as the empty cartridge shells around the rocks where he had sought refuge amply proved.

We found him the second day after he left us, stark naked and horribly mutilated. In his tightly clenched left hand was a scrap of paper, evidently overlooked by his murderers. On it was hastily written:

"Boys: They've got me, and I can see them crawling up. Good-by.—BILL. P. S.—Just got one. Maybe Nisby can make a story out of this."

There was more, but it was undecipherable. I thought that, with his eye on the enemy, he had tried to outline another plot.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A BOARDING HOUSE STORY.

The Landlady Thinks She is Brainy and Tries to Be Erudite.

Most women reach a time of life and a stage of hard wear at which they take refuge in being merely brainy, or being considered so.

I had not thought that the boarding house landlady would be attacked with this fatal complaint, which can generally be warded off by cooking and the elementary arithmetic of the grocer's book, but I had not outlived the stay of more than four hired girls when the landlady fell a victim to the disease.

The first sign of it was a sudden and persistent fish diet and a pocket dictionary in her apron pocket. She served the soup out with the manner of the president of Sorosis and her wrapper began to assume a dog-eared and literary air.

But circumstances were against her.

One day the table was graced by a red rose not of the calico and artificial type that decorated the reception room, smelling of patchouli and flaunting like a brazen woman, but a natural, sweet-smelling, and certainly ten-cent one.

"Say," said the hotel clerk, "this is gettin' Waldortian, eh?"

"I believe," said the landlady, "in feeding my boarders' souls as well as their bodies."

The landlady's gentleman friend from Toledo, O., launched lumps of bread upon his turbulent soup.

"Special rates for theological students?" he asked.

"I mean the intellectual soul," said the landlady.

"Seems to me it's only the newspaper woman who's gettin' any good out of this new deal," said the hotel clerk. "Each individual and his special requirements should be considered. Yes, ma'am. A switchback running upstairs for hotel clerks at night now, landing 'em safely at the bedroom door, would show consideration."

"Pink lamp shades for the elderly ladies," murmured the typewriter.

"Constant supply of credulous and frivolous young men boarders," retorted the elderly manicure lady, sharply.

"Don't forget young Rialto's needs," said the gentleman from Toledo, O. "Whatcher want besides an engagement, Rialto?"

Young Rialto Irving Wallack, the only man in the house who possessed a fur-lined coat, was just getting into pose to speak lengthily when the man who travels for ladies' neckwear said: "A listener."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," said the landlady, "why will you spoil my little effort to improve the intellectual atmosphere?"

"I believe," said the lady student of nobody knows what, "that we feed our bodies too much and our souls too little. I know," she continued, with the air of one who had successfully collared the conversation and meant to keep it, "through experience and reading that it is only suffering, hunger and even starvation that brings out the muscles of genius. The restaurant keeper kills what the colleges give birth to—the—"

But, according to the habit of the boarders, when the lady student of nobody knew what collared the conversation, they one by one folded their tents—I mean their serviettes—and silently stole away.

In the hall the young man who traveled for neckwear said confidentially to the hotel clerk:

"Well, say, the board's gone off terribly lately, and I know one thing, Bill, I ain't goin' to be starved into bein' a genius!"

Then Bill said, as he went upstairs, that two weeks of ship biscuit and salt water couldn't do that.—N. Y. World.

HE COULDN'T SWIM.

But He Kept Hold of the Anvil When He Went Down.

They were talking about swimming at the city hall the other day, and among those engaged in the discussion was "Jim" Springman, the well-known deputy marshal. Springman has charge of the cage at the city hall where the prisoners are detained before being taken into court, and also has charge of their transportation to and from the jail. He is a man of many stirring adventures and of remarkable physical powers. Therefore his remark that he cannot swim his own length was heard with not a little astonishment.

"But although I can't swim I've been overboard several times," explained Springman, "and I have yet to be drowned. However, I came pretty near it at one time during the war, when I was employed as an iron worker down at the wharves. That day I was carrying a 75-pound anvil on my shoulder along the wharf, when the first thing I knew I was overboard in about 20 feet of water. I went right down to the bottom, but I didn't stay there but a second, and up I came. The moment I got my head out of water I had sense enough to grab hold of a pile, and there I hung until they fished me out with a rope."

"Did they ever get the anvil, Jim?" asked one of the crowd.

"Did they?" remarked Springman. "Why, man, you may believe me or not, but I never let go of that anvil. You see," went on Springman, ignoring the smiles of the crowd, "I was walking along with the anvil on my left shoulder, and when I went down I shot down so quick that I hadn't time to let go of it. So when I bobbed up the thing came up with me, right on my shoulder, too, just where it was when I dropped overboard. You see, it was all done so quick that I hadn't time to think, or else I'd let go of it and—"

But the crowd had dispersed.—Washington Star.

At a Literary Dinner.

"I suppose there were some bright things said at Mrs. Lionunter's literary dinner party last night?"

"A few."

"Who got off the most interesting?"

"The butler—when he announced that dinner was ready."—Illustrated Bits.

EARLY DUTCH SAILORS.

Weird Description of a Former Method of Naval Discipline.

Keelhauling was a method of naval discipline particularly in vogue with the Dutch navy, for, as Van Tromp swept the channel with a broom at his masthead, his countrymen sometimes used human sweepers under their keels. In large square-rigged vessels the victim was lashed to a spar and had iron weights secured to his feet; spans were secured to this spar and lines were led from it to the mainyard. When all was ready the culprit was swayed up to the mainyard, dropped into the sea and hauled under the ship to the other side. Here is the way Marryat describes its operation in that small cutter where Smallbones suffered and Snarleyow was thought to be a dog fiend: "This ingenious process," he writes, "is nothing more nor less than scudding a poor navigator on a voyage of discovery under the bottom of the vessel, lowering him down over the bows, and with the ropes retaining him exactly in his position under the keelson, while he is drawn aft by a hauling line until he makes his appearance at the rudder chains, generally speaking quite out of breath, not at the rapidity of his motion, but because when so long under the water he has expended all the breath in his body and induced to take salt water in lieu. * * * In the days of keelhauling the bottoms of vessels were not coppered, and in consequence were all studded with a species of shellfish called barnacles, which attached themselves; and as these shells were all open-mouthed and with sharp, cutting points, those who underwent this punishment (for they were made to hug the keelson of the vessel by the ropes at each side fastened to their arms) were cut and scored all over the body, as if with so many lancets, generally coming up bleeding in every part. But this was considered rather advantageous than otherwise, as the loss of blood restored the patient if he was not quite drowned, and the consequence was that one out of three, it is said, have been known to recover after their submarine excursion."

No words can add to this weird description of a very old and hearty sea way of murdering. All the officers of junior and middle rank and all the men, whether volunteered, shanghaied or pressed, were systematically underpaid and robbed.—Harper's Weekly.

Rebirth of Flies.

The resurrection of flies by burial in cigar ash, a phenomenon which has recently created considerable interest in scientific circles, must not be put down to the credit of the nineteenth century. It was known 1,700 years ago to Lucia, a Grecian of Samosaka, who writes: "If a little ashes is strewed on a dead fly, the creature will undergo a complete rebirth, which should be a satisfactory proof of the immortality of the fly soul, since the latter is able to return to its body, take possession of it, animate it and cause it to fly away."—Chicago Chronicle.

Motor Wagons for Produce.

Motor cars capable of drawing three wagons containing ten tons of produce are about to be introduced into Liverpool. The wagons are to be loaded at the ships' side and the ordinary highways are to be utilized without laying rails or using any other mechanical aids.

Disgrace for Bad Graduates.

When a graduate of Cambridge university, England, commits a crime, the authorities of the university take his degree from him and strike his name from the rolls of the alumni.

A. W. McCORMICK & SONS, Pension Attorneys, whose advertisement appears every other week in this paper, are at Cincinnati, Ohio, and Washington, D. C. They are thoroughly reliable.

"You say they had a duel on the street?" "Yes; French; two bystanders shot."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

WE have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—LIZZIE FERREL, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, '94.

IN WHIST.—"Papa, what is the glad hand?" "Five trumps and a long suit."—Chicago Record.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c.

THE greatest obligation of the parent to the child is to give it a safe example.—Ram's Horn.

ACTORS, Vocalists, Public Speakers praise Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.

PIKE's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

THE nice things that are said about a dead man fool no one; not even his widow.—Atchison Globe.

WHEN billions or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

"WHAT a small mind Mrs. Youlyane has!" "Naturally. She has given her husband so many pieces of it."—Tit-Bits.

KNOCKED out by lumbago? It's because you don't cure it with St. Jacobs Oil.

TO non it of love is the greatest wrong that can be done a child.—Ram's Horn.

ANY kind of a bruise St. Jacobs Oil will cure at any time, no matter how bad.

Blood

That is pure, rich and full of vitality feeds the nerves and gives strength to all the organs. Therefore keep the blood pure by taking

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills do not cause pain or gripe. All druggists. 25c.

Homeseekers' Excursion Tickets.

On February 15th and 16th, March 1st, 2nd, 15th and 16th, April 5th, 6th, 19th and 20th, May 3rd, 4th, 17th and 18th, 1897, Homeseekers' excursion tickets will be sold by the Cleveland, Akron & Columbus R'y., to nearly every point in the West, North and Northwest, South and Southwest at rates of about one fare for the round trip.

Parties contemplating a trip will do well to see or write to any C. A. & C. R'y. agent for rates of fare, limits of tickets and full information, or to the undersigned, C. F. DALY, General Passenger Agent, Cleveland, O.

"IT is certainly wonderful how much science can do for us." "Yes; Mrs. Frontrow has learned to hypnotize her baby, and she didn't miss a club meeting the whole week."—Cleveland Record.

Low Rates to the West and South.

Via B. & O. S-W. Ry. Feb. 1, 2, 15 and 16, for Home-Seekers, to points in Alabama, Arkansas, Arizona, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Indian Territory, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, New Mexico, Oklahoma, the Carolinas, the Dakotas, Utah, Virginia, Wisconsin, Wyoming, Tennessee, Texas, etc. The limit and stop-over privileges will permit thorough inspection of the country. For tickets and further information call on agents B. & O. S-W. Ry.

USUALLY when a man defends other people he is defending something in his own past experience.—Atchison Globe.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco. Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed, 50c and $1.00, all druggists.

WHEN a girl wants to say a decollete gown is not becoming to another girl she casually mentions "that her neck is like a hat rack."—Atchison Globe.

Small Prices for Vehicles and Harness.

The Elkhart Carriage and Harness Mfg. Co., Elkhart, Ind., have for 24 years been selling their goods direct to consumers at factory prices. Horse owners should send for large, free catalogue that will save them money.

"I HAVE two friends who never talk behind my back. You may think you have a greater number, but probably you are mistaken."—Drake Watson.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. DR. KLINE, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

A GOOD many folks will stop you to tell you some great story, and when you have listened a little while, you find it is merely a scheme to tell something about themselves.

"FOR 6 years had neuralgia." You haven't used St. Jacobs Oil to cure it.

THE devil's hardest blows are aimed at the home.—Ram's Horn.

IF stiff and sore, St. Jacobs Oil will cure you. Won't lose a day. The cure is sure.

BORROWED trouble is always the most burdensome.

"CAN'T cure my rheumatism!" You can, you must use St. Jacobs Oil.

"CAN you read French?" "Er—not aloud."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

IT may come last, but St. Jacobs Oil is the best to cure sprains. It ought to be first.

JUST try a 10c. box of Cascarets candy cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made

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PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

A. N. K.—C 1643

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Sarsaparilla Sense.

Any sarsaparilla is sarsaparilla. True. So any tea is tea. So any flour is flour. But grades differ. You want the best. It's so with sarsaparilla. There are grades. You want the best. If you understood sarsaparilla as well as you do tea and flour it would be easy to determine. But you don't. How should you?

When you are going to buy a commodity whose value you don't know, you pick out an old established house to trade with, and trust their experience and reputation. Do so when buying sarsaparilla.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has been on the market fifty years. Your grandfather used Ayer's. It is a reputable medicine. There are many sarsaparillas. But only one Ayer's. IT CURES.

TEMPERANCE.

TWO LITTLE MAIDENS.

Two little maids I met one day—
The one in carriage grand
On cushioned seat sat prim and sweet
With mamma close at hand.

In dainty lace and dainty fur
The little miss was clad.
Her eyes were blue, and smiled at you
In a way to make you glad.

The lashes dark the rosy cheeks
Kissed soft, and golden brown
Was hair so fair that waved in air
As carriage rolled toward town.

The other maid in alley dark
Trudged cold, and lone and sad,
And her eyes, too, were heaven's blue
But no light made them glad.

Her little limbs and feet were bare
And winter's breeze so chill
About her face of native grace
Made locks to play at will.

Her mamma's heart was broke one day—
Not even baby love
Could stay the hand from "other land"
That beckoned her above.

Dear little maids I met that day!
Canst tell why heart of one
Was light and gay and bright as day
And other sad and lone?

A shadow dark stood in my path
And shut away the sun—
It told me true as I tell you
A drunkard's child was one.
—Mrs. C. H. D. Thompson, in Union Signal.

A COLD-HEARTED THEORY.

Comments of the Chicago Advance on a Recent Publication.

Good people were shocked a few years ago by the publication of an article on the economic function of vice. The writer held that vice performed a useful service to society by taking off the weaklings, degenerates, as Nordau would say. And now comes Mr. Archdall Reid, who in his volume: "The Recent Evolution of Man," maintains that alcohol does good work in the same way. It kills off a class of people who do no good by living and ought not to multiply. Savages are swept right out of the way by the introduction of alcohol, but the nations which have longest used it are least affected by such use because the weaklings have been sifted out and the most fit survive. The nations of southern Europe, says Mr. Reid, are of this kind. They have used wine so long that the individuals who were not fitted to use it have largely perished. But Mr. Reid will find it difficult to convince the world that those who do survive are better fitted to live than the nations farther north. The Spaniard and the Italian may be able to stand large quantities of alcohol, but they cannot bear comparison with the people whose nervous energy and eager action make them an easy prey to the destructive effects of alcohol. The Spaniards do not think that the Cuban insurgents are fit to live, and the rest of the world entertains about the same opinion of the butchers who are trying to suppress them, but whisky does not seem to have much effect on either one. But the "Recent Evolution of Man" is another indication of cold-blooded and increasing disposition to regard life as a merciless process which is to eliminate, not redeem, the weak, and to leave the world in possession of a favored class who are superior not to the temptations of evil, but to its destructive power.—Chicago Advance.

LONDON'S DRINK BILL.

Is More Than One-Half the Ratable Value of the Entire City.

The population of the county of London in 1895 was little short of 4,500,000, and the amount of money spent in London for drink was £20,000,000, or $100,000,000. This sum is more than one-half of the present ratable value of London.

The rating estimates adopted by the London county council on May 5, 1896, for the new financial year, formed a total of £3,369,847, which amount could be provided six times over from the sum spent upon intoxicating liquors. The total of the maintenance account of the London school board for the year ended March 25, 1895, was £2,160,761, in addition to which a further sum of £509,162 was spent in connection with the erection of new schools, the charge for which will be spread over a number of years. But these two sums combined could have been provided nearly eight times over from one year's "drink bill." The gross yearly expenditure on relief to the poor in London is about £2,750,000, which is only one-eighth of the amount of London's "drink bill." The net debt of the county of London at the present time is £19,215,000, the whole of which could be paid off in one year by the sum spent upon intoxicating liquors. The school board and the various local authorities of London have a debt of an almost equal amount, which could be disposed of in another year.—National Temperance Advocate.

STARTLING FIGURES.

The Alarming Proportions of New South Wales Drink Bill for 1895.

The New South Wales drink bill for 1895 is given below. The quantities are from official returns and the prices are averaged, allowance being made for those up the country. The total is approximate only, but is sufficiently near the actual sum as is necessary to know for all ordinary purposes. The figures for 1895 are:

Spirits, 921,562 gallons, at 37s	£1,701,890
Wines (sparkling) 11,216 gals., at 40s	22,432
Wines (still), 68,521 gallons at 2½s	18,521
Wines (colonial), 727,372 gals., at 10s	363,686
Beers (imported in wood), 846,499 gallons, at 5s	211,612
Beers (imported in bottle), 785,843 gallons, at 7s	275,045
Beers (colonial) 9,707,608, at 3s	1,456,141
Total for 1895	£4,102,227 ($20,511,635)

This is £10,403 more than in the previous year. The true increase or decrease is seen in the sum per head. As the mean population was 1,264,600, it was £3 4s 10d per head for every man, woman and child, or a decrease on 1894 of 10d.

There were 4,237,755,943 cigars manufactured last year in America for American consumption.

HIS FIRST CHANCE.

How a Man Cursed with a Thirst for Drink Was Saved.

A young man had just joined the church. He was in the very first glow of religious elation, and eager to do something definite and important to prove himself worthy of the Christian name. It was a country church, old and conservative. There were few young people in it, and there did not seem to be any opportunity for practical everyday Christian work.

In the congregation was a man who had been a drunkard. To use a common phrase, he had reformed and had become a changed man. He was thinking seriously of uniting with the church when his probation had ended.

One day, in stress of temptation, he was overcome by his old appetite. He remained under its debasing influence for about a week. Then he went in great trouble to a friend and said:

"What shall I do?"

"Do?" said the other. "There is but one thing to do. Go to the prayer-meeting. Take your usual seat, rise at the usual time and tell the whole story. Ask the pardon of God and of the church. Do this, if you are sorry. If you are not sorry, stay away."

The poor fellow went and did as he had been advised. Tremblingly he told of his temptation and of his fall. With tears he offered his confession, and asked that the petitions of God's people might be offered for Divine help, that he might never again be overcome by temptation; but not a word of encouraging response or a prayer in his behalf was offered by any one of the members present.

The meeting ended. The people filed out past him on their way from the church. Not one of them approached him. It seems incredible—but this is no fiction. They who had vowed to

ONE FRIEND LEFT.

cherish and help the penitent and the fallen, went out and left their erring brother standing alone in his shame in the house of God.

"It can't be true. He must be a hypocrite," one said to another as an excuse for this neglect.

"It is no use to coddle such men. They are a disgrace to the parish," said a third.

The young church member passed out with the rest. Some feeling of sympathy agitated his heart. He watched the retreating figure of the abashed and humiliated man as he slunk away from the church with bowed head. The sight troubled him. He went home, but could not stay. He wandered out again, and his anxiety led him to the drunkard's house.

He hardly dared to knock at the door. He grew hot and cold, wondering what he ought to do. At last, he thought he heard a woman weeping within, and, summoning all his courage, he rang the bell, and then wished himself a thousand miles away. He had never spoken to the man in his life, and he thought that probably his intrusion would be considered impertinent.

The wife admitted him, weeping.

"Oh," she said, "help me! Maybe you've come in time to stop it. John is going away. He's packing up. He's going for good! He's leaving me and the children! He'll never come back. He says he'll never set foot in this town again. He's so ashamed for the way he has done, and the way they've treated him. He never can hold up his head again. Oh! can't you plead with him, and prevent him from going?"

The young man forgot his timidity. "I will try," he said. He went into the room with the discouraged penitent and shut the door. The sounds of pleading—then of prayer—came through the partition to the wife's eager ears. An hour later the visitor came out. Behind him walked a man whose head was erect.

"Well, Jennie," he said, "seems I've got one friend left in this place. As long as he sticks I'll try to stick, too."

Hope and determination were stirred. Another attempt for permanent reform would now be made. The unselfishness of the young Christian in doing what others did not do, had accomplished this. The man was saved to his family. His soul had been strengthened in its fight with evil. Such consecrated work by every Christian would win supreme honor to Christianity and hasten the universal reign of Christ in the hearts and lives of men.—Youth's Companion.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

In Alaska, in 1895, 84 taxed liquor dealers were recorded.

During nine months the Cape Colony W. C. T. U. printed and circulated 50,000 pages of literature as well as a large amount of foreign matter.

The power of rum will some day be overthrown, with as little ceremony as the legion of devils went out of the Gadarene.—Ram's Horn.

The saloon is sin's chief agent, Satan's head servant. Woe to that minister of God who fails to antagonize the saloon.—National Temperance Advocate.

The Western India Temperance council is a newly inaugurated movement in Bombay, and reformers are looking toward it for some definitely aggressive work.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Lebanon, Ind., was recently startled by the advent of its first pawn shop.

—Five bachelors of Shelbyville, Ind., who dined together on Christmas day, are pledged to marry before the expiration of the twelvemonth.

—Among the Christmas tree decorations at an Indianapolis home were representations of scenes in the Cuban war, and there was also shown a company of United States troops marching to the relief of the patriots.

—One of the candidates for a pageship in the Tennessee senate, a 15-year-old boy of Fayetteville, made a favorable impression on the members-elect by writing to each one of them and inclosing his photograph.

—It is said of a Hartford City (Ind.) man that the only present he ever made to his wife was on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding, when he gave her four yards of cotton cloth with which to make him a shirt.

—A Shelby county (Ind.) man who left his home on Christmas eve 11 years ago because he was out of work and without money to buy presents for his children, returned last Christmas eve with a fortune made at mining in British Columbia.

—Some New Orleans residents have been swindled by an impostor who presents a card bearing the same surname as that of the person on whom he calls, and similar initials, and pretends to be looking up family history. At an auspicious juncture he intimates that until the following morning he will be somewhat embarrassed, and then for family's sake his gulls have sometimes lent him money.

—Claim jumpers have been so troublesome about Westmoreland, Kan., that when Charles Ott saw a man hauling lumber on to his land he went out to talk with him, but finding that useless he got a spade, and while the man was away after another load of lumber, dug a hole six feet long and three feet wide in the ground. The man came back, looked at it, and instead of unloading more lumber took away what he had previously left there.

ARTIFICIAL MILK.

Doctors Are Puzzling Over the Problem of How to Feed the Babies.

Medical scientists more than any other class of persons realize the necessity for some substitute for milk for feeding infants and young children.

There are so many imperfectly nourished babies, and so many little ones that show unmistakable indications of wrong feeding, that the chemist and the doctor are becoming concerned as to the future health and development of bottle babies. The one-cow's milk idea has ceased to be attractive, and doctors and nurses long since lost faith in it. Even the cow selected with the utmost care from the best conditioned herd and kept in the most approved way, may become a source of evil by developing unsuspected diseases.

In view of these facts, experiments have been made with a new preparation which is to be substituted for ordinary diluted milk. This mixture is composed of cow's milk, veal bouillon, sugar of milk and cream, and is prepared as follows: "A piece of veal weighing eight ounces and a half is allowed to boil for 45 minutes in 17 ounces of water. After this is finished, a sufficient quantity of water is added to increase the amount of bouillon to 17 ounces. A mixture of 750 grains each of cow's milk and of veal bouillon contains only 1.35 per cent. of fat, and in order to complete the three per cent. of fat a teaspoonful of cream is added, together with 52 grains of sugar of milk."

This preparation has proved very satisfactory. It coagulates in the form of fine, soft particles, and a number of children fed with it were entirely free from bowel troubles or evidences of malnutrition.—N. Y. Ledger.

The Scientific Aspect of Plum Pudding.

The present are the days of darkness and doubt, when deadly germs have been proved to lurk on all hands in what we eat and in what we drink. Science has warned us off with emphatic voice from uncooked saveloys, from ice creams, from underdone pork, and from a good many other more or less toothsome delicacies. It has shown that tinned meats and stale soup often spell poison in large letters, and that ordinary fliers are no better than so many death-traps. In the midst of all these disquieting dangers it is pleasant to be able to say a good word on behalf of our old friend the English plum pudding. Properly made and properly cooked, it undergoes complete sterilization in the boiler, and can then be kept for a year and a day in a dry place, not only without being a bit the worse, but even with absolute advantage to its flavor and general attractiveness. Indigestible it may be to the stomachs of our weaker brethren, but dangerous, never. With confidence, then, all halesome folk, whether in the green bud or the sere and yellow leaf, have our sanction to indulge discreetly in this most sweet and seasonable dish.—Medical Press.

Calling Down the Spirits.

"I see," said the wild-eyed clairvoyant, "an aged lady, attired in a camel's hair shawl. She answers to the name of Beasley. Does anybody recognize her?"

There was silence for a moment and then a gaunt female arose in the middle aisle.

"If it's Jane Beasley's mother you mean," said she, "you're a-lyin' it on a little too thick. That shawl of hern wasn't nothin' but a two-dollar imitation."

Then the seance went on.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Two.

Judge—Has the jury come to an agreement yet?

Foreman—No, your honor; there are two who refuse to give an opinion until they consult their wives!—Yonkers Statesman.

MICROBE-PROOF HOUSE.

All the Air Sterilized Before Entering—Sun Furnishes the Heat.

One of the oldest domiciles on earth is that recently erected at Yokohama by Dr. W. Van der Heyden, the noted bacteriologist of Utrecht and Japan. The doctor's house is a dust-proof, air-proof, microbe-proof building of glass. It stands on the open, unshaded grounds of the hospital of Yokohama. The house is 44 feet long, 23 feet wide and 17 feet high. Large panes of glass, one-half inch thick and about four inches apart, are set in iron frames so as to form the sides of a cellular building block. Of these blocks the walls are constructed. There are no window sashes, the air escape being through several small openings around the upper part of the second story, but through which no air from the outside is admitted. The air supply is obtained from a considerable distance, forced through a pipe and carefully filtered through cotton wool to cleanse it of bacteria. To insure further sterilization, the air is driven against a glycerin-coated plate of glass, which captures all the microbes the wool spares. The few microbes brought into the house in the clothes of visitors soon die in the warm sunlight with which the house is flooded. The space between the glasses of the building blocks is filled with a solution of salts, which absorbs the heat of the sun, so that the rooms of this house are much cooler than those protected by the thickest shades. In the evening the interior is heated by the salts radiating the heat they have absorbed during the day. So effective is the system of regulating the temperature that a few hours of sunlight, even in freezing weather, will render the house habitable. It is only when several cloudy days follow in succession that artificial heat is needed. Then it is supplied by pumping in hot air. Dr. Van der Heyden thinks he has solved the problem of a complete germicide on a big scale. —San Francisco Chronicle.

SPIDERS AND THEIR WAYS.

Marked Differences in Habits, Tastes and Characters Shown.

We find as marked differences in habits, tastes and characters among spiders as among human beings. Some kinds prefer always living in houses or cellars, not seeming to care for any fresh air or out-of-door exercise. Mr. Jesse tells of two spiders that lived for 13 years in opposite corners of a drawer which was used for soap and candles. Others delight in making burrows in the earth, in dwellings under stones or behind the loose bark on trees, and others live under water. Many never leave their webs, but patiently wait, hoping some insect will become entangled in the snares they have set. Others dash about and seize upon every luckless insect that crosses their path. The most adventurous of all are those that sail out into the world on one of their own little threads. Darwin tells of encountering thousands of them many leagues from land when he was taking his famous voyage in the Beagle. He says: "The little aeronaut, as soon as it arrived on board, was very active, running about, sometimes letting itself fall, then reascending the same thread. It could run with facility on the surface of the water."

In the bright autumn weather, if we observe closely, we may sometimes see some of our own small spiders ascend to the tops of trees, fences and other high objects, rise on their toes, turn the spinners upward, throw out a quantity of silk and sail away. They can be seen plentifully any fine day in October or November, before the cold weather, on Boston common. They grasp the silken thread with their feet and seem to be enjoying themselves as much as the birds and butterflies.—Margaret W. Leighton, in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

MANAGING A FURNACE.

Not Much Trouble When Properly Understood.

A properly managed furnace should be touched but twice a day, early in the morning and late at night. It is economy to put on a full supply of coal and arrange the dampers to control the fire, rather than to control it by means of the fuel used. After thoroughly shaking down the furnace in the morning, put on a small amount of coal and let this burn up, to give a body to the fire. Then fill the furnace full, let the gas burn up, and close the dampers. As soon as the house is thoroughly warm, close all the dampers tightly. If the fire has burned down very low in the night, put on coal and a little wood, if necessary, before you shake it down. Open all the dampers and let this come up to give a body to the new fire; and then fill it up with a little more coal, shake it down and fill up the heater. Never poke a heater fire on top. If the weather is warm and the drafts of the heater are strong, do not shake it in the morning, but deaden it by allowing the ashes to remain. Empty the ashes under the grate, however, every morning carefully, and keep the heater and the premises around it brushed free from ashes as you would a parlor stove. This will prevent the fine dust of ashes sifting into the hot air pipes and being blown upstairs. If the hot-air pipes are carefully brushed out every season, there will be less trouble from the "dust of the heater." A good furnace connected with a cold-air box which furnishes an abundant supply of fresh, cold air remains one of the most wholesome as well as the cheapest method of heating a house in modern times.—N. Y. Tribune.

For Closet Floors.

A convenient floor covering for clothes-closets is the marbled, enameled cloth sold for various uses. It is readily put down and fitted. Many closets are seldom stepped into, and as there is at least but trifling wear, its durable qualities are not tested. Closet floors so covered may easily be wiped over with a damp cloth every morning, thus securing all loose dust.—N. Y. Post.

HOUSEWORK AS A BEAUTIFIER.

Done Under Proper Conditions It Is Good for the Health.

It is not probable that anything can be said which will make housework popular. The drudgery and homeliness of sweeping, dusting, dish-washing and cooking have little in common with the aesthetic tendencies of the age. Even when attired in the daintiest fabrics which can appropriately be worn, with all modern appliances at command, and with hands neatly gloved, a woman doing housework, though she may be doing it for pleasure or from principle rather than from necessity, is too apt to feel herself degraded. The reproach of "kitchen knave," which Lynette flung back to Gareth, has clung, since time began, to the household worker. A genuinely intelligent woman, who, losing her property, was obliged to serve her household with her own hands, complained bitterly of the horrible humiliation and ignominy which she suffered. New England is the stronghold of independent labor, where women mold bread and read Browning at the same time, and it is probable that more real ladies do their housework there than in any other quarter of the globe; yet even there, in spite of cooking schools and "domestic associations," the observer detects a growing dislike to housework. Girls will go into mills or shops, or will almost starve, before they will enter domestic service. It is the exception to find in any large town a woman who, with the means to employ a servant, fails to do it. Having thus saddled their household duties upon another, these women proceed to search outside for the physical exercise which they acknowledge is necessary to keep themselves in good condition. They ride, they play tennis, they spin off on bicycles, patronize gymnasiums, and devise all sorts of artificial substitutes for the healthful activities of their home, which had also behind them economy and family comfort to recommend them.

James Russell Lowell says somewhere of this natural development, as displayed in a workingman: "How much more admirable is this tawny vigor, the fruit of downright toil, than the crop of early muscle which heads out under the glass of the gymnasium!"

A similar superiority is clearly shown in the woman who, while not overworking, has still pursued a round of household duties in her home. There is nothing like regular housework for strengthening the muscles and developing the figure. The variety of posture and the rapid changes required promote roundness and plumpness without flabbiness. No amount of tennis nor practice on the parallel bars will produce the vigor and grace which result from two or three hours of housework each day. It is hard and confining to attempt to do all the labor for a family every day in the year. Such a life mean that and nothing more. Women are not to blame for trying to escape from it. But there is no need of giving up all housework because a part must be relinquished. The woman who will spend three hours of each morning in sweeping, bed making, and dish washing, and will then rest and read or sew at her leisure for two or three hours more, will excel all others at out-door sports in the afternoon.

"But," it will be objected, "no maid will do these daily duties if the mistress or her daughters once assume them. If one of the family undertakes the care of the parlors, she is bound to do that, or else hire an extra maid to undertake it if she attempts to break her bonds for a single day. And then, the hands! Washing dishes reddens and roughens the hands—for one cannot do it all with a dish mop, and gloves amount to little in that sort of work. A woman with red, rough hands finds it hard to take her place in society."

In households where two or three servants are kept the problem usually becomes harder instead of easier. It increases, in fact, with the complexity of the household arrangements and social responsibilities. The contention is doubtless a useless one, but it may still be truthfully asserted that for healthfulness (which almost always means clearness of complexion), for beauty of figure, and for genuine, wholesome satisfaction with life, there is nothing like housework, if it be done under proper conditions — Leslie's Weekly.

LONG CLOAKS.

Are Now the Most Stylish for Evening Wear.

By far the handsomest of the cloaks for evening wear are those that are long, covering the entire gown. Some of the most exaggerated styles even have a slight train. They are not made to match any costume, but are quite independent both in coloring and texture from anything with which they are worn. There is no fixed law as to what material shall be used in the construction, but the rule must be followed of having the handsomest and most effective of everything—outside covering, inside lining, trimmings, etc.

Brocades, which this year are to be had in an almost unlimited choice of pattern and quality, are excellent for these cloaks; the larger the pattern, the more effective it is, for there is so much opportunity to display it to its full advantage. Soft fabrics are better than the stiff ones, such as moire, etc., and if satin is used it must be of the all-silk quality, and the most flexible that can be found.

In pale silver-gray brocade an exceedingly smart cloak has just been made, the pattern of the brocade large silvery oak leaves on a plain satin surface. This has the fronts lined with ermine, a high Medici collar faced with ermine, a broad yellow circle and girdle to hold the fronts in place, and just at the back of the collar is a full double bow of yellow uncut velvet. Inside the collar is a full frill of rich lace, the ends of which are not caught down in front, but hang in jabot fashion over the ermine. The lace is a quarter of a yard in width.—Harper's Bazar.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—England's iron and steel trade is improving. The imports of foreign metal in 1896 were $20,000,000 higher than in either of the two preceding years.

—Australia had last year 9,760 miles of railway open. The capital expended on them has been $537,000,000; the net revenue over working expenses is 2¾ per cent.

—Dr. Nansen will receive the special gold medal which the Royal Geographical society intends to present to him, from the hands of the prince of Wales, who will preside at the meeting.

—Notwithstanding the political troubles in the Transvaal at the beginning of the year, the output of gold from the Witwatersrand district for 1896 is the same as for 1895, about 2,080,000 ounces.

—Prof. Rudeloff, of Berlin, recently demonstrated that both the strength and the yield point of wrought iron and steel are increased by cooling below the freezing point. The angle through which the materials may be bent decreases, however, with the decrease in temperature.

—What is considered a good-sized order for telephone material was placed recently by a Wall street export firm for prompt shipment to Japan. Heretofore the telephone and telegraph instruments and materials, which the Japanese do not manufacture themselves, have been bought principally in Germany. It is, therefore, of interest to note that American manufacturers are beginning to gain ground in this direction.

—The production of minerals and metals in the United States for the year 1896 is given a total value of $653,311,468, showing a decrease as compared with 1895 of $24,689,266, or about 3½ per cent. This decrease was largely in values rather than in quantities; in none of the chief articles was there any marked decrease, while in several there were considerable increases. The total production of metals in the year 1896 was valued at $242,311,481, an increase of $1,694,111 over the previous year, while the value of nonmetallic substances was $410,999,987, a decrease of $26,383,377 from 1895. A large part of this was due to the lower values of coal, stone, and a few other important substances, very little resulting from the smaller quantities.

A QUESTION OF GEOGRAPHY.

Murder Trial Awaits the Result of a Land Survey.

It seems strange that there should be places in the United States where people may live a long time without knowing what state they are in, but such places are found to exist. One of these is Bain's Station—now known to be in Oregon, but for some time supposed to be in California. And at last accounts, though it was known that the place was in Oregon, it was not known whether it was in Josephine or Curry county.

Last spring a man was murdered near Bain's Station and his body thrown into a well. In the summer the body was found, and a man named Melson was suspected of the crime. Indeed, circumstances pointed most closely to him.

Melson was arrested in California, but before taking further proceedings the California authorities, who were doubtful of their rights in the matter, caused a survey of the place to be made, and it was shown to everybody's satisfaction that Bain's Station was in Oregon. This fact was telephoned to the authorities of Josephine county, Ore., who issued a warrant for Melson.

The next step would have been for the Oregon authorities, acting on this warrant, to send extradition papers to the governor of California; but an unexpected difficulty arose in an uncertainty whether Bain's Station was in Josephine county or Curry county. No one knew which county it was in.

The line between the two counties is the water shed between two streams, but as there are no streams anywhere around Bain's Station, there can be no certainty, until a survey is made, whether it is on one side of the watershed or the other; and a proper survey would involve much time and expense.

The accused man, therefore, at last accounts lay in a California jail, in which state he certainly did not commit the crime, awaiting the determination of the question as to what county of Oregon the crime was committed in.—Youth's Companion.

DOGS ATE UP THE CHURCH.

Whale Ribs Not Found to Be a Successful Building Material.

Bishop Williams, of Marquette, was recently invited to serve his alma mater, Cornell university, as university preacher. He did so, coming straight from the synod of the Canadian church at Winnipeg and bringing this story with him: "There was a missionary bishop there," said Bishop Williams, "who had been six weeks in coming, most of the way by canoe. He rose and began by saying that he would speak for himself and for a brother bishop, who, unfortunately, could not be present. He was sorry to say that his brother's diocese had gone to the dogs! A general gloom followed these words. He went on to say that the bishop had found so many inquirers after religion among the Esquimaux north of Hudson bay that he had to build a church. As there was no wood, he used whale's ribs for rafters, covering them with tanned walrus hide, and so made a church to hold 80 persons. 'All went merry as a marriage bell' for a time, until—the dogs grew famished and ate the church."—Troy Times.

Orphans in Australia.

Australia has no orphan asylums. Every child who is not supported by parents becomes a ward of the state, and is paid a pension for support, and placed in a private family, where board and clothes are provided until the fourteenth birthday.—N. Y. Sun.

Y00 DROPS

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Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

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Peppermint -
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Worm Seed -
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SAMUEL LAWTON.

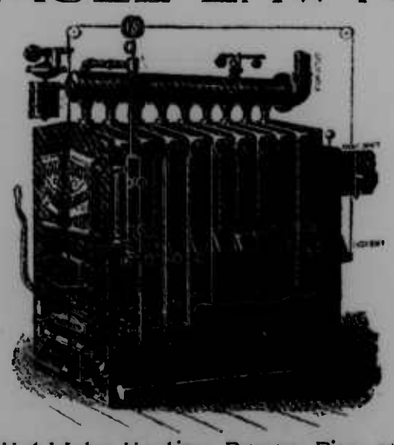

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Wholesale Retail Dealers,
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Having just taken in another car of those, we are in a position to fill all orders for both WHOLESALE and RETAIL trade upon receipt. Our Sleds are the best that can be procured. Circular mailed upon request.

BOB SLEDS.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 15, 1897.

Inauguration echoes are now heard wherever one turns in Washington. Work upon the street stands from which a portion of the spectators will view the parade, which promises to be the handsomest, if not the largest ever seen, has been started, and the inauguration committee has begun the distribution of fifty thousand paper flags and fifty thousand portraits of McKinley and Hobart, to be used by the residents along the route of the parade to assist in decorating their houses. These are given away by the committee. So general is the sentiment in favor of having the West Point and Annapolis Cadets take part in the parade that it seems probable the joint resolution, offered in the Senate by Mr. Frye, and in the House of Representatives by Mr. Baker, of N. H., requesting the President to order the cadets and their bands to Washington and appropriating the money to pay their expenses, will go through. It is known that Mr. Cleveland favors having the cadets in the parade and that he will gladly issue the order if Congress will adopt the resolution.

The Democrats are already beginning their howl about the total amount of the appropriations that will be made by the fifty-fourth Congress. It is true that the total of the appropriations for the two years will exceed $1,000,000,000, but the Democrats would show more wisdom if they would point out a single appropriation made, or to be made in the short time remaining of the session, that is not needed, or that the government will not get full value for, instead of getting extravagant appropriations like a lot of parrots. The Senate is not a Republican body—would that it were—yet it has not only approved all of the appropriations made by the House, but has in nearly every bill increased them. Besides, it should not be forgotten that a considerable amount of the money appropriated by this Congress was made necessary by continuing contracts made by the last Democratic Congress for river and harbor improvements, public buildings and the increase of the Navy. Chairman Cannon, of the House Committee on Appropriations, correctly stated the situation when he said that contracts previously made had to be observed; that Congress could not allow unfinished public buildings to remain exposed in all kinds of weather, and that the pension laws could not be ignored. In short, that no appropriations have been made that were not necessary for the conduct of the government and the preservation of its interests. Mr. Cannon's idea of economy in public expenditures are so rigid that he has offended many personal friends by refusing to sanction propositions for appropriations which have come before his committee. There is no item in any appropriation made by the fifty-fourth Congress that any Republican need be ashamed of; the appropriations are all needed and the money is all to be spent among the people and for the people.

It is about settled that the arbitration treaty will not be voted upon at this session, but will go over to the extra session of the Senate, that will meet March 4th, and remain in session until the extra session of the full Congress meets. This has been made necessary by the opposition to the treaty in the Senate.

Representative Woodman, of Illinois, has asked the House Ways and Means committee to increase the revenue tax on cigarettes from 50 cents to $50 a thousand. Mr. Woodman's object is to stop the smoking of cigarettes by children, which he says is "a habit which is destroying our youth, filling our insane asylums, and shrouding in gloom, by the destruction, mentally, morally and physically of their young sons, many of the best homes of our land." Mr. Woodman said in his speech to the committee: "As long as boys can buy the death-dealing article at a cent a piece or two for a cent, so long will the evil continue. When they are taxed so as to produce a larger revenue, which tax will place them out of the reach of school children, then, Mr. Chairman, we may look for a mitigation of the evil. Then may be looked for a protection that protects. Then may we congratulate ourselves on having performed one act the results of which the whole nation, with one accord, will approve."

Representative White, of Chicago, made quite a stir at the last meeting of the House Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds by charging that the insertion of the name of ex-Mayor Grant, of New York, a son-in-law of Senator Murphy, as one of the five Commissioners provided for in the bill for the new New York Custom-house, and one of the other Commissioners, was the result of a deal. The Commissioners are to get $5,000 a year and no limit is set as to the time they are to take for the sale of the present Custom-house and the erection of the proposed new one. The bill is now before the Committee on account of amendments added by the Senate, one of which is Mr. Grant's name. Mr. White wants to strike out the Commission entirely.

SAVE
BABY'S LIFE.

Teething time is the most trying time of infancy. The little gums are hot and swollen. They tingle and ache and smart. All the nerves in the little body are on edge. Sleep restless—digestion bad.

There's a remedy.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

soothes and cools the gums, controls the bowels, cures colic, brings good digestion, sleep and rest. 25 cents, all druggists. Guaranteed. Made by JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

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Second Street, OAKLAND, MD.

All work entrusted to my care will receive Prompt Attention.

29-1yr.

Farmers,

Look to Your Interests.

The Oakland Flouring Mill is now ready to grind a million bushels of buckwheat. The best equipped mill in the county; all latest improved machinery. Can give either

Burrh or Roller Process Flour.

Mr. E. A. Dudley, who has charge, has been a life-long miller, and knows how to make a good turnout of buckwheat flour.

Don't fail to give him a Trial. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Will make arrangements with all the Oakland merchants to buy your flour at big prices. Don't fail to give the Oakland Mills a trial.

Don't forget the place. Water street, formerly owned by the late H. A. Basche.

Yours obediently,

THE OAKLAND MILLS.

51-1yr.

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

TIN, SLATE and STEEL

ROOFING,

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.

PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.

REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.

SPOUTING, ETC.

WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH, MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

SHARTZER & BOLDEN

OAKLAND, MD.,

DEALERS IN

Furniture,
Carpets,
Matting,
Oil Cloth,
Window Shades,
Wall Paper,
—AND—
GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Repairing Furniture and Picture Framing a Specialty.

Removal.

I, the undersigned, have removed my place of business from the Loar building to the Ravenscroft (Mayers) building on Railroad street, where I will continue to carry a well assorted stock of

JEWELRY,

and give special attention to the repairing of watches, clocks, etc.

Give me a call. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

H. C. SMOUSE.

29—2m.

THE
Maryland Building and Loan Association
of Garrett County

OFFICERS

ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencies

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.

EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, at old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. CARSKADON, Keyser, W. Va.

MOUNTAIN STATE

Business College,

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. C. SINE, PRESIDENT.

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,

FANCY STATIONERY,

DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

Jos. E. HARNED, Proprietor.

31—26

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conneway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

Andrew H. Gonder, Attorney at Law. Alexander C. Mason, Surveyor.

GONDER & MASON,
:: REAL :: ESTATE :: AGENTS, ::
OAKLAND, MD.

40—1yr. Office, Shartzer's Opera House.

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

This is to give notice that the firm of Whetzell & Hall, composed of Mrs. Isabelle Whetzell and A. W. Hall, doing a general lumber manufacturing and general merchandise business at Kearney, Md., has this day been dissolved by mutual agreement, Mrs. Whetzell retiring.

The business will be continued by A. W. Hall.

MRS. ISABELLE WHETZELL.
A. W. HALL.

Kearney, Md., Jan. 11, 1897. 46—3t.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

FRED A. THAYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW

☞Special attention given to real estate.

CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. ☞SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 8-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals, of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON OAKLAND, MD.

Residence on North 3rd Street.
Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.,

☞Office in Mayers building.

Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 8 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.

☞Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.*

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

THOMAS R. McROBIE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street.

All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

E. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Residence and P. O. Address,

2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate.

Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 5:-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE. AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties, Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN, SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26t*

WILLIAM C. KIDD, Representing JOHNSON, OMOHUNDRO & CO., WHOLESALE NOTIONS, Etc., BALTIMORE, MD.

A specialty of Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.

☞Prompt attention to collections. 112

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 21, 1897.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on

Tuesday, February 9th,

to transact all business that may properly come before them. They will also at this session act as a Board of Control and Review.

By order of the Board,

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,

PLANING MILLS,

And BUILDING MATERIALS.

MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

7 38 13

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1897. NUMBER 51.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Smith delivers goods cheap for cash.

J. C. Renninger spent Tuesday last in Terra Alta.

Money saved by calling on D. W. Smith, opposite postoffice.

D. W. Smith is stocking up with first-class goods.

Capt. J. M. Jarboe spent several days this week in Washington.

Leave orders at Smith's and have goods promptly delivered.

Wanted—Court boarders. Terms reasonable. MRS. J. T. BROWNING.

Mr. W. W. Sweet, of Swanton, was in Oakland yesterday for a few hours.

Mrs. Clifton White spent several days visiting at Terra Alta parts of last and this week.

Miss Minnie Stemple, of Floyd, was stopping in Oakland on Saturday last.

Mr. John M. Freeland, of Terra Alta, was in Oakland on Monday of this week.

Miss Sallie Wright, of Frostburg, is visiting the Misses Miller at the Commercial Hotel.

D. W. Smith solicits your patronage for all kinds of vegetables and produce in season.

Mr. John Felty, of Oakland, was here first of the week.—Piedmont Herald.

Governor Lowndes has decided not to proclaim March 4th a legal holiday.

Mr. John Davis left Saturday for a visit to his brother at Brownsville, Pa.

Contractor D. E. Bolden is pushing the work on W. H. Malette's building as fast as the weather will permit.

Wanted—Court boarders at 50 cents per day. Apply to Mrs. E. P. Russell, First and Water streets. 50-3t

"A Jay from Jaysville" will be the next attraction at Shartzer's Opera House, and the time next Tuesday night, March 2d.

When a girl makes up her mind that she wants a man she begins to pretend to be interested in his business.

Mr. John Arnold returned home Saturday from Aurora, where he spent a couple of weeks visiting friends and relatives.

Miss Nina Stemple, who is teaching school near Deer Park, spent Sunday and Monday with her parents at this place.

Mrs. Dr. S. Townshend is spending several weeks visiting friends and relatives in Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia.

Services will be held in Garrett Memorial church next Sunday at eleven o'clock a. m. by the pastor, Rev. S. M. Engle.

A teacher's institute will be held at Friendsville, on Friday evening and Saturday forenoon of this week. Examiner Palmer will be in attendance.

Mrs. Benj. H. Sincell and Mrs. Harry Sincell left Oakland Saturday morning for Washington, where they will remain visiting friends until after the inauguration, March 4th.

Several of the Terra Alta young men attended the play in the opera house Friday evening. Among them were Editor Burke, of the *Oracle*, and Mr. Charles Glover.

By an act of the West Virginia Legislature the towns of Grafton, West Grafton and Fetterman have been consolidated under one corporation. This gives Grafton a population of about eight to ten thousand.

On last Friday the National Editorial Association left Galveston, Texas, for Mexico. They will visit many points of interest in this historic country, returning to Galveston about March 4th.

We are in receipt of the fifth annual report of the Sheppard Asylum for the insane. The pamphlet is finely illustrated with numerous half-tone engravings of scenes in and about the institution and charts showing the floor plans.

On Monday evening, Mr. George Gardner an estimable citizen and business man of Lonaconing, and Miss Rebecca Ann Broadwater, of Garrett county, were married by Rev. A. C. Thomson, at the Presbyterian parsonage.—Lonaconing Star.

Our people are growing more and more in the habit of looking to the Oakland Pharmacy for the latest and best of everything in the drug line. They sell Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, famous for its cures of bad colds croup and whooping cough. When in need of such a medicine give this remedy a trial and you will be more than pleased with the result.

For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Mrs. James H. Loughrey, of Thayville, who has been suffering for several weeks with a combination of the grip and dropsical trouble, is improving.

Miss Lillie Weimer, of McHenry, Md., who is teaching near Blaine, visited at the home of her uncle, Mr. B.F. Blackburn, last Saturday and Sunday.—Keyser Echo.

The pupils of the Mountain Lake Park public school will give an entertainment in the Assembly hall, Friday night of this week. An admission of fifteen and ten cents will be charge, the proceeds to be devoted to the starting of a library for the school.

The little daughter of Mr. Fred Webber, Holland, Mass., had a very bad cold and cough which he had not been able to cure with any thing. I gave him a 25 cent bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, says W. P. Holden, merchant and postmaster at West Brimfield, and the next time I saw him he said it worked like a charm.

On Friday Sheriff Brown went down to Altamont and brought up Martha Shger, on a complaint of insanity. She was committed to jail to await the decision of the Judge of the Circuit Court in the case. She is at times a raving maniac and has to be watched day and night.

The Martha Washington tea held on Monday evening by the members of the Auxiliary society of St. Matthew's church, was quite a success both socially and financially. Notwithstanding the inclement weather the attendance was good and the receipts about twenty-seven dollars.

In an account of the meeting of the American Carnation Society, which met at Cincinnati last week, the Baltimore *Sun* says:

Henry Weber, of Oakland, Md., read a paper on "Carnation Culture" which was followed by a general discussion. The floral display was largely attended.

Oakland came near having another flood on Monday of this week. The heavy rains of the two previous days and nights had swollen the stream that runs through the town so that it overflowed its banks. No damage was done except the flooding of cellars along Main street.

The carpenters are tearing down the scaffolding that has surrounded the big building of Messrs. Offutt & Lakin. This building will not be ready for occupancy before the first of June, but when completed it will be the handsomest and largest building between Cumberland and Grafton.—Terra Alta cor. Kingwood Journal.

The friends of Rev. and Mrs. Brayshaw made an onslaught on the rectory last evening and severely pounded the occupants. Notwithstanding the event the only result was a general hearty reception and an evening of real enjoyment. After partaking of ice cream and cake all left, promising to come again soon.

According to some writers very few persons merely "die." The banker "passes in his checks," the cashier "goes to his last account," the magnate "joins the great majority," the cobbler "breathes his last," the saloon keeper "sooks the spirit land," the gambler "shuffles off," the stableman "kicks the bucket," the spiritualist medium "gives up the ghost," the accountant "goes to his long reckoning," and the editor goes to the devil."—Weston Independent.

High waters have prevailed for the past three days in nearly all parts of the north and east. There has been no mail from the east since Monday night until this morning. The tracks of the B. & O. below Cumberland were submerged for several miles. At Charleston, W. Va., the city was nearly all under water, the members of the legislature went to the state capitol in boats. At Pittsburg along the river fronts much damage was done. The late arrival of the mails this morning prevents us giving a detailed account of the floods.

A combination is being formed by which the opera houses at Oakland Lonaconing, Piedmont, Keyser and Frostburg will all be brought under one management, with probably Mr. John Shartzer, of Oakland, at the head. For some time past the management of the opera house at Cumberland has refused to admit troupes to their stage unless an agreement could be made with them to not play at the above named places. This is a great barrier as it prevents many of the best plays from coming to these towns, they preferring to take their chances for good houses at Cumberland. The object of this combine is to stop this unfair business of the Cumberland managers and get the best talent that travels the road to stop at these places. The towns named are all good show towns and it is but fair that they should have the best talent that can be procured.

Simon S. Hartman, of Tunnelton, W. Va., has been subject to attacks of colic about once a year, and would have to call a doctor and then suffer about twelve hours as much as some do when they die. He was taken recently just the same as at other times, and concluded to try Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He says: "I took one dose of it and it gave me relief in five minutes. That is more than anything else has ever done for me."

25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

When you read in the newspapers about the United States Steamship "Massachusetts," remember that there is a Preston county boy as a sailor on board that vessel. Percy Jossop who used to live at Austen is a member of the Massachusetts crew. The ship is now in the Naval yard at New York. Percy is a nephew of Ex-Sheriff Leroy Shaw and is a son of Charles Jossop who was so long Supt. of the Austen Coal Works. He sent his photograph to a friend here lately and he is a fine looking specimen of manhood, fully developed, handsome of physique and sturdy. He graduated at the Annapolis Naval Academy.—Kingwood Argus.

Church Notice.

Episcopal services will be held in the chapel Sunday Feb. 28th, at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. At Loch Lynn 3.30 p. m. Services during Lent at 8 a. m. and 7 p. m. daily in the chapel.

REV. WM. BRAYSHAW, Rector.

A Mysterious Wedding.

On last Wednesday evening, J. W. and A. F. Thayer and Sidney L. Somerville of Grafton, come to Terra Alta and shortly after their arrival Mr. Somerville and one of the Thayers hired a lively team and drove out to Mrs. Mary Menears and returned in a short time bringing with them Miss May Thayer, who had been boarding with Mrs. Menear for a month or more. The *Oracle* reporter, suspecting that there was a wedding on hand set about to find out the truth of the matter, but all to no avail. When train No. 4 arrived at midnight, the entire party boarded it, including ye reporter, who returned with all the information desired, viz: Miss May Thayer, daughter of John W. Thayer, and Sidney L. Somerville, of the law firm of Somerville & Somerville, all of Grafton, W. Va., were married at the residence of the officiating minister, at Oakland, Md., on Thursday, February 19, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m.—Oracle.

Died.

CORNWELL.—At the home of his parents, near Red House, Thomas Cornwell, aged about eighteen years, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Cornwell. The funeral took place to-day at eleven o'clock from the Red House.

ROTH.—On Saturday, Feb. 20th, at Hundington, Pa., Clara, wife of William Roth, in her thirty-ninth year. Her remains were brought to Oakland on Tuesday and interred in the Odd Fellows' cemetery. The cause of her death was a combined case of the grip and lung fever. The family formerly resided near Oakland on the farm now occupied by Mr. George Shartzer. A year or two ago they sold the farm to Mr. Shartzer and moved west, but returned and then went to Hundington, Pa., where Mrs. Roth died. She was well known by many of the Oakland people.

A Duplicate Bird.

A live double chicken is a freak of nature that is exciting considerable interest among the farmers of Smith's Landing, Atlantic county New Jersey. The chicken has four legs, four perfectly formed wings, two separate bills, but only one head and lays two separate eggs at a time. Several museum proprietors, it is said, have endeavored to procure this peculiarly built fowl, but Mrs. Henry Gouldey, the owner, refuses to part with it for any amount.

Low Rates to Washington for the Inauguration.

The B. & O. R. R. will sell round-trip tickets to Washington, D. C., from all stations on its lines east of the Ohio River, for all trains March 1, 2, 3, and all trains on the morning of the 4th that reach Washington not later than noon, at rate of two cents per mile in each direction, valid for return journey until March 8th inclusive.

The rate from stations in the vicinity will be as follows:

Piedmont	$7 20
Deer Park	8 00
Mountain Lake Park	8 15
Oakland	8 25
Grafton	10 00

and correspondingly low rates from other stations.

Trout For Maryland Streams.

Assistant Fish Commissioner A. F. George, of Swanton, who is on duty at the State Hatchery at Druid Hill Park, Baltimore, says he will have 350,000 young trout for distribution in the State in the spring.

ARRESTED FOR BIGAMY.

Samuel T. Davis, of Oakland, Now Behind the Bars for Having Too Many Wives.

Considerable excitement was created in Oakland last Friday morning over the arrest of Samuel T. Davis on the charge of bigamy. The complainant in the case was Lottie G. Davis, his wife with whom he had been living in Oakland since November, 1894.

On the morning of the arrest a woman claiming to be the lawful wife of Davis came to his home and demanded admittance. This was granted, and the wife with whom he had been living, being convinced that her husband had contracted a bigamous marriage with this other woman, went at once to Justice Sincell's office and swore out a warrant for Davis' arrest. He was arrested and taken before the above justice, when his attorney appeared and waived a hearing. Davis was held under five hundred dollars bond, and in default of this sent to jail to await the action of the grand jury at the March term of the circuit court.

If the statement made by the woman who came to Davis' house on Friday is correct, this is the fourth time he has been married. His first wife died a number of years ago. The second he procured a divorce from just previous to marrying wife No. 3. Wife No. 3 was Miss Lettie G. Collett, of Hulings, W. Va., and he was married to her on the eleventh day of November, 1894. The fourth wife, if her statement be true, he married some time in June last. Her name was Miss Mollie Jeffries, and her parents live in Nicholas county, W. Va., several miles south of Weston.

Call for Your Letters.

Charlie Burke, George Garrett, G. W. Herrin, James Martin, Mr. Dixon, Mrs. Rena McLucas.

The death of a Highly Esteemed Young Man.

To the Editor of The Republican.

Mahlon Hershberger died at his father's on the 15th of February 1897, four miles south of Grantsville, and was interred near that place on the 17th. He had been ill for several months with a complication of ailments, the result of an attack of measles and grip. Everything in the line of skill, nursing and attention were give to save a precious life, but in vain.

He was thirty-five years and three months old; the oldest child of Edward and Susanna Beachy Hershberger, was never married. The beautiful parental home was his lifelong abode. Robust in physique, but amiable, gentle and loving in disposition. He was brought up in the Amish faith and lived up fully to the scriptural ways of that well-meaning church, and so he left the world. He had no enemies because he made none—deserved none. All were his friends, because he was worthy of their friendship. Obedient to his parents and effectionate to his sisters and brothers; indeed kind and respectful to every one.

He will be greatly missed, not merely by his surrounding family and numerous kindred, but by the community in which he quietly and uprightly lived his whole life.

The funeral was largerly attended. Among the mourners were Dr. G. J. Beachy and his excellent wife, of Cumberland. The doctor is the uncle of the deceased and brother of Mrs. Hershberger. It was noted that there was an unusual amount of sorrowing at the funeral. Many were the expressions and signs of regret for a loss not soon to be forgotten or regained. Besides the parents the departed left two brothers, Gordon and James, named after two worthy uncles; and two sisters, Lizzie and Annie. A more blameless family of children cannot be found in any community.

FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

Feb. 20, 1897.

F. G. Hyde

Will continue his great reduction sale during March court, so as to give all an opportunity to buy at half price. If you want a bargain come and get it. But very little money required. Keep your eye on the show window, it will soon undergo another change. We are living in a wonderful age, but some people unfortunately don't know it.

Respectfully,
F. G. HYDE,
51-2 The Big Jeweler.

Novel Showing of Easter Hats and Bonnets.

A novel method of presenting the newest and freshest Eastertide creations of Paris millliners has been adopted by *The Ladies' Home Journal* for March. In that magazine the new French hats and bonnets will be pictured as they are worn. This unique display is useful, therefore, in pointing out clearly not only Fashion's decree, but the styles in headdress best suited to several contrasted types and faces.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be satisfied with buying W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

(We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., of the shoes.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all others wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

For sale by D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

If dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

BUCKING

against a severe Cough or Cold is like tackling the business end of a Goat.

But if you will use a bottle of

HONEY-TOLU

the business end of a Cough or Cold will stand no show. It is the only remedy that a Cough or Cold cannot buck against.

Dealers all sell it. Large Bottles, 25 Cents.

A Farmer's Boy Fighting for Cuba.

Preston county, W. Va., has a real genuine volunteer in the Cuban army George Nine, a son of David A. Nine, of Amblersburg, not far from the Garrett line, is now with the patriots and fighting under the flag with a single star. George is past twenty-one years of age, and up until the first of last month had made his home with his parents, and assisted his father with his business. Mr. Nine is a wealthy farmer and merchant.

George has a love of adventure, so on the second of January he drew $500, which he had deposited in a savings bank, and announced that he was going to Cuba to join the army. He left home, although his parents urged him to give up the project. He went first to Jacksonville, Fla., then to Anthony, on the Indian river, where he expected to get in with an expedition fitted out for Cuba. His party made three attempts to get away from Florida, but each attempt proved unsuccessful, but at last he got away, and his letter home, she first one since his departure, tells of several thrilling attempts at getting away. He says it is next to impossible to give those who guard the coast the slip. The company in which Nine enlisted were in hiding along the Indian river, in a safe retreat. He is promised pay at $50 per month for his services as a soldier, but whether he gets it or not, his interest in the cause of the Cubans will keep him from turning back. His parents are confident that they will see their boy again, and do not seem at all worried at his departure to a land franght with dangers.

All Kinds of Trouble.

"Suppose yourself and a few friends were very hungry and were about to be served with a fine, big turkey, by a colored waiter. Suppose further that when the waiter was about to enter the dining room he stumbled and dropped the platter upon which he carried the turkey. What effect would that have upon several nations of the world?"

"Suppose you tell."

"It would mean the downfall of Turkey, the overthrow of Greece, the breaking up of China, the humiliation of Africa and the disappointment of Hungary."

Stop-over Privilege at Washington.

A ten day stop over at Washington, D. C., is now granted on all through tickets between the East and West, via Baltimore & Ohio R. R. Stop-over will also be granted on the return journey made on round trip tickets, within the final limit of such tickets, but not exceeding ten days. Passengers will deposit their tickets with the Ticket Agent at B. & O. R. R. Station in Washington, who will retain them until the journey is to be resumed, when they will be made good for continuous passage to destination by extension or exchange. This arrangement will doubtless be greatly appreciated by the traveling public because it will permit the holders of through tickets to make a brief visit to the National Capital without additional outlay for railroad fare.

To Fight Tuberculosis in Cattle.

Governor Lowndes and the Maryland Live Stock Sanitary Board had a conference yesterday regarding a plan to stamp out tuberculosis in cattle. It was decided that different members of the board should ascertain the cost of making an investigation in the respective parts of the State and report the net result to the Governor before anything was done.

Through Sleeping Cars to Toledo.

Commencing February 21, the B. & O. R. R., in connection with the B. & O. S. W. and the C. H. V. & T., will establish a daily line of Pullman Sleeping Cars between Baltimore, Washington, Columbus and Toledo, via Parkersburg and Athens. The west-bound train will run as follows:

Leave Cumberland	4.18 A. M.
Keyser	4.58
Piedmont	5.10
Oakland	6.31
Terra Alta	6.53
Rowlesburg	7.18
Tunnelton	7.40
Grafton	8.35

Direct connection is made for Detroit, arriving 8.40 p. m.

This is the best service ever offered between Washington, Central Ohio and Michigan, and will doubtless prove to be popular with the public.

The President's Daily Routine.

Ex-President Harrison has written of "A Day With the President at His Desk" for the March *Ladies' Home Journal*. The article is said to be singularly interesting in the detail with which it describes the wearisome routine of the President. It is said that General Harrison, in this article, has delivered himself with great directness and vigor, relative to the annoyances that are visited upon a Chief Executive by persistent office-seekers, and he suggests a unique plan by which the President's burdens in that direction could be greatly lightened, and he be enabled to devote more attention to more important matters. A feature of the article that will have a timely interest to those ambitions to serve the country under the incoming administration, describes very fully how the President makes appointments to office. "A Day With the President at His Desk" is unique in being the first time that the daily life of the President has been described by one who has filled the exalted office. Articles upon the social and domestic life of the President by General Harrison will follow in successive issues of the *Journal*.

"VAS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?"

Vas marriage a failure? Vell, now, dot depends
Altogedther on how you look at id, mine friends.
Like dhose double-horse teams dot you see at der races,
Id depends pooty mooch on der pair in der traces;
Eef dhey don't pull togeddher right off at der start,
Ten dimes oudt of nine dhey vas beddher apart.

Vas marriage a failure? I ask mine Katrine,
Und she look off me so dot I feels pooty mean.
Dhen she say: "Mr. Strauss, shust come here, eef you bleaze."
Und she dake me vhere Yaweoh und leedle Loweeze
By dher shnug trundle-bed vast shust saying dheir brayer,
Und she say, nit a smile: "Vasiler some failures dhere?"

—YACOB STRAUSS, in Boston Pilot.

DR. J. G. ROBINSON, DENTIST, Felty Building, Opposite Postoffice, OAKLAND, MD. GAS ADMINISTERED. 50-97

WAITING.

Far away, by the jasper sea,
Three forms are walking, side by side,
And now and then they bend to gaze
Over the ocean wide.

And three of us but walk and pray
Beside a dark and boundless sea;
We cannot pierce the radiant glow
That folds the other three.

They watch above the rolling world,
Waiting till one, at God's command,
Shall cross the space that lies between
This and the further land.

And, oh! I long for the years to pass;
And, oh! I cry for the time to be
When they who are watching with eager eyes
Shall bend and beckon me.

So sang I but few weeks ago,
When, through the silence, a message came,
And one of us passed to the distant three,
Hearing with joy his name.

Four walk now by the jasper sea,
Turning earthward their radiant eyes,
Where two of us now, with yearning hearts,
Look ever to Paradise.
—Anna B. Bensel, in N. Y. Home Journal.

PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.

BY LINCOLN STEFFENS.

Mrs. Silvester Dean Leveen was polishing her brass knocker. Her long, thin hands rubbed and rubbed till the little white curls on her forehead danced like street children. Yet the labor had no perceptible effect. The metal shone like light, but so it did when she began to clean it. It had shone like that yesterday and the day before, and, indeed, every day for 60 years. There was a smooth circle all around the knocker where her delicate hands had worn into the hard, black wood of the door. Nevertheless the old lady rubbed away just as she had done every morning since the spring of 1833, when she was brought, a bride, into the house. She was the pride of Greenwich village then, and she meant to be still.

On this particular frosty morning Mrs. Leveen tarried longer than usual at her task. After the lion's head was satisfactory even to her sharp eyes, she worked on. But it was evident in the glances she shot across Bank street that her attention was not given wholly to the work of her hands. Neither was it diverted to her customary inspection of the neighbor's knockers. Theirs glistened like hers, and, besides, every time she looked up her eyes turned to but one door, that of the house in front of which stood two sturdy horses and a truck.

Pretty soon the door opened and a young man in a carter's blouse came out. He saw the old lady across the street, though he pretended not to. He busied himself ostentatiously about the horses' heads for a moment and then turned back to the truck. Mrs. Leveen had seen him. She bent herself earnestly to the knocker and in a few strokes finished it off. Then she faced towards the street and fixed the truckman with her eyes till he had to look up.

"Good morning, Aunt Martha," he said, as he doffed his cap.

She beckoned to him to come to her.

"Good morning, Percy," she answered pleasantly, as he approached her, cap in hand. "Come in a moment. I wish to speak with you."

The interview he had dreaded for weeks was upon him now. He knew from the first it was inevitable, but day after day he had put it off, omitting his usual calls on his aunt, and avoiding her sight and summons. Now that she had caught him he was glad. As he followed the old lady into her prim, comfortable sitting-room he made a pitiful figure of humility, but in the meekness of his soul there was the cheerfulness of finality.

"Sit down, Percy," she said, in the sweet-toned voice he loved.

He took the chair she indicated, and she seated herself in her old rocker.

"Percy, dear," she began, "is this true that I hear; you mean to marry this girl?"

"Yes, Aunt Martha. I was going to tell you, but knowing as you were again it—knowing that you would not like to have me do so—I was afraid to come to you about it."

"Don't twirl your cap, my dear; gentlemen don't do that, you know."

He stuck his cap between his knees.

"I am sorry, Percy, you felt that way. It is my intention always to be kind and sympathetic. You should have been quite sure I would have heard your story through with understanding. Now, tell me everything. She is the daughter, I am told, of a German in Hudson street."

"That's right, aunt. Her father has the biggest corner grocery over there, and he has made his pile—I mean has made money since he's been there."

"How long has he been here?"

"Going on 25 years. He's almost an old Ninth-warder now. He's some in politics, and his family is right in it."

"Percy! I never knew them."

"I know, but you wouldn't. It ain't my fault. I wanted to have them all over to mother's so as you could be introduced to them."

The old lady looked as though she would answer this, but she did not. She was silent a moment before she proceeded.

"So her father is a grocer?"

"Yes; like Mr. Jamison, who you like well enough."

"Mr. Jamison is a gentleman, my dear. The misfortunes of his family can never alter that. The Jamisons are of the oldest Greenwich families on both sides. He is a grocer by necessity. This person of whom we are speaking is one by choice."

"Well, Aunt Martha, it's as good as being a truckman, and better."

Mrs. Leveen winced.

"You might have been a judge, like your father, or a senator, like your grandfather. I wanted you to enter political life."

"Politics is pretty low down these days," Percy remarked. "It ain't what it was. Besides, I tried to get an office from Mike McNamara, but he said I wouldn't do in any where the pay was as much as the trucking pays. And I guess that's about so."

The last sentence was cheerfully spoken. Mrs. Leveen looked at her nephew's ruddy cheeks and sighed.

"I do wish, Percy," she said, gently, "that you could have found some one in Greenwich. That part of Hudson street where these people live is way beyond the outskirts of the old village, out where the hog fields were till the immigrants began to settle around us."

"But what's the difference, Aunt Martha? It's all one now. There ain't no Greenwich any more. It's all just New York city, so what's the use of pretending?"

The impatience in the young man's tone amazed his aunt almost as much as the sentiment he uttered. Never before had he failed to show her respect. On the contrary, the humbleness of his demeanor had been a grievance to her; it did not become one of her own blood to manifest the same awe before her that an ordinary Ninth warder did.

The old lady straightened in her chair, the lines about her mouth stiffened and her eyes glistened like her knocker as she answered:

"Percy Dean! You forget to whom you are speaking. You forget yourself, sir, and your good breeding is evidently suffering from the associations you permit yourself."

Percy was frightened. The last time he had been rebuked in this temper by his aunt was when he was a boy. He meant no offense.

"I beg your pardon, Aunt Martha," he murmured.

Mrs. Leveen took her knitting from the table and worked busily at it till she was quite calm. She looked up after every few thrusts of her needle, indignantly at first, then coldly, and finally the habitual expression of kindness returned to her face.

"I dare say you are in a hurry to go to town, Percy, and I shall not detain you much longer. You may tell me something about this young—this girl. How old is she?"

"She is going on 19, Aunt Martha."

"Is she cultivated, educated? Come, Percy, tell me all about her."

"She went through the grammar school, I think, but she had to work after that? So she can't play the piano or sing, but she is a nice girl and can tend the house and cook, now that her mother is dead."

"That's right; she ought to be able to manage her husband's household. But tell me more about her. Is her voice soft, are her manners gentle, is she modest? Describe her to me, my dear. Is she pretty?"

Percy was encouraged by the few words of approval he had won.

"Aunt, she's a beaut', that's—"

"What do you say, a what?"

"I mean she's a beauty. She's got blue eyes and blond hair and the nicest, biggest, reddest cheeks. She ain't what you would call quiet; she's more lively-like. You ought to hear her laugh when we're down on the docks nights with the rest of the crowd. I'll bet you could hear her across the river in Hoboken. And jolly? If she gets a mug as is too fresh she can jolly him along to beat the band. But she's on the level, too. She does the square thing by her old man every clip. The housework has to be done before she's in for the game. And she slaves for her little sisters and brothers—just slaves for them, and yet she does it as willing. But then she's good to everybody; always ready to help out with work when neighbors are behind or sick or have company, and she sticks up for horses and cats and all like that. You wouldn't believe she was that way, though, to see her at a ball or dancing on excursion boats up the river. She's a good looker and a good dresser, and when she's out in full rig—well, say, she's a sight. The other fellows don't do nothing when we're out—"

Percy stopped short. Mrs. Leveen had risen suddenly, and she stood erect before him, tall and white and proud.

"Why, Aunt Martha!" he exclaimed.

"That's enough, Percy. Thank you. I see I have been wrong, all wrong, in this matter from the first. You shall have your way, for it is right. I consent."

"Oh, Aunt Martha!" he cried, springing up and seizing her hand to kiss. "I am so glad. But I knew you would after hearing about her. And say, aunt, you ought to see her once. You couldn't help but like her and admire her. Everybody in the ward does. Why, do you know what they call her, the men down at the Grapevine? The way you looked then made me think of it. They call her the Pride of Greenwich Village."—N. Y. Post.

Why He Died.

In 1827 Mr. Zea, Colombian minister in England, died suddenly. He was insured in various offices, and rumor said he had shot himself. A meeting of one of the insurance boards was held, and the directors were talking the matter over, when Dr. M—— appeared, who was the company's medical referee as well as Mr. Zea's own physician.

"Ah! now you can tell us the true cause of Zea's death."

"Certainly I can," said the doctor, solemnly, "because I attended him."

Here he paused, and was surprised to find that his merely preliminary remark was hilariously received as a solution of the whole question.—London Household Words.

He Was Chief of the Snobs.

Sir John Brown, the cutlery manufacturer of Sheffield, owed his title to a visit to that city by the prince of Wales while Sir John was mayor of Sheffield. That he is a snob of snobs the following story proves: On the occasion of his visit the prince leaned his head against a wall in the billiard-room in his host's house, leaving a stain on the delicate paper. This stain Sir John had covered with glass and surrounded by a gold frame, placing an inscription below which related that the stain was made by the head of England's future king.—Boston Globe.

OCCUPATION AND DISEASE.

Affections Which Are Peculiar to the Various Trades.

File-cutters in England suffer much from lead poisoning, because they cut the files by hand, resting the hand on a block of lead. In the United States files are cut by machinery, and nothing is heard of lead poisoning among the craft.

Hatmakers are exposed to the danger of mercurial poisoning, a most distressing condition, popularly known as "salivation." In the manufacture of hats a strong solution of acid nitrate mercury is used to promote the felting of the hair or fur, and the workmen who handle and shape the felt are especially exposed to the danger. Mercury is volatile at ordinary temperatures, and the inhalation of its vapor or dust containing its salts, produces increased flow of saliva, sore mouth, ulceration of gums, loss of flesh, tremors, vertigo and other ills.

Prevention in such cases is difficult, because the workmen will not take the necessary precautions. The methods are the same as for lead, prompt removal of vapors by exhausts, good ventilation and scrupulous personal cleanliness.

Arsenic produces most of its evil effects in trades which employ colors which contain it, either as an essential constituent or as an impurity. Some of the aniline colors contain arsenic. The chief arsenical pigments are Scheele green (arsenite of copper) and Schweinfurth green (acete-arsenite of copper), but they also occur in some dull reds, such as red-striped bed-ticking.

The trades in which chronic arsenical poisoning occurs most frequently are in the manufacture of artificial flowers and of fancy colored glazed paper for boxes, playing cards, etc. Dyers are also exposed to much danger from this most distressing form of mineral poisoning. The use of arsenic for coloring wall paper seems to have greatly diminished of late years, and although it can still be found in many papers, it is probable that in most cases it is an accidental impurity of the colors used, a fact which does not, however, lessen the danger to which the workman is subjected. The same is true of certain of the employes engaged in the manufacture of carpets, and dress-goods prints.

Dust becomes a serious source of danger in many trades. Among coal miners or those engaged in handling fine coal—firemen, stokers, coal passers and coal dock laborers, etc.—the coal becomes deposited in the tissue of the lungs, producing what is known as miners' "lung," or anthracosis, while the similar deposit found in the lungs of those who inhale fine particles of iron or steel is known as siderosis.

In grinders, file cutters, potters, glass polishers, wood and cotton spinners, quarrymen, stone cutters, lime burners, millers, brass finishers, copper beaters, aluminum rollers, gold beaters and burnishers tissue changes in the lungs are usually found after death.

Micro-organisms cause a very considerable part of the diseases which afflict men in any occupation. While no occupation specifically produces these organisms, yet some trades make the workmen much more liable to attack than others. The bacillus of tuberculosis, which causes over 12 per cent. of all the deaths which occur in the United States, mainly affect those trades in which workmen are herded together in ill-ventilated rooms. The consumptive careless about his expectorations may infect his fellows. Hence the large proportion of cases of this disease among printers, accountants and clerks, and the dressmakers, seamstresses and clothing workers, who are crowded into sweatshops in the large cities.

The preventive is in proper ventilation, disinfection of premises and cuspidors, in open-air exercise and the avoidance of positions in which the chest is cramped and constrained.

The special dangers to the health of brain workers, that is, persons who use their brains rather than their muscles in their occupation, are due—first, to excess of emotions, especially anxiety, worry, etc.; second, to irregular habits as to eating and sleeping; third, to excesses in eating, drinking, smoking, etc., fourth, to want of physical exercise. * *

The diseases to which brain workers are most liable—dyspepsia, insomnia, liver and kidney disorder, nervous irritability or prostration, irritable heart, apoplexy and paralysis, etc.—are by no means peculiar to them, as they are seen in idle loungers quite as often. They are due not so much to excessive brain work as to bad habits of various kinds. * * *

Generally the patient feels flabby the secretions are disordered, he feels as if he needed more air. The causes are many; too much tobacco, too little exercise, a moist air with low barometer and a cloudy sky. Under the circumstances there is nothing to do but to drop the work, but avoid a stimulant.—San Francisco Examiner.

Oyster Rabbit.

Pick over and remove the hard muscle from half a pint of oysters, parboil, them in the chafing-dish in their own liquor until their edges curl, then turn them into a hot bowl. Put into the chafing-dish one tablespoonful of butter, half a pound of cheese finely crumbled, one saltspoonful each of salt, paprika and mustard. Beat two eggs slightly, add the oyster liquor and when the cheese is melted add this gradually, then add the oysters, and when hot turn it over hot toast.—Albany Journal.

He'd Better Learn.

"Goin' skatin' 'fore long?" asked little Jimmie of his sister's beau, who was waiting in the parlor.

"I don't skate, my boy. Why?"

"I heard Jennie say if you wanted her you'd better be gettin' your skates on, 'cause they was others."—Detroit Free Press.

"GEOGRAPHY PARTIES" THE FAD

New Kind of Entertainment That Shows How Little Some People Know.

"Geography parties" are among the new things in the entertainment line. They are instructive as well as entertaining, and it is astonishing how quickly they sometimes prove to one how little he knows of even the geography of his own country. In a party of a score of persons, met for an evening's entertainment, it is doubtful if more than one-fifth of the number would often be found able to "bound" the Indian territory, for instance, and name its capital.

A young lady on the South side had a "capital party" the other night, at which she gave prizes to the lady and gentleman who named the most capital cities of the country about which the questions were asked. It developed at this "party" that but two of the score of guests could name all the capital cities even in the United States and the territories. There were people present who would have it that San Francisco was the capital of California, Jacksonville of Florida, Louisville of Kentucky, New Orleans of Louisiana and St. Louis of Missouri. They had apparently forgotten all about Sacramento, Tallahassee, Frankfort, Baton Rouge and Jefferson City. There were others, mostly women, who could not name a city or a town in Nevada, Arizona, Idaho, Oklahoma or even in South Carolina, Montana and Mississippi. The Dakotas puzzled a good many, and there were a few who couldn't recall the names of the capitals of such old New England states as Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine. Two insisted that Philadelphia was the capital of Pennsylvania. It was easy enough to remember, of course, what was the capital when Harrisburg was suggested, and so it was in the other cases, but the contest served to show very clearly how far away some people get from their old grammar school days of geography.—Chicago Times-Herald.

BEATEN BY SAUSAGE FAT.

Blazing Frying Pan Dissipates One Chicagoan's Martial Ardor.

Down in one of the little restaurants known as "oyster bays," which are usually located in basement saloons, a pugnaciously disposed individual was seated several evenings ago, and he was looking for trouble. All of his immediate neighbors at the lunch counter were peaceably disposed and the boy behind the counter who was busily engaged with an order was in too much of a hurry to notice him. He had finished his own meal—small steak, potatoes, bread and butter and coffee, and for some reason or other he was dissatisfied with it.

He sat with an evening paper in his hands, and he would read a little in it and then make blustering comments with the evident hope of getting a contrary opinion from somebody. But the others were wary and he saw it and it angered him. Rapping on the counter with his right hand he said, loudly:

"We ort to kill ever one o' them cussed Spanish. They're a barbarous outfit, anyway. They couldn't stand fire if it came to 'em hot. That's the test of a fightin' man. It's easy to do the marchin' and the drillin', but when the sheet lightnin' begins to pour in, then's the time to tell the stuff the boys is made of. These here Spanish ain't no good then. They never stood fire if it was shot into 'em hot."

Just then a gas jet under a pan where a lot of sausage was frying reached over, the fat blazed up and a big splash of it hopped over and took the speaker on the face.

"Oh! gosh," he howled, as he tumbled from the stool and made for the door. "Where's the drug store?"

As the the door banged behind him the merry echoes of the general laugh followed him.—Chicago Chronicle.

NO BOARDED WAISTS.

They Are Ugly, So Women of Fashion Won't Wear Them.

No doubt there were many who grew greatly excited over the published accounts that boarded waists were a fait accompli, that the corsage planchette attributed to Paquin was the last Paris cry, the chef-d'oeuvre of the dressmakers' art for the rest of the winter.

As a matter of fact, Worth was the first who attempted to retrace steps to the moyen-age, and produce a pointed bodice whose lines were after the old style, flat across the bust and vertical to the waist, with padded fronts to obliterate the natural curve of the figure.

The models he sent over here a twelvemonth ago were not taken up, neither were they in Paris. Bernhardt's revival of Victorian gowns in her late representation of Camille has given birth to this recent sensational bodice, which has too much of the theatrical costume motif about it to be seriously considered by women of refined tastes, either foreign elegantes or their American prototypes.

The insurmountable obstacle to fencing up the figure with strips of wood is that it fails to beautify. Women would not hesitate to torture themselves if it did. On the contrary, it is a deformity, destroying all grace of movement and beauty of form.

Then, again, it has the disadvantage of making every figure look twice its natural size below the bust line, the thought of which is enough to convulse the feminine world to its foundation. —Vogue.

Knew His Lesson.

Miss M.—Now, Hamilton, you read the lesson to me first and then tell me with the closed book what you read.

Hamilton (reading)—See the cow. Can the cow run? Can the cow run as swiftly as the horse? No, the horse runs more swiftly than the cow. (Closing up the book to tell what he has read)—Get onto de cow. Kin her jiblets run? Betcher life she can run. Kin de cow do up de horse a-runnin'? Naw, de cow ain't in it wid de horse.—Pennington Seminary Review.

Legal Precocity.

A farmer's son up in the country conceived a desire to shine as a member of the legal profession and undertook a clerkship in the office of the village pettifogger at nothing a week. At the end of the first day's study the young man returned home.

"Well, Tobe, how d'yer like the law?" was the first paternal inquiry.

"Tain't what it's cracked up to be," replied Tobe. "Sorry I learnt it."—Harlem Life.

It Wasn't Possible.

"Do you think he would deliberately libel me?" asked the politician.

"My dear sir," answered the prominent citizen who knew something of the politician's record, "it isn't a question of what he would do, but of what he could do, and—"

"Well?"

"You're perfectly safe." — Chicago Post.

Made to Order.

To find a girl with golden hair
Who's chic and likewise charming,
Is not a task that anywhere
Should prove to be alarming.
Take any sweet young thing in frocks,
Who's near perfection's border—
And there you are—the golden locks
Can be supplied to order.
—Pick-Me-Up.

A RASH ASSERTION.

Very Ardent Lover—Jim, I love that gal so much that I'd marry her even if her mother-in-law waz twins!—N. Y. Truth.

Just the Other Way.

"The way of the transgressor is hard,"
We hear people quoting quite oft;
Yet transgressing men build us highways that, when
It rains, are decidedly soft.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

"THE ASTOR RELICS TO BE AUCTIONED."
LIVELY BIDDING IS EXPECTED BY THE FOUR HUNDRED.

Didn't Need It.

Electrical Supply Agent—You ought to have a burglar-alarm system in your house, so that you would be instantly awakened if any intruder were to step inside one of the doors or windows.

Mr. Youngfove—My dear sir, we don't need anything of the sort. We are weaning our baby. — Cleveland Leader.

New-Found Joy.

Souser—You look particularly happy. What's up?

Borer—Next door neighbor has twins.

Souser—Great Scott! And do you find in that reason for joy?

Borer—You bet! The piano-playing of the oldest daughter will be drowned out now.—North American.

A Warning.

"I think, Sambo," said Swellton, addressing his colored valet, and glancing at his box of cigars, "I think you'd better swear off."

"Swear off wh-wh-what, sah?"

"Smoking, Sambo; smoking. If you don't you'll get the tobacco heart or the marble heart, sure!"—N. Y. World.

Strange Enough.

Mrs. Tumblin (tearfully) — They brought my husband home in a hack from the banquet last night. How did yours get home?

Mrs. Sanderson—I don't know, but I suspect that he was carried along by his breath.—Cleveland Leader.

Letting Him Down Easy.

"Make it easier for me to bear, can't you, Grace?" pleaded the hapless youth, whom she had just refused.

"Yes, George," gently answered Grace; "I snore dreadfully."—Tit-Bits.

Nutritious Food.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "what is meant by nutritious food?"

"Something to eat that ain't got no taste to it," replied Tommy.—Household Words.

Capable of Doing It.

Brown—Who invented gas meters?

Jones—Ananias, I think. — Town Topics.

He Could Tell.

"See that young couple?" said the doorkeeper at the theater.

"Yes."

"They've been married a little over a month. I don't know their names, nor where they live, but I can tell that much about 'em."

"How?"

"They used to come every week and sit in the orchestra chairs. Now they come every other week and sit in the balcony."—Washington Star.

And Still He Did It.

Station Master — You shouldn't smoke, sir.

Traveler—That is what my friends say.

Station Master—But you mustn't smoke, sir.

Traveler—So my doctor tells me.

Station Master — But you shan't smoke, sir.

Traveler—Ah! that is just what my wife tells me.—Tit-Bits.

The Story of the Violet.

He found a violet in the snow
And took it to his breast;
"Poor thing!" he cried, "thy fate denied
A softer couch of rest!"
He wrote a poem three yards long;
His wife, she knocked it flat—
"That violet that makes your song
Is cloth—from off my hat!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

Juvenile Curiosity.

"Mr. Diggles," said the little boy with big ruffles on his shoulders, "I wish you would let me come and see where you live. I want to look at your room."

"Why, certainly. But what made you think of that?"

"My sister said it was better than your company, so I thought it must be something fine."—Washington Star.

Of Most Importance.

Mrs. Blotterwick—Isn't that sad about young Spring, next door?

Blotterwick—Don't know him.

Mrs. Blotterwick—Yes, you do. The young man who played the cornet. He's dead.

Blotterwick (with interest)—What became of the cornet?—Up-to-Date.

Taken Literally.

"Waiter, this chop is done abominably!"

"It's what you ordered, sir."

"What I ordered? What d'yer mean?"

"Why, you ordered a chop not too well done."—Pick-Me-Up.

Hinting at a Rupture.

Tuffold Knutt—You're always talkin' about hard luck. If you had a billion dollars you wouldn't know wot to do with it.

Mosely Wraggs—Yes, I would. I'd be a thunderin' sight more select about the company I keep than I am now!—Chicago Tribune.

Hope for the Child.

"They all tell me," said the fond mother, "that the little darling is the very image of me."

"Don't let that worry you," responded the old maid caller, "she will doubtless outgrow it."—Detroit Free Press.

SLIGHTLY AMBIGUOUS.

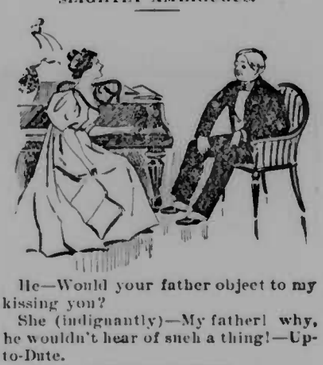

He—Would your father object to my kissing you?

She (indignantly)—My father! why, he wouldn't hear of such a thing!—Up-to-Date.

Diplomacy.

"I want to see the lady of the house," said the wandering gentleman.

"I am she," answered the lady.

"Indeed? You look so perfectly happy and independent that I hope you will excuse me for taking you for the hired girl."—Indianapolis Journal.

Good Medicine.

"Well, nurse, is the patient taking that tablespoonful of brandy once in two hours that I ordered him this morning?"

"Rather, doctor! He's 20 ahead."—London Judy.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

I DON'T WANT TO.

There's a lazy little sprite, that takes supreme delight
In spoiling children's faces. Deary me!
Such a tiresome, tiresome elf. I've wished often to myself
He was out of sight forever at the bottom of the sea!

Just look at Freddy's lips when asked to pick up chips,
Or rock his little sister, baby Grace.
"I don't want to" (that's his name) begins his little game,
And you'd hardly know 'twas Freddy's pretty face.

How quick his ugly mask, though 'twas an easy task,
Slipped o'er little Ellen's face to-day,
When mamma kindly said: "Please, daughter, bring my thread;
'Twill take you but a moment from your play."

"I don't want to." There he goes, whining always through his nose,
Spoiling all the lovely faces. Deary me!
The smiles he puts to rout, and the dimples, I've no doubt,
If they were drops of water would almost fill the sea!

—Julia A. Williams, in Farm, Field and Fireside.

WYOMING PUZZLE TREE.

It Stands on a Knoll of Granite, with No Soil Around It.

Some botanists recently discovered a real puzzle of a tree out in Wyoming. It is situated on what is known as the sand hills, about 12 miles north of the town of Lusk.

The tree, which is a stunted pine, stands on a bleak knoll of solid granite rock, having no soil anywhere around it. At first glance one would think that a tree under such circumstances would die. But this tree has a huge root running out over the ledge and down a little hill, at the bottom of which it disappears in the sand, covering a distance of over 45 feet on the surface of the ground. Through this root the tree draws its food and drink, and, as you will see from the picture, it is as thrifty and strong as if it enjoyed its life on the barren rocks.

Now the question is, how did that pine get up on the knoll where it stands? If it sprouted there, how did it know, so to speak, that there was water at the bottom of the ravine 45 feet away, and how did it live long enough to send its root down to the soil? If it really did this wonderful thing, a tree must have almost as much intelligence as an animal.

There is another supposition. Might it not have grown in the valley and then by some strange process been pushed up by its root to the top of the ledge? But whoever heard of a tree doing such a thing as that? Certainly no well-educated and conservative-minded tree would think of such a thing. If it started in the valley it would keep on growing there and not go to the expense of running a long root to the top of the hill.

A TREE WITH A LONG ROOT.

The people who live at Lusk have discussed the matter a good deal, but it was not until recently that they discovered the real reason for the strange appearance of the tree. A botanist came along and it was all as plain as daylight to him.

"Why," he said; "that ledge was once covered with a thick layer of good soil. At that time, probably a good many years ago, the tree started. Then the winds and the water began to wash the soil away, and the root had to go deeper and deeper down the ravine in order to get food. And at last it has reached the great length of 45 feet, and it may grow even longer if the soil continues to wash away."—Chicago Record.

Wasps as Fly Catchers.

The wasp is always accepted as emblematical of irritability and petty malignity, but even the wasp plays a beneficial part in the work of nature. A man who owns an estate in Ireland saw a number of wasps buzzing around some cows. They were all busy catching flies. A white cow drew more flies than the others, because the moment a fly alighted it was plainly seen against the white background. There was a constant stream of wasps flying away laden with flies, probably to feed the young wasps in their nests. In about 20 minutes the observer calculated that between 300 and 400 flies were caught on two cows lying close to him.

Buoy Suggested by a Boy.

It is stated in the Boston Post that the inventor of the whistling buoy, "that godsend to the sailor," got the first idea of the device from seeing a small boy pushing an ordinary tin horn mouth downward into a hogshead of water. The air thus compressed was forced rapidly through the small end, with a whistling noise, and that same principle is now embodied in all the apparatus supplied by the government, the rising of the tide or action of the waves driving the air into the horn.

Not News.

"We heard some of the strangest, most outlandish things last night," began the woman who gossips.

"Yes," replied the woman who doesn't, "so a friend who attended your musicale was telling me."—Washington Star.

PETS RIDE BICYCLES.

Cats, Dogs and Monkeys Which Enjoy a Spin on the Wheel.

The bicycle and the pet animal have come into juxtaposition and the result is the appearance of various sorts of riders such as the average bicycle manufacturers never made any allowance for. Cats, dogs, monkeys and even parrots are now members of the "world-a-wheel," and the bicycle animal is rapidly becoming almost as popular an institution as the wheel itself.

It is a custom begun, perhaps, more as a joke than in earnest, but it is a joke which has been developed into sober-minded fact. Those persons who were accustomed to take their pets with them for a walk or a drive now carry them on their daily spin, perched on the handlebars or the riders' shoulders, or comfortably curled in a basket.

One of the first of the bicycle animals was a parrot whose owner lives in Chicago. During the summer it was a customary thing to see the bird clinging to the handlebars of the machine, turning its head from side to side, apparently so as to miss none of the scenery and seemingly enjoying the trip as much as the rider behind.

EXPERT ON A TRICYCLE.

The pioneer in the sport, however, it is claimed, was a cat living in Dorchester, Boston. Indeed, cats seem to be the greatest riders among animal pets, for there are a number of them that have gone on record as expert cyclists. The cat is the property of Meda Perkins, who takes more pride in its accomplishments than in her own advanced age of 12 years, and claims that the cat is never so happy as when bowling along over a smooth road perched on its mistress' shoulder. Other cats have cultivated the same taste. A quartette of them belonging to Edwin and Ernest Warren, of Montvale, Mass., have made as good a record. They ride in a cage attached to handlebars or on the rider's shoulders.

A black cat of Danville, Ky., owned by W. G. Proctor, has made a reputation as a scorcher. No pace is too swift for it. The more speed the rider puts on the better the cat likes it, and almost any evening it can be seen on the shoulder of some local "speedy man." It makes friends with other wheelmen, but refuses to ride with more than one person on the same evening.

New York has a bicycle pug owned by Carroll Fleming, No. 314 West Twenty-second street, who is having an upholstered wire basket constructed for its comfort during the autumn rides. With the pug on the wheel no bell is needed, for the animal has a distinct liking for the sound of its own voice and barks most of the time.

Charles Heustreet, No. 12 Dey street, New York, had until recently a bicycle monkey. The monkey rode in any position on the wheel or the rider, as it saw fit, and kept up a continual chattering all the time. It leaped from the handlebars to the rider's shoulder and back again like a flash, and hung on by feet and tail in a most accomplished manner. The cool weather, however, proved too much for it and it caught cold and died.

But a more remarkable bicycle animal than any other yet heard of is Consul II., a chimpanzee, at Bellevue gardens, Manchester, England. R. L. Garner, who has just published a book on the speech of monkeys, calls it the most marvelously human ape in existence.

Consul II. rides a wheel, not as other animals do through the help of the real rider, but unaided. The ape is four years old and was brought from the west coast of Africa a year and a half ago. Its aptitude for learning tricks is immense. Music is one of its chief accomplishments, its efforts on the violin and bugle being too ludicrous to imagine. It is particularly fond of its cigarette, and enjoys its tobacco as only the prince of monkey connoisseurs can. Not content with using soap and towels for its ablutions, it also shaves, causing much amusement when stropping its razor; and in addition to this shaves its keeper in finished style.

But its strong hold is the wheel. It rides both the bicycle and the tricycle, and it is claimed that it is the only monkey in the world that possesses these accomplishments. It learned the tricycle first, and afterwards took to the bicycle quite naturally. It is an expert at the sport and steers the machine worthy of study by beginners.

Consul gives performances daily, displays of bicycle riding and other tricks, all of which are out of the common.

While playing about the grounds the ape often finds a cigar stump. It knows what it is, picks it up, puts it in its mouth, and goes to the keeper for a light. It will not attempt to light the pipe or cigar for fear of burning its fingers, but it will light a match and hand it to the keeper to hold. It sometimes takes a piece of paper, lights it in the fire and hands it to some one to light the pipe for it. It is afraid of the fire and will not hold the paper itself.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Landlady—"Then you would like to be called at eight, sir?" New Lodger (with retiring allowance)—"Well, no; not exactly called, don't you know. But the girl might mention the time, then, quietly—very quietly, in case I should be asleep."—Fun.

—Meant Business.—"What do you mean, sir," roared the irate father, "by bringing your trunk to my house and ordering a room?" "I'm adopted as one of the family," coolly answered the young man. "Your daughter said she would be a sister to me."—Detroit Free Press.

—Charitable Old Lady (to little beggar girl)—"There's some bread for you. It's a day or two old, but you can tell your mother to take three or four fresh eggs, a quart of milk, a cup of sugar, some good butter and half a grated nutmeg, and she can make a very excellent pudding of it."—Dublin News.

—Good Judges of Character.—Passenger (alighting from cab)—"What's the charge?" Cabman—"One dollar." "Well, that's quite reasonable. I knew by your face that you wouldn't try to be extortionate." "Thankee. I knew by your face that you'd be too mean to pay more than the legal fare without a lawsuit."—N. Y. Weekly.

—"Yes," said the retired army officer, "I can recall two occasions when I was terribly frightened." "Oh," exclaimed the romantic young lady, "do tell me about them. I suppose it happened when you were fighting the Indians." "No," he replied; "one time was when I was married, and the other time was when we had our baby christened."—Cleveland Leader.

—Realistic.—Grinkham—"What wonderful talent Screwface, the impersonator has. Now, when he represented the Esquimau hero and his sweetheart coasting down an aurora, my teeth chattered." Col. Kaintuck—"Yes, sah, but what I noticed more was that when he personated the bartender, he gad; if it didn't give me the hiccoughs, sah!"—Brooklyn Life.

A CHINESE NEW YEAR'S.

How the Day Is Celebrated in a Chinese Quarter of San Francisco.

Chinatown of San Francisco was keeping holiday, and all was gayety and bustle.

The narrow, picturesque streets were decorated with brightly-colored lanterns, while overhead above the rooftops the yellow dragon-flags floated against a blue California sky.

It was a sunny day in February, and the streets were swarming with a multitude of Chinese—men, women and children—all arrayed in their richest holiday attire. The children especially, with their bright faces and black eyes, and their pretty costumes, formed a most pleasing and interesting feature of this living oriental picture.

Everybody seemed to be happy and good-natured; and ever and anon, as a group of friends met, they stopped and amid much ceremonious bowing exchanged the compliments of the season; for this festive occasion was nothing more nor less than the celebration of the Chinese New Year.

The idea of celebrating New Year's day in February may strike some of my readers as odd. But, since this has been the Chinese custom from time immemorial, and is older, by several thousand years, than our acceptance of the 1st of January as the proper time, the Chinese, perhaps, are not far wrong in supposing themselves to be at least as much in the right as ourselves. This question, however, was of no concern to this merry holiday throng. They were quite satisfied with the arrangement; and, with the utmost belief in their own superiority, they felt at heart an inborn contempt—common to all Chinese—for "outside barbarians." This term embraces all nations not living within the sacred boundaries of "the flowery kingdom," and includes the inhabitants of all the world; and these unfortunate outsiders are broadly divided into two classes—eastern and western barbarians.—Theodore Wores, in St. Nicholas.

Birds Strangely Concealed.

Mr. A. H. Thayer, an artist, believes he has discovered that the light color of the under parts of birds and small mammals serves to conceal them from their enemies. At a recent meeting of the American Ornithologists' union he proved by experiments that an object nearly of the color of the ground, like a potato, is very conspicuous when placed a few inches above the soil and viewed from a little distance. But when the under side is painted white, and gradually shaded into the color of the upper part, the object disappears by blending with the ground; the whiteness beneath counteracts the effect of the shadow of the body.—Youth's Companion.

Light Without Heat.

One of the things which inventors would like much to accomplish is the production of light without heat. Nature proves by the example of the firefly and the glowworm that the thing can be done. Experiments at the Physical Institute in Berlin have lately shown—what had long been believed without direct measurement of the temperature—that the light radiated from a Geissler tube, when an electric current passes through it, is accompanied by very little heat. This accords with the view that we must look to electricity for a solution of the problem of "cold light."—Youth's Companion.

Nutritious, at Least.

Knox—I really don't see why people should make so much of Bulger; there is really nothing in him.

Fox—I don't know about that. There must be considerable nutrition about him.

"Nutrition?"

"Certainly. He lives on his cheek, doesn't he?"—Boston Courier.

HOW TO GAIN VITAL FORCE.

A Strong, Healthy Organization the First Essential to Success.

Dr. Augusta Brown-Girard recently gave a talk on the subject: "How Shall We Gain Vital Force?" In which she said:

"The object of every person's existence is the unfolding and perfection of his own individuality and the improvement of the race. A strong, healthy organization is the first essential to success; intelligence, beauty, amiability, and, indeed, there can be no condition that ill health will not undermine.

"Neither wealth, position, honor nor opportunity can compensate for the absence of a well-balanced, healthful condition of body and mind. It is of the greatest consequence that every person should have some knowledge of the chemistry, the anatomy and physiology of his own organization. Self-knowledge must include the body as well as the mind.

"As a body that is not well-balanced the mind soon becomes feeble and is often lost. In the organization of man the mind depends as much upon the body as the body upon the mind.

"With every thought, emotion, effort, we expend a certain amount of vital force, consequently while awake we are constantly using up this energy; while asleep or in a passive state we are left to nature's own law of action, consequently, and it is a natural law, we in a normal condition the nerves attract and draw vital force and are constantly accumulating around their nerve centers this vital energy. We are vitalized, refreshed, during sleep; then while asleep or in a passive state we are reserving what is already accumulated.

"Many persons cannot sleep during the day. They should lie down in a perfectly passive state, withdrawing the mind from all outside external cares and interests. Make the mind a blank as much as possible, and in this state one may accumulate nervous strength nearly as rapidly as in sleep. Dismiss all contending thoughts and give up the whole being to be acted upon by nature's law—simply rest absolutely.

"We must practice self-control; learn to stop exertion just short of fatigue. Nothing is gained by overtaxing and depleting the vitality.

"A well-managed, judicious practice of exercise and rest of body and mind will soon improve the most debilitated. The faculties and functions of the human organization are numerous and varied, and to be healthy it must be exercised equally.

"All around us are people who are not really sick, but who are below par in strength and general health. They might be giants in strength if they would go to work in earnest, with a determination and will to get well by obeying simple laws of nature. There are thousands of ambitious people who see their castles fade one after another for the want of vitality of brain and nerve power to carry out their designs. If one has made up his mind to rise to his highest possibilities in health he may do it by following out faithfully a few hygienic laws. His first effort is to increase vitality. There are many and different ways to do this. Nature constantly generates this force in every individual to a greater or less degree. If we are careful not to expend more force than we generate daily we will accumulate.

"We must not overtax, smoke, chew nor take stimulants. Get right down to bedrock nutrition; be very temperate in eating and drinking, taking only the most nutritious and easily-digested food; keep the mind hopeful and serene under all circumstances. Few people realize how much force is expended in frivolities."—N. Y. Tribune.

Would Patronize Old Men.

"If a woman was like a horse to the extent that her age could be told by her teeth—"

She paused and shook her head over the thoughts that were conjured up by the suggestion.

"Well?" he said, impatiently, for he knew that she never wasted her time in considering practical and other uninteresting matters.

"If you could tell a woman's age by her teeth," she repeated, "the handsome young dentist would starve to death."

"I don't see why," he protested. "All women aren't——"

"No," she interrupted, "all women aren't. The very young whose teeth are all right, and the very old, who have no teeth, would be willing to go to them. But that would be all."—Chicago Post.

Dicky—"They tell us you are living on the fat of the land at your new boarding place." Weefers—"Yes, oleomargarine and filled cheese."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Most of the women who belong to literary societies use self-rising pancake flour. A self-rising pancake flour is a sure sign of poor housekeeping.—Atchison Globe.

Of course a 16-year-old girl cannot wear a white dress and blue sash in the winter, but she can wear blue ribbons in the braids down her back, and look stunning.—Atchison Globe.

"Father caught you smoking one of his cigars, did he? And what did he do—lick you?" "No; wish he had." "What then?" "Made me smoke it—right through."—Fun.

Miss Elderwun—"Only think of it, when I entered the room and lighted a match there was a man there!" Mr. Finegrass—"Did you catch him or was he too quick for you?"—Boston Transcript.

Teacher—"Billy, can you tell me the difference between caution and cowardice?" Billy—"Yes, ma'am. When you are afraid yourself, then that's caution. But when the other fellow's afraid, that is cowardice."—Golden Penny.

"I don't like your milk," said the mistress of the house. "What's wrong with it, mum?" "It's dreadfully thin and there's no cream on it." "After you have lived in the town awhile, mum," said the milkman, encouragingly, "you'll get over them rooral ideas of yourn."—Twinkles.

"I hardly think," said the lawyer, "that you can get a separation from your wife on account of her making a practice of throwing things at the dog." "But," said the man with the haggard look and the black eye, "every time she throws at the dog she hits me!"—Twinkles.

Dennis—"Arrah, Pat, and so yez have come back to stay? Why didn't yez loike it out west in that place where yez had such a good job?" Pat—"Och, it's no place fer a Christian mon, Dennis. There ain't a livin' soul about the place that hasn't died wid the malayrium."—Cleveland Leader.

White Slaves of Old England.

Eight hundred years ago all of the large cities of England had regular slave markets for the sale of white slaves from all parts of the kingdom. In the "Life of Bishop Wulfstand" the writer says: "It was a moving sight to see in the public markets rows of young people of both sexes tied together and sold like cattle—men, unmindful of their obligations, delivering into slavery their relatives, and even their own children." In another part of this work it is noted that these slave were "particularly young women of fine proportions and of great beauty."

A Brave Queen.

The queen of Wurtemberg is neither helpless nor cowardly, as was shown when, upon a recent occasion, her horses ran away. The coachman and footman were pitched from the seat, but the queen climbed to the box, and securing the reins, checked the horses.

$1.00 FOR 14 CENTS.

Millions now plant Salzer's seeds, but millions more should; hence offer:

1 pkg. Bismarck Cucumbers.....15c
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21 Brilliant Blooming Plants.....$1.00
John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. [K]

Appropriate.—"What sign do you think I ought to put up in front of my place of business?" asked a man who had opened a morgue. "'Remains to be seen,'" suggested the friend who had dropped in.—Chicago Tribune.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, [Seal] Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"As I understand it," said the Innocent Man, "the main thing in poker is to be lucky in the draw." "It ain't so much in bein' lucky as bein' quick, out our way," explained Rubberneck Bill.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Spartan Virtue, Fortitude,

is severely taxed by dyspepsia. "But "good digestion will wait on appetite, and health on both," when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is resorted to by the victim of indigestion. Heartburn, flatulence, biliousness will cease tormenting the gastric region and liver if this genial family corrective meets with the fair trial that a sterling remedy deserves. Use it regularly, not spasmodically—now and then. It conquers malarial, kidney, nervous and rheumatic ailments.

Cause of the Deficiency.—"I think the picture lacks atmosphere," said the kindly critic. "Fact is," said the artist, "I had a hard time raising the wind while I was painting."—Indianapolis Journal.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed. 50c and $1.00, all druggists.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak (as her husband comes in late at night)—"What does the clock say, John?" Mr. Crimsonbeak (with difficulty)—"Nothing, madam, nothing. It's got sense enough to say nothing."—Yonkers Statesman.

The pain of sciatica is cruel. The cure by St. Jacobs Oil is sure. It penetrates.

Explaining a Proverb.—"Papa, what does this mean: 'It is better to give than to receive'?" asked a boy of his fond parent. "It means, my son, that your mother finds more pleasure in lecturing me than I do in hearing her."—Tit-Bits.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe. 10c.

Money in plenty. Happiness for all. Chance of a lifetime. Particulars free. Address at once V. Wim, Box 1056, Lyons, N. Y. This offer appears but once.

Nothing creates quite as great commotion as a woman who has lost her pocketbook. What was in it had nothing to do with the case.—Washington Democrat.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma. E. D. Townsend, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, '95.

Miss Dimples—"Well, I'm glad to begin the new year right." Miss Passay—"And I hate to begin it left."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets candy cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made.

Some women buy books because they look pretty in the book case.

When bilious or costive eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

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Health Officers in many cities very properly refuse to accept "Heart Failure," as a cause of death. It is frequently a sign of ignorance in the physician, or may be given to cover up the real cause.

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A Medicine with 20 Years of . . Success behind it . .

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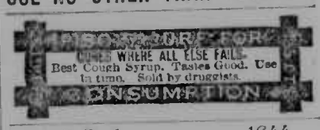

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THURSDAY, FEB. 25, 1897.

ONLY one week more of Grover.

CHARLES R. FLINT, treasurer of the rubber trust, says he got $200,000 for promoting the organization of the concern. Some persons may be inclined to think this an enormous sum for Flint's services, but they should take into consideration the fact that when a man sells himself outright to the devil, he ought to get a good price.

THE Preston County *Journal* of last week contained a well-written article entitled "Over the Hills to the Poor House of Preston County." The writer gives a vivid description of the condition of these recipients of the public charity, which must certainly appeal to the officials and public at large of that county to a betterment of their condition. It is calculated to set the public mind to thinking on this all important subject of caring for the poor, and could be read with benefit by the officials of our own county.

WHEN Mr. Gary takes his place in McKinley's cabinet, he will be the first representative of Maryland appointed to such a position in 28 years. Gen. Grant recognized Maryland in 1869 by selecting John A. J. Cresswell as one of his advisers, and, strangely enough, he was placed at the head of the postoffice department as Mr. Gary seems likely to be.

Previous to 1869, Maryland received her share of recognition in cabinet positions, and her representatives acquitted themselves in a manner creditable to the state and nation. Under ring rule, the state received little recognition from the powers at Washington. She developed no men who could be said to be worthy of any particular consideration. She was lost sight of in the management of government affairs. Her men of brains had no chance to show their worth. To gain public recognition, they must first bow down before the political trio, who graduated from the dregs, into rulers of Baltimore and the state. Men of ability could not so demean and disgrace themselves, and preferred the quiet life of a private citizen to public recognition, through the agency of a foul machine. Thus the state was dragged down by political blood-suckers, from a place where her citizens were looked up to as among the foremost in the councils of the nation, to a condition in which she was not considered worthy of a second thought, looked upon as a mere division of territory on the map, and very little attention given to that. Her public sentiment was being crushed, the hope of better things surely fading away. But the people have asserted themselves, and public sentiment is growing stronger every day.

Maryland In the Cabinet.

The earnest missionary work that has been done in Canton, Ohio, in behalf of Mr. James A. Gary has borne fruit in the tender of a cabinet position to that gentleman, and if he accepts, as it is presumed he will, Maryland will once more be represented in the official family of the President of the United States. It has been nearly a quarter of a century since a Marylander was been in the federal cabinet, and Maryland Republicans will doubtless rejoice that the State has again been recognized in the distribution of political honors. The position offered him is not definitely announced, but it is believed the Postmaster-Generalship is that which he will be asked to fill. Whether it be that or some other portfolio, we have no doubt that Mr. Gary will discharge its duties with credit to himself and to the State. He is a man of business experience and ability, prominent and popular in his party, and his appointment will give great satisfaction to his personal as well as political friends.

Class Representation.

A lawyer in Garrett county discovers that—

The acts of the Maryland Legislature for the year of our Lord 1896 contain some very curious things. For instance, chapter 55 provides "that any person or persons caught fishing, gunning or hunting in any manner on Sunday in Garrett county, Md., shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor," etc. The reader will note the fact, it is not a misdemeanor to hunt on Sunday in Garrett county unless the hunter is caught at it. Then by the terms of this act an offender is only punishable for the first and second offenses. There is no penalty after the second offense.

Garrett is lucky, however.

And so is Allegany.

The latter had a bill that came within a "two spot" of becomming a law that provided that those very people "fishing, gunning or hunting," whether "caught" or not, should have a say in determining the qualifications of a mine inspector.

There are people in Garrett county, however, who hold to the antediluvian notion that nothing but farmers ought to go to the legislature—for the interest of the farmers.

And there are people in Allegany who contend that miners are the only folks who need legislative protection—by miners.

Both classes are tarred with the same stick which smears another caste out in Arizona with the maxim that—Only owners of hosses should sit on juries which try hoss thieves.

Under any of these auspices the result is sure to be fatal.—Frostburg Journal.

The Men Who will Compose McKinley's Cabinet.

CANTON, O., Feb. 19.—The selection of Gary and McCook will complete the cabinet, which will be as follows:

Secretary of State—John Sherman, Ohio.

Secretary of the Treasury—Lyman J. Gage, Illinois.

Secretary of War—Gen. Russell A. Alger, Michigan.

Secretary of the Navy—J. D. Long, of Massachusetts.

Secretary of the Interior—Joseph McKenna, California.

Postmaster General—Jas. A. Gary, Maryland.

Attorney General—John J. McCook, New York.

Secretary of Agriculture—James Wilson, Iowa.

Some of Garrett's Mineral Wealth.

Tuesday there was brought to this office by Mr. Chauncey Kimmell samples of minerals found on his farm, which is situated about six miles from Oakland down the Youghiogheny river.

The first and most valuable of these minerals is the coal, of which there are five veins in that community. The top vein is three and the others four, five, six and eleven feet thick. Mr. Kimmell has the four foot vein opened and is working it, he having sold this winter over seven hundred tons of coal, most of which was hauled to Oakland. This coal is an excellent heating coal, but does not hold fire as well as the five six and eleven foot veins.

The next mineral in importance from a commercial point of view we should adjudge, is fire clay. There is a vein sixty feet thick underlying Mr. Kimmell's land. It has been tested by experts and pronounced superior to the famous Mount Savage fire clay. Bricks made from it have stood a thorough test and are impervious to the action of fire. The other mineral is kaolin. This is a soft, white clay somewhat resembling chalk, and is used in large quantities for finishing fine china-ware and adulterating candies. Samples of these minerals can be seen at this office.

There is about three hundred and fifty acres underlaid with these minerals. The Friendsville and Deer Park connecting line will pass through the land. This road is now completed to within eight miles of Oakland, and we have it from good authority that it will be completed to Oakland by next July.

Only One Standard

You and we may differ as to money standards and out of our very differences good may come. But we won't differ as to the merits of one standard emulsion of cod liver oil.

SCOTT'S EMULSION has won and held its way for nearly 25 years in the world of medicine until to-day it is almost as much the standard in all cases of lung trouble, and every condition of wasting whether in child or adult as quinine is in malarial fevers.

Differ on the money question if you will, but when it comes to a question of health, perhaps of life and death, get the standard.

Your druggist sells Scott's Emulsion.
Two sizes, 50 cts. and $1.00
SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

The Editor Writes a Few Observations of His Trip to Texas.

There are signs of the red man to be found between St. Louis and Texas along the St. Louis and San Francisco Railroad. But there are signs only, for civilization in its highest type has made the country to blossom as the rose. Even along that part of the road between a point a few miles south of Fort Smith, Ark., and Red River, which is the eastern portion of the Indian Territory, and embraces the Chickasaw Nation, the red man, who is in evidence at the railway stations, presents an Americanized appearance. He may be seen mounted on the strong-muscled Indian pony, a man hardy of limb and keen of eye, dressed in combination style, so to speak, retaining some of the garments and ornaments of the untamed fathers, and nearly always with the handy lariat hooked on to his big horned saddle. The latter is his pet, and next to his wholesome appetite receives much of his attention. It is his pillow at night when on a journey, a hunt or a cattle drive. Its trappings and decorations are measured only by the means of the owner. Hence the Indian's saddle is usually the sign of his wealth. "The Indian Country," as it is called, no longer satisfies in all respects the morbid curiosity of the seekers for sensations. You never hear of a train being "held up" by Indians. Under the gentle but powerful influence of church and State in their separate and distinct spheres, he has been brought up to a higher place, and when you read of the great Indian school at Carlisle, Pa., you should recollect that the young men and women there in training come from the Territory. In fact, the bronze-faced figure with stolid visage and strong jaw, set off by long, coarse, jet black hair and sombrero, who gazed at our train in the Chickasaw Nation at station after station, may this coming June meet his sweet daughter graduate on this very rail route, and be ready, too, with ample transportation facilities, not only to carry her, but an average number of trunks, across the plains to the modernized home. Here we find a study in government and human evolution. Men who once subsisted on wild animals and fowls, and but for their skins and feathers would have had to go naked; who fought with weapons of flint and seasoned wood, and who killed each other and carved their own bodies in pursuance of savage whim or instinct, have disappeared over in the happy hunting grounds. By gradual stages the brute has been merged into the man of affairs. If there yet lingers any of the old untamed sort, the fact is emphasized by the ready rope-stretching way they have down here in the Federal courts, a process that made a judge in Fort Smith famous—honored Judge Parker—and that spread a salutary warning to such self-evident good effect.

It was something of a surprise to learn that there are still many thousands of acres of Frisco grant lands for sale in Missouri. The State is hardly ever thought of now as one of the young frontier commonwealths, so well provided is it with railways, factories, large cities and the other elements of progress and growth. But it is learned that the wise western policy in early days of aiding and encouraging capital to build railways through vast reaches of unoccupied fertile lands was one of the measures adopted by Missouri. Thus her government lands were put to a practical purpose. The St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad has some 120,000 acres of land grants left. We get a view of specimens of these from the car windows. They lie alongside of and are mixed up with the famous wheat, corn and apple lands of Missouri. No wonder the State is getting on with such rapid strides! The founders counted well. The heirs of her munificent public domain, the railways, have met liberality with even greater liberality; and any one of our editorial party could step off the Frisco train into possession of some of the road's lands at astonishingly low prices. Think of the best land at from $2 to $5 per acre. Apart from what the soil can do in the way of grain, grasses and those famous apples, one has a chance, if he is as lucky as many others who have gone before, to dig up zinc, lead or coal. Southwest Missouri has all of these. The editorial reflections are soothed to rest in contemplation of all this. Here is a haven of peaceful release from a life's toil on the tripod; a place where one may neither freeze to death during bleak December nor scorch under an August sun. There is a strangely interesting variety of country, scenery and climate along our route from St. Louis to Texas. There can be no wonder now at the wide popularity of this route to the South. Between St. Louis and Springfield, Mo., the latter of marvelous growth to now 30,000 people, we cross the Ozark Mountain range. These picturesque slopes and steep declivities are the huntsman's paradise. The everlasting mountain streams furnish all the kinds of fish native to such localities. Down in the valleys are snug homes which boast of rich delta lands, no mosquitoes or malaria, and pure mountain air. Between Monett, where the Frisco's California route leads off west, and Fort Smith, Ark., we cross the Boston Mountains, and further south the Kiamichi Highlands, whose scenery is bewitching, and in some spots wild in its grandeur. Streams, wild fowl, fish, deer and smaller game complete any picture fancy may draw.

Monett is a Frisco town. It is young and strong. The road built it and is doing much for it. It is new and fresh. Here is the Frisco's junction. We see passengers getting aboard of the California-bound train, which we learn passes through Neosho, the biggest United States Government fish hatchery west of the Mississippi River. This novelty would have given us great pleasure had we time to inspect it. So would it have been worth our while to see something of the noted lead and zinc mines on the route west of Neosho. But even at this early stage of our trip over an interest-creating route we find we cannot "do" all noteworthy points and take in every engaging sight on and near the Frisco System.

The memory of the newspaper man, trained as it is, almost despairs of recollecting for purposes of correspondence all the things we are to hear and see.

Let us hasten to stick a pin right here, however, and ejaculate fervently that we will not forget that feast Fred. Harvey gave us at Monett. As the Company's permanent manager of food supply en route and as Harvey "himself" he is the "only pebble on the beach."

BENJ. H. SINCELL.

Review of the Week.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20.—In the investment and speculative departments of Wall street there have been no important changes during the past week. The preponderant feeling seems to have favored selling, partly because operators had become tired of the dead level in prices which had prevailed, and partly because the condition of the foreign markets were calculated to produce some unsettlement of feeling on this side of the Atlantic. The result of these conditions has been a fall of 1@2 per cent. in prices during the week.

The difficulties between Greece and Turkey and their possible bearings upon the disturbed relations between the leading powers and Turkey have brought European politics so near the possibility of a very grave crises that confidence has been seriously shaken on the European bourses, the prices of state issues having generally declined and those of other descriptions still more seriously, in sympathy. Under these circumstances Wall street has been apprehensive lest there should be foreign selling of our securities. So far, however, no movement of that kind has been apparent, but there has been a suspension of the buying that set in previous to the occurrence of these political troubles. Fortunately, there is reason to hope that these European dangers have passed their culmination. The leading powers have unanimously agreed upon a joint intervention, which will restrain Greece from deranging hostile action and lead to a prevention of hostile relations between that country and Turkey. This outbreak may, however, delay the reforms which the great powers have resolved to enforce upon Turkey; and that will in some measure tend to prolong suspense in the European markets. For the immediate future, therefore, New York may hardly hope for much reinforcement from the foreign markets.

Domestic conditions retain the symptoms of recovery which I lately noted as having set in; and there can now be no question that the general business of the country is at last steadily drifting into a healthy activity. The tonnage returns of the railroads, eastward and westward, show a very satisfactory increase; and the same tendency appears in current reports of railroad earnings, which contrast favorably with those of January. With trifling exceptions, rates of freight are stable, which, together with the extremely low prices of railroad supplies, should be favorable to the net earnings.

The merchandise markets show a very marked improvement. The commercial hotels are full of buyers from all sections of the country, and it is doubtful if the interior trade was ever before so fully represented in this city. Within the last nine days, no less than thirteen hundred dry goods buyers arrived here. The woolen goods trade shows a distinct recovery, and mills that have been closed for months are resuming work. A similar recovery is apparent in nearly all other kinds of merchandise. The interior buyers are discriminating and careful, but the aggregate of their purchases is making a satisfactory impression upon stocks of goods. There are nowhere any indications of a speculative demand for merchandise, but a fair, conservative business is realized in the trades generally, and prices are steady.

The breaking up of the steel rail association has resulted in sales variously estimated at from 1,000,000 to 1,100,000 tons, the price having settled down to $18 or $20, according to location of market. This release of the rail market will set in operation a large amount of business which has been stagnant for many months. From the winter wheat sections, the thick snow blanket having preserved the plant in good condition, and the prospects being almost uniformly hopeful for the crop.

The foreign trade movement still runs largely in our favor. The gain in exports is naturally beginning to abate, and the figures for January show an increase over last year of $7,100,000, while for the previous quarter the gain had averaged over $23,000,000 per month. But the imports for January show a much larger rate of decrease than previously, the falling off being $16,900,000, while for the months of December, November and October the decrease averaged only $13,500,000. The merchandise imports for last month amounted to $53,200,000, while the exports were valued at $99,000,000, which show a balance in our favor, on the merchandise account, amounting to $45,800,000. For the same month of 1896, the creditor balance was $22,500,009. These figures show that we may safely postpone expectations of gold exports; for in addition to this balance of 45.8 millions for January we must reckon the large sum of export bills still held here, but which will now soon mature. These balances will much more than cover the interest payable abroad at the beginning of March. It must be here noted, however, that during this month the imports of merchandise have begun to show a decided increase, the result probably of more liberal orders sent out in November under the encouraging outcome of the election. The imports at this port for the first two weeks of February amount to $18,900,000, which is identical with the figures for the corresponding weeks of 1896. We are evidently not entering on a period in which the late large creditor balance between imports and exports will be modified, and we may expect to see increases in the imports and decreases in the exports; but, in the meantime, it would seem that Europe must be owing largely to the United States on the balance of past transactions, including financial as well as commercial.

HENRY CLEWS.

Washington.

It is well for a nation, as it is for an individual, that it should pause occasionally to survey its past and note how closely it is adhering to or how far it is departing from its early ideas. Such opportunities are presented on an anniversary like the present, which recalls the grand and majestic figure of Washington and the great work and principles with which his name is associated. They should be used sincerely and heartily in strengthening and elevating national sentiment and purifying national patriotism, in leading the present generation up to the heroic heights of a younger and fresher day, and in imbuing it with the spirit and the enthusiasm that give to individuals and people lasting greatness. It will be a national misfortune of the first magnitude when the observance of the 22d of February is suffered to degenerate into a perfunctory celebration, or to become merely a lip service, sounding and impressive, but dead and soulless, when Washington becomes to us simply a stately name, but his statues imposing and striking, but, like them cold and lifeless. The fire of Mohammedan devotion is rekindled by the yearly pilgrimage to the birthplace of the prophet at Mecca, and the birthday of the father of his Country should call forth an intellectual and moral pilgrimage of a similar sort on the part of the Americans. There is no danger that we will overestimate the virtues or character of Washington. The fierce light that beats around the thrones of the immortals never fails to reveal their smallest blemishes, and the cynical biographer of these latter days never fails to call attention to the slightest defect in the world's heroes. The danger is that in the onward rush of what we call the modern progress such virtues and characters may lose their hold upon us, and in time cease to be a living force. We cannot recall them to a gratefully, or dwell upon them too lovingly or reverently. Washington was not the only savior of his country in the struggle for liberty, but he is the patriotic standard and model of the nation for all time. The closer we approach his private and public virtues, the more nearly we reproduce them in our personal and national existence, the higher and truer will be our lives and the stronger and purer the life of the nation.

In the pride of recent development and material achievement, of the names we have contributed to statesmanship, to learning or to military glory, it is significant to remember that the man who lies buried at Mt. Vernon is still the one American to whom all nations unite in rendering reverent admiration—the only American who has been admitted without question into the world's historical pantheon. Others have found their claims disputed to this great honor, but his rights have been admitted almost from the first. Even in this noble company he stands great among the greatest—in some respects, possibly, greatest among the small group of the truly great. At his death even his former English enemies paid tribute to his memory and the French Cæsar did honor to the pure and undefiled representative of Liberty. "When the news of Washington's death reached England," says Irving, "Lord Bridport, who had command of a British fleet of nearly sixty sails of the line, lying at Torbay, lowered his flag to half-mast, every ship following his example; and Bonaparte, First Consul of France, on announcing his death to the army, ordered that black crepe should be suspended from all the standards and flags throughout the public service for ten days." These honors were not merely the tributes of political expediency. They have been followed by the deliberate expressions of statesmen and writers of all civilized countries, and Lord Brougham expressed the universal thought when he wrote: "It will be the duty of the historian and the sage of all nations to let no occasion pass of commemorating this illustrious man, and until time shall be no more will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington." A distinguished American biographer portrays him in this strong but by no means exaggerated language: "The character of Washington may want some of those poetical elements which dazzle and delight the multitude, but it possesses fewer inequalities and a rarer union of virtues than perhaps ever fell to lot of one man. Prudence, firmness, sagacity, moderation, an overruling judgment, an immovable justice, courage that never faltered, patience that never wearied, truth that disdained all artifice, magnanimity without alloy. * * * The fame of Washington stands apart from every other in history, shining with a truer lustre and a more benignant glory. With us his memory remains a national property, where all sympathies throughout our widely extended and diversified empire meet in unison. Under all dissensions and amid all the storms of party his precepts and example speak to us from the grave with a paternal appeal, and his name by all revered—forms a universal tie of brotherhood, a watchword of our Union."

His breadth of view and penetrating vision are wonderfully displayed in that farewell address, which is as applicable in many respects to the present day as it was to the generation to which he was more immediately speaking. Another and not less striking instance of his foresight was his position with reference to the slavery question. All his slaves were directed by his will to be emancipated at the death of his wife. They would have been set free during his life but for "insuperable difficulties on account of their intermixture by marriage with 'dower negroes,' whom it was not in his power to manumit under the tenure by which they were held." But he foresaw the troubles to which slavery would give rise, and writing to a relative in 1797 he said: "I wish from my soul that the Legislature of this State (Virginia) could see the policy of a gradual abolition of slavery. It might prevent much future mischief." Eleven years before, in 1786, he had written to Mr. John F. Mercer: "I never mean, unless some particular circumstances should compel me to it, to possess another slave by purchase it being among my first wishes to see some plan adopted by which slavery in this country may be abolished by law." Had his warnings been acted upon, the great strain and cost of our bloody and distressing civil conflict might have been prevented.

Among the last recorded words of Washington, if not absolutely the last were these: "'Tis well." Although not employed in reference to public affairs, they are suggestful and from a text for fruitful meditation. It will be "well" with us, indeed, as long as we follow in the footsteps of this calm and devoted patriot, as long as his example and his precepts "recur," in the language of his farewell address, "to moderate the fury of party spirit to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigues, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism." His life was not the poetry of sentiment, but the epic of great deeds. He was a simple, honest, manly, straightfoward, patriotic gentleman, strong in his sincerity, in his integrity in his wonderful balance of mind and character, in his clear common sense, in his earnest desire and determination to do his duty. These are the fountains of inspiration from which the nation should drink deeply and frequently if it wishes to renew and perpetuate its moral life and strength.

Threw Away His Canes.

Mr. D. Wiley, ex-postmaster, Black Creek, N. Y., was so badly afflicted with rheumatism that he was only able to hobble around with canes, and even then it caused him great pain. After using Chamberlain's Pain Balm he was so much improved that he threw away his canes. He says this liniment did him more good than all other medicines and treatment put together.
For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

Copyrighted by "Nemo."

Shall we scratch around for an illustration that portrays a too common idea of the child-mind?

* * *

To produce the famous Strasburg *pates de foie gras*, luckless geese are shut up in coops, so small that the birds can neither turn, nor flap their wings, nor even preen the feathers. Several times a day each unhappy goose is forced full of food by a feeding machine. The result of this concentration of effort upon one organ is very quickly seen. In two weeks a large, sturdy bird is reduced to a foul and living skeleton; but the desired effect has been produced upon the liver, which now weighs two to three pounds.

* * *

Is there not something akin to this in the methods applied to children by machine-teachers, and tacitly approved of by indifferent parents? Without thought of a child being possessed of any other organ beside a brain, and any other function beyond the acquirement of facts, and any other responsibility apart from earning a living, the little creature is stuffed with instruction—not education in its best sense—until its limbs jerk from over-strained nerves. A sure proof of the actual damage of such teaining both to the child and to the community is found in the fact stated by Forbes Winslow, the famous authority on the brain, that infant prodigies seldom do well in after life, because of over-development in one direction and neglect of training in another, the result being that they are easily led away by temptation and often "go to the bad" when thrown on their own resources. All thinkers most fully acknowledge the need of brain-culture as a means of broadening the life and enabling the individual to acquire a consciousness of other things beyond those that he can touch and taste and handle in his own neighborhood. For instance: Without the power to read, our lives are apt to remain as narrow as those of savages. But it is a mere dream to suppose that a knowledge of all the rivers of all the continents, with length, breadth and characteristics, will deter little pilfering fingers from taking another scholar's lunch. You may drag the child through miles of arithmetic and over mountains of spelling; you may whirl it through the universe till its knowledge is marvelous to relate, but all such brain development will not save your sweet little girl from the corruption of the boy with unrestrained passions. Where is the uplifting power of vulgar fractions or the heart-training in repeating the bounds of the Mediterraneon sea? Though we speak with the tongues of savants, and treasure facts like the miser treasureth gold; though we compass all knowledge so that we can name the stars in their courses and the strata in their order, yet without judgment we are nothing. And judgment cometh not by knowledge forced into the brain and appealing only to memory. Judgment and conscientious conduct are a part of the heritage of the race, inherited and capable of development in each normal child. They are strengthened by the play-ground and the home, by the personal influence of the teacher and the parent; so that any who think duty to the child completed by books alone are cruel to the child and traitors to the race. Far be it from me to belittle the brain, for by its powers the material progress of the world has reached its present height; and far be it from anyone else to belittle the heart with its social instincts, and the character with its fateful powers. Mental giants are capable of being moral dwarfs, and possibly fiends. The very forcing to which they have been subjected hides, hinders, even destroys their better capabilities of usefulness of brain and honor of conduct.

* * *

Be not deceived; Nature is not mocked! The different elements of our being—body, mind and spirit—have to be trained up together. Each child has the tendency within it to slip back to wild, untrammeled defiance of the things that are right, unless all sorts of influences are brought to bear upon it. With it and with us as with the universe there is no such thing as standing still. We are either moving forward physically, mentally and morally or we are slipping backward. So by neglect of proper means of education, and proper interest in your educators, you are possibly helping to thrust the child back to the starting point of your family ages ago. Scientists will tell you there is always at work among domestic animals a tendency to slip back to the savage state. Your house cat litters in the barn, and the kittens unless brought to the house will be almost unapproachable later. Then *their* off-spring incline to hunting in the fields and the woods and so on back to the wild cat stage. Thus also with the pariah dogs of Constantinople, with the wild horses of the Pampas, with the wild cattle of the western plains. In the same manner, but in more fateful degree, is it with the child.

Now then, in your mind, take a walk around your town and see if as a matter of fact some, even many, children are not more neglected than any domestic animal you can name. The horse is broken to the harness and taught to pull without jerking; without training nothing is expected of it. The cow is accustomed to the stall by various little lures; from the young stock that have run for months in the pasture, hurtling stupidity is looked for and found. But the child under consideration is driven off to school just as early as possible, so as to leave the house quiet, left there in school for years under teachers whom parents do not even take the trouble to know, crammed by some of them with book knowledge as a Strasburg goose is crammed with meal, tempted to deception by various marking systems, driven into lying by harsh, unfeeling treatment at home, and is then expected to turn into a sane, well-rounded person. If he fails, and brings shame on himself and family, then up go the hands in astonishment that such a thing could be.

As well might you expect to gather Malaga grapes from a wild vine or find a living lamb in the cave of a lion.

Deer Park.

Mr. William E. George is very sick with the pleurisy.

Mr. Oscar Harvey, of Gans, Pa., is clerking for Mr. W. C. Jones.

Our school is progressing nicely. There are forty-nine scholars upstairs and thirty-four down.

The house belonging to Mr. A. H. Long was sold to Mr. Veitch for $600.

Some of the Deer Park people are talking of going to Washington to attend the inauguration.

Rev. E. P. Idleman is holding a revival at North Glade.

Mr. W. C. Jones received a car load of corn last week.

There was a spelling match here last Friday night. Will Grim and Will Warnick were the champions.

The Loyal Temperance Legion met in the M. E. Church last Saturday evening.

Born unto Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Jones a son.

HOISTER.

North Glade.

Miss Lizzie Barnard has been dangerously ill for some time.

There was a quiet wedding at Mr. John L. Fitzwater's Wednesday evening, the 7th. The contracting parties were Mr. Archibald Beckman and Miss May Fitzwater. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. P. Idleman. May a long and happy life be theirs to enjoy.

The protracted services held here by Rev. Idleman are very successful. Several conversions and a great many at the altar.

Miss Etta Howell, our new Epworth League president, is succeeding well as such. The League is in a prosperous condition.

We are informed that Mr. J. W. Moon has sold his farm and will leave us in the spring. We will lose a good citizen.

Our neighbor, Mr. Ed. Riley, is having a serious time with typhoid fever. He, his wife and eldest son are all down with it.

Walnut Bottom.

This place is three miles from Swanton on the road that leads to Barnum, W. Va.

Mr. A. M. T. Warnick and family were visiting at M. Pangh's Sunday.

Our school is progressing nicely with Miss Browning as teacher.

There was a spelling bee at this place Friday last. All report a good time.

Miss Alice Turner and her sister, of Mount Zion, were visiting Miss Louisa Pangh Sunday last.

The Manor mines shut down Monday on account of high water.

Mr. Simon Pangh, who received some bruises by coal falling on him, is able to be on duty again.

Mrs. Eliza E. Harvey paid Piedmont a visit last Saturday.

Mr. Gusta Barnard, of this place, will move on his farm in the near future.

Rev. Culnan will preach his farewell sermon in the school house here March 7th, at 7:30 p. m.

The Mountain Witness.

In one of the mountain county courts of West Virginia the heirs of the late Ezekiel W. were making an effort to set aside his will. The claim set up by the plaintiff was that the old man had been mentally unbalanced at the time the instrument was executed. Among the witnesses for the defense was one Richard F.

"Richard," asked the attorney, "what is your recollection as to the mental condition of Ezekiel W. during the summer of 1890?"

Leaning back in his chair and folding his arms across his breast and with marked dignity he answered, "I knowed ole Dick for many a yeah. He wha a man of powful jocosity an' gesticulation."

After court had adjourned the judge approached the attorney who had questioned Richard, and with all the solemnity at his command he said, "Major, what in the h—— did that man mean by jocosity and gesticulation?"

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

Monument to be Erected to His Memory at Frederick City.

Following is the sculptor's description of the monument, together with information about the sculptor himself—Mr. Alexander Doyle, of New York:

"The design consists of a circular pedestal of granite on a series of unusually wide-spreading bases. The height of this pedestal is about fifteen feet. It is simple in design save for a band of carving around the base of the die and a band of stars under the cornice, the artist having devoted more study to the simplicity and harmony of its outlines than to florid elaboration. Nevertheless, the whole effect of the design is one of elaboration owing to its sculptures. These consist of a bronze statue nine feet high, surmounting the pedestal, a portrait of Mr. Key. He is represented on shipboard 'By the dawn's early light,' as an inscription immediately below the statue certifies, at the moment he discovers that 'the flag is still there.' His attitude is one of exultation and inspiration as with the right arm he indicates to his companions the fact and with the other holds aloft the hat that he has just snatched from his head in an action of reverential salute to the starry flag.

"At the base of the pedestal is a bronze group emblematical of patriotism. The figure of Liberty is seated, with the flag resting on her shoulder, teaching the lesson of patriotism to a youth standing on her left. His right hand rests on the flag, while his left is extended in a vow of fidelity. Her left hand, extended, grasps the sword of defense, with its point resting on the ground, while her left arm embraces the nude figure of a child whose tender years fail to grasp the significance of the lesson, but it instinctively extends its little hand in imitation of its elder companion, illustrating the idea that patriotism never is or can be alone the result of calculated teaching, but springs from the heart as instinctively as the love of a child for its mother, even by the dawn's early light of intelligence.

"Beneath the group, on the face of its base, is carved the seal of Maryland, surrounded by laurel and resting on a palm branch that extends across the face of the stone. In the rear of the monument, resting on its base, is a tablet bearing the immortal text of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The committee which accepted the design says in its report:

"We fix upon this design because we consider that it embodies *all* of the elements that the others represented only in part. The pose of the heroic figure of Key is beautiful, graceful, full of spirit and life. The expression of the face is characteristic of the calm joy of the inspired soul upon beholding 'at the dawn's early light' the beloved flag of the 'land of the free.' The costuming is correct, historical and finely poetic. The pedestal and base unite originality and rarity with chaste and classic simplicity and charm. The group, meant as an ornament, becomes under perfect treatment a story within itself, a study that cannot help but inspire and educate young as well as old—the republic, the proud, imperious, dauntless mother, protecting her children with a fearless and loving embrace beneath the folds of the flag that has inspired the poet above their heads with the glowing melody of the deathless thought. These ideas, we believe, will make a noble monument, an artistic gift to future generations and a worthy memorial to those who have striven in the name of patriotism to erect it."

It was the desire of the association to have the monument completed for unveiling on September 12, 1897, but it was realized that the artistic quality of the work would necessarily have to be sacrificed, and it was deemed wisest to allow the sculptor ample time to perform his labor creditably to art, to himself, to the memory of Key and to the judgment of the association.

The committee on design of the association consists of Folger McKinsey, chairman; Mrs. Augustus L. Eader, Mrs. F. F. Smith, Mrs. J. H. Markey, Mrs. Helen Sehley, Mrs. John H. Ritchie and Dr. Edward Nelson, of Frederick; Miss Eleanore Murdock Tyler, of Baltimore; Mrs. Donald McLean, of New York; Mrs. Elizabeth Bryant Johnson, of Washington, and Mrs. Mary Shriver Johnson, of Utica, N. Y., to which has been added Mr. Lewis A. Rice. The committee has been continued by the association, to have charge of the completion and erection of the monument.

According to the specifications submitted by the sculptor with his design for the monument, the total height from base line to summit will be 23 feet 9 inches. The diameter of the base will be 15 feet. The pedestal will be 14 feet 9 inches high and the bronze figure of Key 9 feet.

Mr. Doyle is the sculptor of the Henry W. Grady monument at Atlanta, Ga., the bronze equestrian statue of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson at New Orleans, the New Haven (Conn.) soldiers' monument, the statues of Senators Thomas B. Benton, Frank P. Blair and John E. Kenna for the United States Capitol, the marble statue of General Garfield at Cleveland, Ohio, bronze statue and pedestal of Horace Greeley at New York city, the Montgomery (Ala.) soldiers' monument, marble statue and pedestal of the Rt. Rev. William Pinkney at Washington, marble portrait and pedestal of John Howard Payne at Washington, granite statue of "Peace" and heroic alto-relief or drum of thirteen statues on the national revolutionary monument at Yorktown, Va., and other works in all parts of the country.

Pea Ridge.

The fine sleighing snow, which was so much enjoyed, has about vanished, and in its stead we have a generous supply of mud and water.

Rev. Jesse Robeson preached a very able sermon Sunday to a large and attentive congregation.

Mr. Bert Baker, a mechanic of West Virginia, who has been residing on the Ridge for about five months, has taken the contract of building a large dwelling house for Mr. George Buckle of Moscow, Md.

Henry Merrill, representing the A. H. Lewis medicine Co., of Bolivar, Mo., is doing a thriving business.

N. J. Garlitz is doing a flourishing business with his flouring mill.

Mr. Herman Robison, who has been spending a few months in Iowa and other western states, has returned home.

Our schools are progressing nicely with Charles Custer as teacher of the south end school and Miss Mayme Liston teacher of the north end Pea Ridge school.

The roof of Mr. A. J. Lancaster's saw mill was wrecked recently by the heavy fall of snow. The damage was slight.

Frank Broadwater is visiting friends at Manadier's Ridge, this county.

Bloomington.

St. Valentine's day did not pass unnoticed, as there was quite a number of valentines distributed in this section.

The Rev. Wilson Thomas preached his farewell sermon Sunday last to a large and attentive audience. Rev. Thomas is a very able preacher and we are sorry to part with him.

Mr. Freelin Tibbett, who has been confined to his house for the past three weeks with grip, we are glad to say, is around again.

As our school term is drawing to a close, we are sorry to part with our efficient teachers, who have contributed so much to the social welfare of this community, and we hope our school term will be lengthened to at least seven and one-half months.

The box social given by the ladies of Bloomington at the school house on Friday night, for the benefit of the Sunday school, was a success both socially and gastronomically (and we hope financially.) The doors were opened at 7.30 and at 8 o'clock the house was full to overflowing, and then the fun began. Social games and other amusements were indulged in until about 9.20, the time set for opening of the boxes, and like the Dukes in the "Merchant of Venice," who were rivals for the hand of Portia, each hoping that he would find inside the token telling him that he had been successful in selecting the box prepared for him by his lady love, the boys sailed into it with a determination "worthy of a better cause," but only to see their cherished dreams and fondest hopes fade away like stars before the sun. After the refreshments pleasure was again resumed, mingled with songs, recitations, etc., and not until the hours that follow hastily in each others wake did the merry group disband and bie themselves to their respective homes. We have no language to express our kind feeling to those who labored so hard and contributed so much toward the evening's enjoyment.

HAIL GAMILTON.

Mountain Lake Park.

Mrs. William Fee, the aged wife of Rev. William Fee, the well-known Methodist preacher, who has been visiting the Park the past few years, fell dead in the chancel, while exhorting at a big revival at Felicity, Ohio, on the 7th inst. Women screamed, men wept. The couple had celebrated their golding wedding three months before. Mrs. Fee was seventy years of age.

The *Ice Trade Journal* of Philadelphia has some nice words about the ice business at Mountain Lake Park. The Park has received some good advertising as a result of its ice trade. Nine car loads of ice were shipped to Winchester, Va.

Mr. Justice, of the purchasing department of the B. & O. railroad, was a visitor at the Park last week.

Miss Wallace, of New York City, is now one of the instructors of Briar-Bend Seminary. Miss Swan and the school are to be congratulated upon this addition to the faculty. Miss W. is already quite a favorite among the pupils.

C. M. Rathbun is back again in his office attending to business. His many friends were glad to see him once more able to look after his business interests.

John Dunhill, who left the Park last fall and went to New York to enter the employ of A. W. Dennett, has had the misfortune to lose his situation.

The National hotel and cottage adjoining it were sold on a mortgage sale. It was knocked down to Messrs. Hamill & Rathbun at $1600.

M. M. Schrock is shipping apples to points on the C. & P. railroad. He has sold about sixty barrels.

Applications for cottages are coming in. Two cottages were rented the past week.

Mrs. McKinley, wife of our next President, is a subscriber to the *Mountain Chautauqua*.

The high waters of Sunday and Monday washed away the Jamison bridge and about seventy-five feet of the board walk. The brick yard was flooded early Monday morning. The lake stood the test splendidly.

The scholars of our public school, under the drill of their teachers, are arranging for an entertainment next Friday evening. The children are planning to give the public a surprise. The price of admission will be 15 and 10 cents. The proceeds will be devoted to a fund for the purchase of a school library. A very interesting program has been prepared. It is hoped that the children will have a full house. The entertainment will take place in the large hall of the Assembly building.

COME AND C!

OUR OF

HARDWARE!

Edge Tools,
Garden Tools,
Shovels,
Forks,
Spades,
Locks,
Hinges,
Nails,
Plain Wire,
Barbed Wire,
Brushes,
Woodenware,
Tinware,
Stoves,
Ranges,
Paints,
Oils,
Varnishes,
Granite Ware,
Harness,
Collars,
Plows,
Harrows,
Table Cutlery,
Pocket Knives,
Razors,
Shears,
Door Bells,
Hand Bells,
Wagons,
Drills,
Mowers,
Binders,
Cultivators,
Churns,
Terra Cotta Piping,
Glass, Etc., Etc.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,
OAKLAND, MD.

ORDER NISI.

Lewis Kamp and Julius C. Rennlnger, trustees, vs. John J. Beeghley and wife.

No. 809 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

It is ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a Court of Equity, this 19th day of February, 1897, that the sales of the real estate made and reported in the above entitled cause by Lewis Kamp and Julius C. Rennlnger, trustees, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 19th day of March next; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Oakland, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks before the 19th day of March, 1897.

The report states the amount of sales to be $365.00.

True copy—test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

R. BOLDEN,

Tin, Galvanized and Sheet Iron

WORKER.

Roofing and Spouting Done on Short Notice.

Special Attention Given to Repairing,

ALL WORK GUARANTEED. GIVE US A CALL.

Ripans Tabules relieve scrofula.

PIEDMONT STONE & LIME CO.,

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WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH THIS

Superior Lime

TO BUILDERS, FARMERS AND TANNERS IN BARRELS OR BULK TO SUIT PURCHASERS.

This lime is equal in strength for agricultural, building and tanning purposes to the Frederick or Baltimore county lime.

KILNS AT CRABTREE, MD.

Address all orders to

The E. J. Frederick Mf'g and Bld'g Co.

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FREE HOMES

...IN...

NORTH DAKOTA

160 Acres of Land FREE to Every Citizen.

Rich Agricultural Farming Lands

Free from Stumps and Stones. NO FERTILIZER REQUIRED.

NO TAXES For Seven Years

Near

Churches and Schools.

Settling up very fast with DUNKERS, MENNONITES and AMISH People. CONVENIENT TO MARKETS. Full particulars free.

Address

A. C. HARVEY,

42 S. Third Street, Phila., Pa.

17-52

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, November 14, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7—Daily		3.16 A. M.
No. 3—Daily		6.58 A. M.
No. 71—Accom daily except Sun		9.55 A. M.
No. 5—Daily		10.04 A. M.
No. 55—Express, daily		5.58 P. M.
No. 1—Daily		8.08 P. M.

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily		5.30 A. M.
No. 2—Daily		6.11 A. M.
No. 72—Accom daily except Sun		1.30 P. M.
No. 56—Daily		4.33 P. M.
No. 4—Daily		12.29 A. M.

*Will take passengers for Terra Alta, Rowlesburg, Newburg and Tunnelton.

CHAS. O. SCULL,
General Passenger Agent.

C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

SOUTHWARD No. 3	SOUTHWARD No. 1	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2	NORTHWARD No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 07	8 00 lv	Cumberland ar	12 00	7 00
3 31	8 31	Rawlings	11 29	6 30
3 56	8 56	Keyser	11 04	6 05
4 09	9 09	Westernport	10 51	5 52
4 12	9 12	W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	5 49
4 37	9 37	Shaw	10 23	5 24
4 50	10 00	Hardisan	10 00	5 00
6 15	10 45 ar	Elk Garden	8 55	3 50
5 35	10 55 lv	Gormania	9 21	4 15
5 41	10 41	Bayard	9 15	4 09
5 52	10 52	Dobbin	9 04	3 58
6 23	11 23	Thomas	8 34	3 28
6 35	11 35 ar	Davis	8 00	3 00
6 27	11 27 lv	Coketon	8 31	3 30
6 51	11 51	Hendricks	7 50	3 09
6 57	11 57	Bretz	7 51	3 12
7 00	12 00	Parsons	7 51	3 12
7 30	12 30	Kerens	7 18	2 40
8 00*	1 00 ar	Elkins	lv 6 00	1 20
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*11 50
	3 05* ar	Boalingtou	lv	*10 20
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BEETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

After Sunday, Dec. 27, and until further notice Sunday trains will be discontinued.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the trust estate of Bradford Bros. No. 760 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

This is to give notice to the creditors of Bradford Bros. to file their claims properly authenticated with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before the 25th day of February, 1897, as I will then state an account in the above entitled cause, distributing the money in the hands of John Shearer, receiver, to the parties entitled to participated in the distribution of the fund.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
Special Auditor.

WANTED:

ROCK OAK BARK.

Write for prices.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,

49-13 CUMBERLAND, MD.

NOTICE.

ORPHANS' COURT, GARRETT COUNTY, FEBRUARY TERM, 1897.

Ordered, by the Orphans' Court for Garrett County, this 9th day of February, 1897, that Executors, Administrators and Guardians who have not performed all the duties required of them according to law, are hereby notified and requested to perform their duties on or before the 23rd day of February, 1897, and that proper returns of estates may be made to the County Commissioners for taxation.

DANIEL WILSON, C. J. O. C.
T. H. UPPERT, J. O. C.

True Copy, Test: J. W. WHITE, Register.

ESTATE OF RACHEL HORNBROOK, DECEASED

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the subscriber, of Garrett County, Maryland, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters Testamentary on the estate of

RACHEL HORNBROOK,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 16th day of August next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. And persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 1st day of February, 1897.

LOVILLA F. BULLARD, Executrix.
48-4 Mt. Lake Park, Md.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

Ripans Tabules cure jaundice.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD

MIRACLES.

Some have no place to all their scheme
For ghost or soul or Heavenly theme;
Life comes on for them unplanned;
No room for mystery!
But I for one can't understand
How anything can be!

How thought can fly from me to you,
How star-ray speaks in globing dew,
How seasons in sweet concourse fall—
Scoffs all this mystery!
And for my part, the world is all
Too marvelous for me!

How forms the green of grass or jade,
How skies from blue to violet fade,
And dawn-lights rise from flush to flame—
'Tis all one mystery:
All transformations are the same
Wonder of life to me.

How light can flash through walls opaque,
How seeds in sleep unsummoned wake,
How winds arise and stuff to peace—
Mocks us the mystery!
Yet stranger 'twere that life should cease
Than 'tis that life should be.

If stars their steps should ne'er o'ertap
And seasons in processions trap
Only from chance's fickle nod,
Great were the mystery!
Far easier 'tis to think of God
Than that no God can be!
—Martha F. Crow, in Woman's Journal.

TWO GAMES OF FREEZE-OUT.

BY J. D. WHELPLEY.

The range rider of the Judith Gap was playing freeze-out in the stage ranch saloon. There were four players, the stakes were the drinks, and it cost one dollar a round for whisky every few moments, for "red liker" was two bits a drink in the days before the railroads in Montana. That made no difference to the range rider, however. He might lose his monthly stipend of $50 in one night, but he could run "some of a bill," for he had an all winter's job ahead of him, and the profit on the goods was so many hundred per cent. that the host could afford to take the chances. And then, you know, if he got real hard up he could get a few broncos to break, and five dollars was easily earned by riding something that no one else would. It was a little risky, to be sure; but then how else could cow-punchers die if not rolled on or trampled to death by some terrified horse. So the game went on.

The wind howled around the log building, and the fine snow sifted through some of the cracks where the mud daubing had fallen out. The box stove roared and got red in the cheeks in an unsuccessful attempt to keep a pail of water that stood in a far corner from freezing. Notwithstanding its efforts, the crinkle of the ice was heard as the cold outside increased, and penetrating the cracks, fought back the efforts of the stove.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning, but the sun was only up an hour or so, and the ice laden storm from the north was making a very successful attempt to conceal the fact. A "blue fog" was rolling through the gap, and the mercury had all dropped into the bulb, tired of trying to keep track of the eccentricities of a climate borrowed for the occasion from the snowy wastes of British America.

The game went on at the table in a quiet kind of way. Every time the range rider moved his foot the spur chains jingled on the floor. The stage stock tender on the other side of the table was playing his best, for he knew he had reached the limit of his credit at the bar, but the cards were against him. Two sheep herders completed the quartet, and the sneaky-looking bleareyed stock tender sized them up with a glance that bodied ill if they perchance fell asleep before the till behind the bar had received their rolls, earned by standing out on the hills in the storm, in the six or seven months past. Two wet colley dogs lay by the stove with smoking pelts, dreaming of the trail, for every once in awhile one of them would give a curious "yip-yip," that suggested efforts to get a slow band of sheep into the corral. The bartender stood with his elbows on the counter, peering out of the window and waiting for the inevitable moment, that occurred at more or less regular intervals, when some one of the players would "go broke," requiring a round of drinks, a dollar added to the steadily increasing store in the till, and a redivision of the chips.

After doing the honors on one of these occasions, he opened the door, admitting a cold blast of air and snow that made the card players swear. And peering out, he said:

"Time fur the stage. I guess the kid must ha' missed the trail."

"Well, what if he has?" growled the stock tender, to whom the arrival of the stage meant an hour of cold and disagreeable work. "It's no use freezing us to death bookin' for him; he's no chicken."

The sheep herders laughed the range rider yawned, when a rattling of wheels and harness, and a cheerful "hullo" outside caused the game to be forgotten, and all made a rush to the door. They were greeted by two or three mail sacks thrown with considerable force; and as the stock tender led away the horses the driver, a great bundle of blankets, shawls and buffalo robe, rolled off his seat and followed the mail sacks, as they were dragged through the saloon by the barkeeper into the store beyond.

After the driver had loosened up his outer wraps and melted the frost from his eyelashes, he looked around and nodded to those present. When his eye lit on the range rider, he said:

"Hullo, Bill; I saw Campbell at the river, and he sent a note to you. Here it is," and he handed a piece of paper to the rider. Bill looked at it a moment and then whistled softly to himself, glancing out of the window at the scurrying snow meanwhile.

"He wants you to go down the south side of the gap and see if them Basin cattle that has drifted through are badly mixed up with the Musselshell outfit, so he told me," said the driver. "He said fur you to go down this morning, stop over night at the O. H. home ranch on Careless creek, and send word by me when I came back to-morrow; and if the cattle ain't scattered yit he'll send over a wagon outfit and try and work 'em back into the basin."

"Yes," said Bill, slowly; "that is what he says here; but, great God; does he expect me to go when this fog is a-blowing?"

"I suppose so," said the driver. "He said if you didn't go now it would be no use later, fur the cattle would be scattered sure, and the Basin round-up would lose a heap."

The cow puncher made no reply, but stepping up to the bar, he said: "Give me a drink, Jack; it'll take considerable of your stuff to keep a man from freezin' to death to-day." Taking a liberal dose of the liquor referred to, he pulled up the belt of his leather "chaps," adjusted his six-shooter, and taking a blanket-lined canvas overcoat from a nail on the wall, pulled it on. He then tied a silk handkerchief over his ears, and pulled his sombrero well down over his eyes. "So long," he said, as he went out the door. "I'll be back to-morrow night and play you another stack of freeze-out," and the clank of his spur chains was deadened in the snow as he went out to the stable.

"This is tough business, Mike," he said, as he tightened up the saddle cinches on his sorrel horse, that was standing in the barn. "Some day you an I'll retire from cow-punchin' an' be honest grangers, an' then no bloody boss can order us out when we don't want to go; an' instead of some old greasy buck to cook our meals we'll have a nice little woman"—here the adept hand stopped in its adjustment of the straps, and a reverie followed that caused the expectant horse to glance around to see what new devilment his master was up to—for had he not often put stones under the saddle blanket and otherwise outraged the equine feelings to make him buck when he was to be loaned to some ambitious tenderfoot? But the horse simply saw his master leaning his head on a hand that rested on the saddlehorn, and he moved impatiently.

"No," said the rider, slowly, "that will not be, Mike; fur they ain't fur such as we;" and giving an extra pull to the front cinch that caused Mike to kick and snort, the rider put the bridle on the horse and led him out of the low log stable. The storm still raged furiously, and it was bitter cold. With a glance at the sky and a muttered oath he placed his hand on the horn, climbed into the saddle with an easy, practiced swing, and started towards

HE RODE UP CLOSER TO READ THE BRANDS.

the south, following in the snow the fast disappearing trail of the stage that had preceded him but a few minutes.

He rode in this direction for some time. The storm, which was at their backs, did not seem much to these two, hardened to the parching wind of summer and the freezing blast of winter in that open country. The puncher rolled a cigarette or two. He noticed that the cold was sharp on his fingers when he ungloved, and it was with considerable difficulty that he kept his eyes free from frost—but that would make a story to tell on the hot and dusty drive next summer. He passed a few stray cattle, and with practiced eye read the brands as coming from the round-up he represented. Leaving the stage road to the right, outlined by the two high ridges of hard-packed snow crunched by the wheels of the daily stages, he bore down towards the Careless creek drainage. The hills looked all the same in the driving storm, but the wind was steady and gave him a clew to direction. Suddenly there loomed up in front of him what to the uninitiated eye resembled houses with outlines dimmed by the driving storm, but the rider knew they were cattle. He changed his course and rode up closer to read the brands. They were covered with frost, but he was satisfied that these were the cattle he was after; and, what was more, that there were several hundred of them in this one bunch. The best service he could render his employers was to bunch this outfit, turn them toward the Gap, and take them back the next day before they scattered.

The puncher's mind was strangely dimmed. His thoughts would revert to days when, on the old Missouri farm in the states, he lay at noon in the shade of the haystack and ate the bountiful lunch provided by mother and sisters. He could hear the water pouring over the old milldam down below the orchard—and then he was in the orchard. But this would never do. He was now on the Montana prairie, one of the best cowhands in the basin, and here was a bunch of cattle to be taken care of; he and Mike were all that stood between their employers and the loss of several thousand dollars. The puncher rolled the big rowels of his spurs into Mike's sides, the game cow-pony sprang forward, and they went around and around the cattle until they had them bunched. It was hard work to get them strung out against the storm; they would do nothing but mill, for the frosty air cut like needles in their faces when they turned in the direction the solitary puncher was trying to make them go. But he found himself strangely lacking that life and energy which had won him his wide reputation on the ranges. Sleep hung heavily on his eyes. He rolled in the saddle, and when Mike made one of his famous quick turns his rider clung to the horn of the saddle to keep from falling off. Suddenly it seemed to the puncher that it was getting dark; the herd was but a dim outline; the wind tore at the bunches of sage and grease wood, piling up the snow on one side and cutting out caves on the other. The rider was warm and cold at intervals. His mind wandered to the last fall drive, when on the night herd he was wont to slip from his horse and seek the friendly cover of a buffalo wallow or a badger hill, topped by a bunch of sage, to slip the long bridle line over his arm and curl up on the ground within the friendly shelter, and sleep. Why not now? The shelter was better for the drifted snow and he was so sleepy. A few moments' rest, and he would be able to resume his solitary watch and hold the herd until day. He slid from his horse and followed out the suggestion. It was cosy and comfortable. Mike swung his hindquarters toward the north, clamped his tail between his legs, humped his back and philosophically nodded off to sleep. The puncher slept also.

At first dreams crowded thick and fast, then they faded. The storm howled with increasing vigor. The cattle one by one drifted off into the night, unable to withstand the storm. Mike shifted his weight from one foot to the other, and slept on, shivering beneath his saddle blanket, his hindquarters white with snow, and his breath covering his nostrils and breast with a white frost.

The sun rose next morning on a scene of crystal splendor dazzling to the eye, and when the two men who lived at the O. H. home ranch rode out that morning they were nearly blinded by the glare.

"We'll look up the north fence first," said the foreman to the other. "The cattle may have broken it down yesterday in the storm."

As they rode along the fence, but a few rods from the cabins and corrals, they saw on the other side an animal motionless on the prairie. When they approached they saw that it was a saddled horse, covered with snow and ice. Putting spurs to their mounts they rode rapidly in that direction. The shivering brute on the other side of the fence heard them coming, pricked up his ears, whinnied and pawed the ground, but did not move away; his bridle rein was around an arm that could not relax its grip. For Bill Anderson, with a smile of peace upon his face, had slept through his last game of freeze-out, and the bar to which he was now called, to make final settlement, was the Bar of Judgment.

Knife and Fork Etiquette.

There is, of course, an etiquette of knife and fork, which prescribes what shall be used on a given occasion and for a stated purpose. The principal points in this direction are these: For everything that must be cut, such as meats, have knives with steel blades and ivory handles; fancy knives may be used for fish, where they are employed at all; but the best authorities prescribe the fork alone for use at the fish course. A dessert knife should be of silver, as it is not affected by fruit acids, and leaves neither stain nor taste upon anything which it cuts. Forks and spoons are in all cases to be of silver; the two, three and four-tined steel forks of a few years since being no longer admitted to cultivated society.—Good Housekeeping.

—Equality.—Friend—"Do you think every man has a chance in this country?" Millionaire—"I do. Any man who is sufficiently intelligent, industrious and energetic may become the father-in-law of an English duke."—Puck.

WHEELING AND DANCING.

Bicycle Riding Impairs the Gracefulness of Ladies in the Ballroom.

The wheel no doubt makes the bicycle girl's legs stronger, but when it comes to pirouetting about and tracing on the ballroom floor the mystic figures so dear to the heart of the debutante and her seniors, then, alas, the ill-effects of the wheel are apparent. The young woman who has plighted her affections to the hike in the season when it was particularly in evidence, suddenly discovers that while in her mind she is thoroughly familiar with just what she ought to do, she is absolutely incapable of performing proper action. The muscles of her limbs seem to have lost their cunning. Instead of being able to "one, two, three; one two, three," as the dancing master would have it, she finds it hard to even "one," and her parents wonder what on earth is the matter with the young woman, who, the year before, danced as if she were a sylph.

The difficulty referred to is particularly noticeable in the waltz. The bicycle girl finds it absolutely impossible to execute the steady glide. Awkwardness does not describe what she feels. She can only perform a movement that is as eccentric in its way as it lacks elasticity. The polka, the schottische and the quadrille are almost as difficult, although the latter, of course, calls for much less exercise of skill in the matter of executing the steps. Inquiry among the young women who ride the bicycle shows it to be an actual fact that exercise on the wheel seems to deaden and stiffen the set of muscles that come into play in dancing. Just why this is so the doctors are unable to explain, except in a general way that they become lax and useless through constant exercise of other muscles, and that when the old-time muscles again are put in use they are awkward and not inclined to respond to the call made upon them.

Several of the young women who have danced to the delight of thousands at the theaters ruefully admit that their affection for the wheel has caused them no end of trouble. "Why," said one young woman, whose merry eyes have gained for her an international reputation, "I took up the wheel for exercise, don't you know, and liked it ever and ever so much, but what was my surprise, after I had been riding awhile, to find that for some reason or other it was very much harder for me to dance than it had been before. I couldn't imagine what was the matter. Finally I went to see my doctor and asked him if there was anything wrong with my muscles. He looked me all over carefully, and then said the only thing that was wrong, so far as he could judge, was the wheel.

"I asked him what in the world he meant, and he said that riding the wheel deadened the muscles that I had used in dancing, and that every night, when I had been riding in the day, I would find that the muscles for dancing wouldn't act as if I had not been riding. Walking does not affect me that way at all. I can walk miles and miles and feel just as well as ever at night, so far as the muscles are concerned, but do you know I have just had to give up the wheel? I have had to give it up altogether, much as I hate to. You see, dancing is my bread and butter, and as I find that riding the wheel hurts my dancing I simply have got to stop it. How does the affection make me feel? Why, I have a sort of a sense of goneness in my legs, just as if the muscles that I know are there were taking a vacation, or something of that sort. I cannot make the little kicks and twirls with my legs that I ought to in order to make my dance perfect, and so you see have had to give up the wheel."

That is just about the same way it seems to most of the young women who have been questioned on this rather delicate subject. So general has been the practice of riding wheels by young women the past season that this curious affection of the dancing muscles is a matter of almost national interest. Go into the ballroom where young women of ordinary society are to be found and watch the movements of the dancers. There will at once be apparent that lack of grace and lithesomeness that is usually characteristic of the American girl. There is a dragging movement about the feet as if a tendon was out of order, or something of that nature.—Philadelphia Times.

Great Ice Avalanche.

A mass of ice comprising 4,000,000 cubic feet broke away on the 11th of September, 1896, from the lower part of the Altels glacier on the Gemmi pass, in Switzerland. With the velocity acquired in its descent this river of ice rushed across the pasturage and up the western slope of the valley to a height of 1,500 feet along the rocky wall of the Weissflugrat. Not being able to completely surmount this barrier, the main mass came surging back—like a vast sea-wave recoiling from the cliffs—with such force that some of it returned to a height of 100 feet up the eastern side. Isolated blocks of ice were hurled clear over the ridge into the adjoining valley. The avalanche was preceded by a terrific blast of wind, which swept away chalets, trees, men and cattle, as though they had been feathers. These sudden avalanches of ice or snow form one of the special dangers of Alpine climbing.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Considerate Officer.

"Well, why don't you arrest the man?" asked the squire as the constable came into the office alone.

"I—I didn't like to do it on account of his family," said the officer, standing on one foot with the other crossed over it.

"What! You are getting a little too considerate for this business."

"I dunno what you call it, but I know that when I went after him the old man, his daughter and two sons met me at the door, and said if I tried to come in they would beat my head off."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The Royal free hospital of London is given over entirely to the education of female students, and the physicians, clerks, the surgical dressers, the medical and surgical registers, the anæsthetists and the clinical assistants are all women selected from the alumnæ of the school.

—A manly boy of 15 entered the office of a London merchant and asked for employment. He gave satisfactory answers to a few questions, and then the merchant inquired: "What is your motto?" "Same as yours, sir," the boy replied; "just what you have on your door—Push." He was promptly engaged.

—Deductions from employes' wages are made at a factory at Elwood, Ind., to pay the salary of a physician whom the proprietors place there to attend the workmen in case of either illness or accident. The practice is said to be against the wishes of nine-tenths of the men, and a suit to test the employers' right to make it is contemplated.

—In so dry a region as central Australia frogs are found in fair numbers, creeks and clay pans "swarming" with them. As the waters dry up the frogs disappear in their burrows, remaining till the rains come again. "Certain species of them," says Spencer, "gorge themselves with water before they go into their retreats, and in times of drought the natives dig them out and obtain enough water from their bodies to satisfy their thirst."

—Five experimental stations are to be established in the arid belt of Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado and the Dakotas in the spring for the cultivation of the soil after a system devised by H. W. Campbell, of Sioux City, who has interested the "Soo" line, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul and the Northern Pacific railroads in his scheme and induced them to back him. The stations will be 40-acre plats of land, and it is intended to raise grain and vegetables.

—Recent statistics show that the supply of natural gas in the United States fell off one-half from 1888 to 1895. The decline has been less in Ohio and Indiana than in Pennsylvania, the product in the last-named state being worth more than $40,000,000 in 1888 and less than $6,000,000 in 1895. Owing to the adoption of less wasteful methods the falling off has not been so rapid since 1891, but it still amounts to an average decline of five per cent. every year.

NEW SORT OF FUNERAL.

Burial Service Is Read by a Phonograph.

The latest kind of funeral is one in which the burial service is read by a phonograph. At Gravesend, near Coney Island, several funerals have been conducted by phonograph recently. Clergymen are very few and far between in that section. The undertaker of the village saw that something had to be done to supply the want of a clergyman, and, being a man of inventive genius, hit upon a phonograph as being the best way of solving the problem.

He persuaded a duly ordained minister to read the burial service into the cylinder of a phonograph, and also secured cylinders with appropriate hymns and prayers. A huge trumpet serves to intensify the sound and causes the voice from the phonograph to be both loud and distinct. When the coffin has been laid beside the grave, the phonograph, which stands where the minister ordinarily would be, is started, and the ceremony begins.

First of all, a portion of the Scriptures is read, then a quartette renders the hymn "Nearer, My God to Thee," after which the Lord's Prayer is recited. The phonograph voice then reads solemnly the burial service. Committal of the dead is followed by another prayer. Another hymn is sung and then the phonograph pronounces the benediction. The effect is very solemn, for the far-away sound of the sonorous voice seems somehow to intensify the meaning of the service.

No use, other than a religious one, is ever permitted with the phonograph, and its big trumpet has never ground out popular ballads. The undertaker takes a really serious view of the instrument, and when not in use it is kept alongside the family Bible, with a decorous crape band depending from the flaring trumpet.

The inhabitants of Gravesend have become quite used to the phonograph and say it is just the thing for them. Some of the older villagers, who make a point of attending all funerals in the vicinity, say that a funeral would not seem like a real funeral without "Abe's" machine. Abraham Stillwell, the originator of the idea, holds that there is nothing inappropriate in the idea, and several ministers have assured him that they fully approve of the plan.—N. Y. Journal.

Taming the Sparrows.

A barber in Kensington has trained common sparrows from the street to fly in and out of his shop. The birds are never molested by the barber's customers, who have grown as fond of them as the barber himself. Sometimes, when the room is pretty well filled with the chirping little fellows, the barber will make a sweep with his hand and pretend to catch a fly. Immediately all the birds will flutter over to him and perch upon his arms, shoulders or knees, and watch the hand in which the fly is supposed to be imprisoned. The barber opens his hand gradually, one finger at a time, while the birds sit with heads cocked to one side, expectantly waiting for the prize. If there should happen to be a fly there, which is seldom the case this weather, there is a grand rush and a scramble of chirping rivals.—Philadelphia Record

Doubling His Skill.

Sportsman (to Snobson, who hasn't brought down a single bird all day)—Do you know Lord Peckham.

Snobson—O, yes; I've often shot at his house.

"Ever hit it?"—Odds and Ends.

Pure

is what everyone should have at this Blood season. Therefore purify and enrich your blood now with a thorough course of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. 25c.

When a boy comes home from college and doesn't wear glasses, it is a pretty good sign that he has considerable horse sense.—Washington Democrat.

The Inauguration of President McKinley

will attract many prominent individuals to Washington. You can attend very cheaply, and enjoy a most satisfactory trip, by going via the B. & O. S.-W. Ry. Tickets good going March 1, 2 and 3, and good returning including March 8, at special low rates for this occasion with a Splendid Train Service. Make up your parties, and for further information consult any agent B. & O. S.-W. Ry. Write for guide to Washington, to J. M. Chesbrough, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Cincinnati, O.

Mother (impatiently)—"I don't know what will ever become of that child; nothing pleases him." Father (serenely)—"Well, we'll make an art critic of him."—Tit-Bits.

Finest Trains South.

Queen & Crescent Route Florida and New Orleans Limited. Standard coaches, through Pullman sleepers, Cafe, parlor and observation cars.

The mountain had strangely found voice. "Mohammed?" it repeated, thoughtfully, "why, yes. I always regarded Mohammed as a coming man, you know."—Detroit Journal.

Presidential Inauguration.

For the inauguration of Prest. McKinley, C. A. & C. Ry., will sell excursion tickets from points on its line at very low rates. Tickets on sale March 1st, 2d, 3rd, good returning until March 8th, 1897. For detailed information call upon or address any C. A. & C. agent, or C. F. Daly, General Passenger Agent, Cleveland, O.

"Hit's curius ter me," said Uncle Eben, "ter hyuh how folks will 'buse er gossip behin' her back, an' ter see how glad dey acks w'en she comes 'roun' ter tell de news."—Washington Star.

Specially Remember

That the Cleveland, Akron & Columbus R'y., is still selling round trip tickets between all stations on its line, good going and returning Sunday, at a rate of one fare for the round trip. Ask any agent for particulars, or write to C. F. Daly, General Passenger Agent, Cleveland, O.

Famous Author (who has been invited to dinner, to himself)—"What a wretched menu! I shall take care not to make any witty remarks."—Fliegende Blatter.

Florida.

Queen & Crescent Route only 24½ hours Cincinnati to Jacksonville.

It comes as natural to a woman to know dry goods as it does to a man to swear.—Washington Democrat.

Any ache, from toothache to backache, St. Jacobs Oil will cure.

Many a boy's first step towards the penitentiary was being irregular at school.—Washington Democrat.

Made worse by cold. Neuralgia needs St. Jacobs Oil to cure. It cures.

She—"Do you love me for myself alone, dearest?" He—"Of course, I do. You don't suppose I want your mother about all the time, do you?"—Judy.

Years of rheumatism have ended with cure by St. Jacobs Oil. Cures promptly.

First Burglar—"Blist! Here comes the janitor!" Second Burglar—"Well, we wiped our feet, didn't we?"—Detroit Journal.

Bad feet from frost-bites are made sound by St. Jacobs Oil. It cures.

"Do you rectify mistakes here?" asked a gentleman, as he stepped into a chemist's. "Yes, sir, we do, if the patient is still alive," replied the urbane clerk.—Glasgow Times.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

"Do you like cabbage?" "Well, I never eat it, but I smoke it sometimes."—Chicago Record.

A LETTER TO WOMEN

From Mrs. James Corrigan.

For seventeen years I have suffered. Periods were so very painful that I would have to go to the doctor every month.

He said that I had an enlargement of the womb, and told my husband that I must undergo an operation, as I had tumors in the womb, and it was a case of life or death.

I was operated upon twice, but it did not seem to do me any good, it made me very weak. I was troubled with the leucorrhœa a great deal.

I also suffered with the sick headache, vomiting spells, backache all the time, terrible pain in my left side, chills, loss of appetite, and could not sleep nights. After taking several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, some Liver Pills, and using your Sanative Wash, I recovered.

I can eat well, and every one that sees me tells me I am a different person. I can do all my own work, sleep well and feel well. I am growing stronger every day, and am able to go out and enjoy a walk and not feel all tired out when I return, as I used to. I doctored for sixteen years, and in all those years I did not feel as well as I do at the present time. I wish that every woman that is troubled as I was, would try that medicine. Oh! It is so good to feel well, and it is all owing to Mrs. Pinkham's kind advice and medicine. —Mrs. James Corrigan, 284 Center St., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

TEMPERANCE.

WARNING ON A TOMBSTONE.

Sorrowing Widow Causes Her Husband's Downfall to Preach to Others.

Out in Oak Hill cemetery, the fashionable burying-ground of this city, a marble shaft towers far above its neighbors. It is colossal in size, white as the driven snow, delicate in proportions, exquisite in design, airy and graceful as a spire of the Cathedral of Milan when viewed from far away. It is the observed of all those who visit the beautiful cemetery and who tread the flower-lined and shadowy avenues, and they linger at the granite base to admire the delicate carving and ponder upon the strange and suggestive inscription chiseled upon its polished surface:

"At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.—Proverbs xxiii. 22."

This unusual and unique monument marks the grave of a once prominent citizen. He was prominent in business, prominent in politics, prominent in social affairs. He was the personification of business integrity, a leader in public enterprise, the exemplar of the young men of the community.

By and by, even as some insidious disease takes possession of the human body, an appetite for strong drink took possession of this business man, this political leader, this social lion, this model for young men. It came about like this: First, the glad New Year's happy greeting; then the convivial cup

THE CONVIVIAL GLASS.

at the camp-fire and the club; then the public reception and the cordial entertainment of the city's honored guest. His history is simply the old, old story. He fell from his lofty pedestal, from his high estate, from Heaven to hell.

Prosperity, political standing, social influence, everything was swept into the great vortex wherein sooner or later are engulfed all that has been or is of him who looketh upon the wine when it is red. He died and was buried. The people, a great multitude, stood uncovered by the side of his open grave and listened, reverently, to the words of the preacher, who recounted the many good things the man, now dead, had said and done when living, though some marveled much at his neglect to "adorn a tale and point a moral." And long lines of civic societies, with their plumes nodding in the breeze and their rich regalia, a picture of beauty, threw over the rich casket "the broad mantle of charity," and cast into the open grave the emblems of immortality.

The man had lived and was dead and buried, and the great world, forgetting his faults and frailties, remembered only his excellencies. But the widow! She remembered—even if she did not remember the virtues of her husband—the cursed cause of ruin. And one day, by her orders, the imposing monument above his grave was erected, and around it, from apex to granite base, the sculptor had chiseled from the inanimate marble a snake of many coils, whose forked tongue, ever protruding, and stony eyes, never closing, are a constant warning to all who look upon it and read the strange device upon the polished surface of the granite base, that "At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."—Kansas City Times.

NEW INTOXICANT.

Constant Inhalation of Smelling Salts the Very Latest Sort of Drunkenness.

The very latest sort of drunkenness, says the Chicago Journal, is that which, it has been discovered, comes from the constant inhalation of smelling salts.

So great a hold has the smelling salts habit gained upon the modern woman that when she is deprived of them she experiences all the cravings that afflict the person who dearly loves liquor, and finds himself deprived of it. Some of the salts are of excessive strength, and produce a sort of stupor most gratifying to the victim. More than one woman has been suspected of drinking when really her inebriety has resulted from a too liberal use of the smelling bottle.

Not long ago a titled lady was carried from the cloakroom at a grand reception in London in a state of helplessness. A bottle was found in the folds of her gown containing matter of a strength sufficient to take away the breath of an ordinary person. The rumor spread with wonderful precision that my lady was a confirmed drunkard—the smelling salts theory being derided by the majority—and the victim found it necessary to withdraw from the social circle she had long graced.

Indulgence in this habit may become expensive, for the seasoned subject soon exhausts the strength of the salts. As stimulation of the olfactory nerves is not alone the reason of this practice, it becomes necessary to renew the supply, and once enchained the slave will accept nothing that does not yield full virtues. The story is told of an elderly lady who calls upon a chemist every two or three days and requests the replenishing of no fewer than eight smelling bottles, some of which are not of a diminutive size.

SCIENTISTS ON ALCOHOL.

Thinking Men of Germany Becoming Aroused Over the Liquor Evil.

Germany has long been reputed to be the paradise of the beer drinker. Difference in climate, in temperament, in habits, we have been told, totally separate the user of alcoholic drinks in Germany from one of the same habits in America, and we have been treated to delightful views of the German family, cozily seated in the beer garden, each member swigging his mug of beer and enjoying the music. We confess that we have seen pictures of family life which seemed to us less gross and more elevating; but this harmless, diverting social amusement is the picture we have been given of the nature of the alcoholic habit in Germany.

It is somewhat startling, therefore, to learn that leading German specialists are becoming greatly aroused over the liquor evil in Germany. Dr. J. H. W. Stuckenberg, long pastor of the American church in Berlin, gives in the Voice a striking array of testimony by leading physicians and professors, and speaking in the gravest terms of the nature and prevalence of the evil. Dr. A. Fick, professor of physiology in Wurzburg, though speaking "as a critical scientist," declares that "the warfare against alcohol is the most important phenomenon of our age—more important than political action, wars and peace conventions." Having made it his specialty to determine the effect of alcohol on the system, his conclusion is that "even the moderate dose of alcohol diminishes the power of work. All that is said about the strength produced by alcohol is deception. The small glass of the poor man taken during his hours of labor is undoubtedly injurious. Every penny which the laborer pays for alcoholic drinks is not only wasted, but also works destructively."

Dr. A. Bear, of Berlin, Royal Medical counselor and first physician of the prison at Ploetzensee, thinks that drunkenness was never so prevalent and never so injurious to the public welfare. He affirms that alcohol is not a food, and instead of being a benefit, it destroys the body and ruins health. Instead of preventing malaria, cholera and other diseases, alcohol actually predisposes the body to them. He adds:

"Alcohol destroys the individuality of men, paralyzes the will and the physical energy, makes the individual a slave of his passions, so that unless he gratifies them, he becomes stupid, miserable, and impotent; but if they are gratified they are cultivated inordinately so as to terminate speedily in the destruction of the body and the end of life."

Even more strongly speaks Dr. F. C. Donders, a Dutch physiologist:

"Never let a drop of whisky moisten the lips of men. If large quantities destroy mind and body, small quantities produce physiologically exactly the same effect. The difference is quantitative, not qualitative. I do not hesitate to affirm that if from this day not another drop of spirituous liquors was drunk, the appetite for it would be quieted after a few generations, if not wholly destroyed."

Dr. J. Gaule, professor of physiology in Zurich, declares that the future belongs to those who have the courage of total abstinence. The man addicted to morphine, he says, is a ruin in two or three years. Alcohol gives a longer respite, often 10, 20 or 30 years, but it is equally remorseless, the process being in essence the same.

Similar testimony is borne by men from the other great educational centers of Germany, as well as from other European countries. Dr. Fritjof Nansen, the famous arctic explorer, declares that it is entirely false to claim that alcoholic drinks are necessary in a cold climate. They are not only not needful, but absolutely injurious. It is not necessary, however, he adds, to go to the arctic zone to learn the injurious effects of alcohol; these evil effects are common experiences. And Jules Claretie, a French author and member of the French academy, says: "Unquestionably alcoholism is one of the greatest plagues of modern times, and against it we must wage an unrelenting warfare."

That the use of alcoholic drinks in Germany and other European countries is more respectable than here is unquestionably true. That it is less injurious, judged by these distinguished testimonies, is very doubtful. Everywhere the terrible habit is being more and more deprived of respectable scientific support, and forced to rely solely on the evil passions which have all along been its real basis—depraved physical appetite and greed of gain.—Chicago Advance.

Eccentricity.

The fools are not all dead yet. But, thank goodness, some of them are dying off. A dispatch from a little town in southern Indiana says that the will of "an eccentric character" who recently died there has been probated. Among the queer bequests is one which orders his administrators to invest $2,000, the interest to pay for a glass barrel, in which the man's name must be blown. The barrel is to be placed on his grave and filled with the best Crawford county brandy twice a year—Fourth of July and Christmas—and to be drunk free. The barrel is to serve as a tombstone, no other monument being permitted on the grave. What a fine conception of manhood one must have to make such provision for his memory as this; and what respect for manhood is likely to be developed in a community that would tolerate such an exhibition!—Men.

BITS AND BREVITIES.

The retail trade in intoxicants is said to amount to over $1,000,000,000 per year.

Fifty-five anti-saloon leagues have been organized in Michigan since June 1, 1896.

The saloon is the constant horror of every wife; every husband should therefore fight the saloon.—National Temperance Advocate.

A well-known judge makes the statement that in 20 years' "bench" experience he believes 80 per cent. of the criminals coming before him reached their downfall through the liquor traffic.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The banks of Newfoundland are formed by the sand, earth and stones brought from the north by the icebergs.

—Some of the native women of Australia have a queer idea of beauty. They cut themselves with shells, keep the wounds open for a long time, and when they heal huge scars are the result. These are deemed highly ornamental.

—A thermometer intended to be fastened upon the oven door is one of the most useful articles to the cook. With this the heat of the oven can be determined without opening the door, and the baking of cakes, puddings and soufflés can be accomplished much more successfully.

—How large must be the hole through which a horse can pass? This question was discussed by a deacon and a newspaper friend in East Winthrop, Me. The next day the deacon discovered that his horse had dropped through a trap door in his stable, landing in the cellar without a scratch. The hole was 18¼ by 34 inches.

—Baskets are made both by hand and by machine. Very fine qualities of baskets come from China, Japan and India, being made of peculiar varieties of grasses which grow in those parts of the world. Willow baskets are still made by hand, although machinery has been extensively introduced in their manufacture. Wire baskets are machine-made.

—The following simple experiment will perhaps interest some of our readers: Take a tumbler and tie over its mouth a piece of cheesecloth or other open fabric; immerse it in water, and when partly or entirely full invert it and lift it carefully out of the water, bottom upwards. The water will not run out, but will remain suspended in the tumbler.

—Besides a postmistress, a woman physician and a woman stage driver, the town of Lowell, Me., rejoices in a woman justice of the peace, Mrs. Louisa J. Cabel, who, "at the residence of S. M. Cabel," lately joined in matrimony Flora Horton, of that place, and Gilbert S. Perry, of Winn. It is said that this was the first marriage ceremony performed by a woman in Penobscot county.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

Tale of an American, Two Japanese and a Dish of Potatoes.

Even those who desire to be strictly accurate sometimes erect their story from a single instance, as a geologist conceives the framework of a long-extinct animal from one bone. The fallacy of so doing is well illustrated by the following story, told to the writer by one of the participants:

A few years ago two Japanese gentlemen of high standing were traveling in the United States, and among other places visited a large and widely-known manufactory. They were afterward invited by the senior member of the firm to lunch with him. Col. M—— was also of the party.

It happened that the first food placed on the table was a dish of fried potatoes, and as the manufacturer enthusiastically explained his business to his guests he unthinkingly took a piece of potato from the dish with his fingers and ate it. A second and third piece followed.

The Japanese listened politely, but Col. M—— observed that they were closely watching their host's method of eating. The colonel has a keen sense of humor, and he at once decided that he would follow his friend's example and see what the others would do. He did so, and instantly both Japanese made a dive for the dish, and thus they sat eating potatoes with their fingers, presenting, it is to be feared, the appearance of four men who had had nothing to eat for a long time, and expected never to get anything again.

Will it be surprising if in a future Japanese book on America this breach of good manners shall find a place as an American custom?—American Kitchen Magazine.

The Newest Modes.

Furs in gray tones are very popular.

Great masses of flowers will be seen on all the spring hats.

Unique bonbon boxes are in the form of prim Quaker maidens.

Muffs grow more fanciful day by day. The fur ones even are ruffled and various heads add to the unique styles of the plainest hand-warmers.

Embroidery on the various textiles manufactured for gowns has become a fine art. Necessarily it greatly increases the cost of the finished garment.

A bunch of flowers attached to the ends of sash ribbons, either together or singly, is one of the novelties seen in this season's ball dresses, and the effect is good. Of course, it must be so placed that it will not be crushed when the wearer sits.—Chicago Record.

Say Pleasant Things.

Would it not be well to cultivate the grace of saying agreeable things, even to the extent of hunting them up and dragging them to the light when they happen to be obscure? This power to say pleasant things—true ones—is an accomplishment which is generally overlooked or left as a mere worldly matter to light-minded people. But why it should be counted more Christian-like to utter unpleasant truths than pleasant is a somewhat puzzling question.—Detroit Free Press.

Punishment of Russian Officials.

Russia punishes offending officials. The governor of Mohilew recently sentenced a man to 50 strokes of the knout, though corporal punishment has been abolished, and the district president increased this to 100 strokes. The man complained and the president was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. This sentence has been set aside as being too light, and both officials are to be tried for endangering the man's life.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

CUBA. THE DEVASTATED.

The Ruin Described by a Havana Reporter—American Protests.

Letters from Havana say that the effect of Weyler's Bayate edict is felt with more intensity in the provinces of Havana and Matanzas than in Pinar del Rio.

A general point has been made by the foreign property owners, especially the Americans, who have large properties in the provinces of Havana and Matanzas, which surely will lead to complications and claims on the Spanish government.

Weyler distinctly stated in his decree that those who wished to remain on their properties must exhibit the last tax bill paid. As taxes are only levied on productive industries, and these planters have not been able to work on account of the abnormal conditions in the provinces since Gomez' invasion in December, 1895, no taxes have been collected since that time. Weyler has ordered unofficially that no sugar crop should be made, and now he wants the sugar planters to pay taxes on an industry which they have not been able to produce.

The result was that the manager of the sugar estate San Antonio, near Madruga, Havana, owned by Antonio Terry, an American citizen living in Paris, presented himself before Consul Gen. Lee, demanding protection, because the military commander of Madruga ordered him to abandon the place, one of the most valuable estates in the province, and worth at least $50,000, because he did not present the required tax bill. Consul General Lee presented the case to the captain general and the state department at Washington. No replies have been received from Weyler or Olney.

To depict the situation in Pinar del Rio, nothing can be better than the report of a trip made by a correspondent of La Lucha:

"The fields are wasted and abandoned, the bushes and trees burned, the huts destroyed, the stone houses, in other times happy homes, converted by the hands of rebels and Spanish alike into heaps of ruins, the black and fallen walls of which, covered with lichen, only serve as a refuge for the lizards and owls; the cane fields dried up and covered with bushes; the towns—the authorities of which are making great efforts to relieve the necessities of the residents—full of people, of poor families, who daily troop down from the hills, emaciated by hunger and fevers, in such a way that they resemble skeletons risen out of their tombs to appear before the final judgment."—N. Y. Sun.

CARPETS FOR ROYAL FEET.

Gotham Has Just Filled an Order for the Empress of Russia.

The empress of Russia has made the discovery that American carpets are the finest in the world. The fact was impressed upon the czarina through the splendid showing made at a recent exhibition in Russia by the product of American looms. An order was forthwith placed with a New York firm for the furnishing of the imperial palace at St. Petersburg with some of the daintiest carpet that money can buy.

A carpet, which is evidently intended to cover one of the largest rooms in the Russian palace, is of a gray ground, the design consisting of a Louis XIII. scroll, with flowers so cunningly woven into the texture that they could well be taken for real flowers scattered there by lavish hands to be crushed beneath the imperial feet. Another carpet, of the most delicate beauty, is of a light ground, with floral design several shades lighter than the groundwork. A carpet that will present a particularly handsome appearance is of an olive floral design with bunches of wild roses in pink and bordered with a wreath and scroll. Another is of a beautiful shade of crimson, the ornamentation being a wreath with huge chrysanthemums in a peculiar shade of brown with a light tinge of pink.

About the same time that the order was received from the czarina the same firm received an order from Mrs. Cleveland to submit samples of carpetings, in order that the white house could be refurnished in readiness for the coming occupant. Mrs. Cleveland has displayed rare good taste in her selections. For the east room of the white house she ordered a handsome carpet with a ground of old gold and flowers of old rose.

This room requires 500 yards of material. For the main corridor, which runs the entire length of the white house from the east room to the conservatory door, and requires 400 yards of carpet, Mrs. Cleveland selected a deep rich crimson carpet with arabesque scroll of different shades of the same color, which harmonizes beautifully with the black walnut woodwork.—N. Y. Herald.

A Cool Friendship.

Two Irishmen, who were known to be great friends, were observed one day to pass one another on the street without greeting.

"Why, Mulcahy," asked a friend, "have you and Mulhooly quarreled?"

"That we have not," said Mr. Mulcahy, decisively.

"There seemed to be a coolness between you when you passed just now."

"That's the insurance of our friendship," replied Mulcahy. "Mulhooly and I are that devoted to wan another that we can't bear the thought of a quarrel, an as we are both quick-tempered, we've resolved not to shpake to one another at all!"—San Francisco Wave.

Waldorf Salad.

Pare, core and cut into dice four large, tart apples, add to them a quart of celery, cut into half-inch pieces. Dust over a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of paprika and then two tablespoonfuls of tarragon vinegar. Mix all together, and then stir in a cup and a half of good, stiff mayonnaise dressing. Serve on lettuce leaves, or just as it is, garnished with celery tops.—Ladies' Home Journal.

THE LUCK OF A TENDERFOOT.

The Victim of a Joke Stumbles Upon Great Wealth.

Considerable excitement has existed for some time at Sundance, S. D., over a recent rich gold discovery at Bald mountains, in the Black Hills, near that place. The story of the finding of the mines, from which the discoverer has already taken enough ore to make him immensely rich, reads like a fairy tale, and is as follows:

One day not long ago a man approached a party of miners at Bald mountain and stated that he was looking for work. The men told him they had nothing for him to do, whereupon he asked to be directed to good prospecting ground. He stated that he was not a miner and knew nothing about such work. The men directed him to a large ledge of limestone about 1½ miles south, and said there was a good place. He proceeded to the place pointed out at once, where he selected a number of samples of the rock by breaking them off the ledge with a hammer. After working about the place all day he sacked his samples and started off to Deadwood, where he had the ore assayed. The assayer was the most astonished man in Deadwood, for the ore run up to $200 to the ton.

The tenderfoot did not say a word, but returned to Bald mountain and located the whole country and began shipping bowlders from the top of the ground, which have made him independently rich. The people who at first were inclined to laugh at the man from the east, as he is called, are now taking up claims, and the greatest excitement exists.

The word was quickly passed that all the drift was full of gold, and two new towns have already sprung up in the camp. There was a crazy run of prospectors, and surveys have now been made as far west as Bear Gulch and Nigger Hill, 15 miles away. The diggers who first broke ground in the new field have been out but little more than a month, and it is estimated that a fortune a day has been the average. It has been a poor man's bonanza, the mineral appearing on the surface, and the assays of the quartz taken from the surface and sent to the smelters run up from $80 to $100 a ton, with frequent fissures producing as high as $300 a ton.

Ragged Top has been passed over time and again by men who came to Deadwood for a speculation. It is in the region close to the town, which has not been considered productive of mineral wealth, but candid miners are predicting that the golden glory of Cripple Creek is to be equaled, if not dimmed, by Ragged Top. Gold fever which has been here for two years is now raging epidemic. Belmont and Nerve City are so excited that day and night are all the same. Bankers and business men of Deadwood and neighboring cities are daily investigating and bonding new discoveries. The streets are full of strangers, who come for a day and then disappear down the gulch or across the cliffs. It is the revival of the spirit of '49.

The Daey mine, the leading discovery to date, is near the summit of Ragged Top. The engineer who started the work dug ten feet under the surface. The ore secured there assays $150 a ton. It is the talk of the town that the vein is pronounced practically without limit. "There are others," and the decisive news about the Daey has made Deadwood as of old. The whole section is filled with stories of fabulous wealth, and there are assays to prove that many of the claims are not beyond the expectations of those who have rushed into the new field.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Making Parchment Paper.

The operation of manufacturing parchment papers, such as are used for wrapping butter and other similar objects, is a very interesting one. Parchment is produced directly from the raw paper web in practically one operation. The sheet to be parchmentized is passed through sulphuric acid and then through rollers having a uniform action, which discharge the surplus acid, the expressed liquid being returned to the tank or vessel. The paper is then carried and passed through a washing apparatus, as a tank, and also through sprays of water, being led and guided by rolls over which it passes, so that the free acid is washed off or removed as far as possible by mechanical washing. The sheet next passes through a bath of soda solution or alkali, and then through nippers to express surplus alkali, which is returned to the bath. Then the paper is carried through an apparatus to be further washed with water. Next it is passed through a bath of bleaching material, as "bleach" or the like, then through further washing apparatus, again passed between presses and squeezed, and then finally it is passed through a bath of glycerin, after the passage through which the paper is wound upon a roller or coiled up in a completed state of parchmentization.—The Paper Mill.

Honesty Rebuked.

After a cable car conductor had passed me several times without asking for my fare I touched his arm and gave him a nickel. A few minutes later as I left the car I found him on the rear platform alone. "Don't ever do that again," he said. "If a conductor misses you don't hunt him up. He doesn't want you to do it. If I miss a passenger the chances are about even that no one will notice it except the fellow himself. But when he rushes up to pay a fare I have missed everybody notices the fact that I have been negligent, and if there is a 'spotter' aboard I lose my job. The next time save your nickel; it may help me save my position."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Knew Her Peculiarities.

Jack—Answered your aunt's letter, yet?

Gus—No. Haven't had time.

"Better do it soon or the old lady will get down on you."

"No, she won't. She'll blame the postmaster."—N. Y. Weekly.

CROSS-ROAD BULL RAFFLES.

A Novel Winter Show for Farmers in the Eastern Part of Pennsylvania.

A concern is running an odd winter cross-road show in eastern Pennsylvania. Its chief attraction consists of big bulls. The owners are conducting a series of raffling matches at taverns with the bulls. They give cash instead of the animals to the prize winners, and then go on to the next stand.

The owners have a regular route laid out, and advertise liberally with posters and handbills. One bull is put up at one tavern, and the other at another tavern about five miles away. They raffle one bull each week, which gives two weeks' time to get out the tickets and make preparations. The landlord generally welcomes the advance man, and charges very little for his board. The raffle tickets at 25 cents each are put up at the tavern, and the farmer boys very soon get to hear of it. This attracts a good crowd each evening and cards are played for tickets. The favorite game is four-handed euchre, two tickets being the prizes for each game. In this way hundreds of tickets are played for, over and over again, not only at the tavern where the raffle is to be held, but also at other taverns, the landlords having been supplied with tickets by the owners of the bulls. Many other tickets are also sold direct to purchasers. Sometimes a 25-cent ticket is raffled off at five cents a chance, five chances. In the country districts there are no amusements for winter nights, and this cross-road-raffling show is just the thing. In two weeks as many as 400 tickets are disposed of in one way or another. The landlord will accept a ticket in payment of drinks or cigars just to keep the ball rolling.

When the day of the raffle arrives judges are chosen and the raffling is done in a side room at the tavern, and only one raffler is allowed in at a time. Seven old coppers are shaken in a slouch hat and the number of beads turned up is counted. Each raffler has three throws. After a dozen or more men have tried their luck, the high man is allowed to sit in with the judges. When a higher throw is made the new man takes the chair to watch the raffling. The throwing of heads goes on all day and far into the night. The landlord is busy, of course, at the bar. Many of the raffle tickets presented are dirty and grimy, showing that they have passed through a number of hands, in a variety of devious ways, before coming to the last owner. The high man closely watches each throw and counts the heads. If five, six or seven are turned up the first throw there is greater attention paid. If the second throw is also large the attention increases. But if the third throw is low the high man smiles good-naturedly and breathes easier as he retains the seat of honor. For hours 16 may remain high. Then some one will throw 17, and later another 18 out of a possible 21. This is a good throw. Ten dollars is freely offered for 18 heads, but the lucky man rarely sells out. Once in awhile some man, woman or child will come in and turn up 19 heads out of a possible 21. This is soon known to the outside crowd and it creates a buzz of excitement. If 16 remains high the bull owner continues to sell tickets, but frequently it is stipulated in advance that the sale of tickets must stop at a certain hour no matter what number of heads may be high. Finally, when all the tickets have been raffled the high man takes the bull, and the low throw also gets a prize, such as a fat hog, a set of harness, a set of dishes, or something of equal value. The bull owner is soon negotiating with the lucky man, and for $40 or $50 the winner is satisfied and the big bull is driven to the next stand.

The landlord has made out very well, the boys have had a lot of fun, the bull owner may have taken in $125 cash or more, and may leave the tavern with about $50 clear. At times there is trouble in settling with the winner, and he puts up the bull at auction and makes the owner pay high for it. Still, generally speaking, people have no use for a show bull, and the owner succeeds in getting it to the next stand. If he can't settle and must sell, he'll go elsewhere and soon try another animal. A bull is more attractive for a raffle than a horse. Frequently a fox-chase is sandwiched in to make a raffle more attractive, and the festivities may end with a frolic or dance.—N. Y. Sun.

The Once Lofty Alleghenies.

It is well known that our Appalachian mountains were once very much higher than the Rocky mountains of to-day, and that the reason why they are now comparatively low mountains is simply that they are very old, and have been worn down by denudation. The same destructive influences are still degrading them, very slowly as we measure ordinary time, to lower levels. We know that changes are constantly going on in the physical condition of the earth's crust, but these changes are so slowly accomplished that they can scarcely be observed, in many cases, in an ordinary lifetime. In the coming generations students of physiography will have a great advantage over those of to-day; for the art of accurately delineating the surface of the earth by means of contoured maps is a comparatively recent invention. Hundreds of years from now the physiographers will be able to learn from the maps we are making now exactly what the surface features of large areas were in our time, and it will be easy to make instructive comparisons with the same features as they find them.—N. Y. Sun.

Eight Thousand Kinds of Birds.

It is said that of the 386,000 kinds of animals known to science, 8,000 only are birds, and of these only 348 kinds are known to have been observed within 50 miles of this city. There are relatively more birds than reptiles hereabouts. Of the 5,170 reptiles catalogued, 1,659 are snakes, and of these but 17 kinds are found in this city.—N. Y. Sun.

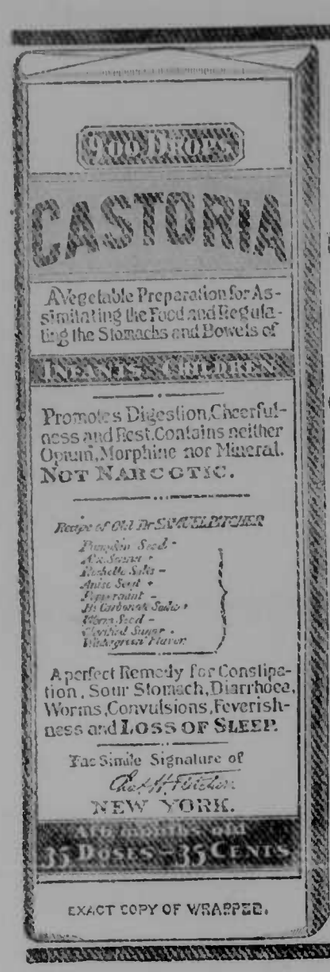

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The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Having just taken in another car of those, we are in a position to fill all orders for both WHOLESALE and RETAIL trade upon receipt. Our Sleds are the best that can be procured. Circular mailed upon request.

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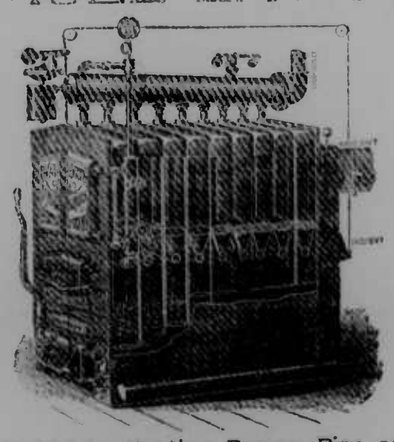

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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 22, 1887.

The investigation now being conducted by the Senate Committee on public lands may lead to a scandal involving Mr. Cleveland, although every patriotic American will hope not. The investigation is of a land patent recently issued by Secretary Francis to Perrine, Mrs. Cleveland's step-father, and his associates. The patent covers 25,000 acres of land in Florida, and if it has been legally issued, the present occupants of the land will have to move or to make terms with Mr. Perrine. The original grant of this land was made to Dr. Perrine, father of the present Mr. Perrine, and his associates, in 1841, and the contention of the settlers on the land, who are represented by ex-Congressman Brookshire, of Indiana, is that it was forfeited by failure to occupy it within the legal limit. The odd part of the issuing of this land patent is the manner in which it has been hurried along since Mr. Francis became Secretary of the Interior, and the apparent anxiety of Assistant Attorney-General Lionberger, who was put in office by Secretary Francis, to get the patent issued for the land before the close of the present administration. The Committee may find the transaction all right, and that the relationship of Mr. Perrine to Mr. Cleveland has not figured in the matter at all, but there is a lot of ugly gossip about it just now, and it will probably get into court anyway.

The "smart alecks" who have been industriously circulating reports as to the intention of the House Committee on coinage to smother the Senate bill authorizing President McKinley to appoint delegates to any international monetary conference called by any other nation, or to one called by himself if in his discretion he sees fit to call it, got a knock-down blow when that Committee reported the bill favorably to the House with two amendments, one broadening the authority of the President by authorizing him, if he sees fit, to appoint one or more special commissioners or envoys to negotiate with other nations for the calling of such a conference, and the other repealing the Act of 1895 for the same purpose, so as to prevent any complications that might arise from two acts on the same subject.

Congress did a sensible thing in abolising the title of "Private Secretary to the President" and making the title of that very important and useful official "Secretary to the President." Of late years, especially during the first term of Mr. Cleveland and during President Harrison's term, this position has been filled by men who have been in reality confidential advisers of the President, and it was farcical to designate them as private secretaries, in view of the popular idea of the duties performed by a private secretary. The change was made in compliance with a request of President-elect McKinley.

While no Republican in Congress believes that the re-election of Senator Kyle, by the aid of Republican votes in the South Dakota legislature, was brought about by any deal, there is a general belief that Senator Kyle will, if necessary, help the Republicans of the Senate to pass a tariff bill at the coming extra session. And owing his re-election to Republican votes will not be likely to make him antagonistic to other Republican measures. So long as a straight-out Republican could not be elected, there is no occasion for Republican grumbling at the re-election of Kyle. His populism is much less fanatical than that of others who might be named, and personally he is a very likable sort of a fellow.

Nothing but praise is heard of the arrangements that are being made for the inaugural parade by General Porter, chief-marshal. His idea of making the parade attractive by its quality, rather than imposing and tiresome by its quantity and length, is generally approved. At previous inaugurations few of the spectators, except those who were obliged to remain, saw the whole parade, which upon several occasions did not end until after dark. According to Gen. Porter's arrangement, 12,000 men in line will pass a given point in one hour, which will bring the entire parade inside of four hours, which is about as long as that portions of the spectators—by far the largest—not comfortably housed and seated, can get enjoyment out of such a spectacle. Other plans are also being perfected to make the spectacular part of the inauguration more compact and consequently more enjoyable.

The time within which the remaining appropriation bills must be passed is growing so short that the most the Senate could do in honor of Washington's birthday was to listen to the reading of Washington's farewell address by Senator Daniel. After that business went on just as though the day were not a national holiday. The House took no official notice of the day, being in the midst of a more or less bitter squabble over the appropriations to be made for its employes.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache

Ripans Tabules relieve nausea

SAVE BABY'S LIFE.

Teething time is the most trying time of infancy. The little gums are hot and swollen. They tingle and ache and smart. All the nerves in the little body are on edge. Sleep restless—digestion bad.

There's a remedy.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

soothes and cools the gums, controls the bowels, cures colic, brings good digestion, sleep and rest. 25 cents, all druggists. Guaranteed. Made by JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

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Farmers,

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The Oakland Flouring Mill is now ready to grind a million bushels of buckwheat. The best equipped mill in the county; all latest improved machinery. Can give either

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Mr. E. A. Dudley, who has charge, has been a life-long miller, and knows how to make a good turnout of buckwheat flour.

Don't fail to give him a Trial. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Will make arrangements with all the Oakland merchants to buy your flour at big prices. Don't fail to give the Oakland Mills a trial.

Don't forget the place, Water street, formerly owned by the late H. A. Rasche.

Yours obediently,

THE OAKLAND MILLS.

51-1yr.

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,
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Furniture, Carpets, Matting, Oil Cloth, Window Shades, Wall Paper,

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GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Repairing Furniture and Picture Framing a Specialty.

Removal.

I, the undersigned, have removed my place of business from the Loar building to the Ravenscroft (Mayers) building on Railroad street, where I will continue to carry a well assorted stock of

JEWELRY,

and give special attention to the repairing of watches, clocks, etc.

Give me a call. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

H. C. SMOUSE.

29—3m.

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One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

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SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ¼ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

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31—26

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

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OAKLAND, MD.

40—1yr. Office, Shartzer's Opera House.

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

This is to give notice that the firm of Whetzell & Hall, composed of Mrs. Isabelle Whetzell and A. W. Hall, doing a general lumber manufacturing and general merchandise business at Kearney, Md., has this day been dissolved by mutual agreement, Mrs. Whetzell retiring.

The business will be continued by A. W. Hall.

MRS. ISABELLE WHETZELL.
A. W. HALL.

Kearney, Md., Jan. 11, 1887. 46—3t.

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Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 15—1yr

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I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

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Special attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED, SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. 38 1o 6

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DR. D. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.*

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 3 22 6m

THOMAS R. McROBIE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street. All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

E. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Residence and P. O. Address,

2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate. Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE. AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN, SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE. Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including train ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26tf

WILLIAM C. KIDD, Representing JOHNSON, OMOHUNDRO & CO., WHOLESALE NOTIONS, Etc., BALTIMORE, MD.

A specialty of Hosiery, Gloves and Underwear RESERVE YOUR ORDERS FOR ME.

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

B. E. OFFUTT, President. G. S. HAMILL, V. President S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted. Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, Md., Jan. 21, 1887.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on

Tuesday, February 9th,

to transact all business that may properly come before them. They will also at this session act as a Board of Control and Review.

By order of the Board,

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M. RATHBUN & CO., PLANING MILLS,

And BUILDING MATERIALS.

MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 20. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1897. NUMBER 52.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Forward March.

Jones & Grant, buyers of junk. 52-4

Clear the tracks for the advancing agent of prosperity.

Hon. John P. Jones, of Terra Alta, was in the city yesterday.

Joseph C. Shaw has been commissioned postmaster at Grantsville.

Mr. H. P. Tasker, of Cumberland, is here this week attending court.

The Piedmont postoffice was robbed Saturday night.

Miss Susie Legge is in Baltimore visiting relatives and friends.

Rev. I. O. Thompson, of Kearney, was a caller at this office Monday.

Mr. W. R. Loar, of Grafton, spent Tuesday in Oakland.

Mr. R. T. Semmes, of Cumberland, is attending court in Oakland this week.

Messrs. E. W. Ryland and Wm. Frederick, jr., of Friendsville, were here a few days this week.

For Blacksmithing, Naylor is the place to have it done. Special cut prices for thirty days. 52-3.

Rev. J. H. Enlow, the jolly minister of Bayard, W. Va., was in to see us a short time on Tuesday.

Mr. Bert Hinebaugh left Tuesday afternoon for Keyser, W. Va., where he has a position in a woolen mill.

A. D. Naylor is making special cut in prices on new tire and repairing wagons, for thirty days. 52-3.

Miss Florence Fay left Oakland Tuesday morning for eastern cities where she will spend some time.

The County Commissioners acting as a board of control and review are in session this week.

Mr. Ed. Bartlett came up from Cumberland Tuesday and spent two or three days with his parents.

Mr. J. B. Fay, who for the last three or four years has been in South Dakota as land agent, is home on a visit.

The Maryland Bankers' Association will hold their annual convention in Cumberland early in June.

Mr. Merritt Wilson, of Wilson, was a business visitor to Oakland a day or two this week.

Attorney Taylor Morrison, of Piedmont, is in Oakland attending this term of court.

Wanted—Court boarders at 50 cents per day. Apply to Mrs. E. P. Russell, First and Water streets. 50-3t

Mr. A. C. DeWitt, of Hoyes, one of the grand jurors at this term of court, was in to see us yesterday.

Mr. Noah Bittinger, of Bevansville, Md., was in the city this morning and paid his respects to this office.

Messrs. D. W. and J. B. Dorsey, of Grantsville, came up to Oakland Monday and are attending court.

Messrs. Wm. MacGill, O. Fibbett and H. G. Braxton, of Piedmont, were registered at the Glades on Tuesday.

Mr. George A. Spedden, who has been ill for some time, is somewhat improved.

Charles D. Smith will open a private school at the close of public school, March 29th. Charge of tuition proportionate to grade. 52-1t.

Mr. C. E. Hilleary, of Gorman, and Mr. F. J. Otto, of New Germany, were registered at the Central Monday.

Mr. Freeman Friend, of Missouri, who has been sojourning in this county for several months, left yesterday for his home.

Mrs. E. H. Sincell and Mrs. Wm. Brayshaw started Monday morning for Washington where they will remain until after the Inauguration.

The average girl, so they say doesn't like kisses sent by mail half as well as she does those brought by male.

David Grant Smith has charge of the Oakland *Republican*, during the editor's absence. He made a breezy, newsy paper last week.—Kingwood Argus.

Last season Ike L. Hall, druggist of West Lebanon, Indiana, sold four gross of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and says every bottle of it gave perfect satisfaction. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Henry Grant, a former resident of this place but now telegraph operator at Oakland, was in the city to-day (Thursday.)——Joe Dorsey, telegraph operator at Altamont, was at home several days this week.—Grafton Sentinel.

Misses Ellen Connell and Mattie Adair, of Terra Alta, and Mrs. K. T. Crane, of Oakland, have leased Mr. George Legge's building on Main street, where, after repairs have been made, they will open a full line of millinery goods about the first of April.

Mr. Geo. Crim is in Washington selling souvenirs of the McKinley inauguration.

Mrs. Lawson Loar and children, of Grafton, W. Va., were visiting friends here one day last week. They stopped off on their way home from Westernport.

Messrs. M. and Patrick Maroney went to Washington and Baltimore Tuesday night. They will take in the inauguration while on their trip.

Miss Addie Cupp spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents at Terra Alta. She left yesterday for Washington and Baltimore, where she will spend two or three months.

Now is the time to commence to advertise your spring goods. The merchant who is wise—not in his own opinion—but the one who advertises, is the one who sells the goods.

Mr. Thomas Bucher, of Smithfield, W. Va., and Miss Kate Bushon, of New Martinsville, W. Va., were a "wedding couple" registered at the Commercial last Thursday.

The young women of Buckhannon, W. Va., have organized an anti-liquor and cigarette club and have declared that they will have nothing to do with young men who indulge in either habit.

The following persons from Shirley, W. Va., composed a wedding party that stopped at the Commercial last Wednesday: Misses Louise Wright and A. Weekly and Messrs. James A. Wright and John Moore.

Mr. Samuel T. Davis, who is in jail here charged with bigamy, has made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors, with G. S. Hamill as assignee. It is said the assets will more than cover the liabilities.

Monday Chief Judge J Hunter Boyd came up from Cumberland and is now presiding over the court. Judge Sloan returned to Cumberland and will attend the inauguration at Washington.

Among those who are in Washington to-day from and near Oakland, and whom we have not mentioned elsewhere, are Messrs. Geo. Geissman, H. J. Frear, Julius Scherr, H. C. Sincell, George D. White, C. J. Newman, Edw. H. Sincell and E. G. Palmer.

Messrs. Robert Townshend, T. Claggett, L. Brown and J. S. Meyers walked to Corinth Saturday evening and attended a rainbow banquet given by the Union church at that place. Some of the party returned Sunday evening and the remainder did not arrive in Oakland until Monday morning.

Judge David W. Sloan will leave this morning on train No. 47 for Oakland where he will convene the March term of the Garrett county court today. He will sit in two lunacy cases and will hear a writ of habeas corpus. Judge Boyd will go to Oakland tomorrow.—Cumberland News, Monday.

"A Jay from Jaysville Co." gave a musical and specialty entertainment in the opera house last night, which was excellent and deserved a far better house than was present. The K. of P. "Smoker" at the Glades kept a great many away who would otherwise have gone.

On Monday of this week an attempt was made by his attorney to have S. T. Davis released from jail on a writ of habeas corpus, but telegrams from Gov. Atkinson and other officials of West Virginia warranted the judge of this court in giving instructions for his detention. He was taken this morning to Nicholas county, W. Va., where he will be tried on the above charge.

The Great New York Racket Department Store, Friendsville, Md., Wm. Frederick Jr., & Son, Proprietors, has just received the largest and best selected stock of goods ever brought to this town, which we will sell at the lowes price ever offered in this market. We have anything and everything, from a needle up. All the best ten cent prints at five cents; ten cent ginghams five cents; 25 envelopes two cents; 12 lead pencils, two cents; tin cups, two cents; and everything else proportionately cheap.*

Judge Stake, in the Washington County Court, again scored prisoners for taking appeals from magistrate's courts, and offering no evidence when arraigned in the Circuit Court. He said that when wheat was $1 a bushel, witnesses got $1 a day, and they get the same now with wheat at 50 cents a bushel. He reprimanded State's Attorney Wagaman for bringing a chicken-stealing case with a dozen witnesses before the court, when the accused had been willing to submit to the magistrate's jurisdiction. The State's Attorney said that he was too busy at the time to attend to the case before the magistrate, and Judge Stake intimated that he could resign if he had too much work. Sharp words were exchanged.

Mr. C. A. Bolden, of Myersdale, Pa., is in the city.

Attorney Thos. J. Peddicord, came from Covington, Ky., Monday and is attending court.

The German Baptists will hold services in Sturgiss' hall the first Sunday in March at 10.30 o'clock.

Messrs. Benj. A. Richmond and D. J. Blackiston, of Cumberland, are in attendance at the circuit court to-day.

Naylor's of vehicles will be compete this year. Buggies from $35 up; over two car loads of vehicles bought. Will have a nice line on hand March 20th. Get prices before buying elsewhere. 52-3.

The grand jury for this term of court will probably adjourn to-day. They have done their work in a thorough manners and, considering the large amount of it there was to do, in a remarkable short time. We will give their report next week.

All last winter Mr. Geo. A. Mills, of Lebanon, Conn., was badly afflicted with rheumatism. At times it was so severe that he could not stand up straight, but was drawn over on one side. "I tried different remedies without receiving relief," he says, "until about six months ago I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. After using it for three days my rheumatism was gone and has not returned since." For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The next attraction at Shartzer's Opera House will be an exhibition of the wonderful "Projectograph." This is the latest electrical invention, portraying life motion and action on canvas. Between the pictures audience will be entertained by Prof. Lew Dale and wife, in selections on nine different instruments, magic, slight-of-hand, ventriloquism and mind reading. This entertainment will be held three nights, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, March 8th, 9th and 10th.

"A Jay from Jaysville" was an attraction at Shartzer's Opera house Tuesday and Wednesday nights of this week. The company gives a good clean up-to-date entertainment and we can recommend them to the public, as giving "the money's worth." The specialties of the company were excellent. We have met several of the company, and they are a set of whole-soul, jolly good fellows, which is more than can be said of many of the troupes on the road.

In delivering the charge to the grand jury Monday, Judge Sloan called especial attention to the violation of the registration and election laws, also the law pertaining to the sale of cigarettes to minors, the liquor law applicable alone to this county, to the law prohibiting the hunting of game and fishing on Sunday, and the law pertaining to the intimidating of witnesses who had been summoned before the grand jury, and thereby preventing them from appearing before that body and testifying.

Mr. John Shartzer, the new lessee of the opera house made a neat little speech at the initial performance last Saturday night. He said he would bring only first-class attractions to amuse the public. That he would have nothing but good order and that he would have the opera house cleaned thoroughly. He has already taken from beneath the stage about four wagon loads of filth. We hope that he will meet encouragement from the public in his laudable undertaking.—Piedmont Independent.

A canvass among the druggists of this place reveals the fact that Chamberlain's are the most popular proprietary medicines sold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, especially, is regarded as in the lead of all throat trouble remedies, and as such is freely prescribed by physicians. As a croup medicine, it is also unexcelled, and most families with young children keep a bottle always handy for instant use. The editor of the *Graphic* has repeatedly known Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to do the work after all other medicines had failed.—The Kimball S. D. GRAPHIC. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Died.

FRIEND.—At her home in Swanton, on March 1, 1897, Mrs. Mary Friend, wife of Mr. Wm. H. H. Friend, aged 50 years, 1 month and 19 days. The remains were buried at Swanton yesterday. She leaves a husband and seven children, three of her children being married and four single. She had many friends and relatives in this county who will be pained to hear of her death.

New Millinery Store.

April 1st, Mrs. W. H. Malette will open a new and fine line of millinery goods in the new building on Main and Railroad streets. She has had five years experience in this line and can please the most fastidious. Her stock will comprise Chicago, Baltimore, Wheeling and Pittsburg styles. She will leave for the different cities shortly to select her stock. 52-4t.

That "Smoker."

Several days ago invitations were sent out under the auspices of the Knights of Pythias lodge at this place to a goodly number of the male citizens of the town, asking them to attend a "smoker" at the Glades hotel on Wednesday night of this week. This of course aroused the curiosity of the gentler sex, who were fortunate (or perhaps unfortunate) enough to get a peep at one of these neat little missiles and all sorts of questions were plied to find out what was meant by the "Smoker" to which brother, husband or sweetheart had been invited. However, it seems that with all the fuss, fume and worry the female portion of this town were "out in it."

At the appointed time about seventy-five assembled at the place named, where they were cordially received by the reception committee appointed by the above order. Everyone was at once made to feel at home. The Oakland brass sextette rendered some of their choice selections. Mr. Andrew Nelson sang a solo, which was loudly applauded. Col. Sturgiss then introduced Mr. G. S. Hamill, who was one of the charter members of the first lodge of this order instituted in Oakland about twenty-five years ago. After more music Mr. S. T. Jones was next introduced and made a very interesting talk on the advantages of secret socities, their origin, etc. At ten o'clock refreshments were announced and all repaired to the tables in the large dining hall, where they were served with sandwiches, coffee, pickles, ice cream and cake. The members of the committee did "the waiter act" admirably, and no one seemed to miss the presence of the female sex, who usually play an important part at festivals and social gatherings.

The committee announced their intention to continue these pleasant gatherings at intervals in the future, and the guests present heartily concur in this resolution.

Garrett County's Insane.

Dr. William Lee, secretary of the State Lunacy Commission, was at the Queen City Hotel last night upon his return from Oakland, where he investigated the two lunacy cases in [illegible] *Daily News*. It is probable that a jury will inquire into the mental condition of these persons upon the assembling of court at Oakland, Monday, and that they will be sent to the Sylvan Retreat Asylum, where other Garrett county cases are confined. The project to erect an almshouse for Garrett county is meeting with considerable opposition, as the books show that it has cost Garrett county only $800 a year, on the average, to support her sane paupers. To maintain an almshouse the cost would be much more, and besides many claim that an almshouse would tend to breed paupers.—Cumb. News.

Baker Gets His Money.

The Court of Appeals Tuesday of last week affirmed the judgment of Thomas F. Baker vs. the Maryland Coal Company for $2,000.00. This is the end of a stubbornly contested case. In December, 1895, Baker sued the Maryland Coal Company for injuries received by being squeezed between the mine cars in the Company's mine and the wall of the heading. Baker's claim for damages was based on the allegation that the Company had not left brake room sufficient between the cars and the heading for men in charge of the train to put down brakes with safety. At the first trial in January, 1896, Baker lost his case, Judge Stake taking it from the jury. On appeal this judgment was reversed.

The case was then moved to Garrett county, where in September last Baker recovered a verdict for two thousand dollars. From this the Company appealed and this judgment was yesterday affirmed and ends the litigation. Messrs. Blackiston, Richmond, and T. J. Peddicord conducted the case for Baker; the Company was represented by Messrs. Walsh and G. S. Hamill.

Two Days in a Tree Top.

Patrick McCreary, a lumberman in the Dry Fork region, near Hendricks, W. Va., on Sunday, Feb. 21, attempted to rescue a friend who had been caught by the flood on the other side of the Dry Fork river, but the current was so swift that McCreary was washed down the stream in his frail craft, which capsized.

McCreary struggled in the waters, but eventually sought refuge on an island near the junction of the Red creek and Dry Fork river, about five miles above Hendricks. Friends attempted to rescue him, but as the waters kept rising and darkness came on, it was impossible to reach the unfortunate man, and he was given up for lost.

When Monday morning dawned McCreary was seen on the top limb of a sycamore tree on the island, with the water all about him and the driftwood piling about the trunk of the tree. He remained in the tree until Tuesday afternoon, when the waters receded and he came down on the island again.

The current was still too swift to permit his being rescued, but his friends were able to get to him some bisenits and matches. By means of throwing a stone with a string attached a rope was gotten to him, but his rescue could not be effected until Tuesday evening, when he was gotten off the island more dead than alive.

McCreary was of robust health and strong constitution, but was so weakened from the exposure that he could scarcely walk or talk. He is now in a serious condition.

American Editors Received.

CITY OF MEXICO, Feb. 27.

President Diaz received the visiting American editors, wives and daughters yesterday in the historic red room in the National Palace, cordially welcoming them to Mexico. The editors visited the Shrine of Guadaloupe and to-day by invitation go to the Castle of Chapultepec. They start on their return trip Sunday night. The party is in excellent health.

From The Kingwood Journal.

Bob Felty, the well-known commercial traveler, was here on Tuesday shaking hands with his many friends and customers.

Mrs. G. A. Bolden and little son Connell have been at Terra Alta and Oakland since Friday last visiting friends and relatives. They returned home yesterday.

Mrs. Benjamin H. Sincell, of Oakland, Md., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Y. Morris of this place, has gone to Annapolis and Washington, where she will spend a month or so the guest of friends and relatives, so will not visit in Kingwood just yet as reported in last week's Argus.

W. H. Malette, traveling salesman for the Spargin, Buck & Co., shoe merchants, of Baltimore, was here Friday and Saturday last looking up the interests of that company. Mr. Malette is an Oakland gentleman. We can recommend him to the trade as an A 1 salesman, and we prophesy that he will become very popular with our merchants.

Mrs. Ruth M. Randall Dead.

Mrs. Ruth M. Randall, widow of Mr. John K. Randall, and sister to the late Mr. Robert Hooper, died at her residence, 135 West Lanvale street, yesterday, in the 82nd year of her age. She was a descendant of the Hooper family of Massachusetts and of Berton France extraction. In her youth she was a brilliant and beautiful woman. Mrs. Randall was the mother of Mr. James R. Randall, the author of "Maryland My Maryland" who now lives at Augusta, Ga. He arrived here this morning in response to a telegram informing him of his mother's death. Mrs. Randall had 12 children, of whom six survive her. They are Messrs. James R. Randall, William Randall, agent of the Bay Line at Norfork; John Randall, and Misses Mary, Emilie and Fanny Randall.—Balto. News.

Items From the Oracle.

Geo. W. Freeland, of Huttons, Md., was in town Monday, and made us a pleasant call.

Cashier Scott T. Jones, of the Garrett County Bank and John Shartzer, of Oakland were in town on business Wednesday.

Mrs. S. T. Jones, of Oakland was in Terra Alta to-day, the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Posten.

A. T. Fraley and wife of Oakland, spent Sunday in town, visiting their many relatives and friends.

F. G. Hyde

Will continue his great reduction sale during March court, so as to give all an opportunity to buy at half price. If you want a bargain come and get it. But very little money required. Keep your eye on the show window, it will soon undergo another change. We are living in a wonderful age, but some people unfortunately don't know it.

Respectfully,
F. G. HYDE.
51-3 The Big Jeweler.

Not to be Trifled With.

(From Cincinnati Gazette.)

Will people never learn that a cold is an accident to be dreaded, and that when it occurs treatment should be promptly applied? There is no knowing where the trouble will end; and while complete recovery is the rule, the exceptions are terribly frequent, and thousands upon thousands of fatal illnesses occur every year ushered in by a little injudicious exposure and seemingly trifling symptoms. Beyond this, there are to-day countless invalids who can trace their complaints to "colds," which at the time of occurrence gave no concern, and were therefore neglected. When troubled with a cold use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is prompt and effectual.

25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Through Sleeping Cars to Toledo.

Commencing February 21, the B. & O. R. R., in connection with the B. & O. S. W. and the C. H. V. & T., will establish a daily line of Pullman Sleeping Cars between Baltimore, Washington, Columbus and Toledo, via Parkersburg and Athens. The west-bound train will run as follows:

Leave Cumberland	4.18 A. M.
Keyser	4.58
Piedmont	5.10
Oakland	6.31
Terra Alta	6.53
Rowlesburg	7.18
Tunnelton	7.40
Grafton	8.35

Direct connection is made for Detroit, arriving 8.40 p. m.

This is the best service ever offered between Washington, Central Ohio and Michigan, and will doubtless prove to be popular with the public.

W. L. DOUGLAS
$3.00 SHOE

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you, write
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.
CATALOGUE FREE.

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

BUCKING

against a severe Cough or Cold is like tackling the business end of a Goat.

But if you will use a bottle of

HONEY-TOLU

the business end of a Cough or Cold will stand no show. It is the only remedy that a Cough or Cold cannot buck against.

Dealers all sell it. Large Bottles, 25 Cents.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

A STREAK OF BLUES.

Ain't anything I know of—
You c'n say jest what yer choose,
That'll lay a feller out
In such shape's a streak of blues.

Call it "dumps" er bein' downcast,
The name don't signify—
It's the thing itself that frees yer,
An' yer dasn't ask it why.

I ain't a kind er chap, sir,
Given up ter notions like,
And I'm sound er limb and hearty
With a fist chock full of strike

When it comes ter bein' needed,
But a feller hain't no show
When a fit er blues gits at him,
An' jest natch'ly lays 'im low.

They have a sneakin' fashion
O' comin suddent-wise,
Like a chap 'at creeps ahint yer,
'Fraid to strike out 'fore yer eyes,

An' when ye're least expectin'
An' sot up, peart an' gay,
The blues they up an' get yer
An' drive the glad away.

Like ez not they'll get aholt yer
Diggin' 'taters in the field,
Whistlin' cheerful like an' laffin',
Thinkin' how the crops 'll yield—

Ugly fellers! too, I call 'em—
Chase the blue clean out the sky—
Make the sunshine an' the flowers
Seem a mockery an' lie;

An' the insects you was henrin',
Pipin' up a merry tune,
Seems ter stop an' start a snicker,
Like 's ter say: "You crazy loon!

"What you workin' for an' slavin'
Diggin' bread atween the stones?"
An' a sort er despirit feelin'
Settles way down in your bones.

Needn't tell me what's the matter.
What you'd say ain't any news.
Guess I know 's well 's the next one
When I have a streak of blues.

If a man has downright trouble
He c'n show his make an' grit.
Something then ter tackle—somethin'
He e'n aim ter crush an' hit.

But it ain't no easy hoein'
When the blues git upper hand—
Ain't no use ter fight with darkness—
But I'd have you onderstan'

'At I ain't a sort er feller
Easy set on or depressed
'Ceptin' when it comes ter blues, sir,
Then I'll low they git the best.
—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

A MUCK-RAKE STORY.

BY A. B. HOLDEN.

JACOB BERRY leaned on his plow handles as he watched the retreating form of his wife as she made her way over the newly-plowed ground.

"Maybe," thought he, "I oughter hev hitched up the colt and carried her over to the station. But then 'taint mor'n a mile an' a half by the road an' goin' cross lots shortens the distance some. If I hed, it would 'a' taken the best part of two hours and put back the plowin' that much. Gee, Dock!" shouted he with a start and an inward reproach for wasting time in foolishness, as he termed his little reverie.

The morning sun cast its slant beams over field and meadow. It glorified even the dull clods of yesterday's upturning, over which in irregular patches the busy spider had woven her snares and the dew had spangled them with liquid jewels. Jacob saw no beauty in dew spangled cobwebs, they were simply a sign of good weather to him. He knit his brows and leaned more heavily on his plow handles as his thoughts recurred to the little woman almost stumbling in her haste over the rough field. He thought she stooped a little more than usual and felt aggrieved that she was beginning to show signs of age.

"Women ain't like they was in mother's time," thought he. Jacob forgot that his mother's work was confined to the care of the little deserted log house which stood a few rods back of his pretentious brick dwelling, and flocks and herds had increased bringing more and more work every year for one pair of tired hands.

Little Mrs. Berry reached the unpainted shed called by courtesy the depot, almost breathless from excitement and fatigue. She had barely time to buy her round-trip ticket and

HE WATCHED THE RETREATING FORM OF HIS WIFE.

board the train. She sank into the nearest seat. Her face was anxious and tense; she could not get over the hurried feeling. She had prepared breakfast and hastily performed other household duties long before light, and had milked before the sun had fairly risen. Her thoughts were in a curious jumble. As she climbed the rail fence she had noticed the wild roses in the fence corners were coming into leaf and the sturdy trumpet vine had thrust its rootlets into the decaying riders. "I must remember just where they are, and maybe I'll have time to pick some when they bloom. Let me see, it was 20 yards of muslin I'm to get for Jacob's shirts and I'd better get it all fixed in my mind." She examined the memorandum which Jacob had made with a little blunt pencil on the back of an old envelope by the aid of a chance copy of a city paper.

"I tell you, Marthy, we've got to economize like sixty, now we're in debt for the Cummins farm. I reckon we'll save two or three dollars buying in the city and old Skinner at the cross-roads store'll find it don't pay to wrangle with me about accounts."

Finally Mrs. Berry settled back into her seat and began to rest and her thoughts turned into a pleasanter channel. "Maybe I can manage to go to the art museum," thought she, "and see the pictures Miss Long told me about."

She finished her shopping sooner than she expected and had a trifle left for car fare. Jacob had not provided for this luxury. "You'll be tired settin' still so long and need the walk," said he. In a sudden spasm of generosity he continued: "You might git a pair of them dollar and a half shoes they advertise. You don't really need 'em, but you kin put 'em by till you do and here's a quarter for your dinner. I got a good one for 15 cents." Jacob neglected to state that his meal was eaten at a lunch counter patronized exclusively by men.

When Mrs. Berry's accustomed dinner hour arrived, the excitement had taken away her appetite and she started to feast her eyes upon the beauties of the art museum, which her summer boarder, Miss Long, had dilated upon, after the work was done and Mrs. Berry had a few moments to rest on the porch before bedtime. When she arrived at the entrance of the museum, to her consternation, an admittance fee was demanded. The doorkeeper courteously explained that it was a pay day. She gladly tendered her precious quarter of a dollar. It seemed to her as if the gates of Paradise had unclosed as she entered the domain of art, and to her great joy she found Miss Long, who was copying a picture. Miss Long kindly laid aside her brushes to guide the visitor. She conducted her to the choicest paintings and statuary and explained the stories they sought to tell. Many times she was surprised at a low interruption: "Oh, yes, I know. I read about that years ago, before I was married. I haven't had time to read much since."

The hours sped all too fast and Mrs. Berry found she had barely time to reach the train. As she was claiming her parcels at the check counter, the gates closed and there was nothing to do but wait a long three hours for the next train. As she took her seat, a dizzy, faint feeling came over her and she knew nothing more until midnight, when she opened her eyes too weak to ask where she was. She had never been in a hospital before, but when she had collected her thoughts, she knew that she was in an institution of that kind.

A white-capped nurse administered medicine occasionally and in the morning a grave old doctor made his appearance.

"I didn't eat anything all day," she whispered, "and I wanted to see the pictures and it was pay day."

"Oh, yes, yes," exclaimed the doctor, hastily, "don't waste your strength talking."

Jacob Berry finished his day's work and sat waiting for his wife to come and cook him a good, hot supper to make amends for his cold dinner. The hours passed and finally his indignation gave way to real alarm, which was increased the next morning by the reception of a telegram summoning him to the hospital. He entered the huge building with awe and trepidation, but when he saw his wife alive and looking as usual, only a trifle paler, he felt himself a much-abused man and as she told him of her visit to the art museum a frown gathered on his face, and the alert nurse, seeing her patient was becoming worried, ended the brief interview.

"Just as I expected," began Jacob, in an aggrieved tone, as he entered the doctor's office. "She brought all this on traipsing around after foolishness, and here's farm work coming on and I don's suppose she'll be able to do much for a couple of weeks."

The doctor, busy compounding medicine, ignored Jacob's complaints. After a moment's silence he remarked: "Your wife is a hard working woman, her hands show it." For the first time in Jacob's life, he felt ashamed of his wife's toil-stained hands.

"Well," replied Jacob, somewhat confused, "me and my wife both work hard and will have to as long as we are in debt."

"Aren't your children old enough to be of some help?" queried the doctor.

"We haven't any," replied Jacob.

"Then what's the use of working so hard?" continued the doctor.

"Because we're in debt," reiterated Jacob. "The Cummins farm joins on mine and I bought it last spring."

"Ah, indeed!" exclaimed the doctor, peering over his gold spectacles and giving his medicine bottle a shake, "so you had one good farm clear before you bought this last one, and I'll warrant money in bank, too. I know the way of these valley farmers. I was brought up on a farm not far from yours. I know all about the digging and pinching and saving; and you say you have no children to work for, so it just amounts to this: You are wearing out your wife's life and your own, too, and out of every dollar you both save, possibly you may enjoy six cents a year and before long some one will have your money to spend. This trouble of your wife's has been coming on a long time and was brought on by hard work. It is fortunate for you both that this break-down occurred here where she can be cared for properly. It will be a good while before she gets up and she will never be able to work hard again."

Jacob left the hospital, feeling very uncomfortable. Evidently the doctor considered him responsible for his wife's condition.

Time hung heavily on Jacob's hands in the long week that ensued. He had plenty of leisure to think over the doctor's lecture. The next Sunday he was in his accustomed place in the little brick church. A stranger filled the pulpit, and his text was: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth." He portrayed the character of the hard-working congregation and Jacob concluded that he, like the doctor, spoke from personal experience. He pondered upon the doctor's talk and the sermon on his way home. There was a long Sunday afternoon to be passed and Jacob looked over his small collection of books with a view of selecting one to while away the time. He took up the "Pilgrim's Progress." There was a leaf turned down at the chapter where the man with the muck-ruck was described; there were a few blistered places that showed some one had been crying over it, and with a sudden pang Jacob remembered that Martha had been reading this book the Sunday afternoon he had told her of his purchase of the Cummins farm and that the furnishing of the parlor, delayed so many years, must be postponed indefinitely.

The next week he paid his wife a visit. He was beginning to see himself in a new light and consequently he felt more tenderly toward her. He had a vague feeling that he did not understand her. He knew she did not care in his love of money; he wondered what enjoyment she could find in looking at pictures, and, with a view to making that discovery, he visited the art museum. He could not help but acknowledge that he was interested himself in the novel sight, and train time came too soon. On his way to the depot, he stopped to look at a picture in a window: the proprietor of the store, espying him, and ever on the alert for a customer, accosted him, saying:

"I just let you have dot pictnre sheap, only ten dollar."

"No, no," responded Jacob, hastily.

THE HOURS SPED ALL TOO FAST.

"That cow in that field looked so like my old Brindle I noticed it."

"Well, I tell you what I will do," urged the dealer, "I will let you have him for seven dollar."

The negotiations continued until Jacob left with two pictures, gorgeous with the bluest of skies and the greenest of verdure.

"A mighty good bargain," said Jacob to himself. "I'd as liefs hev these as that picture of a drove of cattle at the museum that they said was worth $25,000." Jacob carried his purchases home and hung them in the sitting-room. Then he feared the light and smoke might injure them, and so he transferred his new treasures to the bare, unfurnished parlor. He opened the shutter of the west window which commanded a view of his woodland. This possession was particularly dear to him.

"It would be kinder nice to set in here Sunday afternoons," he thought, "if only it was fixed up."

Tilda Stubbs was coming next week to take charge of the work. Jacob made a mighty resolve to change his manner of living. He spent days at the city stores before the furnishing of the parlor was completed. He caught his breath at the unwonted splendors of that apartment, gay with a carpet of vivid red, green and yellow, and chairs and sofas upholstered with an equally startling effect.

Some weeks later, he carried his wan little wife into the parlor and seated her in one of the gorgeous rocking chairs. Somehow he felt the moisture gather in his eyes as he witnessed her almost childish delight.

"Oh, Jacob!" gasped she, "it seems like a dream—and—and—can we afford it? Now you're in debt?"

"We ain't in debt, Marthy," replied Jacob. "You know old man Cummins was sick of his bargain and wanted to back out, so I let him hev the farm again and he's just as happy as a child and says he's getting some sleep now and he hadn't had a good night's rest all the time he was away from his old home—and, Marthy," he continued "you ain't never going to work hard even if you do git well. Tilda Stubbs is going to live here all the time and some day we'll go traveling—jest think of that! I'm going to take you to see the ocean and mountains and all, like us in them pictures at the museum."

Martha looked up, smiling through her tears, and Jacob bent down a little confusedly and kissed her.—Washington (D. C.) Home Magazine.

A Poet's Chivalry.

The poetry of Longfellow reveals its author's sensitive, chivalrous spirit, so that those familiar with his verses will read without surprise this story told by Mrs. Phelps-Ward in her "Chapters from a Life:" Longfellow was reading aloud a poem one day to Mme. Modjeska, whose eyes filled with tears as the reading proceeded. "I shall never forget," observes Mrs. Phelps Ward, "the tone and manner with which he turned toward her. 'Oh!' he cried, 'I meant to give you happiness! And I have given you pain.' His accent on the word 'pain' was like the smart of a wound."—Youth's Companion.

AN ELEPHANT A DEFENDANT.

Accused of Murdering a Man and Acquitted After a Legal Trial.

An elephant accused of murder has been exonerated by a coroner's jury. The occasion was the inquest on the body of a man who had been killed by the animal. It took place in London and is probably the most remarkable event in natural history on record.

The elephant is of Asiatic birth, is known as Charley, and is the star performer in Sanger's circus. He held that position before the tragedy in which he recently became involved, and will continue to do so, thanks to a jury of liberal-minded Englishmen.

Charley is an animal of phenomenal sagacity and dexterity. He can stand on pegs with the ease and grace of a first-class acrobat. It is a pleasing sight to behold him standing on two pegs with two feet and holding the other two gingerly in the air. For an animal of the elephant's build this is quite remarkable. Charley also stands on his hind legs and waves his forelegs in the air. He waltzes with much grace and takes part in any kind of procession with admirable precision.

He has been in the business for 31 years and knows much more about it than the average keeper. It is said that he is as highly educated as an elephant can be. Having so much education and experience, Charley exacts a considerable amount of respect from keepers. He regards only a first-class elephant trainer as his superior.

For more than a year Charley had a keeper who beat him cruelly. About a year ago the man was discharged from the circus. Recently he was reengaged to work in another department.

He visited the elephant's quarters the other day to speak to the keeper. Charley was eating his supper when he saw his old enemy. He immediately seized the man with his trunk, pushed him against the wall and crushed him to death.

Sanger, the owner of the circus, was the great witness in Charley's favor at the inquest. He said he was the kindest elephant ever known. He added:

"Elephants do not forget injuries or kindnesses. I remember several remarkable instances. On one occasion, when I had been separated from an elephant for two years, the elephant, on seeing me, seized me round the waist with his trunk and would not let me go until he had hugged and caressed me for a long time. Tears of pleasure ran down the brute's cheeks.

"Some years ago a nephew of mine, a child of three, was playing around Charley and climbing up his legs. Charley gently resented this, but the child continued. Charley then took the child up, shook him gently and put him down some yards away."

Others testified to the good character of Charley and the jury returned a verdict of accidental death without blaming the elephant.

There are persons experienced with elephants who will not agree with this decision. They hold the views expressed in Charles Reade's exciting story of an elephant trainer's life, "Jack of all Trades."

Chief among these views is that the elephant is the most cunningly malignant animal in existence. Charles Reade's elephant was always on the lookout to smash a man. He was so clever that he would knock a knot out of a partition with his trunk and kneeling down peer through the hole to see what was going on in the next room.

Those who hold the theory of elephant perversity say that the only way to keep the animal in subjection is to thrash him unmercifully. A pitchfork is often used. A punishment which the elephant fears very much is beating on the soles of the feet, which are in him extremely sensitive.

According to this view of the elephant's character, the homicide committed by Charley was willful murder, and should have been punished by death.

The enemies of the elephant explain that, while he was in the custody of this keeper he never dared to attack, because the man was always on the alert, knowing the evil character of the beast. But, when the elephant was in another man's care, the old keeper naturally forgot his precautions and the animal took a cowardly advantage of this and killed him.—N. Y. Journal.

Corn Husk Bed.

For an under bed cornhusks are much to be preferred to straw, for they will not become so compact after use and will wear much longer. One important feature is to secure the husks in proper condition. As soon as the husks are taken from the corn, before any mold or other harm comes to them, take the fattest and best leaves, free from stalks, silk, etc., and spread them out to dry in some large, airy room, stirring them well every fair day for a month, or till they are perfectly dry. As they shrink somewhat, a good supply should be secured of fresh husks. Don's split the leaves; they do not become flat and solid, as many suppose, but curl up and make the mass light. A husk mattress is suitable for both summer and winter use, and at all times healthy. Wool mattresses are liable to become infested with moths. Where feather beds are used they may be put above the husks in cold weather and below in hot.—Western Plowman.

Extra Little Coats.

Smart little coat bodices, made of satin brocade, in various dainty colorings, are worn by fashionable young women, with afternoon gowns of black or dark-colored material in silk and wool, moire or figured satin. The bodice opens over a full vest of some airy fabric, shirred or plaited over colored silk and banded with lace insertion. The short frilly basque is lined with a matching color of silk, and is belted at the back and on the sides where the belt disappears, leaving the front of the coat bodice free, banding only the lower edge of the full vest in front.—Philadelphia Press.

The late Sir John Sloane, who died in 1836, devised a number of pictures and statues, etc., to the Sloane museum. He also left three sealed cupboards, to be opened by his executors in 1866, 1886 and 1896. The last one was opened a few days ago, and, much to the chagrin of the executors, who expected to make a valuable find, it was, like the two previous cupboards, empty of all but valueless papers.

209 BUS. OATS, 173 BUS. BARLEY.

M. M. Luther, East Troy, Pa., grew 209 bushels Salzer's Silver Mine Oats, and John Breider, Mishicott, Wis., 173 bushels Silver King Barley per acre. Don't you believe it? Write them!

Fodder plants as rape, teosinte, vetch, spurry, clovers, grasses, etc., in endless varieties, potatoes at $1.50 a barrel. Salzer's seeds are bred to big yields. America's greatest seed catalogue and 12 farm seed samples are sent you by John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., upon receipt of 10 cents, and this notice, worth $10, to get a start. [K]

She had been looking at herself in the glass. "I suppose I'll get used to it," she said, "but after what we've been through in the last few years these tight sleeves actually make me feel immodest." — London Figaro.

The Famous West Coast Hotels.

The famous hotels of the west coast of Florida are all open. The magnificent Tampa Bay Hotel, aptly termed a "modern wonder of the world," with its casino, swimming pool, theatrical auditorium, etc., situated on Tampa Bay; The Semiole, at Winter Park, in the lake region of Florida; the Ocala House, at Ocala; the Hotel Kissimmee; the Belleview, at Belleair, overlooking the Gulf of Mexico; The Inn, at Port Tampa, and the Hotel Punta Gorda, at Punta Gorda.

The Plant system of hotels is under the management of Mr. D. P. Hathaway, Tampa Bay Hotel, Tampa, Florida.

Mr. J. J. Farnsworth, Eastern Passenger Agent, 261 Broadway, New York, or Mr. L. A. Bell, Western Passenger Agent, 312 Marquette building, Chicago, will give full information regarding any of these hotels, together with rates via rail or water.

"This," said he, as he inhaled the balmy October air, "is Indian summer." "I always maintained," she replied, "that the Indians were capable of good work if given the chance."—Chicago News.

An Interesting Item.

By reason of its mileage and location, the Texas & Pacific Railway is the most important of all railway lines in Texas. It traverses the Lone Star State from East to West, through the most progressive towns, great forests of pine, and the broad prairies and well-kept farms, affording the most beautiful scenery all along the line. No other line affords such opportunities for the home seeker or investor to see and enjoy Texas. Cheap lands for all. Low rate Home Seekers' Excursion Tickets on sale at all points in Texas and Louisiana February 16th, March 2nd and 16th, April 6th and 20th, May 4th and 18th.

For a handsomely illustrated book fully describing the wonderful State of Texas, conceded to be the finest publication issued in recent years, send eight cents postage to Gaston Meslier, Gen'l Pass'r & Tkt. Agt., Dallas, Tex.

"Isee," he observed, musingly, "that a yellow whitewash has just been invented." The editor of the New Journalism leaped excitedly from his chair. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "who did it? We must secure him at any price as an artist for our colored supplement!"—N. Y. Press.

Homeseekers' Excursion Tickets.

On February 15th and 16th, March 1st, 2d, 15th and 16th, April 5th, 6th, 19th and 20th, May 3rd, 4th, 17th, and 18th, 1897. Homeseekers' excursion tickets will be sold by the Cleveland, Akron & Columbus R'y., to nearly every point in the West, North and Northwest, South and Southwest at rates of about one fare for the round trip.

Parties contemplating a trip will do well to see or write to any C. A. & C. R'y. agent for rates of fare, limits of tickets and full information, or, to the undersigned. C. F. Daly, General Passenger Agent, Cleveland, O.

The people have the promise blest
Of an approaching calm;
The orators will take the rest
And so will Uncle Sam.
—Washington Star.

Don't Give Way to Despair.

Although you have suffered for a long time from malaria, dyspepsia, kidney trouble, nervousness or biliousness. Know that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has cured worse cases than yours, and is potent to help you as it has helped hosts of others. But always remember that trite saying, "Delays are dangerous." Mole hills grow to be mountains in consequence of disregarding it. Check disease at the outset with this incomparable defensive medicine

Let a lot of men get together, and it is remarkable how soon they will go to talking about good things to eat.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed, 50c and $1.00, all druggists.

Gray hairs and wrinkles may come, but a happy heart is always young.—Ram's Horn.

Queen & Crescent

86 Miles Shortest to New Orleans, 109 Miles Shortest to Jacksonville from Cincinnati.

Trying to look like a sheep has never yet produced any wool on the back of a goat.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

The man who has a strong will is often strong in nothing else.—Ram's Horn.

New Orleans

Queen and Crescent Route 24 hours Cincinnati to New Orleans.

Purify

Your blood now with a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla and be strong and vigorous when the change to warmer weather comes.

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Priscilla—"Jack is the oddest fellow. He took me driving yesterday, and when we were seven miles from home he said if I wouldn't promise to marry him he'd make me get out and walk back." Penelope—"Did you walk back?" Priscilla—"No, indeed, but the horse did."—Truth.

The Inauguration of President McKinley

will attract many prominent individuals to Washington. You can attend very cheaply, and enjoy a most satisfactory trip, by going via the B. & O. S.-W. Ry. Tickets good going March 1, 2 and 3, and good returning including March 8, at special low rates for this occasion with a Splendid Train Service. Make up your parties, and for further information consult any agent B. & O. S.-W. Ry. Write for guide to Washington, to J. M. Chesbrough, Gen'l Pass. Agt., - Cincinnati, O.

There was a young maiden named Grace,
Once the prettiest girl in the place;
But she's changed a great deal
Since she took to the wheel,
For she now has a bicycle face.
—Up to Date.

One-Way Settlers' Rates.

On the first and third Mondays and Tuesdays in each calendar month until May 18th, 1897, inclusive, the Cleveland, Akron & Columbus R'y., will sell one-way settlers' tickets at very low rates to nearly every point in the South, Southeast or Southwest.

Any person contemplating locating in the southern country will do well to write to or see any C. A. & C. R'y. agent, or, the undersigned, who will cheerfully give rates of fare, limits of tickets and all other information on application with particulars of the trip desired. C. F. Daly, General Passenger Agent, Cleveland, O.

Palace Car Porter—"Kin I brush de dust outer yer clothes, boss?" Traveler—"There's no dust in my clothes, Sam." "Well, yer doesn't look like yer was dead broke, boss."—Yonker's Statesman.

Florida, Cuba and Jamaica.

A handsome book, 64 pages, beautifully illustrated, descriptive of "the land beyond the frost line," will be sent upon receipt of four cents in stamps by L. A. Bell, Western Passenger Agent Plant System, 312 Marquette Building, Chicago, Ills. The Plant System of Railways and Steamship Lines reach the finest winter resorts in the world.

Don't imagine that wall flowers at a dance have no amusement: they make fun of the dancers.—Atchison Globe.

Presidential Inauguration.

For the inauguration of Prest. McKinley, C. A. & C. R'y., will sell excursion tickets from points on its line at very low rates. Tickets on sale March 1st, 2d, 3rd, good returning until March 8th, 1897. For detailed information call upon or address any C. A. & C. agent, or C. F. Daly, General Passenger Agent, Cleveland, O.

Hypocrisy is a certificate of good character vice gives to virtue.—Ram's Horn.

Specially Remember

That the Cleveland, Akron & Columbus R'y., is still selling round trip tickets between all stations on its line, good going and returning Sunday, at a rate of one fare for the round trip. Ask any agent for particulars, or write to C. F. Daly, General Passenger Agent, Cleveland, O.

If good advice were gold, every pocket would be full of money.—Ram's Horn.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a Cough medicine.—F. M. Abbott, 383 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

Generally, those who know the least are the ones who are always giving you advice "just for your own good."

When bilious or costive eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

Rice is the food of more than 250,000,000 people in British India.

It's never too cold to cure neuralgia with St. Jacobs Oil. Sure cure.

It is said that a gallon of milk is required to make a pound of cheese.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe. 10c.

SOUTHERN HOMES IN TEXAS

In the celebrated Coast Country. Cheap and on reasonable terms, fruit, vegetable and field crop farms. Great production. Direct markets. Diversified crops. Travel via Frisco Line from St. Louis. For land literature, maps, excursion rates and full information, write THE AMERICAN LAND COMPANY, 303 Roe Bldg., - ST. LOUIS, MO.

SMOKE YOUR MEAT WITH KRAUSERS LIQUID EXTRACT OF SMOKE
SEND FOR CIRCULAR. E. KRAUSER & BRO. MILTON, PA.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

OPIUM HABIT AND **DRUNKENNESS** Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.

A Cougher's Coffers

may not be so full as he wishes, but if he is wise he will neglect his coffers awhile and attend to his cough. A man's coffers may be so secure that no one can take them away from him. But a little cough has taken many a man away from his coffers. The "slight cough" is somewhat like the small pebble that lies on the mountain side, and appears utterly insignificant. A fluttering bird, perhaps, starts the pebble rolling, and the rolling pebble begets an avalanche that buries a town. Many fatal diseases begin with a slight cough. But any cough, taken in time, can be cured by the use of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

More particulars about Pectoral in Ayer's Curebook, 100 pages. Sent free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

TEMPERANCE.

CHILD INEBRIETY.

An Incident That Shows Dreadful Thoughtlessness on the Part of Some Parents.

"Mamma, why can't I have a glass of wine?" This was the question asked by a bright-eyed, four-year-old youngster in one of the restaurants of Chicago not long since. My heart seemed to stand still waiting for what answer the mother would make.

The parents were apparently well-to-do, intelligent people, who upon taking their seats for luncheon had ordered beer for the father and wine for the mother. The lady sweetened the wine to suit her taste and placed the glass in front of the child, who sipped several teaspoonfuls, when the father remarked: "That is sufficient. That will give the little man an appetite for his luncheon." But the boy was not satisfied and

THE BOY WAS NOT SATISFIED.

gave the mother no peace until she had given him more, until at last a dozen teaspoonfuls had been taken, and when finally he was refused more he asked why he could not have a bottleful like papa. By this time the face, which had been sweet and rosy when he came in, was flushed and feverish, and the eyes, which shone with an innocent brightness when I first looked into them, were now dull and heavy.

The importance of educating mothers on the dangers and possibility of child inebriety was never more forcibly impressed upon me than by this incident. The thoughtlessness or ignorance of these parents was almost beyond conception, and the conviction that this young mother was sowing seed which would mature into a harvest of debauchery for her son and lifelong sorrow for herself made the noonday hour one of feverish dread for the future of the boy and regret that we seem so powerless to reach such a large majority of the women who are and will be the mothers of the coming generation.—Banner of Gold.

AN IRRATIONAL DECISION.

Missouri Judge Rules That a Man Has a Right to Smoke Opium—His Decision Reversed.

One of the most ridiculous decisions which has emanated from the bench in recent years comes from the judge of the criminal court of St. Louis.

In common with many other states in the union, there is a law in Missouri which prohibits opium smoking. Against the justice of such a law there can be no rational complaint, and yet the judge of the St. Louis court takes the position that it interferes with the divine right of men to smoke whatever they choose.

Since opium is a rank poison, it is nothing but right that statutes should be enacted by the various state governments forbidding its use as a substitute for tobacco and in other pernicious forms. Indeed, it is necessary, as well as proper, that such measures of protection should be enacted.

While every American citizen is invested with certain rights, it is not lawful for him to exercise his liberty either to his own detriment or to that of his fellow citizen. Obviously, if every man is allowed to smoke what he pleases, he also has the right to drink what he pleases. There can be no objection to the second proposition, provided the first one is true. As the first one, however, is not true, neither is the second. If every man was allowed to drink what he pleases there could be no punishment inflicted for attempted suicide by means of poisonous liquids and statutes providing punishment for such offenders would be inoperative.

Very properly, therefore, the supreme court of the state has reversed the decision of the St. Louis judge and the pernicious effects of his ruling are thereby destroyed.—Atlanta Constitution.

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

How can anybody doubt that there is a devil and know that there is such a place as a drunkard's home?—Ram's Horn.

After the Salvation Army's "Life boat" was started in San Francisco, three whisky saloons in the same block closed.

The saloon thrives on the ruin of men; every true woman should therefore oppose the saloon.—National Temperance Advocate.

A man who has dug a pit must hang out a warning lantern. The saloon keeper hangs out his to light the way into the pit.—Howard Henderson.

There are more breweries in California than there are in Illinois; more distilleries in Massachusetts than there are in Kentucky, and more cigarettes manufactured in New York state than in all other states of the country combined.—Lever.

In the republic of Guatemala there are 16,519 permanent places for the sale of liquors, or a saloon to every 82 inhabitants. In the province and city of Guatemala there are 2,736 saloons, or one for every 52 inhabitants, counting babies and children.

A PRIVILEGED CHARACTER.

Alcohol Which Receives Much Consideration and Is Deserving of None.

At the head of the long list aptly characterized by the skull and crossbones of the druggist's label—the list of poisons—stands that one to which the attention of the world is being especially directed; upon which the light of scientific investigation is concentrated and all the secrets of its nature are being exposed and its pretensions tested. The conclusions of its investigators are of such vital interest to every man, woman and child, that our lawmakers have been induced to begin to take the matter in hand.

When the distillation of alcohol was discovered the ancient alchemists, always dreaming of a wonderful elixir which should be proof against the assaults of the last enemy, thought the precious liquid had been found. Aqua vitae they called it, water of life, and although their high hopes were doomed to disapointment, a superstitious faith in its efficacy for all sorts of things has always clung to it. It has been thought a food, a medicine, a something always to be kept on hand in case of exigency. One by one these delusions, and with them even the emergency bottle, are disappearing.

Like the hypocrite alcohol has borrowed the livery of Heaven in which to masquerade while serving the devil, but the merciless hand of science strips it of everything like celestial vestments, yea, to the very last rag, for the doctors have left to its devotees no ground even for reconciliation to the pain and danger of snake bite! The man saved by the providential brandy flask from death by freezing is found to have miraculously survived in spite of the added danger from the bottle.

The principle of "the cooler" as a restorative to sobriety is a mistaken one, for the victims of alcohol are not warm, the application of artificial heat being in some cases of extreme alcoholization the only chance for life. An eminent London physician was moved to protest against the murderous policy of thrusting the helplessly drunk into a frigid prison cell and the abuse was corrected.

While we are rapidly coming to the conclusion that there is necessity only for a small quantity of alcohol (if indeed for that) for dissolving certain gums and resins and preserving medical specimens, and while the real question before the public is whether in view of the consequences of its use as a beverage it is not a factor to be legislated out of existence, the cobwebs of traditionary reverence need still to be cleared out from a good many corners.

The half educated legislator who challenges the applause of an ignorant constituency by declaring himself opposed to all "sumptuary laws" has repeatedly voted for such measures unawares, imagining that adjective to apply only to the liquor question, a thing in his estimation not to be meddled with. There are numerous laws on the statute books regarding the traffic in unwholesome foods and drinks and a board of health equipped with physician and chemist is provided by the state to investigate such matters. A certain village had tragic occasion for its services. Men, women and children were suddenly stricken with such torments as accompany mineral poisoning. Death in a mysterious and terrible form was abroad. The state board gave prompt attention to the analysis of the article of food to which suspicion pointed, and advanced, free, a more or less valuable theory on the subject.

At a later period suspicion was awakened, in many minds, of unusually deadly characteristics in a class of beverages much used by certain citizens. Several deaths were distinctly traceable to these sources, and several persons were at one time prostrated by attacks only less alarming than the beef poisoning, because less mysterious. They suffered untold torments, and were agonized by awful visions. One victim was much terrified by a black cat of uncanny aspect; another was haunted by four black devils, each occupying his several bedposts, and it is by no means certain but that he was clearer sighted than his attendants.

A statute prescribes severe penalties for those who sell these beverages in case they are found to be doctored with fusel oil, cocculus indicus, opium, belladonna, stramonium, corrosive sublimate or any other of a list of horribles used to make a little alcohol go a long way and render "impure" the article pronounced by eminent physicians to be more injurious than are any of its adulterations.

The same state board before appealed to was requested to test samples for the suspected presence of some of these forbidden poisons, but returned the curt reply: "There is no provision made for the examination of liquors." The secretary meant alcoholic liquors, for had it been tea, or coffee, or milk, or water, or lemonade, the board would have brought its united wisdom to bear upon it, and discovered bacteria, or bacilli, or some thing. Now, by what authority did that official board refuse to analyze any suspected food or drink? Why should the inquiry into alcoholic concoctions require a separate and especial commission? Why should they alone be exempt from the tests of the official chemist? Is this due to a survival of the old, superstitious regard, or solely because of having friends at court?

It is not so strange, after all, that alcohol should be considered a thing apart from anything else in earth, or sea, or sky; this outlaw, this deceiver with false warmth and fancied strength and insane inspiration, which meanwhile inflames, and undermines, and wrecks, and debases; this personal devil which church and state are so slow to recognize in the red-handed murder of wife, or child, or neighbor—as it blazes in wild-eyed fury 'neath the anarchist's torch, as it leers at them through the bleared, besotted eyes of national dishonor.—Union Signal.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Two-thirds of the population of the Channel islands are females.

—At the beginning of the century there were only six engineers' shops in Leeds. There are now 210, giving employment to 20,000 persons.

—The kaiser has decided that a picture of the German empress shall be put up in every army barrack, so that soldiers shall be able to recognize her when they see her.

—Parents were summoned in London because their son had only made 57 appearances at school out of a possible 71. The magistrate, to mark his disapproval of such a prosecution, inflicted a fine of one penny upon the parents.

—American explorers claim to have found a waterfall in Venezuela which, per'aps, outdoes Niagara in magnitude. The fall is in the Imataca mountains, in a district hitherto practically unknown. The cliff over which the water falls is 1,600 feet above the valley to which the stream descends.

—The Dutch have a delightfully original way of collecting their taxes. If, after due notice has been given, the money is not sent the authorities place one or two hungry militiamen in the house, to be lodged and maintained at the expense of the defaulter until the amount of the tax is paid.

—Ten of the wives of the bishops, or nearly a third of the total number, are themselves daughters of clergymen or dignitaries of the church. The wife of the bishop of Winchester, for instance, is a daughter of the late Archbishop Tait. Four of the bishops married the daughters of peers, including the bishop-designate of Peterborough, whose wife is the daughter of the duke of Argyll.

GREAT DAY FOR HIM.

There Have Been Others Like Him, Only They Don't Tell.

"I'm one of the men that proposed by letter," admitted the captain, who came out of the war to successfully win in the harder struggle of the business world. "Though a bashful youth I think I would have mustered courage to have put my fate to the test in the usual way, but I was way up in the northwest when a letter from my adored was received, and one of its sentences gave such an inviting opportunity to say that I would like to marry her that I could not resist. Of course, I'll never know whether woman's wit prepared that welcome opening.

"But when her letter of acceptance came I was thrown into a state of total irresponsibility. The tidings of great joy was too much for me. In trying to get out of the post office I fell over a Newfoundland dog and grasped a pretty young lady to keep from falling. This seemed to me an act of treason and my apology was so confused that she put me down as intoxicated and made an impossible effort to freeze me with a look. I gave a newsboy a quarter without stopping to take a paper, shook hands with several people I had never seen before, beamed on all comers, irrespective of sex, age, color or existing conditions of servitude, and made myself so effusive generally that the opinion formed by the young lady became prevalent throughout the little town. At the hotel her big brother waited on me with blood in his eye, and for some time my heightened sense of chivalry was stumped whether to fight or explain. But I chose the wiser course. It was not long until the entire community knew the whole story, and rejoiced with me. They have a tradition out there that it was a pretty lively time."—Detroit Free Press.

HIS POINT OF ORDER.

Horse Blanket Was Put Over the Kraut and the Speech Went On.

Congressman Dolliver, of the Tenth Iowa district, has a big tent which he purchased from a stranded circus company and now utilizes in his campaigns. Last October, while making the round of his district, Mr. Dolliver reached a town where it was too cold for an audience in the tent, an adjournment was had to a great grocery storehouse, which was able to accomodate numbers of political truth-seekers. In one corner there was a barrel of sauerkraut and near this a great old-fashioned stove, of the kind that will roar like an elephant when the draft slide is pulled clear back.

With a great fire the crowd began to feel comfortable, and quickly enthused under the eloquence of the Fort Dodge orator. Everybody seemed to be unmindful of the sauerkraut barrel. But in the midst of one of Mr. Dolliver's eloquent flights his attention was distracted by an Irishman who said he rose to a point of order.

"The gentleman may state it," quoth Mr. Dolliver.

"Oi move you, sor," said he, "that a committee be appointed to place a horse blanket on that barrel of sauerkraut."

The barrel had warmed with the growth of the fire, and an odor that was anything but agreeable in a political atmosphere was forcing itself up the nostrils of the faithful. The horse blanket was secured from a neighboring stable and applied to the use designated, after which Mr. Dolliver proceeded to the end of his speech uninterrupted.—Washington Post.

Potatoes a la Patricia.

Peel, wash and place six medium-sized potatoes in a saucepan over the fire; cover with cold water; add half tablespoonful salt and cook till tender; then drain and wash or press through potato press. Mix with one ounce butter, the yolks of two eggs; season with a quarter teaspoonful salt and the same of nutmeg; lay two butter pats two minutes in boiling water; remove and instantly dip in cold water; take small portions of the potatoes and roll them into round balls the size of a walnut between the butter pats, the same as butter balls are made; dip in beaten egg, roll in grated bread crumbs and fry to a fine golden color in hot fat.—Brooklyn Eagle.

HE HAD NO TIME TO WASTE.

The Interruption of a Train Robbee Annoyed Him.

Jim McCord weighed about 110 pounds and had scraggly whiskers. But for all that he was "nervy" as any other gambler that ever lived, and would cheerfully battle with his fists if need be to emphasize his rights. And, as he was an expert boxer, he seldom got much the worst of such an encounter.

Once, traveling from one county fair in Nebraska to another, Jim found himself so reduced in pocket as to make a double seat in the day coach preferable to a berth in the sleeper. He coiled up and was doing a fair job of work at sleeping when the train stopped with a jerk, seven shots rang out, and at the door of the coach appeared a rough-looking young farmer, with a bandana handkerchief covering his face and a pistol shaking nervously in his hand. It was a hold-up all right, and everyone in the car with one exception sent his hands heavenward.

McCord didn't. He was asleep.

The man with the gun worked his way down the coach, gathering valuables as he progressed, until he came to McCord.

"Here! Wake up! What have you got?" the train robber demanded.

"Go on away. Don't bother me!" McCord growled.

"Give me your money," the other insisted, presenting the gun.

McCord was awake now.

"My friend," he said "you may be a good thief, but you are a blamed poor diagnoser. Do you suppose I'd be down here crouched like a toad in a seat if I had money enough to ride in a Pullman? Go away." And he dropped back to sleep again.

The train robber was nonplussed.

"Say," he said, "I want what you've got. Shell out."

"If you don't quit bothering me and waking me from an uneasy but valued sleep," said McCord, "you will regret it seriously. Go away, I tell you."

The farmer looked up and down the car for an inspiration as to what to do. None came, and he again gave attention to McCord, who had by this time returned to his doze.

"I've got to have your money," he said.

McCord roused himself. "Well," he said, "I see we are bound to come to it. Now, I have not interfered with your business in this car, and it is no more than right that you should refrain from mixing in mine. My business is to get some sleep. But you intrude yourself, and we will have to settle the matter once for all."

"Biff."

It was his fist which made the last monosyllable remark, and in half a minute it was raining bandana handkerchiefs and revolvers and hair and old clothes, and the passengers were under the cushions. In a minute McCord had the farmer on the floor and was batting his head against the iron uprights of the seats. Several of the other passengers came forward and wanted to help tie the fellow up and take him on to the next big station.

"Thanks, gentlemen," said Jim, "but I think we won't do that. I never interfere in other people's affairs. If any of you had wished to arrest this man the time to do it was when he was negotiating directly with you, and not when he and I were trafficking. The only thing I have against him is his temporary derangement of my plans, which contemplated sleep. If we keep him on board I shall naturally feel a sort of responsibility for him, and will not be able to rest as calmly and reposefully as I wish. I am going to throw him off right here, and if any of you want to capture him then, why, that's your affair, in which I shall not mix." And conducting the culprit to the end of the car he evicted him into space.

Then he went back and curled up and was in a moment blissfully asleep. —Chicago Record.

TO LAUNDER LACE CURTAINS.

They May Be Done at Home with But Little Trouble.

Lace curtains, if sent to the laundry often, cost more to do up than they are worth. This would apply, of course, to the commoner weaves of lace curtainings. They can be carefully washed and dried at home, and come from the washing looking fresh and pretty as ever. If one has not a curtain stretcher, sheets pinned to a carpet, and lace curtains stretched upon the sheets, the points all picked out into shape and pinned down, will dry them in nice shape. Before hanging again, if dampened slightly on the wrong side, by passing a wet cloth over them, a small place at a time, and ironing dry, they will be found improved in appearance. It removes the coarse-thread appearance given them in the drying process. Lace pillow-shams treated in the same manner do several years' service and look well. Lace shams should have back of them well stiffened and laundered widths of muslin, or a background of colored silesia or cambric to harmonize with coloring of the room used in.

Curtains may be freshened for a season or two without washing. Let them be first well shaken out of doors, after which they are carefully gone over with a clean, soft clothes brush. Taken then upon the ironing board, they should be sponged over with warm water, in which a small amount of starch is dissolved, and at once ironed with not too hot an iron. Only a space of the curtain corresponding with width of ironing board should be sponged and ironed at a time. When finished, the curtain, if folded down the center as when new, and pressed, will be found to have every appearance of being new. Curtains grow limp from hanging, and damp weather takes a little at a time, the starch from them, and with the accumulation of dust they grow dingy. But unless very dirty, indeed, they may be refreshened for two or more seasons after this method of cleaning.—Washington Home Magazine.

TO HIM WHO WAITS.

Summer Luxury of the Rich Is Shared by the Poor Later On.

He was one of those florid individuals with loud and arrogant voice who have a habit of participating in whatever conversation happens to be carried on in their neighborhood. The particular dialogue which he interrupted was occupying the attention of a couple of men on an Illinois Central suburban train.

They were evidently workingmen and they were speaking of the unequal distribution of wealth. The speakers' voices were scarcely audible, but the loud man caught an occasional sentence. Abruptly addressing one of the speakers, he roared:

"Do you mean to tell me that the poor haven't a fair chance?"

"I mean to tell you nothing," was the ready reply of the man to whom every eye in the car was directed. "I am discussing the problem of labor with my friend and am not addressing my remarks to the general public."

This rebuff never feazed the cheerful idiot opposite.

"Well," he continued, "I want to tell you all this talk about the difficulties of the workingman is all nonsense. I've been a workingman myself and difficulties didn't bother me any."

"No, I should fancy not," was the rejoinder, spoken in a tone of quiet irony.

Not noticing the interruption, the interrupter continued:

"I hold everything equalizes itself in this world if you only give it time. Give 'em time, that's my idea, and the laboring man will get all that belongs to him."

A meek little man who sat across the aisle here chipped in:

"My observation has convinced me that the material progress of the working classes is not commensurate with their intellectual advancement, hence their pocketbook is not equal to the demands made upon it for the refinement of life."

"Stuff!" said the first speaker. "'Everything comes to the man who waits.'"

"You are right," said the man of irony. "Take ice for instance. Now the rich man has his ice in the summer and the poor man gets his in the winter. You see all the poor man has to do is to wait for it."

A roar from all within hearing greeted this sally, and the florid man subsided.—Chicago Tribune.

NOT A HUMPBACK.

Richard III. Was Not a Physical Deformity.

His deformity is a great feature in Shakespeare, and is used with all Shakespeare's knowledge of human nature to explain much of what would be otherwise incredible. It is the bitterness of the deformed which makes Richard hate the world, which hardens his cruelty, and sharpens his already keen-edged ambition with the desire to overcome the scorn of mankind for defects he could not help, by reaching a place where he could put the world under his feet. Yet there is but little better evidence of his deformity than there is of his having been born with teeth.

It is hardly necessary to call witnesses to disprove such triviality as this, but it is easily done, and the refutation is complete. No contemporary other than Rous even alludes to Richard's deformity, and those others who are silent are the only writers of real authority. Babyan, the Londoner, who must have seen Richard often, and who was a Lancastrian, says nothing of any deformity. The Croyland Chronicler, a member of Edward IV.'s council, is equally silent; and so too is Comines, although he twice speaks of Edward as the handsomest prince he had seen, thus showing that he noted physical appearance. Stowe said he had talked with old men who had seen Richard, and they declared "that he was of bodily shape comely enough, only of low stature." Even Rous himself in his portrait of Richard indicates no deformity. The portraits, indeed—and there are several authentic examples—show us a man without any trace, either in expression or feature, of bodily malformation. The face is a striking one, strong, high-bred, intellectual, rather stern perhaps, and a little hard in the lines, but not in the least cruel or malignant, and with a prevailing air of sadness. — Henry Cabot Lodge, in Scribner's.

COULDN'T SEE THE NECESSITY.

He Didn't Think That the Bribe Was Needed.

It is not to be supposed that the missionary's lot is always the happiest in the world, but there are times when there are incidents in it so full of humor as to make up for the troubles and trials which are more common. Among the stories in illustration of this point is one that comes from a recent British consul to Samoa, who states that a missionary there was one day visited by a gentle-looking youth, who asked:

"Please, sir, may I get married?"

A day was appointed for the ceremony, when, at the time named, appeared the youthful bridegroom, looking neat, shy and guileless; he was asked to take a seat and did so, blushing vigorously. A quarter of an hour elapsed and there were no fresh arrivals; yet there sat the young man without the slightest show of that anxiety attributed to gentlemen about to take the fatal plunge. At last the missionary became impatient and asked him where the young woman was.

"Who?" said the youth.

"Why, the girl you want to marry!"

"Oh, she's at Safata!"

"What!" cried the minister. "Have you come here for me to marry you to a woman 16 miles off on the other side of the island?"

"Yes," replied the innocent; "I didn't think you would want her!"

He was sent away to fetch her and in the course of a week returned to go through the marriage ceremony in due form.—Harper's Round Table.

SMART SPRING SUITS.

Checks and Stripes Are More in Vogue Than Ever.

Covert clothes are again to be the fashion this spring, and just as smart as ever do these costumes look, with the jacket quite short, extremely jaunty and single breasted, with the buttons on an invisible lap, and narrow, high revers and narrow turned-down collars. Sleeves are much smaller than last year, but in the same shape, and gathered, not plaited, into the armhole, with here and there rows of gathering to hold the sleeve in place. The back of the jacket is tight-fitting, with full, but not flaring skirt, but the points are loose, with just one dart to give a pretty curve in at the waist.

The Eton jackets are not to be discarded, and one in many of the new costumes, in covert cloth, is one which fits as tight as a dress waist, and is buttoned in front (the buttons not showing), and finished at the neck with narrow lapels and turned-over collar, like the other coat just described. Longer by an inch or two than the ordinary Eton jackets, this extends below the waist line at the back and sides, and gives almost an exaggeratedly long waist effect. No amateur dressmaker should attempt this particular pattern for a gown, as it requires to be most carefully cut and fitted, and skirt no less than waist must be perfection.

Checked and striped cheviot skirts are to be worn with the black jackets, and while this is not a new style, it is always a pretty and most useful one. The jackets are double-breasted, but by all other points are the facsimiles of single-breasted ones. In all black are some smart gowns. The coat is tight-fitting and high in the neck, a la militaire, as has been fashionable this winter.

Between seasons many of the leading tailors make up gowns for less price than at the height of the season, and as the styles for the spring and summer are already known, it is by no means a bad scheme for the really economically disposed woman to order her spring costume now, as a tailor gown does not go out of fashion nearly so soon as a more elaborately trimmed one does. The black and white stripes which give such a slender air to the figure, are to be greatly in favor, and while they are certainly exceedingly plain, have a decidedly smart look.

A plain skirt with narrow front breadth and well-gored sides and the fullness in a small space at the back; a tight-fitting waist, with lapels opening just a bit to show a glimpse of mannish shirt and necktie, the whole costume made of the black and white, is about as becoming a gown as a woman can have, and with a warm fur wrap can be worn now and yet be appropriate for warmer weather, when no wrap will be needed.

Marvelous are some of the ready-made suits, costing, of course, much less than when made to order, and finished with the greatest care and attention to every detail. The style of coat and skirt is the best in these, and then the inevitable shirtwaist can take a new lease of life. In rough tweeds and cheviots and in the different grades of serge and cheviot, there are numberless costumes of this description to be had, while in more fancy styles with braiding galore are many, many more.—N. Y. Press.

BEDTIME STORIES.

Good Results Attend a Nightly Diet of Imagination Tales.

To send children happily to bed should be one of the mother's most ordinary tasks. No little one should dread the bedtime hour, nor fear the dark, nor be allowed to go to bed under a sense of disgrace or alienation from household love. Whatever the child's daytime naughtiness may have been at nightfall he should be forgiven, and go to rest with the mother's kiss on his lips and her tender voice in his ears.

Hardly anything can be worse for a young child than to be scolded or punished at bedtime. The mother does well to be a little blind to some things, remembering that a good deal of childish culpability is superficial only, and washes off almost as easily as does the dirt which the evening bath removes from the skin.

The main thing with children is to have them well started with good principles, which they will carry through life. Obedience, truth, unselfishness, purity, are essentials, and these can all be lovingly cultivated, and will flourish in the right home atmosphere.

When the nursery brood is undressed and in bed, the lights turned low, the room quiet for the night, the mother, or nurse, or elder sister, or the kind auntie, who is still to be found in some fortunate houses, should have a little fund of stories on which to draw for the small listeners' pleasure before they embark on the train for dreamland.

Fairy stories are always enjoyed by children, and the literature of fairyland is not far to seek. Imagination is very active in little children, and occasionally one meets a mother who does not understand the child's world, having forgotten her own early days and their illusions, or who is afraid that fancy and its imageries will lead her child into deceit. While the most exact and rigid truthfulness should be practiced in our dealings with children, and they themselves should be taught to shun equivocation and every form of lying, still we need not fear to let imagination give them pleasure.

They early learn to discriminate between the false and the true—or perhaps it would be better to say that they learn to find the truth wrapped up in the husk of the story. Our fairy lore is older than civilization. The same stories, with variations, have in all ages and climes been taught and told to children, and they have their origin in the needs and the heart of the race. Children thrive on fairy stories, and are the better able to grasp other literature if early fed on these.—Washington Star.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1897.

THE annual report of the Grand Army of the Republic shows that another 40,000 of the Union Veterans of the late war answered the last roll call in 1896. A very creditable army corps in numbers. Another decade and the rear guard of time will be practically scattered.

HON. WM. M. O. DAWSON, formerly of Kingwood, W. Va., has been appointed Secretary of State by Gov. Atkinson, of West Virginia. The position is an important one and has a good income attached. Mr. Dawson is perfectly capable of filling it with credit to himself and the state.

MARYLAND is making a big showing at the inauguration to-day. Gov. Lowndes and staff are quartered at Hotel Shoreham. Tasker Lowndes has been appointed an aide and will ride with the steff of General Horace Porter. There are more Maryland people in Washington than from any other State in the Union. There will be about 1,800 people from this State in line besides thousands of civilians in the city. The Maryland people have six rooms on the fifth floor of the Shoreham, and they are decorated with the National and State colors and potted plants and cut flowers. They are the most handsomely decorated rooms in the city.

High Time Wellington Succeeds Gibson.

It will soon be Senator Wellington. The Representative from this district will walk over into the upper House of Congress and get into the climate where the trade winds of official courtesy frequently result in the shipwreck of many hopes and projects.

We hope our young and vigorous Senator will get down to a business basis and keep there. Is there a man in the whole State who dares say that it is not high time that Mr. Gibson has a successor. What has he done to benefit the country during his term of office? We will be charitable enough to remain silent and let our readers judge for themselves.

The whole population of Maryland wants representation as provided for and anticipated by the Constitution. Senator Wellington will furnish it, but he cannot repair the damage of the past six years.—Montgomery Press.

The Prospects of the New Administration.

The beginning of a new administration is always an event of prime interest. It brings new men to the front on the public stage and where, as in the present instance, the incoming President is of the opposite party to that of his predecessor it usually portends a change of policies. The circumstances under which Mr. McKinley enters the presidential office are, however, of an exceptional character. While he was at first put forward as the especial champion of protection, whose name had been identified with the high tariff of 1890, he was not finally elected in that character. The action of the Democratic National Convention at Chicago forced the currency issue at once to the front in the campaign and made it the paramount one, so that when the popular vote came to be taken last November the dividing line between the parties was drawn on the proposition of free-silver coinage by the United States acting alone, and not on the question of whether we should have the higher tariff duties of 1890 restored or still further reduce the rates fixed by the tariff of 1894.

What the result of the election held last year would have been if the Democratic party had remained true to the historic principles and had again challenged the verdict of the people upon the question of going forward with the work of tariff reform and trust restriction begun in 1892, and largely frustrated by the senatorial treachery of 1894, need not now be considered. It is quite certain, however, that Mr. McKinley would not have received the support of a great host of voters who voted for him as the representative of the sound-money cause, and to that extent of Mr. Cleveland's financial policy, if he had stood before the country simply as the exponent of the extreme protection doctrine and the author of the tariff of 1890. The electoral votes of many States which in nearly all previous national elections have been cast for Democratic candidates, and always for low tariffs, were given to Mr. McKinley because he stood for maintenance of the nation's faith and credit, the integrity of its public pledges and obligations, the stability of its finances and the honesty of its coined and stamped money. In the evolutions of political strife he had become more than the standard-bearer of his party, and hundreds of thousands of Democrats who had in no way changed their principles, as they were proclaimed in their national platform of 1892, went to his support under a sense of patriotic duty. That was how the great State of New York reversed the vote it gave in favor of Cleveland and tariff reform in 1892 and gave the enormous plurality of nearly 269,000 votes for McKinley and sound money in 1896. That was why New Jersey, for the first time in twenty-four years, withheld its electoral vote from the Democratic ticket and gave the immense plurality of nearly 88,000 to McKinley. For the same reason the States of Delaware, Kentucky, Maryland and West Virginia were all found in the Republican column in spite of their strong bias the other way.

The President who is to be inaugurated to-day begins his administration, therefore, under conditions that give him every encouragement to feel that he is not simply the victorious leader of one of the two great parties, but a Chief Magistrate chosen by a union of patriotic men of both parties co-operating for the common good of the country. It has been aptly said that the conditions under which Mr. McKinley comes to the presidency are favorable for the inauguration of another "era of good feeling," like that which made the administration of President Monroe distinguished for its lack of strong partisan activity. The signs are abundant that the business interests of the country and the people generally will welcome a similar period of peace in politics, with a respite from bitter party warfare at home and from adventurous and sensational policies abroad. The general desire of the American people is to get down to business on a quiet and secure basis as quickly as possible and to have no more violent political agitations of any kind until the business prosperity of the country has been firmly re-established. In order that this desire may be realized the new administration will need to deal skillfully with the situation, which is by no means free from troublesome features.

It is settled that there is to be an extra session for the purpose of revising the tariff. The indications are that the administration proposes to deal conservatively with this unavoidable disturbance of both manufacturing and importing interests. We do not anticipate that the clamor of the Republican extremists for a return to the extraordinary duty rates of 1890 will prevail, and there seems to be a fair prospect that the extra session will do its tariff work promptly and with moderation. If it does, the business interests will be relieved of all uncertainty as the new tariff rates within forty or fifty days, and that matter being disposed of there will be nothing further to apprehend in the way of national legislation that can interfere with the recovery of trade and industry.

The dubious element in the immediate prospect of the new administration is the Senate. There are but forty-two sure Republican Senators. Assuming that one more is obtained from Kentucky, which is probable, there will be then only forty-three. Two more votes will be necessary to give the Republicans an even half of the Senators, which would enable them to carry through a party measure, with the help of the Vice-President's casting vote. In this situation of affairs the silver Senators will, no doubt, try to play their old part of holding the balance of power and demanding terms for their support. The temptation of the new administration is, therefore, likely to come early in its history and compel it to choose between throwing some new sop to the silver faction or seeing its tariff bill held up in the Senate. The country has yet to find out the executive quality of its new President. But at this time optimism is a duty, and we must hope for the best. Mr. McKinley cannot possibly have larger difficulties to deal with in the Senate than Mr. Cleveland has had, and the country will be gratified to find that he is prepared to meet them in the same resolute determination to yield nothing to the free-coinage group of Senators, no matter to what vexatious lengths they may carry their obstructive tactics.

There is naturally some anxiety felt as to the course of the new administration in foreign affairs. The Cuban situation is especially delicate, and the extra session is probably destined to witness a fresh outbreak of jingoism on this subject. Here, too, we must hope for the best, and there is substantial ground for doing so, although the coming Secretary of State is a little mixed in his record on that subject. Take it altogether, President McKinley will commence his four years of service under auspicious circumstances. He has gathered around him a cabinet in which there are some able and experienced men, whose counsels cannot fail to incline steadily to the safe and conservative side. He has at his back, as we have said before, not merely the strength of his own party but the support of a great multitude of Democrats who helped elect him, and who will sustain him at every point in carrying out the patriotic object which his election was specially designed to secure. He was only to steer a straight course, inflexibly maintaining the financial honor and credit of the country, refusing to countenance any compromises or bargains with the free-silver faction, avoiding foreign embroilments, and conducting the affairs of the nation, so far as his executive power and influence extend, upon prudent and unsensational lines, to retain the confidence and approval of the great majority of the American people. And if he does this his administration will be successful.—Balto. Sun.

Mrs. McKinley.

Mrs. McKinley was Miss Ida Saxton, the daughter of James A. Saxton, a prominent banker of Canton, Ohio. She received the best educational advantages that not only Canton, but the entire country could offer. After the early years of her school life had been passed in Canton, under the supervision of her mother, she attended a seminary in Cleveland, and later spent three years at the Brook Hall Seminary of Media, Pa. After graduating, she made a long and interesting visit to Europe.

After his daughter's return from Europe Mr. Saxton seemed to have a dread that she would soon marry and leave him, and he planned all sorts of maneuvers to keep admirers at a distance. He said frankly that he wished she would prefer to remain single, and that he did not intend to launch her into society in order to hasten her marriage. Although a man of large means, Mr. Saxton believed in making women independent of the changes of fortune; therefore his daughter was taught the banking business, and soon her finely shaped head, like a framed picture, appeared at the cashier's window of her father's bank. Mr. Saxton believed that he had figuratively as well as literally shut out beyond the cage-like window of the bank all intruders who wished to marry his daughter.

Mr. Saxton thought he had locked out Cupid, but he only contrived to more certainly shut him in. It is the old sweet story, and if to the life romance of Major and Mrs. McKinley there was added a little early opposition, the necessity for some few innocent maneuvers to secure a coveted interview, surely the world is more interested in the story, for, although "all the world loves a lover," it loves best one who needs a stout heart to win his "faire ladye." Mr. Saxton, after a time, gracefully yielded to the fates and consented to the union of his daughter Ida with Major McKinley. They were married in the Presbyterian church which had been almost entirely donated by the bride's grandmother. All Canton took an interest in the wedding, and the wedding festivities that followed long remained prominent in the social annals of the handsome little city.

Major and Mrs. McKinley began housekeeping in Canton in the same house that has gone into history through countless illustrations and descriptions. Their residence there has not been continuous, because the duties of public life have called Major McKinley during terms of years to Columbus and Washington. In neither of these cities have they kept house, but, nevertheless, they have invariably created about them in their temporary quarters a home atmosphere felt by every one.

Major McKinley's devotion to his wife should pass into history even before his political triumphs. Constantly, everywhere, on all occasions and amid all possible surroundings, he has showered upon her, not ostentatiously, but unaffectedly, and as a matter of course, all those delicate attentions which the cynic declares men offer women only through courtship, or at most till the brief honeymoon wanes.

Above the Major's desk hangs the portrait of his wife in her wedding gown, and unobserving indeed is even the casual visitor who has not seen the eyes of his host more than once turn to gaze upon that vision of loveliness.

Although Mrs. McKinley received an advanced education and had a father who put into practice his decidedly advanced theories about the "sphere" of woman, she is, notwithstanding, in tastes and manner, altogether feminine. She is fond of rare lace and has a choice collection, which she began when in Europe. She usually wears lace, especially on all ceremonious occasions. She is dainty and tasteful in dress and very particular about her bonnets, which are exceedingly becoming to her shapely head. She wears her hair cut short, but it clusters about her head in curls and wavy lines, which display to best advantage its fine contour. It is said that Major McKinley presides as first critic whenever a new bonnet is to be selected.

So much has already been said about Mrs. McKinley's health that it seems best to plainly state the facts. She now suffers from partial paralysis of one leg, which makes it difficult, though not painful, for her to rise and walk; and, too, from lack of strength which her inability to take healthful exercise naturally brings. She is, therefore, somewhat averse to meeting strangers, whose curious gaze affects unpleasantly her naturally nervous temperament and sensitive nature, and prefers to have about her only her intimate friends.

Although in a measure debarred from active participation in social affairs, Mrs. McKinley is a woman of rare tact and judgment, and that she will exert a powerful influence in creating cordial and harmonious relations among all those whom the official position of her husband brings about her. In the best meaning of the phrase, Mrs. McKinley will always wield a powerful social influence.

Trained Habits of Observation.

The development of "observative sense," so to speak, is conspicuous by its infrequency. The cultivation of the power of observation should in every case precede the training of the memory; for the memory cannot be relied upon if one be unable to observe accurately.

It seldom occurs to any one that if he should be questioned about a certain event which he had witnessed he would fail to give clear, concise answers, or be unable to remember whether a certain store or house was four or five blocks from a given point unless something of personal interest had transpired to fix it in his mind. An experiment tried on fifty-six students of Columbia College proves that Memory is the twin brother of Observation. This experiment was conducted by Professor J. McKeen Cattell, who realized that just so long as the power of observation was undeveloped, just so long must an insurmountable barrier stand in the way of perfect education, inasmuch as the memory could not be correct. He therefore asked a class of fifty-six students: "What was the weather during the afternoon a week ago today?" One can but admit that this was the simplest of questions, depending merely upon the memory of a day; not an event, mark you, but a day that was not long past. Of the fifty-six students sixteen answered "clear," twelve "rain," seven "snow," nine "stormy," six "cloudy" and six "partly clear" and "partly stormy." The disparity in answers was certainly surprising, and leads one to believe that the kindergartners have a very clearly defined and important object in view when every morning they ask each member of their little circle: "Well, what did you see on your way to kindergarten this morning?" or "What happened yesterday after you went home?"

Everybody knows how different is the description of an incident told by two or three people. They are each perfectly sincere, but their power of observation has not been trained to exactness. It is not keen. Certainly much often depends upon one's power to remember correctly some act or place which he may have observed. Let any one go into a court of law and listen to a cross-examination. The lawyer himself possibly could not, to save his life, tell what happened a week ago; yet he brands a person as a perjurer or an incompetent witness because he succeeds in making him contradict himself, or because he cannot swear to an exact distance, or to the clothing which the man, woman or child had on. This might all be avoided if the power of observation should be cultivated.

Sometimes a person is gifted by Nature with a wonderful power of correctly observing what is about him; but some of the most wonderful of memories have been acquired through the training of the observative sense. Houdin was one of the most wonderful conjurers who ever lived, and many of his feats were the result of scientific ability; still, possibly the most wonderful were performed by the aid of a son whose memory he had trained till it seemed miraculous. When the boy was a very little child he would take him past a toy shop window and afterward make him tell what he had observed; and in time one glance sufficed and the child became able to tell accurately all that was in the window. In this way his power of seeing quickly and thoroughly was trained, which, to be concise, was his observative sense.

One time Houdin and his son were to give a performance in a private house. Their way lay through the library. After a brilliant performance Houdin said: "My son has the power of reading through walls. He can tell you what books are on the fifth shelf in your library." He then asked his son what book stood third from the end. "Buffon," came the answer. "And the one on the right of that?" quickly a spectator. "'The Travels of Anacharsis,' and on the left, my lord, 'Lamartine's Poems.' A little to the right I see 'Crebillon's Works,' and below I see two volumes of 'Fleury's Memoirs.'" This was afterward found to be correct.

Robert Walpole, who did so much toward the making of English history, used to say that "all history was a lie;" and it remains with the coming generation to prove the contrary.

In the kindergarten "observation" is the watchword; and as the children cannot, and therefore do not, learn from books, the surprising amount of knowledge that these small editions of humanity store away is gained solely by observation. If a child four or five years old can learn solely by that method, it behooves the "children of a larger growth," not to disdain that means, but to earnestly cultivate their sense of observation, inasmuch that if it be useful to the child who has that means alone of learning, it will be doubly useful to him who is flanked, as it were, by his power to read and benefit by the observations of others.

To many the curriculums of our schools and colleges must, for various reasons, remain as so much Greek; but the training of the observative sense rests with the people themselves, and it is within the reach of everybody. There is no doubt that this study, which has been added to the curriculum of Columbia College, will bear great results in the future, not only to each individual concerned, but to the world at large. "To be or not to be" has been decided for us; but "to observe or not to observe" rests with ourselves.

MAJOR MCKINLEY is the first Republican President to pass through Maryland who did not have to look upon it as hostile territory.

Avilton—Delayed.

William Huffmyer was visiting his parents at Listonburg last Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Nora McKenzie was very ill last week, but is able to resume her teaching at this writing.

Mrs. Porter and daughter Annie were the guest of Patrick Dorsey last week.

We have often heard of people talking through their hats, but it seems the latest is kissing through the hat.

We were glad to see Mr. Howard Stanton so deeply interested in the local institute held in this vicinity.

Miss Mayme Liston, teacher of the Coleman school, spent a few days visiting Mrs. M. H. McKinzie recently.

H. H. Robeson has returned from Washington, Iowa, and is looking well.

NIX.

Printers are Angelic.

Notwithstanding the popular impression that newspaper men are bad men and that printing offices are dens of diabolism, statistics recently collected by the Philadelphia *Bulletin* show that this is wrong. One of the *Bulletin's* authorities testifies thus:

"In looking over a book containing the record of prisoners I find that in the State penitentiary of Texas, out of 3,890 convicts, there is not a single newspaper man or printer. There were, however, ministers, doctors, bankers, barbers, photogrnphers, barkeepers, cooks and members of all other professions and callings."

Disappointment.

"Henry!"

"Yes, your excellency?"

"I don't mind admitting to you, Henry, for the purpose of easing my mind, and knowing that it will go no further, that I am a grievously disappointed man."

"In what way, sire?"

"Well, Henry, I am a man of peace, and I hoped to crown my administration with the great achievement of an arbitration treaty, but instead of that I go out of office with a lot of war senators on my neck. It is very depressing, Henry; very depressing!"

Bethlehem.

March put in its appearance with the snow falling fast from the east, which denotes more sledding in the near future.

The high water last week did some damage near Schell in washing out the creek bridge which D.W. Bussard and others replaced after the high water of last summer. This makes twice the bridge has been washed away inside of a year. While there has never yet been a county bridge at this point I believe there ought to be, and the probabilities are if the County Commissioners would make a move for a bridge at this point they would most likely receive some assistance from those who may use it.

J. W. Thomas' family is just getting over the measles.

We learned that D. W. Bussard is going to have a saw mill moved in near John Uppole's, which will cut the timber that D. W. purchased of Thomas Moon, Alexander Moon and others.

Short Run.

No sugar trees tapped yet.

M. H. Nelder, who has been stopping in Columbiana, Ohio, has returned and brought a beautiful girl with him for a life partner.

Miss Lillie Weimer, who is teaching this school, went home on a visit. Miss Lillie is teaching a good school.

A. S. Wilson, who has been on the sick list for almost two years, thinks he is slowly improving.

Frank Bradigan, of Dill, W. Va., received a good ducking last Saturday by falling in the river. Frank is a good swimmer and got out all right.

We hear that the Dutchman, who sometimes writes from Kitsmillersville, has been having some experience in extracting teeth. Hope to hear from him through THE REPUBLICAN

B. B. B.

Washington's Birthplace Marked.

The work of erecting a monument to mark the birthplace of George Washington, at Wakefield, Va., has been completed, and a report of the fact, together with a description and the cost of the monument, has been forwarded to Congress by the Secretary of State. The erection of the monument was under the supervision of General John M. Wilson, recently appointed Chief of Engineers. The monument is erected upon the exact site of the house in which Washington was born. It is of light Vermont granite, 51 feet in hight, with a base 12 feet square. The shaft is a single piece, 41 feet 4 inches high, and weighs thirty-five tons. The design is by William J. Crawford, of Buffalo. The monument complete has cost $24,629,26.

A Beautiful Magazine Free.

"Star of the South," the Seaboard Air Line's new monthly, will be mailed free on receipt of three cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing, or will be mailed a year for thirty-five cents in stamps. Each issue contains complete stories of love, adventure and heroism, illustrated; descriptive articles on the South's progress; some pages of wit and humor, and articles of general interest. Address, C. Ironmonger, Advertising Agent, Seaboard Air Line, 371 Broadway, New York.

Art Idols.

The ninth number of this expensive publication is now ready. As this art work is issued quarterly, the reader will remember its publication began at a time when the nude in art was a rage. But like all things, the good die young, but the best remain. The plates in each number are loose, so one can frame them. Size, 11 x 14 inches. Number nine, which is now ready, contains six plates as follows: "Venus," "In the Woods," "Coquetterie," "Floreal," "A Daughter of Eve," "Nature and Art."

The price is $1.00 per copy. Any newsdealer will get it for you or you may send direct to the White City Art Co., 611 Manhattan Building, Chicago, Ill.

B. & O. Improvements.

It is understood that the 58,000 tons of 80-pound steel rails recently purchased by the receivers of the Baltimore and Ohio will be laid as soon as they arrive from the mills that have contracted to finish them. The first consignment is expected about the middle of next month. By fall the tracks between Baltimore and the Ohio river will practically be entirely relaid with new steel rails and new oak ties. As fast as the old is taken up it will be relaid on the less important branches or used in extending side tracks. During the winter the company has extended a great deal of its third track between Baltimore and Cumberland. So much has been built that by the middle of the summer there will be no further delays to the passenger trains, as the freight trains can be easily operated on the additional tracks.

Stop-over Privilege at Washington.

A ten day stop over at Washington, D. C., is now granted on all through tickets between the East and West, via Baltimore & Ohio R. R. Stop-over will also be granted on the return journey made on round trip tickets, within the final limit of such tickets, but not exceeding ten days. Passengers will deposit their tickets with the Ticket Agent at B. & O. R. R. Station in Washington, who will retain them until the journey is to be resumed, when they will be made good for continuous passage to destination by extension or exchange. This arrangement will doubtless be greatly appreciated by the traveling public because it will permit the holders of through tickets to make a brief visit to the National Capital without additional outlay for railroad fare.

The Gun Goes Off

instantly when you pull the trigger. So sickness may come on suddenly. But it takes time to load the gun, and it takes time to get ready for those explosions called diseases. Coughs, colds, any "attack," whatever the subject be, often means preceding weakness and poor blood.

Are you getting thin? Is your appetite poor? Are you losing that snap, energy and vigor that make "clear-headedness?" Do one thing: build up your whole system with SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil. It is the essence of nourishment. It does not nauseate, does not trouble the stomach. And it replaces all that disease robs you of.

A book telling more about it sent free. Ask for it.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

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Among the many things proved by latter-day science is the effect of surroundings upon living creatures. Go among the Tierra del Fuegans and you will find enormous chests and very feeble legs, as a consequence of almost constant paddling of canoes; visit the Esquimanx and they will be found able to stand almost unclothed in the most rigorous weather, because of a layer of fat evenly spread under the skin by Nature as a protection against their climate. In Africa vast regions too utterly malarial for Europeans to live in, support natives in most lively and thriving fashion. To close our proofs regarding the influence of the dwelling place go now to the tropical islands where all things grow in profusion and almost without labor on the part of man, and you find—what? Men and women too lazy to exert themselves and therefore amounting to almost nothing as an influence in the world. But all this refers to the bodies of men. As to the mind tell me what moulds the stolid, plodding, stupid ways of the Russian Moujik? His surroundings. The self-reliance of the Englishman? Surroundings.

***

Come another step! Though you are neither Fuegans nor South Sea Islanders, Moujiks nor Britishers, but just plain Americans, you cannot escape the influence of environment any more than a clam can escape from the sea. These laws are at work here as well as everywhere else and you admit it in your general conversation. You will say "What a poor chance Tom has; he is being raised among dirt and neglect." You think of surroundings being of influence, just as you probably think of death; something that is absolutely certain for everybody else, but only dreamily certain for you. Herein are we slow of heart; we fail to recognize that we are in the world as a genuine, actual part of it, and that the laws influencing it are the laws influencing us. It is in this direction I ramble this week, still continuing the thoughts on Education that have gone before.

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By Nature's kind arrangement we are not brought forth hundreds at a time in a hive from one common queen bee, but in small, very small, groups whereby each individual in the family may secure the care necessary for a creature so feeble at birth and yet so potent in possibilities. To bring before your vision the lamentable results where the personal touch is lacking it is only necessary to mention the spiritless and monotonous lives of asylum children. A few children of varying ages under one authority is the normal condition of things. We must therefore even look upon the teacher of forty or fifty children as occupying an unnatural position that should call for our best sympathy and wisest co-operation. It is absolutely unfair to expect her to counteract all influences, home and street, that work against high motives and moral attempts.

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I am not deluding myself with the idea that these words are to enter only the homes of ease and refinement. They are to go into thousands where it is not always easy to make both ends meet; where life has possibly a rasping influence upon the overburdened mother and the overworked father; where the "quiver-full" of children is a blessing very thoroughly disguised. And because such homes are after all the recruiting place of American life and future American progress, I must be very plain here. I dare to say from a knowledge of both ends of society that it is quite as possible if not more so to find in such homes the virtues of patience and perseverence, of self-forgetfulness and tenderness, of love and unity developing under hard conditions, rather than under the influence of boundless wealth and opportunity. So the poverty of the home where even the lamp is dispensed with so as to save expense is not left out in these suggestions.

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The main thing is the SPIRIT of the home. Even if illiterate and hampered by vices, a parent's real love for the things that or pure and right will outweigh all things else. If unwholesome thoughts are purposes are merely covered with a veneer of book-knowledge and deportment the parent can never by mere instruction outweigh the unconscious evil pull of his character upon the children simmering and wintering with him. I cannot do better than include a portion of a letter just received from a very pure minded and noble young doctor. He says in substance: "As I look back at my home life in early childhood, I remember my grandmother always appealed to me by her gentleness and kindness and personal cleanliness and attractiveness. Still I knew quite well that she was lacking in firmness, letting her desire that everybody should be happy for the moment overcome her best judgment. My grandfather I respected for his exact integrity and preciseness. I knew he was lacking in geniality, but it was the former quality that influenced me—not the latter. We had a faithful old black cook who had been a slave. I loved her for her happy songs and good cooking, though I disliked her shiftlessness and extravagance. In brief, with each member of the family it was the good qualities and not the bad which has chief influence in moulding my character. As I have been thinking over it to know why it was so, I have become convinced that it was due to the fact that *each member of the family was actuated by a desire to do the best he could for all the rest.* This was the fashion, if you will, in my little world, and with the spirit of imitation strong within me, as it is in every child, I adopted the rule of the household as my own."

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By reason of the memories of childhood religiously over-trained and morally starved, with its errors corrected only by the most drastic sufferings, let me cry out to you parents of the burden-bearers of the next century: "Home influence, more pure, more gentle, more tender, so that the child may look back to it, not only without pain, but with absolute and positive pleasure. Home influence, with the motive not alone to give the child pleasant memories, but rather to give it the power to overcome evil around it by the good within."

An Adventure.

Early one cold morning in December last, in company with a gentleman from Oakland, whom I shall designate as Truman W.. I started for the wilds of West Virginia on a hunting expedition. A horse and buggy, two guns, two capacious game bags and a good supply of ammunition completed our outfit. Being a novice in hunting I had little hope of killing anything when I started out. Years ago while I was passing through a thicket I came upon a rabbit sitting upright with its face turned from me. I had with me an old blunderbuss which had not been shot off for a year or more. I raised this ancient piece of musketry to my shoulder, shut my eyes and pulled the trigger. A loud report, and then, shall I tell it? I found myself lying on the ground. I gathered myself together and went in search of the rabbit. Nitro-glycerine could not have blown a rabbit to atoms as effectively as I did with my ancient fowlingpiece. I had not done any hunting since, and it was with no little timidity that I went on this expedition.

After a drive of about twenty-two miles we arrived at the home of Mr. H———, where we put up our team and partook of a sumptuous dinner. In our great anxiety to find some wild turkeys, which were said to be plentiful on the adjacent mountain, we made haste to get to work. We had been roaming around the woods for several hours when dark and threatening clouds began to gather. We concluded to go back to our stopping place and take an early start the following morning. Blacker and blacker grew the clouds until we were completely enveloped in darkness. We searched in vain for some path or trail that would lead us out of the woods. We were lost! but not disheartened. We kept walking, we knew not in what direction. "This does not feel right" said Truman, "we are treading on rock as void of vegetation as the palm of my hand. Stop!" he cried, we must investigate this place before we proceed further." He then knelt down on his hands and knees and moved carefully forward a few feet and lit a match. "Come here, crawl and move cautiously," he said. He lit a newspaper and threw it from him; down, down it went into a deep abyss the bottom of which on the next morning proved to be seventy or eighty feet from the place where he had knelt the previous night. It was several moments before either arose from our kneeling posture. It seemed as though we were riveted to the spot. The silence was broken by Truman saying: "We have had a very narrow escape." "Yes," I replied, "we can attribute our safety to Divine interposition alone." We turned from this awful chasm in hopes of finding some way by which we could reach a human habitation. We had not proceeded far when we saw a glimmer of a light peeping through the intervening trees. We hastily directed our steps along a well beaten path which we had fortunately come across, and which led down to the base of the mountain where we found a comfortable looking two-story dwelling and made haste to seek accommodations, if possible, for the night. A trim and matronly looking woman of about forty years answered our summons, and invited us into the house. We accepted the kind invitation and at once proceeded to warm ourselves before a good fire that burned in the large chimney place.

"Madam," I asked, "can you tell me how far it is from here to where Mr. H——— lives?" "Law sakes alive, stranger, hit's more'n seven miles. It's across the mountain, yander." Thereupon we concluded that it would be madness to attempt to go in search of Mr. H———'s as the night was very dark and a light rain had commenced to fall. This we told the lady and asked if it was possible for her to entertain us during the night. "Be you single men," she inquired. Truman told her that he was a married man and added, "my friend here is a widower." With pronounced deliberation and in convincing tones, she turned to Truman, and said, "I kin keep yon stranger," and then looking toward me she continued, "I kant keep you." Hit would never do for me to allow a widower in this yer house all night. Just to think what my neighbors would heve to say. You see, gentlemen, I'm a widow and must be mighty keerful."

At this point my companion came to my rescue. "Oh, yes madam, you certainly can keep my friend. He is a minister of the gospel." On hearing this bit of news the widow rushed across the room, grasped my hand and holding it in a vice-like grip, she asked, "Be you a preacher?" I answered her, that was my calling. "What's your creed?" "Hardshell Baptist," I answered. "You'll do, you kin stay here as long as you want. Here, Sandy, you go to the smokehouse and bring some ham an' some o' them fresh eggs, and you, Mariar, peel some taters. I'll grind the coffee and make the biskit." Sandy was a girl with flaxen hair, about eighteen years old, and her sister Maria was about two years younger. "May I ask you, madam, if you were not raised in Pennsylvania?" "Sure! born and raised in Union county. How in the name of Samhill did you find hit out?" "I only guessed at it," I said. "I noticed how clean and neat you keep your house; your tinware is as bright as a new silver dollar, and your floor is as white as bone. I spent several months in Union county, and while there I noticed that most of the housekeepers were scrupulously neat and clean. In one respect they were remarkably cleanly. I refer to their habit of using snuff. Many of the best ladies in the neighborhood where I was sojourning used snuff, but I never saw one who indulged in that luxury while around her cooking." "'Taint no sin to rub snuff, is it, preacher?" she asked. "No," I replied, "if one does not abuse the privilege, besides it is more commendable than chewing gum." Now I had my suspicions about this woman using snuff around when I first entered the house, for she placed upon the mantle a round tin box about the size of one of those small blueing boxes, therefore I gave her the Pennsylvania racket to keep her from dipping until after we had our supper.

In due season supper was announced. After we gathered around the table of course it fell to my lot to ask a blessing. During the time we spent at our meal the widow's tongue ran incessantly. We managed to get in a word at times when she stopped to get her breath. "How old be you, preacher?" "About fifty-seven," I replied. "Goodness gracious, why I'm only forty-two, but this farm of one hundred an' twenty acres, an' fifty head of stock, an' one hundred an' ten sheep, besides hit, the place below, with only two men to look after hit's all is just wearin' me out. Hit's mighty hard when you have no man around who does not feel that he has an interest in the place. I have been thinkin' of selling off the stock and movin' somewhere to educate my girls. Where do you preach?" "Cumberland, madam." "Good schools in Cumberland, preacher?" I assured her that the educational facilities in Cumberland were excellent, and at the same time I wished deep down in my heart that I had gone out into the darkness of night and rain in search of Mr. H.'s place. We complained of being tired and after devotional exercises we retired. After going to bed we were soon asleep and knew nothing until we were called for breakfast. Soon after eating our morning meal we prepared to take our departure. Truman asked the widow for her bill. "Hit's one dollar and a quarter for you." "Yes, but I want the amount for both." "The preacher's bill, 'taint nothin', I never charge for preachers. Can't you spend Sunday with us, preacher? I'll drive you to Oakland." I assured her that I had an engagement on the following Sabbath, and after exacting a promise from me to visit her in the near future, we bid her good-bye. I persuaded Truman to give up our hunt and leave that neck of the woods. We had no trouble in finding the place where we had put up our team. After relating our experience on the mountain, we bid Mr. H. good-bye and returned to O. with as little game as we started.

Of Interest to Farmers.

From the Ellicott City Democrat, January 16, 1897.

Farmers have always claimed that if they only had plenty of stable manure they could make their lands rich and there would be no use of their spending the large sums of money which they annually do for commercial fertilizers. These fertilizers, if what we hear is correct, have become a veritable bugbear to all farming operations. Upon looking into this matter we feel sure the farmers are not sufficiently careful in saving their home-made manure, to say nothing of the waste of the urine, which is fully as valuable as the solid matter, and fully one-half the value of manure is lost when it is allowed to lay around in a loose, careless manner. By all means manures should be heaped in cone-shaped piles, and as every course is put on the pile it should be well trodden down and plaster sprinkled over it to prevent the escape of ammonia, the most volatile and expensive element in manure. One piling in a season won't do. The manure should be turned over at least once a month and if this done by planting time it will be well rotted and easy to handle. But will the farmers ever get enough stable manure? Never, because the average farmer, even by stall feeding in the most improved manner, cannot keep more animals than will make sufficient manure to cover properly 10 acres of land each year. In this connection we often wonder if the farmers knew the value of a ton of average barnyard manure. The chemists tell us it is only about $2.45, which price is made up of 10 pounds of ammonia at 15 cents a pound, 8 pounds of potash at 5 cents a pound, and 11 pounds phosphoric acid at 5 cents a pound, which is all the chemical food a ton of manure contains. But its real value is far beyond this, because it contains, combined with the chemicals, "humus," forming materials without which the manure would not be worth saying on account of the expense of spreading it, but it is at this point that science comes to the farmers rescue, by teaching him how to increase the value and action of the humus material, which predominates in his manure. It is this that releases the soil acids and sets them at work to dissolve the latent potash, phosphoric acid and ammonia, which all lands contain in more than abundant quantities for raising every crop successfully. Humus is to the soil what yeast is to flour in making bread and how to increase the so much desired activity to the humus should be the constant study and aim of every user of barnyard manure so as to make his manure act quickly on the plant foods nature has already provided for him. So far as has been discovered the best plan seems to be by mixing manures with Powell's Prepared Chemicals, which are specially prepared for this purpose, and we believe it is rightly claimed by their use that you not only increase the efficiency of the manure more than four fold, but are enabled to make good, complete fertilizers at home out of the manure at a cost of about $15.00 per ton, and the process of manufacturing is so simple any boy with only a shovel and hoe can mix a ton in about an hour. After this home-made fertilizer is mixed in accordance with directions it will contain about 1.25 and 1.50 per cent. of ammonia, 2.25 per cent. of actual potash, 12.00 to 13.00 per cent. of available phosphoric acid and bone phosphate of lime. Such a fertilizer in the ready mixed form in which commercial fertilizers are usually sold will cost from $22 to $25 per ton at the place of manufacture, but in the ready mixed stuff you would not have the humus nor the yeast working principle and the absence of this is the reason why so many of the ready mixed fertilizers fail to be of any benefit to the farmers, who are using them largely. Powell's Prepared Chemicals are largely used in great many sections, in Novia Scotia and Canada as well as the United States and we are more than surprised that our farmers have not taken hold of them before this.

Full information, we feel sure will be sent by the makers.

Powell Fertilizer & Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

Resolutions on the Death of Mr. David Little.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, "In whose hand our breath is," to remove from our church and fellowship, ruling elder, David Little, in the Session of the Presbyterian church, therefore be it resolved:—

1.—That in bowing submission to the will of God, by whom men are raised up to do His service, we give thanks that for so long a time this humble man of faith has been spared for the service of this church.

2.—That in his death we lose one from our session whose true piety recommended itself to all who knew him, and whose service as an elder was always from a heart that loved the Savior and the church.

3.—That we hereby express our sympathy for his widow, his sons and his daughters who survive him, commending them to God and the word of His grace that is able to build them up and give them an inheritance with them that are sanctified.

4.—That these resolutions be spread upon the minute-book of the Session that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased, and that they be sent for publication to the papers of Oakland.

S. M. ENGLE, Moderator.
S. T. JONES,
G. S. HAMILL,
J. R. BISHOP.

Less Crowded There.

A successful merchant has said: "Half-way up the ladder there are too many competitors. If you go to the top you pretty well have the field to yourself." And getting to the top is not a matter of luck in these days, if it ever were. It is all a matter of push and publicity.

Ripans Tabules relieve scrofula.

Circuit Court.

The March term of the circuit court for Garrett county convened at the court house Monday, with His Honor Judge Sloan on the bench. The criminal docket will be taken up on next Monday. Following are the cases that have been disposed of:

APPEALS.

No. 1. James Z. Browning vs. Archibald Tasker; continued.

No. 2. J. A. Robinson vs. A. Deffnbaugh; judgment reversed.

No. 3. Leroy Guthrie vs. R. A. Orcutt; non pros.

No. 4. Speicher & Nethkin vs. R. M. Sutton & Co.; judgment affirmed.

No. 5. Mrs. L. B. C. List vs. John Cunningham; continued.

No. 6. Henry Dilgard vs. G. P. Shuffer; judgment affirmed.

No. 7. C. C. Harvey vs. D. W. Bussard; plea to the judgment sustained.

No. 8. Felty Bros. vs. Chauncy Kimmell; settled.

No. 9. D. W. Bussard vs. John E. Stone; continued.

No. 10. Solin Shartzer vs. Woolson Spice Co.; dismissed.

No. 11. John H. Fearer & Son vs. William Ryland Co.; judgment reversed and judgment for $5.38 for appellee.

No. 12. Andrew Shartzer vs. Wm. H. Speicher; trial and judgment reversed.

No. 13. Charles Cropp vs. Alice C. Tasker and David Tasker; trial and judgment reversed.

No. 14. Beach, Drungold and Skull vs. Allen Garlitz; continued.

Oak Hill.

We are glad to state that the assessors have made their appearance in our section, and that their judgments in regard to the valuation of property are correct.

Quite a number of our citizens are on the sick list. Among them are Mr. Martin Rush, Mrs. Loar Teats and children, Mrs. Conorunda Schlosnagle.

Our school is progressing very nicely under the management of Mr. Henry Speicher.

There will be preaching at Oak Hill school house Sunday, March 7th, at 10.30 o'clock, by Rev. Frank Conoway.

Call for Your Letters.

Thomas B. Marsh, John M. McNair, E. J. Wintamute, Joseph D. Biggard, W. E. Ashby, Master Guilderyy, Mrs. L. M. Michael, Miss Flora Spiker, Miss Ida M. R. Riley, Miss Celesta Beatty, Miss L. H. Augustine.

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HARDWARE !

Edge Tools.
Garden Tools.
Shovels,
Forks,
Spades,
Locks,
Hinges,
Nails,
Plain Wire.
Barbed Wire.
Brushes,
Woodenware.
Tinware,
Stoves,
Ranges,
Paints,
Oils,
Varnishes.
Granite Ware.
Harness,
Collars,
Plows,
Harrows,
Table Cutlery.
Pocket Knives.
Razors.
Shears.
Door Bells,
Hand Bells,
Wagons,
Drills,
Mowers,
Binders,
Cultivators.
Churns,
Terra Cotta Piping,
Glass, Etc., Etc.

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Settling up very fast with DUNKERS, MENNONITES and AMISH People. CONVENIENT TO MARKETS. Full particulars free.

Address

A. C. HARVEY,
42 S. Third Street, Phila., Pa.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, November 24, 1895. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily		2 16 A. M
No. 3—Daily		6 28 A. M
No. 71—Accom daily except Sun		9 50 A. M
No. 47—Daily		10 19 A. M
No. 5—Express, daily		5 58 P. M
No. 1—Daily		8 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily		5.59 A. M
No. 2—Daily		6.11 A. M
No. 72—Accom daily except Sun		1.38 P. M
No. 46—Daily		1.43 P. M
No. 4—Daily		12.29 A M

Will take passengers for Terra Alta, Rowlesburg, Newburg and Thurston.

CHAS. O. SCULL,
General Passenger Agent.

C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

SOUTHWARD No. 3	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.	NOON	P. M.
3 00	7 00 lv	Cumberland ar	*12 15	*7 30
3 26	7 25	Rawlings	11 50	7 05
3 45	7 45	Keyser	11 28	6 48
4 00	8 00	Westernport	11 15	6 30
4 04	8 04	W. Va. C. Junc.	11 11	6 26
4 30	8 30	Shaw	10 45	5 57
5 10	9 01	Harrison	10 10	5 20
6 15	9 45 ar	Elk Garden	8 00	*1 00
5 35	9 40 lv	Gorman	9 40	4 57
5 42	9 46	Bayard	9 33	4 47
5 54	9 57	Dobbin	9 23	4 38
6 27	10 27	Thomas	8 53	4 08
6 55	10 55 ar	Davis	8 00	3 15
6 54	10 54 lv	Coketon	8 36	1 07
7 03	11 01	Hendricks	8 15	3 50
7 07	11 07	Bretz	8 08	3 23
7 10	11 10	Parsons	8 05	3 20
7 15	11 15	Kerens	7 30	2 45
8 00	12 00 ar	Elkins	lv *7 15	12 30
	1 30 ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
				P. M.
	7 00 ar	Bealington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.			A. M.	A. M.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

After Sunday, Dec. 27, and until further notice Sunday trains will be discontinued.

WANTED:
ROCK OAK BARK.
Write for prices.
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
49-13 CUMBERLAND, MD.

R. BOLDEN,
Tin, Galvanized and Sheet Iron
WORKER.
Roofing and Spouting Done on Short Notice
Special Attention Given to Repairing,
ALL WORK GUARANTEED. GIVE US A CALL.

ORDER NISI.

Lewis Kamp and Julius C. Renninger, trustees, vs. John J. Beeghley and wife.

No. 809 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

It is ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a Court of Equity, this 19th day of February, 1897, that the sales of the real estate made and reported in the above entitled cause by Lewis Kamp and Julius C. Renninger, trustees, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 19th day of March next; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Oakland, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks before the 19th day of March, 1897.

The report states the amount of sales to be $365.00.

True copy—test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

Annie E. Veltch vs. Adam H. Lenz and Anna C. Long, his wife.

No. 816 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered, this 25th day of February, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Percy H. Veltch, attorney, as aforesaid, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 26th day of March, 1897; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 26th day of March, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $400.00.

True copy—test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. Clerk.

PREACHER'S SWEETHEART.

A light shone from the open door of the low log structure that answered the double purpose of church and schoolhouse. The gleam fell upon the yellowish leaves of a pawpaw tree that stood close to the path that led to the door. Beyond the pawpaw was an irregular mass that moved restlessly in the darkness. Observed closely it would have resolved itself into a number of horses tied to saplings, and stepping about noiselessly as they stretched their heads toward the tempting leaves beyond their reach.

Divine service was going on in the log building, and the tones of the minister floated out into the darkness in solemn cadence. Often they were interrupted by a deep-grunted "A-a-amen!" or "U-m-m-ah." Yas, Lord!" the manner in which many worshipers expressed their approbation of the preacher's utterances. A mounted figure came close to the shaft of light and dismounted. As he did so the stamping of the restless horses reached his ears. Noiselessly he made his horse fast to a redbud stem, and crept through the bushes to where the uneasy equines were tied.

He passed from horse to horse, feeling swiftly over each, as if in the darkness his hands were doing duty for eyes in revealing the merits or demerits of each animal.

The voice of the preacher came clear and strong to the ears of the man among the horses. He listened a moment as the voice told him, in simple words, the sweet truths of the Bible. Somehow the words of the good Book seemed to the man in the darkness to be addressed directly to himself, and presently, as he listened, he removed his old slouch hat as reverently as if he had been within the sanctuary.

Then, as the words of invitation and consolation rang out clear and sweet, the man by the horses removed his hand from the neck of a little mare and muttered: "Preacher is a stunner, shore. Reckon I'll leave the tilly. Might belong to the preacher, an' bein' a preacher, o' course it's the only hoss he's got."

As he returned to his own animal, he paused again to listen. Presently he dropped the hand that was untying the bridle and strode into the bar of light that shone from the open door.

"I'll try it," he muttered. "Be'n a long time sence I've set in a church."

His slouching entrance was hardly noticed by the congregation of shock-headed men and sallow-faced women, so attentive were they to the preacher's utterances.

The preacher was a small, pale-faced man, plainly, almost shabbily dressed, and as he stepped awkwardly back and forth behind the rude pulpit, the last comer saw that he was lame.

Presently he rose and slouched out, and, mounting his horse, dashed away down a bridle path, whither he knew nor cared. Presently some small animal sprang from the path, and the horse swerved to one side, and the next moment there came a blow on the rider's head as if the great hackberry tree stretched far above had fallen upon him. Then, as he fell from the horse, the animal kicked the unconscious man before he had touched the earth.

An hour after, the pale-faced preacher, limping along the path, almost stumbled over the prostrate figure beneath the great hackberry. The old slouch hat had fallen from his head, and the blood from a long wound across his forehead had soaked his matted hair.

The preacher's slight form staggered under the task, but by a series of heroic efforts he managed to convey the unconscious man to the little log hut where he lived alone. It was many days before the sufferer could do more than sit like a helpless child in the old splint-bottomed rocker and watch the preacher as he limped back and forth attending to the wants of his unexpected guest. The stranger had been badly hurt. The blow on his head, as he came in contact with the low-hanging limb, had very nearly fractured his skull, and the kick of the horse had broken several ribs.

One day there came a letter addressed in a dainty feminine hand, and the preacher had almost completed his answer when the hour arrived for him to start for the little log church. After he had gone, the invalid saw that the letter and its unfinished answer lay on the home-made table, and without any scruples he proceeded to read both.

"From his sweetheart," the invalid said aloud, as he finished. "Pore leetle gal! I kin almost seem to see her as I read them lines. Thar she is, 'way back east, waitin' fur the day when her lover kin send the money to bring her out yere to him. The time has be'n mighty long already, she says, but she'll wait for him if it takes half her life. Brave leetle girl! Bids him keep up his courage, for she is shore he'll soon git the money, for everybody's so generous in the west, and will pay him well for his work, she is certain."

The invalid paused, and shook one hard fist at an imaginary auditor.

"Yas, hang ye! Pay him well w'en yer souls git bigger. If you was white, you'd pay more money an' do less gruntin' in church. Look at it!" he went on, with rising wrath. "Yere's a man an' a Christian a-workin' the life outen his crippled body to save yer souls, an' in return ye give him jest enough to keep him from plum starvin'. All the whole kit of ye air good for is to raise horses for me to run off with."

Again he shook his fist at the imaginary auditor.

"That's for ye! Look at it! Yere, fer workin' himself to death for yer souls, ye pay him so leetle that the time when he can bring his leetle waitin' sweetheart west seems years off! Yes, an' yere I am a-dein' ye no good, an' stealin' every one o' yer horses I kin git my hands on. In my case, ye club together an' offer a reward iv $200 jist to git me. Give him starvation wages an' have him all the time, an' offer $200 jist to have me a few hours! That's reason, ain't it?"

Suddenly a thought seemed to strike him, and he brought one hard fist down on the table with a thump.

"I'll do it, I will! He shall have his sweetheart, an' that mighty quick."

It was after midnight when the preacher returned, and it seemed to the other that he looked paler and limped more painfully than usual.

"My friend," the preacher said, presently, "I am glad to have you so nearly recovered, for this house can only shelter you a few days longer."

"Why?" asked the invalid; "air ye gettin' tired o' me?"

"Certainly not; but the owner of this house has warned me to leave because I am unable to pay the rent, and—"

"What'll ye do now?"

"I do not know. Doubtless I'll see my way out of it all, but I do not now. I—"

"Parson, will yer do me a favor—one more on top o' all you've done for me?"

"Gladly, if I can," the young preacher replied.

"Take this note to the leader of the Protective association—"

"Amos Budden?"

"That's him. He's a partic'lar friend o' mine, an' 'll be mighty glad to see me. Do this right now, an' it'll be the last thing I'll ask uv ye."

The door opened softly, and half a dozen men with weapons in their hands entered without a word. Not a movement of the invalid's face showed that he understood the errand that had brought these stern, silent men to the cabin.

"Howdy!" he saluted. "Take cheers, gentlemen."

"Jack Harris," said the leader of the vigilantes, "we want you!"

"Wal, ain't you got me?" asked the other, quietly.

"Yes," muttered the leader, "and we are a-goin' to keep ye!"

"Wal, I don't reckon I blame ye," Harris answered. "It's been a long time since ye got a chance at me, an' I don't wonder ye want to keep me. Did the preacher give ye information?"

"Yes."

"Has he got the reward yit?"

"No, of course not. We ain't goin' to do no cash-in-advance business."

There was the sound of a struggle at the door and a voice crying:

"Let me in! I will go in!"

"It's the preacher," some one said. "Bill's a-holdin' him outside."

A pistol gleamed from beneath the table, and Jack Harris' hard hand leveled it at the leader's head.

"Let him in!" he said, sternly.

The preacher's white face was flushed and there were tears in his eyes as he limped across the room to Jack Harris' side.

"Oh, my friend," he cried, "what have I done? What have I done?"

"Delivered my note, I reckon,"

"Yes; and sold your liberty for money! But God knows I am innocent of any intent to do so." He buried his face in his hands.

"Now," said Harris, sternly, "Budden, give the parson his reward. W'en the money's in his hand I'll drop this gun. While it's up you know how safe your life is."

The vigilantes conferred together for a moment. Then each produced his pocketbook and dropped a sum of money into the leader's slouch hat. As the money was poured on the table, Harris laid the pistol beside it.

"Thar," he said, "take me."

Then, as handcuffs were quickly snapped upon his wrists, he turned to the young preacher. "Parson," he said, "that'll make you and the leetle girl in the east happy. Good-by."

The young preacher sprang forward.

"Men," he cried, "one moment!" Then in tones that thrilled the hearts of the listeners, he told the story of the horsethief's sacrifice. The little group shuffled about uneasily when he had finished.

"Boys," said the leader, suddenly, "I'm boss o' this yere association, ain't I?"

"You air," they answered.

"An' what I say goes?"

"It does, jist that!"

"An' horse stealin' means hangin'?"

"It does."

"Wal, I sentence the prisoner, Jack Harris, to be hung this day week. In the meantime I place him in the keepin' uv Shortey Meyers, the leetlest man in the crowd; an' if he lets the prisoner escape I'll fine him $2.50."

Shorty Meyers extracted $2.50 from his pocket and handed the money to the leader.

"Yere's my fine," he said.

"And the preacher keeps the reward?" Jack Harris asked the leader.

"He does!" chorused the vigilantes.

"Wal, anyhow, I'll get my rent now, I reckon," said a mop-headed vigilante.

Two weeks later, when the ceremony was over that made the young preacher and the bright-faced eastern girl man and wife, the bride looked fondly into her husband's eyes as she said:

"How much these people seem to think of you, and how generous they are toward you! Have they been so ever since you came out here?"

"No; the change took place only a few weeks ago."

"And who were those stern, rough-looking men who shouted so when the ceremony was done?"

"They are the vigilantes."

"As I entered the state," the young wife said, presently, "just such a rough-looking man asked my name, and when I told him he said: 'Tell the parson ye saw Jack Harris, an' tell him I hope he'll be happy.' Then he disappeared."

"Heroic Jack!" the young wife exclaimed, when the minister had told her the story.—Petaluma Courier.

—Jena, where Napoleon defeated the Prussians, is a town of Saxe-Weimar-Eisenach, on a small stream called the Saale, and 12 miles southeast of Weimar. On the same day that Napoleon won his victory at Jena, Davoust defeated another Prussian army at Auerstadt, a village in Thuringia.

MUSIC AND THE HAIR.

Effect of Vibrations on the Head Covering.

In a recent scientific assemblage a discussion took place upon the influence of sleep in skin diseases. One of the gentlemen who took part stated in his criticism of the paper which had been read that one might as well talk of the influence of music upon the growth of the hair. It would seem that the suggestion of a possible connection thus thrown out in a jesting way has been taken seriously. At least, a correspondent of the Temps has made the discovery that music of certain kinds does in reality prevent the hair from falling, while that produced by certain instruments has the most disastrous effects in causing rapid development of baldness. He finds that while composers are as prone as those who play their compositions upon the piano preserve, if they do not acquire, a luxuriant growth of hair. On the other hand, wind instruments, and especially the cornet and trombone, are fatal to hirsute adornment. The violoncello and the harp keep the hair in pretty well, but the flute cannot be depended upon to preserve a strong growth after the 50th year of age. A number of pianists, including Paderewski, are cited in confirmation of the pronounced influence of piano music. It has been admitted for some time that music has a certain therapeutic worth, and it will be recalled that in September last Dr. Ferrand presented a report to the French academy on the physiological influence of music, pointing out in what ways it could be employed with therapeutic aims. Subsequently Dr. Betzchinsky reported an instance of night terrors in a child of three years, who was cured by having played to it each night music of a calming nature written in a minor key. A test was made after a few nights by omitting the music, and that night alone the child had an attack. It has not as yet been determined just what key is most favorable to the prevention of an early bald state. Probably a reasonable way of settling the disputed point would be to make a few experiments on dogs, thus proving a tolerance for different strains and avoiding the horripilation to which some patients of refined tastes might be subjected. Wind instruments are always dangerous if the hair has not a good hold, while stiff-haired people can stand anything. Possibly a good rule for any musician would be, as soon as he finds his hair falling, that he should cease playing for others.—Medical Record.

DO YOU WANT A BIG GUN?

If You Do, Uncle Sam Can Furnish You One.

Uncle Sam has invited the Soldiers' Monument associations, the grand army posts and municipal corporations of the United States, to have a gun with him.

Uncle Sam is moved to this liberality by the fact that he has on hand at the Brooklyn navy yard a large quantity of big and small guns and cannon balls for which the naval service has no use. Anybody who wants a gun must write to the secretary of the navy.

Most of the guns which Uncle Sam wants to unload are located at the Brooklyn navy yard, but there are a few in the navy yards at Boston and Portsmouth, N. H. It is ordinarily the custom of the government to sell all these things, but congress took the matter in its own hands in this instance and provided that these engines and munitions of war should be given away. Evidently the government wants badly to get rid of them.

There are, all told, about 600 guns, all of which have outlived their usefulness. They are all obsolete weapons, and have been condemned by the ordnance office. None of them are light weight, and the smallest of the old stagers weighs more than 6,000 pounds. Thirty years ago they were considered mighty fine weapons, and their yawning mouths seem capable of dealing enough death and destruction for half a dozen nations. Inventive progress, however, has left him far behind.

They were all of the type that were used during the civil war. They were cast for use during that conflict, and constitute the remnant of the surplus ordnance that the government found itself in possession of when hostilities ceased. From year to year various plans have been suggested to make use of them. They have grown old and rusty in idleness, and now, past all redemption, they can only frown as grim mementos of the days when the nation was on a war footing.

Among this aggregation of old-time thunderers there are 32 13-inch mortars, with 36 mounts. Each of the mortars weighs 17,300 pounds, and each mount weighs 4,000 pounds. The best use, it is considered, to which they can be put is that of ornament at the base of a soldiers' monument or at the entrance to a park. In addition to the mortars there are 200 11-inch guns, of the old muzzle-loading variety, each of which weighs 15,800 pounds. There are, besides, more than 60,000 projectiles, old-time cannon balls.—Boston Globe.

Ideas About Finger Nails.

The Japanese have some curious ideas about their finger nails. One of them is to the effect that they must not be cut before starting on a journey lest disgrace befall the person before he reaches his destination. Neither should they be cut off at night lest cat's claws should grow out. To throw nail parings into the fire is to invite some great calamity. If, while trimming the nails, a piece should fall into the fire the person will soon die.—N. Y. Herald.

Weighing Live Fish.

A visitor at the aquarium who had wondered how they managed to get the weight of a live fish accurately learned that that was really a very simple thing to do. The fish is put into a pail of water which is weighed with the fish in it. Then the fish is taken out and the pail and water are weighed without it.—Chicago Record.

TO KEEP HIS WORD.

An Oregon Embezzler Risked His Life to Surrender to Justice.

"You need not send an officer for me. I will come when I am wanted."

Vincent Sutton, postmaster at Oretown, Tillamook county, was wanted for embezzlement by the United States authorities. A plain tale, truly, and only one which smacks of the vulgar commonplace, but mark the difference.

This Sutton is a man of simple mind, and to him it seemed no harm would be done if he eked out the pittance of his office of postmaster by adding the sums paid in for purchase of money orders, a matter of some $355 when all was counted. He would make it good in his own time, and in truth he thought it no wrong. But the United States does not do business that way, and in due time there came an indictment found by the Oregon grand jury. Sutton heard. He realized that he had done wrong. He was ready to meet his punishment. Nay, he was ready to go to meet it at the peril of his life. Nothing prevented if he chose to leave the state. None could find him in the fastnesses of his own trackless mountains, but it came home to him what he had not realized when he took the money, that he had done wrong, and he alone must bear the burden.

Now, this was not a matter of walking downtown to give yourself up to the police or the marshal. It was not even a matter of boarding a comfortable railroad coach, to be hauled into Portland. Oretown is a lonely camp buried deep in the Oregon wilds, a round 40 miles and more from a railroad station, with raging rivers to be crossed between, and no road on which a horse may travel in this teeming winter season, when the whole countryside is soaked and sodden like a full sponge, deep with treacherous, unfathomed seas of holding mud. Forty-three miles on foot, swimming and swirling, wild unbridled rivers, staggering along through clinging mud, unable to lie down and sleep in his drenched clothes lest he perish of the cold, deprived of fire and light, because the matches he carried were soaked; snatched a hungry bite by the way at the little store of food he had in his pockets, all sodden and smeared with mud—this was the task that Vincent Sutton set himself because justice must be done, and he must bear his part, though his life be forfeited in the doing.

So it came that the simple-minded man of primitive mold sat down and wrote a letter to Marshal Gray, in Portland, that he would come himself to the nearest railway station on the railroad, Sheridan, and there surrender to an officer of the law—no need to send a man to bring him in from his distant home. Let the officer come to Sheridan by a certain day, and he would be there. He kept his word, albeit more than once it nearly cost him his life.

Sutton has a wife. He kissed her good-by and stuffed his pockets with the food which she, poor woman, had put up for him with loving care, enough to last him two days, it might be, on the way to Sheridan. The Three rivers, triple thunderer in sooth, was booming with sullen, hungry roar, turbid with swirling mud, carrying on its angry breast sweeping logs and jagged roots, torn from their sockets by the searching flood. Five times it had to be crossed by Sutton on his way, swimming or wading, or chancing his life on a treacherous log. Once he was nearly smothered in a bottomless pit of mud as dangerous as the quiet, remorseless suck of a quicksand that never gives up its dead. It was bitter cold, and he must keep afoot or perish. But there is iron in this man's blood. He had pledged his word, and he got there.

Now, when this simple tale was told to Judge Bellinger, sitting in Portland as the representative of the federal law, he, being a man, was troubled in mind, for here was one who had set his life at the value of a pin fee, that the law might have its way, and yet justice must be done and punishment meted as is set down in the books. Nevertheless there are degrees, and Judge Bellinger resolved that this was a case where it would not strain the quality of justice were it softened with mercy. Therefore he imposed the lowest penalty, which is imprisonment for six months and a fine equal to the sum which Sutton appropriated.—San Francisco Examiner.

Balloon Lifeboats.

The big ocean greyhounds will soon, it is thought, be equipped with lifeboats harnessed to balloons, so as to be practically unsinkable. Cylinders filled with compressed gas will be placed in compartments of the lifeboats, and from these the balloon, which will be harnessed with cords to a hollow mast connected with the cylinders, is inflated. The mast, which is iron tubing, is adjustable, and, when turned forward, the big balloon acts as a sail, oars proving quite unnecessary. The combination boat will doubtless prove of the greatest service in saving people far out at sea. In a recent test it was shown that, even with the boat filled with water to the gunwales, the lifting power of the balloon prevented the craft from either sinking or upsetting.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Triton's Power.

The triton, a spotted, lizard-like reptile found in almost every state in the union, has a most wonderful power of reproducing amputated parts. Bonnot, the great French naturalist, experimented on the little creatures by amputating their legs and tails, and by so doing found that their powers of reproduction were almost unlimited. In one instance an amputated leg was reproduced 12 times in three years, and in another an eye was gouged out and reproduced in less than 12 months. The loss of a tail does not appear to discommode a triton, except to give him a sort of unbalanced gait. Tails clipped from specimens, Bonnot kept to experiment on were invariably reproduced in from five to nine weeks.—Albany Argus.

Could We But Know.

Could we but know the things our best friends say,
When we're away,
And how we serve for targets for attack,
We'd not come back.
Could we but know the things they never say,
When we're away,
About our conscious dignity and fame,
We'd quit the game.
—Chicago Evening News.

PAYMENT DEFERRED.

Mr. Jones—I've got a number of notes to meet to-morrow and not a cent to meet them with. There'll be the devil to pay.

Mrs. Jones—Well, let him wait.—N. Y. Journal.

Accommodating.

The gay foot-killer now may shirk
At ease, as wintry slush he views.
His victims kindly do the work
By leaving off their overshoes.
—Washington Star.

A Case in Point.

Miss Prion (quoting)—Wise men make proverbs, and fools repeat them.

Miss Smart (musingly)—Yes; I wonder what wise man made the one you just repeated.—Tit-Bits.

Reducing It to a Certainty.

"Hello, Clippinger! I haven't seen you for a long time. How—"

"I am not quite sure I know you."

"You're not? Why, I'm Gingping, that lent you 75 cents about ten years ago."

"Then I am quite sure I don't know you. Good morning!"—Chicago Tribune.

In No Danger.

Resident—Colonel, let me caution you to drink no water while in town unless it is spring water or has been thoroughly boiled.

Visitor—I drink nothing, sah, but what has been thoroughly distilled, sah.—Chicago Tribune.

An Explanation.

Miss Prude (while out walking with her younger sister thinks she is rudely treated)—Were you staring at me, sir?

Strange Gentleman—Bless you, no, madam, I was admiring your little granddaughter.—N. Y. Weekly.

Invited to Call.

He—I suppose that sap-headed dude has proposed to you a dozen times.

She—No; once was enough. Come and see us when we get settled.—Detroit Free Press.

The Supreme Test.

Love's flame is brightest when, at morn,
It burns with keen desire
To be the first to leave the bed,
And go and build the fire.
—Chicago Journal.

Not Plagiarism.

Spats—Hackley is being accused of plagiarism in his last book.

Socratoots—I would not say that. He was merely collecting his thoughts.—Pittsburgh News.

Giving the Facts.

"Scribbs, I have accepted a position in an insurance office."

"Yes; they told me that you begged for it, and were glad to get it."—Chicago Record.

A LOVE STORY.

A maiden, having fallen in love with a snow man, finding that tender words failed to warm his frozen heart, begs an old friend, the sun, to assist her.

[Copyright, 1897, by Mitchell & Miller.]

Moral: Never call in a third person in a love affair.

Maud's Gowns.

White Maud is a schoolgirl, as you see,
Short at the bottom her frocks must be;
When she is a debutante, they drop—
Long at the bottom and short at the top.
—Chicago Record.

Had Use for One.

Soaker—What kind of a woman do you think I ought to marry?

Joker—A snake charmer.—N. Y. Journal.

Of Sufficient Strength.

Landlady—Shall I pass the cheese?

Boarder—No, leave it alone. It will walk over here in a minute.—N. Y. Journal.

Leaving Conveniences.

"Mrs. Digby's death was lamentable wasn't it?"

"Yes; they have just had a new furnace put in."—Chicago Record.

THE FARMING WORLD.

PRODUCTION OF MUTTON.

The Profit Comes from Doing It Quickly, and No Other Source.

At a state institute held in Columbus, O., a paper was read by H. P. Miller, in which he said:

"There is a limited period in the life of animals for growth. Every factor in the problem of producing mutton, points toward earlier marketing. To paraphrase a familiar expression, it is the early lamb that gets the prize. An eight-weeks-old lamb, if in condition and in 'season,' commands the highest price per pound ever attainable. A very narrow limit of time at this period and the height of the tide in prices passes. A lamb not meeting the requirements of the market at that period must pass on into a cheaper class, not to find sale until another 'season' opens which calls for a lamb three or five months old, but at a less price per pound.

"The lambs sold at four months old do not, as a rule, bring as much as those sold at two months old. If, again, the age is doubled or tripled the market into which they must go is such that in spite of their gain in size they will bring little if any more per head than at either of the former prices. This may be continued until we have the sheep at its maximum weight, and the price per head does not vary greatly.

"There is an impressive lesson in this that has not found general application in the growing of mutton. The lesson is not, however, that all mutton should be marketed in the form of eight-weeks-old lambs. Not all the sheep-raisers are rightly situated respecting market or equipped in skill or stable accommodations for producing this class of mutton. But this teaching is of general application, that the younger a sheep can be marketed when grown under the most economical conditions for meeting a certain market for choice form the larger will be the profit. To illustrate again by my neighbor's hogs: He 'feeds them along' through one winter, past a June market, and he says that if I were to raise pork I would never go into the hog business; I should go into the pig business. Something similar to this is what men must do who find that sheep don't pay. Quit raising sheep and go to raising lambs."

ELECTRIC PLOWING.

German Agriculturists Are Very Much Interested in It.

The Germans are very much in earnest about electric plowing. Their National Agricultural society has arranged a prize competition among power-driven plows, intended specially to encourage and develop the application of electric power to the working of plows and other agricultural implements. In the trials non-electrical plows will also be tested, so that a comparison may be made of the relative efficiency of the different systems. Only plows will be tested, as it is considered that the power could easily be applied to other implements with but slight alterations. Special attention will be paid to the conveyance of the outfits from field to field. One prize of 3,000 marks and another of 1,000 marks will be given for the best plow driven by any kind of power, and there will be a special prize for the best electrically driven plow. A piece of heavy and a piece of light land will be assigned for tilling to each competitor. Points will be given for (1) the time taken for the plowing; (2) the weight of earth moved; (3) the consumption of fuel by the motor; (4) the power consumed between the motor and the plow; (5) the cost of the plowing, including fuel, water, lubricants, attendance, repairs, interest and depreciation.

SERVICEABLE HOG SHED.

Good Enough for the Porkers and Cheap Enough for the Farmer.

Hogs are not particular about fancy quarters if they be warm in winter and cool and out of the sun in summer. This hog shed is just the thing to build be-

SHED FOR HOGS.

tween two long strips of clover that may be fed by hurdling the hogs upon it. It is only 3½ feet high at the rear and four feet in front, and is roofed by tongue and groove boarding, up and down. This shed may be made as long as the number of compartments demand. It is entered by the stock at the rear through swing doors and the feeding is done in front. Here a long board is hinged to let down during very cold or snowy days, and in summer to protect from the sun.—Farm Journal.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

Never ring a pig, even if you do the old hogs.

If an unprofitable scrub is sick better let it die.

Never will good breeding animals be cheaper. Breed up.

Ground fresh bone is good for hogs as well as for poultry.

Steaming corn fodder, cutting it and mixing it with grain, will pay.

We wish, for your own profit, you would secure a fast walking team.

Ice cold water is not fit to give any animal, and least of all a mulch cow.

Always treat the mare in foal with great kindness. It will tell in the colt.

If a valuable animal is sick send for a veterinarian at once. Even if a valuable fowl is sick, doctor it.

Experiment in feeding all animals. Feed different foods and in different quantities and watch results.

Horses can run out when the thermometer is at zero, and not die; but it does them no good, let us tell you.—Western Plowman.

DURABLE FARM GATE.

Can Be Put in Place for About Three or Four Dollars.

The gate depicted herewith is made wholly of wrought iron. It is 2 feet 11 inches wide, the two outside pickets are 3 feet 2 inches long, and the center is 3 feet 9 inches long. The two horizontal bars, the diagonal brace and pickets are of flat iron, ¾ of an inch wide and 3-16 inch thick. The horizontals are doubled together, an eye being formed at the doubled end and space left for the pickets. The latter are slipped in between the two thicknesses of the horizontals and riveted in

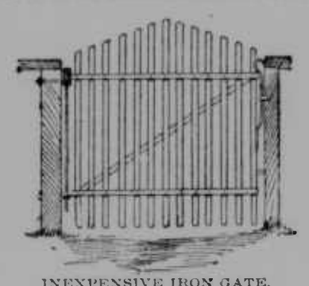

INEXPENSIVE IRON GATE.

place. The lower horizontal is 5 inches above the bottoms of the pickets, and the upper one is 2½ feet higher. The rivets extend through all three thicknesses of iron, far enough to be headed down. The diagonal brace is also riveted to the pickets, as shown.

The spring latch is 18 inches long, of ½ inch flat iron, 3-16 inch thick, bent and riveted at its lower end to one of the pickets, as shown in the engraving. The hinge bolts are of ⅝ inch round iron, with an eye turned at one end, and a thread cut the entire length. The length is governed by the thickness of the post, through which they should project something more than 1 inch. A nut is run up on each clear to the eye, the bolt is then slipped through the hole in the post and a second nut turned on snugly. A rod of round ⅜ inch iron is cut 3 feet long, an eye turned at one end, and the gate, having been placed in position, this rod is slipped through the eyes of gate and bolts, and the gate is duly hung. An iron catch on the opposite post completes the arrangement. The gate may be left to swing freely either way, or an iron stop may be screwed to the post beneath the catch as illustrated. The cost of such a gate is about $3.50. — Rev. W. Gossett, in Farm and Field.

CLOVER AND STOVER.

Two Feeds That Work Together with Excellent Results.

It is only natural to expect that a farmer who is progressive and economical in one department of his work will be equally progressive in another. Farmers who are raising clover are the ones who are most likely to test the value of shredded fodder. And well may they, for they two work together with excellent results. In referring to corn fodder generally and in comparison with other cattle foods, a writer in the Breeders' Gazette says:

On every corn farm there should be grown as many acres of clover as corn. An average crop of corn fodder is 2½ tons per acre. An average crop of clover hay is 1½ tons. Corn fodder costs in the barn about $2.50 per ton. Clover hay about the same. A ton of a mixture of stover and clover hay then costs $2.50. Timothy hay has sold readily at the barn for some years at ten dollars and upward. If a ton of the clover and stover mixed, half and half, is equal to a ton of timothy hay for growing colts, cattle or sheep, the long neglected cornstalk, mixed with the hay of our renovating crop, becomes a very valuable article. Experiments which we have not space to repeat have shown that one ton of stover and clover, half and half, will produce as much growth on steers as one ton of timothy hay. As timothy sells for ten dollars per ton at our barn then the ton of stover and clover is worth ten dollars, or four times as much as it costs us in the barn. If timothy is worth ten dollars a ton to feed steers, the mixture of stover and clover must be worth the same. But the fact is, timothy is not worth that amount for feeding steers, since we have as good a feed for growth that can be produced for half that timothy will sell for. Corn stover then has so much value that we cannot afford to feed timothy hay and let the cornstalks go to waste.

Cure for Dysentery in Fowls.

The disease among fowls known as dysentry is individual in its work, and does not spread. The sick fowl becomes droopy, stands about with head and tail lowered, and passes a dark, greenish and yellow discharge, very thin and watery. Treatment of this disease is at first camphorated spirits—that is, camphor dissolved in whisky. Take a teaspoonful and put it in half a glassful of water and give the sick fowl in tablespoonful every four hours. The second day dissolve a little sulphate of copper (blue stone about the size of a bullet) in a quart of water, and let the sick fowl drink all it will. During treatment feed soft food seasoned with a little red pepper. A cure is generally effected in three days with this treatment.—Dakota Field and Farm.

The Stable in Cold Weather.

Draughts of air in the stable which come from above are dangerous to the health of the stock. Some farmers carry the matter of ventilation too far and keep a large opening in the stable to let in fresh air. The fact is that in cold weather it will be found more difficult to keep fresh air out than may be supposed. Stables are not usually plastered and the pressure of the atmosphere is such as to force the air through every crack and crevice. Aim to keep the cold air out. Enough will find its way in without making an opening of any kind for that purpose.

A good dog is a good dog. But a bad one is the worst property a farmer can have, except a bad boy.

HOW THE CHINOOK COMES.

Even the Cattle in Montana Recognize Its First Breath.

Picture to yourself a wild waste of snow, wind-beaten and blizzard-furrowed until the vast expanse resembles a billowy white sea. The frigid air, blowing half a gale, is filled with needle-like ice crystals which sting the flesh like the bites of poisonous insects, and sift through the finest crevices. The sun, low down in the southern horizon, looks like a frozen globe, with halves, crescents and bright prismatic bars encircling it.

Great herds of range cattle, which roam at will and thrive on the nutritious grasses indigenous to the northern slope, wander aimlessly here and there, or more frequently drift with the wind in vain attempts to find food and shelter; moaning in distress from cold and hunger, their noses hung with bloody icicles, their legs galled and bleeding from breaking the hard snow crust as they travel—they appeal to the hardest heart for pity. It is sure death for human beings to be caught out in one of these awful blizzards, with the temperature down to 30 or 50 degrees below zero, unless rescue is speedy. Yet such conditions frequently exist in this latitude, as they did for 15 days in November, 1896, when it seemed as if the elements had conspired to bring about another ice age, and annihilate every living thing.

Would the "chinook" never come? The wind veered and backed, now howling as if in derision, and anon becoming calm as if in contemplation of the desolation on the face of nature, while the poor, dumb animals continued their ceaseless tramp, crying with pain and starvation. At last, on December 1, at about the hour of sunset, there was a change which experienced plainsmen interpreted as favorable to the coming of the warm southwest wind. At sunset the temperature was only 13 degrees below zero, the air scarcely in motion, but occasionally seeming to descend from overhead. Over the mountains in the southwest a great bank of black clouds hung, dark and awesome, whose wide expanse was unbroken by line or break; only at the upper edge the curled and serrated cloud, blown into tatters by wind, was seen to be the advance courier of the long-prayed-for "chinook." How eagerly we watched its approach! How we strained our hearing for the first welcome sigh of the gentle breath! But it was not until 11:35 p. m. that the first influence was felt. First, a puff of heat, summer-like in comparison with what had existed for two weeks, and we run to our instrument shelter to observe the temperature. Up goes the mercury 34 degrees in seven minutes. Now the wind has come with a 25-mile velocity. Now the cattle stop traveling, and with muzzles turned toward the wind, low with satisfaction. Weary with two weeks' standing on their feet they lie down in the snow; for they know that their salvation has come; that now their bodies will not freeze to the ground.

The wind increases in strength and warmth; it blows now in one steady roar; the temperature has risen to 28 degrees, the great expanse of snow, 30 inches deep on a level, is becoming damp and honeycombed by the hot wind, and we retire, satisfied that the "chinook" is a genuine and lasting one.

Twelve hours afterward there are bare brown hills everywhere; the plains are covered with floods of water. In a few days the wind will evaporate the moisture, and the roads will be dry and hard. Were it not for the "chinook" winds the northern slope country would not be habitable, nor could domestic animals survive the winters.—U. S. Weather Review.

Hints About Health.

Rapid eating is slow suicide.

Happy children are almost invariably healthy children.

In sleeping in a cold room establish a habit of breathing through the nose, never with the mouth open.

A severe paroxysm of coughing may often be arrested by a tablespoonful of glycerine in a wineglass of hot milk.

To compel a child to eat anything against which its palate naturally rebels is a cruelty at the moment, and is likely to produce evil results later on.—St. Louis Republic.

It is said that a ton of steel will make 1,500,000 pens.

"The cars go a great deal faster than they used to," remarked the woman who was looking out of the window with a scared face. "Yes," replied the other, "they certainly do. And it saves a great deal of time." "I suppose it does. But it really seems as if you weren't getting so much ride for your money."—Washington Star.

The unimaginative man had picked up a dialect story. Turning its pages, he remarked: "This author has just begun to follow a custom which I understand, has become quite common." "What is that?" "He composes with a typewriter. I can tell by the confused way in which the letters jumble together every now and then."—Washington Star.

Bishop Wilberforce states that when walking one day near Ashworth, where Tennyson had a residence, he met a laboring man, from whom it occurred to him to draw some opinion of the poet. "Mr. Tennyson lives here, does he not?" was his first remark. "Yes, he does." "He is a great man." "Well, I don't know what you call great; but he only keeps one man-servant, and he doesn't sleep in the house."—Answers.

Cause for Dissatisfaction.—"Miss Oldgirl doesn't look pleased at the account of her club meeting in this morning's paper." "I guess she isn't. The club is called the Ancient Order of Bachelor Girls, and the paper has it the Bachelor Order of Ancient Girls."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Case He Knew.—"I see in a recent book the idea is put forth that mankind sang before it talked. What do you think of it?" "Don't know; but there is a fellow on our block who is going to sing just before he dies, sometime, unless he quits howling popular songs."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Rev. Sank Timonious—"Ah, Miss Epworth, you are working for the good cause this winter." Miss Epworth League—"Yes, I want to do a lot of work this winter, so that I can enjoy my holidays next summer." Rev. Sank Timonious—"Ah, but my dear young lady, Satan never takes a holiday, not even in summer, you know." Miss Epworth League—"I know; but then, Satan is used to the heat."—Baltimore News.

LONG AT THE LEVER.

RIGORS OF THE ROAD

Break Down the Nervous System of a Well-Known Railroad Engineer—What Built Him Up Again.

From the Gazette, Chillicothe, Ohio.

Mr. Elbridge Waterman is a well-known railroad engineer of the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern Railway, who has been a great sufferer from nervous debility of an aggravated kind for the past ten years. The strain was telling on his nerves terribly, and steady work was impossible. The following is his story:

"For the past ten years," he said, "I have suffered as few men have, with nervousness, heart trouble and rheumatism. I have lived on the footboard most of my life, and the constant jolting and nervous strain slowly but surely undermined my constitution. I was forced to quit work, and there seemed to be little prospect of my going back to the throttle again. I tried every remedy that I could find, but none of them did me any good. I consulted doctors all over the country, but to no avail. I would be better for a time, and then would come on an attack more severe than ever, and I would have to quit work. The money I have spent during that time for doctors and medicine, none of which did me any permanent good, would place me now out of want, and in comparative affluence, if I had it. An idea of how much time and money I lost may be gained when I tell you that during last summer alone, I was totally unable to work four months on a stretch, and was much of the time confined to the house, and to the bed, sometimes unable to move. It makes me cold all over when I look back on what I have gone through.

"But rheumatism was not the only thing I suffered from. My heart troubled me very much, and I was totally unable to sleep for days and weeks at a time. When I would drop off into a doze, my heart would beat itself almost out of my bosom, and would wake me up as though I had been struck by a trip hammer. I had twitchings in my arms and legs, and was altogether in such a condition that my wife and friends began to consider me beyond reach of medical assistance.

"I was almost of the same opinion myself, when I happened to see in the paper last June a letter from an old soldier in the west who had been cured of rheumatism by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The testimonial was written in such a way that I knew it was not a faked up one, and I determined to give this medicine a fair trial. I was unable to work at the time, and almost in despair. So I went to the drug store and bought six boxes of them, in order to give them a thorough test, and in a few days I began to feel the improvement they were working in my system. In two weeks I was able to go to work, and I have worked ever since without a lay off, which is something I have not done for years.

"The first improvement I noticed was in my heart, which grew more and more normal in its action, until at last it did not trouble me at all, and I was able to sleep as I had not been able for ten years. The heart trouble has never returned, and my sleep for the past two months has been healthy and deep. Last night I went to bed early and slept soundly until eight o'clock this morning. And now, when I wake up, I feel invigorated and ready for the day's work, just as I used to feel when I was a boy.

"The nervous twitchings were also cured in a short time, and have never returned or bothered me in the least since. This has also been a great relief to me, as the twitchings were very annoying, as well as an indication to everyone of the terrible condition in which my state of health was. And the greatest wonder of all is that the rheumatism seems to be cured also, and does not bother me in the least any more, except when I expose myself unduly, and even then only for a short time. I consider myself a well man now, and hope to continue so. I am still taking Pink Pills, for I want the cure to be a complete and permanent one. I only wish I had known them years ago, for I would have saved myself large sums of money as well as suffering for which no money could repay."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The first question a woman asks a fortune teller is if her husband is true to her.

In winter sciatica is worse. Any time St. Jacobs Oil is the best cure.

It is a rare man who gets anything but bills and kicks in his letters these days.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar relieves whooping cough.
Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

The world's creed is: "He is the best man who wears the best coat."—Ram's Horn.

The worst of winter is to slip and sprain. Best cure—St. Jacobs Oil.

A woman knows as little about a man as she knows about a horse.—Atchison Globe.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets candy cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made.

If good resolutions were horses everybody would ride.—Ram's Horn.

A severe cold means soreness, stiffness. Use St. Jacobs Oil—means a prompt cure.

DISEASE DOES NOT STAND STILL.

Every one is either growing better or worse.

How is it with you?

You are suffering from

KIDNEY, LIVER OR URINARY TROUBLES.

Have tried doctors and medicine without avail, and have become disgusted.

DON'T GIVE UP!

Mother's Safe Cure

WILL CURE YOU.

Thousands now well, but once like you, say so. Give an honest medicine an honest chance.

Large bottle or new style smaller one at your druggist's. Write for free treatment blank to-day. Warner's Safe Cure Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with Local Applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by all druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A promising mine will as surely ruin a man in time as a promising horse.—Atchison Globe.

The Hot Springs

located in the Black Hills of South Dakota have wonderful medicinal properties for the cure of rheumatism, neuralgia and kindred ailments, and should be investigated by all suffering from such troubles. First-class hotel accommodations and baths. Tourist tickets on sale daily and especially low rates on the first and third Tuesdays of each month. Full information furnished on application to ticket agents C. & N. W. R'y.

Whenever a boy says he is not hungry, it is a sign he is polite.

The more winter the more rheumatism. Plenty of St. Jacobs Oil to cure it.

A man encourages notoriety in everything except his love affairs.

Cold creeps down the spine, then lumbago. St. Jacobs Oil creeps in, then cure.

No one likes bologna sausage outside of a saloon.—Atchison Globe.

BUY NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS
FARM SEEDS
Salzer's Seeds are Warranted to Produce.
John Bredler, Mishicott, Wis., astonished the world with a yield of 12 Bu. of Salzer's Silver King Barley per acre. Don't you believe it? Just write him. In order to gain, in 1897, 50,000 new customers, we send on trial
10 DOLLARS' WORTH FOR 10c.
12 pkgs. of new and rare farm seeds, including above Barley, Teosinte, Giant Sperry, Sand Vetch, "40c. Wheat," and other novelties, positively worth $10.10 to get a start, all postpaid, including our great seed catalog, for 10c.
Largest growers of farm seeds and potatoes in the world. 25 pkgs. earliest vegetable seeds, $1. Catalog tells all about it. Gladly mailed to intending buyers. Send this notice. K
SALZER SEED CO. LACROSSE WIS.

FREE A booklet, handsomely illustrated, describing Nebraska, her farms and the opportunities there for young men and farm renters to become farm owners. Mailed without charge on application to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

1,000 AGENTS WANTED, SOMETHING NEW! Good commission. Send 50 cents for Samples worth $1.00. No trash. MARTIN SUSPENDER CO., MARTIN, MICH.

YUCATAN, KING OF GUMS.

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CENTS

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

A WOMAN'S BODY.

What Its Neglect Leads to. Mrs. Chas. King's Experience.

A woman's body is the repository of the most delicate mechanism in the whole realm of creation, and yet most women will let it get out of order and keep out of order, just as if it were of no consequence. Their backs ache and heads throb and burn; they have wandering pains, now here and now there. They experience extreme lassitude, that don't-care and want-to-be-left-alone feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness and the blues, yet they will go about their work until they can scarcely stand on their poor swollen feet, and do nothing to help themselves. These are the positive fore-runners of serious womb complications, and unless given immediate attention will result in untold misery, if not death.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will, beyond the question of a doubt, relieve all this trouble before it becomes serious, and it has cured many after their troubles had become chronic.

The Compound should be taken immediately upon the appearance of any of these symptoms above enumerated. It is a vegetable tonic which invigorates and stimulates the entire female organism, and will produce the same beneficial results in the case of any sick woman as it did with MRS. CHAS. KING, 1815 Rosewood St., Philadelphia, Pa., whose letter we attach:

"I write these few lines, thanking you for restoring my health. For twelve years I suffered with pains impossible to describe. I had bearing-down feelings, backache, burning sensation in my stomach, chills, headache, and always had black specks before my eyes. I was afraid to stay alone, for I sometimes had four and five fainting spells a day. I had several doctors and tried many patent medicines. Two years ago I was so bad that I had to go to bed and have a trained nurse. Through her, I commenced to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I never had anything give me the relief that it has. I have taken eight bottles, and am now enjoying the best of health again. I can truthfully say it has cured me."

Piso's Cure For Consumption

For the last 20 years we have kept Piso's Cure for Consumption in stock, and would sooner think a groceryman could get along without sugar in his store than we could without Piso's Cure. It is a sure seller.—RAVEN & CO., Druggists, Ceresco, Michigan, September 2, 1896.

A GREAT MAGAZINE OFFER.

3 FOR 1

3 FOR 1

The regular subscription price of "Demorest's Magazine," "Judge's Library," and "Funny Pictures" is $3.30.

We will send all three to you for one year for $2.00, or 6 mo. for $1.

"DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE" is by far the best family magazine published; there is none of our monthlies in which the beautiful and the useful, pleasure and profit, fashion and literature are so fully presented as in Demorest's. There is, in fact, no publication pretending to a similar scope and purpose which can compare with it. Every number contains a free pattern coupon.

"JUDGE'S LIBRARY" is a monthly magazine of fun, filled with illustrations in caricature and replete with wit and humor. Its contributors are the best of American wits and illustrators.

"FUNNY PICTURES" is another humorous monthly; there is a laugh in every line of it.

All three of these magazines are handsomely gotten up. You should not miss this chance to secure them.

Cut here and return Coupon properly filled out.

Demorest Publishing Co., 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

For the enclosed $2.00 please send **Demorest's Family Magazine, Judge's Library** (a magazine of fun), and **Funny Pictures** for one year as per your offer.

Name.....

Post-office.....

Date..... State.....

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER

10¢ 25¢ 50¢ ALL DRUGGISTS

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 317.6

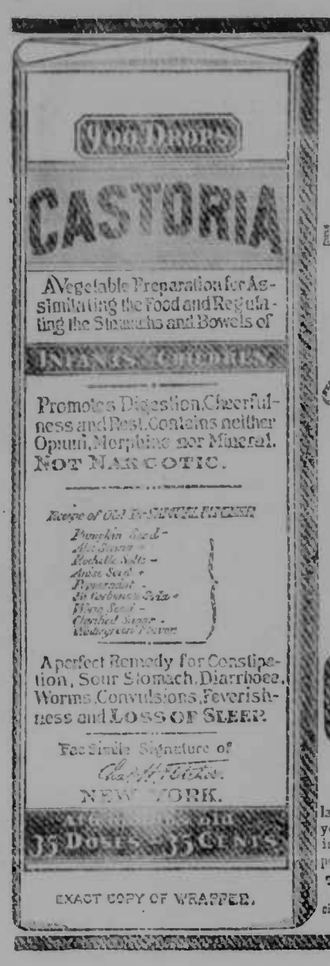

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SEE

THAT THE

FAC-SIMILE

SIGNATURE

—OF—

Chas. H. Fletcher.

IS ON THE

WRAPPER

OF EVERY

BOTTLE OF

CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See to it that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.* is on every wrapper.

Having just taken in another car of those, we are in a position to fill all orders for both WHOLESALE and RETAIL trade upon receipt. Our Sleds are the best that can be produced. Circular mailed upon request.

THE WILLIAM RYLAND COMPANY,
Wholesale-Retail Dealers,
FRIENDSVILLE, MARYLAND.

BOB SLEDS.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

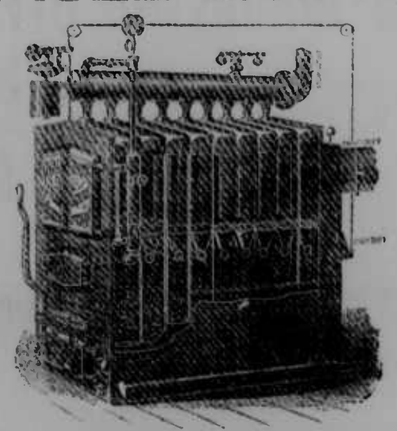

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L. C. PAINTER, Manager.

J. M. BROWN, M. D., Physician In Charge.

MONROETON GOLD CURE INSTITUTE,

ARLINGTON HOTEL, ORAFTON.

For the Treatment of Liquor, Morphine and Cigarette Habit.

Absolute Cure Guaranteed. All Communications Strictly Private. 45-13

We have a plan by which **Farmers** can get

TOOL CHESTS FREE

Containing of first-class quality (guaranteed) every tool—Axes, Saws and Planes included—necessary to repair vehicles, machines or build a house. Three two-cent stamps and the name of this paper required for particulars. Powell Fertilizer & Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, March 1, 1897.

Senator Sherman has said enough to let all the world know what the Cuban policy of President McKinley will be. To boil it down, President McKinley purposes to let the Spaniards and Cubans fight it out without taking sides, and to let both understand that American citizenship has got to be respected, something that has not been done under the Cleveland-Olney Cuban policy. Such a policy would have prevented the exciting scenes in Congress caused by the treatment which Spain has been allowed to give American citizens in Cuba.

If Congress fails to dispose of all the appropriation bills, it will not be the fault of the House, which passed the last of them several days ago. The Senate has been in an ugly mood since the Cuban excitement last week, which was so suddenly brought to a close by a deal between Secretary Olney and Spain, which resulted in the pardon of Julio Sanguily just as the Senate was about to adopt a resolution demanding his unconditional release. Senator Sherman's announcement that American citizens everywhere would be protected by President McKinley's administration also had a quieting effect, but the ugly temper of the Senate has come to the surface in a number of personal wrangles over unimportant matters.

Washington begins inauguration week full of visitors and with every arriving train bringing more, and the decorations already in place make it certain that it will present a much handsomer and more artistic appearance than it has ever done before. The stands along Pennsylvania avenue, from which the parade will be viewed, are much handsomer than usual, just as the prices for seats are much higher than usual, ranging from $5 for the best to $1 for the rear seats in the stands. There are seats for about 50,000 in all the stands and the present demand indicates that they will all be occupied, but those who see the parade from seats will hardly be one-tenth of the total number of spectators.

Many prominent men, including Chairman Hanna and four members of President McKinley's cabinet, are already in Washington, and the corridors of the principal hotels remind one of scenes at a National Convention.

John Wedderburn, who figures in the Courts as the defendant in a suit brought by W. R. Hearst, in connection with Examiner Claims Bureau and the Press Claims Company, both of which Wedderburn originated and both of which are now dead, has run up against an official snag in the conduct of the business of John Wedderburn & Co. Fifty-five prominent patent lawyers of Washington, including four ex-Commissioners of Patents, have signed charges against the firm of Wedderburn & Co., and filed them with the Postoffice Department, for conducting a fraudulent business, and asking that a fraud order be issued by the Postoffice Department against Wedderburn & Co., and that the *National Recorder*, a paper published by them, be shut out of the mails for fraud.

How much those who were saying a few days ago how strong the opposition in the House was to the bill authorizing President McKinley to call a monetary conference or to appoint delegates to one called by any other country knew about the state of feeling towards the bill, may be inferred from the vote by which it was passed, 279 to 3.

Senator Burrows believes, notwithstanding the address issued by the silver Republicans last week, and the positive assertion of Senator Dubois to the contrary, that they will vote with the Republicans for the tariff bill. Speaking on the subject Mr. Borrows said: "I have every reason to believe that while these gentlemen have announced themselves as silver Republicans, they will co-operate with their colleagues of the Republican party on this line, and when we have secured such legislation as will supply the Treasury with necessary revenue for Government support, it will be time enough to take up the silver question. I suppose this proclamation of the silver party has reference more particularly to the campaign of 1900 and I confidently believe that before that time the country will be in such a state of prosperity that the silver question will not be able to engage to any extent the attention of the public."

There was a general feeling of relief when it was announced that the Senate Committee on public lands had, after investigating the matter, reported that the land patent issued to Mr. Perrine, the step-father of Mrs. Cleveland, was issued in accordance with the law and precedents controlling such matters.

Representative Murray's request for an investigation of the last election in South Carolina has been referred to the next House as an important matter demanding the consideration of Congress.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

TEETHING TROUBLES

are controlled and cured by

LAUGHLIN'S

INFANT CORDIAL

If the baby comes safely through the teething period its most dangerous time is past. The Cordial relieves the tingling ache of the little gums, controls the bowels, cures colic—brings safely out of danger.

Every bottle guaranteed.

All druggists, 25 cents.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Prop's, WHEELING, W. VA.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.* is on every wrapper.

Farmers,

Look to Your Interests.

The Oakland Flouring Mill is now ready to grind a million bushels of buckwheat. The best equipped mill in the county; all latest improved machinery. Can give either

Burrh or Roller Process Flour.

Mr. E. A. Dudley, who has charge, has been a life-long miller, and knows how to make a good turnout of buckwheat flour

Don't fail to give him a Trial. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Will make arrangements with all the Oakland merchants to buy your flour at big sales. Don't fail to give the Oakland Mills a trial.

Don't forget the place, Water street, formerly owned by the late H. A. Rasche.

Yours obediently,

THE OAKLAND MILLS.

51-1yr.

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10. Westernport, Md.

TIN, SLATE and STEEL

ROOFING,

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.

PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.

REPIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.

SPOUTING, ETC.

WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH, MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

SHARTZER & BOLDEN

OAKLAND, MD.,

DEALERS IN

Furniture,
Carpets,
Matting,
Oil Cloth,
Window Shades,
Wall Paper,

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Repairing Furniture and Picture Framing a Specialty.

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

Removal.

I, the undersigned, have removed my place of business from the Loar building to the Ravenscroft (Mayers) building on Railroad street, where I will continue to carry a well assorted stock of

JEWELRY,

and give special attention to the repairing of watches, clocks, etc.

Give me a call. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

H. C. SMOUSE.

29—2m

DR. J. G. ROBINSON, DENTIST, Felty Building, Opposite Postoffice, OAKLAND, MD.

GAS ADMINISTERED. 50-97

THE

Maryland Building and Loan Association

of Garrett County

OFFICERS

ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencie

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.

EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.

T. R. TARSKADON, Keyser, W. Va.

MOUNTAIN STATE

Business College,

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent free (postal). Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,

FANCY STATIONERY,

DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.

31—26

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr D. L. Conneway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Glessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

Andrew B. Gonder, Att'y at Law. Alexander C. Mason, Surveyor.

GONDER & MASON,
-: REAL :- ESTATE -: AGENTS, :-
OAKLAND, MD.

40—1yr. Office, Sharizer's Opera House.

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.

This is to give notice that the firm of Whetzell & Hall, composed of Mrs. Isabelle Whetzell and A. W. Hall, doing a general lumber manufacturing and general merchandise business at Kearney, Md., has this day been dissolved by mutual agreement, Mrs. Whetzell retiring.

The business will be continued by A. W. Hall.

MRS. ISABELLE WHETZELL.
A. W. HALL.

Kearney, Md., Jan. 16, 1897. 46—3t.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

JULIUS C. RENNINGER, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 15—1yr

---

FRED A. THAYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED, & SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

---

EDWARD H. SINCELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. 88 '96

GILMOR S. HAMILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1614-1y

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W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON OAKLAND, MD.

Residence on North 3rd Street.

Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

N. W. McCOMAS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.

Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8:30 p. m.

H. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.

Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,

Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate. P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

---

THOMAS R. McHORIE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street.

All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

---

E. J. FRANTZ,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Residence and P. O. Address,

2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate

Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.

AUCTIONEER:

Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1896.

ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 10-1yr.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,

SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, sidewalks, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including Iron ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 29tf

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THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

P. E. DEFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.

Prompt attention to collections. 112

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Jan. 21, 1897.

The County Commissioners of Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on

Tuesday, February 9th,

to transact all business that may properly come before them. They will also at this session act as a Board of Control and Review.

By order of the Board,

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. CARTHRIGHT

C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,

PLANING MILLS,

And BUILDING MATERIALS,

MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

38 13

Many Persons are broken down from overwork or household cares. **Brown's Iron Bitters** Rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. Get the genuine.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1897. NUMBER 1.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Jones & Grant, buyers of junk. 52 4

Mr. W. A. Daily was at Piedmont Saturday.

Good roads mean as much as good crops to the farmer.

WANTED, a chambermaid, white preferred, Glades Hotel.

The March term of the Circuit court adjourned to-day.

Mr. Silas C. Beachy, of Bittinger, was in town this morning.

Episcopal services at Loch Lynn Heights Sunday at 3.30 p. m.

Mr. Robert Russell, of Barton, was a caller at this office on last Thursday.

Wanted to buy, a good second-hand stave (saw) machine. Address, P. T. Michael, Westernport, Md. 1-3t.

Mrs. J. L. Peters, who is now residing in Frostburg, was in town a few days this week.

Mr. W.A. Michaels, of near Westernport, was a caller at this office on Monday of this week.

For Blacksmithing, Naylor is the place to have it done. Special cut prices for thirty days. 52 3.

Senator R. A. Ravenscroft was in the city Monday shaking hands with his many friends.

Misses Nellie and Julia Stanton attended the funeral of M. C. Dunn at Rowlesburg, W. Va., on Sunday last.

Miss Mattie Porter will open a private school in the Oakland school building on Monday, March 29th. 1

Mr. A. L. Spiker, whose home is at Mt. Lake Park, is working in the P. & O. car shops at Piedmont.

Mr. Elmer J. Cook, an attorney of Towson, Baltimore county, was in the city this morning.

Services in the Garrett Memorial church next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Subject, Abraham and Lot.

Charles D. Smith will open a private school at the close of public school, March 29th. Charge of tuition proportionate to grade. 52-4t.

Mr. Benj. H. Sincell has been appointed a member of the local consul for Garrett county, Maryland Division L. A. W.

Mr. C. A. Bender, a Grantsville merchant, was in town to-day laying in his stock of spring goods.—Cumberland Times.

Ex-Sheriff Charles Wegman stopped off in Oakland a few hours Monday on his way home from the inauguration.

A force of B. & O. carpenters are putting down a new platform on the south side of the tracks at the depot here.

Mr. T. B. Thomas, representing the Chamberlain Medicine Co., of Des Moines, Iowa, paid Oakland his regular annual visit last week.

J. B. Sommerville, of Wheeling, and Geo. M. Whitescarver, of Grafton, were registered at the Glades last Thursday.

Judge Sloan came up from Cumberland on Monday morning and presided over the criminal trials, which came up this week in the circuit court.

One Minute is all the time necessary to decide from personal experience that One Minute Cough Cure does what its name implies. Oakland Pharmacy.

A man need not worry if his sweetheart looks unusually thin these days. She is not going into a decline. It is only the new style sleeves that makes her narrower.

Naylor's line of vehicles will be complete this year. Buggies from $25 up; over two car loads of vehicles bought. Will have a nice line on hand March 20th. Get prices before buying elsewhere. 52 3.

On account of the sickness of Rev. Butler, Rev. S. M. Engle went to Piedmont on Tuesday to conduct the funeral exercises of Mrs. Lampas, a member of the Lutheran congregation at that place.

Mr. Benj. H. Sincell came home from his trip to Mexico Monday morning. The same morning he went to Washington to join his wife who has been spending a couple of weeks in that city.

Don't allow the lungs to be impaired by the continuous irritation of a cough. It is easier to prevent consumption than to cure it. One Minute Cough Cure taken early will ward off any lung trouble. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Sudruth, who has had charge of Loar & Co.'s photograph gallery at this place for several months, has shipped the materials to Kingwood, and will close up the gallery at this place for some time.

It is surprising what a "wee bit of a thing" can accomplish. Sick headache, constipation, dyspepsia, sour stomach, dizziness, are quickly banished by DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Small pill. Safe pill. Best pill. Oakland Pharmacy.

Messrs. W. G. Miller and M. Baer, of Lonaconing were in Oakland the first of this week attending court.

Judge Edward Stake came up from Hagerstown Tuesday evening and is assisting Judge Sloan on the bench.

Torturing, itching, scaly skin eruptions, burns and scalds are soothed at once and promptly healed by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the best known cure for piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Fleming Dudley, who has been operating the Oakland mills the past summer, has closed up his business here and will return to his home at Fairmont, W. Va., to-day.

E. E. Turner, of Compton, Mo., writes us that after suffering from piles for seventeen years, he completely cured them by using three boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cures eczema and severe skin diseases. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, wife of the eminent American divine, died at her home in Stamford, Conn., on Monday of this week. Her death occured on the tenth anniversary of the death of her illustrious husband.

If you have ever seen a child in the agony of croup, you can appreciate the gratitude of the mothers who know that One Minute Cough Cure relieves their little ones as quickly as it is administered. Many homes in this city are never without it. Oakland Pharmacy.

Services at the Episcopal chapel, 6th and Alder streets, Sunday next at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m., and daily during Lent at 8 a. m. and 7 p. m. A cordial welcome to all. Rev. Wm. Brayshaw, Rector.

Miss Wright, of Frostburg, who has been visiting the Misses Miller at this place for two or three weeks, returned home Monday. She was accompanied by Misses Susie and Maggie Miller, who will visit friends and relatives at Frostburg for some time.

Many cases of "Grippe" have lately been cured by One Minute Cough Cure. This preparation seems especially adapted to the cure of this disease. It acts quickly, thus preventing serious complications and bad effects in which this disease often leaves the patient. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. William M. Weller, son of Dr. J. M. Weller, who was at Oakland as a witness in the suit of Humbird vs. the City of Cumberland, returned to Lima, O., yesterday. Mr. Weller was city engineer when the work upon which the suit was based was performed.—Cumb. News.

They are so small that the most sensitive persons take them, they are so effective that the most obstinate cases of constipation, headache and torpid liver yield to them. That is why DeWitt's Little Early Risers are known as the famous little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

Some people did not seem to like the advertisement last week of "The Jay from Jaysville" Co. We are not always supposed to voice the sentiment of our advertising patrons. When a man or company pays for an advertisement we like to print it to suit his notion as long as it is in the bounds of decency.

Governor Lowndes feels very much gratified by the fine appearance and behavior of the Maryland troops in the inaugural parade. He said they looked and behaved splendidly and were highly complimented for their fine drilling and marching. It is thought they will be complimented in an official order.

All last winter Mr. Geo. A. Mills, of Lebanon, Conn., was badly afflicted with rheumatism. At times it was so severe that he could not stand up straight, but was drawn over on one side. "I tried different remedies without receiving relief," he says, "until about six months ago I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. After using it for three days my rheumatism was gone and has not returned since." For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The old and ever popular drama "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will be presented to the people of Oakland on Wednesday March 17th. Stowe's company which will present the piece, is said to be the finest that has ever appeared in this city, and has extra accessories to the drama proper among them being a band of colored jubilee singers, banjo players, several Siberian blood hounds, donkeys, ponies, two full brass bands and a fine set of special scenery. Admission, 25, 35 and 50 cts.

A canvass among the druggists of this place reveals the fact that Chamberlain's are the most popular proprietary medicines sold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, especially, is regarded as in the lead of all throat trouble remedies, and as such is freely prescribed by physicians. As a croup medicine, it is also unexcelled, and most families with young children keep a bottle always handy for instant use. The editor of the *Graphic* has repeatedly known Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to do the work after all other medicines had failed.—The Kimball S. D. GRAPHIC. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Last season Ike L. Hall, druggist of West Lebanon, Indiana, sold four gross of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and says every bottle of it gave perfect satisfaction. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Since the Opera House has come under the management of Mr. John Shartzer and his gentlemanly and deservedly popular assistant, Mr. H. N. Wilson, the interests of our theater-going people have been well cared for. Shows of questionable reputation have been given the cold shoulder, and no contracts have been signed until the company applying could prove to Mr. Shartzer that they were up to the standard. For this the theater goers are grateful. They will prove it by their patronage.—Piedmont Independent.

President McKinley, it appears, is a farmer, and knows how it feels to be in hard luck. The story is that he has a farm of 163 acres about twenty miles from Canton, which has been anything but profitable. It is said that last year he could get nothing for his apples, but little for his wool, and his corn did not bring near enough to pay the cost of cultivation. The drought destroyed his wheat crop and the spring rains drowned his young turkeys. Chicken cholera carried off the chickens and a commission merchant failed to make any return for a carload of produce sent to him for sale. If this sad tale is true, then the farmers have, or ought to have, a sympathetic friend in the White House.

The Great New York Racket Department Store, Friendsville, Md., Wm. Frederick Jr., & Son, Proprietors, has just received the largest and best selected stock of goods ever brought to this town, which we will sell at the lowes price ever offered in this market. We have anything and everything, from a needle up. All the best ten cent prints at five cents; ten cent ginghams five cents; 25 envelopes two cents; 12 lead pencils, two cents; tin cups, two cents; and everything else proportionately cheap.*

The Projectograph.

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this week the people of Oakland had the privilege of witnessing a novel and instructive entertainment. By the projectograph, which was an original idea of a French inventor and perfected by our own great genius Edison, life motion and action are pictured on canvas. Among the scenes were the fury of the waves at Long Branch, cavalry charge and drills at West Point, the Royal Blue line running at seventy miles an hour, and many other amusing and interesting scenes. In the cavalry drill a hundred horses and riders came dashing forward at a terrific rate of speed, all life size and apparently natural in life and motion. So true to nature was the picture that as the host of phantom riders drew near, the audience instinctively shrank back as though fearful of being run over.

The company has an artist in the person of Prof. Dale, who entertains the audience between pictures with selections on different instruments. His violin imitations were most praiseworthy. The entertainment is refined and high-class in every respect.

New Millinery Store.

April 1st, Mrs. W. H. Malette will open a new and fine line of millinery goods in the new building on Main and Railroad streets. She has had five years experience in this line and can please the most fastidious. Her stock will comprise Chicago, Baltimore, Wheeling and Pittsburg styles. She will leave for the different cities shortly to select her stock. 52-4t.

Married.

REBOLLO—CARROLL.—On Tuesday March 2nd, at 3 o'clock p. m. at St. Theresa's church, Anacostia, D. C., by the Rev. M. S. Sullivan, Elizabeth A. Carroll, of Altamont, Garrett county, to Harry A. Rebollo, of New York City. The couple took an evening train for the latter city.

Call for Your Letters.

Chas. E. Baker, Henry Bennett, Alfred Townshend, John Savage, Miss Hattie O'Brien, Miss Fannie Hetrick, Miss Jennie Basle.

Not to be Trifled With.
(From Cincinnati Gazette.)

Will people never learn that a cold is an accident to be dreaded, and that when it occurs treatment should be promptly applied? There is no knowing where the trouble will end; and while complete recovery is the rule, the exceptions are terribly frequent, and thousands upon thousands of fatal illnesses occur every year ushered in by a little injudicious exposure and seemingly trifling symptoms. Beyond this, there are to-day countless invalids who can trace their complaints to "colds," which at the time of occurrence gave no concern, and were therefore neglected. When troubled with a cold use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is prompt and effectual.

25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Grand Jury Report.

The following report was made by the Grand Jury for the March term of the circuit court for Garrett county:

To the Honorable, the Judges of the Circuit Court for Garrett County:

The grand Jury elected to serve for the present term of court, submit the following report:

We have examined all witness that came before us, found such presentments as we felt were proper subjects for investigation by the court and jury. We have examined the county buildings and offices in same and find them kept in good order and sanitary conditions so far as same can be done without important changes.

The jail we find totally inadequate for the accomodation of the prisoners, there being at present two persons confined in each narrow cell or cage. We would recommend the urgent necessity of the building of a larger jail and sheriff's building.

We would also insist that the present stable and out buildings connected with the jail, which are situated not more than ten feet from the well should be removed at once to the farthest limits of the lot from the jail building and well, as the filtering of the filth of the stable and outbuildings cannot but contaminate the well water, thereby making and producing sickness among the inmates. We would call the especial attention of the proper authorities to the very filthy and dilapidated condition of the water closets connected with the court house, and insist that prompt attention should be given in the matter, and new buildings be built with proper sanitary appliances connected therewith.

We would further recommend, that the county commissioners should take prompt steps to better protect the county records, such as are kept in the commissioners' office and the office of the board of supervisors of election.

We find that the recommendations of the former grand jurors so far as the jail building is concerned have not been acted on properly, while feeble and inadequate attempts have been made, to mitigate some of the sanitary conditions, which attempts have been on a penny-wise and pound-foolish plan, and the present grand jury feel that there should some authority be used to compel the county authorities to make the proper improvements so badly needed.

We find the records and books of the offices of the county carefully and neatly kept.

The present court house is not such as in our opinion meets the requirements and needs of the county, and we would recommend that the same with all the other county buildings connected therewith be sold and a new and more eligible and convenient site be procured and new and more commodious buildings be erected. We would suggest that a farm or lot be procured at some convenient point in the county, where the poor and indigent sick of the county could be more properly cared for, that we think at much less expense to the tax-payers of the county than under the present plan.

And we hereby express our thanks to the Honorable Judges and the efficient States' Attorney, together with the officers of the court for the uniform courtesy and attention the grand jury has received from them.

A. G. STURGISS, Foreman.
GEORGE H. FULMER, Clerk.

To Operate a Tannery.

An effort is being made by some of Barton's and Lonaconing's business men to organize a stock company to operate the Orr tannery at Barton.

As the raw material is to be had in abundance and at a low price, the tannery will no doubt prove a good investment, besides furnishing employment for a number of men.

Although hampered by a lack of capital, Wm. Orr & Sons have conducted this tannery very successfully for the past six years, and established a good trade which could be enjoyed by their successors, and with sufficient capital they could greatly enlarge this trade and increase the output.

Extensive harness factories are operated in Baltimore and Philadelphia, and would afford a good market for all the stock produced. Both bark and hides can be purchased at a lower price in Barton than in leather centers like Pittsburg, and this advantage alone should insure a good investment.—Lonaconing Review.

Died.

JARBOE.—At the home of her parents in Mt. Lake Park, on Tuesday, March 9th, 1897, Miss Tina, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Jarboe, aged about fifteen. The funeral occurred yesterday, interment being made in the Odd Fellow's cemetery, Oakland.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

For sale by

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

BUCKING

against a severe Cough or Cold is like tackling the business end of a Goat.

But if you will use a bottle of

HONEY-TOLU

the business end of a Cough or Cold will stand no show. It is the only remedy that a Cough or Cold cannot buck against.

Dealers all sell it. Large Bottles, 25 Cents.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following is a list of transfers recorded in the clerk's office for the month of February:

John W. Clayton and wife to Jordan Devalt, parts of lot No. 1920; $350.

Charles Perry and wife to Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Co., part of allotment No. 9, 51¼ acres; $800.

Floyd S. Cline and wife to Ida C. Crentzburg, lot No. 1067 and part of military lots 1066 and 1068, 60¾ acres; $1150.

C. M. Miller and wife to Isaac T. Fitzwater, 34¼ acres; $205.

A. A. Knabb and Henry Krug to James Wakefield, military lot 2969; $200.

Wm. H. Hall to John S. Hardesty, part of "Stony Ridge" and "Herrington Manor," 49 acres; $588.

C. M. Miller and wife to Alexander Moon, 70¾ acres; $496.

Taylor Morrison, receiver, to The E. J. Fredlock Manufacturing and Building Company, 48 acres; $50.

Chas. F. Mayer and wife to Richard S. McCulloch, two undivided ninths' interest in lot of land in Garrett county; $1.

G. W. Delawder and wife to James A. Delawder, ⅛ interest in and to military lots 1766, 1768, 1772, 1776, 1789, 1791, 1793, 1794, 1795, 1796 and 1797; $215.

John P. Hubbard et al. to John F. Ridder, part of Bank lot, 309 acres more or less; $300.

John Shartzer, substituted trustee, to Alexander Lower, military lot 1005, containing 50 acres; $400.

G. W. Delawder and wife to Jonas Glotfelty, 296¾ acres of land; $2500.

Geo. S. McCulloh and wife to Jas. W. McCulloh; lots Nos. 1252, 361, 363, 364, 371, 377, containing 390 acres; $300.

James W. McCulloh and wife to William Macgill, lots Nos. 361, 363 and 364; $500.

Fred. A. Thayer, attorney in fact, to Charles Tusing, lot of ground in "East End" of Oakland; $200.

Elizabeth Albright and husband to William A. Smith, all their undivided interest in lots 1666, 1697, 1668 and 1669; $150.

A New March—A Special Musical Gift to All Readers of Our Paper.

The very latest musical composition to enlist popular approval is "The Broad Street Conservatory March," composed by a young Philadelphian, Roland H. Smith, a pupil of the popular institution to whom his work is dedicated. It is highly inspiring, suggestive as it is of the popular marches written by Sousa. It has been played by all the leading theatre orchestras, and concert bands in the Quaker City, and the seaside and mountain resorts. The piano part of this excellent march has just been issued, and through a special arrangement with the author we are enabled to present a copy free to every reader of this paper who will send name and address, enclosing this notice and 6 cents in stamps to cover mailing and postage, to the Broad Street Conservatory of Music, 1331 South Broad Street, Philadelphia. The retail price of the March is forty cents, and this is an offer that should be appreciated by our musical friends.

For Sale.

The Mehan farm near Oakland; 122 acres; two houses, good orchard, well watered. Any person wishing to buy call on J. R. Bishop, Oakland, or James Mehan on the farm. 1-3t.

Girl Shot From Ambush.

Rachel Tanner, the pretty daughter of Nathan Tanner, was cruelly shot by an unknown person Sunday morning. She was standing on the porch of her father's farm house a few miles from Kingwood, W. Va., when, without warning, a shot from the bushes above the house sent her reeling too the floor. A rifle ball had pierced her left breast, which will doubtless cause her death. The young woman was able to tell her parents where she had seen the smoke from the gun, and the search revealed the tracks of the assassin behind the clump of bushes. The tracks were followed to the road and lost.

The family is well to do, the young woman is popular in the neighborhood and her friends are making every effort to arrest the would-be murderer. It is said Miss Tanner is the principal witness in a law suit and that threats were made against her life, and another is that the tracks indicated that a woman had done the deed. Miss Tanner has a rival who may have fired the shot, thereby hoping to gain the hand and affection of her mountain lover. Blood hounds have been sent for to trail the murderer down.

Communicated.

To the Editor of The Republican.

As this is the era of the "new woman," and she is allowed the privilege of not only studying, but practicing the laws which govern herself and property, I would urge upon my sister women to avail themselves of this opportunity, that they may know how to act in time of necessity. I acknowledge the law is a mighty power, a moving power, and if it was infallible, we could "sit securely under own vine and fig-tree and none could molest." We remember the quaint verses to the "Heathen Chinee:" "For deeds that are dark and ways that are vain, the Heathen Chinee is very peculiar." The moral is obvious. We are in the dark; let us be enlightened. There are several things I find it hard to understand, and suppose I must study them out. Is said we rise to higher planes on stepping stones of our dead selves; our experience may be helpful to others; failures end in victory; footprints are not always washed out—

"Footprints that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked sister
Seeing may take heart again."

Oakland, March 9. A. C. T.

Many Persons are broken down from overwork or household cares. **Brown's Iron Bitters** Rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. Get the genuine.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD

"YAP."

I've got a little yaller dog, a wuthless sort
er chap,
That jest ain't good fer nuthin' but ter eat
and sleep and "yap."
Fer all round gen'ral uselessness, I never
see his beat,
And yet he makes more fuss and noise than
all the farm complete.
There ain't a mite er sense inside that yaller
hide er his,
And as he ain't no good, he likes to pester
them that is.
The critters all despise him but there ain't
one but feels
A little bit oneasy when he's "yappin' "
round their heels.

Yer see, he loves ter sneak around behind
'em, out er sight,
And give a sudden snap and snarl, as if he
meant ter bite:
Of course, they know it wouldn't hurt and
only means to scare,
But still it worries 'em ter know the little
cuss is there.
And if they do git nervous like and try ter
hit him back
He swells up so with pride it seems as if his
skin would crack.
And he's ten times wuss than ever, so they
find it doesn't pay,
But let him keep on "yappin' " till he's tired
and goes away.

There's lots of people built like him; yer see
'em everywhere
Who, 'cause they ain't no use themselves,
can't somehow seem to bear
Ter see another feller rise, but in their
petty spite
And natural meanness snarl and snap,
and show they'd like ter bite.
They don't come out in front like men and
squarely speak their mind,
But, like that worthless yaller pup, they're
hangin' round behind.
They're little and contemptible, but if yer
make a slip,
It must be bothersome to know they'll take
that chance ter nip.

But there, perhaps it isn't right ter mind
'em after all,
Perhaps we orter thank the Lord our souls
aren't quite so small.
And they, with all their snonkin' ways,
must be, I rather guess,
The thorns that prick yer fingers, round the
roses er success,
Fer, when yer come ter think of it, they
never bark until
A feller's really started and a good ways up
the hill.
So, if I was climbin' up ter fame, I wouldn't
care a rap,
But I'd think I was somebody, when the
curs begun to "yap."
—Joe Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

THE WRONG MAN.

BY G. B. DENHAM.

WHEN our foreman went away to the Northwest territory to find a cattle range unspoiled by settlers, Robert was put in charge of the ranch. This was equivalent to a promotion of Biddy, also, for the Missourian, whose bony frame had been built from the limestone waters of his native state, was still a partisan and protector of the sappy youngster from northern Vermont.

"You are a Canadian pony, and I am a Hambletonian," said Robert; "but if we like to trot together, I guess the other horses on this range will have to take our dust."

The friendship between these two men was founded on complementary qualities, and only a woman could break it. The woman in this instance was Miss Bell, the school-teacher at the Bend.

The burned child dreads the fire, but a bird will return and again dash into the flames. Robert's encounter with the fair fence-cutter was like flame to the bird. He sought an introduction and forthwith became a suitor for her hand. Biddy, the only one in camp who took it upon himself to criticise any act of Robert's, remonstrated with him.

"You are a bird, aren't you?" said he; "the girl mesmerized you once, she'll hundoozle you for twice, and bounce you for three times. What do you mean to do?"

"I mean to marry her if she will have me," replied Robert, simply. "Yes, I know I told you plenty times that a cowboy has no business to marry, and that's right, but I'm an exception. I don't know how, and I don't know why, but I know I'm hit hard. I got to have her."

So Robert, big, sulking, 40 years old, was in love for the first time in his whole life. If force and earnestness avail, he should win.

Less forceful, less earnest, half as old, Biddy was in the same plight. His advice to Robert to let the girl alone was in good faith; he thought it the best thing—for Robert, but he had a bad case of "physician, heal thyself" upon his hands. He, too, was resolved to win and marry Miss Bell. He did not say so to Robert, so hard is it for most men to be open in a love affair, and for a time Robert knew nothing of it. Everyone else saw it, and Scotty told Biddy he had better stand from under.

"If you lock horns with Robert," said he, "he'll get you down and walk all over your frame." And Scotty added some reflections on the law of supply and demand. "If there were 20 school-ma'ams round here, you would not look at one of them, but because there is only one, you are fixing to get your skin so plumb full of bullet holes that the wind won't whistle as it blows through."

Biddy laughed and went his way to call upon Miss Bell and urge his suit.

And Robert went his way, which was the same way, upon the same errand.

I do not know whether Miss Bell gave to either man any manner of encouragement, but as the deadshot is said to add a notch to the marks on his pistol grip for each man he drops, so it is supposable that about this time this young lady increased her list of rejected suitors by the names of these two cowboys.

It was done in her kindest manner, this rejection, and she had said to each: "I am sorry this has occurred, but since you have so honored me, you must come to my wedding. I am to be married next month in the church at Hammond. I shall really feel it if you do not come."

And each man had promised to be there.

It had come to Robert's notice before this time that Biddy was his rival, but with the hope and intention of success strong within him, he had been affected differently from Scotty's forecast. He went straight to Biddy, and told him to "go in and win if you can. I don't want the girl unless I can get her fair and hold her against all comers." But when both had been refused, each man thought the other was accepted, and each waited for the other to broach the subject.

It was a difficult time. There were dark looks, but no explosion. They avoided each other, and this little cloud, no bigger than a woman's hand, seemed about to cover the whole sky. Biddy asked leave of absence, and got it. They did not meet again until the wedding day.

That day found Biddy still storming at fate; but Robert, who had a simpler and stronger nature, had put his own disappointment behind him and was looking forward with pride if not pleasure to his friend's happiness.

What follows is in Robert's words:

"I got there early and took a seat in the back part of the church. Wanted

"THAT'S THE WRONG MAN!"

to be where I could get out of it if my nerve failed me. Many people came in, and at last the bride, looking very beautiful, came out from a side door with three men and stood up in front. And I was proud for Biddy that he was going to have such a fine wife. But I couldn't see him anywhere. And the preacher said any man having an impediment was to step forward.

"Then I looked for Biddy, but he didn't come. I had never before been at a wedding in church, and I thought maybe it was the way to keep him corraled in the little room until the last moment, for fear he would go back onto the old range.

"The preacher went on saying things, and I didn't pay close attention, because I was thinking how pretty she looked, until a bold man in Hereford shirt and low-necked vest took her hand, and the preacher said 'I pronounce you man and wife.'

"Then I jumped up wild. 'Great Scot!' I yelled, 'that's the wrong man!'

"At that instant somebody clapped a hand over my mouth and hustled me out of the church.

"'If you don't want to get shut up for drunk and disorderly,' said Biddy, for he it was who dragged me out, 'stop that racket!'

"'What's up?' I said, soon as I could get my breath. 'Why aren't you in there getting married?'

"'I'm not in there getting married,' said Biddy, 'because she wouldn't have me. I thought you were to marry her to-day.'

"'What me?' says I. 'I never was within a thousand miles of it.'

"'Why didn't you say so, old man?' asked Biddy.

"'Say so yourself,' said I. 'You were dumb as an oyster.'

"Then we both laughed, and while the folks inside were crowding up to the front to congratulate the happy pair, Biddy and me had a hearty handshake on the sidewalk, and we went home together."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Why He Didn't Salute.

"Black Jack" Percival, who was a naval captain before the war, once brought a cargo of Spanish jacks home in a man-of-war. He was in Spanish waters when the jacks were given to the United States by Spain, and was ordered to bring them out in his ship. It made him very angry, but he got the beasts aboard and sailed for New York. When he came through the narrows the guns had been rolled back, and out of every port there stuck a jack's head. Thus decked out and without a salute he came to his anchorage. The admiral commanding sent posthaste to demand why Capt. Percival had not saluted. "I didn't salute," was the doughty captain's answer, "because I couldn't. I had two men twisting every jack's tail, but not a d——d one of them would bray."—Chicago Chronicle.

Would Keep Her Too Busy.

He—I have never kissed you, Alice. Would you put my friendship if I stole just one?

Sue—I might be tempted to, but I was just reading about forgiving seventy times seven offending. Goodness! That's 490.—Detroit Free Press.

Universality of the Mushroom.

Mushrooms grow wild in all parts of the earth, and are as plenty in Siberia as in the tropics.—Chicago Times-Herald.

—Sachets are often made in the form of huge flowers, with the powder stored in the green muslin calyx.

WON BY A BUFFALO RID

The Happy Result of a Daring C——boy's Adventure.

The recent wedding of Myrtle Morrison, the famous Nowlin county (S. D.) girl broncho buster, and Frank Dupree, a part blood Sioux, created quite a sensation among the aristocracy on the Sioux reservation and in adjacent territory. Miss Morrison is a handsome young cowgirl, noted far and near for her proficiency in the art of horse training. She has had many admirers among the frontier beaux, but always declared that she would never marry any man who could not ride, shoot and throw a lariat better than she could, and as such men are extremely scarce it appeared probable that Miss Myrtle was doomed to lead a life of single blessedness. However, last fall, by being scarce on the upper Bad river range, her father removed his family and stock to Big Plum creek, a tributary of the Cheyenne river. Here Myrtle first made the acquaintance of the good-looking, daring young half-breed who since has become her husband.

Frank Dupree is a splendid horseman, a thorough cow hand, and apparently devoid of fear. The Duprees are among the wealthiest stockmen in the state, counting their cattle by the thousands, and Frank, like many other half-bloods of that section, has received a fair education. Still, Myrtle was not much attracted toward the swarthy youth until one day they happened to be riding together and came in sight of a herd of 60 or 70 buffalo, which the Dupree family have raised on their own range from a few calves caught years ago when buffalo meat was the principal article of diet for the entire Sioux nation.

The young couple rode up quite close to the herd before the animals were aware of their presence, and Frank, in a spirit of bravado, urged his broncho alongside of a huge bull buffalo and sprang from his saddle to the animal's back. In an instant the herd was stampeding across the prairie with the old bull leading the van. Dupree's foolhardiness had placed him in an extremely dangerous predicament. If he jumped or fell from the buffalo's back he would certainly be trampled to death by the pursuing herd, and if he retained his seat until the animal became tired and sulky it was equally certain that the brute would make a furious assault upon him the moment he dismounted. So all he could do was to cling to the animal's back and await an opportunity to escape. But it was not until the herd had run fully two miles that he saw the least chance of leaving the back of the novel steed and escaping alive. Fortune at last favored him, and the animal ran for some distance along a deep, narrow washout, with almost perpendicular sides reaching to a height of fully 20 feet. Here Frank started from his seat and slid down the banks of the depression just in time to escape being trampled upon by the closely following herd.

Meanwhile Myrtle had lassoed her companion's horse, and was hurrying after the rapidly retreating buffalo. She reached the spot where Frank had dismounted just as he was climbing, dirty and bedraggled, to the top of the ravine. The cowboy did not feel very proud of his exploit, but nevertheless the little exploit had touched a tender spot in the girl's heart, and a short time ago the bells of the Cherry Creek mission church announced the wedding of this typical frontier couple.—Chicago Chronicle.

Planted by Monks.

At Interlaken, Switzerland, on the deep alluvial soil deposited by the rivers which came down from the great Bernese Oberland, a monastery and nunnery were founded in 1130. The monks planted a grove of walnuts about their buildings and a long avenue connecting the cloister with the neighboring village of Aarmuehle. They had learned from the east and south, no doubt, the value of the rich, fruity oil yielded by the walnuts, and to this day it is pressed in quantities here and used as a substitute for olive oil. The walnut trees still survive, hoary with age, picturesque and venerable, they now line the fashionable promenade, Hoheweg, where the whole world throngs to pay homage to the Jungfrau, crowned with her eternal snows. To-day, within the walls of the old cloister, the present Kries Forester, of Interlaken, has established a little "plant school," where all sorts of seedlings are grown, to be used in the work of protecting the flanks of the mountains against torrents from melted snow. Thus the monks builded better than they knew, and, in a certain sense, the modern forester here is their lineal successor.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Botanical Freak.

One of the curiosities of nature is known as a plant atol. There are but two or three of these known to scientists. This atoll is made up of a circle of growing plants. They are found floating on the top of ponds or lakes. They form a hoop-shaped figure and are loosely matted together at the roots, which make a sort of cup or basin, to which more or less vegetable matter falls or floats. There is a sufficient amount of nutriment in this to keep the plant growing. As it increases, the roots become longer and larger, and in time the plant may anchor itself in the soil at the bottom of the pond. These rings, after many years of accumulation and growth, make what appear to be small islands. It is the opinion of certain scientists that islands may have been formed in this manner. The roots catch all floating vegetables or animal matter. Leaves collect and form mold, and after awhile birds may drop plant or tree seeds on the little pod that floats on the top of the water. These take root and further assist in the growth of the little island. It may take centuries for the plant to come to any size, but with nature a thousand years is but as yesterday.—N. Y. Ledger.

DIPHTHERIA AND CONTAGION.

Some Simple Remedies to Ward Off the Disease.

Outbreaks of this dread disease are becoming so common that it might be well to sound a note of warning to those careful persons who are willing to take the risk of death rather than destroy articles which have been used in the sick-room.

A few weeks ago, a woman living in the suburbs of New York had occasion to take from her store closet a comfortable that had been used upon the bed when one of her children had an attack of diphtheria last year. It was a mild case, and when the child recovered the mother seemed not to realize that there was need of very thorough fumigation and clearing out. She put the comfortable out on the clothesline, and after it had been out for a week she brought it in and put it away, saying that she thought it would be all right after a week's airing. When the cold weather made the use of the comfortable necessary, she put it upon the bed of one of the children, and a week later there was a well-developed case of diphtheria in the house.

Another case was traceable to the use of a piece of red flannel which had been used about a diphtherial patient. The flannel had been thoroughly washed and put away. The following season one of the members of the household found the flannel, and, having need for some strips, tore it up and used a portion as a wrapping. A most malignant case of this dread disease, followed by the death of the sufferer, was the result.

A lad died of the same malady. He was the son of a family in moderate circumstances, and had just become the proud possessor of a very handsome overcoat. It was late in the winter when he died, and the coat was packed away with his other belongings. In the fall the mother decided to present the coat to the son of a neighbor who had been one of the lad's favorite playmates. Ten days after the first wearing of the coat the boy was dead from diphtheria. Instances of this sort might be related by scores to show the danger of putting away garments that have been worn by the victims of this disease. However much one may dislike to do it, there is no alternative other than to destroy all garments that may carry contagion, and more than likely cause an outbreak of the trouble long after all fears have been allayed.

It has been suggested that upon the first appearance of diphtheria in a community the children be allowed to indulge freely in pineapple. This fruit is said to contain an acid that is fatal to the germs of the disease, and frequent partaking of it may ward off trouble or cure light attacks without other treatment. Indeed, pineapple has been employed with most beneficial results in cases where all ordinary remedies had proved unavailing.

At any stage of the illness give the patient all of the juice that can be taken with a relish. If fresh fruit cannot be obtained, the best quality of canned pineapple may be used. It is not thought to be quite as good as the raw fresh pineapple, but answers the purpose very well, and has cured a number of cases that refused to yield to regular remedies.—N. Y. Ledger.

AS TO THE FASHIONS.

A Tailor Explains How Clothes Must Be Built to Be In Style.

The tailor stood the man up on the block and then stood off across the room to study the coat from a little distance. After two or three minutes of reflective observation he shook his head and took a look at it from another direction. Then he came closer, pulled it down a little here, puffed it up a little there, and shook his head again.

"What idiot made that coat?" he asked, at length.

"Don't you like it?" returned the man on the block, very naturally offended at the question.

The tailor shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"Oh, if the man makes no pretense of doing fashionable work," he said, "it will pass.

"But what's the matter with it?" demanded the man on the block.

"Everything," replied the tailor. "There is the collar, for instance."

"Collar!" roared the man on the block. "Why, that lies around my neck as snug and even as anyone could wish."

"No doubt," answered the tailor. "Then if you will turn to the glass you can see the absurdity of the back."

After a careful inspection the man on the block announced that it looked to him as smooth as a board.

"There isn't a wrinkle in it," he said.

"Very likely," responded the tailor. "And then," he added, "there is the crowning absurdity of the body of the coat and the way it hangs when buttoned."

"It's perfectly comfortable, not too loose and doesn't wrinkle," protested the man on the block.

"That is apparent to anyone," admitted the tailor.

"Then what's the matter with it?"

"Why, principally just the points that I have enumerated," said the tailor. "To put it more briefly and in a little plainer language, I might say that, from the standpoint of the present fashions, the fault lies in the fact that it fits. What you need if you are going into society is a coat that has been fitted to an open umbrella and that won't touch you anywhere except on the shoulders. If it looks well on you, you may put it down at once as decidedly out of date."—Chicago Post.

What Clara Liked Best.

Mother—Clara, I don't like that young Mr. Huggard coming here so often.

Clara (who likes Huggard but wishes to give her mother a different opinion)—Yes, I am always glad when the time comes for him to go.

"Yes, I know why, too."

"And why, Mr. Clever?"

"Because he always kisses you at the front door when he goes."—The Graphic.

LIQUOR FROM THE CACTUS.

Tizwin, the Favorite Tipple of Southwestern Indians.

Tizwin is the intoxicant produced among the most uncivilized Indian tribes that live away up in the mountains, over 200 miles from civilization, on the border land between Arizona and Mexico. It is made from the fruit of the giant cactus of the hot deserts of the southwest territories, known as sahuara fruit. Tizwin is in common use or abuse among the southern Arizona Indian tribes. The fluid has recently been analyzed by the scientific experts sent to the southwest by the Smithsonian institution to study the mode of life of the most primitive savages in the union. It has been found beyond any doubt that the tizwin of the Indians to-day is manufactured in exactly the same way as in the days of the aborigines of this region long before the white men came to these shores from the old world.

Thus another stigma is removed from the long-suffering white man, who has been accused by the Bostonians of teaching his poor red brother the use of fire water. With the facts before us it appears not only probable, but certain, that for years before Columbus discovered America and contracted the disgraceful habit of chewing and smoking tobacco from the natives, the art of painting things red was well known in the quiet streets of the Zuni villages and the avenues of the seven cities of Cibola. It was doubtless, even at that venerable date, no uncommon sight for the good savage housewife to see the partner of her joys and sorrows come reeling to the doorstep making night hideous with drunken song.

The sahuara (Cereus giganteus) is the largest and most remarkable of the cactus family, and is peculiar to Arizona. Travelers through the territory see thousands of these giant tree cacti from the car windows. They abound in the hot, sandy wastes. The sahuara blossoms in October and early November, having large, starlike flowers of pure white, with a golden center. In December the fruit is ripe. It is pear-shaped, being attached to the limb at its pointed end, and when mature turns a brilliant red and splits open at the top and sides, like a chestnut burr, exposing to view a luscious red morsel of pulp filled with minute black seeds. It resembles strawberry jam in taste it is slightly like the raspberry, though not so sweet.

As soon as the fruit ripens the squaws and children travel miles over mountain and plain to gather it in large baskets, which they carry on their heads. As these giant cacti are from 10 to 50 feet in height, much of the fruit is out of their reach and is left for the woodpeckers and bluejays, which are extravagantly fond of it, and frequently indulge to such an extent as to become stupefied and unable to fly for a time. The squaws, however, easily gather as much as they want from the smaller plants by means of long, thin poles, with hooks lashed at the ends, with which they pull down the fruit.

The gathered fruit is deposited day by day at a common center, where it is pressed and the juice collected into large earthen ollas, where a modicum of water is added. These ollas are stored in a closed, dark room, where a slow fire is kept up for several days until the liquid begins to show a foam on top, which is a sign that it is fermenting. It has then attained the desired intoxicating power, and ward passes from mouth to mouth and from village to village.

As soon as the welcome news arrives all hands knock off various other kinds of loating and hasten to the tizwin camp to put in their time around the improvised barroom, stupefying themselves with frequent draughts of the liquor and dancing or fighting between drinks. The squaws and children, who are never allowed to join in the revelry, manage to get their fun out of the affair by climbing to the low roofs of the wickiups and viewing the drunken revels of their lords and masters. Thus the orgie continues night and day until the supply is exhausted; and by this time the passions of the Indians, naturally fierce and cruel, having been inflamed a hundredfold, some one in the crowd utters a war whoop, and they leap on their ponies and are off on a raid against the whites.

The Apache at best is but a devil, but when his blood is heated with tizwin the father of evil himself is a refined gentleman in comparison.

As sahuara fruit ripens only once a year, it is a whole twelvemonth between drinks with the Indians, and all their worst outbreaks have occurred in the tizwin camp. The old settlers who still manage to worry along in this sunny clime have good reason to remember tizwin time and its regular recurrence every summer. To them it recalls many a fierce outbreak of the bloodthirsty Apaches.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Delicious Fruit Meat.

Select oranges with perfect skins, wipe them with a damp cloth and weigh them. Peel the fruit by taking the skin off in quarters and then cut it into straws. Cover the cut peel with hot water and let it cook 15 minutes. Drain all the water and again cover the peel with hot water and boil until the straws are tender. Meanwhile put into a preserving kettle the weight of the fruit in granulated sugar and squeeze over it the juice of the orange. Put the kettle over the back of the fire where the sugar will slowly dissolve. When the liquid boils put in the cooked straws and boil 20 minutes. Put the peel into jelly glasses and when it is cold cover.—Good Housekeeping.

Athletic.

Maude—Do you know, Mr. Jenkins fainted last night at the dance, and would have fallen if I hadn't caught him in my arms?"

Alice—Yes; I met him to-day, and he told me he had been suffering from the effects of the grip.—Up-to-Date.

March

April, May are the best months in which to purify, vitalize and enrich the blood and prevent and cure all spring humors, and the best medicine for this purpose is

Hood's

Sarsaparilla The One True Blood Purifier.
Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills act easily, promptly and effectively. 25 cents.

Every real nice old lady should have her picture taken with her Bible in her hands. It gives the people an added respect for the Bible.—Atchison Globe.

Specially Remember

That the Cleveland, Akron & Columbus R'y., is still selling round trip tickets between all stations on its line, good going and returning Sunday, at a rate of one fare for the round trip. Ask any agent for particulars, or write to C. F. Daly, General Passenger Agent, Cleveland, O.

It is impossible to discourage the man, who has learned in whatsoever condition he finds himself, therewith to be content.—Ram's Horn.

Over the Precipice

Hosts of invalids tumble to destruction simply because they will exercise no discretion in the matters of eating, drinking and the avoidance of exciting causes, and, above all, in the item of medication. They persist in dosing themselves in season and out of season with drastic and violent remedies, opiates and mineral poisons. The best, the safest, the pleasantest substitute for such hurtful no-remedies is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, potent for malarial, rheumatic, dyspeptic, nervous and bilious complaints.

A man who weighs more than 160 pounds pays the fiddler double price when he dances.—Atchison Globe.

Free Farm Labor Bureau.

In order to assist the thousands of unemployed men in Chicago, the Workingmen's Home, at 42 Custom House Place, has established a Free Labor Bureau, and is prepared to furnish men to farmers and others in all parts of the country without expense to either. Employers applying should state definitely as to the kind of work, wages to be paid, and if railway fare will be advanced. Address Labor Bureau, Workingmen's Home, 42 Custom House Place, Chicago, Ill.

A man who will go a block out of his way to shake hands with everybody he sees is no better friend than some who hardly take time to speak.—Washington Democrat.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed. 50c and $1.00, all druggists.

It takes a hot fire to purify gold.—Ram's Horn.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets candy cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made.

About half a man's time is taken up signing petitions and protests.—Atchison Globe.

A Wonderful Statement

From Mrs. McGillas to Mrs. Pinkham.

I think it my duty, dear Mrs. Pinkham, to tell you what your wonderful Compound has done for me.

I was dreadfully ill—the doctors said they could cure me but failed to do so.

I gave up in despair and took to my bed. I had dreadful pains in my heart, fainting spells, sparks before my eyes—and sometimes I would get so blind, I could not see for several minutes.

I could not stand very long without feeling sick and vomiting. I could not breathe a long breath without screaming, my heart pained so.

I also had female weakness, inflammation of ovaries, painful menstruation, displacement of the womb, itching of the external parts, and ulceration of the womb. I have had all these complaints.

The pains I had to stand were something dreadful. My husband told me to try a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine, which I did, and after taking it for a while, was cured. No other kind of medicine for me as long as you make Compound. I hope every woman who suffers will take your Compound and be cured.—Mrs. J. S. McGillas, 113 Kilburn avenue, Rockford, Ill.

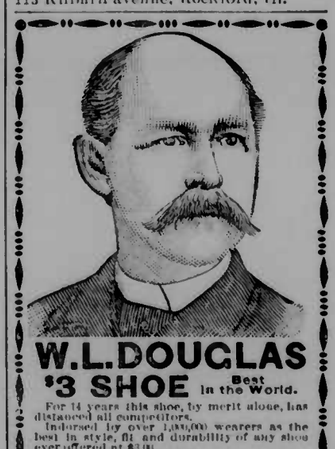

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Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers as the best in style, fit and durability of any shoe ever offered at $3.00.
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TEMPERANCE.

WHY HE TOOK THE PLEDGE.

John Elliott Discovers the Weakness of the Flesh.

It was at the close of one of a series of temperance lectures given by one who had himself been a victim of the drink habit. His last sentence had been: "And if there is one present here who feels himself so strong, so secure in his convictions, that he has no reason to say and put it down on paper, so that all who read may see: 'God helping me, I will not taste as a beverage any intoxicating drink,' I can only say, let him who thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

As John Elliott heard these words he looked up in surprise at the speaker and smiled. "A little overzealous," he thought—and then as the time had come for those who wished to go forward and sign the pledge he turned to the young man sitting beside him and said: "Come, my friend, better make up your mind to sign to-night. I am sure that you will find it a help."

"And you have signed it yourself, I suppose, John?" said the other, in whose handsome yet weak face a look of determination had come. "You have found it a 'help,' as you say."

"Why, no, Will, I have not; I will tell you why. The pledge is designed for those who are tempted to drink—especially those already under its influence. Now, you see, I am in neither of these classes. I have never drank, never intend to, don't want to; so it hardly seems to be the thing for me to put myself on paper in a way which would mean to others something not true in my case; do you see it?"

"Yes, I see it," said Will, with a short, bitter laugh. "I have been there myself, and know how it feels; no, thank you, I like to see practice where there is preaching. Think I'll try it awhile longer as it is; good night." And so the young man who had been in truth "almost persuaded" went once more in the way "which leads to death."

John felt very sorry, almost angry, indeed, that his weak friend should intimate that he might not always be as strong as he thought he was, just as the lecturer had. He was disappointed, too; bitterly so, that he had failed to secure the friend's name, when it had

HE COULD NOT REFUSE.

seemed so likely he might, when he needed help so badly, and almost wished that for his sake he had sacrificed his pride and gone with him to take the pledge.

But when he remembered his upright life, his unblemished manhood, he could not bear the thought of putting himself among the weak ones needing the strong staff of the pledge to lean upon, and so with a sigh he turned to others, urging them to make this start for a better life.

The next day John was invited by a dear friend of his mother's, a lady highly esteemed by all who knew her, to make one of a yachting party down the lake, and gladly accepted. The party, made up of congenial friends, was pleasant, the air delightful, the scenery beautiful, the company ever and anon breaking forth into lively songs. They were surprised when the lengthening shadows told them of the flight of time, and they began to feel that something material would be acceptable even before the dainty lunch was served in the little cabin dining-room. Then came the refreshing drink, lemonade—and, could it be, iced champagne and light wine!

John looked aghast a moment, and then was about to decline the offered glass, when the lady entertainer herself took it and said: "Why, my dear boy, I made this myself; the fine juice of the grape." He could not refuse; how could he? It would seem so absurd, so ungrateful to his kind and honored friend, and drank it down.

Pure juice of the grape, indeed, but not unfermented, as John soon found. He was so unused to the wine that it flew to his head, and he soon became still more lively and entertaining than before, telling stories and singing songs, till all at once a look of surprise passing between two of his lady friends caught his eye and brought him to himself.

He then gave his whole attention to what others were saying, keeping quiet himself, thus hoping to escape further remarks, till the boat reached her haven and the company separated; John, with a lame excuse of "an engagement," escaping from his friends with small ceremony. Very humble were his thoughts as he walked home. "Just this way it was," he said, to himself, "that my poor Tom and Will began the evil habit, and I, yes, I am very strong indeed; I do not need the pledge; certainly not; I am in no temptation!" And here John, feeling weak in body and mind and heart, stopped under the friendly shade of an old oak tree, and, sitting down, covered his face with his hands and with a bitter cry for pardon and help made a solemn vow that henceforth he would not set himself above his fellows or do aught to "make his brother offend."

That night he was again in his place at the temperance lecture, and by him were Tom and Will, whom he had sought and found in a downtown saloon, and, not now disdaining to call himself "weak enough to need help," they had come with him in order to sign the pledge together that night, which, "God helping them," they kept.
—Mrs. A. H. Bronson, in Standard.

WHISKY ITS RUIN.

Incendiary at Work for Ten Years Destroying a Town.

Clintonville is in ruins. The determination of an incendiary working for ten years has finally been accomplished. Not a mill, a factory, public building or a store is left in the village. There remain only a cider still and a church and the homes of a few families who sit up nights guarding their property and hoping for vengeance on the destroyer. The struggling families which have not fled from the scourge are living in terror and preparing to leave. There is a posted sign on the black walls of the town that $1,000 will be paid in cash for the apprehension of the person who set out a half score of years ago to wipe the town off the map.

It is insisted by the two or three old men left in the ashes that the scourge comes as a visitation in return for treachery which characterized the first sale of property. Truman Gulbert started out to make the place a temperance town. The lots were sold upon that promise. The first sale was to a young man who held his lot until all the others were taken and parted with it to a man who wanted to open a saloon. The saloon grew into a distillery and this distillery brewed other distilleries, and some years ago Clintonville made much of the whisky used in northern Illinois. Cooper shops grew with the distilleries. Many other mills came to the place, with abundance of free water power. A great flour mill, a wall paper factory, steel mill, and a fork factory and stores sprang up. This prosperity was short lived.

The incendiary started ten years ago and has worked with a persistency which has made it impossible in recent years to get insurance in Clintonville, save at rates which were prohibitory. He started with the distilleries. One burned one month and another the next. The third went the same year. The steel mill followed. The iron works and fork factory went to ashes. The wall paper establishment went the same way. One store followed another and all the cooper factories felt the touch of the flames. The work last year consisted of a butter factory and two attempts at the flour mill. The work so far this year has been the feed mill of E. C. Hawley, the last block of stores and a house. Not an industry is left. The river bank is lined with crumbling walls and the houses standing are deserted because people are afraid to live in the town. It is one of the curiosities along the line of the Northwestern. The good people say the ruin has come as a curse upon the whisky traffic out of which the town prospered.—The Lever.

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

The devil is always certain of catching some mother's boy where he baits his hook with a moderate drinker.—Ram's Horn.

The Westerly Daily Tribune, of Westerly, R. I., claims to be the first prohibition daily newspaper established in the world.

It is reported that the house in Washington in which Abraham Lincoln died is to be turned into a saloon.—National Temperance Advocate.

The Girls' Temperance club is one of the 20 branches of the Irish Women's Temperance union in Belfast.

The city of Philadelphia is more than twice as large as Boston, but arrests for drunkenness there the past year numbered only 23,107, against about 36,000 for Boston.

Hereafter no member of the masonic fraternity in Minnesota can sell intoxicants, and 100 persons now in the liquor business will be expelled from the order if they do not change their occupation.

Whatever their habits may be, young men think too much of their characters to be seen on the street with women even slightly intoxicated. A girl ought not to tolerate in a young man what young men would not tolerate in a girl. —Youth's Companion.

A woman in Dahlonega, Ga., whose husband died a year ago, leaving her with nine children to support, is running her farm at a profit, and is putting money in the bank. She thinks that many other farmers could do the same if they worked intelligently and spent less for liquor and tobacco.

The story is told of the late Henry Ward Beecher that in his efforts at farming he once paid $100 for hogs which he fattened with $500 worth of corn and then sold the lot for $400. His philosophy was that he "lost $100 on the corn but made $300 on the hogs. That is exactly the way Uncle Sam is making money on the liquor traffic.—The Ohio Herald.

Last year it was shown by the Chicago Record that there were in Chicago 170,000 families on the charity roll. Of these there were 517 families in one district alone. The heads of 300 of these were confirmed drunkards, the heads of 217 of the remaining families were regular drinkers. This left only 17 families out of 517 who were supported by charity whose heads did not drink.—Union Signal.

Wouldn't Prescribe Alcohol.

Dr. Hirschfield, a well known physician of Madgeburk, Germany, was recently arrested on the charge of malpractice. The specific charge was that he had refused to give one of his patients alcohol who was supposed to need it. The doctor, like the more advanced German physicians, is discarding liquor from his practice, and made such a hot defense of the charge that the court not only discharged the physician, but assessed the cost of the defense against the prosecution.—Camp Fire.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—In France the doctor's claim on the estate of a deceased patient has precedence of all others.

—Iowa's state fair this year will be open on Sunday. The machinery will be idle and religious services will be held.

—The most powerful fleet that has ever been seen on the waters of the Baltic will assemble there this spring under the flag of Russia.

—A farmer of Ozello, Fla., recently found a hairpin made of something like gutta percha four feet below the surface of an Indian shell mound.

—There are now several antitrust bills before the legislature of Massachusetts, one in the senate and six in the house, and there may be others shortly.

—Recent mortality returns from the southern states show that the death rate of the colored people from tuberculosis is three times as high as that of the whites.

—Thieves threw a hook and line through an open window of a house at Monterey, Mex., and stole the bed clothes under which the owner of the house was sleeping.

—A trial has been made of a new sea-diving dress in the deepest part of Sydney harbor. The diver went down in 26½ fathoms and remained at the bottom for 50 minutes. When he came up he showed no signs of distress.

—London has now got a penny-in-the-slot refreshment bar. It is a temperance house. The customer holds his glass under a tap labeled with the name of his particular vanity, and then drops his penny in the slot with liquid results.

—A citizen of Brooklyn has the largest known collection of bills of fare. There are over 4,000 in the collection, embracing everything, from the cracked slate of a mining camp drought to the extended entrees with which Queen Victoria fattened her subjects on jubilee days and the czar gorged his starving thousands.

WEARING FALSE GEMS.

Shams Now Freely Tolerated in Society.

How much is real and how much is sham in the resplendent display of presumably precious stones at the opera or other smart functions is impossible to tell nowadays, for my lady mixes the two together with a calm audacity that is a development of late years, the old theory that a lady must wear nothing that is not real being apparently quite out of date. The modern adaptation of this social rule is that if a woman has a certain amount of fine jewelry she may wear as many false ones in addition as she can without making the fact conspicuous. It is only in those who have no real ones that the display of false gems is vulgar.

A fashionable woman in town, whose position is unquestionable, wears several strings of pearls, one of which is real and the rest shams, and hardly knows herself which is the genuine. Another woman, who owns a couple of diamond stars, has presented herself with several others—the best "brilliants," whose glittering radiance is quite undimmed by their juxtaposition with the real stones. At a birthday dinner recently the heroine of the occasion wore a ruby surrounded by pearls as a brooch. This was greatly admired. Taking it from the lace which it fastened, she passed it to one of her friends. The jewel was handed from one to another until it had made the circuit of the table. All the guests were people of culture, familiar with gems, and some of them were connoisseurs. After the stone had been unanimously praised the owner fastened it in its place again, saying quietly: "I think it is pretty. I bought it yesterday at B——'s for two dollars."

It has long been conceded that a string of Roman pearls may be worn by a young girl without laying her taste open to question. It is a new thing, however, for rich women to bring real gems and bogus ones together in such a way as to deceive the very elect and it seems a pity that the old standards of noblesse oblige, affecting the wearing of jewels and lace, should be lowered. It is claimed by those who wear false jewels that no deception is intended, the owner being quite willing to acknowledge her use of the imitations, but at all events the general public is deceived and it may be questioned whether my lady goes out of her way to acknowledge what she is wearing.

"I do not see the use of wearing real pearls," said a well-known society woman not long ago. "I have half a mind to sell mine and wear imitations. No one would ever know." Then she fully concluded to take this course and did take it. Hence she rejoices in the income of $20,000 in bonds, wears pearls still and even her intimate friends do not suspect the exchange.—N. Y. Tribune.

The Change.

Inquiring Tourist (in Oklahoma)—I suppose that, with the coming of eastern people, the manners and customs of this region are gradually growing more like those of older and more conservative communities?

Alkali Ike—Yes; f'instance, it has already got so that it hain't no longer considered good form to propose to a widow at her husband's funeral, no matter how pretty she is.—N. Y. Journal.

As Repeated.

"Mr. B—— is so well read, he repeated an exquisite quotation last night."

"What was it?"

"I can't give you the exact words, but he said he'd rather be a something in a something than a something else in something else."—London Tit-Bits.

Carrot Sweetmeats.

Boil small, fine-grained carrots until tender; peel and grate, add sugar, slips of citron, spices, if preferred, and wine. Simmer slowly together and put away in jars. Very wholesome for children. —N. Y. Ledger.

NOT THE PLACE FOR RELIGION.

Fashionable Church Warden Reproves Demonstrative Worshiper.

At one of the fashionable churches of the North side the congregation has extraordinary ideas of its uses if the senior warden is to be taken as authority. At a recent church celebration he informed one of the congregation that it was no place for a display of religious enthusiasm and some of the members are still wondering for what reason the church really is conducted.

The church is the most aristocratic upon the North side and has among its members the most exclusive families of its fashionable quarter. At the house of one of these a noted belle from New Orleans was recently visiting, and accompaning her upon her trip to the north as lady's maid was an old black mammy, who had attended her since her childhood days. Without this old aunty the southern beauty was as helpless as a babe. So when she went to balls and dinners the faithful old creature attended her to see that her toilet was complete, remove her shoes and fasten her long gloves. And her attendance upon her beautiful young mistress went so far that she followed her to church to see that her hat was on straight, to remove her veil and to replace it after service. After her little duties had been performed for this charming mistress the old darky was told to take a seat in the gallery and return to the vestibule in time to be of service after church.

The old creature did as she was instructed. She plodded up the long gallery stairs and took a seat in the front row of the empty wooden benches. The beautiful choral service soon began and the old aunty appeared deeply interested in the singing of the choristers. She leaned far over the gallery and took it all in. When the clergyman ascended the pulpit to preach his sermon the old black creature was all attention. Her interest increased as he proceeded, and when he warmed up to his text her enthusiasm grew and she encouraged him with cries of:

"God be praised!"

"Amen!"

"Hallelujah!"

"Praise the Lord!"

The congregation was greatly startled. Such a scene had never occurred within this stately structure. The minister looked up at the gallery, then paused and looked at the congregation in wonder. The old woman quieted down with the minister's hesitation, but her pleasure in his good words was shown as soon as he resumed his subject. And her cries were again begun with greater zeal.

Then the junior warden felt that the time had come to have the interruption stopped. He arose from his seat and looked toward the senior warden, whose duty it plainly was to end such an untimely scene. He nodded at the senior vestryman, whose popularity with the gentler sex he felt would tell him how to act on such an unprecedented occasion. The elderly warden, who is one of the most dignified of men, left his pew and tiptoed to the gallery where the hallelujahs and amens were still being called aloud. He went up the long dark stairs, stumbled down to where the old woman sat, gently laid his hand upon her shoulder and pressed his finger to his lips, with a shake of the head. It made no impression whatever upon the old aunty. Then, in those tones which are so familiar to the North side maids and matrons, he said:

"You mustn't act so."

"I can't help it, chile," she called out. "I can't help it. I'se got religion."

"But don't you know this is no place for it," he sternly remonstrated.—Chicago Chronicle.

ORACULAR OBSERVATIONS.

Some Sharp Shots at Weak Spots of Mankind.

Everybody has some signs that never fail.

A man never gets too old to enjoy a love story.

Some people are proud because they have some rich relations.

It is astonishing how much some men talk to impart just a little information.

A fellow can't help having a little respect for a man who beats him playing cards.

A man for whom everybody should feel sorry, is the man who can never see a joke.

It flatters a man to tell him he made a shrewd bargain, even if it was a little crooked.

A widower can't even look at an unmarried woman without the whole town talking about it.

The man who runs upstairs two steps at a time is not necessarily the one who has the most to do.

We have never been able to understand why some people want to wear spectacles and always look over the top of them.

People talk about "combinations of colors" in pictures, when they don't know an oil painting from a blotch of kerosene.—A. R. Miller, in Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

For the Fair Dame.

A soft velvet toque is, as a rule, becoming to almost every type of feminine beauty.

A unique effect in passementerie has beaded ornaments holding two spreading ostrich plumes in Alsatian bow fashion. This is intended to be worn on a low-cut ladice.

The woman who owns a long sealskin ulster now flaunts its furry luxury in the face of the perishing feminine in a tailor-made cloth jacket.

The increasing propensity toward extravagance is shown in the bejeweled chains, vinaigrettes, bonbon boxes and other so-called "trifles" that the woman of fashion deems she must have in order to be happy.—Chicago Record.

A Pure Figure.

Jenkins—Miss Benson carries herself like a duchess. But who is the stout, funny-looking dame she is with?

Tomson—That is the duchess of Belgravia.—London Tit-Bits.

A SCOTCH HOME.

The Lasting Influence of a Dear Mother's Hymns.

A poor peasant on the Scotch coast had an unusually large brood of children, seven of them boys, and little indeed could he do for them. He labored early and late in the fields, and contrived to keep the wolf from the door, but that was all. There was never a shilling to spare, and the farmer's life was a hopeless, exhausting struggle against poverty and adversity.

The mother, too, worked early and late with all the cooking, washing and household drudgery of the humble home. There were many to clothe as well as to feed, and so scanty were the schooling facilities on that lonely stretch of coast, that she herself taught the boys one by one to read and write.

If there had been girls among the older children she would have had help in the housework. Her daughters were the youngest of the flock, and only added to her cares when she was least able to endure them.

Weary and overworked as this Scotch mother was, she was always the light and the life of the household. It was a happy home because it was brightened by her cheerfulness and contentment.

When there was a boy old enough to read a book aloud, there was entertainment for the family while she was sewing, and she taught her children to sharpen their wits by keen argument, and above all, to think for themselves.

Then, too, this Scotch mother, while not a trained musician, had a deep, rich voice and a stirring way of singing old-fashioned hymns. On Sunday evenings the Bible would be read aloud, and then she would sing one hymn after another; while her brawny Scotch lads listened with eagerness and enjoyed the treat so keenly that they often complained because Sunday came only once a week.

The brood of children left the home nest one by one, and the mother died prematurely because of overwork and anxiety. But she lived anew in the boys as they became successful men in various professions and callings; for although at the outset they were poor and had little education, they had her buoyant, hopeful nature, and her fine qualities of mind.

One of them was a soldier, and was mortally wounded in a foreign campaign. The chaplain in the hospital told him that he had only a few hours of life in reserve, and asked him if he had any religious faith.

"I have never had anything else," he replied. "I can hear my good mother now singing her Sunday night hymns on the Scotch coast!"

Another son became a prosperous barrister, with a great reputation for learning and wit. He would have had a larger income if it had not been for a striking peculiarity. He invariably threw up a case when he was convinced that there was no justice in it.

"I like to think of my dear old Scotch mother," he would say, "when I plead a case in court."

Another was an earnest preacher. One was a doctor with a metropolitan practice. Three were successful merchants and one was a high-minded publisher. All were richly endowed with their mother's courage and mental resources, and all shared her deep, religious nature.

In many a temptation and crisis they recalled her face shining in the winter firelight of their old home, and the hymns she had sung, in which she had expressed the religious devotion that had governed her life, and the tender, unfailing love of a mother's heart.—Youth's Companion.

GUESSED WHAT HE NEEDED.

Chappie Aimed to Impress the Hotel Guests and Succeeded.

Now and then Chicago draws a chappie in the great shuttle of life. The other day one arrived here from an inland town who had a few points to spare in his trunk.

He took up his residence in an aristocratic family hotel, where he appeared religiously each night at a seven o'clock dinner in the evening dress of a second-class swell. This was all very commendable and cleanly, and not at all extraordinary where 80 per cent. of the men did the same thing.

But the good impression awakened by the chastity of the newcomer's appearance in the ineffable bosom and tie was obscured by his attempt to order his dinner in as much French as he deemed would be intelligible. The sonority of his final order for a "demi tasse" was good for all the surrounding tables, if not for the butler's pantry.

As the first week rolled on the young man grew more Frenchy, more mellow, more metropolitan in spirit, and on the occasion of his first evening at home made his way to the smoking-room, where he arranged himself languorously and picturesquely in an easy chair.

Near him was the station of a small colored Buttons.

"Garcon! Garcon!" called out the oriental one, but little William stood, with his heavy, seal-like eyes rolled upward and his great paws crossed solemnly over his brass-buttoned jacket, regardless and heedless of the overwhelming honor being done him.

"I say, there, Garcon, won't you bring me—ah—"

"Some brains, William, for this chap," growled an apoplectic man on the other side of the room.—Chicago Tribune.

The Cumminsville Sage.

It was rather surprising to hear one of his age asking a question about women instead of making an assertion, but the youngest neophyte inquired:

"Why is it a beautiful woman never is intellectual?"

"In all probability," replied the Cumminsville sage, "she is; but when a man gets in the presence of a beautiful woman he never has sense enough left to know whether she is intellectual or not."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A MILE UNDERGROUND.

Discovery of a Kentucky Moonshiner's Cavern.

When, some weeks ago, Deputy Collector J. C. Wilson, of Harrodsburg, Ky., and Deputy Tom Austin, of Lancaster, quietly perfected plans to visit Rockcastle county and raid the moonshiners still in what is known as Salt Petre cave, they did not dream of the find they would make. This cave is situated on Crooked creek, in one of the wildest sections of country to be found in Kentucky, and has long been known as a rendezvous of the worst class of lawbreakers, and for this reason has always been given a wide berth by government men, none of whom ever dared explore it. When they began their preparations for the raid they were warned by some who were familiar with the desperate character of the outlaws to forego the undertaking, but this they refused to do.

One morning the posse left Livingston station, on the Knoxville branch of the Louisville & Nashville railroad, and, after a ride that lasted until nine that night, arrived at the cave. Entering the hole in the side of the mountain, they traversed a distance of 600 feet and came to a narrow defile which they were compelled to pass in single file, and which led them into a spacious apartment. At the further side of the chamber was an opening that led downward to a depth of 30 feet, the bottom of which they reached by means of a pole placed there for that purpose by those who utilized the cave for their unlawful purposes.

Reaching the bottom, the passage led them straight forward for a quarter of a mile, where they were again compelled to go down 50 feet on a crude ladder; thence there was a gradual descent for nearly half a mile, and then the way led upward for fully 600 feet, which was easily ascended by means of steps cut in the dirt.

From the top of these steps a straight and level passage led them for fully 200 feet, and from there on, for about the same distance, the way again led down a gradual incline. Then for 600 or 700 yards a level and smooth path led to another chamber, where the officers found a clear spring of sparkling water, and within a few feet thereof was a trough filled with water, and within a few feet of the trough was found a moonshine still in a furnace of the finest masonry. The capacity of this still was 100 gallons, with eight fermenting tubs of 800 gallons, each full of new mash and ready for operation, and leaning against the wall here were found four Winchester rifles.

The distillery apparatus was destroyed and the firearms confiscated. Proceeding 100 yards further another still of the same capacity was found, and near by three Winchesters, which were also taken.

Between these two stills, in an out-of-the-way corner of the chamber, was found a box containing the bones of two skeletons, while the bones of another lay by the side of the box. The officers also found evidence that the place is frequented by a gang of counterfeiters. It is the opinion of the revenue men that these bones are the remains of some government officers who had met instant death at the hands of the outlaws, or of members of their gang who had betrayed them, or who they feared would give their secrets away, and, acting on the theory that dead men tell no tales, had murdered them, or that they might be the bones of those who had met death in battles with the officers.

There were many side passages leading devious ways, and the officers believe that if they had continued through the cave they would have found another opening that led to the outer world. They were disposed to explore more of this cavern, but their guide, John Mullins, a fearless mountaineer, warned them that if they valued their lives they should get out of the vicinity, as they had destroyed the stills, the news of which would go abroad the next day. Capt. Wilson says imagination cannot picture the wonders of the place, and that if anyone who will visit the cave finds it different from his description, they can draw on him for their expenses.

Capt. Wilson is the man who led the party of revenue men in Perry county about a year ago, who were compelled to put the mountaineers' wives and children before and behind them on their horses in order to get out of the ambuscade of moonshiners, who would not shoot for fear of killing their own flesh and blood.—Louisville Post.

Korean Woman's Rooms.

The rooms of a Korean woman are as sacred to her as a shrine is to its image—indeed, the room of a wife or mother are the sanctuary of any man who breaks the law. Unless for treason or for one other crime he cannot be forced to leave those rooms, and so long as he remains under the protection of his wife and his wife's apartments he is secure from the officers of the law and from the penalties of his misdemeanors.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Brave Girl.

"Do you think your sister likes me, Tommy?"

"Yes; she stood up for you at dinner."

"Stood up for me! Was anybody saying anything against me?"

"No, nothing much. Father said he thought you were rather a donkey, but sis got up and said you weren't, and told father he ought to know better than judge a man by his looks."—Comic Cuts.

A Gentle Reproof.

A colored pedagogue in Texas has a very genteel way of calling his pupils donkeys. Last summer one of them, instead of looking at his book, gazed out of the window at a green field, whereupon the teacher exclaimed: "Whaffor is yer lookin' out de windy at dat grass? Hasn't yer had yer breakfas' yet?"—Tammany Times.

The Republican.

BE[illegible]N S. L., Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
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THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1897.

THE REPUBLICAN to-day starts on its twenty-first volume. We are now just old enough to vote.

AN EXTRA session of the fifty-fifth Congress of the United States has been called to meet March 15th.

THE Republican party never took hold of the finances of the country without improving them by wise regulations and ample revenue.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S promise of protection to American citizens everywhere has caused the Spanish government to be more respectful to the United States.

THOUGH Mr. Cleveland retires from office without a party, it is a debatable question whether that fact is not more creditable to Mr. Cleveland than to his party.

THE freak Legislature of Arizona has passed a bill declaring it a felony to publish a newspaper in that territory. Perhaps the members of that wonderful body are unable to read.

PRESIDENT McKinley's inaugural address appears in full in to-day's REPUBLICAN. The views of the administration on all the vital questions of the day, are set fourth in meaning language, and if the co-operation of the Senate can be secured in carrying out these plans hard times are bound to be a thing of the past.

THE following letter has been received by the editor of the *Reporter*, Leon, Iowa: "Tell 'Nemo,' whoever he is, that he has one appreciative reader, at least. Such writings lift the average newspaper out of the ruts and are highly valued by the general reader. He has done me good." In this county "Some Rambling Thoughts" will be printed only in this paper, as we have secured the right to their exclusive publication.

FOR the first time in nearly a quarter of a century the Republican party has returned to full control of West Virginia. We believe the change will be a good thing for the State. It brings it into harmony with the great manufacturing and progressive States of the union. The change enlarges the State's opportunities and clears the way for larger growth. It will induce more capital to seek investment in our resources and put new blood in the arteries of trade.—Grafton Sentinel.

Governor Atkinson's Address.

Hon. George W. Atkinson was inaugurated Governor of West Virginia at Charleston with ceremonies befitting the interesting occasion. While a staunch Republican, Governor Atkinson announces his purpose to be the Governor of the people irrespective of party, and to do all in his power to forward the interests of the State and encourage its development. In the distribution of the patronage he will serve his party first, but in the execution of the trusts placed in his keeping he will "know no party-class, race or creed." On all the educational and other boards he will enforce minority representation, whether the law requires it or not.

"Above all other things," says the Governor, "politics should not be allowed to enter into our educational institutions." Recognizing that the development of the wonderful resources of West Virginia is largely dependent on railroad and other corporations, Governor Atkinson says he does not intend to be a party to the persecution of such corporations, and will, therefore, "take no stock, now or ever, in the nonsensical cry of 'down with the rich men and corporations.'"

The Governor serves a timely notice on would-be anarchists, who, he declares, will never secure an enduring foothold in West Virginia, the "Switzerland of America." Referring to the threat of anarchists that "they will blow us up," the Governor responds; "We will blow them up." The Governor outlines a number of needed constitutional amendments and announces that he will require from the State boards careful, economical and honest administration. Governor Atkinson's message is clear-cut and conservative, and if he redeems the promises made it will redound to the prosperity and development of the State, and he will retire at the expiration of his term with the plandit, "Well done."

President Cleveland's Career.

The close of President Cleveland's second term and his permanent retirement to private life have been the occasion of many elaborate reviews of his public services. These have been very distinguished, but it is a notable fact that with one exception they all relate to matters within the exclusive competency of the executive office, such as the vigorous assertion of national authority during the Chicago riots and the steadfastness of his foreign policy. In all matters requiring a co-operation between the executive and the legislative departments, the repeal of the silver-purchase law represents the administration's sole positive achievement. The tariff bill was passed in a shape which caused it to be publicly denounced by the President and he allowed it to become a law without his signature. Before his term expired his administration had been repudiated by his party in Congress and it narrowly escaped the censure of the national convention of the party.

Does this constitute a successful career? Certainly it would not be so considered in any other position of administrative responsibility. If he had been the president of a railroad company or of a manufacturing concern, no matter how freely his honesty of purpose might be conceded, the fact that he passed his time in continual quarrels with the directors and showed himself unable to get on with them in framing and forcing an administrative policy would mark his term of office as a failure. But such is popular disgust with Congress that the very fact that a president occupies an attitude of open opposition to it is enough to command for him the respect and commendation of a large and influential body of public sentiment.

The truth is, however, that such relations between the President and Congress place him rather in the position of a stubborn and pragmatic kaiser than that of a constitutional President. It is not by Presidents of such caliber that national progress is carried on. A President, to be considered a successful administrator, must accomplish results, and to do so he must have party support, and to have party support he must use the power and influence of his office to maintain party discipline and efficiency. To such considerations Mr. Cleveland has been unmindful. He has shown himself wholly lacking in tact and address, and he has gathered personal applause at the expense of his trusteeship. While the strength and endurance of the man must command admiration, while his rigid personal integrity is worthy of all respect as a President of the United States, charged with the duty of carrying on the government, he has been as great a failure as John Tyler.

McKinley's New Cabinet.

President McKinley's cabinet appointments ought to be a guarantee of a prudent and conservative administration. The youngest member of the new cabinet, Hon. John D. Long, is forty-eight years old, but he has had an eventful career and great experience in public affairs. He has three times been Governor of Massachusetts and has also served three terms in Congress. In addition to this he has a well-earned reputation as a lawyer of ability.

The oldest member of the cabinet is Mr. Sherman, who will be Secretary of State. He is seventy-four years old and his name is linked with the financial legislation of the past thirty-five years. At seventy-four years of age it ought to be reasonably certain that Mr. Sherman will not be inclined to attempt an extreme policy as the head of the State Department. Moreover, Mr. McKinley's views in regard to our foreign relations have been so clearly stated in his inaugural address that it is not likely Senator Sherman would accept a cabinet appointment unless he were prepared to act with the President in the policy outlined in the inaugural address.

Of the remaining six members of the cabinet all have passed the half-century limit, indeed most of them will soon reach the threescore mark. A man is not old at sixty, but he has lived long enough to learn wisdom and discretion. Mr. McKinley's advisers, therefore, ought to be, and doubtless are, men of ripe judgment, who understand the true interests of the country and who will be able to give the President the benefit of wise counsel based upon the results of long experience and tempered with the conservatism which age usually brings to those who profit by the lessons of life. The new cabinet is not one which would, for instance, be carried away by a wave of jingoism, or which would yield to the noisy clamor of those who care most about party advantage and least about the public welfare.

Mr. McKinley's cabinet is essentially a cabinet of business men. There are only two lawyers among his eight advisers, Mr. Long, Secretary of the Navy, and Judge McKenna, the Attorney-General. The latter is eminently conservative, while the former is eminently upright and learned. The former has achieved success as a business lawyer. As for the others, Mr. Gage, the Secretary of the Treasury, is one of the ablest bankers and business men in the country, Mr. Alger, the Secretary of War, has made a fortune in the lumber business; Mr. Sherman knows as much about practical finance as any man in the United States; Mr. Bliss, the Secretary of the Interior, worked his way up from a clerkship to a partnership in one of the great firms in New York; Mr. Wilson, the Secretary of Agriculture, has been a successful farmer for many years; while Mr. Gary, the Postmaster-General, is one of the best-known manufacturers in the South.

Here, then, are all the elements of conservatism and of sound business principles in the President's "official family." His counselors are men to whom the country can look for a business-like administration, and that is what is needed to insure the return of prosperity.

Maryland In the Parade.

The State of Maryland took her proper place in the great inaugural parade in Washington last Thursday. The Governor, splendidly mounted on his Kentucky thoroughbred, led the State militia, surrounded by a galaxy of generals and colonels, beautiful to behold. The First, the Fourth and the Fifth regiments and Commander Emmerson's Naval Reserves followed in line. The bands played "Maryland My Maryland" and the people cheered to beat the bands. The District of Columbia was a part of Lord Baltimore's domain and so the Marylanders are regarded as home people in Washington. But, independent of this feeling of local pride the Maryland militia, about two thousand strong, well deserved all the applause they received and could stand on their merits. No militia in the procession from any other State excelled them in accuracy of marching, in discipline, in equipment or in soldierly bearing. And it is doubtful whether the troops of any other State approached them in these respects. Among their officers are many veterans of the war, who know what discipline is and how to enforce it.

In addition to her soldiers and sailors Maryland sent a great procession of clubs and leagues, conspicuous among them being the gold Democrats, with their handsome banners and triumphant devices. Altogether it may be confidently claimed that no State in the Union did more to make the great parade a brilliant success than the State of Maryland. Those who had charge of the procession made due and graceful acknowledgment to the Governor of Maryland.

How Congress Stands.

The new Congress which the President has called in extra session will be divided politically as follows: Republicans, 206; Democrats, 134; Populists, 16. With the Democrats are classed 15 members who are fusionists and the Populist total includes three members classed in the silver party. Contrary to the general belief on November 4, the Democrats gained heavily in the elections of November 3. In the last Congress the parties stood—Republicans, 246; Democrats, 104; Populists, 7. So the Republicans lose 40 seats, the Democrats gain 30, and the Populists 9. There is one vacant seat in the Missouri delegation. In other words, in the last Congress the Republicans had a majority over all of 135. In this Congress their majority is 56.

This big majority in the House removes from that body the prospects of party battles of any significance and transfers to the Senate the interest of those who like to see evenly balanced parties tackle questions of governmental policy. As now figured out, the Senate, when it convenes in special session, will stand as follows: Democrats, Populists and bolting Republicans, 43; vacancy from Kentucky 1; total, 90.

The Republicans will have a clear majority on any tariff question, but when it comes to money matters, the anti-gold standard men are in the majority. Immediately after election it looked like gold supremacy in both Houses, but the close legislatures in several states turned out against the Republicans and the silver total gradually grew until it overcame the slight Republican lead. So far as the Senate is concerned, the silver men claim to be able to block any anti-silver legislation.

Prospecting for Coal.

A party is prospecting for coal in the vicinity of Beall, this county. The Consolidation Coal Company also have a party of prospectors at work on Woodland run, near Midland, with the view of opening a mine in the spring.

Only a Joke.

Don't bite if anybody offers to bet you that four months after McKinley's inauguration all the shops and stores will be closed. It is just four months from March 4 to the Fourth of July and they all close on that day irrespective of Presidents.

Different Now.

The Pitzer farm in Berkeley county W. Va., containing 293 acres sold for $50 an acre after the war. The other day it brought $19.50 an acre with $4,000 improvements on it.—Hagerstown Mail.

We suppose that the $50 an acre the farm brought after the war was the price paid in depreciated paper money, made so by the fact that there was so much of it issued the government could not back it with sound money. This is the way things would have been had the *Mail's* free silver ideas been tolerated by the people of this country. Better take $19.50 an acre for land and know the money you get for it is worth one hundred cents on the dollar than $50 and not know what your cash is worth when you get it.

Mud and Funerals.

The following brief but pathetic story is from the Fremont, Ohio, *Daily News*, of February 20th:

"The funeral of the late John Gallagher, a well-known Riley township farmer, was held at the school house near his home Friday morning. The remains were interred in Green Creek cemetery, a distance of about seven miles from the home of the deceased.

"The funeral procession had an extremely difficult time in reaching the burying ground. The hearse became fast in the famous depths of Riley township mud, and it was necessary to attach four horses to the funeral car to pull it out. Other carriages got stuck in the mud, including the buggy of the officiating clergyman. The roads in that locality are in a well-nigh impassable condition."

This is a very sad tale. If there is anything more doleful than a corpse stuck in the mud, we never care to think of it. Surely if the living have no rights the people are bound to respect the sad, mute lips of the dead, waiting about for mud-chained hearses to move on, ought to reach the hardest hearts.

Colonel Casteel's Good Thing.

The following we clip from the *Daily Monongalian*, a paper published at the University, Morgantown, W. Va. Col. Casteel is a son of Mr. William Casteel, of near town, and many of his acquaintances here will be glad to know of his good fortune in securing so important a position:

"When Col. D. T. E. Casteel agreed to take the place of assistant adjutant general because the place of adjutant general fell to another, his friends were glad to hear of his securing a position which would pay $1,000 a year, but felt some degree of disappointment that he did not get the more remunerative place. Neither he nor his friends knew that the place of assistant adjutant general would be far more preferable, but such is the case, notwithstanding. It turns out that under the new military bill, which will be effective after the new officers of the state qualify, that the position of assistant adjutant general is virtually for life, and congratulations to Col. Casteel are in order.

"The general staff of the commander-in-chief—the governor—under the new bill, consists of an adjutant general, assistant adjutant general with the rank of colonel, and several minor officers, all appointed by the governor. The term of office of all of them expire with the term of the governor, except that of the assistant adjutant general, whose commission is the same as officers of the line, which cannot be terminated except by resignation, or causes due to misconduct, or incapacity, really making the term of office never-ending.

"Col. Casteel was one of the most proficient men ever holding a commission in the university cadet corps. He secured for a wife one of the fairest of Morgantown's girls, and therefore he deserves the very best.

"Delphi Truman Ellsworth Casteel builded better than he knew when he agreed to the tender of the appointment of assistant adjutant general."

Consumption

Out-door life and Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites have cured thousands of cases of consumption in the early stages. They cure old, advanced cases too; but not so many, nor so promptly. When a case is so far advanced that a cure cannot be made, even then SCOTT'S EMULSION checks the rapidity of the disease, relieves the pains in the chest, reduces the night sweats, and makes the cough easier. In these cases it comforts and prolongs life. Don't experiment with cures that destroy the digestion. Pin your faith to the one remedy which has been THE STANDARD FOR OVER 20 YEARS.

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Circuit Court Proceedings.

TRIALS.

No. 9, First National Bank of Grafton, W. Va., vs. J. C. Alderson and others; judgment for plaintiff.

No. 22, G. S. Hamill, administrator, vs. P. H. Rasche; judgment for defendant.

No. 27, G. S. Hamill, administrator, vs. J. W. Hart, trustee; judgment for defendant.

No. 28, Hilda Erickson vs. G. S. Hamill, administrator; judgment for plaintiff.

No. 37, The Merchants' and Mechanics' Savings Bank of Grafton, W. Va., vs. J. C. Alderson; judgment for plaintiff.

No. 43, Knight & Couch vs. J. C. Alderson and others; judgment for plaintiff for $150.45.

No. 44, J. L. McRobie vs. Nethken Bros.; judgment for plaintiff for $21.50.

No. 45, Rogers Iron Co. vs. John Shartzer; judgment plaintiff for $426.32.

No. 49, E. J. Fredlock vs. Mary E. Chisholm; judgment for defendant.

No. 52, John Shartzer, receiver, vs. M. L. Selby, judgment for defendant.

No. 59, Albertype Co. vs. H. J. Mayers and others; judgment for plaintiff and motion for new trial.

No. 60, Simon Bittinger and others vs. James Bowser, administrator; held sub curia.

No. 61, John Shartzer, receiver, vs. A. C. Holland; judgment for plaintiff.

No. 64, Arthur Townshend, administrator, vs. Jas. L. Burley and others; judgment for plaintiff for $68.

No. 65, Baer Sons Grocery Co. vs. John Shartzer; judgment for plaintiff for $223.37.

No. 72, Grotgan, Lohr & Co. vs. John Shartzer; judgment for plaintiff for $613.41.

No. 74, R. T. McNichol vs. C. T. West; judgment for plaintiff for $—.

No. 76, John Hudack vs. John Dunhill; judgment for plaintiff for $168.80.

No. 77, Antonio Nomak vs. John Dunhill; judgment for plaintiff for $237.70.

No. 78, John Terifag vs. John Dunhill; judgment for plaintiff for $338.77.

No. 79, Stefan Tey vs. John Dunhill judgment for $702.37.

No. 80, Antonia Nowork and others vs. John Dunhill; judgment for plaintiff for $595.

No. 81, J. Richardson & Co., vs. Sincell Bros.; judgment for plaintiff for $120.35.

No. 90, P. T. Garthright vs. Wm. Hocking, garnishee; judgment for plaintiff for $206.

No. 96, L. H. Friend vs. Maryland Supply Co.; judgment for plaintiff $210.

No. 97, Franyheim, Geisy & Faris vs. W. H. Mulette; judgment for plaintiff for 450.

No. 100, J. H. Willson & Bro. vs. F. M. Bray; judgment for $124.50.

No. 101, A. J. Bates & Co. vs. Maryland Supply Co.; judgment for plaintiff for $118.53

No. 107, R. Sutton & Co. vs L. H. Friend and others; judgment for plaintiff for $124.06.

No. 110, The Davis National Bank of Piedmont, W. Va., vs. John Sharzer and others; judgment for plaintiff for $107.28.

No. 113, L. Strous & Co. vs. E. L. West; judgment for plaintiff.

No. 116, W. D. Hughes vs. Henry E. Felty; judgment for plaintiff for $129.07.

No. 117, The Kenneweg Co. vs. Clark & McCulloh; judgment for plaintiff.

No. 121, The First National Bank of Piedmont, W. Va., vs. G. W. Delawder and others; judgment for plaintiff for $3,588.86.

No. 123, Catherine Ault vs. J. J. Beeghley; judgment for plaintiff for $110.50.

No. 130, The Garrett County Bank vs. G. W. Delawder and others; judgment for plaintiff for $102.84.

No. 131, Carey Cros. and others vs. F. Felty & Bro.; judgment for plaintiff for $134.76.

No. 141, Geo. W. Legge vs. John Shartzer and others; judgment for plaintiff for $500.

No. 149, John J. Humbird vs. Mayor and City Council of Cumberland; judgment for plaintiff for $3,031.19.

CRIMINAL APPEARANCES.

No. 26, State vs. Benj. Buckalew; assault; plea of guilty; fined $5 and costs.

No. 29, State vs. Geo. Lee; obtaining liquor for minors; found guilty and fined $20 and costs.

No. 31, State vs. Lee True; disturbing religious worship; found guilty and sentenced to 9 months in House of Correction.

No. 33, State vs. Emmanuel Custer; larceny; not guilty.

No. 34, State vs. Wm. Miller; larceny; not guilty.

No. 35, State vs. Ella Bevans; larceny; not guilty.

No. 37, State vs. Geo. Friend; larceny; found guilty; 3 years in House of Correction.

No. 39, State vs. Howard Nethken; asault; found guilty and fined 15 cents.

No. 41, State vs. Frank Mead; larceny; plea of guilty; 18 months in penitentiary.

No. 43, State vs. Richard Gant; forgery; plea of guilty; 6 years in penitentiary.

No. 44, State vs. Richard Gant; forgery; plea of guilty; 6 years in penitentiary. Sentence concurrent with that of No. 43.

No. 47, State vs. John W. Wolf; selling whiskey on Sunday; not guilty.

No. 48, State vs. John W. Wolf; selling beer on Sunday; not guilty.

No. 54, State vs. Owen Reynolds; selling liquor to minors; plea of guilty; $50 and costs.

No. 22, State vs. W. A. Adams; obtaining goods under false pretense; guilty, and sentenced to 2 years and 6 months in penitentiary.

No. —, State vs. John Hetrick; rape; guilty and sentence deferred.

A Good Joke.

To the Editor of The Republican.

A good one has just leaked out on a saloon keeper, whom we shall call Davis. One day during the recent good sleighing two well dressed men with a stylish rig drove up in front of a saloon, alighted and hitched their team nearby. On entering one of the two threw a card down on the bar. Mr. Davis picked it up, and after glancing at it a moment, reached his hand over the counter, and taking the hand of the tall gentleman, said: "I am glad to meet you, Mr. Marble." "Mr. Davis, shake hands with my friend, Mr. James," said Mr. Marble. After shaking hands, Mr. Marble called for the best brandy in the house. "It is twenty cents a drink," said Davis. "No matter, set it up and take something yourself, and let's have some of your best cigars." They all drank and smoked, not only once, but half a dozen times did they repeat. All this time no money passed over the bar. Marble had sold out his bar in Cumberland, and was about to fit up a place which he had rented in Piedmont. He was particularly well pleased with Davis' arrangements. The bar-room was just the nice kind of a little cosy place he wanted, and the pool room suited to a queen's taste. "What's the bill, Mr. Davis," inquired the sleek Marble. "Four dollars and eighty-five cents," replied the delighted Mr. Davis. "Fill up two pints of that brandy and wrap up twenty-five of your best cigars." The goods were put up and placed in the sleigh, and Marble flashed a fifty dollar bill. "Nothing smaller, Mr. Marble?" asked Davis. "No, sir," he said, and turning to his partner handed him a bill and sent him to the bank for change. Mr. James ostensively started for the bank, when Marble questioned the saloon keeper as to the dimensions of his rooms. Davis did not know to a certainty the exact measurement. "We can easily measure it," said Marble. "I have a tape line in my grip." He then went to the sleigh and brought in an old twenty-five foot tape measure, and after measuring the bar room they repaired to the pool room and measured it. Davis held the measure in his hand and returned to the bar room, while Marble looked out the door. At the same time he called to Davis to measure the bar room again, saying he believed there was some mistake. Davis handed one end of the line to a customer who had dropped in in the meantime and they proceeded to measure the room. There was a ringing of bells outside and Davis hurried to the door. In doing so he witnessed a scene long to be remembered by him. The two sleek gentlemen were making their horse clip off at a two-forty gait. The knowing one promised secrecy on conditions that he was to have free drinks in the future.

Deer Park—Delayed.

We are glad to say that Mr. W. E. George, who has been sick with pneumonia, is improving.

Miss Georgia Hoye went to Washington, D. C., last Monday.

Messrs. Haraman and Smith, of Tyler county, W. Va., were the guests of Mr. S. C. Hoye a few days this week.

Mr. J. C. Rodeheaver preached in the M. E. church last Sunday evening.

Mr. J. Lawrence, who has been selling a steel range in this vicinity, was in town this week.

There was a spelling match at the school house here last Friday morning.

Several of the people of this place were summoned to court.

Miss May Forman, who has been visiting Mrs. W. C. Jones here, returned to her home in Preston county last Friday.

Walnut Bottom.

Miss Fannie Warnick and Miss Dela Kinell, two charming young ladies of Chestnut Grove, were seen on our streets Sunday last.

Rev. Coleman preached his farewell sermon last Sunday to a large congregation.

Mr. S. S. Harvey, of Manor Mines, is going to move in our midst this week.

On account of the recent rains, our roads are in a bad condition.

Mr. Robert Slaughter, of Chaffee, was seen in our village Sunday.

Several of our young ladies and gentlemen attended church at Bethel Sunday.

SCHOOL BOY.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

President McKinley Outlines the Policy of His Administration.—Favors a Firm Foreign Policy and Opposes Deficits.

The inaugural address of President McKinley is as follows:

FELLOW CITIZENS—In obedience to the will of the people and in their presence, by the authority vested in me by this oath, I assume the arduous and responsible duties of President of the United States, relying on the support of my countrymen and invoking the guidance of Almighty God. Our faith teaches that there is no safer reliance than upon the God of our fathers, who has so singularly favored the American people in every national trial, and who will not forsake us so long as we obey His commandments and walk humbly in his footsteps.

The responsibilities of the high trust to which I have been called—always of grave importance—are augmented by the prevailing business conditions, entailing idleness upon willing labor and loss to useful enterprises. The country is suffering from industrial disturbances from which speedy relief must be had. Our financial system needs some revision; our money is all good now, but its value must not further be threatened. It should all be put upon an enduring basis, not subject to easy attack, nor its stability to doubt or dispute. Our currency should continue under the supervision of the government. The several forms our paper money offer, in my judgment, a constant embarrassment to the government and a sure balance in the treasury. Therefore, I believe it necessary to devise a system which, without diminishing the circulating medium or offering a premium for its construction, will present a remedy for those arrangements, which, temporary in their nature, might well in the years of our prosperity have been displaced by wiser provisions.

With adequate revenue secured, but not until then, we can enter upon such changes in our fiscal laws as will, while insuring safety and volume to our money, no longer impose upon the government the necessity of maintaining so large a gold reserve, with its attendant and inevitable temptations to speculation. Most of our financial laws are the outgrowth of experience and trial, and should not be amended without investigation, and demonstration of the wisdom of the proposed changes. We must be both "sure we are right" and "make haste slowly." If, therefore, Congress in its wisdom shall deem it expedient to create a commission to take under early consideration the revision of our coinage, banking and currency laws, and give them that exhaustive, careful and dispassionate examination that their importance demands, I shall certainly concur in such action. If such power is vested in the President, it is my purpose to appoint a committee of prominent, well-informed citizens of different parties, who will command public confidence both on account of their ability and special fitness for the work. Business experience and public training may thus be combined, and the patriotic zeal of the friends of the country be so directed that such a report will be made as to receive the support of all parties, and our finances cease to be the subject of mere partisan contention. The experiment is, at all events, worth a trial, and, in my opinion, it can but prove beneficial to the entire country.

The question of international bimetallism will have early and earnest attention. It will be my constant endeavor to secure it by co-operation with the other great commercial powers of the world. Until that condition is realized when the parity between our gold and silver money springs from and is supported by the relative value of the two metals, the value of the silver already coined, and of that which may hereafter be coined, must be kept constantly at par with gold by every resource at our command. The credit of the government, the integrity of its currency and the inviolability of its obligations must be preserved. This was the commanding verdict of the people and it will not be unheeded.

Economy is demanded in every branch of the government at all times, but especially in periods like the present of depression in business and distress among the people. The severest economy must be observed in all public expenditures, and extravagance stopped wherever it is found, and prevented wherever in the future it may be developed. If the revenues are to remain as now, the only relief that can come must be from decreased expenditures. But the present must not become the permanent condition of the government. It has been our uniform practice to retire, not increase, our outstanding obligations, and this policy must again be resumed and vigorously enforced. Our revenues should always be large enough to meet with ease and promptness not only our current needs and the principal and interest of the public debt, but to make proper and liberal provision for that most deserving body of public creditors, the soldiers and sailors and the widows and orphans who are the pensioners of the United States.

The government should not be permitted to run behind, or increase its debt, in times like the present. Suitably to provide against this is the mandate of duty; the certain and easy remedy for most of our financial difficulties. A deficiency is inevitable so long as the expenditures of the government exceed its receipts. It can only be met by loans, or an increased revenue. While a large annual surplus of revenue may invite waste and extravagance, inadequate revenue creates distrust and undermines public and private credit. Neither should be encouraged. Between more loans and more revenue, there ought to be but one opinion. We should have more revenue, and that without delay, hindrance or postponement. A surplus in the treasury created by loans is not a permanent or safe reliance. It will suffice while it lasts, but it cannot last long while the outlays of the government are greater than its receipts, as has been the case during the past two years. Nor must it be forgotten that however much such loans may temporarily relieve the situation, the government is still indebted for the amount of the surplus thus accrued, which it must ultimately pay, while its ability to pay is not strengthened but weakened by a continued deficit. Loans are imperative in great emergencies to preserve the government or its credit, but a failure to supply needed revenue in time of peace for the maintenance of either has no justification.

The best way for the government to maintain its credit is to pay as it goes—not by resorting to loans, but by keeping out of debt—through an adequate income secured by a system of taxation, external or internal, or both. It is the settled policy of the government, pursued from the beginning and practiced by all parties and administrations, to raise the bulk of our revenue from taxes upon foreign productions entering the United States for sale and consumption; and avoiding for the most part every form of direct taxation except in time of war. The country is clearly opposed to any needless additions to the subjects of internal taxation, and is committed by its latest popular utterance to the system of tariff taxation. There can be no misunderstanding, either, about the principle upon which this tariff taxation shall be levied. Nothing has ever been made plainer at a general election than that the controlling principle in the raising of revenue from duties on imports is zealous care for American interests and American labor.

The people have declared that such legislation should be had as will give ample protection and encouragement to the industries and the development of our country. It is, therefore, earnestly hoped and expected that Congress will, at the earliest practicable moment, enact revenue legislation that shall be fair, reasonable, conservative and just, and which, while supplying sufficient revenue for public purposes, will still be signally beneficial and helpful to every section, and every enterprise of the people. To this policy we are all, of whatever party, firmly bound by the voice of the people—a power vastly more potential than the expression of any political platform.

The paramount duty of Congress is to stop deficiencies by the restoration of that protective legislation which has always been the firmest prop of the treasury. The passage of such a law or laws would strengthen the credit of the government both at home and abroad, and go far toward stopping the drain upon the old reserve held for the redemption of our currency, which has been heavy and well nigh constant for several years.

In the revision of the tariff, especial attention should be given to the re-enactment and extension of the reciprocity principle of the law of 1890, under which so great stimulus was given to our foreign trade in new and advantageous markets, for our surplus agricultural and manufactured products. The brief trial given this legislation amply justifies a further experiment and additional discretionary power in the making of commercial treaties, the end in view always to be the opening up of new markets for the products of our country, by granting concessions to the products of other lands that we need and cannot produce ourselves, and which do not involve any loss of labor to our own people, but tend to increase their employment.

The depression of the past four years has fallen with especial severity upon the great body of toilers of the country, and upon none more than the holders of small farms. Agriculture has languished and labor suffered. The revival of manufacturing will be a relief to both. No portion of our population is more devoted to the institutions of free government, nor more loyal in their support, while none bears more cheerfully or fully its proper share in the maintenance of the government, or is better entitled to its wise and liberal care and protection. Legislation helpful to producer is beneficial to all.

The depressed condition of industry on the farm and in the mine and factory has lessened the ability of the people to meet the demands upon them, and they rightfully expect that not only a system of revenue shall be established that will secure the largest income with the least burden, but that every means will be taken to decrease, rather than increase, our public expenditures.

Business conditions are not the most promising. It will take time to restore the prosperity of former years. If we cannot promptly attain it, we can resolutely turn our faces in that direction, and aid its return by friendly legislation. However troublesome the situation may appear, Congress will not, I am sure, be found lacking in disposition or ability to relieve it, as far as legislation can do so. The restoration of confidence and the revival of business, which men of all parties so much desire, depend more largely upon the prompt, energetic and intelligent action of Congress than upon any other single agency affecting the situation.

It is inspiring, too, to remember that no emergency in the one hundred and eight years of our eventful national life has ever arisen that has not been met with wisdom and courage by the American people, with fidelity to their best interests and highest destiny, and to the honor of the American name. These years of glorious history have exalted mankind and advanced the cause of freedom throughout the world, and immeasurably strengthened the precious free institutions which we enjoy. The people love and will sustain these institutions. The great essential to our happiness and prosperity is that we adhere to the principles upon which the government was established, and insist upon their faithful observance. Equality of rights must prevail and our laws be always and everywhere respected and obeyed. We may have failed in the discharge of our full duty as citizens of the great republic, but it is consoling and encouraging to realize that free speech a free press, free thought, free schools, the free and unmolested right of religious liberty and worship, and free and fair elections are dearer, and more universally enjoyed to-day than ever before. These guarantees must be sacredly preserved and wisely strengthened.

The constituted authorities must be cheerfully and vigorously upheld. Lynchings must not be tolerated in a great and civilized country like the United States; courts, not mobs, must execute the penalties of the law. The preservation of public order, the right of discussion, the integrity of courts, and the orderly administration of justice must continue forever the rock of safety upon which our government securely rests.

One of the lessons taught by the late election, which all can rejoice in, is that the citizens of the United States are both law-respecting and law-abiding, not easily swerved from the path of patriotism and honor. This is in entire accord with the genius of our institutions, and but emphasizes the advantages of inculcating even a greater love for law and order in the future. Immunity should be granted to none who violate the laws, whether individual, corporations or communities; and as the constitution imposes upon the President the duty of both its own execution, and of the statutes enacted in pursuance of its provisions, I shall endeavor carefully to carry them into effect.

The declaration of the party now restored to power has been in the past that of "oppression to all combinations of capital organized in trusts, or otherwise, to control arbitrarily the conditions of trade among our citizens," and it has supported "such legislation as will prevent the execution of all schemes to oppress the people by undue charges on their supplies, or by unjust laws for the transportation of their products to market." This purpose will be steadily pursued, both by the enforcement of the laws now in existence and the recommendation and support of such new statutes as may be necessary to carry it into effect.

Our naturalization and immigration laws should further be improved to the constant promotion of a surer, a better and a higher citizenship. A grave peril to the republic would be a citizenship too ignorant to understand, or too vicious to appreciate the great value and beneficence of our constitutions and laws—and against all who come here to make war upon them our gates must be promptly and tightly closed. Nor must we be unmindful of the need of improvements among our own citizens but with the zeal of our forfathers encourage the spread of knowledge and free education. Illiteracy must be banished from the land, if we shall attain that high destiny as the foremost of the enlightened nations of the world, which under Providence, we ought to achieve.

Reform in the civil service must go on. But the changes should be real and genuine, not perfunctory, or prompted by a zeal in behalf of any party, simply because it happens to be in power. As a member of Congress, I voted and spoke in favor of the present law, and I shall attempt its enforcement in the spirit in which it was enacted. The purpose in view was to secure the most efficient service of the best men who would accept appointment under the government, retaining faithful and devoted public servants in office, but shielding none, under the authority of any rule or custom, who are inefficient, incompetent or unworthy. The best interests of the country demand this, and the people heartily approve the law wherever and whenever it has been administered.

Congress should give prompt attention to the restoration of our American merchant marine, once the pride of the seas in all the great ocean highways of commerce. To my mind few more important subjects so imperatively demand its intelligent consideration. The United States has progressed with marvelous rapidity in every field of enterprise and endeavor until we have become foremost in nearly all the great lines of inland trade, commerce and industry. Yet, while this is true, our American merchant marine has been steadily declining until it is now lower both in percentage of tonnage and the number of vessels employed, than in was prior to the civil war. Commendable progress has been made of late years in the upbuilding of the American navy, but we must supplement these efforts by providing as a proper consort for it a merchant marine amply sufficient for our own carrying trade to foreign countries. The question is one that appeals both to our business necessities and the patriotic aspirations of a great people.

It has been the policy of the United States since the foundations of the government, to cultivate relations of peace and amity with all the nations of the world and this accords with my conception of our duty now. We have cherished the policy of non-interference with the affairs of foreign governments, wisely inaugurated by Washington, keeping ourselves free from entanglement either as allies or foes, content to leave undisturbed with them the settlement of their own domestic concerns. It will be our aim to pursue a firm and dignified foreign policy, which shall be just, impartial, ever watchful of our national honor, and always insisting upon the enforcement of the lawful rights of American citizens everywhere. Our diplomacy should seek nothing more, and accept nothing less, than is due us. We want no wars of conquest; we must avoid temptation of territorial aggression. War should never be entered upon until every agency of peace has failed; peace is preferable to war in almost every contingency.

Arbitration is the true method of settlement of international, as well as local or individual difference. It was recognized as the best means of adjustment of differences between employers and employes by the Forty-ninth Congress, in 1886, and its application was extended to our diplomatic relations by the unanimous concurrence of the Senate and House of the Fifty-first Congress in 1890. The latter resolution was accepted as the basis of negotiations with us by the British House of Commons, in 1893, and upon our invitation, a treaty of arbitration between the United States and Great Britain was signed at Washington, and transmitted to the Senate for its ratification, in January last. Since this treaty is clearly the result of our own initiative; since it has been recognized as the leading feature of our foreign policy throughout entire national history—the adjustment of difficulties by judicial methods rather than by force of arms—and since it presents to the world the glorious example of reason and peace, not passion and war, controlling the relations between two of the greatest nations of the world, an example certain to be followed by others, I respectfully urge the early action of the Senate thereon, not merely as a matter of policy, but as a duty to mankind. The importance and moral influence of the ratification of such a treaty can hardly be overestimated in the cause of advancing civilization. It may well engage the best thought of the statesmen and people of every country, and I cannot but consider it fortunate that it was reserved to the United States to have the leadership in so grand a work.

It has been the uniform practice of each President to avoid, as far as possible, the convening of Congress in extraordinary session. It is an example which, under ordinary circumstances and in the absence of a public necessity, is to be commended. But a failure to convene the representatives of the people in Congress in extra session when it involves neglect of a public duty, places the responsibility of such neglect upon the executive himself. The condition of the public treasury, as has been indicated, demands the immediate consideration of Congress. It alone has the power to provide revenues for the government. Not to convene it under such circumstances I can view in no other sense than the neglect of a plain duty. I do not sympathize with the sentiment that Congress in session is dangerous to our general business interests. Its members are the agents of the people, and their presence at the seat of government in the execution of the sovereign will should not operate as an injury, but a benefit. There should be no better time to put the government upon a sound financial and economic basis than now. The people have only recently voted that this should be done, and nothing is more binding upon the agents of their will than the obligation of immediate action.

It has always seemed to me that the postponement of the meeting of Congress until more than a year after it has been chosen deprived Congress too often of the inspiration of the popular will and the country of the corresponding benefits.

It is evident, therefore, that to postpone action in the presence of so great a necessity would be unwise on the part of the executive, because unjust to the interests of the people. Our actions now will be freer from mere partisan consideration than if the question of tariff revision was postponed until the regular session of Congress. We are nearly two years from a congressional election, and politics cannot so greatly distract us as if such a contest was pending. We can approach the problem calmly and patriotically, without fearing its effect upon an early election. Our fellow-citizens who may disagree with us upon the character of this legislation, prefer to have the question settled now, even against their preconceived views—and perhaps settled so reasonably, as I trust and believe it will be, as to insure great permanence—than to have further uncertainty menacing the vast and varied business interests of the United States. Again, whatever action Congress may take will be given a fair opportunity for trial before the people are called to pass judgment upon it, and this I consider a great essential to the rightful and lasting settlement of the question. In view of these considerations, I shall deem it my duty as President to convene Congress in extraordinary session on Monday, the 15th day of March, 1897.

In conclusion, I congratulate the country upon the fraternal spirit of the people and the manifestation of good will everywhere apparent. The recent election not only most fortunately demonstrated the obliteration of sectional or geographical lines, but to some extent also the prejudices which for years have distracted our councils and marred our true greatness as a nation. The triumph of the people, whose verdict is carried into effect to-day, is not the triumph of one section, nor wholly of one party, but of all sections and all the people. The North and South no longer divide on the old lines, but upon principles and policies; and in this fact surely every lover of the country can find cause for true felicitation. Let us rejoice in and cultivate this spirit; it is ennobling, and will be both a gain and blessing to our beloved country. It will be my constant aim to do nothing, and permit nothing to be done, that will arrest or disturb this growing sentiment of unity and co-operation, this revival of esteem and affiliation which now animates so many thousands in both the old antagonistic sections, but I shall cheerfully do everything possible to promote and increase it.

Let us again repeat the words of the oath administered by the chief justice, which, in their respective spheres, so far as applicable, I would have all my countrymen observe: "I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States." This is the obligation I have reverently taken before the Lord most high. To keep it will be my single purpose; my constant prayer, and I shall confidently rely upon the forbearance and assistance of all the people in the discharge of my solemn responsibilities.

Mountain Lake Park.

Mrs. A. C. Combs of Terra Alta visited the Park on Monday.

Mr. Thos. Harris is erecting a two story cottage on D street, north of Philadelphia avenue.

M. M. Shrock has the contract for building the two story addition to Braethorn cottage. He has the material on the ground, and is framing the timber for the house.

Dr. Rambeau has given Mr. Johnson the contract for a two room addition to his cottage.

Carpenters are putting a one story addition to the cottage lately occupied by Mr. Rulifson and family.

T. B. Guest, who has been spending the winter at the Assembly House has gone to Buckhannon, W. Va., on a business trip. He will return to the Park about May 1st.

The Park sanitary force is at work cleaning up the alleys, hauling away ashes, tin cans, etc.

Raking and burning leaves was the order of the day on Monday last. A number of our citizens were cleaning up their lots and putting things in shape for the summer.

R. H. Henderson of Cumberland, was a visitor at the Park last week.

Supt. Rudisill is expecting the Hon. J. D. Botkin and family at the Park in a day or two. Mr. Botkin and Mr. R. are old friends, Mr. Botkin is a member of Congress from Kansas.

Mr. H. G. Sharps and wife, of New Philadelphia, Ohio, are visitors at the Park.

McHenry.

Snow nearly all gone and plenty of mud.

McLean and Pysell have been on the road repairing bridges damaged by high water.

Mr. Jonas Glotfelty is busy turning the sod under preparing for spring planting.

George Welch and Clarence Fraker took a trip to Oakland to visit the court, for the first time.

Mrs. D. W. Fraker is still on the sick list, but is improving very slowly.

Mr. Samuel Specht, of Eglon, W. Va., Mrs. Jaccob Mosser, of Accident, and Mrs. Sell of Oakland, are visiting D. W. Fraker.

Farmers are making preparations for putting up their lime kilns for spring crops.

We notice Sheriff Brown in our town to-day summoning witnesses for court.

By the hustle our merchants are getting on them business must be reviving. J. R.

No Wine for McKinley's.

Indications point to the absence of wine at the White House dinners during this administration.

A dinner was tendered Friday night by the McKinleys to their kinsfolk. It was elaborate in all respects, except that no wine was served. The dinner was served in the family dining room, and there was no formality. In not having wine, Mrs. McKinley will only follow the practice of many years. The President is a consistent abstainer.

A nephew of President and Mrs. McKinley, who was at the dinner, said: "We didn't have a drop of wine. You know, the Major and Mrs. McKinley never drink wine themselves, and do not believe in setting a bad example for their younger relatives, or, in fact, for any one. I've never seen wine on their table, and I've eaten at their home hundreds of times."

During the recent campaign, although many noted statesmen were guests at the McKinley home and tested the merits of the Major's cuisine, no wines were served.

COME AND C!

OUR ..... OF

HARDWARE!

Edge Tools,
Garden Tools,
Shovels,
Forks,
Spades,
Locks,
Hinges,
Nails,
Plain Wire,
Barbed Wire,
Brushes,
Woodenware,
Tinware,
Stoves,
Ranges,
Paints,
Oils,
Varnishes,
Granite Ware,
Harness,
Collars,
Plows,
Harrows,
Table Cutlery,
Pocket Knives,
Razors,
Shears,
Door Bells,
Hand Bells,
Wagons,
Drills,
Mowers,
Binders,
Cultivators,
Churns,
Terra Cotta Piping,
Glass, Etc., Etc.

J. M. DAVIS & SON,
OAKLAND, MD.

PIEDMONT STONE & LIME CO.,

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, November 24, 1895. Trains leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Day Express	2 10	A. M
No. 5—Daily	6 [illegible]	A. M
No. 71—Accom. daily except Sun.	[illegible]	A. M
No. 17—Daily	[illegible]	A. M
No. 55—Express, daily	5 [illegible]	P. M
No. 1—Daily	[illegible]	P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily	7 50	A. M
No. 2—Daily	8 01	A. M
No. 72—Accom. daily except Sun.	5 [illegible]	P. M
No. 16—Daily	1 [illegible]	P. M
No. 4—Daily	12 20	A. M

* Will take passengers for Terra Alta, Rowlesburg, Newburg and Thornton.

CHAS. O. SCULL,
General Passenger Agent.
C. F. SCHLOEDER, Agent.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

IN EFFECT FEBRUARY 28, 1897.

SOUTHWARD No. 3	SOUTHWARD No. 1	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2	NORTHWARD No. 4
P. M.	A. M.			P. M.
3 00	7 00	Cumberland ar	12 [illegible]	7 50
3 26	7 26	Rawlings	11 40	7 05
3 45	7 45	Keyser	11 28	6 47
4 00	8 00	Westernport	11 15	6 30
4 04	8 04	W. Va. Junc.	11 11	6 26
4 31	8 25	Shaw	10 45	5 57
5 10	9 01	Harrison	10 08	5 20
6 15	9 40	Elk Garden	8 00	4 00
5 55	9 30	Gorman	9 40	4 55
5 42	9 26	Bayard	9 8[illegible]	4 47
5 34	9 [illegible]	Dahlia	9 [illegible]	4 38
6 27	10 [illegible]	Thomas	8 [illegible]	4 08
6 55	10 [illegible]	Davis	8 00	3 15
6 31	10 [illegible]	Coketon	8 [illegible]	4 01
7 01	11 01	Hendricks	8 15	3 30
7 07	11 07	Bretz	8 [illegible]	3 23
7 10	11 10	Parsons	8 [illegible]	3 20
7 [illegible]	11 [illegible]	Kerens	7 [illegible]	3 15
8 00	12 00 [illegible]	Elkins	19 [illegible]	2 30
	1 30 [illegible]	Beverly	lv	*1 50
				P. M.
	3 05 [illegible]	Huntington lv		*11 50
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

* Daily, Daily except Sunday.

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ORDER NISI.

Lewis Kamp and Julius C. Renninger, trustees, vs. John J. Boughley and wife.

No. 580 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

It is ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a Court of Equity, this 16th day of February, 1897, that the sales of the real estate made and reported in the above entitled cause by Lewis Kamp and Julius C. Renninger, trustees, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 19th day of March next; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Oakland, Md., [illegible], once a week for three successive weeks before the 19th day of March, 1897.

The report states the amount of sales to be $365.60.

True copy—test: [illegible] E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

Annie E. Veitch, vs. Adam H. Long and Anna C. Long, his wife.

No. 518 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered, this 25th day of February, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Percy H. Veitch, attorney, as aforesaid, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 29th day of March, 1897; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 29th day of March, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $600.00.

True copy—test: [illegible] E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

MARY MASON.

It was in a little house on a little street of a little Nebraska town—the town of Bubble.

The little woman was crouched upon the carpet sofa in a limp heap. She looked ill, but sanguine—exhausted, but relieved. The remains of the midday meal were on the table. There were traces of ashes about the stove. The baby's gown was begrimed. In spite of these facts the mistress of the modest home smiled sweetly.

"Well," exclaimed her visitor, one comprehensive glance embracing the unwonted neglect of the place, "I heard you were not feeling well, but I did not know you required assistance with your housework. I supposed, of course, your friend Mrs. Mason was with you."

The little woman looked up with a sparkle in her eye.

"O, I'm well enough. I was sick enough up to last Tuesday. I've been gettin' better ever since. I'll have the table red off an' things straightened before Tom gets home. If I feel like it now I can let things be. There ain't no one to notice. Mrs. Mason, she don't come over. Truth is, we've got shet of Mary Mason. We just," in emphatic repetition, "had to get shet of Mary Mason."

The visitor was sympathetic. The little woman was confidential.

"Me an' Tom," she explained, "have lived on farms all our lives. So when we rented the farm and moved into town, I thought the change was fine. 'My!' I says to Tom, 'ain't it nice to live in a large place. I never before suspicioned how comfortable it was to live reel near to folks, an' have them folks neighborly. Out'n the half section we might be two weeks 'ithout seein' a body to speak to. An' here we've got 300 people in this town, an' two trains a day—not to mention the freights—an' houses all round us. It's awful nice,' I says to Tom, 'but what's nicest is Mrs. Mason. Why she comes in that often I ain't got a bit of time to be lonesome for the stock. There's only herself an' her husband, so her work don't count. She can't read or write only Bohemy, an' she ain't got no use for that language since she married out'n her folks. Take it altogether, she's willin' to neighbor lots, an' that,' I says to Tom, 'will be mighty perkin' for me!'"

"Yes," assented her visitor, with a rising inflection on the monosyllable.

"Tom, he didn't say much. He's kind of slow-like. He jest said: 'What suits you, Eliza, suits me!' Well, Mrs. Mason she come. She kept comin'. Sometimes, if she got Samyel off early, she come in before our breakfast. She allus come in before I got the dishes done up. An' she stayed. She stayed all mornin' — even wash mornin's. Sometimes she talked. Right along she kept nibblin'. Sometimes 'twas a bit of cheese, or a couple of crackers, or a hunk of spice gingerbread, or the top off a jar of jell. 'I can't hear you when I'm a-rubbin',' I'd say. That never mattered a bit to her. She'd wait till I got through rubbin' an' was a-hilin'. But whether she talked or whether she didn't allus come, sure as the daylight did, she allus kept a-nibblin', an' she allus stayed."

The narator treated himself to a teaspoonful of medicine out of a bottle on the windowsill before she proceeded.

"Our girls get home from school at 12," went on the prostrated chatelaine, "an' I allus have lunch for 'em then. Sometimes it's reel good. Sometimes it's only scraps. Anyhow, it's the best me an' Tom can afford. Don't you think she stayed for every one of them lunches? My, yes. She don't have to get dinner for Samyel till one, an' she 'lowed that she most generally got peckish about noon. So she'd set down with the children reg'lar, un' then go across home to get dinner.

Her visitor sighed softly.

"Then she would stay all afternoon. She was allus here when Tom come home to supper. Her husband took his supper at the hotel, so she used to jine us. Samyel never got back from the store before 11, so she'd stay at our house to pass the time. Tom, he'd go for the mail, an' come back, an' there she was. 'Read the noos!' she'd say. Tom, who is natchilly pelite, 'ud read it. He'd read, an' read, an' read! 'Land's sakes!' Mary Mason 'ud put in, 'go on! I could jest set here all night an' listen.' An' she did—pretty near!"

There was a mournful silence.

"On the farm," continued Mrs. Robinson, "me an' Tom allus went to bed at eight. How was we to go to bed even at ten, with Mary Mason a-settin' there? 'Laad o' the livin'!' she'd say, seein' me a-patchin,' 'I'm glad I ain't got enny children to keep a-sluvin' fer—they do take such a slew of work!' But when I got through the mendin', an' Tom had read every word in the paper, even the advertisements—there she was! Tom he'd yawn an' yawn. I'd tell as how I was dead beat, not havin' got much sleep the night before with the baby that was croupy. She never pretended to hear. By'm by, Tom, he'd go into our bedroom that's off the sittin'-room, an' he'd haul off his shoes, an' sling 'em on the floor real hard. That didn't stir her. It was awful provokin'."

"It must have been!" her visitor acquiesced.

"Then they was the borryin'. Not that Mary Mason called it borryin'. She said she hadn't a bit of use for folks that borryed. She said when she wanted anything from a person she neighbored with that she just went in an' took it, feel friendly like. That's how our groceries kept a-meltin'. 'Tain't worth while me buyin' a package of yeast that costs five cents,' she'd say, 'when half a cake will make a bakin' for me and Samyel. I'll take a bit of your'n.' The next time she come 'twould be flavorin'. 'No use of me gettin' a whole bottle of vaniller,' she'd say, 'when I only make a cake once a week. A teaspoon 'ill do me.' Then there was tea. Samyel drank only coffee, an' 'twould be extravagance for me,' she says, 'to buy half a pound of tea for myself. I'll take a pinch of yours.' So she took a pinch—most every day. Pinches make pounds—enough of 'em. 'Pickles,' she often observed, 'I'm most especially fond of, but Samyel says they rust out the linin' of a body's stomach. So I've made up my mind I'll eat mine over here, an' then he won't know if the linin' o' my stomach is rusted out or not.' I wish," feebly concluded Mrs. Robinson, "that you'd look at that row of empty jars on top of the kitchen press!"

A depressing and significant silence followed.

"Me an' Tom," said the protesting voice, "wanted to talk it over, but 'twas only between 12 at night an' six in the mornin' we got a chance. 'Tom,' I says to him one night after she'd been in an' borryed our last half-dozen of eggs, sayin' she'd return 'em when they got cheaper, 'Tom, we got to get shet of Mary Mason!' Tom says, 'I don't know how we're goin' to do it unless we move back on the farm.'"

"But you couldn't well do that!"

"Not reel ensy. So I begun to give her hints. I give her all kinds of hints. I said as how I'd never been used to sassiety, an' that much of it made my head ache. I said as how Tom just loved solitood—that there wasn't anything he liked better than spending his evenings alone with me an' the children. I said late hours was fearful wearin' on our constitootions, an' that after this we was going to bed not later'n nine o'clock. I said I couldn't return her visits because Tom hadn't no use for women that was allus gaddin'—an' besides it wouldn't be no use for me to go over, seein' she was never home. Them, an' lots other gentle hints, I gave her. She only says: 'Oh, stuffin'! I ain't one to make a fuss because a body can't keep up with the rules of ettirquette! I don't mind if you never come over. I won't get mad. I ain't that proud sort. Guess I'll take a bit of that roly-poly over for Samyel's dinner—it'll save me makin' sass.' It was that way right along. When she got through eatin' she was sure to want somethin' to take home for Samyel. 'You jest put an extry tablespoon of coffee in the pot,' she'd say, 'an' I'll run over with Samyel's cup. That'll save me makin' some.' Well, when I told Tom that them mild sayin's of mine 'ud no more mix into her mind than you could make sulphur blend with water, Tom says: 'Tell her we're goin' to move back on the farm. Maybe then she'll begin to neighbor with the folks that has just got married across the alley.'

"That very day—'twas a quarter to 12, a week ago yesterday—she come a-walkin' into the kitchen (she never knocked), a big plate in her hand. Like usual, she had a whole big welcome for herself. 'I knowed,' she says, 'you was aimin' to have a biled dinner to-day, an' I thought I'd jest run over and get enough for Samyel an' me out'r the pot while it was hot.' So up she marches to the stove an' takes the lid off'n the kettle an' begins a-spearin' out the salt pork, the turnips an' the cabbage. 'Sakes alive!' she says, proddin' round, 'there ain't no carrots. Why ain't ye got some carrots? Me an' Samyel we're reel fond of carrots.'

"'Maybe,' says I, kind of sarcastic like, 'we'll have lots of 'em soon. That is, if we move back on the farm, like we're talkin' of doin'.'

"Tom thought that'd be a knockdown blow. So did I. But it 'twasn't. We didn't know Mary Mason. She smiled all over. "'Gracious me!' she says, 'if that ain't luck! I told Samyel this mornin' I was clean beat out housekeepin' and would like a chance to recooperate. Here it is! I'll go out to the farm with you an' stay for three months!'

"Then I knew that my last hint had fall'n flatter'n the breakfast puffs you make from a newspaper prize recipe. I had felt my family peace a-goin', I had suffered my own health a-goin'—an' I seen my dinner a-goin', too. So. I riz in my wrath.

"'No,' I says, 'you ain't comin'—for you ain't goin' to be asked.'

"She bust out a-laflin'.

"'Merey me!' she says, 'what a one you are for jokin'! I never see the beat of you, Mis' Rob'son. I ain't so awful pertickler that I wait for folks to ask me.'

"Then my temper rises. It come up like milk a-bilin'. You don't know it's near the top till it runs over. 'I alu't jokin',' I says. 'If we move back on the farm 'twill be to get shet of you!'

"'What's that?' she says, an' stands there a-gawpin'.

"'It'll be to get shet of you!' I repeated reel deliberate. 'This is the last hint I'll give ye, Mary Mason!'"

"'Did she take it?' the visitor queried.

A faint smile of triumph illumined the face reposing on the patchwork pillow.

"O, yes, she took it—along with the biled dinner. She said, though, that her faith in human natur' was shook. She said she'd never again try to neighbor with a woman who didn't appreciate the friendliness of persons more accustomed to sassiety. She 'lowed she never had much use nohow for folks who couldn't tell findoosiekle from sauerkraut."

"So your ordeal is at an end?"

"We believe so," the little woman said, hopefully. "It's a week since we had the biled dinner—most of which we didn't have. She ain't come over since. I'm getting my health back. Tom an' me is livin' happy an' peaceful again. We go to bed at half-past eight. The children gets all their share at meal times. I red up when I feel willin'. Tom says it's too good to last. He says she'll come back one of these days. Do you think she will?"

"O, surely not!"

"I hope not," returned the little woman, smiling brightly. But the next instant she cast towards the door a furtive glance that was dark with dread. "We've got shet of Mary Mason I know, but—will we stay shet?" — Chicago Tribune.

CUBA LAID IN WASTE.

Business Ruined and Houses and Crops Destroyed.

A special dispatch from Havana to the Evening World gives a detailed account of the devastation which has been wrought throughout the island of Cuba. It contains a statement made to the correspondent by Adolph W. Waldmann, of Chicago, a very observing and conscientious German-American, who has just completed a trip through the province of Santa Clara.

"I came to Cuba on January 1," said Mr. Waldmann, "to buy tobacco. I found only 80 bales in Havana, all poor stuff, and decided to go to Santiago de Cuba direct by boat and return slowly by traveling through the country where I could, so as to pick up tobacco if there was any. Let me say there is none.

"The trade in the states is utterly misinformed on this point. I have been two weeks getting 49 bales and have searched the island from one end to the other. The crop coming up has been destroyed. There is a little patch here and there around a town, but the fields are laid waste. I can safely say that east of Havana there is not enough tobacco gathered or in sight to keep a small factory in the United States going for a month. The reports of planters to the west of Havana are such that it would be useless for me to go there. There is three times as much Texas tobacco in the states to-day as there is cut or growing in Cuba.

"As to the revolution the situation looks to me after studying it with my eyes to be this: The Spaniards seem to be satisfied if they can hold the towns. All the country belongs to the rebels. And the rebels are slowly destroying the towns. If they had a few 12-pound cannon only the big cities would be standing in a month. Nothing could stop that.

"As it is neither side can win. Unless a change comes Cuba is certain to be made a waste. It is pretty close to that now. I did not see a farmhouse, except there were soldiers in it for a fort, standing in my whole trip. I saw hundreds upon hundreds that had been burned down as I passed through the country, often with half-charred sewing machines, cradles, furniture and implements strewn about. There is not a home with the family in peaceable possession in the country so far as I could see.

"When I was in the city of Santiago de Cuba I got acquainted with some of the Spanish officers there. They were very polite and nice to me. They took me up in a tower and with a glass showed me the earthworks and fortifications of the rebel strongholds. When I asked them why they did not attack these places in plain sight they said the troops could not leave the small forts. If the soldiers go out they are shot down. This was the reason they did not go out.

"One of the officers who seemed to be an inspector examined the guns while there and told me that the whole war was on a rotten basis and was an outrage upon Spain. Another officer, a general, afterward expressed the same views. He said he was disgusted and was going to resign and go home. They are angry because the other officers sit around cafes in Santiago and did not lead the troops to the field. It was just the same in Trinidad, Cienfuegos and in every large city.

"Between Colon and Matanzas the whole country is burned up. All the villages on the line are destroyed except two, and they have double stone walls around them and are well protected by troops. Every farmhouse was a ruin. There is not a thing growing nor planted. On the ride from Matanzas to Havana it was just as bad. There was only one town, Jaruco, standing, and a portion of that is gone.

"Around the ruins of every town were lots of soldiers and a crowd of poverty-stricken country people. Some of them were absolutely naked, all were nearly so. I saw any quantity of men wearing only breech-cloths. I wondered why these men did not go and join the rebels. I would rather die fighting than starve to death as they are doing.

"I can give you no adequate idea of the wretchedness of these people. Weak and naked, they are living, or, rather dying, under pieces of bark placed leaning against trees. They crawl under this and lay in the mud and dirt—men, women and children. Huts in Africa are palaces to these holes. It was the most horrible sight I ever saw and there were miles upon miles of it." —N. Y. World.

The Plague in Bombay.

The bubonic plague, a disease closely akin, if not identical with the "black death" of the middle ages, is raging in Bombay to an extent which occasions great alarm. Up to the first of the year the number of cases was over 2,000, and death was the result in a large proportion of the cases. One-half of the population of Bombay is reported to have fled from the city, and there is grave danger that the disease will thus be spread. Comparatively few Europeans have been stricken with the plague, but the unsanitary conditions in which the native population live promote its spread among them, and their tenacious observance of the principle of caste makes it difficult to secure the segeration of the sufferers in such a way as to check the spread of the contagion.—Youth's Companion.

A Royal Nurse.

The queen of Portugal kills tedium and wins popularity by persevering in her medical vocation. She goes regularly to the dispensary for children that she founded. On arriving she dons a nurse's uniform and proceeds to serious work. The managers are the Daughters of St. Catherine of Siena. The queen at first showed herself a coward when surgical operations were expected, but has steeled herself to suffering, and now holds on her knees little patients while in the surgeon's hands.—Albany Argus.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The deepest hole in the world has been bored in Silesia. It has reached a depth of 6,520 feet, and passed through 83 beds of coal.

—The longest tunnel in the world is St. Gothard, which is 48,840 feet. The next longest are Mount Cenis, 38,850 feet; Hoosac, 25,080 feet; Severn, 22,992 feet; Nochistongs, 21,659 feet; Sutis, 21,120 feet.

—Mr. J. Clayton, in a communication to Nature, refers to careful measurements he has made with sycamore, elm, oak, ash and beech trees, from which he has discovered that they all contract in girth during a frost.

—There is no reliable case on record where resuscitation has taken place after the complete freezing of the body in man. This has been frequently accomplished in the cold-blooded animals, such as fish and reptiles, if thawing be gradually brought about.

—If all the factories in Lancashire, England, should work day and night, producing 135,000,000 miles of thread every 12 hours (the usual output of one day), it would take them 200 years to spin a thread long enough to reach from the earth to the nearest of the fixed stars.

—The skin of the whale is from two inches to two feet thick, and the skin of a large specimen weighs 30 tons. The rhinoceros is the thickest-skinned quadruped, with a hide so tough as to resist the claws of a lion or tiger, the sword, or the balls of the old-fashioned musket.

—The first thermometer was made in 1621 by a Dutch physicist named Cornelius Van Drebbell, and consisted of a tube filled with air closed at its upper end and dipping at its other extremity, which was open, in a bottle of nitric acid diluted in water. As the temperature rose or fell, the air in the tube increased or grew less in volume, and consequently the liquid descended or rose.

AN AMERICAN ARCTIC CITY.

The Singular Town Growing Up In Alaska.

A correspondent sends from Circle City, Alaska, an account of that singular town, which has grown up out of the rush of gold-miners to the Yukon river, and which derives its name from the fact that it is within the Arctic circle. Perhaps no town, inhabited by civilized people, was ever built before in so remote and inaccessible a place, even in Siberia. Its nearest neighbor, as a settlement, is 240 miles away; this is Forty-Mile City, another American mining settlement.

Circle City is 1,000 miles from any place of consequence. To transport freight to or from the mines which center at Circle City costs 40 cents a pound.

However, at last accounts Circle City was "booming." Real estate was ridiculously high. The buildings are substantially constructed of logs, which cost from four to six dollars apiece. Rough whipsawed lumber costs $150 a thousand. The unskilled laborer receives ten dollars a day for his services, and any kind of skilled labor is paid two dollars and a half an hour.

For a long time every letter that any Circle City man received cost him one dollar to bring up from the coast. Now the government brings the letters, but declines to bring newspapers, so that Circle City, though in it every branch of business is represented, never has a newspaper unless it is brought up by a newcomer. All the summer the Circle City people knew nothing about the presidential situation—not even who were the candidates.

However, business was good; the people, without any lawful government, made a government of their own, and lived peaceably and prosperously, eating canned and desiccated vegetables, with moose meat in abundance.—Spokane Spokesman.

Vendland Myths.

The water-nixy is dangerous to young women who wade into ponds to cut reeds for thatch; the sandman has his female counterpart; when a boy nods it is Hermann that has come; when a girl gets sleepy over her spinning it is Dremotka. Reapers who fail to rest for an hour at midday are in danger of a ragged female demon called Pshespolniza; she comes with a sickle bound to a pole and cuts off their heads. She seems to have been sunstroke personified, but is now, like Serpowniza, only a bugbear used to frighten children away from growing crops. Here in the Spreewald exist many of the superstitions common to Ireland and Scotland—the changeling, the whirlwind, will-o'-the-wisp, kobold, leprechawn, and good little people generally. Here is the crafty spirit of the lake and the demon that springs on men's shoulders at night. Here especially is the banshee; indeed, no less a family than the Hohenzollerns have a private and particular white lady who appears in the unsentimental vicinage of the Schloss in the heart of Berlin and walls round the battlements when a death is to occur in the family. Connection between the British islands and the lands drained by the Elbe and Vistula has been constantly renewed by migration and conquest. In remote periods the race seems to have been alike in both countries.—Charles de Kay, in Century.

Savages' Deadly Weapon.

The most wonderful weapon of warfare in the world is used by the hunters of Borneo. It is a long bamboo rod with a narrow bore, called a "sumpitan," from which is blown a poisoned dart seven or eight inches long and not thicker than a large knitting needle. The weapon is absolutely noiseless, and the deadly missile which it hurls kills its victim and hardly leaves a trace upon the body. Armed with one of these blowguns, which are from ten to twelve feet long, and not greater than an inch in diameter, a warrior of Borneo can kill a man at a distance of 500 feet.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

His Repertoire.

"Have you learned any fancy methods of skating?" asked the young woman.

"No," replied Willie Wishington, "I can skate only two ways."

"Which are they?"

"Standing up and sitting down."—Washington Star.

AN INTERNAL REVOLUTION.

The Goat Below—You seem distressed.

The Other One—And well I may be. I've eaten 20 pages of a Scotch dialect story.—N. Y. Times.

Just Between Friends.

Miss Older—Men must be growing more polite. I get seats in street cars much oftener than I did a few years ago.

Miss Cutting—Well, it's a mighty mean man that will let an old lady stand!—N. Y. Journal.

Tender Thoughtfulness.

"My husband is the most considerate man in the world."

"In what way?"

"When he gave me my new writing-desk he had two keys made, so that if I lost mine he would have one. Few men would be as thoughtful as that."—Tit-Bits.

The Eternal Feminine.

She—Why are Mrs. Sniff and Mrs. Snuff always saying such spiteful things about each other?

He—Because they're both women, I suppose.—Chicago Journal.

He Was Sure of That.

Mrs. Benham—What did you pay the minister when we were married?

Benham—I don't remember the amount, but I overpaid him."—Town Topics.

Insult to Injury.

Newed—Can you stay in the house when the baby cries?

Benedict—Yes. I can stand it until my wife begins to sing it to sleep.—N. Y. Journal.

Getting Ready for Easter.

"What are you crying so for, Nellie?"

"Oh, it's nothing, Lucy. I want my husband to buy me a new bonnet tomorrow, and I am simply practicing a little."—Tit-Bits.

[Copyright, 1897, by Mitchell & Miller.]

"Do you mean to say that your daughter hasn't told you that she was engaged to me?"

"No. I told her not to bother me with those affairs unless she intended to get married."

Not Entirely Painless.

Dentist—Did you give that man laughing gas?

Assistant—Yes.

Dentist—How long did the effect last?

Assistant—Until he looked at the bill!—Town Topics.

Sure Thing.

"Bluffer says that he was a good deal put out at your meeting last night."

"I should say he was. We kicked him to the head of the stairs and then fired him down bodily."—Detroit Free Press.

Merely a Hint.

He—Nature abhors a vacuum.

She—Yes, but nature probably never sat up all night, hoping, every time she yawned, that he would take the hint.

Then he grabbed his hat and went.—Cleveland Leader.

A Winter Paradox.

'Tis vain the art to cultivate,
For he will choose—oh, thoughtless man—
The pretty girl who cannot skate
And slight the plainer one who can.
—Washington Star.

Similarity.

Mr. H.—I wonder why love and war are so frequently associated in proverbs?

Miss W.—I suppose it is because engagements are common to both.—Boston Traveler.

Accounting for It.

"I see the statisticians have discovered that two-thirds of the male suicides are bachelors."

"Undoubtedly; when a man's married he isn't even free to kill himself."—Chicago Journal.

IT EXPLAINED THE DIRT.

Mother—Johnnie, your face is very clean, but how did you get such dirty hands?

Johnnie (smartly)—Washin' me face, mamma.—N. Y. World.

A Query.

Without the woman suffragist,
The cycle and the bloomer,
Where would the modern humorist
Find subjects for his humor?
—Brooklyn Life.

SWEET REVENGE.

"Now, Maude, if our cranky legislators and councilmen do not make us remove our dresses and wear our hair in braids our revenge will be sweet."

Never Long.

"She hadn't known him long, had she?"

"No, and he's been short ever since they were married."—Chicago Journal.

Her Hold on Office.

"You did not let Mrs. Flubdubs resign the presidency?"

"Of course not; she is the best-dressed woman in the club."—Chicago Record.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

LOTTIE'S QUERY.

I was such mis'nble little girl;
For my sweet song bird, Fred, had died,
I couldn't think of anything else,
An' so I cried, an' sobbed, an' cried.

Then mamma sent me to Widow Brown's,
The washerwoman, by the mill;
She's dreffful poor, an' her boy can't walk,
He's 'bout my age, an' his name's Bill.

I didn't want to go there one bit—
I'd rather stay at home an' cry,
An' pity myself the livelong day,
'Cause my canary bird must die!

But 'course I went, an' took picture cards
For mamma said, take 'em along—
Then 'twas so queer, I forgot to cry,
An' soon I sang a gladsome song!

I hippity hopped the long way home;
For I was merry, an' full of joy,
Was that all 'cause I forgot myself,
An' happy made a crippled boy?
—Fanny L. Fancher, in N. Y. Observer.

SCHOOL FOR PARROTS.

How the Birds Are Put Through a Regular Course of Training.

On lower Third avenue, in the famous and one-time much feared Bowery district of New York, is the only parrot school on the continent. In this school, which is nothing more than the back room of a bird fancier's shop, parrots receive their education.

Large numbers of these birds are brought to New York each season, most of them fresh from the tropical forests of South America. In this wild state, screeching and screaming, they are purchased by the bird fanciers, taught to greater or less extent and sold all over the country. In this parrot academy the birds go through a regular course of training. They begin with kindergarten methods and step by step are promoted until they have completed the highest grade. When a fresh lot of these birds is purchased they are put in the room and for two or three days left to themselves so that they may become accustomed to their surroundings. Then a parrot which has already mastered the art of monosyllable words is introduced and soon teaches the whole class such simple words as yes and no.

The next grade, which is bisyllables and sentences of the simplest character, is taught by a second parrot further advanced than the first. While in the third grade, where long words and more difficult sentences comprise the course, the teacher is also a parrot.

In the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades the teachers are the bird fancier and his daughter. The blackboard comes into use and the birds are taught their alphabet one letter at a time. Then to read and spell simple words, as "cat" and "dog," simple sums in arithmetic, and telling the time of day. At this point the general education ceases. The brighter birds are selected and taught to sing and dance. All parrots are not musical and only a few of them become

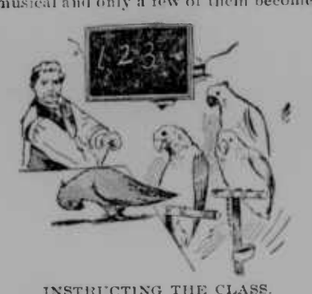

INSTRUCTING THE CLASS.

really skilled musicians from a parrot's standpoint, which is learning to sing correctly to the accompaniment of a musical instrument.

When asked about teaching parrots at home the principal of this strange school said:

"That's easy enough if the bird is bright and the teacher has some patience. All you have to do is to put him in a dark room and keep repeating the words until he catches them. After he has learned two or three simple sentences there is no need of keeping him in the dark room during his lessons. He will pick up things easily enough. But as for learning to spell and to read and tell the time of day and music, it takes a good teacher and a mighty bright bird."
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

PIG FOOLED THE DOG.

Both Wanted Same Place to Sleep In and the Porker Got It.

Here is a true tale of a dog and a pig. They were both passengers on the same ship, and quite warm friends. They used to eat their cold potatoes off the same plate, and but for one thing would never have had any trouble. This was the fact that the dog had a kennel and the pig had none.

Somehow the pig got it into its head that the kennel belonged to whichever could get into it first, so every night there was a race. If the dog won he showed his teeth, and the pig had to lie on the softest plank he could find. If the pig got in first Toby could not drive him out.

One rainy afternoon the pig found it rather unpleasant slipping about on deck and made up his mind to retire early. But when he reached the kennel he found the dog snug and warm inside. "Umph!" he said, but Toby made no reply.

Suddenly an idea flashed upon him, and, trudging off to where their dinner plate was lying, he carried it to a part of the deck where the dog could see it, and, turning his back to the kennel, began rattling the plate and munching as though he had a feast before him.

This was too much for Toby. A good dinner and he not there! Piggy kept on until Toby had come round in front of him and pushed his nose into the empty plate.

Then, like a shot, he turned around and was safe in the kennel before Toby knew whether there was any dinner on the plate or not.—London Telegraph.

Some Difference.

He—Do you mind if I smoke?

She—Not if the cigar was given you; I can't stand those you buy.—N. Y. Tribune.

MINIATURE WATERSPOUT.

Experiment Which Any Boy Can Try with Apparatus Made by Himself.

We often hear of the natural phenomenon of the waterspout—that great column of water ascending from the ocean to the clouds in seeming defiance of the law of gravitation. For the benefit of those who would like to have a waterspout of their own this article will show how one may be made artificially, in miniature, by means of a very neat and interesting experiment.

First, however, it will be well for the experimenter to consider the necessary conditions of the original. He must have water heated to a degree that will just allow a vapor to arise, and he must provide some mechanical means to produce that gyratory motion of the air which will whip the ascending vapor into shape.

First secure a strong oblong box open at the top; this should be fastened firmly to a table. This box should be about three feet in height and two feet square at the bottom, with one of its sides of glass, so as to give a view of the experiment; and the whole must be perfectly water tight. Over the top construct a sort of bridge or frame of wood about one inch thick and four inches in width, connecting the two opposite sides of the box three or four inches above the level of the top. Then, directly in the center of your frame and beneath it, fix a small paddle wheel with four flanges about four inches long; bring the axle up through the frame, and attach it to the other end of a very small grooved wheel.

You must then provide a highly geared motive power in the shape of a

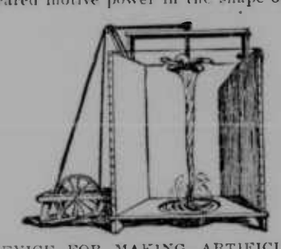

DEVICE FOR MAKING ARTIFICIAL WATERSPOUT.

driving wheel several feet in diameter, and operated by a treadle or a crank. Run a belt from the fan-wheel, over a ruler attached to the side of the box, to your motor, and have an arrangement that will cause the fan to revolve at an extremely rapid rate.

At the bottom of the box place a pan of heated water and start your mill. Soon the water will become greatly agitated and form itself into spirals as little by little the surface is sucked up, producing a liquid cone several inches in height, above which a number of small drops will accumulate and fall back in a series of spiral showers. Gradually there will appear a vapory hollow tube from the apex of the cone; this will gyrate upward toward the fan and lose itself in the upper part—an exact reproduction of a real waterspout. So strong is the current of air about this tube of vapor that it will cause light objects such as straws and pieces of paper which may be floating on the surface of the water to be drawn up almost to the top of the box.

A little soap in the water will add to the interest of the experiment, as the soap bubbles will be seen in violent agitation at the foot of the cone.

You will notice that your waterspout is a spiral tube of vapor which twists its way upward after the manner of a corkscrew. Now at the center of this nebulous spiral, forming its cone, is a current of cool air shooting downward.

This current of cool air serves to condense or thicken the vapor to some degree, and if you blow a puff of smoke across the mouth of your waterspout you will see it at once go to the interior of the tube, gracefully roll itself into a slender cone, and make its way down to the surface of the water, representing exactly what takes place when in a real waterspout the clouds are sucked down and mingle with the cone of vapor that rises from the surface of the agitated sea.

The spiral column is the harmless part of a waterspout, though we hear tales of ships being wrecked, and even of small boats being drawn up into the air by them. But this is done not by the column of vapor, but by the invisible and terrific whirlwind that rages round it—which, in your miniature reproduction, causes the straws and pieces of paper to mount into the air.

It has been held by many that the course of the waterspout is downward and not upward, but this simple experiment disproves this theory by showing the formation of the column upon the surface of the water, the direction taken by light objects and the descent of the smoke through the center.

French Thief's Clever Game.

A short time back a well-dressed stranger called at a fashionable jeweler's shop in Paris and selected a gold watch and chain, value £15. Placing on the counter his apparently well-lined purse, the customer "tried on" the watch and chain in order to judge of the effect, when, suddenly glancing out of the door, he shouted: "Punch! Punch! come here—come here, you brute!" As the dog did not obey he ran out after it. Punch was a clever accomplice, and ran all the faster the louder his master called. When the jeweler at last awoke to the fact that he had been victimized, both dog and master had disappeared.

Longevity of Gold Fish.

Goldfish are a long-lived fish, and in the government aquarium at Washington there is one that is known to be 50 years old. It is said there is a goldfish that is over 100 years old in the royal aquarium at Rome, Italy. It has grown slightly during the last 25 years, but its color is as it was a century ago.

Cecil Rhodes is a hearty supporter of the Salvation Army and has made Gen. Booth an offer of land in Rhodesia for the army's use.

FARM AND GARDEN.

A PROFOUND MYSTERY.

No One Can Tell Why So Many Farmers Oppose Good Roads.

Each season, an old hymn reminds us, has its own disease. That is beyond all question true of those rural neighborhoods in which the movement for good roads has not become potent and effective. The old happy-go-lucky highways are always bad, but with a different kind of badness for each season. At what time they are worst is a question to be decided by individual taste. Last spring, when the frost was coming out of the ground and sticky and was more than half hub-deep, some thought they were at their worst estate. Others reckoned them worse in midsummer, when they were beds of impalpable red or yellow dust from one to several inches deep, interspersed with big pebbles and cobblestones. Again there are those who reckon the fall or the winter the worst time of all, and, indeed, not without much cause.

Many weeks ago the trouble began. Autumnal rains soaked the soil and made the roads pasty, with a deep, stiff mud that was hard to drag wheels through, and that became and remained cut and crossed into all manner of ruts. Then a cold "snap" came, and the mud was frozen almost as hard as stone, and the roads presented surfaces which for roughness were unparalleled and indescribable. Driving over them, even at walking pace, was a torture compared with which travel on a corduroy road is pleasure and on a cobble-paved street a sybaritic luxury. After days of such agony for horses and drivers, and inestimable wear and tear on vehicles, the most traveled roads began to be worn down fairly smooth. Then came a thaw, and mud again, and ruts, and the roads were soon as rough as before, and so remained until the next freeze hardened them into the likeness of volcanic scoriae. And when at last the snow came the roads beneath it were so rough that sleighing was well-nigh impossible. The runners cut through to the ruts and "hubs" and hummocks, and the sleigh jolted worse than ever did springless car on "rocky road to Dublin." So it will go on all winter, until the vernal thaw comes, and the frost breaks up, and the very bottom seems to fall out of the wretched sloughs which men in grim irony call highways.

Really, one would think that with such varied yet incessant object lessons before them, men would learn to serve their own best interests by constructing decent roads. Yet too generally they do not. One says it would cost too much, ignoring the patent fact that it would really reduce taxes and save money. Another wants "the state" to do it, unmindful that he and his neighbors and his village are integral parts of "the state." A third wants to postpone the undertaking until the village is incorporated, though as a matter of fact this very neglect of the roads is one of the strongest reasons why the place is unfit for and unworthy of incorporation. Still another is unwilling to spend money for the benefit of bicycle riders and the city folks who come out for just a little while in summer with their fancy turnouts, the fact being, of course, that the farmers and permanent residents of the villages themselves use the roads, and suffer from their badness, and would be benefited by their improvement, ten times more than all others put together. The bicyclists can make their runs in other directions where the roads are good. The "city folks," with light pleasure carriages and little-worked horses, can endure poor roads with comparative indifference. But the people who live right there, and have to use the roads not merely for pleasure but for work and business, every day the year round they are those who suffer most from bad roads, and who would get most good from good roads. That any one of them should for a moment fail to perceive that fact and to act upon it is one of the incomprehensible mysteries of the age.—N. Y. Tribune.

DAIRY SUGGESTIONS.

A really good dairy cow can be profitably kept until she is eight years old.

Don't allow your cows, young cattle or sheep to be pinched in their feed during the winter.

Do not expect a good milk cow to become beef fat while she is yielding a good flow of milk.

As a rule, a profitable cow is a good eater, but some cows have eyes larger than their stomachs, like some men.

If the heifer is to develop into a profitable cow, her first milking period must be extended as much as possible.

The solid part of milk is made largely from muscle-making foods. The dairyman must use a good deal of corn in his feeding ration, but it should be balanced up with oats or something of that kind.

Lack of skill in milking, unkind treatment, improper or irregular feeding and a cold stable will soon spoil the best dairy herd in existence. See that none of these "methods" are practiced in your dairy.

While it is best to keep water where the cows can help themselves, when this cannot be done conveniently, the best plan is to see that they have all the pure, fresh water they will drink regularly twice a day.

The cow likes regularity, and when the regular routine of her life is disturbed she resents it by giving less milk. She is not very particular whether she has three meals a day or two, but she wants what she does have regularly.

Those who have had much experience know that there is a great difference in salts. A sample should always be thoroughly tried before buying large quantities, no matter what inducement may be offered. If it does not suit it is not wanted at any price.—Colman's Rural World.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENON.

Sky Overcast with Pinkness Making the Earth Appear to Be on Fire.

A most remarkable celestial phenomenon was visible at New Orleans recently. Thick, heavy clouds were rolling and it was as dark as it usually is an hour and a half earlier. Suddenly the sky was overcast with a peculiar pinkness and the rays reflected gave the earth the appearance of being on fire. The remarkable display lasted perhaps ten minutes, but it was startling during its existence. It was followed by a fierce gale and the waters of Lake Pontchartrain were driven in and overflowed Spanish Fort and all the roads leading from the city to the lake, in some places reaching a depth of three feet.

The Crow and the Golfers.

A crow which haunts the Mid-Surrey links at Richmond, is a bit of a humorist. He has played such pranks with the golfers' balls that the subject has been discussed by the committee. He appears to hover in attendance on players who use nice new white balls; "remades," or balls that have been played with before, and on which the paint has chipped, receive none of his embarrassing attentions. Recently two players were approaching one of the holes, one player using a new ball, the other a ball that had been played with before. On walking towards their balls the players were astonished to see the crow alight near them, examine first one ball and then the other, eventually rejecting the older ball, and flying away with the new one in his beak. The crow took the ball over into some marshy ground beyond the boundary of the links, where the caddie, in hot pursuit, could not follow him. The bird dropped the ball for an instant, looked sideways with a merry twinkle in his eye, as much as to say: "Don't you wish you may get it?" picked the ball up again, and with offensive assurance flew back over the heads of the players to his haunt in Kew gardens.—London Golf.

The Yield Is Enormous.

One who has never seen the improved White French Artichoke grow, can scarcely believe the quantity that can be grown on an acre. Those who have given them a thorough trial the past year report a yield of from 350 bu. to 1,500 bu. per acre. The Artichoke is growing rapidly in favor as a stock food.

Girls nearly always say mean things about another girl who gets ahead of them in school.—Washington Democrat.

The B. & O. S.-W. Ry., commencing Sunday, January 24th, will inaugurate on trains No. 4 and 5, a through Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car line between Baltimore and Chicago, via Cincinnati and Indianapolis.

This will enable the patrons of the B. & O. S-W. Ry. to make the above named points without the inconvenience of changing cars.

For time of trains and further information call on agents B. & O. S. W. Ry.

Every home ought to be made so much like Heaven that the children will not think of Heaven as being far away.—Ram's Horn.

When bilious or costive eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

We have noticed that most funny stories are either on an Irishman or a man just married.—Atchison Globe.

Easy to have rheumatism. Just as easy to get rid of it with St. Jacobs Oil.

The men who work are not usually the dead beats.—Atchison Globe.

With cold neuralgia increases. With St. Jacobs Oil it decreases and is cured.

What men call failure may often be what angels call success.—Ram's Horn.

Icy pavements and bruises give aches and pains. St. Jacobs Oil gives cure, comfort.

Don't give a tract where bread is needed most.—Ram's Horn.

Cold breeds a brood of aches and pains. St. Jacobs Oil destroys them.

The man whose cause is wrong is sure to be the loser if he gains it.—Ram's Horn.

Cold stiffens a sprained muscle. St. Jacobs Oil warms, softens and cures it.

No man can become great unless the people exaggerate his best points. — Atchison Globe.

Iowa farms for sale. $1 per acre cash, bal. ⅓ crop until paid. J. Mulhall, Waukegan, Ill.

The man who is envious of evil-doers will soon be an evil-doer himself.—Ram's Horn.

Frost-bites are like burns and scalds. All are cured by St. Jacobs Oil.

He most lives who lives most for others.—Ram's Horn.

A timely ill. Essay on Artichokes is sent out free by J. Vissering, Alton, Ill. Seed $1 a bu.

Every failure carries a guide-book to success in its inside pocket.—Ram's Horn.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c.

A horse trader always looks for the blemishes on a horse that he once got swindled on.—Washington Democrat.

"Does your husband suffer from asthma, Mrs. Widdleby?" "Well, he has it, but he makes the rest of us do the suffering."—Chicago Record.

"Why is a naughty schoolboy like a typewriter?" "Um! I suppose because you've got to thump him to make him spell."—Philadelphia North American.

"I love to have you come to see sister, Mr. Tompkins." "Why, Dickie?" "'Cause she never likes that candy you bring her, an' gives it to me."—Chicago Record.

"I tell you what's wrong with your cow, Farmer Oatstraw; you don't feed her on sound principles." "Hain't got none, sir. They don't do on our soil, and I have to make shift with turnuts!" — Farm and Home.

"Those Indians," said the passenger, pointing to a couple of red men. "Do you allow them to ride first-class?" "We have to," replied the conductor, ringing his bell-punch sharply. "They bought scalpers' tickets, you know."—Buffalo Times.

Young Spendthrift—"I didn't get you any birthday present, dad—thought you'd rather have the money."—Life.

May—"Carrie can never induce her husband to enter a church." Clare—"That is what comes of being married in church."—Truth.

"Those people next door are still in their honeymoon." "Do you think so?" "Yes; he goes shopping with her."—Chicago Record.

"Does your wife enjoy her whist club?" "Can't say—but I do; she comes home so used up she doesn't say a word."—Chicago Record.

Magistrate—"What is the charge against this man?" Officer McGobb—"Profanity, sor. He said the police force was a gang of slobs."—Baltimore News.

A STRANGE FREAK OF NATURE.

We hope to sell 1,000,000 packages Golden Rind Watermelon, the most wonderful freak of nature—smooth, shiny, yellow rind, crimson flesh, delicious! It's sensational. Took 500 first prizes in 1896. You must have it to be in the swim. Melons go like wild fire at $1.00 apiece. We paid $300 for one melon! $100 prizes for earliest melon—ripened in 1896 in 41 days. Lots of money made in earliest vegetables. Salzer's seeds produce them. Thirty-five earliest sorts, postpaid, $1.00.

SEND THIS NOTICE AND 15 CENTS FOR A pkg. of Golden Rind and wonderful seed book, 146 big pages, to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. [K]

There is one thing about a prayer meeting: It lets out at nine o'clock, while a dance keeps going until one or two o'clock in the morning.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.
West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

When heating a furnace for your foe, do not forget that there is some danger of your being thrown into it.—Ram's Horn.

The Hot Springs

located in the Black Hills of South Dakota have wonderful medicinal properties for the cure of rheumatism, neuralgia and kindred ailments, and should be investigated by all suffering from such troubles. First-class hotel accommodations and baths. Tourist tickets on sale daily and especially low rates on the first and third Tuesdays of each month. Full information furnished on application to ticket agents C. & N. W. R'y.

A girl from a big town always wears her party dresses cut too low in the neck to please the people in the smaller towns she visits.

Homeseekers' Excursion Tickets.

On February 15th and 16th, March 1st, 2d, 15th and 16th, April 5th, 6th, 19th and 20th, May 3rd, 4th, 17th, and 18th, 1897. Homeseekers' excursion tickets will be sold by the Cleveland, Akron & Columbus R'y., to nearly every point in the West, North and Northwest, South and Southwest at rates of about one fare for the round trip.

Parties contemplating a trip will do well to see or write to any C. A. & C. R'y. agent for rates of fare, limits of tickets and full information, or, to the undersigned. C. F. Daly, General Passenger Agent, Cleveland, O.

Often when people tell you how they told somebody else what they thought of them it is a lie.—Washington Democrat.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

It is queer that when a fellow is late everything else goes wrong to detain him.—Washington Democrat.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. Williams, Antioch, Ills., April 11, 1894.

During March

Colds and chills are prevalent, and unless the system is strong enough to throw them off, serious illness, often ending in pneumonia and death results.

The Cause Of colds, chills and attendant dangers is found in the blood, poisoned by uric acid, which should be expelled by the kidneys.

The Effect of this kidney-poisoned blood is far-reaching. Health and strength are impossible while it exists. The system is being continually weakened, leaving it open to the ravages of colds, chills, pneumonia and fevers.

The Cure for such a diseased condition is found in

Warner's Safe Cure

which will restore the kidneys to health and enable them to properly perform their functions. There is no doubt about this. The record of the past is

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Be sure that you get the genuine article made by WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass. Established 1780.

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We will send all three to you for one year for $2.00, or 6 mo. for $1.

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"JUDGE'S LIBRARY" is a monthly magazine of fun, filled with illustrations in caricature and replete with wit and humor. Its contributors are the best of American wits and illustrators.

"FUNNY PICTURES" is another humorous monthly; there is a laugh in every line of it.

All three of these magazines are handsomely gotten up. You should not miss this chance to secure them.

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ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 811

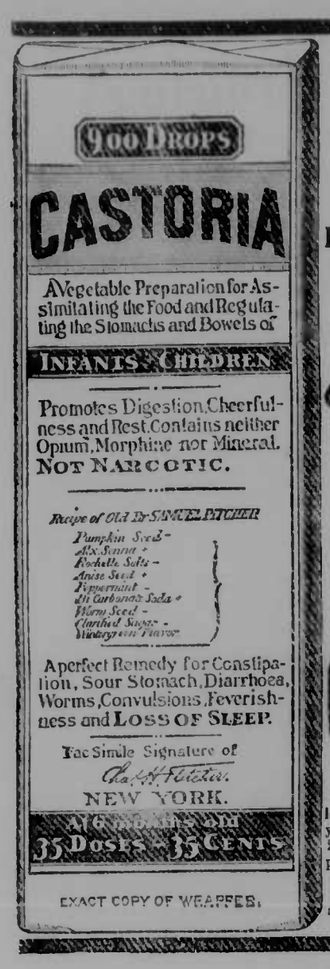

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE —OF— Chas. H. Fletcher. IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF

CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

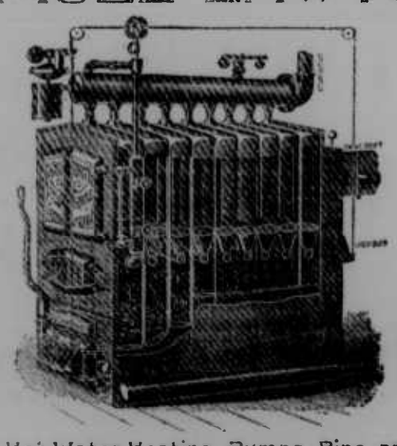

Steam and Hot Water Heating, Pumps, Pipe and Fittings, Valves, Packing, Etc., Etc.

BICYCLES AND BICYCLE REPAIRING.

L. C. PAINTER, Manager. J. M. BROWN, M. D., Physician in Charge.

MONROETON GOLD CURE INSTITUTE,

ARLINGTON HOTEL, ORAFTON.

For the Treatment of Liquor, Morphine and Cigarette Habit.

Absolute Cure Guaranteed. All Communications Strictly Private. 45-1y

We have a plan by which Farmers can get

TOOL CHESTS FREE

Containing of first-class quality (guaranteed) every tool—Axes, Saws and Planes included—necessary to repair vehicles, machines or build a house. Three two-cent stamps and the name of this paper required for particulars. Powell Fertilizer & Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

BOB SLEDS.

Having just taken in another car of these, we are in a position to fill all orders for both WHOLESALE and RETAIL trade upon receipt. Our Sleds are the best that can be produced. Circular mailed upon request.

THE WILLIAM RYLAND COMPANY,
Wholesale-Retail Dealers,
FRIENDSVILLE, MARYLAND.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, March 8, 1897.

President McKinley has certainly been a very extensively congratulated man. Those that have come by mail and by wire from every section of the world would fill several barrels, and since the morning after his inauguration, which was a record breaker, the President has devoted the greater portion of his waking time, Sunday excepted, of course, to receiving those tendered in person. In consequence he has had little opportunity to get down to business. To-day is the first time that the members of the new Cabinet have been in charge of their respective departments although they were all sworn in Saturday. The more one considers the men chosen by President McKinley for his advisers, the stronger grows the conviction that this is going to be a business administration from the jump. There are no experiments. Secretary Sherman, the oldest member, has been in public life forty-two years; Secretary Bliss and Postmaster-General Gary were both born in 1833, and both have heretofore declined to leave their large business interests to accept public office, other than membership of the Republican National Committee; Secretary Wilson, who was born in 1835, made a good record in Congress and the head of the Iowa Agricultural College; Secretary Gage, who was born in 1836 has a world wide reputation as a business man and financier; Secretary Alger, who was born in 1837, has a good war record and business reputation; Secretary Long, who was born in 1838, made an excellent record both in Congress and as Governor of Massachusetts, and Attorney General McKenna, the baby of the cabinet, who was born in 1843, has a legal and judicial record of which any man might be proud, in addition to having been a brilliant member of the House. With such advisers and his own hard horse sense, there is little danger that President McKinley will go wrong upon any important matters.

Senator Frye made sure that if there was to be a squabble over the organization of the Senate it should not leave the Committee on Foreign Relations without a head, when he offered a resolution, which was adopted without opposition, authorizing Senator Davis, of Minnesota, to act as Chairman of the Committee until further notice. As the ranking Republican member of the Committee, Senator Frye was entitled to the Chairmanship, but he preferred giving way to Senator Davis and retaining his chairmanship of the Committee on Commerce. It is not yet certain what is to be done about a reorganization of the Senate, and it may be that there will be no reorganization further than the filling of vacancies on the Committees. The Republicans held a caucus and elected Senator Allison Chairman of the Caucus to succeed Senator Sherman, and incidentally talked over reorganization without arriving at any conclusion.

Although a Republican Senator from Kentucky is very much desired, it is very doubtful whether Maj. A.T. Wood, who has been appointed by the Governor of Kentucky to fill the vacancy pending action by the legislature, which is called to meet in extra session to elect a Senator, will be seated. All the precedents are against him. Within the last few years the Senate has refused to seat men appointed to similar vacancies by the Governors of Washington, Montana and Wyoming. It is in the power of the Republican majority of the Kentucky legislature to elect a Senator who will have no trouble about taking his seat, and President McKinley and every Republican in Congress expects them to do so promptly. The Senators appointed by the Governors of Florida and Oregon are on an entirely different footing from the Kentucky appointment.

Ohio is generally spoken of as a Republican state but the opposition has managed during a long period to control the legislature often enough to keep one Senator. Now for the first time since 1869 there are two Republican Senators from the state, and that Senators Foraker and Hanna will creditably represent the state is as certain as that they have taken rank among the leaders of the Senate.

The know-it-all who were cock sure that President McKinley and Speaker Reed (he doesn't happen to be Speaker just now but as the title will be again conferred upon him next week, it need not be dropped) were not on good terms will have to guess again. The first man of prominence who had an extended conference with President McKinley was Speaker Reed, and I violate no confidence in asserting that they are in thorough accord as to the policy to be pursued to restore prosperity to the country and will work together to carry out that policy.

No less than forty-six bills, including three regular appropriations, failed to become laws because of Mr. Cleveland's failure to sign them, a method of killing legislation which many years ago acquired the name of the "pocket veto." No President ever left as many bills unsigned.

A. D. Naylor is making special cut in prices on new tire and repairing wagons, for thirty days. 52 3.

ORIGINAL BABY TALK.

Dototeeplns, Ittepecions,
Toiellttle brighteyesup,
Mammatay wight inhere wizit,
Tovelttde buregs up.

Dototeeplns, dototeeplns,
Dototeep mylttteons,
Detepaddles down allwarmy,
Ittlepecious littleone.

Dereseittle tootle tickim,
Detailicoly—putebat!
Dese mamma luvetopute
Precious meittletat!

Dateburger inenosy,
Matebaby tmuffletame,
Nevemindt, mamma detit,
Coochewoochee! outetome!

Ittleyes have donetodezzer,
Matechillis up mammm tweep
Tosinko osingittleone—
Bessit, bessit! donetoteep.

HEALTH FOR 25 CENTS

Liver complaint shows itself in constipation, headaches, biliousness, heartburn, belching, lassitude, foul taste in the mouth. Doesn't seem serious, but it is. Leads to things that people die of. Cured surely and quickly by

DR. A. S. TODD'S
Anti-Bilious Liver Pills

Best and simplest and surest remedy ever made. 25 cents, all druggists.

JOHN C. McLAIN & SON, Proprietors, Wheeling, W. Va.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

Farmers,

Look to Your Interests.

The Oakland Flouring Mill is now ready to grind a million bushels of buckwheat. The best equipped mill in the county; all latest improved machinery. Can give either

Burrh or Roller Process Flour.

Mr. E. A. Dudley, who has charge, has been a life-long miller, and knows how to make a good turnout of buckwheat flour.

Don't fail to give him a Trial. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Will make arrangements with all the Oakland merchants to buy your flour at big prices. Don't fail to give the Oakland Mills a trial.

Don't forget the place, Water street, formerly owned by the late H. A. Rasche.

Yours obediently,

THE OAKLAND MILLS.

51-1yr.

DR. J. G. ROBINSON, DENTIST, Felty Building, Opposite Postoffice, OAKLAND, MD.

GAS ADMINISTERED. 50-97

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

TIN, SLATE and STEEL

ROOFING,

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.

PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.

REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.

SPOUTING, ETC.

WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH. MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

SHARTZER & BOLDEN

OAKLAND, MD.,

DEALERS IN

Furniture,
Carpets,
Matting,
Oil Cloth,
Window Shades,
Wall Paper,

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Repairing Furniture and Picture Framing a Specialty.

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

THE

Maryland Building and Loan Association

of Garrett County

OFFICERS

ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencie

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.

EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, ¼ old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
T. R. CARSKADON, Keyser, W. Va.

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,

FANCY STATIONERY,

DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY,

DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.

31—26

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

Removal.

I, the undersigned, have removed my place of business from the Loar building to the Ravenscroft (Mayers) building on Railroad street, where I will continue to carry a well assorted stock of

JEWELRY,

and give special attention to the repairing of watches, clocks, etc.

Give me a call. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

H. C. SMOUSE.

29—2m.

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 15—1yr

FRED A. THAYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. OALLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate. CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED, SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY. OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 1ei4-1y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON OAKLAND, MD.

Residence on North 3rd Street.
Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.

Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8:30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.

Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.*

Will visit regularly (through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

THOMAS R. McROBIE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street.

All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

E. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Residence and P. O. Address,

2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate

Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE. AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties, Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

Andrew B. Gonder, Att'y at Law. Alexander C. Mason, Surveyor.

GONDER & MASON, :: REAL :: ESTATE :: AGENTS, :: OAKLAND, MD.

10—1yr. Office, Shartzer's Opera House.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN, SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including train ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 38 26t*

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. GEEUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.

Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

C. M. RATHBUN. F. T. GARTHRIGHT

C. M. RATHBUN & CO., PLANING MILLS,

And BUILDING MATERIALS.

MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.

38 13

MOUNTAIN STATE *Business College,* PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1897. NUMBER 2.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Do you owe for this paper.

Jones & Grant, buyers of junk. 52-4

FOR SALE. An organ. Mrs. D. Tasker. 1

The public schools of this county will close on the 25th inst.

Mrs. D. Tasker has resumed her music class. Terms moderate. 1

Mr. Jefferson F. Bradford, of Grafton, is in Oakland on business.

Dr. Henry W. McComas will resume his country practice next week.

Yesterday was St. Patrick's day. The green was to be seen on many a coat.

The March term of the Circuit Court adjourned last Thursday afternoon.

Notice Julius Hines & Son's advertisement in this issue of THE REPUBLICAN.

Mr. Edmund M. Hoffman, of Baltimore, was in Oakland last Monday on business.

For Blacksmithing, Naylor is the place to have it done. Special cut prices for thirty days. 52-3.

Rev. Thomas J. Stanton, of Lonaconing, was in Oakland a day or two this week visiting his parents.

The taxable basis of Queen Anne's county has been increased $300,050 by the new assessment of property.

At 7.30 p. m. Sunday the German Baptist congregation will hold services in Sturgiss' Hall, Oakland.

Mr. C. Felty is building a four room addition to his house on Alder street. Spedden Bros. have the contract.

Rev. J. W. Butler, who has been quite ill for a number of weeks, has recovered, we are pleased to state.

Wanted to buy, a good second-hand stave (saw) machine. Address, P. T. Michael, Westernport, Md. 1-3t.

A. D. Naylor is making special cut in prices on new tire and repairing wagons, for thirty days. 52-3.

Saturday was an unusually pretty day for the time of the year and a goodly number of farmers were in town.

J. M. Rowan, late State treasurer of West Virginia, turned over to M. A. Kendall, his successor, $1,136,501.93 in cash.

Ernest Shirer, of Oakland, Md., is in town this week the guest of his aunt, Mrs. G. A. Bolden.—Kingwood Journal.

Miss Kate Spedden is home from Davis, W. Va., attending the bedside of her father, who has been ill for several days.

Mrs. Henry W. McComas, who has been seriously ill for a number of weeks at her home in Oakland, is slowly recovering.

WANTED—A good white girl to do general housework; no washing; apply to Mrs. C. F. Schroeder, cor. 4th and Oak streets. 2-2t.

Charles D. Smith will open a private school at the close of public school, March 29th. Charge of tuition proportionate to grade. 52-4t.

Dr. J. Lee McComas, after spending several days in Washington as the guest of Mr. Lambert, returned to Oakland Sunday night.

Work has commenced on the house of Mr. H. J. Frear. He is building on the lot lately purchased of R. T. Browning on Liberty street.

Regular services will be held in St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church next Sunday morning and evening, to which all are cordially invited.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Procter, of Cincinnati, spent two or three days in Oakland since our last issue. They went to Cumberland Monday evening.

Mr. D. E. Offutt is fitting up the east room of his new building on Railroad street. It will be occupied by Mr. C. J. Newman as a confectionery and news stand.

One Minute is all the time necessary to decide from personal experience that One Minute Cough Cure does what its name implies. Oakland Pharmacy.

New stock of Spring Millinery and Fancy Goods will be opened at M. L. Scott's Baltimore Store, March 22nd. Miss Laura Matthews is now east making selections. 2-1

Torturing, itching, scaly skin eruptions, burns and scalds are soothed at once and promptly healed by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the best known cure for piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mrs. K. T. Crane left on Monday morning for Baltimore, where she will purchase a stock of millinery goods for the new store that will be opened in the Legge building.

E. E. Turner, of Compton, Md., writes us that after suffering from piles for seventeen years, he completely cured them by using three boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cures eczema and severe skin diseases. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. M. Cohen, the tailor, has gone to Baltimore to purchase his spring stock of goods. He will have a large line of all the latest novelties in fashionable cloths, etc.

Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin Co., played in Shurtzer's Opera House in Oakland last night to a large audience who were appreciative of the many good points in the drama.

If you have ever seen a child in the agony of croup, you can appreciate the gratitude of the mothers who know that One Minute Cough Cure relieves their little ones as quickly as it is administered. Many homes in this city are never without it. Oakland Pharmacy.

An old gentleman named Kope, residing near Mountain Lake Park, was thrown from his vehicle Tuesday on Third street by his horse running away. He was not seriously injured.

Don't allow the lungs to be impaired by the continuous irritation of a cough. It is easier to prevent consumption than to cure it. One Minute Cough Cure taken early will ward off any lung trouble. Oakland Pharmacy.

Naylor's line of vehicles will be complete this year. Buggies from $35 up; over two car loads of vehicles bought. Will have a nice line on hand March 20th. Get prices before buying elsewhere. 52-3.

The Legge building on Main street is being repaired and will be occupied as a milliner store. A new front will be put in and the building repainted outside and painted and papered on the interior.

It is surprising what a "wee bit of a thing" can accomplish. Sick headache, constipation, dyspepsia, sour stomach, dizziness, are quickly banished by DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Small pill. Safe pill. Best pill. Oakland Pharmacy.

Last season Ike L. Hall, druggist of West Lebanon, Indiana, sold four gross of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and says every bottle of it gave perfect satisfaction. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

At Kingwood W. Va., early Saturday morning a posse went to arrest one Sanford Bland, charged with assaulting one Wm. Watring, with a stone. Bland got out of his home in his bare feet and undershirt, was chased three miles over the snow and through three swollen creeks and finally escaped into the woods.

Many cases of "Grippe" have lately been cured by One Minute Cough Cure. This preparation seems especially adapted to the cure of this disease. It acts quickly, thus preventing serious complications and bad effects in which this disease often leaves the patient. Oakland Pharmacy.

A letter from Rev. D. Tasker states he has been ill with makarial fever, at the home of his friend, Dr. Teazley, of Kesseimee, Florida. Mr. Tasker went South a few weeks since, to engage in a new industry, pine apple culture, said to be more profitable than the orange groves, in which he and many others lost heavily in the freeze of several years past.

They are so small that the most sensitive persons take them, they are so effective that the most obstinate cases of constipation, headache and torpid liver yield to them. That is why DeWitt's Little Early Risers are known as the famous little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

The Baltimore & Ohio train which carried the Americus Club of Pittsburg to Washington, D. C., on Thursday March 4th, made the fastest time ever made on the road. The train ran from Fairmont to Washington, a distance of 280 miles, in seven hours a remarkably quick run over the route. The train made over a mile a minute a part of the time.

All last winter Mr. Geo. A. Mills, of Lebanon, Conn., was badly afflicted with rheumatism. At times it was so severe that he could not stand up straight, but was drawn over on one side. "I tried different remedies without receiving relief," he says, "until about six months ago I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. After using it for three days my rheumatism was gone and has not returned since." For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

On Friday morning Sheriff Brown and ex-Sheriff Charles Wegman took to the penitentiary the three prisoners sentenced at this term of the Circuit Court. The prisoners taken were Richard Gant, sentenced to six years for forgery; Frank Mead, eighteen months for larceny, and W. A. Adams, two years and six moths for obtaining goods under false pretence.

"Uncle Gus" Delawder sent his friend Jos. McDermott a basket of fine brook trout last Wednesday. The speckled beauties were captured by "uncle Gus," the day previous to their shipment, and the largest one weighed one and a half pounds and was 16 inches long. Lake Cleveland, where they were captured, is owned by Morgantown parties, and is stocked with thousands of "the speckled beauties."—Morgantown Post.

A canvass among the druggists of this place reveals the fact that Chamberlain's are the most popular proprietary medicines sold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, especially, is regarded as in the lead of all throat trouble remedies, and as such is freely prescribed by physicians. As a croup medicine, it is also unexcelled, and most families with young children keep a bottle always handy for instant use. The editor of the *Graphic* has repeatedly known Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to do the work after all other medicines had failed.—The Kimball S. D. GRAPHIC. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of Messrs. William Frederick, jr., & Co., of Friendsville, which will be found in another column of to-day's paper. This firm sells for strictly cash and at a small living profit. Give them a call.

Mrs. Isaac Crow, aged 70 years, died at her home in Garrett county, half a mile east of Avilton, yesterday (Wednesday) morning at 5 o'clock from a complication of diseases. She leaves a husband and seven children, four sons and three daughters, all grown, two sons and two daughters being married. The remains will be interred Friday in the Goodwin burying ground on Pea Ridge.—Lonaconing Star.

The Lord loves the cheerful giver. He'll take care of the editor. He has a charter from the state to act as a door mat for the community. He will get the paper out somehow, and stand up for the town, and whoop it up for you when you run for office, and lie about your pigeon-toed daughter's tackey wedding, and blow about your big-footed son when he gets a four-dollar-a-week job, and weep over your shriveled soul when it is released from its grasping body, and smile at your wife's second marriage. Don't worry about the editor; he'll get along. The Lord only knows how—but somehow.

Saturday afternoon at two o'clock John Sweeney will pay a bet made with Andrew Nelson on the outcome of the prize fight which took place yesterday in Carson City between Fitzsimmons and Corbett. The wager was that in case Corbett lost the fight Sweney was to roll a peanut from Oakland Pharmacy to B. & O. station with a match. In case he refuses to comply with the wager he is to forfeit a sum of money to Nelson. The indications are that at the hour set a crowd of people will be present to witness the payment of the unique wager.

Call for your Letters.

Mr. James Vincent, Mr. John A. Shaffer, Mrs. Rebecca Smith, Miss Ira E. Lewis, Miss Mollie Friend, Miss Celestia Beatty, Miss Bertha Baker.

For Sale.

The Mehan farm near Oakland; 122 acres; two houses, good orchard, well watered. Any person wishing to buy call on J. R. Bishop, Oakland, or James Mehan on the farm. 1-3t.

New Milliner Store.

April 1st, Mrs. W. H. Malette will open a new and fine line of millinery goods in the new building on Main and Railroad streets. She has had five years experience in this line and can please the most fastidious. Her stock will comprise Chicago, Baltimore, Wheeling and Pittsburg styles. She will leave for the different cities shortly to select her stock. 52-4t.

The Prize Fight.

Yesterday at Carson City, Nev., the big mill between Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Corbett came off on schedule time. In the fourteenth round Fitz succeeded in knocking Corbett out.

Not to be Trifled With.

(From Cincinnati Gazette.)

Will people never learn that a cold is an accident to be dreaded, and that when it occurs treatment should be promptly applied? There is no knowing where the trouble will end; and while complete recovery is the rule, the exceptions are terribly frequent, and thousands upon thousands of fatal illnesses occur every year ushered in by a little injudicious exposure and seemingly trifling symptoms. Beyond this, there are to-day countless invalids who can trace their complaints to "colds," which at the time of occurrence gave no concern, and were therefore neglected. When troubled with a cold use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is prompt and effectual.

25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Uses of Singing.

It is asserted that singing is a corrective of the too common tendency to pulmonic complaints. An eminent physician observes on the subject: "The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumption, and this, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquire by exercising them in vocal music, for this constitutes an essential branch of their education."—London Times.

THE ASSESSMENT.

The General Assessors Finished their Labors Last Thursday.

Messrs. Rudolph Beckman and Jacob Fresh, the two general assessors for Garrett county, who have been engaged since last June in making the reassessment of property, finished their arduous duties last Thursday. District No. 5 (Accident) was the last district reassessed by them. By the new assessment the taxable basis in the county has been increased from $4,649,802 to $7,029,024.35 as appears on the records returned to the board of County Commissioners. A revision of the lists by the clerks may make a slight change in these figures but it will not be much either way. The following table has been prepared and shows the taxable basis of the county by districts:

District.	Real Estate.	Personal Property	Exempt.
Swanton.....	$517,593 50	95,816.58	$ 6 8 15
Selbysport...	1 15,749.15	116,583.90	8,674.63
Grantsville..	5 7,298.00	206,149.10	11,217 05
Bloomingt'n	2 3,757.91	42,208.98	2,146.5
Accident.....	548,180.05	81,146 75	12,074.20
Sang Run....	305 66 85	55,164.31	5,462.5
Oakland	1,194,067.10	41,897.31	15,740.20
Sunnyside...	180 55 12	11,841.50	7,278.35
Johnson's....	147,918.65	27,314.85	2,721.30
Deer Park	5 0,636.37	71,110.80	10,412 80
Elbow.....	212,886.00	31,060.00	5,954.85
Bittinger.....	245,546 65	48,581 70	5,058.85
Total	$5,697,870.26	$1,237,197.75	$ 93,956.31

RECAPITULATION.

Real Estate	$5,697,870.26
Personal Property	1,237,197.75
Exempt by law	93,954.34
Total	57,029 021.35

Cautious Countryman.

"I've giv' up the idee of makin' a trip ter New York this fall."

"Heow's that?"

"Why, the papers say McKinley's election hez restored confidence; and I was took in by them fellers the last time I went there.

Train Jumpers Take Warning.

The recent West Virginia Legislature passed a bill relating to train jumping and fixed a penalty of $25 and a term in jail for each offense. The railroads in that State have given orders to their officers and detectives to keep a sharp lookout for all such offenders and to land them jail. Henceforth in the confines of West Virginia, such a misdemeanor will not only be attended by danger of physical injury, but by liability to legal prosecution.

Railroad Wrecks.

Monday there were two wrecks on this division of the B. & O. Early in the morning eight cars on an east bound freight were wrecked at a point a mile above Bloomington on the seventeen-mile grade, delaying trains several hours. In the afternoon a west-bound freight was wrecked at Offutt's mill just west of town. In this three cars were turned over blocking both tracks several hours. No one was injured.

Roll of Honor.

The following pupils of the fourth grade in the Oakland public school were neither absent nor tardy during the month ending March 12, 1897:

Dora Martin, Willie Grant, Frank Byrd, Cland Brown.

Died.

NINE.—At her home near Deer Park, on Sunday, March 14th at one o'clock p. m., Mrs. Nine, widow of the late John Nine, in the eighty-eighth year of her age. The interment took place in the Deer Park cemetery on Tuesday at two o'clock p. m. She leaves six children, all grown.

Left Between Two Days.

For several weeks past a man named Pierce, whose business seemed to be that of a horse trader, has been residing in a house on Crook's crest owned by Mr. G. S. Hamill. He became involved in debt with a number of our business men and when they demanded their money he put them off with an excuse saying he would pay his bills the following day. Saturday night, however, he concluded that it would be better to have the money himself than to pay his debts, so he pulled stakes and left town, to the regret of his creditors.

Free Stop-over at Washington.

On all through tickets between the east, west, north and south, reading via Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, a stop-over at Washington can be secured, without extra charges for railroad fare, by depositing the ticket, upon arrival at Washington, with the B. & O. station ticket agent at that point. Washington is always attractive to visitors, and particularly so while Congress is in session. This arrangement for stop-over privilege will doubtless be appreciated by the public, and will bring to the National Capitol many travelers to view its superb public buildings, monuments, museums and thoroughfares. 2-2t

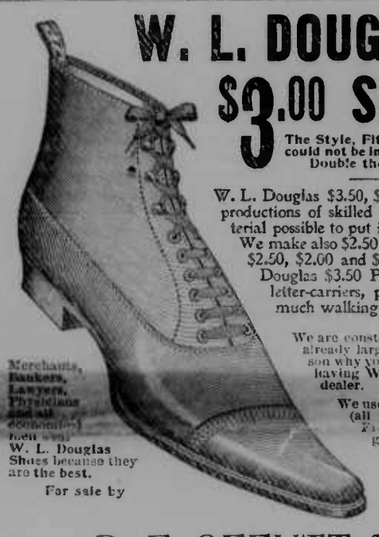

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

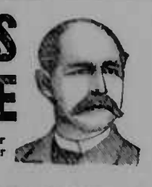

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all Professional Men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

For sale by

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

BUCKING

against a severe Cough or Cold is like tackling the business end of a Goat.

But if you will use a bottle of

HONEY-TOLU

the business end of a Cough or Cold will stand no show. It is the only remedy that a Cough or Cold cannot buck against.

Dealers all sell it. Large Bottles, 25 Cents.

WE PAY POSTAGE.

Free of all charges, we will mail to anyone our advance illustrated catalogue for 1897 (just issued). It contains 551 illustrations of Furniture, Carpets, Lace Curtains, Bedding, Stoves, Lamps, Refrigerators, Baby Carriages, etc. You save the middle-man's profits by trading with the manufacturer, as you are paying local dealers double our prices. Drop a postal now for our money-saver.

Julius Hines & Son,

2-26 BALTIMORE, MD.

Gold Fish.

Call at Oakland Pharmacy and see special bargains in gold fish and globes. It will pay you.

Married.

BURKE—SWEENEY.—Feb. 28th, 1897, by Rev. Father Kuppens, at St. Xaver's church, Cincinnati, O., Mr. Thomas T. Burke, of New York, and Miss Nanny Sweeney, of Oakland, Md.

The above notice appeared in the Cincinnati papers recently and occasioned some surprise in Oakland as it was generally understood that Miss Sweeney had gone to Cincinnati to visit her brothers, who reside there. Mr. and Mrs. Burke arrived in Oakland last Saturday morning and will remain here a few days longer visiting Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Sweeney, the bride's parents.

"High Days in Zion."

A two days' meeting, in connection with the Second Quarterly meeting of St. Paul's M. E. church, will be held Friday and Saturday as follws: Preaching by the pastor on Friday evening; services commence at 7.15 o'clock. Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock the Second Quarterly meeting will convene. Rev. C. W. Upton, of Newburg, will preach on Saturday evening. The Sunday service will consist of a love feast at 9.30 a. m.; preaching by Rev. Upton at 10.30 a. m. and 7.15 p. m. Following the morning preaching service the sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered. Sunday school at 2.15 p. m. as usual. Everyone is cordially invited to be present at all services.

A Bad Runaway.

On Thursday of last week Dr. M. C. Hinebaugh's team became frightened at a train when crossing the bridge at the Giessman hotel, and ran away. They ran down Third street to the alley that leads off at the town lock-up, and there it is supposed one of the horses tried to turn in the alley to the stable and the other wished to keep the straight road. The result was they crossed a pile of lumber lying above the lock-up and into the bridge that spans the gutter in front of a carriage house. One of the horses became entangled in the boards of the bridge, and broke his right hind leg just below the knee, so that he had to be killed to end his misery. This is the second valuable horse the doctor has lost within a few months.

An Afflicted Family.

Some four weeks ago Edward Hershberger, of the Grantsville district, buried a very worthy son, and while the sorrows were yet fresh and sore, another son, Jonas, the youngest of the family, died from typhoid fever, and was buried by the side of his departed brother, on the 11th inst. He was unmarried and was a school teacher by profession, and of high promise in any of the walks of practical life; the last home son of the sorrowing parents. There is deep sympathy not only for the two departed brothers, but for the grieving father and mother. J. B.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.

Disastrous Fire in Elkins.

Elkins, W. Va., the home of United States Senator Elkins, was visited Sunday morning by a serious conflagration and the loss is very heavy, which is fairly well covered by insurance in Wheeling, Richmond (Va.) and other domestic and foreign companies. The flames started in the large building of the Elkins Furniture and Hardware Company, and as the fire-fighting equipment of the town was of the most primitive nature the flames spread until twelve business houses, the Bank of Elkins, the office of the *Inter-Mountain*, the West Virginia Hotel, a large livery stable, the Opera House, six residences and several smaller buildings were destroyed, with nearly all their contents. Help was asked for from Davis, Tucker county, and the department from that town went to Elkins by a special train, but did not arrive in time to be of much service.

Several families lived over the stores and lost most of their furniture. Much of the contents of the stores was burned with the buildings. It is thought all the merchants will be able to continue business. Several families are homeless and are being cared for by friends. The disaster is a sad one to Elkins.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD

A CORRESPONDENT.

BY F. C. WILLIAMS.

[Copyright, 1897.]

Such a snowstorm Lakeview had never experienced. For two days and as many nights it had raged continuously. Everything was buried in a blanket of white several feet deep, except the lake. Its glassy surface had been kept free by the sweep of the wind; but it had not been very cold, and, except along shore, the ice was not thick.

Bert Hill lived on the shore of the lake on the outskirts of Lakeview. He was a stockily built lad of about 15, and very fond of outdoor sports. When not in school he was nearly always, during daylight, rowing, fishing, swimming or skating, as the season permitted. His great ambition was to become a newspaper man. There was a village paper in Lakeview, the Courier; but it was only a weekly, and Bert's ideas ranged above this.

What he had in mind was a place on the staff of some big city daily. He felt that if he could only have a start, he was bound to succeed. The previous spring he had graduated from the village school with honors; during the summer he had done some odd jobs; but there was no place for him in Lakeview which promised promotion in his chosen line.

It was in the early part of the evening on the second day of the storm that Bert heard of a bad accident that had occurred on the railroad line, two miles out of Lakeview. The express, going west, had encountered a snowslide in a gorge and been thrown from the track. Several people had been killed and many others seriously hurt. An engine, which happened to be on a siding at Lakeview, was at once dispatched to the place of the disaster with doctors on board. And now, so he heard, they were bringing the dead and the injured into the village on a couple of flat cars.

Bert dashed off to the station. Sure enough, there they were, the injured being made as comfortable as possible at houses nearby, the dead intrusted to the undertaker's care, while the remaining passengers were slowly being accommodated with shelter and food by the village folks. Bert was very much interested, and stood listening eagerly to the stories told by the passengers. A stranger was talking to the telegraph operator.

"Can't you get a word through?" he was asking.

"Not a word," the operator answered. "Why, the railroad people would do anything to send a message to the city, but the wires are down. The connection was broken half an hour before the accident occurred."

"When will it be fixed?"

"Not before morning, at the earliest, and perhaps not then. It's 40 miles to the city, and the line runs through a lot of cuts in which the snow is deep. We'll be lucky if the wires are working by noon.

The stranger uttered an exclamation of anger and disgust. "And there's no chance of getting a message through in any other way?"

The operator smiled. "You see the condition of things," he said. "How many people do you think would try driving or tramping through this snow? Berton is the nearest town, and it's eight miles away."

The stranger turned away, lit a cigar and began to smoke savagely. Bert approached the operator, who smiled knowingly as the boy came up.

"There, Bert," he said, "there's one of your profession, and he's in a bad fix. He has an account of a railroad accident and he can't get it through to the city. He's a member of the Globe staff and was on the train that was wrecked."

Bert was all excitement at once, and he regarded the stranger with curiosity mixed with awe. He felt a great sympathy for the man, too, and by and by, plucking up courage, he walked over and spoke to him.

"It's hard luck you can't get your account through," he said.

"Yes," answered the other, moodily. "It's a splendid 'story.' I wouldn't miss making a 'scoop' on it for $20. But it must be in the office by 1:30 to-night, or the chance is gone."

Bert did not reply, but sat down on the short bench beside the man and cudgeled his brains for a way out of the difficulty. If he could only devise some plan to help the Globe reporter! All at once he jumped to his feet. "I'll take that message for you and telegraph it to the city," he said.

The man looked at him keenly. "You will?" he said. "How?"

"I'll take it down and across the lake on my skates—or at least I'll try. I can telegraph it from Pine Bluffs if the wires to the city aren't down there, too."

The man slapped him on the back. "You're a trump, youngster," he exclaimed. "I'll have the story ready in 15 minutes. How soon can you start?"

"As soon as I can get home and back. That will be about half an hour. It'll take an hour to get to the Bluffs, for I'll probably have to skate around a lot of thin ice. It's eight o'clock now. I'll be in the Bluffs by half-past nine."

"You won't lose by it, if you put the story through for me," said the Globe man, emphatically. "I'll wait for you here."

But Bert thought little of what return he might get for the task. The idea that he was enlisted in the service of the Globe—the biggest of the city papers—was reward enough for him. The thought of the possible danger ahead never entered his mind, either. Full of his project, he made his arrangements and came back without stopping to explain to anybody, but when he had received the bundle of written sheets from the Globe man and was leaving, a sudden thought that he could not possibly return till late made him call to the telegraph operator to send word to his father where he had gone.

Final instructions were given him by the newspaper man, also a card to show the operator at the Bluffs in default of money to pay for the telegram. Ten minutes later he had clamped on his skates and was off.

The breeze blew directly across the lake from the northeast. It struck him on his right side, and while it did not actually impede him, made breathing no easy task. But the ice was firm and green and as smooth as it could be, and he swung along at a smart pace, for there was not a better skater in Lakeview. Five miles were covered in short order. Then he slackened his speed and began to consider what course he should adopt.

If he went all the way down the lake to a point opposite Pine Bluffs and cut straight across to the town it would be safest, for he would have thick, smooth ice for the whole distance; but it would also take him longer than to strike diagonally across the lake from where he then was. The latter plan would take him over a couple of miles of ice of which he would not be sure, but he would thereby save nearly half an hour of valuable time provided the ice held.

A couple of minutes of debate decided him. The "Globe" needed the "story," as the man had called it, as soon as possible. He had undertaken to see that it got through quickly. He felt that if a regular member of the staff of that paper had the matter in hand he would not weigh his convenience, or even some danger, against doing the service speedily.

He swung around, and started out on a straight course for the town. The wind was on his back, and if he had skated fast before, he now was ringing along at a pace which made his earlier effort seem slow. In five minutes he was entirely without the shelter of the high ground.

The ice was still firm, but almost transparent under the light which the moon occasionally gave, as it struggled from between clouds. It had stopped

SUDDENLY BACK OF HIM HE HEARD AN OMINOUS CRACK.

snowing, but little whirlwinds of light, powdery flakes now and then scurried across his path.

For some reason, which he could not at first explain, Bert began to grow uneasy. He strove in vain to drive the fear from his mind. The ice looked no thinner; there was no break in it; apparently it was firm and capable of bearing his weight. But somehow the "feel" of it told him that he was in danger. As he swept forward he seemed to be rising and falling with each long stroke. He had been on such ice before. It bent under him in waves, and he knew that if there had been more light, by looking over his shoulder he would have seen it undulating in long swells, just like the water of the lake on a calm day.

The ice was too thin to bear his weight if he stood still for an instant. The skimming speed of his flight alone kept him from crashing through it. Would it grow thinner? If it did there was little chance of his ever getting safely to land. He was nearly in the middle of the lake, and there, presumably, the ice was weakest. He knew it was a race for life.

Suddenly, back of him, the panting boy heard an ominous crack. It did not need a glance behind to tell him what had happened. The ice had broken there, as it rose, released from his weight. A chill struck through him; but the fear merely made him increase his efforts. He knew that he was going at a tremendous rate, yet it seemed as if the dangerous space would never be passed.

But now, through the darkness, the lights of Pine Bluffs began to twinkle, only a few miles away. Bert no longer felt that terrifying rise and fall of the ice beneath him and skated with new confidence. Tired though he was, his speed did not slacken. He had reached safety at last.

He struck the shore near the steamboat wharf, and it was only a minute's work to pull off his skates. Then, swinging them over his shoulder by a strap, he waded through the snow to the path, which had been partially shoveled clear. Five minutes later he was at the telegraph office.

"Are the wires working?" he asked, breathlessly.

"All open," returned the official.

"Thank goodness!" ejaculated Bert. For a moment he had thought of the awful possibility of being stopped here after all his work and danger. He unbuttoned his coat and pulled out the precious manuscript. "Send that through to the Globe as fast as you can, please," he said, handing it to the operator. "And here's my card."

The operator glanced at the bit of pasteboard and then looked curiously at the boy. "Are you one of the Globe men?" he asked.

"I am to-night," Bert answered promptly. "I brought that message across the lake."

The man uttered an ejaculation. "Well, you newspaper fellows do beat all."

Soon the message was speeding over the wires, and to Bert the clicking of the instrument was the sweetest sort of music. He leaned on the sill of the office counter and eagerly listened until the last word had been transmitted. Then he suddenly realized that he had to return that night, and that he should be starting, for he would have to go back by the longer way.

As he reached the door of the room the telegraph instrument again began to click, and the operator sang out to him: "Here! Hold on there, Globe; they're sending a message to you from the city office." And Bert halted in surprise.

After a minute the operator said: "They say send 500 words on your trip across the lake."

"How'd they know anything about that?" asked Bert, in wonderment.

"It was in your account here at the end," explained the operator. "Don't you remember?" Bert did not remember, but he understood. The Globe man had added a line explanatory of how his "story" was to be put on the wires. For a moment the young aspirant for newspaper honors did not know just what to do. Here was his chance, but it was so unexpected that the surprise of it bewildered him. But he managed to answer: "All right. Tell them they shall have it at once."

The experience he had so recently been through was still vividly clear to his mind's eye, and he gave it in a straightforward, simple story. The 500 words were quickly written and dispatched, signed with his name. Then Bert, with a good night to the operator, trudged with a light heart down to the frozen lake.

It was a long, hard pull back, for he had to make a big detour to avoid the thin ice, and it was 12 o'clock when he reached home. His father was waiting for him; so was the Globe man, and many were the words of praise he got for his pluck.

But happy as these made Bert feel, it was a letter which came a week later that made his joy the greatest. It was from the managing editor of the Globe, and it offered him a chance to work for the paper with the promise, if he did well, that he would be regularly enrolled on the staff.

Of course, Bert wrote a prompt acceptance, with his father's approval, and how much he made of his opportunity is shown by the fact that he now has a responsible place on the Globe force, and is one of that paper's most trusted workers.

Those Dear Girls.

"Perhaps my beauty has faded a little bit, but still I was once deemed handsome enough to pose for a great artist."

"Dear me! I thought those comic valentines were purely works of imagination."—Indianapolis Journal.

—When a man settles down to do his duty, and quits wasting time in idle talk, he gets a reputation for being either cross or bigoted.—Washington Democrat.

—It is as dangerous for a girl to become careless with a worthless young man as it would be to become careless with a stick of dynamite.

FELL OFF THE SHIP.

Sailors Who Were Not Accustomed to the Trolley Gunboat.

They were two jolly tars off duty and making the most of a brief relief from "keeping ship." After a convivial call up the line they were coming through Jefferson avenue on the rear end of a motor car and smoking their pipes while they talked with the usual volubility of the sailor in port. As a lady came from the somewhat crowded car the little fat son of Neptune stepped to the street that she might have a clear passage. Of course he had to touch his cap and by this ceremony he was delayed just long enough to have the car start with a jerk as his foot was on the step to rejoin his mate. When he hit the pavement he struck out like a strong swimmer for two or three strokes before realizing that he was not in the water.

"Man overboard," whooped the lad on the platform. "Dropped over the port side of the stern. Slow her down, man, slow her down and back up," as he excitedly grasped the arm of the conductor. "Give the engineer his bells," and he seized the strap that registers fares, jerked it at the rate of five dollars per minute till it came out by the roots, leaving the register hanging by one screw.

Meanwhile the little fat sailor was coming like a duck in a foot race, waving his handkerchief and shouting: "Ship ahoy!" as if the fate of Robinson Crusoe would be his should that car escape. The passengers could do nothing for laughing. The conductor was vainly striving to suppress the excited tar aboard, and he was calling upon his eyes to be blasted and his timbers to be shivered if he didn't scuttle the craft if she didn't come to and rescue his mate. He swore, too, that he was being marooned, for he wanted off to give the fat one a hand. He was released at the next corner, where he stood, shaking his fist while he called the conductor a bloody pirate till his puffing consort came alongside. Then they went rolling toward the police station to see what the "chief commodore" would afford them in the way of vengeance.—Detroit Free Press.

BOYS IN WALL STREET.

Their First Duties—What Is Expected of Them.

A Wall street boy is expected to be at the office at nine o'clock in the morning and remain there as long as his services are needed, though he usually gets away about four o'clock. He has an allowance of half an hour at noon for luncheon, but the rest of the time belongs to his employer. He is expected to be neat in appearance, clean as to hands and face, well mannered, truthful at all times, prompt in obedience and faithful in guarding the secrets of his employers.

The duties first assigned to him are to carry messages, deliver stocks at other brokerage offices, and obtain checks for them. After awhile he is advanced to making comparisons of sales of stocks and taking the checks received from other brokers to be certified at the banks.

Of late years the stock exchange clearing house has done away with so much of the stock delivery by boys that the number of them on the street is not more than half what it used to be. Formerly it was not uncommon to see from 25 to 100 boys waiting in line at each of the prominent banks to get checks certified, and nearly every bank employed a private policeman to keep the boys in line and in order.

A story is told of a new boy on the street who once went to make a delivery of stock. When the bookkeeper made up the accounts at the close of the day he found himself $80,000 short, and an examination of the books showed that one of the boys had failed to bring back a check in return for some stock he had delivered.

He was perfectly innocent about the matter, and said that he had handed the papers in at the office where he was sent to make the delivery, and as they gave him nothing he supposed there was nothing for him to get. His employer treated him kindly, and told him to be careful not to make the same mistake again. He never did. That boy is now at the head of one of the largest brokerage houses on Broad street.—Harper's Round Table.

The Congressional Library.

Founded in the year 1800 by the modest appropriation of $5,000 "for the purchase of such books as may be necessary for the use of congress at the said city of Washington," this collection has grown, notwithstanding the ravages of two fires, to the present aggregate of 740,000 volumes. The acquisition of the Jefferson library in 1815, the Force historical library in 1865, the Smithsonian library in 1867, and the Toner collection in 1882, all constituted especially important and valuable accessions of its stores. And by the enactment of the copyright law of 1870, followed by the international copyright act of 1891, this library became entitled to receive two copies of all books, periodicals and other publications claiming the protection of copyright in the United States.—A. R. Spofford, in Century.

Bay of Fundy's Tide.

Extraordinary stories are sometimes told of the immense tides in the Bay of Fundy. The scientific facts in regard to them have recently been published by the Canadian geological survey. The bay is about 185 miles long, and gradually narrows, and becomes shallower as it penetrates the land. The upper part divides into two main branches, and several small side bays exist. The highest tides at the mouth of the main bay reach 18 feet. Going up the bay they increase in height. At Digby Neck they attain 22 feet, at St. John 27 feet, at Petitcodiac river 46 feet, and at Noel river in Cobequid bay, 53 feet, the maximum. Some branch bays are left empty at ebb tide.—Youth's Companion.

POI FOR AMERICA.

The Favorite Kanaka Dish to Be Tried in the United States.

A dispatch from San Francisco announces the arrival at that port of a consignment of poi for the Chicago market. There are 200 bags of stuff—it comes in the form of flour.

This is the first shipment of poi to the United States, though the name is familiar to most persons, by reason of the great volume of misinformation that has been published about it.

As a matter of fact, poi is a porridge, made of flour obtained by grinding the roots of tara, or taro. This latter is a plant grown in most of the Polynesian islands especially in Hawaii. Its scientific name is alocasia macrorhiza, but that is never whispered in Hawaii, being not necessarily for publication, but merely a guarantee of good faith. The plant grows to the height of about two feet in small beds, which are so constructed that they may be flooded, as rice fields are. The tops are used by the natives as pot herbs, but the "root of the matter," as the Scotch preachers say, is the portion underground whence comes the poi.

The process of acclimating poi in America should be watched with interest. This is the age when a good housewife is expected to serve to her dyspeptic husband a new cereal for breakfast every morning in the year, as the wife of the Bedouin Arab was expected to regale her lord and master in respect of the date.

To the distracted housewife poi will come as a boon. True, it is not a cereal, strictly speaking, but it is a practical foundation for "mush," and that is the main thing. Persons suffering from a certain class of disorders, including some dyspeptics, may not toy with poi because of its excessive richness in starch, but in the main the stuff is harmless—as witness the splendid health of the Hawaiians—at least before the missionaries came.

A very pretty sight it was in those days to observe the pretty Kanaka girls in primeval grab grinding the tara root upon a stone as the wife of the Mexican peon still grinds the corn for her husband's refection. At least I am told so. In my day at Honolulu the native women wore "Mother Hubbards," and were already civilized to the point of disliking housework.

Still there was plenty of poi to be had—and still is, doubtless. It is served for breakfast at the Royal Hawaiian hotel—which hostelry must, of course, have a new and republican name by this time. And there I had my first taste of the stuff. It was served after the oranges—delightful oranges of Oahu!—and I saw the resident whites flooding their portions with cream and covering it with sugar. They said they liked it, but admitted it was an acquired taste.

I did not stay long enough to acquire the taste. The mush was pinkish in hue—a most unhealthy looking pink—and sickish in taste. I was content to be able to say I had tasted it. The Kanakas may have it for all of me—but there is no accounting for tastes.

Later on I had the fortune to encounter poi in circumstances much more nearly au naturel. This was at a luau, or feast given by his majesty, the late Kalagana, of unsaintly, but most jovial memory. This was on the Wa-ki-ki beach, a paradise, where eating is a profanation, except by the king's orders, anyway.

At this function poi was served, as on the table of the lowliest native, in a jar of rough ware, and eaten, as the lowly natives eat it—with the finger. Notice—not fingers, but finger. The index digit of the right hand thrust into the pink and quivering mess, bent at the proper angle, turned about and then brought forth, with a portion of the poi adhering to the upper joint, by which it was thrust into the mouth.

Looking back at it the process seems—well, yes, nasty. But at the time, as I remember, it was not so, but, indeed, quite the contrary. Tastes change as well as differ—it may be that.—N. Y. Herald.

The Bicycle Face.

It has been demonstrated recently that the screwed-up condition of the countenance known as the "bicycle face" is not at all the result of bicycling particularly, but is induced by any violent demand on the muscles. An article on the muscular contraction of the face, published by Dr. A. Fournier, in La Nature, illustrates this fact by presenting a picture of a young man in the act of jumping a hurdle. "During the jump," the doctor says, "the entire body leaves the ground, and for the time being floats through the air like a projectile. The effort of giving the impulse provokes a contraction of the muscles of the entire body; the trunk and the extremities of the body form at the moment of leaving the ground but one rigid unit. The picture shows the body at that moment, and it reproduces the full effort and the complete contraction. As the jump was rather high, the violence of the effort is well accentuated in the jumper's expression. He looks as if in great distress and as if he was about to break into tears."—Chicago Tribune.

A Discouraging Sign.

Mrs. Hunniker—I'm really discouraged about our Will. I don't believe he is destined to be a great man, after all.

Mr. Hunniker—Nonsense, nonsense! What's put that idea into your head?

"Why, look at this letter I've just received from him. He's been in college two years now, and his handwriting is still so good that you can read it right off, about like print."—Cleveland Leader.

The Proper Man.

She—Are you the editor?

He—I am one of the editors.

"Well, I'm just dying to get my name in the papers."

"Well, wait a minute; I'll call the obituary editor."—Yonkers Statesman.

IS BARNATO'S DAUGHTER.

Sensational Claim of Mrs. J. M. Blackman of Cleveland.

Mrs. J. M. Blackman, wife of a cigar-maker of Cleveland, O., says she is a daughter of Barney Barnato, the millionaire. She says she is one of five children born to Barney by a woman whom he married 27 years ago.

Barney, she says, is 47 years old and was born in Yagistoff, Obernio, Sovalska, Russia Poland, where he married her mother, Anno Esther Miedowski. His right name, she says, is Barney Wolf Brawerski. For a time they lived in London and operated a tailoring establishment and secondhand store.

He finally left and went to Africa after a sensational intrigue with another woman. Barney's cousin went to Johannesburg and found him there possessed of great wealth. He gave the cousin $2,500 not to reveal his identity. The latter could not resist the temptation to tell the story and on the strength of it Mrs. Blackman is endeavoring to secure a portion of Barney's money.

WHAT A STUPENDOUS LIE!

We hear a farmer say when he reads that John Breider, Mishicott, Wis., grew 173 bushels of Salzer's Silver King Barley per acre in 1896. Don't you believe it? Just write him! You see Salzer's seeds are bred up to big yields. And Oats 230 bushels, corn 260, Wheat 60 bushels, Potatoes 1,600 bushels, Grasses 6 tons per acre, etc., etc.

$10.00 FOR 10 CENTS.

JUST SEND THIS NOTICE AND 10 CENTS stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and get 12 farm seed samples, worth $10, to get a start. [K]

An English journal says that Queen Victoria has been a total abstainer for three years.

MARCH AND APRIL

Are the Most Disagreeable Months of the Year in the North.

In the South, they are the pleasantest and most agreeable. The trees and shrubs put forth their buds and flowers; early vegetables and fruits are ready for eating, and in fact all nature seems to have awakened from its winter sleep. The Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company reaches the Garden Spots of the South, and will on the first and third Tuesdays of March and April sell round-trip tickets to all principal points in Tennessee, Alabama, and West Florida, at about half rates. Write for advertising matter and particulars of excursions to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

Beggar (piteously)—"Ah, sir, I am very, very, very hungry." Dyspeptic (savagely)—"Then have the decency to keep your good fortune to yourself. I haven't had an appetite for years."—Tit-Bits.

An Interesting Item.

By reason of its mileage and location, the Texas & Pacific Railway is the most important of all railway lines in Texas. It traverses the Lone Star State from East to West, through the most progressive towns, great forests of pine, and the broad prairies and well-kept farms, affording the most beautiful scenery all along the line. No other line affords such opportunities for the home seeker or investor to see and enjoy Texas. Cheap lands for all. Low rate Home Seekers' Excursion Tickets on sale at all points in Texas and Louisiana February 16th, March 2nd and 16th, April 6th and 20th, May 4th and 18th.

For a handsomely illustrated book fully describing the wonderful State of Texas, conceded to be the finest publication issued in recent years, send eight cents postage to Gastoo Meslier, Gen'l Pass'r & Tkt. Agt., Dallas, Tex.

She—"Does the baby take after its mother?" He—"Well, it hasn't began to talk yet."—Yonkers Statesman.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed, 50c and $1.00, all druggists.

Nobody has sympathy for a fat man, though every real fat one needs it all the time.

"Star Tobacco."

As you chew tobacco for pleasure, use Star. It is not only the best, but the most lasting, and therefore the cheapest.

"I think the joke has been carried far enough," said the editor, as he marked "accepted" on it.—Brooklyn Life.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

A funeral at a house attracts people who never go there at any other time.—Atchison Globe.

I have found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine.—F. R. Lotz, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

It takes a higher degree of courage to be laughed at than it does to be shot at.—Ram's Horn.

The Grip of Pneumonia may be warded off with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

It takes backbone to take any kind of a stand that will leave a man standing alone.

Cold stiffens a sprained muscle. St. Jacobs Oil warms, softens and cures it.

A telephone at a business office is not for social messages.—Atchison Globe.

Frost-bites are like burns and scalds. All are cured by St. Jacobs Oil.

A jury of ravens would not be long in deciding that a linnet could not sing.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets candy cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made.

People really ought to have better sense than they have.—Atchison Globe.

Icy pavements and bruises give aches and pains. St. Jacobs Oil gives cure, comfort.

The degree of every man's manhood is determined by how much he says no to himself.—Ram's Horn.

Cold breeds a brood of aches and pains. St. Jacobs Oil destroys them.

Too much goodness is as monotonous as too much wickedness.—Atchison Globe.

Best

Results prove the greatest merit. For a spring medicine there can be no substitute for Hood's Sarsaparilla, because its unequaled record of cures of all blood diseases proves

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the One True Blood Purifier.

C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient and easy in effect. 25 cents.

TEMPERANCE.

HISTORY OF FOUR DRINKS.

They Carried Misery, Crime and Destruction with Them.

In an exchange we find the following testimony of a thoughtful policeman, who was inclined to look below the misery and crime which came in his way to find the cause. He says:

"I was once standing in front of Tuft's saloon, when the barkeeper set down a blue bottle on the counter and said: 'There are just four drinks in that.' It occurred to me I'd like to trace up them four drinks—where they went, and what they did.

"Well, a woman got the first glass. She wasn't an old woman, nor used to whisky; about 30 years old, and had been pretty once, and accustomed to having a gay time, I suppose. She was on her way home from her hard day's work, tired and cold, and the whisky was a temptation. It would take the place of the dance and theater and fun. She turned down into a by street and stopped at the door of a snug little house.

"I knew her husband, Crafts, the carpenter; a cheerful, hardworking fellow. He opened the door, and her baby ran out to meet her. She struck it down to the ground with an oath. Her husband

SHE STRUCK IT TO THE GROUND.

looked at her, and fell back as though he, too, had been struck. Then he picked up the child and carried it into the pretty, warm room. I saw the mother lying stretched across the hearth, as though she were dead.

"The second drink out of the bottle, the barkeeper told me, was given to old Stacy. He is nigh 70 and soaked with liquor; blood, stomach and brain poisoned with it. There's not a healthy atom of flesh left in his body, nor a good feeling in his heart, nor manly thought in his head. This drink only helped, with all the river that he has drunk, to kill him surely, inch by inch.

"But this time I had got back to the saloon, and in a few moments I saw a young man named Waters stop for the next. He had been drinking already. I called to him. I used to know Waters, a young clerk with a good salary, had a nice little home, and pretty wife and babies. He's quarrelsome in drink, and a glass or two upsets him. 'Waters,' I said, 'don't drink that; you have had enough.' But he laughed, took his drink and went down the street. A few moments later I heard a row and followed him. He had picked a quarrel with one of his friends and shot him dead. Waters was sentenced to ten years; his home was broken up; his wife takes in washing to keep her children from starving.

"There was one drink left in the bottle. An hour later a young lad came in, a bright-faced boy, the son of Dr. Bunker. He's about 16 now. I've watched him grow up since he was a baby in his pretty lace dresses. I know what he is to his mother. They have but this one child. I think they never hear of a good or great man that they do not fancy Jim will be like him. He tossed off the drink and went down the street, with a red face and leering, stupid eyes. He is on the same road as Waters and old Stacy. They are a little ahead of him.

"I only traced up those four drinks; but I know there is not a drop of liquor which goes out of Tuft's saloon which does not help to carry discomfort, ill-temper, misery, disease, poverty and disgrace into some wretched, unfortunate home."

GENERAL GLEANINGS.

According to D. L. Moody, the temperance men of this nation hold the balance of power. Then in Heaven's name why don't they use it?—Lever.

A small boy's definition of demagogue is as follows: A vessel that holds wine, gin, whisky, or any other liquor.—National Temperance Advocate.

The Denmark Temperance society has a membership of 40,000 members, and receives a government subsidy of $1,500 per year. After this year it is to receive $2,000 per year.

It is said in the United States there is a liquor dealer to every 272 inhabitants, although 20 years ago there was one to every 192, and their business is to corrupt youth and debauch manhood.—Men.

It is estimated that the subscribed capital of the brewing and distillery firms in the United Kingdom amounts to about £250,000,000, while the market value of the shares is nearly double that amount.—London Tit-Bits.

The little village of Martin, Mich., has not had a saloon for 20 years, but so many drunken men were seen on the street lately that an investigation was ordered. The authorities found a joint containing 15 barrels of whisky in the cellar of a private residence near the business center.

The latest strike in Omaha, it is safe to say, will bring little public sympathy for the strikers. The drivers of an express company struck on account of a rule of the company forbidding them to use intoxicating liquor. It is a satisfaction to know that the places they left vacant were promptly filled.

DRINKING AT THE CAPITOL.

Customs Among Congressmen Past and Present.

Following the passage by the house of Mr. Morse's bill prohibiting the sale of liquor at the capitol, the Washington Post printed an interesting article on past and present drinking among congressmen, from which we take the following paragraph:

No one whose acquaintance at the capitol extends over a decade doubts that drinking customs among the national legislators are rapidly passing into a memory. The legislation in the house has emphasized this. Both temperance advocates and those who tipple sometimes admit it.

The bill which the house has just passed, prohibiting liquor selling at the capitol, is the most sweeping measure of this character that body has ever assented to. There have been "spasms," as one of the old employes puts it, when selling of intoxicants was forbidden in the house restaurant. Speaker Randall once forbade it. The control of the house restaurant was then in the speaker's hands. Speaker Kerr is said to have been more strict than others who presided over the house. But these restrictions lasted only for a time. Members were accustomed to get their tipple at the house restaurant, and the proprietor, after all, would find a way to get it to them. Now the argument is that members do not drink, except rarely, while at the capitol, and, if at all, not at the house restaurant. A southern member, who represents a district in which there are a score of great distilleries, and who is by no means a total abstainer, says he has never drank a drop in the house restaurant.

Under the present regulations the rules about getting drinks are much more strict on the senate side. Capitol employes generally are refused liquor at the senate restaurant. Those who are shut out there go over to the house side, and are furnished all they want. Anybody, in fact, who drops in there can have his drinks. This is said to have provoked many members of the house to vote for the abolishment of the house saloon. The lease of the house restaurant was drawn by a believer in prohibition, and expressly forbids the sale of liquors, but, like many similar clauses in restaurant leases at the capitol, has never been enforced.

The present bill provides for prohibition on both sides of the capitol and places the enforcement of the law within the jurisdiction of the district courts. The only other bill of this kind that is recalled as having passed the house prohibited the sale only on the house side. That was when the venerable Hiram Price, now a resident of this city, was a member from Iowa. He presided over the recent anti-saloon convention in this city.

In former days when the sale of liquor was forbidden in the house thirsty members procured their drinks at the hotel across the way. There are capitol employes who remember that roll calls were proceeded with slowly so that pages could have time to go to the hotel and warn absent members to come over. In those days the bar privilege at the hotel was a valuable one. Some have said that would be the result if liquor should be banished from the capitol now. The time was when the committee-room on alcoholic traffic stored quantities of "good stuff" and members congregated there for sociability's sake more than to promote the cause of temperance. This order of things changed about the time that the Fifty-first congress came in.

The committee in that congress advocated most radical legislation. Mr. Joseph D. Taylor, of Ohio, was the chairman. The committee recommended the abolition of the liquor traffic in the District of Columbia and chose a commission to investigate the traffic generally. This commission was the only recommendation of the committee which the house eventually sanctioned. It heard a number of divines and temperance advocates. Among them was Amanda Smith, a colored missionary from Africa, who told about the effects of drink in the Congo valley. One of the souvenirs she brought from Africa with her was a red bandana handkerchief on which were pictured a bottle and tumblers for convivial barbarians.

The older capitol employes can tell a legion of stories about the former scenes of conviviality and hilarity that reigned during sessions, even on the floor of both house and senate. Drinks were kept in nearly all the committee-rooms. There was a coterie of senators who had a private cupboard in one lobby of the senate. A doorkeeper, now dead, purchased the stock and possessed the key that locked the precious liquid up. The average assessment was five dollars a senator; there were about ten senators in the combination. The keykeeper is understood to have made a good thing out of his stewardship.

Seeing Snakes.

It is no wonder that delirium tremens patients "see snakes," as 95 per cent. of them are said to do. A hospital doctor has shown that there is very good reason for it. He tested 16 cases in the alcoholic ward with the opthalmoscope, and in every case found the blood vessels of the retina to be abnormal. Instead of being pale and almost invisible, as in their ordinary condition, they were dark—almost black—with congested blood. These superchanged blood vessels assume such prominence when they are projected into the field of vision that their movements seem like the twisting of snakes to the excited fancy of the habitual inebriate.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Fire in a Sermon.

A minister said to a brother clergyman the other day before preaching: "Do take a little brandy and egg. The latter will clear your voice and the brandy put spirit in your sermon." This was inspiring with a vengence!—National Temperance Advocate.

To have a bad habit is to have a hard master.—Ram's Horn.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Thieves borrowed a wheelbarrow to cart away a stolen stove at Toronto and were arrested just as they reached a second-hand dealer's shop.

—More eyes must be damaged or lost than most people suppose. Two million glass eyes are manufactured every year in Germany and Switzerland.

—A religious sect in the Bengal presidency worships Queen Victoria as their chief divinity. She is also an object of worship in one of the temples of Tibet.

—William H. Manson, the sailor who carried Farragut ashore on his back at the siege of New Orleans, died at his home in York, Me., the last of January.

—A Chinaman advertises in newspapers of the City of Mexico a first-class American restaurant where fresh oysters will be supplied whenever called for.

—On statistics furnished by the pharmacists it is estimated that there are in Paris alone at least 50,000 victims of the morphine habit, among them 30,000 women.

—Many persons fall into the error of supposing that all fish is alike wholesome. Mackerel is one of the most oily of fish and the most difficult to digest, and should be entirely abstained from except by persons in the best of health. Whiting is the most wholesome and digestible fish, and next to that comes sole.

—New York's surplus of vagrants might find a more congenial field in Lincoln, Neb., where out of 50 tickets given out by the Theosophical society for free suppers the holders of only four presented them for meals, and in the first hour of a free dinner served by Ballington Booth's volunteers only four persons came to partake of it.

—The owner of a granite quarry in Frankfort, Me., testifies that he sells stumpage for granite at eight cents a cubic yard for dimension stone and at six cents for grout. Grout granite is of irregular shape, and all sizes from a paving stone up. Cost, 60 cents a cubic yard, including stumpage, to get dimension granite from quarry to wharf; 60 to 65 cents a yard for grout.

A COUNTRY OF SURPRISES.

Strange Industrial Rivals in South Africa.

While there is little doubt that with proper development of its agricultural and pastoral resources South Africa could be made self-supporting, the successful development of these industries depends, nevertheless, upon the creation of local markets through the stimulus given by mining operations.

Whatever may contribute to the extension of the commerce and trade of South Africa, the immediate future of the country is dependent primarily upon the development of its mineral resources. Probably no other event has so impressed this fact upon the minds of the people of the country at large as the dire straits to which they have been reduced by the rinderpest epidemic.

Indeed, upon two previous memorable occasions South Africa has been saved from industrial disaster by the stimulus given to trade through the development of the diamond industry in one instance and the development of the gold industry in the other. The Deus ex machina to again save the country will be the expansion of the mineral industry.

With the exception of mining of gold, diamonds and coal, there have been no considerable exploitations of its mineral resources. Coal, fortunately, exists in many parts of the country, and it has been estimated that the known coal fields represent an area of 56,000 square miles, which is equal in extent to the state of Iowa. There exist in some parts of the country large deposits of iron contiguous to the coal-fields, but as yet the economic conditions have not favored the development of that industry. Lead, silver, cinnabar, tin and other metals are also found in many parts of the country, but have not been remuneratively worked. Among the mining countries of South Africa the Transvaal is facile princeps, and is in all probability destined to maintain its paramount position; though, as is well known, South Africa is "a country of surprises," and it is possible, of course, though not probable, that within its great extent other equally important districts may be discovered.—North American Review.

A Smart Lawyer.

Many lawyers nowadays utterly disregard honor and honesty in the means by which they elicit evidence or invalidate the testimony of those opposed to them, in illustration of which we need only adduce the following specimen of cross-questioning:

Lawyer—Mr. Jenkins, will you have the goodness to answer me, directly and categorically, a few plain questions?

Witness—Certainly, sir.

"Well, Mr. Jenkins, is there a female living with you who is known in the neighborhood as Mrs. Jenkins?"

"There is."

"Is she under your protection?"

"Yes."

"Do you support her?"

"I do."

"Have you ever been married to her?"

"I have not." (Here several jurors scowled gloomily at Mr. Jenkins.)

"That is all, Mr. Jenkins."

Opposing Counsel—Stop a moment, Mr. Jenkins. Is the female in question your mother?

"She is."—Boston Post.

A Difficult Task.

Some of the police captains are brave men. I asked one of the bravest what was the hardest job he ever had, to which he replied:

"Stopping a prize-fight."

Thinking to hear an account of riotous proceedings, I asked for the details.

"Oh, there ain't any," he said. "There warn't nothing disturbing about it. The trouble was with meself. I wanted to see the finish."—N. Y. Press.

VIVISECTION DENOUNCED.

Some Societies Assail the Cruel Practice.

One of the hardest fights of the century between the advocates of vivisection on the one side and its opponents on the other has been going on in the United States senate committee on the District of Columbia for two years, and at present the antis are in the lead.

The bill introduced by Senator McMillan restricting vivisection in the District has been reported favorably by the committee. What the result of the contest in the house of representatives will be remains to be seen.

The McMillan bill, after providing that any person taking part in experiments calculated to give pain shall for the first offense be punished by a fine of $150, and for the second offense a fine of $300 and with imprisonment for six months, makes stringent provisions under which vivisection can be carried on.

There are to be regular inspections of the places where the experiments are held, and the president is required to appoint the inspection officers.

The testimony taken by the committee fills a large printed book of nearly 200 pages. Arguments for and against the measure were made by some of the leading physicians, lawyers and public men of the country. Reports from foreign scientists and results of experiments also were filed with the committee. Petitions containing the names of scores of men and women of national prominence were filed in favor of the act, while memorials and resolutions from dozens of medical societies and medical men were presented in opposition to it.

Gen. and Mrs. Miles, Bishop Henry Y. Satterlee, Mrs. U. S. Grant, Justices Harlan, Brown, Brewer, White and Peckham, of the United States supreme court; Comptroller Eckels, Montgomery Blair, Rev. Dr. Dix, the late Bishop Phillips Brooks and half a hundred physicians were among those who subscribed to the bill.

These statements from the point of view of those who favor vivisection told of the wonderful achievements resultant from the practice and the extent to which mankind had been benefited by them.

One of the most persistent forces operating against vivisection is the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. John P. Haines, superintendent of the society, took a leading part in the fight for the bill. He said to a reporter for the World:

"I am opposed to vivsection because I do not think it right to torture living animals, especially when the results produced are of so doubtful a nature. I maintain that all needless experiments on living animals ought to be prohibited; that the use of living animals by students for the purpose of acquiring surgical dexterity is unnecessary. The repetition of experiments before classes of students for the mere purpose of demonstration is likewise useless and ought to be prohibited. The use of anaesthetics ought to be required in every case in which they can be applied."—N. Y. World.

HE LIKED SAUSAGE.

A Tribute to the Palatableness of Macerated Donkey.

One of the glories of the city of Lyons, which claims the attention and admiration of every visitor, is an artistic product of the butcher known as saucisson de Lyon, or in English Lyon sausage. It is made of donkey—raw donkey—and no writer has celebrated the gastronomical excellence of this patient, vexatious and often ill-used beast with more delicate appreciation than the late Philip Gilbert Hamerton, in "Chapters on Animals."

"Of the ass, when living, I could not say much that is wholly favorable, but when he appears in the state of saucisson he may be praised without the slightest restriction.

"In sections like dark-red marble dashed with white, it may be cut to an infinitesimal thinness, leaving a surface smoother than the finest veneers. In the mass it is closely wrapped in silvery foil, to guard against the influences of the air.

"In the sweetest associations of the memory the saucisson has its place. Weary after the morning's march, the tourist takes it from his knapsack, and lays upon his bread those dainty disks which are its slices. The strength of his youth comes back to him, and the Alpine snows no longer seem inaccessible.

"At the stateliest imperial banquet the saucisson is not disdained. At the pleasant picnic by the shady river it is found in the welcome baskets. The angler has it in his bag, the shooter in his capacious pocket, the canoeist in his Lilliputian cabin of stores.

"O saucisson de Lyon, sad is the moment when we cast the skinny remnant of thee into the stream, but the little fishes congregate eagerly to the banquet, and ask each other what noble animal has yielded his flesh for their feasting."—Youth's Companion.

Dawn of the New Woman.

"To the stake with her," thundered the tyrant. "Mercy!" implored the unhappy captive. "Some other death! In heaven's name, some other death!" She entreated deaf ears and a heart of stone. "If he could know," she moaned as she was dragged away, "how I hate to cook!" Even now, ere yet the clouds of medieval superstition had begun to purple with the dawn of a better day, and more to that effect, the aspirations of woman were already looking beyond the merely domestic horizon with which convention sought to environ her.—Detroit Journal.

The Nasturtium.

The nasturtium is named from two Latin words signifying "a twisted nose," alluding to the acrid odor given out by some species of this flower, which was said to distort the nose.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

REFORMATION IN CHINA.

Efforts Being Made to Abolish the Cruel Foot Binding.

The nineteenth century craze for the emancipation of women has at last found its way into the darkness of China, and a reformation has been started of vastly more importance to the woman of the Flowery Kingdom than the bloomer question and other like problems which have been vexing her progressive sisters of the western world.

This new departure calls for the abolition of foot-binding, common among all classes of Chinese women, from the poor creatures slaving in the rice fields to the dainty belles whose fathers hold lucrative public offices. Everything moves with tremendous slowness in China, particularly innovations, and the reformers expect that it will take a century or more to make the change complete.

The practice has existed for 20 centuries and may have existed for 40 centuries, and naturally it will be a difficult matter to root out. The greatest problem to be overcome is the aversion of Chinese men to marry women whose feet are not squeezed into deformed objects bearing little or no resemblance to the natural human foot.

As the one ambition of the Chinese girl and of her parents is to marry they willingly undergo the tortures of foot-binding to realize the matrimonial state. A woman whose foot is anywhere near the size nature intended is an outcast so far as matrimony is concerned. The men deem it a disgrace to marry her, and an unmarried woman is a burden to herself and her relatives. With these conditions to face the reformers are counting upon a hard time of it.

The binding process is the acme of torture, as the pain is incessant and extends over a period of many years. The little Chinese girl usually enjoys the full freedom of her feet until she is four or five years old. She can run about like other children and can rest the full weight of her body upon her feet without suffering exquisite torture.

But all this is soon stopped, for it is a custom, sanctioned by centuries, that a woman's feet must not be more than three inches in length. By the time a girl is four or five years old her feet are already more than three inches long, and then comes the torture.

Narrow strips of silk nine or ten feet long are used by the fond parent to crush the further growth. The silk is drawn tightly over the instep and then carried over the four small toes and the heel. The toes are drawn under the foot and the pressure is so great that the sole is almost drawn into a semicircle.

The large toe is particularly difficult to subdue, and separate bands of the silk are drawn over the member and carried under the heel, squeezing it down with double pressure. Unyielding shoes, made ironlike in strength, are crowded upon the feet, and the happy days of the little girl are over.

The shoes are removed at night, but the bandages remain night and day. For the first few months the child is unable to move about except upon her hands and knees. The circulation of the blood in the feet has been choked and the pressure of the body and the exercise of walking force the blood through the strangled veins, causing the most intense agony. This pain is nothing, however, to that suffered when it is necessary to change the bandages every fortnight for fresh ones. The sudden loosening of the bands allows the blood to shoot into the benumbed and deadened feet, and the pain is oftentimes so exquisite that the child faints away.

Even the girls who in later life must perform the hardest kind of manual labor have their feet crippled. The spectacle of women working in the fields on their hands and knees, because their deformed feet are unable to support the weight of the body, has no effect on parents of other children. And the workers themselves bind the feet of their girls without the slightest twinge of conscience.

The leader of the reform movement is a highly educated native of the city of Snift, the chief town of the province of Szechuan, one of the richest districts of the empire. For many years he has been employed in an official position in Peking, and on his return home he found his five-year-old daughter hobbling about on crippled feet and crying from the pain. He at once removed the bandages and declared that he would never consent to such torture of his children or the children of his dependents.

This was the first of the reform movement. He called upon the richest and most influential men in the city and the province, and succeeded in inducing many of them to sign a pledge calling for the abolition of the foot-binding process. Each signer agreed to stop it in his own family and among his dependents.

The leader of the reform is named Chon, and he is conspicuous throughout the empire because of his learning. As a man of letters his opinion carries great weight, particularly among the ignorant, whose veneration for knowledge and education is intense. Proclamations couched in the vernacular of the various provinces, have been spread broadcast through the empire, calling attention to the fact that the emperor Shun Chin in an edict of 1662 pronounced the binding of girls' feet to be illegal. For a time the edict was obeyed, but upon the death of this sensible ruler the practice was resumed.

Royalty has not yet expressed its opinion on the subject, but it is believed that the old dowager empress, a far-seeing woman will use her influence in favor of the reform.—Chicago Tribune.

Willing to Obey.

Mother—You must never put off till to-morrow what you can just as well do to-day.

Freddie—Then let me finish that pie now.—Fliegende Blaetter.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Mrs. Homer—"Is your husband off on the road to-day?" Mrs. Traveler—"I shouldn't wonder a bit. He went out on his bicycle this morning."—Yonkers Statesman.

—Yeast—"Do you believe that story about Samson losing his strength by having his hair cut?" Crimsonbeak—"Certainly I do; the barbers have many a time made me feel tired talking to me."—Yonkers Statesman.

—Her Justification—"But why do you encourage him if you never intend to marry him?" "Mercy! I wouldn't be so presumptuous as to tell him I can't marry him before he asks me."—Philadelphia North American.

—"Mamma," said Willie, "do you pay Jennie $15 a month for looking after me?" "No, $16," said mamma. "She is a good nurse, and deserves it." "Well, I say, ma; I'll look after myself for ten dollars. You'll save six dollars by it."—Harper's Young People.

—One day a malicious person said to Alexandre Dumas fils: "Your father was a mulatto, was he not?" Dumas replied: "Yes, sir. My father was a mulatto, my grandfather a negro, and my great-grandfather a monkey. My genealogy begins where yours ends."—Tit-Bits.

—"And you asked her father for her hand?" "Yes." "Was he violent?" "Very! He said I must be an idiot to think of such a thing." "What did you reply?" "I told him that, of course, he knew his own family better than I did, but that I was willing to take my chances."—Household Words.

—The Requisite.—"He is very nice," said the young woman. "And he bears an illustrious name." "Yes," replied her extremely practical mother, "but titles don't make any difference in my mind unless they have some standing in the recorder's office. In my opinion, what this generation ought to demand is deeds, not words."—Washington Star.

—An old Scottish woman had gone on a visit to her soldier son at a garrison town where an evening gun was fired. When the gun boomed forth the hour she was very much startled. "Whatna noise is that?" she asked, in alarm. "Oh, that's sunset," answered the son. "Losh keep us!" she exclaimed. "I didna ken the sun gaed down wi' a dunt like that."—Tit-Bits.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE.

A Rude Log Cabin in the Wilds of Kentucky.

Abraham Lincoln, our great war president, was born in Larue county, Kentucky, in a rude little log cabin. This cabin has recently been restored, and, so far as possible, made exactly as it was 88 years ago, when a little baby boy was born to Thomas and Nancy Lincoln, or "Linkhorn," as the name was then spelled—humble "settlers," who had moved to the neighborhood from Washington county four years before.

The few living people who remember Thomas Lincoln, the father, say that he was a rather improvident man, not working long at any one thing. He was a hard worker, but was a poor manager; and the little family was often without more than the simplest necessaries of life. Thomas Lincoln cleared a few acres around his cabin, and raised a small crop of corn and grain. Then he became a carpenter and thinker, working at such odd jobs as he could find among the pioneer neighbors. He was away at work at the time Abraham was born.

The neighbors heard that Mrs. Lincoln was in the cabin all alone with the little baby, and had little to eat except corn and potatoes. They at once visited the Lincoln cabin, taking such delicacies as their houses afforded. The father returned in a few days; and the baby was named Abraham Lincoln, after his grandfather, who had been killed by the Indians when Thomas Lincoln was a little boy.—George H. Yeowine, in St. Nicholas.

KNOWN BY HIS MUSIC.

A Great Composer Whose Face Was Little Known.

Signor Arditi, the veteran conductor of Italian opera, seems to be a man of ready wit, to judge from an anecdote in his "Reminiscences."

On one of his American tours he received one day a check from his manager. It was already near the expiration of banking hours, and having need of the money, he jumped into a carriage and drove hastily to the bank. On handing the check to the teller, however, he was met by the statement that it would be necessary for him to be identified.

"But don't you know me?" asked the musician. "I am Signor Arditi."

The teller still shook his head. He was sorry, and all that, but he couldn't pay out money without an identification. A sudden idea came to Arditi.

"Do you ever go to the opera?" he inquired.

"Yes, often," was the teller's reply.

"Well, then, see here;" and at the word Signor Arditi turned his back upon the teller and took off his hat, exposing his bald head, with the sight of which all opera goers had reason to be familiar. "Don't you know me now?"

A smile spread over the teller's face. "Yes," he said, "you are Signor Arditi." And with that he handed forth the money.—Youth's Companion.

Corn Fritters.

Take one cupful of canned corn, mash fine, and for each cupful allow an egg and a half and a tablespoonful of milk or cream. First beat the eggs thoroughly, then add the corn by degrees. Then one teaspoonful of salt and a scant tablespoonful of melted butter. Use just enough flour to hold the ingredients together. Cook on a hot griddle.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

He Knew Her.

Wife—Did you put that button in a place where I would find it the first thing in the morning?

Husband—Yes, dear; I put it in my trousers pocket.—N. Y. Tribune.

The Republican.

BEN [illegible], Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1897.

MESSAGE TO CONGRESS.

President McKinley on the Need of Revenue Legislation for Pensions, Payment of the Public Debt, and Other Purposes.

To the Congress of the United States:

Regretting the necessity which has required me to call you together, I feel that your assembling in extraordinary session is indispensable, because of the conditions in which we find the revenues of the Government. It is conceded that its current expenditures are greater than its receipts, and that such a condition has existed now for more than three years. With unlimited means at our command, we are presenting the remarkable spectacle of increasing our public debt by borrowing money to meet the ordinary outlays incident upon even an economical and prudent administration of the Government. An examination of the subject discloses this fact in every detail, and leads inevitably to the conclusion that the condition of the revenue which allows it is unjustifiable and should be corrected.

We find by the reports of the secretary of the Treasury that the revenues for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1892, from all sources were $425,868,260.22, and the expenditures for all purposes were $415,953,806.56, leaving an excess of receipts over expenditures of $9,914,453.56. During the fiscal year $40,570,467.98 were paid upon the public debt, which had been reduced since March 1, 1889, $259,076,890, and the annual interest charge decreased $11,584,570.60. The receipts of the government from all sources during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1893, amounted to $461,716,561.94, and its expenditures to $459,364,887.65, showing an excess of receipts over expenditures of $2,341,674.29.

Since that time the receipts of no fiscal year, and with but few exceptions, of no month of any fiscal year, have exceeded the expenditures. The receipts of the Government from all sources, during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1894, were $372,802,498.29, and its expenditures, $442,605,758.87, leaving a deficit, the first since the resumption of specie payments, of $69,803,260.58. Notwithstanding there was a decrease of $16,559,128.78 in the ordinary expense of the Government as compared with the previous fiscal year, its income was still not sufficient to provide for its daily necessities, and the gold reserve in the Treasury for the redemption of greenbacks was drawn upon to meet them. But this did not suffice, and the Government then resorted to loans to replenish the reserve.

In February, 1894, $50,000,000 in bonds were issued, and in November following a second issue of $50,000,000 was deemed necessary. The sum of $117,171,735 was realized by the sale of these bonds, but the reserve was steadily decreased, until, on Feb. 8, 1895, a third sale of $62,315,400 in bonds, for $65,116,244, was announced to Congress.

The receipts of the Government for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1895, were $380,373,203.30, and the expenditures $433,178,425.48, showing a deficit of $42,805,223.18. A further loan of $100,000,000 was negotiated by the Government in February, 1896, the sale netting $111,166,246, and swelling the aggregate of bonds issued within three years to $262,315,400. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1896, the revenues of the Government from all sources amounted to $409,475,408.78, while its expenditures were $434,678,654.48, or an excess of expenditures over receipts of $26,203,245.70. In other words, the total receipts of the three fiscal years ending June 30, 1896, were insufficient by $137,811,728.46 to meet the total expenditures.

Nor has this condition since improved. For the first half of the present fiscal year the receipts of the Government, exclusive of postal revenues, were $157,507,603.76, and its expenditures, exclusive of postal service $195,410,000.92, or an excess of expenditures over receipts of $37,902,296.46. In January of this year the receipts, exclusive of postal revenues, were $24,316,995.05, and the expenditures, exclusive of postal service, $30,269,389.29, a deficit of $5,952,395.24 for the month. In February of this year the receipts, exclusive of postal revenues, were $24,400,997.38, and expenditures, exclusive of postal service, $28,796,056.66, a deficit of $4,396,059.28, or a total deficiency of $186,061,580.44 for the three years and eight months ending March 1, 1897. Not only are we without a surplus in the Treasury, but with an increase in the public debt there has been a corresponding increase in the annual interest charge from $22,893,883.20 in 1892, the lowest of any year since 1862, to $34,387,297.60 in 1896, or an increase of $11,493,414.40.

It may be urged that even if the revenues of the Government had been sufficient to meet all its ordinary expenses during the past three years, the gold reserve would still have been sufficient to meet the demands upon it, and that bonds would necessarily have been issued for its repletion. Be this as it may, it is clearly manifest, without denying or affirming the correctness of such a conclusion, that the debt would have been decreased in at least the amount of the deficiency, and business confidence immeasurably strengthened throughout the country.

Congress should promptly correct the existing condition. Ample revenues must be supplied not only for the ordinary expenses of the Government, but for the prompt payment of liberal pensions and the liquidation of the principal and interest of the public debt. In raising revenue duties should be so levied upon foreign products as to preserve the home market, so far as possible, to our own producers; to revive and increase manufactures; to relieve and encourage agriculture; to increase our domestic and foreign commerce; to aid and develop mining and building, and to render to labor in every field of useful occupation and liberal wages and adequate rewards to which skill and industry are justly entitled. The necessity of the passage of a tariff law, which shall provide ample revenue, need not be further urged. The imperative demand of the hour is the prompt enactment of such a measure, and to this object I earnestly recommend that Congress shall make every endeavor. Before other business is transacted, let us first provide sufficient revenue to faithfully administer the Government without the contracting of further debt, or the continued disturbance of our finances.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.
Executive Mansion, March 15, 1897.

Our Leading Editorial.

We had written what we thought was an excellent leading editorial for this week's paper, but President McKinley wrote so much better one in his message to Congress that we have laid ours aside and given his the preference. It is so directly in accord with what the Republicans have been preaching for the last four years that it fits into our columns with the greatest exactness. It is a masterful document, and will receive the highest approval of all those who have the good of the country at heart. It gives forth no uncertain sound as to the maintenance of the National credit and care for the workingman and producers of the country. It is a great message.

Prison Labor and Good Roads.

What to do with the prison labor of the country is a much discussed question. Newspapers, magazines and reviews make it a subject of serious and, not infrequent, intelligent consideration. Up to the present writing the most of the conclusions arrived at show more clearly what the prisoners should not do rather than what they should do.

All thoughtful writers on the subject agree that the convicts must be employed at something. To enforce idleness upon them would be at once inhumane and expensive.

In the current number of the North American *Review* Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor, in a very able and comprehensive article on the subject, says:

Revenge is not a part of the State's duty, but the protection of society is its sole duty, and criminals are a part of society. The method of treatment, therefore, which will reduce the number of criminals and bring them back to society as cured and industrious citizens will also eventually reduce the expense to the State and the annoyance and irritation and danger which comes from the presence of a body of criminals. Whatever conduces to this result, whether it be the employment of prisoners solely for the benefit of the State or teaching them how to employ their minds and hands when they leave the prisons, must be the true course; the size of the deficit in the State treasury resulting therefrom or the trifling competition which follows are of but little account. In place of the old rule for the running of prisons—profits, with incidental reformatory results, the new rule will sway—reformation, with incidental profits.

If the reformation of society, inside and outside of jails, is the end desired, how can the purpose be more happily brought about than having the convicts employed in making good and beautiful highways? The healthful, out-of-door work, in the open sunshine will build them up, physically, mentally and morally. What could have a more reformative influence than the changing of muddy, miry, stony ways into smooth, level, charming highways? The whole community, convicts and all, will thus have their feet lifted out of the sand and placed on the enduring rock. The prisoners and the roads may be reformed by the same process.

THE EDITOR'S MEXICAN TRIP.

He Was too Busy Sight-Seeing to Write Much for His Paper on the Journey.

To the Readers of The Republican.

During the past month I was down through several of the large southern states of this great country, notably the states of Missouri, Arkansas and Texas, returning to Oakland on Monday of last week, but taking the train the same day for Washington, where I spent the remainder of the week with my family.

It is my intention to write quite a number of articles for the columns of THE REPUBLICAN on what I have seen and what is to be seen on a trip of this kind, along the line of railway from St. Louis to Eagle Pass, Texas, which lies on the banks of the Rio Grande river.

Gen. U. S. Grant's cabin home near St. Louis, is to be seen from car windows of trains on the St. Louis and San Francisco railroad. This was a reminder of a most interesting period of history. Of course there was a source of lively conversation as we sped along as smoothly as though we were on one of the eastern limited express trains. In fact, there seems to be no letup in topics for our delectation along the "Frisco" route. Of course, we had a pleasure in seeing and could have made a half day's diversion in exploring the grand Union Station at St. Louis, with its twenty-nine tracks and 250 passenger trains in and out each day. This depot was a starter for engaging our constant attention. It seems it was but one of a rapid succession of entertaining features in store for us along this route. We had hardly left the greatest "railway shed" in the world before the story of Gen. Grant's cabin life near St. Louis was brought to our attention. The cabin is a one story affair and its primitive conditions are preserved by an association. From this log and plank built home of the afterwards great military leader he hauled firewood to the city.

While still reflecting over men and their tide of fortune, that other character, developed in time of peace, Hon. R. P. Bland, of Lebanon, on our route, was mentioned by some one of our party, who recollected his home town. Lebanon has fame as a high and healthy resort. The healing waters, the elevation, the scenery, the huntsman's paradise, and the hotel built after modern plans, have made many ill and tired people bless Lebanon. It is said of Bland that he is a successful farmer. It is a fact that his lands, which partake of the fertility so well known as relating to this section, are well kept.

Passing through Lebanon our train sped on southward through Springfield, Mo., the home and the scene of many of Jesse James' raids. At this point an inquiry put to a denizen of the place brought forth the information that many of the James' boys raids were myths and were only written for the sensational press. Be that as it may, they were terrors to many parts of Missouri and the adjoining states.

Leaving Springfield, our train passed in quick succession many towns and at noon on Sunday, Feb. 14th, we took dinner at Fort Smith, Ark. Because of many historic incidents connected with the early settlement of that section of the country, a stop of three hours was made, which time was amply spent visiting the various points of interest in the city. It is a place of about 40,000 inhabitants, and is situated about four miles south of the Arkansas river. The leading places of interest here are the United States or Federal building and the old fort. The Federal building is a massive pile of stone, erected near the old fort on a square surrounded on all sides by beautiful lawns and shrubbery. Here the United States court holds its sessions for this district. Within the walls of this building more criminals have been convicted and the death sentence pronounced upon more murderers than in any other court within the borders of this country. Recently one of the judges died and it is said he pronounced the death sentence upon one hundred and forty criminals. There is at present a former hangman living in Fort Smith who has officiated at eighty-five neck-tie parties. On one occasion he let six murderers through the trap.

The old fort is at the east end of the town but at present there are no soldiers stationed there they being at the new fort on the north. Inside the walls of this old fort the house still standing, built of stone, from the second story window of which the people from the south in our party looked with longing and loving eyes. Here their great hero, Jefferson Davis, first came into prominence and secured his wife. The narrative was given me as follows: When Zacariah Taylor was in charge of this post Davis was one of his lieutenants. He fell in love with the commandant's daughter. As was natural Taylor opposed the match upon the grounds that Davis occupied an inferior position in the service and the outlook for his promotion was not favorable to say the least. Heroic measures were adopted by Gen. Taylor to keep the young people apart so he had his daughter placed in a room in the north-east corner of the building on the second floor. He forbade her having more thoughts of the young lieutenant. One night, however, when the moon was hidden behind a dark cloud, the young girl made her escape from the room and descended to the ground on a rope made of her bed clothes. Davis was below and they made their way to the state of Mississippi, where they were married. Shortly after the elopement the Mexican war broke out. The American troops were commanded by Gen. Taylor. Jefferson Davis was also in the service of his country then and he was also ordered to Mexico. Here he so distinguished himself by his bravery and tact as a soldier that Taylor took he and his wife back into his family.

The ride from Fort Smith was through the South-eastern portion of the Indian Territory. In this section of the Territory is located the Choctaw nation. They are an industrious nation, farming and lumber manufacturing being the chief industry. There are many towns along the route, all of them being inhabited by whites and half-breeds. A noticeable feature in these small towns is the great number of drug stores. By a U. S. statute it is made a grave offence to give or sell liquor to an Indian, hence the numerous apothecary shops and absence of saloons. The country is well timbered and seems to be very productive.

Passing through the Territory, our next stop was at Paris, Texas, where supper was served at 8 o'clock. Here also, a United States court holds its sessions, many criminals from the Territory being tried, and what is strange to us, *always* convicted. From Paris to Temple, Tex., the journey was made by night and without special incident.

Monday evening, just as the sun was sinking over the heaving waters of Galveston bay our train sped over the five-mile viaduct into Galveston city where we spent four days transacting business of the association.

The headquarters at Galveston was at the Beach Hotel situated on the shore of Galveston bay, a considerable distance from the business centre of the city. It is easy of access, however, as electric cars pass every few minutes.

To The Sabbath Schools of Garrett County.

Mr. Geo. E. Bishoff, of Hoyes, this county, who was recently re-elected President of the Garrett County Sunday School Union, contributes the following to the columns of THE REPUBLICAN, which is addressed to the Sabbath school workers of the county. Mr. Bishoff says:

At the last annual session of the Garrett county Sunday School Convention held at Hoyes, Md., I was again chosen as its President.

It was not my desire, but when it pressed on me so strong, for the sake of the Sunday school cause and its interests in Garrett county, I accepted the responsible position, knowing the people will not expect too much from me in my rather poor health. I ask all interested in the Sunday school cause to pray for me that I may be fully able to direct the affairs of the association successfully during the year.

We believe that many of the Sunday schools in the county are far in advance of what they were a few years ago and are doing good work, yet others are feeble and have not the influence they should have. God is willing to help us if we will only make the proper effort to bring many more youths and children into the Sunday schools, and get such a firm hold upon them that they may not be inclined to leave its ranks. Much of our success depends upon being organized at the right time, and the right person in the right place. All of the schools that are now closed should re-organize in this month so that you may get your lesson helps at the beginning of the second quarter. Supply your schools liberally with the suitable lesson helps, that you may have some to replace the lost ones and to have some to give to visitors. Study the strength and willingness of your people, that you take the best plan for raising money for the lesson helps. Have a well devised system in everything you do. Select for your Superintendent the one that you think has the best qualifications for this important office; one that has executive ability; one that has the most intellectual qualities, and then hold him up by your prayers and attendance.

Every community should organize a Sunday school provided a sufficient number of scholars will attend, and where it does not draw them away from other regular church service.

We must not try to have two Sunday schools at small villages or country places where there are scarcely scholars for one school. Unite by all means, let your church creeds bend a little, those little differences in church government should not stand in the way so prominent as to hinder the work of the Lord in a community.

Do not think I am presumptuous for making some suggestions, for I feel such an interest in the welfare of the children, and past experience teaches us that much of our failures in the Sunday school work is brought about by lack of not selecting the right person for superintendent and by not supplying the school liberally with lesson helps, and last but not least where Sunday school workers fail to unite their efforts.

GEO. E. BISHOFF,
Pres. Garrett Co. S. S. Asso.

HOW HE GOT TO THE SENATE

Mr. Wellington's Answer to That Question.

The New York *Sunday World* publishes the following from Senator Wellington, in response to a request from the *World* to tell its readers how he got to the United States Senate:

To the Editor of the World:

How did I make my way to the Senate? The accomplishment of that result I attribute to three causes: First to my positive belief in the existence of a Republican majority in Maryland; second, to my determination to have that vote properly registered and honestly counted; third, to absolute frankness in my expressions regarding my desire to secure the Senatorship.

When called upon by the Republicans of Maryland to manage the gubernatorial campaign of 1895, I accepted the trust with a firm conviction, notwithstanding the fact that the State was nominally Democratic, that by the obliteration of factional differences, a thorough organization of our forces and an aggressive fight along established lines, the State could be carried for the Republican ticket. The first two objects accomplished, I arranged my plans to gain the third. For months there was a tireless and bitter struggle and we were compelled to surmount obstacle after obstacle raised by a resourceful and unscrupulous opposition under the leadership of the most adroit political general in the Union, but despite his generalship and the intrenchment of his forces in power, the Republican party aided by the honest and patriotic Democrats, was grandly triumphant, and for the first time in a generation Maryland had a Republican Legislature, and at last we had won that for which we had been striving for three decades.

Successful in the work assumed, the party splendidly organized and the Commonwealth placed under the banner of Republicanism, I decided to become a candidate for the United States Senate and so announced myself to individuals and the press. Immediately there sprang up a fierce antagonism to my selection and I was met with an ancient statute requiring that the Senator then to be elected must be a resident of the "Eastern Shore," a statute in direct conflict with the Constitution.

Again there was a spirited contest, but I managed my campaign as formely on the principle that victory will crown all honest efforts. There was a long and bitter struggle, one that will remain memorable in the history of our State, but the Legislature conferred upon me the honor of representing Maryland in the higher broach of Congress.

In summing up the matter I would say that I attribute my success from my earliest efforts in life to the fact that when I want a thing I am honest enough to say so and am willing to work hard for it. Hard work, to my mind is the secret of all success. It must not be forgotten, however, that success, after all, lies in obtaining the favor of the people, read I am not unmindful that I owe all that I have gained to the favor of the people to my own county and section of the State. Through them it has been possible for me to make my way to the Senate.

GEORGE L. WELLINGTON,
U. S. Senator from Maryland.

The Great New York Racket Department Store, Friendsville, Md., Wm. Frederick Jr., & Son, Proprietors, has just received the largest and best selected stock of goods ever brought to this town, which we will sell at the lowes price ever offered in this market. We have anything and everything, from a needle up. All the best ten cent prints at five cents; ten cent ginghams five cents; 25 envelopes two cents; 12 lead pencils, two cents; tin cups, two cents; and everything else proportionately cheap.*

Thin, Pale Children

One satisfaction in giving Scott's Emulsion to children is they never object to it. The fact is, they soon become fond of it. Another satisfaction is because it will make them plump, and give them growth and prosperity. It should be given to all children who are too thin, or too pale. It does not make them over-fat, but plump.

It strengthens the digestive organs and the nerves, and furnishes material for rich blood.

We have a book telling you more on the subject. Sent free for the asking.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

Compulsory Education.

I desire to call the attention of the public to a radical defect in our school law, that they may have their minds prepared for its removal at the next session of our Legislature. The defect to which I allude is the lack of a compulsory clause. The state in its wisdom has recognized its duty to provide for its children the means for obtaining an education. This duty had its origin in the obligation of the state to promote the public welfare. The prosperity of the state can only be secured through good citizenship, and good citizenship can only be secured through a well ordered cause of moral and intellectual training. The virtue of our citizenship will be in an exact proportion to the education of our people, taking education in its true sense, as embracing the whole nature of man. Our common school system is founded on the recognition of these fundamental principles, and they have been deemed of such importance to the public welfare that the state has assumed the responsibility involved, and levies a tax upon its people to support a system of education.

Experience has shown that this vital interest of the state cannot be left to chance or the voluntary action of the people. Now if it is the duty of the state to tax its people for the support of this system of education, and to take control of the education of its children, it is certainly both its right and duty to require all children to avail themselves of this priceless privilege. Observation and experience show to us that in every community there are children growing up in ignorance and vice, almost under the shadow of our public schools. Houses have been built and teachers have been employed at the expense of the people, but certain portions of the children who are of school age are not in school. These are generally found to be the children who should claim the sympathy and care of the state. They are children of ignorant and indolent parents, or parents whom no teacher can please, and if left to themselves, will only serve to perpetuate ignorance and vice. They stay out of school, but congregate on our streets and in our public places and in our church yards and turn these places into schools of vice and crime. From these schools comes the rude, the idle, the rogues who can never be anything else but a dead weight to the state. From this school comes our criminal class that fills our jails, penitentiaries and houses of correction. Now all of these boys and girls, whose misfortune it is to be thus neglected, have in them possibilities of good, useful and honorable citizenship. They naturally have as bright minds as others, and only need to be brought under control, and to receive a proper training to become good citizens, to transfer them from this class of ignorant and vicious to that of the intelligent, useful and respectable. How then can the state perform its duty to those, but by bringing them under the control of the law?

Some of the reasons that we should have a compulsory school law in the state of Maryland, are,

1st, It would wipe out the petty excuses that parents put up for not sending to school.

2nd, It would make people more virtuous, generous and patriotic.

3d, It would bring into school those who most need an education — the children of the poor.

4th, It would give teachers the opportunity to do what they are paid for doing.

5th, Tax-payers would realize a greater benefit of their money.

6th, It would lessen the per cent. of crime and thus save the state vast sums of money.

7th, Without it the state can never hope to reach the ideal.

8th, It is a business thing to do.

A. L. L.

Altamont, Md.

Items From the Oracle.

G. A. and A. T. Fraley, of Oakland, attended the anniversary meeting of Alpine Lodge K. of P. last Friday evening.

Francis A. Sharpless, of Deer Park, was a pleasant visitor at Capt. Elliott's Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Kimmel and daughter, who had been here visiting Mrs. K.'s parents, are spending this week with friends and relatives at Oakland, Mt. Lake and Deer Park.

Cashier Scott T. Jones, of Oakland, attended Masonic lodge here Tuesday evening.

Miss Mattie Adair spent Sunday in Oakland, the guest of friends.

Mrs. S. T. Jones, of Oakland, was visiting relatives here on Monday.

Married in Cumberland.

Mrs. Sue Slonaker, widow of the late I. W. Slonaker, who resided a number of years ago in Oakland, was married on Tuesday evening in Cumberland, to Mr. Dowd C. Talbott, a Baltimore and Ohio engineer, residing in Grafton. The wedding ceremony was preformed by Rev. Dr. M. F. B. Rice, of Center street M. E. church in the parlor of the Arlington Hotel, of which Mrs. Talbott has been proprietress for two or three years.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

Copyrighted by "Nemo."

How sheep-like many of us act! We reflect on neither past nor future; there is for us no glorying in deeds done by the race, no realization of our share in public progress; no learning from the voice of History, no vision of happy peoples yet to be blessed. Sheep take things as they find them; MEN force Nature to their will. Sheep are content if merely well-fed: MEN do not live by bread alone. Sheep look constantly at material things; MEN gaze upward unabashed even by the shimmering glories of the throne of everlasting Might. Let us be men!

***

Try to cultivate a free mind that will believe in things not seen, in deeds not shared in, in powers not possessed by yourself. A tad-pole's horizon is limited by his unwholesome puddle, but your horizon is limited by nothing if you will but curb selfishness and be a sentient being. The past is all yours. Though often you forget it, you are a lineal descendant from the earliest ages. The great of every clime are your kinsmen, bone of human bone and flesh of human flesh. Find interests outside of yourself; enjoy the inheritance of great things already done.

***

Just as learning a dead language helps us understand English, so the past interprets the present with its multiform activities. Without such knowledge life is to us, as with the unthinking brute, bereft of clue as to whence or whither. The blood of heroes for righteousness and martyrs to racial duty courses in human veins. Such knowledge will thrill a man into the full stature of manhood. Yet the supreme grandeur of living can be ours only when doing something definite. We may draw inspiration and pride of birthright from the past: we must live and act in the present.

***

Bunyan's muck-heap raker saw no beauties; selfishness in the essential duties of life, and appreciation of the full meaning of life do not abide together. We cannot serve our race and worship Mammon. If we flank ourselves with money-bags, or if we want to, just for what they may bring of personal comfort we are condemning ourselves to loneliness and heartaches. Money never bought a friend, and money never held one. The transforming grace of a true woman's love, it never purchases. It buys eye-service; it buys self-seeking sycophants. The house of the heart is empty when such fill it.

***

The trained ear can detect sounds inaudible to the untrained: the trained eye can see into beauties invisible to ordinary mortals: the trained hand accomplishes things impossible to gross manipulation. The heart trained to interests outside itself looks upon a new world. Without interest in others, a narrow life remains narrow; with it even a sick-room may become the centre of world-wide influence. The shepherd tending his wondering sheep, the miner working amid dangers, the farmer wrestling with difficulties, the wife at her unpaid labors,—all can live transformed lives, if they feel their share in the world's best interests.

***

Whittier describes life as "a cry between the silences." That is a lonesome view of it. Your life and mine are links in an endless chain. We are the living expressions of the dead who rest from their labors; we are the custodians of the future, if so be that we LIVE. How dead the imagination that cannot understand this! Unborn sons and daughters are within you. For them your daily life is preparing a gloomy or a glorious morn. What that morn is to be we—you and I—are predestinating by our strength or by our weakness.

***

But mark you! To LIVE is to turn the back on inaction; sloth and real living are antipodal. Likewise, earnestness and full appreciation by our fellows are impossible. Human nobodies have no enemies, but he who goeth forth with noble purposes is bound to run counter to the legion demons of laziness and stupidity, gluttony and filth, who cry out "Leave us alone. What have we to do with thee?" They whose souls are to go marching on with armies whose footsteps never yet have echoed, must face contumely if they try to lift humanity one niche higher.

***

Unhappy for the world is it for a man to attain his full ambition. He ceases his efforts; inaction is death. Better for to have the full fruition of effort always just evading the hand, and thus beckoning to further deeds. Let there be no contentment with one good thing done; but have each propose merely a part of something greater; just as with the universe, made up of wonderful stars, all grouped into solar systems, these included in the vast aggregation itself, and that in turn pushing onward through space to something yet neither seen, nor foretold, nor imagined.

***

Poverty is no bar to breadth of mind or of helpfulness. The poor have always given proportionately more to each other than the rich have bestowed upon them. The widow's might is no solitary instance in the world. And as for giving, whose pleasure is greatest—they who give and are glad to have money take the place of fellowship, or they who suffer in order to help? Real giving means sharing. Or as the Master says in Lowell's poetry—

"For the gift without the giver is bare.
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbor and Me."

***

Do not train your little ones to think that the main object in life is to pass expeditiously and silently by the world as a foe to grace. We are here, to LIVE right where we are, and NOW, setting up righteousness and striking down wrong. The religion that justifies a man in taking all his communal rights, peace, protection, government, and in giving no service in return; even deriding the world as lying in the evil one—that religion itself is an abhorrent foe to the grace of living which is the noblest preparation for the grace of dying.

A Visit to the Widow.

I felt no little arrogance when a letter reached me from the widow whose hospitality Truman and I enjoyed while on our recent hunting excursion. Among the many strange things she mentioned in her missive was, "Dear preacher, Do please come out here at once. I am in heaps of trouble. My neighbors are telling around that we are engaged to be married, and they tell also that you have a wife and six children living in Missouri, besides a wife and seven children living in the state of Maine. They say that you have two vacations a year. The summer vacation you spend with your family in Maine, and your winters in Missouri. Now, I am anxious for you to come soon and bring a letter of recommendation or something like it to show the people here. Sandy is awfully put out; she is pestering the life out of me to have you come. We don't believe one word of this slander. Just you come and help us straighten out this awful muss." Feeling that I had innocently been the means of imposing upon this confiding woman's credulity, I believed it my duty to keep the promise I had made to visit her, when last at her house, and disabuse her mind about my having a sacred calling. I sent her a note apprising her of my intended visit, and in compliance with my promise I left Oakland on the 10th inst. and reached my destination at about four o'clock p. m. on the same day. The widow had anticipated my coming and stood in the doorway as I drove up to her gate. She ran out and welcomed me with a hearty shake of the hand. Sandy and Maria both greeted me cordially. We repaired to the parlor and after inquiring about my health and that of my friend, we conversed about the weather, etc., etc. Imagine my surprise when she said, "Preacher, which one o' them ar' fellows, Corbett or Fitz, will win the fight? Hit comes off on the seventeenth, don't it, Preacher?" I replied that I could not venture an opinion on the result of the battle and that in all probability the fight would come off as advertised. She then excused herself and directed me to her library which contained about thirty books of light literature. Quite a while had elapsed before she entered the room again. She was a sight to behold. I shall try to attempt a pen picture of her make-up. First let me tell of an accident that befel her. After making a profound courtsey she stepped back a step or two, and in her excitement, for she was excited from some cause or other, she attempted to sit down on a small sewing chair, but missed it. I hastened to her rescue. My heart ached for this poor woman. Had I not thought that she would have deemed it weakness in me I would not have turned from her as I did when tears of sympatdy forced themselves down my cheeks. The girls felt the shock and ran into the room. Their laughter relieved us of our embarrassing predicament.

I will now go back to her dress and make-up. Her hair was smoothly combed down in front, each particular hair resting on an imaginary line running across the middle of her forehead. A little twist of auburn hair surmounted the back of her head; this seemed to be pinned on by an immense high comb around which was twined a lemon colored ribbon, the ends of which hung far down her back. Her dress was of pink China silk. The skirt had five rows of quilled lemon colored ribbon about it; the first on the extreme edge, and between the rows was about four inches. The bodice was closely fitted to her shapely figure in the back and had short, square tails that were cut off sharply and arched at the sides. Little rosettes made of white, red and blue ribbon decorated the bodice in front and rear. The bodice had an extremely long point in front. The sleeves fitted snugly to her arms and ruffled at the wrists. There was pretense of mutton leg about her sleeves. A jolot of lace was fastened just at the centre of her collar in front by a brooch of bright yellow stones. Her dress was about an inch and a half shorter than a blue silk underskirt which reached to her ankles. Light blue home made woolen stockings and tan colored oxford ties encased her dainty No. sevens. The strangest thing about her dress was her wearing dove colored kid gloves and holding in her hand a large white fan with swan's down edge. After feasting my eyes on this queer combination of colors I wondered where on earth this oddest of fashion originated. However, it was evident to my mind that her costume was of recent make.

After partaking of a hearty supper of fried chicken, waffles and maple syrup, together with an abundance of such delicacies as is usually found on the table on special occasions in the country, we returned to the parlor. In the early part os the evening our privacy was seriously interfered with by Sandy and Maria. They insisted on singing and playing on the organ which they kept up until about ten o'clock. What passed between the widow and myself during the next two hours is not for the public ear. However, I shall record one sample of her extreme modesty. "Preacher," she said, "I had a good kind man, an' I hain't goin to run any chances in gettin' married ag'in. Really I don't believe I will ever marry again unless I am called." I concluded that I would sleep on this bit of information, and I retired for the night. I could not muster up courage enough to tell her that I was no preacher. However, I thought to defer it until I was about to take my departure. I had satisfied her beyond the shadow of a doubt that I was an unmarried man and believed this would make amends for the error Truman had made in introducing me as a minister.

About ten o'clock on the following morning I had my rig brought out ready for a start back to Oakland. The widow came out to the gate to see me off. I had got myself comfortably seated in the buggy, the lap robe tucked about my limbs, lines and whip in hand. "Mrs. F.," I proceeded, "there is one thing I neglected to speak about last night. In fact it was almost the sole object of my visit here." "What in the name of Sam Hill is hit," she questioned. "You remember that my friend who was with me hunting introduced me as a preacher, when——" "Haint you a preacher?" she asked in amazement. "N—n—no, mad——." "You haint, haint you?" she cried in a voice loud enough to bring Sandy, Maria and the hired man to the gate. Milk pans, crocks, flower pots, sticks of stove wood and all manner of pieces of old farming implements filled the air in close proximity to my defenseless head as I plied the whip to my horse. A large shepherd dog followed me for a half mile or more, while I swore vengeance at Truman W. for the introduction he had given me, and wished a thousand times that he had fallen over the precipice on that dark night when we were lost on the mountain.

Pea Ridge.

The weather for a few days past has been very favorable for farm work. Some of the farmers have commenced plowing for spring crops.

Mr. Bert Baker, builder and contractor, left Tuesday for Moscow, Allegany county, where he has the contract for building a large dwelling house and other work.

Messrs. M. H. McKenzie, Wm. Hoffmeyer, Oscar Robeson; Misses Nora McKenzie and Mayme Liston, were at Lonaconing Saturday on business.

Frank Broadwater has returned home from Manadier's Ridge, this county.

Wm. A. Robeson, of Blocherville, is sawing lumber for Squire Robeson, of this place.

Waldo Broadwater made a trip to Lonaconing recently in search of employment.

Mrs. Isaac Crow, one of our aged and respected citizens, of lung trouble and other ailments, died at her home at this place, last Wednesday morning. Interment took place in the burying ground on the Brown farm Friday at eleven o'clock a. m. The funeral was largely attended. She leaves a large number of sympathizing friends.

Mr. Phineas Durst, of New Germany, was a welcome visitor on the Ridge last Saturday evening. He returned Monday morning.

Miss Martha Bowers, of Backwoods, who has been on the Ridge for some time, has returned home.

Mrs. Joseph Goodwin, who has had a severe attack of pleurisy and pneumonia, we are glad to state, is improving slowly.

The Goodwin school is progressing nicely with Miss Mayme Liston as teacher, with an average of twenty.

SCRIBE.

North Glade.

We were informed that Bert Swauger was bitten by a mad dog Friday the 12th. The dog was killed the same day.

Edward Raley and wife, who have been sick with fever for five weeks, are up and about the house.

Miss Lizzie Barnard, who had been sick all winter, and at one time was not expected to recover, is improving and will be able to be about soon

Albert Fitzwater, of this place, employed by the B. & O. railroad at Cumberland, has been sick for three weeks, will be able to be about in a few days.

Miss Julia Lee, who has been in the doctor's care for five weeks, we are glad to say is up.

Ephraim Lee, of this place, has gone to Mineral county, W. Va.

The funeral of Albert Custer will be preached in the Backwoods church March 28th at 10.30 o'clock, by Rev. E. P. Idleman, of Deer Park circuit.

Accident.

Senator Ravenscroft is in Cumberland this week on business.

Two of F. C. Ries' children are seriously ill with typhoid fever. We hope for their speedy recovery.

Dr. and Mrs. F. H. Ravenscroft returned Saturday evening from a visit to Cranesville, W. Va.

Prof. J. B. Emory spent Saturday in Friendsville.

H. M. Speicher was on a trip to West Virginia last Saturday and Sunday.

M. H. Hoffman, the photographer, is doing a rushing business in his line.

The Accident and Friendsville telephone company completed its line between this place and Friendsville last Tuesday evening with the exception of placing a phone in J. L. Englehart's store room. The line is proving quite a convenience to our citizens, for points in Pennsylvania and West Virginia can also be reached. There is strong talk of constructing a line to Oakland to connect with this line. We hope that it will be pushed along as rapidly as possible for we think it would prove a success and be a paying investment.

Resolutions of Respect.

WHEREAS, it has pleased Almighty God, in his wise providence, to call from our midst our friend and brother Thomas W. Cornwell, who, in his nineteenth year departed this life February 25th 1897, at his home near Eglon, W. Va. By his kind and genial disposition, he had endeared himself to all who knew him

WHEREAS After funeral services, conducted by his pastor, Rev. George Royer, at the Red House, on February 27th, the burial services at the grave were concluded with the very impressive service of Allegheny Council No. 64, Jr. O. U. A. M., led by Chaplain, J. E. Gibson, therefore be it resolved:

First,—That while we deeply feel the loss we have sustained in the death of our brother, we meekly bow to the will of our Heavenly Father, the Supreme Ruler of the universe.

Second,—That we tender the parents and family of the deceased our sympathy and condolence in this sore bereavement.

Third,—That Allegheny Council No. 64 Jr. O. U. A. M., be draped in mourning for the spare of three months.

Fourth,—That these resolutions be spread on our Council minutes, and a copy be sent to the Oakland *Republican* and *Democrat* for publication; also a copy be sent to the bereaved family.

J. A. KEMP,
J. E. GIBSON,
C. E. LILLER,
Committee.

Hans Pulls His Tooth.

KEEDSMILLERSVILLE, March 15, 1897.

MEESHTER EDITER:—I see mid de REPUBLICAN abond a veek ago dat de feller wot rites from Shord Run and schbells his name mit a B. B. B., vants to no how I pulled ondt my toose de ader day. Vell id shoost bin dis vay. I vake myself up abond two o'glok in de morning, and Oh! shimminy, bud dat toose did hurd; so I lides de landern und goes oud mid de gole house dare bin von of dese glose lines vot has a lod of leedle vires wrapped mid a shtring arount, so I gids me a biece of vire, und I goes in de house ond tise id fast mid de toose, den I gids me de boker and I raps de vire mid de boker arount, und den I poot von end of de boker on de shtove und de oder ent on my shoulter, und den I pulls. Von no I bin mat like everyding, shust because he bin hurden me so but. Vell, as I said, I pulls, I kum ride down to bissnes, und de toose begin to grak down vare he bin fast mit himself, und I shust dink de haff of my het bin a kummen, so I quit a pullen and takes a rest. Vell, ven I got myself rested, den I bin afrate to pull anymore. Now Meester B. B. B., you may dink it been fun but eef yoo shust hat been in my place, you vood seen no fun ad all, for depe I vas. I got de boker fast mit de vire, und de vire bin fast mit de toose, und I can'd git him loose, so I shust valks arount mit de keetchen shoost obout a haf our till I gits loose, und ven I did gid loose den I cand gid my mouth shut, so I bin aboud a veek walken arount mit my mouse haf oben, bud now id been feelen poorty goot. Shust holt down your eer klose und I vill tells you someding. Vy de next time I pulls a toose mit a vire I don't pulls him. Ha, now, Meester B. B. B., you vanted me to tells yon apout de toose, und I haf dun so. Now I vood like you to tells us how de schentleman vot went to hees vild cat trap git along. Yoo no de time.

HANS.

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Brushes,
Woodenware,
Tinware,
Stoves,
Ranges,
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6-3

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, November 29, 1896. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily		9 A. M.
No. 3.—Daily		7 A. M.
No. 71.—Accom daily ex. S		9 A. M.
No. 47.—Local		9 A. M.
No. 5.—Express, daily		5 P. M.
No. 1.—Daily		P. M.

GOING EAST

No. 8.—Daily		A. M.
No. 2.—Daily		A. M.
No. 72.—Accom daily ex. S		P. M.
No. 48.—Local		P M
No. 4.—Daily		A. M.

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IN EFFECT FEBRUARY 8, 1897.

SOUTHWARD No. 3	SOUTHWARD No. 1	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2	NORTHWARD No. 4
P. M.	A. M.			P. M.
4 02	7 00 lv	Cumberland ar	12 15	7 30
3 56	7 26	Bowdens	11 50	7 05
3 45	7 45	Keyser	11 28	6 48
3 00	8 00	Westernport	11 15	6 30
4 01	8 01	W. Va. C. Junc.	11 11	6 25
1 33	8 25	Shaw	10 45	5 57
5 01	9 01	Hendricks	10 09	5 20
6 15	9 15 ar	Elk Garden	8 00	4 00
5 35	9 30 lv	Gormania	9 40	1 55
5 42	9 36	Bayard	9 34	4 47
5 54	9 57	Dobbin	9 23	4 33
6 27	10 27	Thomas	8 53	4 05
6 55	10 55 ar	Davis	8 10	3 15
6 39	10 39 lv	Canaan	8 30	3 01
7 01	11 01	Hendricks	8 15	3 30
7 07	11 07	Britz	8 08	3 25
7 10	11 14	Hoosons	8 05	3 30
7 45	11 45	Recens	7 30	2 46
8 00*	12 00† ar	Elkins	lv * 7 15	12 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*11 55
	3 05* ar	Beallington	lv	P. M. *11 30
P. M.	P. M.			A. M. A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

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ORDER NISI.

Lewis Kamp and Julina C. Hemsberger, trustees, vs. John J. Beerosky and wife.

No. 809 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

It is ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a Court of Equity, this 26th day of February, 1897, that the sale of the real estate made and reported in the above entitled cause by Lewis Kamp and Julina C. Hemsberger, Trustees, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 29th day of March next; provided a copy of this order be published in Oakland, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks before the first day of March, 1897.

The report states the amount of sales to be $855.00.

True copy—test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

Annie E. Veltch vs. Adam P. Long and Anna C. Long, his wife.

No. 836 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered, this 25th day of February, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Percy D. Veltch, attorney, as aforesaid, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 29th day of March, 1897; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 29th day of March, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $600.00.

True copy—test: E. Z. TOWER,

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. Clerk.

The Republican.

BEN [illegible], Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

THE REPUBLICAN is published every Thursday morning at the following rates:

One copy one year	$ 1.50
One copy six months	.75
One copy three months	.40
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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md

THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1897.

MESSAGE TO CONGRESS.

President McKinley on the Need of Revenue Legislation for Pensions, Payment of the Public Debt, and Other Purposes.

To the Congress of the United States:

Regretting the necessity which has required me to call you together, I feel that your assembling in extraordinary session is indispensable, because of the conditions in which we find the revenues of the Government. It is conceded that its current expenditures are greater than its receipts, and that such a condition has existed now for more than three years. With unlimited means at our command, we are presenting the remarkable spectacle of increasing our public debt by borrowing money to meet the ordinary outlays incident upon even an economical and prudent administration of the Government. An examination of the subject discloses this fact in every detail, and leads inevitably to the conclusion that the condition of the revenue which allows it is unjustifiable and should be corrected.

We find by the reports of the secretary of the Treasury that the revenues for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1892, from all sources were $425,868,260.22, and the expenditures for all purposes were $415,953,806.56, leaving an excess of receipts over expenditures of $9,914,453.56. During the fiscal year $40,570,467.98 were paid upon the public debt, which had been reduced since March 1, 1889, $259,076,890, and the annual interest charge decreased $11,584,570.60. The receipts of the government from all sources during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1893, amounted to $461,716,561.94, and its expenditures to $459,364,887.65, showing an excess of receipts over expenditures of $2,341,674.29.

Since that time the receipts of no fiscal year, and with but few exceptions, of no month of any fiscal year, have exceeded the expenditures. The receipts of the Government from all sources, during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1894, were $372,802,498.29, and its expenditures, $442,605,758.87, leaving a deficit, the first since the resumption of specie payments, of $69,803,260.58. Notwithstanding there was a decrease of $16,759,128.78 in the ordinary expense of the Government as compared with the previous fiscal year, its income was still not sufficient to provide for its daily necessities, and the gold reserve in the Treasury for the redemption of greenbacks was drawn upon to meet them. But this did not suffice, and the Government then resorted to loans to replenish the reserve.

In February, 1894, $50,000,000 in bonds were issued, and in November following a second issue of $50,000,000 was deemed necessary. The sum of $117,171,735 was realized by the sale of these bonds, but the reserve was steadily decreased, until, on Feb. 8, 1895, a third sale of $62,315,400 in bonds, for $65,116,244, was announced to Congress.

The receipts of the Government for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1895, were $390,373,203.30, and the expenditures $433,178,425.48, showing a deficit of $42,865,223.18. A further loan of $100,000,000 was negotiated by the Government in February, 1896, the sale netting $111,166,246, and swelling the aggregate of bonds issued within three years to $262,315,400. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1896, the revenues of the Government from all sources amounted to $499,475,408.78, while its expenditures were $434,678,654.48, or an excess of expenditures over receipts of $26,203,245.70. In other words, the total receipts of the three fiscal years ending June 30, 1896, were insufficient by $137,811,728.46 to meet the total expenditures.

Nor has this condition since improved. For the first half of the present fiscal year the receipts of the Government, exclusive of postal revenues, were $157,507,603.76, and its expenditures, exclusive of postal service $195,410,000.22, or an excess of expenditures over receipts of $37,902,296.46. In January of this year the receipts, exclusive of postal revenues, were $24,316,995.05, and the expenditures, exclusive of postal service, $30,269,389.29, a deficit of $5,952,395.24 for the month. In February of this year the receipts, exclusive of postal revenues, were $24,400,997.38, and expenditures, exclusive of postal service, $28,796,056.66, a deficit of $4,396,059.28, or a total deficiency of $186,061,580.44 for the three years and eight months ending March 1, 1897. Not only are we without a surplus in the Treasury, but with an increase in the public debt there has been a corresponding increase in the annual interest charge from $22,893,883.20 in 1892, the lowest of any year since 1862, to $34,387,297.60 in 1896, or an increase of $11,493,414.40.

It may be urged that even if the revenues of the Government had been sufficient to meet all its ordinary expenses during the past three years, the gold reserve would still have been sufficient to meet the demands upon it, and that bonds would necessarily have been issued for its repletion. Be this as it may, it is clearly manifest, without denying or affirming the correctness of such a conclusion, that the debt would have been decreased in at least the amount of the deficiency, and business confidence immeasurably strengthened throughout the country.

Congress should promptly correct the existing condition. Ample revenues must be supplied not only for the ordinary expenses of the Government, but for the prompt payment of liberal pensions and the liquidation of the principal and interest of the public debt. In raising revenue duties should be so levied upon foreign products as to preserve the home market, so far as possible, to our own producers; to revive and increase manufactures; to relieve and encourage agriculture; to increase our domestic and foreign commerce; to aid and develop mining and building, and to render to labor in every field of useful occupation and liberal wages and adequate rewards to which skill and industry are justly entitled. The necessity of the passage of a tariff law, which shall provide ample revenue, need not be further urged. The imperative demand of the hour is the prompt enactment of such a measure, and to this object I earnestly recommend that Congress shall make every endeavor. Before other business is transacted, let us first provide sufficient revenue to faithfully administer the Government without the contracting of further debt, or the continued disturbance of our finances.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.
Executive Mansion, March 15, 1897.

Our Leading Editorial.

We had written what we thought was an excellent leading editorial for this week's paper, but President McKinley wrote so much better one in his message to Congress that we have laid ours aside and given his the preference. It is so directly in accord with what the Republicans have been preaching for the last four years that it fits into our columns with the greatest exactness. It is a masterful document, and will receive the highest approval of all those who have the good of the country at heart. It gives forth no uncertain sound as to the maintenance of the National credit and care for the workingman and producers of the country. It is a great message.

Prison Labor and Good Roads.

What to do with the prison labor of the country is a much discussed question. Newspapers, magazines and reviews make it a subject of serious and, not infrequent, intelligent consideration. Up to the present writing the most of the conclusions arrived at show more clearly what the prisoners should not do rather than what they should do.

All thoughtful writers on the subject agree that the convicts must be employed at something. To enforce idleness upon them would be at once inhumane and expensive.

In the current number of the North American *Review* Carroll D. Wright, United States Commissioner of Labor, in a very able and comprehensive article on the subject, says:

Revenge is not a part of the State's duty, but the protection of society is its sole duty, and criminals are a part of society. The method of treatment, therefore, which will reduce the number of criminals and bring them back to society as cured and industrious citizens will also eventually reduce the expense to the State and the annoyance and irritation and danger which comes from the presence of a body of criminals. Whatever conduces to this result, whether it be the employment of prisoners solely for the benefit of the State or teaching them how to employ their minds and hands when they leave the prisons, must be the true course; the size of the deficit in the State treasury resulting therefrom or the trifling competition which follows are of but little account. In place of the old rule for the running of prisons—profits, with incidental reformatory results, the new rule will sway—reformation, with incidental profits.

If the reformation of society, inside and outside of jails, is the end desired, how can the purpose be more happily brought about than having the convicts employed in making good and beautiful highways? The healthful, out-of-door work, in the open sunshine will build them up, physically, mentally and morally. What could have a more reformative influence than the changing of muddy, miry, stony ways into smooth, level, charming highways? The whole community, convicts and all, will thus have their feet lifted out of the sand and placed on the enduring rock. The prisoners and the roads may be reformed by the same process.

THE EDITOR'S MEXICAN TRIP.

He Was too Busy Sight-Seeing to Write Much for His Paper on the Journey.

To the Readers of The Republican.

During the past month I was down through several of the large southern states of this great country, notably the states of Missouri, Arkansas and Texas, returning to Oakland on Monday of last week, but taking the train the same day for Washington, where I spent the remainder of the week with my family.

It is my intention to write quite a number of articles for the columns of THE REPUBLICAN on what I have seen and what is to be seen on a trip of this kind, along the line of railway from St. Louis to Eagle Pass, Texas, which lies on the banks of the Rio Grande river.

Gen. U. S. Grant's cabin home near St. Louis, is to be seen from car windows of trains on the St. Louis and San Francisco railroad. This was a reminder of a most interesting period of history. Of course there was a source of lively conversation as we sped along as smoothly as though we were on one of the eastern limited express trains. In fact, there seems to be no letup in topics for our delectation along the "Friseo" route. Of course, we had a pleasure in seeing and could have made a half day's diversion in exploring the grand Union Station at St. Louis, with its twenty-nine tracks and 250 passenger trains in and out each day. This depot was a starter for engaging our constant attention. It seems it was but one of a rapid succession of entertaining features in store for us along this route. We had hardly left the greatest "railway shed" in the world before the story of Gen. Grant's cabin life near St. Louis was brought to our attention. The cabin is a one story affair and its primitive conditions are preserved by an association. From this log and plank built home of the afterwards great military leader he hauled firewood to the city.

While still reflecting over men and their tide of fortune, that other character, developed in time of peace, Hon. R. P. Bland, of Lebanon, on our route, was mentioned by some one of our party, who recollected his home town. Lebanon has fame as a high and healthy resort. The healing waters, the elevation, the scenery, the huntsman's paradise, and the hotel built after modern plans, have made many ill and tired people bless Lebanon. It is said of Bland that he is a successful farmer. It is a fact that his lands, which partake of the fertility so well known as relating to this section, are well kept.

Passing through Lebanon our train sped on southward through Springfield, Mo., the home and the scene of many of Jesse James' raids. At this point an inquiry put to a denizen of the place brought forth the information that many of the James' boys raids were myths and were only written for the sensational press. Be that as it may, they were terrors to many parts of Missouri and the adjoining states.

Leaving Springfield, our train passed in quick succession many towns and at noon on Sunday, Feb. 14th, we took dinner at Fort Smith, Ark. Because of many historic incidents connected with the early settlement of that section of the country, a stop of three hours was made, which time was amply spent visiting the various points of interest in the city. It is a place of about 40,000 inhabitants, and is situated about four miles south of the Arkansas river. The leading places of interest here are the United States or Federal building and the old fort. The Federal building is a massive pile of stone, erected near the old fort on a square surrounded on all sides by beautiful lawns and shrubbery. Here the United States court holds its sessions for this district. Within the walls of this building more criminals have been convicted and the death sentence pronounced upon more murderers than in any other court within the borders of this country. Recently one of the judges died and it is said he pronounced the death sentence upon one hundred and forty criminals. There is at present a former hangman living in Fort Smith who has officiated at eighty-five neck-tie parties. On one occasion he let six murderers through the trap.

The old fort is at the east end of the town but at present there are no soldiers stationed there they being at the new fort on the north. Inside the walls of this old fort the house still standing, built of stone, from the second story window of which the people from the south in our party looked with longing and loving eyes. Here their great hero, Jefferson Davis, first came into prominence and secured his wife. The narrative was given me as follows: When Zacariah Taylor was in charge of this post Davis was one of his lieutenants. He fell in love with the commandant's daughter. As was natural Taylor opposed the match upon the grounds that Davis occupied an inferior position in the service and the outlook for his promotion was not favorable to say the least. Heroic measures were adopted by Gen. Taylor to keep the young people apart so he had his daughter placed in a room in the north-east corner of the building on the second floor. He forbade her having more thoughts of the young lieutenant. One night, however, when the moon was hidden behind a dark cloud, the young girl made her escape from the room and descended to the ground on a rope made of her bed clothes. Davis was below and they made their way to the state of Mississippi, where they were married. Shortly after the elopement the Mexican war broke out. The American troops were commanded by Gen. Taylor. Jefferson Davis was also in the service of his country then and he was also ordered to Mexico. Here he so distinguished himself by his bravery and tact as a soldier that Taylor took he and his wife back into his family.

The ride from Fort Smith was through the South-eastern portion of the Indian Territory. In this section of the Territory is located the Choctaw nation. They are an industrious nation, farming and lumber manufacturing being the chief industry. There are many towns along the route, all of them being inhabited by whites and half-breeds. A noticeable feature in these small towns is the great number of drug stores. By a U. S. statute it is made a grave offence to give or sell liquor to an Indian, hence the numerous apothecary shops and absence of saloons. The country is well timbered and seems to be very productive.

Passing through the Territory, our next stop was at Paris, Texas, where supper was served at 8 o'clock. Here also, a United States court holds its sessions, many criminals from the Territory being tried, and what is strange to us, *always* convicted. From Paris to Temple, Tex., the journey was made by night and without special incident.

Monday evening, just as the sun was sinking over the heaving waters of Galveston bay our train sped over the five-mile viaduct into Galveston city where we spent four days transacting business of the association.

The headquarters at Galveston was at the Beach Hotel situated on the shore of Galveston bay, a considerable distance from the business centre of the city. It is easy of access, however, as electric cars pass every few minutes.

To The Sabbath Schools of Garrett County.

Mr. Geo. E. Bishoff, of Hoyes, this county, who was recently re-elected President of the Garrett County Sunday School Union, contributes the following to the columns of THE REPUBLICAN, which is addressed to the Sabbath school workers of the county. Mr. Bishoff says:

At the last annual session of the Garrett county Sunday School Convention held at Hoyes, Md., I was again chosen as its President.

It was not my desire, but when it pressed on me so strong, for the sake of the Sunday school cause and its interests in Garrett county, I accepted the responsible position, knowing the people will not expect too much from me in my rather poor health. I ask all interested in the Sunday school cause to pray for me that I may be fully able to direct the affairs of the association successfully during the year.

We believe that many of the Sunday schools in the county are far in advance of what they were a few years ago and are doing good work, yet others are feeble and have not the influence they should have. God is willing to help us if we will only make the proper effort to bring many more youths and children into the Sunday schools, and get such a firm hold upon them that they may not be inclined to leave its ranks. Much of our success depends upon being organized at the right time, and the right person in the right place. All of the schools that are now closed should re-organize in this month so that you may get your lesson helps at the beginning of the second quarter. Supply your schools liberally with the suitable lesson helps, that you may have some to replace the lost ones and to have some to give to visitors. Study the strength and willingness of your people, that you take the best plan for raising money for the lesson helps. Have a well devised system in everything you do. Select for your Superintendent the one that you think has the best qualifications for this important office; one that has executive ability; one that has the most intellectual qualities, and then hold him up by your prayers and attendance.

Every community should organize a Sunday school provided a sufficient number of scholars will attend, and where it does not draw them away from other regular church service.

We must not try to have two Sunday schools at small villages or country places where there are scarcely scholars for one school. Unite by all means, let your church creeds bend a little, those little differences in church government should not stand in the way so prominent as to hinder the work of the Lord in a community.

Do not think I am presumptuous for making some suggestions, for I feel such an interest in the welfare of the children, and past experience teaches us that much of our failures in the Sunday school work is brought about by lack of not selecting the right person for superintendent and by not supplying the school liberally with lesson helps, and last but not least where Sunday school workers fail to unite their efforts.

GEO. E. BISHOFF,
Pres. Garrett Co. S. S. Asso.

HOW HE GOT TO THE SENATE

Mr. Wellington's Answer to That Question.

The New York *Sunday World* publishes the following from Senator Wellington, in response to a request from the *World* to tell its readers how he got to the United States Senate:

To the Editor of the World:

How did I make my way to the Senate? The accomplishment of that result I attribute to three causes: First to my positive belief in the existence of a Republican majority in Maryland; second, to my determination to have that vote properly registered and honestly counted; third, to absolute frankness in my expressions regarding my desire to secure the Senatorship.

When called upon by the Republicans of Maryland to manage the gubernatorial campaign of 1895, I accepted the trust with a firm conviction, notwithstanding the fact that the State was nominally Democratic, that by the obliteration of factional differences, a thorough organization of our forces and an aggressive fight along established lines, the State could be carried for the Republican ticket. The first two objects accomplished, I arranged my plans to gain the third. For months there was a tireless and bitter struggle and we were compelled to surmount obstacle after obstacle raised by a resourceful and unscrupulous opposition under the leadership of the most adroit political general in the Union, but despite his generalship and the intrenchment of his forces in power, the Republican party aided by the honest and patriotic Democrats, was grandly triumphant, and for the first time in a generation Maryland had a Republican Legislature, and at last we had won that for which we had been striving for three decades.

Successful in the work assumed, the party splendidly organized and the Commonwealth placed under the banner of Republicanism, I decided to become a candidate for the United States Senate and so announced myself to individuals and the press. Immediately there sprang up a fierce antagonism to my selection and I was met with an ancient statute requiring that the Senator then to be elected must be a resident of the "Eastern Shore," a statute in direct conflict with the Constitution.

Again there was a spirited contest, but I managed my campaign as formely on the principle that victory will crown all honest efforts. There was a long and bitter struggle, one that will remain memorable in the history of our State, but the Legislature conferred upon me the honor of representing Maryland in the higher broach of Congress.

In summing up the matter I would say that I attribute my success from my earliest efforts in life to the fact that when I want a thing I am honest enough to say so and am willing to work hard for it. Hard work, to my mind is the secret of all success. It must not be forgotten, however, that success, after all, lies in obtaining the favor of the people, read I am not unmindful that I owe all that I have gained to the favor of the people to my own county and section of the State. Through them it has been possible for me to make my way to the Senate.

GEORGE L. WELLINGTON,
U. S. Senator from Maryland.

The Great New York Racket Department Store, Friendsville, Md., Wm. Frederick Jr., & Son, Proprietors, has just received the largest and best selected stock of goods ever brought to this town, which we will sell at the lowes price ever offered in this market. We have anything and everything, from a needle up. All the best ten cent prints at five cents; ten cent ginghams five cents; 25 envelopes two cents; 12 lead pencils, two cents; tin cups, two cents; and everything else proportionately cheap.*

Thin, Pale Children

One satisfaction in giving Scott's Emulsion to children is they never object to it. The fact is, they soon become fond of it. Another satisfaction is because it will make them plump, and give them growth and prosperity. It should be given to all children who are too thin, or too pale. It does not make them over-fat, but plump.

It strengthens the digestive organs and the nerves, and furnishes material for rich blood.

We have a book telling you more on the subject. Sent free for the asking.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

Compulsory Education.

I desire to call the attention of the public to a radical defect in our school law, that they may have their minds prepared for its removal at the next session of our Legislature. The defect to which I allude is the lack of a compulsory clause. The state in its wisdom has recognized its duty to provide for its children the means for obtaining an education. This duty had its origin in the obligation of the state to promote the public welfare. The prosperity of the state can only be secured through good citizenship, and good citizenship can only be secured through a well ordered cause of moral and intellectual training. The virtue of our citizenship will be in an exact proportion to the education of our people, taking education in its true sense, as embracing the whole nature of man. Our common school system is founded on the recognition of these fundamental principles, and they have been deemed of such importance to the public welfare that the state has assumed the responsibility involved, and levies a tax upon its people to support a system of education.

Experience has shown that this vital interest of the state cannot be left to chance or the voluntary action of the people. Now if it is the duty of the state to tax its people for the support of this system of education, and to take control of the education of its children, it is certainly both its right and duty to require all children to avail themselves of this priceless privilege. Observation and experience show to us that in every community there are children growing up in ignorance and vice, almost under the shadow of our public schools. Houses have been built and teachers have been employed at the expense of the people, but certain portions of the children who are of school age are not in school. These are generally found to be the children who should claim the sympathy and care of the state. They are children of ignorant and indolent parents, or parents whom no teacher can please, and if left to themselves, will only serve to perpetuate ignorance and vice. They stay out of school, but congregate on our streets and in our public places and in our church yards and turn these places into schools of vice and crime. From these schools comes the rude, the idle, the rogues who can never be anything else but a dead weight to the state. From this school comes our criminal class that fills our jails, penitentiaries and houses of correction. Now all of these boys and girls, whose misfortune it is to be thus neglected, have in them possibilities of good, useful and honorable citizenship. They naturally have as bright minds as others, and only need to be brought under control, and to receive a proper training to become good citizens, to transfer them from this class of ignorant and vicious to that of the intelligent, useful and respectable. How then can the state perform its duty to those, but by bringing them under the control of the law?

Some of the reasons that we should have a compulsory school law in the state of Maryland, are,

1st, It would wipe out the petty excuses that parents put up for not sending to school.

2nd, It would make people more virtuous, generous and patriotic.

3d, It would bring into school those who most need an education — the children of the poor.

4th, It would give teachers the opportunity to do what they are paid for doing.

5th, Tax-payers would realize a greater benefit of their money.

6th. It would lessen the per cent. of crime and thus save the state vast sums of money.

7th, Without it the state can never hope to reach the ideal.

8th, It is a business thing to do.

A. L. L.

Altamont, Md.

Items From the Oracle.

G. A. and A. T. Fraley, of Oakland, attended the anniversary meeting of Alpine Lodge K. of P. last Friday evening.

Francis A. Sharpless, of Deer Park, was a pleasant visitor at Capt. Elliott's Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Kimmel and daughter, who had been here visiting Mrs. K.'s parents, are spending this week with friends and relatives at Oakland, Mt. Lake and Deer Park.

Cashier Scott T. Jones, of Oakland, attended Masonic lodge here Tuesday evening.

Miss Mattie Adair spent Sunday in Oakland, the guest of friends.

Mrs. S. T. Jones, of Oakland, was visiting relatives here on Monday.

Married in Cumberland.

Mrs. Sue Slonaker, widow of the late I. W. Slonaker, who resided a number of years ago in Oakland, was married on Tuesday evening in Cumberland, to Mr. Dowd C. Talbott, a Baltimore and Ohio engineer, residing in Grafton. The wedding ceremony was preformed by Rev. Dr. M. F. B. Rice, of Center street M. E. church in the parlor of the Arlington Hotel, of which Mrs. Talbott has been proprietress for two or three years.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

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How sheep-like many of us act! We reflect on neither past nor future; there is for us no glorying in deeds done by the race, no realization of our share in public progress; no learning from the voice of History, no vision of happy peoples yet to be blessed. Sheep take things as they find them; MEN force Nature to their will. Sheep are content if merely well-fed; MEN do not live by bread alone. Sheep look constantly at material things; MEN gaze upward unabashed even by the shimmering glories of the throne of everlasting Might. Let us be men!

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Try to cultivate a free mind that will believe in things not seen, in deeds not shared in, in powers not possessed by yourself. A tad-pole's horizon is limited by his unwholesome puddle, but your horizon is limited by nothing if you will but curb selfishness and be a sentient being. The past is all yours. Though often you forget it, you are a lineal descendant from the earliest ages. The great of every clime are your kinsmen, bone of human bone and flesh of human flesh. Find interests outside of yourself; enjoy the inheritance of great things already done.

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Just as learning a dead language helps us understand English, so the past interprets the present with its multiform activities. Without such knowledge life is to us, as with the unthinking brute, bereft of clue as to whence or whither. The blood of heroes for righteousness and martyrs to racial duty courses in human veins. Such knowledge will thrill a man into the full stature of manhood. Yet the supreme grandeur of living can be ours only when doing something definite. We may draw inspiration and pride of birthright from the past; we must live and act in the present.

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Bunyan's muck-heap raker saw no beauties; selfishness in the essential duties of life, and appreciation of the full meaning of life do not abide together. We cannot serve our race and worship Mammon. If we flank ourselves with money-bags, or if we want to, just for what they may bring of personal comfort we are condemning ourselves to loneliness and heartaches. Money never bought a friend, and money never held one. The transforming grace of a true woman's love, it never purchases. It buys eye-service; it buys self-seeking sycophants. The house of the heart is empty when such fill it.

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The trained ear can detect sounds inaudible to the untrained; the trained eye can see into beauties invisible to ordinary mortals; the trained hand accomplishes things impossible to gross manipulation. The heart trained to interests outside itself looks upon a new world. Without interest in others, a narrow life remains narrow; with it even a sick-room may become the centre of world-wide influence. The shepherd tending his wondering sheep, the miner working amid dangers, the farmer wrestling with difficulties, the wife at her unpaid labors,—all can live transformed lives, if they feel their share in the world's best interests.

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Whittier describes life as "a cry between the silences." That is a lonesome view of it. Your life and mine are links in an endless chain. We are the living expressions of the dead who rest from their labors; we are the custodians of the future, if so be that we LIVE. How dead the imagination that cannot understand this! Unborn sons and daughters are within you. For them your daily life is preparing a gloomy or a glorious morn. What that morn is to be we—you and I—are predestinating by our strength or by our weakness.

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But mark you! To LIVE is to turn the back on inaction; sloth and real living are antipodal. Likewise, earnestness and full appreciation by our fellows are impossible. Human nobodies have no enemies, but he who goeth forth with noble purposes is bound to run counter to the legion demons of laziness and stupidity, gluttony and filth, who cry out "Leave us alone. What have we to do with thee?" They whose souls are to go marching on with armies whose footsteps never yet have echoed, must face continuely if they try to lift humanity one niche higher.

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Unhappy for the world is it for a man to attain his full ambition. He ceases his efforts; inaction is death. Better for to have the full fruition of effort always just evading the hand, and thus beckoning to further deeds. Let there be no contentment with one good thing done; but have each propose merely a part of something greater; just as with the universe, made up of wonderful stars, all grouped into solar systems, these included in the vast aggregation itself, and that in turn pushing onward through space to something yet neither seen, nor foretold, nor imagined.

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Poverty is no bar to breadth of mind or of helpfulness. The poor have always given proportionately more to each other than the rich have bestowed upon them. The widow's might is no solitary instance in the world. And as for giving, whose pleasure is greatest—they who give and are glad to have money take the place of fellowship, or they who suffer in order to help? Real giving means sharing. Or as the Master says in Lowell's poetry—

"For the gift without the giver is bare.
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—
Himself, his hungering neighbor and Me."

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Do not train your little ones to think that the main object in life is to pass expeditiously and silently by the world as a foe to grace. We are here, to LIVE right where we are, and NOW, setting up righteousness and striking down wrong. The religion that justifies a man in taking all his communal rights, peace, protection, government, and in giving no service in return; even deriding the world as lying in the evil one—that religion itself is an abhorrent foe to the grace of living which is the noblest preparation for the grace of dying.

A Visit to the Widow.

I felt no little arrogance when a letter reached me from the widow whose hospitality Truman and I enjoyed while on our recent hunting excursion. Among the many strange things she mentioned in her missive was, "Dear preacher, Do please come out here at once. I am in heaps of trouble. My neighbors are telling around that we are engaged to be married, and they tell also that you have a wife and six children living in Missouri, besides a wife and seven children living in the state of Maine. They say that you have two vacations a year. The summer vacation you spend with your family in Maine, and your winters in Missouri. Now, I am anxious for you to come soon and bring a letter of recommendation or something like it to show the people here. Sandy is awfully put out; she is pestering the life out of me to have you come. We don't believe one word of this slander. Just you come and help us straighten out this awful muss." Feeling that I had innocently been the means of imposing upon this confiding woman's credulity, I believed it my duty to keep the promise I had made to visit her, when last at her house, and disabuse her mind about my having a sacred calling. I sent her a note apprising her of my intended visit, and in compliance with my promise I left Oakland on the 10th inst. and reached my destination at about four o'clock p. m. on the same day. The widow had anticipated my coming and stood in the doorway as I drove up to her gate. She ran out and welcomed me with a hearty shake of the hand. Sandy and Maria both greeted me cordially. We repaired to the parlor and after inquiring about my health and that of my friend, we conversed about the weather, etc., etc. Imagine my surprise when she said, "Preacher, which one o' them ar' fellows, Corbett or Fitz, will win the fight? Hit comes off on the seventeenth, don't it, Preacher!" I replied that I could not venture an opinion on the result of the battle and that in all probability the fight would come off as advertised. She then excused herself and directed me to her library which contained about thirty books of light literature. Quite a while had elapsed before she entered the room again. She was a sight to behold. I shall try to attempt a pen picture of her make-up. First let me tell of an accident that befel her. After making a profound courtsey she stepped back a step or two, and in her excitement, for she was excited from some cause or other, she attempted to sit down on a small sewing chair, but missed it. I hastened to her rescue. My heart ached for this poor woman. Had I not thought that she would have deemed it weakness in me I would not have turned from her as I did when tears of sympatdy forced themselves down my cheeks. The girls felt the shock and ran into the room. Their laughter relieved us of our embarrassing predicament.

I will now go back to her dress and make-up. Her hair was smootly combed down in front, each particular hair resting on an imaginary line running across the middle of her forehead. A little twist of auburn hair surmounted the back of her head; this seemed to be pinned on by an immense high comb around which was twined a lemon colored ribbon, the ends of which hung far down her back. Her dress was of pink China silk. The skirt had five rows of quilled lemon colored ribbon about it; the first on the extreme edge, and between the rows was about four inches. The bodice was closely fitted to her shapely figure in the back and had short, square tails that were cut off sharply and arched at the sides. Little rosettes made of white, red and blue ribbon decorated the bodice in front and rear. The bodice had an extremely long point in front. The sleeves fitted snugly to her arms and ruffled at the wrists. There was pretense of mutton leg about her sleeves. A jolot of lace was fastened just at the centre of her collar in front by a brooch of bright yellow stones. Her dress was about an inch and a half shorter than a blue silk underskirt which reached to her ankles. Light blue home made woolen stockings and tan colored oxford ties encased her dainty No. sevens. The strangest thing about her dress was her wearing dove colored kid gloves and holding in her hand a large white fan with swan's down edge. After feasting my eyes on this queer combination of colors I wondered where on earth this oddest of fashion originated. However, it was evident to my mind that her costume was of recent make.

After partaking of a hearty supper of fried chicken, waffles and maple syrup, together with an abundance of such delicacies as is usually found on the table on special occasions in the country, we returned to the parlor. In the early part os the evening our privacy was seriously interfered with by Sandy and Maria. They insisted on singing and playing on the organ which they kept up until about ten o'clock. What passed between the widow and myself during the next two hours is not for the public ear. However, I shall record one sample of her extreme modesty. "Preacher," she said, "I had a good kind man, an' I hain't goin to run any chances in gettin' married ag'in. Really I don't believe I will ever marry again unless I am called." I concluded that I would sleep on this bit of information, and I retired for the night. I could not muster up courage enough to tell her that I was no preacher. However, I thought to defer it until I was about to take my departure. I had satisfied her beyond the shadow of a doubt that I was an unmarried man and believed this would make amends for the error Truman had made in introducing me as a minister.

About ten o'clock on the following morning I had my rig brought out ready for a start back to Oakland. The widow came out to the gate to see me off. I had got myself comfortably seated in the buggy, the lap robe tucked about my limbs, lines and whip in hand. "Mrs. F.," I proceeded, "there is one thing I neglected to speak about last night. In fact it was almost the sole object of my visit here." "What in the name of Sam Hill is hit," she questioned. "You remember that my friend who was with me hunting introduced me as a preacher, when——" "Haint you a preacher?" she asked in amazement. "N—n—no, mad——." "You haint, haint you?" she cried in a voice loud enough to bring Sandy, Maria and the hired man to the gate. Milk pans, crocks, flower pots, sticks of stove wood and all manner of pieces of old farming implements filled the air in close proximity to my defenseless head as I plied the whip to my horse. A large shepherd dog followed me for a half mile or more, while I swore vengeance at Truman W. for the introduction he had given me, and wished a thousand times that he had fallen over the precipice on that dark night when we were lost on the mountain.

Pea Ridge.

The weather for a few days past has been very favorable for farm work. Some of the farmers have commenced plowing for spring crops.

Mr. Bert Baker, builder and contractor, left Tuesday for Moscow, Allegany county, where he has the contract for building a large dwelling house and other work.

Messrs. M. H. McKenzie, Wm. Hoffmeyer, Oscar Robeson; Misses Nora McKenzie and Mayme Liston, were at Lonaconing Saturday on business.

Frank Broadwater has returned home from Manadier's Ridge, this county.

Wm. A. Robeson, of Blocherville, is sawing lumber for Squire Robeson, of this place.

Waldo Broadwater made a trip to Lonaconing recently in search of employment.

Mrs. Isaac Crow, one of our aged and respected citizens, of lung trouble and other ailments, died at her home at this place, last Wednesday morning. Interment took place in the burying ground on the Brown farm Friday at eleven o'clock a. m. The funeral was largely attended. She leaves a large number of sympathizing friends.

Mr. Phineas Durst, of New Germany, was a welcome visitor on the Ridge last Saturday evening. He returned Monday morning.

Miss Martha Bowers, of Backwoods, who has been on the Ridge for some time, has returned home.

Mrs. Joseph Goodwin, who has had a severe attack of pleurisy and pneumonia, we are glad to state, is improving slowly.

The Goodwin school is progressing nicely with Miss Mayme Liston as teacher, with an average of twenty.

SCRIBE.

North Glade.

We were informed that Bert Swauger was bitten by a mad dog Friday the 12th. The dog was killed the same day.

Edward Raley and wife, who have been sick with fever for five weeks, are up and about the house.

Miss Lizzie Barnard, who had been sick all winter, and at one time was not expected to recover, is improving and will be able to be about soon

Albert Fitzwater, of this place, employed by the B. & O. railroad at Cumberland, has been sick for three weeks, will be able to be about in a few days.

Miss Julia Lee, who has been in the doctor's care for five weeks, we are glad to say is up.

Ephraim Lee, of this place, has gone to Mineral county, W. Va.

The funeral of Albert Custer will be preached in the Backwoods church March 28th at 10.30 o'clock, by Rev. E. P. Idleman, of Deer Park circuit.

Accident.

Senator Ravenscroft is in Cumberland this week on business.

Two of F. C. Ries' children are seriously ill with typhoid fever. We hope for their speedy recovery.

Dr. and Mrs. F. H. Ravenscroft returned Saturday evening from a visit to Cranesville, W. Va.

Prof. J. B. Emory spent Saturday in Friendsville.

H. M. Speicher was on a trip to West Virginia last Saturday and Sunday.

M. H. Huffman, the photographer, is doing a rushing business in his line.

The Accident and Friendsville telephone company completed its line between this place and Friendsville last Tuesday evening with the exception of placing a phone in J. L. Englehart's store room. The line is proving quite a convenience to our citizens, for points in Pennsylvania and West Virginia can also be reached. There is strong talk of constructing a line to Oakland to connect with this line. We hope that it will be pushed along as rapidly as possible for we think it would prove a success and be a paying investment.

Resolutions of Respect.

WHEREAS, it has pleased Almighty God, in his wise providence, to call from our midst, our friend and brother Thomas W. Cornwell, who, in his nineteenth year departed this life February 25th 1897, at his home near Eglon, W. Va. By his kind and genial disposition, he had endeared himself to all who knew him

WHEREAS After funeral services, conducted by his pastor, Rev. George Royer, at the Red House, on February 27th, the burial services at the grave were concluded with the very impressive service of Allegheny Council No. 64, Jr. O. U. A. M., led by Chaplain, J. E. Gibson, therefore be it resolved:

First,—That while we deeply feel the loss we have sustained in the death of our brother, we meekly bow to the will of our Heavenly Father, the Supreme Ruler of the universe.

Second,—That we tender the parents and family of the deceased our sympathy and condolence in this sore bereavement.

Third,—That Allegheny Council No. 64 Jr. O. U. A. M., be draped in mourning for the space of three months.

Fourth,—That these resolutions be spread on our Council minutes, and a copy be sent to the Oakland *Republican* and *Democrat* for publication; also a copy be sent to the bereaved family.

J. A. KEMP,
J. E. GIBSON,
C. E. LILLER,
Committee.

Hans Pulls His Tooth.

KEEDSMILLERSVILLE, March 15, 1897.

MEESHTER EDITER:—I see mid de REPUBLICAN abound a veek ago dat de feller wot rites from Shord Run and schbells his name mit a B. B. B., vants to no how I pulled oudt my toose de ader day. Vell id shoost bin dis vay. I vake myself up abound two o'glok in de morning, and Oh! shimminy, bud dat toose did hurd; so I lides de landern und goes oud mid de gole house dare bin von of dose glose lines vot has a lod of leedle vires wrapped mid a shtring arount, so I gids me a biece of vire und I goes in de house und tise id fast mid de toose, den I gids me de boker and I raps de vire mid de boker arount, und den I poot von end of de boker on de shtove und de oder ent on my shoulter, und den I pulls. You no I bin mat like everyding, shust becouse he bin hurden me so bat. Vell, as I said, I pulls, I kum ride down to bissnes, und de toose begin to grak down vare he bin fast mit himself, und I shust dink de haff of my het bin a kummen, so I quit a pullen and takes a reed. Vell, ven I got myself rested, den I bin afrate to pull anymore. Now Meester B. B. B., you may dink it been fun but eef yoo shust hat been in my place, yoo wood seen no fun ad all, for depe I vas. I got de boker fast mit de vire, und de vire bin fast mit de toose, und I can'd git him loose, so I shust valks arount mit de keetchen shoost obout a haf our till I gits loose, und ven I did gid loose den I eand gid my mouth shut, so I bin abound a veek walken arount mit my mouse haf oben, bud now id been feelen poorty goot. Shust holt down your eer klose und I vill tells you someding. Vy de next time I pulls a toose mit a vire I don't pulls him. Hu, now, Meester B. B. B., you vanted me to tells you apout de toose, und I haf dun so. Now I vood like you to tells us how de schentleman vot went to hees vild cat trap git along. Yoo no de time.

HANS.

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Locks,
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Nails,
Plain Wire.

Barbed Wire,
Brushes,
Woodenware,
Tinware,
Stoves,
Ranges,
Paints,
Oils,
Varnishes.

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Harness,
Collars,
Plows,
Harrows,
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Wagons,
Drills,
Mowers,
Binders,
Cultivators.

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, November 24, 1895. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7—Daily		10 A. M.
No. 3—Daily		2 A. M.
No. 71—Accom daily except		10 A. M.
No. 97—Daily		0 29 A. M.
No. 5—Express, daily		5 P. M.
No. 1—Daily		P. M.

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily		A. M.
No. 2—Daily		11 A. M.
No. 72—Accom daily except		P. M.
No. 98—Daily		1 48 P. M.
No. 4—Daily		A. M.

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C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

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IN EFFECT FEBRUARY 8, 1897.

SOUTHWARD No. 3	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 1	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.	NOON	P. M.
3 05	7 00 lv Cumberland ar	12 15	7 50
3 45	7 26 Bowdens	11 50	7 05
3 55	7 45 Keyser	11 28	6 48
4 00	8 00 Westernport	11 25	6 30
4 01	8 01 W. Va. C. Junc.	11 11	6 25
4 33	8 25 Shaw	10 45	5 57
5 00	9 01 Harrison	10 10	5 20
6 15	9 45 ar Mts Garden	9 00	4 00
5 55	9 30 lv Goodwin	9 30	4 55
5 42	9 16 Bayard	9 44	4 17
5 51	9 57 Dobbin	9 27	4 38
6 25	10 27 Thomas	8 53	4 08
6 55	10 55 ar Davis	8 09	3 15
6 35	10 34 lv Coketon	8 36	3 01
7 01	11 01 Hendricks	8 10	3 30
7 07	11 07 Bretz	8 08	3 25
7 10	11 10 Parsons	8 05	3 20
7 45	11 45 Kerens	7 30	2 45
8 08	12 08 ar Elkins	lv 7 15	12 30
	1 30 ar Beverly	lv	*1 55
	3 05 ar Beallington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M. A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

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ORDER NISI.

Lewis Kamp and Julius C. Brenninger, Trustees, vs. John J. Beeghly and wife.

No. 801 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

It is ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting as a court of Equity, this 26th day of February, 1897, that the sales of the real estate made and reported in the above entitled cause by Lewis Kamp and Julius C. Brenninger, trustees, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 29th day of March next; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Oakland, Maryland, once a week for three successive weeks before the 29th day of March, 1897.

The report states the amount of sales to be $3550.

True copy—test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

Annie E. Veitch vs. Adam H. Long and Anna C. Long, his wife.

No. 810 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered, this 25th day of February, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Percy H. Veitch, attorney, as aforesaid, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 26th day of March, 1897; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 26th day of March, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $600.00.

True copy—test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. Clerk.

IRMA'S BETROTHAL.

In one of the turret rooms of Reitzenberg castle a young girl arrayed in a simple dress and white apron sat sewing industriously. At the sound of footsteps she paused in her work; at the sight of a hussar officer in uniform she reddened with vexation. Yet there was nothing in Albrecht von Reitzenberg's appearance to annoy her; on the contrary, he was young, very good-looking, tall and of dignified bearing.

"Will you allow me to come in?" he asked, standing on the threshold.

The girl took up her work again. "You can come in if you wish," she said, indifferently.

He walked across the room. "I have a proposal to make to you, Baroness Irma. Will you give me your attention for a little while?"

She looked at him indignantly. She had a sweet, oval face and deep gray eyes.

"I prefer not to listen to you, Count Albrecht."

"I thought that you would say so!" (there was something like a ring of triumph in his voice) "but indeed my proposal is very harmless. Let us come to an understanding."

There was uncertainty, distrust, in her eyes.

"Yes," continued the young officer, "I know that you have every reason to be offended. You have been most unfairly treated."

"I have been invited to this house under false pretenses. I came here because I thought that the visit would give pleasure to Frau von Wolde, who fills, or is supposed to fill, the place of my mother. I am sorry to speak disrespectfully of your cousin, but—"

"Not at all. You are perfectly right, and my relative, Frau von Wolde, is in the plot and has been from the beginning. I know all about it now. My old uncle has just enlightened me. I, as the heir of Reitzenberg castle—you will excuse my mentioning my name first—have received orders to offer my hand and my debts in marriage to Baroness Irma von Buchow, who, on attaining her majority, will become possessed of so large a fortune that she could free the Reitzenberg estate with a stroke of her pen. Now, hear me out; this lady was to have been kept in ignorance of the plan, but that her friend and chaperon could not resist the temptation of giving her a hint as to how matters stand after she had become the guest of the castle. Is this so?"

"Yes." She stood by his side now, and the sunlight just touched the coils of her auburn hair. "I have been deceived; cruelly deceived."

"Under the circumstances, nothing remains for me but to give you the opportunity of expressing your opinion as to this tyrannous family compact even more decidedly than you have done already. Baroness Irma of Buchow, will will you consent to give me your hand in marriage?"

"Count Albrecht of Reitzenberg, I thank you for the honor which you have shown me. I will not."

They stood facing each other, and as Irma looked at her strange wooer she saw a faint smile in his eyes. Her own anger was beginning to evaporate; he really was behaving well, considering that the Reitzenbergs were renowned for their hasty tempers.

"You admit," she said, after a pause, "that I have been awkwardly placed."

"I admit that you have been inhospitably, abominably treated! I blush to think that a member of our family could have dreamed of such a scheme. In order to show you how penitent I am, now that I have received my dismissal, I will immediately leave this house and rid you of my presence."

"If you do that, Count Albrecht, I shall be worse off than ever. You don't know your cousin, Frau von Wolde. She will insist upon my remaining here for three months, as was arranged, she will reproach me for your absence, she will argue and make me dislike you more than ever, if—"

"If possible?"

His good humor was irresistible; she burst into a merry laugh.

For another half hour the rejected suitor remained in conversation with the heiress, and at the end of that time they, too, had made a plot. Albrecht was to remain at the castle, he and the Baroness Irma were to pretend to be on amicable terms, and the two conspirators (the count and the chaperone) were not to learn until the last day of the visit expired that their hopes had failed.

"I will endeavor to make your visit as little irksome to you as possible," explained the heir of Reitzenberg; "and we can behave as if there were no enmity between us."

"Yes," (and there was still a little doubt in her voice and manner). "I think I can trust you."

"Come," he said, gently, "Baroness Irma, is it a truce between us signed and sealed?"

He took her hand in his, and, bending over it, raised her fingers to his lips.

The master of the castle was the first to begin hostilities. One day, toward the end of the three months' visit, Irma came into the drawing-room to find the whole party awaiting her arrival, and in an instant she perceived that something was wrong. Frau von Wolde had been shedding tears, the old count's brow was clouded with anger, and Albrecht—Irma hardly dared look at him, so changed was his aspect. It was too clear that the termination of the pleasant companionship of the last few weeks was to be war.

"My dear Baroness Irma," said the count, advancing to meet his young guest with ceremonious politeness, "I am exceedingly pleased to see you. Your visit here has given me great satisfaction. You honored this house with your presence, with the full consent of your guardian and my esteemed cousin, Frau von Wolde. I had hoped, not without grounds, that the friendship between you and my heir was gradually ripening into a deeper and more lasting feeling. The alliance is one which must give satisfaction to all interested in our families. Imagine my distress on hearing to-day from my nephew that you have refused his proposal of marriage."

Irma looked toward Count Albrecht; something that she read in his wrathful mien made her hesitate as she answered: "It is quite true; we are friends, and nothing more."

"It cannot be, my dear young lady, that so young a maiden should have given away her preference without the consent or knowledge of her guardian? Answer me candidly: Are your affections already engaged?"

The color surged into Irma's cheeks and left them pale again. She glanced at Frau von Wolde. There was no help for her there. "This is a question which you have no right to ask, Count Reitzenberg, and which I refuse to answer. I must beg you to excuse me."

"Baroness Buchow is right!" burst in Albrecht. "She has suffered enough at our hands already. She shall not be thwarted in her will. If she honors me with her friendship, I accept it gratefully. Listen to me, my uncle. I refuse to be a party to your scheme."

The forest spread its wide wings even as far as the castle garden. Irma loved the green paths and quiet shades, and here she came with her book the morning after her interview with the count, and pretended to read. But, though she kept her eyes on the pages, she read there only Count Albrecht's parting words—he accepted her offer of friendship gratefully! Driven to bay, as it were, in order to save her, that was what he had said. During the last three months she had come to understand something of his uprightness, his high sense of honor. He would never marry a woman—though she were a princess—to whom he could not give his love.

"It was my fortune," sighed Irma, "that made him nearly hate me at first." Did he hate her now?

She shut her book and wandered still further into the woods, down a hillside covered with fern and moss, toward the stream that ran between high rocks, chattering and foaming on its way. On the further side of the stream was a tract of open country, dotted with clumps of trees and underwood and bright with heather. The stepping-stones were half covered with water today; the current was running fiercer than its wont. She bethought herself of a rustic bridge a few yards further down.

The bridge hung high in the air, supported by rough pine stems; it was a picturesque but a fragile affair. Half way across Irma put her hand on the rail—how noisy the stream was!—it snapped off at her touch, one wooden plank tottered under her feet, another fell with a splash into the water below. She had plenty of courage; she was light and active. She knew, moreover, that she could easily leap that formidable-looking gap and gain the bank. She was about to make the attempt, when she was stopped by a peremptory shout:

"Gently, gently! Jump from that projecting stem; it is safe!"

She looked up; on the edge of the heather-covered rock stood Albrecht Reitzenberg.

She paused uncertain, half inclined to retrace her steps. Perceiving her hesitation, he raised his voice and shouted still louder above the clamor of the rushing water:

"Can you hear me, Baroness Irma?"

She nodded assent.

"Step there—to the left. Do not look back."

Involuntarily she obeyed. He held out his arms. The gulf yawned between them. He could be of no help.

"The stem will bear your weight. Do not be in too great a hurry."

"Why does he look so grave?" thought Irma. "Is he still angry?"

"I had better return the way I came, Count Albrecht. Do not trouble on my account."

"No; do as I direct you. You see which is the best place to stand? Drop your book—it might be in your way—and jump as far as you can. Now!"

One spring, and Irma was safe on the moss and heather, while the plank on which she had thought to stand slipped slowly but surely into the foaming water. Albrecht held her hands clasped in his.

"Thank Heaven that you are safe!" he cried. "Oh, Irma, my Irma, I could not stop you! I came just too late for that. I could only look on in agony. Are you frightened? Are you hurt?"

"I am not hurt. I did not know that it was dangerous. I did not, indeed."

She saw him turn pale at the thought of her peril, and the tears which she had not shed for herself fell fast for his distress.

"The bridge should have been destroyed long ago; it shall be done today. I did not dare to join you or to speak to you until you had passed the worst. If you had been killed—ah! I cannot bear to think of it—I should never have known another day's happiness, and it would have been my fault—mine! How could I let you wander about alone when I was longing to be with you? My Irma, my best beloved! Thank Heaven that I have you safe at last. Surely we have played at being friends and enemies long enough! Look at me and say that you love me!"

When he had made her an offer of marriage three long months ago she had been ready with her refusal. Now, when her whole heart was his, she could find no words amid her tears except: "I love you! I love you!"

It was enough for him. "My bride, my wife!" he said, and held her in his arms.

The green ferns rustled and whispered, the beeches tossed their boughs in the sunlight, the red squirrels played in the oak trees, the whole wood was full of life and joy at that moment when the lovers plighted their troth.—Woman at Home.

RIDES ON CLERICAL MILEAGE.

A Drummer's Amusing Experience with a Railway Conductor.

For the first time in his long career on the road the affable drummer found himself in the railroad depot half an hour in advance of train time. When he discovered his mistake his wrath knew no bounds, and words choice and rare were hurled in every direction as he stood in front of the big clock and regulated his own misleading timepiece. The mere thought of having violated the ethics of his profession so violently as to be found lounging about in a railroad waiting-room was more than he could tolerate. His countenance softened visibly, however, as he espied the portly figure of his old friend Colton with his sample case filled with small vials of sour mash and Sonoma wines.

"Had a funny experience last trip out," said Colton, "and had the pleasure of sidetracking a conductor on a scalper's ticket. He knew his business all right enough, but my presence of mind won the day."

"Don't exhaust your vocabulary in the preface," exclaimed the affable drummer, "but give the story and let me be the judge of its merits."

"Well, it was this way," continued Colton. "When I came back from the south three weeks ago my expense account looked like a gas balloon, and the head bookkeeper warned me to be on the lookout for trouble from the inside office. Two days later I was ordered out on a special mission, and, being somewhat short of cash, I dropped into the nearest scalper, and was lucky enough to be able to purchase the remnants of a 1,000-mile book. It had been issued to Rev. Lucius Bingle, of Detroit, but of course I paid no attention to the name and climbed into the smoking car in regular fashion.

"Without loss of time I planted myself comfortably near a window, placed my sample case and valise on the seat alongside, and after lighting a cigar proceeded to peruse the latest copy of the Standard. When the conductor reached me I was in the act of taking a small swallow from my flask, but I reached for the mileage book and handed it to the boss of the train. He glanced at the name and then at me and remarked:

"'Mr. Bingle, glad to see you are enjoying yourself. How is the Sunday school getting on nowadays?'

"For a moment I was stunned," continued Colton, "but I suddenly recollected the name of Rev. Lucius Bingle on the corner of the book and felt like jumping through the window. I was supposed to be a clergyman, and there I was with sample cases, cigars, whisky and a sporting paper in the smoking car. I looked the conductor squarely in the face, and told him I had removed from Detroit and was engaged in evangelical work among the commercial travelers along the road, and was en route to Milwaukee to conduct a revival under the auspices of the Brewery Workers' league. Would you believe it, the conductor tore out the coupons for the trip and left the car humming: 'Just Tell Them That You Saw Me.' Narrow escape, don't you think?"—Chicago Chronicle.

HE GOT HIS ANSWER.

But It Was Very Different from What He Expected.

As the train pulled out of Chicago a quiet, gentlemanly looking man entered the buffet car, and, ensconcing himself in a comfortable chair, drew out a long cigar and entered deeply into his paper. He remained so quiet and retained his seat so long that another passenger, whose bearing distinctly stamped him as a commercial traveling man, one of the kind full of chatter and curiosity, could no longer restrain himself. Addressing the quiet gentleman he inquired: "Traveling east?"

Slowly removing his cigar the gentleman turned and looked at his questioner with slightly raised eyebrows, replying: "Yes."

"New York?"

"Yes."

"Pleasure?"

"Yes and no."

"Great place, New York. Ever been there before?"

"No."

"I'm going home this trip — New York, you know."

The gentleman made no reply, but resumed his paper. After a little silence the commercial man began again:

"I'm with C. & Co., on Broadway. If you drop in I'll show you over the city."

"Thank you, it will not be necessary."

"Excuse me, but might I ask what you're going to New York for?"

By this time most of the other passengers were interested. The gentleman, who was extremely annoyed at the drummer's curiosity, laid down his paper and exclaimed:

"I'm going to New York, first, because the train is taking me there; second, because I've got lots of money and can afford it; and last, because if I like the place I intend to buy it."

The commercial man subsided amidst a roar of laughter.—Philadelphia Times.

Remarkable Longevity.

An Irish gentleman was recently attended by an eminent London physician, who, pausing and looking at him with an inquiring glance, said:

"I should like to know, sir, if your family have been long lived?"

"Long lived, is it?" responded the patient, thoughtfully. "Well, doctor, I'll just tell you how it is. Our family is a west of Ireland family, and the age of my ancestors depended entirely upon the judge and jury who tried them."—Pearson's Weekly.

A Valuable Carving.

A very beautiful work of art, a Christ in ivory, now on view in Paris, is to be presented to the czar by the clergy of France. It weighs 75 pounds, is composed of a single piece of ivory, is exquisite in design and perfect in workmanship. It is valued at $40,000, and was once the property of the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette.—Albany Argus.

A NOVEL INDUSTRY.

How One Man Makes a Living by Buying Canadian Money.

All through that part of the country (northern Ohio) there is a discount of 20 cents on every Canadian dollar. Of course Canadian money is not as much in circulation as is the legal tender of the United States, but there is enough for his purpose. A man advertised in all surrounding country towns that he would redeem Canadian money for 90 cents on the dollar. It was some time before he had any results from this advertising. It was like the man who stood on London bridge at midnight and offered to give away sovereigns. People laughed at him. The farmers were shy. They thought it was a swindling game of some kind and left him severely alone. One day a man came in with $10 Canadian money. It was of all shapes and sizes from the five-cent piece that looks like a dime to a dollar bill drawn on the Bank of Montreal. If he had spent it he could have secured eight dollars' worth of goods for it. My man gave him nine big silver dollars in United States money for it. Before the week was out he had exchanged United States dollars for $250 worth of Canadian money. This would give him a profit of $25 wherever Canadian money is as good as our own.

From that time on the business gradually increased, until to-day he averages about $150 a week. Instead of having the farmers come to him he goes to them and buys their accumulated savings of Canada coin. They are all his customers and know him well in the five years they have done business together.

"Are you not afraid of competition in your business in case it becomes generally known?" I asked. "No," said he, "you see, it requires a comparatively large amount of money as a starting capital. Then I have to have men in the frontier cities who will give me United States money for my Canada currency. I generally take a trip twice a year to Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago and Buffalo, where I make these exchanges. All this requires years of preparation, and no outsider could step in and make exchanges with my patrons, as they have all the money they can handle now, even at a two per cent. commission on the dollar."—Buffalo Express.

THE CITY OF CANEA.

The Capital of Crete and Scene of Recent Trouble.

Canea, or Khania, since 1841 the capital of Crete, and its principal seaport, is situated on the northern coast of the island, and about 25 miles from its western extremity on the isthmus of the Akrotiri peninsula, which lies between the Bay of Canea and the Bay of Suda. It is on the site of the ancient Cydonia, is the principal commercial town of the island, with a population of about 15,000. It is closely built, irregular and overcrowded, and surrounded by a massive Venetian wall. Of late years a few of the streets have been widened.

The ordinary buildings are of wood, though a few of the more important are of more solid materials. There are some Greek churches, a number of Turkish mosques, a Jewish synagogue, a military hospital in an old Venetian building, and a substantially constructed prison. The fosse is laid out in gardens; public gardens have been constructed outside the walls and artesian wells have been bored by the government. The harbor is 1,200 feet long, formed by an ancient transverse mole, indicated by a lighthouse and protected by a fort. The harbor is shallow, but affords safe anchorage for vessels of 300 tons.

Oil, soap and wax are the principal exports; shipbuilding on a small scale is carried on in the port, and there is considerable manufacture of leather.

The town is the seat of the Greek bishop, suffragan to the metropolitan of Candia. It is also the official residence of the European consuls. In 1856 the town suffered severely from an earthquake.—Toledo Blade.

SOUTH'S URBAN GROWTH.

Her Rural Districts Have Not Progressed Proportionately.

The rural south, especially in the older portions, is, economically speaking, far from progressive, and what was once the single occupation of the southern gentleman is now the last that he would voluntarily assume. In the rich valley and on the grazing lands of southwest Virginia, in parts of Georgia and in the blue grass region of Tennessee farming pays fairly, owing to the greater thrift of the inhabitants and to the fertility of the soil, but, on the whole, the progress of the new south, like that of the rest of the country, certainly has not taken this direction. It is through its urban development only that the section has justly earned its sobriquet.

New cities like Roanoke, Va., have sprung up on ground that 20 years ago was parceled into farms. Ante-bellum villages have become large cities, as in the case of Atlanta and Chattanooga. Old towns like Nashville and Richmond have taken a fresh lease of life and become rich and progressive. A new railroad has made the fortune of this place, a new textile or other industry has caused the growth of that. And all this progress has been due to the abolition of slavery and to the destruction of property caused by the civil war. The southerner of the last 30 years has simply had to work in order to live, and, like the rest of the world, he has preferred the town to the country.—Atlanta.

His Epitaph.

"Hear what they are going to put on the old planter's tombstone?"

"No. What?"

"He wouldn't raise anything but corn on his plantation, so the epitaph will be: 'Corn, but not for cotton.'"—Cincinnati Tribune.

Life Insurance.

Hobbs, believing that insurance was a profitable plan,
On his life one hundred thousand dollars carried;
And I must indorse the judgment of that very prudent man,
For unto his charming widow now I'm married.

—Philadelphia Press.

AN ODD QUESTION.

Claude (earnestly)—Am I the first man you ever loved?

Maude—Why, certainly! How strange men are; they all ask me that.—N. Y. Herald.

She Went Too Far.

She—If I marry you, you must give up smoking and drinking and your club.

He—Yes?

She—Yes. And what else are you willing to give up?

He—You.—N. Y. Journal.

Query of the Times.

The lover was enthusiastic.

"She has poetry in her eyes," he exclaimed.

"Yes?" returned the cynic, tantalizingly.

"She has roses in her cheeks," persisted the lover.

"Yes?" returned the cynic again.

"She has music in her voice," asserted the lover, defiantly.

"And what in the bank?" queried the cynic.—Chicago Post.

Resignation.

Waiter—What was your order, sir? I am sorry to say I have forgotten it.

Customer—I don't remember; I gave it so long ago; but I'll change it, for it would be out of season now, anyway."—Town Topics.

Preliminaries.

The First Arrival—Why, what is that noise, Willie?

Willie—Oh, that's papa and mamma trying to get the family skeleton back into the closet before the guests arrive.—N. Y. Truth.

His Social Triumphs.

"Yes, sir," said the man in cell 711, "time was when I was admitted to the very best houses."

"And what brought you here?"

"They caught me coming out."—Chicago Journal.

IT IS NOW GREAT-GRANDPA'S HAT.

Not Confidential.

"Scientists say that the secret of all life is vibration."

"Pooh! I've had lots of people give me the shake, but there wasn't anything secret about it."—Chicago Record.

Both in the Same Fix.

Deserted Wife (in conversation with sympathetic grocer)—And I trusted him so!

Grocer—Confound it; so did I.—Tit-Bits.

Couldn't Afford It.

Rector—I wonder if Bullion will give us a subscription for our missionary fund.

Assistant—No, his daughter has just married a duke.—Town Topics.

In That Line.

"He deals in ruining stocks, doesn't he?"

"Yes, or green goods, or something like that."—Chicago Journal.

A Fair Beginning.

"I can't begin to tell you all the bad things she said about you."

"You've got a good start already."—Philadelphia North American.

Prepared for His Own Future.

"Poor Jaggie, he took out some insurance just the day he died."

"Fire, I suppose?"—Pittsburgh News.

Short of Breath.

She cannot sing the old songs
She sang long years ago;
For she has grown much stouter
And her gowns are tight, you know.

—Chicago Record.

DOUBLE EDGED.

Little Willie (an angel child)—Clara, you needn't be afraid to tell Mr. Brown your age. He'll never tell.

Clara (choking down an inclination toward fratricide)—And why, dear?

Little Willie—Because I heard papa say Mr. Brown looked just like a confidence man.—Philadelphia Press.

A Dead Letter.

"The letter 'E,'" she softly said,
"From out the alphabet I'd shove,"
"Because," and she blushed rosy red,
"Because, it is the end of love."

—Pittsburgh News.

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"THE DRINKS ARE ON ME THIS TIME, BOYS."

Another Idol Smashed.

"Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;"
But when it comes to patching up a tire,
'Tis rubber, not dead Romans, we desire.

—Chicago Record.

Need of Haste.

Clerk—I see by the papers that Mr. Bluffers is going to get married.

Employer — Great snakes! Run around to his office and collect this bill before it is too late.—N. Y. Weekly.

It Happens Every Day There.

Brown—Do you really think there's anything in the theosophical theory that people die and come to life again?

Robinson—Certainly. Don't you read the news from Cuba?—N. Y. World.

There Are Others.

Mrs. Pinkney—That girl is wedded to her art.

Mr. Pinkney—Well, she's not the only one wedded to something painted.—Yonkers Statesman.

FARM AND GARDEN.

HINTS FOR BEGINNERS.

How One Can Make a Sensible Start with Bees.

The first step is to get a good tex book on bee-keeping and study it thoroughly. Then get another one and study that. Perhaps a third could be profitably added to the list. If a bee keepers' convention should be held near by, attend that; if not, visit neighboring bee-keepers and "talk bees" with them—perhaps this would be better than the ordinary bee conventions though both are good. After this, if it is the intention to make bee-keeping a special business, much time may be saved by spending at least one season with some professional apiarist. If this cannot be done, the best way will be to begin at home with a few colonies, and allow the bees and the knowledge to keep pace one with the other.

The beginner is quite likely to make some mistakes, and it is better to make them with a small number of colonies. Perhaps ten colonies would be sufficient to begin with. Many recommend buying cheap colonies of blacks in box hives, transferring them to movable frames and Italianizing them; but transferring as usually done is a very disagreeable job, requiring some nerve, patience and skill, and seems scarcely the proper work at which to set a novice. In Italianizing there is also a risk of losing queens, particularly if the work is done by an inexperienced person. Still, if one has plenty of determination and little money this course may be advisable. It is much more pleasant, however, for the beginner to begin with Italians in movable comb hives.

Spring is the best time to buy bees, and it is better to get them as near home as possible, as express charges are very heavy and long journeys are likely to injure the colonies. I would advise even a beginner to buy black bees in box hives near home and then transfer and Italianize, rather than have bees shipped many hundreds of miles. The cost of beginning in bee-keeping might be estimated something as follows:

Bee literature	$ 5 00
Bee-smoker and veil	1 50
Ten colonies of bees at $5	50 00
New hives for swarms	10 00
Sections and comb foundations	10 00
Total	$76 50

It might be well for the beginner to produce extracted honey at first, in which case an extractor would be needed. This costs about ten dollars, but no sections would be needed, nor so much foundation, though there would be needed some vessels in which to store the honey. The one thing that the beginner needs to avoid in producing extracted honey is extracting too closely, taking away too much honey and leaving the bees short of stores. No honey should be taken from the brood nest. A rock upon which the beginner is likely to split is dividing colonies too early, too frequently or too late. To allow each colony to swarm once, if it will, and prevent after-swarming, would be a safe plan for the beginner to follow.—Colman's Rural World.

FEEDER FOR TURKEYS.

A Device That Serves the Purpose Indicated by Its Name.

I have had several years' experience in the poultry business, especially in turkey raising. I find that it never pays to keep fattening turkeys in confinement. The problem was how to feed them without letting the chickens share in food. I finally hit upon a device that serves the purpose admirably. I made a trough out of boards six feet long

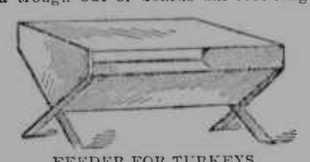

FEEDER FOR TURKEYS.

and six inches wide, putting legs on X shape, making trough just high enough so the chickens could not reach the food, but the turkeys could. Lay a board or plank on top, wide enough to prevent chickens from reaching the trough when they fly on top. Do not nail the board on top, as you want to take it off when putting in feed. Set the trough near the turkeys' roosting place and keep it well supplied with food, so the birds can get all they want at all times. I use a mixture of corn five parts, oats two parts and wheat one part.—Ohio Farmer.

Regarding Poultry Diseases.

Most of the diseases that afflict poultry are the effects of unsanitary surroundings and due entirely to the carelessness or indifference of keepers. Naturally poultry is not sickly, and if given proper care will keep in good health without being dosed with any drugs or nostrums of any kind. The writer has had a good many years of experience in poultry keeping, and in all that time has never found it necessary to give any great amount of medicine to his flocks. Pure feed, pure water, comfortable quarters and cleanliness in all the surroundings of the flock will insure its health and thrift. The poultry keeper who has "bad luck" with his flock and finds it dwindling away from the effect of disease is nine times out of ten receiving the just penalty for some of his sins of omission.—Farmers' Voice.

Sheep as Scavengers.

A few sheep can be kept very cheaply on every farm, for they will eat much that other stock will not touch. The sheep is, however, very delicate in its taste, so far as refusing what is unclean-ly. But its taste is different from that of other animals. Sheep will eat green and bitter fruit that falls early, which no pig can be starved into eating. It is an excellent stock to prevent land growing up with bushes, as it browses down nearly everything that grows. In the winter sheep will thrive on bean fodder, taking to it naturally, while other stock, if they will eat it, can only be taught to do so.—American Cultivator

MOISTURE OF SOIL.

How to Preserve It by Means of Judicious Harrowing.

Harrowing to save moisture is thus treated in bulletin No. 120 of the New York experiment station. "The harrow, besides pulverizing and fining the soil for the seed bed, is most efficient in furnishing a soil mulch. The spring-tooth harrow is in reality a cultivator and its action is similar to that of the cultivator. When used as an instrument to conserve moisture, the teeth should penetrate to the depth of about three inches, and to produce the best effect the ridges left by it should be leveled off by a smoother which can now be purchased as an attachment to the harrow. The tillage of orchards by the harrow is now practiced extensively, and nothing short of irrigation will so nearly meet the demands of trees for moisture, particularly upon the heavier soils. A harrow having a plow-like action of its blades serves to pulverize the surface soil, to spread the loose mulch evenly, and it leaves a most excellent seed bed. The cutaway or disc harrow may be beneficial or of absolute injury. If the discs are so set that they cover but a portion of the surface of the mulch they leave a ridge exposed to the action of the wind and sun and the rate of evaporation is greatly increased. The disc should be set at such an angle that the whole surface shall be stirred or covered. Their chief value lies in their cutting and pulverizing action on clay soils, but as conservers of moisture they are inferior to the harrow with plow-like action or the spring tooth. Soils which need the disc harrower should generally be gone over again with some shallower tool. The mellower the soil the lighter should be the work done by the harrow. On most heavy orchard soils it will be found necessary to use the heavy tools like the spring-tooth and disc harrows in the spring, but if the land is properly handled it should be in such condition as to allow the use of a spike-tooth or smoothing harrow during summer. This light summer harrowing should be sufficient to keep down the weeds and it preserves the soil mulch in most excellent condition. With such a tool and on land in good tilth a man can harrow ten or more acres a day."

PLOWING IN SPRING.

Deepening Old Ground Should Always Be Done Gradually.

Good crops are dependent upon the plowing being done well. As it is rather slow, heavy work, and in the spring is usually hard on teams, it is always an item to lessen the amount to be done as much as possible. If the ground is well plowed in good season under ordinary conditions it is comparatively an easy matter to get the seeding done in good season. But it is important that the work be done thorough. There should be no cutting and covering, nor should there be any skips. If a stone or root throws the plow out, the team should be stopped and backed up and the furrow caught again.

With all spring crops it is an item to stir the soil thoroughly and reasonably deep. One of the essential conditions in securing a good growth and yield is to have the soil in a fine tilth when the planting is done, and thorough plowing is a great aid in getting the soil in this condition.

In order to lessen the work of the teams, and at the same time lessen the cost of the plowing in many cases, it will be found economical to use a somewhat larger plow—one that turns a furrow 14 or 16 inches in preference to one that turns only 10 or 12. With a large plow and three good horses one man will be able to do not only more work, but better work.

It is a good plan to take every opportunity to plow. Sod land can be plowed when fallow land would be too wet. It is an exceptional case after this, when it can be considered good economy to plow old land when it is too wet to work readily into a good tilth.

While deep stirring of the soil is best—giving not only a better yield, but lessening the risk of failure—still, if the plowing is delayed until spring it should be done very little deeper than the land has been plowed before, as bringing up to the surface of any great amount of fresh subsoil will prove more or less detrimental. Deepening old ground by plowing should nearly always be done gradually.—St. Louis Republic.

DRAWING A STUMP.

How to Hitch to Secure Results with the Least Exertion.

My experience has taught me that for those using capstan grub and stump

TO PROPERLY DRAW A STUMP.

machines or otherwise pulling in a horizontal direction, it is advisable to hitch to the stump in the manner illustrated. If the chain is fastened to a large side root at the side nearest the machine, double as much power is required as if it were hitched on the opposite side and the chain passed over the stump, either if hitched to a root and passed over, or when hitched to the further side of a high stump near the top and passed over.—Egbert Boukma, in Farm and Home.

Hogs Thrive on Sorghum.

A correspondent of the Texas Farm and Ranch says: I have found sorghum the best paying feed for hogs. Plant and cultivate as you would to grind to make sirup; common land, five-foot rows, 12 inches in drill. Plant three times for succession. First time at cotton planting time; twice more three weeks apart. Commence feeding when the seeds are in dough. I estimate sorghum as being worth as much per acre for hog feed as three times the same land in corn.

Gained Twenty-Four Pounds.

A Woman Who Was Utterly Broken Down Restored to Health and Weight.

From the New Era, Greensburg, Ind.

A New Era reporter recently had the privilege of partaking of a bountee noonday repast at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kenady, near Hope, Ind., a few miles across the line in Bartholomew Co. At the table sat the eight-year-old daughter of this happy couple, who had just returned from school. It was raining at the time and consequently her clothing was damp. She complained of achings and pains all over her body.

"Arthur," said Mrs. Kenady, "as soon as you finish your dinner I want you to go over to the drug store and get a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The rheumatism is setting in on Lucy as sure as you're living, and I wish to stop it at once in its early stages, and save a long sickness and physicians' expense."

The mother got the child good and warm and had her remove her wet clothes, and then she related her peculiar experience with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She said:

"I had him get those pills for Lucy because I know they will cure her, for they cured me, as all my neighbors will tell you.

"After the birth of my youngest child here, about two years ago, I was completely broken down. I took medicine from the physician who had attended me through my confinement, but grew worse and worse until I could scarcely go about at all. I tried other doctors, with about the same result. Pains would shoot all through my body, and the least exertion or mere bending over would cause me to have smothering spells, and the suffering was terrible—almost unbearable. I thought it was caused by my heart, as I often had fainting spells. When everything else had failed to relieve me and I had given up all hopes of recovery, I chanced to read some testimonials in the New Era and the Indianapolis News, and the suffering of the people who made the statements were so similiar to mine, that when I read that they had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I at once resolved to try the medicine. I procured a box and took the pills according to directions, and soon felt much better, and could go about with ease. When I had finished six boxes, never missing a dose after each meal, I was cured. I have taken them since, when I felt badly, and I now feel as well as ever.

"It is a pleasure now to do my work. When I began taking the medicine I weighed 109 pounds, now I tip the beam at 133. I can eat anything that comes along, and sleep like a log. Before I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I could scarcely eat anything or sleep at all. I had no appetite, and what I ate wouldn't stay on my stomach. I feel that the medicine saved me from an untimely grave, and wouldn't care to be where I could not get it. Father used the last of a box a few days ago for sick headache, and hasn't been troubled since. That is why we are without them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c.

Railroad men will not dance except at a "grand ball."—Atchison Globe.

With cold neuralgia increases. With St. Jacobs Oil it decreases and is cured.

A baby in a buggy is a good thing, but no man likes to push it along.

When bilious or costive eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c 25c.

In town, it is the women who waste time by attending card parties. In the country it is the men who do it by getting up wolf hunts.—Atchison Globe.

Explained It.—Customer—"I don't see how anybody can handle a big stock of glass like this without doing a lot of breaking." Persuasive Salesman—"They can't, ma'am. Two firms broke all to pieces trying to handle this lot. That's why we can sell it so cheap."—Chicago Tribune.

No difference how much a man may be exposed to the weather, he imagines he will not catch cold so long as his hands are in his pockets.—Atchison Globe.

He—"I suppose your thoughts were all on your new bonnet during the sermon this morning?" She—"No, indeed, they were not!" "I don't believe you can repeat any thing that was said during the service." "Yes, I can, too. I heard a lady behind me say: 'Isn't it stunning?'"—Yonkers Statesman.

A philosopher thinks that a five cent cigar is as good as one costing three times as much, and keeps on improving in philosophy until he believes that being dead is just as good as living.

Cause to Remember It.—"I should say I do remember it," said the fat man who was asking if he recalled a certain railroad accident. "Williams—you remember him—was sitting in the seat ahead of me, and was instantly killed, poor fellow. And that isn't all. He was telling one of the funniest stories I ever heard, and though I have tried ever since to find what the end of that story was, I have never been able to run across anyone who knew."—Indianapolis Journal.

Remins to Be Seen.—The boy who has an appointment with the teacher after school is dismissed.—Boston Transcript.

"See here, young man," said the stern father, "if you don't come home earlier after this I'll know the reason why." "Glad to hear it, governor; that will save all explanations on my part." — Detroit Free Press.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The man who knows himself well, will know a good deal about other men.—Ram's Horn.

The Hot Springs

located in the Black Hills of South Dakota have wonderful medicinal properties for the cure of rheumatism, neuralgia and kindred ailments, and should be investigated by all suffering from such troubles. First-class hotel accommodations and baths. Tourist tickets on sale daily and especially low rates on the first and third Tuesdays of each month. Full information furnished on application to ticket agents C. & N. W. R'y.

The man who rides a hobby, thinks nobody else is making any headway.—Ram's Horn.

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That the Cleveland, Akron & Columbus R'y, is still selling round trip tickets between all stations on its line, good going and returning Sunday, at a rate of one fare for the round trip. Ask any agent for particulars, or write to C. F. Daly, General Passenger Agent, Cleveland, O.

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Officer (to recruit)—"You look as sullen as an ape that has just found out that you are his descendant."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Groan If You Must.

But also appeal to a means of relief of the torture—if physical—which produces the groan. Rheumatism is a prolific source of agony in its acute inflammatory or chronic forms. But it may be annihilated at its birth with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which, unlike the poisons in minute doses often prescribed for it, is perfectly safe. In malarial, kidney, bilious, dyspeptic or nervous ailments the Bitters is a certain source of relief

A really smart preacher is one who knows when it is wise to be "called" to another field.—Atchison Globe.

Easy to have rheumatism. Just as easy to get rid of it with St. Jacobs Oil.

The way to get a better position is to more than fill your present one.—Ram's Horn.

HIS IS THE TIME of year .. .. when men .. and women .. become weakened by .. the weather, and run down generally. .. .. The first parts that the weather affects are the kidneys. The urea is not thrown off, but is forced back upon the lungs, and disease results—caused by weakness of the kidneys.

HERE IS ONLY ONE SURE WAY known to medical men for promptly checking troubles of the kidneys and restoring these great organs to health and strength, and that is by the use of Warner's Safe Cure

It has stood the test of time; it has saved thousands of lives; it has restored millions of sufferers to health; it has done what was never done, never attempted before; it has made men stronger and healthier; it has made .. women brighter and happier; .. it stands alone in all these qualities. Do you not think it would be wise for you to use it and thus avoid the dangers of the season? Insist upon having it.

Large bottle, or new style, smaller one at your druggists.

Pill Clothes.

The good pill has a good coat. The pill coat serves two purposes; it protects the pill, enabling it to retain all its remedial value, and it disguises the taste for the palate. Some pill coats are too heavy; they will not dissolve in the stomach, and the pills they cover pass through the system as harmless as a bread pellet. Other coats are too light, and permit the speedy deterioration of the pill. After 30 years exposure, Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills have been found as effective as if just fresh from the laboratory. It's a good pill with a good coat. Ask your druggist for

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

More pill particulars in Ayer's Curebook, 100 pages. Sent free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

PICKED UP ON BROADWAY.

A True Incident.—A woman was picked up in the street in an unconscious condition and hurried to the nearest hospital. On examination her body was found to be covered with sores caused by the hypodermic injection of morphine.

This mere wreck of a woman had once held an honorable and lucrative position in a large publishing house in New York. Her health began to fail. Instead of taking rest and medical treatment, she resorted to the stimulus of morphine.

The hospital physicians discovered that her primary trouble was an affection of the womb, which could readily have been cured in the first stages.

If, when she had felt those severe pains in the back, the terrible headaches, the constant sense of fullness, soreness and pain in the pelvic region, she had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, it would have dissolved and passed off that polypus in the womb, and to-day she would have been a well woman sitting in her office.

Why will women let themselves go in this way? It seems passing strange that a woman like this one, so highly educated, and so well placed, should have depended on morphine, instead of seeking a radical cure.

There is no excuse for any woman who suffers—she need not go without help. Mrs. Pinkham stands ready to help any woman; her address is Lynn, Mass. Write to her; it will cost you nothing. In the meantime get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at the nearest drug store. The following letter from one of your sisters will encourage you:

MRS. BERTHA LEHRMAN, No. 1 Erie St., 27th Ward, Pittsburg, Pa., writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I can hardly find words with which to thank you for what you have done for me. I suffered nearly seven years with backache and sideache, leucorrhœa, and the worst forms of womb troubles.

"Doctors failed to do me any good. I have taken four bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and one box of Liver Pills, and used one package of Sanative Wash, and now can say I am well and have been steadily gaining flesh; am stouter and heartier now than I have been for years. I am recommending your Vegetable Compound to my friends. Again I thank you for the good health I am enjoying."

Piso's Cure For Consumption

For the last 20 years we have kept Piso's Cure for Consumption in stock, and would sooner think a groceryman could get along without sugar in his store than we could without Piso's Cure. It is a sure seller.—RAVEN & CO., Druggists, Seresco, Michigan, September 2, 1896.

The Waverley Bicycle

$100 A marvelous example of skillful workmanship—The only bicycle with absolutely true bearings.

$60 Saving in cost of machinery and labor enables us to furnish '96 patterns of Waverleys, improved and perfected, for $60.

Catalogue free from us or the dealer.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO., - - Indianapolis, Ind.

WE HAVE NO AGENTS

but have sold direct to the consumer for 24 years, at wholesale prices, saving them the dealers' profits. Ship anywhere for examination before sale. Everything warranted. 100 styles of Carriages, 90 styles of Harness. Top Buggies as low as $35. Phaetons as low as $55. Spring Wagons, Road Wagons, etc. Send for large, free Catalogue.

No. 3734. Surrey Harness—Price $15.00. As good as sells for $22.00. No. 606. Surrey—Price with curtains, lamps, sunshade, apron and fenders, $60. As good as sells for $90.

ELKHART CARRIAGE AND HARNESS MFG. CO., W. B. PRATT, Sec'y, ELKHART, IND.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER

10¢ 25¢ 50¢ ALL DRUGGISTS

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 917

FOR 14 CENTS.

We wish to gain 50,000 pleased customers in 1897 and hence offer

1	Pkg Bismark Cucumber	15c
1	Pkg Round Globe Beet	10c
1	" Earliest Carrot	10c
1	" Kaiser Wilhelm Lettuce	15c
1	" Earliest Melon	10c
1	" Giant Yellow Onion	15c
1	" 11-day Radish	10c
3	" Brilliant Flower Seeds	15c

Worth $1.00, for 14 cents.

Above 10 pkgs. worth $1.00 we will mail you free together with our great plant and seed catalogue upon receipt of this notice and 14c. postage. How can we do it? Because we want new customers and know if you once try Salzer's seed, you'll never never get along without them! Catalogue alone 5c. postage. K

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WIS.

SMOKE YOUR MEAT WITH KRAUSERS LIQUID EXTRACT OF SMOKE Circular. E. KRAUSER & BRO. MILTON, PA.

FREE A booklet, handsomely illustrated, describing NEBRASKA, her farms and the opportunities there for young men and farm renters to become farm owners. Mailed without charge on application to P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

1,000 AGENTS WANTED, SOMETHING NEW! Good commission. Send 50 cents for Samples worth $1.00. No trash. MARTIN LEATHER SUSPENDER CO., MARTIN, MICH.

SOUTHERN HOMES IN TEXAS

In the celebrated Coast Country. Cheap and on reasonable terms. Fruit, vegetable and field crop farms. Direct production. Direct markets. Diversified crops. Travel via Frisco Line from St. Louis. For land literature, maps, excursion rates and full information, write

THE AMERICAN LAND COMPANY, 520 Rac Bldg., - - ST. LOUIS, MO.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

Yucatan, it is perfection.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

A. N. K.—C 1647

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

FARM AND GARDEN.

HINTS FOR BEGINNERS.

How One Can Make a Sensible Start with Bees.

The first step is to get a good text book on bee-keeping and study it thoroughly. Then get another one and study that. Perhaps a third could be profitably added to the list. If a bee keepers' convention should be held near by, attend that; if not, visit neighboring bee-keepers and "talk bees" with them—perhaps this would be better than the ordinary bee conventions though both are good. After this, if it is the intention to make bee-keeping a special business, much time may be saved by spending at least one season with some professional apiarist. If this cannot be done, the best way will be to begin at home with a few colonies, and allow the bees and the knowledge to keep pace one with the other.

The beginner is quite likely to make some mistakes, and it is better to make them with a small number of colonies. Perhaps ten colonies would be sufficient to begin with. Many recommend buying cheap colonies of blacks in box hives, transferring them to movable frames and Italianizing them; but transferring as usually done is a very disagreeable job, requiring some nerve, patience and skill, and seems scarcely the proper work at which to set a novice. In Italianizing there is also a risk of losing queens, particularly if the work is done by an inexperienced person. Still, if one has plenty of determination and little money this course may be advisable. It is much more pleasant, however, for the beginner to begin with Italians in movable comb hives.

Spring is the best time to buy bees, and it is better to get them as near home as possible, as express charges are very heavy and long journeys are likely to injure the colonies. I would advise even a beginner to buy black bees in box hives near home and then transfer and Italianize, rather than have bees shipped many hundreds of miles. The cost of beginning in bee-keeping might be estimated something as follows:

Bee literature	$ 5 00
Bee-smoker and veil	1 50
Ten colonies of bees at $5	50 00
New hives for swarms	10 00
Sections and comb foundations	10 00
Total	$76 50

It might be well for the beginner to produce extracted honey at first, in which case an extractor would be needed. This costs about ten dollars, but no sections would be needed, nor so much foundation, though there would be needed some vessels in which to store the honey. The one thing that the beginner needs to avoid in producing extracted honey is extracting too closely, taking away too much honey and leaving the bees short of stores. No honey should be taken from the brood nest. A rock upon which the beginner is likely to split is dividing colonies too early, too frequently or too late. To allow each colony to swarm once, if it will, and prevent after-swarming, would be a safe plan for the beginner to follow.—Colman's Rural World.

FEEDER FOR TURKEYS.

A Device That Serves the Purpose Indicated by Its Name.

I have had several years' experience in the poultry business, especially in turkey raising. I find that it never pays to keep fattening turkeys in confinement. The problem was how to feed them without letting the chickens share in food. I finally hit upon a device that serves the purpose admirably. I made a trough out of boards six feet long

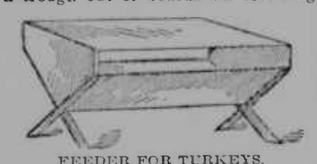

FEEDER FOR TURKEYS.

and six inches wide, putting legs on X shape, making trough just high enough so the chickens could not reach the food, but the turkeys could. Lay a board or plank on top, wide enough to prevent chickens from reaching the trough when they fly on top. Do not nail the board on top, as you want to take it off when putting in feed. Set the trough near the turkeys' roosting place and keep it well supplied with food, so the birds can get all they want at all times. I use a mixture of corn five parts, oats two parts and wheat one part.—Ohio Farmer.

Regarding Poultry Diseases.

Most of the diseases that afflict poultry are the effects of unsanitary surroundings and due entirely to the carelessness or indifference of keepers. Naturally poultry is not sickly, and if given proper care will keep in good health without being dosed with any drugs or nostrums of any kind. The writer has had a good many years of experience in poultry keeping, and in all that time has never found it necessary to give any great amount of medicine to his flocks. Pure feed, pure water, comfortable quarters and cleanliness in all the surroundings of the flock will insure its health and thrift. The poultry keeper who has "bad luck" with his flock and finds it dwindling away from the effect of disease is nine times out of ten receiving the just penalty for some of his sins of omission.—Farmers' Voice.

Sheep as Scavengers.

A few sheep can be kept very cheaply on every farm, for they will eat much that other stock will not touch. The sheep is, however, very delicate in its taste, so far as refusing what is uncleanly. But its taste is different from that of other animals. Sheep will eat green and bitter fruit that falls early, which no pig can be starved into eating. It is an excellent stock to prevent land growing up with bushes, as it browses down nearly everything that grows. In the winter sheep will thrive on bean fodder, taking to it naturally, while other stock, if they will eat it, can only be taught to do so.—American Cultivator

MOISTURE OF SOIL.

How to Preserve It by Means of Judicious Harrowing.

Harrowing to save moisture is thus treated in bulletin No. 120 of the New York experiment station. "The harrow, besides pulverizing and fining the soil for the seed bed, is most efficient in furnishing a soil mulch. The spring-tooth harrow is in reality a cultivator and its action is similar to that of the cultivator. When used as an instrument to conserve moisture, the teeth should penetrate to the depth of about three inches, and to produce the best effect the ridges left by it should be leveled off by a smoother which can now be purchased as an attachment to the harrow. The tillage of orchards by the harrow is now practiced extensively, and nothing short of irrigation will so nearly meet the demands of trees for moisture, particularly upon the heavier soils. A harrow having a plow-like action of its blades serves to pulverize the surface soil, to spread the loose mulch evenly, and it leaves a most excellent seed bed. The cutaway or disc harrow may be beneficial or of absolute injury. If the discs are so set that they cover but a portion of the surface of the mulch they leave a ridge exposed to the action of the wind and sun and the rate of evaporation is greatly increased. The disc should be set at such an angle that the whole surface shall be stirred or covered. Their chief value lies in their cutting and pulverizing action on clay soils, but as conservers of moisture they are inferior to the harrow with plow-like action or the spring tooth. Soils which need the disc harrower should generally be gone over again with some shallower tool. The mellower the soil the lighter should be the work done by the harrow. On most heavy orchard soils it will be found necessary to use the heavy tools like the spring-tooth and disc harrows in the spring, but if the land is properly handled it should be in such condition as to allow the use of a spike-tooth or smoothing harrow during summer. This light summer harrowing should be sufficient to keep down the weeds and it preserves the soil mulch in most excellent condition. With such a tool and on land in good tilth a man can harrow ten or more acres a day."

PLOWING IN SPRING.

Deepening Old Ground Should Always Be Done Gradually.

Good crops are dependent upon the plowing being done well. As it is rather slow, heavy work, and in the spring is usually hard on teams, it is always an item to lessen the amount to be done as much as possible. If the ground is well plowed in good season under ordinary conditions it is comparatively an easy matter to get the seeding done in good season. But it is important that the work be done thorough. There should be no cutting and covering, nor should there be any skips. If a stone or root throws the plow out, the team should be stopped and backed up and the furrow caught again.

With all spring crops it is an item to stir the soil thoroughly and reasonably deep. One of the essential conditions in securing a good growth and yield is to have the soil in a fine tilth when the planting is done, and thorough plowing is a great aid in getting the soil in this condition.

In order to lessen the work of the teams, and at the same time lessen the cost of the plowing in many cases, it will be found economical to use a somewhat larger plow—one that turns a furrow 14 or 16 inches in preference to one that turns only 10 or 12. With a large plow and three good horses one man will be able to do not only more work, but better work.

It is a good plan to take every opportunity to plow. Sod land can be plowed when fallow land would be too wet. It is an exceptional case after this, when it can be considered good economy to plow old land when it is too wet to work readily into a good tilth.

While deep stirring of the soil is best—giving not only a better yield, but lessening the risk of failure—still, if the plowing is delayed until spring it should be done very little deeper than the land has been plowed before, as bringing up to the surface of any great amount of fresh subsoil will prove more or less detrimental. Deepening old ground by plowing should nearly always be done gradually.—St. Louis Republic.

DRAWING A STUMP.

How to Hitch to Secure Results with the Least Exertion.

My experience has taught me that for those using capstan grub and stump

TO PROPERLY DRAW A STUMP.

machines or otherwise pulling in a horizontal direction, it is advisable to hitch to the stump in the manner illustrated. If the chain is fastened to a large side root at the side nearest the machine, double as much power is required as if it were hitched on the opposite side and the chain passed over the stump, either if hitched to a root and passed over, or when hitched to the further side of a high stump near the top and passed over.—Egbert Boukma, in Farm and Home.

Hogs Thrive on Sorghum.

A correspondent of the Texas Farm and Ranch says: I have found sorghum the best paying feed for hogs. Plant and cultivate as you would to grind to make sirup; common land, five-foot rows, 12 inches in drill. Plant three times for succession. First time at cotton planting time; twice more three weeks apart. Commence feeding when the seeds are in dough. I estimate sorghum as being worth as much per acre for hog feed as three times the same land in corn.

Gained Twenty-Four Pounds.

A Woman Who Was Utterly Broken Down Restored to Health and Weight.

From the New Era, Greensburg, Ind.

A New Era reporter recently had the privilege of partaking of a bounteous noonday repast at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kenady, near Hope, Ind., a few miles across the line in Bartholomew Co. At the table sat the eight-year-old daughter of this happy couple, who had just returned from school. It was raining at the time and consequently her clothing was damp. She complained of achings and pains all over her body.

"Arthur," said Mrs. Kenady, "as soon as you finish your dinner I want you to go over to the drug store and get a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The rheumatism is setting in on Lucy as sure as you're living, and I wish to stop it at once in its early stages, and save a long sickness and physicians' expense."

The mother got the child good and warm and had her remove her wet clothes, and then she related her peculiar experience with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She said:

"I had him get those pills for Lucy because I know they will cure her, for they cured me, as all my neighbors will tell you.

"After the birth of my youngest child here, about two years ago, I was completely broken down. I took medicine from the physician who had attended me through my confinement, but grew worse and worse until I could scarcely go about at all. I tried other doctors, with about the same result. Pains would shoot all through my body, and the least exertion or mere bending over would cause me to have smothering spells, and the suffering was terrible—almost unbearable. I thought it was caused by my heart, as I often had fainting spells. When everything else had failed to relieve me and I had given up all hopes of recovery, I chanced to read some testimonials in the New Era and the Indianapolis News, and the suffering of the people who made the statements were so similar to mine, that when I read that they had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I at once resolved to try the medicine. I procured a box and took the pills according to directions, and soon felt much better, and could go about with ease. When I had finished six boxes, never missing a dose after each meal, I was cured. I have taken them since, when I felt badly, and I now feel as well as ever.

"It is a pleasure now to do my work. When I began taking the medicine I weighed 109 pounds, now I tip the beam at 133. I can eat anything that comes along, and sleep like a log. Before I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I could scarcely eat anything or sleep at all. I had no appetite, and what I ate wouldn't stay on my stomach. I feel that the medicine saved me from an untimely grave, and wouldn't care to be where I could not get it. Father used the last of a box a few days ago for sick headache, and hasn't been troubled since. That is why we are without them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c.

Railroad men will not dance except at a "grand ball."—Atchison Globe.

With cold neuralgia increases. With St. Jacobs Oil it decreases and is cured.

A baby in a buggy is a good thing, but no man likes to push it along.

When bilious or costive eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c 25c.

In town, it is the women who waste time by attending card parties. In the country it is the men who do it by getting up wolf hunts.—Atchison Globe.

Explained It.—Customer—"I don't see how anybody can handle a big stock of glass like this without doing a lot of breaking." Persuasive Salesman—"They can't, ma'am. Two firms broke all to pieces trying to handle this lot. That's why we can sell it so cheap."—Chicago Tribune.

No difference how much a man may be exposed to the weather, he imagines he will not catch cold so long as his hands are in his pockets.—Atchison Globe.

He—"I suppose your thoughts were all on your new bonnet during the sermon this morning?" She—"No, indeed, they were not!" "I don't believe you can repeat anything that was said during the service." "Yes, I can, too. I heard a lady behind me say: 'Isn't it stunning?'"—Yonkers Statesman.

A philosopher thinks that a five cent cigar is as good as one costing three times as much, and keeps on improving in philosophy until he believes that being dead is just as good as living.

Cause to Remember It.—"I should say I do remember it," said the fat man who was asking if he recalled a certain railroad accident. "Williams—you remember him—was sitting in the seat ahead of me, and was instantly killed, poor fellow. And that isn't all. He was telling one of the funniest stories I ever heard, and though I have tried ever since to find what the end of that story was, I have never been able to run across anyone who knew."—Indianapolis Journal.

Remins to Be Seen.—The boy who has an appointment with the teacher after school is dismissed.—Boston Transcript.

"See here, young man," said the stern father, "if you don't come home earlier after this I'll know the reason why." "Glad to hear it, governor; that will save all explanations on my part." — Detroit Free Press.

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HIS IS THE TIME of year .. .. when men .. and women .. become weakened by .. the weather, and run down generally. .. .. The first parts that the weather affects are the kidneys. The urea is not thrown off, but is forced back upon the lungs, and disease results—caused by weakness of the kidneys.

HERE IS ONLY ONE SURE WAY known to medical men for promptly checking troubles of the kidneys and restoring these great organs to health and strength, and that is by the use of Warner's Safe Cure

It has stood the test of time; it has saved thousands of lives; it has restored millions of sufferers to health; it has done what was never done, never attempted before; it has made men stronger and healthier; it has made .. women brighter and happier; .. it stands alone in all these qualities. Do you not think it would be wise for you to use it and thus avoid the dangers of the season? Insist upon having it.

Large bottle, or new style, smaller one at your druggist's.

Pill Clothes.

The good pill has a good coat. The pill coat serves two purposes; it protects the pill, enabling it to retain all its remedial value, and it disguises the taste for the palate. Some pill coats are too heavy; they will not dissolve in the stomach, and the pills they cover pass through the system as harmless as a bread pellet. Other coats are too light, and permit the speedy deterioration of the pill. After 30 years exposure, Ayer's Sugar Coated Pills have been found as effective as if just fresh from the laboratory. It's a good pill with a good coat. Ask your druggist for

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

More pill particulars in Ayer's Curebook, 100 pages. Sent free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

PICKED UP ON BROADWAY.

A True Incident.—A woman was picked up in the street in an unconscious condition and hurried to the nearest hospital. On examination her body was found to be covered with sores caused by the hypodermic injection of morphine.

This mere wreck of a woman had once held an honorable and lucrative position in a large publishing house in New York. Her health began to fail. Instead of taking rest and medical treatment, she resorted to the stimulus of morphine.

The hospital physicians discovered that her primary trouble was an affection of the womb, which could readily have been cured in the first stages.

If, when she had felt those severe pains in the back, the terrible headaches, the constant sense of fullness, soreness and pain in the pelvic region, she had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, it would have dissolved and passed off that polypus in the womb, and to-day she would have been a well woman sitting in her office.

Why will women let themselves go in this way? It seems passing strange that a woman like this one, so highly educated, and so well placed, should have depended on morphine, instead of seeking a radical cure.

There is no excuse for any woman who suffers—she need not go without help. Mrs. Pinkham stands ready to help any woman; her address is Lynn, Mass. Write to her; it will cost you nothing. In the meantime get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at the nearest drug store. The following letter from one of your sisters will encourage you:

MRS. BERTHA LEHRMAN, No. 1 Erie St., 27th Ward, Pittsburg, Pa., writes to Mrs. Pinkham: "I can hardly find words with which to thank you for what you have done for me. I suffered nearly seven years with backache and sideache, leucorrhœa, and the worst forms of womb troubles.

"Doctors failed to do me any good. I have taken four bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and one box of Liver Pills, and used one package of Sanative Wash, and now can say I am well and have been steadily gaining flesh; am stouter and heartier now than I have been for years. I am recommending your Vegetable Compound to my friends. Again I thank you for the good health I am enjoying."

Piso's Cure For Consumption

For the last 20 years we have kept Piso's Cure for Consumption in stock, and would sooner think a groceryman could get along without sugar in his store than we could without Piso's Cure. It is a sure seller.—RAVEN & CO., Druggists, Peresco, Michigan, September 2, 1896.

The Waverley Bicycle

$100 A marvelous example of skillful workmanship—The only bicycle with absolutely true bearings.

$60 Saving in cost of machinery and labor enables us to furnish '96 patterns of Waverleys, improved and perfected, for $60.

Catalogue free from us or the dealer.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO., - - Indianapolis, Ind.

WE HAVE NO AGENTS

but have sold direct to the consumer for 24 years, at wholesale prices, saving them the dealers' profits. Ship anywhere for examination before sale. Everything warranted. 100 styles of Carriages, 90 styles of Harness. Top Buggies as low as $35. Phaetons as low as $45. Spring Wagons, Road Wagons, etc. Send for large, free Catalogue.

No. 3114. Surrey Harness—Price $15.00. As good as sells for $22.00.

No. 606. Surrey—Price with curtains, lamps, sunshade, apron and fenders, $60. As good as sells for $90.

ELKHART CARRIAGE AND HARNESS MFG. CO., W. H. PRATT, Sec'y, ELKHART, IND.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER

10¢ 25¢ 50¢ ALL DRUGGISTS

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 217.4

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We wish to gain 50,000 pleased customers in 1897 and hence offer

1	Pkg Bismark Cucumber	15c
1	Pkg Round Globe Beet	10c
1	" Earliest Carrot	10c
1	" Kaiser Wilhelm Lettuce	15c
1	" Earliest Melon	10c
1	" Giant Yellow Onion	15c
1	" 14-Day Radish	10c
2	" Brilliant Flower Seeds	15c

Worth $1.00, for 14 cents.

Above 10 pkgs. worth $1.00 we will mail you free together with our great plant and seed catalogue upon receipt of this notice and 14c. postage. How can we do it? Because we want new customers and know if you once try Salzer's seed, you'll never, never get along without them! Catalogue alone 5c. postage. K

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WIS.

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DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

SMOKE YOUR MEAT WITH KRAUSERS LIQUID EXTRACT OF SMOKE

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FREE A booklet, handsomely illustrated, describing NEBRASKA, her farms and the opportunities there for young men and farm renters to become farm owners. Mailed without charge on application to P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

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Yucatan, it is perfection.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

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A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

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Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

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35 Doses 35 Cents

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SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE —OF— Chas. H. Fletcher. IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." For See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

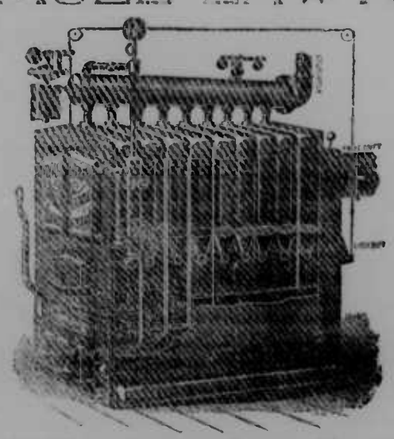

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For the Treatment of Liquor, Morphine and Cigarette Habit.

Absolute Cure Guaranteed. All Communications Strictly Private. 45-1f

We have a plan by which Farmers can get TOOL CHESTS FREE

Containing of first-class quality (guaranteed) every tool—Axes, Saws and Planes included—necessary to repair vehicles, machines or build a house. Three two-cent stamps and the name of this paper required for particulars. Powell Fertilizer & Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

THE WILLIAM BRYANT COMPANY,
Wholesale Retail Dealers,
FRIENDSVILLE, MARYLAND.

Having just taken in another car of these, we are in a position to fill all orders for both WHOLESALE and RETAIL trade upon receipt. Car Stock are the best that can be procured. Circular mailed upon request.

BOB SLEDS.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, March 15, 1897.

Hon. Thomas B. Reed, of Maine has for the third time been elected Speaker of the House, a position which, in honor and influence, is second only to that of the Presidency. There was no opposition in the Republican caucus to the renomination of Mr. Reed, or of any of the other officers of the House in the last Congress. It was in the cases of all of them, except Mr. Reed, simply one good term deserving another, while in his case it was two good terms, although not consecutive ones, deserving another. Republicans are naturally proud of big Tom Reed and his record as Speaker. He has had to face some very difficult and intricate parliamentary situations, but he has never even in a single instance failed to force from them credit for himself and for the Republican party. Although a partisan of partisans upon all purely political questions, no Speaker has ever had more, and few as many, warm personal friends among his political opponents. In starting in upon this extra session of Congress, the country and party are to be congratulated that the work of the House will be directed by so experienced a parliamentarian as Mr. Reed.

A scandal of large proportions may be shown up in connection with the acts of Judge Lamoreux, Mr. Cleveland's commissioner of the United States Land Office in what is known as the Chicago lake front case. Secretary Bliss has set aside a derision in favor of certain parties and ordered a new hearing of the case. Ex-Secretary Carlisle, who is now the attorney of the parties whom Lamoreux tried to favor, may be mixed up in the scandal, as it is hinted that he was interested in the case while a member of Mr. Cleveland's cabinet. Lamoreux tendered his resignation and left Washington several days before the close of the Cleveland administration but his resignation has not been accepted and present indications are that it will not be, but that he will be dismissed. Some very valuable Chicago real estate is involved in this case.

It might be supposed from the concerted yelping from the Democratic free traders at the now completed tariff bill, that they are really surprised to find that Chairman Dingley and his Republican associates have made a protection bill, just as the country last November directed the Republican party to do. They are pretending that they expected the rates of duty in the new bill to be much lower than they are. The new bill is a Republican measure from beginning to end, intended to supply the $50,000,000 annual deficit in the government receipts, and at the same time to give idle American working men profitable employment by restoring the American market, the best in the whole world, to our own manufacturers and producers from whom it was taken largely and presented to foreigners by the tariff enacted by the Democrats. Whether the tariff bill will become a law in its present shape is a matter beyond telling, but it is a bill that every Republican will gladly vote for just as it stands and no material changes are likely to be made before it passes the House. If changes are made in the Senate it will be because they are necessary to get votes needed to pass it, and not because of any Republican objection to it. President McKinley would gladly sign the bill just as it is and have his administration stand or fall upon its workings.

President McKinley's rule requiring the Congressional delegations to unite in recommending men for office, while disappointing to a few individuals, is on the whole a good one, and one that makes it well nigh impossible to make a bad appointment. The few appointments made up to this time have been pre-eminently good. The decision on the part of the administration to go slow in making appointments will also commend itself to the people at large, who are much more interested in seeing the policy inaugurated that will restore the prosperity of the country than in who shall get the comparatively few offices at President McKinley's disposal. Of course most Republicans wish to see all the places under the government not covered by civil service rules, filled by good Republicans, men who are in sympathy with the party principles and policy, and they all will be in the course of a few months, but for the present only such changes as are considered necessary, will be made. It is altogether probable that when more important matters have been disposed of, some of the extensions of the civil service rules, which are known to have been made for the purpose of keeping Democrats in office, will be set aside. Steps are now being quietly taken that will later on give the country a few surprises in connection with some of Mr. Cleveland's extensions of the civil service rules. There is no more sincere advocate of the true spirit of civil service reform than President McKinley, but when it is shown that the civil service rules have merely been made a cloak to cover the rankest partisanship, he will not hesitate to strip the cloak off the partisans.

Resolutions of Respect.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, our ever merciful Heavenly Father, in whom we live, move and have our being, to remove from our Sunday school our beloved companion and co-worker, Miss Edna Jarboe, known among her friends as "Tiny," and

WHERRAS, by her prompt attendance at our Sunday school and amiable disposition and quiet endurance under physical suffering, she endeared herself to all her friends, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we bow in humble submission to the will of Him who is able to raise all men up and doeth all things well.

Resolved, That while we miss her smiling face from our school, we rejoice to know that our loss is her gain.

Resolved, That we hereby extend to the bereaved family our sincere sympathy, commending them to God and the word of His grace, which is able to build them up and give them an inheritance that fadeth not away with those that have gone before.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Sunday school, and that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased; that they be sent to the county papers for publication.

MRS. K. D. SWEET,
MRS. D. L. HOUGH,
B. F. CRANE.

IT'S YOUR LIVER

When you feel tired, listless, heavy, headachy, flushed, and have a foul taste in your mouth you may be sure your liver is loafing. It isn't doing its work; it needs a stirring up.

DR. A. S. TODD'S ANTI-BILIOUS LIVER PILLS will straighten you out. Make you feel like new. Brighten eyes and brain. Clear your complexion—cure your headache. 25 cents, all druggists. Made by JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

Farmers,

Look to Your Interests.

The Oakland Flouring Mill is now ready to grind a million bushels of buckwheat. The best equipped mill in the county; all latest improved machinery. Can give either

Burrh or Roller Process Flour.

Mr. E. A. Dudley, who has charge, has been a life long miller, and knows how to make a good turnout of buckwheat flour

Don't fail to give him a Trial. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Will make arrangements with all the Oakland merchants to buy your flour at big prices. Don't fail to give the Oakland Mills a trial.

Don't forget the place, Water street, formerly owned by the late H. A. Rasche.

Yours obediently,

THE OAKLAND MILLS.

51-1yr.

DR. J. G. ROBINSON, DENTIST, Felty Building, opposite Postoffice, OAKLAND, MD. GAS ADMINISTERED. 50-97

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

TIN, SLATE and STEEL ROOFING, SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH, MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

SHARTZER & BOLDEN

OAKLAND, MD.,

DEALERS IN

Furniture, Carpets, Matting, Oil Cloth, Window Shades, Wall Paper,

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Repairing Furniture and Picture Framing a Specialty.

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Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
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DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month.

EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.

The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, low old prices; also new and three good 200 hand ENGINES. SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc. T. B. CARSKADON, Keyser, W. Va.

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.

51—28

I HAVE PURCHASED THE OAKLAND COAL YARD of Mr. D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of HARD AND SOFT COAL, KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

Removal.

I, the undersigned, have removed my place of business from the Loar building to the Ravenscroft (Mayers) building on Railroad street, where I will continue to carry a well assorted stock of

JEWELRY,

and give special attention to the repairing of watches, clocks, etc.

Give me a call. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

H. C. SMOUSE.

29—2m

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

9—1yr. C. A. WILT, Agent, Box 10, Westernport, Md.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office opposite bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 15-1yr

FRED A. THAYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate. CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED, SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SISTELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. 16-1-6

GILMOR S. HAMILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. 16-1y

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Residence on North 3rd Street. Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

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Office in Mayers building. Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel. Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8:30 p. m.

M. C. KISTLER, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street. Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.*

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate. P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6-22 6m

THOMAS R. McBRIDE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street. All business left to my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

E. J. PLANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Residence and P. O. Address, SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BERCHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate. Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE, AUCTIONEER, *Will sell Real or Personal Property.*

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 2-81, 1897.

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Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

Andrew B. Gonder, Att'y at Law. Alexander C. Mason, Surveyor.

GONDER & MASON, REAL ESTATE AGENTS, OAKLAND, MD. 10—1yr. Office, Shartzer's Opera House.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN, SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE. Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including from wagon and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box B, Oakland, Md. 38 26*

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E. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted. Prompt attention to collections. 17-1

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C. M. RATHBUN & CO., PLANING MILLS, And BUILDING MATERIALS. MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.

DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD. Everyone does sometime or another. Now is the time if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding

DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,

at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.

FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS

Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.

Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line. 38 13

MOUNTAIN STATE *Business College,* PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.50 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, President.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1897. NUMBER 3.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby—Personal Mention, Etc.

Jones & Grant, buyers of junk. 52-4

Mr. G. S. Hamill wasnt Clarksburg last Tuesday on business.

Miss Spring is sorry that she didn't bring some heavier clothing.

Spring's ardor was chilled yesterday morniug when the snow commenced flying.

Mr. Chas. Burke, of the Terra Alta *Oracle*, spent Sunday with friends near Oakland.

Mrs. Chris Felty spent two or three days the first of this week with friends in Piedmont.

Mrs. H. C. Shaw, of Piedmont, was visiting Mrs. King Delawder in Oakland a few days last week.

Mr. Lewis P. White, cashier of the Terra Alta Bank, was in Oakland last Thursday on business.

Wanted to buy, a good second-hand stave (saw) machine. Address, P. T. Michael, Westernport, Md. 1-3t.

Mr. Richard Sharpes, of Wheeling, representing a drug house of that city, was in Oakland a day or two last week.

Mrs. G. A. Bolden and two children, of Kingwood, are here on a visit to relatives. They will remain two or three weeks.

Mr. Elmer J. Cook, a young attorney of Baltimore county, was in Oakland last week a few days on professional business.

A large and choice stock of spring and summer millinery and fancy goods now open at M. L. Scott's Baltimore Store. 3-1t

Charles D. Smith will open a private school at the close of public school, March 29th. Charge of tuition proportionate to grade. 52-4t.

Messrs. Eli McMillan, of Accident, and Daniel Hinebaugh, of McHenry, were in Oakland yesterday on business.

Just opened, a nice line of spring dress goods, percales, ducks, worsteds, ginghams, etc. Latest styles and low prices. S. L. Townshend & Son. 3-3

WANTED—A good white girl to do general housework; no washing; apply to Mrs. C. F. Schroeder, cor. 4th and Oak streets. 2-2t.

Mr. John Shartzer, the popular auctioneer, will go to Friendsville next Monday to cry an auction for Mr. Godfrey Felty.

One Minute is all the time necessary to decide from personal experience that One Minute Cough Cure does what its name implies. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Thomas J. Peddicord arrived in Oakland from Cincinnati this morning and will remain a few days looking after business affairs.

At a meeting of the Gardeners' Club held in Baltimore Monday night of this week Mr. Weber, of Oakland, read an interesting paper on carnation culture.

Mr. John B. Fay, U. S. Land Commissioner, after spending two or three weeks with his family in Oakland, returned to his official duties in South Dakota Tuesday evening.

A County Commissioners' meeting has been called for April 3d, when the revision of the assessment will be continued. At this meeting the annual levy will be made.

Mr. Edward M. Heermans, of Kingwood, was in Oakland last Saturday, having been ordered here by a telegram from the New York papers to write up the wreck of train No. 2.

The Orphans' Court was in session two or three hours Tuesday morning. But little business was transacted aside from issuing letters of administration on the estate of the late Mary Friend.

Don't allow the lungs to be impaired by the continuous irritation of a cough. It is easier to prevent consumption than to cure it. One Minute Cough Cure taken early will ward off any lung trouble. Oakland Pharmacy.

Prof. A. W. Hawkes, of Baltimore, is booked for a humorous entertainment in Offutt's Hall under the auspices of the Westminister League on April 6th. Those who attend may be sure of something fine.

E. E. Turner, of Compton, Mo., writes us that after suffering from piles for seventeen years, he completely cured them by using three boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cures eczema and severe skin diseases. Oakland Pharmacy.

Messrs. Spedden Bros. are engaged in putting a new front in the store building owned by Mr. George W. Legge on Second street. When finished the building will be greatly improved.

Last season Ike L. Hall, druggist of West Lebanon, Indiana, sold four gross of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and says every bottle of it gave perfect satisfaction. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Brooke, of Mt. Lake Park, attended the funeral of Mr. John Bancord at New Germany yesterday afternoon.

Messrs. Harry West and Joseph Helbig were in Baltimore a day or two last week. Mr. Helbig went down there to secure the contract for painting the Oakland Hotel and was accompained by Mr. West. The officials who were to award the contract postponed it until some future time they having been summoned to Oakland on account of the wreck here on Saturday.

If you have ever seen a child in the agony of croup, you can appreciate the gratitude of the mothers who know that One Minute Cough Cure relieves their little ones as quickly as it is administered. Many homes in this city are never without it. Oakland Pharmacy.

Messrs. J. S. Lakin, Edward Rinard, Howard Smouse, E. B. Hauger, W. C. Dunnington and a number of other Tarra Altans, walked down from the above place Saturday to view the wreck at the Yough bridge.

Many cases of "Grippe" have lately been cured by One Minute Cough Cure. This preparation seems especially adapted to the cure of this disease. It acts quickly, thus preventing serious complications and bad effects in which this disease often leaves the patient. Oakland Pharmacy.

Many of our readers will regret to learn that "Nemo's" letter will not appear next week owing to the illness of the author with an attack of the grip. His letters are read and appreciated very largely by thousands of persons all over the country.

They are so small that the most sensitive persons take them, they are so effective that the most obstinate cases of constipation, headache and torpid liver yield to them. That is why DeWitt's Little Early Risers are known as the famous little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

Governor Lowndes announced Monday that he would shortly issue a proclamation designating April 15 as "Arbor Day." "I will name April 15," he said, "as April 16 is Good Friday, and on that day all of the schools will have their customary holiday."

All last winter Mr. Geo. A. Mills, of Lebanon, Conn., was badly afflicted with rheumatism. At times it was so severe that he could not stand up straight, but was drawn over on one side. "I tried different remedies without receiving relief," he says, "until about six months ago I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. After using it for three days my rheumatism was gone and has not returned since." For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Rev. Upton, pastor of the M. E. church at Newburg, W. Va., held quarterly meeting services in St. Paul's church Sunday in the absence of the presiding elder. Rev. Upton preached two excellent sermons to large and appreciative congregations, and made many friends while here.

County Treasurer Thomas B. Wiley came up to Oakland Tuesday afternoon bringing with him a load of maple products which he sold to the merchants of town. He remembered the editor, however, and presented him with a quantity of the sweets, for which he has our thanks.

Mr. James M. Litzinger, editor of the *Democrat*, yesterday purchased the Legge building on Second street and will move his office to the second floor of the building in a week or two. We congratulate our neighbor in securing such an admirable location for his plant. He is much nearer THE REPUBLICAN now, but we hope to dwell together in unity.

Monday afternoon a telegram was received by State's Attorney Fred. A. Thayer which conveyed the information that the body of a male child had been found in the Potomac river at a point near Gorman, in this county, by a resident of that town. Later information was received here that a jury of inquest had been impanneled by Justice Wm. I. Brown and a verdict rendered, but which has not as yet been made public. The supposition by the authorities is that the child was thrown into the river and drowned. An investigation is being made by Mr. Thayer.

A good story has just leaked out on Bro Ed. Kildow, editor of the Randolph *Enterprise*, which is first told by the Parsons *Advocate*. It seems that Brother Kildow was recently called up into the mountain region to marry a couple. After the ceremony the groom asked the bill. Brother Kildow said that the law allowed him a dollar. "Well," exclaimed the groom, "here's fifty cents more, which makes you a dollar and a half for the job." It is supposed that Bro. Kildow immediately laid in a supply of "hog and hominy" which, in other words, the advance agent of prosperity has so far failed to bring him in the newspaper business.

IN THE YOUGHIOGHENY.

A Bad Wreck on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Near Oakland.

PASSENGER TRAIN DERAILED.

One of the Coaches Thrown from the Track Into the River.

Gen. Joseph S. Fullerton, of St Louis, Killed and Twelve Others Wounded—Statement of the Cause of the Accident—List of the Casualties.

Saturday morning last persons astir on the streets in Oakland at 7.45 o'clock heard an awful crash, but at the moment were unable to account for it. A few minutes later, however, the trainmen of the St. Louis and New York fast express were seen running down the railroad track into town who reported that their train, known as No. 2, had been thrown from the track and that at least one person had been killed and a dozen more or less injured.

The scene of the wreck was at the Youghiogheny bridge, one and a-half miles west of Oakland, and a more gruesome sight never met the eyes of the hundreds who were soon on the spot. The first thing done was to look after the injured. These were tenderly lifted from the ground and made as comfortable as possible in the cars not overturned.

The only person killed was Gen. Joseph S. Fullerton, of St. Louis, Mo.

THE INJURED:

M. D. Phelps, chief engineer fire department, Barre, Vt.; bruised shoulder.

Mrs. Anna Phelps, his wife; hand cut, face and mouth bruised.

J. Knight Thomas, 19 South Strieker street, Baltimore; slight scalp wound.

J. D. Kuppenheimer, 1770 Madison street, New York city; three slight scalp wounds.

Mrs. Jemima Huston, Davis, W. Va.; severe bruises on right side.

W. R. Teller, Pullman conductor; collar bone and two ribs fractured.

C. S. Martin, of Silian, Kan.; arm mashed.

Mrs. J. S. Hanlin, Carpenter, Ohio; cut and bruised.

J. H. Richards, Fort Scott, Kan.; back, neck and shoulder bruised.

G. H. Sanders, of Alaska, cut and bruised.

A. R. Jackson, Climax Springs, Mo.; slightly injured.

C. W. Davis, a United States mail weigher; slightly injured.

The ill-fated train was drawn by engine No. 1306 and consisted of seven cars—mail, baggage, two day coaches and three Pullman sleepers. The front driving wheels of the engine were first to leave the rails, followed by the rear trucks of the mail car and the trucks of all the other cars of the train. Before the engine could be brought to a stop it had crossed the bridge. The mail, baggage and first coach were slightly damaged and were resting between the two tracks, the trucks buried in stone and dirt. The second coach was lying on its side down the embankment, whilst the first sleeper, Ukraine, was on its side in the river. In falling from the bridge the sleeper turned completely over and in striking the water twenty-five feet below the jar was so great that it was broken completely in two. In this car there were six passengers, including Gen. Fullerton. He occupied berth No. 6, which as the car lay in the water, was entirely submerged. Immediately over berth No. 6 the trucks of the car was piled. It was thought at the time that his body was under the wrecked car and as soon as the wreckage was cleared away it would be recovered. This, however, was not the case. The other sleepers were derailed on the bridge.

Immediately after the accident Dr. Henry W. McComas, the railroad surgeon here, and Drs. Ravenscraft and Hinebaugh, were summoned, who rendered the injured assistance. Later in the day the wounded were conveyed to Cumberland on a special train. They were accompanied by Dr. McComas and Miss Nettie Michaels, the latter in the capacity of a nurse. Rev. S. M. Engle also accompanied the party.

The place where the wreck occurred is at a point a mile and a half west of Oakland where the tracks of the railroad cross the Yough river. At the west end of the bridge is a deep cut through which the tracks run on a six-degree curve. In coming through this cut at a point about 150 feet west of the bridge the front driving wheels of the engine climbed the rail. This cut the bolts holding the angle bars and allowed the rails to spread. The track was torn up a distance of over five hundred feet, but the bridge being new was not injured aside from the ties and guards.

As soon as possible after the accident had occurred several crews of wreckers were at the spot and traffic over the road was resumed at six o'clock Saturday evening. The sleeping car was drawn from the river Sunday and burned.

AN OFFICIAL STATEMENT.

The following statement of the cause and effect of the accident is made by an official of the railroad: "As the train was rounding Reinhard's, about one and a half miles east of Terra Alta, the fireman noticed something wrong under the engine and called the engineer's attention to it. At Offutt's [illegible] discovered that it was a broken [illegible]-hanger. The engineman then [illegible] off his engine and quite [illegible] steam altogether. As he [illegible] the Youghiogheny bridge something broke a pair of angel bars, allowing the flanges to catch the end of the rail, wrecking the train. The marks show clearly that the flange mounted the rail and rode on top of the rail about forty feet before dropping on the ontside and breaking the splice bars thirteen rail lengths west of the bridge. The engine stopped twenty-nine rail lengths from where the joint was broken. It was then discovered that the forward pair of drivers were derailed, but were being carried so they could not touch the ties. No other wheels were off under the engine or tender, and the engineman noticed nothing wrong until as his engine went on the bridge the tender commenced to jump and air was applied by the train breaking in two. The forward trucks of postal car 53 did not leave the tracks and the car did not uncouple from the engine. The rear trucks were derailed between the tracks and slightly damaged. The platform was also slightly damaged, but the body of the car was all right. Baggage car 158 was derailed between the tracks, both trucks were broken down and the platform slightly damaged. The body of the car is apparently all right."

"Vestibule coach 558 had both trucks broken. The car lays between tracks with platform damaged and body of car also somewhat damaged. Vestibule coach 559 lay on its side down the bank, trucks destroyed and the body considerably damaged. Pullman sleeper "Ukraine" fell over the bridge into the river and is totally destroyed, being broken in two. Pullman sleepers "Abylo" and "Irix" were derailed between the tracks on the bridge and slightly damaged. The accident occurred about 7.54 a. m. on a seven degree curve with six inches elevation."

GENERAL FULLERTON'S FATE.

Gen. Joseph Scott Fullerton was born in Chillicothe, Ohio, in December, 1835. Mrs. Benjamin Harrison and Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes were his first cousins. He graduated from the Oxford (Ohio) Law School, and when still quite young began the practice of law. He made some valuable business transactions and was the legal adviser of several large corporations and railroads. He entered the army soon after the civil war began as a captain under Gen. Gordon Grainger's staff, and served throughout the entire four years of the struggle. He rose rapidly until the close of the war, when he had attained the rank of brevet brigadier-general on Gen. O. O. Howard's staff. After the war he married Miss Mary Morgan, a daughter of George D. Morgan, of New York, and resumed the practice of law at St. Louis. Later he was appointed postmaster at St. Louis and served in that capacity during Johnson's administration. By fortunate business investments General Fullerton acquired considerable wealth, much of which he placed in St. Louis real estate. His holdings in that city are still very large. He removed to Washington in 1888, having been appointed president of the Chickamauga National Park commission. He had been to St. Louis to look after the construction of a large office building he has in process of erection there, to cost $300,000.

Mrs. Fullerton died several years ago, leaving one child, a daughter, who is nine years old.

General Fullerton was a member of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland G. A. R., Loyal Legion, Army and Navy Club and Metropolitan Club. He left Washington city a week ago in connection with the work of the Chickamauga national military park commission and joined Gen. Henry V. Boynton at Chattanooga Sunday, March 14. He left there Tuesday for St. Louis' where he remained until Friday, when he took the ill-fated train.

The gentlemen from Kansas, who were enroute for Washington, say that General Fullerton spent a very restless night on the train. He and Mr. J. S. Simpson, of McPherson, chairman of the Republican State committee of Kansas, through some mistake were both given a ticket to berth No. 6 in the middle sleeper of the three sleeping coaches attached to the train. The middle sleeper was the rear sleeper at the time, as a third Pullman was attached later. General Fullerton was somewhat put out as the result of the jumble, and Mr. Simpson offered to surrender the berth when the conductor came along and told the general that he would give him the best berth on the train in the front sleeper. The offer was at once embraced. General Fullerton remarked that he did not care to ride in a rear sleeper anyway. He had gotten up and was on his way to the dressing room when the wreck occurred. His clothes containing his watch, etc., were taken from the wreck. A traveling salesman who lost his shoes appropriated those of General Fullerton, but the Kansas party required him to give them up when they reached Cumberland.

How General Fullerton got out will never be known. There is an impression that he fell through a window and was drowned, having become unconscious in the fall.

THE SEARCH FOR THE BODY.

Immediately after the wreck search was instituted for the body of Gen. Fullerton. Boats were brought from Mountain Lake Park and Grafton and placed at the disposal of persons acquainted with the river. Pike poles, grappling hooks, etc., were used, and the river thoroughly dragged in the immediate vicinity of the wreck and for three or four miles below. Monday morning Mr. W. W. Anker, of Baltimore, who has charge of the floating equipment of the B. & O., with a number of his men, came up from that city and they have kept up a constant search for the body, but up to this time it has not been recovered.

THANKED BY PASSENGERS.

Messrs. J. Knight Thomas, J. D. Kuppenheimer and others, who were passengers on the train have sent to General Passenger Agent Charles D. Scull the following letter of thanks for the kind treatment of the passengers on that occasion.

"We, the undersigned passengers on your eastbound train, No. 2, which was wrecked at the Youghiogheny bridge, wish to express our appreciation of the prompt and efficient services rendered us by your representatives at the time of the accident and later. We also wish to tender to your Mr. F. A. Winans our sincerest thanks for his extremely kind and courteous attention and interest toward all."

No. 5 Solid Oak Extension Table, polished like a piano—has six massive legs. The four outside legs are cornered, braced and finely ornamented. It measures 42x42 inches when closed and 6 feet long when spread. Special Price,

$3.95

(Orders promptly filled.)

The above is but one of over 1000 bargains to be found in our new catalogue. It contains the largest Furniture, Carpets, Baby Carriages, Refrigerators, Stoves, Ranges, Bedding, Rugs, Iron Beds, etc. You are paying local dealers double our prices. Drop a postal for our great money-saving catalogue, which we mail free of all charges. Deal with the manufacturers and you will make the big profits you are now paying your local dealers.

Julius Nines & Son,
BALTIMORE, MD.

A Sudden Death.

Mr. John Bancord, jr., of New Germany, and Miss Ella Casteel, of near Oakland, went down to Cumberland last Tuesday and were married at the Tremont hotel by Rev. Dr. M. F. B. Rice. Mr. Bancord was ill when the ceremony took place and he gradually grew worse until as a result his death took place Monday morning at 1.30 o'clock, despite the assiduous attentions of his anxious young bride and the best medical attention that could be procured. His death was caused by Bright's disease. He was twenty-two years of age and was a son of Mr. John Bancord, of New Germany, and a brother Mrs. F. D. Brooke, of Mountain Lake Park. The remains were sent to New Germany Monday morning where they were interred.

Died.

DAVIS.—On Sunday, March 21, 1897, a little child of Mr. and Mrs. Will Davis died at the home of its parents in Piedmont, and was interred in the Piedmont cemetery Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Davis formely resided in Oakland and have many friends here who sympathize with them in their affliction.

Colonel Eastham Taken to Jail.

Col. Robert Eastham, who shot Frank E. Thompson on the special train at Parsons last Thursday, from the results of which Thompson died in Cumberland Sunday morning at 2.30 o'clock, was taken from his bed at Davis to Parsons, the county seat of Tucker county, Tuesday to await trial.

Great excitement prevails at Davis, the saloons having been closed by the mayor and fifty extra police being pressed into service, fearing trouble. Eastham's condition is not serious, although he is suffering severe pain from three flesh wounds.

Hetrick Sentenced.

This morning His Honor Judge David W. Sloan came up to Oakland from Cumberland and convened court for the purpose of sentencing John Hetrick, convicted at the March term of court of committing a felonious assault upon Sarah Hostetler. Immediately after the judge arrived at the court house Hetrick was brought over from the jail by Sheriff Brown and the usual questions asked him why sentence should not be pronounced. The judge then sentenced him to a term of twelve years in the penitentiary.

Call for your Letters.

Mr. Freeman D. Dewitt, Mr. R. S. Tasker (2), Levi Daugherty, Mr. M. McDyer, Mrs. Joshua Horner, Miss Emma Fresh, Rhena B. Jones.

April 1st, 2nd and 3rd.

We desire to most cordially invite all the ladies to attend our First Grand Opening of Spring Millinery at the "Ladies' Bazar" on above dates, when we will have displayed for your inspection the finest and largest line of millinery goods ever brought here. We have spent the past two weeks in eastern cities studying the styles and purchasing our stock and are prepared to show you all the latest novelties in the line—a large line of pattern hats to show you. We also have a full line of Fine Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Laces, Chiffons, Fancy Silks, Stamped Linens, Embroidery Silks, newest styles in Ladies' Collars, Ruchings, Ties, Kid Gloves, Parasols, Corsets, Belts, etc., etc. Everything new and the latest. Your liberal patronage most earnestly solicited.

CONNELL, CRANE & Co.
"THE LADIES' BAZAR,"
Legge Building, Second Street,
3-3t Oakland, Md.

New Milliner Store.

April 1st, Mrs. W. H. Mabrtte will open a new and fine line of millinery goods in the new building on Main and Railroad streets. She has had five years experience in this line and can please the most fastidious. Her stock will comprise Chicago, Baltimore, Wheeling and Pittsburg styles. She will leave for the different cities shortly to select her stock. 52-4t.

E. L. Program.

The Epworth League of St. Paul's M. E. Church will render the following program on next Monday evening, March 29th:

Singing by the congregation.
Prayer, Rev. J. M. Davis.
Vocal duet, Bessie and Susie Littman.
Select reading, Mr. Robert Townshend.
Violin solo, Mrs. F. G. Hyde.
Select reading, Mr. F. A. Thayer.
Vocal solo, Dr. Robinson.
Oration, Mr. E. L. Mitchell.
Singing by quartette composed of Misses Margaret Miller and Grace Loar, and Messrs. Thomas and Andrew Nelson.
Benediction, Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot.

Not to be Trifled With.

(From Cincinnati Gazette.)

Will people never learn that a cold is an accident to be dreaded, and that when it occurs treatment should be promptly applied? There is no knowing where the trouble will end; and while complete recovery is the rule, the exceptions are terribly frequent, and thousands upon thousands of fatal illnesses occur every year ushered in by a little injudicious exposure and seemingly trifling symptoms. Beyond this, there are to-day countless invalids who can trace their complaints to "colds," which at the time of occurrence gave no concern, and were therefore neglected. When troubled with a cold use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is prompt and effectual.

25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

For Sale.

The Mehan farm near Oakland; 122 acres; two houses, good orchard, well watered. Any person wishing to buy call on J. R. Bishop, Oakland, or James Mehan on the farm. 1-3t.

Married.

FULLER — FAIZEY. — Wednesday, March 17, 1897, at the parsonage of the English Lutheran church, by the pastor, Miss Lillie M. Fauzey to Mr. Harrison Fuller, both of Garrett county.—Frostburg Journal.

Clothing.

In connection with our full line of men's sack and cutaway suits and extra pants, boys' suits, long and short pants, we have a nice line of samples. Fit and prices guaranteed.

3-3t S. L. TOWNSHEND & SON.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

THE WAIF.

Just a lonely little maiden from the city's dust and heat,
A homeless, lonely little waif with blue eyes sad and sweet;
No father's hand with thoughtful care the little life had blessed,
No mother's touch of love had e'er the tangled hair caressed.

Her ears had heard sin's blasphemies, her cheeks had felt its blows,
And in the wide, wide city she had lived—just how, God knows.
But now, out to the country—kind hearts had planned the way—
She rode to breathe the summer breath a fortnight and a day.

Oh, joy of all that journey! and sweeter joy to come
When Farmer Stebbins took her to his pleasant upland home.
The wide old-fashioned wagon was a chariot with wings,
And the big house on the hillside looked grander than a king's.

All the beaming bliss of sunshine, all the woodland's song and stir,
All the bloom of rural beauty was paradise to her,
And the hum of bees that wandered in the daisy fields all day
Was music of another world that stole her heart away.

She knew the spreading maple that the robins loved the best,
She found the clump of grasses where the ground bird hid its nest,
And when the wind at evening whispered through the orchard boughs,
She went with Farmer Stebbins to help drive home the cows.

And when, at quiet bedtime, with touch of tender care
Kind Mother Stebbins' gentle hand brushed back the tangled hair,
One little heart with happiness was full and running o'er,
One little soul was filled with love till it could hold no more.

Too soon the visit ended, the parting time drew nigh,
She kissed kind Mother Stebbins, bid the birds and bees good-by,
And climbed into the wagon with its wide old-fashioned seat,
Once more a homeless little waif with blue eyes sad and sweet.

But when they reached the station and heard the whistle's blast,
Around the farmer's sunbrowned neck two little arms clung fast.
"Don't send me back! Don't send me!" the sobbing creature said,
And Farmer Stebbins swallowed hard, then bent his bushy head,

And soft unloosed the clinging arms and put the grieved child down;
He stooped and kissed the tear-stained face and smoothed the hair of brown;
And then—the long train sped away around a distant hill,
But a happy brown-haired maiden stays with Farmer Stebbins still.

—Sheldon C. Stoddard, in Youth's Companion.

AT ELLIS' MILLS.

Story of a Desperate Fight in Revolutionary Days.

"I don't believe there is anything to be afraid of."

"I'm much of that same opinion myself."

"Then why does old man Ellis want to keep such a guard in his mill? A dozen men on duty here, when there's something going on around New York and in the south."

The speakers were two men named Cox and Skinner, who formed a part of a guard of 12 men at the mill of Scotchman Ellis, or "Old Man" Ellis, as he was familiarly known. This mill was built over the Mohawk river, where its swift current grew swifter within a narrow gorge, and where today the steep rocks that rise along its sides form the foundation of many busy factories. But this conversation we have quoted occurred in the summer of 1780, when there were special reasons why the patriots wished to protect Ellis and the property, which a few years before he had acquired by a patent from Sir William Johnson.

Fort Dayton and Fort Herkimer were both largely dependent upon it for their supplies, and the few families at German Flats had no other place to which they could carry their corn and have it ground into meal. There was a small settlement near the mill, but there were not enough men to protect the property, and so 12 soldiers had been detailed from the continental army to do duty as a guard every night until the pressing necessities of the forts and scattered settlers had been supplied.

The soldiers had been there now for a week, and, as no signs of an attack had appeared, they were becoming tired of the monotonous life. The wildness of the region and the novelty of their duties at first had been sufficient to interest them, but now they were eager to return to the forts, and such words as these we have quoted were frequently heard.

But at the very time when Cox and Skinner were complaining to each other a band of Indians and tories were moving amongst the hills in the darkness, and their destination was Ellis' mill on the Mohawk. Perhaps Johnson had some desire to regain the property from which he had so easily parted; and if his band should succeed, there would certainly be no haggling about the price to be paid, for Ellis would be a prisoner, unless, indeed, he fell in the defense, which it was well known he would attempt.

The Indians and the no less cruel tories stealthily made their way through the darkness. They were familiar with every foot of the ground, and the dim light of the waning moon was all they needed. On they moved, past the few scattered log houses in which the hardy patriots dwelt. They had no time and but slight disposition to trouble them now, for most of the men were in the army, and as for supplies, the country had been pretty well stripped already. Besides, if the expedition against the mill should be successful, perhaps flour and meal would be found in quantities sufficient to last the marauders for some time. If the patriots could not be subdued in any other way, then starvation could be tried; for few men would remain in the army if once they heard that their wives and children were perishing from hunger, and Ellis' mill was the only source of supply in all the region.

Cox and Skinner had ceased from their conversation. It may have been that under their false impression of security they were dozing a little. The sound of rushing water becomes monotonous after a time, and as a narrow rim of the moon was all the light that remained, and even that was obscured by a cloud, it was nothing strange if the men forgot their duty.

But they were suddenly recalled to it. With a yell that was prolonged and thrown back and forth by the rocky cliffs, the Indians and tories made a rush for the mill. Every one within at once knew what it meant, but they were taken off their guard and were poorly prepared to receive the attacking party, which far outnumbered their own.

There was a quick discharge of guns,

ATTACK ON THE MILL.

and one of the defenders fell dead. The Indians already were making a way into the mill, and it needed but one quick glance to convince the guard that all attempts at resistance would be vain; then every man turned to seek safety in flight. But the tories lined the bank, urging their Indian companions to enter the mill, and there was no hope in that direction. Many of the guard leaped out of the windows for the river bed below. Hard as were its rocks, they were not so hard as the hearts of the savages, and the desperate chance was quickly seized. "Come on," called Cox to his companions, as soon as he saw there was no hope of defending the place.

"Where?" inquired Skinner, who was so dazed he scarcely knew in which direction to turn.

"Here. This way"—and the excited men started and ran swiftly towards the mill-race. Two of their companions, named Edick and Getman, followed them, and in a few moments all four of the men were crouching low in the swift, cold water. They kept their bodies under, exposing only their faces, and then awaited the issue. Their teeth were soon chattering and their hands grew numb and stiff. But they were not mindful of such little things, for the yells of the Indians were still sounding, and they concluded that several of their companions were prisoners.

"I can't stand this," said Skinner, when ten minutes more had passed. "I'm going to get out."

"Where are you going? What do you mean?" whispered Cox. "You can't get up the bank, and the mill is full of Indians."

"I'm going, though," said Skinner, with determination. "Will you come?"

Slowly he made his way along the mill-race, but Cox was the only one to follow him. They crawled on, stumbling often and almost overborne by the swift waters, and fearful every moment that their presence would be discovered but at last they reached the great water wheel and concealed themselves under its broad blades.

"Suppose they should start up the wheel?" whispered Cox.

"It would be all up with us if they should," replied Skinner. "It would be just like the redskins to try everything about the place."

In suspense they crouched lower and waited. They could hear the men as they rushed about the mill, but they were searching for prisoners, and as yet had no thoughts of setting the great wheel into motion.

"Men! That's what I've been afraid of all the time," said Cox, after a few minutes had passed. He had caught the reflection of a light, and the strange silence which had fallen over the place for a brief time was now explained. The attacking party had set fire to the mill. The flames climbed higher and higher; the roar was sounding now above the noise of the waters and the shouts of the men. The entire place grew bright and the timbers began to crack and fall. The windows fell, and in the freer draught the flames mounted higher and higher.

"The wind's the other way, that's our only hope," whispered Cox. "If the mill falls it'll be apt to go the other way. If it should fall this way"—

But a groan was the only reply of his companion. How ghastly their faces were in the light of the flames. Each thought he would scarcely have recognized the other. They could occasionally see the faces of the men they had left in the mill race. They would gladly have come to them now, but their only hope lay in their escaping the notice of the band, and any movement on their part would surely be seen. They must remain where they were, while all around them fell the glowing embers.

But suddenly the hearts of Cox and Skinner almost stood still. There came a yell louder than before from the Indians, who were now seen gathering by the raceway and running along its side. Had they been discovered? They tried to shrink farther back under the wheel. But after a moment they saw

CAPTURE OF EDICK AND GETMAN.

that their two companions were the objects of the attacking party, and that they had been discovered in their hiding place.

"Come up out of there," shouted a tory. "Come up and we'll roast you. You'll boil where you are."

A loud laugh greeted his words, but Edick and Getman, well aware that their only safety lay in surrendering, grasped the outstretched hands and were drawn up on the bank. Their own hands were quickly bound behind them, and they were led away.

Meanwhile the fire burned on. The timbers fell about the men crouching under the wheel. The air was filled with smoke and flames, but they resolutely held to their positons.

But all things have an end, and even the horrors of that night passed at last. When the morning sun first appeared, as no sounds from the enemy had been heard for some time and only a smouldering mass remained of Ellis' mill, Cox and Skinner crawled forth from their hiding place, unharmed. They saw no signs of the Indians and tories, who, with half a dozen prisoners, well satisfied with their night's work, had long since sought shelter far away among the hills.

GIFTS TO A PRESIDENT.

Piles of Presents Sent to the White House.

President and Mrs. Cleveland had a unique task preparatory to their departure from the white house. It was a task that all presidents have had to perform since the time of Washington, but none of them ever had so much of it to do as Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, and the great popularity of the latter is largely to blame for it.

During the last four years thousands of packages have been delivered at the white house addressed to the presidential couple. A large proportion of these were gifts to either the president or his wife, and nine-tenths of these gifts were piled up in the great roomy garret of the extensive mansion.

What to do with these gifts is the problem which now confronts the recipients. It would probably make Maj. McKinley the enemy for life of Mr. Cleveland if the latter left the accumulation undisturbed, as the president-elect will doubtless need all of the great garret space to dispose of the gifts which is certain to receive during his stay in the white house.

From certain sources in the white house the information was obtained that at least 3,000 unwelcome gifts have been showered upon Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland since March of 1892.

It is the duty of the president's private secretary to receive all gifts and acknowledge them when the latter is advisable. Enough patent medicines are in the garret to stock a drug store, and these will be turned over to the steward for disposal as he sees fit. Many owners of patent medicines send a sample of their wares to the president in the hope of securing a testimonial or acknowledgment.

Photographs there are by the thousand, and some of them have tacked onto them letters full of pathos. Portraits of babies named after him are there by the score; some of them crayons in gilt frames, which probably cost the admiring parents many sacrifices. These are always acknowledged, the letter being signed by the president. When two photographs are sent the president signs one and returns it to the parents, when it is destined to become a family heirloom.

The mighty fame which Mr. Cleveland has achieved as a huntsman led hundreds of folks to send him fishing rods, guns, game baskets, cartridge belts, reels, lines, hooks, boots, jackets, hats and every imaginable kind of thing that a man might need on a gunning or fishing expedition. Dealers in sporting goods were the greatest givers of stuff of this kind, but whenever anything of value was sent Secretary Thurber returned the gift with a note explaining that the president could not accept it. Of course it would be a great card for some firm to advertise that the president of the United States used Sure Shot & Co.'s gun or Big Catch & Co.'s fishing rod.

During the past four years Mr. Cleveland received enough mascots to last his descendants for the next 50 generations. There is one big package made up of photographs of gentlemen who detected in their own physiognomies a startling resemblance to the presidential features.

The most unique gifts and the ones representing the greatest sacrifice are those sent by homely country folk. Bed quilts of the "crazy" pattern, which must have taken years to sew and embroider; bits of rag carpets; one of them made from pieces of clothing worn by seven generations of the same family; knitted woolen panels depicting religious scenes and a host of similar things are strewn about, each and all of them unveiling a rich mine of kindly feeling for the president. Mrs. Cleveland says all the gifts of this character must be treasured, and soon they will be distributed among the new homes of the family.

Every time a new brand of cigar was put upon the market the average maker sent a box to the president, in the hope of securing a testimonial. These were ignored, and the president never smoked the cigars; in fact he did not know of their arrival, as Mr. Thurber received everything and had the things placed in the garret without notifying his chief. When anything exceptionally odd or out of the ordinary arrived it was shown to the president, but this does not happen once out of 50 times.—Washington Letter.

Marry or Pay a Tax.

The wise legislators of the Argentine Republic have been much troubled about providing a population for their large and fertile country. They have decided to provide a remedy by making marriage almost compulsory. A law has been introduced, the first clause of which reads: "On and after the 1st day of January, 1897, every male from the age of 20 to 80 shall pay a tax till he marries, and shall pay it once in every month." The next clause is more severe, and reads: "Young celibates of either sex who shall, without legitimate motive, reject the addresses of him or her who may aspire to her or his hand, and who continue contumaciously unmarried, shall pay the sum of 500 piasters for the benefit of the young person, man or woman, who has been so refused."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Dried Apple Cake.

Soak three cups of dried apples over night and chop them; simmer them for one hour in two cups of molasses and allow them to cool. After they are cold, add half a cup of butter, two eggs, half a cup of sugar and four cups of flour, one-half cup of milk, two teaspoonfuls of soda, spice to taste, one cup of chopped and seeded raisins, and a little salt.—N. Y. Ledger.

Diplomacy.

She had removed her hat temporarily merely to adjust one of the ornaments. "What magnificent, silky hair she has!" audibly observed a man in the rear. And she was so pleased that she held her hat in her lap until the fall of the final curtain. Such is the force of diplomacy.—Philadelphia Call.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The princess of Wales has now held her title just over 33 years—a period which has been exceeded by only one of her predecessors, Augusta, the daughter-in-law of George II., who was for over 35 years princess of Wales.

—Joseph Briggs, of New Orleans, who has been totally blind for seven years, heard the movements of a burglar in his room and fired three shots in the direction whence the sounds seemed to come. Every shot took effect and the burglar was captured.

—The contradictory reports in the newspapers concerning the Cuban insurrection have sent one poor fellow to the insane asylum at Topeka. He believes that he is Maceo, and that the Spaniards have slain him four times every month for the past year.

—A well-known physician says that Stanley, the explorer, owes the fact that he has survived the most dangerous of his African trips to his having submitted five times to a transfusion of African blood into his veins, which is believed in Africa to be a great aid to acclimatization.

—Surplus.—An ordinary man can say everything that any occasion calls for with a vocabulary of 1,000 words. Of these he generally uses only 400 or 500, using the remainder when an idea out of the usual line of thought occurs to him. Most of us, being only ordinary men, seldom draw upon the surplus 500 words.

—A Curious Postponement.—They do things somewhat curiously in the courts of the Isle of Man. On the conclusion recently of a day's hearing in a right-of-way case, one of the jurors announced that he had purchased a ticket for America, and would not return for some months. The further hearing of the case was postponed until his return.

—The present area of New York, including the recently annexed territory of West Chester, East Chester and Pelham, is 88.85 square miles. The area of Greater London (Metropolitan police district) is 688.31 square miles; Paris, a little over 30 square miles; Chicago, 180.12 square miles; Philadelphia, 129.33 square miles. The Greater New York will contain 359.75 square miles.

—The finished portion of the new congressional library at Washington has about 44 miles of shelving, which will accommodate over 2,000,000 volumes. The ultimate capacity of the building for books will be upward of 4,500,000 volumes, or nearly 100 miles of shelving. In gratifying contrast to the usual result in the case of public buildings construction is that the total cost of the work will be less by $140,000 than the limit fixed by congress.

HE GREW NERVOUS.

Could Not Afford to Lose a Hair or Two Per Day.

The subject of baldness is just now agitating one of the members of the United States senate. Until a man begins to grow bald he considers it a mark of infirmity; after he begins to molt he regards the desert space on his dome of thought as an evidence of intellectuality.

The senator in question is very averse, however, to the loss of his locks, and made deep and long researches into the matter of hair restorers, making practical tests of such as recommended themselves to his judgment, but they did not have the desired effect. He was overjoyed, therefore, when a brother senator returned from abroad bringing with him a tale of a marvelous hair restorative of magic power. One application would make the hair sprout and several applications caused it to come forth in rich, luxuriant locks. The senator's mouth fairly watered at the description of that hair restorer. He begged the happy possessor of this joyous fluid to let him have a bottle, and the senator replied that it should be delivered to him on the next day.

But it didn't come that day, nor the next, nor the next, and the senator grew sick at heart with the hope deferred. Meeting the possessor of the regenerating elixir in the senate elevator the other day he at once buttonholed him and inquired when he could expect that hair restorer.

"Oh, I'll send it down to-morrow," was the reply.

"Well, now, look here," said the senator, earnestly. "I want to get it just as soon as possible. This thing is getting serious — very serious. Why, great Scott, I'm losing a hair or two every day, and can't spare them."—Washington Star.

King of Dudes.

The greatest dandy in the world is Prince Albert, of Thurn, Germany. This fastidious young man attires himself in a new suit of clothes every day, enough yearly to keep 20 experienced workmen going and to run up a bill of $15,000. Each suit of wearing apparel is highly perfumed with attar of roses at $25 an ounce. He wears no less than 2,000 neckties during a year, being an average of three every day. A laundry employing 12 people is kept specially for washing his soiled linen, which he never wears more than twice, and his cast-off boots number 200 pairs a year. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Good Ground for Her Request.

"My mither sent me to see if you wad gie her a calendar like the ane you gied to Mrs. Mackay," said a boy to a grocer in the village.

"But, my little boy," replied the grocer, "your mother doesn't get her groceries here."

"No," replied the boy, "but she borrows them from Mrs. Mackay, and Mrs. Mackay gets them frae you."—London Household Words.

Too Much Competition.

Brassy—Are you in favor of restricting immigration?

Roundsman—Oi am. There are no places to be had on the foorce now, and there won't be none for years.—Philadelphia Press.

The Hot Springs

located in the Black Hills of South Dakota have wonderful medicinal properties for the cure of rheumatism, neuralgia and kindred ailments, and should be investigated by all suffering from such troubles. First-class hotel accommodations and baths. Tourist tickets on sale daily and especially low rates on the first and third Tuesdays of each month. Full information furnished on application to ticket agents C. & N. W. R'y.

When the Lord hands out a woman her harp, she will not feel as proud as when the minister asked for a second piece of her pie at a church dinner.

Specially Remember

That the Cleveland, Akron & Columbus R'y. is still selling round trip tickets between all stations on its line, good going and returning Sunday, at a rate of one fare for the round trip. Ask any agent for particulars, or write to C. F. Daly, General Passenger Agent, Cleveland, O.

It will be heaven to the women because the angels don't wear corsets or tight shoes.—Atchison Globe.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed, 50c and $1.00, all druggists.

Some of our religious doubts are a good deal like the cannibal king's, who, after swallowing a missionary, wondered if he were orthodox, after all.—Truth.

If you need anything in the line of Hay, Coal, Stock, Grain or Cotton Scales, you should write to the Wecks Scale Works, Buffalo, N. Y., for catalogue and information. This is an old reliable firm, and you can rely upon right prices and right treatment.

There are almost as many crises in the average love affairs as there have been in the rule of the sultan of Turkey.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

A man can't flirt with a girl after he has known her awhile.—Atchison Globe.

We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Cough.—Jennie Pinckard, Springfield, Ills., Oct. 1, 1894.

It is brave to overcome, it is saintly to endure.—Chicago Standard.

Sudden weather changes bring rheumatism. St. Jacobs Oil makes prompt cure.

Borrowed trouble demands large interest. —Chicago Standard.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets candy cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made.

Disappointments are wings that bear the soul skyward.

True Blood Purifier

Is Hood's Sarsaparilla as proved by its wonderful cures of scrofula, hip disease, and all forms of impure blood. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Best Spring Medicine. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

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For 14 years this shoe, by merit alone has distanced all competitors. Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers as the best in style, fit and durability of any shoe ever offered at $3.00.

It is made in all the latest SHAPES and styles and of every variety of leather.

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W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

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THE AMERICAN LAND COMPANY, 803 Roe Bldg., - ST. LOUIS, MO.

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NOTICE NAME THIS LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

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PENSIONS for SOLDIERS and WIDOWS

Fee for increase $2. Rejected claims reopened. All laws free. 21 yrs. practice. Success or no fee. C. W. McCormick & Sons, Cincinnati, O., and Washington, D. C.

MOVEMENT OF NEGROES.

Migration Is Southward, Says This Authority.

An attempt is being made to prove that the negro is emigrating to the north, but the facts do not support it, and show quite the contrary.

Mr. Henry Gannett, of the geological survey, published some time ago a pamphlet on the "Statistics of the Negroes of the United States," in which he pointed out "that the causes indicate, in the most unmistakable terms, a general southward migration of the race." This seemed to puzzle a great many northern papers, who could not understand why the negroes should prefer the south, where—according to these same papers—they are not accorded all their rights, and when the north was willing to receive them on terms of perfect equality. It is scarcely necessary to say that the negro receives much better treatment here. There may not be much "hubbub" about him in the papers, and such talk of equality, etc., but he is at least afforded an opportunity of making a living at almost any trade he may desire to practice; whereas, on the other side "of the line" he is crowded out of nearly all the industries, being pettted politically and granted every right except that of making a living.

It is this more than the climate that is responsible for the southward drift of the negro, which seems to so surprise Mr. Gannett, the New York Tribune and others.

The census of 1891 called attention to "the perceptible tendency southward of the colored race," drawing a "notable proportion of that element from the border states;" and this same southward movement is recognized in the opening essay of the 11 census. Mr. Bryce declares in the third edition of his American Commonwealth that "the negro center of population is more and more shifting southward," and that the African is leaving the colder, higher and dry lands" and drawing more and more into "the lower and hotter regions along the coasts of the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico." In a magazine article on "The Colored Race in the United States," Gen. Francis A. Walker stated as his "conviction" that "this element will be more and more drained off from the higher and colder lands into the low, hot regions bordering on the Gulf of Mexico."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

LIFE'S LACONICS.

Oracular Observations on the Manners of Men.

Whenever a boy says he is not hungry it is a sign he is polite.

A promising mine will as surely ruin a man in time as a promising horse.

It is a rare man who gets anything but bills and kicks in his letters these days.

Don't imagine that wall flowers at a dance have no amusement; they make fun of the dancers.

All boarding houses look more or less greasy.

The faults and weaknesses of others will not help you.

Every woman mistakes the wrinkles of age in her face for signs of secret sorrow.

You are no doubt punished a great deal, but here is something worth thinking about; you do most of it yourself.

When a member of a literary society writes an essay out of the cyclopedia she simply puts the essay back into bad English.

There is another reason why you should make a success of your life if possible; nothing makes an old man so disagreeable as failure.

A man is a mystery only to himself; other people understand him.

Nearly every man is compelled to walk up hill to reach his grave.

The trouble with the great human problem is, there is no solution.

If it is said of a man that he is gentle and a good fellow, avoid him; he will finally get you into trouble.

If we were a farmer we would own mules; everybody hates a mule and does not care if he is mistreated.

When the people of a town say that they need a really good newspaper, it is usually a sign that they have one.—Atchison Globe.

QUEER CURRENCY.

Scarcity of Coin of the Realm in Montana Settlements.

Boys in the east sometimes think money a scarce enough article, but they really know very little about it compared with what some of their cousins from the far west could tell them. There one often goes for days without sight of even so much as a nickel, and then the people resort to all sorts of queer devices in order to "make change."

An eastern man, who had occasion to spend many months in Montana tells of having seen a man buy a box of matches with a watermelon and receive as change two muskmelons. Another paid for suspenders in turnips and got a carrot or two back with his purchase.

"But of all the queer financial transactions that I have ever known," said he, "the oddest came under the head of 'paying the fiddler.' It had been noised abroad that a dance was to be given a little way up the mountain, and I agreed to go along with one of the boys to see the fun. After going through the elaborate preparations of blacking his boots and putting on a collar, I saw my companion go to the potato bin and carefully select a dozen nice potatoes and put them in his pocket. No sooner had he arrived at the 'music hall' than he gracefully surrendered his vegetables for an entrance ticket. But what puzzled me the most was that upon coming out after dancing all night, he was given two onions as 'change.' I have been trying to make up my mind ever since just what that dance was worth in the 'currency of the realm.'"—Chicago Journal.

Explained.

Mabel—He says he has never loved anyone else, papa.

Papa—That means that no one else has ever allowed him to.—Up-to-Date.

GREEKS IN THIS COUNTRY.

Rapidly Increasing in Number in the Cities.

By the federal census of 1890 there were only 1,887 natives of Greece in the United States. There were fewer Greeks than men of any other nationality of which computation was made, fewer even than Turks or Sandwich Islanders. Of the Greeks returned by the federal census, 413 were in New York, 259 in California, 254 in Illinois, 145 in Texas — insignificant figures when compared with the fact that in California alone there were by the same census 9,859 natives of Portugal, and there were in one state, Iowa, 955 natives of the little Duchy of Luxemburg. Under these circumstances the proposed enlistment of 250 Greeks in Chicago to aid their compatriots on the Mediterranean in the warfare in Crete (Chicago which had by the last census only 254 Greek residents, men, women and children!) might appear to be, to say the least, a somewhat surprising evidence of fervent patriotism, to be explained, perhaps, by the tendency to verbal exaggeration found by some disinterested and unsympathetic tourist to be general in the countries of the orient. In Pittsburgh, too, where six and a half years ago there were only 12 Greeks of both sexes and of all ages, there were 150 Greek volunteers for Crete.

The explanation of this is as follows: There are now not 1,800 Greeks in the United States, but 18,000. They have increased in numbers by immigration 1,000 per cent. in less than seven years, and there are now 4,800 in New York city alone, 3,506 in Chicago, 1,000 in Boston, and so on. Greece is territorially just two-thirds the size of Scotland. The population of the country is about the same as the present population of the city of New York, 2,000,000. The Greeks are farmers, fishermen and fruit-raisers, and material prosperity is not pervasive in the little kingdom of King George. The Greeks are not, according to the American standard, intelligent and progressive husbandmen or fruit-raisers. They have few local manufactures. The debt of the country is heavy, its credit fair, and its resources not abundant or increasing. With the increase in the American fruit business the enormous development of the fruit products of California and Florida and the relative decline in the fruit importations from the West Indies, the Greeks have found a market for their knowledge, skill and industry in the United States, and they have been coming across the ocean in great numbers and establishing themselves in the great cities of the country. They are peddlers, fruit dealers and retail venders, and possess many advantages. They are quick-witted. They learn English readily. They have a natural aptitude for trade, for negotiation and for bargaining—so much so that the Greeks have come to be known as "the Jews of the Mediterranean." They are the money-changers, bankers, factors and traders of all Egypt. They are to be found in all the large cities of Turkey, both in Europe and in Asia, and in southern France, particularly in and about the city of Marseilles, they are very numerous and influential.

But the Greeks and the Italians in the big cities in the United States are always quarreling. They are business rivals. They do not dwell together in harmony. The ardent temperament of the men and women of both nations, neighbors abroad, but of different races; the difference in religion and the jealousy of centuries—all these things have the effect of fostering their lack of friendliness for each other. More than 20 centuries ago Greece and Rome were rivals for the political mastery of the civilized world. To-day a dozen Greeks and a dozen Italians, if residents of one house, will wrangle and dispute with each other over anything from a masquerade ball ticket to the location of a fruit or peanut stand. Oddly enough, as has been observed, the Greeks in New York and elsewhere dwell in harmony with other foreigners, except the Italians, and the Italians with other foreigners except the Greeks. The adoption of the reading and writing test for immigrants will have the effect hereafter of excluding relatively more Italians than Greeks, for the ratio of illiteracy is higher in Italy than it is in Greece.—N. Y. Sun.

Pounded Cheese.

This is an excellent method to adopt for the utilizing of any pieces of cheese which have become too dry or unsightly to serve in their original form. Put the pieces, say half a pound, into a mortar with a teaspoonful of made mustard, an equal quantity of fine white sugar and a good seasoning of either cayenne, curry powder or anchovy essence. Pound the whole to a smooth paste, moisten with butter, slightly melted, and then press the mixture into small jars; cover with a thin layer of clarified butter, tie a thick paper over the top, and store in a cool place until required. When prepared in this way cheese will remain good for several weeks, and will often prove a great help to the housewife when there comes an unexpected demand for a dainty little dish at short notice. Serve it thinly spread upon pieces of crisp, cold toast, or, better still, upon daintily-prepared croutons which have been fried until richly browned.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Which Is a Fact.

She—No. I don't prefer men who are known to be rich.

"How can that be?

"They don't spend their money so freely as men who want to be known as rich."—N. Y. Times.

Every Time.

Smith—You say a small boy gains every time he is thrashed?

Jones—I do.

"What does he gain?"

"A real Spanish victory.—N. Y. Truth.

THE GERMAN SCIENTIST.

Has Tackled the Problem of the Stovepipe Hat.

A German scientist has tackled the problem of the stovepipe hat. His explanation of the place of that piece of headgear in the general scheme of things will fill a long-felt want, says the New York Tribune. Incidentally it may cause a social revolution. He says that man has gone a step further than woman in the social evolution and that whereas he once wore, as woman does now, flowers and feathers on his head, he has now come to the conclusion that his cranial beauty is "when unadorned adorned the most." Hence the shiny stovepipe. Alas that this explanation, though plausible, is not convincing! A German scientist is, of course, generally speaking, a mere machine into which you feed facts and get out theories, but in such a matter as this he is only frail humanity and is liable to have his judgment warped by his prejudices. What a tale of domestic tragedy may lie wrapped in the pessimism of his theory! The idealism of the courtship, the rude shock of the first post-nuptial milliner's bill, the rapid succession of similar shocks throughout the matrimonial experience, comparable only to an electric battery getting in its fine work, and then, finally, utter and ungallant cynicism! Why does not some woman rise like him with ponderous scientific verbiage to the defense of the theater hat? It needs it.

WAS TRUE TO HER LOVER.

History of Miss Phoebe E. Dubois Romantic and Pathetic.

Miss Phœbe Emmons Dubois, whose funeral occurred at Bath Beach, New York, the other day, had a romantic and pathetic history, says an exchange. She was 62 years of age, and for the past 30 years had mourned the loss during the war of her lover, a young Virginian of the well-known Carten family, who became an officer of the confederate army and lost his life at the battle of Antietam, where he displayed signal bravery. After graduating from Vassar college Miss Dubois made her debut in Brooklyn society at a fancy dress ball given by her parents. There she met Henry Carten, who was then on a visit to New York in the attempt to get southern sympathizers in the Empire state to contribute to the confederate cause. It was a case of love at first sight on both sides, and young Carten immediately sued for Miss Dubois' hand. She was willing, but her parents positively refused their consent because of Carten's southern affiliations. He returned to Virginia heartbroken and shortly after "went to the front," where death found him. Ever since that day Miss Dubois has been a recluse.

The Typewriter's Empire.

"During a recent session of parliament, Sir William Harcourt found himself," says a writer in the Leeds Mercury, "unexpectedly in view of an important speech, and having no notes, went into the stenographers' room to prepare some. He procured a lady typist, and dictated to her for some time. As he wound up a glowing peroration, the lady typist suddenly gasped and burst into tears. 'Would you mind saying all that again?' she said, plaintively; 'I've forgotten to put any paper in the machine!'"

NAVAL MISHAPS.

We Make Too Much Fuss and Sensation Over Trifles.

We have a good navy, and we do not appreciate it. As a matter of fact, says the Boston Journal, casualities to our new armorclads and cruisers have not been particularly frequent when their size and their number are considered. In this country every trivial misfortune is caught up and exploited by the sensational newspaper, but nothing like a record of similar accidents in foreign navies. Barring the destruction of Admiral Kimberly's fleet by the Samoan hurricane in 1889, which no skill or foresight could have prevented, our naval service for many years has been remarkably free from really serious disasters. There is nothing in our records to compare with the capsizing of the British frigate Captain with half a thousand men in 1870, or the fatal collision of the British ironclads Vanguard and Iron Duke in 1875, or that of the German ironclads Kaiser Wilhelm and Grosser Kurfurst the year following, when 300 men perished, or the loss of the British training ships Eurydice and Atalanta in 1878 and 1880 with 600 officers, sailors and apprentice boys, or the sinking of the British flagship Victoria, with Admiral Tryon, 22 officers and 330 sailors, by collision with the Camperdown on June 22, 1893, in the Mediterranean, or the wreck of the Spanish cruiser Reina Regente, on March 10, 1895, with 420 officers and seamen.

The list of minor accidents to foreign naval vessels in the past few years would be too long to enumerate. But the stranding of the British armorclads Howe and Ansou, the flagship Amphion and the cruiser Sultan were far more grave affairs than any such accidents which have occurred to any of our own heavy vessels within this period. We have had our fair share of trouble, perhaps, but no more than that.

Found in a Codfish.

While a large catch of codfish was being gutted at Buckie, Scotland, a curious discovery was made. On one cod being opened a lemonade bottle, tightly corked, and bearing the name of Messrs. J. Hussack & Co., Elgin, was found in its stomach. The bottle was opened and a piece of paper was found inside which ran: "Schooner Lucio foundered 86 miles off Dunnet Head. God help us. J. Chmas Ghent, Lerwick."

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SHOWING ON THE FACE OF IT.

Stamping Spoons.

Spoons are stamped by a piece of machinery which takes the sheet of silver and in one stroke cuts out the spoon.

FOUND ON A WEED.

Rich Find of a Little Girl in a New Jersey Field.

After having given up all thought of ever finding a valuable diamond ring which he lost in a singular way four years ago, Robert Groff, a chief clerk in the Pennsylvania railroad office in this city, living at Berlin, N. J., recovered the jewel the other day, says the Philadelphia Times.

Mr. Groff was swinging Indian clubs on the lawn at his farmhouse on one November evening in 1892, when the ring slipped from his finger and was lost in the grasss. Despite the careful search made by Mr. Groff and two farmhands the ring did not come to light. The next day the plat of grass was carefully raked off and after being carefully examined the grass and dirt were deposited on a compost heap in the barnyard. During the winter a portion of the compost was transferred to the farm of Mr. Peacock, two miles away.

While playing on the Peacock farm recently a daughter of Farmer Morgan noticed a bright sparkle on a rank weed stalk about two feet from the ground. Upon making a closer examination of the weed she found it encircled by a gold ring in which was set the sparkle that dazzled her eyes. She realized that the ring was valuable, and breaking the weed off ran into the farmhouse with it. Everybody in the neighborhood had heard of Mr. Groff losing his ring four years ago and owing to its value the incident was remembered by the neighbors.

The little girl's parents recalled the loss and upon Mr. Groff's return home from his office in the evening he was overjoyed at finding the long-lost diamond again safe.

THE CLIMAX FAILED.

Because the Cannon Had Not Been Loaded the Point Was Lost.

The fort was surrounded. Thousands of savage Indians had hemmed in the gallant little band and cut off every avenue of escape. The brave commander was on his knees, with a revolver in each hand, firing right and left, and between shots he breathed a prayer for help, says the Detroit Free Press. The few of his noble soldiers, who preferred death to capture and torture by the hideous savages, knelt by his side and fought like demons.

The Indian warriors were preparing for a last desperate charge on the brave band who dared to oppose them. There was but one charge of powder left in the old cannon in the fort, and the grim piece was aimed by one of the blue-coated veterans for a last deadly blow.

There was a lull in the battle and all prepared to die, when suddenly on the clear, frosty air came the sound of a faint cheer, as of approaching reinforcements. The little band in the fort heard it; the Indians, too, heard it, for they came pell-mell at the fort in a last furious charge.

"Tom," said the commander (and there were tears in his eyes as he spoke) "give 'em our last dose of canister!"

The hardy veteran touched the match to the fuse and it burned slowly down, but the gun did not go off. The property man had forgotten to load it and was fined $5.

PRESIDENT M'KINLEY AND HIS CABINET.

1.—WILLIAM M'KINLEY, President.
2.—JOHN SHERMAN, Secretary of State.
3.—LYMAN J. GAGE, Secretary of Treasury.
4.—RUSSELL A. ALGER, Secretary of War.
5.—JOHN D. LONG, Secretary of Navy.
6.—JOSEPH M'KENNA, Attorney General.
7.—JAMES A. GARY, Postmaster General.
8.—CORNELIUS N. BLISS, Secretary of Interior.
9.—JAMES WILSON, Secretary of Agriculture.

THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.

Often She Does Not Know How to Set a Table.

"I know when a thing looks wrong," exclaimed a very young housekeeper despairingly, "but I cannot tell what makes it right."

That necessity is the best teacher seems to be an article of faith with the great majority of American mothers, who seldom teach their daughters even the rudiments of housekeeping. This is hardly the fault of either mother or daughter—life is so full nowadays—and the time of both parent and child is so crowded with occupation that neither the one nor the other has the leisure either to learn or to teach. When the girl marries the man of her choice, especially if he is a poor man and they have to begin life simply, she finds herself more ignorant than she would have believed possible about the A B C of domestic arrangements; and how to train the inexperienced maid she has engaged to take charge of her little apartment is a veritable puzzle. To set out an attractive, well-cared-for looking table is by no means as easy as it seems to be in a well-ordered house. Any inexperienced person will easily find this out if she tries the experiment.

"I soon learned that I had no idea which side the glasses went on," said a young wife, telling of her first experience in coaching a raw servant. "I did not know whether the forks were turned up or down. When the table was set everything looked higgledy-piggledy and awry, and I could not tell for the life of me what was the matter."

A well-known writer on domestic economy says that there are three graces which should preside at the table—cleanliness, order and good taste. Everything should be arranged with geometrical correctness. The table should be in the exact center of the room, with the sides perfectly parallel with the walls. The white canton flannel undercloth should be kept taut by means at each corner of buttons and eyelet holes. The cloth must have the folds absolutely straight with the table. The forks should be on the left and the knives on the right of the plate; forks and spoons should be turned up, not down; tumblers and wine-glasses are at the right and above each plate. Salt-cellars with the spoon by them, not in them, and pepper and mustard cruets are arranged in the corner of the table a little beyond the plates. The napkin should be laid on the plate with a roll or piece of bread within its folds. Individual taste may govern the rest of the arrangement but to have every article laid on with the most absolute precision and similarity should be the first principle to instill into the mind of a new servant. Any deviation is sure to spoil the looks of a table.

The rules here given are absurdly simple, but it is astonishing how few servants understand how to set a table and how many mistresses there are who are incapable of directing a new maid.—N. Y. Tribune.

EMERSON'S DECISIONS.

He Left No Room for Misunderstanding His Meaning.

Emerson was not an epicure, but he knew how to appreciate a fine dinner. Several witnesses have given their testimony in regard to his partiality for what he called "pie." In "Sketches from Concord and Appledore," the author says that Emerson was fond of pears; knew the best varieties and the order in which they ripened.

He used to say that there is only ten minutes in which a pear is fairly ripe: before that it is too hard and afterwards too soft.

There are many anecdotes told of his good sense and sagacity, and the following is perhaps equal to any of them:

One summer there was a camp meeting of Spiritualists at Walden pond, and every evening they held an entertainment of speeches, singing and music to which a small admission fee was charged. It happened, however, that the picnic pavilion was situated close to Mr. Emerson's land, and numbers of Concord people went out of curiosity and leaning against his fence heard and saw everything that went on. A committee of Spiritualists consequently called on Mr. Emerson and requested permission to collect fees from those who stole their entertainment in this manner.

At first thought this might not seem unreasonable; but Emerson replied: "No, I have always enjoyed the privilege of walking upon my neighbors' fields, and I cannot now refuse the same right to them."

Emerson's no was always decisive, and if one person could not induce him to change his mind, I do not believe 20,000,000 would have succeeded in doing so. When he was in a lawsuit regarding some property, and the suggestion was made that he should compromise, he said:

"By no means. If it is mine I want the whole of it; if it is not mine I do not want any of it."—Youth's Companion.

The Cannibal's Joke.

The cannibal chief regarded the fairest of the soubrettes who had been cast upon his shores. "And so your name is Olive?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," she replied, timidly.

"And you can entertain me with the popular operatic roles?"

"Yes, indeed!" she exclaimed, eagerly. "What would your majesty care to see?"

The savage chieftain smiled suavely. "I think," he observed, "that I will wait till dinner-time, and then we will see Olive-et."

A rude titter ran through the ranks of his dusky followers.—N. Y. Press.

Difficult, Not Hard.

Teacher—Give me an example of the use of the word "contagious."

Pupil—Street cars are not contagious. They are awful hard to catch.—Boston Transcript.

The Republican.

BI[illegible] S.G.L, Editor and Proprietor.
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md

THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1897.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN celebrated his birthday Monday. Mr. Bryan will he remembered as a young man who ran for office last fall.

A GREAT many people who are howling about the non-appearance of the Advance Agent of Prosperity might find out how he looks if they would talk less and work more.

POSTMASTER GENERAL GARY announced officially that unless removed for cause postmasters both presidential and fourth class, will be allowed to serve their four year term. This is proper.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN receives $16,000 as royalty for the first month's sales of his book. As a regular thing that would far exceed the President's salary, but there are some books that fully supply the demand in the first month after they are issued.

THE Populists in Congress have failed to convince Mr. Reed that they are entitled to representation on the House committees. The speaker says he prefers to recognize them as a part of the Democratic organization. All who are not Republicans are lumped together as the "opposition."

SILVER is down very near the lowest point which it ever touched while wheat is at a high level, and is likely to go higher. Nobody hears the parrot talk now of silver and wheat being yoaked together, but this is because the silver issue is dead, temporarily or eternally. If the issue should be resuscitated in 1900 the follies and falsehoods of 1896 would be repeated.

A Timely Topic

The desirability of good roads has heretofore been alluded to in these columns, but it is a subject that will bare mentioning again.

There may be those to whom the topic is entirely new. To any such who may read these lines we desire to say that those who have given the matter much thought declare that in many respects good, smooth, hard, level roads are much better for general purposes of travel and transportation than highways filled with ruts and mud-holes and loose sand and stones of all sizes.

This appears like a bold statement when we consider that the latter class of roads has been in vogue in many localities for a century or two and no one has seen fit to secure others. However, it would almost seem as though there are obvious reasons why a hard, smooth, level surface is better calculated for the rolling of a wheel than a very soft or uneven one.

And we almost feel justified in saying that, all other things being equal a wheel with a broad tire would be more likely to stay on the surface of the road, and thus pull easier, and do less damage to the roadway, than one with a narrow, cutting tire.

Parties who see anything of interest in this subject of better highways, to which we have again referred, are requested to exchange ideas with their neighbors and others, with a view toward securing good roads in their respective communities.

The "Democratic Press."

It if difficult now to speak of "the Democratic press of Maryland."

The fitness of things is thereby abused.

This was even so before last year's surrender to the free coinage craze—indeed, ever since Gorman became at once the Mentor and master of the so-called "Democratic press."

These observations arise from a reflection upon the inverted order of natural relations.

Instead of being the follower of a single man "the Democratic press" ought to be the leader of the Democratic legions and the trumpeteer of Democratic opinion.

But what a spectacle was that last year, when Gorman threw to the winds his gold-standard platform of June to make an impossible "Democratic" fight on at least four undemocratic planks!

Yet this was nothing to the far more sorrowful show of "a free press" clinging to his coat-tails as he raced his way from historic Democracy into the ranks of Bryanism, Populism and Altgeldism!

It was the saddest of all the party apostacies in the history of the country—the twin companion of free speech abdicating the only throne and renouncing the only impersonal majesty set up in the organic law—a free press.

The lesson is a good one for the Republican press, too.

No party paper should be any man's paper—until he is nominated, and not then if he is or becomes a deserter from party principles.

No party paper should sustain a party dignitary, or even the party itself, when wrong.

No such paper is a constituent of "a free press."—Frostburg Journal.

The Distribution of Pie.

The statesmen of New Jersey know how to adapt themselves to circumstances. They are determined to have their State's share of the pie, if it is to be had, and they are wasting no time about it. They have acquiesced in the views of the pie distributor, instead of opposing them and insisting upon the adoption of their own ideas.

President McKinley has determined to let the Senators and Representatives of the several States do the worrying over the patronage, while he carefully avoids assuming the responsibility of pleasing everybody.

An illustration of the plan adopted by Mr. McKinley was reported the other day, when a Senator carried away 40 applications for office to the White House. The President asked if the Senator expected him to appoint all the men suggested. The Senator thought his State was entitled to at least five or six good appointments.

"Well," retorted the President, "suppose you take those papers away with you, and, after consulting on that basis with your delegation, pick out five or six of the best men, and all join in recommending them. There is plenty of time."

"It would be difficult to make a selection," suggested the Senator.

"Not so difficult for you as for me," replied the President. "You know the men and I don't."

"I mean that it would be embarrassing for me to indicate a preference in many cases."

"You want me to assume that embarrassment, then, which I will not do. I am willing to share the responsibility, but I cannot make any appointments from your State unless you select the men. You must get together too; I do not propose to settle any controversies."

The President's plan is a wise one, and no doubt it will be adhered to strictly. The New Jersey delegation has "got together" already and has presented its list, thus falling in line with the new order of things and placing that State in a position to be attended to promptly.

The Railroad Pool Decision.

The decision of the United States Supreme Court handed down on Monday, against the Trans-Missouri Freight Association, appears to be of a most sweeping nature. The decision is based on the Sherman anti-trust law, and gives to that statute a force greater than the legislation now before Congress, intended to do what that law was supposed to be powerless to preform. According to Senator Cullom, chairman of the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, "it will have the effect of absolutely putting an end to every kind of joint agreement concerning traffic rates, distribution of profits, etc., by the railroads. From this time forward no such agreement will be possible except by express enactment of Congress."

It is feared that the decision will be followed by rate wars most disastrous, if the hint given in Senator Cullom's language is not acted upon.

The country can hardly be oblivious to the evils that spring from railroad wars. The good which attends them is generally out of all proportion to the cost. Competition should be encouraged by congressional act, up to the degree where it is legitimate and not destructive, and combination permitted under the Interstate Commerce law, where such is to the clear advantage of the people.

Railroad wars, it was once said, have cost the country as much as to have the railroads themselves, and the sound business sense of the country, as well as that of the transportation interests, will doubtless evolve something that will serve as makeshift until the Sherman law is perfected according to the necessity indicated by Senator Cullum.

No Hope for Gorman.

In a speech delivered on Thursday night at a banquet held at Rennert's in recognition of the services of D. F. Marcuey in organizing the Sound Money Democratic League of Baltimore county, Edgar H. Gans sounded a note of warning to the "regular" Democracy in the State that is most significant. He replied to the toast of "Harmony Within the Party" and in part said:

"My conception of a party is that it is composed of men having like principles which they think vital to the welfare of the country and State. You teach your sons to belong to the Democratic party because you believe in it and its principles. If you find the members of such a party asunder on fundamental principles, you cannot unite them except by bringing all to believe in the fundamental truth. The unity of a party is organic unity. It is as a tree and its branches. The mere fact that men label themselves Democrats amounts to nothing. The Democratic party in Maryland is divided into two camps. Our camp is larger than you have any conception of. This was demonstrated last fall.

"The fight for sound money in Maryland was made by virtue of Democratic votes. They are the earnest thinkers of the party, the sound men the men who don't want office. They love the principles of Democracy and they want to drag it out of the mire into which it has been drawn by its leaders. The other camp in the party is composed of men who hold office, want office or hang with it because of family tradition. The two camps are far asunder. What will bring them together? There are two practical questions to submit.

"The elections this fall will elect a Legislature which will select a United States Senator. Who is to be that Senator? Is it to be Senator Gorman? No! You and I believe in sound money. Thank God the people of the United States do. You believe in a clean party organization, with clean leaders, and not in political tricksters and charlatans.

"I look upon Senator Gorman as the destroyer of the Democratic party. He has affected an organization and held it together on low lines. The people say that we have Gormanphobia. Why? If you find a man always in your way you have got to knock him aside. He is the incarnation of the worst in politics. It is essential that Senator Gorman shall not go back.

"You can't get men to buy the hatchets simply to heal differences in party ranks. 'They have made it desolation and call it peace.' We want peace through truth; without truth there can be no peace. The *sine qua non* is that those who believed in free silver must come to us; we will not go to them. Mr. Bryan, the boy orator, said that we must come to them in sack-cloth and ashes. Are you willing to bend the knee to the silver fallacy after you have fought it? True men never bend the knee except to truth."

The Republican party must awaken itself to the situation. Here is a condition of affairs laid bare, which means a great deal, provided the Republican party will make acceptable nominations. The independent element in the Democratic party will come to their aid if worthy candidates are presented and a clean political organization is maintained. Political bossism and jobbery must not be allowed to creep into the ranks of the party, and there is an element in the State which will be of far greater service to the party than any dissatisfied voters who may come, and that is the young people who are just ready to attach themselves to some political policy which appears to them most worthy of their first vote. The opportunity of Republicans is at hand.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

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I reckon that intensity of love for one's country has always been most noteworthy among populations that have inhabited one region for ages. The "rocks and rills" of such a land all become, in time, the scenes of events that makes them precious, and the hillsides cover the bones of unnumbered dead, whose names are still borne by the living. So the hearts of the people strike their roots into the soil, and become part of it; as even with the Greenlanders, whose dreary coasts hold the feeling of the inhabitants in such a thrall, that absence means agony—even death.

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I reckon also, it is easy of proof that the ancient people most firmly knit together in one, were those whose precarious existence was continued only by vigilance and conflict. I need not hesitate to cite the Spartans, since the mind of each well informed reader will at once recall the hardening and unifying experiences of that little nation, whose members preferred to perish together, rather than live separated. Similar proof is given by Rome in its early days, when it was being prepared by most strenuous experiences for the conquest of the world. National trials largely account for national strength.

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Furthermore, the nearer people come to telling the deeds of heroes by word of mouth—as did Homer, the Old Testament worthies, and the bards when books were few—the easier is it to keep alive the flames of hate, or the willing surrender of self to patriotic duty. When the flashing eyes of the father recennate the story of his own deeds that he is pouring into the child's soul or when the "mother-knee" instruction tells why the child's father fought and died, then the father becomes to him "a living epistle," and his ancestors, "a cloud of witnesses."

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Where are we now? Approaching the home land. When long residence in one place, a perpetual state of conflict, and the handing down of war traditions by the fathers, are found to be strong inducements to patriotism, what hope is there for our country? In one hundred years, or, in other words, since the fathers of living aged men were boys, our population has grown from something over 5,000,000 to about 70,000,000. Of these 17,000,000 have come from abroad, since 1820, and the offspring of these fecund immigrants, who can number? Our swarming and restless population, ever moving forward into virgin territory, has made the area of the United States increase from 325,000 square miles in 1776 to over 3,600,000 square miles in 1897. Our people of New England notwithstanding the remarkable history of the early settlement of that region, in many cases gathered their belongings together and settled on the southern boundaries of the great lakes and beyond. The group of southern states with Virginia as a centre scattered their children north, south, east and west, breaking up almost entirely the ties of location. As a consequence of this mixing and moving and changing of inhabitants, it is practically impossible to find in America the never-dying affection for places that characterizes more stable populations. Compared with older nations in Europe, we are but new-born infants. For instance: Buda Pesth, in Hungary, has recently celebrated its thousandth year of existence.

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Bulwarked by oceans, free from European entanglements, placed apart by the fiat of the Almighty whose will set our bounds, the millions of this country, without a known possible invader are beckoned forward into a new century. A nation whose population increases by leaps and bounds is being subjected to none of the concentration that comes from attack and is realizing none of its benefits. We have more of subjugated territory behind us than of slain people, and the wars in our history are as nothing to the bulk of our population. What of military glory have we to start the blood of the modern boy tingling within him? The Revolution is a mere shadow to our myriad new comers; the war of 1812 even more so, except for Perry; the Mexican war one of mere extension; the Rebellion, a battle between brothers to have been forgiven as soon as ended, if Lincoln had lived. Even admitting that the Titanic struggle was thrilling, what meaning has it for the twelve million emigrants who have landed and multiplied since then? Our heroes are mere names to them, and the point at issue something they have never seen. The boy of other lands can know that the blood of his kinsmen has wet the earth to keep inviolate from conquest the spot on which he stands. Thrilled by their deeds he can swear to dare what they have dared and can sanctify himself to the task left by them. But our boy's father may not so much as know the smatterings of our language, and probably may understand still less of our history. The average American youth is therefore entirely deprived of personal touch with warriors who have fought for "Home and Native Land." What he learns of warfare and our country's battles must be from the unimpassioned pages of school histories.

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Because some, even many, nations have reached their highest civilization by means of continuous battles and because the redolent of human blood is not on every page of our history there are not wanting those who can see no bright future for us, ordained, as we are, to isolation and peaceful development. They fear that our civilization will come tumbling around our ears some day because there is no over-mastering call to arms and to the subjugation of self that war entails. The fear is not ill-founded, neither is it unanswerable. The attempt will be made in this column to show that "peace hath its victories" and quietude its problems; that there are calls sharp and decisive, away from selfishness, and that whether the answer of our nation is to be satisfactory to all demands placed upon it, depends on the young people of the present day.

The Bike and Its Dangers.

With the advance of spring the "bike" will be more and more in evidence. As a fashionable fad there is none to dispute its respectability; but after all, does cycling pay? Does it tend to preserve or to restore health? Its reign has been too short to aid the medical man to answer this question decisively. But Dr. Shadwell, in the current number of *The National Review*, attempts to answer it. He admits that as a form of exercise it has its value; "it is good for many people." But, he adds, "my point is that among the enormous number who have taken to it within the last two years there are many others for whom it is not good, but distinctly hurtful, and that in ways and for reasons which are not yet generally recognized."

Regarding those who cannot ride even a moderate distance without unpleasant or serious consequences he says:

They may not be so numerous as I suppose; but they exist, and there is nothing on the face of it to distinguish them from the rest. That is where the danger lies. * * * One danger is exophthalmic goitre; * * * another is internal inflammation, of which the symptoms are much pain and a kind of chronic dysentery, extremely obstinate and of the most lowering character. The first case that I noticed was that of a lady of good constitution, active and able to hold her own at other forms of exercise. She mastered the machine with exceptional facility, almost at the first essay, and was an easy and graceful rider. But being rather timid, she never rode more than a mile or two at a time, and that at the most moderate pace. Nevertheless, this trouble developed itself, and did not subside for months, to the great detriment of his health, which has not yet recovered.

Another danger to cycling to which Dr. Shadwell calls attention is appendicitis caused by bicycle riding. The numerous cases where the result of cycling is nervous exhaustion, headache, insomnia, lassitude, nervous depression and prostration, which are not induced by overexertion but by the effect on the nervous system, should serve as a warning, particularly to wheelwomen, to use this new means of locomotion with the extremest caution. It is not only the nerves that are affected in many cases, but a weakness of the heart's action is also a symptom, and a very serious symptom, of the effects produced by this fashionable form of exercise. Dr. Shadwell says:

These effects resemble those of over-indulgence in tobacco or alcohol, and are nearly allied to that effection of nervous origin which is called sick headache. * * * The theory of overexeration is quite inadequate to explain the kind of effects here described. The true cause seems to be in the extreme instability of the two-wheeled machine, which can never be left to itself for a single moment without dismounting. In this respect bicycling differs from any other occupation whatever. The strain of attending to it may not be very great in itself—sometimes it is, and sometimes it is not—but it never ceases; and this incessant tension is the thing which tells on the nerves. How incessant it is the demeanor of most riders declares with an emphasis which still excites ridicule, familiar as the sight has become.

The bicycle has not been long in general use—sufficiently long, at any rate, to develop all its possibilities for good and evil—but Dr. Shadwell's article is likely to call a halt in its indiscriminate use. He shows that bicycling is attended with serious evils, and suggests that in adopting it as a mode of rapid transit "very much greater caution is necessary than has been generally supposed."

Marriage Licenses.

Marriage licenses have been granted by Clerk Tower of the Circuit Court for Garrett county since Feb. 2d, 1897, to the following persons:

Franklin Pierce Grabill, of Berkeley county, W. Va., and Katie Amanda Hileman, of Garrett county.

Jacob Wiley and Lizzie Steiding, both of Garrett county.

Edward Davis, of Garrett county, and Lucinda Shipley, of Fayette county, Pa.

John Burges and Jemima E. Fike, both of Garrett county.

James Bliss King and Emily Flanigan, both of Gorman, Garrett county.

Archibald Hamill Beckman and May Fitzwater, both of Garrett county.

Sidney Haymond Summerville and Mary L. Thayer, both of Grafton, W. Va.

George Meade Price and Bertha Freeman, both of Marion county, W. Va.

Samuel Miller Millison and Hattie Lamley, both of Marion county, W. Va.,

Charles R. Strickler and Matilda Sine, both of Marion county, W. Va.

George Gank, of Garrett county, and Marietta Balner, of Grafton, W. Va.

Amos Toothman and Phoebe E. Efaw, both of Marion county, W. Va.

Thomas F. Bucher and Cassie Bushon, both of Wetzel county, W. Va.

William D. Reed and Attie Reed, both of Harrison county, W. Va.

George Jacob Kessler and Avarilla Wass, both of Garrett county.

Claude Dunnington Fleming, of Fairmont, W. Va., and Lillie Widdows, of Morgantown, W. Va.

Samuel Judson Zearley, of Point Marion, Pa., and Sylvia Rowe, of Scottdale, Pa.

Lloyd Franklin Broadwater and Lucretia Weitzell, both of Garrett county.

Roswell John Fletcher Bartlett and Mrs. Margaret Catharine Smith, both of Garrett county.

Franklin Stewart and Annie Conner, both of Corinth, W. Va.

William Yost and Clara Musgrave, both of Monongalia county, W. Va.

Waitman Lloyd Hovatter and Ida Bolyard, both of Barbour county, W. Va.

Albert J. Rexroad and Ella E. Hardesty, both of Garrett county.

Two were marked "don't publish."

Poor Blood

When a horse is poor in flesh, a new harness won't give him strength. If a house is cold new furniture won't warm it. If your strength is easily exhausted; work a burden; nerves weak; digestion poor; muscles soft; if you are pale and worn out, the trouble is with the blood. It is not so much IMPURE blood as POOR blood. Pills won't make this blood rich; nor will bitters, nor iron tonics, any more than a new harness will give strength to the horse, or new furniture will make a house warm. For poor blood you want something that will make rich blood.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites is the best remedy in the world for enriching the blood.

We have prepared a book telling you more about the subject. Sent Free. For sale by all druggists at 50c. & $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

Brevities.

We have received a communication from a correspondent near Deer Park giving his views why the school term should not be over five months, which will be published in the next issue of THE REPUBLICAN.

Superintendent L. A. Rudisill is preparing to issue a large edition of a sixteen-page paper setting forth the advantages of Mountain Lake Park as a summer and health resort. The paper will contain a detailed program of the Chautauqua.

A canvass among the druggists of this place reveals the fact that Chamberlain's are the most popular proprietary medicines sold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, especially, is regarded as in the lead of all throat trouble remedies, and as such is freely prescribed by physicians. As a croup medicine, it is also unexcelled, and most families with young children keep a bottle always handy for instant use. The editor of the *Graphic* has repeatedly known Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to do the work after all other medicines had failed.—The Kimball S. D. GRAPHIC. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Langhlin, Deer Park.

Big Land Deal.

Notley B. Browning, of Cranesville sold a tract of timber and coal land last week to a syndicate of Pittsburg capitalists. The tract contained 2,400 acres, and the price paid was $8 per acre.

North Dakota Excursions.

There will be a special party leave eastern points on March 29th and April 5th for North Dakota, which will connect with special trains from Chicago, leaving Chicago the evenings of March 30th and April 6th, *via* the Wisconsin Central and Great Northern Railways to the homes of the original Dunker settlements.

The special low rate of ten dollars and fifty cents will apply from Chicago on the above dates. Purchase the cheapest ticket to Chicago, call on Mr. Max Bass, 220 South Clark Street, Chicago, and he will furnish you with a ticket from Chicago to North Dakota at the above rates.

Advise A. C. Harvey, 42 South 3rd Street, Philadelphia, Penna., if it is your intention to join the party. 3-4

Free Stop-over at Washington.

On all through tickets between the east, west, north and south, reading via Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, a stop-over at Washington can be secured, without extra charges for railroad fare, by depositing the ticket, upon arrival at Washington, with the B. & O. station ticket agent at that point. Washington is always attractive to visitors, and particularly so while Congress is in session. This arrangement for stop-over privilege will doubtless be appreciated by the public, and will bring to the National Capitol many travelers to view its superb public buildings, monuments, museums and thoroughfares. 2-2t

It is surprising what a "wee bit of a thing" can accomplish. Sick headache, constipation, dyspepsia, sour stomach, dizziness, are quickly banished by DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Small pill. Safe pill. Best pill. Oakland Pharmacy.

WANTED.—To buy a good 3 or 4 room house with large lot (¼ acre) between Terra Alta and Deer Park, for cash. Price must be reasonable or no sale. Address: C, this office. 3-4t

A Large Lumber Plant Burned.

Last Saturday night the large lumber plant, owned and operated by Messrs. Clark & McCullough, near Friendsville, was entirely destroyed by fire, entailing a loss of several thousand dollars. This plant was one of the best and largest in Garrett county, employing a hundred or more men.

Accounted For.

"Have you noticed," asked the Observant Man, "that there are not so many golden-haired girls visible to the naked eye now as there were some years ago?"

"I had not noticed it," replied his hearer, "but since you mention it, I believe you are right. What has become of them?"

"Their disappearance is another of the results of the general use of the bicycle."

"Your explanation needs explaining."

"It is very simple. The bicycle has driven a great many horses off the streets and roads, and of course among the horses which have gone there must have been a good many white ones. As there are not so many white horses, it naturally follows that there are not so many red-headed girls."—New York Journal.

School Board Notice.

The office of the Board of School Commissioners will be open for the transaction of public business on Tuesdays and Saturdays, until further notice. 3-tf.

PEN PICTURES

From the Southland.

Resuming the trip to the South with a short and inadequate description of that beautiful country the writer feels his inability to do the subject at hand justice.

The city of Galveston, Tex., where the business sessions of the Editorial Association were held, is a well laid out city. Every street in it is as straight as it is possible to make them, and it was through the courtesies shown us by the citizens of that city which made our short stay there enjoyable. Turning, however, from the hospitality of these Southern folk, we leave them and shall be content for a short while to dwell upon scenes of more historic interest, and with a hurried glance leave Galveston and journey westward a short distance to San Antonio, the City of Missions and the western metropolis of Texas.

Commercially, San Antonio is a busy bustling city of probably forty thousand inhabitants. Its streets are wide and shaded. Its plazas or parks, beautifully laid out, of which there are three—the Alamo Plaza, the Main Plaza and the Military Plaza. All of them are in the business heart of the city and around them are collected the greater portion of the retail establishments, the hotels, the city and government buildings and other commercial institutions.

But to the writer these beauties were as nothing compared to the pages of history written in blood drawn from the hearts of the brave followers of Travis, Crockett and Bowie. We felt that we were upon sacred soil.

It was under the white and gold standard of Spain that the first habitation of the future city of San Antonio de Bexar was constructed. For two hundred years the galleons and caravels of the peninsular kingdom had borne doughty knights and pious Franciscans to the shores of the New World. While England and France were struggling for supremacy east of the Mississippi, the Spaniards had conquered Mexico, and pushing to the northward, had established the missions and presidios of California and New Mexico. Between the Rio Grande and the French territory of Louisiana stretched vast wastes of desert lands, inhabited only by tribes of savages and beasts of prey, forming an apparently impassable barrier to invasion. This fancied security, however, soon proved to be a delusion, for, in 1714, Huchereau St. Denis set out with an exploring party from the settlement of Natchitoches, braved the desert wastes and savage hordes, and actually reached the banks of the Rio Grande. Here, it is true, he was promptly seized and imprisoned, but the mischief had been done, the impregnable barrier had been shown to be vulnerable, and immediate steps were necessary to prevent future, and, perhaps, more successful incursions; consequently, in the following year, Don Domingo Ramon, with a band of troops and Franciscans, was deputized by the Viceroy of Mexico to establish a line of forts on the northeastern frontier, and on this expedition, on the western bank of the San Pedro river he located the first military post of San Antonio. In 1718 a band of Franciscans from the college of Queretaro arrived at the little presidio and under its protecting care began the establishment of the Mission of San Antonio de Valero, the first of the missions and the one whose career was destined to be the most eventful, for it afterwards became the Mission of the Alamo.

From the beginning of the nineteenth century the history of the Alamo is the history of San Antonio. Its sculptured walls witnessed the scenes of the Revolution of the Hidalgo in 1811, the first of a long series of similar uprisings; it saw the separation of Mexico from Spain in 1821; in the same year it welcomed Austin and his followers, the pioneers of the new and American colonization; it resounded with the cries of the revolt against Mexico in 1834; it became, in 1836, the last rallying place of Travis, Crockett and Bowie and their devoted band of patriots who, beneath its groined arches, fought for Texas and for freedom until the last man had yielded up his life's blood; it saw this massacre avenged by the glorious victory of San Jacinto six weeks later; it passed through the prosperous era following the annexation of Texas to the United States; beheld the advent of steam, of electricity, of modern progress and enterprise, and it stands to-day a silent memory of the vicissitudes and hardships, the bloody deeds and the splendid triumphs, the sorrows and glories of the past. The Alamo is a melancholy but picturesque ruin. While the walls, the beautiful carvings at the entrance and the general ground plan remain essentially the same as they were a century ago, the roof and some of the upper windows are modern. The earth serves as the only flooring. Here and there on every column still clings, to remind the visitor of the awful conflict which raged within these four walls, evidences of the leaden messengers from the rifles of the merciless Mexicans that cut their way through the old wooden doors which creak upon their rusty hinges as they swing back to let you enter. Pass through the door and the visitor will notice a small room on either side of the main entrance. One of these rooms was used as a confessional and the other as a kitchen—for the Alamo, as above stated, was a church as well as a castle. Near the rear and in the main room, or chapel, are two columns supporting the roof. In the extreme rear of the building are two more rooms similar to those at the entrance. One of these was used as a powder magazine and the other as a sleeping apartment for the priests. The building, from the exterior, has the appearance of being two stories, but the roof is arched and has but one floor, that furnished by nature. Originally the Alamo was surrounded by a wall eight or ten feet high and three feet thick. Inside this enclosure and between it and the Alamo proper the pioneers with their families and cattle took refuge at the first sign of trouble with the Indians or Mexicans. Such is a brief description of the place where the brave Travis and Crockett and Bowie yielded up their lives and witnessed their heroic death-struggles.

The following account of the battle of the Alamo is a matter of history which should be learned by every true and patriotic citizen of the country:

On December 10, 1835, Gen. Sam Houston captured Bexar (San Antonio) from the Mexicans under Gen. Cos, and caused the fort to be dismantled. After his defeat Cos retired to Laredo on the Rio Grande. Nearly all the Texans had returned to their homes, leaving the fort with a garrison of only 140 men under Col. William B. Travis, to guard it. The treachery displayed by Gen. Cos when he was met at the Rio Grande by the Mexican General Santa Anna and compelled to violate the terms of surrender and march back to attack the little band of brave defenders at the fort, has called forth from every writer words of condemnation, but such is the nature of the Mexican. On February 23, 1836, the Mexicans, 4,000 strong, after taking possession of the town, erected batteries on both sides of the San Antonio river and bombarded the fort without cessation for twenty-four hours. During this time over two hundred shells were exploded inside the fort, yet not a single man was killed or injured, while the Texan sharpshooters, standing upon the ramparts, were able to pick off man after man of the enemy. Thus matters stood on the 23d of February, 1836. On the 24th Col. Travis sent out by messenger the following appeal:

COMMANDERY OF THE ALAMO, }
BEXAR, Feb. 24, 1836. }

Fellow Citizens and Compatriots:—I am besieged by a thousand or more Mexicans under Santa Anna. I have sustained a continued bombardment for twenty-four hours and have not lost a man. The enemy have demanded a surrender at discretion; otherwise the garrison is to be put to the sword if the place is taken. I have answered the summons with a cannon shot, and our flag still waves proudly from the walls. I shall never surrender or retreat. Then I call on you in the name of liberty, of patriotism, and everything dear to the American character, to come to our aid with all dispatch. The enemy are receiving reinforcements daily and will no doubt increase to 3,000 or 4,000 in three or four days. Though this call may be neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible, and die like a soldier who forgets not what is due to his own honor and that of his country. Victory or death!

W. BARRETT TRAVIS,
Lieutenant Colonel Commanding.

P. S.—The Lord is on our side. When the enemy appeared in sight we had not three bushels of corn. We have since found in a deserted house eighty or ninety bushels, and got into the walls twenty or thirty head of beeves. T.

These messages were repeated from day to day, but only thirty-two men were able to gain the fort from the outside. Travis was then ignorant of the force of the Mexicans. On March 3d Travis made his last appeal to the convention in session at Washington, on the Brazos river. To a friend he wrote, "Take care of my little boy. If the country should be saved I may make him a fortune, but if the country should be lost and I perish, he will have nothing but the proud recollection that he is the son of a man who died for his country." By this time, owing to the scarcity of provisions and the constant vigil kept by the defenders the health of the men were undermined but their spirits were not broken. On the afternoon of the 3d the bombardment of the fort suddenly ceased. This was but the beginning of the end, for both sides then commenced making preparations for the death struggle, knowing full well that before many days had become and gone one side or the other would be annihilated. Parading his men before him Travis, in a voice broken, and trembling in every limb with suppressed emotion, told them that he had now given up all hope of receiving reinforcements.

"I have evidently confided too much in the promise of friends," said Col. Travis, addressing his men. "My call on Colonel Fannin remains unanswered. My messengers have not returned. I leave every man to his own choice. Should any man prefer to surrender or attempt to escape he is at liberty to do so. My own choice is to stay in the fort and die for my country, fighting as long as breath shall remain in my body. Do as you think best." With his sword he drew a line on the ground, and invited those who were willing to stay to cross the line. The first man to respond was Tapley Holland, whose example was instantly followed by everyone present except one named Rose. Every sick man who could walk arose from his bed and crawled across the line. Colonel Bowie and others who were unable to move were, at their own demand lifted across. Rose leaped from the wall and escaped. His account of the happenings of the 3d of March were afterward published. A Mexican account says reinforcements for the Mexicans arrived on the 3d, and preparations for the final assault began. Four attacking columns were formed, and at 4 a. m. on March 6th, the band stationed with Santa Anna about 500 yards from the Alamo sounded the signal for the assault—the "deguello"—no quarter. The fort was reached and the walls scaled. The Texans had a few pieces of small artillery. Their projectiles having been exhausted they used scraps of iron and nails. A terrific fire met the assailants. Men fell by the score from the scaling ladders and walls, shot, clubbed and cut. Barricades of sandbags before the doors and windows and on the parapet of the roof furnished a slight protection. Encouraged by overwhelming numbers the Mexicans renewed the assault from different directions. The column under General Castrillon made a lodgment in the north-eastern part of the Alamo. The Texans fought like tigers. Muzzle to muzzle, hand to hand, bowie knife and bayonet made bloody contest; every inch was defended desperately, the ground, roof and wall slippery with blood. Forced to abandon one room, the Texans retreated to another. A cannon defended the entrance to the hospital, a long dark room on the ground floor. It was presently captured by the Mexicans. A pile of dead of both sides attested the fierceness of attack and desperate defense. With the captured piece the defenders on the roof were swept from their position.

Thus they fought until but six of their band was left alive. These, including Davy Crockett, surrendered to Castrillon, under promise of protection, but being taken before Santa Anna, they were by his orders instantly cut to pieces. Col. Crockett fell stabbed by a dozen swords. Col. Bowie, ill in bed, was then shot, but not before he had killed several of his assailants. Major Evans was shot while in the act of firing the powder magazine.

By 9 o'clock a. m. the tragedy was over. Not one of the defenders was left alive. Their bodies were gathered by the victors and burned. Santa Anna stated after his capture at San Jacinto: "We brought to San Antonio 5000 men, and lost during the seige 1541 of the best of them. The Texans fought more like devils than like men."

Of the defense of the Alamo it has been said: "Thermopylæ had her messenger of defeat, but the Alamo had none."

THE MEN OF THE ALAMO.

By James Jeffrey Roche in Ballads of Blue Water.]

To Houston at Gonzales town, ride, Ranger, for your life,
Nor stop to say good bye to-day to home or child or wife,
But pass the word from ranch to ranch to every Texan sword,
That fifty hundred Mexicans have crossed the Nueces ford,
With Castrillon and prejudiced Cos, Sesma and Almonte,
And Santa Anna, ravenous for vengeance and for prey,
They smite the land with fire and sword, the grass shall never grow,
Where northward sweeps that locust horde on San Antonio!

Now, who will bar the foeman's path, to gain a breathing space,
Till Houston and his scattered men shall meet him face to face?
Who holds his life as less than naught when home and honor calls,
And counts the guerdon full and fair for liberty to fall?
Oh! who but Barrett Travis, the bravest of them all!
With seven score of riflemen to play the rancher's game,
And feed a counter fire to hail the sweeping flame;
For Bowie of the broken blade is there to cheer them on,
With Evans of Conception, who conquered Castrillon,
And o'er their heads the Lone Star flag defiant floats on high,
And no man thinks of yielding and no man fears to die.

But ere the siege is held a week a cry is heard without,
A clash of arms, a rifle peal, the Rangers' ringing shout,
And two and thirty beardless boys have bravely hewed their way,
To die with Travis if they must, to conquer if they may.
Was ever bravery so cheap in Glory's mart before,
In all the days of chivalry, in all the deeds of war?

But once again the foemen gaze, in wonderment and fear,
To see a stranger break their lines and hear the Texans cheer,
God! how they cheered to welcome him those spent and starving men!
For Davy Crockett by their side was worth an army then.
The wounded ones forgot their wounds; the dying drew a breath,
To laugh at death;
For all knew Davy Crockett, blithe and generous as bold,
And strong and rugged as the quartz that hides its heart of gold.
His simple creed for word or deed, true as the bullet sped,
And rang the target straight: "Be sure you're right, then go ahead!"

And were they right who fought the fight for Texas by his side?
They questioned not; they faltered not; they only fought and died.
Who hath an enemy like these, God's mercy slay him straight!
A thousand Mexicans lay dead outside the convent gate,
And half a thousand more must die before the fortress falls,
And still the tide of war beats high around the leaguered walls.

At last the bloody breach is won; the weakened lines give way:
The wolves are swarming in the court; the lions stand at bay;
The leader meets them at the breach and wins the soldier's prize;
A foeman's bosom sheathes his sword, when gallant Travis dies.
Now let the victor feast at will until his eyes be red;
We may not know what raptures fill the vulture with the dead.

Let Santa Anna's valiant sword right bravely hew and hack
The senseless corpse; its hands are cold—they will not strike him back.
Let Bowie die, but 'ware the hand that wields his deadly knife.
Four went to slay, and one comes back, a dear he sells his life,
And last of all, let Crockett fall, too proud to sue for grace,
So grand in death the butcher dared not look upon his face.
But far on San Jacinto's field, the Texas tents are set,
And Alamo's dread memory the Texas steel shall whet.
And fame shall tell their deeds who fell till all the years be run—
"Thermopylæ had left one alive—the Alamo left none."

The perjured Cys and Santa Anna as the gazed upon the dead face of Davy Crockett cowered with fear, and while they desired to accord him a soldier's burial, yet their morbid dread so overcame them that they ordered the body hastily burned. And it, together with 190 other victims were taken to the center of the plaza, and alternating a layer of bodies and a layer of rails from a fence nearby, a ghastly funeral pyre was raised and given to the flames.

Just six weeks from that day the fall of the Alamo was terribly avenged on the field of San Jacinto. And when on that fateful day the keen blades of Houston's victorious soldiers flashed above their conquered foes—not to have been at the Alamo, was worth more to the victims than Madre's mines of gold. At this battle Santa Anna was captured, and afterwards set free—certainly a manifestation of mercy almost divine.

If we could first believe that this marauder possessed a soul, and then accept the doctrine of the transmigration of souls the conviction would force itself upon us, that the butcher of the Alamo was again at his ghastly trade in the person of the Governor General of Cuba.

Maryland to the Fore.

It was almost impossible to elbow one's way through the crowd of office-seekers that thronged the corridors of the Senate yesterday. The jam was almost as great as at the White House which is saying a good deal. The marble room was one mass of humanity. Senator Wellington was absolutely buried beneath a surging mass of hungry Marylanders, while Senator Hanna was seized at every turn. Senator Cullom was waylaid at his committee room as early as he reached the Capitol by an applicant for a consulship, and there was somebody at his elbow every other minute of the day. Senator Mason was also in great demand.—Washington Post.

Garrett County.

Garrett county is a good place to live according to the Cumberland *Times*, which announces that no healthier place can be found than on the plains of Garrett. The water is as pure as ever ran. The land will grow nearly all fruits and vegetables and of a flavor that is excelled nowhere. It is rare to see a faulty apple or potato. Pears and plums grow to perfection. The land when tamed produces excellent wheat and corn. The grazing is as good, if not better, than can be found in any other county in the State, or in any other Eastern State. It is first-class for all kinds of stock-raising; bees do splendidly; the sugar maple grows to perfection, also buckwheat. Buckwheat cakes, with honey, maple syrup and mountain butter, cream and milk would tempt the gods, and none need wonder at Garrett county becoming popular for residents, tourists, or health-seekers. The scenery is grand. The mountain lakes afford grand opportunity for sport. Garrett need only be visited to satisfy one that it is "on top." It is the upper story in many respects.

To all of which we say amen.

ORDER NISI.

Annie E. Veltch vs. Adam H. Long and Anna C. Long, his wife.

No. 816 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered, this 25th day of February, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Percy H. Veitch, attorney, as aforesaid, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 29th day of March, 1897; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 29th day of March, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $600.00.

True copy—test: E. Z. TOWER,
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. Clerk.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Enamel Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

Merchants, Bankers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

For sale by

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

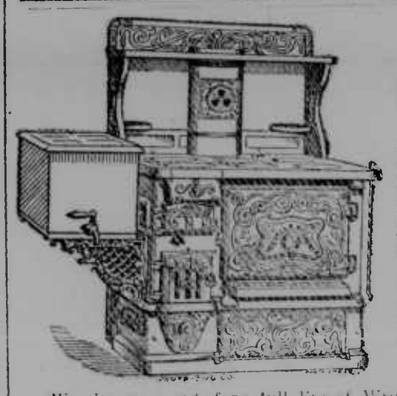

THE PRONOUNCED SUCCESS OF THE

CINDERELLA

STOVES & RANGES

is due to good material, perfect workmanship, and a thorough knowledge of the wants of the housekeeper. Every feature to promote durability, cleanliness and economy has been well planned and developed.

If you buy a CINDERELLA you run no risk; they are good bakers and perfect roasters. Made in all styles and sizes. Price from $12.00 up. Your money back if not satisfied.

We also are agents for a full line of Wrought Steel Ranges, which embrace every improvement of merit, with drop oven door, high shelf or warming closet, large copper reservoir holding 15 gallons. Price $25.00 to $35.00 according to style and finish. Send for catalogue.

J. M. DAVIS & SON, Oakland, Md.

Wm. Frederick, Jr., & Son,

OF FRIENDSVILLE, MD.,

Are quoting an array of extreme bottom figures never before mentioned by any house anywhere, solvent or insolvent, no matter whether cash or credit.

Big prices will not do in these times when even the wealthy cannot afford to waste their money, and the poor require double duty of every Dollar and every Penny.

We deal in good goods and not in trash, and believe the masses will patronize the house that sells the best goods for least money.

We offer such unanswerable arguments as no house can match—leaders and specialties at quotations that no other can offer—stern and stubborn facts that will level your head on the subject of genuine bargains.

We invite an early and repeated visit and inspection; our stock will be replenished every few days, and to merchants we offer some special leaders fully 15 to 20 per cent less than current prices in New York City.

Don't forget the place but just follow the crowd into the

Great New York Racket Department Store,

of the above firm.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., March 25, 1897.

The County Commissioners for Garrett County, Maryland, will meet at their office in Oakland on

MONDAY, APRIL 5, 1897,

for a final review of the assessment made and returned by the General Assessors for Garrett County. After completing their work as a Board of Control and Review, they will go into session as a Board of County Commissioners and remain in session until the Annual Levy is made for the year 1897.

All persons having claims against Garrett county must have them filed with the Clerk of the County Commissioners on or before the 5th day of April, 1897, otherwise they will be excluded from the benefits of said accounts or claims.

By order of the Board,
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

ESTATE OF MARY FRIEND, DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett County, Maryland, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the estate of

MARY FRIEND,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 3d day of October, next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 22d day of March, 1897.

MAGGIE MANKINS, } Adm'rs.
JOHN S. MANKINS, }
Swanton, Md.

3-4

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, November 28, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7—Daily		5 A. M
No. 1—Daily		7 A. M
No. 51—Accommodation except Sun.		8 A. M
No. 3—Daily		10 A. M
No. 55—Express, daily		5 P. M
No. 5—Daily		6 P. M

GOING EAST.

No. 8—Daily		5.39 A. M
No. 2—Daily		6.31 A. M
No. 52—Accom. daily except Sun.		1.58 P. M
No. 46—Daily		4.03 P. M
No. 4—Daily		12.29 A. M

* Will take passengers for Terra Alta, Bowlesburg, Newburg and Parkersburg.

CHAS. O. SCULL,
General Passenger Agent.

E. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.

IN EFFECT FEBRUARY 28, 1897.

SOUTHWARD No. 3	No. 1	STATIONS		NORTHWARD No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	P. M.
3 00	7 30	Cumberland	ar	11 15	7 30
3 20	7 50	Rawlings		11 00	7 05
3 45	7 15	Keyser		10 35	6 48
4 00	8 00	Westernport		11 15	6 30
4 04	8 04	W. Va. C. Junc.		11 11	6 25
4 34	8 25	Shaw		10 45	5 57
5 00	9 01	Davis		10 10	5 29
6 15	9 15	Elk Garden		8 50	*1 10
5 55	9 50	Gormania		9 10	4 55
5 42	9 36	Bayard		9 24	4 17
5 57	9 57	Dobson		9 25	4 38
6 27	10 27	Thomas		8 53	4 08
6 55	10 55	Davis	ar	8 00	3 15
6 31	10 31	Coketon	lv	8 48	4 01
7 01	11 01	Hendricks		8 17	3 30
7 07	11 07	Bretz		8 08	3 25
7 10	11 10	Parsons		8 05	3 20
7 15	11 15	Kerens		7 50	2 45
8 00	12 01	Elkins	lv	7 15	12 30
	1 30	Beverly	lv		*1 55
					P. M.
	3 05	Beallington	lv		*11 30
P. M.	P. M.			A. M.	A. M.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Steel Frame Spring-Tooth Wheel and Lever Harrow.

We have just received samples of the latest improved Wheel and Lever Spring-tooth Harrow yet invented.

The frame is made of the best steel, rolled in such shape as to give the least weight with the greatest strength. It is carried free from the ground by the wheels behind and pivoted shoe in front, which makes it the lightest draft, strongest and most convenient harrow upon the market.

Our patent clamp tooth holder has many advantages over any other device for attaching the teeth. It is adjustible in every respect. By simply loosening one nut the tooth may be set in any position and moved around until entirely worn out, while at the same time it has more spring and not being weakened by a bolt hole, there is less danger of breakage.

The harrow is so constructed that it will clear itself of trash readily, and it is as light as possible consistent with durability. Each section is interchangable, so that the harrow may be used in one, two, three or more sections if desired.

The harrow is fully warranted, all parts being made of the best material. It is free from infringements upon the rights of the National Harrow Company and everyone else. We will fully protect all purchasers in the sale and use of this harrow.

J. M. DAVIS & SON, Oakland, Md.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Frey & Hawk vs. Charles Washington and wife.

No. 798 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors and heirs of Chas. Washington and wife, to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before Friday, the 9th day of April, 1897, as I will on that day proceed to state an audit to the above cause, distributing the funds in the trustee's hands to persons entitled thereto.

EDWARD H. SCNELL, Auditor.

TOM'S WIDOW.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

"Ye-es," said Mrs. Craige, as we sat sewing in her cozy sewing-room, "most folks notice that tidy."

The tidy in question was a nightmare vision, a combination of gaudy colors never to be found excepting in those horrors devised by the economical to use up "odds and ends." It was made of canvas, and bits of zephyr wool, left from more ambitious pieces of work, were sewed in pell-mell, without regard to color, in a set black that was enough to set anybody's teeth on edge.

"Do—do you admire it?" I asked, fearful of giving offense by plain speaking.

The old lady took off her spectacles, wiped them, put them on again, leaned her head on one side, and said, slowly and gently, in a voice mild as new milk:

"My dear, I think it's the most unutterably hideous object I ever beheld in the whole 70 years of my life. Nobody could have made that tidy but Tom's widow."

"Oh!" I said, not knowing exactly how to answer, for Mrs. Craige was almost a stranger to me. My husband, who was a missionary preacher, was making a lecturing tour and Mrs. Craige, an influential member of the Evanstown congregation, had invited me to stay with her and rest from much weary travel. I was soon made to feel at home in the dear old lady's motherly care, but it is easily understood that I could know nothing of herself or her neighbors and family excepting what she chose to tell me.

"You do not know who Tom's widow was, my dear," she said, presently, as I stitched in respectful silence; "how should you? Tom was my son; one of my sons, I should say, for I had nine, and four daughters, though you find me alone. Some are dead, some are married, but all who are living have their own homes and families. Tom went to California and started a business; he married there, and when he died it was natural for me to suppose that his widow would remain in her own home, among her own people. Tom was not 30 when he died, and I knew she was very much younger. But one day when I was grieving, as mothers will, my dear, for my son, there walked in a little mite of a figure that I should have taken for a child but for the heavy widow's draperies. She came straight to me, lifted her veil, and, looking out of a pair of baby blue eyes straight into my face, said:

"'I am Daisy, dear mother. Tom's widow. I am all alone in the world, but Tom said he was sure if I came to you, you would be good to me.'

"I took her straight into my heart, the little, winsome darling, and I loved her as my own. So, my dear, if I tell you of my trials with her, do not think it was from want of love."

I was sure it was not, for the dear old lady's voice was full of tenderness.

"It was lonely for her for one thing," said Mrs. Craige, "for her mourning, and it was a deep-hearted sorrow, kept her secluded; and as there was no need for her to employ herself usefully, she began to plan delightful surprises for me. She was possessed by a very demon for fancy work. While she exercised it upon sofa cushions and footstools with distorted dogs and dislocated cats embroidered in Berlin wool upon them, I endured in patience, although my old-fashioned ideas were certainly amazed at the sums Daisy spent on materials. Tom had left her well provided for, and as she had no expense here, her pocket-money was a very handsome income. As I said, I did not object to the poor little lonely child taking all the pleasure she could find in embroidering hideous designs on canvas, and putting the results in the most conspicuous places in the house, but this mild form of her mania soon gave place to the desire to excel in every species of work that came up to waste the money and time of idle women. This old house, which was in my husband's family before the revolution, is full of treasures endeared to us by age and association, and our sailors and travelers have added many a relic to the ornaments and furniture. The first piece of vandalism that I was expected to admire, and secretly groaned over, was the potichomanie transformation of a pair of Venetian glass vases that my son Henry brought from Europe for me. They stood in the spare room, and never was a servant allowed to touch them, the exquisite, fragile beauties! Imagine my horror when Daisy exultantly led me to the room and displayed her handiwork. My lovely vases! Inside of each one was pasted a colored landscape cut from paper, over which a garland of leaves was varied by bunches of grapes, currants, cherries, flowers, birds and butterflies. Then the inside was plastered with blue paint. What was on my tongue was never spoken, for the blue eyes danced with delight at my supposed pleasure, and how could I be cross to Tom's widow?"

"Could you never get it off?" I asked, pitifully.

"Never. My vases were ruined. The next really dreadful deed, varied by atrocities of minor importance, was Daisy's discovery of my great-grandmother's wedding-dress, a white-brocaded satin that we cherished far more than my old gold, but which Daisy ruthlessly cut into pincushions, embroidering each one and producing them triumphantly for a Christmas surprise. The girls were here—my girls—and my sons and their wives, and there arose such a howl as sent the wee blue-eyed mite to my arms in sheer terror. It was at that party that Willie Norman, whose brother is my Kate's husband, first saw Daisy. Long after the others had forgotten the pincushions, I saw Willie in a corner with Daisy, evidently consoling her. Two babies, together, my dear, though Willie is the dearest fellow! He came over quite often after that (they live at Fernwood, ten miles from here), and was kind enough to discover all sorts of latent talent in Daisy for decorating everything within reach. What I suffered from the decalcomania fever never can be described.

"I can imagine it. I had five sisters, and we were all smitten," I said. "What started as a beauty to cover unsightly spots soon became a frenzy! My mother came to the rescue at last and scrubbed away every inch."

"Willie brought her all the designs to be found, and carried the china she decorated (?) to be baked! Oh, my dear! The tea set made in Canton for Mr. Craige's grandmother's wedding present, with gilt monograms and quaint handles to the cups, all different, was decorated, carried off by Willie, the horrible pictures all baked in and then presented to me for a birthday gift. I could not tell you half, no, not the twentieth part of the dreadful destruction. You can see, dear, that the house is finished inside with oak, to which not a brush had ever been touched, but years of rubbing, waxing and polishing have made like glass. We pride ourselves, I assure you, upon our oak finish."

"And well you may," I said. "I have admired it more than I can tell you."

"Then you can imagine my consternation when I came home, after a fortnight's visit to my daughter, Marian, to find Daisy was painting the doors of the dining-room in panels. Willie had put on the first coat all over two doors—white paint, my dear! The panels were in red, blue, green, yellow—each a different color—and upon each a different design. Such spiky grass! such stiff leaves, that looked as if they were cut out of tin! such wooden birds, that looked as if their wings were held apart with a skewer! such staring roses, flaring with red paint—"

"'Such an altogether!'" I quoted, as the dear old lady paused.

"I groaned in spirit, but consoled myself by hoping that some new fancy would spare my grand old oaken doors. And my hopes were verified. Daisy tired of panel painting when the dining-room was finished, and last spring I had the doors planed down. They are a little thinner, but will polish up to the old tone in time.

"But after that day Willie was more cautious about her undertakings, though more devoted to her. She had been with me then nearly three years, and she had recovered from her first grief. She was very young, not 20 when Tom died, and looking like a little girl. So when she slyly ventured upon a white dress and some blue ribbons, and came down to tea looking frightened at her own temerity, I said, lovingly:

"'What a pretty dress, and how pretty my Daisy looks in it.'

"'You don't think it is forgetting Tom, do you?' she asked, with quivering lips.

"'I am quite sure you will never forget Tom,' I said, kindly, for she was trembling all over, 'but I am as sure that Tom loved you too well to wish your young life spent in mourning, even for him. It is natural for you to be joyous, dear, and nothing gives me so much pleasure as to hear you sing or see you smile.'

"She had been wearing her blue ribbons for some months when the scrap-picture and card-collecting lunacy started. I bore my portion of the martyrdom as valiantly as I could. I saw a priceless old Chinese jar that was an heirloom plastered over with butterflies and grotesque heads, and varnished, and did not faint; I endured patiently when a costly Japanese vase, a present from a dear old friend, shared the same fate; but at last the traditional straw was laid upon the camel's back."

I looked at the dear old face, lighted by a half-comical twinkle of the eyes, and wondered where such angelic patience could have given way.

"One of my boys," said the old lady, "my Paul, was a surgeon in the navy, and from every voyage he brought me treasures that became sacred when he sailed away and never returned. Amongst these doubly precious possessions was a sandal-wood table, a masterpiece of carving, with a top polished like marble. The heavy center-leg branched off into feet of carved leaves, supporting the center, which was carved into exquisite garlands of flowers, twisted round a tree trunk. But the beauty of the wood itself was the only ornament of the flat top.

"The table stood in a small room off the parlor, that was seldom used, unless we had company, and I never imagined it in any danger until, coming rather unexpectedly from a walk, I saw Willie's head and Daisy's bent over it. I hurried into the room. Oh, my dear! the whole beautiful top was covered with hideous advertising cards nailed on with brass-headed tacks.

"'Oh, mother,' Daisy cried, 'don't come in! It is not finished.'

"'How dare you touch that?' I cried, and then cried like a baby. 'Paul's table!' I sobbed. 'You have ruined it!'

"It was the first time I had ever spoken harshly to her, and she was like a child.

"'Oh, Willie,' she said, 'she is angry, and I thought she would be so pleased.'

"Willie was equal to the emergency. He took her in his arms, and cried, in great indignation:

"'It's a shame! Don't cry, Daisy! Oh, Daisy, be my wife, and you may nail scrap pictures on every table in my house.'

"Did you ever hear of such a proposal? Two babies, my dear. But they have been very happy, and there is not any aesthetic horror wanting in their home. Storks on one leg, reeds, sunflowers, lilies, dadoes and friezes. But there is a third baby now, nearly a year old. I expect to hear of that infant in classic costume, with a lyre in her hands, some day; but I can bear it. My responsibilities came to an end when Daisy ceased to be Tom's widow."
—N. Y. Ledger.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

IF.

If all the boys and girls you know
Would romp, and play, and run,
With you all day, I'm sure you'd say:
"My, what a lot of fun!"

And if all the little boys and girls
On days when they must go
To school, would study half as hard—
My, what a lot they'd know!
—Womankind.

TYNAN IS POPULAR.

Paris Has a Monkey Who Sleeps in a Thousand-Dollar Bed.

All older Paris is following the example of the children, and goes trooping to the Jardin d'Acclimatation to see the wonderful young orang-outang Tynan, who lives in luxury in a cage which contains among other furniture a $1,000 bed contributed by the numerous admirers of the intelligent ape.

He was born in Borneo about five years ago. When he arrived at the Jardin late last fall he was shut up in a little cage like any other ape. But his bright eye and intelligent action soon attracted the attention of his keeper, who had him removed to a larger cage and set about educating him.

The animal made rapid progress, and now the young orang-outang is the most popular personage in Paris.

He has been taught to sweep, dust, draw upon a slate and make his toilet in the most elaborate fashion. He sleeps in a bed, which he makes himself. A little monkey brings him his breakfast. After breakfast he washes his face and hands and puts on his clothes, and is ready to receive his guests.

He is really ashamed to appear without his clothes now; and if so surprised, he deliberately turns his back upon his visitors.

His bedroom contains a large mirror, a bed and a closet, all finished in white and gold. It has lately been noticed that Tynan no longer sweeps his rooms himself; he now obliges the monkey put in the cage with him as a companion to perform that work.

Tynan is a wonder, not because he has been able to learn how to do all his tricks, but in that he has the power to convey his knowledge to an impudent

HIS BED COST $1,000.

but ignorant monkey, and so save himself any trouble.

A writer for the French scientific paper La Nature, who recently paid a visit to Tynan, tells the following story:

"The artist who accompanied me, wishing to make a sketch of Tynan, begged Mr. Bigeard, the keeper, to make him come out of his cage. Mr. Bigeard consented, and I noticed when he took out his key and unlocked the cage door Tynan watched his every movement with intense interest. After very graciously allowing the artist to sketch him, Tynan reentered his domicile. He had barely got in when we saw him trying to pull off a bit of the wire network of his cage. He succeeded at last, and, not having at hand any locksmith tools, with his hands and teeth he tried to model something that resembled a key. Finally with many precautions, he passed his two arms through his cage bars and tried, in turn, to open the lock by introducing his bent wire in the keyhole and turning it in every direction possible."

How Boys' Marbles Are Made.

Marbles are manufactured from the material which gives them their name. At the marble quarries the refuse stone is broken by hand into small cubes. A bushel or more of them is poured into a great revolving cylinder, which is supplied with water from a faucet. The cylinder is revolved at a high rate of speed, and the cubes by attrition are ground down to the tiny spheres which give such delight to the hearts of the boys. From one to two hours are usually required to finish a lot of marbles, and they are afterwards sorted according to size and painted by hand. The crockery marbles, or "potteries," are molded of the same material, and then are glazed and baked. The glass marbles containing images and flowers are molded.

Story of a Repentant Dog.

This little dog tried to make amends for his sins. But unfortunately, he did not do it in the best way, although he did the best he could. A story comes from New Haven about a black spaniel that abstracted a feather duster from his owner's house, and while playing with it tore out all the feathers. The dog after being shown the featherless handle, was given a severe whipping with it. He then disappeared, and about an hour afterward walked bravely into the house with a brand new duster in his mouth. He walked up to his mistress and meekly deposited the new brush at her feet. By the mark on it she saw that the dog had stolen it from a neighboring fancy goods store.

Abused It.

He—It's man's privilege to be homely.

She—Well, you've abused the privilege.—N. Y. Journal.

BURIED IN THE SNOW.

Exciting Experience of Some School Children in Northern Michigan.

All of our boys and girls do not have the opportunity to go every day to a comfortably warmed, well-lighted and beautifully decorated schoolhouse, like most of those in Chicago.

Away up in northern Michigan, where much of the land is still uncultivated, there stands a little low log building in the center of a clearing, where the huge oak and maple stumps still stand to tell of the forest that once covered the land. This schoolhouse has a funny little door, hardly high enough to admit a tall man, and two or three small windows, the size of a single sash. The spaces between the logs are plastered up with moss and mud, and the gable ends are made of boards covered with tar-paper, which scents up the big room inside. A long, low stove, with a door big enough to receive a whole cord-wood stick, stands in the center of the room, and the stove-pipe runs right out through the roof, without bothering about a brick chimney.

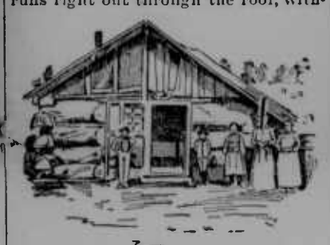

FRONTIER SCHOOLHOUSE.

And the pupils? There are just four of them, with sometimes two or three more in winter, when the snow is deep and the farmer's work is light. In the picture, which is from a photograph, you will see all the pupils standing outside of the little door with their teacher. The scholars belong to two families—there are only three families in the whole district—and two of them are compelled to walk nearly four miles to school every morning. In summer time this is great fun, but in winter, when the roads are drifted full of snow and the mercury is down to zero, it isn't so pleasant.

Two years ago the little school had a most exciting experience. There were five scholars then, and some of them, owing to the depth of the snow, didn't reach the schoolhouse until after ten o'clock. Of course they didn't hear the bell, because there wasn't any bell to ring. About noon the wind began to jar the loose boards on the roof, and then it began to snow. At three o'clock in the afternoon it was so dark that the pupils could hardly see their books.

When the teacher went to the door to see what the matter was in came a great gust of wind followed by a heap of snow. It took two of the boys to shut out the blizzard again. By this time the little building was creaking and cracking as if in distress. Snow scuttled through the cracks, and the pupils hovered close around the stove to keep warm. One of the older boys made an attempt to get out and start home, but he was driven back half-frozen and nearly suffocated with snow. Darker and darker it grew, and then the wind seemed to die down.

"The schoolhouse is buried up," whimpered one of the pupils. "How'll we ever get away?"

The teacher did her best to keep up their courage, but even she was frightened. They had no candles nor lamps, and as the afternoon advanced the only light came from the glowing hearth of the stove. Supper time came, and there was no supper to eat. Every crumb of the lunch brought from home in the morning had disappeared at noon. Later in the evening the wood ran out and the pupils became chilled with the creeping cold. When the last stick had been fed into the red mouth of the stove, two of the large boys, encouraged by the teacher, ventured to open the door. It was walled to the top outside with snow. But like the plucky boys they were, they burrowed head first into the drifts to the wood-pile and managed to pull out several sticks of wood and drag them into the schoolhouse. Before the work was done they were nearly frozen with the cold. Two of the younger pupils cried themselves to sleep on one of the benches near the stove, but the others kept watch all night long in the dark.

"They'll surely come and dig us out in the morning," said the teacher, hopefully, but breakfast time came and then dinner time, and there was no relief.

By this time they were all very hungry, indeed. They had had nothing to eat for 24 hours. The two big boys, wrapping themselves well in coats and mittens, again burrowed outside, and after a struggle, succeeded in reaching the roof of the schoolhouse. Once out of the great drift, they found that the snow had ceased falling and that the sun was shining, although it was still dark in the schoolhouse. But they looked in every direction and there was nothing but snow, snow, snow, and not a sign of relief. So they went back, carrying the sad tidings to the other pupils. They were all certain now that they would starve to death before help could reach them. But hardly had they made up their minds to this tearful fact when there came a thumping on the roof above them, and then voices. The boys shouted an answer and then ran outside. Immediately a man came tumbling and rolling down into the schoolhouse door. He had on his back a bag of lunch, and the hungry children went at it eagerly. Two men had succeeded in crossing the snow-bound country on ski, or snowshoes, and thus the school was rescued, although some of the pupils could not be taken home until the following day, when a road was finally broken.

How would you like being a pupil in such a school?—Chicago Record.

—Constantinople has been besieged 28 times.

What They Get.

The honest old fellow who cleans out a bank, with a broom, for a dollar a day,
Gets only the courtesy shown to a dog, except while he's drawing his pay.
The burglar who cleans out a bank at night, with a jimmy and powder and saw,
Gets only a sentence, to pay for his pains, that's the farthest extent of the law.
The trusted official who cleans out a bank gets the cash and he's nothing to fear.
But why should the crookedest one of the three be acclaimed as a "financier?"
—Chicago Times-Herald.

THE DIVIDED FAMILY.

Jimmie—Where are your folks going this summer?

Tommie—Don't know yet. Ma wants society and pa wants boating and fishing, but I am backing up pa.—N. Y. Truth.

Economy Is Wealth.

Lady of the House—Did you mail my letter, as I told you, Susan?

Hired Girl—Sure, mum, I did; but I had it weighed first, and as it was double weight I put another stamp on it.

Lady of the House—That's right; only I hope you didn't put the extra stamp on so as it would obliterate the address.

Hired Girl—Indeed I didn't, mum; I just stuck it on top of the other stamp, so as to save room.—N. Y. World.

Looking Forward.

"When I am rich," he said, haughtily, "I will return and taunt you with the opportunity you have missed."

"When you are rich," she answered, calmly, "I trust you will offer to pay for the broken leg of that spindle-limbed gilt chair."

And he went forth with a hollow groan.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Suspicious.

Landlord (to agent)—I wish you'd keep a close watch on the people who have that house on X street. I'm afraid they're up to something.

Agent—What has aroused your suspicions?

Landlord—They haven't asked for any repairs this month.—Cleveland Ledger.

The Financier.

He says he's fully satisfied that when he gets a chance
He'll fill the nation's treasury and straighten out finance;
But, since that's in the future, he would feel quite gratified
If you'd buy him a cup of coffee, with a sandwich on the side.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

His Silence Explained.

"Mr. Bluffy," she said, graciously, "you are one of the most original men I have met for ever so long. You haven't said a single word about the weather."

"No," he said, with a tinge of regret in his voice. "I couldn't say what I thought about this weather in the presence of ladies."—Tit-Bits.

Why She Let Him.

Cholly Champleigh (fervently)—Miss Coldeal, Ethel! May I call you Ethel?

Miss Coldeal—Yes, I think you may, as—

Cholly Chumpleigh—Oh, thank you, Ethel! Thank you!

Miss Coldeal—It isn't my name.—N. Y. Journal.

Anything Handy.

When Mr. Jones and Miss Smith made a match
The ladies said he was a splendid catch,
But since they married comes the news so grim—
He needs to be—she throws so much at him!
—N. Y. Tribune.

WASTED PHILOSOPHY.

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"If thine enemy smite thee on the right cheek—"

"Look out better for him next time, and pound his head clean off before he can get within so much as a foot of your nose."

Seemed Appropriate.

"What sign do you think I ought to put up in front of my place of business?" asked the man who had opened a morgue.

"'Remains to be seen,'" suggested the friend who had dropped in.—Chicago Tribune.

A Verbal Distinction.

"There are a great many men looking for work," said the philanthropist.

"Perhaps," said Senator Sorghum, as he laid aside a pile of letters; "but it seems to me there must be a great many more looking for positions."—Washington Star.

A Hopeful Circumstance.

"I think," said young Mrs. Torkins, "that we will like the new servant better than we did the other."

"For what reason?" inquired her husband.

"She carries a smaller basket to and from her home."—Washington Star.

Had Joined the Church.

Clerk—Sir, I've joined the church.

Grocer—Right glad to hear it; I've been a member for some years; it's a splendid thing, and—

"Yes, sir; and will you get some other clerk to sell those pure spices now?"—Adams Freeman.

A Good Scheme.

Mrs. Bigsby lets her husband practice on his cornet at home."

"What's that for?"

"It gives her an excuse to be away all the time."—Chicago Record.

Holds Her Age.

Mrs. Wainwood—I was speaking with Miss Elder to-day. She says that everybody tells her that she holds her age remarkably.

Mrs. Grimm—Yes; she has been 30 for the last six years, to my knowledge.—Boston Transcript.

Figuring It Out.

Day—Why do you claim that that headlight of yours is a jewel? Everyone knows it is paste.

Weeks—I can prove it—paste has consistency, and consistency is a jewel.—Chelsea Free Lance.

THE FINAL TEST.

Marie—He swears that he loves me, that he would die for me, and declares that without my sunny presence life would be a blank and not worth living. And yet I doubt that he means it.

Mertie—Then he has not asked you to marry him yet?—Brooklyn Life.

TEMPERANCE.

THE DRUNKARD'S DYING CHILD.

"Dear mother, I am going
To a better, happier home;
You will follow me, I know;
But my father, too, must come.
I want him to meet me there,
Where no clouds obscure the way.
Tell him, ere I go, mother,
There is something I would say.

"I always loved him fondly,
Though oft shrinking in the blast.
But once he loved me, too, dear,
In the happy, happy past.
I hear the wandering footsteps,
They're echoing evermore.
Tell him to hasten, mother,
Hark! I hear him at the door."

"My child," the mother answered,
While fast flowed her bitter tears,
"He comes; our shame and sorrow,
Alas, he has been for years.
I would not thy days were long,
Though such agony to part,
Nor have thee know the anguish
Of a mother's breaking heart."

Upon the rusty hinges
Harshly creaked the battered door;
The wretched wand'rer entered
And fell prone upon the floor.
And there he lay unheeded,
Nor earing for their pain;
Deaf to the sweet, pleading voice
He would never hear again.

The child, then feebly turning,
Faintly whispered: "Tell him this:
I leave him a last good-by,
And a daughter's loving kiss.

Just ask him for my sake, dear,
To be kinder and more true;
When I am no longer near,
To take loving care of you.

"Hold my hand within your own;
Come closer, more close to me,
That your dear, kind face, mother,
Be the last that I may see.
Angels will carry me home;
'Tis where the bright spirits are,
I shall be waiting you there,
And will be your guiding star."

The mother in speechless grief
Now bows down her aching head
In brief oblivion of woe,
As she sleeps beside the dead.
The little voice is hushed,
Within that darkened room,
When behold! radiant light,
That is piercing through the gloom.

From out the dusky shadows
A voice of keen anguish came:
"What bright vision clothed in white
Was calling upon my name?
I saw Heaven's door unclose—
But why speak I thus so wild?
Yet within is a face I knew.

O God! it was my child!"
Then he struggled to his feet,
And, trembling, drew near the bed,
Where now, the stricken mother
Sat weeping beside the dead.
His hands clasped the throbbing brow;
His eyes o'erflowed with tears
As balm to the parched heart
That it had not known for years.

"Wife," he said, in husky tones,
"She has gone, our little love.
But I have heard her message;
It came from Heaven above.
I'll heed the gentle teaching,
And, God helping me, I can
Overcome the demon drink
And will strive to be a man.

"The promise in fulfilling
A hard struggle it may be;
But I swear, Heaven my judge,
Ere long I shall conqueror be.
I'll see again that vision,
Hear that little voice of love;
And with Heaven's own blessing
I shall meet my child above."
—A. M. Burgess, in Banner of Gold.

DR. LEES ON FAST LIFE.

Traces Its Cause to Use of Alcohol and Tobacco.

We live in a sensational age, because the nervous stamina of our people is lessened—the very brain is going. And why? The silly cry is: "We live too fast!"—silly, because it is in itself an effect. With less brain force, stronger outward appeals to excitement are necessary. Sensational play bills, sensational amusements, sensational books, even sensational songs and sermons. What are the elements of this fast life? A fast life is a life of waste, of exhaustion, both morally and physically, and this has been going on in spite of temperance education and shortened hours of labor. What, then, are the chief constituents in this causation which can possibly account for the terrible effects? They are not far to seek, and they are vices entailed upon the children, cursing them evermore with each generation. A tablespoonful of alcohol diluted, taken in the 24 hours, causes 4,300 extra heart beats, and in secondary effect narcotizes the recuperative forces. Consider the effect of £130,000,000 in value of this poison yearly consumed by 12,000,000 adults, and then calculate the possible effect upon the nerve and brain of £16,000,000 worth of the narcotic tobacco consumed by another 20,000,000 of our population. Gambling finds in these people a lowered tone of moral life and intellect, which responds to the temptations of custom, example and interest, flooding our country with corruption and crime, and filling our homes with heartbreak and misery far beyond our skill to describe. Thrift is natural to the Celtic race, but the unnatural appetite for narcotics, on which brewers, wine growers and distillers thrive and grow wealthy, counteracts nature. First conquer alcohol and tobacco, and then will foresight and economy resume their happy reign of amelioration and true glory.—Union Signal.

Judge Ely, of the municipal court, Boston, in an address on the problem of crime, said that while he was not a radical or a fanatic on the temperance question, he "believed that the saloon is a menace to the public welfare."

DRINKING IN MANY AGES.

An Interesting Lecture on the History of Alcohol.

At the Natural History museum Charles E. Pellew, of Columbia university, delivered the first of an interesting series of popular lectures upon alcohol in New York recently. His subject was "The History of Alcohol," and he began by explaining the universal prevalence of stimulants or narcotic drugs as showing the universal craving of mankind for something to hide the trials and troubles of life. He spoke briefly about the early beverages of the ancient Hindoos and Chinese, and then illustrated the drinking habit of the ancient Egyptians with a curious collection of lantern slides. The habits and customs of ancient Greece came next, and the worship of the great god Dionysos, or Bacchus, was illustrated by some splendid photographs of vases, statues and bas-reliefs. Their wine was drunk diluted, never stronger than half water, and frequently with two, four and even fifteen parts of the milder fluid. Mention was made of the curious nature of their wines, the admixture of honey and spices, of resin and turpentine, even of salt water, and the question of fermented and unfermented wines among them and the ancient Hebrews. The use of wine among the more hardy and less civilized Macedonians was less refined, and the exploits of Philip and his son Alexander rivaled the tales told by the most ardent prohibitionists. At the feast given by Alexander at the tomb of Cyrus, a prize was offered for the boldest drinker, and the victor, Promachus, credited with 14 quarts of wine, died in three days' time from the effects of his debauch, along with some 50 of his competitors.

Early Rome was described as painfully temperate, especially for the fair sex, who were sentenced to death for touching wine. It was sad to hear that kissing on the month was invented by the Roman husband to test his wife's abstinence from the wine cask. Later, however, after Greece and the east were conquered, wine flowed freely, and the early republicans vied with the subjects of the early emperors in gross and unbridled drunkenness.

The capacity of the Roman must have been considerable, for a citizen was knighted by the emperor Claudius under the title of Tricongius, or "three-gallon man," such having been a single draught of his.

New England came in for a touch from the lecturer. It was somewhat surprising to hear that, in the first call for supplies sent home by the Plymouth bay colonists, the famous appeal headed by "ministers," there were, along with requests for barley, rye and wheat for seed, and stores of fruit trees, a petition for "vyne planters" and for "hop-rootes." The minister, Mr. Higginson, was duly sent in 1628, and his ship was furnished with "45 tuns beere, 2 tuns canarie, 20 gallons aqua vitae" and only 6 tuns of water.

The lecture closed with a short description of the last century, characterized by the growth and development of the temperance movement. Some fine illustrations were given from Cruikshank's powerful plates of "The Bottle," and a comparison of the drinking habits of both the educated and uneducated classes of the present day as compared with those of 1 or even 50 years ago, showing the great advance of the present civilization.

VARIOUS NOTES.

Woe to that man who has the saloon keeper for his friend.—Ram's Horn.

Bishop Clifford, of Lucknow, India, in his annual charge to the clergy, protests strongly against the onsweeping tide of Sunday secularization.

Ireland spends about $60,000,000 per year for liquor, and, as usual, they have the annual famine on their hands and are out in an appeal for help.

The economic loss through the non-productivity of 20,000 drunkards is equal to one Chicago fire, involving $200,000,000.—Newell Dwight Hillis.

Deacon G. T. D. Paine, a very successful Sunday school teacher in Boston, Mass., has estimated that he has saved $8,882.61 in 33 years by not using tobacco.

In Penobscot county, Me., the fines imposed on dealers who violate the liquor law pay all the county expenses. The fines are collected with as much regularity as if they were licenses.

The police department of Taunton, Mass., is trying a novel experiment to decrease drunkenness in that place. The name of every person arrested and convicted of the offense in question is to be sent to each licensed liquor dealer in the city, with a warning that if liquor is sold to any of them within six months after the receipt of their names the person so doing will be liable to a fine.

The Canadian house of commons has abolished the whisky bar in the parliament buildings near the commons chamber. The senate controls its own arrangements for the inner man, and for the present its bar will remain and will be accessible to commoners and others doing business in the building. As Sir Oliver Mowat, the government leader in the senate, is a stanch temperance man, it is to be hoped ere long he will induce the senate to follow the example of the commons and close its bar.

Statistics of Crime.

The statistics of crime in 1896 do not improve the reputation of the past year as a dark period in our history, though the record is not altogether unfavorable by comparison with previous years. There were 122 legal executions during 1896 and 151 lynchings, which is a rather startling commentary on the methods by which the law is executed and defied in this country. That neither lynchings nor legal executions serve to check the crime of murder is shown by the statement that there were no less than 10,652 murders committed during the year. This is a shocking exhibit.—Boston Herald.

A COUNTERFEITER CAUGHT.

The Police of Syracuse Make an Important Capture.

On Monday the 15th Harold Marquisee, of Utica, N. Y., was arrested in Syracuse, N. Y., on a warrant sworn out by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., charging him with forgery. On the 15th of December Marquisee visited a photo-engraver in Syracuse, saying he was the representative of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., and arranged for the making of a full set of plates for the direction sheets, labels, etc., of the famous Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. News of this reached the home office, and no time was lost in arranging for his arrest when he should return for the plates. He returned on the 15th, and was accordingly arrested and is now in jail in Syracuse awaiting examination, which occurs on March 2d.

This arrest proves to be an important one. In addition to various plunder, such as medical books, typewriters, rugs, etc., found in Marquisee's trunk when arrested, the police also found counterfeit coin both in the trunk and on his person; and in a search of his apartments in Utica found a complete outfit for counterfeiting consisting of crucibles, bellows, nickel, lead, bismuth, antimony, a small blacksmith forge, a charcoal furnace, and several plaster-of-paris molds. The United States marshals want him just as soon as Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. are through with him, and, no doubt, he will be sentenced for a long period.

In selecting Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for his counterfeiting operations, he showed his knowledge of the proprietary medicine business; for these pills are in such great demand that they are easily sold at any drug store in the United States. His scheme was to work the country druggists and sell his imitations at a discount of from 2 per cent. to 5 per cent., explaining the reduced price by the fact that he had picked them up in small lots and at a discount from dealers who were overstocked. By working fast and making long jumps, he would have secured many hundreds of dollars in a short time. The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are most fortunate to have caught the rogue, before he had fairly started, and to have thus kept these spurious goods out of the market.

NOT FAIR WEATHER SOLDIERS.

West Point Cadets are Hardened to Stand Exposure.

Those who are familiar with the facts assert that there is much misinformation prevailing as to the alleged fatal effects of the inclement weather at Grant's inauguration in 1873 upon the West Point cadets.

The matter has been investigated at the war department, and it has been found that of the 196 West Point men who marched up the avenue in that blizzard without their overcoats, but one died during the year, and he not from causes resulting from exposure. The cadets are not tender plants, but are hardened to exposure in every soldierly way, walking their posts on guard, day and night, in all kinds of weather, like real soldiers, as they are.

A West Point cadet fell in a chill while passing the executive mansion and kind-hearted Mrs. Grant had him taken inside and cared for for a week, when he was able to return to his studies. That was the only case of sickness resulting from exposure, of which any one was advised, and very few knew of that.

Motherly Solicitude.

"Johnnie," called his mother, "stop using that bad language."

"Why," replied the boy, "Shakespeare said what I just did."

"Well," replied the mother, growing infuriated, "you should stop going with him—he's no fit companion for you."—Pearson's Weekly.

Slumleigh—"I don't see why you care so little for me." Miss Gyer—"Have you ever taken a good look at yourself?"—Town Topics.

When bilious or costive eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

The word "entertained" is overworked worse than the mother of half a dozen children.—Atchison Globe.

Time counts, health gains. A quick, sure cure—St. Jacobs Oil for sprains.

Our idea of a hopeless fool is a man who has a stiff neck from looking up for air ships.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c.

Let the good book you read have an appendix in your life.

Feeble nerves—severe weather—neuralgia. Soothing cure—St. Jacobs Oil.

The more grateful we are for our blessings, the smaller our trials will look.

Don't snap in two. Limber up. St. Jacobs Oil will cure lumbago sure.

The man who minds his own business always has something to do.—Ram's Horn.

Put a pain to sleep? St. Jacobs Oil does this with sciatica. Torment cured.

"Glory" is "grace" perfected—and grace is ours on earth.

When a girl has to entertain the young men who call on her in the family sitting-room, it indicates that the father has more authority in that house than the mother. When the mother has her way the parlor is opened, and something is cooked to "pass around."—Atchison Globe.

Hopeful.—"I hear that you are a widow," said the one who had been abroad. "Yes, just at present," said the one in black.—Indianapolis Journal.

Grymes—"The bride was quite a popular girl, wasn't she?" Gobang—"Yes, indeed. The Daily Whoop sent their sporting editor to report it. He printed a list of rejected lovers half a column long under the heading: 'Among Those Who Also Ran.'"—Truth.

"Who is that bloodthirsty-looking gentleman standing by the theater?" asked the guest. "Col. Gore, from Kentucky," the clerk answered; "but you shouldn't judge a man by his looks. It is not blood the colonel has a thirst for. Oh, no."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Well, what's your kick now?" asked the manager, as the soubrette entered his office. "Six feet nine inches," she replied, promptly. "Consider yourself engaged for my summer extravaganza," he returned quickly; "that's two inches better than last year."—Chicago Evening Post.

Algernon (who has invited himself down for a day's shooting)—"Hullo, Tom. What are those tickets tied on the dog's collar for?" Keeper—"Well, sir, you see, the squire remembers your last day's shootin', and thought you had better know the value of the dogs beforehand to save future unpleasantness."—Fun.

The cannibal chief was keenly angry. "Did you not inform me," he demanded, "that the new missionary was a man of innate delicacy?" The minion cringed. "It was so stated in the invoice, sire," he faltered. The savage nabob laid down his napkin with a jar that spilled the gravy-boat. "Well, then," he blundered, "you find it! I'm fond of imported delicacies."—N. Y. Press.

300 BUS. OATS, 173 BUS. BARLEY.

M. M. Luther, East Troy, Pa., grew 300 bushels Salzer's Silver Mine Oats, and John Breider, Mishicott, Wis., 173 bushels Silver King Barley per acre. Don't you believe it? Write them! Fodder plants as rape, teosinte, vetch, spurry, clovers, grasses, etc., in endless varieties, potatoes at $1.50 a barrel. Salzer's seeds are bred to big yields. America's greatest seed catalogue and 12 farm seed samples are sent you by John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., upon receipt of 10 cents, and this notice, worth $10, to get a start. [K]

A woman's idea of a man good and true is one who, on Sunday afternoon, reads to his child the little paper it received at Sunday school that day.—Atchison Globe.

MARCH AND APRIL

Are the Most Disagreeable Months of the Year in the North.

In the South, they are the pleasantest and most agreeable. The trees and shrubs put forth their buds and flowers; early vegetables and fruits are ready for eating, and in fact all nature seems to have awakened from its winter sleep. The Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company reaches the Garden Spots of the South, and will on the first and third Tuesdays of March and April sell round-trip tickets to all principal points in Tennessee, Alabama, and West Florida, at about half rates. Write for advertising matter and particulars of excursions to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

She—"If you were to find that I had lost my fortune—every penny of it—would you hesitate to carry out our engagement?" He—"I would hesitate at nothing."—Indianapolis Journal.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,
[Seal] Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

She—"Do you understand those French jokes?" He—"I'm afraid I do." She—"Then I wish you'd translate them."—Pick-Me-Up.

Letters from Farmers

In South and North Dakota, relating their own personal experience in those states, have been published in pamphlet form by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and as these letters are extremely interesting, and the pamphlet is finely illustrated, one copy will be sent to any address, on receipt of two-cent postage stamp. Apply to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

Some of the best people we know are so fat that they will not be able to reach their arms around a harp when they get Up Yonder.—Atchison Globe.

Very Low Rate Excursions to the West and South.

On April 6 and 20 the North-Western Line will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets, with favorable time limits to numerous points in the West and South at exceptionally low rates. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & North-Western Railway.

"George describes the girl he is engaged to as a perfect vision." "Yes. And his sister says she is a sight."—Indianapolis Journal.

On Time,

And very early too. That's what any one should be in treating one's self for inaction of the kidneys and bladder. The diuretic which experience indicates as supplying the requisite stimulation to the organs without exciting them, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Don't delay; kidney inaction and diseases are not far apart. For fever and ague, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism and nerve debility, also, use the Bitters.

A man's importance cannot be determined by the number of initials before his name.—Atchison Globe.

The B. & O. S.-W. Ry., commencing Sunday, January 24th, will inaugurate on trains No. 4 and 5, a through Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car line between Baltimore and Chicago, via Cincinnati and Indianapolis.

This will enable the patrons of the B. & O. S-W. Ry. to make the above named points without the inconvenience of changing cars.

For time of trains and further information call on agents B. & O. S-W. Ry.

The trouble with most of us is that we neglect to do to-morrow what we have put off to-day.—Truth.

"Star Tobacco."

As you chew tobacco for pleasure, use Star. It is not only the best, but the most lasting, and therefore the cheapest.

He Was a Stayer.—He—"I'm going to kiss you when I go." She—"Do it now while I'm still young."—Town Topics.

Blacker the spot, surer the cure. Use St. Jacobs Oil for bruises.

1 OUT OF EVERY 3

Persons you meet every day,

WILL DIE

OF BRIGHT'S DISEASE

or some trouble of the kidneys, urinary or female organs.

THIS IS STARTLING BUT IT IS TRUE

WHAT CAN BE DONE?

In such a serious condition you must secure the best remedy you can find in the market

AT ONCE.

There is only one absolutely sure cure for these troubles, and that is

Warner's Safe Cure

"It has stood the test of time."

Woman's Nerves.

Mrs. Platt Talks About Hysteria.

When a nerve or a set of nerves supplying any organ in the body with its due nutriment grows weak, that organ languishes.

When the nerves become exhausted and die, so to speak, the organ falls into decay. What is to be done? The answer is, do not allow the weakness to progress; stop the deteriorating process at once!

Do you experience fits of depression, alternating with restlessness? Are your spirits easily affected, so that one moment you laugh and the next fall into convulsive weeping?

Again, do you feel something like a ball rising in your throat and threatening to choke you, all the senses perverted, morbidly sensitive to light and sound, pain in ovary, and pain especially between the shoulders, sometimes loss of voice and nervous dyspepsia? If so, you are hysterical, your uterine nerves are at fault. You must do something to restore their tone.

Nothing is better for the purpose than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; it will work a cure. If you do not understand your symptoms, write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and she will give you honest, expert advice, free of charge.

MRS. LEVI F. PLATT, Womleysburg, Pa., had a terrible experience with the illness we have just described. Here is her own description of her sufferings:

"I thought I could not be so benefited by anything and keep it to myself. I had hysteria (caused by womb trouble) in its worst form. I was awfully nervous, low-spirited and melancholy, and everything imaginable.

"The moment I was alone I would cry from hour to hour; I did not care whether I lived or died. I told my husband I believed Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound would do me good. I took it and am now well and strong, and getting stouter. I have more color in my face than I have had for a year and a half. Please accept my thanks. I hope all who read this and who suffer from nervousness of this kind will do as I have done and be cured."

Baker's Chocolate

MADE BY

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.,

Established in 1780, at Dorchester, Mass.

Has the well-known **Yellow Label** on the front of every package, and the trade-mark, "La Belle Chocolatiere," on the back.

NONE OTHER GENUINE.

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

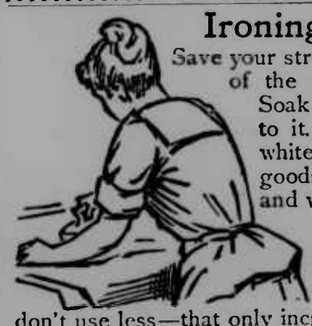

Ironing is hard enough.

Save your strength for that. Make the rest of the washing easy with Pearline. Soak; boil; rinse—that is all there is to it. The clothes are cleaner and whiter than in the old way; colored goods are brighter; flannels are softer and won't shrink.

Use your **Pearline** just as directed on every package, and you'll get the best results. Don't use more—that only wastes it; don't use less—that only increases your work. Use it alone; no soap with it; nothing but Pearline. 881

"When I Saw —your advertisement

I thought that it was probably like the announcements of many other makers of harvesting machinery—big blow and little show; but I'm ready to surrender; go ahead, gentlemen, you're all right; I bought one of your binders last season and it is equal to any claim you ever made for it."

This is the condensed essence of what Mr. Thomas Carney, of Washington Court House, Ohio, has to say about the McCormick Right Hand Open Elevator Harvester and Binder. The claims made for McCormick Machines are strong claims. That's because

McCORMICK

Machines are so constructed that strong claims for them are justified. The machine you want will cost you more than the other kind, for the simple reason that it is worth more; that's all — there's no other reason — and in the end you'll be glad you paid the difference, because *there's nothing cheaper than the best.*

McCormick Harvesting Machine Company, Chicago,

The Light-Running McCormick Open Elevator Harvester,
The Light-Running McCormick New 4 Steel Mower,
The Light-Running McCormick Vertical Corn Binder and
The Light-Running McCormick Daisy Reaper, for sale everywhere.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER

10¢ 25¢ 50¢

ALL DRUGGISTS

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 917.6

FREE A booklet, handsomely illustrated, describing NEBRASKA, her farms and the opportunities there for young men and farm renters to become farm owners. Mailed without charge on application to P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

Weeks Scale Works,
HAY, COAL, STOCK, GRAIN, AND COTTON SCALES. BUFFALO, N.Y.

GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for "300 Inventions Wanted." Edgar Tate & Co., 245 B'way, N. Y.

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1,000 AGENTS WANTED, SOMETHING NEW! Good commission. Send 50 cents for Samples worth $1.00. No fraud. MARTIN LEATHER SUSPENDER CO., MARTIN, MICH.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

A. N. K.—C 1648

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

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CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr SAMUEL PITCHER
Pumpkin Seed -
Alx. Senna -
Rochelle Salts -
Anise Seed -
Peppermint -
Bi Carbonate Soda -
Worm Seed -
Clarified Sugar -
Wintergreen Flavor

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

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35 DOSES 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

SEE
THAT THE
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—OF—
IS ON THE
WRAPPER
OF EVERY
BOTTLE OF
CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and will answer every purpose." Ask for and see that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of is on every wrapper.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

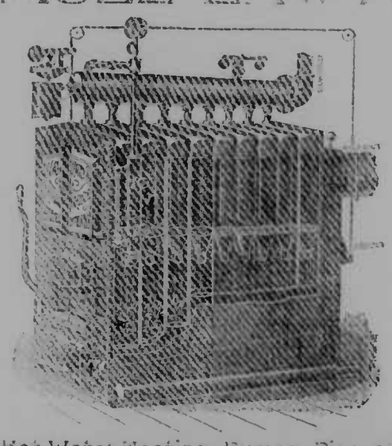

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Absolute Cure Guaranteed. All Communications Strictly Private. 45-52

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Containing of first-class quality (guaranteed) every tool—Axes, Saws and Planes included—necessary to repair vehicles, machines or build a house. Three two-cent stamps and the name of this paper required for particulars. Powell Fertilizer & Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

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Rich Agricultural Farming Lands
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Roofing and Spouting Done on Short Notice.
Special Attention Given to Repairing.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED. GIVE US A CALL.

Farmers, Stockmen
AND DAIRYMEN.

You are especially interested in the care of your live stock; and know that by keeping them in prime condition they can be made more valuable to you, and give better returns. During the winter months when off grass, it is absolutely necessary that they should have a true tonic, something to take the place of the nourishment obtained from roots and herbs they get when browsing on the hill sides. For such, we direct your especial attention to the **Gleason's Horse and Cattle Powder,** a compound that is purely vegetable and the fruits of careful study by the originator, who has had years of experience in handling stock of all kinds.

Properly fed in small doses it purifies the Blood, regulates the Bowels, aids Digestion, expels Worms, Grubs and Botts, creates Bone and Muscle, cures Colds, Epizooty and Distemper, restores the Appetite, tones up the entire System, and makes the Horse more Handsome and valuable to the owner. As a Milk, Flesh and Butter producer it is unsurpassed.

Gleason's is a thorough condition Powder that no Farmer, Stockman or Dairyman should be without.

It is sold by all dealers and prepared by
Gilbert Bros. & Co.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, March 22, 1897.

Speaker Reed has not authorized the statement that he will not appoint the other House committees until the meeting of the regular session of Congress next December. To all inquiries on the subject the Speaker has replied in substance that he has not decided the matter definitely. The impression left upon the mind of those who have talked with him on the subject is that Mr. Reed will be governed by circumstances. There is reason to believe that the committee assignments have practically been completed and could be announced at short notice. A gentleman whose position is as good as anybodys for getting advance knowledge of Mr. Reed's intentions, said when asked about the committees: "I don't know, but my guess is that the committees will be announced at the present session, but not until the joint resolution naming the day of adjournment has been adopted and signed by the President."

It having been made very plain by the business-like beginning of the debate on the Dingley tariff bill in the House that the Republicans intend to put that measure through just as it is on the afternoon of March 31st, in accordance with the rule which has been adopted, the men who are trying to get the bill amended in all sorts of ways, have transferred their attention to the members of the Senate Finance Committee, which has already taken up the bill for consideration. These men are now predicting that the bill will be amended out of all resemblance to itself in the Senate, but Republicans are loath to believe that the Republicans on the finance committee—Senators Morrill, Allison, Aldrich, Platt and Wolcott—will sanction any amendment calculated to make the bill any less protective to American interests. Senator Jones, of Nevada, holds the balance of power between Republicans and Democrats in the committee and he has only recently said that he believed in protection as much as he ever did. Injurious amendments may be added on the floor of the Senate, but Republicans do not expect such from the finance committee.

Representative Cannon, of Illinois, has a habit of getting off retorts in such a droll and dry manner that he seldom fails to make his victim join in the laughter which usually follows. Speaking of the Indian appropriation bill, one of those that failed at the last session, Representative Sayres, of Texas, expressed the opinion that President McKinley would not sign the bill if it were passed. Looking straight at Mr. Sayres, Mr. Cannon said very slowly and distinctly, "I have great confidence in my friend, but I would never shoot him for a prophet." Mr. Sayres joined in the shout of laughter. The House acted promptly upon the advice of Mr. Cannon, who was chairman of the committee on appropriations in the last House, and who will occupy the same position in the present House, and passed the appropriation bills that failed at the last Congress, just as they had been passed before, with the exception of one paragraph in the Indian bill. There was no occasion to do over again what had been well done at first.

Senator Allen, of Nebraska, undertook to give the Republicans and Democrats of the Senate a scolding because the vacancies in the Senate committees had not been filled, but he had no reply to make when Senator Chandler said, "Doesn't the Senator know that neither party has a majority here, unless it gets the co-operation of the Populists. Now I would suggest that if the Senator will only cast his vote with us, we will have the necessary working majority."

The speech of Senator Davis, of Minnesota, now chairman of the Committee on foreign relations, in favor of the arbitration treaty, has made new friends for the treaty. Mr. Davis stated in his speech, which was made in executive session, that he had opposed the treaty as it was sent to the Senate, but the amendments now added, had removed the objectionable features and that he was heartily in favor of its ratification.

Postmaster General Gary has decided that except in cases which present some extraordinary reason for a deviation the old rules will be adhered to in the appointment of postmasters. These rules in brief are about as follows: Republican Senators will be allowed to name the postmaster in the largest city in their Congressional district; Republican Representatives will name all other postmasters in their districts, and in districts represented in Congress by Democrats or Populists and in states having no Republican Senators, the choice will be made by the Republican chairman or some other designated referee. The Congressional delegation must also keep track of the expiration of the terms of postmasters, as the department will not notify them.

Torturing, itching, scaly skin eruptions, burns and scalds are soothed at once and promptly healed by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the best known cure for piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

SAVE
BABY'S LIFE.
Teething time is the most trying time of infancy. The little gums are hot and swollen. They tingle and ache and smart. All the nerves in the little body are on edge. Sleep restless—digestion bad.
There's a remedy.
Laughlin's Infant Cordial
soothes and cools the gums, controls the bowels, cures colic, brings good digestion, sleep and rest. 25 cents, all druggists. Guaranteed. Made by JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

Farmers,
Look to Your Interests.
The Oakland Flouring Mill is now ready to grind a million bushels of buckwheat. The best equipped mill in the country; all latest improved machinery. Can give either
Burrh or Roller Process Flour.
Mr. E. A. Dudley, who has charge, has been a life-long miller, and knows how to make a good turnout of buckwheat flour.
Don't fail to give him a Trial. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Will make arrangements with all the Oakland merchants to buy your flour at big prices. Don't fail to give the Oakland Mills a trial.
Don't forget the place, Water street, formerly owned by the late H. A. Rasche.
Yours obediently,
THE OAKLAND MILLS.
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DR. J. G. ROBINSON, DENTIST, Felty Building, opposite Postoffice, OAKLAND, MD.
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Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

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W. A. HOUGH,
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TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
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WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.
Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.
Shop opposite depot,
W. A. HOUGH, MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

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DEALERS IN
Furniture,
Carpets,
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GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.
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OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

PIEDMONT STONE & LIME CO.,
Owned and operated by The E. J. Fredlock Manufacturing and Building Company, of Piedmont.
WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH THIS
Superior Lime
TO BUILDERS, FARMERS AND TANNERS IN BARRELS OR BULK TO SUIT PURCHASERS.
This lime is equal in strength for agricultural, building and tanning purposes to the Frederick or Baltimore county lime.
KILNS AT CRABTREE, MD.
Address all orders to
The E. J. Fredlock Mf'g and Bld'g Co.,
43-26 PIEDMONT, W. VA.

WANTED:
ROCK OAK BARK.
Write for prices.
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
40-13 CUMBERLAND, MD.

THE
Maryland Building and Loan Association
of Garrett County

OFFICERS
ALFRED G. STURGISS, President.
FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
DR. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencies

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS:
THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock
INSTALLMENT STOCK
upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month. EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.
PAID-UP STOCK.
One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi-annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.
Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security.
The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.
Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, 14 old priests; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
T. R. CAHSKADON, Keyser, W. Va.

OAKLAND PHARMACY,
OAKLAND, MD.
PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.
PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.
PRICES REASONABLE.
JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.
32—26

I HAVE PURCHASED
THE OAKLAND COAL YARD
of Mr. D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of
HARD AND SOFT
COAL,
KINDLING WOOD, Etc.
All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Glessman Hotel.
3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

Removal.
I, the undersigned, have removed my place of business from the Loar building to the Ravenscroft (Mayers) building on Railroad street, where I will continue to carry a well assorted stock of
JEWELRY,
and give special attention to the repairing of watches, clocks, etc.
Give me a call. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
H. C. SMOUSE.
29—2m.

LAND FOR SALE!
I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.
All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.
Call on or address:
C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.
Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.
Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.
I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.
Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
Special attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED, SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.
Particular attention given to conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection claims. Loans negotiated. feb3-1y

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.
Residence on North 3rd Street.
Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

R. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,
Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 9 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 8 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8:30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. C. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate. P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6-22 6m

THOMAS R. McROBIE,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
OAKLAND, MD.
Office in Felty Building, Alder Street.
All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-29 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HANNE,
AUCTIONEER:
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.
Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished.
10-1yr.

Andrew B. Gonder, Attorney at Law. Alexander C. Mason, Surveyor.
GONDER & MASON,
:: REAL :: ESTATE :: AGENTS, ::
OAKLAND, MD.
10—1yr. Office, Shartzer's Opera House.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER,
LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.
Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including team ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26*

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President
S. T. JONES, Cashier.
A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 1-12

C. M. RATHBUN. P. T. GARTHRIGHT
C. M. RATHBUN & CO.,
PLANING MILLS,
And BUILDING MATERIALS.
MTN. LAKE PARK, MD.
DO YOU INTEND TO BUILD? Everyone does something or another. Now is the time, if you want a low-cost house. We are still holding
DOORS, SASH, FRAMES, ETC.,
at the same prices we sold at before the recent sharp advance. Why? We've got them—two car loads; doors as low as one dollar; 12x24 glazed sash, 90 cents, other sizes at proportionate prices.
FLOORING, WEATHERBOARDING, MOLDINGS
Everything to build a house with at lowest rates. Estimates cheerfully given whether you buy or not.
Telephone communication with all points on Aurora, Oakland and Terra Alta line.
38 13

MOUNTAIN STATE
Business College,
PARKERSBURG, W. VA.
Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1897. NUMBER 4.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

The public schools throughout the county closed for the year last Friday.

Mr. D. Stull, of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., is here visiting the family of Mr. Stoddard.

Mr. M. V. Grim, of Deer Park, was in Oakland Monday morning a short time.

Mrs. S. T. Jones visited relatives at Terra Alta a day or two since our last issue.

Mrs. Joseph Martin went over to Elkins Tuesday to visit relatives a few days.

Mr. Chas. M. Miller, of Swanton, was in Oakland a few hours Tuesday on business.

FOR SALE.—A town lot suitable for building purposes, 60X160 feet. Inquire at this office.

Mr. George Loar, of Grafton, W. Va., spent Sunday and Monday in town visiting his parents.

Mrs. Benj. B. Sincell went over to Kingwood this morning to remain a week or two with her parents.

The evening services in St. Paul's M. E. church will be held at 7.45 instead of 7.15 as heretofore.

Mr. J. W. Harvey, of Blaine, W. Va., was a pleasant caller at this office on Monday of this week.

Messrs. J. M. Davis & Son's advertisement in this week's paper is of interest to the farmers. Read it.

Rev. W. Taylor Sines will preach to the German Baptists at Sturgiss' Hall Sunday morning at 10.30 o'clock.

Messrs. W. C. and T. W. Ashby, of near Elk Garden, were Oakland visitors on Monday and made this office a call.

Mr. Edwin L. Mitchell has gone to Addison, Pa., where he will remain a week or two visiting his parents and other relatives.

A FURNISHED HOUSE at Deer Park for rent. Farms and houses for sale cheap. Julius C. Renninger, attorney, Oakland, Md. 4-1t.

Mr. Benj. F. Wells and other workmen, of Keyser, are painting Mrs. Chas. Carter's summer residence on Seventh street.

Mr. Perry E. Kimmell went to Grafton on Tuesday where he will probably obtain employment as a typo on one of the Grafton papers.

Just opened, a nice line of spring dress goods, percales, ducks, worsteds, ginghams, etc. Latest styles and low prices. S. L. Townshend & Son. 3-3

Corporation election on Monday, April 13th, when three members of the town council will be elected to serve a term of two years.

Mr. C. A. Wilt, of near Confluence, Pa., was here on Tuesday looking up some estate matters connected with the Swanton tract of land.

One Minute is all the time necessary to decide from personal experience that One Minute Cough Cure does what its name implies. Oakland Pharmacy.

Commissioners' meeting will be held on Monday next, the 5th inst., when the revision of the assessment will be concluded and the levy made for this year.

WANTED.—To buy a good 3 or 4 room house with large lot (1 acre) between Terra Alta and Deer Park, for cash. Price must be reasonable or no sale. Address: C, this office. 3-4t

Torturing, itching, scaly skin eruptions, burns and scalds are soothed at once and promptly healed by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the best known cure for piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Richard Bartlett, who has been attending a dental college in Baltimore, came home on Monday evening and will spend the vacation with his parents.

It is surprising what a "wee bit of a thing" can accomplish. Sick headache, constipation, dyspepsia, sour stomach, dizziness, are quickly banished by DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Small pill. Safe pill. Best pill. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Henry E. Felty has let the contract for remodeling his Railroad street building. Among the improvements to be made will be a new front and a coat of paint.

Mr. A. C. Whetsell has purchased the merry-go-round belonging to the trust estate of S. T. Davis, and will operate it in this and adjoining counties during the coming summer.

Don't allow the lungs to be impaired by the continuous irritation of a cough. It is easier to prevent consumption than to cure it. One Minute Cough Cure taken early will ward off any lung trouble. Oakland Pharmacy.

Last Thursday Governor Lowndes appointed Wednesday, April 14th, as Arbor Day. His intention were to appoint Thursday, the 15th inst., Arbor Day, but as that is Holy Thursday the date was changed to one day earlier.

Hon. Henry Glover, of Terra Alta, who is prominently mentioned as the successful candidate for the position of postmaster in the above town, was in Oakland last Saturday for a few hours.

Last Monday morning fire destroyed the house belonging to Mrs. Hugh Cooper, a widow residing near Schell in this county. The fire caught from a defective flue. Loss was about $600 with no insurance.

William Kitzmiller, aged 23 years, son of Mr. Isaac Kitzmiller, residing near Kitzmillersville, died last Monday morning and was buried yesterday. He was a most exemplary young man.

The Rev. W. H. Weaver, pastor of the U. B. Church, Dillsburg, Pa., recognizes the value of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and does not hesitate to tell others about it. "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," he says, "and find it an excellent medicine for colds, coughs and hoarseness." So does everyone who gives it a trial. Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Mr. M. Cohen, the tailer, has returned from Baltimore and New York where he purchased a large stock of the latest styles in cloths, etc., for his increasing trade. See his advertisement in to-day's REPUBLICAN.

E. E. Turner, of Compton, Mo., writes us that after suffering from piles for seventeen years, he completely cured them by using three boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cures eczema and severe skin diseases. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Stewart Hamill, a student in the Allegany County Academy, who came home two or three weeks ago suffering with an attack of illness, returned to the above institution Monday morning.

They are so small that the most sensitive persons take them, they are so effective that the most obstinate cases of constipation, headache and torpid liver yield to them. That is why DeWitt's Little Early Risers are known as the famous little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

One day recently Charles Albright and Bert Benson, both of Terra Alta, were arrested in that town for throwing stones at passing trains. Benson was fined and Albright gave bail for court.

Many cases of "Grippe" have lately been cured by One Minute Cough Cure. This preparation seems especially adapted to the cure of this disease. It acts quickly, thus preventing serious complications and bad effects in which this disease often leaves the patient. Oakland Pharmacy.

The timber wealth of the United States gives a yearly product of over $1,000,000,000, or twice the output of all the mines put together—gold, silver, coal, iron, copper, zinc and all the rest.

If you have ever seen a child in the agony of croup, you can appreciate the gratitude of the mothers who know that One Minute Cough Cure relieves their little ones as quickly as it is administered. Many homes in this city are never without it. Oakland Pharmacy.

Messrs. Clark & McCullough, whose large saw and planing mill was burned a week or two ago at Friendsville, are making preparations to rebuild, but upon a smaller scale. Their loss by the recent fire was in the neighborhood of five thousand dollars.

Mr. G. A. Bolden, of Kingwood, spent Sunday with his family in Oakland who came down a few days previous to visit relatives. He returned to Kingwood Monday. His family accompanied him as far as Terra Alta where they will remain until Saturday before returning home.

Messrs. Hamill & Little are making an inventory of their stock of general merchandise this week preparatory to dissolving the co-partnership now existing. Mr. Hamill will retire from the firm. The business will be continued at the old stand by Mr. Thos. Little, the junior member.

Two years ago R. J. Warren, a druggist at Pleasant Brook, N. Y., bought a small supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He sums up the result as follows: "At that time the goods were unknown in this section; to-day Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a household word." It is the same in hundreds of communities. Wherever the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy become known the people will have nothing else. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Americans are the most inventive people on earth. To them have been issued nearly 600,000 patents, or more than one-third of all the patents issued in the world. No discovery of science has been of greater benefit to mankind than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, or has done more to relieve pain and suffering. J. W. Vaugh, of Oakton, Ky., says: "I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea remedy in my family for several years, and find it to be the best medicine I ever used for cramps in the stomach and bowels. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

A freight wreck of considerable proportions occurred on the seventeen-mile grade this morning, delaying traffic several hours.

Sheriff Austin Brown came home from Friendsville yesterday morning where he had been several days this week on business. This morning he left for Baltimore with Martin Hetrick who was sentenced last Thursday to twelve years in the penitentiary by Judge Sloan.

The defense is making an effort to have the trial of Col. Robert W Eastham, who killed Frank E. Thompson removed from Parsons to Martinsburg, W. Va., claiming that an impartial trial might not be secured at the former place, the scene of the tragedy.

A brakeman named Holmes fell or was thrown from his train east of Swanton last Monday morning and sustained severe and probably fatal injuries. His hand was severed from his arm by the cars passing over it. He also suffered painful injuries about the head and face.

During the inauguration the B. & O. tested very seriously the use of two conductors on excursion and other heavily loaded trains. The operating department reports that the innovation was successful to a marked degree, and some 65,000 people were handled in a very short space of time without a single accident to a passenger.

The musical and literary entertainment given in St. Paul's church Monday evening, was quite a success. The program as published in these columns last week was fully carried out, and each number was rendered with credit. The entertainment was under the auspices of the literary department of the Epworth League, with Mr. E. L. Mitchell as chairman and much credit is due that gentleman for the excellent program.

Mrs. A. Inveen, residing at 720 Henry St., Alton, Ill., suffered with sciatic rheumatism for over eight months. She doctored for it nearly the whole of this time, using various remedies recommended by friends, and was treated by physicians, but received no relief. She then used one and a half bottles of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which affected a complete cure. This is published at her request, as she wants others similarly afflicted to know what cured her. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

In the last issue of this paper an item was published concerning the finding of a body in the Potomac river near Gormania. A letter received from that place Tuesday morning conveys the information that an inquest was held on the body and an autopsy made by Drs. Wolf and Drinkwater, upon whose evidence the jury rendered a verdict that the body was that of a child born dead. Mortimer G. Williams, Esq., acted as foreman of the jury.

Call for your Letters.

Mr. J. W. Markeer, Mrs. Rebecca Smith, Mrs. Annie Butler.

Died.

Lena May, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Fitzwater, on Feb. 21, 1897, aged two years, five months and twenty-one days.

School Board Notice.

The office of the Board of School Commissioners will be open for the transaction of public business on Tuesdays and Saturdays, until further notice. 3-tf.

Married.

REXROAD—HARDESTY—On March 24, 1897, at the residence of Wm. J. Rexroad, Altamont, by Rev. William E. George, Albert J. Rexroad and Ettie E. Hardesty, both of Garrett county.

A New Firm.

Messrs. Calvin Cuppet and Thomas J. Lowdermilk have purchased the stock of goods belonging to DeWitt & Ferguson at Sang Run and will continue the business of merchandising at that place.

Hotel Improvements.

Last Friday Mr. Joseph Helbig was awarded the contract for painting the Oakland Hotel by the B. & O. officials. The contract is a large one and will require the use of four tons of lead and seven barrels of oil. None but the best material will be used for the job. Monday work will be commenced on the house by Mr. Helbig and a big force of men.

Capt. J. M. Jarboe has a number of men at work now at the house making needed repairs. It will be put in first-class condition from foundation to attic.

The prestige of the hotel as a summer resort has been lost in recent years, but as the gentleman who is to take charge of it this year has a lease running for five years he will restore it to favor with the summer people if good management and unexcelled service can accomplish it.

Wreck Echoes.

Conductor Teller, who was injured in the wreck at the Yough bridge on March 24th has recovered very rapidly and on Friday last was allowed by his physicians to take a stroll.

Mr. and Mrs. Phelps, two other victims of the wreck, departed from Cumberland Tuesday morning for their home in Barre, Vt.

Dr. Henry W. McComas made several trips to Cumberland and Davis last week to attend the injured, all of whom are recovering rapidly.

Miss Nettie Michaels, who accompanied the injured to Cumberland the day of the wreck, remained there the balance of the week, returning to Oakland Friday night last.

Notwithstanding the fact that hundreds of people have been engaged every day since the wreck searching for the remains of Gen. Fullerton, up to the present time nothing has been discovered that would lead to the recovery of his body. Thinking perhaps he had been thrown from the car and had wandered off into the woods twenty men made a search in the hills along the river last Friday.

Since putting the above in type Mr. W. T. Sines hooked out of the river an undergarment which is supposed to have been worn by Gen. Fullerton. The place where the garment was recovered is at a spot a few rods below the county bridge and about half a mile from the scene of the wreck.

Testimonial to a Teacher.

A patron of the Swan Meadows school, writing THE REPUBLICAN yesterday pays a high compliment to Miss Della Savage, teacher of that school. Our correspondent says:

This was Miss Della's second winter here as teacher. Her work has been so very satisfactorily rendered that both patrons and pupils are very desirous that her services may be secured for the coming winter. We doubt whether there is another teacher in our county who has applied herself more faithfully to the honest discharge of her duty than has Miss Della. The evening entertainment given at the close of her school was very good and greatly enjoyed by everybody present.

Derailment Delays Traffic.

East bound Baltimore and Ohio passenger train No. 8 was delayed eight hours Friday by the derailment of engine No. 1305, Donaldson Rice, of Keyser, W. Va., engineman, helper engine No. 1603 and the baggage coach while ascending the grade, between Rowlesburg and Terra Alta, W. Va., The helper left the track pulling the passenger engine and baggage coach with it. St. Louis express No. 2 was detained seven hours. An engine was hitched to the train and the passengers taken back to Rowlesburg, where they ate breakfast. The damage was very slight and no one was injured.

Sent to Jail.

John Collins, of near Oakland, was arrested last Saturday night by Sheriff Brown upon a warrant sworn out by his wife charging him with brutally assaulting and striking her. At the time of the assault Collins was drunk. He was brought to town and committed to jail until Monday morning, when he was sober, and taken before Justice Sincell, who, after a hearing, again remanded him to jail in default of a bond of $300 for his appearance at the September term of the Circuit Court.

More Coke Ovens.

The *Grant County Press* has it from a reliable source that the Davis Coal and Coke Company is likely to put in some coke ovens on the line of the West Virginia Central railroad between Hambleton and Dobbin during the coming summer. The Company has option on coal lands which expires this year, and as several other companies are making a fight for the same, it seems the more probable; besides, the company has orders that overtax the capacity of their works at Thomas, Coketon and other points.

April 1st, 2nd and 3rd.

We desire to most cordially invite all the ladies to attend our First Grand Opening of Spring Millinery at the "Ladies' Bazar" on above dates, when we will have displayed for your inspection the finest and largest line of millinery goods ever brought here. We have spent the past two weeks in eastern cities studying the styles and purchasing our stock and are prepared to show you all the latest novelties in the line—a large line of pattern hats to show you. We also have a full line of Fine Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Laces, Chiffons, Fancy Silks, Stamped Linens, Embroidery Silks, newest styles in Ladies' Collars, Ruchings, Ties, Kid Gloves, Parasols, Corsets, Belts, etc., etc. Everything new and the latest. Your liberal patronage most earnestly solicited.

CONNELL, CRANE & Co.
"THE LADIES' BAZAR,"
Legge Building, Second Street,
3-3t Oakland, Md.

Mountain Lake Park.

The grass is assuming its green dress, much to the joy of those who spent the winter at the Park.

The sanitary force has about completed its work of removing tin cans, ashes, etc. The store keepers did a good business last summer, if the wagon loads of tin cans hauled away indicate anything.

March was a delightful month. More pleasant days than during the same period in the past four years. Advantage was taken of the good weather in burning leaves and cleaning up the grounds.

The boats of the Association were loaned to the B. & O. railroad company in their search for the remains of Gen. Fullerton, who lost his life in the Yough river wreck.

Supt. Rudisill shipped forty-five cars of ice to various points on the B. & O. railroad. Twelve of this number went to Winchester, Va. Had the weather permitted Mr. Rudisill would have loaded at least one hundred cars more for which he had orders.

New cottages: A. Clements, Esq., of Indiana, has erected a two-story cottage on the corner of L street and Philadelphia avenue. Mrs. Neil has built a house of four rooms on L street near Wheeling avenue. Messrs. Sypult & Teets, of West Virginia, have erected a large modern two-story house on E street opposite Chautauqua park. Among the neat houses of the Park is that of Frank Arnold's, opposite Chautauqua park, and on the corner of Philadelphia avenue and E street. Thomas Harris, of West Virginia, is erecting a two-story house on D street north of Philadelphia avenue. He expects to move into it about the middle of next month. Possibly three more houses will be built by June 1st. Parties are trying to arrange for it.

Improvements: Since last summer Mrs. J. G. McLain has added a two-story wing to her mountain home, making it one of the most attractive places in the Park. Hawthorn cottage, east of the Chautauqua park, is having a two-story addition of four rooms added to it. It will also have a basement. Mrs. Daniel Smith will open the house for boarders about May 1st. Dr. Rambean will add two rooms to his cottage on Allegheny Drive. Additional rooms and porches will be added to several houses.

The drives and streets are receiving special attention. Considerable broken rock is being used. Large culverts are taking the places of smaller ones, so as to secure quicker drainage of the water from the gutters. The driving public will appreciate the extension of Baltimore avenue to the lake; also the new drive from the bridge on E street, near the Oakland drive, to D street, which has been opened up to Philadelphia avenue. The opening of this part of D street brings into market some of the prettiest building cites in the Park.

About fifteen acres of the glade west of D street has been plowed and will be put in buckwheat, to be followed next season by timothy. The lake has been very much enlarged. The dam has been raised two feet. Boats can now be rowed up to the bridge near Crystal Springs, and turn in abundance of water. We now have the largest and prettiest lake on the mountain top.

T. B. Guest, of Ohio, and Thomas Keating, of Indiana, spent the winter at the Park, guests at the Assembly House. They speak in the highest praise of Mountain Lake Park as a winter resort.

O. F. Hall, of Pennsylvania, has returned to the Park for the summer.

Miss Wallace, of New York City, is now one of the faculty of Briarbend Seminary. She is a first-class instructor and a very pleasant lady.

Among our recent visitors were, Rev. D. T. Richards, of Germantown; R. E. McQuay, of West Virginia; Mrs. Nolte, of Wheeling; H. C. Sharp and wife, of Ohio; Miss Willis, of Lawrence, Kan., and Miss Mary Pendleton, of Wichita, Kan.

A number of cottages have already been rented for the summer. Mrs. Good, of Wheeling, will return to the cottage she has occupied the past few years; Mrs. Grace Brown, of Indiana, has rented on E street; Dr. C. S. Sadtler, of Baltimore, has rented Mr. Garthright's 1 street house, and W. H. Sheets, of Pittsburg, his cottage on F street; Mrs. Judge Haymond, of Fairmont, has rented the cottage opposite Hotel Chautauqua; Hon. J. D. Botkin, congressman from Kansas, has rented a cottage on E street opposite Chautauqua park. His family reached the Park a week or so ago.

The camp meeting will commence Saturday, July 3rd. The Friday night meeting, an informal get-you-acquainted meeting, will be held in the Hall of Philosophy. The meeting this summer promises to be one of unusual interest and attendance. Many persons are arranging to attend. A strong army of preachers and workers have already signified their intention to be present. The meeting will be in charge of "Bishop" Thompson, whom everybody loves. I would not be surprised to see from three hundred to four hundred preachers and evangelists in attendance.

Rev. John Thompson, 2302 Brandywine street, Philadelphia, Pa., has published "Salvation Echoes," a pamphlet of 196 pages, giving a full report of last summer's camp meeting, sermons, etc. Send him twenty-five cents and he will mail you a copy. It is splendid reading—the next thing to going to a camp meeting.

No. 8. Solid Oak Extension Table, polished like a piano has six massive legs. The four cuishions are connected, braced and heavy ornamented. It measures 4 x 42 inches when closed and 6 feet long when spread. Special Price,

$3.85

(Orders promptly filled.)

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Julius Kines & Son,
BALTIMORE, MD.

A Marriage and Death.

Married, at the M. E. parsonage, 82 Bedford street, Cumberland, Md., by Rev. M. F. B. Rice, D. D., John Wm. Bancord, of New Germany, and Ella Casteel, of Chicago, formerly of Oakland, Md.

Died, March 22, at the Hotel Tremont, Cumberland, Md., of Bright's disease, John William Bancord, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Bancord, of New Germany, aged 21 years, 9 months and 21 days. He said, "I know I am going to die and am not afraid." He died in the full fruition of a christian's hope. He leaves behind him to mourn his loss his beloved wife, father, mother, brother and four sisters. The remains were interred at Mt. Beula church, New Germany, March 24th, Rev. Faulkner officiating. Rev. Dr. Rice, of Cumberland, extends the following tribute to his memory:

CUMBERLAND, MD.,
March 22, 1897.

MRS. ELLA CASTEEL BANCORD.

Dear Madam:—When on Tuesday, March 16th, I saw before me a bright and happy couple of young people, I did not for a moment think that the marriage that I was then performing would be so soon dissolved by death. That the bright and cheerful girl before me would be passing through the shadow and sorrow of young widowhood so soon. But

"Ere smiles had fled, the shadows fell
Of death's long, silent sleep."

Your constant presence at the bedside of your husband and the affectionate ministration of your loving sympathy and help was a balm of refreshment to him in his suffering.

He realized how sick he was. Death did not come to him as a surprise. He was ready and expected to die. He said to us all, "I shall never get well, I know it, but I am not afraid to die." His death was easy and triumphant. He is gone but not lost. He lives a better life in a better world than this. You may meet him there, where every form and every face shall be heavenly and divine.

"God will forgive the tributary tear,
That mourns his exit from a world like this;
Forgive the wish that would have kept him here,
And stayed his progress to the realms of bliss."

Signed, Yours in christian sympathy,
M. F. B. RICE,
Pastor Center St. M. E. Church.

Piano Recital.

The citizens of Oakland will have the opportunity next Tuesday night April 6, of attending a piano recital at Shartzer's Opera House, given by Prof. O. W. Schaeffer, of Cumberland, an accomplished and sterling pianist, whose repertory embraces anything from Liszt down. This is the opportunity of a lifetime to hear a really first-class pianist at a comparatively nominal price, and all lovers of music should make it a point to be present and enjoy a rare musical treat. The program will be elaborate and varied and arranged in such a manner as to suit all. Don't miss it. Reserved seats will be placed on sale at the Oakland Pharmacy Saturday morning.

MY NEIGHBOR.

I sing a man, God bless his name!
A man of honest labors;
Unknown to fortune or to fame,
But loved by all his neighbors.

No strange or philosophic creed,
No doctrines hard to cipher,
For which so many light and bleed
And which so many die for,

Could fill his peaceful soul with strife;
They left him as they found him;
His sole philosophy of life
Was—love to all around him!

All hail this man unknown to fame,
This man of honest labors;
Oh! did the world but know his name
And love it as his neighbors!

No grass could grow beside his grave,
Though guards of iron bound it,
For loving feet would quickly pave
A beaten path around it.
—Charles Babson Soule, in Chicago Record.

A LUCKY DUEL.

BY A. P. STANTON.

WANTED.—By the trustees of Moraga valley school district, Contra Costa county, a young lady holding a first-grade teacher's certificate to teach the school in this district. Apply to George Van Duke, president of the board of trustees.

By order of the board of school trustees the above advertisement was published in the county newspapers, and from the many applicants the daughter of an ex-judge of the superior court of the county was chosen.

Judge Mallery had been noted for his legal knowledge and honesty while on the bench; but, like many old Californians, he liked good living and the bottle too well for his own good. Ruth Mallery, his only daughter, had had no experience in school-teaching, nor, indeed, in any kind of labor. She was the spoiled child of a fond father, her mother having died in her infancy. Ruth had acquired the greater part of her education at Mill seminary, but she had continued her studies in music and painting after her graduation from that institution. Upon these studies her father spent money with a lavish hand, having teachers up from San Francisco twice a week to instruct her. These studies had been continued up to the time of the judge's death, which had come suddenly and without warning. After his death, his affairs were found to be in a very demoralized condition; he had lived far beyond his means, and in order to pay his funeral expenses and liquidate his debts, it was found necessary to sell his magnificent residence at the county seat. When his affairs had been settled, Ruth found that she had but a few hundred dollars left, and she saw that it would be necessary for her to do something immediately by which to gain a living.

Now, although Ruth Mallery had given a great deal of time to the acquisition of her favorite studies, drawing and painting, she found that she was not competent to earn a livelihood by these arts, as she had pursued them in an amateurish manner, and did not possess the requisite professional skill to impart them to others. She therefore decided to apply herself to such studies as would enable her to teach in a district school. This she did with such assiduity that she was soon enabled to pass an examination and obtain a first-grade teachers' certificate. This secured, she applied for and received the appointment to the school, as previously stated.

At this time Ruth was 26 years of age, slight and delicate in appearance, but possessed of undaunted will. She took up her chosen profession with a determination to make of it a grand success. She found board at the home of Mr. Van Duke, the president of the board of trustees. Ruth thought herself quite fortunate in her choice of a boarding-place, as the Van Dukes were one of the most influential families in the valley, Mr. Van Duke having married one of the Moraga girls, a descendant of an old Spanish family after whom the valley had been named and whose possessions at one time had included nearly the whole of Contra Costa county.

Ruth's success in teaching the summer term was so pronounced that the trustees employed her for the ensuing winter term, which had heretofore been taught by a male teacher. When the winter opened, she found that she had among her scholars a number of boys of 20 years of age, among them one of the Van Dukes, a son of the trustee.

During the previous summer, George Van Duke had paid Ruth a great deal of attention, and this led him to act as though he had some proprietary claim upon her. This soon bred trouble with the older boys, who wished to divide attentions with Van Duke and sometimes to escort Miss Mallery to the winter gayeties of the valley. This feeling increased among the young men of the school until there was a race rivalry started between the boys of Spanish and Mexican descent and the boys of American birth. Henry Hosmer was the leader of the Americans, and George Van Duke led the Spanish faction. Ruth was not aware of this strong feeling among her scholars. She did not intend to receive the exclusive attentions of any one of the boys, and had been escorted by several of them to various entertainments, although it had happened that, owing to her living at the Van Dukes' home, George had attended her more frequently than had the others. They therefore accused him of taking undue advantage of them by reason of Ruth's residence at his father's home.

This factional jealousy grew until all of the larger boys were ranged under the leadership of Hosmer or Van Duke, and it increased in intensity until Hosmer challenged Van Duke. The latter accepted the challenge, naming dirk-knives as the weapons. The following Saturday afternoon the duel took place. The spot selected was at the foot of a ravine, north of the celebrated "Fish Ranch."

The place was well chosen, as it was an open flat, inclosed by a thick grove of oaks, where there would be no risk of interference by passers-by. Six boys on each side were there when Hosmer, with his second, made his appearance. A few moments later Van Duke and his second arrived. They took off their coats, hats, waistcoats and neckties, and took their places, awaiting the word to commence. At the word "ready" they advanced toward each other and each acted on the defensive. Each carried in his left hand a Panama hat to use as a shield to ward off or receive a blow. Hosmer pushed the fight and struck Van Duke a blow, thus drawing the first blood. Then Van Duke cut Hosmer upon the right temple, and the blood flowed down over his eye, partially blinding him. Van Duke now appeared to fight upon the defensive, while Hosmer grew more and more aggressive. Suddenly Hosmer rushed upon his antagonist and struck at him; Van Duke tried to ward the blow with the hat held in his left hand, but Hosmer's dirk struck him in the left wrist, going in at the point and breaking off, leaving Hosmer perfectly defenseless.

His life could have been easily taken by Van Duke, but the young Spanish-American tossed his dirk to his second, saying: "I have done nothing to cause this duel, but accepted it so that it could not be said that I was a coward. If you are all satisfied, I am willing to shake hands with Hosmer and let the quarrel end for good."

Both sides could but admire the spirit shown by Van Duke, and the principals shook hands and declared the fight ended. When the principals went to a physician to have their wounds dressed, Van Duke found it very difficult to get the blade out of his wrist, but he succeeded in doing so, although his wrist was lame for many months.

The story of this adventure could not long be kept quiet, and as it was whispered around among the scholars, it soon came to the ears of the teacher. Ruth asked George Van Duke about it and why his wrist was bandaged. He replied that he had sprained it, and she could get no further explanation from him, nor could she learn anything about it from the other scholars.

She went at last to Hosmer, and learned the truth in regard to the fight. If there had been no rivalry between the boys, there would not have been any love in this story. It kindled the flame in Van Duke's breast, and he laid siege to the heart of his little teacher, and when he proposed marriage to her, she laughingly declined, telling him that she was six years older than he and that he did not want an old woman for a wife. But her ridicule, far from deterring him from pressing his suit, only increased the ardor of his efforts and made him all the more desirous of winning her. Yet all his efforts seemed lost upon her. In this crisis he went to his parents, and succeeded in enlisting their sympathy and assistance. This, together with the strong love he bore Ruth, soon overcome her opposition, and he gained her consent to their marriage.

When the engagement was announced, the boys of the school envied George his good fortune in winning so lovely a bride. Their esteem for their teacher and desire for her happiness led them to purchase and present to her upon her marriage a suitable testimonial, with the best wishes of all the scholars. They were married at the Van Duke residence, and the entire population of Moraga valley attended the wedding and the reception that followed.

The honeymoon was passed traveling in the east, and was to be extended by a tour of Europe. While in New York, George received a telegram from his father, recalling him to attend to some most important business affecting his material interests. It seems that there had been litigation for several years regarding the ownership of a large tract of land in the valley, which threatened the rights of all of the members of Van Duke's family as well as of all the old settlers and grantees therein. These suits, brought by Horace W. Carpentier, had just been decided in the United States supreme court against the settlers, and they were compelled by the decision to move off the land, without any compensation for their improvements. Thus at one blow the entire fortune of the elder Van Duke was lost. George and his bride returned, and as they had now no home to go to and no independent resources, they both resolved to commence at once working for a living. Ruth applied for her former position in the valley school, and was reappointed. George went to San Francisco, and secured a position as conductor on the California street railroad. And so it happened that, after three months of happy married life, this young couple were separated by stern destiny.

These untoward circumstances did not daunt them or destroy their ambition to gain a competency, and, in order to do this, they saw that a temporary separation was necessary, and also that in order to get a start both would be obliged to work while they were yet young and in health. Young Van Duke found it very hard to be confined 14 hours a day on a street car, after the free life of the forest and mountains; but, spurred on by love and ambition, he worked with a will and lived in a most economical fashion.

When they had jointly saved up $1,000, he started for the gold fields in South Africa, where by energy and judicious speculation, he rapidly accumulated a fortune. He sent for his wife to join him, but soon tiring of this wild country, they returned with a fortune so large that the fine of $125,000 which President Kruger imposed upon him for participating in a filibustering foray made very little impression upon his "pile." Mrs. Van Duke has set her heart on buying the much-loved home of her childhood at Martinez, and her husband is planning to buy the family homestead in Moraga valley, where his boyhood was passed and where he won his devoted wife. Here he hopes to gather again all of the members of his family under the beloved roof of their old home. With youth, health, strength, and a will, one may accomplish anything one desires.—San Francisco Argonaut.

FASHION NOTES.

New Notes on Dressy Details of Ladies' Costumes.

A handsome hat has a low crown and a moderately wide brim slightly rolled up at both sides. The edge is bound with velvet, and there are thick bunches of velvet roses sewed close under the brim next to the hair. The trimming is a cluster of loops of velvet and wide, heavy ostrich plumes that sweep over and entirely conceal the crown of the hat and droop over the hair at the back.

Colored handkerchiefs are coming into fashion. They are elaborately embroidered, and many of them are very expensive. One of the new patterns is a line of butterflies extending from corner to corner. Another has half a dozen butterflies in one corner; others have two or three in each of the corners. There are also fancy-bordered handkerchiefs and those with wide hems. One of these latter is closely embroidered with excellent imitation of the honeybee.

A novelty veil is about three yards long. The middle of it is placed around the front of the hat and over the face; then the ends are crossed at the back, fastened with a jeweled pin and brought down on either side of the face and tied in a large bow under the chin. The loops are fastened with stick-pins. On some faces the effect is very pretty.

A new hat is turned down all around in scoop shape. The crown is rather high and narrow, and is trimmed with bands of fancy velvet set round and round. At one side of the crown is a large cluster of ostrich tips, the quills of which are concealed by a rosette of velvet.

A nutty little bonnet has a high-peaked crown and is surrounded by puffs of velvet. At the front are prince of Wales feathers, and around the sides of the bonnet are large plumes. The back turns out slightly over the hair, and is finished with a band of crushed roses.

A pretty bonnet is a cap shape. It is made of passementerie over velvet. The brim is edged with fur, and the trimming consists of large poppy-shaped flowers made of crimped silk surrounded by velvet. Aigrettes and a simple curling ostrich tip complete the trimming.

A neat and rather trying hat is of white velvet. It is bound with ruby velvet, and loops of velvet ribbon are set edgewise around the crown. At the back is a large fan-shaped trimming of aigrettes and bird-of-paradise feathers.

A snug little toque is made of yellow velvet looped and twisted over a frame. The trimming is a wreath of yellow asters with black centers, and a standing plumage of bird-of-paradise feathers.

Among the novelties in veils are those of very great size, which cover the entire face and are drawn under the chin. —N. Y. Ledger.

DRESSING TABLE NECESSITIES.

Various Articles for Making a Lady's Toilet.

A sensible girl will not keep a lot of cosmetics and drugs on her toilet table, but there are a few articles she should always have in a convenient place.

She should have an array of glass-stoppered bottles containing alcohol, camphor, glycerine or vaseline, alum, borax and ammonia.

A little camphor and water should be used as a wash for the mouth and throat if the breath is not sweet.

Powdered alum applied to a fever sore will prevent it from becoming unsightly or noticeable.

Insect stings or eruptions on the skin are relieved by alcohol.

A few grains of alum in tepid water will relieve those whose hands perspire freely. A few drops of sulphuric acid in water are also beneficial for this purpose, as well as desirable for washing the feet when they perspire freely.

In addition to soap for bathing, white castile should be kept for washing the hair. Occasionally a little borax or ammonia may be used for this purpose, but care should be taken in their application, as they are rather harsh in their effects.

A little fresh cold cream should be kept on the toilet table during the cold weather, and applied to the lips and hands every night if the skin seems at all rough or chapped.—N. Y. Sun.

Creamed Oysters.

Drain 50 oysters; wash by pouring gradually over them a pitcher of cold water; put them in a saucepan; stir carefully until they reach the boiling point; drain again, this time saving the liquor. Measure, and add to the liquor thus obtained sufficient milk to make one pint. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of flour in a saucepan; add the oyster liquor and milk, and stir constantly until boiling, then add a teaspoonful of salt, a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper and the oysters. Heat gradually and serve. By adding the yolks of two eggs just before taking the oysters from the fire and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley after they have been dished, you may have a delicious stew of oysters which may be served on toast, or the plate may be garnished with squares of toast.—Ladies' Home Journal.

In Surplice Style.

For a slender form a fetching front is shown with velvet lace insertion and woolen dress goods; or narrow beading can take the place of the lace if preferred, the jeweled beading or bands being in high favor and stylish withal. This unique design has a round waist with surplice front lapped at the waistline after being guthered at the armholes and shoulders. Crush collar of silk the color of the dress goods or of velvet or of changeable taffeta combining the two tones. Five rows of insertion on the flat vest part. Revers of velvet sharply pointed on the lower edge and a corselet belt three inches wide fastening under a jaunty bow on the right side. The waist fastens down one side before the surplice fullness is lapped over.—American Queen.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Tea is gathered from the plant four times a year.

—In three years the progeny of a pair of rats, under favorable conditions, will number 1,000.

—After spending much time in digging for a so-called pirate's treasure on his farm, Valentine Kelly, of Clarksville, Ind., found $3.75.

—The passing of the cyclomania began at Portland, Me., with the exchange by a young woman of her bicycle for a sewing machine.

—After sending to Europe for a zither a Herman (Mo.) man was disgusted to receive one which had been manufactured in his own state.

—Every prudent young man in Chicago, when he takes a lady to a theater, carries three dollars in his inside pocket. This is to pay her fine in case she refuses to remove her high hat.

—A snowdrift near Dodge City, Kan., delayed a railroad train for ten hours. The passengers could get nothing to eat but oysters and eggs, which they found in abundance in the express car.

—Dr. Calot, an Italian physician, practicing at the Rothschild hospital in Berk-sur-Mer, France, has succeeded in straightening 37 hunchbacks. All those operated upon were children, and in no case has he failed to remedy the deformity.

—The waiters of New York city have banded into a society and are agitating the question of a home for old and disabled waiters. They say that after a man has done that work until he is 50 his legs give out and he loses his job because he cannot move fast enough and wait on a sufficient number of customers.

—A burglar in Bristol, England, failed to open a safe in a commercial establishment, so he made tea, opened a box of good cigars and passed the last hours of 1896 in quiet conviviality. Then, using the office paper, he wrote a polite letter to the proprietor thanking him for his hospitality and wishing him a happy New Year.

HAD A FINE TIME.

He Was Entertained at a Game of Whist.

Slims is a particularly busy man. Not long since he had an old friend from out in the state come in to make a brief visit. No man is a better entertainer than Slims when he has the time, but business is not to be neglected these days.

"I can't possibly be with you this afternoon," he reluctantly said to the visitor, "but there are a lot of good fellows over to the club that have plenty of leisure and will be glad to entertain you. I presume you play cards?"

"I rather flatter myself that I do," and the gentleman from a township metropolis looked as though it would really be the ruination of the other fellows should he happen to drop into a poker game or take time to beard the velvet-pawed tiger in his den. Of course he had a warm welcome at the club and it was time to start for dinner when he returned to Slims at his place of business. The bucolic friend looked so thoroughly pleased that his host felt free from all compunctions of conscience.

"Have a good time?" inquired Slims.

"Regular picnic. Played whist all afternoon. Had a fellow named Biggs for a partner."

"No! Biggs was your partner, and you didn't have a rough-and-tumble fight? There's the worst crank at whist in the state, and he has no mercy on a partner that makes a mistake. Didn't he abuse you or insult you?"

"Not a bit of it. I noticed he looked mighty sick after we'd been playing awhile and tried to cheer him up. But the other fellows did all the laughing."

"And he didn't rear around and swear and call you a drivelling idiot or a wooden-headed old imbecile?"

"Well, I guess not. We had a rippin' good time. I believe he did let slip an oath just once. It was my turn to deal and I let it pass. Some one called attention to the omission and Biggs said something about the blunkety blanked old crazy horse not knowing enough about whist to even deal. Oh, they entertained me fine."—Detroit Free Press.

The Nightly Toilet.

One should never allow one's self to be too busy or tired to neglect the nightly toilet. One should not simply drop one's clothes and tumble into bed, else neither one's self nor the clothes will look attractive in the morning. Have plenty of hot water and a dash of cologne and give your face a thorough laving. The result will be as refreshing as an hour's sleep. Brush the hair for 20 minutes, it will be glossier and thicker for the trouble, and your nerves will be soothed by the process. Then, after the exercise, robe yourself in a warm gown and drink a glass of hot milk, weak cocoa or even hot water, eating a wafer or bit of toast if you like. When the small supper is finished you will be ready to go to sleep without any insomnia cure, and in the morning you will waken refreshed and thoroughly in good humor with yourself and your world.—Chicago Chronicle.

An Apparent Mistake.

Employer—John, you were drunk last night. I have waited until you were sober before inflicting the penalty in order that you might know what you were punished for. You are discharged.

Servant—Don't you think you are making a mistake, sir?

"A mistake! What do you mean?"

"Why, it seems to me that you ought to have discharged me when I was loaded."—Boston Courier.

Novelty in Belts.

New waist decorations of belt ribbon are made up in a width of three-inch ribbon. The ribbon is drawn twice around the waist and then fastens at the left side with an upright bow.—N. Y. World.

What She Wanted to Know.

A certain minister, who is not always so careful as he ought to be in making his teaching and his practice correspond, was lately telling some friends a story of adventure. It was a pretty "tall" story, and the minister's ten-year-old little girl was observed to be listening to it very intently. When he finished she fastened her wide-open eyes upon her father's face, and said, very gravely: "Is that true, or are you preaching now, papa?"—Tit-Bits.

A MATTER OF HABIT.

Parke—I tell you, old man, it's a great thing to be a somnambulist.

Lane—How so?

Parke—I've taught myself to get up in my sleep and walk the floor with the baby.—N. Y. Tribune.

Easily Enough.

"Mr. Gibbons," said the teacher of the class in rhetoric, "point out the absurdity in this figure of speech: 'At this time the Emperor Frederick hatched out a scheme,' etc."

"It seems to me all right," replied the young man, after some reflection.

"It does? Explain, if you please, how he could have 'hatched out' a scheme."

"Well, he might have had his mind set on it."—Chicago Tribune.

A Discussion on Diet.

Little Chris—Does your governess get ill on mince pies?

Little Kate—I don't know! Why?

Little Chris—'Cause mine does. At dinner to-day she said: "If you eat any more of that pastry, I know you'll be ill." So she must have been so herself. —London Punch.

Then He Proposed.

They had looked soulfully into each other's eyes for some time, but somehow he didn't seem to come to the point. Then suddenly he made a discovery.

"You have your mother's beautiful eyes," he said.

She felt that the time had come to play her trump card.

"I have also," she said, "my father's lovely checkbook."

Inside of 30 minutes their engagement was announced.—Chicago Evening Post.

A Good Time to Keep Quiet.

When you feel that ideas are crowding your brain
And struggling for ardent expression;
When impulses come which you scarce can restrain
To arise with some charge or confession;
When your utmost emotion persuades you to speak
Opinions which fairly run riot;
When the thoughts come so fast that your soul yearns to shriek—
It's a mighty good time to keep quiet.
—Indianapolis Journal.

Feed the Hungry.

"At a time when there is so much hunger and starvation in the world," mused Weary Walker, "it would ill become me to add to its sum."

Whereupon he abstracted the boiled ham from the pantry window and proceeded to relieve the most serious case of distress within his immediate knowledge.—Chicago Journal.

Found It So.

Hazel—Was your elopement a success?

Leola—The elopement was; but it was followed by a failure.

Hazel—What was that?

Leola—Our marriage.—Philadelphia Press.

Natural Qualifications.

"Let us send that fellow who stutters so badly to Jones' wife to tell her that Jones is dead."

"What do you want to send him for?"

"He will naturally be able to break the news better than any of the rest of us."—N. Y. Journal.

On a Par.

Foster—I read of a man, recently, who brought suit for damages against a newspaper which printed an article that caused him "mental anguish."

Trotter—You don't say—was it a tariff editorial, or an original poem?—Harlem Life.

Chicago Tribune.

POLITICAL PHRASES ILLUSTRATED.

"THE CANDIDATE COUNTING NOSES."

The Outlook.

"Mr. Tompkins, I will take tender care of your daughter—her hands were never made to work."

"No; her mother couldn't ever make her work, and I don't suppose you can." —Chicago Record.

Forced to It.

First Chicago Man—Well, I've spent every cent of my wife's money.

Second Chicago Man—What are you going to do about it?

"I suppose I shall have to get married again."—Detroit Free Press.

Logic and Sophistry.

"What is logic?"

"It is that by which we prove our neighbor wrong."

"And what is sophistry?"

"It is that by which he endeavors to prove himself right."—N. Y. Tribune.

Gave His Blessing.

Her Father—Do you think, sir, that you can support a woman of such expensive tastes as my daughter?

Her Adorer—I do.

Her Father—Then take her and be happy. I can't.—N. Y. Journal.

Satisfactorily Explained.

"How is it that Wildon comes to the club every night now? It used to be that we couldn't get him here once a month."

"O, he married last fall, and settled down."—Detroit Free Press.

Not Electrocuted.

"What provocation had you for shooting the man?" asked the attorney.

"I can't tell you to save my neck," replied the man charged with murder. —Philadelphia North American.

A Wise Man.

Mrs. Benham—Henry, let's have a tin wedding.

Benham—Not much. I don't believe in advertising my mistakes.—N. Y. Journal.

Knew What He Wanted.

Jess—I don't believe Chipple knows enough to come in when it rains.

Bess—He knows enough, but prefers to stay out and see the sights.—Philadelphia Press.

An Eye to Business.

Lawyer—Mrs. Chicago Avenue has been getting married again.

Clerk—Yes, sir.

Lawyer—Well, keep your eye on her. She has promised me her next divorce case.—Up-to-Date.

A Judgment.

Blifkins—That Billings never told the truth in his life. What lie was he springing on you just now?

Flipkins—He was telling me that you were a scholar and a gentleman.—Philadelphia Press.

NEW USE FOR THEATER HATS.

"Goodness me! What are you children doing with my new hats?"

"Nothing, mamma—jus' playin' rooster fight!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Matter of Feeling.

Mr. Blinks—What? Thirty years old to-morrow? You told the minister who married us only two years ago that you were 18.

Mrs. Blinks (wearily)—Well, I felt 19 then.—N. Y. Weekly.

Not a Great Loss.

Hewitt—I hear that your wife has eloped.

Jewett—Yes, but it was no great loss; I paid the minister only $5 for her.—Town Topics.

Morocco's sultan has engaged an Aberdeen man to play the bagpipes at his court.

FARM AND GARDEN.

PURCHASING BEES.

For the Beginner, Spring Is by All Means the Best Time.

This is one of the puzzles to the beginner, when to buy. A writer in an exchange says: All things considered, I think the spring the best time. In the hands of the master it might pay to buy in the fall, as they can be bought much cheaper then. But a novice would not know whether they were in proper condition to winter successfully or not, or what to do in case they were not, or how to prepare them in case they needed special attention preparntory to going into winter quarters. But by purchasing in the spring, even though they cost a dollar per colony more, there is no risk to run, for with a reasonable season they will pay for themselves and there will be something left.

I would advise buying as near home as possible, to save express charges, as it is very difficult to ship small lots of bees by local freight. If you feel timid about handling them I should advise buying pure Italians, as they are more quiet than the blacks or hybrids; but if you are not, I would not pay large prices for any particular strain you may see advertised in the bee journals. The honey gathered by the blacks and hybrids is just as sweet, and the quantity just as great as that gathered by the high-toned or high-priced races, and no bee on earth builds such delicate combs, or caps its honey with such virgin whiteness as the poor despised black bee.

I would advise, if possible, to buy full, strong colonies, and wherever you may live I would advise having them moved or shipped about the time apple trees bloom. Make your purchase as early as possible, but don't be in a hurry to have them moved; they are much better whre they are until settled warm weather has come to stay, and the blossoms are producing nectar. Perhaps some of you don't feel able to buy strong colonies; if not, you can buy two, three or four-frame nuclei for less money and at less cost of transportation. These you can build up during the season, and make good colonies of them by fall, but you could not reasonably expect much increase in number, or much surplus honey, while, on the other hand, with strong colonies you can double your spring count, and with a good season and good management get enough surplus honey to pay for the colonies you buy in the spring. I advise beginners to make haste slowly, and make the bees pay their way every season; then should you meet with winter losses you will be nothing out but your time, and will have your experience, hives and combs left to begin with another spring, all of which you will find valuable.

ABOUT SITTING HENS.

A Simple Contrivance That Will Cure Them of the Habit.

Sitting hens receive not a little abuse at the hands of their owners when attempts are made to "break up" the sitting fever. This is unfortunate, and

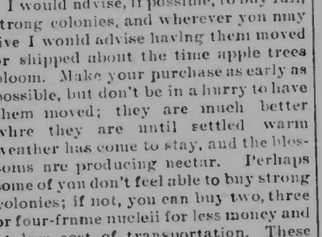

BOX FOR SITTING HENS.

also unnecessary. Take the hen and put her by herself in a yard upon the ground. She will go to scratching, and in a few days will give up all idea of sitting. As yards are not usually at hand for this special purpose, a substitute can be found in the bottomless box illustrated herewith. One end has a sloping top to protect the hen from rain. The remainder of the top is covered with slats. Two openings at the side give the hen, or hens, access to dishes of water and food which, by the way, should be light and small in quantity, to reduce the hen's condition. Oats are excellent for this purpose.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Damp Weather and Roup.

There is more roup in the spring months than in winter, due to spring rains and dampness. While the drafts of air in the poultry-house may not be cold, yet they are damp and chilly, rendering the fowls very uncomfortable. It is at night that fowls seem to take disease. During the day they are active and at work, but at night they cannot change their positions on the roost, and are consequently helpless to avoid damp drafts of air. The longer days and warmth at midday induce the fowls to remain outside during the spring season, and they consequently do not always resort to shelter in damp spells. It is then that they are frequently attacked by roup. A little extra attention until dry weather sets in will greatly aid in preventing roup and the liability to disease.—Farm and Fireside.

The Number of Hoasters.

The Reliable Poultry Journal says: Dealing with averages, we would suggest that for fowls kept in moderate sized yards the following number of hens to each cock would be found suitable: Asiatics, seven or eight; Americans, nine or ten; Mediterraneans, 12 or 15. Or if free range can be given, then we would suggest the following: Asiatics, 12 to 15; Americans, 15 to 20; Mediterraneans, 20 to 30. In both of the above instances we have presumed that the fowls will be well fed. Indeed, we might have made feeding an essential point, for a cock properly fed will fertilize more eggs, and the chickens hatched from them will be stronger, than one which is under-fed or over-fed or fed upon articles of wrong diet.

WINDMILL POWER.

How It Can Be Used for Cutting and Grinding Feed.

About a year ago it came into my head that I wanted some kind of power to cut and grind feed. The windmill power takes care of itself without a fireman or driver. So I bought a windmill made not very far from my place (for convenience in getting "repairs"). It is a sectional one that you can hold to the wind. It is rated at 2½ horse power. It is on the barn. The perpendicular shaft runs down to a foot gear. Just below the big beam under the scaffold is the horizontal shaft. I have a large hopper-shaped bin that holds about 50 bushels. There is a 20-foot elevator that carries the grain from the floor to the large bin on the scaffold. Then there is a spout that

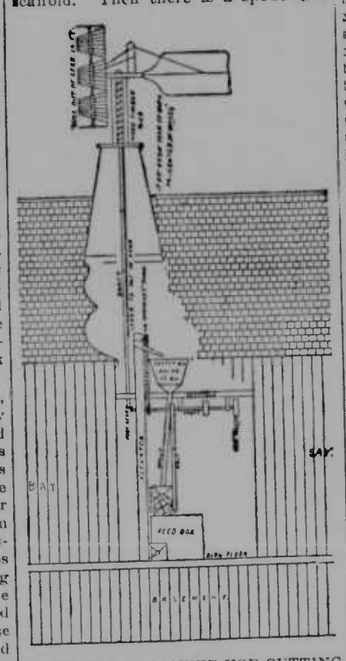

WINDMILL AS POWER FOR CUTTING FEED.

carries the grain from the large bin to the grinder placed on a large box on the drive floor. In the spring when grinding is over till fall, the grinder and box can be taken out. Then I run a feed cutter that stands on one side of the driving floor, and as fast as the feed is cut it runs down below into a large bin in the basement. I also run a corn sheller, an emery wheel and a buzz saw. I have to run the saw with a long belt. The cut shows fairly well the construction of the mill and its attachments, and part of the barn.—Ohio Farmer.

SORE-MOUTHED HORSES.

A Plan Which Is Almost Certain to Effect a Cure.

Many horses, especially during the first year of their working period, are constantly in possession of a sore mouth, and this not only causes the animal great suffering and usually loss of flesh, but is also a matter of great inconvenience to the driver.

This, if continued for several months, is also liable to leave the animal with a chronic habit, such as throwing the head while hitching or unhitching. We have in view one very valuable young horse, owned by a neighbor, which became almost worthless on account of the habit of throwing its head, and at the same time lunging sideways into the ditches.

The most effective plan which we have ever tried consists of winding any ordinary bit at the corners and down on the same for about one inch, with tanned sheepskin (which can be procured at any harness store), being sure that it is not too thick and heavy. With this well wound on have a cup of sulphur, and each time as the bit is placed in the horse's mouth moisten the leather and rub on a little of the pulverized article. It is well also to lengthen the bridle as much as possible during the time and not drive with a tight checking rein.

After having adopted this plan we succeeded in curing a young horse of a very sore mouth which was contracted during the working period the past season. — C. H. Whitcomb, in National Stockman.

LIVE STOCK POINTERS.

A small amount of the right kind of food is better than too much inferior stuff.

The best means of obtaining a profit with any class of stock is to keep the best and keep it well.

If the farmer cannot afford to breed and raise pure-bred stock he can at least breed and raise good grades.

Clean up the hog pens, the horse and cattle stables, and disinfect thoroughly with carbolic acid before the spring opens.

The cheapest feed is not that which costs the least, but rather that which in proportion to its cost gives the best results.

Early maturity is one of the best ways of lessening the cost of raising stock, and good feeding is an essential to early maturity.—Farmers' Union.

Make a Good Beginning.

Most of those who begin farming buy more land than they can pay for because a part payment on land leaves good security for the balance. Then they find innumerable expenses in purchasing tools and stock to begin operations. The temptation always is to economize in the stock, thinking it is easy to breed up. Sometimes this is done, but more often the economy in not buying the best stock dooms the farmer to the same labor and expense in caring for it, while it is, when grown, not worth half or a quarter what it would have been had he begun right at first.—Dakota Field and Farm.

ENORMOUS DEATH DUTIES.

Old English Families May Be Ruined by Them.

In order to realize the terrible strain imposed by Sir William Harcourt's so-called "death duties," which excited so much sentiment among the land-owning class of Great Britain last year, it may be mentioned that most of the territorial magnates who, through the death of their father or other near relatives, recently have come into possession of the family property, have been compelled by the burden thus imposed upon them to close up their country houses and to let their shooting to the highest bidder.

Thus, when a few months ago the marquis of Bath succeeded to the entailed estates of his father, he was forced by the death duties which he had to pay on his father's estate to close up Longlat and to lease all the sporting privileges of the estate to a city merchant, and now it is announced that the new Lord Saville (husband of that pretty Mrs. Horace Helyar, who, with her first husband, was connected with the English embassy at Washington in the days of Lord Sackville) will have to close Rufford abbey, one of the most beautiful country seats in "the dukeries," the duties in this case amounting to nearly $1,000,000.

The duties are exceptionally heavy in this instance; in the first place, because the new Lord Saville is merely the nephew instead of the son of the testator; and, secondly, because of the immense and extremely valuable art collection gathered together by the late lord, who was a famous connoisseur. Each of his pictures, each of his pieces of bric-a-brac, has been valued by experts, and on every separate piece succession duty has to be paid.

It will readily be seen what a heavy charge this is upon any inheritance, and one cannot help pitying, to a certain extent, the great land owners and county families. They are debarred by the laws of entail from getting rid of any of their treasures, in which they have only a life interest, and yet at their death their estate is charged with succession duties thereon. If the property happens to change hands more than once in a year the estate is, of course, charged with just double the amount of duty, and the duke of Devonshire and other opponents of the death duties cannot be accused of any exaggeration in that they declared in parliament and from the platform that the duties in question, unless altered, will ultimately result in the ruin of every old family in England.

It is understood that during the forthcoming session the Salisbury government will bring forward a measure modifying the death duties as now constituted, and will restrict them merely to the so-called "personal estate," exempting all entailed property and such things as art treasures.—Chicago Record.

Stewed Cheese.

Put three-quarters of a pound of cheese—no matter how dry, so long as it is good, and cut up small—into a saucepan with three ounces of butter, three tablespoonfuls of finely-chopped, boiled onion, six tablespoonfuls of good cream, a pinch of salt, cayenne and pounded mace, and a tablespoonful of minced parsley. Simmer and stir over the fire until the cheese is entirely dissolved; then pour the mixture over some tiny, heart-shaped slices of hot buttered toast which have been placed in readiness on a hot dish, and serve immediately.—Ladies' Home Journal.

"Star Tobacco."

As you chew tobacco for pleasure, use Star. It is not only the best, but the most lasting, and therefore the cheapest.

Whatever makes men good Christians makes them good citizens.—Daniel Webster.

While asleep, cured soreness, stiffness? All right, St. Jacobs Oil did it.

No one ever thinks that a boy is tired.—Atchison Globe.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets candy cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made.

People think you are as silly as you think they are.—Atchison Globe.

All kinds, little or big. St. Jacobs Oil surely cures aches and pains.

When a little old man wants to make an impression, he puts on a plug hat.

When bilious or costive eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

Some people are so mean that they make their politeness disagreeable.

She—"The count, you know, can trace his family back 800 years." He—"Ah! Through the bankruptcy court records, I suppose."—Philadelphia North American.

If a man succeeds in acquiring a little sense, he need never fear that any other task is too difficult for him. — Atchison Globe.

Cast your bread upon the waters, and those who benefit by your generosity will grumble because you didn't cast cake.—Atchison Globe.

Hicks—"It is so hard to get anything through Jackways' head." Wicks—"I know it. Strange, too, when you come to think of it. Surely, there can be nothing in the way!"—Boston Transcript.

He—"Yes, we used to have a woman operator on the board of trade. She got on the wrong side of almost every squeeze." She—"I wonder why." He—"Oh, force of habit, I suppose."—Detroit Journal.

Hicks—"What a confounded chatter those women are keeping up in that room! Wonder what they're up to?" Wicks—"Having a game of whist, I believe." Hicks—"Of course; I ought to have known it."—Boston Transcript.

Laura—"Which do you prefer, sleigh riding or skating?" Lena—"I think I prefer sleigh-riding." "Why?" "Well, when sleigh-riding you're sitting down all of the time, but when skating you're only sitting down about half of the time."—Yonkers Statesman.

"I suppose you suspect what I came for?" he said, as he prepared to ask her father for her hand. "Oh, yes," replied the father; "you want to borrow money, but I haven't a cent." And the young man deferred his proposal.—Philadelphia North American.

"He's a very enterprising young man," remarked the elderly gentleman; "very pushing and alert. He belongs to the rising generation." "I shouldn't have dreamed it," replied Miss Cayenne. "Indeed?" "No. From his manners I should not have hesitated about concluding that the rising generation belonged to him."—Washington Star.

DISORDERED LIVER.

And Inflammatory Rheumatism in a Young Boy.

Mr. and Mrs. Howse Despaired of Their Boy's Life—He Was Compelled to Give Up His Studies.

From the Leader, Cleveland, Ohio.

Few boys withstand an illness of so serious a nature as that with which Fred L. Howse was a year ago afflicted. Fred is now fifteen years of age, and attends the public schools. His home is No. 30 Plymouth Place, Cleveland, Ohio, and he is now a picture of juvenile health and vigor. In the fall of 1895, however, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Howse, the former a well-known business man, whose office is in the Arcade, had almost despaired of saving his life. The lad became afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism which affected his entire body, and accompanying that painful ailment were several other serious disorders. When she was requested to describe her son's sickness and his recovery, Mrs. Howse said:

"It was in September, 1895, that Fred who was up to that time in delicate health, was attacked by inflammatory rheumatism. It was a very acute case for he was confined to his bed, and was unable to move even his arms or legs without bringing on excruciating pain.

"Aside from the rheumatism Fred's liver was in serious disorder, and he used to vomit frequently. He was also subject to fainting spells, and altogether he had a very serious sickness.

"We knew, of course, that though the rheumatism was exceedingly painful, it was not necessarily dangerous; the fainting spells and vomiting, however, alarmed us. Often when Fred fainted he would lay like one dead. His face would become ashen pale and it was difficult at such times to detect his heart beats. These spells caused Mr. Howse and myself much uneasiness about our boy's condition. We called in a doctor and he prescribed for Fred, but the lad did not seem to improve, so I purchased a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in one of the down-town stores. Then for four months steadily Fred took them instead of the medicine prescribed by the doctor, and at the end of that period—it was about New Year's then—Fred was sufficiently improved to be able to go out.

"The improvement was slow at first, but it was sure. I had unbounded faith in the pills as is evidenced by our continued use of them. It was necessary for us to take Fred out of school on account of his illness, but now he has returned and can join in all the sports with his schoolmates, and his health is as good as we could wish. He has never been ill since, and it is pretty safe to predict that he will not be sick again for some time.

"Yes, I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to my friends," said Mrs. Howse, in reply to a question, "and many of them have used them since. I first read of the pills in the newspapers."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now given to the public as an unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

As you go forward in life never expect too much, never hope for too little.—Dr. Jowett.

The report that the inauguration of a new sleeping car line from Chicago to Washington, by way of Cincinnati and Indianapolis, by the B. & O. and connecting lines, was part of a plan of the Receivers to abrogate the lease of the Central Ohio Railroad is untrue. The lease of the Central Ohio is to run for 30 years yet, and the road is too valuable as a part of the B. & O. system to be disposed of. The financial troubles, which are now in the courts, will be settled satisfactorily.

The man who can pay his debts and won't, stands recorded as a thief on the books kept above.—Ram's Horn.

The B. & O. S.-W. Ry., commencing Sunday, January 24th, will inaugurate on trains No. 4 and 5, a through Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car line between Baltimore and Chicago, via Cincinnati and Indianapolis.

This will enable the patrons of the B. & O. S-W. Ry. to make the above named points without the inconvenience of changing cars.

For time of trains and further information call on agents B. & O. S.-W. Ry.

Kindness is a precious oil that makes the crushing wheels of care seem lighter.—Eugene Field.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed, 50c and $1.00, all druggists.

The shiftless man is always away from home when a good opportunity knocks.—Ram's Horn.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

The blossoms of spring are the prophets of autumn. So a joyful service in youth promises a rich fruitage in after years.

Cold did it. Warmth cures it. Rheumatism is cured promptly by St. Jacobs Oil.

We never like a man who is a fancy whistler.—Atchison Globe.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c.

If the gossip would think more, her tongue would get more rest.—Ram's Horn.

Be sure; neuralgia will cease. St. Jacobs Oil will cure. Get ease.

It is more important to bear good fruit than much fruit.—Ram's Horn.

Backache, toothache, frost-bites, too, St. Jacobs Oil will cure—that's true.

Lands in Central Wisconsin

Are now as desirable as any in the market. The lands particularly in the central and northern part of Wisconsin are being rapidly taken up by actual settlers.

The most salable are the timber and meadow lands now ranging in price from $6.00 to $12.00 per acre. For a home or for investment no luckier chance in the West has ever before been offered. No better farming land exists anywhere. No greater results can be obtained anywhere. Schools and churches abound. Nearby markets for all farm products. Wisconsin is one of the banner states of the West. For further information address or call upon W. E. Powell, General Immigration Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

There are people who would do great acts; but because they wait for great opportunities, life passes, and the acts of love are not done at all.

An Interesting Item.

By reason of its mileage and location, the Texas & Pacific Railway is the most important of all railway lines in Texas. It traverses the Lone Star State from East to West, through the most progressive towns, great forests of pine, and the broad prairies and well-kept farms, affording the most beautiful scenery all along the line. No other line affords such opportunities for the home seeker or investor to see and enjoy Texas. Cheap lands for all. Low rate Home Seekers' Excursion Tickets on sale at all points in Texas and Louisiana February 16th, March 2nd and 16th, April 6th and 20th, May 4th and 18th.

For a handsomely illustrated book fully describing the wonderful State of Texas, conceded to be the finest publication issued in recent years, send eight cents postage to Gaston Meslier, Gen'l. Pass'r & Tkt. Agt., Dallas, Tex.

Those who are kind, sympathetic, considerate and thoughtful of the pleasure and interest of others never lack friends.

Homeseekers' Excursion Tickets.

On February 15th and 16th, March 1st, 2d, 15th and 16th, April 5th, 6th, 19th and 20th, May 3rd, 4th, 17th, and 18th, 1897, Homeseekers' excursion tickets will be sold by the Cleveland, Akron & Columbus Ry., to nearly every point in the West, North and Northwest, South and Southwest at rates of about one fare for the round trip.

Parties contemplating a trip will do well to see or write to any C. A. & C. Ry. agent for rates of fare, limits of tickets and full information, or, to the undersigned. C. E. Daly, General Passenger Agent, Cleveland, O.

The people who once claimed to have found their affinity, don't, as a rule, look as if they had found much.

The Faults and Follies of the Age

Are numerous, but of the latter none is more ridiculous than the promiscuous and random use of laxative pills and other drastic catharties. These wrench, convulse and weaken both the stomach and the bowls. If Hostetter's Stomach Bitters be used instead of these no-remedies, the result is accomplished without pain and with great benefit to the bowls, the stomach and the liver. Use this remedy when constipation manifests itself, and thereby prevent it from becoming chronic.

We wish we could cash our time for what it seems to be worth to us when a loafer occupies it.—Atchison Globe.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. Allie Douglass, Le Roy, Mich., Oct. 20, '94.

Constipation

Is a disease which afflicts over 75 per cent. of the American people. It is a dangerous disease because it not only poisons the blood but causes heaviness, oppression, and dulls the intellect. Then follow chronic headache, loss of appetite, slow digestion, nervousness, bad breath, dingy complexion and low spirits. It will eventually bring on liver and kidney disease in some incurable form. But sufferers from this dreaded malady are speedily

Cured by

Warner's SAFE Cure and Warner's SAFE Pills. Leading physicians the world over, have acknowledged this fact, and thousands of people throughout the land have testified to it.

Warner's

SAFE Cure puts a stop to backaches, headaches, constipation, loss of appetite, dyspepsia, tired feelings and sleeplessness. It builds up the exhausted system. It is a sure cure for liver and kidney complaint in any form, and the only remedy that has ever been able to cure Bright's disease.

If you are feeling the need of such a remedy, you cannot do better than try this king of remedies, the great

Safe Cure

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE
BEST IN THE WORLD.

For 14 years this shoe, by merit alone, has distanced all competitors.

Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers as the best in style, fit and durability of any shoe ever offered at $3.00.

It is made in all the LATEST SHAPES and STYLES and of every variety of leather.

One dealer in a town given exclusive sale and advertised in local paper on receipt of reasonable order. Write for catalogue to W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

WISE ADVICE TO HUSBANDS.

Those Who Have Ailing Wives Will do Well to Accept It.

Do not wrangle and quarrel, and finally rush into the courts and try to get a separation from your faithful wife; but just stop a moment and think! Your wife, who was even-tempered and amiable, and all that was lovely when you married her, has changed. Now she is peevish, irritable, jealous, discontented and miserable—in a word, she has uterine disorder of some kind.

Law is not the remedy for this condition, she needs medical treatment, her uterine system is at fault.

My advice to you is, sit down and write a letter to that friend of women, Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., state fully and freely the whole case to her and she will honestly advise you what to do. Give your wife that chance, good man!

If you do not wish to write about your wife, bring her a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, watch its effects, you will soon see the beginning of the improvement; then get her another and keep it up until she is restored to you, the same lovely woman you married years ago.

Following we relate the circumstances of a case of this nature. Mrs. MELVA ROUTON, of Camby, Ind., says:

"I have used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and found it to be of great benefit to me. The doctors said I had womb trouble. I had the headache all the time, also a terrible backache, was nervous, cross and irritable. I looked so pale that people would ask me what was the matter. I suffered in this way for about four years, until one day about in despair my husband brought me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I commenced its use, and much to every one's surprise, it cured me. It has completely changed my disposition for the better also. Several of my neighbors, knowing what the Pinkham medicine has done for me, are taking it, and are much pleased with the result."

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
CURE CONSTIPATION
REGULATE THE LIVER
10¢ 25¢ 50¢ ALL DRUGGISTS
ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never gripe nor stripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 217.

Bubbles or Medals.

"Best sarsaparillas." When you think of it how contradictory that term is. For there can be only **one** best in anything—one best sarsaparilla, as there is one highest mountain, one longest river, one deepest ocean. And that best sarsaparilla is———?.... There's the rub! You can measure mountain height and ocean depth, but how test sarsaparilla? You could if you were chemists. But then do **you** need to test it? The World's Fair Committee tested it,—and thoroughly. They went behind the label on the bottle. What did this sarsaparilla test result in? Every make of sarsaparilla shut out of the Fair, **except Ayer's.** So it was that Ayer's was the only sarsaparilla admitted to the World's Fair. The committee found it the best. They had no room for anything that was not the best. And as the best, Ayer's Sarsaparilla received the medal and awards due its merits. Remember the word "best" is a bubble any breath can blow; but there are pins to prick such bubbles. Those others are blowing more "best sarsaparilla" bubbles since the World's Fair pricked the old ones. True, but Ayer's Sarsaparilla has the medal. The pin that scratches the medal proves it gold. The pin that pricks the bubble proves it wind. We point to medals, not bubbles, when we say: The best sarsaparilla is Ayer's.

BUY NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS
FARM SEEDS
Salzer's Seeds are Warranted to Produce. John Breider, Michicott, Wis., astonished the world with a yield of 173 bu. of Salzer's Silver King Barley per acre. Don't you believe it! Just write him. In order to gain, in 1897, 50,000 new customers, we send on trial 10 DOLLARS' WORTH FOR 10c. 12 pkgs. of new and rare farm seeds, including above Barley, Teosinte, Giant Spurry, Sand Vetch, "40c. Wheat," and other novelties, positively worth $10, to get a start, all postpaid, including our great seed catalog, for 10c. Largest growers of farm seeds and potatoes in the world. 35 pkgs. earliest vegetable seeds 81. Catalog tells all about it. Gladly mailed to intending buyers. Send this notice. K.
JOHN A SALZER SEED CO. LACROSSE WIS

SMOKE YOUR MEAT WITH KRAUSERS LIQUID EXTRACT OF SMOKE. SEND FOR CIRCULAR. E. KRAUSER & BRO. MILTON, PA.

1,000 AGENTS WANTED, SOMETHING NEW! Good commission. Send 50 cents for Samples worth $1.00. No fraud. MARTIN LEATHER SUSPENDER CO., MARTIN, MICH.

A. N. K.—C 1649

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1897.

The Governor's Aspiration.

With commendable frankness Governor Lowndes, in an interview published in the Baltimore *Sun* of last Friday and reproduced in the columns of THE REPUBLICAN to-day, makes the announcement that he is a candidate for the seat in the United States Senate now occupied by Senator Gorman, whose term expires on March 4, 1899. The Governor makes this early announcement so that the matter can be placed before the people and if they want him to represent them in the Senate their preference in the matter will be made effective at the Republican primaries and the nominations for the Legislature this fall.

Governor Lowndes has made an excellent executive officer. He has promises of support from every section of the State and should he be elected to the high office to which he aspires he will make a creditable representative. We feel sure Garrett county will be with him.

A Trust Baster.

The Rocky Mountain and Sage Brush States have long been famous as "trust busters." Colorado now purposes to smash the Coffee Trust all to bits. It has discovered the "coffee pea" which is declared to be cheaper than rye and better than old Java. This wonderful plant grows upon the arid soil of the free-silver states and resolutely refuses to grow in any of the goldbug states of the East. It will yield at the rate of a hundred bushels to the acre and is cheaper to grow than wheat, rye or corn. It not only makes better coffee than the most expensive Mocha, but, like mice and hay, the cattle eat it. When this great plant begins to hump itself, the silver States will triumph gloriously. The only danger is that the coffee pea will make the Rocky mountain people so rich that they will all become goldbugs. There is often a worm hole in the best-looking apple.

The Tariff and the Trusts.

"The tariff built up the trusts," says the New York *Herald*, "and the trusts are building up the tariff." According to this analysis, we had protection at first for infant industries. When they came to adult age they demanded more protection. As a result, the "barons" amassed millions until the artificial conditions produced an excess of industrial plants and there ensued destructive competition, which led the manufacturers to combine. "Excessive tariffs destroyed foreign competition, and the resulting trusts have destroyed domestic competition, and there you are."

Ah, indeed! It is the tariff, then, that has built up all these trusts. Well, this is the same old story. We heard it in the Harrison campaign. Cleveland was elected, but even a free trade President and the Wilson bill did not lessen the grip of the trusts. As a matter of fact, they grew in strength. If protection is their sponsor, why was this? Is the answer made that under the Wilson bill there was still too much protection? Very well, then, let us turn to England, where there is no protection. The city of London is the home of the whole trust family. Some of the most gigantic combinations known to man were born and fostered right there. They still exist, and such a thing as a tariff bill is unknown.

The time has gone by when any one can successfully claim that duties on imports are responsible for combinations of capital. Under all circumstances capitalists will seek combination, and the trust is the product, not of tariff schedule, but mainly of overproduction. The Standard Oil Trust got its start in rebates from the railroads many years ago. Discrimination in railroad rates has been stopped now, and that source from which trusts were bred no longer exists. But when the country is overstocked, with sugar refineries, for instance, experience teaches that there is more profit in a complete understaning than there is in a cut-throat fight.

"Destructive competition," the *Herald* says, "led the manufacturers to combine." Exactly so. Here and elsewhere there has been the fiercest competition, which has brought prices, in this country at least, to a non-paying basis. Protection is responsible for building up our industrial industries and opening mills, but it is not responsible for trusts. What would the *Herald* do? Would it give us free trade and close these mills just for the sake of stopping combination of capital? The combinations would not cease. They are still going on in England.

Trusts are ruinous to small interests, of course, and therefore much to be deplored. The *Herald* complaines that the avenues to advancement of workingmen is blocked by these aggregations of capital: that there is no hope of a man rising to be the owner of a mill. That is true. Big combinations wipe out smaller concerns and forbid new establishments. Break them up if you can, by all means. But how? By advocating free trade? Nonsense. They thrive under free trade just a easily as they do under protection. Some of these trusts, the *Herald* says, are "defying natural law, which will inevitably crush them in time." Very well; the only other way to get rid of them is by specific law, and to the State Legislatures you must look for the control of combinations.

Trusts are born of a greed for power and profit, and of a desire to be free from competition. If there wasn't a mill in the country combinations would still go on and control imports. It is useless to lay the crime of trust aggregations upon the shoulders of a protective tariff. The root of evil will never be reached by attacking the Dingley bill.—Phila. Inquirer.

Roadmaking by Convicts.

At the next assembling of the Maryland Legislature the question will undoubtedly recur as to the best methods to be used toward the inmates of the House of Correction. The sentiment of the people is opposed to them being placed at competing trades or occupations. The New York *Tribune* has an article in point:

Bad roads, as we have said, are an evil all the year round. The remedy for them must be applied, in greater or less degree, all the year round. Good roads, that is to say, need constant attention to keep them good. But the making them good is a task that can best be performed at certain fixed seasons, and those are exactly the seasons at which the average farmer can least well arrange to do the work. They are seasons when he is the busiest on his farm, and when for him even to go out with plow and scraper and work out his road tax means to neglect his crops. But all the plowing and scraping in the world cannot make a good road, and to ask the farmer to do more—to enter upon the work of grading and draining and macadamizing—is to ask a practical impossibility.

Just here, however, is where one great advantage of convict labor on the roads becomes evident. The inmates of the state prison have no other duties to perform than those they may be set at. They can be put at work upon the roads at just the best possible time for road-building, and so can do the work to the best possible advantage. They can also be set at work on them at any time, to repair them, and be kept at it as long as may be necessary, without in the slighest degree interfering with ordinary agriculture or other industry. When to this it is added that roadmaking is work which all able-bodied men can do, whether skilled or unskilled, and that it is just such wholesome, varigated, out-of-door work as prisoners most need for mental and physical health, the argument for thus employing convicts seems well-nigh unanswerable.

Avilton.

Spring has put in her appearance at last. Weather beautiful at this writing. Farmers are busily engaged with their spring work.

M. H. McKenzie made a flying trip to Fire Clay on the 22d inst.

H. H. Robeson went to Salisbury, Pa., to-day on business.

The entertainment given by Miss Nora McKenzie here on Saturday night, the 27th inst., was quite a success. The house was filled to its utmost capacity. The music was rendered by Messrs. Asa and Albert Fresh.

Miss Clara Englehart, of Accident, Prof. J. B. Emory and H. A. Friend, of Friendsville, and Lester Boucher, from Elk Lick, were welcome guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. McKenzie on Saturday and Sunday last.

Wm. Hoffmeyer took a flying trip to New Germany on the 28th inst., and has not returned yet.

Miss Maggie Dorsey, of New Germany, who has been critically ill for some time, we are glad to note is convalescent.

Mr. C. Fresh has returned home from California State Normal, where he had been attending school.

The photographer is busily engaged taking pictures of schools.

TIM JONES.

A Postmaster Removed.

One day last week the postmaster at Grafton, Stephen W. Pue, ex-editor of the Grafton *Leader*, was a participant in a regular prize fight. The fact was communicated to President McKinley, who promptly removed the pugilist from his office and appointed in his stead Mr. J. H. Holt, editor of the Grafton *Sentinel*. Bro. Holt is one of the best newspaper men in his state and his appointment is only a reward for work well done.

"I AM A CANDIDATE."

Governor Lowndes Says He Wants to Go to the United States Senate

TO SUCCEED SENATOR GORMAN.

Stands on His Record as Chief Executive of His State.

He Says Assurances of Support Have Been Tendered Him From the Eastern Shore, Southern Maryland, Baltimore City and Western Maryland—All His Pledges Fulfilled.

"I am a candidate for election to the United States Senate," said Governor Lowndes to a representative of the Baltimore *Sun* at the Hotel Stafford Friday night.

"In making this announcement," he continued, "I wish to make a few words of explanation. I deem it but proper that I should tell the people of the State frankly of my candidacy before they make their nominations for the Legislature. It rests then with them how they will decide the matter. I was elected Governor and therefore I did not think it would be proper for me to abandon the office which I had been called to administer, and would under no circumstances have been a candidate last winter.

"The term of Senator to succeed Senator Gorman will begin March 4, 1899, only a few months before the expiration of my term as Governor. The next State Senate will be Republican if there is a Republican Legislature. The Senate, will doubtless, elect a president, who would, in the event of my election to the United States Senate, administer the office of Governor to the satisfaction of the people.

"Something has been said about my making a change of residence with a view to this candidacy. No such change of residence is necessary. The constitution requires the executive to reside at the seat of Government. I am, therefore now a resident of Annapolis. If I should later on become a business resident of Baltimore it will be the consummation of a plan which was discussed with my business associates long before I became Governor, having had large interests here since 1882.

"Since the possibility of my candidacy has been suggested many persons have approached me and tendered their assurances of support. These kindly utterances have come to me from men of prominence in all sections of the State. The Eastern Shore, Southern Maryland, Baltimore city, Central and Western Maryland have all been represented in these expressions of cordial approval. The subject having been urged upon me so frequently and having been so warmly advocated, I feel impelled to make my position thoroughly clear.

"By announcing my candidacy at this time I place my aspirations before the people of the State far in advance of the selection of candidates for election to the Legislature of 1898. I deem it proper that the announcement should be made in advance of such nominations, as my candidacy is largely in the hands of the people who made me the chief executive.

"Named as the candidate of the Republican party for the office of Governor in 1895, upon a platform emphatically declared for the overthrow of existing conditions and favoring greatly needed reforms in election and registration laws, the reassessment of property in the State and other changes, I was elected by a majority of which any candidate might be proud. Having passed through the initial and, I hope, most trying period of my administration, although but one-third of my term has expired, I find that the pledges of that platform have been fulfilled and, so far as the duty devolved upon the executive, I feel that I have taken my entire part in their performance.

"With full consciousness of the work accomplished under my administration, I feel that I should have no hesitancy in speaking plainly to the people of Maryland concerning my aspirations for the future. So long as I am chief executive of the State I shall endeavor to carry out faithfully the duties entrusted to me, but I know of no impropriety in my aspiring to be a member of the United States Senate. The people will settle the question, and I hope to receive their commendation and support."

The Church and the People.

The following excellent paper on the relations existing between the church and its members was read at the Monday night meeting of the Epworth League held in St. Paul's church, Oakland. The name of the author has been withheld by request:

I desire to say in the beghuning, that no one is responsible for any opinions expressed in this paper but the writer; not that I believe that anyone would care to father them or take the responsibility of launching them upon an audience, but what is said is simply the hurriedly collected thoughts and ideas of a layman concerning the relations that exist, or should exist, between church and people, as collated, without extensive research, but which have been suggested to the writer by ordinary every-day reading and reasoning. They may be orthodox and they may not be, hence the above assumption of responsibility.

I have heard it expressed from the pulpit that the church, as a place, is no more than any ordinary building or place. We do not fall in with this idea, and cannot accept it as true. In our opinion, a place dedicated and set apart for the worship of the true and living God is a holy place, a place hallowed by divine authority and sanction, and by the constant presence of the Holy Spirit; a place that should be approached with awe and reverence, and in which no light or frivolous conduct or conversation should be engaged in. In this opinion we are supported by Holy Writ, and we might quote many references in which God has expressed himself regarding places of worship, but we think one will be sufficient. We call your attention to that passage in Exodus wherein the Lord was instructing Moses concerning the tabernacle, the first church: "And thou shalt take the anointing oil and anoint the tabernacle, and all that is therein, and shalt hallow it, and all the vessels thereof; and it shall be holy." If, then, it is a "holy place" it is different and something more than any ordinary building or place not so consecrated. The word holy means pure, consecrated, sacred, pious. Could these terms be applied to any ordinary building? The verdict must be unanimous in the negative, and the conclusion must be irresistible that the church as a place is something more than an ordinary building or place.

The church as an institution is recognized by all Christians as a divine institution, ordained and nurtured by God himself; a home for His believing children, where they can find christian fellowship and a field of opportunity to better love God with all their soul, mind and strength and their neighbor as themselves; to more fully work out their soul's salvation and carry out the behests of the Master in establishing His kingdom on this earth; as a means of inculcating the spirit of peace on earth, good will to men, and fulfilling the golden rule of doing unto others as we would that they should do unto us, and we unhesitatingly arrive at the conclusion that these objects can be the better accomplished through the avenues of the church, if there were no other reasons (and there are many others), than that there is strength in numbers and union, and wisdom in a multitude of counsel. We therefore take it that every man who believes on the Lord Jesus Christ, who desires to flee from the wrath to come and make sure his eternal salvation, who believes that this world would be the better by adopting the teachings and example of Him who died that our condition might be improved, and who desires this condition of affairs, should unite and affilliate with some branch of the christian church. This being true, the next step is to make your choice of the branch with which you will unite. It is a step of very considerable importance and should not be taken without due deliberation and prayer for Divine guidance. The doors of all christian churches are open to you, if you come seeking admittance in the right and proper spirit, and we shall lay down but two common sense rules to guide you in making your choice, and if you follow them you will not go very far wrong. The first rule is to select the church in which you can do the most good for the church, your fellow man and yourself; and the second is to select the church that will afford you the greatest amount of spiritual help. If the church of your choice does not embrace these two objects, you are not well located and your full mission in life will not be accomplished. Don't unite with any church through improper motives, or because it is the "fad" or fashionable thing to do, to connect yourself with some particular branch without regard as to what it will accomplish for you spiritually. It would be more honorable on your part to engage in any unlawful enterprise than to be influenced in a matter of this kind by such motives—for the one is the act of a hypocrite, and the other of an openly wicked man, and of the two I would sooner occupy the position of the latter. This may be considered somewhat of an extravagant expression, but when we consider the opinion of Jesus himself of such persons, we feel justified in using it. He likened them to whitened sepulchers, clean and spotless on the outside, but within filled with all manner of corruption.

Having united with a branch of the christian church through proper motives, it is fair to presume that you are acquainted and familiar with all of its doctrines, polity and requirements; that you fully realize the solemnity and binding qualities of the vow that you have taken upon yourself; that you will at all times stand ready to defend its doctrines when assailed; that you will cheerfully be governed by its rules of polity; and that you will earnestly endeavor to live up to its requirements, and that you will sacredly keep and observe your vows. This much can be reasonably expected from any reasonable man. If you make a promise to your friend, the law of honor, if nothing else, binds you to keep it, and if founded upon a valuable consideration, the law of the land will compel its observance or inflict a penalty. The obligations that you are under to your God far surpass the law of honor or any other human law; the consideration has passed from Him to you, and is continuing to pass every day and hour you are permitted to live, in His mercies shown you, and in the provision He has made for your comfort and happiness, and if we fail in our obligations to Him, we can but naturally expect to suffer the penalties of the divine law, which never fails in doing exact justice, though frequently tempered with mercy. Therefore be true and loyal to the church of your choice; it is expected of you, not only by those who compose the membership of the church, but by the whole community regardless of creed. Also be loyal to your pastor. He is the spokesman of the church, the shepherd of the flock and comes to you as the Master's representative to minister unto you in spiritual things; therefore hear him gladly, and if you feel that you are particularly benefitted by his preaching, don't be afraid of spoiling him by telling him so; a little encouragement from time to time will do him no harm; he will appreciate it, and it will give him an insight into those particular lines on which you probably have had trouble and he will be better equipped to still further help you. Advise with him and permit him to be your friend; take him into your confidence and confer with him in regard to troubles and perplexities of magnitude. I am sure he will gladly hear you and advise you as to your best interests. If at times he seems to be somewhat reserved toward you, and is not just so friendly as you think he ought to be, try the experiment of throwing off your own reserve, and see if it does not thaw him out.

And again, attend upon divine service just as often as you possibly can, and in doing so always give your own church the preference. Don't get into the habit of running around and dropping into a religious service here, there and everywhere when you have service in your own church. The congregation visited is not expecting you, and will be surprised to see you; your own people are expecting to see you in your pew, and will be disappointed if you are not there. I have often thought that this one thing is a fair index to one's general make-up. Take for instance a man who is true and loyal to the church of his choice, always in his place at the preaching service, ready to aid and assist the minister in any way he can, and I will show you a man in whom the whole community has confidence and can rely upon. Your own pastor is expecting you to be in your place and is disappointed if you are not there. I never had occasion to prepare and deliver a sermon, but I can imagine that when the pastor is in his study, engaged in the preparation of his sermon for the following Lord's day, he has, in his mind's eye, the faces of his whole membership before him. Some of those faces have suggested special thoughts, which have been embodied in the sermon and intended by the minister particularly for the aid and comfort of that particular person. Imagine the disappointment when he takes his place in the pulpit to deliver the sermon and finds that particular face missing.

Another thing: Don't get the idea in your head, that because you have united with the church, and have obligated yourself to abstain from participating in questionable amusements, that you will necessarily have less pleasure and happiness in this world; don't get the idea in your head that from that time forth, it is obligatory on you to go about with down cast eyes, and with a long face that is never to be illuminated with a smile. Such is my opinion, is entirely foreign as to what God's idea of a christian should be. They of all others have the greater reason to be happy, smile and enjoy themselves. The beautiful and pleasant things of this world were created by God especially for His children and for their enjoyment. He gave us the joyous disposition to be expressed by laughter and why should we not exercise it on proper occasions? He created us with the sense of an appreciation of the beautiful, and why should we not indulge that sense? Furthermore don't come to the conclusion that having joined the church and your name having found a place on its rolls, that there is nothing more for you to do; the fact is that the days of your usefulness have just begun. A conclusion of this kind is a snare and a pitfall, and for the sake of the church you had better be out of it than in it. Work, assistance and co-operation is expected from every member. The question might arise right here what can each one do to advance the interests of the church and it may be contended by some that owing to an unusual degree of timidity or from some other cause they are incapacitated to actively engage in the spiritual work of the church, such as preaching the gospel, doing missionary work, praying in public, etc. For the sake of argument, grant them this contention, and is there nothing else connected with the church in which they can employ their talents? Let us see: The Lord has endowed each one of us with talents which can be usefully employed in the church if we will but grasp the opportunity when in presents itself. Has he given you the talent of song? A good voice is always in demand to sing his praises, and you can find your place in the church or Sunday school choir, and if invited to take that place, don't let the opportunity pass you to employ that talent for his glory. Has he given you the talent of "sociability," then use that talent to influence and mould public opinion against those forms of questionable amusements prohibited by your church. Has he endowed you with the talent of "decorative art," then employ that talent in beautifying and making attractive His temple, as nothing can be too fine, or beautiful, or costly for His use. These are but few of the many ways in which your talent can be employed in God's service, but it is sufficient to show that there is work for all in the church, and every talent can be employed with profit.

There is considerable gratuitous advice contained in this paper, more probably than will be appreciated, and more than the writer is ordinarily in the habit of giving without making a charge therefor, but if any one of the objects he had in his mind when writing it, is accomplished, he will feel more than compensated.

And finally, don't expect perfection in any person or in any thing. This is a quality that does not exist on this earth. We are all sinners and the best we can do is to do our best and if we fall get up and try it again and leave the rest to a merciful God who fully understands our frailties and weaknesses.

See that it is there!

This is the trade-mark which is on the wrapper (salmon-colored) of every bottle of the genuine SCOTT'S EMULSION.

Be sure this is on the package, and that nothing else is palmed off on you when you ask for it.

Nothing has been made that equals it to give strength and solid flesh to those who are run down or emaciated.

Your doctor will tell you that it is the one food for all those whose weight is below the standard of health.

Put up in 50 cts. and $1.00 sizes, and sold by all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

By virtue of a power contained in a mortgage from G. W. Delawder and wife to George Chorsoe, dated the 14th day of February, 1891, I will on

Saturday, April 24th, 1897,

in front of the Postoffice in Oakland at eleven o'clock a. m., offer at public sale all the property described in said mortgage known as

Deep Creek Farm

containing 123 acres more or less. This is one of the finest farms in Garrett county. It is improved by two good dwelling houses with barns, stables, ice houses and other outbuildings. This is the

Famous Lake Cleveland Property.

The interest to be sold is the undivided one-half interest of G. W. Delawder in said property.

TERMS, CASH.

D. JAMES BLACKISTON,
Attorney Named in Mortgage.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF
GARRETT COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
OAKLAND, MD., March 25, 1897.

The County Commissioners for Garrett County, Maryland, will meet at their office in Oakland on

MONDAY, APRIL 5, 1897,

for a final review of the assessment made and performed by the General Assessors for Garrett County. After completing their work as a Board of Control and Review, they will go into session as a Board of County Commissioners and remain in session until the Annual Levy is made for the year 1897.

All persons having claims against Garrett county must have them filed with the Clerk of the County Commissioners on or before the 5th day of April, 1897, otherwise they will be excluded from the benefits of said accounts or claims.

By order of the Board,
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Frey & Hawk vs. Charles Washington and wife.

No. 731 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors and lienors of Chas. Washington and wife, to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before Friday, the 9th day of April, 1897, as I will on that day proceed to state the account in the above cause, distributing the funds in the trustee's hands to persons entitled thereto.

EDWARD H. SINCELL, Auditor.

PEN PICTURES

From the Southland.

Continuing our short review of the trip made be the editor through the Sunny Southland, we pause a short time before the Rio Grande is crossed into the land of the tamale and tortilla and endeavor to give a brief history which brought about the separation of Texas from Mexico and its ultimate reception into the union of States.

In 1685 a colony of French emigrants led by the sieur de La Salle, designing to found a settlement in the delta of the Mississippi sailed past it unawares landed in Matagorda bay, and erected Fort St. Louis on the Lavaca. In 1689 Capt. De Leon, a Spanish officer, was despatched to the Lavaca to scour the country and hunt out the French. He arrived there on April 22, found the garrison scattered, and returned the next year with 110 men and some friars, and established on the site of Fort St. Louis the mission of San Francisco. In 1691 a Spanish governor of the region was appointed and soldiers were sent to enforce his authority; but in 1693 the hostility of the Indians, the failure of the crops, and the death of their cattle discouraged the colonists and the settlements were abondoned. The Spaniards had settlements at El Paso and at San Juan Bantista, both on the right bank of the Rio Grande, but none within the present bounds of Texas. In 1714 the French again attempted to effect a settlement within its limits, and Crozat, to whom Louis XIV had granted the whole of Louisiana, sent Hucherean Saint Denis upon an expedition thither. He penetrated from the Sabine to the Rio Grande and visited the Spanish mission at San Juan, where he was taken prisoner by the governor of Coahuila; but having subsequently married the daughter of the commandant of that mission he introduced Spanish missionaries into Texas, who established a mission on the bay of San Bernardo or Matagorda, another west of the Sabine and near the coast (the famous mission of Dolores,) and a third on the right bank of the San Pedro, near San Antonio, subsequently moved eastward, and known as the Alamo. Two other missions were established soon after, one near Nacogdoches, the other not far from San Augustine. The name of the "New Philippines" was now given to the country, and in 1715 the marquis de Aguayo was made governer general of the colony. For twenty years the Spaniards held sole sway, and multiplied their settlements. In 1735 Saint Denis, who had acquired great influence over the Texas Indians aided in removing a French settlement on Red river into Texas; the Spaniards protested, but owing to quarrels among themselves did not drive them out, and finally conceded that they had a right to the region they were occupying. In 1758 the Indians attacked the mission of San Saba, and killed all its inhabitants. This caused the decline of the missions in Texas, as the slaughter was never avenged; in 1765 there were not more than 750 European inhabitants, with about the same number of domiciled Indians. In 1762-3 the feud between France and Spain was finally settled by the cession of the vast Louisiana territory by the former power to the latter. In 1803, Spain having re-ceded Louisiana to France, that power sold it to the United States, and as there has been no well defined boundary between Louisiana and the old Spanish possession west of it, a controversy at once ensued between Spain and the United States on the question of boundaries, Spain claiming a region east of the Sabine, and the United States urging that they were entitled to the country west as far as the Rio Grande. In October, 1806, Gen. Herrera, the Spanish commander, entered into an agreement with Gen. Wilkinson establishing the territory between the Sabine and Arroyo Honda as a neutral ground, and retired west of that line. At this time the population of Texas was about 7,000, many of the settlers being adventurers engaged in illicit trade between the United States and Mexico. From 1806 a series of revolutionary efforts commenced, beginning with the projected movement of Aaron Burr, and embracing the expeditions of Magee, a former lieutenant of the U. S. army; of Col. Kemper, his successor; of Bernardo Gutierrez; of Col. Ellis P. Bean, who had suffered a protracted and cruel imprisonment from the Spanish authorities; of Gen. J. A. Toledo, a Cuban Republican; of Col. Perry, an American officer; of Anzy, who styled himself governor of Texas; and of Xavier Mina, a Spanish refugee, who aided in the capture of Galveston island in 1818. In these expeditions there were several severe battles fought between the invaders and the Spanish authorities; on two occasions in 1813 the invaders defeated the Spanish forces, and caused them a loss of more than 1,000. In the same year, of a force of 2,500 Americans and Mexicans, all were slain but about 100, a considerable number being butchered in cold blood, and nearly 700 of the peaceful inhabitants of San Antonio murdered. In 1817 Mina won several victories in conflict with the Spanish troops, but was finally defeated, taken prisoner, and shot on Nov. 11 of that year. After the close of the war of 1812 Lafitte, the pirate of the gulf, made Galveston island his headquarters, and established a town there named Campeachy. He remained here till 1821, when a naval force was despatched by the United States government to break up the settlement. In 1819 the long controversy between the United States and Spain in regard to the Texan boundary was terminated by the establishment of the Sabine as the boundary line. This treaty occasioned much dissatisfaction on the part of the western and southwestern states. Mr. Clay and other prominent men opposed it. A revolutionary expedition was organized at Natchez the same year, under the command of Dr. James Long, a Tennesseean, which penetrated as far as Nacogdoches and established a provisional government there, and the leader went to Galveston island to secure the co-operation of Lafitte; but while he was absent his force was routed and cut to pieces by the royalist troops. In a second expedition Long took possession of La Bahia without difficulty; but, though Mexico had become independent under Iturbide, he and his followers were taken prisoners and sent to the city of Mexico, where after a brief imprisonment he was set at liberty, but was almost immediately assassinated, in 1822. Texas at this time was almost wholly deserted, the settlement at Galveston almost entirely abandoned, and the few inhabitants at other points reduced to poverty by the civil war. In 1820 Moses Austin, then residing in Missouri, received from the Spanish authorities of Mexico a grant of lands in Texas. He died before he was able to avail himself of it, and his son, Stephen F. Austin, received a confirmation of the grant in 1823, having already in the beginning of 1822 conducted a considerable number of colonists to the site he had selected in the vicinity of the present county of Austin. The colony increased rapidly and Austin obtained permission to bring in 500 more families (his first grant was for 300). Others also followed in the establishment of colonies in the same vicinity. The Mexican constitution, adopted in 1824, united Coahuila, hitherto a separate province with Texas in a single state, and the congress of the united state placed a Mexican as commandant of the department of Texas. The injustice of this commandant toward the American citizens, especially those attached to the colony of Hayden Edwards, created difficulty; and an appeal being made to the governor of state, who was also a Mexican, he without trial or examination annulled Edward's grant and ordered his expulsion from the state. Edwards and his colonists attempted unsuccessfully to effect a revolution; and in January, 1827, they were compelled to retreat into the United States. In 1830 Bustamante, who had seized the dictatorship of Mexico, issued a decree forbidding the people of the United States to enter Texas as colonists, and suspending all colony contracts which interferred with this prohibition. In 1832 the Texans sustained the *pronunciamiento* of Vera Cruz in favor of the constitution, and in opposition to the rule of Bustamante, and defeated a force under Col. Piedras, who favored the dictator. In 1833 the American settlers now numbering over 20,000, held a convention, determined to separate themselves from Coahuila, and prepared a state constitution and an address to the general government, of which Santa Anna was now the head, requesting admission as a separate state into the republic. Col. S. F. Austin went to Mexico to present the request of the memorialists. He was unsuccessful, and was detained in Mexico till September, 1835, but in 1824 procured the revocation of the decree of Bustamante prohibiting the admission of colonists from the United States, and several other favorable concessions. Santa Anna sought to amuse Austin and the Texans with promises of allowing them a separate state government till he could occupy the country with his troops. The government of the state of Coahuila and Texas having been overthrown, committees of safety were established, the first being appointed at a meeting at Mina (now Bastrop,) May 17, 1835. The first battle or rather skirmish, was fought near Gonzales, Oct. 2. Other battles followed. Goliad was captured by the Texans on Oct. 9, and the battle of Concepcion, near San Antonio, was fought on the 28th On Nov. 3, the "Consultation," a body composed of delegates from the municipalities, met at San Felipe de Austin and proceeded to the organization of a provisional government. Henry Smith was elected governor and J. W. Robinson lieutenant governor, and a general council was organized. At the same time Sam Houston was elected commander-in-chief, and Austin was appointed a commissioner to the United States. San Antonio de Bexar was taken on Dec. 10, after being cannonaded for six days. By this victory the entire armed Mexican force was driven out of Texas. On the 20th a "Declaration of Independence" was issued at Goliad by Capt. Philip Dimitt and others there. Santa Anna set out with an army of 7,500 men, well provided with artillery, ammunition and stores. On Feb. 23, 1836, he invested the Alamo, a strong fort near San Antonio, which was garrisoned at this time by 140 men under command of W. B. Travis and 32 more subsequently forced their way through the Mexicans into it. Santa Anna with 4,000 men bombarded it for 11 days, and finally carried it by storm. On March 6 the whole garison were put to the sword, and but three persons, a woman, a child and a servant, were spared. The Mexican loss was 1,600. On March 1 a convention assembled at Washington on the Brazos, and on the 2d issued a declaration of independence; on the 16th a provisional president (David G. Burnet) and other officers were elected, and a constitution was adopted, which was signed on the 17th. Meanwhile Gen. Houston found it necessary on the approach of Santa Anna to evacuate Gonzales. The tragedy of the Alamo, the murder of Col. Fannin's command in cold blood at Goliad, March 27, 1836, by Santa Anna's order, in violation of the terms of surrender and the successive defeat of the Texan troops, produced a temporary panic. This was increased by the general retreat of Gen. Houston, who fell back first to the Colorado, then to the Brazos and finally to the San Jacinto, his design being to scatter and divide the Mexican force, in which he was eminently successful. The alarm soon passed away, and having collected a force of about 800 troops, he gave battle on April 21 to the Mexican forces which had pursued them, of about twice the number, and defeated them completely, killing 630, wounding 208, and taking 730 prisoners; among the latter (though not captured till the next day) was the Mexican president, who had commanded in person. The Mexicans were at once demoralized, and retreated rapidly westward in disorder. Santa Anna was held a prisoner, but the war was practically ended; and though the Mexican government made several attempts to fit out other armies to reconquer Texas, and refused to acknowledge its independence, their forces did not again invade the country. Gen. Houston, who had been wounded in the battle of San Jacinto who had resigned his command of the army, was elected president in September, 1836, and on Oct. 22 was inaugurated. The first congress of the republic assembled about the same time, the constitution having been adopted in the election of September. In March, 1837, the United States acknowledged the independence of Texas. In 1838 Mirabeau B. Lamar succeeded Gen. Houston as president. Repeated incursions were made by the Comanches and other Indian tribes; and in 1840 the Texans pursued them after one of their forays, penetrated into their country, and inflicted summary and severe punishment. In 1839 the independence of the republic was acknowledged by France, and in 1840 by England, Holland and Belgium. But while thus recognized by leading powers as independent, her financial condition was every month becoming more deplorable. In September, 1841, Gen. Houston was again elected president. In 1841 and 1842 the Mexican government sent several maranding expeditions into Texas, and in the latter year San Antonio was twice captured and plundered. The Texans attempted reprisals by two ill-judged expeditions neither under the direction of the government, the first in 1841 to Sante Fe, the second in 1842 to Mier in the state of Tamaulipas. Both were unsuccessful, and many of the Texans were taken prisoners by the Mexicans and executed. In the spring of 1843 a third expedition, intended to intercept the Mexican traders to Sante Fe, was fitted out by private parties, but with the approbation of the government, which also proved a failure. The same year on the remonstrance of the British charge d'affaires to Mexico, Santa Anna informed Gen. Houston that he would agree to an armistice, and commissioners were appointed. While the negotiations were pending, President Tyler made propositions to the president of Texas for her annexation to the United States, which after a time were favorably received, and a treaty was made looking to annexation. This treaty was completed and signed by the Texan commissioners and Mr. Calhoun, secretary of the state, April 12, 1844, but was rejected by the United States Senate on June 8. The agitation of this subject greatly irritated Mexico, and caused her to terminate the armistice and threatened the renewal of hostilities; it also displeased Great Britain and France, who desired to see Texas under an English or joint protectorate, without slavery, and free from the influence of the United States. In December, 1844, Dr. Anson Jones was inaugurated president of the republic. Its revenues were now increasing, and its population growing with great rapidity, and the threats of war from Mexico were rendered powerless by her weakness and dissentions. The only disturbance within the boundaries of Texas were the conflicts between the "regulars" and the "moderators" in Shelby and adjacent counties. These were finally put down by armed force. Joint resolutions providing for the annexation of Texas passed the United States house of representatives by a vote of 120 to 98, Jan. 25, 1845, and the senate by a vote of 27 to 25 on Feb. 27, with an amendment, which was concurred in by the house the next day by a vote of 132 to 76. On March 1 these resolutions were approved by President Tyler. President Jones called a convention of 61 delegates to meet on July 4 to consider the proposition for annexation, and that convention ratified the act and prepared a constitution for the republic as a state of the federal Union, which was submitted to the people and approved by them. On Dec. 29 a joint resolution to congress declared Texas admitted into the Union as a state. Its annexation led to a war with Mexico, which terminated in 1848. In 1850 the state ceded to the United States its claim to all territory beyond its present limits, in consideration of $10,000,000 in bonds, with the proceeds of which the state debt was paid. At the presidential election in 1860, 47,548 votes were cast for the Breckinbridge electors, and 15,438 for the Bell electors. As soon as the election of Lincoln became known, the secessionists began to urge the governor (Sam Houston) to call an extra session of legislature, which he for some time refused to do. Finally, the secessionists having called an irregular convention, the governor assembled the legislature on Jan. 21, 1861, which sanctioned the convention thus called. The convention met on Jan. 28, and on Feb. 1 adopted an ordinance of secession by a vote of 166 to 7, which on Feb. 23 was ratified by the people by a vote of 34,794 to 11,235. The governor having neglected to take the oath of allegiance to the confederacy, as required by the convention, an ordinance was passed on March 16 declaring his seat vacant, which action was confirmed by the legislature on the 20th. The permanent constitution of the Confederate States was ratified on March 23 by a vote of 68 to 2. In the mean time, on Feb. 18, Gen. Twiggs, in command of the United States forces in Texas, surrendered his entire command and all the military posts and munitions of war to the state authorities. No very important military operations occurred in the state during the war. Galveston was occupied by a federal force on Oct. 8, 1862, but it was retaken by the confederates on Jan. 1, 1863. On Oct. 26 Gen. Banks set out from New Orleans with an expedition under the immediate command of Gen. Dane, and landed at Brazos Santiago on Nov. 2. Brownsville was entered on the 16th, and other points in western Texas were occupied. The last fight of the war took place in western Texas on May 13, 1865, between a federal force under Col. Barret and a confederate force under Gen. Slaughter, the latter being victorious. On the 26th Gen. Kirby Smith surrendered the last confederate army. On July 21 Gen. A. J. Hamilton, appointed provisional governor by President Johnson, arrived at Galveston. An election was held on Jan. 8, 1866, for delegates to a state convention, those being entitled to vote who were qualified according to the laws in force prior to secession, and who had taken the amnesty oath prescribed by the president's proclamation of May 29, 1865. The convention met on Feb. 10 and adjourned on April 25, having adopted amendments to the constitution declaring the ordinance of secession void, abolishing slavery, and repudiating the war debt.

North Glade.

Miss Anna Howell, of Piedmont, is visiting her parents at this place.

J. W. Moon will move to Swanton this week.

A. L. Lee closed his school here Monday, the 29th inst. He has given very good satisfaction.

Geo. W. Moon informs us that he closed one hundred days of school successfully taught at Meadow Mountain.

A. Garlitz and others will embark in the tan bark business this spring.

P. J. Lohr is busy manufacturing shingles, lumber, etc. Success to all enterprising persons.

We noticed in THE REPUBLICAN of week before last a very timely article on the school question by A. L. L.

The revival held here recently by Rev. Idleman resulted in twenty-five conversions and quite a number of accessions.

School Report.

Following is a report of the Armistead school for the term ending Mar. 25, 1897:

Whole number of scholars enrolled, 30; average number of pupils, 21.

Following are the names of scholars who attended every day during the last month: Thomas Schooley, Asa Speicher, Howard Ralston, Harley Nethken, Clarence Nethken, Philip Filsinger, Helen Schooley, Mary Filsinger, Bertha Miller.

Following are the names of scholars who attended ninety days and over during entire term: Thomas Schooley, Asa Speicher, Harry Speicher, Harley Nethken, Clarence Nethken, Philip Filsinger, Ada Ralston, Helen Schooley, Florence DeWitt, Mary Filsinger, Bertha Miller.

W. A. BAUMAN, Teacher.

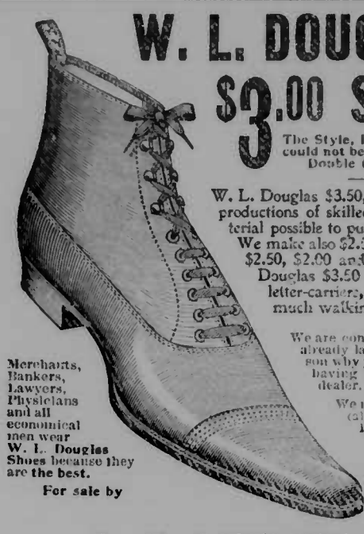

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The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

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D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

ON EXHIBITION

J. M. DAVIS & SON'S HARDWARE STORE,

The Adriance Rear Discharge Binder and Champion Mower.

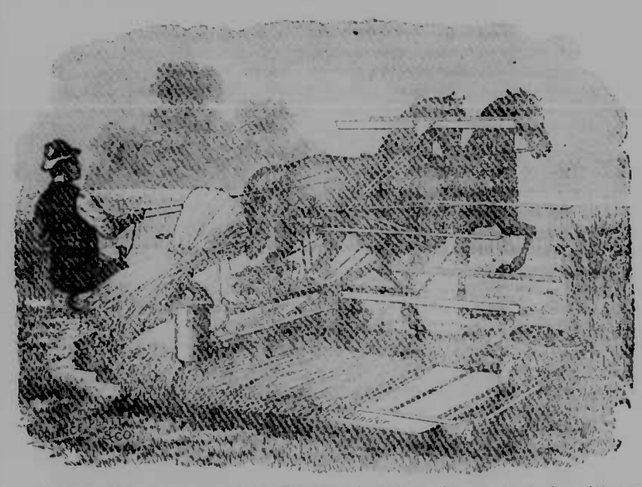

The above cut represents a Binder that is built on entirely different principles from other machines, and for mountainous country has many advantages over all other Binders. It is built without any elevator, doing away with the long endless chains that runs all elevators. Only one canvass is required. Cannot be upset on any hillside. Requires but two horses. No truck is necessary, as it will pass through ordinary gates; and is fully warranted.

The Champion Mower with its simple gear, direct application of power, noiseless operation, its ability to work not only where any other mower will run, but among stones, stumps and trees where other mowers cannot be used at all, leaves it in a class by itself with nothing to compare with it.

Call and see samples.

J. M. DAVIS & SON, Agents, Oakland, Md.

Approach of Easter

Has forced me to increase my stock and facilities. I have just returned from Baltimore and New York where I have secured the latest styles and finest workmen possible.

Latest Spring Suitings in Plaids and Bronzes, $15 up.

Neatest and Latest Striped Trouserings, $4 up.

Also a fine line of French Clay Diagonals.

M. COHEN, Xpert Tailor,
OAKLAND, MD.

ELECTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to the qualified voters of the Town of Oakland that an election will be held on

MONDAY, APRIL 19, 1897.

for the purpose of electing Three Councilmen to serve for a term of two years.

J. C. DUNHAM, Town Clerk.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, November 21, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily	2.46	A. M
No. 3—Daily	6.28	A. M
No. 71—Accom daily except Sun	9.30	A. M
No. 47—Daily	10.49	A. M
No. 55—Express, daily	5.58	P. M
No. 1—Daily	9.58	P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily	5.30	A. M
No. 2—Daily	6.41	A. M
No. 72—Accom daily except Sun	1.38	P. M
No. 48—Daily	4.43	P. M
No. 4—Daily	12.20	A. M

Will take passengers for Terra Alta, Rowlesburg, Newburg and Tunnelton.

CHAS. D. SCULL, General Passenger Agent.

C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

ESTATE OF MARY FRIEND DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett County, Md., has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the estate of

MARY FRIEND,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 30th day of October, next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 22d day of March, 1897.

MAGGIE MANKS, }
JOHN S. MANKS, } Adm'rs.

3-1 Swanton, Md.

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A NARROW ESCAPE.

BY LAWRENCE BOONE.

[Copyright, 1897.]

"Come on, fellows, let's run up the gorge on that rock."

"All right," we shouted; and a moment later we started—six lively, venturesome boys.

It was on the day of the great Sunday school picnic at Shadow Gorge. But we were rather tired of the picnic. Everybody was there, but some were too young to interest us, and some were too old; so, after we had eaten all we could of the jelly cake and other picnic dainties, liberally seasoned with the silt from the big pine trees that were shaking their tassels overhead, we started off by ourselves.

It was a somewhat risky exploit that we were undertaking. For more than a mile the river descended in a series of cascades, plowing its way through a gorge walled by steep forest-crowned bluffs. In some places the treetops almost met across the chasm, and the spot was well named Shadow Gorge. In the spring the whole space, from cliff to cliff, was filled with a frantic procession of struggling billows and plunging logs; but during the summer the stream subsided until it left a narrow and uncertain path over the stones close by the water's edge.

Along the track we were now racing at full speed, leaping from bowlder to bowlder, edging around projecting bluffs, and taking all manner of unreasonable risks "just for fun," in the fatuous fashion characteristic of youngsters of fourteen. It was not the first time we had threaded that slippery path; but recent rains had slightly swollen the river, and we had little margin to spare.

At length, however, we arrived near the head of the gorge. On the side opposite us still appeared an almost perpendicular wall of rock, but where we

THE BOYS PULLED AND I PULLED.

stood a bare, stony beach sloped up to the edge of the forest. A little distance out in the stream a long ledge of granite rose from its bed, making a knife-like island and cleaving the river into unequal channels. That nearest us was the narrower of the two, but it descended at a very steep angle—a swift, sluice-like slide of black water. Near the top a few logs had lodged, one of them lying in such a position as to furnish a convenient bridge to the island; and on this we crossed.

All except one. Little Jimmie Styles, who was three or four years younger than the rest of us, and ought not to have come, started to cross, but lost his nerve. Looking back, I saw him standing on the middle of the log, apparently afraid to advance or retreat. That would never do; so I tiptoed back to help him.

I don't know just how it happened—the log was slimy, I presume. I had just reached out my hand to assist Jimmie, but fortunately he had not had time to grasp it. It was all so quick that I have no memory of slipping or falling. I only know that my shouting companions, the light of day, the summer air, were suddenly gone from me; that I was alone in the grip of the rushing waters; that foaming billows were coursing over my upturned face; that I was alone and helpless in the imminent presence of death.

Have you ever speculated as to how you would feel and what you would think at such a moment, when the lapse of a few seconds will turn the scale of life or death? I had dreamed of it often; and my first overwhelming impression was: "It is come, at last; that supreme moment of my dreams is here."

This thought was instantly followed by another—a strong conviction that I should, after all, escape. This was the more remarkable, since at the moment I was absolutely helpless, blinded and on my back. There was no passing before me of a panorama of the scenes of my life, such as persons who have narrowly escaped drowning often describe; all was absorbed in these two impressions—a sense of the imminence of death, and a profound conviction that I should escape.

Then I flung against something hard; it struck my chest, and I clasped my arms about it. This proved to be another log, one end of which dipped down into my sluice-way; but its surface was smooth and slimy, and grip it as I might—and I was clinging for dear life—I was torn from it by the almost irresistible force of the current in which I was submerged. Only such an experience can give one an adequate sense of the tremendous power of swift water.

One good purpose had been served, however, by my desperate effort. I had turned over; and now began a fierce struggle with fingers and feet and knees to lay hold of some crack or projection of the rocky bed. At length I got my hand in a cleft on the bottom, and with great exertion drew myself up until I could brace my feet in it. Then, for the first time, I lifted my head above the foam.

I was half blinded by the water in my eyes, but was able to take in the situation. I was at the bottom of the chute, where it spread out and slackened a little before making a perpendicular fall of several feet into a black, eddying pool at the foot of the island. I remembered that pool very well. I had observed that when a log shot down the sluice-way I had just exploited, and plunged down into that swirling water, it disappeared for several seconds, and finally rose far out among the big billows of the main channel. Whoever sank in that pool was lost.

Meanwhile the boys were running down the island toward me, and the foremost was Fred Lane. I shall never forget what Fred Lane did that day. He knelt on the slippery ledge as near me as he could get, and reached out his hand toward me. He couldn't quite touch me, but I could easily have grasped his hand. Had I done so, both would have perished; we should have sunk together in the black whirlpool just below. For though the space between us was narrow, there lay the deepest, swiftest part of the current, the force of which I knew so well. It would have swept us away like straws.

So I shook my head—for I could not speak—and kept out of reach.

Then the other boys held Fred by the waist while he reached again; but still I shook my head. They began to think that I must be dazed or stunned.

Then they all started up the island, crossed the log, and ran down the shore to the point nearest me. Here the space between us was much wider, but the depth and strength of the current were much less on this side, though still formidable. This time the foremost boy was little Jimmie Styles, who stood on the very edge of the beach, extending toward me a long pole which he had caught up. I did not change my position; I wanted a firmer anchor than poor little Jimmie before I relaxed my hard-won foot-hold.

At last the boys understood. They joined hands and formed a line up the steep slope, and the last man put one arm about the trunk of a small tree. Again Jimmie held out his life-pole; I grasped it with both hands; the boys pulled, and I pulled, and in a moment I was safe on the beach.

And oh! how good it seemed! The boys crowded around me, and it was so delightful to be with them once more. And the ground felt so firm, and the sun was so warm, and the air so sweet. Drenched and bruised and exhausted though I was, my finger tips torn and bleeding, cut as with a rasp almost to the bone in my desperate grapple along the bottom, I don't remember that I was ever happier in my life. Anyhow, never before or since have I felt the mere joy of living as I did that day.

A Transferred Beauty.

"Everybody says my daughter got her beauty from me. What do you say to that?"

"That it was unkind of her to take it from you."—Fliegende Blaetter.

A Prophet Without Honor.

A man in Armstrong, Mo., who had a reputation as a weather prophet, lost a five-dollar hat to an editor on a bet made January 1 that there would be no ice gathered within 40 days.

CRETE AND THE CRETANS.

The Cradle of Classic Civilization and Its People.

In a political view the addition of Crete to the small kingdom of Greece would not be very considerable, though that island is three-fourths as large as Connecticut and is capable of supporting 1,500,000 people, as it may once have done. It now has perhaps 300,000, or about one-tenth of the present population of King George's domain—which, by the late census, reached nearly 3,000,000. It is a mountainous land, and its highest peak, Ida, is nearly 7,700 feet high—but 400 feet lower than Parnassus.

In the later period of ancient Greece, and when first controlled by the Romans, Crete was a species of maritime Switzerland, furnishing archers and sailors and other mercenaries to the powerful sovereigns around it. The right of insurrection was recognized there by law, if the rulers were unjust—and usually they were. From mercenary soldiery to piracy was but one step, and the Cretans took it. They were the worst pirates in Pompey's day with whom the Romans had to deal. Even earlier, in the time of Polybius, they had a bad name, for he says: "Crete is the only country in the world where money-making, no matter how, passes for honest and legitimate. If you look at the individual Cretans, few men are more knavish. If you examine the government, there is none which cherishes more unjust designs." This is what most nations have to hear about themselves from their enemies; but there is a singular agreement of opinion concerning the Cretans. To lie was to "play the Cretan."

And yet the cradle of classic civilization was in that mountain land; and its fertility has always been famous. Aristotle said that no position (in the narrow Mediterranean world) was ever more favorable for the establishment of a great empire; and Plato drew from Cretan sources his ideal laws, as Lycurgus was said to have done when he reformed Sparta. Minos, the mythical lawgiver, and Daedalus, the mythical artist, were both Cretans, and Zeus himself is fabled to have been born upon Mount Ida, named for the Phrygian mountain that overlooks Troy. The worship of several of the Grecian deities came from Crete—the Eleusinian Ceres, for instance; Epimenides was a Cretan, and the Delphic Apollo got his Pythian priests from the same holy isle. St. Paul established a church in Crete, and it was for centuries an orthodox island. Venice did what she could to make it Roman Catholic, and when the Turks finally held it, but little over two centuries ago, they did their best to make it Mohammedan. The fierce orthodoxy of the islanders resisted it; and now but a fifth part of the residents follow the crescent, and most of those are of Greek descent—renegades for the sake of gain and power.

For the interests of learning and archaeological research, the control of Crete by the Greek government would be all-important. The Turks have latterly allowed excavations there, and many discoveries have been made; but the difficulties of such work in a Turkish dependency are always great. Twelve years ago Halbherr and Fabricius discovered the antique laws of Gortyna, carved in marble, and lying in the bed of a mill stream; and for the past four years Arthur Evans, the English archaeologist, has been finding wondrous Mycenean remains, which add much to our theoretical knowledge of that prehistoric period which Prof. Manatt, of Brown, has described so clearly in his new work. But all this research would go forward faster if Kavadias and Tsountas, and the other learned Greeks who have done so much on the mainland, would extend their inquiries over Crete, and open its treasures to the American, the British, the German, and the French schools, now so busy digging in Greece.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

The Brain of the Criminal.

An Italian brigand having died after a most notorious and remarkable career, even for a man in his profession, his brain was given to a scientist for examination in order to discover, if possible, whether there was any difference between it and the honest, or normal brain. After exhaustive experiments, the professor in charge was forced to admit that he could find nothing abnormal about the brain structure. According to all known laws on the subject, the man was possessed of great ability, and, the professor says, might have been a great man. As the brigand was a murderer, a thief and a bad lot generally, it would seem that the fact of there being no abnormal conditions in the brain might have a bearing on the much-discussed subject of brain structure. Some time since a suggestion was made that intelligent people and those of eminence in their professions should will their brains to a society for scientific investigation, in order to determine, by comparison, what were the causes of criminal tendencies, and what brain conditions these tendencies brought about.—N. Y. Ledger.

Navigating the Air.

Among the novel ideas in aerial navigation is the coupling together of a number of balloons in what might be called a tandem form. In the foremost is a machine which is supposed to be the propelling. These balloons are umbrella-shaped, and contain hydrogen gas. The car is suspended a long distance below the balloon proper, and is connected with it by a frame of aluminum. The relative position of car and balloon would not be unlike a very long handled umbrella fully spread, the car being attached to the lower end of the handle. The motive power is an engine operated by liquid fuel. The experiments with this form of navigation are being conducted at Montgomery, Ala., by men who are fully abreast with the best scientific ideas of the day.—N. Y. Ledger.

SECRET MARRIAGES.

Are the Rule in the Mountain Districts of the South.

There are few places and few grades of life, in either the rural or the urban world, where the word "wedding" is not a synonym for joy and festivity. Only the cynic or the misanthrope protests against the wedding celebration. We wear out most customs, but the wedding feast remains. While very likely not the only place in the world, the only place in my experience where there is any general concealment of proposed connubiality and nuptial intent is in the mountains of the south. It may be generally known that "Zeb" is "keeping regular company" with "Lize." Suddenly the town will be apprised of the fact that "Zeb and Lize done got married last night." This constitutes what might be called an anticipated surprise.

Sometimes in the large settlements due notice will be given and the wedding take place in the little church or in the building used in common for all public purposes—religious services, school, political gatherings and itinerant shows. That practice is, however, generally confined to the elite of the community. In one place in my experience the popular resort for the performance of the ceremony was the broad platform in the rear of a local sawmill. I could discover no ground for the popularity of the spot. Sometimes a few intimate friends would be invited to attend. Sometimes none was observer save the casual passer-by. More frequently there were no witnesses save the sun above the lumber-piles around.

Concerning that spot a local magistrate tells an amusing story. A certain man had been unfortunate in the longevity of his selections, had been twice married and twice bereaved. He called upon the magistrate to officiate at a third ceremony. As the happy pair took their places before him, upon the mill platform, to pledge their faith and love, he said to the groom: "Move a little further over this way, John. Toe up to that line. That is where you've always stood before." And there was no proceeding until John had "toed up."

A man who was doing some work for me came to me one day at noon and asked permission to be absent until "quartering time," 3:30 o'clock. He said nothing to me or to his associates of his purpose. He returned promptly on time, to announce, in a casual and indifferent manner, that during his absence he had been married and, with the little furniture possessed by the pair, had settled in a cabin of his own. Again and again have I seen the same plan followed in other cases.

The ground for so general observance of secrecy I could not discover. It holds with both the intention of marriage and the precise time of the ceremony. I think it is due in considerable measure to fear of that harrowing performance known as the charivari—in the idiom, "shivaree." To those unfamiliar with that entertainment I can only describe it as a most excruciating pandemonium, effected by combinations of pots and pans, horns and howling. It takes the form of an evening serenade to the newly wedded pair. The officiating musicians comprise all the young men and boys for miles around. I have been the unfortunate auditor of one or two such performances, and if I knew that one were to take place around the walls of my dwelling if I married I should choose to "live a bachelor." I blame no man for retaining his secret to avoid the experience. The poorer classes, with whom the concealment is a general practice, have no money to spend for the entertainment of their friends. Not infrequently, there is no money for even a new gown for the bride. The affair then becomes a simple matter of mutual agreement; the business is dispatched without fuss or features and the journey to paradise is taken by the most direct route.—N. Y. Post.

Nansen's Predictions.

Nearly everything Nansen predicted about his journey has come true. He said he expected to cross the unknown polar area, and he has done it. He foretold exactly the general direction in which his ship would drift while fast in the ice, but it is not certain that he correctly assigned the cause of this drift. * * * Nansen invented the model of the Fram, making her hull round and slippery like an eel, with no corners or sharp edges for the ice to seize upon. She is the strongest vessel ever used in Arctic exploration, asserts McClure's Magazine. He said that pressure would simply lift her on the ice, and so her bottom, near the keel, was made almost flat, in order that she might not capsize while on the ice surface, and her screw and rudder were also ingeniously protected. The many experts who said her design would not save the Fram from instant destruction were mistaken, for she met these resistless ice pressures and they merely lifted her out of her cradle and she rested safely on the surface. Nansen said that, owing to the probable predominance of water in the far north, he expected to find there higher temperatures than along the north coast of Asia. This remarkable prediction has been fulfilled. The lowest temperature observed on the Fram was 61½ degrees Fahrenheit, while further south, in the Kara sea, 63 degrees, and at the mouth of the Lena river, 94 degrees, have been registered.—St. Louis Republic.

Our Yearly Fire Losses.

The average yearly loss from fires in the United States during the past 20 years has been about $100,000,000. During the past year, according to the chronicled fire tables, there have been 38,603 fires, destroying 33,961 pieces of property. The total loss entailed has been $142,110,233, with an insurance loss of $81,689,030. In this tall column of disasters there were 22,711 dwelling-houses, 340 churches, 302 colleges and schoolhouses, 502 theaters and public halls and 5,281 manufacturing establishments.—N. Y. Journal.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Mr. Singer—"Will you accompany me, this evening?" Miss Bloomer—"Bicycle or piano?"—Yonkers Statesman.

—A Serious Omission.—"I was swindled on this new dictionary." "How?" "It hasn't any index."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—Mendicant (to benevolent old lady who has given him a halfpenny)—"Quite sure you can spare this, ma'am?"—Tit-Bits.

—She—"Have you read 'A Hundred Years to Come?'" He—No. What is it about; a messenger boy?"—Indianapolis Journal.

—Newlywed (proudly)—"I always make it a point to tell my wife everything that happens." Old Sport—"Pooh! That's nothing. I tell my wife lots of things that never happen."—Tit-Bits.

—Doubting Customer—"What sort of assurance does a man have that this cod-liver oil is genuine?" Honest Pharmacist—"The fact, sir, that it costs as much to make it from whale oil now as it does to extract it from the cod."—Chicago Tribune.

—A country minister, talking to an old lady about his son who had emigrated, was very pathetic over the dangers of the deep. "Hoots, minister," quoth Janet, "ye needna haver sae muckle aboot it; it'll nae be sae awfu' deep; it's been an unco' dry year."—Tit-Bits.

—A Strain on the Wire.—"What language were you using at the telphone?" asked a Pittsburgher, who had overheard one end of a conversation. "That was Welsh." "Welsh on an ordinary telphone?" "Yes, why not?" "With the regular thin wire that is used for telephone lines?" "Of course. You don't suppose they put in a special line for the transmission of the Welsh language, do you?" "Well, I should think it would require barbed wire."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

MOTHER LOVE IN SNAKES.

A Marked Exhibition of It Witnessed by a Naturalist.

Even the cold-blooded and clammy snake evinces maternal affection, and I am fortunately able to produce evidence corroborative of this statement that is fresh in my memory. On March 29, while seated on my front porch, I noticed one of my dogs, a yearling puppy, acting in a peculiar way in my lawn. He was circling around a small circumscribed spot, every now and then thrusting his nose toward the ground and then quickly jumping back.

On approaching the animal I discovered that the object of his playful assaults was a bunch or ball of snakes, a three or four-year-old mother and her last year's brood of young. The day was very warm, the sun shining clear and bright and these creatures had emerged from their den or nest in the ground, a foot or so away from the spot where they were lying, and were sunning themselves. When they observed me they made an attempt to regain their nest. I killed two of them, however, before they could enter. I had read somewhere that if a snake's young were taken and their bodies dragged along the ground the mother snake would follow the trail and, if she found them alive, would conduct them back to the nest. I took the two which I had killed, and after dragging them along the turf, deposited them on the pavement some 50 feet from the den. I then resumed my seat on the porch and awaited developments. In a short while the mother snake emerged from the nest, and, after crawling about for a second or two, struck the trail and at once followed it to the pavement and her dead young. Fortunately I had a witness in the person of my iceman, who was delivering the ice at the time, and who was dumfounded at beholding such high intelligence in a creature so low in the scale of animal life. I killed the old snake (for these snakes—garden moccasins—become harmful after the third year, eating young birds, etc.), and ten of her progeny, leaving two pairs to carry on and perpetuate the race.—Home Magazine.

MONEY IN THE ASHES.

Discarded Tin Cans Rescued and Turned Into Cash.

On every dumping ground where the city contractors of Brooklyn place their ashes one may see constantly Italians working hard leveling the heaps, as load after load is deposited, and carefully placing the tomato cans and other cast-off pieces of tinware in piles by themselves. The contractors do not object if the householders put old cans among the ashes, for this insures a careful leveling by the Italians at the dumping grounds at no expense to the contractors.

The revenue from these cans that are collected by the hundreds of thousands is a matter of surprise to most persons. A two-horse load brings from $6 to $8. It takes several days of hard work to get a big wagon load, but the Italians don't seem to mind the labor of it, for there is money immediately in sight as the piles of tin cans grow. They watch jealously their picking grounds, and sometimes make special arrangements with the contractors for the privilege of scraping and raking the ash heaps over.

The tin cans are sold to men with furnaces, who place them in a big caldron and under a slow fire melt the tin and solder and run that part off for future use and sale. Almost all the tin and solder is saved by this process, and is salable for use in making more cans for preserving vegetables.

The heat is then made intense and the iron that remains is melted and cast into sash weights. The demand for these old cans is said to be greater than the supply, and one of the most valuable of the scavenger privileges that the Italians in large cities assume is that of working over an ash dump.—N. Y. Sun.

1667 BUS. POTATOES PER ACRE.

Don't believe it, nor did the editor until he saw Salzer's great farm seed catalogue. It's wonderful what an array of facts and figures and new things and big yields and great testimonials it contains.

SEND THIS NOTICE AND 10 CENTS STAMPS to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., for catalogue and 12 rare farm seed samples, worth $10, to get a start. [K]

A Cincinnati Joke.—"Why is Tugby like the Ohio river?" "Don't know. Why is he?" "Because he's always getting in on the ground floor."—Chicago Record.

MARCH AND APRIL

Are the Most Disagreeable Months of the Year in the North.

In the South, they are the pleasantest and most agreeable. The trees and shrubs put forth their buds and flowers; early vegetables and fruits are ready for eating, and in fact all nature seems to have awakened from its winter sleep. The Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company reaches the Garden Spots of the South, and will on the first and third Tuesdays of March and April sell round-trip tickets to all principal points in Tennessee, Alabama, and West Florida, at about half rates. Write for advertising matter and particulars of excursions to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

There is at least one encouraging sign: Loafers are less popular than they ever were before.—Atchison Globe.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is often ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"What part did you find most difficult when you were on the stage?" "Trying to live up to the salary I told my friends I was getting."—Tit-Bits.

Homeseekers' Excursions at Half Rates

Via the Missouri Pacific Railway and Iron Mountain Route, to points in the West and Southwest. Tickets on sale Tuesdays, April 6th and 20th and May 4th and 18th. For descriptive and illustrated pamphlets of the different States, time and map folders, address H. C. Townsend, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

A little boy with long golden curls, and dressed in a sailor suit, is not near as pretty as his mamma imagines.

Specially Remember

That the Cleveland, Akron & Columbus R'y is still selling round trip tickets between all stations on its line, good going and returning Sunday, at a rate of one fare for the round trip. Ask any agent for particulars, or write to C. F. Daly, General Passenger Agent, Cleveland, O.

A worthless man usually has few possessions, but you can usually depend that a wife is one of them.

How My Throat Hurts!—Why don't you use Hale's Honey of Horchound and Tar? Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

You can't fool a lot of people, though it is easy to fool one.—Atchison Globe.

The same—old or new rheumatic pains St. Jacobs Oil will cure.

Spring

Is the time to purify your blood and fortify your system against the dangers which threaten the health because of impurities accumulated in the blood. Take

Hood's Sarsaparilla The One True Blood Purifier.

Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills act easily, promptly and effectively. 25 cents.

The Waverley Bicycle

There IS a Difference

May be you can not see any difference between the new '97 Waverley Bicycle for $100 and other makes offered for the price. There is one.

The new Waverley is equipped with new and costly bearings that run absolutely true. No other bicycle has such bearings—such workmanship—

$100

Still another Waverley.—the famous model of last year. Now $60. The cost of new and expensive machinery has been saved.

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Indiana Bicycle Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

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In the celebrated Coast Country. Cheap and on reasonable terms. Fruit, vegetable and field crop farms. Great production. Direct markets. Diversified crops. Travel via Frisco Line from St. Louis. For land literature, maps, excursion rates and full information, write

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HAY, COAL, STOCK, GRAIN, AND COTTON SCALES. BUFFALO, N.Y.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 Days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

TEMPERANCE.

A GLASS OF WINE.

Vision of Sorrow, Sin and Death Seen in Its Depths.

He whose genius and surpassing gift of language might have lent grace to the noblest theme, but who, having no faith in God, has devoted his pen to undermining the faith of others, one wrote a eulogium of "A Glass of Wine."

No imagery could be more exquisite no work of painter's brush more beautiful, than the picture that he summons —pictures that bring to mind the vineyards of the Rhine, the sunny slopes of France, the dark-eyed maids of Italy, wine cellars of old German castles—Bacchus, ivy crowned!

These dreams of beauty and visions of delight come, he says, to a fancy excited by a glass of wine.

But the first glass is followed by the second and the third; drunkenness results, and later, inebriety. What visions are now painted by fancy?

Pour from the frosted beaker the sparkling liquid. Lift high the tiny wine glass. Gaze deep into its rosy depth; and, lo! In every glass there coils a serpent, on every cask there sits a demon, from every vine-clad hill desolation wails; and Bacchus, no longer ivy crowned, grovels swish and besotted!

Look again. Here is a young mother weeping over the cradle of her babe—

WEEPING OVER THE CRADLE.

weeping that he may die, rather than live his father's life.

There is a drunkard by a fireless hearth.

Yonder is a dismal street. The snow is falling. Three little children, barefooted, half-clad, are huddled in a corner. They are sobbing.

Here is a vacant chair, and a mother is moaning and wringing her hands in anguish.

See! In that cell a wild-eyed maniac is tearing his long gray locks. He shrieks! forget it if you can.

And here is a lonely graveyard at twilight. A grave stands open. A broken wreck is tattering toward it. He stumbles in. It has waited for his uncertain footstep. A wail of anguish goes up from the old, deserted graveyard.

Are the visions of the wine glass dreams of beauty and delight?—Ellen Carey, in the Lever.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

The most thickly populated country in Europe is Belgium, and it is also the most intemperate.

Stockholm has the largest death rate from the use of alcohol of any city in the world. The number of deaths from this cause is 90 in 1,000.

It is said that Mr. Victor Burton, of a celebrated brewers' firm in London, having become a teetotaler, has withdrawn from the firm, and forfeited thereby his right to £1,000,000.

A bill is now pending in the Arkansas legislature which proposes to make every intemperate physician in the state surrender his license, and to have no licenses issued in future to physicians of that sort.

The following words are from the president of the Brewers' association: "We are organized, not only to control a capital of $200,000,000, but to command thousands of votes politically by which legislators will discern our power."

In every township in Montgomery county, Ind., has been organized a law and order league, the express purpose of which is to regulate, if not entirely suppress, the liquor traffic. These several organizations are in the hands of the leading and most influential citizens, and are secret in their work, only two or three persons of each league being publicly known. This secrecy as to membership better enables the leagues to accomplish their appointed work and keeps the liquor dealers guessing whom to look upon as enemies or as friends. Already the prosecutions have begun.

TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

How Saloon Keepers Encourage Their Sunday Trade.

The Manchester City News has published some startling revelations, showing the tricks to which brewers and publicans resort to encourage the Sunday trade. It says:

Sunday is the great day for pushing the drink business. Sweets, oranges, cakes, apples, etc., are given to children. Cigars are given to adults. Threepenny-bits are placed in a certain number of the pots of liquor. "An extra pull at the beer pumps, amounting often to 50 per cent. more liquor than is asked or paid for" is another inducement. "At some places all the pint pots are refilled free, while at other places a gallon or two gallons are contributed by the bartender for the company in which to drink his health."

The truth of those statements may be assumed, as they have never been denied. The City News roundly charges the brewers with being responsible for these grave moral and legal offenses.

FLOATS IN LIQUOR.

An Appalling Account of Alcoholic Drinks Used in Greater New York.

The New York Tribune recently issued a special edition of mammoth size, devoted to the glorification of the Greater New York as an industrial center. Among the industries which came in for a share of the glorification were the breweries and the wine and spirit trades. Regarded from a strictly commercial point of view, the showing made here was, of course, a very fine one. Such an immense amount of capital invested, such an enormous output of manufactured products, were enough surely to make the hearts of the citizens of the Greater New York swell with pride. But let the Tribune tell the wonderful story:

"The aggregate investment in the brewing industry in Greater New York," it says, "has reached many millions of dollars, and constant employment is given to not less than 50,000 people; 22,000 horses and wagons are employed in handling the raw material and the finished product to and from the breweries.

"What becomes of the 7,500,000 barrels of beer that are annually produced in Greater New York? A competent authority, in answer to that question, replied: 'Greater New York drinks it.' Of the 91,000 barrels of foreign beers imported into the United States, about 60,000 barrels were consumed in Greater New York. In addition, there was an indeterminate quantity of beer consumed not made within the city. These items are estimated to about equal in the aggregate the quantity of New York made beer shipped to other points of consumption, leaving 7,500,000 barrels as the average annual consumption of the city. Reduce that quantity to the more familiar basis of measurement, and it equal 232,500,000 gallons—or, say, 3,720,000,000 glasses—or 1,240 glasses annually for each one of the 3,000,000 men, women and children that may be considered as living within the limits of Greater New York—3½ glasses every day of the year for each one of them." What a noble and inspiring record this is, indeed! Three and a half glasses a day for every inhabitant of this greater city, all manufactured and drunk right here on the spot, too! What a great people we are! How proud we ought to be of ourselves!

But that is not all the story by any means. We do a great deal more than that. We manufacture and buy and sell wine and spirits, too, by the hundreds of thousands of gallons. Hear what the Tribune says about this: "Dominick Lynch and his wine cellars were conspicuous figures in the business of the city 90 years ago, but nowadays he would be quite lost to sight among the 150 importers and 350 other wholesale dealers in wine and spirits who strive together in keen competition for the patronage of the 10,000 retail establishments of one sort and another where the products of the winepress and the still can be procured by the thirsty public of this great city; and his few pipes of aromatic sercial and rich colored malmsey would be swept along unnoticed in the tidal wave of 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 gallons of wine and spirits that annually pours into Greater New York. Of the 1,400,000,000 gallons of distilled spirits imported into the United States during 1895, 580,000 gallons came through the port of Greater New York, besides over 700,000 gallons of American whisky reimported from Europe, and about 60,000 gallons of California brandy. Add to these figures about 5,000,000 gallons of domestic whisky received during the same period, and the measure of the annual consumption and distribution of Greater New York is reached. Inasmuch as New York draws to itself so large a proportion of wine and spirit importations, it is but natural that foreign manufacturers should make special efforts to keep their particular brands constantly before the buyers of this market, hence many of the larger European manufacturers have resident agents in the city, who add largely both in numbers and influence and in capital represented to the distinctly local interests already mentioned. Likewise the great distilleries of the middle states, and the wine producers of California and the region about Lake Erie, find it greatly to their advantage to be represented at the metropolis of the nation, and their agents are active and persistent in their efforts to convince the wholesale buyer and the great drinking public that no goods from over the seas can rival in purity and excellence the sparkling catawba of western New York, or the hand-made sour mash."

The spectacle of that "tidal wave of 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 gallons of wine and spirits" annually pouring into the Greater New York, is enough of itself to set every breast aglow with poetic fire. Such a magnificent spectacle, significant of so much of progress, prosperity and happiness! And besides all this, there is the sparkling catawba and "the hand-made sour mash." Who would not live forever where such alluring prospects invite?—Christian Work.

Athletes With and Without Alcohol.

An ex-president of the Cambridge University Athletic club, whose letter appears in the Temperance Chronicle, says: "I am not a teetotaler, but a very strong advocate of temperance. When at Cambridge, during my first year, when I did my best 'blues' in long-distance racing, I was a total abstainer, and trained entirely without alcohol. During my last two years I drank alcohol occasionally and very moderately, chiefly in the form of beer, claret, and sometimes port; but the stubborn fact remains that I never beat or equaled the 'times' I accomplished in races, of very severe bodily strain, when I took no alcohol in any shape or form. If I were to go in training now for a long race I should be strongly inclined to do it entirely on water (as far as liquor is concerned) as of yore."

Philadelphia consumed 1,996,734 barrels of beer in 1896, an increase of 117,630 over 1895.

COLDS CAUSED BY MICROBES.

The Germ Theory Is Now Accepted by Bacteriologists.

Bacteriology has at last divulged the cause of the greatest of all medical mysteries—the ordinary cold. It has been attributed to all causes—air, moisture, too much cold air, overheating and, recently, to the stomach and overeating. The laboratory where the microbes are caught, cultivated and tamed like little beasts for several years has been trying to identify the germs of "colds," as colds seemed to lead to many diseases that have well-known germs. The first discovery was that in colds there are several varieties of that produce the same results.

Germs look altogether different under the microscope and in the culture tubes, where the microbes are bred, after they have been identified and separated from others by being smured (from the common feeding ground of all sorts of bacterin) with a platinum needle. Then to make certain that the real microbe in a given disease is found the germs must be injected into a rabbit or guinea pig (or some dispensary patient) to see if the same disease will appear. Microbes which cause colds are always in the body or in the air.

There are 20 different forms of bacteria constantly present in the nose, including nine or ten which are dangerous under certain circumstances. There are 90 forms of germs in the mouth, 40 of which may cause serious disease.

Everyone knows that colds are usually caught by getting oneself overheated and cooling off suddenly. When the surface of the body is overheated all the microbes in the air seem to be attracted to the body, especially if the air around is chilly or damp; microbes cannot be killed by cold or damp, but they do not like it and are always on the watch to find a resting place in a man, especially in one who is overheated and whose skin is covered with perspiration. If the nose is always in a condition of "catarrh" it is easy to see how a fresh cold or acute attack of catarrh is caused by exposure to a chill. But how about the various symptoms in other and distant parts of the body which generally follow a cold?

When the body is overheated and then chilled the immediate effect of the cold on the surface of the body is to excite contraction of the blood vessels near the surface. Thus the blood is driven from the surface to the inner organs, carrying along with it any microbes that may have been lodged near the surface. This excites inflammation in some organ far away from the first point affected. The way it seems to act is as follows:

All processes going on in the body are governed by the central nervous system. If, as a result of exposure to cold, the regular routine of nutrition and of circulation is checked in one part of the body, the nervous force sent out from the central nervous system if shut off in one place will be increased in another. Such increase is really inflammation. If any organ is liable to chronic inflammation this will be the place picked out for the acute trouble as a result of having caught cold. All the unemployed microbes will collect there and unemployed microbes in a slightly inflamed organ are certain to make trouble. There is, however, one safeguard which saves the body from destruction every time a cold is caught.

There is in the body a set of valuable street-sweepers who do in the blood vessels and tissues exactly the work of the street-cleaning department. These are the white blood corpuscles, or leucocytes. They differ from Col. Waring's white brigade in that they eat up the debris, the microbes and such things wherever they find them. The more germs and bacteria collected together in one organ the more the white corpuscles swarm in just like the regular street-sweepers in the dirty downtown districts.

If these white blood corpuscles are caught while at their work their round bodies may be found filled up with the bacteria they have eaten. In case of sudden emergencies (like pneumonia) an immense swarm of white corpuscles will suddenly appear.

There are all sorts of ways of treating an inflammation in an organ. Many are as familiar to the public as to the doctors. The old-fashioned porous or mustard plaster is simply a means to collect quickly a larger number of white blood cells in the places where they are needed. The same is true of all hot applications, blisters, painting with iodine or red flannel rags.

The new idea of a cold, then, is that it is a nervous disease, which, to do any serious harm, has to work through the microbes, which are always present in the body or in the outer passages waiting for a chance to make trouble. The best way to prevent colds is to keep all parts of the body properly clad and free from any undue exposure, for it is the disturbance of the balance of circulation and the nervous control of the blood vessels that really causes the trouble.

If the feet and the nose and the mouth are kept in good condition the chances are against the microbes doing much damage, for it is the chilling of these parts that causes most of the colds.—N. Y. Press.

The Main Point.

Mabel—Yes, the conceited and presumptuous thing, I told him I had never been kissed by a man, and he promptly kissed me and said: "You can never make such a statement again."

Clara—The idea! He actually kissed you?

Mabel—Yes; but, think, he tried to convey the idea that he was a man.—Philadelphia North American.

The Trent Habit.

"Come, Julia, let's come and have a freindship oyster stew together."

"Friendship oyster stew? What's that?"

"Why, you'll pay for mine, and I will pay for yours."—N. Y. Journal.

HOW THEY FIGHT IN CUBA.

The Wary Spaniards Fear Being Entrapped in the Forests.

The Spaniards have repeatedly stated that the Cuban insurgents will not face them in open battle, but retreat after the first few volleys have been exchanged, and that their perfect knowledge of the country roads and trails enables them to escape.

The one great object of the Cubans in the field is not so much to win by fighting as it is to cripple Spain by draining her resources. The longer they can hold out without giving battle, the more money will be needed to clothe and feed the vast Spanish army. The financial condition of Spain is understood by every Cuban soldier, and they all fully recognize the importance of putting their oppressors to as much extra expense as possible.

The Cuban campaign since Maceo executed his great raid has been purely defensive, having for its object the above result. Chiefs like Gomez and Maceo have at times assumed the offensive, but only for a short time. These defensive tactics have proved of more benefit to the Cubans than a series of pitched battles. The successful working of their plan is demonstrated every time that Gen. Weyler asks for reenforcements.

Next to Maceo's great campaign in Pinar del Rio, probably the most remarkable example of defensive tactics has been those employed by Gen. J. M. Aguirre since he assumed command of the insurgent forces in the province of Havana.

Although the other chiefs have succeeded in evading the Spaniards as well as Aguirre, yet his proximity to the capital makes his campaign of special importance.

The northern brigade of the province of Havana, under Aguirre and Brigadier Cardenas, is divided into two cavalry regiments and a company of infantry, numbering in all about 900 armed men. Their field of operations extends from Havana on the west to the limit of the province of Ceiba Mocha on the east, a distance of 45 miles, and from the coast south, to a line dividing the province in the center.

In this territory are stationed about 14,000 Spanish troops, whose sole object is to corner or entrap this small Cuban brigade and force them to a decisive fight.

The Spaniards hold all the towns, which are strongly fortified and have each a permanent garrison of from 100 to 300 soldiers to protect them from destruction by the Cubans.

Operating field columns are stationed at the towns of Guanabacoa, Minas, Jarueo, Aguacate, Ceibas, Mocha, Madruga, San Jose de las Lajas and Sta. Maria del Rosario, in all nine columns, averaging 1,000 men in each.

The local guerrilleros that have been formed recently will probably increase the active field force to about 10,000 well-armed and equipped men.

The remaining 4,000 are scattered in the smaller towns and forts, protecting sugar factories and bridges.

The railroad is also in possession of the Spaniards, enabling them to concentrate their forces at any given point in the district within six hours. With Havana as their base of supplies, the Spaniards have all that can be desired from a military standpoint. For 11 months they have planned combination and surprises for the purpose of entrapping this insignificant little force of 900 Cubans, who are poorly armed and often have been without ammunition, but every time the Spaniards have been foiled.

The Spaniards, despite all reports to the contrary, rarely attack unless they are supported by other companies or are sure that they outnumber the enemy.

The Cubans, through their excellent system of scouts, are always well informed of the movements of the enemy, and in such case they quietly break camp and march five miles further on, outside of the trap. Occasionally the Spaniards succeed in overtaking them and a fight ensues.

The Cubans usually throw out two companies in skirmish line and retreat under its protection; for as long as there is a line to face, the Spaniards will be very cautious about advancing.

I have seen six men hold a Spanish column of 1,500 in check for more than an hour by firing upon them from the woods. The Spaniards, fearing an ambuscade, would not venture into the forest. In fact, this fear of being entrapped into an ambush is an important factor of the actual warfare in Cuba, and is the real reason why Weyler is having such a hard time of it in the Pinar del Rio hills.

The Cubans, should they stop to give battle to their enemies in the province of Havana, would soon find themselves in a serious predicament, as at the first sound of the firing all the Spanish columns hurry to the scene, and the chances are that their overwhelming numbers would tell in such a case. But by retreating rapidly under cover of fire they soon place themselves beyond reach of pursuit.—Leslie's Weekly.

As It Seemed to Him.

"Doctah, I gwine ax yo' fo' anudder of dem ermetic powdars dat yo' gib me lus' week w'en I done b'en sick wid de spspsy."

"Then you have another attack, have you, Jasper?"

"Not, 'zackly, sah, but I done drap'ed de pipe down de well, sah, an' f'om de way dat powdah pufform in de case ev'mers'f, I got der right ter t'ink dat ef I drap it down de well hit gwine bring dat pipe ter de surface in erbout fo' seconds, sah."—Boston Courier.

Post-Mortem Luxury.

"What are they going to do with the remains?"

"Goin' to cremate 'em."

"Well, by gum, he allus did get the cream of everythin'."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE JAPANESE MAID.

Miss Cherry Blossom Serves Well in Cap and Apron.

"How do the Japanese compare with the Chinese as servants?" a gentleman asked of a life-long friend who had had experience with help of both nationalities.

"There is no comparison," was the reply. "The Chinese are efficient, but they are awfully set in their ways. If you give a Chinaman an order to-day he will do that very same thing the next day, and every other day, no matter how absurd it may be, unless expressly told not to do so. A Japanese will use his own judgment and save you a lot of bother. The Japanese adapt themselves to our customs very quickly and they are naturally courteous and obliging. They don't mind work, either. I have a friend whose one servant is a Japanese girl, and she does the work of the entire house for less wages than a German or Swede would and just as thoroughly.

"What delights me with the Japanese is that they are so careful and economical," this lady continued. "Nothing is ever wasted in the kitchen since Bolma was installed, and my butcher bills are lessened considerably. Then she is always scrubbing up the tables and dressers, and I believe she puts on clean clothing every day. I always see her washing hanging out late in the afternoon."

Inquiry discovers that there are a great many Japanese in the big cities of the union, and that every ship that comes brings a fresh relay of 20 or 30. A Japanese mission established in Brooklyn finds homes for any number of these adventurers. As the newcomers, no matter what their proficiency or social standing may be, are totally unacquainted with localities, the rate of wages, etc., they gladly accept the domestic service which gives them shelter and food for present needs. The managers report that those supplied with places invariably give satisfaction. A number of Japanese girls and women who came over to the world's fair were stranded in the country and have had to support themselves as best they could. All these have taken refuge in housework or have been engaged as sewing maids. They came originally to dance or sing or form a part of a Japanese booth or domestic "interior." Their aim, after being dismissed, was to make money enough to return home, but, as is not unusual, they see the advantage of life in America and have decided to live here.

Of late years many business men have lived for months or years in Japan, having their families in residences. Their Japanese servants have accompanied them to America and neighbors of these returning absentees, noting the efficiency of their eastern domestics, have gotten them to bring out relatives or friends to serve in a like capacity in their households; thus the infection spreads. The Japanese consul in New York has sometimes as many as 25 applications in a single day for servants.

"I want a cook and a butler. I hear the Japanese are so thoroughly reliable," says a servant-hunting housekeeper. "You must excuse my troubling you," she adds, as it dawns on her that the consul does not necessarily keep an employment agency.

"We sometimes find places for our countrymen newly-landed," says the consul, and then he turns her over to his secretary, who in turn, directs her to an uptown flat where a Columbia college student keeps an impromptu intelligence bureau for fellows of his race.

These college aspirants think well of the $20 or $30 a month which such positions give them. They work in these various callings for a year or two until they accumulate a little money and then they finish their college course or set up business for themselves. One of the partners in a big Broadway store devoted entirely to Japanese wares was two years ago a trusted "man of all work" in a well-known American family. He saved $1,500 and won the lasting respect and friendship of his employers, who were loath to lose him.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Crystal Sky Columns.

An explanation of a curious optical phenomenon, sometimes witnessed on frosty nights, which is called the "pseudo-aurora," is offered by Mr. Goode, of the Chicago university. The phenomenon takes the form of beautiful columns of silvery light standing over electric arc lamps and other bright lights, and sometimes appearing almost to reach the zenith. Mr. Goode says that sometimes the evening star has a bright shaft below us well as above, while the rising moon stands in a broad column of light. These appearances are due to floating frost crystals which keep their reflecting faces horizontal. On examination he found that the crystals concerned in the exhibition were thin, six-sided plates of ice, never more than one millimeter in diameter. When the wind blows these little plates are upset, and the columns of light, caused by reflection from their surfaces, disappear.—Science.

Dogs Need Iron.

According to Prof. Schmiederberg, of Strasburg, dogs need iron in their food. He relates the case of a strong dog that was nearly starved by being fed for a long time with pure milk. Just as he seemed on the point of death a grain of ferratin was added to his daily allowance of milk; when, instead of refusing as heretofore, he devoured it ravenously, and in the space of two weeks recovered his normal health and strength.—Albany Argus.

A Sensitive Spot.

It is a mistake to suppose that the tip of the tongue is the most sensitive part of the body. Those engaged in polishing billiard balls, or other substances that require a very high degree of smoothness, invariably use the cheek bone as their touchstone for detecting any roughness.—Chicago Tribune.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The railways of the world carry over 40,000,000 passengers weekly.

—Lenenhoek and Humboldt both say that a single pound of the finest spider webs would reach around the world.

—The annual value of the human hair exported from China is said to be about $500,000. It is taken from the heads of paupers, criminals and the dead.

—It is a strange fact that the right hand, which is more sensible to the touch than the left, is less sensible than the latter to the effect of the heat and cold.

—Official estimates of the world's raw sugar product for this year is as follows: Beet, 4,960,000 tons; cane, 2,655,000 tons. Stock on hand, 1,150,000 tons; total, 8,765,000 tons. Estimated consumption for ensuing year, 7,350,000 tons.

—It takes each year 200,000 acres of forest to supply cross ties for the railroads of the United States. It takes 15,000,000 ties to supply the demand, for which the contractors get an average of 35 cents apiece, making in the aggregate $5,250,000.

—The British empire owns about one-sixth of the total railway construction of the world. It is about 70 years since the first railway in the world was completed. Since then 400,000 miles of railway track have been laid, an evidence indeed of a very rapid advancement.

—The world contains at least four mountains composed of almost solid iron ore. One is the iron mountain of Missouri, another in Mexico, another in India, and a fourth in that region of Africa explored by Stanley, and there have been reports of such a mountain existing in Siberia.

RUSSIAN WOMEN.

Not Long Ago They Were Treated as Turkish Women Are.

It is curious to think what a short time it is since the emperors of Russia treated their womankind in the same way they are still treated in Turkey. In those days the czar chose his wife from among his subjects and she was never considered his equal. The matter was arranged in this way: On a certain day the nobles brought their young daughters to be looked at, and she who took the emperor's fancy was forthwith chosen to be his wife.

The princesses were kept with the same strictness as eastern princesses, and marriage only changed their place of residence, but gave them no more freedom. They were allowed occasionally to be present when guests were received, to whom they would hand a cup of wine and then retire to their apartments, there being a suite of rooms at the north side of the palace reserved especially for them.

If they were ill the room was darkened before the doctor was admitted, and he was not even allowed to feel their pulse, and when they drove out the windows of their carriages had drawn curtains.

The first czarina who emancipated herself from this state of slavery, and so instituted a new and happier era for Russian women, was the beautiful Nathalie Neryschki, the second wife of Alexis Michaelovitch and the mother of Peter the Great, and her triumph was when she obtained her husband's consent to drive with him in an open carriage to the monastery of Troitzsky, a proceeding which at the time occasioned a great scandal.

Naturally, when the Russian princes began to intermarry with other European royal families they were obliged to treat their wives differently, but it was a long time before the court of Russia became as civilized as the rest of Europe.—Montreal Star.

TRYING TO BE FUNNY.

Almost Every Man Has His Pet Joke, Usually Silly.

"Did you ever stop to think," said the licensed misanthrope, "what a lot of fools men are?"

Without waiting for a reply—the licensed misanthrope never waits for a reply—he continued:

"The dreary imbecility resulting from the American national disease of trying to be funny is something awful to contemplate. Now, I met a man this morning—a man with large interests in the city, an operator in real estate, a banker and a 'prominent citizen.' He shouted out to myself and my companion: 'Well, you're a nice pair to draw to,' and I doubt if he has seen two of his acquaintances together in 15 years without springing that poor, pale, shrinking jest.

"There's another man who has a big mercantile business down the street who never meets a friend without asking: 'How does your constitutionality sagaciate?' He's considered a man of intelligence, too, and yet he's been chirping that bit of idiocy at everybody he knows for ten years.

"Then there's the head of a big manufacturing firm in the south end, a man of wide culture, a man of the world, who ought to have some sense, who was so delighted with his discovery of 'Nit' a few years ago that he regards it as a brilliant witticism in itself, and never loses an opportunity to inject it into his conversation with an air that amounts to a demand for recognition of his mot.

"And so it goes. Nine out of every ten men you meet have some pet phrase like that, which has ceased to mean anything, if it ever did, and which they fire at the heads of all with whom they come in contact. Dr. Nordau has detined this affliction as echolalia, I believe, but the proper designation for it wouldn't look well in print."—Chicago Journal.

Abolishing the Knout.

Czar Nicholas is determined that the law abolishing the knout in his dominions should be observed. A magistrate who recently sentenced a citizen to receive 50 strokes has been dismissed from his post, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labor.—N. Y. Sun.

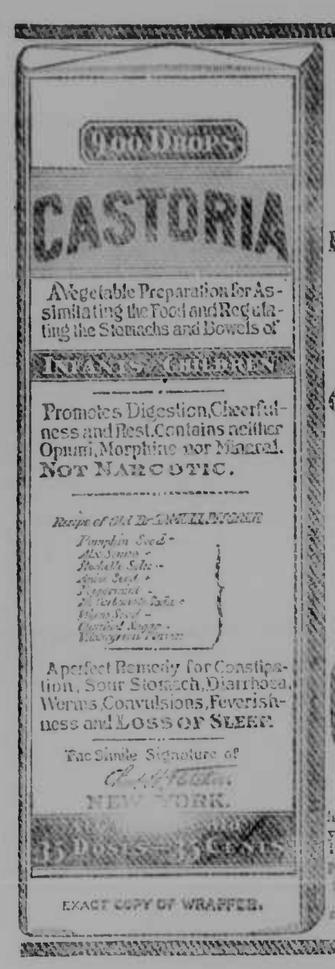

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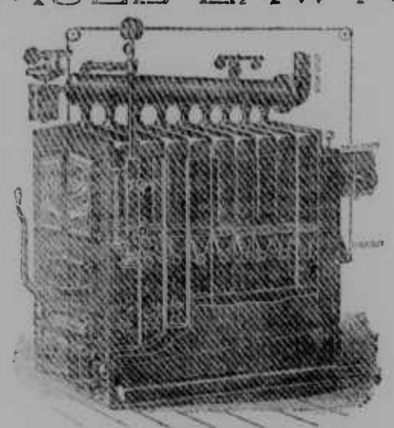

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BALTIMORE, MD.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, March 29, 1897.

Chairman Dingley made short work of the juggling of percentage figures by which the Democrats in the House sought to make it appear that the Dingley tariff bill which will this week be passed by the House, carried a higher average rate of duties than the McKinley bill did. Said Mr. Dingley: "Notwithstanding the fact that in this bill in every schedule except earthenware, glass, tobacco, sugars, and I think silk to some extent, notwithstanding that in every schedule except these the present bill carries actual duty less than was carried in the Act of 1890, and notwithstanding the fact that in many of the schedules it carries duties substantially the same as those in the present (Democratic) law, yet if you convert these specific duties into ad volorem percentages, not taking into consideration the changes of value between 1890 and 1896, you appear to have an increase of duties, when, as a matter of fact, the actual duties imposed are less."

No better refutation could be given of the mischievous stories alleging the physical breaking down of President McKinley than that after a hard day's work at his desk he attended the dinner given by the Gridiron Club in honor of the President and his Cabinet and for several hours enjoyed himself as much as the youngest man present.

So many complaints have reached Washington concerning the introduction of lottery methods into the business of obtaining patents, that Senator Hansbrough has introduced a bill making it a misdemeanor for any person or firm engaged in the business of soliciting patents to conduct a premium or prize scheme by offering inventors a prize as an inducement for them to enter an alleged competition of ideas. A similar bill will probably be introduced in the House, thus giving both branches of Congress an opportunity to protect the United States government, which is practically a partner in the patent business, from the odium necessarily attached to lottery methods.

The Democrats in the House are now very sorry that they said a word about trusts in their fight upon the Dingley tariff bill. They got a fool idea into their heads that they could frighten the Republicans by yelling "trusts" at them. They know better now. The line of attack gave the Republicans an opportunity to call the attention, or rather jog the memory of the public to the indisputable fact that the trusts have been more numerous and more grasping under the Democratic administration and tariff law than ever before, and that the Democrats made their last campaign solely in the interests of what Gen. Grosvenor so aptly called "the trust which controls a monopoly of what God gave—the silver trust." The fact is also recalled that when the Sherman anti-trust law, recently upheld by a decision of the United States Supreme Court, was before the House, the leading Democratic members voted against its being taken up for consideration, although they did not dare vote against the bill itself when it was put upon its final passage. They found the trust argument a veritable boomerang, and about the only excuse they had to offer was that they were not responsible for Grover Cleveland.

The Senate committee on appropriations, although not controlled by Republicans, has endorsed the action of the House in passing the left over appropriation bills without change, by reporting the agricultural bill to the Senate just as it passed the House and will probably do likewise with the other bills.

President McKinley has told several gentlemen who were applicants for the same position they held under the Harrison administration that he would not appoint them, no matter how strongly backed they were, because he had made up his mind not to make such appointments except in cases where there might be some extraordinary circumstances justifying a deviation from the rule. This is not because he has not a high opinion of the ex-officials, but because he thinks others should have an opportunity to share in the party honors.

The vacancies in the Senate committees are worrying the opposition more than they are the Republicans, although the latter are perfectly willing that they should be filled, but so long as the opposition cannot agree to vote together and assume the responsibility of the minority the Republicans very naturally object to allowing the Democrats who are only one faction of the majority, to dictate how those vacancies shall be filled. Although not in a majority, the Republicans were given the important chairmanships of the Senate during the last Congress, and they now insist upon the vacancies being filled so as to give them control of the important committees or not at all, unless the opposition chooses to combine and reorganize all the committees on a silver basis by taking the chairmanships away from the Republicans.

Davis' Mills.

Quite a number of our young people attended the spelling school at the Bray school house Friday night last.

We were very glad to meet with Mr. James DeWitt, who is conducting a singing school at Pine Grove, where he has quite a large class.

Mr. Link Sines, who has been at Dobbin for some time, has moved on his farm, where he will spend the summer.

Mr. Freeman Lewis lost a very valuable cow last week.

Miss Laura Sines was visiting friends at Friendsville some time past.

Mr. T. W. Sines is building a new dwelling house, which will be finished soon. M. Y.

Excursion to Washington.

The B. & O. railroad announces the sale of excursion tickets to Washington, Thursday, April 8th.

Washington is at all times an attractive city, but it is particularly so at this season of the year, and while Congress is in session. The long limit on the ticket allows ample time for a visit to Mt. Vernon, Old Point Comfort, Richmond, Virginia Beach and other points.

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Oakland	5 40	6 01	1 8	4 31	12 20	6 25
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Resolutions of Respect.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in His wise providence, to call from our midst our friend and brother, J. W. Bancord, who in his twenty-second year departed this life March 22, 1897, at the Tremont Hotel, Cumberland, Md. By his kind and genial disposition he had endeared himself to all who knew him.

WHEREAS, After funeral services conducted by his pastor, Rev. Faulkner, of the New Germany M. E. church, it was resolved,

First, That while we deeply feel the loss we have sustained in the death of our brother, we meekly bow to the will of our Heavenly Father, the ruler of the universe.

Second, That we tender the parents and family of the deceased our sympathy and condolence in this sore bereavement.

Third, That we are very sorry of the vacancy he leaves in our Epworth League and Sunday school in which he took an active part.

Fourth, That these resolutions be sent to the Oakland REPUBLICAN, and also a copy be sent to the bereaved family.

H. S. CROWE,
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P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M
3 00*	7 00	lv Cumberland ar	*12 15	†7 30
3 26	7 20	Rawlings	11 50	7 05
3 45	7 15	Keyser	11 28	6 43
4 00	8 00	Westernport	11 15	6 30
4 04	8 01	W. Va. C. Junc.	11 11	6 26
4 34	8 35	Shaw	†10 45	5 55
5 00	9 01	Harrison	10 19	†5 29
5 15	9 45* ar	Elk Garden	9 00	*4 00
5 35	9 40† lv	Gorman	9 40	4 58
5 42	9 46	Bayard	9 31	4 47
5 51	9 57	Dobbin	9 23	4 38
6 27	10 27	Thomas	8 53	4 08
6 35	10 35 ar	Davis	8 00	3 15
6 31	10 31 lv	Coketon	8 46	4 01
7 01	11 01	Hendricks	8 15	3 30
7 07	11 07	Bretz	8 08	3 23
7 10	11 10	Parsons	8 05	3 20
7 45	11 45	Kerens	7 30	2 45
8 00*	12 00† ar	Elkins	lv *7 15	†2 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
				P. M.
	3 05* ar	Beallington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

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Residence and P. O. Address, 2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate. Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE, AUCTIONEER! *Will sell Real or Personal Property*

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 16-1yr.

Andrew B. Gonder, Att'y at Law. Alexander C. Mason, Surveyor.

GONDER & MASON, :- REAL -: ESTATE :- AGENTS, :- OAKLAND, MD. 40—1yr. Office, Shartzer's Opera House.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN, SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE. Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including town ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box H, Oakland, Md. 48-20*

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President. G. S. HAMILL, V. President. S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted. Prompt attention to collections. 1-12

PIEDMONT STONE & LIME CO.,

Owned and operated by The E. J. Frediock Manufacturing and Building Company, of Piedmont.

WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH THIS

Superior Lime

TO BUILDERS, FARMERS AND TANNERS IN BARRELS OR BULK TO SUIT PURCHASERS.

This lime is equal in strength for agricultural, building and tanning purposes to the Frederick or Baltimore county lime.

KILNS AT CRABTREE, MD.

Address all orders to

The E. J. Frediock Mf'g and Bld'g Co., 43-26 PIEDMONT, W. VA.

WANTED: ROCK OAK BARK.

Write for prices.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO., 49-13 CUMBERLAND, MD.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1897. NUMBER 5.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Offutt & Sons' have the largest line of mattings in town. 5-2t

Mrs. G. A. Fraley spent Tuesday with her parents in Terra Alta.

Bargains can be found at Smith's in flour, feed and groceries.

Mr. Louis Kamp, of near Accident, was in Oakland Tuesday morning.

Mr. H. J. Frear's new dwelling on Liberty street, has been enclosed.

Farmers can exchange produce for farm seeds at D. W. Smith's. 5-2

Mr. W. Perry Lee, of near Wilson, was in Oakland a day or two this week.

Mr. J. D. Evert, of Bayard, was a caller at this office last Thursday morning.

Hon. George L. Michaels, of Westernport, was in the city Monday a few hours.

Mr. W. H. Clodderton, of near Deer Park, was in Oakland on business last Saturday.

FOR SALE.—A town lot suitable for building purposes, 60X160 feet. Inquire at this office.

Mr. Emanuel Custer, of Hoyes, was here Monday on business before the County Commissioners.

Last Thursday the pension department granted an original pension to John McCabe, of Crellin, this county.

W. H. Butler living in the West end of town, is seciously ill and little hopes are entertained for his recovery—Oracle.

By calling at D. W. Smith's opposite post-office, you can buy all kinds of garden seeds at the lowest cash prices.

Senator Robert A. Ravenscroft, of Accident, was here a few days last week, returning to his home Friday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. King Dekowder went up to Terra Alta Saturday where they spent Sunday with the family of Mr. Jos. Adair.

During the month of March Mr. J. E. Gnagey, the Accident merchant; shipped to Pennsylvania points 1860 dozen of eggs.

Mr. John Schlossnagle, who has been quite ill several weeks with a severe attack of the rheumatism, is improving slowly.

FOR SALE.—1 four year old colt, will work single or double; 1 black mare 11 years old; 1 head two year old steers. J. Schlossnagle.

Postmaster Bartlett went down to Cumberland Monday to spend the week with relatives and take a rest from his official duties.

Miss Cora Hamnis, of Pennsylvania, who visited Mr. and Mrs. L. Stoddard the past two weeks, returned to her home Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. B. W. Wright, of Friendsville, representing the William Ryland Company, was in Oakland soliciting trade a few days last week.

Rev. L. A. Rudisill, superintendent of Mountain Lake Park, held the quarterly meeting in the M. E. church Saturday and Sunday.—Oracle.

Mr. Levi Echard has sold his farm near McHenry to Mr. Chauncey Bowman, of Somerset county, Pa., who has taken possession of the place.

Mrs. S. C. Smith, accompanied by her little daughter, went over to Kingwood Thursday morning of last week to visit friends a few weeks.

Rev. William C. Davis and family arrived here from Brownsville, Pa., Monday afternoon and will visit Rev. and Mrs. John M. Davis a few days.

Just opened, a nice line of spring dress goods, percales, ducks, worsteds, ginghams, etc. Latest styles and low prices. S. L. Townshend & Son. 3-3

Mr. Ed. J. Stuck, of Selbysport, was in the city yesterday on business for Jonas Frazee, Esq., of Pittsburg, who is dangerously ill at his home in that city.

The private schools now being taught in the public school building by Prof. Smith and Misses Porter, Hinebaugh and Fay are well patronized.

Mr. Daniel Hinebaugh and family moved Tuesday from near McHenry to the Browning farm owned by Mr. Truman Casteel on Hooppole, near Oakland.

News reached Oakland Tuesday from Grantsville that Mr. J. Clarence Getty is lying dangerously ill at his home in that town suffering with consumption.

They are so small that the most sensitive persons take them, they are so effective that the most obstinate cases of constipation, headache and torpid liver yield to them. That is why DeWitt's Little Early Risers are known as the famous little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

One Minute is all the time necessary to decide from personal experience that One Minute Cough Cure does what its name implies. Oakland Pharmacy.

Messrs. Eli McMillan, John E. Gnagey and Adam Garinger and son Gus, of Accident, were in Oakland Monday on business before the Board of Control and Review.

WANTED.—To buy a good 3 or 4 room house with large lot (½ acre) between Terra Alta and Deer Park, for cash. Price must be reasonable or no sale. Address: C, this office. 3-4t

Miss Martha Hinebaugh went to Baltimore last night to remain a week or ten days with friends. During her absence her school is being taught by Prof. Chas. D. Smith.

Torturing, itching, scaly skin eruptions, burns and scalds are soothed at once and promptly healed by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the best known cure for piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Godfrey Felty, who was at Friendsville last week conducting an auction, came to Oakland and spent Sunday with his family, returning to the above place Tuesday morning.

Don't allow the lungs to be impaired by the continuous irritation of a cough. It is easier to prevent consumption than to cure it. One Minute Cough Cure taken early will ward off any lung trouble. Oakland Pharmacy.

Messrs. Jacob Fresh and Rudolph Beckman, the general assessors, who were here before the Board of Control and Review winding up their official business, returned to their homes yesterday.

E. E. Turner, of Compton, Mo., writes us that after suffering from piles for seventeen years, he completely cured them by using three boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cures eczema and severe skin diseases. Oakland Pharmacy.

Ex-Sheriff Chas. Wegman came up to Oakland from his home in Grantsville Tuesday evening and will remain here a few days, the guest of Sheriff Austin Brown.

It is surprising what a "wee bit of a thing" can accomplish. Sick headache, constipation, dyspepsia, sour stomach, dizziness, are quickly banished by DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Small pill. Safe pill. Best pill. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mrs. Chas. F. White, of Hutton, who spent a few days with her parents, Capt. and Mrs. J. M. Jarboe, in Oakland, last week, returned to her home Thursday. She was accompanied by her sister, Miss Belle, who remained at Hutton a few days.

Many cases of "Grippe" have lately been cured by One Minute Cough Cure. This preparation seems especially adapted to the cure of this disease. It acts quickly, thus preventing serious complications and bad effects in which this disease often leaves the patient. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. W. H. Malette's new office and store building being erected on Second street by Mr. D. E. Bolden, is nearing completion. The lower floor is divided into four rooms which will be fitted up for mercantile purposes, whilst the upper floor contains a number of large and airy rooms which will be rented for offices.

If you have ever seen a child in the agony of croup, you can appreciate the gratitude of the mothers who know that One Minute Cough Cure relieves their little ones as quickly as it is administered. Many homes in this city are never without it. Oakland Pharmacy.

Prof. A. W. DeWitt, of Frostburg, who taught successfully the school at Sang Run, this winter, was in Oakland last Friday and Saturday on his way home. Prof. DeWitt is probably the oldest and best known teacher in Garrett county and always gives satisfaction to the patrons of a school.

The Rev. W. H. Weaver, pastor of the U. B. Church, Dillsburg, Pa., recognizes the value of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and does not hesitate to tell others about it. "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," he says, "and find it an excellent medicine for colds, coughs and hoarseness." So does everyone who gives it a trial. Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Hon. A. F. George, assistant fish commissioner, was in Oakland last Thursday, having brought several thousand young brook trout from the State hatchery to be placed in the lake at the Park. This consignment of trout is the second to this county during the present year. All of the fish have been placed where they will propagate to the best advantage and in a few years the streams of Garrett county will be well stocked with the favorite and native fish of the mountains.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

A charter has been granted to the Preston Store Company to conduct a general merchandising business at Crellin, in this county. A majority of the gentlemen connected with the corporation are interested in the Preston Lumber and Coal Company, which is the largest and wealthiest manufacturing corporation in the county. The corporators and managers for the first year of the new corporation are William R. Butler, of Mancle Chunk, Pa.; Robert P. Crellin, of White Haven, Pa; Harry J. Frear, George Fleming and J. C. Peddicord, of Oakland, Md.—"T. Jay," in Cumberland News.

Americans are the most inventive people on earth. To them have been issued nearly 600,000 patents, or more than one-third of all the patents issued in the world. No discovery of science has been of greater benefit to mankind than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, or has done more to relieve pain and suffering. J. W. Vaugh, of Oakton, Ky., says: "I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea remedy in my family for several years, and find it to be the best medicine I ever used for cramps in the stomach and bowels. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Mr. L. A. Rudisill, superintendent of Mountain Lake Park, has let a contract to this office for printing, binding and folding five thousand copies of a sixteen-page prospectus which will be issued some time within the next month. The prospectus will be profusely illustrated, showing views of the Park and surrounding country, and will contain a great fund of reading matter pertaining to the Park in particular and this section of the Allegany mountains in general. The paper will be mailed to all parts of the United States and no doubt will be read with pleasure, especially by those who have in the past become acquainted with the Park and mountains.

Two years ago R. J. Warren, a druggist at Pleasant Brook, N. Y., bought a small supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He sums up the result as follows: "At that time the goods were unknown in this section; to-day Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a household word." It is the same in hundreds of communities. Wherever the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy become known the people will have nothing else. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

For Senatorial Honors.

A paragraph in the Oakland correspondence of the Cumberland *News* Tuesday morning, on the senatorial outlook in Garrett county, was read with a great deal of interest by the friends of Mr. John Shartzer in Oakland. We give the paragraph below:

"A considerable amount of talk is being indulged in about who shall go on the county ticket next fall, nothing definite seems to have been settled, except perhaps, that John Shartzer will be the candidate for the State Senate. Were the nominations to be made now, Mr. Shartzer would be nominated by an overwhelming majority. The masses seem to be for him nearly all over the county, and all the chances seem to be in his favor. There will be other developments in reference to the county ticket in the near future."

House-Cleaning Time.

"In the spring," according to Tennyson, "the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," and it is in the same season that the married man and householder turns with dread to the thought of the semi-annual house-cleaning, and longs for "a lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade," where his soul will not be disturbed by the spectacle of brooms, buckets and all the paraphernalia that is brought into use to clean what, to his untutored mind, appears to be clean enough already. For years man has protested against this invasion of his comfort, this plot against his peace of mind, but to no purpose. The traditon is so firmly fixed in the heart of the average woman that it cannot be displaced, and even although some of the sex, deep down in their heart of hearts, feel that they would like to escape from its thraldom they submit to it. In this matter, at least, they are fatalists; they bow to the inevitable.

Business Improving.

"T. Jay," the Oakland correspondent for the Cumberland *News*, in his letter to that paper Tuesday morning speaking of the business outlook in this section, has the following to say:

"Business is improving in this locality," said Robert I. Anderson to the *News* man a few days ago. Mr. Anderson is superintendent of the Oakland Coal and Coke Company, six miles from Oakland. He informed me that all the coke ovens owned by his company are in operation and that he has demand for more coal than he can mine, and more coke than he can make. The company also has its large brick plant in operation and running on full time. A sale of three hundred thousand brick was made to one customer by Mr. Anderson last week.

***

Knowing that the Garrett County Bank serves the purpose of a clearing house for this community and that its business would probably indicate the situation in business circles, I called on the cashier and asked him his opinion as to whether business was improving. In reply to my question he said: "The improvement is very decided. The increase in our bank over the corresponding period of last year is about thirty per cent. This is not all the improvement is a healthy. We have had numerous demands for money by people who are starting up new enterprises and those enterprises are such as are usually aided by banks and we know them to be solid business improvements. There is no doubt about a genuine increase in business in this locality."

***

I next called on Mr. C. F. Schroeder, agent of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Oakland. He informed me that the receipts for tickets and freight for the months of February and March were nearly a thousand dollars more than the receipts for the corresponding month of last year "The receipts of this office," said Mr. Schroeder, "show a decided improvement in business for this community.

***

The croakers and calamity howlers who profess to be disappointed because the present administration can not repair in a month the injuries which were done by four years of hard work and persistent mismanagement deceive very few with their sneers about delay in the appearance of "general prosperity." The country has confidence in the present administration and business prosperity will return in much less time than it took to drive it away. Just stick a pin here, Mr. Croaker, and see if the prediction is verified.

Piano Recital Postponed.

On account of the humorous lecture given by Prof. Hawks on Tuesday and Wednesday nights of this week the piano recital advertised last week to have been given on the first named night, has ben postponed until this (Thursday) night, at 8 o'clock.

On the score of cost, there will be little excuse for anyone missing this recital, as the price of admission should be within the reach of all—reserved seats 35c., general admission 25c., and children (under 12 years) 15c. At the latter price, 15 cents, the children ought to be well represented, as well as adults at the other prices of admission, because an opportunity to hear a pianist of Prof Schaeffer's calibre does not present itself often in a life-time, and all should avail themselves of it.

All tickets dated Tuesday, April 6, will be accepted to-night.

Commissioner's Meeting.

Monday morning last the Board of County Commissioners, acting as a Board of Control and Review, met in their office in Oakland and took up appeals from the assessment returned by the General Assessors in District No. 5. There had been quite a number of appeals filed which were disposed of as fast as possible. Commissioner Layman did not reach Oakland until Monday night, having been detained at home. The Board of Control and Review adjourned last evening, having finished their arduous labors in twenty-two days.

Next week the levy will be made for the year 1897, and will be published the following week.

Gen. J. S. Fullerton's Will.

The will of the late Gen. Joseph Scott Fullerton, who was killed in the wreck on the Baltimore and Ohio near Oakland recently, and whose body has not yet been recovered, was filed for probate at Washington, Monday. It was executed February 14, 1894, and names Humphrey Fullerton, of St. Louis, a brother, executor of the estate. The sum of $25,000 is left with the executor in trust for the use of Mrs. Kate F. Stillwater, a sister. Madge Fullerton, a sister, who has the care of the testator's infant daughter, Mary, is to receive $100 per month. The sum of $10,000 to each of the following sisters and brothers: Lucy F. Alexander, Woodburn House, Kentucky; Sarah F. Carter, Versailles, Ky.; Madge Fullerton and Humphrey Fullerton. The remainder of the estate is left to the only child of the deceased, Mary Caroline Marjorie Fullerton.

School Board Notice.

The office of the Board of School Commissioners will be open for the transaction of public business on Tuesdays and Saturdays, until further notice. 3-tf.

Death of Arthur Friend.

The entire neighborhood was mournfully shocked by the sudden and unexpected death of Daniel Arthur Friend, the youngest son of Rev. D. H. Friend, which occurred on Tuesday evening, March 30th, at the home of his parent. He was sick only about twenty-four hours. He spent the evening prior to his death at home with friends. He was in unusual glee and the evening passed away very pleasantly. He retired with his brother Alvin about 11 o'clock. They lay there talking very pleasantly and finally fell asleep in seemingly good health. After sleeping probably an hour he awoke feeling sick with what he supposed was an attack of sick headache (which he was accustomed to have.) When morning came he was feeling easier and thought it would soon wear off, but about noon he began to get worse and his father and brother asked if he wanted a doctor, to which he replied, "no, it will soon wear off." After dinner he complained of his eyes hurting and told his brother if he knew how badly he was feeling he would be afraid to stay with him alone. His brother asked him if he wanted his sister to come home and he answered "yes." She was telephoned for and being told she would come he replied, "it is too late, Alvin; I will have to bid you good bye; I am going to die, I am not afraid to die, it is so hard to die young." He asked his father to pray with him and so he did until the end came at 11.30 p. m., March 30, 1897. His last words were "Lord have mercy upon me and receive my spirit." The spirit took its flight and returned to Him who gave it, to await the resurrection. The heart broken father, sisters and brother have the sympathy of the whole community in their double affliction. The loss of a devoted wife and mother still remains fresh in the hearts and minds of the family, added to this the sudden and unexpected death of the youngest of the family, a son and brother.

He will be sadly missed but not forgotten. We would commend to the sad and bereaved hearts to look to Him who doeth all things well. He that can temper the winds to the shorn lamb can and will furnish balm for the wounded hearts and wipe the tear stained brow, and give peace to the soul if they ask, trust and believe him. Arthur promised his mother when she died to meet her in heaven and we believe he is there with her at rest.

He was born at Sang Run August 19th, 1872, and at his death was aged 24 years, 7 months and 11 days.

The writer described the nature of the disease which caused his death, to one of the best physicians in the country and his opinion was that a blood vessel had been ruptured in the brain. A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

Sang Run, April 5, 1897.

Gen. Fullerton's Body Yet Unfound.

Although diligent search has been constantly kept up for the body of Gen. Fullerton ever since the day of the wreck west of town, so far nothing has been found that would lead to its recovery.

Died.

CROW.—At his home near Wilson, April 1st, 1897, Jacob Crow, aged 72 years. The funeral services were held at Red Oak school house and were conducted by Rev. Isaac W. Abernethy. Later the remains were borne to Cooper's burying ground where they were interred in the presence of a large concourse of sorrowing friends and relatives. The deceased leaves a wife, one son and four grandchildren.

April 1st, 2nd and 3rd.

We desire to most cordially invite all the ladies to attend our First Grand Opening of Spring Millinery at the "Ladies' Bazar" on above dates, when we will have displayed for your inspection the finest and largest line of millinery goods ever brought here. We have spent the past two weeks in eastern cities studying the styles and purchasing our stock and are prepared to show you all the latest novelties in the line—a large line of pattern hats to show you. We also have a full line of Fine Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Laces, Chiffons, Fancy Silks, Stamped Linens, Embroidery Silks, newest styles in Ladies' Collars, Ruchings, Ties, Kid Gloves, Parasols, Corsets, Belts, etc., etc. Everything new and the latest. Your liberal patronage most earnestly solicited.

CONNELL, CRANE & CO.
"THE LADIES' BAZAR,"
Legge Building, Second Street.
3-3t

This Is the Truth.

Fairmont is being invaded by tramp and traveling stores, which come here to sell goods by samples and otherwise, greatly to the disadvantage of our home business people who have thousands of dollars invested in property in this town for the express purpose of conducting a legitimate business. Our home merchants are able

No. 8. Solid Oak Extension Table, polished like a piano, has six massive legs. The four outside legs are carved, legged and fancy constructed. It measures 4 x 42 inches when closed and 6 feet long when spread. Special Price,

$3.95

(Others promptly filled.)

The above is but one of over 1000 bargains to be found in our new catalogue. It contains 500 pages, 1 Portraits, Carpets, Rugs, Curtains, Refrigerators, Stoves, Lamps, Jewelry, Bedding, Sewing Machines, Crockery, etc., etc. We are paying 1 cent dollar on the rubles. Drop a postal for our great money saving catalogue, which we mail free to all readers. Deal with the manufacturers and you will make the big profits you are now paying your local dealers.

Julius Hines & Son,
BALTIMORE, MD.

to meet competition in their various lines in the quality of the goods and prices. Persons who patronize these transient stores don't find out until they have been worsted a time or so, that the home merchant is the friend and neighbor. We think that our people should patronize the home merchants, for in doing so they are always assured that what they buy will be as represented, and they can go back to their merchant if it proves otherwise, with the statement of facts and receive their money back or that the matter be settled fairly to both parties. We have before referred to this matter and we trust that our council will provide against this encroachment by adopting an ordinance that will meet the case. It should be done at once. Such laws exist in other towns, and it should be so here.—Free Press.

Mrs. A. Inveen, residing at 720 Henry St., Alton, Ill., suffered with sciatic rheumatism for over eight months. She doctored for it nearly the whole of this time, using various remedies recommended by friends, and was treated by physicians, but received no relief. She then used one and a half bottles of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which affected a complete cure. This is published at her request, as she wants others similarly afflicted to know what cured her. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The Senate Annex.

Visitors to Washington who go up to the Capitol from the Baltimore and Ohio depot will notice that a regulation flag is flying from the Maltby building on the corner of New Jersey avenue and B street, just at the entrance of the Capitol grounds. The flag indicates that the building is used by the United States Government, and that its officers and employes are in possession. Although about 100 yards distance from the Senate wing of the Capitol, this building is called the "Senate annex."

Originally erected for a hotel, the Maltby building was purchased by the Government for the convenience of Senators who prefer to meet their constituents and conduct their correspondence outside of the Capitol. The Senators who happen to be chairmen of the standing committees generally use the committee rooms for this purpose, but the number of eligible rooms is limited, and the Senators who are not chairmen, are in the majority.

There are 100 rooms in the "annex," enough to give each Senator not provided for in the Capitol, two rooms. An elevator is in constant operation plying between the upper and lower floors; a detail from the Capitol police force guards the entrance and main floor, and everything is kept in splendid order by details of charwomen and laborers from the Capitol.

Senator Wellington and his Secretary Mr. W. H. Feaga occupy room No. 15 on the fifth floor of the Annex. Here the voluminous correspondence with constituents is conducted, bills are prepared, and gist of that work which may be called "political," as distinguished from purely legislative receives attention. While Mr. Wellington is attending the sessions of Senate, Mr. Feaga has charge of the room, and in the intervals when not engaged in answering questions, and arranging engagements with callers for meeting the Senator, keeps the clerical work up to date.

Both Mr. Wellington and Mr. Feaga give everybody a patient hearing, and even those who come and ask for the impossible are sure of courteous treatment. The pressure for places appears to have subsided in some degree, and the newspaper stories about the crowds of office-seekers hanging around the Capitol, are gross exaggerations of the real situations.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

FAME AND FAILURE.

BY ESTHER WOOD.

I wondered why Teddy had not been up to my rooms since Sunday for his usual evening chat. For three months now we had sketched, scribbled and smoked together, often far into the night, talking art and poetry with all the fervor of impecunious youth, the more fervently for our bitter knowledge that each morrow must bring its despicable round of pot-boiling, its dreary prostitution of brush and pen to the stern exigencies of a livelihood.

For myself I did not care much. But for Teddy Brownlow, with his fresh young life so rich in talent and power, his head full of high ideals and his heart bounding with enthusiasm, I cared a great deal. I took a jealous pride in the possibilities of his future, and rebelled against their continual subservience to present need.

So I jumped up, delighted, when the old quick step came on the stairs, and the old firm hand-grip sought my own, and Teddy's slim figure was flung into his favorite arm-chair.

"You've got three nights to account for. Let's have it, old man," said I.

"I've been up the river," he replied.

"That's true," I remarked concessively, as I looked at him. "You've certainly been up the river, or down to the sea, with that complexion." His fair, delicate skin was ruddy and tanned as a haymaker's under his curly brown hair. "And who is the latest mash?"

Teddy's sensitive mouth twitched a little, and I began watching it intently to see if the corners would go up or down. They went down. I knew that weather-vane well.

"It's not a mash," he said; "it's a complication."

I drew my chair up, tossed the matches to him and looked away, understanding his mood. Teddy filled his pipe thoughtfully and looked back, resting his head against the old oak cupboard door so that his finely-cut profile shone out clearly in the lamplight when I glanced at him again, and his deep blue eyes gazed wistfully before him, perplexed and sad.

Presently, and with a few words from me, he began to talk.

"You know the Harrison girls? Well, they're all right. It's that cousin of theirs, Mrs. Roxburgh."

"What! That limp little widow we met at the Earlham party?"

"Yes; she's a very interesting woman, and has had experiences. She was kidnaped in India as a baby and brought up in a convent, and married very young to some old rake, who divorced her at the end of two years. She's a sort of flaxen and fluffy type, you know; not pretty, but lights up well when she's talking; looks 40 in the morning and 20 at night. Of course, when I first went to see the girls I didn't mean to particularize. We were all very jolly together, and, in fact, I felt rather safe with Mrs. Roxburgh, because I thought she would prevent my being paired off by mamma with Kitty or May. But then she began to take a great interest in my work, and made me tell her all about my difficulties and ideas and plans for the future. And at last one day she said the only thing she cared for in life now was to see me develop my art, and fulfill my destiny, and all that sort of thing, and she wanted to be my friend and help me to do so. Only, unluckily, she didn't name her price just then, and I didn't tumble to it."

"I'm glad you didn't," said I.

"She has got a little money of her own," he went on, "and a jolly little place up the river at Templecombe, where I've been staying this week-end with her. And she's very anxious for me to go and settle down there. Of course, I should come up to town once or twice a week, but it would be fine to live in the country; I could do such good work there—that valley scenery appeals to me so strongly, and then it would be such a relief not to have to worry any more about money—I hate it so."

"And this generous friend proposes to take all such petty details off your hands—how kind of her!" I cried, angrily, as the remembrance of a fair and doll-like creature with pink frills and white laces rose in my mind, and before me shone the fresh, honest face of Teddy—our glorious Teddy—whom we all loved, and for whom we cherished dreams and ambitions perhaps even higher than his own. "How kind of her," I repeated, almost fiercely. "To save your art from its struggle with the commercial world—O, and that's hard enough, I know!—she offers to buy you out and out, body and soul together, and endow you for life to paint what she will inspire, and what she will sell again in her own markets, and shut you up in a world of baser commerce than ours, where you would have to sell your honor, your ideals, even your personal liberty and judgment, to a wealthy mistress who cares less than nothing for them. Do you mean to tell me that if she did care she would make the offer in the way you suggest it has been made?"

My harsh tones jarred upon Teddy, for I saw him wince and shrink, as it were, into himself.

"Dear old boy!" I said, "don't think me unsympathetic, but really the thing is so preposterous and cruel. It just comes to this: Is the woman honestly in love with you for your own sake, and are you in love with her?"

"I believe she is very fond of me. She is living a very lonely life, and she seems to think she would be very happy with me always near. I've told her she would only get tired of me in a few weeks, and so she would, but she won't believe it. But I can't pretend I love her. I shouldn't miss her in the least if I never saw her again, and that's evidence enough, I suppose. Of course, I wish I hadn't been drawn into it, but I can't very well get out of it now—at least, not without appearing rather dishonorable and giving a good deal of pain."

"Now, look here, Teddy," I said, warmly, "you've put two distinct issues before me. Either you are acting from a mistaken sense of honor, sacrificing both yourself and your art to the vain hope of making one woman happy, which you can never do if you don't love her, or else you are cheating yourself into the idea that you can save your art by selling your manhood and do true work while your daily life is a lie."

"I don't think that's quite a fair way of putting it," said Teddy. "In the first place, I'm rather honestly sorry for the girl, and should feel rather mean in backing out after I've allowed her to get fond of me; though, I assure you, I've never made love to her, or compromised myself in any way except by talking rather indiscreetly about what work I could do if I had a free hand and a place like Templecombe. And I don't think you quite realize how impossible it is for me to do the work I want to do as things are with me now. I've been pretty low down here more than once in these last three years, as you know, and if it came to that again, I think I should go under. But Violet's greatest wish is to give me the chance of doing my own real work; and I might not have such another chance in a lifetime."

So he rambled on with the inconsistent apologies of a man torn by conflicting motives and desires. Honest ambition, thwarted by poverty, strove painfully in him with a chivalrous sensitiveness which shrank alike from the pain of giving pain, and from the grosser discourtesy of falsehood.

I argued, protested and entreated delay, until at last the anxious lines which I now saw for the first time on Teddy's smooth brow subsided a little, and I consoled myself that he was safe for the present from Mrs. Roxburgh's snare.

But two mornings later I received a short note from Teddy. "I am going down to Templecombe to-morrow," it said. "I have made up my mind that I ought to do it, both for my sake and hers; so it is best to go at once. You can make what explanations you like, if you are asked for any."

Of course, I rushed off to his rooms with a last expostulation. But a man dressing hastily and packing his trunks, with one eye on breakfast and the other on the time-table, is not very open to a total change of plans. Teddy had a quiet way of declining further discussion when his arrangements were made, and now he assumed that I had only come round to bid him a personal good-by. He knelt on the floor, strapping a portmanteau, the flush of exertion on his bright face heightened, I knew, by a secret annoyance, and his straight brows contracting with something more than a physical strain.

"Teddy, old man," I broke out, "you're not really going to that wretched woman! For God's sake, don't make such a fool of yourself—let me get you out of it—there's time yet."

He gave a last tug at the strap and got up, facing me sharply.

"Look here, old chap," he said, "I think you'd better leave me alone; you'll do no good now. I'm awfully sorry, but I hope our friendship—" Then he stopped short and set his lips nervously and held out his hand in friendly but firm dismissal. "Good-by," he just muttered, as I gripped it and turned reluctantly away.

It is 20 years to-day since Teddy went to Templecombe. And now he is a famous man: Sir Edwin Brownlow, R. A., the fashionable portrait painter, the drawing-room darling of a London spring—why, even the illustrated papers are full of "Sir Edwin Brownlow's house at Kensington," and "corners of Sir Edwin Brownlow's studio," and "portraits of his beautiful wife," powdered and made up now with a less honorable art than Teddy's. Ah, Teddy! has that unhappy vampire sucked all the youth out of you yet?

To-day is Show Sunday, and I have been with the large, gaping crowd to Sir Edwin Brownlow's studio. I had seen very little of him during the years of his steady rise to fame. He seemed to know how keenly I felt the inevitable decadence that overtook his work and to shrink from any criticism of mine upon the pictures which, season by season, were multiplied on the Academy walls, each more vapid and insincere in treatment than the last. But this year he had sent me the formal invitation card, with a written postscript on the back: "Do drop in for an hour if you can. Violet wants you to see the girls; their portraits are going in."

So I went, and endured for half the requested hour the polite inanimities of the occasion. Teddy gave me a quick handshake and passed me on to her ladyship, who was humming over blue teacups and yellow primroses, which threw unkind reflections at her face. How well I remembered that face, too! —its sharp, white features and thin mouth a little more accentuated now against the flat pink of her teagown than when I had first seen it in the warmth and glamour of a dance! She received me with her well-worn smile and made some arch allusion to the number of years that had passed since we met. Then, in a hot group surrounding the most popular easel, I came upon the girls.

"Letitia and Marion, daughters of the painter," there was no mistake about that; the same sweet and delicate brown of the skin and hair, the same frank blue eyes, the same sensitive lips and brows were before me—but what a difference! I looked from the canvas to the models and back again, charmed by the skill and vigor of the painting, yet amazed at the audacity with which the artist had portrayed his strangely dissimilar sitters. The girlish beauty of each was truthfully brought out, but the contrast between them was painted with a fidelity that was almost cruel.

In the younger, all the robustness of the father's type was lost in a languidly self-conscious prettiness—a sort of seductive innocence skillfully sustained—a subtle disingenuousness only too well foreshadowed in the mother's form and feature.

But in the elder the pure beauty of complexion and temperament was all unsullied and alive, radiating from every glance of her full and honest eyes, every motion of her strong, straight shouldered figure, every quiver of her happy smile. Her crisp, chestnut-brown hair was pushed back wavily from her forehead; all the delicate and changeful lines of the temples were like Teddy's. It was as if nature herself had tried to make some tender compensation and atonement to him for what had died out of his own life; and yet the very effort wore an aspect of retribution, for in this ruddy girl's face he must see daily what he once was and what he might have been. She grew ever more beautiful before him—a witness, a reproach, a mockery.

This face, that once was his, now living again in his own flesh and blood, Teddy had reproduced with all the tenderness of line and color which he had brought over from his happiest years. But to the sightseers of to-day there was only one pretty picture among many. They buzzed impartially round the easels with their ignorant praise and silly comparisons of this and that pose or texture. I could not turn from those girls' faces to the large vulgarity of "commissioned" portraiture. I had known and loved the dead soul that looked out so ghastly cold from the brilliant society pictures, and the mocking, shallow faces of the women: the bold, stolid, brutal portraits of the men.

Suddenly, in a lull of general conversation, I noticed an old gentleman talking eagerly behind me to Sir Edward's girls.

"O, that's Templecombe, mamma's old home," one of them had said, following the visitor's glance to a small water-color landscape on the wall, a little gem of pure color, lighting up all the end of the room.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed, "why, that's a lovely bit of country, and perfectly familiar to me! I've spent many a summer close to that very spot!"

"Papa has a lot of sketches done at Templecombe," said the elder girl—"before he took to portrait painting," added the younger, with a little laugh—"would you like to see them?"

In a moment they had hunted up an old portfolio, dragging it from some obscure corner, with apologies to the seated guests: "So sorry, Mrs. Fitzherbert, excuse me one moment. No, pray, don't move, Mr. Sinclair, it's only that portfolio behind the curtain. O, thanks, so much!"

And as Sir Edwin turned from the canvas whereon his latest duchess gleamed in her satins and her jewels, a bright shower of his own early sketches was suddenly rained down at his feet amidst a chorus of little cries of trepidation and delight. He uttered a quick and almost pettish protest against their being shown. His daughter made some light excuse for her clumsiness, and the guests pounced upon the fluttering sheets as they fell —a floating pageant of blue skies and sweet blossoms, a valley-full of spring beauty caught and painted with all the vigor of untainted youth and honest joy.

Then I said a cruel thing. I was angry to see him so altered—to see the wreck she had made of his early genius —I was angry with him for having yielded, and with myself for not having somehow saved him from that martyrdom. "Pray, let us have them out on the table," I pleaded; "they will illustrate the development of your art in these 20 years."

I could have kicked myself when I saw the effect of my untimely sarcasm on Teddy. With one swift glance of reproach at me he drew back and turned his changed face to the window. Bitter shadows of pain and hopeless remorse passed over it; then a flood of memories seemed to sweep him back into other years, and as I looked more pityingly at the features I had loved, and saw them still responsive to the high dreams and visions of the past, suddenly in the soft spring light it seemed as if the old Teddy—our bright, glorious Teddy, with his blue eyes and brown hair, and his delicate lips quivering with the old, tender smile—stood again before us, with the sunshine of youth upon him and the promise of a nobler fame than this. But in another moment he had resumed the mask which I had so ruthlessly torn away. I tried to shield him with a rush of light chatter, as one tries to re-veil a dead face that has been rudely uncovered. Then the garrulous farewells began.

"Good-by, Sir Edwin," said the old gentleman of Templecombe, "and thank you very heartily for the treat you've given us. Those charming little water-colors—you mustn't hide them away like that, you know! I'm sure they will bear comparison with your very best work. And the young ladies, too, what a perfect pair they make! But really the portrait of the duchess is your masterpiece. Don't you think so, Lady Brownlow? Ah, you must be tired out, I'm sure."

"O, not at all, I'm very pleased," came the languid, silvery tones from the tea table.

Her ladyship spoke truly. It was Teddy who was tired now. She was very pleased; that was all.—St. Paul's.

No Hope.

He (dejectedly)—And don't you think that you could ever learn to love me?

She (thoughtfully)—Well, I might—

(Excitedly)—"Oh, Helen!"

(Still thoughtfully)—"But I don't think it will be worth while."—Somerville Journal.

—The air is so clear and dry in the arctic regions that conversation can be carried on when the speakers are two miles apart.

THE SCHOOLGIRL'S BOOTS.

They Should Be Brought with an Eye to Comfort.

The boot that is well fitted to the foot is well made. There are just two kinds of boots. The ready-made boot and the boot that is made to order. Shown in the shop windows are shoes all of the same shape, yet no two persons have feet alike, hence the more often footwear is made to order the better. The first thing to do is to examine the foot without a boot. If it is a natural foot, and the second toe is longer than the great one, it is possible to experience some comfort in wearing a ready-made boot, but the greatest care should be taken to insure its fitting snugly to the instep, and to see that the toes are in their natural position.

The round-toed shoe is better than either the pointed or the common-sense shoe.

The natural shape of the foot is nearly straight, with the second toe a bit in advance of the great one, and a rounding decrease in the length of each of the other three.

Now the fashion of the pointed toe, with its right angles from the great toe joint to the tip, is going to bring about an abnormal position of the foot by crowding the first two over and upon the others, which soon distorts the muscles and bones and causes great discomfort.

The round toe, which in the well-made boot follows closely the outline of the foot, is much more shapely to look upon, and is really more sensible than the so-called common-sense shoe. The boot top should be high for wintry weather and rainy days.

For walking and general wear the dongola kid is the best, and next comes the light-weight calf. It is well to have the uppers of a soft and less heavy quality than the vamping. It makes movement more easy and fits more perfectly.

Choose a boot made wholly in one leather rather than one with the patent leather trimmings. The patent leather will wear out first and look untidy.

No boot is wearable that is not handsewed.

Examine closely the stitching to see that it joins well, and that the strip of leather up the back is straight.

The soles should be thick for street and school wear, with inners of cork, so as to do away as far as possible with the rubber or overshoe, which at best are most unwholesome. They allow of no ventilation whatever, and bring about a process of cooking which, when the feet are not in motion to keep up the circulation, proves thoroughly unhealthy. The heel should be rather large, beginning at the end of the boot and coming well under the foot. To keep a boot leather in proper condition it should be frequently rubbed with some soft boot cream; while polishes of all kinds should be abolished.—N. Y. Journal.

USED HIM UP.

The Effects of Poter's First Game of Ten Pins.

For a few days Poter has been going about in a deplorable state of physical discomfort. To go up and downstairs is a literal crucifixion of the flesh. Coming down his right leg strikes each stair with the pronounced thump of a wooden leg. Going up it has to be dragged like a lifeless member. His right arm is that of a man who has been stretched upon the rack. To roll over in bed is to suffer all kinds of agony, and to dress is a self-inflicted pain such as the martyrs endured in defense of their faith. Of course, his temper is sympathetically afflicted, and the only possible way of getting along pleasantly with him is to leave him alone.

"Rheumatism?" inquired an old friend with real solicitude.

"No. What would a man of my age and physique be doing with rheumatism? I'm sound as a dollar, but sorer than a runaway horse. Feel as though I had been pounded all over with a base-ball bat."

"I suppose it's grippe, then."

"What are you trying to get at, anyhow? If I had rheumatism, grippe, neuralgia, bone ache, lumbago or gout, I'd tell you so. I don't require the knowledge of a physician to tell what's the matter with me. I went down-town and rolled ten pins. Hadn't taken any exercise for months. Went in as though I had trained for a prize fight. Came within an ace of unjointing myself. Thought I was going to lose my arm half a dozen times, but kept right on. Perspired at every pore. Cooled off in a draft. Job with his comforters felt like a two-year-old compared with me. Can't eat without an assistant and dream of being run through a clover huller every time I go to sleep. The next time I make such a break the air will be full of white blackbirds."—Detroit Free Press.

A Sad Leave-Taking.

Despondent Individual (on through express)—Ah! it is so lovely, so lovely—the beautiful blue sky, the white, fleecy clouds, the glorious sunshine—and to think I am gazing on it all for the last time.

Startled Passenger—I—I beg pardon, sir, but you don't look like a dying man, nor like a person condemned to death for any crime.

Despondent Individual—It isn't that. You see I am going to live in a city where they burn soft coal. — N. Y. Weekly.

Apple Pudding.

Pare and slice tart apples—about a quart. Take two cups of dry bread crumbs, melt one tablespoonful of butter and rub through them; then rub in a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon and a small cup of granulated or brown sugar. Parboil the apples in very little water; lay them in pudding dish to cover the bottom; thru a layer of the bread crumbs, and so alternate. Place a few bits of butter on top. Bake about half an hour. It is delicious served with cream or plain, cold or hot.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

KEY WEST A QUEER PLACE.

Few Americans Live There—Great Market for Fruit.

A man who recently has returned from Key West, Fla., says the first impression a stranger gets of that place at the present time is that the city has gone on a perpetual holiday spree. Bunting flies from almost every house-top, and the colors are about evenly divided between "old glory" and the emblem of the Cuban republic. People of all classes and ages wear pins or other symbols bearing the motto "Cuba libre," and if Uncle Sam would only nod consent or say nothing at all about it the 15,000 patriotic inhabitants of this seagirt isle would skip across the channel and tack the queen of the Antilles to the star spangled banner without any more fuss. "Castillo del Morro," or Morro castle, is only 87 miles from the government dock at this point, and our swift cruisers could cover the distance in a little more than four hours. The defenses of Havana are obsolete and out of date, and a Cuban colonel, a member of Gomez' staff, openly declares that anyone of our armored ships could pass the fort and take the city without difficulty; that is, as far as the land defenses are concerned.

This far southern city, lying almost within the tropics, is the only town of importance below Mason and Dixon's line that was never under the stars and bars of the confederacy. The population is about evenly divided between white Cubans, colored Cubans and white Bahamians. There are not more than a score of real American families resident on the island, but notwithstanding this fact the great mass of the people are loyal to the union first and to Cuba next. It is curious, though true, that of all the houses, dwellings, stores, hotels and other buildings that dot the island from one shore to the other, not one of them has a chimney or anything that will answer the purpose of a chimney. Handsome residences and lowly hovels are alike in this respect, and from an eminence, gazing out over acres of roofs on all sides, one is at once struck with the want of something to complete the symmetry of the picture. Wood and coal or fuel of any kind are unknown quantities, as the tropical atmosphere furnishes at all times of the year all the heat required, and for cooking purposes sticks of carbon are used, which are sold by peddlers, who hawk their wares about the streets.

There are few stores, as we understand such things, and no markets. Signboards in Spanish will tell you where a barber shop is located or where to buy coral ornaments. There are not more than half a dozen real stores conducted on the American plan in the whole island.

Instead of a market there is a daily auction near the government dock, where everything in the way of provisions, furniture and fruit is knocked down to the highest bidder. Bananas, alligator pears and pineapples are the commonest articles of purchase, and here ships from Jamaica, Cuba and Nassau, in the Bahamas, unload their cargoes and dispose of them at ruinous rates rather than risk a voyage at this time of year to more northern ports. Quick sales and small profits seems to be the prevailing idea with them. As a consequence Key West is, perhaps, the greatest banana and pineapple market in the world. On almost any day one can secure an enormous bunch of bananas, ripe or green, at from ten to fifteen cents, and can cart away all the luscious pineapples he cares to purchase at one, two or three cents each. Directly opposite to the harbor docks, on the farther side of the island, and facing Cuba, is a large dancing pavilion called La Brisa, where Monday and Friday nights and Saturday afternoons public dances are held. It has large broad verandas overlooking the sea, which make ideal promenades, and a commodious dancing hall within, where those who desire can trip the light fantastic to their hearts' content upon the payment of a small fee. The very best people attend these dances, and many go simply for the promenade or to smoke or chat with friends, but should anyone step even so much as a toe upon the dancing floor a dark-skinned Cuban is immediately at hand with a proffered hat into which a coin must be dropped.

There must be at least 5,000 refugees in Key West, noncombatants and exiles from their homes, who dare not return under the present Spanish rule, and who must await the solution of the war problem one way or the other before they can return and resume their peaceful occupations.—Chicago Chronicle.

Marvelous Mechanism.

The human body is an epitome in nature of all mechanics, all hydraulics, all architecture, all machinery of every kind. There are more than 300 mechanical movements known to mechanics to-day, and all of these are but modifications of those found in the human body. Here are found all the bars, levers, joints, pulleys, pumps, pipes, wheels and axles, ball and socket movements, beams, girders, trusses, buffers, arches, columns, cables and supports known to science. At every point man's best mechanical work can be shown to be but adaptations of processes of the human body, a revelation of first principles used in nature.—William George Jordan, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Tucks All the Rage.

Tucks are all the rage, surely, since they appear in thin gowns, silk gowns, and all other materials which can possibly be used for the spring and summer wardrobe, except perhaps cheviot and serge, and they are in all widths and in all forms, both crosswise and up and down.—Chicago Tribune.

Not Always.

"He seems to take after his father," said the visitor.

"I don't when there is apple dumplings," volunteered the little boy. "He don't leave none to take."—Indianapolis Journal.

Spring Cleaning.

Spring cleaning need not necessarily be made the drudgery it is if properly done. Paints, floors, hard walls and windows may all be cleaned without rubbing, by wiping over with strong suds made of Ivory soap and hot, soft water, then rinsed and dried. A room thus cleaned will be fresh and sweet, with no unpleasant odor of strong soaps or cleaning fluids.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

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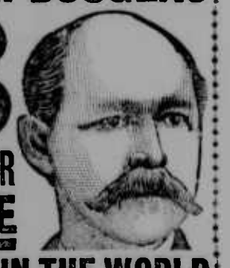

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TEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE BIRDS.

"What will you drink, little Bobolink,
What will you drink to-day?
I'll take a sup from the lily-cup;
What'll you drink, I pray?

"I'll try the rill," says Whip-poor-will,
"I'm a thirstier chap than you—
Content to sup from the lily-cup
A drop of rain or dew."

"Well, never mind," says the summer wind,
"How little or much you take;
For the water pure never yet, I'm sure,
Made a dear little bird's head ache."
—Selected.

TEMPERANCE EGGS.

How a Little Girl Remained True to Her Principles.

A little girl stood on a cold, bright day before a jeweler's window admiring the beautiful silver set so conspicuously displayed. Her eyes sparkled with pleasure when she noted that the goldlined silver creamer had been marked down 50 cents. She thought, exultingly: "My Plymouth Rock hen lays an egg every day, and as papa says eggs are eggs in this cold weather, I should not be surprised if I can get 25 cents for every dozen I have to sell. Mamma will be delighted with the creamer if I buy it for her."

Mary Bonner hurried home to the plain little Bonner cottage. The Bonners ate dinner country fashion, at noon. The table was set for dinner, and Mrs. Bonner said: "Mary, I am glad you have come. Ralph is here; papa will lunch downtown. Our dinner is ready."

Mary looked at the plain white china. There was no silver except the spoons to glitter. She even marked the spot the creamer must stand on the dainty white cloth.

"Mrs. Mount was over here, Mary, to ask if you can spare one dozen eggs. She will pay 25 cents for one dozen—"

"Twenty-five cents!"

"Mr. Lester, the restaurant man, will give you 40 cents. He will send a colored man after the eggs this afternoon, as I told him I thought you had them," said Ralph.

"Oh, mamma, 40 cents! Did you promise Mrs. Mount?"

"Certainly not, Mary. I did not promise your property. You are to dispose of those eggs as you choose," replied Mrs. Bonner.

"I think I can find two dozen; that will be 80 cents. How nice," said Mary, thinking there would only remain 60 cents to be secured for the coveted silver creamer.

"Eggs are so scarce that Mr. Lester is willing to pay high for really fresh

"I HAVEN'T THEM TO SPARE," SAID MARY.

eggs. He says packed eggs will not answer for to-morrow."

"Ralph, do you know what use Mr. Lester intends making of the fresh eggs?" asked Mrs. Bonner.

"Yes, ma'am. He has a fine colored cook, one that makes 'Tom and Jerry,' and the patrons of the restaurant are to have a special treat to-morrow."

"'Tom and Jerry?' Isn't that a liquor-flavored drink?" asked Mrs. Bonner.

"Yes, mamma, there is some liquor added to it. Eggs and sugar are the principal ingredients."

"A number of young men are patrons of Mr. Lester."

"Yes, ma'am, and young ladies, too."

"Mary, Mrs. Mount will want the eggs this afternoon. She expects company."

"But, mamma, Mr. Lester will pay forty —"

"Yes, my dear, and his liquor-tainted drink will attract patrons. Shall you help him even a little—"

"Mamma, what difference will it make whose eggs Mr. Lester buys? He will get some anyway, and Mary might as well have the money," said Ralph, impatiently.

"Mary must choose between 40 cents and 25."

Mary had not long to think about it as Mr. Lester's man came ere the dinner was eaten, basket in hand to get the eggs.

"I haven't them to spare," said Mary, respectfully.

"You might as well have had 40 cents as 25. I think there is such a thing as being too strict and particular in trifles. No need in being foolish," grumbled Ralph.

"I do not think that, Ralph," said Mary's mother. "We cannot be too strict in doing right. Mary is only a little girl, a poor little girl, too. She can only prove in a little way that she is a temperance girl. She is aware that somebody will supply the eggs to make a drink that will contain intoxicating liquor, but she will have a consciousness that money did not blind her into yielding her principle of right. I am assured that our little woman is genuinely in earnest when she refuses the larger sum offered her for her eggs and accepts the lesser price rather than help along wrong-doing. She is doing what she can to aid the temperance work."

The silver creamer fund grew slowly. The Plymouth Rock hen did not lay an egg every day during the coldest weather. The winter's snow had melted ere Mary was able to fetch home the beautiful present for the dear mother.

Mrs. Bonner was so surprised and delighted by the evidence of loving consideration of which the shining silver creamer eloquently told. It told of the patient work and hopeful waiting of her little daughter, and when she learned of the struggle Mary had, the temptation to sell Mr. Lester the Plymouth Rock eggs that the creamer fund might speedily increase, she valued her gift beyond price.

The Bonner family enjoyed a little festival at tea time in honor of the new creamer, bought with "temperance eggs."

Mary is growing fast into a tall girl, and she is yet trying to live her principle: "Do the right because it is right."
—Union Signal.

THE CIGARETTE EVIL.

This Terrible Enemy of the Youth Doing Its Damnable Work.

That this evil is rapidly spreading in almost every community must be apparent to every observant citizen, and the daily press furnish abundant evidence of the deadly effect of the cigarette habit.

Rev. Mr. Kidder, writing in the Advance, refers to a Wisconsin city of 6,000 population in which a recent investigation revealed the fact that a single dealer retailed on an average 300 cigarettes per day, or between 1,000 and 2,000 by the various dealers of the town.

In Lansing, Mich., Superintendent Laird and others made a systematic canvass of the schools, and the habit of using tobacco was found to have been formed by many boys. Some of them had gone so far as to forge their parents' names in order to procure the weed. A principal in Chicago says the sale of cigarettes to children has been steadily increasing, and that she actually discovered a boy of 11 years smoking in her office, his desire to smoke being so strong that he ran the risk of indulging even there.

Many are ruined by this habit, their lives cut short and their mental and moral power so weakened as to render them unfit for any service. Said a teacher of large experience: "A boy that has the cigarette habit upon him can do nothing in the schoolroom. He must either quit the habit or quit the school."

Superintendent Laird, of Lansing, said that he knew an instance where boys naturally bright had become stupid and indolent to such an extent they could not keep up in their studies, and their falling off in mental ability he believes can be directly traced to cigarettes. This is the testimony from Maine to California, and yet measures against their use in the public schools, accompanied by vigorous prosecution of the sellers, are only occasional and spasmodic.

Churches as well as temperance organizations should lift up a warning voice against this crying evil, and parents should unite with superintendents of schools and teachers in adopting vigorous preventive measures, according to authoritative statistics. The entire output for the year 1895 was 4,042,391,640; and the profits are enormous. The American tobacco trust claims that in one year it made a clear profit of $4,000,000 from the sale of cigarettes alone.—National Temperance Advocate.

BITS AND BREVITIES.

Of 611 paupers in the Edinburgh poorhouse not one is an abstainer, and 407 admitted that their poverty was due entirely to intemperance.

An antisaloon league has been formed in Philadelphia, as a result of the recent agitation in the Ministerial union along the line of municipal reform.

It is a remarkable and shameful fact that ordinary Christianity breaks down where it is most needed, in the presence of its worst enemy, the drink traffic.—Corner Stone.

Hereafter no member of the masonic fraternity in Minnesota can sell intoxicants, and 100 persons now in the liquor business will be expelled from the order if they do not change their occupation. The masons of Minnesota evidently want to be classed as good temperance people.—Alameda Elcinal.

There is a good deal of talk about passing a law fixing the standard of beer. As the stuff is poison the law ought to make that standard declaration, have the commodity marked with the regulation crossbones and a skull, and then let it take its chances as a beverage with the other death dealers.—Voice.

The liquor question in Norway is at present attracting a great deal of attention in that and other European countries. A new law in Norway, which has been consistently enforced, prohibits the sale of liquors from Saturday at quite an early hour until the following Monday. The liquor men regard this "as an unwarrantable encroachment on their personal liberty."

We have been reading a great deal lately about the overtaxation of Ireland. It is not generally known that it is not Ireland that is overtaxed, but only the whisky drinkers. Ireland consumes the larger proportion of the whisky drunk in the United Kingdom. The London Spectator puts forth a solution to the problem as to how to adjust matters, which is that "Irishmen agree to boycot whisky altogether. That will put an end instantly to the Irish grievance, which is that Ireland contributes too much to the revenue."

Ocean of Beer.

The total production of beer in the German empire for the government year 1895-96 was 60,688,737 hls. (equivalent to 51,710,719 United States barrels), an increase compared with the production of the year 1894-95 (55,243,913 hectolitres), of 5,444,794 hls. (4,639,315 United States barrels). The tax collected on this enormous output amounted for 1895-96 to 87,041,562 marks ($20,715,891 United States currency), as compared with 75,027,244 marks for 1894-95, an increase of 12,014,319 marks ($2,859,407 United States currency) for the past government year.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Walnuts and butternuts are being successfully cultivated in Whatcom county, Wash. They are not native to the region.

—While chopping wood a farmer living near Stangfield, Ont., was struck in one eye by a chip and made wholly blind in both eyes.

—Mrs. N. Lehman and daughter, of Jacksonville, Fla., driving in a buggy, with a single horse, started to cross the F. C. & P. railroad tracks, when an engine under high speed tore the horse from the wagon and killed it, leaving the women seated in the buggy uninjured.

—The storage and sale of ice as a business did not commence until 1805, when Frederick Tudor, of Boston, cut 300 tons from his own pond, bought a vessel, because no ship owner would take the ice as a cargo, and shipped a lot to Martinique, West Indies, where the yellow fever was raging.

—The middle ages, as a rule, are considered as ending with the renaissance, which began about 1453; they began about 1,000 years earlier, say 450 A. D. The dark ages were about the same as the middle ages. Learning was at a low ebb, or at all events the revival of learning in Europe after 1453 made the previous state of learning seem low by comparison.

—The Salvation Army has instituted an interstate labor bureau, with headquarters in New York, and 700 branches over the country. A few years ago, in a sociological congress, one of the leading members held that the great problem was how to bring workmen and work together. This problem the army is endeavoring to meet to the extent of its resources.

—Henry Hilgard, an American citizen, being on a visit to his old home in Germany last summer, was requested to aid a benevolent enterprise. His answer was that he would give the required sum, about $40,000, should McKinley be elected president of the United States. He kept his word, and the building for which the money was needed is in course of construction.

—The summary given of 20 years' work by the New York Tribune fresh air fund shows that with $371,778 it has helped 347,269 children and adults, of whom 150,000 were given the usual two weeks' summer outing. During the past season over 1,000 children were sent for that time to the country; 5,910 mothers and children were taken to the Fund's grove on the Hudson, and over 17,000 were refreshed by day excursions. Is not such a work one of the "good things" to be passed along?

THE FASHIONS.

Items Pertaining to Seasonable Feminine Dress.

Some of the new untrimmed hats of very openwork straw look far more like fancy-work baskets than like any sort of covering or protection for a woman's head.

Many of the elegant dress toilets of figured India gauze, tulle, or French organdie, made up over taffeta or watered silk, have the skirt arranged in a crescendo and diminuendo Spanish flounce that varies from one-half to three-quarters of a yard in depth, its greatest depth being on each side of the skirt. The flounces set on in very fine shirrings, with a small, full frill at the top.

Red in various tones and semi-tones will prevail during the entire spring season among many dress fabrics, fancy jackets, trimmings and in fashionable millinery.

There is no limit to the variety of bodice decoration, but among the leading modes are surplice effects, many of the folded corsages ending in graceful scarf ends that are finished with lace and insertion when of delicate textiles. Smart little jacket bodices and boleros are also as popular as if this was the initial season of their vogue.

Among the new spring goods are stylish Matheart cheviots, silk-threaded, all-wool English tweeds in various rich color schemes; a very pretty exhibit of pin-checked silk and wool fabrics in beautiful color mixtures; French and English mohairs in many new weaves and cobrings; rough finished bouclés, soft and silky to the touch; a special line of Caniche cloths and another of new stylish color mixtures in silk and wool Tartans in blendings never before introduced; also fourteen distinct varieties of French and English light-weight woolens in plain and fancy effects—all exhibited by various importers in the city.—N. Y. Post.

A New Underskirt.

Modistes are making a new style of underskirt to wear with spring costumes and toilets. The skirts are narrowly gored and at the back an extender or dress-improver is adjusted that is formed into three graduated flutes kept in expanding shape by "La Pliante" hoops and narrow steels that come ready made for application. These extenders are fastened to the skirt by means of buttons and buttonholes or tiny buckles and elastic bands. They are made variously of silk, mohair, satine, alpaca, moreen, percaline, or satin-faced English twill, and they are intended to give a certain new flare and cachet to the back of the fashionable gowns for spring and summer likewise.—N. Y. Post.

The Sultan at the Play.

When the sultan wants to see a play he sends out for a company and attends the representation in his dining-room. Before the performance he hands the manager some original jokes of his own to be added to the dialogue, so the troupe is at least sure of one appreciative listener.—Detroit Free Press.

The Umbrella and Royalty.

In Hindoostanee curls, the distinguishing mark of the king is not the crown, but the royal umbrella, which, on every public occasion, is displayed over persons of royal or noble rank.—Albany Argus.

FOSSIL MINES.

Scientists Often Buy Stone Fences to Get Specimens.

The pavements of cities are not infrequently veritable mines of fossils. Slate flags often contain the visible remains of marine whelks and ancient mollusks related to the modern pearly nautilus, etc. The paleontologist walking down Broadway, in New York city, finds a whole story book of antiquity in the sidewalk. In northern New York state the limestone fences are so full of fossils as to excite amazement. It is not an uncommon thing for a scientist in that part of the country to buy a few rods of stone fence just for the purpose of knocking it to pieces and getting out the fossils, which stand out in bold relief so as to attract attention. Among the fossils are many kinds of corals, numerous species of extinct mollusks and not a few "sea lilies"—animals counterfeiting flowers in their appearance, which lived on the bottom of the ocean when New York state was covered by the sea. The rocks of the Helderberg Mountains in Schoharie and Albany counties, N. Y., are full of queer crustaceans which were the ancestors of modern lobsters and crabs. Such crustaceans are yielded in large quantities by the famous cement boilies of Buffalo. From thence is obtained the so-called water limestone, which is converted into cement by a simple process of burning and grinding.

Once upon a time there was a shallow lake in a little valley near Pike's Peak, Col. Ancient streams poured into this lake, their waters carrying insects which fell into them. There was a great volcanic eruption in the neighborhood, and great quantities of ashes and other debris filled up the lake, burying the insects and preserving them in fossil shape. Thus it happens that the geologists nowadays dig out the fossil insects with pickax and hammer. One little hill, which was formerly an island in the lake, has been found a mine of these bugs of antiquity. Buried in the rocks are mosquitoes and gnats in abundance, bees and wasps of many species, ants of all sorts, saw flies, buttertlies and moths. Of fossil beetles the variety is endless. There are ground beetles, water beetles, June bugs, blister beetles, snout beetles, with long noses; also, dragon flies and cockroaches. It seems wonderful that things so fragile, so minute and so easily destroyed should have been preserved in the rocks for millions of years in such perfection that the very hairs which fringe the certain small varieties are visible to-day beneath the microscope. From the remarkable deposit described comes the greater part of the National museum's collection of fossil insects which, appropriately enough, is placed alongside of the new collection of fossil jelly fishes.—Boston Transcript.

FEAR THE PLAGUE.

Indian Servants Leave Their Masters to Do the Work.

Domestic servants in India during the plague are obtained only with the greatest difficulty. Clubs and hotels are alike in a sorry state, and it is more than likely that many of them will have to be soon shut, says the Bombay correspondent. A meeting held by the servants of the Bombay club decided in favor of flight. One old man only stood up and said: "I have been all my life in the club and I will not leave it now." He is the only old servant now remaining.

At the Yacht club, with the exception of the barmen, porters, etc., who are high-salaried, there are only two old servants now remaining. Members sitting in the billiard room have to take turns of going to the bar to fetch trays of refreshment. All the Goanese servants at Watson's hotel fled in one day. I had a conversation with the head waiter there recently. He told me he was leaving in the evening, and when I asked why, said: "I am a poor man, sir, and have been here 18 years, but if I die here there is no one to mourn me. In Goa it is hard to get work, and there is little food, only curry and rice; but it is better there than here."

If the present state of panic continues it seems not improbable that the "sahibs" will have to leave the town, not from fear of the epidemic, but from the utter impossibility of living here without servants.

The Yacht club, as a last resource, has sent to Agra to enlist Mussulman waiters. It is thought that the followers of the prophet, with their sturdy creed of "Kismet"—"It is fate"—will be panic-proof. The result remains to be seen. It is a remarkable fact, however, that the Arab horse-dealers are very downcast. In Byculla they sit in a row, veiled silent beyond their wont, and every week one or other of them hands over his remaining animals to a friend and leaves, overjoyed to get away to his own country.

It is to be hoped that the Agra Mussulman has a firmer belief in the irrevocability of "Kismet" than his Arab coreligionist.—Westminster Gazette.

Salad Dressing.

Two eggs, well beaten, one-half cup of thick cream (or if thin cream add a little butter), small tablespoon twice full of sugar, one-half tablespoon salt, one scant teaspoon of dry mustard; wet up with a little water thoroughly before adding; also add one-quarter cup vinegar. First put vinegar into double boiler; let it get hot and then add the mixture of all the other ingredients, and stir continually until it softens like soft custard; remove from the stove; set away to cool.—Boston Globe.

Absent-Mindedness.

A young man was sitting in a Collamer car the other night busy with his paper. Mechanically he flshed a half dollar out of his pocket and handed it to the conductor when the latter came along, saying: "Give me a new hand." "A what?" the conductor asked. "Oh," said the young man, blushing, "I mean give me some tickets." — Cleveland Leader.

THE BORROWING HABIT.

Never Contracted by Self-Respecting Housewives.

In the days of Shakespeare as well as now, "the loan oft loses both itself and friend." There is probably no small matter that causes so much annoyance and actual money loss as the habit of borrowing petty household supplies, which the borrower often judges are too small to be returned. It is a few spoonfuls of tea at one time, a little butter at another, and the sum total in a short period may be altogether too large for the lender to give away. There is but one way to treat such borrowers who never pay, and that is to borrow the same amount of the same article until the proper equivalent has been made. This is considerable trouble, but it is the only way to render justice to one's self. It is also a delicate hint which the most obdurate borrower is likely to profit by. It may lose the friend, but it saves the loan.

There are a great many people who, like the foolish virgins of the parable, systematically fail to provide for emergencies and expect to depend upon their more provident neighbors. After nineteen hundred years they are as typical a class to-day as they were in old Judea. There are the "poor managers," the women without "faculty," who do not hesitate to make their silliness an excuse for their dependence, and appear to be utterly oblivious of the inconvenience they may occasion. Judicious housekeepers make it a rule never to borrow unless they are forced to do so by lenders that fail to remember their debts. No servant should be allowed to borrow. The most careless servant will soon learn to keep a list, and whatever is needed can then be ordered at the proper time.

No independent woman with any dignity of character indulges in any such pernicious habit as borrowing. The borrowing of household utensils, like preserving pots, baking tins and similar articles, causes a great deal of annoyance to lenders, who may lack the moral courage to say no when they would like to do so. The brass preserving pot of old-fashioned times was an expensive article which only a few families in a village could afford to own, and a large number of households formerly depended upon the kindness of their wealthier neighbors for the means of preparing their winter's supply of preserved fruit. In return they often gave assistance to lenders in preserving time. A large, porcelain-lined pot suitable for preserving may now be purchased for $1, and no family need depend upon neighbors. Yet to-day the borrowing of preserving-pans is almost as common as in those olden days, and no equivalent is ever given, because the preserving pot is no longer costly, though the inconvenience of lending it may be as great as before, and the injury done to it likely to be more lasting. The old brass pot was literally indestructible, but the new pots are easily injured.

The lender of household articles must submit to much petty annoyance and to much loss. If she does not submit with smiles to all exactions made upon her she is likely to be condemned as disobliging and mean. It requires more firmness than the average woman possesses to refuse.—N. Y. Tribune.

EXPENSES OF OFFICIAL LIFE.

Much Higher Than Those of Ordinary Existence.

There is now before the legislature of one of the states a bill to reduce the salaries of the state officials. One man declares that as the salary of the governor is $10,000 a year, and as the actual work he does amounts to less than two days in the week, the pay is altogether out of proportion to the service performed. This is one way of looking at the subject, but it is an extremely narrow, unfair and shortsighted view of the case.

The man who is selected for such a position is, or ought to be, chosen because of his intelligence and ability, and men of the class from whom such officials are selected do not in these days consider $10,000 a year a very large income. Very many of them make much more than this. It is by no means uncommon for a man to refuse to accept an office for which he is peculiarly fitted solely on the ground that he cannot afford to give up his business for the salary attached to the position. This has occurred a great many times within the past few years. It is not altogether how many days' work in a week, or a month, or a year the official performs. It is what is expected in other directions.

When a district sends a man to congress or the legislature, this district acts as though it had a sort of a chattel mortgage on the man which it had a perfect right to foreclose on the installments whenever it saw fit. It does this by demands of various sorts either in the way of claims on his hospitality, his time, strength or hard work.

As to the governor of the state, he is expected to live in rather a luxurious way, to entertain, to show himself at all the important functions of the socio-political world, and to keep up to the times generally. Failing to do this, he is "old-fogyish," "behind the times," and "not fit for the place, anyway."

It is astonishing how readily people find fault with an established state of things, and yet how quick they are to resent any departure from them. A great deal of the hue and cry against salaries comes from people who know very little about the requirements of the persons who draw them.

Some years ago a member of congress kept an accurate account of his expenditures for the year. At the end of that time he had paid out nearly $7,500 more than his salary, and most of it had gone in entertaining the constituents. If the public wants a service performed, it is under just as much obligation to pay for the same as is the private individual, and failure or reluctance to do so is as culpable in the one as in the other.—N. Y. Ledger.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The industrious workman's fingers fairly flew. But what else could he have expected? The saw was running at full speed.—Indianapolis Journal.

—Stage News.—"Did you know that Henry Irving had sprained one of his knees?" "Yes; now he will have to make gestures with his arms."—Chicago Record.

—Fair American (after a graphic description of an English fox hunt)—"Now, tell me, captain, does the poor animal go in circles round the island?"—Sketch.

—"Hear about that American young woman paying one million dollars for a cigarette holder?" "Get out!" "Fact. I believe it also had a title or something."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—Mrs. Watts—"Isn't it a good deal of annoyance to get your meals at such irregular hours?" Hungry Higgins—"The irregular hours ain't so bad as the irregular days."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"What dis I heah about you goin' into junnelism, Ephraim?" "Well, Mistuh Black, we done issued a yaller kiverlud supplement down at onh house as' week, dat's all."—Indianapolis Journal.

—First Kentuckian—"I understand the lynching of that man who murdered his wife was a very quiet affair." Second Kentuckian—"Oh, yes. Reckondeth in the family, you know."—Detroit Journal.

—"Won't you take this seat?" said the gentleman in the car, rising and lifting his hat. "No, thank you," said the girl with the skates over her arm; "I've been skating, and I'm tired sitting down."—Yonkers Statesman.

—Flannigan—"How'd yez git th' black eye, Casey?" Casey—"Oi slipped an' landed on me back." Flannigan—"But me good man, y'r face ain't beated on y'r back." Casey (gloomily)—"No, nathur wuz Finnigan."—Truth.

—"You have won a great many victories over the insurgents," said the Spanish general's friend. "Yes," was the complacent reply, "and the beauty of it is there seem to be plenty more where those came from."—Washington Star.

—"Certainly," rejoined the Circassian girl, "we are sold when we are married, and it doesn't take us six months or a year to find it out, either." And the beautiful barbarian glowered back at her sister of civilized estate.—Detroit Journal.

THE HAT TRICK.

As It Is Performed by Jokers on the Board of Trade.

A large, good-looking and evidently good-natured man walked into the exchange room in the board of trade building the other day and was soon an interested, not to say anxious, spectator of what is known on 'change as "the hat trick."

The large man wore a glossy new derby hat.

A member of the exchange walked up to him, neatly lifted the hat off his head and in a moment the new-comer saw what he supposed was his hat flying across the room.

It had been propelled by a kick. Several others made a rush at it and it was sent hither and thither like a football.

The man looked on in amazement. Presently the hat came his way and he seized it. He gave the now dilapidated headgear a brush or two with his elbow, looked it over dubiously, and then put it on and started hurriedly for the exit.

Before he could make his escape the hat was again seized and again became the center of a rush.

Once more the man got the hat, clapped it on his head and was rushing away when he was intercepted by the man who had originally taken it from the visitor's head.

With great politeness the joker handed over the visitor's own hat, as glossy and perfect as if it had just come from the hatter's block, and took the old hat in return.

The visitor's surprise increased. He scrutinized the new hat. It was certainly his. Then he joined in the general laugh. He had simply been initiated into the mysteries of the board of trade hat trick, the first point of which is a bit of sleight of hand work by which hats are changed and the stock hat, kept for the purpose, is kicked into the ring of jokers.—Buffalo Commercial.

A QUORUM OF CONGRESS.

Much Business Is Transacted Without Full Representation.

A majority of each house, under the constitution, constitutes a quorum for the transaction of business. If a quorum is not present, and the fact is disclosed by a yea and nay vote, business must stop until a quorum is secured. But the members present are empowered by the constitution to adjourn from day to day and "to compel the attendance of absent members, in such manner and under such penalties as each house may provide." A great deal of business is done in both the senate and house when a quorum is not present, the absence of a quorum not being officially disclosed by a roll call. The sergeant-at-arms is not an infrequent attendant at social receptions and dinners, but always an unwelcome one when he comes to demand the attendance of truant senators or members upon their respective houses. One-fifth of the members present may demand a vote by yeas and nays, and the vote must be recorded in the journal which each house is required to keep of its proceedings. This journal does not include the debates, which are, however, published in full daily in the "Congressional Record."

The senators and members are privileged from arrest, except for treason, felony or breach of peace, while in attendance upon their respective houses, and while going to and returning from the meetings of congress. A member may be punished by the house to which he belongs for disorderly behavior, and by a two-thirds vote of the house may be expelled.—Gen. Harrison, in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Republican.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1897.

THE country newspaper, admits the Boston *Journal*, has the advantage over a city daily paper, that while its publication cannot in the nature of the case secure so wide a circulation, every copy that is distributed has a closer and more attentive reader. It stays in the home at least until the next week's issue displaces it. Subscribe to the county paper.

What Hath Been Wrought.

Think of two Republicans in the United States Senate from the State of Arthur Gorman! One is there now, and the other—Gov. Lloyd Lowndes—formally declares his purpose to get there in place of Gorman next March. Time was when if any one wanted to know Maryland's attitude in politics he first learned Arthur Gorman's ideas and knowing them, he knew where Maryland stood. It's different now. Gorman no longer rules supreme, even in his own party down there, and Maryland turns up with from 12,000 to 17,000 Republican majority. If the Republicans keep together and make a vigorious canvass they can probably win the legislature, and particularly so if Gorman is a candidate for another term. If Maryland is determined upon anything, it is that Gorman shall be obliterated as a political force in the State. His alliance with Bryan last fall, after remaining silent for two months, settled the feeling of the people against him.—New York Mail-Express.

Education.

Education should have relation to the future life of the pupil. That pupil in most cases will have to earn his living and make his way in the world. A smattering of chemistry, metaphysics or botany will not aid him in making a boot, shoeing a horse or plowing a field. If he has been thoroughly taught the elementary branches of an English education in our common schools he may, if he happens to develop a taste for these or cognate sciences, pursue them in his hours of leisure, and obtain from such pursuit gratification and pleasure. If, moreover, he should have a real aptitude and talent for science he will be likely, on the rudimentary foundation which the common schools has built for him, to achieve a notable success in this voluntary study. But success will depend on himself alone.

Any scheme, however, that seeks to enlarge the circle of study in our common schools and to educate the mass of pupils in science, literature and art will be likely to prove a failure. It will be more apt to unfit them for the work in which their days are to pass than to be an aid in the struggle for existence. Besides, it is putting on the shoulders of the taxpayers a burden which they ought not in reason to bear. When the public has provided an education suited to make intelligent citizens—an education that will enable those who enjoy it to gain a livelihood and carry on the usual affairs of life—the public has done all that should be required of it. Science and aesthetics are luxuries, very useful, indeed, and very beautiful in their manifestations of results; but no moral or political considerations should seem to impose on the Commonwealth the duty of gratuitously providing them as a feast for all. As long as work is to be done in this world—and there will be no cessation of it while the world shall endure—that education will be the best which shall most efficiently fit mankind to do this work.

In our military and naval schools there is, no doubt, a great deal taught which is not calculated to make future Farraguts or future Grants. The life of the sailor or soldier is to be passed in warfare, or in preparation for warfare on sea or land. The education necessary for him is the education that teaches him to think and to observe, to manage a ship or battalion. A writer in the *United Service Magazine* asks:

Even suppose we can get a smattering of half a dozen sciences into the already overcrowded heads of young officers: what in all common sense, use will they be to him? Will they help him to fight his guns? Will they help him to maneuver his ship. Will they give him the nerve, strength and endurance required by a captain to enable him to safely carry his ship through all conditions of sea and weather? Will they help a man to undergo the strain of maintaining his station off an enemy's port on dark nights with the fear of torpedo boats ever present in his mind? Will they help the lieutenant to maneuver his torpedo boat or torpedo-boat destroyer, or will they comfort his soul when these lively craft are plunging into the sea, with hatches battened down and no cooked food to eat owing to the impossibility of keeping the galley fire alight? No, science will not help him in any of these things. . . . . Is it not true that men with average intellect who are endowed with strong nerves and strong physique make the best and most successful officers in the end? What do the advocates of science wish our officers to do in their leisure moments in harbor? Pore over books in the pursuit of an abstract science? Will such a sedentary occupation tend to keep their physical and nerve power up to the required point, or is it not much better for the officers to go on shore to ride, shoot, play cricket, bicycle, golf, football, or to boat?

Health, strength, activity, alertness of mind and body are vastly better for the mass of mankind than literary taste or artistic refinement. With the one goes clear vision and promptitude of action; with the other too often hesitancy and feebleness of will. The one may uphold a sinking State; the other will be apt passively to witness its downfall. It has become a formula that a Republic is based on virtue and intelligence. Hence our public schools; and hence, in part, our churches. Combined, they ought to supply to the youth of this country the means of acquiring that political intelligence and that moral stamina which will safeguard our institutions. But a multiplicity of studies which overcrowd the brain and lines of research which do not bear in their influence on the future pursuits of the pupil should be discouraged. That is not the kind of education which the public should be called on to provide.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

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Our country is so vast, and its range of products and of climatic conditions so extraordinary, that the greatest safeguard up to this time against a fatal sectionalism has been the tendency of both early and late immigrants to move from one place to another, subjugating new territory, and forming new states. Nature decrees that the material interests of Montana, for instance, shall differ from those of the sea-board states, but the travelled condition of many thousands of Montanians guarantees an expression of opinion on their part regarding public affairs, distinctly more national than could be expected from a population narrowed to views purely local. For a small nation, restricted in both space and possibilities great patriotic results may come from inhabitants who do not choose to wander; but for us, not crowded by neighbors, nor measured in any direction by less than ten hundred miles the best promise of endurance if found in increasing knowledge of one another's needs and problems.

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We have been subjected to such a tremendous influx of foreigners and children of foreigners, in the past thirty years, that we easily find another great gain from the restlessness of our mixed population. Notwithstanding the fact that the inhabitants of some European nations have come here by hundreds of thousands it is impossible to place the finger on any one portion of our country and say "Here public questions are entirely settled by voters who are more foreign than Americans in their ideas." Regarding our country as one great body it is safe to assert that no condition except this one of mixing, would have enabled this one to digest and safely dispose of the millions who have come to it from every nation under Heaven. While there is still much to be desired in the direction of unity, nationally we have accomplished a task that might well have been regarded as impossible; the quiet orderly, practically complete absorbtion of over three times as many immigrants as there were inhabitants at the birth of the United States. Each wanderer has come promptly in touch with persons who cherished the spirit of Freedom and has become so imbued himself that we are still one Union; inseparable forever, let us hope and believe.

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In Yorkshire (England) it is a comparatively rare thing to find a man whose sons are scattered through the other counties; let us say, for illustration, in Kent, Cornwall, and Northumberland; but of our old American families, both rich and poor, there are thousands, conditioned like an editor of my acquaintance, whose blood relations are spread from Vermont to California, and down to Louisiana. The unconscious influence of such connections works upon the imagination of the child so situated—they are legion—until its fervid fancy overleaps the farm fences, the valley walls, the rolling prairies, the beetling mountain-sides and the country becomes "My Country!" to him in a much wider sense than with the child whose relations are grouped close around him.

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But we have by no means exhausted the advantages that have arisen from our restless spirit. Among other things it has aided in the maintenance of one language in general use. The children of immigrants in our public schools learn the language and the deeds of Washington and Jefferson, of Webster and of Clay. The home training in the tongue of the foreign Fatherland is a trifle compared with the American influence of school books, and the play-ground; for it is hard to exaggerate the ties of language. There have been instances in our history where whole counties in the Northwest are exclusively Scandinavian; but the condition lasts only for a time, by reason of the children's learning our general tongue. Strange though it may sound, there are fewer definite dialects in our whole country than can be found in Great Britain—a Kingdom that could almost be packed away in one state, New York. In that small country a Dorset man of low rank could not understand a Scotchman, and a Cornishman would be practically a foreigner to both; but the national lige in the most remote corner of our Texas is the same that courses in the piney woods of Maine, and the language is the same. A wise and travelled Englishman who landed in this country for the first time a few weeks ago, stated to me that nothing impressed him here so much as the fact that a journey of 3,000 miles overland, and 8,000 miles brought him to the same language, while a journey of one hour to the continent of Europe, carried him into entirely strange conditions.

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But the extension of territory and the forward movement of the people will come to an end. In fact the end is already in sight, and the tide of population is setting back upon the older states like the back-water of a flood. A new century and new conditions confront us. The call is for those who feel deeply and think broadly, to guide our destinies as we stretch forward to the unknown.

Now territory alone is insufficient for the continued greatness of any country. A concrete example is China with a vast area and teeming millions; all holding together like a pile of brick, simply by reason of weight and not because of any actual motion between them. Wealth is also no guarantee; for if so why are we called on to record the almost complete decay of Spain, though wealthy beyond heart's desire two centuries ago? The Hindoo princes, puppets in power swaddled in the lap of wealth and surrounded by the flashing glories of gems illustrate again the foolishness of resting on wealth for perpetuity. Territory is nothing without national character. Wealth is as much. Furthermore, they that have relied upon the sword have perished by it. Alexander, the great, made no permanent enlargement of Grecian territory; the Hebrews under David gained the full limits of their territory and enjoyed it only during one reign; the Roman Empire crumbled from mere weight as soon as unselfish devotion was withdrawn. Any widely read reader can multiply confirmations.

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The wise will consider these things in their hearts as well as in their heads.

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Gov. Lowndes Candidacy.

In speaking of his candidacy for the United States Senatorship Governor Lowndes said to a Baltimore *Sun* representative:

"It has been said by some people that I am not a bona fide candidate. To all such persons I desire to reply, as stated in the *Sun*, that I am in the fight to stay to the end, and any statement that the announcement of my candidacy has been with a view of forestalling or sidetracking any other candidate is absolutely false. I am candidate in every sense of the word."

Broken Chain

The family circle is never so happy after the chain is broken and a link taken. Some family chains are strong, others weak. Have you a good family history? Or is there a tendency to coughs, thr at or bronchial troubles, weak lungs? Has a brother, sist r, parent or near relative had consumption? Then your family chain is weak. Strengthen it. Take SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites. It makes rich blood, gives strength and vigor to weak lungs and run-down constitutions. With its aid the system throws off acute coughs and colds. It prevents the chain from breaking.

Shall we send you a book about this, free?

For sale by all druggists at 50c. and $1.00
SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

THE MARYLAND SENATORSHIP.

The Main Issue of the Next Campaign—Eastern Shore Opinion.

Snow Hill Advocate April 3

Governor Lowndes is understood to have decided to be a candidate for United States Senator to succeed Senator Gorman, who though apparently politically dead, isn't likely to recognize the fact until he shall begin to decompose.

Present indications are that the next campaign will be made on the issue, "Shall Lowndes or Gorman be the Senator for the six years from March 4, 1899?"

The Governor's term of office will expire January 5, 1900, and if he should be chosen Senator and continue to hold the office of Governor until the beginning of his term as Senator, the president of the State Senate would succeed to the office of Governor for the unexpired term.

The Legislature will elect Senator Gorman's successor next year and if Governor Lowndes shall be the lucky man and shall resign as Governor immediately on his election as Senator, the Legislature being in session will have to elect a Governor to serve out the unexpired term. Governor Lowndes' candidacy for the Senatorship will make next November's election all the more interesting and important on account of the fact that both a Senator and Governor may depend on its result.

In 1874 Governor Whyte was elected U. S. Senator and he forthwith resigned the Governorship in order to give the Legislature the opportunity to elect a Governor and James B. Groom, of Cecil county was chosen to serve out the term. When Governor McLane resigned the Governorship to become United States Minister to France the Legislature was not in session and Henry Lloyd, president of the Senate, succeeded to the office of Governor.

With Lloyd Lowndes and Arthur P. Gorman as opposing candidates for United States Senator the voters of Maryland should not hesitate a moment but vote unanimously for members of the Legislature who will return Gorman to private life, whence, for the good of the State and the nation he ought never to have been called.

School Reports.

Keyser's Ridge school for the two terms. Number of pupils enrolled, 51; Lewis Leatham and Maggie Georg were not absent or tardy.

Second term, 44 on the roll, averaging 29. The school was open 56 days the last term and 44 the first, making 100 days.

Following is a report of North Glade school for term ending March 29, 1897:

Number of pupils enrolled, 39; average number of pupils, 21. Willie Fitzwater attended every day during the term.

Following are the names of pupils who attended 50 days or over during the term: Bessie Beckman, Jennie Beckman, Ada Howell, Mattie Garlitz, Lily Moon, John Garlitz, Willie Fitzwater, Johnie Fitzwater, Willie Moon, Willie Williams.

We spent a very pleasant and we trust a profitable winter, and we wish to thank the patrons and friends for the kindness and hospitality which they have shown us.

A. L. LEE, Teacher.

Swan Meadows school. Number of pupils enrolled during the fall term, 40; average for this term, 30; number of pupils enrolled for the winter term, 35; general sverage, 22.

Pupils who did not miss a day during the scholastic year were Stella Dell Hutson, Howard P. Hutson, Annie Gortner and Guy Sanders. Peter F. Gortner and Ethel Hutson did not miss one day from school during the fall term, neither did the teacher lose any time during the school year. We held an examination at the close of each month. These examinations were sometimes rigid, and the questions were frequently those that had occurred in our county examinations, or similar to them. The pupils invariably passed a creditable examination.

For bright, interesting and pleasant pupils and hospitable parents this school is second to none in Garrett county.

I desire to publicly thank the patrons and trustees for the interest they manifested in the school, and I thank them heartily for their kind treatment to me. I never spent a more pleasant winter than this winter at Swan Meadows.

D. A. SAVAGE, Teacher.

The Supreme Test.

A man never knows how much business he can do till he advertises his business. Advertising well done is the supreme test. Not even the past-masters of advertising ever dreamed, when they began it, how vast were the possibilities of publicity. These possibilities are as great to-day as they ever were; but they are only for them who reach for them confidently—and who don't expect advertising to eke out slipshod business methods.

All the latest novelties in mattings at Offutt & Sons'.

Communicated.

To the Editor of The Republican

While sitting on the bank of the Youghiogheny river, a few days ago, looking at the men searching for the body of the late Gen. Fullerton, we overheard an amusing and interesting conversation which passed between two citizens of Oakland. We shall designate the parties as Mr. A and Mr. B.

"And so we are to have an election of three councilmen on the 19th," said Mr. A.

"Yes, sir," replied Mr. B.

"Who are you going to run for councilmen," questioned Mr. A.

"Let me tell you right now that we do not intend to run any jays who will continue to carry out the old fogy ideas used in running the municipal machinery of Oakland in the past. We are going to put in nomination men with advanced ideas, men of vim, vigor and progress. Our town is a back number, a greater part of the time it is no town at all, it is simply a mud-hole," said Mr. B.

"What do you fellows want? Do you expect our citizens to keep pace with cities like Baltimore, Cumberland and places of like class?"

"No, we do not expect anything of the kind, but as far as our streets are concerned, we do want to keep in advance of places like Johnstown, Accident and Friendsville. Look at our main street in wet weather; why it is nothing more or less than a wallow. If you wish to look from the sublime to the ridiculous, look on the neat, architectural structure belonging to Dr. Henry McComas, the Garrett County Bank building, Offutt's plate glass front and Messrs. Davis' store with its fine display of hardware and cutlery, and then turn to the street and feast your eyes on the puddle of black mud. There is not a Jim Crow town in the state of Maryland where Main street is in as bad condition as is ours. We want our streets improved."

"Yes, it is all right to talk about improving streets. Talk is cheap. You can't pave streets with wind, besides our taxes are high enough already," replied the conservative Mr. A.

"There you go," said Mr. B, "it is the same old fogyery we have been listening to for years. You forget every dollar spent for public improvement means two dollars added to the value of property adjoining and abutting on the streets so improved. It means more than this. It adds value to all other real estate within the corporate limits of Oakland. It furnishes labor for our people. It puts into circulation money which goes back into the coffers of the merchants. When you look at the matter of street improvement it is principally all labor. If the citizens residing on any one of our streets will make an improvement, then the citizens of other streets will vie with each other in order to learn which of their streets shall be improved first. It makes one tired to talk about the condition of our streets as they are now. Last winter Mr. Kimmel came to town with a load of coal bound for Mountain Lake Park. He got along all right until he reached Oakland, then it was tug and pull and pull and tug. After arriving at a point between the east end of Oakland and the ice house, going down hill his wagon wheels were so deep in the mud that his team could not move the load. It is not at all surprising that persons living east of this point refuse to come to Oakland to do their trading during wet weather. Farmers do not care to drive over moderately good roads to reach Oakland only to get swamped in the mud. Yes, we should have a system of water works and sewerage. If we had these conveniences we would have twenty summer visitors where we now have one."

"Would this not entail a big debt upon our citizens," asked Mr. A.

"Not if they were owned and managed by our citizens. Listen until I put a bug in your ear. Here is a table which Alderman Hall, of Albany, N. Y., of the gas committee, is getting up. It is a list of prices charged for gas in some of the principal towns; will note the reductions that have been made under municipal ownership. It is urged that the same ratio of reductions has followed where municipalities have taken control of electric lighting, and the same can be said of water works." The figures are cited:

	Before.	After
Bangor, Maine	$ 3 00	$ 1 00
Lewiston, Maine	3 00	2 50
Peabody, Mass	1 75	1 00
Bay City, Mich	1 00	75
Huntington, Ind	1 25	1 00
Goshen, Ind	1 25	75
Bloomington, Ill	1 00	75
Chicago, Ill	2 00	1 00
Elgin, Ill	2 00	1 00
Aurora, Ill	1 50	1 00
Fairfield, Iowa	2 75	1 50
Mt. Pleasant, Iowa	1 25	1 00
Jacksonville, Fla	1 00	75

"The prices given are the rates per annum for each street lamp used by the citizens. So you see if our citizens manage their own plants they ought to be self supporting."

"Yes, I am a kicker and when the day of election is over you will find the town has been full of kickers."

"Well," said Mr. A, "you have it down rather fine and I don't know but you are quite right. Nominate your ticket and if you put five men on it I shall vote it. I am a convert to your way of thinking and I shall vote for men of advanced ideas regardless of their political creed. It is time our people should be giving our pretty little town the dignity that it so well deserves."

Notes.

A correspondent who has been visiting around in different sections of the county, sends the following for publication:

The Dodge school closed on last Friday evening with appropriate speeches, declamations, singing, and most interesting was the instrumental music furnished by the Weimer Quartette, which was the more attractive from the fact that Capt. Weimer, who is scarcely out of his teens, had made all the instruments used by the band, which consisted of two violins, a bass and a tenor drum, all of a superior quality and the music rendered in a masterly manner. This young man, the son of Jesse Weimer, known to many of our people in Oakland, is a natural born genius, who cannot only reproduce almost anything he sees, but has made some inventions which will be of great help to his fellow-men.

Mr. J. A. Enlow, who has been sick at his sister's for several weeks, is up again and can be out a little on pleasant days.

Mrs. S. J. Foster, who has been quite ill with the grip, has taken a relapse, but we believe Dr. Henry McComas will soon bring her back to health.

J. A. E.

Davis Mills.

It has been quite rainy for several days and the roads are very muddy.

Spring has made its appearance. It will be welcomed by all.

The farmers are busily engaged in their farm work.

John H. Chisholm has bought a team of mules which he expects to use on his farm.

George Rodeheaver has rented the place belonging to F. R. Nethkin and will take possession soon.

Preaching last Sunday at this place by Rev. E. P. Idleman, was well attended.

Moses Lee, of North Glade, was at Wm. Bray's last Sunday.

Quite a number of young people from Herrington attended preaching last Sunday, and among the number we noticed Misses Clara Hall and Adda Wolfe.

Prayer meeting at the school house next Sabbath at 10.30 o'clock. All are invited to attend.

Sales Advertised.

By Edward E. Sollars, late treasurer, on Saturday, May 1st, at tax sale, the lands of the Bayard Coal and Coke company, consisting of 940 acres of mineral lands.

By Sheriff Brown, a parcel of land lying near Swanton, on Thursday, April 29th.

By D. James Blackiston, mortgagee, the Deep Creek farm, known as Lake Cleveland, on Saturday, April 24th

Call for your Letters.

Mr. L. A. Burch, Mr. H. C. Myers, Mr. Con Toomey.

ESTATE OF DANIEL KINSINGER DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett County, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

DANIEL KINSINGER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 10th day of September next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 5th day of April, 1897.

W. M. KINSINGER Adm'r,
Grantsville, Md.

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LICENSES.

Notice is hereby given to all persons or bodies, corporate or public, who may be required to take out license, that they must obtain the same on or before the

1st DAY OF MAY, 1897.

According to the provisions of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, every person or persons doing business for gain or profit except the miner, grower, or manufacturer, are hereby notified that they must take out a license.

AUSTIN BROWN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett County at the suit of D. James Blackiston against William W. Sweet, being Judgment No. 5 to March Term, 1895, I will on

THURSDAY, APRIL 29th, 1897.

in front of the Court House door in Oakland, offer at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, the following described property, to-wit:

All that lot, piece or parcel of land situated near Swanton and contained within the following metes and bounds, to-wit: Beginning at a stake and stone in the north-west line of a tract of land called Potomac Manor in District No. 1 of said Garrett county, about two and one half perches from a red oak tree, and running from thence easterly about eleven and one half perches to a white oak tree marked, thence easterly about thirteen perches to a small plum bounded, thence northerly about twenty-six perches to a small crooked pine bounded, thence north-westerly about eleven perches through a small pine to the said north-west line of Potomac Manor to a stake and stone, thence south-westerly along said line to the place of beginning, containing about

FOUR ACRES,

being the same land which was conveyed to William W. Sweet by Edmund Jamison, Sheriff, by deed dated Nov. 11, 1893, and recorded in Liber E. Z. No. 22, folio 419, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

The above property is improved by a comfortable dwelling house.

AUSTIN BROWN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

PEN PICTURES

Across the Border Into Mexico.

The merciful hand of Providence has bestowed on the Mexicans a magnificent land abounding in resources of all kinds—a land that none ought to be poor, and where misery ought to be unknown—a land whose products and riches of every kind are abundant and as varied as they are rich. It is a country endowed to profusion with every gift that man can desire or envy; all the metals from gold to lead; every sort of climate; from perpetual snow to tropical heat, and of inconceivable fertility.

A strange blending of the old and the new is the Mexico of to-day. The Spanish Mooresque civilization of the sixteenth century, side by side with the energy and progress of the nineteenth. Far more picturesque is the old than the new. The grand cathedrals hoary with age, the narrow streets, the quaint construction of the buildings, with the walls as thick as those of a fortress, the universal balcony and closely barred window, the curious costumes; in a word, the utter strangeness of it all goes to make it difficult for one to comprehend that we have at our very doors a land more picturesque than Switzerland, more interesting from its romantic and varied history than Spain or Egypt, and richer far in agricultural and mineral possibilities than any country of which we know. This is Mexico as we are gradually becoming to understand it. Under a wise and liberal administration, such as the present, which has shown its grasp of the situation by the construction of a network of railroads connecting its various parts with a common centre, we may hope that this country, so abundantly blessed by Nature, is now entering into an era of prosperity which will bring it to the front rank among the powerful nations of the earth. The advance is rapid, for the Mexican appreciates a good idea.

Mexico has been called the land of the "tortilla" or the corn flapjack. Mexicans might retaliate and call this the land of the end and fill Uncle Sam's one cheek with tobacco and the other with chewing gum. We could well banish chewing tobacco and gum, but Mexico could not spare the tortilla and tamale. Without the tortilla there would have been no Mexicans. For a national emblem an eagle astride the pricky cactus, with a snake in his mouth, is very pretty but only a stuffed eagle could stand on such pins and needles. Mexico is not a snake country and I would suggest that the tortilla be placed in the eagle's mouth instead of the snake. "Tamales and tortillas" were the only bits of Mexican or Spanish I could speak when I first entered this magnificent republic. I now pride myself on my vocabulary showing such all comprehensive words as Popocatepetl, Ixtaccihuatl, Orizaba, Chapultepec, Guadalupe, Pedregal, Chinampas, etc. I might mention many others, running the list down to cuantos, reals, donde esta, etc., but the most important and the ones that will live longest in my memory are those in the first list. I might have added "gracias" among the first, as the politeness of these exceedingly kind-hearted and gracious people make one's stay among them very pleasant used as we are to the gruff abruptness found in the states.

I have seen a good deal of Mexico, yet I hesitate to "write up" this charming land with its 12,000,000 of inhabitants. I should not care to undertake such a task of my own country. Who could do this and not fill a guide book and even then miss the mark? Janvier attempted to write up Mexico. The book was written ten years ago and now needs revision, as Mexico has on ten-mile boots and can not be found at the old stand, but further up the main street, with plate glass front, electric lights, elevators, and a big pay roll.

Mexico is all right, thanks to the low price of silver, which has turned capital from mining to agriculture and manufacturing, and thanks to the great Diaz and liberal party, and to our own Americans, who have built her railroads and are rushing her with capital. But after all is said there is only one and great cause of Mexico's prosperity, and that is her cheap labor her brawn and muscle, her Indian and mixed blood population. Of mixed or infiltered blood the republic numbers some 5,000,000. Of full blooded Indians there are probably another 5,000,000 and of pure blooded Spaniards some 2,000,000. The Indians number probably some fifty nations, the ancient Aztecs being one, with several hundred thousand members. Some of Mexico's greatest men were pure Indians, as President Benito Juarez of the Zapotecan tribe, and who has been called the "Mexican Washington." No doubt those of mixed Indian and Spanish blood have been the most prominent in the nation's history. President Diaz, I learn has only one-third Indian blood in him. The Spaniards early intermarried with the Indians and the result, after 350 years, can be easily traced in the features and complexion of the people. I found the people an interesting study and had pointed out to me some pure blood Aztec types.

Who are Mexicans? Of course any one born in Mexico, and yet these are divided into four classes. In the first class we have the idle rich—the estate holders, lawyers, clergy and professional men. These are generally of straight Spanish descent. In the second class we have merchants, storekeepers, etc., largely composed of foreigners. In the third class are the small shopkeepers, artisans, mechanics, etc., being largely of light complected mexicans, although many pure Indians are skilled mechanics. In the fourth class the peons proper, day laborers, workers on farm and railroad, from pure blooded Indians down through all shades to very light and composing two-thirds of the population, the underpaid wealth producers and whom every one seems interested in keeping down and keeping cheap. This class will probably average 25 cents in wages per day in silver or 12 cents in gold.

This class distinction shows itself at all times and places, at first, second and third class in railroads, hacks, street cars, theaters, etc. Even in laxity of morals the upper classes enjoy a sweet distinction. To them all is forgiven and heaven is reached on wings of balm. An upper classer does honor in ruining a woman of the lower class. The child is born, baptized and received into the church and to the father all is forgiven and forgotten where known. A suit for support was never heard of. It is a wise peon that knows its own father. I regret to say that Americans and foreigners lend themselves all too readily to the country's customs, outdoing Romans in Rome. It is a great thing to be a man in Mexico. Pure womanhood can't well exist where there is class slavery.

Ho for education and the power to read among the peons. Ho for a free and cheap press, liberty of thought, a banishment of superstition and the wholesale unfettering of the shackles of an inherited church. God is free and let his shrine be in the pure heart and not on the mountain side, blazing like sun in jeweled splendor. Next to God comes a free man, strong in right, undaunted by fear of superstition, ruler, party, wealth or church. May God speed the time when the peon of Mexico will be free.

Mexico is not theoretically a Spanish province nor has the Spaniards actual control of the country, although a man might loose his life by shouting "Cuba libre!" among the upper classes. The Spaniard is a foreigner there, although his blood flows in the veins of millions. Indeed the Spaniards were driven out of Mexico in 1829. In 1821 a coalition occurred between Mexican and Spaniard, which the Spaniard tried to run his own way. In this coalition the Mexican colors, green, red and white, were agreed on. Green meant the uniting of two factions—Mexican and Spaniard. Red meant liberty. White was an amendment of the Spaniards, introducing the church into the league, and meaning purity. As the Spaniards were banished in 1829, and the church was ordered to follow suit with the advent of the liberals and that grand man Benito Juarez, in 1861, of the original colors one might say that nothing remained true to the test but Red—not a bad color for every day wear.

The study of the people, the laborers the field workers and mechanics of a nation, is much more satisfactory than the study of the titled rich. Poverty brings out the naturalness of the people; they don't talk in stilted paraphrases or hide ugly sores behind laces and ostrich plumes. Riches bring a sameness to all people of whatever nation. The poor are ever with you in Mexico, you can not escape the underpaid laborers and the army of beggars. It is estimated that it only takes from 5 to 10 cents in silver per day to feed a Mexican laborer. If you pity the laborer, you are met with a shrug of the shoulders and the reply: "What more do they want; they are happy, they will not work when they have money?" The laborer fares better in the city than he used to, but in the country there is little change in his condition. Corn gruel, corn tortillas and corn tamales, beans and red pepper form his main diet; varied occasionally with dried meat, fruits and coffee when they can be had. He sleeps on the ground and his clothing is white cotton ducking, generally very old and very much frayed. Every Mexican has a blanket which is the beginning and end of all his luxuries.

The fare of the city laborer improves a little on this, and but a very little as any one can see by walking among the eating stalls. It looks as if all the proverty of Mexico is now rushing to the city. Laborers on the railroad receive about 37 cents in silver per day. In the City of Mexico labor is paid a little better, from 50 to 60 cents in silver per day. The hours of labor are from sunrise to sunset, which means twelve hours or more. Factory hands get from 50 to 60 cents and weavers $1.20 in silver. These prices must be divided in half if calculation is made in United States money or gold. Of course in this country a Mexican dollar goes as far as a dollar in our country in the purchase of some things. The cotton mill and manufacturer sell at gold prices and pay their laborer in silver.

No wonder capital is rushing in here to produce valuable products like coffee raised on silver and sold in gold. No wonder the laborer can't drink coffee or wear much clothing, and has to go without shoes. In Texas cotton is worth say 7 cents; here it is worth 18 to 21 cents in silver. Mexico does not produce enough cotton for home consumption. They say that high protection and cheap money are building up this country. And so they are, the enslaved peon will confirm it. Where one dollar in gold can be turned into two dollars in silver some one must be the loser. Who is it? Of course the wretchedly underpaid laborer. Labor here never strikes; a jail yawns for every striker.

There is almost unlimited demand for labor in Mexico, and the demand is growing enormously. It may be this will be the solution of his wages. Of course the laborer has his faults and very grave ones, but his condition is ample justification of them. Clerks in stores receive about the same wages in silver as ours do in gold. They can't buy imported goods or indulge in luxuries. They work from 7.30 in the morning till 8.30 at night and until 12 on Sunday. I find little complaint among the merchants of hard times. The government tax creeps into everything-bills; accounts, wall posters, street car signs, and a thousand other things.

When you visit Mexico come in by way of Eagle Pass on the Central. If possible, see that beautiful stretch of scenery between Monterey and Saltillo. Stop at as many cities as you can. Mexico is about 2000 miles long and 750 miles wide, and you can spend there profitably many weeks. If you can only visit one place in Mexico, of course go to the city, as here you find the quintessence of the republic. The city has now some 350,000 inhabitants and is growing like a green bay tree. In twenty-five years it will have a half a million population, and will be the most attractive city on the earth. It has advantages which can not probably be had anywhere else in the world. If you are very cold, in a half day's trip you can be sweltering in the tropics. If you are very warm, you can go up to the snow line and sit on a block of ice all summer, sipping mint juleps through a 10-inch straw.

If the present wise government continues rich men should go to Mexico and poor men should stay at home. Even the Chinaman can't compete with the Mexican. The almighty dollar is the people's god here as much as in other parts of the enlightened world. That means, of course, an end of war and swords turned into plowshares. This makes a pretty figure, but in reality the Mexican wooden plowshares are after the model used before Christ. I should advise our American globe trotters to give up their dear Europe for a season and visit this wonderful and beautiful land. I can't explain it; guide books won't reveal it; only go and keep your eyes, ears and pocket books open. This sweet land will steal into your veins with its soothing "far niente," and take away your sorrows ere you are aware. It is cheaper to travel in Mexico than to stay at home, as your one dollar in gold is turned by fairy fingers into two dollars when you cross the border. You can live like a duke in the city at $1 per day in silver. All hotels are run on the European plan. Eating will take up much of your time, as you are always in the open air, and this latitude of 7,300 feet has a tonic greater than wine can give. The best d'hote dinner you can get in the city will not cost you over $1 in silver, and you can eat and eat until the diu vista of courses fades in the far distance. You must eat and talk and smoke, and buy fruit of the venders who come to your table, and give bread to the hungry who steal in when the waiter is not looking. Don't go to Mexico on gold basis ideas of what you want to spend and what fees you want to give. You will ruin the country for future travelers, and ruin the waiters and all help with enormous fees. Go to Mexico from December 1st to May and take your overcoat and good walking shoes. If possible choose your going when the moon is full. Beware of the night and early morning air, as there is malaria in the city, notwithstanding the high altitude. Don't take a ground floor room.

Little or no rain falls in the city from December till June. The surrounding mountains form a barrier and catch on their ocean slopes the moisture laden clouds, which roll down their sides in almost constant rainfall. The air is chilled and the clouds melt to rain before they can pass over the mountain tops. In this high plateau everything is green and beautiful where it has water. Much alfalfa is grown and is now being cut. The people love flowers and trees, and countless birds are continually in full song. Roses, violets and lilies are now in bloom, and geraniums and dalsies are as high as one's head. At Chinampas or "the floating gardens" all varieties of vegetables can be seen growing. The eucalyptus tree was introduced into the city by Maximillan, and its thrift and great height is astonishing. The cypress seems to be the Nestor among trees; those at Chapultepec park were old before the conquest, and may have seen a thousand years. The varieties of new and strange fruits one sees are wonderful, and none are more delicious than a ripe chirimoya.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

By virtue of a power contained in a mortgage from G. W. Delawder and wife to George Clinsoo, dated the 11th day of February, 1891 I will on

Saturday, April 24th, 1897,

in front of the Postoffice in Oakland at eleven o'clock a. m., offer at public sale all the property described in said mortgage known as

Deep Creek Farm

containing 43 acres more or less. This is one of the finest farms in Garrett county. It is improved by two good dwelling houses with barns, stables, ice houses and other outbuildings. This is the

Famous Lake Cleveland Property.

The interest to be sold is the undivided one-half interest of G. W. Delawder in said property.

TERMS, CASH.

D. JAMES BLACKISTON,
Attorney Named in Mortgage.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 456 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, the "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

Saturday, the 1st Day of May,

1897, at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all the coal and other mineral underlying all those certain tracts or parcels of land constituting the residue of the tract of land called "Addition to Paradise," containing

898 ACRES,

and all the coal and other minerals underlying that other tract of land called "Beechwood," containing

41 and 11-16 ACRES,

together with the right to enter upon said tracts of land to dig, mine and take away the coal and other minerals underlying same, with all the rights appertaining thereto were sold and conveyed to The Bayard Coal and Coke Company by Wm. W. Litmer and wife by deed dated June 25th, 1894, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 20, folio, 388, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, to which deed reference is made.

Said minerals, with all rights appertaining thereto, will be sold to satisfy said pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1894 and 1895, as is charged in The Bayard Coal and Coke Company on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and the costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

EDWARD E. SOLLARS,
5-4t. Late Treasurer.

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.

This is to give notice that the co-partnership heretofore existing between M. H. DeWitt and J. J. Ferguson, doing a general mercantile business at Swan Run, Garrett County, has been dissolved by mutual consent.

5-3 M. H. DeWITT.
J. J. FERGUSON.

Order of Publication.

Joseph C. Alderson vs. James B. Sommerville, Margaret L. Price and Jane Price, Samuel L. Price, Jane S. Price, daughter of John S. Price, deceased, Samuel P. Preston, James M. Preston, Simon P. Baker, George P. White and George M. Whitescarver.

No. 836 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

The object of this suit is to obtain a decree for the sale of several tracts of land lying near Mountain Lake Park in Garrett County, Maryland, known as the Baker farm and Military Lots 80, 81, and a lot 50 feet by 200 feet lying on Seneca Street in Alderson's Addition to the Mountain Home Company, all particularly described in the Bill of Complaint.

The bill states that on the 25th day of May, 1885, Simon P. Baker conveyed the said Baker farm to Joseph C. Alderson, Mary P. Alderson, his wife and James B. Sommerville as equal tenants in common, and that on the first day of August, 1885, George P. White conveyed said two Military Lots and the said lot in Alderson's Addition to the same parties as equal tenants in common in fee, and that in the latter part of August, 1886, the said Mary Alderson died intestate at Mountain Lake Park, leaving as her heirs at-law her sisters Margaret L. Price and Jane S. Price, and her brother Samuel L. Price, and her niece Jane S. Price, only child of her brother, John S. Price, deceased intestate, and Samuel P. Preston and James M. Preston, only children and heirs of her sister, Sallie P. Preston, deceased intestate, which said sister, brother, nephew and nieces of said Mary P. Alderson now own her one-third share in said properties, subject to the life estate of her husband, Joseph C. Alderson; that said real estate is impartible and cannot be divided among those in interest without loss and injury; that George P. White has a mortgage upon the said Military lots and Lots in Alderson's Addition, and that Simon P. Baker has a mortgage on said Baker farm, part of which mortgage has been assigned to George M. Whitescarver, and that said White, Baker and Whitescarver are proper parties to this suit; that all of said parties are of age, except Jane, daughter of John S. Price and Samuel P. Preston and James M. Preston, who are under the age of twenty-one years; and that all of said parties are non-residents of the State of Maryland residing in the State of West Virginia, except the said Simon P. Baker and George P. White, who reside in Garrett county, Maryland.

The bill then prays for subpoenas against the said Simon P. Baker and George P. White, for an order of publication against all said non-residents, for a decree for sale of said parcels of land and for general relief.

It is thereupon this 3rd day of April, 1897 by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting as a Court of Equity ordered that the complainant by causing a copy of this order to be published once a week for four successive weeks before the 1st day of May, 1897, in some newspaper published in Oakland, Garrett County, Maryland, give notice to said absent defendants of the object and substance of said bill of complaint and warning them to appear in this Court on or before the 17th day of May 1897, to show cause, if may they have, why a decree should not be passed as prayed. DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy—Test:
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 5-4

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

CATALOGUE FREE.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

For sale by

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

ON EXHIBITION

J. M. DAVIS & SON'S HARDWARE STORE,

The Adriance Rear Discharge Binder and Champion Mower.

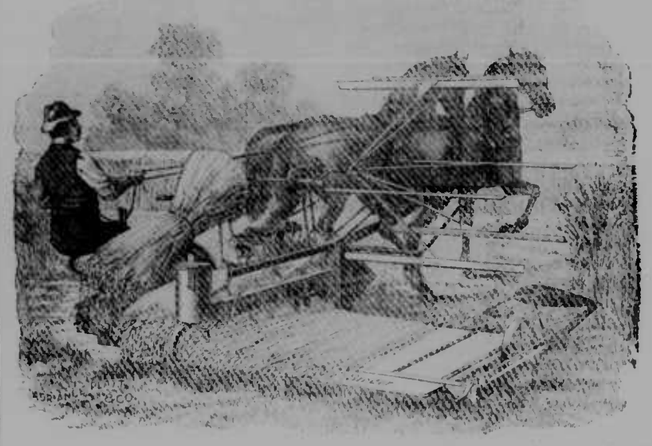

The above cut represents a Binder that is built on entirely different principles from other machines, and for mountainous country has many advantages over all other Binders. It is built without any elevator, doing away with the long endless chains that runs all elevators. Only one canvas is required. Cannot be upset on any hillside. Requires but two horses. No truck is necessary, as it will pass through ordinary gates; and is fully warranted.

The Champion Mower with its simple gear, direct application of power, noiseless operation, its ability to work not only where any other mower will run, but among stones, stumps and trees where other mowers cannot be used at all, leaves it in a class by itself with nothing to compare with it.

Call and see samples.

J. M. DAVIS & SON, Agents, Oakland, Md.

Approach of Easter

Has forced me to increase my stock and facilities. I have just returned from Baltimore and New York where I have secured the latest styles and finest workmen possible.

Latest Spring Suitings in Plaids and Bronzes, $15 up.

Neatest and Latest Striped Trouserings, $4 up.

Also a fine line of French Clay Diagonals.

Dyeing, Cleaning and Repairing.

M. COHEN, Xpert Tailor,
OAKLAND, MD.

ELECTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to the qualified voters of the town of Oakland that an election will be held on

MONDAY, APRIL 19, 1897,

for the purpose of electing three Councilmen to serve for a term of two years.

J. W. BUNHAM, Town Clerk.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, November 21, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7—	Daily	2.16 A. M
No. 3—	Daily	6.28 A. M
No. 71—	Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 47—	Daily	10.40 A. M
No. 35—	Express, daily	5.58 P. M
No. 1—	Daily	9.28 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—	Daily	5.30 A. M
No. 2—	Daily	6.41 A. M
No. 72—	Accom daily except Sun	1.38 P. M
No. 46—	Daily	4.40 P. M
No. 4—	Daily	12.20 A. M

* Will take passengers for Terra Alta, Rowlesburg, Newburg and Tunnelton.

CHAS. O. SCULL,
General Passenger Agent.

C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

ESTATE OF MARY FRIEND, DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE that the Subscriber, of Garrett County, has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the estate of

MARY FRIEND,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 3rd day of October next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 3rd day of March, 1897.

MAGGIE MANKIS, }
JOHN S. MANKIS, } Adm'rs.

3-4 Swanton, Md.

PATENTS

Caveats and Trade Marks obtained and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees.

Send model, drawing or photo. We advise if patentable free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured. A Pamphlet "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.
OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

WIDOW PURVEY'S MISTAKE.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"IF YOU please, mum, Mr. Marlowe's compliments, and he'd like a few words with you on very ex-special business."

Jemima, the maid of all work, was breathless with the haste she had made, and her round eyes glistened like pale blue marbles. The Widow Purvey took her hands out of the batch of biscuits she was kneading up and hurriedly shook the flour off her arms.

"What is it, Mimy?" said she. "Anything wrong about his room?"

"The Lord only knows," said Jemima, evidently much excited.

"Where is he?"

"A-walkin' up an' down the best back parlor like a wild beast, ma'am, at a show!"

"Bless my soul!" panted Mrs. Purvey; "what can have happened?"

And hastily straightening her cap ribbons and tying on a ruffled black silk apron the Widow Purvey made haste to give audience to her best boarder.

The Widow Purvey was fat, fair and 50, with a little capital, which she had invested in furniture for a boarding house, and very fairly she succeeded, on the whole, especially since Mr. Marlowe, a whimsical old bachelor engaged in the China tea trade, had taken her best front room at her own price.

"Gents are always better than ladies," said Mrs. Purvey to her intimate friend, Miss Larkspur, the milliner. "Mrs. Hyde is the only lady in my establishment now, and although she's quite genteel—French teacher in a young ladies' school—I shall give her a month's notice the very minute I hear of an eligible single gentleman to take her place."

"Ain't she reg'lar pay?" asked Miss Larkspur, snipping off bias pieces of silk.

"Oh, yes, reg'lar enough, but I never did fancy those pale, stuck-up chits that have seen better days and wear turned silk and dyed gloves! She ain't a bit better than I am, and yet she always has that patronizing way with her that you'd think she was a princess and we her hired maids."

And thus matters stood on the October morning when the Widow Purvey hurried up to the back parlor where Mr. Geoffrey Marlowe, a fine-looking gentleman with a healthy, fresh color and iron-gray whiskers, was walking up and down with his hands in his pockets.

"You've been a long time coming, Mrs. Purvey," said he, a little imperiously.

"I'm sorry to keep you waiting, sir," said the widow, all in a flutter.

"Sit down," said Mr. Marlowe, motioning her towards a chair. "I have something of great importance to say to you."

"Now, he is going to tell me that the place don't suit, and he's going to change his boarding house," said Mrs. Purvey to herself, feeling her heart beat within her; but she only smiled faintly and said: "Indeed!"

"It's a little embarrassing," said Mr. Marlowe, feeling his whiskers dubiously.

"Don't mind me, sir," said Mrs. Purvey.

"The fact is," said Mr. Marlowe, "I'm thinking of making a change."

"I'm sorry the place don't suit you, sir," faltered the widow.

"But it does," said Mr. Marlowe. "I shall not leave you, Mrs. Purvey. Your mngalatawney soup suits me exactly, and you've caught my precise ideas on salad dressing and curry sauce. No. The change of which I speak refers to—ahem!—another thing, Mrs. Purvey."

"La, sir," said Mrs. Purvey, simpering.

"You and I aren't feather-headed young people, Mrs. Purvey, to play mock modest, are we?" said the bachelor. "So I may as well be frank. I am thinking of marrying, Mrs. Purvey!"

"Dear me!" said the landlady, looking down at the patterns of the carpet.

"And I dare say you can guess to whom," said Mr. Marlowe, in high good humor.

Mrs. Purvey twisted her black silk apron string around and around, hardly able to believe her own ears.

"La, sir," faltered she, "I'm sure I never thought of such a thing."

"I rather expected to surprise you," said Mr. Marlowe. "But don't you see, after all, it's the most natural thing in the world? Here I am settled down in a place that exactly suits me; why should I leave it? Here I am, a blunt old bachelor of 50—why shouldn't I marry a widow who, like myself, has seen something of the world?"

A widow! That settled the question.

"Sure enough, sir," said Mrs. Purvey, feeling as if she were soaring up into a world of white satin and tulle, orange-blossoms and wedding cake.

"What do you say to a month from Monday next?" demanded Mr. Marlowe.

"La, sir—since you're so set upon it—"

"Can you have things ready?"

"I'll do my best, sir," fluttered the widow.

"And, one thing, remember—I don't want this matter talked about."

"No, to be sure not," said Mrs. Purvey, accustomed to defer in all things to the whims of her lodger.

"Let affairs go on just exactly as if nothing was about to happen until the very wedding day," insisted Mr. Marlowe.

"Certainly, sir," said Mrs. Purvey.

"That'll do," said Mr. Marlowe. "We understand each other, don't we?"

Mrs. Purvey nodded and giggled.

"Then I won't detain you any longer!" said Mr. Marlowe, deliberately walking back into his own room.

"Well!" said Mrs. Purvey, drawing a long breath. "I never was courted that way before. But he's eccentric, and always was, poor dear, and he's yet to be a husband. He might have just asked me for a kiss, though; and he might have called me 'Malvina' instead of Mrs. Purvey! But everyone has their whims, and Mr. Marlowe is as chuck full of 'em as an egg is of meat! What will Letitia Larkspur say? And that stuck-up Mrs. Hyde! I'll give her a week's warning at once, for it don't stand to nature as I shall keep on taking boarders after I'm Mrs. Marlowe. I wonder shall I wear white silk or dove color? I suppose it will be a church wedding! A month's a dreadful short time to get ready in, but I can hire what sewing I want done, and it won't do to disappoint Mr. Marlowe!"

Little Miss Hyde, engaged in correcting French copy books in her room was surprised at the lack of ceremony with which Mrs. Purvey let her know that her room would be wanted that day week!

"It will inconvenience me considerably," said she, hesitatingly.

"I can't help that," said Mrs. Purvey, with a toss of the head.

The weeks passed away. Widow Purvey thought it rather strange that her bridegroom-elect should be so undemonstrative, and that all his tete-a-tetes should be confined to the subjects of pudding sauce and shirt buttons. But then, as Miss Larkspur said, there never was any accounting for the freaks of an old bachelor; and when the bridal eve came, and Mr. Marlowe condescended to express approval of the wedding breakfast as set out in the dining-room over night Mrs. Purvey shed tears.

"What are you crying about. I hate to see women cry," said Mr. Marlowe, sharply.

"I can't help it. Such a change for me!" whimpered the widow.

"Oh, pshaw!" said Mr. Marlowe, irritably. "Change? It's no change at all. Here we are just as we always have been. I don't see anything to cry about. Remember the carriages are to be at the door at 12 precisely."

"I'll be ready," said Mrs. Purvey, swallowing a sob.

And she was ready—dove-colored silk, dress-hat and all—for, according to the advice of Miss Letitia Larkspur, she had abandoned the idea of white satin and tulle veil as rather inappropriate to her age and condition of widowhood.

"Please, ma'am," said Jemima, bursting, red-faced and panting, into the room, "the carriage has been waitin' this ever so long!"

"But where's Mr. Marlowe?" demanded the bride-expectant.

"Please, ma'am, he went half an hour ago, said Jemima.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Purvey, "I suppose it's etiquette to go in separate carriages, but it ain't the way me and Purvey managed it. Give me my fan, 'Mimy—and my bouquet—and don't forget the smelling bottle. Now I'm ready."

"Please, ma'am," bawled Jemima, who had rushed to the window on hearing the sound of carriage wheels, "they've come back! And Mr. Marlowe, he's a-handin' a lady dressed in brown

"I AM SORRY THE PLACE DON'T SUIT YOU, SIR."

silk, with a bird of paradise in her hat, out of the front carriage."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Purvey, hurrying downstairs. "What can it all mean?"

And she hastened into the presence of Mr. Marlowe, who stood in the best parlor, with Mrs. Hyde leaning on his arm.

"You're too late to witness the ceremony," chuckled the quondam old bachelor. "We're married."

"Who are married?" shrieked Mrs. Purvey, growing pallid under her rouge.

"Bessie Hyde, ma'am, and your humble servant. Why, whom did you suppose?" demanded Mr. Marlowe, opening his eyes very wide.

"Lawk-a-massy!" cried Jemima, rushing forward to support the widow's swooning form, "Missus s'posed you was goin' to marry her!"

"Then she was a fool!" said Mr. Marlowe, briskly. "Come, Bessie, my dear, we have no time to lose if we are to catch the three o'clock train."

Mrs. Purvey came out of her swoon and into her senses with commendable alacrity. If she had lost a bridegroom, that was no reason why she should also lose a first-class pair of boarders. She tied an apron over her dun-colored silk, and hurried to help serve the breakfast.

"It was an awkward mistake," said she to Letitia Larkspur; "but life is full of mistakes. And perhaps I'm better off just as I am."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Miss Larkspur, whose theory was based upon that of the fabled fox who once lost his caudal appendage. "Matrimony's dreadful uncertain."

"Even at the last moment," said Mrs. Purvey, with an involuntary groan.—N. Y. Ledger.

Combined Teakettle and Still.

In this apparatus the steam is condensed in a large head, mounted on top of the kettle, and the distilled water trickles through troughs in the head into a spout which conveys it into a bottle or other receptacle attached to the outside of the kettle.

Suicide in Ireland.

Ireland, with a population of 4,704,960, has one of the smallest suicide rates in Europe—only ten to the million.

A Man of Parts.

Mr. Dukane—Young Mr. Homewood is about as smart a man as you'll find in a day's journey.

Mr. Gaswell—So?

"Yes, sir. He can give editors points on how to run newspapers."

"Pooh! Every man in the city can do that."

"But Homewood also knows how to run a hotel and a railroad, and besides, he can tie his own four-in-hand scarf."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

A NEW GAME.

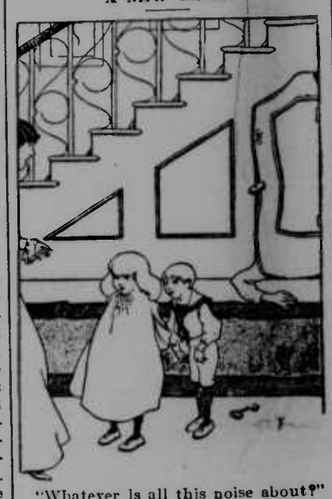

"Whatever is all this noise about?"

"Oh, mother, such fun; we've locked Daddy up in the cupboard, and when he gets a little angrier Reggie is going into the lion's den."—Idler.

Not a Quack.

Patient (about leaving eminent physician's office)—Well, doctor, I will get this prescription filled at once and—

Eminent Physician — Ahem! Ten dollars, please.

"Eh? Do you require pay in advance?"

"Certainly, sir. I'm not one of your 'no cure no pay' quacks."—N. Y. Weekly.

A Cruel Thrust.

"Who is the belle to-night?" asked she
As they waltzed around the hall.
He looked around the room to see—
Now they never speak at all.
—N. Y. Journal.

How She Found Out.

"Mr. Scorjel," said Kitty, addressing the caller, whom she suspected, "how much money did you have when you went downtown this morning?"

"I think I had just $28, little girl," replied Mr. Scorjel.

"And how much did you have when you got back home?"

"I had $27."

"Then," rejoined Kitty, making a mental calculation, "this present of mine cost just a dollar!"—Chicago Tribune.

Why Baby Got the Prize.

"And so my darling got the prize at the baby show. I knew he would. It couldn't have been otherwise," said Mrs. Youngma to one of the old bachelor judges.

"Yes, madam; we all agreed that your baby was the least objectionable of the lot," replied the brute.—Tit-Bits.

His Preference.

First Transient—If you had got to go into business what line would you choose?

Second Ditto—I'd open an employment ageney. It would be so nice to be getting other people to work without having any temptation to do any yourself.—Boston Transcript.

An Ounce of Prevention.

Mrs. Nubbins—Why do you employ that darky to whitewash the henroop? You know he's the most notorious chicken thief in the neighborhood.

Mr. Nubbins (a practical man)—I want him to see how poor and lean my chickens are.—N. Y. Weekly.

Making an Average.

Freddie—Mamma, do you think Johnnie is as good as I am?

Mamma—Johnnie is better. He does everything I tell him to do.

Freddie (after a thoughtful pause)—But, mamma, I often do things that you don't tell me to do.—N. Y. Journal.

Suspicious Secretiveness.

The Young Wife—I am afraid George was intoxicated last night.

The Sympathizing Friend—He didn't go to bed with his shoes on, did he?

"No; but he took them off and tucked them under his pillow."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Cooking School Version.

The queen of hearts she made some tarts
All on a summer's day;
The king of hearts he ate the tarts
And quickly passed away.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

A VOICE FROM CUBA.

"WELL, I WONDER WHAT I SHALL HAVE TO EXPECT NOW?"

Harsh.

Merchant—My experience is that young men with college educations do not make good salesmen. In fact, I prefer taking young men who have had no advantages and training them up to my business.

Customer—Of course. When the latter come to you they have no fixed ideas about weights and measures.—Philadelphia Press.

A Dangerous Task.

Mrs. Gosling—George, you once said you would risk your life for me.

Gosling—Well, dear?

Mrs. Gosling—There's a great, horrid mouse somewhere in the room. Would you set a trap for him?—N. Y. Truth.

Pertinent and Impertinent.

"Never run in debt, my son," said the old-fashioned father.

"Why in creation are you always telling me to keep my credit good if I'm to make no use of it?"—Detroit Free Press.

His Mistake.

Bloomfield—Spillins is fond of saying that he is a self-made man.

Bellefield—That's queer. Everybody knows that he is a tailor-made dude.—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Opinions Differ.

Critic—That performance of yours last night was rare.

Manager—I can't agree with you. I think it was well done.—Detroit Free Press.

The Parity.

A miss is still, perhaps, as good
As a mile, though it's plain to see
That misses are not by any means
As good as they used to be.
—N. Y. Truth.

Too Much Competition.

"Mrs. Bowker has cured Mr. Bowker of swearing."

"Did she use force or moral suasion?"

"Neither; she bought him a parrot."—Chicago Record.

A Charitable Answer.

He—What do you suppose would happen if I had to live by my wits?

She—My dear boy, you would never have been born!—Town Topics.

Cheap at the Price.

Neighbor's Pretty Daughter—How much is this a yard?

Draper's Son (desperate "spoons" on her)—Only one kiss.

Neighbor's Pretty Daughter—If it's so cheap I will take three yards, and grandma will pay you.—Dublin World.

A Bit of Lace.

'Tis but a light and fragile thing,
This dainty little gift I bring;
'Twas not designed to stem your grief,
Nor yet around your throat to cling.
Its uses are not plain to me,
I know not what its name may be;
But, still, it is my firm belief,
'Twill be a queen's lace handkerchief!
—Chicago Record.

PHILOSOPHER GROGAN.

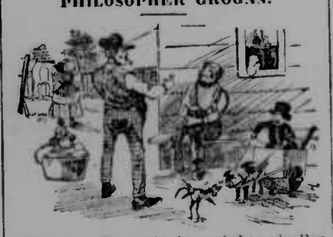

Grogan—Wimmin is moighty similar in wan way.

Hogan—Fwat's thot?

Grogan—No matter how many wimmin you git acquainted wid, they're all alike in bein' different from wan another.—Up-to-Date.

A Miracle.

"Our minister is a wonderful man."

"What has he done?"

"Converted a member of the choir."—N. Y. Journal.

Clinched Him.

"Is young Whooply still leading a fast life?"

"He's faster than ever. Locked up for five years."—Detroit Free Press.

She Wanted More.

"Just one kiss!" he pleaded, with outstretched arms.

She burst into tears. "Oh! you stingy thing!" she wailed.—Tit-Bits.

NEW COLUMBIA CONSTRUCTION

With the major part of humanity, the term "perfection" is merely relative. One example is sufficient to be cited in support of this statement. As regards bicycle construction, thousands of enthusiastic cycling devotees declared that the '96 Columbia models were perfect, that improvement could hardly be imagined, much less conceived, and that there would be nothing new in 1897.

The Pope Manufacturing Company, on the contrary, have never sought a fame inconsistent with the deserts of their product. They have never, therefore, claimed that the Columbia bicycle was perfect. They have rightly called it peerless and the Standard of the World, but have asserted that it is only as near ultimate perfection as contemporary science, skill and intelligence will permit. That is to say, the Columbia is the best wheel known or possible to be known at any particular

The Five Great Allied Plants Operated by the Pope Manufacturing Co.

period. As soon as the new and better idea appears, it is embodied in Columbia construction after adequate experiment and complete proof of superiority.

Now, it is remarkable in the face of what we have just been saying concerning the hasty use of so absolute a term as "perfection" that the new Columbia bicycle models for 1897 embody more improvements than have ever previously been adopted at any one time. The frames are made of five per cent. nickel steel tubing. This tubing is the product of one mill only, and the entire output is reserved for exclusive use in Columbia bicycles. The tremendous strength of this material ensures the utmost degree of rigidity to the frame. A system of flush joints has also been introduced, so that no juncture of one tube with another shows anywhere on the frame of the machine. Within the tubes are thimbles and long reinforcements all brazed together in one indissoluble whole.

Columbia Model 43.

The Columbia crankshaft mechanism this year is quite beyond criticism. The interlocking arrangement of the shaft has been reversed, bringing the wedge end on the gear crank, and the slot on the other end has been made Y-shape. The forged crank sleeve is thickened, giving more than double the resistance against internal pressure. The sprocket screws to the hub of the right crank, with a right hand thread and is secured by a check nut.

The driving gear is now so arranged that the ball-bearing sprocket end is outside the chain line, the chain thus drawing between the two rows of balls. The famous Columbia Self-Oiling chain is used, and both sprocket wheels are detachable, to allow of change of gear.

Columbia Model 46.

Barrel hubs still persist and the rear hub is one single steel forging. The ball cases are hardened and a movable retaining cap prevents the escape of balls from the crank-shaft bearing. There is no longer an oil hole in any part of the running gear, but the oil is admitted from the side of the bearings through a felt washer, which acts as a sieve.

Hartford Single Tube Tires are employed. The complete tread and inner tube are vulcanized together, with fabric between, making a single compound tube with mutually supporting parts. These tires present no problem of part friction, are light and buoyant, wear only on the exterior, and require, therefore, no repairs unless directly punctured. Their ready adaptability to repair is proverbial.

The spokes are held at the hub by the Columbia new separate spoke stud, which prevents all bending or twisting of the spoke.

Columbia Model 47, Diamond Frame Tandem.

The rims are of the best laminated wood, laid with non-uniform grains. Their strength and durability are complete.

The improved handle-bar adjustment gives great strength. The bar is held firmly in position at any desired angle, without the help of a key, and the slightest variation is possible. It is made of 20-gauge nickel steel tubing, light, rigid and gracefully curved.

An added distinction to Columbia dignity is found in the new fork crown device. The double crown is employed, and the whole is covered and surmounted by a handsome nickeled escutcheon, bestowing a peculiar charm and beauty upon the whole machine.

The rear forks have been greatly changed and improved. The front portion of the tubing in the lower rear fork is ⅞ inch round; at the other end it is ⅝ inch. A D shape is effected intermediately, and the utmost possible strength maintained.

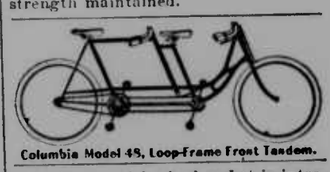

Columbia Model 48, Loop-Frame Front Tandem.

An improved brake bracket is introduced at the lower end of the front tube. The lantern bracket can be attached to either the handle-bar post or the shaft of the front wheel. The famous Columbia saddles are used. Nos. 17, 21, 22, 23, 24 and 25 with the Christy saddle at option.

As regards the delicate refinements of process, adjustment and finish that have always characterized Columbia bicycles, the results obtained are unlversally accepted as the standards of excellence.

Hartford bicycles for 1897 are models of up-to-date construction, and are built upon the most graceful lines. Their strength, beauty, lightness and easy-running qualities are assured.

Price $75, $60, $50, $45.

The baby said (and gave that yell
Which makes his father scowl),
"I may not be a howling swell,
But I'm a swelling howl."

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"Were you an eye witness to this affair?" asked the prosecutor. "I don't know what you'd call a nigh witness, but I warn't more'n five rods away."

Milton Reizenstein, a graduate student of the Johns Hopkins University, of Baltimore, has prepared a monograph as a thesis for a degree which he expects to receive next June. He has chosen for his subject the history of the B. & O. R. R. from its inception on the night of February 12th, 1827, when 25 of the leading business men of Baltimore met at the home of Philip E. Thomas and devised means whereby the trade of Baltimore with the West could be restored. It was at this meeting that the company was organized which afterwards built the B. & O. R. R. Mr. Reizenstein's monograph takes up the history of the road from that night until tracks were laid to Wheeling, W. Va., in 1853. The 70th anniversary of the B. & O. R. R. Co. was February 12th, 1897.

Mamma—"Where's papa?" Flora—"He's downstairs." Mamma — "What's he doing?" Flora—"His bicycle is out of breath, and he's giving it some more."

Specially Remember

That the Cleveland, Akron & Columbus R'y. is still selling round trip tickets between all stations on its line, good going and returning Sunday, at a rate of one fare for the round trip. Ask any agent for particulars, or write to C. F. Daly, General Passenger Agent, Cleveland, O.

Little Ethel—"I wonder why men like to talk about their old school days?" Little Johnny—"I s'pose after they get growed up they is always tryin' to find out where the teacher lives, so they can lick him."

Very Low Rate Excursions to the West and South.

On April 6 and 20 the North-Western Line will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets, with favorable time limits to numerous points in the West and South at exceptionally low rates. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & North-Western Railway.

The B. & O. S.-W. Ry., commencing Sunday, January 24th, will inaugurate on trains No. 4 and 5, a through Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car line between Baltimore and Chicago, via Cincinnati and Indianapolis.

This will enable the patrons of the B. & O. S.-W. Ry. to make the above named points without the inconvenience of changing cars.

For time of trains and further information call on agents B. & O. S.-W. Ry.

It is not difficult to make old people happy; show them some one 20 years older than themselves who is still in good health.—Atchison Globe.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed. 50c and $1.00, all druggists.

If a man could only get as much for his old family horse as his wife thinks the animal is worth!—Atchison Globe.

A cruel pain—sciatica. Its cure is sure. Use St. Jacobs Oil.

It would be a good deal easier to love our neighbors as ourselves if they would do things the way we do.—N. Y. Weekly.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c.

Opportunity makes short calls. When one is out it leaves a card and moves on.—N. Y. Weekly.

Doubled up and bent with pain—Lumbago. Use St. Jacobs Oil and straighten up.

"Tommy, who was Joan of Arc?" asked the teacher. "Noah's wife," said Tommy, who is considered great at guessing.

When bilious or costive eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

"Great Scott, Eph! what's the number of your boots?" "Two, sah; one foh each foot, sah."

A crutch is used for sprains. Use St. Jacobs Oil instead; it cures.

We could forgive the man who knows it all if he wouldn't insist on telling it all.—N. Y. Weekly.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets candy cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A HERO.

He was perfectly certain, he always said
(And story books must be true),
That somewhere over the meadows led
To the den of a robber crew.

So adown the lane with his sword and shield,
One beautiful summer day,
And over the fence to the buttercup field
He merrily took his way.

And he laughed ho! ho! as he went along,
And put on his fiercest looks,
And he made up a kind of battle-song,
As they do in the story books.

But the dragon that lived in the buttercup field
And guarded the robbers' den
Came up and sniffed at his sword and shield,
And opend his mouth—and then,

So somebody tells me, this brave little man
(Oh, sad to relate, but true!)
Dropped helmet and all, turned tail and ran,
At the sound of that terrible "Moo!"

Still, robbers there must be left to fight,
And dragons there are, no doubt;
And it's glorious fun if the weather is bright,
And—there aren't any cows about!

—Little Folks.

BIRD HANGS ITSELF.

Strange Event at Edison's Laboratory at Orange, N. J.

A strange event happened at the Edison laboratory in Orange, N. J., recently, which puzzled the great inventor and left the question as much in doubt as ever. It is thought by some Orangeites that an English sparrow committed suicide on the walls of the laboratory; by others that merely an accident occurred. The facts are as follows: In the end of the loft in one of the laboratory buildings is a diamond-shaped arrangement of holes. These holes were left there for ventilation purposes and were made by leaving out certain bricks in the end wall of the house. They proved capital nesting places for the sparrows, and several of the birds were not slow to make use of them. One day the workmen around the building noticed a sparrow which was making a great to do over the repairing of a nest. The little fellow flew in and out of the hole, collecting all kinds of shreds and patches and interweaving them with the old work of the nest. Finally the bird secured a long piece of grocer's cord, such as is used to tie up small packages, and flew with it to the nest. The workmen saw the bird enter the hole with the string trailing after it. Then as the part of the cord still hanging out of the hole was submitted to several continued jerks they concluded that the bird was interweaving the cord with fabric of the nest. They dismissed the matter for the time being and went about their work.

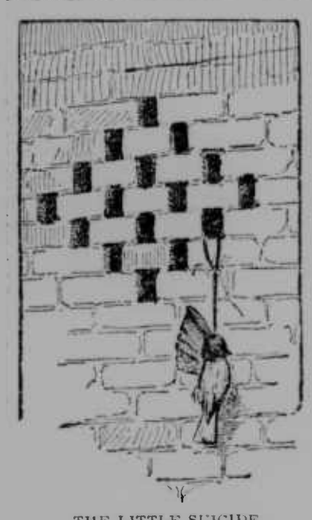

THE LITTLE SUICIDE.

Later in the day the bird was seen to be hanging dead outside the hole. A slipnoose on the end of the string which it had been using to build the nest was tightly drawn around its neck and part of one wing. A photograph was taken on the spot and an examination made. It was evident that the bird had drawn the string into the hole until nothing but the slipnoose remained outside, then for some purpose had flown quickly out, and in so doing had passed its head through the noose. The force with which the noose closed around its neck must have strangled the bird instantly. It hung limp, the interweaving of the other end of the string in the nest keeping it from falling to the ground.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A WONDERFUL TREE.

It Produces Glue, Towels, Cloth, Tinder and Bread.

Did you ever hear of a tree bearing glue, towels, cloth, tinder and bread?

There is just such a wonder. It is found on the Pacific islands and it is called the bread-fruit tree.

It is about as tall as a three-story house and the branches come out straight from the tree like so many arms. They are covered with leaves nearly two feet long and deeply gashed at the edges, while half hidden among them are the fruits, growing like apples on short stems, but larger and having a thick yellow rind.

This fruit is like bread, and it is in season during eight months of the year, the natives finding a good living in it. They gather it while it is green and bake it in an oven. Scraping off its outer blackened crust they come to the loaf, which is very much like nice white bread. But it must be eaten soon after baking, else it grows harsh and loses its pleasant taste.

As for glue, it oozes from the trunk of the tree and is found useful for many purposes; the leaves make excellent towels for the few natives who care to use them; and from the inner bark of the tree a kind of course cloth can be made. Besides this its dried blossoms are used for tinder in lighting fires, and the wood is in great demand for building purposes.

With a few of these wonderful trees in the front yard housekeeping ought to be an easy matter.—Chicago Record.

GRAY MAN'S PATH.

Superstitions Associated with a Singular Freak of Nature.

Near Ballycastle in Ireland, cleft through the massive and precipitous rocks which wall the coast, is an extraordinary fissure called "The Gray Man's Path." Viewed either from land or sea, it is a sight never to be forgotten. One could easily imagine that some supernatural power had hewn for itself a private pathway through these towering cliffs, so that it might at will visit or summon the spirits of the deep; it is a grewsome place, particularly at night.

The passage is at first very narrow, but widens somewhat below. It extends through a basaltic formation and the rocks on either side have something of the columnar structure seen at the Giant's causeway and at Fingal's cave. At one point a monstrous shaft of stone has fallen quite

THE GRAY MAN'S PATH.

across the chasm, forming a rude natural bridge. Few, however, would care to attempt to pass over it; even to pass under it is enough for the nerves of most people.

From the natives of this wild coast you will hear none of the quaint and dainty fairy tales so often met with in other parts of Ireland. It is not that the people of the coast are less superstitious but their legends are like those of the old sea kings, awful and terrifying in their character. Ghosts rise from the waves in the pallid moonlight, stalk over the cliffs, and stand upon those mysterious pillars of rock, calling to each other. Then the fishermen say: "It thunders." And then, as they believe, the "Gray Man" issues forth, and stalks in silence up his dark and fearsome track.

DOG WITH A HISTORY.

He Has Covered 40,000 Miles in a Life of Four Years.

One of the most traveled dogs on record is Donnie II., a black-and-tan dachshund, which is exhibited at Cruft's show in London. Donnie is the property of an officer in the English army, Capt. MacMahon, and in a life of a little more than four years has traveled some 40,000 miles, 8,000 of them on horseback. He has traversed land and sea, crossed deserts and mountain ranges, and been, with his master, a participant in many deeds of endurance and adventure.

Donnie was born September 18, 1892, in England, and when seven months old was sent to Capt. MacMahon in India by friends. The journey, first by sea, then by land, through Sind to Beluchistan, during a time of great heat, was the first test of the puppy's endurance. He stood it well and soon began his journeys on horseback, a mode of traveling to which he seemed to take naturally. He accompanied his master on long riding tours through Zhob and other parts of Beluchistan to Simla, and from Peshawur to Cabul.

In the spring of 1894 Capt. MacMahon was appointed British commissioner of the Beluch-Afghan boundary commission and took Donnie with him through the Gomal valley to the Afghan frontier. Here dog and master remained for more than a year, enduring together extremes of heat and cold, hardship and privation. Then came another horseback journey through India and a voyage from Bombay to England. Later a return to India again and a journey through the southern part of the country, something of a pleasure trip this time, Capt. MacMahon being on the staff of the viceroy. This was followed by more travels and hardships in the wilds of Afghanistan and a trip to the Persian boundary. Dog and master are now both in England.

Donnie is a most expert equestrian. With his hindquarters against his master's thigh, and occasionally leaning against his body for support, he rides without even a steadying hand. The horse may walk, trot, canter or gallop, but the dog is not disturbed. He even maintains perfect equanimity during a reasonably difficult jump.

Origin of "Hail Columbia."

Perhaps few people know that our national air, "Hail, Columbia," was originally called "Washington's March" and was played for the first time on Trenton bridge as Washington rode over it on his way to be inaugurated at New York; and during his administration it was always played on state occasions, or whenever Washington appeared in the box at the theater. It was composed by Pfyles, the leader of the few violins and drums that passed for the orchestra. The air had a martial ring that caught the ear of the multitude and soon became very popular. When Adams was president, in a moment of great party excitement Judge Hopkinson wrote and adapted to the music the famous lines of "Hail, Columbia." Thenceforth it ceased to be known as "Washington's March," and under its present name became the most stirring of national airs.

FARM AND GARDEN.

ROAD CONSTRUCTION.

Before Work is Begun the Probable Cost Should Be Considered.

While good roads are greatly to be desired, voters should carefully consider the cost before authorizing work. A New Jersey man writing in an eastern exchange says: In this township there are 50 miles of roads; the usual appropriation for opening and repairing roads, shoveling snow, etc., is $1,300, or an average of $26 per mile. Some stretches of road average more than $26 per mile, others less. With this small outlay the majority of the roads are in much better condition than they were 25 years ago.

Farmers, being the one class of taxpayer who cannot escape paying the tax for building stone roads, figure as follows: One mile of stone road costs about $8,000, or a sum equal to the assessors' list. To build one mile of stone road would double the tax rate. Or, the interest on the cost of one mile of road would be, at five per cent., $400. Experts estimate the cost of keeping stone roads in repair at $100 per mile. Interest and repairs would thus be $500 per year. Such figures are appalling to farmers, and they are also confronted with the fact that the road bonds of much wealthier counties than the one in question do not find ready purchasers.

As stone roads are not probable for years to come, improvement by some cheaper method should be considered. This good roads problem must be met, and if it can be done without bankrupting farmers all good citizens should bid godspeed to the work. One of the greatest obstacles to better roads in their present construction is poor drainage. Stone road builders never neglect the drainage, even though they lay stone 12 or 15 inches deep. Many pieces of spongy roadbed may be made solid by proper drainage. After drainage is attended to by good side ditches, and underdrains where needed, the roadbeds should be rounded, so that water will not stand in puddles. My experience in mending roads is that on a dirt road there should be no mixture of stones with the dirt, as such roads are always rough and holes will be gouged out and there is danger of breaking wagons, besides the discomfort of bouncing as one passes along. It is often the case along streams that gravel can be had for the hauling, and a coat of this, or shale, on a properly drained road, will make a solid and smooth road for several years. Each township should annually raise a reasonable sum, besides the regular road tax, for permanent improvement. There are low places in nearly every district that cannot be properly drained, and such places should be stoned so as to make a lasting job, and after the stones are well pounded down they should be covered with gravel or shale. By some such means, our roads would gradually become better, without excessive taxation, and the work being carried on simultaneously in all parts of the township, the cry of taxation without representation would not be heard, as in the case of building expensive stone roads; for in the nature of things under that system, many men must pay the excessive taxes all their days and reap no benefit therefrom.—Journal of Agriculture.

ROADSIDE TREES.

The Practice of Planting Orchards Should Be Quite Popular.

This is receiving more attention in some parts of our older states and deserves much more than it gets anywhere. Our public lands are so near exhausted for homesteads, that the superabundance of land in the United States will not allow us to be wasteful in its use. In Germany the planting of forest trees by the roadside is no longer a practice. The highways are a continuous garden. The owner of adjacent land has charge of the roadway fruit; but the roadway officials assume charge of the care and protection of the trees. The railways are now following the growing custom, and planting apples and pears along the side of their tracks. There are a few sections in the United States where apple and cherry have for some years been the common road trees. The fruit, so far as I can see, is no more subject to molestation than that which grows inside the lines of strictly private ownership. I found near Ithaca, N. Y., choice cherries by the side of the road; and the trees were loaded with undisturbed fruit. Possibly most of us would consent that even half of such fruit should refresh the wayfarers, if we could utilize the streets, and have half the product as compensation for the planting. In this section of the state apple trees line some of the roadways, but more attention is given to ornamental shrubbery, extending the lawns to the street ditch.—American Agriculturist.

Barbed Wire Telephones.

Clarence and John Taylor, living a mile apart on the Taylor farms in East Dickinson county, Kan., have solved the communication problem. Attaching fine telephone instruments to the barbed-wire fence that connects their places, they have an easy method of communication. During the recent storm, when weeds and debris were piled on the fence, it made no difference in the transmission of sound and they talked with ease. They will extend the line 2½ miles to Pearl Station, on the Rock Island, and receive market reports and news by telephone. The whole neighborhood is fenced with barbed wire, and several other instruments will doubtless be put in, making a large prairie system.

Drainage Means Success.

The better the road is drained, the easier it is maintained.

Both Need Reforming.

Reform the roads and reform the people.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

284 BUS. CORN PER ACRE.

It's marvelous how we progress! You can make money at 10 cents a bushel when you get 264 bushels corn, 320 bushels oats, 173 bushels barley, 1,600 bushels potatoes per acre! Salzer's creations in farm seeds produce.

$10.00 WORTH FOR 10 CENTS!

JUST SEND THIS NOTICE AND 10 CENTS to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and get 12 farm seed samples, worth $10.00, to get a start. [K]

"It's all over"—the sky.—Golden Days.

I'd rather be most any man
In history's class or fame's bright bands
Than Atlas, for he always had
A world of trouble on his hands.

MARCH AND APRIL

Are the Most Disagreeable Months of the Year in the North.

In the South, they are the pleasantest and most agreeable. The trees and shrubs put forth their buds and flowers; early vegetables and fruits are ready for eating, and in fact all nature seems to have awakened from its winter sleep. The Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company reaches the Garden Spots of the South, and will on the first and third Tuesdays of March and April sell round-trip tickets to all principal points in Tennessee, Alabama, and West Florida, at about half rates. Write for advertising matter and particulars of excursions to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

Probably the first thing every man resolves when he gets up in the morning is that he will go to bed earlier the next night.—Atchison Globe.

Millions of Cook Books Given Away.

There is one large house in this country that has taken business on its turn and means to ride in on the rising tide. Alive to the signs of better times and to the best interests of the people, they are now circulating among families a valuable publication known as the Charles A. Vogeler Company's Cookery Book and Book of Comfort and Health, which contains very choice information on the subject of cooking. Receipts for the preparation of good, substantial and dainty dishes, prepared especially for it by a leading authority, will be found in its pages. Much care has been taken in its preparation and distribution, with the hope that it will be just the thing needed for housekeepers, and just the thing needed also for the care of the health and household. As a Cookery Book it will be invaluable to keep on hand for reference.

It also contains full information in regard to the great remedies of this house, which provide against bodily ailments, especially the Master Cure for Pains and Aches, St. Jacobs Oil.

To give some idea of the labor and expense of this output, more than 200 tons of paper have been used in its publication, and at the rate of 100,000 a day, it has taken several months for the issue.

The book can be had of druggists everywhere, or by enclosing a 2c stamp to The Charles A. Vogeler Company, Baltimore, Md.

There are some women who are reminded that they are superior creatures every time a man takes off his hat to them.—Atchison Globe.

Reforms Need More Than a Day

To bring them about, and are always more complete and lasting when they proceed with steady regularity to a consummation. Few of the observant among us can have failed to notice that permanently healthful changes in the human system are not wrought by abrupt and violent means, and that those are the most salutary medicines which are progressive. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the chief of these. Dyspepsia, a disease of obstinate character, is obliterated by it.

"While Miss Fitz was away, George took her parrot." "Anything happen?" "I don't know; she keeps the parrot down cellar now, and the engagement is off."—Life.

Homeseekers' Excursions at Half Rates

Via the Missouri Pacific Railway and Iron Mountain Route, to points in the West and Southwest. Tickets on sale Tuesdays, April 6th and 20th and May 4th and 18th. For descriptive and illustrated pamphlets of the different States, time and map folders, address H. C. Townsend, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

He—"I love you better than my life." She—"Considering the life you lead, I cannot say that I am surprised."—Indianapolis Journal.

Letters from Farmers

In South and North Dakota, relating their own personal experience in those states, have been published in pamphlet form by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and as these letters are extremely interesting, and the pamphlet is finely illustrated, one copy will be sent to any address, on receipt of two-cent postage stamp. Apply to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

Men look for signs of spring out doors; women look for them in dry goods stores.—Atchison Globe.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

The ordinary schoolboy doesn't think, and is much healthier.—F. F. Montressor.

"Star Tobacco."

As you chew tobacco for pleasure, use Star. It is not only the best, but the most lasting, and therefore the cheapest.

OUR ENEMY STOLE IN

An enemy stole in . What has happened my stolen into your house one pened? . Simply day last week this the cold and touched has settled on you lightly in your kidneys. passing. They are overYou charged with blood thought little of the and inflamed. Instead of passing the matter at the time, waste matter out of for the enemy was the body they are only a vagrant current of air. But damming it up in now you are beginning to learn what the blood. Every mischief the little minute, yes, every intruder did, for heart beat adds to your back is stiff and the poison in you. painful. Your head aches, and at times Normal action you feel dizzy. of the kidneys will purify the blood. Nothing else will.

1

Warner's Safe Cure

is the friend in need. It will reduce the inflammation, so that the grip on the tissues of the blood-vessels is relaxed, and the uric acid is sent on its way out of the body.

Thus You Overcome Your Enemy

Large bottle, or new style, smaller one at your druggists.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS

NOTICE NAME THIS LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

Stewart Hartshorn on

Weeks Scale Works, HAY, COAL, STOCK, GRAIN, AND COTTON SCALES. BUFFALO, N.Y.

YUCATAN, KING OF GUMS.

A. N. K.—C 1650

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

The Crescent Hotel, Eureka Springs, Arkansas, Opened March 1, 1897.

It is a modern, stone, fireproof hotel, located in heart of Ozark Mountains, Northwest Arkansas; climate mild and bracing; scenery wild and beautiful; waters unequalled for purity and medicinal qualities. Rates reasonable. Excursion tickets on sale. Through sleepers via St. L. & S. F. R. R.

Write Geo. T. Nicholson, G. P. A., Frisco Line, St. Louis, Mo., or Manager Hotel, Eureka Springs.

"They say people who live together get to look alike." "Is that so? Well, just in the interest of science, let's try it."—Chicago Record.

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—Mrs. E. C. Moulton, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, '94.

Stop! Women,

And Consider the All-Important Fact,

That in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private ills to a woman—a woman whose experience in treating woman's diseases is greater than that of any living physician—male or female.

You can talk freely to a woman when it is revolting to relate your private troubles to a man—besides, a man does not understand—simply because he is a man.

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing full well that they ought to have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty impels them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probably examinations of even their family physician. It is unnecessary. Without money or price you can consult a woman, whose knowledge from actual experience is greater than any local physician in the world. The following invitation is freely offered; accept it in the same spirit:

MRS. PINKHAM'S STANDING INVITATION.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken.

Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good-will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.—Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Baker's Chocolate

MADE BY

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.,

Established in 1780, at Dorchester, Mass.

Has the well-known **Yellow Label** on the front of every package, and the trade-mark, "La Belle Chocolatiere," on the back.

NONE OTHER GENUINE.

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

To Pearline Users Only.

You have confidence in Pearline. You must have, or you wouldn't be using it. But what do you do with it, besides the ordinary washing and cleaning? There's a long list of things in which Pearline ought to be helping you. Why isn't it doing so? For every purpose for which you would use soap and water, Pearline is better. You ought to be ready enough to believe that, with what you must know of Pearline. 534

The Electric Light of Mowerdom

The pine knot—the tallow candle—the oil lamp—gas—these are stages in the evolution of illumination, which today finds its highest exponent in the electric light.

Similar and no less striking has been the evolution of grain and grass cutting machinery. In 1831 the scythe and the cradle were superseded by the McCormick Reaper. The intervening years have seen many improvements, until now we have that model Harvester and Binder, the McCormick Right Hand Open Elevator, and that veritable electric light of mowerdom, the

McCORMICK

New 4. It is not only the handsomest mower ever built, but it is, in every sense of the word, the best—and if your experience has taught you anything, it is that *there's nothing cheaper than the best.*

McCormick Harvesting Machine Company, Chicago.

The Light-Running McCormick Open Elevator Harvester,
The Light-Running McCormick New 4 Steel Mower,
The Light-Running McCormick Vertical Corn Binder and
The Light-Running McCormick Daisy Reaper for sale everywhere.

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CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER

10¢ 25¢ 50¢ ALL DRUGGISTS

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 917.

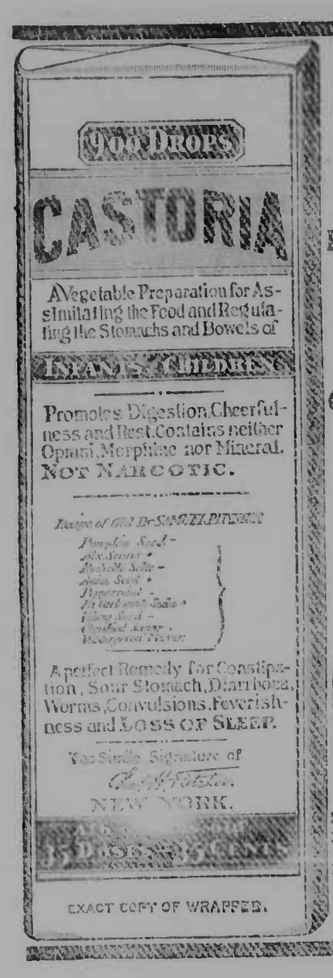

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Castoria is put up in one size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get CASTORIA. The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

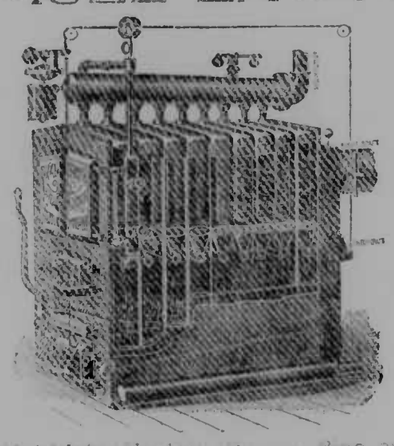

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For the Treatment of Liquor, Morphine and Cigarette Habit.

Absolute Cure Guaranteed. All Communications Strictly Private. 15-13

We have a plan by which Farmers can get TOOL CHESTS FREE

Containing of first-class quality (guaranteed) every tool—Axes, Saws and Planes included—necessary to repair vehicles, machines or build a house. Three two-cent stamps and the name of this paper required for particulars. Powell Fertilizer & Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

FREE HOMES ...IN... NORTH DAKOTA

160 Acres of Land FREE to Every Citizen

Rich Agricultural Farming Lands

Free From Stumps and Stones. NO FERTILIZER REQUIRED.

NO TAXES For Seven Years

Near

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Settling up very fast with DUNKERS, MENNONITES and AMISH People. CONVENIENT TO MARKETS. Full particulars free.

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17—2

R. BOLDEN,

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Roofing and Spouting Done on Short Notice.

Special Attention Given to Repairing.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED. GIVE US A CALL.

Farmers, Stockmen AND DAIRYMEN.

You are especially interested in the care of your live stock; and know that by keeping them in prime condition they can be made more valuable to you, and give better returns. During the winter months when off grass, it is absolutely necessary that they should have a true tonic, something to take the place of the nourishment obtained from roots and herbs they get when browsing on the hill sides. For such, we direct your especial attention to the **Gleason's Horse and Cattle Powder,** a compound that is purely vegetable and the fruits of careful study by the originator, who has had years of experience in handling stock of all kinds.

Properly fed in small doses it purifies the Blood, regulates the Bowels, aids Digestion, expels Worms, Grubs and Botts, creates Bone and Muscle, cures Colds, Epizooty and Distemper, restores the Appetite, tones up the entire System, and makes the Horse more Handsome and valuable to the owner. As a Milk, Flesh and Butter producer it is unsurpassed.

Gleason's is a thorough condition Powder that no Farmer, Stockman or Dairyman should be without.

It is sold by all dealers and prepared by

Gilbert Bros. & Co., BALTIMORE, MD.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, April 5, 1897.

The Dingley tariff bill having last week passed the House, receiving every Republican vote, five Democratic votes and one Populist vote, is now in the hands of the Senate committee on finance. Every statement made concerning changes in the bill by that committee is a guess. Senators Allison, Aldrich, and Platt of Connecticut, who have been going over the bill as a sub-committee, are not the kind of men to announce their conclusions, even when they have definitely arrived at them, to the public, before making their report to their colleagues on the committee. When the committee decides upon the amendments to the bill will be time enough to praise or to criticize its work. Until then your guess is as good as anybody's, if you must have a guess.

The honor of being the first fourth-class postmaster appointed by President McKinley fell to Mr. John P. Kelley, of White Cloud, Kansas. The delay in making appointments of this class was owing to the change in the office of Fourth Assistant Postmaster General. Mr. Bristow is now occupying that position, and will proceed as rapidly as possible to fill the 2,500 vacancies which have accumulated since the new administration came in. There will probably be an average of about 50 appointments a day until the work gets up to date.

Senator Elkins has for a long time been studying the question of how best to restore the old time prestige of American shipping. As a result of that study, he made a very strong speech in the Senate in favor of his bill providing for the imposing of duties upon imports in a manner that will discriminate in favor of American ships.

President McKinley seldom makes promises in connection with appointments, but he has made one that will please every patriotic American, that is, to appoint young Phil Sheridan a cadet to West Point as soon as he reaches the age of eligibility, which will be sometime next year.

Representative Grosvenor, of Ohio, is a good lawyer, and the following opinion from him on the decision of the Supreme Court, which so many persons, especially Democrats, profess to think is opposed by the amendment to the tariff bill making the duties imposed by that bill go into effect April 1, and upon the right of Congress to pass such an amendment, is both timely and interesting. After citing other misunderstandings, Mr. Grosvenor says: "Simply and solely what the Supreme Court did hold was that the Wilson law, which went into effect on the 28th day of August, and was said to take effect from the first day of August, did not repeal the McKinley law until the day it was passed and how anybody could have had a doubt about that is a mystery to me, but the Supreme Court did not hold that the long line of retrospective legislation in the Wilson law was not approved. That law bristles with retrospective legislation. Whiskey in bond and not in bond that has been manufactured and deposited in the bonded ware house or was on that day deposited at a tax of ninety cents was immediately raised to $1.10. New bonds were required, the whole system remodeled, but no lawyer in the U. S. ever disputed the power of Congress to pass just such an enactment. The best evidence of the popular estimate of this retroactive amendment is found in the fact that the vast body of importers who presumably have the very best legal advice at their command, have all accepted as conclusive that Congress has that power."

President McKinley's appointments have been uniformly good, and even his bitterest political opponents have found it extremely difficult to criticize any of them, and his appointment of Maj. Benj. Butterworth to be Commissioner of Patents is commended by everybody, including Democrats and Populists. This is just as it should be, for Maj. Butterworth as Commissioner of patents is surely the right man in the right place. He is an able statesman and lawyer of wide experience, and having been Commissioner of Patents once before, and had service on the House Committee on Patents, is thoroughly familiar with the important duties of the position. He is quite large enough for a Cabinet position, or for that matter for the highest position in the country. But there are few public places in which a man of Maj. Butterworth's equipment can do so much good as in the Patent Office. The practice in, and especially out of that office is desperately is need of reform.

Hon. H. Clay Evans, the new Commissioner of Pensions is now in charge of that office. He says his policy will be to justly administer the pension laws, and his record is such that his old comrades have every confidence in his doing so.

Clothing.

In connection with our full line of men's sack and cutaway suits and extra pants, boys' suits, long and short pants, we have a nice line of samples. Fit and prices guaranteed.

3-3t S. L. TOWNSHEND & SON.

Excursion to Washington.

The B. & O. railroad announces the sale of excursion tickets to Washington, Thursday, April 8th.

Washington is at all times an attractive city, but it is particularly so at this season of the year, and while Congress is in session. The long limit on the ticket allows ample time for a visit to Mt. Vernon, Old Point Comfort, Richmond, Virginia Beach and other points.

Frostburg.

Hotel Gladstone, the pride of Frostburg, and the best equipped and furnished hotel in Western Maryland, is doing a fine business.

Edward Dondine, one of Frostburg's oldest citizens, died on Sunday and was buried on Tuesday in the Catholic cemetery.

Mr. William Thomas has very much improved the appearance of his building by giving it a coat of paint.

Joseph Bear, citizen's candidate for mayor, was elected to that office on Monday, after a hard fight, by a majority of 69 over Peter Lemmert, Republican candidate. We are sorry for Peter, but Joe is a hustler and we may expect improvements all over town.

Prof. Burns and family, of Pittsburg, are visiting friends here.

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,

FANCY STATIONERY,

DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

Jos. E. HARNED, Proprietor.

31—26

I HAVE PURCHASED THE OAKLAND COAL YARD of Mr. D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of HARD AND SOFT COAL, KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

Ad orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

THE Maryland Building and Loan Association of Garrett County

OFFICERS

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FRED. A. THAYER, First V. P.
Dr. H. W. McCOMAS, Second V. P.
JAMES C. PEDDICORD, Secretary.
WILLIAM HINEBAUGH, Treasurer.
JOHN SHARTZER, Manager.
G. S. HAMILL, General Attorney
THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Supt. of Agencie

DEPOSITORY OF FUNDS: THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK.

Issues Two Kinds of Stock

INSTALLMENT STOCK

upon which sixty cents per month per share is paid on the last Saturday of each month. EIGHTY-FOUR monthly payments only can be required.

PAID-UP STOCK.

One hundred dollars per share upon which a semi annual dividend of four per cent. will be paid.

The money on Installment Stock can be withdrawn after Six Months with six per cent. interest for average time.

Paid-up Stock can be withdrawn after one year.

The funds of the Association are loaned to the members on first mortgage security. The Association is purely co-operative and all the members stand on precisely the same footing, no matter where they may be located.

Home Office, OAKLAND, MD.

Write to the Home Office for full particulars.

Agents wanted to organize Local Branches.

HEALTH FOR 25 CENTS

Liver complaint shows itself in constipation, headaches, biliousness, heartburn, belching, lassitude, foul taste in the mouth. Doesn't seem serious, but it is. Leads to things that people die of. Cured surely and quickly by

DR. A. S. TODD'S Anti-Bilious Liver Pills

Best and simplest and surest remedy ever made. 25 cents, all druggists.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Proprietors, Wheeling, W. Va.

Wm. Frederick, jr., & Son,

OF FRIENDSVILLE, MD.,

Are quoting an array of extreme bottom figures never before mentioned by any house anywhere, solvent or insolvent, no matter whether cash or credit.

Big prices will not do in these times when even the wealthy cannot afford to waste their money, and the poor require double duty of every Dollar and every Penny.

We deal in good goods and not in trash, and believe the masses will patronize the house that sells the best goods for least money.

We offer such unanswerable arguments as no house can match—leaders and specialties at quotations that no other can offer—stern and stubborn facts that will level your head on the subject of genuine bargains.

We invite an early and repeated visit and inspection; our stock will be replenished every few days, and to merchants we offer some special leaders fully 15 to 20 per cent less than current prices in New York City.

Don't forget the place but just follow the crowd into the

Great New York Racket Department Store,

of the above firm.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

TIN, SLATE and STEEL ROOFING, SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REHIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH, Mt. Lake Park, Md.

SHARTZER & BOLDEN

OAKLAND, MD.,

DEALERS IN

Furniture, Carpets, Matting, Oil Cloth, Window Shades, Wall Paper, —AND— GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Repairing Furniture and Picture Framing a Specialty.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO. IN EFFECT FEBRUARY 28, 1897.

SOUTHWARD No. 3	SOUTHWARD No. 1	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2	NORTHWARD No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		MDNK	P. M.
3 00*	7 00 lv	Cumberland ar	*12 15	†7 30
3 26	7 26	Rawlings	11 50	7 05
3 45	7 45	Keyser	11 28	6 43
4 00	8 00	Westernport	11 15	* 6 30
4 01	8 01	W. Va. C. Junc.	11 11	6 23
4 31	8 35	Shaw	†10 45	5 57
5 00	9 01	Harrison	10 19	†5 29
5 15	9 45* ar	Elk Garden	8 00	*4 00
5 35	9 40† lv	Gorman	9 10	4 51
5 42	9 46	Bayard	9 81	4 47
5 51	9 57	Bubbly	9 25	4 38
6 27	10 27	Thomas	8 53	4 08
6 55	10 55 ar	Davis	8 00	3 15
6 31	10 31 lv	Coketon	8 48	4 01
7 01	11 01	Hendricks	8 15	3 30
7 07	11 07	Bretz	8 08	3 23
7 10	11 10	Parsons	8 05	3 20
7 45	11 45	Koreus	7 30	2 45
8 00*	12 00† ar	Elkins	lv *7 15	†2 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
				P. M.
	3 05* ar	Beallington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily, *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

Ripans Tabules relieve scrofula.

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JULIUS C. BENNINGER, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

FRED A. THAYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate. CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

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Residence on North 3rd Street. Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

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Office in Mayers building. Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel. Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street. Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.*

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate. P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6-22 6m

THOMAS B. McHOLIE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street. All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

E. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Residence and P. O. Address, 2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER. Will sell Real or Personal Estate. Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 52-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE. AUCTIONEER! *Will sell Real or Personal Property* Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md Oakland, Md., Feb. 2181, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of three most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 10-1yr.

Andrew B. Gonder, Att'y at Law. Alexander C. Mason, Surveyor.

GONDER & MASON, :: REAL :: ESTATE :: AGENTS, :: OAKLAND, MD. 40—1yr. Office, Shartzer's Opera House.

W. McCULLON BROWN, SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE. Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 25t*

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President. G. S. HAMILL, V. President. S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted. Prompt attention to collections. 112

PIEDMONT STONE & LIME CO.,

Owned and operated by The E. J. Frediock Manufacturing and Building Company, of Piedmont.

WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH THIS

Superior Lime

TO BUILDERS, FARMERS AND TANNERS IN BARRELS OR BULK TO SUIT PURCHASERS.

This lime is equal in strength for agricultural, building and tanning purposes to the Frederick or Baltimore county lime.

KILNS AT CRABTREE, MD.

Address all orders to

The E. J. Frediock M'f'g and Bld'g Co., 13 26 PIEDMONT, W. VA.

WANTED: ROCK OAK BARK.

Write for prices.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO., 49-13 CUMBERLAND, MD.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1897. NUMBER 6.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Lenten days are waning.

Grass is on the jump.

Easter flowers are blooming.

All the latest novelties in mattings at Offutt & Sons'.

Bargains can be found at Smith's in flour, feed and groceries.

Offutt & Sons' have the largest line of mattings in town. 5-2t

Senator Ravenscroft, of Accident, was in the city last Saturday.

Mrs. F. G. Hyde is on a visit to relatives in Connellsville, Pa., this week.

Mr. Ezra B. Hook, was in Oakland yesterday afternoon and this morning.

Mrs. J. D. Taggart entertained a few of her friends at a dinner Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Felty are on a visit to friends near Independence, West Va.

Dr. W. H. Ravenscraft made a professional trip to Independence, W. Va., yesterday.

Mr. S. P. Specht, of Deer Park, was a business visitor to Oakland last Friday morning.

Mrs. Benj. H. Sincell returned from a visit to her parents in Kingwood yesterday afternoon.

FOR SALE.—A town lot suitable for building purposes, 60X160 feet. Inquire at this office.

Attorneys Cochrane, Williams and Richmond, of Cumberland, were at court last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. L. Wilt, of Bittinger, were in Oakland Tuesday and called at this office.

FOR SALE.—1 four year old colt, will work single or double; 1 black mare 11 years old; 4 head two year old steers. J. Schlosspagle.

Dr. E. H. Bartlett, who spent last week with relatives in Cumberland, returned to Oakland Saturday evening.

Don't fail to see Si Plunkard in his great street parade Monday afternoon at four o'clock. It is equal to a circus.

By calling at D. W. Smith's opposite post-office, you can buy all kinds of garden seeds at the lowest cash prices.

A correspondent wants to know why an entertainment which is principally devoted to drinking should be called a "smoker."

Mr. A. L. Spiker, formerly of Mountain Lake Park, has secured a position in South Cumberland, where he now resides.

Mr. James W. White and son Arthur went up to Terra Alta Thursday morning to attend the funeral of the late W. H. Butler.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick J. Garrett, of Deer Park, spent Sunday in Oakland with Hon. and Mrs. R. T. Browning, Mrs. Garrett's parents.

Services will be resumed in St. Matthew's church on Easter Day by a hearty, earnest service at 11 o'clock, to which all are invited.

Little Miss Mary Boyer gave a luncheon to a number of her young friends Tuesday, the occasion being her seventh anniversary.

Good Friday services at the Episcopal chapel 10.30 a. m. Subject of the meditations, "The Seven Last Words" of our Lord. All are welcome.

Col. Robert White, of Wheeling, was in Oakland last Friday on legal business. He is a native of Romney, having left there shortly after the war.

A young lady of Oakland was heard to remark the other day that she hopel Sunday would be a fair day. Evidently she has a new gown and bonnet.

One Minute is all the time necessary to decide from personal experience that One Minute Cough Cure does what its name implies. Oakland Pharmacy.

A parish meeting in accordance with the canons, will be held in St. Matthews church on Monday, 19th inst. 10 a. m., to elect a vestry for the ensuing year.

Mr. Jonas Frazee, of Pittsburg, who was reported in these columns as being ill, last week, has recovered his usual health and was in Oakland last Saturday on business.

Mr. Aaron Boyer, of Accident, was in Oakland last Monday. He was accompanied here by his daughter, Miss Carrie, who went to Terra Alta to visit friends a few weeks.

Mr. John E. Legge returned from Baltimore Tuesday evening where he has been all winter attending medical lectures. He was accompanied home by his sister, Miss Susie, who visited friends in the above city for several weeks past.

Ferdinand Williams, trustee, will offer at public sale the Sylvester Mattingly farm, lying near Mt. Savage, on Tuesday, May 4th, at 10 o'clock in front of the postoffice, Cumberland.

WANTED.—To buy a good 3 or 4 room house with large lot (½ acre) between Terra Alta and Deer Park, for cash. Price must be reasonable or no sale. Address: C, this office. 3-4t

Torturing, itching, scaly skin eruptions, burns and scalds are soothed at once and promptly healed by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the best known cure for piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. C. A. Wilt, of Salisbury, Pa., was in Oakland last Saturday and whilst here bought the Wilmot lands, consisting of nearly a thousand acres, at trustee's sale, for the sum of $5,000.

E. E. Turner, of Compton, Mo., writes us that after suffering from piles for seventeen years, he completely cured them by using three boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cures eczema and severe skin diseases. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. William Hinebaugh, who has been suffering for two or three months with a tumor under his chin, was taken to the Maryland General Hospital in Baltimore last night by his son, Dr. Mahlon C. Hinebaugh, for treatment.

It is surprising what a "wee bit of a thing" can accomplish. Sick headache, constipation, dyspepsias sour stomach, dizziness, are quickly banished by DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Small pill. Safe pill. Best pill. Oakland Pharmacy.

Last Sunday afternoon at the regular meeting of the Presbyterian Sunday school the following officers were chosen to serve for the ensuing year: Superintendent, Mr. S. T. Jones; assistant superintendent, Mr. Thomas Little; secretary, Mr. A. T. Matthews.

Many cases of "Grippe" have lately been cured by One Minute Cough Cure. This preparation seems especially adapted to the cure of this disease. It acts quickly, thus preventing serious complications and bad effects in which this disease often leaves the patient. Oakland Pharmacy.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement in another column of Mr. John Shartzer, who offers for sale a large amount of real estate situated in this and the adjoining county of West Virginia. Mr. Shartzer has opened an office in the Opera House and will give the real estate business special attention.

If you have ever seen a child in the agony of croup, you can appreciate the gratitude of the mothers who know that One Minute Cough Cure relieves their little ones as quickly as it is administered. Many homes in this city are never without it. Oakland Pharmacy.

Assistant Fish Commissioner A. F. George brought another large consignment of lake and brook trout to Oakland last Friday which were secured by him from the United States Fish Commissioner at Washington. The greater number of the fish were placed in the State lake near Thayerville Friday by Mr. George D. White, who has charge of it.

The Rev. W. H. Weaver, pastor of the U. B. Church, Dillsburg, Pa., recognizes the value of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and does not hesitate to tell others about it. "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," he says, "and find it an excellent medicine for colds, coughs and hoarseness." So does everyone who gives it a trial. Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Mr. Thomas Little, who recently purchased the stock of goods belonging to the firm of Hamill & Little, has become a regular advertising patron of this paper. His advertisement can be found in another column of to-day's issue and those who wish to secure bargains in any line of goods would do well to give him a call.

They are so small that the most sensitive persons take them, they are so effective that the most obstinate cases of constipation, headache and torpid liver yield to them. That is why DeWitt's Little Early Risers are known as the famous little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

Messrs. Spedden Bros. are engaged in remodeling the interior of the Oakland Pharmacy. A new prescription room has been added to the store and the counters and shelving re-arranged. The Railroad street front of the store will be torn out and a new and more modern one built. The Second street front may also be remodeled.

Americans are the most inventive people on earth. To them have been issued nearly 600,000 patents, or more than one-third of all the patents issued in the world. No discovery of science has been of greater benefit to mankind than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, or has done more to relieve pain and suffering. J. W. Vaugh, of Oakton, Ky., says: "I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea remedy in my family for several years, and find it to be the best medicine I ever used for cramps in the stomach and bowels. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The Northern Steamship Co.'s palatial passenger steamships, North-West and North-Land, will commence their semi-weekly sailings between Buffalo and Duluth June 18th. For rates and other information write to A. C. Harvey, No. 42 south 3d Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 6-1

Dr. Lorilla F. Bullard, of Mountain Lake Park, was on last Friday elected assistant physician in the female department of the Weston asylum. Dr. Bullard, who is well known around the Park and in Oakland, well deserves the position, and will enter upon her duties May 1st. This institution is probably among the largest of its kind in the world, there being at present nearly one thousand unfortunates confined within its walls.

Tuesday a number of the M. E. ministers held a meeting at the parsonage of St. Paul's M. E. church and prepared a program for the District Conference which is to be held at Newburg, West Va., June 23d. Among the ministers present were Rev. E. P. Idleman, of Deer Park; Rev. G. W. Upton, of Newburg; Rev. G. C. Shaw, of Terra Alta; Rev. N. L. Baumgardner, of Mountain Lake Park, and Rev. Arbuthnot.

Last Saturday Judge Sloan came up from Cumberland to hear argument in the injunction case instituted by Senator Ravenscroft against W. H. Malette to restrain the latter from erecting a building adjoining that of the former. The argument was made for Senator Ravenscroft by Messrs. Benj. A. Richmond, of Cumberland, and Gilmor S. Hamill, of Oakland. Mr. Malette was represented by Messrs. Peddicord & Peddicord. No decision has yet been rendered by the court.

Mrs. A. Iuveen, residing at 720 Henry St., Alton, Ill., suffered with sciatic rheumatism for over eight months. She doctored for it nearly the whole of this time, using various remedies recommended by friends, and was treated by physicians, but received no relief. She then used one and a half bottles of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which affected a complete cure. This is published at her request, as she wants others similarly afflicted to know what cured her. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

School Board Notice.

The office of the Board of School Commissioners will be open for the transaction of public business on Tuesdays and Saturdays, until further notice. 3-tf.

Easter Services.

Special easter services will be held in the several churches in Oakland on next Sunday except at the Memorial church where the regular Sunday evening services will be conducted by Rev. Engle.

In another column will be noticed a list of services in St. Paul's church.

Easter Sunday in St. Paul's M. E. Church.

Easter Sunday will be observed in this church by the following special services: 6 a. m., Easter sunrise prayer meeting held by members of the Epworth League; 10.30 a. m. morning service with special music, subject of sermon, "Resurrection Power;" 12 m. class meeting led by Rev. J. M. Davis; 2.15 p. m. a special service in the Sunday school. The annual collection for Missions will be taken in the Sunday school. An Easter souvenir will be presented to each member of the school. Parents and friends are especially invited to this session of the Sunday school; 7.15 p. m. an Easter song service; 7.45 p.m. evening preaching service. The church will be fittingly decorated for the occasion. All will receive a cordial welcome to any or all of these services.

Si Plunkard.

J. C. Lewis and his talented company of comedians, in the laughing cyclone, "Si Plunkard," will be at the Oakland Opera House Monday evening, April 19. Don't fail to see the Yankee farmer and his fun makers. Si and his Yankee farmer band will announce their arrival on the day of exhibition by a grand street parade. Watch for it and enjoy the amusement the famous band parade will offer. It's funnier than a circus.

This company just closed a successful week's engagement in Washington City and the stop here was made only at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Shartzer, the owner of the Opera House who is untiring in his efforts to give none but first-class entertainments. Seats now on sale at Oakland Pharmacy.

E. L. Lecture.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, president of Oakland District Epworth League, will deliver a lecture in the M. E. church at Hoyes Friday evening, April 16th, on Epworth League work. He will also hold the third quarterly conference for the Friendsville circuit at Hoyes on Saturday at 3 p. m., and followed by other usual services. All are cordially invited to attend.

GEN. FULLERTON'S BODY

Found Floating in the Youghiogheny River Seven Miles Below the Bridge.

The body of Gen. Joseph Scott Fullerton, of St. Louis, Mo., who was killed in the wreck of train No. 2 at the Youghiogheny river bridge, a mile and a-half west of Oakland, on Saturday, March 20th, was recovered last Friday, twenty days after the fatal accident, at a point about seven miles down the river from the scene of the wreck.

The body was observed by Mr. Joseph Kisner floating in the middle of the stream, who allowed it to pass, thinking it was some rubbish being washed down by the high waters. On second thought, however, he concluded to investigate, and jumping on a raft moored to the bank, he put out into the river and after considerable hard work succeeded in towing the body to shore where he secured it and sent a messenger to town to inform the authorities. As soon as possible Mr. C. F. Schroeder, the B. & O. agent, accompanied by Undertaker Bolden and one or two others, were driven down to the river where the remains were identified as those of Gen. Fullerton from a photograph Mr. Schroeder had in his possession.

The body of the unfortunate gentleman was entirely nude except that he had on an undershirt and a short sleeping jacket. It was in an almost perfect state of preservation owing, no doubt, to the coldness of the water. An examination of the remains revealed the fact that a number of terrible bruises had been made on the lower limbs and that the neck had been broken. On the middle finger of the left hand was found two gold rings, one set with a ruby, an emerald and a diamond, and the other a plain gold band, engraved, "M. W. H. to J. S. F., Feb. 24, 1879. Mizpah." These were removed and given in charge of Mr. Schroeder.

After caring for the body as well as could be under the circumstances it was placed in an ice box and brought to town and taken to the undertaking rooms of Messrs. Shartzer & Bolden, where it was embalmed and prepared for burial Friday night. Saturday morning the remains were placed in a plain though costly black case and shipped to Chillicothe, Ohio, the same evening on train No. 1, where the funeral occurred Sunday.

Gen. Fullerton was about seventy years of age and a remarkably well preserved man.

The Rev. George C. Wilding, D. D.

In view of the fact that this distinguished clergyman is soon to deliver his popular lecture, "The Sunset Coast," in St. Paul's M. E. church (Monday evening, April 19th) the readers of THE REPUBLICAN may be interested to know something of this worthy gentleman.

Dr. Wilding is of Welch extraction, which accounts for his remarkable volubility as a speaker, but has been so long in this country that in all his sympathies and affections he is emphatically American. Those who admire sterling worth, indomitable energy and a worthy ambition will find all of these desirable qualities in the subject of this sketch. Early thrown upon the world to do for himself, he has not only shown his ability to wrest success from apparent disaster, but has exhibited the purest wisdom, which has prompted him to attain to the highest good. Beginning at the very bottom of the ladder he has succeeded in attaining to the enviable position among men which he holds to-day.

While yet a young man working as an an humble artisan, he felt the call of God to the work of a christian minister. He accepted that call and entered the West Virginia Annual Conference of the M. E. church. By the genius of hard work and devotion to his calling he succeeded in pushing himself to the front as pulpit orator and a popular lecturer. Rev. Wilding transferred to the Puget Sound conference, where he spent some successful years in his chosen calling. Recently he removed to Jersey City, N. J., where he is now the beloved pastor at Hedding M. E. church. I feel sure the good people of Oakland will appreciate the visit of Dr. Wilding to our town and will gladly avail themselves of the opportunity to hear him speak. No admission fee will be charged at the door, but a collection will be taken at the close of the lecture to defray necessary expenses. Everybody cordially invited to come.

Appended is the full program of the evening's entertainment:

Singing by congregation.
Prayer, Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot.
Vocal solo, Dr. J. G. Robinson.
Lecture, Rev. George C. Wilding, D. D., Jersey City, N. J., subject, "The Sunset Coast."
Vocal duet, Misses Margaret Miller and Grace Loar.
Benediction, Rev. John M. Davis.

S. K. ARBUTHNOT.

THE TALK OF THE TOWN.

Every year in springtime,
Just as sure as fate,
Quite a lot of trouble
Women folks create.
All are disregarding
Wishes of the men,
For each one is bent on
Cleaning house again.

Hubby says it's useless,
Makes an awful kick—
"Freaks of foolish women
Fairly make him sick,"
Vain are all his protests,
Might as well keep mum;
Goes to work disgusted,
Feeling mighty glum.

Taking up the carpets,
Gouging out the tacks;
Now and then a recess,
Easing aching backs.
Task at last accomplished,
Rooms are badly mussed;
Woman's in her glory
Kicking up a dust.

Home come hubby hungry,
Growling like a bear
Till the meal is ready,
Then a milder air.
When the supper's over
Gladly he'd retreat,
But his wife gives orders—
Carpets he must beat.

Fiercely he belabors
Carpets he thought clean,
Dust in clouds arising
Makes a dreary scene.
Hands get weak and weaker,
Man feels almost dead,
Trembling with exhaustion
Totters off to bed.

Through a weak of worry,
That's the way it goes;
Every day adds something
To the string of woes.
Falling over buckets,
Slipping on the soap,
Treading on the points
Tacks that upward slope.

Dusting, sweeping, scrubbing,
Making queerest finds,
Putting down the carpets,
Hanging up the blinds.
But at last it's finished,
Men no more complain;
Till next cleaning season
Harmony will reign.

The County Levy.

Yesterday the Board of County Commissioners finished making the levy for the year 1897. They appropriated $13,000 for schools and provided for a number of other funds in case of contingencies. The rate of taxation will be 78 cents on the $100 for county purposes.

Grand Monument Dedication.—Excursion Rates to New York.

On the 27th of April, in the magnificent Mausoleum upon the bank of the Hudson River, Columbia will enshrine the ashes of her greatest captain. The event is one without a parallel in the history of the Nation, and the ceremonies will be of unwonted pomp, splendor and solemity. The occasion will be graced with the presence of the President, the Supreme Court, the great civil officers of the Nation and the States. The Army and Navy, the National Guard of the States, the Grand Army of the Republic and other patriotic and civic organizations will unite to form the most superb pageant ever seen in America. Many foreign nations will send special representatives and ships of war to join our own matchless fleet in majestic procession to the tomb of Grant.

For this occasion the B. & O. R. R. will sell excursion tickets at reduced rates to New York and return, from all stations of its line east of Pittsburg, Wheeling, Parkersburg, up to and including Aberdeen, Md., for all trains April 26th, valid for return until April 29th, inclusive. The rate from Baltimore will be.....$ 5.30;
Cumberland..... 10.50;
Grafton..... 12.50;
Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

Held for Court.

Tuesday evening William H. Smith and Daniel V. Dayton, two strangers, claiming Wheeling as their home, were arrested at Altamont charged with stealing a suit of clothing, a watch, $4.50 in money and some other articles, the property of Mr. R. H. West, which had been removed from his room at the West hotel, earlier in the day. The two prisoners were brought to Oakland, given a hearing and remanded to jail for a further hearing yesterday afternoon at four o'clock before Justice Sincell. At the hearing yesterday afternoon Smith confessed stealing the articles and exonerated Dayton, who was discharged. Smith was again sent to jail where he will languish until the September term of court.

Shortly after Dayton had been discharged he was again arrested by the Sheriff after a hard chase, charged with selling goods to John McRoble without a trader's license. A preliminary hearing was given him and he was sent to jail to await a further hearing this morning, when he was found guilty and sentenced to pay a fine of $25, in default of which he was sent to jail for 30 days.

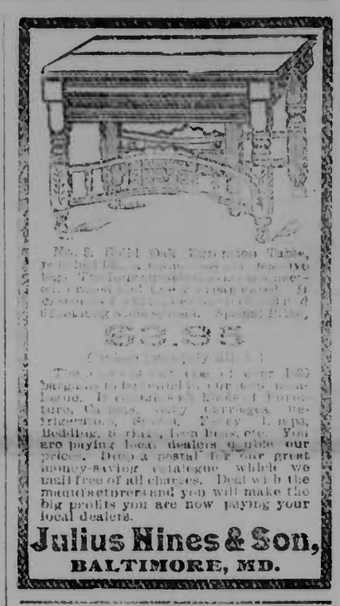

No. 6. Solid Oak Extension Table, top 36 in. square, extends 6 feet, 6 inches; massively carved; 26 in. high; 3 in. posts; 4 in. legs. Bedding at right, Lace Curtains etc. You are paying local dealers a little more prices. Drop a postal for our great money-saving catalogue which we mail free of all charges. Deal with the manufacturers and you will make the big profits you are now paying your local dealers.

Julius Hines & Son,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Normal Schools.

By reference to our advertising columns to-day it will be noticed that Prof. R. R. Sanner has been employed by the School Board to take charge of the Normal in Oakland, which will be opened on April 26th and will continue for a term of ten weeks. Prof. Sanner needs no recommendation to the people of Garrett county as his qualifications as a teacher are too well known. The school at Grantsville will be in charge of Rev. D. H. Bender, who is also a representative teacher.

Easter Services in St. Matthew's Church.

The following excellent musical program has been arranged for Easter services in St. Matthew's church at 11 a. m. Sunday, the 18th inst.:

Processional, Foundation..... Robinson.
Anthem, "Christ our Passover" Mornington.
Gloria Patri..... Robinson.
Jackson's Te Deum in F.
Benedictus..... Church Hymnal.
Hymn, Agnathea..... Roper.
Kyrie Elesion..... Elvey.
Gloria Tibi..... Shorls.
Hymn, Victory..... From Palestina.
Sermon..... by the Rector.
Offertory, Jerusalem..... Howell.
Presentation..... Humphreys.
Sanctus..... Camidge.
Gloria In Excelsis..... Old Chant.
Nunc Dimittis..... Anon.

A full choir, good music, an earnest welcome to all. Also service and sermon at 7.30 p. m.

Fish Commissioner John E. Gnagey's Report.

Fish Commissioner John E. Gnagey, of Garrett county, on Monday last submitted to Governor Lowndes his annual report. He says:

"When I assumed control, in May last the hatching season for brook trout had commenced and this species had been propagated quite extensively by my predecessor. I found upon taking charge of the State hatching houses, located in Druid Hill Park, Baltimore City, that there were 26,700 brook trout on hand ready for distribution. I at once proceeded to place them in the northern and western sections of the State, the majority being distributed in Baltimore city and Garrett conty.

"The culture of German carp has heretofore been called to the attention of the commissioners of fisheries in this State, and large numbers of this fish have been propagated and distributed among citizens, but only 2,200 were hatched during the past year at the Druid Hill Park station, and I have determined to substitute the culture of bass for them, believing that better results will be obtained and a fish of really superior food can had for the use of the people. No greater expense will attend the propagation of bass than has heretofore been incurred in the cultivation of German carp, while the difference in the two species as food fishes is, in my judgment, simply incomparable. I feel fully justified in predicting that my determination to cease the propagation of German carp will meet the hearty approval of your Excellency."

The commissioner says it is his intention during the year to propagate these fish and distribute the bass generally throughout the State. Last year, he stated, 500 small-mouthed bass were placed by the government in the Youghiogheny river and 250 in the Potomac river with excellent results. The cultivation of these fish, he says, is attended with the most gratifying success, and the supply, which is being constantly drawn upon shows no sign of diminishing, but seems to be constantly on the increase is now apparently inexhaustible. Commissioner Gnagey deems it advisable to continue the work begun by his predecessor, Mr. Browning at Deep Creek, about eight miles from Oakland, and predicts that the propagation of brook trout in native waters will be successful. The fish commissioner for the Eastern Shore is James C. Tawes.

NOW, as once, by budding leaf
And flower unfolding bright and brief,
We mark our Easter day's return.
While white the silvery tapers burn,
And chanting choirs in full accord
Salute the reigning, risen Lord!

For going on, our life grows gray
In shadow of the passed away;
The things we had, and have not, seem
The fading vision of a dream,
Dear voices hushed, dear hands ungrasped,
Dear household broken, links unclasped
That late were binding kith and kin;
Such winds of sorrow have swept in
That wide, waste spaces everywhere
Leave empty silence, bleak and bare.
Not now with starry lilies dight
We greet the Easter's morning light.

Our lilies bloom beyond the tide,
Sweet fields are on that other side,
Here meet we pain and fret and loss,
And heavy weight of rough-hewn cross.
When Easter breaks, thank God, we say,
For strength still equal to our day,
For hopes that span the road before
And love that climbs to Heaven's door.
'Tis much, if but, serene and still,
We can accept the Father's will,
And comforted, uplift our psalm,
And feel, through tears, the Easter balm.

And now, by every lowly grave,
One tender thought our fond hearts crave,
That He whose outward grave-clothes lay
Folded and fair on Easter day
May come so much our own to be
That aye His blessed company
May light like sunshine all our gloom,
And make our Easter lilies bloom
In hearts that join with full accord
The anthems to the risen Lord.
—Margaret E. Sangster, in Chicago Interior.

WON BY HER VOICE

An Easter Day Story.

VICTOR BRADNOR, capitalist, traveler, critic, man of the world and cynic, heard the ringing of the bell of the quaint colonial church, and it recalled tender memories of the days of his youth.

Following its sound he reached the edifice, which stood in the midst of a neglected graveyard full of gravestones, many of which were fallen or broken in pieces. Tangles of bush and brier were on every hand.

Entering the house of worship, which he found to be already filled, he modestly took a seat near the door and under the gallery of the choir.

The day was Easter, and the plain oaken altar bore large vases of sweet flowers, whose fragrance had stolen all over the audience room and made the air of the April morning grateful with its presence.

Soon the little organ sent forth a peal announcing a prelude, and the young man looked bored. But in a moment he assumed an attentive, rapt attitude, and ripples of glad sunshine played over his features.

A voice of marvelous sweetness rang out within the narrow walls of the sanctuary. It was full, rich, clear, divine almost, in its expression.

Bradnor thought of the angel song on the plain of Bethlehem, and closed his eyes, as though to shut out all sight lest the glorious harmonies be lost to him.

He did not think of the singer, whether old or young, nor of the triumphant words of the hymn she sang. It was her voice, so intense in its earnestness, so flutelike in its softness, yet so human, withal, that had entered his soul.

Thenceforth he had no heart for the prayers, nor the words that were read, nor the sermon that was spoken. He sat as one in a deep sleep, from which he only roused when the ineffable voice rang out in its rich cadences. Others mingled with it, but these he did not hear.

When the services were ended he slowly made his way to the village inn, where he had been stopping during the past week. There he inquired of the landlord concerning the owner of the voice.

Boniface was a fat, wheezy fellow, whose thoughts came slow and whose speech was slower. Bradnor found it necessary to repeat the question.

"She's Mrs. Kitty Travis," slowly came the reply, "wife of Tim Travis, who—"

"O, the deuce!" ejaculated the young man, as he turned disappointedly away.

The landlord stared at him with his great goggle eyes in astonishment and attempted a movement to call him back, but Bradnor had disappeared from the room. Several times during the afternoon and evening the host essayed speech with his guest, but was so halting in purpose that he never succeeded.

Bradnor took an early morning train for his home in Baltimore, and when the sun rose the hills around the little Virginia village were far behind him. But he took with him a memory of that place, fresher and sweeter and purer than the white lilies that grew in luxuriance upon either side of the roadway. It was the voice of a woman in the ivy-mantled village church.

"Confound it," he muttered, "and the owner of it is married! Yes, and doubtless gray and old and wrinkled. What have you to do with the voice of a married woman, or anything else that belongs to her, Victor Bradnor?"

Still, though he sneered and reproved himself, the voice quickened and sent out repeated melodies in the great chamber of his thoughts.

* * * * * * *

White Sulphur Springs was filled with people from all over the country and among the throngs was Victor Bradnor, who had gone thither not so much for his health as to get away from the heat of the city and the ennui that at times oppressed him.

The evening was a delightful one in August, and Bradnor was seated upon the veranda of his hotel, holding high converse with an old acquaintance he had first met at Florence, and, later, at London.

This friend was languidly telling of a misadventure he had on a gondola at Venice, in which a fair Venetian maid figured, punctuated by an involuntary bath in the blue waters, when, suddenly, Bradnor leaned his head to one side, like a dog when attentively regarding his master.

He no longer heard his friend. The firing of a cannon would not have diverted him from the object of his interest.

Again the tender chords of memory were touched and his big chest heaved like a huge bellows pumped by a smith.

The voice of the village church poured out its richness in a stream of glory, overwhelming yet inspiring him with its refreshing. The woman was singing the "Last Rose of Summer." A touch of sadness pervaded her voice, which now and then nearly quivered with emotion as she declared the solitariness of the flower and the death of its fellows. She was singing in the great hall and the liquid tones poured through the open windows.

When she had done he sighed heavily, arose and strode abruptly away from his friend, who, with mild surprise upon his countenance, likewise stood upon his feet and slowly followed after Bradnor.

The latter proceeded on his way until he reached the end of the long piazza, when he faced about and paused, upon the very brink of the broad flight of steps.

His friend drew near and was about to address him, when a party of ladies approached from within and both gentlemen moved as if to permit them to have greater freedom in passing. Bradnor, in his abstraction, stepped backward instead of forward, with the result that he lost his footing, slipped and fell heavily, rolling over until he reached the ground.

Instantly everything was in confusion. The friend, whose name was Jerlyn, ran rapidly down the steps and hastily leaned over the prostrate man, while the ladies looked anxiously on from the piazza. Other guests were quickly attracted to the spot.

THREW HIM TO THE GROUND.

"My God!" cried Jerlyn, looking upward towards the ladies, after he had touched the forehead and the wrist of Bradnor, "I am afraid the dear old fellow is dreadfully hurt."

A physician was hastily summoned, but meantime the injured man had been tenderly borne by strong arms to his bed chamber. He recovered consciousness after some moments and when a careful examination had been made the medical man declared that no bones were broken, but that a badly-sprained ankle would confine Bradnor to his bed for many days.

The young, stalwart fellow, with his six feet of height and broad shoulders, chafed under the latter sentence. He did not feel ill, although the pain was intense in his ankle. But the doctor was obdurate, declaring that most serious results would be likely to follow any attempt upon his part to arise from his bed for a week, at least.

With a groan the man turned his face away and presently fell asleep, from the effects of an opiate that had been administered in his arm.

The following morning he dozed fitfully, the effects of the drug not having worn away, but with the afternoon his intelligence returned to him. His eyes ranging over the room he saw upon his dressing case a great cluster of red roses, and for a moment he wondered who had given them to him; but the thought was an evanescent one. Perhaps he thought it was an act of Jerlyn's, who had spent the greater part of the day in his room.

Day after day, however, he observed that fresh ones were supplied to replace the others. When a week had passed, he turned suddenly upon Jerlyn and thanked him for his care and the gift of the flowers.

"Flowers, what flowers?" demanded Jerlyn, nervously. He was a little, nervous man, who spoke rapidly. "Didn't know you cared for 'em. I don't. Cabbages are much more to my taste, especially when boiled with bacon or beef."

Bradnor did not pursue the subject, but he brooded over it all the more. He had no acquaintance or friend at the Springs save Jerlyn, and he was sure the landlord had not provided them.

He was now able to sit in an easy chair and the doctor had promised that within a day or two he might, with the aid of crutches, leave his room and mingle with the guests of the hotel.

The following morning he was awake when Bridget, the chambermaid, entered his room and was surprised to see her bearing a cluster of fresh roses in her hands.

"Bridget," he said, with firmness, "come here."

The girl, somewhat trepidant, approached his bedside, still holding the flowers.

"So it is you who have been filling that vase every morning, is it?"

"Shure, sor, an' so it wor," she replied, with a courtesy.

"Yes, Bridget, now hand me that pocketbook on the table there. That is well. Now I want you to tell me who gave you the roses to bring in to me."

"Howly mither, sor, an' that I will niver be afther doin'. Mrs. Travis, the leddy, sor, thrittened me I don' know what av I sid a wurred about her, sor—"

"That will do, my girl," he said, gently, as he placed a bill in her hands. "Leave the roses here by my side and go out of the room for a little while."

"Tin dollars," cried Bridget, after reaching the hall, "an' all because I wor afther refusin' the tillin' av him who sint them! Shure the kind gintleman's gone clane deft."

Bradnor seized the cluster eagerly and let his nostrils drink in their grateful odor. While he did so the memory of the heavenly voice freshened, and he seemed to hear it sing over and over again the hymns of the Easter day service. Then he listened for the dear words of the flower song: "'Tis the Last Rose of Summer." In a deep revery he closed his eyes for several moments, after which he opened them again, laid the roses down with a profound sigh and then said, aloud:

"Victor Bradnor, you wretch, you are deeply, desperately and foolishly in love with a human voice, and that voice is the property of a married woman. Shame upon you!"

When he was permitted to go downstairs he inquired for Mrs. Travis. It would be but an act of propriety and courtesy to thank her in person for her kindness to a sick man.

She had gone away the evening before with her mother.

"The deuce take it," he said, regretfully, "am I never to see her face?"

* * * * * * *

When next Easter day came Victor Bradnor was in Rome and with thousands of others attended the magnificent services at St. Peter's, where all the pomp and circumstances of stately robes, grand processions and artistic music combined to give emphasis to this day of days in the calendar. Bradnor listened pensively to the glory-strains of organ and the rich-toned voices of the men and boys of the choir. His thoughts were far out and away in the ivy-covered Virginia church, and he felt that the music of her voice was sweeter than that of all the harmonies which echoed in St. Peter's. While the organ pealed and voices blended with it in happy acclaim of Resurrection day, he thought he could hear her divine vocalization above them all, soft and gentle withal as the zephyr at eventide.

He was glad when the services were ended, because their suggestions brought too freshly before him the recollections of the Easter day of the previous year. He felt he must go through life haunted by a voice, the owner of which he durst not look upon even should he chance to meet her, because she was the wife of another.

Passing into the outer air, he walked along aimlessly pursued by the object of his love, the voice that continued to haunt him. He was aroused out of his abstraction by a sudden scream and then another.

Just ahead of him a great burly fellow, a thievish beggar, it would seem, had seized a woman, an elegantly dressed lady, by the arm, while her companion, a young and exquisitely beautiful female, regarded the man with looks of horror upon her refined face.

Striding rapidly forward, Bradnor reached out and grasped the knave, who had not observed his approach, by the throat and threw him heavily to the ground. The rascal lay stunned for a moment, and, then reviving, gathered himself quickly together, and hurried away, muttering imprecations as he staggered along.

"We had given him money, sir," said the older of the ladies, "but he demanded more, all we had, in fact, and, and—" she was greatly excited and was so overcome that she broke fairly down.

"Many of the Roman beggars are very bold," he said, reassuringly, "but you will hear no more from him. But—here is my card," he said, drawing out his case and handing one to each. "You are Americans and I am an American also. Permit me to see you to your carriage."

"Mamma, that is Mrs. Trenton, wished us to take one, but the distance is so short and the day so lovely, headstrong, I decided we had better walk. I am Mrs. Travis, both of Ingleside, Virginia."

The owner of the divine voice! The charm of it was as sweet in conversation as in song. Bradnor, as they proceeded on their way, regarded her furtively from time to time.

Mrs. Trenton knew of the Bradnors, of Baltimore, and invited Victor to call upon them. This he readily agreed to do.

One day he thanked Mrs. Travis for the roses she had sent him. Then she blushed crimson.

"Why, Mr. Bradnor, what must you have thought of my boldness? I did not know your name and really thought you were the old gentleman—your friend so spoke of you when you lay upon the ground."

Bradnor laughed heartily. He and the owner of the voice had become much better acquainted by this time.

More than this, he had learned from her mother that she was a bride of an hour only, her husband having been killed in a railroad accident within less than the time named, after the marriage ceremony had been performed. The girl-wife escaped uninjured and returned with his dead body from what had been intended to be a happy and extended tour. This was four years ago, and Kitty was now 22.

"The deuce take it!" murmured Bradnor, when the mother told him, "that was what that confounded landlord was trying to tell me."

They remained at Rome two months, and Bradnor was almost continually with them. He met them at Paris, and at London. The grace and charm of the young woman were equal to the melody of her voice, and—well, when the next Easter rolled around Kitty Bradnor sat by the side of her husband in the little ivy-covered church, where, as he afterward declared, she sang more divinely than ever.

WILLIAM ROSSER COBBE.

EASTER TRIUMPH.

A Fresh Impetus Given to the Upward Aspirations of Mankind.

The passing of the severe season is the signal for undisguised triumph in external nature. Sky and sun, and mead and crag, are lighted up with a new fire. It is the feast of the sun, the yearly awakening of the myriad sleeping beauties—the running of the sap, the coloring of the leaf and the flower, the return of life and strength and myriad activities.

Man's Easter is at one with that of nature and with the Divine who is risen. The ancient church ranks the resurrection as the first and primal basis of her claim. For if He is not risen there is no shadow of right in Christianity as a Divine institution. But, on the other hand, all men are risen with Him. The world rose very great and strong on that Easter morning when Love came back from the tomb with a message of hope and a proof and assurance of the faith of the chosen few.

Ever since Easter triumphs have multiplied, rising is the new order. Excelsior is the schoolboy's motto. Full-grown ambition sees nothing in the way of his attaining the greatest honor or the highest station—except lack of opportunity and unfavorable circumstances. The primeval downward in man comes back now only as an atavism that is out of place and out of date. In the aspiring of an ill-judged pursuit of greatness or success, the bad trait of some long dead ancestor comes back to pull down, instead of building up. The general tendency, however, is upward. We believe a fresh impetus was given to it on the first Easter when the women waited for Him to come back—the Light of Hope from the sightless eyes of death. There is no more darkness or death, but light and life.—Collier's Weekly.

Easter.

Across the winter's gloom
There falls a golden ray,
And from each wildflower's tomb
The stone is rolled away.

Once more to life and love
The buds and leaves of spring
Come forth and hear above
The birds like angels sing.

In every wood and field
Behold the symbol shown.
The mystery revealed,
The majesty made known!

Christ, who was crucified,
Is risen! Lo, the sign!
The earth at Easter-tide
Touched by His hand divine!
—Frank Dempster Sherman, in Youth's Companion.

His Easter Offering.

I dare not offer her a hat,
On things mundane I may not feast her,
And so I have decided that
I'll offer her myself at Easter.
—Detroit Free Press.

When He Was Frightened.

"Yes," said the retired army officer, "I can recall two occasions when I was most terribly frightened."

"Oh!" exclaimed the romantic young lady, "do tell me about them. I suppose it happened when you were fighting the Indians."

"No," he replied, "one time was when I was married, and the other time was when we had our baby christened."—Cleveland Leader.

AN OLD QUESTION.

She—Pfwin did this great money question start?

He—Pfwin Eve asked Adam for her weekly allowance.—Detroit Free Press.

They Can't Do So.

The Chicago girl's worthy of our bravest defense;
From her hat to her shoe she is simply immense.
And we're happy to notice the failure, complete,
Of jokers who've tried to belittle her feet.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

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WHERE DUTY CALLED.

"Hello, Mary, old girl! Didn't see you at the culture club last night."

"No, there was an important meeting of the house committee at the Panta Club."

Immaterial to Him.

Servant—I've been everywhere, Mr. Smith, and I can't find a single goose.

Mr. Smith—Well, I don't care anything about its matrimonial condition. Get a married goose, then.—Demorest's Magazine.

Division of Labor.

She ran for office and swept everything
Before her, as all the world knows.
Behind her? Well, in her home, at least,
Her husband sweeps, I suppose.
—Town Topics.

HOOK TITLE ILLUSTRATED.

"Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush."—Up-to-Date.

The Greek to His Girl.

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Let me have your marble heart;
When I fight upon the field,
It will make a first-class shield.
—Chicago Record.

Up to Date.

"Why, Frankie, what are you reading in that book about bringing up children?"

"I'm just looking to see whether I'm being properly brought up."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Educated Himself.

Dissatisfied Purchaser — I thought you said this dog was trained.

Former Owner—So he is.

Purchaser—What is his specialty?

Former Owner — Killing sheep—he trained himself.—Harlem Life.

Might Be Overlooked.

"I would not marry a woman who did not know how to cook."

"Oh, I might overlook a little thing like that, if she had money enough to pay my board."—Indianapolis Journal.

Certainly.

Prisoner—If your honor will allow me a little time I think I can prove my innocence.

Magistrate—All right; take 30 days.—Philadelphia North American.

Flannigan Wanted to Know.

Flannigan—I met a man last week, and, bedad, I'd have sworn it was yourself.

O'Toole—And wasn't it?

Flannigan—Niver a bit! But he was your very image, barrin' he was a thrifle gray. I suppose, now, ye haven't such a thing as a twin brother a few years older than yourself?—Tit-Bits.

Easily Remedied.

Clerk—We haven't anything but this inferior quality of coffee left.

Groceryman—Well, we'll have to make the best of it.

So the clerk took down the sign "30 cents per pound," and put up "60 cents a pound" in place of it.—N. Y. Journal.

Straining After the Bizarre.

"Some men will go to almost any length for the sake of being eccentric."

"Yes, indeed; there's Browning, for instance."

"What's his freak?"

"Won't ride a wheel."—Chicago Journal.

Poor Indeed.

"Those folks next door must be distressingly hard up."

"Why, have you been inspecting their clothes line?"

"No; but not a member of the whole family has a '97 wheel."—Detroit Free Press.

The Power of Realism.

"How do you find it possible to act that role of the persecuted wife so naturally?" asked the reporter.

"It isn't very difficult," replied the great actress. "The villain is my real husband."—Tit-Bits.

Too Dangerous.

"No, no; I wouldn't dare to have my husband help when we move."

"Why not?"

"He's a railway porter, you know, and he'd forget, and think he was handling passengers' luggage." — Tit-Bits.

New Woman vs. Old.

Our sisters on "careers" are set;
Our grandames danced the minuet.
Our sisters for their brains we praise,
Then sadly dream of "Good old days."
—N. Y. Truth.

Cause Hell.

"Why does Mrs. Van Meter hate Mrs. McMasters so cordially?"

"Somebody told her they looked enough alike to be sisters."—Chicago Journal.

A Rural Delusion.

He—How did you discover that she was from the country?

She—I overheard her saying that city people didn't know or care anything about their neighbors.—Brooklyn Life.

Ought to Be Thankful.

Critic—Where did you get the idea for that picture?

Painter—Out of my head.

Critic—You must be glad that it is out!—Tit-Bits.

His Belief.

"Do you think opals are unlucky?" inquired the superstitious man.

"Yes," was the reply, "my wife wants one, and it's going to cost me $50."—Washington Star.

TOUCHING THOUGHTS.

He—Whenever I run across Joe it brings back most touching thoughts.

She—Why, how is that?

"He has never returned the money he borrowed from me two years ago."—N. Y. Times.

A Valuable Man.

"We pay our minister $2,500 a year."

"Ours gets $4,000."

"Has he ever been tried for heresy?"

"No, but he says eyether and nyther."—N. Y. World.

Another Version.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"It's none of your business, sir," she said.
—Chicago Tribune.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE RIDE TO DREAMTOWN.

Listen, my darling! Low and clear
The sound of the Sleepland bell I hear.
It is calling, calling, from far away,
Through the twilight falling still and gray.
Fairy music its sweet voice seems,
As it bids you away to the land of dreams.

There's a good steed waiting, my dear, to bear
My little one where the dream-elves are.
Mount it, my darling, and ride away
Through the starry twilight, still and gray;
It will carry you safely o'er hill and lea,
This trusty charger of mamma's knee!

Mount and away, with a good-night kiss.
Was ever so gentle a steed as this?
It ambles softly where roads are rough;
A touch of your unspurred foot's enough
To set it galloping fast and free.
Was ever a steed like a mother's knee?

We are half-way over the road, my dear.
The stars are out and the way is clear,
And galloping, galloping, on we go,
Till the drowsy plains we have crossed, and lo!
The gleam of the Dreamtown lights we see.
What steed so swift as a mother's knee?

The gates swing open and we ride through.
What a host of children ahead of you!
Big ones and little ones, dark and fair—
They have come to Dreamtown from everywhere!
I wonder, darling—find out for me!—
If they all rode over on mother's knee.
—Eben E. Rexford, in Youth's Companion.

SCIENCE FOR CHILDREN.

How to Conduct Two Very Interesting and Amusing Experiments.

The air you breathe seems to be a very simple thing, but you may learn something new about it in the first experiment we will try. Procure a plate, a tumbler and a good-sized piece of tissue or other thin paper. After setting the plate on the table, pour water into it until it is full up to the first rim. Crumple the paper into a loose ball, place it in the middle of the plate of water and set its top on fire. Then quickly cover it with the tumbler, as shown at Fig. No. 1 and you will see the water rush up into it from the plate. Here is the explanation of this curious effect: You all know that there is something called oxygen in the air. Fire changes this oxygen into carbonic acid gas, which does not take up nearly as much space as does the oxygen, so, if there is no opening through which more air can get into the tumbler, there is left a vacuum. Now, nature abhors a vacuum—of this you will find many proofs when you grow older and study

FIGURE NO. 1.

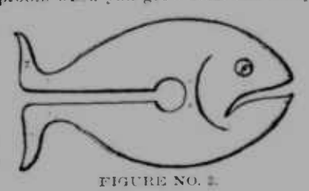

FIGURE NO. 2.

the science which treats of these things—so she fills it up with the first thing at hand. In this case it is the water, which is forced up into the space by the pressure of the outside air.

The remaining illustrations show a trick that is also of a scientific nature. The fish shown at Fig. 2 is to be cut from cardboard or very heavy paper. Perhaps mamma will lend you a dish which you can fill with water to make a pond for your fish to swim in. Lay the fish down upon the water so

FIGURE NO. 3.

that he will float upon its surface, taking care not to let his upper side get wet. The trick is to make him move on the water without blowing upon or touching him. You can let your friends puzzle about how to do this, and then show your superior wisdom by dropping one drop of oil into the round opening at the center of the fish, upon which he will move forward, for oil spreads, and in doing so in this case it will have to spread down the groove running toward the tail of the fish and so will push him forward by itself pushing the other way.—Butterick's Delineator.

FUNNY MOUSE TRAP.

Clever Girl Catches Seven Rodents in a Sewing Machine.

This is a story of how a sewing machine became a mouse trap. Miss Boutcher, of Federal street, below Seventh, is particularly fond of cake, and has got into the habit of eating it while running her sewing machine. Every night she would leave some under the lid. For the past few mornings she has been missing much of her cake, and naturally blamed her little brother for taking it. Her brother, however, always resented the charge and declared his innocence. The other night Miss Boutcher left quite a large quantity of cake on the machine and concealed herself to watch the thief. When everything was quiet she heard a scratching noise and then saw a very small mouse climbing up the strap of the machine, which connects the lower wheel with the upper one. The first mouse had hardly disappeared through the small hole through which the strap is run when another appeared and followed its predecessor. This performance was repeated six times by as many mice. Miss Boutcher hastily plugged up the hole through which the little thieves had entered, and with the assistance of her brother carried the machine into the kitchen. Five cats were quickly obtained from willing neighbors and the lid was lifted. Only one mouse escaped.—Philadelphia Record.

PIANO MADE OF PINS.

Any Boy or Girl Can Make and Play a Pinnetta.

Have you a cigar box, a bit of tissue paper, a paper of pins and a tack hammer? Well, that's all you need to make a pinnetta, and I'm sure the pleasure and amusement it will afford you and your friends will amply repay you for the trouble.

First you take the box and nail down the lid, then cover the whole box with bright colored paper so that it will look pretty. Then tack the pins along the edges of the bottom of the box. You must be very careful in the pounding of the pins, for this is the difficult part of the work.

Have your sister or somebody sing the soprano part of any song you like, note by note. Perhaps, unless the

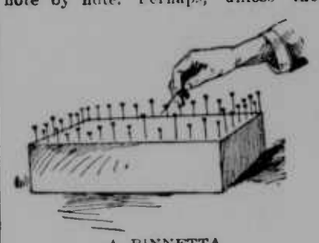

A PINNETTA.

singer has a perfectly true voice you had better use some instrument to tune your pinnetta by. Use new, straight pins, and pound them in until they sound exactly like the singing, just as a violin is tuned with a piano. The deeper the pins are driven the higher the sound. If a very high note is desired, small black pins are best and for bass notes large needles are best, but common pins can be used for all. A very little difference in the depth of the driving makes a great difference in the sound. Suppose you want to play "Two Little Girls in Blue." You sing the first word, "an," and drive the first pin in until it keys exactly with it, then the second word "old" and tune with the second pin, and so on to the end, placing the pins about a quarter of an inch apart or closer.

Holding the box firmly in your left hand, or better, placing it on a table, you take a long pin in your right hand and run the point along the middle of the pins in the box as they stand upright. You should run the pin in your hand according to the time the piece is written in.

The pinnetta can be made in perfect tune, played in perfect time and has a clear, sweet sound like water running over stones. If you possess any musical talent you can make the accompaniment of chords on another box and have a very pretty duet.

Anyone can make and play a pinnetta.—Chicago Record.

A REMARKABLE CAT.

It Picks the Strings of a Banjo and Plays the Piano.

Randolph Blanel, of Mount Vernon, was seated in his library one evening several weeks ago when he heard a curious sound in the parlor below. The rest of the family had gone to bed. The sound was rather musical, being a humming in various notes, broken by little twangs. Mr. Blanel went downstairs softly and peered into the parlor. There in the moonlight which shone on the piano top he saw the house cat, a big black tom, called Steal.

Steal was sitting on his haunches beside the banjo which Mr. Blanel's boy Rob usually plays. Steal had learned that by touching the strings with his paws he could make them sound. It was remembered afterward that the cat always came into the room when Rob played, but that was supposed to have been because the boy made a great pet of him.

Blanel watched the cat, and says he saw Steal pick the strings, first touching the fourth, then the third, the second and the first. Blanel tip-toed his way back upstairs and listened to the cat's playing for over an hour, when it ceased. Soon afterward Steal came running upstairs, lay down before the grate fire, and went to sleep.

Since that night the cat has gone regularly to the banjo every night at about 11 or 11:30 o'clock and picked away at the strings, manifesting his delight by purring loudly. The cat has been seen also picking at a guitar's strings, the instrument having been left in the banjo's place purposely. The cat does what many other cats do, running up and down the keys of the piano. Rob Blanel says, however, that Steal has a more delicate piano touch than other cats.—N. Y. Sun.

Story of a Wise Cat.

There is in the treasury department at Washington a cat that understands English perfectly. His name is Tom, and when addressed he will quickly respond, even waking out of a sound sleep to go toward the speaker. Sometimes, to confuse him, the clerks will sing out some word or words in which the syllable Tom is emphasized, and to that he pays no attention. But let anyone call: "Tom, it's dinner time!" and forthwith he walks across the room, reaches up with his paws to a tin pail, claws it down and comes bringing it in his mouth. Tom is passionately fond of music. At the cry of "Hand organ!" he climbs to a high window seat, but at the words "Here's a dog!" he slinks under a desk.

Value of the Swallow.

The food of the swallow is composed of insects alone, and the number these birds destroy in a single summer is incalculable. They are in summer on the wing for fully 16 hours during the day, and the greater part of the time making havoc among the millions of insects which infest the air.

Guard Your Lips.

If your lips
Would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care—
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.
—Brooklyn Eagle.

FARM AND GARDEN.

BALLING OF QUEENS.

How to Release the Captive Insects Without Injuring Them.

When a queen is balled you'll find a bunch of bees as big as a hickory nut or larger that seem to cling together in a very solid manner. You can't pull the bees apart, and you may roll the ball over and over, says Texas Farm and Ranch.

If a strange queen is thrown into a hive she is usually balled, and, as nearly as we can make out, the process is something like this: The bees seize the queen at various points till she is entirely surrounded; then other bees seize the ones that have hold of the queen, and in this position they remain fixed for hours, until the queen is dead. If a strange worker is thrown into the hive she isn't treated the same as a queen, and nothing but a queen is ever balled. The worker may be bitten or stung, but never balled.

The balling bees generally make a hissing sound, unlike the noise they make at any other time. Whether that proceeds from anger, or what, we do not know. Sometimes bees will ball their own queen, usually for the sake of protecting her. In the middle of a ball of her own bees it certainly seems she ought to be safe from foes. You cannot pull the bees apart so as to free the queen, and if you should succeed in getting some of the bees away or should manage to get the queen loose the bees will immediately seize her again. Perhaps the quickest way to get the queen free is to throw the ball into cold water. The little miscreants will scramble to get out of the water as lively as they can, and at once seem to forget all about the queen, leaving her to her own fate. Water is not always at hand, and you can blow smoke upon the ball. If you blow hot smoke upon them, as usually you will if you hold the nozzle close enough, you will at once seal the queen's doom, for the bees will promptly sting her; but if you hold the smoke at a distance and keep up a strong stream of cool smoke the bees will soon conclude they want to find some place with a purer atmosphere.

HOMEMADE BROODER.

Good Thing to Have Where Chicks Are Raised by Wholesale.

One of the principal things in keeping chicks alive in brooders is the heating, and keeping of them clean. The brooder portrayed below has been successfully used several years, is heated with an oil gas stove and has a hot water circulation. The oil gas stove is at

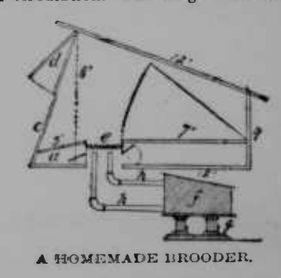

A HOMEMADE BROODER.

g, water tank f, and the hot water pipes a h are so laid as to allow of outflow and return of water. The hot water pipes are directly below the sawdust-covered top (e). Dimensions are 4 feet in rear, 8 feet in front and 12 feet for length of roof, including eaves, while the full length of the floor space is 12 feet. The windows d open out for ventilation and are 8 feet long; the windows c are 3 feet long and open in. The covers of the coops consist of light frames with 1½ inch netting. A door closes off either coop during cold weather, to keep the hens in either one coop. The tops of the brooders (e) over the hot water pipes, are covered with a good coat of sawdust to keep in the heat. Besides the door at the sides of the brooder, there is a heavy fringe to keep in the heat.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Why Horses Like Oats.

It is not accidental that oats, the grain which, next to whole wheat, is best for furnishing growth to the muscles, should have always been the favorite food for horses. They are better than wheat for all animals except man, and as good also for man, if properly prepared. It is the large proportion of hull which makes oats superior for horse feed, as the hull distends the nutriment and prevents it from competing and heating in the stomach. Oat grain not only contains a large amount of nitrogenous nutriment, but it has besides a certain stimulative substance, which is peculiar to the oat.—Rural World.

Grain for Spring Feeding.

At present low prices for grain it is cheaper, so far as nutritive value is concerned, than any other kind of forage. Part of this cheapness consists in the greater ease with which grain, if fed in moderation, can be digested. This is especially true of spring feeding. As the time approaches for turning stock out to grass they should have some kind of succulent food given with the grain ration. After winter's freezing and thawing, dry feed, whether hay or cornstalks, becomes dry and woody instead of having some of the juices it had when put up the previous fall

How to Unite Swarms.

Dr. C. C. Miller in Gleanings in Bee Culture says what is to be done to unite swarms is to hive a swarm in a hive in which another swarm has been hived. If you have any choice as to queens, kill the poorer, but if you have no choice the bees will settle the matter to their own satisfaction. If the swarms are small there will be a decided gain in uniting; but if the swarms are large it is not so advisable to unite. Unite two large swarms and by the next spring you will have no more bees in the hive than each would have had if you had hived them separately.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

On the Verge of a Total Collapse.

The Wear and Tear Incident to the Life of a Traveling Salesman Very Often Results Seriously.

From the Press, Cleveland, Ohio.

J. H. Whann, who lives in suite No. 20 in the Body block, corner of Payne and Wilson Avenues, Cleveland, Ohio, had suffered for months from nervous prostration and extreme nervousness. His nervous system had become undermined by irregular habits, and he was reduced to the verge of total prostration. Mr. Whann is no longer a traveling salesman, that occupation was fraught with too much danger to his health, and he abandoned it. At present he is connected with the Mahoning Coal Company, and has charge of a mine three miles distant from Alliance, Ohio, and there he spends most of his time.

"Traveling salesmen have to put up with a great many inconveniences when they are on the road," said Mr. Whann. "Meals, sleep and rest, are often irregular, and these causes unsettle one's nerves. I was rapidly approaching a point where I would become a nervous wreck unless I employed extreme measures. I found it almost impossible to read or write for a period longer than a few minutes. I would pick up a newspaper with the intention of glancing over the news of the day. In five or ten minutes I would have to lay the paper aside and get up and walk around to quiet my nerves. It was the same thing when I did any writing. I could write for a few minutes and then have to give it up, as my hands would become shaky and my whole body and mind in a quiver.

"This nervousness brought on severe headaches; it also brought a loss of sleep, all of which combined to gradually break down my health. I became run down and lost my appetite and performed my duties with no heart whatever. My friends recommended one medicine or another, and one of them suggested Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I bought a few boxes and followed the directions regarding their use. They restored my nerves to their normal and natural condition; they drove away the violent headaches and insomnia, and made me feel like a man who enjoyed life. I am now at times troubled with a headache while superintending the work at the mine, but the pills quickly and effectively dissipate it."

Mrs. Whann, too, is very enthusiastic in her praise of the pills. She has used them for headache and nervousness, and has recommended them to many of her friends.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restored shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after affect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

NEW STREET SPRINKLER.

Brussels Streets Wet with a Dilute Disinfectant of Carbolic Acid.

Brussels has inaugurated after much experiment a system of sprinkling its streets with a diluted disinfectant, the efficacy of which has been promptly made apparent by the prevention of such another epidemic of upthous stomatitis as occurred in Belgium a few years ago. Consul Roosevelt, who reports on the matter to the state department, says that while few sporadic cases of this disease, an inflammation of the mouth, are now reported in Belgium, an epidemic exists in Holland. During January it was reported in 830 cattle stables distributed over 110 communes, the number of cattle infected aggregated over 11,000. It is believed that the disinfection system adopted in Brussels has prevented the spread of the disease to Belgium. It is a simple affair, a cylindrical reservoir of a carbolic compound being attached to the ordinary watering apparatus. It was devised by the director of the municipal slaughter house and used for the past four years around the market, courts and yards of that establishment with such success that it has been extended to the city at large.

He—"I see that in making champagne the grapes are squeezed six times or more." She—"Isn't that nice?"—Yonkers Statesman.

With a rub or two lumbago is often cured by St. Jacobs Oil. Small cost, big profits.

A man is usually bald four or five years before he knows it.

As it certainly cures it, St. Jacobs Oil is the Master Cure for rheumatism.

No man has a good appetite if he can wait patiently for his dinner.—Atchison Globe.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets candy cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made.

If a man works hard and gets along, lazy people say he is "lucky."

He—"Miss Bellacour claims to belong to a very old family." "Well, she's justified. There are six of those girls, and the youngest of them must be at least 35."—Cleveland Leader.

A little girl who had occasion to "just run across the street," doubled up her mother's shawl and drew it across her shoulders. As she ran, she tripped and fell. "Don't cry, sissy," said a sympathetic man. "Who's going to?" was the sharp reply. "I guess when a little girl has her mother's shawl on, she's not going to let anybody know she's hurt."

When Alice was asked: "Is your mother's hair gray?" she touchingly testified to the drudgery of her mother's life, by replying: "I don't know, I'm sure; she's too tall for me to see the top of her head, and she never sits down!"

A Man of Mark.—"There goes a man who is one in a thousand." "What gives him such distinction?" "He is clerk in a department store."—Chicago Record.

A woman's happiness is never quite complete until she is in position to tell of a time when she was so ill that the doctor never left the house all day.—Atchison Globe.

"Does your husband sympathize with the Greeks?" "He does indeed; he has named two of our new pups Alpha and Omega."—Chicago Record.

She—"Did you have any trouble in getting papa to listen to you?" He—"Not a bit. I began by telling him I knew of a plan whereby he could save money."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"How did Nell Glynn look in her new ball dress?" she asked. "I don't know," he replied; "but the large majority of her that was out of it looked stunning."—Cleveland Leader.

"What I want to know is this," remarked the red man, whose English bothered him not a little: "If I should pawn a belt of wampum, would I be the pawner or the pawnee?" The living skeleton at his right mistook his remark for a joke and made a strenuous effort to hit him with his foot.

THAT SPLENDID COFFEE.

Mr. Goodman, Williams County, Ill., writes us: "From one package Salzer's German Coffee Berry I grew 300 pounds of better coffee than I can buy in stores at 30 cents a pound."

A package of this and big seed catalogue is sent you by the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., upon receipt of 15 cents stamps and this notice. [K]

Some very harsh things have been said of the sin of loafing, but no one can successfully dispute that loafing is very pleasant.—Atchison Globe.

An Interesting Item.

By reason of its mileage and location, the Texas & Pacific Railway is the most important of all railway lines in Texas. It traverses the Lone Star State from East to West, through the most progressive towns, great forests of pine, and the broad prairies and well-kept farms, affording the most beautiful scenery all along the line. No other line affords such opportunities for the home seeker or investor to see and enjoy Texas. Cheap lands for all. Low rate Home Seekers' Excursion Tickets on sale at all points in Texas and Louisiana February 16th, March 2nd and 16th, April 6th and 20th, May 4th and 18th.

For a handsomely illustrated book fully describing the wonderful State of Texas, conceded to be the finest publication issued in recent years, send eight cents postage to Gaston Meslier, Gen'l Pass'r & Tkt. Agt., Dallas, Tex.

He—"Why are you so sad, darling?" She—"I was just thinking, dearest, that this is the last evening we can be together till tomorrow."—Comic Cuts.

The Crescent Hotel, Eureka Springs, Arkansas, Opened March 1, 1897.

It is a modern, stone, fireproof hotel, located in heart of Ozark Mountains, Northwest Arkansas; climate mild and bracing; scenery wild and beautiful; waters unequalled for purity and medicinal qualities. Rates reasonable. Excursion tickets on sale. Through sleepers via St. L. & S. F. R. R.

Write Geo. T. Nicholson, G. P. A., Frisco Line, St. Louis, Mo., or Manager Hotel, Eureka Springs.

When a man ships he always stops to look at the place where he shipped.—Atchison Globe.

Homeseekers' Excursion Tickets.

On February 15th and 16th, March 1st, 2d, 15th and 16th, April 5th, 6th, 19th and 20th, May 3rd, 4th, 17th, and 18th, 1897, Homeseekers' excursion tickets will be sold by the Cleveland, Akron & Columbus R'y., to nearly every point in the West, North and Northwest, South and Southwest at rates of about one fare for the round trip.

Parties contemplating a trip will do well to see or write to any C. A. & C. R'y. agent for rates of fare, limits of tickets and full information, or, to the undersigned. C. F. Daly, General Passenger Agent, Cleveland, O.

For a world in which there is nothing new under the sun there are a lot of discoverers.—Truth.

The B. & O. S.-W. Ry., commencing Sunday, January 24th, will inaugurate on trains No. 4 and 5, a through Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car line between Baltimore and Chicago, via Cincinnati and Indianapolis.

This will enable the patrons of the B. & O. S.-W. Ry. to make the above named points without the inconvenience of changing cars.

For time of trains and further information call on agents B. & O. S.-W. Ry.

"Is the sail the only thing that guides a ship?" asked the green passenger. "No," said the mate; "there are rudders."—Indianapolis Journal.

Fortune Seeking Emigrants.

Many a poor family that seeks the western wilds in the hope of winning a fortune, is preserved from that insidious foe of the emigrant and frontiersman—chills and fever—by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. So effectually does that incomparable medicinal defense fortify the system against the combined influence of a malarious atmosphere and miasma-tainted water, that protected by it the pioneer, the miner or the tourist provided with it, may safely encounter the danger.

The man who falls on a banana skin once will have sympathy, but he will only make fun for the boys the next time he lands on his back.—Ram's Horn.

Like Oil Upon Troubled Waters is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar upon a cold. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Birds are supposed to have, in common with all living creatures, certain reasoning faculties, and yet they are the most flighty.

There are no excuses not to use St. Jacobs Oil for bruises.

The man who rides a hobby thinks nobody else is making any headway.

All sorts of aches and pains—nothing better than St. Jacobs Oil. It cures.

A jury of ravens would not be long in deciding that a linnet could not sing.

The proof of it is thousands say St. Jacobs Oil cured us of neuralgia.

No old girl should have the nerve to crimp her hair in the back.

A GREAT deal of nonsense has been written—and believed, about blood purifiers. What purifies the blood? " " "

THE KIDNEYS PURIFY THE BLOOD

AND THEY ALONE.

If diseased, however, they cannot, and the blood continually becomes more impure. Every drop of blood in the body goes through the kidneys, the sewers of the system, every three minutes, night and day, while life endures.

Warner's Safe Cure

puts the kidneys in perfect health, and nature does the rest.

The heavy, dragged out feeling, the bilious attacks, headaches, nervous unrest, fickle appetite, all caused by poisoned blood, will disappear when the kidneys properly perform their functions.

There is no doubt about this. Thousands have so testified. The theory is right, the cure is right and health follows as a natural sequence.

Be self-convinced through personal proof.

THREE DOLLARS. Estab. 1883. THREE DOLLARS.

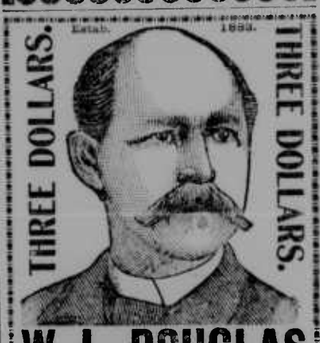

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE ..BEST.. IN THE WORLD

For 14 years this shoe, by merit alone, has distanced all competitors.

Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers as the best in style, fit and durability of any shoe ever offered at $3.00.

It is made in all the LATEST SHAPES and STYLES and of every variety of leather.

One dealer in a town given exclusive sale and advertised in local paper on receipt of reasonable order. Write for catalogue to W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

The popping of a cork from a bottle of Hires is a signal of good health and pleasure. A sound the old folks like to hear—the children can't resist it.

HIRES Rootbeer

is composed of the very ingredients the system requires. Aiding the digestion, soothing the nerves, purifying the blood. A temperance drink for temperance people.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Phila. A package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

Weeks Scale Works,

HAY, COAL, STOCK, GRAIN, AND COTTON SCALES. BUFFALO, N.Y.

A. N. K.—C 1651

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

Pistols and Pestles.

The duelling pistol now occupies its proper place, in the museum of the collector of relics of barbarism. The pistol ought to have beside it the pestle that turned out pills like bullets, to be shot like bullets at the target of the liver. But the pestle is still in evidence, and will be, probably, until everybody has tested the virtue of Ayer's sugar coated pills. They treat the liver as a friend, not as an enemy. Instead of driving it, they coax it. They are compounded on the theory that the liver does its work thoroughly and faithfully under obstructing conditions, and if the obstructions are removed, the liver will do its daily duty. When your liver wants help, get "the pill that will,"

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

CANDY CATHARTIC **Cascarets** CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER

10¢ 25¢ 50¢ ALL DRUGGISTS

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 917.4

The Republican.

BENJ. R. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN is published every Thursday morning at the following rates:

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md

THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1897.

Cheap Confederate Money.

A southern firm advertises 15 varieties of Confederate bills for 25 cents, also a "rare collection of 50 different bill and shinplasters for only $2." Apparently the firm has millions of dollars worth of this money cheap.

What a pity that our old fogy constitution is in the way! But for it the cheap money advocates in any state where they have a majority could buy up this whole Confederate outfit and start a business at once. The amount of prosperity and business that could be extracted from this old paper mine would depend upon the size (population) of the state fortunate enough to secure the monetary outfit.

For instance, it would probably give Nevada more than $1,000 per capita and would at once transform her from one of the poorest to one of the wealthiest of states. Instead of sagebrush and prizefights she would teem with granaries and warehouses. Down with a constitution which prevents state home rule in monetary affairs and the manifold blessings of cheap money!

Mexico's President.

Mr. Charles F. Lummis, in the course of the interesting paper on the subject of Mexico that he is contributing to *Harpers Magazine*, deals in this month's issue with the personality and career of Gen. Porfiro Diaz, terming the General, a little extravagantly perhaps, "the greatest figure, and unquestionably the most romantic, in the world's history this half century." Diaz is a man of notable preference—five feet eight in height, erect as the Indian, a fine combination of unusual physical strength, and still more unusual grace, with the true Indian trunk and the muscular European limbs. His features and expression are essentially of Spain, full of repose and marked by a certain hauteur, but otherwise he reflects his outdoor ancestry. Diaz reminded Mr. Lummis somewhat of Bismark in the thoroughness of the information he possessed about Mexico, just as the Iron Chancellor knows everything about Germany, and can give information concerning any branch of the Government without hesitation. The Mexican General has also a direct and he said frankly, in speaking of the rescue of Mexico from its former condition of intermittent anarchy to its present peace: "It needed something of the strong hand. But every year it could relax. Now, although there are some who do not love Porfirio, all love peace. So the list is wide open. There is full liberty—free schools, free ballot, free press. They may do what they will so they do not fire a gun at me."

Diaz was born in the city of Oaxaca on September 15, 1830. His father was of Asturian stock, which came to Mexico in the first years of the conquest. His mother was of pure aboriginal blood, her grandmother having been a Mexteca. The first taste of war experienced by Diaz was under Herrera in the revolt against Santa Anna, and in the revolution which ended in the expulsion of that usurper young Diaz became Mayor of Ixtlan. Here he amused himself drilling the half-naked Indians on Sundays; but after a while he resigned his post and became captain in the National Guard.

Mr. Lummis relates with unstinted admiration the military career of Diaz which he says reads rather like a chapter from the Crusades than anything we can realize as modern American. "Probably no other ruler since the Lion Heart has run such a gamut. Hero of more than fifty battles—and not by heliograph, but at the head of his men—ablaze with decorations when in full dress, but not enough medals to cover one apiece the scars that earned them; leader of desperate charges and defender of forlorn hopes; half a dozen times prisoner and as often escaping by the narrowest hazards; forty years in service, and almost all of it uphill on grades that might have daunted Sisyphus—it is a wonderful story between the orphan boy of Oaxaca and the head of modern Mexico."

Notwithstanding his supreme power Diaz has withstood temptations and has always been a man of the strictest habits. He has no vices, but is abstemious, methodical, tireless, working with remarkable dispatch a long day, yet scrupulous that not even the nation shall quite rob his family of him; early to bed and early to rise; always busy, but never hurried; a superb rider and a great walker—the private life of this remarkable man, says his enthusiastic admirer, is as wholesome as his administration, and has broadly aided it.

The people seem to love Diaz, although it was not so at first, nor for a long time. The iron hand had much to do with the change, as well as the clear head and the clean record. His wife, too, has won the affection of the people—"Carmelita," as she is lovingly called by all Mexico. "To the social charm of a high-bred Spanish woman, and the heart of a universal womanhood, she adds the horizons of modern education." The President has two daughters—one married—and a son, Porfirio, Jr., who has recently taken his place as a civil engineer.

Diaz does not live in a palace, but in a private house, quiet now and content with the thought that he has set the feet of his people in the paths of progress. When he steps down, says Mr. Lummis, he will leave them apprenticed to self-government—not past mistakes, but unlikely to forget the main lesson, with an abundance of able men fit to be called to the head, and willing to wait to be called.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

Copyrighted by "Nemo."

At a moment when thousands of acres are under water, and stock and lives in great danger along the Mississippi Valley, it is most opportune to emphasize the old-time statement that "no man liveth to himself!" When the pioneer of the empire of free-men, first swung his axe in the virgin forests of the Mississippi basin, by his strength and by fire he swept away the obstacles to planting until the land lay bare under the sky. His need and his right none will dispute. But where one led, thousands followed, each working his will independently and selfishly, as though no natural laws were to be considered. The result we see. Where millions of acres were once covered by a spongy flooring of leaves and the intertwinings of roots, all uniting to hold back the waters of the rains and the falling snows, open fields lie, like spendthrifts retaining but a fraction of the blessing showered upon them and promptly needing more. The steadily flowing streams of the past becomes now furious torrents in the spring and dry water-course in summer. Thoughtful men declare that the only remedy lies in the gradual return of a decided portion of the cleared land to a wooded condition, or, in, other words they preach that the dweller on some remote farm, along the banks of even a minor stream has personal responsibility upon him in relation to the welfare and happiness of the distant valley-dweller. The Mississippi is at this moment thundering out a lesson in material mutual dependence, that is proclaimed less audibly by weeds, insect-pests, and diseases.

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May we not recall the story of Robinson Crusoe, and from this everlasting boys' favorite draw a lesson that is needed more and more to be learned? Most readers will remember that this poor castaway, with no hope of any human eye to observe his faithfulness never failed to carry out his conscientious duties toward his Maker, and it is safe to assume that he would have continued to do so even if no other human being had ever set foot on his lonely isle. All the boys—and what are we men but boys grown older?—will confess the thrill of interest that came when Robinson Crusoe suddenly saw before him a foot-print in the moist sand. As boys our chief interest in that foot-print was the possible adventure that it promised to Crusoe, but, as men, a moment's thought will convince us that the discovery of a fellow creature brought into play for our hero an entirely new set of responsibility. Not only was he compelled to understand that his territory would now have to sustain another, but there was the possibility that the other would do no damage to himself in order to gain complete possession. His duty to his Creator was not decreased, but duty to his fellow was super-added. In fact, Crusoe and Friday formed "a state" in miniature and Crusoe had to curb himself in various ways to display kindness, good-will, tact and unselfishness. We know how the adventure resulted. Friday became an orderly and restrained neighbors because the right sort of example was set before him. It may be urged that Crusoe was good to Friday from a selfish motive, but selfish motive or not, the way in which Crusoe conducted himself toward Friday was the only way in which both could live happily together. When other people came to the island Crusoe's responsibility was still more increased and his duties to his neighbors and their duties towards him became more complicated.

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Now for the application. There is no such thing as freedom to do as you please unless you live entirely separate from other human beings; and then a paradoxical thing happens, because liberty of action is enjoyed alone it becomes a very flat and uninteresting possession. No civilization can hold together unless the members of it feel a mutual interest and responsibility; or, to express it still more clearly—where there is the highest degree of social service there is the most enduring and most helpful form of government, and, therefore, the highest degree of liberty. You can doubtless point me to selfishly prosperous periods in the world's history. I, on the other hand, can demonstrate to you that selfish individuals are not the right material for an enduring fabric. It is the fond dream of Americans that this great Democracy is to go on growing grander with the progress of time, we believe it is to demonstrate once and forever the possibility of a people developing in a condition of peace and retaining through all their material growth the strongest kind of love for the institutions of the country as originally laid down by the self-forgetting ones who counted their lives as naught if they could but let the Liberty-bell ring out "Freedom" over the nations. But this dream will remain a dream if we are content with the kind of progress that has characterized the past century, grand though it had been. So much of territory and of prosperity could be acquired by the strenuous toiler that individualism has run riot and the gaining of wealth has been the only standard to rally to. If we are to live as a nation, selfishness in our relations to our fellow men MUST cease or, like the selfish struggles of the unreflecting brute, the weak and the strong will struggle together and destroy one another. Too many of us feel as though we were autocratic monarchs of our land, our families, ourselves; free to do what we like with every thing we have no matter how much outsiders may suffer. Herein do we err, for we are all tied up together like stocks in a fagot; weak alone, but strong when bound close to even weak neighbors. I care not how great a man you may feel yourself to be, either by your ill-balanced self-approval or by the plaudits of your fellows; you must realize that without others to sustain you and to approve of you there would be no greatness in you at all. The debt is not all on one side. Who are you then to neglect the ill-favored and the unfavored? All, all are brethren in a Democracy like ours.

Garrett's Undeveloped Wealth.

During the past two months I visited different portions of our county, and am more thoroughly convinced than ever that the development of wealth in our county is scarcely more than begun.

While much of the timber has been removed, little has been done to cultivate the productive soil, from the fact that there are thousands of acres of beautiful farm land lying there in its virgin state.

While there are some splendid farms opened and operated, there is a large per cent. of the old farms worn out, simply for the want of good fertilizer. Accident district is exceptionally good, as they have found out the superior advantage of liming over other fertilizers, and limestone seems to be inexhaustible in different parts of our county. A better place cannot be easily found for fruits and vegetables. Although they mature a little late compared with the lowlands, yet they grow rapidly and are fresh and crisp when the early supplies have been consumed.

All kinds of stock do splendidly here, and sheep do exceptionally well, affording the best mountain mutton, and as Dr. J. Lee McComas in the spring of 1874, said, "This is a natural home of the honey bee," as many fat apiaries attest.

Then for a summer resort, different ones have said who have visited other resorts, that we have the purest, sweetest and most invigorating atmosphere to be found anywhere on the continent. The main line of the B. & O. passes through the entire length of the county, and the West Virginia Central is easy of access along the entire south-east border. The Confluence and Oakland road is open to the public as far as Krug, about three miles above Friendsville, from which a narrow gauge road is extended to Hoyes run, which we hope would be the opening for the standard gauge. I saw the owners and operators of the company at their office at Krug, who informed me that they would only make their road as far as their timber interests extended which does not yet go beyond the present terminus. But we hope the independent company forming will soon push it through.

While we have these splendid advantages on the surface, I believe the greatest amount of wealth is under the surface in the lime quarries, and in the extensive coal and iron ore veins. The coal field is being operated along the West Virginia Central in a small way, but comparatively nothing has been done in other parts of the county.

Over fifty years ago an extensive iron plant was put in on Bear creek, near Friendsville, of which the smelting furnace still stands. This was in easy access of the different ore veins in that locality, but other rich veins four and five feet thick have been discovered. While Mr. Brown, the father of our present sheriff, was digging a foundation for a spring house, he discovered a four foot vein which is right under the old furnace or the approach to it. This old company worked the outcrop, stripping for the most part, thus leaving the best and richest yet to be developed.

The narrow gauge roads running up Bear creek and the Youghiogheny could be used no doubt in transferring the ore to the B. & O. or to a new furnace erected on the grounds.

Mr. B. F. Friend is a prominent citizen of Friendsville, who would be good authority on the extent of the ore deposits. He also knows where there is pure silver ore in a fissure on Bear creek. The friendly Indians used to supply the whites with pure lead which they got somewhere about Whiterock run. Mr. George Custer was fishing near the mouth of this run in the river, and while sitting on a yellow sandstone lying in the bed of the river, evidently from some neighboring ledge, found small quantities of pure lead which he could cut out with his pocket knife. But the heart cave or cavern which tradition gives, where there is a rich deposit of gold which came so near getting some of our early settlers into trouble about coining money from this ore, remains hidden to the present generation. Others have accidentally found it with its small opening, and I cannot see why if it exists someone cannot find it again.

J. A. E.

Death of W. H. Butler.

William Henry Butler, better known to his many friends as "Harry" Butler, died at his home in Terra Alta on Tuesday evening of this week, from a complication of diseases. The funeral occurred to-day (Thursday,) from the Presbyterian church, Rev. S. M. Engle, pastor, officiating. Interment was in the Terra Alta cemetery directly afterward. Mr. Butler was aged about 56 years, and had many friends throughout this county and in Maryland. He had been very badly crippled in the late war and for many years passed was compelled to use a wheel chair in getting around from place to place, not being able to walk a step. He received from the government quite a large pension and was very charitable in the use of his money. Anyone in distress, and particularly old soldiers or any member of their families, never applied to Mr. Butler in vain. He was a member of the church for many years past, yet not at all obtrusive in his religion and was very seldom seen at church, but his well-worn Bible at home and his many expressions to those who knew him best told a far better tale than does the outside lives of many ardent church members. Mr. Butler leaves three sons to mourn the loss of a kind and devoted father, and the G. A. R. post has lost a true and faithful member, while the country at large has lost one more of those brave and gallant men who gave up their health and lives to protect their loved country. And so they pass over the hills of time, to answer at the final roll-call and to be enlisted into that great army which will never be "mustered out." A few years hence and the good old comrades will have passed forever to the last and most blessed of all reunions: a few short seasons and but their memory will remain; the bugle call is sounding ever and in reply to it the veterans step across the dividing line between this world and the next, leaving to us the empty echo of their departing footsteps and the deeds of valor performed by them in the struggle for right. In the death of W. H. Butler the roll of the G. A. R. is decreased one more, yet as the drum beats its muffled funeral march and as the dark pall descends over a soldier's grave, there is rejoicing in the Great Army over the enlistment of another tried and recruit.—Kingwood Journal.

Throat Coughs

Is there a tickling in the throat? Do you cough a great deal, especially when lying down? Are you hoarse at times? Does nearly every cold you take settle in your throat? These "throat coughs" are very deceptive. Don't neglect them. Troches, or cough syrups won't touch the spot. You must take remedies that will enrich the blood, tone up the nerves; and heal the inflamed membranes.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites contains such remedies. It has wonderful nourishing and healing power. The cause of the cough is removed; the whole system is given new life and vigor; and the danger from threatening lung trouble is swept away.

Book about it free.
For sale by all druggists at 50c. and $1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

Counterfeiter Coins.

Last Saturday evening two well dressed strangers made their appearance in Friendsville, this county, and succeeded in passing two counterfeit five-dollar gold pieces, the one upon Mr. W. D. Collier, the hotel man, and the other upon Mrs. Hughes, a lady who keeps a small store at the above place. The coins were not discovered as being spurious until a few minutes after the strangers had left the town. Deputy Sheriff Brown being there he was placed in possession of the facts and a description of the men and set about to find them, but they escaped him and probably played a similar game when they reached the next town.

Garrett's Schools.

County Examiner U. G. Palmer, in his annual report of the condition of the schools of this county, to the State Superintendent, says:

OAKLAND, MD., Feb. 8, 1897.

In response to your letter of inquiry dated January 20th, I herewith submit the following facts relative to the educational status of Garrett county.

There are no high schools in the county. Outside of Oakland (the public schools of which at present have an enrollment of over 300) there is no school employing more than one assistant.

We have three district libraries, all of which were started last year, one at Oakland, one at Hutton and one at the Fairsweep school in Election district No. 7.

Our school system is in its infancy. There is doubtless no other county in Maryland in which the public schools are maintained at such a sacrifice on the part of the patrons, and with the condition of which our law makers are so little acquainted. Our county is new and undeveloped. Its valleys are separated from each other by numerous and high mountains. In area, it is the largest in the State. It is thinly settled and we are poor. Many schools are necessary and often they are small, making the cost per pupil per month higher than the average of the State. There is a constant pressure for more schools, too, because there are boys and girls within our bounds, growing to manhood and womanhood, who are entirely out of reach of a school.

Our county levy for school purposes is the highest rate in the State, and we receive under the present distribution of the State school fund, the least per pupil of any county—a condition which results in from four to five months of school per year.

This year the County Commissioners have appropriated $4,000 extra, which will enable us to keep our schools open full five months. We feel this is imposing too great a burden on our taxpayers. When any county pays the highest rate in the State, and then does not have the funds necessary to keep the schools open seven and one-half months, State aid ought to be available to make up the deficiency; for it is certainly the paramount duty of the State to educate its children, to make out of them good scholars and good citizens.

Our people are enterprising and interested in our schools, but there is a limit to our ability to do. We feel that any relief we get must come from the State, and we only ask that we be treated with fairness. To illustrate: This year, of the amount distributed for the purchase of free books, we received less than forty-five cents per pupil, while several counties received more than three times that amount, and in many instances the colored children received twice that amount. Is there any reason why it should cost less than forty-five cents to buy the books for a white child in Garrett and more than $1.50 in other counties? Or should the colored children of some counties receive from the State more than twice as much as the white children of Garrett, for the purchase of books? And the same pertinent questions apply to the distribution of the State school tax—questions that must be solved before Garrett can take her place beside the other counties of the State in educational attainments.

Many of our school houses are entirely unfit for use—in fact we have twenty to twenty-five that are utterly worthless — and young ladies have often lost their health by teaching in them, facts known to the school authorities, to say nothing of the health of the pupils, of which we have means of learning very little.

Yet in spite of these disadvantages, we feel that we are living in an age of progress, and the trend of our schools is upward. While the school year is short and the salaries low, still we have many excellent teachers, who continue in the profession in the county, year after year, hoping for better things. What inducement is there for a person to train himself professionally for a teacher when the reward is five months or less of service per year at $25 or $30 per month?

In conclusion I would say that the cry of Garrett is for *more money*, and when we have three full terms per year, all the secondary questions pertaining thereto will work out their own solutions.

Call for your Letters.

Mr. David R. Panell, Mr. Charles Bowman, Mrs. Joshua Horner (2).

A Farmer's Dream.

The Franklin (Ind.) *Democrat* tells the following fable: "Once a farmer had 1800 bushels of wheat which he sold, not to a single grain merchant, but to 1800 different dealers, a bushel to each. A few of them paid him in cash, but far the greater number said it was not convenient then, but would pay later. A few months passed and the man's bank account ran low. 'How is this,' he said. 'My 1800 bushels of grain should have kept me in affluence till another crop is raised, but I have parted with the grain and have instead only a vast number of accounts, so small and scattered that I cannot get around and collect it fast enough to pay expenses.' So he posted up a public notice and asked all those who owed him to pay quickly. But few came. The rest said, 'Mine is only a small matter, and I will go and pay one of these days,' forgetting that though each account was very small, when all were put together they meant a large sum to the man. Things went on thus; the man got to feeling so badly and rolled and tossed about so much in his efforts to collect that he fell out of bed and awoke, and running to his granary found his 1800 bushels of wheat still safe there. He had only been dreaming and hadn't sold his wheat at all.

"MORAL.—The next day the man went to the publisher of his paper and said, 'Here sir, is your pay for your paper, and when next year's subscription is due you can depend upon me to pay it promptly. I stood in the position of an editor last night and I know how it feels to have one's honestly earned money scattered all over the country in small amounts.'"

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS
OAKLAND, MD., April 11, 1897.

The Normal Schools will open Monday, April 26th, for a term of ten weeks.

Grantsville will be in charge of Rev. D. H. Bender and Oakland Prof. R. B. Sanner.

The work will be under the direction of the Examiner, and Garrett county teachers will be expected to attend Garrett county normals.

The examinations for teachers' certificates will be held at the close of the normals.

The Board is pleased to announce that the next school year will consist of not less than five and one-half months of actual teaching (if the State appropriations are the same as last year, and we believe they will be much larger.)

This means that the teachers must be *better prepared*.

There will be absolutely no renewals of certificates this year. All teachers must be examined.

There will be three rates of wages as at present, based on days of actual teaching. The Board announces that they will determine the per cent. required for the various rates of salary. Subjects for examination the same as the past year with mental arithmetic added.

The matter of the normal at Accident is still open for consideration.

By order of the Board,
6-2 U. G. PALMER, Secretary.

THOMAS LITTLE,

ONE PRICE STORE.

Having bought the stock of merchandise of Hamill & Little. I wish to inform the public at large that I propose to sell goods at lowest prices.

Thanking you for past favors. I ask you to call and examine and be convinced. Below find some prices:

8 lbs. Soup Beans	25
8 lbs. Lima Beans	25
8 bars Octogon Soap	25
4 cans String Beans	25
4 cans Banana Corn	25
3 cans Flintstone Corn	25
3 cans Tomatoes	25
3 cans Marrowfat Peas	25
2 cans Table Peaches	25
2 cans California Apricots	25
2 cans California Gages	25
2 cans Salmon	25
4 one lb. ½ B Muslin, the best ever sold, yd.	05
Cotton Crash, yd	3½

Have just received a car of Fertilizer, which will be sold low. Everything will be sold low.

Keep your eye on this column: it will save you money.

Don't forget that I am agent for the world renowned, famous Buckeye Mower and Binder.

JOHN SHARTZER,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
offers his services to the people of Garrett County. Will cry land or personal property sales at any point in the county. 6-97-1yr.

SHEEP Shropshires, M. B. Turkeys, low old prices; also new and three good 2nd hand ENGINES, SAW MILLS, BOILERS, etc.
T. R. CARSKADON,
Keyser, W. Va.

Removal.

I, the undersigned, have removed my place of business from the Loar building to the Ravenscroft (Mayers) building on Railroad street, where I will continue to carry a well assorted stock of

JEWELRY,

and give special attention to the repairing of watches, clocks, etc.

Give me a call. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

H. C. SMOUSE.

29—2m.

PEN PICTURES

Across the Border Into Mexico.

Pneumonia kills more people than any other disease, hence the people keep their mouths covered. The night temperature is about 55 degrees and the day about 70.

The beautiful castle of Chapultepec should be seen. There is probably no sight in the world to equal that from its walls on a clear day. The city, valley and lakes lie at one's feet, and the snow clad mountains, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatel, are in the southwest. I am almost ready to worship Mount Ixtaccihuatel, which interpreted means the "White Woman," and which is the most beautiful thing in nature in Mexico, if not in the world.

Bring a kodak, as this is the land of picture writing. Montezuma started the taking of pictures; some of his can be seen in the national museum. Bring a Spanish dictionary if you don't speak the language. Often German or French is spoken where English is not. English is now being taught in the public schools. Street cars go everywhere, and hacks in the city are cheap. Second class are as good as first, and only 75 cents in silver per hour. Some hackmen speak French as well as English. See the grand old cypress at Tacuba, where Cortez wept July 1, 1520, on "Noche Triste," when the Spaniards were driven out of the city. The guide books don't mention it, but to me this spot is further interesting, as it is the only record of when and where Cortez wept. He never wept when he tortured that splendid king and successor to Montezuma—the noble Guatemozin—in order to make him confess where the Aztec treasure was hidden. Alas and alas! how much bloodshed and torture has this world seen for gold and religion. Rivers of blood ran here during the inquistion. We hear nothing of Cortez having wept when he drowned his wife in his courtyard well. She had come over from Cuba to see what kept him out so late at night. She found him with the beautiful Indian, "La Marina," who was then uppermost in his affections. Rider Haggard, in his recent book, "Montezuma's Daughter," evidently gets inspiration from La Marina.

The wonderful lava flow near the city, called the Pedregal, is a great sight. The finest thing in the national museum to me is the "Pelenke Cross." The ancient Aztecs knew of the cross and designated the four corners of the earth by it. Vera Cruz means the true cross, which the Spaniards erected when the native symbol was thrown down. The beautiful church of St. John the Baptist at Coyoacan was built by Cortez in front of his suburban villa. Tradition doesn't say whether or not the church was erected to the memory of his beloved wife. One will see in this church, as in others in Mexico, many strange and crucified Christs. Here is one even darker than the Indian; brought down probably to the savage understanding. I dislike to have continually thrust before me these bloody tortured Christs, and prefer to think of Him with little children in his arms, love, tenderness and sunshine around him.

At the Virgin of Guadalupe church, which is second in importance to the great cathedral, you will see no crucifix or image of Christ. A remarkable legend gave birth to this church. On the rocky hillside an Indian, Juan Diego, was said to have seen the Virgin. By a miracle the image was painted on his blanket. Here we see the blanket and the beautiful painting, and over it is a golden crown studded with priceless gems.

Even in the sacred precincts of the churches, beggars and the sellers of lottery tickets will follow one and wear out one's patience. Our war of 1847 is nothing to be proud of, hence it is best dropped from the conversation. Let us talk of how we helped drive out the French and Maximilian, and of the $15,000,000 conscience money paid by us. Let us talk of the railroads we have built and what we are doing to develop the country. Let us talk of our strong arm, ever ready to help Mexico to freedom and good government. Don't look for much love to Americans from the clerical party. Their eyes some day will be opened, and they will see that it is freedom that makes the world and an enlightened religion grow.

In Mexico you learn to love and honor corn. Corn is king. Corn is the country's god; it is their diamond. Corn has strengthened the nation's heart beats. Corn has made the nation's brawn and muscle. Corn is for man, and not for chickens or cattle. The endurance of these laborers is wonderful. Men and women carry enormous loads on their backs, braced by a strap around the forehead. When loaded they travel in a half run or pace and cover long distances. Besides a heavy burden a Mexican mother carries her baby on her back. The women are not pretty. Poverty and breaking down of the body with heavy loads do not conduce to good looks or good figures. One sees, however, many pleasing faces among the women. A "Madonna woman," carrying her baby on her back, would make a pretty kodak picture.

At the theatre one pays 25 cents for a seat. This entitles the holder to one act. After each act the theatre is cleared, and if you wish to return you must buy another ticket.

The way men greet each other is cordiality itself. They hug and then pat each other on the back. Their way of bowing is also delightful, a waving of the right hand at the hat.

If you must go to a bull fight only go once, and then don't look when the poor horses are being gored and perforated into "drawn work" by the bull. "More blood! More blood!" the people cry when there is not enough suffering and sacrificing of horses. It is horrible and the man who enjoys it should live in a slaughter pen and attend vivisection lectures. "Grenter Mexico," which is dawning will have done away with bull fights, chicken fights and public gambling, and her young girls will cease to be common prey.

The metric system is in general use. The traveler should make several excursions out of the city, and none will be more enjoyed than that to Cordova and Vera Cruz. The scenery here equals anything in Colorado, the grade in many places being 220 feet to the mile. The fall from this high plateau to the coast is going from the temperate to the torrid zone. The plateau is left with beautiful clear skies, and maybe from Orizaba to the coast one will be in clouds and rain. Orchids flourish on the trees. Coffee, banana and fruit plantations are seen. Many rushing mountain torrents are passed, furnishing power to immense cotton mills. Here one sees the peak of Orizaba, snow covered and very beautiful. It is the highest peak on the North American continent, being 18,300 feet high. Alas that Popocatepetl must be outclassed, after being looked up to all these years in our school books. Poor Popo is only 17,700 feet high, but he has the consolation of having next to him Ixtaccihuatel, the "white woman," who is but a few hundred feet lower than he. He should be happy, for who could live in her presence and be unhappy? She could almost stretch out her arms and touch him. Is the "white woman" beautiful? What a question! If all the mountains over the earth could come here and see her they would crumble to earth at her feet. She is divine; she is God's own creation; she is the altogether lovely among mountains. From her there emanates a spirit, a peace, a life, that must bewitch all who look long upon her. Her outline cannot be interpreted well from the city, but best on the Vera Cruz road, and especially at Apizaco. Different from Colorado or Switzerland, where giant peak is piled upon peak, here we have Popo and Ixtacci, two glorious and perfect creations, snow covered and glistening almost to the timber line. Titans among comparative hills. Oh, most dazzling "white woman," you have surely bewitched me, for with my eyes opened or closed there is ever before me your most glorious beatitude. She lies in state, her beautiful white head resting in a crown of green timber. You can almost see the heaving of her bosom. Her arms rest on her body. Her knees are clearly defined and the slope to her feet, ending in Turkish sandals turned up a little. The proportion is perfect, although the distance from head to feet is several miles. Who could not worship at such a shrine now and for all time to come? A pure women in constant white, raised above the world in a bier of green. Oh, Guadalupe, "the Virgin shrine," breathing of man and art, surely the Virgin can not have appeared on your rocky sides. Surely the Indian, Juan Diego, looking across the valley, must have seen the beautiful "white woman." As the world grows wiser and science tears away the veil of simple faith from our eyes, alas, but jeweled Guadalupe, flashing with silver and gold, with its bubbling springs, its incense of flowers, its Madonna by a master hand, and its priceless crown of jewels, must fall from a thing of worship to a thing of beauty. Tradition had preceded Juan, and had made the mountain Ixtaccihuatel sacred to the "sleeping one in white." Beside the Titan Pope rests her saintly outlines, the "white woman," the immaculate Virgin, pure and lasting, a worthy shrine to worship at for all time and by all peoples. Popocatepetl tall and massive at her side, her guardian forever, even as Christ willed it stands the beloved disciple. The temple at Guadalupe may be consumed by fire from heaven, or wrecked by earthquake or the mabbering hand of time, but the "white woman" will live forever, pure and undefiled. Erect to her your temples, and all people will kneel with you in wonder and admiration. Direct to her your tearful eyes, for there breathes from her a spirit of power and peace, a peace that tells of the brotherhood of all nations, a cooling breath that steals into the senses and tells of hope, love and humanity—an end of war and strife.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Hoyes.

Mr. John Brenneman, of Grantsville, and Mr. U. Nair, of Connellsville, Pa., were guests of Mr. Charles W. DeWitt on Sunday last, and were very pleasantly entertained by his accomplished daughter, Miss Maud, and her fascinating cousin, Miss Grace DeWitt.

Will Smith, the telephone hustler, and Hoyes' most enterprising merchant, is making extensive improvements on his farm this spring.

Mr. A. C. DeWitt and son Arthur are hauling out a large kiln of lime they have just burned.

Mr. Mattingly is building a house on his farm for his father-in-law, Mr. Griffith.

Mr. George Bishoff was elected to fill the office of Sunday school superintendent at Hoyes for another year, and in our opinion they could not have chosen a more fitting man for the place, as he is an earnest, zealous christian man, eminently fitted to fill that important office.

Bethlehem.

The month of March passed, noted as being the mildest March for a number of years. April came in very pleasantly, but up to this time the wind has blown mostly from the east which seldom proves favorable for growing weather.

Very little oats have been sown as yet in this section; newly sowed meadows look well.

Henry A. Hardesty, who has been on the sick list for quite a while is still confined to his bed.

We notice that the correspondent at Swan Meadows spoke very favorably of Miss Della Savage as a school teacher, and I am glad to know it. She is a splendid teacher.

It might not be just to accuse the editor of being partial or a respecter of persons, but we have in mind a communication which was promised room in THE REPUBLICAN several weeks ago but so far it has failed to appear. [The communication referred to was written on the subject of school terms and was crowded out of these columns the week of its delivery to this office. The manuscript was put in a safe receptacle, it was thought at the time, but when wanted it had disappeared, much to our regret.—EDITOR REPUBLICAN.]

The rainy weather winding up with a snow squall makes a serious time for young lambs.

Two years ago R. J. Warren, a druggist at Pleasant Brook, N. Y., bought a small supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He sums up the result as follows: "At that time the goods were unknown in this section; to-day Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a household word." It is the same in hundreds of communities. Wherever the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy become known the people will have nothing else. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Deer Park.

Hon. A. F. George, of Swanton, was in town last Friday.

Mr. F. R. Nethken is putting up a new house.

Some snow here last Monday morning.

The property formerly belonging to Mr. Benj. Harvey, deceased, in this place, was sold last Friday to Mr. G. S. Hamill.

Mr. Charlie George is having a new well put down.

The Blind Trio gave a concert in Nethken's hall on Tuesday evening of last week. It was a good entertainment and was heartily appreciated by those who heard it.

Rev. Wm. E. George, who has been visiting at Barton, returned home on last Saturday.

Rev. E. P. Ideman is holding a successful revival meeting in the M. E. church at Deer Park. Upwards of twenty have been converted up to this time. Meeting still in progress.

The articles which have been appearing from week to week in your paper entitled, "From the Southland" are very much appreciated.

Mr. Joseph Bowser is going to build an addition to his house in this place.

Frostburg.

The Borden Mining Company, having dug out their fourteen foot vein of coal, are now sinking a shaft on Savage Mountain to reach their six foot vein, which they expect to reach at a depth of 150 feet.

The First National Bank has been removed from the Thomas building to the Percy building, corner Main and Broadway streets.

The Shaffer Bros. are now conducting the business formerly run by their father, Mr. H. B Shaffer.

Mrs. S. J. DeWitt has added very much to the appearance of her property on Maple street by building an addition to the front of it.

W. E. Hill, principal of Bowery school, has taught very successfully this winter, and many predict that he, though quite a young man, will soon stand at the head of his profession in the county. Ed is a hard worker and deserves much credit for the progress he has made, not only in his profession but in the sciences, and particularly the science of photography.

Farmers can exchange produce for farm seeds at D. W. Smith's. 5-2

REAL ESTATE!

—FOR SALE BY—

JOHN SHARTZER, Real Estate Agent,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Two farms in District No. 2; 262 acres; near Elder Hill school house, improved by 2 houses, 3 barns and orchards. Will be sold separately or as a whole, to suit purchaser, on easy terms.

House of 4 rooms, 4 acres of land two miles south of Mt. Lake Park.

House and 1 acre of ground adjoining Loch Lynn Heights. Will be sold cheap.

A livery stable at Loch Lynn Heights; finest in the county; must be sold at once.

House and lot in Mt. Lake Park.

50 acres; improved by a small house; near Cranberry Glade farm.

House and 2 lots in McHenry.

Farm near Deer Park; improved.

A well improved farm near Ryan's Glade.

The above properties will be sold on easy terms.

One 50-acre lot adjoining the farm of W. T. Jamesson near Mt. Lake Park.

1 50-acre lot adjoining the lands of Mrs. Kilburne and —— Jackson near Mt. Lake Park; will be sold very cheap for cash.

7 building lots in Loch Lynn Heights.

The Phillips lands lying between Oakland and Mt. Lake Park; will be sold as a whole or in parcels to suit purchaser.

A lot of ground adjoining Mt. Lake Park on the Oakland road.

An improved farm of 100 acres, 2 miles from Terra Alta.

An improved farm of 200 acres near Crellin.

The Oakland Steam Laundry property.

7 large building lots in Oakland.

For further information, prices and terms, apply to

JOHN SHARTZER,
6-26 *OAKLAND, MD.*

Order of Publication.

Joseph C. Alderson vs. James B. Sommerville, Margaret L. Price and Jane Price, Samuel L. Price, Jane S. Price, daughter of John S. Price, deceased, Samuel P. Preston, James M. Preston, Simon P. Baker, George P. White and George M. Whitescarver.

No. 836 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

The object of this suit is to obtain a decree for the sale of several tracts of land lying near Mountain Lake Park in Garrett County, Maryland, known as the Baker farm and Military Lots 83, 85, and a lot 70 feet by 120 feet lying on Seneca street in Alderson's Addition to the Mountain Home Company, all particularly described in the Bill of Complaint.

The bill states that on the 25th day of May, 1895, Simon P. Baker conveyed the said Baker farm to Joseph C. Alderson, Mary P. Alderson, his wife and James B. Sommerville as equal tenants in common, and that on the first day of August, 1895, George P. White conveyed said two Military Lots and the said lot in Alderson's Addition to the same parties as equal tenants in common in fee, and that in the latter part of August, 1895, the said Mary Alderson died intestate at Mountain Lake Park, leaving as her heirs at-law her sisters Margaret L. Price and Jane S. Price, and her brother Samuel L. Price, and her niece Jane S. Price, only child of her brother, John S. Price, deceased intestate, and Samuel P. Preston and James M. Preston, only children and heirs of her sister, Sallie P. Preston, deceased intestate, which said sister, brother, nephew and nieces of said Mary P. Alderson now own her one-third share in said properties, subject to the life estate of her husband, Joseph C. Alderson; that said real estate is unpartiable and cannot be divided among those in interest without loss and injury; that George P. White has a mortgage upon the said Military lots and Lots in Alderson's Addition, and that Simon P. Baker has a mortgage on said Baker farm, part of which mortgage has been assigned to George M. Whitescarver, and that said White, Baker and Whitescarver are proper parties to this suit; that all of said parties are of age, except Jane, daughter of John S. Price and Samuel P. Preston and James M. Preston, who are under the age of twenty-one years; and that all of said parties are non-residents of the State of Maryland residing in the State of West Virginia, except the said Simon P. Baker and George P. White, who reside in Garrett county, Maryland.

The bill then prays for subpoenas against the said Simon P. Baker and George P. White, for an order of publication against all said non-residents, for a decree of sale of said parcels of land and for general relief.

It is thereupon this 3rd day of April, 1897, by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting as a Court of Equity ordered that the complainant by causing a copy of this order to be published once a week for four successive weeks before the 1st day of May, 1897, in some newspaper published in Oakland, Garrett County, Maryland, give notice to said absent defendants of the object and substance of said bill of complaint and warning them to appear in this Court on or before the 17th day of May 1897, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree should not be passed as prayed. DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy—Test:
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 5-4

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 81,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.00 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

For sale by

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

ON EXHIBITION

AT THE

J. M. DAVIS & SON'S HARDWARE STORE,

The Adriance Rear Discharge Binder and Champion Mower.

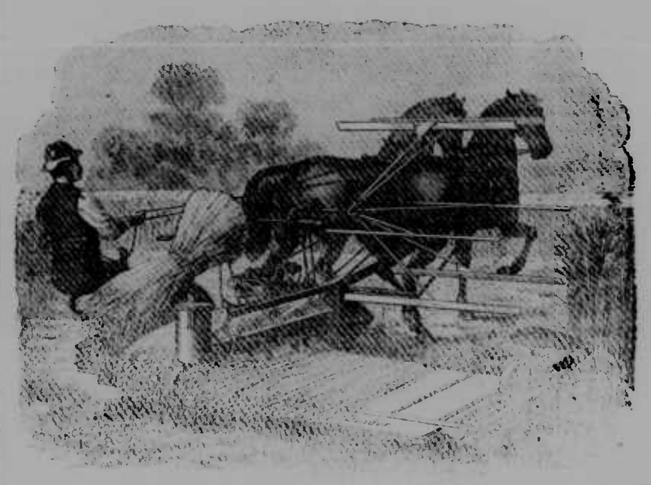

The above cut represents a Binder that is built on entirely different principles from other machines, and for many obvious causes has many advantages over all other Binders. It is built without any elevator, doing away with the long endless chains that runs all elevators. Only one canvass is required. Cannot be upset on any hillside. Requires but two horses. No truck is necessary, as it will pass through ordinary gates; and is fully warranted.

The Champion Mower with its simple gear, direct application of power, noiseless operation, its ability to work not only where any other mower will run, but among stones, stumps and trees where other mowers cannot be used at all, leaves it in a class by itself with nothing to compare with it.

Call and see samples.

J. M. DAVIS & SON, Agents, Oakland, Md.

Approach of Easter

Has forced me to increase my stock and facilities. I have just returned from Baltimore and New York where I have secured the latest styles and finest workmen possible.

Latest Spring Suitings in Plaids and Bronzes, $15 up.

Neatest and Latest Striped Trouserings, $4 up.

Also a fine line of French Clay Diagonals.

Dyeing, Cleaning and Repairing.

M. COHEN, Xpert Tailor,

OAKLAND, MD.

ELECTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to the qualified voters of the town of Oakland that an election will be held on

MONDAY, APRIL 19, 1897,

for the purpose of electing three Councilmen to serve for a term of two years.

J. C. DUNHAM, Town Clerk.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, November 21, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—	Daily	2.46 A. M
No. 3—	Daily	8.28 A. M
No. 71—	Accom daily except Sun	9.50 A. M
No. 47—	Daily	10.40 A. M
No. 55—	Express, daily	5.58 P. M
No. 1—	Daily	9.08 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—	Daily	5.59 A. M
No. 2—	Daily	6.41 A. M
No. 72—	Accom daily except Sun	1.38 P. M
No. 46—	Daily	4.40 P. M
No. 4—	Daily	12.29 A. M

* Will take passengers for Terra Alta, Rowlesburg, Newburg and Tunnelton.

CHAS. O. SCULL,
General Passenger Agent.

C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

ESTATE OF MARY FRIEND, DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE that the Subscriber, of Garrett County, Maryland, has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, letters of Administration on the estate of

MARY FRIEND,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 3d day of October next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 23d day of March, 1897.

MAGGIE MANKIN, } Adm'rs.
JOHN S. MANKIN, }
3-4 Swanton, Md.

PATENTS

Caveats and Trade Marks obtained and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees.

Send model, drawing or photo. We advise if patentable free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured. A Pamphlet "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.

OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD

A DOSE OF CATNIP.

BY ANNIE H. DONNELL.

"She says she wants some catnip."

Miss Deborah Hinsdale dropped the long-handled spoon with a little flurry, and exclaimed: "My land, Hilary, how you scared me! Can't you come in folks' doors instead of their windows? But, there, you ain't responsible. Sit down, Hilary."

"Says she wants some catnip," Hilary repeated in a high, nasal singsong; "catnip—catnip—catnip."

"Who says she wants it?"

"The new lady over t' the Crossin'. She seen me goin' past the house. She asked me did I know where-'bouts it growed, an' I says up in Aunt Debby's attic, an' she says she wants some."

Hilary stood swaying awkwardly on his long, loose legs. He was homely—poor Hilary! But the vacant light in his eyes was worse than the homeliness. Miss Deborah's face was sweet with pity when she looked at him.

"I'll fetch you a doughnut, Hilary," she said. "You go sit on the door-step and eat it while I go up attic. It's nice and shady out there."

She bustled away to the pantry in her creaking starched calico. At the door she stopped to call back: "She's got a baby, ain't she? Sick? Poor little cretur—well, catnip's just what it needs. I hope there's some left—I had a plenty. But there was Lucia Bent's baby and the Spooner twins—there, eat your doughnuts, Hilary. My land! what's the boy doing?"

She laughed suddenly at the spectacle of Hilary solemnly trying to tickle the nose of his own shadow on the walk, with a small willow switch.

Aunt Debby found no catnip in her attic, except a few leaves in a little heap under the catnip nail, so she hurried back, looking troubled.

"It's all gone, Hilary—it's too bad! I had a plenty. I'm afraid that poor little baby'll suffer with colic. She said it was the baby, didn't she? Poor little thing!"

Miss Deborah did not wait for answers, but ran on anxiously. "You better go right on to Ruth Stebbins'. I guess she'll have some. Tell her it's the baby. She'll give you a cooky—if you hurry."

She went back to her work, thinking anxiously of little Mrs. Judd's baby. At last she resolutely untied her apron and put on her sunbonnet.

"I'm going to run across to Kate's and see if she's got any catnip. Likelier'n not Hilary'll forget. I ain't going to run any risks with a baby crying with colic."

Then, with a rueful glance at her work undone, Miss Debby walked across the fields to Kate's.

Mrs. Ruth Stebbins was making gooseberry jam, and her flushed, tired face met Hilary at the door with a little frown on it. "Well, what do you want?" she asked.

"A cooky," answered Hilary. "She said so, if I'd hurry up, an' I done it."

"Who said so?"

"Aunt Debby, when she sent me after the catnip for Mis' Judd's baby."

"Oh, catnip! Well, you can wait, but I believe our cats got at it and ate it all up. I'll go and see."

"Did they eat up the cookies?" faltered Hilary.

Mrs. Stebbins' laugh cleared off the frown. She got the cookies and gave them to Hilary. "You can sit down on the grindstone and eat 'em," she said, pleasantly.

When she came back a few minutes later, Hilary, having dispatched the cookies, was trying to get the nose of his shadow on the grindstone.

"I'm goin' to grind it," he said, cheerfully. "Pete Smedley said he ground Si Jones'."

"Well, you needn't do it on my grindstone," laughed Mrs. Stebbins. "Besides, you must go over to Pete's and get the catnip. I haven't got a mite. They'll have some, it's likely. And Pete can help you grind your shadder's nose!"

Hilary hesitated, shuffling his toes uneasily. "I don't want to traipse any more," he whined. "Pete's mother don't make cookies; Pete said so."

"She makes beautiful squash-pies, Hilary."

"Sweetened with molasses?"

"Oh, I guess likely! Now you run right along, or it'll be past their supper-time and—" But already Hilary was hurrying away.

"Did Mis' Judd say the baby was real sick, Hilury?" called Mrs. Stebbins after him, but he did not hear her.

"Poor little thing!" she muttered. "Catnip's splendid, but I shouldn't 've thought Mis' Judd would've known it. She don't look as if she ever saw any catnip. She's a real stuck-up little woman; I guess she feels above common folks. Hope!" Mrs. Stebbins raised her voice as she reentered the kitchen. Hope Stebbins was just coming up out of the cellar. "Mis' Judd's little baby's real sick, and she sent after some catnip."

"Oh, poor little thing! You sent her some, mother?"

"I haven't a mite left. That comes of keeping such a batch of cats. I believe I'll drown half of 'em myself—this afternoon!"

Hope laughed merrily. "Your drowning wouldn't wet a fly, mother!" she said, smoothing her hair before the little square glass on the wall. The face that looked back at her was comely and fresh. "I'll run down to Marcia Day's mother. She'll have some catnip, and maybe Pete's mother won't."

"But you were going to finish trimming your dress to-night, Hope, and you can't spare the time."

"No, but can't you hear that baby crying 'way over there? Poor little thing!"

"Yes, poor little thing. Go right along. I'm most through with this jam, and I can sew a little on your dress while you're gone. You can carry the catnip over to Mis' Judd's after ten."

At Pete's, Hilary ate his slice of squash pie under a big horse-chestnut tree. He took slow, reflective bites, eying the disappearing wedge with dismay. Over the last crumbs he remembered his errand and managed to state it.

"No, I haven't got any just now," Pete's mother said. "I'm real sorry. I let Ellen Mary take all mine home with her for the babies. Wait—Pete! Pete!"

Pete was just driving out of the yard. He drew rein. "Well, what is it?" he asked.

"Mis' Judd's baby's sick and I want you to stop at Hiram's and get some catnip. If they haven't got any, go to Mrs. Elnathan Spooner's—she drinks catnip tea regularly. Drive real fast."

"All right, here she goes! Dinah, a baby's got the colic; kiper, now!"

Dinah laid back her ears attentively, then clattered down the hill. Pete's mother turned to Hilary.

"Now you've got rested, Hilary," she said, briskly, "you keep right on up the road to Deacon Blinn's and see if they haven't got some catnip. It won't do any harm to try more'n one place, and Pete won't be back this good while. I can't bear to think there's a baby suffering."

Hilary got up reluctantly. His round, childish face assumed an injured look. "I ain't had my supper," he lamented.

"For the good land's sake, you poor boy!" cried Pete's mother, laughing. "But I don't dare to have you wait here to get it. You hurry to the deacon's and ask him to send the catnip over to Mis' Judd's by Timmy. Then ask Mis' Blinn to give you some supper. Tell her I told you to."

After Hilary had disappeared Pete's mother found an overlooked bunch of catnip on her shelves.

"Well, I declare!" she cried. "I'll have to carry it over myself; supper dishes can wait better than a colicky baby. I suppose I could hurry real fast and get 'em out of the way first—no, I won't!"

She got her second-best bonnet, tied its faded-out strings under her chin with precision, locked the kitchen door and went to Mrs. Judd's.

During all this time little Mrs. Judd sat by her sunny window and looked out with homesick eyes. The fat, jolly baby on the floor at her feet gurgled over his block houses.

In Mrs. Judd's lap was the beautiful, silky-haired cat, Cherie, by name, being nursed tenderly; for Cherie was sick.

"It's your turn, Cherie. No, you needn't look jealous, Babette! You're not sick. Poor kitty! poor kitty!" she caressed the cat with gentle fingers, and rocked slowly.

The pretty room was full of little refining, comfortable touches. A ray of sunshine slanted across the baby's moist, brown curls; but Mrs. Judd's sweet face was very sober.

A few weeks ago she and the baby and Cherie had come to this new home to wait for the baby's father to come back from across the water, where business had called him. He would be gone a whole year! How could they wait in this lonesome, forlorn place a year?

"Poor kitty! poor kitty!" she murmured, gently, but a tear fell into Cherie's thick, long fur and glistened up at her reproachfully.

"Babette! Babette! mamma's going to cry—come here quick and comfort her!" she cried, unsteadily. Then she put the cat down on the floor and got down, too, beside her and the baby, and cried with her head in the baby's little lap.

By and by some one knocked at the front door, and Mrs. Judd lifted her tumbled head in dismay. "O Babette!" she cried, "what shall I do? I'm all tumbled up and my eyes as red as two beets! I wish you could go to the door for mamma!"

"Me go, me go," the little one cried in delight; but his mother caught him back hastily.

"No, no, mamma meant if you were a great big boy. You stay and build bridge with Cherie."

Hope Stebbins and Pete's mother stood at the door waiting. They both had fat paper bags in their hands, and Pete's mother held hers out to Mrs. Judd.

"I heard you wanted some catnip, Mis' Judd, so I left my supper dishes and brought this little mess of it right over. It's real nice and fresh. How is the poor little thing?"

Mrs. Judd took the bag eagerly. So somebody thought of her after all? A little warm spot in her heart sent the blood into her pale face. "How kind you are!" she cried. "Now you are both coming in, aren't you? Oh, please do! You can't think how lonesome I've been feeling this afternoon. Right in this way, please. And you'll take off your hats?"

"Oh, no!" Hope Stebbins said, "I only ran across to bring you some catnip, too. I guess you don't want it now."

Mrs. Judd held out her hand for it.

"Yes, I do, thank you! I'm very glad to have it—it won't be a bit too much."

"How is the poor little thing?" Pete's mother asked again. "Why," catching sight of the baby and cat on the floor, "it don't look very sick, does it?"

"Cherie? Oh, no, I think she's better to-night. Baby, won't you come over to see these ladies? Come to mamma, come!"

"Sherry?" Hope said, curiously. "Isn't that a queer name, but I like it. How do you spell it?"

"C-h-e-r-i-e. I suppose it's a kind of fancy name, but I like it, too," laughed Mrs. Judd.

"Why, Cherry's a real pretty name," exclaimed Pete's mother, heartily. "I knew a little girl named Cherry once—sort of cousin of Pete's, two or three removes. If I was you, Mis' Judd, I'd steep a little of that catnip right off and give her some—'twon't hurt any, if she is better."

"Oh! Why, I was going to give it to her raw!" said Mrs. Judd, "I guess I was rather green."

"I guess the catnip would've been raw!" laughed Pete's mother, pleasantly, giving the little woman a pat on her back. How good the little pat felt to Mrs. Judd's lonesome back! The warm spot was growing bigger.

"But I never heard of giving a cat catnip tea," she thought, as she set the fragrant herb brewing out in the kitchen. "I thought they liked to roll in it and nibble the dry leaves; but I wouldn't hurt that dear old lady's feelings for anything!"

When she went back there were two other women there, and the baby was trotting about among them. Cherie, too, purred against their petticoats cozily. How pleasant the little room looked! They were all talking and smiling.

"Well, I guess you'll have catnip enough, Mis' Judd!" Pete's mother cried, delightedly. "Here's Mis' Deacon Blinn and Kate Pettingill brought you a lot. I let 'em in, so's not to disturb you till you got the tea stewin'. Mis' Blinn, this is Mis' Judd—"

"Oh, I know Mrs. Blinn!" Mrs. Judd came into the room with outstretched hands and flickers of pretty color on her cheeks. "I feel as if I knew you all now. I'm so glad to see you! You'll let me bring you in a cup of tea, won't you?—just to be social."

"Catnip tea?" asked Hope Stebbins, laughing, and then they all laughed.

"Yes, catnip tea, if you prefer it. Will you take it weak or strong, Miss Hope?"

Pete's mother sat by the window. "I do declare, there's Pete drivin' up with another mess of it!" she suddenly exclaimed. "I suppose he got some at Hiram's." Hiram's catnip was added to the heap of bundles on the table. The room was full of their woodsy, penetrating smell. Cherie wandered about, eagerly sniffing the legs of the table, but restraining, with dignity, her desire to jump up to the catnip.

"How good that kitty is not to jump onto the table!" the deacon's wife whispered to Hope Stebbins. "La! mine would have been up there long ago, rolling in it!"

Hope got down by Cherie and stroked her beautiful fur admiringly. "We've got seven cats," she laughed, "and they'd all have been up there by this time. But you know too much, don't you, kitty? You know it wouldn't be polite—nice kitty!" And Cherie's hungry soul was comforted.

The callers stayed quite a long time, enjoying themselves and loath to go. Mrs. Judd kept coaxing them to stay. The baby had fallen asleep in Pete's mother's big, comfortable arms, and lay with sweet, upturned little face. The women stooped and kissed it as they went out. "Little dear!" they murmured.

Then had all gone when Hilary came toiling up the path to the front door, warm and unwontedly cross-looking. Mrs. Judd tiptoed to the door, for fear of waking the baby. She held her finger on her lip. "Sh!" she said, softly—a twinkle of merriment in her eyes. She was looking speculatively at Hilary's pockets, for his hands were empty. But Hilary said, gruffly: "Couldn't get any catnip anywheres, an' I'm dreadful hungry. Been traipsin' all over."

"You poor boy, and not a thing to eat! You come right in and I'll get you something nice. Sh! step just as easy as you can—the baby's asleep."

At the door Mrs. Judd's twinkles bubbled over into a subdued little laugh. "See!" she said, pointing at the heap of bulgy paper bags on it; "see, you got me all that catnip! I'm more obliged to you than I can begin to tell."

But Hilary was looking hungrily at a little vista of full pantry shelves through the partly opened door; and presently he was making a generous meal from their contents.

"I guess that little Cherry'll sleep well to-night, if catnip tea's got any sleepin' virtue in it!" Pete's mother was saying to Pete, across the lamp-lighted table at home. "We left whole stacks of it there. Mis' Judd's a nice little woman. I feel real drawn to her, and I mean to run over there a good deal oftener. She wanted me to."

Hope Stebbins and her mother, over Hope's unfinished sewing, were talking of the same thing.

"She's nice. I like her," Hope said. "And the baby's just the sweetest little thing, mother! Cherry, her name is; isn't that a cunning name for a baby? And they've got the loveliest cat you ever saw."

"Well, I never saw a lovely cat—not yet," Mrs. Stebbins remarked, between bites of her thread.

"Can't we have them over here to spend the day, mother? Why can't we?"

"Well," her mother said, "I guess maybe we will, Hope."

Little Mrs. Judd put away the catnip before she went to bed. She cleaned a shelf for it in the pantry and stood the bags up on it, fitting them neatly together and supplementing one's hollows with another's knobs, deftly. She was humming a tune. The warm spot covered her heart entirely now.

"They're dear good folks," she was thinking. "They're real neighbors—there! That's my shelf of brotherly kindness, no, sisterly kindness, and the smell of it is real incense on my lonesome altar." Then, with a parting pat on the catnip bags, she went back to the baby and Cherie.

"But I guess the dear people would open their eyes if they knew how they'd mixed you and the baby up, Cherie, my dear, and brought you all that catnip!" she said, tweaking the cat's silky ears. "Never mind, it's just the medicine I needed, too, kitty—and it's cured me."—Youth's Companion.

SECRET OF THE BOOT TRADE.

Old Harness Finds Its Way Into Cheaper Footwear.

"Old harness thrown away? Not likely," said a dealer in old leather. "Every scrap of it is worth money; in fact, I can't get enough of it. Old harness collecting is as good as gold digging, if a man can only forage out enough horse owners to keep him well supplied. When you just think how many thousands of horses there are working in harness in London alone, you can imagine how great the supply is.

"Nearly all the cast-off harness is consumed in making cheap boots. People will have cheap boots, and the boot manufacturers find that for making a serviceable urticle at a low figure there's nothing to beat old harness. Then again, whip-thongs and bootlaces are also made from old horse-trappings.

"In the first place, the greater part of it is bought up by big marine store dealers, who collect it from the harness makers, and from army sales of condemned goods, also from railway companies' sales, the average buying price being twopence per pound. These dealers have it taken to their warehouses, where it is sorted into different qualities and prices ranging from one penny to sixpence a pound. It is then sold to smaller dealers of the same kind, who in turn distribute it to the boot manufacturers and others.

"Now, if it wasn't for the enormous quantity of old harness used by boot manufacturers, a workingman would not be able to purchase a pair of new boots for a few shillings. No bootmaker could afford to sell a pair of men's boots made entirely of new leather for three and sixpence; yet hundreds of pairs are sold at this price every week in our great towns, and, as long as horses are worked in harness, will continue to be.

"Old saddles are mostly used for making the inner sole of a boot, as they are generally composed of the best leather, and, besides being more durable will not crack or perish. The most profitable saddle to cut up is a 'riding saddle.' You see, they contain a tremendous quantity of good, sound leather; and then they are frequently thrown aside more because they are dingy than anything else. Undoubtedly a hunting saddle makes the finest boots; but military riding saddles are usually made of the very best leather.

"The 'reins' used for driving a horse form an important item in the construction of cheap boots, being split by machinery and laid under the sole. Then the 'blinkers' and 'traces' are never very much worn, especially when they come from rich people. Some sets of harness such as is used by omnibus companies, are very often useless when thrown aside, being cracked and perished through hard wear and long exposure to the weather.

"The demand for old sets of military harness is much greater than the supply, as it is very little worn, and, being well cleaned and always kept in good condition, is much more pliable and works up newer. Any goods made from the cast-off harness of railway companies are also pretty serviceable, the large size and good quality of the leather making them very useful for working up into other goods. In fact, this leather, when used in bootmaking, looks so well when trimmed and ironed that it is impossible for anyone except those in the trade to detect it.

"Small shoemakers use up a great deal of the cheap harness. In the winter time they use most of it for football boots. It is cut into strips and nailed across the sole of the boot to prevent the wearer from slipping. You'd hardly think anybody would have this done, considering that football boots are so cheap; but, then, some men prefer to wear out their old boots in this way, as they are generally more comfortable than new ones.

"There is really no cast-off article where the material is so little wasted as old harness, every particle of it being used in some shape or form. The buckles and ornaments are cut off and sold by second-hand dealers, the collars are cut up and used for repairing leather bags, the hay stuffing being utilized for restuffing old chairs and coaches.

"Indeed, if the supply of disused harness were twice as great as it is it would not fully satisfy the demands of the boot and other trades."—London Answers.

How a Train Sweeps Air Along.

Interesting results of an investigation of the effect produced by a railroad train on the air through which it moves were presented at a recent meeting of the St. Louis Academy of Science by Prof. F. E. Nipher. It appears that motion is communicated to the atmosphere many feet away, so that a large amount of air is dragged along with the train. A peculiar danger arises near a swift-running train from the tendency of the moving air to topple a person over, and at the same time to communicate a motion of rotation to the body, which may cause it to roll under the train.—Youth's Companion.

Long Run by a Mouse.

A wheelman hung his bicycle from the ceiling of his cellar, not far from a swinging shelf on which food was kept. A mouse jumped from the wall to the tire of the front wheel, evidently hoping thereby to reach the shelf. The wheel started and the mouse naturally ran toward the highest part of it. It was able to stay on the top of the tire, but couldn't get enough of a foothold to jump to the wall. When found next morning it was very much exhausted, though still running. The cyclometer showed that it had traveled over 28 miles.—Albany Express.

Butter in Canada.

The people of Canada eat more butter and cheese per capita than those of any other country. The annual consumption in the United States, per inhabitant, is 20 pounds, and in the United Kingdom 19 pounds per capita.—Philadelphia Press.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—During the last 20 years the railways of the world have absorbed 50,000,000 tons of steel, or almost half the total product.

—Trees which grow on the northern side of a hill are much more durable when converted into furniture than those which grow on the southern side.

—A San Francisco earthquake-proof hotel is constructed of iron and in the form of two hollow squares, one within the other, arranged so as to brace each other.

—The air we breathe needs washing the same as everything else. After rain has been falling for some time the impurities in the air are found to diminish, and the satisfaction with which we breathe in the washed air after a good rainfall is an evidence that our senses bear testimony to its purification.

—A curious fact, not commonly known, about the gait of red deer in England has recently been published in a book on "Hunting," by Lord Ebrington. It appears that a stag crosses his legs right and left in walking, while with a female deer, except under particular circumstances, the prints of the hind foot will be found in a direct line with those of the fore foot.

—According to D. James Cantlie, in the Lancet, the disease called the bubonic plague, now raging in Asia, attacks rats before it makes its appearance among human beings in the same locality. A month before the plague broke out in the city of Bombay it was observed that the rats were dying by thousands. Other animals are also affected, but none so soon or so fatally as rats.

—Rain is one of the most active rock destroying agents, acting upon it both chemically and mechanically. It dissolves out the soluble part and makes the insoluble part crumble; and mechanically, these crumbling parts are washed off so that the mightier peaks above where the forests grow are always bare, naked rocks; because the continual wash of the rain and force of the winds sweep away all the debris; consequently the naked rock is always exposed to rapid disintegration by frost, rain, wind, changes of temperature.

VALENTINE KILLED LOVE.

A Farmer Disinherits His Daughter Because of a Comic One.

James Martin, a well-to-do farmer, recently died, leaving a will by which he disinherited his only daughter, the result of a disagreement about a valentine 50 years ago, says a Ballietville (Pa.) special. It was a few days before St. Valentine's day, 50 years ago, when the daughter asked her father for a new dress. He refused to buy it for her. The girl took her father's refusal much to heart. On St. Valentine's day Mr. Martin received a valentine addressed to him in his daughter's handwriting.

It was a rough caricature, representing a miser counting and gloating over his money. He at once took his daughter to task for what he considered an insult. She denied that she sent the cartoon. There lived in the neighborhood another farmer who had treated a niece living with him brutally. Martin's daughter said that she and this girl had purchased each a valentine and that she (Miss Martin) had bought one entitled "The Honest Farmer," while the other girl had purchased the caricature to send to her harsh uncle. In addressing the envelopes the valentines, she said, became mixed.

But in spite of explanations Mr. Martin would not believe his daughter, and from that day he never spoke to her. She soon married and lived on a farm adjoining, and, although the old man was on the most familiar terms with the husband and children, he never noticed her. He died the other day, leaving an estate valued at $45,000.

By his will he left his widow $30,000 and to his son-in-law the remainder, provided he survived his wife, the farmer's own daughter. If the son-in-law died first, then the money was to be divided among his three children. To his daughter Mr. Martin bequeathed "a package to be found in his trunk, tied with a green ribbon and sealed with green wax." When this was opened it was found to be the unfortunate valentine that had caused the estrangement of the farmer from his daughter half a century ago.—N. Y. Press.

AN ILLINOIS CAVE.

Remarkable Find Near the Town of Red Bud.

Preparations are being made to explore a cave which was recently found by some hunters, who accidentally discovered it while chasing a wounded wildcat. The cave is situated in the regions known as the "sink holes," eight miles west of Red Bud, Ill. The entrance is about seven feet in diameter, but after entering the size varies, it being 20 to 25 feet to the ceiling in some places. The ceiling is studded with large stalagmites. Large rocks project from the sides of the cave and are covered with innumerable white points, which by a dim light resemble stars. The width does not vary so much, as it is about 16 feet wide at all points.

In the center of this cave flows a stream of clear water, which contains numerous small, eyeless fish. A number of them were caught and placed on exhibition here, but they lived only a few days. The depth of the stream is from 20 to 30 feet. About two miles from the entrance it empties into a large lake, which varies in depth from five to 40 feet and lies beneath a ceiling about 100 feet from its surface.

Recently an exploring party had a small boat made and attempted to cross this lake, but after going nearly half a mile from shore decided to return. There are a great many crevices in the rocks, and it was in some of these that the skeletons of wild animals were found, supposed to be those of the wolf. Snakes of all kinds make this cave their home in winter.—Chicago News.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The greatest objection we have to "free" things is that they cost too much.—West Union Gazette.

South Dakota In Springtime

Is clothed with verdure green and spotted with the beautiful blue and white prairie flowers, tokens of luxuriant soil like that fair country to which Moses led the children of Israel in ancient times.

And like unto that land of plenty, South Dakota outrivals its sister states of the East in the products of its soil, sown, cultivated and harvested in less time and with greater ease than in any other portion of the United States.

And so we say unto you that now is the opportunity of a lifetime to "Go West and buy a farm." For descriptive lists and prices, address Geo. H. Heafford, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

Deserted Wife (in conversation with sympathetic grocer)—"And I trusted him so!" Grocer—"Confound it! so did I." —Tit-Bits.

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Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed, 50c and $1.00, all druggists.

The man who wears a face like a coffin, should not complain if he finds no welcome. —Ram's Horn.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

No great man ever had time to play checkers in the middle of the day. — Atchison Globe.

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—Mrs. W. Pickert, Van Sicklen and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, '94.

A lot of bootblacks sitting on a curbstone may not be India-rubber boys, though they are gutter perchers.

A dull, racking pain—neuralgia. Its sure cure. St. Jacobs Oil.

It is a little singular that passengers are not allowed to converse with the man at the wheel, though he is spokesman of the ship.

When bilious or costive eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

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Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c.

The man who knows himself well will know a great deal about other men.

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Did She See For Months—Can Now Sleep Well, Eat Well, and Pains Have Disappeared.

"For several months my health had been failing, and I did not have a well day in this time. I had severe pains in my back, my limbs ached and I was restless at night. I suffered with loss of appetite and severe nervous headaches. A friend advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After taking this medicine for a while I found I was gaining in health rapidly. I now have a good appetite, can sleep well, and the pains with which I suffered have almost entirely disappeared. I am gaining in flesh. I am still taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and I recommend it wherever I go." MISS SARAH SMITH, 311 North Park Street, Chillicothe, Ohio.

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TEMPERANCE.

THE PROPHET'S LAMENT.

Wanted, a Modern Jeremiah to Weep Over Woes of Intemperance.

"Even the sea-mousters," says Jeremiah, "draw out the breast; they give suck to their young ones; the daughter of my people is become cruel, like the ostriches in the wilderness. The tongue of the sucking child cleaveth to the roof of his mouth for thirst; the young children ask for bread, and no man breaketh it unto them." Such were the effects of famine; but how the prophet would have been shocked had he been told that all this hardness of heart would afterward exist in a land of plenty and of religious knowledge. Yet such destitution of human feeling presents itself to our view throughout the length and breadth of the land, and how few are the Jeremiahs that lament, or the priests that rush with the censer to stay the plague which is so furiously at work! In every insidious form, whether as beer, wine, or spirits, the desolating pest is ravaging our country.

No foreign powers threaten our shores; and yet are we besieged in our own dwellings with an enemy more potent than they. Our sons are made slaves before our eyes; our fair country-women are dishonored in our streets; our most valuable citizens are ruined, beggared and slain by a worse than vandal assassin, and we may almost ask: "How few regard it?" We cannot dwell upon all the miseries and abominations of the land growing out of the drink curse; to one feature only do we now refer, viz.: the dehumanizing influence of the drink. Every sacred promise will the drunkard violate, every consecrated resolution will he scatter to the winds; the fondest heart is he ready to break, the dearest relationship trample upon. The tears of 10,000 deserted, starving, wretched, and dying wives abundantly attest this. Their husbands, dead to every humane feeling and every religious bond, have been robbed of a heart by the intoxicating cup. Well has it been said that

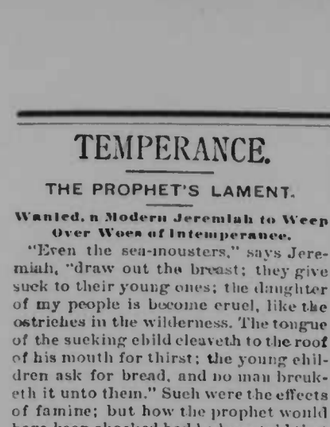

A SECOND CURSE.

"intoxicating drinks have visited the earth with a second curse." On none has it alighted with such tremendous fury as on the unhappy wives of inebriates. The history of these broken-hearted women, like Ezekiel's roll, is written within, with "lamentations and weeping and woe." The church of God has too long been indifferent to the voice of revelation concerning this evil, and equally heedless of its malignant influence upon the church and society; a book of lamentations, quite as affecting as that which the spirit of God dictated to the weeping prophet, might be composed respecting the crimes and miseries occasioned by drinking.

America at this moment could furnish materials for such a mournful theme, far more ample than that which the words and the famine presented to Jeremiah. Were our heads waters and our eyes fountains of tears, and were we to weep day and night, such expressions of sorrow would convey but an imperfect idea of the wide-spreading desolation. Tears, however, are unavailing in such a case; more than tears are therefore asked. By the adoption of total abstinence on the part of the American people the plague can be stayed. Could the sympathetic prophet have been told that by abandoning the use of a cup of poison he might restore his much-loved Zion to her pristine beauty, and her ruined sons and daughters to happiness and honor, would he have hesitated or stopped a moment to consult a vitiated taste or unnatural appetite? Verily not. But had the cup to his taste been nectar in one moment he would have cast it upon the ground and solemnly vowed that never again would he put it to his lips. Let us go and do likewise and verily our land shall be redeemed. —National Temperance Advocate.

Would Put Drunkards on a Farm.

A bill has been introduced in the New York assembly which authorizes the city of New York to appropriate $100,000 for the equipment and maintenance of a farm colony near New York where habitual drunkards and other undesirable citizens may be sent to be drilled into decency. The bill is said to be favored by a majority of the legislators. Gov. Black signed the "knock-out drops" bill, which makes it a felony for any person other than a licensed druggist or physician to have in his possession or to administer to any person a drug or narcotic.

War on the Smoker.

The smoking cars are to be withdrawn from the street railroads in Philadelphia. Women complained that the reservation of cars for men was a discrimination against them, which often caused vexatious delays. Men joined in the crusade, and the final blow was struck by the board of health's determination to enforce the regulations against expectorating in the street cars. It is time now to inquire about the men who occupy two seats on railway cars, one in a smoker and one in a coach.—Union Signal.

THE FARMER AND TEMPERANCE.

Where the Home of the Anti-Saloon Sentiment Should Be.

The farm ought to be the home of the temperance sentiment of the country, for we who live in the country, removed from the city's and town's temptations, can more clearly see the folly of the alcohol habit than people who have lived so long with the brewery and groggery under their very noses that they have become inured to their offensiveness.

But from a purely practical point of view, all questions of right and wrong aside, we ought to be "dead set" against the liquor interest, from the fact that it is the great disturber of business. If the millions of dollars now spent for drink that ought to go to supplying poor men's families with food and clothing and fuel were spent as they ought to be, there would be home markets for all that we could raise, and "overproduction" would be a think unheard of.

An official inquiry, made by the Massachusetts bureau of statistics of labor into the relation of the liquor traffic to pauperism, crime and insanity has brought out some interesting facts. As to the insane, so far as can be ascertained, seven out of every ten had intemperate parents; and one out of every four was believed to have been made insane by his own intemperate habits.

Of all the paupers of the state institutions, three out of every four were addicted to the use of liquor, and nearly one-half had intemperate parents. Of all the arrests for crime during the year, two-thirds were for drunkenness. Taking into account all kinds of crime, in about eight and one-half cases in every ten the intemperate habits of the offender led to a condition which induced the crime; and, excluding minors, 96 of every 100 persons convicted of crime were addicted to the use of liquor.

Massachusetts has a local option law, under which the cities and towns vote annually upon the licensing of saloons. One branch of the bureau's investigation was directed to ascertaining the relative amount of drunkenness in places where the saloons were closed and in those where they were open. In the no-license cities and towns the arrests for drunkenness were only about one-half and for offenses other than drunkenness less than half as many per thousand of the population as in license cities and towns. In five cities which were for a part of the year under license and a part of the year under no license, the licensed months showed nearly three times as many arrests for drunkenness, on the average, as the no-license months.

These statistics, taken as a whole, seem not only to establish a close connection between the liquor traffic and crime, pauperism and insanity, but to show also a considerable curtailment of these evils when the saloons are closed.—L. C. Poor, in Farm News.

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

If the devil didn't teach men how to make rum, who did?—Ram's Horn.

"Trimmings" is the term under which alcoholic drinks are disguised in the bills English ladies run up in the London department stores, according to Salvation Army investigators.

The senate of Minnesota has decided that there can be no smoking in the senate chamber or committee rooms. There was opposition to the bill, but it passed by a large majority.

The bishop of London, inviting his clergy to observe Temperance Sunday (May 9), writes: "I am sure you will feel the importance of urging on all Christian people the paramount obligation of temperance."

Rev. C. H. Smith, pastor of M. E. church, Phoenix, R. I., has pledge cards against bad words, tobacco and intoxicating liquor for what he calls "Our Sunday-school Battle Boys." The signers are supplied with pretty buttons, and so the battle goes forward.

By the help of the colored people of Arkansas, and especially a preacher who belongs to one of the newly organized unions who went to help in the fight, whisky was voted out of one of the large towns there for the first time. There were only two or three white men arrayed against it.

The friends of temperance in Kentucky are to issue a little sheet, which "will extend a helping hand to every organization that has for its object the legal suppression of the liquor traffic, for beverage purposes, in state and nation. At the same time it will give no uncertain sound as to the claims of a straight prohibition party."

Buying Up More Breweries.

According to press reports our English cousins have great faith in the profitableness of the brewery business. There have recently been in Cincinnati three representatives of a gigantic London syndicate for the purpose of purchasing all the biggest breweries in that city, and success has so far crowned their efforts. They have purchased an option on 16, and the deal has progressed so far that most of the breweries have begun taking stock and summing up all the saloon chattel mortgages they hold for the purpose of knowing just how they stand. The deal is expected to to be closed within a day or two. The amount to be paid for the lot aggregates $9,000,000. This will make their holdings in American breweries over $100,000,000.—National Temperance Advocate.

Lose Ground Through Apathy.

The Arkansas legislature has repealed several of the four-mile exemption laws, that keeps as many villages clear of the saloon. Our informant adds that the women in fancied security did not bestir themselves to send up petitions from a majority of the people (men and women), praying that these localities should still be exempt from the curse, and as a natural consequence they have lost their exemption. —Union Signal.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—There is only one sudden death among women to eight among men.

—The people of the United States read and support as many newspapers as England, France and Germany combined.

—Switzerland is the only civilized country in the world which grants no patents for inventions.

—Jewish convicts are now sent to Parkhurst prison, Isle of Wight, where a synagogue has been provided for their use.

—A toilet club for dogs has been established in Bond street, London, where dogs may be shaved, washed and beautified.

—A rich woman in America having divorced five husbands, has just married the sixth. All the divorced husbands have remained on good terms with the lady, and were present at her sixth marriage.

—A man after walking across America, 4,000 miles, earning his living by lecturing at his stopping places, he having started without a penny, has arrived in Liverpool to make a similar tour through England.

—It is estimated that the death rate of the world is 67 a minute, and the birth rate 70 a minute, and this seemingly light percentage of gain is sufficient to give a net increase of population each year of almost 1,200,000 souls.

—In the Rothschild family it is the custom at the birth of each little girl to purchase six pearls, each one costing £100. Upon every birthday six more are added to the original half dozen, so that when the young lady comes out she has presented to her a casket of magnificent and flawless gems.

CURIOUS FIND IN IOWA.

Ancient Records Supposed to Be of Aztec Origin.

Interest in archaeological discovery near Fairfield, Jefferson county, Ia., has intensified since the report of the professor on antiquities of the Ohio university has been received stating that the relic is undoubtedly of Aztec origin. A party of scientists from the Smithsonian institution is gathering additional data to aid in determining its origin.

The find was made September 9, 1896. The block of wood in which the records were inclosed is about the size of a common brick. The outside of this box was coated with wax or gum of some kind, which not only fastened the pieces together, but made the receptacle within practically water and airtight. After being coated, the blocks had been held over a fire that the gum might be melted and evenly distributed, and the block is not only covered with soot but it is also slightly charred. The wood, possibly a bit of birch, is excellently preserved. The outer wrapping of bark is purplish black, indicating that it had been discolored by smoke. That on which the characters are written is as thin as a bit of printing paper of this day, a pinkish yellow, as fresh, apparently, as the day it was put into the ground. The characters are written in red ink, possibly the juice of some fruit or plant. The color is bright and the work neat, that of an expert. The bark is not that of our common birch, but more like that which is used by the Indians farther north. The wax with which the bits of wood were sealed resembles very much dark sealing wax of these days, melts very readily and gives out a faint odor. The find was made under the stump of a tree, two or three feet deep. Workmen think the tree must have been 50 years old.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Decided to Learn.

[illegible] he asked.

"Oh, nothing much," she replied, blushing a little. "I overheard a discussion of some points of it to-day, and I could not help noticing quite a frequent reference to 'kissing' and 'kisses.'"

After thinking the matter over he hastened to assure her by word and action that it isn't necessary to play billiards in order to make the word applicable.—Chicago Post.

Black Satin Skirts.

Women who have black satin skirts need not think because light-colored skirts are now so much favored that the former useful possession is passe. They will be worn just as much as ever, and this is something to feel a little happiness over, for they can so often be brought into use, and always look well and generally in place. These skirts worn with light waists are more than convenient, and it was remarked of a certain very select dinner given several weeks ago that half the women present wore black satin skirts and light fancy waists. Black moire velour skirts have been much used, but unless a waist of the same is worn they are not really considered an fait. This material is made into beautiful gowns, and when elaborately trimmed is highly suitable for reception and calling gowns.—Chicago Chronicle.

Tribute to a Model Wife.

"I want a death certificate!" said an excited individual, rushing into the health office yesterday afternoon. He got it, and was asked for the customary dollar.

"What's that?" he exclaimed, looking surprised. "I'll give you 50 cents."

"It'll never do," said Secretary Combs, nodding his head. "Couldn't take a penny less."

"Well, here's the dollar," declared the man. "I wouldn't have had her die for five. She was a model wife."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HER REFORMED DIET.

Mrs. Newlight Makes a Series of Astounding Discoveries.

"It's just awful how criminally ignorant I've been regarding our food," said Mrs. Newlight to her husband the other day. "I can never be thankful enough that I joined Prof. Searem's class in domestic science. My! it's a wonder we're not all dead, ignorant as I've been. There's one thing sure, George Newlight, there'll be no more tomatoes on my table."

"Why?"

"Because Prof. Searem explained to us to-day how tomatoes cause a marked arrest of vital activity in those who eat them, and he proved that the acid of tomatoes acts almost like a poison on the membrane of the stomach. Then I'm done with any berries that have seeds in on my table."

"I'd like to know why?"

"You wouldn't ask if you heard the professor talk on appendicitis and its cause. A single dish of raspberries or strawberries may bring on that awful trouble. It's fearful to think of the risk people will run just to gratify the palate. And here we've always allowed our children to have sugar and cream on their oatmeal!"

"What of it?"

"Well, you'd say 'what of it?' if you could hear the professor explain how the combination of oatmeal and cream and sugar causes dreadful gases to arise in the stomach and utterly retards digestion. I've not the slightest doubt that the awful spasm our little Mamie had last year was due entirely to this cause. Then there's bananas! Why, George Newlight, they're simply rank poison! And you'll get no more white bread at my table."

"Why not?"

"Because there is no more nutrition in it than there would be in bread made out of pure starch. Every bit of the nutritive element has been refined out of it. It makes those who eat it thin-blooded."

"Do I look thin-blooded or as if I lacked nutrition?" asked Mr. Newlight, who weighs 199.

"That doesn't signify. You don't know what day you'll begin to break down under such bread. We'll have nothing but graham or whole wheat flour hereafter, and I've done with coffee, too. If you could see and hear Prof. Searem demonstrate just how poisonous it is to the whole human system, you'd shun it as you shun opium. He says that cocoa shells is the only safe warm drink."

"I'd as soon drink dishwater," said Newlight.

"You'd better drink dishwater than your poisonous coffee. If you'd only take a little time to study domestic science and look into the food business a little it would be a good thing for your health and the health of your family. There's a lot more things we've been jeopardizing our lives by eating in our criminal ignorance, and I'm going to cut them all off our list."

"And she did, which is the reason that Newlight is taking most of his meals down town at present.—Detroit Free Press.

JONESBY'S JOKE.

His Two Mice in a Candy Box and What They Did.

Mr. Giddy invited two friends to dine with him the other evening, and when the first of them arrived he found the host in a very merry mood.

"Glad you got here first," he said. "I've got a joke on Jonesby that the boys will tell around the office for a year, and I want to tell you about it before he comes in."

"Jonesby is something of a joker himself, isn't he?" returned the guest.

"He thinks so now, but he won't after he finds out. You see he's played a lot of fool tricks on me that he thinks funny, and I've been waiting to get even. Of late he's taken to buying lots of neckties and keeping a comb in his desk, and the boys think he's in love with the typewriter."

"Well, that's no joke, I'm sure."

"I wasn't sure about it myself until to-day, when I saw him sneak in and lay on her desk a big candy box, done up in white paper and tied with blue ribbons. If he hadn't run away as fast as he could he'd have heard me laughing, for I couldn't restrain it another second!"

"Well?" said the guest, who was wondering how soon dinner would be served.

"Well, I knew I had him then, so I just grabbed that candy box and slid it in my overcoat pocket, just as the typewriter came into the room."

"Did she suspect?"

"No; I guess not. She asked me what I was laughing at, and I told her I'd just seen a fat old man slip on a banana peel. She smoothed her hair down and said she didn't see anything funny in that—she knows I'm married, you see."

"I see. We have typewriters at our office."

"Yes. Then I invited Jonesby to dinner to-night; I brought the box of candy home—I'll bet it's good, too! Told my wife to put it on the dinner table. I'll tell old Jonesby the joke after it's all eaten. Won't he be mad, though? Sh—that's him. Don't say anything. Hello, Jonesby, old man; you're late. I thought you weren't coming."

"I am a little late," returned the newcomer. "The fact is I stayed later than usual at the office this evening. Fact is, I'd put up a joke on the typewriter and I wanted to see what she'd do."

"Joke on the typewriter, eh? What was it?" said Mr. Giddy, winking at the first guest.

"Put a box with two little mice in it on her desk. I knew she'd think it was candy, and—what's the matter, old man?"

"I—I want to tell my wife something," faltered Mr. Giddy.

But just then a series of the most appalling screams coming from the direction of the dining-room told that he was too late!—Chicago Times-Herald.

FRESH FASHION NOTES.

Some New Notions in Ladies' Spring Costumes.

The minds of the maiden and of the matron of all ages turn toward the bicycle costume. What to make it out of and how to make it are important questions. There are heavy grades of camel's hair that are greatly liked. Serge and cloth give excellent satisfaction. Denim makes good knockabout skirts, and young women who run errands and like to be always ready for a spin are wearing denim skirts of wheeling length about the house, with shirt waists of cheviot, gingham or any of the popular cotton fabrics. This bicycle length skirt, by the way, is a great thing for busy young women. They can dress in it in the morning, put on a big apron, attend to whatever comes along, and at three minutes' notice can be out a-wheeling if anything in the way of minor supplies is required for the household.

Ladies who like moderately thick dresses for morning and ordinary wear are using denim and heavy linens. A skirt and blazer of these materials, with a shirt waist, is the popular suit. The skirts are braided or trimmed with narrow galleon, either in rows or put on in fancy patterns. A dark blue and yellow denim with yellow braid is one of the most stylish of the spring dresses in this line. A gray denim, with black braid, is exceedingly handsome, and a red and black, with red braid, makes a small girl's dress that can scarcely be equalled for durability and style.

The wheel and its costumes are assuming great importance in the household. Even the conservative grandmother and aunties who aforetime did not approve of them find them so useful and discover so many places where they fill otherwise unbridgable chasms, that the prejudice against them has almost entirely worn away.

The new organdies are simply bewildering. They are as sheer as one can possibly imagine, and in the daintiest and most delicate colors. One can but wonder how such fabrics can be woven and printed and handled with safety, some of them being so delicate and frail looking.

Taffeta silk is one of the most reliable and serviceable materials. There is a sort of spotted taffeta in black and dark colors that will outwear almost any material in the silk line. The spots are woven in, and the fabric makes exceptionally pretty and dressy costumes. —N. Y. Ledger.

COOKING TONGUES.

When Properly Prepared Fresh Beef or Calf's Lingan Is Delicious Meat.

Every good housekeeper knows how to soak and boil a smoked beef tongue, but a great many cooks treat a fresh tongue in such a manner that it becomes as flavorless as gelatine.

Properly roasted or braised in stock, a fresh beef or calf's tongue is a delicious meat. It is not remarkable for its nutritious qualities, but, like the tenderloin of beef, the meat is of good flavor if it is carefully cooked and seasoned, and it is always of melting tenderness.

Select a fresh beef tongue for roasting. Wash and trim it thoroughly, and season it with salt and pepper. Wrap a paste around it made of a pint of flour and a cupful of water. Roll out this paste thin and wrap it around the tongue. Lay it on a meat rack in a dripping pan, with a pint of boiling water. Roast it for about two hours. Keep the surface of the paste from drying too hard or from burning by basting it with the boiling water in the bottom of the dripping pan. At the end of this time remove the paste. It is of no further value. Loosen the skin of the tongue and peel it off. It should come off easily. Lay it back in the pan, rub it freely with butter, dredge it lightly with flour and pour a little rich brown stock in the pan under it to baste it with. Roast it, basting it often, until it is well browned. Take it up. Add mushrooms to the brown gravy in the dripping pan, thicken it, and serve it with the tongue. The mushrooms, of course, may be omitted, but they add a great deal to the flavor of the tongue.

Spinach is a delicious vegetable to serve with roast tongue. Pickles and piquant sauces are always appropriate. —Chicago Tribune.

Baby's Flannels.

Babies' white woolens are often a terrible trial, by reason of the distressing tendency they have to shrinking; moreover, they lose their pristine beauty and softness after the first washing. This can be avoided by careful treatment. Put into the lukewarm lather in which they should be regularly washed, two tablespoonfuls of ammonia and a teaspoonful of powdered borax, previously dissolved in spirits of wine. Wash the garments in this mixture, rubbing them not at all, or as little as possible. Rinse in cold water that has been previously boiled, if possible, mixed with a tablespoonful of white vinegar. Do not wring the articles, but shake them well, and hang them out to drip in a very warm place, or at some distance from a good fire. Iron on the wrong side whilst the material is still damp, and then let them air a long time. Things washed carefully in this manner will look as good as new, and should not shrink.—St. Louis Republic.

Habit of Doing Well.

Learning to do well is like learning to swim. You wade into the water, but not far, for fear you will drown. You try again, and do a little better. You swallow a good deal of water, but you keep on splashing, and finally can swim. So you must keep on doing well until you learn how. A habit is something which we have. That is what the word means. It often becomes something which has us.—Detroit Free Press.

Reassured.

He—And you say Miss Sittout is your friend? Well, I hope you don't flirt as she does.

She—Oh, indeed I don't. I think her way is horrid!—Brooklyn Life.

THE HISTORY OF SHORTHAND.

An Art That Has Come Down to Us from Ancient Times.

The student of shorthand to-day has decided advantage over those who went before him in a period prior to 1837, when Isaac Pitman, then an unknown teacher, made such improvements upon the systems then in use that he is called the father of modern shorthand. Charles Dickens and his father, when they began the study of stenography, about the year 1824, adopted the best method then in existence, but they were compelled to learn the use of more than 100 signs and symbols, many of which were arbitrary. Samuel Pepys, author of the "Diary," wrote his inimitable work in a system of shorthand known as Shelton's, which demanded the use of nearly 300 signs and symbols.

What appears strange in this matter is that the people of the United States should be, as they are, far behind England, Germany and France in general, practical knowledge of this important work. Americans are so active, energetic and inventive, seeking to overcome time and distance in all that they do, easily leading the world in the matter of labor-saving machinery, that it would seem that the economic value of shorthand would have been recognized at once. Such, however, has not been the case, knowledge of it being restricted chiefly to those who follow it as a livelihood, while in other countries named it is pursued as a study by those who expect to follow professional life, because they realize how valuable it may be to them in their several pursuits.

The old Greek and Romans were wiser in their day and generation, because their students of all classes and stations carefully mastered the systems then in use, employing them generally in correspondence, recording of minutes of various assemblies, etc. Such of the speeches of Demosthenes and Cicero as were not read from manuscript were taken down in this manner, and afterward "longhanded."

Those Greek and Roman systems were the only ones known to Europe until the tenth century of the Christian era, one or other being adopted indifferently by the various countries until the division of the Catholic church. While it is commonly said the art became lost for a century or more, and was then revived in an improved form, this is altogether erroneous. It was simply that both systems failed to meet the requirements of the literature of that age, which was chiefly religious and largely confined to the dwellers in monasteries. The common sense monks gradually changed it to meet existing conditions, adding a number of signs and symbols as substitutes for words of a purely ecclesiastical nature. Thus the monk of the eleventh century really set the foundation for the present apparently perfect system of sign writing by sound.

Shorthand is one of the arts that has never been lost. It lived in one form or another, and always, with the centuries, in an improved and improving condition, because there have lived in every age those who appreciate its economic value. It is believed that it was practiced in Phenicia before Attica existed as a people, and possibly also at Babylon. One finds no traces of it in China or Japan, primarily because the first named country has always, and the second until recently, opposed all manner of labor and time-saving devices. Besides, theirs is a kind of character writing, to which there might be difficulty in applying a practical shorthand method.

The present history of shorthand shows conclusively that it is in more general use in Europe than in the United States, the older countries having tried and proved its merits some time before it was fairly introduced upon this side of the ocean. Their judgment in this matter being ripe and their experience established, a following of their example could be accomplished only with good results. The civilization of Europe, and especially of those three countries in which shorthand is in greatest use, does not differ so much from that of the United States that what is of practical and general benefit there would be less so here. It is due this country, however, to say that none of these can offer a system or method that shows any improvement, upon the whole, of the best that are taught and practiced in the United States. Indeed, methods of teaching here are more direct and to the point. Take two persons of equal intelligence and with equal educational advantages, the one in England and the other in the United States, each under instruction, and the American should be first to attain a thoroughly practical knowledge of the art.—N. Y. Tribune.

Professional Readers.

Public men who are called upon to speak frequently on widely different subjects find it necessary, as a rule, to employ some one to do a lot of discriminating reading for them, and there are men and women in this town who support themselves by just that kind of work. It isn't their business to write the speeches, but to prepare a mass of data from which their employer may select such facts as he chooses to use in his speech very much in the same way that law clerks look up references and cases for the members of the firm. For instance, if a man is going to make a speech on the Armenian question and he has not the time to gather data, he may employ one of these professional readers to prepare his notes. The public libraries in this city furnish the books, and two or three days' work by a discriminating reader will supply the speaker with all the facts he may need. If required, the reader will also write the speech, but such demands usually come from suburban districts.—N. Y. Sun.

To Polish Brass Kettles.

To polish brass kettles or anything brass that is very much tarnished, first rub it with a solution of oxalic acid and then dry and polish with rotten stone or very fine emery dust.—Chicago Tribune.

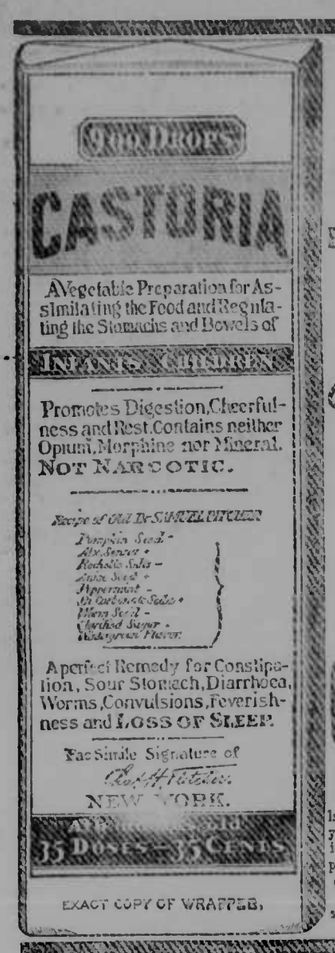

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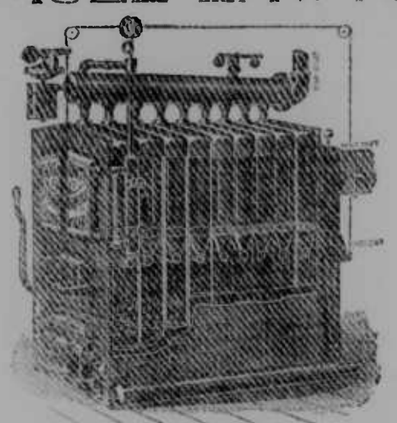

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47—2

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Farmers, Stockmen AND DAIRYMEN.

You are especially interested in the care of your live stock; and know that by keeping them in prime condition they can be made more valuable to you, and give better returns. During the winter months when off grass, it is absolutely necessary that they should have a true tonic, something to take the place of the nourishment obtained from roots and herbs they get when browsing on the hill sides. For such, we direct your especial attention to the **Gleason's Horse and Cattle Powder,** a compound that is purely vegetable and the fruits of careful study by the originator, who has had years of experience in handling stock of all kinds.

Properly fed in small doses it purifies the Blood, regulates the Bowels, aids Digestion, expels Worms, Grubs and Botts, creates Bone and Muscle, cures Colds, Epizooty and Distemper, restores the Appetite, tones up the entire System, and makes the Horse more Handsome and valuable to the owner. As a Milk, Flesh and Butter producer it is unsurpassed.

Gleason's is a thorough condition Powder that no Farmer, Stockman or Dairyman should be without.

It is sold by all dealers and prepared by

Gilbert Bros. & Co., BALTIMORE, MD.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, April 12, 1897.

President McKinley returned from his little outing much improved. The weather was more or less disagreeable during the entire time he spent on the Dolphin, but he got what he went after and needed most—rest. He was at his desk to-day looking fresher than for several weeks.

Jerry Simpson made an attempt to prove that he was a bigger man than the entire House, but he only proved himself a monkey. He thought, or rather he thought that he thought, that he could compel Speaker Reed to appoint the committees and the House to go ahead with miscellaneous business, although a majority had decided that the legislation of the extra session should be confined to passing the left-over appropriation bills, and the tariff bill, both of which the House has done. Jerry made the point of "no quorum" to prevent the House adjourning from Saturday to Wednesday, but Speaker Reed had no difficulty in counting a quorum, and Jerry found himself down while the House adjourned. Whether he intends to get himself knocked down every time the House meets just for the notoriety there is in it, is yet to be seen. It is evident that Speaker Reed regards Jerry merely as an "amusing little cuss."

Secretary Alger, under whose direction the $200,000 appropriated last week by Congress for the relief of suffers by the floods in the Mississippi valley will be spent, lost no time in putting the machinery of the War Department to work in order that prompt relief might be extended, wherever needed. It may be a hard thing to say, but it is strictly true that the Cleveland administration was responsible for much of the damage done by the Mississippi river floods, by its policy of delay in spending money appropriated by Congress to strengthen and raise up the levees along the Mississippi river at those points where United States engineer officers had reported the necessity of such work. Reports are on file in the War Department from engineer officers, made after Congress had appropriated the money, urging that contracts be made and the work pushed on these levees, but it was the Cleveland-Carlisle policy to hold back appropriations as long as possible, and these floods came before the strengthening of the levees had been completed. A number of the breaks are at the points reported weak by the engineers and ordered to be strengthened by Congress. For all damage done by these particular breaks, the Cleveland administration is clearly responsible.

President McKinley's announced policy of reinstating all ex-Union soldiers who were dismissed from office by the Democrats for no other reason than their politics, is being carried out in all of the government departments as fast as the heads of the departments can get around to the cases. In the cases of the chiefs of divisions, the Democrats are being given better treatment than they gave Republicans. They are allowed to remain in office, in a lower position, instead of being dismissed, as so many Republicans were under the last administration.

A Republican Senator speaking of the talk in regard to the appointment of Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, to be assistant secretary of the Navy being likely to make trouble, said: "Roosevelt may make trouble in the Navy Department, but if he does it will be in the interest of the administration of its affairs, just as he has made trouble for the law breakers of New York city who had long enjoyed police protection. I notice that in all the trouble stirred up by Roosevelt, he has always had the support of those who believed in showing up and reforming wrong doing wherever found and I am willing to stand behind all the trouble he makes in the navy department."

Mr. Cleveland's order reducing the number of pension agencies, which was to go into effect on the first of next September, will never go into effect. Pension Commissioner Evans has ascertained by investigation that instead of saving money as Mr. Cleveland claimed, it would cost more to support the consolidated agencies. He said on the subject: "While I have no authority to speak for the President, I have excellent reasons for believing that his order will not go into effect, and that the eighteen pension agencies will remain as they are." Commissioner Evans also says that Mr. Cleveland's order placing pension examining surgeons under the civil service rules will be revoked, except in the cases of examiners who receive $300 a year or less.

No date has yet been fixed for the reporting of the Dingley tariff bill to the Senate by the Finance Committee.

Ex-Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, died suddenly Saturday morning at his Washington house.

Don't allow the lungs to be impaired by the continuous irritation of a cough. It is easier to prevent consumption than to cure it. One Minute Cough Cure taken early will ward off any lung trouble. Oakland Pharmacy.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

By virtue of a power contained in a mortgage from G. W. Delawder and wife to George Claussen, dated the 16th day of February, 1891, I will on

Saturday, April 24th, 1897,

in front of the Postoffice in Oakland at eleven o'clock a. m., offer at public sale all the property described in said mortgage known as

Deep Creek Farm

containing 143 acres more or less. This is one of the finest farms in Garrett county. It is improved by two good dwelling houses with barns, stables, ice houses and other out buildings. This is the

Famous Lake Cleveland Property.

The interest to be sold is the undivided one-half interest of G. W. Delawder in said property.

TERMS, CASH.

D. JAMES BLACKISTON, *Attorney Named in Mortgage.*

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 506 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," 1, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

Saturday, the 1st Day of May,

1897, at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all the coal and other mineral underlying all those certain tracts or parcels of land constituting the residue of the tract of land called "Addition to Paradise," containing

898 ACRES,

and all the coal and other minerals underlying that other tract of land called "Beechwood," containing

41 and 11-16 ACRES,

together with the right to enter upon said tracts of land to dig, mine and take away the coal and other minerals underlying same, and the right to construct ways and railways over to excavate openings upon said land, or to dig or sink shafts, or to do and perform all such other acts as may be necessary or proper for the purpose of digging, mining or removing the coal or other minerals from under and off of said lands.

The lands above referred to are situate in Election District No. 8 of said Garrett county and the minerals underlying same, with all the rights appertaining thereto were sold and conveyed to The Bayard Coal and Coke Company by Wm. Whitmer and wife by deed dated Jan. 24th, 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 20, folio 363, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, to which deed reference is made.

Said minerals, with all rights appertaining thereto, will be sold to satisfy said pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1894 and 1895, as is charged to The Bayard Coal and Coke Company on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and the costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

EDWARD E. SOLLARS, Late Treasurer.

5-4t.

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.

This is to give notice that the co-partnership heretofore existing between M. H. DeWitt and J. J. Ferguson, doing a general mercantile business at Sang Run, Garrett County, has been dissolved by mutual consent.

M. H. DeWITT, J. J. FERGUSON.

5-3

ESTATE OF DANIEL KINSINGER DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett County, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

DANIEL KINSINGER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 10th day of September next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 5th day of April, 1897.

W. M. KINSINGER, Adm'r, Brunnsville, Md.

5-4t

wear out their old boots in this way as they are generally more comfortable than new ones.

"There is really no cast-off article where the material is so little wasted as old harness, every particle of it being used in some shape or form. The buckles and ornaments are cut off and sold by second-hand dealers, the collars are cut up and used for repairing leather bags, the hay stuffing being utilized for restuffing old chairs and coaches.

"Indeed, if the supply of disused harness were not so large, the price of new harness would be much higher than it is."

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett County at the suit of D. James Blackiston against William W. Sweet, being Judicials No. 5 to March Term, 1897, I will on

THURSDAY, APRIL 29th, 1897,

at the hour of two o'clock p. m.,

in front of the Court House door in Oakland, offer at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, the following described property, to-wit:

All that lot, piece or parcel of land situated near Swanton and contained within the following metes and bounds, to-wit: Beginning at a stake and stone in the north-west line of a tract of land called Potomac Manor in District No. 1 of said Garrett county, about two and one-half perches from Club Tree creek, and running from thence easterly about eleven and one half perches to a white oak tree marked, thence easterly about thirteen perches to a small pine bounded, thence northerly about twenty-six perches to a small crooked pine bounded, thence north-westerly about eleven perches through a small pine to the said north-west line of Potomac Manor to a stake and stone, thence south-westerly along said line to the place of beginning, containing about

FOUR ACRES,

being the same land which was conveyed to William W. Sweet by Edmund Jamison, Sheriff, by deed dated Nov. 11, 1893, and recorded in Liber E. Z. No. 22, folio 119, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

The above property is improved by a comfortable dwelling house.

AUSTIN BROWN, Sheriff of Garrett County.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Frey & Hawk vs. Charles Washington and wife.

No. 799 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors and leiuors of Chas. Washington and wife, to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before Friday, the 9th day of April, 1897, as I will on that day proceed to state an audit in the above cause, distributing the funds in the trustee's hands to persons entitled thereto.

EDWARD H. SINCELL, Auditor.

IT'S YOUR LIVER

When you feel tired, listless, heavy, headachy, flushed, and have a foul taste in your mouth you may be sure your liver is loafing. It isn't doing its work; it needs a stirring up.

DR. A. S. TODD'S ANTI-BILIOUS LIVER PILLS

will straighten you out. Make you feel like new. Brighten eyes and brain. Clear your complexion—cure your headache. 25 cents, all druggists. Made by

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

Wm. Frederick, jr., & Son,

OF FRIENDSVILLE, MD.,

Are quoting an array of extreme bottom figures never before mentioned by any house anywhere, solvent or insolvent, no matter whether cash or credit.

Big prices will not do in these times when even the wealthy cannot afford to waste their money, and the poor require double duty of every Dollar and every Penny.

We deal in good goods and not in trash, and believe the masses will patronize the house that sells the best goods for least money.

We offer such unanswerable arguments as no house can match—leaders and specialties at quotations that no other can offer—stern and stubborn facts that will level your head on the subject of genuine bargains.

We invite an early and repeated visit and inspection; our stock will be replenished every few days, and to merchants we offer some special leaders fully 15 to 20 per cent less than current prices in New York City.

Don't forget the place but just follow the crowd into the

Great New York Racket Department Store,

of the above firm.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

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W. A. HOUGH.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.

PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.

REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.

SPOUTING, ETC.

WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

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SOUTHWARD No. 3	SOUTHWARD No. 1	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2	NORTHWARD No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 00*	7 00† lv	Cumberland ar	*12 15	†7 30
3 26	7 26	Rawlings	11 50	7 05
3 45	7 45	Keyser	11 28	6 43
4 00	8 00	Westernport	11 15	6 30
4 04	8 01	W. Va. C. Junc.	11 11	6 27
4 34	8 25	Shaw	10 45	5 57
5 00	9 01	Harrison	10 19	5 29
6 15	9 45* ar	Elk Garden	8 00	*4 00
5 35	9 10† lv	Gorman	9 40	4 53
5 42	9 46	Bayard	9 31	4 47
5 51	9 57	Doblin	9 23	4 38
6 27	10 27	Thomas	8 53	4 08
6 55	10 55 ar	Davis	8 00	3 15
6 34	10 31 lv	Coketon	8 48	4 01
7 01	11 01	Hendricks	8 15	3 30
7 07	11 07	Bretz	8 08	3 23
7 10	11 10	Parsons	8 05	3 20
7 15	11 15	Kerens	7 30	2 45
8 00*	12 00† ar	Elkins	lv *7 15	†2 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
	3 05* ar	Beallington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

Ripans Tabules relieve scrofula.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

FRED A. THAYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW. OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW

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EDWARD B. SINCELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW. OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

GILMOR S. HAMILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY. OFFICE ON ALDER STREET

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DR. J. G. ROBINSON, DENTIST, Felty Building, Opposite Postoffice, OAKLAND, MD. GAS ADMINISTERED. 50-97

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON OAKLAND, MD.

Residence on North 3rd Street. Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Mayers Building. Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel. Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8:30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street. Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.* Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

THOMAS R. McBRIDE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street. All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

H. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Residence and P. O. Address, 2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER. Will sell Real or Personal Estate Residence and post office address, EITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE, AUCTIONEER! *Will sell Real or Personal Property* Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1897.

ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties, Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

Andrew H. Gonder, Attorney at Law. Alexander C. Mason, Surveyor.

GONDER & MASON, :- REAL -: ESTATE -: AGENTS, :- OAKLAND, MD. 40—1yr. Office, Shartzer's Opera House.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN, SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER. LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE. Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including main ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26*

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President. G. S. HAMILL, V. President S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted. Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

PIEDMONT STONE & LIME CO.,

Owned and operated by The E. J. Fredlock Manufacturing and Building Company, of Piedmont.

WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH THIS

Superior Lime

TO BUILDERS, FARMERS AND TANNERS IN BARRELS OR BULK TO SUIT PURCHASERS.

This lime is equal in strength for agricultural, building and tanning purposes to the Frederick or Baltimore county lime.

KILNS AT CRABTREE, MD.

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The E. J. Fredlock M'f'g and Bld'g Co., PIEDMONT, W. VA. 43 26

WANTED: ROCK OAK BARK.

Write for prices.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO., CUMBERLAND, MD. 49-13

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1897. NUMBER 7.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

And the next day it snowed.

Miss Tina Connell has been appointed postmaster at Hutton.

Mr. Peter J. Lohr, of Swanton, was here last Saturday on business.

Mr. Parley DeBerry, of Terra Alta, was in Oakland Tuesday on business.

Miss Tina Connell, of Hutton, spent Tuesday and part of yesterday in Oakland with friends.

FOR SALE.—A town lot suitable for building purposes, 60X160 feet. Inquire at this office.

Mr. James S. Lakin, of Terra Alta, was in the city Sunday as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Offutt.

Mr. J. C. Remninger spent two or three days the first of this week visiting friends at Aurora, W. Va.

Mr. S. R. Harvey, of Schell, one of our valued friends, was in Oakland last Saturday and called to see us.

Hon. A. F. George, of Swanton, was in the city on Friday last on business connected with the fish commission.

There will be services in the Garrett Memorial church next Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock. A cordial invitation to all.

Messrs. S. T. Jones, G. S. Hamill and Chas. Tower were in Cumberland Monday attending court as witnesses in a case removed from this county.

Persons who will take normal school boarders should notify Mr. G. W. Legge of their rates, the number they can accommodate and whether they desire ladies or gentlemen.

One Minute is all the time neccesary to decide from personal experience that One Minute Cough Cure does what its name implies. Oakland Pharmacy.

Messrs. Rock & Liller, Oakland's ronsorial artists, have dissolved partnership by mutual consent. Mr. Rock has improved his shop by installing new mirrors, chairs, etc.

Torturing, itching, scaly skin eruptions, burns and scalds are soothed at once and promptly healed by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the best known cure for piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Judging from the way the ballots were cut at Monday's municipal election the majority of the people of Oakland want to remain fifty years behind the times in street improvement.

It is surprising what a "wee bit of a thing" can accomplish. Sick headache, constipation, dyspepsia, sour stomach, dizziness, are quickly banished by DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Small pill. Safe pill. Best pill. Oakland Pharmacy.

The office of the *Mountain Democrat* will be moved this week from the Gortner building to the Legge building on Second street which was recently purchased by James M. Litzinger, the proprietor of the *Democrat*.

Mr. William Hinebaugh, who was taken to Baltimore one night last week by his son Dr. Mahlon Hinebaugh, returned to Oakland Friday evening last. Since his return Mr. Hinebaugh's condition has improved to some extent.

E. E. Turner, of Compton, Mo., writes us that after suffering from piles for seventeen years, he completely cured them by using three boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cures eczema and severe skin diseases. Oakland Pharmacy.

Rev. Henry Hamill, of Staunton, Va., spent several days recently visiting his mother and other relatives and friends in Oakland. He preached an excellent sermon in St. Paul's church Sunday night.

If you have ever seen a child in the agony of croup, you can appreciate the gratitude of the mothers who know that One Minute Cough Cure relieves their little ones as quickly as it is administered. Many homes in this city are never without it. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mrs. J. D. Hamill has gone to Rochester, N. Y., whence she was summoned by a telegram announcing the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. John Cornelius. At Connellsville, Pa., Mrs. Hamill was joined by her sister Mrs. F. G. Hyde who accompanied her to Rochester.

Don't allow the lungs to be impaired by the continuous irritation of a cough. It is easier to prevent consumption than to cure it. One Minute Cough Cure taken early will ward off any lung trouble. Oakland Pharmacy.

The members of Sherman Post No. 11, G. A. R., Dept. of Maryland, are requested to meet at the usual place in Friendsville on Saturday, May 1st, at 1 p. m., to make the necessary arrangements for the memorial service. George E. Bishoff, Adjt.

They are so small that the most sensitive persons take them, they are so effective that the most obstinate cases of constipation, headache and torpid liver yield to them. That is why DeWitt's Little Early Risers are known as the famous little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

The Cincinnati *Times-Star* of Saturday says of an Oakland boy: "During the absence of Detective Witte in Philadelphia, Detective Cal Crim is acting as assistant chief of detectives."

Sunday was a beautiful day and the display of spring millinery was unusually large, considering the disagreeable weather of the week previous. The styles in hats this spring are very pretty and varied.

NORMAL BOARDERS.—I will take a limited number of Normal students at $10 per month. Mrs. John Schlossnagle, Oakland.

Mr. Arthur Blackaller, recently with Taylor's King Fools, is in Oakland and is engaged in rehearsing a number of the local talent for a play to be given in the opera house on Friday night of next week. The proceeds of the play will be donated to the Jack Oak base ball nine.

The sweetest songs, the jolliest jokes, the happiest hits are in "A Breezy Time."

The Rev. W. H. Weaver, pastor of the U. B. Church, Dillsburg, Pa., recognizes the value of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and does not hesitate to tell others about it. "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," he says, "and find it an excellent medicine for colds, coughs and hoarseness." So does everyone who gives it a trial. Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

With commendable enterprise Mr. George L. Bosley has repaired Oak street fronting his property at his own private expense and has made a substantial and permanent job of it. Such enterprise on the part of one citizen of the town should set others to work in the same direction.

Americans are the most inventive people on earth. To them have been issued nearly 600,000 patents, or more than one-third of all the patents issued in the world. No discovery of science has been of greater benefit to mankind than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, or has done more to relieve pain and suffering. J. W. Vaugh, of Oakton, Ky., says: "I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea remedy in my family for several years, and find it to be the best medicine I ever used for cramps in the stomach and bowels. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

According to program published in our last week's issue, Rev. Dr. Wilding, of Jersey City, delivered his excellent lecture in St. Paul's church Monday evening. For nearly two hours he held the audience spell bound with his narrations of history, wit and humor. The subject "The Sunset Coast," was well handled, and he pictured in glowing terms the beauties, advantages and wealth of that salubrious clime. This territory was won from the tyrannic rule of the famous Hudson Bay Company by the christian missionaries and laid at the feet of our great government as a trophy of their untiring zeal, energy and hardships. Dr. Wilding made many warm friends in Oakland.

Mrs. A. Inveen, residing at 720 Henry St., Alton, Ill., suffered with sciatic rheumatism for over eight months. She doctored for it nearly the whole of this time, using various remedies recommended by friends, and was treated by physicians, but received no relief. She then used one and a half bottles of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which affected a complete cure. This is published at her request, as she wants others similarly afflicted to know what cured her. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Grant Monument Dedication. Excursion Rates to New York.

On the 27th of April, in the magnificent Mausoleum upon the bank of the Hudson River, Columbia will enshrine the ashes of her greatest captain. The event is one without a parallel in the history of the Nation, and the ceremonies will be of unwonted pomp, splendor and solemnity. The occasion will be graced with the presence of the President, the Supreme Court, the great civil officers of the Nation and the States. The Army and Navy, the National Guard of the States, the Grand Army of the Republic and other patriotic and civic organizations will unite to form the most superb pageant ever seen in America. Many foreign nations will send special representatives and ships of war to join our own matchless fleet in majestic procession to the tomb of Grant.

For this occasion the B. & O. R. R. will sell excursion tickets at reduced rates to New York and return, from all stations of its line east of Pittsburg, Wheeling, Parkersburg, up to and including Aberdeen, Md., for all trains April 26th, valid for return until April 29th, inclusive. The rate from Baltimore will be.....$ 5.30;
Cumberland..... 10.50;
Grafton..... 12.50;

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher on every wrapper.

The City Election.

The annual election for three town councilmen to serve for a term of two years was held in Oakland on Monday. There were two tickets in the field, Democratic and Republican. The nominations were made for the Democratic ticket on Friday night when Messrs. Gilmor S. Hamill, Jos. M. Crim and Jos. Helbig were placed on the ticket. Later Mr. Hamill declined to serve and Mr. Alex. Fleckenstein was substituted in his stead.

The Republican candidates were nominated Saturday night and were as follows: Messrs. G. A. Fraley, James Andrews and Benj. H. Sincell. After the nominations had been made it was ascertained that Mr. Andrews was not eligible to serve he having been a resident of Oakland less than three years. As a substitute Mr. J. W. Whorton was placed on the ticket.

There were 213 ballots cast, few being either straight Democratic or Republican, and resulted in the election of Messrs. Helbig and Crim, Democrats, and Mr. G. A. Fraley, Republican. Following is the vote each candidate received:

G. A. Fraley, R., ...130.
Benj. H. Sincell, R.,..... 90.
J. W. Whorton, R..... 83.
Jos. M. Crim, D.,.....110.
Jos. P. Helbig, D.,.....127.
Alex. Fleckenstein, D..... 87.

Local Talent.

"Bound to Win," a fine comedy drama for the benefit of the Jack Oak base ball club, will be produced at the opera house Friday night, April 30th, by local talent, assisted by Arthur Blackaller and wife, late of the King Fools Company. Active rehearsals began Tuesday evening and Mr. Blackaller expresses himself as being much pleased with the talent he has secured. The drama will be finely staged and costumed. Specialties will be introduced by Messrs. Blackaller and Spedden and others. The play will be cast as follows:

Harry Denbeigh.....Andrew Nelson.
Samuel Slade.....Charles Tower.
Parson Denbeigh.....R. C. Townshend.
Officer Murphy.....W. H. Spedden.
John Foster.....Dick Bartlett.
Jim Raggs.....Arthur Blackaller.
Jerry Twaddles.....Prima Shartzer.
Winnie Foster.....Rose Maroney.
Mrs. Foster.....Nettie Mitchell.
Kitty Raggs.....Helen Blackaller.

The proceeds of this entertainment will go toward the improvement of the base ball grounds. The management of the ball club promises the people of Oakland a strong team and plenty of good sport in that line this summer.

"A Breezy Time."

Manager Shartzer should be congratulated on securing so good an attraction for the Oakland Opera House Tuesday, April 27, as Fitz and Webster's "A Breezy Time." If he always books an attraction as good as this the amusement-loving people of Oakland will have no cause to complain. Wherever this company has appeared thus far this season the press and public have been unanimous in pronouncing their performance the very best ever seen, positive proof having been produced in copies of the many publications by the manager, who called at this office lately. We therefore have no hesitancy to recommend Fitz and Webster's company of comedians to the public. Miss Kathryn Webster has won fame throughout the land with the leading companies, and is to-day one of the acknowledged "Queen of Sombrettes" who can successfully act, sing, dance, and play exceptionally well many different musical instruments, four qualifications possessed by few, which have contributed to her high standing in a profession of clever people. E. B. Fitz, as comedian, is equally as clever as Miss Webster, and never fails to please his audience. The company supporting these artists is composed of experienced and clever people selected for their various capabilities from the best people in the profession.

Mr. Thomas Carr Very Ill.

The Morgantown *New Dominion* this week say of an old resident of Oakland:

Mr. Thomas Carr, of Front Street, is very sick. For a long time he has been quite feeble but still went about a great deal displaying an activity which is rarely found in a man of his age. Last week he experienced a stroke of paralysis and since then has been bedfast. He is one of the best known citizens of the town and is universally respected. His railroad friends will especially miss him as he was a regular visitor at the station. For many years he was connected with the service and only in the last few years has been retired on account of age and is pensioned by the company as a mark of their appreciation of his long and faithful service.

Mr. Carr is hardly expected to recover on account of his age, but we certainly hope that he may be spared for many years.

Mrs. Mary Elenor Baumgardner.

Mrs. Mary Elenor Baumgardner, nee Hager, was born near Farmington, Fayette county, Pa., April 1, 1831. When she was but one month old her mother died, and therefore Sister Baumgardner never knew the love and comforts of a mother's love and care. Early in life she went to the state of Illinois, and while there became convinced of sin and sought and found Jesus Christ as her Savior. During, or near the year 1869 she joined the Methodist Episcopal church in Magnolia, Ill., and has always been an earnest, loyal and useful member of the church of her choice. On November 12, 1872, she was united in marriage with Rev. N. L. Baumgardner, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal church, and a member of the West Virginia Annual Conference. As a wife of an itinerent minister, Mrs. Baumgardner has had a large and varied experience, with trials and cares not a few and with many discouraging outlooks she never lost faith in God, nor grew despondent but always looked upon the bright side and never doubted God. Her triumphing faith and constant good courage and cheerfulness was ever an inspiration to her family and friends. During her last illness Mrs. Baumgardner maintained to the end her patience, piety and deep trust in Jesus, and finally when death came to the release of the sufferer, she was fully prepared and earnestly desirous of joining her Savior in the heavenly mansion above. One little son, Ernest Wesley, was already in that heavenly home to greet his mother, he having fallen asleep sixteen years ago. Five motherless children and a sorrowing husband remain to mourn her loss. Mrs. Baumgardner, after a lingering and painful illness of over four months' duration, departed this life on April 15th, at 9 p. m. On Saturday, April 17, 1897, at 3 p. m., the funeral services were held in St. Paul's M. E. church, Oakland, Md. The pastor, Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, had charge of the services and was assisted by the following named ministers: Revs. C. W. Upton, A. D. Perry, E. C. Bedford, E. P. Idleman, J. M. Davis and L. A. Rudisill. The above named ministers (with the exception of L. A. Rudisill) also served as pall-bearers. The remains of Sister Baumgardner were laid to rest awaiting the resurrection day, in the beautiful Odd Fellows' cemetery, Oakland, Md., while her redeemed spirit is with her Savior. S. K. A.

A Correction.

Mr. George E. Bishoff, of Hoyes, was in Oakland Tuesday and requested that we correct the error made in the announcement of the Epworth League lecture to be held at Hoyes. The announcement made in the last issue of this paper read April 16th, when it should have been April 23rd.

School Board Notice.

The office of the Board of School Commissioners will be open for the transaction of public business on Tuesdays and Saturdays, until further notice. 3-tf.

Unknown Man Killed.

An unknown colored man fell off a B. & O. freight train on which he was stealing a ride near Terra Alta, W. Va., and was instantly killed. His body was badly mangled. A purse containing nearly $400 was found on him but nothing by which he could be identified. His body was turned over to the Preston county, W. Va., authorities.

For Sale.

A first-class stock of confectionery, tobacco, books, etc., in the best business room in Oakland. For further particulars, call on or address Chas. J. Newman. 1t

Married.

MCDONALD—MCGETTIGAN.—At St. Peter's church, Oakland, by the Rev. Romanus Mattingly, Monday, April 29th, Mr. John Andrew McDonald and Miss Zurildia McGettigan.

A Correction.

My normal opens at Chestnut Spring, Pa., on April 27th, instead of Grantsville, Md., April 26th, as announced in last week's paper.
8-3* D. H. BENDER.

Call for your Letters.

Charley Friend, Harry Brown, Grant Baisman, John Ash, W. H. King, Louis Fisher, Mrs. Julia Wondly, Mrs. Hattie Bosley.

Large Movement of Settlers.

The first week of this month witnessed the largest movement of settlers in North Dakota known in the history of that State. It is doubtful if a larger number of settlers was ever before moved at one time in this country than the Great Northern took out of St. Paul on April 2nd. The train consisted of 152 cars of passengers, household goods, farm implements, etc., and was divided into five sections. The total number of men, women and children was 1,557. They came from various states, Indiana, Virginia and Missouri contributing more than any other. Many of them are known as Dunkards, or German Baptist Brethren and went to join colonies previously located in the Turtle Mountain and Devils Lake regions where their Brethren have been very successful. Many of the newcomers will locate on government land of which millions of acres still remain open to settlement. The Dunkers are American born and English speaking, an industrious farming class, and have already proven themselves an important addition to the population of North Dakota. They have now along the Great Northern Railroad no less than seventeen settlements.

Deer Park.

Some snow here last [illegible]

Mr. George Walter [illegible] morning.

Mr. W. C. Jones was [illegible] business Monday.

Mr. D. Sheppard, of Cumberland, [illegible] business last [illegible]

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The pastor and members of M. E. church [illegible] evening. There were twenty-five conversions.

Mr. John W. Williams, of Philadelphia, is adding some improvements to his summer residence.

The Loyal Temperance Legion held an interesting meeting in the M. E. church Monday evening.

Rev. J. W. Butler preached in the Lutheran church here last Sunday afternoon.

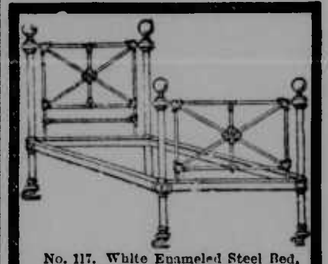

No. 117. White Enameled Steel Bed, solid brass trimmings. We have them 54 in. wide, 48 in. wide, 42 in. wide and 36 in. wide. All sizes are 78 in. long. Special Price (any size)

$2.75

(orders promptly filled.)

Everywhere local dealers are saying unkind things about us. Their customers are tired of paying them double prices; our immense (free) money-saving catalogue is enlightening the masses. Drop a postal now for complete catalogue of Furniture, Mattings, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Baby Carriages, Refrigerators, Stoves, Fancy Lamps, Bedding, Springs, etc. The catalogue costs you nothing and we pay all postage. Get double value for your dollar by dealing with the manufacturers.

JULIUS HINES & SON,
BALTIMORE, MD.

THOMAS LITTLE,

ONE PRICE STORE.

Having bought the stock of merchandise of Hamill & Little, I wish to inform the public at large that I propose to sell goods at lowest prices.

Thanking you for past favors, I ask you to call and examine and be convinced. Below find some prices:

8 lbs. Soup Beans	25
8 lbs. Lima Beans	25
8 bars Octogon Soap	25
4 cans String Beans	25
4 cans Banana Corn	25
3 cans Flintstone Corn	25
3 cans Tomatoes	25
3 cans Marrowfat Peas	25
2 cans Table Peaches	25
2 cans California Apricots	25
2 cans California G. Gages	25
2 cans Salmon	25
4 one lb. ½ H Muslin, the best ever sold, yd.	05
Cotton Crash, yd	3½

Have just received a car of Fertilizer, which will be sold low. Everything will be sold low.

Keep your eye on this column; it will save you money.

Don't forget that I am agent for the world renowned, famous Buckeye Mower and Binder.

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OUTSIDE AND INSIDE WEATHER.

In the morning, when our eyes pop open early, very early,
And we creep and peep to watch the sun arise,
If he's hiding, and a cloudy sky a-glowering, grim and surly,
Has no streaming golden beaming for our eyes—
Why, then, lightly as a feather,
Must our spirits dance together,
And our faces must be sunny all day long;
For as fresh as highland heather
We can make the inside weather
When the outside seems to be so very wrong.

But if with the outdoor sunshine all the happy birds are singing,
And the trees are budding in the glad, warm light;
And the arbutus is peeping from its brown leaves' tender keeping,
And the face of day is fresh and sweet and bright—
Why, then, why not all together
Make our faces match the weather?
Fresh and sweet and bright and sunny all day long!
For as fragrant as the heather
Is the charming outside weather,
And the inside cannot be so very wrong.
—Jessie Macmillan Anderson, in St. Nicholas.

NERVE THAT HELD FAST.

Two Specimens in an Old Poker Player's Experience.

A Kentucky Colonel's Lucky Wagers of $5,000 on a Pair of Sixes—Four Jacks Against Four Kings in a Burning Building.

"There were some pretty stiff poker players around Trenton in the early days," said an old settler the other day in a discussion of the merits and demerits of the great American game. "A fellow could get about any kind of game that he wanted in those days, from a dollar limit up to the extent of his pile, and he didn't have to look very long for it.

"One of the nerviest players that ever put his legs under a poker table was Watt Williams, of Cape May county. Watt was interested in the oyster business and always carried a roll of bills in his inside pocket as big as your arm, and he didn't keep it idle, either. He would make it fly when he got started, and for that reason fellows who didn't have much money to travel on hung pretty close to Watt whenever he showed up in Trenton, which was as regular as the legislature sat.

"He would come up the second week of the session and never leave till the legislators went home. It was his annual picnic, and he enjoyed it from start to finish. As I was saying, Watt was a poker player, and when he got into a game he had it understood before the cards were dealt that there was to be no limit to stand in the way of a man's winning something worth talking about when he had the cards to do it with.

"When a fellow struck town that wanted to get into a good, stiff game, he began to inquire for Watt, and he was pretty easily located as a general thing. I remember that Watt once ran up against a man who had just as much nerve as he had. That man was Thompson, Col. Thompson. He hailed from Kentucky, seemed to have all the money that he wanted and was a pretty good fellow. He was here when the legislature sat, and had made a good many friends among the Trenton fellows who found out his mettle at the card table, and concluded to introduce him to Watt Williams just as soon as Watt showed up.

"The second week Watt came up, and in less than five hours he had met Col. Thompson. The two men didn't get together over the cards for a week. One night they came together in a North Warren street restaurant and, while eating, got to discussing cards and one thing and another. After awhile somebody suggested that the party go to a hotel and have a hand at poker. It was agreed, and in a short time there was a game going at full blast and Watt Williams and Col. Thompson were in it up to their eyes. Thompson was having a big run of luck. He was tapping everybody's pile right along, and Watt showed that he wasn't enjoying the way the cards were running worth a cent. After awhile everybody dropped out of a certain hand except Watt and the colonel. Watt drew two cards and the colonel took three.

"'I reckon,' said the colonel, after looking his cards over, 'that I can risk $500 on that hand,' and he shoved the chips into the center of the table.

"'I'll raise that $500,' says Watt, as he dropped chips and money worth $1,000 on the pile in the center of the table.

"'I'm in now and I reckon I'll have to stay,' said the colonel. 'I'll see your $500 and raise it $1,000.' He counted out $1,500 and tossed the bills on the pile before him.

"The men who were looking over the players' shoulders began to get interested, but they were mighty careful to make no break that would give the hands of the players away. But the raise of $1,000 didn't feaze Watt. He laid his cards down on the table and reached into his pocket for his roll. He counted the bills over and says:

"'I've got just $3,800 here. I'll play it.'

"He threw the bills down, and Thompson twisted his mustache, looked from his cards to the pile of money and then at Watt, who sat tilted back in his chair, with his thumbs in the armholes of his vest and his eyes fixed on the ceiling.

"'It'll cost me $2,800 to play, won't it?' says Thompson.

"'That'll call me,' replied Watt.

"'Will you take a check for that amount?' asked the colonel, eying Watt as a cat watches a mouse.

"'I'd rather not,' says Watt, leaning on the table with a peculiar look on his face. 'I don't want you to think, colonel, that I have any doubt about your check being good, but I've always made it a rule never to take checks when playing poker. I'd rather have the cash.'

"'I guess I've got it,' says Thompson, pulling a roll of bills out of his pocket. 'I'll call you.'

"He laid $2,800 on the table. Watt spread his cards out and he had a pair of fours. 'I've only got sixes,' says the colonel, throwing down his cards, 'but they're as good as gold. I wouldn't ha' called you, Williams, if you hadn't refused to take a check. You knew that my check was as good as cash, and I concluded you were bluffing, and wanted to force me out of the game in that way. I made up my mind I wouldn't be forced that way.'

"That pot cleared the colonel about $5,000, and if you ever saw champagne run in streams in your life you can imagine how things looked in that room an hour after the colonel laid down his pair of sixes.

"That was one kind of nerve," said the old settler, biting off the end of a fresh cigar, "but it wasn't the kind that I saw shown once away back in the winter of 1855. In those days there was a fellow who lived down in Atlantic county, John Staples. He was all the time trying to get into a poker game, and he never had much trouble finding somebody to accommodate him, because he always played in hard luck and, as the boys said, 'gave up his money easy.' He was a careful player and never insisted on playing big stakes, but somehow he couldn't get hold of the money. If he had a full hand some other person would hold four of a kind, and if he held four of a kind, some other fellow would hold four higher. And so it went, Staples always getting the worst of it.

"One night after the legislature had adjourned Staples ran across Jake Hibbs, who was about as unlucky about cards as himself. Hibbs told Staples that he had been in a game the night before and dropped about $500, which he would like to get back if he could. Staples felt inclined to play, and together they began to hunt for others. They struck a couple of fellows and went to a room over a cafe on Front street. There's a brick building there now, but then there were only frame buildings. It was a terribly cold night, and everybody snuggled up to a hot stove wherever he could get one. It got noised around about midnight that there was a pretty good game going on over the Front street cafe, and I went down there to look on awhile before going to bed. As usual, Staples was losing. Hibbs was doing better, but the money was gradually drifting over to the other two players, who had already scooped in a hundred or more each.

"I remember it was along about half-past two in the morning. The room was crowded, and everybody hated to think about going to his hotel, it was so cold. Hot applejack was the order of the hour, and everybody was filled up to the top notch. Suddenly a jack pot blossomed out on the table, and the cards were thrown around three or four times before anybody caught openers. Then Staples opened the pot for $50. Nobody came in excepting Hibbs.

"'I'm going to stay with you, old boy,' he said, and throwing down his hand, called for five cards.

"'Give me three,' said Staples, who looked at his hand and shoved up $100.

"'Tint don't scare me,' said Hibbs, 'I'll see that hundred and bet you another.'

"Staples fingered his cards for a minute or two, as if studying them to find out whether they would win or not. Then he said he guessed he'd better not lay them down, and raised Hibbs $200. Hibbs was in the act of pulling a roll of bills out of his pocket, when somebody in the street yelled fire. The next minute a fellow came running up the stairs and said that the back of the building we were in was burning. There was a general rush for the stairs, and by the time we had got out in the street the blaze was under full headway. Trenton didn't have the fire department in those days she's got now, and before the firemen got there we knew that the building was a goner. The bucket brigade got to work and the chemical engine did all it could, but the fire couldn't be stopped.

"The whole building seemed to be afire, when somebody hollered out that Staples and Hibbs were inside. There was great excitement then, and everybody began to look around for a ladder. Smoke was beginning to come out of the windows of the room over the cafe pretty lively when Staples and Hibbs stuck their heads out and yelled for a ladder. A ladder was put up to the window and the two men came down. They were all right, barring a little smoke in the lungs and eyes.

"Well, we had all gone to warm quarters at the hotel, Staples said:

"'That fire was the luckiest thing that has happened to me in a long time, because it has broken up the game. I'd been betting Hibbs now, if it hadn't been for the fire. You know we were up against a jack pot that I had opened on a pair of jacks, and I drew two more. Hibbs made a five-card draw, and I naturally thought that he was my meat, and I was tickled about to death when I found him willing to bet all kinds of money. We kept it going till the room got so full of smoke that we could hardly see the cards, when Hibbs called me as he said, to wind up the game. Think of that, being called with four jacks; why, I'd 'r played all night back of that hand, but I had to lay them down, and Hibbs laid down four kings and took the money. That fire saved me money, because I never would have stopped betting the jacks. But what's the use of going up against a man that can draw four kings in a five-card draw, anyhow?"—N. Y. Sun.

Not News.

"We heard some of the strangest, most outlandish things last night," began the woman who gossips.

"Yes," replied the woman who doesn't, "so a friend attending your musicale was telling me."—Detroit Free Press.

RAISING FAMILIES FOR PROFIT.

How Connecticut Mill Operatives Provide for Their Old Age.

The cable dispatches telling of the proposal of the French government to offer premiums for large families, hoping by this inducement to restore the native population to its size of a quarter of a century ago, merely broach, as something novel, a system which has for reasons not of statecraft, but merely personal, long been in operation in eastern Connecticut.

In the mills, which are to be found wherever in this hilly portion of the state there is a water power, the workers are French Canadians. Big mills, with their hundreds and even thousands of operatives, are numerous, and little mills, each employing from 20 or 30 to 100 or 200 workers of both sexes, are tucked down between the hills in all sorts of possible and seemingly impossible spots.

In the large mills is to be found a sprinkling of women of other nationalities, but fully 90 per cent. are French. In the smaller mills there are practically none but French workmen.

What surprises the visitor who has come out of a New England city like Hartford or New Haven to see how cotton and woolen goods are made is the number of children in the factories. Should this visitor ask the superintendent of a small mill to point out the children of one family he will name half a dozen in the room in which he happens to be; indicate another on the stairs and four or five more in the various workrooms.

The father and mother may or may not be workers in the factory. If the family is large enough the mother is the housekeeper, and the onerous duty of the father is to escort his offspring to and from work. He goes to the mill with them in the morning and knows that they are all inside the gate before the hour for starting the machinery. At noon he conveys them home to dinner and back to the factory. At night he may come to take them home, but this is not an imperative duty. On pay day he comes to the factory and draws the wages of all of them.

A mile from Dayville, and about five miles from this city, is a factory from which a man, who can neither read nor write, draws over $90 a month for the labor of his children. The size of his family is indicated by an extract from the factory books showing that the children earn from two to four dollars and a half a week.

This Frenchman is merely one of many who have found profit in a large family. He is now making hay while the sun shines, and in a few years he will retire to a farm in Canada with from $1,000 to $2,000 in his canvas bag. There he will live, a nabob among his people, the remainder of his life.

This child farming is but one act of the drama of French factory life. The years during which all the children work and the father draws the wages are necessarily few. The fund for a life of ease must be made quickly. The female child, which at 14 is the source of greatest profit, is ready to marry one of her own class at 16, and she does so promptly. The new husband and wife will work on in the mill for the next five years, with occasional interruptions when there are additions to the family, and then they vanish. They have gathered their savings and gone to Canada to raise a family. They make no fuss about the matter. It is the regular thing. Ten years later, or even sooner, they will be back with a big string of boys and girls to earn money for them; they will gather the profits and retire for life to the Canadian farm, as their fathers and mothers did.

It is noticeable of late years that the operatives are more in haste to be rich than formerly. They rush back to the factories with smaller families than were common 20 years ago. Indeed, it is rarely now that families of more than 13 are found, and few in the factory tenements exceed ten in number.—Putnam (Conn.) Cor. N. Y. Times.

Beach Grass.

The beach grass is one of the most wonderful of plants. There is no other plant outside of the cactus family that thrives so on sand; planted deep in the salt sands of the shore, the wind sweeps the sand above and through it, and yet it rises and sweeps its keen-pointed blades over the packed surface, sometimes three or four feet higher than its roots. The people of the cape know it as a device of nature to hold the shore together. But even the beach grass, sturdy and undiscourageable as it is, needs a sturdier backing. It wants the broad-rooted heath family behind it, and the trees that break the force of the wind. A good while ago the planting of beach grass on the cape between Provincetown and Truro saved what threatened to be a positive inroad of the Atlantic into Cape Cod bay, which would have cut the peninsula in two where its level is very low as aforesaid. This result was due to the habit of this precious member of the gramineae of rising above obstacles. Think of poor Provincetown as an island—and a doomed island, moreover — of Cape Cod bay as a toy of the great tides of the Atlantic—of quiet Plymouth as a recipient of those tides—of all the other changes that might be!—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

A Tree Clock.

Prof. Roberts, of Cornell, has growing around his house what he calls a "tree clock." Trees are planted in such positions that one of them will shade a portion of the house at every hour of sunlight. For example, explains Rural New Yorker, at nine o'clock in the morning the "nine o'clock tree" shades a part of the piazza, while as the sunlight changes, the "ten o'clock tree" shades another part, and so on through the day. On a hot summer day this "tree clock" insures a succession of shady places around the house.—Washington Star.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The greyhound seems to have been developed in level, treeless and shrubless countries, where a moving object is visible at a long distance, and great speed is, therefore, necessary to enable a predaceous animal to overtake its prey.

—Scarlet seems the color most conspicuous in bright sunshine, and scarlet flowers are commonest in dry and sunny climates, where their color gives them an advantage in their struggle with other flowers for the attentions of butterflies and other pollen bearers.

—It has been a source of interest and wonder to Arctic explorers to find such quantities of singing birds within the Arctic circle. They are abundant beyond belief. But the immense crop of cranberries, crowberries and cloudberries that ripen in the northern swamps account for the presence of the birds.

—An interesting series of experiments in the cultivation of the olive tree has been lately in progress in India. Attention being called to the immense growth of wild olives in the hills below Murri, a large number of the best trees have been imported from Italy for the purpose of making "grafts" upon the wild varieties, which, in their present condition, are quite unproductive.

—A French physician has invented a method by which he says iron can be given in large doses. Hens, he noticed, have powerful internal organs. They can digest considerable quantities of iron, and then render it back, through the albumen of their eggs, in a form which is easily digested by the weaker stomach of mankind. So he feeds his hens with what he calls "a very absorbent salt of iron," mingled with grains of wheat, and they lay eggs extremely rich in iron already digested.

—The researches and experiments of Messrs. Broca and Richet have led them to the conclusion that the cerebral nervous system is incapable of perceiving more than an average of ten separate impressions per second. After each excitation of the nerves a period of inertia follows, lasting about one-tenth of a second, and during this period a new impression cannot be made. According to the same authority, a person cannot make more than ten, or at the most a dozen, separate voluntary movements of any kind in a second, although the muscles, independent of the will, are capable of making as many as 30 or 40.

CLOSE CALCULATION.

The Very Small Margin of Profit in Manufactures.

In calico printing one-tenth of a cent a yard is a fair profit. In paper manufacture three to five per cent. upon the product will yield ten per cent. upon the capital invested. In sugar refining one-sixteenth of a cent profit upon a pound is more than satisfactory. In making pianos the average wages of the operatives are high, as compared to cotton and shoes, and the capital involved comparatively small. Wages in the piano factories of New York and Boston average nearly $20 a week, taking the whole shop, but the profit upon the product in good years runs as high as 15 per cent. In the manufacture of locomotives the average wage is high, no woman finding employment, while in the manufacture of small arms it is correspondingly low, women being largely employed. Reviewing the whole field, it will be found that the product of factories is constantly growing in value and wages increasing, as compared to the capital involved. Some economists assert that capital's share of the profits is constantly decreasing, while that of labor increases, but this is still a mooted point. The difference between the cost of manufacture and the retail selling price, or the share falling to the middleman or men, varies according to the class of product, the rule being that in staple goods it is small and growing smaller every year, while with fancy goods and what are known as novelties it is large. Common heavy cotton cloth, costing eight cents to make, sells at retail for about nine cents; fancy calicoes may sell at retail for double what they cost to produce. In sugar, half a cent a pound is the average difference between cost and retail price. Shoes costing two dollars to make, sell at retail for three dollars.—Scribner's.

A Negro Colony in Maine.

Unlike most of the African settlements in Maine, the negro colony at Warren did not originate from the underground railroad or the anti-slavery proclamation; it antedates Maine's admission to the union, and sprung from a single colored man named Amos Peters, who came from Plymouth, Mass., in 1787 or thereabouts, and his wife Sarah, a slave from Guinea, brought to Damariscotta by a sea captain. The progeny of this pair had increased to 80 people in 1880, but their numbers have since dwindled down to 50. They became successful farmers, their flocks and herds increased, and one of them accumulated a fortune of $5,000. They have been good citizens on the whole, the burglar, Joseph Henry, recently sent to prison, being the illustrious descendant of a long line of honest and industrious Peterses—the mischief, perhaps, being due to the notoriously liberal admixture of Knox county's white blood in years agone.—Lewiston Journal.

Necessary Precaution.

Bridegroom (about to marry the youngest of three sisters)—My dear friend, I want you to stand immediately behind me during the ceremony and keep your eyes open. I am very near-sighted, and I am afraid they may substitute the oldest sister at the critical moment.—Clips.

The Death Plant.

The death plant of Java has flowers which continually give off a perfume so powerful as to overcome, if inhaled for any length of time, a full-grown man, and which kills all forms of insect life that come under its influence.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Modern Son-in-Law.

She—You won't object to having dear mamma live with us after we are married, will you?

He (a young doctor)—Not at all. In fact, she will be most welcome.

She—It's so good of you to say so!

He—Not at all. You see, she is always ailing, and I really need somebody to experiment on!—Comic Cuts.

A Lucky Chap.

Give me one kiss, a wee wee one,
Said I to my pretty cousin;
Said she: "This stand is all wholesale:
You can't have one—now don't turn pale;
You'll have to take a dozen."
—Harlem Life.

THE CRITICAL MOMENT.

Mrs. Newed—Was I nervous, dear, during the ceremony?

Miss Spitegirl—Well, a trifle at first, darling, but not after William had said yes.—N. Y. Truth.

Just as He Said.

Miss Manchester—Do you know that after Ellen refused Mr. Esplanade he actually committed suicide?

Miss Monterey—Really?

"Yes."

"Then he is dead in love with her, even now."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

And He Took a Walk.

Jones (in high glee)—I tell you, old boy, I am a lulu. I got a great mash on that lovely blond you were talking to just now.

Brats—So? You're late, old fellow. I got one on her ten years ago—and married her.—Town Topics.

A Lesson in Journalism.

"Never," said the editor to the reporter who had tried his hand at criticising a concert, "allow yourself to use the word 'verve.' It's a good enough word, but let it alone."

"What's the matter with it?"

"The chances are about seventeen to nine that the compositor will have you saying that some singer was remarkable for his nerve. It may be the truth, you know," the editor went on, kindly, "but the singer doesn't like it, and stops his subscription."—Detroit Free Press.

Not Much of a Prophet.

Yeast—What do you think of that man Blobbs? He reads the future, you know.

Crimsonbeak—Reads nothing! I was with him last night until late, and do you know what the last thing he said to me was?

"No; I can't imagine."

"He said your wife won't say a thing to you to-night. He's a fake!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Got No Credit for It.

"I haven't any confidence in Hicksworthy. He's a hypocrite."

"What makes you think so?"

"I saw him when he mashed his thumb accidentally with a hammer the other day. All he said was: 'ouch!'"—Chicago Tribune.

An Alibi.

Mother—Did you steal the cake, Eddie?

Eddie—No, ma'am! Did I, Elsie?

Elsie (who got a piece of the cake)—No 'deed, mamma—I saw him didn't.—N. Y. Truth.

Another Thrust.

"Women are responsible for nearly all the foolishness in this world."

"That may or may not be true, but prize fights and six-day bicycle races are got up entirely by men."—Chicago Record.

Rubbing It In.

"You don't even dress me decently," she cried. "I'm going home to papa."

"All right," replied Doolits; "you might say to him also that I need a new suit myself."—Philudelphia North American.

A Place for Everything.

A man I know keeps photographs of
His girls in handsome frames,
Upon his hearthstone, for he says
It is the place for flames.
—Town Topics.

THE CRETAN SITUATION.

Very Like.

Miss Musicale—Did you enjoy Prof. Bahso Profundo's singing last night? Don't you think his voice sounds like a distant waterfall?

Mr. Crittyenss—Well, yes; I do think it was away off.—Baltimore News.

The Superlative.

Herbert—My pa is richer'n your pa.

Freddie—No, he ain't.

Herbert—My pa owns three houses on one block.

Freddie—Um—but my pa owns the mortgage on 'em.—N. Y. Truth.

Making a Good Beginning.

"When we are married you will give me everything I ask?"

"Everything, sweetheart, everything."

And then he walked home to save car fare.—N. Y. Truth.

The Facts Against It.

Hojack—I don't believe in heredity.

Tomdik—Why not?

Hojack—The Father of His Country could not tell a lie, but look at his children's successful efforts in that direction.—N. Y. Truth.

No Chance for It.

"Do you live in a quiet part of the town?"

"How can I live in a quiet part of the town when pianos are sold on the installment plan?"—N. Y. Tribune.

His Preference.

"Will you have a little whipped cream?" asked the hostess.

"No, I thank you," he answered. "I—er—er—I prefer my cream unpunished."—Chicago Post.

The Modern Young Woman.

The Teacher (to girls' high school class)—Now, what is the past tense of love?

The Class (in chorus) Divorce!—Pick-Me-Up.

Vernal Raptures.

"Are you going to make a garden this spring, Plankwalks?"

"I suppose so; the neighbor's chickens seem to be getting my ground ready."—Detroit Free Press.

Always on His Hands.

Bacon—Cousius says he can count all of his relatives on his two hands.

Egbert—Well, I don't see why he shouldn't; that's where he seems to have them most of the time.—Yonkers Statesman.

He Died Contented.

To a young soldier wounded in battle the surgeon remarked that he could see his brain. The poor patient exclaimed: "Oh, please write home and tell father, for he always said that I never had any!"—Tit-Bits.

TOO GENEROUS.

"Yes, a piece of my mind I must give her.
Her insults no longer I'll bear."
"How kind, Jack, but are you quite certain
A piece of your mind you can spare?"
—N. Y. Times.

Contributed by a Cynic.

"Do pro and con always refer to things that are opposed to each other?"

"Yes."

"Then I understand why congress is always in opposition to progress."—Chicago Tribune.

More Sarcasm.

"According to theosophy, Julia, we are now the opposite of what we were in former existences."

"My, auntie—what a beauty you must have been."—Detroit Free Press.

The Wonderful Kava-Kava Shrub.

A New Botanical Discovery.—Of Special Interest to Sufferers from Diseases of the Kidneys or Bladder, Rheumatism, etc.—A Blessing to Humanity.

A Free Gift of Great Value to You.

Our readers will be glad to know that the new botanical discovery, Alkavis, from the wonderful Kava-Kava shrub has proved an assured cure for all diseases caused by Uric acid in the blood, or by disordered action of the Kidneys or urinary organs. The Kava-Kava Shrub, or as botanists call it, *Piper Methysticum*, grows on the banks of the Ganges river, East India, and probably was used for centuries by the natives before its extraordinary properties became known to civilization through Christian missionaries. In this respect it resembles the discovery of quinine from the peruvian bark, made known by the Indians to the early Jesuit missionaries in South America, and by them brought to civilized man. It is a wonderful discovery, with a record of 1200 hospital cures in 30 days. It acts directly upon the blood and kidneys, and is a true specific, just as quinine is in malaria. We have the strongest testimony of many ministers of the gospel, well known doctors and business men cured by Alkavis, when all other remedies had failed.

THE KAVA-KAVA SHRUB (*Piper Methysticum.*)

In the New York *Weekly World* of Sept. 10th, the testimony of Rev. W. B. Moore, D. D., of Washington, D. C was given, describing his years of suffering from Kidney disease and Rheumatism, and his rapid cure by Alkavis. Rev. Thomas Smith, the Methodist minister at Cobden, Illinois, passed nearly one hundred gravel stones after two weeks' use of Alkavis. Rev. John H. Watson, of Sunset, Texas, a minister of the gospel of thirty years' service, was struck down at his post of duty by Kidney disease. After hovering between life and death for two months, and all his doctors having failed, he took Alkavis, and was completely restored to health and strength, and is fulfilling his duties as minister of the gospel. Mr. R. C. Wood, a prominent attorney of Lowell, Indiana, was cured of Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder disease of ten years standing, by Alkavis. Mr. Wood describes himself as being in constant misery, often compelled to rise ten times during the night on account of weakness of the bladder. He was treated by all his home physicians without the least benefit and finally completely cured in a few weeks by Alkavis. The testimony is undoubted and really wonderful. Mrs. James Young, of Kent, Ohio, writes that she had tried six doctors in vain, that she was about to give up in despair, when she found Alkavis and was promptly cured of kidney disease and restored to health. Many other ladies also testify to the wonderful curative powers of Alkavis in the various disorders peculiar to womanhood.

So far the Church Kidney Cure Company, No. 412 Fourth Avenue, New York, are the only importers of this new remedy, and they are so anxious to prove its value that for the sake of introduction they will send a free treatment of Alkavis prepaid by mail to every reader of this paper who is a Sufferer from any form of Kidney or Bladder disorder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Gravel, Pain in Back, Female Complaints, or other affliction due to improper action of the Kidneys or Urinary Organs. We advise all Sufferers to send their names and address to the company, and receive the Alkavis free. It is sent to you entirely free, to prove its wonderful curative powers.

Every eligible young man has a price mark that the women have set on him that in no way represents his real value.—Atchison Globe.

South Dakota in Springtime

Is clothed with verdure green and spotted with the beautiful blue and white prairie flowers, tokens of luxuriant soil like that fair country to which Moses led the children of Israel in ancient times.

And like unto that land of plenty, South Dakota outrivals its sister states of the East in the products of its soil, sown, cultivated and harvested in less time and with greater ease than in any other portion of the United States.

And so we say unto you that now is the opportunity of a lifetime to "Go West and buy a farm." For descriptive lists and prices, address Geo. H. Heafford, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

The fact that there is so much stuff that shines like gold makes the story of disaster one of the saddest chapters ever written.—Ram's Horn.

Horrid Torture.

This is often felt in every joint and muscle of the body by turns, by people who, experiencing the earliest twinges of rheumatism, neglect to arrest the malady, as they may easily do, with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a professionally authenticated remedy for the agonizing complaint. Recollect that rheumatism unchecked often lasts a lifetime, or abruptly terminates it when the malady attacks the heart. The Bitters also remedies chills and fever, dyspepsia and liver complaint.

No person who worried a great deal, ever lived to an extreme old age.—Atchison Globe.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. Cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmstead, Le Roy, N. Y.

We have often wondered why one can never find a thing until he quits hunting for it.—Washington Democrat.

Letters from Farmers

In South and North Dakota, relating their own personal experience in those states, have been published in pamphlet form by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and as these letters are extremely interesting, and the pamphlet is finely illustrated, one copy will be sent to any address, on receipt of two-cent postage stamp. Apply to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

Defect in our behavior, coming short of the utmost gracefulness, often escapes our observation.—Locke.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed. 50c and $1.00, all druggists.

A prosperous iniquity is the most unprosperous thing in the world.—Jeremy Taylor.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c.

Some women make up their husbands' minds.—Washington Democrat.

A sprain may cripple, but St. Jacobs Oil will cure it before it can. It cures.

Grief is an outcast, and no man grasps his hand cordially.—Ram's Horn.

Use St. Jacob's Oil promptly and freely and say good-by to neuralgia.

Some people who say they are tired are really shiftless.—Atchison Globe.

When bilious or costive eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

FARM AND GARDEN.

A NEW PLANT BOX.

Just the Thing for Transplanting All Kinds of Vegetables.

The new style of box shown herewith I have been using for a number of years and find it just the thing to transplant tomatoes, peppers or, in fact, any vegetable plant that is desired to put on the market early and get an extra price for. I use the boxes principally for early tomatoes, transplanting into them about ten days before I wish to market the plants. Tomatoes, peppers, asters and phloxes are transplanted for the third time into these boxes, and I get from three to five cents apiece for them, whereas if I sold them out of flats I would only get 15 cents per dozen. As to the cost of this box: The material is such as is used in making the common market basket. Have it

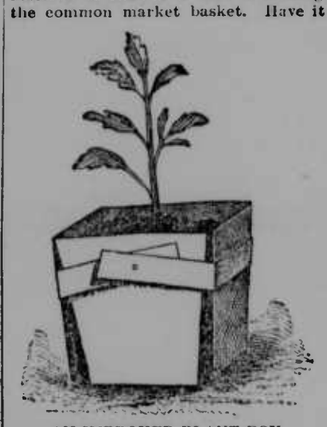

AN IMPROVED PLANT BOX.

cut 2½ inches in width and 6½ inches in length, tapering on the sides from each end for 2½ inches, thus leaving the center 1½ inches square. Now score them for folding. To put all together take a three by three-quartering, any length you wish, tapering the end to correspond with the taper of the box. Fasten a plate of iron on the top so that the tacks will clinch. Make a hoop of wire to slip over the end to hold the splints while the hoop is wrapped and nailed. The hoops should be three-eighths of an inch wide and ten inches long.

Made in this way the boxes will nest together, and can be made at any time for future use. The cost will not exceed 25 cents per 100 boxes. Material can be had at any basket factory.

Such a box can be used for layering strawberry plants. It makes a cheap, neat package, and people like to buy plants put up in this shape. They can be then transplanted into the garden without a setback. I put up thousands of tomato plants in boxes, each holding half a dozen or a dozen, and also do up single plants to put on the market. Vegetables grown in pots are too expensive to the grower. This box is also a package that your customer can take home easily, and he does not have to set it out until his soil is in fit condition. There is no patent on this—I give it for the good of the plant culturist. As shown in the sketch the plant is small for the size of the box.—E. W. Turner, in American Gardening

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

The garden must be mellow, rich and kept clean.

Sawdust is good mulch for all kinds of small fruits.

If done early, spring is the best time to set out trees and plants.

Strawberries, if well mulched, are less affected by change of weather.

After the orchard is in bearing it does not pay to continue to crop it.

Currants and gooseberries need an annual pruning to remove useless wood.

Tobacco water is one of the best remedies to destroy bugs and worms on rose bushes.

Resin and tallow in equal parts make a good covering for wounds made in pruning fruit trees.

Starvation and neglect are the great causes of unfruitfulness with many unprofitable orchards.

One advantage in using commercial fertilizers in the garden is their freedom from weed seeds.

Small fruit growing may not pay the farmer away from market, but he can grow fruit for his own use.

Only well rotted manure should be used in the potato patch, and it should be well worked in with the soil.

Keep all dead and faulty limbs cut off of fruit trees as a protection against further decay.—St. Louis Republic.

The Cultivation of Sage.

Sage will bear transplanting, and can be thickly sown in boxes and transferred afterward to the open ground as a second crop after peas or spinach. By this method the loss by poor seed is avoided, for sometimes the seed will not come up well. If sowed in drills, the labor of caring for the young plants till full grown is considerable. The plants should stand in rows one foot apart and six inches between the plants in the rows. The plant can be cut down near the roots and spread out to dry; or if raised for the market, the leaves should be picked off and dried. Sage is good for several years if protected from the cold in winter by a light covering. The seeds are produced the second year and each year thereafter.—Dakota Field and Farm.

Agitation in California.

The influence of the bicycle is in evidence in California, where a systematic plan for good roads throughout the state is being pushed by the bureau of highways, which was established mainly by the influence of wheelmen. It is now proposed to make a general tax levy of 2½ cents, the proceeds to constitute a fund for the construction of state and local highways in accordance with the most scientific plans for road building.

DISPOSING OF VEAL.

A Plain Talk with Dairymen, with a Few Hints Thrown In.

There are several ways that you can dispose of veal. If no one else in your community is interested in the production you are very favorably located, as then you have things all your own way, as one of the drawbacks is in the finding of young calves. Meat markets are using veal more and more, and it is a poor market that cannot use a couple of veals a week. The first year perhaps that is all you had better attempt to furnish. Now when hogs or sheep or lambs are being shipped, any shipper will be willing to put in a few calves, and as more are being produced in your vicinity, there will grow up a steady market. One day every week there are shipped from here from 30 to 100 calves. Probably this one industry alone brings in and distributes among the farmers $25,000 a year in cash, not "store pay," and does not impoverish the land.

If you are in the habit of getting drunk or have any other reason for not being able to be at home at the regular time for milking, this article is not for you, as you can never make a success of it. Cows must be milked at about such a time twice every day. If you are in the habit of putting the calves on at five o'clock a. m., and you get up and put them on at four, the calves are sleepy, and the cows don't give as much.

If you are in the habit of putting them on at six o'clock p. m., and don't get home until nine o'clock, as you wanted to see the last heat of the horse race, the cows will be uneasy, and the calves very hungry. The cows will give more milk than usual, the calves getting a larger feed on an empty stomach. The next morning you will probably find some of the calves scouring, and the stable will smell like a "Fourth of July celebration." It didn't take long to bring this about. The chances are that you will have a battle to cure it. I know of nothing that will prove a certain cure but ten drops of laudanum in an ounce of water, and keeping the calf on short rations for a few days, is as good as anything. Giving the calves a little fresh earth once a week is a good thing, and they seem to like it.—Henry S. Kelley, in Ohio Farmer.

DAIRY STATISTICS.

As a Nation We Do Not Consume Much Butter and Cheese.

It is estimated that the value of the annual dairy product of the United States is $500,000,000. But to get at this amount the cows of the country are supposed to make 125 pounds of 20-cent butter a year on an average, and both are excessive estimates. The number of cows in the country (about 17,000,000) include all females of the bovine race, the non-milking breeds, those preparing for the shambles, everything. It is estimated that it requires 5,000,000 cows to supply the country with milk, each cow giving an average of 3,050 pounds, at an average of 9 cents a gallon, or about $1.08 a hundred, which is also too high. The other million cows are supposed to be making cheese, 280,000,000 pounds a year, at an average price of 8 cents. The value of the by-products of butter and cheese making is placed at $45,000,000, leaving $455,000,000 worth of butter, milk and cheese consumed by the people, or about $6.50 per year to each one of our inhabitants, or an average, about 1¾ cents a day! This is surely a marvelously small consumption for a people like ours, and with their known love of good butter and milk the inference is irresistible that they are not consuming as much as they would like.—Rural World.

IS EASILY MOVED.

Serviceable New Feed Rack for Lambs and Calves.

Our sketch shows an easily made feed rack that can be moved from place to place, with the work of but a moment.

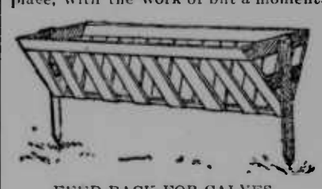

FEED RACK FOR CALVES.

The construction is plainly shown in the illustration, nothing but narrow strips of board being used in any part. The uprights at the ends are nailed firmly to the rack and have the lower ends sharpened, so that they can be driven into the ground whenever it is desired to set up the rack.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Milk as Hen Food.

It is being discussed as to whether milk will take the place of meat for poultry. Milk is really superior to meat, but the fowls cannot drink enough of it to enable them to substitute it for meat, which is more concentrated. To derive benefit from one pound of solid matter in milk the hens would have to drink eight pounds of milk, as there is only about 15 per cent. of solids in milk. The consumption of such large quantities of fluid is not natural with fowls. They prefer meat and are not milk consuming if they can procure its substitute, being averse to the use of such large quantities of water.—Farmer's Review.

Milk the Year Around.

It is the belief of the prominent dairymen that the matter of having persistent milkers is largely in the hands of the men who have control of the dairy. Practical trials have been made, and it is found that a cow which receives the right attention and treatment will give milk the year round, while one neglected will soon dry up. It is not wise, however, to milk a cow the full 12 months. She ought to have at least 60 days' rest, and will do enough better when she comes in to pay for it.—Dakota Field and Farm.

AERIAL TORPEDO.

A Deadly Electrical Weapon Carried Through the Air by a Balloon.

An instrument of torture which admits of no defense has been invented by an electrical engineer of Des Moines. It consists of an electrical aerial torpedo.

The torpedo consists of a small-sized gas-filled balloon similar in shape to the hot air balloons used on the Fourth of July and capable of sustaining any length of time a dynamite case weighing from 30 to 40 pounds at an elevation of from 300 to 1,000 feet above the earth.

Inside of the lower or small end of the balloon is placed a small cylinder, which contains a simple electrical device, the purpose of which is to regulate the length of time the balloon remains in the air, and also to ignite the gas in the balloon at a stated period, thus causing the balloon portion of the aerial torpedo to explode and drop the contents upon any hard surface like the earth or a walled embankment which would result in the destruction of whatever was in that locality.

In action the management of the torpedo is described as very easy and simple, the inventor stating that a corporal's guard can with it accomplish what would require a large force to do by the methods now employed in scattering large bodies of troops or the siege of cities. To use the torpedo effectively all that is necessary is to approach as near as possible to the locality where the torpedo is desired to take effect, a reasonable distance being from four to six miles, then to ascertain the direction of the lower air current and the velocity of the same per hour.

This being ascertained, the electrical device is set for the length of time it would take the air current to carry the torpedo over the objective point. The balloon part is then inflated, and the torpedo released to carry out its work of destruction.

The torpedo complete is small and compact, and large numbers can be carried by a few men. The gas to inflate the balloon is carried in light steel bottles, gas being compressed in one bottle to inflate a large number of aerial torpedoes.—Iowa State Register.

Top-Heavy Charities.

Too many "funds," dear Lady Betty, and too little fun threaten to spoil the forthcoming festivities. The apparently chronic agricultural depression; the lingering consequences of the Baring disaster, and the long-continued inactivity in the city are conditions which are especially unfavorable for the collection of money. The "Indian famine fund," the "Prince of Wales' hospital fund," the "Clergy Sustentation fund," in addition to numerous local subscriptions are overloading the ship. The growth of charitable institutions in this country has been numerous during the present reign, and as most of them are dependent upon public support there is a grave danger of wrecking some of them by diverting the flow of subscriptions into new channels. A European war or a great national disaster must inevitably force many of them to close their doors, and it should therefore be the main endeavor of the subscription public to make every institution of the kind practically self-supporting. The obvious necessity of this cannot be insisted upon too strongly, for it would be terrible were these institutions to founder at a time when their assistance was most needed.—London Truth.

Halters vs. Horses.

The relative values are such now in Weston, Mo., that the traders swap halters and throw in the horses to which they happen to be attached.

Hail as large as eggs fell this afternoon; fish eggs.—Atchison Globe.

At once use St. Jacobs Oil for sprains. At once it will cure. Athletes know this.

Great people always have small enemies.—Ram's Horn.

Use St. Jacobs Oil and say to rheumatism: "Will see you later."

The secret of a secret is to know how and when to tell it.—Ram's Horn.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets candy cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made.

Did you ever stop to think how much we all lie?—Washington Democrat.

Sudden cold brings soreness and stiffness. St. Jacobs Oil brings a cure.

He—"Miss Bellacour claims to belong to a very old family." "Well, she's justified. There are six of those girls, and the youngest of them must be at least 35."—Cleveland Leader.

A little girl who had occasion to "just run across the street," doubled up her mother's shawl and drew it across her shoulders. As she ran, she tripped and fell. "Don't cry, sissy," said a sympathetic man. "Who's going to?" was the sharp reply. "I guess when a little girl has her mother's shawl on, she's not going to let anybody know she's hurt."

When Alice was asked: "Is your mother's hair gray?" she touchingly testified to the drudgery of her mother's life, by replying: "I don't know, I'm sure; she's too tall for me to see the top of her head, and she never sits down!"

A Man of Mark.—"There goes a man who is one in a thousand." "What gives him such distinction?" "He is clerk in a department store."—Chicago Record.

A woman's happiness is never quite complete until she is in position to tell of a time when she was so ill that the doctor never left the house all day.—Atchison Globe.

"Does your husband sympathize with the Greeks?" "He does indeed; he has named two of our new pups Alpha and Omega."—Chicago Record.

She—"Did you have any trouble in getting papa to listen to you?" He—"Not a bit. I began by telling him I knew of a plan whereby he could save money."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"How did Nell Glynn look in her new ball dress?" she asked. "I don't know," he replied; "but the large majority of her that was out of it looked stunning."—Cleveland Leader.

"What I want to know is this," remarked the red man, whose English bothered him not a little: "If I should pawn a belt of wampum, would I be the pawner or the pawnee?" The living skeleton at his right mistook his remark for a joke and made a strenuous effort to hit him with his foot.

Opium and Whisky Habits.

The letter quoted below, written March 23, 1896, by the editor and manager of the Sheffield, Ala., Standard, leaves no room to doubt that a successful treatment for the cure of the liquor habit exists:

"Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.: Your antidote for the liquor habit will do all you claim for it. After drinking whisky for more than twenty years I find myself entirely relieved of the accursed appetite through the use of three bottles of your medicine. It is absolutely a specific for the liquor habit, and leaves no bad effects.

"E. M. RAGLAND."

Shinnston, W. Va.,—Dr. B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga.: I have been cured, or quit taking the antidote nineteen months, and never had any call for opium after taking the first dose of your Antidote. You wanted to know if you might use my letter. Yes, and my name, also. Any one may write to me if they wish to know of my cure or ask any questions as to the efficacy of the Antidote, and if they enclose stamp I will answer.

GEO. J. RIBLET, SR.

The ill-natured man gives himself a large field to expatiate in; he exposes those failings in human nature which the others would cast a veil over.—Addison.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

It is astonishing how many people there are who say they do things for others' benefit.—Washington Democrat.

There is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

If there is such a thing as good luck, it is being endowed with good sense by your father and mother.—Atchison Globe.

Are you bruised? Use St. Jacobs Oil and you won't be long. Shortest way.

The knack of easy travel is in knowing how to keep ready all the time.—Ram's Horn.

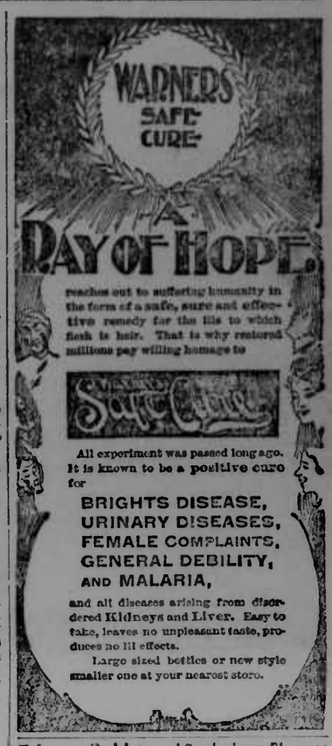

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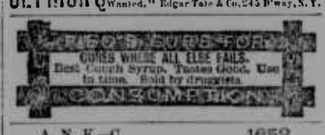

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THURSDAY, APRIL 22, 1897.

The Levy for 1897.

Last Wednesday the Board of County Commissioners for Garrett county finished making the levy to meet the expenses of the county for the past year. The work was well done and the board is the recipient of many words of praise for the economic methods in vogue of their office.

Notwithstanding the heavy assessment and other expenses and an additional appropriation of $3,000 for support of the public schools the tax rate has been kept down to 78 cents on the $100, a decrease in the rate of 32 cents over last year. True, the new assessment has increased the basis largely, still the fact remains the rate is lower than in any other year while the expenses are greatly increased. This should commend the economic spirit of the members composing the board to the tax payers. Not one cent has been uselessly expended while all improvements have been constructed in the best manner possible and at a minimum cost.

Whilst this has been the case in all respects the board has been liberal in making appropriations for the schools and for the improvement of the roads —two items of the most importance to the general public. Besides this, a fund has been created to meet contingencies which will in all probability be greater than necessary.

Taken altogether the public generally and the Republican party in particular should congratulate themselves in having such gentlemen as Messrs. Friend, Abernathy and Layman at the head of affairs in Garrett county.

They Should Keep Quiet.

The theory of the Dingley bill is that in imposing customs duties to raise revenue the rates on competing products should cover the difference between the wages here and abroad. This rule has been applied wherever practicable.

But the difficulties of tariff legislation are so many, intricate and complex that as to some of the schedules this theory may not be the wisest and it is also not unlikely that in the haste of preparing the measure there were mistakes made that ought to be corrected. The Senate can and will make some changes, probably radical changes, in the rates without affecting the general character of the bill.

With few exceptions the critics of the Dingley bill are the same men and the same papers that defend the present tariff law. Of course, from their point of view the whole thing is a fraud, for they hold protection to be a fraud. But what is their opinion worth? The Wilson-Gorman law which they champion has been a grotesque failure as a revenue-raiser and the experience of American industries during the past three years has not recommended it highly save as an excellent stimulus to European production.

The Dingley critics are in bad repute. Under the circumstances the doctrinaries ought to be content to stay in the back seat where the great American electorate hurled them last November and quietly await the results of Republican legislation.

The War in the East.

The report that Turkey's action in taking the aggressive was prompted by Germany is very probable. It is quite likely that the European powers in general were quite willing to see a sharp conflict between Turkey and Greece, in the expectation that the actual brunt of war will make Greece amenable to the direction and control of the great powers. In fact, either the Powers had to let Greece have its way in Crete or war was inevitable. If the struggle is confined to Turkey and Greece the superior strength and resources of the Ottoman empire are to tell, so that it is impossible to see how Greece can make a successful stand. The hope of the Greeks is in a general uprising against Turkish rule attacking the government of the Sultan at many points. Heretofore is has been the case that when war began at one point in the Turkish dominions it promptly spread to other places, but heretofore Russia has been deeply engaged in the outbreaks. At present it is evidently the policy of the Powers to isolate Greece and deliver her up to her enemy for a sound beating. If the frontier defenses of Greece are broken through the road to Athens is comparatively easy, and the calculation doubtless is that Greece will be compelled to throw herself upon the protection of the powers and accept such terms as they may see fit to obtain for her.

At present the sad situation is that Greece is contending single-handed against all Europe. German and Russian officers are active in the Turkish service and the moral support of every European government is on the side of Turkey, while Greece is treated as a disturber of the peace. Under such conditions, the cause of Greece is almost hopeless. Her only chance of success in her heroic undertaking is in the chance that the disagreements of the Powers may in one way or another draw them into the conflict.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

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If I were to question each reader there would be very diverse answers as to what constitutes the greatest power in the world. Electricity, steam, dynamite, volcanic eruptions, would all doubtless be prime favorites. But I name a greater than these—AN IDEA. Ideas are silent but their power no rending flash of lightning ever equals. To speak of material things even—the house you inhabit, the clothes you wear, the prepared food you eat, the monuments you admire, are nothing but ideas materialized. Far back in the ages some poor shivering savages added a riven piece of wood to the front side of his cave for an extra protection. Another of these forgotten benefactors found fire and conserved it by ideas that held it in subjection, so that it no longer destroyed, but warmed, cheered and lengthened his days. Then again one of these ancestors of ours thought how to add strength to his arm by means of a club at the end of it. And since ideas are orderly,—much as stairs by which we climb—the higher one possible because the lower one has been passed, so these early discoverers are the actual precursors of the home comforts we enjoy and the machinery that puts puny man above all powers of nature, organic or inorganic. The old methods may pass away, both of protecting ourselves from the inclemency of the weather and of entering into conflict with opposing forces but the new methods are simply built upon the old that have served their purpose and led to higher things.

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But when we come to ideas that are not merely material but mental and spiritual, the power to turn and change and reform is even more remarkable and wonderful in its silence and its might. The government to which you owe allegiance, the peace and orderliness of life, the spiritual impulses that sway us are all the outcome of ideas that have taken their origin like some mighty stream in an obscure and hidden spot that leads on to growth as it flows. Take the idea of God, for instance:—when the savage saw the power of the wind and water and the seasons his idea was that they were living beings who could be pleased or irritated, and he named them variously and worshiped them. But gradually grew up the conception in the national mind, of a power over and above these material signs of power and that was worshiped as the God over all other Gods. Yet while the tribe or the nation remained stationary God was for it alone and not for other peoples. Each nation pre-empted to itself the right and control of the true God or Gods. For long ages the thought of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man did not so much as dawn upon the human mind;—nor even the Hebrew mind. But when fierce wars, followed by peaceful administrations broke down the walls of partition between nations, the idea gradually began to grow among thoughtful minds that it was possible for nations to co-operate with one another and this very tendency to co-operate paved the way for the prevalence of the All-Father idea that now entered the human mind. And now is sweeping through the heart of the world, the feeling that God and his revelation is in some measure found among all peoples and all religions. What further ideas are yet to be regarding the length, the breadth, the height of God's nature of mercy and tender interest, no man can yet tell. But this we know, the human mind is growing broader, and the human heart is warming into brotherliness in our day; we also know that you and I are living NOW, and it is ours to live, think, and act broadly as becometh the dawn of a new century.

Again look at our government. We strive here for the maximum of liberty and the minimum of restraint upon the individual, but it would be absolute foolishness to assert that the breadth of our constitution is all due to the clear vision and emancipated minds of the founders of the Republic. Rather let us acknowledge that the ideas they had were simply an orderly development from thoughts that had been stirring human hearts for ages under all sorts of diverse conditions; —back to Magna Charta, back to Alfred the Great, back to Charlemagne, back to Caesar, back to Homer, back to Moses and even to pre-historic imaginings and aspirations.

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How thrilling to recognize the power of thoughts and our share in it. When first we come to realize that we have an identity of our own we eagerly seek out other peoples ideas and take them to ourselves as part of our mental and spiritual outfit; but as years go by and our individuality becomes more decided, coyly at first ideas of our own force themselves upon us, based upon other ideas that we have learned. Let us never close our minds against these ideas originating within; for so long as humanity lasts and so long as each human brain differs from every other one new ideas have a right to life and there is no reason why your idea and mine should not have in it prevailing power. However, to know how ideas originate is to understand all the mysteries of our mind—and that understanding is not yet. We can merely say that they are the evidence of originality in a man; and that as far as the ideas are new he is a creator. I repeat again, how thrilling to have a share in the world of ideas and to be wielding ideas of our own with broad and useful purpose. What we call public opinion, a most mysterious and fantastic thing,—passes through its vagaries because of this operation of ideas. The strange swayings of the public mind explicable only by understanding how an idea operates from individual to individual with a power that will not be denied.

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The Scriptures tell us that no man should think more highly of himself than he ought to think, from which we may certainly deduce that no man should think less of himself than he ought to think; and that he should so venerate himself as to associate his mind only with ideas that have the benefit and gain of the human race wrapped up in them.

Wellington Swoons.

A special telegram to the Baltimore *News* of last Thursday dated at Washington, says:

No one who has not been around the Senate Chamber has any idea of the way in which Senator Wellington is run to death by callers. They are after him sometimes in squads of 50 at a time, and it is the hardest thing in the world for him to drag himself away from them. At the Normandie Hotel, where he boards, things are just as bad. They are after him there, morning, noon and night. There is no doubt in the world that his health and constitution are beginning to show the result of this fearful rush and strain. He looks haggard, and the rings and dark spots under his eyes are more pronounced than ever. One night this week while working with his correspondence he gave way completely and swooned. The correspondence is about as bad as the visitors. Private Secretary Feaga has to sit up all night in order to answer the letters. He has only had his clothes off two nights in the last week. The pressure of the Republican office-seekers from the State of Maryland will result in a dead Senator if there is not soon some let-up.

The Sick.

Mr. R. S. Jamison, who has been confined to his bed the past week or two suffering with muscular rheumatism, is somewhat improved.

Mr. L. Stoddard, after a siege of more than a week with an attack of rheumatism, is able to be about.

Mrs. Susan Offutt who suffered a stroke of paralysis at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. George W. Legge, is improving.

Mr. Albert Fraley, who was confined to his home Monday with a sudden and severe illness, is better and has returned to work in the Garrett County Bank.

Little Men and Women

We call them little men and little women, but they are neither. They have ideas and ways all their own. Fortunately they soon become fond of cod-liver oil, when it is given to them in the form of SCOTT'S EMULSION. This is the most valuable remedy in existence for all the wasting diseases of early life. The poorly nourished, scrofulous child; the thin, weak, fretting child; the young child who does not grow; all take Scott's Emulsion without force or bribe. It seems as if they knew that this meant nourishment and growth for bones, muscles and nerves.

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PEN PICTURES.

Across the Border Into Mexico.

One of the most interesting cities of Mexico is Guanajuato, the capital of a province by that name, located some two hundred miles north-west of Mexico. It is a city with a population of 52,000, and is noted chiefly for its silver mines, which are very extensive and among the oldest in the country, having been discovered at the time of the conquest. Guanajuato is situated at a height at over 6,000 feet above sea level. It is located on a branch road running east from Silao, and some twelve miles distant. To cover this distance by steam cars required about an hour's time, on account of the exceedingly heavy grade. After reaching the depot of the town we took four mule cars for a ride through one of the most picturesque and winding gorges of Mexico, a distance of six miles further, all up hill, before we reached the center of the city. The town is built for many miles along the gorge or narrow valley, and this mule-car ride was a succession of surprises from beginning to end. Arrived at the center of the city or plaza we found it a delightful place, and the population composed largely of well-to-do people. In fact it is said to be the richest city according to population in Mexico. It has a theater, now nearing completion, which is said to compare very favorably with the finest on the American continent, and this we could easily believe, for the building and its furnishings are certainly magnificent. There are also many handsome and wealthy churches and a very notable shrine, and more fine residences than we saw in any other point in Mexico, these being in the upper part of the city, which we also visited for the purpose of seeing the extensive waterworks which supply the city. But the most interesting thing about Guanajuato is its catacombs. I have told a good many friends about these catacombs, and they seem to be universally skeptical concerning the facts. However, at the risk of having my veracity questioned, I will confide to print a statement of this singular and wonderful place.

Many years ago the people of Guanajuato in casting about for a depository for their dead, decided to utilize the top of one of the mountains, several hundred feet above the center of the city, and to construct there what is known as the catacombs. This being the chief sight of the city of course we had to visit the place. We reached it by scaling the hill on foot, a feat which was not a little trying to the wind. Arrived at the top we were admitted through a big iron gate to the interior of what appeared to be a stone fort with walls about twenty feet high, and at least ten feet thick. On the inside we discovered that these walls were the resting-place of thousands of dead bodies, being constructed on the principal of pigeon holes in a desk. Each pigeon-hole served as a grave, the coffins being shoved into the hole in the wall and the front of the hole sealed up with cement. The square enclosed by this wall is fully 200 yards on each side and there are six tiers of these pigeon-holes, one above the other and reaching to the top of the wall on each side of the square. I did not count nor estimate the number of these receptacles for the dead, but there must be thousands of them.

After a tedious wait for a permit from the authorities we were admitted to the underground graveyard or the catacombs proper. We reached this place by means of a narrow winding stair, and at the bottom a sight greeted us that will not soon be forgotten. The catacombs proved to be a passageway about ten feet wide and perhaps three hundred feet long. At each end of this passage-way are piled a conglomeration of human bones of every description—legs, arms, skulls, etc., reaching to the ceiling; and on either side, of the subterranean graveyard, stand some twenty odd mummified bodies. There are the bodies of young men and women, old and decrepit individuals, cripples with their deformities showing painfully plain, and on each face may be seen the expression left there by the touch of Death. Since these catacombs were first used it is estimated that the bones of 48,000 human beings have found their last resting place here. When a person first dies the body is interred in one of the pigeon-holes above ground, which costs an annual rental of $5. When the relatives refuse or neglect to keep up this annual rental the body is taken out to make room for others, and the bones find their way to the subterranean graveyard, to mingle with those of thousands of others. The climate of that section is such that instead of decaying as they do here, bodies simply dry up, and in a few months they are entirely inoffensive. When the bodies are removed from the holes in the wall some are found to be mummified, and these are as stated stood up against the wall, whether as curiosities or as subjects for the scientist I did not learn. Visitors at the anthropological department at the World's Fair in Chicago no doubt saw some of these same mummies, as a number of them were there. When the bodies are not mummified, the skeletons fall to pieces and the bones are piled up at the end of the catacombs much as the farmer piles cord-wood, the skulls being placed at the top.

At Guanajuato we also visited the government mint and saw the process of silver mintage throughout—a process which to many of our party was quite interesting, though to one who has seen Uncle Sam's money-making apparatus in full blast this Mexican mint appeared to be primitive. There appear to be few restrictions upon visitors at the mint, and we were allowed to go anywhere we pleased and with apparently no supervision. Perhaps this may be explained by a statement made by one of our party, whether true or not I do not know, that summary death is the penalty for stealing from the mints.

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Queretaro is another old town which we visited on the way to the city of Mexico. It is chiefly notable as being the place where the emperor Maximillian and his generals were executed. Monuments have been erected on the spot where they fell, a short distance from the town, and they were visited by many of our party. Here is also a famous massive stone aqueduct erected by the Aztecs to conduct the water to the city from the hills a few miles away. Queretaro is also the great opal market of Mexico, and scores of opal peddlers beseiged the train while it stopped, endeavoring to dispose of their goods. Some of the party secured bargains in these gems, but more of them bought bits of glass supposing them to be opals.

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The greatest silver mines in Mexico are situated at Zacatecas, which lies at an elevation of over 8,000 feet above sea level. We made a short stop here of three hours on our way home, but did not have time to visit the mines. It is very much like all other Mexican towns. When we reached this point of our journey going down, probably a hundred of our party were afflicted with nose-bleeding, the trouble being due to the extreme rarity of the atmosphere. The altitude of Zacatecas is greater than that of the highest mountain on the Atlantic coast, and many visitors here have difficulty with their breathing apparatus until they become accustomed to the climate.

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The thieves' market of the city of Mexico is one of the curiosities which I forgot to mention. As heretofore noted, thieves are very numerous there. On Sunday the fellows who make their living this way have the privilege of taking their plunder to the thieves' market for the purpose of disposing of it. Such a lot of "truck" as we found there one would not find again in a life time. There was everything imaginable, from diamonds to old scrap iron. It is said to be a law of the country that if a person from whom goods are stolen finds them in the thieves' market, he cannot take them, but must pay for them just the same as anybody else would do. We spent more than an hour in this singular place, and some of the party left a good many shekels there.

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I have so far said but little concerning the "free silver" of Mexico of which we heard so much during the campaign of last fall. Perhaps it would be as well to leave the subject untouched, but for fear that action might be misconstrued I have thought best to touch briefly upon the matter which I do in the hope that what is said may not be considered as coming from a partisan standpoint in any sense of the word.

A number of our party had an interview with the Governor of the State of Aguas Calientes in the town of the same name, and incidentally one of the free silver brethren asked the interpreter to say to the governor that a good many in our party were free silver men and in sympathy with the financial system of Mexico. With a shake of the head the Governor replied, "Say to the gentleman that it is much better to be a citizen of the United States, and loyal to her best interest, than to be in favor of any particular system of finance, and there are many of the best people of Mexico who are not satisfied that free silver is the best thing for the country."

This is a fair sample of the answers to all questions in regard to free silver. Mexico is a free silver country not from choice but from necessity. She mines all the silver she can use, and much more, while her product of gold is insignificant. As for the prosperity of the country of which we heard so much last fall, I think anybody who has followed these letters will agree that we failed to findit. Mexico is said to be more prosperous now than ever before, but if this is true I don't know what must have been the condition of things there before prosperity came. A fair index to the situation may be gained by consulting the wage table. The best paid class in Mexico, aside from the foreigners who go there to railroad, are the policemen. These are numerous, and made up of the better men of the middle class, mentally and physically. These policemen are paid from $30 to $35 per month, which is equivalent to $15 to $17.50 of our money. First-class operatives in the woolen mills get 50 to 90 cents per day. Laborers on the railroad tracks, or section men as we would call them, are paid 20 to 30 cents per day. These are samples of rourse. There is very little manufacturing done in Mexico, and very little demand for skilled labor. As I have said before, it is difficult to see how these people live, even if they have a job. The free silver man who uses Mexico and her condition as an argument in favor of his hobby is simply not posted on the facts. Of course money is plenty there, but there is no place on earth where it is harder to obtain, and it won't buy much when you get it, except of labor.

A gentleman at Ciudad Porfirio Diaz just across the Rio Grande from Eagle Pass, in discussing this matter said: "Many of our people expected to get rich from the adoption of free coinage in the States. If, as the silver men claim, free coinage at 16 to 1 would raise the price is silver bullion accordingly we would have no trouble in getting rich. It would be an easy matter to send into the States $100,000 every month from this point alone and the difference in price between 69 cents an ounce, what it is worth here, and $1.29 what the silver men expect to make it worth in the States, would soon make a man rich. If the States had adopted free coinage we would simply have tipped up this country a little and let the silver slide right off into the States."

***

It is perfectly plain to any observer that the best part of Mexico of half a century ago was ceded to the United States at the close of the war with this country and is now comprised in the great state of Texas. Most of our party were greatly and pleasantly surprised at the condition and resources of this State. There is a great future in store for Texas, and what she mostly needs is immigration from the North to help develop her resources.

Two years ago R. J. Warren, a druggist at Pleasant Brook, N. Y., bought a small supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He sums up the result as follows: "At that time the goods were unknown in this section; to-day Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a household word." It is the same in hundreds of communities. Wherever the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy become known the people will have nothing else. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Mountain Lake Park.

J. B. Waugh, of Cumberland, is having a seven-room cottage erected on the corner of E and Spruce streets. The porch is one of the most attractive in the Park. The plasterers are lathing the cottage.

Frank Arnold is plastering Sypult & Teet's cottage, which has been rented and will be opened as a boarding house June 1st.

A Cincinnati family will occupy the new cottage on Washington avenue.

Mr. Johnson, of Howard University, has rented Squire Bowman's cottage.

Lumber is being put on the lot on the corner of I street and Wheeling avenue for a cottage.

The sympathy of the entire community is with the family of Rev. Baumgardner in the loss by death of the wife and mother.

The bakery is being overhauled. By May 1st it will be in full operation.

Grantsville.

Special Easter services were held on Easter Sunday evening in the Methodist church at this place, which were of an interesting and entertaining character.

J. C. Getty, we are sorry to say, has not improved in condition.

Alvin J. Getty and wife, of Cumberland, and Chas. B. Getty and wife, of Frostburg, were recent visitors of the home family here.

Mrs. Emanuel Hershberger has been very ill with what threatened to terminate in apoplexy. We understand her condition is improving.

Peter Nathan has also been seriously ill, but is improving.

C. A. Bender, one of our merchants, apparently deeming those engaged in mercantile pursuits no exception to the divine ordinance that "it is not good for man to be alone," took unto himself an helpmeet in the person of Miss Emma Yutzy, of Pocahontas, Pa., on Sunday last.

Judging from Examiner Palmer's announcement in last week's REPUBLICAN, one would have had no reason to believe otherwise than that full and definite arrangements had been made to hold a term of normal school here the coming season, but lo! now comes the intelligence that the "representative teacher" to whom this school had been assigned, (according to the announcement) has made full arrangements to teach a term of normal at Chestnut Spring, Pa., at the same time. Is this the result of a misunderstanding? Is it a ruse or scheme to defeat the just and legitimate aim of this community to have a normal school here; one concocted by some one having some interest in advancing the interests of another community in preference to ours. If the county school board was not misled or misunderstood some one in arranging for this school, is evidently responsible for this state of affairs. Even if another teacher is secured and school opened here, it is very probable that this state of confusion will in some degree prove detrimental to the school. We have had no opportunity of discussing the matter with our representative of the county school board and write this upon the aspect the face of the matter presents, yet the fact that the school board misunderstood or was misled, which would be the same, remains, inevitably, and the responsibility rests upon it accordingly.

ESTATE OF DANIEL KINSINGER DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett County, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

DANIEL KINSINGER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 10th day of September next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 5th day of April, 1897.

M. W. KINSINGER, Admr.
Grantsville, Md.

5-3

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

This is to notify the tax-payers of Garrett County that the Annual Levy for 1897 has been made and published, and to call their attention to the following abstract of Section 45, Chapter 566, Acts of 1896, relating to the discount to be allowed and interest to be charged on all tax bills:

"All county tax shall be due and payable on the first day of September next succeeding the date of the levy thereof, and on all county taxes paid on or before the said 1st. day of September a discount of 3 per cent. shall be allowed; and after the 1st. day of January all taxes shall bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until paid; the Treasurer shall take the discount from and charge interest on all tax bills for county purposes regularly to the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same upon the receipt given for taxes so paid; but the discount allowed on county taxes by this section shall not be made to any person or corporate institution unless the whole amount of state and county taxes due by such person or corporate institution for the current year be paid when the same is made."

THOS. B. WILEY,
Treasurer of Garrett County.

JOHN SHARTZER,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

offers his services to the people of Garrett County. Will cry land or personal property sales at any point in the county. 6-97-1yr.

Removal.

I, the undersigned, have removed my place of business from the Lear building to the Ravenscroft (Mayers) building on Railroad street, where I will continue to carry a well assorted stock of

JEWELRY,

and give special attention to the repairing of watches, clocks, etc.

Give me a call. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

H. C. SMOUSE.

29—2m

ANNUAL LEVY, 1897.

Annual Levy for Garrett County, Maryland, levied on the 14th day of April, 1897, by the Board of County Commissioners for Garrett County, Maryland.

GENERAL ROAD LEVY, 1897.

District No. 1—Swanton	$650 00
" " 2—Selbysport	1,175 00
" " 3—Grantsville	650 00
" " 4—Bloomington	5 00
" " 5—Accident	850 00
" " 6—Snag Run	650 00
" " 7—Oakland	1,100 00
" " 8—Ryan's Glade	250 00
" " 9—Johnson's	300 00
" " 10—Deer Park	700 00
" " 11—Elbow	500 00
" " 12—Bittinger	550 00
National Road	600 00
Total	$9,025 00

CORPORATIONS.

Mayor and Council of Oakland	$300 00
" " " Deer Park	50 00
Commissioners of Grantsville	80 00
Mountain Lake Park Community	200 00
Total	$630 00

PUBLIC SCHOOL BONDS.

For redemption of bonds	$1,000 00
Interest on bonds	301 00
Total	$1,301 00

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

To the School Commissioners for the support of public schools	$13,600 00

CLERK CIRCUIT COURT.

E. Z. Tower, use C. B. Friend	$240 50
" " " balance	1,552 28
Total	$1,792 78

COURT FUND.

Estimate to pay expenses, July, September and November terms, 1897, and March term, 1898	$3,410 00
County Commissioners of Washington, removed case	131 50
Total	$3,541 50

ORPHANS' COURT.

Estimate to pay judges	$375 00
James W White, Register, use C. B. Friend	50 00
James W. White, Register, balance	10 50
Total	$435 50

SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

Austin Brown, Sheriff	$2,190 18
W. M. Coddington, warden, use G. S. Hamill	108 00
W. M. Coddington, balance	240 00
Total	$2,538 18

PRINTING AND PUBLISHING.

Benj. H. Sincell, use E. B. Hook, publishing	$320 00
Same, balance	50 00
Same, printing	200 00
Same, publishing under special act, 1896, use C. B. Friend	105 00
J. M. Litzinger, use Garrett County Bank, publishing	100 00
Same, use Garrett County Bank, publishing under special act, 1896	105 00
Total	$1,320 00

BRIDGE ACCOUNT.

John B. Friend, use Garrett County Bank, building bridge	$87 20
James W. Beeghly, use Garrett Co. Bank, building bridge	19 68
Chauncey Kimmel, use C. B. Friend, repairing bridge	17 15
A. S. Sell, use Garrett County Bank, flooring bridge	20 31
J. W. Moon, use P. J. Lohr on account of contract, use D. E. Offutt	34 23
J. W. Moon, use C. B. Friend, balance on contract	61 77
P. M. Stemple, new bridge over Crab Tree	51 28
Stephen Browning, repairing bridge	6 00
John M. Kesler, repairing bridge at Friendsville	47 75
D. McLean, repairing bridge	13 20
James W. Walter, repairing bridge	8 75
Kimmel Frazee, work on bridge, subject to order	25 90
D. K. Herring, planking bridge	5 48
Henry Fluzeli, repairing bridge	3 00
James De Witt, repairing bridge	1 80
Joseph Jeffries, repairing bridge	1 41
John W. Johnson, repairing bridge	2 50
John Sines, bridge over Deep Creek	110 00
Wilson Lumber Company, bridge over Sand run	70 00
Wilson Lumber Company, one-half bridge at Wilson	20 00
John J. Garrett, bridge	10 00
Estimate for bridges, subject to order	1,401 00
Total	$1,616 54

SPECIAL ROAD APPROPRIATIONS.

Alfred Beckard	$1 85
Silas Teats	42 88
John Laston	16 22
John Keslar, use L. E. Friend	30 60
L. A. Rudisell	9 57
John Sines	10 00
Salathiel Savage	5 00
Bear Creek road, left fork, subject to order	150 00
To forks of Bear Creek, subject to order	150 00
Elder Hill road, subject to order	100 00
Blooming Rose road, subject to order	20 00
Road from Irn E Friend's to Burnt mill, subject to order	40 00
Friendsville to Garey gate, subject to order	20 00
P M Stemple, subject to order	25 00
James L. Harvey, subject to order, Bussard road	125 00
Thomas K Harvey, new road	75 00
Wilson and Cooper road, subject to order	50 00
John Baker	20 00
Israel Glotfelty, subject to order	25 00
Hiram S Coleman	20 00
D B Layman, subject to order	50 00
I. M Stanton	20 00
Charles Bonig	20 00
Stephen Browning	30 03
Total	$1,905 52

MISCELLANEOUS ACCOUNT.

Marshall Sines, use D E Offutt, shingles to cover stable at jail	14 00
S Lawton, use Garrett County Bank, repairs at jail	37 25
J M Darboe, repairing stable at jail, use Garrett County Bank	10 81
Hay, Wood & Co., chairs for judges	42 75
R A Ormsby, wood	1 50
Daniel McRobbs, use Dixon & Kelso, wood	10 00
R S Jamison, repairing pump at jail	7 00
John Yellowly, repairs at jail, 1895	15 50
Isaac Walker & Co., stationery	38 20
J W Bland & Co., records for clerk's office	63 00
M V Grim, coffin for pauper	5 00
Charles Wegman, summoning witnesses	11 20
A G Sturgiss, books, stationery and medicine	147 45
D E Offutt, electric lights	75 30
Geo E Barnard & Co., clerk's office	44 00
S L Townshend & Son, goods furnished jail	87 00
W F King, papering jail, use Garrett County Bank	10 00
Thomas Harne, hauling	3 75
J M Davis & Son, account	25 51
G A Shirer, material and work at jail	16 35
Charles Younkin, repairing road machine	14 75
Paul & Falkner, bank books	21 50
S T Jones, pens	3 25
R C Townshend, work at court-house	3 50
E M Coddington, hauling booth	2 50
Ella J Miller, coffin for pauper	5 00
Archibald Spiker, damage to land by road	19 00
Dr. H W McComas, health officer	100 00
" " " physician to jail	100 00
J M Darboe, repairing jail and court house, subject to order	370 00
George Geisman, coal	153 20
J L Bonnett, caring for insane patient	24 00
H Hessen, lumber for building at jail	25 00
James A Walker, attending to water closets, subject to order	45 00
D E Offutt & Son, good furnished	14 75
Total	$1,524 84

ATTORNEY FEES.

F A Thayer, State's Attorney, use Garrett County Bank	$280 00
F A Thayer, balance trial fees	1,058 28
G S Hamill, late State's Attorney, ½ misdemeanor, ½ misdemeanors and ½ felonies	58 3
G S Hamill, misdemeanor, felony, habeas corpus	23 31
G S Hamill and R T Semmes, misdemeanor and felony	40 00
G S Hamill and J C Reninger, felony	10 00
J C Reninger, misdemeanor	3 35
A R Gonder, felony and misdemeanor	14 33
Peddicord & Peddicord, misdemeanors and felony	26 07
E H Sincell, use King Benaweer, misdemeanors and felony	81 0
W A Daily, use D E Offutt, felony	10 00
Total	$1,561 22

TAXES IN ERROR.

Thomas Martin, jr	$4 68
Henry Warnick	7 50
Israel Glotfelty	12 70
Sara i Wright (tasker lands	330 00
Third National Bank, Cumberland	7 93
Merchants' National Bank, Baltimore	5 45
Commercial and Farmers' National Bank, Baltimore	3 20
Citizens' National Bank, Baltimore	21
Total	$372 37

ASSESSMENT EXPENSES.

Ebenezer Kitzmiller, assessor, use Garrett County Bank	$100 00
Jacob Fresh, balance, general assessor	201 10
Rudolph Beckman, balance general assessor	100 00
John O Miyhael, balance, making up returns for general assessors	71 28
Balance in making general assessment to be credited to Asylum fund	2,003 00
Total	$2,565 28

COMMISSIONERS' OFFICE.

Estimate for County Commissioners office	$1,000 00
J S Meyers, Clerk	300 00
E H Sincell, Attorney, use E B Hook	150 00
W M Coddington, janitor to court-house	200 00
Total	$1,650 00

CONSTABLES.

Charles Liston, use L C Elke, deputy No. 2	$2 75
W P Lee, No. 8	3 30
D A Stephens, No. 7	9 00
Silas Teats, No. 5	20 07
George Marley, deputy, No. 10	7 05
Robert Morehead, No. 4	9 00
Henry Bobbe, No. 10	10 55
F M Coddington, No. 2	70 81
Baker Johnson	38 75
Levi Echard	3 85
Total	$185 56

MAGISTRATES' FEES.

L C Fike	$18 25
Peter Nathan	7 35
E A Garlitz	1 80
Henry Kahl	8 10
Eli McMillan	2 45
E J Frantz	7 55
John L Wheeler	15 90
Thomas R McRobbs	61 60
John T Sincell	17 10
S E Boyer	32 45
Total	$175 50

ELECTION EXPENSES NOV., 1896.

A G Sturgiss, Supervisor of Election, 1896, salary	$150 00
J Alvin Friend, Supervisor of Election, and stamps, subject to agreement	101 00
F C Biles, Supervisor of Election, and stamps	101 48

District No. 1.

J L Fitzwater, judge and register	48 00
Alex. Fahrall, " " "	15 00
J L McRobbs, judge, use A G Sturgiss	7 80
Francis McRobbs, judge	7 50
George W Moon, clerk	7 50
J W Lansdale, clerk	7 50

District No. 2.

Walter M Lowdermilk, judge and register	57 30
W W Schlossnagel, judge and register	55 50
E M Liston, judge	10 50
D S Custer, judge	9 00
Walter G Meyers, clerk	10 50
D A Turney, clerk	10 50

District No. 3.

Jonas E Guagey, judge and register, use Charles Weghman	57 30
J Clarence, Getty judge and register G E Bevans judge, use Chas. Wegman	57 30
Charles H Durst, judge	11 00
Charles Beechy, clerk	11 00
Archibald Warnick, clerk	11 02

District No. 4.

Floyd Buckworth, judge and register	18 60
Peter Fitzwilliams, judge and register, use J H Miller	39 80
Nathan T Michaels, judge	7 20
Peter Monaghing, judge	7 20
Lee Fazenbaker, clerk	7 20
Charles C Moody, clerk	7 20

District No. 5.

John W Daniels, judge and register	48 30
Gus Garringer, " " "	18 60
J M Lowdermilk, judge	7 05
John L Richter, judge	8 60
Freeman DeWitt, clerk	7 05
G F Kight, clerk	7 20

District No. 6.

William Callis, judge and register	45 60
Geo. A Miller, judge and register, use C B Friend	47 70
E N Custrel, judge	7 50
Joel Bender, judge	7 50
D Arthur Friend, clerk, use D Harrison Friend	7 50
Hanson B Lewis, clerk	7 50

District No. 7—First Precinct.

Charles A Ashby, judge and register	41 40
John W Hart, " " "	41 40
David T Enlow, judge	7 20
John O Thayer, judge	7 20
W G Hinebaugh, clerk, use D E Offutt	7 50
F P Arnold, clerk, use S L Townshend & Son	7 50

Dist. No. 7—Second Precinct.

R C Townshend, judge and register	41 40
Edmund Davidson, judge and register, use King Delawder	41 70
C A Dodge, judge	7 20
P H Rodehaver, judge	7 20
Samuel Lawton, clerk	7 20
M M Ashby, clerk, use A G Sturgiss	7 20

District No. 8.

J M Conneway, judge and register	18 00
J W Mason, " " "	47 70
B F Harvey, judge	7 20
S T Grimes, judge	7 50
W C Rhodaberry, clerk	7 20
John A Shaffer, clerk	7 20

District No. 9.

Bradford Blocher, judge and register	60 30
Samuel Johnson, " " "	75 00
Norman Wilhelm, judge	10 50
Thomas J Crow, judge	10 20
Urias McKenzie, clerk	10 20
Charles C Layman, clerk	10 20

District No. 10.

J Thomas Moon, judge and register	15 30
William Spiker, judge and register, use C B Friend	45 30
W D Hoye, judge	7 50
C L Pough, judge	7 50
W E Georges, clerk	7 50
Thomas Sollars, clerk	7 50

District No. 11.

Elias Merrill, judge and register	56 40
P F Michael, " " "	56 48
W P Hauseli, judge	10 50
John F Robeson, judge	10 50
John W Lancaster, clerk	9 90
W A L Broadwater, clerk	9 60

District No. 12.

Jonas Bittinger, judge and register	60 30
Gustavus Stanton, judge and register	60 30
Peter A Stark, judge	6 90
Peter Opel, judge	6 90
George W Eagle, clerk	6 90
Perry Broadwater, clerk	6 90
Nathan T Michael, appointed judge and was disqualified	3 60
David E Broadwater, appointed clk. and was disqualified	3 10
Thomas Martin, rent No. 1 precinct	12 60
Upton Cuppet, " " 6 district	2 00
D N Murphy, " " 8 "	5 00
Thos. Garvey, " " 4 "	5 00
W A Brown, putting up booths, No. 2, use E B Hook	3 00
Homer Friend, cleaning school house No. 2	2 75
Henry Bittinger, rent No. 12	7 01
Francis Childester, rent No. 10, use W C Jones	9 00
Geo. L. Englehart, rent No. 5	10 00
Jonas E Guagey, rent No. 3	13 00
Thomas Harne, hauling ballot boxes	1 50
Shartzer & Bowden, furniture for Supervisor's office	70 75
John Shartzer, use George Geisman, rent supervisor's office	72 00
D E Offutt & Sons, supplies, election	9 65
Dixon & Kelso, " "	71
A G Sturgiss, blank books, stationery and stamps	3 05
F A Thayer, attorney to supervisors	50 00
J S Meyers, clerk to supervisors	25 00
B H Sincell, publishing and printing and furnishing supplies for election, use Garrett County Bank	589 20
J M Litzinger, printing and publishing, use Garrett County Bank	171 00
Total	$3,088 45

CORONERS INQUESTS.

Body of Thomas J Miller.

Peter Nathan, coroner	$5 00
Dr. H L Bevans	5 00
Dr. Grace Liberty	5 00
J Clarence Getty	1 00
P C Boucher	1 00
Archibald Warnick	1 00
Elias Miller	1 00
William H Swauger	1 00
A C Wagner	1 00
Frances H Durst	1 00
John W Banner jr	1 00
Benjamin Broadwater	1 00
Solomon Durst	1 00
Mortimer Simonise	1 00
Jonas E Guages	1 00
P P McAndrews, witness	33
Michael McAndrews, witness	33
James Durst, witness	33
Baker Johnson, serving summons	2 30

Body of William Lowery.

A W Jeffries	1 00
J T Bonnett	1 00
J W Carder	1 00
H A Smith	1 0
C F Switzer	1 00
B F Spiker	1 00
James Spiker	1 00
J W Orr	1 00
C F Uptole	1 00
Wesley McRobbie	1 00
James Kisner	1 0
Edward Switzer	1 00

Body of Joseph Maynard.

P J Garrett	1 00
George P Martley, jr	1 00
W B Griffin	1 00
Pat Griffin	1 00
C R Savage	1 00
F C Browning	1 00
S S Browning	1 00
Charles Stelinger	1 00
William Sisk	1 00
W H Sisk	1 00
Sandy Brooks	1 00
H J Shaffer	1 00

Body of infant child found in river

W I Brown, coroner	5 00
12 jurors	12 00
Constable fees	1 88
Dr. W C Dilnhwater	5 00
Dr. T I Wolfe	5 00
Interment	2 00
Total	$85 27

OUTSIDE PENSIONERS.

W C Jones, support Wood child	$25 00
George A Bittinger, support Mary Durst	30 00
John O Getty, support Wm. Hoover	25 00
Same, support Wm. Bittinger	25 00
Simon Meese, support Henry Meese	50 00
Charles Thompson, support Upton Bruce	50 00
Caroline Frazee, support Isaac King, subject to order	75 00
John Bittinger, support [illegible], subject to order	75 00
Estimate to pay same	500 00
Total	$855 00

FOXES AND CATS.

M L Scott	1 cat		$2 00
Amil Rodemeaver	3 foxes		3 00
Samuel Boyer	6 "		6 00
I H Wilson	1 "		1 00
Wm. Drane	2 "		2 00
J H Wilson & Bro	4 "	6 "	10 00
C F West	8 "	3 "	11 00
W C Jones	5 "		5 00
D E Offutt & Son	10 "	1 "	12 00
W R Mason		1 "	2 00
J M Davis & Son	1 "		1 00
W D Collier	1 "		1 00
Milton Lowdermilk	2 "		2 00
R E Garlitz	9 "	2 "	13 00
J O Getty	8 "		8 00
Joseph Friend	4 "		4 00
Dixon & Kelso	13 "	3 "	19 00
Joseph Robeson	1 "		1 00
Jas. & Perry Bowser	7 "		7 00
Cuppet & Lowdermilk	6 "		6 00
L C Fike	3 "		3 00
S P Specht	11 "		11 00
J E Gungey	5 "	1 "	7 00
Eli McMillan	14 "	2 "	18 00
A L Chisholm	15 "		15 00
John W Biggs	2 "		2 00
S A Nutter		1 "	2 00
Solomon S Bittinger	2 "		2 00
Use Charles Weghman	5 "		5 00
John F Friend	7 "		7 00
A J Bevans	14 "	2 "	18 00
Noah Broadwater	3 "	1 "	5 00
Charley Janoske	11 "		11 00
W T Pugh	3 "		3 00
Lesli E Friend	2 "		2 00
S May	5 "	2 "	5 00
Daniel Wilson	1 "		1 00
P T Garlbright	1 "		1 00
Louis Gortner		1 "	2 00
Isaac T Frazee	2 "		2 00
Unknown party	3 "		3 00
Floyd Buckworth	1 "		1 00
C S Beckman		1 "	2 00
James H Merrit	1 "		2 00
Total			$253 00

Estimate to pay state witnesses before Justices of the Peace $25 00

COUNTY TREASURER'S OFFICE.

Thomas B Wiley, treasurer, commission on state tax	$196 16
Same, commission on county tax	2,147 73
Total	$2,583 89

CONTINGENT FUND.

Contingent fund	$1,736 51

RECAPITULATION.

General Road Levy	$9,025 00
Corporations	630 00
Public School Bonds	1,301 00
Public Schools	13,600 01
Clerk Circuit Court	1,792 78
Court Fund	3,541 50
Orphans' Court	435 50
Sheriff's Office	2,538 18
Printing and Publishing	1,320 00
Bridge Account	1,616 54
Special Road Appropriation	1,905 52
Miscellaneous	1,524 84
Attorneys' Fees	1,338 28
Taxes in Error	372 37
Assessment Expenses	2,565 28
Commissioners's Office	1,650 00
Constables	185 27
Magistrates	175 50
Election Expenses	3,088 45
Coroners' Inquests	85 27
Outside Pensioners	855 00
Foxes and Cats	252 00
Estimate to pay witnesses in State Cases	25 00
County Treasurer's Office	2,583 89
Contingent Fund	1,736 51
Total	$52,044 35

To pay this amount it was ascertained that the taxable property as shown by the assessment books amounts to $6,787,640, which, at 78 cents on each one hundred dollars, will make the above amount for county purposes $52,943.35. Deducting $221,871 for corporations paying direct to the State Treasurer leaves the basis $6,565,795, which, at 17½ cents on each one hundred dollars, makes $11,654.17, and this added makes the taxes for State and county purposes $64,597.52.

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

By virtue of a power contained in a mortgage from G. W. Delawder and wife to George Clauson, dated the 14th day of February, 1894, I will on

Saturday, April 24th, 1897,

in front of the Postoffice in Oakland at eleven o'clock a. m., offer at public sale all the property described in said mortgage known as

Deep Creek Farm

containing 143 acres more or less. This is one of the finest farms in Garrett county. It is improved by two good dwelling houses with barns, stables, ice houses and other outbuildings. This is the

Famous Lake Cleveland Property.

The interest to be sold is the undivided one-half interest of G. W. Delawder in said property.

TERMS, CASH.

D. JAMES BLACKISTON,
Attorney Named in Mortgage.

REAL ESTATE!

—FOR SALE BY—

JOHN SHARTZER, Real Estate Agent,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Two farms in District No. 2; 262 acres; near Elder Hill school house, improved by 2 houses, 3 barns and orchards. Will be sold separately or as a whole, to suit purchaser, on easy terms.

House of 4 rooms, 4 acres of land two miles south of Mt. Lake Park.

House and 1 acre of ground adjoining Loch Lynn Heights. Will be sold cheap.

A livery stable at Loch Lynn Heights; finest in the county; must be sold at once.

House and lot in Mt. Lake Park.

50 acres; improved by a small house; near Cranberry Glade farm.

House and 2 lots in McHenry.

Farm near Deer Park; improved.

A well improved farm near Ryan's Glade.

The above properties will be sold on easy terms.

One 50-acre lot adjoining the farm of W. T. Jamesson near Mt. Lake Park.

1 50-acre lot adjoining the lands of Mrs. Kilburne and —— Jackson near Mt. Lake Park; will be sold very cheap for cash.

7 building lots in Loch Lynn Heights.

The Phillips lands lying between Oakland and Mt. Lake Park; will be sold as a whole or in parcels to suit purchaser.

A lot of ground adjoining Mt. Lake Park on the Oakland road.

An improved farm of 100 acres, 2 miles from Terra Alta.

An improved farm of 200 acres near Crellin.

The Oakland Steam Laundry property.

7 large building lots in Oakland.

For further information, prices and terms, apply to

JOHN SHARTZER,
OAKLAND, MD.

6-26

Order of Publication.

Joseph C. Alderson vs. James B. Sommerville, Margaret L. Price and Jane Price, Samuel L. Price, Jane S. Price, daughter of John S. Price, deceased, Samuel P. Preston, James M. Preston, Simon P. Baker, George P. White and George M. Whitesarver.

No. 85 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

The object of this bill is to obtain a decree for the sale of several tracts of land lying near Mountain Lake Park in Garrett County, Maryland, known as the Baker farm and Military Lots 80, 81 and 82, laid out by Lot lect lying on Seneca Street in Alderson's Addition to the Mountain Home Company, all particularly described in the Bill of Complaint.

The bill states that on the 25th day of May, 1885, Simon P. Baker conveyed the said Baker farm to Joseph C. Alderson, Mary P. Alderson, his wife and James B. Sommerville as equal tenants in common, and that on the first day of August, 1885, George P. White conveyed said two Military Lots and the said lot in Alderson's Addition to the same parties as equal tenants in common in fee, and that by the latter part of August, 1885, the said Mary Alderson died intestate at Mountain Lake Park, leaving as her heirs at-law her sisters Margaret L. Price and Jane S. Price, and her brother Samuel L. Price, and her niece Jane S. Price, only child of her brother, John S. Price, deceased intestate, and Samuel P. Preston and James M. Preston, only children and heirs of her sister, Sallie P. Preston, deceased intestate, which said sister, brother, nephew and nieces of said Mary P. Alderson now own her one-third share in said properties, subject to the life estate of her husband, Joseph C. Alderson; that said real estate is unpartible and cannot be equally divided among those in interest without loss and injury; that George P. White has a mortgage upon the said Military lots and Lots in Alderson's Addition, and that Simon P. Baker has a mortgage on said Baker farm, part of which mortgage has been assigned to George M. Whitesarver, and that said White, Baker and Whitesarver are proper parties to this suit; that all of said parties are of age, except Jane, daughter of John S. Price and Samuel P. Preston, and James M. Preston, who are under the age of twenty-one years; and that all of said parties are non-residents of the State of Maryland residing in the State of West Virginia, except the said Simon P. Baker and George P. White, who reside in Garrett county, Maryland.

The bill then prays for subpoenas against the said Simon P. Baker and George P. White, for an order of publication against all said non-residents, for a decree of sale of said parcels of land and for general relief.

It is thereupon this 3rd day of April, 1897 by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting as a Court of Equity ordered that the complainant by causing a copy of this order to be published once a week for four successive weeks before the 1st day of May, 1897, in some newspaper published in Oakland, Garrett County, Maryland, give notice to said absent defendants of the object and substance of said bill of complaint and warning them to appear in this Court on or before the 17th day of May 1897, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree should not be passed as prayed.

DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy—Test:
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 5-4

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you, write
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.
CATALOGUE FREE.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

For sale by

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

ON EXHIBITION

AT

J. M. DAVIS & SON'S HARDWARE STORE,

The Adriance Rear Discharge Binder and Champion Mower.

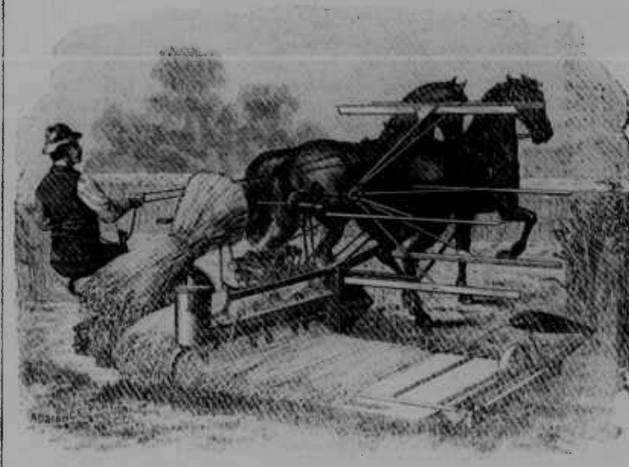

The above cut represents a Binder that is built on different principles from other machines, and for mountainous countries has many advantages over all other Binders. It is built without any elevator, doing away with the long endless chains that runs all elevators. Only one canvass is required. Cannot be upset on any hillside. Requires but two horses. No truck is necessary, as it will pass through ordinary gates; and is fully warranted.

The Champion Mower with its simple gear, direct application of power, noiseless operation, its ability to work not only where any other mower will run, but among stones, stumps and trees where other mowers cannot be used at all, leaves it in a class by itself with nothing to compare with it.

Call and see samples.

J. M. DAVIS & SON, Agents, Oakland, Md.

Order of Publication.

Joseph E. Friend and Prudence Friend vs. Arnold C. Scherr, L. Mendenhall, Alonzo D. Naylor, Lonalias B. Friend, Baer Sons Grocery Company, a corporation, H. P. McGregor and Hoffman Company and Austin Brown, Sheriff.

No. 81 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County in Equity.

The object of this bill is to restrain the sale of certain property therein described under execution, said personal property being included in a prior mortgage which is unsatisfied. The bill states that on the 9th day of October, 1893, a certain Lonalias B. Friend borrowed from G. S. Hamill the sum of $500; that it was a condition precedent to the having of said money that the plaintiff should become his security and as such security should include certain property belonging to them to said mortgage, which they did.

That to said mortgage was included certain personal property belonging to the said L. B. Friend.

The bill further states that thereafter the said Austin Brown, Sheriff of Garrett County, levied upon said personal property so included in said mortgage, to wit: One buggy, one wagon, two horses and one mowing machine on executions issued in favor of Arnold C. Scherr, L. Mendenhall, Alonzo D. Naylor, Baer Sons Grocery Company, H. P. McGregor and Hoffman Company, and has advertised said personal property to be sold on the 17th day of April.

The bill further alleges that the equity of redemption to said personal property cannot legally be sold under execution under the laws of this State, and that inasmuch as the plaintiffs are only security in said mortgage it would be inequitable and unjust to them to permit the said personal property so belonging to the said L. B. Friend to be sold under said executions, as they are entitled to have it sold to pay off said mortgage if the said L. B. Friend should make default in the payment thereof.

The bill then prays that an injunction may issue to prohibit said sale and to restrain the sale of any property included in said mortgage.

The bill also prays for general relief and the usual process against resident decendants, and also an order of publication against the said non resident defendants.

It is thereupon ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county in Equity, this 5th day of April, 1897, that the complainants cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 25th day of May, 1897, giving notice to the defendants in said bill and warning them to appear in this Court in person or by solicitor on or before the 11th day of June, 1897, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

True copy—test: DAVID W. SLOAN,
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 7-4

ESTATE OF MARY FRIEND, DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett County, Maryland, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court, of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the estate of

MARY FRIEND,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 3d day of October, next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 22d day of March, 1897.

MAGGIE MANKIS, } Adm'rs.
JOHN S. MANKIS, } Swanton, Md.
5-4

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

Annual report of the receipts and disbursements of the Corporation of Oakland for the year ending April 10, 1897.

RECEIPTS.

Balance in hands of Treasurer May 1, 1896	$ 381 46
Received from Collector Mason Taxes 1897	561 14
Received from Collector Hinebaugh Taxes 1896	2,485 32
Received from Weighmaster	237 88
Received from Police Magistrate	21 37
Received from Fines Getty Hamilton	13 01
Receive from Garrett county	1,067 00
Received from Opera house license	25 00
Received from Bailiff Spatterns	96
Total	$5,008 77

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid police salaries 1895 and 1896	$ 402 50
" Joseph Martin, sr., judgment	15 00
" for printing	31 00
" for boarding and transportation of tramps	20 60
" for repairs at lockup	25 00
" sheriff's fees and fee bills	17 80
" police magistrate's fees	9 60
" D. E. Offutt & Sons, for music	11 27
" electric expenses	8 00
" blacksmithing	8 50
" J. M. Davis & Son, for music	49 49
" for coal at engine house	21 75
" for surveying	17 25
" balance on fire engine	50 00
" Oakland Electric Light Co.	600 49
" collector's commissions, etc., 1895 and 1896	105 76
" for lumber, labor on streets, bridges and crossings	1,418 70
" police uniform and extra police	84 75
" weighmaster	128 30
" for taxes paid in error	1 00
" L. E. Foxer, pounding horses, etc	9 75
" attorney's fees	50 00
" mayor, 1895	12 50
" clerks to council 1895 and 1896	85 50
" treasurer, 1896	25 00
" council salaries, 1895 and 1896	105 25
" interest on old drafts	10 65
Total	$3,044 14
Balance in treasurer's hands	105 63

LIABILITIES.

D. E. Offutt, due bill and interest to Dec. 8, 1896	$ 500 00
Oakland Electric Light Co., to March 1, 1897	69 18
Davis bridge	1,500 00
Various other unpaid drafts	678 18
Total	$2,277 36

ASSETS.

Uncollected taxes, 1895	$1,112 05
Uncollected taxes, 1896	1,158 31
In hands of treasurer as per report	105 63
Total	$2,376 01
Net indebtedness	$ 98 65
By real estate	$ 800 00
By fire engine, etc	200 00
Total	$1,000 00

HENRY W. McCOMAS, Mayor.
Test:—J. C. DUNHAM, Clerk.

LICENSES.

Notice is hereby given to all persons or bodies, corporate or politic, who may be required to take out license, that they must obtain the same on or before the

1st DAY OF MAY, 1897.

According to the provisions of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland, every person or persons doing business for gain or profit except the miner, grower, or manufacturer, are hereby notified that they must take out a license.

AUSTIN BROWN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND. : GARRETT CO., MD

JIM.

When Jim, the hired man, first came
He never had a word to say,
'Cept jest to answer to his name;
He'd sleep all night and work all day,
And eat his meals and go and come
'Most like as if he's deaf and dumb.

I didn't care. Why, no! Of course,
Sometimes pa'd send me down the farm
To tell him to hitch up the horse,
Or help us get the bees to swarm;
But not a word he'd say—not he!
He wouldn't even look at me.

Well, by and by, that made me mad.
As tall and clever built, and trim,
Nice teeth and hair—oh, not half bad
To look at, and I looked at him
Considerable, first and last,
And jest as temptin' as I da'st.

I used to curl my hair at night,
And dress and fix up every day;
He never cared a single mite—
He'd always stare the other way,
And pet the dog, or stroke the cow,
Or coax the cat—oh, he knew how!

Course, other fellows came around
Much better dressed and not so shy;
They cared enough, but I was bound
I'd make him care, or I'd know why.
And so I picked on Sammy Snow,
And glory, how I flirted—oh!

We used to set nights, Sam and me,
Out on the porch. One night Jim passed,
A-goin' in to bed. Says he:
"Folkses, good night." And jest as fast,
'Fore I could think, he stooped, like that,
And kissed me on the mouth, right flat!

Well, Sam he took his hat and flew
Off in a rage—at me, not Jim.
And me? Good lands! What could I do?
I didn't care a snap for him.
But Jim! If he'd a slapped my face
I wouldn't felt a worse disgrace.

I cried, and then I said: "Who cares?"
And then I cried again. But when
I went indoors, there, on the stairs,
That Jim was waitin'. Then, oh, then—
Lucky 'twas dark—I thought that he
Would never get through kissin' me!

And so, as soon as the folks knew,
They—sent him packing? I guess not!
Why, there he sets in front of you,
Readin' his paper. Yes, that's what!
Father, I've been tellin' her
Jest how you didn't court me, sir!

—Woman's Home Journal.

A SINNEMAHONE HUNTER.

Wild River Country Terrors Meet Col. Noah Parker.

The Fate of Supposed Timber Wolves of the Warm Spring Basin, and the Battle of the Survivors with the Silver Tip Bears.

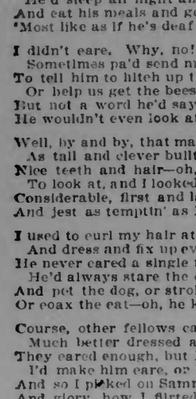

"ONE fall when I was out in the Wind river country," said Col. Noah Parker, of Gardeau, Pa., "I said to a Fort Washakie man: 'Seems to me a fellow ought to be able to kill a wolf or two around here.'

"'Wolves!' said he. 'Mountains is full of 'em. But they ain't much to kill. That is, unless you might happen to run neross a pack of black timber wolves. They're worth foolin' with. Ferocious, I tell you, and always looking for something to chaw up. They dote on hunters. Timber wolves are about as big as the biggest dog you ever saw, and weigh something like 150 pounds apiece. They have claws like a tiger and paws six inches long. There's sport in having a pack of these wolves throw themselves against you. Trouble is, though, they're scarce.'

"'That's too bad!' I says. 'Got any idea where I might scare up a few of 'em?'

"'Might find some up among the mountains of the Warm Spring basin,' the man said. 'There was two or three trappers killed by 'em up there not long ago. Most of the hunters has come in from there on account of 'em. You might find some there yet, if you hurry.'

"'That's the place for me!' I says. 'Any bear up there?'

"'Silver tip now and then,' said the man.

"'Silver tip?' says I. 'What's a silver tip?'

"'King bear of the Rockies,' said the man. 'Bigger and fiercer and tougher than a grizzly, and smarter and quicker than a brown bear. It's a mixture of grizzly and brown bear. When you strike out to bag a silver tip, make up your mind that you've got to get the best of a grizzly, a brown bear and a silver tip, all at the same time. Timber wolf'll be all you'd better sport with on one trip. I wouldn't stir up the silver tips, if I was you.'

"'No?' says I. 'Well, I tackled and done up Sinnemahone panthers and Sinnemahone bear as long ago as when I was 12 years old. I'm six times as old as that now, and I guess I'm old enough to take care of whatever you've got out in this neck o' woods,' says I.

"The Fort Washakie man grinned a grin that'd made me light him if I hadn't been in a hurry to get up in the Warm Spring basin country, so I let him escape, and went my way. That's a wild region, that region where the Upper Wind river and its tributaries tumble and roar. And I found what I call a tolerable showing of wild beasts and things roaming around in it, seeking something to devour. The very first day that I went out to see what I could scare up I ran against some of them. They had an idea at first that they would have a change in their diet and devour me, but they got fooled on that. I was knocking around in a big piece of timber, when I heard a long-drawn sort of wail or baying 'way off somewhere in the woods. It was subdued by distance, at first, but rapidly came nearer, and then I could distinguish that it was made up of savage yelps and barks and vicious snarling.

"'Timber wolves, I'll bet a farm!' says I, and I got behind a big tree so they wouldn't see me as they came along, for I was afraid if they got a sight of me once they'd be apt to turn back or shunt off in some other direction, and I wouldn't have any fun with 'em. The noise came nearer and nearer, and it had become one wild wave of discordant sound, made up of blood-curdling yells and yelps and howls.

"'I don't wonder the hunters they have out here are shy of the critters,' says I. 'Judging from the music they make they must be a little trying to ordinary nerves. But, then, them hunters never faced Sinnemahone panthers.'

"I peeked out from behind the tree and saw the pack coming. I want to tell you that they were a little the ugliest and savagest-looking beasts I had ever seen or read of.

"'If they had wings,' I says, 'they'd be griffins,' for that they looked like, more than wolves.

"They were coming like the wind, and I opened on them with my Winchester. The head one tumbled. The pack came to a standstill, but they kept on their terrible yelping. I picked off 16 of 'em, and the other 25 stood there, trying to make out what was happening to 'em.

"'This is cowardly,' says I, and I stepped out and faced the 25. They were a hundred yards away, and the instant I showed myself they set up more fearful yelling than ever and started for me. I judged from that that they couldn't see very well at that distance. I found I was right about that, for as they drew nearer and I came better within their focus they began to slow up, and finally stopped dead, maybe 20 yards away. They stood there, actually struck dumb. I took a step or two toward them. Then I saw their eyes begin to bulge. I took a couple more steps, and every one of them terrible-looking beasts turned tail and tore back through the timber so fast that they were out of sight almost in a flash.

"'Lucky they didn't see me first,' says I. 'I wouldn't have got a shot at 'em if they had.'

"I picked out the biggest and ugliest one of the 16 I had killed to carry in as a trophy, and started for home. I was disappointed, though.

"'Timber wolf ain't my size!' says I. 'I must stir up a silver-tip.'

"The timber was thick where I stood, but, looking ahead through the trees, I saw an open space. I strolled over that way to see what sort of prospect spread out from that spot. I found the open space to be a wide plateau, extending along the face of the hill a long distance. Walking to the top of the bluff, I saw that it terminated abruptly and had a perpendicular face. It overlooked a narrow valley, on the further side of which was a dense growth of timber which covered a slope that led up to a high, rocky mountain two or three miles away. The valley was not more than a hundred feet below where I stood, and after a momentary glance at an interesting group of animal life that was for the time enjoying itself in the valley I let my eyes wander over the charming picture that the vale, the woods and sun-capped heights spread out in incomparable panorama below, beyond, around, above me. After lingering a long time in rapt admiration of the scene I at last let my eyes rest on the representatives of the animal kingdom that my first casual glance had noted. These were a collection of bears. There were 13 of them, and from their enormous size and formidable style of make-up I had no doubt that they were silver-tips. They were seated about between the base of the bluff and the edge of the woods, some stretched lazily at full length on the ground, others wrestling and sparring in comical sport among themselves, and still others shambling lazily and aimlessly about. For many minutes I gazed down upon this diverting spectacle, and, although I could have picked off every one of them from where I stood, I began looking for a way to get down from the bluff into the valley, so I could come out and face them in the open and offer them a chance to give battle if they felt inclined. While I was reconnoitering for a thoroughfare down the bluff suddenly a change came over each and every silver-tip. Those that were snoozing in the sun scrambled to their feet. The wrestling and sparring bears instantly quit their fooling. Every one of the 13 big beasts had assumed an attitude of intent listening. While I stood wondering what could have wrought this quick transformation I heard the same prolonged baying, subdued by distance, that I had heard in the timber. It came from the direction of the mountain, out of the thick timber, and grew rapidly more distinct.

I PICKED OFF SIXTEEN OF 'EM.

"'Ahn!' said I. 'Timber wolves! Going to take a fall out of these silver-tips, I suppose.'

"Then you should have seen those bears! They ran to and fro, every movement showing that they were furious with rage. The stiff hair on their necks stood erect, and I could see, even at that distance, their eyes glaring fiercely. They snapped their jaws savagely and a chorus of ugly growls rose from them to where I stood.

"'They're mad all through,' says I, 'and they need to be if they intend to stand up against them timber wolves! They've never had any lessons from Sinnemahone panthers, these silver-tips hain't!'

"The bears massed themselves not far from the base of the bluff as the noise of the advancing pack drew nearer and nearer, directly below where I was standing. I knew that the chances were good for a lively fight, and I lay down flat and looked over the edge of the bluff, in such a position that I could take it all in as it went on. I had scarcely done so when the edge of the woods seemed to become suddenly alive. From the trees along the timber border, yelling and howling like demons, crowding, pushing, and tumbling over one another in their haste to get a piece of them bears, swarmed a horde of ferocious beasts that I at once recognized as the same kind that I had faced down half an hour or so before. There were 25 in the pack, and I haven't any doubt that they were the same ones, too. They didn't wait a second, but rushed across that open and threw themselves upon the massed silver-tips, and the fight was on.

"The mingled cries of the bears and wolves filled that peaceful vale with such sounds as I had never heard, even on the old Sinnemahone in its best days. In less than a minute the ground was covered with the bloody and lacerated bodies of wolves and bears. It was a fearful bad thing for me to lie there and see that terrible battle and know there was no way for me to get down and have a hand in it. In less than 15 minutes the fight was about over, because there was only one bear and one wolf left to fight. The bear was the biggest one of the lot. He backed up against the bluff. All around him were strewn the bodies of foes he had slain. But one had survived his fellows, a tremendous one, with head and jaw of enormous size. He was bleeding from a score of wounds, but he sprang over the bodies of his dead companions and caught the bear full in the ragged, bleeding wound in his throat. The bear gave a growl that made the bluff tremble, threw his lacerated forelegs round his assailant, and drew them quickly together. I could hear the wolf's bones crack and crunch in that fearful embrace, but he did not loosen his jaws from the bear's throat, even to give his death yell. The bear held his victim tight in that last clutch, stood as a statue a moment, then swayed and fell like a toppling tree to the ground, his death clasp around his foe, his foe's death grip at his throat.

"The battle was over. I viewed the field.

"'There's something like eight tons of good bear meat and hide wasted,' says I, 'and about two tons of timber wolf scattered to the winds.'

"I hadn't got through commenting yet when suddenly it began to grow dark. I looked up. The air was filled with big black birds, the roar of their wings sounding like a hurricane, and the flocks so dense that they hid the sun like thunder clouds. They settled down in that valley; and such a feast. They were ravens, birds that grow in that country to be as big as eagles. The feast didn't last a bit longer than the fight had spread it. Then the ravens rose and winged themselves away so mysteriously that in a minute there wasn't one to be seen in the sky. Below, where such fierce and noisy life had been so short a time before, there was nothing but gleaming white bones and staring skulls to mark the scene.

"'Guess there won't be anyone trying to stir up silver-tip or timber wolf in this region any more,' says I. 'They've cleaned each other pretty well out, I take it.'

"So I shouldered my timber wolf trophy and went back where I came from. I tumbled the wolf down before the Fort Washakie man. He staggered back, turned pale, and came near fainting away.

"'Great Bloody gulch ghost!' he yelled, as soon as he got his breath. 'That ain't a timber wolf! A timber wolf is a pet maltese kitten 'longside o' that critter. That's one o' the roarin' terrors o' Wind river! That's a wild dog o' the Wind river mountains! They're the terror and scourge o' the region! They're death to every livin' thing that roams mountain or plain! They're speedy, tireless, stubborn! The swiftest thing in the woods can't outrun 'em! The fiercest and biggest can't stand up ag'in' 'em! Nothing can stop 'em in the chase, and nothing can turn 'em away from what they start out to git! They've got only one mission—to pursue, slay and devour! Where did you find this one dead? No livin' man killed one!'

"'No?' says I. 'That's cause no living man out here ever stood up before Sinnemahone panthers!' says I.

"But I guess that pack of wild dogs of the Wind river mountains must have been the last of their race, for I never ran across any more all the time I was out there. I've always been sorry, though, that I didn't know they were wild dogs of the Wind river mountains instead of timber wolves, for I'd have pitched in and saved some of them silver-tips."—N. Y. Sun.

Of Course It Was Safe.

"Yes," said the inventor, "my fire escape is absolutely safe and the greatest thing in the life-preserving line that ever was put on the market. Why, a child can operate it, and descent in it is as soft and easy as in a cushioned elevator. We are going to give it a trial this afternoon with a dummy figure just to show how perfect it is."

"With a dummy figure?"

"Certainly."

"Don't you think it would be more convincing if you descended in it yourself?"

"Not to me, sir; not to me," returned the inventor, promptly; "and, besides, I have a wife and children dependent upon me for support."—Chicago Post.

—In Zululand, when the moon is at the full, objects are distinctly visible at as great a distance as seven miles. By starlight one can see to read print with ease.

IDEAS COME AT NIGHT.

So This Man Thought He'd Get a Phonograph.

"I've got a new cure for insomnia," said a busy young surgeon—there are a few—the other day. "I haven't tried it myself, but a friend of mine has and he says it works like a charm.

"Like most great inventions, it was discovered quite accidentally. In the first place, I generally keep pretty late hours. One has to, you know, in my profession. At any rate—well, never mind! the hours are late. As I have just intimated, I take a great interest in my profession and I have written a few things along that line. Well, sir, when I get fairly into bed, with the lights out and everything favorable for sleeping, what do you suppose my old brain begins to do?

"It begins to scintillate. O, yes, it does. It gets right down to work and it turns out some of the best ideas along the line of surgery that the medical profession has ever heard. But, you bet, I can't be hopping up at four a. m. and lighting the gas in order to put these things down on paper. Why, I'd never get any sleep if I did. So I try to fix the idea in my mind and hammer it there with about 50 ways of thinking of it in the morning, and then I turn over and go to sleep, or used to.

"Well, of course, you anticipate that I didn't remember the idea in the morning. Not a bit of it. Gone! clean gone! It was dreadful. I tried all sorts of ways out of the difficulty, and finally I landed on the brink of insomnia. I'm not dead sure that I wasn't over the brink.

"If I lay there in bed and tried to impress the idea so firmly on my mind that I couldn't possibly forget it in the morning I got myself so wide awake that I could fairly feel my eyes popping. Then I tried another plan. I would get up, light the gas, write out my inspiration, and then put the gas out and woo sleep again. But it wasn't any use. I lay awake for hours.

"Finally a brilliant idea struck me. Said I to myself:

"'If I could just lie there in the dark and think my thought and be done with it, I'd be all right! By George, I'll do it! I'll get a phonograph and think out loud when I've any thoughts that are worth preserving.'

"I didn't get around to the phonograph, however. It was last spring when I thought of it, and during the summer I ran down in Jersey to spend Sunday with a literary chap I know down there. Well, sir, what do you think was the first thing I saw in that fellow's room, jammed up close to his bed, as if it was an animal ready to swallow him? O, of course, you guess! It was a phonograph.

"'Hello!' I said, 'that's a good idea! I know what you have got that there for. I'm going to do the same thing myself. I've let fame and fortune get away from me because I haven't had one of those things handy.'

"Well, the fellow smiled and blew the dust off the cylinder.

"'Yes,' he said, 'I know. That was my idea, too, when I bought this thing. I'd been doing that old trick a long time myself. I've lost a library full of masterpieces by not remembering the things I thought of during the night. But I'll just tell you that the phonograph won't make you famous that way. Not by the whole ladder! But it's a good thing, just the same.

"'Because a cow isn't a canary bird is no sign that it isn't an excellent cow. This phonograph hasn't favored me with any echoes of my night thoughts, but—hold on! Do you want to hear a snore what is a snore? A regular titanic, 60-fathoms-deep breath from the ocean of oblivion!'

"If you'll believe me, the fellow got out a cylinder, put it in, and turned on the machine. Talk about circumstantial evidence! If that man had produced watchers who had sworn that he never closed his eyes in sleep, that phonograph would have convicted them all of perjury.

"O!" and the young surgeon closed his eyes with a sigh of envious rapture, "to sleep the way that man did when that phonograph was taking its observations! And he says he does it every night. He hasn't had a single dead-of-the-night idea to confide to that phonograph, and he vows it is a sure cure for that form of insomnia."—N. Y. Sun.

Magnets in the Eyes.

The magnetic eye has long been recognized by lovers, but only recently has its existence been admitted by scientists. According to Dr. Waller, the Fullerian professor of physiology to the Royal institute the currents in such eyes will not disturb the emotions at all; they are, in fact, so slight that nothing but the most sensitive galvanometer would reveal their presence. The magnetic currents of the retina are not very powerful things; but lest anyone should still be inclined to attach too much importance to the magnetic powers of the human eye it may be added that a speck of dust would probably set up a more powerful current in it than the sublimest efforts of the human will.—N. Y. World.

What He Lost.

I was on a cycling tour and, on arriving at the top of a steep hill, I was told by an old woman that the hill was a very dangerous one and that a few days before a young man had been killed. On closer inquiry as to the cause of the accident she told me he had "lost something off his machine." I suggested parts of the machine—viz., brake, pedals, lamp. "No; she didn't think it was any o' that." Then a bright idea struck me, and I asked her if control was the "something" he had lost. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "that's it; he lost control off his machine!"—Answers.

Gave Her a Good Chance.

She—The thing that surprises me is that I didn't discover how hopeless a fool you were before we were married.

He—Well, you have only yourself to blame for it. I asked you in plain English to be my wife.—Cleveland Leader.

HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER.

The Lesson a Big Dog Tried to Teach a Little One.

Two dogs are still held in pleasant recollection in Melrose, Mass. One was a shaggy, lumbering eleplantine Newfoundland named Major, and the other a sleek, wiry little black-and-tan called "Kikie." Both Major and Kikie have long since passed to their reward, but this story of their friendship is still told by those who knew them.

A few hundred yards from the home of the woman who owned the dogs was a railroad crossing. Kikie had the bad habit of rushing down the street to this crossing whenever he heard the whistle of an approaching train. He would then dash along beside the cars and bark furiously. Many a time he had been punished for it, but the roar of a train was always too much for his good resolutions.

One day—the pitcher that goes too often to the well, you know—some portion of the flying train struck him. He fell into the ditch beside the track, and there he lay until old Major's barking attracted the attention of a passing friend.

The little dog was taken home, his wounds dressed, and his battered frame nursed back to health. During his convalescence Major was always with him, and doubtless often said: "I told you so," and "I hope this will teach you a lesson."

But, alas for Major's hopes! Kikie was no sooner out-of-doors again than he resumed his dangerous habit. Major, however, had apparently made up his mind that moral suasion was useless, and physical force must be employed.

The next time Kikie started for the crossing Major followed. The little dog was light and quick-motioned, and "got into his stride," as the horsemen say, in the first few yards. Major, on the other hand, was heavy and slow at the start, and before he was under full headway, Kikie was 50 yards ahead.

But there was conscious rectitude and stern resolve, and the force of a moral principle in Major's gait. He doubled himself up and let himself out in a way that was good to see, and he overtook Kikie within ten yards of the crossing.

With one blow of his paw he battered his small friend over, placed his great foot on the little dog's chest, and held him down while the train rushed by.

Kikie lay perfectly still. When the last car had passed old Major removed his paw with a bark and a growl which said as plainly as speech: "There, you little fool, can't you learn anything Do you want to get hit by the car again?" and Kikie got up and followed Major home with his tail between his legs.

Many a time all this was repeated, to the delight of those who saw it. Kikie never failed to get the best start, but Major always caught him before the crossing was reached, always knocked him over and held him down till the whole train was safely past. Kikie never learned wisdom, but Major never gave him up as "past reformation."—Youth's Companion.

AFRAID OF HIMSELF.

Mother Had Always Told Him He Was Reckless.

A slim, middle-aged man with a new bicycle suit had stood for an hour in front of the emergency hospital. Every now and then he wiped his eyeglasses and gazed at the building. Taking his handkerchief he carefully dusted off a place on the curbstone and sat down His persistent watching attracted the attention of one of the attaches of the institution, who went out to inquire his business.

"This is the emergency hospital, isn't it?" said the stranger.

"Yes."

"And it's likely that the ambulance will go out before very long, is it not?"

"It's liable to go out at any minute But you can't go riding around in it merely for fun."

"Oh, I don't want to ride in it. But I want to be on the safe side. The truth of the matter is that I have a reckless nature and I have to curb it. Mother always said I was foolhardy, and my wife is constantly telling me that if I were allowed to go ahead and do as I please I'd be a perfect dare-devil. So, knowing my disposition as I do, there is nothing left except for me to observe extraordinary precaution. I've had my fourth lesson on the bicycle and I'm going out on the street for the first time this afternoon. I haven't any particular route laid out and I always like to see things done just as promptly and with as little commotion as possible. What I propose to do is to follow the ambulance around wherever it goes, and if I happen to need it I'll be right there, handy. I will be spared all needless delay and the driver will not be put to the inconvenience of an extra trip, to say nothing of the wear and tear that we'll be saving on the telephone."—Washington Star.

With Spring Coming.

The flimsy materials, such as muslins, barèges, etc., and even very light silks, flounced skirts, are the latest innovation.

A new use for chiffon has just cropped up. It is now made to serve as a lining to spangled tulles and lace flounces.

Glace kid gloves in tan and brown shades are used for street wear—two-button length. The white are not so much worn in the daytime. For evening wear both glace and suede are fashionable.

Lace is pearled with jewels till it becomes a dewy delicious maze, and every seam or bolero or belt is an excuse for them. The opal, with its capricious color changes, is high in favor. It ties one to no particular gown, it is most amenable, and only the "real thing" is to be had in this most beautiful of stones. But for the purpose of millinery there are still countless other gems from which to choose. Home jeweling is dainty work.—Chicago Record.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

People always want to do things, until they find out that they can just as well as not.—Washington Democrat.

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Mrs. Frank Mobbs, 215 W. 22d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1894.

A wise man can learn something worth knowing from a fool, but a fool is made all the more a fool by going to college.—Ram's Horn.

Running Sore

"My daughter, 9 years old, had a running Sore below her right ear for three months. I got a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. The first bottle made some improvement, and when the third bottle had been taken the sore was nicely healed. A year has passed since then and there has been no return of the sore." W. E. MAGNUSSON, Arnold, Nebraska. The best spring medicine is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. Price $1, six for $5.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient and easy in effect. 25 cents.

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Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A package makes five gallons.

DOUGLAS $3 SHOE

BEST IN THE WORLD.

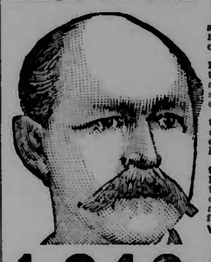

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TEMPERANCE.

A PUBLICAN'S ENTERTAINMENT.

Amusing Story Showing Good Work Being Done by Hands of Hope.

An Actual Fact.

The following letter, which appeared in the English Alliance News, is worth a very wide circulation, as it shows the advantage of teaching temperance songs to popular tunes:

"Sir: A publican in my neighborhood (Mile End), at Christmas, thought it would be cheaper to give the children of his customers (costermongers and laborers) an entertainment in lieu of Christmas boxes, so engaged the services of a local proprietor of a Punch and Judy show to give an exhibition of his puppets in his large billiard room, which was cleared out for the purpose, and packed as full as it would hold of youngsters. At the conclusion of the show a friend of the landlord, who had been acting as M. C. during the evening, made a speech to the children, in which he greatly extolled the virtues of his friend Bung, and told the youngsters how thankful they ought to be that he was such a good, kind gentleman to to give them such a splendid treat as they had had that evening. When he finished talking the pianist struck up the tune: 'For He's a Jolly Good Fellow,' expecting the youngsters would

THEY COMMENCED TO SHOUT.

all join in singing the same; but the children associated with the tune another ditty, with which the East enders' youngsters are more familiar, which is as follows:

"Shut up your public houses,
Shut up your public houses,
Shut up your public houses,
For we want none of your beer."

And they commenced to shout this with all the strength of their young lungs. The landlord's friend in vain shouted to them above the din to hold their noise, as that was not the right song, saying: "Shut up, you young devils," and the children, hearing the words "Shut up," thought he intended them to shout louder and longer (especially as he was gesticulating violently), and this they did, and kept it up until they were bundled unceremoniously into the street, the publican's M. C. calling them the most ungrateful little wretches he had ever seen. My informant, who was the showman himself, told me it was a comical sight to see the excited state Bung's friend was in at the unexpected turn things had taken. Straws show which way the wind blows, and it is evident that Bands of Hope in this district are teaching the children that beer is not the necessity of life it was once supposed to be, but harmful.

"I am, sir, Yours truly,
"W. Bonner.
"Gipsy Lane, Forest Gate, Essex."

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

The saloon has many sides. It has its inside, its outside, its political side, its suicides and its homicides.—Midland.

The fact that you cannot change the whole world should not prevent you trying to smooth over a few of the rough spots in the path that somebody has to walk.—Industrial School Record.

Nearly two-thirds of the counties in Kentucky prohibit the saloon. Illinois has 101 counties, six or seven of which outlaw the saloon. Comparisons are said to be odious.—Lever.

Pennsylvania follows New York in asking for a law to prohibit treating to intoxicating liquors and the accepting of the same. A National Anti-Treating society has its headquarters in Philadelphia.—Union Signal.

The temperance society of an Ohio town recently purchased the only saloon in the town limits and burned all of the fixtures with appropriate ceremonies. The owner was recently converted at a revival meeting, and the prohibitionists are now booming him for mayor.

If one-half the effort exerted to control and regulate the saloon was directed to its extermination, we would make much greater progress. The trouble is that so many prefer to believe that the saloon cannot be exterminated and must therefore be regulated, which is but another way of saying it must be continued.—Lever.

Do you ask what is the use for the few to stand out against the many who are in complicity with the drink evil? I answer that, humanly speaking, there is no use. But God's power is beneath the prohibition movement. Ere long the force of His dynamite will be felt. An explosion is bound to come that will rid the earth of this monster, and we know not how soon. "The Lord will not always chide; neither will He keep His anger forever."—Miss E. P. Nichols.

Nothing for Courts to Do.

Dawson county, Ga., hasn't a saloon within its borders, nor has it had one for years. Court met on a recent Monday and adjourned again on Tuesday. There was nothing for the grand jury to do, no cases for petit jurors, and so court adjourned. We dare anyone to show a county in the United States which has saloons, and has as large a population, to show such a record.—Lever

THE TRUTH ABOUT ALCOHOL.

It Is Neither a Food Nor a Promoter of Energy.

The once popular idea that alcohol is both a stimulant and a food has of late years been pointed out by both clinical experience and scientific research to be erroneous. On the contrary, if we examine carefully the results of the experiences and investigations of the many able scientific men who have made this subject a careful study, we must come to the conclusion that alcohol is neither a stimulant nor a food. It is true that it has a slightly stimulating effect when first administered, but its subsequent narcotic effect is so much greater that it cannot be called a true stimulant, any more than can chloroform or ether.

Shortly after alcohol is taken into the system a feeling of warmth is experienced; this sensation is not, however, due to any increase in the body temperature, but rather to a decrease, due to the fact that the peripheral blood-vessels become dilated, more blood flowing to the surface, where it rapidly cools, thereby causing a diminution of the body temperature. This dilation of the blood vessels is due to the paralyzing effect of the alcohol upon the nerves supplying these vessels. There is also a diminution of mental activity, due to the alcohol which is brought to the brain by the dilated arterioles, and weakens the action of the brain-cells. A similar effect is produced on the spinal cord. The reflex action of the cord is reduced, and the power of coordination impaired, which accounts for the staggering gait noticed in those who have taken an intoxicating draught.

The opinions of several prominent scientific men on this subject were recently brought out in a trial in which Dr. Hirschfeld, of Magdeburg, Germany, was the defendant. The court charge was acceleration of death, or homicide by negligence, in not using spirits freely. Dr. Hirschfeld asserted that he had never in his long practice used any form of alcohol in the treatment of his cases. He considered it dangerous, and that it never gave strength, but always detracted from the power and vigor of the patient. In this trial Prof. Binz, of Bonn; Prof. Steumpel, of Erlangen; Prof. Harnake, of Halle, and Dr. Smithe, president of the German Medical society, also the Medical Council of Saxony, consisting of five physicians, with the president, made a series of statements, all confirming the following general facts:

"The idea that alcohol gives strength is deceptive. While any form of alcohol may produce an apparent form of stimulation, there is always a reaction in a profoundly marked diminution of energy. The special paralyzing action of alcohol on the brain and spinal cord is no longer a theory, but a fact, which can be measured and proved. We are confident that experience will fully sustain our belief that no single human life which would have fallen a prey to death without alcohol, has ever been saved by alcohol."

The prominence of the source from which this statement comes should certainly cause it to carry a great deal of weight.

The theory that alcohol increases vital resistance is also erroneous, the vital resistance being really greatly diminished thereby. This has been abundantly demonstrated in the cases of those suffering from the cold. Alcohol, instead of stimulating the heart-regulating centers of the body, paralyzes them, in reality hastening death from cold rather than preventing it.

In a number of experiments carried out with the idea of ascertaining the effect of alcohol upon muscular force, it was found that in every case where alcohol was taken muscular force was diminished, even when so small an amount as one-half dram of alcohol was used. In these experiments it was found that non-abstainers were affected as well as abstainers. The deceptive nature of alcohol was manifested in every case, each individual feeling sure that he could accomplish more than he could before taking the alcohol.

The alcohol renders the brain-cells incapable of performing their normal functions; consequently the individual feels confident that he is capable of doing more than he really can; he is "fooled," so to speak, and alcohol might indeed be properly termed a "mind fooler."

It has also been ascertained by experiments that alcohol, even in very small quantities, retards digestion. Alcohol diminishes the excretion of proteid substances from the body. In the excretions, and it was from this fact that the conclusion was drawn that alcohol acted as a food; but instead of diminishing the amount of tissue disintegration, it simply prevents the elimination of the waste products. These, being retained in the body, are reabsorbed, and more work is thus thrown upon the liver and kidneys. As a result, these organs become diseased, and we have "hob-nailed liver" and chronic Bright's disease.

These facts certainly show conclusively that alcohol is neither a food nor a promoter of energy. — Charles E. Stewart, M. D., in Good Health.

Barred Because a Smoker.

Mrs. Louisa Yokum, superintendent of schools for Dolores county, Colorado, has refused a teacher's certificate to Prof. Victor C. McGirr, principal of the Rico public school, because he smokes. She takes the ground that a person who smokes is disqualified to teach in Colorado, because in that state anti-tobacco instruction is required by law in the public schools. "This," says Mrs. Telford, "is the next act in our little drama and no doubt this is what our shrewd little woman superintendent was all the time preparing for." It is said that an appeal will be taken to the state board of education by Prof. McGirr, who is a graduate of Toronto university and very popular in Rico.—Union Signal.

The shine in the saloon is made from roses taken out of the faces of women and children.—Ram's Horn.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The telephone which extends over the longest route is that between Boston and St. Louis, a distance of 1,400 miles.

—A thief in Monterey, Mexico, threw a hook and line through an open window and stole the bedclothes under which the owner of the house was slumbering.

—A footpad demanded assistance from a gentleman in Minneapolis. The gentleman refused, and the footpad aimed a pistol at his heart. The bullet lodged in a well-filled pocketbook, and murder was thus prevented.

—Two boys, pupils in a Leavenworth high school, engaged in a prize fight to decide which was the better entitled to a certain girl's affections. They were dismissed from the school and the girl now turns upon them the marble face.

—Abram Kroeger, a farmer in Reno county, Kan., was in the habit of eating wheat grains. He lately became ill, and the discovery was made that wheat had sprouted inside of him. Over a quart of sprouted wheat was taken from his stomach.

—Mice are fond of music, and this fact induced a machinist in Bruges, Belgium, to construct a trap with a music-box attachment. The music attracts the mice, and to get nearer to the harmonious tones they wander into the trap and are caught alive, five or six at a time.

—Mrs. Lorana K. Hinkley, of Pea Cove, Me., at the age of 94 is able to read and write without glasses. She is American all the way through. Her grandfather fought in the revolution, her father and her husband in the war of 1812 and four sons, four sons-in-law and six nephews in the rebellion.

—Little woolen dolls, four inches high and made to resemble national celebrities, are used in the beer cellars of Munich to mark the glasses in which the foaming beverage is served. This method is to insure a return to each customer of his own glass after it has been refilled. No two of the beer markers are alike.

—A United States historian says that "the first coins struck by the United States mint were some half dimes in 1792. The first dimes were struck in France from the old silver family plates furnished by Washington, the coins being known as 'Martha Washington dimes,' from an adaptation of the liberty head to that of Martha Washington."

WHY ACTORS LOOK YOUNG.

All the Muscles of the Face Kept in Play.

The ever-youthful appearance of the members of the dramatic profession is a constant source of surprise to the public at large. Visitors to the Lyceum, for instance, can be heard every night commenting on the wonderfully preserved youth of Miss Ellen Terry, who, although she some years ago passed that memorable landmark in a woman's life of 40 years, might still be mistaken for a girl in the early 20's.

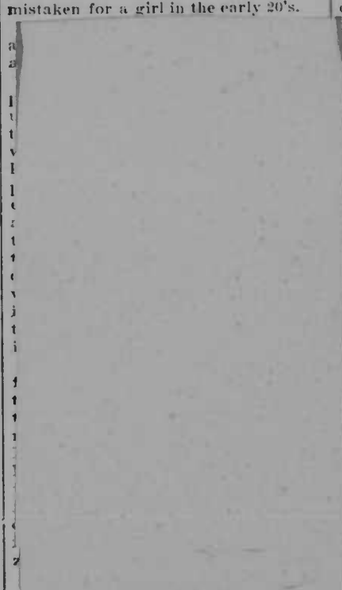

Last summer in Paris a certain husband and wife were breakfasting at a little out-of-the-way restaurant, where they were fated to encounter the toughest piece of beefsteak their teeth had ever tackled. "Well, I knew that it was common in revolutionary times," remarked the wife, "but I thought that it was all over now." "What was common?" asked the husband, between chews. "Horse steak instead of beef," was the answer. "Surely this article before us isn't of bovine origin; its equine pedigree is plain as daylight." Not long after this the same husband and wife were breakfasting one morning in Ireland. The steak served them was, if possible, tougher than that that had so tormented their teeth in the French capital. "Ah," remarked the wife, "we got the horse in Paris and in Ireland we get the saddle."—Kansas City Journal.

An Unappreciated Partner.

Bilkins—How is business, Wilkins?

Wilkins—Can't make it go. At this rate I'll be bankrupt in another month. I don't seem to have any head for business.

Bilkins—No, you haven't; but you have a good stand, and if you'll promise to keep hands off and let me run things, I'll go in with you as a partner.

Wilkins—Done. A friend in need is a friend indeed.

Guest of Mr. Wilkins (ten years after)—What a magnificent place you have! —everything that wealth could buy or heart wish! You have been wonderfully prosperous, Mr. Wilkins.

Mr. Wilkins (sadly)—True, but after all I get only half the profits of my great establishment. I just tell you, my old friend, the mistake of my life was in taking a partner.—N. Y. Weekly.

THE CHOICE OF PICTURES.

Cheap Imitations Are Unsightly and in Poor Taste.

Nothing is so quickly noticed by an outsider as the pictures in your home, and nothing else so well repays the thought and time expended in selection. Above all, do not buy cheap pictures because they are cheap. Better that the wall should be entirely bare than that it should be covered with a miscellaneous lot of pictures which mean nothing to you and are worth nothing in themselves. The cheap picture, bought usually at a large dry goods store, is a pretense to be something better than it is, and a very bad counterfeit indeed, a lithograph in lieu of a water color or a cheap engraving in place of a good one. The frames on these pictures are never pretty, and show their inferior material and workmanship in the most glowing manner.

I have found that the most satisfactory way to procure a collection of pictures, especially if your purse is limited, is to select the pictures unframed and then have them framed to suit yourself. You can then have the pictures you think most of and get frames which harmonize with them.

Unframed etchings can be bought at any art store, and those which are not "proof" etchings, though, of course, not the best, are very pretty and always reasonable. The printed name of the etching beneath it is a sign of cheapness, so in having one framed always cover up the title. Either have a narrow frame of oak or other dark wood set close around the picture or a mat with a wood frame. A mat in a soft shade of brown which harmonizes with the browns in the etching would be effective, and with it a rather wide frame of plain oak or a narrow one with open or braided edge.

Photographs are always satisfactory, and one can get photographic reproductions of all the famous pictures of ancient and modern times at almost any art store. It would pay one to spend a day or more in looking over the collections of unmounted photographs which every dealer in pictures is sure to have.—Washington Home Magazine.

THE COLDEST COLD.

A Scientist's Attempts to Reduce a New Element to Solid Form.

In recent physics there is nothing more interesting than the remarkable experiments carried on by Prof. Olszewski, of Cracow, attempting to reduce the new element, helium, to a liquid or solid form; that is, freeze it. The object of Prof. Olszewski's attempt was to gain further light upon the question which has so long interested physicists as to what is absolute zero—the coldest cold in the universe. If heat be simply the rapidity of the motion of the atoms and molecules which constitute matter, it follows that as the temperature is reduced this rapidity of motion becomes slower and slower, so that there is a theoretical point at which it would cease, a temperature where all matter is "dead." It is an observed fact that gases increase or diminish in volume with every degree of temperature, Centigrade, added or taken away, and the inference from this was that the numerical expression of absolute zero was, therefore—273 degrees C. For a long time this was accepted as correct.

Several years ago Prof. John Dewar, of London, succeeded in a series of very ingenious experiments, first in liquefying oxygen and then the air itself, and finally of freezing the air; the latter, by the way, makes a beautiful crystal. The boiling point of liquid air at atmospheric pressure is 220 C., and, therefore, Prof. Dewar thought that he was within 53 C. of the temperature of space. Now, however, Prof. Olszewski has attained to 264 C. in his endeavor to liquefy helium; that is, within nine degrees of the theoretical coldest cold, and still his helium does not liquefy, and still he seems as far off from the object of his search as was Prof. Dewar when he stopped with frozen air. —Washington Star.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Some Bits of Information That May Be of Use.

Nuts that have become too dry for picking out entire may be freshened and "plumped" by soaking a few hours in water.

Lacquered brass—like that on most of the iron beds, etc., nowadays—should not be cleaned with acid or scoured with anything. Wash with hot suds and dry quickly.

A silver polish that it is alleged will clean silver without hand rubbing is made by mixing whiting with a few drops of ammonia, then thinning it with water to the consistency of cream. It will keep if tightly corked in a bottle.

To prevent the icing of a cake from running down the sides, double a piece of buttered paper about three inches wide and pin it around the cake, letting the upper end project half an inch above the cake. In this way a cake may be frosted evenly and thickly to the very edge. Do not remove the band until the icing is perfectly dry.

If you are tired of your white lace curtains, or if they do not harmonize with your new cream-tinted paper, make them of a pretty ecrue tint by washing, drying and dipping in thin starch made with coffee instead of clear water. Dry them as rapidly as you can by pinning them in a room where you can have the wind blow on them.

The worst spot made by greasy head on wall paper can be removed by patience, perseverence and a hot flat iron and blotting paper. Wipe the spot first with a clean dry cloth, lay white blotting paper against it, then hold the hot iron to the paper till the grease is absorbed. Try, try again with fresh paper till you get it out.—Detroit Free Press.

An Risk.

"Do you enjoy novel reading, Miss Belinda?"

"Oh, very much; one can associate with people in fiction that one wouldn't dare to speak to in real life."—Tit-Bits.

THE RIGHT SORT OF WOMAN.

Such, Says This Writer, Is the Real New Woman.

"The dear new woman! I like her. Perhaps she is crude in her newness. Give her time. Perhaps she makes a little too much of her freedom. How do you know what she suffered before she became new? Perhaps she has her faults. Are you perfect?

Of course, there is the woman who shrieks on political platforms and neglects her husband and lets her children grow up like little ruffians; the woman who wears bloomers and bends over her handle-bar like a monkey on a stick; the woman who wants to hold office with men and smoke and talk like men (alas, that there is that variety of woman. There is—there is!), but she is not new. Pray, did you never see her before she wore bloomers? Bloomers are no worse than the sort of clothes she used to wear. Her swagger is no more pronounced now than it used to be in skirts. She has always had bloomer instincts. You don't pretend to declare, do you, that there never were unconventional women, ill-dressed and rowdy women, before the new woman was heard of? That is the great mistake you make. These women are not new women. We've always had them. We never, unfortunately, have been without them.

The real new woman is a creature quite different. She is one whom you wish to know. She is one whom you would invite to your most select dinners. You would be better men if you had more friends like her, and broader-minded women if you dropped a few of those who hand you doughnut recipes over the back fence and who entertain you with the history of the baby's measles and how they are managing to meet the payments on their little house. I am not unsympathetic either with the measles or the payments, but I prefer the subjects of conversation which a new woman selects. There is more ozone in them.

The new woman whom I mean is silk-lined. She is nearly always pretty. She is always clever. She is always a lady, and she is always good. Perhaps to the cynical that combination sounds as if she might not be interesting. But she is. Of course, not always. One may have all those gifts and yet not know how to make use of them for other people's benefit. The gift of being interesting is a distinct one by itself. But the new woman, having fresh and outside interests, is generally able to talk of them delightfully.

The new woman is new only in the sense that she has opened her eyes and has begun to see the value of the simple common, everyday truths which lie nearest her. The whole truth becomes new to those who suddenly awake to the beauties which they never had thought of before.—Lilian Bell, in Woman's Home Companion.

SELF-STYLED PROFESSOR.

It Puzzled the Man with the Uproarious Shirtfront.

The train was about to leave the station, and a young man leaned over the seat, shook hands with the middle-aged gentleman, and said:

"Good-by, professor."

A man with wide stripes in his shirt bosom looked at him narrowly, and, after the train started, said:

"Kin ye do any tricks with cards?"

"No; I never touched a card."

"Mebbe ye play the pianny?"

"I know nothing of music, excepting as a mathematical science."

"Well, ye ain't no boxer, I kin see by yer build. Maybe ye play pool?"

"No."

"Er shuffle-board?"

"I never heard of the game before."

"Well, say, I've guessed you this time. It's funny I didn't think of it before. You're a mesmerist."

"I'm nothing of the kind."

"Well, I'll give it up. What is yer line? I know ye're in the biz, 'cause I heerd that young fellow call ye 'perfesser.'"

"I'm an instructor in Greek, rhetoric and ancient history."

"An' yer can't do no tricks, nor play music, nor hypnotize?"

"Of course not."

The man turned and gazed out of the window on the opposite side of the car.

"An' he calls hisself perfesser," he said to himself.—Philadelphia Record.

A New Way of Cooking Spinach.

Wash and pick over about half a peck of spinach, throw it into boiling water, and when it has boiled ten minutes drain and chop it. Meantime chop fine a bundle of spring onions and fry them in butter; mix them with the spinach. Put a large tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, and put in the spinach and onions with salt and pepper. Add also a cupful of rich, brown gravy. Two teaspoonfuls of beef extract melted in a cup of water will do in place of the gravy. Let the spinach stew for about 20 minutes with the gravy or stock until the liquor has been nearly absorbed. Meantime fry in crisp roll six or more thin slices of bacon and six eggs. Turn out the spinach on a hot platter and surround it with the bacon and eggs.—N. Y. Tribune.

Black or Drab Stockings.

A housekeeper says the proper way to cleanse black or drab-colored stockings or lisle thread is to wash them in bran water. Tie the bran in a muslin bag and shake this bag about in hot water until the water is in a lather. Wash the stockings in the water and then wrap them in cloths and wring well. Shake the stockings out and dry quickly before the fire. Stockings washed in this way retain their color.—Chicago Journal.

A Timely Hint.

"What's that for?" asked the caller when little Jimmie carried the nickel-plated clock in and placed it on the center table.

"I heard papa tell sister that you never knowed when it was time to go home."—Detroit Free Press.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Ostentation has been described as the way other people "show off."—Town and Country Journal.

—Ethel—"Do you enjoy a wide acquaintance?" Arabella—"Except when I have to sit next to him in the theater."—Detroit Journal.

—Taking No Chances.—"It's very strange he committed suicide because I refused him." "Perhaps he was afraid you might change your mind."—Life.

Her Size.—Freddie—"Will you have anything on your oysters?" Kitty Footlights—"Yes. I will take some game, lobster salad, ice cream and coffee."—Leslie's Weekly.

—"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "ken train er dog ter do anyt'ing dey tells 'im an' at de same time raise de mos' disobejintest chillun in de neighborhood."—Washington Star.

—Domestic Tragedy.—Johnny (who is allowed to ask only 15 questions in an evening)—"Say, paw, how many questions have I asked already?" Paw—"That makes just 15."—Indianapolis Journal.

—What Pat Thought.—Jack—"I'd like to know why a lightning-rod branches out into three forks when it reaches the roof." Pat—"Sure, ye duffer, why to catch the forked lightning, of course." Jack—"Oh, yes, o' course; I see now."—Lark.

—She Hadn't Thought of That.—"I will never marry a man who uses tobacco in any form." "Not even if it happens to be good form?" She pondered. The slavishness of women to convention is proverbial.—Indianapolis Journal.

—Neat—"Come, now, you've been a milkman. Is it true that they water their milk?" Bovis—"Not that I know of. I never did; that's all I can say. I occasionally milked the water I delivered to my customers; but I never watered the milk."—Boston Transcript.

AMERICAN TOURISTS IN EGYPT.

Why They Went to the State Ball Given by the Khedive.

Official circles in Cairo have been chuckling over an incident connected with the state ball given at Abdin palace by his highness the khedive, the facts of which leaked out of the bureau of the grand master of ceremonies and found their way into the native newspapers. Three weeks ago the grand master sent word to each diplomatic representative in the capital that the invitations this year would be limited to members of the diplomatic corps, officials of the Egyptian government, foreign princes, dukes, marquises, counts, senators, etc., and that tourists could not be asked.

The grand master probably had never thought how this message would sound to the representatives of a republic like the United States of America. But the message was "official," and for a time it looked as if that important section of winter visitors, the Americans, would be entirely overlooked. But the American diplomatic agent and consul general, Frederick C. Penfield, thought differently. In consequence, a polite note was addressed by him to the palace, stating that his country had no titles of nobility, but as his compatriots were all sovereigns — ranking with kings and queens—he would like to have as many as possible asked.

It is said there was a conference of the authorities at the palace, at which the status of Mr. Penfield's country people was discussed, the result being that twice as many as ever before were "commanded" to attend the ball, and each was heartily received by the khedive, whose princely eyes twinkled as he greeted each well-dressed sovereign from the states. It was a decided coup for Mr. Penfield, and approved his ability always to do the right thing at the right time. The presence of 40 Americans at a state ball, even in the land of the pyramids, was a novelty. — Cairo (Egypt) Sphinx.

GEN. CUSTER'S HORSE.

Dead Several Years, But Items About Him Still Flourish.

Almost every day newspaper readers see a paragraph telling how the government takes care of old Comanche, Custer's horse, the only survivor of the Custer massacre. The paragraph always tells how, by special order of the military authorities, Comanche is provided with a comfortable stall, fitted out especially for him, in South Dakota. No one, so the story goes, is allowed to ride him and he is not permitted to do any work whatever.

Then, as one writer put it feelingly a few days ago: "Riddled with bullets and scarred by saber wounds, his body speaks eloquently of the perilous duty once performed in his 22 years of service under the government. He will go down to history holding about as proud a place as that accorded to the gallant black charger that once carried Gen. Sheridan to the field in time to save the battle, 20 miles away."

Once this all might have been said with every indication of truth. The paragraph, however, with various additions and changes has made the grand rounds just as regularly as the good old sea serpent story. Still there must be an end to all things, and the Comanche paragraph ought to end after this letter:

"I mail you to-day picture of Comanche as he appeared in life. We do not possess any photograph of him as he appeared in his stall. He died from old age at Fort Riley, Kan., November 7, 1891, and was 31 years old. He belonged to the Seventh regiment of United States cavalry, and was cared for with great tenderness by the regiment. Upon his death he was skinned and mounted by Prof. Dyche, of this university, and placed in our museum

"F. H. SNOW,
"Chancellor University of Kansas."

Thus it will be seen that, according to the newspapers, Comanche, though dead, still liveth. Perhaps it is because the man who writes the paragraph has not yet learned to distinguish between a stuffed and a live animal.—Detroit Free Press.

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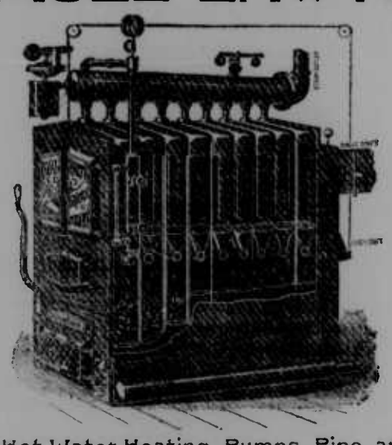

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BROWN —FROM A— Horse —AND— Severely Injured.

"My boy was thrown from a horse and badly injured and laid up, in fact he was almost helpless. For the benefit of humanity I wish to add my few lines in praise of Yager's Cream Chloroform Liniment. My boy was so badly injured that he could not walk. I procured a bottle of this Liniment, and less than a bottle cured him. I used the balance for myself as I was suffering with my back and it cured me. I think every family ought to know what this Yager's Liniment is and always keep a bottle on hand. It is also the largest bottle of Liniment, that is, good Liniment; I have ever seen to sell for twenty-five cents."

J. J. RYE, Liberty, Texas.

This is only one of hundreds of such letters of praise, received by the proprietors of

Yager's Cream Chloroform Liniment.

Dealers all sell it.

Large Bottles, 25 Cents.

Try it, but take no substitutes.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, April 19, 1897.

President McKinley is not taking sides either for or against any of the proposed amendments to the Dingley tariff bill. All he has asked of the Senators is that they will act upon the bill as speedily as possible. He believes that when the bill is passed and the amendments adopted by the Senate have been acted upon by a conference committee that the bill will be as good a measure as it possibly can be made under existing circumstances.

The much talked about amendments to the Dingley tariff bill, which Western Senators have asked for, turn out to be very different from the predictions made by those who have been hoping for a breach in the Republican ranks in the Senate wide enough to defeat the tariff bill. The amendment deals mostly with the wool schedule, and are largely devoted to so classifying wool that some of the frauds known to have been perpetrated under the classification of the McKinley tariff, will be avoided. It is also claimed by the Western Senators that these amendments are intended to equalize the protection given to the wool manufacturer and the wool grower.

The regular semi-weekly row between the followers of Representative Bailey, of Texas, and those of Representative McMillin, of Tenn., the rival would-be Democratic leaders, has become a feature of the short meetings of the House, which draws full galleries and which has crowded Jerry Simpson's little Populist circus to the wall. In this rivalry a local paper, which poses as Bryan's mouth-piece, has sought to convey the impression in its daily diatribes against Bailey that McMillin was the personal representative of Mr. Bryan. One of these editorials was denounced on the floor of the House as "an infamous and malicious lie" by Mr. Bailey, who added by way of emphasis: "I denounce every man who has helped to circulate it as an infamous and malicious liar." The editorial in question said in effect that the leadership of Mr. Bailey was the leadership of Mr. Reed.

Not wishing to keep the new Senators out of the priveleges belonging to members of the committees any longer, the Republican Caucus Committee charged with conferring with the Democratic committee on the subject, reported to the caucus in favor of accepting the last Democratic proposition for filling the committee vacancies. This programme gives the Republicans all vacancies, including chairmanships, that were made by the retirement of Republicans, and gives one place on the Appropriation Committee that was filled by a Democrat to a Republican, while the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads will get one additional Democrat. This arrangement is not altogether desirable but it is the best the Republicans can do until they get a majority in the Senate. It allows them to retain the Chairmanship of all the most important committees, but on some of these committees they will be in the minority.

The opinion of a gentleman, who has recently spent a long period in Japan, on the intentions of that country towards Hawaii is interesting, in view of recent rumors concerning the sending of warships to Hawaii by Japan, and of the statement of the Japanese minister to the U. S. that his country has no improper designs on Hawaii. This gentleman is Mr. W. B. Eduinster, now in Washington, and he says: "It is my opinion, based upon a long intercourse with the Japanese, that it is their ultimate aim to swoop down on Hawaii, capture the island, and through force of arms set up a government of their own. It is the common talk in the streets of Japan's capital that Japan is entitled to plant her flag in Hawaii for the reason that the Japanese outnumber any other nationality on the islands." It will be remembered that Congress has explicitly declared that the U. S. would not countenance any interference with the government of Hawaii by any foreign government, and many believe that it is that declaration alone which has caused Japan to keep her hands off Hawaii up to this time.

Judge Day, of Canton, Ohio, who is going to Cuba as a special U. S. Consul to co-operate with Consul-General Lee in making an investigation of the charges concerning the cause of the death of Dr. Ruiz, is in Washington for the purpose of conferring with President McKinley and making a study of all documents in the Department of State that are likely to assist him in the investigation. While Judge Day's official mission to Cuba will be confined to the Ruiz investigation, he will not close his eyes to what goes on around him and it is certain that President McKinley will get the benefit of everything he learns over there.

Many cases of "Grippe" have lately been cured by One Minute Cough Cure. This preparation seems especially adapted to the cure of this disease. It acts quickly, thus preventing serious complications and bad effects in which this disease often leaves the patient. Oakland Pharmacy.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., April 14, 1897.

The Normal School in Oakland will open Monday, April 26th for a term of ten weeks, and will be in charge of Prof. R. R. Simmons.

The work will be under the direction of the Examiner, and Garrett county teachers will be expected to attend Garrett county normals.

The examinations for teachers' certificates will be held at the close of the normals.

The Board is pleased to announce that the next school year will consist of not less than five and one-half months of actual teaching of the State appropriations are the same as last year, and we believe they will be much larger.

This means that the teachers must be *better prepared*.

There will be absolutely no renewals of certificates this year. All teachers must be examined.

There will be three rates of wages as at present, based on days of actual teaching. The Board announces that they will determine the per cent required for the various rates of salary. Subjects for examination the same as the past year with mental arithmetic added.

The matter of the normal at Accident is still open for consideration.

By order of the Board,

6-2 I. G. PALMER, Secretary.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 366 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

Saturday, the 1st Day of May,

1897, at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all the coal and other mineral underlying all those certain tracts or parcels of land constituting the residue of the tract of land called "Addition to Paradise," containing

898 ACRES,

and all the coal and other minerals underlying that other tract of land called "Beechwood," containing

41 and 11-16 ACRES,

together with the right to enter upon said tracts of land to dig, mine and take away the coal and other minerals underlying same, and the right to construct ways and railways or to excavate openings upon said land, or to dig or sink shafts, or to do and perform all such other acts as may be necessary or proper for the purpose of digging, mining or removing the coal or other minerals from under and off of said lands.

The lands above referred to are situate in Election District No. 8 of said Garrett county and the minerals underlying same, with all the rights appertaining thereto were sold and conveyed to The Buyard Coal and Coke Company by Wm. Whitmer and wife by deed dated Jan. 20th, 1896, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 29, folio, 383, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, to which deed reference is made.

Said minerals, with all rights appertaining thereto, will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1894 and 1895, as is charged to The Buyard Coal and Coke Company on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and the costs and expenses of making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

EDWARD E. SOLLARS,
5-4t. Late Treasurer.

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.

This is to give notice that the co-partnership heretofore existing between M. H. DeWitt and J. J. Ferguson, doing a general mercantile business at Sang Run, Garrett county, has been dissolved by mutual consent.

M. H. DeWITT,
5-3 J. J. FERGUSON.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county at the suit of the Exchange Bank of Wheeling against Joseph C. Alderson and to the undersigned directed, being No. 17 Judicials to July term, 1897, of said court, I have seized and taken in execution all of the right, title and undivided interest which the defendant Joseph C. Alderson holds in certain lands situated in Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, on his own behalf as well as his life estate in the lands of his deceased wife Mary P. Alderson, it being his undivided interest in Military Lots known as numbers 913, 915, 917, 924 and 982, containing fifty acres of land each, and being the same lands which are more particularly described in a deed to S. P. Baker from Richard S. McCulloh, dated the 25th day of May, 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 28, folio 5, one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

Second. All of his undivided interest in and to those Military Lots situated near Loch Lynn Heights numbered 880 and 881 containing fifty acres of land each, and described in a deed from George P. White and wife to said defendant and others, by deed dated August 1st, 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 128, folio 181.

Third. Also his interest in a house and lot on Seneca street in the town of Loch Lynn Heights, and being the lot on which the George P. White dwelling house now stands as shown on the plat of Alderson's Addition to the Mountain Home Company.

And I hereby give notice that on

Saturday, the 15th Day of May,

1897, at the hour of two o'clock p. m., of said day, in front of the court house, in the town of Oakland, I will offer at public sale to the highest bidder for cash on the day of sale all of the undivided interest of the said Joseph C. Alderson in the aforesaid described real estate, both individually and the right of his wife, in which he holds an interest. The aforesaid interest will be sold to satisfy the above execution and costs.

Owing to the proximity of the aforesaid lands to the growing towns of Loch Lynn Heights and Mountain Lake Park the above lands are valuable and eventually can be converted into town lots, besides said properties are improved and constitute good farms.

Terms of sale: Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN,
7-3t Sheriff of Garrett County.

SAVE BABY'S LIFE.

Teething time is the most trying time of infancy. The little gums are hot and swollen. They tingle and ache and smart. All the nerves in the little body are on edge. Sleep restless—digestion bad.

There is a remedy.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

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We deal in good goods and not in trash, and believe the masses will patronize the house that sells the best goods for least money.

We offer such unanswerable arguments as no house can match—leaders and specialties at quotations that no other can offer—stern and stubborn facts that will level your head on the subject of genuine bargains.

We invite an early and repeated visit and inspection; our stock will be replenished every few days, and to merchants we offer some special leaders fully 15 to 20 per cent less than current prices in New York City.

Don't forget the place but just follow the crowd into the

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P. M.	A. M.		Noon	P. M.
3 00*	7 00† lv	Cumberland ar	*12 15	†7 30
3 26	7 26	Rawlings	11 50	7 05
3 45	7 45	Keyser	11 28	6 43
4 30	8 00	Westernport	11 15	6 30
4 04	8 04	W. Va. C. Junc.	11 11	6 24
4 31	8 35	Shaw	10 45	5 57
5 00	9 01	Harrison	10 19	†5 29
5 15	9 45* ar	Elk Garden	8 00	*4 00
5 35	9 40† lv	Gorman	9 40	4 56
5 42	9 46	Bayard	9 31	4 47
5 54	9 57	Dobbin	9 23	4 38
6 27	10 27	Thomas	8 53	4 08
6 55	10 55 ar	Davis	8 00	3 15
6 31	10 31 lv	Coketon	8 46	4 01
7 01	11 01	Hendricks	8 15	3 30
7 07	11 07	Bretz	8 08	3 21
7 10	11 10	Parsons	8 05	3 20
7 45	11 45	Kerens	7 30	2 45
8 00*	12 00† ar	Elkins	lv *7 15	†2 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
				P. M.
	3 05* ar	Healington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

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H. W. McCOMAS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.,

☞Office in Mayers building.

Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.

☞Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.*

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

THOMAS R. McROBIE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street.

All business left to my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

E. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Residence and P. O. Address,

2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate

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ANDREW J. HARNE. AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett county. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

Andrew B. Gonder, Att'y at Law. Alexander C. Mason, Surveyor.

GONDER & MASON, :- REAL -:- ESTATE -:- AGENTS. :- OAKLAND, MD. 40—1yr. Office, Shartzer's Opera House.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN, SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including train ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26†

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President. G. S. HAMILL, V. President. S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.

☞Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

PIEDMONT STONE & LIME CO.,

Owned and operated by The E. J. Fredlock Manufacturing and Building Company, of Piedmont.

WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH THIS

Superior Lime

TO BUILDERS, FARMERS AND TANNERS IN BARRELS OR BULK TO SUIT PURCHASERS.

This lime is equal in strength for agricultural, building and tanning purposes to the Frederick or Baltimore county lime.

KILNS AT CRABTREE, MD.

Address all orders to

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41 26 PIEDMONT, W. VA.

WANTED: ROCK OAK BARK.

Write for prices.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,

49-13 CUMBERLAND, MD.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, APRIL 29, 1897. NUMBER 8.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby—Personal Mention, Etc.

Ice cream is on top.

All kind of Bicycle repairing done at Lawton's.

Spring styles are being seen and likewise heard.

Mr. Dick Connell, of Hutton, was in Oakland Tuesday.

See "Bound to Win" at the Opera House to-morrow night.

Bicycles $40, $50, $60 and $75, at Lawton's. Call and see them.

Mr. J. S. Lakin spent Friday afternoon in Oakland on business.

Mr. W. C. Kidd, of Baltimore, spent Sunday in Oakland with friends.

Mr. Sam. Cohen, of Fairmont, spent last week with his parents in Oakland.

Help the Jack Oaks by attending the play at the Opera House Friday night.

The fragrant trailing arbutus is in bloom and is being gathered by its admirers.

Mrs. M. E. Chisholm, of Cumberland, visited friends in Oakland a few days this week.

Attorney Julius C. Renninger visited Terra Alta professionally last Thursday.

Headquarters for style, price and quality in straw hats at Townshend & Son's.

Miss Ellen Huydeu, of the Park, was the guest of Miss Annie Townshend Sunday.

Mr. Ollie Ridenour, of Aurora, spent Sunday in town visiting Mr. and Mrs. Geo. L. Bosley.

During the past week or ten days gardeners have been busy preparing the ground for seed.

A new front has been placed in the Oakland pharmacy building by Messrs. Spedden Bros.

Mr. Creed Dunnington, of Terra Alta was in Oakland and the Park last Monday on business.

Mr. G. L. Bosley is having his hotel repainted, which is quite an improvement to Oak street.

Latest styles out in ladies' collars, cuffs, shirt waists, ties and belts at Townshend & Son's. 8-3t

Miss Blanche Cupp, of near Terra Alta, is spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hagans.

FOR SALE.—A town lot suitable for building purposes, 60X160 feet. Inquire at this office.

Miss Virginia Thayer Johnson was visiting Miss West in Keyser two or three days recently.

Mr. Brison Welch, the newly appointed postmaster at McHenry, was in Oakland on Tuesday.

Mrs. Robert Felty and Mrs. Mattie Townshend are visiting friends and relatives in Buckhannon, W. Va.

Wood handle bars, saddles, toe clips, tubes and a full line of bicycle sundries at Sam Lawton's. 8-3t.

For sale or rent—The New Glade Hotel property, Oakland, Md. Apply to Mrs. J. L. Peters, Frostburg, Md.

The German Baptist congregation of Oakland will have services in Sturgiss' Hall Sunday next at ten o'clock.

Mr. H. J. Frear has removed with his family into his new house on Liberty street, which is almost completed.

One Minute is all the time necessary to decide from personal experience that One Minute Cough Cure does what its name implies. Oakland Pharmacy.

Many a man broke his Lenten resolution to refrain from swearing when he saw the bill for his wife's Easter bonnet.

The latter part of last week witnessed some hard freezes but it is generally thought that the fruit crop escaped injury.

During the past year 191 foxes and 29 wild cats were killed in Garrett county for which the county paid $252 in bounties.

The School Commissioners will meet on Saturday, May 8th, at which time trustees for the schools of the county will be appointed.

Miss Margaret Crystal, who spent the winter in Baltimore, returned to Oakland last Wednesday and will remain here during the summer.

By an accident to the boilers at the Enterprise tannery at Hutton Monday afternoon, the plant was compelled to suspend work Tuesday.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot went down to Hoyes on Friday last and conducted quarterly meeting services for Presiding Elder Baumgardner.

The *Democrat* has the thanks of the editor of THE REPUBLICAN for its congratulations upon our defeat for the office of city councilman. Perhaps at some near day, we may extend our congratulations to our brother in the same spirit.

Ladies' shoes and oxfords, in black, tan and chocolate, and children's tan, chocolate and black shoes and slippers, all prices at Townshend & Son's.

Torturing, itching, scaly skin eruptions, burns and scalds are soothed at once and promptly healed by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the best known cure for piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Albert Fraley, after being housed up for a week or more with a severe attack of illness, made his appearance down town Monday for the first time.

A large scope of country south of Mountain Lake Park was burned over last Thursday and Friday, doing considerable damage to timber and fences.

Mr. Wade Hinebaugh has returned home from the Maryland Agricultural College on account of the illness of his father, whose condition remains unchanged.

Prof. C. D. Smith has secured a position with the Mutual Life Insurance Co., of Philadelphia, and will canvass this and adjoining counties during the summer.

Capt. and Mrs. Matthew Markland, who spent the winter in Washington, returned to Oakland last Saturday and are occupying their summer residence here, "Crook's Crest."

Will Tasker left Oakland on Friday last to join his father in Florida. He spent several days visiting relatives in Washington and Baltimore and then took the steamer to Jacksonville, Fla.

A fire at Lloyd's on Monday destroyed a frame dwelling house owned by Mr. D. E. Offutt. The house was occupied by a family consisting of a husband and wife and several children.

Special Land Agent John B. Fay, accompanied by his son Ed. returned to Oakland, from South Dakota, on last Monday morning, Mr. Fay having been sent home on a three months' furlough.

John B. Dayton, who was sent to jail a week or more ago by Justice Sincell after having been convicted of selling goods without a license, for a term of thirty days, was released Tuesday, he having settled the fine.

The weekly meeting of the euchre club was held at the residence of Dr. Townshend last Friday night and was entertained by his daughter Miss Annie. Quite a number were present and an enjoyable evening was spent.

The firm of Felty & Stockert has been dissolved by mutual consent, Mr. Stockert retiring and returning to his home in Buckhannon, W. Va. Since the dissolution of this firm Mr. John Felty, jr., has removed the stock of goods to the Malette building on Second street, where he has two rooms.

It is surprising what a "wee bit of a thing" can accomplish. Sick headache, constipation, dyspepsia, sour stomach, dizziness, are quickly banished by DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Small pill. Safe pill. Best pill. Oakland Pharmacy.

Following the example set by Mr. G. L. Bosley, Col. A. G. Sturgiss is having rock hauled with which to macadamize Alder street fronting his property. If others would follow in this good work it will not be long until every street in town would be equal to the best of them.

E. E. Turner, of Compton, Md., writes us that after suffering from piles for seventeen years, he completely cured them by using three boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cures eczema and severe skin diseases. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. C. C. Wooden and son, of Hampstead, Carroll county, spent several days last week as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Loar. Mr. Wooden was a former Garrett county resident, he and Mr. Loar having sold goods in partnership where Wilson's store now is, near Altamont.

If you have ever seen a child in the agony of croup, you can appreciate the gratitude of the mothers who know that One Minute Cough Cure relieves their little ones as quickly as it is administered. Many homes in this city are never without it. Oakland Pharmacy.

Don't allow the lungs to be impaired by the continuous irritation of a cough. It is easier to prevent consumption than to cure it. One Minute Cough Cure taken early will ward off any lung trouble. Oakland Pharmacy.

Americans are the most inventive people on earth. To them have been issued nearly 600,000 patents, or more than one-third of all the patents issued in the world. No discovery of science has been of greater benefit to mankind than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, or has done more to relieve pain and suffering. J. W. Vaugh, of Oakton, Ky., says: "I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea remedy in my family for several years, and find it to be the best medicine I ever used for cramps in the stomach and bowels. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Prof. S. C. Smith, who spent two or three weeks selling organs and other musical instruments through Preston county, W. Va., returned to his home last Thursday. On his trip Mr. Smith made a number of sales.

Some beautiful trout were caught by Dr. Robinson and Mr. Jos. E. Harned last Friday. One trout of the rainbow variety measured a little over fourteen inches. Besides this there was a number measuring over a foot.

The Horticultural Supply Company, growers of vegetables and flowers, with its offices and greenhouses at Loch Lynn Heights, executed a deed of trust for the benefit of its creditors on Monday. The assignment was made to Mr. C. M. Rathbun by its president, Mr. Chas. T. Sweet.

They are so small that the most sensitive persons take them, they are so effective that the most obstinate cases of constipation, headache and torpid liver yield to them. That is why DeWitt's Little Early Risers are known as the famous little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

Messrs. Samuel E. Boyer and John W. Arnold, who attended the State Council Jr. O. U. A. M., held at Frostburg last week, and representing Garrett Council, returned to Oakland Friday. The meetings were quite interesting and a great deal of work was done by the representatives.

The Rev. W. H. Weaver, pastor of the U. B. Church, Dillsburg, Pa., recognizes the value of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and does not hesitate to tell others about it. "I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," he says, "and find it an excellent medicine for colds, coughs and hoarseness." So does everyone who gives it a trial. Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Mrs. Martha Mitchell, of Ohio Pyle, Pa., the eldest sister of Mr. Wm. Hinebaugh, arrived here last Thursday afternoon to visit her brother and other relatives. Mrs. Lucinda Brown and Mr. and Mrs. Silas Meyers, of Markleysburg, Pa., other relatives of Mr. Hinebaugh, visited him last week.

Mr. James M. Litzinger, proprietor of the *Democrat*, has moved his office into the Legge building and is at home to all callers. We congratulate Bro. Litzinger upon securing such good quarters for his office and feel sure the move to a more central location will prove beneficial in more ways than one.

Mr. D. James Blackiston, as attorney, sold on last Saturday the Lake Cleveland property on Deep Creek, to Mr. Chas. Nitze, a representative of the Garrett's, for $2,300. The entire property now is owned by the Garrett estate, they having had a half-interest in it with Mr. G. W. Delawder.

Two years ago R. J. Warren, a druggist at Pleasant Brook, N. Y., bought a small supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. He sums up the result as follows: "At that time the goods were unknown in this section; to-day Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a household word." It is the same in hundreds of communities. Wherever the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy become known the people will have nothing else. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The report circulated here last Sunday to the effect that Policeman Lupton Frantz, of Meyersdale, formerly of Friendsville, this county, had been shot and killed by a negro in Meyersdale the Friday previous, turns out to be a fake. Frantz exchanged shots with a tramp who attempted to release a comrade from the lock-up, but was not touched, although it is believed that the officer "winged" his man. For this information we are indebted to Bro. Smith, of the Meyersdale *Commercial*, to whom we extend our thanks.

Messrs. Henry Weber & Sons, the Oakland florists, report that during the Easter season this year, the shipment of cut flowers excelled that of any other like season. This firm, by its energy and foresight in raising none but the best variety of flowers, has built up a trade and earned a reputation throughout the United States that cannot be excelled. At all the flower shows in the large cities last fall and during the past winter first prizes were invariably carried off by their productions of carnations, roses, etc.

Two New Postmasters for Garrett.

J. W. Friend has been appointed postmaster at Sang Run, *vice* N. C. Browning, resigned.

Mr. Brison Welch was on last Saturday appointed postmaster at McHenry *vice* Mr. C. E. Cuppett, resigned.

Dentistry.

Dr. D. O. McKinley will visit Mountain Lake Park May 3d; rooms at J. L. Eckard's; Oakland, May 4th, at Central Hotel, or enquire of D. M. Dixon; at Mrs. Ellen Lohr's, near Crellin, May 5th; Thayerville, May 6th; McHenry, May 7th; Hoyes, May 8th; Friendsville, May 10th, enquire of Leslie Friend. Teeth extracted without pain. 8-2t

Bound to Win.

As announced in these columns last week the comedy-drama, "Bound to Win," will be presented to the people of Oakland to-morrow evening at Shartzer's Opera House, under the direction and management of Mr. Arthur Blackaller. The characters in the play will be assumed by local talent who are rehearsing their parts nightly. The proceeds will be tendered the Jack Oak base ball club, a home organization, and such being the case the show should be liberally patronized by the public.

During the evening specalties will be introduced by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Blackaller, Mr. W. H. Spedden, Miss Olivet Shartzer, Mr. Andrew Nelson and Harry and Leo Rasche.

Avenged a Wronged Sister.

Charles Wolf, of near Terra Alta, on last Sunday, avenged the betrayal of his sister by shooting Charles Wilhelm four times, and the latter is in a dying condition. The balls struck Wilhelm above the heart, back, thigh and wrist. The wound above the heart was the fatal one. Wolf tried to shoot again after Wilhelm had fallen, but his revolver was empty. It is alleged Wilhelm wronged Wolf's sister and refused to marry her. He also threatened to kill her, it is said, if she gave him any trouble. Wolf, who has been employed at Grafton, was home visiting his parents over Sunday. When he learned of his sister's condition, he became frenzied and immediately started to hunt Wilhelm. When he found him a few angry words were exchanged and the shooting followed. Wolf gave himself up and was lodged in jail at Kingwood. He seemed quite calm until he entered the jail, when he fainted. The shooting took place at Amblersburg in the neighborhood of Terra Alta, W. Va., near the home of Rachael Tanner, who was shot from ambush not long since.

A Long Lost Brother Found.

Richard B. Smith, brother of Miss Jennie, Daniel and James Smith, of Mountain Lake Park, left his home in Ohio, when he was only sixteen years of age, more than twenty-six years ago, for the far west. For the past eighteen years he has been lost to his relatives and friends. One day last week Rev. E. C. Nunemaster, of the M. E. church, at Canton, Ohio, received a letter from R. B. Smith, of Valleo, Cal., enquiring about Miss Jennie Smith, who on the last Sunday President McKinley spent at his native city presided over a revival meeting then being held in Canton. This fact was largely advertised throughout the country and it was through the medium of the press that Mr. Smith's interest in his family was awakened and a long lost brother was in a manner restored to his relatives.

The Oakland Normal.

Monday morning the Normal school in Oakland opened for a term of ten weeks with Prof. R. R. Sanner in charge, with an enrollment of over forty. Since the opening of the school quite a number have been added, and this morning Prof. Sanner says he has fifty on the roll. Indications lead the school officials to believe that the number will reach well onto a hundred. Many old teachers and the best talent of the county has been enrolled as scholars. Next week a complete list of those who are in attendance will be published.

10 Days' trip to Washington. Reduced Rates Via B. & O.

Everybody expects to visit Washington some time; in fact, it is a duty everyone owes to himself. What Rome was to every soldier of the empire, what Athens was to the Greek, Washington is and should be to every citizen of the United States—his glory, his pride, his inheritance; it belongs to him; all its magnificence, all its glory all its fame, its public buildings, paintings, statuary, its monuments, its streets, its parks, and he ought once in awhile take a look at it. Congress now being in session will add additional interest to the city, already teeming with attractions.

The B. & O. announces another of those popular excursions for Thursday, May 6th. Tickets will be valid for 10 days and good for trip to Baltimore and return at any time during the time limit.

We show below train schedules and rates of fare from this vicinity:

	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	RATE
Terra Alta	5.41	.....	1.12	.....	12.04	$6.45
Corinth	.....	.....	1.18	.....	.....	6.40
Hutton	.....	.....	1.24	.....	.....	6.35
Oakland	5.50	6.41	1.38	4.13	12.29	6.25
Mt. Lake Park	.....	.....	1.45	.....	.....	6.10
Deer Park	.....	.....	1.51	.....	.....	6.00
Swanton	.....	.....	2.11	.....	.....	5.80
Bloomington	.....	.....	2.21	.....	.....	5.45
Piedmont	6.50	7.33	2.43	5.33	1.28	5.10

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

For particulars, call on or address nearest B. & O. agent. 4-1

School Board Notice.

The office of the Board of School Commissioners will be open for the transaction of public business on Tuesdays and Saturdays, until further notice. 3-tf.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.

"There," said Brown, with a shake of his head,
"I've painted the house and the barn and the shed!
The fence has been fixed, and the lawn's been mowed,
But I do wish the town would fix up that road.
It's a shame, I call it, just plain and flat,
That we have to drive over roads like that!
I'll wait no longer, I'll start to-day
And fix my part of it any way."

Now Brown was one of those fellows who,
When they start a thing just "rush it through,"
And a week or two after as neighbor Jones
Was driving home with his pair of roans,
Brown's road was dry, while his own, next door,
Was mud to the depth of a foot or more.
"By George!" said Jones, "I'll let Brown see
That I can build roads as well as he!"
Now Neighbor Smith, who lives below,
Saw Jones repairing his road, and so
He fixed up his, to be "in the game,"
And Neighbor Robinson did the same,
And soon every householder in town
Was trying his best to "head out Brown,"
And now, when the town committee meets
To talk of the roads, they call them "streets."

* * * * * * *

The moral this tale to the reader brings
Applies to roads and to other things.
Reforms, like snowballs, will keep on growing
If somebody only sets them going.

Died.

TRENTON.—In Keyser on Saturday last, Lester Trenton, the eighteen months' old child of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Trenton. The remains were brought to Oakland on Monday and interred in the Odd Fellows' cemetery.

Wool! Wool! Wool!

Bring your wool to King Delawder who will pay the highest cash market price for it. 8-3t.

Married.

GILPIN—GLASS.—April 22, 1897, by Rev. Wm. E. George, at his residence in Deer Park, William Scott Gilpin and Sarah Caroline Glass, both of Garrett county.

WOLF—RAVENSCROFT.—Tuesday April 13, 1897, by Rev. C. A. Britt, pastor of the English Lutheran church, Frostburg, Md., Mr. Henry G. Wolf, of this county, to Miss Clara L. Ravenscroft, of Garrett county, Md. The wedding took place at the home of the bride's father, Mr. James Ravenscroft, after which the guests, consisting of a goodly number of the immediate friends and relatives of the family, sat down to a bountiful repast served in honor of the occasion. The married life of Mr. and Mrs. Wolf begun under bright skies and with fair prospects. The good wishes of their many friends accompany them. —Frostburg Journal.

Took Poison by Mistake.

Mrs. Sarah Godwin, wife of Capt. J. M. Godwin, of Kingwood, W. Va., took a dose of poison in mistake for medicine, and her life was saved only by heroic work of physicians.

Mr. George Waters House Burned.

Yesterday Mr. Fred. A. Thayer received a letter from his sister, Mrs. George Waters, who resides near Clarksburg, West Va., conveying the intelligence that the house belonging to her husband had been entirely destroyed by fire at noon last Wednesday. No one was present when the fire broke out except Mrs. Waters, who succeeded in saving only a few articles, and in doing this she sustained some severe burns on her hands. There was no insurance on the property and the loss is estimated at $3,000. The fire caught from a defective flue.

Sailed For Europe.

Tuesday morning Mr. Julius Littman, of California, who spent the past month in Oakland visiting his brother, Mr. Louis Littman, left Oakland for New York whence he sailed this morning on the steamship Normandie for Liverpool. He will visit his mother, where she resides in Switzerland for a few week and then go to Carlsbad, Germany, where he hopes to be cured of rheumatism, from which malady he is a great sufferer.

Dissolution Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the firm of Felty and Stockert, lately engaged in the general merchandise business at Oakland, Md., is this day, by mutual consent, dissolved, Mr. Stockert retiring. All the accounts due the firm are payable to John Felty, jr., who alone is authorized to collect same, and he has assumed all liabilities of said firm, and all bills should be presented to him.

JOHN FELTY, JR.,
JOHN M. STOCKERT.

April 26th, 1897. 8-3t

Drowned in a Spring.

One day last week the seventeen months' old child of Mr. and Mrs. John Holtsnider, residing on the Spencer road about three miles from Deer Park, wandered a few yards from the house and fell into a spring where it drowned before the mother missed it. The remains were brought to Oakland and interred.

Call for your Letters.

Mr. David A. Rolth. Mr. Herbert Hoffman. Mr. Harry Mosser. Col. Richard Contee (4)

The Tenth Time.

W. W. Shock's store at Rowlesburg was burglarized one night last week. A burglar alarm aroused the merchant and when the burglars were discovered they fled. After a hot chase one Elgin Bonner, colored, was afterwards captured. Bonner is suffering from a scalp wound received from a double-barrel shot gun, delivered by Shock's son. The robbers were well armed and several shots were exchanged. Eight men are serving time in the State penitentiary for robbing this same store.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

A Correction.

My normal opens at Chestnut Spring, Pa., on April 27th, instead of Grantsville, Md., April 26th, as announced in last week's paper.

8-3* D. H. BENDER.

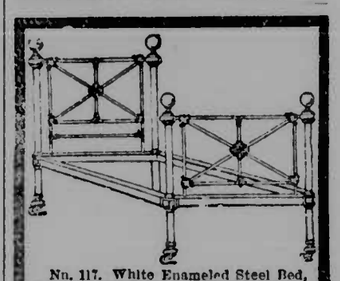

No. 117. White Enameled Steel Bed, solid brass trimmings. We have them 54 in. wide, 48 in. wide, 42 in. wide and 36 in. wide. All sizes are 78 in. long. Special Price (any size)

$2.75

(orders promptly filled.)

Everywhere local dealers are saying unkind things about us. Their customers are tired of paying them double prices; our immense (free) money-saving catalogue is enlightening the masses. Drop a postal now for complete catalogue of Furniture, Mattings, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Baby Carriages, Refrigerators, Stoves, Fancy Lamps, Bedding, Springs, etc. The catalogue costs you nothing and we pay all postage. Get double value for your dollar by dealing with the manufacturers.

JULIUS HINES & SON,
BALTIMORE, MD.

THOMAS LITTLE,

ONE PRICE STORE.

Having bought the stock of merchandise of Hamill & Little, I wish to inform the public at large that I propose to sell goods at lowest prices.

Thanking you for past favors, I ask you to call and examine and be convinced. Below find some prices:

8 lbs. Soup Beans	25
8 lbs. Lima Beans	25
8 bars Octagon Soap	25
4 cans String Beans	25
4 cans Banana Corn	25
3 cans Pilotstone Corn	25
3 cans Tomatoes	25
3 cans Marrowfat Peas	25
2 cans Table Peaches	25
2 cans California Apricots	25
2 cans California G. Gages	25
2 cans Salmon	25
1 case lb. ½ B Muslin, the best ever sold, yd.	05
Cotton Drash, yd	3½

Have just received a car of Fertilizer, which will be sold low. Everything will be sold low.

Keep your eye on this column; it will save you money.

Don't forget that I am agent for the world renowned, famous Buckeye Mower and Binder.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD

THE BEGGAR TAUGHT THE KING.

One day a king, in irritated mood,
Grew angry at his minister of state,
And spoke and acted in a way quite rude
And not at all becoming one so great.

The minister was vexed, yet was afraid
To vent his passion on the ill-bred king;
But afterward, to ease his mind, he made
His secretary wroth at some sharp thing.

The secretary cooled his temper by
Berating one who served about the house;
The servant, angered, dared not make reply,
And took the scolding quiet as a mouse.

But raved and swore a moment later when
He found a beggar at the palace gate.
"Be off," he cried, "and don't you dare again
Come here, or you will meet a sorry fate!"

The beggar smiled, but not an angry smile—
A smile transfiguring his careworn face;
The servant, softened, stood and mused awhile,
And marveled at the man's forgiving grace.

When next the secretary sharply spoke
The servant met him in a better mood,
And in the secretary's breast awoke
The consciousness that he was harsh and rude.

And so, in turn, he answered pleasantly
When next the minister indulged a sneer;
The minister was quick his fault to see,
And frankly owned it, like a noble peer.

And then the king, sour-tempered and still vexed,
Rebuked once more his minister of state.
The latter's unoffended mien perplexed
And sobered off the royal potentate.

He thanked the statesman for the lesson taught,
And vowed that it should last him for awhile;
But neither king nor statesman ever thought
They'd learned their lesson through a beggar's smile!

—James Raymond Perry, in N. Y. Independent

ADVENTURE AWHEEL.

"You can talk all you want to, Vic, about your '97 wheel, with its 80 gear, three-point bearings, quick repair tires and what not, but my '95 is all right, and I won't be in the rear on club runs by a long shot."

At the same time Jack Roberts, a bright-looking chap of athletic build, gazed admiringly at his companion's new bicycle, with all its improvements.

"Oh, you'll beat out some of the boys," replied Vic Nichols, patronizingly, "but your 68 gear and antiquated omnibus, Jack, put you in the rear division."

Some of Vic's cronies laughed with him. They were assembled this April evening at their clubhouse in one of the upper wards of Brooklyn. No one thought of going out for a ride, as it was windy and threatened rain.

"So you think you've got a cinch, Vic?" said Jack, his gray eyes flashing a little.

"Well, I can't figure you in it with that wheel, old fellow."

Jack was somewhat nettled. Vic's father presented his son with a new wheel every year, and the boy was enabled thereby to set the pace for most of the members of the club, a fact that made him rather boastful. Jack's parents couldn't afford such luxury, but he felt pretty sure he could beat his rival on anything like even terms.

"Well, I won't call you a better man till you've beaten me," Jack asserted, defiantly.

"What's the matter with racing to Brown's, at Valley Stream, and back to-night?" asked Vic, craftily.

"I'll go you if you think it won't rain."

"Hold on. Trifles like rain and punctures won't count. They'll be no excuse. We'll have the wind at our backs going out, and we'll buck it coming back. A 25-mile race like that ought to prove something. What do you say?"

"I'm with you"—and Jack began some hasty preparations.

Some of the boys tried to discourage the rivals from racing at such a time on such a night.

"Don't you know there's been wheelmen held up nights out in those woods?" cried little Will Jenkins, with a white face.

"Newspaper stories," laughed Jack.

It was 8:30 p. m. before the boys got their wheels in trim, the chains lubricated, the tires inflated, the bearings oiled and the lamps filled. But they started promptly at that time.

For a few minutes they pedaled over some roughly-paved streets, and the raw wind made both begin to repent their rash venture. But soon they struck fair turf and macadam roads and sped along at great speed, the wind at their backs.

Slowly, but surely, Vic drew away from Jack, though his legs were not moving as fast as his rival's.

Their road wound along through sleepy villages, past fields and farms, into dark patches of cool woods, which brought vividly to the boys' minds the stories of wheelmen waylaid and robbed by men who sprang suddenly from the leafy coverts. Vic was considerably in the lead now. Looking ahead, Jack could see but the faint streak of light thrown on the ground by his rival's lantern.

"That's all right," muttered Jack. "His high gear and the wind favor him now, but I'll hold him coming back. Give me a low gear for pedalling against the wind."

The faint, ghost-like light now disappeared around a bend in the road, and Jack began to feel lonely.

"It might be better for us to keep together coming home, anyway," thought Jack, as a crackling noise reached his ears, as if some one were moving among the trees and underbrush on his right. The wind moaned dismally as it swept through the branches, and more than once Jack thought, in his excited state, that he detected fiery eyes in the dark depths, which glared at him as he swept by.

But the momentary fear passed away, and as he emerged from the woods he began to really enjoy his ride. He was perspiring freely, and some of the up grades made him puff, but at this he smiled as he thought of his rival's high gear.

At last the lights of Valley Stream gleamed ahead, and Jack wheeled into the yard of the appointed roadhouse just as Vic was mounting to return.

"Good-by, Jack," that worthy shouted. "S'pose I'll see you later at the club."

"Just ring when you get there," Jack responded, "I'll let you in."

Glancing at the clock as he entered, Jack noted that it was 9:35. The proprietor of the place knew both boys and had heard of the race from Vic. He chatted pleasantly until two wheelmen, apparently well-to-do business men of middle age, entered, inquiring their way. They laughed and joked about their predicament in being out a night like that, having missed the last train to the city.

Right after them came another bicyclist, who impressed Jack rather unfavorably. He darted a quick glance at a roll of bills one of the gentlemen displayed in paying his bill. But while the boy was taking a critical survey of his wheel outside, the man came out, got his machine, and rode off.

Jack purposely delayed starting a little, as he didn't want the man for a traveling companion. When he did get off he was six minutes behind Vic, but he had faith that he could eventually catch up.

Jack now began to work in earnest. He bent over on his wheel and pedalled swiftly along the old Merrick road, though the wind was now in his teeth and the light of his lantern flickered fitfully.

Past Springfield he flew, and shortly turned into Locust avenue, without catching sight of Vic or the rough-looking stranger. He heard nothing now but the whirr of his wheel and his own hard breathing. He was bent on winning the race.

Bump!

Then he ventured to stand up. A twig crackling under his foot seemed to him as loud as a rifle report. There was a moment of terrible suspense, and then Jack heard something moving stealthily toward him in the bushes.

That settled it.

His nerves tingling, the lad grasped his wheel and half lifted, half pushed it into the roadway. As he sprang into the saddle a missile of some kind whistled by his ear. Then he pedalled desperately back along the road.

He heard a long-drawn, peculiar cry at his back—a signal of danger to the man ahead. Jack bent desperately to his work. He saw the lights of the approaching wheelmen, utterrd a warning cry, and the next moment something fell with a dull thud in front of his wheel. There was a crash; Jack felt himself hurling through space; then he struck the ground and rolled over.

Dazed, he raised himself to his knee in time to see a dark figure leap toward him with upraised hand. Instinctively the boy raised his arm to protect his head, and thereby warded off a blow from some instrument much like a sandbag.

The wheelmen were now on the spot; the highwayman sprang into the woods and disappeared. Jack explained things hurriedly, his arm hanging limp at his side.

"My poor boy," said one, "you're badly hurt, I fear."

"No, 'twas a glancing blow," said Jack, though his face twitched with the pain of it.

"Well, lad, we owe you much—you risked your life for strangers. But, come, we must get out of this."

As the gentlemen were warned and were armed with pistols, they felt no further fear of an attack. Jack's wheel was picked up, somewhat twisted, but he found that he could ride it, holding on by one hand; so the trio proceeded cautiously on their way. The highwaymen had undoubtedly fled, for they encountered no opposition.

Meanwhile, worn out, but happy, Vic wheeled into the club grounds as the clock was striking 11. He was given an ovation.

"I've beaten him out of his boots!" he cried.

But as time went on the members grew worried about Jack, and finally resolved to go in search of him. Anxious parents thronged the clubhouse at midnight, wondering what detained their sons. Just as a relief party was about to sally forth a shout was heard and Jack rode slowly up.

To a volley of questions he answered simply and a little sullenly that he'd fallen over a log in the road, his light being out. The crowd got nothing further from him and dispersed, disgusted at having lost so much sleep for nothing.

"I feel sorry for him," Vic said, "but doesn't he feel sore over his defeat!"

Some people opened their eyes when they got their papers the next morning. There was a full account of the dastardly attempt to hold up two prominent business men of New York while wheeling on a lonely Long Island road, and how a brave Brooklyn boy named Jack Roberts frustrated the highwaymen.

The club members waited on Jack in a body that day, and Vic was their spokesman.

About a week later an express wagon stopped in front of Jack's house and a big, boxed-up affair was left at the door. It was a wheel of the latest make, with every improvement and attachment that man's ingenuity could devise. On a little card was written: "Presented to brave Jack Roberts as a slight testimonial from two wheelmen for whom he risked his life."

It wasn't long after this event that Jack administered a crushing defeat to his rival, Vic.

HE FELL TO THE GROUND.

Jack uttered an angry ejaculation. In passing over a railroad track his light had been jarred out.

"Well, I've got no time to light it now," he muttered and worked the faster.

Now he caught sight of a faint light ahead. "That must be Vic—I'm overhauling him!" he thought, joyfully. "The man had no light!"

He was approaching the point where the Rockaway road intersects when the chain on his wheel jerked and creaked ominously.

"Fate's against me!" growled Jack. "It needs graphite."

He sprang lightly to the ground, pushed his wheel over against a tree, the trunk of which was hidden among the bushes, and bent down to apply the lubricant. He was busily engaged when he was startled by hearing low voices proceeding from around the bend, and presently a man came cautiously into view.

After gazing anxiously down the road the man uttered to his concealed companions:

"That other kid ought to be along. We don't want him around when we hold up those fellows."

"Well, how're we goin' to know who's who?" was the gruff return.

"I'll tell yer. I'm goin' down the road a bit. If the gents pass first I'll signal yer with my dark lantern an' you do the trick. If the kid is first I'll do nothin' an' you do likewise—see?"

"All right. Hurry up; there's a couple of lights comin' up now."

The man approached and Jack's heart beat wildly. Discovery seemed almost certain, but he held his breath in an agony of uncertainty. So close did the highwayman pass, his eyes bent keenly down the road, that the boy easily recognized him in the gloom as the suspicious character he had seen in the tavern.

But he passed on, and as his footsteps died away there was a silence, broken only by the soughing of the wind through the treetops.

Jack was in a fever of excitement. Turn either way and he would be confronted by one or the other of the midnight marauders. "Yet I can't stay here and see two fellows murdered." He shuddered at the thought.

Advantage of a Musical Education.

"The fact that I was a good musician," said the lady from Johnstown, "was the means of saving my life during the flood in our town a few years ago."

"How was that?" asked the young lady who sang.

"When the water struck our house my husband got on the folding bed and floated down the stream until he was rescued."

"And what did you do?"

"Well, I accompanied him upon the piano."—N. Y. Journal.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—She—"I think you had better send up another rat trap, John." He—"But I bought one only the other day." She—"I know, but there is a rat in that one."—Tid-Bits.

—Professor—"Is there any new property in water after it falls below a temperature of 32 degrees?" Pupil—"Oh, yes, the property of the ice trust."—Detroit Journal.

—"Belinda, how do you treat a stupid man who admires you?" "Really, I don't know; when a man admires me I never do myself the injustice to consider him stupid."—Chicago Record.

—One Way of Doing.—Friend—"Now, tell me the truth, Edith. Don't you find it rather hard to love, honor and obey?" Mrs. Giddily—"Well, no. I love my husband's money, honor the family plate, and obey my own wishes."—Life.

—"My dear, I am surprised that you should accuse me of being intoxicated last night. Did I not sit up an hour after I got home, smoking and reading?" asked he. "Yes, and do you know what you were smoking? It was one of my hair-curling kids."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

—A Scotchman once hired himself to a Cheshire farmer, and one of the famous cheeses of the county was set before him. His master said to him: "Sandy, you take a long time to your breakfast." "Troth, master," replied the Scot, "a cheese o' this size is nae so soon eaten as ye may think."—Household Words.

—Love and Science.—"You say you have brought me here to propose to me, but why do you want to go through it so deliberately?" "Well, you see, I've got a friend in the kinetoscope line over here behind that tree, and I promised him to make the movements slow and distinct. Now, all ready!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TOO MANY PRESENTS.

McKinley Has Received Enough Dogs, Wooden Chains, Etc.

If the donation of useless and cumbersome articles which has already begun, continues for any length of time, the president will have to ask congress for an appropriation to build an addition to the white house to store them in. He now has a big dog, a model of a boat, and recently he received a long wooden cable chain with an anchor attached, which an admiring countryman of his had whittled out of pine and presented as a token of esteem.

The dog Moscow, whose advent at the white house was chronicled some days ago, was really a welcome gift. He is a splendid specimen of his race, the St. Bernard, and is highly prized by all the members of the president's family. Secretary Porter, however, is particularly desirous that the impression shall not get abroad that the president is a dog fancier. He explains that the president's love for the canine race is easily satisfied with one specimen, and Moscow, who weighs nearly 150 pounds, entirely fills the chief executive's longing in that direction. Mr. Porter has been trembling in his boots ever since the arrival of Moscow for fear that the other owners of fine animals would undertake to emulate the donor of the St. Bernard, and the white house lot be turned into a sort of canine menagerie of terriers, hounds, pugs and bull pups, rivaling the famous aggregation owned by President Grant.

The boat model was presented by ex-Gov. Pinchback, of Louisiana, and a delegation, including State Senator De Mas. It is the handiwork of a colored cabinetmaker named Samuel E. Davis, of New Orleans, and is a very creditable evidence of his skill. It is about four feet over all, and was brought up to the white house in a glass case by four stalwart colored men. Although the donor expressly stated, in his letter accompanying the gift, that he is not a candidate for office, Secretary Porter feels that the administration has no pressing need for any more boats.

Gen. Grosvenor lugged the wooden chain up to the executive mansion recently, and presented it on behalf of the maker, N. C. Cook, of Meigs county, O. Gen. Grosvenor explained that Mr. Cook was a valiant soldier during the war, but was not able to guarantee that he was not an applicant for office, being an Ohio man. Of this, as of the other gifts, Secretary Porter feels that the presidential longing for chains is entirely satisfied, and he will be able to worry along for several years yet without any addition to his stock on hand.—Washington Post.

Commercial Geography of Europe.

It is interesting to observe the geographical reasons for the distribution of manufacturing industries. Cotton-spinning and weaving are confined in Great Britain to a few places in the west because there is the district of cheapest coal and also a specially moist atmosphere owing to the effect of high ground upon the moisture-bearing winds fresh from the sea; and for spinning and weaving cotton a moist climate is very important. The French coal fields are so widely dispersed and comparatively unimportant that the mills and factories are distributed, not with regard to them, but with a view to the convenience of obtaining local and foreign supplies of raw material. The woolen mills, for instance, are in the north where most of the sheep are grown and where it is easiest to bring in the large amount of Argentine wool that France consumes.—Cyrus C. Adams, in Chautauquan.

Female Firemen.

In the little town of Nasso, in Sweden, the firemen happen to be women, however paradoxical that sounds. The place is only a little village, and four enormous tubs constitute the "waterworks." One hundred and fifty women make up the fire department, and one of their duties consists in always keeping the tubs filled with water. The women are fine workers, it is said, and know how to handle a fire with as little confusion as possible.—Chicago Chronicle.

MISSISSIPPI FLOOD SCENES.

Desolation Marks the Course of the Father of Waters for Many Miles.

Did the reader ever travel on a Mississippi river steamboat from St. Louis to New Orleans during an overflow? If so, he has seen a condition of waste and desolation that sickened the heart and one defies the imagination to accurately describe. It is a long line of blackness and despair, with the surface of the muddy waters covered with floating timbers, wrecked houses, eddies of swollen dead animals, with an occasional lifeless human being mixed with the debris. From foothill to foothill there is nothing but a sea of black water. There is an occasional mound to be seen, and on these are sometimes to be found grouped shivering, trembling animals, wild and tame.

I took a skiff one morning at Gold Dust landing, and was rowed out in the black waters four miles toward the hills. Upon a little promontory of a half-acre size we saw cattle, hogs, sheep, coons, rabbits, deer and one bear, standing together, trembling with fear as they watched the fast-rising waters that must soon envelop them. They did not frighten at our approach, but appeared as though glad to see us, walking far out into the water as if appealing for help. Every man in the boat had a gun, but none dared to use it. No one said anything about shooting, each apparently waiting for the other to speak. But as we rowed away looking for a helpless family reported to be in that vicinity, a deputy sheriff remarked that he thought some men were humane after all, and nobody disputed him.

If the flood that came in 1892, when its warning had been sent forward more than a month in advance, destroyed growing crops and property to the value of over $2,000,000, what must be the extent of damage this year, when the rivers south are already higher than they were during 1892? And then the war department advises that the waters will continue to rise indefinitely. From St. Louis to Cairo, all of that immense basin that was created by the earthquake 50 years ago is deep enough to swim a steamboat. This section embraces a remarkably big part of the wheat fields of southern Illinois and Missouri. The submerged farms may be entirely useless for grain purposes for the remainder of the year. It takes growing wheat a long time to recover from a flood, however short the period may be that it has suffered. So if the Missouri and Illinois valleys are not instantly drained the fall wheat crop there is gone.

But it is south of Cairo and clear down to New Orleans where the real damage is now being done. That is the part of the country that lies unprotected, where millions of acres of fertile fields and hundreds of homes belonging to the laboring people are absolutely at the mercy of the remorseless waters. The lowlands are so much more productive than the hill country that the highlands have almost been abandoned of late years, the farmers going to the "bottoms" to raise their produce. Until Memphis is reached there are no levees to speak of. There are a few, to be sure, but they are as chaff in a storm when a big flood comes. They seem to excite the river's wrath all the more. Tennessee is but a little affected even at the highest stages of the river. The banks on the left are high and are supported by rocky hills that creep up almost to the river's edge. Thus the volume of water is thrown with all its terrible force to the unprotected sides of Arkansas territory, backing up the small rivers and streams, causing them to overflow lakes, thus creating an inland sea that adds new territory to its cruel waste hour by hour until the entire surplus waters of the north have gone to join the salty waves of the southern seas.

And how cruelly coquettish this Mississippi river has been, changing town sites, creating new channels, rehiring the soil of one plantation to give to another. Vicksburg is high and dry, three miles away from the river, whereas a few years ago the business part of the town sat snugly on its banks. Look at Greenville. Ten years ago the city was two miles further westward than it now lies. It has been driven back gradually until if it retreats much further it will jam itself up against a lake that sometimes gets mad herself. Thus the poor town is as if between the devil and the deep sea. There's Natchez, too. You remember "Natchez Under the Hill?" Well, there is no "under the hill" now. It's a steep declivity from the town to the river. Passengers leaving the steamboats there have to climb up gangplanks, just as if they were going up a tree. And there is Memphis, that, according to the way the river is acting thereabouts at present, may be made to view the "Father of Waters" from afar. No one can tell this year where the main channel of the Mississippi is to be the next.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Equal to the Occasion.

Flat Owner (to applicant for position as janitor)—Are you a married man, O'Callahan?

O'Callahan—No, sor.

"I am sorry, Pat, but I only employ married men as janitors and I must fill the position to-day."

"Hold the job for me, sor. Oi'll be back in two hours wid Mrs. O'Callahan. I know several widders, sor."—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Valuation.

"My daughter has been accustomed to every luxury."

"Well," replied the duke, "don't I come high enough to rank as a luxury?"—Philadelphia Press.

One of the Sure Signs.

"What made you think Lillian was literary?"

"Why, she wears her hair so mussy."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—There are 1,425 characters in the 24 books that Dickens wrote.

A COLONEL'S AVERSION.

What Was the Use of Talking of Water Anyway?

"If theah's anything I dislike," remarked Col. Stilwell, "its supererogation. Theah ahe too many people in this world who insist on telling you in the most solemn manunh things which any pahson of awdinary intelligence could readily take foh granted. I was recently at a city on the coast, where I met a young friend of mine. He was very courteous. One of the first things he did was to ask me if I would not like to go down the beach a short distance and get acquainted with their life-saving arrangements."

"You went, of co'se," suggested Maj. Mott.

"No. I told him that the journey was quite unnecessary, as I had a flask in my pocket. He refused to join me and if it had not been foh his extreme paliteness I should have sought society elsewhere fo'thwith.

"The conversation went rather slowly. Finally, howevuh, he made an effort and entered ou a disco'se about the ocean. He dwelt upon the majestic waves that kept rolling in to the sho' and said that it filled him with awe to gaze across that stretch of water into the infinity of space."

"That was a remarkably impressive thought."

"To be sure. That obsnhvation had some reason in it. But his next remark roused my indignation. With the air of a man who proposes to astonish you with cleverness, he proceeded to say that it was fine to look at, but that it was mighty poor comfort when it came to a pinch, as it wasn't fit to drink. What do you think, suh, of a full-grown man's wasting words to construct a sentence like that?"

"But," expostulated the major, "he meant that it was salty."

The colonel glared at him.

"Puh-haps he meant that the ocean was salty and puh-haps he did not; but will you be kind enough to tell me, suh, what the deuce that has to do with the question, suh?"—Washington Star.

Coffee Blindness.

Dr. Snaitken says: "It is well known that the Moors are inveterate coffee drinkers, especially the merchants, who sit in their bazars and drink coffee continually during the day. It has been noticed that almost invariably when these coffee drinkers reach the age of 40 or 45 their eyesight begins to fail, and by the time they get to be 50 years old they become blind. One is forcibly impressed by the number of blind men that are seen about the streets of the city of Fez, the capital of Morocco. It is invariably attributed to the excessive use of coffee."—N. Y. Ledger.

Amended.

"That woman over there looks as if she was painted——"

"Sir, that is my wife."

"I had not finished my sentence. She looks as if she were painted by Raphael and had just stepped out of the frame."—Clips.

When a man runs for an office, and is defeated, he consoles himself by saying it paid him for the acquaintance it gave him.—Washington Democrat.

You have no doubt remarked how effective a worthless man is in politics.

Wrinkles come with neuralgia. They go with St. Jacobs Oil's cure of it.

Impure Blood

"My blood was out of order, and I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has purified my blood and relieved me of rheumatism, kidney trouble and sick headaches. I am now able to do a good day's work. Rheumatism has troubled me since I was a child, but I am now entirely well." MISS PHOEBE BAILEY, Box 445, Pasadena, California. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, reliable, beneficial. 25c.

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1,000 AGENTS WANTED, SOMETHING NEW! Good commission. Send 50 cents for Samples worth $1.00. No fraud. MARTIN LEATHER SUSPENDER CO., MARTIN, MICH.

600 SECOND HAND BICYCLES $5 TO $15—Makes. GOOD AS NEW. Must be closed out. List free. L. A. Mead Cycle Co., Chicago.

OH, YES; WE USE IT. YUCATAN.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

TEMPERANCE.

THE WINELESS DRUNKARD.

The air should suffice for his inspiration, and he should be tipsy with water.—Emerson.

I sing no sot with eyes blood-shot,
Sing not the staggering throng,
I sing the song of the ginless sot,
The wineless drunkard's song:
The man who drinks the air as wine,
Who quaffs with thirsty eye
The dazzle of the tumbling brine,
The glamour of the sky;
The man whom sunlight makes elate,
Who loves the storm-wind's strife;
I sing the strong inebriate
Drunk with the wine of life.
Fair dreams his sane delirium throng;
Hear ye the wineless drunkard's song!

The wineless drunkard drinks the mirth
And music of the morn,
And hears the glad voice of the earth
Speak in the nestling corn:
He drinks the whiffs from off the meads,
The spray from salted seas,

The fragrance blown from waving reeds
And blossomed apple trees.
From many lily-bordered brinks
Where summer rivulets stray
The gladness of the earth he drinks,
The freshness of the day:
He drinks, and life grows fair and strong;
Hear ye the wineless drunkard's song!

The incense that the meadow yields
Within his brain is wrought,
The lushness of the tangled fields
Is blooming in his thought;
The inland songs of murmurous brooks
Along their reedy brinks;
The babbling strains from blossomed nooks
Of tipsy bobolinks;
The breaths that float from bloom and brake,
The songs from vale and knoll,
Surge in upon his dreams and make
A summer in his soul.
And lofty is his joy and strong:
Hear ye the wineless drunkard's song!

And when the flower-bells are curled
Within their dewy rest,
The spirit of the darkling world
Pervades his pensive breast.
His spirit drinks the peace that lies
On lakes beneath the moon
Outspread beneath the midnight skies,
Fringed with the wealth of June;
Deep doth the eternal silence press
Around our eremite,
His soul bathes in the quietness
And mystery of the night;
And deep his spirit broods and long:
Hear ye the wineless drunkard's song!
—Sam Walter Foss, in N. Y. Sun.

IMPORTANCE OF PURE AIR.

One of the Most Fruitful Causes of Intemperance.

The Michigan Christian Advocate in a recent issue gives the experience of Rev. I. Winthrop Hegeman, D. D., rector of a Protestant church in New York city. The Advocate says:

"A startling experience, and one which sanitarians and philanthropists would do well to seriously consider, was the effect which the foul air and gases had upon him. His room was probably the only one in the district that could make much claim to being clean, but up from the cellars, from the pigyard and from the overcrowded room and from the sewer came gases which seized him by the throat with a horrible grip. The first morning his throat was burning, lassitude oppressed him and a frontal headache and low fever brought him misery. A trip to the seashore restored normal conditions. To continue the account in Dr. Hegeman's own words:

"'On returning to Hell's Kitchen the same symptoms reappeared. The second morning the thirst was raging, and the throat craved something cool to drink. The following morning the desire to drink was insatiable, but it was for fire-water, hot, red peppery. Then I visited the saloons, and it was with difficulty that the inclination to drink was resisted. When I went to the country these conditions gradually passed away, but came back on my return to my tenement home. It was not difficult to trace causes of intemperance in the neighborhood. One great inducing cause is the impure air these people breathe, creating thirst. Then there is the social current which sets toward the saloon, the fashion of drinking and treating, with its suggestion and imitation, the depression caused by being out of work and by eating poor food improperly cooked, the idleness caused by lack of amusements, the need of bracing up after dissipation and before some form of deviltry."

The Waste of Intemperance.

It is estimated that Great Britain's drink bill last year was $712,074,000, which would make an annual cost of $91 for every family in the United Kingdom, counting five persons to a family. In "Christian America" matters could hardly be considered any better, comparatively speaking. The bill is annually about $1,200,000,000, not including the cost of inebriate asylums, hospitals, criminal courts and other results.

What a sacrifice to a baleful appetite! What an inexhaustible source of vice and crime! And not one good thing comes of it all!—Homiletic Review.

A Crime Breeder.

The chaplain of the Preston house of correction, in England, publicly stated that nine-tenths of English crimes requiring to be dealt with by law result from intemperance; and a recent inspector of English prisons says: "I am within the truth when I state that in four cases out of five, when a crime has been committed, intoxicating drink has been one of the causes."

NEW REMEDY FOR DRINK EVIL.

Fallacy of a Cure Suggested by Some Well-Meaning Persons.

With the laudable aim of abating the evil of intemperance, some well-meaning persons in the spirit of benevolence have devised a new remedy as a cure for the giant evil. They recommend abstinence from distilled spirits and moderation in the use of fermented drinks.

Let us briefly examine this proposition.

It is a fact well known to the thinking part of the community that the public mind is now much better informed than heretofore on the nature, composition and properties of intoxicating drinks. Most men now know that, by the process of fermentation, the sugary part of any kind of vegetable matter is changed into alcohol—that "subtle and diffusive poison," which will not digest in the stomach of any living being, but passes through the system unchanged and unmodified. In order, then, to cure the drunkard, it is not enough to stipulate that he must drink no "distilled spirits," since we perceive that the human system becomes as really alcoholized with ale or beer as it does with whisky or brandy; the only difference is the effect is not quite so soon visible.

With regard to the effect of both upon the constitution, it is a matter for grave inquiry whether he who lives under the influence of stimulating poison as found in beer or ale does not suffer far more severely upon the whole by chronic disease than he who drinks distilled liquors from his more acute but less permanent affliction. But alcohol taken into the system in any form is injurious, because it will not cooperate with nature in the discharge of her regular functions; nor can any combination in which it may be found correct this evil tendency.

Moderation, then, as applied to drinking any kind of intoxicating drink, is a term which is not at all applicable. It is a perfect misnomer when so applied. Meat and bread are in themselves good for the body, because they contain properties which are calculated to yield material for the production of more chyle, from which the blood is derived, and their suitability with the requirements of nature renders them eminently fitted for such purposes. Indeed, it is this fitness which constitutes their recommendation to our notice. But even these "good creatures of God" may be abused. If we take more than is necessary we do the system harm; that quantity which is proportioned to the wants of the body is all that is requisite.

Now the immoderate use of these good things is properly called an abuse; while the use of them in needful quantities and at necessary periods is quite as properly designated moderation.

How inapt, then, is the term moderation when applied to the use of any beverage which possesses the power of intoxication! Any kind of fermented liquor—it matters little whether it is called wine, spirits, ale, beer, porter, cider, or anything else—contains alcohol, and that alcohol is superior in the power which it possesses to any other property with which it may be combined; and although as a medicine it may, as claimed, raise the depression of the mental powers by quickening the circulation of the blood of the patient, it cannot but produce in the healthy system a series of secret but not the less positive evils.

From this argument we apprehend it is clear that the new remedy of moderation is not fitted to the emergency it professes to control; because it must, we think, appear evident to any unprejudiced mind that the use of the intoxicating media in any quantity is an abuse of the powers of nature, and to all intents and purposes an excess, which can neither be tolerated by prudent foresight, nor justified by any law, human or Divine.—National Temperance Advocate.

GENERAL GLEANINGS.

Every blow aimed at the saloon is bound to hit the devil somewhere.—Ram's Horn.

Did it ever occur to you that no man gets drunk to please his wife.—D. L. Moody.

He is a hero who dares to do right though multitudes oppose and denounce him.—Lever.

Virginia has just enacted a law making it a misdemeanor to sell intoxicants to any student of a medical institution in that state.

Englishmen own over $100,000,000 of American brewing property, and now have pending a "deal" for $9,000,000 more in Cincinnati.

The teetotalers of England propose to celebrate the queen's diamond jubilee by securing 1,000,000 signers of the pledge. On a given day every home in England will be visited by their canvassers. The queen is a patron of the movement.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont has given to the Womans' Auxiliary of the Church Temperance society, Episcopal, a sufficient sum of money to provide for the building of a lunch wagon to be placed on the streets of New York. Already five of these lunch wagons are in successful operation in various parts of the city and well patronized.

Vice squirms when it is exposed. But good people too often squirm also when the naked truth is told about certain evils. They should remember that no great evil was destroyed by hiding its enormities. It is only when public opinion is aroused to white heat by knowledge of the evil that effective measures can be taken for its suppression.—Lever.

Judge Noah Davis, who was a score of years on the bench, says that 80 per cent. of all the crimes that came before him would not have come but for the traffic in alcoholic liquor. He also declares that of the crimes involving personal violence, certainly three-fourths are chargeable to intoxicants. Judge Davis also says that: "The saloons create nine-tenths of the criminal courts' yields.—N. Y. Tribune.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Sediments, or stratified rocks, are invariably those which have been laid down under water. They are always recognizable as such, because divided into these layers, which the action of the water always produces.

—One of the small varieties of huckleberry is fertilized by a bee, which, coming underneath the flowers and pushing his proboscis up in order to get the honey, the flower throws a shower of pollen in his face, to be carried to the next host.

—An experimental race was recently made in a French office between a skillful typewriter and an expert penman, the test being the number of times a phrase of eight words could be reproduced in five minutes. The typewriter scored 37 and the penman 23.

—The long, undulating folds in which the Appalachians were produced when first thrown up are characteristic of mountain ranges the world over. The Alps, the Pyrenees, the Caucasus, Himalayas, Andes and Rockies are built in just that way. They are enormously thick beds or masses, and they are all ridged up into these folds.

—The flowers of all the pumpkins are monoecious—having the stamens and pistils in distinct flowers, but both growing upon the same individual plant; they also bear perfect flowers containing both organs. Nevertheless, the pistils and stamens not developing at the same time, it is impossible for the flowers to fertilize themselves. This same necessity for insect aid in the fertilization of flowers is well known in Australia, with both the red clover and the apple.

—The bats pass the winter in caves, the attics of houses and barns, or in hollow trees, hanging downward by their hind claws, eating nothing and moving not. All the carnivora, or flesh eaters, as the mink, skunk, opossum, fox and wolf, are in winter active and voracious, needing much food to supply the necessary animal heat of the body. Hence they are much more bold than in summer, and the henyard or sheep pen of the farmer is too frequently called upon to supply this extra demand.

BIRDS AND KITES.

Feathered Creatures Cannot Understand the Strange Flyers.

Many amusing experiences have been the lot of the scientists who have been manipulating kites for scientific purposes. Large birds are always interested in the strange devices floating in the air and cannot quite make out what they are. Prompted by sharp curiosity they hover around the floating kites and subject themselves to the danger of becoming entangled in the silken string and being dragged down to earth.

No bird, however, has ever alighted on a kite or attacked one. While one scientist was flying a train of five kites a couple of years ago a large silver-tipped eagle came suddenly out of the higher air and swooped round and round the first kite, looking against the sunset sky like a huge silver ball. As the train of kites was pulled in the eagle followed, visiting one kite and then another, seeming uncertain just what to do. In a few minutes, when he seemed to have decided that they were not good to eat, and he knew nothing about them, anyway, he indignantly flew off and was lost to view.

Another experience was had with a stork that came from the New Jersey side of the Hudson and flew straight for the queer object in the air. He apparently had made up his mind to go straight through it, but changed and dove underneath. He went around and above it, and through a glass it could be seen that he cocked his eye at the intruder in a most comical manner. He started away a few hundred feet, changed his mind, and came swooping back. He finally reluctantly went away, mystified over this queer addition to the inhabitants of the air.

While kites were high in the air one March flocks of geese flying in the B-wedge flew over. They invariably stopped, broke up, hovered above the queer object, and, at last, slowly reformed and flew away. While the larger birds all come from heights above the kites, the small birds of the air will alight on the string holding the kite and sway to and fro.—Chicago News.

Fires Easily Started.

The ease with which a fire may be started and the apparently inexplicable causes which may produce one are both emphasized by a happening in an uptown house. The mistress of the house was seated in the extension parlor in the afternoon alone and perfectly quiet, when, without warning, a hanging bookshelf broke from its fastenings and slipped to the floor. On its way it struck a small table standing beneath it, and knocked over a box of matches, igniting two or three of them. These flew off, one touching the light gauze scarf which had hung from the table, which fell blazing against the curtain near by. The frightened screams of the mistress brought a servant, and it took energetic measures on the part of the two women to extinguish the rapidly spreading fire. Had the room been untenanted, as it had been all the morning and would have been again 15 minutes later, it would have been a case of fire department succor to have saved the house.—N. Y. Post.

Official Corruption in China.

A striking picture of the official corruption that prevails in China is afforded by some diplomatic reports submitted by the English foreign office to the houses of parliament at Westminster. Among other things it is shown that so great is the stealing that, were the imperial government to abolish the rice tribute from the provinces of Kingsu and Chekiang alone, it would effect an economy of more than $2,000,000, which is the sum that its collection now costs over and above the revenue that it yields.—N. Y. Tribune.

OUR HOUSES ARE TOO WARM.

Too Many Housewives Overheat Their Living Rooms.

The proper temperature of our living rooms is a disputed question at this season and one that every housewife must consider. The Americans as a people are probably no worse or more unhealthy than other nations, but we are by no means free from blemishes and now and then we have our attention called to some of our national faults by a sharp-eyed, quick-witted foreigner. One of the late criticisms is the American habit of overheating our houses. It is an undisputed fact that in the northern sections of the country, at least, we habitually keep our living rooms and halls of public assembly as well at too high a temperature. The habit is a bad one and is not only costly but unhealthy.

A thoughtful physician who has combated this pernicious custom all his life attributes one-half the colds and throat disorders that prevail to this cause alone. Rooms having a temperature of much above 70 degrees are necessarily enervating to the system and a weakened body is much more apt to succumb to disease than a strong, healthy one. It is no wonder that so many of our women are sickly and low-spirited, confined as they are day after day and week after week in such houses, going out of doors only when it is absolutely necessary.

We constantly find "tender" people who keep their living rooms at a temperature of 80 degrees during the winter, who will assert that the air is chilly if it is cooler. The cause of this foolish habit is not far to seek. Most American women, even those of more than average means, are accustomed to pass a part of their time in the kitchen, where culinary necessities put a wholesome temperature quite out of the question. When they have finished their tasks in this department our tired and overheated housewives turn to the other rooms to find them "cold." They are cold only by comparison, but it would be difficult to make one believe it. The consequence is the register is opened or the fire stirred up until the sitting-room is as warm as the kitchen, and the habit of overheating, coming down from the days of huge woodpiles and roaring chimney-places, projects itself into the age of double windows, steam-heating apparatus and red-hot coal stoves.

It is astonishing to what degree we are creatures of habit in this respect and how readily we become habituated to a much higher temperature than is necessary or beneficial to us. I was recently in a house where the housewife constantly wore a light shawl over her shoulders, at the same time keeping the temperature of her living room up to nearly 80, and yet she declared that she suffered from cold. She was thin and pale and dyspeptic and was always doctoring for a cold. What she needed was a cold shower bath every day and daily exercise in the open air. She could then have dispensed with her wraps and could have been comfortable in a lower temperature.

It is well to remember that "colds" are as often caught by going suddenly from a cold to an overheated atmosphere—as from the street on a cold winter day into a room at 80 degrees—as from a heated room into the cold. The less perceptible the change, the greater the security.

A little thought and experimenting will work a reform in many households, to the increased comfort and health of its inmates and to the advantage of the coal bin and woodpile. In these days of dear fuel and cheap thermometers, the latter should be indulged in until we have reduced the temperature of our overheated apartments, public and private, to a point favorable to economy and health.

A thermometer should be in every sitting-room, and it should not be permitted to indicate a temperature of more than 70 degrees. This is warm enough for health and perhaps a lower temperature would be still better. Dr. Kane, during his arctic explorations, said that his men were more comfortable when the cabin was at 61 or 62 degrees than when it was warmer, and that is the temperature recommended for hospital wards.—Philadelphia Times.

Shad Roe Salad.

Shad will soon be at its very cheapest, and when a fine one is to be served for dinner, the most delicious salad imaginable may be made from the roe. This salad has the tenderness and firmness of spring chicken, with a flavor that suggests lobster, yet with more "smack." For those who are obliged to deny themselves the latter, this will be found to possess its good qualities without fear of indigestion. To prepare, wash a set of roes, cover with boiling water, add a small teaspoon of salt and stew gently but surely for 20 minutes. Drain, put in a cold place to become firm, make one-half pint of mayonnaise and put this aside to "set." Just before dinner, remove the skin from the roes, cut with a silver knife in thin slices or in dice as preferred. Rub the salad bowl with the heart of an onion, arrange the roe in alternate layers with crisp heart lettuce leaves, sprinkled at the last moment with a little salt; spread the mayonnaise over all, and it is ready to serve. The cut up roe may have a French dressing (oil, vinegar, salt and pepper) stirred through it just before using, if liked.—Boston Globe.

Rice Waffles.

One cup of boiled rice, one pint of sweet milk, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, butter size of a walnut, and flour to make a thin batter.—N. Y. Ledger.

Fresh Fields.

"Jackson seems to enjoy meeting new people."

"Of course; it keeps him from forgetting his old jokes."—Detroit Free Press.

THE BEST MAPLE SUGAR.

Is Not Now Produced in the Green Mountain State Alone.

"Vermont, for some reason," said a commission dealer, "is generally supposed to be the one great source of the country's maple sugar supply, and yet Vermont makes less than one-fifteenth of the whole. Vermont's reputation for producing the finest quality of sugar is deserved, for the sugar makers of that state were the first to recognize the importance of the commodity as a factor in domestic as well as foreign commerce, and to bring to its manufacture not only scientific helps, but the potent aid of observation and study of the maple tree, and the effects upon it of climate, soil and meteorological conditions. Vermont maple sugar has national fame, as has Goshen butter, although there is not a pound of butter made in or around Goshen that enters market now, nor has there been for years.

"New York city dealers sold 12,000,000 pounds of maple sugar last year. Three-quarters of that amount was sold as Vermont sugar, at least 4,000,000 pounds more than that state produces. To-day Delaware and Cattaraugas counties in this state, some of the northern tier counties of Pennsylvania, particularly Susquehanna and Wayne, and more particularly a central county of Pennsylvania—Somerset—besides the counties of the Western Reserve of Ohio, are making maple sugar equal to the very best that ever came from Vermont, just as our Delaware and Chemung counties, and certain counties as far away as Illinois, are making fine butter that people set in their ways are to-day buying under the old name and fame of Goshen butter. So, while maple sugar bought as Vermont sugar in this city may not be the Green Mountain state product, buyers may rest easy. The chances are that they have got sugar made in New York, Pennsylvania or Ohio, but it is just as good.

"The true maple sugar season begins about March 1, and lasts until the middle of April, yet one sees every year, early in February, in the high-priced fancy groceries of this city, tempting looking bars and cakes of maple sugar labeled "Vermont—First Run.' The grocers buy that article for just what they represent it to be to their customers, but instead of being the first run of the Vermont sugar camps it is the last run of the year before, and something else. At the close of every maple sugar season certain Vermont dealers, and dealers in other sugar-making localities, too, buy up from the farmers all the poor or refuse sirup and sugar they have on hand. These dealers send out agents through the country to hunt up this inferior tail-end stock. It is bought cheap, and is kept over until the next winter. As early as January the dealers begin to prepare it for the market. The sirup and sugar are boiled together with large additions of cheap brown sugar and glucose. The result of this revamping of the last year's inferior goods into goods still more inferior is shipped to New York and other cities as the very first of the new crop of Vermont maple sugar before a tree has been tapped for the season's run of sap. Although it has none of the flavor of genuine maple sugar, the city folks buy it at fancy prices and gloat over it.

"It is the popular belief that pure maple sugar is invariably known by its dark, damp-looking appearance. In the old days of maple sugar making the product was necessarily very dark, because the simple processes then in use could not make it light. But it was full of impurities all the same. No adulterations, but natural impurities. Nowadays it is not the dark maple sugar that should be regarded as the pure article, for it is more apt to be the most impure. The very best maple sugar that comes from Vermont or elsewhere is of a light, clear, dry, glossy brown—so very light, indeed, that it looks like clarified beeswax."—N. Y. Sun.

A Lynx Routed by a Hat.

The value of a broad-brimmed hat that flops in the wind was shown recently near Fort McPherson, Ga. A cotton farmer named J. L. Gruber was crossing a shaky bridge over a swamp creek when a lynx came out from beneath it, spoiling for a fight. Gruber didn't have so much as a four-inch Kentucky toothpick with him and consequently felt lonesome. The lynx made for the man with a yell. Gruber was game, though. He grabbed the big black hat from his head and shook it at the beast.

The beast stopped. Gruber was not slow to take advantage of the beast's doubt, and gave his hat an extra flop and wave that made the lynx draw back. Gruber whooped at the and did some extra flings with the hat. The yell, the hat and Gruber's gyrations put the beast on the defensive, and it backed away as if afraid it was about to be seized. When the lynx was out of sight Gruber, with his hat in one hand and a stick picked up for defense in the other, made his way to the nearest house.—American Field.

India's Giant Bees.

Beekeepers are interested in the proposal that a species of giant bee, inhabiting India, be introduced into the southern United States for the sake of the large quantity of wax which it forms. The demand for beeswax for use in the arts is said to have largely increased of late. The bees referred to fasten their combs on the under side of the limbs of trees, or upon overhanging rocks. Attempts to import them have not thus far succeeded.—Youth's Companion.

A Chance to Shine.

"It shall be my ambition, father," said the young man who had finished his education, "to keep the family name free from stain."

"All right," said the old man. "Tell Mike to give you the whiting and ammonia and then you go out and polish up the sign."—Indianapolis Journal.

HOW THE LOBSTER FEEDS.

Well Equipped to Supply Itself with Food According to Its Wants.

Of the two big claws of the lobster, one is usually slender and more pointed than the other, which is thick and chubby. Of the tooth-like projections in the jaws of the lobster's claws, those in the slender claw are pointed, smaller, and far more numerous than those in the jaws of the larger claw, which are rounded and blunt. The slender claw with its sharp teeth is used for seizing and holding; the powerful, chubby jaw, with its blunt teeth, for crushing. It sometimes happens, however, that the lobster's big claws are alike. There was awhile ago at the New York aquarium a 13-pound lobster, a very big lobster, but not nearly so big as the great lobster now there, whose two big claws were both pinchers.

The lobster eats crustaceans of various kinds, clams and crabs and shrimps, and so on, and it catches and eats live fish. It will eat dead fish, too, but it prefers live ones. It cracks the shells of crustaceans between the blunt teeth of its crushing claws and then eats the meat, with perhaps some small fragments of the shell. It catches fish in its slender big claw. The lobster may lie partly under a rock, or concealed under some marine vegetation, with its big claws extended and half buried in the sand. The slender claw with the sharp teeth is open, like a pair of shears. One cutting edge—that of the lower part of the claw, which is buried, is level with the surface; the other and slimmer part of the claw is raised at an angle in the water. The lobster can work its cutting claw much more quickly than its crushing claw, and can close it very suddenly.

Along comes a flatfish, swimming perhaps between the open jaws of the lobster's sharp claw, when there is clear water. Then down comes the upper part of the claw, catching the flatfish about midway of its length, and maybe cutting it half in two. The flatfish can squirm and wriggle, but escape is impossible. Pretty soon the lobster reaches the fish over to the crushing claw, and in its more ponderous jaws the fish's head is crushed. Then the lobster proceeds to eat it.

Of the long, slender legs on either side of the lobster's body those toward the rear of the body are pointed at the end, while the two forward legs on each side have each a little pincer claw. With these claws the lobster holds the food to its mouth, which is just below the projecting, pointed termination of the shell in front. About the mouth there are a number of appendages, operating at different angles, which serve as cutters, and cut off pieces from the lobster's food, something as the knives of a sausage machine cut off pieces of the meat that is fed to it. Each of the lobster's cutters takes off but little at a time, but they all keep going, and the result is an almost continuous supply of food. The pincer claws hold the food up to the lobster's mouth, and gradually, as the lobster feeds, the part remaining becomes smaller and smaller, until finally it all disappears.—N. Y. Sun.

THE EMPEROR MENELEK.

He Is a Very Remarkable Man in Many Ways.

The position of Abyssinia and its emperor is a very singular one. Alone in Africa the state has accepted, from time immemorial, the Christian faith, has been able to resist Mussulman aggression and has shown from time to time the capacity for organizing itself as an orderly, though, of course, only semi-civilized state. The present emperor has carried this process much further than any of his predecessors. He has subdued or conciliated every tribe within his dominion, he has tamed the fierce chiefs with whom Emperor Theodore was constantly at war, and he has succeeded in forming an army which, at all events as long as he is victorious, is devoted to him, and which, though not mobile beyond certain limits, is within them for defensive purposes by far the most powerful army controlled by any African prince. It is said to exceed 200,000 men in number and though that estimate probably includes soldiers whose service could not be relied on from harvest to harvest, it is certain that the army faced and overwhelmed 20,000 Italian regulars, who, though badly led, fought with desperation and died in heaps round their colors. Though naturally and greatly elated by his victory, the emperor was not carried away by it. He did not massacre his Italian prisoners, he did not invade Erythrea; but he did show a desire for a compromise as reasonable under the circumstances as any European statesman would have sanctioned. The victory has, of course, greatly increased his power, and there is more than a reasonable chance that he may be able to consolidate it and seat his dynasty on a throne as secure as that of any Asiatic prince, except, perhaps, the emperor of China.—London Spectator.

A Memorable Sleigh Ride.

What is remembered in northern Ohio as the "big sleigh ride" took place March 14, 1856, at the town of Richfield, Summit county. There were 460 sleighs, drawn by four horses each, and the merry participants numbered 6,500. Three counties were represented in the gathering, and a flag was bestowed on the one furnishing the largest delegation. The sun came out strong at noon, and, though there was plenty of snow, some of the girls were sunburned. Of course, the lunch baskets were well filled at this novel March picnic.—Chicago Tribune.

The Plague Virus.

Such scientific authorities in England as Lord Lister and Prof. Frankland speak with approval of Dr. Yersin's anti-toxin for the plague. They are convinced that he has discovered the true virus of the disease, and that his method of prevention and cure by vaccination is effective.—Youth's Companion.

The Republican.

[illegible] Editor and Proprietor.

D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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SEVENTY per cent. of the railroad stock in this country has not paid a dividend and there seems to be no doubt that the other thirty will not unless some measures are taken to prevent ruinous rate cutting. A great many people think that the pooling bill which is now before the Senate, is as much necessary to the prosperity of the country as the Dingley tariff bill.

THE MAN who would expect to gather roasting ears the next day after planting his corn is no more unreasonable than those who expect to see returning prosperity before the tariff bill is passed. Nothing so unsettles business as the pendency of a tariff measure affecting importations of articles of all classes. The manufacturer is unable to enter intelligently upon manufacturing operations and the dealer is utterly unable to place orders with the manufacturer until the rates of duty upon goods are determined. Thus there can be no activity in the manufacturing lines until the tariff bill becomes a law, and without activity in these lines the prosperity which other industries would feel therefrom of course cannot be realized.

THE Southern Democrats who are now favoring protection must have been reading the remarks of John C. Calhoun on the tariff of 1816, when he said: "When our manufacturers are grown to a certain perfection, as they will be under the fostering care of the government, * * * the farmer will find a ready market for his surplus products and a certain and cheap supply for all his wants, prosperity will diffuse itself through all the country." Calhoun only abandoned this theory when he found that manufacturing industries were not being established in the South to thus benefit the farmers of that section. Now that manufactures are springing up in the South, the theory of protecting them and thus aiding the agriculturists is again taking possession of the Southern mind.

Country Roads.

The Philadelphia *Record*, of Monday, says editorially:

"Opposition to improved road laws usually comes from the farmers, who influence the action of their special representatives in the Legislature. The farmers prefer to maintain the old system of "working out road tax," under which the roads of the State are kept in a condition of continued badness.

"The farmers should put on their thinking caps. There is hardly one farmer in a thousand (who does not live in the immediate suburbs of his market town) to whom the money value of good roads over which to haul the products of his farm is not worth in the course of a year ten times as much as the additional amount of road tax he would have to pay in cash for proper maintenance and repair. Bad roads cost. They use up vehicles and teams. They use up time. They make it necessary to go twice for one load. They depreciate the value of the real estate through which they penetrate. The farmer of all other men has the largest interest in good roads, and it is a reflection upon his intelligence that he is not able to see it.

"The cheapening of transportation has been one of the most attractive agencies of the time in promoting the general comfort. But the country roads lag disgracefully in the rear of general improvement. They are one the most needless of our extravagances."

Some Rambling Thoughts.

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"How nice to have a flag over every school house; it is such an ornament!" says one.

"What a good idea to decorate the graves of the dead; it makes the burial-ground look so bright and pretty!" says another.

"What a homely old scare-crow Horace Greely's statue makes; the ill-fitting clothes and the great pudgy face surmounted by a bald head are a blotch on Greely Square!" says a third. And so on, and so forth, until the heart grows weary at the large proportion of people who gaze only at the outer aspect of flags, public ceremonials, and monuments. We need more of a rational imagination, so as to look back of scenic effects and look deeper than the surface; then are we ready to be thrilled by the real things and the real sufferings typified in waving bunting or silent bronze.

* * *

Imagination blessedly broadens and deepens life; without it the past becomes almost silent to us. With it, the great are our companions and great deeds our native atmosphere. This inner sense of appreciation transforms the plain contents of a church into an arena where souls have struggled together for an eternal destiny. By this power the least memory of the city of Washington is that of rooms and buildings; the greatest, that of a place where mental conflicts, fierce and furious, have been fought out with mental weapons, sharpened and serviceable,—where national destinies have been made or marred by words, light as air and heavy with fate.

* * *

We Americans ought to make it a rule never to visit a monument without either before or after reading up the facts of the life portrayed before us. We shall then quickly free ourselves from the nonsensical elements of hero worship, which impart to the hero strangely favorable circumstances and a condition of being with nobler possibilities than ours; and arrive at the conclusion that our heros of the battle-field or of Congress, of the pulpit or of commerce are men who have been in every way tried like we are, disappointed often, cheered occasionally, determined ever. This same view of them will be the best view for gaining most of good from their careers.

* * *

Take as an example the celebration in New York this week. Gen. Grant's tomb is practically complete; these days will witness its dedication and transference and care to the city of New York. Thousands of soldiery and hundreds of thousands of citizens will be gathered near it for a few hours; martial music and impassioned speeches will thrill the hearers; and then the great crowds will melt away, each individual returning to his pleasures or burdens, leaving the tomb to its motionless vigil over the dead. Secularly the tomb is unique. It will always be one of the notable features of the city, raised in forceful shape where neither houses nor commerce can ever hide it from view either by land or by water, and unnumbered living and those yet to live will come to it to gaze and pass on. Some will see in it less of grandeur than is possessed by the mausoleum of Hadrian in Rome, after which it seems undoubtedly to have been modelled; others will admire its stern, square simplicity, standing alone and unmoved amid the restlessness of the tides before it and the turmoil of the city behind it; few will think of Grant as a real person and see in his tomb the spirit of the man who endured hard duties quietly, met disappointments quietly, enjoyed triumphs quietly. It seems to me that all this pageantry and pride is the very last thing Grant himself would have approved: the thought of being idly stared at by sight-seers would have disquieted him.

The encouragement he gives us ordinary individuals is great on every point. He was not a brilliant man but he was a forceful persistent one, who just tried to do right and if unsuccessful just tried again. The thing that seemed a duty to him he would follow through thick and thin with the resentlessness of Death. His greatness consisted in doing one thing well and that the thing he was best fitted to do.

It is no derogation from his usefulness as a model for the average life to say that he ceased to be really great as soon as the rumble of battle had died down. At that moment he rose to the zenith of magnanimity, when he declared "Let there be peace!" when he returned the horses to the vanquished officers because they would need them for plowing; and when he forbade either music or signs of exultation in the Northern Army while the arms of the Confederates were being stacked. From this time on he was a very ordinary man; a poor judge of human nature while President; a hasty man in connection with one or coloizing schemes, San Domingo, especially; a poor business man in associating himself even in name with a hare-brained gambling plan.

Yet like the light of eventide after a day of storm, which seems to call back all the possible glories of the hour that are past, his sublimity of character re-asserted itself when the doom of death had been pronounced upon him. His last three months were grand in the extreme. Not even the long struggle of wounded Garfield with death could equal Grant's fortitude. Fully conscious that the angel whose behests he had followed in the time of war, had now come for him; painfully aware of the shattered fortune he seemed forced to leave; nervously sensitive to the ignominious effect brought upon his life by those whom he had trusted in his unbusiness like way, he set his will to wrest victory from defeat. On—on—on—while the sands of life are ebbing; on—on—on—even after his mind reeled under the strain, he pushed the completion of his biography, waving Death aside until the work was done.

* * *

Do not let us place him among the gods. He was not of their kind. We shall lose his helpfulness if we raise him above the level of the throng. He was a plain man, like thousands of others among us, who just bides his time, mourned a little over disappointments, (how much like ourselves!) never hesitated to acknowledge a mistaken plan, (how unlike us smaller men!) and was not deaf when the moment came that summoned him to definite, unswerving action.

In Want.

Garrett county children are in want of an education, and they must have it if they would rank among the intelligent part of the population, but the question is, how are they going to get it? Some will say we need more money to run the schools longer—at least seven months, and others will say there ought to be more school houses built in order that children may have suitable and sufficient places for going to school, and still others say there ought to be a law to compel children to go to school. Doubtless there are a great many things needed before we need the compulsory clause. If there were no such thing as failure on the part of teaching, then the compulsory clause might do, but as long as there is so much imperfection on the part of teaching, we do not need any compulsory law. Before Garrett county people are forced to send their children to school we need enough model teachers to teach all the schools in the county. I once was a school boy, and went to about ten teachers, and out of ten I found three first-class teachers. While I believe some of the others aimed to do the best they knew, the remainder had learned to sing the old song, "Come day, go day, so I get the money." It may yet be sung by some as a glad refrain. While I believe we have some first-class teachers in the county, we need more of the same type, and whenever all the schools in the county are properly taught there will be but little use for a compulsory school law, as we believe encouragement should be one of the forcible means of getting Garrett county's children to school. We believe we have a competent school board, and we hope they will manage school affairs in such a way that all the patrons of our public schools will look forward with brightened hopes to the time when our children may obtain a good education.

L. J. A.

An Extraordinary Case of a Long Life in Widowhood.

To the Editor of The Republican.

In the year 1834 Daniel Custer, then of Somerset county, Pa., met with a violent and immediate death in this wise: In descending the Western slope of the Allegany mountains, about three miles south of Salisbury he and was driving a pair of spirited horses attached to a sled or sleigh. They became unmanageable and ran away. Custer was thrown from the vehicle, his head striking a tree with such force as to crush out his brains. He was a young man with a young wife and one child who for long years has been the wife of Solomon Baker, one of Garrett county's well known citizens. The widow Custer, though in her earliest twenties, never married or wished to marry. Only a few weeks ago she died at her daughter's at Mount Nebo, three miles south of Grantsville, well up in her eighties, much respected. This is the most prolonged widowhood (over sixty years) ever known or remembered.

Daniel Custer was one of the eight sons of Emanuel Custer, who died at Mount Nebo in 1829, and who was the uncle of Emanuel Custer, father of Gen. George A. Custer, who was known and admired by everyone.

Sallie Custer will be very much missed in her neighborhood, but will always be kindly and gratefully remembered.

J. H.

April 20, 1897.

Hoyes.

Mr. Samson Custer is building a large barn on his farm near Hoyes.

The Rev. Arbuthnot, of Oakland, delivered a very entertaining and instructive lecture on Epworth League work at Hoyes on the evening of April 23d. Everyone present liked the lecture and the preacher, and hope soon to have the pleasure of hearing and entertaining him again. He is one of the ablest preachers that ever filled this pulpit, and socially one of the most entertaining, pleasant gentlemen we ever had the pleasure of meeting.

Mr. William Casteel, of Oakland, was visiting relatives here on Sunday.

Mr. William DeWitt and his son-in-law, Prof. Moffett, are quite ill.

Mr. Arthur DeWitt, who taught at Hoyes this winter, and who, we are led to believe from what we have heard, gave general satisfaction.

Miss Grace DeWitt is visiting friends at Friendsville.

Just received, a carload of yellow pine flooring and ceiling at the Oakland Planing Mill. 1t

GRANT ENTOMBED.

The Beautiful Mausoleum and Monument In One.

NEW YORK, April 27.—When the sun rose over fair Manhattan on this day of days in her history of patriotic pageants, he found a cloudless dome awaiting him. The prayers of a million or more had been answered and storm seemed impossible. It was cool—almost cold—but the same sun would soon mend the atmosphere, and the brightly tinted clouds that soon flecked the firmament held no promise of anger or sorrow. Briskly blew the northwest wind and joyfully it tossed the striped and starred bunting which from every vantage point in Greater New York gleamed in a beauty and a brilliancy no other flag on earth can hope to equal.

Long before the sun had arisen above the eastern horizon the streets thronged and earnest was given to the mighty throngs which later in the day would crowd the line of march and surge around the mausoleum of the great General a world delights to honor. Much of decoration and of preparation for the day had been put off until the last moment, lest rain undo the toil, and all night work was cheerfully given that the end might crown the work. As the day brightened the crowds increased, and by 7 o'clock the cars as well as the sidewalks were teeming with life.

The ceremonies proper began at sun rise, when from the tall flagpole near the tomb was flung the immense American flag furnished by the Daughters of the Revolution. There it will fly night and day in fair weather and foul, until the winds have worn it away and the suns have faded its colors. At the same time the marines on the warships were piped to quarters and landed on shore to stand and receive the head of the land column.

The distinguished guests of the city took their places in the procession in the following order, a squadron of United States calvalry being at the head of the column:

President McKinley, Vice-President Hobart, Mayor Strong and General Porter.

Mrs. Julia Dent Grant, Col. Frederick C. Grant, Mrs. Frederick D. Grant, Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris.

Mrs. Jessie R. Grant, Miss Nellie Grant, Master Chapman Grant.

Five carriages bearing the rest of the Grant family.

Ex-President Cleveland and Richard Watson Gilder.

Maj. Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, Maj. Gen. C. C. Augur, Maj. Gen. R. G. Wright, Maj. Gen. J. G. Parke.

Cheers greeted the distinguished party as it moved through the decorated streets, the enthusiasm being so noteworthy that President McKinley's face was joyous and his hat was in a state of constant salute. Mrs. Grant and her family to the third generation were objects of especial attention, and the widow of the hero was visibly affected at the great popular demonstration.

The people got a chance to see a million people. It was an inspiring sight that unbroken wall of humanity six miles long.

The President's carriage was drawn by four mettlesome chestnuts, with groom and footman.

General Butterfield, in his uniform of a retired general of the army, rode at the right of the baroncho, which was preceded by a picked force of mounted policemen. The military escort included one sergeant and 10 men of Troop A.

The arrival of the official portion of the procession at the tomb was the signal for a most stupendous outburst of patriotic cheering from 50,000 people in the grand stands and on the lawns around the monument and on Clarmont Heights.

The President and the other guests alighted from their carriages at the monument stants and took the places assigned to them in readiness for the oratorical and musical ceremonies at 10.36 o'clock.

Vast crowds had preceded them, and the enclosure marked off for the ceremonies was surrounded by a crowd of citizens that could not be numbered and scarcely estimated.

The exercises commenced with the singing of "America." A solemn silence then fell on the dense crowd as Bishop John P. Newman invoked the blessing of heaven on the ceremonies.

President McKinley then delivered a brief address, saying that seventy millions of American citizens will guard the sacred heritage forever and forever more.

The parade was not concluded till long after 5 o'clock. A gale blew around the tomb making it unpleasant for those who were marching by as well as for those who were spectators. As soon as the last platoon had passed the warships fired a salute, and the naval parade began. It was soon over.

After reviewing the parade for four hours President McKinley and party were driven to Twenty-third street where they went on board the U. S. steamer Dolphin to witness the naval parade. Mrs. McKinley was indisposed but not seriously.

There never were so many soldiers on the Bowery as to-night, when they fairly besieged it. The Maryland Fifty made the best show in the military parade.

At 8 o'clock this evening the President was given a reception at the Union League Club. Most of the prominent men who were engaged in the ceremonies of the day were present.

Crellin.

As I have not seen any items in THE REPUBLICAN from this place, I will give you a short letter for publication.

Our Sabbath school at this place is in a flourishing condition, with Robert Lathrum superintendent and Frank Ashby assistant.

George Nevel is very busy running the Connell mill.

Little Myrtle Lathrum is wrestling with the measles at this writing.

George Hondershells have moved to Rowlesburg, Preston county, where they will spend the coming summer.

James Freeland made quite a flying trip to Terra Alta last Sunday.

Miss Maggie Zeller, of Terra Alta, has quite a number of pupils here that she is giving music lessons. Miss Zeller is a fine teacher, and we presume she will accomplish much good in her effort.

Our planing mill is doing quite a rushing business. The mill is run by J. E. Freeland, James Freeland, David Loraw and Frank Butler. They recently planed 5,020 feet of lumber in one hour.

Oscar Farquer is laid up with a very sore arm caused by a pile of lumber falling on him.

The singing school at this place, which is being taught by Prof. I. F. Groves from Preston county, is getting along nicely. The class is very well pleased with Prof. Groves, and are making a strong effort to secure his services for another term. We wish the Professor and class a mighty success.

If this does not reach the waste basket you will hear from us again.

Mondamin Lake Park.

Mrs. Harriett Bates, of Allegheny City, Pa., is having a cottage erected on the corner of Oakland avenue and U street. Mrs. Bates is now occupying a cottage on Cozy Row.

Messrs. Michaels have a contract for erecting a cottage on the corner of 1 street and Wheeling avenue. They began work Tuesday and will push the work to speedy completion.

The addition to Braethorn cottage is being plastered.

The oven at the Park bakery is being rebuilt and put into first class order. It will be opened about May 10th by an experienced baker.

Crushed rock sidewalks were put down last week in front of Mr. Daniel Cowan's residence; also in front of Mrs. Talson's two cottages, two of the Park Improvement Co.'s cottages and will be put down also on the walk in front of the Assembly house property.

Six houses are now in course of erection or are being finished.

Obituary.

The cup of sorrow in this fallen world is speedily transferred from lip to lip. After an illness of nearly two weeks Mrs. Mary Ellen Crowe, of near Avilton, loving wife of Isaac Crowe, was called from time into eternity, on March 10, 1897, at five o'clock p. m., aged sixty-two years, five months and twenty-nine days. The cause of her death was consumption. In her already weak physical condition she was unable to stand the suffering and her spirit took its flight. It was as if God said to her, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the things prepared for you from the foundation of the world." She was a consistent member of the M. E. church for thirty years, and from almost the last words spoken by her—"I am going home, I do not fear death"—the relatives and friends may rest assured that she simply sank into the arms of Jesus to be borne to the everlasting rest.

Scott's Emulsion

is made up of the most essential elements that go to nourish the body. Where the appetite is varying or lacking, it increases it, and where digestion is weak, it aids it to perform its function in a more vigorous way. It enriches the blood, makes healthy flesh and cures chronic coughs and colds by making it possible for the body to resist disease. Our friends tell us "IT WORKS WONDERS" but we never like to over-state the merits of our remedy even when it has been tested and tried for over twenty-five years. If you will ask for it, we will send you a book telling you more about the subject than we can put in a few words.

Go to your druggist for Scott's Emulsion. Two sizes, 50 cts. and $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

Church Notice.

The Rev. D. A. Denton, editor of the Methodist Episcopal *Times*, Parkersburg, W. Va., a most entertaining and forceable speaker, will preach both morning and evening next Sunday, May 2d, in St. Paul's M. E. church. All are invited to hear this rising young minister. He will also address the Epworth League on Monday evening.

The Ubiquitous Shirt-Waist.

If anything could have killed the popularity of the shirt-waist, the making of it in unsuitable materials—velveteen, corduroy, etc.,—would have done so. Since it has survived that ordeal it is safe to consider it as permanent a part of the woman's wardrobe as any garment she wears. The new waists have a few features that are prettier than those of last year, and yet on the whole the changes are slight. The modified bishop sleeve, with tucks running up from the wrist which hold the fullness in, are a vast improvement upon last season's baggy one, which hung untidily below the elbow, ready to dip into everything. —From "Review of Fashions," in Demorest's Family Magazine for April.

Transactions in Realty.

John Skartzer and wife to DeCourcey E. Bolden, a lot of ground in the town of Oakland on the southwest side of Liberty street and west side of Second street; $1500.

James H. Lowdermilk and others to William J. Sanders, 57½ acres of the tract of land called "Small Meadows;" $500

Joseph Groer and wife to George F Ault, 21 acres of land; $500.

John Knox and wife to Calvin H. Glotfelty, 21 acres and 146 perches of land; $260.

Gilmor S. Hamill, attorney named in mortgage, to Jennie Smith, a piece of land situated near Mt. Lake Park; $919.

Mt. Lake Park Association to Franklin P. Arnold, lot No. 1250 on the plat of Mountain Lake Park; $125.

George W. Frazee and wife to Sarah J. DeWitt, a house and lot situated north of the Morgantown road and adjoining Frazee's addition to the town of Selbysport; $500.

John Speicher and wife to Phoebe Clark, lot No. 13 in Speicher's addition to the town of Deer Park; $125.

Benjamin F. Michael and wife to Philip T. Michael all their undivided one-third interest in the following pieces or parcels of land: Part of a tract called "Good and Bad" and military lot 3830, known as "Michael's Resurvey," containing 119½ acres; part of "Joseph's Farm," 66½ acres; part of "Kitty's Fortune," 14½ acres; and in another parcel containing 6 1-6 acres; $5.

Henry Warnick and wife to Blanche Warnick, lot No. 40 in the town of Bloomington; $100.

Fannie V. Savage and husband to Henry Savage, 5 acres of military lot 2876; $30.84.

Mary M. Miller and others to John Kitzmiller, all their interest in military lot 3089; $100.

Gilmor S. Hamill, attorney named in mortgage, to Archibald Casteel, the interest of Thomas B. Spahr and wife in 44 acres of "Goodly Land;" $275.

Sarah M. Fairall and husband to Isabel McKenzie, a lot of ground in the town of Swanton; $80.

George J. Walter and wife to Sarah A. Kimmell, one piece of land containing 55 acres and another piece containing 55 acres and 116 perches; $800.

Mary C. Hoge and husband to Lulu M. Walter, a lot of ground in the town of Deer Park; $250.

Civilla C. Crane and husband to Emma E. Lantz, 8 acres of military lot No. 948; $200.

Charles A. Tower, trustee, to Gilmor S. Hamill, part of "Good Hope," 126¼ acres; $500.

Charles A. Tower, trustee, to Gilmor S. Hamill and Clarence M. Rathbun, to Clarence M. Rathbun ½ interest and to Gilmor S. Hamill ½ interest in lots 1110 and 1108 on the plat of Mountain Lake Park, being the property of Sarah E. Flowers; $1600.

Samuel A. McRobie and others to F. K. O'Kelley, 9 15-16 acres of land at Deep Creek. $80.

Gilmor S. Hamill, assignee of mortgagee, to Peter Nathan, a lot of ground in the town of Grantsville belonging to John Yommer; $570.

Jonas Yutzy and wife to Lester C. Yutzy, part of the tract of land called "The Glades," 30 acres; $180.

Ulysses G. Savage and wife to Geo. W. Fike, one acre of ground, being part of military lot 2876; $50.

James C. Watson and others to Meshack Harvey, seven acres of military lot 236; $1, &c.

James C. Peddicord, trustee, to D. James Blackiston, lots Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 in block No. 52 on the Mountain Home Company; $1, &c.

James W. Friend and others to James W. Friend & Co., a piece of land at Sang Run; $1, &c.

Joseph S. Wood and wife to Franklin B. Murphy, part of military lot No. 1190; $235.

Gilmor S. Hamill and wife to Virginia C. Walker, lot No. 2 in Thayer's addition to the town of Oakland; $1350.

Davis N. Murphy and wife to Oliver M. and Arthur M. Miller, 154¼ acres of the tract of land called "Morefield;" $300.

Eliza Ellen Harvey to William Martin Paugh, part of "Walnut Bottom," 14 11-16 acres; $500.

ANNUAL LEVY, 1897.

Annual Levy for Garrett County, Maryland, levied on the 14th day of April, 1897, by the Board of County Commissioners for Garrett County, Maryland.

GENERAL ROAD LEVY, 1897.

District No. 1—Swanton	$650 00
" " 2—Selbysport	1,175 00
" " 3—Grantsville	600 00
" " 4—Bloomington	500 00
" " 5—Accident	650 00
" " 6—Snag Run	650 00
" " 7—Oakland	1,100 00
" " 8—Lynn's Glade	950 00
" " 9—Johnson's	300 00
" " 10—Deer Park	500 00
" " 11—Elbow	500 00
" " 12—Bittinger	500 00
National Road	600 00
Total	$9,025 00

CORPORATIONS.

Mayor and Council of Oakland	$300 00
" " " Deer Park	50 00
Commissioners of Grantsville	80 00
Mountain Lake Park Community	200 00
Total	$630 00

PUBLIC SCHOOL BONDS.

For redemption of bonds	$1,000 00
Interest on bonds	300 00
Total	$1,300 00

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

To the School Commissioners for the support of public schools	$13,000 00

CLERK CIRCUIT COURT.

E. Z. Tower, use U. B. Friend	$210 50
" " " balance	1,52 28
Total	$1,702 78

COURT FUND.

Estimate to pay expenses, July, September and November terms, 1897, and March term, 1898	$3,110 00
County Commissioners of Washington, removed case	131 50
Total	$3,541 50

ORPHANS' COURT.

Estimate to pay judges	$375 00
James W White, Register, use U. B. Friend	50 00
James W. White, Register, balance	40 50
Total	$465 50

SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

Austin Brown, Sheriff	$2,180 48
W. M. Coddington, warden, use G. S Hamill	108 00
W. M. Coddington, balance	235 00
Total	$2,533 48

PRINTING AND PUBLISHING.

Benj. H. Sinnell, use E. B. Hook, publishing	$350 00
Same, balance	50 00
Same, printing	300 00
Same, publishing under special act, 1896, use U. B. Friend	105 00
J. M. Lbzinger, use Garrett County Bank, publishing	400 00
Same, use Garrett County Bank, publishing under special act, 1896	105 00
Total	$1,310 00

BRIDGE ACCOUNT.

John B. Friend, use Garrett County Bank, building bridge	$37 20
James W. Beghley, use Garrett Co. Bank, building bridge	19 08
Chauncey Kimmel, use C. B. Friend, repairing bridge	47 15
A. S. Sell, use Garrett County Bank, flooring bridge	20 31
J W Moon, use P J Lohr on account of contract, use D E Offutt	33 23
J W Moon, use C B Friend, balance on contract	61 77
P M Stemple, new bridge over Crab Tree	51 28
Stephen Browning, repairing bridge	6 00
John M Kesler, repairing bridge at Friendsville	47 75
D McLean, repairing bridge	13 20
James W Wilder, repairing bridge	8 75
Kimmel Frazee, work on bridge subject to order	35 90
D K Herring, planking bridge	5 18
Henry Finzel, repairing bridge	3 00
James Beatt, repairing bridge	1 80
Joseph Jeffries, repairing bridge	1 41
John W Johnson, repairing bridge	2 50
John Sines, bridge over Deep Creek	140 00
Wilson Lumber Company, bridge over Sand run	50 00
Wilson Lumber Company, one-half bridge at Wilson	20 00
John J Garrett, bridge	10 00
Estimate for bridges, subject to order	1,000 00
Total	$1,616 59

SPECIAL ROAD APPROPRIATIONS.

Alfred Reckard	$1 85
Silas Teats	42 88
John Liston	16 22
John Kesler, use L E Friend	30 00
L A Rudisill	9 57
John Sines	10 00
Sabastbel Savage	5 00
Bear Creek road, left fork, subject to order	150 00
To forks of Bear Creek, subject to order	150 00
Elder Hill road, subject to order	100 00
Blooming Rose road, subject to order	30 00
Road from Ira E. Friend's to Burnt mill, subject to order	40 00
Friendsville to Garey gate, subject to order	20 00
P M Stemple, subject to order	25 00
James L Harvey, subject to order, Bussard road	125 00
Thomas K Harvey, new road	75 00
Wilson and Cooper road, subject to order	50 00
John Baker	20 00
Israel Glotfelty, subject to order	25 00
Hiram S Coleman	20 00
J B Layman, subject to order	50 00
U M Stanton	20 00
Charles Bonig	20 00
Stephen Browning	30 00
Total	$1,065 52

MISCELLANEOUS ACCOUNT.

Marshall Sines, use D E Offutt, shingles to cover stable at jail	11 00
S Lawton, use Garrett County Bank, repairs at jail	37 25
J M Jarboe, repairing stable at jail, use Garrett County Bank	10 61
Hay, Wood & Co., chairs for judges	32 75
R A Orcutt, wood	1 50
Daniel McIlohle, use Dixon & Kelso, wood	10 00
R S Jamison, repairing pump at jail	7 00
John Yellowly, repairs at jail, 1893	15 50
Isaac Walker & Co., stationery	38 20
J W Bond & Co., records for clerk's office	63 00
M V Grim, coffin for pauper	5 00
Charles Wegman, summoning witnesses	11 20
A G Sturgiss, books, stationery and medicine	117 45
H E Offutt, electric lights	75 30
Geo E Bernard & Co., clerk's office	14 00
S L Townshend & Son, goods furnished jail	87 16
W F King, papering jail, use Garrett County Bank	10 00
Thomas Harne, hauling	3 75
J M Davis & Son, account	25 51
G A Shirer, material and work at jail	16 35
Charles Younkin, repairing road machine	11 75
Paul & Falkner, bank books	21 50
S T Jones, pens	3 25
R C Townshend, work at court-house	3 50
E M Coddington, hauling booth	2 50
Ella J Miller, coffin for pauper	5 00
Archibald Spiker, damage to land by road	10 00
Dr. H W McComas, health officer	100 00
" " " physician to jail	100 00
J M Jarboe, repairing jail and court house, subject to order	370 00
George Geisman, coal	158 20
J L Bonnett, caring for insane patient	21 00
H Hessen, lumber for building at jail	25 00
James A Walker, attending to water closets, subject to order	45 00
D E Offutt & Son, good furnished	11 75
Total	$1,524 81

ATTORNEY FEES.

F A Thayer, State's Attorney, use Garrett County Bank	$283 00
F A Thayer, balance trial fees	1,058 23
G S Hamill, late State's Attorney, ½ misdemeanor, ¼ misdemeanors and ½ felonies	38 83
G S Hamill, misdemeanor, felony, habeas corpus	23 34
G S Hamill and R T Semmes, misdemeanor and felony	40 00
G S Hamill and J C Renninger, felony	10 00
J C Renninger, misdemeanor	3 35
A L Gonder, felony and misdemeanor	13 35
Peddicord & Peddicord, misdemeanors and felony	26 67
E B Sincell, use King Delaweer, misdemeanors and felony	80 0
W A Baily, use D E Offutt, felony	10 00
Total	$1,565 22

TAXES IN ERROR.

Thomas Martin, jr	$4 08
Henry Warnick	7 50
Israel Glotfelty	12 50
Sarah Wright (basket inols	330 00
Third National Bank, Cumberland	7 93
Merchants' National Bank, Baltimore	1 45
Commercial and Farmers' National Bank, Baltimore	3 20
Citizens' National Bank, Baltimore	2.
Total	$372 37

ASSESSMENT EXPENSES.

Ebenezer Kitzmiller, assessor, use Garrett County Bank	$100 00
Jacob Fresh, balance, general assessor	201 00
Rudolph Beckman, balance general assessor	100 00
John O Michael, balance, making up returns for general assessors	71 28
Balance in making general assessment to be credited to Asylum fund	2,069 00
Total	$2,565 28

COMMISSIONERS' OFFICE.

Estimate for County Commissioners office	$1,000 00
J S Meyers, Clerk	300 00
E H Sincell, Attorney, use E B Hook	150 00
W M Coddington, janitor to court-house	200 00
Total	$1,650 00

CONSTABLES.

Charles Liston, use L C Elke, deputy No. 2	$2 75
W P Lee, No. 8	3 30
D A Stephens, No. 7	9 90
Silas Teats, No. 5	20 0
George Marley, deputy, No. 10	7 05
Robert Moreland, No. 1	9 00
Henry Babbe, No. 10	10 50
E M Coddington, No. 2	79 81
Baker Johnson	38 7
Levi Orhard	3 85
Total	$185 56

MAGISTRATES' FEES.

L C Elke	$18 25
Peter Nathan	7 35
E A Gnrlitz	1 8
Henry Kidd	8 16
Eli McMillan	2 45
E J Frantz	7 75
John L Wheeler	15 00
Thomas K McRobbie	61 00
John F Sincell	17 10
S E Boyer	32 45
Total	$175 59

ELECTION EXPENSES NOV., 1896.

A G Sturgiss, Supervisor of Election, 1896, salary	$150 00
J Arvid Friend, Supervisor of Election, and stamps, subject to agreement	101 00
F C Rios, Supervisor of Election, and stamps	101 18

District No. 1.

J L Fitzwater, Judge and register	48 00
Alex. Fahrall, " "	45 00
J L McRobie, Judge, use A G Sturgiss	7 50
Francis McRobie, Judge	7 50
George W Moon, clerk	7 50
J W Lansdale, clerk	7 50

District No. 2.

Walter M Lowdermilk, judge and register	57 30
W W Schlossnagel, Judge and register	55 50
E M Listen, judge	10 50
D S Custer, judge	9 00
Walter G Meyers, clerk	10 50
D A Turney, clerk	10 50

District No. 3.

Jonas E Gnagey, judge and register, use Charles Wegman	57 30
J Clarence, Getty judge and register	57 30
G E Bevans judge, use Chas. Wegman	11 01
Charles H Durst, judge	11 10
Charles Beechy, clerk	11 02
Archibald Warnick, clerk	11 02

District No. 4.

Floyd Duckworth, judge and register	48 60
Peter Fitzwilliams, judge and register, use J H Miller	49 80
Nathan T Michael, judge	7 20
Peter Monagigan, judge	7 20
Lee Fazenbaker, clerk	7 20
Charles C Moody, clerk	7 20

District No. 5.

John W Daniels, judge and register	48 30
Gus Garringer, " "	48 00
J M Lowdermilk, judge	7 05
John L Richter, judge	8 60
Freeman DeWitt, clerk	7 65
G F Kight, clerk	7 20

District No. 6.

William Callis, judge and register	45 60
Geo. A Miller, judge and register, use C B Friend	47 70
E N Casteel, judge	7 50
Joel Bender, judge	7 50
D Arthur Friend, clerk, use H Harrison Friend	7 50
Hanson B Lewis, clerk	7 50

District No. 7—First Precinct.

Charles A Ashby, judge and register	44 40
John W Hart, " "	44 40
David T Enlow, judge	7 20
John O Thayer, judge	7 50
W G Hinebaugh, clerk, use D E Offutt	7 50
F P Arnold, clerk, use S L Townshend & Son	7 50

Dist. No. 7—Second Precinct.

R C Townshend, judge and register	44 40
Edmund Jamison, judge and register, use King Delaweder	44 70
C A Dodge, judge	7 20
P H Rodeheaver, Deluwelder	7 20
Samuel Lawton, clerk	7 20
M M Ashby, clerk, use A G Sturgiss	7 20

District No. 8.

J M Conneway, judge and register	48 00
J W Mason, " " "	47 70
B F Harvey, judge	7 50
S T Grimes, judge	7 20
W G Riley, clerk	7 20
John A Shaffer, clerk	7 20

District No. 9.

Bradford Blocher, judge and register	60 90
Samuel Johnson, " "	74 00
Norman Wilhelm, judge	10 50
Thomas J Crow, judge	10 20
Urias McKenzie, clerk	10 20
Charles C Layman, clerk	10 20

District No. 10.

J Thomas Moon, judge and register	45 30
William Spiker, judge and register, use W B Friend	45 30
W D Hoye, judge	7 50
U L Pough, judge	7 50
W E George, clerk	7 50
Thomas Sollars, clerk	7 50

District No. 11.

Elias Merrill, judge and register	56 40
F P Michael, " "	56 40
W P Hansell, judge	10 50
John F Robeson, judge	10 50
John W Lancaster, clerk	9 90
W A J Broadwater, clerk	9 60

District No. 12.

Jonas Bittinger, judge and register	60 30
Gustavus Stanton, judge and register	60 30
Peter J Stark, judge	6 90
Peter Opel, judge	6 90
George W Engle, clerk	6 90
Perry Brookwater, clerk	6 90
Nathan T Michael, appointed judge and was disqualified	3 00
David E Broadwater, appointed clk. and was disqualified	3 00
Thomas Martin, rent No. 1 precinct.	12 00
Upton Cuppet, " " 6 district	2 00
D N Murphy, " " 8 "	5 00
Thos. Garvey, " " 4 "	5 00
W A Brown, putting up booths, No. 2, use E B Hook	3 00
Homer Friend, cleaning school house No. 2	2 75
Henry Bittinger, rent No. 12	7 00
Francis Chiddester, rent No. 10, use W C Jones	9 00
Geo. L Engiehart, rent No. 5	10 00
Jonas E Gnagey, rent No. 3	13 00
Thomas Harne, hauling ballot boxes	1 50
Shartzer & Bo den, furniture for supervisor's office	70 75
John Shartzer, use George Geisman, rent supervisor's office	72 00
D E Offutt & Sons, supplies, election	8 65
Dixon & Kelso, " "	71
A G Sturgiss, blank books, stationery and stamps	3 05
F A Thayer, attorney to supervisors	50 00
J S Meyers, clerk to supervisors	25 00
H H Sincell, publishing and printing and furnishing supplies for election, use Garrett County Bank	589 20
J M Litzinger, printing and publishing, use Garrett County Bank	171 00
Total	$3,083 45

CORONERS INQUESTS

Body of Thomas J Miller.

Peter Nathan, coroner	35 00
Dr. H L Bevans	5 00
Dr. Bruce Llehty	5 00
J Clarence Getty	1 00
P C Boucher	1 00
Archibald Warnick	1 00
Elias Miller	1 00
Milton H Swauger	1 00
A C Wagner	1 00
Francis H Durst	1 00
John W Bucor, jr	1 00
Benjamin Broadwater	1 00
Solomon Durst	1 00
Mortimer Smouse	1 00
Jonas E Gnagey	1 00
P P McAndrews, witness	33
Michael McAndrews, witness	33
James Durst, witness	33
Baker Johnson, serving summons	2 40

Body of William Lowery.

A W Jeffries	1 60
J T Bobbett	1 00
I W Harder	1 00
H A Smith	1 0
B F Shartzer	1 00
B F Spiker	1 00
James Spiser	1 00
J W Oil	1 00
C F Lippole	1 00
Wesley McRoble	1 00
James Kisner	1 00
Edward Switzer	1 00

Body of Joseph Maynard.

P J Garrett	1 00
George P Marley, jr	1 10
W B Griffin	1 00
Pat Griffin	1 00
C R Savage	1 00
F C Browning	1 00
S S Browning	1 00
Charles Steinger	1 00
William Sisk	1 00
W H Sisk	1 00
Sandy Brooks	1 00
H J Shaffer	1 00

Body of Infant child found in river

W H Brown, coroner	5 00
12 Jurors	12 00
Constable fees	1 88
Dr. W C Dinkwater	5 00
Dr. T J Wolfe	5 00
Interment	2 00
Total	$85 27

OUTSIDE PENSIONERS.

W C Jones, support Wood child	$25 00
George A Bittinger, support Mary Durst	30 00
John H Getty, support Wm. Hoover	25 00
Same, support Wm. Bittinger	25 00
Simon Meese, support Henry Meese	50 00
Charles Thompson, support Upton Bence	50 00
Car ine Frazee, support Rebecca, subject to order	75 00
John Brittinger, support Mary, subject to order	75 00
Estimate to pay same	500 00
Total	$855 00

FOXES AND CATS.

M L Scott		1 cat	$2 00
Amd Rodeneaver	3 foxes		3 00
Samuel Boyer	5 "		4 00
J H Wilson	1 "		1 00
Wm. Brane	2 "		2 00
J H Wilson & Bro	4 "	6 "	16 00
W T West	8 "	3 "	11 00
W C Jones	5 "		5 00
D E Offutt & Son	10 "	1 "	12 00
W R Mason		1 "	2 00
J M Davis & Son	1 "		1 00
W D Collier	1 "		1 00
Milton Lowdermilk	2 "		2 00
H E Garlitz	3 "	2 "	13 00
J G Getty	8 "		8 00
Joseph Friend	1 "		1 00
Dixon & Kelso	13 "	3 "	18 00
Joseph Robeson	1 "		1 00
Jas. & Perry Bowser	7 "		7 00
Cuppet & Lowdermilk	6 "		6 00
I C Elke	3 "		3 00
S P Specht	11 "		11 00
J E Granges	5 "	1 "	7 00
Eli McMillan	11 "	2 "	15 00
A L Chisholm	15 "		15 00
John W Biggs	2 "		2 00
S J Nutter		1 "	2 00
Solomon S Bittinger	2 "		2 00
Lloyd Welborn	5 "		5 00
John F Friend	7 "		7 00
A J Bevans	11 "	2 "	18 00
Noah Broadwater	3 "	1 "	5 00
Charley Janoske	11 "		11 00
W T Pugh	3 "		3 00
Leslie E Friend	2 "		2 00
S S May	1 "	2 "	5 00
Daniel Wilson	1 "		1 00
C T Bartbright	1 "		1 00
Louis Gortner		1 "	2 00
Isaac T Frazee	2 "		2 00
Unknown party	3 "		3 00
Floyd Duckworth	1 "		1 01
C S Beckman		1 "	2 00
James H Merrit		1 "	2 00
Total			$252 00

Estimate to pay state witnesses before Justices of the Peace $25 00

COUNTY TREASURER'S OFFICE.

Thomas B Wiley, treasurer, commission on state tax	$436 16
Same, commission on county tax	2,117 73
Total	$2,583 89

CONTINGENT FUND.

Contingent fund	$1,736 51

RECAPITULATION.

General Road Levy	$9,025 00
Corporations	630 00
Public School Bonds	1,300 00
Public Schools	13,000 00
Clerk Circuit Court	1,702 78
Court Fund	3,541 50
Orphans' Court	465 50
Sheriff's Office	2,533 48
Printing and Publishing	1,310 00
Bridge Account	1,616 59
Special Road Appropriation	1,065 52
Miscellaneous	1,524 81
Attorneys' Fees	1,508 23
Taxes in Error	372 37
Assessment Expenses	2,565 28
Commissioners's Office	1,650 00
Constables	185 27
Magistrates	175 59
Election Expenses	3,083 45
Coroners' Inquests	85 27
Outside Pensioners	855 00
Foxes and Cats	252 00
Estimate to pay witnesses in State Cases	25 00
County Treasurer's Office	2,581 89
Contingent Fund	1,736 51
Total	$52,913 35

To pay this amount it was ascertained that the taxable property as shown by the assessment books amounts to $6,787,701, which, at 78 cents on each one hundred dollars, will make the above amount for county purposes $52,913.35. Deducting $221,871 for corporations paying direct to the State Treasurer leaves the basis $6,565,775, which, at 17½ cents on each one hundred dollars, makes $11,651.17, and this added makes the taxes for State and county purposes $61,567.52.

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

This is to notify the tax-payers of Garrett County that the Annual Levy for 1897 has been made and published, and to call their attention to the following abstract of Section 65, Chapter 398, Acts of 1890, relating to the discount to be allowed and interest to be charged on all tax bills:

"All county tax shall be due and payable on the first day of September next succeeding the date of the levy thereof, and on all county taxes paid on or before the said 1st day of September a discount of 3 per cent. shall be allowed; and after the 1st day of January all taxes shall bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until paid; the Treasurer shall take the discount from and charge interest on all tax bills for county purposes regularly in the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same upon the receipt given for taxes so paid; but the discount allowed on county taxes by this section shall not be made to any person or corporate institution unless the whole amount of state and county taxes due by such person or corporate institution for the current year be paid when the same is made."

THOS. H. WILEY,
Treasurer of Garrett County.

JOHN SHARTZER,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

offers his services to the people of Garrett County. Will cry land or personal property sales at any point in the county. 6-97-1yr.

REAL ESTATE!

—FOR SALE BY—

JOHN SHARTZER, Real Estate Agent,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Two farms in District No. 2, 262 acres; near Elder Hill school house, improved by 2 houses, 3 barns and orchards. Will be sold separately or as a whole, to suit purchaser, on easy terms.

House of 4 rooms, 4 acres of land two miles south of Mt. Lake Park.

House and 1 acre of ground adjoining Loch Lynn Heights. Will be sold cheap.

A livery stable at Loch Lynn Heights; finest in the county, must be sold at once.

House and lot in Mt. Lake Park.

50 acres; improved by a small house; near Cranberry Glade farm.

House and 2 lots in McHenry.

Farm near Deer Park; improved.

A well improved farm near Ryan's Glade.

The above properties will be sold on easy terms.

One 50-acre lot adjoining the farm of W. T. Jamesson near Mt. Lake Park.

1 50-acre lot adjoining the lands of Mrs. Kilburne and —— Jackson near Mt. Lake Park; will be sold very cheap for cash.

7 building lots in Loch Lynn Heights.

The Phillips lands lying between Oakland and Mt. Lake Park; will be sold as a whole or in parcels to suit purchaser.

A lot of ground adjoining Mt. Lake Park on the Oakland road.

An improved farm of 100 acres, 2 miles from Terra Alta.

An improved farm of 200 acres near Crellin.

The Oakland Steam Laundry property.

7 large building lots in Oakland.

For further information, prices and terms, apply to

JOHN SHARTZER,
OAKLAND, MD.

6-26

Order of Publication.

Joseph C. Alderson vs. James B. Sommerville, Margaret L. Price and Jane Price, Samuel L. Price, Jane S. Price, daughter of John S. Price, deceased, Samuel P. Preston, James M. Preston, Simon P. Baker, George P. White and George M. Whitesarver.

No. 836 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

The object of this suit is to obtain a decree for the sale of several tracts of land lying near Mountain Lake Park in Garrett County, Maryland, known as the Baker farm and Military Lots 830, 831, and a lot 70 feet by 120 feet lying on Seneca street, in Alderson's Addition to the Mountain Home Company, all particularly described in the Bill of Complaint.

The bill states that on the 25th day of May, 1895, Simon P. Baker conveyed the said Baker farm to Joseph C. Alderson, Mary P. Alderson, his wife and James Sommerville as equal tenants in common, and that on the first day of August, 1895, George P. White conveyed said two Military Lots and the said lot in Alderson's Addition to the same parties as equal tenants in common in fee, and that in the latter part of August, 1895, the said Mary Alderson died intestate at Mountain Lake Park, leaving as her heirs at-law her sisters Margaret L. Price and Jane S. Price, and her brother Samuel L. Price, and her niece Jane S. Price, only child of her brother, John S. Price, deceased intestate, and Samuel P. Preston and James M. Preston, only children and heirs of her sister, Sallie P. Preston, deceased intestate, which said sister, brother, nephew and nieces of said Mary P. Alderson now own her one-third share in said properties, subject to the life estate of her husband, Joseph C. Alderson; that said real estate is impartable and cannot be divided among those in interest without loss and injury; that George P. White has a mortgage upon the said Military lots and Lots in Alderson's Addition, and that Simon P. Baker has a mortgage on said Baker farm, part of which mortgage has been assigned to George M. Whitesarver, and that said White, Baker and Whitesarver are proper parties to this suit; that all of said parties are of age, except Jane, daughter of John S. Price and Samuel P. Preston and James M. Preston, who are under the age of twenty-one years; and that all of said parties are non-residents of the State of Maryland except residing in the State of West Virginia, except the said Simon P. Baker and George P. White, who reside in Garrett county, Maryland.

The bill then prays for subpoenas against the said Simon P. Baker and George P. White, for an order of publication against all said non-residents, for a decree of sale of said parcels of land and for general relief.

It is thereupon this 3rd day of April, 1897, by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting as a Court of Equity ordered that the complainant by causing a copy of this order to be published once a week for four successive weeks before the 1st day of May, 1897, in some newspaper published in Oakland, Garrett County, Maryland, give notice to said absent defendants of the object and substance of said bill of complaint and warning them to appear in this Court on or before the 17th day of May 1897, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree should not be passed as prayed. DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy—Test:
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 5-1

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 81,000 acres of a tract known as "Swantou," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10. Westernport, Md.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

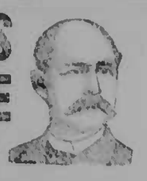

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

For sale by

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

ON EXHIBITION

AT

J. M. DAVIS & SON'S HARDWARE STORE,

The Adriance Rear Discharge Binder and Champion Mower.

The above cut represents a Binder that is built on entirely different principles from other machines, and for mountainous country has many advantages over all other Binders. It is built without any elevator, doing away with the long endless chains that runs all elevators. Only one canvass is required. Cannot be upset on any hillside. Requires but two horses. No truck is necessary, as it will pass through ordinary gates; and is fully warranted.

The Champion Mower with its simple gear, direct application of power, noiseless operation, its ability to work not only where any other mower will run, but among stones, stumps and trees where other mowers cannot be used at all, leaves it in a class by itself with nothing to compare with it.

Call and see samples.

J. M. DAVIS & SON, Agents, Oakland, Md.

Order of Publication.

Joseph E. Friend and Prudence Friend vs. Arnold U. Scherr, E. Mendenhall, Alonzo D. Naylor, Lemblus H. Friend, Bear Sons Grocery Company, a corporation, H. P. McGregor and Hoffman Company and Austin Brown, Sheriff.

No. 843 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County in Equity.

The object of this bill is to restrain the sale of certain property therein described under execution, said personal property being included in a prior mortgage which is mostly due. The bill states that on the 9th day of October, 1891, a certain Lemblus H. Friend borrowed from G. S. Hamill the sum of $598; that it was a condition precedent to the loaning of said money that the plaintiff should become his security and as such security should he be certain property belonging to them in said mortgage, which they did.

That in said mortgage was included certain personal property belonging to the said L. H. Friend.

The bill further states that thereafter the said Austin Brown, Sheriff of Garrett County, levied upon said personal property so included in said mortgage, to wit: One buggy, one wagon, two horses and one mowing machine on executions issued in favor of Arnold U. Scherr, E. Mendenhall, Alonzo D. Naylor, Bear Sons Grocery Company, H. P. McGregor and Hoffman Company, and has advertised said personal property to be sold on the 17th day of April.

The bill further alleges that the equity of redemption in said personal property cannot legally be sold under execution under the laws of this State, and that inasmuch as the plaintiffs are only security in said mortgage it would be inequitable and unjust to them to permit the said personal property so belonging to the said L. H. Friend to be sold under said executions, as they are entitled to have it sold to pay off said mortgage if the said L. H. Friend should make default in the payment thereof.

The bill then prays that an injunction may issue to prohibit said sale and to restrain the sale of any property included in said mortgage.

The bill also prays for general relief and the usual process against resident defendants, and also an order of publication against the said non-resident defendants.

It is thereupon ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county in Equity, this 16th day of April, 1897, that the complainants cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 24th day of May, 1897, giving notice to the defendants in said bill and warning them to appear in this Court in person or by solicitor on or before the 11th day of June, 1897, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

True copy—Test: DAVID W. SLOAN,
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 7-1

ORDER NISI.

George Clinson vs. Gustavus W. Delawder and wife.

No. 812 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 24th day of April, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by D. James Hinckston, attorney be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 23d day of May, 1897; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 23d day of May, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2,500.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test. E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

Annual report of the receipts and disbursements of the corporation of Oakland for the year ending April 30, 1897:

RECEIPTS.

Balance in hands of Treasurer May 1, 1896	$ 83 46
Received from Collector Alsop Taxes 1895	581 14
Received from Collector Hotchkiss Taxes 1896	2,185 92
Received from Weighmaster	257 88
Received from Police Magistrate	21 37
Received from Ebenezer Hamill	13 91
Receive from Garrett county	300 00
Received from special license	25 00
Received from Bailiff Hall rues	96
Total	$4,068 7

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid police salaries 1 15 and 1896	$ 302 56
" Joseph Martin, sr., judgment	70 00
" for printing	51 00
" for boarding and transportation of tramps	20 65
" for repairs at locku	72 00
" sheriff's fees and fee bills	15 80
" police magistrate's fees	9 60
" D. E. Offutt & Sons, for bills	14 27
" election expenses	8 00
" bricks building	8 70
" J. M. Davis & Son, for bills	39 49
" for coal at engine house	21 56
" for surveying	17 25
" balance on the engine	500 00
" Oakland Electric Light Co	425 89
" collector's commissions, 1895 and 1896	1067 70
" for lumber, labor on sidewalks and crossings	1,118 70
" police uniform and extra police	31 75
" weighmaster	128 00
" for taxes paid in error	1 70
" F. Z. Tower, recording bonds, etc	9 75
" attorney's fees	50 00
" mayor, 1895	12 50
" clerks to council 1896 and 1896	87 50
" treasurer, 1896	25 00
" council salaries, 1895 and 1896	106 2
" interest on old drafts	60 00
Total	$3,934 15
Balance in treasurer's hands	105 61

LIABILITIES.

H. E. Offutt, dog bill and interest to Dec. 6, 1896	5 00
Oakland Electric Light Co., to March 1, 1897	61 18
Davis orders	1,50 61
Various other unpaid orders	6 81
Total	$1,577 50

ASSETS.

Uncollected taxes, 1895	$1,112 92
Uncollected taxes, 1896	1,103 22
In hands of treasurer as per report	105 61
Total	$2,321 75
Net indebtedness	$2,255 75
By real estate	$ 800 00
By fire eng

A LOST MOONSTONE.

BY ELEANOR W. F. HATES.

It was a large, bare room, whitewashed once, but now cobwebby as to the ceiling and dingy as to the walls. A dozen sewing machines stood about, each in such light as its worker could best attain. But no part of the room was dark, for there were large, high windows and an ample skylight, which let in a noble flood of sunshine, even to dazzling on a clear day, so that Miss Hall, the forewoman of the shirt factory, petitioned Mr. Chester for a curtain.

"Oh, don't shut out that lovely sunlight!" cried a fresh young voice.

"You'll be blind yourself some day, and then you'll know how good it is," replied the unrelenting forewoman.

"I'll send up Peter," said Mr. Chester. "Here's an order for six shirts. They must be just right and made by hand. The eyelet holes must be bigger than common, to accommodate the customer's stud. He left it for a measurement; here it is; keep it to-day, and hand it to me when you go home. Look out for it."

The patentee and manufacturer of Chester's superior shirts disappeared, and Miss Hall held up the gem and looked at it. Two or three girls left their seats and came, with sewing dangling over their arms, to inspect the stud. It was a really beautiful moonstone of unusual size and luster, set in the narrowest rim of gold.

"I've heard that they are costly things," said Miss Hall. "Go back to your work, girls, and don't idle any longer."

At the extreme end of the room sat two young women. One was a new hand, who had propitiated Miss Hall by a sample of exquisite needlework. Her name was Floretta Simpson. The other, Dolly Burr, was older, and had been in Mr. Chester's employ ever since he had patented his handmade shirts, which, from the unvarying excellence of their manufacture, were fast making his fortune. She was now initiating Floretta into certain technicalities. They had to change their seats; for Peter, general utility man, now appeared and draped a white cloth across the sunny skylight, to the darkening of the corner where the girls had placed themselves.

"Can you get along now, think?" said Dolly.

"Yes; you're awfully good," said Floretta. "I know how to sew, but I never could put a garment together. I couldn't do a whole shirt to save my life."

"Well, you won't have to here. We each have separate parts, and work on them all the year round. That girl over there does all the necks, unless there are too many; the new hands try the seams first. Last month we were rushed so it took all one girl's time just to put in gussets, and she's a quick worker, too. You're in luck to be set to tucking; I think it's such pretty work!"

"If these are all handmade garments, what are those machines doing there?" asked Floretta.

"Well, you see there is a cheaper garment which is substantially handmade, all but the seams; and when work is dull, Mr. Chester gets out a lot of them and sells to retailers; but they are not the patented article, and don't fetch the same price. You'll have to run a machine sometimes. I'd just as soon; it makes a change. I used to run a machine all the time, but that's hard work."

Floretta sewed in silence a few minutes.

"I hope I shall suit," she said, wistfully. "I never worked away from home before; and you don't know how bashful I felt when I first came in, and all you girls looked at me."

Up the stairs—for this attic room was reached by no elevator—fluttered a beautifully-dressed, fair-faced young woman. She rushed at Miss Hall, kissed her, nodded with a bright smile to two or three of the girls, and began to chatter volubly to the forewoman.

"That's Mrs. Chester," whispered Dolly. "She used to work here before she married Mr. Chester."

Floretta fixed her eyes on the pretty creature. "Can she sew?" she asked; and indeed one would have as soon thought of a butterfly or a white mouse sewing.

"Oh, pretty well; not so well as you and I," answered Dolly, candidly.

"I can't have so much noise here," said Miss Hall, raising her voice. "You must all sew more and talk less. Miss Simpson, if you've got that tucking done, I'll set you to work on these eyelet holes. I'll give you the stud to measure by. Now make the eyelet just right for the stem of the stud, neither too large nor too small. Here's the stud; for mercy's sake don't lose it!"

"Oh, let me see it," cried Mrs. Chester, rustling forward. "Oh, what a beauty! The idea of this being wasted on a man! It ought to be set in a lady's ring. Wouldn't it be a lovely pendant for a necklace? It is a cross between a pearl and a moonbeam."

She stayed talking some time longer, then departed, stopping on the top stair to say: "Oh, you poor girls! I wish you could all go to walk this lovely day."

Somehow it seemed darker after she had gone. The girls fell into a silence. Miss Hall called Peter to uncover the skylight. Floretta found herself short of thread, and, applying to the forewoman for more, was sharply rebuked for not returning her empty spool, as the rules required. It was now one o'clock. Some of the girls went out for lunch, while others produced small baskets, and in one corner an oil stove did yeoman duty in brewing divers cups of tea.

Floretta felt lonely. She looked at Dolly, but Dolly was setting out her dinner on the cover of a pasteboard box, so Floretta put on her hat and started for the stairs.

"If you're going out, Miss Simpson," said Miss Hall, looking up from some accounts she was auditing, "you'd better hand me that stud."

"I haven't it," said Floretta.

"You haven't it! Why, I gave it to you," said Miss Hall in a horrified voice, getting up in a violent hurry and beginning to search her "business pocket."

"Yes, I know you did," said Floretta, "and I measured an eyelet by it; but I haven't seen it since."

A hurried search took place, in which all the girls present joined.

Floretta stood on the top stair, not knowing whether to go or stay.

"Miss Simpson," said Miss Hall, sharply, "you'd better be hunting for that stud."

"I don't believe it's in this room at all," said a sewer who breathlessly arose from a prolonged dive under a table.

"I don't know about that," resolutely answered Miss Hall. She walked over to the speaking tube.

"Peter," she called, "ask Mr. Chester to come up here."

Mr. Chester came. Miss Hall talked with him in a low voice for some minutes. Floretta was extremely uncomfortable. She felt sure they were talking about her; besides, the other girls withdrew from her, eating in haste and for the most part silently, or with only slight murmurs to one another. She began to think she didn't want any dinner after all. She took off her hat and went to making eyelet holes again. Mr. Chester approached her.

"What about this stud?" said he, brusquely. "Don't you think you could find it by hunting a little longer?"

Floretta looked at him in silence. She did not know how to meet his words and manner. Her trembling mouth and tear-filled eyes were eloquent, however, and Mr. Chester softened a little.

"You see," said he, "you're responsible for it. You had it last. Now, if it got into your pocket—by accident, you know, or for safe-keeping—all you've got to do is to hand it out. Save lots of trouble."

"I haven't it," said Floretta. "I don't know where it is. I thought Miss Hall came and took it after I got through measuring."

Miss Hall, terrified by the loss of the moonstone, uttered an angry exclamation.

"Well, if that isn't impudence!" said she. "Serves me right for taking a girl without any reference; first time I ever did it, too! Might have known we should get in some light-fingered person!"

The gathering storm had broken; the accusation had been put into words. Floretta started to her feet; her eyes dried on the instant.

"You asked me for no references; I could have given you plenty," said she, with dignity. "Anybody at my home will speak for me—the minister, or the high school teacher or the postmaster—"

"How long will it take to hear from them?" asked Miss Hall, sarcastically. "I think," she added to Mr. Chester, "the quickest way will be to send for the police and have her searched."

"Will you turn your pocket inside out?" asked Mr. Chester.

"Not unless all the other girls do and Miss Hall, too," replied Floretta, indignantly.

Miss Hall gasped with resentment. Mr. Chester looked puzzled.

"Have you made a thorough search, Miss Hall?" he asked.

"Very," she replied with emphasis. He said no more, but with an anxious brow left the room.

Downstairs Mr. Chester went to the telephone and rang up his wife, who by this time had reached home; and this is what Peter heard:

"Flossie—Flossie, is that you? — I shan't be home to dinner—You could hear me if you didn't try to talk while I'm talking.—I shan't be home to dinner. Did you hear me then?—Because I've got to hunt up a customer's stud.—It got lost in the workroom somehow. I'm in a hurry. Good-by."

Floretta was faint for want of food, and she had received a nervous shock from the accusation uttered by Miss Hall.

"I feel sick. I ought to go home," she said to Dolly, who immediately offered to get a glass of water, to make a cup of tea, to fix a place for Floretta to lie down, and numberless other things.

But Floretta rose reluctantly and moved toward Miss Hall.

"If you have no more work for me, I think I will go home," she said.

"No, you can't go home till Mr. Chester comes back," snapped Miss Hall. "Should think you'd know better than to propose such a thing."

One by one the girls finished and folded their work. Those whose duty it was covered counters, shelves, tables and machines with large, white cloths, even Dolly began to make preparations for leaving. Conscious of innocence, Floretta felt no fear, and even wondered what the next development would be.

Her wonder was quickly satisfied. Up the stairs flew the same rustle and tinkle that had been heard once before that day, and Mrs. Chester burst upon the scene, her voice preceding her.

"Here's that horrid old moonstone Peter says you're all making such a fuss about!" she cried. "I fastened it to my watch chain to see how it would look as a pendant, and wore it home, and forgot all about it till you"—turning to her husband—"spoke through the telephone about a lost stud!"

Of the sewing girls present, some laughed, others exclaimed; Miss Hall stiffly said she had already begun to think she was mistaken about Miss Simpson; Mr. Chester gravely apologized for his wife in the fewest words possible; Mrs. Chester exclaimed and explained; Floretta alone said nothing.

She looked exceedingly white, however, and Mr. Chester called a carriage to take her to her boarding place. Dolly accompanied her, and, as the carriage rolled away, exclaimed: "The idea of Mrs. Chester wearing that stud home! I should think you'd be mad enough at the feather-headed little thing to shake her!"

"I am too glad the moonstone is found to be mad at anybody," said Floretta.—Housewife.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The oldest house in Maine is said to be the Sylvester house, at Small Point, the age of which is put at 150 years.

—On a train between Boston and Portland a mail clerk discovered a letter addressed to Frankfort-on-the-Main which was being sent to Maine.

—Robins and Mayflowers have already been reported in various parts of Maine, while other parts of the state are still in the throes of winter.

—In the seventeenth century the average duration of life was only 13 years; in the eighteenth, 20; in this century it is 36. Look out for the twentieth.

—A Utican paid a visit recently for the first time in 51 years to Alexandria, Va., to make a search for the house where he boarded in 1846 while recruiting for the Mexican war.

—No nettle shirt is needed by the clergyman who has charge of the German Baptist churches at Topeka and Atchison, Kan., who is reminded of his obligations every time he is addressed. He is Rev. Elibetrne.

—An English Scotchman was asked to tie up a dog, and resigned on the ground that it was the butler's duty. The butler declined and resigned, and after six servants had left, the earl tied the dog up himself.

—We need nearly 3,000 cubic feet of fresh air per hour for breathing purposes, but we can do with as little as 2,500. Children need less, and there are now building schools to give the children 1,800 cubic feet per hour.

—The largest orchard in Great Britain is at Tottington, in the county of Gloucester. It is 500 acres in extent, and in some seasons yields its owner, Lord Sudley, a profit of $50,000. The trees are chiefly apples and plums.

THE FASHIONS.

Odd Bits of Information About the Latest in Dress.

Tailor-made pique costumes will form one of the very smart styles for afternoon wear this summer.

The new three-piece skirt has a very wide front breadth.

Pointed epaulettes, toreador jacket fronts, and plain and folded girdles still lend great variety to spring street costumes and house toilets.

White batiste, silk mull and chiffon blouse vests and loose waist fronts are made with bands of handsome lace insertion that cross each other, forming blocks either large or small. A pretty effect is gained by placing pink, blue or mauve ribbon under the crossing bands, leaving the white blouse itself with no background of color.

Word comes from trustworthy French sources that fine gold necklaces, narrow bangle bracelets, and small Etruscan gold earrings and larger gold hoops set with pearls, moonstones and small diamond chippings are to return to fashionable favor.

Carnations, geraniums, gladioli, tulips, lobelia blooms, roses, cannn and wild quince blossoms are among the brilliant red flowers that are used upon spring hats and bonnets.

Loose silk and chiffon wrist fronts are trimmed with rows of gathered or plaited ruffles to simulate a bolero or jacket bodice effect. The same garniture is used on the neck, sleeve-tops, and at the wrist of the close coat-sleeves.

Some of the new very dressy models for summer gowns show the skirt laid in alternate accordion-plaitings and narrow braided or embroidered panels. Toilets of plain and embroidered linen batiste or grass linen are particularly effective so made up, and in rich black grenadines, satins and moires in combination some extremely elegant costumes are shown.—N. Y. Post.

ORIGIN OF "RESTAURANT."

An Interesting Philological Fact from France.

The French author, Maurice Cabs, recently published in La Republique Francaise an essay about the restaurants and eating houses of Paris, relating many interesting details. His story of how the term "restaurant" was first used is well worth repeating. For a long time inns and eating houses in France were only intended for the benefit of traveling people, for the people took their meals at home, and restaurants were unknown. The first enterprise of the kind was founded in Paris in 1765. A citizen by the name of Boulanger opened in the Rue des Poulies an eating house where soup, meat, fowl and eggs were served. A chronicler relates that meals were served there on small, round, marble tables and everything was scrupulously clean.

Over the entry to this first eating house the proprietor had hung a sign, upon which were the Latin words: "Venite ad me omnes quae stomacho laboratis, et ego restaurabo vos" (come unto me all ye whose stomachs need attention, and I will restore them). This is a parody on the well-known Biblical quotation: "Come unto me all ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," only in place of labor and heavy laden he said: "Whose stomachs need attention." The word "restaurabo," from the Latin "restaurare" (restore or refresh), was the main characteristic of the new establishment and gave it its name. Boulanger amassed a large fortune, for his enterprise proved eminently successful, but he was soon imitated, some of his imitators becoming more famous than he, like Borel, at whose place 120 years ago meals could be had for 150 francs ($30) per cover.—Chicago News.

A Pink Tea.

Mrs. Guffy—I want a pound of tea.

Mr. Shortweight—What kind, madam?

"Well, I'm tired of Young Hyson and Gunpowder, and I don't know hardly what kind to get. Oh, yes, I have it. Give me a pound of pink tea; I read so much of society ladies using it."—Express Gazette.

WHERE HARMONY DWELLS.

An Interesting Colony of Socialists in Tennessee.

About 50 miles due west of Nashville, where the mountains which make the eastern part of Tennessee so wild have not yet subsided into the wide, fertile valley of the Mississippi, but where the land is still varied by hills and fertile valleys, and cut by many streams, lies the forlorn little town of Tennessee City. It is legally a city, having been properly incorporated while under the influence of a boom which was assiduously blown up by a Chicago syndicate, but which has now completely flattened out.

Five miles due north from this pompously named absurdity lies Ruskin, a thriving community of some 200 souls.

Of these two places it is the village that is the prosperous community. Ruskin is a successful socialistic colony, and probably the most interesting on the continent. Its people are persons of high ideals, who seek to carry out in actual life the dreams of their philosophy. They could be more prosperous. They are happy and contented.

"Every member of this association shall surrender his natural freedom which leads him to disregard the rights of others, for the sake of civil or social freedom which, being based upon the principles of right and justice, has regard for his rights and the rights of all."

That is the corner stone of the community. Each member is an equal stockholder in the association, and all share exactly alike. Every member is guaranteed employment by all. A day's labor is fixed at nine hours. Every member receives exactly the same compensation for his work, no matter what it is; if sick, his pay goes on just the same.

There is no interference with individual tastes or private, religious or domestic affairs. The association owns all land and means of production and distribution, and owns all buildings, but each member owns his own household furniture and clothing. Members have seperate houses, but there is a common kitchen and dining hall. Some of the best laundry machinery has been put in, and will soon be put into operation. Schooling, medicine and medical attendance are furnished free, and there is a good school and kindergarten going, with 25 or 30 children.

The people in this little ideal world are nearly all Americans. There are a few Germans. They come from all over the union, but there are few if any from the south. Ohio and Pennsylvania furnish the largest quota. Very few come from farms and those who do have lived at least for a few years in cities, so that it can be said to be wholly a city community.

There is no church or minister in the place and no official religious services. If anyone wished to start religious services there would be no objection, but I doubt if it would be possible to get them officially recognized by the association. Some of the members are pronounced free thinkers. Almost all of them are bitter against church organizations as not doing their duty, but all of them admire Jesus Christ and many are deeply religious. The animating spirit of the colony is distinctively altruistic.

Imagine a community without police or sheriffs. Such a place is Ruskin. There are no officials save that one member is a notary public and another postmaster. There is no immorality, no thieving, no drunkenness. They do not keep or sell liquors.

The principal business of the community is the publishing of a socialistic weekly paper. This paper accepts no advertisements and prints no news, but it has an outside circulation of 35,000 copies, and on one occasion sold an edition of 100,000. They also publish a telegraphers' journal that has a considerable circulation, and issue yearly a number of books, chiefly on socialistic topics. The authors and editors are all members of the community, and receive for their literary labor precisely the same wages as woodchoppers and farmers and stablemen.

There are four known caves on their lands, and probably more, as this is the cave region. The one in the bluff back of the mill has a very imposing entrance. It is 45 feet high, 69 feet wide and extends back 200 feet or more. At one side of it a spring, or, rather, subterranean stream, comes out of the rock at the rate of 70 gallons a minute.

Half a mile down the valley is the stalactite cave. This, as far as has been explored, has no hall as large as the one in the other, but it has a number of winding passages, widening out into spacious apartments, and these are lined and festooned and punctuated with stalactites and stalagmites of all shapes and forms and some very beautiful crystalline formations. It also has a stream of water flowing through it and many unexplored passages, but in the known part there are more stalactites than in the whole Mammoth cave.

Applicants for admission to the association are required to pass a stiff examination in socialism. None but advanced socialists are permitted to join, and the admission standard is steadily rising.—N. Y. Herald.

Too Exhilarating.

Mrs. Biggs (thoughtfully)—I'm afraid I shall have to stop giving Bobby that tonic the doctor left for him.

Mr. Biggs (anxiously)—Why; isn't he any better?

"Oh, yes! But he has slid down the banisters six times this morning, broken the hall lamp, two vases, a pitcher and a looking glass, and I don't feel as if I could stand much more."—Tit-Bits.

Will Be Necessary.

"I think I'll take a course in Delsarte or something else that will make it impossible for me to be caught in an ungraceful pose," she said, thoughtfully. "You see, Harold intends to buy a camera this summer, and you know how it is with amateur photographers. Yes, of course. Eternal vigilance is the price of a good photograph."—Chicago Post.

Qualified Encouragement.

"Young man," said Senator Sorghum, to the protege who has been promised an appointment, "I shall not congratulate you; but there is one thing I desire to say."

"What is that?"

"If you display anything like the energy and anxiety in filling this position that you showed in getting it, you can't help being a brilliant success."—Washington Star.

MORE ECONOMICAL.

"Say, Mr. Barber, how much will you charge to cut my hair?"

"Twenty-five cents."

"Gee! guess you'd better gimme five cents' worth o' dot hair restorer you use."—Up-to-Date.

The Usual Way.

His love was a lass who, night and morn,
Milked a cow with a crumpled horn,
And though the lover was tattered and torn,
She vowed she never would leave him forlorn.
But the squire rode by in his one-hoss shay,
And fell in love with the rustic fay;
He was old, but rich, and the tattered jay
Figured second best man on her wedding day.
—R. G. Taber, in Philadelphia Press.

Her Faithless Vows.

"Before a girl is married she says she is willing to live on a desert island with her loved one."

"Of course; any real woman would feel that way."

"Yes; and after she is married she has to have her mother and sisters with her all the time."—Chicago Record.

Could Not Defend Himself.

"You say the lawyer absolutely refused to defend himself when the charge was made against him."

"He did."

"Well, that was a strange course for him to take."

"He said it would be against his principles for him to make any defense."

"In what way?"

"Why, he claimed that he was too poor to pay himself the retaining fee that he was accustomed to ask, and he couldn't conscientiously appear without one."—Chicago Post.

It's Coming.

They're getting ready for it—
For the poets all adore it—
That "little Easter bonnet,
With the lovely ribbons on it!"
It is coming, it is coming,
And their happy barps are humming;
And the lyric and the sonnet
Soon will grace the Easter bonnet.
And the paragraphers witty,
In the country and the city—
So that nothing may be lost us—
Will hit off the price it cost us!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Necessary Precaution.

Tramp (at kitchen door)—That cake smells temptin'.

Cook—It's some of the cookin' school young leddies made—twinty things mixed with forty things.

"I wish I had some."

"Wull, Oi'll give ye a piece if ye'll ate it out doors. Oi don't want ye to die in th' house."—N. Y. Weekly.

Not Susceptible.

The Boarder (pausing to rest)—This steak doesn't seem to like me, Mrs. Slimdiet.

The Landlady—How absurd! What do you mean?

The Boarder—Well, I can't make any impression on it, anyway.—N. Y. Journal.

Consolation.

Solo—I shall certainly sue this paper for libel. It calls me a liar, a beat, and a horsethief.

Bolus—You are sure to recover. You know that great principle in law, the greater the truth, the greater the libel. —Philadelphia Press.

His Hands Would Be Dumb.

Can you keep a secret?" asked the first deaf mute.

"Sure," was the reply of the other unfortunate. "Tell me and my fingers will never so much as breathe a word of it to a living soul."—N. Y. Journal.

A DISCORD IN THE CONCERT.

Surgery.

Consulting Surgeon—What is the matter here?

House Surgeon—This is a man who ate the first dumpling his wife ever made.

Consulting Surgeon—Um—he seems pretty weak. I guess we'd better not probe for the dumpling yet awhile.—N. Y. Truth.

Papa Sized Him Up.

"If you marry sister I know that you will give me a bicycle," said Tommy to the evening caller.

"Why this confidence, my boy?"

"Because papa says you have more kinds of wheels than any other young fellow that comes here."—Detroit Free Press.

To Save Her Features.

"Mrs. Tompkins wants to borrow your football mask."

"Gracious—what does she want with it?"

"She has to help Mr. Tompkins take off his porous plaster."—Detroit Free Press.

Set 'Em Up Again.

Tippler—I can tell you that it is pretty hard work keeping one's head above water these days.

Rippler—Yes! I should judge so by the color of your nose.—N. Y. Tribune.

Others Were Sad, Too.

"I'm saddest when I sing," she warbled, in agonized tones.

"There are others," was the inelegant reply of young Sawyer.—Tit-Bits.

An Infallible Standard.

Brown—Do you think you can judge a man by the kind of shoes he wears?

De Flyppe—I always judge a girl's father in that way.—Town Topics.

Charming Advice.

She—The doctor says that kissing must go.

He—Well, here goes. — Yonkers Statesman.

Her First Thought.

Benham—The wolf is at the door.

Mrs. Benham—Tell him to wipe his feet.—N. Y. Truth.

The Cause of the Trouble.

First Boarder—Is he dissatisfied with the board?

Second Boarder—Of course; but he isn't leaving on that account. He and the landlady ride different wheels, and they have quarreled.—Brooklyn Life.

What He Needed.

Doctor—You want some strengthening medicine.

Mr. Mulligan (emphatically—Oi do that, dochter. Shure, my woife is much stronger than Oi am, an' she beats me unmercifully!—Fun.

PITY THE POOR MAN.

"She married to spite somebody, I believe."

"Whom; do you know?"

"I don't know, but it looks as if it was her husband.—Harlem Life.

Courtesy.

The acme of politeness was reached by a mining superintendent who posted a placard reading "Please do not tumble down the shaft."—Melbourne Weekly Times.

The Vernal Martyr.

The poet's ardor never flags:
He sweetly sings of bird and bloom,
While maids with pails and scrubbing rags
Pursue him round from room to room.
—Chicago Record.

The Exact Location.

Dollie—Was it a quiet spot where you kissed Mollie?

Chollie—No; it was on the mouth.—Yonkers Statesman.

Fiction Pure and Simple.

"What I Told My Wife" is the title of a new book. It is almost needless to say that it is fiction.—Tit-Bits.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

SAD CASE OF FORGETFULNESS.

Though a mighty fine fellow is Marmaduke Moore,
He has one careless habit we greatly deplore
  In fair weather, or
  When the tempest will roar,
  And the heavens will pour,
He always forgets to shut tightly the door.

His friends will request it, yes, even implore,
And his father and mother will say o'er and o'er:
  "It would give us much joy
  If our good little boy
  Would but simply employ
Just a moment of time, dear, in shutting the door."

His sister's been sick for a fortnight or more,
His father's lungs weak, and his mother's throat sore,
  Because he'd forget
  In dry weather and wet,
  (And he hasn't learned yet),
Not to slam, but shut gently and tightly the door.

Though the trying to cure him's becoming a bore,
And the ways they have tried on him number a score,
  Yet, please, if you can
  Contrive a sure plan
  That will cure this young man
So he'll never forget to shut tightly the door.

—N. Y. Observer.

BOBBY AND BUNNY.

Story of the Misadventures of Two Little Runaways.

Little Bunny Rodent, one of a family of four young striped squirrels, as soon as his parents had left the nest to get some food for the family, told the others that he was quite old enough to be his own master, and look out for himself, and started off to do so.

An hour before Bobby Ransom had left the tent where they were camping in the Colorado hills, although he was forbidden to go by himself, and with rod, hook and line had gone up to the cold, swift-flowing stream in the canyon to try a little fishing. He had taken a baking-powder can with bait in it, and so it came to pass that soon after Bunny left his home he spied the little top shaped blue and red float on Bobby's line rolling on a smooth rock, for Bobby was tired of fishing and was playing with his line.

"Here's fun!" said Bunny to himself, and began to play with it as a kitten with a ball of yarn. This was much finer fun for Bobby than fishing, and the woods rang with his laughter at Bunny's antics. But after awhile in swinging the line the hook caught in the skin on Bunny's side, and Bobby landed him at his feet like a fish.

"What a nice pet he would be to take home!" said Bobby; so he emptied his bait, made a hole in the can cover that Bunny might get air, put him in, and carefully took out the hook, though Bunny chattered with fear and pain as he did so, and all the time he was in the

TWO RUNAWAYS.

box on his way to Bobby's home he wished he had not gone into business for himself that morning.

And as for Bobby, in some way he ran that same hook into the fleshy part of his right thumb, and get it out he could not. So not at all happy, and wishing that he had not disobeyed his mother, he started for home, but he went down the wrong side of the hill, and while Bunny's mother was dividing her mouthful of corn among her three little squirrels instead of four, Bobby's mother and a lot of other people from the tents and cottages near by were scouring the hills and deep, dangerous ravines, calling "Bobby Ransom!" and getting no answer but the echoes.

It was night before they found him, lying asleep by the side of a stream, his fishing-rod broken off near the point, the line he could not untie from the hook would round his swollen right hand, his shoes worn out and clothing badly torn, but he was still holding the can, inside of which poor hungry Bunny was scratching in vain to get out.

Bunny never got back to his parents, and Bobby said he would never run away again; a promise his sore hand kept in mind till he and Bunny went to his Kansas home.—Child's Paper, Americna Tract Society.

Language of a Pet Eagle.

Mr. W. Le C. Beard writes in St. Nicholas of a pet eagle named Moses, which he caught in the Arizona desert. Mr. Beard says: Moses had a language of his own, which, by the constant practice he gave us, we soon learned to understand. It consisted of a series of cries, all harsh and nerve-rasping, but perfectly distinct, each one expressing a different emotion. Thus, rage, entreaty, excitement and pleasure were each easily distinguished by those who knew him well. His one sylinble note of greeting was more explosive and perhaps a shade less disagreeable than the rest; and he had also a low, crooning sort of murmur; but this he used only in soliloquy, so to us it expressed only the fact that Moses was talking over things with himself.

A CHAMELEON'S EYES.

Grotesque Nightmare Which Stares Two Ways at Once.

The chameleon is in many ways a very queer creature; if he were only a little bigger he might pose as a model for the dreadful dragons of the story books. If a boy should take his slate and try to invent an animal, he would probably produce something very like a chameleon. The head is enormous, and being three-sided, with all sorts of projecting points and angles, this alone gives the harmless little reptile a grotesque and almost terrifying aspect; but the eyes with which he glares out of this extraordinary headpiece cap the climax. In the words of the great

A LILLIPUTIAN NIGHTMARE.

showman, they "must be seen to be appreciated."

On each side is an immense eye-ball, full and bulging, but covered with the same shagreened skin as the rest of the head except at the very center, where there is a minute aperture corresponding to the pupil. These great punctured eye-balls constantly roll about hither and thither, but with no coordination in their movement—so those who have watched them say. You cannot tell whether the absurd little reptile is looking at you or not; he seems to be taking a general view of things, looking at nothing in particular—or rather, as if to save time, looking at several things at once.

At first, perhaps, both optics are turned upward toward your face; a leaf quivers behind his head, and in a moment one eye turns in that direction, while the other retains its upward gaze. Presently a fly appears; one eye rapidly and intently follows all its motions, while the other still keeps close watch upon your face. One feels as if he were being "shadowed" by a malicious imp.

The chameleon's trick of changing color so as to suit his surroundings is too well known to call for comment. Altogether, this innocent but venomous-looking freak is a kind of Lilliputian nightmare, and has a decidedly uncanny effect on the spectator.

ORIGINAL UNCLE SAM.

He Was a New Yorker and His Name Was Samuel Wilson.

When we talk of the United States government in a familiar sort of way we call it "Uncle Sam"; and you have often seen pictures of Uncle Sam—a long, lean, old-fashioned Yankee, with a high hat and with a swallow-tail coat and breeches marked with the stars and stripes of the flag. The way in which the United States came to be called Uncle Sam is this:

During the war of 1812 the United States government entered into a contract with a man by the name of Elbert Anderson to furnish supplies to the army. When the United States buys anything from a contractor, an inspector is always appointed to see that the goods are what the contract calls for, and that the government gets full value. In this case the government appointed a man by the name of Samuel Wilson, who was always called "Uncle Sam" by those who knew him. He inspected every package and cask that came from Elbert Anderson, the contractor, and if he found that the contents were all right, the package or cask was marked with the letters "E. A.—U. S.," the initials of the contractor and of the United States. The man whose duty it was to do this marking was a jovial sort of fellow, and when somebody asked him what these letters meant, he said they stood for Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam. Everybody, including "Uncle Sam" Wilson himself, thought this was a very good joke; and by and by it got into print, and before the end of the war it was known all over the country; and that is the way the United States received its name of "Uncle Sam."

Mr. Wilson, the original "Uncle Sam," died at Troy, N. Y., in 1854, at the age of 84.—Clifford Howard, in St. Nicholas.

Horse Kills Mountain Lion.

In Los Angeles, a resident exhibits the skin of a mountain lion, got in a peculiar way. He was riding leisurely among the foothills when a mountain lion crossed his path, and was slinking away, as it generally does, when hastily tired at it with a light shotgun he carried. The lion, slightly wounded, came back in a rage and made a dash at him. The horse shied and the man was thrown, striking his head against a rock, and causing insensibility. When he came to his senses, his horse was standing over him, and a dead lion lay a little distance away. He examined the beast, and found its skull crushed like an eggshell. The horse had got a fair crack at him with his heels, and made an end of him.

Sparrows Worry a Rat.

A flock of sparrows worrying a rat was the unusual sight witnessed in a city street recently. They chased it back and forth determinedly and cruelly, and for a time made life a burden to the rodent. Probably it had been robbing their nests, since it was running wildly away from a building, with the noisy birds in full pursuit. The rat made several ineffectual attempts to find a hole in the sidewalk, but the birds headed it off every time, and would perhaps have finally killed it, but suddenly a cat made a dash at the sparrows, and the rat ran down an open cellarway and disappeared.

FARM AND GARDEN.

EGGS OF COMMERCE.

Big Business Done in the International Trading In Them.

There is a standard joke in the variety theaters, so often told that it has come to have a familiar sound to the ears of patrons, concerning a remark made by a city man who heard that eggs had gone down to a cent apiece: "I don't see how the hens can do it for the price." Notwithstanding the reduction in the price of eggs, and the almost unlimited supply of them in almost all countries that have developed their agricultural resources, it is a fact that the trade in eggs, their exportation from one country to another, has become a large item of international commerce, as some recent figures show. The case of Denmark is in point. Denmark's trade in eggs with foreign countries, chiefly with England and Scotland, has grown enormously. Twenty years ago the annual Danish export of eggs was 600,000; now it is reckoned at 110,000,000. In the same period the importation of eggs into England has increased tenfold, but only a part of the whole number came from Denmark, the two other egg exporting countries from which England draws its supplies being Holland and France. France exports to other countries 600,000,000 eggs in a year, and Italy exports 500,000,000 eggs in a year, chiefly to Austria and Germany.

The dairymen of the United States depend chiefly on the enormous home market, and they have rivals in the export of American eggs in the Canadians, Canada ranking next to France and Italy and ahead of Denmark and Holland as an egg-exporting country. Canada exports to other countries 300,000,000 eggs in a year. For the fiscal year of 1895 the treasury figures give the total exports of American eggs to foreign countries 151,000 dozen, which is equivalent to 1,812,000 eggs. In the fiscal year 1896, however, the total exportation of American eggs increased to 328,000 dozen, or 3,936,000 eggs, a little more than twice as much. The export figures for this year indicate a still further increase, and a market for American eggs is likely, therefore, to be secured in what the political campaign orators are accustomed to call, somewhat vaguely, the near future.

It is a somewhat curious fact that the weight of eggs is materially larger in northern than in southern climates. Canadian eggs, for instance, are heavier than those shipped from the United States, and eggs in the northern states of this country are heavier than those from the south.—N. Y. Sun.

BEES BY EXPRESS.

Some Valuable Hints Regarding Packing and Shipping.

An exchange gives the following directions for packing and shipping bees: The manner of packing depends somewhat upon the kind of hive, and to some extent on the season of the year. They can be shipped any time of the year when bees are flying. If the weather is comparatively cool, as in the spring and fall, they do not need so much ventilation as through the warm months. There is little danger, however, of giving too much ventilation at any time. Just how the ventilation can best be given depends upon the hive, but with almost any hive you can have the entire top covered with wire cloth, and that makes the colony safe against smothering. If the weather is hot the bees need a supply of water on their journey, which may be given by means of a sponge or a roll of rags saturated with water and placed on the top of the frames. If the hive contains loose-hanging frames, these must in some way be made fast. This may be done by driving nails through the ends of the top bars down into the ends of the hive, but the nails should not be driven in their entire depth, leaving their ends projecting so they can be drawn with a claw hammer. When placed on the cars, let the frames run parallel with the track; on a wagon they should run crosswise.

FOR SITTING HENS.

A Device That Is Easily Made and Saves Lots of Trouble.

A labor-saving device for use in setting hens is shown herewith. A shoe or grocery box of sufficient size is taken,

LABOR SAVING DEVICE.

and a nest is made in one end, as shown in the engraving, the top and front having been removed to show the interior. The bottom of the box is covered with road dust, or coal ashes and a shelf for setting in water and cracked corn—the best feed for sitting hens. Openings for air are made in each end. A hen can be placed on the nest, the cover of the box put on, and biddy left to her own devices until she brings off her brood. This plan takes away much of the care usually experienced in setting hens in spring.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Weight of Baby Pigs.

What is fair average weight of a pig at birth? At the Oklahoma experiment station a litter of five pure bred Poland-China pigs from a yearling sow averaged 2.6 pounds the day of birth. When seven days old they averaged 4.6 pounds. Five from an older grade Poland-China sow, out of a litter of seven, two having died, averaged 2.75 pounds at day of birth and 5.6 pounds when seven days old. Nine Duroc Jersey pigs, two others having died, from a two-year-old Duroc Jersey sow, averaged 2.44 pounds when one day old, 4.78 pounds when seven and 7.57 when 15 days old, two pigs having been lost in the meantime.

A DRESSMAKER'S TROUBLES.

Eyes Strained, Nervous System Shattered and Brain Affected, the Patient Then Becomes a Wreck.

From the Leader, Cleveland, Ohio.

"A dressmaker, you know, is by the very nature of her work compelled to overtax herself in many ways. This is especially true of the eyes and nerves, and therefore the brain and almost every other organ of the body. Very often a dressmaker must work by lamp or gaslight, and thus an undue strain is imposed on her optic nerves. The result of this over-tension with me was a constant and severe headache, lassitude, loss of appetite, and loss of sleep. Being in that condition, my work was naturally performed in a perfunctory manner, and for awhile I was compelled to rest entirely. While bending over my machine or putting the finishing touches to a new garment, my head would ache so violently that I could scarcely see. Often I went home and to bed supperless, because I had no appetite for food. And even then I was unable to sleep, and tossed about in mental and physical misery and distress." So spoke Miss Margaret Cain, of No. 110 Bazetta St., Cleveland, Ohio.

"Did I try any remedy? I tried fifty of them and they proved worthless. Then, on the recommendation of a friend who said she used them in her family and would use nothing else, I bought a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People at Jno. Asplins' drug store on Prospect Street, corner of Erie. At the time I purchased the pills I was suffering keenly from headache and a general worn out feeling. But I quickly began to recover my former spirits and vigor. The pills worked like a charm, and not only drove away the pain in my head and eyes, and that tired feeling—so well-known that it needs no description—but, restored my appetite. The medicine did even more than that. It made me strong and I began to increase in weight after buying the second box. My appetite was more vigorous than it ever was before in my life, and I was stronger and fleshier. Before the second box of pills was exhausted I had to stop taking them because I was increasing so rapidly in size and weight.

"It is scarcely necessary for me to say that the pills cured me of my headache and all the accompanying ailments. They did that and built up my system wonderfully. I now keep a box of the pills in my house all the time, and whenever I am troubled with a headache or am feeling indisposed in any other way, I simply take a pill and drive the ache, pain or weariness away. I have recommended the pills to others who follow the same occupation that I do, and they have profited by the suggestion, and are as sincere in their praise of the medicine as I am."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

He always wanted something new;
At last he had his way—
Rode home upon an open car
And caught pneu-mo-ni-a.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

It is astonishing how many men there are who can play the fiddle.—Washington Democrat.

An Appeal for Assistance.

The man who is charitable to himself will listen to the mute appeal of assistance made by his stomach, or his liver, in the shape of divers dyspeptic qualms and uneasy sensations in the regions of the gland that secretes his bile. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, my dear sir, or madam—as the case may be—is what you require. Hasten to use if you are troubled with heartburn, wind in the stomach, or note that your skin or the whites of your eyes are taking a sallow hue.

A milkman is the custodian of as many family secrets as a doctor, or preacher.—Atchison Globe.

"Star Tobacco."

As you chew tobacco for pleasure, use Star. It is not only the best, but the most lasting, and therefore the cheapest.

Every time a man runs across a real pretty girl he wishes he hadn't married.

When bilious or costive eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

There are more men than women who claim they are unable to work.—Washington Democrat.

You will find it less easy to uproot faults than to choke them by gaining virtues. Do not think of your faults, still less of others' faults; in every person who comes near you look for what is good and strong; honor that; rejoice in it; and your faults will drop off, like dead leaves, when their time comes.—John Ruskin.

As a man grows old his ideal woman becomes one who is a good nurse.—N. Y. Weekly.

"There," said the fond father, as the political procession passed by. "Does not that fill your young soul with high aspirations?" "You bet it does, pa," answered the little boy. "I'm goin' to get a broomstick an' begin practicin' for a drum major soon's I git home."

If you wish to be miserable, you must think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay to you, and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch, you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose.—Charles Kingsley.

The policeman saw that the mob was bound to wreck the building, and his own unaided efforts could not beat them off. But he had the presence of mind to run round the corner and yell: "Dog fight!" and in ten seconds there wasn't a man in the crowd who wasn't trying to find the dogs.

"If I'm not home by 11, Bessie," said a husband to his better, and bigger, half, "don't wait for me." "That I won't," said Bessie, significantly. "But I'll come for you." He was punctual, as usual.—Household Words.

We would hate to own a blooded dog; it takes so much to pay rewards for finding it.—Washington Democrat.

To laugh at men's affairs is woman's privilege, tending to enliven the domestic hearth.—N. Y. Weekly.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

What a Man Can Do With $1,000.

He can buy 160 acres of good land for $1,000. Pay $400 down; balance in three payments due in 3, 4 and 5 years at 7 per cent. He can also buy 100 choice ewes for $300 and ten good cows for $300. The milk and butter from the cows will pay all farm and family expenses. The increase of sheep and wool will pay off the mortgage before it is due. In five years he will have a farm all paid for and well stocked. For descriptive lists and prices address H. F. Hunter, Immigration Agent for South Dakota, 295 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Sunday School Teacher—"Who was Noah?" Pupil—"He was a weather prophet. When he said it was going to rain, nobody believed him."

Homeseekers' Excursion Tickets.

On February 15th and 16th, March 1st, 2d, 15th and 16th, April 5th, 6th, 19th and 20th, May 3rd, 4th, 17th, and 18th, 1897, Homeseekers' excursion tickets will be sold by the Cleveland, Akron & Columbus Ry., to nearly every point in the West, North and Northwest, South and Southwest at rates of about one fare for the round trip.

Parties contemplating a trip will do well to see or write to any C. A. & C. Ry. agent for rates of fare, limits of tickets and full information, or, to the undersigned. C. F. Daly, General Passenger Agent, Cleveland, O.

The mathematics of marriage—man becomes an integer instead of a fraction; he "halves his sorrows, doubles his joys," and multiplies his usefulness.—Ram's Horn.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 1-4 the price of coffee. 15c. and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Opinions are good things to have in life, but an extra pair of suspenders are often of more practical value.—Ram's Horn.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. Cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmstead, Le Roy, N. Y.

No woman in praising her children ever said anything that was interesting or original.—Atchison Globe.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed. 50c and $1.00, all druggists.

Nothing humiliates a man more than a woman to find it necessary to take him down a peg.—Atchison Globe.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

Calling a man hard names is often only another way of saying that he dares to differ from you in opinion.—Ram's Horn.

The public awards the palm to Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for coughs. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

"What is a crank, papa?" "A crank, my son, is a fellow who goes around with his wheel."

For Whooping Cough, Piso's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. P. Dieter, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1894.

Nothing makes a man so mad as for you to keep cool when he is abusing you.

The pain that tortures—sciatica. The cure that cures it—St. Jacobs Oil.

A danger foreseen is half avoided.—N. Y. Weekly.

Stand straight and strong—St. Jacobs Oil cures lame back—cures promptly.

Self-love is not so great a sin as self-forgetting.—N. Y. Weekly.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c.

A poor free lunch costs more than a good dinner.—Ram's Horn.

Long and short—years with rheumatism no time with St. Jacobs Oil—and a cure.

Too much sugar will spoil what might prove an excellent dish.—N. Y. Weekly.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets candy cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made.

No woman ever lacks self-confidence when she is arguing about religion.

Sore and stiff from cold; don't wait and suffer; use St. Jacobs Oil and get cured.

They who have most of heart know most of sorrow.—N. Y. Weekly.

A man bumps himself with lumbago. He hustles when cured by St. Jacobs Oil.

THE BURDENS OF THE FARMER'S WIFE ARE MANY FOLD

and often seem to be greater than she is able to bear, This is doubly true when sickness comes to her and leaves in its wake that condition of lassitude which bespeaks a broken down condition. The most fruitful causes of these conditions are

FEMALE COMPAINTS, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, URINARY TROUBLES, GENERAL DEBILITY, AND MALARIA.

A sure and effectual remedy for these and all diseases resulting from disordered Kidneys and Livor is

Warner's Safe Cure

It is a purely vegetable preparation that has cured thousands and will cure you.

Large sized bottles or new style smaller ones at your nearest store.

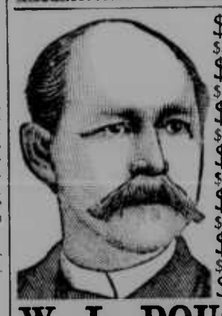

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W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE BEST IN THE WORLD.

For 14 years this shoe, by merit alone, has distanced all competitors.

Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers as the best in style, fit and durability of any shoe ever offered at $3.00.

It is made in all the LATEST SHAPES and styles and of every variety of leather.

One dealer in a town given exclusive sale and advertised in local paper on receipt of reasonable order. If Write for catalogue to W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

The Waverley Bicycle

ECONOMY IS WEALTH

$60

Any child can see at a glance the saving to the purchaser of the Waverley Bicycle. The famous model of last year is greatly improved, yet the price is but $60. We have no new machinery to buy.

A $100 Waverley for fastidious people. New features everywhere. Its bearings are absolutely true, and dustproof. The price is $100 to everyone.

Catalogue Free.

Indiana Bicycle Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

A. N. K.—C 1653

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

The Best. Rest. Test.

There are two kinds of sarsaparilla: **The best—and the rest.** The trouble is they look alike. And when the rest dress like the best who's to tell them apart? Well, "the tree is known by its fruit." That's an old test and a safe one. And the taller the tree the deeper the root. That's another test. What's the root,—the record of these sarsaparillas? The one with the deepest root is Ayer's. The one with the richest fruit; that, too, is Ayer's. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has a record of half a century of cures; a record of many medals and awards—culminating in the medal of the Chicago World's Fair, which, admitting Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best—shut its doors against the rest. That was greater honor than the medal, to be the only Sarsaparilla admitted as an exhibit at the World's Fair. If you want to get the best sarsaparilla of your druggist, here's an infallible rule: Ask for the best and you'll get Ayer's. Ask for Ayer's and you'll get the best.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER

10¢ 25¢ 50¢ ALL DRUGGISTS

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 917.6

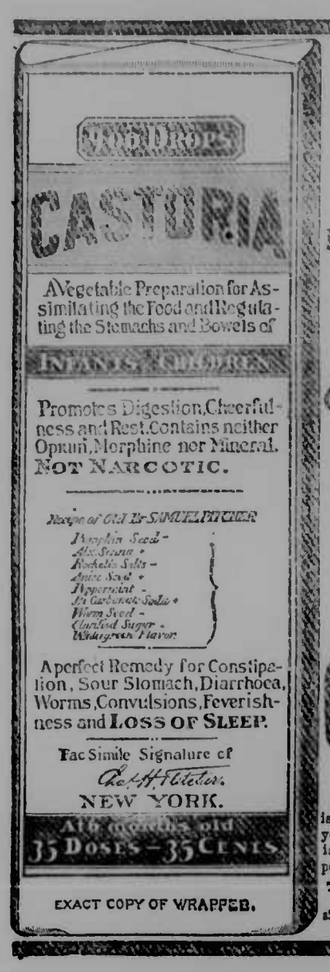

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—OF—

Chas. H. Fletcher.

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CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. It does not allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

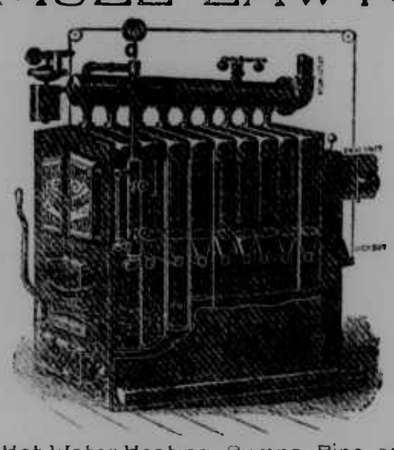

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BICYCLES AND BICYCLE REPAIRING.

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MONROETON GOLD CURE INSTITUTE,

ARLINGTON HOTEL, ORAFTON.

For the Treatment of Liquor, Morphine and Cigarette Habit.

Absolute Cure Guaranteed. All Communications Strictly Private. 45-13

We have a plan by which Farmers can get

TOOL CHESTS FREE

containing of first-class quality (guaranteed) every tool—Axes, Saws and Planes included—necessary for any vehicles, handimen or build a house. Three two-cent stamps and the name of this paper will secure particulars. Powell Fertilizer & Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

FREE HOMES

...IN...

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160 Acres of Land FREE to Every Citizen.

1,000,000 ACRES

FINE TIMBER LANDS

RICH

Farming and Grazing LANDS.

FRUITS Grow in Abundance.

FINE CLIMATE.

No Extreme Heat or Cold Weather.

NO TAXES For Seven Years

CONVENIENT TO MARKETS

Settling up very fast by EASTERN PEOPLE.

Full particulars free.

Address

A. C. HARVEY,

42 S. Third Street, Phila., Pa.

17—52

R. BOLDEN,

Tin, Galvanized and Sheet Iron

WORKER.

Roofing and Spouting Done on Short Notice.

Special Attention Given to Repairing.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED. GIVE US A CALL.

BROWN

—FROM A—

Horse

—AND—

Severely Injured.

"My boy was thrown from a horse and badly injured and laid up, in fact he was almost helpless. For the benefit of humanity I wish to add my few lines in praise of Yager's Cream Chloroform Liniment. My boy was so badly injured that he could not walk. I procured a bottle of this Liniment, and less than a bottle cured him. I used the balance for myself as I was suffering with my back and it cured me. I think every family ought to know what this Yager's Liniment is and always keep a bottle on hand. It is also the largest bottle of Liniment, that is, good Liniment; I have ever seen to sell for twenty-five cents."

J. J. RYE, Liberty, Texas.

This is only one of hundreds of such letters of praise, received by the proprietors of

Yager's

Cream Chloroform

Liniment.

Dealers all sell it.

Large Bottles, 25 Cents.

Try it, but take no substitutes.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, April 26, 1897.

Washington isn't dedicating the Grant Monument, but it is sending over to New York some of the most prominent persons who will take part in or view the dedicatory ceremonies. President McKinley and his cabinet, the diplomatic corps, the Supreme Court, Mrs. Grant and members of Grant family, and a delegation of prominent Army and Navy officers and their families went on one special train to-day. The Senate and House Committees, who go as the official representatives of the legislative branch of the Government went on regular trains and to suit individual convenience, but the members will meet and remain together during the ceremonies. Many other Senators and Representatives have also gone, as it was agreed beforehand that no business whatever should be transacted at the meetings of the House and Senate to-day, and those to be held Thursday, they being held merely to comply with the constitutional requirement as to the length of time that either branch of Congress may adjourn without the adoption of a concurrent resolution.

It is expected that President McKinley will shortly modify the civil service rules. He has had an extended conference with the Civil Service Commission. Secretary Wilson stated before the Senate sub-committee, which is investigating the workings of the civil service law and rules, that the present rules hampered him in selecting efficient scientific subordinates, and in a written communication, Secretary Gage expressed the opinion that a modification of the rules would be beneficial to his department.

Representatiee Dorr, of West Virginia, has introduced a bill for the outright repeal of the civil service laws, and he declares his intention to do everything he possibly can to get the bill acted upon.

Nothing could better illustrate President McKinley's idea of the relation that should exist between the Federal administration and the public than the official announcement of the selection of Judge Wm. R. Day, of Canton, Ohio, to be First assistant Secretary of State and ex-Representative Bellamy Storer, of Ohio, to be U. S. Minister to Belgium, three days before their nominations were sent to the Senate. President McKinley believes that as soon as anything has been determined upon the people have a right to be informed of it, and acts accordingly.

Secretary Wilson is much pleased with the reception of his effort to increase the culture of sugar beets in those sections of the country where the soil and climate seems to indicate success with this crop. So great has been the demand for the seeds that the large supply contracted for by Secretary Wilson when he first took charge of the Agricultural department has been almost exhausted.

The death of Representative Milliken recalls the fact that no member of the Maine Congressional delegation died in office before Mr. Milliken, since 1888, when Representative Jonathan P. Cilley, of Maine, was shot dead by Representative Graves, of Kentucky, with whom he fought a duel.

Senator Allison, who is a member of the sub-committee engaged in going over the Dingley bill before it is reported to the full Finance Committee—by the way, this sub-committee is not taking any holiday either night or day this week—gave a caller a good idea of the manner in which the work of revision is being done, when he said: "Here is a letter from a manufacturer of blacking. How many ingredients do you suppose there are that enter into this manufacture? Well, more than a dozen. Some of these ingredients have been transferred from the free to the dutiable list. Some have had the rates increased and some decreased. Each article has a direct bearing on this man's business. He writes us that blacking is sold in packages of a certain size, which cannot well be varied, also that most of the blacking is imported from France, and that the industry in this country is in its infancy but is making fair progress. If we retain the House rates on certain ingredients he mentions, he asks that we also make a small increase on blacking and suggests that it will be easier to do this than to change the rates on the dozen articles which enter into his product. His request does not seem unreasonable, does it, if the facts are as he states? Well, we have looked into the rates on every one of the ingredients mentioned and their bearing on his product, and find his statement correct. That is the way we are doing our work on the tariff bill, and I think it is better than to do this man an injustice and possibly give his business to the French manufacturers." The sub-committee expect to complete its work on the bill this week, and it is hoped that the bill can be reported to the Senate next week.

Many cases of "Grippe" have lately been cured by One Minute Cough Cure. This preparation seems especially adapted to the cure of this disease. It acts quickly, thus preventing serious complications and bad effects in which this disease often leaves the patient. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mrs. A. Inveen, residing at 720 Henry St., Alton, Ill., suffered with sciatic rheumatism for over eight months. She doctored for it nearly the whole of this time, using various remedies recommended by friends, and was treated by physicians, but received no relief. She then used one and a half bottles of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which affected a complete cure. This is published at her request, as she wants others similarly afflicted to know what cured her. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

APPOINTMENT OF TRUSTEES

OFFICE OF GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., April 27, 1897.

Notice is hereby given that the Board of School Commissioners for Garrett county will meet in their office in Oakland on

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1897,

for the purpose of appointing trustees for the several school districts of the county to serve for a term of one year, or until their successors are duly appointed and qualified.

By order of the Board

8-2 H. G. PALMER, Secretary.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of the authority vested in the undersigned, Harry L. Woodward, by a certain mortgage made and dated the 11th day of November, in the year 1895, between Alonzo H. Frey, of Garrett county, State of Maryland, of the first part, and Joseph E. Woodward, Harry L. Woodward, Mary E. Woodward, and Edward E. Woodward, trading and doing business under the firm name and style of Woodward Manufacturing Company, of Wood county, State of West Virginia, of the second part, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note for four hundred and seventy-two dollars and ninety-six cents ($472.96) fully described in said mortgage, notice is hereby given that I, the said Harry L. Woodward, will, on

Friday, May 21, 1897,

at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., at the livery stable of A. H. Frey, near Loch Lynn Hotel, Loch Lynn Heights, sell at public auction the property described in said mortgage, consisting of the following property, to-wit:

Six Horses, one Phaeton, one Buggy, one Cart, one Mountain Wagon, seven sets of Harness, four Saddles, four Riding Bridles, one dozen Head Halters, etc., etc.

To said mortgage recorded in Mortgage Record, Liber E. Z. T. No. 29, folio 52, etc., one of the records of said Garrett county, reference is hereby made for all the else contained.

TERMS OF SALE—Cash on the day of sale.

8-4 HARRY L. WOODWARD.

TAX SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," I, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

Saturday, the 1st Day of May,

1897, at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the court house in Oakland, Maryland, offer and sell at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all the coal and other minerals underlying all those certain tracts or parcels of land constituting the residue of the tract of land called "Addition to Paradise," containing

898 ACRES,

and all the coal and other minerals underlying that other tract of land called "Beechwood," containing

41 and 11-16 ACRES,

together with the right to enter upon said tracts of land to dig, mine and take away the coal and other minerals underlying same and the right to construct ways and railways or to excavate openings upon said land, or to dig or sink shafts, or to do and perform all such other acts as may be necessary or proper for the purpose of digging, mining or removing the coal or other minerals from under and off of said lands.

The lands above referred to are situate in Election District No. 8 of said Garrett county and the minerals underlying same, with all the rights appertaining thereto were sold and conveyed to The Bayard Coal and Coke Company by Wm. Whitmer and wife by deed dated Jan. 24th, 1890, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 29, folio 383, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, to which deed reference is made.

Said minerals, with all rights appertaining thereto, will be sold to satisfy said pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1894 and 1895, as is charged to The Bayard Coal and Coke Company on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and the costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale, as provided by the aforesaid statute.

EDWARD E. SOLLARS,

5-4t. Late Treasurer.

DISSOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.

This is to give notice that the co-partnership heretofore existing between M. H. DeWitt and J. J. Ferguson, doing a general mercantile business at Song Run, Garrett County, has been dissolved by mutual consent.

M. H. DeWITT,
J. J. FERGUSON.

5-3

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county at the suit of the Exchange Bank of Wheeling against Joseph C. Alderson and to the undersigned directed, being No. 17 Judicial to July term, 1897, of said court, I have seized and taken in execution all the right, title and undivided interest which the defendant Joseph C. Alderson holds in certain lands situated in Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, on his own behalf as well as his life estate in the lands of his deceased wife Mary P. Alderson, it being his undivided interest in Military Lots known as numbers 915, 917, 920 and 922, containing fifty acres of land each, and being the same lands which are more particularly described in a deed to S. P. Baker from Richard S. McCulloh, dated the 25th day of May, 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 28, folio 75, one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

Second. All of his undivided interest in and to those Military Lots situated near Loch Lynn Heights numbered 880 and 881 containing fifty acres of land each, and described in a deed from George P. White and wife to said defendant and others, by deed dated August 1st, 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 128, folio 181.

Third. Also his interest in a house and lot on Seneca street in the town of Loch Lynn Heights, and being the lot on which the George P. White dwelling house now stands as shown on the plat of Alderson's Addition to the Mountain Home Company.

And I hereby give notice that on

Saturday, the 15th Day of May,

1897, at the hour of two o'clock p. m., of said day, in front of the court house, in the town of Oakland, I will offer at public sale to the highest bidder for cash on the day of sale all of the undivided interest of the said Joseph C. Alderson in the aforesaid described real estate, both individually and the right of his wife, in which he holds an interest. The aforesaid interest will be sold to satisfy the above execution and costs.

Owing to the proximity of the aforesaid lands to the growing towns of Loch Lynn Heights and Mountain Lake Park the above lands are valuable and eventually can be converted into town lots, besides said properties are improved and constitute good farms.

Terms of sale: Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN,
7-3t Sheriff of Garrett County.

TEETHING TROUBLES

are controlled and cured by

LAUGHLIN'S

INFANT CORDIAL

If the baby comes safely through the teething period its most dangerous time is past. The Cordial relieves the tingling ache of the little gums, controls the bowels, cures colic—brings safely out of danger.

Every bottle guaranteed.

All druggists, 25 cents.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Prop's, WHEELING, W. VA.

Wm. Frederick, jr., & Son,

OF FRIENDSVILLE, MD.,

Are quoting an array of extreme bottom figures never before mentioned by any house anywhere, solvent or insolvent, no matter whether cash or credit.

Big prices will not do in these times when even the wealthy cannot afford to waste their money, and the poor require double duty of every Dollar and every Penny.

We deal in good goods and not in trash, and believe the masses will patronize the house that sells the best goods for least money.

We offer such unanswerable arguments as no house can match—leaders and specialties at quotations that no other can offer—stern and stubborn facts that will level your head on the subject of genuine bargains.

We invite an early and repeated visit and inspection; our stock will be replenished every few days, and to merchants we offer some special leaders fully 15 to 20 per cent less than current prices in New York City.

Don't forget the place but just follow the crowd into the

Great New York Racket Department Store,

of the above firm.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

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ROOFING,

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.

PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.

REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.

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WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH, Mt. Lake Park, Md.

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Furniture, Carpets, Matting, Oil Cloth, Window Shades, Wall Paper,

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Repairing Furniture and Picture Framing a Specialty.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.
IN EFFECT FEBRUARY 28, 1897.

SOUTHWARD No. 3	SOUTHWARD No. 1	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2	NORTHWARD No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
8 00*	7 00† lv	Cumberland ar	*12 15	*7 30
3 26	7 26	Rawlings	11 50	7 05
3 15	7 35	Keyser	11 28	6 48
4 00	8 00	Westernport	11 15	6 30
4 04	8 01	W. Va. C. June.	11 11	6 24
4 34	8 35	Shaw	†10 45	5 57
5 00	9 01	Harrison	10 19	*5 29
6 15	9 45* ar	Elk Garden	8 00	*4 00
5 35	9 40† lv	Gorman	9 40	4 53
5 42	9 46	Huyard	9 31	4 47
5 54	9 57	Dabbin	9 23	4 38
6 27	10 27	Thomas	8 53	4 06
6 55	10 55 ar	Davis	8 00	3 15
6 34	10 34 lv	Coketon	8 46	4 01
7 01	11 01	Hendricks	8 15	3 30
7 07	11 07	Bretz	8 08	3 23
7 10	11 10	Parsons	8 05	3 20
7 45	11 45	Kerens	7 30	2 45
8 09*	12 09† ar	Elkins	lv *7 15	12 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
				P. M.
	3 05* ar	Bealington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

Ripans Tabules relieve scrofula.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 15—1yr

FRED A. THAYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

GILMOR S. HAMILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1613-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

DR. J. G. ROBINSON, DENTIST, Felty Building, Opposite Postoffice, OAKLAND, MD. GAS ADMINISTERED. 50-07

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON OAKLAND, MD.

Residence on North 3rd Street. Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building. Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel. Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street. Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.* Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

THOMAS R. McROBIE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street. All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

E. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Residence and P. O. Address, 2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER. Will sell Real or Personal Estate Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE. AUCTIONEER! *Will sell Real or Personal Property* Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1897.

ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties, Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

Andrew B. Gonder, Att'y at Law. Alexander C. Mason, Surveyor.

GONDER & MASON, :: REAL :: ESTATE :: AGENTS, :: OAKLAND, MD. 40—1yr. Office, Shartzer's Opera House.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN, SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER. LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 29 6

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFETT, President. G. S. HAMILL, V. President. S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted. Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

PIEDMONT STONE & LIME CO.,

Owned and operated by The E. J. Fredlock Manufacturing and Building Company, of Piedmont.

WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH THIS

Superior Lime

TO BUILDERS, FARMERS AND TANNERS IN BARRELS OR BULK TO SUIT PURCHASERS.

This lime is equal in strength for agricultural, building and tanning purposes to the Frederick or Baltimore county lime.

KILNS AT CRABTREE, MD.

Address all orders to

The E. J. Fredlock M'f'g and Bld'g Co., 45 29 PIEDMONT, W. VA.

WANTED:

ROCK OAK BARK.

Write for prices.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO., 49-13 CUMBERLAND, MD.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1897. NUMBER 9.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby—Personal Mention, Etc.

April showers slopped over into May.

Decoration Day falls on Sunday this year.

All kind of Bicycle repairing done at Lawton's.

The ulster and the straw hat struggle for supremacy.

A half-shot man and a loaded gun are dangerous companions.

Bicycles $40, $50, $60 and $75, at Lawton's. Call and see them.

Mr. Walter D. Collier, of Friendsville, was in the city last Friday.

The bicycle breaks many a man before the man breaks the bicycle.

Headquarters for style, price and quality in straw hats at Townshend & Son's.

Mr. D. E. Offutt was in Washington on business two or three days this week.

The semi-weekly meeting of the Auxiliary will be held at the Rectory to-night.

Mr. J. B. Sommerville, receiver for the Loch Lynn Hotel, was in Oakland yesterday.

Bishop Paret will visit St. Matthew's church for confirmation Sunday, May 30.

Latest styles out in ladies' collars, cuffs, shirt waists, ties and belts at Townshend & Son's. 8-3t

Mr. George M. Menhorn, of Accident, spent Sunday and Monday in Oakland with relatives.

FOR SALE.—A town lot suitable for building purposes, 60X160 feet. Inquire at this office.

The whole country, in this section at least, was covered with about an inch of snow Monday morning.

Messrs. E. W. C. Ryland and Thos. Frazee, of Friendsville, were in Oakland last Thursday on business.

Mr. N. B. Browning, of Terra Alta, formerly of Cranesville, was in Oakland yesterday on a business trip.

Wood handle bars, saddles, toe clips, tubes and a full line of bicycle sundries at Sam Lawton's. 8-3t.

For sale or rent—The New Glade Hotel property, Oakland, Md. Apply to Mrs. J. L. Peters, Frostburg, Md.

Miss Bessie Browning, daughter of ex-Senator R. T. Browning, is in Cumberland visiting Miss Lanora Twigg.

Mr. Chas. J. Newman has disposed of his stock of goods and fixtures to different parties and retired from business.

Mr. Albert Fraley has moved from Mrs. Hamill's house on Second street to Mrs. E. E. Chisholm's house on Alder street.

Mr. William J. Wilson, of Gormania, was in Oakland last Friday a few hours, and of course paid his respects to this office.

Mr. Jos. W. Cogley was in Ryans Glade erecting a foundation for a large dwelling for Mr. Israel Thompson last week.

Mr. J. Lee Harné, of Clarksburg, W. Va., spent Sunday, Monday and part of Tuesday in Oakland visiting his parents and other relatives.

Ladies' shoes and oxfords, in black, tan and chocolate, and children's tan, chocolate and black shoes and slippers, all prices at Townshend & Son's.

Mr. George E. Bishoff, of Hoyes, who has embarked largely in the dairy business, brought a load of dairy products to town Tuesday and disposed of them to his customers.

Mr. John Shartzer, as receiver, has [illegible] in to-day's issue of THE CAN, at receiver's sale the [illegible] the Loch Lynn Store Co., in[illegible] place on the premises Saturday, May 29th.

Mrs. L. B. C. List was at Loch Lynn Heights and in Oakland yesterday making arrangements to open the Loch Lynn Hotel on June 15th. The prospects for this house the coming season are remarkably bright.

Mr. M. Cohen, the tailor, has moved his establishment from the corner of Alder and Third streets to the Malette building on Second street, where he has a nicely appointed room for his line of trade.

E. E. Turner, of Compton, Mo., writes us that after suffering from piles for seventeen years, he completely cured them by using three boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cures eczema and severe skin diseases. Oakland Pharmacy.

A big freight wreck occurred at Buckhorn wall on the Cheat river grade west of Rowlesburg yesterday morning in which 12 freight cars and engine No. 1238 were almost completey demolished. Luckily none of the trainmen were killed although all had narrow escapes. As a consequence of the wreck all morning trains were dispatched by Cumberland over the Pittsburg division.

Rev. S. M. Engle, who is visiting his parents near Harper's Ferry, writes that Rev. J. E. Triplett, of Elk Branch church, West Va., will preach in the Garrett Memorial church here on Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

James Rankin, a Frostburg saloonkeeper, is on trial in the Allegany County Court for the murder of Wayman Dorsey, colored. The indictment charges that Rankin knocked down the negro, and threw him out of doors. Dorsey died soon afterward.

It is surprising what a "wee bit of a thing" can accomplish. Sick headache, constipation, dyspepsia, sour stomach, dizziness, are quickly banished by DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Small pill. Safe pill. Best pill. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Daniel Hinebaugh went to Baltimore last Thursday morning, where an operation was performed by the surgeons in the Maryland General Hospital and a cancer removed from his lip. He arrived home yesterday evening.

Don't allow the lungs to be impaired by the continuous irritation of a cough. It is easier to prevent consumption than to cure it. One Minute Cough Cure taken early will ward off any lung trouble. Oakland Pharmacy.

J. B. Crouch has purchased the plant of the Parsons, (W. Va.,) *Constitution* and removed it to Frostburg, consolidation with the *News* recently established there having been effected.

If you have ever seen a child in the agony of croup, you can appreciate the gratitude of the mothers who know that One Minute Cough Cure relieves their little ones as quickly as it is administered. Many homes in this city are never without it. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. W. Perry Lee, of District No. 8, was in Oakland last Thursday on business and whilst here gave us a lift in moving our new press up the stairway. He is equal to a steam engine when it comes to moving anything.

We acknowledge a pleasant and fraternal visit from Rev. D. A. Deuton, editor of the M. E. *Times*, published at Parkersburg, W. Va., on Monday. Rev. Deuton preached in St. Paul's church in Oakland Sunday morning and evening and on Monday night addressed the Epworth League.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Blackaller, who spent two or three weeks in Oakland as guests of Mrs. Lowenstein's boarding house, went to Piedmont Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Blackaller made many warm friends during their stay in Oakland and their departure will be regretted.

Many cases of "Grippe" have lately been cured by One Minute Cough Cure. This preparation seems especially adapted to the cure of this disease. It acts quickly, thus preventing serious complications and bad effects in which this disease often leaves the patient. Oakland Pharmacy.

The rise in the Potomac river caused by the heavy rains of the past few days, has washed the new dam out below Cumberland which supplies the canal with water, causing a loss to the canal company of over $10,000. The water at one point east of Cumberland covered the B. & O. tracks Tuesday.

According to the newspapers, an Ohio husband became the happy father of seven children not long ago. Of the seven all lived but one. It is to be hoped that he laid in a supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, the only sure cure for croup, whooping-cough, colds and coughs, and so insure his children against these diseases. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

An accident by a blast occurred at Frankville, on Wednesday afternoon, in which a young man named Stemple and two or three others were injured by a premature explosion. The charge had been duly prepared for a "blast" and the fuse lit, but it failed to explode. About two hours afterwards the men took water and poured into the hole and commenced to "pick" the charge out when it exploded with the results as mentioned above. Mr. Stemple will in all probability lose one eye.

The Westfield (Ind.,) *News* prints the following in regard to an old resident of that place: "Frank McAvoy, for many years in the employ of the L. N. A. & C. Ry. here, says: "I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy for ten years or longer—am never without it in my family. I consider it the best remedy of the kind manufactured. I take pleasure in recommending it." It is a specific for all bowel disorders. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Philippi has an office in which no member of the entire force, from the editor to devil, has never tasted whiskey, taken a chew of tobacco, smoked a cigar, swore an oath, and none, save the editor, ever went to see the women. It ain't our office. The *Republican* claims this distinction. It reminds us of a remark made in Philippi once upon a time. A young lady remarked to a friend that she was "sweet sixteen and had never been kissed," to which he replied, "my gracious girl, what you've missed."—Philippi Plaindealer.

A Wedding In Prospect.

Cards have been issued by Mrs. Margaret Lawton announcing the coming marriage of her daughter Alice Beaird to Mr. J. Rowland Whitman, of Clarksburg, on Wednesday evening, May 12th, at 7.30, at her home near Oakland.

Interstate Fish Law.

Governor Atkinson, of West Virginia, has promulgated the interstate fish law, passed by the Maryland and West Virginia legislatures for the protection of Potomac river fish.

Episcopal Services for Sunday.

St. Matthew's church, Oakland, at 11 a. m. Loch Lynn, 3.30 p. m. Swanton, 7.30 p. m.

30,000 Pounds of Wool Wanted

By a large concern in the east. Highest cash prices paid. John Felty, jr. See us before selling. 9-8

Loch Lynn Election.

Monday the citizens of Loch Lynn Heights held their annual election for two members of the town council. No nominating convention was held and the citizens voted for whom they pleased. Mr. E. F. Smouse was elected, he receiving 15 votes. Messrs. Warren Rathbun and B. F. Crane each received 11 votes, the next highest, which will probably cause a new election to be held. Geo. P. White received 9 votes, C. J. Bunce 5 votes and William White 1 vote.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks to the many friends and neighbors who so kindly assisted us in our late bereavement, and especially to the children for their floral tributes.

MR. & MRS. J. D. ASHENFELTER.

Dentistry.

Dr. D. O. McKinley will visit Mountain Lake Park May 3d; rooms at J. L. Echard's; Oakland, May 4th, at Central Hotel, or enquire of D. M. Dixon; at Mrs. Ellen Lohr's, near Crellin, May 5th; Thayerville, May 6th; McHenry, May 7th; Hoyes, May 8th; Friendsville, May 10th, enquire of Leslie Friend. Teeth extracted without pain. 8-2t

Call for your Letters.

Mr. Carl Cunningham, Mr. F. Emerson, Mr. Edward Kirkwood, Mr. B. W. Wolfe, Mrs. John Lohr, Mrs. Eva Lohr, Mrs. Eugene Stewart.

"It Is the Best on Earth."

That is what Edwards & Parker, merchants of Plains, Ga., say of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, for rheumatism, lame back, deep seated and muscular pains. Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

A New Press.

Last Thursday afternoon this office received from the Baltimore branch of the American Type Founders' Co. a new Potter drum cylinder job press, capable of printing three thousand sheets of paper 26x32 inches an hour. This is one of the few presses of its kind outside the larger cities, and we know of but one with such a large capacity west of Baltimore. The press was tested Monday afternoon and worked like a charm. It was set up by our foreman, Mr. D. G. Smith, whose knowledge of printing machinery cannot be excelled.

Fire at Crellin.

Last Saturday morning a fire was discovered in the engine house attached to the planing mill plant of the Preston Lumber and Coal Co. The mill hands, numbering about seventy-five men, were organized into a fire brigade, who succeeded in keeping the fire confined to the engine house. Had it spread to the planing mill proper the loss would have reached many hundreds of dollars. As it was the loss is estimated at $500, covered by insurance.

A Drowning Near Piedmont.

On Monday afternoon the body of a young girl was discovered in the Potomac river at Piedmont and later identified as being Miss Lizzie Alexander, of Elk Garden, W. Va. Her mother is dead and she lived with her sister Mrs. John Sluss at Luke. On Sunday evening she started to go to Phoenix, a short distance up George's Creek. She was accompanied by Miss Annie Dunn and John and Charles Beaman. Near their destination they attempted to cross a rude foot log. When near the middle of the stream, which was greatly swollen, Miss Alexander slipped and fell into the roaring torrent, which swiftly bore her beyond human help. With one despairing cry she sank to rise no more. She was 16 years old.

"Bound to Win" a Great Success.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Blackaller, late of the King Fools Company, gave the initial production of a comedy-drama in five acts entitled "Bound to Win," assisted by local talent, in the Opera House here on last Friday and Saturday evenings as a benefit for the Jack Oak base ball club.

The performance attracted a large and appreciative audience on both nights. The cast, although of local talent, was very clever indeed. The performance of some of the cast would compare very favorably with that of actors of more experience. Misses Rose Maroney, Nettie Michael and Prema Shertzer, as Winnie Foster, Mrs. Foster and Jerry Twadles respectively, played their parts well, while Messrs. Andrew Nelson and R. F. Bartlett were exceedingly natural in their parts and received generous applause. Messrs. R. C. Townshend and Chas. Tower also acquitted themselves with credit. Mr. Hamill Spedden, as Officer Murphy, was genuinely funny and was enthusiastically applauded. The company as a whole was exceptionally strong and all rendered their parts well.

The acting of Mr. and Mrs. Blackaller is too well known to need favorable comment at our hands. They left Oakland with the best wishes of all with whom they were brought in contact while here and will long be remembered by those who associated with them in the comedy "Bound to Win."

The New City Council Organize.

Monday night of this week the newly elected city councilmen met in the council chamber and organized by electing Mr. Joseph M. Crim as president of the council; Mr. John C. Dunham, secretary, and Col. A. G. Sturgiss treasurer. The Mayor submitted to the council for confirmation the following nominations: For attorney, J. C. Peddicord; policeman, Mr. John D. Taggart; police magistrate, Mr. John T. Sincell, all of whom were confirmed. The following assessors were appointed by the council; Messrs. J. M. Jarboe, J. O. Michaels, Jos. H. Smithman, whose duties will be to make an assessment of all improvements within the the corporate limits.

In his annual message submitted to the council Mayor McComas recommended that permanent improvements be made to the streets and suggested a method by which the money could be secured with which to make the improvements. He also suggested that the council purchase a strip of ground west of the Garrett County Bank and erect a passage way from Second street to Railroad street.

Married.

FRIEND—FROST.—A very pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. Joseph Dauks, near Hazelton, over in Preston county, W. Va., on Tuesday evening, April 27th, when Mr. J. Alvin Friend, son of Rev. D. Harrison Friend, of Sang Run, was married to Miss Estella Frost, one of Preston county's most accomplished and charming young ladies. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Jeremiah Thomas in the presence of a few intimate friends. After congratulations the assembled guests partook of the many good things which had been prepared for the occasion. The following morning Mr. and Mrs. Friend returned to Sang Run where they will make their home.

Died.

ENGLE.—Henry E. Engle, a member of Co. A., Seventh W. Va., Infantry, died April 16, at Uniontown, Pa., aged about 56 years. Deceased was born in Garrett county, Md., in 1841, and on July 31, 1861, enlisted for three years in the army. In December, 1863, he re-enlisted for three years or during the war. After the war he resided for a while in this county, in Portland district, but removed to Uniontown several years ago, and later to Stottdale, where he was employed in the rolling mill. Last December he went back to Uniontown owing to declining health. He has been a great sufferer for years, from disability caused by wounds at the battle of Spottsylvania, finally rendering him entirely helpless.—Kingwood Journal.

Death of Walter McKenzie.

Walter McKenzie, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah McKenzie, died at his home near Mt. Savage on April 28th, at 7:10 a. m., after an illness of only eleven days. His death was caused by pneumonia fever. He was 17 years, 10 months and 24 days old. The funeral took place on Friday morning, April 30th, at Mt. Savage, Md., in St. Patrick's Catholic church at 9:30, Rev. Father Williams officiating. From there he was taken to the burying ground. He leaves a mother, father, seven sisters and five brothers to mourn their loss.

Normal Students.

Since last Thursday a number of students have been added to the roll in Prof. Sumner's school here. Appended is a full list of the scholars in attendance, numbering sixty-six:

Grace Loar, Orley Dunham, Emma DeBerry, Nellie C. Browning, Lucy Coddington, Nellie Michael, Lizzie Hall, Lizzie Leary, Sadie Cohen, Bertha Stemple, Nettie Loughridge, Minnie Stemple, Jennie Browning, Gertrude Browning, Margaret Grimm, Mary E. Paugh, Anna Shircliff, Cora Nefflkin, John W. Fazenbaker, Ida Paugh, Arrella Pope, Chas. V. Harvey, Oscar Robeson, Frank Glotfelty, Chas. C. Custer, J. W. Kildow, A. L. Lee, Chas. A. Pike, Lawrence Barnard, Stewart Paugh, Geo. W. Legge, jr., Wallace Mason, J. H. Cuppett, Earl Townshend, Dora E. Lipscomb, M. R. Frantz, J. B. Emory, Jessie Fringer, Anna High, Harland Jones, Hiram Humbert, Anna E. Wiley, Letta Lohr, Albert White, Louis Hamilton, Elsie Fay, W. H. Colborn, Morris Custer, Maud Shartzer, Ella Martin, Alice Cleveland, Nina Stemple, Maggie Stemple, Mary O'Donnell, Percy Brady, Carrie Wilson, Sallie Kildow, Maud Kildow, Chas. Weimer, Cora Weimer, Laura Weimer, Emma Hamill, Nancie Hamill, Belle Hamill, Lucia Hamill, Della Kimmell.

Communicated.

To the Editor of The Republican.

We wish to tender our thanks to the people of Youghiogheny for the donation they presented to us April 30, 1897, amounting to $6.78; and also to others who have donated to us. It makes us feel as though we are among a Christian people and that they appreciate our work as a minister. Our prayer is that God may bless the people more abundantly.

C. W. NESTOR,
Pastor U. B. Church.

Died.

ASHENFELTER.—Marion Elizabeth, infant daughter of John D. and Ella Z. Ashenfelter, died April 25, 1897, aged 3 months and 24 days. Dear little Marion who came in her sweetness and purity to gladden the hearts of her parents, brothers and sisters for such a little while, has now been safely gathered in the arms of the dear Father, and although our hearts are now torn and bleeding we feel that—

This little bud on earth so fair
Has gone to Heaven to blossom there.

Safely, safely gathered in,
Far from sorrow, far from sin;
God has saved from weary strife,
In its dawn, this fresh young life.

Now it waits for us above,
Resting in the Savior's love.
Jesus, grant that we may meet
There adoring at Thy feet.

Wool! Wool! Wool!

Bring your wool to King Delawder who will pay the highest cash market price for it. 8-3t.

Train No. 4 Wrecked.

Baltimore and Ohio passenger train No. 4 from St. Louis to New York ran into a landslide half mile west of Piedmont Sunday morning. The train was drawn by engine No. 1301, George R. Boyles, engineer, Charles Wilmoth, fireman, and Simeon Taylor, conductor. The engine turned on its side, blocking all three tracks. Had it not been for the third track the engine would have rolled into the Potomac river. Boyles and Wilmoth went over with their engine and fell through the trestling of the side-track, but escaped with but slight bruises. Earth and stone continued to pour down the steep mountain side and soon the baggage car was wedged in the debris, piling nearly up to the roof. The other cars were started east over the West Virginia Central, but a landslide at Poland's, just below Westernport, blocked the train a second time. It was almost impossible to remove the earth and stone from the track as fast as it accumulated.

Attention, G. A. R.

All members of Crook Post No. 35, G. A. R. are requested to meet at the Post room in Sturgiss hall on Saturday afternoon at two o'clock, May 22, 1897, to make final arrangements for memorial service which will be held on Monday, May 31, 1897. By order of A. G. STURGISS, Comd'r.

J. A. HAYDEN, Adjt.

Estray.

There came to my place about the 15th of April one black sow and one black and white boar. The owner will please come, pay all costs and expenses and remove property immediately.

A. S. ABERNATHY,
9-4t Wilson, W. Va.

Dissolution Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the firm of Felty and Stockert, lately engaged in the general merchandise business at Oakland, Md., is this day, by mutual consent, dissolved, Mr. Stockert retiring. All the accounts due the firm are payable to John Felty, jr., who alone is authorized to collect same, and he has assumed all liabilities of said firm, and all bills should be presented to him.

JOHN FELTY, JR.,
JOHN M. STOCKERT.
April 26th, 1897. 8-3t

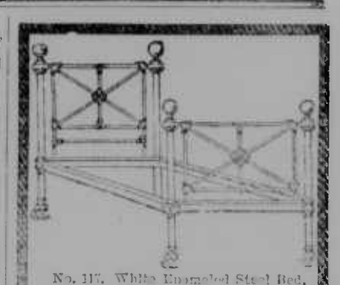

No. 117. White Enameled Steel Bed, solid brass trimmings. We have them 54 in. wide, 48 in. wide, 42 in. wide and 36 in. wide. All sizes are 78 in. long. Special Price (any size)

$2.75

(others promptly filled.)

Everywhere our dealers are saying nice things about us. Their customers are tired of paying them double prices; our lowness (fees) money-saving catalogue is enlightening the masses. Drop a postal now for complete catalogue of Furniture, Mattings, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Baby Carriages, Refrigerators, Stoves, Fancy Lamps, Bedding, Springs, etc. The catalogue costs you nothing and we pay all postage. Get double value for your dollar by dealing with the manufacturers.

JULIUS HINES & SON,
BALTIMORE, MD.

A Correction.

My normal opens at Chestnut Spring, Pa., on April 27th, instead of Grantsville, Md., April 26th, as announced in last week's paper.

8-3* D. H. BENDER.

Real Estate Transfers for April, 1897.

Eliza Ellen Harvey to William Martin Paugh, part of military lot 236; $1, &c.

B. B. Savage to Della A. Savage, part of military lot 4096; $30.

Herbert B. Ferguson to Vera Maud Ferguson, lot No. 1168 on the plat of Mountain Lake Park; $125.

Elizabeth H. Pangh and others to Emanuel B. King, a house and lot o ground in the town of Deer Park, $200.

John L. Sims and wife to D. James Blackiston, military lot 1650; $5, &c.

D. James Blackiston to Henry Lower, Military lot 1650; $575.

George W. Fulmer and wife to D. James Blackiston, 63 acres of "Swan Meadows;" $5, &c.

Mary E. Dunlap and husband to Julia Pearson, a house and lot of ground on the north side of Alder street in the town of Oakland; $1900.

J. O. J. Greene and wife to William Macgill, 2 1-10 acres of land situated partly in Allegany and partly in Garrett county; $40.

William Macgill to Belle Klipstein Field, 2 1-10 acres of land situated partly in Allegany and partly in Garrett county; $100.

John Bancord and wife to Louis Warnick, part of "Stock Farm," containing 106¾ acres; also "East End," containing 69 acres, and also "Three Square," containing 38 acres; $2,000.

Oliver Poland to John Plaskett, conveys "Simpkin's Kindness," containing 25 acres; also military lot 2788, containing 50 acres; also lot 2786, containing 50 acres, and also part of lot 2802, containing 10 acres, except two acres; $1500.

J. F. Burley, trustee, to William D. Dunn, lot No. 10 in Lake View; $100.

Mountain Home Company to Mrs. Mary B. McGraw, lots Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 33 and 34 on plat Mountain Home Company; $1025.

Same to same, convey "Villa M M" on plat of Mountain Home Company; $1, &c.

John DeWitt and wife to Truman W. Casteel, part of "Gleanings," containing 10 acres; $100.

R. A. Ravenscroft to Barbara A. Harden, lot of land near Accident; $600.

Perry Bowser and wife to John W. Miller, convey all their interest in a tract of land called "White Oak Level," containing 123 53-100 acres; $660.

George W. Legge and wife to J. M. Litzinger, conveys easterly portion of lot on Second street in town of Oakland; $2000.

Frank Wass et al. to John Wass, all their interest in military lots 2760, 2762, 2756 and 2759, containing 180 acres; $1.

Flora Wellington and husband to W. R. Getty, part of "Youghiogheny Mill Seat Enlarged" and "New Manchester;" $450.

Joel D. Brenneman and wife to Jacob H. Miller, military lots Nos. 2445, 2446, 2467, 2461 and ¼ of lots 2453, 2452, 2451, 2448 and part of lots 2447 and 2444; $3600.

John Wilhelm and wife to George W. Garlitz, part of lot No. 7 of "Walnut Hills," containing 25¼ acres; part of "Pathway," containing 7¾ acres; part of "Walnut Hills," containing 1 acre and 30¾ perches; $600.

Donald Simpson to Mary M. Simpson, part of "Warnick's New Settlement," containing 100 acres and 60¼ perches; $800.

Jeremiah Liston to David K. Herring, part of "Hook Farm," containing 99 acres and 10 perches; $1500.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND : GARRETT CO., MD.

A THUNDER-STORM.

The hot, hot day has slowly passed,
The welcome night has come at last.
And in the west
The storm cloud's crest
Is rising, fierce and fast.
The gathering legions of the air
Are massing in black column there,
Their banners bright
Illume the night
With weird, fantastic flare.
In line of battle now they form,
And furious elemental storm
Magnificent and grand,
Is sweeping o'er the land.
The lightning's sheets are hung on high,
With phosphorescent gleam.
The lightning's bolts now rend the sky,
And melt in fiery stream.
Then through the cloud
The thunders loud
From peak to peak reverberate.
Its summits jar,
Both near and far,
With such concussion great.

See! from the earth the flashes fly,
Blood-red against the inky sky,
As mortals there
Might battle dare,
And wrath of storm defy.
More awful now is seen each flash,
And louder now is heard each crash.
The lightnings glare,
The thunders blare,
The fierce battalions dash,
And sudden light of rising fire
Is mounting upward, higher, higher,
As, furious and fast,
It rides upon the blast,
While puny mortals' feeble might
Can only look, aghast.

Now, patter, patter, patter, sound
The raindrops falling all around.
The wild ferment
The clouds has rent,
They bleed from every wound.
As avalanche descends the rain,
With rush and roar of hurricane.
As torrents leap
Down mountains steep,
It drives across the plain.
Where earth was dry and parched before,
Now waters swell and rivers pour,
The tainted air grows pure,
For storm is nature's cure.
The storm has come, the storm has passed;
Has worked its Master's will.
In eastern sky, still overcast,
Are heard its thunders still.
But in the west
Is peace and rest,
And brightly there the stars appear.
Our Father God
Has been abroad,
And given His children cheer.
—Sidney M. Youngs, in United Presbyterian.

"INSIDE."

BY ROBY A. CHASE.

Olive Palmer laid her work aside and sat thinking of other days. Everything about her seemed so dreamy and drowsy that she could not work this afternoon.

Even Belial was not purring, but lay curled up in a little ball at his mistress' feet, fast asleep.

Olive had changed very little, only she was a trifle sad at times, and there was a new sweetness in her face and manner since Abe went away.

Suddenly, as she sat there under the trees, something occurred that aroused her attention and drove away her reminiscent mood. A team was driving up to the next house, which had long been unoccupied; a team laden with furniture.

"For the land sake!" cried Olive, softly; "who can be movin' into the old Stiles house, I wonder!

"Almiry!" she called in a low tone, "come here. We're goin' to have some new neighbors."

Almira appeared at the door. "They ain't much," she sniffed, "or they wouldn't be movin into that old, dilapidated house."

The furniture that went to the next house was evidently costly, or had been, for it was in a rather disabled condition, and showed evident signs of ill usage.

After the furniture came a carriage, from which alighted a tall, ungainly man, with an exceedingly plain face and a slight limp. He assisted a sharp-nosed, ferret-eyed woman to the ground. After her came two of the most forlorn looking little people Olive had ever seen. The youngest, a girl of eight, was clad in a pink dress, which came to the heels, and a hat that beggared description. The boy, a lad of ten, was arrayed in a suit full two sizes too large for him. The whole family wore an air of the most woeful neglect.

"Well," remarked Almira, after she had observed them in silence for a few minutes, "folks talk nowadays about their ancestors comin' over in the Mayflower, but I'm sure these folks came right out of it, furniture an' all.

"He's lame an' the furniture's lame. The whole tribe looks about a hundred years old."

Indeed, the little girl seemed the only lively thing among them, and she was laughing and dancing about like any happy child of her age.

The remainder of the afternoon passed very quickly with the two women, who watched the proceedings of the new family with great curiosity.

One thing they could not decide, whether the sharp-nosed woman was mistress of the house or a servant. This new interest served as a topic of conversation for the two lonely maidens during several days.

Olive found it very pleasant to speculate about something outside of her own quiet life.

After a few days the gentleman next door began to go away at a certain time each morning and come back again each evening.

Olive was pleased to see that the children always went to the gate with him, and that he always kissed them tenderly when he left them.

She felt a curious sense of relief one morning when she heard him call back: "Maggie, you may have tea at five to-night," and heard a voice reply: "Yes, sir."

"She ain't his wife, she's help," Olive informed Almira, "and I'm kind of glad."

"Don't see what it is to you if his wife is a Fiji islander," responded Almira.

"Nor I, either," laughed her mistress, "only he's such a soft-spoken, kind-lookin' man that I'd like him to have a good wife."

In a short time Olive discovered that the help was cross and incapable. The children were dirty and neglected, and, during their father's absence, they were scolded and slapped without mercy.

Olive was very indignant, but Almira told her tersely that if she was going to begin, at her age, to manage her neighbor's affairs, she would have her hands full.

One day Belial wandered into the neighbor's yard, and the little girl chased him home, calling: "Kitty, kitty," and trying to catch him, much to his disgust.

Olive, who dearly loved children, called the little one to her, and soon had her on her lap, enjoying a seed cake and a story at the same time.

In a short time the little boy arrived in search of his sister. He raised his hat, saying, in a quaint, grown-up way: "I've come for my sister. Thank the lady, Sylvia, for the cake."

"What is your name, little boy?" asked Olive.

"My name," he replied soberly, "is David Leonard, and that's father's name, too. My mother's gone to Heaven," he continued, feeling with a child's quick instinct that he had a sympathetic listener.

"Maggie's only the servant. She slaps us sometimes, but I don't tell father, 'cause it would make him feel bad, and I don't mind much, only when she hurts Sylvia."

David told his new friend many other things which made her heart ache for the two neglected children.

At length they went away, promising to come again soon.

They kept their promise, and nearly every afternoon was spent with Olive, who told them fairy stories or taught Sylvia to make doll's clothes.

Almira Powers grew much attached to the quiet, respectful boy, who helped her shell peas or pick beans, and who often filled her woodbox.

But Olive's heart went out to merry, willful Sylvia.

The scoldings on the other side of the fence grew more frequent, and sometimes lasted from morning till night with little cessation.

One day the children were playing in their own yard when suddenly Maggie rushed out of the house, and, seizing Sylvia by the arm, gave her a slap in the face.

David came valiantly to his sister's rescue, but received a blow which made him cry out in pain.

Then suddenly a tall, gaunt figure jumped the fence, and, swooping down like an enraged eagle, encircled both children in her arms.

It was Almira Powers, who had from her window witnessed Maggie's attack on the children and had rushed to their rescue.

"You tech them children agin, if you dare," she cried, her very hair standing out straight in her wrath.

"You miser'ble sneakin' critter, I can hardly keep my hands off of you!"

"Come, David!" she continued, taking Sylvia in her arms, "come right over to our house an' stay till yer pa comes, an' then we'll tell him a few things he don't know."

Maggie hurled a few expletives after them, of which Almira took no notice whatever.

Olive took the trembling, sobbing child in her lap and rocked her gently to sleep, while Almira gave David a piece of maple sugar large enough to wreck the health of any ordinary child.

The mother feeling awoke in Olive's heart and filled her with bitter yearning as she looked down into the tear-stained little face. The child's gentle breathing was now and then broken by a heavy sigh.

Olive held the child until the father came, dreaming many tender dreams as she clasped the tiny form to her bosom.

When Mr. Leonard came home he sought his children, and listened sadly to the story his neighbor told him.

"Of course Maggie must go," he said, decidedly. "Why did the children never tell me?"

Tears filled his eyes when Olive told him what David had said.

"Poor little fellow," he said. "I can never thank you enough for your interest in my little ones, you and Miss Powers."

"Well," said Almira, "I ain't a heathen, an' I couldn't see them young ones abused by that critter."

A few days later Mr. Leonard went over at sunset to tell the two women that he had secured a kindly, middle-aged servant to take care of his house and children.

He was a painfully shy man, so Olive talked the more to set him at his ease, and they soon became quite friendly. When he went away he presented a box of strawberries very awkwardly, speaking again of their kindness to the children.

So it came about quite naturally for Mr. Leonard to spend the evening frequently with his two neighbors, or sometimes with Olive alone. She was so frank and self-forgetful that he felt more at ease with her than he had ever felt with any woman before.

Sometimes on Sunday evenings Mr. Leonard brought the children, and they all sang while Olive played the seraphine as of yore. But Mr. Leonard's voice was a deep baritone.

One night, as they sat alone on the little porch in the moonlight, he told Olive his sad story.

Years before, he had fallen in love with a pretty working girl, who, he believed, also loved him. He found too late that she cared nothing for him, and had only married him for his money. She did not seem to care for her children, either, but found them a burden.

Mr. Leonard tried vainly to win her love. She grew more and more discontented, till one day, when David was two years old and Sylvia a baby in the cradle, he came home one night to find his house dark and desolate, his babies crying and his wife gone.

Two years after he received a letter telling him of his wife's penitence and begging for help.

He went to her at once, and found her poor and dying.

She never asked for her children. He took care of her till she died, then buried her, and placed a stone at her grave.

"I ought to have known," he said, humbly, "that a pretty little thing like her couldn't love a homely, ungainly man like me."

A great wave of tenderness and pity for the lonely man surged up in Olive's womanly heart.

So she said, eagerly: "That don't make no difference with a woman, Mr. Leonard! She don't mind how a good, kind man with a great kind heart like yourn looks! Not if she's the right kind."

He looked up at her queerly. "Do you mean that?" he asked, softly.

"Yes," replied Olive, earnestly, never realizing what dangerous ground she was treading.

He held her hand for a moment, when he went away, saying: "Thank you, Olive, you don't know how much your sympathy means to me."

And Olive sat till after midnight by the window thinking of Mr. Leonard's sad story.

A few evenings after he found Olive alone on the porch. He was very silent all the evening, but when he went away he took her hand and said abruptly:

"Olive, you said that a woman didn't mind a man's looks, and those words make me dare to tell you that I love you and need you. Will you be my wife?"

Olive looked at him a moment, the color coming to her face.

"For the land sake!" she exclaimed, "I hope you didn't think I said that to make you propose. I'm sure I never thought of such a thing."

"I know it," he replied. "It was your perfect unconsciousness that attracted me. You never remember yourself."

She looked at him with great solemn eyes. "Are you sure you love me, or do you want me to keep your house and look after your children? A woman ain't never so old or homely that she won't resent that."

"Before God, I love you," he said. "Do you think I could ask anyone whom I did not love to marry me after my experience?"

"Yes," said Olive, "I think I can love you well, and be a good wife to you, but I have loved some one else better.

"But then, you have, too, an' mebbe that'll only draw us closer together. Some day I'll tell you all about it."

Olive did not make elaborate preparations this time, and as for Almira, Mr. Leonard told her the news himself.

"Pooh!" said that damsel, coolly, "I've known that longer than you tew have yerself. I ain't blind."

Olive bought a soft brown stuff for her wedding dress, and one day she brought out the lilac-colored silk and said to Almira, carelessly: "Here's a dress pattern I never made up. You may have it if you like."

The wedding was very quiet, and that night, as Olive stood by the children's little bed with her husband's arm around her, she said: "I'm so happy that I'm afraid. I'm inside now, ain't I?"

He stooped and kissed her, saying: "Yes, love, you are inside my heart forever."

"Well," soliloquized Almira, as she looked around her new room, "I've got a job tew clean up an' get the furniture mended. I'm thankful Olive ain't done no worse.

"She wouldn't enjoy marryin' a man with no one about him, because she couldn't pity and coddle him, then. I only wonder she didn't take a blind or a deaf and dumb one.

"I'm thankful that Mr. Leonard only limps an' has an all-killin' homely face. He's so meek he'll let me do as I like, too, so if she's satisfied, I am."
—Boston Budget.

A Notable Year.

During the year 1896 the advance in electrical inventions was such as to make the year remarkable in this respect, if in no other. The completion of some of the largest electric-light plants in the world, and the adaptation of the newest inventions and appliances in this line, made it possible to furnish power at a wonderfully reduced rate, and has laid the foundation for the prosperity of a great many small establishments. One of the interesting phases of electric power is that there is no dirt, no rubbish, no cleaning up to do, no engineer required, and no firing up necessary. You press the button, so to speak, and the power is ready on demand. One of the longest lines of transmission is that from the Fresno plant in California, which is carried a distance of 35 miles. The Niagara Falls plant is one of the wonders of the world, the company underselling steam power and promising such further reduction in price that the eyes of manufacturers are already turned in this direction. In Philadelphia a battery is running that carries 150,000 lamps. The storage battery is attracting general attention, and new uses for it and new demonstrations of its value are taking place every day.—N. Y. Ledger.

A Mexican Warrior Dead.

The death of Gen. Guadalupe Lopez, who died of pneumonia a few days ago, removes one of Mexico's greatest generals. He was a full-blooded Indian, and was considered a great Indian fighter, coping with the savages with their own tactics. His universal kindness had won for him throughout the republic the title of "Uncle Lupe."

—It is said that some of the big millers and bakers have found a way to adulterate wheat by a mixture of cornmeal.

Just Shrewd Judgment.

She—I went to a fortune-teller today, just for a lark, and she told me a lot of things.

He—Yes, some of them hit it pretty closely, but I hope you don't think there is anything supernatural about their powers. They use shrewd judgment; that is all.

"That may be true, dear. She told me I was married to a man who fell far short of what I deserve."—Indianapolis Journal.

A CANNY SCOT.

Englishman—Can you tell me, my lad, how far it is to Kirkcaldy?

Scots Boy—Well, if ye gang on straight, it's aboot twanty-five thousand miles; but if ye turn back, ye're there in five minutes.—St. Paul's.

His Recklessness.

Mrs. McSwat—Billiger, do you mean to say you have paid seven dollars for a new lounge?

Mr. McSwat—Yes, and it's a bargain. It will be here to-morrow.

Mrs. McSwat—Why, there was a man here to-day who repairs lounges, and he's going to make our old one as good as new for $7.50. I think you're the most reckless man to spend money I ever saw.—Chicago Tribune.

Unable to Congratulate.

"Why Lynx upon his marriage did you not congratulate?"

"How could I when I didn't know his wife?"

"Then why not congratulate upon her chosen mate?"

"How could I, when I knew Lynx all my life?"

—N. Y. Tribune.

Deliberate Action Necessary.

He had finished reading aloud an interview with himself, in which he declared that he did not desire any office of any kind.

"That's splendid," his wife commented. "If I were you I wouldn't lose a minute. I'd send it around to the newspaper office right away."

"Send it right away!" he echoed, indignantly. "What in the world are you thinking of? Of course, it's a good idea to have it all in shape; but how do we know yet that the president isn't going to offer me an appointment?"—Washington Star.

Suspicious.

Gadsby—I suspect they've got a baby up at Norris' house.

Watkins—What makes you think that?

Gadsby—Oh, nothing in particular; only I haven't heard him brag about his dog for a day or two.—Boston Transcript.

An Up-to-Date Clergyman.

Ella—Won't you go to church with me Sunday? Our minister is going to talk on the bicycle.

Stella—I should think he would rather talk from the pulpit.—N. Y. Tribune.

Getting Even.

"There is one thing I've noticed about babies who are named after great men."

"What is that?"

"They usually punish their parents for it when they are grown."—Chicago Record.

A Strict Regime.

Briggs—I'm thinking of moving over to your boarding house.

Griggs—What for?

Briggs—My doctor told me not to eat anything with my meals.—Detroit Free Press.

Originality Required.

The Suitor—I have come to ask for your daughter, sir.

The Old Man.—Take her, my boy; you are the only fellow who ever asked for more than her hand.—N. Y. Journal.

Chicago Way the Better.

"If I didn't love my husband, I'd kill him!" exclaimed the warm-blooded lady from New Orleans.

"I wouldn't," replied the Chicago woman. "I'd get a divorce and stick him for alimony."—Town Topics.

THE CRETAN DIFFICULTY—"YOU GO FIRST."

Not Superstitious.

Friend—Do you consider it a sign of death in the family when your dog keeps you awake by howling all night?

Col. Kaintuck—No, sah. Nevah considered the dog as a membah of the family, sah.—N. Y. Truth.

An Unusual Case.

Kilduff—You married! What on earth induced you to enter the matrimonial market?

Gazzam—I found a girl who can cook ever so much better than mother can.—N. Y. Tribune.

A Commendable Difference.

"I see where the queen of England has 60 pianos and doesn't play any of them."

"That's a good girl. I know a woman who has only one piano, but she plays like 60!"—Cincinnati Tribune.

This Is a Wicked World.

"It's marvelous what rascality there is in this world," exclaimed the butterman, ungrily. "The last ton of lard I bought is so much adulterated that it is not fit to adulterate my butter with."
—Tit-Bits.

A Vast Difference.

She—And you say he saved your life when the boat capsized?

He—No, he saved my wife—quite a different thing, I assure you.—Harlem Life.

Causeless Worry.

Croker—No honest man can make a living these times.

Corker—Tut, tut, oh! man! Don't borrow other people's trouble!—Town Topics.

The Ring Cure.

She—Did you ever try the ring cure?

He—Oh, yes.

"For rheumatism?"

"No; for love."—Yonkers Statesman.

Watery.

"What an easy flowing style Scribbler has!"

"Yes, some of his stuff is pretty thin."—Chicago Journal.

Inherited His Bad Aim.

"His aim in life seems to be a poor one."

"Yes; he inherits that from his mother. I once saw her throw a stone at a dog in the street and hit her husband in the back yard."—Belfast News.

The Only One.

"This is the only trouble I ever got into," said a citizen of Arkansas City as his neighbors drew him wet and shivering from a cistern, "that didn't have a woman at the bottom of it."—Kansas City Journal.

WANTED TO PLAY IT.

Cayboy—I pulled his leg to the tune of $100.

Rounder—Have you had the air copyrighted?—N. Y. Truth.

A Hopeless Case.

Judge—How is it at your preliminary examination you pleaded not guilty?

Prisoner—I've seen the young lawyer your honor named to defend me.—N. Y. Journal.

It Was False.

Ella—Is my hat on straight?

Stella—Yes, but your hair isn't.—N. Y. World.

Prima Facie Evidence.

"What makes you think that he married for money?"

"His wife's face."—Cleveland Leader

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Dora—"He said there was one thing about me he didn't like." Cora—"What was that?" Dora—"Another man's arm."—Detroit Free Press.

There Is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Some people enjoy saying mean things about others so well that they don't go to the trouble to find out if they are true.—Washington Democrat.

Opportunity for Homeseekers.

There are excellent opportunities along the lines of the Chicago & North-Western Ry in western Minnesota and South Dakota for those who are desirous of obtaining first-class lands upon most favorable terms for general agricultural purposes, as well as stock raising and dairying. For particulars and landseekers' rates, apply to Agents of The North-Western Line.

If you get sick by going to church it is all right, but if from going to a show it is called a judgment.—Washington Democrat.

Physicians Wise in their Generation.

The above class of scientists recognize and have repeatedly borne testimony, to the efficacy of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a remedy and preventive of fever and ague, rheumatism, want of vigor, liver complaint, and some other ailments and infirm conditions of the system. Experience and observation have taught them its value. They but echo the verdict long since pronounced by the public and the press. Only the benighted now are ignorant of America's tonic and alterative.

The man who is always suspicious of his neighbors is hardly to be trusted.—Washington Democrat.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. Fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

Courtesy and etiquette are flowers; the one has its roots in the heart; the other, in the intellect.—Ram's Horn.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. Patterson, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

People never know that they had anything to lose by marriage until they are married.—Atchison Globe.

Just try a 10c box of Cascareta candy cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made.

Imaginary eminence is actual humiliation.—Ram's Horn.

Look out! Shiver, then soreness and stiffness. Use St. Jacobs Oil—then a cure.

Nothing will upbraid you like unused faculties.—Ram's Horn.

Don't refuse or excuse—St. Jacobs Oil's the cure for bruise.

Scrofula Tumors

Broke Out and Caused Intense Suffering — Hood's Sarsaparilla Keeps the Blood Pure.

"Several years ago I had scrofula which appeared in tumors in different parts of my body. It took five weeks for them to develop so they could be lanced and I suffered intensely. Physicians failed to cure me. After three years of great suffering the trouble reached my throat and my tonsils were consumed. I read of cures of scrofula by Hood's Sarsaparilla and procured six bottles. After taking a few bottles I felt better. I continued until I was eventually cured. I have never been troubled with scrofula since that time. Hood's Sarsaparilla keeps my blood pure in spring and fall." MRS. SARAH G. DALES, Rutland, Ill. Be sure to get Hood's because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A COOL BOTTLE

of Hires Rootbeer on a sweltering hot day is highly essential to comfort and health. It cools the blood, reduces your temperature, tones the stomach.

HIRES Rootbeer

should be in every home, in every office, in every workshop. A temperance drink, more healthful than ice water, more delightful and satisfying than any other beverage produced.

Made only by the Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

1,000 AGENTS WANTED, SOMETHING NEW! Good commission. Send 50 cents for Samples worth $1.00. No fraud. MARTIN LEATHER SUSPENDER CO., MARTIN, MICH.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

600 SECOND HAND BICYCLES $5 TO $15—All makes. GOOD AS NEW. Must be closed out. Lists free. L. A. Mead Cycle Co., Chicago.

USE NO OTHER THAN YUCATAN.

TEMPERANCE.

RIGHT ABOUT FACE.

How a Young Man Snatched Himself from Ruin.

Some 30 years ago it was our privilege to be the guest of Edward C. Delavan, the well-known philanthropist and temperance veteran, at his beautiful home at Ballston, N. Y. Having, in our sermon at the church in that village, appealed to young men to take a stand for temperance, Mr. Delavan was led, on our return to his home, to give a leaf from his own experience, that we might use it elsewhere. One evening, when a young man, on returning to the store where he slept, reflecting on what he had heard and seen and desired, the thought that there was danger in the course he was pursuing came over his mind, and he said to himself: "If I continue to visit that house I am ruined." Still, on the ensuing evening he went forth as usual. He passed on the opposite side of the street. Before him stood the house where his companions were assembled. He struggled for a few moments against the temptation. Suddenly the thought came over him: "If I cross the street I am ruined." Instantly he made the decision, and exclaiming at the top of his voice: "Right-about face!" he turned, and hastening back to the store threw himself down on his bed, slept soundly throughout the night, and arose with an approving conscience in the morning. He ever after considered the struggle of that evening as the crisis of his life, and whatever good he

IF I CROSS THE STREET I AM RUINED.

accomplished he traced back to the decision made by him when resolutely changing his purpose, and suiting the action to the word, he exclaimed: "Right-about face!"

And it is a singular fact that, in conjunction with Erastus Corning and I. T. Norton, he purchased the block on which were situated the two most-frequented rum taverns in Albany, which stood almost directly opposite the spot where he formed this decisive resolution, and having demolished the same erected thereon a large number of dwellings and stores, and during the same ten years he superintended the operations of the temperance press he could from his desk look down upon the very spot where he uttered in his boyhood the laconic but decisive sentence: "Right-about face!"

In reply to our question, what had become of those early companions, he said: "Of the 50 young men from whom I then separated, leaving them to enjoy the pleasures of that eating, drinking and gambling establishment, 44 have already gone to destruction. One, a most promising youth and heir to great wealth, became so destitute and degraded that he would brush boots at three cents a pair to obtain the means of buying a glass of rum.

"Some of them came to a most terrible end. One, in a state of intoxication, fell headforemost from the pier at Havre, France, and became imbedded in the mud. The receding tide exposed his sad and dishonored remains to the public view. Others came to an end, if less terrible, scarcely less sad."

Young man, heed the words: "Right-about face!"—National Temperance Advocate.

A SUCCESSFUL MAN'S REASONS.

Why He Made Up His Mind to Be a Total Abstainer.

Another thing which led me to make up my mind never to touch liquor was the damage which I saw wrought by it upon some of the finest minds with which it was ever my privilege to come into contact, and I concluded that what had resulted injuriously to others might prove so to me.

I have seen, even in my few years of professional life, some of the smartest, yea, brilliant, literary men dethroned from splendid positions, owing to nothing else but their indulgence in wine. I have known men with salaries of thousands of dollars per year occupying positions which hundreds would strive a lifetime to attain, come to beggary from drink.

Only recently there applied to me, for any position I could offer him, one of the most brilliant editorial writers in the newspaper profession—a man who, two years ago, easily commanded $100 for a single editorial in his special field. The man became so unreliable from drink that the editors are now afraid of his articles, and, although he can to-day write as forcibly as at any time during his life, he sits in a cellar in one of our cities writing newspaper wrappers for one dollar per thousand.—Edward W. Bok, in Ladies' Home Journal.

The authorities at one time were so thoroughly convinced that Europeans could not live in India without alcoholic stimulants that they discouraged the formation of temperance societies among the soldiers. Opinion is now altogether changed and the English soldiers in India include no fewer than 20,000 total abstainers.

TEMPERANCE AND HARD TIMES.

Some Significant Figures and Deductions Therefrom.

It is a trite saying that "there is no great loss without some small gain," says the Detroit Free Press, and its truth is illustrated by some facts and figures which the American Grocer publishes in a recent issue. The loss in the case is due to hard times, and the gain, according to the Grocer, is in the diminished consumption of all kinds of beverages, especially spirituous ones. The Grocer's figures show that 71,263,600 people used less spirits in 1896 than 58,680,000 did in 1887, the amounts being, respectively: For 1896, 71,051,877 gallons, and 71,064,733 in 1887. About 11,000,000 gallons are used annually in the arts, manufactures and medicine, which leaves about 60,000,000 gallons for use as a beverage.

There was a falling off, too, last year in the consumption of beer as compared with 1891 and 1892 equal to about one gallon per capita. In domestic wines there was a falling off as compared with 1888 of about one-half, though the population had meanwhile increased more than 12,500,000; while in imported wines the falling off as compared with 1893 was fully one-half, and as compared with 1892 more than 1,500 gallons. The Grocer tabulates its results as follows:

Beer (domestic)	$528,662,877
Beer (imported)	3,300,521
Whisky (exclusive of quantity used in arts)	270,000,000
Wines (domestic)	21,100,511
Wines (imported)	20,530,990
Grand total	$861,693,822
Estimated cost in 1892 on the same basis	$1,000,884,277
Estimated cost in 1891 on the same basis	$934,813,214

The Grocer attributes these results to the hard times, which have, in its judgment, made the people more abstemious than formerly; and it cites the fact that there has been at the same time with the falling off in the consumption of ardent spirits a falling off in the consumption of tea and coffee. It does not lay stress enough, however, we think, on the change in the popular estimate of drinking. While there is still a great consumption of ardent spirits and a fairly good patronage of the numerous "drunk cures" with which the country is dotted, it certainly is not as fashionable as it was 20 years ago to drink to excess. During the war and for some years thereafter it was scarcely considered disreputable for a gentleman to get drunk on occasion, but it certainly is so considered now. We find this view of the matter indorsed substantially by the Boston Transcript, which reproduces most of the Grocer's article, and says:

Hard times may have a slight effect upon the drinking habits of the people, and there are things, notably the bicycle, which exert a beneficent influence; but we believe that the habits of the people are vastly improved upon what they were only a few years ago, and immensely better than they were 25 or 30 years ago. The fact is, as it seems to us, that the trend of sentiment and of practice is toward the abstention from intoxicants. There is still liquor enough, and more than enough, drunk by our people, but it is as nothing to what they used to imbibe. We are on the right road, and we verily believe that the day will come when the drinker of alcohol will be the exception rather than the rule. There have been very many foolish attempts to hurry matters unduly, and there have been some laws which have helped mightily toward the emancipation of the people from the reign of King Alcohol, notably the education of youth in the public schools as to the physical and chemical effects of liquor drunk, the laws closing the saloons upon holidays and election days.

VARIOUS NOTES.

The electric light in the saloon takes the candle out of the drunkard's home.—Ram's Horn.

It's easy to denounce the saloon, but oh, so hard to get good men to vote against it.

The world first "pities, then endures, then embraces" (when dead) the social reformer.—The Coming Nation.

When about to take his first drink, the young man should remember that every drunkard once stood where he stands.—Ram's Horn.

An analysis of modern politics would show it to be composed of four parts whisky, two parts bossism and one part of pure gall.—New Jersey Gazette.

Cooperation is a complete lack of selfishness—where the entire neighborhood feel and act upon the principle that what is the interest of one is the interest of all, and that no advantage should be taken of a neighbor.—Commonwealth.

Carroll D. Wright, in his analysis of crimes committed in the county of which Boston is the center, says that 84 per cent. of the crimes were due to drink, while the remaining number were committed by those whose drinking associations had made them criminals.

A drunkard will sleep anywhere—on a bundle of rags thrown in the corner of an unfurnished room. He will be content with any sort of food, will allow his family to go about in rags and will be reduced to such an abject state that he will work on any terms, will accept less than the market rate, will undersell his fellow-workers and supplies the cheapest labor that is to be got.—Philadelphia Telegram.

Cigarette Pledges.

By direction of the Omaha board of education boys in the public schools are asked to sign, of their own free will, a pledge to abstain from the use of tobacco during their school days, with a proviso that they can be released from their pledge at any time on a personal request. The teachers report that the plan has worked well; that very many of the boys have signed the pledge, and that keeping it has come to be regarded as a matter of honor. Better scholarship, better morals and more cleanly habits are among the direct results of the movement.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Glass bricks with a hollow center are found quite desirable in Germany for the construction of conservatories.

—It is said that baked bananas will unfailingly build up and strengthen thin and weak bodies and enrich the blood. They should be baked about 20 minutes.

—Shipbuilders assert that an iron ship has a carrying capacity of 116 tons for every 100 tons carried by a wooden vessel of the same dimensions, while the weight of the iron ship is 27 per cent. less.

—Up to the age of 20 a youth needs nine hours' sleep, and after that age a person needs eight. Neglect of this rule causes exhaustion and irritability and retards intellectual and physical growth.

—In Santa Rosa, Cal., there is a Baptist church built entirely of the wood of a single redwood tree. Even the roof was made of the same tree, and there were 60,000 shingles left. The church seats 200 people.

—Vegetables in the mountains of Sweden, Norway and Lapland suffer greatly from the Norway rats. Farming in these districts would be very profitable were it not for the white foxes, which prey largely upon the rats.

—In Sacramento is a schoolboy who with ease commits to memory long and difficult lessons, sometimes learning passages of history fully 500 words in length. But the next day he loses all recollection of the previous day's acquirements.

—A church in Cleveland needing a minister agreed to listen to a trial sermon from a visiting clergyman. The chairman of the trustees fell asleep during its delivery, and subsequently objected to him because, as he said, "He doesn't make noise enough."

—The friends of a man in Kansas City who had been declared mentally unsound secured the proper committal papers and put them in the hands of a policeman, who was to take him to an asylum. The officer discovered him serving on a jury in the circuit court.

—Willis Warren, who died recently in Georgia, was the most influential negro preacher in the south. When a member of his congregation was very bad and could not be improved by moral suasion Mr. Warren threw off his coat and with his fists thrashed him into submission.

VICTORY FOR THE LITTLE ONE.

A Scientific Baptism Cock Whips a Big Plymouth Rock Rooster.

A cock fight, ludicrous because of the disparity of size in the two rooster combatants, attracted a crowd one recent afternoon to the corner of Third and Vine streets. One of the birds was a tiny bantam weighing at the outside not more than 1¾ pounds, while its antagonist, a huge Plymouth Rock, was credited by the man who owned both with weighing 16 pounds. Yet, despite this advantage in weight and consequent "reach," the big rooster was made to squawk.

The fight started, it appears, through the Plymouth Rock intruding his presence among the bantam's flock of hens, they, as fancy fowls, being released from their coop during certain hours of the day and allowed the freedom of the street. Mr. Bantam resented this intrusion, and with a crow of defiance valiantly flew at the big rooster's head. The Plymouth seemed to have no respect for the chivalric law: "Don't hit a fellow smaller than yourself," but lunged back fiercely at the bantam. For fully ten minutes the battle went on, to the edification of a crowd every minute growing thicker. Then the superior science of the bantam began to tell on his weightier opponent. With the little fellow it was hit and get away, but the Plymouth was in the air all the time, striking blindly when the bantam was a yard removed.

This effort of throwing 16 pounds of flesh and feathers skyward and then lighting out with both feet at last began to tell on the big rooster, and he squatted for a moment to catch his wind. Evidently this was what the bantam had been waiting for, for, giving a derisive crow, he flew at the winded Plymouth, whacking the big bird right and left about the head, until, with a squawk, the 16-pounder picked himself up from the sidewalk and sought security behind an adjacent coop. That the crowd's sympathies were entirely with the bantam was shown in the applauding rewards that followed the Plymouth's retreat. It is not probable that the gallant little bantam understood the applause, but at least he seemed to show his appreciation by facing the audience and giving vent to a shrill crow, emphasized by a lusty slapping of wings.—Portland Telegram.

Dainty Shirt Waists.

Various are the manifestations of the protein shirt waist, that has turned up once more, with detachable collars and cuffs made in the shape of linen bands, over which fall full, finely plaited linen frills. The frills are white edged, with one or two narrow lines of color, and to these special shirts are attached belts of white duck, linen or pique, very narrow, and caught in front by small, perfectly plain steel buckles. Here and there one finds the tails of these ornamental little bodices cut in scallops, edged with embroidery or corded, while a great deal of attention is given to the decoration with lace of very delectable barege and brown batiste shirts. But to so elaborate a point has the making of these bodices been carried that they are selling in the shops plain ones, in taffetas, of all colors, to wear under those which are embellished with lace, and of too fine linen gauze or silk grenadine to be worn without a silk foundation.—St. Louis Republic.

The Reason.

"I will be remembered," said the poet "when you are forgotten."

"Very likely," said the plutocrat. "I always pay cash."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SCARCITY OF WOMEN.

The Problem Is How to Even Up the Sexes in European Colonies.

Within the past 50 years the nations of Europe have seized vast parts of the earth's surface, chiefly in Africa and Asia, but including also many islands of the Pacific. The total area that has thus come under European flags is nearly as large as North and South America together. Some of these regions have been found to be well adapted for white settlement and emigrants have been encouraged to go to them. The European nations call these far-off lands their colonies, and they are very anxious to make them self-supporting and develop them into markets for home manufactures.

There is a question which is attracting more and more attention, and that is the scarcity of white women in these colonies. In the French colonies, for instance, even where the conditions are most favorable for colonization, as in Algeria, there are from four to six French men for every French woman. For the most part there is no family life, and dissipation is more general than would be the case if there were more homes and more of the social life that is possible only when the sexes are nearly equal in numbers. Mr. Chailley-Bert, who recently wrote in the Paris Debats about the paucity of white women in the French colonies, said that the young men there were like the roaring lion, who "goeth about seeking whom he may devour."

It is not easy to solve the problem in the French colonies, for the young women of France are not at all eager to expatriate themselves, even to find good husbands and comfortable homes. There are hundreds of colonists who would like to get married. A colonist in Algeria has recently been telling his experience. He says that for three years he sought in his own social circle in France for a young woman who would share his fortunes in the colony. At the end of that time his perseverance was rewarded and he is now married. The fact is, however, that he did not find a wife among the young women with whom he had been accustomed to associate. They liked the colonist, but the colony terrified them. His wife is a worthy woman, the daughter of a farm laborer, and she is making him a good helpmeet in his colonial home.

British and Dutch colonists do not find it so difficult to induce the fair sex of their old homes to share their lot in newer parts of the world; and when they have found it really difficult to get wives from the mother country many of the Dutch in the East Indies have not disdained to be joined in lawful wedlock with the daughters of the natives.

Many white men are now living in tropical regions, like equatorial Africa, where they have really no right to ask a white woman to share their dangers and hardships. Few women from the north temperate zone are able to survive one or two child-bearing experiences in tropical Africa. Some white men who live there have expressed the opinion that it is little short of a crime to bring women of their own race to those regions. The late Dr. Wolf, the German explorer, said that any white man there who wanted a wife should marry one of the natives of the country. Some of the Europeans in Africa have followed his advice, and among them Dr. Grenfell, the explorer and missionary, who married a negro girl who had been educated at a mission station on the west coast.

Two months ago the Canadian newspapers contained an advertisement from a mining camp in British Columbia in which it was announced that the camp was wholly destitute of women, that neither gambling nor the sale of intoxicating liquors was permitted in the settlement, that the miners were industrious, had saved money, and now they wanted wives and homes; and young women of the dominion were invited to enter into correspondence with a committee as preliminary to possible immigration to the camp and marriage with the bachelors thereof.

The scheme is not to be commended. Each miner had better use some of the money he has saved to visit a district where women are plentiful. If he is the right sort, he will probably convince some damsel that she can be happy even in a miner's cabin in the far northwest.

Even to-day, in large parts of Canada, Australia and Cape Colony, there are not women enough to supply the demand for wives. But when the societies that promote the emigration of women to the colonies send out a party, the last thing in their minds, apparently, is the better chance these women will have to get husbands. They simply send women who lack work to colonies that lack women. Their character and fitness for emigration must be approved, and then they are sent on the long journey in the charge of matrons, who see to their comfort and are responsible for their safety until situations that will yield them a living are found for them. The United British Women's Emigration association, the largest of all these societies, would refuse to assist any woman to emigrate if she should openly avow that she was seeking a husband rather than opportunities for work.—N. Y. Sun.

The Snake's Eyes.

The serpent is peculiarly liable, crawling as it does on the ground in sandy and dusty localities, to injuries of the eye, and this organ is therefore protected by being placed under the skin or outer epidermis. When a snake sheds its skin, which it does three or four times a year, the skin of the eye comes off with the rest.—Philadelphia Press.

Choosing a Puppy.

In order to make choice of a puppy from among a number of others it is best to leave the choice to the mother herself. In carrying them back to their bed the first the mother picks up will always be the best.—Chicago Tribune.

THE WORLD'S COAL CELLARS.

Statistics as to Production and Use of Black Diamond.

An interesting report has just been issued by the London board of trade containing a wealth of statistics as to the coal industry of the world. It is pointed out that the country of Europe which has the largest production, after the United Kingdom, is Germany. The quantity produced, however, in the latter country does not amount to half of what is at present produced in the United Kingdom, the respective figures for 1895 being, the United Kingdom 189,661,000 and the German empire 79,169,000 tons. Next in point of production after Germany comes France, with 27,883,000 tons, or about a third of the production of Germany, while next again comes Belgium, where the amount of production is not very far behind that of France. The average value of the coal produced taken at the pit's mouth has compared very closely as regards the United Kingdom and Germany for several years past, being, in the United Kingdom, in 1892, 7s 3¼d; in 1893, 6s 9½d, and in 1894, 6s 8d, and in Germany, in 1892, 7s 4½d; in 1893, 6s 8d, and in 1894, 6s 7½d. In 1895, however, the value of the coal produced in Germany rose for the first time since 1887 distinctly above the price of British coal, the average price in England in 1895 being 6s 0½d, and in Germany 6s 9¾d. In 1887 the price of coal in England was 4s 9¼d, and in Germany 5s 1¾d. In France it will be observed that the average value at the pit's mouth was, in 1893, 9s 2¾d; in 1894, 9s 0¼d, and in 1895, 8s 10d, while in Belgium it was, in 1893, 7s 5¾d; in 1894, 7s 5½d, and in 1895, 7s 6¾d. The cost of production, certainly in France, and probably in Belgium also, is placed considerably higher than it is either in the United Kingdom or in Germany.

It is desirable, however, to compare the output in European countries with one other country—namely, the United States. In the latter country the quantity of coal produced has in recent years increased distinctively, and indeed in the year of 1893 it almost equaled the output of the United Kingdom, while the year of 1894 it almost equaled the ther increase, although the total output has not equaled that of the United Kingdom, which, since 1893, has been very large. In the earlier years dealt with in the tables, viz., 1883-5, the average output of the United States was 103,000,00 tons; in the later years, 1893-95, it averaged 162,000,000 tons. The average output of the United Kingdom during the latter period was 181,000,000 tons. During the same period the cost of production of coal in the United States, which in 1883-5 was 6s 5d, fell in the years 1893-5 to 5s, or lower than the cost at the pit's mouth in either the United Kingdom or Germany.

As regards the consumption of coal per head of population, as might be expected, the highest proportion is found in those countries where steam traction and machinery worked by steam are mostly in use, such as the United Kingdom, the United States and Belgium, and the lowest in those countries where steam traction is, comparatively speaking, but little used, such as Russia and Austria. In France the consumption of coal per head of population for a country so far advanced in civilization appears at first sight to be very small, and amounts to only .95 of a ton per head, as compared with 2.56 tons per head in Belgium and 3.75 tons per head in the United Kingdom; but this, as was stated in the first issue of these tables, may be accounted for in a great measure by the large quantity of fuel of other sorts, such as turf, wood and lignite, which are all extensively used in that country. The British colonies where the amount of coal consumed is highest are Canada and New South Wales, where 1.16 tons and 1.23 tons per head of the population are consumed respectively.

The tables show that in the case of the United Kingdom, Germany, Belgium and the United States, these being the large coal-producing countries, as might be expected, most of the coal consumed, if not the whole, is of native production. Of the remaining countries, Russia consumes, roughly speaking, 79 per cent. of coal of native production, 17 per cent. of British coal and 4 per cent. of coal the produce of other countries. In Sweden the vast proportion of the coal used—viz., 87 per cent.—is of British origin, 10 per cent. of native production and the remainder the production of other countries. In France 72 per cent. of the coal used is of native origin, 12 per cent. of British and 16 per cent. the produce of other countries. In Spain the coal consumed is, roughly speaking, half native and half British produce, while in Italy almost the whole of the coal consumed is of British origin. In Austria-Hungary 67 per cent. of the coal used is of native production, less than 1 per cent. being of British production, and the remainder, or about 32 per cent., the produce of other countries, chiefly Germany.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Chocolate Pie.

Half square chocolate, one and one-half cups milk, two eggs, one-half cup sugar, two teaspoons cornstarch or three of flour, one teaspoon vanilla. Mix the cornstarch or flour smooth with a little of the milk and heat the rest. Beat the yolks of the eggs and the sugar together. Melt the chocolate in a cup set in boiling water. When the milk is hot stir in the thickening and add the eggs and sugar. When smooth remove from the fire and add the chocolate and vanilla. When cooled a little bake with one crust. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and add six teaspoons sugar and spread on the pie when done. Brown in the oven.—Boston Globe.

Double Ones.

Youngley—Yes, we love each other, and love matches always turn out happily. Do you know of a single instance where they have not done so?

Olding—No, not of a single instance, but I know of a good many married ones.—Tit-Bits.

IS THE AIR VANISHING?

Delicate Apparatus Taken on Airship Aerophile Tell the Story.

A series of experiments is being conducted in Paris which demonstrates to the satisfaction of scientists that the atmosphere which surrounds the earth is gradually disappearing. These experiments are with balloons, and they are known as aerostatic ascents. The French savants, Besancon and Hermite, have been conducting them. The balloon which makes the ascent is called the aerophile. It is conical in shape. It is almost sharp-pointed at one end, while the other is formed of a steel cap, which fits over an aperture through which the gas passes from the retort into the receiver when the balloon is in process of being filled.

Below the reservoir hangs a double platform, which looks not unlike the old-fashioned hanging bookcase. In the front of the top section of the platform is an instrument which registers the speed which the aerophile is making, while just back of it is a device called the meteorograph, which registers the changes in the atmosphere. A dial registers the highest point attained, while another mechanism records the intermediate altitudes.

In the rear of the platform and attached to both sections, is an automatic camera that takes accurate photographs of atmospheric scenes and conditions at different heights from the earth. There is also an apparatus that imprisons specimens of air from different altitudes. Its reservoirs, when the aerophile leaves the earth, are airtight and exhausted. Therefore, when a reservoir is opened at a desired height there is nothing to mix with the specimen of air that rushes into it.

The latest in this series of experiments with the aerophile was made a few days ago, and resulted most successfully. The aerophile rose with extraordinary rapidity to an immense height, fully 10,000 meters. The highest temperature recorded was 60 degrees.

The balloon remained in the air two hours and traveled a distance of 102 kilometers. All the recording apparatus worked successfully, and, while the results have not been definitely announced in all particulars, they, in the minds of many scientists, establish the fact that the inventors have contended for—that the balloon will throw startling light on the question of atmospheric disappearance.

The aerophile, as the balloon has been named, is sometimes sent aloft merely arranged so that at a certain period of time the gas vent will be partially opened, the gas escape and the monster settle to the earth. At other times it is like the captive balloon sent aloft at the end of a great pile of rope and pulled down whenever the experimenters desire. It is, however, only when the invention is permitted to soar to a great height that there is a possibility of securing the results which the scientists hope for.

The importance of the facts learned from experiments with the balloon, scientists say, can hardly be overestimated. They indicate, it is thought, the conditions which will prevail at the end of the world. The atmosphere mingles continually with the water and the rocks, and by this action continually diminishes its density. Thus is the gauzy envelope which surrounds us brought closer and reduced, and one day, say the scientists, it will without doubt disappear completely as it has already done with our neighbor the moon.

It should be stated that the apparatus which the balloon contains for securing specimens of the rarefied air at great heights is the idea of M. Cailletet. This has proved the most successful feature, for it has worked to a charm, and the results of the analyses of the air it contains will from time to time indicate precisely the exact changes that have taken place in the atmosphere.—N. Y. Herald.

Told of New York.

It is stated that more than 76 per cent. of those who people New York to-day were born of foreign mothers, while more than 40 per cent. were themselves born on foreign soil. Peter Stuyvesant ruled in his day over 1,400 New Yorkers, who conversed in 18 different tongues. The population of New York cannot be called a church-going one. There are less than 600 places of Christian worship, seating only about 300,000 persons. The most valuable spots on the face of the earth are believed to be the four corners where Wall street touches Broad. Not long ago $1,500,000 was paid for five lots on Broadway, opposite Bowling Green. It is said that there is scarcely a nation upon earth which has not eating places of its own in New York, "with its own viands and drinks, its own chatter, its own customs and subsidiary recreations." The clubs and even the theaters are also cosmopolitan in character. At some of the Bowery theaters plays are frequently given in Hebrew or Yiddish.—Chicago News.

Indian Towns Are Cyclone Proof.

"People out west," observed a Kansas congressman, "have learned a number of things from the Indians, and many of them are of value. Probably the most valuable has been in the matter of cyclones. We have learned that whenever a city or town was built on the site of an old Indian settlement, it has been free from any of the cyclones which have now and then come along in the western country. These towns which are located thus fortunately use their Indian origin as an advertisement and as a guarantee for settlement. The cyclone insurance companies will insure a policy on houses in an Indian settlement town for one-third the prices they charge for similar policies in other sections."—Washington Star.

To Be Sure.

"Come, now, do you really believe he married her for love?" "To be sure. The kind of love that the Bible says is the root of all evil."—Boston Transcript.

The Republican.

Ed. and Proprietor

D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1897.

THE thousands of old soldiers who were dismissed from office by the Democratic administration are being restored to their positions as rapidly as possible by the Republican party, now in control of the government.

THE silver cause seems to be losing ground even in its own home. The silver candidate received a smaller vote in the mayoralty election in Denver than either of the other candidates. Of the 28,495 votes cast the silver candidate received but 7,128 and the Populist candidate but 7,641.

FOURTEEN shiploads of free wool a day coming into a single port is rather discouraging to the prospects of the American wool grower. No wonder the Republicans of the Finance Committee are sitting up nights pushing to get the Dingley bill on the statute books as soon as possible.

REPORTS from the farming districts show great activity. The farmers have felt more promptly than perhaps any other class the first development in returning prosperity. The improved prices for grain have continued for months, and a recent article in a leading newspaper on the business improvement throughout the country says, "Dealers in truck and farm produce report the greatest improvement."

THE gold Democrats and the silver Democrats are throwing stones at each other again. Mr. Bryan has come to the front with a sarcastic reply to Mr. Cleveland's Reform Club speech, in which he says that Cleveland and his wing of the Democracy are "long on platitudes and short on performances," and that they reach their "maximum at a banquet and their minimum at the polls." Every day increases the improbability of the two wings of the Democracy ever flapping together again.

Sub-Treasury Candidates.

By the death of Sub-Treasurer Hammond a vacancy has been caused in that office in Baltimore. The Baltimore *News* of last night speaking of the numerous candidates for the office says:

"Other candidates for the Sub-Treasury mentioned to-day are State Senator James M. Sloan, of Allegany; Mr. J. B. Hanna, of Harford; Dr. Samuel T. Haffner, of Frederick; Mr. B. Hootee Stevens, of Caroline, and State Senator Ravenscroft, of Garrett."

THE interest in the beet-sugar industry grows apace. Secretary Wilson, who reversed the policy of his Democratic predecessor and set about encouraging the production of the sugar beet, finds the demand for sugar-beet seed and beet-sugar information something enormous and coming from every part of the country. He believes that this nation will, within two years, be manufacturing all its own sugar and putting into the hands of its farmers the hundred million dollars which it now sends annually abroad for sugar.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, in his latest utterances before the Reform Club of New York City last Saturday night, managed to still further reduce his following. He attacked not only the Republican party, but that large and growing class of Democrats who believe in protection, another large class of Democrats who voted for Mr. Bryan, and another class of voters who support the measures of the Populist party. If Mr. Cleveland keeps on attacking those who believe in some of the things which he believes, he will soon find himself standing absolutely alone.

THE Pittsburgh *Chronicle Telegraph*, says editorially of Senator Wellington:

Senator Wellington, of Maryland, is another conspicuous man, and representative of the rising tide of Republicanism in that once solidly Democratic commonwealth. He won his Senatorial honors before his 45th birthday. In his 40th year he accepted the Republican nomination in a Democratic congressional district and was defeated; but two years later he renewed the fight and became a member of the House of Representatives. Before his term expired he was elected to succeed Senator Gibson, and took his seat coincidently with the induction into office of the McKinley administration.

PEOPLE who are complaining that the business conditions of 1892 have not yet resumed should remember that a tariff bill cannot be framed and passed in a minute or a month. It was eighteen months after Grover Cleveland became President before the Wilson tariff bill was a law, but there is good reason to believe that the Dingley bill will become a law in less than eighteen weeks after the inauguration of William McKinley, and less than half that time has not yet passed. Until the bill can pass and the country has time to absorb the enormous mass of goods now being rushed in by foreign importers, it is unreasonable to expect a resumption of activity by the manufacturers or consequent prosperity among the masses who will be affected by that activity.

"Bis Dat Qui Cito Dat."

This is an old Latin maxim, often in the mouths of lawyers. It means, "He gives twice who gives promptly." It has been true in all ages of the world; it is as true to-day as it was in the far-off Roman days when the wisdom of the people was coined into the phrase.

But never in any age, or among any people, has it ever been so true—so vitally true—at it is to-day with reference to pensions.

It is now 32 years since Lee and Johnston surrendered, and virtually ended the war. The men who compelled those surrenders by their obstinate valor were then in the pride of their youthful strength and manhood. They are now all of them past the meridian of life, and very many—far too many—are utterly broken down by the terrible strains and hardships of their service. It is now that those drafts they then drew on their young strength must be honored with heavy interest. So long as they were young, they could force forgetfulness of their days and nights under the burning sun, in the freezing sleet, the biting wind, in the morasses of the Mississippi, and the malarious swamps of the Carolinas. But they cannot force such forgetfulness to-day, when age has sapped their forces.

They can no longer afford to wait for the Nation's justice for the fulfillment of the promises made to them when their services were urgently needed.

Time is now everything with them. To promise them relief at some future period is the cruelest mockery. Their aches and pains—their weakness and disability are not in the future—they are in the actual present, and so should be their relief. So must be their relief, if it be worthy the name.

At least 100 of them die daily. How vain, then, talk of relief next year, when thousands of them will never see next year? As well talk to the Mississippi sufferers of helping them next year.

These men want, need, and should have relief just as soon as it can be extended to them. One dollar given them now is better than many dollars promised at some time in the future.

The imperative rule in pension matters should be:

"He who gives quickly gives twice."

Some Rambling Thoughts.

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The ground beneath our feet is already restless with the thrusting vigor of seeds, whose mysterious and resistless power is compelling the soil to give up its dead to live again. Our every footstep is dogged with the tireless tasks of earthworms and insects, tunneling in all directions that the soil compacted by the winter's storms may be in reach of the life-impelling influences of air and warmth. Invisible energies are crying aloud to the hillsides and to the valleys, to the creatures that hibernate and to the birds that migrate, to insects and to grubs. "Let there be life!" and there is life, so pervasive that though we fly to the uttermost desert, it is there: though we bury ourselves in the deepest mine, it is there.

* * *

The glory of green flung suddenly over somber fields and naked trees, the flutter of busy birds twittering and whistling of love and defiance, the subtle odors of flowers and of grasses—all unite to thrill the senses, until the healthy heart is filled with the same universal joy of living. The blind can feel the change, and deaf can see it; every living thing answers the summons. The heart of the young grows light, for is not the time of listening to the birds and of gathering flowers at hand? The sluggish blood of the aged courses more freely again and the devout heart swells with gratitude for one more spring in the "World Beautiful." Even the room of the invalid becomes the home of unselfish pleasure at the thought of the merriment and sunshine that fill the world.

* * *

But there is a message to the reason and an appeal to the soul in springtime, far transcending any gratification of the senses. It explains to us the almost delirious joy with which the season is greeted. What is it? The real recognition—in some cases, instinctive; but none the less real—that for the time being life has triumphed, though the earth for months has lain in the valley of the Shadow of Death. Life out of death, victory out of defeat, new energy fed by the things that have perished! This is the joy note of Spring.

* * *

Viewed in one way, the gloom and depression of death is over everything mundane. It is a sad enough picture yet needful to remember in order to gain the full lesson from the new life now swarming in earth and air and sky. It is unsafe to assert that there are things the Almighty cannot do. One thing, however, is certain: He has never yet made a living creature with a material body that lasts forever. As soon as the elements of living things are gathered together the conflict between life and death begins with ultimate victory completely assured for the latter. Everything that lives in the battle-ground for forces that are doing their best to send it back dissolved into its original elements. And they succeed!

* * *

The Creative Force in the world appears to love living things and to hate death; if it were not so, why the tricks and devices for enabling things that live, though they themselves perish, yet still to retain a place on the earth through their decendants? The arch-enemy of all created things may triumph over the individual of any class, but he is not triumphant all along the line, else were this globe long ago a lifeless desert. Victory is wrested from death by the various species passing on their life into new beings of the same species, or, in other words by reproduction. So while the dying perish, the feud with death is still maintained by the living who step into the breach; they in their turn passing on to others the precious heritage of life to be guarded at all hazards and entrusted in undiminished force and beauty to those that follow still later. The greatest joy of Spring is, therefore, that it is a living picture of conquest; a short-lived triumph indeed but yet sweet while it lasts for there is prepared from its results the next generation of plants and insects and animals, so that the world may not be lifeless. Spring, now is thy glory! Grave, where is thy victory?

* * *

This is not the place for a discussion as to whether death will be finally driven from our sphere. That is too remote a contingency to be considered. On the other hand the present law, the one that has control of you and I, is that after a certain time life will cease to energise us and our conscious share in the world's doings come to an end. Because of the agonizing fear of death that darkens my childhood days, I am not unaware of the fierce longing in the strong and energetic heart for life everlasting in the world ever beautiful. I sympathize with it. But that cannot be. Then, what shall be done? Take another glance at Nature to emphasize what this feeble mind would fain utter with compelling force. Like produces like, with this limitation that an individual tree or creature, stronger or weaker than its fellows, passes on a strengthened or weakened heritage to those who follow. Outside influences, good or bad and the surrender of the individual to their power also help to make or mar the prospects of that race of trees or creatures. There is no imagination in this; but sober truth.

Now our race also has its perpetual Spring, in the beauty and charm of child-life; where bright smiles and joyous laughter, over-flowing energy and eager hopefulness proclaim the same truth as the glorified landscape that now solaces the eye. Life is not in children save by reason of those who have gone before. Existence is therefore, no mere toy to be played with and thrown away, but a trust-fund, from the interest of which we gain all the bliss and joys of life; but from the principal of which we must take nothing by reason of wrong-living, or those who follow us may rightcously curse us for our selfishness.

Sleep at the end of a weary day is fitting and right; the death of the honorable and brave is part of the order of things and part of progress. The old giveth place to the new, and the only sting of death is Sin!

The Best Remedy for Rheumatism.

From the Fairhaven (N. Y.) Register.

Mr. James Rowland of this village, states that for twenty-five years his wife has been a sufferer from rheumatism. A few nights ago she was in such pain that she was nearly crazy. She sent Mr. Rowland for the doctor, but he had read of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and instead of going for the physician he went to the store and secured a bottle of it. His wife did not approve of Mr. Rowland's purchase at first, but nevertheless applied the Balm thoroughly and in an hour's time was able to go to sleep. She now applies it when ever she feels an ache or a pain and finds that it always gives relief. He said that no medicine which she used ever did her as much good. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

WHY A PROTECTIONIST.

Senator Wellington Explains Some Things to the Americus Club.

In his speech at the banquet of the Americus Club, at Pittsburg, on Thursday evening Senator Wellington made some reference to the political conditions in Maryland during the war and the revolution of the Republican party after the war. The Pittsburg *Times* gives this extract from the speech:

"The Republican party came out of the conflict holding, in one hand, the renewed charter of our National liberties, strengthened by the reunion of States upon a firmer basis, and in the other, the freedom and enfranchisement of the race of people who had, until then, been holden as goods and chattels. From that moment the Republican party ceased to be sectional, for the sectional issue was dead and buried. Henceforward it was to devote itself to questions of political economy, finance and general government. In the border States of the South there had been a peculiar condition which demanded more than putty in the spinal column; to have a man stand up on either side. In the North it was simply a matter of standing for the Union cause, because the trend of public opinion carried men in that directions in the South it was simply an equal stand for its institutions.

"But in that narrow strip of land wedged between the two sections, these two points met and clashed. There families were divided, and the friendship of a lifetime broken. Therein it demanded courage of conviction to enter a contest for or against the Union. Great bitterness developed, and when the war was over the patience and the prejudice of the struggle remained. In the State of Maryland, for 20 years, there was an ever-recurring political battle and a crushing defeat for the Republican party. At the end of 30 years the long expected victory seemed as far in the distance as ever before. Many had lost heart, but in 1894 I determined that another effort should be made to redeem our State.

"I am a protectionist, because I believe it is necessary for the American workmen to receive a higher rate of wages than his brother of the craft is paid in European countries. For that reason I would place upon the European labor, which produces commodities like unto those products produced by American labor, and send them to this country to compete with us an import duty upon every article. It is the only ground upon which the doctrine of protection can be defined. I am a protectionist from principle, and therefore demand that the coal miner of Pennsylvania and West Virginia and Maryland shall be protected in the same manner as the employes of the New England mill or factory. First, let us start the mills and restore confidence. This can only be done by a stable policy, and such a course in foreign affairs as will restore the friendship of European countries.

Ell Perkins Defends the Free-Traders.

I have been engaged by the patriotic Wilson-Cleveland Democrats to get up arguments against McKinley and his wicked protective Tariff. Our star Democratic argument is this:

"A Protective Tariff is a benefit to the few at the expense of the many."

That paragraph is our stock in trade. That is Bryan's argument too.

I am working this Democratic argument for all it is worth now. This is the way I prove it to the wicked Republicans:

I go to Dingley, Platt, Grosvenor and Dolliver and knock them out with questions. I know, of course, that the 20,000,000 laboring men benefited by the Tariff are the many, but I knock this out with our Democratic arguments. I go to the Republicans and say:

"Weren't the aggregate wages earned by all our laboring men in our mills, on our railroads, and in our mines in 1890 according to our last census reports $9,000,000,000."

"Yes," admits Mr. Dingley, "the men got that $9,000,000,000."

"And the finished product of all the mills was worth $11,000,000,000, wasn't it?"

"Then," I said, looking at the wicked Dolliver of Iowa, "if the 20,000,000 workmen got $9,000,000,000 out of the $11,000,000,000 for which the finished product sold, then the owners of all the mills, railroads, hotels, and mines who put up all the money and run all the risk, got $2,000,000,000 while the workmen got $9,000,000,000."

"Yes," nodded Mr. Dolliver, "we admit the fact, don't we Mr. Platt?"

"Yes," said Mr. Platt, who saw our star Democratic argument had crawled into the ground and pulled the hole in after it. "This 'many' and 'few' argument of the Southern Free-Traders is very translucent."

"Of course," I said, "the millions of laborers are the 'few,' and the few thousands of mill owners are the 'many.'"

Then what do you think happened? Why an agnostic smile seemed to spread over the faces of Dingley and Grosvenor, while Tom Reed and Platt lighted their cigars and turned their backs on me.

The silence was broken by Vest, Voorhees, and Tennessee McMillin, who have been using the "few-and-many" argument for years.

"Of course, the laboring men are the 'few,'" said South Carolina Laurens and Massachusetts Free Silver Williams. "The laboring men are being swindled by the Tariff. The grasping monopolists, thieving gold bugs, awful trusts, and ——"

I cut Free Silver Williams' talk off in the middle by leaving for the Smithsonian Institution to get more original Democratic arguments from an Egyptian obelisk. ELI PERKINS.

Mountain Lake Park.

Thomas Harris, as foreman, began the erection of a cottage for Mrs. Bates on the 24th of April. One week later the house was ready for plastering.

Harry Clayton is erecting a cottage on D street. Mrs. Clayton and family arrived at the Park Tuesday. They will remain until fall.

W. R. Johnson has the contract to add two rooms and porch to Dr. Rambeau's cottage on Hazel Glade drive.

Mrs. Sawyer, of the Assembly House, is expecting several summer guests this week.

S. L. Allen and wife, of Grafton, spent Saturday at the Park, as did also Harry Clayton, Esq.

The Park Improvement Company will increase its capital stock from $8,000 to $10,000.

Mr. Bunce has moved his goods from the store room in Loch Lynn Heights to the room in the postoffice building. The room has been painted and papered.

Dr. J. H. McLain and wife, of Wheeling, moved into their cottage last Friday.

D. A. Denton, editor of the *Methodist Times*, preached a fine sermon to us Sunday afternoon.

W. H. Gilbert, of Piedmont, was a recent visitor at the Park.

Hon. J. D. Botkin, member of Congress, is to preach the opening sermon May 6. A rich treat is in store for those who may attend the opening services. Hon. Botkin preached for Rev. Talmage last Sabbath. Mr. B. and family will spend the summer at the Park, having rented a cottage.

Hoyes.

Mr. George Brenneman, of Grantsville, was visiting friends at Hoyes on Saturday last.

Prof. Maffett is painting Mr. John Chase's house at Hoyes.

Messrs. Hamilton Friend and Hamill Casteel were visitors at Mr. A. C. DeWitt's on Sunday last and were very pleasantly entertained by his accomplished daughters, Misses Sadie E. and Vespie A. DeWitt.

We hear some talk of a telephone line being built from Hoyes to Oakland. The citizens here are wishing that the rumor may soon become a reality and that they can do business with the metropolis by 'phone instead of wading mud holes and plowing through snowdrifts every time they have any business to transact in town.

Samson Custer raised a large barn on Thursday.

Miss Minnie Smith, of Tunnelton, W. Va., paid a flying visit to her friends at this place last week. Miss Minnie is a very fine musician and is teaching a very large class at Rowlesburg, W. Va. She has many friends who wish her success and happiness and that they may soon have the pleasure of entertaining and hear her sing and play at her old home again.

The people of this vicinity were very much surprised to see the May flower and apple blossoms peeping out at them from under their snowy blanket Sunday and Monday mornings.

Mr. and Mrs. Meshack Mattingly presented their daughters Olia and Burnadette a very fine upright piano, costing $500.

Your Vitality?

The essence of life is force. Every breath you breathe, every heart beat, every motion of your hand, takes force. The measure of force we call vitality. If this is lacking, there is loss of flesh, lack of resistive power, a tendency to catch disease easily, especially a tendency to Consumption. For low vitality nothing is better than Scott's Emulsion. It supplies force by furnishing the nourishing, strengthening elements of food in an easily digested form; enriches the blood, and builds up the system. When ordinary food is of no avail, Scott's Emulsion will supply the body with all the vital elements of life.

Two sizes, 50 cts. and $1.00. All druggists.

If you will ask for it we will send you a book telling you all about Scott's Emulsion. Free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

A Terrible Time in the Kitchen.

The fork said the corkscrew was crooked;
The remark made the platiron red;
The steel knife at once lost its temper,
And called the tea holder a sad.
The tablespoon stood on its mettle;
The kettle exhibited bile;
The stove grew hot at the discussion,
But the ice remained cool all the while.

The way that the cabbage and lettuce
Kept their heads was something sublime;
The greens dared the soup to mix with them,
And the latter, while it hadn't much thyme,
Got so mad it boiled over—the fire
Felt put out and started to cry;
The oven then roasted the turkey,
And the cook gave the grease spot the lye.

The plate said the clock in the corner
Transacted its business on tick,
And the plate, which for years had been battered,
The clock said was full of old nick.
The salt said the cream should be whipped,
The cinnamon laughed—in a rage,
The cream said the salt was too fresh,
And its friend wasn't thought to be sage.

You'd not think a thing that's so holey
As the sieve would have mixed in the fuss,
But it did, for it said that the butter
Was a slippery sort of a cuss.
No one knows how the row would have ended
Had not the cook, Maggie O'Dowd,
(Her work being done) closed the kitchen,
And thusly shut up the whole crowd.

Swanton.

George H. McKenzie has moved into his new house.

James Kinzer has built a new shoemaker shop.

Garthright & May are building a large store room and residence.

John D. Ashenfelter has sold his house and lot in Swanton to P. T. Garthright and will in the near future build a house on his farm near town.

Joseph Friend, jr., is building an addition to his residence.

John A. Wagner is building a new porch, which will add greatly to the appearance of his home.

C. A. Wilt, agent for Armstrong & Co., will in the near future build a fine cottage in Swanton. Every house is occupied and a demand for others, with a good prospect for a narrow gauge road from "The Rights of Man" to Swanton. There is a future for this place. To those interested in making a good investment there is a grand opportunity for a starch factory. A good chance to make money.

The Swanton M. E. Sunday-school, which is in a very prosperous condition, completed its second year last Sunday and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Superintendent, A. F. George; assistant superintendent, Wm. W. Sweet; secretary, H. V. Layton; treasurer, Mrs. S. M. Fairall; librarian, Artie Murphy. The school in the near future expects to purchase a new library.

Rev. Mr. Brayshaw preached last Sunday at Steiding school house and at night at Anderson chapel.

Rev. E. P. Idleman will preach next Sunday at 3:30 p. m.

HOOSIER.

FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.

Our little town is showing considerable stir this week, and we are too proud to keep it to ourselves; hence this letter.

Lansdale West arrived from Chicago on No. 55 Monday evening on a ten days' visit to his parents and friends. We were all glad to welcome him after his absence of eight months.

We have three cars on our siding which are being loaded; one by Mr. Beachy with shingles, and Sweet and Garthright are each loading one with potatoes.

The beautiful snow, which covered the ground Sunday and Monday mornings, has disappeared and mud has taken its place.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

Pittsburg Has a Big Blaze.

Pittsburg's worst fire since 1845, broke out Sunday at midnight and before it was under control $2,500,000 worth of damage had been done. David J. Thomas, fireman, was caught by falling walls and killed.

T. C. Jenkins, wholesale grocery house, Jos. Horne & Co.'s retail department store, the Duquesne theater, Methodist Episcopal book concern, and the Phipps office building, were the principal structures in the path of the flames.

The fire started in the basement of Jenkin's establishment, Liberty and Penn-aves., and was the result of spontaneous combustion.

A strong wind was blowing from the northeast when the fire started. When the huge mass of bricks composing the west end of the Jenkins building fell at 1.37 a. m., there was a large crowd of spectators gathered at the intersection of Fifth-ave. and Liberty-st.

There was no warning before the crash came. The wall tottered a moment and then fell with a resounding roar upon the roofs of the adjacent buildings. The stores occupied by John Buck and John Hall, jr., 521 Liberty-st., were crushed to the ground like egg-shells.

The former had been gutted by the fire, but the latter had escaped. Both were wiped out in a twinkle, buried beneath tons of brick and mortar.

ANNUAL LEVY, 1897.

Annual Levy for Garrett County, Maryland, levied on the 14th day of April, 1897, by the Board of County Commissioners for Garrett County, Maryland.

GENERAL ROAD LEVY, 1897.

District No. 1—Swanton		$650 00
" " 2—Selbysport		1,173 10
" " 3—Grantsville		850 00
" " 4—Bloomington		300 00
" " 5—Accident		850 00
" " 6—Savage Run		650 00
" " 7—Oakland		1,100 00
" " 8—Ryan's Glade		450 00
" " 9—Johnson's		300 00
" " 10—Deer Park		700 00
" " 11—Elbow		300 00
" " 12—Bittinger		550 00
National Road		600 00
Total		$9,025 00

CORPORATIONS.

Mayor and Council of Oakland	$300 00
" " " Deer Park	50 00
Commissioners of Grantsville	80 00
Mountain Lake Park Community	200 00
Total	$650 00

PUBLIC SCHOOL BONDS.

For redemption of bonds	$1,000 00
Interest on bonds	200 00
Total	$1,200 00

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

To the School Commissioners for the support of public schools	$13,600 00

CLERK CIRCUIT COURT.

E. Z. Tower, use C. B. Friend	$240 50
" " " balance	1,552 28
Total	$1,792 78

COURT FUND.

Estimate to pay expenses, July, September and November terms, 1897, and March term, 1898	$3,110 00
County Commissioners of Washington, removed case	131 50
Total	$3,241 50

ORPHANS' COURT.

Estimate to pay salaries	$265 00
James W. White, Register, use C. B. Friend	50 00
James W. White, Register, balance	50 50
Total	$365 50

SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

Austin Brown, Sheriff	$2,100 00
W. H. Coddington, Warden, use G. S. Hamill	300 00
W. M. Coddington, salaries	250 00
Total	$2,650 00

PRINTING AND PUBLISHING.

Benj. H. Sincell, use C. B. Friend, publishing	$200 00
Same, balance	50 00
Same, printing	200 00
Same, publishing under special act, 1896, use C. B. Friend	175 00
J. M. Litzinger, use Garrett County Bank, publishing	100 00
Same, use Garrett County Bank, publishing under special act, 1896	195 00
Total	$1,310 00

BRIDGE ACCOUNT.

John E. Friend, use Garrett County Bank, building bridge	$37 20
James W. Brockley, use Garrett Co. Bank, building bridge	10 68
Chauncey Kimmel, use C. B. Friend, repairing bridge	47 15
A. S. Sell, use Garrett County Bank, flooring bridge	20 31
J. W. Moon, use P. J. Lohr on account of contract, use D. F. Offutt	33 23
J. W. Moon, use C. B. Friend, balance on contract	91 77
P. M. Stemple, new bridge over Crab Tree	51 28
Stephen Bowering, repairing bridge	6 60
John M. Kesler, repairing bridge at Friendsville	47 75
D. McLean, repairing bridge	13 20
James W. Walter, repairing bridge	8 75
Kimmel Frazee, work on bridge subject to order	25 00
D. K. Herring, panking bridge	5 48
Henry Flinzell, repairing bridge	3 00
James DeArmit, repairing bridge	1 80
Joseph Jefferies, repairing bridge	1 31
John W. Johnson, repairing bridge	9 50
John Sines, bridge over Deep Creek	140 00
Wilson Lumber Company, bridge over Sand run	50 00
Wilson Lumber Company, one-half bridge at Wilson	20 00
John J. Garrett, bridge	10 00
Estimate for bridges, subject to order	1,200 00
Total	$1,926 50

SPECIAL ROAD APPROPRIATIONS.

Alfred Reckard	$1 85
Silas Teats	12 88
John Liston	16 22
John Kesler, use L. E. Friend	30 00
L. A. Rudisill	9 50
John Sines	10 00
Saluthiel Savage	5 00
Bear Creek road, left fork, subject to order	150 00
To forks of Bear Creek, subject to order	150 00
Elder Hill road, subject to order	190 00
Blooming Rose road, subject to order	20 00
Road from Lee E. Friend's to Burnt mill, subject to order	40 00
Friendsville to Garey gate, subject to order	20 00
P. M. Stemple, subject to order	25 10
James L. Harvey, subject to order, Russell road	125 80
Thomas K. Harvey, new road	75 00
Wilson and Cooper road, subject to order	50 00
John Baker	20 00
Israel Glotfelty, subject to order	25 00
Hiram S. Coleman	20 00
D. B. Layman, subject to order	50 00
F. M. Stanton	20 00
Charles Bonig	20 00
Stephen Browning	30 00
Total	$1,005 52

MISCELLANEOUS ACCOUNT.

Marshall Sines, use D. E. Offutt, shingles to cover stable at jail	14 00
S. Lawson, use Garrett County Bank, repairs at jail	37 25
J. M. Barboe, repairing stable at jail, use Garrett County Bank	10 61
Hay, Wood & Co., chairs for judges	32 75
R. A. Orient, wood	1 50
Daniel McRobie, use Dixon & Kelso, wood	10 00
R. S. Jamison, repairing pump at jail	7 00
John Yellowly, repairs at jail, 1896	15 50
Isaac Walker & Co., stationery	38 20
J. W. Bond & Co., records for clerk's office	63 00
M. V. Gross, coal for prisoner	5 00
Charles Wegman, subscribing witness	1 20
A. G. Sturgiss, books, stationery and medicine	147 15
D. E. Offutt, electric lights	75 50
Geo. E. Bernard & Co., clerk's office	14 05
S. L. Townsend & Son, goods furnished jail	87 60
W. F. King, repairing jail, use Garrett County Bank	10 00
Thomas Harne, hauling	3 75
J. M. Davis & Son, account	25 51
G. A. Stires, material and work at jail	16 55
Charles Yoakum, repairing road machine	11 75
Post & Walker, bank books	20 70
S. T. Jones, pens	3 25
R. C. Townshend, work in court-house	3 50
E. M. Coddington, hauling booth	2 50
Ed. J. Miller, coffin for pauper	5 00
Archibald Spiker, damage to land by road	10 00
Dr. H. W. Metcalf, health officer	100 00
" " " physician to jail	100 00
J. M. Barboe, repairing jail and court house, subject to order	370 00
George Geisman, coal	153 20
J. L. Bennett, caring for insane patient	24 00
H. Hosier, lumber for building at jail	25 00
James A. Walker, attending to water closets, subject to order	15 00
D. E. Offutt & Son, goods furnished	11 75
Total	$1,521 81

ATTORNEY FEES.

F. A. Thayer, State's Attorney, use Garrett County Bank	$250 00
F. A. Thayer, balance trial fees	1,058 23
G. S. Hamill, late State's Attorney, ¼ misdemeanor, ¼ of misdemeanors and ½ felonies	38 23
G. S. Hamill, misdemeanor, felony, habeas corpus	24 34
G. S. Hamill and R. T. Semmes, misdemeanor and felony	40 00
G. S. Hamill and J. C. Renninger, felony	10 00
J. C. Renninger, misdemeanor	3 34
A. L. Gonder, felony and misdemeanor	13 33
Peddicord & Peddicord, misdemeanors and felony	26 67
E. H. Sincell, use King Delaweer, misdemeanors and felony	80 00
W. A. Dalby, use D. E. Offutt, felony	10 00
Total	$1,593 22

TAXES IN ERROR.

Thomas Martin, Jr	$1 68
Henry Warnick	7 99
Israel Glotfelty	12 50
Sara J. Wright, casket bonds	250 00
Third National Bank, Cumberland	7 98
Mechanics' National Bank, Baltimore	4 45
Commercial and Farmers' National Bank, Baltimore	3 20
Citizens' National Bank, Baltimore	25
Total	$872 57

ASSESSMENT EXPENSES.

Ebenezer Kitzmiller, assessor, use Garrett County Bank	$100 00
Jacob Frosh, balance, general assessor	200 10
Rudolph Beckman, balance general assessor	100 00
John D. Michael, balance, making up returns for general assessors	71 28
Balance in making general assessment to be credited to Asylum fund	2,000 00
Total	$2,565 28

COMMISSIONERS' OFFICE.

Estimate for County Commissioners' office	$1,000 00
J. S. Meyers, Clerk	300 00
B. H. Sincell, Attorney, use E. B. Hook	150 00
W. M. Coddington, janitor to court-house	200 00
Total	$1,650 00

CONSTABLES.

Charles Liston, use L. C. Eike, deputy No. 7	$2 75
W. P. Lee, No. 8	3 30
D. A. Stephens, No. 7	9 00
Silas Teats, No. 2	20 02
George Matley, deputy, No. 10	7 05
Robert Moreland, No. 1	3 60
Henry Bobbe, No. 10	10 55
E. M. Coddington, No. 2	70 81
Baker Johnson	38 75
Levi Schard	3 85
Total	$185 56

MAGISTRATES' FEES.

L. C. Eike	$18 35
Peter Salmon	7 55
L. A. Garrett	1 85
Henry Kehl	8 15
Eli McMillan	2 45
S. J. Fiery	7 75
John L. Wheeler	15 90
Thomas K. McKenzie	60 40
John Colwell	17 10
S. E. Boyer	32 15
Total	$175 20

ELECTION EXPENSES NOV., 1896.

A. G. Sturgiss, Supervisor of Election, 1896, salary	$140 00
J. David Friend, Supervisor of Election, and stamps, subject to agreed to	191 00
F. C. Rice, Supervisor of Election and stamps	161 48

District No. 1.

J. L. Fitzwater, judge and register	18 60
Alex. Farrell, " "	15 00
J. L. McKenzie, judge, use A. G. Sturgiss	7 50
Francis McKenzie, judge	7 50
George W. Moon, clerk	7 50
J. W. Lansdale, clerk	7 50

District No. 2.

Walter M. Lowdermilk, judge and register	37 20
W. W. Schlossnagel, judge and register	55 50
F. M. Lesser, judge	15 90
D. S. Custer, judge	9 60
Walter G. Meyers, clerk	10 50
D. A. Torney, clerk	10 50

District No. 3.

James E. Gonagey, judge and register, use Charles Wegman	37 20
J. Clarence Gelty, judge and register	37 20
G. E. Bevans, judge, use Chas. Wegman	11 10
Charles H. Durst, judge	11 10
Charles Easley, clerk	11 02
Archibald Warnick, clerk	11 02

District No. 4.

Floyd Swearingen, judge and register	48 00
Peter Fike, Williams, judge and register, use J. H. Miller	19 80
Nathan T. Meadows, judge	7 20
Peter Monaghan, judge	7 20
Lee Fazenbaker, clerk	7 20
Charles C. Mosier, clerk	7 20

District No. 5.

John W. Daniels, judge and register	18 30
Gus Ebersanger, " "	18 00
J. M. Vandervelde, judge	7 05
John L. Richter, judge	8 60
Freeman DeWitt, clerk	7 05
G. F. Kight, clerk	7 20

District No. 6.

William Callis, judge and register	15 60
Geo. A. Miller, judge and register, use C. B. Friend	47 70
E. N. Casteel, judge	7 50
Joel Bender, judge	7 50
D. Arthur Friend, clerk, use D. Harrison Friend	7 50
Hanson B. Lewis, clerk	7 50

District No. 7—First Precinct.

Charles A. Ashby, judge and register	44 40
John W. Hart, " " "	44 40
David T. Enlow, judge	7 20
John O. Thayer, judge	7 50
Wm. Hinebaugh, clerk, use D. E. Offutt	7 50
F. P. Arnold, clerk, use S. L. Townshend & Son	7 50

Dist. No. 7—Second Precinct.

R. C. Townshend, judge and register	41 40
Edmund Johnson, judge and register, use King Delaweer	41 70
C. A. Dodge, judge	7 20
P. H. Rodehaver, judge	7 20
Samuel Lawton, clerk	7 20
M. M. Ashby, clerk, use A. G. Sturgiss	7 20

District No. 8.

J. M. Conneway, judge and register	48 00
J. W. Mason, " " "	47 70
B. F. Harvey, judge	7 20
S. T. Grimes, judge	7 50
W. G. Riley, clerk	7 20
John A. Shaffer, clerk	7 20

District No. 9.

Bradford Blocher, judge and register	60 90
Samuel Johnson, " "	53 90
Norman Wilhelm, judge	10 20
Thomas J. Crow, judge	10 20
Elias McKenzie, clerk	10 20
Charles C. Layman clerk	10 20

District No. 10.

J. Thomas Moon, judge and register	45 30
William Stoker, judge and register, use C. B. Friend	15 30
W. T. Hoye, judge	7 50
C. L. Pough, judge	7 50
W. F. George, clerk	7 50
Thomas Sellers, clerk	7 50

District No. 11.

Elias Merrill, judge and register	56 40
P. F. Michael, " "	56 18
W. P. Hansell, judge	10 50
John C. Robeson, judge	10 50
John W. Lancaster, clerk	9 90
W. A. J. Broadwater, clerk	9 60

District No. 12.

Jonas Bittinger, judge and register	60 30
Gustavus Stanton, judge and register	60 30
Peter J. Stark, judge	6 90
Peter Opel, judge	6 90
George W. Eagle, clerk	6 90
Perry Broadwater, clerk	6 90
Nathan T. Michael, appointed judge and was disqualified	3 60
David E. Broadwater, appointed clerk, and was disqualified	3 60
Thomas Martin, rent No. 1 precinct	12 00
Upton Cappet, " " 6 district	2 00
D. N. Murphy, " " 8 "	5 00
Thos. Harvey, " " 1 "	5 00
W. A. Brown, putting up booths, No. 2, use E. B. Hook	3 00
Homer Friend, cleaning school house No. 2	2 75
Henry Bittinger, rent No. 12	7 00
Francis Chidester, rent No. 10, use W. C. Jones	9 00
Geo. L. Engelhart, rent No. 5	10 00
Jonas E. Gnagey, rent No. 3	13 00
Thomas Harne, hauling tailed boxes	1 50
Shartzer & Bowden, furniture for Supervisor's office	70 75
John Shartzer, use George Geisman, rent supervisor's office	72 00
D. E. Offutt & Sons, supplies, election	9 05
Dixon & Kelso, " "	71
A. G. Sturgiss, blank books, stationery and stamps	3 05
F. A. Thayer, attorney to supervisors	50 00
J. S. Meyers, clerk to supervisors	25 00
B. H. Sincell, publishing and printing and furnishing supplies for election, use Garrett County Bank	580 25
J. M. Litzinger, printing and publishing, use Garrett County Bank	171 00
Total	$3,108 85

CORONERS INQUESTS
Body of Thomas J. Miller

Peter Nathan, coroner	$5 [illegible]
Dr. H. L. Bevans	2 50
Dr. Bruce Liehty	5 00
J. Clarence Gelty	1 00
P. C. Boucher	1 00
Archibald Warnick	1 00
Elias Miller	1 00
A. F. Wagner	1 00
Frances H. Durst	1 00
John W. Bancor, Jr.	1 00
Benjamin Broadwater	1 00
Solomon Durst	1 00
Mortimer Smouse	1 00
Jonas E. Gnagey	1 00
F. P. McAndrews, witness	25
Michael McAndrews, witness	25
James Durst, witness	25
Baker Johnson, serving summons	2 50

Body of William Lowers.

A. W. Jeffries	1 00
J. T. Bonnett	1 00
J. W. Cordet	1 00
H. A. Smith	1 00
B. F. Switzer	1 00
H. F. Spiker	1 00
James Spiker	1 00
J. W. Old	1 00
C. F. Upple	1 00
Wesley McHenie	1 00
James Kisner	1 00
Edward Switzer	1 00

Body of Joseph Maynard.

P. J. Garrett	1 00
George P. Murley, jr	1 00
W. B. Griffin	1 00
Pat Griffin	1 00
C. R. Savage	1 00
F. C. Browning	1 00
S. S. Browning	1 00
Charles Steinger	1 00
William Sisk	1 00
W. H. Sisk	1 00
Sandy Brooks	1 00
H. J. Shatter	1 00

Body of infant child found in river

W. I. Brown, coroner	5 00
12 jurors	12 00
Constable fees	1 88
Dr. W. C. Dubkwater	5 00
Dr. T. I. Wolfe	5 00
Interment	2 00
Total	$86 27

OUTSIDE PENSIONERS.

W. C. Jones, support Wood child	$25 00
George A. Ellinger, support Mary Durst	30 00
John O. Getty, support Wm. Hoover	25 00
Same, support Wm. Bittinger	25 00
Simon Mercy, support Benty Mercy	50 00
Charles Thompson, support Upton Bence	50 00
Christian Frazee, support Isaac, subject to order	75 00
John Ermiger, support, subject to order	75 00
Estimate to pay same	500 00
Total	$855 00

FOXES AND CATS.

M. Bissell		1 cat	2 00
Asa Rodeheaver	3 foxes		3 00
Samuel Boyer	3 "		6 00
I. H. Wilson	1 "		1 00
Wm. Irene	2 "		2 00
J. M. Wilson & Bro	1 "	6 "	16 00
F. T. Wolfe	8 "	3 "	11 00
W. C. Jones	5 "		5 00
D. E. Offutt & Son	10 "	1 "	12 00
W. H. Mason		1 "	2 00
J. M. Davis & Son	1 "		1 00
W. D. Oliver	1 "		1 00
Milton Lowdermilk	2 "		2 00
D. E. Gaethz	9 "	2 "	13 00
J. O. Getty	8 "		8 00
Joseph Friend	1 "		1 00
Dixon & Kelso	13 "	3 "	19 00
Joseph Robeson	1 "		1 00
Jos. & Perry Bowser	7 "		7 00
Engel & Lowdermilk	6 "		6 00
L. C. Fike	3 "		3 00
S. P. Specht	11 "		11 00
J. E. Gnagey	5 "	1 "	7 00
Eli McMillan	11 "	2 "	15 00
A. L. Closholm	15 "		15 00
John W. Biggs	2 "		2 00
S. J. Sutter		6 "	2 00
Solomon Ettinger	2 "		2 00
Lloyd Wilburn	5 "		5 00
John F. Friend	7 "		7 00
A. J. Bevans	11 "	2 "	18 00
Noah Broadwater	3 "	1 "	5 00
Charley Innoske	11 "		11 00
W. Pugh	3 "		3 00
Leslie E. Friend	2 "		2 00
C. S. May	1 "	2 "	7 00
Daniel Wilson	1 "		1 00
P. T. Cornbright	1 "		1 00
Louis Gartner		1 "	2 00
Isaac T. Frazee	2 "		2 00
Unknown party	3 "		3 00
Floyd Duckworth	1 "		1 00
C. S. Beckman		1 "	2 00
Jacob H. Merrio		1 "	2 00
Total			$252 00

Estimate to pay state witnesses before Justices of the Peace $25 00

COUNTY TREASURER'S OFFICE.

Thomas B. Wiley, treasurer, commission on state tax	$406 16
Same, commission on county tax	2,117 73
Total	$2,583 89

CONTINGENT FUND.

Contingent fund	$1,736 51

RECAPITULATION.

General Road Levy	$9,025 00
Corporations	650 00
Public School Bonds	1,200 00
Public Schools	13,600 00
Clerk Circuit Court	1,792 78
Court Fund	3,241 50
Orphans' Court	365 50
Sheriff's Office	2,650 00
Printing and Publishing	1,310 00
Bridge Account	1,616 59
Special Road Appropriation	1,005 52
Miscellaneous	1,521 81
Attorney's Fees	1,308 23
Taxes in Error	872 57
Assessment Expenses	2,565 28
Commissioners's Office	1,650 00
Constables	185 56
Magistrates	175 20
Election Expenses	3,108 85
Coroners Inquests	86 27
Outside Pensioners	855 00
Foxes and Cats	252 00
Estimate to pay witnesses in State Cases	25 00
County Treasurer's Office	2,583 89
Contingent Fund	1,736 51
Total	$52,013 35

To pay this amount it was ascertained that the taxable property as shown by the assessment books amounts to $6,757,600, which, at 78 cents on each one hundred dollars, will make the above amount for county purposes $52,913.35. Deducting $221,87? for corporations paying direct to the State Treasurer leaves the basis $6,535,725, which, at 17¾ cents on each one hundred dollars, makes $11,614.17, and this added makes the taxes for State and county purposes $64,527.52.

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

This is to notify the tax-payers of Garrett County that the Annual Levy for 1897 has been made and published, and to call their attention to the following abstract of Section 75, Chapter 368, Acts of 1890, relating to the discount to be allowed and interest to be charged on all tax bills:

"All county tax shall be due and payable on the first day of September next succeeding the date of the levy thereof, and on all county taxes paid on or before the said 1st day of September a discount of 3 per cent. shall be allowed; and after the 1st day of January all taxes shall bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent per annum until paid; the Treasurer shall take the discount from and charge interest on all tax bills for county purposes regularly in the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same upon the receipt given for taxes so paid; but the discount allowed on county taxes by this section shall not be made to any person or corporate institution unless the whole amount of state and county taxes due by such person or corporate institution for the current year be paid when the same is made."

THOS. B. WILEY,
Treasurer of Garrett County.

JOHN SHARTZER,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

offers his services to the people of Garrett County. Will cry land or personal property sales at any point in the county. 6-97-1yr.

REAL ESTATE!

—FOR SALE BY—

JOHN SHARTZER, Real Estate Agent.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Two farms in District No. 2 262 acres; near Elder Hill school house, improved by 2 houses, 3 barns and orchards. Will be sold separately or as a whole, to suit purchaser, on easy terms.

House of 4 rooms, 4 acres of land two miles south of Mt. Lake Park.

House and 1 acre of ground adjoining Loch Lynn Heights. Will be sold cheap.

A livery stable at Loch Lynn Heights; finest in the county; must be sold at once.

House and lot in Mt. Lake Park.

50 acres; improved by a small house; near Cranberry Glade farm.

House and 2 lots in McHenry.

Farm near Deer Park; improved.

A well improved farm near Ryan's Glade.

The above properties will be sold on easy terms.

One 50-acre lot adjoining the farm of W. T. Jamesson near Mt. Lake Park.

1 50-acre lot adjoining the lands of Mrs. Kilburne and —— Jackson near Mt. Lake Park; will be sold very cheap for cash.

7 building lots in Loch Lynn Heights.

The Phillips lands lying between Oakland and Mt. Lake Park; will be sold as a whole or in parcels to suit purchaser.

A lot of ground adjoining Mt. Lake Park on the Oakland road.

An improved farm of 109 acres, 2 miles from Terra Alta.

An improved farm of 200 acres near Crellin.

The Oakland Steam Laundry property.

7 large building lots in Oakland.

For further information, prices and terms, apply to

JOHN SHARTZER,
6-26 OAKLAND, MD.

RECEIVER'S SALE

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

In Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett County, Maryland.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, dated the 24th day of October, A. D. 1896, and passed in a cause wherein John Shartzer is plaintiff and The Loch Lynn Store Company, of Garrett county, is defendant, the undersigned receiver was authorized and directed to make sale of the real estate mentioned in said proceedings. In pursuance of said order, I hereby give notice that on

Saturday the 29th day of May, 1897,

at two o'clock p. m., on the premises in Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Maryland, I will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, all those lots or parcels of ground situated, lying and being in Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Maryland, which on the plat of Loch Lynn Heights are known and described as

LOTS NUMBERS 34 and 35

in Block No. 4 as recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 1, folio 2, one of the plat records of Garrett county, Maryland.

Said lots are improved by a

Large New Three-story Building,

containing store room, town hall, lodge rooms, etc.

Terms of sale as prescribed by said order: One-third cash, one-third in six months and one-third in twelve months, purchaser to give his single bills for deferred payments with security to be approved by the receiver.

9-4t JOHN SHARTZER, Receiver.

Notice of a Meeting of Stockholders.

Notice is hereby given to all the stockholders of the "Park Improvement Company of Garrett County, Maryland," that a meeting of said stockholders will be held at Mt. Lake Park, Garrett county, Maryland, on the

27th Day of May, 1897,

at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of increasing the capital stock of said company from the present limit of $3,000 (three thousand dollars) to $10,000 (ten thousand dollars), in order to carry out the objects of its incorporation; provided the owners of two-thirds of the present capital stock of said company are present at said meeting and determine to do so.

L. A. RUDISILL,
J. A. HAYDEN,
G. L. RICHARDSON,
C. W. HOPKINS,
Directors of Park Improvement Company of Garrett County, Maryland. 9-4t

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

The Style, Fit and Wear cannot be improved or equalled at this Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material that can be put into shoes sold at these prices. We make the $3.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.00, $1.75 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.00 Police shoe, very suitable for [illegible] policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our [illegible] variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf, [illegible] colors, French Patent Calf, [illegible] Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

For sale by

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

ON EXHIBITION

AT

J. M. DAVIS & SON'S HARDWARE STORE,

The Adriance Rear Discharge Binder and Champion Mower.

The above cut represents a Binder that is built on entirely different principles from other machines, and for [illegible] has many advantages over all other Binders. It is built without any [illegible] doing away with the long endless chains that run all elevators. Only one canvass is required. Cannot be upset on any hillside. Requires but two horses. No truck is necessary, as it will pass through gates and [illegible] fully warranted.

The Champion Mower with its simple gear, direct application of power, noiseless operation, its ability to work not only where any other mower will run, but among stones, stumps and trees where other mowers cannot be used at all, leaves it in a class by itself with nothing to compare with it.

Call and see samples.

J. M. DAVIS & SON, Agents, Oakland, Md.

Order of Publication.

Joseph T. Friend and Prudence Friend vs. Arnold C. Seibert, C. Meadenhall, Alonzo D. Naylor, Leonidas H. Friend, Carr Sons Grocery Company, a corporation, H. P. McGregor and Hoffman Company and Austin Brown, Sheriff.

No. 843 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County in Equity.

The object of this bill is to restrain the sale of certain property therein described under execution, said personal property being included in a prior mortgage which is unsatisfied. The bill states that on the 9th day of October, 1894, a certain Leonidas H. Friend borrowed from G. S. Hamill the sum of $500; that it was a condition precedent to the loaning of said money that the plaintiff should become his security and as such security should include certain property belonging to them in said mortgage, which they did.

That in said mortgage was included, from personal property belonging to the said L. H. Friend.

The bill further states that thereafter the said Austin Brown, Sheriff of Garrett County, levied upon said personal property so included in said mortgage, to wit: One buggy, one wagon, two horses and one mowing machine on executions issued in favor of Arnold C. Seibert, C. Meadenhall, Alonzo D. Naylor, Baer Sons Grocery Company, H. P. McGregor and Hoffman Company, and has advertised said personal property to be sold on the 17th day of April.

The bill further alleges that the equity of redemption in said personal property can not legally be sold under execution under the laws of this State, and that inasmuch as the plaintiffs are only security in said mortgage it would be inequitable and unjust to them to permit the said personal property so belonging to the said L. H. Friend to be sold under said executions, as they are entitled to have it sold to pay off said mortgage if the said L. H. Friend should make default in the payment thereof.

The bill then prays that an injunction may issue to prohibit said sale and to restrain the sale of any property included in said mortgage.

The bill also prays for general relief and the usual process against resident defendants, and also an order of publication against the said non-resident defendants.

It is thereupon ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county in Equity, this 16th day of April, 1897, that the complainants cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 24th day of May, 1897, giving notice to the defendants in said bill and warning them to appear in this Court in person or by solicitor on or before the 14th day of June, 1897, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

True copy—test: DAVID W. SLOAN,
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 7-4

ORDER NISI.

George Clauson vs. Gustavus W. Delawder and wife.

No. 862 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 24th day of April, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by D. James Blackiston, attorney, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 22d day of May, 1897; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 22d day of May, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2,200.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test. E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county at the suit of the Farmers' Bank of Wheeling against Joseph C. Anderson and to the undersigned directed, being No. 17 Judgments in Law Docket, 1897, of said court, I have seized and taken in execution all of the right, title and undivided interest of the defendant, Joseph C. Anderson, in and to the lands situated in Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, on his own behalf as well as that the estate of the lands of his deceased wife Mary P. Anderson, it being his undivided interest in Military Lots Known as numbers [illegible], 278, 279 and 282, containing fifty acres of land each, and being the same lands which were [illegible] by deed from George P. White and wife to said defendant and others, by deed dated August 1st, 1896, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 18, folio [illegible].

Third. Also his interest in a house and lot on Seneca street in the town of Loch Lynn Heights, and being the lot on which the George P. White dwelling house now stands as shown on the plat of Addition No. 1 to the Mountain Home Company.

And I hereby give notice that on

Saturday, the 15th Day of May,

1897, at the hour of two o'clock p. m., of said day, in front of the court house in the town of Oakland, I will offer at public sale to the highest bidder for cash on the day of sale all of the undivided interest of the said Joseph C. Anderson in the aforesaid described real estate, both individually and as the agent of his wife, on whom he is also entitled. The aforesaid proceeds will be applied to and for the above execution and cost.

Owing to the proximity of the aforesaid lands to the growing town of Loch Lynn Heights and Mountain Home Park, the above lands are valuable and can be sold and converted into building lots. Terms and conditions made known on the day of sale.

[illegible] SHERIFF.

7-5 Sheriff of Garrett County.

Notice to Road Supervisors.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF
GARRETT COUNTY
OAKLAND, Md., May 1, 1897.

Notice is hereby given to the Road Supervisors of Garrett county, that the undersigned County Commissioners will cause the county roads after they have been worked and determine how the money has been expended.

IRA E. FRIEND,
L. W. ATLEE, Ashby,
THOS. H. LAYMAN,
Commissioners

Attest: J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

Torturing, itching, scaly skin eruptions, burns and scalds are soothed at once and promptly healed by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the best known cure for piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

One Minute is all the time necessary to decide from personal experience that One Minute Cough Cure does what its name implies. Oakland Pharmacy.

WHEN BESSIE DIED.

When Bessie died—
We braided her fair hair and tied
It just as her own little hands
Had fastened back the silken strands
A hundred times; the pale blue bit
Of ribbon woven into it,
That she had worn with childish pride,
Smoothed down the little bow, and cried—
When Bessie died.
When Bessie died.

When Bessie died—
We drew the window blinds aside,
And as the morning in the room
Burst like a June rose into bloom,
Our hearts were very, very sad—
We thought all gone that made life glad—
When Bessie died.

When Bessie died—
We prayed and prayed, unsatisfied,
And God looked back at us and smiled,
Enfolding in His arms the while
The lovely form of our dear child;
She laughing back against His love
The kisses we'd have no more of;
For they to us were now denied—
Since Bessie died,
Our Bessie died.
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

SAMPLE PROPOSALS.

IN case the readers are interested in knowing how proposals are actually made, here is a lot of stories told by the women themselves. Several men have sent in stories of how and when they asked the decisive question, but it will doubtless be admitted that the stories should continue to come from the women. Women who desire to contribute true stories to the realistic should remember that there is no need to write the whole story of the love affair. Simply tell of the proposal—the place, the circumstances under which the question was put and the talk that passed.

Proposal No. 1.

In this case I am Annie and he is Arthur. We went together only a short time; but in that time Arthur took me everywhere, and every time he came to see me he had some amusement on hand, and, as it was summer, not a picnic escaped us. On this evening we had nothing to do except to go for a walk, and we went.

The evening was lovely, and the sky filled with stars. Arthur asked me if I had ever counted stars. I did not know what he meant.

He then asked: "Annie, did you ever count nine stars in nine nights?"

I said I had not.

"Well, then, start this evening, and don't miss an evening, for if you do you'll have to start all over again."

I wondered awhile and then asked why, but all the satisfaction I got was: "Oh, nothing, only when you are through let me know—that's all."

So I commenced, and the evening after I had finished counting my stars I told Arthur about it. He laughed and said: "Shake hands on that." We shook hands, and then he said: "Annie, you and I will be married, because I am the first man you shook hands with after counting nine stars in nine nights without missing one night; so, then, what do you say?" he asked, eagerly, as he held my hand. I answered: "How do you know?" and he said he would have no one else, and he didn't; for, when two years after (I was of age), in place of a wedding there was a funeral, and, as I got no other proposal, I am still unmarried, though five years have passed. I have met many, but none that I loved as I did Arthur.

Proposal No. 2.

The first proposal I ever received was from an old playmate of mine. I had just returned from school, and he and I were together for the first time. When I invited him to call that afternoon, he told me he had something important to tell me. When he came that evening I waited for his important "something," but he did not mention it.

At last, about 12 o'clock, we heard my father and mother coming up the long walk, and Burt said, hurriedly: "Ethel, the matter I came to see about was this—'I love you!'"

"Perhaps you can't answer me yet," he added, as he noticed that I was rather taken back by this business-like proposal, but I answered that I could decide right away. I accepted him, just as the folks came into the hall. I drove him almost to madness during our short engagement, and finally I gave back his ring.

Proposal No. 3.

He had been a widower nearly two years. After his wife's death his sister Sarah took care of the house and the motherless little boy.

One pleasant Sabbath morning, I went to church not far away. It was the first time that I had left my home since my mother's death, four weeks before. I was feeling very sad that morning as I was walking to church. I thought I would apply to some one of the farmers to hire as a girl of all work, and rent my house and few acres that I then possessed. On going home, as I passed the churchyard gate into the road, it just happened (as I then thought) that Charley got ready to leave at the same time. As our homes were in the same direction, I didn't think it strange that we should go together. As we were nearing my gate, he said: "Hannah, you must be very lonely now?"

I said: "Yes, very, very lonely and sad."

He replied: "Don't be sad. How would you like to come and live with me?"

"Nothing would suit me any better," I replied. His remarks after that I can't quite remember. Finally I said: "I didn't know you meant that." But I invited him in, and not once thought of dinner till he made the remark that he had eaten breakfast at six o'clock that morning. Perhaps his dinner at home was a long time waiting for him. As you know, widowers don't approve of long engagements, and he said Sarah was anxious to go home, and wanted me to be ready in two weeks. So we had much to talk about. Since then the most cruel thing he ever said to me was to tell how ready I was to accept him.

Proposal No. 4.

It happened last summer. We had known each other, as friends, ever since childhood (Tom is several years my senior). Tom was gone on a trip, and when away wrote me a letter, which also contained a proposal. Before leaving he had made me promise to answer his letter "in the same tone in which his was written." Of course, I understood it all as a joke, and did as I had promised. When he returned from the trip he playfully asked me if I meant what I wrote. I, of course, replied "that I meant it as much as he meant what he wrote." Several weeks later we took a ride to the park. After a great deal of talking Tom got "spoony," and, well—we are going to wait several years, for we both have ambitions to fulfill before being joined for life.

Not a soul but Tom and I knows of this agreement, and we pride ourselves upon our ability to hide our real feelings.

Proposal No. 5.

James was night foreman and I was a compositor on a local morning daily in a thriving Wisconsin town. He had never shown much preference for me over the other lady compositors in the office. After work, in the small hours of the morning, the male contingent used to see the girls to their respective homes. One morning after "30" was in the other girls hurried through correcting their proofs, while I remained struggling over a galley which the night editor had said was awfully "dirty." James was finishing making up the "forms" and was waiting for my "galley." I finished correcting the proof and turned the galley over to him; in a few minutes the type was in the form and the form was locked up. James and I were alone in the composing-room. When he lifted the "form" from the "stone" it in some manner slipped from his hands and fell with a crash to the floor. Two columns of "ads." were "pied." Luckily the rest could be "picked up." James was to have taken me home, but I stayed to help him reset the type. We stooped down to gather the confused mass up.

"PERHAPS YOU CAN'T ANSWER ME YET."

After lifting several handfuls, and as I was about to take up another, James caught both my hands and said:

"Nell, I love you—will you be my—devil?"

"Oh, rats!" came a voice from the other side of the stone, and I looked up and saw the ink-stained face of the "printer's devil" grinning at us. I blushed scarlet and could have choked the "kid." James threw a wet sponge at him; it struck him in the face. We went on picking up the type, but it was too late to reset the "ads.," so James filled up on "plate." We did not speak, and both felt embarrassed. When we were near my house (I lived a long distance from the office) I could not contain my composure any longer, but burst out laughing. So did James.

Again he caught hold of my hands and said:

"Nell, will you be my—"

"Devil," said I.

"Yes," said he.

"Yes," said I.

We are running the paper now ourselves; and the "devil" that had interrupted us in the composing-room is now our foreman.

Proposal No. 6.

We had met at a friend's house a few times. I liked and respected him, but never thought of marrying him or of his caring for me. We had been acquainted just three weeks, when we were both invited to a Christmas dinner at our friend's house. I was early at Mrs. J——'s, and she told me that George had confided in her that he intended to ask me to marry him, and I declared that I would refuse him. George did not get there until just before dinner was announced. After dinner he found me in the parlor and began telling me he was going south to make his home. I told him I wished him success in his undertaking. He then asked me if I would not like to go. I told him I liked Illinois very well. Then he put his arm around me and said: "May, won't you go as my wife?" and I answered: "Yes," for I found out then that I loved him.—Chicago Record.

The Wild Muttons.

Some time ago a certain foreign count was staying at Dunrobin castle, the home of the duke of Sutherland. He was seat out deer-stalking by himself. He returned at the end of a long day of triumph. "What sport?" asked the duke of his guest. "Of ze wild deer," replied the "sportsman," "I shoot none—zey are too deefeecult; but ze wild muttons many." He had been slaughtering the little Highland sheep with which the hills round Dunrobin are covered.—London Answers.

—The sultan of Morocco, who is fond of noisy music, has engaged a native highlander to play the bagpipes at his court. The Moorish musicians, when they first heard the penetrating notes of the bagpipes, stuck their fingers in their ears.

CURIOUS LAWMAKERS.

Delaware Has the Most Singular Legislature on the Continent.

Nowhere else in the United States is there so peculiar and remarkable a body of lawmakers as assembles from time to time in the inland town of Dover to transact public business for the people of Delaware. Its peculiarities need only to be recited to show the primitive methods which still endure in the first of the states to be admitted into the union.

What is known as the senate or upper house of the Dover legislature consists of nine members only. Delaware is one of the states which has no lieutenant governor and therefore from out of these nine members one is chosen as presiding officer and the other eight ate the lawmaking body. A legislative branch of eight persons is not formidable numerically. The basis of representation for these members is so unusual that each of the eight may be said to represent a very different number of persons. Delaware is divided into three counties, the most populous of which is the northerly county of Newcastle, which includes the city of Wilmington. At the recent presidential election the vote of Newcastle was 22,000. The second of the Delaware counties is Kent, which includes the capital city of Dover and cast at the recent election 6,600 votes only. The third and most southerly of the counties is the rustic Sussex, which cast at the recent election 8,500 votes. Newcastle, it will be observed, has several thousand more voters than Kent and Sussex combined, but the basis of representation in the Dover senate is the same for all three—three members from each county, and on any public question, therefore, in the senate, a minority of the people of Delaware can by a two-thirds majority outvote the majority. Nor is this the only peculiarity, for while two of the senators from each county are elected for a two year term one senator from each county is elected for a four-year term. The city of Wilmington casts about one-third of the total vote of the state of Delaware, but it has only one representative in the Dover senate. During the deadlock caused by the failure of the Delaware legislature to choose a successor to Anthony Higgins, the republican governor of the state died, and, there being no lieutenant governor, one of the senators was promoted to the post of executive officer of the state. While acting as governor he claimed to still be a member of the senate. The partisans of Col. Dupont claimed that he could not hold both offices and his withdrawal reduced the members of the Delaware legislature, on joint ballot, to 29, of whose votes Col. Dupont received 15, or a majority, as his friends claimed. The opponents of Col. Dupont, however, contended that under the peculiar laws of Delaware a man might be governor of that state and a senator as well, and this view of the case was sustained in Washington and Col. Dupont was not admitted.

The Delaware house of representatives consists of 21 members, chosen without reference to population, seven from each county, and though the republicans carried Delaware at the recent election, such is the peculiar method of choice that the present house of representatives consists of 20 democrats and 1 republican only. A convention to amend the constitution of Delaware radically met in Dover in December.—Chicago Chronicle.

ARBITRATION AND WAR.

Brief But Interesting Discourse by the Old Soldier.

"You know I can't get over the fact," said the old soldier, "that there's a heap more heroes in the world than there was, all due to the civil war. And you can't tell where you're going to meet 'em. The man you buy a lead pencil of in the stationery store may have served, and so may the man you buy your clothes of in the clothing store. Just as likely as not the man that brings your milk in the morning, coming along early through the quiet streets, may have been at Gettysburg; and the man that twists the gripwheel of the cable car you ride down Broadway in may have marched over narrow corduroy roads, through lofty forests, with a gun over his shoulder and a knapsack on his back.

"You see, you can't tell. The man in the pulpit may have been in it, and so may the man that sweeps the streets. You can't tell about it; the fellers don't stand around and holler about it; but they're heroes just the same; the salt of the earth on this continent; and the world is better for 'em, a heap. They are self-reliant and self-respecting citizens, who help to keep the country sweet. And their children are proud of them. How proud! And they grow up all the stronger and better citizens for this inheritance.

"Still, I believe in arbitration—on principle; and I feel bound to say that I believe in it in practice, too. War is a frightful waste of human life and of material. I can't now, and I never could, see the sense of destroying things, and I think the most tremendously foolish thing going is taxing people out of house and home to keep up great standing armies that are finally to be destroyed.

"And still I can't help thinking that a war like ours, about a real principle, is not without its compensations. It sort of clears the atmosphere, distributes backbone around among survivors, and tends to the perpetuation and enlargement of freedom, and the benefit of the human race."—N. Y. Sun.

Only a Man's Opinion.

Mrs. Merrywit—I've joined the "birdless bonnet" movement, you know, and when I had my newest hat made I was careful not to have a raspicion of feathers about it. But when I got it home Mr. Merrywit broke me all up.

Sympathetic Chorus—Broke you up, dear?

"Yes. I asked him how he liked it, and he looked it all over and said: 'It's a bird!'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A QUEEN IN EXILE.

The French Justification of the Dethronement of Ranavalona III.

To all who have followed the course of events in Madagascar the dethronement and exile of Queen Ranavalona III. was no surprise. Already Gen. Gallieni had informed the colonial minister of the hostile attitude of the Malagasy nobility, who, it is said, were trying to form an anti-French political party round her majesty. Although deprived of her title of queen of Madagascar, and reduced to a sovereignty more nominal than effective over the tribes of Imerina, Ranavalona, thanks to the prestige of the dynasty to which she belonged, might have become, in the opinion of the French, a serious danger to them in times of trouble and revolt. It is true such is not the case as present, but it is the duty of a prudent chief to be on his guard, and prepare for possible contingencies. Gen. Gallieni, on assuming the supreme command at Antananarivo, pointed out clearly to Ranavalona the line of conduct which France imposed on her. Her majesty promised to obey, and to assist the French in the economic development of the island and the civilization of the people. Events have proved, say the French, that she was unable to keep this engagement. The situation became more and more difficult, and ultimately Gen. Gallieni was forced to take the severe measure alluded to, on the ground that the name of Ranavalona was being made use of to disturb the country and attack the French occupation. The queen was forthwith banished to Reunion, where her uncle, aunt and sister had preceeded her. The dethronement of Ranavalona is considered by the French as the final confirmation of the regime of annexation proclaimed at Madagascar about a year ago. Henceforth, they say, they will be sovereign masters of the island, and nobody will venture to dispute their rights.

The queen's departure, according to the latest news from French resources, did not give rise to any incident. It took place under a suitable escort, and with the ceremony due to a sovereign. She, however, wept bitterly as she left her kingdom. A certain sum of money will be raised from the budget of the island to pension her and enable her to live in a style sufficiently sumptuous. Her deposition, say our neighbors, is not likely to arouse the susceptibilities of any foreign power, her case being identical with that of the celebrated Behanzin. As regards the native governor-general, whom Gen. Gallieni has instituted at Antananarivo, his name has not yet been given. It is supposed, however, that the choice of the resident general will fall on Razanagi, who is said to have great influence with the people, and who has always been a warm partisan of France.

Ranavalona III., it will be remembered, mounted the throne of Madagascar in 1883, and is now 39 years of age. Before becoming queen, to the detriment of her eldest sister, she was a a very humble condition, and, in spite of her royal origin, lived almost in poverty. One of her uncles was a butcher at Antananarivo. As everybody knows, the queen of Madagascar, according to the custom of the country, did not govern; the prime ministers alone directed the affairs of the island. The last premier was Rainilairivony, who was exiled to Algeria, where he died recently. For some time past—that is to say, since the annexation of Madagascar—the post of prime minister has been abolished, and the direction of affairs is now in the hands of the French. Ranavalona rarely left her palace, perhaps not more than five or six times a year. The laws of the kingdom, however, prescribed that she should pass a month every year in the sacred city of Ambosinanga, where the remains of her ancestors are buried. She was very clever in needle-work of all kinds, but she preferred the amusement of flying kites, which is said to be a national game, and did not detest either cards, dominoes or lotto, at which she played with the women of the court. Hencgforth, in her land of exile, she will be able to resume these innocent amusements, if she can recover from the loss of her crown.

The queen reigned 12 years. It was during the French expedition in 1883 that the caprice and political calculations of the late prime minister placed her on the throne, which had become vacant by the death of Ranavalona II. She was then young and handsome, and the widow of one of her cousins, and never dreamed of the fortune in store for her. She was only a very distant relative of the deceased queen, and ought to have given way to her eldest sister, Rasendranora. But the latter was set aside for special reasons. It appears that she was given to drinking, and, on the whole, led a very irregular life. This reason alone was sufficient to make the prime minister reject her claims to the throne, and to choose the young widow referred to. But Ranavalona III. was not happy in her marriage. Rainilaiarivony was jealous and despotic. But all is now changed. The prime minister is dead and buried, and Ranavalona will no longer wear the crown and purple, or conspire to upset the French. Her reign is indeed over, and in her exile she will have time to reflect on the vanity of human wishes. —London Globe.

The Cheerful Idiot.

"I think you have made a slight mistake in speaking of the sails of the ship of state," said the Cheerful Idiot, mildly.

"For why?" asked the oratorical boarder.

"Because oars would have been a better figure. Everybody knows that the old roncera is obedient to a pull."—Indianapolis Journal.

Unable to Speak.

Mrs. Bernstein—Moses, I half asked you three times a kvestion. Vy don't you answer?

Bernstein—Cahnt you see my hands are full?—N. Y. Journal.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

A Few Odds and Ends of Useful Information.

In packing away furs or robes or children's white cloaks for the summer do not forget to scatter pieces of white wax among them. It will help to keep them from turning yellow. A nice way is to roll them in pieces of cotton or linen, made very dark with bluing, before putting them into their boxes.

When a dose of unpleasant medicine is necessary, particularly with children, its disagreeable taste may be almost wholly concealed if a peppermint candy is taken just before the medicine. This is a better plan than taking something after the dose.

A room situated so that it does not get any direct sunlight, but only reflected light, may be made more cheerful if the walls are covered with a paper that has a background of some delicate yellow shade. The painted woodwork should be of a creamy tint, and with yellow India silk or muslin draperies at the windows, one can almost imagine one's self in a room with a southern exposure.

A coarse mesh wire tray that fits into a frying pan or spider is of great assistance to a cook when frying. On this frame anything to be cooked can be laid and be browned as easily as if in the pan, while any chance of burning is avoided. The tray should have a long wire loop handle.

Wooden molding boards are no longer used in the up-to-date kitchen. Marble or plate glass with a rolling pin of the same hard substance has taken the place of wood. The new boards require less care to keep them clean and in proper condition.

A little lemon peel makes a delicious flavoring for many things, such as puddings, fruit sauces, croquettes and meat pies, and is one of the things it is best to have at hand. When using the juice only of lemons save the peel by rinsing it in clear water and letting it dry; then grating it and putting it in a glass jar with a close cover. Treated thus it is always ready.

An agreeable method of changing the atmosphere in an invalid's room is to pour some good eau de cologne into a soup plate and with a lighted match set fire to it. The cologne will make a pretty flame and impart a delightful, refreshing odor to the air.

Loops for hanging up garments are always wearing out and breaking, particularly with children's cloaks and coats. To make a serviceable loop cut a strip of kid from an old glove, roll in it a piece of coarse string, and sew the edges of kid neatly together. This loop, fastened securely to a garment, will stand any amount of pulling without wearing or breaking.

When a carpet comes to be laid afresh, the colors are apt to look somewhat dingy and certainly not so bright as was expected. To remedy this use a pailful of warm water containing two or three tablespoonfuls of household ammonia and a soft flannel and two fresh cloths for rubbing the carpet dry after it has been washed with the first flannel and water. This treatment will, when the carpet is quite dry, be found to give a most effectual renovation. But it must be remembered that certain greens will not bear ammonia; in such cases clear warm water will freshen and help the carpet very much.

"Sugar curls" are a new form of the old-fashioned sugar cookies. They are particularly attractive to children or for anyone desirous of a variety. Roll the cooky dough out rather thin and cut it into strips about eight inches long and three-quarters of an inch in width. Sprinkle them lightly with sugar and place them in a buttered pan. Bake them in a quick oven to a very delicate color. When the strips are baked, as soon as they can be handled, roll them around large pencils or sticks and keep them so until they have cooled.—N. Y. Sun.

HE HAD A DOUBLE.

How a Commercial Man Missed His Dinner at a Hotel.

A sad-eyed traveler walked up to the desk of one of the hotels in Rochester recently and registered. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon.

"How soon can I have something to eat?" he asked.

"The dining-room is open at six," answered the clerk.

"Not until six? Why, man, I am starving."

"What's the matter with you?" asked the clerk, who knew him.

"Well, I'll tell you. I never played in such luck in my life. I drove into Penn Yan to-day with just 35 minutes to get my dinner, check my baggage and make Rochester. I looked after the baggage first and then took my seat at the table at the hotel. By that time I had a scant 20 minutes for dinner. One of the young women who confer a favor on the traveling public by waiting on the tables at this house was hustling along with a trayful of ironstone china and I tried to attract her attention. She looked at me disdainfully and declined to stop. When she came back I insisted on having speech with her and tried to give my order. I wish you could have seen the look on her face as she said:

"'You think you're pretty fly, but you can't fool me. You've had one dinner already.' I tried to argue with her, but she wouldn't argue and slammed away through the swinging doors into the kitchen. Then I went out and found the clerk, who came back and endeavored to convince the maiden that I had not dined, but she wouldn't have it that way. Just as another girl was called to relieve my distress I discovered that I had only seven minutes in which to catch my train and on my way to the door of the hotel I saw the fellow that looked like me. Say, what time did you tell me that dining-room opened?"—Rochester Democrat.

He Has Away.

Broker—What started the run on the Tenth national bank?

Banker—The cashier.—Up-to-Date.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Does your poetry pay?" "Well, it just keeps the wolf from the door." "I suppose you read it to him?"—Tit-Bits.

—As Reported by the Papers.—"Is that a good hen, Uncle Josh?" "A good hen?" said Uncle Josh. "Why, that 'ar hen lays aggs as big as hailstun's."—Detroit Free Press.

—Infantile Brag.—One Little Girl—"My father belongs to one of the first families." The Other Little Girl—"My paw always sees the first bluebird every spring."—Indianapolis Journal.

—The Neighbor's Mistake.—"Don't you think your son a little fast, Mrs. Sweetly?" "Far from it. He is so slow that we can never get him to breakfast before noon."—Detroit Free Press.

—Author—"Mary, I've made a mistake in my calling—I'm not an author, but a born chemist." Author's Wife—"What makes you think that, Horace?" Author—"Well, every book I write becomes a drug on the market."—Tit-Bits.

—The Complete Angler.—"What's a fishingrod?" "It's a handsome jointed arrangement your father holds out over the water." "What's a fishing pole?" "It's a long wooden stick your Uncle Pili catches fish with."—Chicago Record.

—Only a Hint.—He—"Do you believe in palmistry—that you can tell anything by the hand?" She—"Certainly; now, for example, if I had a certain kind of ring on a certain finger of my left hand, people would know that I was engaged."—Truth.

—Curiosity Satisfied.—"I beg your pardon," said the passenger in the long linen duster, leaning over the back of the seat in front of him, "but would you mind tellin' me how your nose got all knocked over to one side, the way it is?" "Not at all," cheerfully responded the passenger on the seat in front. "It was done one time when I was poking it into other folks' business."—Chicago Tribune.

THE AMERICAN RACE.

An Important Investigation of Its Origin and History.

One of the most interesting, if not most important, explorations, from an anthropological standpoint, ever organized, is to be undertaken within the next few months, under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History. The object is the systematic study of the peoples of the North Pacific coasts between the Amoor river in Asia and the Columbia in America. Three expeditions will be fitted out under the direction of F. W. Putnam, and the work of the investigators, which will be carried on in the state of Washington and in British Columbia, at the Behring straits, and along the Asiatic coast, will cover a period of about six years.

The first of the three parties will leave for Washington and British Columbia toward the end of May. It will consist probably of four men, under Dr. Franz Boas, assistant curator of the museum, and will include Harlan I. Smith, an assistant in the museum, who will have charge of the archaeological excavations. The expeditions to Siberia and to Alaska, whose personnel is not yet decided upon, will probably start this fall and next spring respectively.

This important work is made possible through the generosity of Morris K. Jessup, president of the American museum, who provides the funds necessary to carry on the investigation. The expeditions will make careful studies of the origin and early history of the American race, and trace its relations with the races of the old world in the north. The relation between American and Asiatic peoples has been a much discussed problem, and it is proposed to go over the ground in a more thorough and systematic way than has ever been attempted before. This is to be done before the completion of the Siberian railway and other civilizing influences have destroyed the primitive conditions now existent in northern Asia.

There are many obstacles to be overcome in the investigation. Climatic conditions and difficulties of transportation must be first considered. Far greater, however, are the very conditions that make the problem of race relationship so attractive. On the two sides of the North Pacific ocean nearly 50 mutually unintelligible dialects are spoken; great changes in the seats of population have taken place; similarities in the various mythologies and in the use of certain utensils and implements are discoverable; and the gradual transition of many tribal types is well established.—Detroit Free Press.

Monkeys Easily Catch Cold.

Monkeys are proverbially bad property. But what would a circus and menagerie be without the monkey cage? The little, chirrupping mimics are lively enough when well, but brief exposure to draughts or cold causes them to develop pulmonary troubles and pneumonia soon ends their earthly tribulations. They will take medicine from the hands of the keeper, sipping it out of a spoon—even though the dose be nauseous—for they seem to know that it is intended to help them in their distress. Their cough is almost human and their expression is pitiful in the extreme. As a rule, however, medicine does little or no good. They are too delicately constituted to rally, except under the most favorable circumstances. —Chicago Tribune.

Locusts and Their "Friends."

It is a well-known fact in natural history that certain animals and fishes have "friends" whose company acts as a safeguard against danger and it is now reported that the locust, advancing in intelligence, has secured similar protection. Of late strenuous efforts have been made in the Transvaal to save the crops from devastation, but, to the consternation of the farmers, the new hordes of locusts bring with them scores of black insects which sting horribly whenever their patrons are interfered with. What the reward of the "body-guard" is does not appear.—Montreal Herald and Star

WOMAN AND HOME.

ALL THE RAGE NOW.

The Charming Dresden Style of Decoration for China.

The Dresden style of decoration for china is always in favor, and no one who attempts to paint upon china at the present time can afford to be ignorant of its characteristic features. The painting is always done upon the white ware, as the tinted grounds are never used for Dresden. The flowers, figures and other devices employed are not outlined in any way, as is done in all other styles of china painting. Pure, bright colors are employed, quite in contrast to the soft, mellow tones sought in Royal Worcester. The shading of the flowers is intense and sharp, and vivid contrasts of color are often seen.

Gold scrollwork is largely employed, often in relief, and sometimes a plain panel of a dark color is outlined between the bits of decoration.

There is for sale in the art stores a complete line of Dresden colors intended for this style of decoration exclusively, but unless a specialty is made of this line of work, the La Croix colors may be used with entirely satisfactory results. Care must be taken, however, in selecting the colors to be used, choosing those only which are intense and pure in tone, and avoiding all the soft and "new" shades.

The gold work, both plain and raised, is done as in other styles of decoration already described. The paints are prepared for use in the same manner, but there is no soft blending in tones in shading, and, as already stated, no outline of color is employed.

The design shown herewith is a good example of the Dresden style of decoration. It is desirable for dinner or tea cups and saucers.

To paint this in La Croix colors, first tint the plain panels a bright yellow, using silver yellow for the purpose. Next draw the flower sprays upon the plain white china, and paint them with the local colors, using carmine No. 2 rather thin for the roses, and leaving the white china itself for the highest lights. The leaves are of apple-green, the small flowers of deep blue green. The half

PRETTY DRESDEN DESIGN.

blossoms showing upon either side of the cup are treated with a purple, made by mixing deep purple and deep blue. The dots and scrolls are raised gold. The paste for these must be mixed and applied, and the pieces are then ready for their first firing.

When this is done the flowers should be retouched, the sharp contrasts of shade being added which have already been mentioned as a feature of the Dresden ware. The roses should be shaded with deep purple in the centers, and the leaves with brown green laid on in sharp touches. The centers of the purple flowers should also be strengthened with deep blue, perhaps modified a little with the deep purple.

The dots and scrolls may now be covered with the gold; dry thoroughly and then add a second coat. Let all become thoroughly dry and then send to its second and last firing.

The gold should next be burnished, and given a high luster, after which the work will be complete.—N. Y. Tribune.

Frocks for Small Girls.

"It is no longer considered necessary," writes Emma M. Hooper, in the Ladies' Home Journal, "to set aside certain fabrics for little girls' wear, as nowadays they wear everything that their mothers do, except real lace and jewels. Care is taken, however, to use only small-patterned materials for their frocks. In colors, white is always in good taste, also ruby blue and pink, and this spring green is very much in French as well as golden brown, and pale yellow and navy blue are worn as a trimming low [illegible] or mohair braid. Satin in velvet ribbons are used as trimming, also white, yellowish and linen-colored embroideries. Valenciennes and net top laces are used in white and butter shades with insertion to match."

White and Gold Dinner.

White and gold china enables one to set a lovely table for a white and gold tea or a white and gold dinner, using gold-colored flowers and gold-colored ribbons for decorations. The ices may be yellow, the cake icings and trimmings may be of the same line, and tall lamps, with yellow shades, will throw a soft, golden light over the festive scene. Beautiful tea and dinner gowns are made in white and gold, and if the hostess has golden hair and a pure white complexion she will look like a fairy princess at a magic banquet.

How to Curl Feathers.

Feathers may easily be curled, if only a little time and care be devoted to them. A simple process is as follows: Have a large kettle with steam pouring out of the spout. Hold the feathers in this steam for a few moments, and then with a blunt knife (preferably a metal paper cutter) curl each separate plume, and when complete, hold the feather in front of the fire to keep the stiffness in. Professional dressers do little else, but, of course, they are more expert than a mere amateur.

Her Study.

"It's a strange thing," said Willie Wishington, "every time I try to sing my dog howls."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "I have always thought that dogs ranked almost with human beings in intelligence."—Washington Star.

NEW ENGAGEMENT RING

An Invention That Will Not Bring Joy to Lovesick Couples.

A western gentleman has invented an engagement ring that, while it will bring untold joy to the feminine soul, will cause the same amount of anguish to the masculine purse. After purchasing one of these new engagement rings, the bank account of the victim will wear mourning for more than 30 days.

This ring is actually two rings. The gold is twisted in a manner to form two connecting rings, destined to be worn on the "love" and "pinkie" fingers respectively. The prettiest of these two-

DOUBLE LOOP RING.

fold rings has a diamond in one ring and a ruby in the other. Price not mentioned.

The rings when off look like two hoops of wire. Upon the hand they are very becoming. They hold their place well, not permitting the stones to become turned inside.

Wearing this ring with a glove is troublesome. But as an engagement ring it is very fine. The duality idea is easily told, and, as a practical point, it may be mentioned that such a ring cannot easily slip off.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

FOOD AND BEAUTY.

What the Seeker After Rosy Cheeks Should Eat.

She may fill a whole cupboard with lotions and spend half of her time in the beautifying bath tub, but success will not crown the efforts of the seeker after beauty unless she turns her attention also to her diet list. Clear complexions do not wait on the fickle, nor rosy cheeks on the morning griddle cake.

The woman who intends to have a good complexion must make a careful study of the food question. It goes without saying that sugary substances must be banished from the bill of fare. Candies are, of course, excluded. Cakes follow in their wake. As for pies and all other compounds of flour and grease, they are fatal to clear skins. Bread that is doughy or starchy ranks almost as low as pastry in the estimation of the seeker after good looks.

Alcoholic drinks are banished almost entirely; their effect, even in small quantities, being a mild form of congestion of blood in the face, which eventually coarsens the texture as well as ruins the color of the skin. For somewhat similar reasons all sorts of narcotics and stimulants are to be avoided. Whatever excites the nerves or overheats the blood tends toward the final destruction of the smooth, peachy texture which is the chief of every woman's ambition to attain.

Whatever has the effect of producing a healthy action of the digestive organs is good for the complexion. Acid and laxative fruits especially, if taken at breakfast, are good. Graham bread and toast rank high among the bread beautifiers. Red and juicy meats, green vegetables, milk and eggs, are all conducive to the attaining of a brilliant complexion.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

WOMEN AND INSURANCE.

They Are Just as Safe and Profitable Risks as Men.

Dr. Clara Bliss Finley, of Washington, one is a daughter of the late Dr. Gen. Garof the surgeons, Finley quoted the following statistics before a convention of insurance underwriters. She says the claim made by insurance companies that women between given ages are not as safe risks as men is at variance with statistics of the census, hospitals and infirmaries. More male than female children are born and more men than women die between the ages of 15 and 45. One physician's 50 years' experience showed a total of 3,290 boys and 3,186 girls born. In England and Wales women live about one year longer than men. In London two or three years are in the women's favor. In the census of 1870 the percentage of deaths per 1,000 was: Male, 25.92; female, 20.72. Our own census in 1870 shows deaths between the ages of 15 and 45, men, 72,575; women, 63,100. Of our immigrants between these ages, men, 1,210,583; women, 678,160. More men than women die of nervous diseases. Dr. Finley admits that the books of insurance companies show that more insured women than men die. She reported interviews with 12 managers of large insurance companies who, when asked if they regarded women as safe risks as men, replied: "Yes, if women had as rigid medical examinations." She therefore contends that women in general are made to pay for the results of lax examination.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Save Your Egg Shells.

Save your egg shells and use them to clean bottles, vinegar cruets, and carafes. Put the shells away in a convenient box and, when ready to wash the bottles, crush the shells up fine, partly fill the bottles with them, pour over them hot soapsuds, shake well, and rinse.

Exterminating Carpet Moths.

Carpet moths do not like to make their nests where salt has been, and one may often get rid of them by scrubbing the floor with strong hot salt and water before laying the carpet.

LAWS OF THE ROAD.

Facts Not Known to All Who Go Upon the Highways.

The talk of the many thousands is often turned toward the law of the road, for there is no one who does not make use of roads either to ride, drive or walk upon. For the protection of the traveling public it is necessary that certain rules regulating travel upon the public highways be generally observed.

Our statutes do not require a traveler to keep upon any particular part of the road, nor to turn out in any certain direction, but it is universal custom in this country for vehicles and animals under the charge of man to take the right side of the road when meeting others, if it is reasonably practical to do so. A team should, in general, keep the right side, whether meeting another or not. Yet, when two are going in the same direction, and one wishes to pass the other, he should pass on the left side, as the first team has the right of way and cannot be expected to deviate from his course upon the right side. One passing another must use great care to avoid a collision, as nothing but necessity will warrant him in doing this, for both, going in the same direction, belong upon the right side, and by any deviation from his proper side one assumes all risk of the experiment. The rule must be very strictly observed at night, or when, by reason of storm or fog, it might be difficult to distinguish others approaching.

A traveler on foot or on horseback must give way to a vehicle, and a lightly-loaded team must give way to a heavily-loaded one, but a team with a heavy load ought, in certain cases, to stand still so as to allow a lighter vehicle to pass. The driver of a horse must use ordinary care in hitching it, for if a horse left unhitched starts and occasions damage the responsibility rests upon him who neglected to hitch it. But if a team is hitched with ordinary care and is frightened by some unusual disturbance, as by a runaway team running against it, and the team so hitched breaks away and in turn runs and causes damage, no liability rests upon him who carefully hitched his horse.

The movement of sleighs and sleds upon the snow being comparatively noiseless, it is customary to attach bells to them or to the horses, and the want of bells would render a person liable for damages. Bicycles are regarded as vehicles, and are subject to the same rules—they must give way to heavier vehicles, and foot passengers must in turn give way to them. Massachusetts laws require bells to be attached to all bicycles. As no one is obliged to build fences next the highway, the use of which is common to all people who choose to travel upon it, so drovers of cattle and other animals are not responsible for damage by their traveling herds, if reasonable care be exercised in their management.—Utica (N. Y.) Observer.

SIMPLE FARM BRIDGE.

Much Can Be Done with a Couple of Logs and Planks.

It is rare that one finds a farm that has not at least one brook or ravine to be crossed either by farm carts or by the cattle returning from pasture. Too many farmers allow the cattle to wade the brooks and the mudholes, with the result that the cow's udders

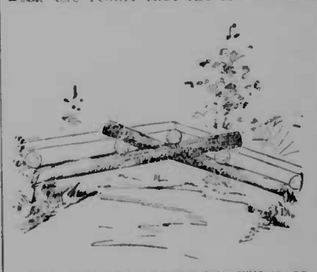

BRIDGE FOR PASTURE STREAM.

[illegible] mud and the milk endangered—for the ordinary milker is not careful to get all the dust and dirt off the cows' udders before beginning to milk. Bridge the pasture streams.

This can often be done by throwing a couple of logs across and placing planks crosswise upon them. Where the stream is a little too wide for this the plan shown in the cut can be used—a simple bit of engineering that can be put up by anyone who can wield an ax. To make the sides less steep, put a larger log crosswise under the lower ends of the planks. Notch the side logs so that the crosswise logs will be retained by them without slipping. Spike the planks to the logs and the bridge will last for a great many years.—N. Y. Tribune.

Koch's Rinderpest Serum.

Hitherto all efforts to check rinderpest, except by destroying the animals, have been futile. But now the farmers of South Africa are rejoicing over the discovery by Prof. Koch, the great German scientist, of a remedy. It consists of serum from the blood of an animal which has recovered from the disease, mixed with a quantity of virulent rinderpest blood. Animals, when injected with this mixture, were able to withstand an injection of 20 cubic centimeters of rinderpest blood, a ten-thousandth of which is a fatal dose. One liter suffices for 50 head of cattle. A second important discovery is that one hypodermic injection of ten cubic centimeters of bile from cattle who have succumbed to the disease will render healthy cattle immune. The local result is merely a hard swelling, which soon disappears. This method of immunizing cattle may enable a wide belt of those inoculated to be placed between healthy and infected areas. Prof. Koch urges cattle owners to avail themselves at once of his discovery.

Worthy of Imitation.

Nineteenth century road-makers are recommended to study the methods of the Romans, which reveal modes of construction worthy of imitation.

The Cumminsville Sage.

"Why," asked the youngest imbiber of wisdom—"why is it that a politician always slaps you on the back when he shakes hands with you?"

"It is done as an evidence of good faith," explained the Cumminsville sage. "He wants to show you that his hand is not in your pocket."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Too Expensive.

"Why did you discharge that last girl, wife?"

"Because everything she cooked was eaten right up. Mine lasts."—Detroit Free Press.

MANY MERCHANTS SUED.

Users and Selling Agents of Imperial Cash Registers Brought Into Court.

Cleveland, O., April 27.—Suit has been filed in the United States Circuit Court here against Henry Spira, the well-known Wholesale and Retail Liquor Dealer at 113 Broadway, this city, by The National Cash Register Company, of Dayton, Ohio, asking for an injunction and damages. Mr. Spira uses the Imperial Cash Register, sometimes known as the Osborn, which is manufactured by the Osborn Cash Register Company, of Detroit, Michigan, and which The National Company claims infringes cash register patents owned by them.

The Weideman Company, of this city, Homer J. Nodine, of Syracuse, New York, Otto Alexander, Druggist, of Brooklyn, New York, and more than twenty other individuals and firms, who are either using or selling Imperial Cash Registers, have also been sued.

No matter how well you do, there is always somebody to think you might have done better.—Washington Democrat.

"Star Tobacco."

As you chew tobacco for pleasure, use Star. It is not only the best, but the most lasting, and therefore the cheapest.

The young man who always tells what high wages he gets, need never expect a promotion.—Washington Democrat.

Pains and aches break down. St. Jacobs Oil builds up and finishes with a cure.

When people say of a man that he is worse than dead, they mean that he is alive.—Atchison Globe.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c.

We can see one way with a little thought, but it usually takes a second or third thought to see the best way.—Ram's Horn.

The nerves are tortured by neuralgia; soothed and cured by St. Jacobs Oil.

Act without thought, and you are a fool; think without act, and you are a visionary.—Ram's Horn.

Misery and rheumatism are foes. St. Jacobs Oil and cure are friends. Try them.

Reflection is a key that unlocks the treasures of the memory.—Ram's Horn.

When bilious or costive eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

He is littlest, who belittles others.—Ram's Horn.

A slip—a sprain—lame. St. Jacobs Oil cures it all the same.

You can't tell how little a man knows by his size.—Washington Democrat.

Intelligence is largely in knowing what we do not know.—Ram's Horn.

Girl—"His spine is hurt." Another Girl—"Then I suppose his football days are over." Girl—"Oh, no. He can still play half-back, or quarter-back, anyway."—Detroit Journal.

"There are six necessities, you know, for a happy marriage." "What are they?" "First, a good husband." "And the others?" "The other five are money."—La Caricature.

"How is it that Wildon comes to the club every night now? It used to be that we couldn't get him here once a month." "Oh, he married last fall and settled down."—Detroit Free Press.

"Do you think, Harry, you could induce one or two boys to come to Sunday school?" "I could bring one," he replied; "de udder fellers in our alley kin lick me."—Dublin World.

"Oh, this everlasting grind!" groaned the newly-married drummer. "What's the matter now, dear?" asked his wife. "Just got word that I must be in Carson City by the seventeenth."—Detroit Free Press.

"If I didn't love my husband, I'll stab him to death!" exclaimed the warm-blooded lady from New Orleans. "I wouldn't," said the Chicago woman; "I'd get a divorce and stick him for alimony."—Town Topics.

"Do you see anything coming our way?" asked the morning star of a companion. "Not yet," was the reply; "but I see a servant below there who is about to light her kitchen fire with kerosene."—Yonkers Statesman.

"Who is that young woman near the other end of the table who has been talking about correct taste in art?" "Which young woman? There are several." "The one with the wooden tooth-pick under motto."—Chicago Tribune.

He—"Now that our engagement is ended, I suppose we should return each other's letters?" She—"I suppose so. And, George, while we are about it, why not return each other's kisses?" Engagement renewed on the spot.—Boston Transcript.

SAFE CURE

For the Kidneys, Liver and Urinary Organs.

The Old Reliable.

THERE is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause, whatever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by derangement of the Kidneys or Liver. To restore these, therefore, is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where

Warner's Safe Cure

has achieved its great reputation. It

ACTS DIRECTLY UPON THE KIDNEYS AND LIVER

and by placing them in a healthy condition, drives disease and pain from the system.

Large bottle or new style smaller one, at your druggists. Its reputation—"Twenty years of success," in four continents. Warner's Safe Cure Co., London, Rochester, Frankfort, Melbourne, Toronto.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

What a Man Can Do With $1,000.

He can buy 160 acres of good land for $1,000. Pay $400 down; balance in three payments due in 3, 4 and 5 years at 7 per cent. He can also buy 100 choice ewes for $300 and ten good cows for $300. The milk and butter from the cows will pay all farm and family expenses. The increase of sheep and wool will pay off the mortgage before it is due. In five years he will have a farm all paid for and well stocked. For descriptive lists and prices address H. F. Hunter, Immigration Agent for South Dakota, 205 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Teach self-denial, and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. Cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmstead, Le Roy, N. Y.

Don't tell your friend of the silly things you hear; he hears enough for himself.—Atchison Globe.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed. 50c and $1.00, all druggists.

Considering how mean men can be, they deserve credit for being as good as they are.—Atchison Globe.

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A. N. K.—C 1654

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1. Because it is absolutely pure.
2. Because it is not made by the so-called Dutch Process in which chemicals are used.
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5. Because it is the most economical, costing less than one cent a cup.

Be sure that you get the genuine article made by WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass. Established 1780.

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The Waverley Bicycle

of '96, greatly improved and as good as most $100 wheels, sells for. Tried and true—a popular wheel at a popular price.

Catalogue Free.

We have also produced a new and expensively made wheel this year, equipped with the only perfect bearings yet made. Its price is $100

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I thought that it was probably like the announcements of many other makers of harvesting machinery—big blow and little show; but I'm ready to surrender; go ahead, gentlemen, you're all right; I bought one of your binders last season and it is equal to any claim you ever made for it."

This is the condensed essence of what Mr. Thomas Carney, of Washington Court House, Ohio, has to say about the McCormick Right Hand Open Elevator Harvester and Binder. The claims made for McCormick Machines are strong claims. That's because

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Machines are so constructed that strong claims for them are justified. The machine you want will cost you more than the other kind, for the simple reason that it is worth more; that's all — there's no other reason — and in the end you'll be glad you paid the difference, because *there's nothing cheaper than the best.*

McCormick Harvesting Machine Company, Chicago,

The Light-Running McCormick Open Elevator Harvester,
The Light-Running McCormick New 4 Steel Mower,
The Light-Running McCormick Vertical Corn Binder and
The Light-Running McCormick Daisy Reaper, for sale everywhere.

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REGULATE THE LIVER

10¢ 25¢ 50¢ ALL DRUGGISTS

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. 44. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 217.

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Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

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Pumpkin Seed
Alx. Senna
Rochelle Salts
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Worm Seed
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A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

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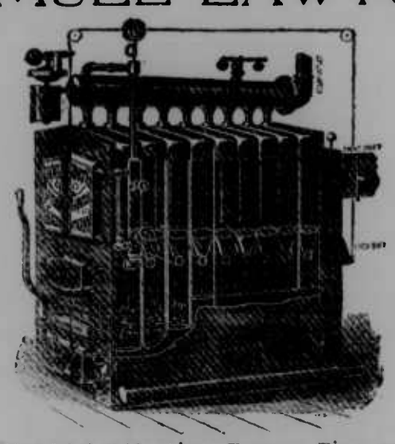

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Absolute Cure Guaranteed. All Communications Strictly Private. 15-1y

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BUCKEYE BINDER AND MOWER,

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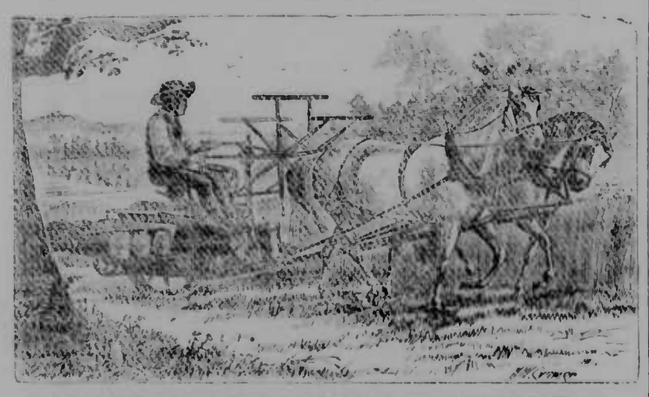

BUCKEYE FRAMELESS BINDER.

THE BUCKEYE FRAMELESS BINDER is the latest, lightest, simplest, and is unquestionably the most reliable and durable Binder ever offered in the American market. In respect to simplicity of mechanism and perfection of work, invention can go no further. It yields the maximum of results with the minimum effort. The simplicity, the solidity and soundness of mechanical principles notably characterize the Buckeye Binder. The only Binder dispensing with the clumsy rockers and heavy wheel frame. The only Binder with a self tightening drive-wheel. In short, the only frameless up-to-date Binder in existence.

THE BUCKEYE MOWER.

Victorious in every field contest. It has won the highest honors for American invention and is recognized as "king of the meadow" around the whole earth. The Buckeye is the original and most perfect type of all grass cutters. By perfection of type is meant lightness of draft, convenience, durability and effectiveness of work over any rival and to every crop. It is safe to say that at the World's Fair, which awarded its highest prize to the Buckeye, millions of people called to examine the Buckeye and expressed this opinion: "It is the best on earth."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, May 3, 1897.

The Republican members of the Senate Finance Committee have completed the work of amending the Dingley tariff bill, and unless the Democratic members of the committee cause some unnecessary delay the bill will be reported to the Senate this week. The bill has not been made public, but it is known that it has been amended in nearly every schedule, and that as a rule the amendments provide for slightly lowering the duties from those in the original bill, although in some cases they are raised. The bill is still a Republican protective measure, just as everybody knew it would be, but whether on the whole it is an improvement upon the original bill is, of course, largely a matter of personal opinion. The average Republican only asks for a tariff that will protect all American industries and products alike, and is not disposed to haggle over the precise rate of duty to be imposed on any particular article or articles. It is claimed by the Senators who have framed these amendments that they are intended to increase the revenues of the government without any sacrifice of the principle of protection.

Senator Frye doesn't believe the abrogation of the reciprocity treaty with Hawaii, which the sugar trust is demanding through its lobby, is possible. He said: "The representatives of the sugar trust are now seeking the abrogation of this treaty with more than usual energy and activity. They are deeply interested in abrogation, and I don't know of any one else who is. In their efforts to secure their own interests they are misrepresenting the disadvantages. The advantages to the United States from this treaty are manifold and the disadvantages small."

There are few people around Washington who do not believe that the annexation of Hawaii is one of the certainties of the near future. Whether the recently reported attitude of Japan towards Hawaii will result in hastening annexation is yet to be determined. An official speaking of the matter said: "This government is not alarmed or annoyed by the reports of Japanese restlessness and loud war talk. This nation has not recovered from its victory over China yet, and it feels as if it owns the world. A little bluster will do no harm to any one, but you may rest assured that the Japanese will do nothing more than blusted. After the tariff bill has been disposed of, the Senate may have an opportunity to act upon a treaty providing for the annexation of Hawaii. Meanwhile you may be sure that the U. S. navy will back Hawaii in enforcing its immigration laws, against the Japanese or any other nationality."

President McKinley touched the electric button that started the machinery of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition, at Nashville, and later he expects to visit the exposition in person and to carry with him as many members of his cabinet as can go. He has expressed much interest in the success of the exposition.

If President McKinley had never until within the past ten days thought of annulling some of the extensions of the civil service rules made by Mr. Cleveland, the facts brought out during that time would have started him to thinking about it. Testimony taken by the Senate committee that is investigating this subject has already made it plain that the whole thing was manipulated to the advantage of Democrats and the disadvantage of Republicans, and entirely regardless of the best interests of the public service. At the last meeting of this committee letters were read from Postmaster General Gary and from Secretary Long, in favor of changing, and Public Printer Palmer fired this broadside: "As applied to this office Government Printing Office) which is simply a great manufacturing plant, involving varied branches of skilled labor of high grade the civil service rules are, in my judgment, an obstruction rather than an aid to efficiency and economy. In my opinion the civil service rules as promulgated for enforcement here should be modified radically, suspended, or repealed." Hon. N. B. Scott, the West Virginia member of the Republican National Committee, who has been tendered the position of Commissioner of Internal Revenue, says that he doesn't want the place and will not take it unless the extension of the civil service rules to collectors and guagers is rescinded.

Secretary Alger has abolished the spy system of keeping the time of the employees of the War Department, which was adopted under the Cleveland administration and which has been a source of much irritation to the employees. General Alger takes the ground that a man who cannot be trusted to do his duty without being watched is unworthy of employment by the government, or by any body else, and the War Department clerks will hereafter work on honor.

School Board Notice.

The office of the Board of School Commissioners will be open for the transaction of public business on Tuesdays and Saturdays, until further notice. 3-tf.

they are so small that the most positive persons take them, they are so effective that the most obstinate cases of constipation, headache and torpid liver yield to them. That is why DeWitt's Little Early Risers are known as the famous little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of the authority vested in the undersigned, Harry L. Woodward, by a certain mortgage made and dated the 15th day of November, in the year 1896, between Alonzo H. Frey, of Garrett county, State of Maryland, of the first part, and Joseph H. Woodward, Harry L. Woodward, Mary E. Woodward, and Edward E. Woodward, trading and doing business under the firm name and style of Woodward Manufacturing Company, of Wood county, State of West Virginia, of the second part, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note or four hundred and seventy-two dollars and ninety-six cents ($472.96) fully described in said mortgage, notice is hereby given that I, the said Harry L. Woodward, will, on

Friday, May 21, 1897,

at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., at the livery stable of A. H. Frey, near Loch Lynn Hotel, Loch Lynn Heights, sell at public auction the property described in said mortgage, consisting of the following property, to-wit:

Six Horses, one Phaeton, one Buggy, one Cart, one Mountain Wagon, seven sets of Harness, four Saddles, four Riding Bridles, one dozen Head Halters, etc., etc.

To said mortgage recorded in Mortgage Record, Liber E. Z. F. No. 20, folio 52, etc., one of the records of said Garrett county, reference is hereby made for all therein contained.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash on the day of sale.

8-4 HARRY L. WOODWARD.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, November 24, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	3.46 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	6.28 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.30 A. M
No. 45	—Daily	10.49 A. M
No. *55	—Express, daily	5.58 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	9.58 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	—Daily	5.59 A. M
No. 2	—Daily	6.41 A. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	1.38 P. M
No. 46	—Daily	4.43 P M
No. 4	—Daily	12.29 A. M

*Will take passengers for Terra Alta, Rowlesburg, Newburg and Tunnelton

D. B. MARTIN, Manager of Passenger Traffic.

C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Gilmor S. Hamill, Trustee, vs. Samuel T. Davis.

No. 821 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Samuel T. Davis to file their claims properly authenticated with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county on or before the 21st day of May, 1897, as I will then proceed to state an audit distributing the funds in the trustee's hands.

EDWARD H. SINCELL, Auditor.

THROWN —FROM A— Horse —AND— Severely injured.

"My boy was thrown from a horse and badly injured and laid up, in fact he was almost helpless. For the benefit of humanity I wish to add my few lines in praise of Yager's Cream Chloroform Liniment. My boy was so badly injured that he could not walk. I procured a bottle of this Liniment, and less than a bottle cured him. I used the balance for myself as I was suffering with my back and it cured me. I think every family ought to know what this Yager's Liniment is and always keep a bottle on hand. It is also the largest bottle of Liniment, that is, good Liniment; I have ever seen to sell for twenty-five cents."

J. J. RYE, Liberty, Texas.

This is only one of hundreds of such letters of praise, received by the proprietors of

Yager's Cream Chloroform Liniment.

Dealers all sell it.

Large Bottles, 25 Cents.

Try it, but take no substitutes.

FREE HOMES

...IN...

Washington and Oregon.

160 Acres of Land FREE to Every Citizen.

1,000,000 ACRES

FINE TIMBER LANDS

RICH

Farming and Grazing LANDS.

FRUITS Grow in Abundance.

FINE CLIMATE.

No Extreme Heat or Cold Weather.

NO TAXES For Seven Years

CONVENIENT TO MARKETS

Settling up very fast by EASTERN PEOPLE.

Full particulars free.

Address

A. C. HARVEY,

42 S. Third Street, Phila., Pa.

47—52

TEETHING TROUBLES

are entirely cured by

LAUGHLIN'S

INFANT CORDIAL

If the baby comes safely through the teething period its most dangerous time is past. The Cordial relieves the tender ache of the little gums, controls the bowels, cures colic—brings safely out of danger.

Every bottle guaranteed.

All druggists, 25 cents.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Prop's, WHEELING, W. Va.

Wm. Frederick, jr., & Son,

Of FRIENDSVILLE, MD.,

Are quoting an array of extreme bottom figures never before mentioned by any house anywhere, solvent or insolvent, no matter whether cash or credit.

Big prices will not do in these times when even the wealthy cannot afford to waste their money, and the poor require double duty of every Dollar and every Penny.

We deal in good goods and not in trash, and believe the masses will patronize the house that sells the best goods for least money.

We offer such unanswerable arguments as no house can match—leaders and specialties at quotations that no other can offer—stern and stubborn facts that will level your head on the subject of genuine bargains.

We invite an early and repeated visit and inspection; our stock will be replenished every few days, and to merchants we offer some special leaders fully 15 to 20 per cent less than current prices in New York City.

Don't forget the place but just follow the crowd into the

Great New York Racket Department Store,

of the above firm.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

TIN, SLATE and STEEL

ROOFING,

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.

PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.

REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.

SPOUTING, ETC.

WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH, Mt. Lake Park, Md.

SHARTZER & BOLDEN

OAKLAND, MD.,

DEALERS IN

Furniture, Carpets, Matting, Oil Cloth, Window Shades, Wall Paper,

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Repairing Furniture and Picture Framing a Specialty.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO. IN EFFECT FEBRUARY 28, 1897.

SOUTHWARD No. 3	No. 1	STATIONS		NORTHWARD No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.			NOON	P. M
3 00*	7 00	lv	Cumberland	ar *12 15	*7 30
3 26	7 26		Rawlings	11 50	7 05
3 45	7 45		Keyser	11 28	6 43
4 131	8 00		Westernport	11 15	6 30
4 04	8 01		W. Va. C. June.	11 11	6 28
4 34	8 35		Shaw	10 45	5 57
5 00	9 01		Harrison	10 19	*5 29
6 15	9 45*	ar	Elk Garden	8 00	*1 10
5 35	9 10†	lv	Gorman	9 40	1 58
5 42	9 46		Bayard	9 34	4 47
5 51	9 57		Dobbin	9 23	4 38
6 27	10 27		Thomas	8 53	4 08
11 55	10 55	ar	Davis	8 10	3 15
6 31	10 31	lv	Cokelon	8 46	4 01
7 11	11 01		Hendricks	8 15	3 30
7 17	11 07		Bretz	8 08	3 23
7 10	11 10		Parsons	8 05	3 20
7 15	11 45		Kereus	7 30	2 45
8 00*	12 00†	ar	Elkins	lv *7 15	*2 30
	1 30*	ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
					P. M.
	3 05*	ar	Bealington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.			A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

Ripans Tabules relieve scrofula.

JULIUS H. ROMAINE, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

FRED A. THAYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Feaby Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

GILMOR S. HAMILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. feb14-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW

☞Special attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED, ☞SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

DR. J. G. ROBINSON, DENTIST, Feaby Building, Opposite Postoffice, OAKLAND, MD. GAS ADMINISTERED. 50-97

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON OAKLAND, MD.

Residence on North 3rd Street. Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.,

☞Office in Mayers building. Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street. ☞Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.*

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and others his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

THOMAS R. McROBIE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Feaby Building, Alder Street. All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

E. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Residence and P. O. Address, 2-24 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER. Will sell Real or Personal Estate Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE, AUCTIONEER! *Will sell Real or Personal Property* Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1897.

ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

Andrew B. Gonder, Att'y at Law. Alexander P. Mason, Surveyor.

GONDER & MASON, -: REAL :- ESTATE :- AGENTS, :- OAKLAND, MD. 10—1yr. Office, Shartzer's Opera House.

W. M'CULLON BROWN, SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER. LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE. Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including train ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 46 26t*

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK OAKLAND, MARYLAND. D. E. OFFETT, President. G. S. HAMILL, V. President. S. T. JONES, Cashier. A General Banking business transacted. ☞Prompt attention to collections. 1-12

PIEDMONT STONE & LIME CO., Owned and operated by The E. J. Fredlock Manufacturing and Building Company, of Piedmont.

WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH THIS

Superior Lime

TO BUILDERS, FARMERS AND TANNERS IN BARRELS OR BULK TO SUIT PURCHASERS.

This lime is equal in strength for agricultural, building and tanning purposes to the Frederick or Baltimore county lime.

KILNS AT CRABTREE, MD.

Address all orders to

The E. J. Fredlock Mf'g and Bld'g Co., 11 26 PIEDMONT, W. VA.

WANTED: ROCK OAK BARK. Write for prices. W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO., 40-1y CUMBERLAND, MD.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1897. NUMBER 10.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Procrastination is now the kleptomaniac of time.

The seductive cucumber is getting in its deadly work.

All kind of Bicycle repairing done at Lawton's.

Mr. Jeremiah Shaffer, of Friendsville, was here Saturday.

Bicycles $40, $50, $60 and $75, at Lawton's. Call and see them.

"God made the country" but man makes the country roads.

Mr. Walter D. Collier, of Friendsville, was in the city Monday.

See Loar & Co. for photographs. Gallery now open for two weeks only.

Mr. John H. Roth, of near Doblin, was here last Friday on a business trip.

Mr. J. C. Renninger was in attendance in court at Kingwood last Monday.

Strawberries are on the market in Oakland and are bringing gilt-edge prices.

The girl with the most frigid manner is the one that will freeze onto a man.

Mr. C. C. Harvey, of near Gormania was in the city last Thursday on business.

'Squire Samuel E. Boyer is in Accident visiting his father and other relatives.

Mr. Henry Leatham, of Keyser, was among the many visitors in Oakland last Saturday.

Capt. and Mrs. E. M. Friend, of Friendsville, were in Oakland last and part of this week.

Headquarters for style, price and quality in straw hats at Townshend & Son's.

Miss Mary Wickham, of Ohio, is visiting Mrs. Margaret Lawton near Oakland.

The man who works hard to catch an heiress shouldn't be expected to work after he gets her.

Mr. William H. Brown, of Markleysburg, Pa., is here on a visit to his uncle, 'Squire Wm. Hinebaugh.

Mr. William H. Jacobs, one of the Republican workers of District No. 9, was in Oakland last Saturday.

Mr. Upton Cuppett, the McHenry merchant, was in Oakland last Saturday after a load of merchandise.

LOST.—A bunch of keys. Finder will please return to C. M. Rathbun, Mt. Lake Park. 10-1t

Mr. William Colmer, of Swanton, was in Oakland yesterday and made this office a visit.

Attorney G. S. Hamill was at Keyser's Ridge last Saturday conducting the sale of some lands.

Wood handle bars, saddles, toe clips, tubes and a full line of bicycle sundries at Sam Lawton's. 8-3t.

Loar & Co., the photograghers, will open their gallery in Oakland about the 10th and remain but two weeks.

Miss Mollie Stoddard has returned from New York where she spent the winter pursuing her musical studies.

Hon. George L. Michaels, of Westernport, was in the city last Saturday shaking hands with his many friends.

Latest styles out in ladies' collars, cuffs, shirt waists, ties and belts at Townshend & Son's. 8-2t

For sale or rent—The New Glade Hotel property, Oakland, Md. Apply to Mrs. J. L. Peters, Frostburg, Md.

Mrs. John Feather, of Preston county, W. Va., was visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Funkenstine in Oakland last Saturday.

Mr. Fred. Reis, of Accident, one of the Supervisors of Elections, was in Oakland Monday and Tuesday of this week on business.

In to-day's issue Mr. D. James Blackiston, attorney, advertises several tracts of land at public auction on Saturday, June 5th.

County Treasurer Thomas B. Wiley of Bittinger, was in Oakland last Saturday, bringing to town a load of maple sugar and syrup.

Dr. J. W. Laughlin, of Deer Park, and Attorney E. H. Sincell, of Oakland, were in the city last night.—Tuesday's Cumb. News.

Mr. Arthur Blackaller has communicated with friends in Oakland recently stating that he intends returning to Oakland in a short time and put another play on here.

Ladies' shoes and oxfords, in black, tan and chocolate, and children's tan, chocolate and black shoes and slippers, all prices at Townshend & Son's.

Mr. John Collinger, of Bloomington, and Miss Maggie Devine, of Lonaconing, were married at St. Mary's Catholic church, Lonaconing, at 4 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. A wedding supper was served at the home of the bride, only a few relatives being present.

Mr. Henry E. Felty has improved his Railroad street property by having a new glass front placed in it.

Mr. Merritt Wilson, of Wilson, was here last Thursday and part of Friday. We acknowledge a pleasant call from the gentleman while in town.

Rev. Wesley C. Davis, of Allegany City, Pa., visited his brother, Rev. J. M. Davis and other relatives in Oakland last and part of this week.

Mrs. James D. Hamill and little daughter, who spent the past month in Rochester N. Y., visiting relatives, returned to Oakland Saturday evening last.

Mr. Oscar Stull, who spent the winter in New York studying dramatic art, returned to Oakland Saturday afternoon and will remain here during the summer.

Mr. Charles C. Wolfe and bride, who visited Mr. Wolfe's mother in Oakland last week, returned to Keyser Saturday afternoon, where they will reside in the future.

Andrew Shartzer has been acquitted at Cumberland of assaulting and robbing Conrad Schilling. Schilling is an aged German, who was robbed of $1000 a few months ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Procter, of Cincinnati, who are now at Atlantic City will arrive in Oakland Saturday and occupy their handsome cottage here during the summer.

Rev. J. E. Triplett, of Elk Branch church, West Va., who preached here last Sabbath in the Garrett Memorial church, was the guest of Mr. E. Z. Tower while in Oakland.

There will be services in the Garrett Memorial church next Sunday evening at 8 o'clock, preaching by the pastor. The congregation will please notice the change of hour for service.

E. E. Turner, of Compton, Mo., writes us that after suffering from piles for seventeen years, he completely cured them by using three boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cures eczema and severe skin diseases. Oakland Pharmacy.

James Rankin, a saloon keeper who was on trial in the Allegany county court last week, charged with the murder of a colored man, was acquitted by the jury last Saturday.

It is surprising what a "wee bit of a thing" can accomplish. Sick headache, constipation, dyspepsia, sour stomach, dizziness, are quickly banished by DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Small pill. Safe pill. Best pill. Oakland Pharmacy.

The Epworth League of St. Paul's M. E. church will celebrate its eighth anniversary on Sunday evening next. The program will take the place of the regular Sunday evening service.

Don't allow the lungs to be impaired by the continuous irritation of a cough. It is easier to prevent consumption than to cure it. One Minute Cough Cure taken early will ward off any lung trouble. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Owen Hart went down to Cumberland yesterday to consult Dr. Randolph, of Baltimore, a great eye specialist. Mr. Hart has recently lost the sight of his right eye but hopes to have it restored.

If you have ever seen a child in the agony of croup, you can appreciate the gratitude of the mothers who know that One Minute Cough Cure relieves their little ones as quickly as it is administered. Many homes in this city are never without it. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mrs. Mary Hadra was struck by a train and dangerously injured at Cumberland Wednesday, while trying to prevent her daughter from leaving the city. The girl escaped, she was running away from home to get married.

The 18th session of the Oakland District M. E. conference will be held this year at Newburg, W. Va., on June 23, 24 and 25. An extensive program has been prepared by the committee having charge of the conference. The sessions promise to be interesting.

Mrs. F. G. Hyde returned to Oakland from Rochester, N. Y., Monday night, where she had been called several weeks previous by the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. John Cornelius, whose condition remains unchanged.

State Senator P. S. Hyde, of Piedmont, W. Va., an uncle of F. G. Hyde, of Oakland, died very suddenly at Winchester, Va., last Thursday night, where he had been on a visit to friends and relatives. He was buried in Piedmont Sunday.

The two horse team belonging to Mr. William Hall took fright on Saturday while standing on Second street and ran away. The horses ran through Green street and over into the Hoye property where they were finally stopped by coming into collision with a pole. A little girl was passing over the crossing in front of Davis & Son's store at the time of the runaway and was only saved from serious injury or probably death by the presence of mind of John Legge who rescued her from her perilous position.

"Many cases of "Grippe" have lately been cured by One Minute Cough Cure. This preparation seems especially adapted to the cure of this disease. It acts quickly, thus preventing serious complications and bad effects in which this disease often leaves the patient. Oakland Pharmacy.

The Garrett county school board met in Oakland last Monday and decided to open a normal at Accident for a term of eight weeks after the normal here closes, which will be in charge of Prof. R. R. Sanner. The school here numbers about seventy-five scholars.

Mr. E. C. W. Ryland, of Friendsville, one of the members of the William Ryland Company, was in Oakland Tuesday on business. This firm has made a specialty for two or three years of farming machinery and has made many sales in this and adjoining counties.

Mr. Will Rawlings, formerly of Bloomington, Md., and recently with the West Va. Central at Elkins has resigned to accept a good position with the First National Bank, of Cumberland. Mr. Rawlings is a deserving young business man and we are pleased to learn of his advancement.—Piedmont Independent.

The attention of the city authorities is called to the reckless manner in which some of the corner grocers and others obstruct the sidewalks with boxes, barrels, etc. The appearance of such obstructions on the streets are not at all gratifying to the eye, besides the sidewalks were not built for such purposes.

According to the newspapers, an Ohio husband became the happy father of seven children not long ago. Of the seven all lived but one. It is to be hoped that he laid in a supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, the only sure cure for croup, whooping-cough, colds and coughs, and so insure his children against these diseases. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, of Oakland, Md., will deliver a lecture under the auspices of the Epworth League at this place next Tuesday evening. His ability as a speaker needs no comment on our part, our people having had the pleasure on former occasions of listening to him. A literary treat awaits all who attend.—Davis Republican.

County Commissioner J. W. Abernathy went down to Accident Tuesday from which place he in company with Commissioner Layman went over to Friendsville where they were joined by Commissioner Friend this morning and are to decide after looking over the ground the advisability of erecting a new bridge over the Youghiogheny river at the above point. The bridge now in use was built over forty years ago.

Mr. George D. Frantz, of Friendsville, was in Oakland Saturday and regaled the editor with some of his war reminiscences. Thirty-five years ago yesterday (May 12, 1862,) Mr. Frantz was in Oakland and enlisted in Co. D, 3d Md. Inf., at which time he was less than twenty years of age, and an athlete of more than local notoriety. His long service for his country greatly impaired his health and he is now a great sufferer with rheumatism.

Hartwright has just returned from the east with a full line of all new style wood dress goods, prints, satteens, percales, and other fashionable and staple goods at lower prices than was ever offered in Garrett county. All who want to save money can do so by coming with the cash. Prints at 3c; good muslin, 4c; best percales, 6 to 8c; all wool dress flannels, 52 to 64 inches wide at 37½ to 40c; red flannels from 12 to 25c; white flannels, worth 20c. for 15c. Have a full supply of Greencastle grain cradles at $3. Oliver chilled plows at the old price. Closing out all the winter clothing at cost and some less than cost. Some new suits cheap at $10, will sell at $6.90. Will pay in trade 18c per pound for wool. Bring it right along. Want one car nice, large white potatoes at 15c. Call and be convinced that I have the cheapest and best line of goods in the county. 10-2

The Westfield (Ind.,) *News* prints the following in regard to an old resident of that place: "Frank McAvoy, for many years in the employ of the L., N. A. & C. Ry. here, says: "I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy for ten years or longer—am never without it in my family. I consider it the best remedy of the kind manufactured. I take pleasure in recommending it." It is a specific for all bowel disorders. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

"It is the Best on Earth."

That is what Edwards & Parker, merchants of Plains, Ga., say of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, for rheumatism, lame back, deep seated and muscular pains. Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

B. & O. Gossip.

Mr. David B. Martin, manager of passenger traffic of the B. & O. R. R., will secure an entirely new series of scenic views along the line. William Diawiddie, a Washington photographer, is arranging to do the work. A caboose car will be fitted up for him and he will probably be kept busy all the summer.

A Mystery.

Monday morning persons walking along the tracks of the Baltimore and Ohio between Altamont and Mountain Lake Park found many articles of clothing, and paper, books, etc., strewn along the line, which was gathered up and taken to Deer Park. Yesterday morning Mr. Frank Nethken, of Deer Park, brought to Oakland and delivered to State's Attorney Thayer a check book which was found among the articles. The book showed that the owner had deposited two hundred dollars in a Chicago bank. Mr. Thayer has communicated with the bank which may lead to the discovery of the owner. From appearances the articles had been thrown from a moving train.

Call for your Letters.

Mr. H. L. Strickland, Mr. James J. Newman, Mr. Thomas Hayes, Barmhart, Miss Cora Pangh.

Eyesight is Priceless.

Dr. Hardman, of Wheeling, will adjust spectacles at Central Hotel, Oakland, Wednesday and Thursday, May 26-27, (2 days only.) Why suffer with your eyes? With modern scientific equipments he can detect and correct the most complicated errors, restoring perfect sight. His methods are marvelous, his reliability unquestioned, his experience enormous. Having successfully treated thousands, relieving headache, and all suffering resulting from eye strain, symptoms, headache, blurring, dizziness, neuralgia, spots before the eyes, inflamation, granulations, winking, trembling spells, cataract, burning and smarting of the eyes, various nervous brain affections entailing positive injury to the sight and untold misery. Fine spectacles, if skillfully adjusted, will relieve and prevent much suffering, and produce satisfactory results, while the common grade sold by tramp peddlers and other selfstyled opticians, may do untold injury: References as to standing and ability; Judge Brannon, Judge Bennet, Hon. John J. Davis, Hon. A. Edmiston, Dr. Holt, Dr. Hall, Dr. Rymer, Dr. McLane, Dr. Jones, Dr. Simons, Judge Freer, Judge Armstrong. Thousands of names could be added. Thorough examination and honest advice FREE. 10-2

Married.

WHITWAN—LAWTON.— Last night at 7.30 o'clock at the home of the bride near Oakland, a very pretty wedding took place, the contracting parties being Mr. Rowland Whitwan, of Clarksburg, W. Va., and Miss Alice Lawton, the youngest daughter of Mrs Margaret Lawton. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Arbuthnot, pastor of the M. E. church, in the presence of about fifty relatives and friends. Mr. Charles Whitwan acted as groomsman and Miss Julia Lawton was bridesmaid. The bride was attired in a becoming costume of light tan. After the ceremony had been performed a sumptuous repast was served, after which the couple departed for Clarksburg, the home of the groom, on train No. 1, where they will reside in future.

Communicated.

To the Editor of The Republican.

Ours is a law abiding town, in a great measure. Our city council, prompt in action, asserts as it should, that the meek eyed ruminating cow must ruminate in an enclosed pasture or she is sent to the pound and only released by the payment of her fine; dogs are declared a nuisance in many cases and it would not be amiss if a fine was imposed upon the multitude of the feline race. But one species is allowed to roam abroad spreading devastation upon gardens, flower beds and the ties of friendship, viz: the ubiquitous destructive chicken. To my knowledge there are more seeds of discord sown through the medium of chickens than almost any source. I have heard of families living side by side that have not spoken to each other for years, though formerly the best of friends, from a dispute of the chicken boundary. What is more provoking than to go out one day and find your pride and delight, a beautiful flower bed, ruined by the malicious claws of these pests, or your tender lettuce and cabbage, your large ripe tomatoes, your fine strawberry bed, all your work and expense destroyed by the chicken? The town is not a place for chickens, (unless closely confined and not then.) Every person is lord of his own castle, but has no right to allow his belongings to rob or destroy his neighbors premises. I like to raise chickens, but will have nor hold anything that will injure my neighbor. Will some posted person state if there is no law against the chicken, and if there is what?

Now let us fill up the chasm of broken friendship, devastated gardens and flower beds with the chicken, so peace and plenty may reign in our midst.

A. C. T.

Died.

HAYES.—At the residence of Mr. William Chisholm, near Bayard, W. Va., on Monday, May 3d, George W. Hayes, aged twenty-four years, six months and fifteen days, died after a long and painful illness. He was a bright, intelligent young man, well liked by all who knew him. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Cook, who preached a very able and edifying sermon.

30,000 Pounds of Wool Wanted

By a large concern in the east. Highest cash prices paid. John Felty, jr. See us before selling. 10-8

Escaped from Jail.

Wm. H. Smith who was sent to jail several weeks ago charged with stealing a suit of clothes and other articles the property of Harry West, effected his escape from that institution last Saturday evening about dark. Smith evidently had some outside assistance as the door at the back of the building under the sinks had been pried open with a crow-bar through which he managed to crawl. Sheriff Brown got on Smith's trail shortly after he had gotten out but failed to find his man.

Wool! Wool! Wool!

Bring your wool to King Delawder who will pay the highest cash market price for it. 8-3t.

Governor Lowndes Proclaims Bass Law.

Governor Lowndes has proclaimed the adoption of the law for the protection of bass and pickerel in the Potomac river, the States of Virginia and West Virginia bordering on this river having passed similar legislation The act takes effect on May 19.

It will thereafter be unlawful to catch bass or pickerel in the Potomac from April 15 to June 1, or take them at any time by other means than a rod, hook, line and dip-net.

The Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association, which procured the passage of law, and the deputy game wardens will see that the law is enforced.

Pasture Land for Rent.

I have 100 acres of the Knykendall farm near Oakland under good fence for rent for pasture during the season. Apply to Chauncey Kimmell, Oakland, Md. 10-3t*.

Dissolution Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the firm of Felty and Stockert, lately engaged in the general merchandise business at Oakland, Md., is this day, by mutual consent, dissolved, Mr. Stockert retiring. All the accounts due the firm are payable to John Felty, jr., who alone is authorized to collect same, and he has assumed all liabilities of said firm, and all bills should be presented to him.

JOHN FELTY, Jr.,
JOHN M. STOCKERT.

April 26th, 1897. 8-3t

Real Estate Transfers for April, 1897.

Henry E. Felty to Annie L. Felty, lot of ground in Mountain Lake Park; $210.

A. I. and Mary C. Wilson to Board County School Commissioners, ¼ acre ground; $1.

Elizabeth Casey and husband to Grant Harshberger, lot No. 56 in Bloomington; $175.

Thomas R. Jackson to John Close, military lots Nos. 950 and 951, containing 100 acres; $2000.

Edward H. Sincell, trustee, to Alexander Moon, part of the tract of land called "The Fink of Allegany," containing 80 acres; $510.

Wm. C. Pennington to John Kitzmiller, part of "Emancipation" known as the "5th vacancy;" $50.

W. A. Dailey, trustee, to Daniel E. Duttt, lot No. 11 on corner Oak and Second streets, Oakland; $1800.

Daniel E. Duttt and wife to Owen Tracey, lot No. 11 on corner Oak and Second streets, Oakland; $2000.

Fannie E. Stockbridge and others to Charles T. West, lots Nos. 1958 and 1961, 100 acres; $350.

Gilmor S. Hamill, trustee, to Mary A. Kimmell, lot No. 7 of the Isaac Knykendall farm, 105 acres; $200.

Henry Jordan and wife to Jos. H. Hoge, military lot No. 1587, 50 acres; $181.

J. Z. Browning and wife to Archibald C. Browning, 93 141-160 acres of land, known as the S. W. Friend farm; $1700.

Peter Nathan to W. R. Getty, lot No. 30 on plat of Grantsville; $5, &c.

Peter Nathan to Charles Younkin, part of "Cornicopia," being lot No. 4, etc.; $500.

Andrew S. Teats and wife to Isabel Whetsell, lot No. 7 and part lot No. 8 in Block No. 57 of Loch Lynn Heights; $75.

Attention, G. A. R.

All members of Crook Post No. 35, G. A. R. are requested to meet at the Post room in Sturgiss hall on Saturday afternoon at two o'clock, May 22, 1897, to make final arrangements for memorial service which will be held on Monday, May 31, 1897. By order of A. G. STURGISS, Comd'r.

J. A. HAYDEN, Adjt.

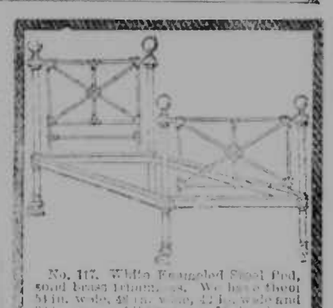

No. 117. White Enameled Steel Bed, steel bands between posts. We have them 54 in. wide, 48 in. wide, 42 in. wide and 36 in. wide. All sizes are 75 in. long. Special Price (any size)

$2.75

(orders promptly filled.)

Everywhere local dealers are saying unkind things about us. Truly customers are tired of paying them double prices; our immense (free) money-saving catalogue is enlightening the masses. Drop a postal now for complete catalogue of Furniture, Mattings, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Baby Carriages, Refrigerators, Stoves, Fancy Lamps, Bedding, Springs, etc. The catalogue costs you nothing and we pay all postage. Get double value for your dollar by dealing with the manufacturers.

JULIUS HINES & SON,
BALTIMORE, MD.

The Poor Fool of a Printer.

Everybody looks after the printer. If a newspaper man goes into a store, he buys his goods like others. When he wants a new shirt he does not go from store to store to take bids. If he gets a doctor or a lawyer he pays their bills. He never thinks of asking the grocer to put in another pound of sugar for a dollar. When he gets shaved out goes his dime. If he buys a cord of wood or a bushel of potatoes he knows he will have to pay a little more than the market price.

When a couple gets married or there is a church festival he cheerfully gives a couple of dollars' worth of notices free; but when there is a fifty cent job of printing the printer is asked to put in a bid. After going the rounds and getting the price down below living rates, he gets the job, providing he donates 10 per cent. These are facts and there is nothing remakable about it only that the printers are such blooming fools as to allow such an imposition.—Press and Printer.

Deer Park, on the Crest of the Alleghenies.

To those contemplating a trip to the mountains in search of health or pleasure, Deer Park, on the crest of the Alleghany Mountains, 3,000 feet above sea level, offers such varied attractions as a delightful atmosphere during both day and night, pure water, smooth, winding roads through the mountains and valleys, Cricket grounds, Ball grounds, Golf links, Tennis courts, and the most picturesque scenery in the Alleghany range. The hotel is equipped with all adjuncts conducive to the entertainment, pleasure and comfort of guests.

There are also a number of furnished cottages with facilities for housekeeping.

The houses and grounds are supplied with absolutely pure water, piped from the celebrated "Boiling Spring," and are lighted with electricity. Deer Park is on the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and has the advantage of its splendid Vestibuled Limited Express trains between the east and west. Season excursion tickets, good for return passage until October 31, will be placed on sale at greatly reduced rates at all principal ticket offices throughout the country.

The season at Deer Park commences June 21, 1897.

For full information as to rates, rooms, etc., address D. C. Jones, Manager, Camden Station, Baltimore Md. 9-4t.

Hoyes.

Mr. D. H. DeWitt caught a fine string of trout in Bear creek one day last week.

Dr. Pagin, of Indiana, delivered a very able and instructive lecture in the school house at Hoyes on Monday evening, subject, "Prepossession." The Doctor is a very scholarly and learned gentleman, and is now treating many sick in this vicinity for chronic troubles or diseases, of which he makes a specialty. We understand that his patients are making rapid improvement.

Mrs. Strawser, mother-in-law of Joseph Ferguson, living near Hoyes, was paralyzed last week.

Mr. Hamilton Friend had his leg sprained badly while hauling ties a day or two ago.

The recent rains have brought on vegetation very rapidly, and the fruit trees that a few weeks ago were so bare have now put on their cloaks of green and look like huge bouquets.

Mr. Wm. Browning, of Oakland, paid our town a visit on Tuesday.

Prof. Wm. Moffett, of Hoyes, is painting the store room of James Friend & Co., at Sang Run.

If you wish to see a pretty farm, managed to the very best possible advantage, look at George W. Bishoff's as you ride by.

The people of Hoyes have been looking for the great air ship that has so recently been seen hovering over so many Indiana towns. We trust that it will soon make its appearance and that satisfactory arrangements can be made with the chief engineer for the establishment of an air line from this place to the metropolis. With this mode of travel and early telephonic communications between the two places, we believe our town would soon rival Sang Run.

THE ENGINEER'S RIVAL.

BY ALFRED B. COOPER.

"Yes, sir. That old shuntin' engine that's puffin' an' snortin', like a broken-winded old horse, could tell a tale, if it wasn't so short o' breath. That's the very engine old John Wright used to drive when I was his stoker. Let me see—I've been drivin' three year—aye, it'll be ten year come next September. He was a fine figure of a man, was John. He stood six foot one an' a half in his stockin's, an' was broad in the shoulders, too. In his greasy peaked cap, an' oily-blue jacket, he looked a giant. He was a queer 'un. I used to tell him he needed a wife to look after him. Ha! Ha! He always made his tea wi' water out o' th' engine boiler, an' when I laughed at him, he'd slap me on the back, an' say: 'What's good for the horse is good for the rider, Harry.' He was a rare old sort."

"Was he an old man?"

"Oh, no; he'd be forty-odd, I suppose, but I was a young man of 23, an' he seemed old, like, to me. As I've said, he was a bachelor, an', as far as I knew, likely to remain one. There wasn't much of the ladies' man about John. But still waters run deep, they say, an' John Wright had his little secret.

"About three mile out o' town, I used to notice that he whistled three times, and always looked across a couple o' fields, a bit farther on, as if he were lookin' for somethin'. I asked him once or twice what it was, but he edged me off, an' changed the subject, so I didn't press it. But I kept my eyes open.

"It was early winter when I first went on to stoke for John, an', of course, bein' a goods train, it was generally gettin' on for night o'clock at night when we passed this partic'lar spot, bound for Burnham, 50 mile away. It's 'up bank,' as I daresay you know, from here to Loughridge, eight mile up the line, an' we never got any great speed on until we'd passed that length, especially when we'd a heavy freight. But all I could make out for some months was the dim outline of a cottage, that had an 'upstairs' window with a red blind. The cottage lay a couple o' fields away. What made me notice the red blind was that, as we passed, the window was always suddenly lighted up.

"Aye, an' so was John Wright's face soon as ever he saw it. Such a smile!—an' he had a kind face, had old John—an' then he'd seem lost a bit, as if he were thinkin' o' somethin' as was good to think about.

"I couldn't make it out, for you see I looked on John as a musty, crusty old bachelor, for all he were such a good sort. But the light nights let the secret out. It were no use of his keepin' his tongue tied then; for there, in th' little front garden, across them two little fields, was a pink frock, an' a sun-bonnet, an' a little hand flutterin' a bit of a hankychief as we passed—every night, as true as the clock.

"I chaffed John rarely about it, first time I saw it, an' he blushed—he did, indeed, sir! Though his face was grimy on the top, and copper color under that, I'll swear he blushed. But he looked pleased an' proud, for, by that time, we'd grown such thick friends, that I'm sure he didn't mind me knowin'.

"Then, bit by bit, it all came out. John and her father, who used to be pointsman at Chubb Junction, half a mile farther up the line than the cottage, had been lads together. John had gone up for a 'camp' every Sunday for many a year. He'd known Mary Mathers since she was born, an' when she was a little lass he'd nursed her on his knee, an' told her he'd wait for her. I dare say he meant it in fun at the time, but, as she grew up, he knew he liked to be where she was better than anywhere else in the world. That's how he put it, sir. Then Tom Mathers, her father, fell ill, an' I learnt afterwards, an' I guessed even then, that John Wright made his wages keep four instead of one. Mary's father never worked again. He was on his back for 18 months, an' then he died.

"An' then, you may be sure, John was a father to the fatherless, an' a husband to the widow—as far as lookin' after 'em went, at any rate—only he wanted to be a husband to the daughter, Mary. Of course, I learnt this bit by bit, an' I can't help fillin' in things as come to my ears years after, for John was never the man to blow his own trumpet. Ha, ha! He was well content wi' the steam-whistle—especially when passin' Railway cottage. Poor John!

"Well, to cut a long story short, Mary semed to make no objection. Why should she? She'll never met anybody she liked better, an' a finer fellow than John Wright never walked! He got her to promise to light the lamp in the room wi' the red bliud, on dark nights, as he passed on his engine, an' to give him a wave of her hand on light nights, for he said it was somthin' to be goin' on with, like; he'd a touch o' sentiment in him, had John, aye, he had that!

"One Saturday night he says: 'Harry, you'd better walk o'er wi' me to-morrow."

"'Walk o'er wi' you,' I says; 'where?'

"'Why, to Mrs. Mathers', to be sure. I'd like you to know my Mary. An' then you can tell me what you think of my sweetheart.' An' as he said it that sweet, far-off look came in his face, an' I know he loved that lass as few lasses are loved.

"Well, I went; an' I wished at the time I'd stayed away. It was love at first sight wi' me, an' I felt I should never,never be the same again. God forgi' me! but after that Sunday I felt at times I hated John Wright. When she stood at the stile, at the crossing midway between the cottage an' the signal-box—as she did every evenin' from the very day I went wi' John—an' waved her hand to him, bashful-like, an' he threw her a clumsy kiss, I felt I could ha' knocked him off the engine.

"I fought 'gain' it—an', you must understand, I didn't feel that way all the time, for we were good friends, an' no one would have seen a difference; but when he talked of her, in his quiet way—of bein' wed, an' such-like—it was like knives in me.

"Then he pressed me to go again an' spend a Sunday at the cottage. I put him off, but he wouldn't take 'no' for an answer. So, whether for fear of hurtin' his feelin's, or because I couldn't keep away, I can't say, but I yielded, an' went. After that I went several times, an' each time I got deeper an' deeper in love with John's sweetheart, aye, an' what seemed worse, I couldn't help knowin' that Mary was troubled the same way. But I will say this, I never tried to make Mary love me, an' never a word of love passed between us, but, sometimes, I thought I saw trouble in John's eyes, an' then I'd vow to myself to go no more.

"Often enough I'd be on th' front o' th' engine, or on th' tender, when we passed the stile that summer, an' do as I would, I couldn't help but look to catch her eye. An' I never missed, though she waved her hand to old John.

"One evenin', in the early autumn of that year, we were goin' at as good a speed as the incline would let us, an' just gettin' towards the cottage. John had sent me round to the' front o' th'engine with my oil-can, an' I couldn't help lookin' ahead to see if Mary was standin' waitin' at the stile. Yes, she was there as usual, right in front of us, for the line curved to the right just at the stile, an' was hidden from view behind a little wood. I could see her print dress, an' the same white linen bonnet she wore when I first saw her in the garden on that spring evenin'. Oh, how my heart went out to her, an' how that old wicked feelin' towards John rushed through me, an' made my nevres tingle from head to foot.

"Mary had her back towards us—a very unusual thing—an' I remember wonderin' why. Then the usual three whistles sounded, short an' sharp. She turned instantly, an' threw up her hands like one demented. We went thunderin' down to the crossin' where she stood, an' I saw her eyes starin' at me, like coals of fire set in a face as white as chalk. She fascinated me.

"Just then old John shut off steam, an' I heard him doin' a thing he'd never done afore—reversin' the engine! All of a sudden Mary seemed to wake up, an' find a horrible dream true, for I heard, above the roar of the train, the grindin' of the rails, and the shriek of the brakes, that had been jammed hard down—I heard one piercing scream. It was a word—my name—'Harry!'

"Of course all this happened in a breathless second or two. Half a lifetime is sometimes squeezed into half a minute, sir. I took my eyes from Mary's face as we passed her, standin' as if turned to stone, an' I looked ahead. Heavens! what a sight! Bearin' down on us at a great rate of speed was an engine an' tender—a runaway! It was comin' down the bank, tender first, an' we were timed to meet at the junction. I saw it all in a flash. The train was jumpin' like a buckin' horse, an', with my body all of a tremble, I'd as much as I could do to get back to the foot plate.

"There stood John Wright, of course. I seemed to see him, and naught else. He'd done all man could do, an' was standin' stock-still, with one hand on the lever. But it wasn't his stillness that made the tears start to my eyes. It was the look on his face. It made me nearly forget the doom to which we were rushin'. I can't describe it. It was the look of a man who has nothing left to live for—whose hope had been suddenly wiped clean out forever.

"The instant he saw me his face changed. He sprang towards me, an', seizin' me by the arm with a grip of steel, spoke in a hoarse whisper, that could be heard above everything: 'Jump off, my lad—you've time—you can do it. Jump off!—for her sake—she loves thee—for her sake. Harry—for heaven's sake!'

"I said: 'Nay, John.'

"'Quick,' he says. 'Harry! Harry! Jump for your Mary's sake!'

"I swung one leg off the engine—life was dear—an' prepared for a spring into the grass. Then a great surgin' love for this man came over me, an' I turned sudden-like, an' took him by the hand, an' I says: 'John, we'll stick together, an' die together—if it's God's will—for her sake.' An' he just gave me that sweet look, an' stepped in front of me, as if to put his great frame betwixt me an' death, an' there came a crash as if heaven an' earth had met, an' I seemed to roll over an' over, an' then it felt as if the whole earth had risen up an' smitten me—an' I knew no more.

"I woke from a troubled dream that seemed to have lasted a lifetime, an' opened my eyes, half conscious, an' not sure but that I was still dreamin'. Then I slipped off again, an' I remember thinkin' that the sweet eyes that mine had seemed to meet, were the eyes of my guardian angel. An' they were, sir—for, when I opened my eyes again, all the past came back to me with the tearful face of Mary Mathers.

"I put my hand out on the counterpane, an' she put hers gently on top of it. An', believe me, sir, that's the only way I ever 'popped the question.' We'll been through too much together to need much fuss.

"'Where is he?' I framed my lips to say. I don't know whether she heard, but she understood, for she put her hand into her bosom and drew out a black-edged card, an' held it before my eyes, whilst her own filled again with tears. I read: 'In loving memory of John Wright, who was killed at the post of duty.'"

"And you've been happy in your married life?"

"Happy! Happy isn't the word for it, sir. Ours is one of the matches made in Heaven."—Tit-Bits.

When a Man's Single.

When a man is single he only needs a few collars and cuffs, a suit of clothes occasionally, and cigars, but after he gets married he finds out what the big stores are for.—Atchison Globe.

THE JONAH OF THE KORAN.

Moslem Version of the Adventure of the Israelitish Prophet.

The Koran tells us that "Yunus (Jonas) was of those 'who were sent,' when he fled into the loaded ship, and they cast lots among themselves, and he was condemned, and the fish swallowed him, for he was worthy of blame."—Chapter xxxvii.

The Moslems have their ancient scriptures, giving a history of the world from Adam down through their great prophet, Ibraham (Abraham).

According to the Moslem scriptures Jonas, a prophet of the children of Isreal, was sent to a city of the territory of Moussoul, which embraced Antioch and several other towns, all given to idolatry. The people refused to believe, and Allah threatened a chastisement should they not repent. On the day appointed Jonas departed, and Allah sent a red cloud filled with fire, which hovered over the city in the night. The king and the people gathered together. The king said: "Seek for Jonas, that we may believe Allah, for what he has told us is the truth."

When Jonas heard that they sought him he said in his anger: "Why do they not believe this day?" So he would not return.

The king caused all the people to go forth out of their city, with their quadrupeds and birds. There they covered themselves with dust, and the king said: "Oh, Lord, though Jonas, thy prophet, be gone, we lose not confidence in thee. We believe on thee, Allah, and thy prophet." The prayers and sobs of the multitude made the angels in Heaven weep, and Allah pardoned the city.

But Jonas was not there. He had embarked on a passing vessel and was far out at sea. Allah caused a big fish to stop the vessel. The crew prayed and wept and prepared for death. Then Jonas knew that he had committed a sin and he said to the sailors: "It is I whom the fish desires; cast me to it." When they knew he was a prophet of Allah they refused to do it, but they cast lots, and the lot fell on Jonas. Then he cast himself into the sea and was swallowed by the fish. "This species of fish," says the Koran, "has a raised back like the roof a house, and to this day is held sacred from pursuit." The Greek word both in Matthew and the Septuagint is ketos, properly translated "whale," but there are only two or three small species of cetaceans in the Mediterranean sea. The description in the Koran answers to a porpoise.

After 40 days Jonas was inspired with the thought of prayer. Allah sent an angel to lead the fish ashore at the point where Jonas had embarked. Then he was cast up, as weak as a newborn child. Allah inspired a doe to come and give him milk. The sun scorched his body and Allah inspired a gourd to spring up around a dry trunk and put forth leaves, which gave shade to Jonas. For 40 days was he suckled by the doe, until he was able to rise and pray.

At last the gourd withered and Jonas was aggrieved. Then Allah reproved him for not being grieved for the many thousands of the people he had deserted.

Jonas was sent anew to the now repentant people. He met a shepherd who told him they were seeking him. He bade the shepherd go and tell them he was here. "Where shalt thou be?" said the shepherd. "In this mountain," answered Jonas. "Who will show me the road to thee?" said the shepherd. "This she goat," answered Jonas. "Who will bear witness that I have seen thee?" said the shepherd. "Thy dog," answered Jonas. Then the shepherd departed and Jonas entered the mountain.

The shepherd went and told the king and people and they came forth to find Jonas. "Bear witness for me," said the shepherd to his dog, "as the prophet commanded." The dog responded distinctly, saying: "Jonas, son of Matai, prophet of Allah, was here." Then the shepherd said to the goat: "Be our guide," and she led them to Jonas, who was found deep in prayer. He rose and went with them to the city and there remained until his death.—Washington Times.

Pillowless Slumbers.

Are pillows damaging to beauty? A prominent lady, who is famous for her grace of carriage, sleeps on a hard straight bed. There is no doubt that the practice of sleeping with the head high is not nearly so restful or conducive to a good carriage as a flatter pose. The head should only be raised slightly above the level of the body at the utmost, and it will be found that one is more rested in the morning after sleeping with the head fairly low than with a bolster and a pillow or two underneath it. Mothers should accustom their children to lie nearly flat in bed, so that their spines may grow perfectly straight.—Philadelphia Times.

A Friendsace.

Cut the eggs in half and take out the yolks. Chop fine with a little ground tongue or ham, or cold fowl, some minced parsley, melted butter, and a very little mustard. Work well together, and fill the whites with it, setting them close together in a deep dish, the open ends up. Heat to boiling some real gravy or chicken broth, add a half teaspoonful of chopped parsley, salt, pepper, and three tablespoonfuls of cream to a cupful of broth. Boil up; pour smoking hot over the eggs, let them stand five minutes, covered, and send to the table.—Good Housekeeping.

Noah's Misfortune.

"I have always felt sorry for Noah," said the large-hearted man.

"I don't see the need of it," said the man of the shrunken sympathies. "Looks to me as if Noah got off pretty well."

"But just think of it. When the waters subsided there was not a soul left for him to ask: 'Now, what did I tell you?'"—Indianapolis Journal.

PUZZLED THE LINGUISTS.

No One Thought to Address Him in English.

Schneider, you know, was held up until the immigration people had found his baggage. But Schneider said nothing, even though they put him in the detention pen with a lot of Slovaks and a handful of Liverpool stowaways.

Schneider had arrived on the Majestic, and he was sad. He really objected inwardly to the loss of his things, because he said so afterward. But that was all subsequent to the fun he had had unwittingly with the immigration inspectors.

It is a well-known fact that these immigration people speak more languages than you hear in two months on the entire East side. Only once have they been stumped, and that was when a Hottentot Bushman came along with a few labial gymnastics that set a-guessing every man on the island.

While Schneider was moaning in the pen Chief Clerk Lederhilger came along. Chancing to observe the melancholy appearance of the man, he turned toward him. Now it happened that Schneider, besides having a sort of Teutonic air, wore clothes of unmistakable German origin. So naturally Lederhilger addressed him in German.

"Sind Sie Deutsch?" he asked. Schneider humped up his shoulders, spread out his palms and shook his head.

"Funny," murmured the clerk to himself, "I would have sworn to it, too."

And Schneider stood with a curious look upon his face while the chief clerk went after the French interpreter. Presently Mr. Lederhilger returned with the French inspector. Calmly and confidently the interpreter strode smiling toward Schneider ,and when in range hurled out explosively:

"Etes-vous Francais?"

Again Schneider shrugged his shoulders and nodded negatively.

"Well, well," said the chief clerk. "I'll just get the Russian interpreter now. He'll fetch him, surely."

So pretty soon the Russian interpreter came along, easy and pop-sure of getting Schneider down to a fine point.

"Just you watch," said he. "I'll get him."

"Ill," said he, walking up to the moody immigrant, "Zawarte Pa Rusku hay. Redden Sie Yiddish?"

Schneider moved his seat hastily to another part of the room, where he sat violently shaking his head. It was painfully evident that he didn't understand. It was also evident that he was beginning to become alarmed. By this time all the other interpreters had heard something was up, so they came streaming in by ones and twos and squads, and up the stairs and through the doorways, and one climbed over the gate. And all the while Schneider's alarm rose higher and he sat with a look of great apprehension upon his face.

"Just let me try him," said the Italian interpreter: "Ili—Sieta Italiano—si?"

Schneider bobbed his head negatively and protested with his hands. Then they surprised him and shot off a bombardment of polyglot questions calculated to confuse the senses of a polar bear, which at best is always calculated to keep cool.

"Habla suted Espanol?" cried the Spanish interpreter.

"Konue tolla Svensk?" roared the Scandinavian.

"Thiggin thu Gaeldaedh?" piped a man that had a smattering of Gaelic.

"Cnwvir fan ffacken?" was the taffy of the Welsh inspector.

"Che pau muvish po Ruski?" yelled the Polish interpreter. "Che pau Polish?"

By this time Schneider was backed up against the wall with his hands outstretched to ward off the horde.

"Maybe he's a Hottentot!" some one roared, and a red-faced man leaned over and screamed: "Ki bobbiri Walli? Ki bobbiri Walli?" But then some one cried out in English: "That nin't Hottentot, you mud-hen. That's Hindoostanee!" Then Schneider began to yell, too.

"Hay," he cried, "what is this, anyway—a lunatic asylum or what? Lemme out!"

"Good laws," said the inspectors, "he's an American!"

"That's what I am," said Schneider, "and I want to get out." And he got.—N. Y. World.

Do the Frontier.

Mustapha Bey—Hark!

Effendi Bey—Hush!

"Did you hear it?"

"Yes; what was it?"

"It sounded to me like swish, swish, swish."

"It sounded to me like creak, creak, creak."

"Ha! I have it!"

"So have I."

"It is the stiffly starched skirts of the Grecian army crossing over the frontier line."

"That's what."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Witness in a Spring Suit.

Lawyer (to timid young woman)—Have you ever appeared in a suit before?

Young Woman (blushing)—Y-yes, sir, of course.

"Please state to the jury just what suit it was."

(With more confidence)—"It was nun's veiling, shirred down the front, and trimmed with a lovely blue, with hat to match."

Judge (rapping violently)—Order in the court.—Boston Watchman.

Oh, What a Good Time!

Mrs. Haggerty—Good mornin', Mrs. Casey. Di'm afther hearin' it wuz an illegant wake yez attinded at Doolan's, nolght before lasht.

Mrs. Casey—Indade, an' it wuz that. Shure Casey's unconscious yit.—Brooklyn Life.

Would Never Do.

The great theatrical manager frowned.

"Ever lose your diamonds?"

"No."

"Ever mixed up in a newspaper scandal?"

"No, sir."

"Ever get divorced?"

"Sir, my reputation is above reproach!"

"Well, you've got a nerve to ask me to star you, with all those disadvantages."—Town Topics.

A MODERN GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"Poor man! How did you lose the sight of your eye?"

"Lookin' for work, mem!"—Pick-Me-Up.

One an Albert.

"By the way, Jennie, how did you like the dog show?"

"Oh, Albert, wasn't it too lovely for anything? There was one dog there that had such a human face. I did admire that dog."

"Indeed, did he look anything like me?"

"No, not a bit. It had too much character in his countenance."

Then Albert reached for his hat.—Tammany Times.

It Was Settled.

"By the way," asked the former resident of the village, "did Jones and Smith ever get that dispute settled as to which one owned that strip of land?"

"O, yes; that was settled some time ago."

"And who got it?"

"I forget the lawyer's name."—Up-to-Date.

WHERE WILL IT STRIKE?

Almost the Same.

Nonie—Is your husband as shy now as he was before you married him?

Laura—Almost, for then he used to hold his breath with fear, and he does it just the same now when he comes home late from the club.—Pittsburgh Daily News.

How She Reasoned It.

"My dear," said Mrs. Fosdick to her ten-year-old daughter, "you should not say 'teethbrush.' You should always say 'toothbrush.'"

"But, mamma," said the little girl, "I brush all my teeth with it."—N. Y. Tribune.

More Effective.

Artist (gloomily)—Somehow, my pictures won't keep the wolf from the door.

Friend—Did you ever try hanging them on the doorknob?—N. Y. Journal.

In the Heat of the Conflict.

He—Do you think your judgment is as good as mine?

She—Oh, no, dear. Our choice of life partners proves that it isn't.—N. Y. Journal.

Loquacity a Virtue.

Why should loquacious girls be belles?
Pray answer me this riddle,
I make a guess, it is because
Their tongues hang in the middle.
—N. Y. Tribune.

Intended to Face Him.

"Now, when you ask papa for me, be sure to face him like a man."

"You bet I will. He doesn't get any chance at my back if I can help it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Business Item.

"I understand you to say that Rogers is the proprietor of a match factory."

"So he is. He runs a matrimonial agency."—Up-to-Date.

A Good Reason.

Smyth—What makes you think Boggett is a good bookkeeper?

Browne—He never returned the ones I loaned him.—N. Y. Tribune.

Foreseen.

Mrs. McSwatt—Billiger, when I asked you to get a book for a birthday present for brother John I supposed you would select one that had at least a substantial binding. This one will fall to pieces before he has it six months.

Mr. McSwatt—No it won't, Lobelia. It will last that brother of yours 100 years, in any kind of binding. It's a book on manners.—Chicago Tribune.

Too Much Stuck Up.

Miss Upperten (daughter of a rich manufacturer)—Pardon me, miss, but I have not the honor of your acquaintance.

Miss Lowerten (who does not intend to be put down in that style)—I thought you had, at one time; but never mind. Perhaps if my father owned a big mucilage factory like your father's, I'd be stuck up, too.—N. Y. Weekly.

Good Reason for It.

It was the seventh time she had tried on the gown, and she still had fault to find with it.

"It doesn't seem to me," she said, "that it becomes my complexion."

The dressmaker shrugged her shoulders.

"Madame forgets," she said, "that she has not the same complexion she wore last time she was here."—Chicago Post.

In the Beejee Islands.

"What did you say the name of this missionary was?" asked King Ktwapta.

"Live ever, your highness," said the trembling chief; "he said it was John."

"Well, for a change"—King Ktwapta looked lovingly at his toothpick—"let us have a Jackpot-pie."—Town Topics.

His Views on Labor.

First Tramp—Do you b'lieve in keepin' out the pauper labor of Europe?

Second Tramp—I don't mind the pauper labor, but when it comes to lettin' in paupers what don't work, I'm afraid they'll crowd us fellers into lookin' fer a job.—N. Y. World.

He Stopped It.

Truthful Tommy (describing his last great fight)—Then he let out at me with his right, but I stopped the blow.

Cynical Sam—Did you? How?

Tommy (significantly) — With my nose.—Odds and Ends.

Rightly Named.

Hewitt—I don't see why you call this front door a storm door; it isn't a storm door

Jewett—Just wait a minute, old man; my wife always meets me here.—N. Y. Tribune.

Preparing for the End.

Crimsonbeak (discouraged)—Oh, I'm tired of life.

Yeast (lightly)—Been eating some of your wife's cooking, old man?

"No; but I'm willing to now."—Yonkers Statesman.

Self-Evident.

They haven't confided their secret to me,
But I know the engagement's begun,
For he's ordered a bicycle built for two,
She a rocking chair built for one.
—N. Y. Journal.

HEARD IN AFRICA.

Mrs. Ostrich—So you are the sucker I've been laying for?—Up-to-Date.

An Additional Observation.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again," quoted the earnest man.

"That's true," replied Senator Sorghum, "but, in many cases, not until after the referee has counted ten."—Washington Star.

Not Strictly Professional.

"That young doctor makes an immense number of calls on Mrs. Oglesby. Is she very sick?"

"No; she is very pretty."—Philadelphia Press.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

GRANDMOTHER'S STITCHES.

What had happened to Emily Foote?
Every button was gone from her boot!
She noticed that morning that one was loose;
"I'll fix it at bedtime!" Ah, little the use!
"Remember my stitches," grandmother said,
As she kindly nodded her dear, wise head.

"A 'corner rent' in my dress, that's all,"
And Mary ran for her cap and shawl.
"I'll mend it soon—now there isn't time!"
How she wished she'd heeded her grandmother's rhyme!
The rent grew long and ever so wide,
And kept her at home from the picnic ride.

Teddy was playing with ball and bat.
"I've started a stitch!" "Oh, never mind that,"
Answered his chum, jolly Archibald May,
"'Twill last as long as we want to play!"
"But grandmother says—" "Oh, bother such things!"
So soon, the ball was but feather and strings.

And grandmother's stitches — yours and mine?
"A stitch in time, my dear, saves nine!"
—A. F. Caldwell, in Youth's Companion.

A BIRD OF BATTLE.

Old Abe, the Eighth Wisconsin's Famous War Eagle.

The emperors of old Rome used to have the figure of an eagle in silver borne aloft before their armies, but in our late civil war one regiment carried a live eagle, a bald-head, again and again into battle. That regiment was the Eighth Wisconsin volunteers, and the bird was the special property of company C. They bought him at the beginning of the war, and, till the end of the war, his place was next in rank to that of the regimental flag. The men named him Old Abe, and swore him into the United States service, a ceremony that consisted of putting around his neck red, blue and white ribbons, and decorating his breast with a rosette of the same. Being now a national bird, he was furnished at state expense with a new perch decorated in the national colors, and this perch, which was used throughout the war, and is worn and battered with service, is still preserved by Wisconsin as an army relic. An eagle bearer was appointed, company C was the regimental color company, and when the company formed in line the eagle was always on the left of the color bearer. Old Abe was in all the regiment's battles. He had some of his tail feathers shot away once, but he never lost a drop of blood, and more than that, neither color bearer nor eagle bearer in this regiment was ever shot, so the soldiers said that Old Abe led a charmed life, and that he cast a spell of protection around these two men who were his particular friends. He would grow greatly excited in battle, and scream and flap his wings continually; he would also behave in this vainglorious way any time that his regiment gave vent to cheers, but to the cheering of other regiments he paid no attention. After he had been in the army a year he always gave heed to "Attention;" he would fasten his eye on the parade commander and note time accurately. When parade was dismissed he would drop his military air and stretch and flap his wings.

The soldiers were so inspired with enthusiasm by their bird that at the battle of Corinth the confederate Gen. Price said he would rather capture that eagle than take the whole regiment without him. But he was never taken, and it was the boast of his regiment that they never lost a battle, though they saw such hard service that nearly half their original number lay, when the war closed, in soldiers' graves. The old colonel of the regiment said he sincerely believed that the regiment's proud record owed not a little to the eagle; he shared Gen. Price's view of the case.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

He Bought the Island.

An amusing incident occurred during the last cruise of the English ship Royalist in the neighborhood of the New Hebrides. The time arrived for the holding of the annual prize shooting, but no suitable place could be found for the erection of a target except a small island in Southwest bay. This, however, was tribal property, and as the natives had been taught to fear the power of big guns, they bargained that they should be paid for the island, as it was sure to be blown to pieces. Elaborate negotiations ended in a chief going off to the ship, when the requisite agreements were entered into, and Capt. Rason, of the Royalist, became the owner of the island, the consideration being five sticks of tobacco. A target was then erected and some excellent shooting took place.

Scottish Chief's Ignoble Fate.

A descendant of Rob Roy, the famous Highland outlaw, recently died in a Scottish poorhouse. He was chieftain of one of the principal branches of the Clan Gregor, and there is considerable indignation that such a historic personage should have been allowed to spend his last days in the garb of a pauper instead of that of a kilted Gael. The pauper was the last descendant of Gregor Ghlun Dhu (Brack Knee), the nephew of Rob Roy, who received a commission from Prince Charles as colonel in the Scottish army at the time of the Highland rebellion.

A Mistake Corrected.

"Grandma," said a Murray Hill young lady, "Clara Van Spuyten says that you and grandpapa kept a corner grocery store when you were young."

"She is mistaken," said grandmamma.

"I knew she was, the mean spiteful thing. The idea!"

"Yes, she is mistaken," went on the old lady, retrospectively; "we kept a grocery store, but it wasn't on a corner."—Tammany Times.

Well Arranged.

"Mrs. McSmith returned us much cheaper coffee than she borrowed of us."

"Well, put it in a jar by itself and lend it to her when she comes again."—Chicago Record.

THE STUDY OF BIRDS.

How Our Boys and Girls Can Pass Many Bright Hours.

Who among our young readers has ever studied the birds? We go to school to study, but we almost always study books only. For instance, we begin with reading, spelling and writing, then we take up geography, arithmetic and grammar. Afterward some of us, who have time, and can afford it, get as far as geometry, physiology, Latin and Greek. But there are other books to study beside these—and other teachers, from whom we may learn; and the best of all is the great wide open book of nature, whose author is God. This school is never closed, and the teacher never takes a vacation. You may say: "I think this is a queer school." But it isn't; for it is the most common school in the world. Some of the studies are the sky, the clouds, the ocean, the mountains, the woods, the fields, the flowers and the birds. The great study of nature is so big that we can never hope to learn it all, but we may learn something about a few of these things. The Poet Ludlow writes of a little girl who was asked about her school, and she answered:

"My school roof is the dappled sky,
And the bells that ring for me there
Are all the voices of morning,
Afloat in the dewy air.
Kind Nature is the madame,
And the book whereout I spell
Is 'dog-eared' by the brooks and glens
Where I know the lesson well."

An old Spanish saying is "poco a poco," which means little by little. So let us begin with one of the smallest of nature's wonders, the little bird. If you should go to Lincoln park, at Chicago, you would see a beautiful building fronting on Clark street, right in the park, and across the front in stone letters you would see the words: "Academy of Sciences." Inside the building are nice cases made of polished oak and fine plate glass; and in these cases are thousands of specimens of minerals, fossils, shells, fish, snakes, animals, birds and many other natural curiosities. The cases which contain

SPOTTED WOODPECKERS.

the stuffed birds are marked "aves." This means that they belong to the "class" called aves, the second among the "vertebrates," or animals which have a skeleton.

The first class has two subdivisions—the flying birds and the running birds. Then these "subdivisions" are still further divided into "accipiters" (or the vulture order), "passeres" (or perchers), "scansores" (or climbers), "gallinacae" (or game birds), "grallatores" (or waders) in the first subdivision. In the second is the "brevipennate," or such birds as the ostrich, cassowary, etc. For the present we will confine ourselves to the flying birds—and to that "family" (or part) commonly called warblers. Most everyone loves the song birds—they are so beautiful, and fill all the air with such delightful music. Beside this they are always friendly to those people who love them, and who don't try to injure them. There are many things about the song birds which call for our admiration and love. Their beautiful forms seem to be the perfection of grace; their pretty ways are innocence itself; the colors which give beauty to their feathers can never be equaled by any painter, be he ever so skillful.

Then did you ever notice how tender and loving they are toward their little ones? How hard the father works to supply the birdlings with food? How bravely they fight to protect the nestlings from the snakes, who would rob the little mother of her children? Then watch the parent bird as it tries to teach the little ones to fly, for the first time. And their nests! Did you ever think of the skill which they show in building their little homes? One of these days we may write a letter on birds' nests, and try to describe some of the different kinds. There are almost as many varieties of nests as there are styles of houses where you live. There are nests made of sticks, of leaves, of hair, of clay, of sand and many other sorts. There are builders among the birds just as skillful as the men who built the "sky scraper" buildings at Chicago. But there are so many nice things to write about birds that we are tempted to write too much, for you might get tired and forget all about it. Now couldn't you get up a little society or club for protection to the birds? You might call it the "Bird Lovers," perhaps. Then all the members must promise to do all they can to prevent others from killing the birds, or from robbing the nests. Not only this, but they must ask all their lady friends to stop wearing the bodies or the wings of birds on their bonnets. If they don't stop this cruel practice it will not be long before the birds will all be killed, and boys and girls who are born a few years from now will never see a bird on the wing, or enjoy the sweet music which comes from the tree top.

H. H. WATERS.

Parted in the Middle.

Mr. Rattlebone's mouth is disfigured by the absence of one of his front teeth. His little son surprised him the other day by asking:

"Father, dear, what makes you part your teeth in the middle?"—Golden Days.

FINE SOD CUTTER.

Can Be Made by Anyone Having a Little Ingenuity.

In reply to a request for directions for making a sod cutter, I offer the following, which is very easy to construct by anyone having ordinary ability in the use of tools and who may have use for such an article as a sod cutter. It is for use with a horse, and will cut sod at a very rapid rate, and will cut of a uniform thickness and width. By using a spade that is sharp to follow and cut out the lengths, it is easy to get any sized piece that may be desirable to handle.

To construct it, procure a piece of pine or oak two inches thick by six

FIG. 1.

inches wide and seven feet long. Cut to the center and shape one end of each piece like Fig. 1. For the top use a piece of pine two inches thick, 14 inches wide and three feet long. Spike or fasten the top board firmly to the side pieces or runners as though making a sled, as in Fig. 4. It will require two steel cutters about eight inches long and firm enough to be substantial, like Fig. 2. One steel cutter (3), the bottom to be flat and about 1½ inches wide, the length of which must be width of sled, but which must be fastened to the sled

FIGS. 2 AND 3.

on an angle so that the knife or cutter which is fastened upright in front will be in advance of the other. This cutter must be well made of good steel, with good stout upright ends and well bolted to the sides so it will project below the bottom of the runners about 2½ inches, or whatever thickness is deemed best to cut the sod. Have it well sharpened across the width. Place the two upright knives, well sharpened, just in advance of the uprights of the

FIG. 4.

just in advance of the uprights of the knife or cutter, allowing their points to project half an inch below the cutter bar. Fig. 4 shows the cutter complete with the bottom up. Rings can be put in front and a short chain attached to hitch the horse to.

In cutting, drive straight and stand on the cutter over the knife. It is best to cut crosswise at each end of the strips and remove it, and there will be less trouble to start it each time. The whole expense of such a cutter ought not to exceed a dollar, and if well made will last a lifetime and be very easy to lead, but harder to keep track of.—S. L. Harper, in Ohio Farmer.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

When the sheep are sheared is one of the best times to cull out the unprofitable ones.

No other instrument is so well adapted to pulverizing small clods as the plank drag.

A great man once said that the most important secret of success with crops is to remember to stir the soil.

Even half a dozen sheep are better than none, as they will keep down the weeds and prevent the farm from being seeded with such pests.

Feed up the corn fodder, millet and other cheap forage as closely as may be and save the timothy hay, which is a cash article, while the others are not.

Prof. Henry, of the Wisconsin experiment station, says that cabbages have a good deal of value—more than potatoes or turnips—as swine feed, especially in the first part of the fattening period.

Not only must the soil contain food elements, but they must be thoroughly mixed and incorporated in the soil to become available as plant food. Therefore, let the ground be heavily manured and every square inch for a foot in depth well pulverized.

Farmers who sowed crimson clover last fall will have an excellent fertilizing material for plowing under. No nitrogenous fertilizers will be required where crimson clover has grown, but application of phosphates and potash will be beneficial. They cost but a small sum, however, compared with the substances containing nitrogen.

It is seldom that a farmer can accumulate a sufficient amount of wood ashes for a large field, but on farms where wood is used there is a limited supply, which can be put to good use on the garden or on the young clover. Ashes are excellent also on all grass lands and in orchards. They are applied broadcast, in any quantity desired, as many as 100 bushels per acre having been used on certain soils.—Prairie Farmer.

Danger in Soft Food.

There is positive danger in feeding too much soft food to young chicks. The older hens stand it well, and do better than when fed much grain; but the broods of little ones soon get into bad shape on this kind of food. In such cases it is best to change at once to bread crumbs and some grain. A continuation of the soft food will often lead to the loss of the entire brood. The worst part of the trouble is that the first intimation the poultryman has of the bad condition of his chicks is that he finds some of them dead.—Rural World.

NEW DISCOVERY BY TESLA.

Involves Electrical Oscillator to Produce Cheap "X" Rays.

Nicolo Tesla has made a discovery which, it is believed, will revolutionize methods of illumination and be of infinite use. He has perfected new electric oscillators based on one of his discoveries made six years ago. By their means Tesla is now able to produce economical electric vibrations to a frequency of many millions a second from ordinary currents, either alternating or direct. These oscillators do away entirely with induction coils. Any electric pressure is available. Tesla says that they furnish ideal means for the reproduction of Roentgen rays, which are thereby rendered incomparably more powerful.

Dr. J. Mount Bleyer, of New York City, has invented an instrument for photographing sound vibrations in the atmosphere. He considers the invention of equal importance with the discovery of the Roentgen rays. Dr. Bleyer was associated with Mr. Edison in perfecting the phonograph, and it was then that he conceived the idea of recording the vibrations of the human voice by means of photography.

Eighty Years of Wedded Bliss.

A French-Canadian couple, Louis Darwin and his wife, now living in St. Paul, recently celebrated the eightieth anniversity of their marriage. The husband is 107 years old and the wife is 101.

GOOD HEALTH AT SIXTY-EIGHT

Mrs. Blair Tells the Secret of Her Recovery from a General Breaking Down of Her Health.

From the Leader, Cleveland, Ohio.

In Geauga Lake, Geauga County, Ohio, where farming comprises the principal industry of the inhabitants, Mrs. S. N. Blair, presides over an area of 200 fertile acres, a heritage from her late husband. She superintends the working of the farm and the sale of its products, and though she is 68 years old, she performs easily the work which would tire a much younger woman. Indeed, Mrs. Blair's appearance belies her age, and she seems to be much farther away than two years from the allotted three score and ten.

"Mr. Blair was sick for eleven months before he died," Mrs. Blair began in relating her story, "and I was almost constantly at his bedside, ministering to his wants, and trying to nurse him back to strength and vigor. His death left me about ruined in health. The reaction of the constant attendance during his illness came after he was laid away, and I was completely prostrated. I was troubled with violent headaches at first together with general prostration. Then came rheumatism, first in one place and then in another. Nervous prostration followed, and I was too weak to stand alone. I also had a severe and acute case of sore throat.

"My physician advised me to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, saying they were an excellent remedy. I followed his advice and began to take them. They were just as good as the doctor declared they were. The headaches and my extreme nervous condition began to disappear before I had used the pills a week, and gradually left me entirely. I felt myself growing stronger every day, and at the end of two months, I was sufficiently improved to take a trip east. On my journey and during my visit away from home I continued to take the pills and when I returned to my farm here I had completely recovered. I was well and strong again as I had been previous to my husband's illness and death, and have remained so ever since.

"I can truthfully say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have prolonged my life, and made it possible for me at the age of 68 years, to manage this large farm and do much of the work. I have three grown-up children—one, a son, who is connected with the First National Bank, of Youngstown, Ohio, and two married daughters. All have homes of their own. I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to many of my neighbors, and they have used them to their advantage."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Every time a man looks thoughtful as long as two minutes at a time, his wife begins to wonder what is on his conscience.—Atchison Globe.

Like an electric current St. Jacobs Oil seeks and cures Sciatica.

We recently heard a doctor say a piece of pie was good for a person just before retiring in the evening.—Atchison Globe.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets candy cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made.

It is not the women who look at the most dry goods, who buy the most.

"And what do you regard as the greatest triumph of modern surgery?" "Collecting the bills," promptly responded the great practitioner.

It would not be difficult to become a hero to the women; invent dishes of wood that can be burned after every meal, and never have to be washed—Atchison Globe.

Little Mary was sent to the store one day to have some sirup sent up for the table. "Does your mother want refined sirup?" asked the merchant. "I think she does," answered Mary. "She is a very nice lady."

How much attention a few little old plants receive around a house in winter! And how jealous the men folks of the family become!—Atchison Globe.

When you see a couple of men always standing around talking with each other it is not necessarily a sign that they have a great deal of business.—Washington Democrat.

Mrs. Gray—"Isn't it lovely? How much did you pay for it?" Mrs. Greene—"Two and a half a yard." Mrs. Gray—"What an odd price. You are sure it wasn't $2.48 or $2.51?"—Boston Transcript.

Judge—"You attacked this gentleman. You knocked him down and robbed him of his watch." Prisoner—"Your honor is right. But if I had not taken the initiative, who can tell that he might not have done the same to me?"

Lawson—"The giraffe is a dumb animal. It cannot express itself by any sound." Toots—"It's neck is so long that its voice probably gets tired out before it gets to its mouth."

The Neighbor's Mistake. — "Don't you think your son a little fast, Mrs. Sweetly?" "Far from it. He is so slow that we can never get him to breakfast before noon."—Detroit Free Press.

We will admit that when everything starts wrong with us in the morning, we are not content until we have everything else traveling the same road. — Atchison Globe.

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The landsman, tourist or commercial traveler, speedily begins, and not only begins, but continues, to feel the extreme of human misery during the transit across the tempestuous Atlantic. But if, with wise prescience, he has provided himself with a supply of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, his pangs are promptly mitigated, and then cease ere the good ship again drops her anchor. This is worth knowing, and thousands of our yachtsmen, summer voyagers, tourists and business men do know it.

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When some people make a fool bargain themselves, they try to hide it by bragging on their shrewdness.—Washington Democrat.

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Mr. Snaggs—"My dear, isn't the grocer on the next corner a Celtic gentleman?" Mrs. Snaggs—"No, indeed! He sells for cash only."

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On May 18, the North-Western Line will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets, with favorable time limits, to numerous points in the West and South at exceptionally low rates. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & North-Western Railway.

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A sprain cannot cripple if you use St. Jacobs Oil. It cures it.

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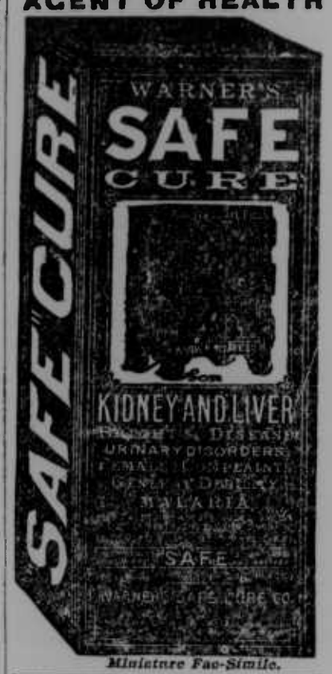

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BY ELL, Editor and Proprietor
[illegible] SMITH, Local Editor.

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THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1897.

WHATEVER hope there is for free silver lies in international action; whatever hope there is for international action lies in the Republican party.

NO PARTY ever gained anything by violating its pledges. The Republican party in 1896 pledged itself to a protective tariff and another effort to bring about international bimetallism. The people who are complaining that these pledges are being carried out ought to realize that a failure to keep them would not be only bad faith but bad policy as well.

IT WAS 18 months from the inauguration of President Cleveland until his free-trade Congress had put its Wilson law upon the statute books. There is reason to believe that the Dingley law will be upon the statute books within 18 weeks of the inauguration of William McKinley. But until that happens people have no right to expect resumption of activity in manufacturing.

THOSE gentlemen who contemplate reiterating the recent Democratic assertions that the Wilson law has been more productive of revenue than was the McKinley law would do well to examine the official figures before committing themselves to statements. The Treasury reports show that the customs receipts under the Wilson law during its entire operation from Aug. 28, 1894, until Jan. 1, 1897, a period of 32 months, are $129,020,185. During the first 32 months of the McKinley law the customs receipts as shown by the official statements were $518,803,085. People have been puzzled, probably, to know what is the explanation of the frequent statement made by Democrats that their tariff law is more successful as a revenue producer than was the McKinley law. The explanation is simple. The statement is a lie.

IF ANYBODY is in doubt as to the accuracy of the recent statement of Chairman Dingley that a year's supply of foreign goods will probably be in the warehouses of the country by the time the new tariff bill can get upon the statute books, let him examine the following figures showing the customs receipts since the election of McKinley and a protective Congress. They are as follows: November, 1896, $9,930,385; December, $10,779,412; January, 1897, $11,276,874; February, $11,587,260; March, $22,833,856; April, $24,454,251. When it is remembered that these figures relate only to the dutiable goods and that there has been an especial rushing in of non dutiable goods likely to be transferred to the dutiable list, it will be seen that the flood of importations now passing through the custom-houses of the country is something enormous.

Cheering News for Farmers.

The Department of Agriculture is receiving very gratifying reports from the farming community. The continuation of high prices for wheat, the unusual foreign demand for corn and the activity among farmers in preparing to make an earnest experiment in the production of sugar beets, combine to make the condition among that class of population unusually healthful and encouraging. "Dollar wheat," for which farmers had scarcely dared to hope, was coincident with the incoming of McKinley, while the extraordinary demand for their corn adds to their general encouragement. Coupled with this comes the activity and interest felt in the experiments which are to be made in all parts of the country in the production of our own sugar, and it is apparent that the farming community is not only feeling the return of prosperity, but is occupying its mind with cheerful thoughts and prospects rather than the gloomy ones which were a constant feature of the four years of the Cleveland administration.

Great Marylanders.

By encouraging a discussion, through its columns, as to the two Marylanders most worthy of being honored by statues at the National Capitol, the Baltimore *Sun* is affording readers a rare opportunity of familiarizing themselves with some Maryland history that is not all found in books. It is, also, a reason for just pride, that the original question is gradually being reversed. So many great names were suggested that the problem will soon be, to determine who is not worthy such a statute. Among those mentioned by the various correspondents in yesterday's *Sun*, are: Cecil Calvert, Thomas Johnson, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Roger B. Taney, Samuel Chase, Stephen P. Decatur, William Pinkney, Reverdy Johnson, John Eager Howard, Luther Martin, Edgar Allen Poe, Francis Scott Key, Charles Wilson Peale, and Col. Moses Rawlings.

From such a galaxy who can pick out the brightest stars? Justice cannot be done save by the erection of a monument on which all of these intellectual giants and heroes, shall be inscribed. Or if two be finally selected then Maryland should erect a statuary hall of her own, in which the counterfeits in marble or in oil may be placed. Why not place in the National Capitol, a statue of Cecil Calvert, father of the colony, with the great pre-Revolutionary names inscribed on its pedestal, and another of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, father of the state, immortalizing in like fashion the Marylanders of post-Revolutionary fame? —Cumberland News.

Good Roads—Good Times.

That good roads will bring prosperity is no idle dream. Through all the panic and depression of the last three years the farmers in the few good roads districts of the country have gone on making money and improving their farms, and they have not troubled themselves much about politics and finance.

It is enforced idleness that makes farmers poor, and no farmer need be idle a day on account of bad weather or wet fields if only his roads are good. On a good road there is always paying work of some kind, and wet weather is just the time to go on the road. The French farmer never loses a good day in his fields, for he can do all his marketing and hauling of fertilizers in rainy times.

What prosperity would burst upon this country if every farmer and farmer's boy not at school, and every farm hand and team could earn a full day's wages every day in the year, rain or shine.

When you have convinced your neighbors in the cities, and especially those of them who are candidates for public life, that the interests of the city population demand that they shall come to the farmers with this assurance of help and ask them to take into careful consideration the practical measures by which this relief can be brought about, and especially the measures for providing state aid and for the use of convict labor. It is only through State and county aid that the cities and villages can help.

If you find the farmers clinging to the old ways, say to them that these ways are mainly an unfortunate inheritance from the mother country, which we brought away with us and failed to shake off when the system was abandoned there, and that to-day in Great Britain not only are the roads maintained at the general cost of the people, but government loans are made for any specially heavy improvements that are desired. Two hundred years ago the great highways of that country were kept up, so far as they were kept up at all, just as they are in this State today, by local taxation, while they actually served the people of the whole kingdom.

SOMEBODY with a good memory has taken occasion to remind Ex-President Cleveland and the public who read his scold at the Republican party because of its promptness in carrying out its pledges with reference to tariff legislation, of the terrible experience of the people of the United States during the 18 months in which his own party delayed its tariff legislation. This reminder was brought forth by Mr. Cleveland's New York speech, in which he criticised the Republican leaders for their "hot haste" in taking up tariff legislation. The 18 months which elapsed between Mr. Cleveland's inauguration in 1893 and the enactment of his free-trade tariff law included more than 20,000 failures, with liabilities aggregating more the five hundred million dollars; the closing down of over 800 banks; the appointment of receivers for about 40 railroads, whose indebtedness amounted to a billion and a half dollars, and strikes and lock-outs costing the workingmen engaged forty-five million dollars in wages lost.

The total record of the 18 months includes strikes in New York and Michigan in March, 1893; strikes in Chicago in April; strikes and bank failures in Illinois and Ohio in May; runs on savings banks in Western States in June; suspension of work in mines and numerous bank failures throughout the West in July; failures in New York and Chicago and smaller cities, followed by riots in New York, Kansas and elsewhere, in August; strike on the "Big Four" and consequent riots in September; railroad strikes in Alabama and necessity of troops to suppress it in October; strikes on the Lehigh Valley Road and in Connecticut factories in November; riots in Pennsylvania mining region in December; strikes in New Jersey, Pennsylvania and elsewhere, followed by riots, in January; strikes in New York, Ohio, Massachusetts, and accompanied by riots, in February; strikes in New Jersey, West Virginia, Pennsylvania and Colorado, accompanied by riots and the use of troops to suppress violence, in March; strikes in Ohio, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Alabama and on the Pacific coast, accompanied by riots, which were suppressed by State troops, in April; bloodshed and use of troops in Pennsylvania in May; strikes and riots in Maryland, Montana, Ohio, Alabama, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania and Michigan, which were only suppressed by the use of troops, in June; strikes in Chicago, Indianapolis and elsewhere, followed by use of troops, in July; strikes in New York, Massachusetts and other Eastern States prior to final enactment of tariff law on August 28, 1894.

Mr. Gary Interviewed.

Mr. Frank Carpenter, the well-known newspaper correspondent had a two hour's chat with Postmaster-General Gary, Maryland's representative in President McKinley's official family is a thorough-going all around successful business man. Although his parents were well-to-do, when a boy the present efficient head of one of Uncle Sam's biggest departments, worked the same hours as other employees, at five dollars per month. For several years it was six months of work and six months of schooling. Years of systematic training, in a practical business way, laid the foundation for a fortune, and a successful career in every way. Never an office-seeker, for thirty years Mr. Gary has been more than a liberal contributor to Maryland's Republican campaign fund. He looks for an era of good times about Oct. 1, and that the period of prosperity will last for some time. He has doubts as the post-office business ever being made self-sustaining, for the reason that as the receipts increased the people demand lower rates of postage and better mail facilities. He is in favor of the establishment of postal savings banks all over the country and hopes to get legislation through to that effect.

"The business of to-day is not what it was twenty years ago," said the Postmaster-General. "I don't think the chances of the average man are as good as they have been. I doubt whether we will again have the wages and opportunities of fortune making which we have had during the past thirty years. The world is continually growing smaller. The telegraph has annihilated time and the railroad and the steamboat have almost conquered space and have changed the relations of the people of the world. They have sharpened competion, and sooner or later they must to some extent result in the leveling of conditions. To-day the labor of the whole world is practically on call, or, if it is not so now, it soon will be. There are millions in China and India who will work for five cents a day and the result is that they can farm and manufacture more cheaply than we can. They will more and more every year work for the world, and I do not see how, with such competition, wages here can materially rise. They will rise in the poorer countries of the world as the foreign demand increases. They are doubling in Japan and India now, while here wages are falling. I believe we will be able to hold our own by our mechanical skill," said the Postmaster-General. "I think we have a little bit better brains than the Asiatic peoples, and that by our use of machinery and our Yankee ingenuity we will always beat pure muscle. The fact that the competition exists, however, is apparent. We we have to fight for all we get in the future."

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A day would keep your rooms warm in winter. But that small stove will burn only twenty-five. Hence, discomfort and misery.

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UNITED ON SLOAN.

Maryland Members of the House Offer no Objection to Wellington's Choice.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 10—At a meeting of five Maryland members (all except Mr. Mudd) which Senator Wellington held in the Senate marble-room this morning, State Senator Sloan, of Lonaconing, was endorsed for Sub-Treasurer. Every man present placed his signature to the application without hesitation. Mr. Mudd did not receive Senator Wellington's message in time to attend the meeting. The Senator went with Mr. Sloan to the Treasury Department and had a brief interview with Secretary Gage.

Senator Wellington introduced Mr. Sloan as the man the Republican delegation had agreed upon, and spoke to Mr. Gage of his high qualifications. Secretary Gage said that he was anxious the office should be filled at once and knew this was also the wish of the President. He advised Senator Wellington to call with Mr. Sloan at the White House and see the President.

At the White House the President was informed by Senator Wellington that the Republican members had met this morning and endorsed Mr. Sloan and that his nomination would be agreeable to the Republican party in the State. The President is said to have intimated that he was pleased at the prompt action taken and promised to nominate Mr. Sloan without delay.

The conference of the Maryland delegation this morning, at which Senator Wellington secured the indorsement of Mr. Sloan, was harmonious and lasted only a few minutes. The Senator avoided a discussion of the other offices in the State and the probable method of their distribution by suggesting that it is too early to talk about them, and that an agreement concerning them should be reached later on.

Representatives Barber, McDonald and Baker, who are interested in the internal revenue collectorship, were inclined to regard the present as an excellent time to secure from Senator Wellington a statement of his plans about the other offices, and insisted upon knowing what they might expect for their respective districts. The Senator, however, insisted that the matter in hand was merely the selection of a man for the sub-treasurership, and the other questions could wait. He had no reluctance, however, in stating that so far as he is personally concerned, he wants each of the districts to secure one of the important federal appointments. He intimated that there would be no cause for trouble, and that he would himself favor such a plan as would give satisfaction to all concerned.

With this statement the House members were satisfied and made no objection to Mr. Sloan's appointment. Representative McDonald, however, insisted that the appointment should not be considered as a share of the patronage to which the sixth district is entitled. He had no objection to Mr. Sloan, and heartily desired his appointment, but did not wish to be held in any way responsible for it later on when the other offices are to be filled.

Representative Mudd was not present at the conference, because he had not arrived in the city, but he saw Senator Wellington later and joined the other members of the delegation in signing the request that Mr. Sloan be given the sub-treasurership.

The members of the Maryland delegation feel that Senator Wellington has acted wisely in selecting Senator Sloan for the sub-treasurership, and they are entirely satisfied with the turn affairs have taken. They regard Mr. Sloan very highly, and were ready to indorse him for any position so long as such action did not interfere with their personal plans regarding the offices. They had anticipated Mr. Sloan would be a candidate for the collectorship of customs, and were prepared to endorse him without a murmur or dissent. They also believed that Senator Wellington has paved the way for a better understanding regarding the other offices, and that the outlook for harmony is better than it has been.

There is certain to be some feeling about the internal revenue collectorship, but it will be merely the natural result of an appointment over which there has been a spirited fight. Mr. Parlett, who is Representative Barber's candidate for the position, was here to-day and had a long talk with Mr. Barber. The latter says Mr. Parlett's appointment is desirable both from a political and business standpoint, and he believes he will be selected. It is learned Mr. Parlett is strongly indorsed by the leading tobacco and whiskey interests of Baltimore and by a number of bankers and other prominent business men who are interested in the office. It is hinted however, that if Mr. Graham is appointed district attorney, he may get the only position given the Eastern Shore and Mr. Parlett may have to give way to a representative of some other district. Without saying so outright, it is hinted by some of Mr. Parlett's opponents that one reason why the collectorship should not go to the Eastern Shore is that the prospect of electing another Republican member of Congress from that section of the State is not good. It is said that the Eastern Shore went Republican because of the Democratic contention on the money question in the last campaign, and that should the money question be eliminated from the next election the Eastern shore will be in doubt. The prospects of Democratic success in the first district in the next election will certainly urged as a reason why the internal revenue collectorship should be given to some other district.

It will also be urged, now that Senator Wellington has selected Mr. Sloan for the sub-treasurership, that the collector of the port should not be taken from the sixth district, and that the house members will be prepared to urge that, unless the collectorship be the only office given the sixth district in the future distribution of patronage, it should go elsewhere. This will probably bring out a number of candidates for the position from other districts.

Free Silver in Peru.

The friends of the free-silver champions ought to keep the newspapers away from them. Hardly a day passes without some news that is sure to wound their feelings. Yesterday it was an account of the awful experiences the Government and the people of Peru are having with their silver coinage.

That is the only coinage they have down there, and practically the only sort of money in the country. The standard coin is a sol, which ought to be worth about a dollar, according to weight, but it has been going down, down until for several years it has been worth less than half a dollar. And lately it has got into the habit of falling below even the market value of the silver it contains, because the merchants and others of the "creditor class" insist on charging a premium for risk from fluctuations.

The government has stopped the mints and has passed laws that savagely interfere with personal liberty. But all efforts to relieve the "debtor class" are in vain. The tricky sol keeps right on robbing the poor and all those who are in debt and aiding the "creditor class" to grow rich by extortion.

All of this confusion and injustice and suffering might have been averted and would be stopped if Peru would obey the fundamental law of money—that the stamp on a coin must stand for an honest value, and not for a theory or a threat or a subsidy of silver-mine owners.

The War Near an End.

The Greek government has, it seems, at length made up its mind to accept the good offices of the powers on the terms they prescribed — the immediate withdrawal of the Greek troops from Crete and the abandonment of all pretensions of sovereignty over that island. The powers will now "mediate." That is to say act as a go-between for Greece and Turkey and ascertain from the latter on what conditions Greece may obtain peace. If Turkey is too severe, the powers will seek to mitigate her demands. An armistice will be sought, but military operations will continue some days longer, it is thought, in Thessaly, since Edhem Pasha is now closing in upon Domokos and hopes soon to capture a large part of the Greek army at Domokos and Almyros. If Greece accepts Turkey's terms promptly, peace will be speedily reached. As Turkey holds Thessaly, the revenues of that province will, it is believed, be demanded in payment of Turkey's war expenses.

Four Famous Characters in Fiction.

Charles Dana Gibson has made a great hit with his Dickens illustrations in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. In the June number we have a rare opportunity of seeing what a great illustrator can do in one picture with four famous characters in fiction. Mr. Gibson presents Mr. and Mrs. Micawber, David Copperfield and Traddles. The long, quaint curls of Mrs. Micawber, and the characteristic of her gloved hands as she "lays the case" before David Copperfield, have been admirably caught by the artist Mr. Micawber, self-poised and satisfied, wears a calm judicial expression as he balances his glass in his hand.

Commended.

To the Editor of The Republican.

Recently my attention was drawn to the published statement of the finances of Garrett county. In perusing the levy list, [illegible] I gave it a close reading I failed to find one item which in any manner showed extravagance on the part of the Board, notwithstanding the statement of a newspaper published in Oakland to the contrary. I think the Board should be commended for the wise and economic administration of the financial affairs in this county and not be held up before the public as spendthrifts when all honest thinking men know that they have made a record which has spread beyond the bounds of our own county.

I am a Democrat, but not such a stanuch one that it interferes in any way with honest judgment of the true worth of any man or set of men. D

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REAL ESTATE
IN GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Under and by virtue of a power contained in a mortgage from Jonas Frazee and Rosa Frazee, his wife, to the Baltimore Building and Loan Association of Baltimore City, dated the 30th day of January, 1886, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 25, folios 560, etc., one of the Mortgage Records of Garrett county, Maryland, the undersigned as attorney named in the said mortgage, will offer at public sale, in front of the post office, in Oakland, Maryland, on

Saturday, June 5th, 1897,

at 10 o'clock a. m.,

all the following parcels or tracts of land, situate and lying in Garrett county, Maryland:

1st. All that lot or parcel of land situate and lying in the town of Selbysport, in Garrett county aforesaid, containing one-half of an acre of land, more or less, fronting on the Morgantown road, it being the same property which was conveyed by John M. and Catharine Kessler to Jonas Frazee by deed dated the 27th day of April, 1886, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 11, folio 386, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, except the portions thereof sold to J. Z. Browning and Sarah B. Friend.

This property is improved by a good stable.

2d. All that farm or tract of land known as the

Home Farm of the late Christian Fike,

situate and lying about a mile and a-half north-east of the town of Selbysport, in Garrett county aforesaid, containing

One Hundred and Sixteen and one-quarter Acres of Land,

more or less, the greater portion thereof being cleared and under cultivation, and is good farming land, it being the same property which was conveyed by Lucian Frazee and wife to Jonas Frazee by deed dated the 8th day of October, 1888, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 14, folio 143, one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

This property is improved by a good barn.

3d. All that farm or tract of land situate and lying along the Youghiogheny river, about one and a-half miles north of the town of Selbysport, containing

Sixty-seven Acres of Land,

more or less. About forty-five acres of this land are cleared and under cultivation, and is good bottom land, it being the same property which was conveyed by Jane Frances Fike to Jonas Frazee by deed dated the 21st day of February, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 14, folio 149, one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

This property is improved by a frame dwelling, in fair condition, and by an old barn, sugar house, wagon shed and granary.

4th. All that lot or parcel of land situate and lying about a mile and a-half north-east of the town of Selbysport, in Garrett county aforesaid, containing

Two Acres of Land,

more or less, all cleared, it being the same property which was conveyed by John Riley and wife to Jonas Frazee by deed dated the 9th day of May, 1890, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 14, folio 242, one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

This property has no buildings upon it.

5th. All that farm or tract of land situate and lying about a mile and a-half north-east of the town of Selbysport, in Garrett county aforesaid, containing SIXTY-THREE ACRES OF LAND, more or less, known as

"The West End of the late Jesse Groves' Farm,"

all the said land being cleared and under cultivation, it being the same property which was conveyed by Elizabeth Frazee to Rosa Frazee by deed dated the 20th day of February, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 14, folio 421, one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

This property is improved by TWO SMALL FRAME DWELLINGS AND A BARN.

6th. All that farm or tract of land known as the

SPRINGER PROPERTY,

situate and lying about five miles north of Deer Park, in Garrett county aforesaid, bordering on and along Deep Creek, said stream running through a portion of it. This farm contains

Two Hundred and Fifty-six Acres

of land, more or less, and about one-half of it is cleared and under cultivation, the other half being black pine land and glade land, and is good for grazing. It was conveyed by James Z. Browning and wife and Samuel S. Browning and wife to Jonas Frazee by deed dated the 19th day of August, 1893, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 22, folio 236, one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

This farm is improved by TWO FRAME DWELLING HOUSES AND TWO BARNS.

Terms of sale of all the above tracts or parcels of land, cash on the day of sale.

Deeds at the cost of the purchaser.

D. JAMES BLACKISTON,
Attorney named in the Mortgage.
JOHN SHARTZER, Auctioneer. 10-1

PROCLAMATION.

STATE OF MARYLAND,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

WHEREAS, Satisfactory information has been received by me of the adoption by the States of Virginia and West Virginia of the provisions of Chapter 127 of the Laws of Maryland of 1896, entitled "An Act to repeal Sections 40, 41 and 42 of Article 30 of the Code of Public General Laws, entitled "Fish and Fisheries," and to re-enact a portion thereof with amendments, and

WHEREAS, The provisions of the said Act have been adopted by the State of West Virginia to become operative on and after the thirteenth day of May, 1897.

Now, Therefore, I, Lloyd Lowndes, Governor of the State of Maryland, in pursuance of the power and authority vested in me by the said Act do hereby proclaim and declare that the provisions of the said Act are applicable and effective from and after the said 13th day of May, 1897, and that from and after the said date under the provisions of said Act, "it shall not be lawful for any person to catch or kill Black bass, green bass, rock bass, pike or pickerel or wall-eyed pike commonly known as salmon between the 15th day of April and the 1st day of June in each year nor catch or kill any of said species of fish at any other time during the year save only with a rod, hook and line or dip net. The words "hook and line" shall not include trot lines or set lines.

"Any person violating the provisions of this Act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be punishable on conviction by imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding six months, or by a fine not exceeding two hundred dollars, or by fine and imprisonment; and it shall be the duty of the circuit court of the counties abutting on the Potomac river above Little Falls, at each session of the grand jury, to call its attention to the provisions of this law. The provisions of this law shall not be applicable below the Little Falls near Washington."

(THE GREAT SEAL OF MARYLAND.)

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and have caused to be affixed hereto the Great Seal of the State of Maryland.

Done at the City of Annapolis on the sixth day of May, A. D. eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.

By the Governor,
LLOYD LOWNDES.
RICHARD DALLAM, Sec'y of State.

JOHN SHARTZER,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
offers his services to the people of Garrett County. Will cry land or personal property sales at any point in the county. 6-27-1yr.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

Copyrighted by "Nemo."

TO YOUNG MEN:—Remember how small a place money ought to have in your calculations; at any rate you should never reckon your success by the amount of money you make. Even granting that you are toiling in order to win a wife, if money is your sole standard you will lay at her feet the least valuable gift if you bring not to her a clean mind, an upright life, and a soul above robbery. And he that maketh haste to be rich runs danger of stooping to things so mean and so contemptible that he is not fit to be the husband of any wife or the possible father of any living children, though he be wealthy as most golden dreams can fancy.

* * *

REMEMBER that courage—the quality you so much admire and about which you use such false estimates—is not measured by the strength of the arm nor a readiness to die. Bodily courage, is sometimes only the mark of a coarse-grained nature—mere insensibility to danger, like the mad frenzy of a bull. Real courage is that of the mind that will keep you working on in the face of defeat, or that enables you to dare great purposes, when the way to their accomplishment is like the way to an Alpine summit, only attained by cheerful self-denial and the constant crying to inner purpose. "Excelsior! Excelsior!" It requires more than a broad chest to stand a sneer, more than a fearless eye to turn from the pleading glances of a pleasure-loving woman, more than mere muscle to keep on doing these things that are of good report, when all the companions of your youth call you a fool.

* * *

REMEMBER that disappointments build the muscles of our character, much as walking strengthens our bodies. It is the things we have to struggle with that make us men. Some few geniuses seem able at a leap to accomplish whatever their hearts are set upon, but the vast majority of us attain our ambitions only by stern purpose and unwavering. If a tide just drags us along we are as dead things or sticks; if we swim against it, we grow more and more in power. Welcome the north wind, my beloved; it is cruel to be kind; it would seem wrest thy all from thee only to make thee hold on the faster.

"Here's to the men who lose!
The touchstone of true worth is not success;
There is a higher test—
Though fate may darkly frown, onward to press,
And bravely do one's best.

"Here's to the men who lose!
If triumph's easy smile our struggles greet,
Courage is easy then;
The King is he who, ad er fierce defeat,
Can up and fight again."

* * *

REMEMBER that mistakes are not necessarily fatal. Show me a man who has never made a mistake, and I will show you a lazy good-for-nothing who has escaped errors of judgment and conduct by being too indolent to attempt anything. Mistakes are good school masters; they show us that we know not, in order that we may be better able to know. A mistake is a danger signal that warns into new, more careful and more thoughtful ways. And I do not limit the utility of a mistake merely to the range of studies and business, I refer even to awful mistakes in morals, to social sins that are sweet to the taste and bitter in effects. These may teach and purify if we will but drag ourselves away from them and think them over at a distance.

* * *

REMEMBER that he that goeth to accomplish great things for himself or for the world, needs not to be known to be weak and immoral in order to lose his power of accomplishment: a wrong thing done need have no witnesses in order to undo a man. Yielding to a darling sin takes away the ability to be all you might be; not because your friends know you to be a doer of evil, but because you know yourself to be so, and the traitor within the citadel of your honor and purpose does not remain undiscovered, for the traitor is the professed defender.

* * *

REMEMBER that I can safely go one step further and assert to you who think—may your number multiply—a still more noteworthy thing about yielding to evil. The thought of wrong cherished as a pleasant thing, is enough to unnerve you without waiting for the deed to be done. Cardinal Newman says very wisely and very beautifully:

"He he who lets his thoughts run on
In soft luxurious flow,
Fidets when hard service must be done
And shrinks at every foe."

The thought is father to the deed. We talk of dissipation for the body; there is a dissipation of the mind, and that is found in letting the thoughts run unchecked, particularly if they are an unclean character.

* * *

REMEMBER in following that last thought that there is a dissipation of the mind, even apart from filthy musings; it is found in being insufficiently severe with yourself. Remember also that there may even be spiritual dissipation, when, in the higher regions of thought that effect men's souls and future destinies, you let your spiritual desires run riot until all who fail to believe with you are believed to be in the wrong. Remember too the common fault of bodily dissipation. I beg of you to remember as sensible beings that the powers you in your overflowing youth regard as solely given for your pleasure are merely an inheritance from your parents to be passed on spotless and undefiled to your children.

* * *

REMEMBER that a spider dipped in ink can make scrawls across paper, that a dog can scratch earth, that a monkey can daub paint, but that the intelligence of a human being is needed to gain meaning and profit and fame from any or all of these acts. Your sheep is a follower of instincts equally as much when mature as it was when it frisked its restless tail and fled affrighted from moving objects. Neither honor nor dishonor attaches to its life, save that it has been all it could be. But you are a man: born a creature of instinct yet capable of becoming a creature of thought, whose use of life has within it the possibilities of shame or of esteem. If you merely follow your instincts, you are less worthy than an animal, for it has done all it could, and you have not. Be a man, dear fellow, and venerate yourself; then no matter how humble your lot in life, you will be a worthy comrade of those who through the patient ages have led us away from mere animalism.

To Whom It May Concern.

When your stomach's out of whack
And your rent is over due
When a pain is in your back
And you're feeling awful blue,
When you can't eat half way pleasant
As around the house you mope,
When you hate the living present
And the future holds no hope,
When the dogs refuse to greet you
And the cats run up a tree,
When the neighbors dread to meet you
And no joy in life you see,
Why then write to us a letter
And vent your pent up spleen,
It may make you feel better—
T will find us all serene,
Then we'll admit to ease mind
That maybe we're to blame,
Though many folks might be inclined
To doubt it, all the same.

MORAL: A disordered liver is not an adequate substitute for a conscience.

A Correction.

My normal opens at Chestnut Spring, Pa., on April 27th, instead of Grantsville, Md., April 26th, as announced in last week's paper.

8-3* D. H. BENDER.

The Remarkable Criminal Record of a Young Man in the Allegany County Jail.

John A. Caler, of Glencoe, Pa., who is in jail in Cumberland awaiting to be taken to the penitentiary to begin a fifteen-year sentence for false pretence and forgery, Monday declared that he would die before he would go to the penitentiary. He then drank the contents of a vial and fell over. It was only cough mixture he had drunk. Dr. Brace says that one of Caler's lungs is badly affected and that he does not believe he will live over 18 months. Caler before he was pardoned from the Western Pennsylvania penitentiary, nine months ago, was given Dr. Cyrus Edson's treatment for consumption. The officials of the penitentiary say that he did not have consumption, but ate soap to give him a ghastly appearance. Caler is handcuffed in his cell, the sheriff fearing he might carry out his expressed determination to commit suicide.

Caler is a native of Pittsburg. He is not yet twenty-four years of age and has served three terms in the Pennsylvania penitentiary. He has the reputation of being a most skillful forger. It was only necessary for him to obtain one glance at the signature of a person before he could reproduce it. He would probably never have served the last term he did in the Western penitentiary had he not taken one of the most desperate chances that any forger ever took.

In this instance he reproduced some exact counterparts of a number of Union Pacific Railroad bonds. They looked so much like the real thing that Caler had no trouble in disposing of them. The forgery was discovered some time later and Caler was arrested. He admitted they were forgeries and that he had stolen one of the bonds and made the others from it.

The stolen bond was taken from the office of a Pittsburg business man. For this job Caler was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for nine years. Previous to this he had served two short terms.

He made all sorts of promises to make a better man of himself, but fell down and was soon in the toils again. Captain of Police Tamney found him in an alley off Liberty street one morning, apparently trying to force an entrance into a building. He and a companion were arrested, but subsequently released as nothing could be proved against them.

One month later Caler was arrested in a shanty-boat near Homestead. He was in the company of a tough gang. In the boat was a lot of stolen property. Caler was placed in jail, but managed to escape by the grand jury refusing to indict him along with the rest of the crowd. He was warned by the police to leave the city.

This was the last heard of him until his arrest at Cumberland on the charge of forgery. During his trial there he was allowed to go on the stand in his own defense. He swore positively he had never been arrested before. When he was accused of having served a term in the Western penitentiary he denied it under oath. He was convicted of forgery, and later placed on trial and convicted of perjury. On the first charge he was sentenced for ten years and five years for perjury.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

The Best Remedy for Rheumatism.

From the Fairhaven (N. Y.) Register.

Mr. James Rowland of this village, states that for twenty-five years his wife has been a sufferer from rheumatism. A few nights ago she was in such pain that she was nearly crazy. She sent Mr. Rowland for the doctor, but he had read of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and instead of going for the physician he went to the store and secured a bottle of it. His wife did not approve of Mr. Rowland's purchase at first, but nevertheless applied the Balm thoroughly and in an hour's time was able to go to sleep. She now applies it when ever she feels an ache or a pain and finds that it always gives relief. He said that no medicine which she used ever did her as much good. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Langdlin, Deer Park.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM HAMILTON DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett County, has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett County, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

WILLIAM HAMILTON,

late of Preston Co., W. Va., deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 5th day of November next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 6th day of May, 1897.

S. T. JONES, Adm'r,
10-3 Oakland, Md.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after the first publication of this notice the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county to relocate the road leading from Deer Park to Bethlehem church. The proposed change will begin at Keisner's at the foot of the mountain and running thence through the lands of the B. & O. R. R. Co., the Hedrick road, the land of John W. Thomas and A. J. Lee, intersecting the road again near the home of A. J. Lee, a distance of about two miles.

C. U. HARVEY,
P. J. GARRETT,
JOHN H. UPHOLD,
Petitioners.

10-3t

FRISCO LINE

St. Louis & San Francisco R.R.

THROUGH CAR ROUTE
BETWEEN
ST. LOUIS
AND
SPRINGFIELD
JOPLIN PITTSBURG
WICHITA
EUREKA SPRINGS
FT. SMITH PARIS
DALLAS
SAN ANTONIO
HOUSTON
GALVESTON

Solid Vestibuled Trains with Pullman Sleepers and Reclining Chair Cars. Harvey Dining Halls.

Maps, time tables and full information furnished upon application to

O. M. COWLEY, Gen'l Agent, PITTSBURG, PA.
GEO. T. NICHOLSON, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, ST. LOUIS, MO.

R. BOLDEN,

Tin, Galvanized and Sheet Iron WORKER.

Roofing and Spouting Done on Short Notice.

Special Attention Given to Repairing.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED. GIVE US A CALL.

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

REAL ESTATE!

—FOR SALE BY—

JOHN SHARTZER, Real Estate Agent,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Two farms in District No. 2; 262 acres; near Elder Hill school house, improved by 2 houses, 3 barns and orchards. Will be sold separately or as a whole, to suit purchaser, on easy terms.

House of 4 rooms, 4 acres of land two miles south of Mt. Lake Park.

House and 1 acre of ground adjoining Loch Lynn Heights. Will be sold cheap.

A livery stable at Loch Lynn Heights; finest in the county; must be sold at once.

House and lot in Mt. Lake Park.

50 acres; improved by a small house; near Cranberry Glade farm.

House and 2 lots in McHenry.

Farm near Deer Park; improved.

A well improved farm near Ryan's Glade.

The above properties will be sold on easy terms.

One 50-acre lot adjoining the farm of W. T. Jamesson near Mt. Lake Park.

1 50-acre lot adjoining the lands of Mrs. Kilbarne and Jackson near Mt. Lake Park; will be sold very cheap for cash.

7 building lots in Loch Lynn Heights.

The Phillips lands lying between Oakland and Mt. Lake Park; will be sold as a whole or in parcels to suit purchaser.

A lot of ground adjoining Mt. Lake Park on the Oakland road.

An improved farm of 100 acres, 2 miles from Terra Alta.

An improved farm of 200 acres near Crellin.

The Oakland Steam Laundry property.

7 large building lots in Oakland.

For further information, prices and terms, apply to

JOHN SHARTZER,
6-26 OAKLAND, MD.

RECEIVER'S SALE

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

In Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett County, Maryland.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, dated the 20th day of October, A. D. 1896, and passed in a cause wherein John Shartzer is plaintiff and The Loch Lynn Store Company, of Garrett county, is defendant, the undersigned receiver was authorized and directed to make sale of the real estate mentioned in said proceedings. In pursuance of said order, I hereby give notice that on

Saturday, the 29th day of May, 1897,

at two o'clock p. m., on the premises in Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Maryland, I will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, all those lots or parcels of ground situated, lying and being in Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Maryland, which on the plat of Loch Lynn Heights are known and described as

LOTS NUMBERS 34 and 35

in Block No. 1, as recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 1, folio 2, one of the plat records of Garrett county, Maryland.

Said lots are improved by a

Large New Three-story Building,

containing store room, town hall, lodge rooms, etc.

Terms of sale as prescribed by said order: One-third cash, one-third in six months and one-third in twelve months, purchaser to give his single bills for deferred payments with security to be approved by the receiver.

and JOHN SHARTZER, Receiver.

Notice of a Meeting of Stockholders.

Notice is hereby given to all the stockholders of the "Park Improvement Company of Garrett County, Maryland," that a meeting of said stockholders will be held at Mt. Lake Park, Garrett county, Maryland, on the

27th Day of May, 1897,

at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of increasing the capital stock of said company from the present limit of $3,000 (three thousand dollars) to $10,000 (ten thousand dollars) in order to carry out the objects of its incorporation; provided the owners of two-thirds of the present capital stock of said company are present at said meeting and determine to do so.

L. A. RITCHILL,
J. A. HAYDEN,
G. I. RICHARDSON,
C. W. HOPKINS,
Directors of Park Improvement Company of Garrett County, Maryland. 9-4t

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $2.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes. Don't your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (hand sewed), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

For sale by

If dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

ON EXHIBITION

—AT—

J. M. DAVIS & SON'S HARDWARE STORE,

The Adriance Rear Discharge Binder and Champion Mower.

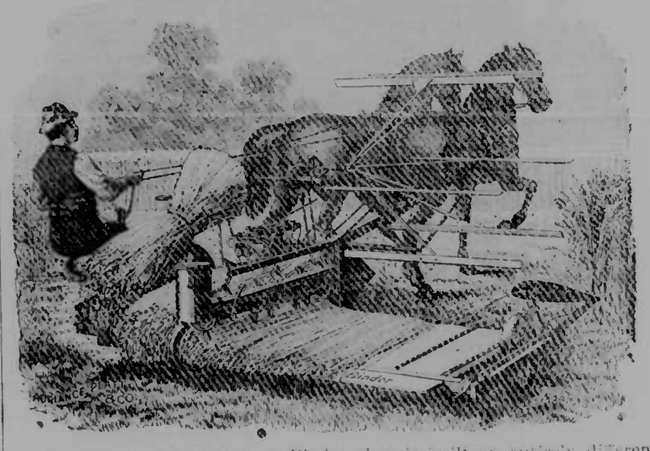

The above cut represents a Binder that is built on entirely different principles from other machines, and for mountainous country has many advantages over all other Binders. It is built without any elevator, doing away with the long endless chains that runs all elevators. Only one canvass is required. Cannot be upset on any hillside. Requires but two horses. No truck is necessary, as it will pass through ordinary gates; and is fully warranted.

The Champion Mower with its simple gear, direct application of power, noiseless operation, its ability to work not only where any other mower will run, but among stones, stumps and trees where other mowers cannot be used at all, leaves it in a class by itself with nothing to compare with it.

Call and see samples.

J. M. DAVIS & SON, Agents, Oakland, Md.

Order of Publication.

Joseph E. Friend and Pendleton Tyler and Arnold C. Sebert, Trustees, vs. Meredith A. Swan, D. Newton Leonidas H. Friend, Bear Sons Grocery Company, a corporation, H. P. Merringer and Hoffman Company and Austin Brown, Sheriff.

No. 84 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County in Equity.

The object of this bill is to restrain the sale of certain property therein described under execution said personal property belonging to Meredith A. Swan, being as the bill states, levied upon on the 9th day of October 1891, a certain Leonidas G. Friend borrowed from G. S. Hamill the sum of $500; that it was a condition precedent to the loaning of said money that the plaintiff should become his security and as such security should the said certain property belonging to them in said mortgage, which they did.

That in said mortgage was included certain personal property belonging to the said L. H. Friend.

The bill further states that thereafter the said Austin Brown, Sheriff of Garrett County, levied upon said personal property so bound in said mortgage, to wit: One buggy and wagon, two horses and one mowing machine on executions issued in favor of Arnold C. Sebert, D. Monroe Hill, Alonzo D. Newton, Bear Sons Grocery Company, H. P. Merringer and Hoffman Company, and has advertised said personal property to be sold on the 27th day of April.

The bill further alleges that the equity of redemption in said personal property cannot legally be sold under execution under the laws of this State, and that complainants as the plaintiffs are only security in said mortgage it would be inequitable and unjust to them to permit the said personal property so belonging to the said L. H. Friend to be sold under said executions, as they are entitled to have it sold to pay off said mortgage if the said L. H. Friend should make default in the payment thereof.

The bill then prays that an injunction may issue to prohibit said sale and to restrain the sale of any property included in said mortgage.

The bill also prays for general relief and the usual process against resident defendants, and also an order of publication against the said non resident defendants.

It is thereupon ordered by the Circuit Court for Garrett county in Equity, this 16th day of April, 1897, that the complainants cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 24th day of May, 1897, giving notice to the defendants in said bill and warning them to appear in this Court in person or by solicitor on or before the 14th day of June, 1897, to show cause, if any they have, why a decree should not pass as prayed.

True copy—test: DAVID W. SLOAN,
E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 7-3

ORDER NISI.

George Clinson vs. Gustavus W. Delawder and wife.

No. 882 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 21th day of April, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by D. James Blackistone, attorney, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 25th day of May, 1897; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 25th day of May, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2,300.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test. E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county at the suit of the Exchange Bank of Wheeling against Joseph C. Addison and to the undersigned directed, bearing No. 17 January Term, 1897, of said court, I have seized and taken in execution all of the right, title and undivided interest which the defendant, Joseph C. Addison holds in certain lands situated in Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, on his own behalf as well as his life estate in the lands of his deceased wife Mary P. Addison, it being his undivided interest in Military Lots known as numbers 913, 915, 917, 921 and 922, containing fifty acres of land each, and being the same lands which are more particularly described in a deed to S. P. Baker from Richards, McMillen, dated the 25th day of May, 1895 and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 28, folio 5 one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

Second. All of his undivided interest in and to those Military Lots situated near Loch Lynn Heights numbered 880 and 881 containing fifty acres of land each, and described in a deed from George P. White and wife to said defendant and others, by deed dated August 1st, 1896, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 28 folio 185.

Third. Also his interest in a house and lot on Spencer street in the town of Loch Lynn Heights, and being the lot on which the George P. White dwelling house now stands as shown on the plat of Addison's Addition to the Mountain Home Company.

And I hereby give notice that on

Saturday, the 15th Day of May,

1897, at the hour of two o'clock p. m., of said day, in front of the court house, in the town of Oakland, I will offer at public sale to the highest bidder for cash on the day of sale all of the undivided interest of the said Joseph C. Addison in the aforesaid described real estate both individually and the right of his wife, he which he has an interest. The aforesaid interest will be sold to satisfy the above execution and costs.

Owing to the proximity of the aforesaid lands to the growing towns of Loch Lynn Heights and Mountain Lake Park the above lands are valuable and evidently soon to be converted into town lots, besides said properties are improved and constitute good homes.

Terms of sale: Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN,
7-3 Sheriff of Garrett County.

Notice to Road Supervisors.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF GARRETT COUNTY.

OAKLAND, MD., May 1, 1897.

Notice is hereby given to the Road Supervisors of Garrett county, that the undersigned County Commissioners will inspect the county roads after they have been worked and determine how the money has been expended.

ISAAC E. FRIEND,
L. W. ABERNATHY,
THOS. H. LAYMAN,
Commissioners.

Attest: J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

Torturing, itching, scaly skin eruptions, burns and scalds are soothed at once and promptly healed by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the best known cure for piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

One Minute is all the time necessary to decide from personal experience that One Minute Cough Cure does what its name implies. Oakland Pharmacy.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD

WHITE-EYED PATTERSON

A Bad Man of the West Who Wasn't Wholly Bad.

He Did Not Kill Everybody, and When He Set Out to Right a Wrong He Did It in Style.

GREAT many men have gone down in history as being 'bad men' in the early days on the Pacific slope," said Maj. Edward Ragsdale, of Topeka, Kan. "But some of the most dangerous men, who were greatly feared in their day, are little heard of now. They were not theatrical enough in their ways of killing or they had no gang to crack them up. They never got the great names that some men did who were afraid of them. Such a man was Patterson, from Mississippi—Ferdinand Patterson—who figured in San Francisco and Nevada and afterward in Oregon. He was what is known in the far west as a white-eyed man—that is, his eyes were of a gray tint, so pale as to seem almost white. He was a powerfully built man, handy with weapons, and he came as near being perfectly fearless as a man can be. I remember him at his trial for the killing of Capt. Staples at Portland, Ore. The captain had headed a crowd to lynch Patterson for his secession sentiments. Feeling ran high against Patterson, it being in the time of the civil war, and the sentiment in Oregon being for the union. When he was acquitted, as he was, after an exciting trial, on the ground of self-defense, it was believed that he would never leave the court room alive, but he passed through the hostile crowd without the sign of fear, with such a presence that no one molested him. I can compare his look only with that of a lion. His shooting of Pinkham, the mining man, was another famous killing. It began by his insulting Pinkham for his northern sentiments. Pinkham pulled his pistol and fired. Patteson stooped, dodging the flash, as the saying is, and then sent in the mortal shot. He was a bully through and through. Yet he was capable of being magnanimous. On one occasion a man fired at him, the bullet striking him fairly in the forehead. Instead of dropping, as any other man would have done, he grappled with the man, threw him, and took away his pistol.

"'Spare me for my wife's sake,' he cried.

"Patterson let him up. 'Run for a doctor,' he commanded. 'If I die, I'll haunt you.'

"The story that I particularly wanted to tell when I began to talk about Patterson shows his character in its best light. It was in Montana and there had been a mining town started in the region then known as the Bill McGowan country. People were flocking there and the roads were string with all sorts of outfits hustling along to be first on the ground. I was on my way there to start a faro bank and had stopped for dinner at a roadside place where a man had a sort of hotel. Among the dozen or more wagon outfits drawn up before the corral was a rickety, canvas-topped concern, belonging to an old man who was coming out with his family to begin life anew in a new country. There were the old woman and half a dozen girls, but only one son, a weak-looking stripling perhaps 18 years old, who didn't count in what took place. It was a pretty poor looking outfit, but they had a pair of good horses, which was about all they had in the world, for the rest of their equipment couldn't have been auctioned off for $50. I had passed them on the road, and now, when I came out doors after dinner, I found them in a peck of trouble, the women crying and the old man looking forlorn and helpless. In place of the two horses I had seen them driving back on the trail, there stood two broken-down plugs that had been next to worthless to start with, and had been driven nearly to death besides.

"They were good sort of people, so I asked them what the trouble was, and they told me. They had made their nooning at the well, and were just hitching the horses to the wagons ready to start on again, when three men, who had arrived in a wagon about the same time with them, came over leading the two plugs, and had left their broken-down horses and taken away the two good ones. When the old man protested against being robbed, one of them drew a pistol and threatened to smash him over the head with it if he didn't shut up. This was their story, and I had only to look at them to know that they told the truth. There was no law in the country then, they had no friends, and they were not strong enough to defend themselves; so there they were, plundered and the same as left afoot on the trail, with no help for it that they could see. As they told their story there were the three men, in full view, getting ready to harness the stolen horses into their wagon and laughing in high glee among themselves.

"I didn't like to leave the emigrants in that plight, and I had no crowd with me, and I couldn't very well go up against three men, particularly in another party's quarrel. But I talked with the family a little to cheer them up, and had just handed the old woman a five-dollar gold piece, when Fred Patterson came riding up, having stopped to water his horse at the well. He nodded to me, and was going to ride on, but I stopped him, and told him what had happened to the emigrants.

"'Fred,' I said, 'I'm not equal to tackling three men like those, but you are. Can't you do something to make them give the old man his horses back again?'

"He listened to all I had to say without a word or a change in his face. When I had got through speaking he gathered up his bridle rein and started on. 'He won't interfere,' I said to myself. 'It's all up with the old man's horses.' But in a minute more he turned off the trail, dismounted, threw his bridle rein over a part of the corral, and walked back to where we were as deliberate and calm as a man could be.

"'Are those the men, and are those horses yours?' he asked the old man, looking over to where the three men were.

"'They be—before God,' said the old man.

"With the same coolness and deliberation as before Patterson walked over to where the men were. Two of them were just going to lead the horses to the wagon to hitch them up; the third one was fixing some packages under the seat. All of them were tough-looking customers, well-heeled with firearms.

"'What are you doing with those horses?' said Patterson. He spoke quietly, but there was something in his tone that made the two men by the horses stop and look at him as if they had been shocked by electricity.

"'What have you got to say about it?' said one of the men. But, bold as he tried to be, his voice fell and trembled before the look in Patterson's eye. The man by the wagon was fumbling under the seat.

"'You stole them from that old man! Take them back to him!' said Patterson, and as he spoke the man by the wagon pulled a shotgun from under the seat and cocked it. I've no doubt Patterson was watching him from the corner of his eye, but he did not turn his head from the two men he was talking to. Like a flash his pistol came out and cracked, and the man went down across the wagon tongue, with the gun under him, and lay there till they took him up to bury him. Patterson's eye never left the two men, who stood pale and shaking, afraid to draw their guns. Shifting his pistol to his left hand, he reached up to the wagon box and took down the whip. With its heavy leather braided lash he cut each of the two men across the face with all his force.

"'Take those horses back to the owner!' he commanded. And the two men led the horses back to the old man's wagon. Patterson followed, lashing them with the whip at every step. It was a great sight the way those fellows jumped and writhed and yelled and begged for mercy, the great welts rising on their heads and faces where the whip fell. The horses, frightened at the swish of the whip, were rearing

"TAKE THOSE HORSES BACK."

and jumping, but the men on their lives didn't dare to let them break away, for Patterson carried his pistol in his left hand, and they had just seen what had happened to their partner. They got to the old man's wagon.

"'Hitch 'em up,' said Patterson, and the fellows had to hitch those plunging horses to the wagon, with the whip falling on them as a reminder when anything went wrong. At last the horses were harnessed to the wagon. Patterson made the two fellows stand at their heads until the horses had got quieted down. Then he said to them:

"'I'm going on to the Bill McGowan camp. If I see either of you two hounds there I'll kill you on sight. Now git!'

"At his words the two men turned and ran as if they were glad of the chance to get way, looking now and then over their shoulders to see if Patterson meant to turn loose on them with his pistol. They didn't mean to take any more chances, but kept right on running as long as we could see them. Patterson spoke just once more to the old man.

"'If they ever bother you again, come to me,' he said. Then he walked, as cool as if nothing had happened, to where his horse was, mounted and rode on his way. But he carried with him a pint flask of whisky that I dropped into his coat pocket before he started. The two fellows that Patterson had whipped I never saw again, but the old man and his family got to the mining camp all right, and they started a boarding house and did well.

"Patterson died with his boots on, as most men do who take to the gun. He was sitting in a barber's chair being shaved when a man came behind him and shot him in the head. He rose from the chair, staggered to where his coat was hanging, got out his pistol and then fell dead with his pistol in his hand."—N. Y. Sun.

An Important Point.

A little girl, aged nine, called her father to her bedside the other evening. "Papa," said the little diplomat, "I want to ask your advice."

"Well, my dear, what is it about?"

"What do you think it will be best to give me for a birthday present?"—Birthday Bulletin.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Gen. Horace Porter recently remarked that Boston is not a city, but a state of mind.

—Berlin reported 48,806 babies in 1895, of which 7,072—over one-seventh—were illegitimate.

—M. Chaplain, the well-known medalist and engraver, having resigned the directorship of the Sevres porcelain factory because he did not understand the business, the French government has appointed an architect to take his place.

—Toothache will no longer be accepted by the Geneva (Switzerland) post office as an excuse for absence of employes. The canton superintendent has issued a circular directing them to have their teeth extracted rather than have the service suffer.

—Miss Sarah Beatty, aged 78, who ran a little farm near Kokomo, Ind., and lived alone, was lately found in the chair, where she had sat for four days, dead. An envelope in her pocket contained $100, and in the clock were bank notes representing $900 more.

—John Zimmerer, of Towson, Md., brought his brother of exactly the same name, before a magistrate to prove his right to naturalization. Then was disclosed the remarkable intelligence that he had three brothers named John, three brothers named George, and three sisters named Margaret.

—A considerable quantity of forged Bank of England notes now being in circulation, the lawyers of that institution have issued a warning, which applies to forged bank notes of every kind. According to this a bogus bank note may always be distinguished from the genuine by its inferiority in size.

—A lady in Calais, Me., found a purse containing 33 cents in front of a store. She gave it to the storekeeper, who hung it up in the window, under this inscription: "Found—This purse, containing a large sum of money." The next morning there was a large hole in the plate-glass window, and the purse was gone.

—A snake charmer was giving an exhibition in a grocery store in Savoy, Tex., and had five reptiles coiled about his neck, arms, etc. Suddenly a rattler bit him on the finger, and the man became frightened and flung the reptiles from him. The spectators dashed into the street, and the grocer allowed the snakes to take full charge of the store.

—A lady has made to Secretary Long the suggestion that, instead of giving the names of our great admirals to our diminutive war craft, the torpedo boats, the latter should bear the names of Indian chiefs or tribes that have achieved fame in our national history. During the civil war this was the custom, but the names have disappeared with the ships which they designated.

THE FLOOR OF A CHURCH.

The Source from Which the Design of the Stars and Stripes Came.

The origin of national flags would be a deep, unfathomably deep subject in most cases, but our flag, the stars and stripes, is so young in this old world that it is possible to find out a good deal about its origin; still even as to ours we can only guess how in its first form it came to be just as it was, but the guess is so well founded that it ought to satisfy Yankees seeking the source of the Yankee flag. The first flag of the United States of America was raised by Washington at Cambridge, Mass., January 2, 1776. It consisted of 13 stripes, alternate red and white, with a blue field emblazoned with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew. The next year congress substituted 13 white stars for the crosses. Now in Northamptonshire, in England, in a village called Great Brington, is an old church containing the tomb of one of George Washington's ancestors. It is inscribed to the memory of Lawrence Washington, who died in 1616, leaving behind him (this is on the tomb, mind you) eight sons and nine daughters. Two of these sons emigrated to America, and from one of them descended our great man. Several of the Washington family of the same generation are buried here, and the Washington coat of arms is engraved on one, bearing an inscription to "Eliz. Washington," who died in 1622. Now on this coat of arms appear three stars, with the stripes or bars beneath them. No one could see it without being reminded of the "star spangled banner." Undoubtedly when Washington was arranging to raise that flag at Cambridge, and arranging the flag too, he took the idea of the stripes from his own old coat of arms. Not wanting to make the new banner too personal, so to speak, he kept in the blue field and the crosses, used in the British flag, but congress, when it took up the subject, was pleased to follow the old coat of arms that belonged to the great general, who was fighting for them, and substituting the beautiful stars for the crosses that the redcoats carried. Charles Sumner took a deep interest in all these traces of the Washington family in England, and he once said: "The source of the design of the American flag lies on the old floor of Brington church." He had a copy of the coat of arms made by a local mason, in native stone.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

His First Trip.

He had never been in one of the fast elevators. He went to the top all right. Then came the descent. It was like lightning. The boy pushed him out, and was about to close the door, when the old gent hollered out:

"Hold on, thar; I want ter go back."

"What fer?"

"I left my stummick up thar."—N. Y. World.

An Opportunist.

She—Oh, Jack, here's a pearl in this oyster.

He (excitedly)—Ethel, may—may I have it set in an engagement ring?—Pick-Me-Up.

CATCHING SCALLOPS.

Facts About a Mollusk Which the Fishermen Persist in Soaking.

Just before the last visitors leave the seaside places where scallops abound they see men cleaning down the large sloops and fishing boats, scraping the bottoms and overhauling sails and running rigging, and, if curious enough to ask the reason why, they are told that the scallop season commences on October 1. This has been the date for years, with the exception of 1894, when the Massachusetts season was delayed until November 1, owing to the growing scarcity of the mollusk and the change in the season, which gives warmer weather, as a rule, at the end of September and in October than was the case years ago. As a matter of fact, scallops, like celery, are not in their prime until the frost catches them.

The great bulk of the early scallops in the New York market comes from Shelter island and Peconic bay, where visitors in summer may see them lying, shells and fish mingled, by hundreds of thousands in five feet of shoaling water. There are many more empty shells than full ones, say the fishermen, and this is proved to some extent if the visitors dredge for the handsome fan-shaped shells to use in fancy work. They seldom get a shell with the meat still in it. Later on scallops come to this market from Buzzard's bay, Monument beach, up to Wing's Neck Light, in Massachusetts, and still later the eastern supply arrives from Maine and New Hampshire. This year the early shipments come from Huntington, Smithtown and Brookhaven, L. I., and scallops from the Connecticut coast will be coming in next week. The prices vary from two dollars a gallon to twenty-five cents. At present, while the supply is limited, prices will be very fluctuating. On October 1 the price was one dollar, and October 2 it was $1.50 in the market.

The industry is not a very old one, it being about twenty-five years since it assumed large proportions. As in the case of oysters, people had scallops at their doors, but did not care to take the trouble to gather them to eat, much less try to market them. Four years ago the United States government evinced an interest in the industry, and obtained statistics of receipts at the various markets for a term of years.

The scallops are taken from the water at the various points by dredging from the sides of sloops and smaller boats. The dredge consists of an iron frame holding about a bushel, with a coarse network of iron rings at the back, like an oyster dredge. It is drawn slowly over the scallop ground until it is filled, when the catch is hauled inboard, the culling process commences, and the refuse is thrown overboard. Some of the larger boats put out on a good day as many as seven dredges. A good day is estimated to produce about thirty bushels in the shell, and the thirty bushels in the shell will produce about ninety quarts for the market. The "eye" of the mollusk is the only part retained. Opening the shells in cold weather is bitter hard work, and the men earn every cent they make. The shells are, however, fairly easy to open, and for this reason it is no uncommon thing for men who own skiffs to take their entire catch home, where their wives and children all turn out to help shell them. The shells have sharp edges, which make most of the men wear rubber finger cots. The knife used is of steel, with a blade an inch wide and nearly three times as long. A good opener can get through with 12 gallons a day, and the pay is 20 cents a gallon. The small scallops are thrown overboard.

It is practically impossible to get scallops in their natural state in the New York markets. They are all soaked before leaving the dredgers, the idea being to make them larger and whiter. By soaking three gallons of scallops they can be made to measure four gallons, but the effect of the process on the quality is another matter. Any visitor who has bought them at the grounds knows the difference between the soaked and the unsoaked. Directly the soaked scallops are cooked they flood the pan with water, and drive many a good housewife's soul into sin by chilling the fat in which she intended to cook them. Many a time she will dry them carefully, cracker dust and egg them, have the fat boiling and bubbling, only to drop them in and have them come out parboiled, or parstewed. The failure is due to the water's being tried out of them.

The scallop is a short-lived mollusk, coming to maturity and dissolution in two years in its natural element, and dying in two days when removed. Scallops are very uncertain in their movements, and the supply is therefore precarious, winds and tides or any changes of currents affecting their numbers strongly, and sometimes entirely clearing them out of places where they have been very prolific. The yield this year is expected to be fully up to the average. The American scallops are easily the finest in the world, although the fish has been known favorably for centuries, the larger Mediterranean variety having been worn centuries ago in the hats of pilgrims.—N. Y. Sun.

Furnished by Providence.

Boston Teacher—We will now take up the study of the senses. Why has the Creator furnished us with eyes?"

Boston Pupil (aged four)—To enable us to see.

"And what office is filled by the nose?"

"It was given to man so that he might smell and thus guard against the inhalation of unhealthy odors."

"Why were we favored with ears?"

"To hold spectacles in place."—Cleveland Leader.

Half-Price.

Dusty Dick—Say, boss, nin't yer got er half er dollar fer a poor blind chap?

Old Gentleman—Why, you're only blind in one eye!

"All right, boss, make it 25 cents, den."—N. Y. Tribune.

BRIC-A-BRAC OF DIPLOMATS.

Belongings of Retiring Foreign Officials at Auction.

A graceful custom among foreign diplomats at Washington is the auction sale which frequently befalls on the occasion of the recall of one of our alien ambassadors or ministers.

They don't always come off, of course. Sometimes, as was the case when Fava—he's back here now—went home, there was no auction of legation effects to mark the great event, as there was in that eminent Italian's case no legation effects. Nor was it true when the recent Turk set sail. But he, poor Mussulman, was so threatened in his perturbed mind with immolation so soon as he should arrive at Constantinople, so sure that it was a case of the bowstring and the Bosporus in his business, that he had no heart for commerce.

But, aside from these, the other three "diplomats" who have lately returned from here hung out the red flag of trade, hired some local chanter to cry the wares and had "a sale." The Austrian was the last to do this. This is the system:

For two weeks before their excellencies decamp the local papers revel in a long and lurid "ad.," recounting the recall of the ambassador or minister, and declaring how on a certain day all people so minded are invited to appear and contest at public vendue for a dazzling list of plunder in said "ad." set forth.

Prime among the properties for sale you will notice wines and many a thing besides that are as articles of commerce highly tariffed. But in these cases courtesy has held the tariff at bay. All of a legation's wines and cigars and furniture—in fact, everything of a personal sort of that a legation causes to be brought to America—is passed scot free at our customs. One will readily discern that a ripe profit might be made to roll pleasingly up at one of these untariffed legation sales. Our town tradespeople must, however, pay the fiddler in each noble instance.

At these sales snobdom turns stoutly out. The bidding is hot and fast and high. There is nothing to be lusted for by a certain sort of American, cringingly numerous hereabouts, as a wine which has been justified by an ambassadorial taste, or a piece of furniture or bric-a-brac which has been soiled by noble and titled contact. And therefore these legation auctions furnish the most heated combats. And many a fool is fleeced.

It is also to be remarked that these sales string out in endless fashion, day following day, as fools flock to be bunco'ed. The stock, whether of wine or furniture or cast-off noble garments, never runs low. The widow's store of oil showed no better staying powers. As long as custom hangs about the chanters shout, the red flag floats and the stock of goods to be disposed of flows by with current unabated.

For, mark you, rather than disappoint or send any full-hearted alien chaser away from this sale with aching heart and empty hands, the auctioneer each night moves in a new stock to replace the disappearances of the day before. Each morning the legation rooms are as unstripped, the cabinets as full of bric-a-brac, the bins as replete with rare old wines as at the beginning.

Thus it runs forward until no more sheep appear to be shorn and even the toadies have enough. Then the flag comes down and the legation sale is at an end.—N. Y. Journal.

A TERRIER'S REVENGE.

Summoned His Faithful Friend and Obtained Satisfaction.

This dog story was told by a lady who vouches for its accuracy. Remarkable as it is, she affirms that it is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

An up-the-state family had two dogs, a bulldog and a black-and-tan, between which there existed every evidence of deep friendship. The family went into the country one summer some 16 miles from home. They took the black-and-tan with them, but left his companion at home. They had not been established in their summer quarters more than a few days before the small dog had managed to pick a quarrel with the neighbor's bulldog, in which the black-and-tan got much the worse of the argument—so much so that when he disappeared after the battle his owners were much worried. They searched high and low, but no trace of that small dog could be found.

The next morning there were seen coming up the road, side by side, the black-and-tan and his faithful companion, the bulldog from home. The two marched straight past the hotel, where the family were staying, and halted in front of the home of the black-and-tan's enemy. In some unknown manner the country bulldog was summoned and immediately his city contemporary fell upon him. The struggle was severe and prolonged, but the issue was never in doubt. The country bulldog was completely conquered and retired in as good order as possible under the circumstances. The victor, once his task completed, wheeled about, and without a stop retraced the 16 miles to home. The black-and-tan crawled into the hotel with every indication of complete satisfaction on his diminutive countenance.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

Stretching a Nerve to Cure Sciatica.

A new Danish mode of curing sciatica is by stretching the nerve of the leg affected. For this purpose the leg is raised and drawn toward the upper part of the body by a cord, which can be wound on a roller by turning a handle. The cord passes over a fixed and a loose pulley, the latter attached to a strap encircling the ankle, the free end of the cord being fastened to a hook in a board which is attached to the wall, and carries all the parts of the apparatus.—N. Y. Journal.

Why McCormick Changed from the Left to the Right Hand Binder.

It has been said that the conveniences of one age become the necessities of the next; but no ordinarily sane man will contend that the necessities of one age should become the inconveniences of the next. When binding was done by hand the left hand cut harvester was a necessity. The grain fell on the platform of the harvester and was delivered into the receiver with its heads towards the rear of the machine. The men stood in the receiver facing the grain. With the left hand machine the heads of the grain are at the left hand of the man doing the binding, so in taking out the bundle with the band around it, whether the man turned to the front table or to the back table he kept his position toward the bundle itself—that is, with the heads toward his left hand; hence, in making the tuck he shoved the ends under the band toward the heads. Grain is handled by the shocker by grasping into the heads, as shown in the

illustration, and the tuck should therefore be toward the heads, so that it will not pull out.

The band binding harvester with men to do the binding is out of date, and so is the left hand machine, which has been superseded by the McCormick Right Hand Open Elevator, the success of which makes it seem highly probable that there will be no progressive manufacturer building left hand machines in three years.

The application of roller bearings to grain cutting machinery was made by J. G. Perry in 1869, and his patent, No. 86,584, for an improved reaper, showed and described various ways of using roller and ball bearings in harvesters. In view of these facts it is somewhat amusing to read the claims of a certain reaper maker of the present day, who says he was the first to introduce roller bearings in harvesting machinery. As a matter of fact this manufacturer is comparatively a beginner in the art of reaper building and has originated nothing.

Unquestionably the most practical and satisfactory application of roller bearings to binders and mowers has been made by the McCormick Harvesting Machine Company. The Particular form used by them was patented in 1882 and is now to be found in all McCormick machines. The especially valuable

feature of the McCormick roller bearing is seen in the form—or cage as it is called—which holds the rollers from running together, and if for any cause the cage is taken from the shaft the rollers will not fall out and get lost. In order to avoid the McCormick patent the other harvesting machine company who claims to be the originator of roller bearings in harvesters has cut out the metal in the ring at the ends of the rollers. If the cage is taken out the rollers slip out and become filled with grit, or worse, get lost.

The methods of the McCormick Company result in an annual saving of many thousands of dollars to the farming public. New devices are not embodied in their machines until long and oft-repeated trials have shown them to be practical. It has been the same with the roller bearings as with everything else—McCormick experimenting is done at McCormick expense, and not at the expense of the farmers, who are too often duped by manufacturers who rush into print for notoriety and bull the market with impractical forms.

"Why did that rude-looking train-boy bite the quarter I gave him?" "He's an ex-cowboy from Texas, ma'am; and they frequently bite the dust out there."

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Some people spend a great deal more time being mean than it would take to be courteous.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

They say that the ostrich can digest stones and broken glass. We wonder if an ostrich ever tried to digest an American radish?—Atchison Globe.

Pleasant, Wholesome, Speedy, for coughs is Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Painful Eruptions

"My sister was afflicted with eruptions around her ears which kept getting worse and spreading until they became very painful. We made up our minds we must do something for her and we procured a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. She continued taking it until she was entirely cured." NADIA DUNNING, Concord, Wisconsin.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient and easy in effect. 25 cents.

We put up the following samples in neat case for

SALESMEN AND BICYCLE RIDERS

Half Pint can of Cycle Lantern Oil,	25c.
Bottle of Gem Cycle Lubricating Oil,	10c.
Box Special Chain Grease (for racers),	15c.
Two oz. bottle "Rust" Rubber Cement,	25c.
Four oz. can Ebony Cycle Enamel,	25c.
Two oz. bottle Wood Rim Tire Cement,	25c.
Can Transparent Varnish for Rims,	25c.
Four oz. bottle "Entire" Cycle Polish,	25c.
Piece polishing Rubber and Emery Paper,	10c.
Tire Tape, assortment of Repair Pings,	25c.
Six foot Lace, also convenient Brush,	25c.
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YUCATAN, KING OF GUMS.

TEMPERANCE.

"IF I HAD KEPT MY PROMISE."

Sad Wail of a Condemned Murderer Over His Fatal Mistake.

When W. Burns Thomson, known throughout Scotland as the medical missionary, was a young man prosecuting his medical studies, he was assistant chaplain of the Edinburgh prison. There many strange and sad experiences in the lives of convicts came to his knowledge. The following, told by himself, and included in his biography by Mr. Maxwell, shows how one mistake in conduct may prove fatal to character, and even to life itself.

Mr. Thomson was leaving Calton jail one afternoon, when the governor, stepping from a group of officials, said to him: "Please wait; we are expecting a heavy sentence."

In a short time the gates were opened and the police van came in. When the clatter of bolts had ceased a prisoner stepped out of the van. After glancing for a moment at the papers handed to him, the governor whispered to Mr. Thomson one word: "Death!"

After the man was taken to his cell the young chaplain went to see him. When the warden had left the cell the prisoner looked earnestly at his visitor and said: "So you don't know me?"

"I do not recall having seen you before," was the reply.

"But I remember you!" the prisoner exclaimed, so bitterly that the chaplain wondered for a moment whether

HE BROKE INTO A PAROXYSM OF GRIEF.

he could ever have done him an injury. Almost immediately the condemned man broke into a paroxysm of grief, wringing his hands and crying:

"Oh, if I had kept my promise! If I had only kept my promise I should not be here to-day."

He was a typical British tar, with a free hand and a generous heart when he was sober. Under the influence of liquor he had quarreled with his wife and had pushed her downstairs to her death.

It seems that three years previous to his trial and conviction for murder he had been sentenced to 30 days in prison because of a drunken row. Then he attended the prison meetings held by Mr. Thomson, who, after one of these gatherings, took the sailor into his private room, prayed with him and then warned him earnestly against drink. The murderer now told the chaplain this, and ended his confession in these words:

"I promised you faithfully that I would give it up, and so I did for awhile, but it came back to me. Since then I have been all around the world, and to think that I am here, and that it has come to this!" Then followed an outburst of agony and the plaintive wail: "Oh, if I had kept my promise!"

This for weeks was his remorseful refrain, until the moment of his execution. As the unhappy man was led to the scaffold he looked down upon his black clothes and then at the good chaplain.

"O William," he exclaimed, "William! Did I ever expect to see you in mourning for yourself?"

Trembling with emotion, he soon after shook hands with Mr. Thomson, saying penitently as he did so: "Oh, that I had kept my promise!"

"Oh, if I had kept my promise!" is the silent wail of many a ruined life.—Youth's Companion.

CRINGING OF ALCOHOLIC DOGS.

Suggestive Results of Experiments by a Scientist.

It was not until alcohol had been given for nearly two months, early in July, that it became quite noticeable that Tipsy and Bum were a little quieter than the others. This became gradually more marked. By September they were rather often caught napping in the shade, while Topsy and Nig were playing actively. They had developed also a cringing, trembling timidity, for which nothing either in my treatment of them, or in their relations to the other dogs could possibly account. Whipping was most carefully avoided from the first, a spat from the open hand being my limit of severity. If a switch was used, it was to strike the ground or the fence and not the dog. Practically they had received nothing but assuring caresses at my hand, and still this unaccountable fear, this cringing and trembling like a Chinese culprit before his executioner.

Some may contend that the dogs were not comparable in the first place. This, of course, is possible, but I do not feel that in this respect the experiment could have been improved upon. The presumption is, in fact, very strong against any such interpretation of the facts.

I can conceive of no other interpretation than the evident one, viz., that we have to do here with one of the physiological causes or conditions of fear.—From Experiments on the Physiology of Alcohol, by C. F. Hodge, in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

Every fine picture on the walls of a gin palace, or hotel bar, strips more than one home of its last decoration.—Dun's Horn.

WEIGHTY TESTIMONY.

What a Man of the World Thinks of the Drink Habit.

Magistrate Deuel, of the New York city police court, recently said in answer to the question: "What do you consider the chief cause of drunkenness?"

"The chief cause in this country is, without the slightest doubt, the custom of treating. That custom has produced more drunkards, ruined more homes, blasted more lives, and sent more men to drunkards' graves than any other custom that the mind of man ever conceived. When it shall come to be considered in this country a mark of good breeding and good fellowship for each member of a drinking party to pay for what he himself drinks and no more, then you will see much less public intoxication than now.

"Do you know, though, that public intoxication is diminishing, rather than increasing, and that, too, in spite of the increase in the population? That statement surprises you, eh? Well, it is a fact, and I could hardly believe it myself at first. I have given a good deal of thought and study to this question of drunkenness in connection with the question of excise laws, and I took occasion not long ago to find out whether public intoxication was increasing as rapidly as some persons would have us believe. For my information I consulted the records of the police courts of this city. I went carefully over the records for nearly 20 years, from 1875 to 1895, and this is what I found: In 1875 the number of drunk and disorderly conduct cases that came into the city police courts was 57,220. The population in the city in that year was 1,041,886. In 1880 the population had increased to 1,206,299, and the number of drunk and disorderly cases had decreased nearly 15,000 or to 44,202. I haven't got here the exact figures for 1895, but the number of these cases, in proportion to the population, has decreased .0354 per cent. In 1890 the percentage of decrease in the cases was .055 and in 1895 the population had increased by .776 while the number of cases had only increased .055 per cent."

When asked to what he attributed the decrease, he replied as follows:

"Well, there may be, of course, many reasons. In my opinion the chief reason is to be found in the increased and constantly increasing general sentiment against public intoxication, and I believe this general sentiment grows, not so much because our standard of morals has been so much raised as because of the constantly increasing requirements of all business and all professions. Years ago a man who got publicly drunk once in awhile, or twice in awhile, was not so greatly frowned upon. His ability to do business or practice his profession was not a question on that account. Nowadays it is very different. Let it be known that a man conducting a large business is dissipated and mark how quickly his business goes to the dogs. We had an example of that not long ago. There was a firm that carried on a very large business in this city. Rumors went abroad that members of the firm were intemperate and otherwise dissipated. What happened? The firm's credit began to decline, although it was generally known that there was a great fortune behind them. Things continued to go from bad to worse, until the great house went down. Let an employer hear that one of his employes is drinking, and that employe is served with his dismissal without a letter of recommendation so quickly as to take his breath away. A professional man known to be a heavy drinker finds himself in a very short time without any clients. So far as the social side goes, let a man appear on the streets, or elsewhere, in the sight of his fellows, in a state of intoxication, and from that moment he loses caste, even with those who drank with him."

NOTES BY THE WAY.

An old coat is usually found upon an old drinker.—Dun's Horn.

Munich breweries possess 1,263 freight cars, in which their beer is taken to all parts of Europe, including Spain, Italy, Turkey and Russia.

Bad as the saloon is, there is a worse thing in society than it is. The sentiment in a community that will tolerate the saloon, that makes the saloon possible, is worse than the saloon itself.—J. B. Gambrell.

At the first cabinet dinner given at the white house not wine but Potomac water was served. Mrs. McKinley, or rather her husband, obeys the orders of the temperance women.—Washington Sentinel (Liquor).

The annual drink bill of the United States is simply awful. If good people could and would ascertain the facts they would be much more willing than they are now to tackle this question and compel a solution.—Lever.

The consumption of sherry and port in England has decreased in the last 17 years from 11,000,000 gallons a year to 4,700,000, while tea shows an increase of 6,000,000 pounds during the same period, and light wines of nearly 2,000,000 gallons.

A children's fountain has just been placed in Oneida, N. Y., by the Loyal Temperance Legion, the money for which was earned by the young people. In their programme of dedication exercises the children marched with banners from the Baptist church to their fountain, decorating the W. C. T. U. fountain as they passed.

Danger in Its Mildness.

It being admitted that the use of tobacco is a great evil in the young, it follows as a self-evident proposition that any method which encourages its use must be more reprehensible than a method which discourages its use; and the cigarette above all other methods presents this encouragement to the use of tobacco. In its mildness is concealed its very capacity for doing harm, for the reason that it teaches the use of tobacco.—J. C. Mulhall, M. D.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Thirteen millions sterling is the yearly value of potatoes grown in the United Kingdom.

—Herr Frederick Alfred Krupp is the largest employer of labor in the world. On the payrolls of the great Krupp establishment are more than 25,000 men.

—About 865 tons of gold are estimated to be in actual circulation as money in the United Kingdom, that being approximately the weight of £140,000,000.

—In the city of Durango, Mexico, is an iron mountain 640 feet high, and the iron is from 60 to 70 per cent. pure. The metallic mass spreads in all directions for a radius of three or four miles. The entire deposit is sufficient to supply all the iron required in the world for 1,000 years.

—Some German scientists have recently furnished information in regard to the age of trees. They assign to the pine tree 500 to 700 years as the maximum, 425 years to the silver fir, 275 years to the larch, 245 years to the red beech, 240 to the aspen, 200 to the birch, 170 to the ash, 145 to the elder, and 130 to the elm.

—The 100-mile pipe line of the Natural Gas company, of Pittsburgh, is at present the longest in the world, but a line is building in the Caucasus from Michailove to Batoum, which is 214 Russian verst, or about 150 miles long. It will be finished within a few weeks, and its estimated cost will exceed 5,000,000 roubles ($3,000,000).

—The evening primrose—opening about dusk—has a very light linen-yellow color for the attraction of night-flying moths, by which, almost entirely, it is fertilized, although it remains open during the day to some extent, and may at that time receive some visits from bees, but it is peculiarly adapted to fertilization by night-flying moths. The other species of the primrose family (so called) are fertilized by bees, which, of course, are day flying.

HOW JACK TAR IS GULLED.

Singular Credulity of the Men Who Sail the Ocean Blue.

"I would sooner face 20 hurricanes in the open sea," said Capt. McMullen, of the British ship Battle Abbey, which arrived recently from Calcutta, "than the hurricane of nuisances that assail my ship every time I cast anchor at Quarantine here.

"The greatest source of annoyance I have in mind at present is the 'sailor runner.' He makes his living out of the weaknesses and necessities of the poor seaman. He is usually employed by some sailors' boarding-house keeper, and his business is to board incoming vessels for the purpose of soliciting patronage for the boarding-house he represents.

"The competition among them appears to be sharper in New York than at any other ports I have visited. As soon as the ship reaches Quarantine she is besieged by a swarm of these runners, who come out in small boats and clamber aboard. If a sailor accepts a card from one of them it is generally understood that he must go to that house, and none of the other runners bother him.

"Although my crew has signed articles to remain with me for three years, most of the men will have deserted the ship within a few days of her going to the dock. Sailors as a rule are easily gulled. The runner usually carries a large bottle of bad whisky, which he offers to his prospective victim. After partaking liberally of the liquor Jack Tar loses all distrust. He believes all the fairy tales told him, some of which even a child would discredit, and by all manner of arguments is finally induced to desert the ship.

"Sometimes the sailors get the captain's consent and with it the wages due them, and sometimes they don't. At any rate they fall into the hands of the runners and then their troubles begin.

"The first thing the runner does is to get Jack a new berth. The skipper of the ship, as is customary, gives the sailor $50 or $60 of his wages in advance. This money passes through the hands of the runner, and the portion of it that Jack finally gets is hardly enough to get drunk with. Then he sails penniless and bound for a long voyage, and when he reaches port he goes through the same thing over again."—N. Y. Journal.

A Sparrow's Ride in a Fly Wheel.

Birds have all sorts of queer adventures, but perhaps what was the oddest one of recent days is that which befell a sparrow at Anderson, Ind. It flew into a knife and bar factory, and, getting too near a small wheel, was sucked in. The workingmen noticed it go into the wheel, but knowing that the cylinder was revolving at a speed of 130 revolutions a minute, took it for granted that the bird had been killed. When the factory shut down at noon the men were astonished to hear a gentle chirp from the wheel, and lo, there was the sparrow as well as ever. They found that the bird had clung to the strengthening rod of the wheel and was in a semi-dazed condition. They picked him up and put him on a table, and thence, after collecting his wits, the little bird flew to freedom. The wheel in which the bird rode made 31,000 revolutions while it was upon it, and so the tiny feathered creature traveled seventy-three and eight-tenths miles in the embrace of a flying wheel.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Japs to Grow Tall on Meat Diet.

It has been written that no man by giving thought unto himself can add one cubit to his stature, but the enterprising Jap does not despair, and an ordinance has gone forth exhorting the people to eat more freely of meat, with a view to increasing the average height of the race. Whatever results may follow the method proposed, they are certain to be a long time coming; but it is only another instance of the determination on the part of the Japanese not to let the slightest chance slip for attaining all the advantages which they see, or think they see, in western civilization.—St. James Gazette.

PRIZES FOR PAYING TAXES.

Spanish Methods Offer Irresistible Inducement to Gamblers.

"The Spanish method of raising taxes," observed a gentleman who had just returned from Cuba, "are somewhat in advance of anything in our own country. In nearly all the taxes levied there is a special prize for certain persons who pay taxes, arranged so that all taxpayers stand an equal chance of securing the same, or, at least, they suppose they do.

"It is a kind of lottery attachment to tax collections. Each twentieth, thirtieth or fiftieth payer gets a prize or drawback, by a schedule which is arranged by the authorities, daily or weekly. Persons who have no property pay taxes just the same as those who have, through the royal Havana lottery, which is run by the government. The police sell the tickets, and every person has to buy one at least once a week. For this ticket they pay about what would be in our money 12 cents. They stand to win prizes all the way from the capital, which is the largest, prize down to a prize ten times as large as the price of the ticket. For instance, $25,000 worth of tickets are sold every week. Of this the authorities are willing to pay back some weeks $5,000 and alternate weeks $10,000 in the way of prizes.

"The Cubans are gamblers born, and they rush after these tickets as regularly and with the avidity they go after their morning coffee and brandy. While they can't always get just the particular number they want, they can get numbers near to it or that end or begin with the numbers they desire to hold. They know that there will be some prizes come out of the wheel, for the government knows that the scheme would fail unless there were returns in the shape of prizes. The members of the royal family or persons in position are always remarkably lucky in the matter of drawing the capital prizes—that is, the prizes of the larger sums—and, curiously enough, there is not much kicking about this. The police require even the street tramps to buy at least one ticket a week. It does not need much effort, however, for the average man and woman in and about Havana are bound to have a ticket even if they have to forego a meal or two to get it. Now and then, of course, the street tramp draws a prize, and he is thus encouraged to invest again.

"The weekly drawings are entirely independent of the monthly or grand drawings, when the capital prize sometimes runs up as high as $10,000 in Spanish money.

"Often I have seen the priests of churches selling lottery tickets from a stand erected just outside the churches. The churches in this way pay their own taxes, the sale taking place after each of the morning services on Sunday. By this means the government raises a very large amount of money. The prize feature of it, or lottery, makes it very attractive, and people pay a great deal of money without even knowing it."—Washington Star.

SANDY LIVED.

Physicians Absorbed in a New Cure Forget All But One Patient.

Perhaps because the guest of the evening was a Scotchman, or possibly because one man in the party had a Scotch story to tell, the conversation was brought around to a discussion of the Scotch race. "It was while I was attached to a London hospital," said a physician, "that I witnessed a marvelous cure of a Scotchman. We will call him Sandy, though that is not his name. One of his legs had been so badly mangled in an accident that we decided to amputate it. The shock was a severe one to Sandy, and when he regained consciousness after the operation it was evident that he had not vitality enough to recover.

"'Mon, ahm I going to dee?' he asked.

"'We hope for the best, Sandy,' I said, 'but your condition is critical. Is there any Scotch dish that you would like?'

"Sandy said that he didn't want anything to eat, but if he could hear the bagpipe just once more he could die happy. We didn't have a piper on our staff, but one of the nurses found one playing outside a public house not far away. When the piper arrived Sandy was so weak that he could not speak. He looked grateful. Although it was not in accordance with our hospital rules, we hadn't the heart to refuse the dying request. I gave the signal, the piper began to play. Sandy smiled peacefully, and at the end of the second tune he had gone asleep. His temperature and pulse showed a remarkable improvement, and because Sandy was a good fellow, and he might possibly call for the piper again before he breathed his last, we kept the piper. Two hours later Sandy awoke, and the first thing that he asked for was the pipes. Again that weird noise filled the hospital, and once more Sandy went to sleep, stronger and better than we had expected him to be. A third time he awoke, and again the piper played. When Sandy once again fell asleep to our amazement the crisis had passed, and he was on the road to recovery. He is now alive and well."

"'The Scotch are a wonderful race,' commented one of the listeners. 'Now, my grandmother was—'"

"'But I haven't told you the sad sequel,' interrupted the physician. 'We had been so much interested in Sandy during the night that we had neglected our other patients. Sandy did recover, as I have said, but when we made the rounds in the morning we found all the English patients stiff in bed. They were all dead."—Chicago Chronicle.

At the Zoo.

Little Elsie (looking at the giraffe at the zoo)—Oh, mamma! They have made that poor thing stand in the sun, haven't they?

Mamma—Why do you say that, my dear?

"Look at all his freckles.—Philadelphia Times.

STOLEN WHEN A BOY.

An Indiana Man Who Is Trying to Identify Himself.

There resides in Evansville, Ind., a man who does not know his real name or his parents, and whose one aim, ever since he came to the years of understanding, has been to try and know himself. He has gone by the name of James Wilson, but it is certain that is not his name. For 15 years he has sought his relatives to identify himself, and has striven to delve into the innermost recesses of his once childish memory to try and find some clew to aid him in his search. He has figured prominently in the Charley Ross case, having once been taken for the lost boy. As near as Wilson, who is now 30 years old, can ascertain, he was stolen from his parents when four years old. He believes himself to be well-connected, and it vaguely lingers in his mind that his home was near a large river.

He remembers his home as filled with kind faces. Besides his father and mother, there were two sisters in the family. But from the day he was stolen he has not since heard of them. Wilson remembers the circumstances of his abduction distinctly. A strange and well-dressed man one day invited him to take a ride in a buggy. He climbed in with the man, eager for the "treat." He was driven to a neighboring town, where a train was boarded. After a ride of a few hours the man took the child from the train, and gave him to an old woman to keep. This woman seemed to have strict instructions about allowing young Wilson to play with other boys, or go from the premises. He remembers that the old woman lived near a large river. During the four years or more that Wilson was in the custody of the old woman, he was kept locked in a darkened room most of the time. One day he saw two men enter the yard, and although he was locked securely in his room, he heard a great quarrel between the men and the old woman. From the conversation which he heard, he gained the belief that these two men were his friends or relatives. Shortly after this occurrence, the strange man, who had stolen him, put in his appearance, and the boy was taken to a country place.

From this time on the abductor never again made his appearance. Wilson's memory does not furnish him the location of his new home, but it was but a few years until the family removed to Indianapolis. Sickness and poverty soon compelled his foster parents to place him in the Catholic orphanage asylum at Vincennes, Ind. He was now at an age when he began to realize his peculiar situation. He was entered in the asylum simply as "James Wilson, no parents," and by this change, the poor fellow lost track of the only persons who might give him a clew to his origin. He has spent his life toiling as a farm hand, as a miner, and anything at which he could make a living. Every cent was saved, that possibly could be, for the purpose of prosecuting the search for his relatives. This one desire consumes him, but now, at the age of 30 years, his hope has begun to wane, and he walks the streets with the appearance of being a broken-hearted man. He possesses remarkable natural intelligence, and leads a life that wins the admiration of those who know him. He has never married.

The father of the lost Charley Ross, of Philadelphia, recently paid Mr. Wilson a visit, and although the circumstances of the two abductions were similar, it was well established that Wilson was not Charley Ross. Being a man of some sentiment and natural refinement, Wilson realizes the sadness of his fate. His outcast state has weighed heavily upon him, and those who would measure his misery can do so by imagining themselves in his place.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Fashions of the Hour.

The sleeve of the moment certainly has length to recommend it almost in proportion to the size it has lost, and the pretty fall of lace at the wrist is very becoming.

What every one must have is a crush belt of velvet-edged taffeta ribbon and a collar to match. All sorts of similar accessories are in style, but these two are essential if the wardrobe is to be kept up to date.

The ribbons, in plain colors, floral designs and stripes, are chiefly in taffeta weaves, and will be worn in large shoulder bows, belts, sashes having long ends, collars and bows across the bust. An entire piece of ribbon lavished upon a dimity gown or organdie is usual, a style for which ribbon manufacturers should be thankful.

Boleros of lace or combinations of lace embroidery and beads are a good investment for summer gowns, and a very attractive bolero can be made out of a piece of wide edging with a box-plait in the middle of the back and one on either side of the front, beginning on the shoulder.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Knack.

"There is a good deal of knack in selecting an engagement ring," said the young man with the betrothal habit. "In the first place, it shouldn't be so expensive that the girl won't give it back; and in the second place, it should not be so obviously cheap that she will give it back as soon as she gets it."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Little Honey Cakes.

Cream together a quarter of a pound each of butter and sugar; add three-quarters of a pound of strained honey, a teaspoonful of ginger, a quarter of a nutmeg, half a teaspoonful of soda and 1¾ pounds of flour. Roll thin, cut with a cookie cutter and bake quickly. These will keep a long time.—Detroit Free Press.

Browned Potatoes.

Boil four medium-sized potatoes till done; dip in beaten white of egg, then in powdered bread crumbs, and fry in hot lard.—N. Y. Ledger.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MARKETING SHEEP.

Right After Shearing Is a Good Time to Sell Them.

When the sheep are sheared it is a good time to select out those to be marketed. Under present conditions it is hardly advisable to keep sheep that do not produce good fleeces of wool. The quality must be such as to bring good prices, and the quantity must be sufficient.

When a select flock is kept on a small farm, nearly or quite all of them should be good breeding ewes and bring a good lamb every spring in addition to growing a good fleece of wool.

Many farmers make a serious mistake in failing to feed their stock until they are in a good marketable condition. In many cases sheep well fattened for market will bring twice as much as those sold in a poor condition. Not only is more realized on account of the increase in weight, but a better price can always be had per pound for good fat sheep than for poor ones. With proper management sheep can be fattened easily and rapidly, but they are easily cloyed by overfeeding and require more care in this respect than almost any other kind of stock. Commence feeding a small quantity of grain and gradually increase until they are given all that they can eat up clean. It is not best to depend upon corn alone. While it is one of the best fattening foods, yet if given to sheep daily as their principal ration they soon tire of it and will not thrive as they should.

Any animal, when fed heavily, should have a good variety, and this is especially true of the sheep. If kept in good thrifty condition six weeks' feeding of all that they will eat of a good fattening ration will fatten them for market. But with sheep that have been poorly wintered longer feeding will be necessary. While corn can be made the principal ration, bran, shipstuff, oats, barley and oil meal should be given to make up a good variety, and in this way keep the sheep in good appetite. See that they have all that they will eat up clean and at the same time are not overfed.

With old sheep the best plan of fattening is on good farm pasturage, changing from one place to another every two or three weeks. It is difficult to fatten old sheep on dry feed of any kind. Fairly good success may be realized by feeding ground grain, but the more economical plan is to depend upon good pasturage, selling whenever in good marketable condition is reached. It is usually good economy to fatten and market the old sheep during the spring and early summer rather than to keep them over.

Always select a sufficient number of young, vigorous ewes to take the places of the old ones sold off.—St. Louis Republic.

SCIENCE OF FARMING.

The Modern Farmer Should Be a Man of Liberal Education.

Farming is a scientific occupation as much as most of what are called the learned professions. It is an exact science, for in order to be a successful agriculturist the farmer must be a thorough chemist, that he may determine the composition of the soil he cultivates and the articles cultivated in order that he may supply the deficiencies in either, otherwise failure will be the result. The soil is like the cultivator and requires rest that it may recuperate, for constant drainage, without a corresponding supply, can only act disastrously. Many fine farms have been ruined in this manner and are abandoned in consequence. Rotation in crops is much insisted on, but unless the articles rotated out of the soil by the growing crop are rotated into it for the benefit of its successor, the result will be but vexatious to the owner. Yet when these facts are made manifest the farmer frequently scoffs at the idea that anything could be superior to the methods employed by his ancestors, and so he sticks to the same old ruts, regardless of consequences and piously lays the blame on Divine Providence, instead of his own stupidity, and looks askance at any an' all who would question his superior wisdom! Is it any wonder that with such a class farming doesn't pay? Would it not be wonderful if it did?—J. A. S. Carpenter, in Farm and Home.

PORTABLE PIG PEN.

It Can Easily Be Moved Its Length Every Day.

Getting the pig out of doors in the summer is good for the pig, and often good for the land on which the pig runs; but the pig's efforts need direction, or damage may be done. A convenient,

PORTABLE PIG PEN.

portable pen is shown herewith. One end protects the occupant from sun and rain. Two trucks made from a board are screwed to one end, while handles are placed at the other end. It can thus easily be moved its length every day, and quite a bit of ground dug up and fertilized during the season.—Farm Journal.

Food for Young Chicks.

Feed young chickens first light bread crumbled and moistened with milk for a few days, then corn bread with shortening enough to make it crumble well, and after awhile some oatmeal; then rice or grits. Such feed, if given in full doses often enough, will make chicks grow rapidly. They do not need egg custard or any other dainties. Plain, nutritious food is best for their digestion.—Dakota Field and Farm.

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SAMUEL LAWTON.

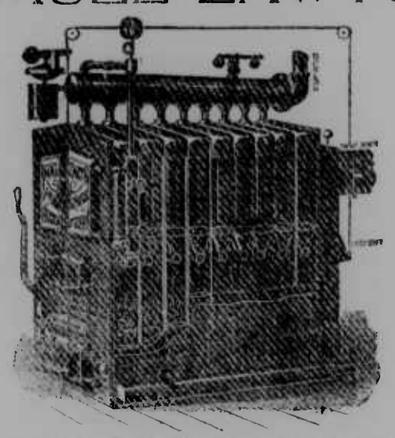

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ARLINGTON HOTEL, ORAFTON.

For the Treatment of Liquor, Morphine and Cigarette Habit.

Absolute Cure Guaranteed. All Communications Strictly Private. 15-13

We have a plan by which Farmers can get TOOL CHESTS FREE.

Cash Saved in Purchases included—necessary to introduce the Tool Chest and the name of the buyer. Hagerstown & Commercial Co., Baltimore, Md.

THOMAS LITTLE.

AGENT FOR THE

BUCKEYE BINDER AND MOWER,

Corner Fifth and Third Sts., OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

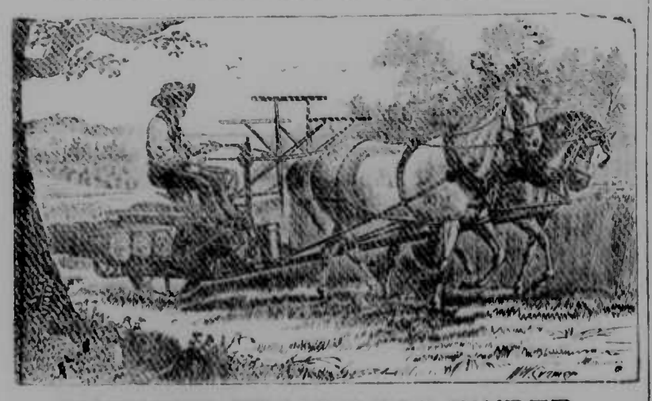

BUCKEYE FRAMELESS BINDER.

THE BUCKEYE FRAMELESS BINDER [illegible] is unquestionably the most [illegible] Binder in the American market. In respect to [illegible] no further. In Yield, the many [illegible] the solidity and soundness of its [illegible] Binder with all the [illegible] existence.

THE BUCKEYE MOWER.

[illegible] of interest. It has [illegible] American inventive [illegible] whole world. The [illegible] perfect type [illegible] of type is [illegible] experience [illegible] ever any [illegible] to say [illegible] awarded its [illegible] millions of [illegible] the Buckeye and [illegible] it is the best on earth."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, May 19, 1897.

President McKinley told a delegation of G. A. R. men from New York City, who called to pressingly invite him there, that he expected to attend the memorial day exercises at West Point, but would endeavor to return to New York on the afternoon of Monday, the 31st inst., in time to also take part in their exercises. On the 15th inst., the President and his cabinet will attend the dedication of the Washington monument in Philadelphia.

Many Republicans in both branches of Congress are dissatisfied with portions of the amended Dingley tariff bill, last week reported to the Senate, but they are not disposed to publicly criticise the bill because they feel confident that changes which will be made will remove most, if not all, of its objectionable features. The bill is to be taken up by the Senate on the 18th inst., and pushed through that body as rapidly as possible. Many changes are likely to be made before it passes the Senate and still more before it gets out of the Conference Committee. No fears are felt that the bill will not be as good a measure as can possibly get through the Senate in the absence of a straight Republican majority, when it finally goes to President McKinley for his signature.

Secretary Bliss, Pension Commissioner Evans, and Land Commissioner Hermann, each wrote a letter to the Senate committee that is investigating the workings of the civil service law and rules, advocating a curtailment of the extension of the rules made by Mr. Cleveland. Secretary Bliss said: "The chief clerk of this department and the chiefs of divisions should, in my opinion, be exempt from the classified service. These officers occupy confidential relations to the Secretary, and on their briefs or recommendations he is dependent to a large extent for the proper conduct of his office. I am of the opinion also that the special agents, such as land and timber inspectors, mineral land commissioners, and particularly the special Indian agents, and the appointment of such, should be more directly under the control of the Secretary, who is responsible for their actions, and who must depend upon them very largely for his knowledge of affairs in distant regions." Land Commissioner Hermann said: "The existing rules of the civil service should be modified so far as the bureaus of all the departments are concerned in respect to their applications to chief clerks, chiefs of divisions, receiving clerks and confidential clerks, to inspectors, and also to all the special agents of the departments. If it is assumed that the dominant party should shape the legislation of the country in consonance with the policies which it sustains, it has a right to know that the chiefs of divisions, who first shape recommendations as they are called for through the various divisions, are in perfect sympathy with the party policies. The most important legislation in Congress emanates from these divisions in the form of reports on measures pending before Congress, and which are usually first submitted to the heads of departments, and by them to the heads of bureaus; who in turn submit to the chiefs of divisions." These are common sense arguments. Another batch of evidence showing the unblushing partisanship practiced by the Cleveland administration under the cloak of civil service reform was submitted to the committee at its regular weekly meeting.

Speaker Reed was one of the counsel in the case in which the U. S. Supreme Court decided that pension examining surgeons were not government officials. This decision was made in 1878, but was either overlooked or ignored by the Cleveland administration, which placed the boards of examining surgeons under the civil service rules. The closing words of Mr. Reed's argument in the case were as follows: "If a party should contract with the Commissioner of Pensions to furnish wood for the pension office at $2 per cord, he would as justly be entitled to be considered an officer of the United States as a civil surgeon who contracts with the Commissioner to make examination of applicants for pensions at $2 per head." Speaking of this matter an old official said: "There are many decisions on record in the Interior Department, that pension examining surgeons are not considered federal officers. One of these decisions is interesting, as it applies to the recently appointed referee at the Pension Office, Dr. Raub. He was at one time a pension examining surgeon, and received an appointment as postmaster. He appealed to the Secretary of the Interior for information and was informed that there was no violation of law in his becoming a postmaster, as an examining surgeon was not a federal officer."

In referring to the Senate the other day as "No Man's Land," Representative Cannon, of Ill., gave it a name that is likely to stick until the Republicans, or some other party get control of that body.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

They are so small that the most sensitive persons take them, they are so effective that the most obstinate cases of constipation, headache and torpid liver yield to them. That is why DeWitt's Little Early Risers are known as the famous little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of the authority vested in the undersigned, Harry L. Woodward, by a certain mortgage made and dated the 14th day of November, in the year 1896, between Amnzo H. Frey, of Garrett county, State of Maryland, of the first part, and Joseph B. Woodward, Harry L. Woodward, Mary E. Woodward, and Edward E. Woodward, trading and doing business under the firm name and style of Woodward Manufacturing Company, of Wood county, State of West Virginia, of the second part, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note for four hundred and seventy-two dollars and ninety-six cents ($472.96) fully described in said mortgage, notice is hereby given that I, the said Harry L. Woodward, will, on

Friday, May 21, 1897,

at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., at the livery stable of A. H. Frey, near Loch Lynn Hotel, Loch Lynn Heights, sell at public auction the property described in said mortgage, consisting of the following property, to-wit:

Six Horses, one Phaeton, one Buggy, one Cart, one Mountain Wagon, seven sets of Harness, four Saddles, four Riding Bridles, one Dozen Head Halters, etc., etc.

To said mortgage recorded in Mortgage Record, Liber L. Z. T. No. 29, folio 57, etc., one of the records of said Garrett county, reference is hereby made for all therein contained.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash on the day of sale.

8-4 HARRY L. WOODWARD.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, November 21, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	Daily	2.40 A. M
No. 1	Daily	6.28 A. M
No. 71	Accom daily except Sun	8.30 A. M
No. 47	Daily	10.49 A. M
No. *55	Express, daily	5.58 P. M
No. 3	Daily	9.58 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	Daily	5.59 A. M
No. 2	Daily	6.41 A. M
No. 72	Accom daily except Sun	1.38 P. M
No. 16	Daily	4.43 P. M
No. 4	Daily	12.20 A. M

* Will take passengers for Terra Alta, Rowlesburg, Newburg and Connellsville.

D. B. MARTIN, Manager of Passenger Traffic.

C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Gilmor S. Hamill, Trustee, vs. Samuel T. Davis.

No. 821 Equity In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Samuel T. Davis to file their claims properly authenticated with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county on or before the 21st day of May, 1897, as I will then proceed to state an account distributing the funds in the Trustee's hands.

EDWARD H. SINCELL, Auditor.

BROWN —FROM A— Horse —AND— Severely Injured.

"My boy was thrown from a horse and badly injured and laid up, in fact he was almost helpless. For the benefit of humanity I wish to add my few lines in praise of Yager's Cream Chloroform Liniment. My boy was so badly injured that he could not walk. I procured a bottle of this Liniment, and less than a bottle cured him. I used the balance for myself as I was suffering with my back and it cured me. I think every family ought to know what this Yager's Liniment is and always keep a bottle on hand. It is also the largest bottle of Liniment, that is, good Liniment; I have ever seen to sell for twenty-five cents."

J. J. RYE, Liberty, Texas.

This is only one of hundreds of such letters of praise, received by the proprietors of

Yager's Cream Chloroform Liniment.

Dealers all sell it.

Large Bottles, 25 Cents.

Try it, but take no substitutes.

FREE HOMES ...IN... Washington and Oregon.

160 Acres of Land FREE to Every Citizen.

1,000,000 ACRES

FINE TIMBER LANDS RICH Farming and Grazing LANDS.

FRUITS Grow in Abundance. FINE CLIMATE.

No Extreme Heat or Cold Weather.

NO TAXES For Seven Years

CONVENIENT TO MARKETS

Settling up very fast by EASTERN PEOPLE.

Full particulars free.

Address

A. C. HARVEY,

42 S. Third Street, Phila., Pa.

17—13

TEETHING TROUBLES

are controlled and cured by LAUGHLIN'S

INFANT CORDIAL

If the baby comes safely through the teething period its most dangerous time is past. The Cordial relieves the tingling ache of the little gums, controls the bowels, cures colic—brings safely out of danger.

Every bottle guaranteed.

All druggists, 25 cents.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Prop's, WHEELING, W. VA.

Wm. Frederick, jr., & Son,

OF FRIENDSVILLE, MD.,

Are quoting an array of extreme bottom figures never before mentioned by any house anywhere, solvent or insolvent, no matter whether cash or credit.

Big prices will not do in these times when even the wealthy cannot afford to waste their money, and the poor require double duty of every Dollar and every Penny.

We deal in good goods and not in trash, and believe the masses will patronize the house that sells the best goods for least money.

We offer such unanswerable arguments as no house can match—leaders and specialties at quotations that no other can offer—stern and stubborn facts that will level your head on the subject of genuine bargains.

We invite an early and repeated visit and inspection; our stock will be replenished every few days, and to merchants we offer some special leaders fully 15 to 20 per cent less than current prices in New York City.

Don't forget the place but just follow the crowd into the

Great New York Racket Department Store,

of the above firm.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

TIN, SLATE and STEEL ROOFING,

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.

PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.

REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.

SPOUTING, ETC.

WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH, Mt. Lake Park, Md.

SHARTZER & BOLDEN

OAKLAND, MD.,

DEALERS IN

Furniture, Carpets, Matting, Oil Cloth, Window Shades, Wall Paper,

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Repairing Furniture and Picture Framing a Specialty.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO. IN EFFECT FEBRUARY 28, 1897.

SOUTHWARD No. 3	SOUTHWARD No. 1	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2	NORTHWARD No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 00	7 00 lv	Cumberland ar	*12 15	†7 30
3 26	7 26	Rawlings	11 50	7 05
3 45	7 45	Keyser	11 28	6 43
4 00	8 00	Westernport	11 15	6 30
4 04	8 01	W. Va. C. Junc.	11 11	6 23
4 34	8 35	Shaw	10 45	5 55
5 09	9 01	Harrison	10 19	†5 29
6 15	9 45 ar	Elk Garden	8 09	*4 00
5 35	9 10 lv	Gorman	9 40	4 53
5 42	9 16	Bayard	9 34	4 47
5 51	9 25	Dobbin	9 21	4 38
6 25	10 25	Thomas	8 53	4 08
6 55	10 55 ar	Davis	8 00	3 15
6 34	10 34 lv	Coketon	8 40	4 01
7 01	11 01	Hendricks	8 15	3 30
7 07	11 07	Bretz	8 08	3 23
7 10	11 10	Parsons	8 05	3 20
7 45	11 15	Kerens	7 30	2 45
8 00*	12 00† ar	Elkins	lv *7 15	†2 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.
	3 05* ar	Bealington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

Ripans Tabules relieve scrofula.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

FRED A. THAYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

GILMOR S. HAMILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1614-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW

☞Special attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED. ☞SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

DR. J. G. ROBINSON, DENTIST, Felty Building, Opposite Postoffice, OAKLAND, MD. GAS ADMINISTERED. 50-97

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON OAKLAND, MD.

Residence on North 3rd Street. Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.,

☞Office in Mayers building. Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel. Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. BINEBAUGH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street. ☞Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.*

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate. P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

THOMAS R. McROBIE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street. All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

E. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Residence and P. O. Address, 2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate. Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE, AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

Andrew B. Gonder, Att'y at Law. Alexander C. Mason, Surveyor.

GONDER & MASON, REAL ESTATE AGENTS, OAKLAND, MD. 40—1yr. Office, Shartzer's Opera House.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN, SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new lands, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including grain ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 31, Oakland, Md. 48 20tf

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFETT, President. G. S. HAMILL, V. President. S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted. ☞Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

PIEDMONT STONE & LIME CO.,

Owned and operated by The E. J. Frederick Manufacturing and Building Company, of Piedmont.

WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH THIS

Superior Lime

TO BUILDERS, FARMERS AND TANNERS IN BARRELS OR BULK TO SUIT PURCHASERS.

This lime is equal in strength for agricultural, building and tanning purposes to the Frederick or Baltimore county lime.

KILNS AT CRABTREE, MD.

Address all orders to

The E. J. Frederick M'f'g and Bld'g Co., 41 20 PIEDMONT, W. VA.

WANTED: ROCK OAK BARK.

Write for prices.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO., 49-13 CUMBERLAND, MD.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1897. NUMBER 11.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby—Personal Mention, Etc.

You can get one-horse road wagons at Naylor's. 11-3*

Mr. Ebenezer Kitzmiller, of Blaine, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Arthur M. Miller, of near Germania, was in the city Monday.

Hon. John P. Jones, of Terra Alta, was in the city Saturday last.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry W. McComas went to Baltimore Monday night.

The sidewalks in Oakland are still being used as storage warehouses.

There's one advantage in having a tough face. It isn't easily broken.

Strawberries are getting cheap enough even to interest church fairs.

See Loar & Co. for photographs. Gallery now open for two weeks only.

Mr. George E. Bishoff, of Hoyes, was in Oakland Tuesday a few hours.

'Squire Boyer returned from a visit to his old home in Accident last Friday.

Rev. Wm. Brayshaw is on a visit to relatives and friends in Baltimore this week.

Mr. Howard Smouse, of Terra Alta, spent last night with friends in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Proctor are at their summer home in Oakland for the season.

Mr. George Geissman and Mr. E. H. Sincell were at Kingwood on business Monday.

Mr. Jonas Frazee, of Pittsburgh, was in Oakland a few days this week on business.

A cat and a boomerang both come back, no matter how far you may cast them away.

Assistant Fish Commissioner A. F. George was in Oakland Saturday last for a few hours.

Miss Martha Hinebaugh went down to Cumberland this morning and will return this afternoon.

Messrs. R. P. Crellin and Harry J. Frear went over to Kingwood yesterday morning on business.

Naylor received over a car load of vehicles this week and more to follow. Get prices and terms. 11-3*

Miss Kate Spedden, who is teaching at Hutton, spent Sunday visiting friends and relatives in Oakland.

For sale or rent—The New Glade Hotel property, Oakland, Md. Apply to Mrs. J. L. Peters, Frostburg, Md.

Mr. D. G. Smith, foreman in this office, was housed up two or three days this week with a boil on his face.

Mr. C. L. Pangh, of Thayerville, was in Oakland last Friday on business and called to pay his respects to this office.

Mr. William C. Kidd, of Baltimore, spent a few days in Oakland this week selling goods to his numerous customers.

Some men who say they are laying up treasures in heaven don't stand much of a chance of ever seeing them again.

Mr. E. R. Rinard, of Terra Alta, who has recently gone into the plumbing and steam fitting business, was in Oakland Tuesday morning.

Mr. C. M. Beachy, of Grantsville, who is engaged in putting on slate roofs at Accident, was in Oakland on on business yesterday a few hours.

At present seventy-six scholars are enrolled in Prof. Sumner's normal. The Professor has secured an able assistant in the person of Mr. Geo. B. Frazee.

Invitations have been issued by Garrett Council No. 35, Jr. O. U. A. M., announcing a social to be given in the Opera House on Friday evening, May 28th.

Another cut in coffee was made by one of our merchants Monday who announced that this staple article would be sold the following three days at 11 cents per pound.

FARMERS—See Dixon & Kelso before selling your wool. They will pay the highest prices in cash and will give special inducements to those who wish to do some trading. 11-4

We have just received a big stock of paper and envelopes which we are running out, printed, at less than half price. When in need of stationery come to headquarters—Sincell's Printery.

Don't allow the lungs to be impaired by the continuous irritation of a cough. It is easier to prevent consumption than to cure it. One Minute Cough Cure taken early will ward off any lung trouble. Oakland Pharmacy.

Last Saturday Sheriff Brown, under an execution issued by the Circuit Court sold to the Exchange Bank of Wheeling, W. Va., an undivided interest in several lots of ground in and near Loch Lynn Heights for $500.

Mr. James W. Thomas, of the Cumberland bar, was in Oakland professionally yesterday morning.

J. B. Williams, the Frostburg marble dealer, always keeps in stock a full line of terra cotta drain pipe, fire clay chimney pipe, chimney crocks, cement, calcine plaster, Nova Scotia land plaster. Give him a call. 11-3

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Peddicord and daughter Miss Mollie, who resided in Covington, Ky., the past winter, returned to Oakland last Thursday night for the summer.

Senator R. A. Ravenscroft came up to Oakland yesterday afternoon and went down into Allegany county to visit his parents. He will return Friday or Saturday.

The weekly meeting of the euchre club was held last night at the residence of the Misses Weber near Oakland. Quite a large number of the members were present and an enjoyable evening spent.

Two or three new road machines for the county were received here on Monday and will be placed in the districts where they are needed. This consignment of machines gives one to each district.

If you have ever seen a child in the agony of croup, you can appreciate the gratitude of the mothers who know that One Minute Cough Cure relieves their little ones as quickly as it is administered. Many homes in this city are never without it. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Noah Humbertson, of Blooming Rose, was in Oakland one day this week on business. Mr. Humbertson made this office a very pleasant visit and got some insight into the "art preservative of arts."

Torturing, itching, scaly skin eruptions, burns and scalds are soothed at once and promptly healed by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the best known cure for piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. R. P. Crellin, of White Haven, Pa., one of the chief owners of the large lumber plant at Crellin, this county, was here Tuesday and yesterday on business connected with his interests in this county.

It is surprising what a "wee bit of a thing" can accomplish. Sick headache, constipation, dyspepsia, sour stomach, dizziness, are quickly banished by DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Small pill. Safe pill. Best pill. Oakland Pharmacy.

At A. D. Naylor's you can find a full and complete line of vehicles (in stock now). Two and three-seated canopy top wagons, Daytons, four kinds of surreys, phaetons and buggies by the car load. 11-3*

Mr. Arthur Blackaller has succeeded in getting a cast for the play, "Bound to Win," at Piedmont, which will be presented there Friday and Saturday nights. Several of the young men of Oakland will attend, among them being Messrs. Andrew Nelson and R. C. Townshed.

All persons owing corporation tax for the year 1896 are requested to pay the same before June first or I will proceed to collect by process of law. This is positively the last notice.
JAMES O. HINEBAUGH,
4-2t Collector.

Mr. Thomas L. Jackson, the "Tramp Poet," who contributed many gems of verse to these columns last summer has resumed his writings and in today's REPUBLICAN will be found a poem of true merit. Mr. Jackson, we hope, will continue his contributions to this journal as they are always read and enjoyed by our patrons.

According to the newspapers, an Ohio husband became the happy father of seven children not long ago. Of the seven all lived but one. It is to be hoped that he laid in a supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, the only sure cure for croup, whooping-cough, colds and coughs, and so insure his children against these diseases. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The time of the arrival and departure of trains on the B. & O. was changed on Sunday last. By the arrangement the Baltimore papers do not reach Oakland now until 4.33 p. m., whereas by the former arrangement they were read here before noon. Two extra trains have been added, however, which gives two accommodation trains east and west each day, Sunday excepted, when but one train each way is run.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot left Oakland Monday morning for points along the line of the West Virginia Central railroad. Monday evening he made an address at Bayard to the Epworth Leaguers and on Tuesday evening he addressed the Leaguers at Davis. His itinerary carried him also to Beverly and Elkins. He will return home to-morrow.

"It is the Best on Earth."

That is what Edwards & Parker, merchants of Plains, Ga., say of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, for rheumatism, lame back, deep seated and muscular pains. Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Garthright has just returned from the east with a full line of all new style wool dress goods, prints, satteens, percales, and other fashionable and staple goods at lower prices than was ever offered in Garrett county. All who want to save money can do so by coming with the cash. Prints at 4c; good muslin, 4c; best percales, 6 to 8c; all wool dress flannels, 52 to 64 inches wide at 37½ to 40c; red flannels from 12 to 25c; white flannels, worth 20c, for 15c. Have a full supply of Greencastle grain cradles at $3. Oliver chilled plows at the old price. Closing out all the winter clothing at cost and some less than cost. Some new suits cheap at $10, will sell at $6.90. Will pay in trade 18c per pound for wool. Bring it right along. Want one car nice, large white potatoes at 15c. Call and be convinced that I have the cheapest and best line of goods in the county. 10-2

30,000 Pounds of Wool Wanted

By a large concern in the east. Highest cash prices paid. John Felty, jr. See us before selling. 9-8

Pasture Land for Rent.

I have 100 acres of the Knykendall farm near Oakland under good fence for rent for pasture during the season. Apply to Chauncey Kimmell, Oakland, Md. 10-3t*.

The Sick.

Mr. R. S. Jamison, who has had a six weeks' tussle with inflammatory rheumatism, is slowly recovering and will be out in a few days if he continues to improve.

Mr. Jerry Jamison is quite ill at the residence of Mr. John T. Browning.

Mr. William Hinebaugh's condition is becoming graver each day, and no hopes are entertained by his family for his recovery.

Call for your Letters.

Enoch Wheeler, M. J. Rodeheaver, Thomas Dickson, R. M. Perry, Mrs. Viola Keenan.

Church Notice.

Next Sunday at St. Paul's M. E. church Rev. B. W. Hutchinson, S. T. B., president West Virginia Conference Seminary, will preach both morning and evening. Rev. Hutchinson is widely and justly known as a distinguished educator and able minister. All are cordially invited to hear him. Rev. Hutchinson will also preach at Mountain Lake Park at 3 p. m.

The Normal Literary.

Recently a literary society was formed by the normal students attending school here. Tuesday night the first meeting of the society was held and proved quite interesting. A large number of persons residing in town were present. The question debated at the meeting was, "Resolved, that steam is of greater importance than printing," and was decided in the affirmative.

The following program has been prepared by the committee for next Tuesday evening, the 25th inst.:

Music.
Essay.....Miss Orley Denham
Recitation.....Miss Jessie Fringer
Select reading.....Miss Adah Harshbarger
Music.
Composition.....Miss Nettie Loughridge
Recitation.....Mr. J. H. Kildow
Essay.....Mr. Harland Jones
Music.
Biography of A. Lincoln.....Mr. Albert White
Select reading.....Miss Maggie Stemple
Impromptu class, Messrs. Louis Hamilton, Hiram Humbert, Harry Ashby, Misses Maud Kildow and Belle Hamill.
Music.
Question for debate, "Resolved, that Washington was a greater General than Bonaparte." Affirmative, Prof. George B. Frazee, Stewart Paugh, Lawrence Barnard; negative, J. S. Gnagey, Noah B. Fearer, A. L. Lee.
Music.
Reading of Society Paper.
Critic's Report.
Music.
Adjournment.

Epworth League Anniversary.

On Sunday evening the eighth anniversary of the organization of the Epworth League was celebrated with appropriate ceremonies in St. Paul's M. E. church. The program as prepared by the national league was carried out with slight changes. The meeting was very ably presided over by the president of the Oakland league, Mrs. F. G. Hyde. Each number of the program was creditably performed. Although this young people's society connection with the M. E. church has only been in existence eight years, it has a membership of over 1,200,000 together with over 300,000 junior members. The organ of the league, the *Epworth Herald*, has a subscription list of over 100,000. With this membership it is fast becoming a mighty power for good in this broad land.

The Westfield (Ind.,) *News* prints the following in regard to an old resident of that place: "Frank McAvoy, for many years in the employ of the L. N. A. & C. Ry. here, says: "I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy for ten years or longer—am never without it in my family. I consider it the best remedy of the kind manufactured. I take pleasure in recommending it." It is a specific for all bowel disorders. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Rev. Frederick S. Hipking Granted a Divorce.

The citizens of Oakland will no doubt remember Rev. Frederick S. Hipkins, rector of St. Matthew's church here a number of years ago, and the trouble he brought upon the parish by his unwarranted action in breaking the church doors open and conducting service after he had been summarily dismissed by the congregation. He is again brought before the public according to the following dispatch which appeared in the New York *Herald* Tuesday, dated at Larchmont, N. Y.:

The fashionable members of St. John's Episcopal parish in this place were surprised this morning when they read in the *Herald* a dispatch from Fargo, N. D., telling that the Rev. Frederick S. Hipkins had been granted a divorce on Saturday from his wife, Sue R. Hipkins, on the ground of cruelty.

The clergyman, until last September, was the rector of St. John's church, and with his wife and two children lived in the handsome rectory adjoining the church.

It was noticed that Mrs. Hipkins never accompanied her husband or took part in the amusements of the manor. She kept in seclusion in the rectory and few of the congregation ever saw her. Little was known of her beyond the fact that she was a Southern woman of rare beauty.

It was suddenly announced last September that Mrs. Hipkins was suffering from mental aberration and that her husband had sent his resignation to the vestry as rector of the parish and was to be succeeded by the Rev. Richard Cobden, of St. Mark's, New York. The Rev. and Mrs. Hipkins went away suddenly, without the formality of a farewell reception.

Members of the vestry were unanimous in denying that the rector's resignation was due to any complaint against him, and have always strenuously maintained that the Rev. Mr. Hipkins resigned voluntarily in order to take his wife to Alabama for her health.

Attention, Comrades!

A sermon will be preached for the G. A. R., by Rev. E. R. Skidmore, May 30, at 2:30 p. m., in the M. E. church in Friendsville.

The memorial services will be held in Friendsville, May 31, commencing at 9:30 a. m. Addresses by Rev. E. R. Skidmore and A. F. George. Music by the Friendsvile choir and brass band.

All old soldiers be present; all Sunday school scholars be present. All who can ought to bring a flower and lay it on a friend's grave.

By order of R. E. FRIEND,
G. E. BISHOFF, Adj't. Com'dr.

Sunday School Notice.

Will each superintendent of a Sunday school in Garrett county be kind enough to address a card to me giving their address, the hour of holding and the name of the school they represent? It will greatly help me in my work if you will do this promptly.

GEO. E. BISHOFF,
Pres't Garrett Co. S. S. Union.
Hoyes, Md., May 17, 1897.

Reorganization of the Jack Oaks.

One night last week the Jack Oak base ball club was reorganized by electing Mr. Chas. D. Smith as president; D. E. Bolden, vice-president; R. C. Townshend, secretary; Geo. Fleming, treasurer, and John E. Legge, manager. The club has secured several excellent players from out of town and good games may be expected from the boys the coming season.

The first game played this year came off last Saturday, when a nine composed of the normal scholars crossed bats with the Jack Oaks, resulting in a score of 17 to 0 in favor of the Jack Oaks. The batteries were Weber and Nelson, Jack Oaks; Boyer and Hamilton, Normals.

Sunday School Reorganized.

Trinity Reformed Sunday school at New Germany was reorganized last Sabbath by the election of the following officers for the ensuing year: Superintendent, C. J. Otto; assistant, Wm. M. Durst; treasurer, Miss Orma Otto; secretary, Albert L. Fresh; teachers, Messrs. C. J. Otto, Jacob L. Fresh, Phineas Durst, Mahlon Warnick, F. L. Otto, Mrs. Anna Fresh, Misses Norah Warnick, Orma Otto and Ida Durst.

Hotel Illumination.

Never did the Oakland Hotel look prettier than on Tuesday night last when the electric lights were turned on from the station and a flood of light poured from every window from cellar to attic, upon the porches and from the lofty gables. The house being newly painted and thoroughly repaired, it takes on the appearance of a new and modern structure, and we feel sure it will be filled this season with a desirable lot of guests. It should be, at least, as the management is sparing no pains nor expense to make it a success and to reclaim some of its lost prestige as a summer hotel.

A BIRTHDAY POEM.

LINES TO H. M. B——D.

Of all the charms that life may bring,
That men may praise or poets sing,
The charms of May with all its joy
Is freest from the world's alloy;
'Tis then that life with radiance glows,
With melting mood Dame Nature shows
Her heart is warm with glowing fires
Where souls may thrill with fond desires.

The queen month of the year whose reign
Brings countless pleasures in her train,
And everywhere her presence thrills
With all the joy that love instills,
Until the soul, as in a dream,
Sees paradise in every gleam;
Oh, radiant month of all the year,
To every heart thou art most dear!

And thou, Heartsease, a child of May,
To thee *her* attributes find sway,
A spirit of the month of flowers
With all *its* rarely gifted powers—
What wonder then, within thy wake,
The birds sing sweeter in the brake,
And all the flowers with pleasure nod
Along the paths thy feet have trod.

O child of May! thy heart should hold
A bud of promise to unfold
To all the glories and the name
That royal womanhood may claim;
The highest rank that life affords,
Where all that's good and true accords,—
The only bright and perfect way
To mark thee ever Queen of May.

May 8, 1897. THE TRAMP POET.

Services in St. Matthew's Church.

The following services have been announced for Sunday in St. Matthew's church, Oakland: Preaching at 11 a. m. Services will also be conducted at Loch Lynn at 3.30 p. m. and at Swanton at 7.30 p. m.

A Visit from the Bishop.

It has been announced that Bishop Paret, of Baltimore, will visit St. Matthew's church in Oakland on Sunday, the 30th inst., at 11 a. m.

A Wreck at Snowy Creek.

Tuesday night last a freight wreck occurred at Snowy Creek by which all trains were delayed several hours. The wreck was caused by a broken wheel under a car on an east-bound freight which left the track, carrying with it seven others and twisting the tracks to such an extent that it will require a day or two to replace them as they originally were. No one was injured.

Another Gold Medal for Weber.

On Saturday, May 7th, at Cincinnati, Ohio, was held the last of the series of monthly floral exhibitions, which was open to florists throughout the United States to compete for three prizes, namely: 1st a gold medal; 2nd a silver metal; 3rd: a bronze medal. Although missing two of the monthly exhibitions on account of their inability to send any flowers owing to the demand made by their customers, Messrs. H. Weber & Son's, the Oakland florists, carried off the first prize, the gold medal.

In Jail.

Ulysses Bush, residing on this side of the Potomac river near Chaffee, W. Va., was sent to jail Monday evening by Justice Friend, of Swantou. Bush had been arrested on a peace warrant sworn out by his wife, who keeps a boarding house at Chaffee. There will be further developments in this case, but at present we are not at liberty to divulge anything except that Bush claims his arrest was made at the instigation of a man who has displaced him in the affections of his wife, and other arrests may follow within a day or two.

A Banquet.

The young gentlemen members of the crokinole club tendered a banquet to the lady members last Tuesday evening at Mrs. Loewenstein's hotel on Oak street. About twenty-five members of the club were present and quite an enjoyable evening was spent.

The Maryland-Virginia Boundary Line.

One day last week arrangements were completed by which Mr. E. H. Sincell, representing the State of Maryland, will make a survey of the disputed boundary between Maryland and West Virginia. The work of making the survey will be commenced within the next two weeks. The survey for the State of West Virginia was made about a year ago by Mr. Julius Monroe, of Kingwood, at which time no legal representative of this State accompanied the surveying party. The line as surveyed then ran east of the line claimed by Maryland. As soon as the work is completed and plats made the case will be submitted to the United State Supreme Court.

Sales Advertised.

In this issue will be found sales advertised as follows:

By J. B. Sommerville, receiver, the Loch Lynn Hotel property at Loch Lynn Heights, on Tuesday, June 22nd, at public auction.

By Sheriff Brown, at sheriff's sale, the Bradford property situated on Oak street, in Oakland, on Saturday, June 12.

No. 117. [illegible] solid brass trimmings, [illegible] 54 in. wide, 48 in. [illegible] 36 in. wide. All sizes [illegible] Special Price (only $20.)

$20.75

(orders promptly filled.)

Everywhere local dealers are charging double these amounts. Our customers are tired of paying these double prices; our immense (free) money-saving catalogue is enlightening the masses. Drop a postal now for complete catalogue of Furniture, Mattings, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Baby Carriages, Refrigerators, Stoves, Fancy Lamps, Bedding, Springs, etc. The catalogue costs you nothing and we pay all postage. Get double value for your dollar by dealing with the manufacturers.

JULIUS HINES & SON,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Real Estate Activity.

A big deal in timber and mineral lands situated in District No. 2, this county, has just been consummated whereby the Pittsburgh syndicate, composed of J. M. Guffy, John Sliney and others, and represented here by J. M. Hair, of Fairmont, came into possession of a tract of land composed of over two thousand acres. This land adjoins a body composed of three thousand acres situated in Preston county, West Va., which the above syndicate bought several months ago and upon which there is considerable timber and underlaid with valuable mineral, possibly oil. A vein of coal is known to underly the land which will be developed at once.

A few days ago this company commenced the work of sinking a well, presumably for oil, at Newburg, W. Va., upon land which was recently purchased by them.

Killed by a Falling Tree.

Mr. Russell Friend, son of Mr. Augustine Friend, residing at Friendsville, this county, was killed on Monday evening of this week whilst engaged in cutting timber above the Club House on Manor Land. The tree he was cutting split on the stump, part remaining attached to it and the other section springing backward, catching the unfortunate young man in its backward movement, disemboweling him and pinioning him to the ground. He lived about twenty-five minutes in this condition. His body was taken to his late home the same day and interred on Wednesday.

Eyesight is Priceless.

Dr. Hardman, of Wheeling, will adjust spectacles at Central Hotel, Oakland, Wednesday and Thursday, May 26-27, (2 days only.) Why suffer with your eyes? With modern scientific equipments he can detect and correct the most complicated errors, restoring perfect sight. His methods are marvelous, his reliability unquestioned, his experience enormous. Having successfully treated thousands, relieving headache, and all suffering resulting from eye strain, symptoms, headache, blurring, dizziness, neuralgia, spots before the eyes, inflamation, granulations, winking, trembling spells, cataract, burning and smarting of the eyes, various nervous brain affections entailing positive injury to the sight and untold misery. Fine spectacles, if skillfully adjusted, will relieve and prevent much suffering, and produce satisfactory results, while the common grade sold by tramp peddlers and other selfstyled opticians, may do untold injury: References as to standing and ability; Judge Brannon, Judge Bennet, Hon. John J. Davis, Hon. A. Edniston, Dr. Holt, Dr. Hall, Dr. Rymer, Dr. McLane, Dr. Jones, Dr. Simons, Judge Freer, Judge Armstrong. Thousands of names could be added. Thorough examination and honest advice FREE. 10-2

Maryland Fisheries.

A correspondent writing in the *American Field* from Baltimore, speaking of the work being done by the Maryland Fish Commission has the following to say, of local interest:

Assistant Fish Commissioner George, stationed at the Druid Hill Park Hatchery, has been very busy for two weeks distributing trout in the western part of the state. I have been ably assisted by members of the association in restocking the streams in Frederick, Carroll and Baltimore counties. By the time this is in print, the 350,000 hatched at the Druid Hill Park Hatchery will be distributed.

Mr. John E. Gnagey is the fish commissioner for Western Maryland, and attends to propagating bass and trout. The principal hatchery for the Western Shore is in Druid Hill Park, in Baltimore, and is in charge of Mr. A. F. George, assistant Commissioner. Our association is delighed with the splendid lot of trout fry hatched under Mr. George's supervision. Mr. Gnagey is making preparations to propagate bass on a large scale.

The readers of the *American Field* will observe that the American Game and Fish Protective Association is at work and the results are most satisfactorily. The state fishery force, the game wardens' department and the association are all in close touch, working together harmoniously for the propagation of game and fish and a vigorous enforcement of the game and fish laws.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

TROUBLE AT SAINTS' REST.

BY PAUL SHOUP.

The group of waiting idlers, who had followed in its course the shade of the big pine in front of the stage office, were listening with languid though critical interest to Long Jake's story. Old man Summers walked slowly over to the stage road and gazed down into the valley.

"Here she comes!" he shouted, standing in the middle of the road, with his right hand over his eyes. The listeners sprang to their feet and hastened to the roadside.

A swirl of dust appeared around the bend, and out of it came the noise of the rattling of wheels and the beating of hoofs. Then a stage appeared, and a minute later the driver made his usual theatrical stop before the office.

The guard, jumping lightly to the ground, held open the stage door. Mrs. Miggins, fat, fair, and certainly more than forty, awkwardly descended to the ground, and then appeared Miss Miggins. Miss Miggins was young and Miss Miggins was pretty. Charming glances from her melting blue eyes accompanied her musical voice, while her red cheeks and hair of gold made the surrender of the hearts of the men of Saints' Rest unconditional.

The last roll of blankets had found its owner, the horses had been led away, and the sleeping stage coach stood to one side. The major was enthusiastic and the group before him was attentive: "At last the eye of the world is becoming focused upon the great natural resources of Saints' Rest. It is quite evident, suh, even to a superficial observer, that Mrs. Miggins and her lovely daughter have been lured hither by the unparalleled attractions of Saints' Rest to spend their days in rapturous contemplation of the beauties of nature."

"Yer mistaken, major," said old man Summers, who had been diligently scraping his pipe. "Mrs. Miggins ez goin' to open a boardin' house."

"Who said so?" demanded the major, blankly.

"That sage-brush pirate who pilots the stage. Mrs. Miggins told him."

On the evening following the day of Miss Miggins' descent upon the peaceful camp of Saints' Rest, every miner in the Lost Horse gulch, from the crest of the ridge to the bed of the wash, found that he had pressing business on the main street of the camp.

Among those who took their ingenious ways up and down the uneven paths was Jim Bowloe. Nature had not been niggardly with her materials in his building, and Jim was fully aware that his appearance justified the turning of heads in admiring glances. When he stumbled on the best claim in the gulch, he accepted the fact nonchalantly, realizing that it was but the due of a man of his superior gifts, and when black-eyed 'Cencion joined her mother, who ran the Bonita restaurant, the camp murmuringly recognized his right to be first in love as well as in business. But now, with the spell of Miss Miggins over them all, Jim was pained and surprised to note that about every other able-bodied man in the gulch was obtrusively present.

Jim Bowloe had a bunk-house partner, Bob Henderson, who, being in stature and ambition rather insignificant in comparison with his partner, was usually referred to as "Bowloe's partner." He, too, was with the crowd, wearing a look of conscious innocence, and Jim wasn't exactly pleased to observe that his hair, which had not heretofore had an encounter with a brush since he left the states, was now combed as nearly straight as nature would permit.

Great changes in the social life of Saints' Rest followed the arrival of Miss Miggins. Every day there was that noticeable air of dressed-up stiffness which had before appeared at first-class funerals only. Certain prominent citizens declined to get hilarious except after nightfall, a tribute to the influence of Miss Miggins, which at first excited some uneasiness among the dispensers of various elixirs, but when they found that her presence did not prevent the scrupulous ones from remaining under the rule of Bacchus the following day, they accepted the reform with great good nature.

The partners, who lived in a cabin on the hillside, did not become guests of the new boarding house, partly because of pride, partly because of an indisposition on the part of either to broach the subject, and largely because of the very great distance of the Miggins establishment from their claims. But neither was long in obtaining an introduction to the daughter of the house.

Since the junior Summers was a fiddler whose fame stopped not short of two days' travel from the camp, there was really no good reason for not having a Thanksgiving ball. A committee secured for a ballroom the large card annex of the Saints' Retreat, a resort with a somewhat misleading name, and the camp resolved itself into a committee of the whole to see that the ball was a success. Invitations were not issued, for in the perfect democracy of Saints' Rest the right of every sober inhabitant to be present was recognized without debate.

Old man Summers and Long Jake discussed the social situation with interest. "It strikes me," said Summers, "that the favorite lightnin'-rods hyarabouts air Bowloe and Henderson."

"It do look that way," admitted Long Jake; "but the head man at a funeral ain't always the most joyful. You know that cabin o' theirs—two rooms and three doors. They say ez how since this Miss Miggins arrived the spiders hev cobwebbed the door 'tween the rooms and tied the handle to the walls 'thout ever bein' bothered."

As Thanksgiving approached, the excitement in the society circles of the gulch increased. Hair that before had found no barber in the wilderness, now made the acquaintance of the shears; clothes which had never before given their owner any anxiety, now became the objects of critical inspection, and boots and bandana handkerchiefs received equally careful attention. And what thrills of delight were experienced by the owners of "sto" clothes of the Sunday-go-meetin' style, relics of San Francisco civilization! The partners were among this lucky number, but neither rested on his laurels.

The express agent had closed his books for the day, and was balancing them in his usual easy manner, cash book in one hand and report book in the other, when he was interrupted. Jim Bowloe leaned upon the counter, holding in his hand a soiled copy of a San Francisco newspaper. "I want yeh to help me out," he said, in answer to the agent's look of inquiry. A low-voiced conference followed. Together they examined the advertising columns of the Alta.

"Fo'ty-five dollars, did yeh say?" said Jim.

"Forty-five dollars."

"'Pears to me that's steep—purty steep, but I ain't the man ter kick about trifles. Here's yer money. Git it started as soon as yeh can." The agent smiled softly, while Bolloe trudged away in the darkness.

Strange happenings, like calamities, often come not singly. It was the very next evening, and the express agent was engaged in a hopeless effort to make every dollar in the cash drawer balance two in his accounts, when he glanced up and found Bobby Henderson attentively regarding him over the counter. He, too, was confidential, and he, too, had a copy of a San Francisco paper. There was a whispered conference.

"Forty-five dollars," said Henderson. "Ain't that rather high?"

"Oh, no," answered the agent, smilingly; "such things don't grow on every mesquite bush."

"Well," said Henderson, "this ain't a question of 'dobes, so here's your dust."

The next stage brought two packages to the camp that were exactly alike, outwardly. One was addressed to Bowloe and the other to Henderson.

It was the evening of a day not long before Thanksgiving, and Jim Bowloe was preparing to take his departure from the Miggins parlor. He hesitated for a moment as he arose, and Miss Miggins smiled encouragingly.

"Of course, Miss Miggins, you'll be down at the big time Thursday night. An' I'll feel most uncommonly obleeged if you'll let me have the pleasure of seein' you down thar an' back. I'll fix up so I won't be any disgrace ter you." And Bowloe threw back his shoulders and looked down at himself admiringly.

To this Miss Miggins, smiling sweetly, and holding open the door, replied: "I'll be ready to go down not later than eight o'clock."

The next evening Henderson stood on the doorstep, twirling his hat. Miss Miggins regarded him with a pleasant look of inquiry.

"Miss Miggins," said he, "I know I ain't equal to the occasion, but neither's nary other man in the gulch. But I reckon you'll want to see the dance, an' if you need a feller to kind o' p'int out the way, it'll be great joy ter me to be the favored man. An' I'll fix up as much for the occasion as Californy will allow."

Miss Miggins was kind-hearted. She looked at the face of the young man before her, and then said simply and sweetly: "I'll be ready at eight o'clock."

It was supper time in the gulch. The express agent leaned idly against the stump of the big pine that used to mark the bend in the canyon and, with an expression of amusement curling his lips, regarded 'Cencion, who stood before him with her black eyes flashing.

"It will be a good joke," he said, "and that is the reason I spoke of it to you, for I am of your opinion that Jim needs taking down a little. But you'd better take both outfits, for neither of them knows what the other has done, and if either lost his lay-out and then saw the other arrayed in purple and fine linen—well, there would be trouble and a funeral, to say the least."

"It is well," said the girl, and disappeared among the growing shadows.

The candles sputtered bravely that night in front of the tin reflectors, the lone fiddler played with all the fervor the occasion demanded, and the floor creaked and groaned under the grand march, but neither Bowloe nor Henderson saw the opening of the grand ball.

The partners did not arrive at the cabin on the hillside at the same time after supper. Bowloe, with thoughts of neckties of flaming hues, white collars of wonderful heights and stiffness, and shirts upon the fronts of which were pictured all the flowers of the field, arrived home early. It is not known just what his feelings were when he comprehended the situation, but the opinion prevailed in the camp that by not being present it lost the effect of the most expressive and artistic burst of profanity ever uttered in the mountains. Jealousy fathers distrust, and Bowloe searched his partner's room, but uselessly. Then, relying on the natural graces of his person, he arrayed himself as best he could and started for the Miggins home. If Henderson had—. He shut his teeth hard at the thought.

"Oh," said the freckle-faced young lady who answered his rap, "Miss Miggins went ever so long ago with another gentleman." And she smiled as only a neglected young lady can under such circumstances. Bowloe stared at her for a moment, speechless, and then, filled with astonishment and rage, turned away in the darkness toward the scene of the festivities.

Ten minutes later the maid, who was gloomily reflecting upon the unkindness of fate that made her stay at home the night of the ball, heard another knock. This time it was Henderson that the light of the candle shone upon, and his face, too, gave evidence of inward trouble. "Miss Miggins," said the maid, "has been gone quite awhile. She went with another gentleman." Bobby's face turned to flint.

Jim Bowloe did not find Miss Miggins at the dance. He felt relieved, for if she had disappointed him, she had, at least, not favored anyone else. And so, having a great regard for the reputation of James Bowloe, esquire, he affected an air of great enjoyment, and to one or two inquiries regarding Miss Miggins, he shrugged his shoulders as much as to say that that was a subject in which he was not interested. His laugh was the loudest, his jokes the most numerous, and his dancing the liveliest of all the company. Bobby Henderson, coming down the street, had no thought of the pleasures of the ball. He was fully satisfied that Bowloe was a thief and that he was the victim of the robbery. At the door of the improvised ballroom he paused for a moment, and then, in the whirl of dancing figures one caught his eye and he saw nothing else. His lip curled scornfully. Bowloe the brave, Bowloe the mighty, had stolen his clothes, but was afraid to wear them! Straight across the floor he strode, heedless of the dancers' rights, and in another moment Bowloe was gazing into the angry eyes of his partner. Then Henderson spoke. His tones were not loud, but his tense voice caused every dancer to stop and listen, and the scorn and rage expressed in every word and gesture held their attention.

"A man might jump a widder's claim and then try to distract her attention by killin' her six small children, or he might trade all the good words on his mother's tombstone for a drink of bad whisky; but that man's a gentleman 'longside of a feller that steals his partner's layout and then is too big a coward to use it."

In the moment of silence that followed every man drew his breath and turned his face squarely to where the forms of the partners stood statued in the candle light, and every woman shrank instinctively toward the door. Bowloe's red face swelled darkly with rage.

"You scoundrel!" he shouted, as he leaped forward. And then the trouble began.

It was well that it had been made the unwritten law of Saints' Rest that no gentleman should carry a weapon to a social entertainment, for if it had not been so, the population of the camp would have been sadly less by sunrise. As it was, there were many private scores to be paid off, many personal grudges to be settled, and the population of Saints' Rest rose joyfully to the occasion.

The major and Superintendent McAdoo, of the Starlight Stage company, rode side by side in the moonlight, while two officers and a detective loped close behind.

"His reports," said Superintendent McAdoo, "have not been satisfactory for some time, but I thought it was the result of incapacity or carelessness rather than dishonesty, and that is the reason I wrote and asked you to keep an eye on the young man and find out what kind of hours and company he was keeping. To think that he should fool us all in that way! But Johnson back here seems to have pretty good evidence that our Saints' Rest agent is about as clever a villain as ever committed a bank robbery in New York or forgery in Boston."

"I suspected him," returned the major, "just as soon as he refused to snap up some of those bargains in the 50-foot lots on Hermosa boulevard, which we are going to build, for I know he was bright enough to know what a good thing they are at the figures I am asking. I felt certain he was getting ready to skip out—"

A chorus of yells interrupted the major. For a moment they slackened pace and listened. They were at the outskirts of the camp, and as they realized that the noises that the evening breeze brought to them were not sounds of joyous revelry, with one impulse they started forward. Down the street they galloped and drew up clattering before the dance hall, from which issued all that echo-awakening clamor.

The participants were almost exhausted, and the officers, armed and experienced in the handling of men, with the vigorous aid of the major and the superintendent, succeeded in restoring order. But, though they searched long and carefully and inquired of all who were in a condition to answer, no trace could be found of the stage-agent, Joe McLeary. The next morning brought no better success. Indeed, it is a difficult matter to get information out of a man who has had his head bandaged in a towel or carries a newly-lamed arm in a sling, or who is perchance, like Henderson or Bowloe, confined to his bed with aches and sprains and bruises. So sore a subject was the Thanksgiving ball that strangers for months afterward found it unprofitable to introduce it as a topic of discussion.

The next day at noon old man Summers dismounted from his burro in front of the Saints' Retreat and ambled inside. He smiled grimly as he listened to Long Jake's history of the Thanksgiving ball. Then he laid down his pipe and took off his old felt hat. The crowd gathered around him, for they knew he had some important news.

"I was comin' down the Elk Flat trail when I met these parties last night. I can't say what they were talkin' about, but this I observed: The man had on a b'iled shirt an' a white collar which that stage agent didn't hev when I saw him last, an' the woman was Miss Miggins, and the mewls walked close together."—San Francisco Argonaut.

IN CASE OF WAR.

The United States Would Have an Immense Army.

Every year seems to make it more probable that the close of the nineteenth century will mark an epoch in the history of the world. The thoughts of the nations have for some time now been turned to the subject of war, and, incredible though it may seem, in the event of a general call to arms, nearly 40,000,000 men could be placed in the field.

According to the London Daily Mail's estimate, the United States can call upon a greater number of trained soldiers than any other country in the world. Although the standing army numbers only 27,000 men each state has to support its own militia, and, should it become necessary as a last resource, upward of 7,500,000 men could assist in maintaining the independence of the states.

To defend the coast there would be a navy of some 70 ships, with 10,000 men.

Of the European armies the biggest is that of France. The number of men in the active army and reserves is 2,350,000. The territorial army is 900,000 strong and its reserve 1,100,000, making a total of some 4,350,000. It is not likely, however, that under any conceivable circumstances more than 2,500,000 men could be called out. The navy, with 451 ships, also has a reserve of 114,000 men, of whom about 25,500 are serving at the present time with the fleet.

Next in point of numbers on a war footing comes Germany. The peace strength of the standing army is about 520,000. There has been no late return of the war strength, but in the last extremity Germany would have an army of not far short of 3,000,000 trained men while 22,000 men could man the 220 odd vessels constituting the navy. The third great power is Russia. The total peace footing of this country is 900,000, and the war footing 2,600,000. The navy consists of 160 ships, manned by 32,000 men.

Italy can boast of an army numbering 3,030,000, of which nearly 250,000 are under arms, 600,000 are on unlimited leave and 530,000 are mobile militia and 1,650,000 are territorial militia. The navy comprises 21,500 men and 226 ships.

From a military point of view Great Britain ill compares with her European neighbors. The total of all branches of the service only amounts to 715,683, and of these only 665,154 are classed as effective. The regular forces at home and in the colonies only number 147,105, the army reserve is 80,100, the militia 140,104, the yeomanry 11,678 and the volunteers 263,528. The British navy, therefore should at all times be a remarkably strong one.

Austria-Hungary has a war footing of 1,750,000, but should the necessity arise over 4,000,000 men would have to take arms in defense of their country. The navy has only a total of some 8,500 men to man 110 ships.

The permanent army of Spain numbers 116,000 men, which could be increased in time of war to 1,085,000; 23,000 men could man the 108 vessels comprising the navy.

The army of Switzerland is divided as follows: The elite, 131,500; the landwehr 81,500, and the landsturm 273,200.

Sweden has 38,846 men and 1,000 reserves, with a navy of 53 ships with 20,000 men, and Norway an army of 39,000, although the number of troops actually under arms never exceeds, even in war, 1,800 men without the consent of the storthing. The navy of 31 ships is only manned by 525 men, although some 323,000 men could be called upon to serve.

China could bring some 980,000 men on the field, and Japan 271,000.

Of the smaller powers there is Roumania, with a permanent army of 51,000 men and a territorial army numbering 81,900; Portugal, with a war strength of 150,000; Persia, with 24,500; Servia, with 210,000; Netherlands, with 60,000 and a navy of 133 ships and 2,800 men; Belgium with a strength of 155,800 men and a garde civique of nearly 45,000, and Denmark with a war strength of 60,000 men and an extra reserve of 16,500, only called out in extreme emergencies.

The smaller nations of the world all have their means of defense, and the Congo Independent State, Costa Rica, Ecuador, Mexico, Morocco, Peru, Paraguay, Bolivia, Afghanistan, the Argentine Republic, Liberia, Nicaragua, the Orange Free State and the South Africa Republic, among them, could number something like a million and a half men.

It is a terrible reflection that the will of one man or a mistake of diplomacy may bring these armies of the world into collision. After the first shot is fired no one can say when and where the sacrifice will end, and the contemplation that 40,000,000 men are armed against each other, even in the interest of "peace," is not soothing when rumors of war are so rife. It means that all over the globe one man in every forty of the population is ready for the fray.—N. Y. Herald.

A Champion Lightweight.

Remarkable in many ways, the "tule gnat" of the far west is most curious for its almost total lack of weight. The little insect has a nearly microscopic body but a relatively huge spread of wings, which gives it the apparent size of a mosquito. In some parts of California "tule gnats" swarm so densely about burning lamps that several times during an evening the dead must be cleared away to give the light a chance. In brightly illumined stores the gnats are veritable pests, and it was in a Lake county (Cal.) drug store that a curious experiment was recently made. As many gnats were collected as could be heaped upon a pan of the apothecary's scales; the smallest weight in use to measure the most delicate drugs was then put upon the opposite pan and was found to overbalance the mountain of gnats.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Bacon—"I hear the parson is to preach on 'The Fall of Man.'" Egbert—"What, another bicycle sermon?"—Yonkers Statesman.

—Where the Fault Lies.—"You can't keep a secret to save your life, Florence." "Yes, I can; but the woman to whom I confide it can't keep it."—Chicago Record.

—An Important Difference.—Little Sister—"What's the diff'rence 'tween 'lectric'ty an' lightnin'?" Little Brother—"You don't have to pay nuthin' fur lightnin'."—Detroit Free Press.

—After the Honeymoon.—He—"You'll be accusing me next of leading a double life!" She—"You do lead a double life—you're twice as mean a man as I thought you were when I married you!"—Chicago Tribune.

—Hitting Back.—"I wouldn't marry you if you had three times the wealth of my father," she said. "I presume you know," he replied, with dignity, "that if I had that much money there would be no necessity for me to marry."—Philadelphia North American.

—The Wrong Place.—"I can't say I approve of one of the recent appointments," remarked the Snake Editor to the Horse Editor. "Which appointment do you disapprove?" "I think it is a great waste of good material to send an Angell to Turkey."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

—Must Be a Skeptic.—"What did you mean by starting the story that I was an unbeliever in the Scriptures?" asked the deacon, in great wrath. "Well, deckin," said the man who had originated the report, "you know you told me that all you said about the hoss I bought was as true as Gospill. An' you know how true it was." "Er—ah," said the deacon.—Indianapolis Journal.

—A Familiar Problem.—Young Mrs. Torkins had been carefully studying a picture which showed the costumes of the Greek and Turkish soldiers. Laying the paper aside she exclaimed, with a sigh: "There's nothing new under the sun, is there, Charley dear?" "To what do you refer?" "The European situation. It seems to be the same old question of which it's to be, skirts or bloomers."—Washington Star.

THE FASHIONS.

Attractive Additions to Feminine Costumes for the Season.

Bonnets this season are very much more attractive than the conglomerate creations called hats.

In compliment to the queen of England there is a resemblance among many of the imported models to styles popular early in the Victorian era.

Some of the new tailor costumes have bolero fronts and narrow postilion backs. The vest is a fitted blouse of fancy silk laid in soft folds across the front, or else tucked to form a deep yoke.

The crossed or surpliced blouse will be highly favored this summer in making up toilets of rosebud organdies, Louis XVI. striped muslins, printed lawns, soft India muslins and similar diaphanous stuffs. On some models the folds end at the belt under a fancy belt with a very handsome buckle, or else a girdle made to match the dress trimmings. In other cases the folds terminate in long scarf ends that are variously adjusted at the side, or often they are carried to the back and loosely tied like the scarf ends of a Marie Antoinette fichu.

Beautifully curving revers and sharply notched fronts are characteristics of the new elegant Louis coat basques made by Rauchnitz, Mayer and Felix.

A marked feature of the modes this season is the abundance of decoration about the neck and shoulders; gauzy ruches, fraises and ruffs, accordion-plaited frills and bows of great size are worn in the most becoming fashion, and upon fascinating evening-dress models for the coming summer are Medici, Robespierre, Stuart, Victorian, Josephine, Queen Bess and numberless other stately collars of historical name and fame.

Amazon cloth in many bright self-colors is favored by French and English modistes and tailors. This make of lustrous cloths wears well if one pays a fair price for it, but cheaper grades are quite apt to spot with rain, and in other ways it is also likely to prove unsatisfactory wear.

The new canvas, which is somewhat coarse, is particularly shiny. It is made up over a silk lining of contrasting color, or otherwise is lined with self-color in a lighter or darker tint than the canvas. Gray watered silk forms the lining of a new sheer canvas gown of silver tint, dotted and barred with mauve. The effect of the moired silk through the transparent meshes of the canvas is extremely rich and pretty.—N. Y. Post.

James Was a Greater Man.

Carlyle's severest critic, and a critic of his own school, was an old parish roadman at Ecclefechan.

"Been a long time in this neighborhood?" asked an English tourist.

"Been here a' ma days, sir."

"Then you know the Carlyles?"

"Weel that! A ken the whole of them. There was, let me see," he said, leaning on his shovel and pondering; "there was Jock; he was a kind o' throughither sort o' chap, a doctor, but no bad fellow. Jock—he's deid, mon."

"And there was Thomas," said the inquirer, eagerly.

"Oh, ay, of coorse, there's Tam—a useless, munnestruck chap that writes in London. There's nothing in Tam; but, mon, there's Jamie, owre in the Newlands—there's a chap for ye. Jamie takes mair swine into Ecclefechan market than any ither farmer i' the parish."—London Answers.

No Real Danger.

Mrs. Scantem—Young man, don't count your chickens before they are hatched.

Festive Boarder—Oh, with these eggs the risk is so small it's really not worth bothering about.—N. Y. Truth.

TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL.

The Lowest Rates Ever Made to an Exposition in This Country.

The Exposition in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the admission of Tennessee into the Union is not a local affair by any means. It far surpasses in extent of buildings, beauty of grounds, interesting exhibits and number of both foreign and home attractions any exhibition ever held in this country, with the possible exception of the Columbian of 1893. Located as it is on the main line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad it is in the direct line of travel between the North and the South, and can be visited en route with loss of but little time. The extremely low rates that have been established make it cheaper to go a little out of your way, even, to take in this great show, while its own attractions will well repay a special visit. Write Mr. C. P. Atmore, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Louisville, Ky., for matter concerning it.

The Old-Fashioned Way.—"What was yer daddy lickin' you for?" asked the half-grown boy. The other half-grown boy answered: "O, he was jist provin' to me that the whale really did swaller Jonor."—Indianapolis Journal.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON, [Seal] Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Some men need a good roasting, but they are such good fighters that no one will give it to them.—Atchison Globe.

A Dangerous Lethargy.

The forerunner of a train of evils, which too often culminate fatally, is inactivity or lethargy of the kidneys. Not only is Bright's disease, diabetes, gravel, or some other dangerous integral disease of the organs themselves to be apprehended, but dropsical diffusions from the blood, rheumatism and gout, are all traceable to the non-removal from the blood by the kidneys of certain impurities. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters depurates the blood, renders the kidneys active and prevents their disease.

People kick when a show is too long and also when it is too short.—Washington Democrat.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. Cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Bed is a bundle of paradoxes; we go to it with reluctance, yet we quit it with regret.—N. Y. Weekly.

There Is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Love, when true, faithful and well-fixed, is eminently the sanctifying element of human life.—N. Y. Weekly.

Very Low Rates to the West and South.

On May 18, the North-Western Line will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets, with favorable time limits, to numerous points in the West and South at exceptionally low rates. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & North-Western Railway.

When a man gets beat in a game of cards he always tells how he is out of practice.—Washington Democrat.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c

First Neighbor (proudly)—"My daughter is learning the violin." Second Ditto (sadly)—"So I hear."—Fun.

Any ache, from toothache to backache, St. Jacobs Oil will cure.

A real trifling man is always weighing himself.—Washington Democrat.

It may come last, but St. Jacobs Oil is the best to cure sprains. It ought to be first.

Some men's only virtue is that they go to bed early.—Washington Democrat.

Years of rheumatism have ended with cure by St. Jacobs Oil. Cures promptly.

Blood Poison

Confined our son to his bed for five months. The disease left him an object of pity and a great sufferer. He was covered with blotches and the burning and itching were terrible to bear. A lady told us to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. He began taking it and soon improved. After taking a few bottles he was entirely cured." S. C. BOYLAN, East Leroy, Mich. Get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

FUN MAKING

and health making are included in the making of HIRES Rootbeer. The preparation of this great temperance drink is an event of importance in a million well regulated homes.

HIRES

Rootbeer

is full of good health. Invigorating, appetizing, satisfying. Put some up to-day and have it ready to put down whenever you're thirsty.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

TEMPERANCE.

JOE'S "BURNING HEART."

Pretty Story of a Desperate Struggle Against the Drink Habit.

From his father, Joe Berwick inherited the blacksmith shop, his trade and a love for drink. The smithy, a weatherbeaten old brick building with bleared, cobwebbed windows and crumbling foundations, stood in an open lot near the center of the village. This lot was covered with a bed of black cinders, the accumulation of 20 years, and on top of the cinders all manner of rusty wheels, tires, plows, farm implements and broken-down carts which had been collecting there for about the same length of time.

Joe, a great swarthy, stalwart fellow, was a splendid workman, and when the ring of his hammer made the sparks fly cheerily from the anvil, how his mother in that little cottage next to the smithy listened to the music of it—and all the neighbors could tell you how she used to sing. But the days and days when Joe was off on a drunk and the old smithy was dark and silent—only the Lord knew how his mother used to pray.

Joe had been away to a cure for months, and when he returned he was cured, as they all hoped. But poor Joe! he no sooner entered the smithy than the old temptation, which seemed still lurking about the smoky walls and the blear-eyed windows, all leaped upon him whichever way he turned, and no man ever began a braver fight with the powers of darkness than did Joe Berwick that day.

Just a month Joe had been at home, and the old thirst was on him that morning with something like madness. To resist it was like trying to stand in the way of a lightning express train. Joe found himself trembling and giving way. He threw down his hammer and went to the open window feeling faint and sick. The strip of dooryard by his mother's cottage lay fresh and green in the April sunshine, and a robin lighting on an apple bough bursting with buds, was whistling joyously. Joe's mother in her sunbonnet, with her skirts carefully pinned back, was weeding out her bed of grass pinks in the garden.

Joe loved flowers and sunshine; he loved this peaceful home; more than all he loved his mother. He leaned his face heavily on his hands—oh, how the battle was raging! There

"I BROUGHT YOU A POSY, MOTHER."

was a strange look in his eyes when a few moments later he put on his hat in a shamed way and walked out of the shop.

"I'm afeared Joe's goin' to give in," muttered the foreman, with a troubled look on his face.

"Goin' to give in?" laughed a customer, who chanced to be waiting. "Nobody ever expected him to hold out more'n a week."

The old foreman turned back to his work with something like a groan. He had known and loved Joe since he was a little lad.

The customer had paid for his work and gone away before Joe's familiar step was heard returning, and then he went straight past the shop into his mother's flower garden. He had something in a pot which he was carrying, and the foreman, glancing out of the window, heaved a sigh of relief, for he knew that Joe was all right when he heard the lad say, in his hearty voice:

"I brought you a posy, mother. It's a primrose."

"Why, Joe! What made you do it?" cried the little mother, putting down her trowel with such a look of surprise and delight, and her hands trembled so she almost let the pot fall as Joe handed it to her.

From time to time all summer, Joe kept bringing home flowers until the tiny garden spot was crammed full, the borders of the walks were filled, and even the porch was overflowing with them. Mrs. Berwick, no longer surprised or delighted, began to think that her son had gone out of his senses.

"Never mind," she said, soberly, as she put up the last hanging basket; "he'll get over it when cold weather comes."

But cold weather came and Joe still kept up his mania for buying flowers. One night when he came in with a great burly chrysanthemum, his mother lost all patience.

"Why, Joe, this house is so cluttered up with plants now I can hardly find room to set my foot down, and the windows are so filled up we can't see out of 'em—and what do you keep on buying more for?"

"Mother!" said Joe, taken aback, for she was a woman who never scolded. "I hadn't noticed the house was filled up so, and I thought you liked flowers—and the truth is, when the old cravin' came back drivin' me most mad, I just took to spendin' that money for flowers I might have spent in drink, and the Lord knows how it helped me. Do you mind now, mother?"

"Joe, my lad!" and the tears were streaming down his mother's cheeks, "you can buy flowers until we have to move out on the sidewalk if you'll only keep sober and steady. Of course I don't mind," and then Joe's mother was fast in Joe's arms, and they were crying together.

While Joe slept that night, Joe's mother was praying—praying as no mother ever prayed for a son on a battlefield before—that her son might not give in.

After this, Joe gave his mother a little purse to keep, and whenever he felt the old passion coming back, he put in it the money he would have spent for drink. The purse was filled over and over, and his mother saved it all until such time as it could be spent for "Joe's flowers."

The garden being full, another summer the waste ground around the smithy was cleared up, soil was put there in place of cinders, and all neatly sodded, with a great heart of flowers in the center. This heart Joe kept filled with blazing red flowers, and the old foreman, who knew the story now, could not help telling the neighbors, he was so proud of Joe. The neighbors who were all fond of Joe, could not help speaking of it to each other as they passed and repassed many times a day, and so it came that even the children knew every one of these flowers meant a battle and a victory and they used to speak of this bed reverently as "Joe's Burning Heart."

The old smithy hardly knows itself any more since its foundations have been rebuilt so square and true, its windows cleaned and brightened, and its weather-worn walls covered with shining ivies. On the south side facing the cottage, a greenhouse has been built and here Joe spends every spare moment busying himself in the care of his flowers or reading and studying about them, for it is his ambition to become not only a florist, but a botanist.

Nor does Joe forget his old comrades, and when he meets one in the street, out of work, it may be, or down-hearted, or bound for the saloon to have it all out in a spree, Joe will ask him in the greenhouse to see the flowers or to offer him some odd bit of work, or just to give him some little potted plant to take home to the children, and what with Joe's kindness and friendliness and the sweetness and brightness of the flowers and the encouragement of it all, the poor fellow will be tided over that hard place and saved from the spree.

"An' that's the way Joe works it," says the old foreman to a neighboring gossip. "That's the way he lends a helpin' hand. An' the boys are willin' to take a word of advice from Joe—they know what he's been through."

It was one summer's morning that I first saw Joe's flower garden, and this story was told to me. Fine blush roses and tall madonna lilies were filling all the June air with fragrance, and as Joe's mother walked between them she was singing softly but with confidence:

"The prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene."

It was a busy morning with the sound of Joe's anvil ringing out lustily and cheerily, and as I stood looking and listening it seemed to me I had never heard such eloquent preachers of temperance as these lovely, innocent flowers opening in the sunshine—"Joe's flowers."—Frances Bennett Callaway, in Union Signal.

BITS AND BREVITIES.

No man drinks to please his wife.—Ram's Horn.

Says Dr. Lydston: "Wine, tobacco and athletics mix but poorly."

A just cause cannot die. It may show symptoms of weakness at times, but it is bound to survive all its opponents and be triumphant.—Lever.

There is something wrong with the man's head who has to have the delirium tremens before he will believe that liquor will hurt him any.—Ram's Horn.

The citizens of Cambridge, Mass., are talking about celebrating the tenth anniversary of the town's exemption from the liquor saloon, which will soon occur.

The liquor papers admit that a public sentiment has been created which is hostile to their business. They might also admit that it is growing rapidly and that it will be irresistible in the near future.—Lever.

During Miss Burnett's work in Tallahassee, Fla., all the pupils in the public schools were pledged against cigarettes and a league was also formed in the seminary. The state superintendent of public schools and superintendent of narcotics in the W. C. T. U. will carry on the work.

Dr. A. Monac Lesser, surgeon of the New York Red Cross hospital, said lately: "Within the past five days I have seen 22 new cases of grip. Out of these 22 cases 18 were treated without the use of whisky, and none met with any serious results. The other four were treated with whisky, and each one developed into pneumonia."

In the early days of the French revolution it is said that he who set a house on fire was not punished, but he who gave the alarm was guillotined. Much so now, when the saloon system that consumes American homes goes unpunished, but they who give the alarm get pilloried before the public.—American Outlook.

I believe that the miseries consequent on the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors are so great as to command imperiously the attention of all dedicated lives, and that, while the abolition of American slavery was numerically first, the abolition of the liquor traffic was not morally second.—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward.

It Should Have Passed.

Senator Keller, of the Minnesota legislature, recently introduced a bill providing that all retail liquor dealers should "keep a transparent glass in the front doors of their places of business, this glass having inscribed on it the word 'saloon' in letters eight inches high, and under that, in letters of similar size, the word 'dangerous,' and each to occupy a horizontal plate not less than two feet long." The sign was to be made visible by an electric light back of it. The bill did not pass, but it received a good vote.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Certain female insects live 64 times as long as the male. The females of bees and ants are longer lived than the males.

—Dr. Schoot, the German hydrographer, says that there are not less than 20,000 tons of mineral matter per day added to the store which the ocean already holds in solution.

—The Yale lock manufacturers have proved that in a patent lock having six "steps," each capable of being reduced in height 20 times, the number of changes or combinations will be 86,400,000.

—Equal parts of lime water and sweet oil well mixed will form a kind of soap which is very efficacious in taking out or removing inflammation, as well as for healing wounds caused by burns or scalds.

—The increase of urban populations is one of the most important social conditions brought out by successive censuses. In England 71.7 per cent. of the population were in urban districts in 1891, an increase of 15.3 per cent. in a decade, as against an increase of 3.4 per cent. in rural population. The balance of civil power has gone to the boroughs.

—The deepest body of fresh water in America is Crater lake, Oregon. Only one lake in the world, Lake Baikal, exceeds it in depth, and it is only 400 feet deeper. Until recently it was asserted Crater lake was bottomless, but soundings have shown its great depth to be 2,000 feet. It is five miles in diameter, nearly circular, and occupies the crater of an extinct volcano.

—Cultivate the habit of breathing through the nose and taking deep breaths. If this habit was universal, there is little doubt that pulmonary affections would be decreased one-half. An English physician calls attention to this fact, that deep and forced respirations will keep the entire body in a glow in the coldest weather, no matter how thinly one may be clad. He was himself half frozen to death one night and began taking deep breaths and keeping the air in his lungs as long as possible. The result was that he was thoroughly comfortable in a few minutes.

THE TURK AS A FIGHTER.

He Will Run When He Thinks He Is Getting Whipped.

Col. Francis V. Greene, U. S. A., retired, who was sent by this government to Russia during the last Turkish war to represent the war department at Washington, lately told of his observations of the Turkish army while in battle. "The Turks are individually good fighters," said Col. Greene. "They are fine soldiers, very obedient, fanatic in their religion and fatalists. The Turk fights up to a certain point and when he thinks matters are going against him, he will run. Not for any lack of courage, but because he thinks fate is against him. The Turkish soldiers are well armed. During the Russo-Turkish war, the Turks were better armed than the Russians. They are well clothed, but the commissary and transportation systems were fatally defective.

"In numbers the peace strength is 125,000 Greeks and 150,000 Turks, and these can probably be increased to three times as many on each side. In 1877, the Turk put over 300,000 men in the field in Europe and over 100,000 in Asia, and they made a very much stronger resistance than the Russians anticipated. I think Russia put nearly half a million men in the field before the war was over.

"Turkey is bankrupt, but so she was in 1877, and that won't stop her from fighting. They will probably manage to borrow enough money to buy guns and ammunition, and they will get food out of their own country. The Turks 20 years ago fought an entirely defensive campaign. No reason why they should not do so now. Their plan was to seize some important point and throw up fortifications which they constructed with remarkable skill, and then wait to be attacked behind their breastworks. They collected large amounts of ammunition and provisions in their forts and awaited attack. Sometimes their positions were burned. They were compelled to retreat, and then they would abandon all their ammunitions and stores and fall back on another line of fortifications, 20 or 30 miles in the rear."

Col. Greene was asked his opinion as to the relative strength of the armies of Greece and Turkey. "There is no question," he said, "that the Turks are more than a match for the Greeks. But the whole question is what stand the great powers will take. They are all extremely anxious to keep peace, because if the war is once started among the great powers it is impossible to say when it will end."—Detroit Free Press.

Women's Curse Fulfilled.

The grave of Thomas Watt at Bryant's chapel, near Centerville, Ind., was burrowed into by ground hogs and several of his bones dragged to the surface. The discovery of the above facts makes interesting a prophecy uttered years ago. Thomas Watt was the neighborhood drunkard. His children ran wild as colts and but little more clothed. His worthlessness and depravity aroused the indignation of his neighbors, and particularly of an old woman, who, it is said, had the gift of divination. She remonstrated with him, and upon his failure to heed her advice pronounced a curse upon him. She prophesied that he would die of violence and his bones would not find repose in the grave. Thomas Watt was drowned while in an intoxicated condition in attempting to cross a swollen stream. Now that the latter part of the dismal prophecy has received literal fulfillment the old woman, who is yet alive and in the divination business, is greatly feared and her power as a fortune teller receives much credence.—Chicago News.

THE ADVENT OF REFORM.

It Would Come with His Inducting Into Office.

"I don't deny it," said the expensively dressed young man. "I'm like all the rest. I want an appointment. I've come to claim my reward for the services I rendered in the election."

"Did you help much?" inquired the man at the door of the agricultural department, in a doubtful tone.

"I contributed seven dollars to the campaign fund. I had been rejected by three or four clubs previously, and when a man came around and offered to propose me for the McKinley club I gave him the seven dollars and told him to go ahead. That is how I came to be in politics."

"I suppose that what you want is a place in the diplomatic service."

"No. I never studied up on diplomacy much. I think I shall go into the agricultural department. I know all about farming. I have prepared myself especially for that branch of the government service."

"You don't look it."

"When I made up my mind that I would come here and get an office I went straight to see a practical farmer whom I met during my vacation last summer. He is a man of exceptional intelligence, and seemed to take great pleasure in giving me information. I asked him to tell me all about farming, and he stopped in the middle of his work and took an hour and a half explaining it to me. He made me tell him what I wanted the knowledge for, and he made some very valuable suggestions."

"So you're all prepared to start in to reform the department, are you?"

"Not all at once. But one of the first things I will have to do is to call the attention of the secretary of agriculture to a mistake that he made. He said that the farmer of this country is raising too much corn. As a matter of fact, corn-raising is still one of our coming industries, for the reason that smokers are beginning to get some idea of how to get the most enjoyment from the weed, and the manufacture of corncob pipes is inevitably destined to be one of the greatest industries of our continent."

"You have a good memory, haven't you?" said the auditor, admiringly.

"I seldom forget anything that is really useful," was the response, in a tone of pride. "One of the great faults of the agricultural department as previously conducted, is that it neglected to encourage the culture of egg-plants for the use of poultry farmers, and it was the most short-sighted indifference which now causes the bivalves in the Chesapeake to be starving for the lack of a few oyster plants."

"Your friend in the country didn't call your attention to the fact that a good way to mend worn-out land is to sow a patch of rag-weed on it, did he?" queried the watchman.

"No; but that's a good suggestion, and I'll make a note of it. He laid great stress on the fact that, with all these new electric railroads coming into use, farmers are so lacking in enterprise as to totally neglect the cultivation of wire grass. You have, of course, observed how often the farmer is depicted as going around with one or both of his suspenders loose? What is the reason of that? The simple circumstance that he has never been aroused to the importance of raising button-wood trees. What he wants is an administration that will stir him up to a realization that patience and precaution must be shown in agriculture, the same as in any other business. The day when a man would stick a few seeds in the ground and go away on a visit to his relations while they grew is past. The threatened disappearance of our forests is a warning that as civilization advances the area in which things grew wild decreases, and they must be tended. The American farmer can never hope to succeed if he goes on neglecting to raise chick-weed for the chickens, milk-weed for the cows and burdock for the birds."—Washington Star.

COSTUMES FOR CHICAGO.

How a Smart Young Drummer Made a Clean Thousand Dollars.

A neat way of making a clean thousand dollars was contrived by a traveling salesman who was idle a few months ago. He had learned a fact in connection with trade methods which he resolved to profit by at the first opportunity. Every house of any standing is in the habit of importing one or more Worth costumes in the course of the season, to serve as models for their own designers and as attractive objects of display.

When their purpose is served they are glad to dispose of the costumes at a third of their cost, if this can be done without interfering with their regular trade. The goods are "dead stock" when they have been on exhibition for a time. No woman who could afford to wants to wear a dress which would be so easily recognized as having been lately on exhibition.

The bright young drummer, anticipating a period of inactivity, quietly secured options on costumes in a number of good stores, promising that they would not be sold in this vicinity. Then he secured the "elite directory" of Chicago and addressed a number of neat circulars to a selected list of names inviting the ladies to inspect a number of Worth's latest creations at the Palmer house parlors.

This and the expense of his journey embraced all of his expenditures, for the houses knew and trusted him to make returns for the goods. In two weeks he had sold out, the result being a net profit of $1,000.—N. Y. World.

Practical Theosophy.

Warwick—I can't help thinking about old P. Nurions studying theosophy. He's wonderfully enthusiastic over the idea of being able to separate soul from body.

Wickwire—I don't doubt it. That fellow would go through a meat chopper if he thought he could save car fare when he goes to his office.—Up-to-Date.

GREEN ROBES DO NOT CHARM.

Nature's Favorite Hue Does Not Become the Dusky Dame or Damsel.

The prevailing shades of green will not be worn by the colored society belle this spring. The reason given for this is that they do not match the average colored woman's complexion. They make a showing in the elaborate window displays of the big stores which is a delight to the eye and a solace to the soul of any woman. But, in the language of the South side chocolate-hued belle, "green won't do, I can't get it to match my face." The fight, however, was not given up without a struggle. In the beginning there were those who imagined that the obstacles attending the wearing of the green by women of color might be overcome. It was worth the trial. White women looked so fetching in green, they argued, that colored women should not give in to the belief until they had exhausted every expedient and proved beyond all doubt that green had no place in the color plans of a colored woman's wearing apparel.

A leading light of the circle went so far as to state, in opposition to those who favored a trial, that the grass and the foliage of tree and bush found in Africa were not green, but dun colored. She went so far as to state that that was the reason why a colored woman never looked well playing tennis or swinging in a hammock. The green background of grass and the general landscape established a clear case of incompatability between the complexion of the woman and her surroundings. It was too bad, she argued further, but it did look as if nature had not foreseen the introduction of the African into the United States, or else, in her endeavor to make all things equal, she might have devised an outdoor color scheme which would have precluded the necessity for a colored woman waiting until the twilight time to play tennis or to lie on the grass and read the latest novel. A strong argument this, as was admitted on all sides, but the trial must be made. Accordingly one of the more daring of the set ordered a "dream" in green. When it was finished and delivered to her she voted it at once the only "feather on the bird." Her select coterie of friends came, saw and were conquered. Even the eloquent advocate of the opposition, in a moment of ecstatic delight, said it was "out of sight."

It did not take long for the news to travel and in less than a half day the belle in question was the talk and envy of nearly every colored society woman on the South side. The word had gone out that the wonderful study in green and a dusky complexion would be seen for the first time on Sunday morning. It arrived on schedule time. But, strange as it may appear, it turned out a veritable "frost." "She looks like a fright." "She's not even a grain of sand on this beach." "Nothing warm about that." "She would look so much better if she only knew what to put on." This settled the fate of green as a color for wearing apparel in select colored circles.

The colored belle will look with envious eyes at her more favored white sister sweeping by her a vision in pink and green, but it is more than likely she will seek the warmer tones of the tropics to heighten her own personal charms, and find much consolation in that axiom which has come stealing down the ages asserting in its own quiet fashion that "there are others."—Chicago Chronicle.

FORMER TRADE MONOPOLIES.

When Corporations Were Much Worse Than They Are Now.

Apprentices became no better than serfs and slaves. They were not merely pitilessly fined and brutally punished; they were often left in ignorance of the craft that they had purchased the right to learn. In that frightful social and moral revulsion following the long and devastating wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the corporations became more determined than ever to maintain their industrial aristocracy and monopoly. They refused to admit any trade less ancient and honorable than their own to the lights and privileges of the law; they soiled themselves by contact with no person of illegitimate birth; and in their savage and relentless pursuit of persons engaged in unauthorized traffic they invaded the homes of the contraband workmen, confiscating both their tools and the hidden products of their toil, leaving them and their families destitute and starving.

To such absurd lengths was the creation of corporations carried for the production of new taxes and new places for court favorites that occupations like teaching of dancing, the selling of flowers and the catching of birds were organized and homogeneous occupations like the hatmakers' and carpenters' were divided and subdivided beyond the comprehension of the modern mind. But despite the ingenuity of lawyers and the vigilance of armies of inspectors, the lines of demarkation could not be drawn so sharply as to avoid conflicts of interests. The makers of felt hats quarreled with the makers of cotton hats. The spinners who had purchased the right to use hemp quarreled with those who had purchased the right to use flax. The shoemakers fought with the cobblers that reproduced more than two-thirds of an old shoe. The cutlers that made the handles of knives fought with those that made the blades. The relations of the makers of wooden porringers and the makers of wooden spoons were equally belligerent.—Popular Science Monthly.

Seen a High Wind.

"I saw you out on your wheel the day of the high wind."

"Yes; I punctured both tires before I got home."

"Have to walk?"

"No. You see, the wind was so strong it kept both tires filled through the punctures, and I never found they were busted until next day."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BILLIONS OF TOOTHPICKS.

Made by Machinery in Maine Chiefly, by Hand in Portugal and Japan.

Nobody knows how many billions of wooden toothpicks are made and used in this country every year. The aggregate is so enormous as to be practically incalculable. And to the total of the domestic product must be added the imported toothpicks.

While the output of this industry is so vast, American ingenuity has invented automatic machinery until it requires the employment of comparatively few persons. Ninety-five per cent. of all the toothpicks manufactured in the United States are made from white birch timber in Franklin county, Me., and yet scarcely more than a hundred persons are employed in the industry in that state. Outside of the state of Maine, the principal factories are in Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and western New York. Some maple and poplar are used in the manufacture of American toothpicks, but white birch is the standard timber in all the factories.

The industry is a very simple one. First, of course, comes the work of the foresters, or lumbermen. In the forests of Maine every winter there are great camps of lumbermen engaged in felling and hauling out timber for various commercial uses. Whenever the foreman of a camp comes across a particularly fine white birch tree he orders it cut down, and the main part of the trunk laid aside to be reserved for the toothpick factories. When enough logs have been obtained, they are sent along down to the boom nearest the factory, whence they are hauled by teams. To show that the vast supply of toothpicks comes from a very small proportionate quantity of timber, it may be said that not more than 5,000 cords of wood are used in this industry annually.

When the logs reach the factory they are first stripped of their bark. The logs are then placed on the trucks, moving on rails, and pushed up to the automatic machines by which they are cut into veneers. Veneers, as applied to this industry, are thin strips of wood of about the dimensions of an ordinary piece of blotting paper—that is, the strips are about as thick as the toothpicks are intended to be and as wide as the picks will be long. Extreme care must be exercised in placing the logs in the machine so as to have the grain run straight in the strips. The veneers are fed into a machine composed of peculiarly shaped and rapidly revolving knives, the edges of which are as sharp as they can be made. This machine works automatically and with tremendous speed, and is so constructed that the finished picks come forth, sharpened at both ends, at the rate of tens of thousands an hour. It requires only a few weeks for the factories to turn out a supply sufficient to meet the demand for a whole year. Then the factories are shut down again, to remain closed until the following spring. The wages paid to American workers in this industry range from $1.50 to $3.50 a day.

Most of the toothpicks made in Maine come from timber that has been seasoned in the open air. Picks of that material retain something of the natural sweetness of the birch and maple and are soft and pliable while retaining sufficient firmness. Kiln-dried wood is apt to result in too much brittleness, causing sharp splinters to break off, which injures the enamel of the teeth. Recently some of the American manufacturers have been putting up toothpicks in miniature barrels highly ornamented by carving or hand painting. These are turned out at the same factories.

The best toothpicks made anywhere in the world come from Portugal. They are whittled by hand from orangewood splints by peasant girls, the only tool used being an ordinary jackknife. These picks are as smooth as ivory and will not break into splinters. They are expensive. The girls who make the picks receive less than ten cents a day. As the duty on foreign picks is only 35 per cent. they can be sold here for less than picks of similar quality could be manufactured in this country, despite the improved American machinery and skilled labor. The profit on American picks is almost exclusively on the cheaper product. Some of the Portuguese picks are highly ornamented with hand carving. They are too expensive for ordinary commerce. Small quantities have been imported into this country on rare occasions for use at notable banquets, or as unique specimens of handicraft.

Next to Portugal, Japan sends the greatest supply of toothpicks to the United States. They are made by hand from fine reeds. They, too, are sold in close competition with the American product, owing to the cheaper labor in Japan. The cases in which the Japanese picks are inclosed are fine specimens of skill with the jackknife. They are of wood, cut into strips as thin and delicate as tissue paper, but very strong. The cases are ornamented with hand-painted Japanese scenes and are of a size convenient to be carried in the vest pocket. The competition between the Japanese and Portuguese makers on the one side and American manufacturers on the other has become so keen that Mr. Dingley has proposed for the new tariff law a duty on foreign toothpicks almost twice as great as the one contained in the present law. An importer of toothpicks said recently that the Japanese picks can be made and sold in the American market, cases and all, for less than the cost of the paper boxes that contain the American picks.—N. Y. Sun.

A More Serious Case.

Mrs. Watts—Isn't it a good deal of annoyance to get your meals at such irregular hours?

Hungry Higgins—The irregular hours ain't so bad as the irregular days.—Indianapolis Journal.

Much Worse.

Weary Joe—Wot's de trouble, pard? Got somethin' on your mind?

Hungry Bill—Naw—nothin' on me stumick!—N. Y. Tribune.

The Republican.

BENJ. A. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THURSDAY, MAY 20, 1897.

WOOL importations continue to pour in from abroad. Latest estimates show that there is fully seven months' supply of foreign wool in the country and that at the present rate of importation a full year's supply will be in the hands of the manufacturers before the new tariff bill can possibly get into operation.

THE Republican party does not control the Senate of the United States, and if the Senate does not make a tariff bill just as the Republicans desire it, the public will understand that the Republican party is not responsible, and that the remedy lies in electing Republican legislatures which will elect more Republican senators.

PEOPLE who are surprised that gold is going abroad at the rate of 10 or 12 millions a month should remember that foreign goods are coming in at the rate of 70 or 80 millions a month. The enormous increase in the amount of foreign goods being brought into the country, all of which must be paid for in gold, must explain to a great extent at least the increase in the outflow of gold.

THE tariff bill, as reported to the Senate, increases the tax on beer 44 cents a barrel. This is about one cent a gallon. If any beer consumer fears lest this increase is going to add to his "burden of taxation," let him figure out the number of glasses of beer which is supplied from a gallon of that liquid, and then add what fraction of a cent will be added to the cost of a glass of his favorite beverage. The increased receipts of the Government will be, by this taxation, about 13 million dollars per annum, and a moment's reflection will show that it is not going to add at all to the expenditure of the consumer.

WHILE the wool-growers of the country are not pleased with the fact that the Senate Committee reduced the rates on wool to 8 and 9 cents per pound, they are congratulating themselves that even 8 and 9 cents is just that much more protection than they are getting under the present protection in proportion to the general value of wools than they were getting under the McKinley law, even at the higher rates named by that act. It does not follow, however, that the rate named by the Senate Finance Committee is the one to be finally adopted. On the contrary, the impression at Washington is that the rate will be increased before the bill becomes a law.

WHEN the defeated popocratic candidate for President reaches Mexico where he intends going he will find himself for the first time in a country where the blessings of free and unlimited silver coinage have reached their broadest dimensions. He will find prices high on everything but labor, and a currency that stays at home simply because the rest of the world refuses to touch it. He will find his American silver dollar worth two Mexican silver dollars, although it contains less bullion value than either of them, and in all his travels he will revel in the delights of a system which makes money cheap and everything else dear. The condition of things in Mexico, under which a gold coin is regarded as a curiosity, may even tempt the Nebraska financier to move down there and grow up with the country.

A Note of Prosperity.

In these days when the voice of the calamity-howler is frequently heard in the land, a cheery note like the following from the Clarksville (Tenn.) *Leaf-Chronicle* has an effect that is truly stimulating:

"Our people are at work—all the people are at work. Look where will and business and activity are seen. There is not a mechanic out of employment, and our merchants are all busy. The month of April ran ahead of the same month in any of many years past, and thus far May promises to outstrip itself also. Carpenters, brickmasons are all in demand, and the new work of the plane, the brush and the trowel is everywhere seen. New laborers are in the field. Wires are being stretched and our streets are becoming a perfect network. Other communities may be suffering, but ours has all the appearances of prosperity. There are more goods being sold here than ever before; our merchants are vieing with each other to see who can have the prettiest and most attractive stores, and our homes are being beautified and made more inviting. Clarksville is as far ahead of the Clarksville of fifteen years ago as the East is from the West. 'The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places; ours is a goodly heritage;' don't say 'hard times' any more. Appropriate to yourself some of the fruits of industry and economy, and help to make a good world better."

Mr. Gorman Getting Ready.

Mr. Gorman's fortune will be in the scale in Maryland next fall, and as a consequence he is already inaugurating his well-known game of now-you-see-me-and-now-you-don't. He plays the game with skill. His elusiveness, his dexterousness, his persuasiveness, are points in his political make-up which have long commanded attention. He has seldom been cornered. For a time his admirers thought that the defeat could not be accomplished, but when he tripped in the fight of 1895 and again last year they were forced to abate some of their confidence in him. Still, he retains a strong following at home, and as he, individually, will stand or fall with the result, this coming contest is likely to develop him in his most capable and adroit estate.

The chief stumbling-block in Mr. Gorman's way is the silver question. If he could ignore that, or evade it, he would be glad to do so. If he could say to the people of Maryland, and have them agreed to the proposition, that national issues should have no place in a State campaign, he would score heavily. His task then would be reduced to the single duty of making peace on local lines and harvesting the fruits of it in another term in the Senate for himself.

But, even if entered upon, this play will be difficult. So far as the Senatorship is concerned, the election in Maryland next fall will be distinctly national. The man chosen to that office will have a vote on the silver question in a body so evenly divided that every vote will be of the first importance. If Maryland is a sound-money State therefore—and last year's result seemed to be decisive on that point—she should elect as Senator a man upon whom in that matter she can rely most implicitly.

Would Mr. Gorman fill the bill? Last year, when sound-money Democrats in Maryland and elsewhere were forced to choose between loyalty to party or loyalty to principles, Mr. Gorman threw his principles overboard. Although he had dictated the adoption of a sound-money platform at home in May, he indorsed Mr. Bryan and free silver in July and worked for Mr. Bryan's success all through the campaign. The silver men hailed him as a most notable recruit, and they still feel so much indebted to him that their leading organ in the country, the New York *Journal*, advocates his re-election to the Senate.

Silver is now the Democratic shibboleth, Mr. Bryan is still the Democratic national leader and Mr. Gorman is still the representative of silver and Mr. Bryan in Maryland, and the good people of Maryland ought not to forget it, and probably they will not.

What of the Future.

In the political contest in which the two great parties in this State will engage this year, the Republicans have manifest advantages which should encourage them to a hopeful, brave and manly effort to strengthen and advance the position which they have gained. As we pointed out last week the prompt adoption of numerous reforms of which the people had been cheated by the managers of the Democratic party year after year, has strengthened the Republicans since the last State election, while the excellence of Gov. Lowndes' appointments has added to the high degree of popular satisfaction with the party.

But while it is true that its record of accomplished reforms gives the party a claim upon the confidence of conservative and independent citizens it is equally true that it will not do for us to sit quietly down and point to what has been done as establishing our claim to their continued support.

The party must show itself to be aggressively high-purposed and progressive. It will be necessary to convince the unpartisan voter that it is going to fulfill the promise of high public service which was reasonably inferable from its declarations in favor of the specific reforms which have been accomplished.

Were we a reform party for the campaign of 1895 only, or are we a reform party for the sake of reform and sincerely devoted to the accomplishment and perpetuation of pure and progressive government in this State? That is a question which the conservative voter will want to have answered early in the campaign, and it must be answered to his satisfaction, without evasion or equivocation, if we are to hold the allies who came to us because they believed our purposes were better than the practices of the party which they abandoned.

In what form can the answer to this question best be given? In our judgment it can best be done by pledging the party to other measures of reform which are as essential to the public welfare as were those reforms which have already been established. Among these are—

1. The abolition of the fee system and the substitution of salaries for all public officials.
2. The legalizing of primary elections.
3. The one-term system for all elective officials excepting the Judges of the City and Circuit Courts.
4. The application of the merit system in appointments to public office wherever practicable.
5. A law legalizing and restraining within proper limits what is known as "the lobby" during the sessions of the Legislature at Annapolis and the City Council in Baltimore.
6. A law to prevent "outlaw" race-track gambling, which having been driven from other States has found a refuge in Maryland.

But it is not alone in its platform declarations that the party's right intentions must be manifested. The sincerity of its professions must appear in the character of its nominees. The candidates must be men who can be depended upon to intelligently and in good faith carry out the policy to which the party commits itself. For the day has gone by when conscientious citizens will vote for, or self-respecting newspapers support, indifferent or unworthy men simply because of the ticket on which their names appear.—Bel Air Times.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

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TO VOTERS AND THOSE WHO LOVE THEM:—Just when there is comparative quiet, let us have a little talk about traitors. That sad failure, Major-General Benedict Arnold, with his passionate temperament, his extravagant habits, his fashionable wife, his delayed rank, and finally his foolish attempt to humiliate his hated compeers, is known to every child as the traitor. Unhappy man, his name is buried beneath mountains of the most awful obloquy, and his career is made to give point to many a speech; as if a man were able to prove his own patriotism by pointing out some one else's lack of it. Now patriotism is not a negative thing like that; it is Pharisaism which prompts a man to cry out to a witnessing world and a recording heaven, "I thank God that I am not as this poor traitor. Before high heaven I swear that I would never betray my country." There is the everlasting rebuke to meet, that the first to cast a stone should be a sinless one.

* * *

Bear in mind that in Arnold's time the principles of Democracy were being tested, but also bear in mind that they have also been tested in no less degree at any moment since. Great dangers are not always noisy and battle-like; they may be silent as the king-fishers, craw-fish and musk-rats along the levees of the Mississippi, and the more dangerous because of their silence. It seems clear to me that a nation that lives and grows is never out of the experimental stage; it never can, until it dies, take a definite, unchanging place in history, and be spoken of as having a sure glory or shame. A nation sunk down deep in unprogressive ways, like Denmark a quarter of a century ago, may pick up and show enterprise, and a nation like France lifted to the very heavens by its privileges, may be so untrue, in its individual life, to the things that are good and pure and loyal to nature, that its future becomes a dubious one.

* * *

Thus we Americans must never lose sight of the fact that our vast area is merely a great stage, on which an experiment in government by the people is being tried on the grandest scale in the history of the world. So because the outcome has just the element of uncertainty about it that all other experiments have, it is ours to work and watch and wait to remove every possible hindrance to a progressive proof that "government of the people by the people and for the people" is such a success that it never need "perish off the earth" as a thing that has been tested and thrown aside.

* * *

But as in a field the contest is with weeds, so in our government the battle is with traitors, and they exist, not merely in the passages of school history to be held up and execrated as things that have been—I say they exist not there and then only, but here and now, as perennial as weeds, as stubborn as disease, as dangerous as powder. They do not prowl around with guns and cannon, they sign and seal no unholy agreements, they cannot be found lurking near explosives with torches. "Where are they then? Let us away with them!" you say. But go gently, lest perhaps your mother's son be found among them.

* * *

Traitors are those who occupy positions of trust and forget that they are public servants; traitors are the voters who condemn house servants for inefficiency and discharge them yet cringe and crawl before public officials as they were superior flesh, forgetting the while that every such official would be as naught were it not for the people who placed him there; traitors and legislators who promise to obey the will of the people, and straightway do the opposite, bringing shame and doubt upon the very home of good laws, without which no nation can live; traitors are the selfish men who buy the bodies and souls of law-makers and have their will with them for a price; traitors are they who, forgetting the blood shed for their welfare and their privileges, hold up their votes to be bartered over and purchased, so that great questions asking for unbiased judgment are looked upon through the alluring glass of monetary gain; traitors are those who, living under a free and thrilling government whose strength is its reliance on the hearty co-operation of the people, take no more share in its active support than a Bushman or a Hottentot or a Russian serf. Every indolent voter, unappreciative of a condition of life and liberty and individual influence that down-trodden nations gaze at with longing eyes, every unjust judge bringing his high and essential office down to the dust of personal considerations, every one who never looks at a question except from a point of gain or loss to himself—all these, I say, are making us tremble at the cup of wrath, which by the immutable laws of outraged opportunity, gradually fills up to be held to the lips of a nation found worshipping an ideal of sloth or wealth or conscienceless selfishness.

* * *

Search them out and see how near your own door step you will come! Then ply yourself with the question as to how to better conditions—not in a distant state, but—right where you live. It can be done in part and by very simple means, if you will but undertake it. Fasten on your own mind beyond all chance of escape, the lack of appreciation that is shown when a man tacitly accepts, like a hungry animal, all the blessings of a quiet country, free from war's alarm, all the protection in his rights, and then feels no call to make even the slightest return unless it be of still further personal gain to him. Then remember as a clinching fact in the self-lecturing you have been enduring, that a man is responsible as far as his influence reaches, and that that influence begins at home. Jerusalem was kept clean by every man sweeping before his own door, and the cleaning and bettering of our political conditions is to be effected by the same simple method.

* * *

I would not dare to thus write to you unless, in my own small corner, an honest endeavor were being made to practice some of this preaching.

Cupid Again.

Sunday evening, May 9th, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Joel Gnagey, of near Meyersdale, was the scene of a very pleasant occasion.

That of the marriage of their daughter, Miss Emma, to Mr. Harvey Speicher, of Accident, Md. The hour having arrived, promptly at 7 o'clock, to the strains of the wedding march rendered by Mrs. P. H. Gnagey, the couple were ushered in before Elder J. W. Peck, who performed the ceremony in a most impressive manner.

There were some forty friends present, and after the usual congratulations were extended all partook heartily of the splendid supper which was served.

The bride was the recipient of many pretty and useful presents consisting of glass, china and silverware, table-cloths, rocking chairs, money, etc. All present seemed to enjoy the occasion, and not until nigh the midnight hour did they cease their merry-making over this happy event. May there be no billows to mar their happiness on the matrimonial sea.—Meyersdale Commercial.

La Grippe

If you have had the Grippe, you know its aches and pains, the fever, the chills, the cough, the depression—you know them all. The Grippe exhausts the nervous system quickly, lowers the vitality. Two things should be done at once:—the body must be strengthened, and force must be given to the nervous system. Cod-liver Oil will do the first; Hypophosphites the second. These are permanently and pleasantly combined in Scott's Emulsion.

It lifts the despondency and heals the inflamed membranes of the throat and lungs.

But you need not have LA GRIPPE.

You can put your system in a condition unfavorable to it. You can have rich, red blood; resistive strength; steady brain and nerves. Scott's Emulsion prevents as well as cures.

And whether you send or go for Scott's Emulsion, be sure you get the genuine.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

STARVING CUBA.

Humane Message of President William McKinley.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 17—The President to-day sent the following message to Congress:

"To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States:

"Official information from our consuls in Cuba establishes the fact that a large number of American citizens in the island are in a state of destitution, suffering for the want of food and medicines. This applies particularly to the rural districts of the central and eastern parts.

"The agricultural classes have been forced from their farms into the nearest towns, where they are without work or money.

"The local authorities of the several towns, however kindly disposed, are unable to relieve the needs of their own people, and are altogether powerless to help our citizens.

"The latest report of Consul General Lee estimates 600 to 800 Americans are without means of support. I have assured him that provision would be made at once to relieve them. To that end I recomend that Congress makes an appropriation of not less than $50,000 to be immediately available for use under the direction of the Secretary of the State.

"It is desirable that a part of the sum which may be appropriated by Congress should, in the discretion of the Secretary of the State, also be used for the transportation of American citizens, who, desiring to return to the United States, are without means to do so.

"WILLIAM MCKINLEY."

"Executive Mansion, May 17, 1897."

As soon as the message was read in the Senate the Committee on Foreign Relations reported the resolution offered by Mr. Gallinger last Thursday, amended so as to read as follows:

"Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in Congress assembled, That the sum of $50,000 be, and the same is hereby appropriated out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated for the relief of destitute citizens of the United States in the purchase and furnishing of food, clothing and medicines to such citizens and for transporting to the United States such of them as so desire and who are without means to transport themselves."

Mr. Davis asked for immediate consideration of the resolution, and there was no objection. The resolution was passed unanimously.

When the message was read in the House Mr. Hitt, former chairman of the committee on foreign affairs, at once introduced a bill for the appropriation of $50,000 for food and transportation for the Americans.

The consideration of the bill was very brief. Mr. Dingley, the Republican leader, and Mr. Bailey, the Democratic, were at once on their feet. Mr. Bailey waived aloft a document.

"I will not object to to consideration," he announced, "if the amendment which I hold can be offered."

"I will have to object to that," Mr. Dingley replied.

"I hope there will be no objection," said Mr. Bailey.

"Is there objection?" demanded the speaker.

"I object," spoke up Mr. Dingley.

"Objection is made," the speaker announced, "and the gentleman from New York presents a conference report on the Indian appropriation bill.

The passage consumed but a minute.

Members crowded around Mr. Bailey and learned that the amendment he proposed to offer embodied Senator Morgan's resolution for the recognition of the belligerency of the Cubans.

The House adjourned without acting on the resolution.

Died.

DENMARK.—Last Friday morning "Aunt" Harriett Denmark, an aged colored woman and an old resident of Oakland, died after a painful illness of two weeks. Her remains were interred in the Odd Fellows' cemetery on Sunday afternoon. "Aunt" Harriett leaves three children, all of whom are grown.

STEYER.—Mrs. Isabella Steyer, wife of Samuel Steyer, after a lingering and painful illness of over six week's duration, departed this life on May 12, 1897, at 6:30 a. m., at her home near White church. She was about forty years old. Eight motherless children and a sorrowing husband remain to mourn her loss. Early in life she became convinced of sin and sought and found Jesus Christ as her Saviour and has been a member of the Methodist Episcopal church for twenty-seven years. On Saturday, May 15th, at 2 p. m., the funeral services were held at the M. E. church near Kearney, by the pastor Rev. J. H. Koch, assisted by Rev. J. W. White. The remains of Mrs. Steyer were laid to rest in the cemetery near the church.

Attention, G. A. R.

All members of Crook Post No. 35, G. A. R. are requested to meet at the Post room in Sturgiss hall on Saturday afternoon at two o'clock, May 22, 1897, to make final arrangements for memorial service which will be held on Monday, May 31, 1897. By order of A. G. STURGISSS, Comd'r.

J. A. HAYDEN, Adjt.

PUBLIC SALE

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

IN GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Under and by virtue of a power contained in a mortgage from Jonas Frazee and Rosa Frazee, his wife, to the Baltimore Building and Loan Association of Baltimore City, dated the 30th day of January, 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 25, follos 500, etc., one of the Mortgage Records of Garrett county, Maryland, the undersigned as attorney named in the said mortgage, will offer at public sale, in front of the post office, in Oakland, Maryland, on

Saturday, June 5th, 1897,

at 10 o'clock a. m.,

all the following parcels or tracts of land, situate and lying in Garrett county, Maryland:

1st. All that lot or parcel of land situate and lying in the town of Selbysport, in Garrett county aforesaid, containing one-half of an acre of land, more or less, fronting on the Morgantown road, it being the same property which was conveyed by John M. and Catharine Kessler to Jonas Frazee by deed dated the 27th day of April, 1886, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 11, folio 396, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, except the portions thereof sold to J. Z. Browning and Sarah B. Friend.

This property is improved by a good stable.

2d. All that piece or tract of land known as the

Home Farm of the late Christian Fike,

situate and lying about a mile and a-half north-east of the town of Selbysport, in Garrett county aforesaid, containing

One Hundred and Sixteen and one-quarter Acres of Land,

more or less, the greater portion thereof being cleared and under cultivation, and is good farming land, it being the same property which was conveyed by Lucian Frazee and wife to Jonas Frazee by deed dated the 8th day of October, 1888, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 11, folio 113, one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

This property is improved by a good barn.

3d. All that farm or tract of land situate and lying along the Youghiogheny river, about one and a-half miles north of the town of Selbysport, containing

Sixty-seven Acres of Land,

more or less. About forty-five acres of this land are cleared and under cultivation, and is good bottom land, it being the same property which was conveyed by Jane Frances Fike to Jonas Frazee by deed dated the 21st day of February, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 14, folio 439, one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

This property is improved by a frame dwelling, in fair condition, and by an old barn, sugar house, wagon shed and granary.

4th. All that lot or parcel of land situate and lying about a mile and a-half north-east of the town of Selbysport, in Garrett county aforesaid, containing

Two Acres of Land,

more or less, all cleared. It being the same property which was conveyed by John Riley and wife to Jonas Frazee by deed dated the 10th day of May, 1890, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, folio 242, one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

This property has no buildings upon it.

5th. All that farm or tract of land situate and lying about a mile and a-half north-east of the town of Selbysport, in Garrett county aforesaid, containing SIXTY-THREE ACRES OF LAND, more or less, known as

"The West End of the late Jesse Groves' Farm,"

all the said land being cleared and under cultivation, it being the same property which was conveyed by Elizabeth Frazee to Rosa Frazee by deed dated the 20th day of February, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 14, folio 121, one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

This property is improved by TWO SMALL FRAME DWELLINGS AND A BARN.

6th. All that farm or tract of land known as the

SPRINGER PROPERTY,

situate and lying about five miles north of Deer Park, in Garrett county aforesaid, bordering on and along Deep Creek, said stream running through a portion of it. This farm contains

Two Hundred and Fifty-six Acres

of land, more or less, and about one-half of it is cleared and under cultivation, the other half being black pine land and glade land, and is good for grazing. It was conveyed by James Z. Browning and wife and Samuel S. Browning and wife to Jonas Frazee by deed dated the 16th day of August, 1887, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 22, folio 236, one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

This farm is improved by TWO FRAME DWELLING HOUSES AND TWO BARNS.

Terms of sale of all the above tracts or parcels of land, cash on the day of sale.

Deeds at the cost of the purchaser.

D. JAMES BLACKISTON,
Attorney named in the Mortgage.
JOHN SHARTZER, Auctioneer. 16-4

PROCLAMATION.

STATE OF MARYLAND,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

WHEREAS, Satisfactory information has been received by me of the adoption by the States of Virginia and West Virginia of the provisions of Chapter 427 of the Laws of Maryland of 1896, entitled "An Act to repeal Sections 40, 41 and 42 of Article 31 of the Code of Public General Laws, entitled "Fish and Fisheries," and to re-enact a portion thereof with amendments, and

WHEREAS, The provisions of the said Act have been adopted by the State of West Virginia to become operative on and after the nineteenth day of May, 1897.

Now, Therefore, I, Lloyd Lowndes, Governor of the State of Maryland, in pursuance of the power and authority vested in me by the said Act do hereby proclaim and declare that the provisions of the said Act are applicable and effective from and after the said 19th day of May, 1897, and that from and after the said date under the provisions of said Act, "it shall not be lawful for any person to catch or kill any black bass, green bass, rock bass, pike or pickerel or wall-eyed pike commonly known as salmon, between the 15th day of April and the 1st day of June in each year; nor catch or kill any of said species of fish in any other lake during the year save only with a rod, hook and line or dip net. The words "hook and line" shall not include trot lines or out lines.

"Any person violating the provisions of this Act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be punishable on conviction by imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding six months, or by a fine not exceeding two hundred dollars, or by fine and imprisonment; and it shall be the duty of the circuit court of the counties abutting on the Potomac river above Little Falls, at each session of the grand jury, to call its attention to the provisions of this law. The provisions of this law shall not be applicable below the Little Falls near Washington."

(THE GREAT SEAL OF MARYLAND.)

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and have caused to be affixed hereto the Great Seal of the State of Maryland.

Done at the City of Annapolis on the SIXTH day of May, A. D. eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.

By the Governor,
LLOYD LOWNDES.
RICHARD DALLAM, Sec'y of State.

JOHN SHARTZER,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
offers his services to the people of Garrett County. Will cry land or personal property sales at any point in the county. 6-27-1yr.

BITS OF HISTORY.

The First Postoffices and Postmasters of Old Allegany County.

A correspondent of the Cumberland *News* of last Friday, who is easy recognizable as the "Historian of Western Maryland," Mr. Jacob Brown, writing of the postoffices in old Allegany county, has the following to say:

Evidently there is now a decided tendency in the minds of the reading people to acquire a knowledge of historic matter as well as current events or occurrences, and it is well it is so. I have in mind historic matter of our own locality, county, it may be said. I propose to make a few suggestions as to the first postoffices of old Allegany county. In early times a town fortunate enough to have a postoffice was called a "Post-town." Our oldtime geographies often mentioned Post-towns. In 1795 (five years after the organization of the county) Cumberland became a Post-town, with Charles F. Broadhag as postmaster. For about a quarter of a century this was the only postoffice in the county of 1,600 square miles.

In 1821, October 16, a postoffice was estaddished at Frostburg. The name was in honor of Josiah Frost, a leading man there, and the proprietor of the lands upon which the place, now a city of 6,000 or 7,000 prosperous people, was built. The Frost family have always been very prominent.

The next in order was Tomlinsons, established April 1, 1824, 11 miles west at the historic Little Meadows, on the old National Road, then and still about 100 yards from the old Braddock Road. Little Meadows would have been the logical name of the postoffice, but Jesse Tomlinson had for many years been of "baronial powers," as a recent writer has said, and the owner of a large estate—elected six or seven times to the Legislature from 1790 to 1814. In this way the office took a personal name the same as Frostburg. About the year 1823 it was moved two miles further west to the Little Crossing, a Braddock name of 1755. This was the name of the office while it remained at this point, with Mr. James Burton as postmaster. In 1849 the office went one mile further on, to Grantsville, with its faithful official, where it still remains. Burton served about thirty years in all—up to war times.

Grantsville takes it name from Daniel Grant, an early settler at old Grantsville, near the present town. He came originally from Baltimore county, and I think after encountering some business adversities, returned to his old home.

The next postoffice in the county to the westward was at Selbysport, established December 10, 1833, some ten miles to the left of the old-time highways. This office took it name from one of the old-time Selby family.

Flintstone was established July 20, 1832. How or where the name came from I have never heard. There were two other offices in the county in its early history, Westernport and in the Glades, near the present site of Oakland. But what a difference between then and now. At this time there are in Allegany county thirty-two offices and in Garrett thirty-two. The veneraide Joseph M. Strong, now in his 95th year, tells me he carried the U. S. mail from Cumberland to Uniontown, Pa., in 1817 on horseback, over the National road in part, and the rest of the way over the old Braddock road, with but one office between, at Smithfield, Pa., with one Blocher as postmaster, a brother, it is supposed, of the late John George Blocher of this city.

The most of this acceptable information was obtained quite recently upon a call at the Postoffice Department at Washington, through a highly respectable old Cumberlander, Col. James C Lynn, for a number of years an official in that department of the government. He was a genial and gentlemanly as when among us, and it was a real satisfaction to see and learn his record there was as clean and honorable as his war record, or that of his sheriffalty in Allegany for two years.

May 12, 1897. J. B.

McHenry.

Mr. Milton Lowdermilk and wife were the guests of Mr. Brison Welch Sunday last.

Prospects for fruit is very good.

The farmers of this vicinity are preparing to plant their corn.

The Sunday school is progressing very nicely under the management of Mr. E. A. Weimer as Superintendent.

Mr. George Glotfelty and wife have moved to our quiet little town and we are glad to have them with us.

Mr. E. A. Weimer, of McHenry, took a trip to Baltimore where he purchased his spring and summer line of goods.

Some of the young men of McHenry attended the Baptist preaching at Thayerville last Sunday.

Deer Park.

Rev. W. E. George was visiting at Swanton a few days last week.

Mr. W. C. Jones was in Cumberland Monday on business.

Mr. Chaddock, of Wheeling, was in town on business Wednesday of last week.

The B. & O. has a force of men cleaning up their grounds at the hotel.

Rev. E. P. Ideman preached in the M. E. church here last Sunday evening.

Dr. J. W. Laughlin was in Cumberland one day last week.

Constable Levi Echard, of Mountain Lake Park, was in town on Monday of last week.

Rev. J. W. Butler preached in the Lutheran church here last Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. Alice M. Shahan, who has been visiting at Davis, W. Va., returned last Saturday.

The Best Remedy for Rheumatism.

From the Fairhaven (N. Y.) Register.

Mr. James Rowland of this village, states that for twenty-five years his wife has been a sufferer from rheumatism. A few nights ago she was in such pain that she was nearly crazy. She sent Mr. Rowland for the doctor, but he had read of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and instead of going for the physician he went to the store and secured a bottle of it. His wife did not approve of Mr. Rowland's purchase at first, but nevertheless applied the Balm thoroughly and in an hour's time was able to go to sleep. She now applies it when ever she feels an ache or a pain and finds that it always gives relief. He said that no medicine which she used ever did her as much good. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Mount Holly and Vicinity.

It appears you have no correspondent for your valuable paper in our district, so I have concluded to send you a few items for publication.

Mr. Walker, of Fairmont, W. Va., representing a Pittsburgh coal company, is leasing a coal field extending from Friendsville to Cranesville, W. Va., at five dollars per acre.

Our worthy county commissioners met in Friendsville the 14th inst. to examine the river bridge, which has stood for forty years, to see if it was necessary to build a new one, which our people think should be done at once; also to examine and test a road machine, for which I highly commend them. I claim you can build more road with it in one day than you can with twenty-five hands with pick and shovel.

Mr. Thos. Flanigan, of Confluence, Pa., who is now operating timber purchased of J. T. Garey, has bought the timber on two of Capt. E. M. Friend's farms. We wish Mr. F. success as he is paying good wages and thereby helping many.

Miss Copeman, of Bruceton, W. Va., is teaching a subscription school in Friendsville, and started with thirty pupils.

Capt. E. M. Friend let the contract to Newton Gist for the erection of a fine dwelling house near town on his home farm.

George D. Hoff, who is superintendent of a building company in Pennsylvania, has just completed a fine dwelling for his parents and has set to work two accomplished painters.

G. D. Frantz has fourteen acres of corn up, which was planted before our last snow.

Miss Grace Chisholm, of Gorman, and J. L. Hoff, of Friendsville, were visiting Uncle George's last Sabbath at Blooming Rose.

Crops of all kinds look prosperous.

Mr. John O'Neal, of Pennsylvania, bought and moved over 100 head of cattle in our community a few days ago.

Sheep and cattle are in good demand and bring high prices.

Times are good in our community.

I. H.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Oak Hill.

The past week has been exceedingly wet and cold, but we look for better weather soon.

A number of our enterprising farmers are burning and spreading lime on their lands. Mr. Clark Rush burned 2,500 bushels of rock and put in all on one field.

Mr. Leonard Shartzer, supervisor, has been working the roads in this section; also Mr. Silas Teats.

We noticed Messrs. Abernathy and Layman, the commissioners, on their way to Friendsville last week to examine the old bridge there.

Attorney Semmes and Sheriff Brown were in this community last week.

Preaching service will be conducted in the Oak Hill school house Sunday at 3 o'clock by one of the German Baptist ministers.

Constable E. M. Coldington, of District No. 2, was in this neighborhood recently on business.

Notes from Sang Run.

Mr. Truman Casteel lost a fine horse last week. They were rolling logs against the hillside when a large log started down the hill at a rapid rate, struck the horse on the hind leg and broke it off just above the hock joint.

If you want to be pleasantly entertained and buy goods dirt cheap go to Mr. Calvin Cuppett's, Sang Run's leading merchant and you will find them.

Deer Park, on the Crest of the Alleghenies.

To those contemplating a trip to the mountains in search of health or pleasure, Deer Park, on the crest of the Alleghany Mountains, 3,000 feet above sea level, offers such varied attractions as a delightful atmosphere during both day and night, pure water, smooth, winding roads through the mountains and valleys, Cricket grounds, Ball grounds, Golf links, Tennis courts, and the most picturesque scenery in the Alleghany range. The hotel is equipped with all adjuncts condusive to the entertainment, pleasure and comfort of guests.

There are also a number of furnished cottages with facilities for housekeeping.

The houses and grounds are supplied with absolutely pure water, piped from the celebrated "Boiling Spring," and are lighted with electricity. Deer Park is on the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and has the advantage of its splendid Vestibuled Limited Express trains between the east and west. Season excursion tickets, good for return passage until October 31, will be placed on sale at greatly reduced rates at all principal ticket offices throughout the country.

The season at Deer Park commences June 21, 1897.

For full information as to rates, rooms, etc., address D. C. Jones, Manager, Camden Station, Baltimore Md. 9-4t.

Notice to our Readers.

We are in receipt of an invitation from Messrs. John Weddenburn & Co. asking that we be present at the regular monthly meeting of their Board of Awards to be held in Washington City, on the evening of the 24th of this month.

This invitation is also extended to any of the readers of our paper who find it convenient to be in Washington on that date.

The Board consists of Hon. William M. Stewart, chairman; Congressman Claude A Swanson, of Virginia; Mr. John C. Eckloff, cashier of the Second National Bank of Washington, Mr. Frederick E. Woodward, of the Firm of Woodward & Lothrop, and Mr. Arthur C. Moses, of Washington, D. C.

One Minute is all the time necessary to decide from personal experience that One Minute Cough Cure does what its name implies. Oakland Pharmacy.

Notice to Road Supervisors.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF GARRETT COUNTY. OAKLAND, Md., May 1, 1897.

Notice is hereby given to the Road Supervisors of Garrett county, that the undersigned County Commissioners will inspect the county roads after they have been worked and determine how the money has been expended.

ABM. L. ABERNATHY,
C. W. LAYMAN,
THOS. G. LAYMAN,
Commissioners.

Attest: J. J. MAYERS, Clerk.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after the first publication of this notice the undersigned will ask that the County Commissioners of Garrett county to relocate the road leading from Deer Park to Bethlehem church. The proposed change will begin at Kelsner's at the foot of the mountain and running thence through the lands of the B. & O. R. R. Co., the Hubbard land, the land of John W. Thomas and A. J. Lee, intersecting the road again near the house of A. J. Lee, a distance of about two miles.

C. C. HARVEY,
E. J. GARRETT,
JOHN H. UPHOLD,
Petitioners.

10-3t

FRISCO LINE

St. Louis & San Francisco R.R.

THROUGH CAR ROUTE BETWEEN

ST. LOUIS

AND

SPRINGFIELD
JOPLIN PITTSBURG
WICHITA
EUREKA SPRINGS
FT. SMITH PARIS
DALLAS
SAN ANTONIO
HOUSTON
GALVESTON

Solid Vestibuled Trains with Pullman Sleepers and Reclining Chair Cars. Harvey Dining Halls.

Maps, time tables and full information furnished upon application to

O. N. COSLEY, General Agent, PITTSBURG, PA.
GEO. T. NICHOLSON, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, ST. LOUIS, MO.

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conaway, and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman House.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

REAL ESTATE!

—FOR SALE BY—

JOHN SHARTZER, Real Estate Agent,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Two farms in District No. 2; 262 acres; near Elder Hill school house, improved by 2 houses, 3 barns and orchards. Will be sold separately or as a whole, to suit purchaser, on easy terms.

House of 4 rooms, 4 acres of land two miles south of Mt. Lake Park.

House and 1 acre of ground adjoining Loch Lynn Heights. Will be sold cheap.

A livery stable at Loch Lynn Heights; finest in the county; must be sold at once.

House and lot in Mt. Lake Park.

50 acres; improved by a small house; near Cranberry Glade farm.

House and 2 lots in McHenry.

Farm near Deer Park; improved.

A well improved farm near Ryan's Glade.

The above properties will be sold on easy terms.

One 56-acre lot adjoining the farm of W. T. Jamesson near Mt. Lake Park.

1 50-acre lot adjoining the lands of Mrs. Killburne and —— Jackson near Mt. Lake Park; will be sold very cheap for cash.

7 building lots in Loch Lynn Heights.

The Phillips lands lying between Oakland and Mt. Lake Park; will be sold as a whole or in parcels to suit purchaser.

A lot of ground adjoining Mt. Lake Park on the Oakland road.

An improved farm of 100 acres, 2 miles from Terra Alta.

An improved farm of 200 acres near Crellin.

The Oakland Steam Laundry property.

7 large building lots in Oakland.

For further information, prices and terms, apply to

JOHN SHARTZER,
6-26 *OAKLAND, MD.*

RECEIVER'S SALE

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

In Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett County, Maryland.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, dated the 21th day of October, A. D. 1896, and passed in a cause wherein John Shartzer is plaintiff and The Loch Lynn Store Company, of Garrett county, is defendant, the undersigned receiver was authorized and directed to make sale of the real estate mentioned in said proceedings. In pursuance of said order, I hereby give notice that on

Saturday, the 29th day of May, 1897,

at two o'clock p. m., on the premises in Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Maryland, I will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, all those lots or parcels of ground situated, lying and being in Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Maryland, which on the plat of Loch Lynn Heights are known and described as

LOTS NUMBERS 34 and 35

in Block No. 1 as recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 1, folio 2, one of the plat records of Garrett county, Maryland.

Said lots are improved by a

Large New Three-story Building,

containing store room, town hall, lodge rooms, etc.

Terms of sale as prescribed by said order: One-third cash, one-third in six months and one-third in twelve months, purchaser to give his single bills for deferred payments with security to be approved by the receiver.

9td JOHN SHARTZER, Receiver.

Notice of a Meeting of Stockholders.

Notice is hereby given to all the stockholders of the "Pack Improvement Company of Garrett County, Maryland," that a meeting of said stockholders will be held at Mt. Lake Park, Garrett county, Maryland, on the

27th Day of May, 1897,

at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of increasing the capital stock of said company from the present limit of $3,000 (three thousand dollars) to $10,000 (ten thousand dollars) in order to carry out the objects of its incorporation; provided the owners of two-thirds of the present capital stock of said company are present at said meeting and determine to do so.

L. A. RUDISILL,
J. A. HAYDEN,
G. L. RICHARDSON,
C. W. HOPKINS,
Directors of Park Improvement Company of Garrett County, Maryland. 9-4t

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Alderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited sooner or on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

For sale by

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

RECEIVER'S SALE

—OF A—

Delightful Summer Resort.

Joseph C. Alderson vs. Loch Lynn Heights Hotel Company et al.

In the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of West Virginia.—In Equity.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of the authority vested in me, by a decree duly entered in said cause on the 11th day of January, 1896, I, the undersigned receiver, appointed in said cause by said court, will on

Tuesday, the 22nd Day of June, 1897,

at 10 o'clock a. m., offer at public auction to the highest and best bidder, for the purposes in Loch Lynn Heights, near Mountain Lake Park, in Garrett county, Maryland, the following described property, which is mentioned and described in the bill and proceedings in said cause, to wit:

First—All that lot or parcel of ground situated in the said county of Garrett and State of Maryland, and known and described as "Hotel Reserve" on the plat of the Mountain Home Company, as recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 1, folio 2, one of the plat records of the said county of Garrett, and described by the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, to wit: Beginning at a point north 66° east 335 feet from station "C," thence north 20° 15' west 175.59 feet; thence north 1 5/8° east 30 feet; thence south 20° 15' east 152.2 feet; thence north 66° west 50 feet to the beginning, containing 1.128 of an acre.

Second—All that lot or parcel of ground situated in the said county of Garrett and State of Maryland, and described on the plat of the said Mountain Home Company as "Hotel Lawn" and described by the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, to wit: Beginning at a stake situated north 26½ west 105 feet, and south 66½ east 2 from Station "D," one of the permanent stations of Loch Lynn Heights; thence by a curvature whose radius is 1195 feet and one-half circumference is 375.4 feet; thence north 66½ east 179 feet; thence by a curvature whose radius is 1195 feet and one-half circumference is 375.4 feet; thence south 66½ west 179 feet to the beginning, containing 2.01 acres.

Third—All those lots, pieces or parcels of ground situated in the said county of Garrett and State of Maryland, and described on the plat of the said Mountain Home Company by the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, to wit: Beginning at a corner of lot on southern avenue and corner of lot on which the cottage formerly owned by George P. White stands, and running thence south 15½° east 120 feet, south 26½ west 70 feet, south 66½ east 245 feet, north 25½ east 162 feet, north 83½ west 80 feet, north 20½° east 26.6/10 feet; thence north 66½ west 330 100 to the beginning, containing 1½ acres, more or less.

Fourth—All of that lot or parcel of ground situated in the county of Garrett and state of Maryland and described on the plat of the Mountain Home Company by the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, to wit: beginning at a stake situated on the south line of A. C. Alderson's addition to Loch Lynn Heights, being south 63½° east 242 feet, and then south 26½ west 355 feet from Station "D," one of the Stations of Loch Lynn Heights, and the centre of Addison street, and running thence south 63½ east with the centre of Addison street 407 feet to the centre of —— street; thence south 26½ west 1,250 feet with —— street to the centre of Alabama street extended; thence with the centre of Alabama street north 63½ west 147 feet to White's line; thence with White's line and "Alderson's addition" north 26½ east 1,230 feet to the beginning, containing 42½ acres, more or less.

There is situated on the said tract No. 1 a large, elegant and well arranged modern new

SUMMER HOTEL,

three stories high, containing about 100 guest chambers, large, elegant and well lighted and ventilated dining rooms, reception rooms, hall room and parlor, furnished throughout with elegant new furniture, supplied with modern water closets and other conveniences, and also with an abundance of water, and surrounded on three sides by a wide and beautiful veranda.

This hotel was opened to guests by Mrs. L. B. C. List for the first time two years ago and during the summer season was completely filled. The said tract No. 1 and the said hotel building and its furniture and appurtenances will be sold together. The said tract No. 2 will be sold by itself, and the said tracts Nos. 1 and 2, together with the said hotel building, furniture and appurtenances, will be sold subject to the terms, provisions and conditions of a certain lease thereof, executed by the undersigned receiver to the said Mrs. L. B. C. List, on the 6th day of June, 1896, for the term of two years, seven months and twenty-four days, beginning on the said 6th day of June, 1896, and ending on the first day of April, in the year 1899, for the sum of Four Thousand Dollars ($4,000), nine hundred dollars of which was then and was paid on the 1st day of October, 1896, fourteen hundred dollars of which will be due on the 1st day of October, 1897.

The terms, provisions and conditions of the said lease will be more particularly stated on the day of sale, and a copy thereof may be seen at any time at the law office of J. E. Sommerville, in the city of Wheeling, West Virginia. The purchaser of the said property will be entitled to the rent reserved to said lessee from and after the day of sale, and the said lease will be assigned by the receiver to the purchaser, who will be entitled to and will be required to take the place of said receiver as landlord of the property embraced in said lease.

The said third and fourth tracts are laid out and divided into lots, streets and alleys, and will first be offered as an entirety, and each of them will also be offered separately or in lots, and said property will be sold in the way in which it will produce the most money.

TERMS OF SALE:—Said sale will be made upon the following terms and conditions, to wit: One-third, or so much more as the purchaser may elect, cash on the day of sale, one-third in six months and one-third in one year from the day of sale, with interest from that day at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and the purchaser shall have the option to pay the deferred installments at any time before the same shall be due, with interest to the time of payment, the deferred installments to be secured by the purchaser's notes and the title to be retained until the notes are paid. The purchaser of the hotel and furniture will be required to carry not less than fifteen thousand dollars ($15,000) insurance thereon, for the receiver's benefit.

J. B. SOMMERVILLE,
11—5t. *Receiver.*

Lear & Co., the photographers, will open their gallery in Oakland about the 10th and remain but two weeks.

ORDER NISI.

James Snodgrass vs. A. C. [illegible] and others.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County. No. 762 Equity.

Ordered this 19th day of May, 1897, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Isaac S. Hamilton and Frederick A. [illegible], Trustees, to [illegible] Grove, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 19th day of June next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Garrett county once in each of three successive weeks before the 14th day of June next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $510.00.

I. Z. TOWER,
Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett Co., Md.

True copy—test: I. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

[illegible] vs. [illegible] and others.

No. [illegible] Equity.

Ordered this [illegible] day of May, 1897, that the sale by the trustees mentioned in the proceedings of [illegible] and reported to this Court be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the [illegible] day of June next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once in each of three successive weeks before the 25th day of June next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2,200.00.

I. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: I. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM HAMILTON DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the subscriber, of Garrett County, has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett county, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

WILLIAM HAMILTON,

late of Preston Co., W. Va., deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 14th day of November next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 6th day of May, 1897.

S. T. JONES, Admr.
Oakland, Md.

10-4t

SHERIFF'S SALE

—OF A VALUABLE—

House and Lot

In the town of Oakland.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county at the suit of the Garrett County Bank against M. H. Bradford, wife of A. M. Bradford, and others, and to me directed, I have seized, taken in execution, and will expose to sale at public auction to the highest bidder, on

Saturday, June 12, 1897,

at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day in front of the premises on Oak street in the town of Oakland and directly opposite the Methodist parsonage, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Mary E. Bradford in and to all the following described property, to wit: being Lot No. 46 as designated on the plat of Mc[illegible]'s addition to the town of Oakland and a part of No. 12, and more particularly described as one piece of land conveyed from Annie E. Veitch to the said Mary E. Bradford, dated the 4th day of October, 1895, and duly recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 28, folio 114, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county. Said premises is improved by a new two-story

Frame Dwelling House,

which was only completed during the summer of 1896 and has never been occupied, and is one of the most desirable pieces for a home in the town of Oakland.

Said property will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash on the day of sale.

A. J. SPIN BROWN,
11 Sheriff of Garrett County.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

Under and by virtue of the authority vested in the undersigned, Harry L. Woodward, by a certain mortgage made and dated the 24th day of November, in the year 1895, between Alonzo H. Frey, of Garrett county, state of Maryland, of the first part, and the said Harry L. Woodward, Harry L. Vandevort, Mary E. Woodward, and Edward E. Woodward, trading and doing business under the firm name and style of Woodward Manufacturing Company, of Wood county, State of West Virginia, of the second part, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note for sixty hundred and seventy-two dollars and eighty cents ($672.80), duly executed to said mortgagee, notice is hereby given that I, the said Harry L. Woodward, will, on

Friday, May 21, 1897,

at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., at the livery stable of A. H. Frey, near Loch Lynn Hotel, Loch Lynn Heights, sell at public auction the property described in said mortgage, consisting of the following property, to wit:

Six Horses, one Phaeton, one Buggy, one Cart, one Mountain Wagon, seven sets of Harness, four Saddles, four Riding Bridles, one dozen Head Halters, etc., etc.

To said mortgage recorded in Mortgage Record, Liber E. Z. T. No. 28, folio 53, etc., one of the records of said Garrett county, reference is hereby made for all therein contained.

TERMS OF SALE—Cash on the day of sale.

8-4 *HARRY L. WOODWARD.*

PARDON.

BY FRANCIS COPPEE.

EVERY one in the house—a great hive of working people in the Rue Delambre, where Tony Robec had occupied a room for two quarters—believed him a widower. And a recent one, since his little boy, with whom he lived alone—this little boy was as well cared for as by a mother—was hardly six years old. Still neither father nor son wore crepe on their hats or sleeves. Early each morning Tony Robec, who worked as a compositor in a printing office in the Latin quarter, went off with little Adrian still drowsy and sleepy on his shoulder and left him at a school in the neighborhood. He called for him when his day's work was over, and holding the little man by the hand visited the butcher and the baker, and carrying home in the child's basket the supplies of their humble dinner they were invisible until the next day. The gossips with their compassionate hearts, pitied the poor father—who was not more than 40 and still a handsome man with his black beard streaked with silver, and eyes like a lion's in repose—and they whispered behind his back: "That man should marry again, such a good fellow, never tipsy. He could easily find some good girl who would take care of him and his baby. Have you noticed how carefully the little man is attended to. Not a rent nor a spot. One can see at once that he is an orderly man, and he earns ten francs a day." They wished to make his acquaintance. Ordinarily this was not a difficult matter in these crowded houses, where the doors are often open. But Tony had a reserved air, a polite way of greeting people on the stairway that rather intimidated them.

Every Sunday father and son, as neat as two sous, went out for a walk. They could be seen in the museums; in the Jardin des Plantes. They were seen also in a little cafe at dinner time, where Tony permitted himself the only debauch of the week and drank a glass of absinthe slowly in little sips, while Adrian, seated beside him on the leather bench, looked at the illustrated papers. "No ladies," said the concierge, who was sentimental, "that widower will never marry again. We met him the other Sunday in one of the paths of the cemetery at Montparnessus. No doubt his wife is buried there—it was sad to see him with his little orphan beside him—he must have adored his wife. They are rarely as constant as that; he is inconsolable." Alas, yes! Tony Robec had adored his wife. And could not be consoled for her loss, but he was not a widower. His life had been a very simple and a very sad one. He had been a workman of only ordinary ability, and because he had begun rather late in life to make more than a bare living he had not thought of marriage till he was about 30. He should have chosen a sensible girl who, like himself, had experienced the miseries of life. But love is not reasonable, and Tony lost his heart to the pretty, vain little flowermaker of 19, still innocent, no doubt, but very frivolous, and who thought only of dress and could attire herself like a princess in four rags.

He had saved a little toward the modest menage, and they had a bureau with

HELD OUT HER ARMS IN SUPPLICATION.

a long mirror—bought at the Faubourg St. Antoine for 24 francs—where the wife could see herself from head to feet. He married his Clementine, and at first all was delightful; how they loved each other! They had two rooms on the fifth floor in the boulevard, with a balcony and a view of all Paris. Every evening on leaving his shop on the left branch Tony Robec, whose overcoat covered his working clothes and gave him quite the air of a gentleman, would wait at the corner of the bridge for his little wife, who was coming back from her shop in the Rue St. Honore. Walking close together, arm in arm, they soon reached their distant lodging, and prepared gayly their humble supper. But the Sundays! They were simply exquisite! They were so happy at home they never went out. Oh, the dainty summer breakfasts, with windows open, through which they saw the city spread below and the blue sky above! While he sipped his coffee and smoked his cigarettes Clementine watered the flower boxes in the balcony. She was too sweet—he must surprise her with a kiss on her white neck. Then came their little Felix, who must be sent to Margency to nurse, and who died in a year; they were soon consoled by the birth of Adrian, and the mother must nurse him. She left the shop, taking home her work; she earned much less, but she dressed herself like a lady and went to Luxembourg, pushing her baby before her in a wicker carriage. And Tony had to work day and night to keep the pot boiling, and even then things went badly; they got in debt. The child grew, was weaned and sent to the day nursery, and the mother, often idle, always a coquette, began to have dangerous adventures. Can you not see the whole tragedy? The poor man, worn with toil, aged before his time, and this frivolous 20-year-old with the pretty Greuze head? One evening, coming home with his boy, whom he had called for at the nursery on his way, Tony Robec found a letter on his mantelpice, and when he opened it Clementine's wedding ring fell out. In the letter the wicked girl bade him and their boy farewell and begged them to forgive her.

Oh, romantic jury, who thirst for blood and who always acquit the injured husband who kills his wife and her lover, you will find poor Tony very ridiculous and even a little culpable, for he had more sorrow than anger in his heart. He wept bitterly, and when Adrian said to him: "Where is mamma? Will she come back soon?" he embraced the child tenderly and answered: "I do not know." Clementine fled early in May. Oh, how hateful is the odor of lilacs—sometimes! When July came Tony sold his small stock of furniture, paid his debts and came to live in the Rue Delambre, where he was unknown. There he lived so quietly, so discreetly, that they took him for a widower. Toward the end of September Tony received a letter from his wife—four incoherent and desperate pages, blotted with tears. Her lover, a medical student, had gone on a vacation to his family in the provinces, and for five weeks he had not written nor given any sign of life. She was abandoned, deceived in her turn, the traitoress, and she repented and implored, begged for grace. Poor Tony was heartbroken, but reassure yourselves, ferocious jurymen, with the souls of the Moor of Venice, and, if you please, give a little of your respect to the unfortunate man. He proudly refused an answer to his guilty wife.

There had been no more news of Clementine until Christmas. On that day for several years he had been in the habit of going with is wife to lay a modest bouquet—some frozen violets and a drooping rose between—on the grave of their tiny Felix, their first born, who had died away from them but whom they had lain in Mount Parnassus, to be near in death. For the first time Tony must make this pilgrimage alone with Adrian, and as he entered the cemetery gates, under a gloomy winter sky, he felt more sorrow than ever before at the absence of his faithless wife. "Where is she now?" he thought. "What has become of her?" But when he reached the grave of Felix which he found with difficulty, he started in surprise. There lay on the small stone three or four playthings such as poor children possess—a horn a punchinello, a toy dog; they had just been placed there, for they were new; had evidently recently been purchased. "Ah, the playthings," cried Adrian, as he spied the offering. But the father, seeing a piece of paper pinned to them, leaned over, took it, and read these words in a writing he remembered too well: "For Adrian, from his brother Felix, who is now with the infant Jesus."

Suddenly he felt his son's arms about his neck and heard him cry in a frightened voice "Mamma," and there, a few feet away, kneeling under a group of cypress, he saw a woman dressed in the garb of poverty, O, so pale, with streaming eyes, who held out her arms toward him in supplication.

Between ourselves, gentlemen of the most sanguinary jury, I do not believe Tony Robec thought just then of him who was born on that Christmas day, and who taught by precept and example the forgiveness of injury. The poor workingman had very little religion. But his plebian heart ignored both self-love and hate. With a shudder, caused less by the thought of the old injury than by pity at seeing the woman he had once loved in such a miserable plight, he pushed her little son so gently toward her. "Adrian," said he, "go and kiss your mother." She clasped her son in a desperate embrace and kissed his curly head in a passion of tenderness. Then she rose and turned a beseeching glance on her husband. "How good you are," she murmured. But he already stood at her side, and replied, with parched lips, almost harshly: "Do not speak, and give me your arm." It was not far from the cemetery to the Rue Delambre; they hurried home; Tony felt Clementine's arm tremble in his own. The child walked beside them absently admiring his playthings.

The concierge of the house where Tony lived met them at the door. "Madame," he said, "this is my wife, who has been in the country for six months with her sick mother, and who now will live with me here." And they mounted the staircase while he almost carried the poor woman, overcome with emotion and joy. When they reached their homely chamber Tony seated his wife in the only chair the room afforded, and put her son in her arms, then, opening a drawer in the bureau, he took out a little paper box, and taking from it Clementine's wedding ring he put it on her finger, and then without a word of reproach, without a bitter remark over the past, silently, gravely, with the large generosity of a simple heart, he kissed her forehead, and she knew she was forgiven.—Chicago Tribune.

Actual Intelligence.

"That was a queer story about a man in Minnesota being treed by wolves while on his way to be married," said the shoe clerk boarder.

"Most remarkable exhibition of animal intelligence I know of," said the Cheerful Idiot.

"Animal intelligence?"

"Yes. They must have realized how tender he would be at that time."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Women wash on Monday, we suppose, because cleanliness comes next to godliness.—Atchison Globe.

A EUROPEAN UPRISING.

The Probable Effect of a General War.

If the alliance of the three emperors, of Austria, Russia and Germany, holds out, what can the rest of Europe do? The Balkan and other eastern and southeastern provinces have been led into the combination, giving three emperors, it is estimated, a fighting force of little short of 12,000,000 men. It seems to be a combination of eastern Europe against western Europe and western Europe has the weakest end of the continent. France, Italy and England together have a fighting strength of hardly 8,000,000 men and France has not been on the best of terms, historically at least, with either Italy or England. The disposition of Spain and Portugal and Holland and Belgium and Norway and Sweden and Denmark in event of an outbreak of a general European war would be problematical. They would try to remain neutral, probably, if that should be possible. Spain has enough to do to put down the insurrections in her colonies. Norway and Sweden are practically isolated from the rest of Europe and could profit by their situation and location. Holland and Belgium would be right between the contending powers in northern Europe. The natural affiliations of those two little but populous countries would be with western Europe. Belgium is half French and Holland has no love for Germany, for Germany is generally suspected of having designs on that country.

At home England might have trouble with Ireland, the Irish leaders would demand large concessions or give the ruling island a great deal of trouble. On the sea, France, Italy and England combined have two-thirds of the naval strength of Europe and could sweep everything before them, but the great war would not be fought on water, but on land and that land in the vicinity of the Mediterranean. In the division of the spoils, for it would be a war of spoliation, Russia and Germany and Austria would help themselves and the rest would get nothing.

Such might be the course of a general European war, which, according to many statesmen versed in foreign affairs, now seems probable. It would be the most destructive war the world has ever seen. France and Germany could not fight on the same side and Germany and England could get along no better together, for the anti-German feeling in England has become acute. Germany and France have contended and may contend again for territory, but Germany and England may in the future contend for the commerce of the world. Such at least are the hopes and ambitions of the Germans, who have already gone everywhere with their wares. In the general European war, Greece and Turkey, who would have been the cause of it, would be lost sight of.

What effect would a European war have on America? At first the effect would be increased prices for all American products and manufactures. Europe would eat everything that this continent could raise. Millions of men would be taken from the producers and added to the consumers. Prices in this country would go up with a bound and stay up. This is no doubt alluring to some Americans. But in the end would it be a blessing to this country? We think not. The increased prices would be a benefit to some, but a hardship to others. We have consumers as well as producers, in this country, and if the former receives more for what he has to sell, he would also pay more for what he has to buy. And after the great war was over would come a period of depression, sooner or later, the steady consumption of American products would be interfered with, because of the disturbed industries and conditions. It is now generally recognized that action and reaction are equal.

America's position in event of a great European war would be that of strict neutrality. It would be a struggle in which we could take no sides, and in which our affections would be greatly divided, although the preponderance of sympathy would be with the nations of western Europe, both because they are nearer to us geographically and nearer to us by race and blood. There would be plenty of work for the American navy, however, to protect our ports from marauders, and to protect the rights of Americans abroad.—Iowa State Register.

The Greater United States.

The distance across the United States is found to be 2,625.2 geographical miles from the lighthouse six miles north of Cape May, N. J., to the lighthouse six miles south of Punta Arenas, following the thirty-ninth parallel of latitude as closely as possible. This is conceded to be about the mean breadth of the country. A glance at the map will show that the United States is much wider toward the north and much narrower toward the gulf coast, but the thirty-ninth parallel is about as fair an average as can be drawn. The measurements were made by triangulation—that is, by taking observations from fixed landmarks and verifying them by astronomical tests. The distance across the continent thus obtained is 140 feet longer than that reported by Bessels in 1856, and 98 feet longer than that reported by Prof. Clark in 1896.—Chicago Record.

A Distressing Accident.

Kingsley—What's the trouble, old man? You walk lame.

Hamilton—Our girl left suddenly, and my wife baked a batch of bread yesterday.

"But what has that to do with your lameness?"

"Why, I accidentally dropped one of the loaves on my foot."—Cleveland Leader.

A Poser.

She—What is the subject, Mr. Painter?

He—A sunrise on the Pacific.

"I didn't know the sun ever rose in the west!"—N. Y. Times.

FOREMOST IN LETTER WRITING.

United States First Among Nations in Respect to Correspondence.

There are 200,000 post offices in all the countries of the world enjoying organized facilities of correspondence, and of this number 70,000 are in the United States. In respect to the number of letters and postal cards written and received, the revenue and disbursements of the department, the extent, promptness and accuracy of letter delivery, as well as the number of post offices, the United States stands at the head of all other nations, Germany following second, Great Britain third, and Austria, among European nations, fourth. The United States sells in a year 2,000,000,000 two-cent stamps, which is equivalent to 1,000,000,000 letters sent through the mails in a year. In addition to this the United States sells in a year 600,000 one-cent stamps, some of which are used for letters, though a larger number for newspaper and circular postage, 12,000,000 three-cent stamps, 20,000,000 four-cent stamps, and 50,000,000 five-cent stamps, mostly used for letters sent from this country for foreign delivery. More then 1,000,000,000 letters a year, therefore, paying full postage, and exclusive of postal cards, are written in the United States.

The business of the German and of the English post office department is less than half as large. The postal card system in Germany is in much more general use than in England, and it is for this reason, perhaps, that Germany keeps ahead of England in respect to the amount of correspondence done. The number of post offices in Great Britain by the last official statement, made on January 1, 1897, was 20,275, exclusive of what is officially called in England "the road and pillar letter box." There are 150,000 employes of the post office department in Great Britain, of whom 6,500 are women and girls. The number of post office employes in Germany, where telegraphic communication is a part of the post office system, is 125,090. The number of letters handled by the Austrian post office department in a year is 750,000,000, and of these two-thirds are handled in that portion of the empire which comes under the designation of Anstria and one-third only is handled in the portion officially known as Hungary. The Germans in Austria, as well as in Germany, are great letter writers, and in those cities of the United States in which the German population is numerous more letters are written in a year proportionately than in cities in which the German population is small.

The Italian post office handles 350,000,000 letters a year, the post office department of Spain, 120,000,000, of Canada 100,000,000, of Holland 100,000,000, of Belgium 125,000,000, and of Russia 200,000,000, a considerable proportion of which is carried on what are called "the mail coach roads," upon which postal service the imperial government maintains 50,000 horses. In France the number of letters handled by the post office department is about 700,000,000 in a year and the receipts of the department are about $35,000,000, or one-half of those of the United States. The French government, however, does a considerable express business, handling more than 40,000,000 parcels, or at the rate of one to each inhabitant of the country in each year. The expenditures of the post office department in the United States exceed the receipts by from $8,000,000 to $10,000,000 in an ordinary year. When times are bad there is less corresponding done.—N. Y. Sun.

SKINNING RATTLERS ALIVE.

The Process Necessary to Take Off the Skin in the Best Condition.

Reuben Etters, game warden for the Spruce Run Rod and Gun club, of Bellefonte, Pa., lately told of experiences he has had with rattlesnakes. Speaking of snakes in general, he said:

"I fear copperheads because they do not give warning and can strike without being coiled, an act not possible with any other specimen of the reptile family. Copper snakes are invariably found along the water and never make an effort to escape, no matter how good an opportunity they may have. They prefer giving battle to anything that may cross their path.

"Rattlesnakes, as a rule, are found along the rocks away from the water, and they never strike before giving warning unless surprised; neither can they strike unless they are in coil. Oh, yes; I kill many rattlers every summer. Last summer I slaughtered something more than 200 big fellows, and I skinned every one of them alive. I always skin a rattler alive, because in killing them first you can hardly avoid spoiling the hides, and rattlesnake skins are becoming quite valuable of late. The process I adopt is this: I place a forked stick over the reptile's head and hold it to the ground. Then, placing the stick under the pit of my arm, I catch the snake by the tail with one hand and with my pocketknife in the other hand I rip it open on the belly from the tail to the head. Then loosening the skin from the body at the tail I place my foot on the stub and yank the hide off in much the same way as you would skin an eel. I tackled a big one last summer, and before I could get control of its tail the reptile succeeded in coiling itself around my arm a third time, and came near getting its head out from under the forked stick; but I finally stretched it and secured the skin without a blemish."—N. Y. Sun.

Permanent Fortifications.

Many writers, both speculative and of military art and science, have called in question the value of permanent fortifications, but every great soldier has regarded them of the highest utility and necessary to the defense of a country.—Philadelphia Press.

Goods Made from Iron.

Mulhall estimates that the total value of goods manufactured from iron in the world in 1890 was £212,200,000; of steel, £256,700,000, making a total of £368,900,900.—Chicago Journal.

The Chief Mourner.

"Ah-h'm!" tentatively hawked the pale young clergyman, recently from the east, who was officiating at the funeral of the late Bilious Pete, and was surprised to see that no one present seemed to show any grief for the departed. Is there—ah—anyone here who mourns the deceased?"

"I do!" promptly spoke up old man Cusack. "The deceased stole my best hoss, an' the boys lynched him before he had time to tell what he'd done with the critter."—N. Y. World.

Exclusive Appreciation.

High and the world sighs with you,
Laugh and you laugh alone,
For it's mostly the rule that each durned fool
Can't see any joke but his own.
—Chicago Journal.

WIRE-EDGED SARCASM.

The Barber (chuckling)—My wife complained that I talked incessantly in my sleep, last night.

Brinkerhoff (wearily)—I suppose you dreampt you were shaving somebody.—Brooklyn Eagle.

What He Got.

"Darling—"

He was upon his knees and from his flashing eyes gleamed the light of sincerity.

"I love you better than my life! For years I have lived but for you! Be mine! Be mine!"

They were alone.

She drew herself up to her full height and gave him—

The equine giggle.—N. Y. World.

and His Reasons.

"No, you don't!" said Uncle Allen Sparks, when a committee of citizens once asked him to allow himself to become a candidate for justice of the peace. "I have six good reasons for refusing."

"What are they?" asked the spokesman.

"The first one," replied Uncle Allen, "is that I don't want it, and the other five are that the ticket you want me to run on is going to be swamped by about 800 majority."—Chicago Tribune.

A Distressing Accident.

Kingsley—What's the trouble, old man? You walk lame.

Hamilton—Our girl left suddenly and my wife baked a batch of bread yesterday.

Kingsley—But what has that to do with your lameness?

Hamilton — Why, I accidentally dropped one of the loaves on my foot.—Cleveland Leader.

Innocence.

Mrs. Motherly (in surprise)—What are you doing, Elsie?

Little Elsie (peering about under the furniture and into the corners)—Why, mamma, I heard papa tell a gentleman that he lost $50 the day of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight and I'm huntin' to see if I can't find some of it for him.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Of Course He Disliked It.

George—You do not call on Miss Rosebud now?

Jack—No. I got disgusted. She has such a coarse laugh.

George—I never noticed that.

Jack—You would if you'd been within hearing when I proposed to her.—Odds and Ends.

Love's Wings Up to Date.

He—And your father refuses to give his consent?

She—Absolutely.

"Then we must elope."

"Ah! let us fly on the wings of love."

"Yes, dearest; I will see if I can work a railroad pass, to-morrow."—Yonkers Statesman.

Information Desired.

"Paw! Say, paw!" little Johnny began.

"Now what do you want?" asked his suffering father, with the emphasis on the "now."

"Will my hair fall off when it's ripe, like yours?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Uncle Sam—Jump aside, sonny, I may step on you

Evading the Question.

Her Fiance (who has not known her very long, and is inclined to be jealous)—Clara, dear, did you ever have a—eh—a—an experience like this before?

Clara (innocently—she was sitting on his knee)—Well, George, I once sat on the top rail of a fence.—Tit-Bits.

Real Appreciation.

Clara—Mr. and Mrs. Brown-Smith enjoy life immensely.

May—Indeed! Why?

Clara—Both married for money, neither of them had any, and now they have lots of fun laughing at each other.—Philadelphia Press.

Less Arduous.

"I think," said Willie Wishington, "that I will adopt a profession."

"It might be a good idea," replied Miss Cayenne, "but it would be safer if you could get some good business to adopt you."—Washington Star.

Increasing the Cost.

"Your little boy's long illness was expensive, Mrs. Yellowby?"

"Indeed, it was; every time we gave him a dose of medicine, he flung the bottle at a mirror or through a window."—Detroit Free Press.

The Difference.

"That's a poor simile that compares an insolvent concern to a ship on the rocks."

"Why?"

"Well, the ship settles rapidly."—Chicago Journal.

A Reverse.

He wrote a letter home for "tin,"
But when his sire beheld it
He also wrote one and put in
The "tin," but backwards spelled it.
—Up-to-Date.

Ethical.

"What do you consider the hardest problem of a man's existence?"

"Getting his own consent to crawl out of bed in the morning."—Chicago Record.

A Special Brand.

He—There are microbes in kisses.

She—Have you tried one of mine?—Philadelphia Press.

An Infallible Sign.

"Mrs. Saver must feel that she was very extravagant in buying that new gown."

"What makes you think so?"

"She's begun to argue that it will be the cheapest in the end."—Chicago Journal.

A Matrimonial Option.

May I hold your hand as collateral until it is redeemed at the altar?

New Woman—No; but you may put on the engagement ring and call often.—Town Topics.

TRUE PHILOSOPHERS.

Carolus Golightly—De farmer plows de earth.

Algernon Slow—Yes, and we do de rest.—Detroit Free Press.

Desperate.

Dr. Emdee—You're no better to-day. Perhaps you had better send for your wife.

Patient—You are always for such extreme measures, doctor.—Brooklyn Life.

The Highest Possible.

Possible Purchaser—Of course you have some testimonials?

Typewriter Agent—Testimonials! Oh, yes! Our typewriter is used by all the leading prize fighters.—N. Y. World.

Lasting.

"I like to cook enough to last," remarked the young bride.

"You do, you do," groaned the devoted hubby, "no matter how little you cook."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

WISHES AND WORK.

Said one little chick, with a funny little squirm:
"I wish I could find a nice, fat worm."
Said another little chick, with a queer little shrug:
"I wish I could find a nice, fat bug."
Said a third little chick, with a strange little squeal:
"I wish I could find some nice, yellow meat."
"Now, look here," said the mother, from the green garden patch;
"If you want any breakfast, you must get up and scratch."

—Toronto Globe.

BOY'S WORKBENCH.

Follow This Plan and You Will Get a Very Good One.

One of the most indispensable things for the boy who likes carpentry and wishes to do really good work is a good bench on which to work.

It must be substantially made, should be provided with a planing stop, a vise, and a drawer in which to keep screws, nails and small tools. Such a bench may easily be constructed by the boy himself, provided he knows just what to do. If he works without n definite and correct plan, however, much time and material may be wasted with a very unsatisfactory result. Simple as the task appears, there are many vexatious little mistakes which a boy is almost sure to make if left wholly to his own devices.

To begin with, it is necessary to obtain four spruce sticks about three inches square, 36 inches long, planed on all sides, for the legs; then get two pieces of clear pine or whitewood three feet long and six or eight inches wide, and two more the same length three inches wide. These pieces should be 1¼ inches in thickness and pinned on all sides.

Lay two of the legs three feet apart on a smooth floor, and with screws join the ends by means of a wide strip. Six inches up from the free ends mark with a lead pencil where the narrow strip would lie, and cut laps in the legs with a saw and chisel so that the narrow strip will fit tightly in them. Screw this fast also, and as a result one of the end supports will be finished and will appear as shown in Fig. 1. Fasten the other two pieces in n similar manner.

Then take two pieces of clear pine five feet long, eight inches wide and seven-eighths of an inch in thickness; these are for the sides, or aprons, and must be securely screwed to the upper end of each leg. Make holes ten inches

A MODEL BENCH.

from the ends of each piece, and use screws 1½ inches in length.

For the top of the bench use clear pine planking not less than 1¼ inches in thickness; this should be fitted closely together and fastened to the cross pieces with stout screws.

Next, from an oak or ash plank a piece should be cut as shown in Fig. 2. This is for the vise jaw; a screw and lever can be purchased at a hardware store and fitted to it, and the whole attached to the bench; but if this should prove too much of an undertaking for the youthful workman it will not be difficult to get a carpenter to put it in place.

At the bottom of the jaw a sliding piece with a series of holes for a peg should be provided and held in place by an iron pin.

From one of these sides of the bench a piece should be cut 12 inches long and four inches wide; this will serve as the front of the drawer, which may be made with half-inch pine, fastened together with glue and nails. It must be arranged, of course, to slide in and out on runners. Almost any shallow box fastened to the front board may be used for this purpose. An oval hole should be made in the front for a handle.

A planing stop with teeth on one side can be purchased at a hardware store and tightly fitted into a hole through the top of the bench. When all is complete you will have a convenient and serviceable workbench, like that shown in the illustration.

Brutn on a Honey Hunt.

Bears have an intense longing for sweets, and that is why they will rob a honey tree at any hazard. A man who had been cutting wood in the forest was resting at noon, when he happened to catch sight of a bear abstracting honey from a hollow tree. The man kept quiet and watched the operation. The bees were at home, and every time the bear put in his paw and brought it out, dripping with honey, the insects swarmed around him. The bear kept his eyes shut, and worked away industriously until some of the bees must have found a tender spot; at any rate, he suddenly gave a howl of mingled rage and pain, and then scampered away as fast as his legs could carry him.

A Curious Piano Player.

A Swiss mechanic named Millnrdet, who lived in the last century, made the figure of a lady that could play the piano. The figure was large, and the motions were similar to those of a live piano player. It could play 18 tunes, and in every case the eyes would follow the movements of the fingers on the keys, the pressure of which produced the notes.

QUEER INSECT PET.

Praying Mantis Trained by a Farmer's Bright Daughter.

The praying mantis is a very odd and interesting pet for the farmer's daughter, and she may without much trouble capture one. I have had several, but will only tell you of one. Her name was Judy. I caught her on an old marker in the garden. With the aid of a loop of grass I soon had her safe in the house in an empty glass fruit jar. It is not best to attempt to capture one with the fingers, for you might injure it. Some people think they are poisonous, but I never had one offer to bite me, though I have handled many.

At first Judy was very shy. I put a branch of honeysuckle in the jar and tied a small piece of mosquito netting

TRAINING A PRAYING MANTIS.

over the top. She hung head downward near the top of the jar, and at first would dart under the leaves when anyone approached. I could easily lift the cover and slip a live fly into the jar. Then Judy would sit perfectly still while the unsuspecting fly would begin to crawl round and round the jar; her forelegs were drawn tense; nearer and nearer circles the fly—then, just the moment he is in the right spot, you see a flash, and Judy, in the same position, has the poor fly held fast in a pair of arms edged with a row of tiny, sharp points. Not a step has she moved—just one grab with those powerful arms. She never misses. Now that the fly is caught, she proceeds to eat it, a bite at a time, very much as a squirrel eats. She will take one bite and leisurely chew it while she looks at you in a very saucy manner, with her two big goggles.

At last she became so tame that we could push her around with our fingers and she would not mind it. Then I took her out and tied a thread loosely around her body between her forelegs and the next pair, and "larieted" her out on a begonia that sat in a window. She would crawl the length of her string all over the window and plants, catching flies and bugs. She would now take live flies out of our fingers. Sometimes if she was not hungry she would strike our fingers, but altogether she was very "sweet tempered."

She would perch on my finger and look at me, turning her head on the side in a very cute way, and was also very neat and clean, as she always washed her "hands" thoroughly after her meals.

One evening I caught a male mantis. I thought he would make a nice "Punch," as I put him in the jar with Judy. What was my disgust in the morning, to find that Judy was a cannibal. There she sat, looking very well fed, and all that remained of Mr. Mantis was his wings in the bottom of the jar.

I kept Judy all one summer and grew quite fond of her. All agreed that she was quite the ugliest, ontest, oddest pet they had ever seen, and most of them stood back ready to run if she proved dangerous.

At last one night Judy was perched on the bottom of the upper sash in the window, when some one let the sash down a little way. Foolish Judy clung to it although her string was nearly pulling her in two. There she staid all night, and in the morning I found her dead. I was very sorry, but winter was coming on and she would have died anyway.

The praying mantis is a very useful friend to the farmer, as it eats all sorts of other harmful insects. It belongs to the locust or grasshopper family, and gets its name from the "religious" or praying position of its front legs. It is quite common in tropical climates, and in some sections of temperate regions.—American Agriculturist.

CARVED IN CHEESE.

Queer Bridal Custom Obtaining in Some Parts of Switzerland.

One of the most peculiar bridal or marriage custom known is one that has prevailed for centuries in what is called the "cheese regions" of Switzerland. In that portion of the Alpine country, when a pair join in wedlock, it is the fashion for their intimate friends to buy a "register cheese" for the young couple. This is presented to the newly-wedded people on the evening of the wedding day, and it is ever after retained by them and used as a family register. On these heirloom cheeses the whole history of the family is carved, such as births, marriages, deaths, and other incidents which it may be desired to make matters of record. Some of these old Swiss family cheese records are said to date back to the middle of the seventeenth century.

At the agricultural fair annually held at Gessenay a great many cheese registers have been exhibited which were known to be from 180 to 200 years old. The oldest that has yet been displayed belongs to a country squire living near Gessenay, who shows his family record carved on a cheese made in 1660.—N. Y. Weekly.

Had an Object in View.

Little Florence had an older sister, but was constantly tensing for a little sister. One day mamma said to her: "Why do you want a little sister, Florence?" "Because," replied Florence, earnestly, "I want to make her mind me."—Youth's Companion.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

BAD ROADS EXPENSIVE.

Convincing Talk Between a Farmer and a Money Lender.

The following conversation between a Wisconsin farmer, in Calumet county, and a money-lender, not a regular banker, but one of those men of means who make out all of their own papers and manage to get as much out of a loan as possible, including the highest notch in the matter of interest, is not only of interest to the friends of good roads, but is very convincing.

"I have dropped in to collect the interest on that mortgage, Mr. Williams," remarked the boot-leg banker.

"I'm ready for you, but in order to be ready I had to sell a couple of cows. Here is something I have been reading with a good deal of interest. Look it over while I get the money for you."

When Mr. Williams returned, he asked his neighbor how he liked the article.

"O, I guess it's as good as any of the good roads stuff they are printing these

LOOK IT OVER WHILE I GET THE MONEY.

times. I don't take any stock in any of it. The roads are good enough for me. I don't want to be called upon to help make them any better."

"We differ. I take deep interest in the good roads discussion. The roads are not good enough for me. I want to help make them better. If we had good roads the past 20 years I would not now be paying you interest on this mortgage on my farm."

"Talk sense, man. Has this good roads agitation turned your head, too. You talk just as two or three of your neighbors do."

"Thank you; I'm glad to hear it. It is a sign that they, too, have been doing some thinking."

"How would good roads have bettered your condition?"

"I cannot take time to tell you all of the ways in which they would have helped me. Here are a few of the ways: I have owned this farm for 25 years. For 15 years it has been a good farm for you. I have paid you interest enough to have sent my son and daughter through college. You ask what that has to do about good roads. It has this to do: I have figured that if we had maintained a system of good roads it would have cost me half as much to market my products. It would have been done with half of the teams, half of the hired men, less than half of the cost in wagons. The wagons I have wrecked on our bad roads the past 25 years cost me, when new, $1,470. Some of them might have failed on good roads, but it is safe to say that my loss on wagons alone was $1,200 more than it would have been on reasonably good roads. I figure that the extra teams and their living, cost me $3,000, and the hired help—more than I would have had if the roads had been such as that paper tells about—has cost me $4,000. Every man of mature judgment ought to know that if we had good roads about here, and especially between here and the cities to the right and left, where most of our products are marketed, and where we do most of our trading, and in one of which we attend church, and where our sons and daughters go to high school, this farm would be worth double what it is now, and I call it worth $10,000 at present. That is $10,000 more that would have been added to my savings by good roads. That makes my loss over $18,000, a good deal more than I am worth to-day. My bright boy and girl must go without the college education I had hoped to give them and could have given if I had had the benefits to be derived from good roads. I see why you do not want a change. Your business as a money-lender would end with an era of good roads. Farmers would save enough by them to become bank depositors instead of borrowers. I'm anxious for good roads. You, too, would be, I guess, if bad roads had cost you nearly $20,000."

It was an unanswerable argument and the money-lender admitted as much by departing without saying another word.

J. A. WATROUS.

Turnips Hurt Milk Flavor.

At the Iowa station it was found that turnips injure the flavor of both milk and butter. This injury is due to volatile acids, which can be driven off by heating the milk to 160 degrees for a short time. Beets increased the milk and butter product, and caused all the cows, even Jerseys, to lay on fat quite rapidly. When the roots were discontinued butter fat decreased and the cows ceased to gain weight, and it took more pounds of feed (calculated to dry matter) to produce a pound of butter. When turned on pasture there was immediate increase of milk, butter and live weight. Feeding bran during part of the grazing period produced sufficient gain to yield a small profit.

A prominent dairy journal states that "if tuberculosis is a germ disease, as all authorities have come to accept, then it cannot be hereditary."

DUNKARDS IN STRAITS.

Colonists from Indiana Reported to be on Verge of Starvation.

Less than a year ago a large number of men and women, heads of families, joined a colony and settled in North Dakota. These persons were all members of the Dunkard church, and without a solitary exception were industrious and honest and left good homes. An agent for a colony which had been established in Dakota gave glowing accounts of the prosperity, wealth and happiness that awaited all who chose to go. Allured by these prospects, the trusting people went to that strange country and were not long in discovering that the golden apples were but dead sea fruit.

A minister of the church at Hagerstown, Ind., to which these people belonged has receiv a letter from a number of the colonists stating that a number of them are at the point of starvation and that they are dependent upon the charity of people but little better off than themselves. They desire to return to their homes in Indiana, but have not the means to do so, and describe their condition as being critical.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed, 50c and $1.00, all druggists.

Some people are proud because they once had a lot of money and squandered it.—Washington Democrat.

"Star Tobacco."

As you chew tobacco for pleasure, use Star. It is not only the best, but the most lasting, and therefore the cheapest.

A pair of scissors is always lost.—Atchison Globe.

When bilious or costive eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

Not to be provoked is best; but, if moved, never correct till the flame is spent; for every stroke our fury strikes is sure to hit ourselves at last.—N. Y. Weekly.

The pain of sciatica is cruel. The cure by St. Jacobs Oil is sure. It penetrates.

Boys who are always waiting for the highest wages are generally out of a job.—Washington Democrat.

After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Piso's Cure.—Ralph Erieg, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1895.

When a rich man's boys don't succeed people always enjoy it.—Washington Democrat.

Slipped and fell; bad sprain. Never mind. St. Jacobs Oil will cure it.

Do brides put a piece of their wedding cake under their pillow to dream on?—Atchison Globe.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets candy cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made.

Juliet—"Did you ever study the stars?" Romeo—"I've understudied them."—Yonkers Statesman.

If stiff and sore, St. Jacobs Oil will cure you. Won't lose a day. The cure is sure.

A good laugh is like sunshine to the soul. —N. Y. Weekly.

Our old clothes have lost us some friends, but not so many as our opinions about our neighbors.—Ram's Horn.

Sow good services; sweet remembrances will grow from them.—N. Y. Weekly.

"Why do you remain all by yourself on that side of the rack?" said the cane to the umbrella. "Don't you like company?" "Oh, yes!" replied the umbrella. "I like company well enough, but custom seems to have ordained that I should be a loan."

We paint Love as a child when he should sit as a giant among his clouds, the great disturbing spirit of the world. — N. Y. Weekly.

"Er good many folks," said Uncle Eben, "seems ter go ter a baseball game foh de pleasure ob hyahin' dar own voices; and a good many othahs 'pears ter get up an' make speeches foh perzackly de same reason."—Washington Star.

It is funny, when it is known how little good it does, to see how many babies are named after rich relatives.—Washington Democrat.

"As I understand it," said Mrs. Willoughby to her husband, "a pugilistic encounter takes place between two men." "That is right," replied Mr. Willoughby. "Then why do they say that one 'beats' the other? They should say he 'betters' him."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

There are some people who never feel rich except when they are giving something away.—Atchison Globe.

"Yes," she said to the young man, "I have been present when you acted." "Indeed?" "I think you were with an opera company. Your voice is a tenor, isn't it?" "No," he answered, "I guess you are thinking about my salary."—Washington Star.

An Unconscious Explanation. — First Chappie—"I wonder now, Chollie, how the donkey ever came to be used as the—er, emblem of stupidity?" Second Chappie (with a yawn)—"Don't know, I'm sure, deah boy; must have been before our day."—Brooklyn Life.

The papers are full of deaths from

Heart Failure

Of course the heart fails to act when a man dies, but "Heart Failure," so called, nine times out of ten is caused by Uric Acid in the blood which the Kidneys fail to remove, and which corrodes the heart until it becomes unable to perform its functions.

Health Officers in many cities very properly refuse to accept "Heart Failure," as a cause of death. It is frequently a sign of ignorance in the physician, or may be given to cover up the real cause.

Warner's Safe Cure

A Medicine with 20 Years of . . Success behind it . .

will remove the poisonous Uric Acid by putting the Kidneys in a healthy condition so that they will naturally eliminate it.

THREE HAPPY WOMEN.

Each Relieved of Periodic Pain and Backache. A Trio of Fervent Letters.

Before using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, my health was gradually being undermined. I suffered untold agony from painful menstruation, backache, pain on top of my head and ovarian trouble. I concluded to try Mrs. Pinkham's Compound, and found that it was all any woman needs who suffers with painful monthly periods. It entirely cured me. MRS. GEORGIE WASS, 923 Bank St., Cincinnati, O.

For years I had suffered with painful menstruation every month. At the beginning of menstruation it was impossible for me to stand up for more than five minutes. I felt so miserable. One day a little book of Mrs. Pinkham's was thrown into my house, and I sat right down and read it. I then got some of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills. I can heartily say that to-day I feel like a new woman; my monthly suffering is a thing of the past. I shall always praise the Vegetable Compound for what it has done for me.

MRS. MARGARET ANDERSON, 363 Lisbon St., Lewiston, Me.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me of painful menstruation and backache. The pain in my back was dreadful, and the agony I suffered during menstruation nearly drove me wild.

Now this is all over, thanks to Mrs. Pinkham's medicine and advice.—MRS. CARRIE V. WILLIAMS, South Mills, N. C

The great volume of testimony proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a safe, sure and almost infallible remedy in cases of irregularity, suppressed, excessive or painful monthly periods.

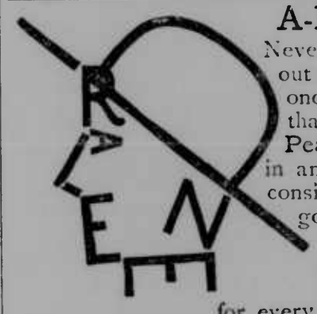

A-head of Pearline?

Never! Not a bit of it! That is out of the question. Probably not one of the many washing-powders that have been made to imitate Pearline would claim to excel it in any way. All they ask is to be considered "the same as" or "as good as" Pearline. But they're not even that. Pearline is to-day just as it has been from the first, the best thing in the world for every kind of washing and cleaning.

REASONS FOR USING

Walter Baker & Co.'s

Breakfast Cocoa.

1. Because it is absolutely pure.
2. Because it is not made by the so-called Dutch Process in which chemicals are used.
3. Because beans of the finest quality are used.
4. Because it is made by a method which preserves unimpaired the exquisite natural flavor and odor of the beans.
5. Because it is the most economical, costing less than one cent a cup.

Be sure that you get the genuine article made by WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass. Established 1780.

The Electric Light of Mowerdom

The pine knot—the tallow candle—the oil lamp—gas—these are stages in the evolution of illumination, which today finds its highest exponent in the electric light.

Similar and no less striking has been the evolution of grain and grass cutting machinery. In 1831 the scythe and the cradle were superseded by the McCormick Reaper. The intervening years have seen many improvements, until now we have that model Harvester and Binder, the McCormick Right Hand Open Elevator, and that veritable electric light of mowerdom, the

McCORMICK

New 4. It is not only the handsomest mower ever built, but it is, in every sense of the word, the best—and if your experience has taught you anything, it is that *there's nothing cheaper than the best.*

McCormick Harvesting Machine Company, Chicago.

The Light-Running McCormick Open Elevator Harvester,
The Light-Running McCormick New 4 Steel Mower,
The Light-Running McCormick Vertical Corn Binder and
The Light-Running McCormick Daisy Reaper for sale everywhere.

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REGULATE THE LIVER

10¢ 25¢ 50¢ ALL DRUGGISTS

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 217.6

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Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr SAMUEL PITCHER
Pumpkin Seed -
Alx. Senna +
Rochelle Salts -
Anise Seed +
Peppermint -
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Worm Seed -
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A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

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At 6 months old
35 DOSES – 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE —OF— Chas. H. Fletcher. IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

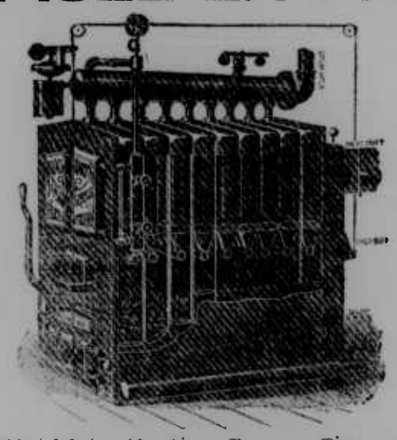

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For the Treatment of Liquor, Morphine and Cigarette Habit.

Absolute Cure Guaranteed. All Communications Strictly Private. 45-13

We have a plan by which Farmers can get TOOL CHESTS FREE

Containing of first-class quality (guaranteed) every tool—Axes, Saws and Planes included—necessary to repair vehicles, machines or build a house. Three two-cent stamps and the name of this paper required for particulars. Powell Fertilizer & Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

THOMAS LITTLE,

. . AGENT FOR THE . .

BUCKEYE BINDER AND MOWER,

Corner Oak and Third Sts., OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

BUCKEYE FRAMELESS BINDER.

THE BUCKEYE FRAMELESS BINDER is the latest, lightest, simplest, and is unquestionably the most reliable and durable Binder ever offered in the American market. In respect to simplicity of mechanism and perfection of work, invention can go no further. It yields the maximum of results with the minimum effort. The simplicity, the solidity and soundness of mechanical principles notably characterize the Buckeye Binder. The only Binder dispensing with the clumsy rockers and heavy wheel frame. The only Binder with a self tightening drive-wheel. In short, the only frameless up-to-date Binder in existence.

THE BUCKEYE MOWER.

Victorious in every field contest. It has won the highest honors for American invention and is recognized as "king of the meadow" around the whole earth. The Buckeye is the original and most perfect type of all grass cutters. By perfection of type is meant lightness of draft, convenience, durability and effectiveness of work over any ground and in every crop. It is safe to say that at the World's Fair, which awarded its highest prize to the Buckeye, millions of people called to examine the Buckeye and expressed this opinion: "It is the best on earth."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, May 17, 1897.

President McKinley's policy of protecting American citizens in Cuba goes a great deal further than protecting them in their political rights, as he has fully made known to Congress, It includes protecting them from the starvation that is staring so many of them in the face, as a result of the policy of Gen. Weyler in cooping them up in the cities and towns of Cuba where there is no opportunity for those who are dependent upon their labor for a living for themselves and families to obtain employment. President McKinley has asked Congress to appropriate money to furnish food, clothes and medicine for these suffering Americans, and Congress will promptly do it, and the relief will be distributed by the United States officials. The Spanish minister wanted to have the distribution made by Spanish officials, but he was promptly informed that it could not be done; that as long as Spain had by its policy caused these people, American citizens and non-combatants, to be deprived of the work by which they lived, it should have seen that they were in some other way provided for that having failed to do its duty, the United States would relieve its own citizens, either by birth or naturalization, without help or hindrance from Spain. That is as far as the matter has gone, but there is little doubt that the sending of relief to Cuba for suffering Americans by this government is the first step towards intervention, either peaceably or by force, to put an end to the barbarous condition to affairs on the island. It will follow as a natural sequence. If present conditions were allowed to continue, the United States Government would have to establish permanent relief depots in every town of the island. The first duty will be to clothe the naked Americans, feed the hungry and see that the sick get proper nursing and medicine; then the conditions that brought about the suffering will have to be changed. There will be no occasion for trouble, unless Spain makes it. If she does, so much the worse for Spain.

Mr. Frank Vanderlip, who has been acting as private secretary to Secretary Gage, since he entered the cabinet, and who has been nominated to be assistant secretary of the Treasury, is one of the youngest men who ever filled this important position, but his ability to properly perform its duties is unquestioned. Although Mr. Vanderlip is only 32 years old, he has had an extended financial experience, having been for eight years financial editor of the Chicago *Tribune* and ever since his school boy days a close student of finance and political economy.

From a Republican point of view, Florida neither gains nor loses to any marked extent by sending ex-Representative Stephen R. Mallery to the Senate in place of Mr. Call, whose term expired with the last Congress. Although Mr. Call served three terms in the Senate, he was more widely known because of the little episode connected with his wearing fancy socks and taking off his shoes while the Senate was in session, than for statesmanship displayed during his eighteen years service.

The tariff debate will not begin until next week, although Senator Aldrich will, on Thursday of this week, call the bill up for the purpose of making a statement covering the views of the Republicans of the Finance Committee the amendments. No agreement has been reached as to the length of time the bill will be debated by the Senate, but the talk of individual Senators of all parties indicates that the debate is likely to be much shorter than it was several weeks ago supposed that it would be. Republicans of the House take no stock in the story that the tactics by which the Senate compelled the House to accept its amendments to the Wilson bill, are to be again brought to bear, and many of them do not hesitate to say that if the attempt is made, it will fail. My own impression is that the House would remain in session until the opening of the regular session, next December, before it would accept all of the Senate amendments.

Even as staunch an advocate of the civil service law as Senator Lodge said at the last meeting of the Senate Committee that is investigating that subject that he considered it absurd to have placed stable-men, charwomen, farm-carriers, watchmen and other unskilled laborers in the Government Printing Office in the classified service. Public Printer Palmer appeared in person before the Committee and emphasized his previously written opinion that the civil service rules, as they stand at this time, are an obstruction rather than an aid, to economy and efficiency in the Government Printing Office, and added reasons for his belief that he should have more say in appointing the employes of that establishment.

They are so small that the most sensitive persons take them, they are so effective that the most obstinate cases of constipation, headache and torpid liver yield to them. That is why DeWitt's Little Early Risers are known as the famous little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

Many cases of "Grippe" have lately been cured by One Minute Cough Cure. This preparation seems especially adapted to the cure of this disease. It acts quickly, thus preventing serious complications and bad effects in which this disease often leaves the patient. Oakland Pharmacy.

E. E. Turner, of Compton, Mo., writes us that after suffering from piles for seventeen years, he completely cured them by using three boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cures eczema and severe skin diseases. Oakland Pharmacy.

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS, FANCY STATIONERY, DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

Jos. E. HARNED, Proprietor.

31–26

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, May 16, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7—	Daily	2.40 A. M
No. 3—	Daily	6.28 A. M
No. 71—	Accom daily except Sun	9.28 A. M
No. 47—	Daily	4.36 P. M
No. 55—	Express, daily	5.55 P. M
No. 1—	Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—	Daily	5.59 A. M
No. 2—	Daily	6.41 A. M
No. 72—	Accom daily except Sun	5.18 P. M
No. 46—	Daily	4.43 P. M
No. 4—	Daily	12.29 A. M
No. 14—	Accommodation	10.32 A. M

Train No. 55 makes no stops between Oakland and Grafton. No. 47 makes all stops.

D. B. MARTIN, Manager of Passenger Traffic.

C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Gilmor S. Hamill, Trustee, vs. Samuel T. Davis.

No. 821 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Samuel T. Davis to file their claims properly authenticated with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county on or before the 21st day of May, 1897, as I will then proceed to state an audit distributing the funds in the trustee's hands.

EDWARD H. SINCELL, Auditor.

BROWN —FROM A— Horse —AND— Severely Injured.

"My boy was thrown from a horse and badly injured and laid up, in fact he was almost helpless. For the benefit of humanity I wish to add my few lines in praise of Yager's Cream Chloroform Liniment. The boy was so badly injured that he could not walk. I procured a bottle of this Liniment, and before a bottle cured him. I used the balance on myself as I was suffering with rheumatism and it cured me. I think every family ought to know what Yager's Cream Liniment is and always have a bottle on hand. I have the best bottle of Liniment that is good medicine. I have no agents to sell for us, but will give five cents [illegible]

J. J. RAY, Liberty, Texas.

This is only one of hundreds of such letters of praise, received by the proprietors of

Yager's Cream Chloroform Liniment

Dealers all sell it.

Large Bottles, 25 Cents.

Try it, but take no substitutes.

FREE HOMES ...IN... Washington and Oregon.

160 Acres of Land FREE to Every Citizen.

1,000,000 ACRES

FINE TIMBER LANDS RICH Farming and Grazing LANDS.

FRUITS Grow in Abundance. FINE CLIMATE.

No Extreme Heat or Cold Weather.

NO TAXES For Seven Years

CONVENIENT TO MARKETS

Settling up very fast by EASTERN PEOPLE.

Full particulars free.

Address

A. C. HARVEY,

42 S. Third Street, Phila., Pa.

47–52

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

HEALTH FOR 25 CENTS

Liver complaint shows itself in constipation, headaches, biliousness, heartburn, indigestion, lassitude, foul taste in the mouth. Does it seem serious, but it is. Leads to things that people die of. Cured surely and quickly by

DR. A. S. TODD'S Anti-Bilious Liver Pills

Best and simplest and surest remedy ever made. 25 cents, all druggists.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Proprietors, Wheeling, W. Va.

Wm. Frederick, jr., & Son,

Of FRIENDSVILLE, MD.,

Are quoting an array of extreme bottom figures never before mentioned by any house anywhere, solvent or insolvent, no matter whether cash or credit.

Big prices will not do in these times when even the wealthy cannot afford to waste their money, and the poor require double duty of every Dollar and every Penny.

We deal in good goods and not in trash, and believe the masses will patronize the house that sells the best goods for least money.

We offer such unanswerable arguments as no house can match—leaders and specialties at quotations that no other can offer—stern and stubborn facts that will level your head on the subject of genuine bargains.

We invite an early and repeated visit and inspection; our stock will be replenished every few days, and to merchants we offer some special leaders fully 15 to 20 per cent less than current prices in New York City.

Don't forget the place but just follow the crowd into the

Great New York Racket Department Store,

of the above firm.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

TIN, SLATE and STEEL ROOFING, SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.

PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.

REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.

SPOUTING, ETC.

WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH, Mt. Lake Park, Md.

SHARTZER & BOLDEN

OAKLAND, MD.,

DEALERS IN

Furniture, Carpets, Matting, Oil Cloth, Window Shades, Wall Paper,

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Repairing Furniture and Picture Framing a Specialty.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO. IN EFFECT FEBRUARY 28, 1897.

SOUTHWARD No. 3	No. 1	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 00*	7 00	lv Cumberland ar	*12 15	*7 30
3 26	7 26	Rawlings	11 50	7 05
3 45	7 45	Keyser	11 28	6 43
4 01	8 00	Westernport	11 15	6 30
4 04	8 01	W. Va. C. June.	11 11	6 26
4 31	8 35	Shaw	10 45	5 57
5 00	9 01	Harrison	10 19	*5 23
6 15	9 45*	ar Elk Garden	8 00	*1 00
5 35	9 40	lv Gorman	9 40	4 53
5 42	9 46	Bayard	9 34	4 47
5 51	9 57	Doblin	9 23	4 38
6 27	10 27	Thomas	8 53	4 08
6 55	10 55	nr Davis	8 00	3 15
6 34	10 34	lv Coketon	8 46	4 01
7 01	11 01	Hendricks	8 15	3 30
7 07	11 07	Breiz	8 08	3 23
7 10	11 10	Parsons	8 05	3 20
7 45	11 45	Kerens	7 30	2 45
8 00*	12 00	ar Elkins	lv *7 15	*2 30
	1 30*	nr Beverly	lv	*1 55
				P. M.
	3 05*	nr Bealington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

Ripans Tabules relieve scrofula.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. HENNINGER, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 46—1yr

FRED A. THAYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

GILMOR S. HAMILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY. OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1e11-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 106

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

DR. J. G. ROBINSON, DENTIST, Felty Building, Opposite Postoffice, OAKLAND, MD. GAS ADMINISTERED. 50-3y

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON OAKLAND, MD.

Residence on North 3rd Street. Office in Sharizer's Block, Second Street.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.

Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.

Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.*

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 23 6m

THOMAS R. McROBIE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street. All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

E. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Residence and P. O. Address,

2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate.

Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE. AUCTIONEER! *Will sell Real or Personal Property*

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

Andrew B. Gonder, Att'y at Law. Alexander C. Mason, Surveyor.

GONDER & MASON, -: REAL :- ESTATE -: AGENTS, :- OAKLAND, MD. 10—1yr. Office, Shartzer's Opera House.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN, SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 25t*

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President. G. S. HAMILL, V. President. S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted. Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

PIEDMONT STONE & LIME CO.,

Owned and operated by The E. J. Fredlock Manufacturing and Building Company, of Piedmont.

WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH THIS

Superior Lime

TO BUILDERS, FARMERS AND TANNERS IN BARRELS OR BULK TO SUIT PURCHASERS.

This lime is equal in strength for agricultural, building and tanning purposes to the Frederick or Baltimore county lime,

KILNS AT CRABTREE, MD.

Address all orders to

The E. J. Fredlock M'f'g and Bld'g Co.,

43-26 PIEDMONT, W. VA.

WANTED: ROCK OAK BARK.

Write for prices,

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,

49-13 CUMBERLAND, MD.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1897. NUMBER 12.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Our gallery is now open. Come quick. Loar & Co.

Harper Bartlett is visiting relatives and friends in Baltimore.

Mr. Henry Sanders, of Oakland, has been granted an original pension.

Mr. Wm. McCulloh Brown, of Bayard, was here last Monday on business.

Mr. Solon T. Wilson, of Wilson, was in Oakland Tuesday morning on business.

The Orphan's court was in session on Tuesday and transacted routine business.

A merchant in Oakland on Monday advertised Arbuckle's coffee at one cent a pound.

Mrs. Chas. S. Davis and children are on a visit to relatives at Keyser, West Va.

Go to Loar's gallery and you will be pleased to see their fine photos at such low prices.

Mr. William H. Smith, of Hazelton, W. Va., was here Tuesday on a visit to his son, Mr. D. G. Smith.

Mr. T. W. Dawson, a prominent attorney of Baltimore, was here yesterday on professional business.

Mrs. A. G. Ross and children went to Shaw, West Va., Sunday morning to visit relatives a few days.

Dr. Beachy, the veterinary surgeon of Grantsville, was in Oakland a day or two this week on business.

For sale or rent—The New Glade Hotel property, Oakland, Md. Apply to Mrs. J. L. Peters, Frostburg, Md.

Mr. William M. Junkins, of near Deer Park, was among the many strangers in Oakland last Saturday.

Prof. W. A. Matfett came up to Oakland yesterday evening from his home at Johnstown and went east on train No. 4.

There is something wrong with the woman who will admit that there are babies just as pretty and as smart as hers.

Messrs. Geo. Steyer, E. C. Harvey and J. H. Harvey, of District No. 8, were Oakland visitors Friday morning last.

Stone is being hauled and put along Second street where it will be crushed and the street raised to the level of the platforms.

Photographs at slaughter prices at Loar & Co.'s gallery. Come quick and avoid the rush as our time is limited. Loar & Co., Oakland.

Mr. Jos. P. Helbig has finished the contract for painting the Oakland hotel. It was a big job and shows up exceedingly well.

The chap who has decided to propose to his girl and learns his speech by heart should be careful that his heart does not get up in his mouth.

Sheriff Brown went to Hagerstown yesterday morning, accompanied by Mr. Alex. Mason, who was summoned there to testify in the Tasker case.

Mrs. John M. Davis, accompanied by her granddaughter Clara, is visiting her old home at Berlin, Pa., where she will remain a week or ten days.

The new and broad sidewalk erected from the railroad crossing to the bridge at the bank is quite an improvement to that side of Second street.

One Minute is all the time necessary to decide from personal experience that One Minute Cough Cure does what its name implies. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Chas. W. Conner, of Wheeling, one of the directors of the Mountain Lake Park Association, was in Oakland on Monday on business connected with the association.

FOUND.—On the street in Oakland on last Monday, a watch. Owner can have same by calling at this office paying for this notice and identifying the property.

Now is your chance and perhaps your last chance to get fine photographs at Loar & Co.'s gallery in Oakland which is now open for business for two weeks only.

The Garlinger will case which came up in the Washington county court last week, has been removed to this county for trial and will come up at the September term.

Torturing, itching, scaly skin eruptions, burns and scalds are soothed at once and promptly healed by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the best known cure for piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. R. C. Wilson, of Blaine, was in Oakland last Friday and made this office a very agreeable call. Mr. Wilson is one among the great number of old soldiers residing in the county.

FARMERS—See Dixon & Kelso before selling your wool. They will pay the highest prices in cash and will give special inducements to those who wish to do some trading. 11-4

Dr. Chas. W. Baldwin, of Baltimore, president of the Mountain Lake Park Association, attended a meeting of the directors here Tuesday, and was again elected president of the association.

E. E. Turner, of Compton, Mo., writes us that after suffering from piles for seventeen years, he completely cured them by using three boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cures eczema and severe skin diseases. Oakland Pharmacy.

The mines on the upper level of old Scotch Hill, Newburg, W. Va., are on fire and threaten the existence of the town, which is built over the mines. The fire was started years ago by malicious persons.

Don't allow the lungs to be impaired by the continuous irritation of a cough. It is easier to prevent consumption than to cure it. One Minute Cough Cure taken early will ward off any lung trouble. Oakland Pharmacy.

Work will begin in earnest upon the extension of the telephone line to Grantsville next week. Nearly all of the poles are delivered and the cross arms. They will soon say "hello" up that way.—Meyersdale Commercial.

J. B. Williams, the Frostburg marble dealer, always keeps in stock a full line of terra cotta drain pipe, fire clay chimney pipe, chimney crocks, cement, calcine plaster, Nova Scotia land plaster. Give him a call. 11-3

Mr. Amandus Hawk, recently of Loch Lynn Heights, but now residing in Morgantown, where he keeps a boarding house, was in Oakland last Saturday on business. He returned to Morgantown Sunday morning.

They are so small that the most sensitive persons take them, they are so effective that the most obstinate cases of constipation, headache and torpid liver yield to them. That is why DeWitt's Little Early Risers are known as the famous little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

Rev. Wm. Brawshaw, rector of St. Matthew's parish, who attended the gathering of the ministers of his denomination at Frederick last week and also visited friends in Baltimorn, returned to Oakland last Saturday.

At A. D. Naylor's you can find a full and complete line of vehicles (in stock now). Two and three-seated canopy top wagons, Daytons, four kinds of surreys, phaetons and buggies by the car load. 11-3*

Mrs. P. L. Jackson, of near Norfolk, Va., has rented The Rest for this season and will operate it as a boarding house. The Rest is situated in one of the most desirable portions of Oakland and the lady in charge should receive a liberal share of patronage.

Capt. R. H. Gordon, of Cumberland, accompanied by a surveying party, went over on the Backbone Monday to survey some land which he owns and which has been stripped of its timber by some one operating a saw mill in that vicinity. The captain had blood in his eye when he left Oakland.

It is surprising what a "wee bit of a thing" can accomplish. Sick headache, constipation, dyspepsia, sour stomach, dizziness, are quickly banished by DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Small pill. Safe pill. Best pill. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Wm. D. Nydegger, who is now located at Bayard, was in Oakland last Tuesday evening on his way to points in West Virginia where he has valuable oil interests. Mr. Nydegger is also interested in oil leases near Newburg, W. Va., where a test well is being put down.

If you have ever seen a child in the agony of croup, you can appreciate the gratitude of the mothers who know that One Minute Cough Cure relieves their little ones as quickly as it is administered. Many homes in this city are never without it. Oakland Pharmacy.

Governor Lowndes on Tuesday proclaimed that Monday, the 31st inst., should be observed throughout this State as a legal holiday and in consequence of which all the banks, postoffices and public institutions in the State will be closed on that day.

All persons owing corporation tax for the year 1896 are requested to pay the same before June first or I will proceed to collect by process of law. This is positively the last notice.

JAMES O. HINEBAUGH,
4-2t Collector.

The Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Maryland will be the guest of Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Brayshaw at the Rectory several days, during which time a reception to the Bishop will be tendered Saturday, 29th inst., from 8 to 10 p. m., to which all friends and citizens of Oakland and vicinity will be welcomed.

Dr. Henry W. McComas, who accompanied his wife to Baltimore last Thursday, returned to Oakland on Saturday and spent the day here, returning to Baltimore Saturday evening. Mrs. McComas, who has been quite ill for several months, has been placed in Dr. Howard Kelley's private hospital for treatment. Her many friends in Oakland hope for her speedy recovery and restoration to health.

PROBABLE MURDER.

Finding of a Badly Decomposed Body With Bullet Hole in Forehead.

On Saturday afternoon the body of a man supposed to be that of Christian Paul was found on Little Savage mountain, between Frostburg and Grantsville. There was a bullet wound in the forehead, and as no weapon was found in the vicinity to substantiate a theory of suicide, the impression has become general that a murder has been committed.

Paul left his home on Castleman creek in Garrett county, where he resided with his sister, some six weeks ago, and nothing was heard from him until the finding of the body. While much decomposed the body has been identified as that of Paul.

The deceased formerly lived at Mount Savage and was engaged as a repair hand on the Cumberland and Pennsylvania railroad. He always had a goodly sum of money in his pocket and the probabilities are he was murdered for his money. The authorities are now making an investigation. Paul was about 30 years old.—Cumb News, of Tuesday.

The Auxiliary Closes for the Season.

The Mission Auxiliary for charity and other helpful purposes in this community has just closed after six months of pleasant and helpful labors.

Mrs. Bowie Johnson has acted as president; Miss Belle Browning as treasurer, and Mrs. William Brayshaw as secretary. The meetings were held alternate Thursday evenings at the Rectory, and many pleasant hours were spent by the members and their friends, who have nothing but words of praise for the kindly interest and hospitable manner in which they were entertained by Rev. and Mrs. Brayshaw.

The following statement of the financial condition of the auxiliary was handed us by the secretary yesterday, requesting that it be published in to-day's REPUBLICAN. The dues were placed at two cents per week and the membership numbered about sixty:

RECEIPTS.

Dues paid to date	$12.08
Dues unpaid	13.60
Donations from friends	3.50
Bishop of Maryland	1.00
Martha Washington reception	28.96
All other sources	2.60
Total receipts	$62.14

DISBURSEMENTS.

To charity per Rev. Wm. Brayshaw	$ 9.00
Mrs. Johnson	3.59
Disabled clergymen	3.75
Expense M. W. Reception	12.21
11 Hymnals for choir	13.75
Expressage	.55
Easter Flowers	3.50
Guild	1.00
Music	.60
Unpaid dues	13.60
Total	$60.79
Balance on hand	1.35

The Best Remedy for Rheumatism.

From the Fairhaven (N. Y.) Register.

Mr. James Rowland of this village, states that for twenty-five years his wife has been a sufferer from rheumatism. A few nights ago she was in such pain that she was nearly crazy. She sent Mr. Rowland for the doctor, but he had read of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and instead of going for the physician he went to the store and secured a bottle of it. His wife did not approve of Mr. Rowland's purchase at first, but nevertheless applied the Balm thoroughly and in an hour's time was able to go to sleep. She now applies it when ever she feels an ache or a pain and finds that it always gives relief. He said that no medicine which she used ever did her as much good. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Two Fatal Accidents.

The body of Edward Sebold, aged twenty-five years, a Baltimore and Ohio brakeman, residing at Piedmont, was found in the Keyser yard horribly mutilated, at 10.15 last night. No one saw the accident. He was on an eastbound freight and it is supposed that he was thrown off on the opposite track by the sudden application of air, and that passenger train No. 1 ran over him. His body was cut in two. Mr. Sebold was the only support of his mother and sister.

Mr. William R. Percy, of Frostburg, one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of Allegany county, while riding on a horse a few miles below Cumberland last night about ten o'clock, was thrown from the back of the animal into the canal and drowned. Mr. Percy owns two valuable farms in the vicinity in which he met with the fatal accident and being unaccompanied it is presumed the horse became frightened at some object with the result above stated. Mr. Percy has many warm friends in this county who will be pained to hear of his sudden death.

"It Is the Best on Earth."

That is what Edwards & Parker, merchants of Plains, Ga., say of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, for rheumatism, lame back, deep seated and muscular pains. Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

A Postoffice Robbed.

The postoffice at Mt. Lake Park was broken into and robbed last Thursday night about 12 o'clock. Four or five dollars in money and a few postage stamps was all that was secured by the burglars. Fifty letters were torn open and rifled. The store of C. J. Bunce, immediately adjoining the postoffice, was also entered by the thieves. There they stole a revolver, a large quantity of tobacco, several boxes of cigars, $10 in money, a silver watch and chain and numerous other articles.

Simon Hommer's Case.

Governor Lowndes has referred to Judges Bond, Sloan and Stake, of the fourth judicial circuit, and State's Attorney Pearre the report received from the State Lunacy commission on the mental condition of Simon Hommer, who is under sentence of death in the Cumberland jail. The lunacy commissioners report that an examination of Hommer "leads them to the conclusion that he is congenitally feeble minded, imperfectly responsible for his judgment, and therefore not a fit subject for execution; but that his history and apparent condition lead us to conclude that he is a dangerous person to be let at large, and will be for life."

The commissioners suggest that he be given a life sentence in the penitentiary.

Sale of Personal Property.

Mrs. A. B. Gomler will offer for sale at public auction a lot of household furniture, at her residence in Oakland, on June 5, 1897, at 10 a. m.

TERMS OF SALE:—Sums under $10, cash; over $10 note with good security. No property to be removed until terms are complied with. 14-2.

Call for your Letters.

Benjamin Taylor, Wm. Snider, Chas. Gilpin, D. H. Henderson, Sam. Goodman, John Bowman, Eddie Curry, George Tyser, Dasis Wripey, Miss Clara Steyer, Miss Bertha Martin.

50,000 Pounds of Wool Wanted

By a large concern in the east. Highest cash prices paid. John Felty, jr. See us before selling. 9-8

A Narrow Escape.

Tuesday evening as the tacklers were returning from their work near Skipnish on the hand car used by them, and when at a point near Offutt's switch, Charles Welling, one of the men, was thrown from the front of the car. In falling he struck on his shoulders and head, sustaining several severe cuts and bruises. Luckily he fell between the rails, otherwise he would have probably been instantly killed. He was brought to Oakland by his fellow-workmen and taken to Dr. J. Lee McComas' office where his wounds were dressed and later sent to his home in the east end of town.

Briar-Bend Seminary.

On last Friday evening was held the last meeting for this session of the AriseouZeteai literary society, of Briar-Bend Seminary. The evening's exercises consisted of vocal and instrumental music, declamations, essays, and miscellaneous original productions, all of which did credit to their authors. The general excellence of the performances bore abundant evidence of the careful training that the students have received in the Seminary. The conclusion to which we are led after looking upon the thorough work of the past session is that parents having sons and daughters to educate will do well to investigate the claims of this home institution upon their patronage.

Base Ball.

Next Monday at Jack Oak park will be witnessed a game of ball between the "shorts" and "longs" of Oakland. The *personnel* of the nines is as follows:

Shorts, Geo. Weber, Tom Nelson, Perry Rock, R. C. Townshend, Ernest Townshend, Geo. Fleming, Arthur Blackaller, Stanley Boyer, D. E. Bolden and Bruce Collins.

Longs, Andrew Nelson, Chas. Tower, Harry Sincell, John Sweeney, Sam'l Lawton, Abraham Lawton, Will Sturgiss, Harry West, Ben. H. Sincell.

Died.

JAMISON.—On last Sunday morning at an early hour Mr. Jeremiah Jamison, after a long and painful illness, aged about eighty-six years. "Uncle Jerry," as he was known among his friends, was a resident of Oakland for many years. He was married more than half a century ago, his wife dying when he was still a young man. In recent years he made his home with Mrs. J. T. Browning, his niece, at whose residence he died. His funeral was conducted Tuesday morning from St. Peter's Catholic church by Rev. Romanus Mattingly, of which church he had been a member all his life. Interment was made in the Catholic cemetery.

Third Quarterly Meeting.

The Third Quarterly meeting for Oakland charge will be held in St. Paul's M. E. church next Sunday, May 30, 1897. The Rev. J. L. B. Jones, of Aurora, W. Va., will conduct all the services of the day except the Sunday school. The services are as follows: Sunday school, 9.15 a. m.; preaching, followed by the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, 10.30 a. m.; quarterly love feast, 2.30 p. m.; preaching, 7.45 p. m. All are cordially invited to all of these services.

Married.

WAINER—CORNWALL.—On Sunday evening, at the Central Hotel, Oakland, by Rev. John M. Davis, Mr. A. H. Wainer and Miss Nellie Cornwall, both of District No. 8, this county.

A Permanent Improvement.

Mr. D. E. Offutt has received from Messrs. Rightmyer & Shock, of Rowlesburg, two or three car loads of sawed stone, which will be used in building a pavement in front of his dwelling on Second street. The stone are all of uniform size and thickness and will make a first-class pavement and will be a permanent improvement.

The Tasker Case.

The case of H. P. Tasker, against the County Commissioners of Garrett county, who sues for $10,000 for services rendered, came up in the Washington county court Tuesday, it being removed from this county. Among those who went from Oakland Monday morning as witnesses and attorneys in the case were Messrs Jacob S. Meyers, Edward E. Sollars, A. G. Ross, Thomas J. Peddicord, Edward H. Sincell, W. H. Hagans, Commissioner Abernathy and Brison Welch.

Awarded a Prize.

Mr. John Oliver Bosley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. L. Bosley, who graduated last Friday from the Maryland College of Pharmacy, and returned to his home in Oakland Sunday morning was awarded the pharmacy prize by the faculty of the college. Mr. Bosley was one of the forty-three graduates and feels justly proud of having bestowed upon him the prize, a handsome gold medal.

Two Wrecks on the B. & O.

On last Friday afternoon about five o'clock a freight wreck occurred at Skipnish, four miles west of Oakland, by which three cars and the engine of an east-bound freight train were derailed, the engine overturning and rolling down the embankment. The cause of the wreck is said to be the failure of the repair hands to spike down a rail which they were engaged in putting in. Engineer Weaver had his arm dislocated.

Monday morning another wreck occurred near Bloomington by which three cars were smashed and traffic interfered with for two hours or more.

Death of J. Clarence Getty.

J. Clarence Getty, son of ex-Senator W. R. Getty, died at his home in Grantsville, on Friday, after a lingering illness, in his twenty-eighth year. He was a brother of Dr. Getty and a brother-in-law of Dr. J. C. Keller, both of whom reside at Grantsville.

Beautiful Book.

The B. & O. R. R. has just issued a very handsome little pamphlet, describing Deer Park, illustrated with a number of very fine engravings. Copy can be had by sending two cent stamp to D. C. Jones, Manager, B. & O. Central Building, Baltimore, Md. 1t

Memorial Day Services.

The members of Crook Post No. 35, G. A. R., cordially invite all old soldiers, lodge of Knights of Pythias, Odd Fellows, Jr. O. U. A. M., members of the normal school, Sunday schools and citizens to join with them on Monday, May 31, and decorate the graves of the old soldiers.

Donations of flowers will be thankfully received and may be left at Sturgiss' Hall on Monday morning.

Will leave the Hall for cemetery at 10:30 o'clock a. m.

When I Was a Girl.

"When I was a girl," said Comfort Budge, "we didn't have any Trilby parties or mock marriages at church sociables. Skirt dances were unknown, and a young man who was seen at the 'Black Crook' got the name of being fast.

"When we had tableaux we didn't call them 'living pictures,' and a 'broom drill' didn't require short skirts to make it a success.

"We didn't write to the newspapers for advice about our love affairs or our home troubles. We talked those things over with our mothers at bedtime."

Pasture Land for Rent.

I have 100 acres of the Kuykendall farm near Oakland under good fence for rent for pasture during the season. Apply to Chauncey Klimmell, Oakland, Md. 10-3t*.

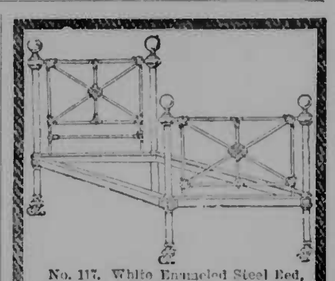

No. 117. White Enameled Steel Bed, solid brass trimmings. We have them 54 in. wide, 48 in. wide, 42 in. wide and 36 in. wide. All sizes are 78 in. long. Special Price (any size)

$2.75

(orders promptly filled.)

Everywhere local dealers are saying unkind things about us. Their customers are tired of paying them double prices; our immense (free) money-saving catalogue is enlightening the masses. Drop a postal now for complete catalogue of Furniture, Mattings, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Baby Carriages, Refrigerators, Stoves, Fancy Lamps, Bedding, Springs, etc. The catalogue costs you nothing and we pay all postage. Get double value for your dollar by dealing with the manufacturers.

JULIUS HINES & SON,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Church Notice.

There will be services in the Garrett Memorial church next Sabbath in the evening at 8 o'clock. A cordial welcome is extended to all who desire to worship.

The communion service will be held the following Sabbath at 11 o'clock in the morning.

Services in St. Matthew's Episcopal church Sunday, May 30th, at 11 a. m. Sermon by the Rt. Rev. William Paret, D. D., LL. D., bishop of Maryland. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend. Good hearty music.

Episcopal service at Swanton 4.30 p. m., at which the Bishop will preach.

The Normal Literary.

Tuesday evening of this week the second session of the Normal literary was held in the public school building at which time the large recitation room was crowded to the doors. The subject discussed at the debate was, "Resolved, That Washington was a greater general than Bonaparte," and was decided in the affirmative, notwithstanding that those disensing that side of the question failed to introduce one point in the debate entitling them to such a decision. The judges probably were too patriotic to decide otherwise.

The following program has been prepared by the committee for next Tuesday evening's entertainment:

Music.
Recitation.....Miss Jessie Fringer.
Select Reading.....Miss Ella Martin.
Declamation.....Miss Lettie Lohr.
Music.
Recitation.....Miss Jessie Browning.
Essay.....Miss Lizzie Hall.
Declamation.....Mr. Earle Townshend.
Music.
Select Reading.....Mr. Chas. Fike.
Biography of U. S. Grant.....Frank Glotfelty.
Impromptu class, Louis Hamilton, Harry Ashby, Belle Hamill, Maud Kildow.
Music.
Question for debate, "Resolved, That the Legislature of Maryland should enact a compulsory school law. Affirmative, J. S. Gnagy, C. V. Harvey; negative, S. H. Ralston, H. M. Ankney.
Music.
Reading of Society Paper.
Critic's Report.
Music.
Adjournment.

How About It?

Is there any truth in the following clipped from one of our valuable exchanges:

The vanity of some men is appalling. If they start in business and the newspaper men do not shower praise upon them they are insulted. If they go away on a visit and you do not mention it they say you have a few favorites. This is all right enough. We make a business of giving the local happenings and if any is missed it is not our fault. To get every item of note is a task we do not propose to undertake. Those parties who are cognizant of worthy news items should call our attention to them; if they do not we are liable to overlook them. This is one side where the newspaper man is blamed. The other side he catches it harder, but not so often. Let the paper speak of some little contemptible action of some party and a deadly enemy is made. The man whose name appears in print not followed by a perfect eulogy by the editor gets up and swears eternal vengeance. If you pun some fellows or give a spicy hint to some little joke, he is certain to open his mouth in public places and fulfill the proverb which says "a fool has nothing to do but open his mouth, and ye shall know him."

In the abstract we care but little for these harmless spasms. Some men are given to them; they have become chronic. It is a mania which we do not care to cure. There is no law to correct a man's vanity or prevent him from making a fool of himself and also offensive before men. The natural penalties are always considered severe enough.

DOWN IN THE WILDERNESS.

Hi! this is my song to the Gray and the Blue,
Who once were so many and now are so few,
The young ones, the bold ones,
The grim ones, the old ones,
The fighters who fought out those terrible days,
Through the copses and dingles and dark-tangled ways,
Down in the Wilderness—
Down in the Wilderness.

It was over the river Rapidan,
And slowly southward the march began,
Into the solitude,
Into the gloomy wood,
On, on, on, with a wide, strange sound,
Grinding and jarring the sodden ground,
Down in the Wilderness—
Down in the Wilderness.

All hushed were the bosket-flutes of May,
All sweet-voiced things had flown away,
Leaving to Grant and Lee
A desert and destiny;
What time their batteries floundered and pounded,
And the bombs through the timber bumped and bounded,
Down in the Wilderness—
Down in the Wilderness.

Tossing and swaying, the hosts did go,
Blindly buffeting, blow on blow,
Over the fen-land,
Over the gray sand;
And far and near, amid brush and brier,
Crackled the crisp, keen musket fire,
Down in the Wilderness—
Down in the Wilderness.

Hither and thither, dashing in vain,
Columns soaked in a bullet rain,
Covered with battle grime,
Daytime and night time,
Stumbled and fumbled on through the maze,
And charged by the light of their powder blaze,
Down in the Wilderness—
Down in the Wilderness.

Each man a hero cleaving his way
Sheer through a phalanx of Blue or of Gray;
Back and forth, back and forth,
East or west, south or north,
Plunging at death with a shout and a shot,
Where the ground rippled red and the air panted hot,
Down in the Wilderness—
Down in the Wilderness.

Oh! the heroes who died and the brave who came forth
Were the soul of the south and the heart of the north;
And the strong sons they sired,
Stand by the guns they fired,
Build on the battle spots altars of stone,
And one old war minstrel goes singing alone,
Down in the Wilderness—
Down in the Wilderness.

And so take my song to the Gray and the Blue,
Oh! once they were many, and now they are few,
Here's to the bold ones,
The grizzled and old ones,
Who fought through the solitude man to man,
Southward away from the Rapidan,
Down in the Wilderness—
Down in the Wilderness.

—Maurice Thompson, in N. Y. Independent.

Among the "Missing"

JOHN LORIMER walked quietly out of the house, closing the front door softly behind him. For a moment he stood hesitatingly on the piazza, then, with a deep sigh, he walked down the gravel path, out of the gate and up the lane towards the big white house of the Armstrong family. He walked slowly, with eyes bent on the ground, as one having trouble on his mind, until, glancing up, he caught the gleam of a white dress at the gate of the Armstrong home—then the lagging steps grew brisk, and the melancholy face was brightened by a smile of pleasant anticipation.

It was a lovely evening in the latter part of May, and all nature seemed to be rejoicing in the fullness of the ripe springtime. It seemed a time for gladness and naught else, at least to those to whom sorrow was unknown. But in the cottage John Lorimer had just left was a little gray-haired woman who, sitting in an arm-chair with an old, faded photograph in her thin, shaking hands, was sobbing as though her heart would break. The picture was that of a young, handsome man in the uniform of a lieutenant of artillery, and was sadly blurred with the unavailing tears that had fallen upon it.

The twilight deepened, and darkness came, and with it the songs of the frog and the cricket and the whip-poor-will, and all the other sounds that tend to make night in the country a very symphony in itself—but the woman paid no heed, pausing only in her weeping now and then to kiss passionately the faded, tawdry photograph.

Young Lorimer's smile vanished almost as quickly as it came, for he could not more than momentarily forget the poor little heart-broken mother he had left weeping in her corner of the big sitting-room, although he knew he could do nothing to soothe her, and that she preferred to be left alone at this time; so his face was unusually solemn when he greeted his sweetheart, Bessie Armstrong, who was waiting for him at the gate.

"What makes you look so solemn tonight, big boy?" asked the girl, lightly.

"Oh, just what happens every year at this time—my mother is having her usual cry over my father's picture, and, as I can't be any solace to her at these times, I came away as soon as I could. You see, this is the anniversary of my father's—"

The girl's face had become grave almost as soon as John began speaking, and it was in a different tone than she had used at first that she asked:

"Your father was killed in the war, wasn't he, John?"

"We don't know. I suppose he was, but mother will not think so. I never saw him, you know, for I wasn't born until he had been gone six months. Shall I tell you about him?"

"Yes," whispered Bessie, nestling closer to him in the twilight. And John, with an occasional little break in his voice, told her the story of the father he had never seen.

In the village of Banbury, at the opening of the war, lived a prosperous young merchant, John Lorimer. He had not been married long when the call for 90-day volunteers came, and for this and other reasons he did not feel it incumbent upon him to respond to the call. But when it was seen that the civil war was assuming alarming proportions, and "Father Abraham" called for "300,000 more," then John Lorimer saw

AT THEIR VERY FEET LAY THE OLD STRANGER.

but one thing to do. He sold out his business, and, turning the proceeds of the sale and all his other property over to his wife, he went to the front as second in command of a battery fitted out by Banbury and neighboring villages.

For a year or more came, with more or less regularity, John's cheery, breezy letters, in which the discomforts of camp-life were depicted as a joke, and the horrors of war as a pastime. Then came the account of a battle, with the bulletin of dead, wounded and missing—and among those whose names followed that awful word "missing" was: "John Lorimer, captain Battery C,—th Illinois artillery."

Vainly the sorrowing wife he had left at home wrote here and there to see if she could get any trace of him. Years passed—years during which the young wife often told herself that the knowledge of his death were better than that terrible uncertainty as to his fate. As soon as the war closed, she went south and inspected the records of all the military prisons, but gained no clew from these. Yet she could never convince herself that he was dead, and she lived in the faith that she and her boy, the son he had never seen, now nearly as old as his father was when he went to the front, would yet look upon the living face of that husband and father.

It was the day when all America, leaving all other matters aside, unites in doing honor to the heroes who died that the nation might live. The morning had broken bright and clear, and the spring sun shone benignantly upon the completing preparations for the Memorial day ceremonies in Banbury, whence many a promising young fellow had gone to the war and died for his country.

At 11 o'clock came the services at the church, which almost everyone attended. Lined on either side of the walk outside were the Banbury guards, the local militia company, standing at "parade rest" while waiting for the appearance of the grand army post.

Presently the veterans appeared, marching up the street with somewhat uncertain step—for many of them were cripples—behind muffled drum and silent fife—a little group of aging men, the remnant of scores of strong, hopeful young fellows who had gone forth from Banbury to fight for the cause they loved.

As they approached, the young captain of the guards gave two or three quiet commands: "Attention! Carry arms! Present arms!" And through the files of untried soldiers passed those of many battles.

"I wonder who that old fellow in the last row of veterans is," mused John Lorimer, who, with his mother and Bessie Armstrong, stood on the corner and saw the old soldiers pass by. "He must be a stranger. Did you notice? He seemed to be dazed—a little 'off,' I reckon."

The services at the church were more than usually impressive. The new minister, Mr. Dare, was himself a veteran, and he talked to the soldiers as only a soldier can, then preached a sermon that brought tears to the eyes of nearly everyone in the house.

The services over, the veterans, followed by the guards and a long procession of citizens, marched to the cemetery to perform the remaining ceremonies of the day. At the church door Mrs. Lorimer left her son and Bessie to join some other flower-laden woman in a carryall, and the young people walked leisurely toward the cemetery.

There were short services at the base of the tall shaft inscribed: "To Our Unknown Dead"—then the graves were decorated, the salutes fired, and the procession marched back to the village, leaving behind only a few persons, most of whom had friends buried there. Among those who remained were John Lorimer and Bessie Armstrong, who, in a silence begotten by the solemnity of the occasion, walked hither and thither among the shady paths of the little cemetery.

"What's that?" asked John, suddenly, as they turned into a path they had not seen before.

Bessie gave a little scream. Almost at their very feet lay the old stranger John had noticed in the morning, with the blood trickling from a wound on his gray head. He had, apparently, sat down on a stump to rest, and, overcome by the heat and his rather long march, had fallen backward striking his head on a large stone just beside the pathway.

John went to him as soon as he recovered from his first shock, and raised the old man's head, but, beyond his faint breathing, there was little sign of life.

"There's only one thing to do, John," said Bessie, quietly. "You bandage his head with your handkerchief, prop him against the stump, and I'll hold him until you can borrow a horse and buggy and bring Dr. Baker."

John hesitated a moment, then followed his sweetheart's directions to the letter. He easily borrowed a horse and buggy from one of those who still lingered at the cemetery, and in less than half an hour he returned with the doctor.

"H'm! Pretty bad case—old wound, I fancy," said Dr. Baker. "Who is he?"

"I don't know," said John. "I noticed him in the procession this morning, but he seems to be a stranger."

"Well, he must be taken care of, in any case, and well taken care of. But where can we—"

"Just take him over to our house," interrupted John, promptly, receiving, for this suggestion, an approving smile from Bessie.

In a very short time the injured man was lying in Mrs. Lorimer's "spare room," and before the day was over all the village knew that "the widow Lorimer" was nursing a sick veteran.

"Just like her," said everybody. "She'd just work her finger to the bone doing for anyone who wore the army uniform."

Under Dr. Baker's somewhat primitive treatment the patient did not thrive, but, instead, grew worse, until, at the end of a week, at Mrs. Lorimer's suggestion, a physician from the city was sent for.

That eminent practitioner arrived, asked a few questions, examined the patient's injured head, and announced:

"The man has been wounded in the head, and his skull has been trepanned. It was a bad job, for something was left pressing upon the brain, and this accident has dented the plate, also. I think he'll stand an operation," the physician went on musingly as he turned to his case of surgical instruments.

In a few hours, the city physician, having removed the old plate and replaced it with a new one, took the train home, leaving behind him a patient who was sleeping as quietly as a babe. To Mrs. Lorimer the doctor said, at parting:

"All your patient needs now is good nursing, and I know, madam, he will receive it at your hands. When he regains consciousness, it will be, I think, as a perfectly sane man."

The second morning after the doctor's departure Mrs. Lorimer was leaving over the sick man, when suddenly his eyes opened.

"I've been pretty sick, haven't I, nurse?" he asked with a faint smile.

"Yes, indeed. But you mustn't talk. What shall I get you to eat?"

"How long will it be, do you think, before I can go home?" persisted the man.

"Not for quite awhile yet, I'm afraid. Where do you live?"

"At Banbury, Ill. I've got a wife there and a boy I've never seen—named after me—John Lorimer, and I want to—"

John in the sitting-room heard his mother's scream, and, bounding up the stairs three steps at a time, found her lying in a faint across the body of the wondering, frightened sick man.

It was all soon explained. John Lorimer, Sr., had been struck by a flying bit of shell while in command of his battery, and had been taken to the hospital, where an incompetent surgeon trepanned his injured skull. In a short time he had been discharged from the hospital as cured—but he had lost his memory, had forgotten his name, residence, everything, and was semi-imbecile besides. In this condition he had passed 22 long years—years of which he had no recollection whatever.

But the husband of her youth was again with her in the flesh, and Mrs. Lorimer's steadfast faith was justified.

* * *

"Just look at Mrs. Lorimer," said one of the guests at the Armstrong house the day John and Bessie were married; and she nodded towards that little woman, who was leaning proudly on the arm of her long-absent husband. "If it weren't for her gray hairs, she'd look like a bride, and a pretty young one at that."

R. L. KETCHUM.

IN MEMORIAM.

Decoration Day as a Perpetual Celebration of the Nation.

Memorial day is celebrated with none the less fervor because the ranks of the veterans are thinning from year to year. There is enough reverence left in the hearts of the children of the old soldiers to commemorate the occasion with all the tributes of floral offerings which the heroes of the war deserved. Let us hope that the time will never come when this observance will be forgotten, for Decoration day should take its place forever with the patriotic celebration of the nation, to perpetuate love of home and country.

If the spirits of the departed know aught of what takes place in this mortal life, they must rejoice that they are remembered, and that there is little significance in the oft-quoted saying: "Are we soon forgotten after we are gone?"

It is not glory alone that guards the bivouac of the dead, but the living hands of sisters, brothers, wives, children and old comrades, who strew flowers upon the silent tents, and make the resting places of the loved ones blossom like the rose.

Mankind has been called hard, selfish, irresponsive, but occasions like Memorial day prove that the poet is right when he says that a lie that is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies. In the fierce struggle for existence men often forget the feelings and the rights of others, but underlying all their harshness and self-seeking there is a better spirit, which can be wakened into life by the remembrance of deeds of self-sacrifice and courage. Even the dullest clod of humanity is inspired when he hears of the brave deeds which Memorial day recalls, and life is better worth the living when noble, patriotic deeds form the theme of the orator's discourse and the poet's verse. The dull round of the familiar acts of every day takes on new light when we are urged not to forget the defenders of our flag, who endured privations, disease and death, that it might forever float over us to remind us that a heritage of liberty is the greatest gift that can be given an intelligent and self-respecting people. Therefore, let Memorial day endure, with its lesson of patriotism, gratitude, charity and love. — Boston Budget.

Gone Into Camp.

Thin are the blue-clad ranks to-day, once half a million strong,
And slow and feeble are the feet that once marched far and long;
Once more together they will march with slow, uncertain tramp,
To see their comrades who have gone before them into camp.

The tents are spread—the low, green tents, whose curtain tightly close;
No reveille will waken those who sweetly here repose;
No more their weary feet will toil o'er highways rough and damp—
For them the long, hard march is done, for they've gone into camp.

Their comrades come with songs and flowers, the banner of their love
Floats proudly out upon the air, their low, close tents above;
Ah, many a mile they followed it with strong and steady tramp
Before they heard the order given—"Break ranks—go into camp!"

Soon all the weary feet will halt, the last march will be made,
For them, the low, green tents he spread on hillside or on glade;
No more together they will march with slow and broken tramp—
To all the order will be given: "Break ranks—go into camp!"

—Ninette M. Lowater, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Just the Man to Do It.

The man for the occasion is not always so promptly at hand as he seems to have been in the following story:

Not long ago, Sandow, the celebrated strong man, was going from Kansas City to Omaha. While in the train he was accosted by a tall gentleman with long side-whiskers.

"Excuse me, sir," he said, "but are not you Mr. Sandow?"

"Yes," said the strong man.

"You can lift three tons in harness?"

"Yes, sir, that is my record," the Hercules returned.

"You can hold two hundredweight at arm's length?"

"Yes."

"And six hundred with two?"

"Yes."

"Then would you kindly raise this window for me?"—Tit-Bits.

Heroic Treatment.

Doctor (just arrived at the scene of the accident)—What on earth are you holding his nose for?

Pat (kneeling beside the victim)—So his breath won't leave his body, of course.—N. Y. Journal.

Why He Changed.

"Why have you quit going to see Miss Flippin on Thursday nights? I see that you go there Friday nights now."

"Thursday night is onion night at the Flippins'."—Cleveland Leader.

Ambiguity.

"Did you take my message to the Gildingby?" asked the young man with the obtrusive voice.

"Yes. I told them that you have a cold and can't sing, but that you were coming anyway."

"How did they take the news?"

"I don't know. Nobody made any reply except Miss Gildingby. She said she was ever so glad."—Washington Star.

A SPINSTER'S STRATEGY.

Ethel—You say Algy has been heartlessly deceived by a young woman. Did she lead him on to think that she loved him?

Mny—Oh, no; she led him on to believe that she didn't care a rap for him, and then when he carelessly proposed, accepted him on the spot.—N. Y. Truth.

Final Migration.

Some birds of a feather were flocking together,
When a man with a gun knocked them flat;
And now on the lay of a gool matinee
You may see them in Susie's new hat.
—Brooklyn Life.

Fixing a Price.

"What's that job worth?" they asked the contractor.

"Well," he said, slowly, "that depends a good deal upon circumstances. If it was ordered by an individual I should think that $100 would be about the limit, but if done for the city or county I shouldn't think of charging a bit less than $850 with a clause in the contract permitting me to make an additional charge for extras."—Chicago Post.

Inclined to Be Extravagant.

"I'm afraid," said the old gentleman, shaking his head sadly, "that you have permitted Mabel to acquire extravagant tastes."

The fond mother was instantly on the defensive.

"I don't see where you got that idea," she retorted.

"Only last evening," he answered, "she intimated very plainly that she wanted to marry a nobleman."—Chicago Post.

Just Like the Earth.

Visitor—And so you are studying astronomy at school. Do you like it?

Little Girl—Oh, it's awfully interesting. The weather on the moon is just like it is here.

Visitor (incredulously)—Does your astronomy say that?

Little Girl—Why, yes. It says if there were people on the moon they'd roast one day and freeze the next.—N. Y. Weekly.

Corrected.

"Ah, capital!" the D. D. said,
Then seized his pocket chronicler;
"A good text for a sermon? Yes.
I'll make a minute of it, sir."
Hereat the layman sprung a thought
That did his caution overpower
As he replied: "A minute, eh?
I'll bet my hat you'll make an hour."
—Boston Courier.

Childish.

It was a peculiar speech made by the life-long friend of the bridegroom at a wedding breakfast recently. He said:

"May the lives of the happy couple be one long round of unalloyed bliss, or, if they are to have any cares at all, let them only be little ones!"—N. Y. World.

Example vs. Precept.

"Harry dear, I wish you wouldn't chew gum so much. Your father says gum isn't clean, and the habit is certainly an annoying one."

"Why, mamma, I've just got to chew something! He always keeps his finecut where I can't get at it."—Chicago Tribune.

Behind Her Back.

He—Ah, Miss Roscoe's face is surely her fortune.

She—Yes, so it is. But it isn't like most fortunes you hear about.

He—How's that?

She—It is wiped out every night and rebuilt in the morning.—Cleveland Leader.

[CHICAGO RECORD]

THE SENATOR FROM HAWAII.

WHAT MAY HAPPEN SHOULD THE ISLANDS BE ADMITTED TO THE UNION.

Something He Had Noticed.

Twynn—Did you ever notice that as a rule people who have been prevented from committing suicide never try it again?

Triplet—No, but I have observed that people who succeed in committing suicide never do it again.—Harlem Life.

Rare Self-Possession.

"That woman over there looks as if she were painted—"

"Sir, that is my wife."

"I had not finished my sentence. She looks as if she were painted by Raphael and had just stepped out of the frame."—Tit-Bits.

Saving One for Her.

"My task in life," said the pastor, complacently, "consists in saving young men."

"Ah!" replied the maiden with a soulful longing, "save a nice-looking one for me."—Dublin World.

In the Heat of the Conflict.

He—Do you think your judgment is as good as mine?

She—Oh, no, dear. Our choice of life partners proves that it isn't.—N. Y. Journal.

No Flies on Him.

X—You, a member of the Humane society, dock your horses' tails! Is it possible?

Z—Why, of course. I want to protect the flies.—L'Illustre de Poche.

A Tip.

He—Do you think your father would offer me personal violence if I were to ask him for you?

She—No; but I think he will if you don't pretty soon.—Cleveland Leader.

That Was How.

"How," asked the jackdaw, "did you ever gain a reputation for wisdom?"

"Hoot!" answered the owl.

Which tells the whole story.—Chicago Tribune.

All He Ever Made.

He—You say a man never made anything by growling?

She—Nothing but a fool of himself.—Yonkers Statesman.

Fickle Man.

"George, before we were married you were pleased if I sat in your lap."

"Yes, dearest."

"But, now, if I do, you say: 'Gracious, Julia—you're forever roosting on my lame knee.'"—Chicago Record.

She Got the Engagement.

Miss Sere—Well, if you must have the plain truth, you're too young and pretty to be my maid.

Applicant—But, ma'm'selle, you can say that I nursed you during your childhood.—N. Y. Journal.

EXTREME CAUTION.

Dusty Dan—Keep close behind me, Willie, so der bull can't see yer nose, or we're lost!—N. Y. Tribune.

Defending His Monopoly.

"Treddle is jealous of his prerogatives, isn't he?"

"What makes you say so?"

"He got angry the other night and told me not to be a fool."—N. Y. Sun.

As Reported by the Papers.

"Is that a good hen, Uncle Josh?"

"A good hen?" said Uncle Josh; "why, that 'ur hen lays eggs as big as hailstun's."—Detroit Free Press.

An Honest Boy.

"Who lost a dime?" yelled a newsboy.

"I did," replied four or five.

"Well, I didn't find one."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

TEMPERANCE.

A CALL TO BATTLE.

Dr. De Witt Talmage Sends Out a Ringing Bugle Blast.

It seems to me that it is about time for the 17,000,000 professors of religion in America to take sides.

It is going to be an out and out battle between drunkenness and sobriety, between Heaven and hell, between God and the devil.

Take sides before here is any further national decadence, take sides before your sons are sacrificed and the homes of your daughters go down under the alcoholism of imbruted husbands.

Take sides before there is any further your prayer, may have any influence in arresting the desolation of this nation.

If the 17,000,000 professors of religion should take sides on this subject, it would not be very long before the destiny of this nation would be decided in the right direction.

I tell you what many of you may never have thought of—that to-day, not in the millennium but to-day — the church holds the balance of power in America and if Christian people, the men and women who profess to love the Lord Jesus Christ, and to love purity, and to be the sworn enemies of all uncleanliness and debauchery and sin, if all such would march side by side and shoulder to shoulder, this evil would soon be overthrown.

Think of 30,000 churches and Sunday schools in christendom marching shoulder to shoulder!

How very short a time it would take them to put down this evil if all the

"I CURSE THIS DWELLING."

churches of God, trans-Atlantic and cis-Atlantic, were armed on this subject.

What a hell on earth a woman lives in who has a drunken husband!

Oh death, how lovely thou art to her, and how soft and warm thy skeleton hand!

The sepulcher at midnight in winter is a king's drawing room compared with that woman's home.

It is not so much the blow on the head that harts as the blow on the heart.

The rum fiend came to the door of that beautiful home and opened the door and stood there and said:

"I curse this dwelling with unrelenting curses."

"I curse that father into a maniac."

"I curse that mother into a pauper."

"I curse those sons into vagabonds."

"I curse those daughters into profligacy."

"Cursed be bread tray and cradle."

"Cursed be couch and chair and family Bible with records of marriages and births and deaths."

"Curse upon curse."

Oh, how many wives there are waiting to see if something cannot be done to shake these frosts of the second death off the orange blossoms.

Yea, God is waiting—the God who works through human instrumentalities—waiting to see if this nation is going to overthrow this evil, and if it refuse to do so God will wipe out the nation as he did Phoenicia, as he did Rome, as he did Thebes, as he did Babylon.

Aye, He is waiting to see what the church of God will do.

If the church will not do its work, then He will wipe it out as He did the church of Ephesus, the church of Thyatira, the church of Sardis.

The Protestant and Roman Catholic churches to-day stand side by side with an impotent look, gazing on this evil, which costs this country more than $1,000,000,000 a year to take care of the 860,000 paupers and 315,000 criminals and the 300,000 idiots, and to bury the 75,000 drunkards.

WARNING TO GIRLS.

Young Woman's Appeal to Them Not to Marry Drinkers.

Girls, don't marry a man who smokes cigars or an all-pervading old pipe, for generally, if he smokes, he will chew; if he smokes and chews tobacco he will drink beer and whisky; if he drinks beer and whisky for any length of time he will lie; if he is a liar, he may be a thief also. If he is a liar, but isn't a thief, he is at least a coward; if he is a coward, he will lay all his mistakes and sins on the defenseless shoulders of his wife, if he does not take advantage of his size to scold, insult and possibly beat her, to the best of his ability making her life miserable.

A man who drinks alcoholic beverages is in danger of committing all of the foregoing sins, only give him time enough. Of course all will not do so, but you are just as apt to get the one who will as the one who will not, so beware of the young man of bad habits, even as an incipient bad habit is sometimes more to be feared than a colony of rattlesnakes.—Jenny Watson, in the Lever.

Three thousand women were last year turned away from the Industrial home, founded by the British Woman's Temperance association, of which Lady Henry Somerset is president.

THE COST OF BEVERAGES.

United States Spends Over a Billion Dollars a Year.

Statistics on this subject bear so closely on the social customs and progress of a people that they are scanned with interest in all civilized countries, says the St. Louis Republic. No two races choose the same beverages in the same proportion. What the laws are underlying this fact, is not yet accurately known. Climate is a factor, and so are habits, occupations and temperament. The people of this country consume their share of beverages. One of the best trade publications gives the latest figures of our annual drink bill. Last year it amounted in the aggregate, for alcoholic and non-alcoholic beverages, to $1,016,126,000, or $14.31 per citizen. Hard times cut down the consumption somewhat, especially that of spirits. But the footings of the various items indicate that the average American is not accustomed to restrict himself to water in the choice of beverages.

The population of the United States in 1896 was estimated at 71,263,000. Spirits were consumed to the amount of 71,651,877 gallons, but a deduction must be made of 11,000,000 gallons employed in the arts. A barroom makes 60 drinks out of a gallon, receiving for them not less than $4.50. The total consumption of beer in 1896 was 1,080,626,165 gallons, on which the government revenue was $33,139,141. Consumers paid for beer $541,963,348. One of the peculiarities of Americans is that they care little for wines. In 1887 our production of wine was 27,706,000 gallons and the importation was 4,618,000 gallons. There was a large falling off in 1896. Only 14,599,000 gallons of domestic wines were made, and the foreign wines imported amounted to 4,161,000 gallons. The cost of wines to the consumers in 1896 was $49,730,000, and of alcoholic beverages $861,693,832. In 1892 the national drink bill was larger than that by $140,000,000, and this may be taken as one of the gauges of the period of business depression through which this country has been passing for several years.

It is well known that Americans are great consumers of coffee. They drank in 1896 no less than 962,088,692 gallons made from 481,044,346 pounds of the berries, and costing $120,261,086. Even in this item hard times cut down the average consumption from 9.61 pounds in 1892 to 8.04 pounds in 1896. Tea last year was used to the amount of 466,701,000 gallons, made from 93,340,000 pounds of tea, at a retail cost of $31,171,462. Cocoa is comparatively a small item, the whole amount used for beverages and confectionery costing only $2,630,900. One fact that comes out distinctly in these annual statistics is that Americans drink less spirits than formerly. They spent $270,000,000 for spirits in 1896, against $400,000,000 in 1893. While there was a large decrease also in the consumption of wines, the demand for malt liquors increased. The tendency in America is distinctly away from alcohol as a beverage. Even wines seem to be too heady for the American taste. A decrease of 50 per cent. in the average consumption of spirits in four years is a notable and significant change.

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

The devil's fastest friend and most helpful ally is the liquor traffic.—National Temperance Advocate.

In connection with Queen Victoria's jubilee, an appeal will be made for £10,000 for the purpose of temperance work.

Reforms never move backward. They may appear to do so, but they do not. Don't be deceived by appearances.—Lever.

The St. Cloud reformatory, Minnesota, has prohibited tobacco to its inmates. The physician speaks of "well-being due to its absence."

One small whisky glass roughly carved on a small headstone would often tell more truth than three volumes of biography.—Ram's Horn.

A publican, for a weekly premium of five cents, insures his customers against getting drunk, but should one do so, and fall into the hands of the "bobby," the Boniface will pay expenses of defense, and fine if necessary.—N. Y. Insurance Press.

France, in feudal times, granted to her highway robbers license to rob during three days of the week. We laugh at the very idea, and yet we grant to our saloon robbers license to rob six days of the week and allow it on the seventh.—National Temperance Advocate.

If the great brewers, distillers, wholesalers, jobbers, and the men who have built up mighty fortunes from the liquor traffic, would put forth one-half of the effort that is constantly being made by the enemies of the traffic the contest would be in their favor.—Wine and Spirit News.

The Methodist Centennial commission appointed by the Methodists of Tennessee to make preparation for an exhibit in the Tennessee Centennial exposition has decided not to have an exhibit, and the commission has been dissolved. This step is because the managers propose to make it a liquor licensing show.

A notable W. C. T. U. exhibit will be displayed at the Tennessee Centennial at Nashville. A two-days' W. C. T. U. congress in October is also being planned to follow the state convention. The women are petitioning the legislature not to extend the corporate lines of Nashville for the purpose of selling liquor on the centennial grounds.

A Dutch Physiologist's Testimony.

Dr. F. C. Donders, a Dutch physiologist, says: "Never let a drop of liquor moisten the lips of men. If large quantities destroy mind and body, small quantities produce physiologically exactly the same effect. The difference is quantitative, not qualitative. I do not hesitate to affirm that if from this day not another drop of spirituous liquors was drunk, the appetite for it would be quieted after a few generations, if not wholly destroyed."

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

SPLENDID SHEEP BARN.

Its Interior Arrangement Is Sure to Give Perfect Satisfaction.

The careful shepherd gives his flocks good care and finds his business about as profitable as any other line of rural industry. By having good shelter he is enabled to carry more animals through the winter upon a given quantity of feed, and by having proper conveniences he saves a larger per cent. of his lambs. In growing early lambs he secures better prices and in knowing how to feed he has a better quality of mutton, which leads people to purchase this most nutritious of meats in larger quantities, and thus he aids in building up his own market.

People are only beginning to learn the value of mutton. The demand is constantly growing and will continue

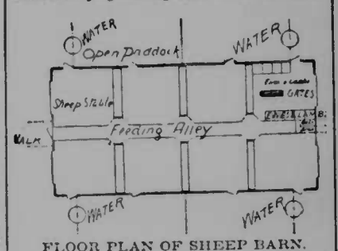

FLOOR PLAN OF SHEEP BARN.

to grow as fast as the value is appreciated. Believing that the future of sheep husbandry is full of promise we present a plan for a sheep barn.

The barn is 40x80, with a feeding alley lengthwise and separating the stables. The portable racks are used to make subdivisions. These racks may be moved to one side and the wagon or manure spreader driven through the stables for convenience in cleaning out the manure. Each stable has in connection with it an open lot or paddock in which the sheep may run at all times.

Where lambs are grown a number of double gates are very convenient. These may be set up in a corner of the stable by means of hooks and staples, and the

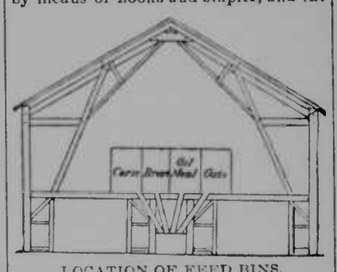

LOCATION OF FEED BINS.

ewe and lamb shut up therein until the lamb has sufficient strength to mingle with the flock without risk of life. A number of these small pens may be set up if necessary, and when not in use they may be stored away in very small space. We are indebted to Mr. George McKerrow for this idea, and since he is one of the most successful sheep growers in Wisconsin his recommendations have great weight. We have tested the value of small box-like pens, but the gates are more convenient and require less room when not in use.

The basement should be seven and a half or eight feet high, and the loft above should be of sufficient height to provide storage room for hay and fodder.

The feed bins may be located in the loft and conveyed to a mixing box at the end of the feeding alley by means of spouts, as shown in Fig. 2.

Watering tanks may be located in the division fences and the supply regulated by floats.—John L. Shawver, in National Stockman.

PIG PEN POINTERS.

With good clover pasture hogs can be made to fatten very rapidly and at low cost.

As soon as the pigs are two weeks old begin to feed them in a side trough. This will push them along nicely and save the sow.

There is encouragement in the general acquiescence in the policy of giving swine range—plenty of grass and clover, and less of the everlasting corn diet. We no longer aim at masses of living lard.

Boar pigs that are doing service need careful attention and good feeding. Do not feed any great quantity of corn; try a few peas, ground oats and a handful of oil meal, and exercise them as much as possible.

In a majority of cases, however good may be the clover patch which the farmer has for his hogs, it will pay to buy a supply of ship-stuff to feed with it. This for the sake of variety and for the good of the pasture.

Plenty of hogs are killed by quack nostrums when cholera is supposed to be in the herd. Aconite and concentrated lye are fed plentifully and hogs die. Starvation is better treatment than rank poisons indiscriminately fed.

We can reduce the cost of pork by reducing the time in which we grow it. A 200-pound pig, well marked with lean, is demanded. This can be got ready in six months often, and where a butter dairy is run a considerable greater weight can be procured.—Rural World.

How to Move Large Hogs.

Make a cage or box large enough to hold the hog, but without bottom. To get the hog in, throw down an ear of corn, and while she is eating it let two men lift the cage and put it over her. One can do it by tipping it just right. Have a loose bottom (an old door will do very well) a little wider and longer than the cage; place this from the ground to the wagon or sleigh. Carry or drag the cage along the ground and up the slanting floor, and the hog will walk right on the sleigh or wagon herself, and there will be no lifting excepting the cage. Throw the bottom on top of cage, put a chain over and fasten to wagon. When unloading, just reverse the operation.—Rural World.

A SCIENTIST SAVED.

President Barnaby, of Hartsville College, Survives a Serious Illness Through the Aid of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

From the Republican, Columbus, Ind.

The Hartsville College, situated at Hartsville, Indiana, was founded years ago in the interest of the United Brethren Church, when the state was mostly a wilderness, and colleges were scarce. The college is well known throughout the country, former students having gone into all parts of the world.

PROF. ALVIN P. BARNABY.

A reporter recently called at this famous seat of learning and was shown into the room of the President, Prof. Alvin P. Barnaby. When last seen by the reporter Prof. Barnaby was in delicate health. To-day he was apparently in the best of health. In response to an inquiry the professor said:

"Oh, yes, I am much better than for some time. I am now in perfect health; but my recovery was brought about in rather a peculiar way."

"Tell me about it," said the reporter.

"Well, to begin at the beginning," said the professor, "I studied too hard when at school, endeavoring to educate myself for the professions. After completing the common course I came here, and graduated from the theological course. I entered the ministry and accepted the charge of a United Brethren Church at a small place in Kent County, Mich. Being of an ambitious nature, I applied myself diligently to my work and studies. In time I noticed that my health was failing. My trouble was indigestion, and this with other troubles brought on nervousness.

"My physician prescribed for me for some time, and advised me to take a change of climate. I did as requested and was some improved. Soon after I came here as a professor in physics and chemistry, and later was financial agent of this college. The change agreed with me, and for awhile my health was better, but my duties were heavy, and again I found my trouble returning. This time it was more severe and in the winter I became completely prostrated. I tried various medicines and different physicians. Finally I was able to return to my duties. Last spring I was elected president of the college. Again I had considerable work, and the trouble, which had not been entirely cured, began to affect me, and last fall I collapsed. I had different doctors, but none did me any good. Professor Bowman, who is professor of natural science, told me of his experience with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and urged me to give them a trial, because they had benefited him in a similar case, and I concluded to try them.

"The first box helped me, and the second gave great relief, such as I had never experienced from the treatment of any physician. After using six boxes of the medicine I was entirely cured. To-day I am perfectly well. I feel better and stronger than for years. I certainly recommend this medicine."

To allay all doubt Prof. Barnaby cheerfully made an affidavit before
LYMAN J. SCUDDER, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk, or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

The great objection we have to the man who blows his own trumpet is in the tune he selects.—N. Y. Weekly.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed, 50c and $1.00, all druggists.

When a fellow sets up the drinks, do not be sure that he pays for them. It may come out of you.—Washington Democrat.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me many a doctor's bill.—S. F. Hardy, Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, 1894.

To have a respect for ourselves guides our morals, and to have a deference for others governs our manners.—N. Y. Weekly.

Actors, Vocalists, Public Speakers praise Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in One minute.

Long and Short—years with rheumatism no time with St. Jacobs Oil—and a cure.

It is queer that a hard coal burner always goes out in the coldest night of the winter.—Washington Democrat.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c.

Gorge the memory and starve the understanding.—Ram's Horn.

A slip—a sprain—lame. St. Jacobs Oil cures it all the same.

What a dry time some of us would have if we got nothing but our deserts.—N. Y. Weekly.

When bilious or costive eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

A man with two faces never needs but one pair of feet.—Ram's Horn.

FISHING FOR SPONGES.

An Expert Is Poorly Paid and Always Suffers From Rheumatism.

Lying on his chest along the boat's deck, the sponge fisher, with his water-glass—a pane set in a box fitted with handles—looks down 40 feet into the clear depths, says Pearson's Weekly. With one hand he grasps and sinks a slender pole, sometimes 50 feet in length, fitted at the end with a double hook. The sponge once discovered, the hook is deftly inserted at the rocky base, and by a sudden jerk the sponge is detached.

This curt description of what seems the simple work of sponge fishing gives no idea of the real skill and exertion needed. The eye of the fisher has to be trained by long experience to peer into the sea and tell the commercially valuable sponge from those that are worthless. He must have a deft hand to detach the sponge without a tear.

Above all, while doing this with one hand, he must manipulate with the other the water glass, as the waves sway it sideways and up and down. The strain on eye and body is most intense, to say nothing of the cramped position and exposure to wind and wet, which, first and last, make almost every sponge fisher a victim of acute rheumatism. Yet, with all his arduous toil, an expert fisher earns not more than three pounds sterling a month, besides his "keep" on the boat, which barely deserves the name of existence.

ATTACKED BY FROGS.

Terrible Experience of a Man Who Attempts to Cleanse a Well.

Elmer Cantor, of Union, N. Y., for some time has noticed a peculiar taste in the water in his well, and he determined to clean it. William Forbes was engaged to pump it out, and after draining off as much water as possible he descended into the well. Suddenly Cantor heard a loud commotion in the water and a muffled cry for help. He thought the man had been overcome by gas and hurried down to find a squirming mass on the water, with which Forbes was battling. On projecting stones above his head and in the water around him were thousands of frogs. Some were monstrous fellows, and it seemed as though they had made a preconcerted attack.

They were leaping upon his head and shoulders from all directions, and he was covered with a slime that gave forth a sickening odor. It was with some difficulty that he was rescued from his perilous position, and had he remained in the water a short time longer he would have sunk helpless to the bottom. It is supposed the frogs reached the well from a pond by means of an underground channel.

The Sacredness of Prayer Rugs.

Verses from the Koran and other passages considered sacred are generally stamped on fabrics used as prayer rugs by the Mohammedans, and it is criminal in oriental law to export such pieces. This is doubtless because use by the occidentals means the treading of sacred words under infidel feet, and when you think it over it is not to be wondered at. A few years ago an American succeeded in getting two such pieces as near home as Paris, but the inducements offered him to return them to the oriental dealer were potent enough to effect their purpose.

Lots of women wish there were more days in the week to attend clubs.—Washington Democrat.

Pains and aches break down. St. Jacobs Oil builds up and finishes with a cure.

A THOUGHT THAT KILLED A MAN!

He thought that he could trifle with disease. He was run down in health, felt tired and worn out, complained of dizziness, biliousness, backaches and headaches. His liver and kidneys were out of order. He thought to get well by dosing himself with cheap remedies. And then came the ending. He fell a victim to Bright's disease! The money he ought to have invested in a safe, reliable remedy went for a tombstone.

Warner's Safe Cure

is the only standard remedy in the world for kidney and liver complaints. It is the only remedy which physicians universally prescribe. It is the only remedy that is backed by the testimony of thousands whom it has relieved and cured.

THERE IS NOTHING ELSE THAT CAN TAKE ITS PLACE

"Your daughter Imogene is a perfect Venus, Mr. Diggins." "Yes—Venus de Milo; she never does any work with her arms."—Chicago Record.

TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL.

The Lowest Rates Ever Made to an Exposition in This Country.

The Exposition in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the admission of Tennessee into the Union is not a local affair by any means. It far surpasses in extent of buildings, beauty of grounds, interesting exhibits and number of both foreign and home attractions any exhibition ever held in this country, ——— the possible exception of the Columbian ——— 1893. Located as it is on the main line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad it is in the direct line of travel between the North and the South, and can be visited en route with loss of but little time. The extremely low rates that have been established make it cheaper to go a little out of your way, even, to take in this great show, while its own attractions will well repay a special visit. Write Mr. C. P. Atmore, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Louisville, Ky., for matter concerning it.

Lecturer—"The entire history of the world has moved in cycles." Sprocket—"What make?"—Philadelphia North American.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 1-4 the price of coffee. 15c. and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

A man who has a job the year round and is earning a living ought to be happy.—Washington Democrat.

"Star Tobacco."

As you chew tobacco for pleasure, use Star. It is not only the best, but the most lasting, and therefore the cheapest.

Fogg says he is immoderately fond of red hair, because it looks so much better after it has turned gray.—Boston Transcript.

A man bumps himself with lumbago. He hustles when cured by St. Jacobs Oil.

Many a train of thought ought to be switched into a siding.—N. Y. Weekly.

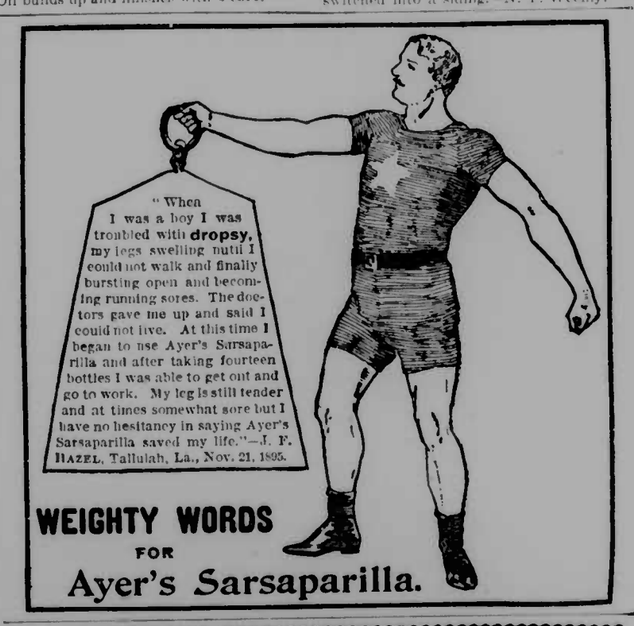

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ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 917.0

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Yucatan, it is perfection.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

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The Republican.

BE[illegible] ELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1897.

THE boys around the pie table have pasted in their hats that decision of the Supreme Court that the President has power to remove officials before the end of their terms.

LET it be remembered that it was the alleged leader of the Democracy in the House of Representatives who by a single objection, delayed for at least three days the passage of a bill granting relief to suffering American citizens in Cuba.

PROFESSOR WILSON'S hysterical attacts upon the Dingley bill, for which he is paid column rates by the New York *Herald*, would be more to the point if they would explain why his own bill produced an annual deficit of fifty million dollars and is still running the Government in debt.

CAREFUL students of the newspapers of the country find ample evidence of an increased activity in business and a slow but sure growth of prosperity. Newspapers in every part of the country, without regard to party views, unite in the assertion that business in the various lines, commercial, manufacturing, railroad building, and other enterprises, show a decided improvement.

THE silver orators who insisted during the last campaign that the prices of farm products and silver rose and fell simultaneously, are finding difficulty in maintaining their position on this subject. Corn has increased 50 per cent. in selling price since that time, and wheat has doubled in price, and yet silver continues to go down until now it has reached the lowest point in its history.

AN INTEREST rate of three and a half per cent. per annum is very low; yet a railroad company which put a hundred million dollars of bonds upon the market recently at that rate of interest, had no difficulty in finding capital to accept them. The people who are industriously insisting that the United States should have more money, find it difficult to hold this position when such quantities of money are seeking investment at so low an interest rate.

THE Southern protection sentiment continues to make itself felt at the National capital. On every product of the South Southern protectionists have asked for protection in the pending tariff bill. This week a delegation from several of the Southern States arrived at Washington and plead for the Dingley bill rates on rice as against the lower rates named by the Senate Finance Committee, in its amendments to the tariff bill. The South is supplying more votes and arguments for a protective tariff than ever before in its history.

"LITTLE PERU" is just now the subject of a good deal of attention from all parts of the world by reason of the fact that on May 10 her new currency system went into effect. The system creates the gold standard and prohibits the importation of silver coin, the purpose of this prohibition being to maintain the standing and nominal value of the silver coin already in the country. Commenting upon this action by Peru, the Macon *Telegraph*, a Democratic paper, says: "The statesmen of little Peru are wiser than the new breed of our own country who spring from the mining camps of the West."

THE gold production of 1897 is likely to exceed that of 1896, which was the largest in the history of the world. Advices from Ecuador show that mines being developed there are reported as richer and more extensive than those of South Africa, where such enormous quantities of gold have recently been produced. New mines are being developed in Mexico, Texas and other parts of the Southwest, while new methods which are being applied in the old gold mines of Georgia, Alabama, and North Carolina are making them profitable, and the quantity of gold produced very considerable. Almost every gold-producing country in the world increased its output in 1896 over 1895, and indications are that 1897 will witness the greatest year's production of the world.

A Gorman Explanation.

We have been expecting some amusing statements from the Gorman press and we find from last week's issue of the Laurel *Democrat* that we are not to be disappointed. The *Democrat* has taken upon itself the task of pointing the way of Democratic success—and the re-election of its patron. Recently it published what is modestly called "a very bright and well-written editorial upon Democratic prospects of carrying Maryland." This is followed by an equally "bright and well-written" leader upon "Things That Are Necessary to Democratic Success in Maryland." These things are two in number. First, a reiteration of the Chicago platform. Second, "the relegation to the rear and reduction to the ranks of many of the so-called leaders of the Democratic party, who have for years been sucking, like so many leeches, the life-blood of the party," and the selection by honest men of Gorman as their leader. To these "barnacles and political vampires," Dr. Thomas M. Baldwin, editorial successor and brother of ex-editor Ernest P. Baldwin, the free-silver First Auditor of the Treasury, attributes Republican ascendency in Maryland. He further says:

They have, like the old man of the sea, ridden Senator Gorman and clung to his neck, until they almost accomplished his eternal political downfall. Without the knowledge or consent of Senator Gorman they, in his name, have made more promises, which they could not and did not fulfill, than could be kept by a combined Democratic National and State Administration. They proved themselves to be political stuffed prophets and Ananiastic Munchausens of huge proportions, for which all the vicarious political suffering of Gorman can hardly compensate.

As a piece of unconscious humor this must be pronounced a decided success; as an explanation of the defeat of 1895 it is a sad failure. The voters of 1895 were striking at the cause, as well as the effect. Honest Democrats, weary of barnacles and vampires sustained by Senator Gorman, took the sensible course of defeating the whole ticket made by Gorman. Some good men suffered, but the worst sufferers were Gorman, Basin and the whole tribe of what Editor Baldwin calls leeches, for they were deprived of what they prize above all—personal power and opportunity of enrichment. A Democratic success that means the continuation of Gorman in the United States Senate also means the control of the party by him and his kind. The men whom the Laurel organ charges with having "almost accomplished his eternal political downfall" in 1895, are the very men by whose aid he rose from obscurity, and who have always carried out his reprehensible methods, and it does not become him now to repudiate them.—News.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

Copyrighted by "Nemo."

TO THE ENVIOUS:—How do you better yourself by coveting the property of others? Do you not rather let loose in your heart ravening wolves whose teeth are whetted to tear down those who run well? Many untoward things have happened to you, doubtless, and you feel sick at failures, but envy only leads you further astray. Concentration upon your own affairs (one of the ways to success) is impossible if your marvelous mind spends its strength in estimating the seemingly unfair distribution of worldly goods. The brighter the sunshine the darker the shadow, and your heart would almost stand still with dread could you see the gloom along some of the ways you think so bright and happy. Tread serenely once more your own way, holding life to be a providing place of merit, and at the end there shall be peace.

* * *

TO BEWILDERED ONES:—Buffetted by ill winds, with faith shaken by miseries that seem undeserved, you sometimes are tempted to cry out that life is naught but chance and mischance. But every analogy of nature is against you. There (and with you too) everything is concluded to be the result of cause and effect. There is a reason for all that is happening to you difficult though is may seem to discover it. Learn from the scientist. In a number of sciences, for instance the study of the stars or the study of life, there is a point reached beyond which the light of reason fails and soon becomes impenetrable darkness. The scientist must choose one of two ways, either conclude that the origin of things comes by chance, or that all is ordered and directed by a power beyond his ken. Which seems to you the more reasonable? I need hardly inquire. Then let your reason lead you to the same conclusion in relation to your own problems.

* * *

TO FRIENDLY SOULS:—In ancient Mythology the world was believed to be held on the shoulders of Atlas. This man of mighty frame has his counterpart in these later years, and the fancy of the ancients does not seem so very remote, for I see this grand old age-marked world rolling quietly along and the most sustaining influence in it is friendship. The unselfishness of those who wish us well out of pure goodness of heart, keeps many a toiler cheerfully in his place. God's vice-regents on earth are the friends we have. When tempted and tried, even before we turn to God for guidance, our thought is almost invariably, "What would dear——, my friend think?" You magnanimous ones, whose eyes are blinded to our outer faults, but keen-visioned for ideas and grandeur we are capable of, still exert your power unsparingly. The ways are hard and weary; stay not the precious influences that help us to believe in good and in effort and in ourselves.

* * *

TO MINISTERS:—Let no man deprive you of your right to take active part in our country's affairs. You have right and the responsibility as well. Bear with me for a few lines in order to see whether we agree. The highest civilization is undoubtedly that in which there is the readiest interchange of advantages and opportunities among the members of the nation. We not only boast of a high civilization but we even dare to call ourselves "Christian." What is Christian civilization? The reply must be made that civilization, in order to be christian in any sense, must be one that, as far as possible, from the highest to the lowest, is actuated by Christian principles. If this be true then, there is, as yet, very little danger of our going too far in such a direction. In fact, a glance over our political life up to this time, and a consideration of the motives that prompt many men into it, is quite sufficient reason for our not yet even approximating the Christian standard. It must be borne in mind that any further introduction of Christian principles into politics and business will never be made by those who oppose such principles. The only hope that a gradual bettering of conditions and a gradual moving of our civilization forward to the humanity and brotherly kindness that characterize it, has to be found in the active participation in all affairs of life by those who are the leaders of men along moral heights. The fact that our spirits take on a certain form of belief in relation to the future life does not in any way free us from responsibility here. We still need food and raiment: we still need money for the comforts of life and they are still obtainable only by toil. That toil still remains hampered by the social conditions of the day in which we live and those conditions must necessarily remain hard and objectionable so long as they are solely brought about by those who are prompted by selfish motives. Let your light so shine before men in all the ways of life that, in their reaching after higher life they may not stumble and fall over material conditions that you could better. Hunger, thriftlessness and oppression are removable enemies to the faith you preach. Study them and wrestle with them, that straight paths may be made for feeble feet.

* * *

TO SELF-SEEKING PREACHERS:—It is forbidden to speak lightly of the Lord's anointed. This do I not, for the Lord has nothing to do with the spurious oil of desire for ease and comfort, that sets some of you above the throng. Too polite to be honest, too gentle to stir thistle-down, too inexperienced to know life as it is lived, too indolent to grasp the vast opportunities of your position, you pass through life like children playing on the sand. You have no hand to spare for those who flounder and expire in the shallows of truth, for both hands are busy holding close to the ear in childish glee empty shells of theory and hair-splitting and mental pleasures that shut out the ocean-like sounds of human anguish and human aspiration. You set before your hearers mere husks, fit for swine and unfit even for prodigal sons. You draw your topics from every place except the human heart, forgetting the while that if it were not for the human heart and its yearning for truth and a guide and a seer, there would be no pulpit for you to fill.

Twenty Years....

For more than twenty years we have been telling how Scott's Emulsion overcomes the excessive waste of the system, puts on flesh, nourishes and builds up the body, making it the remedy for all wasting diseases of adults and children, but it isn't possible for us to tell the story in a mere stickful of newspaper type.

We have had prepared for us by a physician a little book, telling in easy words how and why Scott's Emulsion benefits, and a postal card request will be enough to have it sent to you free. To-day would be a good time to send for it.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

AS SEEN BY THE "SUN."

Senator Wellington's Cuban Speech—The Situation in Maryland Sized up.

The following passages from a leading editorial in the Baltimore *Sun* of May 20 will attract wide spread attention as indicating the drift of conservative political opinion in this State:

"Senator Wellington's recent speech opposing the Morgan resolution, which proposes to recognize the belligerent rights of the Cuban insurgents, has revealed him in a new light to both his friends and enemies and has attracted far greater attention than is generally accorded to the first effort of a new member of the Senate. Conservative and patriotic people in this State and elsewhere have been gratified by the demonstration that Mr. Wellington is something more than the petty political boss which it has been the effort of the discredited Democratic ring politicians to represent him, while the latter have been disappointed and startled by the discovery that Mr. Gorman's colleague in the Senate possesses qualities which appeal to the moral and business sense of the nation and which are likely to strengthen his hold on public confidence and respect.

"That Mr. Wellington produced a bad impression by some of his post-campaign utterances is well know, but the position taken by him in the Senate shows not only broad statesmanship and clear appreciation of the duties and responsibilities of this government toward the Cuban struggle, but a courage and frankness that deserve the highest commendation. As a new Senator he might have evaded participation in the discussion without great discredit and avoided unpleasant conflicts of opinion with Republicans and Democratic associates who might be useful to him in the future. But he put aside such considerations as these and had the manliness to come fearlessly forward and to express his convictions without regard to political expediency or personal popularity. It is a refreshing experience for Maryland to have a Senator who is independent enough to do his duty in the face of howling senatorial jingoes, and who is able to measure properly the meaning and consequences of such an issue as that presented by the Cuban question.

"It is in such striking contrast to the methods and tactics of our other Senator (Mr. Gorman) that it is no wonder it has created general surprise. Although the Cuban debate has been going on in the Senate for many months, the public does not know today where Mr. Gorman stands on that question. If he has ever expressed himself on the subject, it must have been in a confidential whisper in a cloak room, or behind a door, or in some secret conference where the public could not hear of it. At least, if he has made any declaration anywhere in regard to it, it has been so diplomatic and so carefully guarded that nobody has regarded it as meaning anything.

"Whatever else may be said about Mr. Wellington, he is, so far at least, not a compromiser or a dodger, not the kind of statesman who evades public issues and who achieve his political purposes by underground methods. We at least know where he is all the time, and it is something to have to deal with a man who has the courage to fight in the open.

"In this connection it may be worth while to point out that the abuse and criticism to which Mr. Wellington has been subjected on the ground of his supposed dictatorial tendencies and policy have been largely undeserved. The "political bunco steerers" of the old ring have sedulously endeavored to produce and strengthen the impression that the Republican Senator is a boss and political dictator of the worst stripe, but the evidence does not support that assertion. As the leader of his party in the State and its representative in the Senate he has claimed the right to consideration in the matter of appointments, and the fact that he has done so openly and boldly has been used as an evidence that he is a greater boss than Mr. Gorman.

* * *

"But whether Mr. Wellington is a boss or not, he is but a pigmy in that respect to the twin bosses, who are now pointing to him as the embodiment of political tyranny. "You must see me first" is not an original Wellington motto. It was the invariable political and business maxim of the Democratic bosses enforced every day for many years at their old stands in this city and State. No man in the county or city, in the whole length and breadth of Maryland, could hope for political office or preferment until and unless he had "seen" the great bosses who ruled the Democratic party with a rod of iron and through its machinery the people of the State. No corporate or business enterprise, great or small, which needed legislation in City Council or Legislature, could secure action unless it "saw" first the managers of the Democratic machine.

* * *

"Mr. Gorman is preparing for his last campaign. It is natural, therefore, that he and his followers should endeavor to emphasize and exaggerate the mistakes which have been made by their opponents. They know too well that it will not do to allow the public memory to run back to their own long record of glaring misrule and shameless political despotism. The Republicans have made mistakes and some very foolish ones, but they are utterly insignificant as compared with the blunders and wrong-doings of the old Democratic machine.

"Many of the municipal ills from which we suffer are the direct legacies of the corruption and mismanagement of the machine. Republican rule has not only been free from the political scandals and disgraces of the old regime, but has produced substantial and beneficial results that we were never able to obtain from that dual despotism.

"Thoughtful, independent Democrats will ponder these things and ponder them well."

Chestnut Ridge.

Mr. John Kahl, of this place, was at home spending Sunday with his parents.

Mr. Noah Pysell is hauling stone and lumber for a new mill, which he will build at Flatwoods.

Mr. Noah Pysell was attending the sale at Loch Lynn last Friday and bought a fine horse.

Mr. Howard Brenneman has the contract for painting Wm. Sebolt's house. Mr. H. is a good painter.

Mr. Nelson Brenneman is at Mountain Lake Park working for Mr. Amos Bittinger.

One night last week the following young people were at Flatwoods visiting Mr. George Keller, who is sick with the dropsy: Misses Addie Pysell and Ella Pysell and Messrs. John Kahl and Noah F. Pysell.

Deer Park, on the Crest of the Alleghanies.

To those contemplating a trip to the mountains in search of health or pleasure, Deer Park, on the crest of the Alleghany Mountains, 3,000 feet above sea level, offers such varied attractions as a delightful atmosphere during both day and night, pure water, smooth, winding roads through the mountains and valleys, Cricket grounds, Ball grounds, Golf links, Tennis courts, and the most picturesque scenery in the Alleghany range. The hotel is equipped with all adjuncts conducive to the entertainment, pleasure and comfort of guests.

There are also a number of furnished cottages with facilities for housekeeping.

The houses and grounds are supplied with absolutely pure water, piped from the celebrated "Boiling Spring," and are lighted with electricity. Deer Park is on the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and has the advantage of its splendid Vestibuled Limited Express trains between the east and west. Season excursion tickets, good for return passage until October 31, will be placed on sale at greatly reduced rates at all principal ticket offices throughout the country.

The season at Deer Park commences June 21, 1897.

For full information as to rates, rooms, etc., address D. C. Jones, Manager, Camden Station, Baltimore Md. 9-41.

Grantsville.

John O. Getty when moving about is compelled to use crutches, because of a sprained ankle.

S. M. Yoder is painting the residence of J. O. Getty.

B. S. Yoder has three Berkshire pigs, of aristocratic lineage, which weighed 24, 25 and 26 pounds respectively.

Jefferson Broadwater died on the 18th inst., after a protracted illness and much suffering. He had taken treatment for cancer, and his aged and enfeebled system succumbed to the rigors incidental thereto. His funeral was held at Bittinger on the 20th inst. He was over 75 years old.

James Clarence Getty died on the 21st inst. The funeral was held on the 23d inst., which was very largely attended. More full obituary notice will appear later on.

William Hoover died last Sunday. Funeral is to be held to-day (Tuesday.)

Held For Court.

Yesterday morning James Bell, a miner employed by the Manor Big Vein Coal company, at Shaw, was before Justice Boyer, charged, upon the oath of Albert B. Green, with having assaulted him with intent to kill. Quite a number of witnesses were examined and at the conclusion of the hearing Justice Boyer held Bell in $100 bond for his appearance at the Circuit Court.

Annual Meeting of the German Baptists. Low Rates to Frederick.

The B. & O. R. R., will sell tickets from all stations on its lines east of the Ohio River, not including Pittsburg, Parkersburg and Wheeling, for all trains May 28 to June 8, inclusive, valid for return until June 30, at reduced rates.

Rate from Cumberland, $3.70; Clarksburg, $7.40; Grafton, $6.75, and correspondingly low rates from other stations. 13-2t

The Westfield (Ind.,) *News* prints the following in regard to an old resident of that place: "Frank McAvoy, for many years in the employ of the L., N. A. & C. Ry. here, says: "I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for ten years or longer—am never without it in my family. I consider it the best remedy of the kind manufactured. I take pleasure in recommending it." It is a specific for all bowel disorders. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

PUBLIC SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE
IN GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Under and by virtue of a power contained in a mortgage from Jonas Frazee and Rosa Frazee, his wife, to the Baltimore Building and Loan Association of Baltimore City, dated the 30th day of January, 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 25, folios 500, etc., one of the Mortgage Records of Garrett county, Maryland, the undersigned as attorney named in the said mortgage, will offer at public sale, in front of the post office, in Oakland, Maryland, on

Saturday, June 5th, 1897,

at 10 o'clock a. m.,

all the following parcels or tracts of land, situate and lying in Garrett county, Maryland:

1st. All that lot or parcel of land situate and lying in the town of Selbysport, in Garrett county aforesaid, containing one-half of an acre of land, more or less, fronting on the Morgantown road, it being the same property which was conveyed by John M. and Catherine Kessler to Jonas Frazee by deed dated the 27th day of April, 1886, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 11, folio 396, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, except the portions thereof sold to J. Z. Browning and Sarah B. Friend.

This property is improved by a good stable.

2d. All that farm or tract of land known as the

Home Farm of the late Christian Fike.

situate and lying about a mile and a-half north-east of the town of Selbysport, in Garrett county aforesaid, containing

One Hundred and Sixteen and one-quarter Acres of Land,

more or less, the greater portion thereof being cleared and under cultivation, and is good farming land, it being the same property which was conveyed by Lucian Frazee and wife to Jonas Frazee by deed dated the 8th day of October, 1888, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 14, folio 13, one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

This property is improved by a good barn.

3d. All that farm or tract of land situate and lying along the Youghiogheny river, about one and a-half miles north of the town of Selbysport, containing

Sixty-seven Acres of Land,

more or less. About forty-five acres of this land are cleared and under cultivation, and is good bottom land, it being the same property which was conveyed by Jane Frances Fike to Jonas Frazee by deed dated the 21st day of February, 1880, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 11, folio 439, one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

This property is improved by a frame dwelling, in fair condition, and by an old barn, sugar house, wagon shed and granary.

4th. All that lot or parcel of land situate and lying about a mile and a-half north-east of the town of Selbysport, in Garrett county aforesaid, containing

Two Acres of Land,

more or less, all cleared, it being the same property which was conveyed by John Riley and wife to Jonas Frazee by deed dated the 10th day of May, 1890, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 15, folio 222, one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

This property has no buildings upon it.

5th. All that farm or tract of land situate and lying about a mile and a-half north-east of the town of Selbysport, in Garrett county aforesaid, containing SIXTY-THREE ACRES OF LAND, more or less, known as

"The West End of the late Jesse Groves' Farm,"

all the said land being cleared and under cultivation, it being the same property which was conveyed by Elizabeth Frazee to Rosa Frazee by deed dated the 20th day of February, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 11, folio 421, one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

This property is improved by TWO SMALL FRAME DWELLINGS AND A BARN.

6th. All that farm or tract of land known as the

SPRINGER PROPERTY,

situate and lying about five miles north of Deer Park, in Garrett county aforesaid, bordering on and along Deep Creek, said stream running through a portion of it. This farm contains

Two Hundred and Fifty-six Acres

of land, more or less, and about one-half of it is cleared and under cultivation, the other half being black pine land and glade land, and is good for grazing. It was conveyed by James Z. Browning and wife and Samuel S. Browning and wife to Jonas Frazee by deed dated the 19th day of August, 1873, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 22, folio 236, one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

This farm is improved by TWO FRAME DWELLING HOUSES AND TWO BARNS.

Terms of sale of all the above tracts or parcels of land, cash on the day of sale.

Deeds at the cost of the purchaser.

D. JAMES BLACKISTON,
Attorney named in the Mortgage.
JOHN SHARTZER, Auctioneer. 10-4t

PROCLAMATION.

STATE OF MARYLAND,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

WHEREAS, Satisfactory information has been received by me of the adoption by the States of Virginia and West Virginia of the provisions of Chapter 27 of the Laws of Maryland of 1896, entitled "An Act to repeal Sections 10, 11 and 12 of Article 39 of the Code of Public General Laws, entitled "Fish and Fisheries," and to re-enact a portion thereof with amendments; and

WHEREAS, The provisions of the said Act have been adopted by the State of West Virginia to become operative on and after the nineteenth day of May, 1897.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, Lloyd Lowndes, Governor of the State of Maryland, in pursuance of the power and authority vested in me by the said Act do hereby proclaim and declare that the provisions of the said Act are applicable and effective from and after the said 19th day of May, 1897, and that from and after the said date under the provisions of said Act, it shall not be lawful for any person to catch or kill any black bass, green bass, rock bass, pike or pickerel of less than 9 inches in length, measured from the point of the nose to the end of the tail, between the 15th day of April and the 1st day of June in each year, nor catch or kill any of said species of fish at any other time during the year save only with a rod, hook and line or dip net. The words "hook and line" shall not include trot lines or set lines.

"Any person violating the provisions of this Act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be punishable on conviction by imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding six months, or by a fine not exceeding two hundred dollars, or by fine and imprisonment; and it shall be the duty of the circuit court of the counties abutting on the Potomac river above Little Falls, at each session of the grand jury, to call its attention to the provisions of this law. The provisions of this law shall not be applicable below the Little Falls near Washington."

THE GREAT SEAL OF MARYLAND. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and have caused to be affixed hereto the Great Seal of the State of Maryland.

Done at the City of Annapolis on the SIXTH day of May, A. D. eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.

By the Governor,
LLOYD LOWNDES.
RICHARD GALLER, Secy of State.

JOHN SHARTZER,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
offers his services to the people of Garrett county. Will cry land or personal property sales at any point in the county. 6-6-1yr.

THE BOUNDARY DISPUTE.

Importance of the Question at Issue Between the States of Maryland and West Virginia.

Another step in the boundary line case between Maryland and West Virginia, which has been pending in the Supreme Court of the United States since 1890, is about to be taken. In October, 1894, a line was run by the State of West Virginia from the Fairfax stone to the Pennsylvania line, which, it is contended on the part of West Virginia, is the true boundary. It is now proposed on the part of Maryland to locate the Miebler line in order to show the claims of Maryland to the territory in dispute. The survey will be commenced within a short time under the direction of the Attorney General. The line as surveyed in 1894 by West Virginia where it strikes the Pennsylvania line is about three-quarters of a mile eastward of the Michler line.

The original boundaries of Maryland as laid out in the charter were: The fortieth parallel of north latitude, a meridian line running south to the first or most distant fountain of the Potomac; thence proceeding southward to the farther or western bank of that river, and following that river to a specified point at the mouth of the river; thence by a straight line across the bay to Watkin's Point and onward to the ocean and Delaware bay and river to the fortieth parallel.

The only one of these courses that was uncertain at the time the charter was granted was at the extreme west. The point where the meridian line was to begin had to remain undefined until it should be found which was farthest source or first fountain of the Potomac; or, in other words, which of the branches of that river rose the farthest from its mouth. When the question arose as to which of the two branches which united to form the Potomac river was the longer a commission in 1746 appointed by Lord Fairfax, who was the proprietor of the Northern Neck of Virginia, and the English crown, concluded that the north branch were the longer, and planted the Fairfax stone.

Maryland, not being a party to the commission, was not bound thereby and Lord Baltimore did not recognize the Fairfax stone as being located at the first fountain of the Potomac. In 1758 he protested against this invasion of his territory, and direction Gov. Horatio Sharp to look into the matter and to open correspondence with Lord Fairfax with a view to the settlement of the boundaries beween Maryland and Virginia.

Information was then obtained from a survey made by Col. Thomas Cresap which went to show that the South Branch was the longer, but the outbreak of the French and Indian war prevented further action.

The question was unsettled at the time of the Revolution, but in her first constitution, adopted July 29, 1776, Virginia confirmed Maryland's claim. In 1787, by resolution of the General Assembly of Maryland, Col. Francis Deakins was appointed to survey out the reserved land belonging to the State lying in Washington county westward of Fort Cumberland into convenient lots of fifty acres each, and upon the adoption of his report the Legislature awarded these lands to officers and soldiers of the Maryland Line for their services. Colonel Deakins ran a provisional line on the west of his location, and the Legislature at the time of the adoption of his report passed a resolution expressly disavowing his line as the western boundary of the State, and it is to this line that West Virginia now claims jurisdiction and control.

During the years 1895 and 1891 commissioners were appointed by the two states to adjust the boundary, but nothing come from them or other commissioners appointed afterward until the Michler line was run under the direction of Messrs. Macdonald and Lee, commissioners of Virginia and Maryland, respectfully, in 1859.

The Legislature of Maryland in 1860 adopted the report of the commissioners and ratified the Michler line as the boundary running due north from the Fairfax stone to the Pennsylvania line. The State of Virginia, however, instead of adopting the report and thus setting the question forever, passed a resolution directing her commissioner to go to Europe to collect documentary evidence as to the boundaries between the two States. The result of the civil war changed the status of the question, the State of West Virginia being separated from the mother State and within the boundaries of the new State the disputed territory was included.

In 1868 the West Virginia Legislature authorized the Governor to appoint a commission to ascertain the line between that State and Maryland. At the session of the General Assembly of Maryland in 1886 that body requested the Governor to call the attention of the West Virginia authorities to the Michler line, previously surveyed.

In the year 1887 the West Virginia Legislature confirmed this line, with certain conditions that could not be accepted by Maryland. Chief of these and to which the greatest objection was raised was that Maryland should confirm titles granted by Virginia to lands lying to the eastward of the Michler line within the territory of Maryland and to which Maryland had already granted title.

In 1890 the attorney-general of Maryland was authorized and directed by the Legislature to take such steps by suit in the Supreme Court of the United States as would forever settle this question, which has been pending for upward of two hundred years. A bill was filed in the Supreme Court in equity asking for a decree of settlement, and under an order entered in the case the survey above referred to was made by West Virginia.

The territory embraced within the triangular piece of land in dispute covers about nine thousand acres. The questions of jurisdiction between the courts of Maryland and West Virginia are constantly arising, conflicts in titles and taxation of property are always at hand, and the people living along both sides of the line have been constantly annoyed by the counter claims of the two States.

It is to be hoped that the case will be pushed forward by Maryland, and it is generally believed that her contentions will be sustained by the Supreme Court. This question is one in which not only the people of the immediate vicinity of the disputed territory are concerned, but it is a matter which affects the honor of the State at large, for Maryland has constantly given away to the claims and pretensions of her neighbors.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, May 24, 1897.

When it comes to expressing their sympathy for Cuba, or showing their confidence in President McKinley, the Republicans of the House stand with the President. They know that it is not necessary to pass the Senate resolution declaring that the belligerency of the Cubans should be recognized, in order to convince the country of their sympathy for Cuba. They also know that the adoption of that resolution at this time would unnecessarily embarras the President, who is working out a policy that will be of some practical benefit to the Cubans, which it is far from certain that the recognition of belligerency would be. This being the situation, it is not likely that the House will act upon the belligerency resolution or take any other action relating to Cuba, until President McKinley has had time enough to formulate and announce his policy. The real friends of Cuba want more than a recognition of belligerency; they want to see the island independent; and to that end they are steadfastly working, meanwhile, the money appropriated by Congress for the relief of destitute Americans in Cuba, is being used for that purpose by the U. S. Consuls. There is no good reason for any undue haste in taking the next step, especially when haste might defeat the very object sought—the ending of bloodshed in Cuba. President McKinley has promised to act in a short time, and Republicans are willing to accept that promise and wait.

Republican Senators held a caucus to-day, in order to smooth down little differences as to modes of procedure during the tariff debate, now open. There was a general interchange of opinion, and, while there was no attempt to bind anybody, a general understanding was reached that no time should be devoted to lengthy speeches by Republicans. At the caucus of Democratic Senators, it was decided to open their fight on the tariff bill by moving to strike out the entire internal revenue section of the bill, in order to try to curry favor with the brewing interests. Republicans do not believe the motion will carry.

The Bryanites are constantly talking about the increase of free silver sentiment in the country and saying that the result of last November would be reversed if there were a National election held now. Of course everybody knows that sort of talk to be mere bluff and bluster. If proof was needed, it is furnished by the fact that the Democratic leader of the House—Bailey, of Texas—and other prominent Democrats have gone into the first Congressional district of Missouri to speak and work for the election of a Democratic successor to the late Representative R. P. Giles. The silver sentiment is glowing so fast in the silver state of Missouri, that stump speakers of National prominence are needed to make sure that the Republicans do not carry a district that last November elected a silver Democrat. Facts like this are more convincing than loud talk, just as a man is always judged to a larger extent by his actions than by his words.

President McKinley has been so occupied with other matters that he has not had time to decide what to do about revoking the extensions of the civil service rules, made by Mr. Cleveland, but he has heard the complaints of many prominent Republicans concerning the injustice of the most of these extensions and there is very little doubt that when he takes the question up, some, if not all, of these extensions will have to go. Some idea of how some of these extensions are regarded by prominent officials, who know by experience just how they are working, may be had from the following vigorous language used by Assistant Secretary Ryan of the Interior Department: "The civil service law has been perverted and dragged into mire to serve partisan ends; but even that is not the worst of it. A new administration has come into power, pledged to carry out policies which in many important respects are directly contrary to those of the last administration, and it finds itself confronted on the very threshold by an army of official incumbents hostile, or at the very least, indifferent, to its aim and purposes—an army intrenched behind newly devised rules and regulations which were never contemplated or dreamed of by the framers and supporters of the civil service law, whose design was to elevate and improve the efficiency of the clerical service in the executive department of the Government." Mr. Ryan was a member of the House when the civil service bill was passed and he voted for it, and still believes in it, but he thinks the partisan barnacles put upon it by Mr. Cleveland will have to be scraped off or the country will become disgusted with the entire law. More evidence of the partisan working of the rules under the last administration has been submitted to the Senate Investigating Committee, and a number of bureau chiefs, including Commissioner of Patents Butterworth, have added their recommendation that the present rules be modified.

You can get one-horse road wagons at Naylor's. 11-3*

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Is on every wrapper.

Many cases of "Grippe" have lately been cured by One Minute Cough Cure. This preparation seems especially adapted to the cure of this disease. It acts quickly, thus preventing serious complications and bad effects in which this disease often leaves the patient. Oakland Pharmacy.

Thomas Little,

ONE PRICE,

Has just received a fine line of SHOES, that will be sold at a great reduction in price.

Shoes that sold at	$1.50	now $1.25
" " "	1.75	now 1.50
" " "	2.00	now 1.75
" " "	2.50	now 2.00
" " "	3.50	now 2.75
" " "	4.00	now 3.25
Ladies' Oxfords	1.25	now 99
" "	1.30	now 1.00
" "	1.50	now 1.35
" "	1.65	now 1.40
Men's patent leather	5.00	now 4.50

Big Reduction in

SHIRTS,

of All Kinds.

1 Gallon can Maple Syrup, Reduced to 65 cents.

THESE GOODS MUST GO.

DON'T MISS A BARGAIN.

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after the first publication of this notice the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county to relocate the road leading from Deer Park to Bethlehem church. The proposed change will begin at Keisner's at the foot of the mountain and running thence through the lands of the B. & O. R. R. Co., the Hubbard land, the land of John W. Thomas and A. J. Lee, intersecting the road again near the lane of A. J. Lee, a distance of about two miles.

L. C. HARVEY,
P. J. GARRETT,
JOHN H. UPHOLD,
Petitioners.

10-31

REAL ESTATE!

—FOR SALE BY—

JOHN SHARTZER, Real Estate Agent,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Two farms in District No. 2; 262 acres; near Elder Hill school house, improved by 2 houses, 3 barns and orchards. Will be sold separately or as a whole, to suit purchaser, on easy terms.

House of 4 rooms, 4 acres of land two miles south of Mt. Lake Park.

House and 1 acre of ground adjoining Loch Lynn Heights. Will be sold cheap.

A livery stable at Loch Lynn Heights; finest in the county; must be sold at once.

House and lot in Mt. Lake Park.

50 acres; improved by a small house; near Cranberry Glade farm.

House and 2 lots in McHenry.

Farm near Deer Park; improved.

A well improved farm near Ryan's Glade.

The above properties will be sold on easy terms.

One 50-acre lot adjoining the farm of W. T. Jamesson near Mt. Lake Park.

1 50-acre lot adjoining the lands of Mrs. Kilburne and —— Jackson near Mt. Lake Park; will be sold very cheap for cash.

7 building lots in Loch Lynn Heights.

The Phillips lands lying between Oakland and Mt. Lake Park; will be sold as a whole or in parcels to suit purchaser.

A lot of ground adjoining Mt. Lake Park on the Oakland road.

An improved farm of 100 acres, 2 miles from Terra Alta.

An improved farm of 200 acres near Crellin.

The Oakland Steam Laundry property.

7 large building lots in Oakland.

For further information, prices and terms, apply to

JOHN SHARTZER,
6-26 OAKLAND, MD.

RECEIVER'S SALE

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

In Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett County, Maryland.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, dated the 28th day of October, A. D. 1896, and passed in a cause wherein John Shartzer is plaintiff and The Loch Lynn Store Company, of Garrett county, is defendant, the undersigned receiver was authorized and directed to make sale of the real estate mentioned in said proceedings. In pursuance of said order, I hereby give notice that on

Saturday, the 29th day of May, 1897,

at two o'clock p. m., on the premises in Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Maryland, I will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, all those lots or parcels of ground situated, lying and being in Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Maryland, which on the plat of Loch Lynn Heights are known and described as

LOTS NUMBERS 34 and 35

in Block No. 1 as recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 1, folio 2, one of the plat records of Garrett county, Maryland.

Said lots are improved by a

Large New Three-story Building,

containing store room, town hall, lodge rooms, etc.

Terms of sale as prescribed by said order: One-third cash, one-third in six months and one-third in twelve months, purchaser to give his single bills for deferred payments with security to be approved by the receiver.

9p1 JOHN SHARTZER, Receiver.

Notice of a Meeting of Stockholders.

Notice is hereby given to all the stockholders of the "Park Improvement Company of Garrett County, Maryland," that a meeting of said stockholders will be held at Mt. Lake Park, Garrett county, Maryland, on the

16th Day of June, 1897,

at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of increasing the capital stock of said company from the present limit of $3,000 (three thousand dollars) to $10,000 (ten thousand dollars) in order to carry out the objects of its incorporation; provided the owners of two-thirds of the present capital stock of said company are present at said meeting and determine to do so.

L. A. RUDISILL,
J. A. HAYDEN,
B. L. RICHARDSON,
C. W. HOPKINS,
Directors of Park Improvement Company of Garrett County, Maryland. 9-11

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 81,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

P. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 19, Westernport, Md.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

For sale by

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

WHERE WERE VICTORS?

Interesting Story of a Prolonged Fight for a Bird House.

"One spring," said a lover of birds, "there came to a bird house in my garden a pair of great crested fly-catchers. I had a dozen bird houses scattered around. This particular one was about a foot square, with a peaked roof and a chimney at each end, a doorway for the birds to go in and out and a couple of auger holes bored through the back to give the house light and air.

"This bird house the summer before had been occupied by a pair of bluebirds, who had left their nest behind them. This nest the great crested fly-catchers pulled apart and threw out of the house; every twig and straw; they cleaned the house out completely; and then they brought in everything new, and built a nest of their own, and settled down comfortably for the summer.

"But in a few days a pair of bluebirds came along and they made for this house. It might have been the identical pair of bluebirds that occupied it the summer before; I don't know about that; though I have no doubt that robins and other birds that have been south for the winter, hundreds of miles away, do come back in the spring to the same places, and to the same trees. Anyhow, this pair of bluebirds wanted that bird house, and they were ready to fight for it, and that is what they did. The fly-catcher is a nice little bird and a pretty plucky sort of a fighter, but not a match for the bluebird. They had a grand round-up inside the house, and finally the bluebirds pitched the fly-catchers out; and later they pitched out every stick of furniture that the fly-catchers had brought in, cleaned the house out entirely, and then brought in fresh material and built a new nest according to their own ideas, and they settled down for the summer.

"Well, a few days after that, a pair of wrens came along and they took a fancy to that particular bird house, too; and they sailed right in and tackled the bluebirds on the spot. You couldn't see the fight from the ground, but every now and then you could see a straw or a feather shoot out of the front door of the house. The bluebird is a good, sound fighter, but the wren is a better one, and the upshot was that the wrens fairly put the bluebirds out and took possession of the bird house themselves. And then the wrens did just what the others had done; they pitched out every scrap of stuff in the bird house, just tumbled it out of the door, to fall on the ground; and then they brought in new stuff and built a nest for themselves.

"Nobody molested the wrens. They stayed there and raised their young there; and in the fall they all flew away and left the bird house again deserted for the winter."—N. Y. Sun.

JENNY'S GOOD RECORD.

Monkey Which Passed Through the Dangers of an African War.

It would be hard to beat the record of Jenny, the "service" monkey. In 1864 she joined H. M. S. Vigilant (Capt.

JENNY, THE SERVICE MONKEY.

Brown, who afterwards presented her to the zoo), and was singular in hailing from the Andaman islands, where no monkeys were supposed to exist. Also, she belongs to an unknown species. For four years Jenny served on board the ship, and then, having passed all the dangers of the Abyssinian campaign, she was discharged with a first-class certificate and silver chain and medal. This was in lieu of prize money. Of course Jenny was th sailors' pet, and so was educated to an amazing pitch. Her pet was an almost featherless chicken, which she nursed baby-fashion. She never turned in at night without her pipe and glass of grog, which she consumed with unmistakable relish.—Strand Magazine.

His Business.

"Why is Witson always looking for trouble?"

"That's his business. He's a criminal lawyer."

Naylor received over a car load of vehicles this week and more to follow. Get prices and terms. 11-3*

ORDER NISI.

[illegible] vs. A. F. Shortley et al and others.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County. No. [illegible] Equity.

Ordered this 13th day of [illegible] 1897, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings by the Trustee, Gilmer S. Hamilton, for the purposes mentioned, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the [illegible] day of June next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett County once in each of three successive weeks before the 12th day of June next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $[illegible].

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett Co., Md.

True copy—Test: E. Z. Tower, Clerk.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM HAMILTON DECEASED.

[illegible]

ESTATE OF SALOME CUSTER DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett County, Maryland, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court for the said county, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

SALOME CUSTER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 1st day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hands this 25th day of May, 1897.

JOHN W. BAKER, } Executors.
S. P. BAKER, }
12-4 Grantsville, Md.

SHERIFF'S SALE

OF A VALUABLE

House and Lot

In the town of Oakland.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county at the suit of the Garrett County Bank against M. E. Bradford, wife of M. M. Bradford, and others, the same being No. 20 Judicials to March term, 1897, of said court, the undersigned will offer at public auction to the highest bidder, on

Saturday, June 12, 1897,

at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day in front of the premises on Oak street in the town of Oakland and directly opposite the Methodist parsonage, all the right, title, interest and estate of the said Mary B. Bradford in and to all the following described property: It being Lot No. 26 as designated on the plat of McCarty's addition to the town of Oakland and a part of Lot No. 12, and more particularly described as one piece of land in a deed from Annie E. Veltch to the said Mary B. Bradford, dated the 9th day of October, 1895, and duly recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 28, folio 111, &c., one of the land records of Garrett county. Said premises is improved by a new two-story

Frame Dwelling House,

which was only completed during the summer of 1896 and has never been occupied, and is one of the most desirable places for a home in the town of Oakland.

Said property will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs.

TERMS OF SALE—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN,
11 Sheriff of Garrett County.

Notice to Road Supervisors.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF GARRETT COUNTY,
OAKLAND, MD., May 1, 1897.

Notice is hereby given to the Road Supervisors of Garrett county, that the undersigned County Commissioners will inspect the county roads after they have been worked and determine how the money has been expended.

IRA E. FRIEND,
I. W. ABERNATHY,
THOS. H. LAYMAN,
Commissioners.

Attest: J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Glessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD

REGRET.

If I had known, O loyal heart,
When hand to hand we said farewell,
How for all time our paths would part,
What shadow o'er our friendship fell,
I should have clasped your hand so close
In the warm pressure of my own
That memory still might keep its grasp,
If I had known.

If I had known, when far and wide
We loitered through the summer land,
What presence wandered by our side,
And o'er you stretched its awful hand,
I should have hushed my careless speech
To listen well to every tone
That from your lips fell low and sweet,
If I had known.

If I had known, when your kind eyes
Met mine in parting, true and sad—
Eyes gravely tender, gently wise,
And earnest rather more than glad—
How soon the lids would lie above,
As cold and white as sculptured stone,
I should have treasured every glance,
If I had known.

If I had known, how from the strife
Of fears, hopes, passions, here below,
Unto a purer, higher life
That you were called, O friend, to go,
I should have stayed all foolish tears,
And hushed each idle sigh and moan,
To bid you a last, long godspeed,
If I had known.

If I had known to what strange place,
What mystic, distant, silent shore,
You calmly turned your steadfast face,
What time your footsteps left my door,
I should have forged a golden link,
To bind the heart, so constant grown,
And keep it constant ever there,
If I had known.

If I had known that, until death
Shall with his finger touch my brow,
And still the quickening of the breath
That stirs with life's full meaning now—
So long my feet must tread the way
Of our accustomed paths alone,
I should have prized your presence more,
If I had known.

If I had known how soon for you
Drew near the ending of the fight,
And on your vision, fair and new,
Eternal peace dawned into sight,
I should have begged, as love's last gift,
That you before God's great, white throne
Would pray for your poor friend on earth,
If I had known.

—Christian Reid, in Providence Journal.

A HOTEL FIRE.

BY GEORGE ADE.

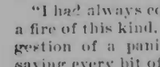

"WE had a fire in our hotel last Sunday," said the man from the country, "that has caused me to change my mind a few points in respect to the courage of women. It was, indeed, an exciting time, with the smoke boiling up the elevator shaft thick enough to lay your hat on.

"It was nine o'clock in the morning, and I was sitting in my room, when there came through the transom a little puff of smoke that strung out in a faint line toward the open window. Some one came running along the hall muttering. A bigger puff came in at the transom, and then there was a cry of 'Fire!'

"I really did not believe it. Here was an old house that had stood for 30 years. It never had been singed. I came only the night before last. It was absurd and incompatible with the laws of chance to think that it had been waiting all these years till I got inside before it took fire. Something must be wrong with the flues.

"On the other hand, I had never been in a fire. In the natural run of things my turn would have to come some time, and on second thought it seemed—as I am getting along in years—that I had rather overrun the average in this exemption. Possibly, after all, there was truth in the alarm. I would go down and see about it, anyway.

"Once through the door it was a different proposition altogether. There was now no doubt about it at all, but the daylight had suddenly gone out; even my own room filled with black smoke while I stood there for a moment trying to comprehend the situation.

"I knew there were several persons in the hall, although not a word was said. I could hear feet shuffling along upon the carpet and hands striking the walls, but there was no breath for talking. It was a question that occurred probably to each one as to how long one could breathe such fumes without tumbling over. I reached the elevator shaft and felt my way around it and down the first flight of stairs. Still nothing could be seen, but I could feel the hot smoke gushing up from the basement in the same way that it comes from the stack of a locomotive.

"I had always connected a panic with a fire of this kind, but there was no suggestion of a panic here. People were saving every bit of breath to carry them through. Some couldn't have got through alone. One little old fellow, a cripple, tumbled over on the stairs and another man shouldered him and brought him to daylight.

"At the first landing there was a faint glimmer that showed through waves of smoke. I thought it was the fire, but it proved to be only a gas jet that was still burning weakly. Some one came running through the hall and said: 'This way—to the other stairway,' and I soon came out into daylight. And then what a surprising number of people there were coming into the main corridor from all directions!

"We went down two more flights to the ground floor. The firemen were just arriving at the front door, and there was a crowd of people in the office.

"Still they kept coming down the back stairway—more people by half than I thought lived in the hotel. A man was half carrying his wife, who had fainted.

"Many of them were in their night clothes, and it was amusing to observe how they had arrayed themselves in the brief time at their disposal. A tall man was robed in a red bed comforter and had on a silk hat. In and under his arms he carried some ill-assorted pieces of three different suits of clothing, a valise, two collars, three cuffs and a shoe. Behind him came a gentleman unevenly clad in a nightshirt, an overcoat and one stocking, but he had had the presence of mind to bring the rest of his effects in a sheet.

"About the last person to appear was La Belle Fanchette, who has been having everything her own way over at the Follies theater for two or three weeks. She was dressed all in white, with the exception of a mantle of about the same shade of blue as her eyes, and she was barefooted and had a gown or two clutched in one arm.

"Fanchette stopped this at the head of the stairs, with downcast eyes, for a little while—well, until she had all the stairway to herself—and then she came down.

"The tiling was becoming too hot to stand on, and the people began to file out into the street just as the firemen came in with the hose and met the flames at the bottom of the elevator shaft.

"Out in the street the crowd was [illegible] leader. To these 'barnacles an[illegible] litical vampires,' Dr. Thomas M. [illegible] win, editorial successor and bi[illegible] of ex-editor Ernest P. Baldwin, [illegible] free-silver First Auditor of the [illegible] nry, attributes Republican [illegible] dency in Maryland. He further

They have, like the old man o[illegible] sea, ridden Senator Gorman and [illegible] to his neck, until they almost ac[illegible] plished his eternal political dow[illegible] Without the knowledge or [illegible] sent of Senator Gorman the[illegible] his name, have made more [illegible] ises, which they could not [illegible] did not fulfill, that could be ke[illegible] a combined Democratic Nationa[illegible] State Administration. They p[illegible] themselves to be political stuffe[illegible] phets and Ananiastic Munchaus[illegible] huge proportions, for which al[illegible] vicarious political suffering of [illegible] can hardly compensate.

As a piece of unconscious h[illegible] this must be pronounced a d[illegible] success; as an explanation of th[illegible] feat of 1895 it is a sad failure. [illegible] voters of 1895 were striking at [illegible] cause, as well as the effect. [illegible] Democrats, weary of barnacles [illegible] vampires sustained by Senator [illegible] man, took the sensible course o[illegible] feating the whole ticket made by [illegible] man. Some good men suffered, [illegible] the worst sufferers were Gorman, B[illegible] and the whole tribe of what E[illegible] Baldwin calls leeches, for they [illegible] deprived of what they prize abov[illegible] —personal power and opportunit[illegible] enrichment. A Democratic su[illegible] that means the continuation of [illegible] man in the United States Senate [illegible] means the control of the party by [illegible] and his kind. The men whom [illegible] Laurel organ charges with ha[illegible] "almost accomplished his eterna[illegible] litical downfall" in 1895, are the [illegible] men by whose aid he rose from [illegible] senrity, and who have always ca[illegible] out his reprehensible methods, a[illegible] does not become him now to repu[illegible] them.—News.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

Copyrighted by "Nemo."

TO THE ENVIOUS:—How do you [illegible] ter yourself by coveting the prop[illegible] of others? Do you not rather let [illegible] in your heart ravening wolves wh[illegible] teeth are whetted to tear down th[illegible] who run well? Many untoward th[illegible] have happened to you, doubtless, [illegible] you feel sick at failures, but envy [illegible] leads you further astray. Concent[illegible] tion upon your own affairs (one of [illegible] ways to success) is impossible if y[illegible] marvelous mind spends its stren[illegible] in estimating the seemingly un[illegible] distribution of worldly goods. [illegible] brighter the sunshine the darker [illegible] shadow, and your heart would almo[illegible] stand still with dread could you n[illegible] the gloom along some of the ways [illegible] think so bright and happy. T[illegible] serenely once more your own w[illegible] holding life to be a providing plac[illegible] merit, and at the end there shall [illegible] peace.

* * *

TO BEWILDERED ONES:—Buffet[illegible] by ill-winds, with faith shaken [illegible] miseries that seem undeserved, [illegible] sometimes are tempted to cry out th[illegible] life is naught but chance and h[illegible] chance. But every analogy of nat[illegible] is against you. There (and with y[illegible] too everything is concluded to be [illegible] result of cause and effect. There [illegible] reason for all that is happening to y[illegible] difficult though is may seem to [illegible] cover it. Learn from the scienc[illegible] In a number of sciences, for insta[illegible] the study of the stars or the study [illegible] life, there is a point reached beyo[illegible] which the light of reason fails a[illegible] soon becomes impenetrable darkne[illegible] The scientist must choose one of two [illegible] ways, either conclude that the origi[illegible] of things comes by chance, or that a[illegible] is ordered and directed by a power be[illegible] yond his ken. Which seems to yo[illegible] the more reasonable? I need hardl[illegible] inquire. Then let your reason lea[illegible] you to the same conclusion in relatio[illegible] to your own problems.

* * *

TO FRIENDLY SOULS:—In ancien[illegible] Mythology the world was believed to [illegible] be held on the shoulders of Atlas. [illegible] This man of mighty frame has hi[illegible] counterpart in these later years, and [illegible] the fancy of the ancients does not [illegible] seem so very remote, for I see this [illegible] grand old age-marked world rolling [illegible] on, paying for them out of his own [illegible] pocket."

STYLES IN GRAVESTONES.

Change Just the Same as Fashions in Clothing.

Just as styles change in big sleeeves and little sleeves, spring bonnets and trousers, so do they change in monuments and tombstones. It is a far cry from the pyramids of Egypt to the gravestones of to-day. Great as this contrast is, probably a greater would be noted in comparing the modern tombstones wich follow man hundreds of years after the pyramids were built. The pyramids can scarcely be considered in the same light as the tombstones which are used to mark the resting places of to-day. The Egyptian structures were built from a radically different standpoint than that which in later years caused the erection of something to mark the resting places of the departed.

The earliest accounts of marking graves tell of the placing at the head of the mound little slabs of wood or small pieces of stone. Sometimes the stones were so small that they projected only a few inches above the ground. From these have grown the beautiful monuments which are seen in the cemeteries to-day. Although the wooden markers were almost synchronistic in origin with the small pieces of stone they have not yet entirely disappeared. Even to-day in some cemeteries in Chicago will be found wooden crosses that have not stood in place so long that they have rotted and crumbled away. However, these relics of the old custom are few and far between.

Over in England in some parts of the country the custom of erecting wooden crosses obtains. After the wooden cross the tiny little square stone slabs of slate came into favor for marking graves. These slabs of slate were not very large at first, but were gradually increased in size until they were three or four feet in height, almost two feet in width and two or three inches in thickness. These slabs were often placed in the ground without the use of any base or foundation stone. In some cases, however, they were cemented in a slot cut in a much heavier piece of stone. When these slate slabs were used it was the queer custom to carve a skull and cross bones upon them near the top. In New England many of these will still be found standing, although badly worn by the weather.

Then came a change in the style of the material used. Slate became passe and marble was used for many years. Some years ago the style began changing both in regard to the material used and the form in which it was carved. Marble was displaced by granite, and instead of the flat slab the square or rather rectangular shape came into use. At first this style was rather plain, but gradually became more ornate, and many elaborate carvings are still erected to-day. In the last few years a radical change has taken place in the style of finishing monuments. While several years ago nearly all monuments were highly polished they are now finished, in most instances, with the hammer, with little or no polishing. Some are not finished at all, having the rough appearance of just being broken from the quarry. In a few instances monuments are given the hammer finishing with a polish at the corners and edges.

As to the styles at the present time, there is something of a divergence of opinion. There is little doubt, however, that the sarcophagus style is by far the most popular. The obelisks are, of course, used almost entirely for monuments which are of a public or a semi-public character, but for the marking of graves which are private the sarcophagus monument is much more widely used.

"Oh, yes, we have great changes in styles in monuments, just as the ladies have in their dresses and men have in their neckties," said a prominent dealer in monuments the other day. "The changes are in shape, sizes and materials just as they are in garments, with this difference, however, which you will readily understand. The changes do not come with such rapidity as they do in clothing. There is also this additional difference, that old styles are not immediately displaced by new ones. The old ones keep their places, for you see people couldn't afford to take down an old monument and put up a new one every spring just to be in style. The changes only affect the monuments which are being made at the time that the new style comes in. Then there is another matter which must be taken into consideration. Some styles of monuments are more popular at certain cemetries than they are at others, and of course those who visit any given cemetery and see no other will conclude that the best style is the one which they see most of."—Chicago Chronicle.

To Hunt Wolves with Russian Dogs.

Ranchmen near Carbon, Wyo., under the stimulus of the bounty law, are preparing to capture wolves and coyotes in large numbers by using Russian wolf hounds and Siberian bloodhounds. An importation of these animals has been made and others will follow. The Siberian bloodhound is the only dog that will master a gray wolf alone, and with their assistance it is believed the packs of gray wolves which prey constantly upon the young stock of the country can be thinned out. With the bounty the sport will be profitable.

Foreign Ships.

According to the striking figures just published at Paris by Vicomte d'Avencl, five-sixths of the ships now sailing under the French flag are of foreign construction; this, too, in spite of state bounties on home-built vessels. Only a few sailing vessels, of slight importance, and four steamers have been built in France during the last 30 months. During the same period 33 steamships have been wrecked and two steamship companies have gone out of business leaving no successors.—Boston Transcript.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"What was the peculiarity of Methuselah?" asked the teacher. "He lived to be very old without ever learning to ride a bike," answered the smart boy.—Yonkers Statesman.

—The Colonel—"So poor old Mike has committed suicide, has he? Well I should have thought that that would have been the last thing he'd have done." Tenant—"Which it were, sor."—Tit-Bits.

—By No Means.—Visitor— (shivering)—"Do you always have this kind of weather here in April?" Resident—"Not at all, sir. Sometimes we have this kind of weather here in July."—Chicago Tribune.

Ambitious Mamma—"Edith, I noticed last night that Mr. De Rich paid you considerable attention. I hope you showed him a proper amount of civility." Ingenious Debutante—"Oh, yes, mamma, I did! I'm sure he knows he can have me for the asking."—Harlem Life.

"I don't see why you consider your political career a failure," said the man. "My friend," said the citizen, with an earnest sigh, "I have been in politics for 15 years and have never attained the prominence of being called a Judas by the newspapers."—Indianapolis Journal.

—The countess, having discharged her coachman for drunkenness, was asked to take the son of an old servant of the house to supply his place. "But are you sure you know how to drive, William?" she asked. "Why, of course, my lady, don't you rec'lect I druv you to Richmond that day we was upset in the road?"—Household Words.

—"It's tiresome," he remarked, cynically, "to see people getting so excited over a circus. It's the same old thing over and over again." "Maybe you haven't observed closely," ventured his wife. "Humph! I guess I ought to know what I'm talking about. I've seen every one that ever came here since I was six years old."—Washington Star.

CIGARS AND THEIR MAKERS.

Each Havana Box Has Six Marks and the Cigar Makers Have a Clinch.

"How many, I wonder," said a dealer, "have ever noted on every box of cigars packed in Havana six distinctive marks? First there is the brand which is burned in the upper side of the lid of the box with an iron made for that purpose; second, the label; third, the mark designating the size and shape of the cigars, which is usually put on with a stencil; fourth, the color mark, which is also put on with a stencil; fifth, the class mark, and sixth, the mark usually put on with stencil denoting the number of cigars in the box.

"There are not so many regular sizes, or vitolas, made in Havana as might be imagined—21, I believe, is the whole number of sizes—while all the cigars made in Havana are separated into three classes; some manufacturers divide them into primera, or first, secunda, or second, and tercera, or third; while still other makers call the first class flora, the second primera, and the third secunda.

"As a general rule, one workman makes only one kind of cigar; for example, one makes only londres, another only regalias, and so on. And when a man has become a skilled cigarmaker he has things pretty much his own way; if the crop has been a heavy one and there is a demand for labor, it is no unusual thing for a skilled worker to demand from one employer $100 or so as an inducement to work for him for a season, and then before his time is up, to accept another 'inducement' from another manufacturer for the balance of the season.

"Not only this, but the workmen insist on having their wages paid to them, first at nine o'clock in the morning, when they go to breakfast, then at noon, and again at night. And not only this, but each workman is allowed five cigars a day, and you may be sure they select only the best ones."—Epicure.

How Nature Builds Rockeries.

The fact is, the rockery, to be a success must be an evolution instead of a creation. Attempt to construct one after any set plan and you are sure to fail. The most satisfactory one I ever saw was one that made itself, so to speak. The stones of which it was composed were hauled in winter and dumped down carelessly in a great heap. In spring the owner looked them over and came to the conclusion that it would be impossible for him to arrange them in a more picturesque manner, and he had the good sense not to attempt it. He worked earth in between them and planted wild vines and ferns there, and his rockery was a success. If possible, a rockery should be located in a secluded portion of the grounds. Rockeries as nature makes them are generally in secluded nooks, where all kinds of wild things feel at home, and we should try to carry out as completely as possible the idea of the wildness which prevails in nature's haunts—to domesticate wildness, so to speak. This cannot be done satisfactorily where the grounds are close to the street. If the grounds are too small to allow you to give the rockery a place at some distance from the house, and you feel that you must have one, plant trees or shrubs so as to give it an air of partial seclusion at least.—Eben E. Rexford, in Ladies' Home Journal.

China's Scientific Awakening.

It is reported that a commercial museum has just been opened at Peking to which contribution of the tools and machines used in civilized countries, together with models and photographs of the same, are requested. The director of the museum is particularly desirous that his countrymen shall become familiar with the various kinds of plows used in the western world. He also calls for specimens of electric machines, printing presses, and in fact all the things that have contributed to the civilization and enlightenment of Europe and America.—N. Y. Sun.

REVERSING NATURE'S PROCESS.

Some Things That Would Happen If Experimentalists Had Their Way.

The reversibility of the physical processes of nature has latterly been the subject of interesting comment, says Cassier's Magazine. Lord Kelvin, for example, has been credited with saying that all of them, no matter how complex they might appear to the human senses, consist in reality of the motions of invisible molecules, and if, therefore, by some means, all these molecules could, at the same time, be made to move in exactly the opposite direction, and each with the same velocity that it possessed at the moment, all the world would begin and continue to move backward; waterfalls would flow up the sides of the cliffs; rivers would run upward from the sea; rain would rise; full-blown flowers would shrink into buds and plants dwindle into seedlings, man himself would become young again, passing from old age to infancy. Just what kind of pictures such a topsy-turvy world would present may be seen with a kinetoscope running backward. Prof. Queroult, according to report, has made observations in this line, and some time ago communicated them to the French academy of science.

SHAKER RELIC DISCOVERED.

"Kissing Stone" in Use in 1847 Dug Up in New York State.

In the old Shaker settlement at Sonyea, N. Y., a peculiar relic has been discovered. It consists of a stone about 2½x4½ feet and four inches thick which is covered with inscriptions, though most of them are so badly defaced that they cannot be deciphered. But the words "The Lord's Stone," and the date "1847," are sufficient to identify the stone as connected with the worship of the Shakers. It was found by workmen in excavating for a building that is to stand directly on the site of the Shaker meeting house.

The stone is supposed to be a sort of "kissing stone." It has been turned over to the Historical society of Mount Morris and will be preserved in a glass case. No doubt some process can be devised by which its inscriptions can be deciphered more fully. The characteristic reticence of the Shakers has made information in regard to them difficult to obtain, and anything of the nature of a historical relic will be highly prized.

Zulu Churches.

The Zulus of Africa contributed $4,000 last year for the sustenance of their native churches.

Better understand one theorem, than learn a dozen.—Ram's Horn.

Some men don't feel dressed up unless they have on collar and cuffs.

A little girl accompanying her mother on a visit to an old lady, the latter showed the child her parrot, in a cage by the window, warning her at the same time not to go too near, lest he should bite her. "Why should he bite me?" she asked. "Because, my dear, he doesn't know you." "Then please tell him that I am Mary Ann."

If we were a woman and had a scalskin sacque, we would want to live in a country where it is winter the year round.—Washington Democrat.

There would be a deal less of disturbance in this world if when a man had nothing to say he would be silent about it.—Boston Transcript.

"What quantities of dried grasses you keep here, Miss Stebbins! Nice room for a donkey to get into." "Make yourself at home," she responded, with sweet gravity.

You can go into a big dry goods store any day, and find a garter on the floor.—Atchison Globe.

Observing the Proprieties.—"Now," said Mrs. Cumrox, "I guess we're all ready for the dinner party." "Sure you haven't forgotten anything?" rejoined her husband. "Oh, yes! There is one little matter that I wish you would attend to for me. I want you to telephone to the confectioner and have him send up two or three pounds of bon mots. I understand it is considered proper to have some between the courses."—Washington Star.

Everyone at times feels that the world is a wilderness, because he has an ache, and no one follows him solicitously around with a medicine bottle.

A boy sees his best days when he is so small he is allowed to eat with his mother at the first table.—Atchison Globe.

A crust with an appetite is better than a feast without.—Ram's Horn.

A Painful Humor

On the Ankle Spread to the Knee and Developed Into Boils—No Trouble Since Taking Hood's.

"I was troubled with a disagreeable itching on one of my ankles. In time it developed into boils of which I had five or six at a time. The humor spread from my ankle to my knee and was very painful. It baffled the skill of physicians. For weeks I could not bear my weight on this foot. An abscess formed and was lanced and the humor broke out on my other ankle and threatened to repeat my former experience. Hood's Sarsaparilla attracted my attention and I began taking it. In six weeks I was better, and began to hope for a permanent cure. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla six months and was entirely cured. I have had no trouble with humor since that time." MRS. M. B. MACINTOSH, Barrington, Illinois. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1; six for $5. Get only HOOD'S.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness. Price 25c.

Meerschaum Pipes.

A contemporary calls attention to the fact that this year is the centenary of the meerschaum pipe. It was just 100 years ago that the raw material of which it is composed, hydrated silicate of magnesium, was brought to Prague and converted into a pipe by a Magyar. The soothing effect which this pipe has had on men for a century, and the eagerness with which some of them—generals, statesmen and philosphers—searched for valuable specimens of the work of the great pipe maker, Edouard Cardon, have been told in literature.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Minnie—"I want to introduce you to a young lady—a very nice young lady—and she's worth her weight in gold." Bob—"Stout girl, I hope."—Tit-Bits.

A Sure Deliverance.

Not instantaneously, it is true, but in a short space of time, persons of a bilious habit are saved from the tortures which a disordered liver is capable of inflicting by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an anti-bilious medicine and aperient of the first rank. The pains in the right side and through the right shoulder blade, the sick headache, nausea, constipation and saffron hue of the skin, are entirely removed by this estimable restorative of tone to the organs of secretion and digestion.

Hardly any of us like people who talk so much about their own troubles that they can't listen to ours.—Washington Democrat.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. Cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmstead, Le Roy, N. Y.

Why are you afraid in the dark?—Atchison Globe.

Don't refuse or excuse—St. Jacobs Oil's the cure for bruise.

When a baby smiles in its sleep, its mother says it is talking with the angels, but it usually the colic.—Atchison Globe.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets candy cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made.

Pretend to know and you will become an empty shell.—Ram's Horn.

Wrinkles come with neuralgia. They go with St. Jacobs Oil's cure of it.

The people are so hungry for sympathy that no one is ever pleased at being told that he looks well.—Atchison Globe.

DOCTORS HAD GIVEN HER UP.

A Convincing Letter From One of Mrs. Pinkham's Admirers.

No woman can look fresh and fair who is suffering from displacement of the womb. It is ridiculous to suppose that such a difficulty can be cured by an artifical support like a pessary.

Artificial supports make matters worse, for they take away all the chance of the ligaments recovering their vigor and tone. Use strengthens; the ligaments have a work to do.

If they grow flabby and refuse to hold the womb in place, there is but one remedy, and that is to strengthen their fibres and draw the cords back into their normal condition, thus righting the position of the womb.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is designed especially for this purpose, and, taken in connection with her Sanative Wash, applied locally, will tone up the uterine system, strengthening the cords or ligaments which hold up the womb.

Any woman who suspects that she has this trouble—and she will know it by a dragging weight in the lower abdomen, irritability of the bladder and rectum, great fatigue in walking, and leucorrhœa—should promptly commence the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. If the case is stubborn, write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn., Mass., stating freely all symptoms. You will receive a prompt letter of advice free of charge. All letters are read and answered by women only. The following letter relates to an unusually severe case of displacement of the womb, which was cured by the Pinkham remedies. Surely it is convincing:

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier cured me when the doctors had given me up. I had spent hundreds of dollars searching for a cure, but found little or no relief until I began the Pinkham remedies. I had falling and displacement of the womb so badly that for two years I could not walk across the floor. I also had profuse menstruation, kidney, liver, and stomach trouble. The doctors said my case was hopeless. I had taken only four bottles of the Vegetable Compound and one of the Blood Purifier when I felt like a new person. I am now cured, much to the surprise of my friends, for they all gave me up to die. Now many of my lady friends are using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound through my recommendation, and are regaining health. It has also cured my little son of kidney trouble. I would advise every suffering woman in the land to write to Mrs. Pinkham for aid."—MRS. EMMA PANGBORN, Alanson, Mich.

CAP'N TOM WOOLLEY.

... BY GRANT ALLEN. ...

Well, yes, sir, the young lady was a beautiful swimmer. Never seen a young lady as could swim out like she could. "Cap'n Tom 'Oolley," she'd used to say to me, "I just love the water" She came here every year. She said she never could take to anywheres like the coast of Cornwall. But after that last year, she never come again. Seems as if Bill-'o-my-soul must have give her a distaste o' the Cornish folk like.

The young lady's name I was speakin' of was Noe. She wns a Miss Payee, o' London; but through knowing of her so intimate like, we always called her by her given name, Miss Noe. She was at home with the children, you see, and my missus was fonder of her than of any other folks as ever took our lodgings, same as she might be with your good lady, sir, begging your purdon. She was a fine-built young woman, too, was Miss Noe. See her clamber up the rocks, you'd say she was a goat; see her swim ag'in the waves, you'd say she was a seal; see her tell the little ones stories by the rocks at night, you'd say she was one o' these book-writers, as it might be yourself, sir. Fine up-standing young lady, too, with a color in her cheek and a spring in her step, walking free across Mullyon moors the same as if they belonged to her.

Well, it wasn't long before we perceived Miss Noe was pretty good friends with a gentleman up to Brown's, Mr. Moore, from Exeter. He was a nice young doctor, come to Kynance for his holiday, and when them two went out walking together, with her father and mother hanging about like for company, as is the way with parients, a finer young couple you'd never set eyes on. At the end of a fortnight my wife says to me, "Tom," says she, "it ain't 'Mr. Moore' no more with our young lady; it's plain Alex this morning." His name being Alexander, it was Alex for short, as is the new fashion now, though when I was young 'twas Alick or else Sandy.

"An' a good thing, too," says I. "For a young lady like Miss Noe had ought to marry one as is her natural equal," says I, not meaning in birth alone, as is a thing I don't hold with; nor yet in money, as there ain't no counting upon: but a fine upstanding young lady, to my mind, deserves to be married to a fine upstanding young fellow, or where'd the country get its soldiers and sailors from?

"And a handsome couple they'll make," says my missus, being fond of Miss Noe.

Well, one of they days, Mr. Moore—that's Alex—he went out swimming off the rocks by the cove, and Miss Noe, she was ashore, sitting high on the cliff, reading a book or something. But every now and again my wife sees her raise her head and look out to sea, anxious like, after the heads bobbing about like buoys in the water. At last, up she jumps and runs down to the cottage, all breathless. I could see in a minute her heart was in her mouth. "Oh, Cap'n Tom," she says, "Cap'n Tom, do look out at Alex. He's swimming over there, an' it seems to me he's in some sort o' trouble"—love having eyes as can see better'n a binocular.

Well, I gets down my telescope, an' I fixes it upon him. He was a mile out to sea—a black speck on the water. I gets him well fixed. Sure enough, there he was, throwing his arms up wild and trying to make signs to the shore for help.

"Is it cramp?" says the young lady.

"Don't you believe it," says I. "There's a deal more nonsense talked about cramp in swimming nor there need be. A man can't swim forever," says I, "let him be so strong as you like," says I. "Tired out, that's what I calls it," says I. "And tired out Mr. Alex was, sure enough, by the look of him."

"Oh, Cap'n Tom," says the young lady, "will you save him?" wringing her hands in a way that might melt a stone, let alone a Christian.

I was half-way down to my boat by that time.

"Save him?" says I. "It is the saving of him? Bless your heart, if he warn't no friend of yourn at all—as man to man—I'd save him. Bill-o'-my soul," says I, seeing Bill on the shore, "come and help me," says I. "There's a gentleman drowning."

"Drowning?" says Bill, running down and puttiag out. "Come on!" says Bill. "I'm with you!" His name being Bill-o'-my-soul, along of his having been such a favorite when he wns young with all the young women.

Well, we put off and rowed, Bill taking one of the sweeps—as is our name for the long oars—and me the other. After awhile it struck me we wasn't heading outward. I looked up, and saw, and we was most turned toward shore again. I'd pulled the boat around on Bill—which I didn't understand, he being then a stronger man nor me to pull—not but what, when I was in my best days, I'd have pulled a boat against any man in England.

"Bill," says I, sharp, "you're not a-pullin'."

He looks up at me rather odd. "Mate," says he, quiet like, "I'm no fool. Now, what are you a-rowing for?—the young fellow or the money?"

"Pull, pull, man!" I shouts out. "Pull, pull, I tell you! The gentleman's drowning—Miss Noe's young gentleman!"

He pulls a stroke or two, quite feeble. His heart wasn't in it. Then I loses my temper.

"Bill-o'-my-soul," says I, "am I cap'n of this here craft or are you? For unless you pull harder—I don't want no strong language here; but as sure as my name is Cap'n Tom 'Oolley, I'll wring your ugly neck for you!"

He holds up his sweep, and says he: "Oh, is that your game?" says he. "An' do you propose to compensate me?"

It flashed right across me what he meant. "Bill, you blackguard," says I, "do you mean to tell me—and a man there a-drowning? Have you no common humanity," says I, bristling up, "that you'd think of five pound afore a fellow-creature?"

"Five pound is a good bit better nor 30 bob," says Bill, looking up at me, sullen-like.

Well, sir, I'll say it to your face, though your own father is a county councillor, I always thought that one as bad a law as the county could make. But that law is, all the same, and there ain't no helping it. It's five pound reward for bringing in a dead corpse, an' only 30 bob for bringiug in a man alive as you save from drowning.

"Bill-o'-my-soul," says I, raising my sweep, being that angry with the man that I'd have knocked him over the head as soon as I would a rat, "will you row, or shall I brain you?"

Just at that minute my eyes went towards the shore; and if there wasn't Miss Noe, not wringing her hands now, but plunging into the sea, clothes and all—though a lady with skirts—and swimming for dear life out to the boat to help me.

I up with my voice, an' I shouts: "Come along, Miss Noe! You puts the men to shame! Blessings on you for a brave girl!" She was swimming that splendid!

Well, I rows towards her, and helps her aboard into the boat, and in she jumps, all dripping, but taking no more notice of it, bless you, than if water was a feather hed to her. And she seizes the oar Bill-o'-my-soul wouldn't work, and she cries out to me, agonized like: "Row on, Cap'n 'Oolley, for heaven's sake, row on! Alex is a-drowndiug!"

Well, I wasn't going to carry a supercargo, as you may say, to weigint the boat, nor yet a passenger for nothing. So, to lighten the burden, I just ups with Bill-o'-my-soul and clasps un around the waist, being a older man nor him, but, heaven be praised, a strong one. He was took by surprise, too much to struggle. An' I heaves un over afore he knowed where he was, and makes a Jonah of him. He come up sputtering, being the worst swimmer for a seafaring man as ever I met with. "There," says I, hitting out at him with the blade o' my sweep. See how you likes it yourself," says I. "There's five pounds a-goin' beggin' for whoever pulls out your ugly corpse, for nobody ain't going to trouble about you living." And off we two rows, Miss Noe in her dripping clothes, and leaves Bill there, to sink or swim, accordin' as he was minded.

A quarter o' a mile out we comes up to a sailing boat. Wind was nor'east, or might a been a p'int nearer east, mayhap, and a sail before the wind could bear straight down upon where Mr. Alex was drowndiug. Miss Noe, she stood up and calls out to the men: "Over yonder!" she cries, showing the way with her hand. "Quick, quick; he's drowndiug!"

In a second they sees, and without one word off they goes, luffing that suddent I wouldn't 'a believed it if I hadn't seen it, and they llies before half a gale over in the direction of the gentleman. Well, he was done up for swimming, through not having another kick left in him, as you may say; but he was able to float on his back, and might have floated an hour more, mayhap, if so be as the chill o' the water didu't numb him and send him to the bottom. They come up to him, and pulled un in. I could see them a-pulliug of him; but whether it was 30 bob or five pounds' worth, I couldn't rightly make out for certain.

"Is it alive or dead?" says the young lady.

"Well," says I, "he do look rather limp," says I, "as is natural when you've been lying so long in the water. But I think it's alive. Anyhow, we'd better row back and get your things dried, miss."

"Oh, no," says she, crying. "I can't go back till I know. Cap'n 'Ooley," says she, "we must row on and meet them."

Well, I didn't quite like it, owing to the gentleman perhaps having nothin' on, which Miss Noe hadn't thought of; still, this being a matter o' life and death, where such things can't be allowed to count, I rows on to meet them.

About 100 yards off, I stands up and shouts, so as she shouldn't understand: 'Is it a five-pound joh, mate, or a 30-bobber?"

And the young gentleman himself lifts himself up in reply, with one of the fishermen's jerseys on, an' a sail wrapped around un, and he shouts at the top of his voice, waving his hand, "Alive, alive, Noe!"

I wanted to turn then; but, bless you, there wasn't no keeping back that young lady. Afore I knowed where I was, at the sound of his voice, she'd stood up in the boat and jumped off the seat, and was swimming for dear life agnin to the salling boat, where her young gentleman was a-sitting.

He was not dead when she got there. He'd just had strength o' mind to hold up till he could shout to her, and then he falls back, numb like and as white as death, till they gets him ashore again. There Bill-o'-my-soul was standing, spluttering and shivering, looking blue with cold, and saying as how I'd done him out o' five pounds, or, anyways, 30 shillings, through throwing of him overboard. They took the young gentleman up to his lodgings, and gave him the regular thing—hot blankets an' such, an' brandy; an' by the end o' the day he was pretty well right again. But the young lady, she didn't so much as ketch a cold with it; and afore they left this place, him and her was married. An' when Bill-o'-my-soul come to hear that her father and mother wanted to give ten pound apiece to the men in the boat an' me, he was just that mad that you could 'a heard his language five houses off, and not choice language either.—Cassel's Magazine.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The most valuable fur is that of the sea otter. One thousand dollars have been paid for a single skin of this animal not more than two yards long by three-quarters of a yard wide.

—More fish have been shipped from Aberdeen, Wash., during the last few months than ever before, more than $80,000 having been paid for fish by Aberdeen buyers since the beginning of last August.

—A French statistician has calculated that the human eye travels over 2,000 yards in reading an ordinary sized novel. The average human being is supposed to get through 2,500 miles of reading in a lifetime.

—A copper pan, said to be the largest ever made from one piece of metal, has been turned out at Swansea, England. It is twelve feet four inches in diameter, three feet three inches deep and weighs two tons.

—The negro race can be traced back to 2500 B. C., when the Egyptians became acquainted with them through the conquests of their rulers. The origin of the race and their history previous to that time are unknown.

—In the far northwest the people are looking forward to an unusually heavy run of salmon during the coming season, beginning early in July. One canning company expects to put up 150,000 cases of the fish. Preparations to set traps are under way.

—Two new telephone cables, each with two circuits, are to be laid at once across the English channel, making practically six lines for the London-Paris telephone service. They will raise to 34 the number of wires stretched across the channel from Dover to Beachy Head.

—Starfish commit suicide. When one is caught with a net it dissolves itself into many pieces, which escape through the meshes. In time each piece becomes a perfect animal. To preserve a starfish it must be plunged into a bucket of fresh water before it has had time to take the alarm. Fresh water is instant death to it.

—The most remarkable gold beetles in the world are found in Central America. The head and wing cases are brilliantly polished with a luster as of gold itself. To sight and touch they have all the seeming of that metal. Oddly enough, another species from the same region has the appearance of being wrought in solid silver, freshly burnished. These gold and silver beetles have a market value. They are worth from $25 to $50 each.

AMERICAN SPARROWS.

Interesting Members of the Family in the Northern States.

The song sparrow, perhaps the greatest gladdener of the earth in North America, is almost everywhere, and its song is among the sweetest and most exhilarating that can be imagined. Its back is a reddish brown streaked with gray. Its head is reddish, with six black lines along it. On the breast is something like a spot of white. Its song is short but very much like that of a canary. It seems to like the company of human beings, and nests in the bushes of the open fields, and even near the houses, when not molested. Many of its nests are built upon the ground. It lays a clay-colored egg, spotted with brown and purple, and often breeds twice in a season. There is no other bird we should more care for. It loves the water, and is inclined to make its home along the creeks.

Another of the kind is the vesper sparrow, sometimes more technically described as the "bay-winged bunting." His greatest song is just before sunset, when his notes make the whole darkening earth seem brighter. In some localities the vesper sparrow is known as the "grassfinch." It is about six inches long, with bay feathers in the wings and some white feathers in the tail.

Next comes the ground sparrow, or "ground bird," which every schoolboy knows. It is a small, grayish-spotted bird, and makes its nest on and keeps close to the ground. It has a sweet note, but is most unpresuming.

The chipping sparrow, known sometimes as the "chippy bird," or "chip bird," makes itself at home all over the country. It has a reddish cap on its head streaked with black, and its body is brown, with plain gray under parts, and nests always in bushes. Its eggs are green, with dark spots. It is a most sociable bird, running along in front of you as you pursue a path across the fields or between the bushes, and should be preserved by all means.—Stanley Waterloo, in Paoli (Ill.) Republican.

Forage on the Alkali Plains.

If a man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before is entitled to be called blessed, what shall be said of the university which causes herbage to grow bountifully where none was possible before? The Australian salt bush was introduced to the farmers of this state by the agricultural department of the University of California, and was specially recommended for planting it on the alkali lands which are so extensive in the San Joaquin valley. Farmers were slow in taking to the new forage product, but all who have tried it appear to be surprised by the readiness of its growth on the dry, dusty plains and also on lands which are so charged with alkali that very little else will flourish there, while they are gratified with the appetite which cattle manifest for the brush. It looks as though a plant had been introduced which will be of great advantage to the state and tend to increase the value of lands which cannot be irrigated or which, owing to alkali, were formerly of little account.—Oakland (Cal.) Enquirer.

That Was Enough, Though.

"Did her father kick about you coming to see her?"

"Only once."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

BOY SINGERS IN CHURCHES.

The Training of Young Lads for the Choir.

It was Choirmaster Le Jeune, of old St. John's, in Varick street, that first introduced into New York the scientific method of training boy choirs. The method was brought from Italy, and goes back no one knows how many centuries in the history of the Catholic church. That church, however, strangely enough, has not in New York made the training of boy choirs by this method an important adjunct to its music. St. Patrick's cathedral has, indeed, a large boy choir recruited from the neighboring Catholic orphanage, but the best boy choirs of the city are found in Episcopal churches.

Old St. John's no longer has its former handsome appropriation for the maintenance of a choir, so that the precedence in this matter has passed to other churches. Perhaps the best boy choir is at St. Agnes' chapel of Trinity parish, in Ninety-third street, whose choirmaster, Mr. Stubbs, is a brother-in-law of the choirmaster at old St. John's. Half a dozen other churches have notable boy choirs, and rectors insist more and more upon having this kind of music; but the Italian method in its extreme development attracted little attention in New York until within the past five or six years. There are a few notable boy choirs in suburban churches. Chicago, with her determination to have the biggest of everything, has a church with a boy choir of 50 members, not too well trained, though the great cathedral of St. Paul's, London, has but 30 boys in its choir. Most American choirmasters are content to train their boys by some other method than the Italian. It is little used in Boston, and almost not at all in northern and western cities.

Few boy choirs have more than 20 members, and that number is sufficient for all ordinary purposes. The labor of fitting these boys for their work is enormous, and few boys are at their best for choir work during more than three or four years of their lives. The choir schools of London take promising boys of eight or nine from all over England, provide them with all the material needs of life, give them an admirable education in vocal music, and employ them in public church singing for about five years. Boys in this country are seldom taken as pupils in choir singing before they are ten years of age, and it usually requires two years of hard work to fit an apt pupil for public singing. Most boys have to give up the profession at the age of 15, when the change of voice unfits them for further soprano singing. A few, after a rest of a few years, go on and develop into excellent men singers, but most of the youngsters retire forever from the profession.

Every choirmaster has a class of probationers from among whom he makes promotions to his choir as vacancies occur. The probationer is first taught to lay aside utterly his ordinary speaking voice and to sing in a pure vocal tone. Only the true lover of music is admitted to the class of probationers. After a year or two of simple music the probationer may be promoted to a humble place in the choir. He is then, perhaps, 12 years old, and the object of the choirmaster is to make him for the next three years as nearly a perfect choir singer as he can be made. Some of the boys serve without pay, but many are paid, a few pretty well. The ordinary inconspicuous choir singer may earn from two to ten dollars a month. The best of the boys, who are able to sing a solo with excellent effect, receive from $300 to $600 a year. A boy singer in New York seldom earns more than the larger sum. All of the boys, however, receive presents and pleasant little attentions. They must not catch cold in winter, so, if poor, they receive as gifts comfortable flannels, sound shoes and warm overcoats. If paid ill, they go with their choirmasters on little excursions, perhaps to hear good music, perhaps on a summer camping trip.

The boys give in return for all this, not only such time as is required of them at the regular church service, but also from three to five laborious rehearsals a week, with special extra rehearsals for special services. Their time during Lent is greatly occupied between service and rehearsals.

There is much enthusiasm among choir boys for their profession, and many are ambitious to continue it in some form after the approach of manhood has unfitted them for the particular work for which they have been trained. Choirmasters find that German and English boys make good choir singers, and that native American boys of native parentage are usually unsuited for the profession. The American boy is unfitted for the work, not only because he is often unmusical, but as well because he is not docile, as are boys of foreign birth or parentage. The problem of disciplining and managing a boy choir increases with each new native boy admitted.—N. Y. Sun.

Why Two Ears Are Necessary.

Sound travels by waves radiating from a central point of disturbance, just as waves radiate when a stone is dropped into still water. So far as the hearing of each individual is concerned, these waves move in a direct line from the cause of the sound to his ear, the impact being the greatest in the ear nearest to the source. This being the case, a person who has totally lost the sense of hearing in one ear, although he may imagine that the defect is of little consequence, cannot locate the direction of a sound to save his life, even when the center of disturbance is quite near to him.—Answers.

Calvary Clover.

St. Bartholomew the Great's parish in Smithfield raised $900 during Lent by the sale of pods of clover called Calvary clover. The leaves have on them a blotch like a spot of blood, and the pod when unwound looks like a crown of thorns.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE FAIRY SISTERS.

There was once a little maiden,
And she had a mirror bright;
It was rimmed about with silver;
'Twas her pride and her delight.
But she found two fairy sisters
Lived within this pretty glass,
And very different faces showed,
To greet the little lass.

If she was sweet and sunny,
Why, it was sure to be
The smiling sister who looked out
Her happy face to see.
But if everything went criss-cross,
And she wore a frown or pout,
Alas! Alas! within the glass
The frowning one looked out.

Now this little maiden loved so much
The smiling face to see,
That she resolved with all her heart
A happy child to be.
To grow more sweet and loving,
She tried with might and main,
Till the frowning sister went away,
And ne'er came back again.

But if she's looking for a home,
As doubtless is the case,
She'll try to find a little girl
Who has a gloomy face.
So be very, very careful,
If you own a mirror too,
That the frowning sister doesn't come
And make her home with you.
—Helen Standish Perkins, to St. Nicholas.

WRENS WERE VICTORS.

Interesting Story of a Prolonged Fight for a Bird House.

"One spring," said a lover of birds, "there came to a bird house in my garden a pair of great crested fly-catchers. I had a dozen bird houses scattered around. This particuar one was about a foot square, with a peaked roof and a chimney at each end, a doorway for the birds to go in and out and a couple of auger holes bored through the back to give the house light and air.

"This bird house the summer before had been occupied by a pair of bluebirds, who had left their nest behind them. This nest the great crested fly-catchers pulled apart and threw out of the house; every twig and straw; they cleaned the house out completely; and then they brought in everything new, and built a nest of their own, and settled down comfortably for the summer.

"But in a few days a pair of bluebirds came along and they made for this house. It might have been the identical pair of bluebirds that occupied it the summer before; I don't know about that; though I have no doubt that robins and other birds that have been south for the winter, hundreds of miles away, do come back in the spring to the same places, and to the same trees. Anyhow, this pair of bluebirds wanted that bird house, and they were ready to fight for it, and that is what they did. The fly-catcher is a nice little bird and a pretty plucky sort of a fighter, but not a match for the bluebird. They had a grand round-up inside the house, and finally the bluebirds pitched the fly-catchers out; and later they pitched out every stick of furniture that the fly-catchers had brought in, cleaned the house out entirely, and then brought in fresh material and built a new nest according to their own ideas, and they settled down for the summer.

"Well, a few days after that, a pair of wrens came along and they took a fancy to that particular bird house, too; and they sailed right in and tackled the bluebirds on the spot. You couldn't see the fight from the ground, but every now and then you could see a straw or a feather shoot out of the front door of the house. The bluebird is a good, sound fighter, but the wren is a better one, and the upshot was that the wrens fairly put the bluebirds out and took possession of the bird house themselves. And then the wrens did just what the others had done; they pitched out every scrap of stuff in the bird house, just tumbled it out of the door, to fall on the ground; and then they brought in new stuff and built a nest for themselves.

"Nobody molested the wrens. They stayed there and raised their young there; and in the fall they all flew away and left the bird house again deserted for the winter."—N. Y. Sun.

JENNY'S GOOD RECORD.

Monkey Which Passed Through the Dangers of an African War.

It would be hard to beat the record of Jenny, the "service" monkey. In 1864 she joined H. M. S. Vigilant (Capt.

JENNY, THE SERVICE MONKEY.

Brown, who afterwards presented her to the zoo), and was singular in hailing from the Andaman islands, where no monkeys were supposed to exist. Also, she belongs to an unknown species. For four years Jenny served on board the ship, and then, having passed all the dangers of the Abyssinian campaign, she was discharged with a first-class certificate and silver chain and medal. This was in lieu of prize money. Of course Jenny was the sailors' pet, and so was educated to an amazing pitch. Her pet was an almost featherless chicken, which she nursed baby-fashion. She never turned in at night without her pipe and glass of grog, which she consumed with unmistakable relish.—Strand Magazine.

His Business.

"Why is Witson always looking for trouble?"

"That's his business. He's a criminal lawyer."—Detroit Free Press.

HE PARDONED THEM.

Why President Lincoln Set Free a Number of Deserters.

It was President Lincoln's intense love for his fellow men that led him to disapprove of the findings of court-martial, whenever there was a possible excuse, particularly in the cases of soldiers charged with desertion, with having fallen asleep at a post of duty, or with other offenses.

Secretary Stanton always insisted upon the strictest discipline in the army and frequently urged that derelict soldiers receive the severest punishment of military law and custom, but Lincoln rarely took any advice on such matters. He had meditated deeply on that subject and consulted his own judgment in disposing of cases of that kind that came before him.

The late Joseph Holt, who recently died at Washington, was judge advocate general of the army during the whole period of the war and it became his duty to report many cases of alleged cowardice of soldiers as well as other offenses. President Lincoln carefully read every line of the charges against such men, and as soon as he saw the slightest chance to excuse the poor fellow, a gleam of satisfaction would pass over his serious face. Then folding the papers together he placed them in a pigeon hole of his desk, and with a big eyes looking into those of the judge advocate standing before him, he would say:

"Holt, we will let those soldiers go, Order them set free."

It was after the battle of Chancellorsville that charges were brought against several men for failing to march with their regiments into the fight at a time when they were most needed. The charge of desertion was made.

When Secretary Stanton heard of these cases he commanded Judge Holt to present the charges against the men to the president in the strongest possible terms.

"We need stronger discipline in the army," said the stern secretary of war to the judge advocate. "The time has come when the president must yield to our opinion."

Judge Holt was himself one of the ablest lawyers of his day, and had won

"HOLT, SET THESE MEN FREE."

fame as a forensic orator long before the war.

"In presenting these cases," said he to the writer a few months before his death, "in obedience to the wish of the secretary of war, I used all the legal acumen at my command. One morning, with my papers all ready (and I was deeply in earnest in the matter), I proceeded to the white house; and, as I entered his private office, the president looked up with his long, sad face, saying:

"'Ah! Holt, what have you there?'

"'I have some important cases for your careful consideration, Mr. President, with documentary evidence sufficient to condemn every man.'

"He took the papers and read them carefully, stopping at times to reflect, then read on until he finished. There was no change in his countenance this time, unless that it grew more sad and his expression more serious. I had covered the cases in question with strong and convincing argument and evidence. He finally raised his eyes from the last paper and gazed intently through the window at some object across the Potomac. Then, rising from his chair, with the papers all folded together, he placed them in a pigeon hole already filled with similar documents. With his tall, gaunt form facing me, he spoke, in deep, sad tones, that would have touched the heart of the sternest officer of the army:

"'Holt' (it was his custom to mention only the last name), 'you acknowledge those men have a previous record for bravery. It is not the first time they have faced danger; and they shall not be shot for this one offense.'

"I then thought it was my duty as the head of my department of military justice to make further argument. For I knew Stanton would nearly explode with rage when he heard of the president's decision. I began to speak and Lincoln sat down again, giving me his closest attention. Then, rising from his chair and riveting his eyes upon me, he said:

"'Holt, were you ever in battle?'

"'I have never been.'

"'Did Stanton ever march in the first line, to be shot at by an enemy like those men did?'

"'I think not, Mr. President.'

"'Well, I tried it in the Blackhawk war, and I remember one time I grew awful weak in the knees when I heard the bullets whistle around me and saw the enemy in front of me. How my legs carried me forward I cannot now tell, for I thought every minute that I would sink to the ground. The men against whom those charges have been made probably were not able to march into battle. Who knows that they were able? I am opposed to having soldiers shot for not facing danger when it is not known that their legs would carry them into danger. Send this dispatch ordering them to be set free.' And they were set free that day."—G. R. Prowell, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

Pursuer and Pursued.

A rabbit chased by a dog at Jasper, Fla., ran into a gopher's hole, followed by the dog, and a rattlesnake killed both of them.

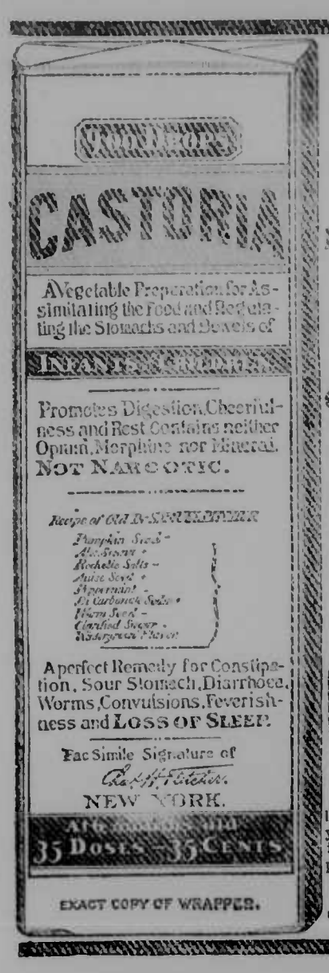

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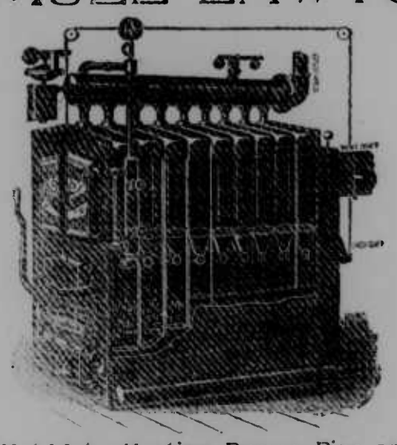

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THE OFFICE BOY'S STORY.

He Was "on the Spot" and Faithfully Describes the Incidents.

The following is a contribution from a boy who "was on the scene:"

It happened late one night in a morning paper office that a man under influence of liquor entered the building. The watchman who was at the door asked him what he wanted. He said he had a story to sell. The watchman told him that he was drunk and the paper would not buy a story from a drunken man. The man was with a friend who wanted to see one of the telegraph operators employed in the office and then the watchman admitted the two men to enter the elevator, and they rode up to the editorial rooms. The vender of the news asked the boy in charge of the anti room if he could see the night city editor. And when the boy asked what he wanted to see the night editor about he said he had a story and wanted to sell it but as the boy was going to tell the editor about the man he was called back with a harsh voice and the vender told him that he would not sell the story to the paper as he was told by the watchman downstairs he was drunk and also said that the elevator man said he was drunk. But the elevator man who heard him called him a liar. And a typewriter who was in the car at the time told the man it was not the elevator man but it was the watchman in the hall who told him that.

And while the news vender was waiting for the elevator the boy went inside to tell what had happened and the boy came out before the editor and saw the elevator man and drunken man with their dukes up and punching each other, but the elevator man being the best fighter avoided his opponents blow and struck him in the chest. And suddenly the drunken man put his hand to his back pocket as if to draw a gun and the elevator man said "for god sake don' shoot" and he jumped into his elevator and went down like a shot. And when he came up with the elevator he had the watchman with him in case of any trouble, at this point the night city editor came out and the editor, watchman elevator man and the news vender was together, and the drunken man tried to explaine the matter to the night city editor and the elevator man interrupted by saying that the news vender call him vile names and he again call him the same names before the editor and the watchman was told to take the drunken man down stairs and out of the building his friend stayed to see the night city editor and tries to tell the story to him but the paper did not want the story because it was "rot", and no good.—New York Tribune.

Sir Andrew Clark.

Mr. Lehmann seems disposed in his "Recollections" to account for Sir Audrew Clark's success on other than purely professional grounds.

"Far be it from me to take upon myself the right of expressing an opinion as to his merits as a man of science. Distinguished colleagues of his on the continent had repeatedly asked me how to account for his great reputation and his extraordinary hold on the English public, of which they evidently did not know the reasons. Those I could give were purely personal, but they would go a long way. His great secret was his sincere belief in himself, the confidence with which he inspired his patients and his power to convince them of his deep, almost exclusive, interest in the special case before him. No matter how full his waiting room might be, he never showed the slightest sign of hurry or impatience. He would sit down and write several pages of general instructions in alternate red and black ink to accompany his prescriptions. I remember him leisurely discussing my overcoat one day as I was preparing to take my leave, though his waiting room was, as usual, crowded to overflowing. Most busy doctors are in a much greater harry to get rid of one."

Two Tame Mustaches.

Two of the tamest mustaches in Europe are those of the old king of Saxony and of his brother and heir, Prince George. Though thick, they droop at the ends in a rather dejected manner, and there is nothing dashing or swagger about them. Yet if there were ever two royal personages in Europe who might consider themselves as entitled to assume a victorious and all conquering air it would be precisely the king of Saxony and his brother, the two most successful commanders, or, as Emperor William put it, the two paladins of the German army, in the last great war with France.—Philadelphia Times.

A Domestic Man.

Flatte—Whenever my wife is sick and we have no cook, I always get breakfast.

Streete—I didn't know you could cook.

Flatte—No more can I.

Street—Then how the mischief do you get a breakfast fit to eat?

Flatte—I go to the restaurant for it.—New York Sun.

According to the newspapers, an Ohio husband became the happy father of seven children not long ago. Of the seven all lived but one. It is to be hoped that he laid in a supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, the only sure cure for croup, whooping cough, colds and coughs, and so insure his children against those diseases. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

R. BOLDEN,

Tin, Galvanized and Sheet Iron WORKER.

Roofing and Spouting Done on Short Notice.

Special Attention Given to Repairing.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED. GIVE US A CALL.

REDUCED RATES.

Tennessee Centennial Exposition, Nashville, Tennessee.

OVER THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY and Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway.

The Southern Railway announces the following low rates from Washington, D. C., to Nashville, Tenn., occasion Tennessee Centennial Exposition:

Season Excursion Tickets will be sold daily, until and including October 15, at $28.75.

Twenty-day Excursion Tickets will be sold daily until October 15, at $21.30.

Ten-day Excursion Tickets will be sold on Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week, until October 26, 1897, at $15.30.

Rates for Military and Students in parties of 25 or more made known upon application.

Lv Baltimore, P. R. R.	9.20 PM	9.42 AM
" Washington, So. Ry	10.43 "	11.15 "
" Danville	6.00 AM	6.20 PM
Ar Salisbury (E. T.)	9.37 "	8.50 "
" Asheville (C. T.)	2.05 PM	12.12 AM
" Hot Springs	4.21 "	1.29 "
" Knoxville	7.25 "	4.00 "
" Chattanooga	11.20 "	7.50 "
" Nashville, N. C. & St. L. Ry	6.45 AM	1.50 PM

The train leaving Baltimore at 9.20 P. M., daily, carries Pullman Buffet Sleeper New York to Salisbury, uniting with Pullman Sleeper (from Norfolk) to Nashville, Tenn., through "The Land of the Sky," without change.

For full particulars, descriptive matter, etc., call on or address:

J. C. HORTON, Pass. Agent, 106 East German st., Baltimore, Md.
L. S. BROWN, Gen'l Agent Pass. Dept.
W. A. TURK, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
J. M. CULP, Traffic Manager.
W. H. GREEN, Gen'l Superintendent. 1300 Penna. Ave., Washington, D. C.

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS, FANCY STATIONERY, DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.

31—26

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, May 16, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily		3.49 A. M
No. 3—Daily		9.28 A. M
No. 71—Accom daily except Sun		9.28 A. M
No. 47—Daily		1.36 P. M
No. 55—Express, daily		5.55 P. M
No. 1—Daily		10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily		5.59 A. M
No. 2—Daily		6.41 A. M
No. 72—Accom daily except Sun		5.18 P. M
No. 46—Daily		1.33 P. M
No. 4—Daily		10.29 A. M
No. 11—Accommodation		10.12 A. M

Train No. 55 makes no stops between Oakland and Grafton. No. 47 makes all stops.

D. B. MARTIN, Manager of Passenger Traffic.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

FREE HOMES ...IN... Washington and Oregon.

160 Acres of Land FREE to Every Citizen.

1,000,000 ACRES

FINE TIMBER LANDS RICH Farming and Grazing LANDS.

FRUITS Grow in Abunance. FINE CLIMATE.

No Extreme Heat or Cold Weather.

NO TAXES For Seven Years

CONVENIENT TO MARKETS

Settling up very fast by EASTERN PEOPLE.

Full particulars free.

Address

A. C. HARVEY,

42 S. Third Street, Phila., Pa.

47—52

HEALTH FOR 25 CENTS

Liver complaint shows itself in constipation, headaches, biliousness, heartburn, belching, lassitude, foul taste in the mouth. Doesn't seem serious, but it is. Leads to things that people die of. Cured surely and quickly by

DR. A. S. TODD'S Anti-Bilious Liver Pills

Best and simplest and surest remedy ever made. 25 cents, all druggists.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Proprietors, Wheeling, W. Va.

Wm. Frederick, jr., & Son,

OF FRIENDSVILLE, MD.,

Are quoting an array of extreme bottom figures never before mentioned by any house anywhere, solvent or insolvent, no matter whether cash or credit.

Big prices will not do in these times when even the wealthy cannot afford to waste their money, and the poor require double duty of every Dollar and every Penny.

We deal in good goods and not in trash, and believe the masses will patronize the house that sells the best goods for least money.

We offer such unanswerable arguments as no house can match—leaders and specialties at quotations that no other can offer—stern and stubborn facts that will level your head on the subject of genuine bargains.

We invite an early and repeated visit and inspection; our stock will be replenished every few days, and to merchants we offer some special leaders fully 15 to 20 per cent less than current prices in New York City.

Don't forget the place but just follow the crowd into the

Great New York Racket Department Store,

of the above firm.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

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ROOFING,

SPOUTING, ETC.

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PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.

REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.

SPOUTING, ETC.

WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH, Mt. Lake Park, Md.

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WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO. IN EFFECT FEBRUARY 28, 1897.

SOUTHWARD No. 3	SOUTHWARD No. 1	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2	NORTHWARD No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 00*	7 00† lv	Cumberland ar	*12 15	17 30
3 26	7 26	Rawlings	11 50	7 05
3 45	7 45	Keyser	11 28	6 43
4 10	8 00	Westernport	11 15	6 30
4 04	8 01	W. Va. C. June.	11 11	6 23
4 34	8 25	Shaw	10 45	5 57
5 09	9 01	Harrison	10 19	15 29
6 15	9 45* ar	Elk Garden	8 00	*1 00
5 35	9 40† lv	Gorman	9 40	4 53
5 42	9 10	Baynard	9 81	4 47
5 51	9 57	Dobbin	9 23	4 38
6 27	10 27	Thomas	8 53	4 08
6 55	10 55 nr	Davis	8 00	3 15
6 31	10 31 lv	Coketon	8 46	4 01
7 01	11 01	Hendricks	8 15	3 30
7 07	11 07	Bretz	8 08	3 23
7 16	11 10	Parsons	8 15	3 20
7 45	11 45	Kerens	7 30	2 45
8 00*	12 00† ar	Elkins lv	*7 15	12 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly lv		*1 55
				P. M.
	3 05* ar	Bealington lv		*11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

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Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 35—1yr

FRED A. THAYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

GILMOR S. HAMILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. feb4-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

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JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW

☞Special attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED. ☞SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

DR. J. G. ROBINSON, DENTIST, Felty Building, Opposite Postoffice, OAKLAND, MD. GAS ADMINISTERED. 50-97

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON OAKLAND, MD.

Residence on North 3rd Street. Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

H. W. M'COMAS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.,

☞Office in Myers building. Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel. Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

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Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

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Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

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A General Banking business transacted. ☞Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

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WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH THIS

Superior Lime

TO BUILDERS, FARMERS AND TANNERS IN BARRELS OR BULK TO SUIT PURCHASERS.

This lime is equal in strength for agricultural, building and tanning purposes to the Frederick or Baltimore county lime.

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WANTED: ROCK OAK BARK.

Write for prices.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO., 49-13 CUMBERLAND, MD.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1897. NUMBER 13.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby Personal Mention, Etc.

May has moved out.

Make way for the picnic girl.

Our gallery is now open. Come quick. Loar & Co.

The bank and postoffice was closed on Monday—Memorial day.

Mr. J. E. Otto, of Cranesville, was an Oakland visitor on Tuesday last.

Commissioners' meeting on Monday when routine business will be transacted.

Mr. W. H. Chadderton, of Deer Park, was in Oakland last Monday on business.

Go to Loar's gallery and you will be pleased to see their fine photos at such low prices.

Mr. W. W. Shoch, of Rowlesburg, was in Oakland on business Tuesday morning last.

Mr. Wm. A. Daily went down to Grantsville last Monday to work up life and fire insuance.

Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock the German Baptists will have services in Sturgiss' Hall, Oakland.

Mr. J. J. Brenneman, of Accident, was in Oakland a few hours on Monday last and made this office a call.

On Sunday, June 13th, Presiding Elder Wheeler and Rev. Amos will hold an all-day meeting at Firm Rock.

Dr. John G. Robinson made a professional visit to Eglon last Friday, returning to Oakland Sunday afternoon.

Mr. A. L. Spiker, formerly of Mt. Lake Park, but now residing on Cumberland, was in Oakland a day or two last week.

The flag stone pavement built in front of the residence of Mr. D. E. Offutt has been completed and is quite an improvement.

The appeal session of the City Council will be held at the council chamber in Oakland on Monday afternoon and evening next.

Photographs at slaughter prices at Loar & Co.'s gallery. Come quick and avoid the rush as our time is limited. Loar & Co., Oakland.

Mr. Jonas Hostetler, of Accident, was here last Saturday and made this office a very pleasant call. He was accompanied by his son.

Dr. and Mrs. Benj. Ison and daughter Miss Ella come up from Washington on last Wednesday and will spend the summer at their home here.

A project is being matured to give the students of the Normal school a public reception near the close of the term. Further particulars later.

One Minute is all the time necessary to decide from personal experience that One Minute Cough Cure does what its name implies. Oakland Pharmacy.

The members of the Auxiliary of St. Matthew's church constituted a fishing party that spent the day yesterday at Swan Meadows, about five miles south of Oakland.

Now is your chance and perhaps your last chance to get fine photographs at Loar & Co.'s gallery in Oakland which is now open for business for two weeks only.

Mr. A. P. George, assistant fish commissioner, will arrive in Oakland to-night with several hundred young catfish which will be placed in the Little Yough here.

Mr. Wm. Miller, chairman of the Democratic county committee, was in Baltimore yesterday attending the meeting of the State Central Committee.

Mr. C. Graham, the life insurance man who has made Oakland his headquarters for several months, is now located at Clarksburg, and was in Oakland last Saturday a few hours.

FOUND.—On the street in Oakland on last Monday, a watch. Owner can have same by calling at this office paying for this notice and identifying the property.

Torturing, itching, scaly skin eruptions, burns and scalds are soothed at once and promptly healed by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the best known cure for piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

On yesterday morning the thermometer registered thirty degrees and many parts of the glades were covered with a white frost. Early garden vegetables were damaged in many places.

At A. D. Naylor's you can find a full and complete line of vehicles in stock now). Two and three-seated canopy top wagons, Daytons, four kinds of surreys, phaetons and buggies by the car load. 11-3*

Earthquake shocks were felt Monday afternoon in Maryland, the District of Columbia, Virginia, West Virginia, the South and the Middle West. At some points the shock was so severe as to rock buildings and topple over chimneys. However, slight damage was done.

The next attraction at Shartzer's Opera House will be "A Romance of the West," by local talent, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Blackaller. See it.

A meeting of the citizens of Oakland has been called for Friday, June 4th, at Offutt's Hall, for the purpose of perfecting plans for the fourth of July celebration in Oakland.

Messrs. S. T. Jones and Gilmor S. Hamill represented the Garrett County bank at the meeting of the State Bankers' Association at Cumberland the first of this week.

FARMERS—See Dixon & Kelso before selling your wool. They will pay the highest prices in cash and will give special inducements to those who wish to do some trading. 11-4

Hundreds of thousands have been induced to try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy by reading what it has done for others, and have tested its merits for themselves are to-day its warmest friends. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy, J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The Oakland Coal and Coke Company are now shipping a superior make of hard brick sprinkled with white sand, which makes a building of fine appearance. The plant is running to its full capacity.

It is surprising what a "wee bit of a thing" can accomplish. Sick headache, constipation, dyspepsia, sour stomach, dizziness, are quickly banished by DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Small pill. Safe pill. Best pill. Oakland Pharmacy.

Owing to illness, Rev. J. L. B. Jones, of Aurora, was unable to conduct quarterly meeting services in St. Paul's church Sunday. The services were conducted by the pastor assisted by Dr. Ison and Rev. J. M. Davis.

"There's no use in talking," says W. H. Broadwell, druggist, La Cygne, Kas., "Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy does the work. After taking medicine of my own preparation and those of others, I took a dose of Chamberlain's and it helped me; a second cured me. Candidly and conscientiously I can recommend it as the best thing on the market." The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Mr. D. Y. Morris, of Kingwood, was here on Monday and Tuesday on a visit to relatives. He left Tuesday morning for Fairmont to attend the Epworth League convention to which he was elected a delegate.

E. E. Turner, of Compton, Mo., writes us that after suffering from piles for seventeen years, he completely cured them by using three boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cures eczema and severe skin diseases. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Perry E. Kimmell has gone to Kingwood, where he has secured a position as foreman and local editor of the *Preston County Journal*, made vacant by the resignation of Mr. G. A. Bolden, who has again resumed control of the Terra Alta *Oracle*.

They are so small that the most sensitive persons take them, they are so effective that the most obstinate cases of constipation, headache and torpid liver yield to them. That is why DeWitt's Little Early Risers are known as the famous little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mrs. J. M. Crane, of Kingwood, who has been ill in Washington two or three weeks, arrived in Oakland last Friday afternoon as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Benj. H. Sincell. Mrs. Crane was accompanied to Oakland by her sister, Miss Alice Wardwell, of Terra Alta.

If you have ever seen a child in the agony of croup, you can appreciate the gratitude of the mothers who know that One Minute Cough Cure relieves their little ones as quickly as it is administered. Many homes in this city are never without it. Oakland Pharmacy.

Many cases of "Grippe" have lately been cured by One Minute Cough Cure. This preparation seems especially adapted to the cure of this disease. It acts quickly, thus preventing serious complications and bad effects in which this disease often leaves the patient. Oakland Pharmacy.

A. H. Patter, with E. C. Atkins & Co., Indianapolis, Ind., writes: I have never before given a testimonial in my life. But I will say that for three years we have never been without Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in the house, and my wife would as soon think of being without flour as a bottle of this Remedy in the summer season. We have used it with all three of our children and it has never failed to cure—not simply stop pain, but cure absolutely. It is all right and anyone who tries it will find it so." For sale by Oakland Pharmacy, J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Mr. Isaac Horner, proprietor of the Burton House, Burton, W. Va., and one of the most widely known men in the state was cured of rheumatism after three years of suffering. He says: "I have not sufficient command of language to convey any idea of what I suffered, my physicians told me that nothing could be done for me and my friends were fully convinced that nothing but death would relieve me of my suffering. In June, 1894, Mr. Evens, then salesman for the Wheeling Drug Co., recommended Chamberlain's Pain Balm. At this time my foot and limb were swollen to more than their normal size and it seemed to me my leg would burst, but soon after I began using the Pain Balm the swelling began to decrease, the pain to leave and not I consider that I am entirely cured. Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Call for your Letters.

Elisha Bennett, Hiram C. Dewitt, James Flowers, Mrs. Fowler, Miss Zinnettie Friend.

E. L. Delegates.

At the last meeting of the Oakland Epworth League the following delegates were elected to attend the District conference at Newburg June 21st, and 22d:

E. L. Mitchell, Mollie Hamill, Mrs. F. G. Hyde, Mollie Peddicord, John Davis and Daisy Harne; alternates, Laura Harne, Ernest Shirer, Mattie Porter, S. K. Arbuthnot, Grace Wotring and Alice Hessen.

Sale of Personal Property.

Mrs. A. B. Gonder will offer for sale at public auction a lot of household furniture, at her residence in Oakland, on June 5, 1897, at 10 a. m.

TERMS OF SALE:—Sums under $10, cash; over $10 note with good security. No property to be removed until terms are complied with. 14-2.

The Town's New Assessment.

Last Friday Messrs. J. M. Jarboe, J. O. Michaels and Jos. H. Smithman, the three assessors appointed by the city authorities to make an assessment of the property within the corporate limits of Oakland, finished their labors and made their report. The increase in the assessable basis of the town is very gratifying. When the last assessment was made tax was levied upon property valued at $637,452.28. This year the basis is $739,689.00, an increase of $93,227.72.

Church Notices.

Services will be held in St. Matthew's church Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m., and at Loch Lynn Heights at 3.30 p. m.

There will be services in the Garrett Memorial church next Thursday evening, June 3d, at 8 o'clock, preparatory to the communion of the Lord's Supper on the following Lord's Day, at 11 a. m. A cordial invitation to all.

There will be services St. Mark's Evangelical Lutheran church next Sunday at half past ten o'clock. Children's Day services at night, commencing at 8 o'clock, at which the program "Summer Songs" will be rendered. Everybody invited.

Card of Thanks.

The old soldiers of Crook Post No. 35, G. A. R., hereby tender their thanks to the citizens, and especially to Prof. Sanner and the Norman school, little school children and the young ladies who assisted us in making this Memorial Day the best we ever had. Also to the friends who so kindly furnished the beautiful flowers for the occasion.

By order of Post.

A. G. STURGISS, Com'd'r.
J. A. HAYDEN, Adj't.

Literary Programme.

Following is the programme for the Normal Literary Society for the meeting to be held Tuesday evening, June 8, 1897:

Music.
Recitation.....Sallie Kidow.
Select Reading.....Nina Stemple
Declamation.....George Legge.
Music.
Recitation.....Orley Poolson.
Essay.....Elsie Fay.
Declamation.....Ruhl Longbridge.
Music.
Select Reading.....Lawrence Stanton.
Biography of Andrew Jackson...Mr. Robeson.
Impromptu class, Lewis Hamilton, Emma DeBerry, Percy Brady, Harry Ashby.
Music.
Question for Debate, "Resolved, That Cuba should be annexed to the United States." Affirmative J. B. Emory, Chas. A. Ashby; negative, George B. Frazer, A. L. Lee.
Reading of Society Paper.
Critic's report.
Music.

Burglary in Oakland.

Last Friday night at an hour when all honest people were in bed the jewelry store of H. C. Smouse and the tailoring establishment of Mr. M. Cohen, situated in the Malette building, were entered by thieves and quite a bag of booty secured. The entrance to the stores was effected through the doors, jimmies being used to force them. From Mr. Smouse jewelry of every description was taken, the value being estimated by him as being $200. Mr. Cohen lost three bolts of fine French cloth, valued at about $36. Immediately after the theft Sheriff Brown went in search of the parties, suspicion resting upon three negroes who had been around town that night as street musicians. At Piedmont the sheriff ran them down and placed under arrest but a search of their persons revealed nothing. So far the guilty parties have not been apprehended.

LATER.—Since the above was put in type we learn that on last Tuesday night three tramps were arrested on suspicion at Deer Park as being the parties who committed the thefts. They were placed in the lock-up in that town but succeeded in making their escape. All of Mr. Cohen's goods were recovered and the guitar stolen from Mr. Smouse was found in a barn on the outskirts of Deer Park.

Murder at Thomas.

A tragedy occurred at Thomas, W. Va., yesterday evening, a man named Latimer killing a man named Skinner. Latimer, who had been drinking, went home and found Skinner in his [illegible] at the table. He drew his revolver and fired six times, all the balls taking effect. Skinner died instantly.

Funeral of Wm. R. Percy.

The funeral of Wm. R. Percy, who was accidentally drowned on Wednesday last took place from the Hotel Gladstone, Frostburg, Saturday afternoon and was the largest in the history of the place. The funeral procession was over a mile long. There was an entire suspension of business for several hours. In fact, very little business had been transacted in the town for three days, so deep was the feeling over his death. The services were conducted by Rev. C. A. Britt, pastor of the Lutheran church at Frostburg, assisted by Rev. T. J. Yost pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran church, Cumberland. Special music was rendered, including a duet by Messrs. G. D. and Nicholas T. Hocking. Rev. Mr. Britt delivered an eulogistic address and Rev. Mr. Yost read the Scriptures and offered prayer.

The pall-bearers were: Honorary—Senator George L. Wellington, A. E. Hitchins, Daniel Annan, Benjamin A. Richmond, D. P. Miller, William Staples and P. H. Daughtrey. Active—Charles H. Walker, J. B. Shannan, Chas. H. Wade, Reuben Anthony, J. Benson Oder, and Mining Inspector Otto Hohing. The interment was at Allegany Cemetery.

Among those in attendance were: Judges Boyd and Sloan, Sub-Treasurer James M. Sloan and a large number of [illegible] and professional men from Cumberland and other points.

"A Romance of the West.

Rehearsals for another play entitled "A Romance of the West," have begun under the direction of Arthur Blackaller, who achieved such success with "Bound to Win" a few weeks ago. The present play, he informs us, will outshine the other in every respect, being a much finer play. Several new members have been added to the cast, besides, all the old favorites will be seen in better parts. The scenes of the play are laid in the west, but, unlike the majority of western plays, it is devoid of the usual amount of shooting, arms and impossibilities that generally take place in border dramas. The plot is a good one, beautifully told with lots of good fun. Those taking part are as follows: Misses Nettie and Nellie Michaels, Margaret Sincell, Prema Shartzer, Mrs. Blackaller, Messrs. Andrew Nelson, Chas. Tower, Dick Bartlett, Guy Chisholm Hamill Spedden and Arthur Blackaller. Several good specialties will be introduced by members of the cast. The play will be produced on Friday, June 11th, at Shartzer's Opera House, Oakland, Md.

Capt. Henry Fonner Dead.

Captain Henry Fonner, passenger conductor on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, died suddenly in his room at the Arlington Hotel, Cumberland, about nine o'clock Saturday morning. Captain Fonner had been feeling unwell for several days and had been suffering with angina pectoris, which caused his death. Captain Fonner had a fine farm at Crownsville, about seven miles from Annapolis, Md., on the Annapolis, Washington and Baltimore Railroad, where he leaves an invalid wife. He has also four grown sons, who are Charles, Okey, James and Harry. The captain had just returned from his home on Monday, and while on the train a short distance east of Cumberland was taken quite ill before he reached the city, but after being removed to the Arlington Hotel became much better.

Saturday morning at about 8.30 o'clock he came down to his breakfast after which he started out for a walk and suddenly grew worse, returned to the hotel and went to his room. His son, James Fonner, who is a passenger brakeman, called at the hotel shortly after his father had gone to his room, and when the son reached the room he found his father seated in a chair dead.

Capt. Fonner was partially undressed, and was evidently about to return to his bed. Capt. Fonner was one of the oldest, best known and popular conductors on the road, and had been in the service of the company forty-eight years. For a number of years he had been running between Cumberland and Parkersburg, W. Va. Some years ago his run was from Baltimore to Wheeling, W. Va. He was at one time despatcher of trains, with headquarters at Terra Alta, W. Va.

Capt. Fonner's remains were taken Monday morning to Terra Alta for interment. The deceased was sixty-four years of age. Capt. Fonner was twice married.

Jr. O. U. A. M. Entertainment.

A pleasant social was that given by the Junior Order United American Mechanics at Shartzer's Opera House on Friday evening, May 28th. At the hour 8 o'clock designated by the neat little invitations sent out several days previous, about two hundred guests and friends of the order assembled at the above named place. After a few moments indulged in social chat, the meeting was called to order by Mr. Julius C. Renninger, who in a few terse words explained the object and aim of the meeting, and introduced the speaker of the evening Mr. S. T. Jones. Mr. Jones made an excellent address lasting perhaps thirty minutes, in which he set forth some of the evils which threaten our fair government—evils which this order was founded to abate. The speaker highly complimented the Jr. O. U. A. M. for the manner in which they have promoted their excellent principles, and predicted for them a bright future. Further exercises of the evening consisted of a piano solo by Miss Maud Shartzer, which was loudly applauded, and several pieces by the Oakland Brass Sextette. The Oakland Quartette, composed of Misses Margaret Miller, Grace Loar, and Messrs. Thomas and Andrew Nelson, rendered two of their pleasing selections which were greeted with storms of applause. Several pieces were given by two expert mandolin and guitar players whose names we have not learned, they being strangers to most of those present.

After these exercises refreshments were announced, and all repaired to the rear of the opera house, where tastily set tables awaited. The refreshments consisted of sandwiches, coffee, ice cream, cake, fruits, etc., and were admirably served by the following named young ladies: Misses Eva Button, Nettie and Nellie Michael, Jennie Johnson, Hattie Bartlett, Margaret Sincell, Lizzie Weber, Bertie Boyer, Mollie Peddicord, Lottie and Grace Loar and Maud and Daisy Bosley. At a late hour the guests dispersed loud in their praise of the Junior Order for the excellent entertainment.

Memorial Day.

Memorial Day was fittingly observed in Oakland and the bank and many of the business houses closed their doors in its commemoration.

At 10:30 o'clock thirty members of Crook Post No. 35 G. A. R., sixty-five school children under the leadership of Misses Ellen Hayden, Annie Townshend and Nellie Sturgiss; twenty Knights of Pythias, and sixty-eight normal school students in charge of Capt. Sanner, formed a procession in front of Sturgiss' hall, and under the command of Col. A. G. Sturgiss took up the line of march to the cemetery. Here the impressive G. A. R. ceremonies befitted the occasion.

The cemeteries never looked better. Almost all the lots and mounds had been trimmed and put in good shape. An unusually large number of graves were strewn with flowers besides eighteen graves of dead heroes of the late war, while the K. of P.'s decorated the graves of deceased members.

The first exercise of the program at the cemetery was the singing of the patriotic hymn "America," followed by the reading of the general orders and Lincoln's Gettysburg address by Capt. Sanner. Miss Lizzie Leary read a poem entitled "Memorial Day," and also Miss Margaret Grim read Will Carleton's poem "Over Them Over." Capt. R. R. Sanner made a very impressive address followed by the G. A. R. ritualistic service together with the dismissal and benediction by Rev. Wm. Brayshaw completed the services of the day. At least five hundred people visited the cemeteries—more than was ever known on any previous occasion in Oakland. May this beautiful custom continue to grow in interest and importance until it is observed throughout the length and breadth of this broad land, alike by rich and poor and high and low.

Longs vs. Shorts.

Decoration Day was fittingly observed by the sporting portion of our city by a very interesting game of base ball at Jack Oak Park between the "Longs" and "Shorts," two nines composed of young men of our city. The day was all that could be desired for such an occasion, the warm, bright sun bringing out one of the largest crowds that ever witnessed a game here. The ladies were there in force, decked in their brightest colors, to cheer their favorites in a good play whenever the opportunity afforded itself. Taking it all in all, it was a great day for base ball.

The game was promptly begun at 3 p. m., with our reliable, firm Claggett Peddicord as umpire, the Shorts taking the field, and then the fun began. Tom Nelson, the mighty man of the Shorts, sent the sphere across the plate, as he was to do the twirling for the Shorts, and before the inning closed the Longs had piled up four big runs. The Shorts then came in for their share, and when the great and only Tower stepped into the box for the Longs, everyone expected to see a wonderful exhibition, but the Shorts fell onto his curves and batted him for nine runs. From the first inning it was a foregone conclusion that the Longs were one-sided, and as inning after inning passed the game became more and more one-sided until it was a veritable walk-over for the Shorts, finally ending in the ninth with the score standing thirty-five to eighteen, very much to the chagrin of the Longs, who were confident of success, and even informed the Shorts how they were going to bury them.

Appended is the score by innings:

Longs	1	2	3	1	5	6	7	8	9	
Shorts	2	9	3	2	9	5	3	1		—35
Longs	1	5	0	2	1	1	1	2	2	—18

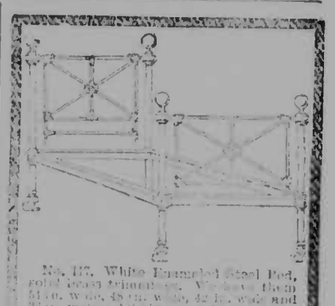

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JULIUS HINES & SON,
BALTIMORE, MD.

The Tasker Case.

The case of Hiram P. Tasker against the County Commissioners of Garrett county, came up for trial on Tuesday of last week, in the circuit court for Washington county, and was not concluded until Saturday morning, when the jury returned a verdict of $5,360 for the plaintiff.

The history of this case is no doubt familiar to the most of our readers. In 1888 the Board of Commissioners entered into a contract with Mr. Tasker whereby he was directed to trace up and compile a book or books of abstracts of all unassessed lands in Garrett county, and upon the adoption of his report he was to be allowed a fair and reasonable compensation for his work. Under this agreement Tasker went to Annapolis and spent a long time in hunting up the alleged unassessed lands, but in June, 1888, he was notified by the board to quit work and do nothing further until directed so to do by the board. Tasker, however, continued on with his work, and contended that a subsequent oral contract was made with him, which occupied his undivided attention for a space of six years. The matter laid in abeyance for a long time, until June, 1894, when suit was brought by Tasker against the county for $15,000. The case was carried to the Court of Appeals and sent back for retrial.

Everything was done by the present Board of Commissioners which could be done to defeat the claim, the Commissioners taking the position that the county had derived no benefit from the work, and therefore it was not liable to Tasker for services, etc. Immediately upon the verdict being rendered a motion for a new trial was entered, and the reasons upon which the motion was based were submitted in writing.

What the result of this motion will be of course cannot now be stated, but it is believed that the court will not hesitate to set it aside and award a new trial.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD

BE KINDLY TOLERANT.

Be tolerant, nor with ill will abuse
The honest brother whose persistent views
Agree not with thine own. Turn not aside,
To speak him ill with anger or false pride,
Though he may other truths and notions teach,
Grant him free thought, and as thyself free speech.

Small need is there in this enlightened age
For thought or action mean and narrow-gauge;
The world is wide, great thought-realms wider still,
All differing minds may there disport at will.
What though thy neighbor differ from thee, then?
Grant him free tourney with his thought and pen.

He may be right, thyself be in the wrong,
Jar not with needless discords his life-song;
Who knows but it may be part of a whole,
Some day through Heaven's immensity to roll
In noblest harmonies, grand, sweet and clear,
Though made of seeming unlinked discords here?

He, who might hear a cornet in some part
Of complicated music, made by art,
And in some distant isolated spot
A flute-played portion, and in some deep grot
The other parts voiced widely o'er the land,
Would scarce know these as that the well-trained band
Together played, in harmonies most grand.

So do men's voices and each human mind,
Grope here and there half hearing and half blind,
Each with his note pitched high or low and deep,
Some laughing, while some other players weep,
And much some marvel at the discords made
By life's great anthems thus in fragments played.

Yet, by and by, these shall together play
In matchless harmony on some great day,
Each taught by patient practice years prolong
His perfect part in Heaven's more perfect song;
All strange chords blended in the anthems grand,
Moved by the baton in the Master's hand,
Where those who sneered shall love and understand.
So, though he differ, hate not thus thy friend,
Look forward and behold the perfect end
Where isolated notes meet, melt and blend
I. EDGAR JONES.

BATS AND BOATS.

Story of a Lively Base-Ball Match and Its Sequel.

"It is no use arguing, Tom. I won't pitch in to-morrow's game if Ned Burtis is on the team. You know that some yachtsmen saw him out in my new catboat one night last week, and that I found the boat with the bow smashed in the next morning. He only laughed when I accused him of taking it."

Tom Greene, captain of the village ball nine, had called on Frank Felton to talk over the match with the Lynbrooks which was scheduled for the morrow.

"Well, I always liked Ned," Tom returned, "and there's something strange about that boat affair. Why, he's the best yachtsman on the bay—and the heaviest hitter on the team!"

"Well, if you prefer to have him, just say the word, Tom."

"No, no, old man. What could we do without our famous pitcher? You show up in the morning for practice, and I'll attend to Ned. Good night."

"Good night," Frank returned, and the two parted.

In deep thought Tom walked down the slope leading to the boat landing and threw himself at full length on the bank. Ned, he knew, was now out on an island in the sound, gathering beach plums. He was not to return until morning.

After some ponderous thinking Tom started up. "I have it," he muttered. "I'll just sail my Nettie over to the island and quietly carry off Ned's row boat. That will prevent him from getting back in time for the game. He'll be disappointed, but his feelings won't be hurt. Great scheme! And in a short time the Nettie was under way for the island.

It is the afternoon of the baseball match, and the Mainville ball grounds are crowded with the enthusiastic friends of both teams.

"Play ball!"

In a trice the lithe-limbed fellows have surrounded the umpire, and the next moment there is a scattering. Captain Tom has won the toss, and chose last inning.

A ripple of applause greets graceful Frank Felton as he walks to the pitcher's box. Tom is the receiving end of the battery. After a quick glance at his fielders Frank snaps in an outshoot. The batter slammed it too short, and was out at first. The next batsman popped a fly to the catcher, and his successor fanned the atmosphere thrice.

Frank doffed his cap to the applauding spectators as he walked to the bench. But the opposing pitcher also proved to be an enigma. Tall and gaunt, he had terrific speed, and started in to frighten the home batsmen by twisting the ball dangerously near their persons. The first two boys up sent weak grounders to the infield, and Tom ingloriously struck out.

In the second inning the Lynbrooks solved Frank's delivery with a grass-cutter to the left and a home-run drive over the centerfielder's head, netting them two runs. When the home team was blanked again in its half, there were groans from the spectators, mingled with calls for their favorite Ned.

The score continued two to nothing till the last half of the fifth inning, when, with two outs, the Lynbrook pitcher presented a man with his base. Frank was next up, and he swung his bat in desperation. It connected somehow with an outshoot, and the ball went sailing through space deep into the left field. Before it was returned to the diamond Frank dashed breathlessly over the homeplate; while the grandstanders rose en masse, and received him with salvos of applause.

Apparently unnerved by his running Frank's delivery was wild in the sixth, the first two batsmen getting bases on balls. Then, when he did put them over, a destructive cannonade commenced. Scorching grounders and red-hot drives flew around the rattled fielders; and when the bombardment ceased five more runs were added to the Lynbrook's score. Seven to two.

Tom did his best to encourage his disheartened team, but the steel-armed Lynbrook pitcher lost nothing of his speed and cunning as the game progressed, though the Mainvilles did

TOM WAS ELEVATED TO THE SHOULDERS OF HIS ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRERS.

squeeze in two more runs before the ninth inning commenced. Frank steadied down and pitched with the energy of despair, and, backed by good fielding, prevented the enemy from scoring again.

The last of the ninth commenced with the home team three runs behind.

"I think we've been standing too far back from the plate, afraid of that fellow's inshoots. Stand right up to the plate!" urged Tom, as a sort of last hope.

The result was that the first boy up was struck by the ball, but forgot the pain in the pleasure of getting his base. The second went out on a fly, but the third caught an outshoot for a slashing two-bagger, bringing in a run. Frank Felton, next up, made three vicious but ineffective passes at the ball, and sat down.

The pitcher presented the next man up with his base, and Captain Tom, the succeeding batsman, had the opportunity of his life. He gripped his trusty bat and made his way to the plate amid a wild outburst from the excited crowd, which then settled down breathlessly to await developments.

Pitcher and batter confronted each other, both desperately in earnest. "One strike!" The umpire's voice sounded sharply in the hushed assemblage. Then came two outshoots wide of the mark. The pitcher paused a moment to consider. Tom was standing coolly, close to the plate, his bat swaying slightly. The pitcher doubled himself into some kind of a knot, his long arm swept through the air and the sphere left his hand with cannon-ball speed—a straight ball, such as Tom had been waiting for.

A lightning-like sweep of a bat and a report as of a rifle followed; then the dust from scurrying feet. Two men dashed across the plate, tying the score. Tom had reached third—the ball was on its way from the field to the diamond—and started for home. When within ten feet of the plate he dived headforemost, his outstretched hand touching the plate just as the catcher bent toward him with the ball.

"Safe!" yelled the umpire. The Mainvilles had won the game. Then, amid a deafening roar of applause, the crowd charged on the field to hail the victors.

Dust begrimed Tom was elevated to the shoulders of some of his enthusiastic admirers, and surrounded by a throng eager to grasp the hand of the hero who had turned the fortunes of the day. Looking around from his elevated position, his attention was attracted to Frank Felton, who was staring at a corner of the field as if spellbound. Following the direction of his gaze Tom's eyes alighted on the form of Ned Burtis—his left arm in a sling. Seeing that he was observed, Ned, a quiet smile hovering for a moment over his white, set face, left the grounds.

The excitement at length cooled off, and Tom was able to break away from his constituency. As he and Frank were about to depart for their respective homes, the former told his friend for the first time how he had made Ned a prisoner at the island by making off with his boat, adding that he didn't know how he had made his escape.

"Did you notice how pale he was?" Tom asked. "I wonder what has happened to him."

"I'm sorry if he's hurt," returned Frank. "However, 'twas a glorious victory, old man, thanks to you. I must get home and tell the folks about it."

They separated, and Frank approached his handsome home with a light heart. As he was ascending the roadway leading up the bluff, a carriage attached to a spirited horse, sped toward him. It was the doctor's, and that individual stopped on seeing him.

"No cause for worry, now, Frank."

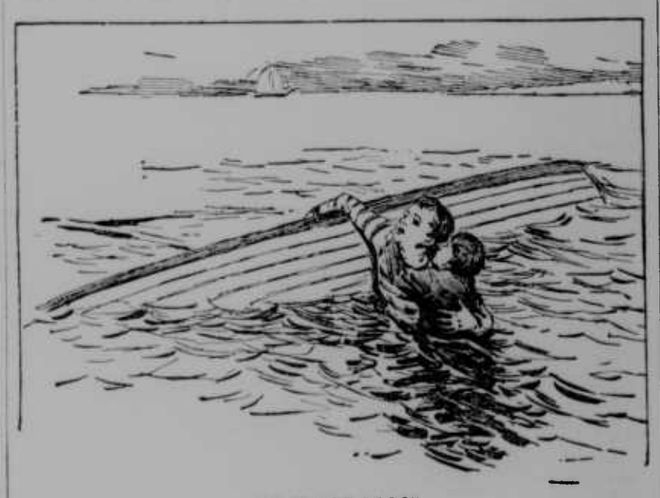

THE RESCUE OF ROB.

the doctor began. "He's conscious, and wants to see you—something on his mind. Don't let him talk too much."

Frank staggered back. "Doctor, what has happened?" he gasped.

"Why, haven't you heard? It appears Ned Burtis' boat drifted away last night and imprisoned him on Plum island. He was keeping a lookout for passing craft, and early this afternoon spied a catboat making for the island. As the wind increased the boat acted queerly, and Ned soon made out that it was your catboat manned by your small brother—who didn't seem to know much about reefing the sail, for the craft was keeling over and the water was rushing in. So Ned swam out, having the tide with him. He'd about reached the boat when it toppled over, and the falling mast broke his arm. But he got your brother after a dive, and they were picked up by a passing yacht."

Waiting to hear no more, Frank rushed on toward his home, and in a few minutes was at his younger brother's bedside. His mother was there weeping.

"Frank," the little fellow pleaded, "you'll forgive me, won't you? I thought I was going to drown, but Ned saved me again."

"Again!" A suspicion of the truth flashed across Ned's mind.

"Of course I forgive you, Rob—you've had a terrible lesson. But when did Ned Burtis save you before?"

"He made me promise not to say anything about it, but I can't help it now. I had the boat out that night you thought he had taken it; and it struck one of the rocks about Plum island. He was there and swam out to me. Then he sailed the boat back to the harbor."

In a dazed way Frank saw it all now. He had been cruelly unjust to Ned Burtis. After supper he hurried out to find Tom Greene.

About nine o'clock that evening Ned Burtis, pacing the floor of his room with the pain of his broken arm, was disturbed by a knocking at the door. He opened it, and the dim light of the lamp fell on the features of Frank Felton and Tom Greene.

"I've come, Ned," Frank began—but somehow the words choked in his throat as he grasped the hand of the noble fellow. There were a few moments of silence, finally broken by Ned's manly voice:

"It's all right now, fellows. When I saw Tom making off with my boat last night I kind o' grasped the situation and kept quiet. I knew it would come out all right some time. But say, come in and see my new wheel. Mr. Morgan presented it to me for bringing his yacht in ahead in last week's race."

When Frank and Tom finally took leave of Ned, it was a pretty well assured fact that the latter's trusty bat would not be missing in the future battles of the Mainville ball team.

SOME SALADS.

Directions for Making a Few Which Are Good.

The making of salads is a fine art, and one in which the artist can find the widest field for his fancy.

In large establishments the making of salads does not devolve upon the cook, but it should form a part of the repertoire of every good one, and is a necessary part of the culinary education of every housekeeper.

The range of materials from which salads can be made is great, as they are made from fruits, vegetables, meats and fish.

As the soup is intended to stimulate the appetite at the commencement of a dinner, so is a salad intended to spur it on while the dinner is in progress and the appetite flagging after the hard attack which has just been made upon the roast or other leading dish.

Salads are of two general kinds, the hot and the cold, but the former have almost gone out of vogue, as they do not perform their intended functions as perfectly as do cold salads.

The base of all salads is the dressing, which can be used on any of the many salad fillers. The most popular and scientific is the mayonnaise, but it resembles the olive, in that one has to acquire a taste for it, if properly made; but once acquired, one will eat no other.

It takes two persons to make a good mayonnaise, and the one who is to do the stirring should have a strong arm. Put the yolk of two large eggs in a bowl, put three half-pints of best Spanish olive oil in a filtering hopper, with the tube corked to let the oil escape drop by drop into the dish. Begin to stir with a hard wooden spoon as soon as the oil begins to drop into the dish, and never stop until the oil is all incorporated with the egg. The second person should put in at intervals, drop by drop, tarragon vinegar to taste, but use the vinegar sparingly; also a little salt, pepper and mustard, but these latter must be used in the proper quantities to suit the taste of the party you are to serve.

If the above operation has been carefully done you will have a good salad dressing. It can be used as it is, or to give flavor to any of the many home-made dressings that many people prefer.

The "French dressing," which is much used in summer to dress fresh vegetable salads, is a good one, and easily made, being made as used. Simply combine salad oil, vinegar, mustard, pepper, salt and a little celery powder to suit your taste, or that of the party served.

For spring and summer the green and vegetable salads should be used. A good, well blanched lettuce makes the most relishable of all for a warm day. When the lettuce comes, pick apart, saving the green leaves. Throw all in ice water until brittle. Take out, drain and wipe perfectly dry on soft towels. Put on ice until wanted.

When ready to serve, line the salad dish with the nicest of the green leaves. The mayonnaise being ice cold should be poured in a shallow dish. Dip each blanched leaf in the dressing, and heap in the center of the dish, pouring over all what dressing remains. Cut thinly-sliced red beets into inch size stars, and lay a row around on top, one inch from edge. In the center put finely chopped hard boiled eggs, and serve.

The most dainty salad for a ladies' luncheon, or a tea, is made from asparagus tips. Either fresh or canned asparagus can be used. Cook until tender, but do not let it get mushy. Drain, and when cold put on the ice to get hard. Melt one tablespoonful of butter to oil, put in the same quantity of tarragon and cider vinegar, half a teaspoonful of salt, a dash of white pepper, and a tablespoonful of French made mustard. Heat until quite thin.

The asparagus tips from the ice should be dipped into this, and allowed to drain. Let an inch at the butt end of each tip remain free from dressing. When the dressing hardens on the tips, put again on the ice until wanted. When ready to serve, cut inch strips of white paper, and with flour paste cover the butt-ends with them, so they can be handled without soiling a glove.

Serve the tips criss-cross fashion, piled on a square plate. Should the dressing not harden properly on a trial tip, increase the quantity of butter.—Washington Home Magazine.

Hard Stuff in Maine.

An amusing incident occurred in a lunch room in this city a few days ago. The proprietor was out for a few minutes, leaving the lunch counter in charge of a boy. Several customers were eating various kinds of food, and two strangers entered. They evidently mistook the nature of the place as badly as the boy appeared to mistake their meaning. After glancing over the array of food and drink (the last being coffee, chocolate, etc.), one of the pair asked:

"Say, boy, got any hard stuff here?"

The boy quietly reached under the counter and drew forth an ancient Bologna sausage about the size of a base ball bat, and fully as hard and dry, and replied:

"Ti-g-guess that's h-hard enough f-for yer!"—Daily Eastern Argus.

Distinction With a Difference.

"I think you pay too much attention to wealth in America," said the visiting foreigner. "You say a man is rich and influential. Do you mean that he is influential because he is rich?"

"Not always," said the native. "In the case of statesmen we frequently mean that they are rich because they are influential."—Brooklyn Life.

A Hard Accusation.

"Strange story that of the Georgia girl who carried a splinter in her foot 44 years, and then had it work out in a petrified state."

"Petrified, did you say?"

"Yes."

"I'll bet anything the girl was originally from Boston."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

HEAVIEST OF TAXES.

An Eloquent and Convincing Talk on Mud, Money and Dust.

It was Gen. Phil Sheridan, in one of his great battles in the Shenandoah valley, who rode along the line and gave orders to this effect: "Do not shoot over their heads. This is not going to be a play battle. Shoot to hit, and have it tell." That was good advice in war. It is equally good in civil life. This contest for good roads, a contest that means much for the millions and hundreds of millions of profit to the millions, is not a play contest, a battle for amusement. It is a contest in which the best minds and the best hearts of the nation are becoming interested; in which men engaged in all branches of trade are becoming interested; in which every farmer, every laborer, every man and every woman in the country will yet become deeply interested. As this is true, every orator who talks on good roads at farmers' institutes, county and state fairs, and on other occasions, should not talk over the heads of the people; every editor and correspondent who writes on the subject should write with a distinct purpose in view. They should not write over the heads of the

MUD, MONEY AND DUST.

people; they should speak and write for the minds and the hearts of the people, yea, and for their pockets as well; they should write and speak distinctly, bravely, honestly, practically, in such a way as to turn the attention of the millions to the great question; in such a way as to set hundreds of thousands to talking about good roads where thousands now are talking about them; in such a way as to arouse enthusiasm, bring about organization, lead to practical work, to the actual building of good roads.

That is what I am going to try to do in this article, not to shoot over the heads of the people, but right into their hearts, their minds, their pockets.

A gentleman who has had much experience in traveling over dusty as well as muddy roads has figured on the cost of both dust and mud. Let him deal with dust now. He estimates that the damage to harness from dust is $5 per team, or $15,000,000 annually, and to vehicles double that, or $30,000,000. His estimate of damage to clothing is an average of $10 to every man and woman obliged to encounter dust clouds and storms, which means that the 7,000,000 of people lose $70,000,000 each year from flying dust. He expresses the belief that thousands of people every year receive injury to their eyes from the same cause, requiring a large outlay of cash, not to mention suffering, inconvenience and loss of time.

These figures are well calculated to cause thoughtful men and women to stop and count the cost of bad roads in other respects. A loss of $115,000,000 from one result of poor roads is worth looking into.

For a century the people have been suffering from dusty roads certain portions of the year. Probably not one in 50,000 people from the birth of the republic until now has ever stopped to consider the question of damage from dust, while all have groaned over its inconvenience and annoyance.

It is easy to figure up the billions of dollars that have been lost from that one cause the past century. The average good road affords but little dust.

Some one asks how shall we get good roads? Begin by agitating. Agitate in the home circle, in the everyday walks of life, in public meetings, through the press, in farm institutes, at county and state fairs, in the debating societies, anywhere, everywhere, and when public sentiment has reached the right stage it will do the rest—get good roads. Agitate it practically; antagonize no element; interest all elements; make it plain that good roads are in the interest of all from a money standpoint; from the standpoint of comfort, convenience and economy.

Such agitation, on such a question, in such an age ought to be easy. Go at it.
—J. A. WATEOUS.

Value of Cottonseed.

Those who have made a study of the proper methods for the perfect cultivation of cottonseed claim that if proper apparatus were introduced in the south the value of the produce could easily be doubled, and reach not less than $100,000,000 annually, an amount equal to one-third of the cotton crop itself. As it is, the processes in the manufacture of cottonseed oil are very crude, and much that is useful is wasted. The charge of carelessness in manufacture seems strange in view of the fact that most of the $30,000,000 invested in cottonseed oil manufacture is northern capital, and the managers are northern men.

A Good Man to Know.

The man who appreciates the difference between good and bad roads may be said to have "horse sense."

Too Soft for Any Use.

This is a great country but some parts of it are too soft.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Boys carry their grips conspicuously, so people will ask them where they are going.—Washington Democrat.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Louisa Lindaman, Bethany, Mo., Jan. 8, '94.

Some men do business as they trade horses.—Atchison Globe.

"Star Tobacco."

As you chew tobacco for pleasure, use Star. It is not only the best, but the most lasting, and therefore the cheapest.

Fond Mamma—"Bobby, Bobby, whatever makes you so restless?" Bobby—"Having to keep still so much, I suppose."

It may come last, but St. Jacobs Oil is the best to cure sprains. It ought to be first.

The world is full of miserable people who are so by reason of trying to get more than the world gives.—N. Y. Weekly.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets candy cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made.

A mechanic has a great contempt for anybody who cannot do the same bit of work as well as he does.

Any kind of a bruise St. Jacobs Oil will cure at any time—no matter how bad.

The trimmings on the summer hats are so heavy that a woman now says she weighs so-and-so "with my hat on."

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c.

The weakness of others increases our confidence in ourselves.—N. Y. Weekly.

If stiff and sore, St. Jacobs Oil will cure you. Won't lose a day. The cure is sure.

Some people would rather be deceived by their children than be told that they disobey them.—Washington Democrat.

It's usually found to be pretty hard to get people interested in what you used to be.—N. Y. Weekly.

Can't Sleep, Why?

Because the nerves are weak and easily excited and the body is in a feverish and unhealthy condition. Nerves are fed and nourished by pure, rich blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives sweet, refreshing sleep because it purifies and enriches the blood and builds up the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1, six for $5. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

$25.00 For What?

A First Class Ticket from Chicago to California.

When?

At the time of the Christian Endeavor Convention in July.

By What Route?

THE SANTA FE

The same rate will also apply to intermediate points and in the reverse direction.

Open to Everybody.

Send for descriptive books and detailed information to any agent of the Santa Fe Route, or to the undersigned.

W. J. BLACK, G. P. A., A. T. & S. F. R'y, Room 146, 9th & Jackson Sts., Topeka, Kan.

C. A. HIGGINS, A. G. P. A., Room 1243 66, Northern Bldg., Chicago.

FULL of HEALTH

Every ingredient in Hires Rootbeer is health giving. The blood is improved, the nerves soothed, the stomach benefited by this delicious beverage.

HIRES Rootbeer

Quenches the thirst, tickles the palate; full of snap, sparkle and effervescence. A temperance drink for everybody.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A package makes five gallons.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS

NOTICE NAME THIS Stewart Hartshorn LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

EARN A BICYCLE

500 Second Hand Wheels, All Makes, GOOD AS NEW, $5 to $15. New High Grade '95 models, fully guaranteed, $17 to $35. Special Clearing Sale. Ship anywhere on approval, cash or payments. We will give a responsible agent in each town one of sample wheel to introduce them. Our reputation is well known throughout the country. Write at once for our special offer.

L. M. HEAD CYCLE CO., Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

TEMPERANCE.

SALOON TO CHOOSE FOR A BOY.

Not a place on a fashionable street,
All furnished and burnished within,
Where the gay and hail-fellows meet,
With glamour the gosling to win.

But rather a tumble-down den
Surrounded by marshes and bogs,
Where the jingle of glasses by men
Shall blend with the croaking of frogs.

The shanty I'd plaster all o'er
With pictures and posters to suit:
Hobgoblins I'd hang on the door,
And monsters of human and brute.

Here murder shall bear her red arm
And flourish her pistol and blade;
There tremens and demons alarm
And publish the fruits of the trade.

The sign of this chosen saloon
Should say in sleek letters to fit

Of serpent coils hung in festoon:
"I lead to the bottomless pit."

No; pardon my humor, my son:
I alter the pitch of my tune;
No drinking-place wanted, not one;
No high-up or low-down saloon.

The highest is still very low—
All, all are but links in a chain.
You begin at the top and you go
Toboggan-like down a steep plain;

Go downward from laughter and light,
With a swiftness that stifles the breath,
With a reel and a plunge in your flight
To regions of darkness and death,

To regions of shame and remorse
With serpent-crowned furies to dwell,
Where the wine and wassail of earth
Give place to the horrors of hell.

Then flee, my boy, flee the saloon;
Alike do the glamour and glare
And the serpent coils hung in festoon,
Mark stages to death and despair
—Joel Swartz, in National Temperance Advocate.

HENS VS. HUMAN BEINGS.

The Former Can Secure Protection from Intoxicants, the Latter Cannot.

An English newspaper the other day gave an account of an action brought by a man named John Turner against the Salem Distillery company, Laggan, for injury done to his poultry by the said company allowing intoxicating material to flow into the Laggan burn. In his evidence he said that since the starting of the distillery his hens and ducks would not eat, and they were always under the influence of the drink, and they slept and then fought, broke the few eggs that were laid, and generally behaved with as little sense as drunken men and women. The magistrate, after hearing the evidence, reserved his decision.

Commenting upon this, the Good Templar's Watchword says:

"This reads almost as a joke, but it seems to be a bona fide report of a case before the court. It will be interesting to note the decision of the judge, for one cannot overlook the pathetic side which the accursed drink traffic is continually bringing before our eyes. Hens must be protected—a flock of poultry must not suffer in their bodies from the effects of strong drink, but men, women and children, and with them the whole nation, may suffer body and soul because of it."

It may be the report which we submit is only a practical joke, but does it not raise the thought in our minds that the law will and does protect animals; but the question of the drunkard's wife and children would be laughed out of court if some "fanatical" abstainer ventured to bring the matter before the magistrates—the thing would be treated as ridiculous, but in case of an animal or bird, or in a question of riparian right, an action could be raised as easily as possible. A workingman's child may groan its life out in agony and tears, and the heart of justice is unmoved; a workingman's hen has only to give an "intoxicated cackle," and the indignation of justice is roused, and the offender who supplied the intoxicating material is sued for damages. We can understand why justice is always represented with bandaged eyes; the sight of the orphan might cause unseemly indignation; the cackle of a hen can always be easily heard. Of course the old fallacy will be trotted out that a river pollution or an animal depreciation is not a case in point, because hens and cattle have not the gift of reason, and that animals in a polluted area and fish in a polluted river are "unwilling victims," and therefore ought to be protected. Of course they ought.—National Temperance Advocate.

Drank Himself to Death.

A young man of wealth and high social position died recently in London unquestionably from drink, as will be seen from the following reports of the quantity of liquor put down to this young man's daily account. On the day of his death he was said to have had ten glasses of whisky, half a bottle of pommery, a glass of Benedictine, a glass of sherry, and two bottles of Marcobrunner. This rate of consumption was exceeded on other days, and alcoholism clearly had marked this misguided young man for its own. The doctors gave a terrible account of his condition.

The industrial farm home for women inebriates established by the British Woman's Temperance association last year turned away 3,000 women whom there was no room to accommodate.

RUM AT AFRICAN FUNERALS.

A Missionary's Account of How It Is Destroying the Natives.

Heli Chatelain, in an article on the rum traffic in Africa, published in the Union Signal, describes the part rum plays at native funerals:

Dr. Christ, vice president of the Basel mission, thus shows the important part which rum now plays in every native funeral: "A missionary relates how, at Mulimba, he came to a native funeral. Groups of howling natives were dancing up and down as if possessed by demons. Their eyes rolled wide, their features were distorted, and they kept feeding their madness by drinking more and more of the vile 'fusel' stuff, which was served free to dancers and spectators from large, open basins. It was impossible to get a hearing from such a crowd, and the missionary had to desist from preaching the Word."

On the gold coast, a British colony, the following funeral customs have developed: "A poor man or woman must spend about 30 shillings (four shillings, one dollar), a well-off person about 100 shillings, in rum, if they will escape becoming the victims of popular wrath and of the persecuting spirit of the dead. He who has no money must borrow, and often give his own child as a pledge, a slave to his creditor." At Bonamdolo, in Kamerun, the funeral of a petty village chieftain cost 500 marks in schnapps alone.

This custom of using schnapps is of recent date, and due entirely to the white traders. "I have been told by the natives," says a missionary, "that before rum was introduced it was customary at funerals or any popular feasts to beat the drum, sing and eat, but not to get drunk. Palm wine was drunk only in those places where the wine palms were plentiful. The offerings brought to the fetish spirit, and eaten by the people, consisted of chickens, yam and pisang. It never occurred then to anybody to say: 'If only somebody would soon die; we have been long without a drinking feast.' With my own ears I have heard people say: 'There are enough old women in the village; if one would die every fortnight we should have no lack of umorosa (rum).'"

The seventy-ninth annual report of the Basel mission says: "The heathen party failed to reintroduce the old pagan worship which had been abolished, but it succeeded in introducing the rum idol, almela, which was already worshiped among the Dualla. The adepts of this rum idol call themselves the 'Almela church,' and ape our Christian ceremonies. Candidates for membership must first serve as 'probationers.' The candidate is submitted to an examination, in which he must prove that he has committed some shameful or criminal deed. Then he is baptized by immersion. When he emerges out of the water he must drink a glass of rum, and promise to serve the demon by drinking and by committing vile deeds. In the meetings the leader opens a book and pretends to read from it. His sermon encourages the audience in drinking and other vices. Many people of Bongo have been induced to join this society by the assertion that the sect had come from Europe, and was one of the numerous denominations of civilized lands."

A missionary writes: "It is not only possible to conquer polygamy and idolatry; they are practically doomed. But it seems impossible to conquer the rum demon, which the whites and European governments have introduced."

Inspector Ochler, of the Basel mission, thus concludes his latest report: "Exceedingly painful is the ever-extending influence of the rum traffic in Kamerun." "Schnapps," says a brother, "that fatal destroyer of all progress and culture, is penetrating deeper and deeper into all the strata of the nation. It has now become the most powerful idol of the country. It dominates the public and private life of the people as much as secret societies and the fetish worship did in former times." The readiness with which the natives of Kamerun receive new ideas and customs would naturally make one conceive the brightest hope as to the triumph of Christianity in their midst, but we cannot help fearing that in the same measure as the rum traffic prospers the natives and their country will be more and more ruined, physically, economically, morally and spiritually. We demand of our Christians to totally abstain from the use of rum and the trade in rum. They seem to realize the necessity of the rule and apply it to communities, but the struggle against the swelling torrents of poison with which this ill-fated country is being flooded becomes harder and harder.

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

The largest screen for a saloon is to build a summer resort all around it.—Ram's Horn.

Gov. and Mrs. Black, of New York, exclude wine from their table and furnish none at their great dinners.

The W. C. T. U. of Indiana is trying to get a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of cigarettes in that state.

The great victories achieved in the past should encourage every lover of humanity to persevere in the battle against the liquor power.—Lever.

Sir Wilfred Lawson, the English temperance leader, has obtained the admission that the furnishing of intoxicating liquors as a beverage in the house of commons is contrary to law.

Following the example of South Australia, the Christian women of Victoria are seeking to obtain the abolition from their colony of the employment of women as barmaids. An earnest paper on the subject was given at the last annual conference of the W. C. T. U., held at Melbourne.

A successful movement was recently inaugurated in East Orange, N. J., against the display of objectionable and indecent posters. The result is an assurance that no more bills of an objectionable nature shall be posted up. Other towns are now agitating in New Jersey with good results.—Union Signal.

STARTLES SCIENTISTS.

The Strange Discovery of Prof. Von Schroen, of Naples.

The hills and mountains are not dead masses.

They are filled with life. Their rocks and bowlders hide in their bosoms stern contentions between countless numbers—strife to the death.

In a word, there is life in crystals. Hence there is life in the inorganic world.

This discovery has been made by Prof. Von Schroen, one of the medical faculty of the Naples university, in Italy. Herbert Spencer has investigated the theory and pronounces it genuine. He has scarcely dared to predict the tremendous results which it will produce.

Dr. Von Holst, head instructor in history at the University of Chicago, has, through layman's eyes, seen the wonderful discovery and gives the facts to the world.

This new truth will revolutionize philosophy. It strikes right to the core of nature. The discovery of the germ was a grand stride in the medical world. This will be an advance a thousand times greater. Its influence will extend to every branch of science. It forms a new theory. It brings up the question whether the world, after all, is not more organic than inorganic.

It presses close to the base of all creation.

One of its first practical results will probably be found in hygiene. One crystal destroys another, it is shown. This alone will be a powerful factor in the fight against disease. As the news of the discovery spreads, savants will spring up and apply this new basis of thought to their particular branches.

Dr. Von Holst will soon publish the news far and wide. He wishes to raise $500,000 for Prof. Von Schroen, that he can present the discovery in every possible phase to learned men in all quarters of the globe.

Prof. Von Schroen is a Bavarian by birth. He is 60 years of age and has spent half his life and nearly his entire fortune in working out his theory.

The savant made his discovery by bringing the strongest magnifying glasses to bear upon crystals. He watched their development. He photographed the results. He has thousands of these views taken from 14 different kinds of crystals.

The views show the crystal in its birth, the head shoving forth from the mother crystal and the course is followed as it pushed out and away. Then in the language of enthusiasm Dr. Von Holst said:

"The crystal meets another — one from a different mother. The two strike at each other, they fight, strive and clash with each other. It is war to the death. It is a case of the survival of the fittest. One must die! No two crystals from the same mother ever fight, however, no matter where they meet."

All this, the life, the development and the contention, is set forth in the views, so all can be convinced who see them.

"I am a historian, not a scientist," said Dr. Von Holst, "so I saw all this, but as a layman. There is no room for doubt, however. Spencer and others have studied my friend's views. They cannot be mistaken."

Dr. Von Holst met Prof. Von Schroen while traveling in Italy recently and received treatment at his hands.

"The sum of $500,000 is not too large," he said; "it is costly and laborious work to bring out these microscopic views. We want thousands made. We want them distributed through the world, so all may profit by this discovery."—Chicago Journal.

ORIENTAL SHIRT WAIST.

A New Creation for the Summer Girl of This Season.

Another important and wholly new creation is the oriental short waist.

Shirt waists in plain colors, in stripes, checks or brocades will not be the ultrafashionable style for summer wear.

The novelty in separate waists this season will be a combination of oriental colors with modern fabrics. The colors in these new gauzes are in exact reproduction of the vegetable dyes of eastern lands, and the combination of hues is copied from the priceless shawls of cashmere, from the "chuddahs" worn by Hindoostanee women, from Madras curtains and Phulkaric embroideries.

Terra-cotta and dull blue are combined, reddish brown and orange, yellow, blue, and red, pale green and gold, and sometimes every hue known to oriental looms are woven in one vivid color scheme.

In spite of the gorgeous effect of the material the style of making is in the fashion of the simplest shirt waist. A tucked, square-cut yoke, with full blouse effect over the bust, fastened with studs in a narrow plait, is a popular design. The sleeves are the old-style shirt sleeves.

The fashionable athletic girl may have any number of sporting gowns, for golf, for the wheel, for hunting and yachting, but her wardrobe is never complete without one or many dainty tea gowns, or "lounging" gowns, as the muscular maid would say.

The very newest design in these "lounging robes" is of liberty silk, or, better and much cheaper, China silk, which can be bought 30 inches wide for 49 cents a yard. These most esthetic gowns, which are of pure white, are cut with Watteau plait in the back and full in the front. The neck is slightly low and square.

Long, puffed sleeves come well over the hand and are edged with lace. The large shoulder puff is also elaborately garnished with lace extending from the lace insertion which trims the neck.

A white satin ribbon is fastened trimly about the waist and forms a trimming at either side of the square-cut neck. Such a ten gown can cost all the way from eight dollars to $80, according to the material and value of lace used.—Philadelphia Times.

THE INVENTOR'S GENIUS.

Engineering in Military and Commercial Warfare.

War is always a horrible possibility in the present condition of European politics, but when divested of its personal and political details it cannot but possess a peculiar fascination for the engineer, especially since engineering has so largely entered into all the methods of modern warfare. Since the last great war the machinery of warfare has been almost entirely recreated, and, indeed, many devices have been invented, constructed and become obsolete, without ever having had a chance to show what they were worth in actual combat. Should the great powers become involved in warfare, however, there is no doubt that numerous mechanical devices, till the present kept secret, will appear in various lines of fighting machinery, and it is not impossible that, as in the days of the Monitor, armaments and equipments upon which millions have been spent will find themselves relegated to the curiosity shop over night.

The restless ingenuity of the inventor is almost as much of a bane to the leaders of commercial warfare as to the lords of militarism. It has been said, and doubtless with truth, that the managers of the great commercial combinations consider the possibilities of superseding inventions as the greatest element of risk in their calculations. From this point of attack industrial combinations are almost helpless, for no degree of business skill can avail when whole plants are rendered obsolete by the advent of some new device or process which may supplant the entire method of manufacture, if not the product itself. It is this equalizing element which may, in obedience to the law of supply and demand, check to a great extent the growth of commercial combinations, intended to control production, prices and business. The very success of a business combination sets inventors to work devising methods, processes and machines to accomplish similar results by other means, and no man knows what a day may bring forth when the tide of invention is turned in any given direction. The natural laws of the physical forces must control in the end, and it is to those laws that the development of the commercial side, as well as the technical portion of human industry, must look for ultimate guidence.—Cassier's Magazine.

WHERE ELEPHANTS ARE PLENTY

An African Sportsman Says the Big Game Is Far from Extinct.

It has been a common cry of late years that, with the amount of shooting that goes on nowadays in Africa, the game animals must within measurable distance of time, become extinct. Some ingenious statisticians have harmlessly employed their spare time in calculating how many years of existence are left to the African elephant as a species, and prophesy its extinction within the present generation. Within the last week I have had two letters from friends who are shooting in the interior, one bearing date in November, from the northeast, the other dated January, from the southeast. I am not going to give any better clew to the locality of my correspondents' shooting grounds, for reasons sportsmen will appreciate. The former has "for weeks seen elephants in family parties every day and all day; they don't seem to know what a rifle is, and, if I wanted, I might kill a score a day or more." My southeastern correspondent combines sport with trade in ivory, and writes me that, on his present trip, he has killed 19 elephants, besides two lions and a heavy bag of antelopes and other game. He says: "In the country I have just passed through elephants are in most astonishing numbers, as also buffaloes, and, in fact, all the animals I have named," some 17 species. In the locality he refers to elephant shooting has to be done on foot, and it is such hard work under the local conditions that the animals are tolerably safe. I do not wish to pronunciate the idea that protective measures are not necessary—they are urgently needed in many parts of Africa; but it is satisfactory to hear from reliable sources that there are districts where the elephant is plentiful and likely to continue so. —London Sketch.

Making Up Linen.

The linen suits which will be very much worn require a certain handling to bring out their good qualities. The skirts are not to be lined, for they are strictly wash dresses, but they need a ten-inch facing cut to the shape of the skirt, not merely a bias strip. If a close-fitting Eton jacket is wished to set snug to the figure it should be lined with the thin percale, boned and hooked in front, with a corselet belt fastened permanently over it. If a loose, separate vest of chiffon, embroidery, etc., is worn, and the regular jacket—not jacket waist—wished, it is unlined and not boned; the collar is then attached to the vest. Do not line the sleeves, as this is intended for a summer gown of delightful coolness. The separate linen crash skirts that are neat with shirt waists are cut 4½ yards to 5 yards wide, have an 8-inch facing shaped to the skirt and the front and side seams folded over and stitched down on the right side. Such a skirt requires 8 yards of 30-inch goods and 7 yards of 40, including the facing.—American Queen.

Frozen Coffee Custard.

Eight eggs, one pint cream, one pound sugar, two pints milk, one pint strong coffee. Scald milk, beat eggs and sugar until light, and add to hot milk. Cook for an instant, take off fire and add cream and coffee. Freeze.—American Caterer.

Full of Life.

Theodore—Ma, I'm feeling awfully good to-day.

Ma—What do you mean by "feeling good?"

"I feel like being bad."—Brooklyn Life.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Sealskins are originally of a light drab color, but as found in the market are always dyed.

—Careful measurements prove that the average curvature of the earth is 8.99 inches to the statute mile.

—The velocity of the earth's rotation on its axis at the equator is 1,440 feet per second, or nearly 25,000 miles a day.

—The most dangerous waters in the world for the passage of ships lie off the east coast of England, Cape Ushant, in France, and Cape Finisterre, in Spain.

—In the bear family the polar bear is the most valuable, the best skins realizing from $50 to $130 apiece. The fur is usually dyed black and made up into wraps and rugs.

—Silver fox skins have become exceedingly rare, and bring fancy prices, fine specimens recently bringing $875. These skins are usually bought up by the Russians and French.

—Red irritates oxen because it is the complementary color to green, and the eyes of cattle being fixed so much on herbage, anything red impresses their sight with hugely increased intensity.

—In many parts of Central and South America sensitive plants are so numerous that the course of man or animal through the undergrowth may for an hour be traced by the wilted appearance of the foliage.

—The ordinary American fox skins to the amount of 70,000 or 90,000 are annually sold in London at prices varying from 50 cents to four dollars. These skins are great favorites in eastern countries, such as Turkey, Greece, Russia and Bulgaria.

—It is an extraordinary fact that only two presidents were born between April and October. The record by months is as follows: January, two; February, three; March, four; April, four; July, one; August, one; October, three; November, four; December, two.

A HORSELESS-CARRIAGE FACE.

Awful Visage That Will Surpass the Bicycle Face.

The "bicycle face" will now yield the palm to that awful visage known as the "horseless-carriage face." That expression known as the "bicycle face" is caused by anxiety, apprehension and actual dread lest the owner run over. This cast of countenance, brought about anxiety lest some bad accident occur, apprehension that the rider may be the victim, and positive, downright dread that some one else may be injured. These varying and powerful emotions, constantly playing upon a sympathetic soul, are reflected through ocular and nervous lines in the countenance technically known as "bicycle face." This cast of countenance, brought about by the most humane emotions of a sympathetic soul and reflected through the mirror of eyes and expression, is the opposite of that glare soon to become known as the "horseless-carriage face." When the modern moloch is in full operation the face of the rider undergoes an awful change. The lines of the mouth become set, rigid, immovable and stonily grim—just the opposite of the sympathetic bicycle face, in that it reflects a determination that if anybody is killed it won't be the owner of the "horseless-carriage face." There is also a look of fear—not fear that he may run down somebody, but fear that he won't. The eyes have a fixed and steely glare, while over the whole saturnine face is the impress of horror, a faint but ever-present shadow that shows the modern moloch is impelled to pursue his work of devastation by some potent hellish power. Once seated on this powerful engine of destruction, with a firm grip on the lever, even the fairest countenance takes on some attributes of this "horseless-carriage face."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

HER UNHAPPY INFIRMITY.

He Tried to Be Sympathetic, But the Lady Would Not Have It.

He was an angular man with gray ear whiskers. He gave up his seat in a crowded car with an alacrity that spoke well for the cheerfulness of his disposition. The lady who took the proffered seat was stout and haughty. She slipped into the vacant place without a word.

"The angular man looked at her thoughtfully. Then he stooped over and said:

"I had an uncle, ma'am, that had just that same affliction."

"Sir!" said the stout lady, with an insulted toss of her head.

"Yes," continued the angular man, "he couldn't pronounce any word beginning with 'th' to save his blessed neck. That's right. He'd stutter and stammer, an' the best he could do would be to give it the sound of 's.' It was a dreadful affliction. His oldest son's name was Theophilus, but he always called him 'Sophilus.' Had it long, ma'am?"

The stout lady was dark red from vexation.

"You are insulting," she snorted.

"Well, I don't wonder you hate to hear anyone refer to it, said the angular man with great cheerfulness. "But I couldn't help noticing it when you took my seat and wasn't able to say 'thank you.' I wouldn't have minded in the least if you'd said 'sank you'—oh, do you get off here? Good day, ma'am—never mind the thanks."

And the stout lady flounced down the street to take the next car.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Children Should Walk.

Every mother should teach her children the value of walking as exercise if she wishes them to have sturdy legs. All children except little ones should walk at least a mile during the day in the open air, and twice that distance is not too far for healthy ones. In these days children linger too long in their carriages and in their nurses' arms, when their own legs should be exercising vigorously for the development of muscle and symmetry.—N. Y. Tribune.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Doctor, my wife has insomnia—lies awake most of the night. What shall I do for her?" "Get home earlier."—Tit-Bits.

—Dodo—"Now, tell me, what do people think of me?" Penguin—"And make you my enemy for life? Not much!"—Boston Transcript.

—"Has your aunt's will been admitted to probate yet?" "No. There is so much trouble about the pesky thing that I almost wish aunt had never died."—Life.

—"How do you stand on the financial question?" "I think I shall stand pat. At least, when I went to the bank, I was told I could not draw."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"De reason," said Uncle Eben, "dat er tricky man hab seeh er advantage in dis here life is dat de friend who comes out wid de bones' troof is gwinter make ver mad onct or twicet, sho'."—Washington Star.

—A Desperate Villain.—"McGibbs is a contemptible creature." "In what particular way?" "Well, he is the kind of man who would send another man a Sunday newspaper without marking the article he wanted him to read."—Chicago Record.

—Napoleon Paraphrased.—The commanding general of the first battle of the next war struck a Napoleonic attitude. "Men," rang out his clarion voice, "this day and hour 40 kinetoscopes are looking down upon you!"—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Did I understand you to say that you didn't have any company in the kitchen while I was out, Katie?" "Yis, mum; that's what I said." "But I smell the tobacco from a pipe all through the house." "Yis, mum; the policeman was in for half an hour, mum; but he were in the parlor."—Yonkers Statesman.

SOUSA AND THE CHILDREN.

When the Big Folks Had Gone He Gave the Little Ones a Treat.

A pretty incident occurred at that quaint old North Carolina town, Goldsboro, not long ago, which will not soon pass from the minds of those who saw it. Everyone who knows John Philip Sousa, the famous director of Sousa's band, knows full well that he is a man of the finest instincts and love for the beautiful in all things, as well as in music. His affection for children is marked, probably arising in the devotion he gives his own two beautiful little daughters and handsome and manly son, now a young student in an eastern military school.

Sousa's band played a matinee at Goldsboro, and before it closed a swarm of school children stormed the opera house to the very door. To quiet them was an impossibility, and to let them in the house would have broken up the concert. Sousa sent a messenger to tell them that if they would keep quiet he would let them all come into the theater as soon as the big folks got out, and he would have the band play for them. Instantly they were still as mice.

The big audience was very soon dismissed, and then the little ones poured in. They filled every inch of the lower floor, and the band played as it has seldom played before. Sousa never received such vociferous applause, and probably never any so genuine.

The special train that was to convey the band to Wilmington drew up almost in front of the door, and Sousa and the band quietly disappeared through the stage door and started for the cars, but the children were too quick for them, and when Sousa came out they flew upon him like a flock of doves, took him prisoner and led him slowly captive to his private car, with screams of delight and laughter, while half the town looked on and laughed as heartily. Within the car the real siege began, for the children swarmed there too. Some brought flowers and myrtle and holly, and Sousa was fairly submerged in the floral tidal wave. The children ruled the hour, and when the train drew out half an hour delayed there was a cheer by the hundreds of men which did not drown the piping farewells of the little ones.—Boston Globe.

Trikoupis and Delyannis.

Fortunate it is, indeed, for Greece that her passions are subject sometimes to the Northman's check. In their subservience to the sway of impulse and passion the Greeks are the veriest children. The only one of their own statesmen who could long control or guide them was Trikoupis, and he was half Anglo-Saxon in blood, and almost entirely English in training and temper. His coolness, his persistency of purpose and his fine rationality, joined to an unselfish love of his fatherland which no one could mistake, gave him his power. The intimate personal relations existing between him and the king had been the means of great advantage to the state; and the breach between them, due chiefly to personal and private matters which have never yet been made public, led to Trikoupis' fall and the loss of the brightest political hope of Greece. The immediate outcome has, however, contrary to all expectation, proved to be the great enhancement of the political importance of the king. There are no great political leaders. Delyannis, the present premier, is merely a practical politician, devoid of principles or programmes. He has maintained his political life in the past by catering to personal support and profiting by the mistakes of Trikoupis. His programmes have been, as a witty Greek put it, merely those of Trikoupis "with misprints." The king can virtually control Delyannis; therefore today the king rules.—Benjamin Ide Wheeler, in Century.

Reason for Recovery.

"So Dickson got well, after all."

"Oh, he simply wouldn't give up."

"No?"

"That is, he wouldn't give up as much as the doctors charged, and so they quit him."—Detroit Journal.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, JUNE 3, 1897.

AFTER Mr. McKinley attends the unveiling of a few more statues he will be known as the Monumental President.

"RETALIATION," as against the tariff law of another nation, might be a good thing if it could stop there. But there is such a thing as retaliation against retaliation. Those foreign countries which are talking about retaliating against our tariff law will think several times before they deliberately cut off their markets with the United States which they now have. For instance: The Argentine Republic, which is talking so loudly about retaliation, will discover when it comes to look into the case, that it sold us last year twice as much of the productions of its people as it bought from the United States. Austria-Hungary sold us three times as much as her people bought from the United States, and Japan sold to this country more than three times as much as our own people sold in her markets. When the authorities of those countries recognize the fact that they will, by retaliation, lose a market two or three times as valuable as the one which they propose to take away from the United States, they will abandon the idea.

CAN any of the people who are complaining about the "slow progress" being made under the McKinley administration point out any administration in the history of the country in which as rapid progress was made? It is less than three months since William McKinley was inaugurated, and in that time a bimetallic commission has been sent abroad to open the way for an international currency conference, the prison doors in Cuba have been opened to American citizens, money forwarded to that island to feed citizens of this country there who are suffering for food, a special commissioner sent to learn the facts upon which to base the action which is intended to carry out the emoraiations of the platform in regard to Cuba, a warship sent to Hawaii to protect American interests there, and perhaps open the way for definite action regarding her appeal for admission to the Union, appointments have been made as rapidly as respect for existing laws will permit, and a tariff bill framed and passed by one branch of Congress and under discussion by the other. Can anybody point out another administration which accomplished as much in the first three months of its existence?

WITH the doors of Cuban prisons opening to American citizens who had been in confinement behind them; with relief going to starving Americans in Cuba, with the special representatives of this administration now examining the situation in that island with a purpose of informing the president of the real conditions existing there, the contrast between the attitude of this administration and that which preceded it in regard to Cuban affairs is strongly marked. Those who assume that President McKinley is or has been unnecessarily slow or cautious in determining what his course shall be regarding Cuba, should remember that an important step which is liable to complicate the relations of this country with one or more European powers cannot or at least should not be taken without careful examination into the conditions, and that such an examination can only be made by the confidential representatives of the administration. There is no reason for assuming or supposing that President McKinley is neglecting the Cuban question or will fail to develop a clear and vigorous policy, which is indicated by the platform of the party, but it is unreasonable to expect that he will take such important steps without full knowledge of the situation, such as he can only obtain through his own representatives recently dispatched to that island for that purpose.

HERE are a few extracts from last week's reports to Dun's and Bradstreet's, showing the condition of business in various parts of the country. Contrast them with the conditions four years ago and see if there is such serious cause for complaint as some people imagine. "Omaha, job trade is fairly active in all lines, collections fair; Sioux Falls, wholesalers report satisfactory week and retail trade show some improvement; collections better; New Orleans, outlook is very encouraging for a good fall trade; San Francisco, the principal feature of the commercial markets is the increased export trade; Portland, Oregon, business is improving and the crop outlook continues favorable; Saint Louis, the between-seasons business is of satisfactory volume and gradually increasing; Milwaukee, business in staple lines is reviving, and the volume of trade correspondingly increasing; Seattle, Washington, jobbing and wholesale trade continue to hold up well, and, if anything, to improve; Saint Paul, considering the season, trade is good; Kansas City, jobbers in all lines are having good demands; Louisville, a seasonable trade is being done in wholesale and retail lines, and collections have improved somewhat; Cincinnati, dry goods are fairly active, and some improvement is noticed in collections; Baltimore, salesmen will be on the road by the middle of next month, and merchants are looking for increased business."

Thurman on Roads.

It is interesting, at this time, when there is so widespread a sentiment in favor of good roads, so general that it extends to all portions of the country to know what the late ex-Senator Allen G. Thurman, who for fifty years was in public life, thought of the efforts being made in that direction. A few months before his death a zealous member of the League of American Wheelmen was talking with Mr. Thurman on the subject and went away delighted at what the "Old Roman" had said, which was as follows: "I have been in public life for nearly a half century and have taken part in the discussion of many great questions, have helped to solve many vexed problems. Were I a young man again, and in public life, the matter which I would give my most earnest and constant attention would be the securing to this country, to the farmers, the cities, to the people of all classes, the best possible system of good roads. There is an opening in this line, for the right kind of a man, to make himself a great name, if, indeed, not President of the United States. I both congratulate and thank you young gentlemen for the part you are taking in sentiment building in behalf of good roads. The country needs them, everybody needs them."

When a man like Senator Thurman, known and respected from one end of the country to the other, by men of all nationalities, all religions and all politics thus expresses himself, there certainly is ample excuse for the best minds of all classes to lend aid to the accomplishment of that which he deemed so important to accomplish.

Secretary Gage on Currency.

Noncontrance by this administration since the President's Inauguration Address and his message to Congress has attracted so much attention or been received with so much satisfaction as the brief remarks of Secretary of the Treasury Gage at the recent gathering of manufacturing and commercial organizations of Cincinnati, in which he gave an assurance that the party pledges with reference to currency are to be carried out as promptly as those now being performed with reference to tariff and bimetallism. His utterances on that occasion were, it is understood, not only official as coming from the Secretary of the Treasury, but has been submitted, in substance at least, to the President for his approval, thus lending additional interest to the assurance which they carry. They are so important and reassuring that they are reproduced herewith in full:

As I have observed and listened to the words passing from lip to lip among the members of the commercial clubs gathered here, I discover two particular themes which have a first place in the thoughts of all. These two themes are the tariff and the public finances. Upon the settlement of these two questions, enterprise waits and industry languishes. Over fifty times have I been asked, "When will the tariff discussion end and the measure proposed receive the final vote which will formulate the measure into a law?"

Over fifty times more I have been asked, "Have the financial reforms, for which the people struggled in November last, been forgotten?"

Now, it is not to be wondered at that you who have so long borne the burden of anxiety and fear, who have so long waited and watched for the restoration of conditions upon which some secure estimate of to-morrow can be made, should grow nervous and impatient over every act or word which seems to suggest doubt or delay in the establishment of such conditions.

I have thought that on this occasion I could do no better service than to give you needed reassurance and hope. As to the great fabric now before Congress, known as the tariff bill, I have nothing to say in detail. I want to bear testimony, however, to the zeal and good faith of those, in both houses, who have that measure in charge. They are fully conscious of their great responsibilities and are working faithfully to discharge them.

Nor do I think that the opponents of these measures are likely to oppose with wilful and unjust obstructions the course of legislation. Protest there will be, more or less fencing for position must be expected, but having now come into contact with many of the representatives of the people in both houses of Congress, I deem it my duty to bear witness, so far as it may have value, to the honorable and patriotic motives that inspire the minds of the great majority, whether upon one side of the house or the other, and I prophesy an early result in the national councils to which this great commercial question is now committed.

I make these remarks, not to defend a body for whom I hold no commission to speak, but to correct, in one direction, if I may, the operation of an injurious sentiment—sentiment which is sowing evil seeds in many directions. It is dividing classes, destroying unity and breeding hatreds. The one word for that sentiment is "distrust." Faith and courage lead to conquest and victory. Distrust paralyzes and destroys. As to the financial question, to which I have already referred, I must content myself with few words. I am glad that they may be words of assurance. If any of you harbor the suspicion that the administration, but just now installed into the responsibilities of high office, has forgotten, or is likely to forget, the mandate of the people, whose voice in behalf of honest money and sound finances rang out loud and clear in November last, put that suspicion from you as unjust and unfounded.

In good time and in proper order the affirmative evidences of my declaration will appear. In the meantime, my friends, do your part to help those charged with legislative and administrative duties. Do not let the inertia engendered by fear and distrust creep over you. We have been passing through a period of great trial, and nobly we have endured the strain. The future is not dark with forebodings. It is illuminated with rational hope. The revival of industry is near, and with the establishment of a revenue law sufficient to bring into the Treasury an amount adequate to meet the reasonable needs of our government and with the establishment of our finances on a sound and enduring basis, nothing now foreseen can delay the recovery of past losses and the inauguration of a new forward movement along the lines of material advancement and social progress, which we may humbly trust is in the the benevolent mind of God to bestow upon the American people.

THE alienation of the sound-money men of the Democratic party is to be made permanent in the coming campaign. The silverites, who have control of that party everywhere, are refusing to permit the gold Democrats to participate in the primaries, and are demanding currency platforms upon which they know that these men cannot renew political associations with them. Their efforts to drive the gold Democrats from them into the Republican party seem to be highly successful.

A BUFFALO newspaper, which has made a careful examination into the business and manufacturing conditions of the country, estimates that at least one million men who were unemployed in November last have found employment since the election of McKinley, and that additional opportunities are being offered every day. When the tariff bill is enacted into a law, so that manufacturers can make their estimates, another million will promptly find employment.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

Copyrighted by "Nemo."

TO THE BOYS ABOUT BATTLES:—I know just how you feel when you hear the boom—boom—boom—boom—boom of the drum on the streets. Your lively feet, almost without your knowing it, move backward and forward in time with the sound and you are very glad indeed if you can run out of the house to join with the marchers.

I know how excited you feel when a good brass band strikes up a stirring time. It makes a creepy feeling come over the top of your head, then a sudden little shiver goes down your backbone clear to your toes, a sort of a lump comes in your throat so that for a moment you feel as though you could scarcely breathe; and then off you go, feet hardly touching the ground, ready to march mile after mile if you may but stay near the music.

Another thing I know you like, and that is to get some old soldier to tell you war-stories. If his eyes grow bright in telling about brave little drummer boys, about bands playing as the men march into battle, about shrieking shells and singing bullets, fierce charges and bursting mines, you are sorry when he stops. I know you; it is the battles you hear about in history; and when you have heard them you sometimes get off by yourself to dream, with your eyes open, of what you would do with a repeating rifle and a trusty revolver against twenty foes creeping towards you to kill you.

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I reckon it is quite easy to understand why you should feel this way; for wise men do say that children show forth in their little lives all the different stages of past human history. Let me tell you in part what I mean:

When you were much smaller you used to love fairy stories, telling of the gentle deeds of the funny little creatures that were supposed to be inside flowers and under toadstools. Just like you, ages ago, grown up people believed in fairies too; so that it is fair to say that the world has had a fairy-tale ago.

Now that your strong little body holds a very fierce little heart within it that takes pleasure in struggles and revels in stories of great generals, you forgot the harmless little fairies. So has it been with men. Not many ages ago great and good men spent all of their time thinking about battles and training themselves to kill just as many as possible of their fellow creatures.

But gentler times have come among men. When large numbers came to think it over they saw that war, like your new jacket, has two sides; one very nice to look at and the other full of seams. The seamy side of war was for mothers who could never see their killed boys again, and whose hearts felt robbed of the precious dear one who lost his life because perhaps of a silly quarrel among big people like kings and generals. These thoughtful men gradually saw that a human life was a wonderful thing and that to cut it short was very serious. They saw too how seamy a side life always must bear to those who were wounded and lived for years in pain or maimed. So, though great armies still exist, you will find people growing more and anxious to avoid war, because of the terrible side of it.

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So if you want to have the history of the race completely sketched out in your little life, you will have to press back your fierce temper and your desire to be in a big army in a fight. Yet I am going to tell you there were fights in fairy times and there are fights now. People fight now with their heads instead of their arms and you, if you expect to win the full power of manliness, must prepare to fight too. Wise men say that all the struggles of the past have helped to make men determined, and that if some form of fighting were not continued on the earth, we should drop back and become lazy, good-for-nothing people.

What is the fighting I am talking about? It can be easily told to you. Look around your school. There are twenty-five, fifty, perhaps a hundred boys there. They all will need to earn a living in some way or another. Your fight is to train your brain so that not one of them can get ahead of you, or cheat you, or laugh at you for being foolish. Surely you do not want to be without a good head and a good store in it. There are such: they are the sort that always have time to watch the train come in but never find time to work; the sort that rather than plow or chop wait around post-offices to look for letters when they knew no one ever thinks of writing to them.

Brains tell, dear boys, and the more boys there are in the world, the sharper becomes the fighting for any positions that open. In the country the light is on just as it is in the city. There the farmer with good brains beats the slouchy one, whether the weather be fine or not; there the storekeeper with brains makes an honest profit and lives, while the foolish one is sold out by the Sheriff.

Times are now so peaceful that you do not need to think of how to save your own life by taking some one else's away. You have, therefore, much more time than the boys of long ago to prepare for the battles without blood. The schools too for training you to the struggle of brains are so much better than they used to be, that you have no excuse for being anything but a good soldier.

***

I hope I have not used any words too hard for you. Difficult words may sound well, but they sometimes fail to reach the brain. For two weeks more I shall write to you about "battles"; and in such a way, I hope, that the men in your family will not lose anything by reading the articles too.

You can get one-horse road wagons at Naylor's. 11-3t

"The Foot of a Fly"

says an eminent English doctor, "will carry enough poison to infect a household." In summer-time, more especially, disease germs fill the air, multitudes are infected, fall ill, die; multitudes escape. These messengers of mischief do not exist for millions. Why not? Because they are healthy and strong — protected as a crocodile is against gunshot. It is the weak, the wasted, the thin-blooded who fall; those who have no resistive power so that a sudden cough or cold develops into graver disease. We hear of catching disease! Why not catch health? We can do it by always maintaining our healthy weight.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, is condensed nourishment; food for the building up of the system to resist the attacks of disease. It should be taken in reasonable doses all summer long by all those whose weight is below the standard of health. If you are losing ground, try a bottle now.

For sale by all druggists at 50c. and $1.00

A BEER JOINT IN THE SKY.

I've been a tramp upon de road
Some seven years or more,
An' Firsty Jackson's kicked the dust
At least a half a score;
From Dakota to Cincinnati
No matter wet or dry,
From Kalamazoo to Gorman town
Wid its beer joint in de sky.

Yonse chases up a long board walk,
Old how it made me sigh
An wish de barkeep wid his chalk
Would keep track out the sky.

We've crossed de pond as tourists,
Done London and Paree,
Gone up de Rhine to Drachenfels,
And chased yon Chamonnee,
But of all de sights and doin's
Dat ever we did spy,
There's nuttin like dat Gorman town
Wid its beer joint in de sky.

Yonse chases up a long board walk
Dat lan's you high an' dry,
Will scarcely breat' to do de talk
In dat beer joint in de sky.

We've walked along the Bowree,
Chicago done at dark;
We've run amuck in Chinatown
To give de cops a lark,
But of all de places on de eart'
For hair-raising outs and pic,
Dere's nuttin like dat Gorman town
Wid its beer joint in de sky.

Yonse chases up de mountain walls,
But Jackson wants to fly,
To save his breat' to do de talk
In dat beer joint in de sky.

We've trapped along O'leans levees
An' counted ties in Texas;
We tried to do Old Mexico—
The dirty greasers checked us;
But now we've landed on de spot,
Among de mountains high,
In dat little town of Gorman
Wid its beer joint in de sky.

Oh! Jackson's got a bloomer first—
Me throat wid dust is dry,
So every day we's skip de walk
To dat beer joint in de sky.

August 15, 1896. —SELBY MCGINNIS.

Fire At Frostburg.

Fire broke out in the Wehner block on Broadway, at Frostburg, at 2 o'clock, yesterday afternoon. Mr. Wehner's loss is $2,500; insurance, $1,500. C. D. Towles, the photographer in the same building, sustained a loss of $1,000, fully insured. A number of negatives and plates were destroyed. The firemen did excellent work and had the fire under control in thirty minutes.

Chestnut Ridge.

Mr. R. M. Alexander has bought a lot of tanbark of John Kitzmiller and is busy peeling it.

Miss Annie Knox, of Elk Garden, was a welcome visitor at Jacob Pysell's last week, also Mr. John Bowman, of Flat Woods.

The farmers are busy plowing buckwheat ground.

The fruit in this part of the county looks promising.

Mountain Lake Park.

The season of 1897 is at hand. It begins well.

The stars and stripes decorated several houses on the 1st inst. The electric lights were turned on on the night of the 31st ult. A welcome sight it was.

Already a number of cottages are occupied, and each train brings to the Park friends of other days. The Mountain Lake hotel is now open for guests, so is the Assembly House and The Mountain View Home. Two or three boarding houses are also open for guests.

NEXT Sabbath, 11 a. m., the Rev. J. D. Botkin, a member of Congress and a good preacher, will preach the opening sermon. He and his family will spend the summer at the Park.

The camp meeting will begin July 3d and close July 12th. "Bishop" Thompson will have charge.

Superintendent Rudisill is distributing 5,000 copies of a twenty-page paper entitled "A Pointer." It is brim full of matter about the Park.

The Park never presented as handsome appearance as it does now. The drives are in splendid condition; special attention is being given to them. A considerable amount of crushed rock has been used on the streets.

Twelve new houses have been built since last season closed. Quite a number of cottages have been enlarged.

Fearer.

The weather is somewhat warmer and everything is flourishing.

C. M. Hoff, who is working at Sang Run, was home over Sunday.

Willie Fearer, the newsboy, is doing a thriving business with the *New York Ledger*.

Benj. Frantz, of Mt. Holly, is attending school at Friendsville.

We are pleased to read the items from Mount Holly, as we are near neighbors. Let us hear from you again.

Noah Fearer, who is attending school at Oakland, came home on Friday and returned Monday. He reports Capt. Sanner's school a success in every respect.

Mack Friend was up to Oakland Saturday on business.

Mrs. Sarah Friend was visiting her daughter, Mrs. Milt Lowdermilk, of Buffalo Run, last week.

Budd Frantz is putting up a hall in Friendsville for Geo. Kolb.

It has been intimated that the Friendsville, Hazelton and Accident telephone lines be consolidated. It is considered by the stockholders here as the right thing to do.

Uncle Sam has decided to give us daily mail after the first day of July. The sub-contract for carrying the mail has not as yet been made.

PUBLIC SALE

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

IN GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Under and by virtue of a power contained in a mortgage from Jonas Frazee and Rosa Frazee, his wife, to the Baltimore Building and Loan Association of Baltimore City, dated the 30th day of January, 1896, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 25, folios 50, etc., one of the Mortgage Records of Garrett county, Maryland, the undersigned as attorney named in the said mortgage, will offer at public sale, in front of the post office, in Oakland, Maryland, on

Saturday, June 5th, 1897,

at 10 o'clock a. m.,

all the following parcels or tracts of land, situate and lying in Garrett county, Maryland:

1st. All that lot or parcel of land situate and lying in the town of Selbysport, in Garrett county aforesaid, containing one-half of an acre of land, more or less, fronting on the Morgantown road, it being the same property which was conveyed by John M. and Catharine Kessler to Jonas Frazee by deed dated the 27th day of April, 1886, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 11, folio 236, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, except the portions thereof sold to J. Z. Browning and Sarah B. Friend.

This property is improved by a good stable.

2d. All that farm or tract of land known as the

Home Farm of the late Christian Fike,

situate and lying about a mile and a-half north-east of the town of Selbysport, in Garrett county aforesaid, containing

One Hundred and Sixteen and one-quarter Acres of Land,

more or less, the greater portion thereof being cleared and under cultivation, and is good farming land, it being the same property which was conveyed by Lucian Frazee and wife to Jonas Frazee by deed dated the 5th day of October, 1888, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 11, folio 143, one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

This property is improved by a good barn.

3d. All that farm or tract of land situate and lying along the Youghiogheny river, about one and a-half miles north of the town of Selbysport, containing

Sixty-seven Acres of Land,

more or less. About forty-five acres of this land are cleared and under cultivation, and is good bottom land, it being the same property which was conveyed by Jane Frances Fike to Jonas Frazee by deed dated the 21st day of February, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 11, folio 149, one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

This property is improved by a frame dwelling, in fair condition, and by an old barn, sugar house, wagon shed and granary.

4th. All that lot or parcel of land situate and lying about a mile and a-half north-east of the town of Selbysport, in Garrett county aforesaid, containing

Two Acres of Land,

more or less, all cleared, it being the same property which was conveyed by John Riley and wife to Jonas Frazee by deed dated the 10th day of May, 1886, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 18, folio 222, one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

This property has no buildings upon it.

5th. All that farm or tract of land situate and lying about a mile and a-half north-east of the town of Selbysport, in Garrett county aforesaid, containing SIXTY-THREE ACRES OF LAND, more or less, known as

"The West End of the late Jesse Groves' Farm,"

all the said land being cleared and under cultivation, it being the same property which was conveyed by Elizabeth Frazee to Rosa Frazee by deed dated the 26th day of February, 1887, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 11, folio 127, one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

This property is improved by TWO SMALL FRAME DWELLINGS AND A BARN.

6th. All that farm or tract of land known as the

SPRINGER PROPERTY,

situate and lying about five miles north of Deer Park, in Garrett county aforesaid, bounding on and along Deer Creek, said stream running through a portion of it. This farm contains

Two Hundred and Fifty-six Acres

of land, more or less, and about one-half of it is cleared and under cultivation, the other half being black pine land and glade land, and is good for grazing, it was conveyed by James Z. Browning and wife and Samuel S. Browning and wife to Jonas Frazee by deed dated the 19th day of August, 1887, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 22, folio 230, one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

This farm is improved by TWO FRAME DWELLING HOUSES AND TWO BARNS.

Terms of sale of all the above tracts or parcels of land, cash on the day of sale.

Deeds at the cost of the purchaser.

D. JAMES BLACKISTON,
Attorney named in the Mortgage.
JOHN SHARTZER, Auctioneer. 5-3

PROCLAMATION.

STATE OF MARYLAND,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

WHEREAS, Satisfactory information has been received by me of the adoption by the States of Virginia and West Virginia of the provisions of Chapter 27 of the Laws of Maryland of 1896, entitled "An Act to repeal Sections 10, 11 and 12 of Article 39 of the Code of Public General Laws, entitled "Fish and Fisheries," and to re-enact a portion thereof with amendments, and

WHEREAS, The provisions of the said Act have been adopted by the States of West Virginia to become operative on and after the nineteenth day of May, 1897.

Now, Therefore, I, Lloyd Lowndes, Governor of the State of Maryland, in pursuance of the power and authority vested in me by the said Act do hereby proclaim and declare that the provisions of the said Act are applicable and effective from and after the said 19th day of May, 1897, and that from and after the said date under the provisions of said Act, "it shall not be lawful for any person to catch or kill any black bass, speckled trout, rock bass, pike or pickerel or as they are sometimes known as salmon between the 15th day of April and the 1st day of June in each year, nor catch or kill any of said species of fish at any other time during the year save only with a rod, hook and line or dip net. The words "hook and line" shall not include trot lines or set lines.

"Any person violating the provisions of this Act shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be punishable on conviction by imprisonment in the county jail not exceeding six months, or by a fine not exceeding two hundred dollars, or by fine and imprisonment; and it shall be the duty of the circuit court of the counties abutting on the Potomac river above Little Falls, at each session of the grand jury, to call its attention to the provisions of this law. The provisions of this law shall not be applicable below the Little Falls near Washington.

(THE GREAT SEAL OF MARYLAND.) In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and have caused to be affixed hereto the Great Seal of the State of Maryland.

Done at the City of Annapolis on the sixth day of May, A. D. eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.

By the Governor,
LLOYD LOWNDES.

RICHARD DALLAM, Sec'y of State.

JOHN SHARTZER,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

offers his services to the people of Garrett County. Will cry land or personal property sales at any point in the county. 6-17-1yr.

THE NEXT LEGISLATURE.

To Capture It Gorman Will Make the Greatest Effort of His Life.

Belair Times.

The great political contest this year will be for members of the Senate and House of Delegates, as the Gorman machine will bend all its energies to securing the re-election of the Boss to the United States Senate, even to the extent of sacrificing local officials where the exigencies of their campaign seem to render it necessary.

As the recent political revolution in this state was not a sudden outburst of feeling but the culmination of many years' trend of sentiment toward the Republican party, it is difficult to see any reasonable hope which the Democrats can have of carrying the next General Assembly. The numerous reforms accomplished by the Republicans, even though balked and hindered as they were by a Democratic Senate, such as the election law, the new assessment, free school books and other meritorious measures, have strengthened the party since the last State election, for the people now see that the reforms which were promised by the Democrats year after year only to be withheld were given by the Republicans the very first year they came into power.

The high character of Governor Lowndes' appointees has also been a source of strength to the party throughout the State.

Not only, therefore, have the opposition to overcome the odium which years of ring misrule have fixed upon the Gorman machine, but they have to encounter a high degree of popular satisfaction with a party which at the first opportunity has fulfilled its pledges in the face of many difficulties.

THE LEGISLATURE.

The last House of Delegates was largely Republican, while the Senate was Democratic by a small majority. It would seem to be impossible for the Gormanites to carry the next House, and about equally difficult for them to get a majority in the Senate. Of the twelve hold-over Senators nine are Republicans and three are Democrats, the counties which they represent being—

REPUBLICANS.	DEMOCRATS.
Anne Arundel,	Carroll,
Balto. City, 1st dist.,	Queen Anne
Balto. City, 3d dist.,	Worcester—3.
Baltimore County,	
Frederick,	
Howard,	
Kent,	
Somerset,	
Washington—9.	

Including the vacancy in Calvert county caused by the death of Senator Bond, there are fourteen Senators to be elected, and it will only be necessary for the Republicans to elect five of these to have a majority of that body. Allegany, Charles, Garrett and St. Mary's will certainly choose Republicans, and the remaining Senator necessary to the control of the chamber will have to be secured from some of the following territory, viz:

COUNTY, ETC.	MAJORITY. House of Del., 1895.		Congs., 1896.	
Baltimore City, 2d dist.	R	2,359	R	6,181
Caroline	D	92	R	49
Cecil	R	70	R	225
Dorchester	R	761	R	785
Harford	D	320	R	128
Montgomery	D	301	D	355
Prince George's	R	219	R	196
Talbot	R	291	R	355
Worcester	D	208	D	126

[This table makes the best showing possible for the Democrats, for in some of the counties Lowndes received in 1895 a larger vote than the Republican legislative ticket and in 1896 McKinley received a larger vote than the Republican Congressional candidates.]

As will be seen, the Democrats only controlled the Senate, close as it was, through hold-over Senators whose constituencies went against them at that year's election, and with nonpartisan election machinery, and the splendid record of the State Administration it is not easy to see how they can recover their lost ground.

In the counties in which Senators are to be elected this year the vote for members of the House of Delegates in 1895, and Congress in 1896 is given above. The remaining counties voted for members of the House of Delegates in 1895 and for Congressmen in 1896 as follows:

COUNTY, ETC.	MAJORITY. House of Del., 1895.		Congs., 1896.	
Baltimore City, 2d dist.	R	2,376	R	6,502
Anne Arundel	R	47	R	657
Baltimore county	R	270	R	1,530
Calvert	D	51	R	103
Carroll	R	103	R	288
Frederick	R	521	R	1,074
Howard	R	205	R	92
Kent	D	9	R	575
Queen Anne's	D	111	D	605
Somerset	R	276	R	201
St. Mary's	R	338	R	350
Washington	R	168	R	1891

Should the State vote this year as it did last fall, the next Legislature would stand as follows:

SENATE.

REPUBLICANS—21.	DEMOCRATS—5.
Baltimore City (3),	*Carroll,
Allegany,	Queen Anne's
Anne Arundel,	Montgomery,
Baltimore county,	Worcester,
Calvert,	Wicomico—5.
Caroline,	
Cecil,	
Charles,	*Went Republican last fall, but has a hold over Dem. Senator.
Dorchester,	
Frederick,	
Garrett,	
Harford,	
Howard,	
Kent,	
Prince George's,	
Somerset,	
St. Mary's,	
Talbot,	
Washington—21.	

HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

REPUBLICANS—79.		DEMOCRATS—12.	
Baltimore City	18	Montgomery	3
Allegany	5	Queen Anne's	3
Anne Arundel	4	Worcester	3
Baltimore County	5	Wicomico	3
Calvert	2		
Caroline	2	Total	12
Carroll	4		
Cecil	3		
Charles	2		
Dorchester	3		
Frederick	5		
Garrett	2		
Harford	4		
Howard	2		
Kent	2		
Prince George's	3		
Somerset	3		
St. Mary's	2		
Talbot	3		
Washington	4		
Total	79		

JOINT BALLOT.

Senate, Republicans	21	Democrats	5
House, Republicans	79	Democrats	12
Total	110	Total	17

In our own county of Cecil, Senator Charles C. Crothers was returned elected in 1892 by but 27 majority. Congressman Wm. B. Baker carried the county in 1894 by a majority of 145, while the county gave Governor Lowndes and the Republican members of the House of Delegates a majority in 1895 of from four to seventy. Last year the Republicans carried the county for both President and Congressman by 221 majority. The total registered vote of the county is 6,573, of whom 1,025 are colored.

It will be a forlorn hope indeed, which will march under the soiled banner of Gorman to recapture the ground now held by the triumphant Republicans of this State.

Real Estate Transfers.

Following is a list of real estate transfers recorded in the office of the clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, during the month of May 1897:

Alpheus B. Clark and wife to John W. Clark, an undivided ¼ part of "The Park," the first part of "The Rights of Man" and "The Pink of Allegheny," containing 2608 acres of land; $8,500.

James B. Rash to Milton H. Rush, Military Lots Nos. 2828 and 2830, a part of Lot No. 2302, a part of a tract called "Good Hope," a part of the "Resurvey on Blooming Rose," and a small piece known as the Calon Lot, containing 192¼ acres; $3,000

Michael J. Garrett and wife to Thos. and James Garrett, 108 acres of "Peace and Plenty;" $2857.

Edward Courts and others to Marshall Friend, Military Lot No. 1993; $100.00.

Henry Dash and others to Christian Klotz; 110 acres of "The Park;" $650.00.

C. M. Miller and wife to Edward Sweitzer; 25¼ acres of land; $152.00.

G. S. Hamill, trustee, to Samuel and Amy E. Kimmell, 100 acres of the "Isaac Kuykendall Farm;" $1,000.00.

A. C. Hopkins and others to John W. Clark, an undivided ¼ part of the tracts of land called "The Park," "The First Part of the Rights of Man" and "The Pink of Allegany," containing 2608 acres; $9,500.00.

Peter Keefer and wife to Benjamin F. Keefer, 100 acres of "Erwinton;" Military Lots 1731 and 1732, containing 50 acres each; $800.00.

Mary E. Taylor and husband to Walter D. Collier, a lot of ground in the town of Friendsville; $25.00.

Emma Round and others to Charlotte Simcox, all their undivided interest in "Cranberry Glade," containing 458 acres, and Military Lot No. 1603; $5, etc.

David M. Merrill and others to The Board of School Commissioners of Garrett Co., 21 square rods of ground; $10.00.

Robert Larkman and wife to Albert Ashby; two lots of ground in Crellin.

Mary D. Heilman and others to C. J. Otto, all their interests in the tract of land called "Springfield," containing 192 3-4 acres; $900.00.

Samuel Falkner and wife to A. M. Chisholm, Military Lots Nos. 2087 and 2088, and part of lots 2089 and 2090.

John Wambach and wife to John Adam Eisler and Anna Martha Eisler, Military Lot No 540; $250.00.

Joel L. Kinsinger to Milton W. and Jacob J. Kinsinger, about 2 acres of land; $50.00.

Levi Kinsinger and wife to Milton Kinsinger, 1 acre and 35 perches of land; $30.00.

Milton W. Kilsinger and wife to Mary Kilsinger, an undivided half interest in a parcel of land containing ¼ acre of land; $25.00.

Joel Kinsinger to Milton Kinsinger, 12¼ perches of land; $20.00.

T. P. Thayer and others to Chas. A. Janoske, 4¼ acres of land; $50.00.

Lewis Kamp and Julius C. Remminger, trustees to Austin Speicher, about 9¼ acres of land of the John J. Beegley estate; $351.00.

J. W. Scott Cochrane, assignee, to John T. Bowers, the Sliger farm, composed of Military Lots Nos. 2544, 1534 and 1535; $735.00.

Wm. C. Pennington and wife to Willie M. Bishop, Military Lot No. 1170; $200.00.

Clayton Parnell, trustee, to Lewis Popp, 76¼ acres of "Cheviot Dale," and 67¼ acres of "Pea Patch;" $700.00.

Sarah A. Friend to Elvira Holiday and Leeroy Holiday, 2 lots ground in the town of Selbysport; $425.00.

Jas. D. Hamill and wife to Thomas Little, all their interest in the "Bush Store House Property" in the town of Oakland; $488.00 etc.

Frank L. Lish to James E. Moreland, 10 acres and 28 perches of land; $180.00.

Thomas H. Cornwell and others to George W. Blamble, a tract of land called "Addition," containing 100 acres, and 100 acres of "Chance;" $2650.00.

Henry G. Davis and wife to George Marley, 11,815 square feet of "Peace and Plenty;" $250.00.

Rudolph Beckman and wife to Mary Jane Paugh, Military Lot 1938; $225.00.

Robert Felty and wife to James J. Reynolds, Lot No. 58 in Brant's Addition to the town of Oakland; $2800.00.

G. M. Steele and wife to Walter Meyers, a lot of ground in the town of Friendsville; $25.00.

Isaac M. Umbel and wife to Thurman F. Umbel, the south-east corner of Military Lot No. 2802; $800.00.

Isaac M. Umbel and wife to Jasper Barnhouse and others, trustees of German Baptist Brethren Church, 91 perches of ground at "Asher's Glade;" $1.

Bridget Ellwood Jones and husband to Mary Burke, Lots Nos. 41, 42 and 43 in the town of Bloomington; $10.00 etc.

D. James Blackiston, attorney, to Charles Nitze, an undivided half interest in 1432 acres of a tract of land called "Deep Creek;" $2300.00.

Married.

ILLEMAN—FREELAND.—On Tuesday evening June 1st, at the residence of the bride's parents at Hutton, Md., Rev. E. P. Illeman and Miss Florida Freeland. The ceremony was performed by Presiding Elder N. L. Bannigarner, of Mt. Lake Park, in the presence of a few invited guests and friends. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Freeland, and the groom is a rising young minister of the West Virginia conference M. E. church, and is now stationed on the Deer Park circuit. THE REPUBLICAN extends congratulations.

STANTON—JORDAN.—On May 26th last, at the beautiful home of Mr. A. Rush Bevans, near Grantsville, Mr. Gustavus Stanton to Miss Sarah C. Jordan, both of Garrett county.

The groom is a son of the late Thomas J. Stanton, deceased, of near Bittinger, and one of Garrett county's most prosperous farmers. The bride is one of our most charming young ladies, and sister of Mrs. Mollie Bevans, of Bevansville, where the ceremony took place. Rev. Faulkner, pastor of the M. E. church, of Grantsville, officiating.

The bridesmaids and groomsmen were Miss Zenie Griffith and Mr. Jackson Warfield, of Frostburg, and Miss Ella Beachy and Mr. Ervin Blocher, of Grantsville.

The invited guests to the number of nearly one hundred, all partook of a sumptuous dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Bevans in honor of their sister, who now leaves this hospitable home to launch out on the matrimonial sea. The presents by loving friends of the bride were numerous and beautiful, consisting of silver and china of exquisite designs, but space forbids naming the numerous articles and names of donors, but Mr. Editor, we will trespass on your patience and mention a gift by Mr. and Mrs. Bevans, that of a beautiful set of furniture, and also a handsome sum of U. S. Treasury notes by a friend from West Virginia.

After congratulations and partaking of this magnificent dinner, the bridal party were driven to Frostburg where they took the train for Baltimore, Washington, and returning by way of the B. & O. proceed to Parkersburg to visit the cousins of the bride, Rev. Joseph Lee and wife.

In conclusion we wish the happy young couple a joyous life in this world, and a more joyous life when they are transplanted to that beautiful land beyond the stars, hoping and trusting that they may so live in this life that they may be reunited there. is the earnest wish of the one who pens this brief sketch in honor of this pleasant event, which proved to him like an "oasis in a weary land."

A FRIEND.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

Annual Meeting of the German Baptists. Low Rates to Frederick.

The B. & O. R. R., will sell tickets from all stations on its lines east of the Ohio River, not including Pittsburg, Parkersburg and Wheeling, for all trains May 28 to June 8, inclusive, valid for return until June 30, at reduced rates.

Rate from Cumberland, $1.70; Clarksburg, $7.40; Grafton, $6.75, and correspondingly low rates from other stations. 13-2t

ROAD NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that thirty days after the first publication of this notice the undersigned will petition the County Commissioners of Garrett county to relocate the road leading from Deer Park to Bethlehem church. The proposed change will begin at Kelsner's at the foot of the mountain and running thence through the lands of the B. & O. R. R. Co., the Hubbard land, the land of John W. Thomas and A. J. Lee, intersecting the road again near the lane of A. J. Lee, a distance of about two miles.

C. U. HARVEY,
P. J. GARRETT,
JOHN H. UPHOLD,
10-3t Petitioners.

Thomas Little,

ONE PRICE,

Has just received a fine line of SHOES, that will be sold at a great reduction in price.

Shoes that sold at	$1.50 now $1.25
" " "	1.75 now 1.50
" " "	2.00 now 1.75
" " "	2.50 now 2.00
" " "	3.50 now 2.75
" " "	4.00 now 3.25
Ladies' Oxfords	1.25 now 99
" "	1.30 now 1.00
" "	1.50 now 1.35
" "	1.65 now 1.40
Men's patent leather	5.00 now 4.50

Big Reduction in

SHIRTS,

of All Kinds.

1 Gallon can Maple Syrup, Reduced to 65 cents.

THESE GOODS MUST GO.

DON'T MISS A BARGAIN.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM HAMILTON DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett County, has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett County, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

WILLIAM HAMILTON,

late of Preston Co., W. Va., deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 6th day of November next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 6th day of May, 1897.

S. T. JONES, Adm'r.
10-3t Oakland, Md.

ORDER NISI.

John S. Sanders vs. A. T. Shuttleworth and others.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County. No. 763 Equity.

Ordered, this 18th day of May, 1897, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Gilmor S. Hamill and Frederick A. Thayer, trustees, to Jonas Yaley, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 11th day of June next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Garrett county once in each of three successive weeks before the 11th day of June next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $500.00.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett Co., Md.
True copy—test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Notice of a Meeting of Stockholders.

Notice is hereby given to all the stockholders of the "Park Improvement Company of Garrett County, Maryland," that a meeting of said stockholders will be held at Mt. Lake Park, Garrett county, Maryland, on the

16th Day of June, 1897,

at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of increasing the capital stock of said company from the present limit of $3,000 (three thousand dollars, to $10,000 (ten thousand dollars) in order to carry out the objects of its incorporation; provided the owners of two-thirds of the present capital stock of said company are present at said meeting and determine to do so.

L. A. RIDDELL,
J. A. HAYDEN,
G. L. RICHARDSON,
C. W. HOPKINS,
Directors of Park Improvement Company of Garrett County, Maryland. 9-3t

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Glessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material posible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

For sale by

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

RECEIVER'S SALE OF A Delightful Summer Resort.

Joseph C. Alderson et al., Loch Lynn Heights Realty Company et al.

In the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of West Virginia, at Wheeling.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of the authority vested in me, by a decree of sale entered in said cause on the 14th day of January, 1896, I, the undersigned receiver, appointed in said cause by said court, will on

Tuesday, the 22nd Day of June, 1897,

at the hour of 12 o'clock m. of said day, at the Front door of the Hotel now being erected in Loch Lynn Heights, near Mountain Park, in Garrett county, Maryland, the following described property, to-wit: as described and described in the bill filed in said cause, to-wit:

First—All that lot or parcel of ground situated in the said county of Garrett and State of Maryland, and known and described as "Forest Reserve" on the plat of the Mountain Home Company, as recorded in Liber J. A. & J. No. 1, folio 2, one of the land records of the said county of Garrett, and described by the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, to wit: Beginning at a point north 69° east 350 feet from station "G," thence north 20° 15' west 1750 feet; thence north 1° 30' east 30 feet; thence south 20° 15' east 1762 feet; thence north 69° west 30 feet to the beginning, containing 1.12 acres.

Second—All that lot or parcel of ground situated in the said county of Garrett and state of Maryland, and described on the plat of the said Mountain Home Company as "Hotel Lawn" and described by the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, to wit: Beginning at a stake situated north 20° east 165 feet, and south 69° east 75 from Station "D," one of the permanent stations of Loch Lynn Heights; thence by a curvature whose radius is 1965 feet and subtended by curvature is 57.1 feet; thence north 69° west 170 feet; thence by a curvature whose radius is 1965 feet and one-half curvature is 57.1 feet; thence south 69° west 75 feet to the beginning, containing 2.6 acres.

Third—All those lots, pieces or parcels of ground situated in the said county of Garrett and state of Maryland, and described on the plat of the said Mountain Home Company by the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, to wit: Beginning at a stake situated on the south line of J. C. Alderson's addition to Loch Lynn Heights, being south 69° east 332 feet, and then south 20° west 85 feet from station "G," one of the stations of Loch Lynn Heights, and the centre of Tallisee street, and running thence south 69° east with the centre of Tallisee street 417 feet to the centre of ——— street; thence south 20° west 1,250 feet with ——— street to the centre of Alabama street; thence with the centre of Alabama street north 69° west 417 feet to White's line; thence with White's line and "Alderson's addition" to 20° 20' east 1,250 feet to the beginning, containing 12½ acres, more or less.

There is situated on the said tract No. 1 a large, elegant and well-arranged modern new

SUMMER HOTEL.

three stories high, containing about 100 guest chambers, large, elegant and well lighted and ventilated dining rooms, reception rooms, ball room and parlor, furnished throughout with elegant new furniture, supplied with modern water closets and other conveniences, and also with an abundance of water, and surrounded on three sides by a wide and beautiful veranda.

This hotel was opened to guests by Mrs. L. E. C. List for the first time two years ago and during the summer season was completely filled. The said tract No. 1 and the said hotel building and its furniture and appurtenances will be sold together. The said tract No. 2 will be sold by itself, and the said tracts Nos. 1 and 2, together with the said hotel building, furniture and appurtenances, will be sold subject to the terms, provisions and conditions of a certain lease thereof, executed by the undersigned receiver to the said Mrs. L. E. C. List, on the 6th day of June, 1895, for the term of two years, seven months and twenty-four days, beginning on the said 6th day of June, 1895, and ending on the first day of April, in the year 1898, for the sum of four thousand dollars ($4,000) nine hundred dollars of which was done and was paid on the 1st day of October, 1895, fourteen hundred dollars of which will be due on the 1st day of October, 1896, and seventeen hundred dollars of which will be due on the 1st day of October, 1897.

The terms, provisions and conditions of the said lease will be more particularly stated on the day of sale, and a copy thereof may be seen at any time at the law office of J. B. Sommerville, in the city of Wheeling, West Virginia. The purchaser of the said property will be entitled to the rent reserved in said lease from and after the day of sale, and the said lease will be assigned by the receiver to the purchaser, who will be entitled to and will be required to take the place of said receiver as landlord of the property embraced in said lease.

The said third and fourth tracts are laid out and divided into lots, streets and alleys, and will first be offered as an entirety, and each of them will also be offered separately, and the said lots will then be offered separately or in pairs, and said property will be sold in the way in which it will produce the most money.

TERMS OF SALE:—Said sale will be made upon the following terms and conditions, to wit: One-third, or so much more as the purchaser may elect, cash on the day of sale, one-third in six months and one-third in one year from the day of sale, with interest from that day at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and the purchaser shall have the option to pay the deferred installments at any time before the same shall be due, with interest to the time of payment, the deferred installments to be secured by the purchaser's notes and the title to be retained until the notes are paid. The purchaser of the hotel and furniture will be required to carry not less than fifteen thousand dollars ($15,000) insurance thereon, for the receiver's benefit.

J. B. SOMMERVILLE,
11-5t *Receiver.*

Naylor received over a car load of vehicles this week and more to follow. Get prices and terms. 11-3*

REAL ESTATE!

FOR SALE BY

JOHN SHARTZER, Real Estate Agent, OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Two farms in District No. 2, 262 acres near Elder Hill school house, improved by 2 houses, 3 barns and orchards. Will be sold separately or as a whole, to suit purchaser, on easy terms.

House of 4 rooms, 4 acres of land two miles south of Mt. Lake Park.

House and 1 acre of ground adjoining Loch Lynn Heights. Will be sold cheap.

A finely situated farm at Loch Lynn Heights; finest in the county; must be sold at once.

House and lot in Mt. Lake Park.

50 acres improved by a small house, near Cranberry Glade farm.

House and 2 lots in Mayberry.

Farm near Deer Park, improved.

A well improved farm near Ryan's Glade.

The above properties will be sold on easy terms.

One 50-acre lot adjoining the farm of W. T. Jamesson near Mt. Lake Park.

1 50-acre lot adjoining the lands of Mrs. Kilbourne and —— Jackson near Mt. Lake Park, will be sold very cheap for cash.

7 building lots in Loch Lynn Heights.

The Phillips lands lying between Oakland and Mt. Lake Park; will be sold as a whole or in parcels to suit purchaser.

A lot of ground adjoining Mt. Lake Park on the Oakland road.

An improved farm of 100 acres, 2 miles from Terra Alta.

An improved farm of 200 acres near Crellin.

The Oakland Steam Laundry property.

7 large building lots in Oakland.

For further information, prices and terms, apply to

JOHN SHARTZER,
6-3t OAKLAND, MD.

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 1,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and other known as the "Anthony lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of minerals also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All transacting will be performed to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,
—1yr. Box B, Westernport, Md.

APPEAL SESSION.

The Assessors of Oakland take notice that the Town Council of Oakland will sit at the Council Chamber in said town on

MONDAY, JUNE 7, 1897,

from 2 to 4 p. m. and from 7 to 9 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of hearing appeals and making transfers upon the assessment books of said town.

By order of the Council,

J. C. DUNHAM, Clerk.

ESTATE OF SALOME CUSTER, DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscribers, of Garrett County, Maryland, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

SALOME CUSTER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscribers, on or before the 1st day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 25th day of May, 1897.

JOHN W. BAKER,
S. P. BAKER, } Executors.
12-4 Grantsville, Md.

THE MAKING OF A MAN.

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

If a stupid woman is unoccupied, nothing serious will come of it. But a clever woman should be given something to do. Another good rule is that if a woman is not ignorant of life, she had better have learned it from life and not from books.

Olive Torrey was clever and had nothing to do. She lived at a frontier post, and could go in neither for charity nor clubs nor fads. She had a husband who studied, and no children, so there was nothing for her in her home. She had come straight from a southern California town—and there is less of life to be seen there in a given period of years than in any other spot on earth. But she read—largely Balzac and Thackeray and Crawford and Bourget; which taught her a great deal that she had no need to know. She dreamed dreams of love at first, while she was a bride; but they were not very realistic dreams. She had to idealize her husband vigorously to make them endure even a year; and no one can idealize a husband successfully. He is too much on hand; more especially in a four-company post.

She was a good woman—therefore, when she failed on the husband it did not even occur to her to try on some one else, though there were two promising bachelors. Instead, she went at the novels of manners again, and with new devotion, and dwelt on the parts that dealt with intrigue and ambition and success in the world, and skimmed over the love parts. She did not believe in them much now. So her mind became filled with this sort of thing, and there was no vent for it. She wanted to be a brilliant, disillusioned young matron, courted by diplomats, a power in salons—which ambitions were just a bit difficult of realization where she was.

Lieut. Torrey would not be worked up to her pitch. He read war records and interior department reports, and thought great thoughts about Indians, and would have made himself a nuisance to the people at Washington, if they had not become used to that sort of thing and thick-skinned long ago. He was an unpleasant kind of man, and a soldier neither in appearance nor by instinct, nor in actions. He was to the service what the man who signs his letters "A Citizen" is to a local newspaper. He was always making petty objections to and complaints against what is. And what is should be bowed down to and silently worshiped by a good officer. In short, he was not at all the sort of a man for his wife, and she did not need to be as clever as she naturally was to find this out.

At four-and-twenty she thought she was old and experienced, and quite capable of handling any sort of sharp-edged tools. Although she never posed as unhappy, or thought herself particularly so, the idea came to her that she would like to have the making of a man, to be the Egeria to some Numa. Just what she would make him she had not determined. She would have to have the man first. She got him. He came straight out from West Point, and he was hopeless—impossible.

"Joe, don't you think young Gordon is promising?" she asked her husband. Gordon had come the day before.

"Promising to be about like all the others." There was infinite contempt in that "all the others"—men with no ideas.

"I don't know. It seems to me he has a clever face, the face of a man—that is, a man of the world, in embryo."

She was trying to see him in the light of her own imaginings. It is quite human and very feminine to persist in trying to idealize those about one, and only a great many dismal failures succeed in curing one of the habit.

"It struck me that he had the face of a boy from West Point."

His wife's good nature was unflagging. "Now—yes. But he could be made something of."

"A major, if he lives."

Mrs. Torrey was silenced, but not daunted.

Mrs. Torrey continued to think that Thorne Gordon was good material to work with. She liked his name. It smacked of the statesman. She called his face impressionable, when it was just weak. She saw secrecy in his eyes—which were shifting. She discovered evasion in his speech—which was trivial. Physically, he did fairly well. He was tall and slender in a distinguished sort of way. There was no cause for the distinction; it was neither in himself nor inherited. If there had been any girls at the post, he would have fallen in love and married, and then Mrs. Torrey couldn't have done anything with him. As it was, he came to her naturally. Nobody else wanted him. She set to work by giving him her books to read. He knew enough West Point French to glean all the harm there is in Balzac and Bourget. When Mrs. Torrey talked life as therein portrayed, he talked love as they showed it forth.

"It seems to me that the greatest delight in living that a man could have would be to wind other men around his finger."

"It seems to me that it would be to wind women around his finger," her ward would say.

"Only as a means to an end," she suggested.

"That goes without saying," he answered, with the wrong sort of a look. The books had taught him that. Mrs. Torrey recoiled. She didn't mind kneading dough into shape, but she was afraid of pitch. However, she reassured herself and tried it again the next day.

"It is a pity for a promising young fellow to be thrown like an empty beer-bottle from an official ambulance away out here on the prairie." The simile struck her as being good, but he found it unflattering. She continued mixing up her comparisons: "You ought to be on the theater of the world, watching the play of men's passions and minds."

"Why not in the orchestra row, watching the danseuses?"

"That was clever enough to be preserved as a sample of repartee," she told him; for she insisted upon seeing him through very rosy spectacles, and when she found the rosiness fading or wearing away in spots, she laboriously tinted them up again. She talked diplomacy, the world, life, ambition, to him constantly. She lost sight of the fact that an officer has very little use for that sort of thing. She brought him to correct tastes in the matters of art, and literature, and music, and, above all, personal appearance.

He absorbed how to cut his finger-nails, probably, for she never actually told him, and he stopped chipping them on the bias. He tried at saying things with his eyes; pretty generally the things had to be said over with his tongue, but both of them laid that down to Mrs. Torrey's stupidity. After all, Gordon was improved. It took 18 months to get him into shape, and then he said he was in love with Mrs. Torrey. The way she had brought him up made him hard to handle. He had all kinds of ideas that do in books and salons and French, but are bad, in fact, in the army and in England. It began with the eye talk, and Mrs. Torrey understood that. But she pretended she did not; so he thought her stupid again and put it in words. He was very fiery about it—as in the books. They were on the porch together after dark. This was rare, for she was careful of appearances, usually.

"Do you know that you have become life itself to me?" he asked.

"I have tried to show you life."

"Don't talk to me in that cold, instructive way, as though you were years older than I—and hourly. You are only half a year older, and what is that?"—wherein the Balzac showed—"and you are beautiful."

"Oh! no, I am not."

"At least you have the face of a Madonna."

"To you it should be the face of a brother officer's wife."

"Can't you see that I love you passionately?"

"I can see that you think you love me romantically, but you don't."

He did, however. He was in earnest, and he had had the decency to keep it to himself for a long while. Then it had burst out, and after that he made her life a burden. She saw that it was her fault, she ought to have seen that the kindest thing to do in the long run would be to drop him relentlessly then and there. Instead of that she tried to reason with him and to comfort him, which, of course, did not work. He said that if she shook him altogether, he would kill himself, and he might have done so, because his brain was a romantic muddle. Mrs. Torrey was in a very bad predicament when Uncle Sam came to her aid. He ordered Lieut. Torrey to Baltimore on recruiting service.

Torrey lived in Washington, and went over to Baltimore to the office every day. In two months Gordon had a sick leave and was in Washington. Mrs. Torrey was frightened. She flew into a rage, and told Gordon what she thought of his actions. He retorted by calling her heartless. It ended in a parting with tears and curses; and Gordon married an heiress before he went back.

Mrs. Torrey felt sorry for him. She knew she had broken his heart, wrecked his life. She would do what she could for him. At least she would further his ambitions. He should owe his worldly success to her. She had learned a good deal by real experience now, and she was young, brilliant, very pretty and marvelously attractive. She became quite a feature in Washington society, a woman of the world who never lost her head whatever she might make others do. All this in less than two years. She knew there was no use in trying to advance her husband, and she did not particularly care to, because she had found out now that she was unhappy, horribly unhappy, and that her life was a flat thing. She cared for the Gordon she had made more than she guessed. The real interest of her life lay in him. Her influence was great because of her social powers and her beauty and attractiveness, and by dint of trying in those thousands of untold ways that there are of doing such things she got Gordon an attacheship at the court of St. James. He had a rich wife and he could accept it.

It was improbable that he did not know whom to thank, but however that might have been, he gave no sign and neither did she, except to turn horribly pale when she met him on Connecticut avenue one afternoon. She smiled waveringly and pitifully, and he only looked deep into her soul with hurt eyes. He had mastered that much of eye-language. He was rather pleased at the obvious success of it, but she believed his heart was broken, and was as miserable as a naturally good and honest woman is when such a thing is on her conscience.

A year later she was in another frontier garrison, and her husband came in with the mail.

"I say, Olive—you remember Gordon? Well, he's recalled from England."

"Why?"

"It's all in this letter that came to Harcourt. Do you want to read it? He followed the example of the classic parrot, it seems, and talked too blamed much. As a diplomat he's not a success."

And in six short weeks he brought her further news.

"I say, Olive, what do you think young Gordon's been and gone and done now?"

"What?" she asked, desperately.

"Got himself into a scrape in Washington, and has had to resign. Here's some of it in the paper; the rest's in the letter from Walker. He lost his head. He'd better have stayed with his regiment and done his duty, and left foreign courts for men that were born for them."

"Perhaps you are right," she answered.—San Francisco Argonaut.

INDIAN NEW WOMAN.

Daughter of a Chief and Wife of a Great Merchant.

The newest of new women, and yet one of the oldest, if the aborigines may be classed as "old," was seen on the streets of St. Louis a few days ago. She was a splendid specimen of womanhood, strikingly handsome and superbly proportioned, and was dressed in bloomers, although they differed in style and cut from any worn by the St. Louis bicycle girls. She was an Indian woman, the full-blooded daughter of a chief of the Sioux tribe, one of the fiercest and most bloodthirsty bands which ever troubled the settlers of the west, and her dress was one of the most peculiar ever seen on the streets of a great city. A dark hat of modern style half hid a quantity of raven-black hair on her splendid head, and a long ulster of the most recent fashion enveloped her, outlining her fine figure to advantage. But below this there flapped out as she walked the most remarkable part of her dress, and that which attracted the most attention, her bloomers. They were cut long and straight, like men's trousers, and were small at the bottom, so that they were rather close about the ankles. These bloomers were of black silk, and the inner and outer seams were decorated with four or five rows of beads of various colors and worked in fanciful designs. Flowers, snakes and animals ran up and down the side, and made the bloomers, or trousers, a thing to attract attention anywhere, and especially on so handsome a woman. Her complexion was olive, like that of a Spanish girl, and clear; her cheeks were rosy and her voice low, but her eyes were dark and piercing, and seemed to look through one. But with all her fanciful dress and her name of Talaconqua, she is the wife of one of the richest merchants of the great southwest, and is on her way to Europe, where she will doubtless be received by royalty.

In direct contrast to this woman was one of her companions. Taller than she, with hair as light as hers was dark, and light blue eyes, his ruddy, sunburnt face was partially shaded by the broad-brimmed sombrero, which was tipped to one side on his head. As he walked there was a swing to his gait that told of the easy gallop of the mustang, and everything in his manner bespoke the cowboy. His shirt, which was of expensive material, was made negligee fashion and cut low at the neck, showing a powerful neck, tanned by the exposure of many suns on the plain. His clothes, too, were of expensive material, but the cut was a trifle odd. Still, they gave one the impression that they were paid for, and that the man who wore them had his own opinion as to how clothes should be made for him, as he was the man to wear them. He walked along, frequently squirting a stream of tobacco juice through his white teeth and stroking his long blonde mustache. The man, Samuel Brennan, is worth $250,000, and is one of the most successful merchants in Texas.

Between this strangely assorted pair walked a youngster, about six years old, and his dress was as stylish as that of his companions was unconventional. A leather Tam O'Shanter was placed jauntily on one side of his crown of golden curls and he wore a velvet coat of Fauntleroy pattern. His little feet were incased in swell patent leather boots, and above them, extending nearly to the hip, were leather leggings. These were decorated somewhat after the manner of the bloomers which the woman beside him wore, but were not so noticeable because of the decoration, as there were only two rows of beads and they were dark in color. The little fellow carried a cane, which he swung to and fro like a Fifth avenue dude, and yet the Indian woman is his mother and he is the heir to $250,000, and is going abroad to enjoy the advantages of foreign travel.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

BRIDES CHOSEN IN THE DARK.

An Indian Scheme for Mating the Braves with Wealthy Maids.

An old custom was revived by the Nez Perce Indians and their visitors during the celebration on the last Fourth of July. The natives of the local tribe are very wealthy, and there are designing mothers among the aborigines as well as in the different classes of civilized society. The young bucks of the Nez Perce tribe are regarded somewhat like the scions of royalty in matrimonial circles. The maidens from all visiting tribes were brought to Lapwai to find husbands. The customs of the tribes, which were revived for the occasion, were more effective than the Boston man's way.

The young men marched forth, and none but candidates for matrimony joined the march. They were dressed in their brightest colors, and each carried a white willow cane. As they approached the tents they chanted an Indian chorus that was as doleful as the song of the owl, and kept time by beating upon the tents with their canes. The drumming was deafening to the distant spectator, and must have been distracting to the waiting maidens in the tents.

At last the singing and drumming had the desired effect. The maidens came forth after a delay just long enough to satisfy that universal passion of the mind of a woman to drive a lover mad with doubt. There were more men than maidens. The former kept up the march and the music without. The maidens countermarched on the line of the same circle, each selecting a husband from the line. The chosen ones hastened to follow their brides away into the darkness. The unfortunate suitors were left to despair.—Portland Oregonian.

Pause of Defeat.

Helpful Wife—Why is it, my dear that although you have so often been nominated for office, you have always been defeated?

Defeated Candidate (gloomily)—I have always run on tax-payers' tickets—N. Y. Weekly.

BICYCLE BORROWING.

Neither Borrow Nor Lend Is the Rule for All.

The ethics of bicycle borrowing are beginning to agitate wheeling circles now that what is termed the legitimate riding season is at hand. Are cyclists expected to allow other people to ride their bicycles? This is the great question. In discussing it a genial and well known wheelman, who has suffered perhaps as much as anyone from the borrowing habit, as practiced by other cyclists, said:

"From the frequency with which requests for the 'loan of your wheel' are made by some people one might be pardoned for thinking that the sole mission in this world of the owner of a bicycle was to lend it to all his friends and acquaintances. Now, as a matter of fact, no one has the least excuse for making such a request of the owner of a bicycle, and owners should firmly and emphatically refuse to comply with them when made. If a man or a woman cannot afford to pay for the amusement of cycling they ought to forego it. I do not mean by this that if an unusually trustful and good-natured friend offers to lend a bicycle one is morally bound to refuse it, but I do mean that no one ought to be surprised or offended if a request for the loan of a wheel is refused.

"A bicycle is not a cheap, easily replaced article, such as a baseball bat or a pair of skates. Against the borrowing of such things there is no law, but your wheel is a different matter. No one, not even the most expert rider, can guarantee it against mishap, even if the accident be only the puncture of a tire. Too often, however, the pitfalls which beset the most wary rider are far more serious. The dangers of crowded streets, where it seems the chronic borrower of bicycles most doth like to ride, there is no need to enlarge upon. They are so common that the spectacle of a wheel being extricated from beneath a beer wagon, a street car or a cab, no longer attracts a crowd, even on Broadway. But even in less frequented roads a cyclist cannot always avoid danger, nor insure immunity for the machine he is riding. Accidents, however, undesirable as they are, are of comparatively small moment so long as the damaged wheel is your own, but if it is the property of some one else the case assumes a different complexion. Few people enjoy the process of confessing that the borrowed machine has come to grief while in their hands, and I suspect that few even of the most good-natured of friends are not moved to regret their unselfishness when the mangled remains of their machine are brought home.

"Never lend your wheel, and sit down most aggressively on all who make a request for a loan of it. These chronic bicycle borrowers should be taught lessons."—N. Y. Sun.

FASHION NOTES.

Seasonable Fancies in Ladies' Costumes.

One of the most elegant mourning costumes of the season is made of Priestley silk warp Henrietta cloth. The skirt, waist and sleeves are plain and exquisitely fitted. Three crape ruffles, with headings, are set on at the foot of the skirt; the waist has an applied vest of the crape, with a yoke at the back. Over the shoulders are deep ruffles of the crape graduated to run into the darts on either side of the vest. A high collar with a crape ruche and crape ruffles at the wrists complete the trimming. The bonnet is made of puffs of crape, with crimped fans at either side. These fans are spread and wired up in wing fashion.

A novelty waist is of old rose and green and gray brocade. The body is a modified bolero, pointed over a corselet on either side and at the back. The front is gathered where it is drawn across the bust. There are enormously wide revers, with sharp points. These extend out over the sleeve tops and also over the fronts of the sleeves just above the bust; the sleeves are shirred in full puffs at the tops and have fancy cuffs of the material, with galloon and loops of ribbon.

An exceedingly stylish costume is made of green velvet. The skirt is plain, with the exception of a large box plait at one side of the front. The waist has flat plaits from the collar and shoulder seams to a wide corselet. There are three flounces on either sleeve between the shoulders and elbows; the sleeve flounces, plaits and cuffs are edged with gold gimp.

There is nothing in the way of useful dresses that the average woman finds more profitable than a good cheviot or serge. Made in tailor fashion, a skirt and jacket of this fabric will wear long enough to satisfy the most exacting woman in the world. But to get the very best wear it must be of the very best quality and made in the very best manner.

A round hat has a puff of velvet entirely covering the low crown. Above this is a flutting of chiffon stiffened with foundation or wire. This projects in a circle about half as large as the brim of the hat. A cluster of quill feathers stands up at one side. Under the brim is a plaiting of chiffon.

A pretty and becoming hat has the brim almost entirely concealed by puffs and loops of gauze ribbon. Only a portion of the crown is visible. At one side are clusters of quills and loops of ribbon.—N. Y. Ledger.

The Policy of Honesty.

Servant—"I found this ten-mark piece on your desk."

"I'm glad to find you're honest, my man. I put it there to test you!"

"Yes, sir; that's what I thought, sir!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Not Given to Her.

Dyspepsia Specialist (irritably)—But, madam, you must chew your food. What were your teeth given you for?

Female Patient (calmly)—They weren't given me—I bought 'em.—Odds and Ends.

Advancement.

"It's wonderful," said the man who is always earnest, "to see how they can develop the intellects of the lower animals. There is no telling how much we may be able to benefit them by systematic education."

"What suggested that idea?

"A chimpanzee that I saw. He was once in a perfectly wild condition. Now they have by patient training taught him to chew tobacco, smoke a pipe, play cards and drink whisky!"—Washington Star.

TWO TOO MANY.

Miss Ten Stryke—Well, what did papa say?

Percy—Oh, he said there had never been a fool in the Ten Stryke family yet, but if you married me there would be two.—N. Y. Tribune.

Deeds, Not Words.

"I never talk to book agents," said the busy man.

"Good!" exclaimed the agent. "I admire a man of action. Now, just put your signature to this order and have it over with."—Philadelphia North American.

The Same Old Chestnut.

The fishing season's now at hand,
The finny tribe abounds.
The same old lie we heard last year
Will once more go the rounds.
—Baltimore World.

A New Classification.

"Now, sir," said the professor of medicine, "you may tell me to what class of maladies insomnia belongs."

"Why-er," replied the medical student, "it's a contagious disease."

"I never heard it so described. Where did you learn of this?"

"From experience. Whenever my neighbor's dog can't sleep, I'm just as wakeful as he is."—Tit-Bits.

Point Not Well Taken.

She—John, you are a perfect bear about the house!

He—Maria, that assertion won't stand the test of science a single moment. A bear sleeps all winter. He doesn't have to get out of bed before daylight every morning to stir up the fire and call the hired girl. Try some other metaphor, Maria.—Chicago Tribune.

A Modern Instance.

"So that affair between Reggie Ashcroft and Penelope Phillips is off. What was the trouble?"

"Why, Reggie forgot that Mrs. Phillips is the man of the house and asked Penelope's father for her hand. Of course, when her mother found it out the whole business went down like a house of cards."—Cleveland Leader.

The True Test.

Bess—You could hardly call her a social success.

Jess—Why, she seems to have plenty of admirers.

Bess—Oh, yes, if you look at it that way, but I don't believe she's on friendly terms with a single man she ever rejected.—Chicago Journal.

A Hard Test.

Wiggins—And you think that a woman can never keep a secret?

Parrott—No, she can't.

Wiggins—Well, I don't know just how big a fool my wife thinks I am, and I'll bet you're in the same fix regarding your wife's opinions.—N. Y. Truth.

Holding It.

Mother—Johnny, how often have I told you that you must not bolt your food?

Johnny—Guess 'tisn't no worse to bolt my food than it is for you to turn the key on it when it's in the cupboard.—Boston Transcript.

IN THE TRANSVAAL JUNGLE.
THE BRITISH LION MEETS AN AFRICAN LION.

Oddities of Music.

Yeast—I saw a man to-day who had no hands play the piano.

Crimsonbeak — That's nothing! We've got a girl down in our flat who has no voice and who sings!—Yonkers Statesman.

Same Thing.

"So he praised my singing, did he?"

"Yes, he said it was heavenly."

"Did he really say that?"

"Well, not exactly, but he probably meant that. He said it was unearthly."—Tit-Bits.

In No Danger.

It was evident that he was depressed.

"Alas," he sighed, "she has my heart."

"Oh, well, I wouldn't worry about that, old man," said his chum, consolingly. "She won't care to keep it."—Chicago Post.

Got Off Lightly.

"See here, young man," said the magistrate, "you never paid me that fee for marrying you."

"You're mighty lucky I haven't sued you for damages."—Detroit Free Press.

The Brute's Latest.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—That dog next door is mad, I understand.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Perhaps he came home to his dinner and it wasn't ready for him on time.—Yonkers Statesman.

Cheap Real Estate.

He put a penny in the plate
Each Sunday, did this man,
To buy a mansion in the skies
On the installment plan!
—N. Y. Truth.

A Missing Scientist.

Mrs. Globetrot—What has become of Dr. Cureall, the great scientist, author of "How to Live Forever?"

Mrs. Stayhome—Oh, he died some time ago.—N. Y. Weekly.

Saved by the Office Boy.

Editor—Man wants to see me? Well, show him up.

Office Boy—Not on yer life. He says that's what you did, and he's after gore.—Town Topics.

No Occasion for Grief.

If a scorcher meet a scorcher
Whizzing on the fly,
And a scorcher hit a scorcher
No one needs to cry.
—Chicago Record.

Taking Great Risks.

"Madge has more courage than any girl I know."

"How does she show it?"

"She sticks the stamp on the envelope before she writes the address."—Chicago Record.

Learning the Wheel.

"How long did it take you to learn the bicycle?"

"Me? It wasn't three days before I could lie as fast as any of them."—Indianapolis Journal.

A LAND OF PLENTY.

Tired Timothy—I'm going to de tropics, Lawrence. Food grows dere on trees—cocoanuts and such.

Lazy Lawrence—Don't yer have to climb de trees?

Tired Timothy—Naw. De monkeys throws de nuts down at yer.

Lazy Lawrence—Well, don't you have to crack de nuts?

Tired Timothy—Naw; go on! Dey cracks when dey hits yer.—N. Y. Truth.

Past Babyhood.

Friend—What a big girl your little daughter is getting to be.

Mrs. Bloomernew (proudly)—Yes; we expect to put her in bloomers next week.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Discriminatory Gloom.

"How would you define a pessimist?"

"He is a man who is afraid to look happy for fear some other fellow will try to borrow money of him."—Chicago Record.

WOMAN AND HOME.

EYES MADE LOVELY.

Various Ways to Beautify the Windows of the Soul.

Madame may change the hue and texture of her hair and improve upon nature in the matter of skin by a course of treatment. She may gradually develop beautiful arms or a shapely neck, and she can call surgery to her aid if the shape of her nose does not happen to accord with her standard of beauty. But she has always been baffled by her eyes. There they are, green and narrow, may be, brown and beady, perhaps, and she has known that surgery could not widen them or art change their hue. But, after all, there are reforms which may be undertaken with eyes and care which may be given them which will at least keep them from being a hindrance to madame's charms.

The appearance of the eyes depends largely on the lids, eyebrows and eyelashes. Scanty eyebrows may be gradually filled out by the application of pure grease to them every night. The eyebrows should not be rubbed or brushed the wrong way. Eyebrow brushes should be used to apply the grease. Pure vaseline, by the way, is the best.

Vaseline applied to the eyelashes with great care will increase their growth, and stroking them upward gives them the curly tendency, which is a charm to any eye. Children's eyelashes may be very slightly clipped at the ends occasionally, and will grow longer and better in consequence; but a grown-up person should on no account tamper in this way with the lashes, as it only makes them grow coarse and stubbly. Even when cutting children's eyelashes the very greatest care should be exercised and only the very tips should be clipped.

Inflamed eyelids may be washed in rose water. When the eyes feel irritable, or there is a prickly sensation, they may be bathed in elderflower water. The following recipe makes a soothing and refreshing wash for tired eyes: Take a quart of soft water, a pinch of coarse salt, and a tablespoonful of brandy. Mix all well together and shake the bottle before using the mixture. The best time for bathing the eyes is in the evening.

Beds should always be placed so that the daylight and sun's rays do not strike the eyes on waking. The light should come from the side. It is also well to have green or dark blue blinds in bedrooms, which will effectually prevent the bright light from entering the room early in the morning.

The eyes should be closed once in every two or three hours for five or ten minutes. This rests them and helps to preserve their luster. A good digestion is another aid to beautiful eyes, for a disordered stomach shows itself in the yellowish whites of the eyes.—Chicago Tribune.

TOILET NECESSITY.

A Combing Towel Which Is Pretty as Well as Useful.

A necessary acquisition to my lady's toilet is a combing towel. The one shown in the illustration is made by folding over one end of the towel one-third its length. This end should be slit up the center and three inches on either side. The edges at the top should then be folded back, making an opening for the neck. All the cut edges should be neatly button-holed, and ruffles of

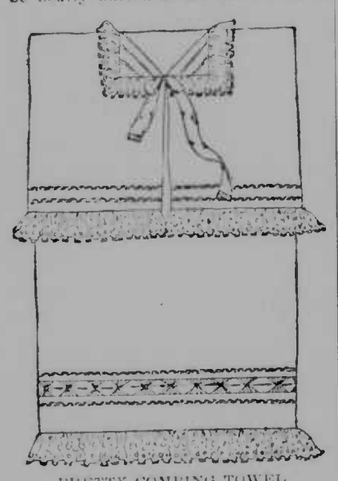

PRETTY COMBING TOWEL.

embroidery or Maltese lace will prove very effective.

The towel is made to fasten with a hood and eye, concealed by a ribbon bow at the neck, and a little feather-stitching or drawn work will give the finishing touch.—Edith Chester, in Country Gentleman.

More Dainty Than Sachets.

Perfumed flannels in dainty colors come now for laying in the bottoms of drawers, and are particularly nice in drawers where bedding and table linens are kept. They have the appearance of ordinary flannel and are sold by the yard and cut to fit the drawers, the edges being buttonholed or bound. The flannel emits a delicate perfume, and will scent every article in a drawer where it is kept. The perfume is said to be far more enduring than any of the sachets commonly in use.

Song Birds and Suffrage.

Last year 500,000 song birds were destroyed in this country that women might wear them on their hats. On Cape Cod 40,000 tern were killed for this purpose. In Pennsylvania the slaughter of bobolinks is said to have amounted to 1,000,000, and in parts of Florida the herons are nearly exterminated. This lends the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Eagle to ask: "Can so cruel a creature as woman ask for the right to vote?"

The Same, But Different.

"It is love that makes the world go round," she said, sentimentally.

"Ye-e-es," he said, prosaically, "and so does whisky."—Brooklyn Life.

THIS IS QUITE NEW.

How to Use Old Barrels to Make a Comfortable Couch.

Of three barrels, some boards, a few screws and tacks, some draping material and an old mattress, a comfortable and good-looking couch can be made.

To make it obtain three good, strong sugar barrels, and arrange them at regular distance apart, the heads and bottoms should be fastened securely in place with nails, and to them attach two side runners or rails three or four inches wide and six feet long. Use stout screws for the purpose, and drive six or eight through the strip and into the head of each barrel.

The two end barrels should be joined first and afterward the middle one. This precaution is to give an even bearing on the floor.

Two more strips, each one inch and a half square, are to be fastened to the under sides of the barrels at the ends near the heads and bottoms. This rail will rest on the floor and prevent the couch from tipping like a cradle, as the bulged sides of the barrel would cause it to do if it were not for these strips.

To the top of the barrel a platform is to be attached. This is 30 inches wide

COUCH MADE OF SUGAR BARRELS.

and six feet six inches long; it is made of matched board and fastened together with several battens arranged across the under side. Rails similar to those placed along the floor are fastened to the top of the barrels along either side, to prevent the platform tipping on the tops of the barrels. At one end an incline is made similar to the effect shown in the figure, and when the constructional part is thus far completed the framework is ready to be upholstered.

Obtain an old hair mattress not more than 30 inches wide—a single bed mattress is the right size—and tie it fast to the top of the platform. Over this draw the cretonne, denim or other goods for the covering, and tack it fast all around to the edge of the platform.

Make a flounce of the required length and gather it on a stout cord; allow fullness enough and tack it fast to the same edge over the top covering. The edge may be trimmed with gimp and nails. The nails should be driven quite close together, so the drapery may not be dragged away, as the continual action and use would soon make it look untidy if it were not properly fastened.

With the addition of a pretty couch cover, some sofa pillows and a coverlet that can be drawn over one when reclining, this couch will present a comfortable appearance, and among the various pieces of furniture in a sitting-room this will be one of the most welcome.—N. Y. Journal.

SIMPLE HEALTH HINTS.

Hygienic Facts with Which Everybody Should Be Familiar.

A simple hygienic fact for many people yet to learn is, that the skin of a fruit is no part of the fruit itself, dietically considered. The bloom of the peach is a luxuriant growth of microbes, and unwashed grapes, eaten skins and all, will show 500,000 microbes for each fluid ounce of stomach fluid. These facts are proof positive of the necessity for thoroughly washing all raw fruit before it is eaten.

The nape of the neck, the lower part of the back of the head, the front of the abdomen and the shins are the chief regions of the body susceptible to cold. A chill, however, may be carried to the nervous system from other parts.

The following rules for avoiding a cold cannot be too often formulated:

Never let cold air blow on the back of the neck or head.

Keep the abdomen warmly clad.

Cover the shins when riding.

Change wet shoes and stockings without delay.

Never sit on a stone or on damp grass.

It is not generally known that roasted coffee acts as a valuable disinfectant. The best mode is to dry the raw bean, pound it in a mortar and then roast the powder on a moderately heated iron plate until it is of a dark brown tint. Sprinkle it in sinks, or expose it on a plate in any room to be purified.—Housewife.

School Dresses for Girls.

The head of a well-known school for girls in speaking of appropriate school dresses advised the use of light-weight materials. "Light garments of serge or cashmere should be worn," she said, "and clothes of extra warmth for outdoors. Children dressed too warmly complain of the heat of the schoolroom and ask to have windows opened, which is impossible. White aprons for little girls keep them always fresh and dainty. If it be inculcated that a soiled apron or hair ribbon shows a lack of refinement, they soon acquire habits of daintiness in the care of their clothes. One thing I should like to emphasize is that it is unfortunate that children are obliged to wear out clothes which were made for 'best' in the schoolroom. It would seem to be much better to give them away to poorer relatives and keep always simple gowns for everyday wear."

Barley Water for Fever.

Barley water is very good in cases of fever, inflammation, etc. It allays thirst and is useful in coughs and colds. Wash quarter pound of barley, drain through a colander, put it on in a pint of hot water and boil for five minutes; strain through a sieve, throwing the water away. Put to the barley two quarts of fresh water and boil steadily for an hour, when strain. Many persons like the thinnest yellow peel of a lemon boiled with it; sweeten to taste.—Leisure Hours.

FASHION AND FANCY.

Seasonable Suggestions on Ladies' Costumes.

A couple of ladies, who have for many years given special attention to costuming and the prevailing styles in dress, made the tour of the shops the other day for the sake of getting a general idea of the present and future of good clothes. What is and is to be are very closely connected, especially in the best houses. Conservative trade, which is always the best, most artistic and most wealthy element, rarely jumps from one extreme to another.

The grande dame does not adopt one style to-day to throw it away to-morrow.

In the course of the outing several points were noted. Eight out of ten of the best-dressed women who inquired for costumes demanded plain skirts. And the plainer the skirt the more fanciful the waist was to be, exception being made, of course, to costumes for special purposes and occasions, when plainness was one of the necessities. The ordinary waist is simply extravagant in its dressiness. One model has the entire front and deep shoulder points of the most elaborate embroidery. The points fall over the outside of large soft sleeve puffs. The material of the waist is put upon the lining rather full, being gathered in at a soft belt.

Another waist has the entire front made up of little ruffles set from shoulders to waist line. Each one has a heading of very narrow gimp. The belt is wide and folded, and there is a bolero effect in draped ribbon which falls over the outside of the ruffles.

Another waist has a bolero of ruffles not over an inch and a half wide. Between the edges over the front of the waist are soft puffs of the material, which is an India silk of fine quality.

Among the most stylish bodices are those that fasten at the side. They are made with puffed, ruffled or embroidered fronts, either smooth or loose, hanging with the baggy effect that so many slender women affect. Puffs and ruffles are the thin woman's blessing. With them she can build any figure she chooses and makes herself as stylish as her fancy and ability may prompt. As a novelty one-sided effects have been introduced. An enormously wide rever begins at one shoulder, nearly covers the front of the waist, and is tucked in at the belt on the opposite side. It is accompanied by deep-pointed shoulder ruffles that almost cover the sleeves to the elbows. A pretty waist is made of plain silk with tucks running lengthwise for the body and sleeves and crosswise for the yoke. The tucks are not over a quarter of an inch wide and are set their width apart. The entire sleeve piece is in continuous lines of tucks and cut out afterwards, the material being completely tucked before the garment is made at all. The yoke portion is tucked separately and crosswise of the goods.

One of the prettiest of these waists is made of Quaker gray India silk. The tucks are put in with pink silk thread. The yoke is edged with white lace with a pink silk heading pinked out and gathered into a full ruche.

A charming dress of silk muslin has the waist in little puffings round and round. The front is fastened at one side, where there is a thick ruching from the shoulder to the waist line, finished with a large bow of velvet. There is a loose belt of velvet with long loops and bows at the back.

A handsome costume is of checked suiting. The front and side seams are trimmed with heavy braid in fancy pattern. The waist is in surplice fashion, with an abundance of braid in the form of a yoke, shoulder straps and sleeve trimming.—N. Y. Ledger.

Survival of the Fittest.

Bobbie—On my way to school this morning I met the new boy who has moved in next door.

Mrs. Bingo—Yes, and here's a note from the teacher saying you were late.

Bobbie—That's nothing. The new boy didn't get there at all.—Philadelphia Press.

Conditions Change.

"I see that Mr. and Mrs. Newly each have a wheel now. We always used to see them together on a tandem."

"That was before they were married."—Detroit Free Press.

Never beat a carpet when it is down.—Up-to-Date.

The worst kind of a loafer is one who is well posted.—Washington Democrat.

People who rarely ever go to the opera house talk most knowingly about the best seats.—Washington Democrat.

"Mammy," said Pickaninny Jim, "what makes de folks say dat er mule is de most sure-footed animal dat grows?" "Don' you know dat?" "I sho'ly doesn't." "Well, when you gits a chance you wanter watch a mule kick, and see how he nebber misses 'is aim. Den you'll know why dey calls him sure-footed."

Our idea of a thoroughly good and consistent church member is one who is glad to have his minister call on him during business hours.—Atchison Globe.

The same landscape appears beautiful or ugly according to what the weather may be, and the same opinion appears to one reasonable or foolish according to the sentiments which dominate us at the time.—N. Y. Weekly.

A good liar is better company than a truthful man with an impediment in his speech.—Up-to-Date.

Little Chris—"Daddy, what makes onions?" Daddy—"Seeds, of course." Little Chris—"Then what makes seeds?" Daddy—"Onions." Little Chris (triumphantly)—"Then why don't us feed the canary on onions?" (Discomfiture and retreat of daddy.)

Too many people make a lumber room of their memory when it should be a storehouse.—N. Y. Weekly.

The poorest people are not those who have to get much out of little, but those who get little out of much.—N. Y. Weekly.

Give a man half a chance and he will take all of it.—Up-to-Date.

The doors of your soul are open on others, and theirs on you. Simply to be in this world, whatever you are, is to exert an influence, an influence compared with which mere language and persuasion are feeble.—Anon.

TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL.

The Lowest Rates Ever Made to an Exposition in This Country.

The Exposition in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the admission of Tennessee into the Union is not a local affair by any means. It far surpasses in extent of buildings, beauty of grounds, interesting exhibits and number of both foreign and home attractions any exhibition ever held in this country, with the possible exception of the Columbian of 1893. Located as it is on the main line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad it is in the direct line of travel between the North and the South, and can be visited en route with loss of but little time. The extremely low rates that have been established make it cheaper to go a little out of your way, even, to take in this great show, while its own attractions will well repay a special visit. Write Mr. C. P. Atmore, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Louisville, Ky., for matter concerning it.

Till a man can judge whether they be truths or no, his understanding is but little improved; and that men of much reading are greatly learned, but may be little knowing.—Locke.

Dishonored Drafts.

When the stomach dishonors the drafts made upon it by the rest of the system, it is necessarily because its fund of strength is very low. Toned with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, it soon begins to pay out vigor in the shape of pure, rich blood, containing the elements of muscle, bone and brain. As a sequence of the new vigor afforded the stomach, the bowels perform their functions regularly, and the liver works like clock work. Malaria has no effect upon a system thus reinforced.

Remember that people care nothing for your misfortunes or sorrows; they are interested only in your successes.—Atchison Globe.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. Cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmstead, Le Roy, N. Y.

There is one thing that is always an alleviation of our wrong doings, and that is to hold others responsible for them.—N. Y. Weekly.

There Is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Any wife can make her husband tremble by saying she "has heard something" about him.—Atchison Globe.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed, 50c and $1.00, all druggists.

Thankfulness is always becoming. Most people have at least 100 reasons for being thankful to one for being sad and melancholy.—N. Y. Weekly.

"For 6 years had neuralgia." You haven't used St. Jacobs Oil to cure it.

Most of us regret that we can't think of real mean things to say in a quarrel.—Washington Democrat.

When bilious or costive eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

Most men do not tell their wives about their business affairs until they get stuck.—Washington Democrat.

"Can't cure my rheumatism!" You can, you must use St. Jacobs Oil.

When a man is trying to experiment he does not want to be asked about it.

Knocked out by lumbago? It's because you don't cure it with St. Jacobs Oil.

A GREAT deal of nonsense has been written—and believed, about blood purifiers. What purifies the blood? - - -

THE KIDNEYS PURIFY THE BLOOD

AND THEY ALONE.

If diseased, however, they cannot, and the blood continually becomes more impure. Every drop of blood in the body goes through the kidneys, the sewers of the system, every three minutes, night and day, while life endures.

Warner's Safe Cure

puts the kidneys in perfect health, and nature does the rest.

The heavy, dragged out feeling, the bilious attacks, headaches, nervous unrest, fickle appetite, all caused by poisoned blood, will disappear when the kidneys properly perform their functions.

There is no doubt about this. Thousands have so testified. The theory is right, the cure is right and health follows as a natural sequence.

Be self-convinced through personal proof.

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WHY SO MANY REGULAR PHYSICIANS FAIL

To Cure Female Ills—Some True Reasons Why Mrs. Pinkham is More Successful Than the Family Doctors

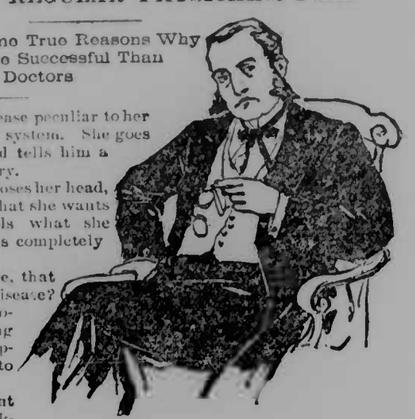

A woman is sick; some disease peculiar to her sex is fast developing in her system. She goes to her family physician and tells him a story, but not the whole story.

She holds something back, loses her head, becomes agitated, forgets what she wants to say, and finally conceals what she ought to have told, and thus completely mystifies the doctor.

Is it any wonder, therefore, that the doctor fails to cure the disease? Still, we cannot blame the woman, for it is very embarrassing to detail some of the symptoms of her suffering, even to her family physician.

It was for this reason that years ago Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., determined to step in and help her sex. Having had considerable experience in treating female ills with her Vegetable Compound, she encouraged the women of America to write to her for advice in regard to their complaints, and, being a woman, it was easy for her ailing sisters to pour into her ears every detail of their suffering.

In this way she was able to do for them what the physicians were unable to do, simply because she had the proper information to work upon, and from the little group of women who sought her advice years ago a great army of her fellow-beings are to-day constantly applying for advice and relief, and the fact that more than one hundred thousand of them have been successfully treated by Mrs. Pinkham during the last year is indicative of the grand results which are produced by her unequaled experience and training.

No physician in the world has had such a training, or has such an amount of information at hand to assist in the treatment of all kinds of female ills, from the simplest local irritation to the most complicated diseases of the womb.

This, therefore, is the reason why Mrs. Pinkham, in her laboratory at Lynn, Mass., is able to do more for the ailing women of America than the family physician. Any woman, therefore, is responsible for her own suffering who will not take the trouble to write to Mrs. Pinkham for advice.

The testimonials which we are constantly publishing from grateful women establish beyond a doubt the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to conquer female diseases.

MILLIONS NOW USE PEARLINE

REASONS FOR USING

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Breakfast Cocoa.

1. Because it is absolutely pure.
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3. Because beans of the finest quality are used.
4. Because it is made by a method which preserves unimpaired the exquisite natural flavor and odor of the beans.
5. Because it is the most economical, costing less than one cent a cup.

Be sure that you get the genuine article made by WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass. Established 1780.

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$100 A marvelous example of skillful workmanship—The only bicycle with absolutely true bearings.

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The Man who is Raising a Big Crop

—realizes that the harvest time is ahead. Ideal farming comprehends not only the growing of the tallest grain—the most tons-to-the-acre of hay; the best farming—the farming that pays—must contemplate something more than this; for there is a harvest time, and just in proportion as a crop is saved successfully, speedily and economically, in just that proportion may be measured the season's profit or loss.

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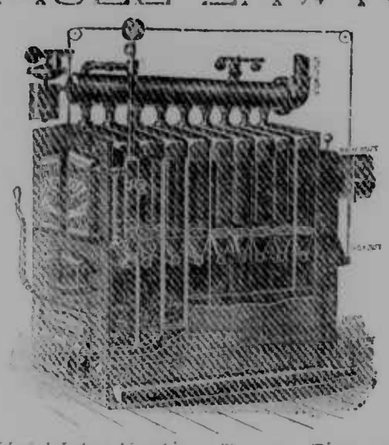

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BALTIMORE.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, May 31, 1897.

President McKinley attended the Memorial day ceremonies at Arlington cemetery, where addresses were delivered by Representative Dolliver, of Iowa, and Hon. Webster Davis, Assistant Secretary of the Interior. Mr. T. L. Jeffords was orator of the day at the Soldier's Home Cemetery, and the address at the special services at the tomb of Gen. John A Logan was delivered by Dr. J. S. Rauh. At Congressional cemetery orations were delivered by Senator Cannon, of Utah, Hon. J. A. Frear, of Wisconsin, and President Lincoln's Gettysburg address was read by Capt. W. C. Pretsinger, of the Department of Texas G. A. R. At Oak Hill cemetery the oration was by Representative W. H. King, and at Harmony cemetery the oration was by Rev. Geo. W. Lee.

The Senate has made good progress in considering the tariff bill by paragraphs, and rules adopted by the Republicans to have the steering committee agree each night upon the nature of the paragraphs that are to be voted upon the next day is working like a charm. The Committee has been sustained in every vote taken by the solid Republican vote and in every instance has also been supported by some Populist or Democratic votes. The tendency of the steering committee has been to raise the duties above what they were in the amended bill reported to the Senate, and it now looks as though the bill would not differ very widely from the Dingley bill as passed by the House when it becomes a law.

There has been so much Republican objection to the increase of the tax on beer and to the proposed duty on tea that both may be struck out of the tariff bill and the revenue that they would have realized be provided for in some other way, probably by a tax on bank checks, deeds, mortgages and other conveyances, but this has not yet been fully determined upon; it is only being discussed.

Senator Aldrich, speaking for the sub-committee that prepared the amendments to the Dingley bill, including the sugar schedule, in reply to Senator Tillman's sensational insinuation, made the most positive denial that the sub-committee was influenced by the sugar trust or its agents, and stated that only one man outside the three members of the sub-committee (himself and Senators Allison, and Platt of Conn.) knew what the contents of the sugar schedule were before the bill was reported to the Senate. That man was Senator Jones, of Nevada, who is a member of the Finance Committee, having been put originally on the committee as a member of that party. Senator Aldrich also stated that the sub-committee would welcome the most searching investigation of the manner in which the sugar schedule was prepared. The Senate will decide, probably this week whether the Tillman resolution, directing an investigation by a special committee of five Senators, shall be adopted. It is probable that it will be, although nothing was accomplished by the other sugar investigation by the Senate three years ago, and the head of the sugar trust walked out of court last week on a verdict of "not guilty" when he was tried for contempt in refusing to answer questions asked by members of the Senate Committee.

Senator Morgan made an exhibition of himself, and was compelled to take his seat by Senator Gallinger, who was presiding over the Senate at the time. Mr. Morgan has a bad case of Reed on the brain. He violated one of the rules of the Senate by specifically referring to the other branch of Congress and its failure to act as Mr. Morgan thinks it ought to act upon legislation that has been acted upon by the Senate.

It is denied at the State Department that the Sultan of Turkey has refused to receive Hon. James B. Angell, formerly President of the University of Michigan, as U. S. Minister. The stories to that effect probably originated with those who are interested in having that very thing occur and who have been trying to fill the Turkish Minister's mind with distrust of Mr. Angell, in order to bring it about. It is stated that Dr. Angell has engaged passage on a steamer which sails from New York June 11th and expects to start for Constantinople on that day.

Representative Lewis, James Hamilton Lewis he writes it, of the State of Washington, the man who had the temerity to attempt to help Jerry Simpson get periodically tumbled over by Speaker Reed, is about as near to being the "talking machine" he is called as any man who ever sat in either branch of Congress. Three hundred words a minute is about his gait. The House stenographers dread to see him start to talk.

J. B. Williams, the Frostburg marble dealer, always keeps in stock a full line of terra cotta drain pipe, fire clay chimney pipe, chimney crocks, cement, calcine plaster, Nova Scotia land plaster. Give him a call. 11-3

Don't allow the lungs to be impaired by the continuous irritation of a cough. It is easier to prevent consumption than to cure it. One Minute Cough Cure taken early will ward off any lung trouble. Oakland Pharmacy.

According to the newspapers, an Ohio husband became the happy father of seven children not long ago. Of the seven all lived but one. It is to be hoped that he laid in a supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, the only sure cure for croup, whooping-cough, colds and coughs, and so insure his children against these diseases. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laugdlin, Deer Park.

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Season Excursion Tickets will be sold daily, until and including October 15, at $28.75.

Twenty-day Excursion Tickets will be sold daily until October 15, at $21.30.

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The train leaving Baltimore at 9.20 P. M., daily, carries Pullman Buffet Sleeper New York to Salisbury, uniting with Pullman Sleeper (from Norfolk) to Nashville, Tenn., through "The Land of the Sky," without change.

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PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.
PRICES REASONABLE.
JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.
37—26

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect Sunday, May 16, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily		2.40 A. M
No. 9.—Daily		6.28 A. M
No. 51.—Accom daily except Sun		9.28 A. M
No. 47.—Daily		1.30 P. M
No. 55.—Express, daily		5.55 P. M
No. 1.—Daily		10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8.—Daily		7.30 A. M
No. 2.—Daily		6.11 A. M
No. 52.—Accom daily except Sun		5.18 P. M
No. 18.—Daily		5.46 P. M
No. 1.—Daily		12.20 A. M
No. 11.—Accommodation		10.12 A. M

Train No. 55 makes no stops between Oakland and Grafton. No. 47 makes all stops.

D. B. MARTIN, Manager of Passenger Traffic.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

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Washington and Oregon.
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FINE TIMBER LANDS
RICH
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LANDS.
FRUITS Grow in Abunance.
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42 S. Third Street, Phila., Pa.
47—52

IT'S YOUR LIVER
When you feel tired, listless, heavy, headachy, flushed, and have a foul taste in your mouth you may be sure your liver is loafing. It isn't doing its work; it needs a stirring up.
DR. A. S. TODD'S
ANTI-BILIOUS LIVER PILLS
will straighten you out. Make you feel like new. Brighten eyes and brain. Clear your complexion—cure your headache. 25 cents, all druggists. Made by
JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

Wm. Frederick, jr., & Son,
Of FRIENDSVILLE, MD.,

Are quoting an array of extreme bottom figures never before mentioned by any house anywhere, solvent or insolvent, no matter whether cash or credit.

Big prices will not do in these times when even the wealthy cannot afford to waste their money, and the poor require double duty of every Dollar and every Penny.

We deal in good goods and not in trash, and believe the masses will patronize the house that sells the best goods for least money.

We offer such unanswerable arguments as no house can match—leaders and specialties at quotations that no other can offer—stern and stubborn facts that will level your head on the subject of genuine bargains.

We invite an early and repeated visit and inspection; our stock will be replenished every few days, and to merchants we offer some special leaders fully 15 to 20 per cent less than current prices in New York City.

Don't forget the place but just follow the crowd into the
Great New York Racket Department Store,
of the above firm.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

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ROOFING,
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SPOUTING, ETC.
WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.
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IN EFFECT FEBRUARY 28, 1897.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS	NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1		No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 00*	7 00* lv	Cumberland ar	*12 15	*7 30
3 26	7 26	Rawlings	11 50	7 05
3 45	7 45	Keyser	11 28	6 45
4 00	8 00	Westernport	11 15	6 30
4 01	8 01	W. Va. C. Junc.	11 11	6 25
4 31	8 35	Shaw	†10 45	5 57
5 00	9 01	Harrison	10 19	†5 29
5 15	9 45* ar	Elk Garden	8 00	*4 00
5 35	9 50* lv	Gorman	9 30	4 50
5 42	9 00	Bayard	9 81	4 47
5 51	9 57	Doblin	9 23	4 38
6 27	10 27	Thomas	8 53	4 08
6 55	10 55 ar	Davis	8 00	3 15
6 31	10 31 lv	Coketon	8 40	4 01
7 01	11 01	Hendricks	8 15	3 30
7 07	11 07	Britz	8 08	3 24
7 10	11 10	Parsons	8 05	3 20
7 15	11 45	Kerens	7 30	2 45
8 00*	12 00* ar	Elkins	lv *7 15	*2 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
				P. M.
	3 05* ar	Healington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.
C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

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Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.
I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.
Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
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Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1611-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,
Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 8

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
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DR. J. G. ROBINSON, DENTIST,
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Residence on North 3rd Street.
Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,
Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

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Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly Through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate.
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THOMAS R. McROBIE,
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OAKLAND, MD.
Office in Felty Building, Alder Street.
All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

H. J. FRANTZ,
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JONAS C. BEACHY,
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ANDREW J. HARNE.
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Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1897.

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Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including iron ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48-26*

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WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH THE
Superior Lime
TO BUILDERS, FARMERS AND TANNERS IN BARRELS OR BULK TO SUIT PURCHASERS.
This lime is equal in strength for agricultural, building and tanning purposes to the Frederick or Baltimore county lime.
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ROCK OAK BARK.
Write for prices.
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1897. NUMBER 14.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Getting warm.

Sure to go on a bust—corsets.

A bicycle meet—the collision.

Grass widows make hay while the sun shines.

The bands on straw hats are loud enough to be played.

Umbrellas went up Tuesday. There was also a rise in skirts.

The supercilious plaice may cut the rough board, but the board gets even.

Owing to the rush in business we will remain a couple of weeks longer. Loar & Co. 14-1

A cow belonging to Mr. John Schlosnagle, running at large, was killed by a train west of town Tuesday evening.

It does'nt take a veteran in Cupid's court to discover that a hammock built for one is just the proper size for two.

"A Romance of the West," at the opera house to-morrow evening must be seen to be appreciated. Therefore see it.

An obituary of the late Clarence Getty was received this morning too late for publication in this issue. It will appear later.

One Minute is all the time necessary to decide from personal experience that One Minute Cough Cure does what its name implies. Oakland Pharmacy.

A marriage license was recently issued by Clerk Tower to a couple who desired to be wedded. The prospective groom gave his age as 70 and the bride's age is recorded as 60.

E. E. Tuener, of Compton, Mo., writes us that after suffering from piles for seventeen years, he completely cured them by using three boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cures eczema and severe skin diseases. Oakland Pharmacy.

A meeting of the Garrett County School Board will be held in its office in the public school building in Oakland on Tuesday morning, the 15th inst. when business of importance will be transacted.

They are so small that the most sensitive persons take them, they are so effective that the most obstinate cases of constipation, headache and torpid liver yield to them. That is why DeWitt's Little Early Risers are known as the famous little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

A freight train went east last Friday afternoon drawn by engine No. 1306. The cargo and cars on the train weighed 2,067,000 pounds.

Hundreds of thousands have been induced to try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy by reading what it has done for others, and have tested its merits for themselves are to-day its warmest friends. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy, J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

John and Edward Swanger, two boys, were arrested on last Friday by Sheriff Brown on a warrant sworn out before Justice Sincell by Jefferson Green, charging them with stealing hogs. After the evidence had been heard the boys were discharged from custody.

Don't allow the lungs to be impaired by the continuous irritation of a cough. It is easier to prevent consumption than to cure it. One Minute Cough Cure taken early will ward off any lung trouble. Oakland Pharmacy.

Last Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings the ladies of St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church held a strawberry and ice cream festival in Offutt's Hall. The attendance was large and the receipts amounted to about $75 which will be applied to the liquidation of the debt upon the church.

It is surprising what a "wee bit of a thing" can accomplish. Sick headache, constipation, dyspepsia, sour stomach, dizziness, are quickly banished by DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Small pill. Safe pill. Best pill. Oakland Pharmacy.

About a year ago Mrs. Samuel Welty, near Leitersburg, Md., had both hands blown off with dynamite which was put on a stove to thaw out. At the time she had a thimble on her finger. Recently the doctor made an incision of what was supposed to be an abcess on her breast and took therefrom the thimble, which had become deeply imbedded in the flesh, blown there by the dynamite fifteen months before.

In a recent lecture Judge Daniel Riedinger Lucas, of West Virginia, suggested that a monument be erected on the Potomac, at Shepherdstown, by the Virginias and Maryland, to the memory of James Rumsey, of Maryland, who, it is said, had launched at that point the first boat propelled by steam. In the early days of the State of Maryland, after the Revolutionary War, Rumsey and Fitch were applicants for aid in developing their invention and their petitions were deferred from session to session.

Many cases of "Grippe" have lately been cured by One Minute Cough Cure. This preparation seems especially adapted to the cure of this disease. It acts quickly, thus preventing serious complications and bad effects in which this disease often leaves the patient. Oakland Pharmacy.

Fish Commissioner A. F. George was in Oakland last Friday but he did not bring the catfish promised for the river, a storm having come up on Thursday last and they could not be secured. Mr. George will be here some day this week, however, with the fish and place them in the river.

If you have ever seen a child in the agony of croup, you can appreciate the gratitude of the mothers who know that One Minute Cough Cure relieves their little ones as quickly as it is administered. Many homes in this city are never without it. Oakland Pharmacy.

"There's no use in talking," says W. H. Broadwell, druggist, La Cygne, Kas., "Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy does the work. After taking medicine of my own preparation and those of others, I took a dose of Chamberlain's and it helped me; a second cured me. Candidly and conscientiously I can recommend it as the best thing on the market." The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Editors as a rule are kind-hearted and liberal. An exchange tells of a certain subscriber to a paper who died and left fourteen years subscription unpaid. The editor appeared at the grave as the coffin-lid was being screwed down for the last time and put in a thermometer, a palm-leaf fan and a recipe for making ice.

"A Romance of the West," to-morrow night at Shartzer's Opera House, promises to excel any other play of a similar character given by local talent in Oakland. The cast is composed of clever amateurs and assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Blackaller who are recognized for their worth by the professionals on the stage.

The Mayor and Town Council has leased from Mr. D. E. Bolden a strip of ground running through his lot adjoining the Garrett County bank for a period of five years, upon which a board walk will be erected leading from Second street to Railroad street. The walk will be erected by popular subscription, some of which has already been subscribed. When the walk is completed it will be of great benefit to the merchants and public generally along Second street in reaching the railroad station.

Mr. Isaac Horner, proprietor of the Barton House, Burton, W. Va., and one of the most widely known men in the state was cured of rheumatism after three years of suffering. He says: "I have not sufficient command of language to convey any idea of what I suffered. my physicians told me that nothing could be done for me and my friends were fully convinced that nothing but death would relieve me of my suffering. In June, 1894, Mr. Evens, then salesman for the Wheeling Drug Co., recommended Chamberlain's Pain Balm. At this time my foot and limb were swollen to more than their normal size and it seemed to me my leg would burst, but soon after I began using the Pain Balm the swelling began to decrease, the pain to leave and not I consider that I am entirely cured. Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The seventeen year locusts are appearing and in a short time their tiresome concert may be expected to begin. The recent rains killed thousands of them just as they were emerging from the ground. They spend the larger part of their lives in the earth, coming to the surface to spend a short time in idle pleasure and to end their career. When they first emerge they are not particularly handsome, being enclosed in a dull colored shell. They climb upon some object, preferably a tree, and by slow degrees rid themselves of their subterranean garments and suddenly their brilliant wings develope. Then begins their playtime. They eat nothing in this stage and but for their numbers and persistent singing would not be objectionable.

Sale Postponed.

By referring to our advertising columns it will be noticed that the sale of real estate advertised by Mr. D. James Blackiston, has been postponed until Wednesday, the 16th inst.

Call for your Letters.

George W. Smith, O. Meeder, S. Selim, Louis S. Braddonr, Mrs. Jennie Bosley, Mrs. Bettie Dawer, Miss Annie Wright.

Base Ball at Jack Oak Park.

Last Saturday afternoon a nine composed of the young men af Oakland and the Mountain Lake Park nine, played a game of five innings at Jack Oak Park, resulting in a score of nine to eight in favor of Oakland. O'Day, of Grafton, pitched for the Oakland boys, the regular pitcher, George Weber, being detained at home.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. W. H. Scott arrived in Oakland Monday evening from her home in Pittsburg, called here by the serious illness of Mr. M. L. Scott.

Mrs. Dr. Boggess, of Terra Alta, was in Oakland last Friday afternoon.

Mr. John B. Fay, who spent three or four weeks in Washington, returned to Oakland last Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Henry A. Reichelt, of Keyser, one of our valued patrons, was in the city Tuesday.

Mrs. James M. Litzinger went up to Grafton yesterday to remain a few days with relatives.

Mr. D. James Blackiston, of Cumberland, was in Oakland Monday on business.

Mrs. Gilmor S. Hamill, of Oakland, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. K. T. Semmes. —Cumb. News.

Mr. Jos. White, of Florida, is here as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Hyde.

Messrs. Eli McMillen, John L. Richter and Henry Zinkan, all of Accident, were in Oakland last Tuesday on business before the Orphans' Court.

Miss Nellie Turley went to Baltimore Monday to accompany the remains of her sister to Moorefield.

Mr. Will H. Scott arrived here from the west yesterday afternoon to attend the bedside of his father whose life is despaired of.

Mrs. M. E. Howe, of this town, has been elected Matron of the Hospital for the Insane, at Weston. Mrs. Howe is a daughter of the late Dr. J. V. Boughner, and is a lady of culture, refinement and good executive ability and will soon become familiar with the domestic duties of a Matron. The *Post* has no fear of her "filling the bill," and joins with a host of friends in this and other communities where she is so well known, in extending best wishes.—Morgantown Post.

Geo. Geissman, of Oakland, deputy sheriff under ex-sheriff Shaw, was here on Saturday last. He said he came over to make settlement of his delinquent tax list with the ex-sheriff, but we are of the firm conviction that he came over to attend the show.—Kingwood Journal.

Mr. John P. Jones, of Terra Alta, was here last Friday with relatives. He was accompained by two of his grandsons.

Prof. A. W. DeWitt, of Frostburg, who has been located at Sang Run for several months past, was in Oakland last Friday, he having arrived here that evening from Frostburg, accompanied by his little daughter. They went to Sang Run the following morning.

Mr. Creel Dunnington, the well known hotel man of Terra Alta, was in Oakland last Friday laying in a supply of provender for the hungry hordes he feeds daily at his hostelry.

Attorneys Thayer, of Oakland and Semmes, of Cumberland, Sheriff Brown and McCullough Brown, returned to Oakland last Saturday afternoon after an absence of one week, down in the lower end of the county making a survey of some lands in a complicated trespass case.

Mr. Harry Fulton, who removed from near Oakland last fall and went to Baltimore, was in Oakland last Friday and spent the day with Mr. D. E. Offutt. Mr. Fulton left the same evening for the west and may go as far as California. He will locate out there.

Miss Nell Offutt is spending the vacation with her parents in Oakland, she having returned from Baltimore last Friday evening.

Mr. N. B. Browning, of Terra Alta, representing J. M. Guffy & Co., of Pittsburg, was in Oakland last Saturday and made this office a pleasant call.

Mrs. Dr. Bruce Lichty, of Grantsville, who has been visiting her brother, Mr. Alvin Getty, Green street, left on Saturday on a visit to Meyersdale.—Cumb. News.

Mrs. Chas. Howard and family arrived in Oakland last Saturday and will spend the summer here in their cottage.

Mr. J. O. Bosley has gone to Mountain Lake Park where he will have charge of Dr. McComas' drug store this summer. Mr. Bosley recently graduated from one of the best pharmaceutical colleges in this country and is well calculated to fill the important position with credit to both himself and his employer.

Mr. Godfrey Felty, who was down in the lower end of the county last week selling goods at auction, returned to Oakland Monday afternoon. He expects to go out in the West Virginia oil field in a few weeks and push his line of trade.

PROSPECTING FOR OIL.

Several Thousand Acres of Land Leased in this Vicinity.

There is considerable excitement among land owners in the vicinity of Oakland just now, brought about by several parties from both the east and west leasing lands for the purpose of prospecting for oil.

The Standard Oil Company, represented here by Messrs. J. M. Guffey & Co., of Pittsburg, and an independent concern, represented by Mr. Frank Imbrch, of Baltimore county, Md., have been in Oakland the past week or ten days and have succeeded in getting options upon the farms of persons residing within a radius of [illegible] about Oakland.

What these options will bring forth in the way of minerals remains to be seen, but from indications it would lead one to believe that oil in immense quantites is stored in nature's vault beneath these mountains and that it will take but little expense, comparatively, to put down a test hole.

Should this be done and oil discovered Oakland will experience a boom never equalled in her history.

A Romance of the West.

Everything is ready for the above drama, which is to be produced tomorrow night, and a first-class performance is promised by Mr. Blackaller. Several good up-to-date specialties will be introduced during the action of the play. The cast is as follows:

Jack Rogers	Andrew Nelson.
The Preacher	Charles Teaver.
The "Judge"	Arthur Blackaller.
Dandy Dan / Jeremiah	Dick Bartlett.
Wun Lung / Stubbs	Hamil Spedden.
Harmon	Guy Chisholm.
Jake	Ernest Shartzer.
Nellie Brown	Helen Blackaller.
Anna	Nettie Michael.
Nancy	Nellie Michael.
Col. Bob	Fannie Cohen.
Georgie	Pretus Shartzer.

The Sick.

Mr. William Hinebaugh's condition is slowly growing more serious and all hopes of recovery have been abandoned by his relatives.

Mr. M. L. Scott, who has been an invalid for many months is this morning extremely ill with no hopes of his recovery.

Mrs. William H. Ragans was taken suddenly and seriously ill last Friday. Her condition this morning remains unchanged, but her friends entertain hopes for her ultimate restoration to health.

Death of Miss Lillian Turley.

Miss Lillian Turley, daughter of P. D. Turley, of Oakland, Md., died suddenly Sunday afternoon at her boarding-house, 111 West Mulberry street. Coroner Buddenbohn decided that heart disease was the cause of death. Miss Turley was twenty-three years old. She was a professional nurse and graduated last year from the Nurses' Training School of the University of Maryland Hospital. She had been on a long visit to a family in Georgia and returned to Baltimore last Wednesday taking a room at the boarding-house 111 West Mulberry street conducted by Mrs. M. A. Dallas. She was an enthusiastic wheel-woman and took a long ride on her bicycle Saturday afternoon. About 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon a servant heard groans in Miss Turley's room. An entrance was forced and she was found unconscious in bed. Dr. Felix Jenkins was summoned, but could do nothing for Miss Turley. Her body will be sent to Moorefield.—Monday's Balto. Sun.

The above was read on Monday by Miss Turley's friends in Oakland with sorrow and sympathetic expressions could be heard on all sides at her sudden death. Her remains were taken to Moorefield, Va., Tuesday and interred. They were accompanied by her aged father and her sister, Miss Nellie, from Keyser.

In His Holy Temple.

Next Sunday, June 13th, in the absence of the pastor, the pulpit in St. Paul's M. E. church, will be filled in the morning by Rev. G. M. P. King, D. D., of Washington, D. C., but temporarily staying at Monte Vista, near Oakland. In the evening, Rev. J. O. Thompson, editor of the *Mountain Echo*, Keyser, W. Va., will preach. All are cordially invited to both of these services.

On Sabbath evening next at 8 o'clock Rev. S. M. Engle will preach in the Garrett Memorial church and will use as the subject for his discourse "Sympathy." The Westminister League will meet in the same church on Wednesday, June 16th, at 8 p. m. An invitation to all is extended to attend these services.

At 7.30 a. m. in St. Matthew's P. E. church, Sunday next, holy communion. At 11 a. m., morning prayer and sermon by the pastor, Rev. Wm. Brayshaw, who will use as his text by request, "The Trinity." Services at Swanton at 3.30 p. m. and at Mountain Lake Park at 8 p. m.

In St. Mark's church on Sunday there will be no preaching service owing to the absence of the pastor who preaches in Piedmont. Sunday school, Christian Endeavor and the week day prayer meeting will be held as usual.

Literary Programme.

Following is the Normal Literary programme for the meeting of June 15th:

Music.

Recitation.....Sallie Cohen.
Select Reading.....Maurice Custer.
Declamation.....Maud Shartzer.

Music.

Recitation.....Harland Jones.
Essay.....Rose Janoske.
Declamation.....Emma Hinebaugh.

Music.

Recitation.....Maggie Grim.
Select Reading.....Nannie Hamill.
Recitation.....Beulah Longbridge.
Biography of John Randolph, by Lucy Coddington.
Impromptu class—Chas. Welmer, Charles Fike, Ada Harshbarger, Lucie Hamill.
Question for debate—"Resolved, That corporal punishment should be abolished in our schools." Affirmative, J. S. Gregg, J. H. Cuppett; negative, S. H. Ralston, Lawrence Barnard.
Reading of Society Paper.
Critic's Report.
Music.
Adjournment.

Held for Court.

Last Saturday afternoon Justice Boyer had before him Elizabeth Shslong, charged upon the oath of Hannah Spiker with making an assault upon her with intent to kill. The girl admitted striking the Spiker woman with a stick and the justice held her for court. She could not give bond for her appearance and is now in jail.

Yesterday bond was furnished and the girl above referred to was released from custody.

The Chautauqua Programme.

The *Chautauqua* for July containing the detailed program for the Mountain Chautauqua is on our table and from its pages we glean the following:

Without hesitation, and with great emphasis, we say that the program for the coming session of the Mountain Chautauqua far surpasses anything which has ever been offered the patrons of the Assembly. It has cost a good deal of money. Only the very best things in every line have been secured. The time has come when the patrons of the Mountain Chautauqua expect the best things obtainable. It has been our aim from the start to make the program of the Mountain Chautauqua as attractive as can be found at any Assembly in America. To that end, every year more money has been used, and the time has come when nothing is invited to our platform which has not achieved success of the largest kind in the entertainment world. The object is to make a platform of pleasing variety; to mix with the best and most thoughtful lectures bright and pleasing studies of travel and adventure, entertainment which smack of novelty and yet are in keeping with the high aims of our platform. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is no less true of a growing youngster that it is of a Chautauqua program. It is quite impossible to listen three times a day for three weeks to the strong and thoughtful lectures. We must have an abundance of these things, of course, to keep up the high standard of our work and to satisfy a class of people among our visitors, but we must have bright and novel entertainments which simply please and satisfy without causing much mental exertion to tide us through the hours we are tired, and to make possible at the gate enough in the way of receipts to meet the expenses of the Chautauqua, yet all must be dignified and on a high plane. There must not be a single false note; there must not be a single shade of anything coarse or vulgar in the arrangement of a program fully rounded and symmetrical and yet containing these diversified but absolutely necessary elements. The program of the Mountain Chautauqua, as prepared by Dr. Davidson, takes rank with the best offered in the country.

Election Supervisor's Meeting.

On next Tuesday, the 15th inst., the three members composing the Board of Election Supervisors for this county will meet in their office in Oakland for the purpose of selecting judges and clerks to serve at the election next November.

It has been suggested that the district committees in the several districts of the county submit to the supervisors a list of names from which these officers can be selected by the board. In this connection we desire to impress upon the committees throughout the county that none be recommended except those who are thorough party men and who can be relied upon as such.

No. 117. White Enameled Steel Bed, solid brass trimmings. We have them 54 in. wide, 48 in. wide, 42 in. wide and 36 in. wide. All sizes are 78 in. long. Special Price (any size)

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(orders promptly filled.)

Everywhere local dealers are saying unkind things about us. Their customers are tired of paying them double prices; our immense (free) money-saving catalogue is enlightening the masses. Drop a postal now for complete catalogue of Furniture, Mattings, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Baby Carriages, Refrigerators, Stoves, Fancy Lamps, Bedding, Springs, etc. The catalogue costs you nothing and we pay all postage. Get double value for your dollar by dealing with the manufacturers.

JULIUS HINES & SON,
BALTIMORE, MD.

The Fourth in Oakland.

Last Friday night by a call issued by a few business men of Oakland, a well attended meeting of the citizens was held in Sturgiss' hall for the purpose of making arrangements to fittingly celebrate the Nation's birthday. The fourth, falling on Sunday, will be observed on Saturday, the 3d.

At the meeting above referred to Dr. E. H. Bartlett was made chairman and James D. Hamill, Esq., secretary. After considerable discussion it was decided to appoint a general committee of five members who is to have the affair in charge and make all arrangements such as the appointment of sub-committees, etc. This committee is composed of Messrs. J. D. Hamill, chairman, with Mr. Julius C. Renninger secretary; Joseph E. Harned, D. E. Bolden, E. M. Spedden and John Sweeney.

At a meeting of the executive committee held on Monday night the following sub-committees were appointed:

Collections.—D. E. Bolden, Misses Rose Maroney, Nettie Michaels.

Music.—John E. Leege, Perry W. Rock.

Decoration.—A. G. Sturgiss, J. M. Jarboe, S. T. Jones.

Transportation.—C. F. Schroeder.

Painfully Shot.

Tuesday afternoon Edward O'Brien a young man residing near Oakland, accidentally shot himself with a rifle, inflicting a painful though not serious wound.

Young O'Brien, in company with a younger brother, was out in the woods with the rifle and had climbed over a fence. He endeavored to drag the gun with him when the hammer caught and exploded the charge. The bullet cut a deep furrow across his neck and entered his right shoulder. It was extracted by Dr. J. Lee McComas and the wound dressed.

Returned After an Absence of Fifty-five Years.

In 1842 Mr. Hiram Drane, then a boy of seventeen, left his home near Accident, this county, and went to Wisconsin, where he has since resided, living in Monroe, that state, where he conducted a contracting business. Last Friday afternoon he returned to Oakland and was the guest of Hon. Richard T. Browning until Tuesday morning when he went down in the county to visit relatives, among them being Mrs. Harriet Frazee, of Selbysport. Mr. Drane remembers the Harrison campaign of 1840 and the ball used along the old National road during that time. He also remembers the speech delivered from the top of the ball by the late Judge George A. Pearre. At that time Mr. Drane was an old line Whig, but later allied himself with the Republican party. He is now a Populist, but as he stated in an interview with THE REPUBLICAN Monday, some of the principles of the party platform of last year he took exceptions to. Mr. Drane will remain in this county until about July 1st, when he will return to the west.

Excitement Over a Girl's Mysterious Disappearance.

A correspondent writing from Markleysburg, Pa., says "quite an excitement has prevailed in this vicinity for some days. Mr. Altman sent his granddaughter of about thirteen summers to the store which was about one mile from their home. At this writing no tidings has been heard of her. Mr. Altman has kept the child from infancy and has recently moved from Homestead to this place with his family. The girl has been dissatisfied ever since they moved. It is believed she will eventually land in Homestead."

Aunt Rivera's Parrots.

By G. F. FRAZER.

OUR house has become a perfect pandemonium. We were, as a family, particularly fond of pets. Mother had her cages of canaries, brother Bob had a fascinating Marmoset monkey, Sue and her long-haired Angora cat were inseparable, and I was the proud possessor of the very sweetest pug that New York city could boast.

As was to be expected in such a household there were moments of turmoil, as, for instance, when the cat, urged on by the monkey's teasing, would frighten the canaries, whose shrill, ear-splitting shrieks successfully rivaled the sharp barks of the pug. But after Aunt Rivers came to us we realized that, comparatively speaking, we had been living in peace and harmony.

Aunt Rivers was somewhat peculiar. Her hobbies changed from week to week, and she was rich enough to gratify every passing fancy. Her collection of antique china turned the heads of half the pottery hunters in the city. When she came to us she demanded the two largest rooms of our rather contracted domicile. In one the cabinet of precious Sevres and Crown Derby were set up; in the other she deposited *her* troublesome but precious self. This arrangement was by no means agreeable to us, but then, Aunt Rivers was wealthy, and we were— well, in circumstances that were rendered more comfortable by her promptly paid board bill. Besides this, we were her nearest relatives, and presumably her heirs, unless, indeed, as was not unlikely, she chose to endow her pet institution, the Home for Half Orphans.

However, to do us justice, it was quite as much kindness of heart as an eye to future gains that made us put up with her peccadilloes.

It was the third morning of her stay with us. We were yawning furtively around the breakfast room, for Aunt Rivers was addicted to very early rising, and the whole family suffered in consequence. She had taken possession of mother's easy chair in the sunny bay window, full of gay geraniums and glossy ivies. The marmoset, intent on mischief, was swinging from a picture cord overhead. A flower in aunt's cap tempted him. In a trice he swung down the ivy stem, grabbed the white cap, and also, unfortunate for Bob, aunt's false "front." The more angry aunt grew at this onslaught, the more did Jacko grin and chatter over his luck. I shall never forget how he looked perched on the top of the window casement combing with his long fingers those rows of stiff curls.

Then mother's canaries began to take their morning baths and to splash water and birdseed about. This untidy practice gave aunt a second grievance, and poor mother was soon in disgrace, while Sue and I inwardly wondered if the Angora or the pug would be the next to misbehave, to the affliction of its devoted owner.

"The disgusting caged creatures," said Aunt Rivers, glowering at the canaries and brushing a heap of sand and cracked seed from her trim silk apron. "How you allow such a nuisance, Maria, passes my understanding."

"Caged creatures!" The idea struck both mother and Bob, who had guilelessly wandered back to the scene of his disconditure. Perhaps a parrot, a trained one that could be allowed the liberty of the house, might soothe Aunt Rivers' ruffled feelings.

An hour later when mother came in from market, her usually placid face was purple with mortification, while shrill screams issued from the innocent-looking basket which she carried.

Our dear, staid mother. We had never seen her in such a state before. She undid the basket cover hastily, and with a wild war whoop out popped an indignant parrot. He had been hooting in the same style for blocks and blocks. He was a beautiful bird, though his plumage of vivid green but half concealed the changing under tints of yellow and scarlet, and after his presentation to aunt, mother again arose in favor, for the knowing bird curbed his wrath and greeted his new owner with a rapturous: "Good-morning, ma'am."

The storm was averted. Aunt withdrew her threat of seeking a home elsewhere, and Sue and I were detailed to continue the work of unpacking and classifying her collections of china.

Presently from the corner window we espied Bob coming home for luncheon. Behind him came a small colored boy bearing a cage.

"Another parrot, Sue," I laughed, and we both crept downstairs to see the fun.

Bob's offering was a gayly feathered native of Bengal, said to converse in three languages. Perhaps he did so! Certainly some of his English repertoire might have been improved upon. As an initiatory exercise he cocked his head aside, scrutinized mother's purchase sagely, and gave a derisive shout of: "You old devil!"

Poor Bob! He looked ready to sink through the floor with chagrin, but aunt, whose whims were past finding out, was decidedly pleased. She announced that she had often wished to found a home for the improvement of English-speaking parrots, and that these two birds should form the nucleus of the institution.

That was Aunt Rivers right over again. She was happy only in her collections, were they mummy cloths, antique china or lame dogs. An object has no value to her except as an integral part of a collection.

So it came about that our house became a home for parrots. Sue and I clubbed our scanty resources and procured a Cuban infant of nine months, whose remarks were confined to such hackneyed efforts as: "Polly wants a cracker." Her wishes were also made known to her friends and like the wishes of other maiden ladies in her circumstances were carefully attended to. The president of the board of managers of the institution for half orphans sent out an old stager who maintained a grim silence, while our bachelor rector, Rev. Ralph Hunt, who more than a score of years ago had been a suitor of aunt's, presented another veteran which he had obtained from a retired sea captain.

Sue certainly had the most annoyance to put up with. Poor girl! She had gone about with red eyelids for weeks. Dr. Farquhar, the old doctor's assistant, had come to spend an evening with her. There was nothing unusual in this; in fact, it was the fifth evening that week, but this time he asked Sue a very special question. She had shyly slipped away to the window to give her answer from that vantage point, but before she had time for a word, a voice, precisely like her own, in modulation, replied: "Go home, you fool!"

Now Dr. Farquhar is a hot-tempered man, rather prone to act on impulse. On this occasion he waited for no further remarks, but made a hasty departure well punctuated by the vicious slam he gave to the front door, while the guilty parrot that had caused all the mischief burst into a roar of laughter. I hurried down, only to find Sue shaking her fist at a bird perched on the window ledge above.

"Oh, you beast! Wouldn't I like to wring your neck!" she ejaculated, as the tears streamed down her face.

This from our even-tempered Sue was quite equal to profanity, and soon she poured out the whole ridiculous, but nevertheless painful story to me.

About this time Aunt Rivers mounted her next hobby. She became hypochondriacal, and imagined herself the victim of half the diseases that afflict mankind. I nearly ruined my eyesight poring over medical records for her edification. We all scoffed at the notion that there was anything more serious than a touch of indigestion ailing her, but outwardly we were her devoted nurses. At her request we moved her bed into the airy front room, where, with her cabinets of china and her precious parrots about her, we confidently awaited her recovery.

As the days went by there was but little improvement in her state. Her strong belief in her ill-health kept her down as effectually as if a fatal illness had her in the toils. I was not surprised when she aroused me one night to send in post haste for the doctor and clergyman. "The end," she informed me, sepulchrally, "the end has come."

The old doctor was ill, and Dr. Farquhar came in his stead. Sue grew very white as he entered the room. At the same moment the fat old rector came wheezing in with such evident concern in his puffy countenance that I felt ashamed of ever having laughed at him, and began to wonder if he really cared for Aunt Rivers.

Awakened by the disturbances and the light, the rector's parrot sent up an aggrieved shout of "Who the devil are you?" This was the signal for the outbreak. I hope never to hear such sounds again. There was a general uproar, in which such remarks as "Who the devil," "Polly wants a cracker" and "Good morning, ma'am" were readily distinguished. Then by way of a duet, the rector's parrot united with Bob's offering in giving utterance to a volley of oaths that I blush to think of.

To diversify further these remarkable proceedings, the Angora and the pug, that we had left sleeping quietly in their respective baskets, came bounding in from opposite directions, and fancying this an opportune occasion for settling some long-cherished differences of opinion, engaged in mortal combat.

The rector, in his anxiety to separate them, stumbled on an immense medical work which I had carelessly left on the floor, and in struggling to regain his balance, lurched against one of the china cabinets, which came crashing to the floor. For the next five minutes there was a grand melee of rector, dog, cat and broken glass and china, and above all the tumult came aunt's voice —"Ralph, dearest, say you're not hurt and I'll name the day." And actually the fat old parson somehow got on his feet, and, with blood flowing from the cuts on his hands and face, bent over and kissed her, to the utter astonishment of Dr. Farquhar, who, after being summoned to a death bed, suddenly found himself intruding upon the privacy of a family with whom his own connection had been severed.

In the first lull of the uproar a dulcet voice very near his ear whispered: "Go home, you old fool," a direction which the hot-tempered doctor would have been glad to follow had not a sudden misgiving beset him. The width of the room lay between him and Sue. The whisper, therefore, could not have come from her. A sudden light dawned on the young physician, for the wretched half-orphan parrot here hopped on the bed and surveyed him with a sardonic grin.

He threw a pleading glance at Sue, who straightway disappeared from the room, and when I stumbled over them on the staircase a half hour later the pair were quite oblivious of parrots or any other causes of disturbance.

Aunt Rivers speedily recovered and was married to the lover of her youth a month later. If you wish to see a devoted middle-aged couple, happy in the society of their five pets, I would advise you to call at the rectory on K—— street. Aunt has dropped many of her idiosyncracies, and has no intention of departing this life at present. Bob's whimsical fear lest she might take to collecting husbands is in no danger of being realized. Sue, too, is happily married and lives near by, but mother sometimes remarks that she hopes Bob and I will remain single unless we step into matrimony by some less noisy agency than Aunt Rivers' parrots.—Portland Transcript.

A TOLSTOI COLONY.

An English Scheme to Be Carried Out In the Channel Islands.

An English Tolstoi colony is about to be founded in the Channel islands. Its promoter is J. Herbert Wilkinson, president of the Institute of Architects and Surveyors of London. In an interview in the London Daily Mail he said recently:

"We have now under offer from the government 200 acres along the north shore of the island of Alderney at a very low rental for a period of 50 years. At any time within 12 months we will be permitted to increase this allotment to 1,000 acres. At present we want to start the community with 50 people, each contributing £100, and we have already received 115 applications, many from ministers and people in good positions.

"A candidate will pay in £50 as a preliminary deposit when the habitations are ready for their occupants. On the payment of the £100 being completed it cannot be withdrawn from the general fund. A member may leave the community, say after three years' residence, and may sell his £100 interest to a substitute, who must, however, be approved by the committee. Should he be thus successful in selling out he will have lived three years for nothing but the willing labor of his brain and hands. For it may be left to the conscience of such individuals to work when and how they will, but all results of such work must be handed over to the general fund of the community, and our motto will be: 'Each for all and all for each.'

"A committee composed of two-thirds males and one-third females, elected by the whole body, will control the administration, and a majority vote of two-thirds of the community will be sufficient to expel anyone who is considered to be unworthy of the trust and confidence reposed in him by his fellow-colonists. No single lady under 25 years of age will be allowed to join unless accompanied by a parent or parents.

"We propose to leave ale and spirits always out on the table in one room, so that members may help themselves at any time to an extent limited only by their own conscience. We will trust each other implicitly. Our meals will consist of breakfast, lunch, light tea about three p. m. and dinner at six. Each repast will be on the table for two hours, and each may help himself.

"On Sundays there will be religious service in the house, but no interference with individual creeds will be attempted. There are Church of England, Wesleyan, Roman Catholic and Presbyterian churches within the town in handy proximity, to which those who wish may go unhampered.

"We are providing a smoking room, as it is decided no smoking will be allowed anywhere else in the house. Glass houses, apiaries and dairies are to be erected, and we hope to export grapes, honey and produce to one of the large London stores, which will give us groceries, etc., in exchange. The idea is to eliminate the use of money as much as possible.

"There is no money to be made out of the colony for anyone. I am out of pocket up to the present, though I expect to be refunded the two or three pounds expended in advertisements. I feel confident the colony will be a success, and we know there are large numbers of middle-class people of simple, refined tastes and pure principles who would gladly combine to form the community we desire."—Chicago News.

MUSIC IN THE ARMY.

Requirements and Usefulness of the Regimental Band.

In the army, music is one of the greatest utility. The regimental band may not be composed of artists—the soldier musician must confine his efforts to certain limited hours, and he is not expected to pay classical music—it would not be appropriate if he could—so he plays the popular airs that women love, and the stirring strains of the national hymn, the music of the camp. He plays to inspire courage in the volunteer soldier's breast, sends him off on the march with the enthusiasm of trumpet and drum, and welcomes him home again with peals of triumph. Many a raw recruit has been enticed to enlist as a soldier through the magic strains of the fife and drum. Even war horses delight in martial music and are inspired to face the enemy by the shrill command of the bugle. It has, however, been suggested recently by those in high places that army music be discontinued, or rather that the regimental bands be supplanted by two instruments, the bugle and the drum.

The bugle is the familiar friend of the soldier. It tells him when to sleep, when to rise, eat, march, drill or play. There was a corps of trained buglers at Fort Leavenworth—also at Fort Lincoln—that practiced to such perfection that it was said that their equal could not be found in the world—not even in a Highland regiment.

There are as many as 22 bugle calls in a day, when a regiment is stationed at a fort, beginning with "reveille," the first roll-call of the day, and ending with "taps," which is the signal for "lights out." This is for the infantry and cavalry. How much music there is in the calls they know who can listen to no other after hearing that.—St. Louis Republic.

No Sympathy Needed.

Hilow—Hello, Glim, how are you? I haven't seen you in six months.

Glim—First rate, thank you. How are you?

"Can't complain. How's Miss Dingbats? You were engaged to her when I left town, I remember."

"We are not engaged now."

"Ah, sorry for that, old boy. What was the trouble?"

"No trouble. We merely got married."—Harlem Life.

—London cabmen collectively earn about £2,250,000 per annum.

Hard-Luke.

An amusing incident happened at a farm, where the people were noted for making very hard and unpalatable crusts to their pastry.

One day a tramp came to the door and begged for something to eat. He was given a custard, with a crust so hard that it lifted out of the dish whole.

He was seen to go down the yard, and, having devoured the contents, returned shortly afterward with the crust, and said:

"Please, mum, I've brought your pie dish back, and thank you!" — Golden Days.

TAKING A REST.

The man's business is that of dog-catcher, but he doesn't always work at it.—N. Y. Truth.

General Indignation.

"It seems to me that you can be depended on to say the wrong thing more than any other man that I know."

"What have I done?"

"Insulted the Bliggins family."

"Why, I tried to compliment them."

"You said that their baby, who is still too young to have any hair, looked exactly like its father."

"Yes."

"Well, Bliggins is insulted on his own account and his wife is insulted on behalf of the baby."—Washington Star.

A Familiar Problem.

Young Mrs. Torkins had been carefully studying a picture which showed the costumes of the Greek and Turkish soldiers. Laying the paper aside she exclaimed with a sigh:

"There's nothing new under the sun, is there, Charley, dear?"

"To what do you refer?"

"The European situation. It seems to be the same old question of which it's to be, skirts or bloomers."—Washington Star.

What Caused It.

"Did you hear about Crawler?" said the man with the long mustache. "He bet Smithers $100 that he could live on bread and water for 15 days."

"What did he do with the money?" asked the man in the corner.

"They bought his coffin with it. His wife insisted on making the bread."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

The End of a Romance.

Miss Plutus—But Capt. Hawleigh, would you love me when I grow old and ugly?

The Captain (gallantly)—You may grow older, my dear Miss Plutus, but you can never grow uglier.

And he wondered why she rejected him.—Tit-Bits.

A Lasting Impression.

"I think there are other ways of correcting children than by whipping them," observed Bobby's mother, sweetly, to her guest.

"Yes'm! You kin pinch ther legs till they holler, can't you?" put in Bobby, from his supposedly silent corner.—Chicago Record.

In Training.

Della—Why are you standing before the mirror and screwing up your face into such funny shapes?

Bella—I'm practicing a look of amazement. The girls are going to give me a surprise party to-night.—N. Y. Journal.

The Ruling Passion.

Visitor—How do you maintain order among so many convicts?

Warden of Women's Prison—Oh, that's easy—good behavior is rewarded with permission to wear such ribbons and trinkets as the poor creatures possess.—Chicago Journal.

THE PASSING OF A NEWS ECLIPSE.

A Gloomy Day.

Blinks—Why do all the lawyers about the courtroom look so glum to-day?

Jinks—Why, haven't you heard? Mr. Richman is dead.

"He must have been very popular among them."

"No; but he died without leaving a will."—N. Y. Weekly.

Domestic Economy.

Elsie—Boo-hoo-hoo! Nurse slapped me.

Mamma—She must not do it again. As likely as not she'll want to be paid extra for doing it, when I can slap you just as well myself and save the expense.—N. Y. Journal.

After the Honeymoon.

He—You'll be accusing me next of leading a double life!

She—You do lead a double life—you're twice as mean a man as I thought you were when I married you!—Chicago Tribune.

Second-Hand.

Mrs. Bricabrac—Oh, mercy, Bridget, how could you have broken that precious vase! It was 400 years old.

Bridget (calmly)—Oh, if it was an ould thing like that, yez can take it out av me next week's wages.—N. Y. Truth.

A Good Way to Learn.

Dingley—There are just 8,000 publications in the United States.

Hastings—Been studying statistics, eh?

Dingley—No; sending a poem around.—N. Y. World.

Got Him Interested.

She—Did you have any trouble in getting papa to listen to you?

He—Not a bit. I began by telling him I knew of a plan whereby he could save money.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Wrong Diagnosis.

Wife—The grip has settled in my jaws, I believe.

Husband—That's impossible; it only attacks one in weak places.—Up-to-Date.

A Liberal Youth.

"Gussie is very generous," said Iolanthe.

"Indeed?" said Ida.

"Yes; he is always giving himself away."—Tit-Bits.

Heard Enough.

Judge—Do you think you could give a verdict in accordance with the evidence?

Would-Be Juror—I do.

Lawyer (for the defense, hastily)—Challenged for cause!—N. Y. Weekly.

A World at Stake.

"Columbus took big chances when he illustrated the fact that the world was round."

"How so?"

"Suppose the egg had been a bad one?"—Philadelphia Press.

A CONUNDRUM.

"See, Jessie, Miss Houghton and Capt. Ferrars are teaching Sister Alice to ride a wheel!"

After a pause: "Yes, but ma—why does Sister Alice always fall off on Capt. Ferrars' side?"—N. Y. Times.

A Strategist.

She—Buy me a dozen pairs of kid gloves.

He—Never—the idea of covering up those beautiful little hands with their taper fingers.—Tammany Times.

Far from It.

"I suppose your brother is a good deal stuck on his new bicycle, isn't he, Tommy?"

"Not very well, sir. He's just learnin'."—Chicago Tribune.

Sweet Sarcasm.

Esther—What do you think of my engagement ring, dear?

Emice (sweetly) — It is a beauty—and it fits just as though it were made for you, love.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Made No Stops.

"So Gliddihois fell into a fortune?"

"Yes, but he went right through it."—Detroit News.

WONDERFUL CAVE FOUND.

Pennsylvania Hunters Make a Discovery of Some Interest.

While on Laurel hill, near the Cambria (Pa.) county line, the other day, hunters made an interesting discovery and had an exciting experience.

While climbing the mountain Dick Costner, one of a large party, fell into the earth and disappeared while walking ten steps ahead of his companions. Investigation showed that he had fallen into a cave, and he was soon dragged out, bruised and bleeding. The party sent across the mountain for ropes and lanterns. Men were lowered into the cavern, which was found to be apparently boundless. For 1,700 yards the exploring party followed the cave into the bowels of the earth, and, finding no signs of a finish, returned to daylight. The cave will be further explored.

The exploring party found signs showing that the cave had at one time been inhabited, and it is thought to have been the home of the notorious band of robbers which half a century ago made life a terror for the stage coaches between Philadelphia and Pittsburg on the state road. The cave is half a mile from the state pike.

He Disliked Egotism.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the wife of the peculiar man.

"I'm feeling lonely," was the reply.

"Don't you like this city?"

"I don't like this earth."

"What's the objection to it?"

"People are too egotistical. If there's anything I hate it's egotism. And when I see kings going ahead confidently and doing things wrong, and diplomatists trying all sorts of insincere tricks with complete effrontery, and lawyers seeking applause for arguing on the wrong side of a case, and everybody displaying utter selfishness without a blush, I am forced to the conviction that I am the only consistent, high-toned and moral gentleman on this globe. And it makes me feel lonely."—Washington Star.

His Sad Fix.

"Yes, sir, I repeat that in my opinion Jonathan Doxey is a ruined man, and that he is merely keeping up appearances in order to try to find some way of getting out of his present difficulties."

"You surprise me! What has led you to this conclusion?"

"I asked him for his daughter's hand in marriage yesterday, and he gave his consent without a murmur. What would you do if you were in my place—run away, or stay here and try to live it down?"—Cleveland Leader.

The Expert's Quandary.

Paulpry—I hear that you have made a careful examination of the blood stains found at Bellot's barn. What do you make of them?

Serum fan expert)—It is impossible for me to say just at present whether the stains are human blood or the blood of a horse. You see, I may be engaged by the government, and I may be engaged by the defense.—Boston Transcript.

Good Shot.

"Do you think I'd better challenge him?" asked the man who thought he had a grievance, referring to the editor.

"No," returned the man of the world. "You might aim at him and miss him, but when he gets a pen in hand and aims at you he never misses. I wouldn't stir him up any more."—Chicago Post.

A Vindication.—"I don't understand why you dislike Herbert, so," said Mabel to her father. "I don't think he has any ideas of finance." "I am sure you wrong him. He is devoted to it. He stopped right in the middle of his proposal to me to ask how your business was getting along."—Washington Star.

"You see, it was this way: They were all three so dead in love with her and all so eligible that to settle the matter she agreed to marry the one who should guess the nearest to her age." "And did she?" I don't know. She married the one who guessed the lowest.—Pearson's Weekly.

Dyspepsia

Is weakness of the stomach. It is the source of untold misery. It may be cured by toning and strengthening the stomach and enriching and purifying the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Many thousands have been cured by this medicine and write that now they "can eat anything they wish without distress." Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier

Hood's Pills act easily, promptly and effectively. 25 cents.

For One Day's Work

THIS WATCH FREE!

No Money Required. We send this nickel-plated stem winding and stem setting watch that with proper care will keep good time for 10 years, to boys and girls for selling two dozen packages of Bluing. Send your full address by return mail and we will forward Bluing and our large premium list, postpaid. GIRMAN ECONOMICAL BLUING CO., Evansville, Ind.

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WOOD MOSAIC OF SAWDUST.

Highly Ornamental Process for Molding Doors and Floor Material.

In the reports of the Industrial union mention is made of a new process of floor mosaic, says the Yale Scientific Monthly. Small particles of wood, as sawdust, wood flour and fine shavings, are treated first with a mixture of shellac and alcohol, and then with a cement made of curd and slacked lime. While this mixture is still damp, it is put into hot molds of the desired shape and size, and placed under pressure. The joint action of the heat and pressure unite the wood most thoroughly with both the shellac and the cement. After a few minutes the compound is taken out of the molds when it is thoroughly cooled and hardened. Great care is necessary that no foreign substances, especially of an oily nature, be present, as it would prevent the cement from being absorbed into the pores of the wood. In making different colored mosaic the natural color of the woods used is taken into consideration, then the wood itself is dyed, and lastly dyes dissolved in alcohol are mixed with the shellac. The process is then performed as before. In spite of its hardness this compound possesses all the perfection of wood, so that it is particularly well adapted for use as a floor covering in living rooms and private dwellings. An important advantage over all other processes of manufacturing mosaic floors is that it is not affected by any change of temperature.

Extinct Animals.

In a late number of Science Dr. C. Hart Merriam closes an article which criticises in a rather destructive way some of the zoological theories of Theodore Roosevelt, with an appeal to museums, sportsmen and naturalists to take advantage of every opportunity before it is too late to secure and preserve specimens of our larger mammals from remote parts of their ranges. Many species have been exterminated in Europe by man, and in this country the process has already begun. The familiar story of the vanishing buffalo is only one of many. The giant grizzly of southern California, the largest carnivorous animal of the United States, is about exterminated, and it is doubtful if a museum specimen will ever be obtained. The large wolves have been exterminated over more than half the area they formerly possessed, and no one knows what forms have disappeared. An unknown form of elk or wapiti, which within the memory of men still living inhabited the Alleghanies from North Carolina to the Adirondacks, has been wiped off the face of the earth.

Scotch Farms.

According to the government return just issued there are in Scotland 9,237 agricultural holdings of one acre and under, 20,150 of from one to five acres, 33,921 of from five to 50 acres, 25,568 of above 50 acres, and 76 of more than 1,000 acres.

THIS IS A DIFFERENCE.

A Story to Prove That Intellectuality Is Not the Only Distinction.

Most persons think that the chief difference between men's and women's clubs is that the one is intellectually inclined and the other isn't. But there are other distinctions. At what organization of men could the following incident have taken place? asks the New York Sun. It was at a gathering of feminine clans the other afternoon, and somebody, with that delightful irresponsibility common to such occasions, wanted to know the time.

"You see, I forgot and left my watch at home," she added regretfully, if not officially. "Why, so did I leave mine," piped up the president, not to be outdone in informality. "So did I," "So did I," chimed in the secretary and the treasurer, while the chairman of the executive committee announced gravely: "Mine was all ready to put on, but I came off in such a hurry that I forgot it after all."

All this while, however, the first vice president had been tugging away at her belt in a business like way, and she now produced a small timepiece. "Ladies," she began, in a virtuous tone, while all the rest gazed at her with the utmost respect, "let me give you the time. You can always depend upon—" But here she stopped, and, after staring at the timepiece for full two seconds, she began to shake it and rap it in a manner that might have alarmed anyone unfamiliar with women and their ways with watches.

The gathering before her, however, being of her own sex, took it all most seriously. Suddenly the first vice president put the timepiece to her ear. "Oh," she cried, while a sweet smile of satisfaction irradiated her face, "there's nothing the matter, after all. I wound it this morning, but forgot to set it, that's all."

Sinking of Cape Cod.

The Boston Transcript refers to the recent indications that Cape Cod is gradually sinking or wearing away. A few days ago workmen at the Provincetown pumping station found, 17 feet below the level of the surface of the ground and six feet below the sea level a four-inch stratum of mold composed of decayed leaves, fibrous matter, and fragments of tree trunks and branches. This would seem to indicate the land has sunk, for fresh water is found on the cape at a level about equal to the sea level at mean tides.

Bears on Anticosti.

Mr. Menier, the Parisian millionaire, who bought up the entire island of Anticosti, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, has found bears so plentiful on the island that he has granted a concession for the establishment of a curing plant for bear's meat, bear's hams being now a fashionable delicacy in Paris.

Where It Was Found.

She—Do you read much fiction?

"No. I scarcely ever take up a newspaper."—Life.

THE ROYAL WAY.

High-Born Dames Carry Their Own Bedding on Their Travels.

Few royal folks when traveling require their bedsteads and bedroom furniture to form a portion of their luggage, as the queen does, for instance. But many great ladies there are who carry their own beds and bed linen, blankets and quilts, and always a mackintosh sheet to spread over the mattress to guard against dampness for lack of sufficient airing in transit from place to place. Grand Duke Paul of Russia, it is true, is always, when traveling, accompanied by a bedstead, which he has had built in sections, and which is put up by a special mechanic, under the superintendence of the royal valet, wherever the grand duke goes, but then it is simply because he can seldom, owing to his great height, meet with one long enough for his comfort, says the Philadelphia Press.

It does not appear to be generally known that among the servants of the queen are two bearing the title of her majesty's tapissiers. One of them follows the court wherever it may be, and the other remains permanently at Windsor. The duty of these functionaries is to superintend the packing of the queen's baggage when the court migrates, and their work is so perfectly organized that every member of the establishment concerned knows almost to a minute when he or she must be ready to receive a visit from the packer.

It is also the duty of the tapissiers to maintain communication from palace to palace with reference to all matters which cannot be brought within the limits of the royal mail boxes; to know by heart all railway and steamship routes, and to be able to convey any desired article from one place to another by the swiftest and safest method.

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PEARLS OF ETIQUETTE.

You only show yourself at a disadvantage, and embarrass your hostess, if you open the drawing-room door and walk in unannounced.

PROF. ARTHUR BARNARD AND HIS AIRSHIP.
THE CONTRIVANCE WITH WHICH HE HAS SUCCESSFULLY NAVIGATED THE AIR AT THE TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

NATURAL COKE.

It Is Claimed There Is a Deposit of It in the State of Utah.

In works of mineralogy it is learned that there is such a product as natural coke, but so far as known there has but one deposit of this commodity been found in the United States, and this was in the vicinity of Richmond, Va.

Although the deposits of coal in Utah are immense in their proportions, it was never dreamed that among its commodities of trade and commerce the state could boast of beds of this natural coke, but such is the case, however, and the Salt Lake Herald is informed that a short time ago a vein of this coke had been discovered in a section of the country about 140 miles south of this city, and within 15 miles of a railroad.

This deposit crops out on the surface for some distance, and a 25 to 30-foot tunnel has disclosed a body of coke that is all of five feet in width, and there is every reason to believe that with depth the size of this deposit will increase. In quality the coke is all that could be desired, and at the assay offices at which it has been tested the statement is made that it is a pure article, and that it is even superior to the manufactured coke, as it is entirely free from sulphur, bitumen, and that it gives out no smoke when burned, and makes less ash than the manufactured article.

The new find, which is considered as being among the most valuable that has been made in the state, is owned and controlled by ex-Mayor R. N. Baskin and several other Salt Lake gentlemen, who have located 640 acres in the immediate vicinity of the discovery.

A BOSTON LULLABY.

Doff thy new spectacles,
Peregrine, darling one;
Minds are but obstacles
When work is overdone.
Lullaby, hushaby, slumber thou festinate,
Hushaby, lullaby, never procrastinate.

Lay down thy Ibsen, dear,
Browning and Emerson;
Sealed be thy cultured ear
Save to my benison.
Lullaby, hushaby, cherish obedience.
Hushaby, lullaby, captivate somnolence.

Dream thou of Lohengrin,
Siegfried, Brunnhilde fair;
Banish, my Peregrine,
Thoughts of the Pilgrims spare.
Lullaby, hushaby, sleep, dear, till night is done,
Hushaby, lullaby, mother's phenomenon.
—Life.

Qualified.

Newspaper Manager — But you haven't had any experience as a war correspondent.

Applicant—Oh, yes. I reported the proceedings of the New York police board for several months.—Life.

Eternity.

Cutem—We do a strictly cash business.

Buyer—I don't suppose that will prevent you delivering the clothes on time.—Life.

THE FARMING WORLD.

COLTS ON THE FARM.

How to Make Them Profitable in More Ways Than One.

So long as teams are necessary on the farm to do the work, with proper management the raising of good colts can be made to some extent at least profitable. A good team or teams of brood mares can do nearly or quite as much work as horses, says a writer in New Hampshire Farmer, and if kept in a good condition and properly bred to a good sire will bring a good colt. Outside of the cost of service it will cost practically nothing to raise until it is ready to wean. Then after it is 2½ years old if proper care has been taken in training, it will be able to do sufficient work to pay for keep until matured. So that under average conditions the cost of service and of feeding for two years will make the cost of the colt. We are driving a team of good young horses, one three and the other four years old, that were raised in this way, and they are able to do a very large amount of work. And anything like a fair colt will sell for double the cost of the feed for two years. By the time one team of colts has matured sufficiently to be ready to sell another younger team can be ready to do the work. Of course good mares should be kept, and they should be bred to a good horse. It is hardly advisable to keep and breed a plug mare, and especially if she is bred to a scrub horse. A colt from a matching of this kind would hardly sell at a profitable price, and there is no good reason for raising a colt of this sort. Average good mares can be secured so cheaply that it is economy to have good mares and breed to good sires, using all reasonable care to raise good colts, and if there is anywhere that they can be raised profitably it is on the farm where the mares can be used to an advantage in doing the work and the colts may be used sufficiently to pay for their keep as soon as they are old enough.

FARROWING PENS.

This Kind May Be Readily Moved from Place to Place.

The simplest is the best. This engraving represents a portable or moving pig shed for two sows. It is eight feet wide from A to D; fourteen feet long from A to B; four feet high on back (D E), and six feet high in front (B C). The two farrowing pens are cut off, one on each end, by

SIMPLE FARROWING PEN.

a three-foot space in middle for stove and for herdsmen. The front roof (C F) is of sash, two feet wide and the length of the building. This affords abundant sunlight. In summer the sash should be covered for protection and to prevent superheating of pens. This style of pen, if well framed and strongly built, may be readily moved from place to place, and is about the simplest and best pig shed that can be made.—Journal of Agriculture.

HINTS FOR STOCKMEN.

In breeding defects tend strongly to become hereditary.

Dry sawdust makes a good material for bedding in the stables in summer.

Plenty of warm skim-milk will make a calf grow and cold skim-milk will kill it.

In order to perform hard labor the work horse must have plenty of nutritious food.

Every animal has just so much growth in them and no more. Remember this in feeding, especially for market.

It will help to keep the horses with a good appetite if the boxes and mangers are cleaned out before fresh food is put in them.

The growing pig should never be allowed to fall off in condition sufficient to retard its growth, but should be kept growing steadily until maturity.

While, with the majority of farmers, pasturing can be depended upon very largely during the summer, yet when it is an item to keep as much stock as the pastures will carry, it will be found good economy to grow some soiling crops.—Farmers' Union.

The Sheep Bot Fly.

A trickling of blood from the nose indicates the presence of the grubs of the sheep bot-fly in the nasal sinuses. These grubs have now found their way to these places where they take up their quarters until next spring or summer, when they escape, and fall to the ground where they take on their final form as a fly, and immediately lay their eggs on the sheep's nose, and so the new round begins. It is possible to eject these grubs at their present stage by blowing tobacco smoke into the nostrils of the sheep, and immediately afterwards to blow up a pinch of fine snuff, the sneezing then ejecting the grubs. This remedy is that used by the Scotch shepherds.

Extent of Tobacco Farming.

In Connecticut there is hardly a farmer who does not raise tobacco. The Connecticut leaf is particularly valuable for wrapping purposes, and also excels in flavor. In Ohio the growers say that the total expenses of their crop, average $85 per acre, but they find tobacco growing profitable even at those figures. There is said to be a growing belief among American tobacco consumers that home-grown tobacco equals the imported article. Tobacco is grown in at least a dozen states, Pennsylvania leading in the amount of production, while Ohio has 50,000 acres given up to the culture, and an average crop of 30,000,000 pounds.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 1-4 the price of coffee. 15c. and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Nouvelle Richesse.—Hostess—"I want to give a large party. What would you advise, gentlemen, a the dansant or a cafe chantant?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Piso's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs.—Rev. D. Buchmueller, Lexington, Mo., Feb. 24, 1894.

In the Department Store.

Customer (who has purchased a pair of kid gloves)—They will do very well, though they are a trifle large.

Saleswoman—But then, your hands are so small! Is there anything else?

"Yes; there are a few things I wanted. Let me see—oh, yes; a gallon of molasses, a pound of tenpenny nails and a hindquarter of lamb."

"Will you take them with you or have them sent?"

"Perhaps you may as well send them, as I am not going directly home."—Boston Transcript.

Rural Teacher—"What current event of great interest can you give me this morning?" Small Girl (eagerly)—"My ma has just made 20 tumblers of jell."

Motherhood.

A mother who is in good physical condition transmits to her children the blessings of a good constitution.

The child fairly drinks in health from its mother's robust constitution before birth, and from a healthy mother's milk after.

Is not that an incentive to prepare for a healthy maternity?

Do you know the meaning of what is popularly called those "longings," or cravings, which beset so many women during pregnancy?

There is something lacking in the mother's blood. Nature cries out and will be satisfied at all hazards.

One woman wants sour things, another wants sweets, another wants salt things, and so on.

The real need all the time is to enrich the blood so as to supply nourishment for another life, and to build up the entire generative system, so that the birth may be possible and successful.

If expectant mothers would fortify themselves with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which for twenty years has sustained thousands of women in this condition, there would be fewer disappointments at birth, and they would not experience those annoying "longings."

In the following letter to Mrs. Pinkham, Mrs. Whitney demonstrates the power of the Compound in such cases. She says:

"From the time I was sixteen years old till I was twenty-three, I was troubled with weakness of the kidneys and terrible pains when my monthly periods came on. I made up my mind to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and was soon relieved. After I was married, the doctor said I would never be able to go my full time and have a living child, as I was constitutionally weak. I had lost a baby at seven months and a half. The next time I commenced at once and continued to take your Compound through the period of pregnancy, and I said then, if I went my full time and the baby lived to be three months old, I should send a letter to you. My baby is now seven months old and is as healthy and hearty as one could wish.

"I am so thankful that I used your medicine, for it gave me the robust health to transmit to my child. I cannot express my gratitude to you; I never expected such a blessing. Praise God for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and may others who are suffering do as I did and find relief, and may many homes be brightened as mine has been."—Mrs. L. Z. Whitney, 5 George St., E. Somerville, Mass.

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A. N. K.—C 1689

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Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1897.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first publication of the same:*

State Senator, $10; County Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $5; County Commissioner, $5; County Surveyor, $2.50.

FOR STATE SENATOR.

OAKLAND, Md., June 9, 1897.

To the Republicans of Garrett County:

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the nomination of State Senator, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of all members of the Republican party.

JOHN SHARTZER.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

At the solicitation of my many friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

MAHLON GLOFFELTY.
District No. 6. Mellcury, Md.

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. PERRY LEE.
District No. 8. P. O., Bayard, W. Va.

An Advertising Axiom.

You might as well advertise in the cemetery, on the under side of a coffin lid, as in a newspaper without circulation.

THE half million Democrats who refused to support the Chicago platform will please to take notice that the honorable Richard Parks Bland announces, through the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* that "any man who voted against Mr. Bryan is not a Democrat."

MR. BRYAN'S press agents announce that "not a comma of the Chicago declaration" is to be ignored. It was not the commas in the platform which made the most trouble, however. The quotation marks ommitted from his Chicago speech attracted more attention.

THE Republican Senators who framed the tariff bill have denounced as false the published charges that the Sugar Trust controlled the formation of the schedules of the tariff bill relating to its product, and have challenged a public investigation of the statement.

THE Bradford manufacturing district in England, which sent us about a million dollars' worth of goods a month during the existence of the McKinley law, sent six millions dollars' worth in April and four million in March of the present year in anticipation of the protective increase in the tariff.

BUSINESS reports from all parts of the country continue to be encouraging. Dun's *Review* of last week shows that the quantity of business handled through the country is nearly as great as in the years of greatest prospertity, the May business exceeding that of April, which was within 10 per cent. of the largest on record. While the margins of profit are smaller than heretofore, the amount of business handled is large and with gratifying prospects for the future.

EX-CANDIDATE Bryan knows which side of his bread is buttered. He is quite conscious of the fact that the return of the gold Democrats to the ranks of the Democracy would be fatal for his ambitions for the presidential candidacy in 1900. Hence he has issued a new pronunciamento announcing that gold Democrats cannot be admitted to the Democratic party unless they abandon the gold standard and accept free silver as the principle of Democracy.

THE demand for instant action upon the Cuban question has materially decreased since people began to understand that it is unreasonable to expect that the President could formulate and put in operation a definite policy in so short a time as he has had for that work. His special commissioner recently sent to Cuba, Judge Calhoun, of Illinois, is expected to return to Washington this week and it is probable that some definite developments as to policy will soon be announced and that they will be satisfactory to the people of this country.

THE most accurate business barometer is that which indicates the progress of business among the banks of the country. If their loans and discounts are heavy it is an evidence that the business men are preparing for re-entering into active business pursuits. The May reports to the Comptroller of the Currency show a much improved condition of the national banks of the great cities in this particular. Their loans and discounts are increasing, individual deposits are heavy, and there is a general tone of improvement and an evidence of business revival which will increase from month to month when business is able to adjust itself to the new tariff.

Republican doctrines are evidently making rapid inroads in the South when such a rock-ribbed Democratic paper as the New Orleans *Picayune*, can adopt Republican tariff principles as it does in the recent editorial which says: "The rice industry can thrive on nothing less than the protection accorded it by the Dingley bill. It has suffered severely under the Wilson law, as the low rates of duty do not protect domestic rice producers from the foreign rice raised by the pauper labor of the Orient."

EX-SECRETARY FOSTER says that "in acquiring Hawaii this country will get two of the grandest volcanoes in the world." But why annex any more volcanoes so long as we have Senator Tillman?

Senator Vest and the Tariff.

The Dingley tariff bill is now being considered by the United States Senate. Senator Aldrich made the opening speech on the 25th day of May, which was listened to with great interest by nearly all the members of both parties, Mr. Vest was one of the first to attack the bill.

In his speech, as reported in the papers, he was one of the first recognized and said:

We know the desperate condition of the country; the ruined homes and blasted hearts. If prosperity can come from any source, even from our adversaries, we will bless the moment. I do not believe that the imposition of higher tariff duties will dispel the clouds hanging over us.

Mr. Vest did not attempt to state what was the cause of the "ruined homes and blasted hearts," neither did he tell us what would "dispel the clouds hanging over us;" he simply said that he "does not believe" that the "higher duties will dispel them." If protection to our industries will not dispel the "clouds hanging over us" and bring back prosperity and happiness to the "ruined homes and blasted hearts," nothing will.

In 1892 under the McKinley bill there was no complaining of "ruined homes and blasted hearts." The country, under the protection of that bill, was in a state of great prosperity and the working classes were all employed. As Roswell P. Flower, then Governor of New York, said:

Crops have been plentiful, business has been active, industry has been well rewarded, intelligence and learning have been more widely diffused, and contentment and happiness prevail generally within the borders of our commonwealth.

President Harrison in his last message to Congress in the same year stated:

There never has been a time in our history when work was so abundant or when wages were so high, whether measured by the currency in which they were paid or by their power to supply the necessaries and comforts of life.

This was the condition of the country in 1892, under the McKinley bill. But the Wilson-Gorman tariff bill was substituted by Mr. Vest and his party and a deficient revenue with $262,000,000 added to the bonded debt and "ruined homes" and "blasted hearts" are the results. If the Dingley bill be now substituted for the Gorman-Wilson bill confidence will be restored, new industries will be started and we hope to see such times as we then had again prevail. The Dingley bill should take the duties off things that cannot be produced in this country, but sufficient duties should be put on those that can be produced, to provide a revenue ample to pay the current expenses of the government and to provide a sinking fund for the payment of the bonded debt.

Mr. Vest warned Republican Senators "that hides would go back on the free list as a result of thrifty New England sentiment." There is no reason why hides should go on the free list any more than manufactured woolens or cotton. The country wants more revenue, and the way to get it is by a protective tariff. The producers of cattle claim that hides have been so slow that when their cattle die they would not take the trouble to remove the hides, for the reason that it did not pay them for their time. Put a tariff of $1 on each hide and it will put millions of dollars into the pockets of our own farmers and cattle raisers.

Let Mr. Vest and the other members of the Senate pass the Dingley bill as it passed the House, and within a month there will be sure evidences of returning prosperity, sure signs of the reconstruction of "the ruined homes," and sure proof of the healing of "blasted hearts."

Wide Tires and Good Roads.

The bicyclists may fairly congratulate themselves on having achieved more than any other interest or body toward arousing sentiment in behalf of good roads. The whole subject of the condition of the roads has been freely discussed in various publications and at the meetings of farmers' and other societies of late years, and the agitation has already borne fruit. In the West and the South the matter of the width of the tires and of vehicles is attracting attention, and there is quite a movement in favor of wide tires, which are known to be much better for several reasons than narrow ones. Tests made in Missouri demonstrated that the same horse power will draw a heavier load on wide wheels than on narrow wheels, and that there is also an improvement in the roadbed by the employment of the broad tires. The advantage of the wide tire is very marked; for instance, on a macadamized road it was found that the power required to draw a ton on narrow tires drew a ton and a quarter on wide tires. On gravel roads the advantage of the wide tire was even greater—over 30 per cent., in fact, while on dry, hard dirt roads, free from ruts, the advantage of the wide tire was 33 per cent. On spongy roads the advantage was 59 per cent., and on wet, soft pasture land it ran up to 100 per cent.

It is on sandy roads that the broad tire is shown to the best advantage, for it packs the sand closely, instead of ploughing it up as the narrow tire does. The consequence is that everybody who uses broad tires is doing much, without any special effort, toward the making of good roads. In France the advantages of the broad tire are so well understood that the use of the other kind is forbidden under a penalty. There is a law also in Connecticut providing for the width of tires according to carrying capacity, and the farmers are discussing the subject elsewhere. The broad tires, however, are shown to be so much superior in the ways described and so much more to the advantage of everyone using the roads that the reform, one would think, should come of itself, without the need of waiting legislative enactment.—Balto. News.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

Copyrighted by "Nemo."

In last week's letter we talked of batties,—those things you enjoy reading about,—but we only got as far as telling you that you had to struggle with your brains against others, instead of with deadly weapons, like the men of former ages. That article had to do with fighting, fair and square in the open,—just the sort of glihting a strong boy thinks to be honest. But we are not always able to choose the manner of our fighting. We may be quite willing to stand up and test our strength hand to hand with the enemy, but he may succeed in shutting us up in a city or a fortress—in other words, he may besiege us, and then instead of the beautiful motion of marching troops deploying into line of battle and the excitement of aides-de-camps scattering in various directions, there is the silent, sullen waiting for assault, and the noiseless work of the sappers as they endeavor to get where they can destroy the walls of the besieged with mines of gunpowder.

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Many of you ought to be able to remember the facts concering the siege of Yorktown; how Washington and Lafayette carefully made their plans, threw up earth-works and with those as a means of protection commenced to harass the defenders of the town; then how by watching for the favorable moment they moved forward again; and threw up a second line of earth-works, notwithstanding the enemy's guns were for a little time shooting down the length of the trenches; and finally how Cornwallis cut off on the water side by the French and surrounded by the land forces, gave up the defence and surrendered over 7,000 men as prisoners. In your histories you can find numbers of other sieges described, some of them lasting week after week; like that of Sebastopol, in the Crimean War, which scarcely ended in a year. Sieges call for great courage, both on the part of those shut in with starvation and thirst and death coming nearer and nearer, and also on the part of the beseigers who are sometimes slaughtered in heaps as they attempt to enter the town through some breach in the walls. I don't like this idea of an enemy crawling, creeping, burrowing along until he is ready to spring up suddenly and strangle power and life out of you. I expect you do not either. But if the people shut in have plenty of food and a good supply of water, if their walls are too thick to be broken by cannon balls, if they can make a sudden rush and break up the defences of the besiegers or if they can burrow under ground and meet the mines of the countermines there is not much to fear. Yet there remains one danger with which even strong forces sometimes have to contend; the danger within from a traitor, who will tell secrets to the enemy or open the gates to them.

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We can learn from battles of the past to look for battles now. This week I want you to remember that sieges have not come to an end even in our peaceful country; and that YOU, small, young, unknown to me, are in a state of siege; not with cannons nor with battering rams, but with temptations. If you will follow me a little while I will show you just how closely you resemble a fortress that has enemies encamped around it to starve it out and destroy it. A fortress can usually be attacked in more ways than one. So can you,—through your brain, your vanity, and the appetites of your body.

In a fortress you cannot choose the manner in which your enemy shall attack you. He will seek the weakest point and the defence must be made right there. It would be a poor defender who massed his troops remote from the point attacked. So if the enemies of your character come tempting you to conceit because you know more than others, it is no use for you to say in defence that you never eat too much, because conceit concering knowledge has nothing to do with overloading the stomach. Then again if another time you are tempted to be greedy, what defence is it to say that you are not conceited? If also some day you are tempted to say vulgar words to boys or girls it is no defence to declare that you stood at the head of your class; and so on, I could multiply the number of temptations that may assail you from day to day, all of them different, and all of them besieging your character.

Did we not say something about the advantage of food and water in the fortress? The besieged boy too can hold out long, if he have the body well stored with strength, and the mind filled to overflowing with pure thoughts that vanquish impure ones.

And we must go back to sieges in order to illustrate a further point to you. What did we say was the greatest danger inside a strong fortress? A Traitor! So I want to tell you that all the enemies that come against you are not nearly so dangerous as your own will. Your character has very little chance of victory if your will joins with the temptations, for then you will yield to naughtiness and find the fortress of your character taken.

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I do not intend to seem like preaching a sermon to you, so I shall close with just one more idea that is sure to be understood by you. How is it with the young soldiers who go through the hardship of a seige and come out victorious? Are they not wiser and less likely to run away? Are they not less inclined to doubt their own ability than they were when they were young untrained recruits. Just so it is with you. When you have resisted and come off victorious you are stronger at that point than you were before. Struggling with temptation to do wrong is really the best thing for us in making us pure and vigorous in character. That I want you to remember the next time that the impulse comes to do something that you have learned is wrong.

Marrying a Man to Reform Him.

"The most subtile and deceitful hope which ever existed, and one which wrecks the happiness of many a young girl's life," writes Evangelist Dwight L. Moody, in the June *Ladies' Home Journal*, "is the common delusion that a woman can best reform a man by marrying him. It is a mystery to me how people can be so blinded to the hundreds of cases in every community where tottering homes have been wrecked, because some young girl has persisted in marrying a scoundrel in the hope of saving him. I have never known such a union, and I have seen hundreds of them, result in anything but sadness and disaster. Let no young girl think that she may be able to accomplish what a loving mother or sympathetic sisters have been unable to do. Before there is a contract of marriage there should be convincing proof that there has been real and thorough regeneration."

Weak Lungs

Hot weather won't cure weak lungs. You may feel better because out of doors more, but the trouble is still there. Don't stop taking your

Scott's Emulsion

because the weather happens to be warm. If you have a weak throat, a slight hacking cough, or some trouble with the bronchial tubes, summer is the best time to get rid of it. If you are losing flesh there is all the more need of attention. Weakness about the chest and thinness should never go together. One greatly increases the danger of the other. Heal the throat, cure the cough, and strengthen the whole system now. Keep taking Scott's Emulsion all summer.

For sale by all druggists at 50c and $1.00.

MARYLAND SCHOOL LAWS.

A Brief Digest of Their Principal Provisions.

The following extracts from the school laws of the State are given for the benefit of those who are personally interested in the workings of the public school system. First, as to the State Board of Education, the law provides, that the Governor shall appoint four persons who with the Governor and the principal of the State Normal School shall constitute the board. Its duty is to enforce the law regarding public schools, to "suspend or remove any unfit examiner or teacher," to examine candidates for county examiner, and give certificates of qualification, and to grant professional certificates to teachers of long experience and established reputation which shall be valid until revoked "for cause."

The county boards of school commissioners are appointed by the Governor with advice and consent of the Senate, and they must meet at least once during each school term.

Each county board elects a person to be secretary, treasurer and examiner. The board has charge of all the property, estates, * * * etc., builds, repairs, furnishes school houses, fixes the salaries of teachers, purchases and distributes text books, and in general has the supervision and control of all schools in the county. No person teaching may be also commissioner.

It is the duty of the county examiner to examine candidates for teaching schools, "in the presence of one or more" district trustees. It is his duty to visit the schools of the county twice a year when it contains more than fifty schools, and three times a year if it contains fewer; to examine pupils and to inquire into and regulate all matters relative to the management, the course of study and the instruction and discipline of the schools.

The boards of district trustees are appointed by the "County School Commissioners." They have the "care" of the houses, lands, furniture, apparatus and other school property. They employ teachers "subject to confirmation by the Board of County School Commissioners, and exercise a general supervision over the respective schools, etc. In these boards vacancies may be created for cause, and filled by the Board of County School Commissioners.

The school age of pupils is six to twenty-one years. Pupils "must" be vaccinated.

The law makes the teaching of the following branches compulsory: Orthography, reading, writing, grammar, geography, arithmetic, history of the United States and good behavior.

Algebra, bookkeeping, natural philosophy, constitution of the United States and of the State of Maryland and the history of Maryland, vocal music, drawing, physiology, laws of health, the effects of narcotics and stimulants, domestic economy "shall" also be taught, and the elements of agricultural science "may" be added.

When the average of a school falls below ten the school "may" be closed by the county school commissioners; but the district school trustees may keep it open in part at their own expense and "shall receive their portion of the school fund as though the school had twenty pupils."

Sauerbund Festival, Philadelphia.

The B. & O. will sell tickets from all points on its lines east of the Ohio river, for all trains June 19th to 23d inclusive, good for return passage until June 26th inclusive, at rate of *one single fare* for the round trip.

For further information, call on nearest B. & O. agent. 14-2

Deer Park

The death of Mr. Walter Baldwin is momentarily expected by his relatives and friends. He has been suffering several weeks with heart disease.

Mr. F. R. Nethken has rented three of his buildings. Mr. John Wolf has moved into one and will open a boarding house; another is occupied by Mr. Chas. Savage and third by Mr. Thos. Ryan, who will also conduct a boarding house.

Mr. Henry Frediock is fixing up our streets in fine shape with his heavy team and road machine.

Mount Holly and Vicinity.

Decoration at Friendsville was a grand success. Comrade R. E. Friend enlisted on that day, some twenty sons of veterans for the purpose of forming a post. Among them were many prominint young men, such as Leslie E. Friend, C. T. Frantz, C. W. Friend, D. C. Friend, D. S. Custer, Thos. Bishoff. We wish them success as they will soon have to take the places of their fathers, who gave us the liberty we now enjoy.

Supervisor G. D. Frantz and J. H. Friend's sons, with road machine, have done the most complete and permanent work ever done on the Morgantown road. Mr. Frantz is highly in favor of good roads.

The old bridge at Friendsville was condemned by the county commissioners.

Mr. G. Copeman, of Kingwood, W. Va., and Charles T. Frantz, were in Accident and McHenry districts buying lambs last week.

Messrs. George Hibbs and John O'Neal, of Pennsylvania, purchased thirty-six head of fine cattle of G. D. Frantz, to be moved in October.

A new M. E. church will be built in Friendsville this summer.

Miss Ida Hoff, of Fearer, is visiting friends in Connellsville, Pa.

Mrs. Lottie A. Welch, of Friendsville, was visiting friends at Fearer Sunday.

Mr. Noah Fearer, of Fearer, is attending normal school at Oakland and was home last week on business.

John Myers, of Mount Holly, has the foundation completed for a new dwelling.

A large crowd attended the baptizing at John H. Friend's church last Sabbath.

A great many of our people think if the Republican party acts wisely it will re-elect Ira E. Friend as county commissioner.

Mrs. Mariah Wable is teaching school at Fearer.

Weather cool, but crops look well, especially wheat. Fruit looks promising.

It is hard to get hands to work on the road at $1.25, when they can get $1.50 from Thomas Flanagan.

Mrs. Jackson Umble, of Markleysburg, Pa., is visiting her brother, Milton H. Rush.

Mr. Jonas H. Rush is confined to his home with a sore limb.

Gorman.

Farmers of this vicinity are busy plowing for buckwheat.

W. R. Neville, of Keysey, was in town last week on business.

Mrs. Dr. Drinkwater returned from Cincinnati one day last week to her home at this place.

W. S. Gray, our skilled carpenter, is now employed at Horton.

P. A. Chisholm was in town a few hours on last Friday.

T. E. Shillingburg returned last week from the eastern slope of the Alleghenny mountains.

Born, unto Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Nine, twins, both girls.

Davis N. Murphy has been on the sick list for some time.

J. BIRD.

Decoration Day at Friendsville.

Sherman Grand Army Post No. 11, Department of Maryland, held memorial services May 31st at Friendsville.

We thank the people for the liberal contribution of flowers and for the interest taken by the Sunday schools and others. There were more old soldiers attended this service than on any former gathering. Especially do we tender our thanks to the band and choir for their excellent and appropriate music; also to the speakers, namely, Rev. E. R. Skidmore, Mr. John Matthews and Mr. John Shartzer, for the short and appropriate addresses, followed by a few remarks by the writer. I need not give the line of march and contine of services, but suffice it to say that all were interesting and instructive.

It was a solemn day to us, to carry our minds back to the time and place where some beloved comrade fell in battle or by disease.

There being no regularly located cemetery at Friendsville, the deceased soldiers are lying in different places, namely, Blooming Rose, Ryland's, Van Sickle's Lowdermilk's, Garey's, Selbysport, Sisler's, Friend's, Hoyes, Sand Spring, Ringer's, Fike's, Leighton's, Reckner's and Thayer's. The flowers were consecrated in the church and the decorating done by a special detail. Thirty-seven graves in all were decorated.

The Sons of Veterans are organizing. This has been our desire for several years. Among the number enlisted are some of the leading business men of Friendsville and vicinity. We believe they will continue to keep sacred Memorial Day after the old soldier has answered the last roll call.

GEO. E. BISHOFF, Adj't.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

B. & O. Summer Book.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad has just issued a very handsome book for summer travel, describing the mountain resorts, springs and baths located on and adjacent to its lines; also the various gathering places on the Atlantic Coast. The routes for reaching them are set forth in a comprehensive manner. The book is printed on fine paper, beautifully illustrated, and will prove of valuable assistance to parties contemplating a summer tour.

Copies can be had by applying to various B. & O. Agents or by sending 10 cents in stamps to cover postage to J. M. Schryver, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md.

Observation Sleeping Cars on the B. & O.

Commencing Sunday, June 13, the B. & O. R. R. will place in service, between Baltimore and Chicago, Pullman Observation Sleeping Cars. The cars have a saloon parlor in the rear, furnished with easy arm chairs, upholstered revolving chairs and sofas. This will enable passengers to view with better advantage the scenic wonders that have made the B. & O. famous. 14-3

JEAN AND LITTLE VIOLET.

[AUTHOR'S NOTE.—The following dramatic and painful story illustrates in brief compass not only the mysteries of life but of the human heart as well. The story as here told is a true one with nothing added or changed except names of persons or places. It brings out with startling distinctness how slight is the foundation upon which much human happiness rests, and how easily that foundation may crumable to hopeless ruins. Only the main incidents are attempted to be given here and as briefly as possible.]

Jean D'Archon had begun life as a favored child of a well-to-do notary in one of the southern provinces of France. His father had his heart set upon giving his only son the advantage of a thorough education at one of the great medical schools of Paris. The boy had passed all his life in the quiet country town where his father lived, and had made good use of his time at the public schools. Of an open hearted, genial disposition he had made friends with everybody, and won the esteem of the older citizens, who always referred to Jean as a promising lad.

He was sent away to the medical school when only sixteen years old, and the father rejoiced at the prospect of his returning home after his five years of hard study had been completed and he had taken his degree as a doctor of medicine.

I shall not follow the lad's career while at school. It is enough to know that at first he seemed to devote his whole time and energies to carrying out the wishes of his father. He had a liberal allowance of money sent him regularly by his father, who was only too proud to have his only son keep up in appearances with his associates. The boy, however, was unfortunate in the choice of his friends or companions, and in a few months was pursuing a downward course of wild excesses and dissipation. He still managed to keep his place in school, and possessing the entire confidence of his parents found it an easy matter to deceive them as to the true state of affairs. At last, however, he committed some indiscretion for which he was compelled to leave the school and eventually the city that had wrought his undoing. His parents were completely heartbroken with the cruel news and mourned their poor boy as one dead.

Jean became a wandering adventurer, roaming from city to city and from one country to another, mingling with the evil men of his class. Finally he was taken sick, a serious attack of hemorrhage of the lungs, while at Baden-Baden, and was sent to a public hospital, a broken down man at twenty-eight. Fortunately for Jean the hospital attendants took a great interest in the poor fellow. Wretched as his life had been his evil ways had not altogether hardened his heart, and his natural good sense responded to the sympathy expressed for him in his unfortunate condition. His illness gave him time to reflect over the mistakes of his youth, and he cursed the hour that he had given way to the evil counsels of his companions.

The superintendent of the hospital was a worthy man named Vaux, who always took great interest in such cases as Jean's, and helped them to try to begin life anew. In making his rounds through the wards, Vaux was frequently accompanied by his little grandchild, a baby girl of six years with the smiling face of a cherub. Jean's heart went out to the child at once, for he recalled in her fresh, innocent face the vision of a little sister that had died at about the age of Annette, the hospital fairy. Happily for Jean, little Annette claimed him as her "Bon Ami," and insisted upon frequent visits to Jean's bedside. The attachment was mutual, and what with careful nursing and Annette's companionship Jean in a few months was pronounced convalescent.

He had something in life to live for now; Annette was his ideal, and her innocence was the sheet anchor of his hope. He would reclaim himself for the sake of the heart that had touched his own. Through the regardful kindness of Dr. Vaux, Jean was given a place as an assistant in a private hospital in the same city. With a new purpose in his heart Jean now became as studious as he had before been dissipated and rose rapidly in his profession. He was a regular visitor at the home of Dr. Vaux, and none more happy than Jean with his little friend Annette. He simply worshipped the child and sought every means in his power to contribute to her childish pleasures. Annette christened her best doll "Jean" and would never bring it out except when Jean was at the house. Good old Dr. Vaux was happy in it all, and Jean was now called "my good friend."

Jean watched Annette grow to be a tall girl of eleven, fair and sweet as a morning rose. She was then sent away to a girl's school in another city. Jean mourned her absence by a closer application to his work, and comforted himself with writing long letters to her every week. Annette came home twice a year, and Jean's happiness would then pass all bounds. During the two happy weeks Jean was a nightly visitor at the Vaux house that he might be with his "Little Violet," as he called her. Six years passed away and Annette came home from school no longer the Little Violet of the hospital wards, but a charming bit of sweet, young womanhood whose very presence emanated pleasure and delight. But to Jean, the man of thirty-nine, she was still his "Little Violet," the baby spirit that had touched his heart to a longing for better things, and in whom he found aspiration to break away from the evil of his wasted youth.

Dr. Vaux's position in life brought Annette a round of social pleasures, and with her youth, beauty and vivacity she soon had many admirers. Jean rejoiced to see his "Little Violet" as the belle of her circle, although the whirl of her social pleasures gave him fewer opportunities to see the idol of his heart. He was content in knowing that "Little Violet" was a flower of womanhood worthy of such high esteem. The following summer Jean received a call to take charge of the great hospital at Berlin—his reputation as a surgeon having become almost world famous. It nearly killed him to be so far from "Little Violet" and his friend Dr. Vaux; but with "Little Violet's" miniature nestling close to his heart, he found courage to take up his new field of labor. How infinitely touching and tender were the letters he sent to the idol of his heart, and how numerous the presents to remind her that she was ever in his thoughts.

* * * * *

Alas! how frail are all human hopes and longings. Annette's little head had been turned by the flattery and adulation of her position, and an inherent spirit of coquetry, a desire to show her power, led her along a dangerous path. * * * At the French bathing resort of Trouville she was the gayest of the gay and had all the gallants at her feet. To make matters worse her most favored gallant was an unprincipled adventurer, a degenerate son of a noble family. A girl's honor and good name had no weight with him, if she was silly enough to permit his advance he would claim another victim—that was all. Annette was the moth that fluttered around the candle, only she would put the candle out without getting scorched. The story is soon told—Annette's fair name was a thing of the past. Slowly as a school boy rolls his snowball, gathering up more and more as it rolls along, the evil reports grew more open and frequent, and then the evil news reached Jean. A bolt of lightning could not have shocked him more. His heart was numbed as with the chill of ice. He became violently ill, and a raging fever kept him in bed for five weeks. As soon as he could travel he took a train and went to see Dr. Vaux. He found the grandfather almost dead from shame and grief—the reports were true. "My God," said Jean, "I am lost!" and abruptly left the house.

Two weeks later Jean was picked up on the street dead from excessive use of absinthe.

And "Little Violet?" She became a sister of charity. Jean's death quickened her heart, and she put on a nun's garb and became a nurse in the hospital where Jean had become famous. She died shortly afterwards, and her last words were, "If I had only known." THE TRAMP.

Political.

By reference to the editorial page this week cards announcing the candidacy of Mr. John Shartzer for State Senator; Mr. Mahlon Glotfelty, of McHenry, for County Treasurer, and Mr. W. Perry Lee, of District No. 8, for the Sheriffalty, may be seen.

These three gentleman, who are probably known all over the county, but better known in the community in which they reside, evidently believe in the maxim that "the early bird catches the worm." However that may be the nominating convention which is to be called by the central committee may recognize one or all of these gentlemen, and will nominate a ticket that will be composed of the best material in the party and which can claim the united support of the Republican voters of the county.

Reduced Rates to Winchester, Va.

On account of the Firemen's State Convention at Winchester, Va., July 7 to 9, the B. & O. railroad will sell round trip tickets from all points on its lines east of the Ohio river, not including Pittsburg, Parkersburg and Wheeling, for all trains July 5 to 9 inclusive, valid for return passage until July 12 inclusive.

Cumberland, $3.95, and correspondingly low rates from other stations.
14-4

Summer Hats.

The best models for hats are neither large nor small, and almost every material is employed. Many crowns are of silk or other material that is a contrast to the straw brim. All kinds of straw braid is used, except perhaps those with a mixture of chenille, which looks heavy in summer. As to ribbons, there is an endless variety of stripes and plaids, ganzes, moires, changeable taffetas, and fancy weaves; and among the novelties are those of grass linen edged with satin stripes, and some of straw canvas. Rhinestone and fancy ornaments are lavishly used, and feathers, wings and flowers are in about equal favor.—From "Summer Millinery," in Demorest's Magazine for June.

A Murderous Assault.

Last Tuesday evening near Gorman, in Garrett county, Md., conductor Wm. Martin, of the West Virginia Central, put a young man, about 19 years of age, from his train. As soon as he landed, on terra firma he drew a revolver and fired three times at conductor Martin, but fortunately his aim was not good, and the conductor escaped unhurt. The young man was captured by the train hands and taken to Westernport for a preliminary hearing before Squire Dayton, who held him for the action of the Garrett county authorities in default of bail. Bailiff Kalbaugh took him to the Cumberland jail Wednesday, where he will have time to think of how near he came to being a murderer. The young man gave his name as George Johnson and his home is said to be up the West Virginia Central.—Piedmont Independent.

Died.

BLOCHER.—At the residence of his brother George W. Blocher, on Tuesday morning, June 1, 1897, Christian Blocher, aged eighty years, ten months and eighteen days.

Death was caused by a complication of diseases and old age. He was always of stout constitution and was only confined to his room the last few days of his life. The deceased was a farmer by occupation, which pursuit he followed all his life up to a few years ago, when on account of failing health, the death of his wife, and his children all being grown and scattered, he gave up the farm and lived with his children up to about a year ago, since when he has been living with his brother, George W., who is noted for his hospitality to strangers as well as relatives. Deceased had been a devout member of the Dunkard church for the past fifteen years. The funeral sermon will be preached in the Cherrytree Dunkard church, in the near future, by Rev. Silas Hoover, of Pennsylvania.

In early life he married Miss Anna Crowe, from which union three sons and three daughters are left to mourn their loss, all being married but Oliver, the youngest of the family.

The deceased was the owner and mostly cleared himself the farm now owned by Mr. D. W. Warn, where he lived nearly fifty years and raised his family. A lovely wreathe of flowers was plucked from the shrubs that "Grandpa" (as he was generally called) had set out years ago, by Miss Ellen Warn, and placed on the casket.

The remains were interred in the old Blocher cemetery near the old Blocher mansion where he was born. They were followed to the grave by one of the largest crowds that has turned out in years to pay the last tribute of respect to their old neighbor.

From another correspondent.

Died, at the home of George W. Blocher, on the morning of June 1st, 1897, at half past three o'clock, Christian Blocher, in his eighty-third year. His wife died several years ago, and from that time he lived with his children until last fall when he made his home with his brother, George W. Blocher, where he was carefully watched over until the Master called him home. He did not fear death; it was only the means of transplanting him in the paradise of God. May we who have to pass through the same channel be ready, as he was, so as to say, "Come, welcome death, through end of years we will gladly go with thee."

Reduced Rates to Pittsburg.

Account of the Meeting of the Junior Order American Mechanics at Pittsburg, the B. & O. will sell excursion tickets from all points on its lines east of the Ohio river at *one single fare* for the round trip, for all trains of June 13, 14, 17 and 18, valid for return passage until June 20 inclusive.
14-1

Prostrated by Lightning.

Last Friday afternoon Orphans' Court Judge Thomas Cuppett, in company with his son aged seventeen and two daughters, aged respectively 14 and 11 years, were engaged in replanting corn in a field on his farm near Hoyes, when they were all four prostrated by lighting. Judge Cuppett was in Oakland Tuesday and related his experience to THE REPUBLICAN He stated that the neighbors all reported a terrific crash but that neither he nor his children remember anything about the occurrance until the rain began to fall and revived them. Where the lightning first struck he was unable to say, but is under the impression that it came in contact with a wire fence in an adjoining field.

Judge Cuppett and his son have experienced no inconvenience from their narrow escape but the two daughters are still in a rather dazed condition.

Orphans' Court Proceedings.

Tuesday of this week the semi-monthly session of the Orphans' Court convened in the court house with Judges Wilson and Cuppett and Register White present.

The last will and testament of Jefferson W. Broadwater was probated and letters testamentary granted his widow, Mrs. Sarah Broadwater.

Justice Michael Nathan was appointed administrator c. t. a. of Francis Spicer, deceased.

The last will and testament of Henry Richter was probated and letters testamentary granted to John L. [illegible].

The Court then adjourned to meet on Tuesday, June 22nd.

Resolutions of Respect.

WHEREAS, God in His all-wise wisdom has taken from our midst our [illegible] Daniel Shepperd.

Resolved, That we, as members of the Junior Epworth League, do humbly bow to His will, who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That we extend to the bereaved family our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this their sad bereavement, and point them to the Great Comforter, who healeth all our sorrows.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the Oakland REPUBLICAN and a copy be sent to the bereaved parents, and shall be a part of the minutes of the monthly business meeting of June 6, 1897.

BESSIE POOL,
GUY BOODA,
RUSSELL BROWNING,
Committee.

Blaine, W. Va., June 7, 1897.

WHEREAS, In view of the loss we have sustained by the death of our friend and brother, James Shepperd, and in the still heavier loss sustained by those who were nearer and dearer to him, be it

Resolved, That it is but a just tribute to the memory of the departed to say that in regretting his removal from our midst, we mourn for one who was worthy of our respect and regard.

Resolved, That we sincerely condole with the family of the deceased on the dispensation with which it has pleased Divine Providence to afflict them and commend them for consolation to Him who orders all things for the best, and whose chastisements are meant in mercy.

Resolved, That these testimonials be published in the Oakland REPUBLICAN and Piedmont *Independent*, and a copy be sent to the parents of the deceased brother.

Resolved, That these resolutions become a part of the minutes of the regular June business meeting of Potomac Chapter No. 16,175 E. L.

MAUDE HAMILL,
C. N. BOODA,
L. K. RICHARDS,
Committee.

SCHOOL BOARD MEETING.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS OF
GARRETT COUNTY
OAKLAND, MD., JUNE 8, 1897.

The School Board will meet

TUESDAY, JUNE 15, 1897,

for the consideration of applications for repairs and for new school houses.

I. G. PALMER, Secretary.
11-2

Thomas Little,

ONE PRICE,

Has just received a fine line of SHOES, that will be sold at a great reduction in price.

Shoes that sold at	$1.50 now	$1.25
" " "	1.75 now	1.50
" " "	2.00 now	1.75
" " "	2.50 now	2.00
" " "	3.50 now	2.75
" " "	4.00 now	3.25
Ladies' Oxfords	1.25 now	99
" "	1.30 now	1.00
" "	1.50 now	1.35
" "	1.65 now	1.40
Men's patent leather	5.00 now	4.50

Big Reduction in

SHIRTS,

of All Kinds.

1 Gallon can Maple Syrup, Reduced to 65 cents.

THESE GOODS MUST GO.

DON'T MISS A BARGAIN.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Calves, Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

For sale by

If dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS

RECEIVER'S SALE OF A Delightful Summer Resort.

Joseph C. Anderson vs. Loch Lynn Heights Hotel Company, et al.

In the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of West Virginia.—In Equity.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of the authority vested in me, by an order of the Circuit Court aforesaid, I will, on the premises hereinafter offered in said order, on the 11th day of January, 1897, I, the undersigned receiver, was authorized to sell, convey by said court, will on

Tuesday, the 22nd Day of June, 1897,

at 10 o'clock a. m., offer at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the premises in Loch Lynn, Garrett county, Maryland, and lying and being described as follows, which is more fully described and delineated on the plat and plan of said property, and which plat and plan are duly recorded in the office of the Clerk of the County Court of Garrett county, Maryland, to which reference is hereby made for a more particular description of said property, to wit:

First—All that lot or parcel of ground situated in the said county of Garrett and State of Maryland, and known and designated as "Lot No. 3" on the plat of the Loch Lynn Heights Improvement Company, recorded in the Clerk's office of the said county of Garrett, and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a point north 60 degrees east 33 feet from station "C" thence south 20 15' west 175.50 feet; thence north 1 50' east 70 feet; thence south 20 15' east 152 feet; thence north 60 west 30 feet to the beginning, containing 1.20 of an acre.

Second—All that lot or parcel of ground situated in the said county of Garrett and State of Maryland, and described on the plat of the said Mountain Home Company as "Hotel Lawn" and described by the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, to wit: Beginning at a stake situated north 28 degrees east 20 feet, and south 62 degrees east 30 feet from Station "D," one of the permanent stations of Loch Lynn Heights; thence by a curve whose radius is 19.5 feet and one half perpendicular 18.37-4 feet; thence north 60 degrees east 73 feet; thence by a curve whose radius is 19.5 feet and one half perpendicular 18.37-4 feet; thence south 30 degrees west 120 feet to the beginning, containing 2.01 acres.

Third—All those lots, pieces or parcels of ground situated in the said county of Garrett and state of Maryland, and described on the plat of the said Mountain Home Company by the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, to wit: Beginning at a corner on lot No. 2 now owned by Geo. P. White and running thence south 62 degrees east 150 feet, south 20 degrees west 70 feet, south 62 degrees east 100 feet, north 28 degrees east 132 feet, north 62 degrees west 80 feet, north 20 degrees east 246 feet; thence north 60 degrees west 200 feet to the beginning, containing 1 acres, more or less.

Fourth—All of that lot or parcel of ground situated in the county of Garrett and state of Maryland and described on the plat of the Mountain Home Company by the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, to wit, beginning at a stake situated on the south side of J. C. Anderson's addition to Loch Lynn Heights, being south 62 degrees east 342 feet, and then south 20 degrees west 85 feet from Station "D," one of the stations of Loch Lynn Heights, and the centre of Tallsee street, and running thence south 62 degrees west with the centre of Tallsee street 147 feet to the centre of —— street; thence south 20 degrees west 1.20 feet with —— street to the centre of Alabama street extended; thence with the centre of Alabama street north 62 degrees west 147 feet to White's line; thence with White's line and "Anderson's addition" north 20 degrees east 1.20 feet to the beginning, containing 12/3 acres, more or less.

There is situated on the said tract No. 1 a large, elegant and well-arranged modern new

SUMMER HOTEL,

three stories high, containing about 100 guest chambers, large, elegant and well lighted and ventilated dining rooms, reception rooms, ball room and parlor, furnished throughout with elegant new furniture, supplied with modern water closets and other conveniences, and also with an abundance of water, and surrounded on three sides by a wide and beautiful veranda.

This hotel was opened to guests by Mrs. L. B. C. List for the first time two years ago and during the summer season was completely filled. The said tract No. 1 and the said hotel building and its furniture and appurtenances will be sold together. The said tract No. 2 will be sold by itself, and the said tracts Nos. 1 and 2, together with the said hotel building, furniture and appurtenances, will be sold subject to the terms, provisions and conditions of a certain lease entered, executed by the undersigned receiver to the said Mrs. L. B. C. List, on the 6th day of June, 1895, for the term of two years, seven months and twenty-four days, beginning on the said 6th day of June, 1895, and ending on the first day of April, in the year 1898, for the sum of four thousand dollars ($4,000; nine hundred dollars of which was due and was paid on the 1st day of October, 1895; fourteen hundred dollars of which will be due on the 1st day of October, 1896, and seventeen hundred dollars of which will be due on the 1st day of October, 1897.

The terms, provisions and conditions of the said lease will be more particularly stated on the day of sale, and a copy thereof may be seen at any time at the law office of J. S. Sommerville, in the city of Wheeling, West Virginia. The purchaser of the said property will be entitled to the rent reserved to said lease from and after the day of sale, and the said lease will be assigned by the receiver to the purchaser, who will be entitled to and will be required to take the place of said receiver as landlord of the property embraced in said lease.

The said third and fourth tracts are laid out and divided into lots, streets and alleys, and will first be offered as an entirety, and each of them will also be offered separately, and the said lots will then be offered separately or in pairs, and said property will be sold in the way in which it will produce the most money.

TERMS OF SALE:—Said sale will be made upon the following terms and conditions, to wit: One-third, or so much more as the purchaser may elect, cash on the day of sale, one-third in six months and one-third in one year from the day of sale, with interest from that day at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and the purchaser shall have the option to pay the deferred installments at any time before the same shall be due, with interest to the time of payment. The deferred installments to be secured by the purchaser's notes and the title to be retained until the notes are paid. The purchaser of the hotel and furniture will be required to carry not less than fifteen thousand dollars ($15,0 0) insurance thereon, for the receiver's benefit.

J. B. SOMMERVILLE,
Receiver.
11-5t.

You can't convince a maiden over thirty-five that Friday is an unlucky day to be married on.

REAL ESTATE!

JOHN SHARTZER, Real Estate Agent,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Two farms in District No. 2; 262 acres, one mile from school house, has well and 2 houses, 2 barns; could be sold separately or as a whole, to suit purchaser, on easy terms.

House and room and lot of land for sale within one mile of Mt. Lake Park.

House and lot adjoining Loch Lynn Heights; must be sold at once.

House and lot in Mt. Lake Park.

50 acres; improved by a small house; near Cranberry Glade farm.

House and 2 lots in McHenry.

Farm near Deer Park; improved.

A well improved farm near Ryan's Glade.

The above properties will be sold on easy terms.

One 50-acre lot adjoining the farm of W. T. Jamesson near Mt. Lake Park.

1 50-acre lot adjoining the lands of Mrs. Kilburne and —— Jackson near Mt. Lake Park; will be sold very cheap for cash.

7 building lots in Loch Lynn Heights.

The Phillips lands lying between Oakland and Mt. Lake Park; will be sold as a whole or in parcels to suit purchaser.

A lot of ground adjoining Mt. Lake Park on the Oakland road.

An improved farm of 100 acres, 2 miles from Terra Alta.

An improved farm of 200 acres near Crellin.

The Oakland Steam Laundry property.

7 large building lots in Oakland.

For further information, prices and terms, apply to

JOHN SHARTZER,
6-26 OAKLAND, MD.

ESTATE OF SALOME CUSTER, DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscribers, of Garrett County, Maryland, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

SALOME CUSTER,

late of Garrett county, Deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscribers, on or before the 1st day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 25th day of May, 1897.

JOHN W. BAKER,
S. P. BAKER, } Executors.
12-4 Grantsville, Md.

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

SPRING FLOWERS.

I begged a flower of an old, old man,
Who sat by the wayside to mourn,
Whose life had ebb'd to its final span,
As he rested him all forlorn.
"A flower," quoth he, as he sadly smiled,
And held out the bloom to my gaze;
"I gathered these for a poor dead child,
In the thicket, close by the maze."

"What, to the dead, can a flower impart,"
I asked, as he looked on the rose.
"Surely, the clay with its lifeless heart
Seeks naught save the tranquil repose?"
But the old man looked with moistened eye,
And the teardrop played on his cheek,
As with sorrow's voice he made reply:
"Neither flower nor dead may speak."

"These are the emblems of purity,
The lily, the rose, and the leaf,
They're symbols of love and constancy,
And remind us that life is brief.
They fade when their nurture forsakes them,
To our lives they're closely akin,
They richly adorn him that takes them,
They toil not, nor yet do they spin.

"The bride in her blushes and beauty
For adornment posies entwines,
But casts them aside ere her duty
Leads whither her pleasure inclines.
They're besprinkled with dew from heaven,
They rear themselves proudly and brave,
To us for our lives they are given,
At our death they enshroud our grave."
—London Lady.

THE MOUNTAIN DAISY.

IT was in a corner of the conservatory behind the palms during one of the most fashionable functions of the season. This seems a favorite situation with fate while weaving the web of human destiny. Fred Trevor, tall, dark, self-contained, with power apparent in every look, movement and feature, stood with hands crossed behind him before the magnificent woman he had just seated.

"You know, Miss Alden," as he leaned toward her, "that my knowledge of the social tenets is not profound."

"You have only to follow your instincts, Mr. Trevor."

"And you are the gentle mentor who warned me against the sin of flattery."

"If I have paid an undeserved compliment it is to society in assuming that it has attained to your standard."

"You're incorrigible, but I'll accept the verdict and carry out the thought I had in bringing you here."

She made no answer save to withdraw her eyes from his and gather in the folds of her dress to make room for him to sit down.

"I want to tell you something of my life and then ask your advice. I am not assuming that the story has any special interest for you, but I have a special desire for your opinion after I have told it."

"But don't you know it as a general truth that, with the average woman, the man who is rich, famous and honored, glorifies his antecedents, no matter what they may be?"

"If you were the average woman I would never have sought this opportunity. When I first faced the world alone I was a little, ill-fed, sallow, ragged and half-dressed boy in the Cumberland mountains. I did not know that there was such a thing as a railroad, a steamboat, a book, a hereafter, music, culture or anything different from the detestable surroundings from which I longed to escape. My father had been killed in defending an illicit still, and mother seemed to go with the mountain flowers which I had gathered for her till they had ceased to bloom that fall. During the winter I was kept alive despite kicks and bruises by a family that had me as their sole reliance in 'toting' water and gathering wood.

"In the spring I went away. Made up a little bundle and stole off in the night. Till the evening of the next day I hurried over the red clay roads and paths, terror of being caught and taken back crowding out every other thought and feeling. But hunger and exhaustion are not to be denied, and at last I went stealthily to a little cabin where a girl of my own age was keepin' house in a hollow stump, just outside. She put her frowsled head over the wall of her primitive abode to conduct the examination. 'Who is youns, boy?' 'Whar's you' par?' 'Whar's you' mar?' 'Whar mout you be a goin'?' were questions that I answered as well as I could. Then she said wisely: 'I 'llows thet you is runned away.'

"This would have put me to flight, but she sprang out, told me to take her place, and while I sat in the cramped quarters she brought me all that I could eat and a paper of food to carry with me. After assuring me that she would have her 'par' shoot anyone who might be trying to recapture me, she pointed the nearest way to a town, walked a way with me and said as we parted: 'I reckon youns 'll heve ter 'kim back some time an' marry me fur all them wittles an' fur tellin' folks weuns heven't sawen you when they comes sarchin'. I promised her, of course."

"But you never told us that you were engaged," laughed his brilliant listener. "Where can we find your mountain daisy?"

"I wish I could tell you. The incident was one of the events of my life. For the first time I knew the sweetness of sympathy. I have grown to almost detest the people from whom I sprang, because of their ignorance and lack of ambition, but the little girl of the hollow stump has always had a warm place in my memory. You know most of my experience in the far west. Before I had been there six months I found the old man known as Hermit Ben lying unconscious and apparently dying in one of the mountain gorges. I brought the aid that carried him to his shanty, procured a doctor and was his nurse till he recovered. He felt toward me as I did toward the ignorant little girl back in Tennessee. I had been good to him without any selfish motive and he no sooner was well than he announced that I was his boy Jim. This was my protection, for, despite the fact that he was a recluse, Ben was known as a bad man when interfered with and commanded a respect that was heightened by the mystery with which he surrounded himself. Something had made him at enmity with the world. For years he told me nothing, though from the first he showed me all the affection of a mother and care of a father.

"It was soon a matter of common report that Ben's new boy was to be a gentleman. The hermit himself took charge of my primary education. He was delighted with my lack of knowledge and my endless list of simple questions, for it showed him that he was working on virgin soil. He molded me in accordance with his own conception of manhood, forever impressing upon me that ingratitude was the cardinal sin. When I could comprehend he told me that I would be rich, that I must spend money generously and that some time he would let me into a secret which would place at my command all the immeasurable power of gold.

"When it came time for me to go east to college I suggested that I should go back to the old place in the mountains and see if I could do anything for the girl who had been kind to me. No act of mine ever pleased him more, and when I left him it was with unlimited credit authorized by one of the greatest banking institutions of the west. I did not find the girl, but learned that she had first been employed and then adopted by a widow whose husband had fallen in the war. I left money with a lawyer, telling him to find the girl and have her educated. A year later this money was returned to me with notice that he could do nothing for me. I wrote for further information, but could get no reply.

"Before my benefactor died he told me of the rich gold find he had worked without sharing his secret with anyone. You know how it proved a veritable mine of wealth, built up a thriving city and won me the title of Bonanza King. He also told me how a heartless woman had wrecked his life, and asked me to never abandon the search for the little mountain girl until I knew what had become of her, and whether it was within my power to help her. You have no idea how man and boy, thrown together as we were, could build a romance upon a foundation so slender."

"I think I understand. And you have found no trace?"

"None that I could follow. After that fight when the strikers tried to destroy the machinery at the mines, my wounds threw me into a fever, and through all the delirium I talked in the dialect of my boyhood with the little maid I had never seen but once. That shows you the hold she had upon me, and even yet I have an ideal that must either be shattered or confirmed before

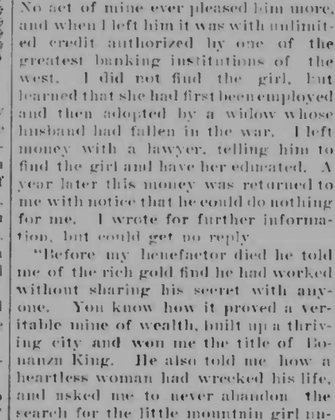

I WAS HIS NURSE.

I can be content. Now for your advice. Should I marry before I have seen this girl?"

"Not with my approval, Mr. Trevor. Go to the end of your foolish dream, or it might haunt you, and some woman might suffer."

"I had hoped for a different answer from you," and his eyes told the old, old story.

"But I'm your friend, and can give no other. This is our waltz."

Within a month Trevor received a letter in a yellow, blotted envelope. The scrawl only said: "I reckon youns have furgetted me. I'm back here agin, an' I have hearn youns was rich."

Trevor shuddered. His romance had died a cruel death. But gratitude was his strong point. Reluctantly he went. When at length he rode to the front of the old cabin there was a woman in a linsey dress that could not conceal the beauty of her form, her back to him, while she threw food to the noisy chickens. Just as he reached her side she turned with: "Well, youns did kim back, hey?"

"Miss Alden," gasped Trevor, as he crushed the "Mountain Daisy" against his breast. And the promise of his babyhood was made good.—Detroit Free Press.

A Lincoln Story.

Among a batch of stories attributed to President Lincoln is the following good one on President Tyler: "During Mr. Tyler's incumbency of the office he arranged to make an excursion in some direction, and sent his son 'Bob' to arrange for a special train. It happened that the railroad superintendent was a strong whig. As such he had no favors to bestow on the president, and informed 'Bob' that his road did not run any special trains for the president. 'What,' said 'Bob,' 'did you not furnish a special train for the funeral of Gen. Harrison?' 'Yes,' said the superintendent, 'and if you'll bring your father in that condition you shall have the best train on the road.'"—Troy Times.

A STRANGE LAW

In Which the Defendant Was Pitted with Death.

When Thomas M. Quackenbush proved that he had not m... second time his life work wa... and his vitality was exhausted...

But for this unusual liti... that came to harass him after he... passed 75 years of age, Mr. Quackenb... would have been but little known i... community. He was a quiet ac... minutor of money from rents and in... st. A man usually gains attention ... e from money he spends than from ... ney he hoards, and as spending was ... ittle to Quackenbush's taste, he was ... most a recluse in his roomy house at ... Webster street.

He had the genius for fina... He used to tell with gusto of his ... winnings in California. He arri... San Francisco in 1849, and left ... sed about nine o'clock in the evenin... without one cent to pay for food ... bed. But he had a package containi... 250 copies of the New York Herald of the date of his departure. He cried the papers on the street, and before he sought a place to sleep he had sold every paper for one dollar a copy. This $250 was the beginning of his capital.

He was a good carpenter, and had abundant enterprise and suggestiveness. Mechanical skill was readily salable in San Francisco in 1849, and Quackenbush soon was taking contracts for building houses, for pumping water from cellars, for excavations and for filling. All his contracts were profitable, and in two or three years he was in such financial condition that he returned to Schenectady, N. Y., for his wife and baby daughter. While he was there his wife was killed by a fall from a horse. The widower brought his child to San Francisco and resumed his business, occasionally making investments in lots, but never making a purchase that brought loss to him. As money grew he loaned it on the best security. Twenty years ago he bought the property at the northeast corner of McAllister and Polk streets. Among other enterprises by which he gained money in early days was providing benches for the circuses that came hither, and for many years he continued to be a purveyor of seats for tent shows.

His possessions reached some $300,000. Practically all of his property was conveyed to his daughter several months ago. This transfer was not the result of the litigation with Mrs. Abbott, so his attorney, E. J. Pringle, says. For a long time it was Mr. Quackenbush's purpose to transfer his possessions to his daughter while he yet lived, and the deeds that were filed in November last were drawn even so long ago as January, 1896. This daughter, Mrs. Swortfigner, and her two children are the only surviving relatives on this coast.

It was in September or October last that Mr. Quackenbush, 76 years of age, and breaking down in health, learned that Mrs. Nancy A. Abbott, a woman who had conducted a boarding house at which he had lived, was declaring herself his wife. He determined to prevent any of his property reaching her, and immediately he brought suit to adjudge that she was not his wife. She retorted with a suit for maintenance. The attorneys for Quackenbush hastened the suit to trial, that judgment might be obtained before he should die. Here was the strangest race ever run with death.

In each of the two suits judgment was given in his favor. That last paper was filed one Saturday. The next morning about one o'clock death came. Quackenbush had won by a day.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Freedom Brought Consumption.

The boon of emancipation from slavery is said to be responsible for the great increase in tubercular diseases and insanity among the negroes of the southern states. While they lived in slavery the negroes were compelled to live sober and regular lives, but with freedom their natural impulse to excesses asserted itself and they plunged without restraint into vicious and riotous habits. They have consequently developed a highly nervous consumptive and alcoholic diathesis, which makes them easily susceptible to diseases from which formerly they were free. They are for the most part unable to withstand exciting causes, and insanity is greatly on the increase among them. Mortality returns show that the rate of death from tuberculosis among southern negroes is three times as high as that among the whites.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Left-Over Eggs.

In making cake that requires the whites of eggs only one is sometimes at a loss what to do with the yolks. A good housekeeper says that she uses them to beat up and dip bread into which is to be fried for the children's lunch. Mayonnaise dressing is another article that takes yolks of eggs, and a very good custard or pudding may be made from the yolks alone. One woman beats the yolk of one egg and very slowly stirs it into the milk that is to be heated for coffee. They may be used with ham or other meats to make omelette, or to make gravies richer. A yellow cake may be made of yolks, and a very excellent frosting is made from them. Golden custard with bits of left-over cake is delicious as a dessert. Rice made into balls and dipped in yolk of eggs is very relishable.—N. Y. Ledger.

That Baseball Funeral.

Employer—I thought you wanted to go to your grandmother's funeral this afternoon.

Office Boy—Please, sir, it was postponed on account of wet grounds.—N. Y. Truth.

To the Shopper's Ear.

Mr. Shoppit—Which train would you prefer to go on to-morrow, my dear, the 1:50 or the 1:49?

Mrs. Shoppit—Oh, the 1:49, of course. It sounds so much nicer.—N. Y. Tribune.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Taking it year in and year out, the coldest hour of each 24 is five o'clock in the morning.

—Two new telephone cables, each with two circuits, are to be laid across the English channel at once. This will make practically six lines for the London-Paris service.

—Aluminum helmets have not proved entirely successful in the German army, the saving in weight being more than offset by the metal's storing heat, even to blistering the foreheads of the wearers.

—Sir John Lubbock, the naturalist, has been experimenting to find out how long the common ant would live if kept out of harm's way. An ant which had been thus kept and tenderly cared for died at the age of 15 years, which is the greatest age any species of insect has yet been known to attain.

—A recent invention is a roller bearing for car wheels, which does away with the use of lubricants. Its inventor claims that it is a "sure cure" for hot boxes. One wheel has a test of 170,000 miles in the west without the application of a drop of oil. A bicycle has been made with the same bearing, and the power required to drive it is only about one-fourth that which is necessary to propel the best modern wheel.

—Amateur photographers will be interested in knowing that yellow spots which have formed on negatives by insufficient fixing, etc., can be successfully treated by using a diluted bromide solution. The negative is immersed in a ten per cent. solution of bromide of potassium, to which have been added two per cent. of muriatic acid and two per cent. of bichromate of potassium. After the negative has been thoroughly bleached it is washed in running water for some time, exposed to daylight for a few minutes, and developed again in a diluted iron developer.

—According to statistics prepared by the Engineering and Mining Journal, the output of bituminous coal in the United States during 1896 reached a total of 141,770,099 short tons (2,000 pounds), showing a gain over 1895 of 4,571,752 tons. On the other hand, there was a decrease of 6,782,057 short tons in the anthracite production. The total coal production was, therefore, 193,351,027 short tons, and the total decrease, as compared with 1895, was 2,410,305 tons. The production of coke showed a gain of 445,276 tons, chiefly due to the activity of the iron and steel trades in the earlier part of the year.

ALL KINDS OF SHIRT WAISTS.

The Latest Is Like the Summer Garment Worn by Men.

The shirt waist of the present day is a striking example of what fashion can do in the way of furnishing variety in even a comparatively small field for operation. All the early rumors to the effect that this serviceable article of dress was to be relegated to the list of unfashionable things certainly had no foundation, if the hundreds of waists of every sort and condition which fill every available space in the shops and appear on every other woman you meet, are conclusive evidence of popularity.

The very latest and simplest shirt waist of cotton, madras, zephyr, or percale, is made almost like the summer shirt worn by men, with a plait in front, pointed yoke in the back and very little fullness in the sleeves at the cuff, which is plain, and fastens with link buttons.

The fashionable stock of black or some light color, or the high turn-over linen collars, are worn with this, and also with silk, batiste and every other kind of waist which can be classed with the shirt variety.

The genuine tailor-made shirt waist is generally considered the best style, for something in the cut, fit and finish of it promptly stamps it as not in the class of ready-made shirts. Yet the latter have improved wonderfully in all points which go to make them a success. The fullness in front of the waist made to order is arranged more on the shoulder, and it is fitted more closely under the arm, both of which points help to make it more becoming to the figure. Cotton waists of gingham in stripes and decided plaids of rather vivid colors are prominent in the display, with many others of ribbed linen and French batiste, striped with various colors and patterned over with rosebuds.

All the varieties of linen batiste are used for shirt waists, some of the prettiest being those with embroidered bodies and plain batiste sleeves. The plain batiste bodice is usually ornamented with crosswise tucks, forming a yoke, or in groups over the entire waist, with narrow lace frills on the edge of one tuck in each group.

Flowered organdie waists with colored silk or dainty linings are very pretty, and corset covers in pale blue, pink and green can be purchased all ready to wear under any of these thin waists. White dimity shirt waists are to be much worn, and they have a small bishop sleeve and turned-over cuffs. The prettiest white waists are made of wash silk or Liberty satin, with two rows of narrow lace insertion down either side of the box plait and a group of tiny tucks between.—Philadelphia Times.

No Wonder People Die.

Is it to be wondered at that the common people of India are weak and unhealthy? Accounts say that in seasons when it is peculiarly scarce they drink the very water they have been bathing in; and that they inherit the practice from generations of forefathers. In many country districts there are 800 of them to the square mile—all living on what little rice they can produce on their miniature farms. Little wonder that they die by thousands, even when famine is not present; that all the minor diseases, as well as King Cholera, find them a good feeding ground. The gospel of hygiene should go along with every messenger of light that is sent there.—Everywhere.

PHYSICIANS BAFFLED.

Prof. R. S. Bowman, Instructor of Natural Science in Hartsville College, Cured of a Severe Illness by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People After Physicians Failed.

From the Republican, Columbus, Ind.

Prof. R. S. Bowman, the able instructor of natural science in the famous Hartsville (Ind.) College, is well and favorably known, not only as an educator, but also as a minister of the gospel, as for a number of years he was pastor of the United Brethren church

PROF. R. S. BOWMAN

at Charlotte, Mich., before coming to Hartsville.

Some time ago he had a severe illness which was cured almost miraculously. A reporter, hearing of this, interviewed him regarding his experience. Prof. Bowman was in the midst of his work when the reporter called, but he cheerfully gave him a hearing.

"A year ago last fall," said the professor, "I broke down with nervous exhaustion, and was unable to properly attend to my duties. I tried different physicians but with no relief, and also used many different proprietary medicines, spending almost fifty dollars for these medicines alone. I then succumbed to a siege of the grip in the middle of winter and was left in a much worse condition. My kidneys were tearfully disordered, and my digestion became very poor. I was indeed in a bad condition.

"At a minister in conference learning of my condition advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I had heard much about the wonderful curative powers of this medicine, but it was with reluctance that I was finally persuaded to try it, as it seemed that nothing could do me any good. However, I procured three boxes of pills and took them strictly according to directions. By the time the last dose was taken I was almost cured, and in better health than I had been for years. I continued using the pills awhile longer and was entirely cured. I can cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

Such was Professor Bowman's wonderful story, which was further endorsed by the following affidavit:

HARTSVILLE, Ind., March 16, 1897.

I affirm that the above accords with the facts in my case.

R. S. BOWMAN.

Subscribed and sworn before me this 16th day of March, 1897.

LYMAN J. SCUDDER, Notary Public.

STATE OF INDIANA, ss.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold in boxes (never in loose form, by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or directly by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

A woman wearing a sealskin sacque and chewing gum looks just as bad as if she had on an old faded shawl.—Washington Democrat.

Some people are happiest when relating some blood-curdling accident.—Washington Democrat.

Every woman will tell you that if her husband had to put up with the cooking of some other woman she knows, he would no longer complain of hers.

Society is composed of two great classes—those who have more dinner than appetite, and those who have more appetite than dinner.—N. Y. Weekly.

A man doesn't know the names of his most intimate friend's children. A woman always does.—Washington Democrat.

When a man forgives a woman, he forgives her; when a woman forgives a man, she sometimes likes to remind him of it afterwards.—N. Y. Weekly.

The greatest luxury in the world is a friend you've never quarreled with.—Atchison Globe.

A woman cannot chase a man so quietly that everybody in town will not know it.—Atchison Globe.

The first thing the women will do when they get into power will be to enact a law compelling a man to love only one woman at a time.

People in love do lots of making up without quarreling, and lots of quarreling after marriage without making up.—N. Y. Weekly.

If you want to hear some racy stories get a lot of 50-year-old men telling about the times they used to have.—Washington Democrat.

Robert—"Is Harry fond of female society?" Richard—"Immoderately. I've known him to play whist with three women."—Boston Transcript.

Nothing is more provoking than to loan a fellow a match and have him light a cigarette and blow smoke into your face.—Washington Democrat.

It is much more easy to repent than to pardon.—N. Y. Weekly.

It Meant Something.

"Now," said the fussy old gentleman, putting one of the biggest berries in his mouth and picking up another, "what is the sense of having that sign read 'fresh strawberries for sale?' Don't you know that 'fresh strawberries' would be enough? Don't you suppose everybody knows they are for sale?"

"I dunno," answered the grocer. "Some folks seem to think I am givin' them away," and then the old gentleman put the berry back in the box.—Indianapolis Journal.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Impressing Him.

"Well, you had quite a siege with that real estate agent. I never saw a man gesticulate so violently. What ailed him?"

"Oh, the fellow has just heard of that German professor's theory that the Garden of Eden was located in the United States, and now he claims that he has seen the impression of Adam's fall on a rock in the neighborhood of the land he had to sell."—Jester.

TENNESSEE CENTENNIAL.

The Lowest Rates Ever Made to an Exposition in This Country.

The Exposition in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the admission of Tennessee into the Union is not a local affair by any means. It far surpasses in extent of buildings, beauty of grounds, interesting exhibits and number of both foreign and home attractions any exhibition ever held in this country, with the possible exception of the Columbian of 1893. Located as it is on the main line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad it is in the direct line of travel between the North and the South, and can be visited en route with loss of but little time. The extremely low rates that have been established make it cheaper to go a little out of your way, even, to take in this great show, while its own attractions will well repay a special visit. Write Mr. C. P. Atmore, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Louisville, Ky., for matter concerning it.

A Sad Prospect.

Mr. Rooney—So yer poor bye, Mike, was sint up for life, Missis McCafferty. Sure, that do be a long sintince!

Missis McCafferty—Yis, Misther Rooney, but he do be that delicate in hilth I don't think he'll live ter complate it.—Twinkles.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. Cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmstead, Le Roy, N. Y.

Splendid Economy.

Mrs. Sweet—Do you find it economical to do your own cooking?

Mrs. Burnem—Oh, yes; my husband doesn't eat half as much as he did when we had a cook.—Judy.

A Veil of Mist

Rising at morning or evening from some lowland, often carries in its folds the seeds of malaria. Where malarial fever prevails no one is safe, unless protected by some efficient medicinal safeguard. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is both a protection and a remedy. No person who inhabits, or sojourns in a miasmatic region or country, should omit to procure this fortifying agent, which is also the finest known remedy for dyspepsia, constipation, kidney trouble and rheumatism.

He Knew.

"The usual seats?" asked the gentlemanly box office attendant.

"Er—no; give me something cheaper in the pit."

"Here you are. Thanks. Glad your wife got safely home from her trip."—Detroit Free Press.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed, 50c and $1.00, all druggists.

The Ruling Passion.

"I bet that girl's always borrowing trouble. She has such a sad face!"

"Yes, she's probably looking for a sorrow to match."—Detroit Journal.

"Star Tobacco."

As you chew tobacco for pleasure, use Star. It is not only the best, but the most lasting, and therefore the cheapest.

When a man gets a shave and a hair cut, he looks as good as new.—Atchison Globe.

When bilious or costive eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c, 25c.

"You can't do that again," said the pig, when the boy cut off his tail.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets candy cathartic, finest liver and bowel regulator made.

The telephone will not work between people who are not on speaking terms.—Golden Days.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c.

A bow-legged man in light pants looks awfully funny.—Washington Democrat.

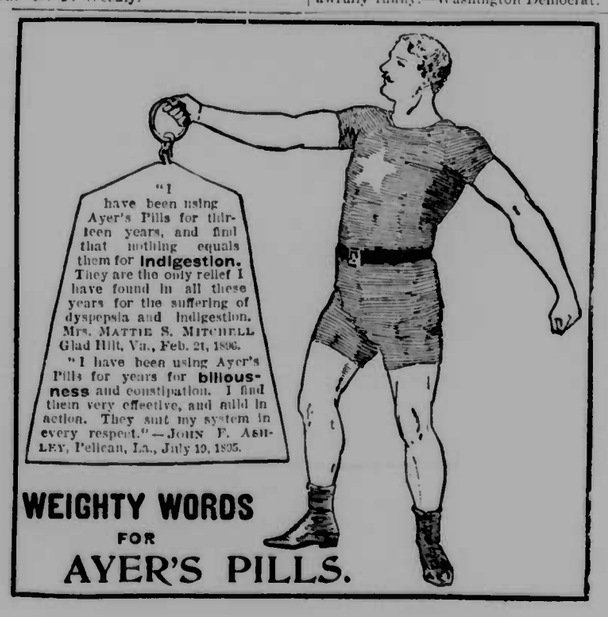

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN OLD STORY IN RHYME.

"I heard a great big lion in the brush,"
Said he; "along the river" — "Freddy, hush!"
Said his mamma; "you talk at random, dear,
For there were never any lions here."
"Oh, then it must have been a bear," said Fred;
"A cross old bear—he might have killed me dead!"
"Why Freddy," said mamma, "you talk so wild;
The bears were all killed long ago, my child."
"A wildcat or coyote, then," said he:
But his mamma said no, it could not be.
"You think," said Fred, "that it was just a calf?
That's what you said—I wish you wouldn't laugh.
'Twas getting dark—I hadn't time to look,
But anyhow, I know the bushes shook!"
—Della Hart Stone, in N. Y. Independent.

MOUSE AS ENGINEER.

Constructed a Spiral Gallery to Escape from a Post-Hole.

Along the mountainous shore of Lake Lucerne in Switzerland, carved in the face of the cliff, runs a famous road called the Axenstrasse. In several places where the hills jut out in precipitous bluffs over the water, it becomes an actual tunnel—a sort of gallery cut through the solid rock, partly open, however, on the side toward the lake. It has long been considered a great feat of engineering skill; yet it was once closely paralleled—one cannot say imitated—by an ignorant little field mouse. As usual with both mice and men, necessity was the mother of invention

That this was a mouse of more than ordinary skill and experience the event sufficiently proved; but he was racing rather recklessly across the garden, and it chanced that he fell into a post-hole. As this hole was about three feet deep, with perpendicular walls and a narrow bottom, he found himself as helpless as young Joseph when his brothers left him in the pit. He tried in vain to scramble up the sides; he leaped with all his strength again and again; at last he gave it up, and crouched panting and discouraged on the loamy floor.

The mind of a mouse works rather slowly, except when the claws of a cat are near the tip of his tail, and it was some time before our prisoner reasoned out his problem. At length, however, he saw the solution, and set to work without further loss of time. He had a life to save, and only his own little brain and feeble paws to do it with.

So he began to excavate a spiral gallery, running around the perpendicular sides of the hole very much on the plan

ESCAPED BY A SPIRAL TUNNEL.

of the Axenstrasse, and gradually bringing the little delver nearer the top. But like many another amateur engineer who goes ahead without an adequate survey of the ground, he met with an unexpected obstacle. About half way up he encountered a stone, firmly embedded and so large that he could not tunnel around it. Here again was a pause, and sadness, and cogitation. But again the diminutive brain was equal to the emergency—though ordinarily it doesn't contain wit enough to keep its owner out of a palpable trap with the dead bodies of three or four of his neighbors stuck in it for a warning. For a mouse, our long-tailed engineer was nothing less than a genius; he reversed his plans, set his back to the rock, started his spiral in the opposite direction, and finally reached the surface. Certainly he had earned his freedom; and let us hope that the clever little fellow never fell victim to either cat or trap.

Treasure in an Old Ark.

A great deal is heard of hidden treasure, but very little is ever found. A California man is one of the few lucky ones. Last September an old fisherman hermit was found dead in his ark, in a steamer near San Jose. The coroner held an inquest, and the ark was sold at auction for $7.50. Not long afterward the purchaser blossomed out in new clothes, and took a trip east. His friends became inquisitive, and finally the man confessed that he had found hidden in the ark, in notes and coin, more than $8,000. Now people recall that the old fisherman once had $23,000 in bank, and the man who thought he was so lucky is being sued by the hermit's relatives to recover the money.

How Not to Boil Eggs.

Miss Stella Evans, of Colorado Springs, was boiling a can of lard over a cook stove and, picking up an egg, thought she would boil it in the red-hot grease. The egg no sooner touched the boiling lard than a loud explosion occurred, and the young lady was literally covered with the flying lard.

HELPING THE BIRDS.

How to Build Homes for Them Which They Will Like.

Life is an uphill struggle with many of our birds, and they are exceedingly grateful for a little help at suitable times. Boys and girls may, if they wish, help the birds, and have fun besides.

One way to help the birds is to put up a bird house or two, and you may be lucky enough to have the wrens build in them. Just a word about bird houses. Numbers of them are built wrong, as you may see by a little observation. The hole for entering is made on a level with the floor, and when the bird attempts to build a nest the sticks, grass and feathers close up the only door. In the right sort of bird house, which is merely a box about eight inches square, the hole for the birds to enter is made in the middle or slightly above the middle of the front. When the nest is built the opening is just on a level with the top of it The picture will show what is meant

A slanting roof sheds the rain best, and a little doorstep or place on which the bird can alight is appreciated, but a plain square box, with a hole an inch and one-half in diameter in the front of it will do. Nail such a box on the

HELPING THE BIRDS.

Fig. 1 Shows the Wrong Kind of a House, Fig. 2 the Right Kind.

shed or house, out of the way of prowling cats, and wait for luck to bring you a bird. In the suburban towns you are quite likely to get a little, brown, fussy, sociable wren before May is gone.

Another way to help the birds is to keep a pan or large flowerpot saucer filled with fresh water in some place where the birds can use it to wash and drink from. Do not be discouraged if they do not come in the first week, for they must first find it, and next, unless it is kept full and fresh, they will not patronize it regularly. Robins, blue jays, cat birds, chirping sparrows and blackbirds all enjoy a good bath and a cool drink, and are likely to come to you.

If an oriole is building near you, throw some bright-colored worsted, some string or hemp on the bushes, and the oriole is likely to call for it.

If a bird decides to build near you you can help him by driving away the rascally English sparrow, which will try to drive him away. But the English sparrow, that tramp among birds, hates the evening bath as much as the man tramp would. So, when the sparrow goes to roost at night, or, better still, when the nest is nearly built, make a campaign against him with the hose and wash him off his roost or his nest from its place, and it will soon begin to down upon him that he is not exactly a welcome guest.

Above all, don't rob the nests of our native birds. A collection of eggs doesn't amount to much anyway, and you will find it more fun to watch the young birds than it is to drive away the old ones. Encourage our native birds to come and live near you, and they will pay you for your trouble by the flowers, bushes and trees they will save by keeping them clean from insects, and they will throw in a musicale for good measure.—A. C. Beebe, in Chicago Record.

A TAME LEOPARD.

With Its Master It Walked About the Streets of Berlin.

Of all the cat tribe leopards are the easiest to tame, if they are captured when young. When they are old their savage habits have become fixed, and it is almost impossible then to tame them.

Thirty years ago a curious and well-known sight on the streets of Berlin was Von der Madliern with his tamed leopard. Baron Von der Madliern, when a young man, was several years German consul in Egypt. While there an Arab friend presented him with a young leopard. It was only a few days old, its eyes not open yet. The young baron determined to make a pet of the leopard and train and treat it like a dog.

The leopard was never confined in a cage, but was always allowed full liberty, and was well fed and petted. He slept on a comfortable rug in his master's room, and, if the night was cold, crept upon its master's bed and shared it with him. Through the day, indoors and out, he followed Von der Madliern about like a faithful dog and displayed a dog's affection for his master.

He grew by and by into a handsome creature, one of the largest of his species, and finely marked. When he had been in Von der Madliern's possession about two years the baron was recalled to Berlin, and took the animal back with him. In Berlin the leopard occupied the same place in his master's house that he had done before, and followed the baron about the streets in the same way.

At first the sight of the creature stalking solemnly along beside the man created quite a sensation in the city, and people crowded to see them pass. But it grew to be an everyday matter, which only attracted occasional notice from strangers or children.

The animal lived to be about 15 years old, and died much lamented by all who knew him. His story seems to prove that the wildness of such animals is only slightly inherited, and that their better nature may usually be brought out by the proper treatment.—Our Animal Friends.

No Fun in New Clothes.

Sister—There you have candy all over your new suit! What will mamma say?

Little Brother—Well, mamma won't let me have any fun in these clothes till I get 'em spoiled.—Golden Days.

TEMPERANCE.

A DRINK TRAGEDY IN PARIS.

Degeneration of a Liquor Seller's Entire Family.

The Paris correspondent of the Daily News reports a trial in the assize court recently, the closing chapter of a story of which the title might have been "Drink." The culminating tragedy has already been reported. It all began in a public house a generation ago. Vasseur, the landlord, after selling enough absinthe to his neighbors to become a respectable citizen, found his Nemesis in his own bottles. He became alcoholized himself. Without his knowledge, his wife fell into the same state. Their son was a victim from his birth, suffering from the laziness and general good-for-nothingness common in the second generation of drunken families. There was a cousin, too, who, along with his wife, appears to have been pretty equally degenerate. As years went on Vasseur, senior, whose public house was steadily prospering, became liable to mad fits of rage, while his son was a pale-faced, worthless, dishonest weakling, yet with kind and affectionate qualities. The mother shared her husband's hatred for the son, who never stayed more than a fortnight in any place. The father had several times threatened to kill him, and on one occasion he threw him into the Seine. On April 24 last Vasseur strangled his son in the wood of Vincennes. Boucher, the murderer's cousin, and a railway

WHISKY DID IT.

porter, had decoyed the victim and closed his mouth while the father had his hands on his neck. The two men were arrested. On the following day Vasseur, after confessing that he had killed his son in order that the latter might not bring disgrace upon the family, opened a window at the prefecture of police, and threw himself out, death being instantaneous. Young Le Vasseur, it came out a few days later in a trial for murder, had joined a gang of burglars, and would very likely have ended his days on the scaffold; but the father was not aware of this. The actors in this tragedy appear throughout to be in full possession of their senses. We are sure that drink, slowly distilled through their bodies, has turned them into demons, but never do we see them drunk. All the members of the family, men and women, have a trait in common. They weep on the slightest provocation. Their actions are not those of reasonable creatures, and yet it is impossible to deny them what we call free will, or to feel that they are not fully conscious and therefore responsible beings. Jules Boucher appears alone before the jury as accomplice. He is a little man of 40, his face red with tears. The indictment states that he was in debt last April. Vasseur promised to lend him £40 if he would bring young Vasseur, who had fled in terror from home a few weeks before, to the Bois de Vincennes, where the father was lying in wait for him. The judge described the victim as a half-witted young man, who was unable to read at the age of 14. Boucher's defense was that he believed the father intended only to give his son a thrashing, and that he held the victim's nose and mouth merely in order to prevent his screaming. The judge: "Your crime is abominable. Vasseur at any rate committed suicide. Your action is without any excuse, because you led the victim in cold blood to his assassin." A verdict of guilty was given, sentence of ten years' penal servitude being passed.

BABY WITH THE TREMENS.

Scene in a Hospital That Is Almost Beyond Belief.

Dr. William Taylor, of Cincinnati, told the late Mrs. Mary A. Woolbridge a sad story of woman's degradation through strong drink. "But," he added, "I can show you something vastly worse." He took her to one of the hospital wards and brought her to a little crib, where, bound hand and foot, that it might not dash itself to pieces, lay a babe of 17 months in the agonies of delirium tremens.

After reaching home she dared not tell the story until in black and white the facts were before her. So she wrote Dr. Taylor, and she received in substance the following:

"It is not an uncommon thing for children from one year old and upwards to be brought to this hospital in delirium tremens. Mothers begin to give their children intoxicants at a very early age, which they increase as they desire to go out for debauch or for work, and so the little ones come to the hospital in this condition. The babe you saw had probably lost its sight, but not its hearing, and the passion is ruling in death, for it opens the mouth to receive the alcoholic stimulant, as the bird in the nest to receive the food from its mother."—Lever.

There must, there shall be no compromise with the liquor traffic. It must be given no quarter. It deserves the execration of mankind. It will be condemned and executed for high crimes and misdemeanors.—Lever.

A CIGARETTE FIEND.

Powerful Sermon Preached by a Young Man's Awful End.

No better comment on the terrible evils of tobacco-using, and no more graphic presentation of the awful effects of nicotine-poisoning could be offered than the following clipping from a recent issue of the New York Telegram:

"'Give me a cigarette!' gasped George Merkt, with his last breath, as he died Sunday, a raving maniac, in the insane pavilion of Bellevue hospital. All day long doctors and attendants had struggled with the emaciated young man, who had suddenly gained the strength of a hundred giants. He had raved and fought until finally he was completely exhausted, and had sunk to his cot so weak as scarcely to be able to articulate.

"Young Merkt was a cigarette fiend, and his death was the result of nicotine-poisoning. About six months ago he began to act strangely. Though a strong man, he became extremely nervous; and unless he had a cigarette in his mouth all the time, he was apt to lose his temper and abuse his father and his wife. He finally reached a stage where 10 packages a day were considered an ordinary allowance.

"When his condition grew steadily worse, his father consulted a physician, who advised that he be placed in a private ward in Bellevue. He was taken to that institution, and was under treatment for about two weeks. When he returned home, his friends said that he had at last been broken of the habit. Strange to say, up to this time his vicious excesses had not greatly changed his physical appearance.

"He abstained from smoking for two days after he returned to work. Then he was unable to control the old appetite, which seemed to have returned to him with redoubled vigor. He was again soon smoking 16 packages a day, and is said to have kept up that average until he was taken to Bellevue hospital in a state resembling delirium tremens.

"By this time the poison had begun to make itself manifest in the young man's physical appearance; his cheeks had fallen in, his complexion was sallow, his formerly powerful shoulders were bent, his eyes seemed to be starting from their sockets, his tongue grew the color of chalk, and the skin, too, began to peel off of it.

"The metamorphosis in his mental condition was fully as marked. From a sensible young man he was changed by turns into a snickering, snivelling idiot, or into a raving demon that the combined strength of four ordinary men could not handle. This continued until death cut short his sufferings."

GENERAL GLEANINGS.

Some men, if they prayed at all, would say: "Give us this day our daily grog."—Ram's Horn.

The devil has a mortgage on the man who forms the drink habit.—National Temperance Advocate.

A Chinese proverb says: "Medicine may heal imaginary sickness, but wine will never dispel sorrow."

It has been claimed that tobacco is one of the prime causes of color blindness.—Popular Science News.

Mr. Ruskin, whom no one would charge with being a "teetotal croak," said: "The encouragement of drunkenness for the sake of the profit on the sale of drink is certainly one of the most criminal methods of assassination for money hitherto adopted by the bravos of any age or country."

There are said to be ten Scottish dukes, five marquises, twenty earls and five lords—40 in all—who have a direct financial interest in the continuation of the drink traffic. In England and Wales the names of no fewer than 172 members of the upper house appear as owners of one or more licensed places.

The Indiana supreme court has sustained the Moore temperance law which permits a city council to exclude saloons from residence portions of a city. This decision of the court gives general surprise, not to say general alarm to liquor interests, as its effect is likely to be widespread, affecting hundreds of retail liquor houses scattered throughout the state.—Union Signal.

The teaching of temperance is now compulsory in the public schools of the province of Ontario. According to the minister of education, no fewer than 150,000 pupils are studying this question in the public schools of the province and 13,000 in the separate schools, and the public school inspector for Toronto states that more than 20,000 pupils in the public schools of the city receive instructions in temperance.

A Conscientious Business Firm.

A contract for $600 worth of belting for a brewery was given through a third party to J. E. Rhoads & Sons, of Wilmington, Del. Later the third party received the following, signed by the firm: "We write in reference to the lot of belting. We are total abstainers and opposed conscientiously to either making or selling intoxicating drinks as a beverage. Consequently, having learned what we did not at first know, that this belting is for a brewery, we consider it more consistent for us not to furnish the belt for such a purpose. We therefore withdraw our quotations."—Union Signal.

Queen Victoria's Views on Tobacco.

An English paper is authority for the following: "The queen has a strong objection to tobacco smoke, and will not allow smoking in any rooms used by her or in any place where she is likely to go. Even the late prince consort forebore to smoke in her presence. On one occasion she happened to notice the tabooed perfume in Buckingham palace, and on making inquiry discovered that the prince of Wales (then in his minority) was the offender. Her majesty forthwith gave orders that the prince should be confined to his rooms for a month, and the order was rigorously carried out."

MURDERS ON THE RAIL.

Crimes Committed on Isolated Railway Carriages in England.

The arguments in favor of the "corridor" or "American" system of traveling for general railway passengers in England every day grows more emphatic and incontrovertible. The newspapers contain almost daily accounts of awful murders or attempts to murder by persons usually unknown, who have made good their escape from the little isolated carriages and left their victims to be "discovered" in some casual fashion. Only a few days ago another horrible tragedy, that might have occurred to anybody in the same situation, took place during the short railway ride of not more than 20 minutes between Hounslow station and the great London terminus, Waterloo. A woman, a barmaid from a tavern close to the Hounslow station got into a carriage alone, and her body was found on the arrival of the train at Waterloo stuffed under a seat, the head horribly battered. She had started out to meet her lover, and in the train must have been attacked and murdered by some brute, whose identity up to the present is undiscovered.

The horror of the thing must appeal strongly to every woman who has ever been in London or is acquainted with the English method of travel. The uppermost object of the ordinary man or woman who travels a long or short distance is to get into a carriage alone. In the small, cramped compartments you feel in too close quarters to want to be bothered with strangers, therefore you naturally do your best to get into a carriage where you won't be "worried." But recent dreadful events have made people nervous of the lonely carriage. Women shun it because of awful stories of violence and deaths that have come unawares upon some poor soul who has set out in good health and spirits, while men slum it because of the stories of blackmail and slander of which unprincipled women frequently make them the victims. The days of the old English "compartments" are, indeed, numbered, and it will not be long, I am sure, before "American trains" are the rule on every line in the kingdom.

Traveling in England is very expensive work, at any rate. The fares being divided into three classes, the very poorest and meanest accommodations, which they call "third class," cost about the same rate which in America is charged for the ordinary train. If you have a third-class ticket, however, you cannot buy a Pullman car ticket. To be entitled to purchase superior accommodation of this kind you must primarily invest in a "first-class" ticket, which costs three times the amount of a third-class, and not until then are you allowed to buy Pullman car accommodations. If you are going for a long journey (or as long a one as you can take in England) this makes the cost about four times the amount you would pay if you did not have a luxurious seat and long for springs and cushions.

I hear, however, that to meet the demand of the vast body of Americans who are coming over here for the "diamond jubilee," there is to be a complete boulleversement of the train service in Great Britain, and cars such as we are accustomed to in the states, and prices to match, will be one of the white stones marking the latter glories of her majesty's sixtieth year upon the throne.—Chicago Times-Herald.

DANGERS OF NERVES.

By Which the Women of To-Day Are Beset.

It used to be a matter of faith, years ago, that we possessed nerves, for we were unconscious of them. Nowadays, however, they have become of most vital importance; they are, so to speak, "household pets." It seems that "temper" has gone out of fashion; so far, at least, as we are concerned, and, though it is possible to admit that our neighbors may suffer from attacks of temper, we never do—no, we have "nerves." There is a sort of necessary dignity about the possession of nerves, though we own they cause us trouble. We speak in quite a reproachful way of "a woman who has no nerves," just as if this meant the same as that she is without refinement and tenderness.

Nerves are, however, dangerous pets, for they are apt to become our masters. Indeed, to nerves are ascribed the unwholesome craving for excitement, the morphia habit and the excessive use of stimulants among women, as well as a variety of other evils. Nerves, no doubt, would be kept in check better if only we were simpler. Japanese women are charmingly serene and good tempered, and their freedom from nervous troubles may be largely ascribed to the absence of small worries in matters domestic. They are saved worries about dress, for the fashion of their costume never varies, and the absence of draperies and crowds of ornaments economizes money and greatly saves labor, as any housekeeper could tell who knows the fret and irritation of keeping these things pretty and free from dust in an "under servanted" establishment.—Boston Budget.

The Paradise of Ferns.

The island of Jamaica, owing to its peculiar situation and climate, is said to possess a greater variety and abundance of ferns than any other known place on the globe. No less than 500 species of ferns grow there, and Mr. Gilbert said recently, at a meeting of the Torrey Botanical club, that probably no other equal area produces half that number of ferns.—Youth's Companion.

Just Terrible.

Miss Quilling—Isn't it perfectly outrageous the way the papers publish people's pictures nowadays? A reporter was after mine yesterday. He said they wanted it to run in their "Galaxy of American Beauties."

Miss Panksley—Dear me! How shocking! Did you get the reporter's address?—Cleveland Leader.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The wine-bearing palm of western Africa yields a sap which is sweet when first drawn, ferments in a few hours, and is a quick intoxicant.

—Firelighters are made in Germany by twisting wood wool into a rope, cutting it into short lengths, and dipping the end of the pieces into melted resin.

—The hairspring of a watch is a strip of the finest steel, about 9½ inches long, 1-100th inch wide and 27-10,000ths inch thick. It is coiled up in spiral form and finely tempered.

—Before the introduction of firearms, the wood of the yew was in so great a demand for bows that a law was enacted in Venice that every ship trading in the port should bring ten bow staves with every butt of Malmsey wine.

—A recipe for preserving wire ropes that are to be carried under water or under the earth's surface consists of a mixture of 35 parts of slacked lime and from 50 to 60 parts of tar. The compound is boiled and applied hot.

—The thickest known coal seam in the world is the Wyoming, near Twin Creek, in the Green river coal basin, Wyoming. It is 80 feet thick, with only one thin parting of shale near the roof, and upwards of 300 feet of solid coal underlie the property of 4,000 acres.

—The tunnels of the world are estimated to number about 1,142, with a total length of 514 miles. There are about 1,000 railroad tunnels, 12 subaqueous tunnels, 90 canal tunnels and 40 conduit tunnels, with aggregate lengths of about 350 miles, 9 miles, 70 miles and 85 miles respectively.

—Tar may be instantaneously removed from hands and fingers by rubbing with the outside of fresh orange or lemon peel, and wiping dry immediately after. It is surprising what a large surface of skin a small piece will clean. The volatile oils in the skins dissolve the tar, and so it may be wiped off.

—The citizens of Dijon, France, recently voted a tax for putting a railing around a tree which stands within the city limits. The tree bears a label which informs the sightseer that it is the oldest poplar in France. The town council has a record tracing history of the tree since the year 722 A. D. It is 122 feet in height and 45 feet in circumference at the base.

NOBLEMAN A POLICEMAN.

Must Serve Ten Years "On the Force" to Inherit a Fortune.

The strangest of all the many requests that have been made of Mr. Hanna since he took up his leadership in politics came to him when Baron von Muegge, a young German, solicited his influence to obtain an appointment as deputy United States marshal, at any place where the surroundings are agreeable, at any salary, or any amount of fees that might be offered.

The applicant, who is well vouched for and is undoubtedly all that he pretends to be, told a strange story of the will of his mother, a wealthy, but eccentric, German, who stipulated that he should serve ten years as a policeman before he should come into his fortune, her idea being to teach him self-control, develop his character and convince him of the dignity of labor.

As he did not wish to serve in such an humble capacity among his former and future associates, Von Muegge came to the United States to serve his time. He has been on the force in several cities, and is now employed as a watchman by a railroad company in Cleveland.

The man is personally known to Mr. Hanna through a rather curious episode that occurred while he was a member of the Cleveland city police. A few nights after the election some of Mr. Hanna's friends and admirers tendered him a banquet at the Union club in that city, and during the dinner two of the waiters got into trouble, in which one of them bit off a portion of the ear of the other.

The fight was so fierce that a policeman was sent for to take charge of the combatants, and that duty happened to be assigned to Von Muegge. Mr. Hanna recollects seeing him at the Union club on that occasion.

His term of servitude expires in November next, and the baron is anxious to spend the remainder of the period in surroundings which will be more agreeable than those in which he has been situated for the last nine years. He would like to be a deputy to the United States marshal of the District of Columbia for the next six months, and has asked Mr. Hanna's influence to secure that position.—Chicago Record.

Supplying All Wants.

The Peddler—I have the most excellent silver polish.

The Lady of the House—Don't need it. I haven't got any silver.

"Well, then, it will take grease spots out of wall paper."

"Haven't got any wall paper."

"Then it will renew the curl in feathers."

"Haven't got any feathers."

"Well, then, it will make oil paintings look like new."

"Haven't got any oil paintings."

"Well, then, a little taken internally will make you feel as if you had some of these things. Good day."—London Answers.

To Make Sure.

"Young man," said the statesman, "I decline to be interviewed."

The hopeful reporter looked sad.

"I always interview myself," the statesman explained. "It is a great plan for missing mistakes. Just sit down and I will have your copy ready in about 20 minutes."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Plain Croquettes.

One pint of chopped meat of any kind, one slice of bread soaked in tepid water, two eggs, seasoning to taste. Squeeze the bread dry, add the meat, bind with the eggs, seasoning to taste. Mold, roll in egg and crumbs and fry. One cupful of cold mashed potatoes can be used instead of the bread.—Boston Budget.

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr SAMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed
Alx. Senna
Rochelle Salts
Anise Seed
Peppermint
Bi Carbonate Soda
Worm Seed
Clarified Sugar
Wintergreen Flavor

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

NEW YORK.

35 DOSES 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE —OF— Chas. H. Fletcher. IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and will answer every purpose." ☞ See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

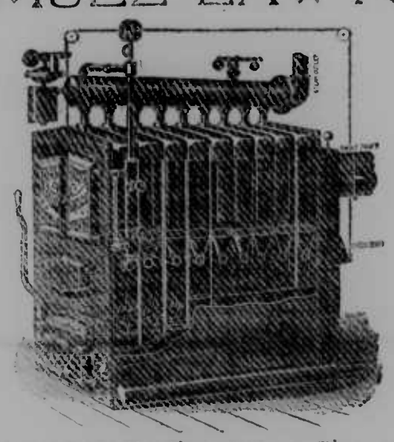

Steam and Hot Water Heating, Pumps, Pipe and Fittings, Valves, Packing, Etc., Etc.

BICYCLES AND BICYCLE REPAIRING.

REDUCED RATES.

Tennessee Centennial Exposition, Nashville, Tennessee.

OVER THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY and Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway.

The Southern Railway announces the following low rates from Washington, D. C., to Nashville, Tenn., occasion Tennessee Centennial Exposition:

Season Excursion Tickets will be sold daily, until and including October 15, at $28.75.

Twenty-day Excursion Tickets will be sold daily until October 15, at $21.50.

Ten-day Excursion Tickets will be sold on Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week, until October 26, 1897, at $15.00.

Rates for Military and Students in parties of 25 or more made known upon application.

Lv Baltimore, P. R. R.	...	9.20 PM	9.42 AM
" Washington, " "	...	10.45 "	11.15 "
" Lynchburg, " "	...	6.09 AM	6.20 PM
Ar Salisbury, " "	...	3.37 "	3.50 "
" Asheville, " "	...	2.05 PM	12.12 AM
" Hot Springs, " "	...	4.20 "	1.20 "
" Knoxville, " "	...	7.55 "	4.50 "
" Chattanooga, " "	...	11.20 "	7.55 "
" Nashville, " St. L.	...	6.40 AM	1.50 PM

The train leaving Baltimore at 9.20 P. M., daily, carries Pullman Buffet Sleeper New York to Salisbury, uniting with Pullman Sleeper (from Norfolk) to Nashville, Tenn., through "The Land of the Sky," without change.

For full particulars, descriptive matter, etc., call on or address:

J. C. HORTON, Pass. Agent, 106 East German st., Baltimore, Md.
L. S. BROWN, Gen'l Agent Pass. Dept.
W. A. TURK, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
J. M. CULP, Traffic Manager.
W. H. GREEN, Gen'l Superintendent.
1309 Penna. Ave., Washington, D. C.

R. BOLDEN,

Tin, Galvanized and Sheet Iron WORKER.

Roofing and Spouting Done on Short Notice.

Special Attention Given to Repairing.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED. GIVE US A CALL.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS, FANCY STATIONERY, DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.

51—26

FREE HOMES ...IN... Washington and Oregon.

160 Acres of Land FREE to Every Citizen.

1,000,000 ACRES

FINE TIMBER LANDS RICH Farming and Grazing LANDS.

FRUITS Grow in Abundance. FINE CLIMATE.

No Extreme Heat or Cold Weather.

NO TAXES For Seven Years

CONVENIENT TO MARKETS

Settling up very fast by EASTERN PEOPLE.

Full particulars free.

Address A. C. HARVEY, 42 S. Third Street, Phila., Pa.

47—52

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent, Box 10, Westernport, Md.

9—1yr.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, June [illegible] 1897.

President McKinley is natu[illegible]ally of an obliging disposition and [illegible]othing would please him more than [illegible]accept all the invitations that have [illegible]een extended to him by cities an[illegible]towns through which he will pas[illegible]on his way to and from the Nashvi[illegible] Exposition, but it is impossible [illegible]him to do so, as the time set asi[illegible]or the trip is necessarily limited. [illegible]e will leave Washington next We[illegible]sday morning, accompanied by [illegible]Westinguished party made up of [illegible]bers of the Cabinet, Senators, Re[illegible]setatives and other officials, many [illegible]whom will be accompanied by the la[illegible]es of their families. The party wi[illegible]be in Nashville on Ohio day at the Exposition.

While the progress on the tariff bill in the Senate is not altogether as rapid as Republicans would like it to be, it is, circumstances considered, satisfactory. More so, in fact, than many had expected it to be, just as the bill is being made better than many Republicans expected it would be when the amended bill was reported to the Senate. The original Dingley bill was far more satisfactory to Republicans of the rank and file than the bill as amended by the Senate Committee, and they are correspondingly pleased at the tendency of the steering committee of the Senate to restore the House schedule, or at least to make them nearer them than to the schedules of the amended bill. While it cannot be officially announced that the sugar schedule of the original bill will be restored, it seems to be almost certain that the Dingley schedule will be made the basis for the sugar schedule that will be inserted in place of the one prepared by the Senate Finance Committee, which many Republicans considered one of the most objectionable in the amended bill. All of this makes it certain that the prophecy in this correspondence that the bill as finally passed would be a good one will turn out to be true.

The Postmaster crop will ripen early this year and a big harvest is expected. Postmaster General Gary has announced that the commissions of all postmasters that expire between this date and July 15th, will be considered as having already expired, and their successors appointed as early as possible. This does not indicate any change in the policy of allowing postmasters to serve a full term of four years, unless there are causes for removal, but it is desired that where immediate changes are to be made, the new official shall, so far as possible, be in charge of their offices at the beginning of the new fiscal year, July 1.

The first result of the investigation of the workings of the civil service rules is the unanimous report of the Committee on Reform in the civil service in favor of Senator Gallinger's amendment to the general deficiency Appropriation Bill, abrogating all civil service rules which apply to any class of laborers. This amendment is in line with common sense, and will be sure to become a law. Talk with Senator Pritchard and other members of the committee makes it reasonably certain that other and more important recommendations as to exceptions from the civil service rules will be made by the committee a little later.

In accordance with a decision arrived at soon after his inauguration, President McKinley has nominated Ellis H. Roberts, of New York, to be Treasurer of the U. S., and Conrad N. Jordan to be Assistant Treasurer at New York. Mr. Jordan's nomination is for a second term, as he is a gold Democrat and held the position under the Cleveland administration.

There is another 3 in the field for the Democratic free silver and free trade presidential nomination in 1900. It is Bailey, of Texas, who has the support of a majority of the Democrats in the House in his efforts to be their leader. Mr. Bailey figures that he is quite as much of an orator as Mr. Bryan, and quite as much entitled to the nomination. After the nomination of Bryan, no sensible man would doubt the possibility of any action by a Democratic convention. Neither of them are fitted for so a responsible a place as the Presidency, but Bailey has been regarded as less of a demagogue than Bryan, although getting the Presidential fever may cause him to out-Bryan Bryan in that direction.

Attorney General McKenna is going to try his hand at enforcing the Sherman anti-trust law, which the Cleveland administration declared could not be enforced. He has directed that suit be entered in the U. S. Circuit Court against the Trader's Live Stock Exchange, of Kansas City, for violation of the anti-trust law by boycotting commission merchants who sold stock to those who did not belong to the exchange.

Torturing, itching, scaly skin eruptions, burns and scalds are soothed at once and promptly healed by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the best known cure for piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

30,000 Pounds of Wool Wanted

By a large concern in the east. Highest cash prices paid. John Felty, jr. See us before selling. 9-8

According to the newspapers, an Ohio husband became the happy father of seven children not long ago. Of the seven all lived but one. It is to be hoped that he laid in a supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, the only sure cure for croup, whooping-cough, colds and coughs, and so insure his children against these diseases. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

A. H. Patter, with E. C. Atkins & Co., Indianapolis, Ind., writes: I have never before given a testimonial in my life. But I will say that for three years we have never been without Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in the house, and my wife would as soon think of being without flour as a bottle of this Remedy in the summer season. We have used it with all three of our children and it has never failed to cure—not simply stop pain, but cure absolutely. It is all right and anyone who tries it will find it so." For sale by Oakland Pharmacy, J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

POSTPONED

PUBLIC SALE

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE

IN GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Under and by virtue of a power contained in a mortgage from Jonas Frazee and Rosa Frazee, his wife, to the Baltimore Building and Loan Association of Baltimore City, dated the 30th day of January, 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 55, folios 90, etc., one of the Mortgage Records of Garrett county, Maryland, the undersigned as attorney named in the said mortgage, will offer at public sale, in front of the post office, in Oakland, Maryland, on

Wednesday, June 16th, 1897.

at 10 o'clock a. m.,

all the following parcels or tracts of land, situate and lying in Garrett county, Maryland:

1st. All that lot or parcel of land situate and lying in the town of Selbysport, in Garrett county aforesaid, containing one-half of an acre of land, more or less, fronting on the Morgantown road, it being the same property which was conveyed by John M. and Catharine Kesner to Jonas Frazee by deed dated the 27th day of April, 1886, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 11, folio 386, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, except the portions thereof sold to J. Z. Browning and Sarah B. Friend.

This property is improved by a good stable.

2d. All that farm or tract of land known as the

Home Farm of the late Christian Fike,

situate and lying about a mile and a-half north-east of the town of Selbysport, in Garrett county aforesaid, containing

One Hundred and Sixteen and one-quarter Acres of Land,

more or less, the greater portion thereof being cleared and under cultivation, and is good farming land, it being the same property which was conveyed by Lucian Frazee and wife to Jonas Frazee by deed dated the 8th day of October, 1885, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 41, folio 61, one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

This property is improved by a good barn.

3d. All that farm or tract of land situate and lying along the Youghiogheny river, about one and a-half miles north of the town of Selbysport, containing

Sixty-seven Acres of Land,

more or less. About forty-five acres of this land are cleared and under cultivation, and is good bottom land, it being the same property which was conveyed by Jane Frances Fike to Jonas Frazee by deed dated the 21st day of February, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 51, folio 409, one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

This property is improved by a frame dwelling, in fair condition, and by an old barn, sugar house, wagon shed and granary.

4th. All that lot or parcel of land situate and lying about a mile and a-half north-east of the town of Selbysport, in Garrett county aforesaid, containing

Two Acres of Land,

more or less, all cleared, it being the same property which was conveyed by John Ruley and wife to Jonas Frazee by deed dated the 19th day of May, 1886, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, folio 222, one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

This property has no buildings upon it.

5th. All that farm or tract of land situate and lying about a mile and a-half north-east of the town of Selbysport, in Garrett county aforesaid, containing SIXTY-THREE ACRES OF LAND, more or less, known as

"The West End of the late Jesse Groves' Farm,"

all the said land being cleared and under cultivation, it being the same property which was conveyed by Elizabeth Frazee to Rosa Frazee by deed dated the 20th day of February, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 51, folio 121, one of the Land Records of Garrett county.

This property is improved by TWO SMALL FRAME DWELLINGS AND A BARN.

6th. All that farm or tract of land known as the

SPRINGER PROPERTY,

situate and lying about five miles north of Deer Park, in Garrett county aforesaid, bordering on and along Deep Creek, said stream running through a portion of it. This farm contains

Two Hundred and Fifty-six Acres

of land, more or less, and about one-half of it is cleared and under cultivation, the other half being black pine land and glade land, and is good for grazing. It was conveyed by James Z. Browning and wife and Samuel S. Hamill and Frederick A. Thayer, trustees, to Jonas Yutzy, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 11th day of June next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Garrett county once in each of three successive weeks before the 11th day of June next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $501.00.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett Co., Md.
True copy—test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Notice of a Meeting of Stockholders.

Notice is hereby given to all the stockholders of the "Park Improvement Company of Garrett County, Maryland," that a meeting of said stockholders will be held at Mt. Lake Park, Garrett county, Maryland, on the

16th Day of June, 1897,

at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of increasing the capital stock of said company from the present limit of $3,000 (three thousand dollars) to $10,000 (ten thousand dollars) in order to carry out the objects of its incorporation; provided the owners of two-thirds of the present capital stock of said company are present at said meeting and determine to do so.

L. A. REDISILL,
J. A. HAYDEN,
C. I. RICHARDSON,
C. W. HOPKINS,
Directors of Park Improvement Company of Garrett County, Maryland. 9-11

JOHN SHARTZER,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

offers his services to the people of Garrett County. Will cry land or personal property sales at any point in the county. 6-97-1yr.

SAVE BABY'S LIFE.

Teething time is the most trying time of infancy. The little gums are hot and swollen. They tingle and ache and smart. All the nerves in the little body are on edge. Sleep restless—digestion bad.

There is a remedy.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

soothes and cools the gums, controls the bowels, cures colic, brings good digestion, sleep and rest. 25 cents, all druggists. Guaranteed. Made by JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

TIN, SLATE and STEEL ROOFING, SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.

PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.

REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.

SPOUTING, ETC.

WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH, MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

SHARTZER & BOLDEN

OAKLAND, MD.,

DEALERS IN

Furniture, Carpets, Matting, Oil Cloth, Window Shades, Wall Paper,

—AND—

GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Repairing Furniture and Picture Framing a Specialty.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.
IN EFFECT FEBRUARY 28, 1897.

SOUTHWARD No. 3	SOUTHWARD No. 1	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2	NORTHWARD No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 00	7 00 lv	Cumberland ar	12 15	17 30
3 26	7 26	Rawlings	11 50	7 05
3 55	7 55	Keyser	11 25	6 43
4 00	8 00	Westernport	11 15	6 30
4 04	8 04	W. Va. C. Junc.	11 11	6 22
4 34	8 35	Shaw	10 45	5 57
5 10	9 01	Harrison	10 19	5 30
6 15	9 45* ar	Elk Garden	8 00	*1 00
5 35	9 00 lv	Gorman	9 40	4 54
5 42	9 46	Bayard	9 31	4 47
5 51	9 57	Dendy	9 23	4 38
6 27	10 27	Thomas	8 56	4 08
6 55	10 55 ar	Davis	8 40	3 15
6 31	10 31 lv	Coketon	8 45	4 01
7 01	11 01	Hendricks	8 15	3 30
7 07	11 07	Bretz	8 08	3 25
7 10	11 10	Parsons	8 05	3 20
7 45	11 45	Kerens	7 30	2 45
8 00	12 00 ar	Elkins	lv 7 15	12 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	1 55
				P. M.
	3 05* ar	Beallington	lv	*11 20
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

*Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect 5m Sunday, May 16, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7—	Daily	2.40 A. M
No. 3—	Daily	6.28 A. M
No. 71—	Accom daily except Sun	9.28 A. M
No. 47—	Daily	1.30 P. M
No. 55—	Express, daily	5.55 P. M
No. 1—	Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—	Daily	5.50 A. M
No. 2—	Daily	6.41 A. M
No. 72—	Accom daily except Sun	5.18 P. M
No. 46—	Daily	4.43 P. M
No. 4—	Daily	12 20 A. M
No. 11—	Accommodation	10.12 A. M

Train No. 55 makes no stops between Oakland and Grafton. No. 47 makes all stops.

D. E. MARTIN, Manager of Passenger Traffic.
C. F. SCHRUEDER, Agent.

ORDER NISI.

John S. Sanders vs. A. T. Shuttleworth and others.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County. No. 763 Equity.

Ordered, this 19th day of May, 1897, that the sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by Gilmor S. Hamill and Frederick A. Thayer, trustees, to Jonas Yutzy, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 11th day of June next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed in Garrett county once in each of three successive weeks before the 11th day of June next.

The report states the amount of sale to be $501.00.

E. Z. TOWER,
Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett Co., Md.
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L. A. REDISILL,
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JOHN SHARTZER,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

offers his services to the people of Garrett County. Will cry land or personal property sales at any point in the county. 6-97-1yr.

ESTATE OF FRANCIS SPICER, DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett County, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

FRANCIS SPICER,

late of Garrett county, Md., deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 17th day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 2d day of June, 1897.

MICHAEL NATHAN, Adm'r c. t. a.
11-3 Grantsville, Md.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 16—1yr

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1897. NUMBER 15.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

The thermometer rose to the occasion on Tuesday.

See "Bound to Win," to-night at the opera house.

Mr. J. W. Junkins, of Blaine, was in the city Friday last.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot was in Baltimore several days recently.

Assistant Fish Commissioner A. F. George was in Oakland last Saturday.

Mr. S. T. Jones and family spent Sunday with relatives at Terra Alta.

Last Thursday Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Harvey, of near Gorman, were in Oakland.

Mr. Baltus DeWitt, of Terra Alta, was registered at the Central hotel Tuesday.

Mr. J. C. Renninger returned on Tuesday from a visit to his parents at Cumberland.

Mrs. King Delawder was at Westernport and Piedmont last week visiting relatives.

Miss Bertha West, of Martinsburg, is the guest of Miss Bertie Boyer at the Central hotel.

Mr. Leonard Stoddard is on a visit to relatives and friends in north-eastern Pennsylvania.

Attorney William C. Devecmon, of Cumberland, was here Saturday last on professional business.

Miss Mollie Porter is spending several days this week visiting relatives at Rawlings and Cumberland.

Mr. Frederick Kamp, of District No. 5, has been appointed deputy game warden by Governor Lowndes.

Mr. George E. Bishoff, of Johnstown, was here Tuesday, bringing to market a load of dairy products.

Mrs. Joseph Helbig went down to Lonaconing yesterday where Mr. Helbig has a large contract of painting.

Judge Edward Stake is confined to his bed in Hagerstown with a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism.

Messrs. Semmes and Stewart Hamill are home on their summer vacation from the Allegany County Academy.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Burke, of New York, are here as the guests of Mrs. Burke's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Sweeney.

Mrs. I. D. Newman accompanied by her grandson, went to Palatine, W. Va., last Thursday to visit friends a few days.

Mr. Fred C. Reis, of the Board of Election Supervisors, also Mr. J. Alvin Friend, were here Tuesday in their official capacity.

The sale of the Frazee property, which was to have been made yesterday, was withdrawn by the attorney, Mr. D. J. Blackiston.

Mr. George W. Shaw, of Grantsville, was registered at the Central hotel last Thursday. He returned home Friday morning.

"Bound to Win," by original cast, at the opera house to-night. New specialties will be introduced. Make it a point to be there.

Mr. Harry Imbach, who has been in Oakland and vicinity several weeks, returned to his home in Baltimore county Tuesday night.

Mr. Thomas Martin is having a neat porch built to his residence on Oak street, besides making other improvements to his property.

Miss Emma Whetsell, residing at Mt. Lake Park with her mother, was kicked by a horse last Thursday and sustained a fracture of her arm.

Duke Dent, the base ball twirler of Kingwood, was in Oakland last Friday on his way to Dobbin where he pitched a game of ball the following day.

Mr. David Durst, who visited friends and relatives in and near Grantsville, the past two weeks, returned to Oakland last Friday afternoon.

Dr. E. J. M. Button, of Annapolis, arrived in Oakland yesterday afternoon, accompanied by his sister, and will remain here a month or two with his family.

One Minute is all the time necessary to decide from personal experience that One Minute Cough Cure does what its name implies. Oakland Pharmacy.

The settlement of the Maryland and West Virginia boundary dispute is desired by some important interests engaged in developing the adjoining territory.

Somebody, somewhere, sometime has given the following very good advice: "Drink less, breathe more; eat less, chew more; ride less, walk more; clothe less, bathe more; worry less, work more; waste less, give more; write less, send more; preach less, practice more.

Mr. Thomas Wolbert returned to Oakland Saturday last after an absence of a week or two on a business and pleasure trip to his old home in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Jacob Hartman, of Richwood, Ohio, and Mr. E. Falkenstein, of Cranesville, W. Va., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Falkenstein on Saturday and Sunday last.

A new postoffice has been established at Finzel, this county, and Mr. Patrick E. Finzel commissioned postmaster. The new office is located in District No. 9 near Frostburg.

Mrs. Dr. Koon, of Eglon, drove down to Oakland Monday morning and returned in the evening, accompanied by Miss Shipley, of New York, who arrived here Monday afternoon.

Don't allow the lungs to be impaired by the continuous irritation of a cough. It is easier to prevent consumption than to cure it. One Minute Cough Cure taken early will ward off any lung trouble. Oakland Pharmacy.

Rev. J. O. Thompson, editor of the *Echo*, Keyser, West Va., who preached in St. Paul's M. E. church here on Sunday evening last, made this office a fraternal visit on Monday morning.

"The Tramp," otherwise Mr. Thos. L. Jackson, makes another contribution to our columns to-day in the way of a poem. He says in a letter to the editor it is a back number but has never before been published.

Messrs. J. Milton Lowdermilk, jr., Joshua Turney, Basil Spiker, Thomas Holt, Joseph Holt and Marshall Frazee, all of District No. 2, were in Oakland Tuesday, summoned here as witnesses in a case before Justice Sincell.

They are so small that the most sensitive persons take them, they are so effective that the most obstinate cases of constipation, headache and torpid liver yield to them. That is why DeWitt's Little Early Risers are known as the famous little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

Messrs. Ellwood Offutt and Edward B. Sincell went down to Annapolis Monday night to be present at the commencement exercises at St. John's College, of which institution both are graduates.

Mr. Will Offutt arrived home yesterday afternoon from St. John's college, Annapolis, to spend the summer vacation with his parents. Will is very much thought of by his classmates in school and is equally as well liked by the young people of Oakland.

E. E. Turner, of Compton, Mo., writes us that after suffering from piles for seventeen years, he completely cured them by using three boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cures eczema and severe skin diseases. Oakland Pharmacy.

Dr. Henry W. McComas, who went down to Baltimore Saturday night, returned to Oakland Tuesday morning, accompanied by his son Harry. Mrs. McComas' health is steadily improving and she will return to her home Sunday next.

Loar & Co.'s gallery will remain in Oakland but a short time longer and while here will make full length cabinet photographs at 20 cents per dozen guaranteed not to fade. This is positively our last offer and your last opportunity. 2t.

Mr. M. N. Wilson, of Wilson, spent last Friday night in Oakland. He had been to Buckhannon, West Va., attending the commencement exercises of the school there, in which institution his sister is a student.

Hundreds of thousands have been induced to try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy by reading what it has done for others, and have tested its merits for themselves are to-day its warmest friends. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy, J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

On Monday last ground was broken by Mr. J. W. Wharton for a new residence on his lots corner of Third and Pennington streets. The house will be a spacious one and when completed will be quite an addition to that part of town.

Many cases of "Grippe" have lately been cured by One Minute Cough Cure. This preparation seems especially adapted to the cure of this disease. It acts quickly, thus preventing serious complications and bad effects in which this disease often leaves the patient. Oakland Pharmacy.

A Lincoln (Neb.) paper says editorially: "In the eleven months ending with May our expenditures exceeded our receipts by about $33,000,000." Capitalists contemplating the establishments of newspapers should ponder this confession.

The Junior Epworth League was entertained last Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Felty. About seventy of the members were present. The children enjoyed themselves as only children can on occasions like this. Refreshments were admirably served by Mrs. Felty assisted by the teachers in the Junior League.

A team belonging to Mr. Samuel Rhoades was standing at the station here last Thursday when the horses became frightened at a train and ran away, almost completely wrecking the wagon and tearing the harness to pieces.

If you have ever seen a child in the agony of croup, you can appreciate the gratitude of the mothers who know that One Minute Cough Cure relieves their little ones as quickly as it is administered. Many homes in this city are never without it. Oakland Pharmacy.

A letter received from Mr. J. J. Beeghley, formerly of the Cove, but who recently moved to the West, dated at Cando, North Dakota, says: "I arrived here with my family June 6th. Whether we will like it or not remains to be seen."

The Oakland Hotel, under the management of Messrs. George A. Mills & Son, opened Tuesday morning for the season. The hotel has been put in excellent condition and everything done toward making it the leading summer house of the mountains.

"There's no use in talking," says W. H. Broadwell, druggist, La Cygne, Kas., "Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy does the work. After taking medicine of my own preparation and those of others, I took a dose of Chamberlain's and it helped me; a second cured me. Candidly and conscientiously I can recommend it as the best thing on the market." The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Tuesday of this week the Board of Election Supervisors for this county met in their offices in Oakland and selected election officials who were notified to appear on Tuesday, June 26th, for examination, which will take place at ten o'clock of that day in the public school building.

We have received a neatly engraved card announcing the marriage of Miss Anna Gertrude Kepler, daughter of Rev. G. W. Kepler, formerly of Oakland, and Mr. Alfred V. Earhart, editor of the Davis *Republican*, which event occurred at the home of the bride at Williamstown, W. Va., last Wednesday, the 9th inst.

Prof. Chas. H. Lantz, of Cumberland, the well known musician and piano tuner, will be in Oakland on Friday, the 18th inst., and remain a few days tuning and repairing instruments. Prof. Lantz is one of the most skillful and reliable tuners south of New York and deserves the patronage of this community, which he kindly solicits. Headquarters at Central Hotel.

An ingenious combination saddle is on exhibition at Justice Boyer's office in the Central hotel. By removing a screw inserted in the pommel it can be instantly changed from a ladies' to a gentleman's saddle. It is not at all cumbersome and is quite neat in appearance. Mr. Boyer has secured the agency for this county and will be pleased to show the saddle to any interested.

Mr. Wm. H. Wright, of near Altamont, was in the city last Friday and while here made this office a pleasant call. Mr. Wright was a soldier in the late war and experienced some hard service. After the close of the "unpleasantness" he enlisted in the regular army of Uncle Sam and was sent to the plains in the west where he had many brushes with the Indians. At the end of seventeen months of service he returned to this county.

Mr. Isaac Horner, proprietor of the Burton House, Burton, W. Va., and one of the most widely known men in the state was cured of rheumatism after three years of suffering. He says: "I have not sufficient command of language to convey any idea of what I suffered, my physicians told me that nothing could be done for me and my friends were fully convinced that nothing but death would relieve me of my suffering. In June, 1894, Mr. Evens, then salesman for the Wheeling Drug Co., recommended Chamberlain's Pain Balm. At this time my foot and limb were swollen to more than their normal size and it seemed to me my leg would burst, but soon after I began using the Pain Balm the swelling began to decrease, the pain to leave and not I consider that I am entirely cured. Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

"A Roommate of the West."

Friday and Saturday evenings of last week the above play was before the public in Shartzer's Opera House. It was given under the management of Mr. Arthur Blackaller, who was assisted in its rendition by purely home talent. The audiences both nights, while not large, were appreciative and those taking part in it were warmly congratulated by their friends.

To-night Mr. Blackaller and the original cast will play "Bound to Win," which was received with pleasure here a few weeks ago.

A PROBABLE MURDER.

James Flynn Murderously Assaults Fred. Bergman at Bloomington, who has Slight Chances for Recovery.

Probably before this article meets the eyes of our readers the jail in Oakland will hold within its walls a man charged with the most heinous of crimes, that of murder.

On Saturday night of last week a crowd of miners and others congregated at a saloon in Bloomington, this county, and after becoming intoxicated started a row among themselves. In the crowd were Fred. Bergman and James Flynn, who is a notoriously tough character. Flynn and five or six others made an attack upon Bergman who ran toward the Potomac river. He was followed a short distance by the crowd, all of whom returned in a few minutes except Flynn, who was heard to remark that he would murder him, meaning Bergman. About midnight Flynn returned alone and nothing more was said about the matter until Sunday about 11 o'clock, when the unconscious form of Bergman was found under a cliff of rocks along the river bank by two parties residing in Bloomington. One side of Bergman's head was crushed to a jelly, the brains oozing out between the fractures. He was immediately sent to Cumberland and is still there, an inmate of the hospital, unconscious, with but slight hopes of recovery.

As soon as Bergman was found and the facts of Saturday night's row brought to the attention of State's Attorney Thayer, he investigated the affair, which resulted in a warrant being sworn out by Harry Hammers charging Flynn with an assault upon Bergman with intent to kill. The warrant was placed in the hands of Sheriff Brown yesterday morning and he left for Bloomington immediately. Arriving there he found Flynn in a crowd of twenty or thirty half drunken men lying under some trees. He made his business known at once and arrested his man. While engaged in reading the warrant to Flynn an attempt was made on the part of one of Flynn's friends to interfere with the sheriff in the performance of his duty. Being a plucky man this did not go with the officer, and after telling them he intended performing his duty the noisy crowd left him in charge of his prisoner. The sheriff arrived here yesterday afternoon with Flynn, who was committed to jail and will remain there until to-morrow morning at 11 o'clock, when he will be given a preliminary hearing.

The assault upon Bergman was made with a beer bottle, at least that is the general impression among residents of Bloomington.

Flynn is a rather tall man, slight build, and has light hair and blue eyes. He has no occupation and is unmarried.

Public Reception to the Normal Students.

Quite an enthusiastic meeting of the citizens of Oakland was held on Tuesday evening of this week in Sturgiss' Hall for the purpose of formulating plans and providing ways and means to tender a reception to the normal students now enrolled in the school here. The reception will be held at the Oakland Hotel on Friday evening of next week. Two hundred supper tickets will be issued and sold to the citizens of the town at $1 each. It was the sense of the meeting to issue a neat invitation which can be preserved by the guests as a souvenir of the occasion, and one of these invitations, along with a ticket, will be mailed to each scholar and teacher of the school, at no cost to them.

The following committees were appointed to take the affair in hand and carry it to a successful conclusion.

Committee on invitations and sale of tickets: Messrs. S. T. Jones, Percy Procter, Chas. S. Davis, J. M. Jarboe, A. G. Sturgiss, James D. Hamill, Dr. J. Lee McComas, Joseph E. Harned and D. E. Offutt, jr.

Committee on reception, Mayor McComas, G. S. Hamill, T. G. Palmer, Rev. J. M. Davis, E. R. Sincell, Dr. E. H. Bartlett, Mrs. R. T. Browning, Mrs. J. M. Jarboe, Mrs. F. G. Hyde, Mrs. K. T. Crane, Mrs. M. C. Hinebaugh.

Dr. J. Lee McComas and Mr. Percy Procter were appointed a committee of two to confer with Mr. Mills, proprietor of the Oakland Hotel, and arrange all details. Mr. Mills, who has a reputation as a hotel man, guarantees that he will do everything looking to the success of the reception and make it an enjoyable affair. He tenders the use of the hotel parlors, reception and ball rooms to the guests and will have in attendance an orchestra for the occasion.

All that remains now to make the reception a complete success is that the citizens of the town act in harmony with the committee having it in charge.

Yesterday's Storm.

Yesterday afternoon one of the fiercest rain and thunder storms ever witnessed in this vicinity, broke over Oakland, and for more than an hour the lightning flashed and the thunders roared whilst the rain came down in torrents. Sewers were blocked and the water ran a foot deep over all the streets in the lower end of town.

When the storm was at its height a bolt of lightning struck the spire of the Methodist church shattering one side of it to splinters and burning out the electric wires besides doing slight damage to the metal roof. At the time the lightning struck the church the sexton was in the class room cleaning it but was unaware of it until some persons residing near rushed in, thinking the building was on fire as smoke rolled out in clouds. It will require considerable work and money to repair the damage.

The Fourth in Oakland.

The committee having in charge the celebration to be held in Oakland on Saturday, July 3d, has been very successful in raising funds to meet the expenses of the occasion and also in securing some fine attractions for the day. Almost every business man in town has willingly subscribed to the fund and in other substantial ways helped the project along.

Governor Lowndes was invited to be present but a letter was received Tuesday from him regretting his inability to be here. Senator Wellington, however, will be here on that day and will deliver the oration.

In His Holy Temple.

Rev. S. M. Engle will preach in the Garrett Memorial church on Sunday morning next at 11 o'clock. On Sunday, the 27th inst., Rev. Engle will deliver a sermon to the Normal students and will use as the theme of his discourse "Education."

In St. Matthew's P. E. church services will be held at the following hours on Sunday next: Holy communion, 7:30 a. m.; morning prayer and sermon, 11 a. m. Subject of sermon, "Duty;" evening prayer and sermon. Services at Lock Lynn 3 p. m. All the above services will be conducted by the rector of the parish, Rev. Wm. Brayshaw.

The services in St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church will be a sermon in the morning by the pastor, Rev. J. W. Butler, who will use as his theme "Laying up Treasures." The subject for the evening service will be "Singleness of Purpose in the Christian Life."

Children's Day services will be held in St. Paul's M. E. church next Sunday, June 20th. There will be Sunday school at 9:15 and a special program, "Buds and Flowers," will be carried out at 10:30. All parents who wish to have their children baptised in the church upon this day will please make arrangements with the pastor not later than Saturday evening. On Sunday evening the Rev. F. N. Lynch, of Huntington, W. Va., will preach. All invited to all services.

Base Ball.

Last Saturday afternoon the second of a series of games between Mt. Lake and Oakland was played at Jack Oak Park, near town, resulting in a victory for the visitors by a score of 22 to 29.

The first three innings were pitched by Ernest Townshend, who did good work considering his experience and lack of practice. After the third inning George Weber went into the box and succeeded in shutting the visitors out in the fourth and seventh innings.

Joe Rathbun pitched for the Mountain Lake Park boys and struck out three men in the first, after which scores were made until the ninth when all went out in one two three order on the bases and by flies to the infield.

Both nines were weak in the field, hence the big scores made.

Literary Program.

Following is the program of the Normal Literary for Tuesday, June 22, 1897:

Music.

Recitation.....Albert White.
Essay.....Elsie Fay.
Select Reading.....Anna High.

Music.

Recitation.....Emma Hamill.
Composition.....Mr. Ralston.
Select Reading.....Beulah Loughridge.

Music.

Impromptu class, Emma Deberry, J. W. Fazenbaker, Morris Custer.
Biography of Edgar Allen Poe,.....Grace Loar.
Question for debate, "Resolved, That the mental faculties of the sexes are equal." To affirm, J. B. Emory, Louis Hamilton; to deny F. Hinebaugh, E. Glotfelty.
Reading of "The Mirror," by the Assistant Editor.

Critic's Report.
Adjournment.

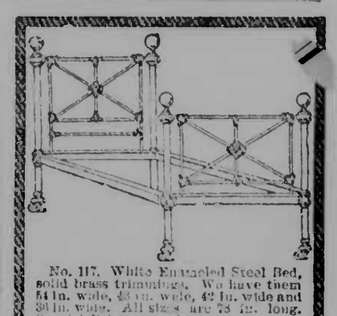

No. 117. White Enameled Steel Bed, solid brass trimmings. We have them 54 in. wide, 48 in. wide, 42 in. wide and 36 in. wide. All sizes are 78 in. long. Special Price (any size)

$4.75

(orders promptly filled.)

Everywhere town dealers are saying unkind things about us. Their customers are tired of paying them double prices; our handsome (free) money-saving catalogue is enlightening the masses. Drop a postal now for complete catalogue of Furniture, Clothing, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Baby Carriages, Refrigerators, Stoves, Fancy Lamps, Bedding, Springs, etc. The catalogue costs you nothing and we pay all postage. Get double value for your dollar by dealing with the manufacturers.

JULIUS HINES & SON,
BALTIMORE, MD.

GAS AND OIL DEVELOPMENT.

Several Thousand Acres of Land Leased Which will be Developed.

In the last issue of THE REPUBLICAN we published a short article relative to the oil and gas leases being made in this community by representatives of the Standard and other oil companies. Since that time the movement to secure options upon lands has been more marked and the gentlemen representing the interests of their several companies have been hustling to secure all the land they can.

One of the parties interested in the scheme was in this office yesterday who stated that he has been in the oil business for thirty years and at no place has he found indications for oil better than in this neighborhood. Options have been secured by this gentleman on the lands of Messrs. Henry Weber, Geo. Porter, Geo. Spiker, Edward E. Sollars, James Andrews, James Mehan, Stephen Browning, John Bradley and numerous others whose property lie within a radius of two or three miles of Oakland.

A test hole will be started by Oct. 1st at a point near Oakland not yet determined.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

From Bro. Bolden's "Oracle."

Mrs. Margaret Connell, of Huttons, spent Sunday last in Terra Alta, the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Parley DeBerry.

Messrs. Arthur and Paul White, Ed. Fay and Bowie Johnson were Terra Alta visitors from Oakland Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Fraley, and children of Oakland, spent Sunday at this place, the guests of friends and relatives.

Messrs. D. E. Offutt, jr., Will Weber, and Will Kidd, Misses Hattie Bartlett, Lizzie Weber and Eva Burton, all of Oakland, drove in from Aurora on Sunday evening and took supper at Hotel Dunnington. They made the round trip from Oakland via Aurora and Terra Alta on that day. Quite a long but pleasant drive.

Indians Pass Through.

About fifty full blooded Indians, in all the hideousness of war paint and feathers, passed through Oakland on train No. 8 Monday morning. They came direct from South Dakota and will join Pawnee Bill's Wild West Show.

Kildow in Trouble.

The *Dan Tucker Pioneer Kicker* broke out again last week and got off the following joke on Bro. Kildow, of the Beverly *Enterprise*. Our turn comes next week:

They have a town ordinance over in Weston to the effect that any person who is so ugly that he stops the town clock is liable to fine and imprisonment. During his stay at the Editorial Association, the preacher-editor from Randolph happened to glance at the clock, when it "stopped short never to go again." The officers nabbed him, and had it not been for Deacon Brown, who came along and told them that Kildow wasn't responsible for his mug—that he didn't make it himself, there would have been a vacancy in the editorial fraternity of Randolph's free silver pounders.—Kingwood Argus.

Torturing, itching, scaly skin eruptions, burns and scalds are soothed at once and promptly healed by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, the best known cure for piles. Oakland Pharmacy.

THE REPUBLICAN

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

A REAL HERO.

BY A. W. WHITEFORD.

"WELL, Mike, we will have to divide the gang for awhile this morning, because there is two jobs that have to be done right away. They broke the frog at the north switch last night, and we will have to put in a new one; and then there is a bad rail reported just at the end of the trestle, down in the hollow. We will load up while we are all here together, and I will take two of the men to put in the frog, and that leaves three for you. I guess I'll send Teddy along with you, too. He can't do very much when it comes to a lift, but you can put him on the ratchet, drilling the holes, or something. You'll need all the help that you can get, for that's a job that must be done in a hurry."

The speaker was William Hogan, familiarly known as "Old Bill," foreman of the section gang that kept in repair five miles of the track of the Burlington on each side of Rock Bridge, Ill., and he was giving his orders for the day's work.

The Mike spoken to was Mike Lynch, the workman who had been longest in the employ of the company, as a member of the gang, and whose right it was to take charge of the second division whenever the work was such that the gang had to be divided.

They were standing with the rest of the gang in front of the little red shanty or section house in which were kept their hand car, "dumpies," rails, splices, spikes, and, in fact, everything that goes together to make up a section gang outfit.

But we must not forget Teddy, with whom our story has the most to do. He was the son of Hogan, the foreman, a well-built, active, freckle-faced lad, about 15 years of age, and he was employed in the capacity of a water boy during the summer months when he did not have to go to school.

He had to carry water for the men to drink from the neighboring farmhouses when they were working along the track in the country; and, when not either going or coming with a bucket, he was kept busy carrying tools from one to the other, running after spikes and doing a countless number of little things that were constantly turning up and were always left for "the kid" to look after.

Besides all this his keen ear was always the first to detect the rumble of an approaching train, until the men had come to depend upon him to give them warning when they were out between stations on their hand car.

He was a general favorite, too, with them all, because he was always good-natured and willing to work, and on this particular morning after his father had finished giving his orders Mike turned to him with the remark:

"All right, Teddy; you come along with us. You see, your father knows how to pick good company for you. We'll make a roadmaster out of you yet, if you just stay with us, and then we'll all expect a job as boss some place."

"You can take the hand car, Mike, and we'll take the 'dumpy,'" said Hogan, when they had gathered together all the things needed and were about ready to start. "And if we get done first we'll come down and help you finish up. If we don't, you can come up to where we are."

And with this the two parties separated, Hogan and his men starting in one direction with the "dumpy," while Mike and the balance clambered up on to the hand car and began "pumping" and were soon moving in the opposite direction.

The trestle spoken of, which was really an uncovered bridge, spanned a gully known as "McCoupin Hollow." It takes its name from the creek that flows through it, and with possibly one or two exceptions is the highest railroad trestle in the state of Illinois, it being fully 90 feet from the rails to low-water mark.

It is 450 feet long, and the lay of the land is such that the track is compelled to curve so at each end that it is almost impossible to see the trestle until you are almost upon it.

Lying, as it does, between two steep hills, it is a hard pull both ways for heavy trains, and in order to get out of the gully without stalling and having to double the engineers generally "let 'em roll" down into the hollow, some of the more reckless ones often rushing across the trestle at the rate of 50 or 60 miles an hour. It can then readily be seen that a bad rail at the end of the trestle might mean a very serious mishap.

It was only about a mile and a half from the town, so it was not long until Mike and his men reached the place, and after throwing off the new rail they had brought, unloading their tools and lifting the hand car to one side of the track, they proceeded to examine the rail.

One glance at it showed that it was in imminent danger of breaking every time a train ran over it, one spot in particular being worn almost in two, so they immediately began to lift the new one to take its place.

Had it been a straight piece of track this would have been a very easy matter, because all rails are made a standard length, and they would simply have to take out the bolts at the end, pull out the spikes from the ties, throw the old rail out, slip in the new one and finish the job by driving in new spikes and pulling up the bolts in the ends.

But it was on a curve, and the rail had to be bent to fit the circle; so, after placing the new rail alongside the old one and measuring to find out how much of a curve they would have to give it, they proceeded to bend it to the desired radius.

This is done with a bending machine, as it is called, which consists of an iron frame that looks something like an immense jaw, in which the rail is placed and held securely, and then by means of a lever a large screw is forced against the rail until it is brought to the required shape.

After much tugging, pulling and twisting, all hands working until the perspiration was running freely from their faces, they succeeded in getting it bent, and in a few moments they were ready to take up the old rail.

Before starting, however, Mike pulled out his watch and a copy of the monthly time card, which is a necessary part of every section foreman's outfit, and after looking it over carefully and then comparing it with his watch he turned to one of the men, remarking as he did so:

"Well, Jim, I guess you can go back and do the flagging. Forty-nine is the first train due, and she won't be along for an hour. We will be all done before then, but you know the rules. When she does come along you can stop her and get on, and have them run down through here on the lookout for us, and then come on into town, for you know the boss said when we were through here we should come up to help him out."

The "Jim" spoken to was a rather sleepy-looking sort of a fellow—a good enough worker if he had some one along with him all the time to tell him just what to do, but who, as events soon proved, lacked the first requisite of a good railroader—quick judgment.

He was not naturally careless, nor was he lazy; he simply always did the very best he knew how, and as he had worked in the gang for a number of years and had "flagged" before Mike thought he was the best man present for the work.

As Mike finished speaking Jim merely said "All right," and, picking up a red and green flag and a handful of torpedoes from the hand car, he started across the trestle and was soon lost to view around the curve.

Before he had disappeared Mike and the other two men began to remove the old rail, while Teddy proceeded to gather together the necessary bars, chisels and spikes that he knew would be needed before they finished the job.

When the men had succeeded in removing the bolts from the ends of the rail, they began to pull the spikes from the ties, being governed as they did so by a rule which section men everywhere must observe at all times—i. e., when removing a rail from the main track, to be replaced immediately, the outside spikes must be left in the ties.

They soon had all the inside spikes removed, and, after working the rail loose from the outside ones with pinch bars, they rolled it over and dumped it off at one side of the track, and turned to pick up the new one to place it in position.

Just at this moment Teddy, who had not been doing much for the past few minutes, except looking on, imagined he heard a familiar far-off noise that sounded like the whistle of an engine, but as none of the men noticed anything, and he did not hear it again, he concluded he had been mistaken, and thought no more about it.

When they tried the new rail in position, they found that a large "bur," as it is called, which is really a ragged end on the rail, would have to be cut off before it would fit properly. A few blows with a sledge-hammer by one of the men on a chisel held by another soon removed the difficulty, and they proceeded to try it again.

Just as they picked it up, and began to move with that slow, careful step that section men invariably use when carrying a heavy rail, a sound suddenly burst upon their ears that first startled and surprised, then frightened and almost paralyzed them.

It was unmistakably the rumble of an approaching train, and their well-trained ears, so long accustomed to the sound, told them all too plainly that it was very near, and that it was running at a high rate of speed.

But before they had time to even pass an opinion or express any doubt, they heard it whistle for the trestle, and in another instant it appeared in sight, coming around the curve on the other side of the gully.

As was afterward brought out at the investigation, it was an extra freight or "turn around," as they are often called, that runs only on orders from the dispatchers at headquarters, and pays no attention to the regular time-card, except for the meeting-points with regular trains.

Jim had not flagged it, because, as he reasoned out by some method known only to himself, it was not 49—which was the regular daily passenger—and as there was still half an hour before it was due, it was not yet time to do any flagging; so he let it go by, the fireman afterward telling how he saw him standing there by the side of the track, with his flags rolled up under his arm.

As they were only a few minutes ahead of their limit—for every freight train must keep ten minutes ahead of a passenger train following it—the engineer wanted to keep ahead as far as possible, and thus finish his run without having to pull in on a side track, and let 49 go by him, and he was coming down the hill at least 50 miles an hour.

Imagine then, if you can fully, the seriousness of the situation.

Here was a very heavy freight train running with the speed of the wind, all unconscious of the fact that there was a 30-foot rail out on the outside of a curve not half a mile distant, and which they would reach in a few seconds at the farthest.

To stop was impossible, for the most powerful air brake ever constructed could not have brought them to a standstill in time to save them; and without warning, engine, cars, men and all would go plunging to the bottom, a crushed, unrecognizable mass, from which, if it did not take fire and burn up, would be taken the mangled bodies of the trainmen.

As these thoughts rushed with lightning-like rapidity through the section men's minds, and they realized that if they remained where they were, they, too, would be crushed beneath the mass, it is little wonder that Mike shouted:

"Drop it, boys, and run for your lives!"

But not so with Teddy; for, swift as the train was coming, his mind was swifter, and when he saw the men were going to drop the rail, he cried out, in as firm a tone as he could command:

"Throw it on the ties, men—throw it on the ties!"

And almost unconsciously they obeyed him, dropping the rail within a few inches of where it belonged when in position.

The construction of a rail is such that it is heaviest on the bottom; and as it fell right side up, it did not turn over, but lay there ready to be placed in position.

As the men ran down the embankment, on the inside of the curve, Teddy picked up a pinch bar and pried one end of the rail into place, then ran quickly to the other end and pried it over. Running now to the middle of the rail, he drove one end of the bar down in between the ties, and then, grasping the other end in both hands, he threw all his weight against the rail, thus holding it in position.

And now his object was made clear. He was taking the one chance in a thousand—the only one that could be taken, in fact, and he was risking his life to do it.

As was noticed when the men took up the old rail, they did not pull the outside spikes, and as a train always crowds over against the outside rail on a curve, he figured that if he could only hold the rail in place until the weight of the train was upon it, the inside flange on the wheels would then keep the rail in position until the train passed over it. The rail was 30 feet long, and he knew that if the train once got on it there would be little possibility of it slipping, because it is only about 14 feet between the trucks on a car, and before one truck would be off at one end, another would be on at the other, thus keeping a continuous pressure on the rail until the train passed over it.

As he stood there holding the bar, with the train thundering along within a few feet of him, a thousand different thoughts seemed to pass through his mind, but never once did he seem to think of the danger he was in.

He thought of the consequences of a wreck, of Jim, who had gone back to flag; but chief among his thoughts was the one that his father was responsible for this piece of track, and he would be held to account for anything that occurred. He must do as he knew his father would have done had he been in his place.

The train by this time had almost reached him. He could see the look of terror on the face of the engineer as he leaned from the cab; for he, too, had seen and realized what was about to happen, and was taking the only chance open to him.

Instead of attempting to stop or to slow down at all, he had simply "hooked her up" a notch and pulled the throttle open to its farthest limit, and was increasing his speed at every revolution of the wheels.

In another instant they were upon him. A rush, a roar, a mighty hissing of escaping steam. He felt the ground rock and tremble beneath his feet, a sudden shock as the bar was torn violently from his grasp and he was hurled with terrific force to the ground.

When he regained consciousness, he was lying on the grass, pillowed by the coats of the men he had last seen running away from him, with Mike bending over him, bathing his face with water from the pail, and there was a faint suspicion of a sob in his voice as he exclaimed, fervently:

"Thank God, my lad, you are not dead!"

But Teddy was far from being dead, and, although bruised and scratched up to quite an extent, he was soon able to sit up and watch the men, as they finished spiking down the rail that had been the cause of all the trouble, and by the time they were through he was on his feet, insisting that he be allowed to help load the tools on the hand car.

But he was not permitted to do anything of the kind, and, after the men had hurriedly loaded the hand car (for 49 was almost due and they wanted to get to town ahead of it), they compelled him to take a seat, not allowing him even to stand and hold on to the handles.

When they were about half-way to town, they met Hogan coming down the track on the run, for the crew on the freight had reported the incident the moment they reached town, and he was anxious to find out what had really happened.

The expression on his face when he saw his son safe and sound can be better imagined than described, and his words of thankfulness as he clasped him in his arms we will leave unsaid.

The occurrence was reported officially to the road master and superintendent of the division, and the result was that Jim was immediately discharged, and special rules and notices were sent to every section foreman on the division to pay more attention in the future to what kind of men they employed, especially when they sent them out to do any flagging.

After a long consultation between Hogan, the road master and the superintendent, it was decided to send Teddy to school at the company's expense, and there is where he is to-day, fitting himself to be a civil engineer.

If he continues the same energetic, faithful boy, and there is not the least doubt that he will, his skill as a surveyor and civil engineer, and his practical knowledge of track work, will form a combination some day that, perhaps to use the words of old Mike, "will make him a road master yet."—Golden Days.

MOONSHINE IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Plenty of Illicit Whisky to Be Had in Certain Mountainous Districts.

The mountainous districts of Somerset and Fayette counties, in Pennsylvania, which were more than a century ago the scene of the whisky insurrection, still produce illicit whisky by wholesale. What is known as the Moonshine district lies on the slopes of the Laurel Ridge range of the Appalachian mountain system. Within an area of 25 square miles it is estimated that there are from 600 to 1,000 persons connected directly or indirectly with the traffic. The section is remote from railroads, and can only be reached by mountain trails.

To protect themselves from revenue officers the moonshiners have a code of signals. Some years ago the presence of a stranger was heralded through the mountains by a series of lights placed in the windows of the houses; but this code was exposed several years ago, and the shotgun series was adopted. Nowadays when a stranger passes through the district his advent is greeted with the report of a shotgun fired in the underbrush. One shot means "danger" and two in rapid succession signify "captured."

The output of the illicit stills is, in the main, sold to the foreigners in the coke regions near Pittsburgh. Besides being cheaper than ordinary whisky, the moonshine brand is recommended to them by the fact that it has the knack of mounting to the head in a remarkably short time. A small quantity of the moonshine will fit the average foreigner for any crime in the calendar, and for this reason it is held in especial esteem.

Friendly consumers living near the moonshine district can procure the stuff through the agency of the "Rock of Moses." The location of this institution can be learned by the asking, and one has simply to deposit a coin in a vessel and place it on the rock. The purchaser then retires a certain distance, and on his return finds the money gone and the vessel filled with the proper quantity of whisky. Rocks that can be thus smitten and made to flow with this nectar for the thirsty abound all through the moonshine section.

The making of moonshine is as simple as it is cheap. The material used in distilling varies with the seasons. When rye is plentiful and easy to obtain, "still chop" is used. In the absence of this commodity, corn, apples, or peaches can be substituted with equally disastrous results to the consumer. The stills are crude affairs, sometimes made of common brass kettle with a copper worm, a wash tub being used to mix the mash. The timid moonshiner uses a small still—one that can be quickly hidden at the first inkling of danger. The capacity of the smaller stills ranges from three to five gallons daily, while the largest sizes have a capacity of about 50 gallons daily.

Notwithstanding the danger attending those concerned in the illicit trade, the $1.10 revenue tax which is saved on every gallon seems to them to justify the risk. The price charged for whisky ranges from $1.50 to $2 a gallon. It can be seen from this that a man with a three-gallon still can make from four to six dollars daily.

The average moonshiner is often seized with a spirit of religious devotion. On these occasions he puts away the still and, accompanied by his family and his shotgun loaded with slugs, goes to the church—a rude log structure in the heart of the mountains. Here he will listen attentively to the preacher, meanwhile keeping an attentive ear for the shotgun signal. The preachers who hold forth in these regions unanimously agree that distilling liquor is not forbidden either in the Commandments or in the New Testament, and therefore make no references to this delicate subject.—N. Y. Sun.

Victoria's Many Titles.

The proposal that Queen Victoria make an addition to her many titles upon the occasion of the completion of the longest reign, grows in popular favor, and perhaps something will come of it. There are plenty of precedents, for there have been 15 changes in the royal style and title since the time of William the Conqueror. The queen is said to be hesitating between calling herself "Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the Dominion of the British Nation, Defender of the Faith, Empress of India," etc., and a formula which would describe her as empress of India and the British colonies. The dominating idea of those favoring the change is to bring the colonies in somehow, because it is supposed that the colonists will never be wholly happy and thoroughly loyal until the British monarch's sovereignty over them is expressly set forth in her title. The fact that they have managed to rub along very well heretofore without it is regarded as an argument worth serious attention.—N. Y. Sun.

The Pearls of an Empress.

An interesting story is told concerning some of the jewels belonging to the empress of Germany. She owns a very fine necklace, made of large pearls, well matched in size and singularly pure in color. The necklace, however, had been laid aside for some time away from the light and air, and as a natural result the color of the pearls had suffered considerably. In fact, when the empress took out her necklace it was so discolored that she found that she could not possibly wear it in its then condition. The court jeweler, when appealed to, gave it as his opinion that nothing would restore the pristine purity of the pearls except a very long immersion in the sea. A glass case was accordingly made with holes in it to admit the water, the pearls were deposited in it, and it was sunk "full fathoms five" in the waters of the North sea. The spot chosen is close to the shore, and it is said that sentries are on duty night and day.—Chicago Chronicle.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—May—"Does it ever occur to you that Mr. Smithers is acting a part?" Harriet—"No. Smithers always seems to me to think himself the whole thing."—Truth.

—Nibbs—"What a perfect poem the count's rich wife is!" Dibbs—"Yes; the count is the only man I know of who can make poetry pay him thirty thousand a year."—Tit-Bits.

—Little Borcham (relating his Alpine adventures)—"There I stood, the abyss yawning at my feet—" Cropper (yawning portentously)—"'Scuse me, I;——, but the thing's infectious."—Household Words.

—Mrs. Baquebay—"I had such a pretty compliment from my optician today." Miss Fenway—"What was it, dear?" Miss Baquebay—"He told me that I had the best nose for eyeglasses that ever came under his professional treatment."—Boston Transcript.

—Further Explanation Unnecessary.—Husband—"I can't make out what is wrong with my meerschaum pipe. There is a very peculiar taste with it, and it won't draw." Wife—"That's odd; it seemed to draw all right when Johnny was blowing bubbles with it."—Judy.

—"So you say," began the moderately new boarder, "that he speculated on a large scale exclusively. May I inquire what was the use of the large scale?" "Glad to answer you," replied the Cheerful Idiot. "He had to have it for weighing the consequences."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Mrs. Durocks—"Alfred, I had a horrible dream last night." Mr. Durocks—"What was it?" Mrs. Durocks—"I thought that you and I were alone together upon a desert island." Mr. Durocks—"Well, I believe that you have always pretended heretofore that that would be an ideal existence." Mrs. Durocks—"Oh, Alfred, but you know in my dream there wasn't anybody around to see my new spring suit!"—Cleveland Leader.

SUBTERRANEAN GALLERIES.

One-Third of Paris Built Over Long Underground Ways.

That recent concert in the catacombs has drawn attention to the fact that one-third at least of the city of Paris is built over long labyrinthian galleries, deep under the earth's surface, and called "The Quarries," says a Paris correspondent. Parisians are periodically frightened when they hear this, and begin to look forward to the sudden collapse of their high houses. M. Vickersheimer, however, who is inspector of catacombs and quarries, hastens to assure the timid that there is no fear of any subsidence of the soil of subterranean Paris. The galleries are well propped up and are continually under the supervision of vigilant persons, chiefly policemen, who on their off-duty days are paid five francs for inspection walks through the shafts, which extend under ground in nearly every direction. Any signs of decay or damage on the vaultings or pillars are promptly reported to the proper authorities, who instantly bring their repairing machinery into play. According to classification, the first group of galleries begins under the Arc de Triomphe, extending in the direction of Passy and Auteuil. The second division runs under the Vaugirard districts, and includes the catacombs, which are so called because the bones from old cemeteries were placed there in 1776. The third branch of subterranean arteries is situated under the boulevard of the hospital and extends to the fortifications, and the fourth runs from the Bastile toward Vincennes wood. The fifth and last group, that of the north, is the most important, and is pierced under Montmartre, the Buttes Chaumont and the cemetery of Pere-la-Chaise and extends out to Noisy-le-Sec. It is supported by thousands of pillars, and its network of crossings is the most complicated in underground Paris. All these galleries are stated to be in a good state of repair, but especial care and supervision have to be exercised in the third group, several landslips having occurred recently at Issy and Clamart. A new map or chart of the subterranean galleries is in course of preparation, the prefect of the Seine having observed that the existing plans are rather defective in their topographical details.—London Telegraph.

A CHEERING COMPANION.

The Attachment of a Prisoner to His Watch.

"What a small thing will keep a man from insanity when in solitary confinement," said a prison warden recently. "I read the case of a prisoner who somehow in solitary confinement had managed to keep his silver watch secreted on his person. For a time he kept up very well, and, as his crime was a terrible one, we did not feel like releasing him, but one day he became violent and crazy and we finally decided to remove him to the hospital. In his cell we found the watch, with the mainspring broken.

"It seems that as long as the watch continued to tick in his ear at night he felt as if he had a companion and the dark cell did not seem so solitary. He caressed the watch fondly, talked to it and it talked to him. Hour after hour he spoke and he was enabled to endure the terrible loneliness with this cheering and gossipy companion. He told me afterward that he put words to that ticking and that the watch seemed almost like a thing of life.

"But one night something snapped and its voice ceased. He wound it up anxiously and still it was silent. It was like the death of something beloved, the passing away of the dearest thing on earth. Before it had been animated and full of life, with a tongue that wagged and wagged. Now it was a bit of dead, lifeless metal. The long hours of the night weighed upon him. He seemed to see strange visions. His loneliness was frightful. And then—the next morning they found him raving and crazy."—Detroit Free Press.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of One Hundred Dollars for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON,
[Seal] Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A Misunderstanding.

Customer (looking in mirror)—Great scissors, barber! You've gone to work and peeled my head of every dern hair there was on it.

Barber—Isn't that just what you told me to do?

"Told you to do? Why, man, I told you I wanted it cut a la mode."

"Beg pardon. I thought you said you wanted it all mowed."—Boston Courier.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE. Write Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The Report Sufficient.

"Well, little chap," said the stranger in the family, picking up one of the children, "what are you going to be when you're a man?"

"Nuffin'," said the child.

"Nothing? Why so?" asked the stranger.

"Because," said the child, "I'm a little girl."—Fun.

There Is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

An Obstruction.

Telescope Proprietor—Step up, ladies and gents, and view the planet Mars. One penny, mum."

Old Lady—Oh, law! Hain't it round and smooth!

"Will the bald-headed gent please step away from in front of the instrument?"—Loudon Tit-Bits.

A Stout Backbone

Is as essential to physical health as to political consistency. For weakness of the back, rheumatism, and disorders of the kidneys, the tonic and dietetic action of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the one thing needful. The stomach is the mainstay of every other organ, and by invigorating the digestion with this preparation, the spinal column, and all its dependencies, are sympathetically strengthened. The dyspeptic and bilious will find it a pure vegetable stimulant and tonic.

Not His Leg.

"Five dollars, please," said the fashionable dentist, after extracting the tooth.

"But, doctor," protested the victim; "I only came here to have my tooth pulled."—Philadelphia North American.

"Star Tobacco."

As you chew tobacco for pleasure, use Star. It is not only the best, but the most lasting, and therefore the cheapest.

The unhappy man who is enabled to give to his fellow beings, has at his command the source of great happiness.—N. Y. Weekly.

Dropsy is a dread disease, but it has lost its terrors to those who know that H. H. Green & Sons, the Dropsy Specialists of Atlanta, Georgia, treat it with such great success. Write them for pamphlet giving full information.

It takes up most all of our time refusing to buy things from agents.

Nervous Weak Tired Thousands are in this condition. They are despondent and gloomy, cannot sleep, have no appetite, no energy, no ambition. Hood's Sarsaparilla soon brings help to such people. It gives them pure, rich blood, cures nervousness, creates an appetite, tones and strengthens the stomach and imparts new life and increased vigor to all the organs of the body.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

A COOL BOTTLE

of Hires Rootbeer on a sweltering hot day is highly essential to comfort and health. It cools the blood, reduces your temperature, tones the stomach.

HIRES Rootbeer

should be in every house, in every office, in every workshop. A temperance drink, more healthful than ice water, more delightful and satisfying than any other beverage produced.

Made only by the Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

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500 boys to Ride Them. Address, GLOBE AGENCY, Box 918, Chicago. New High Grade '98 models, fully guaranteed, $17 to $28. *Special Clearing Sale.* Ship anywhere on approval, cash or payments. We will give a responsible agent in each town one of our sample wheels to introduce them. Our reputation is well known throughout the country. Write at once for our special offer.

L. B. MEAD CYCLE CO., Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

TEMPERANCE.

NOTHING TO ME.

"'Tis nothing to me," the beauty said,
With a careless toss of her pretty head.
"The man is weak who can't refrain
From the cup you say is fraught with pain."
It was something to her in after years,
When her eyes were drenched with burning tears,
And she watched, in lonely grief and dread,
And started to hear a staggering tread.

"It's nothing to me," the mother said;
"I have no fear that my boy will tread
The downward path of sin and shame,
And crush my heart and darken my name."
It was something to her when her only son
From the path of life was early won,
And madly quaffed of the flowing bowl,
Then—a ruined body and shipwrecked soul.

"It's nothing to me," the young man erted;
In his eye was a flash of scorn and pride.
"I heed not the dreadful things you tell;
I can rute myself, I know full well!"
'Twas something to him when in prison he lay,
The victim of drink, life ebbing away,
As he thought of his wretched child and wife
And the mournful wreck of his wasted life.
—Boston Globe.

ONE OF MANY.

Sad Domestic Scene That Had Its Beginning in Treating a Boy.

Turn back with me on life's pathway for the space of about 40 years and I will take you, in imagination, to a small, one story, two-roomed house in the suburbs of a growing western town.

It is a dreary October evening, and a lighted lamp sets on a table within. The curtains are undrawn, and one can see the interior of the room, where the lamp illumines a dismal scene. There is a cheap carpet on the floor, a bed in one corner, the table, a lounge and some chairs, a few pictures hang on the wall, a neat if humble home.

On the bed in a faint lies the young mother, a week-old babe beside her and an 18-months-old baby in a sound sleep on the far side of the bed. The young husband and father, who is not more than 27 years old, sits at the head of the bed in a maudlin condition, leaning over till his breath, laden with the mixed fumes of tobacco and whisky, puffs into the sick woman's face and mingles with the scent of the camphor with which he is trying to revive her; while his sister, a girl of 18, stands at the foot of the bed with shining eyes, a mortified, distressed and disgusted expression on her bright, young face. She

THEY TREATED HIM.

is here on a visit, and this is the first time he has come home in such a condition.

After a time the poor sick wife opens her eyes and begins to sob and moan, and the girl passes into the kitchen to prepare a soothing potion. The room is smaller than the other, and contains one small window and a door; the furniture consists of a cook stove, table, cupboard, lounge, chairs and a large chest, and the room is pretty well filled up.

The young man owns this tiny house and the lot on which it is built in the suburbs of the town. He is a printer, and might have continued for years to make a comfortable living and add to the beauty and comfort of his home had it not been for the demon of drink that possessed and overpowered him.

The pair were married in St. Louis, and left there to get away from his old haunts and the associates who followed him up persistently with their threats and other devilish devices to get him drunk. They had been here for over a year; he had been sober and industrious, had procured this little home and they were prospering; but at the office they heard that he had another boy, so the man must treat—now what sense is there in that I never have been able to learn. No one ever thinks it necessary or even proper to bring beer or vitriolized whisky to offer the mother, even when it is her first attempt. Now, if that is what they call congratulating a fellow, I believe the mother who has passed through such an ordeal is the one to be congratulated; but it would not be deemed proper or even safe in her case to do so in that style; neither is it in his; but men are always on the lookout for an excuse to "take something," so they treat and are treated, and thus many a poor wretch who would never buy a glass for himself and could keep his pledge is drugged into the gutter.

In the case of this young man it required several years, but at last he gave way, and was so entirely crazy when drinking that his wife had him confined in an asylum where he remained for two years and then escaped.

His wife had gone to Canada to relatives and taken her three boys with her. He had no desire to live with her, so he went to Chicago, where he lived for years before he died. The lesson of the asylum was a salutary one, but I have no means of knowing if he ever fell back into his old intemperate habits or not.

Those who knew him when he was a boy say that he was very bright and intelligent, much superior in every way to the majority of boys, but he lost his mother at an early age, and lived for a couple of years with an uncle who kept a tavern in a small village in Ohio. The usual barroom was kept in the house, and the usual loungers hung about the bar, treating each other, singing songs and telling yarns. Harry was only eight or nine years old, but they treated him, and if he got tipsy occasionally they thought it great fun.

The uncle did not always know what was going on, but was too much afraid of offending his customers to say much if he had, and thus a young life and soul were wrecked that a few tipplers might have what they called fun, and thus one poor, motherless boy acquired a taste for intoxicants.—Jennie Watson, in Lever.

THE DEVIL'S OWN DRINK.

Hon. Elijah Morse's Attack on Alcohol in Congress.

Hon. Elijah Morse, in a debate in congress on the bill to regulate the sale of drugs in the District of Columbia, moved to amend the bill by adding after the words "oxalic acid" "any prescription containing over two per cent. of alcohol."

Mr. Richardson—What per cent.?

Mr. Morse—Two per cent.

Mr. Richardson—Would not that include cologne?

Mr. Morse—Wait till you hear me, Mr. Chairman, chemistry ranks alcohol among the deadly poisons. This bill recites the names of poisons. Why should it not include alcohol? Alcohol is the fruitful source of pauperism, crime, insanity, disease and death. It is a matter susceptible of proof that in our country, in consequence of the use of alcohol, over 60,000 men annually go down to drunkards' graves. Five hundred ghastly suicides are annually committed in consequence of alcohol; 500 murders are annually committed; 100,000 men crowd our almshouses and swell our taxes in consequence of alcohol. I do not see, therefore, any reason why the committee should not consent to my amendment.

Alcohol is a poisonous, dangerous drink. It is the devil's own drink. Of all the engines the devil ever invented to destroy the body and souls of men and the peace of families, alcohol beats them all. I believe not a few of the appalling suicides which have recently taken place under the very shadow of this capitol are directly traceable to the poison known as alcohol in some one of its various forms. Surely, Mr. Chairman, alcohol is a poison, a deadly poison, a brain poison that turns man into a beast and a brute, a criminal, a murderer and a suicide. It should be labeled "Poison!" and its sale interdicted. It should certainly be included in this bill with these other poisons.

VARIOUS NOTES.

A jag of whisky costs more than a jag of wood.—Ram's Horn.

Man should be a little lower than the angels, and not a good deal lower than the beasts.—Ram's Horn.

Man is liable to commit any sin when inflamed with intoxicating drinks.—National Temperance Advocate.

The dean of the medical department of the Syracuse university disapproves of alcoholics and is following the lead of the famous Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson.

At a quiet looking farm near Somerset, N. J., officers of the law seized a lot of milk cans. The cans were full of whisky, and the farm was the seat of a flourishing illicit still industry.

New cures for alcoholism probably help the victims along for awhile, but after all the only sure cure is the old resort, which consists merely of a strong injection of will power.—St. Louis Republic.

A workingman tried to pawn his Bible for liquor, but was refused. "Well," said he, "if they won't take my word or God's, it's time to give up the drink." And he signed the pledge and kept it.—Lever.

The editor of the Commercial Journal of Chicago says: "The fortifying of wines in Europe with beet root and potato spirit has ruined the wine trade there and made wine-growing countries, which used to be the most temperate and sober on earth, the most drunken."

A thousand smallpox hospitals in every state would not so endanger the health and the life of the people as does the saloon. A thousand lotteries in every state would not so thoroughly corrupt the morals of the people as does the presence of the saloon.—National Temperance Advocate.

Lady McDonald, widow of the late premier of Canada, was asked: "Did you not set out wine when you entertained the marquis of Lorne?" She replied: "Never." She was asked if she did not apologize. "Certainly not," was the answer; "wine is not a natural beverage and should rather come in than go out with apology."

Making Rapid Strides in Norway.

Total abstinence is making rapid strides in spite of the nationalization of the liquor traffic. Associated with the Norwegian Total Abstinence society there are 915 local unions, having a membership of over 120,000 persons. In 1895 the membership increased by 10,000. In 1894 the Norse storthing passed a law conferring local veto upon the people. All citizens over 25 years of age have a vote and no "samlag" may be continued against the vote of the community. During 1895 this vote for and against the continuance of the samlag was taken in 13 cities, and in 11 out of the 13 it was summarily abolished.

Has No Right to Exist.

A traffic that is prolific in producing shortened lives, accidents, misery, pauperism, crime, insanity and insidious hereditary evils of an appalling nature, to such an extent as the liquor traffic, cannot be successfully defended in the name of liberty. In the interests of true liberty to all citizens, and especially in the interests of liberty to the weaker elements of society, the liquor traffic should perish. It belongs to the broad road that leads to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat. Liberty does not flourish in the broad way.—Christian Guardian.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The seaport and lake towns of the United States have a population of over 16,000,000.

—Hand-painted shirt-fronts are considered quite dressy by many of the London fops.

—Imported animals rapidly multiply in New Zealand, but foreign plants are not easily acclimatized.

—Last year, in Suffolk, Conn., 1,250 acres were devoted to the culture of tobacco, and the yield averaged $250 per acre.

—Chinese male infants, when they are a month old, have their heads shaved. A banquet is usually a part of the ceremony.

—The profit on an industrious and well-managed hen, says a Kansas farmer, averages 2 1-10 cents per day, all the year round.

—The mistake of a Chicago druggist, in substituting carbolic acid for some harmless medicine in an eye-wash, caused a child to lose the sight of one of its eyes.

—With one hand, Frank Butler, of Waterville, Me., recently lifted a weight of 1,000 pounds. He asserts that no other man in the state can equal this feat of strength.

—A man of considerable weight in Oklahoma is Col. P. S. Rucker. For years he has carried off the premium as the fat man at every territorial fair. He weighs 497 pounds.

—The collection of postage stamps which ranks third in the world is owned by F. W. Ayer, of Bangor, Me. He recently sold a single stamp of the Hawaiian issue of 1851 for $35,000.

—William Johnson, of Richmond, Va., while fishing, fell overboard, and immediately sank out of sight. When his companions raised the seine, a long time afterward, Johnson's body was found entangled in the twine.

—A pistol dropped from the pocket of a pious colored gentleman while he was on his knees in prayer, in a church in Crystal Springs, Ark. Complaint was made against him for carrying concealed weapons, and a fine was the result.

—One of the trains on the Southeastern railway, England, running between London and Hastings, comprises six passenger cars which were built in Troy, N. Y. The entrances are at the ends, and they are lighted by electricity.

—The varieties of climate in Greece are amazing. Sir William Gell, while traveling through the Morea in March, said that he found "summer in Messenia, spring in Laconia and winter in Arcadia, without having moved beyond a radius of 50 miles."

STATE FLOWERS.

There Will Be Forty-Five in the Near Future, Perhaps.

Every one of the 45 states in the union has a motto and a shield, and some of these mottos seem to the disinterested observer to be somewhat inappropriate. Nevada, for instance, whose population is declining steadily and whose influence is yearly growing less, has for its motto Volens et Potens (Willing and Able.) Mississippi, the only one of the states which has ever repudiated formally its public debt, has as its motto "Union, Justice, and Confidence." On the other hand Wyoming, the pioneer state in woman's suffrage, has as its motto "Let Arms Yield to the Gown." The motto of Oregon is "She Flies with Her Own Wings," the appropriateness of which does not appear to be entirely clear for a state whose foreign commerce and railroad business are done through the adjacent states of California and Washington.

Though all states have mottoes and all states have shields, only a small proportion of the states have flowers, though all may have them before very long, if the popular demand for flowers typical of statehood continues to increase. The Iowa legislature at Des Moines last week adopted the wild rose as the official flower of the Hawkeye state. There are 45 states, but 12 of them only have official flowers, the selection of which has devolved in some states upon the legislature, and in others upon the public school children. Two New England states only have expressed a preference for any flower; Vermont for the red clover, by act of the legislature, and Rhode Island, by vote of its school children, for the violet. The golden rod is the favorite in Alabama; the magnolia in Georgia, and the peach blossom in Delaware. Southwestern states are not represented in flowers to any great extent. Those states in which complete or limited woman suffrage has been established by law are those which have taken the lead in the selection of state flowers. Colorado has the columbine; Idaho, the syringia; Montana, the bitter root, and Utah, the sego lily. The state flower of Nebraska is the golden rod, which is likewise the state flower of Oregon. Michigan has adopted the clover, and Kansas, the "Sunflower state," would naturally, one might think, adopt the sunflower as its favorite, but "they do things different in Kansas," and the field daisy is the favorite.

The state flower of Minnesota is the moccasin flower. New York's preference for a state flower has been for several years a matter of contention. The rose is the favorite, but on the vote of the school children of the state held some years ago the preference for several varieties of roses led to a subdivision of the vote among these, with the result that, technically, the golden rod had the majority and was chosen; but efforts have been made since to reverse this declaration of preference, with the result that there are some who say the golden rod is the favorite of the Empire state and others who contend that the rose is entitled to the distinction. The favorite of New Jersey is the white clover. Pennsylvania has never pronounced in favor of any flower.—N. Y. Sun.

THE LONE STAR STATE.

It Has Been Wronged by Newspaper Nonsense.

The fact cannot be concealed that Texas has for years been made the butt of many of the humorists and playwrights of the country. When an exceptionally hard story had to be invented, the chances are, ten to one, that the scene is laid in Texas. This is particularly the case when the pistol or tough fighting is a part of the story. I have even heard people from Florida and from Georgia, where there is perhaps more ignorance and semi-barbarism than in any part of this country, actually make fun of Texas and its people.

The prevailing idea has all along been that no Texan is well dressed at home unless he has about his person two or three pistols. The idea that he may have at some time a hat other than the broad-brimmed is perfectly preposterous to the northern or eastern man.

The play of the Texas Steer has given the northern man his idea of the Texan. He appreciates the fact that the characters are exaggerated in the play, but when he sees the average new member of congress from Texas here with his broad-brimmd slouch hat on, and inclosed in the folds of his capacious Prince Albert, he thinks that the exaggeration is not so great.

If the state excites the wonder and unfavorable comment of other communities in the country, it is alone to blame. Its representatives seem to delight in being odd in many things, and being odd always attracts attention. But the most deplorable thing about the state is the disposition of the people, or I might say, the newspaper people, to exaggerate everything that occurs in the state. I have been in this part of the country now for about eight years. In all that time I do not think I have seen a single item in the papers here from our state, which, if believed, would not have the effect of keeping other people from going to that state. No one in the north has the least appreciation of the size of the state. So let there be a drought in one or two counties, and at once the papers from what is furnished by wire from Texas, portray it in all the doleful colors that they command.

The people think it takes in the state, and are ready to subscribe for the relief of the whole state. It is the same thing if one of the numerous rivers in the state rises above its general level. If there is a lynching, if there is a case of pistol shooting or killing of any kind, every particular is given, and given in an exaggerated way up there. I am telling literally the truth when I say that in all the time I have been here, I have never seen in one of the papers published in the north a single item of news that would be calculated to make a man want to invest his money in that state or to make it his home. I can look back over the news from Texas, and sum it up in the following: Cyclones, droughts, cloudbursts, lynchings, feuds, vendettas and all manner of murders. If we were to raise ten bales of cotton to the acre, if we had a gold mine on every square foot of ground in the state, I do not believe the newspaper men who send out the dispatches from that state would think it worth their notice.

If anyone would stop to consider for a moment they would see that Texas is far from being a semi-barbarous state. It has a record of which few states can boast, and in which none of the new states can compare. In the first place, within the life of the young man it has grown so that it now furnishes nearly one-third of the cotton of the world.

It stands in the front of sheep growing and cattle growing countries. It takes its place by the side of the great corn growing states of the west. It has its wheat, its rye, its barley—in fact, it has what any state in the union has, and has things that no other state has. I have seen wheat cut from a field in May in that state, and a pretty good yield it was, and one-half bale of cotton, raised on the very ground which had produced 15 bushels of wheat that year. There is not a state in the union that can do this, and I doubt if there is a country in the world which can do it, with the exception of Texas.

And yet I have heard men from the red hills of Georgia comment on the embarrassments under which the Texas farmer struggles to make a living. I was amused not long ago by a story told me by Senator Money, which gives an idea of the ignorance of the people of other states as to our state. He said there was loud complaint among his people in regard to the low price of cotton. They were complaining of the two political parties, and were fast beginning to conclude that bad legislation had been the cause of the fall in the price of cotton. He was making a speech to them, and explaining as best he could something of the causes of the price of that article. He said that Egypt had commenced to raise the staple, and that they should remember that Texas, which only a few years ago raised only several hundred thousand bales, now raised in the neighborhood of 3,000,000 bales, an amount that might be called, without any great exaggeration, a third of the crop of the world. He went on to say that the Texas people did not have to fertilize their lands, and, more than this, that they had thousands of acres that would be placed in cotton before many years, and that his people might as well make up their minds to this.—Cor. Dallas News.

No Heroics In It.

Son (who has been caught reading a dime novel)—Unhand me, tyrant, or there may be bloodshed.

Father—No, my son; there will be nothing more serious than woodshed. Come, that is where my strap hangs.—Princeton Tiger.

Power of a Drop.

Hobson—I've seen a drop of water run an electric light plant.

Hobson—Where did you see a drop of water do that?

"At Niagara Falls."—Buffalo Courier

BEAN BANQUET IN MAINE.

Citizens of Hallowell Sweep the Streets and Celebrate at Night.

Hallowell, Me., has an improvement society which turns out once a year to clean the town. A recent Monday was observed by the society.

At seven o'clock the men and boys began to collect at the city hall. They converged from every direction. One hundred strong they were marshaled, armed with rakes, hoes and heavy brooms. Mr. Tenney was commander-in-chief.

Hallowell is laid out with four streets parallel to the Kennebec and several streets intersecting these at right angles. The 100 men and boys were divided into 16 squads. Each squad was put under the charge of a competent captain, and a simultaneous attack was made at 16 points. On Third street Editor Marston headed a band, on Second street, Alden Grimes was in charge, and so on, everywhere it was the same. Pebbles, leaves, sticks, paper, and other matter, some blase and all passe, were raked into heaps, then half a dozen two-horse teams picked up the heaps and hauled them to the river bank. Now the river bank might be a thing of beauty and a delight to the thousands who pass in the stenmer, but it is, or was, a collection of ash heaps and less cleanly things. The Kennebec tried to sweep the bank the other day, but it only got up high enough to raise the countless pieces of paper and leave them on the bushes.

While these matters were progressing on the streets, appropriate exercises were held at the high school grounds. Most of the boys were helping on the streets, but enough were at the schoolhouse to set out two trees to take the place of a large rock maple, which must soon be cut down. Creeping plants were set around the fences, and brief exercises were held inside the building.

These over, most of the pupils went down to assist the improvement society in some way. The girls went down to the Old South church vestry to help get the dinner ready, for there was a grand banquet for the conquering heroes, the knights of the rake and the hoe. The laborer is worthy of his grub, at least, for during the morning some pretty dirty jobs had been tackled and downed. Some positive nuisances were cleaned up which soon would have required the attention of the board of health. As noon approached the advance guard appeared at the chapel. Fifteen or twenty of the best and handsomest girls in town, and that means a good deal, made the vestry a scene of delight for a hungry, weary soul.

Most of the laborers were boys, and after half a day's hard work the beans, rolls, doughnuts, ham, beef, cake, and numerous brands of pie

Melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swollen and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.

The boys were silent, too, for a few minutes, and then the uproar! Mr. Tenney beamed all over the place. Henry Clearwater baled out the beans with a smile (and a spoon) that was almost as refreshing as the food. Some fears were expressed that too much food had been collected, but these fears were soon dispelled. One of the waitresses said she never had such a jolly time in her life. —Lewiston Journal.

Natural Hot Water.

Dr. E. H. Marshall, of Boise, Idaho, says that in the vicinity of Boise there is a store of subterranean hot water which is being used to heat that city, and with excellent results. The water was discovered about six years ago, and when first tapped gushed to a height of 40 feet and almost scalded to death the workmen who were boring an artesian well. The water was found at a depth of about 400 feet, and has natural pressure enough to raise it to the top floors of ordinary buildings, whence it will flow down through coils of radiators, heating the whole building. The water is said to have a temperature of 170 degrees Fahrenheit, and a company has been formed for piping the streets and supplying the hot water for heating purposes. It is claimed that a saving of 50 per cent. can be effected over the ordinary method of heating. There is a large area of ground near the city where the hot water spouts above the surface when tapped, and a number of well drillers are at work endeavoring to enlarge the area.—Butte Inter-Mountain.

Indian Agriculturists.

The Indians on the Shoshone reservation have to the present time this season sown 125,000 pounds of grain, and it is expected they will sow as much more before the close of the planting season. The department is not giving the seed to the Indians this year as heretofore, but is loaning it, and expects the Indians to repay it when they harvest their crops. The pupils of the Indian school are farming extensively under the direction of the Indian agent, Capt. Wilson, and the teachers of the school. They have put out 12,000 cabbage plants, and have a model garden. A test will be made on the farm with sugar-beet seed, the department having furnished a large quantity for experiment. Under the present management of Indian affairs the Indians of the Shoshone reservation are improving rapidly in condition, and the majority of the tribe will soon become self-supporting. Great interest is being taken by the Indians in school work, and the agency school is having a very successful term.—Omaha Bee.

Sibyl's Sad Stutter.

She stuttered, but she was awfully s-s-sweet, just the same.

She went with him as far as the front door when he left, and said:

"George, are you coming around next S-s-s-s-s-s-s-s—"

It was unfortunate that the dog happened to be lying on the steps and heard her remark, for he chased George five blocks before it occurred to him that possibly his mistress was going to say "Sunday" instead of "sic 'im."—N. Y. Journal.

AROUND THE WORLD IN 30 DAYS.

Completion of Trans-Siberian Road Will Make This Possible.

When it became possible for the globe-trotter to get around the world in 80 days, this feat was considered sufficiently remarkable to have the journey dramatized. Now apparently it will soon be possible to accomplish this feat in 30 days. Just how this is to be done is explained by the Germania, Milwaukee, which says:

"In the year 1900 the Trans-Siberian railroad will be completed and it will be possible to get around the world in 30 days. This railroad, which extends from the Ural mountains to the Pacific ocean, a distance of 3,000 miles, and from St. Petersburg to Vladivostok, on the Pacific ocean, a disfance of 7,500 miles, will be the longest railroad system in the world, and fully twice as long as any of the Pacific systems in North America, which hitherto had been the longest. Large sections of this road east of the Ural mountain chain and westward from the Pacific have already been completed, and the rest is being pushed rapidly. Russia has been in negotiation with China and has secured permission to build the road southward through Chinese territory some degrees south of Vladivostok. Detailed investigations have shown that the inclement weather and heavy snows, which at certain times stop traffic altogether on the Pacific roads, notably the Northern Pacific, are exceedingly rare in Siberia and occur only in limited distances. The average winter temperature along the line of the road is but very little below zero. The atmosphere is very dry and only occasionally is the snowfall very deep. Blizzards are entirely unknown. Prince Hilkoff, who recently traveled through North America in order to study the railroad system, declared that after the completion of this road it would be possible to make the journey around the world in 33 days; and when the roadbed had once been settled to decrease this to 30 days. At present the quickest route and shortest time are the following:

	Days.
New York to Southampton	6
Southampton to Brindisi	3½
Brindisi to Yokohama, via Suez canal and India	42
Yokohama to San Francisco	10
San Francisco to New York	4½
Total	66

"After the completion of the Siberian road the journey can be made in the following manner:

New York to Bremen	7
Bremen to St. Petersburg (railroad)	1½
St. Petersburg to Vladevorta, at 30 miles per hour	10
Vladevorta to San Francisco	10
San Francisco to New York	4½
Total	33

"Of course such a journey would be what the Germans would call a 'Hetzjagd,' leaving no time for sightseeing; but nevertheless such a quick journey will then be possible. Evidently Russia has its own objects in building this road. It is significant that the rails are two or three inches wider apart than they are on other European roads, so that the cars of other countries cannot be utilized on the Siberian road. In case of war the Siberian railroad can be used only by the Russian government."—Literary Digest.

CURED OF HYPOCHONDRIA.

Heroic Measures Adopted in the Case of an Eastern Millionaire.

"For a time," said a man who is now an employer instead of an employe, "I was manager of an eastern company mining copper in the upper peninsula of this state. It is a delightful part of the world in summer, and some of the stockholders used to be with us nearly all the time during the hot months. Among those who took this vacation the most was a little bachelor millionaire from Boston. In my opinion he was tough as a pine knot, but a confirmed hypochondriac. He always had a chest of drugs with him that would stock a young drug store, and it was an off day when he did not take from three to ten different kinds of medicine. He seemed to live in constant dread of being carried off suddenly by some of his recurring maladies, and it came to be a standing joke among some of us who knew of his peculiarity.

"But one day he was doubled up in earnest. He was fishing, lost his lunch, ate heartily of the rough fare at a miner's shanty, took cold and had a severe attack of acute indigestion. I never saw a man more frightened. He was perfectly sure that the last call had come. He had men hustling in all directions to telegraph for the best doctors to be had. But it was plain that he never expected any of them to reach him.

There was a smooth fellow that we called Parson loafing about the place. He was as cultivated a rascal as ever lived on his wits. I hurried him into a black suit of mine over fresh linen, had him shaved, put the Bostonian's own plug hat on him and told him to follow me. At the bedside I introduced him under the name of a distinguished physician and remarked how lucky it was that he should be in the section. Parson proved a star. His perfect coolness restored confidence. He pronounced it a slight attack of something no one ever heard of, but peculiar to the region and never fatal. Then he mixed up a dose of red pepper, cheap whisky and peppermint, told the patient to swallow it right down and then had nothing more to do than to keep the poor fellow from strangling. This and the old bachelor's imagination saved him. Otherwise he would have died from fright. Parson solemnly charged a $200 fee. A month later I received this watch. I will never be rich enough to want a finer one."—Detroit Free Press.

A New Sport.

Caller—Is Mr. Smith lodging here?

Servant—Yes, sir.

"Is he in?"

"No, 'e nin't."

"Do you know where he is?"

"No, I don't; but I think 'e's gone golf-fishing."—Sketch.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. STINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1897.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first publication of the same:*

State Senator, $10; County Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $5; County Commissioner, $5; County Surveyor, $2.50.

FOR STATE SENATOR.

OAKLAND, Md., June 9, 1897.
To the Republicans of Garrett County:
I hereby announce myself a candidate for the nomination of State Senator, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of all members of the Republican party.
JOHN SHARTZER.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

At the solicitation of my many friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.
MARION GLOTFELTY.
District No. 6. Mellvaine, Md.

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.
W. PERRY LEE.
District No. 8. P. O., Bayard, W. Va.

An Advertising Axiom.

Shriek over the hills and through the valleys, let the demons howl, the tempest roar. Blow the bellows of fence and dodger advertising until it chills the marrow, then read and buy of the newspaper advertisers, who offer genuine bargains.

THE improvement in business conditions is indicated by the fact that the last week's failures were the smallest of any week since the early part of 1895.

DEMOCRATIC managers in the various States where elections are to be held this fall are looking askance at the proposal of Mr. Bryan to come over and "help them out." They remember with a thrill of anxiety that 22 of the 28 States which Mr. Bryan visited in the last campaign went Republican, many of them for the first time in many years.

THE Omaha *World-Herald*, Mr. Bryan's organ, in its extremity over the agony that thirty-five southern men in Congress are supporting the protective tariff bill, charges that they are Northern carpet baggers, and do not represent Southern sentiment. An examination of their autobiography in the Congressional Directory, however, shows that this statement is without foundation, as a very large per cent. of the 35 Southerners supporting the protective tariff bill are natives of the States which they now represent, or if not are natives of the South.

THE erst while vice-presidential candidate of the Populist party, the Honorable Thomas E. Watson, still has his knife up his sleeve for the Hon. Marion Butler, chairman of the Populist National Committee. He is also dallying with the same knife with reference to his running mate on the late presidential ticket, the Honorable William J. Bryan. He says in a recent editorial in his paper: "If Mr. Bryan is a Democrat let him say so. Then we will know what he is. If, as his friends assert, he is a real Populist, let him be honest enough to quit parading in Democratic clothes."

BIMETALLISM in Europe has made great advance in the past few weeks. Meetings of the bimetallic associations in England, Germany, and France have shown not only renewed interest in this subject, but have been attended with expressions of leading officials of England and France especially showing great anxiety for some concerted action which shall bring about an increased use of silver through international action. These were accompanied by a general expression of belief that international action upon this subject is the only method of obtaining definite and satisfactory results.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S ambition to attach his signature to the new tariff bill by the fourth of July seems likely to be realized. The Senate is making remarkable progress with that measure and old officials predict that the bill will now pass that body by about June 20th, and that the conference will be an unusually brief one, thus hastening its final completion. The progress made in the Senate in the consideration of this bill is phenomenal and is due to the fact that the protective sentiment in all the parties in that body are gaining strength every year and that the people are bringing strong pressure to bear in behalf of the early enactment of a protective tariff measure.

AFTER reading a thoughtful editorial in the *Journal of Commerce* Thursday morning last, anyone would think the time has come for the American people to stop all senseless clamor against railroads. We quote: "No country in the world is so largely supplied with railroads as the United States. In no other country are the charges of the roads so moderate. In the western part of the country they may seem high to men who have watched the price of their wheat steadily receding, but it is generally true, even in the West, that railroad charges are less than they used to be and less than they are abroad under anything like similar conditions, which refers primarily to the volume of traffic, and few of the railroads are making much profit for their owners, while a good part are barely able to pay their interest, or are in the hands of receivers. Both construction and competition have been overdone, the latter because of the former."

IT IS HOPED that the tariff discussion will close in the Senate and the bill be passed by June 28. The discussion has taken a very unexpected turn by the development of unlooked-for favor to protection in the South.

Senator Mills and some others still sing the old song of "Tariff for Revenue Only," but the wretched experience with the Wilson iniquity has cracked their key, and other Southern Senators—Tillman at the head—have sharply reminded them that belongs to the dreary old era of states rights, the fugitive slave law, and secession. The burning questions now are the equitable adjustment of protection to the country, and the abatement of trusts. The votes on the various schedules so far show that the bill is certain to pass, and when it does the return of prosperity to the country will be certain and immediate.

THE theorists who insisted during the last fall's discussion of the silver question that the adoption of the silver standard would prove advantageous to our foreign commerce will probably be surprised to find that it is this very subject which led both Japan and Peru to adopt the gold standard. Statements by the officials of these two nations show in each case that they found that their foreign commerce was suffering by reason of the fluctuations in the value of their currency since foreigners in accepting their coin simply classed it as bullion, while they forced it upon the citizens of those countries at its face value in payment of their exports. This testimony as to the real effect of a silver standard on foreign commerce, coming simultaneously, as it does from two nations widely separated, is extremely valuable, and must show to those who were inclined to accept the foreign-commerce theory of the silver proposition last fall that it was an erroneous one.

THE Wilson law having proven an absolute failure in every branch of the service which it was intended to fulfill, the apologists are now seeking refuge in a statement that it has at least increased our markets abroad for manufactured goods. It is true that our sales for manufactured goods abroad foot up a larger total now than they did before that law went into effect, but it is also true that this total measured in dollars is due to a great extent to an increased price obtained for articles sold, rather than an increase in the quantity for which a market was found. Illuminating oils which brought twenty odd million dollars of money to American markets in 1896 more than in 1894, did so solely because of the increased price of oil, the number of gallons exported in 1896 being actually less than in 1894. The same is true in many other instances. The other cause of the increase in exportations is due to the fact that American markets were filled with foreign manufactures and that our own markets found it necessary to either seek a market abroad at any price, or close their establishments, in many cases they were obliged to sell at a loss in order to dispose of the stocks on hand for which they found no home market.

DEMOCRATIC leaders who have borne the heat and burden of the day during many years and many campaigns must experience a strange sensation on finding themselves read out of the party by new-comers in that organization. William Jennings Bryan, who voted for the Populist candidate for President in 1892, and who was nominated on an anarchistic platfom in 1896, calmly announced through his representatives in the various States that only men who supported him and his platform last year can be admitted to participation in Democratic conventions or primaries in any State in the campaign of 1897. The following extract from the call for the Ohio Democratic convention is a sample of the way Mr. Bryan and those who do his bidding lay down the law. That call announces that "the following persons and none other" are eligible to participate in the State convention. "First, all persons who voted for William J. Bryan for President at the November election of 1896; second, all other persons who are in accord with the position of the Democratic party as set forth in the Chicago platform adopted in the Chicago, convention July 9, 1896."

A Mare's Nest.

The members of the Maryland Democratic Editors' Association have pooled their brains and started a mill to grind political matter for the common use of all Maryland Democratic newspapers. The first grist appeared last week and proved that the machine producing it is an invention worthy its origin. The product was nothing less than a labored and tedious effort to lead readers of the papers using it to the conclusion that the election law passed by the Legislature of 1896 was prepared for the sole purpose of forcing the colored people to vote the Republican ticket.

The principal ground for this assumption is the omission from the new statute of the oath taken by the ballot clerk, in case of assistance rendered illiterate voters, as required by the act of 1890. These sapient editors assent that the preservation of a secret ballot, afforded by the oath in question, operated to produce a large defection of colored voters from the Republican party, because such voters could thus cast their ballots as they pleased, without fear or detection of incurring the objectionable consequences of such independence; and that the oath was omitted to stop this defection. According to the remarkable wisdom evolved by the combination of such a mass of editorial brains the "negroes," as the article denominates the colored voters, got into the habit, under the old system—previous to the law of 1890—of marching up to the polls with Democratic tickets concealed in their pockets, which they voted, and destroyed the tickets given them by the Republicans. Under the law of 1890 they were able to keep up the deception and continue to cheat their Republican friends into confidently supposing they were as enthusiastic for the party as ever, while actually voting for the other side. Now, these wise editors have put their heads together and made the discovery that all this was known to the Republican leaders and that the new law was made expressly to deprive colored voters of the opportunity of casting a secret ballot.

The whole article is a very weak and puerile attempt to create a false impression upon most meagre materials. Whatever may have been the practice under the old system, it is very certain that under the law of 1890 illiterate voters did not require assistance in marking their ballots unless they wished to vote for candidates on different tickets, or, in other words, to cut their tickets. The same condition exists under the law of 1896, in that respect. Illiterate voters, of both parties, generally ascertain that a mark to the right of the party emblem means a vote for the whole ticket and do not require assistance to make that mark. If a colored man, under the law of 1896, desires to vote a Democratic ticket, no matter how illiterate he may be, he knows that a mark in the square to the right of Jackson and the hickory tree will count his ballot as he desires to vote it, and he knows further that he can make that mark behind a screen where no human eye but his own can look upon the act.

If the assumption of this aggregation of Democratic editorial brains that the colored people, in large numbers, desire to vote the Democratic ticket, is true, then no law could better protect them in carrying out that desire, in absolute secrecy, than does the act of 1896. It protects them as well, also, against the espionage of their Democratic employers if they desire to vote the Republican ticket, and under all circumstances gives both parties equal privileges, and as little opportunity of interference with the independence of the individual voter. The first election held under it was the fairest in nearly thirty years, and the consequence of that fairness was disaster to the Democratic party, which had steadily resisted every effort to provide an honest election law.

The finding of mare's nests and the hatching of absurd assumptions will be a marked characteristic of pooling Democratic editorial brains, if the first product shall prove a fair sample of those to come.

Stop the War.

It is not the war with Cuba, nor to the conflict between Greece and Turkey, that we propose drawing attention; but to the war that is being waged against the United States—the industrial invasion of our markets by foreign countries. This is a war of extermination—the extermination of American industries, of American labor and of the American standard of wages. It a war of the survival of the cheapest, of those who can live the cheapest, of those who are willing to wear the cheapest clothes and consume the cheapest food. It is a war of occupation—the occupation of the American market by foreigners, the occupation of American homes by American labor.

The first ominous rumblings of this war were heard at the close of 1892 when the American people so foolishly followed the flag of Grover Cleveland and other free-trade fanatics. During 1893 and 1894, with the approach of the enemy of American prosperity, our business foundation was shaken and thousands of business establishments fell into ruin. Nobody bought goods when an industrial invasion was imminent. That was not the time to carry stocks, and consequently our mills were closed and our labor was idle, while the murmurings of the impending attack grew louder and louder as the time approached for the free-traders to break down our wall of protection.

Since the first onslaught of the cheap products of cheap foreign labor usurping the footholds that rightfully belonged to American products made by American labor, there has never been one moment of industrial security to those of our citizens whose interests were centered in the growth and output of American products. The closed factories meant idle people; idle people earned little or no wages; sparse earnings meant narrow purchases. Values fell both at the farm and the factory. But the cheap man could not buy the cheap coat. It became dear at any price when the wage earner had not the wherewithal to pay for it. Even bread was a luxury; and free bread, free soup, free clothes became the necessary accompaniments of Free Trade newspapers, a combination of evil that wrought evil, increased crime, murder and suicide.

And this condition of evil, with greater or less degrees of variation, has existed until now. Sometimes a faint glimmer of hope enlightened the lives of our laborers while factory wheels turned for a few weeks. But the people remained too poor to buy our products as well as foreign products; in fact, they had no need of both, and bought the cheaper, the foreign labor product, when they could purchase at all. And the money paid for these goods was sent abroad. It did no good at home. It never entered the pockets of American wage-earners. It was not distributed for the purchase of American goods. It went abroad and helped to create the financial panic and distrust of the United States Government which placed our National finances at the mercy of financiers by the aid of Grover Cleveland and through the instrumentality of the Free-Traders, Mugwumps and Tariff Reformers who have now established themselves at Washington, after soliciting a $35,000 fund wherewith to still further stifle American industry, American labor and American prosperity.

Stop this war against American interests. Stop this war against American industry. Stop this war against American homes. Stop this war against American labor. Stop this war against American supremacy. Stop this invasion against our rights and our property. Stop this interference with the American wage earner's privilege to sell his labor in his own market at his own price. Stop this attempt to dictate low wages and a low scale of living to Americans. Stop this war of Free-Trade monopolists against American independence. Let no foreign interference check the progress of Protection and Prosperity through the United States on its long delayed march to the homes of the American people. Stop this foreign invasion of our market and stop it quickly.

Better Than.

PITTSBURG, June 13.—Mr. E. C. Howland, of the New York *Mail-Express*, telegraphs to that journal from this city as follows:

On the train from Philadelphia to this city it was my good fortune to journey as far as Harrisburg in company with Governor Hastings, of Pennsylvania. The Governor was returning to the State capital from attendance upon the graduating exercises of the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia. He briefly, but vigorously, discussed the business outlook as viewed in this State. His words have weight, as they were spoken in his capacity as chief magistrate of the second State, in population and wealth, of the Union.

Said Gov. Hastings:

"I rejoice at the statements that come from Washington that the revision of the tariff is soon to be written upon the statute books. This result is exactly what the country wants. I may say that no commonwealth in all the Union is more directly affected by tariff legislation than this. Iron and steel, shipbuilding, coal, agriculture, including wool-growing, railroad interests, manufactures of almost every variety, are affected by the tariff. The doctrine of protection claims Pennsylvania as its native heath. We believe here in securing the American market to the American manufacturer and the American farmer, and then in offering to the rest of the world the opportunity to buy the surplus of our products of both farm and factory. Pennsylvania has written two names of special honor upon the scroll of the history of protection These are the names of William D. Kelley and Samuel J. Randall. One was a Republican, the other a Democrat.

"It is very significant that at this time the old Democracy has abandoned the free trade doctrine and has returned to the tutelage of Randall, and accepted the teachings of Kelley. Nothing can be more evident than that free trade is dead as an issue in national politics. The only disputes as to customs duties that can now arise are as to their detailed application. It is no longer a difference of principle; it has narrowed itself down to a question of schedule. In this battle, now nearing its end, Pennsylvania has stood side by side with New York and New England in leading the nation to safe deliverence."

"Governor, what is your view as to the return of prosperity?"

"I have the fullest faith in the early and satisfactory restoration of profitable activity in business, of the revival of work for our factories, of ample employment for all classes of labor and of hungry markets for the products of the farms. In my opinion the whole country is thrilling with the assurance of abundant prosperity. Our people are all right. There is nothing wrong with their temper, their sanguine belief in their own manhood and womanhood, their consciousness of their own power.

The impression made upon the public mind by the knowledge that the national Treasury is no longer bankrupt and that we are to buy the most of our supplies at home instead of from importers, while our export trade is to be simultaneously encouraged, cannot fail to be enormously stimulating.

I asked Gov. Hastings whether he had noticed certain sensational reports currently published in New York as to destitution among working people in Pennsylvania.

"I have seen and heard of them," he replied, "and as a loyal citizen of Pennsylvania, proud of its resources and conscious of its possibilities they fill me with indignation. The people of the Keystone State are, as a whole, happy, busy, frugal and prosperous. It cannot truthfully be said that there exists within our border any abnormal destitution. In every community there may be found by searching more or less suffering. In our day of civilization relief is always swift. We can afford to let our charity begin at home, and still have plenty to spare for others, whether it be in the Mississippi Valley or Thessaly, or Armenia or India. Pennsylvania holds a proud place in the national history, and it sits very near the head of the board of national plenty. Tales of starvation within its borders are untrue, and can be meant only for mischief."

Gov. Hastings talked in this strain while he looked out of the car window across the flat and fitting fields of the Chester Valley, and while the train rolled through the rich county of Lancaster, whose land is said to yield the largest return to the farmer per acre of any in the world. After a reflective pause the governor said:

"I would like to say that my belief in coming prosperity is already in part realized. I have talked with many business men, and many of them have come to see me at my office in Harrisburg. It is from them that I learn that within three months—nay, within three weeks—there are positive and unmistakable evidences of a sturdy revival of business activity. It is true that Pennsylvania industries have suffered for three years, but we are now confident that our ordeal is ended."

It is surprising what a "wee bit of a thing" can accomplish. Sick headache, constipation, dyspepsia, sour stomach, dizziness, are quickly banished by DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Small pill. Safe pill. Best pill. Oakland Pharmacy.

Depression of Spirits

so common in summer-time, accompanied by loss of energy, lack of thought power, means a deficient supply of nourishment. The vital force is lost. It isn't a question of muscle and sinew, but of resistance and endurance. At any age, but especially in youth, it involves the risk of lung disease. Loss of flesh and a cough are threatening signs.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with the hypophosphites, meets these cases perfectly. It tones up, fattens and strengthens.

In Scott's Emulsion the taste of the oil is fully disguised, making it almost as palatable as milk.

For sale at 50c. and $1.00 by all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Mfg. Chemists, New York

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

Here our lives must part forever,
Here must end the golden days,
Ne'er return again—ah, never!
'Tis the parting of the ways.

Heart to heart, in glad refrain,
Hand to hand have walked together,
Through the sunshine and the rain,
Never dreaming thus to sever.

Now my heart must saddened be,
And my soul chant mournful lays,
For I drift for aye from thee—
'Tis the parting of the ways.

Vain is hope in fate's dominion;
Like a shuttlecock it plays,
Or a bird with broken pinion
Ere it reaches higher ways.

Oh, the heart grows weary, weary,
Where no gleam of gladness strays,
For the road is long and dreary
At the parting of the ways.

1879. —THE TRAMP.

Garrett Politics.

An Oakland despatch in the Baltimore *Sun* thus diagnoses the political situation in Garrett county:

Applicants for the postoffices in the county are very numerous. Some of the party leaders are in favor of having the postmasters appointed at once but a large majority are opposed to making any changes until after the election. The Oakland office is a presidential office and the best in the county. There are five or six applicants for the office, but Dr. Bartlett's term does not expire until May, 1898, and it is generally supposed that he will be allowed to serve his time out. There are some, however, who take a different view of the matter.

With regard to county nominations there is more talk over the senatorship than all the other offices together. On the Republican side there are Dr. Ravenscroft, A. P. George and John Shartzer. If Dr. Ravenscroft's hopes of a federal appointment should be realized that will remove him from the local contest. A. P. George is assistant fish commissioner, and his candidacy for the Senate is not regarded as very formidable. Mr. Shartzer is at the present time far in the lead for the nomination, and if it were to be made now he would, undoubtedly, be the nominee for the Senate.

On the Democratic side, Mr. U. S. Hamill, Capt. Samuel Johnson and William Miller are spoken of for the Senate. Mr. Hamill does not want the nomination, and it is thought Capt. Johnson would not accept it. Mr. Miller, it is said by his friends, desires the nomination and it is altogether likely that he will get it. Nothing definite is known as to who will be the nominees for the House on the Democratic side. It is probable that Mr. Kolb, who served a term in the House, and Mr. W. H. Jacobs will be the Republican candidates for the House of Delegates. Mahlon Glotfelty, a prominent farmer, and J. W. White, register of wills, are candidates for treasurer on the Republican side. Mr. Perry Lee is a candidate for sheriff.

There are some complications in the Democratic ranks. There is a strong opposition to the candidacy of Senator Gorman for United States Senate, but Mr. Gorman is so strong with the Garrett Democratic politicians that it is very doubtful whether an anti-Gorman man can be nominated for the Senate or House of Delegates in this county.

Obituary.

James Clarence Getty died May 21, 1897, at the age of 37 years, 6 months and 20 days. He had been confined to his bed about four months ere death came to his relief. His illness and death was due to a disease of the liver. He was a man much above the average in intellectual ability, gentlemanly and obliging in disposition, courteous in demeanor, impulsive, yet cool and well balanced in temperament. Candor commels the admission that he sadly neglected using to advantage talent and opportunities but we trust the seeds thus sown bore their legitimate fruit while upon earth and that the seed sown in the closing period of the life of the deceased are borne by the Tree of Life. Many were the favors he performed "without price." About five weeks prior to his death he united with the Ev. Lutheran congregation of this place. This step, he said, he took after due deliberation as he had no faith in doing such act merely because of the supposed nearness of death. Shortly previous to his death those relatives present were called to his bedside and he bade them farewell, one by one, and admonished them earnestly to prepare for eternity. He expressed his readiness to die; said he had no fear and that he depended for his salvation upon the atoning and redeeming blood of the Savior. He remarked just prior, to falling into a stupor, from which he temporarily revived afterwards, "if this is death, it is easy." He was very calm while taking leave of his relatives and endeavored to calm their outbursts of grief and bereavements as a father would quiet the grief of a little child.

The terminus of his earthly career contains a valuable lesson for us who survive him. If at any time in life frank and true expression, of that which is in man, is given, it is when death is imminent, therefore let us all fully consider the testimony given by our deceased friend Clarence, in the closing hours of life.

Grantsville, Md., June 9, 1897.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

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TO THE BOYS AGAIN:—We will enjoy one more brief talk about fighting and then next week I must turn back to subjects for older folks. The reason I have written to you about battles for these three weeks has been because of the great amount of war news in the papers and because of the keeping of Decoration Day in a number of States. And since there are many boys who think only of battles in connection with bloodshed, it seemed right to show you other ways of fighting. It is, I think, now understood between us that most of us will never be called to a conflict except that of brains against brains; also, that all of us are in a state of siege because of temptations that are trying to work damage to our characters; temptations that really do us good if we resist them. Now I want to give you some idea that there may be soldiers in your neighborhood whom you have never thought of as being fighters at all.

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I know a school-teacher very thoroughly in a little country town. She gave several years to preparing to teach and she teaches well. She gets very little pay, yet she never complains, because she feels sure she is at the post of duty. Scarcely any of the parents ever come to see her at work, or cheer her with a word of thanks; and sometimes saucy chits of girls will whisper to one another that she is an "old maid" because she is over twenty-five. She reminds me of a good general who lays out a plan of campaign so well that he is quite sure he is right, and then carries out the plan in spite of all opposition by the enemy or by lazy helpers. He tries to be right and to be successful, or if he cannot be successful, at any rate to be right; so does she. The old Roman legions stood up for many years attempting to roll back the flood of barbarians that threatened the northern boundary; but bravery failed and the Roman Empire went to pieces. This dear woman is just one of many—there are such soldiers right in your town—who stand by school-desks, like modern Roman soldiers, and fight with the danger that threatens our land from ignorant men and women. The greatest power of warriors could not make knowledge increase; but what the arm of flesh and deadly warfare would fail to do, the patient, gentle, large-hearted teachers are doing and doing successfully, else our dear country would not be improving as it is. I want to say some more about this teacher because I know her, and because I know there are many more like her. You would say of a soldier that he was a good one, if he contented himself with doing exactly as he was told. But teachers are not like this; nearly all of them do much more than they are paid for. My friend for instance, lives in a town that has a very bad name. There is much drinking and roughness and vulgar talk and vice. This pure-minded little lady, who is hired merely to train the brains of the children is not content with doing that, but she is also watching over their morals. Her great heart takes them all in, and she is trying, unaided by many of the parents, to roll away the shame of her town. She does this by often explaining the right and wrong of things to all who come under her care. She teaches them to respect their bodies too. She is a soldier, I tell you, and a brave one! Perhaps there is one like her in your school-house. Please think of teachers in future as fighters for good, and you will then easily understand that the weakest fighting of all is that of mere bodily strength.

***

Down on the east side of New York City, where in some places three thousand people are crowded into one small block—think of that, you boys who have wide acres and woods to roam over—I met some time ago, a young man who was scarcely five feet tall. He was also very light in weight, hollow-chested, pale and weak. He looked as though a strong breeze would blow him away; and, as for walking, he told me that ten miles would cripple him. But he is a brave soldier, just the same; braver by far than many a man who has smelt powder. Which do you think needs the most bravery in real war: the lonely picket off in the mysterious whispering, rustling woods, or the man who marches onward with hundreds of others, cheered by their shouts? I think the lonely one. Well, this young man goes forward to his unpleasant duties alone, and to perform them he gives up all comfort. He had a splendid education in college and is well fitted to mix with the brightest people. But he denies himself all in order to be a minister among these poor crowded families. His one idea is to brighten the lives and the homes of those who are troubled and ignorant and blind as to what is best in life. All he needs to know, is that some one needs a kind word, and he will go out of his way to give it. Some of the poor suspect him and think he must be trying to get the advantage of them, because, you know, they do not understand the motive that leads him to do this work; but he goes on visiting the sick, closing the eyes of the dying, gathering the boys and girls together for happy hours, advising the foolish, and pointing out better ways to the wicked. Such a man is a hero, and I doubt not, if I were to go through the country from town to town and in far-away little country districts, I should find thousands of others just as self-forgetting as he. Such men are soldiers and they are worthy of respect.

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I will tell you how to know a good soldier, whether man or woman. Find some dear old lady who just takes pleasure in doing kind deeds to others. She is a soldier. The gray-headed old man, who, instead of being cross, tries to make life pleasant for you boys, showing you in his own life that it is a good thing to do good—he is a soldier. All those who forget their own sorrows in order to help others—these are soldiers, brave ones. Never let yourself doubt that such people are plentiful. The world is growing fuller of them all the time.

Fine Improved Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers his farm of 100 acres, situated four miles north of Deer Park, on easy terms. Improved by a house, large barn, fine water. Old age and being unfit for work is the only cause for selling.

LUKE WOOD,
15-4* Deer Park, Md.

North Glade

A fine rain Sunday.

Late frosts damaged the fruit considerably.

C. T. Rhodes is the happy father of another boy.

P. J. Lohr's team, with a load of shingles, ran away last week.

W. Perry Lee, No. 8's candidate for sheriff, was with us the first of this week. Mr. Lee is a good man.

Edmund Harvey, of Ryan's Glade, has been with his brother Charles Harvey for two or three weeks.

A. B. Fitzwater, who had his foot badly crushed in a collision at Cumberland some time ago, has been having quite a serious time.

Louis Littman is with us again operating his shingle mill. He will have a saw mill in soon.

Miss Etta Howell and Mrs. May Beckman were elected delegates to attend the Epworth League convention at Newburg, West Va., 21st and 22nd insts.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hocking and daughter and clerk, also William and Gilbert Baumgardner, of Mt. Lake Park, have been visiting at John L. Fitzwater's.

The ladies of this place are arranging to have a strawberry and ice cream festival on the 2nd of July, for the benefit of the church.

Marriage Licenses.

The following persons have been granted licenses to wed by Clerk Tower of the Circuit Court since May 1st:

Andrew Clark, of Allegany county, and Susan Groves, of this county.

Alonzo Austin Pell and Rebecca Maud Fortney, both of Preston county, W. Va.

Lemuel Turner Johnson Reed, of Tyler county, W. Va., and Almeda Gamer, of this county.

John Rowland Whitwam, of Clarksburg, W. Va., and Alice Beard Lawton, of Oakland.

Gustavus Stanton and Sarah C. Jordan, both of Garrett county.

Walter C. Mayle and Fannie Herrick, both of Oakland.

George William Henry Baker, of Mercer county, W. Va., and Barbarella Eniow, of Hoyes.

James Kissner and Mary Kissner, both of Garrett county.

John Michael and Cora Arnett, both of Monongalia county, W. Va.

Adam Hetrick and Hannah F. Kamp, both of Garrett county.

Robert Lechlighter and Alice L. Croston, both of Allegany county, Md.

Charles F. Malone and Florel Keener, both of Grafton, W. Va.

James W. Shaffer and Rosa Hardesty, both of Preston county, W. Va.

Edward P. Idleman, of Deer Park, and Florida Freeland, of Hutton.

George L. Proudwater and Sallie Warnick, both of Garrett county.

Three were marked "don't publish."

B. & O. Summer Book.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad has just issued a very handsome book for summer travel, describing the mountain resorts, springs and baths located on and adjacent to its lines also the various gathering places on the Atlantic Coast. The routes for reaching them are set forth in a comprehensive manner. The book is printed on fine paper, beautifully illustrated, and will prove of valuable assistance to parties contemplating a summer tour.

Copies can be had by applying to various B. & O. Agents or by sending 10 cents in stamps to cover postage to J. M. Schryver, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md.

Brothers Wed Sisters.

Messrs. J. H. and Elias Barlow, brothers, and Misses Ella and Stella Garlitz, sisters, were married in the Catholic church at Howesville, Preston county, W. Va., on Tuesday evening of last week. Mr. J. H. Barlow is a prominent lawyer in Grafton and is a law partner of Col. Monroe at Kingwood. Mr. Elias Barlow is a well known teacher of Taylor county.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

Flag Day.

Monday was the birthday of the American flag. The holiday is not yet generally taken note of, but will be so in time, no doubt, as the movement in that direction is plainly extending. In New York the schools have taken up the matter, and there the day was observed more extensively than elsewhere.

To whom we are indebted for the original design of the flag is not known; all that is certain is that on June 14, 1777, Congress adopted a resolution to the effect that "the flag of the thirteen states be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." There is no record of the discussion which must have occurred before this design was agreed upon; all that seems assured is that the first flag was made by Mrs. Betsy Ross, of Philadelphia. The good folk of the Quaker City are very proud of Betsy Ross, as they should be; she lived in a little two-story house on Arch street and was a woman of decision of character. In June, 1776, which was a year before the Continental Congress adopted the design just alluded to, three persons called upon Mrs. Ross—Gen. George Washington, Colonel Ross and Robert Morris, and Washington, showing her a rough drawing, asked her if she could make a flag from it.

"I don't know whether I can," was Mrs. Ross' characteristic reply, "but I'll try." "Well, Madam," we may imagine Washington replying, "let us see." So they all retired to the little back parlor, where, in accordance with Mrs. Ross's suggestion, Washington made another drawing, as the stars in the original pencil sketch were wrong—they were six-cornered instead of five, as they should have been. There were also some other changes, but finally the flag was fashioned virtually the same as when afterward approved by the Congress.

In August, 1777, at Fort Schuyler the new emblem was raised. It was made of rather primitive materials; shirts were cut up to form the white stripes, pieces of scarlet cloth were joined to form the red, and the blue ground for the stars was composed of a cloth coat belonging to Capt. Abraham Swarthout. Commodore Samuel C. Reid was the patriot who proposed to retain the original thirteen stripes, and to add a new star whenever a new state was added to the Union.

The beauty of the design of the American flag everyone concedes; in this respect it may be justly said no other surpasses it. Americans abroad and far away from home have told of how they have been moved at the sight of the Stars and Stripes. On land and sea men have fought and died under its folds. When the emblem was first adopted by Congress the people for whom as a banner it was chosen numbered only a few millions; now they comprise a nation of over seventy millions.

Reduced Rates to Winchester, Va.

On account of the Firemen's State Convention at Winchester, Va., July 7 to 9, the B. & O. railroad will sell round trip tickets from all points on its lines east of the Ohio river, not including Pittsburg, Parkersburg and Wheeling, for all trains July 5 to 9 inclusive, valid for return passage until July 12 inclusive.

Cumberland, $3.35, and correspondingly low rates from other stations.

14-4

Call for your Letters.

F. W. Dix, E. F. Thomas, John Littleton, Harry J. Kidd, B. Hilton, F. W. Pettit (3), Mrs. Virgie O. Johnson, Mrs. Horton, Miss Maggie Curns, Miss Millie Clark.

Wild Woman in the Woods.

Several farmers living near Lick, a postoffice, three miles from Elkins, claim to have seen a wild woman, as they suppose her to be, coming through their fields. On several occasions she has been pursued, but she proved too fleet for her pursuers and escaped. It is claimed she leaps fences like a deer, and at night can be heard making the most hideous noises, resembling the bark of a dog or fox. Several parties from Elkins scoured the woods about where she has been seen, but none of them have succeeded in capturing her, although they claim to have seen her.

Last Friday a man and a young girl, about seventeen years of age, were seen to step from a train at Elkins and the girl's actions caused considerable comment, but nothing was thought of it. During that night the landlady at the hotel where they stopped, as well as the neighbors, claim that the girl kept up a peculiar noise almost the entire night. On Saturday the couple left the hotel and nothing has been heard of them since. Several men who saw the girl alight from the train, and who have formed the search party, and claim to have seen her in the woods, believe her to be the same person.

Those who claim to have seen her are reliable men, and the various reports connected with her have created no little excitement in Elkins and vicinity.

Tomson's Red Seal Lye.

98 per cent. strength, granulated, packed in SIFTING TOP cans, is the greatest soapmaker, disinfectant and cleanser.

One Can will make 10 Pounds of Hard Soap.

Red Seal is the best disinfectant and purifier to use in sinks, drains, waste pipes and closets. It is handy, safe and sure. One can of Red Seal to 15 gallons of water sprayed, knocks potato bugs, cabbage worms, etc. No damage to vines. 15-13

TAX SALES —OF— REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 506 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," the undersigned as late Treasurer for said county, will on

Saturday, the 10th Day of July,

beginning at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House, in the town of Oakland, offer and sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, all the following pieces, parcels and tracts of land, situated, lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, to-wit:

1st. Military lots Nos. 2022, 2021, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028. Said lots are situated in Election District No. 1 of said Garrett county, and are the same lots described in a deed from Edward Boyle and wife, to Charles T. West, bearing date May 6, 1884, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 9, folio 488, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, to which deed reference is made. Said lots will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895, as is charged to said Charles T. West on the assessment books of Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale.

2d. Town lots Nos. 13, 14, 15 and 16 in Block No. 14, on the plat of Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Maryland; also lots Nos. 11, 12 and 13 in Block 15 on said plat, conveyed to Mary P. Anderson by the Mountain Home Company by two deeds, the first bearing date August 11, 1891, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 24, folio 502, and the second August 24, 1894, recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 26, folio 7, Garrett county records. Said lots will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895, as is charged to the said Mary P. Anderson on the assessment books of Garrett county, and are located in Election District No. 7, together with the interest thereon and the costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale.

3d. Military lots Nos. 50 and 89, situated in Election District No. 1; Military lots Nos. 14, 580, 1263, 1289, 1324, 1401, 1923, 1410, 14 8 and 1390, situated in Election District No. 7; Military lots Nos. 2134, 2131, 2329 and 2328, situated in Election District No. 3 of Garrett county. These lots comprise in all about 801 acres and are the same lots that were sold and conveyed to Richard T. Semmes by John Swan by deed dated February 28th, 1894, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 28, folio 139, one of the Land Records for Garrett county, Maryland, and will be sold to satisfy and pay the State and county taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895, as is charged to the said Richard T. Semmes on the assessment books of said Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and the costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale.

Conveyancing at cost of purchasers.

EDWARD E. SOLLARS,
15-4d *Late Treasurer.*

Thomas Little,

ONE PRICE,

Has just received a fine line of SHOES, that will be sold at a great reduction in price.

Shoes that sold at	$1.50	now $1.25
" " "	1.75	now 1.50
" " "	2.00	now 1.75
" " "	2.50	now 2.00
" " "	3.50	now 2.75
" " "	4.00	now 3.25
Ladies' Oxfords	1.25	now 99
" "	1.30	now 1.00
" "	1.50	now 1.35
" "	1.65	now 1.40
Men's patent leather	5.00	now 4.50

Big Reduction in

SHIRTS,

of All Kinds.

1 Gallon can Maple Syrup, Reduced to 65 cents.

THESE GOODS MUST GO.

DON'T MISS A BARGAIN.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

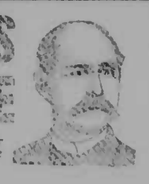

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf and Cordovan, French Calf, Corona Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., and defy competition to correspond with prices on the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

For sale by

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

RECEIVER'S SALE OF A— REAL ESTATE!

Delightful Summer Resort.

JOHN SHARTZER, Real Estate Agent, OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Joseph C. Alderson vs. Loch Lynn Heights Hotel Co., No. 1 at al.

In the Circuit Court of the United States for the District of West Virginia.—In equity.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of the authority vested in me by a decree duly entered in said cause on the 6th day of January, 1897, I, the undersigned receiver appointed in said cause by said court, will on

Tuesday, the 22nd Day of June, 1897,

at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., expose to sale at the highest and best bidder for cash, at the front door of the Court House in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, the following described property, to-wit:

First—All that lot or parcel of ground situate in the said county of Garrett and state of Maryland, and described on the plat of the said Loch Lynn Heights Hotel Company as "Hotel Lot No. 1," and bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at the corner of Alabama street and Fairlee street, and running thence with the centre of Fairlee street south 25½ degrees east 175 feet; thence south 64½ degrees west 200 feet; thence north 25½ degrees west 175.75 feet to the north side of Lot No. 1, being one of the lots conveyed by the said Hotel Company to Joseph C. Alderson, and with the north side of said lot south 64½ degrees east 200 feet to the beginning, containing 1.05 of an acre.

Second—All that lot or parcel of ground situate in the said county of Garrett and state of Maryland, and described on the plat of the said Mountain Home Company as "Hotel Lot No. 2," and bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a stake situated north 25½ degrees east 175 feet, and south 64½ degrees east 200 feet from Station "D," one of the stations of Loch Lynn Heights, and the corner of Fairlee street and running thence south 64½ degrees east 175 feet; thence by a curvature whose radius is 19.5 feet and the chord of which curvature is 27.61 feet; thence south 25½ degrees east 175 feet; thence by a curvature whose radius is 19.5 feet and the chord of which curvature is 27.61 feet; thence south 64½ degrees west 175 feet; thence by a curvature whose radius is 19.5 feet and the chord of which curvature is 27.61 feet; thence south 25½ degrees east 175 feet; thence by a curvature whose radius is 19.5 feet and the chord of which curvature is 27.61 feet; thence south 64½ degrees west 175 feet; thence north 25½ degrees west 175 feet to the beginning, containing 2.01 acres.

Third—All those lots, pieces or parcels of ground situated in the said county of Garrett and state of Maryland, and described on the plat of the said Mountain Home Company as the following lots and bounds, courses and distances, to-wit: Beginning at the corner of lot on Selma avenue and corner of lot on which the cottage formerly owned by George P. White stands, and running thence S. 25½ E. 150 feet, south 25½ west 70 feet, south east 245 feet, north 25½ east 70 feet, north 64½ west 245 feet, north 25½ east 105 feet to the beginning, containing 1½ acres, more or less.

Fourth—All of that lot or parcel of ground situate in the county of Garrett and State of Maryland and described on the plat of the Mountain Home Company by the following metes and bounds, courses and distances, viz: Beginning at a stake situated on the south line of J. C. Alderson's addition to Loch Lynn Heights, being south 64½ east 262 feet, and then south 25½ west 35 feet from Station "C," one of the stations of Loch Lynn Heights, and the corner of Fairlee street and running thence south 64½ east with the centre of Fairlee street 417 feet to the centre of ——— street; thence south 25½ west 1,230 feet with ——— street to the centre of Alabama street extended; thence with the centre of Alabama street north 64½ west 417 feet to Whyel's line; thence with Whyel's line and "Alderson's addition" north 25½ east 1,230 feet to the beginning, containing 12½ acres, more or less.

There is situated on the said tract, No. 1 a large, elegant and well-arranged modern new

SUMMER HOTEL,

three stories high, containing about 100 guest chambers, large, elegant and well lighted and ventilated dining rooms, reception rooms, ball room and parlor, furnished throughout with elegant new furniture, supplied with modern water closets and other conveniences, and also with an abundance of water, and surrounded on three sides by a wide and beautiful veranda.

This hotel was opened to guests by Mrs. L. B. C. List for the first time two years ago and during the summer season was completely filled. The said tract No. 1 and the said hotel building and its furniture and appurtenances will be sold together. The said tract No. 2 will be sold by itself, and the said tracts Nos. 1 and 2, together with the said hotel building, furniture and appurtenances, will be sold subject to the terms, provisions and conditions of a certain lease thereof, executed by the undersigned receiver to the said Mrs. L. B. C. List, on the 8th day of June, 1895, for the term of two years, seven months and twenty-four days, beginning on the said 8th day of June, 1895, and ending on the first day of April, in the year 1898, for the sum of four thousand dollars ($4,000); nine hundred dollars of which was due and was paid on the 1st day of October, 1895; fourteen hundred dollars of which will be due on the 1st day of October, 1896, and seventeen hundred dollars of which will be due on the 1st day of October, 1897.

The terms, provisions and conditions of the said lease will be more particularly stated on the day of sale, and a copy thereof may be seen at any time at the law office of J. B. Sommerville, in the city of Wheeling, West Virginia. The purchaser of the said property will be entitled to the rent reserved in said lease from and after the day of sale, and the said lease will be assigned by the receiver to the purchaser, who will be entitled to and will be required to take the place of said receiver as landlord of the property embraced in said lease.

The said third and fourth tracts are laid out and divided into lots, streets and alleys, and will first be offered as an entirety, and each of them will also be offered separately, and the said lots will then be offered separately or in pairs, and said property will be sold in the way in which it will produce the most money.

TERMS OF SALE:—Said sale will be made upon the following terms and conditions, to wit: One-third, or so much more as the purchaser may elect, cash on the day of sale, one-third in six months and one-third in one year from the day of sale, with interest from that day at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, and the purchaser shall have the option to pay the deferred installments at any time before the same shall be due, with interest to the time of payment, the deferred installments to be secured by the purchaser's notes and the title to be retained until the notes are paid. The purchaser of the hotel and furniture will be required to carry not less than fifteen thousand dollars ($15,000) insurance thereon, for the receiver's benefit.

J. B. SOMMERVILLE,
11-5t. *Receiver.*

You can't convince a maiden over thirty-five that Friday is an unlucky day to be married on.

Two acres in Grant No. 2; 2½ new Eagle Gilkerson houses, 2 barns and orchards. It will be sold separately or as a whole, to suit purchaser, on easy terms.

[illegible] Lynn Heights.

[illegible] Mt. Lake Park.

House and lot in Mt. Lake Park.

Farm improved by small house; near Cranberry Glade farm.

House and 2 lots in McHenry.

Farm near Deer Park; improved.

A well improved farm near Ryan's Glade.

The above properties will be sold on easy terms.

One 50-acre lot adjoining the farm of W. T. Jamison near Mt. Lake Park.

1 50-acre lot adjoining the lands of Mrs. Kilburn and —— Jackson near Mt. Lake Park; will be sold very cheap for cash

7 building lots, in Loch Lynn Heights.

The Phillips lands lying between Oakland and Mt. Lake Park; will be sold as a whole or in parcels to suit purchaser.

A lot of ground adjoining Mt. Lake Park on the Oakland road.

An improved farm of 100 acres, 2 miles from Terra Alta.

An improved farm of 200 acres near Crellin.

The Oakland Steam Laundry property.

7 large building lots in Oakland.

For further information, prices and terms, apply to

JOHN SHARTZER,
6-26 *OAKLAND, MD.*

ESTATE OF SALOME CUSTER, DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscribers, of Garrett County, Maryland, have obtained from the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

SALOME CUSTER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscribers, on or before the 1st day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 25th day of May, 1897.

JOHN W. BAKER, }
S. P. BAKER, } Executors.
12-4 Grantsville, Md.

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conseway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

THE BUTTERFLY.

"Oh! is it all of life," she cried,
"This daily grind for daily bread?
This craving after things denied,
This pain of griefs uncomforted?
Must one who dreams of soaring wings
Forever dwell with creeping things?"

Her feet, in their impatient tread,
Brown withered leaves tossed to and fro,
Till in the path a worm, half dead,
She saw—or she believed it so.
"A fellow-creature!" scornfully
She murmured. "Die in peace, for me."

And gently pushing it aside,
She laid it on a mossy bed,
Where if it lived, or if it died,
She cared not. But when time had sped,
And woodland paths were sweet with May,
She trod once more that sheltered way.

Lo! where a scarlet blossom grew
To catch the sun, a lovely thing,
Whose wings were streaked with gold and blue,
In delicate poise was hovering.
And—with a flash of memory—
"Well met, my fellow-worm!" cried she.

"God found you lost, and like to die—
He bade me set you safe apart;
And now, O beautiful butterfly!
You preach a lesson to my heart.
'Trust Him who knows it best,' you say,
To meet your need in His own way."
—Mary Bradley, in S. S. Times.

Private Pat Flaherty.

A YANKEE RECRUIT FRESH FROM THE OLD SOD.

CITY MESSENGER GEORGE L. WARRINER always has a good supply of war stories on tap. In Mr. Warriner's regiment, which was recruited at Worcester and went to the front from there, was a private who might have been named Patrick Flaherty, but wasn't, and who might have been French, but was Irish. And he was an Irishman not only in name and hair, but in that national characteristic of witty retort and peculiar denseness in some directions.

While the company was in the barracks at Worcester it was the fashion for the men to run the guard and get out of the lines through a hole in the high board fence, made by removing the nail at the bottom of a wide board and swinging it to one side. After the men had got through they would let the board swing back, and there was no sign of exit. The officers finally discovered this method of procedure, and determined to put a stop to it. They selected as sentry at the crucial point Flaherty. He had impressed them as a man who would do his duty at whatever cost, even though it meant sticking a bayonet into some one's vitals or boring a hole through him with an ounce of lead. They also elaborated a system of countersigns which they proposed to have strictly enforced.

It chanced that one night several of the men prepared to run the guard. The password that night was "Ticonderoga." It was guarded very carefully, but by some means the men got hold of it and planned to make use of it by getting outside the lines. So a party of four or five started toward the point in the line where Flaherty was on picket. For safety's sake, one of the party started ahead to experiment on Flaherty with the password, while the rest stayed behind to watch the outcome. If the advance guard got through, all the rest had pretty good assurance of going through also. The soldier approached Flaherty in the dark and the latter brought his musket to charge bayonets, and shouted:

"Who be yez?"

"A friend."

"Shure, and yez can't get out o' this widout de countersign."

The soldier approached the picket and whispered in his ear the word: "Ticonderoga."

"Phwat did yez say?"

"Ticonderoga," repeated the guard runner, in a louder whisper.

"That ain't the worrud," said Pat, and as the soldier made a motion to withdraw, he added, approaching the point of the bayonet a little closer to his body: "Don't yez move wan step, or by the howly mither I'll stick this inter yez."

The soldier knew Pat well enough to know that he would do it in a second if he made a motion, and so he stood there passively while Pat yelled: "Carp'ral of the guard!" In a moment or two the corporal came running up to see what was the matter, but he was halted by Pat, who said: "Give the countersign."

"Ticonderoga," said the corporal, and started to approach nearer.

"Howld up," interposed Pat, "yez haven't got it right, either, at all, at all."

In vain the corporal protested that that was the word that had been given out. Pat would not let him move either way, but kept the corporal and the private standing there with his bayonet vibrating between them while he shouted for the sergeant of the guard. The word was passed along and finally the sergeant arrived on the scene. Meanwhile the guard runner's companions began to edge away to await developments, remaining, however, within earshot.

"What's all this trouble?" demanded the sergeant, looking over the group.

"Give the countersign," said Patrick.

"Ticonderoga," replied the sergeant.

"Faith and yez haven't got it right, eyther," said Pat, pointing his bayonet at the sergeant.

"Yes, it is, you fool," answered the sergeant, "that's what all the pickets have."

"It don't make wan bit of difference," said Pat. "If yez don't give that countersign and yez move wan step, I'll put a hole through yez."

Pat was getting angry by this time and the protestations and threats of the sergeant and corporal did not move him a whit. Flaherty called this time for the lieutenant of the guard. He was by this time surrounded by a pretty respectable-sized crowd of puzzled officers, all of whom he was holding at bay at the point of his musket. The hubbub soon reached the ears of the lieutenant, and he came down in a fearing hurry to see what the trouble was all about. Pat brought him up short with his bayonet, and demanded the countersign, although he knew well enough who the officer was.

"Ticonderoga," said the lieutenant.

"Howty snuoke," signed Pat, "and he ain't got it right either," and he pondered as to whom he should call out next.

"Ain't got it right?" said the lieutenant, angrily; "why, you fool, I gave it to you myself."

"Sure, thin yez forgotten it," said Pat. "'Ticonderoga' wasn't the werrud yez gave."

"What was it, then?" said the lieutenant, beginning to see the fun.

"Bedad, it was 'Wrong kind of roguery,'" said Pat, and a shout of laughter went up from the group he had standing around him. Flaherty, having recently come over and not being well up in American history, had not heard of Ticonderoga, and had mistaken the word, although they had drilled him carefully, trying to get him to pronounce it. Not long afterward the regiment moved to the south, and with it went Flaherty, now rechristened "wrong kind of roguery." It stuck to him all through the war, and he got so used to it that he responded to it as his name. The first time the men were paid off Pat watched them draw their pay, and finally it came his turn.

"Patrick Flaherty," called out the major.

Pat stepped forward.

"Is your name Patrick Flaherty?" asked the major.

"Faith, an' it's not, sir," responded Pat.

"How's this? What is your name, then?"

"Sure it's 'Wrong kind of roguery,' sir," said Pat, complacently, thinking he had sprung a good joke.

The major flew into a rage and ordered Pat off to the guardhouse, intending to have him court-martialed. He considered himself greviously insulted, and it was not until the captain of Pat's company explained the joke that Flaherty got off.

When the regiment was lying near Alexandria Flaherty achieved the honor of being the best shot in the company through a curious circumstance. The men shot at a mark for practice, and the man who made the best shot each day was given a 12 hours' leave to go to Alexandria. The mark that Flaherty's company was shooting at was on a bank, and the men shot over a picket fence and across a garden patch. Flaherty had never shot a gun in his life, but when it came his turn he brought his gun to his shoulder and let drive. The result was astonishing. Pat turned

"YER HAVEN'T GOT IT"

three or four back somersaults and when they picked him up he rubbed his shoulder ruefully. In fact the kick nearly dislocated it and he was in pretty bad shape for a week. He couldn't tell what was the matter with the gun, but he showed how he loaded it, and that explained luckily enough what had been the matter. The bullets were pointed affairs with a concave base. When the gun went off the explosion expanded the base and fitting closely into the rifling of the barrel, it cleaned the gun. Pat had put his bullets into the gun point first and had rammed it down hard. Of course when the gun went off there was a terrific kick.

"Why did you put the bullet in that way?" was asked Pat.

"Sure, thin, because it wint in much easier," he replied.

But the bullet! After it left the gun it struck a picket on the fence, splintering it. Then it hit the earth in the middle of the garden patch, and richochetting struck the target exactly in the middle, and the great splotch of lead tore the bull's-eye clean out of the target, the best shot that had been made. Pat got the 12 hours' leave, but his shoulder did not permit him to enjoy it much.

Poor Flaherty's taking away was quite in keeping with his army career. He served through the war and came out alive with quite a little money saved up. While in the army he did not drink at all, but he came back to Massachusetts and married a girl who drove him to rum as a solace for his woes. One night he was coming home pretty well filled up and he lurched and fell, lying prostrate on the ground. As he fell he had thrown his arm out in front of him and his face rested on his arm. His open mouth was filled with his coat sleeve, and Flaherty, who before he reached the ground was in a drunken stupor, did not know enough to move it away so he could get air, and he smothered himself with his own arm.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Neapolitan Baskets.

Bake sponge cake in gem pans. Cool and remove the centers. Fill with thick cream, beaten until stiff, sweetened and flavored. Allow the white of one egg beaten stiff to half pint of cream. Decorate with candied cherries and angelica.—Leisure Hours.

STEPHEN GIZZBUNKLER.

Old-Time Resident of Storkville Center—Remarkable Experience.

"I doubt if any man ever had a more singular experience," said Col. Calliper, "than once befell to the lot of my old friend, Stephen Gizzbunkler, who formerly lived in Storkville Center, Vt. Mr. Gizzbunkler, like most of us, had his peculiarities, the most conspicuous, perhaps, being his habit of always carrying an umbrella. No matter what the weather nor what the signs might be, he never went out without an umbrella; he knew it would be sure to rain if he did. Where he got that impression I don't know. He may have been out some time in his youthful days in his best clothes without an umbrella when it came on to rain.

"Some years ago when they began making the curious and costly experiments in the arid regions of the far west, firing explosives from balloons, and one thing and another, to produce rain, Mr. Gizzbunkler, standing one day with his umbrella under his arm, in the Storkville Centre post office, perusing the newspaper which he had just taken from the mail, said:

"'Why do they waste all this money in mere experiments when they could get rain with certainty and at far less cost? Why don't they send for me?'

"'What could you do?' asked a neighbor who was standing near.

"'Why, I could go out without my umbrella,' said Mr. Gizzbunkler, and, amazing as it may seem, it is not the less certainly a fact that he wrote to the mayor of a town near which some of these experiments had been conducted offering to go there and produce rain for his expenses. It shows the consuming desire for rain on the part of the people and their readiness to take any chances to get it, that they immediately sent for Mr. Gizzbunkler a draft for the money to come on with, without even asking him how he was going to produce rain.

"When Mr. Gizzbunkler arrived at the town he was met at the railroad station by a delegation of citizens who escorted him to the hotel; later he was waited on officially by the rain committee of the town council, who, in the presence of the reception committee and a large number of other interested citizens, asked Mr. Gizzbunkler his plans.

"They had some queer people in this town at one time or another, but Mr. Gizzbunkler appeared to them to be the most useless person they had ever had there. At first they thought they would kill him at once; that there would at least be some slight saving in shipping him back as freight; but Stephen was so obviously a well-meaning man that finally they thought they would give him a trial, which they did on the following day.

"It was a day on which any other man in the world would have left his umbrella at home, anyway. Stephen Gizzbunkler was about to leave his at home for the first time in many years, and he was equally confident of what would happen. He had been a little shaken personally, by the attitude of the people after his simple plan had been unfolded; but his confidence in the success of his plan was quite unbroken. He laid his umbrella carefully across the foot of the bed in his room at the hotel, looked at it almost lovingly, and then went down to meet the committee.

"They walked, Stephen ahead, the rain committee and the reception committee next, and then after them the people, along the dusty road.

"Did it rain? No, no, no. It seemed to Stephen, and it seemed to the people, too, that the corn shriveled up as he passed, and that the last blades of grass withered.

They gave him one more trial the next day, with the same result, and then they took him back to the railroad station. They had taken him away from the station in a carriage; they carried him back on a rail; but this was a matter of detail that almost escaped Stephen's attention at the time, so glad was he to get back at all.

"On the day after Mr. Gizzbunkler's return to Storkville Centre he went out without an umbrella; he had had a great experience, and he had been somewhat impressed by it. Possibly he had been mistaken all these years and he thought he would see. But that day there came a storm that swept away every bridge in the county, and which washed away, too, whatever impression the extraordinary experiences in the arid regions had made upon the mind of Mr. Stephen Gizzbunkler.

"Thereafter until he died Mr. Gizzbunkler carried an umbrella always, as firm as ever in the belief that it would rain if he went out without one."—N. Y. Sun.

Drummers' Experiences.

First Drummer—On the Atlantic & Pacific railroad a few days ago a locomotive lost its smokestack in a collision. Well, sir, they just stuck a barrel over the hole and went right along as if nothing had happened.

Second Drummer—That reminds me of an accident that happened to a train I was on recently. The engine jumped the track and was smashed all to flinders; but in five minutes we were moving along toward the next station, where we arrived only a little late.

"Humph! How could that be?"

"We got out and walked."—N. Y Weekly.

Enriching the Language.

"Paw," asked the little boy, "what does it mean when a man is 'frowned down?'"

"It—er—means to discourage him."

"Then would they encourage him by smiling him up?"—Indianapolis Journal.

As a General Thing.

Dobson—I can tell a school-teacher as far as I can see her.

Robson—Well, you can't tell her much.—Somerville Journal.

CONSULS FROM EVERYWHERE.

The Remotest Corners of the Earth Represented In New York.

It must be a strangely unknown government, situated in some remote portion of the globe, which finds itself without an official representative in New York city. Whether a foreign country has any of its subjects residing here or not and whether or not there is any trade worth mentioning between the two lands seems to be unimportant considerations. A consulate must be maintained, apparently, for the dignity and propriety of the thing. Thus, although of 13,374 persons accredited to the principality of Monaco probably not more than half a dozen live in this city, Monaco has, nevertheless, its consul in the person of M. James Dupas, whose office is at No. 35 South William street. There is, naturally, no extensive commerce between the United States and Monaco. The latter country's area is exactly eight square miles, and its business interests are not such as to warrant heavy trade. Nevertheless the Monagasques are independent in spirit, and the few who may pass this way are as well looked after as if there were hundreds of thousands of them. Sometimes there are questions of heirship and transfers of property to be settled by the consul, and he is often consulted by tourists as to the customs and regulations of his country.

The Orange Free State is another government which can point to few of its citizens who live here. The business of the consul at No. 123 Liberty street, relates chiefly to the commerce between the two countries. He has frequent inquiries also from people who desire either to trade with South Africa or to emigrate thither and start out in any sort of business which the consul can recommend as likely to prove profitable. Dutch sailors who are citizens of the Orange Free State sometimes call at the consulate, "and they would think it very queer," said the consul, "if their government had no representation here." A few days ago a young man came all the way from the state for the purpose of attending Columbia college.

The consulate of Corea seems to be at present in a state of suspended animation. That is, although it may be found in the directory, it has not been in actual existence for about two years. Everett Frazar is mentioned as the consul, but he is now in Japan. He is the only person who has ever been Corean consul in New York, and if the office is resumed, as there is some idea that it may be, he will probably be reappointed. So far as is known there are no Coreans in New York or anywhere else in the country, with the exception of those connected with the Corean legation at Washington, so that it does not really look as if it made much difference whether there was a consulate here or not.

Liberia, the nation whose fleet, consisting of one gunboat, recently made itself conspicuous beyond all proportion to its size, is represented here, but the consulate appears to have absolutely no business on hand. Liberian affairs are dull and easily managed, yet a consulate there must be, for the name's sake.

The consuls of Hayti, San Domingo and some of the other West Indian and Central and South American countries have little to do in protecting their few citizens who are resident here, but the large amount of commerce carried on between the United States and those places affords plenty of work of a different sort, and thus gives the consulates ample excuse for being.

Nearly all of the consulates are situated in the extreme lower part of the city, in the neighborhood of Whitehall street and Bowling Green. The one building which contains more than any other is No. 24 State street. This is an old-fashioned brick structure, which doubtless represented, when it was put up, a high type of office building, but which is now sadly behind the times. The consuls, however, seem entirely satisfied with their old home, and evince no desire to change its groove-worn floors and uneven staircase for anything better. No. 24 State street is a little foreign colony in itself, and a most varied one at that, for within its walls are the consulates of Italy, Great Britain, Norway, Russia, Sweden, Colombia, Ecuador and Turkey.

After all these have been mentioned there remains one more, which is in several respects the most original and interesting of all the consulates in New York. It is the one belonging to the kingdom of Siam. If anyone should happen to see floating above the Union League club a bright red flag bearing upon its field the sacred white elephant, he may know at once the reason for its display. It is not a new emblem selected by the club, but merely the royal ensign of Siam, flying in all propriety over the Siamese consulate. The only address given in the directory for Isaac Townsend Smith, consul from Siam to this city, is No. 1 East Thirty-ninth street, the Union League club. He is not unknown there and elsewhere in the city, but it is doubtful whether all of his many friends are aware of the diplomatic office which he holds. It has not yet been definitely ascertained just how absorbing the duties are at the consulate, but it is known that Mr. Smith finds leisure to do several things besides.—N. Y. Tribune.

Agreed with Him.

"A man who tries to argue with a woman is a fool," shouted Mr. Meribole, as the discussion waxed warm.

"Yes, I've usually found it so," responded Mrs. Meribole, in her most conciliatory tones.—Detroit News.

They Wouldn't Notice Him.

Little Dude—Say, do you think I can cross that field without attracting the attention of those animals?

Big Countryman—Of course. Think beasts hain't got magnifying glasses on!—Twinkles.

Silenced.

"What did you mean by starting the story that I was an unbeliever in the Scriptures?" asked the deacon, in great wrath.

"Well, deekin," said the man who had originated the report, "you know you told me that all you said about that hoss I bought was as true as Gospill. An' you know how true it was."

"Er—ah," said the deacon.—Indianapolis Journal.

He Didn't Laugh.

"You're a gentleman, sir; I can't say more.
Allow me your hand to press!
You're the only one of these men a score
Who didn't laugh when, on the floor,
In the whirling dance I tripped, and tore
My beautiful partner's dress."
"That I did not laugh is not strange, I say,
For the lady's my wife, and her bills I pay."
—Harlem Life.

SOOTHING TREATMENT.

"I'm sure it's angry. You go first, Lucy; you're a vegetarian."—Pick-Me-Up.

As Usual.

He called her a rose,
He called her a pink;
He called her all
That is sweet, I think.
And when they were wed
He let her call
When breakfast was ready
(Just like them all).
—Boston Ideas.

Too Good to Live.

Murray Hill—My wife is the best-hearted woman in the world. I don't believe there is another one like her.

Pete Amsterdam—Is that so?

Murray Hill—When she slanders any of her friends she don't believe it herself.—N. Y. World.

There Were Others.

"I am proud to say that my grandfather made his mark in the world," observed Mrs. Colonial Dame.

"Well, I guess he wasn't the only man in those days who couldn't write his name," replied Mrs. Lutton.—Tit-Bits.

Appropriate Nomenclature.

"And this beautiful hybrid," continued the enthusiastic floriculturist, "I have named 'The Candidate's Pledge.'"

"Why so?"

"Because it fades so quickly."—Chicago Journal.

The Real Truth.

Though man may boast with lofty frowns,
His wife's old-fashioned state,
He likes to see her hats and gowns
Made strictly up to date.
—Chicago Record.

STATIONARY HELP.

Mistress—Didn't you smell this stew burning?

Bridget—Yes'm.

Mistress—Well, goodness gracious! why didn't you take it off?

Bridget—I couldn't reach it from here, mum. Me arrums not tin foot long.—N. Y. Journal.

The Popular Implement.

Maud has paper-knives in numbers,
Bronze and silver, old and new;
But whene'er she cuts a novel
She just makes a hair-pin do.
—Chicago Record.

A Sign of Prosperity.

Chatterton—Hardup seems to be having better luck lately.

Wiggins—What? Has he paid you what he owed you?

Chatterton—No; he hasn't called to borrow any more!—Philadelphia Press.

Went Once Too Often.

"Yes, sir," said the convict, "time was when I was admitted to the very best houses."

"And what brought you here?"

"They caught me coming out."—Tit-Bits.

A Wise Precaution.

Start—Never kick a man when he's down.

Dart—And if you kick him when he's down, better see to it that you kick him hard enough to keep him from getting up again.—N. Y. Truth.

Cold Comfort.

"My landlady is very set in her determination not to have any smoking in the dining-room," said Hawkins. "We've never even had a buckwheat cake or a cup of coffee that smoked."—Harlem Life.

Unkind.

He—There is only one time a woman doesn't exaggerate.

She—When is that?

"When she speaks of her age."—N. Y. Times.

Not Exactly an Objection.

He had some doubts as to his standing with the old man.

"Does your father object to my calling?" he asked.

"Well, not exactly," she answered.

He had still further doubts about the subject, but he resolved to know the worst.

"What do you mean by 'not exactly'?" he demanded.

"Well, he says he supposes he ought to be able to stand it if I can," she replied.

He no longer had any doubts, but he didn't feel particularly good about it just the same.—Chicago Post.

His Only Objection.

"I love to hear you talk, my dear," said Mr. Bickers to his wife, when she paused to take breath at the end of the second column of a curtain lecture, "but your volubility is really a reflection on my wisdom."

"How so?"

"Because a word to the wise is sufficient."—Demorest's Magazine.

A Solemn Oath.

Amelia—Swear not by the moon, the inconsistent moon.

Augustus—Then what shall I swear by?

Amelia—Swear by that which you hold invaluable; something that you cannot live without.

Augustus—Then, Amelia, I love you! I swear it by my bicycle.—Tit-Bits.

A Vindication.

"I don't understand why you dislike Herbert so," said Mabel to her father.

"I don't think he has any ideas of finance."

"I am sure you wrong him. He is devoted to it. He stopped right in the middle of his proposal to me to ask how your business was getting along."—Washington Star.

Clear.

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner,
Eating a baker's pie;
He stuck in his thumb, and pulled out a plum
(Which proves that the story's a lie.)
—Philadelphia Press.

RETURNED WITH INTEREST.

She—I want a change, I must have it. Do you think it is interesting to see the same tiresome face day after day?

He—Why on earth do you stand before the mirror all day, then?—Fliegende Blaetter.

Another Example.

Those methods perverse fate so oft will disclose
That 'tis useless to doubt or to scoff;
It's the girl with the new suit of bicycle clothes
Who at the first mud hole falls off.
—Washington Star.

Had Tried Politics.

Great Statesman (to married daughter)—My dear, your husband will never amount to anything if you don't spur him on. Why don't you persuade him to go into politics?

Daughter—But, pa, he has tried, and he can't stand it. The whisky makes him sick.—N. Y. Weekly.

Supply and Demand.

Hostess—What has become of Sandy Smith, who stood so high in your class?

Alumnus—Oh, he's taken orders.

Hostess—He's in the ministry, then?

Alumnus—No; in a restaurant.—Harlem Life.

Ennui.

"We have found out why Nora breaks so much china."

"Why is it?"

"She says she gets so dead tired washing the same old dishes over and over and over."—Detroit Free Press.

Just Suited Him.

"Don't you think I have a very lovely figure?"
Said a pretty little maiden that I met,
And, remembering she was heiress to a million,
I said her figure suited me, you bet!
—Town Topics.

CRUSHING.

Chollie Softleigh (who is thinking of a friend)—A fool and his money are soon parted.

Miss Cutting—How did you lose it, Mr. Softleigh?—N. Y. Times.

Changed.

"What I so in my husband prize,"
Cried Clara, "is, he is so wise!"
"That may be true now," Molly said,
"But how he's changed since you he wed!"
—Harlem Life.

Easily Detected.

"Those people next door are still in their honeymoon."

"Have you seen him kissing her?"

"No; but he lets her read the morning paper first."—Chicago Record.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

ALWAYS IN A HURRY.

I know a little maiden who is always in a hurry;
She races through her breakfast to be in time for school;
She scribbles at her desk in a hasty sort of flurry,
And comes home in a breathless whirl that fills the vestibule.

She hurries through her studying, she hurries through her sewing,
Like an engine at high pressure, as if leisure were a crime;
She's always in a scramble, no matter where she's going,
And yet—would you believe it?—she never is in time!

It seems a contradiction until you know the reason;
But I'm sure you'll think it simple, as I do, when I state
That she never has been known to begin a thing in season,
And she's always in a hurry because she starts too late.

—Priscilla Leonard, in Churchman.

FINGER EXERCISES.

They Are Far More Difficult Than They Seem to Be.

In these days of physical culture the fingers come in for a large share of attention. It is well to have them as flexible as possible and exercises like those here described are calculated to give them strength and limberness. In childhood the fingers are plastic, and it will not take long to make them do your bidding.

Try the experiment pictured at Fig. No. 1. It seems so very simple that you will laugh heartily when you learn how difficult it is. Turn in and press together the middle joints of the second or "Saturn" finger of each hand, and at the same time press together the tips of the thumbs and the first or index fingers, of the third or ring fingers, and of the "pinkies" or little fingers. Now try to separate first the thumbs, then the first fingers and finally the "pinkies," without taking apart the bent joints of the second fingers. You will find no difficulty in doing this, but when you try to separate the tips of the ring fingers you will find them stuck fast together and not to be pulled apart without first separating the joints of the second fingers, which you must not do. You will find this third finger always the most difficult to manage especially in piano playing.

At Fig. No. 2 is shown an exercise requiring only one hand. The index and second fingers are held close and the ring finger and "pinky" likewise, the two groups being separated and brought together again like the blades of a pair of shears—that is, if you can. The other hand must not be used to help. This

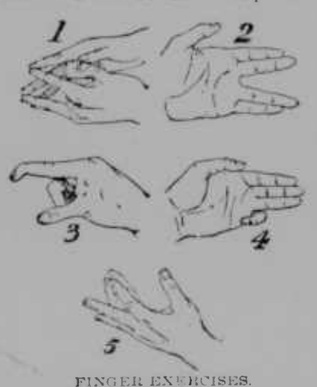

FINGER EXERCISES.

exercise, difficult at first, soon becomes easy by repetition.

At Fig. No. 3 is shown an exercise consisting of turning in the end joint of the forefinger while holding the other two joints unbent. It isn't easy, I can assure you, but it will help you make pliant your fingers for the shadow pictures I have frequently told you about.

At Fig. No. 4 the "pinky" is turned in toward the palm, the three other fingers being held out straight and close together.

At Fig. No. 5 the first and third fingers are brought together at their tips. Now try to pass the second finger in and out between the joined fingers without disturbing them. It is singular that the fingers are rather stubborn about doing what they are told—is it not? But they will after several trials. Great physical feats, either of strength or skill, are only accomplished by practice. Do you think that the clever tricks performed at the circus come naturally? No, indeed—nothing is achieved without effort.—Butterick's Delineator.

Judge Lost His Temper.

A Washington lawyer recently appeared as counsel in a case before a justice of the peace, and found it necessary to make frequent objections to the evidence the opposing counsel was attempting to introduce. The justice looked first annoyed and then indignant at these frequent interruptions. Finally he could contain himself no longer, and roared out: "What kind of a lawyer are you, anyway?" "I am a patent lawyer," replied the attorney with dignity. "Well," retorted the justice scornfully, "when the patent expires you will have a hard time getting it renewed. Go on with the case!"

Deer Photographs Itself.

Charles Hughes, of Red Bluff, Cal., has succeeded in taking a most remarkable picture of a deer. He chose a spot where deer were known to be plentiful, and set up his camera and a flash-light apparatus in such a way that a deer in passing would press the button, opening the shutter of a camera and firing the flash-light. The next day he found that the button had been pressed, and on developing the plate he found an excellent picture of a frightened deer. It was taken in the middle of the previous night, when no one was within miles of the camera.

Hot Stuff.

"These sausages are peppery enough to make a man fighting mad."

"They must be made from the dogs of war."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A BOYS' ROAD-YACHT.

How Two Bright Youngsters Sail Through Chicago's Streets.

On one of the wide avennes of Chicago there has lately been seen the queer spectacle of a cart with a neat pair of sails, mainsail and jib, spinning along before the wind, turning around corners, or tacking to an adverse breeze. The strange craft was not exactly a cart, apparently, for its hind wheels were regular bicycle wheels, with pneumatic tires, and the front ones were taken from a boy's cushion-tire bicycle, while the body is far from being a common cart-body. It resembles rather the deck of a boat.

This land-yacht's story is told by the Chicago Record. The craft was invented and built by two boys of that city, Lawrence and Harold Osborne by name. Last summer, during their vacation, they spent a good deal of time in a

A SAIL ON LAND.

sailboat. They enjoyed this sport greatly, and as it was not practicable for them to go sailing on the dangerous waters of Lake Michigan, they resolved to have a "sailboat" that would go on land. They procured the wheels from disused bicycles — using these in preference to any other wheels because it is necessary that the craft shall be very light-running—and procured a thin, strong board for a deck.

As the craft would be useless unless it could be steered, it was necessary to invent a steering apparatus. This the boys succeeded in doing very cleverly. They pierced their deck so as to put a lever through it, and to this lever, made of a broomstick, they attached strong pieces of light rope in such a way as to move the front wheels either way.

Then the boys inserted their mast, which is seven feet high; they made booms and bent on their sails, which are neatly made of coarse sheeting. The sails are correctly proportioned to the size and weight of the "hull," and so to proportion them, and also to place the mast in exactly the right spot so that the sails should draw well, was a task which required much ingenuity and instinctive understanding of the principles of navigation.

A seat was placed at the rear for the captain. The "crew"—which is one brother or the other, as the case happens to be—must take his chances flat on the deck, with the boom sweeping over him at moments convenient for itself, but inconvenient for him. But no inconvenience matters so long as the yacht goes.

And go it does, if there is a good smart breeze. It will not condescend to navigate the avenue in a light wind. Its movements are always observed with immense interest on the street. At a distance up the street it has exactly the appearance of a properly rigged sloop coming down over the pavement, and greatly astonishes all who behold it for the first time.

A BOY'S ENTERPRISE.

How a Ten-Year-Old Youngster Secured a Position.

Jimmie Brown, aged ten, sat busily poring over the advertising sheets of the New York dailies. He was wildly anxious for a good position as office boy, for not only did he sadly need wages, but he had an ambitious little brain in his head, and he wanted, above all things, to master the technicalities of some good business. Finally his eye lighted upon an advertisement that seemed to appeal to him more than any of the others, and he determined to make a desperate effort to secure the position; only the "Address lock box 441" was so very discouraging in the beginning, for Jimmie had already cudgeled his poor little brain and cramped his stiff little fingers over many an answer to advertisements—to say nothing of the precious stamps he had risked—and all to no purpose. No! Plainly in his case, some other method must be thought out.

The next morning Mr. Adams, a wealthy contractor, took a very, very fat mail from lock box 441, most of which, however, he was destined never to read, for close at his heels followed a sturdy little boy, who managed somehow to slip into the office with him.

"Please, sir," said Jimmie, for it was none other, "will you give me a chance to try to suit you as office boy?"

"Why, how do you know that I want an office boy?" asked Mr. Adams.

"I read your advertisement in the paper, and ever since I have been watching box 441 to find out who you were and where you did business, so that I might get in my work before you had a chance to read about the other fellows. Will you give me a try, sir?"

"Well," replied Mr. Adams, looking rather amused, "if you are smart enough to do that, I guess you are about the boy we want. Yes, you may stay and go right to work. First, sort out these letters and dump all the answers to that advertisement into the waste basket."

This all happened many years ago, and to-day Mr. James Brown is one of the leading partners in that very firm which he first served intelligently and conscientiously as office boy.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Necessary to Life.

A man will die for want of air in five minutes, for want of sleep in ten days, for want of water in a week, and for want of food at varying periods, dependent on circumstances.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

BADLY-NEEDED REFORMS.

A Complaint from Ohio Which Applies to All Western States.

When I travel over Ohio's roads I wish that I might be an autocrat with law at my back to change the location of roads at my will. Take, for instance, the road that climbs over the hill at Fig. 1. How very common that is in our part of Ohio; up the heavy hill must thousands and millions of weary horses toil with pleasure carriages and heavily loaded wagons. That hill not only means a tiresome climb, but it means more frequent trips. Why? Because the load must be regulated not to conform to

FIG. 1.

the draft of the leveler parts of the road, but to the draft of the hill. That means much when the farmer is taking his grain or his wood or his hay to market. Now and then some accident happens and a horse is hurt or a wagon demolished or a man killed in going down the hill. If a record could be kept of the casualties of the century on some of these hills it would appall the traveler. If not steep enough or long enough to be dangerous it is yet a waste of muscle to draw loads up the one side merely to hold them back from rushing down on the other side.

Fig. 1 also shows how by abandoning the straight line up over the hill the road may circle about the foot of it and make nearly a level stretch and often the curve around the base of the hill is not greatly longer than the curve over the hill. A pail handle is no longer

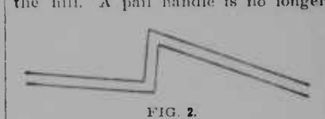

FIG. 2.

lying down than standing up. It was the fact that land was dear in Ohio and neighbors objected to having their fields cut up by roads dodging hills that caused the hill roads in this country. That reason is rapidly disappearing now. If we get no other good from the depression in agriculture let us seize the opportunity and have our roads follow the contour lines, i. e., the lines of equal level. No use to say: "The old road has climbed over the hill this very long time, we may as well let it be now." Think of the stretch of time ahead of us, the uncounted centuries that that road will be traveled and the ease with which it may now be changed as compared with the difficulty that may well be expected in the future. Our country is yet young and unformed, could we but realize it.

Then there are many ill-laid-out roads that make sudden turns as in Fig. 2. This is generally done to make the road conform to the farm boundaries. It is folly and worse than folly. The public could afford to buy the old angles and throw them away rather than to travel the unnecessary distance and to expend money in keeping roads in repair when so needlessly long.

I would like power to straighten the kinks out of our own roads in my own county. They are most exasperating in places. I remember one night when my wife (she was not wife then) and I rode seven miles one night in what should have been nearly a straight course. There is no hill or swamp to crook a roads. We were noticing the north star (and other things), and to our surprise we saw it from each side of the buggy, from straight ahead and from the back

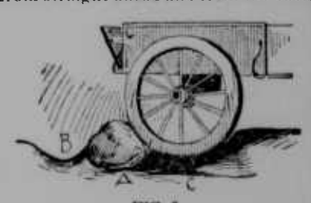

FIG. 3.

window. And we were both sober "and in our right minds," as nearly as I could judge. (No, the road did not seem too long that night).

I live in a country where gravel is abundant and good roads, that is, comparatively good roads, are the rule. Yet I notice many things that are not right about them. One of the serious and needless mistakes is the putting of large stones in the roads. I noted to-day that the only place between our house and the village where the wagons have broken through the gravel is where there is a stone imbedded in the gravel, a stone of the size of a peck measure and projecting about three inches, as at Fig. 3. The wheels of heavy wagons have climbed upon this stone and plunged off on the other side until they have worn entirely through and it now needs several yards of fresh gravel drawn to mend it. I should say that the cost of leaving that stone in the road was about three dollars, that is, if the break is attended to at once. If it is neglected it will be more serious.—Joseph E. Wing, in Ohio Farmer.

Smothered in the Mud.

Fred Harvey, aged 35, a Barre teamster, was thrown from his wagon while driving over a muddy place in the road yesterday morning, and a wheel passing over his head forced his face down into the mud in such a way that he was smothered before aid reached him. —A Vermont Exchange.

A uniform production of fruit cannot be received from wet, heavy ground.

SPONGING THE STOMACH.

The Use of the Gyromele, a Curious Surgical Device.

While the latest discoveries in electrical science and chemistry are widely heralded and get the lion's share of praise in the world of non-professional people, the doctors of the country are keeping quietly at work devising new instruments and new mechanical appliances to lessen pain and diminish disease. Hardly a month passes but some important improvement is made in American surgical science, and each year shows a distinct advance. Often some notable new instrument comes out that solves some long-existing problem. Surgery is the one branch of modern science where an inventor's work avails him nothing except fame, for it is against medical ethics for a doctor to patent a device or to get pay for making it. All he can do is to get some instrument-maker to put it upon the market and see that his brother physicians share in its benefits.

One of the most curious devices of anything in the surgeon's line is the gyromele, a delicately adjusted and novel instrument for sponging out the stomach. It has been possible for many years to wash out the stomach and the instruments made for this purpose have reached a high state of perfection. The gyromele, however, has a totally different purpose and works on a totally different principle. It is a sponge at the end of two wire rods which are inclosed in rubber tubes. These rods are flexible as well as slender, and a patient finds no difficulty in swallowing the little sponge, rubber tubes and all.

The tubes and the wire rods are just long enough to protrude from the mouth when the sponge has been swallowed and is resting in the stomach. It is, of course, dampened just before insertion. The doctor then, seeing that his patient is comfortably settled, gently twists the wires. These move the sponge backward and forward and with any motion desired. The process is not only more agreeable to the sick man or woman than the old method of actually washing out the stomach, but it does the necessary work better. The mucous membrane that lines this digestive organ is deliente and tenacious, holding firmly particles of food at certain times, and this soft sponge surface that moves over it accomplishes quickly and even with something of a pleasant sensation what repeated flowings of water may not.

An old physician of New York tells how in one case he was obliged to use 15 gallons of water to wash out a stomach, and how with the final quantity small bits of rice and other substances were brought up. It is not intended that the gyromele shall supersede the old washing instrument, but that it shall be applied to certain cases.—N. Y. Tribune.

LATEST PHASE OF RELIGION.

Fanatic at Upper Sandusky Says He Is a Descendant of Christ.

An odd religious fanatic appeared in Upper Sandusky, O., the other night and delivered a singular sermon on the public square. He claims to be a descendant of Christ, the intelligence having been imparted to him in a dream a few years ago. The doctrine that he proclaims is that of electrical Christianity. He asserts that all of the miracles of Biblical times were performed through the agency of electricity, and that the Saviour's endowment was a pronounced electrical nature. He says he was born at the same hour as the birth of Christ, and has a special gift of hearing two distinct sounds at once. At will he can hold communication with the power above, and to substantiate his claim of electrical power he alleges that within his head a continual rumbling can be heard, like that of the electric motors in operation. In other words, he is a sort of double telephone. He was born Christmas eve, 1850, and his name is George Washington Wilson. He says he has no home, but is traveling the world over, preaching for electrical Christianity. He positively asserts that within two years he will be empowered to cure diseases.

"The fact that I was a good musician," said the lady from Johnstown, "was the means of saving my life during the flood in our town a few years ago." "How was that?" asked the young lady who sang. "When the water struck our house my husband got on the folding bed and floated down the stream until he was rescued." And what did you do?" "Well, I accompanied him upon the piano."—N. Y. Journal.

Some men call natural laziness spring fever.—Washington Democrat.

Every man in a small town often regrets that he hasn't a larger field. Let him take notice that there is such a thing as a field that is too large.—Atchison Globe.

The people who talk too much do it because they are forever trying to say something smart.—Atchison Globe.

When you tell a secret to a friend, remember your friend has a friend, and your friend's friend also has a friend.—N. Y. Weekly.

Beggar—"Ain't ye got a shilling for a poor blind chap?" Old Gentleman—"Why, you are only blind in one eye." Beggar—"All right, make it sixpence, then."—Tit-Bits.

"I wouldn't care to be Lawyer Browne on Judgment Day." "Browne's smart. He'll get an adjournment of his case to next day and then there won't be any next day."—Harlem Life.

No matter how pretty a girl is, she is ashamed of herself if she has big feet.—Washington Democrat.

Locating the Pain.—Smith—"Penman is suffering from writer's cramp." Perkins—"In the hand?" Smith—"Yes. Where should it be?" Perkins—"I have known it to affect some writers in the stomach."—Brooklyn Life.

When you have a country woman to dinner, notice how shy she is of the butter you serve.—Atchison Globe.

Everybody gets tired of people who are good all the time.—Washington Democrat.

A woman who is not a good housekeeper is not necessarily good for anything else.—Washington Democrat.

A woman who is in love with a man, can prove anything on him, for he is guilty of everything she suspicions.

It is no sign that a man amounts to a great deal simply because he parts his name in the middle.

Umbrella Chatter.

"May I borrow your umbrella for five minutes?"

"Why don't you use the one you borrowed last week?"

"I'm keeping that to loan to you."

"Well, I'll be over in five minutes and get it."

"Then you won't let me take yours?"

"Yes, take it along. I'm still two ahead of you."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Good Rule.

"Have you a foot rule you could spare, Grumpy?"

"Yes. Don't wear tight shoes."—Detroit Free Press.

When some folks do not know what to say they quote Latin.

Trade Usages.

"Here," said the city editor, "you say the burglar was caught at his work. That's wrong."

"Why?" asked the green reporter.

"A burglar never works. He plies his nefarious calling." — Philadelphia North American.

A Deadly Weapon.

There are no bones in the tongue, but it often strikes harder than the fist.—Jester.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. Blunt, Sprague, Wash., March 8, 1894.

Even the laziest man can usually see some work that another fellow ought to do.—N. Y. Weekly.

AN INCIDENT AT THE CITY HOSPITAL.

A Woman's Life Barely Saved by a Critical Operation—Her Health Destroyed.

There was a hurry call for the ambulance of the City Hospital. In the course of an hour a very sick young woman was brought in on a stretcher. She was pale as death and evidently suffering keen agony. There was a hasty examination and a consultation. In less than a quarter of an hour the poor creature was on the operating table to undergo the operation called ovariotomy.

There was no time for the usual preparation. Her left ovary was on the point of bursting; when it was removed, it literally disintegrated. If it had burst before removal, she would have died almost instantly! That young woman had had warnings enough in the terrible pains, the burning sensation, the swelling low down on her left side. No one advised her, so she suffered tortures and nearly lost her life. I wish I had met her months before, so I could have told her of the virtues of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. As it is now, she is a wreck of a woman.

Oh, my sisters, if you will not tell a doctor your troubles, do tell them to a woman who stands ever ready to relieve you! Write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., confide freely to her all your troubles, and she will advise you free of charge; and if you have any of the above symptoms take the advice of Miss Agnes Tracy, who speaks from experience and says:

"For three years I had suffered with inflammation of the left ovary, which caused dreadful pains. I was so badly affected that I had to sleep with pillows under my side, and then the pain was so great it was impossible to rest.

"Every month I was in bed for two or three days. I took seven bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and am entirely cured. I think there is no medicine to be compared with the Compound for female diseases. Every woman who suffers from any form of female weakness should try it at once." Miss Agnes Tracy, Box 432, Valley City, N. D.

"Out of the frying-pan into the fire." Take care that you don't go that way, when you try to make your washing easier. Better be sure of what you're doing.

Get Pearline, the original washing-compound, the best-known, the fully-proved. There are plenty of imitations of it. But even if they're not dangerous—and some are—they're not economical.

Pearline used properly, goes farther, does more work, and saves more wear, than anything else that's safe to use. 526

BE BEAUTIFUL! IF YOUR BLOOD IS BAD YOUR FACE SHOWS IT.

It's nature's warning that the condition of the blood needs attention before more serious diseases set in. Beauty is blood deep.

Cascarets

HEED THE RED FLAG OF DANGER,

When you see pimples and liver spots on your face.

Make the COMPLEXION Beautiful, by Purifying the BLOOD.

If the blood is pure, the skin is clear, smooth and soft. If you take our advice, you will find CASCARETS will bring the rosy blush of health to faded faces, take away the liver spots and pimples. Help nature help you!

ALL DRUGGISTS. 10c., 25c., 50c. YOU CAN, IF YOU ONLY TRY. No. 229

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee.

The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. ¼ the price of coffee.

15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers.

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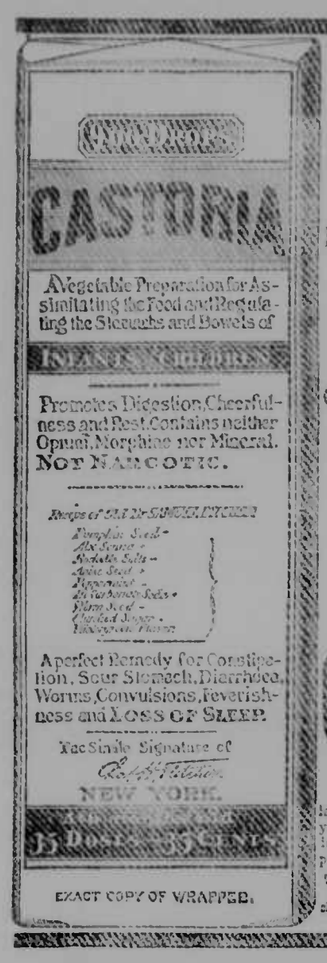

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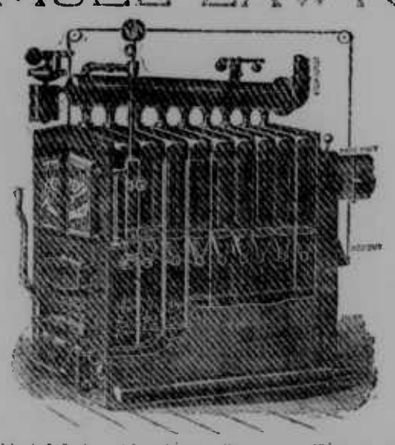

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Season Excursion Tickets will be sold daily, until and including October 15, at $28.75.

Twenty-day Excursion Tickets will be sold daily until October 15, at $21.50.

Ten-day Excursion Tickets will be sold on Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week, until October 28, 1897, at $15.30.

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Ar Salisbury, " "	9 37 "	9 "	4 "
" Asheville, " "	2 30 a m	2 05 a m	9 05 p m
" Hot Springs, " "	4 51 "	4 25 "	11 25 "
" Knoxville, " "	7 55 "	7 30 "	2 30 a m
" Chattanooga, " "	10 "	9 35 "	4 05 "
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LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, June 14, 1897.

The territory of Hawaii. How does that sound? It is going to be the next addition to Uncle Sam's family. It is now known, although no official statement has been made, that a treaty for the annexation of Hawaii will be sent to the Senate in the near future, probably before the close of the present session of Congress. There is very little, if any, doubt of the ratification of that treaty, as the sentiment of the Senate, regardless of party, is overwhelmingly in favor of the annexation of Hawaii; but owing to the difficulty of keeping a quorum of the Senate in Washington after the tariff bill has been passed, the treaty will hardly be acted upon until the regular session of Congress, even if sent in at this session.

President McKinley will return from his trip to the Nashville exposition to-morrow, and the White House, which has been quite deserted by all but the sight-seers while he has been away, will again take on an air of business.

The attempts of some of the Democratic Senators to explain that they are not protectionists, although they have voted for protection for their products of their states, have been more or less ludicrous. Senator McEnery, of Louisiana, is the only one of them who has come out squarely for protection, although a number of them have voted for it in particular schedules. He said in reply to taunts of Senator Jones, of Arkansas, and Vest: "Considering the vast interest Louisiana has in rice and sugar; considering the output of her saw mills, her salt and sulphur mines, is there any reason why the Democratic party of my state should not be committed to protection? Not high protection, but such protection as is consistent with revenue necessities. This, also, I believe, is the doctrine of the Republican party. Call it what you will, protection, revenue duty with incidental protection, or anything else, large amounts must be raised, and there is no reason why the industries of the south should not be protected."

The Democrats took advantage of the agreement of the Republican Senators to shorten the tariff debate as much as possible by not making speeches or taking part in controversies, to make a number of statements concerning the sugar schedule which has been adopted by the Senate, that they must have known were untrue. The only one of their statements that any attention was paid to was that asserting that the new sugar schedule would give the American sugar refiners more protection than the schedule for which it was substituted, and that was only replied to indirectly by Senator Allison, who stated that the new schedule would give the sugar refiners less protection than the one abandoned, and that it would be shown by indisputable evidence as soon as a statement now being prepared by unprejudiced experts could be completed. Senator Allison's word was enough for the Senate, which adopted the new schedule.

The object of the Democratic Senators in talking to delay progress on the tariff bill is obvious. It is estimated that every day the bill is delayed means a loss to the government of at least $100,000 in duties and the more that is lost in that way, the better prepared will be the Democratic stump speakers to charge the new tariff with not producing enough revenue during its first nine months or a year. Of course intelligent people will know that advance importations under present duties will prevent the new tariff showing what it can do as a revenue producer for some time after it goes into effect, but intelligent people are seldom or ever influenced by the untrustworthy statements which form such a conspicuous feature of Democratic stump oratory; it is the unintelligent and poorly informed class which is led astray by such talk.

It has been denied that Bryanism stood for repudiation, but it cannot be denied that a bill introduced by Representative Bell, of Colorado, a Populist disciple of Bryan, provides for partial repudiation, pure and simple. His bill provides for scaling the debt of the United States, which is represented by the $62,315,400 worth of bonds issued by the Cleveland administration in February, 1895, by directing the Secretary of the Treasury "to pay not less than one-half of the interest and principal of said bonds in standard silver dollars." The odd part of Mr. Bell's repudiation scheme is that he only specifies that it shall include one of the Cleveland bond issues. The bill will not be heard from again, but it shows the spirit of Bryanism and is therefore worth mention, as a warning of what might be expected should Bryanism ever get on top.

Sængerbund Festival. Philadelphia.

The B. & O. will sell tickets from all points on its lines east of the Ohio river, for all trains June 19th to 23d inclusive, good for return passage until June 26th inclusive, at rate of *one single fare* for the round trip.

For further information, call on nearest B. & O. agent. 14-2

Stop Making Ruts.

Narrow tires are a prolific source of trouble and expense in the maintenance of highways and have been condemned by the authorities on road-making. A writer in the Davenport (Ia.) *Republican*, makes some suggestions in this connection, which, while not entirely new, are worthy of consideration. He says:

Since the question of good roads is being considered with more interest almost daily, I beg to offer a few suggestions in regard to our present country roads being kept in repair, with little expense and no attention required to speak of, after they are once properly leveled off and graded, allowing the necessary fall for good drainage. Would it not be sensible to urge the use of broad tired wheels for wagons, say 3 or 4 inches wide, and, in order to secure their early adoption, levy a tax on all wagons having tires less than three inches wide, while wagons with 3 inch tires, or even wider should not be taxed as much, if at all?

In this as in other towns, the use of narrow tired wheels for heavy hauling particularly over paved streets, is prohibited by law, and why should this law not be applicable to all wagons with narrow tires used in the country for the betterment and improvement of the common dirt roads? With few exceptions the present 1½ inch tire wagons are cutting our country roads into ruts and making them almost impassable. If it were not for the ruts, our country roads would drain off nicely and be in good condition the year around, but during the wet season, especially in the spring, after the frost leaves the ground, the 1½ inch tire wheels act as a plow and find their way some 8 to 12 inches into the soil.

The narrow tired wheels are being used in less numbers every year, since the farmer fully realizes the fact that he must use broad tires to lighten the load for the horses, especially over the soft meadows and fields. Farmers would be only too willing to abide by the law by using broad tires, providing the law is rigidly enforced. The use of broad tired wheels would enable the farmer to haul heavier loads to market, and where he now makes three trips to transport the produce to market only two would be necessary. This to him would be a saving of time, labor and horseflesh.

It is said that the average cost of moving a ton one mile over our country roads at the present time is about 25 cents and for five miles $1, not including the time lost by the farmer. Such a tax for hauling is heavier than that paid for simply keeping ordinary roads in repair. As a natural consequence, when the roads are improved heavier loads can be hauled and better speed secured. Why not, then, encourage the use of broad tired wheels exclusively for the improvement of our roads? In my opinion the question of good roads cannot be passed upon more economically by our county supervisors and obtain equal results than by levying a tax on all narrow tired wagons. Have each wagon so taxed numbered and recorded and the revenue derived therefrom placed for the improvement of country roads in the district where the taxpayer resides. Should an inducement be offered to discard the narrow tired wagon wheel it would only be a question of time when they would be a thing of the past and the broad tired wheels would be used exclusively instead.

According to the newspapers, an Ohio husband became the happy father of seven children not long ago. Of the seven all lived but one. It is to be hoped that he laid in a supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, the only sure cure for croup, whooping-cough, colds and coughs, and so insure his children against those diseases. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Died.

BROWNING.—At his home in Davis, W. Va., on Monday of this week, Ernest Browning, aged about seventeen years, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Browning, formerly of Deer Park. The cause of the lad's death was typhoid fever, with which he was ill several weeks. The body was brought through Oakland overland from Davis and taken to Deer Park, where the interment was made yesterday morning, Rev. S. M. Engle, of Oakland officiating.

A. H. Patter, with E. C. Atkins & Co., Indianapolis, Ind., writes: I have never before given a testimonial in my life. But I will say that for three years we have never been without Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in the house, and my wife would as soon think of being without flour as a bottle of this Remedy in the summer season. We have used it with all three of our children and it has never failed to cure—not simply stop pain, but cure absolutely. It is all right and anyone who tries it will find it so." For sale by Oakland Pharmacy, J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Observation Sleeping Cars on the B. & O.

Commencing Sunday, June 13, the B. & O. R. R. will place in service, between Baltimore and Chicago, Pullman Observation Sleeping Cars. The cars have a saloon parlor in the rear, furnished with easy arm chairs, upholstered revolving chairs and sofas. This will enable passengers to view with better advantage the scenic wonders that have made the B. & O. famous. 14-3

TEETHING TROUBLES

are controlled and cured by LAUGHLIN'S

INFANT CORDIAL

If the baby comes safely through the teething period its most dangerous time is past. The Cordial relieves the tingling ache of the little gums, controls the bowels, cures colic—brings safely out of danger.

Every bottle guaranteed.

All druggists, 25 cents.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Prop's, WHEELING, W. VA.

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WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

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GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

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3 00	7 00 lv	Cumberland ar	12 25	4 20
3 26	7 26	Rawlings	11 50	7 05
3 45	7 45	Keyser	11 32	6 48
4 10	8 00	Westernport	11 16	6 30
4 24	8 01	W. Va. C. Junc.	11 11	6 25
4 56	8 35	Shaw	10 45	5 57
5 10	9 01	Davison	10 30	5 29
5 15	9 45 ar	Elk Garden	9 50	4 50
5 55	9 46 lv	Gorman	9 30	4 35
6 12	9 46	Bayard	9 13	4 17
6 21	9 57	Dobbin	9 04	4 08
6 27	10 07	Thomas	8 58	4 02
6 55	10 35 ar	Davis	8 30	3 35
6 55	10 31 lv	Coketon	8 30	3 05
7 01	11 01	Hendricks	8 15	3 20
7 07	11 07	Bretz	8 08	3 28
7 30	11 10	Parsons	8 05	3 20
7 45	11 45	Koreus	7 50	2 45
8 05	12 05 ar	Elkins	lv 7 15	12 30
	1 30 ar	Beverly	lv	11 55
	3 05 ar	Buckhannon	lv	10 30
P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.

Daily. Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BARRY, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, May 16, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	Daily	2.30 A. M
No. 3	Daily	6.28 A. M
No. 71	Accom daily except Sun	8.28 A. M
No. 47	Daily	1.50 P. M
No. 55	Express, daily	5.55 P. M
No. 1	Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	Daily	5.30 A. M
No. 2	Daily	5.11 A. M
No. 72	Accom daily except Sun	5.15 P. M
No. 54	Daily	1.45 P. M
No. 4	Daily	12.30 A. M
No. 15	Accommodation	10.12 A. M

Train No. 55 makes no stops between Oakland and Grafton. No. 47 makes all stops.

D. D. MARTIN, Manager of Passenger Traffic.

C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

JOHN SHARTZER, LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

offers his services to the people of Garrett County. Will cry land or personal property sales at any point in the county. 6-27-1yr.

ESTATE OF FRANCIS SPICER, DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett County, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

FRANCIS SPICER,

late of Garrett county, Md., deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 17th day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 24 day of June, 1897.

MICHAEL NATHAN, Admr. c. t. a.
14-3 Grantsville, Md.

NOTICE OF BRIDGE LETTING.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF GARRETT COUNTY, OAKLAND, MD., June 16, 1897.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners for Garrett county, Maryland, will receive sealed bids for a two-span, steel bridge, until the 8th day of July, 1897, at 11 o'clock a. m.

Said bridge is to be in two spans, seventy-four and one-half feet each between masonry, 14-foot roadway, with a 6-foot side walk, or without side walk. High truss, 140 pounds per square foot, factory safety live. Plans will be seen in the County Commissioners' office after July 1st. The company to whom the contract will be awarded will be required to give bond double the contract price. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the board.

15-3t J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

Kipans Tabules relieve scrofula.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 15—1yr

FRED A. THAYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Feity Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

GILMOR S. HAMILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY. OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. feb1-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

DR. J. G. ROBINSON, DENTIST, Feity Building, Opposite Postoffice, OAKLAND, MD. GAS ADMINISTERED. 50-97

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON OAKLAND, MD.

Residence on North 3rd Street. Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.

Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.

Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.*

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6-22 6m

THOMAS E. McHENRY, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Feity Building, Alder Street. All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

E. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

Residence and P. O. Address, SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEASNY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate. Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE, AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1897.

ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 46-1yr.

Andrew B. Gonder, Attorney at Law. Alexander C. Mason, Surveyor.

GONDER & MASON, REAL ESTATE AGENTS, OAKLAND, MD. 10—1yr. Office, Shartzer's Opera House.

W. McCULLON BROWN, SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including train ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 43, Oakland, Md. 48 26t*

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President.
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted. Prompt attention to collections. 142

PIEDMONT STONE & LIME CO.,

Owned and operated by The E. J. Fredlock Manufacturing and Building Company, of Piedmont.

WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH THIS

Superior Lime

TO BUILDERS, FARMERS AND TANNERS IN BARRELS OR BULK TO SUIT PURCHASERS.

This lime is equal in strength for agricultural, building and tanning purposes to the Frederick or Baltimore county lime.

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WANTED: ROCK OAK BARK.

Write for prices.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO., 49-13 CUMBERLAND, MD.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1897. NUMBER 16.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Attached to his work—the chained convict.

Peanut venders are working the shell game.

Mr. Dick Bartlett is night clerk at the Oakland.

Special inducements at Sincell's from now until July 4th.

Bent on getting there—the bicycle rider and the contortionist.

Go to D. E. Offutt and Sons' for the genuine Greencastle grain cradles. 2

Mr. Jacob Brown, of Cumberland, was in the city Tuesday morning a few hours.

Mr. Horace R. DeWitt, of District No. 6, was in Oakland Tuesday on business.

Don't fail to examine Sincell's clothing and furnishing goods before you buy.

Col. John D. Rigg, of Terra Alta, was an Oakland business visitor Monday morning.

Sincell can show the latest popular patterns in clothing, hats and furnishing goods in town.

Messrs. J. M. Davis & Son, the Oakland hardware dealers, last week received a car load of binders.

Attorneys Thayer, Sincell and Hamill are down in District No. 2 making a survey of some lands.

Go to Sincell's clothing house for the latest up-to-date clothing, hats and furnishings. 16-1

Mrs. George Waters, of Clarksburg, is in Oakland visiting her brother, Mr. Fred. A. Thayer, and other relatives.

Will Shartzer, of St. John's College, arrived home last Friday evening from that school, and will remain here this summer.

Just received from the biggest manufacturers, the latest novelties in clothing at Sincell's one price clothing house.

Mr. Wm. Ravenscraft, of Fairmont, spent Sunday in Oakland with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Ravenscraft.

Mr. John M Crane, of Kingwood, rode over to Oakland Monday afternoon and remained here a day or two with friends.

Mrs. John Ault was called to Pittsburg last Monday by a telegram announcing the serious illness of her sister, who resides in that city.

One Minute is all the time necessary to decide from personal experience that One Minute Cough Cure does what its name implies. Oakland Pharmacy.

Miss H. Procter, of Boston, Mass., who visited her brother here, Mr. Percy Procter, returned her home Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Fringer are at Eglon this week where Mr. Fringer is engaged in doing some painting and other work in his line.

The Ryland Company, of Friendsville, implement dealers, unloaded a car of machinery here this week and distributed it among their customers.

The B. & O. announce an excursion from Oakland to Niagara Falls for Wednesday, July 7th. The rate from this point will be $9.70 for the round trip.

Messrs. Harry West, Joseph P. Helbig and Walter Hinebaugh, who have been at Lonaconing painting the Catholic church, spent Sunday in Oakland.

Don't allow the lungs to be impaired by the continuous irritation of a cough. It is easier to prevent consumption than to cure it. One Minute Cough Cure taken early will ward off any lung trouble. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Chas. Bolden, accompanied by his son Frank, started for Meyersdale, Pa., last Thursday, driving through the country to that town, where they will visit relatives a week or two.

The examination of teachers has been announced by Secretary Palmer as follows: Oakland, July 5th and 6th; Grantsville, July 8th and 9th; Accident, September 7th and 8th.

Dr. Hattie B. Jones, of Wheeling, is here visiting her brother, Mr. S. T. Jones. Dr. Jones recently experienced a severe attack of illness and at one time her life was despaired of by her relatives.

They are so small that the most sensitive persons take them, they are so effective that the most obstinate cases of constipation, headache and torpid liver yield to them. That is why DeWitt's Little Early Risers are known as the famous little pills. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. J. Hunter Smith, formerly of the Commercial hotel, Piedmont, and a resident of Oakland a number of years ago, has leased Hotel Dennett at Mountain Lake Park for the season and will open it immediately for the reception of guests. Mr. Smith has gained quite a reputation as a first-class hotel man.

A game of ball will be played by two picked nines from Oakland at Jack Oak Park on Friday afternoon. The nines will be captained by Messrs. George Weber and E. Z. Tower. An interesting game is promised.

E. E. Turner, of Compton, Mo., writes us that after suffering from piles for seventeen years, he completely cured them by using three boxes of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It cures eczema and severe skin diseases. Oakland Pharmacy.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, Misses Mattie Porter, Grace Wotring and Daisy Barne and Mr. Ernest Shirer went to Newburg, W. Va., Monday to attend the Epworth League convention, they having been elected delegates from the chapter here.

Loar & Co.'s gallery will remain in Oakland but a short time longer and while here will make full length cabinet photographs at 99 cents per dozen guaranteed not to fade. This is positively our last offer and your last opportunity. 21.

In the Court of appeals at Annapolis on Tuesday an opinion was handed down by Judge Russum in the case of John Shartzer, substituted trustee, vs. the Mountain Lake Park Association in which the decision of the lower court was reversed with costs and a new trial awarded.

Hundreds of thousands have been induced to try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy by reading what it has done for others, and have tested its merits for themselves are to-day its warmest friends. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy, J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The thirty-first annual session of the Maryland State Teachers' Association of Maryland will be held at the Blue Mountain House, Pen Mar, on July 13-15, for which quite an extensive program has been prepared under the supervision of Prof. John C. White, principal of the Cumberland High School. The meeting promises to be interesting as well as instructive.

Many cases of "Grippe" have lately been cured by One Minute Cough Cure. This preparation seems especially adapted to the cure of this disease. It acts quickly, thus preventing serious complications and bad effects in which this disease often leaves the patient. Oakland Pharmacy.

Charles H. Lantz, formerly of Baltimore, "The Reliable" piano and organ tuner and repairer, has been here for a week, and as usual is gaining patronage by his good work and fair dealings. He is no stranger here having tuned regularly for some of our leading citizens for over four years. On his card he claims "no superiors and few equals" and we are glad to say his work seems to prove it. He wishes to inform persons desiring his services, that he will return here in about a month. His work recommends itself. Write him for references, leave orders at this office.

If you have ever seen a child in the agony of croup, you can appreciate the gratitude of the mothers who know that One Minute Cough Cure relieves their little ones as quickly as it is administered. Many homes in this city are never without it. Oakland Pharmacy.

"There's no use in talking," says W. H. Broadwell, druggist, La Cygne, Kas., "Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy does the work. After taking medicine of my own preparation and those of others, I took a dose of Chamberlain's and it helped me; a second cured me. I candidly and conscientiously I can recommend it as the best thing on the market." The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

It is surprising what a "wee bit of a thing" can accomplish. Sick headache, constipation, dyspepsia, sour stomach, dizziness, are quickly banished by DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Small pill. Safe pill. Best pill. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Isaac Horner, proprietor of the Burton House, Burton, W. Va., and one of the most widely known men in the state was cured of rheumatism after three years of suffering. He says: "I have not sufficient command of language to convey any idea of what I suffered, my physicians told me that nothing could be done for me and my friends were fully convinced that nothing but death would relieve me of my suffering. In June, 1891, Mr. Evens, then salesman for the Wheeling Drug Co., recommended Chamberlain's Pain Balm. At this time my foot and limb were swollen to more than their normal size and it seemed to me my leg would burst, but soon after I began using the Pain Balm the swelling began to decrease, the pain to leave and not I consider that I am entirely cured. Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Saturday the Somerset county telephone people had the poles set to Grantsville and by this time wires are being strung. In a few weeks the line will be in full operation and we can "hello" to the ancient town to our heart's delight. Quite a number of farmers along the line are subscribers and more will follow suit as soon as they learn its benefits. Further extensions may be looked for.—Meyersdale Commercial.

Call for your Letters.

Oscar Bailey, John Wilson, Davie Druse (2), C. W. Fike, J. W. Stepens.

McLaughlin Bros., importers of horses, Columbus, O., recently shipped to Oakland an imported French coach horse for the purpose of selling the animal to parties here. The price asked for the horse is $2,500 and is divided into shares of one hundred dollars each. Seventeen of these shares have been disposed of to as many farmers in and about Oakland. The horse was brought to America in 1896 direct from France. In one line the pedigree of the horse dates back to 1735. He is a descendant of Arabian stock and is a beautiful animal. He took first prize at the Arlington Club horse show in New York when one hundred and fifty other coach horses were placed in competition. Should the firm dispose of the balance of the shares and the horse remain in this community the class of stock raised in after years will be greatly improved.

Robbed of $38.00.

On Monday morning last the residence of Mr. D. F. Mosser, in District No. 8, was robbed of $38. The money was kept in a bureau drawer and during the absence of Mrs. Mosser from the house a boarder named Chas. Ginter whose home is at Tyrone, Pa., so it is charged, opened the drawer and extracted the money. He immediately left the premises and it is surmised made his way to Oakland where he boarded a train for his home. Information was made to the States' Attorney and an effort will be made to apprehend him.

A Correction.

Mr. William H. Wright, of Swanton, asks us to publish the following statement:

In your last week's issue it was stated that after the late civil war I enlisted in Uncle Sam's army, and was sent to the plains of the west, which is a mistake. I belonged to an old veteran regiment and had re-enlisted and therefore was held till the government could get regulars, and I was sent to the west by the Secretary of War as a volunteer.

WM. H. WRIGHT.

For County Treasurer.

By reference to the editorial columns of our paper to-day it will be noticed that Mr. Horace R. DeWitt, of District No. 6, announces himself as a candidate for County Treasurer. Mr. DeWitt was a candidate for the nomination two years ago but by a peculiar combination of circumstances was defeated in the county convention. Nevertheless he remained a stanuch Republican and again comes before the people asking for their support.

His Arm Broken.

Last Thursday at a lumber camp belonging to the Gardner company, beyond the Red House, Thomas Kelley was engaged in felling trees when a limb struck him, fracturing his left arm above the elbow. Dr. Henry McComas was summoned and rendered surgical aid, assisted by Dr. Koon, of Aurora.

To Kill Flies.

Here is said to be a valuable remedy for flies: "Take a teaspoonful of ground black pepper mix it with two teaspoonsful of brown sugar; moisten the compound with milk and place where there are rays of light. The flies will generally be quickly attracted to it and eat greedily. If they do it will be their last meal for the least of it is poison to a fly."

Dramatic.

The following from the New York *Clipper* refers to one of the best and most popular companies that ever appeared in Oakland:

The Macauley-Patton Co., supporting Ida Florence Campbell in repertory, closed their season at Allentown, Pa., June 5. They will inaugurate their fourth season at Conneaut, Ohio, on August 2, under the management of Harry Levy, late of A. Q. Scammon's attractions. The company will be enlarged to the number of fifteen people. Special attention will be given to the scenic productions, new scenery now being in the hands of the artists. Robt. McClung has been engaged as stage manager. A tour lasting forty weeks will be made through Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Maryland.

The Citizens' Reception.

The reception to be tendered the teachers and scholars of the Oakland normal school at the Oakland hotel to-morrow evening, promises to be a great success. Preparations have been made by the management of the hotel for the entertainment of two hundred guests on the occasion and indications point that this number will be exceeded.

It is desired on the part of the committee having the reception in charge that all who want tickets will purchase them immediately.

Died.

CARR.—On Tuesday night at 12 o'clock, Mr. Thomas Carr, at his home in Morgantown, W. Va. For many years Mr. Carr was supervisor of this division of the B. & O. and resided in Oakland. About fifteen years ago he removed to Morgantown and was employed there by the railroad company in the capacity of supervisor for that line of road. He was a member of the Knights of Honor lodge in Oakland from which his widow will receive $2.00. His funeral will take place to-morrow the interment to be made at Piedmont, W. Va. He was aged sixty-six years.

WALKER.—On Sunday night at Mr. E. D. Kepner's residedce, a son Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Walker, of Washington, aged about three years. The child has been brought here by his parents with the hope that he would recover from a severe attack of fever. The remains were taken to Washington Monday morning and buried.

ENGLEHART.—On Monday at his home in Accident, Judge of the Orphans' Court Frederick Englehart, aged about seventy years. Judge Englehart has served in his official capacity since Jan. 1896, but owing to the condition of his health he was unable to be present in court for the past six months. His funeral occurred on Wednesday.

SCOTT.—Last night at his home in Oakland, after a long and painful illness, Mr. Michael L. Scott. The deceased was born in Preston county, West Va., in October, 1841. In 1870 he experienced a sunstroke from the effects of which he never entirely recovered. He had been a resident of Oakland for the past twenty-five years having married Miss Sallie Davis, sister of Rev. John M. Davis, of Oakland. The funeral will occur to-morrow from his late residence and the interment will be made in the Odd Fellows' cemetery. Mr. Scott was a member of the Knights of Honor and was also an Odd Fellow.

Married.

The following marriage notice was sent us Monday, clipped from the Plant City (Fla.) *Courier*:

At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Barnes, in Plant City, Fla., on Wednesday night, June 16th '97, by Rev. W. E. Bogart, Mr. Fred. J. Brown and Miss Mary Broadwater.

This interesting ceremony of making two hearts into a union of one as provided by a wise Creator, was witnessed by a number of interested friends and neighbors. The bride of the occasion, is a niece of Mrs. Barnes and has been spending some months with that lady, having come here for that purpose from her home in New Germany, Md. While our friend Brown as it seems, has not remained idle during these months, in the matter of winning the attention and finally the affection as we may suppose of the fair lady, hence this notice is the happy sequel to a—not romance, but a real life story.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Childreo's Day in St. Paul's Church.

The annual Children's Day services were held in St. Paul's M. E. church on Sunday, June 20th, at 10:30 o'clock a. m. The day was a beautiful one and befitted the occasion. The program selected by the committee on arrangements entitled "Buds and Blossoms," was carried out. The first number was a processional led by Masters Earl Townshend and Wellington Crane, and the sight of seventy-five happy children marching around the aisles in order was a pleasing one. Then followed the exercises in their regular order, all of which were well executed. Space forbids us mentioning each number separately. The church was handsomely decorated with potted plants and cut flowers, and the large audience that was present seemed to enjoy the occassion to the utmost.

For Sale.

The following implements are for sale: $20, 1 light reaper, almost new; $10, 1 light reaper fair order; $5, 1 light rake for one horse. Also a large quantity of clean oats straw, $5 a load at stack. All cheap for cash. Apply to John W. Williams, Deer Park. 2

Loch Lynn Hotel Sold.

On Tuesday of this week Mr. J. B. Sommerville, receiver for the Loch Lynn Heights Hotel company, sold at public auction the hotel property and two parcels of land belonging to it. The hotel proper brought $15,100 and and land fronting it brought $1,200, being purchased by the Baltimore Building and Loan Association. One hundred and eight lots lying back of the hotel were bought by Mr. J. M. Whitescarver, of Grafton, for $648.

Death of William Hinebaugh.

The funeral and burial of the late William Hinebaugh took place from the English Lutheran church at Accident on last Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock, the remains having been conveyed from Oakland, leaving his late home about 6 o'clock Sunday morning, and followed by the family and a large procession of friends which would have been augmented by many others but for the gloomy and threatening condition of the weather.

The attendance at the funeral was very large, there being between eight hundred and one thousand people present. It took the gathering three-quarters of an hour to view the remains, passing in single file in a compact line.

The Dunkard and German Lutheran denominations held their special services at an early hour so as to attend the funeral.

The floral contributions were rich and beautiful beyond description, consisting of the finest cala lillies, white carnations, cream and white roses and buds fashioned into a variety of designs. The flowers were contributed by the church council, of which Mr. Hinebaugh was a faithful member up to a short while before his death, and the Sunday school, of which he was the efficient superintendent, and the Christian Endeavor society, of which he was always an active member, besides a large number of beautiful designs from his friends, amongst which was a large pillow with the name "Father" in the center, with a number of other beautiful contributions from friends in Baltimore who knew Mr. Hinebaugh through Mrs. Dr. Hinebaugh, wife of Mr. Hinebaugh's son who nursed his father with the most faithful, affectionate and tender care through all his illness, and who was assisted by his sister Lucinda, who was by her father's bedside in his entire sickness. Mr. Hinebaugh had an affectionate and devoted family and did not lack any comfort or attention in their ability to give him.

The pall bearers were chosen from amongst Mr. Hinebaugh's friends at Accident, and were as follows: Eli McMillan, John L. Richter, Frederick Kamp, John E. Gingey, George Ault, John Englehart and Thomas Turney.

The funeral was preached by Mr. Hinebaugh's pastor, Rev. J. W. Butler, who was with the family by his bedside when he breathed his last.

After the singing of "Nearer, My God to Thee," the pastor read from 1 Cor. xv:21-58, and offered prayer, after which the hymn "How Blest the Righteous when he Dies," was sung. Then the pastor announced as his text 1 Cor. xv:57, "Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," and preached the sermon, extracts of which follows:

As the basis of our remarks at this sad but blessed hour—sad because one dear to us all has left us, and blessed because a spirit has been released from suffering and has entered upon its boundless glory—your attention is invited to this, one of the most triumphant texts of the bible. We do not propose to dwell especially upon the truth naturally suggested by the text; but to briefly consider the life and character of the deceased, and leave before you as a sufficient demonstration of the spirit and victory of this passage of God's word.

We have met to pay the last tribute of respect to the remains of a departed friend and loved one. William Hinebaugh was born in Somerset county, Pa., on the 19th day of August, 1836, and moved with his parents to Accident, Garrett county, Md., when about four years old, in which county he spent his life as a true and highly respected citizen. He was a devoted and faithful member of St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church, of Oakland, Md. He died June 18, 1897, after a painful illness of six months, aged 60 years and 10 months. He leaves a large family, an extensive connection of relations and many friends to mourn his death.

His death brings a heavy and sad loss to his family, to the church and to the county. As a citizen, Brother Hinebaugh enjoyed the highest esteem and confidence of the people and the love of all who knew him. He was appointed to, and filled with especial credit, positions of public trust and responsibility.

As a neighbor, he was kind and obliging. As a friend, he was true and faithful. As a gentleman, he was courteous and polite to everyone, humble and unassuming in manners. He was an affectionate and devoted husband, a kind and loving father, always showing in a quiet manner a deep interest in the temporal and spiritual welfare of his children, and out of the kindness of his heart, indulgent perhaps to a fault. The last words we heard him say to his youngest child as he passed from the waiting room to take the train when he went to Baltimore, two months before his death, were: "Arthur, be a good boy."

What shall we say of him as a christian? In the relationships already referred to, he exemplified the love and spirit of Christ. But in all those relationships and duties falling more immediately within the province of the christian life, he became a model for everyone. He loved the cause and kingdom of Christ, and served as a member of the church with constant loyalty and unceasing devotion. He was regular and punctual in his attendance upon all the services of the sanctuary, to which he always took an active part. In his benevolence he was an example, both as to his systematic giving and liberality; this he proved in the sacrifices which he made in his earnest efforts to liquidate the heavy debt burdening his own church in Oakland. Through all her recent trials he stood by her with exemplary patience and unfaltering devotion.

No. 11.—Polished Solid Oak 5-Drawer Chiffonier, 53 inches high, 30¾ inches long, 18 inches deep. It is well constructed and has good locks on each drawer. Special price, (Orders promptly filled).

$3.39

Our success is not accidental. It is the reward of 48 years of honorable business. Our experience in the Furniture and Carpet business is yours for the asking. Our immense illustrated catalogue of Furniture, Oil Cloths, Baby Carriages, Refrigerators, Bedding, Springs, Steel Beds, etc., is free to all who write for it, and we pay all postage. If you ask your local dealers' advice you will not send for our catalogue, as he will lose a customer. If you consult your pocket-book and want double value for your dollars, you will deal with the manufacturers. Send your name on a postal now.

Julius Hines & Son

BALTIMORE, MD.

Resolutions of Respect.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His wise and infinite wisdom to remove from our midst our beloved brother and leader, William Hinebaugh.

Resolved, That we as members of the St. Mark's Evangelical Lutheran Church, Sunday School and Christian Endeavor Society, do humbly bow in submission to our Heavenly Father's gracious will.

Resolved, That in the loss of our esteemed brother, we lose a Christian leader, ever faithful and zealous in all church work, and in our loss we mourn for a dear brother, who was worthy of our respect and esteem.

Resolved, That we sincerely condole with the bereaved family in their great loss; with which in his has pleased our Heavenly Parent to afflict them; and direct them for comfort and consolation to the Great Comforter, who doeth all things for the best.

Resolved, That these resolutions be placed on the minutes of the church book, published in the papers of Garrett county, Md., and a copy be sent to the bereaved family.

June 20, 1897. COMMITTEE.

For Sale.

Two farms near Deer Park, Maryland, containing about 275 acres each; houses, barns and all outbuildings. These farms are known as the Samuel Browning and Wm. Trickel farms. Also two farms at Selbysport, Md., containing about 250 acres each; good buildings on these properties. For full particulars, address

A. M. FRAZEE,
5365 Breedshill Street,
16-5 Pittsburg, Pa.

Normal Literary Program.

The next and last session of the Oakland Normal Literary will be held in Shartzer's Opera House next Tuesday evening, for which occasion a program of more than usual interest has been prepared. The sessions of this society have always been well attended, and the scholars and teachers hope for a crowded house next Tuesday evening. The following program will be rendered:

Music.
Recitation ..... Orley Dunham.
Composition ..... J. S. Gregy.
Select Reading ..... Nettie Loughridge.
Music.
Address ..... John Shartzer.
Recitation ..... Sadie Cohen.
Declamation ..... Percy Brady.
Select Reading ..... Nancy Hamill.
Music.
Essay ..... Titus Delawder.
Address ..... E. H. Sincell.
Improptu class, Minta Wolf, Anna Shircliff, Oscar Robeson, Charles Custer.
Address ..... G. S. Hamill.
Address ..... J. S. Meyers.
Address ..... U. G. Palmer.
Valedictory address ..... J. H. Emory.
Critic's report.
Music.

Epworth League Program.

The Epworth League will render the following program on Monday evening, June 28th, at the M. E. church:

Singing by congregation.
Prayer.
Vocal solo, Mrs. Schroeder.
Select reading, Miss Nannie Hamill.
Lecture, Rev. Arbuthnot, "The Poetry of the Bible."
Singing by the Oakland Quartette, composed of Misses Grace Loar, Margaret Miller, Messrs. Thomas and Andrew Nelson.

DOC PIPPIN.

BY CY WARMAN.

THE farms in Illinois upon which we were reared were not far apart, but "Doc," who lived with his uncle, left home before he was 21 and went west. I had been in town to get the plow sharpened, and on my way home I saw Doc climbing across a cloddy field behind a harrow, and he hailed me. When he came out he hung his chin over the top of the fence and said: "I'm goin' west."

"When?"

"To-night."

"No!"

"Yes. Will you jine me?"

"What's it cost?" I asked.

"Forty-nine dollars second class from St. Louis to Denver."

"Have you got the money?"

Doc shook his head.

"Did you ever see that much money?"

"Well, not at one look, but I've got it all figured out."

"How much have you got?"

"Haven't got any, but I got a job at Whitlcer's stable in Carr street, an' if you go I'll see that you never want. We can sleep in the haymow and board around."

"How'll we get to St. Louis?" I asked.

"Ride when we're tired of walkin' an' walk when we can't ride," was his reply.

The thought of getting up at morning and not knowing where I was going to sleep at night frightened me, and I told Doc so, and we parted.

A few years later, when the westbound train stopped at a little bleak and dreary mountain town where I, having gone west, had elected to drop anchor, I looked out from the car window and saw Doc sitting close up to the crooper of an old sorrel horse that was hitched to an express wagon.

I went over to him at once, for I was lonesome. A mountain town is not a thing that one is apt to love at first sight. Desolate! That is better than four columns of agate to describe the place. The dry March winds came out of the canyon and swept the sands of the mesa up into eddies and swished and swirled in around your collar and cut your face. The sunlight was so dazzling that it bewildered and seemed unreal, and the cold winds were constantly contradicting its warmth.

"Are you homesick, Doc?" I asked, as I rode uptown with him, for he was there to haul people and their baggage up to the hotel.

"Nop," he said. "It's the dry wind—it's busted my lip so that I look like I'm goin' to cry when I'm tryin' to laugh. I'm goin' back home this fall," he added, after a pause, "to get my money—I'm 21 now, but I'm comin' back out here—this country is all right."

Doc, who had earned his title by doctoring his uncle's horses, had inherited a little fortune of $1,800, and when the summer had come and gone he went back home in a Pullman car, for he had saved $50 out of his salary of $60 and board every month.

Five years later, in the dawning of the morning, as I was climbing out of an upper berth at another mountain town, a man caught hold of my coat tail, and I found that the "man under my bed" was Doc Pippin. He said he was living in Denver; so was I, and in a few days he came in to see me. He came often, and told the best stories I had ever heard. He was thin and pale, and I noticed that he coughed and pounded his left lung when he did so. Those stories were not told to me for publication, but I know he will not care, for he is careless now.

Doc went to Chicago after receiving his money and became acquainted with a well-known detective. I think he said it was Billy Pinkerton. It was like the Pinkertons to detect in this almost beardless boy a remarkably intelligent person.

Pippin got an offer of employment, he accepted it and was sent at once to a small town in Illinois to find out a band of thieves who were stealing hogs and robbing shops.

If Doc had tried he could never have dressed well. Even clothes that were made for him didn't fit, and he wore his hat crosswise, like the leading man at a French funeral. His appearance upon this occasion was in his favor, and he was not long in forming the acquaintance of the toughest lot of loafers in the town. They liked Doc, as everyone did who knew him, but it was a long time before they would trust him. Doc's money gave out, and he tried to borrow, and the gang gave him the laugh. "Git out an' turn a trick—work," said one of the men.

"What can I do? Show me and then watch me," said Doc.

"See that jay ridin' out o' town?" said the tough, nodding down the road where a lone horseman was going away with the sunset at his back.

"Yes."

"Well, he's goin' out to his place in the country—goes every Sat'day night an' comes back Monday—hold 'im up."

Doc knew the man, as he knew nearly every man in the place, by the description given him at Chicago, and by the middle of the following week this wealthy citizen had been notified from headquarters that he would be held up on the next Saturday night. Doc was at his post, and as the lone horseman came down the road the highwayman stepped out from the shadows of a jack oak and covered his man.

That night the gang drank up the best part of the $28.50 and voted Doc "a dead game toucher."

When the proceeds of Doc's raid had been expended, together with seven dollars received for the "jay's" watch, the gang determined to rob a hardware store. The job had been undertaken once, but had failed. The time, at Doc's suggestion, was fixed upon election night. A great many farmers, he said, would be in to vote and trade, and the people, being either drunk or tired, would sleep soundly when once asleep, and the gang voted that Doc was a great thinker.

The time arrived, the store was entered, and when they were all in Doc ducked down behind the counter and reached the rear end of the store. Now a big bull's-eye was turned upon the gang, who arose from their work to look down the dark barrels of a half dozen shotguns. One of the gang, seeing Doc with the sheriff's party, made a play for his pistol, but the sheriff shoved his shotgun yet nearer the robber's face and said, softly: "Be quiet," and he was calm.

The next day the father of one of the gang, who was himself a hard man, made an attempt to kill the detective, and, having done his work, Doc departed.

Young Pippin's success in this now celebrated case won for him the full confidence of the agency, and before he had reached Chicago other important work was mapped out for him, but to the surprise of the agency he refused to accept another assignment.

"I could not bear," he said to me, "the thought of living a whole life that was a lie—to appear always to be that which I was not—to mix and mingle constantly with the wicked of this world, in which there should be so much happiness.

Returning to the west again, Pippin entered the service of Uncle Sam as a postal clerk.

Finding a letter in the mail marked to me, he wrote on the back of the envelope: "Hello—Doc.—R. M. S.!" and I knew then that he was in the railway mail service.

"How is it," I asked one day, "that you are assistant superintendent of the mail service in the west, when you are under 30, and new, comparatively new, at the business?"

"Hard luck," said Doc, smiling sadly, coughing, and thumping his chest.

Then it was that he began to tell me some of his experiences in the postal car, but he did not tell all. He was as modest as he was honest, and would not tell to me, his friend, the real tales of heroism in which he was himself the hero. He told enough, however, to interest me and cause me to find out more from a mutual friend and to verify the information by some of the records and correspondence which I was afterward permitted to see. I found that his loyalty, bravery and devotion to duty had been warmly commended in autograph letters from the highest officials in the mail service.

It was, indeed, hard luck that brought him promotion and an easy place, which he could not have gained save through the kindness of higher officials. He had been in any number of wrecks, for many of the western roads were new at that time, and the railroading was not safe as it is now. Once there was a head-end collision, in which the wreck took fire. Doc was dreadfully bruised, but he had all his limbs, and as the flames crept closer and closer to his car he busied himself carrying the mail matter to a place of safety. When his work had been completed and the flames lit up the canyon they showed Doc lying upon his mail bags, apparently dead. The trainmen found him and soon restored him to consciousness, for he had only fainted from overwork and the pain of his many wounds.

It was nearly a year before he was able to take his run again, and this time his route lay over the Santa Fe system.

One night, when the train came roaring down the canyon, the engine jumped the track, the mail car went to pieces against the locomotive, the coaches piled upon the pieces, and the wreck began to burn.

When the trainmen and passengers came forward to look for "the fellows up ahead" they saw large and small envelopes sailing out of the burning debris, and they knew at once that the mail agent must be fast in the wreck. The whistle valve had been forced open, and now the wild, ceaseless cry of the wounded engine drowned all other sounds, and made it impossible for the men to hear the cries of the imprisoned postal clerk. All this he knew, and while the hungry flames were eating their way to where he lay he pulled the register bag to him, and began to shy the valuable mail into the sage brush.

When the steam was exhausted and the cry of the engine had hushed there came no sound from the enginemen, for their voices were hushed in death. Above the sound of the crackling flames they could hear Doc calling to them from his place below the wreck, and the train crew worked desperately right in the very face of the fire to rescue the unfortunate.

Gradually the voice of the prisoner grew fainter and fainter, and before the rescuers reached him it hushed entirely.

At last, just as they were about to give him up, as he was now apparently dead, they succeeded in dragging Doc from the wreck, and to the joy of all he soon revived. He was yet alive, but had breathed so much of the flames that his left lung was almost ruined, and he was never able to resume his place on the road.

It was this unfortunate wreck and the story of his heroism that gave him the important place of assistant superintendent of the western division of the United States mail service when he was not yet 30 years old. It was the burn in his breast that made him cough and beat his left lung, that pinched his face and made his eyes look larger than they were.

Not long ago I returned to Denver, and meeting the chief clerk in the street asked him about Doc. I had been wandering over the face of the earth for nearly two years and was behind the times, and now as my friend looked at me his face took on a sadder shade and he answered slowly: "Doc died six months ago."—Cy Warman, in N. Y. Sun.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—During the century 19 volcanic islands have risen out of the sea.

—The world's agriculture occupies the attention of 280,000,000 men, represents a capital of $24,000,000,000, and has an annual product of $20,000,000,000.

—Newfoundland has 47,000 acres in potatoes, turnips and other crops. There are on the island 5,000 horses, 20,000 cows, 40,000 sheep and 20,000 pigs.

—According to an eminent Italian hygienic expert, official medical returns show that in Italy 200,000 persons die every year from infection—that is, from preventable—maladies, most of them being young, "the hope of families."

—Dwellings are to be heated by electricity in Lewiston, Me., power for the current being furnished by a waterfall at Turner, on the Androscoggin. The projectors say they can furnish power at $35 per horse-power by the year, and heat a ten-room house with three horse-power the year round.

—Dental surgeons have patented processes for imitating gold fillings in false teeth. This is done by burnishing gold foil upon them in the manner commonly termed "fire gilding." Nobody would be likely to suspect that grinders showing plain signs of repair were artificial. Several applications have been made for patents for processes for setting diamonds in the teeth—the front teeth, of course—holes being drilled to receive the gems.

ICE MEN.

How the Hardy Explorers Reached This Land Is a Mystery.

How paleolithic men got to this land—for it does not seem likely that the gems homo was indigenous here—is a question that has puzzled the wisest; perhaps by way of Greenland, over the bridging ice field which probably connected Europe and America. However, we know that he did get here, and, as the first wandering bands of these old hunters came, we know, too, that they found a land of snow and ice, of great rivers and many lakes. It seems probable, from the finding of occasional implements in the older gravels, that the earliest immigrants arrived while the glacier was at its maximum.

One unbroken field of ice had spread over all the north, covering Manhattan island 1,000 feet and reaching to within 50 miles of Philadelphia. As the years passed, more bands of these hardy explorers reached this land, and as the second and later recessions of the ice occurred, with accompanying flooded rivers, it is likely that a fairly dense paleolithic population peopled our river valleys. It was a long time since the first of their race came over the ice; a far distant past it must have seemed—as it truly was to these later-day men.

To us the founding of Egypt is so far away that it seems almost wholly mythical; but the time which elapsed between the period of maximum glaciation and the later days of the epoch was possibly five times longer. Yet this is one of the short periods in the life history of the infant race. Such was time in the beginning.—Lippincott's.

A Grave Danger.

It is not easy for a girl in her teens to rightly understand and appreciate that a grave danger lurks for her in things which are not wrong in themselves, and yet, in their spirit, are not exactly right. There is a fine line in such a distinction, which, naturally, she has not lived long enough to see. But her parents see it, and try to make her see it. In this they are, unfortunately, not always successful, and the girl, feeling that the point has not been made clear to her, leaves the counsel of her mother or father in a resentful mood. What she cannot exactly understand she refuses to accept, and therein lies a danger. There are innumerable fine little points of deportment which cannot be made quite clear to a young girl. She has not had enough experience with people and the world. But because these points are not clear to her she should not make up her mind that they are not right. I wish it were possible for me to say here just the right word—a word which would lead many girls to accept, in a spirit of faith and obedience, the little restrictions placed upon them. This acceptance does not call for "blind obedience;" it calls for what is the most valuable element in a girl's life—a perfect faith and confidence in her parents, and a belief that what they do for her they do absolutely for her best and her safest protection.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Energy Directed.

There is no danger so great for a man or a boy as idleness. If mothers and fathers would save their boys, they should give them something to do. Buy an ax and a saw, and let them chop up that wood, no matter how large the bank account. Let them keep the weeds from the garden and the tall grass from the lawn, the dirt from their own clothes and the dust from their own shoes. Don't do everything for them. It pays to teach the boys work—not so much for what they can do as for what it does for them. If more boys could have a piece of ground, a shop, a place of some kind where they could work off their superfluous energy, we would hear less of truant and reform schools. In the matter of reading, too, if you do not wish the boys to read worthless books and trashy novels, you must put into their hands good, well-written books, and these not of the dull type, which will discourage a young mind.—St. Louis Republic.

Their Way.

"But," persisted the reformer, "you must admit that women have never bought legislatures and common councils, as men do."

The reactionary laughed a harsh, mirthless laugh.

"No," he gloomily replied, after a moment. "Women just go around priceing things."—N. Y. Truth.

A Victim of Prejudice.

"What brought you to this place, my good friend?" inquired a visitor at the prison of a convict.

"A mere matter of opinion got me here, sir."

"Impossible!"

"No, sir. I expressed the opinion that I was innocent, and the jury expressed the opinion that I wasn't. It's a hard world, sir."—Tit-Bits.

How They Got There.

The heights that politicians reach
Were not attained by sudden flight;
The records of the men will teach
They worked their pulls with all their might.

—Philadelphia Press.

A FIN DE SIECLE BOY.

"Mother, do you think a cigar would hurt me after my bath?"—N. Y. Truth.

A Blessed Dope.

First Auditor (at the tank drama)—Never saw such miserable acting in my life. Let's go.

Second Auditor—Let's wait till the next act. There's a flood scene with real water in that and may be some of 'em will get drowned.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Dawn of Love.

"What was the first indication you had that she was in love with you?"

"It was when she began to examine my coat to see if she could find another woman's hair on the shoulder."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Not Long to Live.

She was very much concerned about the consumptive-looking man next door.

"Poor fellow," she said. "He hasn't long to live."

"Why do you say that?" she was asked. "You don't know anything about his case."

"Well," she replied. "I was told he was dying by inches, and anyone can see that there isn't more than five feet and one inch of him."—Chicago Post.

A Familiar Occurrence.

"There are in the histories of all nations," said the earnest man, "crises when some few men must step forward and save their country from utter ruin."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum, "that's very true. It happens once every four years with us, the next occasion of that kind being scheduled for 1900."—Washington Star.

What He Raised.

He tried to raise a garden,
But his neighbor fancied fowls;
They scratched his ground to pieces,
Heeding not his lusty howls.
That evening when the moon was hid
(Right here the whole plot thickens)
He gave up raising vegetables,
Went out and raised the chickens.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

Her Volubility.

Mabel (studying her lesson)—Papa, what is the definition of volubility?

Mabel's Father—My child, volubility is a distinguishing feature of your mother when, on account of urgent business affairs, I don't happen to get home until after two o'clock in the morning.—Baltimore News.

England's Younger Sons.

English Lord (to a younger son)—It is time, Clarence, that you were thinking about a career.

Dutiful Son—I will be guided by you, father. Shall I take orders, study for the bar, enter the army or marry an American?—N. Y. Weekly.

Knows How to Entertain.

Locke—Mrs. Foster understands her duties as hostess.

Kilber—That's so. The other night, when the conversation began to lag, she asked one of the girls to sing.—Town Topics.

HOW SOXALEXIS MIGHT RATTLE THE LEAGUE PITCHERS.

The sensation of the year in baseball is Soxalexis, the right fielder of the Cleveland club. No person east of the Rockies ever heard of this young Indian, who bids fair to outshine even the great warrior Black Hawk, in the gallery of fame, until Manager Tebeau sprung him on an unsuspecting public. Soxalexis is the first Indian to break into the National league, and he has been making so many hits, stealing bases so fast and pulling down such terrific drives, that the reservations are likely to be deserted by the braves ere the time arrives for the next government distribution of blankets, tobacco and firewater.

What He Meant.

Bacon—Little says it is paying attention to small things that pays; what did he mean?

Egbert—Oh, he married a wife who was very small, but who had lots of money.—Yonkers Statesman.

Gone West.

Mr. Brownstone (of New York)—What's become of De Curb?

Mr. Barns (of Brooklyn)—He's gone west to live.

Mr. Brownstone—You don't say so! What was he caught at?—N. Y. Weekly.

A Trifle Off Color.

"It looks like rain," said the polite milkman to the lady of the house.

"This milk looks as if it had rained," was the curt response.—Detroit Free Press.

Non-Committal.

"Is he an actor?" inquired the young woman.

"Well," replied Miss Cayenne, thoughtfully, "that's what he calls himself in the city directory."—Washington Star.

He Began at Once.

He—You know that the doctor says kissing must be stopped.

She—But don't you grasp the impossibility of stopping something you have never commenced.—Detroit Free Press.

A Widened Horizon.

"When I was first married I thought my wife was the only woman on earth."

"How do you feel about it now?"

"Well, there's our cook."—Chicago Record.

Blossom Time.

Nature's like Daphne—
A smile and a frown—
And when no one's looking
She dons a new gown.

—Detroit Free Press.

Helping Her Out.

Mrs. Brush—I have some of the homeliest china you ever saw. I wish I could get rid of it.

Mrs. Combe—I'll loan you my new servant for a day or two.—N. Y. Journal.

For the Good of Humanity.

"Do you know a good tonic for nervous persons, Simpkins?"

"No; what I want to find is a good tonic for people who have to live with them."—Chicago Record.

Absence of Mind.

"I'm afraid it's all up between Jones and the rich widow."

"Made one of his ridiculous breaks, I presume?"

"Yes. He asked her if he were the only man she ever loved."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Breadth.

"You can't deny, though, that he is a man of deep piety."

"It may be deep enough—it's the other dimensions I object to."—Chicago Journal.

Classes of Toiling Masses.

Full many sweat to earn their bread,
But there are those who shirk;
While many sweat that they may get
Their bread and never work.

—N. Y. Truth.

WELL VERSED.

Harry—I wonder how that dog feels to be led about by Miss Dasherton?

George—You ought to know. She had you on a string for about six months.—Detroit Free Press.

Two Ways of Moving.

Bragg—When we moved it took three vans.

Deadbeat—Huh! that's nothing. It took four deputy sheriffs to move us.—N. Y. Journal.

She Practiced on Him.

"Your wife gave us a splendid lecture on cooking last evening. Why weren't you there?"

"I was home with a terrible attack of dyspepsia."—Tit-Bits.

Drinking on His Friends.

Brown—Smith drinks like a fish.

Jones—That's so; a fish never has to pay for his drinks.—N. Y. World.

A Blind Man's Sagacity.

A story was told the other day by a lawyer of an experience that a brother of his, a blind man, had a few days since while he was in the city from a small town in Jersey, where he resides. On the day mentioned the blind man was without a guide and stood on the corner of Twenty-third street and Broadway, wishing to cross the street. While debating with himself as to whether he would try it alone or call a policeman, a woman came up and addressed him, saying: "Mister, would you be kind enough to help me across the street? There is such a jam of trucks and carts that I am afraid to try to cross alone." "Certainly, with pleasure, madam," he responded, and offering her his arm, they started across Broadway, crossing in safety. "Thank you, very much!" said the woman. "No, madam. It is I who am thankful, for I am blind and you helped me to avoid that dangerous crossing very nicely," said the man. "Oh!" said the woman in reproachful tones. "You horrid man! Why, I might have been run over."—N. Y. Times.

An Odd Genius.

The papers are full of tales just now of how the late composer, Brahms, treated pianists and singers who were eager to get his criticism. If one of these aspirants for his favor was fortunate enough to find him at home and be received, Brahms' first concern was to seat himself on the lid of his piano, a position from which he rightly deemed few would have the temerity to oust him. If this failed he had recourse to the statement that the instrument was out of tune. "Oh, that does not matter," remarked one courageous individual. "Perhaps not to you, but it does to me," replied the master. On one occasion he was just leaving his house when a long haired youth, with a bundle of music under his arm, hailed him with: "Can you tell me where Dr. Brahms lives?" "Certainly," answered the master, in the most amiable manner; "in this house up three flights," and so saying he hurried away.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Grain-O Law Suit.

Rochester, N. Y., May 19, 1897.—The great $50,000 damage suit instituted by a Michigan Cereal Co. against the Genesee Pure Food Co. is at an end. They settled it and took it out of court for the ridiculously small sum of $500 and, as a practical result, Grain-O is in greater demand than ever. The new plant only just completed is to be duplicated so that not only the old friends of the delicious food drink which completely takes the place of coffee, but the new friends it is making every day, can be supplied. The beverage which the children, as well as the adult, may drink with benefit will be furnished in unlimited quantities.

Suits may come and suits may go, but Grain-O goes on forever.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

A Respite.—"You won't be wanted for two more days yet," said the chief purveyor of Mbwpha to his prisoner. "Your mate promises to last longer than we anticipated." "Bill," said the sailor in the cage, "was always a hard man to down."—Indianapolis Journal.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE. Write to Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

As Time Changes.

When cremation becomes more general, instead of it being: "See that my grave's kept green," it will be: "Oh, keep my ashes bottled, love."—Tammany Times.

Only $25.00 to San Francisco,

From Chicago via the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Railway), the famous "California in 3 Days" Route, June 29 to July 3, inclusive, on account of the C. E. Convention. Similar rates will be made eastbound. For full information apply to ticket agents C. & N.-W. Ry.

First Nighter—"The man who writes the dramatic criticisms for your paper does not know a good play from a bad one." Editor—"I know it, but what can we do? He is the only man on the staff who is tall enough to see over the bonnets!"—Tit-Bits.

"I suppose you may say the honeymoon is at an end when the husband begins to stay out late at night?" "Not exactly. It doesn't really end until the wife can go to sleep again without believing what he has to say for himself."—Truth.

When shiftless people can't think of any other way of annoying the neighbors, they get a pup to howl through the night.—Atchison Globe.

A Good Appetite Is essential for health and physical strength. When the blood is weak, thin and impure the appetite fails. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a wonderful medicine for creating an appetite. It purifies and enriches the blood, tones the stomach, gives strength to the nerves and health to the whole system. It is just the medicine needed now.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

On a red hot day Hires Rootbeer stands between you and the distressing effects of the heat.

HIRES Rootbeer

cools the blood, tones the stomach, invigorates the body, fully satisfies the thirst. A delicious, sparkling, temperance drink of the highest medicinal value.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Phila. A package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

SILOS

HOW TO BUILD and WILLIAMS MFG. CO., KALAMAZOO, MICH.

A. N. K.—C 1661

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

TEMPERANCE.

DOROTHY'S CRUSADE.

How It Opened Her Father's Eyes to the Evils of Cider Making.

"Mamma, was it right for a lot of ladies to go into saloons and pray and break up whisky barrels and beer kegs, as they did in the crusade?" asked Dorothy Lyons, anxiously.

"They thought they were doing right, my dear; they were Christian women," answered Mrs. Lyons.

"But the whisky and beer belonged to the saloon keepers, didn't they?"

"Yes, Dorothy, but they were used only to make drunkards and paupers of men, so those brave women were determined that no more of it should be sold to ruin their husbands and sons. They believed it right to destroy it, just as much so as to kill rattlesnakes that had been turned loose in a community," Mrs. Lyons explained, glad to have her little daughter so much interested.

"Bessie Ayres' father and brothers get drunk all the time on cider that they buy from papa; Bessie says so. And she says plenty of other people do, too. Don't you think papa ought to be crusaded, then, the same as the saloonkeepers'?"

"I—I don't know, dear. I have never thought about it. It certainly is wrong for papa to make cider, but I can't coax him to quit."

"Why not, mamma? Doesn't he think it is wrong?"

"I'm afraid not, Dorothy, or he wouldn't go on making it. He says he must have the money he gets for the cider, and that it is perfectly harmless if people do not drink too much of it. I feel very sorry and very much ashamed, but I cannot help it," Mrs. Lyons said, sadly.

"What made those ladies think of going out crusading, mamma?"

"I suppose God put it into their hearts, dear."

"Then it isn't wrong to do what God puts it into our hearts to do?" questioned Dorothy, eagerly.

"Not if we are sure God really wants us to do it to make people better. I

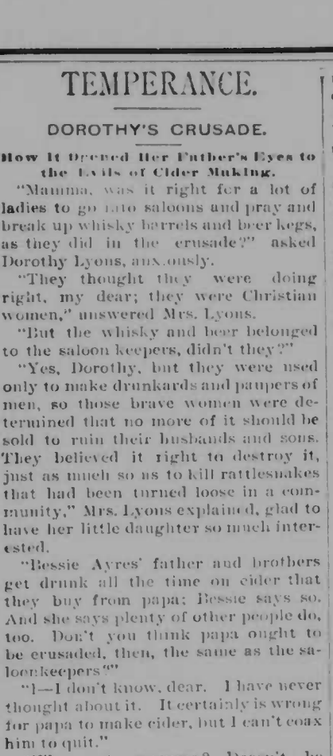

"I'M GOING TO BE A BETTER MAN."

think your kitten must be hungry, dear. She mews so pitifully you ought to feed her."

Dorothy obeyed and no more was said about the crusade.

A week later Mr. Lyons came home from the field where he was plowing, after a piece of leather to mend some broken harness.

As he entered the barnyard he was surprised to see a dozen or more little girls hurrying into the barn.

"They are up to some of their monkey tricks, I suppose; going to play school, like enough, for Dorothy has a book," he said to himself.

He was very fond of children, and he followed them quietly, curious to see what they were going to do.

The little girls had surrounded the old cider-press, and Dorothy was making a sort of speech.

"It is wrong for people to get drunk, and it is wicked for my papa to make cider and sell it, because it makes people just as drunk as whisky or beer. And mamma and Tom and I are so ashamed of papa. And so sorry, because we know God doesn't love drunkard-makers any more than He does drunkards. That's the reason I want all of us to crusade him, and make him behave himself. So we'll just go to work and break up the cider-press, then he can't make any more cider. That's the way a lot of good ladies did to the saloon keepers one time, only they smashed up whisky barrels and beer kegs, instead of cider-presses.

"But I guess we'll have to get Tom to do the breaking, because we are not strong enough, and we might cut our toes off, and Tom won't, because he's a boy and knows how.

"Come on down out of the loft, Tom! We're 'most ready, only I have to read the One Hundred and Twenty-third and One Hundred and Forty-sixth Psalms first. Those are the ones they always read when they go crusading. Then Bessie will pray, because she's had the most troubles and whippings when her papa gets drunk on my papa's cider. Hurry up, Tom!"

So Tom came down the ladder, Dorothy read the Psalms, and Bessie, though a little embarrassed, said: "Let us pray:"

"Dear God, we know you love little children and don't want them to have troubles. And we know you don't want Mr. Lyons to make any more cider for my papa and Hal and Charlie to get drunk on, besides Will Wood and Harlow Eaton and Mr. Davis. And, dear Father, please make Mr. Lyons be good, and don't let him whip Tom and Dorothy for helping to crusade him.

"And mamma cries 'most all the time about papa and the boys, and my shoes are all wored out, and I can't get new ones, 'cause papa and the boys are drunk so much and won't work for money to buy things with.

"And, dear Father, we all wish there wasn't any cider in the world; and that folks would can the apples or dry them or make jelly of all they can't eat raw, or feed them to the pigs. And now help us to crusade Mr. Lyons' cider press, 'cause Tom's going to split it all into splinters. Amen!"

The children arose from their knees soberly, feeling very earnest and solemn over the important business before them.

Mr. Lyons had been much amused at first, but his little daughter's speech and Bessie's quaint prayer soon strangely changed his heart. He had never before felt that he was really doing wrong in making and selling cider to his neighbors. The idea of being ranked with saloon keepers in the minds of these innocent children, especially of his own son and daughter, was appalling to him.

He stepped into the barn and walked hastily up to the half-frightened children.

They stood their ground resolutely, though, the spirit of martyrdom at work in their brave little hearts.

Tom said respectfully, but without faltering: "We're sorry, papa, but we're obliged to crusade the cider-press. We want you to be good so God can love you, but He can't if you keep on making cider. It doesn't make any difference if you don't make so much money, Dorothy and I can wear our old clothes and go barefooted this summer. And mamma'll be gladder than any of us, she's so ashamed and so sorry for you to be a drunkard-maker."

"Wait a minute, Tom!" Mr. Lyons said, hastily, then hurried from the barn.

"He's going to get a switch—you'll catch it, Tom!" said one of the girls.

Tom turned a little pale, but showed no sign of turning away.

In a few minutes Mr. Lyons came back with Mrs. Lyons. He carried an ax, and going up to the cider-press, laid his hand upon it.

"My dear children, I am indeed going to be a better man. Your strange little crusade has opened my eyes and reformed me. I shall never again manufacture or sell cider to make my neighbors' children unhappy, and with God's help I will undo, as far as I can, the mischief I have already done. Go to work, Tom—I'm going to help you!"

And, raising his ax, Mr. Lyons gave the first strong, sharp cut into the cider press. Tom followed his example, and soon there was only a pile of kindling wood and some old iron where the cider press had been.

The little girls looked on with shining eyes, while Mrs. Lyons, with grateful heart, said: "Thank God!"

And thus the one great curse of that neighborhood was removed, and happiness and sobriety took the place of drunkenness, through the influence of little Dorothy's crusade.—Laura J. Rittenhouse, in Youth's Temperance Banner.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

It takes some time to age whisky, but it does not take long to age the man who drinks it.—Ram's Horn.

To rescue perishing drunkards is to do Christ's work. When men had evil spirits He cast them out.—Lever.

Let the battle cry and determination of the church be that the saloon must go.—National Temperance Advocate.

The city council of Millersburg, O., has passed an ordinance against the proprietors of saloons, pool rooms and bowling alleys permitting minors to enter. A heavy penalty is attached.

Every saloon in Winneshiek county, Ia., has been closed on account of the decision of Judge Robson that there was not a necessary per cent. of signers to the mulct petition to permit the operation of the law.

Where do the police of Chicago or of any large city go when they are searching for criminals? In the dry goods stores and groceries? No, but in the saloons. In nine cases out of ten they are sure to find their game in a saloon. —Lever.

At the recent international congress of psychology, Dr. Muller gave an interesting historical sketch of the etiology of self murder, and by means of an elaborate series of statistics traced to alcohol the primary cause of its marked increase of late years.—Westminster Gazette, London.

When Spain would found a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, she raised the required sum by revenue from her bull fights. We laugh at this idea, and yet Americans deem it quite the thing to run city, state and national governments on revenue derived from a traffic that brutalizes and demoralizes the people.—National Temperance Advocate.

At a recent service in St. Mary's Catholic church at Bismarck, N. D., 116 members of the congregation responded to a call made by their pastor to take the total abstinence pledge, signing a card in which they promised to honor their Saviour by abstaining from all intoxicating drinks, and thus, by word and example, discountenancing the drinking habit of society.—Union Signal.

No Show for the Doctor.

A good anecdote is told of the late Sir B. W. Richardson. He was traveling in England, and had come to a town of 4,000 inhabitants, in which was no public house, and the village doctor was nearly starving. While there a young physician sought his advice as to taking up practice in the village. The good doctor, placing his hands on the young man's shoulders, said: "Take my advice, and don't. These wretched teetotalers not only shirk accidents, but when wounded heal so fast that there is neither pleasure nor profit after the first dressing."

Help the Young Men.

After you get that young man to sign the pledge and give his heart to God, did you inquire his address? And have you gone to his home? Sometimes it is a good plan to invite him to your home also. Perhaps he is asked a dozen times a day to break his pledge. He needs the arms of human love and sympathy thrown around him.—Lever.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

YARDS AND PARKS.

Description of an Economical Summer Run for Poultry.

Where fowls are kept in confinement it will be found best to provide outdoor runs or yards for them during the summer months. Give them free access to these yards whenever the weather will permit. The most economical form, everything considered, for a poultry yard is one much longer than wide. Two rods wide and eight rods long is sufficient for 50 fowls. Whenever a poultry plant of considerable size is to be established, it will be found most economical to arrange the yards side by side, with one end at the poultry house. The fences which inclose these yards may be made of poultry netting or pickets, and should be at least seven feet high. In either case it is best to have a board at the bottom, for sometimes it will be desirable to give quite young chickens the run of these yards. If the poultry yards are constructed as described, there is sufficient room for a row of fruit trees down the center of the yard, and still leave ample room for horse cultivation on either side, either with one or two horses.

These yards are to be kept thoroughly cultivated. If thought best, grain may be sown before cultivation to furnish part of the green food for the fowls. Of all fruit trees, probably there are none that are more suitable for the poultry yard than the plum. The droppings of the fowls will manure the trees, and the fowls as insect destroyers perform a great office in protecting plums from the curculio. After the trees are once well established, a crop of plums should be secured nearly every year. These, too, will require no extra cultivation. The plum trees perform a valuable service in providing shade for the fowls. Where trees are not available, sunflowers may be used for this purpose with a considerable degree of satisfaction. However, some protection must be given the plants until they are well established, and even then many plants will be destroyed unless the fowls have an abundance of green food all the time.—Rural World.

WATER FOR CHICKS.

Drinking Fountain Made of an Oyster Can and a Saucer.

A neat and handy device for watering young chicks may be made of an oyster can and a common saucer. Melt the top off the can, cut a triangular notch in the edge as shown at A in the engraving, about one-half inch deep

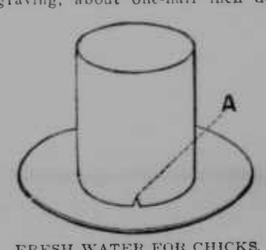

FRESH WATER FOR CHICKS.

by a quarter of an inch wide, and the device is complete.

To use it, fill the can with water, invert the saucer over it, then quickly invert both and set the device on the floor. The water will remain in the inverted can till used. The water keeps fresh and the space around the can in the saucer is so small that the little chicks cannot get in and wet themselves or drown, as so often happens. The water keeps clean. This is a handy device worth a great deal to poultry raisers.—G. W. Waters, in Journal of Agriculture.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

Do not let ducklings bathe until well feathered.

Do not set hens in the laying part of the poultry house.

In order to have poultry tender and juicy fatten it quickly.

Weight and size are important features in market fowls.

To maintain health keep the drinking and feeding places clean.

Better results in whitewashing will be secured if it is applied hot.

Hens not kept with roosters will lay longer and sit less than others.

If well fed and watered a good hen will hatch out ten good broods of chickens.

Lime is needed by all fowls for the growth of bones and for egg-shell material.

Sell all the early-hatched ducks as soon as ready, and keep the later hatched for breeders and layers.—St. Louis Republic.

Laying Hens Need Eggshells.

The avidity with which laying hens will eat crushed eggshells shows how necessary they are in the hen's economy for egg production. There is no better way to supply the lime required for eggshells than this. The shells in the gizzard also act as grit, enabling it to digest food. The only care in feeding is to crush the shell thoroughly, so that its likeness to the egg may not be seen. Where eggshells are thrown out without being crushed the fowls soon learn the habit of picking at the shells on eggs, and from this they quickly become egg eaters, a habit which once formed is never forgotten.

Bean Straw for Sheep.

It has been well attested that bean straw is a valuable feed for sheep, and that they are fond of it. The bean, like clover is a leguminous plant, and many farmers say that the straw, though coarse and harsh, has nearly as much nutrition as clover hay. It makes a very rich manure when fed to either sheep or cows. That is shown by its rotting very fast when piled and giving off the strong smell of aminonia which comes from feeding any manure rich in nitrogenous nutrition.—Dakota Field and Farm.

WANT AN AMERICAN KING.

What the Jacobites of Boston Are Plotting to Do.

There are certain personages in Boston to whom the diamond jubilee of Queen Victoria brought no joy. They made no arrangements to celebrate it, and look with scorn upon the programme arranged by the British-American society of this city. They are the Jacobites, admirers and upholders of the royal house of Stuart and conservators of its fame. For them, in common with the Jacobite league and Order of the White Rose of England, the line of Stuart still exists as a fact in European politics, and its visible head, as is well known, is Princess Mary, wife of Louis prince of Bavaria, son of Luitpold prince regent of Bavaria. She is today, in the language of the Boston people and their fellows in England, Mary IV. and III., by the grace of God, of England, Scotland, France and Ireland Queen, defender of the faith, etc.

To the ordinary Bostonian the fact that there is in his city a cult of this nature comes somewhat in the nature of a surprise. To be sure, services have been held in several of the very high churches of the city, notably that of St John the Evangelist, on January 30, to commemorate the taking off of him whom the Jacobites have canonized under the name of St. Charles the Martyr. The name of this particular saint does not appear in the list of those recognized by the established church, but he exists, just the same, to the Jacobites and their friends.

There are not many of these historical waifs in Boston. Perhaps 12, all told, would cover the number, but they are increasing, and the honorary secretary of the organization, Alfred John Rodway, of Roxbury, says that every day letters from not alone all parts of New England, but also the entire United States, are pouring into the office inquiring about the Jacobites and the aims they hope to attain.

Among the more prominent members of the Boston branch of the Legitimist society are Ralph Adams Cram, Robert Babson, William Forsyth and Alfred John Rodway, the secretary. Mr. Rodway is an Englishman by birth, and a descendant of a good old Gloucestershire family, who took the side of the king during the civil war with the parliament. One of these gentlemen said to the Sun correspondent:

"I know that the American public in general take us to be all sorts of cranks, and lose no opportunity of making sparring remarks about us, but that doesn't hurt us any, and amuses them; so let them go on; we don't mind it. But I'll tell you just what we mean when we call ourselves Jacobites. We all know and everybody knows who is at all acquainted with English history, that the Stuart family and their descendants are excluded from the English throne by the act of settlement, passed in 1701 by the commons of England, but what everybody does not know is this, that this very act was passed by the bare majority of one, and then only after long and bitter struggles between those in secret sympathy with the fallen house of Stuart and the adherents of the Hanoverians.

"The sympathy with the legitimate and hereditary sovereigns of England and Scotland evidenced by the closeness of this vote found vent in the disastrous risings of 1715 and 1745. But these are matters of history. The significant fact of it all is this—that, although more than 200 years have elapsed since the house of Stuart occupied the triple throne, the sentiment in their favor has never really died out, and exists to-day perhaps as strongly in England, and especially in Scotland and Ireland, as it ever did, and even in America, as you see, has it found support.

"But it was not altogether in behalf of the Stuarts that we became interested in the Jacobite movement. To us this simply means a return to the principles represented by the Stuarts, and on account of which they were overthrown, namely, the prerogatives of the throne, or, as you would call it, the divine right of kings. We uphold the idea that there is such a thing as granting too much liberty to the common people. The commons of England are to-day the real rulers of the country—the throne but a shadow. We also believe that the time is coming in the future when there must of necessity be a fixed, visible head in these United States—a something or some one in whom the idea of country or the nation can be incarnated and idealized, which to-day we vainly strive to keep alive under the name of the flag or the stars and stripes.

"In other words, we believe in a constitutional monarchy for this country, not so constitutional, however, as to deprive the monarch of all power of whatever nature. Society must be made over and renovated. There must be fixed grades and classes, and the line must be drawn somewhere."

The most curious thing regarding the man who comes out so boldly with these amazing sentiments is the fact that his family have been for more than five generations citizens of New England. In fact, with the exception of Mr. Rodway, the members of the society in Boston come from old New England ancestry.—Boston Cor. N. Y. Sun.

Still Valuable.

Eastern Youth (out west)—I have called to get you to help me locate lot 902 in this village—I mean city. My late uncle left it to me and I have come west to see about it. Pretty valuable by this time, I suppose.

Real Estate Agent (looking over map) —Hum! It was valuable when your uncle bought it, but the grade of the streets has been changed and it is now 500 feet below the curb, and full of water.

"Eh? Water! Good gracious! It can't be of any use at all."

"Well, I dunno. If you like frogs' legs you might get a meal off it once in awhile."—N. Y. Weekly.

WASHING BLANKETS.

Summer is the best time for washing blankets. To do the work satisfactorily fill a tub half full of soft hot water in which half a bar of Ivory soap has been dissolved, and wash gently with the hands. Rosin soap and hard rubbing ruins blankets. When clean rinse well, hang on the line in the sun. As soon as dry, fold evenly and put away securely in a box or closet. Blankets washed thus will remain fresh and soft for years.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

Spirituous Sarcasm.

"I wonder," said Mr. Drinkhorn, as he filled his glass with the ease of an expert, "I wonder who started the custom of calling a drink of liquor a 'smile?'"

"I wouldn't call that one there a smile," said the barkeep. "It is nothing shy of a horselaugh."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Between Seed Time and Harvest

Is a good opportunity to enquire about farming lands in South Dakota, only one day's ride from Chicago. Bountiful crops of Wheat, Corn, Barley and Flax reward the tiller of the soil. As a stock and dairy country South Dakota leads all the world. First-class farm lands with nearby markets can now be bought for from $10, $12, $15, and upwards, per acre, and this is the time to invest. For further particulars write to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

Never Broke.

She—He's such a poor stick of a man!

He—What's your idea of a good stick of a man?

"One that will bend and not break."—Detroit Journal.

"A Bundle of Nerves."

This term is often applied to people whose nerves are abnormally sensitive. They should strengthen them with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. After a course of that benign tonic, they will cease to be conscious that they have nervous systems, except through agreeable sensations. It will enable them to eat, sleep and digest well, the three media for increasing tone and vigor in the nerves, in common with the rest of the system. The mental worry begotten by nervous dyspepsia will also disappear.

That Bad Boy Again.

"Now," said the bad boy, as he finished pinning his sister's skirts and Mr. Twitter's coattails together, "folks will know how attached to each other a feller and his girl can be."—National Tribune.

After six years' suffering, I was cured by Piso's Cure.—Mary Thomson, 2045 Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, '94.

Some men seem to be glad that they are so poor that no debts can be collected from them.—Washington Democrat.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

The poorer a man is, the more agents try to sell him things.—Washington Democrat.

Compensation.

As is frequently the case, he does not take as kindly to the obligations and observances of society as his wife does. It is possible, too, that she has indulged him more than she ought to have done in the way of giving her personal attention to details of housekeeping which affected his comfort.

"Now," she said, "I hope you are going to be amiable for some time to come."

"More so than usual?"

"Very much more so."

"For what reason?"

"Because you are going to need all the good humor you can command. I am going to give an afternoon tea."

"Again!"

"Yes. And I do wish you would get over your unreasonable aversion to such things."

"My dear, I will admit that I have an aversion, but I deny that it is unreasonable."

"I'm sure you don't let them interfere with your comfort."

"Not to any greater extent than I can help."

"And every one I have given was a great success."

"Yes, my dear. But there's a consideration which prevents me from appreciating your triumphs as I'd like to. I can't help being influenced in my sentiments by the fact that when your afternoon tea is a success the breakfast coffee is always an unbroken series of failures."—Washington Star.

The Cheese Came Back.

A certain dealer had a lot of cheese which was anything but good, and, tired of seeing it about, told the assistant when he closed the shop to leave the condemned cheese at the door for some one to walk off with. Thomas occasionally crept to a window to see operations, and at length went to his master grinning all over his face, saying the cheese was gone. "Leave another out to-morrow night," was the master's order, which was obeyed by the shopman, who after a few peeps next evening walked to his master in the counting house scratching his head, and looking as though some great disappointment had befallen him. "Is it gone?" asked the dealer. "No, sir; t'other 'un has walked back."—Tit-Bits.

Not to Be Caught.

A gentleman visiting Liverpool was being shown around by a citizen, who said: "Now, let's go and see the 'Widows' Home.'" The gentleman put his finger to the side of his nose and winked and said: "No, thanks; I saw a widow home once, and she sued me for breach of promise, and proved it on me. It cost me a matter of £120. No, sir, send the widows home in a cab."—Tit-Bits.

His Misfortune.

"Yes," he said, "I am up to my neck in debt, but it is my misfortune, not my fault."

"Your misfortune?"

"Yes. You see, I have a faculty for making such an excellent impression upon people that they still persist in trusting me."—Chicago Post.

"It's surprising how impracticable some very learned men are." "Yes; there's Prof. Lingwist, for example. He spent over half his life in acquiring fluency in nine or ten different languages, and then went and married a woman who never gave him a chance to get a word in edgeways."—Truth.

THE "GROWN-UP" DAUGHTER'S DUTY TO HER MOTHER.

You can only have one mother; therefore, when her step is growing slow and her mind gloomy with forebodings, and you can see that her whole nervous system is upset, it is your filial duty and privilege to attend to her in time! Mother is approaching the most critical period of her life.

The change of life, that is what mother is dreading, and no wonder, for it is full of peril to all but the strongest women.

There are some special and very wearing symptoms from which mother suffers, but she will not speak of them to any one. Help her out; she doesn't know what to do for herself!

Shall I advise you? First, send to the nearest drug store and get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and see that mother takes it regularly, then write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., giving all the symptoms and you will receive a prompt reply telling mother what to do for herself. In the meantime the Vegetable Compound will make life much easier for her. It tones up the nervous system, invigorates the body, and the "blues" vanish before it as darkness flees from the sunlight. You can get it at any reliable druggist's.

Mrs. LOUIS STRONG, Harris Hill, Erie Co., N. Y., says: "I have been troubled with falling of the womb for years, was advised to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took thirteen bottles and received great benefit. When the time for change of life came I suffered a great deal with faintness and palpitation of the heart. I got one bottle of the Vegetable Compound and one of Blood Purifier and was relieved again. I was thereby enabled to pass through that serious period very comfortably."

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THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1897.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first publication of the same:*

State Senator, $10; County Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $5; County Commissioner, $5; County Surveyor, $2.50.

FOR STATE SENATOR.

OAKLAND, MD., June 9, 1897.

To the Republicans of Garrett County:

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the nomination of State Senator, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of all members of the Republican party.

JOHN SHARTZER.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the nomination of County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and solicit the support of my many friends.

HORACE R. LOWITT.

Hoyes, District No. 6.

At the solicitation of my many friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

MAHL N. GLOTFELTY.

District No. 6, Mellency, Md.

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. PERRY LEE.

District No. 8, P. O., Bayard, W. Va.

An Advertising Axiom.

A record is better than a prospectus. The bona fide circulation of THE REPUBLICAN is greater than the combined circulation of all other papers published in the county. To reach the people use its columns.

ONE-THIRD of the Southern vote in the present Congress has been cast for protection.

THE shades of the late Samuel J. Randall are now being invoked by the Democracy of that section which fought him most bitterly during the closing period of his useful career.

THE recent "Silver Republican" conference is said to have had as its real object a plan to unload Mr. Bryan as the leader of the silver cause. Mr. Bryan has too many "isms" and is too erratic to suit the men who are putting up the money in behalf of the silver cause.

THE absolute unanimity of purpose in the Republican party and the solidity of its ranks in the Senate is distressing its political enemies greatly. The party dissensions which they had expected to see crop out among the Republicans have made their appearance on their own side of the chamber, however, and this adds to the distress of the handful of gentleman who assume to be the leaders of that party in and out of Congress.

BUSINESS reports from every section of the country are encouraging. Dun's *Review* in its latest issue says that the gain in business continues, and while moderate is yet distinct. The number of hands employed, the volume of new orders, and the amount of work done are slowly increasing, while the prospects of good crops of wheat and cotton, and the growing demand from dealers whose stocks are being depleted, give a further impetus to business.

THE Populists are rapidly growing tired of their alliances with the Democrats. Senator Allen, in a recent speech in the Senate, berated the Democratic party on the unwillingness of its members to stand in line on any subject, whether it be free coinage or free trade. He was moved especially to this by the fact that a large number of Democrats in the Senate have recently voted for protection, and he expressed his views by saying that the tendency on the Democratic side seemed to be to "abandon the tenets of Democracy and adopt the plan of every man for himself and the devil take the hindermost."

THE silver mine-owners and their political allies have resorted to a new device to deceive the people, who are rapidly discovering the impositions they practiced during the late campaign. The dangerous characters who were then hired to stir up dissatisfaction and sow the seeds of anarchism and riot in the cities are now being sent through the country districts for the same purpose. They travel in gaudily painted wagons, bearing false or misleading quotations from distinguished men, which are distorted into apparent support of the free coinage of silver, which is now worth less than one-half what it was when these utterances are alleged to have been made. To conceal their real purposes these men profess to be obtaining subscribers to a free silver publication, with which is furnished a copy of a book by "Coin" Harvey, whose writings are now recognized as not only untruthful and misleading, purposely and maliciously so and an imposition upon those before whom they are placed. This attempt to distribute the seeds of distrust, anarchism and riot in the agricultural communities for the selfish purpose of making a market for the property of silver mine-owners and placing a few politicians in office deserves the contempt of those upon whom it is being imposed. It is of the same class as that by which the tin peddler wagons spread falsehood through the country in the Congressional campaign of 1890, but is vastly more dangerous to the country from the class of employed, the doctrines they disseminate and the desperate schemes of those who support them in this performance.

An Outrageous Conspiracy.

Rumors of a very annoying nature to business men emanated from Washington yesterday. It was reported on the authority of several prominent senators that when a final vote was reached on the tariff bill a motion would be made to lay the bill on the table and that a combination including Cuban sympathizers in the Senate had been formed, which was strong enough to carry the motion. The programme then provided for notice to the House that the tariff bill would remain on the table until such time as would be required for the lower branch to pass the Cuban measure, when the revenue bill, upon the passage of which the country has been waiting as patiently as possible during the past two months, would be taken up and rushed through. It is, unfortunately, a fact that the bulk of legislation is a matter of dicker between supporters of rival interests.

"You vote for my bill or my schedule and I will vote for yours" is practically what the final deliberations of pending legislation amount to. Merit is subordinated to expediency. But there is a limit to the patience of even the American public. The country listened to the pleas for relief of the distress in India when our own citizens were starving in the great cities; it entered only a mild protest when the affairs of the Armenians were given precedence to the affairs of the United States; but if, on the eve of the passage of the very legislation for which the extra session of Congress was specially called to enact, that legislation is hung up until peace and prosperity can be obtained for a comparatively insignificant island, nothing will restrain the just wrath of the people. It is to be hoped that the efforts of the administration will be sufficient to overcome the machinations of the Cuban cabal at this time.

The Negro Scarecrow

The second campaign article of the Maryland Democratic Editorial Association deals with "The Republican Party of Maryland—Its Character and Component Parts," and is a studied effort to show that there is danger of negro domination and to arouse race prejudices. The claim is advanced that 11,000 white men in the sixteen counties where the negro vote is largest, control the State by securing a majority of the Legislature. The article is amusing, and its main arguments approach the ridiculous.

The sixteen counties used in illustration are St. Mary's, Charles, Calvert, Prince George's, Anne Arundel, Dorchester, Somerset, Queen Anne's, Howard, Kent, Talbot, Worcester, Caroline, Wicomico, Montgomery and Harford. What kind of a scarecrow do the Democratic editors think they are setting up before intelligent people, who know that Wicomico, Worcester and Queen Anne's are the only sure Democratic counties in the State, and that most of the others have always been considered tolerably safe for that party until the revolt against Gormanism in 1895? The Republicans, black and white, in these sixteen counties, as a whole, have no chance of controlling the Legislature except by the aid and countenance of the representative white Democrats, who refuse to accept "unrepresentative" Gormanism and all its evils as the sway of Democracy.

Whatever may be said of the political bondage of the colored race is unfortunately true, and is regretted by no body of citizens more than by the Republicans of Western and Northern Maryland, who are surpassed in all the qualities of citizenship not even by the Democratic Editorial Association itself. Many would be glad to see the colored vote divided, in the hope that white men who now fear negro domination would vote with them on local, if not national, issues. The General Assembly of 1896 was not chosen entirely by 11,000 "unrepresentative" white men and 50,000 negroes. These may have shown their usual strength in Southern Maryland and in certain parts of the Eastern Shore, but Baltimore city and the northern tier of counties broke the hold of the Gorman-Rasin ring. And, we believe, they will be found in the same attitude this year. The people do not fear negro domination, but they do fear the return of Gormanism.

"Immense Number on the Pension Roll."

So there are, grumbling friends.

But did you ever stop to think that everything connected with that terrible war of the rebellion was immense—far beyond any previous human conception?

This is a stupendous fact that is likely to escape you, unless you keep it constantly in mind.

It is hard work for even those who went through the long struggle to keep before them a clear conception of its immensity, and we appreciate the difficulty that you may have in understanding its proportions.

In the first place, it is very hard for the mind to grasp that there were something over 2,000,000 fighting men on the union side, and over 1,500,000 on the rebel side.

It is impossible for any mind to thoroughly realize what so large a number as 3,500,000 means, but it may assist the conception to remember that it is a great many more than there were of men, women and children in the thirteen colonies at the time they won their independence.

Then, if it is recollected that these 2,000,000 men on one side and 1,500,000 on the other went at each other with all the deadly weapons that human ingenuity could devise, that they kept it up without let or cessation for four long years, it will be easy to understand that they filled the land with the dead, and maimed and cripples. The astonishment soon becomes not that there are so many on the pension rolls, but that there are not more there.

The mind cannot grasp the fact that there were actually 2,000,000 combatants under one flag and 1,500,000 under the other.

It cannot realize that the line of battle was 2,000 miles long.

It cannot comprehend that it was a frequent occurrence to have several thousand men killed in a single day, and four or five times as many wounded.

Every figure connected with that gigantic struggle has a startling vastness.

For example, the terrible strains, hardships and casualties of the long struggle are testified to by the fact that there were 6,049,648 cases of sickness, injuries, accidents, and wounds treated by the surgeons in the Union hospitals.

The malarious swamps of the Mississippi and the seacoasts sent 3,285,376 cases of fever to the hospitals, of which 108,588 resulted fatally, and 37,882 men were so wrecked as to necessitate their discharge from the army as incapable of further service.

The terrible strains of battle and of anxious nights and fearful days sent 170,032 cases of nervous diseases to the hospitals, of which 5,257 resulted in death. Besides these, there were 25,106 cases of heart disease, resulting in 2,125 deaths, and 10,798 discharges from the service.

The pelting storms, the freezing sleet, the drenching rain were responsible for 504,132 cases of disease of the throat and lungs, resulting in 24,100 deaths, and the discharge of 20,995 wrecks from the service. Also, for 189,817 cases of rheumatism, of which 12,653 became so hopeless as to compel the discharge of the sufferers.

Bad and insufficient food and polluted water sent to the hospitals 563,239 cases of diseases of the stomach and bowels, of which 44,558 proved fatal and 16,486 were discharged as incurable.

A partial report of the wounds treated in hospitals brings the total up to 280,040, of which 49,205 resulted fatally, and 31,203 were so serious as to compel the discharge of the maimed men.

Let any man whose mind is troubled by the number on the pension-rolls devote a little time going over these immense figures, pencil in hand, and his surprise will soon be that there are no more on the pension-rolls than there are.

All those men who suffered those wounds, hurts, disablements, and diseases were at this time young, vigorous and energetic. Many of them recovered, or seemed to recover, from the severest shocks to their systems. To-day, with the forces of life waning, these shocks reassert themselves, with interest gathered during the long years they have been held in abeyance.

Take, for example, the appalling fact that, in addition to those who died, there were 285,245 men so wrecked by their service that they had to be discharged as unfit for further duty. This is a larger army than ever appeared on any battlefield in history. It it more than the entire British army ever numbered.

Then consider that the miasma sent 3,655,031 cases to the hospitals and actually killed 108,687 men, or more than the whole German army lost, from all causes, in overrunning France. Then there were 37,881 so debilitated as to compel their discharge. How many hundred thousand men are broken down to-day from that which actually killed 108,687 of their comrades and completely wrecked 37,882 more?

Then think that, in addition to the number killed outright, there were 280,040 men wounded by there enemy's shot and shell, of whom 49,205 died of their wounds and 31,203 had to be discharged. That is, the wounded men were greater in number than the entire force—English, Dutch, Germans and French—on both sides of Waterloo, and that those who died, and those who had to be discharged, exceeded in number the entire force under the command of the Duke of Wellington.

These are only a few of the facts that ought to be thought of in connection with the size of the pension-roll.

Plenty more, equally significant, can be given.

Quicker Action in the Senate.

Marcus Aurelius Hanna is a man of great energy, but there are some things beyond his power of accomplishment. He confesses this much himself. He does not say that he went into the Senate of the United States with an idea that he could urge business along very rapidly in that ponderous body, but he does admit that he is unable to make matters move as rapidly as he would have them. "Business is not dispatched in the Senate in the way to which I have been accustomed," said Mr. Hanna to a Cleveland correspondent, "but, of course, I cannot push the Senate."

Mr. Hanna was speaking of the progress of bills through the Senate and his reference was to the tariff bill in particular. He thought that ten days more would see the schedule disposed of in the Senate, after which would come the conference between the two Houses for the adjustment of differences. He expected that this would not take long and that the bill would be a law by July 15.

The accomplishment of the work of making a tariff by that time would be a distinct improvement on former labors of that sort. If the law goes into effect before the end of July the measure will have been enacted more quickly than a tariff was ever before made and put into operation. The Wilson bill became a law nearly eighteen months after President Cleveland's administration began.

It is not possible to say how much effect the introduction of business men into the Senate has had in accelerating the motions of that body, but there can be no doubt that a few more active members like Hanna, of Ohio, Mason, of Illinois, and McLaurin, of South Carolina, would infuse some life and action in the United States Senate.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

Copyrighted by "Nemo."

Some months ago I dared to suggest to young men with more energy than they could exhaust on the ordinary affairs of life, that it might be well to expend that energy for their fellow men, by devoting themselves heart and soul to bringing about justice for workingmen in the form of employers liability for injuries suffered while at work. I pointed out that by modern conditions a workman was unable to guard himself fully against the criminal carelessness of his fellows, and I also showed that nothing but a law equal in its obligations in all States would be fair to the employer. Where this suggestion may have lodged affectively, I may not know, since these "Thoughts" are not like bread cast upon waters, to return after many days, but more like arrows shot forth at random, hitting sometimes and missing often.

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I come now with another subject that affects every community and that is clamoring for proper answer with louder and louder tones as the years roll by: a question that must be answered properly by this country or it will remain a problem for the 20th century that is absolutely frightful to contemplate—the question is as to the proper care of the feeble-minded. Now I mention it, you of course admit that there is such a question, but its importance and its magnitude are hardly likely to be felt by you, save perhaps in your community there are perhaps a few such afflicted ones. Bear with me as I lead you to deeper thought.

According to the Bureau of Statistics at Washington there are in this country over one hundred thousand such people—I am not referring to either idiot or insane but only to those of insufficient intellect. This 100,000 includes only those who by their parents or guardians are acknowledged to the authorities; and learned ones on this subject think it fair to suppose that there are half as many more concealed and unreported by sensitive realitives; so that our problem resolves itself into the care taking of 150,000 people too lacking an intelligence to properly look after themselves. They are pining out a limited existence in our towns as the butts for all sorts of jokes, in our poor-houses as those who may be abused without fear, in our jails as those who have done crimes that seemed to be committed without any sense of wrong doing, in our land as a vast army whose dull eyes look out upon life as if it were a dream. What is being done for them? The total accommodation in all the institutions that already exist for their proper care and training is 6,000. Fully twenty states give them no attention at all. In South Carolina, Virginia, Missouri and Oregon some few of them are sent to the Insane Asylums, the very last place they ought to be, since they can be trained to some degree of usefulness. In Montana they are grouped with the deaf and dumb, a classification that must be of damage to the deaf-mutes. Maine, Vermont and Wyoming pass them on to other States, if accommodations can be found. In the case of Maine and Vermont, Massachusetts is looked to for help, though its own state applicants exceed by hundreds every possible accommodation at either Waverly or Barre. North Carolina, Georgia, Arkansas, Alabama, Mississippi, Texas, Utah, South Dakota, Colorado and a few other States do nothing for them, unless the fact that many of them naturally gravitate to the poor-houses be regarded as something done.

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Now then, am I merely setting up a man of straw in order to make a great show of bravery in demolishing him? A glance around your own community will confirm or disprove what I say.

Unlike the idiot, the feeble minded man is able to reproduce his kind, and strong intellects do not come from feeble minded parentage. Look around your neighborhood and see if this is correct.

In nearly every poor-house in the country could be found one or more feeble-minded women: all the inevitable prey of depraved men, and year after year their offspring is augmenting the number of idiots or feeble-minded children. Such women often prove veritable fire-brands in a community, too weak-minded to know the evil of what they do, too animalish to find pleasure except in grossness, too feeble to resist. If your knowledge confirms this, bear in mind that in every community it is the same.

Again, let it never escape your mind that feeble-mindedness is incurable. The brain of such may with advantage be trained to a certain point, and the hand acquire facility in handling tools, but after all is done the feeble-minded one remains so still. Esquirol a great authority, sums up the matter this way: "This feeble-minded person is like a man who is born poor and always remains so; the insane, like a man who is born rich and becomes poor."

Economy, humanity, and all that is noblest in the heart of man, declare that for the sake of the happiness of these poor creatures, and for their protection and for the protection of society against a self-multiplying flood of idiocy, lunacy and imbecility, pauperism and crime, widespread plans, State by State and Nation by Nation must be adopted to place these unfortunates where they are harmless to themselves and others. Look at the Juke family in one of the western counties of New York. In 75 years, from a faulty origin, it has produced 200 thieves and murderers, 280 invalids afflicted with blindness, phthisis or idiocy, 90 harlots and 300 children who died in infancy. It has cost the State over a million dollars to look after these people; all practically avoidable by proper care of the unhappy ancestor of the family.

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I shall return to this subject next week.

Enjoy Your 4th July on B. & O.

The B. & O. railroad will sell excursion tickets, between all points east of the Ohio river, for all trains July 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th, valid for return passage until July 6th, at greatly reduced rates. 16-td

Losing Flesh

You naturally lose flesh in the summer and running down is so easy. You get a little weaker each day without hardly noticing it. There is loss of appetite, headache, weakness of the muscles, disturbed sleep, weakness of memory, and these are the beginning of nervous prostration. Iron and tonics and bitters may afford some temporary relief, but what you need is a food for body, brain and nerves.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil with the Hypophosphites, furnishes just the nourishment needed for those who are run down and pale and thin and weak. If you lose flesh in summer take Scott's Emulsion *now*. Don't wait till fall or winter before beginning.

For sale at 50c. and $1.00 by all druggists.

DE GOSPEL SHIP.

Oh, de gospel ship am a mighty big ship—
An' satan he can't swim!
De good folks all will take de trip—
An' satan he can't swim:
Den get aboa'd children,
Can aboa'd children,
An' leave ole satan behin'—
For de gospel ship
Will give 'dm de slip,
An' you'll res' powerful easy in your min'.

Oh, Peter crowed three times in the mornin
Sand an Moses what am you?
Oh, Ise gwine to cross de ribber Jordan—
Praise de Lamb dat pulled me thro:
Den get aboa'd children,
Can aboa'd children,
De gospel ship's ot room;
Leave yo' mother,
An' leave yo' brother,
An go to the promised hon'.

Oh, Matthew, Mark an' Luke an' John—
Safe in de promis' lan',
Four good men dat's dead an' gone—
Safe in de promis' lan',
Dey made de trip
In de gospel ship
Safe to de promis' lan';
Oh, Ise a gwyeo,
Like one a flyen,
Safe to de promis' lan'.

June 17, 1897. —THE TRAMP.

Excursion to Atlantic City. Reduced Rates via B. & O.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad will inaugurate a series of popular excursions to Atlantic City, Cape May and Sea Isle City during the summer season. The first of the series is announced for Thursday, July 8th. The tickets will be good for twelve days, and allow stop off at Washington on the return trip.

We show below the train schedule and rates from points in this vicinity:

	AM	AM	AM	PM	PM	RATE
Tunnelton	.....	8.50	.....	11.13	2.23	$9.00
Terra Alta	.....	9.48	5.50	12.05	4.25	9.00
Oakland	.....	6.40	10.12	5.10	12.20	4.15	8.50
Mt. Lake Park	6.47	10.19	6.05	12.26	4.28	8.50
Deer Park	6.54	10.28	6.12	12.45	4.54	8.00
Piedmont	7.35	11.18	6.50	1.28	5.37	8.00

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

For particulars, call on or address nearest B. & O. agent. 16-3

An Old Goad Made New.

And now another joke is taken away from the already heavily afflicted paragrapher and specialty artist. No more can either ring the changes on that time-honored old minstrel joke about the man who wanted to go to Chicago "the worst way," and was directed to the B. & O. station, for the work of straightening the curves, which were at once the delight and the horror of all through passengers on the "picturesque B. & O." is about concluded, and the trip through the mountains no longer reminds one of crossing the English channel on a particularly rough day.

This will be welcome news to the general public and to B. & O. enthusiasts—people who would not take any other route to their destinations if the B. & O. would possibly serve them. These are mostly passionate admirers of natural scenery, to whom the gigantic panorama along the B. & O. route can never become stale. Indeed, why should it, when it is never twice the same? Scenery on a scale of such humensity is like the ocean in its susceptibility to change. Not only with the seasons, but with the days does its beauty vary. And even through a summer day it is never the same scene an hour at a time. Like a kaleidoscope, which the slightest alteration in position occasions a totally new view, so the forests and the mountains along this scenic route assume wholly new appearances with every passing cloud and every weather condition.

Now that the exaggerated bug-bear of the B. & O. curves has been finally disposed of, and its road-bed made second to none, the excellence of its equipment and the peculiarly "make-yourself-comfortable-we'll-do-everything-we-can-for-you" atmosphere which surrounds the traveler the instant he steps aboard a through train on this road will shortly double and treble the number of B. & O. enthusiasts, to whom the journey over mountains is less a journey than a pleasure.—The Pittsburg Star, June 5, 1897.

The Sweet Girl Graduate.

I am
The Sweet Girl Graduate
And I wish to state
That I am just too
Perf'ly lovely for any use!—don't you
Think as I do?
I dearly dote on exams—
And ice cream!
I am
The Sweet Girl Graduate
And I am now busily engaged
In standing
With reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet!
It seems to me
That that brook and river
Have been meeting for ever
So long.
But I love to stand there
Just the same.
Oh! I love poetry
And water ices,
And Homer
And chocolate bonbons,
And the philosophy of Plato
And—yes, I think
I like vanilla better than
Strawberry.
I am the Sweet Girl Graduate
And the whenceness of the wherefore
Is even as an
Open book to me.
Do you understand the whenceness
Of the wherefore?
Oh! it's just too perf'ly
Delightful for anything.
Good-bye—
Some more of us will see
You again next June

—Hobart.

Bicycle Meet at Frederick.

The Maryland Division of the L. A. W. will hold their annual State Meet at Frederick, July 3d to the 5th. For this occasion the B. & O. R. R. will sell tickets from all points in Maryland and from Washington, for all trains July 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th, valid for return until July 6th, inclusive, at one single fare for the round trip.

Mountain Lake Park.

Since the close of the season of 1896, new houses have been built in the Park by Frank Arnold; Sypult and Teats, of Cranesville, W. Va.; Harry Clayton, of Grafton, W. Va.; J. C. Waugh, Cumberland, Md.; Mrs. Neil, of near Friendsville, Md.; Mrs. Bates, of Alleghany, Pa.; —— Clements, of Illinois; Thos. Harris, of W. Va., and Mrs. Lewis, of Cranesville, W. Va.

Rev. W. M. Frysinger, D. D., and wife, of Carlilse, Pa.; Rev. P. N. Lynch, of Huntington, W. Va., Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, of Oakland, and Supt. Rudisill and wife, of the Park, were guests of the Pennsylvania Cottage Friday evening. Mine host Mrs. Cornwell served a splendid supper. The affair was a very enjoyable one.

Mrs. M. E. Watson and son, of Pittsburg, have taken possession of the Yoder G street cottage.

Mrs. Kate Hardy, of Milwaukee, Wis., has opened up her home—Altamont Villa—for the summer.

L. T. Yoder and family, of Pittsburg, moved into their cottage last week, it having first been paperad and painted.

Prof. Bauhean, of Johns Hopkins University, and family, are "at home" in their enlarged cottage on Alleghenny drive.

Rev. Jones and family, of Aurora, will move into Fern cottage about July 1st.

Mrs. Ohlson, of Baltimore, has rented the Indiana cottage for the summer, and will open it as a boarding house.

Railroad Agent Sperry has greatly improved his cottage by painting, papering and adding a bay window and kitchen.

Miss J. Newton, of Ohio, has rented Eastwood cottage.

Mrs. Andrus and family, of Columbus, Ohio, are occupying one of P. T. Garthright's I street cottages.

Mrs. A. J. Orange and niece, Miss Webb, of Cincinnati, have taken possession of a cottage on I street.

The family of Congressman Botkin are enjoying their summer home in the Park.

Mrs. Cornwall, of West Virginia, has opened Pennsylvania cottage for boarders and has a number of guests.

Mrs. Geo. Brown is again "at home" in the Masden cottage—one of our best homes.

Mrs. Belle Harmison, of the Romney cottage, has rented the Allegheny House and will open it next week for guests.

Dr. Frysinger and wife are keeping house for a short time in their cottage, looking after repairs now going on.

Dr. McLain and family, of Wheeling, have taken possession of their delightful home on G Street.

Hon. L. C. Fleming, Mrs. L. E. Carr, Miss Ida Ingman, Mrs. Haymond and Carl Franc, of Fairmount, W. Va., have moved into their cottages.

Rev. Grimes, of Clarksburg, West Va., will move into the Bardell cottage.

Mrs. Fralbiker and family, of Baltimore, will occupy the Gruber cottage.

"Bishop" Thompson and wife have opened the Thompson cottage. His plans have been made for a successful camp meeting.

The Ohio cottage, in the hands of Mrs. H. C. Sharp, of New Philadelphia, Ohio, is open for guests, and is one of our most popular boarding houses.

Mrs. M. E. Price and her daughter, Miss Ollie, and Mrs. Waters and child are enjoying their delightful summer home.

Mrs. Hawk and daughter, of Martinsburg, W. Va., have opened up their cottage for the summer.

Miss Julia A. Orum, of Philadelphia, is getting her cottage ready for the summer. Miss Orum has quite a number of students enrolled for her classes in elocution.

Rev. C. W. Baldwin and family, of Baltimore, reached the Park Monday evening, and are at home in their cottage.

—— Johnson, treasurer of Howard University, Washington, D. C., is living in one of Squire Bowman's cottages on L street.

Dr. Adams and family, of Washington, will arrive at the Park in a day or two and occupy the Doll cottage.

S. L. Allen and family, of Grafton, have moved into their cottage. Their daughter, Mrs. Alcott, of Connecticut, is with them.

W. H. Gilbert and family, R. G. Richardson and family, of Piedmont, are occupying their cottages.

Hoyes.

Mrs. John DeWitt, who has been sick at the home of her son, D. O. DeWitt, is now convalescent.

People who complained of Saturday's great heat are putting on their woolens this (Monday) morning.

Frank Frazee, son of H. M. Frazee, of Selbysport, spent Saturday and Sunday with Wm. Smith, of this place.

Mr. Truman Casteel is building a house on his Sang Run farm.

D. O. DeWitt is quarrying stone for the foundation of a new house which he proposes to erect on his farm in the near future.

Miss Jennie Delawder, of Oakland, spent Sunday last with friends at Hoyes.

The entertainment given by the Hoyes Sunday school on Sunday last, was very entertaining and instructive, and reflects much credit upon Supt. Bishoff.

Prof. Moffatt is painting Mr. Geo. Griffith's new house at Hoyes. The Prof. is a very skillful and artistic painter, having learned his trade under Somerset's renowned painter.

B. & O. Souvenir Book.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad has just issued a very handsome book for summer travel, describing the mountain resorts, springs and baths located onand adjacent to its lines; also the various gathering places on the Atlantic Coast. The routes for reaching them are set forth in a comprehensive manner. The book is printed on fine paper, beautifully illustrated, and will prove of valuable assistance to parties contemplating a summer tour.

Copies can be had by applying to various B. & O. Agents or by sending 10 cents in stamps to cover postage to J. M. Schryver, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md.

Gorman.

In a recent communication from this place was reported: Born, unto Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Nine, twins, both girls, but it should have read, born, unto Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Nine, a girl. A certain individual not far away has started this report, and we wish to say to this individual to be more careful, as we do not want to report any falsehoods.

Oliver M. Miller is confined to his bed with measles.

Oliver M. Lipscomb and brother, of Preston county, were visiting friends and relatives here a few days last week.

Quite a battle occurred in town recently. Several were severely hurt. We are informed that steps will be taken at once to incorporate our town, which will be a benefit to our town and people.

J. F. Nydegger, of Bayard, was in town Saturday last.

J. W. High, who is now employed at Dobbin, was in town Saturday.

J. BIRD.

Fine Improved Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers his farm of 160 acres, situated four miles north of Deer Park, on easy terms. Improved by a house, large barn, fine water. Old age and being unfit for work is the only cause for selling.

LUKE WOOD,
15-4* Deer Park, Md.

Reduced Rates to Winchester, Va.

On account of the Firemen's State Convention at Winchester, Va., July 7 to 9, the B. & O. railroad will sell round trip tickets from all points on its lines east of the Ohio river, not including Pittsburg, Parkersburg and Wheeling, for all trains July 5 to 9 inclusive, valid for return passage until July 12 inclusive.

Cumberland, $3.95, and correspondingly low rates from other stations.

14-4

Oil May Be Struck at Newburg.

The John Sliney well No. 1 at Newburg, W. Va., drilled into the Big Injunsand and the showing is very good. The company is keeping the real facts concealed, but evidence bears out the theory that there is a good showing of oil. This well is the first put down by the Reno Oil Company in which J. M. Guffey, of Pittsburg, is largely interested. The news has set the town wild and the prospectors are plentiful.

Niagara Falls via Pittsburg.

The B. & O. R. R. has arranged an excursion to Niagara Falls, via Pittsburg and Buffalo. Special express will leave Washington 10 o'clock a.m. Wednesday, July 7th, crossing the Alleghenny Mountains in daylight. The train will run through solid from Washington to Niagara Falls, via P. & L. E. R. R., L. S. & M. S. R. R. and N. Y. C. R. R. Tickets good for return five days from date of sale.

We show below train schedules and rates of fare from this vicinity:

	RATE.	TIME, A. M.
Deer Park	$9.70	10.28
Mt. Lake Park	9.65	10.19
Oakland	9.70	10.12

Arriving Niagara Falls 8 o'clock following morning.

Correspondingly low rates from other points.

Passengers from local points, at which the Special is not scheduled to stop, can take local train to nearest point connecting with the through express.

One Held for Court; Two Discharged.

Last Saturday Sheriff Brown went to Keyser and swore out warrants for the arrest of William and Keyrne Bissett and Joseph Dougherty, three men residing at West Virginia Junction, who were charged with making an assault with intent to kill Fred Bergman on Saturday night, the 19th inst. They were brought to Oakland and placed in jail and on Tuesday a preliminary hearing was held in Justice Sincell's office. The state was represented by State's Attorney Thayer and the defence by Mr. James J. McHenry, of Cumberland. A great number of witnesses were examined and the testimony adduced led the justice to discharge the Bissetts' and hold Dougherty in the sum of $200 for his appearance at the September term of the Circuit Court. Bond was furnished by Mr. Barney Reynolds. The testimony of the witness also tended to fasten the guilt more strongly upon James Flynn, who had a hearing last Friday morning before the justice. Flynn is still in jail and will probably remain there as he does not seem able to procure bondsmen. The condition of Bergman still remains critical.

Orphans' Court Proceedings.

The semi-monthly session of the Orphans' Court was held on Tuesday with Judges Wilson and Cuppett present.

The first and final account of J. L. Burley, administrator of B. W. Burley was ratified and confirmed.

First account of James Bowser, administrator of Matthias Bowser, ratified and confirmed.

A Card.

The family of the late William Hinebaugh desire to thus publicly express their grateful thanks for the many kindnesses shown them by friends at Oakland and Accident during the long illness of the deceased.

Short Story of a Name.

Senator McLaurin's full name is James Lowndes McLaurin. A great many people, and especially Marylanders, have asked him where the Lowndes in his name came from. The story is interesting. When his mother went to school at the Patapsco Institute, in Maryland, her dearest chum was Miss Bessie Lowndes, and so when her boy was born, she called him Lowndes in honor of her schoolmate. Time passed and Miss Lowndes married a promising banker and politician in Cumberland named Lloyd Lowndes. Last March Mrs. McLaurin occupied a seat in the Senate Chamber and saw her son participating in the exercises as a member of Congress while near him sat the husband of Bessie Lowndes, the Governor of the State of Maryland. —Washington Post.

Good Roads Will Come.

This agitation for good roads is meeting the cordial indorsement of all our public men who stop to give it more than a passing thought. Ex-Vice President A. E. Stevenson is now among those who strongly commend the movement of the League of American Wheelmen for better highways. Says he in a recent letter:

"I am in full sympathy with the efforts now being made to secure good roads throughout our country. This is a living question. There is little difficulty in getting from one large city to another, or even in crossing the continent, but the important question is how to get from the country home to the schoolhouse, to the church, to the market. It is a gratifying fact that this question is undergoing a thorough discussion in many of our states. The result will be beneficial. Like other important questions, it will work out its own solution. I agree with Gov. Markham that 'good roads mean advanced civilization.'"

When people like Mr. Stevenson begin to emphasize the need of better country highways, surely there must be a great public interest to be subserved. And what are the facts? Mr. Stevenson lives in Bloomington, Ill., in the center of a district whose roads are notoriously bad. It is not the only district of its kind, by many odds. There are dozens of such districts in every state in the Union. The Bloomington district is only a sample, and should not be singled out as an illustration, but for a coincidence. A prominent paper in Illinois published an interesting dispatch from its Bloomington correspondent a few weeks ago. Let the dispatch speak for itself:

"The embargo of mud is complete in central Illinois. Farmers who have lived in McLean county more than half a century declare that they have never seen the roads so utterly impassable as they are now, general stagnation in retail trade is the result. Farmers find it impossible to come to town in a light vehicle drawn by four horses. Much of the corn stored in cribs has rotted on the cob and crumbles in the sheller. The condition of grain is giving the farmers serious trouble."

Another interesting piece of news comes from Massachusetts. In a town in that state of about 5000 inhabitants a dwelling house was recently burned to the ground because the roads were too muddy for the fire department to reach it. Insurance men claim that the town can be held responsible for the loss.

But these are not isolated cases. It would be wrong to point our fingers at Illinois or at Massachusetts; others might point their fingers at us, and with equal justice. There are too many of these mud roads all through the county. Our methods of road building, as a rule, are a thorough failure. Millions of road taxes are spent in each state every year, while the roads themselves continue as bad as ever. Reforms are sadly needed.

Complaint is often made that the wheelmen are the ones who demand good roads, and that wheelmen alone are to be benefitted by their construction. Yet what is it the Bloomington correspondent gives emphasis to? "Four horses cannot draw a light wagon to market; stagnation in retail trade is the result; corn is rotting in the cribs, and the condition of grain gives farmers serious trouble." Does it not seem as though the interests of farmers and retail merchants were most seriously affected by the condition of the highways, and that their voices should be loudest in the general clamor for better country roads?

Tomson's Red Seal Lye.

98 per cent. strength, granulated, packed in SIFTING TOP cans, is the greatest soapmaker, disinfectant and cleanser.

One Can will make 10 Pounds of Hard Soap.

Red Seal is the best disinfectant and purifier to use in sinks, drains, waste pipes and closets. It is handy, safe and sure. One can of Red Seal to 15 gallons of water sprayed, knocks potato bugs, cabbage worms, etc. No damage to vines. 15-13

Thomas Little,

ONE PRICE,

Has just received a fine line of SHOES, that will be sold at a great reduction in price.

Shoes that sold at	$1.50	now $1.25
" " "	1.75	now 1.50
" " "	2.00	now 1.75
" " "	2.50	now 2.00
" " "	3.50	now 2.75
" " "	4.00	now 3.25
Ladies' Oxfords	1.25	now 99
" "	1.30	now 1.00
" "	1.50	now 1.35
" "	1.65	now 1.40
Men's patent leather	5.00	now 4.50

Big Reduction in

SHIRTS,

of All Kinds.

1 Gallon can Maple Syrup. Reduced to 65 cents.

THESE GOODS MUST GO.

DON'T MISS A BARGAIN.

EXAMINATION OF TEACHERS.

OFFICE OF
GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.
OAKLAND, MD., June 24, 1897.

The annual examination of teachers will be held at the following places and upon the dates named:

Oakland, July 5 and 6; Grantsville, July 8 and 9; Accident, Sept. 7 and 8.

16-2 U. G. PALMER, Secretary.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

For sale by

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

FOR SALE!

—AT—

DEER PARK, MARYLAND.

Less than half a mile from post-office and railroad station, is

FARM of ABOUT 175 ACRES.

It is well watered and wonderfully productive in seven very desirable building sites. All but the meadows is seeded to timothy and clover. Good driving roads, all fenced with wire, divide the several sites. The dwelling contains:

1st Floor—Kitchen, dining room, parlor, sitting room, 5 chambers, pantry, laundry with tubs, hot and cold water, hall, 2 porches, cistern and kitchen pump (the only one in use), and a Ridgway veneered range. All will be finished twenty feet all over, and painted in two shades.

2nd Floor—Eight chambers, 2 halls, 2 closets and back stairs.

3rd Floor—Two chambers, 2 large unfinished rooms.

There is an ample cellar, the width and length of house, with closed walk to well-house, and entered by outside gateway, and which runs under every room.

Ten rooms have stoves, five places for hard registers as well.

The stable has stalls for six horses and room for eight carriages. There is a henhouse, horse, sheep barn and cow shed, together with sheds and henhouse. A tank of capacity of 1,500 gallons surmounts the stable. It is supplied from springs rising on the place, all of prominent have been proved perfect by chemical analysis. To the tank the water is pumped by two separate systems, from different sources. All the plumbing and drainage are perfect and the premises are in excellent repair, having just been painted inside and out and a new cooking range set.

This property is offered as a whole.

It is without incumbrance, and possession can be given November 15th, 1897.

Address,
JOHN W. WILLIAMS,
16-5 Deer Park, Maryland.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, either in person or by deputy, will be in each of the districts in said county to collect and receive taxes at the time and places following:

July 12, McHenry,
" 13, Hoyes,
" 14, Friendsville,
" 15, Selbysport,
" 16, Accident,
" 17, Grove,
" 19, Grantsville,
" 20, Johns Hill,
" 21, T. H. Layman's,
" 22, Avilton,
" 23, Gregg's,
" 24, New Germany, Bittinger and Swanton,
" 26, Bittinger,
" 27, Bittinger,
" 28, Bloomington,
" 27, Floyd,
" 28, Swanton,
" 28, Wilson,
" 29, Deer Park,
" 29, Altamont,
" 30, Gormon,
" 30, Kearney.

Office in Oakland will be closed from July 12th to 30th inclusive.

N. B.—By an act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed at January session, 1896, being Chapter 556, it is provided that: "All county taxes shall be due and payable on the first day of September succeeding the date of levy, and on all county taxes paid on or before said day a discount of 3 per cent. shall be allowed; and after the first day of January all taxes shall bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until paid. The Treasurer shall take the discount and charge interest on all tax bills for county purposes regularly in the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same on his books and upon the receipt given for taxes so paid; but this discount shall not be allowed unless the whole amount of state and county taxes due for the current year be paid when the same is made."

THOS. P. WILEY, Treasurer.

TAX SALES
—OF—
REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 556 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1896, title "Garrett County, Subtitle "County Treasurer," the undersigned as late Treasurer for said county, will on

Saturday, the 10th Day of July,

beginning at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House, in the town of Oakland, offer and sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, all the following pieces, parcels and tracts of land, situated, lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, to-wit:

2d. Town lots Nos. 13, 14, 15 and 16 in Block No. 14, on the plat of Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Maryland; also lots Nos. 11, 12 and 13 in Block No. 15 on said plat, conveyed to Mary P. Alderson by the Mountain Home Company by two deeds, the first bearing date August 11, 1891, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 24, folio 508, and the second August 21, 1891, recorded in Liber E. Z. T. 25, folio 7, Garrett county records. Said lots will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895, as is charged to the said Mary P. Alderson on the assessment books of Garrett county, and are located in Election District No. 7, together with the interest thereon and the costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale.

3d. Military lots Nos. 30 and 351, situated in Election District No. 1; Military lots Nos. 118, 981, 1241, 1249, 1321, 1401, 1424, 1440, 1578 and 1580, situated in Election District No. 7; Military lots Nos. 2132, 2131, 1339 and 2021, situated in Election District No. 3 of Garrett county. These lots comprise in all about 800 acres and are the same lots that were sold and conveyed to Richard T. Semmes by John Swan by deed dated February 28th, 1891, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 24, folio 139, one of the Land Records for Garrett county, Maryland, and will be sold to satisfy and pay the State and county taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895, as is charged to the said Richard T. Semmes on the assessment books of said Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and the costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale.

Conveyancing at cost of purchasers.

EDWARD E. SOLLARS,
15-td *Late Treasurer.*

REAL ESTATE!

—FOR SALE BY—

JOHN SHARTZER, Real Estate Agent,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Two farms in District No. 2; 262 acres, near Elder Hill schoolhouse, improved by 2 houses, 2 barns and orchards. Will be sold separately or as a whole, to suit purchaser, on easy terms.

House of 4 rooms, 4 acres of land (two miles south of Mt. Lake Park).

House and 4 acres of ground adjoining Loch Lynn Heights. Will be sold cheap.

A livery stable at Loch Lynn Heights (first in the county; must be sold at once.

House and lot in Mt. Lake Park.

58 acres; improved by a small house; near Cranberry Glade farm.

House and 2 lots in McHenry.

Farm near Deer Park; improved.

A well improved farm near Ryan's Glade.

The above properties will be sold on easy terms.

One 50-acre lot adjoining the farm of W. T. Jamesson near Mt. Lake Park.

1 59-acre lot adjoining the lands of Mrs. Kilburne and —— Jackson near Mt. Lake Park; will be sold very cheap for cash.

7 building lots in Loch Lynn Heights.

The Phillips lands lying between Oakland and Mt. Lake Park; will be sold as a whole or in parcels to suit purchaser.

A lot of ground adjoining Mt. Lake Park on the Oakland road.

An improved farm of 100 acres, 2 miles from Terra Alta.

An improved farm of 200 acres near Crellin.

The Oakland Steam Laundry property.

7 large building lots in Oakland.

For further information, prices and terms, apply to

JOHN SHARTZER,
6-26 *OAKLAND, MD.*

ESTATE OF SALOME CUSTER, DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscribers, of Garrett County, Maryland, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

SALOME CUSTER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscribers, on or before the 1st day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 25th day of May, 1897.

JOHN W. BAKER,
S. P. BAKER, } Executors.
12-4 Grantsville, Md.

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Glessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD

THE LOST SHIP.

No tidings! though across the broad Atlantic
We strain our eyes for that devoted steamer;
No tidings! though a thousand hearts are frantic
To succor and redeem her!

We tell the rosary of the days with sorrow,
Marking each decade with a mournful orison;
To-day desponding—hoping that to-morrow
Her hull will blot the horizon.

In many a gorgeous mansion's rich interior
Wealth sits alone with anguish there to mar it;
And many a heart in feeling not inferior
Lies breaking in its garret.

Sobs for her splendid boy the wealthy mother?
Her rank, her gold, can nothing now avail her;
Equal in grief, the seamstress, as the other,
Weeps for her honest sailor.

Across the land the thin wires, talking dumbly,
Bear anxious questions from the hill and prairie.
In some tar corner Silas whispers humbly
About his blue-eyed Mary.

'Tis hard, but best, to blink the truth no longer
No longer manufacture consolations;
But cheer the weak, and plainly tell the stronger
To bear the rod with patience.

Whether the vessel sank like bird of ocean—
Whether the icebergs floated o'er her coldly,
'T were worse to trifle with the heart's devotion
Than face the terror boldly.

They are not lost! though ocean's arms enfold them;
Dry the red eyes and hush the fitful weeping,
They are not lost, though we shall not behold them,
God has them in His keeping!

—Boston Transcript.

An "Indian Devil."

By Clarence Pullen.

(Copyright, 1897.)

MORE than 20 years ago I stayed for several days at the house of Abner Maxwell in Farmhill on the east slope of the Green mountains. Maxwell, then 50 years of age, was a prosperous farmer, still living on the farm where he was born.

Thrown over the back of a large chair in the room in which I slept was something scarcely to be looked for in a Vermont farmhouse—a panther skin. Spreading it upon the floor I could trace in the outlines the shape of the animal as it had appeared in life and I noted that it had been of unusual size. I made up my mind that there must be a story worth hearing about that panther skin, and I was not disappointed.

"I have that skin by the best right in the world," said my host when I questioned him. "It's rising 35 years since I faced the beast that wore it, with only a pitchfork for a weapon, not half a mile from where we're sitting—a trying thing for a 15-year-old boy to do, or for a full-grown man for that matter. But I'm not claiming all the credit for myself. My dog Lion stood the brunt of the fight; it needed both of us to save my little sister from the panther.

"We were living in the little unpainted farmhouse that stood where this house stands—my mother and her five children, my father being dead. So there were six of us; but I ought to add another, our great dog, Lion. He was an immense fellow, half hound and half mastiff, and as brave and strong as he was big. He was the protector of our household, and always went along with the younger children in their berrying trips, for in such excursions they might at any time run across a bear or prowling wolf, or a bob-cat spoiling for light.

"In the fall of the year I'm telling about the farmers had been missing sheep and calves from their back pastures. Suspicion at first fell on the old man Briggs, who had been in jail once for sheep-stealing, but this time they couldn't fix the crime on him. Then some of the sheep were found where they had been dragged, half-eaten, with their throats torn. Their carcasses in every case were covered with dirt and leaves, as if whatever it was that did the killing had meant to hide them. It did not seem to be the work of bears or wolves, and the farmers were puzzled; but being sore over their losses, and feeling that the blame ought to be put somewhere, they made up their minds that a dog must have done the mischief. There was no other dog in Farmhill powerful enough to drag away a sheep or calf, so they decided that the culprit must be Lion.

"I knew what this would lead to; that our dog, if he remained at Farmhill, would be shot or poisoned. The fact that all our family knew that he was innocent did not count when once the suspicion was started. So I lost no time, but started afoot, with Lion, for my Uncle Nathan's, at Gilead, 25 miles away, returning alone the next day. There was some bad feeling shown toward our family when the neighbors found that I had taken Lion away, for my doing this made them feel surer than ever that the dog was guilty. But he was beyond their reach and when they found that the killing kept right on, in his absence, they began to think that he might be innocent after all.

"When the weather got so cold that the farmers took their stock up into the barns, there was no more trouble. But with the first snows there came reports of queer tracks seen around some of the barns and farmyards. The footprints were like those of a bob-cat in shape, but bigger. Then folks began to say, under their breath, that an 'Indian devil' was prowling in the neighborhood—though one had not been heard of in Farmhill for 20 years—and men took to staying at home nights more than usual, and children came home early from school. 'Indian devil' is another name for panther in New England, you know.

"This was a time when we would have liked Lion at home again, and now that it seemed safe to bring him back I had made plans to go after him; but the night before I was to start, Squire Elliot's son called at the house to ask if I would come over to his father's, next day, to help thrash the grain. I was glad of the chance to earn some money, and so I postponed the trip to Gilead.

"On the day that we cleaned up the last of the thrashing, my little sister Gertrude came from school with Lucy Elliot at noon, to spend the afternoon with her and walk home with me at night. I was paid for my work partly in money, and partly with a new pitchfork which I had taken a fancy to while working for the squire. It was near sundown when, carrying the pitchfork in my hand, I started for home with Gertrude.

"'Look out for that Injun devil, that he don't git hold o' ye. They're hungry critters, this time o' year,' called one of the farmhands after me.

"I shook my pitchfork to show that I was ready for anything, and went on laughing. I was big and strong for my age, and hadn't seen many things in those days that could make me give ground if I knew I was in the right. Gertrude took the man's words more seriously than I did, but I quieted her fears, and soon she seemed to have forgotten about the matter.

"A mile below Squire Elliot's house our way led from the main road through a bit of woods; it was only a footpath through the snow. Darkness was falling, and Gertrude, walking behind me, kept close at my heels. She drew still nearer as we passed Devil's hollow, a deep ravine to the right of the road. It was an ugly, gloomy-looking hole, with steep and rocky sides, and it was dark, even at noonday, by reason of the heavy growth of pines and hemlocks that overshadowed it. Fifty rods further along was a turn in the road, from which could be seen the light in my mother's house.

"We were half way to the bend when Gertrude screamed behind me and I

HE WENT PAST US STRAIGHT FOR THE WALL.

turned round short to see what was the matter. Up the road, not three rods away, two lights were shining like round pieces of punkwood—and these I saw were eyes—the eyes of an animal, long, lithe, tawny, creeping along behind us like an enormous cat.

"When I stopped and turned, the creature stopped, too, and crouched looking at us, its long tail swinging and curling from side to side. I knew by instinct what manner of beast it was—that I had to deal with an 'Indian devil.' The cold shivers ran up my back, but I stood my ground.

"'Get behind me, Gerty,' I said, and faced the panther with my pitchfork in a charge-bayonets position. As my sister crept behind me the creature jumped sidewise and tried to crawl round the other side of me, keeping about the same distance and never turning its head from us. I backed slowly down the road we had been going, the panther following. We went on in this way for perhaps a dozen rods; then coming to where there was a stone wall along one side of the road, the panther leaped upon the wall, bounded along its top past us and came out into the road again, heading us off from home.

"The object of all the panther's movements was plainly to seize Gertrude, but I kept between her and the creature at every turn. She kept up her courage bravely, choking down her sobs as she clung to my waist. The panther, growing fierce and impatient, began to draw nearer, crawling along step by step, its belly brushing the snow, the long tail curling in and out, its eyes, now that the darkness had deepened, glowing like living coals. He came on until two bounds would have brought him upon us, and I expected that he would make his spring at any moment.

"Uncle Nathan told me afterwards what had taken place at his house in Gilead that afternoon. How Lion, who had seemed to become reconciled to his new home, had barked and started in his sleep, and was so uneasy and restless after waking that my cousins, thinking he might take it into his head to return to Farmhill, tried to chain him up. But he broke away from them and went down the road like a shot, and that was the last they saw of him. It was half-past two o'clock in the afternoon when he left my uncle's house. At Farmhill, three hours later, as I stood there in the road facing those fiery eyes, ever coming closer, the sound of a dog's loud barking up the road behind me came to my ears, and then Gertrude's quick cry of hope:

"'It's Lion!'

"We both recognized the sound, and knew what the change in its note meant: first the loud bark of welcome, then the short deep roar of anger. The panther heard it too and stopped; then he leaped to the roadside, upon the top of the stone wall, and, with eyes fixed up the road, lay in waiting. I didn't dare turn my head from the panther, but I heard the rush of the great hound-mastiff down the road, as with bristling hair and stiffened tail he went past us straight for the wall. With a frightful scream the panther leaped to meet him, its teeth gleaming and its claws outstretched. Landing upon Lion's back, it clung with its fore paws to his shoulders, trying to tear his throat with its teeth and clawing with its hind legs at his flanks and belly. So quick was the panther that it seemed all over and under and around the dog at the same moment, as they rolled and struggled in the snow, which was quickly reddened with blood. The loose skin on the dog's neck saved his throat, and, active as was the panther, Lion's teeth more than once got a grip on him that made the panther turn and twist to break away—but in an instant they were locked together again in a life and death struggle.

"Cautioning Gertrude to keep perfectly still, I jumped to where the fighting was, and sent the pitchfork tines half their length into the panther's side. He whirled to fly at me, but the dog's teeth caught and turned him. Again I struck with the pitchfork, and as the panther turned again on me, I stabbed at his throat. The tines did not wound him but, passing one each side of the neck, held him back. This gave Lion a chance to set his teeth fairly into the panther's back, and before the beast could twist itself from the dog's grip, I sent the pitchfork tines twice into his body, behind the shoulder, reaching the heart. With a fierce scream the panther writhed himself clear of the dog, clawed and tumbled about in the snow—then lay still on his side.

"I made sure that the panther was dead, then went on to the house with Gertrude, Lion limping along behind us scarcely able to walk. In a few words I told mother what had happened, left Gertrude to her care, made Lion as comfortable as possible, and then went out to our next neighbor's, Sim Russell's. He yoked his oxen to the sled and we went out and brought the panther in. What the creature was in life you can judge by the skin.

"Lion's wounds finally healed, although the dog was near dying for days, and he lived an honored member of our family for years afterwards, until he died of old age."

He Had a Poor Cook.

James Payn tells of seeing an old gentleman in the lavatory at a club putting soap into his mouth, after which he murmured: "Thank heaven, it's all right." Mr. Payn inquired very delicately why on earth he did it. "Well," he said, "I've had such an infernal cold for the last week that it has taken away my taste; every day I've tried whether I can taste the soap. To-day I can, so I shall not go home, but dine at the club." And after that he did so, expensively and with great gusto.—San Francisco Argonaut.

What Women Believe.

Tell a homely woman that she is beautiful, and she will believe you. Tell her that she is witty or able, and she will require proof. Tell an able but homely man that he is personally charming, or a dull one that he is able, and he will believe you at once. Women credit compliments to their appearance but distrust them to their abilities. They believe what they would like to believe, but want evidence on other points. Men, on the contrary, readily accept flattery for what they are not or have not.—Brooklyn Eagle.

TRAINING INDIANS.

Good Work Done by Government Agents Among the Apaches.

A marvelous transformation has taken place on the Mescalero Apache Indian reservation in southern New Mexico within two years, during which period V. E. Stottler, first lieutenant Tenth infantry, United States army, has served as acting agent. The Indians number nearly 500, one-fifth being children of school age. Nurtured in ignorance and superstition and reared in filth and laziness, these Indians have for 40 years stubbornly refused to respond to the government's efforts to civilize them. For a generation they have received rations of beef, coffee, flour, sugar, clothing, farm implements, etc. Good schools were established for them and dwellings built at government expense, still they stuck to their rawhide tepees and persistently refused to school their children or to adopt civilian dress, adhering to their breechclouts and blankets and long hair. With the millions expended annually in Indian education, next to nothing was being accomplished. There were about 500 acres of irrigable and good land on the reservation, but the Indians were too lazy to plant crops that would have furnished them with the food necessary for their support. It was much more pleasant to draw rations from an indulgent and paternal government, and reserve their energy for war dances and brawls. There were 25 strong, broad-shouldered bucks, educated at the expense of the government, running around the reservation in paint and blanket. They were too lazy for manual labor. Several educated squaws were married and living in filthy tepees, while girls were usually taken out of school at ten and twelve years of age and sold for ponies into a bondage worse than death.

Lieut. Stottler's predecessor had ordered the bucks to cut their hair, and a revolution resulted. They refused pointblank, and that settled it. Stottler's first move was to increase the rations of the police. He then informed them that they must all put on uniforms under pain of duress. They reluctantly obeyed. Then he ordered them to cut their hair. This caused a storm, and the matter was allowed to rest for a time. His next command was to abandon the tepees and move into the dwellings. All children over five years old were ordered to attend school. This was too much, and, by the advice of some of the whites, a petition was forwarded to Washington asking for Stottler's relief as agent. No attention was paid to the request, and the ringleaders were spotted and severely punished. The chief of police, an Indian, had been one of the instigators in this move, and he was discharged as such and put on reduced rations.

Several of the head men of the tribe were ordered to work and deprived of the office of spokesmen, under which system the other members made their wants known through the agent. In this capacity the head men had been allowed extra rations and a small salary, and their reduction to the ranks made it possible for any member of the tribe to apply personally for what he needed in the way of land, implements, etc.

This was an important point—to break the power of the chiefs and destroy tribal relations. It was constantly impressed upon the Indians that in a few years rations would be cut off entirely, and those who had not taken land for cultivation would go hungry. At first they laughed at this, but the officer, by way of example, cut off the food occasionally, and they at last came to realize that it would be a very easy matter to stop all rations. This had a salutary effect, and induced many of them to go to work. Every man and woman caught manufacturing "tiswin" was made to understand that it means a long season in the guardhouse on bread and water.

Now all is changed. The government's agent is absolute master. Last fall there was harvested from the irrigated lands 25,000 pounds of beets, 20,000 pounds of cabbage, 1,000 pounds of cauliflower, 3,500 pounds of turnips, 1,400 pounds of onions, 500 pounds of radishes, 1,400 pounds of celery, 2,000 pounds of pumpkins and squash, 400 pounds of peas, 960 pounds of corn, 6,500 pounds of potatoes, besides cucumbers, asparagus, etc. The school has a pen of swine, flocks of chickens, a herd of fine milch cows, and all the hay and fodder for them and ten horses raised on the farm.

During 1896, upon recommendation of Lieut. Stottler, the government issued 5,000 sheep for distribution among the tribe, and 500 for the school. The idea is to have the Indians raise their own mutton, and then cut off the supply of beef, which cost the government $6,500 in 1896. On July 1 next all rations except beef will be cut off.

These Indians have been made nearly self-supporting within the brief period that Lieut. Stottler has been in charge. Every male on the reservation has cut his hair, put on civilized dress and taken a piece of land which he has fenced and commenced to raise grain and vegetables. They all have cabins with cook stoves and utensils. There is no drunkenness. Every man has ten head of sheep, and a like number for each member of his family. Every child on the reservation is at school. Every man has a wagon, harness and plow. In two years these Indians have been transformed from lazy, filthy savages in red paint and breechclouts, into reasonable working human beings, with a care for the morrow, and a desire to become useful citizens. The history of government Indian work has been a series of blunders from the beginning, but this seems to be a marked exception to the rule.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Forgot Number One.

"I am afraid it is all up between Jones and the rich widow."

"Made one of his ridiculous breaks, I presume?"

"Yes. He asked her if he was the only man she ever loved."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

BRAIN SHOWS PECULIARITIES.

Head of Fred Hoellman, the Executed Murderer, at Illinois University.

The head of Fred Hoellman, who was hanged at Paxton, Ill., recently for the murder of Mrs. Gedde in Ford county, is now in the possession of Prof. W. O. Krohn, of the chair of psychology at the University of Illinois.

A careful examination has been made of the brain and skull for certain demonstrations before his class in psychology. The brain weighs 52 ounces, and differs in many respects from a normal brain. For example, on the posterior part, the little brain—the cerebellum—instead of lying under the cerebrum, the latter folding down over it like a cap, protrudes from under the cerebrum, and is so held by ligaments that it cannot be pushed back into a natural position.

The fissure of rolando, a regular sigmoid line in the normal brain, is broken and very irregular and entirely out of form. No microscopic examination has yet been made, but it is expected that this will reveal as great variations from normal structures as appears from the mere outward form. The interior of the brain has not yet been opened.

A NEW LOAN BUSINESS.

Armour and Other Capitalists to Lend Money on Cattle and Corn.

The Armours, of Kansas City, Mo., and Chicago, and several other large stockholders of the Interstate national bank have organized a trust company, to be known as the Kansas City Cattle Loan Co., which will lend money to farmers and stock raisers through local live stock commission merchants, taking as security chattel mortgages on stock and corn. The company will deal in "cattle paper," buying from commission men and selling to eastern stock brokers. The new corporation will have a capital stock of $500,000. The organization will furnish money for which commission men and stock men have hitherto gone to St. Louis or the east.

Spider Corn Cake.

Three-quarters cupful corn meal, flour to fill the cup, one tablespoonful sugar, a pinch of salt, one-half tablespoonful soda (small), one egg, one cupful sweet milk, one-half cupful sour milk, one tablespoonful butter. Mix the meal, flour, sugar, salt, soda, beat the egg, add half sweet milk and all of the sour. Stir this into the dry mixture; melt the butter in a hot spider, and pour the mixture into it. Pour the other half cupful sweet milk over the top, but do not stir it in. Bake 20 minutes.—Boston Globe.

Looking for Suburbs.

Winn D. City—I see in the papers they are trying to find out in New York whether Mars is inhabited.

Cal U. Mett—I don't doubt it. Between you and me, I think those Greater New York cranks are making fools of themselves.—Philadelphia Press.

Taking Time by the Forelock.—"I have just been at my husband to induce him to buy me a seal-skin jacket." "What! in the spring?" "Oh, it will be winter before I worry him into doing it."—Judy.

How many people there are who have no visible means of support.

Young Housekeeper (to butcher)—"What is the price of mutton?" Butcher—"Ten pence, mum." Young Housekeeper—"And lamb?" Butcher—"Thirteen pence, mum." Young Housekeeper (surprised)—"Is it possible? Why a lamb isn't more than half the size of a—er—mutton."—Tit-Bits.

If some men worked as hard trying to learn economy as they do inventing something, fewer wives would have the living to earn.—Washington Democrat.

The stomach isn't the seat of intellect, but a French restaurant will force you to learn something of the language.

Men only begin to persecute when they despair of convincing.—N. Y. Weekly.

The happiest expression to be found is on a woman's face when she is going away from home; a woman always enjoys a trip more than a man.—Atchison Globe.

Neighborly Sagacity.—"I never like to hear a woman spoken of as an indulgent mother." "Why not?" "Indulgent mothers are the kind that never interfere when their children annoy other people."—Chicago Record.

The man in the moon is probably the only one in history who does not believe he is a man of the world.

When a man has a handle to his name he naturally looks on it as something that lifts him up.

Magistrate—"The evidence shows that you threw a stone at the man." Mrs. McDuff—"An' it shows more than that, yer honor. It shows that I hit him."—Tit-Bits.

Lots of men will spend as much time telling stories about their dogs as women do about their children.—Washington Democrat.

A great many men who began life poor are holding their own remarkably well.—Washington Democrat.

LOST APPETITE.

Could Not Eat the Most Tempting Dishes.

Many Days Without Any Food at All—Can Eat Four Square Meals a Day Now—The Cause of the Change.

From the Leader, Cleveland, Ohio.

For the restoration of an appetite which has been impaired or lost through sickness, no remedy can compare in effectiveness with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. This statement is substantiated by the experience and declarations of men and women with whom these pills have become a household medicine. Among the many who can offer testimony to this particular property of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is George Marshall, Jr., who lives at No. 19 Norwich street, Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Marshall is a news agent on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad, and his territory extends from Cleveland to Toledo. Like thousands of others who owe their health and vigor to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Mr. Marshall never hesitates to sing their praises. In his case it was necessary to use only a few boxes of the pills to restore him to the full possession of bodily health. His digestive organs had become almost useless through a long and serious illness, but in a surprisingly brief period, through the agency of this wonderful medicine, they were capable of again performing their functions in a regular and perfectly satisfactory manner. In narrating his experience with them Mr. Marshall said:

"Last spring I was taken sick with inflammatory rheumatism, and my entire system was affected. To relieve the suffering it was necessary to paint me with iodine. After three months' treatment I became convalescent, but the attack had sapped my strength and left me extremely weak and feeble. I could scarcely lift an arm or a leg. This weakness permeated my entire system, and applied as well to my stomach and digestive apparatus as to my limbs. I soon discovered that I had lost my appetite almost as completely as though I never had one. I had no desire whatever to partake of any nourishment, and the natural result was that my convalescence was extremely slow, and my parents feared that I was going to suffer a relapse or fall prey to another ailment on account of my debilitated condition.

"Many a day I would not take any nourishment, and whenever I did the quantity was too insignificant to materially hasten my improvement. Tempting dishes were prepared for me, but I could not touch them. I began to become more or less alarmed as did my parents, and one day my mother suggested the purchase of some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for me. They had been recommended to her by a neighbor who regarded them as nothing short of miraculous, and dwelt so enthusiastically on their excellent qualities that mother was persuaded to try them. There is not much more to tell now, for I don't look like a man who cannot eat three or four square meals a day, do I?

"Three boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills fixed me up sound as a dollar, and they will do the same for anyone else, I am sure. It was not long after I began to use the pills that I could feel myself improving. My strength began to return and so did my appetite, and I was on the road again in a short time. This is my experience, and I am glad to give it for the benefit of others who may have lost their appetites through sickness."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

A Father in Luck.

"You children turn up your noses at everything on the table. When I was a boy, I was glad to get dry bread to eat," said Mr. Chaffle at the breakfast table.

"I say, pa, you are having a much better time of it now that you are living with us, ain't you?" asked Johnnie.—Tammany Times.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomachs receive it without distress. 1/4 the price of coffee. 15c and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Summer Vacations.

Interesting illustrated booklets pertaining to Massachusetts Seashore, Ocean, Island and Inland Resorts, are issued by the passenger department of the Fall River Line, the famous route between New York and Boston, Newport, Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, Bar Harbor, the White Mountains, etc., etc., etc. List of the booklets will be mailed upon receipt of one-cent stamp. Address O. H. Taylor, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Fall River Line, New York.

Now He Walks Himself.

"Why has Blowly quit his noisy crusade in favor of bicyclists as against pedestrians?"

"Some one stole his wheel."—Detroit Free Press.

A Gentle Hint.

Elderly Maiden—May I ask you what your name is?

"Huber."

"A beautiful name! I wish mine was like it."—Fliegende Blaetter.

"Star Tobacco."

As you chew tobacco for pleasure, use Star. It is not only the best, but the most lasting, and therefore the cheapest.

It occasionally happens in a newspaper office that a man puts a reporter on to an item by calling to ask that it be suppressed.—Atchison Globe.

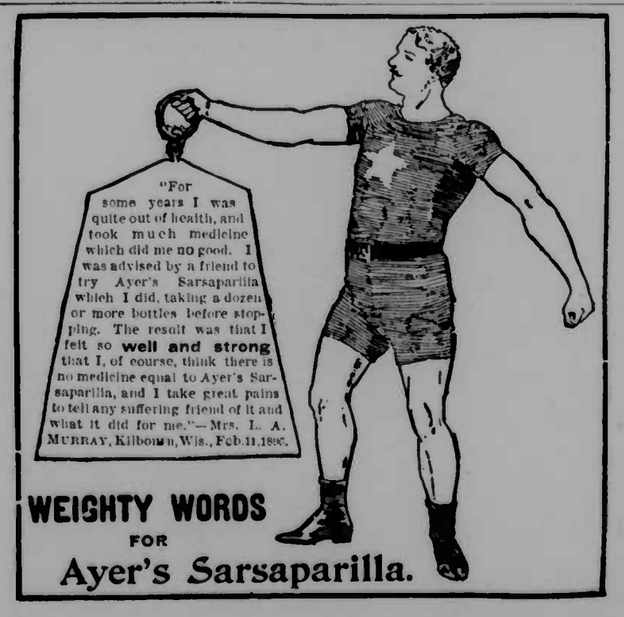

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

SLIGHT OF HAND.

Just a turn and a twist;
Just a trick of the wrist:
The plates and the cups are washed and dried,
The knives and forks lie side by side,
And with apron white and with step so light,
She is off to school in the morning bright.

Just a turn and a twist;
Just a trick of the wrist:
The problems are proved beyond a doubt,
The exercises are written out,
In the work of the class the hours pass,
And she walks with the girls through the growing grass.

Just a turn and a twist;
Just a trick of the wrist:
She makes a ball for the baby's play,
She brings the eggs that were hid in the hay,
And the plaided brown for her dolly's gown,
She will cut and seam as the sun goes down.

Just a turn and a twist;
Just a trick of the wrist:
The little performer masters her task,
And the praise of the audience does not ask.
In her daily drill she shows her skill,
And the trick of the wrist is the bent of the will.

—Mary Elizabeth Stone, in Youth's Companion.

THE CLEVER CHICKADEE.

Called Very Often the "Bird of the Merry Heart."

One of the most interesting and one of the most useful of our common birds is the sprightly titmouse, otherwise known under the popular name of chickadee, so called because of its peculiar chat: "Chickadee-dee-dee-dee."

In appearance the black-capped (crested) titmouse has the most jaunty air conceivable; the neck and head of a glossy black, the balance of the upper part of the body being of a peculiar drab, while underneath it is a creamy white or fawn. The habits of this restless, nervous, active little creature make it a general favorite with all those who have come to know it well.

The disposition of this brave little fellow is no less remarkable than its habits, for it seems to be cheerful under the most adverse circumstances. No cold is so intense as to chill its enthusiasm, no storm so severe as to frighten the chickadee. Let the gale roar never so fiercely, the chickadee still voices its cheerful call, and continues its work in spite of wind or weather. "Let to-morrow take care of itself," seems to be its motto. Emerson refers to its splendid courage in midwinter when he writes:

"Here was this atom in full breath,
Hurling defiance at vast death;
This scrap of valor, just for play
Fronts the north wind in waistcoat gray,
As if to shame our weak behavior."

You may learn a few lessons from the chickadee. First, never allow surroundings or circumstances to dampen your ardor. If the sky is dark to-day it may be brighter to-morrow. If discouragements exist, never relax your efforts, but keep right on "sawing wood."

As an insect destroyer, the chickadee is invaluable to our agricultural interests, and for this reason (if for no other) it should never be killed or its eggs destroyed. The chickadee is very confiding, can be easily tamed, and seems to be one of man's best friends.

H. H. WATERS.

AMUSING NEW GAME.

It Is Called "Cat and Dogs," and Is Well Named, Too.

This game can be played by marking a diagram like the one given, on a slate or board, or even on a large piece of paper, if the last is placed on a smooth surface for playing. Buttons, bits of wood, or similar small objects can be

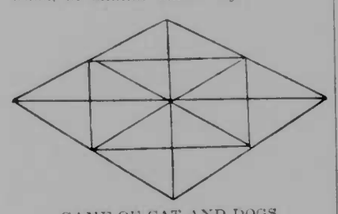

GAME OF CAT AND DOGS.

used to represent the three dogs, while a similar article of different color or smaller size can take the place of the cat.

The game is for two to play. First place the dogs on the board diagonally, two at opposite corners, and the third in the middle. Place the cat at one of the other corners. The two players alternate in moving, one taking the three dogs and the other the cat. Only one dog may be moved at a time, but the player may move that one which best serves his purpose. The object of the game is to surround the cat so that she cannot move further. The cat is to avoid this unpleasant contingency as long as possible. No two pieces can occupy the same point at the same time, nor can one piece displace another. There is no question of "beating" in this game; it is a question of how long the cat can baffle the dogs.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Why Cats Play with Mice.

"The idea that cats, out of cruelty, play with a mouse before killing it is a mistake," said a cat fancier. "Notice what happens when a cat catches a sparrow. The bird is not played with, but slain at once. If the cat tried any game with it, the sparrow, though wounded, could easily fly out of reach. A mouse cannot escape in that way, so the cat practices upon the unfortunate animal a variety of experiments, in order to keep its powers as a hunter up to the mark. That is why it gives the mouse chances of getting away, and the harder the task he sets himself, the more will his skill be improved. If he did not take such lessons, he would soon become a second-rate mouser."

A Slayer.

"Aren't you getting gray about the temples?" he yawned after sitting there till after midnight.

"I presume so," she smiled wearily, "though there was not a silver thread in my hair when you called."—Detroit Free Press.

HAS PECULIAR HABITS.

The Red Squirrel Is Almost as Mischievous as a Boy.

A red squirrel is almost as mischievous and cunning as a boy. A few days ago a lady who lives in a little Michigan town hung up a pair of short sash curtains to dry after washing. When she came back to get them the line was empty; the curtains had disappeared. At first she thought some mischievous boy was playing a joke on her. Then quite suddenly she saw something white glimmering among the sweeping branches of an old spruce tree. She examined it more closely. It was one of her sash curtains, and it seemed to be jigging about as if it had life. As she ran to the rescue a funny little red head popped up from the folds of the curtain and a jetty eye sparkled mischievously. When the squirrel found that he had been caught in his thievery he dropped the curtain, scampered up the tree and ran out on a limb. Then he scolded and chattered in the most excited manner, as if he was trying to explain his actions. At the same time he seemed greatly disappointed in not having captured the prize.

After the lady had recovered one of her curtains she began a search for the other. At last she was rewarded by seeing it lodged high up in a crotch of a tree, where Mrs. Squirrel was busily arranging it for her summer home.

Mother squirrels carry their children about very much as a cat carries her kit-

SCOLDING AND CHATTERING.

tens, often going considerable distances with them to get them to a safe place.

More than one boy has climbed a tree thinking that he could knock off the squirrel when he had cornered him at the top where there was no escape. But the squirrel skips from limb to limb and chatters wildly, and when he has reached the very top and sees the boy coming he will jump for his life from a tree 30 or 40 feet high to the ground—landing dead or crippled? Oh, no, he spreads out his legs and tail, and with a jump slides through the air like a thrown shingle and alights safely, to scamper joyfully away. And the boy comes down with his labor for his pains.

There is a perpetual battle between the squirrels and the birds. Nothing suits a red squirrel better than a plump young robin or sparrow or bluebird for breakfast, and he will resort to almost any trick to get the mother bird off its nest long enough for him to commit the theft.

The hapless and featherless bird struggles faintly for a few moments, but its captor soon puts it beyond suffering, and then eats it with as much relish as a schoolgirl shows for a pickle or an olive. These little lunches, however, often are rudely broken in upon by the wrathful parents of the unhappy birdlings, and then follows a scene which is worth seeing. The squirrel has need of all his agility to dodge the blows aimed at him from all directions by the outraged birds. Not infrequently several pairs of birds, and even several species, unite in the attack on the common enemy, but after many narrow escapes—tail-breadth escapes, perhaps—and perilous leaps and cunning subterfuges, the assassin usually reaches some hollow tree or other safe refuge where he may dress his ruffled coat and reflect on the uncertainties of life.—Chicago Record.

'GATOR GETS LOOSE.

Starts a Kindling Wood Factory Before Being Captured.

"We were located once for quite a spell in one place," said the old circus man, "and we had things fitted up permanently. The seats around the circus ring were on a terraced platform, built up like steps. The seats themselves were not benches, but separate chairs, ranged along in rows on these wide rising steps. We had in the menagerie an alligator, a big alligator, about 12 feet long. The alligator got out of its tank one night and worked its way over to the circus arena and crawled up on the lowest step of the seats, between the front row of chairs and the railing around the ring.

"Of course, it's about as important to keep away from an alligator's tail as it is to keep away from its jaws, because the alligator is a sort of double-ender; it knocks a man down with one end and swallows him with the other. As a matter of fact, a good-sized alligator can smash almost anything it can bring its tail to bear on. Of course we knew that well enough, and what we set out to do was to lasso him. Easy enough to do it was, too. Some of us stood in the ring, and some on the seats in back of him, and we drew the noose over his head without any trouble at all, and then we dragged him out and back to the tank. He flopped his tail just once, as we started with him, that's all, but when he brought it down he smashed the four end chairs in that row into small pieces.

"It made nice kindling wood, but that kind would have been rather costly for every-day use, and so we put up another rail around the tank."—N. Y. Sun

JOHNSON'S YOUTH.

How the President Began Life in a South Carolina Tailor's Shop.

Three-quarters of a century ago in the little village of Laurens, in the state of South Carolina, there lived and labored at the tailor's trade a young man who was destined to play an important part in the affairs of the nation. Of humble origin, and having had practically no educational advantages, he had in his character the elements of true manhood and by force of brain power and ability attained the highest position of honor and trust in the republic.

Andrew Johnson left his home in North Carolina by reason of trouble with his employer, and went to the then ultra-exclusive and aristocratic village of Laurens. He had no influential family connections, and was as poor as the traditional church mouse, his worldly possessions consisting only of the clothes he wore. To one acquainted with the social conditions of the ante-bellum south, the difficulties incident to obtaining recognition by a man handicapped as Johnson was can readily be imagined. The sterling worth of the young tailor, however, made itself felt, and demanded the admiration and respect soon accorded him even by those who were wont to consider one not to the manner born deserving of but condescending notice.

Soon after reaching Laurens Johnson secured a position in a tailoring establishment, and this he held with perfect satisfaction to his employers until his return to his North Carolina home. He was a painstaking laborer, and took commendable pride in doing his work as perfectly as possible. A coat cut, fitted and made by Johnson is still in existence. It was made for Col. Henry C. Young, a prominent lawyer and politician of upper California, and is now treasured by his descendants as one of their most precious possessions. The fact that the coat is still in a good state of preservation may possibly be taken as an evidence of the excellency and durability of the work.

Johnson's stay at Laurens, brief as it was, marked a very important epoch in his life. It was there that he met his first love, Miss Sarah Word, a charming young woman of education and refinement, who saw in the modest and retiring young journeyman tailor a man of character and strength and promise. Johnson's regard for Miss Word was reciprocated, and the young people entered into an engagement to marry. They were thrown constantly into each other's society, and the future president of the United States once assisted his fiance in laying, stuffing and quilting a quilt. This quilt is now owned by Mrs. J. F. Bolt, of Laurens, granddaughter of Miss Word, who subsequently married William Hance. On either side of the quilt are Miss Word's initials, "S. W.," which were made, stuffed and quilted by Johnson, unassisted. The enthusiastic young lover was very desirous of placing his own initials beside those of his sweetheart, but this Miss Word would not permit. The quilt was on exhibition at the Atlantic exposition last fall and attracted much attention.—National Magazine.

Parlor Decorations.

The present fashion is that of placing plans intended for parlor decoration in fancy baskets. This is neither appropriate nor artistic, and when there is a ribbon bow tied on the basket's handle—as though a milliner's finery could possibly improve nature's favorites—the effect is very much like that of "painting the lily." Nothing is really prettier for this purpose than a tile grown somewhat subdued and mossy with age, for either flowering plants or those of ornamental foliage. If, however, as is sometimes the case with large palms, a commodious receptacle is needed, the most suitable one is a small tub, painted exactly their own shade of green, set on a wicker standard similarly painted, or one of dull, unobtrusive metal. Gay-colored, jardiniers detract from the plant which they hold, instead of being for them a foil, as is the plain tile pot.—N. Y. Post.

A Neat Gown.

A simple gown, yet handsome, is of fawn canvas, made up on the foundation and bordered on the foot with scroll work of narrow silver braid. The body shows open work squares, worked in gold to match. A high bodice, in the fashionable deep rose lace shot with white, has a series of waved, converging lines of narrow, white insertion, starting from the shoulders and forming points down the front only a few inches apart, embroidered at each end with black and pink silk—certainly a most original bodice. The coloring of this is rather newer than the old pink, for it has a dash of flame color in it.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Get Right at Night.

"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." Let us instantly crush the beginnings of envy, jealousy and hate in our hearts, never allowing the day to close on a bitter feeling. The hour of evening prayer, when we bow at God's feet, should always be a time for getting right everything that may have gone wrong with us during the day. Then every injury should be forgiven when we pray. "Forgive us, as we forgive." Then every spark of envy or jealousy or anger should be quenched, and the love of Christ should be allowed to flood our hearts. We should never allow the sun to go down on our anger.—Detroit Free Press.

Pickled Cherries.

To every quart of cherries allow a coffee cupful of vinegar, one-half cupful of sugar, one dozen whole cloves, half a dozen blades of mace; put the sugar and vinegar on to heat with the spices, boil five minutes, turn out into a covered stoneware vessel and let it get perfectly cold. Strain out the spices, fill small jar three-fourths full of cherries, then fill up with cold vinegar. Seal tightly. Let the stems remain on the cherries.—Ladies' World.

SUMMER VEILS.

Some That Are Extremely Fashionable This Season.

A shadow veil comes in the very finest black or white silk tulle, and is cut on a pattern so skillfully manipulated that when the veil is pinned in place not a single wrinkle crosses one's face. The pattern takes somewhat the form of a gibbous moon, and the point striven after is to avoid wrinkles in the veiling, for they seem to throw lines of age into the face. The bottom edge of a shadow veil has a narrow selvage, and then through the tulle run, an eighth of an inch apart, parallel lines of black thread that are very fine. Shadow veils are sold with six, eight or ten of these lines, some of them running up high enough to cast their shadow over the mouth, while coquettish young ladies wear those that have lines clear up to the level of the eyes.

It is almost an inexplicable, but nevertheless very important, fact that any skin under a well-lined shadow veil appears to excellent advantage, and that under this cobweb covering, whether bought in black or white, defects of the facial cuticle are not apparent to the naked eye.

With sailor hats two kinds of new veiling are worn, the batiste veil, to keep off sunburn and freckles, and the fish net, to show off a fresh young skin. Every woman is going to the country this summer with at least a half dozen batiste veils packed in her bag, because they are the only absolutely sure shield against the sun, and because they wash, so that it is never necessary to wear one longer than two or three days at a time. They are pretty, too, as well as useful; the majority cut in squares, and having three little hemstitched tucks running around three sides of the square, while the fourth side gathers up with a fine white cotton cord, and is intended to be tied about the crown of the hat.

This makes a veil very easy of adjustment, and as the body of it is usually white, with the tucks in pale pink, blue or green, the general effect is exceedingly gay. Naturally only the very sheerest batiste is used, and in the laundry these squares are merely washed out and ironed without starching or folding them. Fish net is the single fashionable dotted veil this season. 'Tis woven in a very wide mesh, exactly like a castnet, and at every angle in the weaving a tiny chenille dot is placed. Black fish nets have gray dots, brown nets have dark blue dots, and red ones green dots, and one prime recommendation of the weave is that it is as strong as if woven of buttonhole twist and positively refuses to wrinkle.

All these innovations, however, have not quite done away with that mainstay of late years, the chiffon veil. It is the only face protector women now buy by the yard, for all other smart veils are made up to pin right over one's hat. The really admirable chiffon veiling is not at present dotted, but figured in pretty lace and chenille designs. For instance, you can buy white chiffon veiling, all over with minute green velvet shamrocks, or gray chiffon embroidered along the edges with cornflowers. Then there are perforated chiffons, that is, on the material tiny leaves, stars or circles of net or lace are applied and the chiffon cut out underneath.

But all these veilings are mere frivolities beside the net draperies meant for the top-loftical, rose-smothered hats women are wearing. A veil for a big hat comes from a yard and a half to two yards and a quarter long, edged with lace, put on straight or in a frill, and this is first drawn over hat and face and tied in a knot behind, a little to the right. Drawing the ends down, a bow knot is formed and pinned to the hair just back of the right ear, and then the remaining length of net is left to flow down on the shoulders. It is permitted to add bright jewel-headed pins in arranging these bows, and nets of every bright color are used in this way. Women who put a deal of profound thought in selecting their veils usually choose these big ones to match the straw of their hats, whether grass green or poppy red.—Boston Globe.

Creamed Baked Sweetbreads.

Cleanse one good-sized pair of calves' sweetbreads, and to the water in which they are cooked add a bay leaf, half a dozen peppercorns and a slice of onion. Cook them 20 minutes, then drop them into clear water, and let them lie there until cold before picking them into small pieces. Place a saucepan over the fire and put into it a large tablespoonful of butter. When it is melted stir in one tablespoonful of flour, then add one-half cupful of the strained liquid, in which the sweetbreads were boiled and half a cupful of cream. When the mixture is boiling add the prepared sweetbreads and a few chopped mushrooms. Cook ten minutes, then take the pan from the fire and immediately stir in the yolks of two eggs previously beaten and season with salt and cayenne pepper. Turn the mixture into a buttered baking dish, cover the top with a sprinkling of fried bread crumbs and keep it in a hot oven about ten minutes and serve. If the mixture is baked and served in individual china baking cups they will not require to be in the oven quite as long.—Boston Globe.

To Make War on Locusts.

Locusts have recently become a destructive plague in the Argentine Republic, and the bankers and business men of Buenos Ayres have determined to make war upon them, and have raised a large sum of money for that purpose. Their first practical step was to send to the United States for an expert entomologist to look over the field and plan the campaign. Prof. Bruner, of the University of Nebraska, was chosen to organize the army of science which is to carry on the war, and he has just sailed for Buenos Ayres preparatory to going to the front. This is a kind of war for which arbitration will probably never be suggested as a substitute.—Youth's Companion.

HE DROPPED HIS PIPE.

And the Loss Naturally Caused Him Some Annoyance.

One afternoon last summer I was standing on the great suspension bridge just below Niagara falls looking at the great cataract and admiring the wonderful colors of the green and blue river 200 feet below. Several workmen were engaged in painting the bridge, and I became interested in their operations. It required no little engineering skill to rig up an apparatus by which to enable a painter to traverse the giant guy rope cables which radiate from the center of the bridge, fan-shape, toward either end of the structure. A painter's platform four feet square was suspended from one of these cables by a trolley arrangement, a grooved wheel running on the cable. By means of a rope attached to this wheel a man on the bridge could draw the platform from the river bank—the terminus of the cable—to the bridge above, and as the platform passed along the cable a workman sitting on a common chair on the platform would paint the great iron rope above his head and behind the trolley wheel.

I was especially interested in the work of a Swede, who, perched on a small platform, was painting one of the Canadian braces. He had begun at the end of the cable on the Canadian shore far below, and had been pulled up the cable's steep incline toward the bridge until perhaps two-thirds of his journey had been completed. There was absolutely nothing but air between him and the seething river 200 feet below; but there he sat, on a swinging platform, methodically plying his brush and complacently smoking a short clay pipe.

How it happened I don't know. But the man on the bridge suddenly let the rope slip out of his hands. There was a sharp cry of alarm from the startled painter as the platform began to spin down the incline, with constantly increasing momentum. It seemed as if the poor fellow must inevitably be dashed against the rocky precipice and tumble into the river a mangled corpse. The slack of the rope on the bridge, however, became entangled around a brace and the perilous descent came to a sudden end. The flying platform stopped with a jerk. The chair, a pail of paint, a brush and a clay pipe went sailing into space. The painter caught a corner of the platform just in time to save himself from following them.

Two minutes later the platform had been pulled up to the bridge, and the Swede was given a chance to stretch his legs again in safety. The man on the bridge had not a word to say. He was as pale as a corpse and trembled like a leaf. But the Swede did have something to say, and he said it without the slightest tremor of emotion in his voice. "You," he remarked. "Ay tank you skal laiad me your pipe. Laik big fool Ay drop mine." — Chicago Times-Herald.

DIDN'T LIKE FAT BEEF.

First Experience of a Bride on a Marketing Trip.

Almost at first glance one would know that she had not long been acquainted with the duties of housekeeping. In fact, she looked very bridish. She wore a beautiful morning gown and carried herself with grace. When she stalked into the grocery with her little white hands firmly closed over a brand new pocketbook, a self-satisfied smile hovering about the corners of her pretty mouth and a general air of self-confidence about her, everyone took time to gaze upon the fair creature. But it was apparent that the role was an entirely new one to her. She had assumed a matronly look, but it did not harmonize with her real self.

She was not attired in a way to lead one to think that she had recently been led to the altar. There were no grains of rice in her hair, nor were there any old shoes attached to her person; still there was something that plainly stamped her "bride."

She wanted very much to conceal her new position in life, and even had she succeeded in doing so by her action her visit to the grocer's would have given the snap away.

The unmatronly-looking young woman stumbled partly through her order, and then she came to the item of ham. She told the accommodating clerk that, even though most people preferred ham a little fat, she did not want it that way, because she "did not like fat beef in any shape."

And not a soul in the entire establishment smiled, for she made the remark with so much feeling and earnestness that to have even cast a knowing glance would have been wickedness in its worst form.—Toledo Blade.

A Window Box Flower Garden.

A window box may be a very cheap or a very expensive affair, but a cheap one, made out of a packing box, will grow flowers just as well as a costly one made of tiles. All that is necessary is something that will hold soil. It is not enough to simply nail window boxes to the wall; a brace should run lengthwise of the box, and be strongly bracketed at each end to furnish support for the box. The soil with which the box is filled should be rich; plants will not grow in poor earth. It is often difficult to get good soil in the city, but the addition of a little bonemeal, which can be procured from any store where garden seeds are sold, will make a poor soil sufficiently rich in all elements of plant food to insure success. If you do not feel able to afford fertilizer the use of soapsuds on washing day will supplement, to a considerable extent, whatever nutriment is contained in such soil as happens to be available.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Theology.

Ethel—Didn't grandpa go to Heaven, mamma?

Mamma—Yes, I hope so.

"Then why did they put 'Peace to his ashes' on his tombstone? People who go to Heaven don't have ashes, do they?"—Pick-Me Up.

THE GREEK AS HE IS.

Not a Westerner, But an Oriental in Many of His Traits.

The modern Greek is a puzzle to most of his fellow mortals in Europe and America. The Philhellenes have been ready to ascribe to him the heroic traits of the men of Marathon and Thermopylae, only to be surprised and disgusted by some seemingly unaccountable act of cowardice or some gross falsehood on his part. On the other hand, the pro-Turkish party in England and on the continent has painted the average subject of King George in far too dark colors. The truth seems to be that the successive invasions of Greece by different races have resulted in the production of a people whose fundamental qualities are strangely mixed and mingled, and whom it is difficult for the rest of the world to judge fairly. A writer points out that in many respects—especially in his conception of truth and justice—the Greek is essentially an oriental. The exact correspondence of his statements with the accidental and material facts of the case is not a thing about which he troubles himself. He would think it but a poor compliment to his ability and ingenuity if his friends maintained that he never indulged in fiction. "What a liar you are!" is anything but an insult in modern Greek.

Yet with all this lack of regard for truth, the Greek is blissfully and intensely patriotic. Foolish and fickle—sometimes false—he may be, but he is very much more than the mere rascal which some of the sympathizers with Turkey would make him out. Thus it was the great Philhellenic idea which was undoubtedly the mainspring of the action of Greece in the present crisis. The notion of a community of race or nationality between all those whose native tongue is modern Greek will not bear a moment's investigation; it would be absurd to claim any historical justification for their political unity. Yet the cry of the Cypriotes to be given back to their mother country is constantly being revived, and is just as prevalent under English rule as under Turkish; it is no use arguing with the Greeks about the matter. The Greek papers periodically publish horrible stories of the tyranny of English officials; to Englishmen these stories are simply ludicrous; but they are just as important an element in the political situation in the east as if they were literally true, or, even, like similar stories of Turkish officials, in accordance with general probabilities.

The Greeks have neither talents nor inclination for sifting the truth of stories like this, which gratify their national vanity, for they still cherish the classical tradition of the superiority of Greek over barbarian, however strangely it may contrast with their respect for every person or thing that is foreign or "European." After the intervention of the powers 11 years ago in order to save Greece from the suicidal folly of an attack upon Turkey the writer happened to be traveling in the Peloponnesse, and talked over the situation with an old shepherd, who was a typical village politician. His picturesque expression England "has eaten us up" yielded to no array of facts or arguments that could be brought against it; and why should he believe a foreigner rather than the papers he and his friends saw every day repeating the same statements? It is true that the intervention of the powers was then successful; but this was because it brought about a resignation of the Greek government and a restoration to power of Tricoupi, the one Greek politician of recognized ability and coolness. It will be remembered how on that occasion Mr. Gladstone himself expressed publicly his approval of the policy of the powers; the only result on the Greeks was that they expunged his name from the sign board of cafes that had been dedicated to his honor. Perhaps, after all, it would have been better if the Greeks had had their lesson then instead of now.

The strength and the troubles of the modern Greeks are alike due to the burden of an inheritance which they claim themselves and which is often accorded to them by sentimental Philhellenes who know little or nothing of the country and its people. It is because they claim to be the representatives of those ancient Greeks to whom we owe so much of what is best in our politics and our civilization, in our literature and in our art, that we judge them by a standard which we should not dream of applying to any other people who had recently escaped from a state of slavery to an oriental despotism.—London Saturday Review.

Why He Wouldn't Be.

Of course she was disturbed. Being a woman of the world, she thought she knew a real eligible young man when she saw one, and yet her daughter had dared to raise a question as to her judgment in matters of that description.

"Won't do at all," said the daughter, after the mother had made the selection and had kindly consented to inform the daughter in regard to it.

"Why not?" demanded the mother.

"He isn't the right sort of a man," returned the daughter. "I should think you could tell that yourself just by looking at him."

"What's the matter with him?" persisted the mother.

"Why, just look at him!" exclaimed the daughter. "What kind of a bloomer suit do you think his golf clothes would make for me? Or what kind of a golf suit do you think my bloomers would make for him? Put it either way you wish, and you'll see that we're not made for each other at all."—Detroit Free Press.

Brazil Nuts.

The familiar Brazil nut grows in hard, spherical pods, each of which contains from 18 to 24 of the triangular seeds that come to market. So beautifully are they packed by nature that no man yet has been able to put them back in their receptacle after once they have been taken out.—Philadelphia Press.

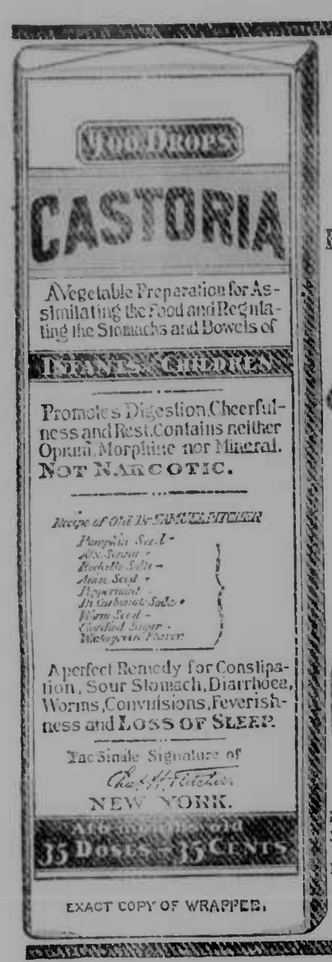

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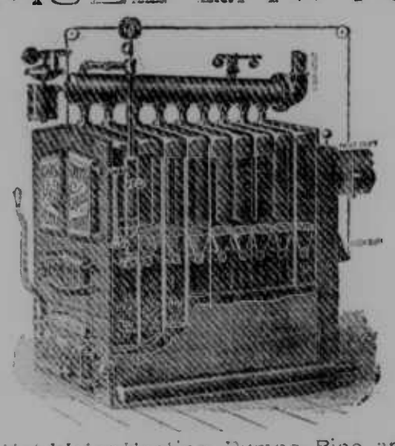

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Four Brass Bands,

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Grand Picnic at Highland Park.

Good Orchestra and Dancing Pavilion on the ground. The orator for the day will be

HON. GEORGE L. WELLINGTON,

United States Senator from Maryland.

Special rates and special excursion trains from east and west on the B. & O. Railroad.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, June 21, 1897.

The president has no means of knowing to a certainty that the tariff bill will become a law inside of a month, but he feels so confident that it will that he has promised to attend the unveiling of the statue of General John A. Logan, in Lake Front Park, Chicago, on July 22nd, with as many members as the Cabinet as can make it convenient to accompany him. In order to provide against unexpected contingencies, President McKinley stipulated that his promise should not be considered binding if the tariff bill were not disposed of in time for him to reach Chicago on the date specified.

Senator Chandler, who made a record as Secretary of the Navy, was asked what he thought of the English statement that the annexation of Hawaii would make it necessary for us to largely increase our Navy. He replied: "I do not agree with the opinion that we must largely increase our Naval force because we are about to annex Hawaii. The future power of the United States will not lie in its Navy. We will be great because we have unlimited and easily convertible resources. If we want a Navy, we can get one. If a war should come in which Italy, for instance, was not concerned we could buy the whole Italian Navy in 24 hours. There will be no larger Naval appropriations coincident with the ratifications of the Hawaiian treaty, but when we want a navy we can get it."

The ultimate ratification of the treaty for the annexation of Hawaii is regarded as so certain, notwithstanding the talk of the handful of Democratic Senators who are opposed to it, that no effort will be made to push it to a vote at this session of Congress. The President is perfectly satisfied to have it go over to the regular session, as he regards the sending of the treaty to the Senate as all that was necessary to notify the world of our intention to annex the island.

Senator Hanna has grown very tired of denying the story originated by some one in the employ of a New York paper, that the wages of miners in his employ, in Pennsylvania, had been cut to the lowest price ever paid in the Pittsburg district—54 cents a ton. Speaking of the subject Senator Hanna said: "There has been a reduction of wages, but not those of the men employed by any of the companies in which I am interested. I was asked to join and refused to do so. My men are still receiving 60 cents a ton." Of course it would be expecting entirely too much to ask that this very positive denial should operate to keep the original lie out of Democratic papers.

Senator Hanna and several members of the Ohio delegation in the House have gone home to attend the state convention. The story that Senator Foraker remained in Washington because he was opposed to Senator Hanna was, of course, of Democratic origin. Senator Foraker when asked about it, said there wasn't the slightest foundation for such a yarn, as he is heartily in favor of Senator Hanna's election, and certain that it will be accomplished. He remained in Washington as the result of an agreement with Senator Hanna, it being thought best that one of them should be constantly in his seat in the Senate while the tariff bill is under consideration.

General Stewart L. Woodford, the new U. S. Minister to Spain, has many admirers among the Republicans who attended the National convention, which nominated Hayes and Wheeler. After Hayes was nominated, General Wheeler heard that the Indiana delegation had decided to support him for the vice presidency. According to Col. W. R. Holloway, who was there and who is now in Washington, this is what Gen. Woodford said to his Indiana friends: "No, no, gentlemen; don't think of that. Wm. A. Wheeler is a stronger man in the state of New York than I am, and I beg that you will give him Indiana's thirty votes. What we need and must have to elect Gov. Hayes, is New York's electorial vote. Don't consider me for one moment, but vote for my friend, Wheeler and assist us to carry the Empire state for the nominees of this convention." The result is history.

While the Republicans enjoyed the accusations and counter accusations hurled by Democratic Senators against each other, they would have much preferred that the time so wasted had been put in on the tariff bill. Everybody knows how wide apart the Democratic Senators are on the tariff and many other things, but the country is impatiently waiting for the tariff bill to become a law.

A. H. Patter, with E. C. Atkins & Co., Indianapolis, Ind., writes: I have never before given a testimonial in my life. But I will say that for three years we have never been without Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in the house, and my wife would as soon think of being without flour as a bottle of this Remedy in the summer season. We have used it with all three of our children and it has never failed to cure—not simply stop pain, but cure absolutely. It is all right and anyone who tries it will find it so." For sale by Oakland Pharmacy, J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Observation Sleeping Cars on the B. & O.

Commencing Sunday, June 13, the B. & O. R. R. will place in service, between Baltimore and Chicago, Pullman Observation Sleeping Cars. The cars have a saloon parlor in the rear, furnished with easy arm chairs, upholstered revolving chairs and sofas. This will enable passengers to view with better advantage the scenic wonders that have made the B. & O. famous. 14-3

According to the newspapers, an Ohio husband became the happy father of seven children not long ago. Of the seven all lived but one. It is to be hoped that he laid in a supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, the only sure cure for croup, whooping-cough, colds and coughs, and so insure his children against those diseases. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

REDUCED RATES.

Tennessee Centennial Exposition, Nashville, Tennessee.

OVER THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY and Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway.

The Southern Railway announces the following low rates from Washington, D. C., to Nashville, Tenn., occasion Tennessee Centennial Exposition:

Season Excursion Tickets will be sold daily, until and including October 15, at $28.75.

Twenty-day Excursion Tickets will be sold daily until October 15, at $21.30.

Ten-day Excursion Tickets will be sold on Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week, until October 26, 1897, at $15.30.

Rates for Military and Students in parties of 25 or more made known upon application.

Lv Baltimore, P. R. R.	.....	9.20 PM	9.42 AM
" Washington, So. Ry	.....	10.43 "	11.15 "
" Danville	.....	6.00 AM	6.20 PM
Ar Salisbury (L. T.)	"	9.37 "	8.50 "
" Asheville (C. T.)	"	2.05 PM	12.12 AM
" Hot Springs	"	4.21 "	1.20 "
" Knoxville	"	7.55 "	4.00 "
" Chattanooga	"	11.30 "	7.55 "
" Nashville, N. C. & St. L. Ry		6.45 AM	1.50 PM

The train leaving Baltimore at 9.20 P. M., daily, carries Pullman Buffet Sleeper New York to Salisbury, omitting with Pullman Sleeper (from Norfolk) to Nashville, Tenn., through "The Land of the Sky," without change.

For full particulars, descriptive matter, etc., call on or address:

J. C. HORTON, Pass. Agent,
105 East German st., Baltimore, Md.
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LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

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Liver complaint shows itself in constipation, headaches, biliousness, heartburn, belching, faintness, foul taste in the mouth. Does it seem serious, but it is. Leads to things that people die of. Cured surely and quickly by

DR. A. S. TODD'S Anti-Bilious Liver Pills

Best and simplest and surest remedy ever made. 25 cents, all druggists.

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SOUTHWARD No. 3 P. M.	SOUTHWARD No. 1 A. M.	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2 Noon	NORTHWARD No. 4 P. M.
3 00	7 00 lv	Cumberland ar	*12 15	*7 30
3 26	7 26	Rawlings	11 50	7 05
3 45	7 45	Keyser	11 28	6 43
4 10	8 00	Westernport	11 15	6 30
4 04	8 04	W. Va. C. June.	11 11	6 26
4 34	8 35	Shaw	†10 45	5 55
5 00	9 01	Harrison	10 19	*5 29
6 15	9 45 ar	Elk Garden	8 60	*4 00
5 05	9 46 lv	Gorman	9 40	4 53
5 02	9 46	Bayard	9 84	4 47
5 51	9 57	Dobbin	9 24	4 38
6 27	10 27	Thomas	8 54	4 08
6 55	10 57 ar	Davis	8 00	3 15
6 31	10 31 lv	Coketon	8 46	4 01
7 01	11 01	Hendricks	8 15	3 30
7 07	11 07	Britz	8 08	3 23
7 10	11 10	Parsons	8 05	3 20
7 41	11 45	Kerens	7 30	2 45
8 AM	12 09† ar	Elkins	lv 7 15	12 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
				P. M.
	3 05* ar	Beallington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRITZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, May 16, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.40 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	5.28 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	8.28 A. M
No. 17	—Daily	1.36 P. M
No. 55	—Express, daily	5.55 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	—Daily	5.50 A. M
No. 2	—Daily	9.11 A. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	5.18 P. M
No. 16	—Daily	1.43 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	12.59 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation	10.12 A. M

Train No. 55 makes no stops between Oakland and Grafton. No. 17 makes all stops.

D. B. MARTIN, Manager of Passenger Traffic.

C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

JOHN SHARTZER, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, offers his services to the people of Garrett County. Will cry land or personal property sales at any point in the county. 6-95-1yr.

ESTATE OF FRANCIS SPICER, DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett County, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

FRANCIS SPICER,

late of Garrett county, Md., deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 17th day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 2d day of June, 1897.

MICHAEL NATHAN, Adm'r. D. B. N.
11-3 Grantsville, Md.

NOTICE OF BRIDGE LETTING.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF GARRETT COUNTY.
OAKLAND, MD., June 16, 1897.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners for Garrett county, Maryland, will receive sealed bids for a two-span, steel bridge, until the 8th day of July, 1897, at 11 o'clock a. m.

Said bridge is to be in two spans, seventy-four and one-half feet each between masonry, 14-foot roadway, with a 6-foot side walk, or without side walk. High truss, 140 pounds per square foot, factory safety live. Plans will be seen in the County Commissioners' office after July 1st. The company to whom the contract will be awarded will be required to give bond double the contract price. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the board.

15-tf J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

Ripans Tabules relieve scrofula.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

FRED A. THAYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

GILMOR S. HAMILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY. OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. fe14-1y

EDWARD B. SINCELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Barrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES. CLAIMS COLLECTED. LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

DR. J. G. ROBINSON, DENTIST, Felty Building, Opposite Postoffice, OAKLAND, MD. GAS ADMINISTERED. 50-97

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON OAKLAND, MD.

Residence on North 3rd Street. Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.

Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June 1st to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.

Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.*

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

THOMAS R. McBRIDE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street. All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 26-1yr

E. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Residence and P. O. Address, 2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER. Will sell Real or Personal Estate. Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE. AUCTIONEER! *Will sell Real or Personal Property* Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1897.

ALEX'R C. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

Andrew B. Gonder, Att'y at Law. Alexander C. Mason, Surveyor.

GONDER & MASON, :: REAL :: ESTATE :: AGENTS, :: OAKLAND, MD. 40—1yr. Office, Shartzer's Opera House.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN, SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including upon wags and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26*

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D. E. OFFUTT, President.
B. S. HAMILL, V. President.
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted. Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

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WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH THIS

Superior Lime

TO BUILDERS, FARMERS AND TANNERS IN BARRELS OR BULK TO SUIT PURCHASERS.

This lime is equal in strength for agricultural, building and tanning purposes to the Frederick or Baltimore county lime.

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W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,

49-13 CUMBERLAND, MD.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1897. NUMBER 18.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Electric blue is a flashy color.

Low spirits—five cent whiskey.

Imitation sunburn is on the market.

You will find plenty to eat at Cheap John's on Saturday.

Mr. Owen Brinegar, of Wilson, was in Oakland Tuesday a few hours.

Call and see Cheap John's big stock of small wagons, fire works, etc.

Go to D. E. Offutt and Sons' for the genuine Greencastle grain cradles. 2

The man with the longest reach doesn't always grasp the most opportunities.

Rev. J. W. McKnight and family, of Washington, are here to spend the summer.

Mr. Elias Merrill, of District No. 11, was in the city a day or two this week on business.

Mrs. D. Y. Morris, of Kingwood, is in Oakland visiting her daughter Mrs. Benj. H. Sincell.

Messrs. W. A. Smith and William Callis, the Hoyes merchants, were in Oakland Tuesday last.

Mr. H. S. Whitsell, county superintendent of Preston county, was in Oakland Sunday afternoon.

Mr. D. H. Loar went to Grafton on Monday morning to spend several days with his sons at that place.

Mr. James Sweeney, who wintered in Cincinnati, returned to his home in Oakland last Thursday night.

Rev. Wesley Davis, of Allegheny City, Pa., was here last Friday attending the funeral of Mr. M. L. Scott.

If you want genuine ice cream go Cheap John's. 1 trial will convince you. Three bottles pop for 10 cents.

The fellow who first said that talk is cheap must have lived before the day of the long-distance telephone.

L. E. Friend has been appointed postmaster at Friendsville, Garrett county, vice G. D. Browning, resigned.

Mr. J. W. Daniels, of the Cove, was here last Tuesday to be examined by the Board of Supervisors as an election official.

Mr. W. C. Dunnington, of Terra Alta, was an Oakland visitor Monday having come down here for medical treatment.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Moon, of near Deer Park, were in Oakland last Thursday and made this office a very agreeable call.

Miss Bella Carter arrived in Oakland from Philadelphia on Tuesday evening to spend the summer with her mother and sister.

Prof. Sarner will open the Normal school at Accident on Monday, the 12th inst. He expects quite a large number of students.

Mr. E. G. Hill, of Richmond, Ind., one of the leading florists of the United States, recently spent several days with Mr. H. Weber.

Mr. Webster Glotfelty, of Accident, spent Friday in Oakland with friends and was a guest at the citizens' reception Friday night.

Mrs. Mattie Townshend returned to Oakland, last night, after a visit with her sister, Mrs. Alvin Getty, Green street.—Cumb. News.

Editor Bobien, accompanied by Mr. Chas. E. Burke, of Terra Alta, spent part of Sunday in Oakland with friends and relatives.

Miss Annie Grant, who spent the winter in Washington attending school, returned to her home in Oakland last Thursday evening.

Mr. John Kirkpatrick, of Hoyes, was in Oakland last Tuesday and paid his respects to this office and renewed his subscription for another year.

Eld. Lichty of Grantsville, Md., was a town visitor Friday last. He returned, with Mrs. Lichty, to their home on Saturday.—Meyersdale Commercial.

The merchants have made an agreement among themselves to close their stores in Oakland on Monday, the 5th, at 10 o'clock a. m. and remain closed during the entire day.

Don't nauseate your stomach with teas and bitter herbs, but regulate your liver and sick headache by using those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

The ladies of North Glade M. E. church will hold a strawberry and ice cream festival at the church to-morrow evening, the proceeds for the benefit of the church.

Burning, itching skin diseases instantly relieved by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, unequalled for cuts, bruises, burns. It heals without leaving a scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

Major W. O Ison left Washington last night for San Francisco where he goes as a delegate to the Christian Endeavor convention, which meets in the above city on the 7th inst.

Dr. and Mrs. Ravenscraft drove over to Kingwood on Tuesday, where Mrs. Ravenscraft will visit relatives a week or two. The Doctor returned to Oakland yesterday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Crim, of Cincinnati, accompanied by their children, arrived here last Sunday night and will remain a few weeks visiting Mr. Crim's father and other relatives.

Go to Mrs. Gonder's, corner Alder and Third streets, for home made bread, pies, buns, rusks, fresh caramels, ice cream, etc. Lunches July 3. Orders taken at store and house.

Mr. Joseph Martin, jr., has rented the New Glade Hotel for a term of years and will open it for the reception of guests this morning. Joe will make a good hotel man and we wish him success.

Mrs. Wm. H. Hagans, who was taken up to near Corinth, West Va., one day last week in the hope that a change of scene would benefit her declining health, is slightly improved. She may be taken to a hospital for treatment the latter part of this week.

It heals everything except a broken heart, may be said of DeWitt Witch Hazel Salve. Piles and rectal diseases, cuts, burns, bruises, tetter, eczema and all skin troubles may be cured by it quickly and permanently. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mrs. Andrew B. Gonder has opened an ice cream parlor in the building recently vacated by Mr. M. Cohen, corner Alder and Third streets, and solicites a share of the patronage of the public.

Rev. George W. Kepler, of Williamstown, W. Va., spent yesterday in Oakland with friends. He went to Davis later in the day to remain a week with his daughter. After his visit at Davis he will return to Oakland and spend a week here.

"They don't make much fuss about it." We are speaking of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous Little pills for constipation, billiousness, and all stomach and liver troubles. They never gripe. Oakland Pharmacy.

Messrs. Thomas B. Wiley, county treasurer, and Jonas Bittinger, of District No. 12, were here last Wednesday and Thursday. Mr. Wiley's daughter accompanied him home, she having been here a few weeks assisting with the work in the county treasurer's office.

There is a time for everything; and the time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait until you have consumption but prevent it by using One Minute Cough Cure, the great remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

The funeral of the late Michael L. Scott occurred from his late residence on Second street last Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock, the interment being made in the Odd Fellow's cemetery. Quite a number of relatives of the deceased from distant points were present at the funeral.

Loar & Co.'s gallery will remain in Oakland but a short time longer and while here will make full length cabinet photographs at 25 cents per dozen guaranteed not to fade. This is positively our last offer and your last opportunity. 21.

Mr. Thomas Baroe has recently put in service for passenger trade between Oakland and Mountain Lake Park a transfer wagon which was built for him to order by a Cincinnati firm. The wagon is upholstered in leather and rides very easy. Hourly trips will be made between the two points.

The telephone line from Friendsville and Accident to Hoyes will be extended to Oakland in the next few months provided capital enough can be raised to meet the necessary expenses. A line from the above point to Oakland will be a great benefit to all having business either in Oakland or Hoyes.

The Board of Election Supervisors met in their office in Oakland on Tuesday of this week and appointed a large number of election officials. All who had been summoned to appear failed to come, and this will necessitate another session of the board being held. When the full number has been appointed their names will be published.

Rev. William Junkins, of Hartmansville, W. Va., and well known throughout this county, was an Oakland visitor last Saturday. While in town Mr. Junkins made this office a visit. He is past eighty-five years of age, but still remarkably well preserved. We wish for the gentleman many years yet of life.

Last Friday evening Mr. A. D. Naylor, accompanied by his son, were driving along Second street in a cart, to which was attached a colt. The animal became frightened at a bicycle and ran away, throwing Mr. Naylor out and bruising him considerably. The boy held on to the lines and the horse was stopped by Mr. Falkenstein in front of the Memorial church.

Sheriff Brown received a telegram from the sheriff at Tyrone, Pa., last night stating that Chas. Gunter, who was wanted in this county charged with robbing the residence of D. F. Mosser in District No. 8, had been arrested and would be held there. Requisition papers will at once be issued and Gunter brought to Oakland.

Mr. Chas. Hilleary, of near Gormania, accompanied by his father, Mr. W. A. Hilleary, of Cumberland, was in Oakland last Monday. The elder Hilleary has been an engineer on the B. & O. for thirty-eight years, passing through Oakland once and sometimes twice each day in that long stretch of time, but never before Monday had he walked through town. He is a hale fellow well met.

I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy during the past summer and I find it will do just what it is recommended to do. I cheerfully recommend it."—D. W. Buehner, Clarksburg, W. Va., September 30, 1896.

For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

A number of postal cards were received at this office last week requesting that we discontinue sending "a paper called the *Garrett Journal*" to the addresses of the writers. To all who are under the impression that we are in any way connected with that paper we desire to inform them otherwise, as we have no interest whatever in its publication, and are not responsible for anything that may appear in its columns.

This morning the time schedule of forwarding and receiving mail to and from Accident and other points on that route was change. The new schedule is as follows, and was changed by a petition forwarded by the citizens of Accident and Hoyes to the postoffice department: Leave Accident at 5.30 a.m., arriving at Oakland at 11.45 a. m.; returning leave Oakland at 12.15 p. m., arriving in Accident at 6.30 p. m. The change was made for the purpose of giving the patrons of the various offices in the county better mail facilities in the way of daily papers, etc., but since the time of the arrival of train No. 47 has been changed they will experience a display, floats, etc.; Bayard band; cowboys and Indians; farmers' floats; Weimer's orchestra; fantastics; bicyclers.

In His Holy Temple.

In St. Matthew's P. E. church on Sunday next services will be as follows, conducted by the rector, Rev. Wm. Brayshaw: Communion, 7.30 a.m.; full service and sermon, 11 a. m.; subject, "The Nation's Strength." Seats free. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

In St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church on Sunday next the services will be communion, 10.30 a. m. (Preparatory services on Saturday evening at 8 o'clock.) In the evening at 8 o'clock a memorial service will be held as a tribute of love and respect to the late William Hinebaugh. The other congregations of Oakland, with their pastors, will attend this service, and a number of the lay members will make remarks appropriate to the occasion. The choirs of the several churches are invited to assist in the music and to attend practice on Friday night at the church.

Bitten by a Rattlesnake.

W. E. Smith, residing near Hoye's Run, in District No. 6, was on Monday bitten in the index finger of his right hand by a rattlesnake. Smith worked on the extension of the Confluence and Oakland railroad as a laborer and during the time he was so engaged he caught twenty-six of these poisonous reptiles which he placed in a box. Monday he was engaged in transferring them from the box to a glass case for the purpose of bringing them to Oakland for exhibition. He had caught one by the back of the neck when another struck him in the finger as above stated. He applied local remedies that night and on Tuesday came to Oakland, bringing with him his box of snakes. He was treated for the bite by one of the physicians of town and no ill effects of his narrow escape from a horrible death seem to be experienced by him except that his hand and arm are very much swollen and at times painful.

In the collection of snakes brought to town by Smith are many over four feet long, the smallest being twenty inches. They all have rattles and when disturbed they set up a rattle that is at times almost deafening.

The July Term of Court.

Monday morning next the non-jury term of the Circuit Court will convene in the court house in Oakland. Judge Sloan will be on the bench. No business will be transacted on Monday except calling the docket and making the proper entries, after which the court will adjourn until Monday, July 12th.

Married Last Night.

Last evening at the home of the bride in Oakland was solemnized a very quiet but pretty wedding, the contracting parties being Miss Martha Hinebaugh and Dr. John G. Robinson. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. W. Butler, pastor of St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church, in the presence of none but immediate relatives of the bride and groom. Dr. Robinson has been a resident of Oakland but a few years and in that time he has made many warm friends, whilst the bride, a daughter of the late William Hinebaugh, has resided in Oakland ten years or more. She is well known and equally as well liked by her numerous friends who join in wishing them well throughout life's journey. Immediately after the ceremony the comple departed for the Deer Park hotel where they will spend their honeymoon.

The Celebration on Saturday.

The committee having in charge the celebration of our National independence to be held in Oakland on Saturday of this week, has about completed its labors. Every arrangement has been made and it only remains for the citizens to properly decorate their residences and places of business to make the coming celebration the greatest ever held in the town.

An immense amount of labor has been expended in getting the different attractions for the day, but all this has been accomplished. The aeronaut engaged to make the balloon ascension was killed one day this week and the committee was at its wits-end to secure another, but by the use of the telegraph one was at last secured in New York City, who will arrive here on the morning of the 3rd and make the ascension about 2 p. m.

The following is the route of parade and formation of the procession as mapped out by the committee, but this in a few instances may be changed to accommodate others who have as yet not agreed to take part:

Chief marshal and aides; ladies and gentlemen on horseback; Hon. Geo. L. Wellington and escorts; St. Peter's band; Goddess of Liberty and Columbia; Maryland girls in float; civic pro

ROUTE OF PARADE.

Form at head of Second street and move thence to Alder, to Third, to Oak, to Seventh, to Alder, to Fifth, to Green, to Sixth, thence to Highland Park. Immediately after reaching the Park the oration of the day will be delivered by Hon. George L. Wellington.

The parade will form promptly at 10.30.

German Baptist Sunday School.

The congregation of the German Baptists in and near Oakland has organized a Sabbath school and will hold the first session in Sturgiss' Hall on Sunday afternoon next at two o'clock. Immediately after the Sabbath school preaching services will be held.

For Sale.

The following implements are for sale: $20, 1 light reaper, almost new; $10, 1 light reaper fair order; $5, 1 light rake for one horse. Also a large quantity of clean oats straw, $5 a load at stack. All cheap for cash. Apply to John W. Williams, Deer Park. 2

Obituary of Michael L. Scott.

On Thursday morning about 12.30 the subject of this sketch, after a lingering illness, which was attended with much suffering, fell asleep to be forevermore freed from all sickness, pain and death. He closed his eyes and breathed his last, surrounded by his immediate friends and relatives.

Michael L. Scott was born near Kingwood, Preston county, W. Va., October 10, 1841. The period of life leading up to young manhood was passed in the ordinary, uneventful manner, and need not be detailed here. Early in his young manhood Mr. Scott engaged in the mercantile business at Palatine, W. Va. In 1867 he was united in marriage with Sarah J. Davis, daughter of the late Jos. B. Davis, and sister of Revs. J. M. Davis and S. W. Davis. Shortly after his marriage, feeling the restrictions of a small village, and desiring a wider field of labor, the deceased engaged as a salesman with the firm of John A. Horner & Co., Baltimore, Md. This move to Baltimore, as after events show, proved to be a most unfortunate one for Mr. Scott. In the summer of 1870, while pursuing his business he was overcome by the intense heat and suffered a sunstroke which for a time completely prostrated him and from the effects of which he never wholly recovered. Up to the time of this disaster Mr. Scott had developed the sterner qualities and talents necessary to a successful business career. He was an energetic, progressive business man, standing well with his employers, Messrs. Horner & Co., by whom he was regarded as one of their very best salesmen. With great reluctance on the part of employers and employe, Mr. Scott was compelled to give up his promising position and seek a home in a cooler climate than Baltimore. For from the time of his sunstroke until the day of his death, it can be said of M. L. Scott he was an almost continuous sufferer.

Despite his affliction Mr. Scott bravely struggled on. He removed with his wife to Oakland, Md., and for a quarter of a century conducted a successful business here, becoming one of the highly respected and esteemed citizens of the place. The deceased was a member of and insured for $2,000 in Alta Lodge, K. of H., Oakland, Md.

Religiously, Mr. Scott united with the church of his father and mother. He gave his heart to God and joined the Methodist Episcopal church, in which he continued a member until his death. He frequently expressed his faith in God and died, we believe, relying upon the precious promises of the Lord Jesus Christ—his savior. The little family circle who mourn his loss most is composed of his widow, Mrs. S. J. Scott, who throughout his long period of affliction was his most faithful, patient and devoted companion; Wm. H. Scott, the bright enterprising business manager of the Gibbie Publishing Co., located in Detroit, and Miss Laura Matthews, who for eight years past has been as one of the family and almost indispensable in conducting the business of the store.

Friday, June 25, 1897, at 2 p. m. the funeral services of M. L. Scott were conducted at his late residence on Main street, Oakland, Md. In compliance with a request made shortly prior to his death, these services were of a simple, unostentatious character. A hymn was sung, prayer offered by Rev. B. Ison, D. D., Rev. S. M. Engle and Rev. J. W. Butler each read selections from the scriptures. This was followed by another hymn and the pastor of St. Paul's M. E. church made a brief address, closing with prayer. This concluded the services at the house. The remains were borne to the beautiful Odd Fellows' cemetery, and after the simple and touching committal service of the M. E. church had been pronounced over them they were laid to rest awaiting the resurrection day

Epworth League Matters.

The regular monthly literary meeting of the Oakland Epworth League was held in St. Paul's M. E. church on Monday evening of this week. The program was in charge of Mr. E. L. Mitchell and consisted of singing by the congregation, prayer, solo by Mrs. C. F. Schroeder, reading by Miss Nannie Hamill, lecture by Rev. Arbuthnot and a selection by Oakland quartette. The excellent lecture was "The Poetry of the Bible," and the lecture brought out with striking interest the beautiful poems found in this book of books. By way of illustrating the peculiar language of the original Hebrew in which the bible was written, Mr. M. Cohen read the familiar 23d psalm in the Hebrew tongue.

At a called meeting of the League after the literary program was ended, the following business was disposed of: Messrs. D. G. Smith and C. S. Davis were elected to attend the Conference Epworth League which meets at Charleston, W. Va., on July 21st to 23d, with Misses Mollie Hamill and Mollie Peddicord alternates. Mr. J. S. Meyers was elected to represent this League at the meeting of the National League at Toronto, Canada.

By a ballot it was decided to take a recess during the summer months, therefore no more meetings of the League will be held until the first Monday in September.

A Wedding.

KING.—WILDERSON.—On last Thursday afternoon at the home of the bride in District No. 8, was solemnized a very pretty but quiet wedding, the parties being Mr. Joseph W. King and Miss Lottie Wilderson, daughter of Mr. Wm. C. Wilderson. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. C. Hopkins, pastor of the German Presbyterian church, in the presence of the family and closely connected relatives. Immediately after the wedding the guests were ushered into the dining room where an elaborate supper was served. Later in the evening the couple were driven to the handsome residence of the groom near Kearney, where they will reside.

Excursion to Atlantic City. Reduced Rates via B. & O.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad will inaugurate a series of popular excursions to Atlantic City, Cape May Sea Isle City and Ocean City, Md., during the summer season. The first of the series is announced for Thursday, July 8th. The tickets will be good for twelve days, and allow stop off at Washington on the return trip.

We show below the train schedule and rates from points in this vicinity:

	AM	AM	AM	PM	PM	RATE
Tunnelton	.....	8.50	.....	11.14	2.53	$9.00
Terra Alta	.....	9.18	5.51	12.01	1.25	9.00
Oakland	6.01	10.12	5.50	12.20	1.13	8.50
Mt. Lake Park	6.17	10.19	6.05	12.30	1.08	8.50
Deer Park	6.51	10.28	6.12	12.45	1.51	8.50
Piedmont	7.33	11.18	6.50	1.28	5.33	9.00

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

For particulars, call on or address nearest B. & O. agent. 16-3

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

No. 11.—Polished Solid Oak 5-Drawer Chiffonier, 53 inches high, 30½ inches long, 18 inches deep. It is well constructed and has good locks on each drawer. Special price, (Orders promptly filled).

$3.39

Our success is not accidental. It is the reward of 48 years of honorable business. Our experience in the Furniture and Carpet business is yours for the asking. Our immense illustrated catalogue of Furniture, Oil Cloths, Baby Carriages, Refrigerators, Bedding, Springs, Stove Boots, etc., is free to all who write for it, and we pay all postage. If you ask your local dealers' advice you will not send for our catalogue, as he will lose a customer. If you consult your pocket-book and want double value for your dollars, you will deal with the manufacturers. Send your name on a postal now.

Julius Hines & Son
BALTIMORE, MD.

Summer Chautauquas.

Now that the regular schools and colleges are closing a year's labor to give an opportunity for the overworked students and teachers to recuperate, the Chautauquas are working up for the summer. The idea of these summer schools is an admirable one and has rapidly grown into popularity. Many persons who have no opportunity for learning during the winter and spring and fall gladly utilize the summer vacation to strengthen the mind and body at the same time. And this can be done without any danger of too much mental exertion, for the teachers have learned from the physicians how to hide what is not palatable in an attractive coat of sugar, and the patient in one case and the student in the other gets the benefit of the medicine for mind or body almost without knowing it. The accomplished lecturer at the Chautauquas have the knack of making their instructions most delightful.

Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do and all summer resorts are made frequented by Satan and it is not surprising, therefore, that the churches have also gone to work in the mountains and on the seashore to counteract this mischief by giving occupation for idle minds. The Catholics have established a great summer school on the shores of Lake Champlain. The Methodists have a series of lectures—a Chautauqua, in short—at their great summer resort in the glades at Mountain Lake Park, in Garrett county, Md. At Mount Gretna near Harrisburg, is the Pennsylvania Chautauqua, and throughout the country there are nearly a hundred other such summer schools.

In these sylvan lectures, as in so many other things, we are looking backward and learning from people who lived more two milleniums ago. The same people to whom we have always looked for our best models in architecture, sculpture and many other things—namely, the ancient Greeks—taught the students under trees and by lecturers. Sir Walter Scott tells us that a tired man can rest by using another set of muscles. The man who is wearied by riding on horseback, he said, finds rest more speedily in walking than in a bed of down. And so it is when we take to the woods for rest in summer from the regular round of occupation. Absolute idleness is not essential to that rest. A change of occupation for the mind is very good.

Marriage Licenses.

During the month of June Clerk E. Z. Tower issued marriage licenses to the following persons:

George L. Broadwater and Sallie Warnick, both of this county.

Ernest Siers and Sadie Love, both of Taylor county, West Va.

Edgar Overton Barrett and Luxanna Hamilton, both of Fairmont, W. Va.

Joseph Thomas Corder, of Davis, W. Va., and Alice Doubles, of Rowlesburg, W. Va.

Joseph Walter King and Lottie E. Wilderson, both of Garrett county.

Permetus David Yost and Elizabeth H. Hess, both of Mannington, W. Va.

Christian Durst and Ella Bancord, both of Garrett county.

Patrick Knox, of Deer Park, and Mary Butler, of New York.

James Smith Wilds and Lucy Maria Murray, both of Bloomington, this county.

Thomas Allen Michael and Rachael Gregg, both of Garrett county.

Turner Ashby Miller and Rosa Jane Shank, both of Garrett county.

Four were marked "don't publish."

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD

THE TYRANT OF THE HOUSE.

While baby sleeps—
We cannot jump, or dance, or sing,
Play jolly games, or do a thing
To make a noise. The floor might creak,
If we should walk! We scarcely speak,
Or breathe, while baby takes a nap,
Lest we should wake the little chap!
A strict watch nursie always keeps
While baby sleeps!

When baby wakes
But little gratitude he shows,
When the other people want to doze!
At night, when folks have gone to bed,
He rouses them all up instead,
To wait on him. Ma lights the lamp,
And warms milk for the little scamp!
Pa walks him up and down the floor,
Sometimes two hours and sometimes more!
And nurse comes running in a stew,
To see what she for him can do!
And Will and Harry at the row,
Call: "What's the matter with him now?"
And I'm waked up at all the clatter
To wonder what on earth's the matter!
Such uproar in the house he makes,
When baby wakes!

So if asleep, or if awake,
The house exists but for his sake,
And such a tiny fellow—he,
To be boss of this family!
—Eva Lovett, in N. Y. Independent.

PREDICAMENT.

A long time ago, when I was a little girl, I had a funny adventure. I have often smiled since to think how dreadfully mortified and distressed I felt about it at the time, and how indignant that everybody should laugh at me.

And this is how it happened:

We all had the measles that spring. There were four of us in the nursery then, and I was the oldest of the four. Then came Willie, who was eight; Minnie was six and Freddie was only four.

We did not all have the measles very badly, but we did not seem to get well very fast, and when warm weather came we were taken into the country to play out of doors all day, if we liked, and to get strong and fat and rosy again.

We did have a pretty good time, I think. There were two children in the house where we were staying—one of them a year older than I—and Laura Lee and I got to be very great friends. Her sister, Kitty, was about Minnie's age.

I was 12 years old then, and I think I felt at least 40.

I always spoke of the others patronizingly as "the children," and got very red and uncomfortable if anyone smiled.

We had plenty of nice parties and [illegible] to play. We had a swing under the big apple tree, romps in the barn and a lovely house, made of some boards, in the corner of the orchard. But the most charming spot of all was the bridge over the stream that ran not far from the house.

A hundred feet or so above the bridge there was a dam, and an old mill stood on the borders of the stream. Above the dam the water was very deep, but below it formed only a broad, shallow brook, that we could easily cross on the stones.

Then there were two little islands lying in the stream. The largest was long and narrow, and the bridge crossed it about the middle. The space underneath was built up with stones, and we could descend to the island from the bridge on either side. The other island was much smaller. It lay in the space between the bridge and the dam, and it was generally not much more than a jump across to reach it.

These little islands were covered with grass and bushes, and what lovely times we had there!—clambering over the rocks, climbing up and down the sides of the bridge, and jumping back and forth over our islands.

But sometimes the mill was in motion, and when the water poured over the great wheel the shallow brook below was swollen to a rushing stream, at least one-third of our islands would disappear, and then we had to make bridges to cross from one to the other, and we had all the delightful chances of tumbling in and getting drowned, to increase our pleasure.

One day we all went wading in the mill stream. We older ones generally thought ourselves too big for that sort of thing; but no one ever crossed this out-of-the-way bridge except the farmers who brought their corn to be ground, for the road stopped just as it crossed the stream to the old mill. So we were pretty certain not to be seen, and for once we condescended to be children.

And we thought it great fun to walk about in the cool water, backward and forward, under the bridge, and round our islands, on one of which we had left our shoes and stockings safely deposited beneath a bush.

Laura and I kept Freddie with us, for he was so little that he had to be helped a good deal; and we were walking leisurely quite a distance down the stream, watching the water flow over our feet, and the tiny fishes that darted away, as if frightened at these strange giants that were invading their premises, when Kitty suddenly called out:

"Here's a lady and gentleman coming down the road!"

Goodness gracious! What should we do? They were very near; the bushes along the road had prevented our seeing them.

"Hurry! Perhaps we can catch our shoes and run before they get down," cried Laura.

We started back as quickly as we could, but it was slow work pulling Freddie along.

He could not walk very fast. The stones hurt his feet, and he began to whimper at what he considered the unnecessary haste.

Willie, who happened to be the nearest to the island, ungallantly deserted the party and, shoes in hand, started over the fields toward home.

And the lady and gentleman were coming nearer. We could hear their voices now; and there was a little girl, too. What a dreadful thing for great girls like us to be caught with bare feet and skirts tucked up.

"Do hurry up, Freddie!" said I, giving him a jerk.

Thereupon Freddie tumbled over a stone and was just caught in time to prevent a duckiug.

And those people were almost down to the bridge now! The turn of the road and the bushes between still prevented our being seen as we crawled along under the bank. And our shoes and stockings were away up at the other end of the island beyond the bridge.

"Quick!" whispered Laura. "Let's get in under the bridge and stand there till they pass over. They can't see us at all that way."

What a happy thought!

We only just gained the shelter of the bridge as the party came out from the trees. Kitty and Minnie, innocent of being grown up, and regarding bare feet solely as a delightful privilege, were still trying to catch fish with willow switches and did not notice where they went. It was hard work to make Freddie understand that he must be quiet.

"Just one minute, Freddie; then we'll go."

But the party on the bridge had stopped to look at the trees that drooped over the water.

"What a lovely, quiet place!" said the old lady. "Nobody in sight but those two dear little children playing in the water."

Then the gentleman commenced explaining to her all about that wretched old mill, and he pointed out the big wheel to the little girl, and told her how the water poured over it, and how it worked the machinery inside.

"It's so pretty here; let us sit down and rest awhile," said the lady.

Then our hearts went down—I might say into our boots, only that we didn't have on any. Were we to stay there for the rest of the morning?

We could not make up our minds to disgrace ourselves by coming out before those strangers with our feet bare, so there we stood under the bridge, while the party still sat and rested and talked over our heads, until we got chilled through and through, and our hearts filled with despair as we

"DO HURRY UP, FREDDIE."

wondered how much longer we could stand it.

But relief was at hand. Willie, on going home, had told something of the situation, and mamma came herself to the rescue.

She made a laughing explanation to the lady, and fished us promptly out, and, crestfallen and deeply mortified, we were compelled to come from our hiding-place and put on our shoes and stockings under the very eyes of the lady and gentleman and the little girl.

How the lady laughed when she found that she had been keeping us prisoners all that time! How the gentleman laughed! How the little girl laughed!

We indignantly wondered if they were never going to stop laughing. For our part, we could not see anything to laugh at.

It was a long time before we heard the end of our adventure under the bridge, and I have laughed myself since to think what silly girls we were; but then we did not appreciate the joke so well. It is distance that lends enchantment, you know.

We spent many a day there during that summer, and after that we always called the place "Predicament."—Golden Days.

He Got the Gold.

Banks are so well able to protect themselves that most readers will enjoy the following account of how an unsophisticated customer secured a slight advantage over one of them. We borrow the story from an English paper: A poor Irishman went to the office of an Irish bank and asked for change in gold for 14 one-pound Bank of Ireland notes. The cashier at once replied that the Cavan bank only cashed its own notes. "Then would ye gie me Cavan notes for these?" asked the countryman in his simple way. "Certainly," said the cashier, handing out the 14 notes as desired. The Irishman took the Cavan notes, but immediately returned them to the official, saying: "Would gie me gold for these, sir?" And the cashier, caught in his own trap, was obliged to do it.—Youth's Companion.

And There They Stick.

"They always talk about the seven ages of man," said the Curious One. "Why not the seven ages of woman?"

"Because, my boy," replied the Knowing One, "one is enough for them."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

NO MORE SALES OF PAUPERS.

An Old and Much-Practiced Maine Custom Falling Into Disuse.

This is the first year since Maine was set off from Massachusetts that the support of from 100 to 500 town paupers has not been put up at auction and sold off to the lowest bidder. Careful inquiry among the selectmen and other town officers has failed to find a single case of this kind in 1897, though in former years the practice was common in all the 16 counties of the state. In all the cities and in most of the larger towns of Maine are almshouses with farms attached, where the poor of the municipalities are housed, clothed and fed at the public expense, the paupers doing what work they can in order to lessen the cost. The smaller towns, having but few paupers, cannot afford to support an almshouse, so they let out their poor at so much a week, and allow everybody of good repute to make bids, the lowest bidder getting the paupers for the next municipal year.

Until long after the war there were dozens of towns in Maine that sold their paupers at auction, and nobody saw any harm in the practice. The auction was usually held on the day of the annual spring election, as soon as the officers were chosen and the money needed to run the town was raised. The moderator, or first selectman, was the auctioneer. Standing on the platform of the town hall he would give an account of the pauper he was about to sell, telling his age and general habits, and dwelling upon the work he was able to perform. When he had made a catalogue of the pauper's virtues he would ask for bids, and the man who felt the need of pauper work, or who wanted the money which the town would pay for the pauper's support, would make offers, splitting dimes and five-cent pieces until they came to cents, when the lowest bidder would get the pauper, and another unfortunate would be put up for sale.

In the days when every Maine grocer kept a barrel of New England rum housed up alongside of the molasses hogshead the annual auction sale of paupers was looked upon as a general holiday for the men, who came from all parts of the town and never went home until the last pauper was sold off. Jordan Batchelder, a pauper who died in the town of Prospect about 20 years ago, was sold at auction 31 years in succession, and was always present to speak for himself and show his strength when anybody doubted his ability to labor. Bill Greene, a pauper of the same town, who was also a shoemaker, used to take his bench and cobbling tools to town meeting and sit on the platform mending shoes while the citizens made bids for his keep. As this was before the day of shoe factories, men who had large families to keep in footwear were always impressed with Greene's talents, so the old man was frequently sold as low as 50 cents a week, or $25 a year. Clarke [illegible], state senator, says he has seen 14 paupers ranged in line on the town hall platform and sold off, one by one, like so many slaves. Daniel Harriman, a reputable citizen of Searsport, remembers seeing paupers sold at auction in Frankport, Stockton, Orland and other towns.

For a few years after the war business was so good that everybody prospered, and most of the paupers either died or were able to earn their own living. When the panic of 1873 struck the country many persons became paupers, but the habit of selling at auction had fallen into disrepute, and pauper market day, as it was called, no longer drew big crowds of speculators. In spite of the strong sentiment against the practice, auction sales of paupers were held in several towns until the middle of the present decade, and two cases of this kind were reported in 1896. This year not a town official will confess to having followed the old way.

The new way is kinder, perhaps, but the result is the same. Soon after they are elected the selectmen put up notices in different parts of the town saying they will receive sealed proposals for the support of the town's poor until a fixed date, after which the letters will be opened in public and the contracts awarded to the lowest responsible bidders. Appended to this notice is a list of the paupers, giving their names, ages and an outline of their ability to work. If any of the paupers has a trade or other accomplishment which will enhance his value, the fact is mentioned in the notice. At the expiration of the specified time, which is always long enough to allow prospective bidders to make a careful examination, the bids are unsealed and the paupers are redistributed for another year.

From a purely humanitarian point of view, no doubt, the new way is better than the old; but auction sales used to make keener competition than sealed proposals can ever bring about, and in consequence of this the cost of supporting a pauper grows greater every year. —N. Y. Sun.

Electricity from the Nile.

The Egyptian government recently employed Prof. George Forbes to examine the celebrated cataracts of the Nile during the period of high water, with a view to the establishment of electric power plants like that at Niagara Falls. Prof. Forbes reports that during high water the available horse-power at the First Cataract is no less than 500,000, while it is only 35,000 when the river is low. He thinks the cost of utilizing this power to generate electricity for transmission to a distance would not be so great as to make the enterprise unprofitable. Perhaps within a few years the Nile will bestow new benefits upon Egypt by furnishing the energy to drive irrigation pumps, as well as machines of various kinds.—Youth's Companion.

Cattle in Newfoundland.

The Portuguese attempted to establish herds of cattle in Newfoundland in 1553, but all traces of these animals have vanished.—Philadelphia Press.

WOMAN AND HER TALK.

Lingual Ability of the Fair Sex Philosophically Discussed.

Conversation is one thing; talk is another. Cultivated women in general converse better than cultivated men. Women as a sex talk vastly more than any kind of men do or possibly can. There is no question about that. Their organization, their gregariousness, their disposition to be always doing something, inspires their garrulity. A man often finds it hard to express himself; has really nothing to say; prefers silence, as a rule. Not so the ordinary woman. Whether she has anything to say or not makes no difference. Having nothing in her mind, she has abundance on her tongue, and the abundance will never run off. The possession of ideas not infrequently interferes with his speech, never with hers. The fewer she has the more voluble she is. Unburdened with a single idea, loquacity never tires her, be its effect what it may on others.

Many of the emptiest women are the noisiest. Indeed, their noise is commonly proportioned to their emptiness. Every man has observed this so many times that it has ceased to impress him. A woman is seldom struck by a woman's chatter unless it curtails her own. Then it becomes a strife of tongues, the victory being to the nimblest, the least capable of fatigue. Has anyone ever heard of a tongue-tired woman? She is apt to work very hard, often harder than man, but limitless exercise of tongue must give her rest. If so, who would wish to restrain her interminable utterance?

The average woman's excessive oral fluency is something that must be accepted. It is a phenomenon of her sex; her inheritance and her privilege. To reduce it to the normal requires training—much self-discipline. She talks, talks, talks. Having nothing to say in the beginning, she ends with saying nothing. Strictly speaking, she does not end—she is never ending. She is interrupted merely by circumstances—she is forced to stop. When one of her own sex and kind or of the other sex visits her she dilates on vacuity for half an hour, for an hour, for two hours. Her speech is but words, words, words. The richness, the verbal superfluity of the English language contributes to her weakness. Not a few of our so-called orators have taught us that a man may make a long speech without conveying any definite meaning. The average woman is, in her talk, still more efficient in her inefficiency. But she seems to be satisfactory to the mass of her auditors. She may adapt herself to them, may gauge their understanding, anticipate their taste. Woman's intuition, whatever her grade, ranks high.

Hardly any woman will deny that she talks a great deal, and that she is very fond of talking. As to talking well or ill, she will say that this is a matter of opinion, and that she is, of course, on her own side, maybe, etc. She will probably maintain, if she be nettled by criticism, that many men are stupid, very stupid; that they cannot talk; that she has therefore to talk for them; that they must be helped out in some way, and that it is base ingratitude for them to make comments on her generous efforts to assist them. There may be more than a spice of truth in this.

Most men, she will contend, furnish only a crude outline of anything, whether important or unimportant. Their statements and stories lack color, interest, dramatic point. Above all, they are defective in details. She dotes, she declares on details, and her doting is evident, no less than her repetitions. Her power of expansion of the smallest circumstance is extraordinary. What might be said in ten or fifteen words she will distend into 200 or 300 and reiterate her dilutions again and again. What she has uttered with infinitesimal particularization in her drawing-room she rehearses in the hallway, in the vestibule, at the front door, always following her caller or callers, under the impression that it is impolite to let them go after they have formally bidden her good-afternoon or good-evening.—Philadelphia North American.

Indian Agriculturists.

The Indians of the Shoshone reservation have to the present time this season sown 125,000 pounds of grain, and it is expected they will sow as much more before the close of the planting season. The department is not giving the seed to the Indians this year as heretofore, but is loaning it, and expects the Indians to repay it when they harvest their crops. The pupils of the Indian school are farming extensively under the direction of the Indian agent, Capt. Wilson, and the teachers of the school. They have put out 12,000 cabbage plants and have a model garden. A test will be made on the farm with sugar beet seed, the department having furnished a large quantity for experiment. Under the present management of Indian affairs the Indians of the Shoshone reservation are improving rapidly in condition, and the majority of the tribe will soon become self-supporting. Great interest is being taken by the Indians in school work, and the agency school is having a very successful term.—Omaha Bee.

The Weight of the Earth.

According to the most accurate calculations the earth weighs 6,069,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons, or 12,138,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 pounds. The weight of the earth is equal to 78 moons. The weight of the earth is equal to 1,625 times the weight of Great Britain and Ireland, counting that they extend down to the center of the earth; 52½ times Europe; 11½ Asia, 13½ times North and South America, and 17½ times Africa. If the earth should fall into the sun, the sun would hardly feel the impact, but it would take the earth 65 days to get there after it started.—Strand Magazine.

The River Nile.

The Nile has a fall of only six inches in 1,000 miles.

A LEAF FROM TURK HISTORY.

The Heroic Struggle Against the Turks in 1821.

Seventy years ago Greece had a far more terrible baptism of fire than she is experiencing now, and her independence was plucked from a most desperate situation. It was, in fact, the result of the arrogance of the Turks after they had overrun all Greece and captured Athens. The Greek war for freedom broke out in 1821, and in the Peloponnesus the insurgents were so successful that independence was declared in the following year. In strong contrast with the strategy of the present struggle, the Greek fleets of that day, commanded by Canaris and Miaulis, destroyed many Turkish ships. In vengeance for disasters sustained at sea the Turks massacred the inhabitants of the islands of Chios, Kasos and Psara. A fear that the Turks would destroy the towns captured during the last month, and bombard their inhabitants, has doubtless restrained the Greek fleet during this war. In 1824 the sultan called the Egyptians to his aid, and the Greeks were soon reduced to extremities.

Far more thrilling and terrible were the events of that period, when Georgakas, penned in a monastery, blew up the building, killing himself and followers, and a thousand Turks as well. There was no pretense then of Turkish forbearance. The Greek patriarch at Constantinople was hanged at the gate of his palace, with an Easter lily in his hand, and Christian families were slaughtered in every quarter of the city. On the island of Psara occurred the blowing up of the monastery of St. Nikolaos. The gates were opened by the thousand starving men and women, and when 4,000 Moslems had swarmed in besiegers and besieged alike were killed by the explosion of the mine that had been laid. At Missolonghi women dressed as men, with children strapped to their backs, joined a band of 1,800 and cut their way through the Turkish army investing the place, leaving 5,000 dead behind. But the most devoted heroism failed to turn the tide of defeat, and Athens, with the Acropolis, which was last to fall, passed into the possession of the Turkish army.

It was at this point that the sultan's haughty pride in his complete conquest yielded to Greece indirectly what she had failed to secure by every conceivable self-sacrifice. The powers of Europe had not been entirely indifferent to the sufferings of Greece, and the English people especially were stirred by indignation. In July, 1827, a protocol was signed at London by Russia and France, in which it was agreed that if the Turkish government, within a month, did not consent to a truce, the three powers would recognize the independence of Greece. Turkey was in no humor to concede that it was not invincible, and the Turkish fleet ventured to [illegible] on the ships of the powers. In the ensuing general battle in the bay of Navarino the allied fleets completely wiped out the Turks, who lost in that memorable sea fight not less than 6,000 men. Modern Greece dates from that October day in 1827. Perhaps the present sultan will avoid the mistake of his predecessor, but his armies have suddenly acquired a tremendous idea of their superiority. — St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Pitiful of Electric Light.

To light a six-room house for one dollar a month by means of an electric mixture, which can be sold around the streets in rubber pails as a milkman delivers milk, is what John F. Magner, a deputy sheriff of Mill Valley, Cal., says he can do. Magner is an electrician, and two years ago, while trying to find a method of running an electric elevator by a battery instead of a motor, the idea came to him to get an arc light out of a battery. He experimented, and, two months ago, produced the light. Then, trying to increase the light by increasing the solution, he lost it, only to find it later. He uses four cells, producing about five volts each. In each cell are two poles of carbon and zinc. Other batteries differ in this respect by having but one pole to each cell. The results, however, are produced by the solution, which, of course, is secret.—San Francisco Call.

Qualities of a Bank President.

There is no single sympathy, no accomplishment, no physical advantage, which may not contribute to the success of the head of a bank. The friends he made at college a generation back, his associations at the club, on his vacation, even in his church, are factors used with consummate skill and the native courtesy which characterizes the higher types of successful business men. There is no quality of alertness or adaptability which does not aid in the work of making friends for the bank, i. e., depositors. A perfect bank president should be one who can hold his own with zest and yet with dignity among the roistering class of Wall street men in their late suppers at the club, who can shoot with them, fish with them, drive with them, and who can also impress the staid and strait-laced citizens who are his fellow vestrymen as a pillar of respectability.—Scribner's.

Duels at German Universities.

The universities of Goettingen and Jena are in close competition for the doubtful honor of being the center of German student dueling. In Goettingen not a day passes that a duel is not fought. Not long since 12 duels with more or less serious results were fought there within 24 hours; the record of Jena is 21 within the same length of time.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

An Arabian Giant.

Gulbara, an Arabian giant, who was brought to Rome by Emperor Claudius to serve in the imperial body guard, was nine feet nine inches high. Pliny says that he was the tallest man ever seen in Rome.—Philadelphia Press.

Consult Thy Purse

And buy your tickets from Chicago via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway to the following named points on June 29 and 30, and July 1, 2 and 3. Look at the figures.

San Francisco	$25.00
Salt Lake City	20.00
Denver and Pueblo	12.50
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and other points in proportion.

These are very cheap rates made for these special dates. Return tickets at approximately the same rates will be sold on various dates in July and August.

For further information apply to the nearest coupon ticket agent or call on or address Geo. H. Heafford, G. P. A., C., M. & St. P. Ry., Chicago, Ill.

His Banker.—"That boy of mine has an inordinate craving for money." "Takes after his father?" "Yes, he always does when the craving comes on."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE. Write to Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

He Wondered.

Little Clarence (after three minutes of silence)—Pa!

Mr. Callipers (wearily)—Uh?

"Pa, when you eat a doughnut do you eat the hole, too, or do you eat all around it and leave the hole?"—N. Y. Journal.

Only $25.00 to San Francisco,

From Chicago via the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Railway), the famous "California in 3 Days" Route, June 29 to July 3, inclusive, on account of the C. E. Convention. Similar rates will be made eastbound. For full information apply to ticket agents C. & N.-W. Ry.

Some people laugh like amateur singers trying to run the scales.—Atchison Globe.

We have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—Lizzie Ferrel, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, '94.

Untold wealth is a thing well known to the tax assessor.

Pure Blood Is the basis of good health, steady nerves, mental, physical and digestive strength. If you are nervous, enrich and purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you are weak, have an appetite and desire to be strong, healthy and vigorous, take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will tone your stomach, create an appetite and build you up.

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Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills easy to take, easy to buy, easy to operate. 25c.

There is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee.

The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee.

It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Try Grain-O!

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and health making are included in the making of HIRES Rootbeer. The preparation of this great temperance drink is an event of importance in a million well regulated homes.

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25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

A Midnight Encounter.

VERNAL CHOICE was a pretty and commodious villa, and Dovecottam a select and salubrious suburb. To the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Green—lately made almost complete by the arrival of the veriest cherub that ever came down from Heaven—there were but two drawbacks. The first was of Maurice's making. He had a ridiculous fad about gas fittings. He believed them to be in a chronic state of leakiness. He told his long-suffering wife almost daily that more gas escaped through unsuspected cracks and defective joints than served to illuminate the cozy rooms of Vernal Choice.

Mrs. Maurice Green's bugbear was burglars. Nothing could shake her conviction that when a burglar took his "dark suburban way" his objective would be by decree of fate, Vernal Choice. Thus it came to pass, that, nightly, while Maurice was turning off the gas at the meter—he would on no account allow anyone else to do it, as "gas is such a fickle thing"—his little wife was on her knees in the bedroom, not, as might be supposed, saying her prayers—though she made the same kneeling serve both purposes—but timidly peering under the flowered terra cotta valances for the burglar that never came.

Sometimes it would happen that the gas popped out just as she was in the act of raising the curtain that might reveal the tragedy of her life, and then, with a little scream, she would seek the matches—she never could put her hand readily on the matches—and light the delicately shaded candle on the dressing table, ere proceeding with her search and her devotions. At such times, when Maurice ascended from the underground regions, where the gas meter meted out its dole, to the company of his wife above stairs, she would rate him, right soundly for so gentle a little body, for what she styled his "absurd fad" about turning the gas off.

"What do a few extra feet of gas signify, when three precious lives might some night be sacrificed for lack of a light?" she would exclaim, with as much dramatic fervor as if she had been before a row of footlights and a crowded pit, instead of a blue-tinted corrugated candle and a mildly scornful husband.

When Maurice wished to be withering, he was always studiously alliterative in his choice of words. He never failed to pooh pooh the burglar notion. He said it was "the merest moonshine," and that there were "crowds of costlier cribs to crack than Vernal Choice, you bet!"

Mrs. Green, as a rule, deigned no answer. She hated slang, and wondered how a man of Maurice's sense—except upon the meter question—could stoop to its use. She generally refrained from saying so, however, like the sensible little woman she was, and, resignedly filling the baby's feeding bottle, and tucking the little cherub with sundry crooonings in its bedside cot retired for the night, leaving Maurice to blow out the corrugated candle.

It was winter, and it was midnight. Maurice had a cold, and so had the baby. The "little cherub," in fact, had a "touch of bronchitis," and his hard breathing as he slumbered restlessly in his little cot, plainly testified the fact through the darkness.

"I wonder," murmured Mrs. Green as she lay listening to the troubled breathing of the child on the one hand, and the influenza snore of her husband on the other—"I wonder if the little pet is warm enough. I'm anxious about his little chest, bless him! I'd take him into my bed, only Maurice doesn't like it. The little fellow kicks the clothes off so! What could I do to prevent him from taking cold afresh? Happy thought!—there's that little woolen wrap in the spare bedroom. It's either in the middle drawer of the dressing-table or in the wardrobe, I know.

"Poor Maurice! he would willingly go and find it for me, but I wouldn't disturb him to-night for the world. I'm glad I succeeded in persuading him to sleep in his dressing jacket. Those nasty influenza colds need care, and I'm so apt to uncover him in reaching over to baby. I'll slip into the next room myself."

Thus soliloquizing she quietly got out of bed—for where baby came in fear flew out—pushed the turned back bedclothes gently against her husband's back so that he would not miss her, and proceeded to feel for the matches. The little receptacle at the bed head was empty. Not a match! "Oh, dear, dear, why will Maurice insist upon turning the gas off at the meter, especially when the baby is unwell?" she sighed, as she slipped into her dressing gown, which fortunately was hanging on the brass knob at the foot of the bed.

Slippers she could not find. Nil desperandum! She knew to a foot where the wrap was, or at least she thought she did, and she would know it the moment she laid a finger on it. The little cherub in the cot coughed in a choking manner. Light or no light the wrap must be found, and, without further delay, the little mother walked gingerly into the next room.

No one could fail to find the wardrobe, as it was the first article of furniture encountered on entering the room. When its door opened it was possible to view one's self from the bedroom door, for it consisted of a three-quarter length mirror in which Mrs. Green was wont to inspect the "hang" of her latest costume.

"I'm almost sure it's in the dressing table drawer," mused Mrs. Green, growing accustomed to the darkness, and assisted by a suspicion of moonlight that shed a pale, uncertain light both through the skylight on the landing and the window opposite the wardrobe. Acting upon this, though she ignored the wardrobe for the present, she crossed the room to the dressing table, and, after sundry clickings of little brass handles, and tentative pulls at wrong drawers, at last opened the right one, but failed to feel the wrap.

"It must be in the wardrobe after all," she thought, and, accordingly, closed the drawer with some noise, tripped across the dark room, opened the wardrobe door with some difficulty, and buried herself in its spacious recesses.

Maurice was a heavy sleeper, and, consequently, apt to be a bit bemuddled on first awakening—more especially in the dark. On this particular night, after apparently dreaming for a full fortnight of "excursions and alarums," he awoke with a violent start. The room, to him, was pitch dark. There was not even the suspicion of moonlight on this side of the house. Besides, the blinds were down. He sat up, every nerve and sinew taut now. He was fully awake.

"By jingo," he breathed, and he felt the cold sweat start to his brow, "she was right. They've come!" He put out his hand to wake his wife. He felt her form under the bulging bed clothes at his side. He could hear the baby breathing huskily. There was only one other person in that house unaccounted for. That was the little servant maid. But why should she be trying drawers in the spare bedroom? No, they had come after all. Mrs. Green was right. It was burglars.

Maurice withdrew his hand, which rested on the hillock by his side, with the thought: "I'll not waken her, poor soul. She'd be scared to death. I'll know the worst first." So thinking, and with a sort of infatuation—which was perhaps bravery—to get a glimpse of the marauder, he stole out of bed, buttoned up his dressing-jacket, took the little bedside chair by the back, and thus armed, his heart beating like a muffled drum, stealthily turned the corner between the two rooms.

A faint light came through the landing skylight. Heavens! the villain was at the other end of the room, right opposite the door. What he was doing he could not make out, for he looked like a man seen through a mist. The wretch! Just then the draught along the landing took Maurice shrewdly on the bare legs. The influenza asserted itself. He fought against it desperately for a moment. It but augmented the force of the explosion. Like a thunderclap he sneezed.

There was a muffled exclamation in the room. Maurice rushed forward with uplifted chair. The burglar, too, had a chair, and was making at him with equal fury. Crash! The house seemed to have fallen. There was a fearful clatter of falling glass, a piercing shriek, the sound of a body falling on the floor, and all was still, but for the wail of the frightened babe in the room he had left.

What had he done? He kneeled down, careless of the broken glass, and his hand rested on a bare foot. Sick with apprehension, he groped elsewhere, and encountered a plaited head and a few curling pins. "A match! a match! My kingdom for a match!" he would doubtless have said, had he not been so terribly upset.

Just then a rectangle of light appeared and increased until, pale and trembling, stood the little maid in the doorway, a farthing dip in her hand, amazed to see the following tableau vivant: A wardrobe door, swinging upon its hinges, with its long mirror smashed to fragments; a chair, with a broken leg, lying close by; a horrid man in a night shirt and dressing jacket, kneeling at the feet of a prostrate woman in a dead faint, a dressing gown and plaits, who was none other than the horrified man's wife.

Maurice Green never turns the gas off at the meter now, except when he takes his wife and family away for the summer holiday. Mrs. Green still looks under the bed for possible burglars before retiring for the night, but Maurice has never dared to chaff her since he mistook his own faint reflection in the wardrobe mirror for a desperate burglar.—Tit-Bits.

He Was Alive.

The grenadiers of the famous "Old Guard" will never be forgotten in France as long as the memory of brave men shall live in the national heart. But some of them, at least, were as bright as they were brave, as the following trustworthy anecdote bears witness:

One fine morning, after peace had been concluded between France and Russia, the two emperors, Napoleon and Alexander, were taking a short walk, arm in arm, around the palace park at Erfurt. As they approached the sentinel, who stood at the foot of the grand staircase, the man, who was a grenadier of the guard, presented arms. The emperor of France turned, and pointing with pride to a great scar that divided the grenadier's face, said:

"What do you think, my brother, of soldiers who can survive such wounds as that?"

"And you," answered Alexander, "what do you think of soldiers who can inflict them?"

Without stirring an inch from his position, or changing the expression of his face in the least, the stern old grenadier himself replied, gravely:

"The man who did it is dead."—Youth's Companion.

A Spar.

"Bailiff," said a western judge one day to an officer in charge of the jury, "will you please inform the jury there will be a horse race in Merrick's field at three o'clock?"

The jury had been out for 48 hours, but in less than 30 minutes they came into court with a verdict.—Tit-Bits.

Delicate Proposal.

She—Perfectly lovely club; isn't it?

He—Are you a member?

"No; only married women are eligible."

"Ah! Would you allow me to—make you eligible to membership?"—Pearson's Weekly

TEMPERANCE.

THE SCOTCH ELDER.

How He Took the Pledge to Save a Lost Man.

An honest shopkeeper in the north of Scotland, a worthy man and an elder of the church, was deeply imbued with all the peculiar prejudices against teetotalism, which we find even in America beset some men of highly respectable character. He looked upon it as a thing unreasonable and unscriptural. "God, who gave us our reason," he argued, "desires that we should make use of it in restraining and governing our appetites, not in starving and denying them. He who created the good things of this life intended us to enjoy them in moderation when placed within our power. In Scripture," he said, "the moderate use of spirituous liquors is nowhere forbidden." And he thought that some temperance people were putting reformation in place of vital godliness. Thus the good elder schooled himself against teetotalism.

One day, while engaged in measuring off some yards of cloth, a neighbor and customer whom he knew to have become almost a wreck through the use of intoxicating liquors entered his shop. The poor man's face was flushed, and his eye excited and anxious; but this time he was perfectly sober.

"Mr. A——," said he, "will you save a lost man? I want to take the pledge."

"Well, do so; it's the best thing you can do."

"But you know it would become a brand for the like of me, if men of respectable character such as you were not often found to take it too. Will you join the teetotalers, and I'll join with you? If not, I must go to ruin. It's my only chance. Mr. A——, will you save a lost soul?"

The elder was staggered and startled; some dim recollection of "who is my neighbor?" and the parable of the Good Samaritan awoke in his heart; and the fellow-creature before him, losing health, wealth, reputation, reason—stripped and wounded of the devil—did seem fully in as sore a plight as he who had fallen among thieves long

"MR. A——, WILL YOU SAVE A LOST SOUL?"

ago nigh unto Jericho. But then his own principles! They must be regarded. Mr. A—— must be consistent, and the poor tailor must be left to take his own way.

Mr. A——'s dinner did him little good that day; his digestion failed greatly; appetite for supper he had none; and on retiring to rest sleep came not near his pillow—scared ever by a voice that continually rang in his ears: "S. A——, will you save a lost soul? S. A——, will you save a lost soul?"

Early in the morning two men were seen wending their way together to the office of the teetotal society. The one was the elder, principled in "moderation" and anti-teetotalism, the other was the drunken tailor, on the verge of ruin temporal and eternal. And they took the pledge together. S. A—— ate a good breakfast that day, and has slept soundly ever since.

The tailor has kept the pledge, and appears to be getting along nicely without the stimulus of spirits. Before he signed the pledge he suffered more or less from asthma, and used to take whisky to relieve him, but it only made him worse. Now, while he has had two or three attacks since, he has got round all right without the usual appliance of whisky.

Mr. S. A—— is one of the foremost advocates of total abstinence in town. Would that there were more like him! Then there would be more reclaimed tailors. Would that all would learn of the parable as faithfully, and become indeed Good Samaritans in obeying the command: "Go and do thou likewise."

My brother, are there those among your neighbors who are suffering from the drink habit, and are they ready to perish? Might they not, through your example and help, have at least a chance to escape? Oh, turn not aside in cold neglect nor in heartless apathy, but haste to the rescue and save those for whom your Saviour died!—National Temperance Advocate.

Fortunes Squandered in Cigars.

There are several wealthy men in London who are reputed to spend over $2,500 per year on cigars. This is considered very large over there, but several American millionaires are said to exceed this. One of them is reported as spending $10,000 annually on cigars. An English nobleman who married an American woman, who brought a bag of money with her, has astonished London with his extravagance in cigars. He pays about $500 monthly for them and always trades with one dealer, who posts a sign to that effect in order to attract customers. Several prominent Englishmen, among whom is said to be Labouchere, buy cigarettes imported from Turkey at a cost of ten cents each. One of them smokes and gives away 100 in a day, which is probably the record for expensive cigarette-smoking.

SNUFF INEBRIETY.

Dangers in Preparations Containing Cocaine Taken for Catarrh.

It is a well-known fact that a large number of persons use tobacco snuff to excess.

In some sections of the country this addiction is very general, and prominent in the marked degeneration of the victims.

The narcotic effect of tobacco used as snuff seems to cause a profound depression of all the senses, and the body generally. The higher physical life appears to suffer most, manifest in loss of pride of character and appearance, diminished ambition to excel in any work, disregard of surroundings and opinions of others. Later, delusions of persecution and injury, with suspicion and doubts of anything that is true.

A form of low general dementia follows, terminating in death from melancholy or acute disease.

Recently another form of snuff taking in which cocaine is the central drug used, has come into prominence. Cocaine is given for some of the distressing catarrhs and nasal troubles which are so painful. Its narcotic action on an inflamed mucous membrane is very marked, and is quickly followed by a fascination to continue the drug which is difficult to control. The possibility of not being able to give up the drug never occurs until symptoms of obvious poisoning appear, and then, in many cases, the mind has lost all power of appreciating its real condition. Voluntary efforts are usually confined to changing to some other narcotic used by the mouth. The effects of cocaine by the nose, in most cases, differs but little from that used in other ways. Yet there is a certain mental fascination in the inhalation, as in the use of the needle, which is hard to overcome. The delirium and pleasing relief, with mild excitement which follows, makes this form of inebriety most attractive.

The rapid exhalations of the sense of comfort and strength, and sudden disappearance of pain and mental fears and worriment, all make a powerful impress on the mind and nerve centers. This for a long time is far more powerful than the depression and suffering which follows.

There can be no question that this form of inebriety exists to a considerable extent in all our large towns and cities. A very sensational story of a large number of persons in a certain eastern village affected in this way has some foundation in fact. It appears that a certain druggist pushed the sale of a nostrum containing cocaine used in this way, until the demand was very large. The appearance of the toxic effects of cocaine in several persons resulted in an exposure of the danger of the drug, and its sale practically ended. No doubt similar instances are occurring in individual cases where the drug is not abandoned, and cocaine inebriety or other drug taking follows. As a nasal remedy it is exceedingly dangerous, and should be concealed and rare. The use by inhalation is more likely to become an addiction than by the mouth or needle. The treatment is surrounded with great difficulties, and often taxes all the resources of the physician to the utmost.—Journal of Inebriety.

BITS AND BREVITIES.

God never made a cow that gave milk punch.—Ram's Horn.

The inhabitants of the United States consume more than half the quinine produced in the world.

Many a man causes his family to go hungry when he helps the saloon-keeper to feed his upon the best the market affords.—National Temperance Advocate.

Never to give up, but ever to keep up and to keep at it, is the duty and the test of heroism in times that are hard and in hours that are dark.—H. Clay Trumbull.

A good teetotaler, who has money to spare, has sent a check for £350 to the Church of England Temperance society as a thanksoffering for the election of an archbishop of Canterbury and primate of England who is a total abstainer.

The liquor dealers of Montreal, Canada, have organized a protective association, raised funds by voluntary assessments upon themselves and their allies, the cigar manufacturers, and are preparing to wage a vigorous campaign on behalf of the trade.

The morphine taker becomes practically an incurable in five years. The alcoholic user of spirits may continue eight or ten years, before he reaches incurable stages. This will depend on the free intervals between the time of using spirits. When he becomes incurable he may abstain, but the injured brain and nervous system never recover.—Journal of Inebriety.

"Oh, but you can't make men moral or sober by an act of legislature!" No; nor can you make men healthy by an act of legislature; therefore you should not make any sanitary laws. No more can you make men honest by an act of legislature, therefore repeal your laws against theft, and tear down your jails and penitentiaries.—National Temperance Advocate.

Of all the evils afflicting society, perhaps the chief is the evil of intemperance, and if we were able to cast it out of the society in which we live, nine-tenths of the evils afflicting us would disappear. It is confined to no particular class. Among the lowest and the highest, the learned and the illiterate, those who live by manual labor and those who practice the liberal professions—everywhere we meet its victims.—Archbishop Riordan (Catholic) San Francisco, Cal.

Destroys Their Manhood.

An English physician says: "A boy who early smokes is rarely known to make a man of much energy of character, and he generally lacks physical and muscular, as well as mental, energy. I would particularly warn boys who want to rise in the world to shun tobacco as a deadly poison."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—It is calculated that 21,000 people sleep nightly aboard the steamers on the Thames.

—Young ladies act as sideswomen in a church at Carthage, and since their advent the attendance has largely increased.

—It is said that the millionaire William Waldorf Astor owns 4,000 houses in New York city, and that his annual income is nearly £1,200,000.

—Asia is growing in population faster than either Europe or America, the gain in India alone between 1881 and 1891 reaching 33,000,000.

—Lord Salisbury is the holder of five acres of land in the vicinity of Charing Cross, which his ancestors obtained 250 years ago for grazing land at the moderate rate of ten shillings an acre for 500 years.

—In India there are 100,000 boys and 627,000 girls under the age of 14 who are legally married, while 8,500 boys and 24,000 girls who have not attained the age of four are under marriage bonds as arranged by their parents.

—Mice are fond of music, and this fact induced a machinist in Bruges, Belgium, to construct a trap with a music box attachment. The music attracts the mice, and to get nearer the harmonious tones, they wander into the trap and are caught alive, five or six at a time.

—The national airs of great countries are short, while those of little countries are long. "God Save the Queen" consists of but 14 bars, the Russian hymn is 16 bars, and "Hail, Columbia!" has 28 bars. Siam's national hymn has 76 bars, that of Uruguay 70, and Chili's 46.

—A jeweler in Turin has made a tiny bust of a single pearl. The bust is finely shaped, and might serve as a model for a great sloop. The sail is of beaten gold, studded with diamonds, and the binnacle light is a perfect ruby. An emerald serves as its rudder, and its stand is a slab of ivory. Its weight is less than an ounce, and it is said to have cost £1,000.

PRICE TAG WAS IN EVIDENCE.

He Made a Brave Front, But She Knew the Clothes Were Not Tailor-Made.

He is the pink of neatness and propriety, he is violently in love with the sweetest girl in town, and, to add to the misery of these absorbing circumstances, he is at present decidedly poor. The latter condition is of recent date, however, and it was only last week that he donned the first ready-made suit which had ever graced—or, as he considered, disgraced—his wardrobe. He called his mother and sisters into the room, after getting into it, and turned nervously around before them.

"Does it fit decently?" he queried, in an agony of doubt: "Why-y-y, what's the matter? Oh, yes; a tag. I suppose all this sort of clothing is tagged, isn't it?"

Never before, surely, were garments was a tag on the hem of each trouser leg, one upon the left coat-tail, and another on his vest front, and still another on the sleeve. Even when he bade them good-by, after waiting impatiently while all the visible bits of figured cardboard were cut away, they called him back to remove still another. The result was that he finally reached the house of his inamorata in anything but a peaceful frame of mind.

She, too, was nervous, and they departed for the theater in haste. He noticed, just as soon as he slipped out of his topcoat, that her eyes sought his figure constantly and interestedly, but his inward uncertainty about that suit made him glower so that she said nothing, and the performance was half over before he gathered courage to speak of the subject himself.

"How do you like my new clothes?" he asked at last, with what calmness he could muster, and the girl blushed nervously.

"They're quite pretty, I think," she said, with an apologetic smile, "but—"

"I don't know whether they fit me very well or not," he interrupted, desperate with the fear that she had divined the secret of their origin, "for I tried a new tailor, and, although he gave me several fittings, and—what's the matter?" he broke off to exclaim wildly, as he saw the light of a dawning laughter in her eyes. "What is it, dearest?"

"Nothing," she responded, solemnly, although the laughter beneath her pretty lashes grew stronger momentarily, "only—only—there's a price-tag on your coat lapel!"

And so there was, a small but distinct legend, reading: "Size, 34; style, 7; price, $13.50."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Costliest Funeral.

The funeral of Alexander the Great was conducted on a scale of most lavish and overpowering splendor. The body was laid in a coffin of gold, filled with costly aromatics and a diadem placed on the head. The funeral car was covered from the roof to the wheels with ornaments of massive gold, and was of such extraordinary weight that it took 84 mules more than a year in conveying it from Babylon to Syria, where it was met my Ptolemy and his army. Its place of destination was Alexandria, and here the body of the great conqueror was deposited in a mausoleum, which afterward became the sepulcher of the Ptolemys.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Carrying Out the Rule.

Excited Wife—Oh, professor, the cook has fallen and broken her collarbone!

Professor—Discharge her at once. You told her what to expect if she broke anything more.—Boston Post.

Not That Kind.

"I saw a rabbit run through that hedge."

"No, dear, it was imagination."

"Has 'magination got white tails?"—Odds and Ends.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A ton of oil has been obtained from the tongue of a single whale.

—A man will die for want of air in five minutes, for want of sleep in ten days, for want of water in a week, and for want of food at varying periods, dependent on circumstances.

—It is said that the patterns on the finger tips are not only unchangeable through life, but the chance of the finger prints of two persons being alike is less than one chance in 64,000,000,000.

—It is calculated that in every 10,000 of the English and Welsh population 31.4 people are lunatics. In every 10,000 of the Scotch population 33.6 people are lunatics. In every 10,000 of the Irish population 40.3 people are lunatics. Altogether, one person in every 306 inhabitants of the United Kingdom is demented.

—Electricity can travel faster than 200,000 miles in a second, or, in other words, instead of requiring 20 minutes to go around the world once, like messages recently dispatched from an American exhibition, it can make the journey eight times in one second. This would be at the rate of about 500 times in one minute, or 10,000 times in 20 minutes.

—Perhaps the most powerful photographic telescope in the world is that which has been completed in the Royal observatory at Greenwich, the munificent gift of Sir Henry Thompson. It weighs nearly 12 tons, including more than 1,000 pounds of glass. Sir Howard Grubb, of Dublin, has spent nearly three years in constructing the instrument, which can be used for visual and spectroscopic as well as photographic observations.

—A man-of-war is built upon paper before a single plate of steel is forged. Not only are the length and breadth of a ship decided upon in advance, but the naval constructor will tell you to an ounce how much water she will displace when her armour and guns are placed upon her, how many times her propellers will revolve in a minute with a given pressure of steam, and how many tons of coal an hour must be consumed to drive her at a certain rate of speed.

MAMMOTH MAINE CUSTARDS.

Served at the Annual Meeting of the Hartford Custard Pie Association.

Unique among the organizations of New England is the Hartford Custard Pie association. The association started in rather a commonplace manner. One cold winter morning in 1860 William B. Cushman and Charles Irish, neighboring farmers of this town, met after some preliminary bantering, during which each claimed to be able to eat the most custard pie, and appointed the following fast day for a custard pie-eating contest, their wives to be cooks and judges.

At the stated time they met with their wives and two huge custard pies at Mr. Irish's sap house in his maple orchard, and Mr. Cushman, who had great hills as a sort of training for the occasion, proved the better pie eater. The next fast day several other farmers of the neighborhood, with their families, joined them, and the meeting was changed from pie-eating contest to a social gathering. After this they met each fast day, and the story of their good times spread until almost all the farmers, with their families, for miles joined the association.

The last meeting of this prosperous association was held the other day at the residence of William B. Cushman. About 60 persons attended, each bringing a huge custard pie baked in a two-gallon tin pan. During the forenoon, while the women were preparing the dinner, the men were passing the time rolling ninepins, pitching horseshoes, playing cards and in other amusements.

When dinner was announced a scene was presented such as was never seen elsewhere in New England, and probably never in the world. The long tables extending along the spacious rooms were loaded with the great two-gallon custard pie, made of freshly-laid eggs, rich new milk and cream, sweetened with such fresh maple sugar as city lips seldom taste, baked as only country housewives can bake when they make the effort of their lives, slightly browned on top and sprinkled with fragrant nutmeg.

When this unrivaled delicacy was washed down with simmered maple sap or country cider, sparkling with the sunshine the apples had stored the previous summer, it seemed the nearest approach to the fabled nectar of the gods that human skill had ever attained. Toasts were proposed and happy responses made.

After dinner the men again rolled ninepins, pitched horseshoes and engaged in other pastimes, while the women cleared the tables and prepared the rooms. The fiddlers appeared, and the party passed the evening in the merry whirl of country dances.

Sanford Conant is president and William Cushman secretary. No other officials are considered necessary.—Boston Globe.

Check the Babies.

A curious feature of the relief from the plague in India, near Bombay, is the camp where 40,000 persons are at work. Among these are many women with babies, which have to be looked after. With nearly a thousand babies to care for, the confusion at nightfall, when the mothers came to reclaim them, was indescribable, so the officer in charge treated them on the umbrella and coat principle. He provided each of the babies with a string and a ticket in duplicate, one being hung around the baby's neck and the other given to the mother. By this means each mother gets her own offspring and all are happy.—N. Y. Sun.

Cheap Land in Australia.

Queensland is offering land at three pence an acre, an estate of 400 acres for $25.

The Republican.

EENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1897.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first publication of the same:*

State Senator, $40; County Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $5; County Commissioner, $5; County Surveyor, $2.50.

FOR STATE SENATOR.

OAKLAND, Md., June 9, 1897.

To the Republicans of Garrett County:

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the nomination of State Senator, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of all members of the Republican party.

JOHN SHARTZER.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the nomination of County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention and solicit the support of my many friends.

HORACE R. DEWITT.

Hoyes, District No. 6.

At the solicitation of my many friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

MAHLON GLOFFELTY.

District No. 6, Mellenry, Md.

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. PERRY LEE.

District No. 8, P. O., Bayard, W. Va.

FOR HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the House of Delegates, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and solicit the support of the Republican party.

P. E. FINZEL.

District No. 9, P. O. Frostburg, Md.

An Advertising Axiom.

Money spent in advertising in a paper without circulation is as chaff before the storm—it amounts to nothing.

THE Republican war in Ohio is over, and both factions are going to work ocrats.

GEN. FELIX AGNUS, publisher of the Baltimore *American*, is very earnestly engaged in the lugubrious pastime of driving nails into his own political coffin and at the same time laboring under the hallucination that he is injuring Senator Wellington politically.—Dorchester Standard.

ONE of the numerous evidences of prosperity since the inauguration of the new administration and prospective enactment of a protective tariff law is the announcement from New England that the cotton mills, which have been accustomed under the Wilson law to close during the summer season, will this year run steadily without reference to times of season.

THE horrified shrieks of Senators Vest, Jones, and Mills over the sugar schedules of the pending tariff bill have given place to a stolid silence on their part since newspapers called public attention to the fact that during their manipulations of the Wilson bill sugar-trust stock advanced 60 per cent., while the change in its value was but slight under the consideration of the pending bill.

SENATOR VEST, having failed by argument to convince his Democratic associates of error in their support of protection doctrines, has fallen to making faces at them. His latest efforts in that line are an attempt to create merriment against them by labeling them "cotton-tail Democrats," a species of cheap wit which is not likely to be effective in a dignified body like the United States Senate.

NEWSPAPERS of all classes are recognizing and announcing an improvement in business matters generally. These announcements come from all sections of the country and from newspapers of all political parties. A concise summarization of conditions as pictured by information from all parts of the country is presented in Dun's *Review* of June 19th, which says: "There is evidence of a gradually enlarging business in every important department. More establishments have been set at work and more hands employed. Reports from the various cities show a very general progress and a continuing large distribution through retail trade."

THE fusion between the Populists and the silver Democrats seems likely to suffer an abrupt termination when the national convention of the Populist party meets in Memphis next month. Tom Watson, who, with his middle-of-the-road followers, seems likely to control the convention, in a recent issue of his paper denounces the semi-fiat silver-dollar proposition and says: "We genuine Pops contend that fiatism which is good for 40 cents is good for 100 cents. If the principle of fiatism is sound it is sound all the way. It cannot be just sound enough to make up the 40 cents difference between silver and gold. If the Government stamp can make 40 cents out of nothing, it can make 100 cents out of the same material."

HON. GEO. L. WELLINGTON would probably be pretty busily occupied if he attempted to correct the public and private lies told and written about what he says and does and what he intends to say and do. He is made to quarrel with his best friends, his brother Senators, his colleagues, the governor, the president, as well as a host of his constituents. He is said to be out with leading members of his own party: to oppose measures he is favoring and vice versa. This results from his attempting to help so large a number of people, many of whom have not a shadow of a claim upon either his time or attention. He has the greater part of his term left, and as he generally comes out a winner he can afford to let time vindicate his words and acts.—Montgomery Press.

SIXTEEN weeks is a very short time for the completion of great reforms in national matters. But President McKinley and his administration have in that time more nearly accomplished in their platform than any previous administration ever did in double the time. The chief pledges of the platform were a protective tariff, international bimetallism if this could be had, the annexation of Hawaii, a reform of the currency, and a better state of affairs in Cuba. The protective tariff pledge is now so nearly carried out that there is good reason to believe that the bill will be upon the statute books early in July; a currency commission which shall devise plans for the reform of the currency system is to be recommended to Congress, and the proposition will doubtless meet with favor in that body; a comission has been sent abroad to negotiate for international bimetallism; an annexation treaty with Hawaii has been signed; the doors of Cuban prisons opened to citizens of the United States who were imprisoned, and other reforms in Cuban matters are about ready for definite consideration and action.

It is needless to say that the country participates in the hope entertained by the Republican managers that the debate over the tariff in the Senate will be concluded this week. All of the schedules have been considered, and all that remains to talk over before a final vote is reached is the various paragraphs passed when they were reached in their regular order, the differences regarding which have since been harmonized to a great extent. The bill was introduced into the Senate on May 4, and the progress made by that body has been more rapid than the public had reason to expect, considering the lack of rules for the expediting of business. The action of the House in refusing to proceed with other legislation until the tariff bill is disposed of has undoubtedly had the effect of accelerating the progress of the bill. The present intention is to make every effort to get a final vote by the end of the week, and get the measure before the conference committee as speedily as possible. There is reason to believe that the delay in conference will be shorter than usual. The principal changes made in the House bill have been the elimination of the retroactive clause and a general reduction in rates. The only schedules which provoked prolonged debate were those relating to sugar and wool. It is stated that the senators and representatives who will compose the conference committee were chosen and informally notified of the fact some time ago, that they have been closely following the changes made in the bill, and that they have practically agreed upon the compromise measure which will untimately receive the President's signature. It is, therefore, possible that the new duties will take effect with the beginning of the new fiscal year on July 1, or a few days thereafter at farthest.

For House os Delegates.

To-day's REPUBLICAN contains the announcement of Mr. P. E. Finzel as a candidate for the nomination for House of Delegates. Mr. Finzel is a young and enterprising citizen of District No. 9 and has always resided in the county. He has been a public school teacher, farmer and miner. Mr. Finzel, in his announcement solicits the support of his friends throughout the county. Should Mr. Finzel receive the nomination he will no doubt be elected and will make a creditable representative.

Vim, vigor and victory:—these are the charistics of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, billiousness and all stomach and liver troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

THE CITIZENS' RECEPTION

To the Teachers and Scholars of the Normal School Friday Night Last.

Probably the most enjoyable gathering in the history of Oakland was that of last Friday evening at the Oakland Hotel, the occasion being the reception tendered the teachers and scholars of the Normal school by the citizens of Oakland.

A few weeks ago a plan was suggested by some one to give such a reception, which immediately met with the approval of a number of the enterprising business men of town who at once set about to make the affair a success, and right well did they succeed, as was evidenced on the night above referred to when nearly a hundred scholars and as many more citizens of Oakland took possession of the beautifully appointed hotel and spent one of the most enjoyable evenings which has ever fallen to their lot.

The teachers and scholars of the Normal met at the school building and marched to the hotel in a body, where they were received by the reception committee, composed of Mesdames R. T. Browning, J. M. Jarboe, F. G. Hyde and Kate T. Crane; Messrs. G. S. Hamill, F. G. Palmer, E. H. Sincell, Dr. E. H. Bartlett and Mayor McComas.

Immediately after the guests had assembled an address of welcome was made by Dr. E. H. Bartlett, who a number of years ago was county examiner. He spoke very feelingly of the work of a teacher, closing by relating a personal experience when he was sent to this country from Cuba to be educated, and giving the teachers some wholesome advice. The address follows:

Ladies and gentlemen, pupils of the Normal school:—I have been requested by the citizens of Oakland to extend to you a welcome on this occasion. Had we welcomed you on your arrival in Oakland it would have partaken of the stereotyped language of ordinary courtesy. But we welcome you at this, the close of your Normal school. We welcome you after a residence of many weeks in our town. We welcome you as we recall the many very interesting weekly literary entertainments you have given us. We welcome you as a band organizing and drilling for the profession of teaching. Heartfelt is the language used when feelings expressed are supposed to be earnest. Heartfelt, my young friends, is the welcome I extend on this occasion on behalf of my fellow citizens of Oakland—but how feebly, after all, do words convey our sentiments.

The artist's pencil leaves upon the canvass the image of your friend, but, after all, it is an image only. There is no warmth in the touch of that hand; no voice escapes those lips; no future. I stand here as the artist aware of my vain efforts to produce anything more than a faint impression of the depth, the warmth, the earnestness of the welcome my fellow citizens would extend to you. Why this expression of kindly feeling? The answer comes promptly: because you are engaged in fitting yourselves for one of the noblest professions a man or woman can devote themselves to. The teacher is one who is gleaning in the harvest field of former laborers and sowing the seeds of a crop to be gathered in the future. See to it that your work is well done. Enter with zeal and fervency upon your work, realizing the responsibilities devolving upon you, and future generations will bless you and your efforts.

In this connection, I recall the story of a little boy, born in a land distant from the spot we now occupy, and at the age of ten years sent to the United States to be educated. He was placed in a large school in the city of Boston. He could read and write, the result of his mother's efforts in his behalf, but geography and history were closed books to him and figures were a mystery. In those days in the public schools if a lesson was imperfect a whipping was the result, and this little boy received his daily whipping because he daily failed in the tasks assigned him. Finally, his teacher called him up and asked him: "Why is it that you do not study your lessons?" "Miss Palmer, I do not know how." Opening the book she called his attention to the lesson for the day and with the quick intuition of the experienced teacher, she discovered that the little fellow did not know *how* to study; how to commence. She took the little boy home with her after school hours and devoted a half hour or more explaining his lessons for the following day, and this she did for at least one month. She started the boy—she never again had occasion to whip him; and many, many times in the years that have passed "God bless Miss Palmer" has welled up from that boy's heart as he recalled his school boy days. That little boy, in the person of an old man, now stands before you.

Remember, it is you pupils' part to work, it is yours to show him how to labor; point out where lies the hidden treasure, theirs be the task to dig. Do not engage in teaching for mercenary purposes. If your heart is not in the work, give it up, for you can never succeed. Try to do well your part, and in other hands, and in future days your memories will live and grateful hearts will bless you.

I will not detain you longer, but simply express the hope that you may all fully enjoy the social occasion which has brought us together.

Dr. Bartlett's address was responded to by Prof. Sanner, principal of the Normal, after which those who desired repaired to the ball room and enjoyed themselves dancing or watching others dance. At ten o'clock the dining room doors were thrown open and refreshments were served, consisting of ice cream, strawberries, salads, cakes, coffee, etc.

Manager Mills, of the Oakland, is to be congratulated upon the fine appearance of the hotel and grounds. Numerous and varied colored lights were distributed along the paths and roads, while the piazzas were one blaze of light. The interior of the hotel, too, was exceedingly beautiful and many were the expressions of delight heard on all sides at the improvement made under this gentleman's management.

The names of all those present it was impossible to get, but below is a full list of the teachers and Normal scholars present:

Misses Grace Lohr, Emma DeBerry, Nellie C. Browning, Lucy Coddington, Nellie Michaels, Orley Bindham, Lizzie Hall, Lizzie Leary, Sadie Cohen, Bertha Stemple, Nettie Loughridge, Minnie Stemple, Jennie Browning, Gertie Browning, Margaret Grimm, Mary E. Paugh, Annie Shircliff, Cora Nethkin, Arrella Pope, Ida Paugh, Dora Lipscomb, Jessie Fringer, Anna High, Fannie Wiley, Lettie Lohr, Elsie Fay, Maud Shartzer, Ella Martin, Alice Cleveland, Nina Stemple, Maggie Stemple, Mary O'Donald, Percy Brady, Carrie Wilson, Sallie Kildow, Maud Kildow, Cora Weimer, Laura Weimer, Emma Hamill, Nannie Hamill, Belle Hamill, Lucia Hamill, Della Kimmell, Adah Harshbarger, Nellie Stanton, Rosa Janoske, Beulah Loughridge, Maggie Kerns, Minnie Wolf, Mary Kerns, Kate O'Donald, Emma Hinebaugh, Lizzie Rowan, Arabella Wilt, Ettie Frantz, Lillie Weimer; Messrs. J. W. Fazenbaker, Charles N. Harvey, Oscar Robeson, Frank Gotfelty, C. C. Custer, J. W. Kildow, A. L. Lee, Charles A. Fike, Lawrence Barnard, Stewart Paugh, George W. Legge, jr., Wallace Mason, J. H. Cuppett, Earl Townshend, M. R. Frantz, J. E. Emory, Harland Jones, Hiram Humbert, Albert White, Louis Hamilton, W. Colborn, Morris Custer, Charles Weimer, Titus Delawder, Charles Ashby, Harry Ashby, J. S. Gnegy, Noah Fearer, Harry Ankney, S. A. Ralston, E. E. Friend, F. C. Hinebaugh, Turner Lohr.

The delightful gathering came to an end about midnight and no doubt the few hours given to social enjoyment will remain as a bright light in the memory of those present upon the occasion.

TUESDAY NIGHT'S LITERARY.

Following upon the heels of the reception given at the Oakland Friday night the last literary program for the Normal school was rendered at Shartzer's Opera House on Tuesday night when the building was literally packed to the doors, and standing room was at a premium. The opera house accomodates very readily over four hundred persons. The meeting was presided over by Mr. A. L. Lee and the secretary was Miss Grim.

The audience was quite enthusiastic throughout the evening and evinced by its hearty applause its sympathy with the teacher and his work.

The exercises were opened by singing a class song, followed by a companion recitation by Misses Percy Braily and Grace Wotring. Mr. J. S. Gnegy next entertained the audience with an essay entitled "Teaching". Mr. Gnegy handled his subject in a masterly way and his paper was brim full of excellent thoughts upon the question he discussed.

Miss Eppler, of Piedmont, added much to the interest of the occasion by her recitation of the "Polish Boy." Miss Eppler displayed dramatic ability and histrionic power rarely witnessed in an amateur.

Mr. John E. Legge rendered a cornet triple-tongue solo with pleasing effect and no number on the program was more thoroughly enjoyed.

Mr. Titus Delawder followed with an essay entitled, "In the Same Boat."

Miss Nancy Hamill gave a select reading which was very interesting and humorous, and marked her as an adept in that style of recitations.

Miss Julia A. Orum, of Philadelphia, recited the murder scene from Macbeth, which was highly appreciated by the older persons present. Miss Orum is certainly a superb and finished elocutionist and no word of ours could add to her national reputation.

Misses Maud and Olivet Shartzer gave a very fine exhibition of piano and vocal solos.

Mr. John Shartzer followed with an address entertaining and instructive, full of hope for the teachers of Garrett county.

Mrs. Edward H. Sincell spoke upon the universality of education.

Messrs. J. S. Meyers and G. S. Hamill followed with addresses respecting the school interests of the county, which were well received.

Mr. P. G. Palmer gave a statistical account of the school affairs of the county, and intertwined it with remarks upon education in general that held the close attention of the audience.

The evening's entertainment was brought to a close with the valedictory by Mr. J. B. Emory. His effort was one worthy of a college graduate and his dictum was perfect. There is no better example of what Normal training can do and is doing for the educational interests of Garrett county than this address. The sentiments expressed and advice given were a fitting prelude to his eloquent preoration.

The entire entertainment reflected a degree of credit upon Prof. Sanner and his able assistant, Mr. George B. Frazee, which must be exceedingly gratifying after the arduous labors they have put forth to bring the school to a successful issue. We hope that next year a Normal of far greater proportions and a longer term may be held in Oakland. Never in our experience has there been gathered together a company of young ladies and gentlemen that has done greater credit and elicited warmer praise for their splendid deportment and earnest effort to improve their opportunities than has characterized the students of this school. We wish them, one and all, a successful and prosperous school year, larger salaries and longer school terms, and anticipate their return to Oakland for the next Normal with feelings of friendship and pleasure.

To Professors Sanner and Frazee we voice the universal sentiment of both citizens and students that they have shown themselves to be educators of wide experience, competent and capable and deserving of all the success which we feel is their due. With instructors of such pre-eminent ability it will not be long before Garrett county's educational status will be second to no county in the State. If we can, as a people, secure a distribution of the State school funds upon a basis to which we are justly entitled, next year we ought to have at least seven and one-half months of school, with salaries to our teachers commensurate with the labor they perform.

A Plea for Cuba.

To the Editor of The Republican.

While the people of this and other places are celebrating the 121st anniversary of American independence, let them not forget that almost under the shadow of our flag a brave band of patriots are engaged in a life and death struggle with one of the most cruel and merciless powers that curses christendom to-day.

Only as far away from our shores as Oakland is from Harper's Ferry lies an island where the murderous fangs of the Spaniard blood-hound have dripped with the blood of the innocent for three long years unsatiated by their hideous feast, unchallenged by the American government.

On the lee of the freest land upon earth stands two millions of human creatures stretching out their hands for freedom, suffering frightful wrong and outrage, because they long to be free from their cruel oppressors, and while we are engaged in celebrating the promulgation of that great document which declared "all men were created free and equal and have an equal right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," let us remember with bitter shame that our government to-day is giving aid and comfort to Spain and using our newly created navy to hunt down and capture vessels sent to Cuba laden with supplies contributed by friends in America. Far better to send the last cruiser to the bottom than to thus crush freedom and aid tyranny.

While remembering this, let us not forget that there are men in high places to-day so dead to generous emotions, so lost to the promptings of patriotism, that they have fixed their faces like a flint, to oppose the will of the American people, and thus defeat every effort for the recognition of Cuban independence. Let them be marked by the indelible finger of scorn and handed down to the infamy they deserve, and relegated to the obscurity they are so well fitted to adorn.

The Upper House, in spite of a few sugar-coated Senators, has passed a joint resolution recognizing the belligerent rights of the Cuban republic, but in some diabolically mysterious manner it is "held up" in the Lower House, while Weyler with his murderous Myrmidons pursues his carnival of crime, rivaling Nero and Caligula in his fiendish atrocity, permitting his officers to sell young girls to the brutal troopers, burning hospitals, murdering the wounded, decapitating nurses, slicing young babes to death, and indulging in the most fiendish cruelties that devilish malignancy can suggest.

Spain's tenderest mercies have ever been cruel. She is cruel even in her recreations. What could be more bloody and revolting to a refined nature than their favorite pastime—bull fighting.

She destroyed 20,000 people in the Netherlands because they desired freedom to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences. One hundred thousand were given over to the inquisition in Spain. Twenty millions of Indians tasted Spanish death in Mexico, Peru and Central America during the conquests of Cortez, Pizarro and others. Fifty thousand Cubans gave up life for what they deemed dearer than life from 1868 to 1878. Even in time of so-called peace in Cuba, Moro Castle has always been full of political prisoners. If its frowning walls could speak they would tell of more diabolical deeds of blood and cruelty than the Bastile of Paris or the Tower of London. Not one-half of them will ever be known, for if a Cuban ever incurred the suspicion of the Governor General he disappeared and his friends dared not inquire into his fate lest they too share the same.

Since 1824 the island has practically been under martial law, and the Governor General has been judge, jury and executioner, holding the lives, liberty and property of the people subject to his will to a most dangerous extent. For seventy-five years past the political inquisition exercised there by Spain has been more diabolical than that of the Jesuit organization, because more secret in its murderous deeds.

Spain never yet kept faith with friend or foe. She has discovered only to spoil and colonized only to oppress, and God will not hold this country guiltless if it continues to aid and abet Spain in her bloody work of extermination now going on in down-trodden Cuba.

Let every American (whose soul is unsanked by Spanish gold, and whose pockets are not lined with Spanish bonds) organize without regard to political affiliations, and rise in his might and denounce the amazing apathy of the House of Representatives and the executive branch of this government concerning the battle for freedom now being waged in Cuba, and let them arraign all officials and legislators of whatever rank, before the bar of public opinion, who shall make the honor of the nation subservient to Spain and to the purposes of the bond holder and sugar trust, and let them pledge their votes and their influence to the political destruction of all such persons.

Let such meetings be called all over the country, and copies of such resolutions be sent to the President of the United States and the House of Representatives, and we would soon see which was the stronger, a regard for public opinion or a love of public plunder.

M. A. YOST.

Hurt by a Train.

At noon to-day Morrell Jamison, aged 12 years, son of the late Charles Jamison, was very seriously injured by the west-bound way freight. The lad was on a car and jumped from it to the platform, but slipped and fell down between the walk and the track. The wounds he received are very serious and consist of a badly fractured thigh, broken leg below the knee and a badly lacerated knee. He is being given surgical treatment by Dr. McComas.

A FORLORN DISTILLED.

In the rose-blown land of the long ago,
When the gods were good and friends were near,
The world shown warm with its brightest glow,
And hope was king in the realms of fear.

For my buoyant soul was filled with dreams
Of valorous deeds and high hopes won;
And my heart was warm with the glowing gleams
From the golden glory of young life's sun.

With never the thought that the roses fade,
And the stars drop out from the deep blue sky,
And over life's sun would come the shade
Of woes and griefs in the bye and bye.

For my heart was fresh, and the dew of youth
Was diamond bright in the rosy morn;
And I held as a fact the old worn truth
That man to sorrow was surely born.

So I clasped fair hands with soul swept thrill,
Friends would be friends the whole world o'er,
And troth that was plighted would ever fulfill
Its limited promise and more and more.

But the world rushed out from the midst of dreams—
Oh, a sad, wan world it proved to be,
Where souls were scarred with the battle seams
Of high hopes lost for eternity.

And the fresh young heart with the dew of youth
Is bruised and bleeding from all things done;
No more on the lips is the smile of truth—
For faith is broken and grief begun.

So ever and ever, through the fleeting years,
I've sailed away from the long ago;
And hope is a slave in the realm of fears,
Never again to be free I know.

Yes, the stars drop out from the heavenly blue,
And rose leaves wither in the garden of youth;
For the rose blown land once ravishing to view
Is cankered and waste with time's sharp tooth.

June 24, 1897. —THOMAS L. JACKSON.

Poor Blood

is starved blood. It shows itself in pale cheeks, white lips, weak digestion, no appetite, exhaustion, lack of nerve force, soft muscles, and, chief of all, weak muscles. Your doctor calls it Anaemia. He will tell you that the weakening weather of summer often brings it on.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites, will make poor blood rich. It is a food for over-taxed and weak digestion, so prepared that it can easily be taken in summer when Cod-liver Oil or even ordinary foods might repel.

SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl St., New York
For sale at 50c. and $1.00 by all druggists.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

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Continuing our comments upon the question of the proper care of the feeble minded, let me, in order to emphasize the demand for prompt and general action, make some lengthy facts set forth by E. P. Bicknell, Esq., Secretary of the Indiana State Board of Charities. I have no special reason for selecting Indiana of above other States—for all have the same conditions to contend with—but his statements are near at hand where I am writing this, and they speak with greater authority than my unsupported statements would be.

* * *

He says: "The great, threatening danger from the increase of feeble-mindedness, is the frequency, almost certainty, with which it is passed from parent to children." * * * * * *

"Take the fact that there are over 5,000 feeble-minded persons in Indiana to-day, of whom about one half are women, and think of that in relation to the other fact that 193 feeble-minded women, of whom we have partial record, are the mothers of at least 149 feeble-minded children, and the real significence and danger of the situation begins to be apparent." He then gives many family histories of Indiana one of which must be inserted here as a typical one, that ought to arouse my readers from any lethargy in regard the subject and force them to a determination that such things must stop; and because they must, they can be made to.

* * *

In one of the southern Indiana counties is a family, of which from one to six members have been in the poor asylums at all times for thirty and probably forty years. Many of the members have died, but their decendants have always been ready to take their places in the ranks of pauperism and vice. It is impossible to secure a complete record of this family, but from the fragmentary history which is available and which includes probably not more than half the whole number of members, the following facts are taken: One of the oldest of the family now living was born in 1825. He is feeble-minded. His first wife was feeble-minded. Four children were the result of this marriage, two sons and two daughters. All were feeble-minded. These children were named Mary, Margaret, Andrew and George Washington. The first wife died and in his old age this man married a second time, his second choice being also a feeble-minded woman. The two daughters who were born to the first wife of this man were, as I have said, feeble-minded. Both are living to-day and are inmates of the poor asylum. Neither has ever married. Mary has borne six or seven children. Two or three have been dead for years and their mental condition is not positively known. Two daughters now living are in the school for feeble-minded, and a son, who died within a year, was feeble-minded. A third daughter is feeble-minded and is the wife of a feeble-minded man. They are not in the poor asylum, but live in a neighboring county, where they are given assistance by a township trustee. This couple has one child, of whose mental condition I have no information. The other sister, Margaret, has a daughter, feeble-minded and unmarried, who works in another county, and a feeble-minded son now in the school for feeble-minded. This woman has also borne two or three other children now dead, but all said to have been feeble-minded. Of the son, Andrew, we have no record. The son, George Washington, married a feeble-minded woman and a feeble-minded son was born to them. George Washington afterwards separated from his wife and married a second feeble-minded woman. Before marriage this woman had borne an illegitimate child by George Washington. This child was also feeble-minded. It should be remembered that nearly all the persons referred to in this family record have been during the whole or a part of their lives a burden upon the community. Every member of the family, so far as known, has been feeble-minded. Probably one-half the members of the family have been illegitimate. Those who have entered the marriage relation have had little or no respect for it, and there is much doubt as to the legitimacy of the child born to married mothers. The history of this family is not closed. As it stands to-day, there are probably thirteen members supported wholly or chiefly through public funds. Hardly a year passes that other feeble-minded, illegitimate children are not born into the family. The burden upon the tax-payers grows greater and the curse of feeble-mindedness and illegitimacy spreads.

It must be apparent now to all who read with head and heart in combination, that this county cannot afford to have this taint of preventible imbecility gaining stronger and stronger hold upon our vitality. Broad plans, faithfully carried out must be adopted else the evil will grow beyond our control.

In the first place all feeble-minded women, during the child-bearing age should be kept in institutions other than the poor asylum of townships. Next, though feeble-minded men are not likely to find wives among normal women, they ought, for their own sakes and for the sake of making them productive laborers, to be gathered with their kind in institutions where the whole plan is for the benefit of these defectives and where the constant watchfulness as to occupation makes work stimulating to the feeble intellect.

Further, we must put away all sentimental protest against these thousands being forced to celibacy. Celibacy is the only way to stop this self-multiplying stream. There are higher duties than reproducing our kind. The late war removed ten times ten thousand and thousands beside from life and all chance to marry, yet we admire them for their self surrender. The Catholic clergy forgo marriage in order that they may be free to go here and there and everywhere at the call of sacred duty; we admire them also. The highest duty of self is to serve society, and we merely wish to call these defectives to a grander battle than any fought with weapons, a battle with insanity, pauperism, idiocy, illegitimacy and vice, waged by those who heretofore have, from no conscious fault of their own, been working entirely on behalf of these evils. Every State *must* be aroused through its legislature to take action, based upon an intelligent understanding of the whole question. To this sacred duty to generations yet unborn, I trust some of my readers will pledge themselves. The question of expense will solve itself, since we cannot choose whether or not we shall support the feeble-minded: for we do now at expense individually greater than it could possibly be in a well order asylum village, with ample tillable ground around it.

* * *

If these articles last week's and this, have any merit it will be in their suggestiveness merely. They are not complete studies and could not well be in the limit of 20,000 words.

Fine Improved Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers his farm of 100 acres, situated four miles north of Deer Park, on easy terms. Improved by a house, large barn, fine water. Old age and being unfit for work is the only cause for selling.

LUKE WOOD.
15-4* Deer Park, Md.

Hoyes.

Mrs. Cornelius Savage, of Sang Run, died on Wednesday, after a long and painful illness, and was buried on Friday on the home place. She was a good neighbor, a kind and loving wife and a devoted mother.

Will A. Smith and son Earl paid a flying visit to Cranesville on Wednesday of last week.

Mr. George Custer is putting an addition to his house and building a shed to his barn. Messrs. John Chase and Franklin Callis are doing the work.

D. O. DeWitt is hauling lumber from Sang Run for his new house.

Messrs. John A. DeWitt, Hamilton Friend and Hamill Casteel, accompanied by their lady friends, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Nimrod Ghotfelty on Sunday last.

A Good Templar's lodge was to be organized at Sang Run on Thursday evening, but the State organizer, who was to make an address on the subject of temperance and organize the lodge, did not arrive in time, and the organization was postponed until Monday evening. The brass band and some of Friendsville's most prominent and influential citizens came up on Monday evening to participate in the exercises.

Mr. Freeman DeWitt and Miss Maggie Custer, delegates from Hoyes to the Epworth League convention held at Newburg, returned home on Saturday and report growth and progress in this work.

Mr. Geo. Bishoff and wife are attending the District Conference at Newburg.

Mr. Thomas Bishoff and wife are visiting the former's brother, Howard, at Barnum, W. Va.

Mr. Hiram Drane, of Monroe, Wisconsin, is visiting friends in this vicinity. He and his family left here fifty-three years ago for the great, wild west. He has traveled over California and many of the great western states, but seems to think that our little Maryland, with her crystal streams, rugged mountains and grassy flower-covered glades as pretty as any of the boasted western states.

The farmers have commenced mowing.

Permanently Cured.

For about two years I suffered with diarrhoea. I used a number of remedies and was treated by physicians, but received no permanent relief. After taking a few doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, I beleive that I am now permanently cured."—Joab Crites, Tanner, Gilmor county, W. Va.

For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Mountain Lake Park.

The first service of the campmeeting will be held Friday at 8 p. m. in the Hall of Philosophy. On Saturday at 10 a. m. the service will be held in the auditorium. Saturday night the Rev. Dr. Spencer, of Philadelphin, will preside. He is one of the best campmeeting preachers in America.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company begin to sell one fare round trip tickets to the Park on July 1st and will sell them up to July 11th, good to return to July 13th.

Mr. Smith, of Piedmont, has opened Hotel Dennett. He is reported to be a first class hotel man.

Mrs. Belle Harmison, of Fairmont, has taken charge of the Allegheny House. She will operate it in connection with the Romney Cottage.

An excursion of about 70 persons will reach the Park on Friday on No. 55. They come from Philadelphia and will remain through the campmeeting.

Mrs. Emmons and Mrs. Quay, of Keyser, have taken charge of the Fallon Cottage, vice Mrs. Howe, appointed matron of the asylum at Weston, West Va.

Rev. John Tompson and wife and Supt. Rudisill and family were guests of the Mountain Lake Hotel for dinner on June 27.

The Christian Alliance are holding a convention at Faith chapel. Among the speakers present are Dean Peck, of Colorado, Rev. C. C. Cook, of Baltimore, and Rev. Forder, of England.

Last Sunday, 11 a. m., Rev. C. C. Cook preached a sermon which was greatly enjoyed and at 8 p.m, Rev. Mr. Forder, returned missionary from Arabia, gave an address on Arabia.

Nearly all of the hotels and boarding houses have guests.

An excursion party from Indianapolis will reach the Park Friday morning to remain ten days.

For Sale.

Two farms near Deer Park, Maryland, containing about 275 acres each; houses, barns and all outbuildings. These farms are known as the Samuel Browning and Wm. Fricket farms. Also two farms at Selbysport, Md., containing about 250 acres each; good buildings on these properties. For full particulars, address

A. M. CRAZEE,
5365 Breedshill Street,
16-5 Pittsburg, Pa.

Candidate For County Treasurer.

To the Editor of The Republican.

In reading the columns of your paper I find the name of Marion Glotfelty mentioned as a candidate for the nomination of County Treasurer. I feel that the people of Garrett county have now in view a man of ability and worthy of having that office in the place of some who depend mostly upon the graces of the voters of Garrett county for their support, and have been tax-payers but a few years, while Mr. Glotfelty has been a heavy tax-payer for over forty years and has been no expense to the county, he never having had a law suit since the county was organized in 1872.

He it from a large and highly respected family, who have for a great many years been helpful to the county and the Republican party. If a man of his standing does not deserve a favor from the Republican party after giving it his undivided support, much less do the men who have been in the party a few years and depend largely upon the county. He is the first and only one of the family who ever asked anything from the party, and it is not for himself so much as it is for his crippled son who is unable to make his way by the sweat of his brow like the family is in the habit of doing. You will find him as good as his word in and under all circumstances. He needs no recommendation where he is known and in all his dealings he has always been found honest and upright. He is at all times ready and willing to help the poor if it is in his power to do so. I feel that no more worthy man could be selected for the office than him.

I as a true citizen feel it my duty to do all in my power to bring him out victorious, and I trust the citizens of Garrett county have known him long enough to recognize the fact that he is the man worthy of their support and to do him a favor in return for the many he has done them. A FRIEND.

Accident, Md., June 28, 1897.

Hon C. B. Bush, president of the Gilmor County (W. Va.) Court, says that he has had three cases of flux in his family, during the past summer, which he cured in less than a week with Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Mr. Bush also states that in some instances there were twenty hemorrhages a day.—Glenville, W. Va. *Pathfinder.* This remedy has been used in nine epidemics of flux and one of cholera, with perfect success. It can always be depended upon for bowel complaint, even in its most severe forms. Every family should keep it on hand.

The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Call for your Letters.

John D. Bighman, Noah Brindollar, V. L. Frazer, William Baker, Benjamin Paugh, Messrs. J. McGuffey & Co. Mrs. Fanny Wilks, Miss Martha Badyke.

"July 18, 1896, our store, four dwelling houses and three barns were washed away by a flood. Soon after the community was visited by an epidemic of bloody flux. In a short time we sold ten dozen of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and in every case where it was used the results were all that could be desired; in fact our physicians admitted that it would do more toward bringing about a cure of flux than they could do"—Bush & Kulsley, Auburn, W. Va., Oct. 8, 1896.

Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

"I crave but One Minute," said the public speaker in a husky voice; and then he took a dose of One Minute Cough Cure, and proceeded with his oratory. One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled for the throat and lungs. Oakland Pharmacy.

John Griffin, of Zanesville, O., says: "I never lived a day for thirty years without suffering agony, until a box of Witch Hazel Salve cured my piles." For piles and rectal troubles, cuts, bruises, sprains, eczema and all skin troubles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. Oakland Pharmacy.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

—OF—

REAL ESTATE

In Garrett County.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Robert H. Butler to the undersigned mortgagee bearing date the 3rd day of March, 1894, and duly recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 22, folio 111, one of the mortgage records of Garrett county, default having been made in the payment of a part of the mortgage debt and interest thereon, under a covenant contained in said mortgage the whole debt becomes due, and I will, on

Friday, the 23d Day of July,

1897, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., in front of the court house, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, offer at public sale for cash to the highest bidder all that part of a tract of land known as

"Brant's Farm,"

and also part of the tract called

"SWANTON,"

adjoining lands of Hiram Duckworth, Alford Warnick, Jonas Weitzell and others, containing

81 1-4 ACRES,

situate, lying and being in Garrett county and State of Maryland, and being the same land that was conveyed to the said Robert H. Butler by the undersigned by deed duly recorded among the land records of Garrett county, to which deed reference is hereby made.

About twenty-five acres of said land is cleared and under cultivation, and the balance is in timber.

Terms of sale as prescribed by said mortgage—1-3 on the day of sale. Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

HIRAM DUCKWORTH,
17-4d *Mortgagee.*

Tomson's Red Seal Lye.

98 per cent. strength, granulated, packed in SIFTING TOP cans, is the greatest soapmaker, disinfectant and cleanser.

One Can will make 10 Pounds of Hard Soap.

Red Seal is the best disinfectant and purifier to use in sinks, drains, waste pipes and closets. It is handy, safe and sure. One can of Red Seal to 15 gallons of water sprayed, knocks potato bugs, cabbage worms, etc. No damage to vines. 15-13

Thomas Little,

ONE PRICE,

Has just received a fine line of SHOES, that will be sold at a great reduction in price.

Shoes that sold at	$1.50	now $1.25
" " "	1.75	now 1.50
" " "	2.00	now 1.75
" " "	2.50	now 2.00
" " "	3.50	now 2.75
" " "	4.00	now 3.25
Ladies' Oxfords	1.25	now 99
" "	1.30	now 1.00
" "	1.50	now 1.35
" "	1.65	now 1.40
Men's patent leather	5.00	now 4.50

Big Reduction in SHIRTS,

of All Kinds.

1 Gallon can Maple Syrup, Reduced to 65 cents.

THESE GOODS MUST GO.

DON'T MISS A BARGAIN.

EXAMINATION OF TEACHERS.

OFFICE OF
GARRETT COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS.
OAKLAND, MD., June 21, 1897.

The annual examination of teachers will be held at the following places and upon the dates named:

Oakland, July 5 and 6; Grantsville, July 8 and 9; Accident, Sept. 7 and 8.

16-2 U. G. PALMER, Secretary.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf and colors, French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

For sale by

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

FOR SALE!

—AT—

DEER PARK, MARYLAND.

Less than half a mile from railroad and railroad station, a

FARM of ABOUT 175 ACRES.

It is well watered and wooded and contains seven very desirable building sites. Within the enclosure is more than three miles of convenient driving roads, so laid out as to reach the several sites. The dwelling contains

1st Floor—Parlor, room, large hall, comfortable dining room, kitchen, pantry, sunday room, stationary washstands, hot and cold water to each; and kitchen with the rest of the house; all stands at 1.6 above the ground; 2 story, with ell house 16 by 40; with a never failing supply of cool water in the summers.

2nd Floor—Eight commodious bedroom closets and back stairs.

3rd Floor—Two rooms and closets; 2 store rooms.

There is an ample cellar in which are furnace, wine closet and one was specially supplied by outs de ground door, which is easy of access every room.

Ten rooms have open fire places set in best registers as well.

The stable has stalls for six horses and room for eight carriages. There is a tenant's house, sheep barn and cow shed, together with sheds and coal bins. A tank of capacity of 1,500 gallons surmounts the stable. It is supplied from springs rising on the place, whose contents have been proven perfect by chemical analysis. To the tank the water is pumped by two separate systems, from different sources. All the plumbing and drainage are perfect and the premises in excellent repair, having just been painted inside and one and a new cooking range set.

This property is offered as a whole.

It is without incumbrance, and possession can be given November 15th, 1897.

Address,
JOHN W. WILLIAMS,
D-5 Deer Park, Maryland.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, either in person or by deputy, will be in each of the election districts in said county to collect and receive taxes at the time and places following:

July 12, Meiburg,
" 13, Avers,
" 14, Friendsville,
" 15, Accident,
" 16, Accident,
" 17, Cove,
" 19, Grantsville,
" 20, Johnsons,
" 21, D. H. Hayman's,
" 22, Avilton
" 23, Oregon,
" 24, New Germany, Backbone and Cove
" 26, Bittinger,
" 27, Bittinger,
" 28, Bloomington,
" 27, Floyd,
" 28, Swanton,
" 28, Wilson,
" 29, Deer Park,
" 30, Altamont,
" 31, Gormania,
" 30, Kempton.

Office in Oakland will be closed from July 12th to 30th inclusive.

N. B.—By an act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed at January session, 1896, being Chapter 508, it is provided that, "All county taxes shall be due and payable on the first day of September succeeding the date of levy, and on all county taxes paid on or before said day a discount of 1 per cent. shall be allowed; and after the first day of January all taxes shall bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until paid. The Treasurer shall take the discount and charge interest on all tax bills for county purposes regularly in the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same on his books and upon the receipt given for taxes so paid, but this discount shall not be allowed unless the whole amount of state and county taxes due for the current year be paid when the same is made."

THOS. H. WILEY, Treasurer.

TAX SALES

—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 506 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1894, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," the undersigned as late Treasurer for said county, will on

Saturday, the 10th Day of July,

beginning at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House, in the town of Oakland, offer and sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, all the following pieces, parcels and tracts of land, situated, lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, to-wit:

Lot Town lots Nos. 13, 14, 15 and 16 in Block No. 11, on the plat of Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Maryland; also lots Nos. 11, 12 and 13 in Block 15 on said plat, conveyed to Mary P. Alderson by the Mountain Home Company by two deeds, the first bearing date August 11, 1893, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 24, folio 538, and the second August 21, 1894, recorded in Liber E. Z. T. 26, folio 7, Garrett county records. Said lots will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895, as is charged to the said Mary P. Alderson on the assessment books of Garrett county, and now located in Election District No. 7, together with the interest thereon and the costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale.

Lot Military lots Nos. 350 and 351, situated in Election District No. 3; Military lots Nos. 148, 980, 1213, 1219, 1231, 1301, 1321, 1440, 1588 and 1599, situated in Election District No. 7; Military lots Nos. 2132, 2333, 2370 and 2321, situated in Election District No. 3 of Garrett county. These lots comprise in all about 900 acres and are the same lots that were sold and conveyed to Richard T. Semmes by John Swan by deed dated February 28th, 1894, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 24, folio 139, one of the Land Records for Garrett county, Maryland, and will be sold to satisfy and pay the State and county taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895, as is charged to the said Richard T. Semmes on the assessment books of said Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and the costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale.

Conveyancing at cost of purchasers.

EDWARD E. SOLLARS,
15-td *Late Treasurer.*

REAL ESTATE!

—FOR SALE BY—

JOHN SHARTZER, Real Estate Agent.
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Two farms in District No. 2; 262 acres; near Elder Hill school house, improved by 2 houses, 3 barns and orchards. Will be sold separately or as a whole, to suit purchaser, on easy terms.

House of 3 rooms, 4 acres of land two miles south of Mt. Lake Park.

House and 1 acre of ground adjoining Loch Lynn Heights. Will be sold cheap.

A livery stable at Loch Lynn Heights. Best in the county; must be sold at once.

House and 2 lots in Mt. Lake Park.

50 acres; improved by a small house; near Cranberry Glade farm.

House and 2 lots in McHenry.

Farm near Deer Park; improved.

A well improved farm near Ryan's Glade.

The above properties will be sold on easy terms.

One 58-acre lot adjoining the farm of W. T. Jamesson near Mt. Lake Park.

1 50-acre lot adjoining the lands of Mrs. Kilburne and —— Jackson near Mt. Lake Park; will be sold very cheap for cash.

7 building lots in Loch Lynn Heights.

The Phillips lands lying between Oakland and Mt. Lake Park; will be sold as a whole or in parcels to suit purchaser.

A lot of ground adjoining Mt. Lake Park on the Oakland road.

An improved farm of 100 acres, 2 miles from Terra Alta.

An improved farm of 200 acres near Crellin.

The Oakland Steam Laundry property.

7 large building lots in Oakland.

For further information, prices and terms, apply to

JOHN SHARTZER,
6-26 OAKLAND, MD.

ESTATE OF SALOME CUSTER DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscribers, of Garrett County, Md., have both obtained from the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

SALOME CUSTER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscribers, on or before the 1st day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 25th day of May, 1897.

JOHN W. BAKER, }
S. P. BAKER, } Executors.
12-4 Grantsville, Md.

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conneway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

A Rustic Fourth.

O FOURTH JULY'S the finest day
of any in the year,
At least that's how it allus seems
to me.
You swell your chest an' take a breath,
and find you're breathin' freer,
Ez though the air wuz full of liberty.

The crackin' o' the crackers goin' off by packs and packs,
The cannon boomin' at the break o' day,
Jes' sort o' sends a joyous little shiver up our backs,
An' the only thing to holler is "hooray."

The big men of the country give us Patrick Henry's speech,
An' then recite the Declaration, too,
An' the crowd throw up their hats an' cheer with arder, after each
Patriotic orator is through.
An' then the silver cornet band (the township's joy and pride)
Inspirin' airs appropriately play,
An' the bangin' an' the poppin' start again on every side,
An' the only thing to holler is "hooray."

An' after bit when darkness comes, the fireworks fizz an' spout
An' Chinese lanterns twinkle midst the trees,
An' in the shadders pretty girls are saunterin' about
With rounded waists an' dimpled hands to squeeze.
An' then wunst more there's music from the silver cornet band,
An' down the floor the dancers all sashay,
Everybody's wantin' partners—every feller's in demand,
An' the only thing to holler is "hooray."

—Detroit Free Press.

A Fair Rebel's Trick.

A Fourth of July Story

IT was the 3d of July and Betty Logan, known to many as the Belle of the Neutral Ground, that debatable strip of country along the Hudson where the cowboys and skinners roamed at will, stood on the porch of her pleasant little home.

She was half surrounded by vines that failed to conceal her trim figure, the effect of which was heightened by the neat garb she wore. In one hand she held a letter she had just read for the fourth time, and as she lifted her eyes she beheld a man at the edge of the porch.

This man, a person whom the girl could trust, had just delivered the missive, and while reading it Betty had become oblivious to his presence.

"It's bad news, Peter," said she, advancing a step and looking down into the man's face.

"Another victory for the king's men, Miss Betty?"

"That is not exactly it. It wasn't much of a battle, Nolan writes—"

The man interrupted the reading with a sudden exclamation.

"The letter is from Capt. Nolan, then?"

"Yes, and he is a prisoner in New York."

"That's bad. I know how he will chafe in confinement, for he wasn't born to rust out behind stone walls. But when they exchange him—"

"That's just the difficulty, Peter. When they exchange him! You may well say that. They will not exchange Nolan for an officer inferior in rank. They never do that, you know, Peter."

"I might have thought of that," answered the man, flushing a little. "I suppose a resene is out of the question."

"Entirely so," said the girl. "Nolan writes that he is fairly treated, but he wants his liberty. You say the letter was delivered to you at the secret outpost?"

"Yes. I did not ask from whom it was, but obeyed orders and brought it direct to you."

"For which you have my thanks, Peter, and I will see that you are fully paid in the future."

In a few moments the patriotic girl was left alone, and after another reading of the letter, which told how the writer, Capt. Nolan James, a youthful officer in the continental army, had been captured by a detachment of British troops and conveyed to New York, then in possession of the enemy. The letter seemed to crumple in her resolute hand, and when she entered the house she flung it upon the table and picked up another letter lying there.

Unfolding this one she glanced over the lines which traced in a bold masculine hand ran as follows:

"Capt. Basil Lee, of the royal forces, begs leave to accept Miss Betty Logan's invitation to dine with her Tuesday and will be promptly on hand. Wishing his fair hostess health and happiness, he signs himself her ardent friend.

"CAPT. BASIL LEE,
"Fourth Dragoons,
"New York, July 2, 1780."

A faint smile appeared at Betty's mouth as she perused the acceptance and placed it beside the one from her patriotic lover.

Capt. Lee had met her during one of the many incursions made by the royal dragoons along the Hudson, and, though an enemy to American freedom, the girl had found him an agreeable visitor. Ignorant of Capt. James' misfortune, she invited the British officer to dine with her on the Fourth, as she lived almost alone in the old homestead, her parents having died a short time prior to the beginning of hostilities.

The imprisonment of Capt. James would naturally interfere with the pleasures of the coming day, but when the morning of the Fourth came there were no traces of regret on the fair rebel's face.

At ten o'clock Peter, who had been sent to a certain point from which the road leading to New York was visible for a long distance, came back with a broad grin on his face.

"I was thinking, Miss Betty, what a nice thing it would be if we could just contrive to exchange Capt. Nolan for Capt. Lee."

The girl seemed to start.

"What nonsense, Peter!" she exclaimed. "Whatever put that idea into your head?"

"It just walked in," smiled the man. "You see, they're equal in rank and—"

"Captains both," broke in the girl, looking across the porch from the open door. "These Utopian schemes don't always come out successful."

"Very well, I just give it for what it is worth," and Peter bowed himself out of the girl's presence, and Betty was alone again.

"What a good guesser Peter is," she smiled to herself. "Surely I have not betrayed myself, and no one, I hope, has let the cat out of the bag. I'll just give Peter credit for good guessing, that's all," and she went to her boudoir to dress for the officer's reception.

The old-fashioned clock in the wide hallway was striking 11 when a handsome young officer in the somewhat flashy uniform of the Royal Dragoons, one of the crack regiments in the king's service, drew rein in front of the house and dismounted.

His riding boots were polished to perfection and he had brushed from them the few flecks of mud they had encountered on the way up. He looked assuringly at the house, with its pretty flower beds on the lawn and the trellised porch, upon which stood a rocking-chair, Miss Betty's favorite seat. Throwing the lines over a post, to await Peter's attention, the young captain sauntered towards the house, and just as he mounted the steps a vision of loveliness appeared.

Miss Betty was simply but tastefully dressed and looked very pretty thus arrayed.

She smiled a cordial welcome to the officer as he came on and took his outstretched hand without a show of treachery.

"Though we differ about the war, Capt. Lee," said she, in her sprightly manner, "I cannot help asking you for the latest news from the front."

"There is but little to communicate. There has been no set engagement of late; the two armies seem to be planning for position, and it is doubtful if a battle will come off for some time."

"That is good. I do not like to hear of bloodshed. It is bad enough in this part of the country between the forayers, but when large armies meet in deadly conflict it is much worse. Still," and her eyes seemed to sparkle, "we cannot gain our independence without some bloodshed."

Capt. Lee smiled.

"I will never be able to convince you, I see," he said. "Like Ephraim, Miss Betty, you are joined to your idols."

"Yes, captain, to the idols of liberty and prosperity for America. You must admit that you find our soldiers men difficult to conquer. When people fight for their homes and native land they do not give up the struggle without a terrible contest."

"But in this case they are rebellious and the king will not stop short of their entire subjection."

The young girl's gaze wandered from the room, and for a little while seemed to rest on the bushes on the lawn.

Suddenly, however, she turned again to the officer and said:

"One of my friends has had the misfortune to become a prisoner of war."

"Indeed, Miss Betty!" exclaimed Capt. Lee, in the most innocent manner possible. "But that is one of the vicissitudes of war. Your friend must put up with it and consider that imprisonment is far better than being left on the battlefield."

"I do not doubt that, but confinement to Capt. James is irksome, to say the least."

The British officer seemed to start a little at mention of his rival's name.

"Capt. James is confined in New York," continued Betty. "He was captured in a skirmish and hurried thither. Exchange is hardly to be thought of, you know, since our people do not hold as prisoner an officer of equal rank."

The conversation now drifted to other subjects, and Capt Lee was most pleasantly entertained by his fair hostess.

He knew that Betty Logan was intensely loyal to the cause of the colonies; but out of respect for her apparent helplessness her property had not been disturbed, though on several occasions several spies had been tracked to it.

Her only servants were Peter and a housemaid as loyal as her mistress, and with these Betty, the fair rebel, inhabited the little home near the Hudson in almost open defiance of the soldiers of the king.

Fond of music, Capt. Lee importuned his hostess for a song, and, rising, Betty swept to the instrument in one corner of the cozy parlor.

"What are your favorites, captain?" she asked, with a sly look over her shoulder.

"'Washington's Retreat' for one," said the officer with a light laugh as he mentioned a song at that time popular in royalist circles in New York.

The cheeks of Betty Logan flushed and her fingers swept the ivory keys as if impelled by magic.

"You don't sing that, I suppose," continued the captain.

"I am here to entertain you and 'Washington's Retreat' shall be given according to request."

In another moment the melodious voice of the girl seemed to fill the house as she sang the piece which had received encore after encore in the theaters wherever the British held sway. Capt. Lee listened like one entranced and his gaze followed her every movement like one enraptured.

"Perhaps you have heard this," said Betty, as the last note died away, and forthwith she started up with a rollicking cowboy air such as the wild marauders of the Neutral Ground were wont to sing when out on their forays.

It was full of the most rebellious sentiment, and some of its pointed allusions to King George drove the color from Capt. Lee's face.

But he was not in a position to grumble, for had not Betty sung a real royal air? He sat mutely and listened as the song crept on and on, the girl seeming to take delight in tingling the ears of her red-coated guest.

"WHAT ARE YOUR FAVORITES, CAPTAIN?"

"I suppose I wouldn't be allowed to sing that in New York?" exclaimed Betty, turning round and catching a sign of the captain's disapproval in his look.

"By no means, Miss Betty," was the reply. "The author of that doggerel will stretch hemp one of these days."

"When you catch the hare, captain, not before," laughed the girl. "By the way, the author of that song is doing some good in the ranks just now, and Washington has made him a lieutenant for bravery on the battlefield, and you don't kill prisoners, I believe."

"Sir Henry Clinton might break the rule in the bard's case," was the quick rejoinder, and then Betty ran her fingers over the keys again and sang a love ditty which put her guest in the best of humor.

The ballad ended, Betty Logan excused herself and left the parlor.

"It seems to me that she might be tamed," passed through Capt. Lee's mind. "The girl is a real jewel and would make an excellent wife. So her 'friend' Capt. James is enjoying the delicacies of prison fare. I suppose that she doesn't know that I am, in part, responsible for his change of fortunes; but all's fair in love and war, and if I do not fail Miss Betty may sing none but loyal songs in the near future. I wonder if that fellow attended promptly to my horse?"

The British captain was on the eve of rising when Betty again appeared in the doorway and announced dinner.

She had made a little change in her toilet and looked prettier than ever, and Capt. Lee, with an appetite sharpened by his ride from the city, to say nothing of the wait in the parlor, rose with alacrity.

The dining-room was tastefully trimmed with flowers and evergreen, the work of which Betty ascribed to her maid, Polly, and Polly, blushing to the tips of her fingers, as it seemed, acknowledged the compliments with a confused courtesy.

Betty poured the tea as she chatted away and Polly was near by to see that Capt. Lee as her mistress' guest wanted for nothing.

The table was spread with the delicacies of the season, which told Capt. Lee that the young girl's larder had not suffered much, if any, through the war.

At last the young officer pushed aside his plate and leaned back in his chair.

"I'm sorry I cannot offer you a dessert as fine as you enjoy in the old time homes of New York," said the girl, apologetically. "Truth to tell, Capt. Lee, we must put up with just what we can get in the country in war times and—"

"Of course, begging pardon, Miss Betty," broke in the officer. "Your dessert, I am sure, will be delightful as your dinner has been, and I am disposed to praise it beforehand."

At this moment Miss Betty Logan waved her hand to Polly, who stood at the door leading into the kitchen.

"Our guest is ready for the dessert, Polly. You may bring it on."

A deeper crimson came to the maid's cheeks as she caught the subtle meaning of the words so artly spoken by Betty and in another moment she left the room, closing the door behind her.

"Behold the dessert, Capt. Lee!" exclaimed Betty, when the door opened a moment afterward, and the British officer staggered from the chair as his gaze fell upon three men dressed in continental uniform, each of whom covered him with a pistol.

"What's this, miss?" he cried. "What treachery is afoot under your roof?"

"It is simply the fortunes of war, Capt. Lee. You are a prisoner subject to exchange for another prisoner of equal rank. These gentlemen constitute the only dessert I have to offer, with profuse apologies."

At first Capt. Lee thought of resistance, but sober second thought came to the rescue and in a little while he was in the hands of the patriots.

"Your trick will fall short of its design, my little rebel!" he exclaimed. "Capt. James shall not be exchanged for Capt. Lee. I promise you that."

Betty made no reply and her late guest was hustled from the premises and escorted to the nearest American camp where he was turned over to the commander thereof.

Several weeks intervened when one evening a young soldier rode up to the Logan home and sprang lightly to the ground.

He was met at the steps of the trellised porch by a young girl whose eyes sparkled above flushed cheeks.

"They tell me that I owe my exchange to you, Betty," he exclaimed. "Capt. Lee was very obstreperous at first, but he gave in at last and here I am."

"I don't know whether Capt. Lee will ever forgive me, but I didn't know of a better way to celebrate the Fourth of July," was the reply, and the merry laugh that followed told how happy was the Fair Rebel of the Neutral Ground.

T. C. HARBAUGH.

The Love of Country.

There are not wanting those who sneer at love of country as narrow and provincial. But we think it will be found, as a rule, that the man who has no love for his own country and his own people, as distinguished from all else in all, does not entertain very much regard for humanity in general. True patriotism—not the spurious kind that says: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy," but that which upholds, defends and makes much of home and country—promotes rather than diminishes world-wide sympathies. There are no more devoted patriots than the consecrated American missionaries who spend their lives in service for foreign lands. Our young people should be instructed to associate their celebration of independence day with love of country, and to learn lessons of patriotism from those who on this day pledged their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor to wrest the nation from a foreign yoke. The independence thus nobly won is a precious inheritance, they should be taught, because it has permitted the development on American soil of institutions which have blessed not us alone, but all the world besides.—N. Y. Examiner.

UNCLE SAM'S PATENT FOURTH-OF-JULY BICYCLE.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The First American Flag.

It has been impossible to decide with certainty who designed the American flag as first adopted by congress, but the best recorded evidence gives part of the credit of designing it and all the credit of making it to Mrs. John Ross, an upholsterer, who resided on Arch street, Philadelphia. Her descendants assert that a committee of congress, accompanied by Gen. Washington, who was in Philadelphia in June, 1776, called upon Mrs. Ross and engaged her to make the flag from a rough drawing. This drawing was, at her suggestion, redrawn by Gen. Washington with a pencil, in her back parlor, and the flag thus designed was adopted by congress.

Although the resolution establishing the flag was not officially promulgated by the secretary of congress until September 3, 1777, it seems well authenticated that the regulation stars and stripes was carried at the battle of the Brandywine, September 11, 1777, and thenceforward during the battles of the revolution.—Youth's Companion.

An Odious Comparison.

"I don't think there is any doubt about the Indians progressing in civilization," remarked the professor.

"I haven't had very extensive opportunities for observation," replied the prim lady, "but the fact that none of the Indians I ever saw were in the habit of expectorating on the floors of street cars or of using profanity in public leads me to think that they have gotten a very good start."—Washington Star.

Tragedy of the Roses.

Each year when the red rose is blooming—
Sweet seal to my chapters of woe—
I tell the old tale of my loving,
And Daphne again answers: "No."
—Chicago Record.

FOR OUR GENIAL FRIENDS.

A suggestion for some of our friends who have lived not wisely but too well. —Harlem Life.

Why They Are Enemies.

Biggs (with effusion)—Hallo, Whiffle, is that you? I heard you were drowned.

Whiffle (with sadness)—No, it was my brother.

Biggs (thoughtlessly)—What a pity. —Tit-Bits.

Held to the Contract.

"Goodness gracious, you don't mean to tell me that Maud is going to marry an auctioneer?"

"She can't help herself. A hair got in her eye just as he proposed, and, of course, she had to wink."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Good Eating.

"That was a queer story about a man in Minnesota being treed by wolves while on his way to be married," said the shoe clerk boarder.

"Most remarkable exhibition of animal intelligence I know of," said the Cheerful Idiot.

"Animal intelligence?"

"Yes; they must have realized how tender he would be at that time."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mean.

Miss Oldgirl (with assumed indignation)—Do you know, girls, a man—an utter stranger to me—lifted his hat and bowed to me on the street to-day, and when I ignored him he actually followed me!

Miss Slyboots—Some of those beggars are persistent fellows. — Town Topics.

An Example for Us.

"You may talk as you like," said the solid citizen, "but there was one good thing about the gladiatorial fights of olden times."

"What was that?"

"The loser never had a chance to talk to the papers and explain why he lost." —Philadelphia Press.

Quick Diagnosis.

Stranger (after an examination)—Well, doctor, what do you think? Have I the gout?

Great Physician—Hem! Er—what is your income?

"Twelve hundred a year."

"No. You've got a sore foot."—N. Y. Weekly.

Prospective Horror.

"I hear that Judge Blucketts is studying mind reading," said the lean lawyer.

"If that is the case," said the fat lawyer, "I am going to leave town before I get arrested for contempt."—Indianapolis Journal.

Noah's Joke.

"Provisions are running pretty low, pop," said Shem on the thirtieth day out. What are we going to do about it?"

"I don't know," said Noah, with a wink at Japhet, "unless we eat Ham." —Harlem Life.

Ups and Downs.

She had a pretty turned-up nose,
A turned-up hat of brown;
And I—well, I had turned-up toes,
Because I was turned down.
—Town Topics.

Gen. Miles (arriving late)—"Do it again; didn't see you the first time."

An Unfortunate Chap.

Checkerly—Poor Algy! He's so howwidly defawmed!

Stripes—Defawmed?

Checkerly—Yaas, poor boy; his eyes are so pwominent that he can't wear a monocle!—Philadelphia Press.

Too Much.

Alice—What, you, an advocate of "woman's suffrage," going to marry?

Miss Prim—Yes.

Alice—Well, I didn't think you would carry your hate of the men as far as that.—N. Y. Tribune.

He Had.

"Smithers seems immensely proud of his wife."

"Well, he has much to be proud of. She weighs 300 pounds."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Good Name for It.

"I wonder," said the philological boarder, "why a fight is called a scrap?"

"Because it is a broken peace," the cheerful idiot explained, with his usual promptitude.—Indianapolis Journal.

Spoken Like a True Woman.

He—Do hurry, Molly, the train leaves in 20 minutes.

She (absent-mindedly)—Don't be cross, Jack; it's such bad form to be on time.—N. Y. Truth.

There Are Others.

Dobson—Can your daughter play the piano?

Subbubs (wearily)—I don't know whether she can or not, but she does. —Tit-Bits.

It Looked Like It.

Jill—The fools are not all dead yet!

Bill—What's the matter, old man? Are you contemplating matrimony, too? —Yonkers Statesman.

He Has to Turn.

"The worm will turn," 'tis truly said,
For frequently you see,
He comes to where some one has spread
Fresh tar around a tree.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Who He Was.

She—Who is that man that's giving orders and tearing around like mad?

Proprietor—Oh, he? That's my silent partner.—N. Y. Journal.

No Vacancies in Wayback.

"'A rolling stone gathers no moss,' my son,"
The elder remarked, with a frown;
"The moss-back vocation," the younger replied,
"Is the most overcrowded in town."
—Philadelphia Press.

Returned at Once.

Mr. Softleigh—Miss Lightleigh—er—Hazel, I love you! May I hope that some day you will return my love?

Hazel—I'll do that now. Be sure and take it away with you. — Odds and Ends.

A NEEDLESS QUESTION.

Parson Jones—'Rastus Jackson, will yo' hab dis woman fo' yo' wedded wife?

Erastus—Cose I will. Dat's what I come fo'.—Detroit Free Press.

Their Occupation.

Mrs. Brown—I am the mother of seven boys. Do you wonder that I am a bread maker?

Mrs. Jones—I am the mother of seven girls. Do you wonder that I am a match maker?—N. Y. Truth.

Wanted to See It Bounce.

"Freddie, why did you drop the baby on the floor?"

"Well, I heard everybody say it is a bouncing baby, and I wanted to see it bounce."—Tit-Bits.

Early and Often.

Howsoe—What is the best way to keep your friends? Treat them kindly?

Comsoe—No. Often.—Brooklyn Life.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A CURIOUS THING.

Sunbeam came to my house one day—
"Is there any place here for shadows to hide?
They tell me that shadows are cold and gray;
But before I can catch them they run away.
If I find one, I'll cheer him up," he cried.

He searched about through the great big house,
A dear little fellow, warm and bright,
In closets, in corners, in mamma's hair,
In grandpa's face, and oh, everywhere!
But wherever he went it was only light.

Now Love looked into my house that day—
"Could Hate in here be hiding his head?
They tell me that Hate is ugly and bad.
Perhaps, if we found him, we'd make him glad.
Oh, please may I look and try?" he said.

Love met Sunbeam hunting about—
"Have you found your shadows, friend Sunbeam?"—"Nay,
Not I," said Sunbeam; "they don't live here."
"Nor Hate," said Love; "for this house is dear.
Let's look for a place to abide alway!"

Sweetheart Lucy came running in,
Bright as a robin just out of bed.
Sunbeam sprang to her eyes so brown;
Love in her warm heart nestled down—
"We've the nicest place in the world!" they said.

Now the curious thing, which I haven't told,
Is something I never could quite make out—
For never a shadow can show his head,
And Hate, I think, must be really dead,
When my little Lucy is playing about.
—William J. Long, in Youth's Companion.

DOGGIE'S COSTLY MEAL.

It Costs Its Owner One Hundred Francs and a Lawsuit.

The complainant in a recent law suit at Narbonne, France, made oath that he was one day dining on the "terrace," or open air space fronting on the sidewalk, where French people are wont to take their meals in summer. He had just begun to eat his soup when it occurred to him to count some money that he had a short time before received. In counting it he accidentally let fall a 100-franc bank note into his soup.

Instantly he fished it out of the plate with his fork and sent the soup away; but the bank note was saturated and he laid it down on the tablecloth to dry.

He was going on with his meal when a little gust of wind blew the bill off the table. Its owner jumped after it, but a wandering dog which had been hungrily watching the meal was quicker than he, and seized it. The taste of the soup on the paper made it an edible thing to the animal, and it was swallowed in an instant.

And then the man who owned the bill was, though bursting with rage, reduced to the humiliation and insincerity of saying: "Good doggie! Come here, nice doggie," and to the employment of smiles and wheedling ways, in order to get near enough to the animal to read the name engraved on his collar. But he succeeded, and when he had made a note of the name, he assisted the "good doggie's" rapid departure.

Next he brought a suit against the man who owned the dog for the restitution of the 100 francs; and the court at Narbonne, after hearing the evidence and the pleas at great length, decided that the owner of the dog must pay the other man the money.

THE LAZIEST ANIMAL.

It Takes the Ai a Month or More to Go a Single Mile.

In the deep forests along the Amazon river in South America there dwells one of the oldest and laziest creatures in the world. It walks upside down; it rarely, if ever, drinks, and it is said to feel no pain. The animal is known as the ai, from its peculiar piping cry, or the three-toed sloth. The last name is very appropriate, for a lazier animal

AN ANIMAL HAMMOCK.

never lived. Often it takes less than 50 steps a day, and it will be a month or more in going a mile. It is not necessary for it to go any faster, because it lives in the trees and its food of leaves and soft twigs is always within easy reach. Sloths have three toes on each foot, and each toe bears a strong hooked claw. When the sloth moves he simply hooks the claws over a limb and crawls about from tree to tree. In this position he can sleep hours at a time. When a little sloth is born it uses its mother for a hammock until it is big enough to climb itself.

The sloth grows to be about two feet long. Its hair is wiry and coarse and it has no tail to speak of. The natives say that it cannot feel pain, and they prove what they say by showing how the sloth will roll itself up and deliberately fall out of a tall tree in order to save climbing down. Pretty lazy, isn't it? An uglier, more useless animal could not well be imagined.—Chicago Record.

A Parliamentary Hint.

It was getting late, and still the venerable ex-United States senator lingered in the parlor with the young people. Evidently something had to be done.

"I hope, papa," said his daughter, gently but resolutely, "that you will not be offended if I now move a close call of the house, during which all persons not entitled to the floor will please retire, while Charlie and I discuss a question of personal privilege!"—N. Y. Truth.

PATRIOTIC MITTENS.

How They Became the Inspiration of an Honorable Life.

During the civil war the martial feeling of the time excited American children as well as American men. But in a country home in the state of Maine lived a little boy who neither owned his interest in the great conflict to the example of a soldier father nor showed it in military play. The boy was not yet ten years of age; old enough to thrill at the beat of drums and the marshaling of departing troops, but not old enough fully to understand the meaning of all the commotion.

His father was ineligible for service. His mother was not strong, but she had the heart of a patriot, and she was devoted to the cause of freedom. Love of country was to her next to the love of God. Her loyalty to its flag was as true as her faith in her Bible.

Through all those troubled years, this woman was constant and unwearied in her efforts to help the union cause. She picked lint, and her boy helped her, wondering. She made jellies, and her boy stirred the kettle while she answered childish questions about the terrible times. She talked to him daily about the honor of the old flag, and told him that every one in those days must show his colors or be branded as a traitor.

"What is 'showing colors,' mother?" he asked, much awed by her manner.

"I will show you, my son," she said.

Thereupon she began to knit a pair of white mittens, and upon the back of each one she fashioned the stars and stripes, knitting them in, as she went along, so that they were part of the woof of the mittens.

Standing by her side the boy watched her shining needles. She gave him the history of the flag as she threaded the red, white and blue into her work. She told him how many and how great had

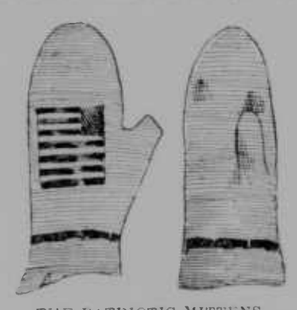

THE PATRIOTIC MITTENS.

been the sacrifices in its defense on land and sea; and as the lad looked and listened, he felt as if he were standing on holy ground.

"There," she said, gravely, when the mittens were done, "when you wear these you will show your colors. You must always show them."

So the little boy wore the patriotic mittens; for the first time to church, and after that to school and to play. He was proud of them, and he never forgot their pictured lesson. Enthusiasm for freedom and country, fidelity to truth and duty, love of honor and right had all been knit into his young life by his good mother's teachings, as her needles had knit the flag into his mittens.

Years after the war was over—and the little worn-out pair of mittens had been laid away—the faithful mother died; but the boy had become a man.

The time came, as it happens to every man of affairs, with the temptations of the world around him, when it seemed more profitable to be shrewd and unscrupulous than to be strictly upright. In his office hung a strange little picture. There, mounted in a neat frame, behind protecting glass, were the identical mittens his mother had knit for him so long ago; the very pair, with the Stars and Stripes on their backs, that he had worn in the old days when she told him he must show his colors.

In the man's heart the boy's reverence for all that was true and noble came uppermost, when he looked on his early lesson. He was ashamed to do a questionable thing. The little frayed mittens wrought by the fingers of a dead mother were a monitor to him.

A little while ago he sent the writer a photograph of them. They are worthy of a place in the paper, for they tell the story of a childhood influence that became the inspiration of an honorable and manly life.

In spite of our worst selves, most of us find our best selves bound to God by some one strong cord of holy prayers. It may be a dying sister's last word. Such memories are more precious than life. The heart holds them, and they knit honor into our very being.—Youth's Companion.

Fighting Fires in Winter.

To stand upon the peak of a ladder at perhaps the third or fourth story of a building, directing the stream of water at the blazing interior, while the thermometer is at about its lowest point, is not a comfortable task. Perhaps another stream is playing over your head, and you stand in an icy spray. Icicles hang from every point of your firehat, and the rubber coat is frozen to your back; and the water that is falling about you freezes as fast as it falls. Every movement upon the ladder is fraught with danger; for it is so encrusted with ice that it is almost impossible to get a solid foothold, and a misstep would hurl you to the ground, 40 feet below.—Charles T. Hill, in St. Nicholas.

A Papier Mache Nose.

Noemi Sanmon, a middle-aged woman arrested for shoplifting in Paris, went off in a fit when she arrived at the station, and an inspector tried to revive her by applying smelling salts to her nose. The woman remained in a state of coma, and showed no signs of returning to consciousness. Then the inspector tweaked her by the nose, and, to his horror, that organ came off in his hand, being made of papier mache.

FARM AND GARDEN.

DWARF PEAR TREES.

They Produce Excellent Crops Within a Very Few Years.

Farmers and others do not sufficiently appreciate the value of the dwarf pears. With these the setting out of fruit trees is certainly not "planting for posterity," whatever may be the case with standard trees.

Dwarf pear trees are formed by grafting pear cions upon quince roots. The result is the making of a bush out of the pear stock. Another result is the very early bearing of the dwarf. A few planted about one's garden and grounds make ornamental shrubbery,

DWARF PEAR TREE.

and in a very few years are producing excellent crops.

Purchased by the hundred dwarf pear trees are inexpensive—from six to eleven dollars being charged at the nurseries for two-year-old trees from three to four feet in height. Care should be taken in setting the trees to put the point where the pear and quince stock joins two inches at least below the surface of the ground. Dwarf pear trees, being small, can be set out in places where larger trees could not well grow. A very excellent arrangement is to set them in a hedge-row along the sides of one's orchard or garden. They can be set as closely as 4½ feet apart, provided they have plenty of space on either side to let in sunshine and air. A row of these little trees in full bloom is a sight to be remembered.

Not all varieties of pears are suited to the dwarf habit of growth. Those that do well as standards will not always give satisfaction as dwarfs, but it is fortunate that some of the very finest of the standard varieties, as dwarfs, do as well as the standards, if not better. Thus among the summer varieties that give excellent results is the dwarf form one may mention the Bartlett and Clapp's Favorite; among autumn varieties the Seckel and Duchesse, and among winter varieties that "noblest Roman of them all," the Anjou, and the Lawrence.

There are other good pears that do well as dwarfs, but this gives a good selection for home use. Every spring before the leaves start let a third of last season's growth be cut away, as severe pruning is essential for heavy fruiting.

In localities where the winters are severe, a little mulching, at least for the first season, should be put about the trees in winter, and remember that pear trees, as well as all fruit trees, for that matter, are greatly benefited by a liberal application of wood ashes to the soil. Give them other fertilizers, too, but don't neglect to supply plenty of potash.

Set out a few dwarf pear trees, and the chances are that you will like them so well that you will set out as many more a year from this spring.—N. Y. Tribune.

VEGETABLE HOSPITAL.

Established by the United States Department of Agriculture.

A hospital under the care of Prof. B. T. Galloway, chief of the division of vegetable pathology, has been established by the department of agriculture of the United States government for the treatement of sick plants. Diseases affecting plants and vegetables, as well as remedies, are investigated. The work will not only benefit farmers, but all lovers of flowers. A violet plant was placed under a glass jar, where it was provided with only poor ventilation. Germs of a disease known to be injurious to the plant were mixed with water and sprayed upon it. Soon large yellow spots appeared upon the leaves. After the jar was removed the patient rapidly recovered, showing that the germs would have had no effect had the air in which the plant grew been fresh. The plants in a row of young corn are given water in different quantities, mixed with certain proportions of salts, as found in natural soil. When certain strengths of salt are added the little mouths of the hairlike tubes of the roots through which the plants drink become so badly puckered that the plants starve. Plants growing in salt marshes and by the seaside are supplied with larger mouths. By testing the amount of salt in his soil the farmer can ascertain how healthy his corn is likely to be. Prof. Galloway is awaiting results from some very interesting experiments with the germs of wheat "rust."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Dirt Makes Poor Butter.

Your butter will naturally have good flavor if your cow stable is kept scrupulously clean and well aired. If you take pains to get no dirt in your milk, either during or after the milking, if you feed only strictly sound, sweet grain and fodder, and if your milkroom and all milk receiving and butter making vessels and utensils are always kept entirely clean and well aired. Dirt in some form or other, is the plain word for much of the trouble so often encountered in making sweet, pleasant butter.

WATCH YOUR CALVES.

Feed Them Well to Obtain Satisfactory Results Quickly.

The calf's foot is golden now. Calves which went begging for buyers a few years ago are now worth ten dollars almost as soon as they are dropped. There is a great shortage of feeding steers all over the corn and grass states. This shortage is temporarily supplied by the enormous importations from every point in the country. It is, however, only a shifting of cattle from one point to another, and there is no addition made to the cattle stock by such a movement, except to the extent that they come from Canada, and even this is no real addition, for the reason that the beef from these cattle is supplied in the United States instead of Canada, and has no effect whatever on the beef markets of the world. Any increase of cattle stock must come through the growing of calves, and the farmer has a dead sure market at a profitable price for his calves for a year or two to come. Hence, the calf should be watched not for the sake of watching and thinking of the pleasing prospect of a good price, but for the purpose of securing as much thrifty growth and as good a form as possible, for the better the form the higher the price per pound it will bring, and the larger the calf the greater number of pounds there is to sell at a price fixed by the quality. How to feed that calf to produce the best results is one of the important questions just now. Here, as in everything else, it pays to take lessons from nature. Dame Nature feeds the calf often, feeds the milk sweet and feeds it warm. The calf that has a bellyful of cold milk in the morning and another at night, with no drink during the day, and is exposed to the hot sun, will not bring a big price.

Nature feeds the calf a balanced ration. If it is fed skim-milk that ration is unbalanced by the withdrawal of the butter fat, and this must be supplied in some way. The cheapest substitute for the first few weeks is a jelly made by boiling oil meal. After the first three or four weeks oat meal should be substituted gradually, and corn meal as gradually substituted, in part at least, for the oats. Corn at 12 cents per bushel, and oats at the same price, will furnish the proper balance at a much lower rate than butter fat. There are a thousand little things in connection with calf growing that can be learned only by experience, but the man who observes, thinks, reads and practices will very soon catch on and become an expert. There is a very solid bottom under this business now, and the farmer that has a strain of native cattle combining milk and beef forms is the man who can fill the demand to the best advantage.—Journal of Agriculture.

FOR BREACHY BULLS.

A Preventive That Has Never Failed to Effect a Cure.

For the benefit of those who may have breachy bulls or other kind of cattle that throw the fence, I will state what I have found to be a good preventive, and I have had one of the worst animals I ever saw to experiment on.

I had a ring, something like the ac-

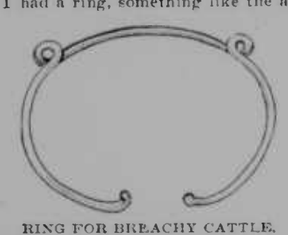

RING FOR BREACHY CATTLE.

companying cut, made of one-fourth inch iron, 3½ inches wide. I attached a short piece of trace chain to each side of the ring where holes are shown, crossed the chains over the animal's nose, and fastened them to opposite horns close to the head, making the chain as tight as the animal can stand it without pain. When the animal put his nose against the fence the chain rolls or presses to one side, giving the animal instant pain in the nose. One or two attempts to throw the fence after this ring is on will satisfy him, and he will stay where he is put.—J. W. McCoy, in Farm and Fireside.

SOME HARD FACTS.

The Road Problem Viewed from a Strictly Practical Standpoint.

Some of our contemporaries seem to take for granted that "better roads" necessarily implies paved roads, rolled by wagon tires at least six inches wide, and that it is a choice between such roads and nothing worthy the name of road improvement. This we consider a mistaken and somewhat unfortunate view of the situation. If we are to have nothing better than wind work till the general construction of paved roads becomes a possibility in country districts the present generation will not live to see better average country roads than we have now. No one understands better than the farmers themselves that they are not to build hard roads, particularly in districts remote from rock and gravel supplies, and capitalists are not likely to do the work for them. The utilization of convict labor on the roads should result in a considerable increase in hard-road mileage, but such increase would be comparatively slow and its effect upon the general traffic of the country hardly noticeable for many years. In the meantime we should make better use of the means at hand. As we remarked some time since, with a properly adjusted cash system in force and the improved road machinery now available, we should have much better earth roads, and at no greater cost to the people than now.—Agricultural Epitomist.

Ripening of Fruit.

Experiments made in England to retard the ripening of fruit by keeping it at a steady low temperature have succeeded well with apples, but not with plums or with vegetables.

Summer Tours Via Big Four Route.

To the Mountains, Lakes and Seashore. Special Low Rates will be in effect to Put-in-Bay, Islands of Lake Erie, Lake Chautauqua, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River, Adirondacks, Lake George, New England Resorts, New York and Boston. To the Great Lakes, Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo, Detroit, Benton Harbor, Mt. Clemens, Mackinac and Michigan Resorts. To the Northwest and West via St. Louis and Chicago. For rates, routes, time of trains and full particulars apply to any agent "Big Four," or address E. O. McCormick, Passenger Traffic Manager "Big Four," Cincinnati, O.

Sunshine and Sadness.

The redbird sings, and the sunshine flings its gold through my window-pane. And a sweet perfume steals into my room, from the roses in the lane. * * * The skies are clear: in the school-yard near, the children romp in glee; the earth is bright in the glad sunlight, but what is it all to me? * * * For, across the way, there is a din to-day, that tortures my weary brain; the maiden fair, with auburn hair, is at the piano again. —Up-to-Date.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomachs receive it without distress. 1-4 the price of coffee. 15c and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

"That affair on the end of my tail," said the rattlesnake, "may not seem handsome, but—" He skillfully threw a coil. "It's a rattling good thing. Yes."

Ere the Farewell Is Spoken

On the deck of the steamer, or on board the train that is to bear you away from those dear to you, you will, if you are wise, have safely stowed away in your luggage a sufficient supply of that safeguard against illness—Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Commercial travelers, tourists and pioneer emigrants concur in testifying to the fortifying and saving properties of the great tonic. Use for constipation, biliousness, malarial and kidney complaints and nervousness.

People who say they cannot write a plain hand because they are so nervous, talk as if they expected to be believed.—Washington Democrat.

Between Seed Time and Harvest

is a good opportunity to enquire about farming lands in South Dakota, only one day's ride from Chicago. Bountiful crops of Wheat, Corn, Barley and Flax reward the tiller of the soil. As a stock and dairy country South Dakota leads all the world. First-class farm lands with nearby markets can now be bought for from $10, $12, $14 and upwards, per acre, and this is the time to invest. For further particulars write to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

Some girls wouldn't look nearly so interesting if they didn't wear glasses.—Washington Democrat.

"Star Tobacco."

As you chew tobacco for pleasure, use Star. It is not only the best, but the most lasting, and therefore the cheapest.

Anything first-class is hard to equal.—Washington Democrat.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

Time, which vindicates a man, first buries him.—Atchison Globe.

How many people there are who have no visible means of support.

Young Housekeeper (to butcher)—"What is the price of mutton?" Butcher — "Ten pence, mum." Young Housekeeper—"And lamb?" Butcher—"Thirteen pence, mum." Young Housekeeper (surprised)—"Is it possible? Why a lamb isn't more than half the size of a—er—mutton."—Tit-Bits.

If some men worked as hard trying to learn economy as they do inventing something, fewer wives would have the living to earn.—Washington Democrat.

The stomach isn't the seat of intellect, but a French restaurant will force you to learn something of the language.

Men only begin to persecute when they despair of convincing.—N. Y. Weekly.

The happiest expression to be found is on a woman's face when she is going away from home; a woman always enjoys a trip more than a man.—Atchison Globe.

Neighborly Sagacity.—"I never like to hear a woman spoken of as an indulgent mother." "Why not?" "Indulgent mothers are the kind that never interfere when their children annoy other people."—Chicago Record.

The man in the moon is probably the only one in history who does not believe he is a man of the world.

When a man has a handle to his name he naturally looks on it as something that lifts him up.

Magistrate—"The evidence shows that you threw a stone at the man." Mrs. McDuff—"An' it shows more than that, yer honor. It shows that I hit him."—Tit-Bits.

Lots of men will spend as much time telling stories about their dogs as women do about their children.—Washington Democrat.

A great many men who began life poor are holding their own remarkably well.—Washington Democrat.

WOMEN! DON'T WAIT.

If You Have Any of These Symptoms Act at Once.

Do you know the reason why you will go to the hospital, my poor friend?

Because you have allowed yourself to go from bad to worse. You did not know that that heat, swelling and tenderness in your left side were all signs of congestion of the ovary.

Any intelligent woman could have told you that congestion is fatal to the uterine system, and that an ovary congested leads to tumor formation, and that you were in awful danger. Now you will have to undergo the operation of ovariotomy, the cutting out of the ovary.

Yes, you will recover, at least I hope you will; but you will never be quite the same woman again. Congestion of the ovaries is fatal to health. If you have any such symptoms be advised in time; take a medicine of specific powers! You can find none better than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, prepared especially to meet the needs of woman's sexual system. You can get it at any good druggist's.

Following we publish a letter from a woman in Milwaukee, which relates how she was cured of ovarian trouble: "Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I suffered with congestion of the ovaries and inflammation of the womb. I had been troubled with suppressed and painful menstruation from a girl. The doctors told me the ovaries would have to be removed. I took treatment two years to escape an operation, but still remained in miserable health in both body and mind, expecting to part with my reason each coming month. After using one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and a package of Sanative Wash I was very much relieved. I continued to use your remedies until cured. The last nine months have been passed in perfect good health. This, I know, I owe entirely to the Vegetable Compound. My gratitude is great, indeed, to the one to whom so many women owe their health and happiness."—Mrs. F. M. Knapp, 563 Wentworth Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

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For What?
A First Class Ticket from Chicago to California.
When?
At the time of the Christian Endeavor Convention in July.
By What Route?
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The same rate will also apply to intermediate points and in the reverse direction.
Open to Everybody.
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C. A. HIGGINS, A. G. P. A., Room 1345 Gt. Northern Bldg., Chicago.

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Chronic disease cured where stomach medication has failed. Acute ailments cured at their commencement. Send for Illustrated family treatise. 114 Fifth Ave., New York, S. B. BECKWITH, M.D.

BIG Money made introducing my Soap and Remedies. Send 10c in stamps for sample and particulars. Dr. T. M. SAYMAN, St. Louis, Mo.

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OPIUM and Whiskey Habit cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent FREE. B. M. WOOLLEY, M.D., Atlanta, Ga.

CANCER CURED AT HOME; send stamp for book. Dr. J. E. HARRIS & CO., Pike Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A. N. K.—C 1662

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Stick to the Directions,
if you want to get the most good out of Pearline. Otherwise, you'll be putting in too much, and wasting the Pearline, and calling it expensive. Or you won't put in enough, and so you won't get as much help from it as you expected, and you'll have to do more work. Directions on every package for hot and cold water washing, with and without boiling. These simple, easy directions have revolutionized the work of washing.

SICK HEADACHE! ALWAYS TRACE IT TO THE LAZ LIVER.
Poisonous matter, instead of being thrown out, is reabsorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue, it causes congestion and that awful, dull, throbbing, sickening pain.
Cascarets REMOVE THE CAUSE BY STIMULATING THE LIVER,
Making the poison move on and out, and purifying the blood. The effect is ALMOST INSTANTANEOUS.
LADIES whose sensitive organism is especially prone to sick headaches, DO NOT SUFFER, for you can, by the use of CASCARETS, be Relieved Like Magic.
ALL DRUGGISTS. 10c., 25c., 50c. 981

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A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr SAMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed -
Alx. Senna +
Rochelle Salts -
Anise Seed +
Peppermint -
Bi Carbonate Soda +
Worm Seed -
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A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

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Chas. H. Fletcher.
NEW YORK.

35 DOSES - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

SEE THAT THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE —OF— Chas. H. Fletcher. IS ON THE WRAPPER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF CASTORIA

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." ☞ See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

SAMUEL LAWTON.

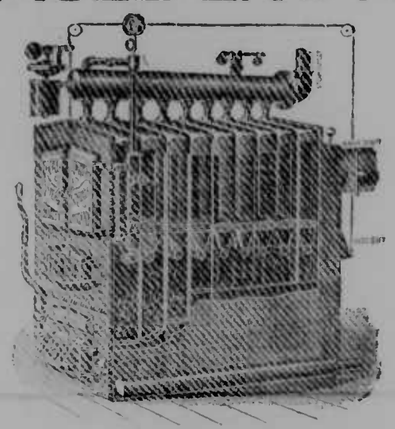

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BICYCLES AND BICYCLE REPAIRING.

THE FOURTH

AT

OAKLAND.

The Anniversary of our National Independence will be celebrated at Oakland, Md., on

Saturday, July 3, 1897,

WITH A

Mammoth Street Pageant and Trades Display.

Four Brass Bands,

Balloon Ascension,

Horse and Bicycle Races,

Troup of Cowboys,

Band Indians in Native Costume,

Championship Base Ball Match.

OAKLAND vs. KINGWOOD, W. VA.

Kuklux Klan and Fantastic Parade,

and numerous other amusements will be arranged for the entertainment of the people.

Grand Picnic at Highland Park.

Good Orchestra and Dancing Pavilion on the ground. The orator for the day will be

HON. GEORGE L. WELLINGTON,

United States Senator from Maryland.

Special rates and special excursion trains from east and west on the B. & O. Railroad.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, June 28, 1897.

That this will be the last week of the tariff debate in the Senate is the general opinion of the Senators. Some think that the bill will be passed as early as Wednesday and some that the final vote will be taken Saturday. At any rate, unless there is unexpected delay, the bill will be passed in time to add to the jollification of the Fourth of July celebration all over the country. This early disposal of the bill will be far from satisfactory to some of the Democratic Senators, but fear of the wrath of their constituents has prevented them from resorting to anything like filibustering tactics to delay it further.

It is impossible, at this time, to say how long the tariff bill will remain in conference, but Chairman Dingley, who is well posted on the sentiment of both Senators and Representatives, and who will be at the head of the House conferees, expresses the opinion that an agreement will be speedily reached on the bill.

Ex-Senator Corbett's claim to the vacant Oregon seat in the Senate will not be acted upon until the regular session, but the committee on Privileges and Elections has had printed for the convenience of Senators, the elaborate report prepared by Senator Hoar in favor of seating Mr. Corbett on the certificate of the Governor of Oregon. Mr. Corbett is much disappointed, as he expected the case to be settled at the present session, and hoped to get the seat.

Mr. I. F. Mack, the well-known Ohio editor, who is now visiting Washington, has been talking interestingly of a subject on which he is thoroughly posted — Ohio politics. He said: "The talk about the Republican party being torn with internecine strife is arrant nonsense. We are thoroughly united and harmonious and will win in Ohio this year by a heavy majority. There is no sort of doubt about it, and away down in their hearts I do not believe the Democrats think they have any show of success. There is no Democratic party in our state, anyway, for those who used to be Democrats have gone over to the Populists."

Commissioner Butterworth hasn't lost any time in beginning the needed work of raising the standard of practice before the United States Patent Office. Eight attorneys have recently been disbarred from practice before that office for not conducting their business under honorable methods, and the Washington firm of John Wedderburn & Co. has been ordered to show cause why it should not be disbarred for having made "fraudulent, deceptive and improper searches," with intent to defraud and the result of defrauding clients, to their injury, and wrong doing, to the scandal and reproach of the Patent Office, and contrary to equity and good morals," and for other causes.

Certain gentlemen, notably Mr. Claus Spreckels, the California sugar king, have been expressing more confidence in the rejection of the treaty for the annexation of Hawaii, to which they are violently opposed, than there is anything in sight to justify. But there is a reason for their confidence, as will be fully apparent before Congress meets next winter. It lies in the manipulation of a big corruption fund to create a public sentiment against the treaty with the hope that enough Senators can be influenced to prevent the necessary two-thirds vote being obtained for ratification of the treaty. And all of this corruption fund will not come from American sugar men. A considerable of it will come from the secret fund of European governments. There are at least two European nations which are at least more interested in the failure of the treaty than Japan is. But being smarter than the Japs, they have not protested and will not protest against the treaty, but will try to accomplish its defeat by the use of money, just as they have before tried, and sometimes succeeded in influencing the course of the United States. It is really a great pity that this scheme could not be headed off by the ratification of the treaty by the Senate at this session, but it is known that the opponents of the treaty would not allow a vote to be taken on the treaty at this session, even if it were possible to keep a quorum of the Senate in Washington for any considerable time after the tariff bill has been passed.

The difference between being a Tariff expert and posing as one was made painfully apparent when Senator Jones, of Ark., tied himself all up in a jungle of figures supplied to him by the opponents of a duty on the cheap silks of China and Japan. Before he got through, everybody knew that he knew absolutely nothing of what he was trying to talk about.

Reduced Rates to Winchester, Va.

On account of the Firemen's State Convention at Winchester, Va., July 7 to 9, the B. & O. railroad will sell round trip tickets from all points on its lines east of the Ohio river, not including Pittsburg, Parkersburg and Wheeling, for all trains July 5 to 9 inclusive, valid for return passage until July 12 inclusive.

Cumberland, $3.95, and correspondingly low rates from other stations.

Niagara Falls via Pittsburg.

The B. & O. R. R. has arranged an excursion to Niagara Falls, via Pittsburg and Buffalo. Special express will leave Washington 10 o'clock a.m. Wednesday, July 7th, crossing the Alleghany Mountains in daylight. The train will run through solid from Washington to Niagara Falls, via P. & L. E. R. R., L. S. & M. S. R. R. and N. Y. C. R. R. Tickets good for return five days from date of sale.

We show below train schedules and rates of fare from this vicinity:

	RATE.	TIME, A. M.
Deer Park	$9.10	10 28
Mt. Lake Park	9.05	10 19
Oakland	9.70	10.12

Arriving Niagara Falls 8 o'clock following morning.

Correspondingly low rates from other points.

Passengers from local points, at which the Special is not scheduled to stop, can take local train to nearest point connecting with the through express.

REDUCED RATES.

Tennessee Centennial Exposition, Nashville, Tennessee.

OVER THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY and Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway.

The Southern Railway announces the following low rates from Washington, D. C., to Nashville, Tenn., occasion Tennessee Centennial Exposition:

Season Excursion Tickets will be sold daily, until and including October 15, at $28.75.

Twenty-day Excursion Tickets will be sold daily until October 15, at $21.30.

Ten-day Excursion Tickets will be sold on Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week, until October 26, 1897, at $15.30.

Rates for Military and Students in parties of 25 or more made known upon application.

Lv Baltimore, P. R. R.	9.20 PM	9.42 AM
" Washington, So. Ry	10.13 "	11.15 "
" Danville	6.00 AM	6.20 PM
Ar Salisbury (E. T.)	9.37 "	8.50 "
" Asheville (C. T.)	2.05 PM	12.12 AM
" Hot Springs	4.21 "	1.59 "
" Knoxville	7.25 "	4.00 "
" Chattanooga	11.50 "	7.51 "
" Nashville, N. C. & St. Lky	6.10 AM	1.50 PM

The train leaving Baltimore at 9.20 P. M., daily, carries Pullman Buffet Sleeper New York to Salisbury, uniting with Pullman Sleeper (from Norfolk) to Nashville, Tenn., through "The Land of the Sky," without change.

For full particulars, descriptive matter, etc., call on or address:

J. C. HORTON, Pass. Agent, 106 East Lerman st., Baltimore, Md.
L. S. BROWN, Gen'l Agent Pass. Dept.
W. A. TURK, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
J. M. CULP, Traffic Manager.
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PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

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31—26

FREE HOMES ...IN... Washington and Oregon.

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FINE TIMBER LANDS RICH Farming and Grazing LANDS.

FRUITS Grow in Abundance. FINE CLIMATE.

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CONVENIENT TO MARKETS

Settling up very fast by EASTERN PEOPLE.

Full particulars free.

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42 S. Third Street, Phila., Pa.

47—52

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

IT'S YOUR LIVER

When you feel tired, listless, heavy, headachy, flushed, and have a foul taste in your mouth you may be sure your liver is lazing. It isn't doing its work; it needs a stirring up.

DR. A. S. TODD'S ANTI-BILIOUS LIVER PILLS will straighten you out. Make you feel like new. Brighten eyes and brain. Clear your complexion—cure your headache. 25 cents, all druggists. Made by

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

TIN, SLATE and STEEL ROOFING, SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH, Mt. Lake Park, Md.

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DEALERS IN

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GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Repairing Furniture and Picture Framing a Specialty.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO. IN EFFECT FEBRUARY 28, 1897.

SOUTHWARD No. 3	SOUTHWARD No. 1	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2	NORTHWARD No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		P. M.	P. M.
3 05	7 00 lv	Cumberland ar	12 15	47 30
3 20	7 26	Rawlings	11 50	7 05
3 45	7 54	Keyser	11 28	6 43
4 01	8 10	Westernport	11 13	6 30
4 04	8 00	W. Va. C. & P. Junc.	11 11	6 27
4 54	8 25	Stony	10 54	5 57
5 00	9 05	Harrison	10 49	5 50
5 15	9 15 ar	Elk Garden	8 00	4 00
5 35	9 30 lv	Gormont	9 40	4 55
5 42	9 46	Bayard	9 31	4 47
5 51	9 57	Dobbin	9 23	4 38
6 27	10 27	Thomas	8 53	4 08
6 35	10 35 ar	Davis	8 45	3 15
6 51	10 51 lv	Coketon	8 28	3 01
7 01	11 01	Hendricks	8 15	2 50
7 07	11 07	Bretz	8 08	2 43
7 10	11 10	Parsons	8 05	2 40
7 45	11 45	Kerens	7 30	2 05
8 00	12 00 ar	Elkins	lv 7 15	1 50
	1 30 ar	Beverly	lv	1 35
				P. M.
	8 05 ar	Bellington	lv	11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

Daily. Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BEITZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, May 16, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	Daily	2.09 A. M
No. 3	Daily	9.28 A. M
No. 71	Accom daily except Sun	9.28 A. M
No. 47	Daily	1.36 P. M
No. 55	Express, daily	5.55 P. M
No. 7	Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	Daily	5.50 A. M
No. 2	Daily	6.41 A. M
No. 72	Accom daily except Sun	5.18 P. M
No. 46	Daily	7.45 P. M
No. 4	Daily	12.20 A. M
No. 11	Accommodation	10.12 A. M

Train No. 55 makes no stops between Oakland and Grafton. No. 47 makes all stops.

D. B. MARTIN, Manager of Passenger Traffic.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

JOHN SHARTZER, LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

offers his services to the people of Garrett County. Will cry land or personal property sales at any point in the county. 6-97-1y r.

ESTATE OF FRANCIS SPICER, DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett County, has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett County, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

FRANCIS SPICER,

late of Garrett county, Md., deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 17th day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 24 day of June, 1897.

MICHAEL NATHAN, Adm'r c. t. a.
11-3 Grantsville, Md.

NOTICE OF BRIDGE LETTING.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF GARRETT COUNTY. OAKLAND, MD., June 16, 1897.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners for Garrett county, Maryland, will receive sealed bids for a two-span, steel bridge, until the 8th day of July, 1897, at 11 o'clock a. m.

Said bridge is to be in two spans, seventy-four and one-half feet each between masonry, 11-foot roadway, with a 6-foot side walk, or without side walk. High truss, 120 pounds per square foot, factory safety five. Plans will be seen in the County Commissioners' office after July 1st. The company to whom the contract will be awarded will be required to give bond double the contract price. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the board.

15-td J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

Ripans Tabules relieve scrofula.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 15—1yr

FRED A. THAYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Petty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

GILMOR S. HAMILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW

☞ Special attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED. ☞ SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

DR. J. G. ROBINSON, DENTIST, Felty Building, Opposite Postoffice, OAKLAND, MD. GAS ADMINISTERED. 50-97

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON OAKLAND, MD.

Residence on North 3rd Street. Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.,

☞ Office in Mayers building. Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8:30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice Building, Alder street. ☞ Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. B. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.*

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate. P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

THOMAS R. MURPHY, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street. All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

E. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, Residence and P. O. Address, ☞ SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate. Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE, AUCTIONEER! *Will sell Real or Personal Property*

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md Oakland, Md., Feb. 23rd, 1897.

ALEX'R P. MASON, PRACTICAL SURVEYOR, OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 36-1yr.

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GONDER & MASON, :: REAL :: ESTATE :: AGENTS, :: OAKLAND, MD. 49—1yr. Office, Shartzer's Opera House.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN, SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.

LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

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D. E. OFFUTT, President. G. S. HAMILL, V. President. S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted. ☞ Prompt attention to collections. 11z

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WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH THIS

Superior Lime

TO BUILDERS, FARMERS AND TANNERS IN BARRELS OR BULK TO SUIT PURCHASERS.

This lime is equal in strength for agricultural, building and tanning purposes to the Frederick or Baltimore county lime.

KILNS AT CRABTREE, MD.

Address all orders to

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WANTED: ROCK OAK BARK.

Write for prices.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO., 49-14 CUMBERLAND, MD.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1897. NUMBER 18.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Grasshoppers are on the jump.

Up in his profession—the aeronaut.

Lives on tick—the telegraph operator.

About sixty guests are registered at the Oakland.

Thirst shops were well patronized on Saturday.

Miss Nettie Michaels is on a visit to relatives in Baltimore county.

Best grade of Harvesting Oil, 30 cents per gallon at S. Lawton's. 18-3

Mr. John L. Harne, of Clarksburg, was in the city Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. H. O. Hessen, of Martinsburg, was here yesterday visiting his parents.

Miss Skinner, of Pennsylvania, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Mealey this week.

Miss Annie McCloud, of Lonaconing, is in Oakland visiting Mrs. Godfrey Felty.

The backbone of the hot wave was broken Tuesday by a job lot of thunder bolts.

Rev. George W. Kepler is visiting friends in Oakland and Mountain Lake Park.

Miss Ora Bush, of Eglon, spent Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Fringer in Oakland.

Miss Lou Murphy, of Keyser, was visiting relatives and friends in Oakland last week.

Messrs. D. E. Offutt and G. S. Hamill returned from a business trip to Ohio Tuesday night.

Hon. A. F. George and Fish Commissioner Gnagey were in Oakland last Friday a few hours.

Mr. William C. Kidd, of Baltimore, was here several days this week selling goods to his customers.

The annual meeting of St. Matthew's Parish will be held at the Rectory this morning at 10 o'clock.

Mr. Charles Lantz, of Davis, West Va., visited the family of Mr. E. D. Kepner a day or two last week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Offutt, of Cumberland, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Offutt in Oakland Sunday.

Mr. J. S. Keller, of Romney, spent Saturday with the family of ex-Treasurer Edward E. Sollars near town.

Dr. E. K. Goldsborough, of Washington, spent several days in Oakland with his family since our last issue.

Mr. C. A. Bolden, of Meyersdale, Pa., spent three or four days in Oakland last and this week with relatives.

Mrs. Chas. Metzler, of Albrightsville, West Va., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Jones a few days this week.

Messrs. George and Lawson Loar, of Grafton, spent two or three days visiting their parents since our last issue.

Mr. D. V. Morris, of Kingwood, was here several days last and this week visiting his daughter, Mrs. Benj. H. Sincell.

Last Thursday evening Dauch's orchestra, of Washington, arrived at the Oakland Hotel, where it will furnish music this summer.

Mr. Perry E. Kimmel, who is engaged as local editor of the Kingwood *Journal*, spent Saturday and Sunday in Oakland with relatives.

Miss Maggie McNeal, of Keyser, who visited the family of Mr. D. E. Offutt last week, returned to her home Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. James A. Eulow and Mrs. Charles Dawson, of Mountain Lake Park, spent Monday in Oakland with Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Fringer.

Messrs. John Shartzer and Julius C. Renninger went up to Terra Alta last Friday where they both made addresses to the old soldiers.

Mr. Jacob Kepner, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Kepner, who is living in the northern part of Pennsylvania, is home on a visit. He has not been here for several years.

It heals everything except a broken heart, may be said of DeWitt Witch Hazel Salve. Piles and rectal diseases, cuts, burns, bruises, tetter, eczema and all skin troubles may be cured by it quickly and permanently. Oakland Pharmacy.

Dr. and Mrs. John G. Robinson returned from Deer Park Sunday morning, where they spent their honeymoon, and will go to housekeeping in Mrs. Patrick Hamill's house on Second street.

Mr. W. H. Hagans went to Baltimore Sunday night, accompanied by his wife, who will be placed in the Shephard Asylum for treatment. Her condition was somewhat improved Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Smith, of Urbana, Frederick county, arrived in Oakland yesterday evening and will spend to-day with Mrs. Leah F. Sincell before departing for a visit of several weeks in the west.

Morrell Jamison, who was badly injured by a train at the station here last Thursday morning, is improving. His injuries were not so bad as at first reported, they consisting of a broken leg and badly lacerated knee.

"They don't make much fuss about it." We are speaking of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous Little pills for constipation, billiousness, and all stomach and liver troubles. They never gripe. Oakland Pharmacy.

Rev. and Mrs. Wm. C. Davis, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. William Grooms, drove through the country to Oakland from Brownsville, Pa., arriving here last night about 10 o'clock. They will remain in Oakland a week or ten days visiting relatives and friends.

There is a time for everything; and the time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait until you have consumption but prevent it by using One Minute Cough Cure, the great remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Taylor's King Fools played to a crowded house last Saturday night, producing Gilhooly's Troubles. Mr. Arthur Blackaller played Gilhooly to perfection whilst the specialty work done by other members of the company was excellent.

Miss Grace Johnson, of Westernport, daughter of Mr. J. K. P. Johnson, has been offered a responsible position in an educational institution near Winston, N. C. She will enter upon her new duties early in the autumn. For several years past Miss Johnson has been a student at the Peabody Institute in Baltimore. —Keyser Echo.

I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy during the past summer and I find it will do just what it is recommended to do. I cheerfully recommend it."—D. W. Buchner, Clarksburg, W. Va., September 30, 1896.

For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Last Sunday evening at St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church a memorial service was held as a mark of respect for the late William Hinebaugh, at which Rev. J. W. Butler delivered an impressive address. He was followed in his remarks by Messrs. Scott T. Jones, Gilmor S. Hamill, Dr. E. H. Bartlett and Rev. John M. Davis. The edifice was crowded to its utmost capacity showing the high esteem in which Mr. Hinebaugh was held by his fellow citizens.

Dr. and Mrs. Osterhout, of Bacos del Toris, United States of Columbia, South America, arrived in Oakland Sunday morning last and will spend the summer with the family of Mr. H. J. Frear. Dr. Osterhout is a graduate of the Jefferson Medical college, Philadelphia, and enjoys a lucrative practice at Bacos. He is also the owner of large banana interests in that country. Mrs. Osterhout is the daughter of Mrs. Sarah Frear and sister of Mr. H. J. Frear.

Last Saturday as Mrs. W. B. Hudson, accompanied by her children, was driving home from Oakland a ruffian driving a heavy road wagon to which was attached a pair of horses, locked the front wheel of his vehicle in the rear wheel of Mrs. Hudson's carriage. Luckily she with commendable nerve whipped her horses up and kept them ahead of the wagon. The man's name could not be ascertained but no doubt he will be brought before the bar of justice ere long.

"July 18, 1895, our store, four dwelling houses and three barns were washed away by a flood. Soon after the community was visited by an epidemic of bloody flux. In a short time we sold ten dozen of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and in every case where it was used the results were all that could be desired; in fact our physicians admitted that it would do more toward bringing about a cure of flux than they could do"—Bush & Knisley, Auburn, W. Va., Oct. 8, 1896.

Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Last Sunday morning the members of St. Paul's M. E. Sunday school presented their superintendent, Rev. J. M Davis, with a handsome chair. The presentation address was made by Rev. Arbuthnot. He started out with a short history of the progress of the school since he has been pastor of the church and called attention to the faithfulness of the worthy superintendent, who is now serving his thirty-second year as superintendent of this school, and finally remarked that we had decided to "give him a rest." At this point the chair was brought into the church through a side door and was a complete surprise to the superintendent, who could not imagine what the preacher meant by "giving him a rest." Mr. Davis then made a fitting address, heartily thanking the donors for the gift. The chair is handsomely upholstered in leather, has reclining back, and is a beautiful piece of furniture. Long may Mr. Davis live to enjoy this serviceable present.

Seriously Injured.

Tuesday afternoon James Mackin, a young man, was engaged in operating a saw at Mr. Offutt's mill when a board he was sawing was thrown back from the machine, striking him in the mouth knocking out three teeth and seriously cutting his tongue. Six stitches were required to sew up the wound. He received other minor injuries.

Killed this Morning.

A young man named Richards, residing at Keyser, West Va., attempted to board an east-bound freight train at the station in Oakland this morning about five o'clock. Missing his footing he was drawn under the wheels of the train. Four or five cars passed over his body, literally grinding it to pieces. The remains of the unfortunate man were gathered up and placed in a box by the railroad men and will be held at the station until orders for their disposition have been received. The young man was aged about twenty-five years and was the sole support of a widowed mother and several small brothers and sisters.

Two Games of Ball.

Last Saturday nine West Virginians from the vicinity of Kingwood came over to Oakland with the intention of downing the Jack Oaks—and their intentions were carried out to the letter. When the game was called at three o'clock the grand stand was packed with ladies and gentlemen whilst the grounds outside the diamond was a mass of howling, hooting rooters. The visitors went to the bat first and hammered out runs without number and at last were retired to the field feeling in good spirits, while the spirits of the Jack Oaks were correspondingly low, notwithstanding the high temperature. Nine innings were played, resulting in a score of 18 to 7 in favor of the visitors.

Monday afternoon the Jack Oak nine went down to Mountain Lake Park and was again "trounced" and given to understand that to play ball it required practice. The score was 13 to 3.

The Oakland Horse Improvement Company.

Last Friday evening the owners of stock in the imported French coach stallions, Le Leon, met and organized by electing the following officers: President, D. J. Slabach; secretary, J. W. Wharton; treasurer, John Close; directors, Chas. Sweeney, Abel DeWitt and Fred Gortner. The animal now owned by the company is one of the finest horses in the United States and the object is to improve the class of stock in this county. See advertisement in another column.

Call for your Letters.

Charley Twing, Albert Welch, Thomas Smith, Gloria Panetta, John O'Briane, J. F. Lewis, S. E. Goodman, Samuel G. Clifford, Mrs. Mollie Cook (2), Mrs. Bell Whimps, Miss Clara Miller (2), Miss Ellen King.

New Quarters for the Fire Department.

On Saturday last the engine, hook and ladder truck and paraphernalia belonging to the fire department was removed from the old engine house on Third street and installed in its new quarters in the Opera House building, where rooms were recently fitted up for its reception. New cases will be built in a week or so for the large library, after which the fire laddies will be "at home" to their friends.

Three More Prisoners in Jail.

Tuesday evening Sheriff Austin Brown arrived in Oakland from Altoona, Pa., bringing with him Charles Gunter, charged with robbing the house of D. F. Mosser of a sum of money. He will be given a preliminary hearing to-morrow morning before Justice Sincell.

Tuesday afternoon a warrant was sworn out by Dewitt Minard charging Charles Diehl and his sister Jane with stealing chickens. The warrant was placed in the hands of an officer for service and on Tuesday evening Diehl and his sister had a hearing before Justice Sincell. The evidence produced was strong enough to hold them for court and they were sent to jail in default of bond for their appearance. Both Deihl and his sister are opium eaters.

Real Estate Sale.

In to-day's REPUBLICAN Mr. Robert R. Henderson, assignee, advertises at mortgagee's sale, an improved farm lying west of Frostburg on the National road. The sale will take place on Saturday, August 7th.

A Jail Delivery Nipped.

Sunday afternoon the suspicions of the jail officials were aroused by the actions of the prisoners and a search of the building was instituted which revealed the fact that three of the iron gratings at one of the west windows had been cut. A further search brought to light the tools used to do the job, consisting of two saws, very highly tempered and capable of cutting the hardest steel. After the bars had been cut a hole had been cut in the ceiling over the cells and the saws concealed. The Sheriff at once placed the prisoners in their cells and put them on bread and water until they revealed the identity of the person who had passed the saws to them. State's Attorney Thayer questioned the prisoners and one of them volunteered the information that the saws had been passed in by Mrs. Chas. Cole, whose husband is confined in jail for the action of the court on a peace warrant. She is not amenable under the law as it provides that when a husband is present and an offence is committed by the wife it is done under his influence. A further investigation will be made, however, as it is generally believed that the woman is innocent.

Oakland Celebrates the Fourth.

Last Saturday was extremely warm but it did not interfere with the patriotic feeling in the hearts and minds of the people of Oakland, who were early astir to welcome the hundreds of visitors to town on that day. The crowd was not as large as last year, but still there was no lack of numbers.

Decorators from Cumberland were on hand Wednesday morning and many buildings were profusely and handsomely decorated with the State and National colors.

In the morning at ten o'clock a trades parade was formed at the head of Second street, which marched, with Mr. John Shartzer as chief marshal, through the principal streets of town. Immediately following the marshal and his aides were twenty or more ladies and gentlemen on horseback, followed by St. Peter's band of Piedmont. Miss Nettie Michael as the Goddess of Liberty, and Miss Rose Maroney as Columbia, were next in order. Then came twelve young ladies dressed in white representing Maryland. The Oakland fire department was next in the parade and made a fine appearance. A large number of floats prepared by the different merchants in Oakland were next in line, and were followed by the Bayard band, which in turn was followed by "George Washington," who rode at the head of a large number of cowboys and Indians. The parade ended at Highland Park, where Mr. E. Z. Tower, in the absence of Hon. George L. Wellington, made a patriotic address.

The afternoon was given up to watching a balloon ascension made by Prof. Emil Schaeffer, of New York, and a game of base ball between the Oakland nine and the Kingwood, W. Va., nine. Prof. Schaeffer's ascension was a success in every particular and the parachute leap was something seldom seen in this section. In descending Mr. Schaeffer struck against a telephone wire, but was only slightly bruised.

The game of ball was a one-sided affair. Nine innings were played. At the end of the fourth inning the score stood 13 to 0 in favor of the visitors, when Smith was succeeded in the box by Haulenbeek, of Deer Park, who held the visitors down to five scores in the latter five innings.

At night a ball was given in Offutt's Hall.

Many of the visitors were much disappointed at the non-arrival of Senator Wellington, but he telegraphed his regrets to the committee stating that public business demanded his attention at Washington.

Excursion to Atlantic City. Reduced Rates via B. & O.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad will inaugurate a series of popular excursions to Atlantic City, Cape May Sea Isle City and Ocean City, Md., during the summer season. The first of the series is announced for Thursday, July 8th. The tickets will be good for twelve days, and allow stop off at Washington on the return trip.

We show below the train schedule and rates from points in this vicinity:

	AM	AM	AM	PM	PM	RATE
Tunnelton	.....	8.50	.....	11.14	2.33	$5.00
Terra Alta	.....	9.48	5.51	12.05	4.23	9.00
Oakland	6.41	10.12	5.50	12.29	4.13	8.50
Mt. Lake Park	6.47	10.19	6.05	12.36	4.38	8.50
Deer Park	6.51	10.28	6.12	12.45	4.51	8.50
Piedmont	7.33	11.18	6.50	1.28	5.35	8.00

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

For particulars, call on or address nearest B. & O. agent. 16-3

John Griffin, of Zanesville, O., says: "I never lived a day for thirty years without suffering agony, until a box of Witch Hazel Salve cured my piles." For piles and rectal troubles, cuts, bruises, sprains, eczema and all skin troubles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. Oakland Pharmacy.

Communicated.

To the Editor of The Republican.

In last week's REPUBLICAN the article written by M. A. Yost I think is a masterpiece. The American people are enjoying liberty and are celebrating the birthday of American Independence, seemingly forgetting that there are thousands struggling for liberty at our very doors without any aid being extended to them. How glad were the hearts of the American patriots when they heard that France had espoused their cause. Then, with that in mind, why not give the Cubans an equal chance with the Spaniards. The Spanish come here and buy war supplies, and if the Cubans buy them they are liable to have them seized and themselves are liable to prosecution.

This looks like kicking the under dog. It is a fine spectacle—a nation enjoying liberty and professing to lend their sympathy to other people struggling for liberty, aiding a monarchy like Spain in oppressing a country like Cuba. This is like Cleveland trying to reseat a savage queen on a throne that had been overthrown by civilized men.

One of the foremost statesmen in this country said in a speech in the Senate some time ago that "the American people owe Spain a debt of gratitude for making it possible for Columbus to discover America." This country owes Spain nothing. Millions of human lives have been sacrificed in the new world to Spanish thirst for gold. Enough lives have been sacrificed by Spain, had they been buried, to have made of the country conquered by Spain one vast cemetery, and people who were the Spaniards' superiors morally. The Spanish monarchy is built on the bones of millions of victims and I think the sooner Spanish rule is hurled from its throne in Cuba the better. If recognizing the belligerency of the Cubans would cause a war with Spain, so be it. The brave Spanish soldiers should have something besides defenseless women and children to fight. If half the press reports are true crimes are committed by the Spanish soldiers, sanctioned by the officers, upon defenseless Cuban women, that were they committed in our state the perpetrators would be hung.

At the time the Turks were murdering and plundering in Armenia, the American press ridiculed the Powers on their inability to come to some understanding on the Armenian question. America has an Armenia right at its doors, but the American executive and Congress are like the European nations—can agree on nothing. The man who considers party advancement paramount to the cause of humanity—if that man has a government position, he is a man in the wrong place.

I second Mrs. Yost's proposition to call meetings and try and arouse public opinion in favor of giving the Cubans their dues. W. C. P.

Dobbin, W. Va., July 4th.

Chestnut Ridge.

The farmers are busy getting ready for harvest. The hay crop is thin in this part of the county.

Mr. Nelson Brenneman, of this place, is driving a livery team for Echards' at Mountain Lake Park.

Mr. N. F. Pysell and Miss Rebecca Pysell were at the Friendsville picnic July 3d, and report a good time.

Mr. Noah Pysell has the best meadow in this country, the grass measuring six feet two inches.

The weather is very dry and hot.

Mr. Jacob Pysell has built a new wood shed since my last letter.

LEMON.

Transactions in Realty.

Real estate transfers recorded in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, during the month of June, 1897:

Samuel Falkner and wife to James W. Hair, "Laurel Dale," containing 209 acres and 43 perches of land, composed of Military Lots Nos. 1457, 1458, 1459 and 1460 and 9 acres and 39 perches of vacant land; $2,400.

John T. Mason and wife to W. McCulloh Brown, part of "Winston," 48 acres; $300.

Daniel Augustine to John Newcomer, Military Lots Nos. 2488, 2461, 2491, 2462 and 2490, excepting 85 acres previously sold and conveyed; $3,000.

Henry C. Shaw and wife to John P. Miller, Military Lot No. 2205; $788.89.

Daniel Stull and Oscar W. Stull to the Preston Store Company, two lots of ground in the town of Crellin; $4,000.

Charles B. Lee to Milford C. Gibson, lots Nos. 38 and 39 on the plat of Lake View Land and Banking Association; $1,033.

Jeremiah Liston to Garrett V. Dixon, 121 acres and 40 perches of the "Hook Farm;" $3,000.

No. 11.—Polished Solid Oak 5-Drawer Chiffonier, 53 inches high, 30½ inches long, 18 inches deep. It is well constructed and has good locks on each drawer. Special price, (Orders promptly filled).

$3.39

Our success is not accidental. It is the reward of 48 years of honorable business. Our experience in the Furniture and Carpet business is yours for the asking. Our humorous illustrated catalogue of Furniture, Oil Cloths, Baby Carriages, Refrigerators, Bedding, Springs, Steel Beds, etc., is free to all who write for it, and we pay all postage. If you ask your local dealers' advice you will not send for our catalogue, as he will lose a customer. If you consult your pocket-book and want double value for your dollars, you will deal with the manufacturers. Send your name on a postal now.

Julius Hines & Son
BALTIMORE, MD.

Louis J. Selter and wife to Peter F. Nine, part of one of the sub-divisions of the resurvey on the "Royal Charlotte," containing 2¼ acres; $27.50.

Oscar Friend to Andrew C. Friend, all his undivided one-fourth interest in 50 acres of land in District No. 2; $200.

Gilmor S. Hamill, attorney, to John Mankis, 50 acres of "Latent Worth," being the property of Mary Friend, about three miles from Wilson's; $700.

Elijah Hoye and wife to Lemuel Savage, 1300 feet of ground at Sang Run; $25.

Milton H. Rush and wife to George D. Frantz, 33 perches of the resurvey on "Blooming Rose;" $1.

John Close and wife to Robert E. and Charles W. Ferguson, Military Lot No. 950; $1200.

John W. Hart, trustee, to James W. Leathers, lot No. 3 on the plat of the sub-division of the "Mill Lot" in the town of Oakland; $250.

James W. Leathers and wife to John Felty jr., lot No. 3 on the plat of the sub-division of the "Mill Lot" in the town of Oakland; $200.

M. G. B. McCulloch to Eleanor J. Tasker, Military Lot No. 994; $250.

Lucy Perry to Francis R. Nethkin, lot of ground in Deer Park; $200.

Peter H. Echard and wife to George Slone, 4 acres and 112 rods of Military Lot 5163; $37.

W. McCulloh Brown to John P. Mason R. Military Lot No. 1237; $5, etc.

William C. Pennington, trustee, to Cephas A. Dodge, Military Lot No. 1586; $250.

Frank B. Beall, trustee, to William C. Deveemon, all that part of the tract of land called "The Land Flowing with Milk and Honey," containing 465¾ acres.

Chas. J. Bunce and wife to C. M. Rathbun, lot No. 22 in block No. 5 in the town of Loch Lynn Heights; $1,000.

C. M. Rathbun and wife to Sarah Amelia Bunce, lot No. 22 in block No. 5 in Loch Lynn Heights; $1,000.

Jackson Griffith and wife to George Schubel, 17¼ acres of Military Lot No. 2855; $75.

Annie E. Friend and others to Elizabeth Green, parts of several tracts of land containing 58 acres; $1, etc.

Elizabeth Green to Elmer S. Green, several parcels of land containing 58 acres; $5, etc.

John P. Hubbard and others to William S. Epple, 50 acres of "Bank Territory;" $500.

A. C. Snedeker and wife to M. E. Conner, lots Nos. 61, 145, 161, 156, 930 and 932.

Gilmor S. Hamill, mortgagee, to John H. Sanders, 70 acres of land being the property of Mary J. DeWitt; $500.

Fred A. Thayer and Gilmor S. Hamill, trustees, to Jonas Yutzy, 50 acres of land, being the property of Charlotte Sanders; $501.

Bernard Reynolds to Mary A. Ross, lot No. 103 on the plat of Wilson's first addition to the town of Oakland as extended; $400.

John T. Mason R. to John G. Hoffman, jr., lot H on the plat of the subdivision of the tract of land called "Winston;" $222.

Wm. C. and Althea M. Deveemon to Freeman W. Lewis, 49¼ acres of the tract of land called "The Land Flowing with Milk and Honey;" $550.

Samuel Johnson and others to Julius Minick, 21 acres of Military Lot No. 595; $150.

Mountain Lake Park Association to Barbara A. Lewis, lot No. 1070 on the plat of Mountain Lake Park; $150.

John W. Hart, trustee, to Henry A. Rasche and others, lots Nos. 1 and 2 on the plat of the sub-division of the "Mill Lot" in the town of Oakland; $1700.

Rudolph Beckman and wife to Wm. Brobst and Frank Brobst, 86¼ acres of "Hinche's Discovery;" $562.25.

Two with request not to publish.

THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

At the corner where the roads meet
While winding through the town,
There stands a little schoolhouse
Moss covered, old and brown
Around the well-worn door stone
The grass is growing green,
And buttercups and daisies
Against the building lean.

The pasture comes to meet it,
And o'er the rugged wall
Still grows the wild blue iris
And elder bushes tall.
In spring the orioles nested
In elm trees growing by
And caroled to the children
From hammock nest swung high.

At recess time the children,
With many a laugh and shout,
Made glad the quiet woodland
That skirted all about.
Again the place was silent
When "teacher," from the door,
Called the children to her
When resting time was o'er.

In quaint, old-fashioned order
They stood with toes on line,
And slowly droned the "tables,"
"Three times three are nine."
Then came the mental puzzles,
The dreaded daily drill
In Colburn's little "rithmetic"—
Those problems haunt us still!

The years have passed; those children
Are men and women gray,
And the little corner schoolhouse
To modern times gives way,
But standing by the roadside
As in days long ago,
It seems like a fond mother
From whom the children go.

But still with patience waiting,
Tho' years have passed away,
For return of sons and daughters
She stands and looks to-day.
Her children are far-scattered,
She waits for them in vain,
But they live their youth in memory,
Tho' they come not back again.
—Laura A. Rice, in Good Housekeeping.

How Long Kept the Bakery.

BY SOPHIE SWEET.

"I'CLAR' to goodness I'se mos' afraid to leab dat Tony to min' de bakery, fo' he's de keerlessest chile! Sat'day night, too, an' all de beans to bake, an' my ole man can't never git home till twelb o'clock. But de jedge done send an' say can't had no dinner party widout Aunt Lucy to serve up de dinner. So I mus' go. Tony, now 'member which end you's on, an' don't let nuffin happen to de money drawer, nor de beans, nor Patra, by yo' keerlessness!"

Tony stood on his woolly head with delight when the door closed on his mother. He felt very proud of being left to "min' de bakery." But he was very soon obliged to reverse his position and attend to business, for people were beginning to come with their bean pots. Everybody in the neighborhood sent their Sunday beans to be baked in Aunt Lucy Crumples' great brick oven.

Aunt Lucy was a famous cook. She had been the cook at Judge Carlisle's, in the next town, until she married Peter Crumples, the barber. Peter did a flourishing business, but Aunt Lucy could not be happy unless she was cooking. So she set up a bakery, which was patronized by both rich and poor, for her goods were of a delectable flavor, and she was so neat that one might eat off her floors.

Tony was of great use in the establishment. He was strong and willing, and his mother had already discovered in him a genius for cooking, but his carelessness was a great drawback.

Tony lamented it, but didn't seem able to help it.

"I'll neber git cured ob bein' keerless, till my wool done come straight, fo' sure!" he always said.

People began to come in with their bean pots, as I said. The great oven was heating slowly. It took a long time for it to get hot. Tony put the first installment of bean pots into it.

"Here, Patra, you done climb in dar an' poke de pots way back. I reckon dere's gwine to be heaps ob pots to-night," he said.

Patra, a small morsel of humanity, with her wool tied up into little knobs with red ribbons, obeyed. She thought it was great fun to climb into the big oven, which was not yet hot enough to burn her. She arranged the pots carefully, and was in no hurry to come out.

Tony was preparing their own pots of beans, for they sold beans Sunday mornings. Tinkle! tinkle! went the bell of the shop door, and he hurried out.

As he went by the oven he shut the door. That oven would never get hot with the door open. He had quite forgotten Patra!

Patra screamed with all her small might. It was dark, suffocating, horrible in the oven! Moreover, it was growing very warm.

She kicked frantically at the door, but it was impossible to open it from the inside.

Meanwhile Tony, who had gone into the shop and shut the door behind him, was putting on very grand airs of proprietorship to Billy McGrath, who had come to buy a cent's worth of yeast and two cents' worth of stale gingerbread.

"What's that noise?" asked Billy, suddenly. "It sounds kind of queer and far off, as if it was in the walls."

"Nuffin but rats," replied Tony. "Beans jest in time, sar," he continued, to a customer who had just come in. "Dat oven is gittin' roarin' hot. More beans! See 'em come in now. Ye'd know what it was to have yo' hands full of business if yo' was me, Billy McGrath."

The counter was covered with bean pots.

"Now I'se gwine to shove dem in de oven," said Tony to himself, Billy McGrath having departed, manfully concealing his envy, and there being a lull in the rush of custom. "I wonder whar dat Patra is? Patra, chile, what mischief is yo' in? Patra!"

No answer. Silence in the great baking-room, except for the roaring of the fire.

An awful recollection flashed upon Tony.

"De good lan'! Dat chile neber done come out ob de oben! An' I shet de do'. An' dem noises dat I reckon was rats was Patra a-kickin' an' screamin'. An' hear dat fire roarin'! Neber was sich a fire as I built under dat oben dis night! Patra done burnt up!"

Tony's black face actually turned pale, and all his strength left him. But at length he forced himself to open the oven door.

There was a smell of burning leather. Tony drew forth one little shoe. Was it all that was left of Patra? No; there was a knot of red ribbon, with a bit of wool caught in it, the wool scorched and crumbling to ashes in his fingers as he drew it out.

These relics brought a rush of tears from Tony's eyes; but tears could not lighten his weight of woe.

"'Pears like I'se dreamin' a mos' orfle dream," he murmured.

Ting-a-ling! went the shop door, and Tony started up.

"You's gwine to be hung, Tony Crumples, as su'n as yo' born!" he said to himself.

He hid the little shoe and the ribbon, and hurried as fast as his trembling limbs would let him into the shop.

There was a customer with a bean pot, and behind him came good "Posson Amos," a colored preacher, who lived next door.

"I jist drap in to see how yo' is gittin' 'long, boy," said Posson Amos, kindly. "Yo' must take good care ob yo' charge, an' put yo' trus' in de Lord!"

That sounded very solemn. Posson Amos probably observed his guilty looks and his trembling, thought Tony. And he kept sniffing as if he smelled something burning.

"But he wouldn't 'spect de Lord to have nuffin to do wif me if he knew 'bout Patra," reasoned Tony to himself.

Then he bethought himself that he must put the beans into the oven, and wait upon the customers as if nothing had happened. It was terrible to go near that oven, but "it won't bring Patra back, nor be no consolation to pappy and mammy if I'se hung," thought Tony.

At ten o'clock he shut up the shop, as he had been directed to do, and went to bed; but there was no sleep for him.

What should he say when his mother asked him, as soon as she came home in the morning: "Whar Patra?"

"I clar' to goodness I'll hab to run away!" decided Tony, after he had tossed upon his sleepless bed until after midnight.

He opened the skylight—his room was in the top story—and looked out. The roof was flat, and he could easily climb down to the little ell, and so to the ground. As he was taking a survey, the skylight of the next house in the block—Posson Amos'—was lifted, and a small, white-robed figure appeared from it, and came toward him. It had a little black face, shaded by a white nightcap.

Tony screamed with terror, and tried to close the skylight over his head, but it had become fastened in some way and wouldn't shut.

"Tony! Tony!" called a plaintive voice.

And the white-robed figure proceeded to wriggle itself in through the skylight.

"Patra, is it yo' ghos'?" demanded Tony, with chattering teeth.

"Don' know nuffin 'bout ghoses!" responded the small figure, with decision. "I'se cole an' scared in Mis' Amos' big

"YOU DONE CLIMB IN DAR."

bed, an' I cry an' cry. Den I hear yo' ope' yo' winder, an' I done come home."

"Patra, how come yo' dar?" asked Tony.

"Mis' Amos done come in de back way un' pull me out ob de oben, an' her take me home to scare yo', so yo' neber be keerless no mo'."

Tony hugged and kissed Patra—an attention so unusual that it surprised her not a little—and carried her down in his arms to her little bed beside "Mammy's."

"Pappy" had come in at 12 o'clock, and was snoring loudly and did not wake.

"Yo' is a good boy, Tony, if yo' is keerless," Patra drowsily said, as he left her. "But I done los' my shoe an' my ribbin, an' I neber gwine to fix de beans no mo'."

Tony made a call at Posson Amos' very early the next morning.

"I reck'n yo' is gwine to tell pappy an' mammy 'bout Patra?" he said, very gloomily.

"Tony Crumples, is yo' cured ob keerlessness?" asked Mrs. Amos, severely.

"I is, su'n as yo' born!" answered Tony, solemnly.

"Den so long as I neber hear no mo' ob yo' keerless doin's, I ain't gwine to tell how yo' baked Patra long ob de beans."—Golden Days.

Boston's Street Cars.

The trackage of the street railway lines directly connected with Boston is almost 1,000 miles, operated by a power equal to that of 30,000 horses.

A TREACHEROUS VINE.

The Poison Ivy and Its Deceptive Appearance.

Desperate before the rashness of youth, parents make short work of arguments.

"Some plants are poisonous; we cannot say this one is not; therefore, we decide that it is poisonous, and charge you all to neither touch nor handle it." The brighter and prettier the plant the more suspicious; as if its attractions were only meant to beguile human creatures to their ruin. The other day I heard a reverend gentleman of books telling his boys that the beautiful catbrier is a deadly poison; and another forbade the children to pick the pretty bush honeysuckle everywhere in blossom. Throughout years of "kidhood" and subjection to dooryard supervision these warnings carry weight, especially with the girls. But the bold, bad boy turned loose in summer Edens picks, eats and does not surely die. Then all the warnings are tossed over together and he continues a scoffer until one day, after a debauch at the pond, he comes home covered from toe to crown with the virus of sumach, humble and sore.

It would have been, after all, very simple to teach him the truth in the beginning, for we have, in fact, only two native plants in the United States which are poisonous to the touch and but one of these is likely to be met with. The one, however, is so omnipresent that the terror of its name covers half the lovely wild things that ought to be our summer delight. It is known as poison ivy, and it grows everywhere, east and south, as well as upon the Pacific slope, where it differs a little from the eastern species. Its habitat is almost unlimited, but it prefers sunny, sandy tracts, on mountains, pasture or coast. It spreads by the roadside, perches on fence posts, where it has long reigned, just beyond the reach of the plow; climbs trees and, waving from their boughs, threatens the passing carriage; slides into the orchard among the daisies, wraps itself about the rocks. Mercury vine is one of its old names, and well suited to its slippery and insidious habits. When the picnicker in romantic groves stretches his tired limbs he finds he is lying upon a bed of ivy; he pulls himself up a hill by a tough shrub which he finds, to his horror, is poison vine. If he kindles his fire the brush may be full of it, and it is particularly poisonous when burning. In order to avoid such a pest every child ought to be taught to recognize it.

Rhus toxicodendron, Greek and Celtic for red poison bush, is its name in botany and in medicine. It is an active, acrid poison, leaving upon the skin a crowd of minute watery blisters, which may pass through several stages of malignancy. Some persons are never poisoned by it; others are sometimes poisoned, and yet others cannot even pass it in certain stages of its growth without being affected. Often it results in long and painful illness; in rare cases it is fatal. One circumstance that increases liability to danger from it is the variability of its aspect; another is its resemblance to the innocent Virginia creeper. Both are freely mingled on our roadsides. Popularly they are both vines, but that term belongs only to the creeper; that is strictly a vine, with all the grace and suppleness of the wild grape, to which it is nearly related. It has the same long, finger-like tendrils waving seductively about to find some chance support, and rosettes of palm-shaped leaves, as if a grape leaf had been cut into five portions set with fine saw teeth along the edge. On the contrary, Rhus has three leaflets, the end one the largest and remote from the others, all irregularly and coarsely toothed. No two of the leaves are just alike. It has no tendrils, but climbs, like English ivy, by little bristling rootlets which sprout all along the main stem, and eventually cover it like moss. These rootlets penetrate posts or bark of trees, and cling there so tightly that the plant cannot be torn off without difficulty.—N. Y. Post.

Summer Cushions.

Japanese chijimi cloth not only makes beautiful cushion covers, but endures the hardest usage and launders to look as well as new. Formerly it came only in a rich, warm blue and white, but it is now shown in soft grays, heliotropes and pinks. Madagascar grass cloth is another fabric in every way desirable for cushions, especially for piazza use. Java cottons are an exquisite novelty. The designs, colors and combinations are, of course, oriental; they come in squares one yard wide, bordered all around, and make charming cushion covers. Persian prints and Japanese crapes come in a narrow range of soft colors, none among them so dainty as the clear blue and white. — Chicago Chronicle.

Excellent Plain Fritters.

An excellent plain fritter is made as follows: Boil a cup of milk until it is reduced one-half. Flavor the boiling milk with a few drops of vanilla, make a batter that "cleaves from" the saucepan, add two eggs and stir in a tablespoonful of whipped cream. Roll this batter lightly on a floured board and cut it into balls the size of English walnuts. They will swell like cream cakes after frying in hot fat three minutes. Dredge them with sugar and serve at once.—N. Y. Tribune.

The Rheumatic Bachelor.

"I wonder," said the fair-haired maid, "if there shall be any more love when woman is the acknowledged peer of man in intellect?"

"What," asked the rheumatic bachelor, "has love got to do with intellect?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Any Old Height.

Bertha—What is the height of your ambition, dear?

Marie (blushing)—Oh, something between five and a half and six feet.—Tit-Bits.

He'd Had a Hard Pull.

"Why do you use such peculiar terms?" asked a lawyer's wife of her husband, who had returned home, worn out by his day's labor. "I don't see how you could have been working all day like a horse."

"Well, my dear," he replied, "I've been drawing a conveyance all day. Isn't that working like a horse?"—Scottish Nights.

You Can't Lose Them.

To keep the earth balanced up even and square
And give every season a show
The ice trust steps in and with vigilant care
Takes hold where the coal trust let go.
—Chicago Record.

EXTRACT FROM A NOVEL.

"An irresistible, unseen power seemed to urge him onward."—N. Y. Times.

Couldn't, Perhaps.

At the banquet, last night, I was the first
To respond to "The Ladies" toast;
But when I got home I said not a word
In response to the lady's roast.
—Up-to-Date.

No Exception.

Wife—It does seem hard when a woman marries she has to take her husband's name.

Husband—Well, she takes everything else he's got, why leave that out?—Judy.

Fashion Note.

Gilhooly—There is going to be an eclipse of the sun some time this year.

Col. Yerger—For heaven's sake, keep quiet about it, or my wife will make it an excuse for wanting another new lot of clothes.—Tammany Times.

Asking Too Much.

Stranger (out west)—See here! I want you to arrest those two men over there for forcing me into a game of poker with them and then swindling me.

Policeman—Y'r askin' too much, stranger. I can't arrest them gents. One's th' honored mayor of this ere city, an' th' other's th' chief of perlice. —N. Y. Weekly.

Neighborly Service.

Agent—May I put a burglar alarm in your house?

Lady—No, we don't need it.

Agent—But—

Lady—No, I mean it. The family across the street watches the place so closely that even a burglar couldn't get in without being seen.—Odds and Ends.

Justice Failed.

Judge—I fix your punishment at imprisonment for life.

Prisoner—He! he! he!

"What are you laughing about?"

"I was thinking how you can't imprison me for the time I've lived already. That's one on you, judge."—N. Y. World.

Not Flu de Steele.

Counselor Quibble—Law, my boy? Why, this whole universe is an example of the reign of law.

Young Giddy—Maybe; but there are no fool legislatures assembled every now and then in the realm of natnre.—N. Y. Truth.

A Good Risk.

Insurance Superintendent—Think this Mr. Lieon is a good risk, eh?

Agent—Couldn't be better.

"Perhaps he has some dangerous occupation."

"No, indeed. He'll never get hurt. He's a policeman.—N. Y. Weekly.

Equally Balanced.

"I can't see why the doctors all recommend bicycle riding. If it makes people healthier, it must mean a loss to the doctors."

"I know, but they estimate that one sound, healthy rider will disable at least five pedestrians a week."—Up-to-Date.

Diplomatic.

Mrs. Newed—The cook and janitor have quarreled. What shall we do?

Mr. Newed—Recognize their belligereney, and do all in your power to protect our crockery and bric-a-brac.—Philadelphia Press.

STILL MONKEYING WITH HIM.
BUT THE NET IS THERE ALL RIGHT.

An Old Acquaintance.

"I didn't know you were acquainted with old Moneybag."

"Oh, yes."

"How long have you known him?"

"About three years at ten per cent."—Fun.

Feared the Necessity.

Willie Noddlekins—You think my salary is too small? Why, darling, after we are married it would not cost us as much to live as it does a single person.

Dolly Dimpleton—That's what I'm afraid of.—Up-to-Date.

Conversational Item.

Johnnie Masher—How handsome you are to-day! When I look at you I'm speechless with admiration.

Nellie Chaffie—I am sorry to hear that, for it's high time you were having a talk with papa.—Tammany Times.

The Half.

"In the meantime, you say, he heard from two influential quarters?"

"Yes, from his better half."—N. Y. Truth.

The False.

Girl—A man can't look me in the face and tell what is false.

The Other Girl—Perhaps men are not so blind as you think.—N. Y. Journal.

Just a Gentle Hint.

"What is that racket upstairs?" said a caller to little Bonny Bloobumper.

"That's ma dropping a hint to pa," replied Bonny.—Tit-Bits.

During the Hostilities.

She (contemptuously)—Before I married you you were an idle dreamer.

He (sighing)—And what a rude awakening I had!—N. Y. Journal.

And Such is Life.

Do a man a favor and he straightway proceedeth to inform all his friends that you're "dead easy to work."—Brooklyn Life.

Taming the Lion.

Amy—Did Fred look frightened when he proposed to you?

Anna—No; not until after he had married me.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Long and Short of It.

"You said you would not be gone long," said she, reproachfully, as he came in from the "little game" at 2:30.

"Well," said he, wearicdly, "I came back short, anyway."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Paradox.

Crimsonbeak—There's one thing that's pretty hard to understand.

Yeast—And what's that?

"How a man blind drunk can see double."—Yonkers Statesman.

From Grass to Hay.

And yester week's grass widow
Is a blushing bride to-day.
Oh how to describe her sweetness!
Ah, it's the sweetness of new-mown hay.
—Detroit Journal.

A BRIGHT PUPIL.

Teacher—Do you like to come to school, Willie?

Willie—Yes, sir. I like comin' and I like goin', but I don't like stayin' between times.—Chicago Tribune.

A True Sister.

"She said she would be a sister to me, and she kept her word."

"In what way?"

"She objected to all the girls I wanted to marry."—Chicago Journal.

Some Interesting Facts Regarding the Output of Crescent Bicycles.

This article is intended to convey a conception of the enormous amount of raw material consumed during a season in supplying the demand for one of the most popular bicycles made. The Western Wheel Works, Chicago, makers of the Crescent wheel, have the largest, and without doubt the most complete, bicycle factory in the world, and can turn out, when running to fullest capacity, 725 finished Crescents in twelve hours, or a complete "up to date" bicycle per minute.

They used during 1896 350 miles of tubing, or enough to nearly reach from Chicago to St. Paul if placed in a straight line. The spokes were made in their own factory, and required 780 miles of wire, or enough to reach from Chicago to Lincoln, Neb.; 50 miles of brass rod was required for spoke nipples. If the spokes, spoke nipples and tubing were placed in a straight line they would reach from Chicago to the Rocky Mountains at Denver. The cranks, if placed end to end, would cover a distance of 22 miles. They used 35 miles of steel for crank axles, wheel axles and pedal axles, and 19 miles of steel for seat posts. If the rims that were used in the manufacture of Crescents in '96 were placed one upon the other they would make a pile 19,800 feet high, 6,000 feet higher than Pike's Peak and about the height of Mount Elias in Alaska, whose summit has never yet been reached by man. It required 32,081 square feet of sheet steel to make the Crescent hollow tooth sprockets, and 21,876 square feet for the steel stampings of the head and seat post clamps, or in all enough flat steel to cover an area of 1¼ acres. There were used 10 miles of cork grips, 10¾ miles of finished hubs, and 28 miles of steel wire to pin frames together before brazing. The finished chains, end to end, would reach 70 miles, and the different pieces of which they are composed would reach 2374 miles, or in all 3074 miles, the distance from Chicago to Cincinnati. The bearings of 1896 Crescents required 13,997,300 steel balls, which, if placed in a straight line, side by side, would reach a distance of 452 miles. To lace the chain and dress guards on the ladies' Crescents manufactured in 1896 required 434,120 yards of cord, or 246½ miles, enough to allow a small boy to stand on the top of the Auditorium tower in Chicago and fly his kite where the people in Des Moines, Iowa, could see it. To supply Crescents sold in 1896 required 1,606,742 bolts, and 1,488,075 nuts, having an aggregate weight of 23 tons. The total weight of the complete bicycles was 2,282,812 pounds, or 1,191 tons. To crate these bicycles required 1,235,740 square feet of lumber made up in pieces; 72,718,668 separate and distinct pieces entered into the construction of '96 Crescents, and if all were placed in a straight line, end to end, they would reach from New York to some distance in the Pacific ocean west of San Francisco.—Crescent Bulletin, July 1, 1897.

Wheel Accidents.

"Flora had a dreadful time last evening. She didn't come in town until after dark."

"What was the matter?"

"She lost her powder-rag somewhere out on the road, and couldn't fix up fit to be seen."—Detroit Free Press.

There Is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

A Setback.

"We hunted up that intellectual woman who invented the self-rocking cradle. We wanted to give her a vote of thanks."

"Well, how did she receive you?"

"The inventor turned out to be a man who wanted to get off to the baseball game."—Detroit Free Press.

"Your husband seems to be a victim of the tobacco habit." "No; I'm the victim. He thoroughly enjoys it."—Chicago Record.

They who clamor for their rights, multiply their wrongs.—Ram's Horn.

It is said we pay the most for what is given us.—N. Y. Weekly.

BOILS, BOILS, BOILS

They Came Thick and Fast—Till Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"My brother had terrible boils on the back of his neck. As fast as one would get better another would come. He became very much emaciated, and began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. One bottle made a great improvement, and when he had taken two bottles he was completely cured." CARRIE D. ERVIN, Monad City, Illinois.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache. 25 cents.

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FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A BIRD OF LETTERS.

"ABC, ABC, ABC!"
The parrot cried, proud as could be.
"We birds who know letters
Are surely your betters,"
He called to the birds in the tree.

But the birds in the tree-top at play
All chirped in the jolliest way:
"We don't know ABC's,
But we're quite at our ease
In these higher branches," said they.
—H. L. Bridgman, in St. Nicholas.

BEAR THIS IN MIND.

Some Day the Advice Here Given May Keep You from Drowning.

The human body weighs a pound in the water, and a single chair will carry two grown persons—that is, it will keep the head above water, which is all that is necessary when it is a question of life or death.

One finger placed upon a stool or chair, or a small box or piece of board, will keep the head above water, while the two feet and the other hand may be used as paddles to propel the body toward the shore. It is not at all necessary to know how to swim to keep from drowning. A little experience of the buoyant power of the water, and faith in it, is all that is required.

We have seen a small boy, who could not swim a stroke, propel himself back and forth across a wide, deep pond by means of a board that would not sustain five pounds weight.

Children and all others should have practice in the sustaining power of water. In nine cases out of ten the knowledge that what will support a pound weight is all that is necessary to keep one's head above water will serve better emergencies than the greatest expertness as a swimmer.

A person unfamiliar with the buoyant power of water will naturally try to climb to the top of the floating object on which he tries to save himself. If it is large enough, that is all right. But generally it is not large enough, and half a struggling group is often drowned in the desperate scramble of a life and death struggle to climb on top of a piece of wreck or other floating object, not half large enough to keep them all entirely above water.

This often happens when pleasure boats capsize. All immediately want to get out of the water on top of the overturned or half-filled boat, and all are drowned except those whom the wrecked craft will wholly bear up. If they would simply trust the water to sustain ninety-nine hundredths of the weight of their bodies and the disabled boat the other hundredth, they might be saved under most circumstances.

An overturned or half-filled boat will sustain more people in this way than it will carry. It would keep the heads of as many people above water as could get their hands on the gunwale.

These are simple facts, easily learned, and may some day save your life.—Golden Days.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.

How the Boys and Girls Can Make One of Their Own.

Sometimes we see a merry-go-round, or revolving swing for children, made by simply pivoting a strong board on a post. A better arrangement is that shown in our illustration. It revolves with greater ease and does not necessitate the children sitting on opposite ends to balance each other.

Let the board be at least 16 feet long, and at the center attach, by mortising, a four-inch post eight feet long, which is braced in an upright position by means of wire or small iron chains passing from near its top to a point well out toward either end of the board.

In the base of this post a one-inch rod should be firmly set, and project several inches below the board. This

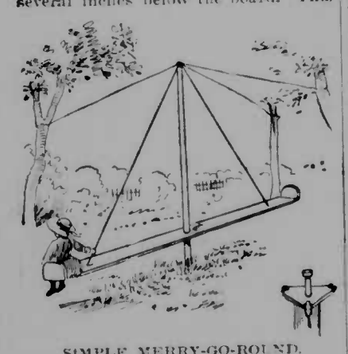

SIMPLE MERRY-GO-ROUND.

forms the pin on which the swing revolves, and should fit loosely in the socket, a hole in the top of the post which has been set in the ground so as to project about 12 inches.

At the top of the post a similar pin is inserted and passed through a triangular piece of iron, which any blacksmith can make for you. At each corner of the triangle the metal is drawn out and curved upward into a loop, from which chains or wires pass to the trees at a little distance.—American Agriculturist.

Enlarging a Girl's Skull.

In a Georgia town lives a girl of 11, with the intellect of an infant. She was bright enough until she reached the age of seven, and then she began to lose memory and speech. The case was a puzzle to physicians, until a young member of the profession announced that her skull was too small to permit the brain to grow. This suggested the idea of enlarging the skull, and, such are the triumphs of modern surgery, the operation was performed, the girl survived it, and now, after the lapse of a month, she is physically as well as ever and the mental improvement is most marked. Perhaps, some day, we can have our heart and lungs made new again as surgeons grow still more clever.

"See That Hump!"

"Bicycle-riding contracts the chest."
"Yes, but look what fine, round shoulders you get."—Up-to-Date.

PORPOISE HUNTING.

Dangerous Sport Followed by the Passamaquoddy Indians.

In the northern part of Maine and in Nova Scotia there are still many Indians of the Passamaquoddy tribe, and these Indians follow a pursuit that is almost unknown to the outside world. They shoot porpoises. Everybody familiar with the sea has watched these queer creatures. They are less shy about showing themselves than any other inhabitant of the ocean; but to see them tumbling over themselves in their odd regular way is all the world in general ever has to do with them; the Passamaquoddy Indians, however, not only shoot them, but make their living mainly out of porpoise, and a living well earned it is, too, for there is no occupation in the world that calls for more bravery, skill and endurance. The money is obtained by selling the oil, and pure porpoise oil brings the Indians about 90 cents a gallon; the oil obtained from the paws sells higher; it is tried out by itself because of its superiority, and is valued by watchmakers and others, who want an oil of very fine lubricating quality. The Indians eat the porpoise flesh—it is very much like fresh pork and many white fishermen around the coast like it well enough to give the Indians fresh fish in exchange for it.

There are no game laws to protect porpoise, and the hunting goes on the year around, though the blubber is something like two inches thick in winter, against one and a half in summer; but then the danger and suffering to the Indian, not the fish, are far greater in cold weather.

Make a guess as to how long a big porpoise is. He does not look, when seen from shore or from a steamer's

SHOOTING PORPOISES.

deck, as if he were seven feet long; but about that he frequently is, and five feet about the girth, and with six or seven gallons of oil in his queer body.

Birch bark canoes are still used by the Indians for this sport, and the way they handle them in the wide, stormy waters of the Bay of Fundy is a revelation as to the seaworthiness of those wonderful little craft. Boys must begin their training as porpoise hunters when they are 10 or 12 years old, going out with an older man in good weather first. The Indians generally go two together, for, while shooting the porpoise can be done easily by one in smooth water, it is not the shooting, but the landing of him that is the ticklish business. After he is shot he is speared to finish him, and then the Indian runs two fingers in the blow-hole, takes hold of his fin with the other hand, lifts the great fellow until at least half his length is above the canoe's gunwale, and then drags him aboard. Imagine doing that in a birch bark canoe on a rough winter sea. Yet a man alone in his canoe under such conditions will often accomplish the feat, and not so rarely he will fail, and lose his life to boot. The usual thing is for two to work together, and then accidents are comparatively rare. A man has to stand up to shoot, if the water is rough. Of course he could not see his game if he didn't. One of those Indians can stand and shoot, and at the same time adapt every movement to the swaying of his boat, keeping her on an even keel with a success that is simply miraculous.

There are many sharks in these waters, and there are perfectly authenticated stories of sharks cutting porpoises in two just as the Indians were hauling them aboard, but they don't seem to mind the sharks at all, driving them off with their long spears when they are too encroaching, with perfect coolness.

Eastport, Me., is the market where the Indians sell most of their oil.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

How Sugar Is Made White.

The way in which sugar is made perfectly white, it is said, was found out in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay mud puddle went with her muddy feet into a sugar house. It was observed by some one that wherever the tracks were the sugar was whitened. This led to some experiments. The result was that wet clay came to be used in refining sugar. It is used in this way: The sugar is put into wooden jars shaped as you see the sugar loaves are. The larger ends are upward. The smaller ends have a hole in them. The jar is filled with sugar, the clay put over the top and kept wet. The moisture goes down through the sugar and drops from the hole in the small end of the jar. This makes the sugar perfectly white.

Treasure Hunt in Texas.

Eighty thousand dollars in gold and silver bullion is the sum which a band of fortune hunters in Texas are looking for; or, at least, they think they are looking for it. The story which started them on their search is that some years ago a wagonload of the precious metals was thrown into a deep spring near Carrizo, Tex., to prevent its falling into the hands of brigands. Only one man who was aware of the hiding place survived the fight with the robbers, and the present searching party was organized by him.

FARM AND GARDEN.

HAY STACK COVER.

It Keeps the Hay Bright Clear Up to the Boards.

Herewith is presented a sketch of a stack cover which we saw a neighbor using and afterwards used ourselves with very satisfactory results, for upon removing the cover the hay is found nice and bright clear up to the boards. There is usually a little damaged hay at lower edges of cover, but the loss here is slight.

The stack is made in the form of a rick of any desired length, as several lengths of boards may be used. It should be well balanced; the hay should, if possible, be pitched on to stack from both sides. In topping out, bring up to sharp ridge and tramp well along center. In good weather it is

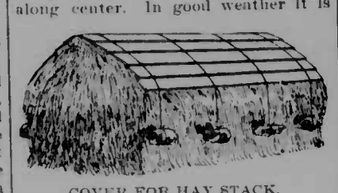

COVER FOR HAY STACK.

best to let stand a few days, then retop and cover. Cover is made of boards one by twelve inches, ours were 14 feet long. Bevel the edge of one board and nail it and another together in the form of a well-spread triangle, using ten-penny nails. If not spread sufficiently, nail well and jump up and down on top of it. Have an attendant take one end, you take the other, carry up on ladders and lay on center of stack. Carry another board up in the same manner; or, better, have some one pass it up to you, slip edge under first board, lapping two inches or less, and nail. Now move around to opposite side of stack, put one up there, and so on till roof is wide as you want it. Pass wires over top and weight down heavily with rocks. Don't leave it any time without weighting, for the wind can remove a roof of this kind in much less time than it took to put it on. Watch the stack closely and don't let it get started tipping, for if it does the weight on top will pull it over rapidly. —George T. Pettit, in Agricultural Epitomist.

WOMEN ON FARMS.

Extent of the Help Which New England Wives Give.

The women are true helpmeets. Not only do they do their own work, but they are able and willing to milk the cows and assist with the hay-getting and in other ways lend a hand out of doors in emergencies. Some of them even eke out the family income by little ventures of their own, such as raising hens and bees and gathering and marketing spruce gum, beechnuts and blueberries. There is no servant girl problem, because there are no servants. When sickness or some other real disability necessitates female help in the household a neighbur's daughter is called in. She is, of course, regarded, and in every minutest particular treated, as a member of the family; it could not be otherwise. The children are trained to bear their share of the family burden, so far as it can be done without interfering with their schooling, and the very school terms are arranged with a view to conflicting as little as possible with farm work. When the children grow up many of them go out into the world to seek their fortunes (that, within reasonable limits, is a law of nature), but there is nothing like an exodus of the rising generation, no approach to a depletion. Plenty of ambitious, vigorous young men stay behind to arrange themselves in life as their fathers did before them, chopping in the woods winters and tilling the few acres they have been able to purchase with their winters' savings summers. Furthermore, there are plenty of desirable young women happy and proud to cast their lots in with the young men and do their share of the drudgery necessary to establishing a home. Thus new farms are cleared out of the woodland and the old farms are kept up.—Atlantic.

THE METRIC SYSTEM.

Its Introduction Would Simplify All Farm Transactions.

A time-honored absurdity is found in the British corn (grain) markets, says Texas Farm and Ranch. All kinds of grain are sold in quarters. If the quarter meant any particular quantity, the same at all times and with all substances, we could learn to realize what the term meant. But the weight of the quarter depends upon what kind of grain is intended. If it is of wheat from California 500 pounds is one quarter; if the wheat is English grown 504 pounds make a quarter; if it should be Russian barley, 420 pounds are one quarter; Russian oats are sold in quarters of 504 pounds. Oats from elsewhere, 320 pounds make one quarter; English and Scotch oats go 330 pounds per quarter. Schoolboys are taught that 112 pounds make one hundredweight, 20 hundredweight one ton, and that four quarters equal one ton. Hence the quarter should be 560 pounds. Much confusion results in this country from reading the English corn markets, and no wonder. And yet we have a similar custom: For instance, a bushel of corn is 56 pounds, a bushel of oats is 32 pounds and a bushel of wheat is 60. The English paradox is easily explained on the same principle; the quarter varies with the specific gravity of the substance weighed. Let us get the beam out of our own eyes before we make too much ado about the mote in that of our neighbor, John Bull.

A single bad habit in a horse often changes the value of that horse very materially.

A colony of bees during the breeding season should have a reserve store of honey.

ENTHUSIASTIC WORK.

It Is Usually a Source of Much Profit and Pleasure.

One cannot be a close observer of farm practices over any considerable territory without being forced to the conclusion that there has been far greater advancement in the average quality and efficacy of farm machinery than in average methods of using the same; and that in very many cases the injunction to "let all things be done decently and in order" is sadly disregarded. There is, however, a vast difference in localities with regard to this. In some we find much friendly strife as to who shall run the straightest furrows and fences, do the neatest job mowing or reaping, and in many other lines of farm work; and wherever this condition of things exists we will find attractive, well-kept farms and home surroundings; with public property, as roads, schoolhouses and grounds, etc., well looked after by an intelligent and enterprising community.

A display of good judgment and skill in laying the foundation for a crop is not only commendable and profitable in and of itself, but it is an incentive to better work throughout, while at harvest time these count in the better saving of crops. Besides, these things are contagious, to some extent, their influence favoring a general improvement of farm practices in the neighborhood, and through these a more prosperous people. Oh, it pays to put skill and enthusiasm into our work, of whatever nature it may be, for inferior, half-hearted work is seldom a source of much profit or pleasure.—Agricultural Epitomist.

ROOTS AND ENSILAGE.

They Are as Good for Poultry as for Other Farm Animals.

If roots and ensilage improve the health of animals, and cheapen the cost of the food, they will do the same for fowls. It is too expensive to feed grain exclusively, when the winters are long and severe, and as the hens prefer a variety, they should have it. A quart of corn meal, added to half a peck of cooked turnips, will provide a better meal than can be procured from either the cornmeal or the turnips, if either is fed alone. It is the mixed food—the combination of various elements—that enables the hen to provide the different substances that make up the combination called an egg. Lime, phosphate, nitrogen, magnesia, and even water, are elements that are absolutely essential, and many foods contain an excess of some kinds and a deficiency of others. When a mixed food is given, there is a partial balancing of the needful elements, and the several varieties assist in digesting each other, thereby avoiding waste of indigested food. Finely chopped ensilage or clover, potatoes, turnips, carrots, or any succulent bulky food, served with an admixture of a variety of ground grain, will provide the hens with a larger supply of egg elements and entail less cost for food than when the hens are compelled to subsist entirely on grain.—Poultry Keeper.

LICE-PROOF ROOST.

It Costs But a Few Cents to Make One of Them.

The design is of a roost that can be made of any size, and which is in use. A is the roof of the poultry-house, and B shows where the roost is suspended from a hook, either with wire or a rod. The roost (C) is 2x3-inch scantling, the

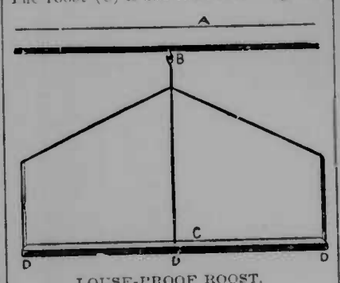

LOUSE-PROOF ROOST.

sides being of 1x2-inch material. If preferred, weights may be suspended at D D D to steady the contrivance. If it does not swing too much, the fowls can easily get off and on the roost. All that is necessary is to keep the rod at the top (B) well oiled, and lice cannot get to the fowls. The roost can be taken down during the day, if desired, or may be swung in any direction to admit the attendant to the floor. The cost is but a nominal sum.—Farm and Fireside.

ALL AROUND THE FARM.

Few crops ask so little outlay as the honey crop.

There is little danger in cultivating corn too much.

Mulching with straw is a good way to manage late potatoes.

Cultivate the strawberries as soon as they are done fruiting.

If good care is given the horses hard work will not hurt them.

The temperature of the water for the horses is not so important as the purity of it.

Before the weeds and briars get too good a start clean out the fence rows.

During the summer at least the work teams should not be compelled to rest with their harness on at noon.—Farmer's Union.

Grass Is Good for Pigs.

Grass is an important pig food. Breeding sows never do better and never throw stronger or better litters than when they get the run of a grass field. The roadside sow produces the best litters, because she is leading a natural life and her breeding functions are more vigorous. Corn stubbles are useful as pig runs. Not only are the pigs benefited by the food, but a great many weeds are prevented from seeding.—Dakota Field and Farm.

Queen & Crescent.

During the Tennessee Centennial and International Exposition at Nashville, Tenn., a low rate special tariff has been established for the sale of tickets from Cincinnati and other terminal points on the Queen & Crescent Route.

Tickets are on sale daily until further notice to Chattanooga at $6.75 one way or $7.20 round trip from Cincinnati, the round trip tickets being good seven days to return; other tickets, with longer return limit, at $9.90 and at $13.50 for the round trip.

These rates enable the public to visit Nashville and other Southern points at rates never before offered. Vestibuled trains of the finest class are at the disposal of the passenger, affording a most pleasant trip, and enabling one to visit the very interesting scenery and important battle-grounds in and about Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain and Chickamauga National Military Park. Tickets to Nashville to visit the Centennial can be repurchased at Chattanooga for $3.40 round trip. Ask your ticket agent for tickets via Cincinnati and the Q. & C. Route South or write to

W. C. RINEARSON, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Cincinnati, O

Outdone.

Prof. Braintank—Newton was a great philosopher. By observing the mere fall of an apple he discovered the law of gravity.

Smithers — That's nothing. By simply biting an apple Eve discovered the gravity of law.—N. Y. Journal.

A Deep Impression.

Pat returned from London after a holiday, and meeting his priest one day stopped to tell his adventures.

"Now, of all the sights you saw, what object struck you most—in fact, left the deepest impression on you?" asked the priest.

"Faith, it was a brick from a scaffold as struck me most and left its deep impression on me," said Pat, showing a cut on his forehead.—Spare Moments.

July 4th, Low Rates via B. & O. S-W. RY.

The B. & O. S-W. Ry. Co. will sell Round Trip tickets July 3, 4 and 5 at ONE FARE between all stations on its own and principal connecting lines, within a radius of two hundred miles from selling point, good going on date of sale and returning to and including July 6th, 1897.

For further information call on agents B. & O. S-W. Ry.

Not Her Wont.

"Listen!" he hissed.

"No," she answered, and turning upon her heel brusquely, she left him there alone.

For she was a telephone girl by profession, and it was not her wont to listen to anything unless she was sure it was none of her business.—Detroit Journal.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE. Write to Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

From Shakespeare.

"Ball this evening, dear?" inquired Desdemona of Othello, when she saw him loading up his old revolver.

"No, not this evening, love; s'm'other evening," he replied, as he reached for the pillow, and wedged it softly down her oesophagus.—Up-to-Date.

"Star Tobacco."

As you chew tobacco for pleasure, use Star. It is not only the best, but the most lasting, and therefore the cheapest.

"I took a tramp in the woods yesterday," said Miss Frocks to the new arrival at Deer Park. "Did you? Oh, well, I suppose that men are so scarce that even a tramp is better than nothing."—Life.

Itall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

The less energy a man has, the easier he drifts into matrimony.—Atchison Globe.

HER LIFELIKE STATUE.

Signalized Her Departure from the World of Artists.

Before her marriage she had been a famous sculptress. She had made several portraits of well-known men, and everyone predicted for her a still more brilliant future, when she suddenly set all predictions at naught by marrying a wealthy man who disapproved of her keeping up her professional work. She was very quiet under this restriction, but was supposed to rebel inwardly. Therefore when, at a dinner party one evening, she asked her old friend, Gen. Bashar, to come and see her on the following evening and inspect her last piece of work, which she thought the best and most lifelike she had ever executed, he supposed he was to use his influence to prevail upon the husband to permit her to resume her place among the working fraternity of artists.

"I am sure you will like it, general," she said, with a winning smile. "It fairly lives and breathes. I confess I am in love with it myself."

On the appointed evening the general, with some misgivings over the delicacy of the task intrusted to him, presented himself. Instead of inviting him to the studio, his hostess, to his surprise, offered to bring her last bit to him.

"Oh, it's a statuette, is it?" he asked.

"Well, yes, you might call it so," she answered, as she went out of the room. In a few minutes she returned, bearing in her arms—a baby!—Chicago Times-Herald.

Something Cheap.

As she stood upon the top stoop and kissed him good-by before he went out to battle with the cold, cold world he thought that she had never looked so winsome, even in their old courting days.

"And now my bad boy must have as many slaps as years he has lived, for to-day is his birthday," she went on, beguiling the chastening salutations.

"Why, so it is," he said, with that momentary sensation of years passing helplessly away which middle-aged men experience upon these occasions.

"And what lovely thing shall his darling wife get him for a birthday present this year?" she went on. "You already have a smoking cabinet and a card table, and my dining-room lamp, you know, was one of my birthday presents to you. And then—"

"I'd go kind of light, my dear," he answered, somewhat moodily. "Get me some little cheap thing. I haven't been able to pay for my last year's birthday present yet."—N. Y. Journal.

His After-Dinner Speech.

Around the table were gathered many men. The dinner was almost over, and now in the interval of service general conversation had ceased, and they were all looking at him and waiting for him to speak. He was a handsome man; clean shaven and commanding looking, in irreproachable evening dress. He stood, his left arm hanging at his side, his right hand resting lightly upon the table. Every eye was upon him as he began to speak. And this is what he said:

"Sorry, gents, but de plum puddin' is all out. Dere's rice an' tapioca, an' dere's pineapechanapple creamorrhubarb an' mincerlemon pie. Whachergo'uterhave?"—N. Y. Journal.

She Missed Him.

A poor woman who kept a shop in a northern village, and who was troubled with a husband who could scarcely be considered a credit to the family, one day found herself a widow through the sudden demise of her spouse. A lady, who frequently made small purchases at the shop, called to see her and to offer her sympathy, though knowing that the man's death must in a certain sense come as a relief, as the wife had often suffered from his violence. She was not, however, quite prepared for the stoical way in which the wife took her bereavement.

Said the lady:

"I am sure, Mrs. G——, you must miss your husband."

"Well, mum, it do seem queer to go into the shop and find something in the till!"—Tit-Bits.

A ball player does not object to being called fast.—Atchison Globe.

SILENT SUFFERERS.

Women do not Like to Tell a Doctor the Details of Their Private Ills.

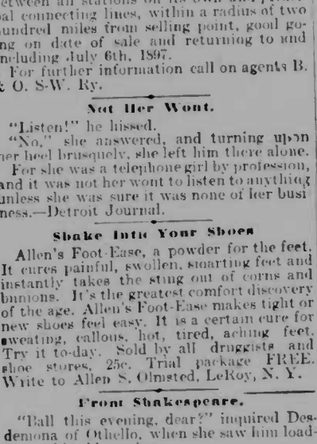

The reason why so many women suffer in silence from the multiple disorders connected with their sexual system is that they cannot bear to broach the subject to a man, even if he is a physician.

No one can blame a modest, sensitive woman for this reticence. It is unnecessary in these times, however, for a woman makes to all afflicted women a most generous offer. Mrs. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass., bids every woman who suffers to write to her and confide every symptom that annoys her, and she will give her advice without charge, and that advice is based upon the greatest experience ever possessed by man or woman in this country, and extends over a period of twenty-three years, and thousands upon thousands of cases. Why suffer in silence any longer, my sister, when you can get help for the asking? Don't fear to tell her everything.

The case of Mrs. Colony, whose letter to Mrs. Pinkham we publish, is an illustration of the good to be received from Mrs. Pinkham's advice; here is a woman who was sick for years and could get no relief—at last in despair she wrote to Mrs. Pinkham—received in return a prompt, sympathetic and interested reply. Note the result and go and do likewise.

"I was troubled with such an aching in my back and hips, and I felt so tired all the time, and had for four years. For the last year it was all I could do to drag around. I would have such a ringing in my head by spells that it seemed as though I would grow crazy. I ached from my shoulders to my feet and was very nervous. I was also troubled with a white discharge. I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., received a prompt reply and followed her advice, and now I have no backache and begin to feel as one ought; in fact, I never felt better in ten years than I do now. I thank God that I went doctoring with Mrs. Pinkham when I did, for if I had not I know I would have been in my grave." —Mrs. Nellie E. Colony, Nahma, Mich.

BAD BLOOD

Cascarets

PIMPLES, ERUPTIONS, BLOTCHES, SCALES, ULCERS, SORES, ECZEMA, and CHRONIC SWELLINGS.

ARE WONDER WORKERS in the cure of any disease caused by bad or impure blood. They eliminate all poisons, build up and enrich the blood, enabling it to make new, healthy tissue.

PURE BLOOD MEANS PERFECT HEALTH, and if you will use CASCARETS they will give you GOOD HEALTH and a PURE, CLEAN SKIN, free from pimples and blotches.

To TRY CASCARETS is to like them. For never before has there been produced in the history of the world so perfect and so harmless a BLOOD PURIFIER, LIVER and STOMACH REGULATOR. To use them regularly for a little while means

902

ALL DRUGGISTS. 10c., 25c., 50c.

Pure Blood and Perfect Health.

NEBRASKA FARM LANDS.

A dry healthy climate, free from malaria, an abundance of pure water, a soil which is unsurpassed for richness, and is easily cultivated, yielding all varieties of crops. That is what Nebraska offers to the home seeker. Lands are cheap now. Send for a pamphlet describing Nebraska, mailed free on application to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago.

SILOS

HOW TO BUILD ASK WILLIAMS MFG. CO., KALAMAZOO, MICH.

A. N. K.—C 1663

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, JULY 8, 1897.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first publication of the same:*

State Senator, $10; County Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $5; County Commissioner, $5; County Surveyor, $2.50.

FOR STATE SENATOR.

OAKLAND, Md., June 9, 1897.

To the Republicans of Garrett County:

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the nomination of State Senator, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of all members of the Republican party.

JOHN SHARTZER.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the nomination of County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention and solicit the support of my many friends.

HORACE R. DEWITT.
Hoyes, District No. 6.

At the solicitation of my many friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

MAHLON GLOTFELTY.
District No. 6, Mellvery, Md.

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. PERRY LEE.
District No. 8. P. O., Bayard, W. Va.

FOR HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the House of Delegates, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and solicit the support of the Republican party.

P. E. FINZEL.
District No. 9. P. O. Frostburg, Md.

An Advertising Axiom.

Our books are not open to inspection. The circulation of THE REPUBLICAN has been established and is bona fide.

LAST year's experience as a tail to the Democratic kite was quite enought for the average Populist. He wants no more of it this year, and is determined that he will not have it.

THE fact that the Democrats propose to grab all the fat offices in the States where they are now urging another "fusion" with the Populists makes the members of the latter party somewhat wary this time.

RAILROAD men, manufactures, and business men of all sections and parties report marked improvement in business and confidence, and predict that the renewel of activity is permanent in its character.

THE average Southern Democrat who finds the productions of his section well protected by the new tariff measure, now looks with entire complaisancy upon the fact that one-half of the members of Congress from south of Mason and Dixon's line voted for protection.

THE Commissioner of Pensions does not agree with the Democratic idea that the duty of examining surgeons is to invent ways and means of keeping old soldiers from getting pensions justly due them, and so has dismissed about five hundred Democratic examining surgeons who seem to have thought that their chief duty during the past four years.

IT IS doubtless a great disappointment to Mr. Bryan to know that he is not to figure as the chief of the silver movement in the next campaign. But the mine owners who put up the cash for the silver fight have decided that a man with a losing record will not do for a second race, and have therefore passed the word along the line that he is to be ignored in the future.

DEMOCRATIC support for the protective tariff is one of the causes of the improved conditions through the country. Business men who are constantly studying these conditions are of the opinion that the tariff bill which has just been framed will remain on the statute books for a long time because of the growth of the protective sentiment among the Democrats, and that with its permanency there will be permanent business prosperity.

"PROTESTS" coming from foreign nations relative to the tariff which we are about adopting are not looked upon as a serious matter by our statesmen in Washington. A cold-blooded statistician who wanted to see whether these nations would really carry out their threats of retallation against our tariff has found out that the fifteen nations in question enjoy in their trade with the United States a balance in their favor amounting to $1,750,000,000 in the past decade, a condition they are not likely to disturb by adverse legislation even if our new tariff is not framed especially in their behalf.

"THERE is no step backward in business, although the season of midsummer quiet is near. Improvement continues, gradual and prudently cautious as before, although in many branches evident where no signs of it appeared a few weeks ago. Business men of the highest standing in all parts of the country have gradually perceived that the tide has begun to rise and are regulating in their contracts and investments and plans for the future with a confidence quiet unknown to them a short time ago. Great changes before the adjournment of Congress are hardly to be expected, but removal of uncertainty is with reason expected to bring into operation buying forces which have been restricted for months. Meanwhile it is encouraging that crop prospects still grow brighter; that the industries meet a gradually increasing demand for products; that labor questions which had a threatening aspect have been adjusted, and that the Treasury maintains its ample strength notwithstanding some exports of gold brought about by premiums paid on behalf of foreign governments."—Dun's Review, June 26.

The New Commonwealth.

Debs announces that the Free Silver delusion will no longer serve its purpose. He has a scheme worth two of it. In the new Commonwealth he will have no money. There is a singular coincidence between the ideas of Debs and those of Jack Cade. Cade undertook to establish his Commonwealth by force. Debs says: "I do not know whether this question will be solved peaceably or otherwise, I hope peaceably. But I am one of those who believe in getting ready for any solution that may be necessary." The similarity of the views and aims of Cade and Debs are best illustrated by quotation:

JACK CADE.	DEBS.
There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for one penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; all things shall be in common; * * * and in drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery that they may agree like brothers.	Persons shall be taxed according to their means and shall have needs. We will have no trusts, nothing but trusts, in our State; but will not work 12 or 11 hours a day, but four or five. We will be in the field in 1900 with a new party. These men who represent the new life are going to unite, as if by magic, for the overthrow of commercialism and the establishment of the co-operative Commonwealth by which the brotherhood of man will become a fact.

Hope Reviving.

From all sections of the country come reports of increased activity in all lines of business. Factories and foundries that have lain idle for many months will again be started up and additional labor will be employed in those that have been running on reduced time with smaller force. The change has come almost within a few weeks. Hope was revived by the election of Major McKinley as President, but the well-known difficulty of hastening through Congress a tariff bill has delayed realization. As it becomes more plain that home industries are really to be protected from the competition of the foreigner new life is being infused into American enterprises. Uncertainty chills trade. The conviction that four years of Protection are to be ours has made business men once more willing to enter into engagements for the future. The depression following the recent Free-Trade experiment has taught us a costly lesson. In the railway service alone over a quarter of a million of men were thrown out of employment because the mills, factories and all industrial enterprises no longer furnished tonnage. If a country is prosperous its railroads prosper. They are the great distributors. The money they receive is, all but a very small portion, spent in the public service. Interest on bonds, dividends on stocks are but the commission charged by the disbursing agent. In most cases this commission is far below the ruling rate. Protection will put money in circulation that is held now by capitalists too prudent to undertake to compete with the products of foreign pauper labor. Men now idle will once more find employment in the shops and factories and on the railroads. The employment of these men will bring business as well to the storekeeper, and the farmer will again find a more profitable demand for his products.

A Diagnosis of the Term "Only."

A few days since this little word very much exercised the minds and energies of two or three United States Senators. Senator Vest was greatly moved that it had been omitted from the Democratic platform of 1896 at Chicago. From the absorbing interest manifested in the somewhat lengthy discussion, a simple minded outsider might infer that the question in hand was fully as important as the preservation of "the integrity of the Ottoman Empire." The embryonic state of the term "only" was first shadowed forth in the introduction to the Tariff of 1846, wherein it was characterized as "Incidental Protection." It seems to have got through the hair of a few Democratic leaders that a duty of whatever rate imposed on a foreign made article which competed with a similar American one was to that extent a Protection. But according to the Southern Democratic theory, the primary and legitimate object of a Tariff was to obtain revenue without any reference, strictly speaking, to the effect produced upon our own mechanical industries; they being absolutely of secondary consideration—that effect was merely "incidental Protection" in the Tariff of 1846, in due time, resulted in crushing out our industries that had revived or sprung up into existence under the fostering care of the short Tariffs of 1842.

These leaders, however, wanted a term more definite than incidental, and their genius was divided to that end. They first in one of their platforms proclaimed the theory of their Tariff to be "only for revenue;" that was followed the next time by "exclusively for public purposes." Then came the phrase "for revenue only;" as the latter is smoother in enunciation it seems to have been used uniformly in recent platforms. Fortunately the question is forever settled, as according to Senator Vest this little word has become one of the famous "principles of the great Democratic party."

Economy of Life.

The Baltimore *Evening News* last Saturday, contained the following excellent article, under the above caption, and which is reproduced in these columns, the article being worthy of close study, and in the hope that it may be the means of bringing many to see the little errors everyone is sure to make:

"To be economical, in the general acceptance of that word, is to act the part of the good husbandman who garners in his grain and disposes of it in the most provident fashion. A few bouts with the hard condition of making one's living soon blind the average person to the serious consideration of much else. To be canny in the management of one's dollars is, therefore, to earn the title of economist. Many, however, who are pointed to as shining examples of thrift, are by no means real economists.

"Economy in its full sense means more than the care of one's bank account. The true economist is financier of his body as well as a fortune—the man who wisely conserves all his forces, who refuses to make ducks and drakes of his physical funds, of his nervous energies. There are plenty of business colleges which afford one the requisite training for the duties of the counting-house. Civilization with an ever increasing insistence on specialization of talent is diligent in its efforts to equip the toiler with the science of his trade. But has it learned as yet to teach effectively the science of mental and physical pervision? The world of today is strewn with millions of inefficient human machines — men with brains and bodies like broken cogwheels, in whom forces run to waste unnecessarily; men who squander vital fuel in the race for life. Few are economists in the sense of having acquired a knowledge of how to order their bodily powers so as to secure the most satisfactory results.

"No fewer than the physical prodigals of to-day are those who are not able to eliminate from their paths the trifles of existence—those innumerable trying annoyances that persist in idly buttonholing humanity, so successful in tripping up the mind of the professional or the business man to the defeat of his real ends. Such obstructions are too often the cause of a fruitless life. They come to us daily under the false guise of inevitable casualties. They seem to be the stern interventions of fate. But in many instances they are merely the result of a lack of system, of a failure to master the practical economy of life. The strength that should be saved for a combat with that which represents our chief ambitions is exhausted in trying to overcome the things that needlessly waylay us, the existence of which depends largely on whether we recognize them or not. With something of the unreasoning instinct of the bull in the arena, which dashes wherever a red scarf is waved instead of charging directly at the toreador, we are constantly being lured from main issues to a struggle with what is extraneous and needless.

"It is a training in the larger economies of life that carries the modern worker to his goals. Such economy consists primarily in grounding one's self in the gospel of the body—in learning to gauge one's physical capacity for work and using that capacity as a bank account upon which to draw frugally such drafts as actually pay one's onward way. An understanding of the simple phenomena of one's natural forces, so that their preservation becomes an instinct and not a continued conscious effort, means a material subtraction from the duties of life. It contributes substantially to the saving of time, while permitting that rare privilege—the enjoyment of our bodies at their best.

"Equally neglected is the economy of time springing from an estimation of the relative value of things—a certainty of feeling regarding the interests of life, instead of that lack of discrimination, so characteristic of the average person, as to what is actually necessary and pleasurable to his life and what can be sacrificed without loss of happiness. There is great practical gain in studying one's temperament and tastes; in knowing what we want and taking it without wasting time in coquetting with amusements for which we have no predilection—as we are prone to do.

"There is a real economy also in acquiring the power of concentration—of being able to exclude one's surroundings from eye and ear. The nervous system of the modern toiler is mercilessly sensitive to the confusion around him. What endless pain occasioned by a distracting consciousness of the existence of the outside world! The untrained mind hangs out its latch-string, so to speak, courting interruption. The training of one's faculties to adhere closely to that on which they are engaged, valuable as is such training in the struggle for time and place, seldom enters into our preparations for work. A systematic schooling is concentration of mind should be part of the curriculum of every educational institute. It, as well as the mastery of our nerves, can be and should be learned by every worker as one of the essential economies of modern life."

Tariff Bill Passed.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 7.—The Senate at 4.30 this afternoon took the final vote on the tariff bill. The bill passed by a vote of 38 yeas to 28 nays. The bill next goes to a conference committee of both Houses of Congress.

The President will positively send his currency commission message to the Senate tomorrow. This was decided at today's cabinet meeting. Secretary Gage said after the meeting that the message would be presented to Congress, but he didn't know whether any action would be taken this session or not.

Burning, itching skin diseases instantly relieved by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, unequalled for cuts, bruises, burns. It heals without leaving a scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

Accident.

Rain is much needed. Vegetation is all dying on account of the drought.

Farmers are mowing. Grass is short; oats and other crops poor, except wheat which is a fair crop.

Our little village has quite an improvement by the three magnificent barns erected around it by our enterprising farmers, J. L. Richter, J. E. Gnagey and Leonard Shartzer.

We are surprised that more did not take advantage of the excursion to see the Golden City, San Francisco, Cal. We only know of a few—Dr. Speicher and wife, Mrs. Aaron Boyer and I. N. McMillen. We wish them a happy visit.

Miss Martha Gnagey left Tuesday for Illinois to spend the summer with her sister, Mrs. Fike.

Mr. John P. Speicher and wife left for Somerset county, Pa., to visit friends.

Mr. Meyers, from Baltimore, came up to Senator Ravenscroft's on a hunting expedition. So the Doctor and Meyers started one morning before dawn for the mountains. After being there some time they saw something moving in the woods. Thinking it to be a young bear, they captured it and brought it to town, rejoicing over their victory, when lo, and behold! it was nothing but a ground hog. STRANGER.

Baby's Second Summer

is the time that tries all the care of the mother and all the skill of maternal management. Baby comfort comes from fat; fat babies have nothing to do but to sleep and grow.

If your baby does not seem to prosper, if he does not gain in weight, you must get more fat there. A few drops of

Scott's Emulsion

each day will put on plumpness; fat outside, life inside, baby and mother both happy.

Your baby can take and relish Scott's Emulsion as much in summer as in any other season.

For sale by all druggists at 50c. and $1.00.

A GREAT HIGHWAY.

The Cumberland Road of Long Ago. Built by the United States Government.

The Washington correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* sends the following to that journal:

"From 1806 to 1838 the United States government expended more than $6,000,000 in building a great public highway in the States of Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and then donated the improvement to the States in which it was located. In those days that was a far more lavish expenditure of the public funds than ten times the amount would be at the present time. No one who has studied the results will question the wisdom of such a vast outlay, for it turned a great tide of emigration westward, and stimulated a growth and development in the Mississippi Valley that has repaid the government more than a thousand fold.

"After the adoption of the federal constitution one of the first questions raised was that of the power of the government to construct and maintain internal improvements. One faction claimed that no such power had been delegated, while the other insisted that authority to provide for the general welfare of the people, which was expressly delegated, carried with it ample power to provide and support necessary public utilities. The cohesive power of the public funds united a majority in Congress in favor of such expenditures, and without ever having this important and fundamental question decisively settled, the appropriations for internal improvements have continued with great regularity and increase for nearly 100 years.

"The Cumberland road was among the very first of the vast internal improvements undertaken by the general government. It was intended to be a great national highway from the seat of government at Washington to the city of St Louis. It was a gigantic undertaking, and attracted widespread attention in its day, but information regarding it in the public records is rather meager. About all the particulars pertaining to it are confined to the appropriation acts of Congress, and the messages of the Presidents recommending or condemning the measures. Such of the details of the enterprise as can be obtained from the records and by correspondence with the several states have been gathered by Col. T. W. Harrison, of this city, for the benefit of the Topeka Philosophical Society, and what follows is a synopsis of his investigations and conclusions.

"The improvement was commenced in a very modest way in 1806 with an appropriation of only $30,000 by an act of Congress, to regulate the laying out and making of a wagon road from Cumberland, in the State of Maryland, to the state of Ohio. It was to be laid out by three discreet and disinterested persons appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate; was to be four rods in width, marked on each side every quarter of a mile in distance and at every angle, and to be built of stone, earth, gravel or sand, with a ditch or water course at either side, and with no elevation of more than five degrees with the horizon. To ease the conscience of the over scrupulous members on the question of power, it was provided that the consent of the states through which it was to pass should first be obtained. This was clearly a subterfuge, for so soon after the adoption of the constitution it must have been known to everyone that a single state could not confer any power upon the general government, and that the separate states had no such power to convey.

"Subsequent appropriations followed thick and fast, the exact aggregate of which it is difficult to ascertain, but certainly in excess of $6,000,000. President Jefferson approved the scheme. President Madison did not hesitate to sanction it. President Monroe opposed it at first on the mooted ground of want of authority, and struggled through fifty printed pages in a veto message condemning it; but he afterward radically changed his mind, indorsed the improvement as a good thing, said the country ought to have more of them, and went so far as to recommend a much more expensive undertaking, the building of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal. John Quincy Adams favored the Cumberland matter, and sturdy old Andrew Jackson gave the appropriation bills his unqualified approval.

"In those early days railroads were hardly dreamed of, and the highest ambition of the American statesman seemed to be to have a good wagon road or a tow path canal. The Cumberland scheme was apparently very popular. From 1806 to 1838 more than $6,000,000 was appropriated for it—enough, it would seem, to have built a good wagon roadway from ocean to ocean—and yet the road in question was never completed to St. Louis, and the government, being tired of the venture, finally gave it outright to the several states through which it passed. Just how this vast sum of money was disbursed does not appear in any available record. It was credited in a general way to the Cumberland account. Whether any of it was used for subsidies or mobilier purposes is not known at this remote period. So far as the records show no corruption was charged and no investigation ordered. The conclusion may be charitably indulged that it cost more to build highways then than it would now, and contractors and congressmen must be presumed to have been as honest then as they are now.

"Whatever may be said as to the extravagant cost of this early improvement, it must be conceded that it had many influences for the good of the whole country. The great Mississippi valley was then undeveloped, and comparatively unknown. Its millions of fertile acres were waiting for the plow, the sickle and the hoe, and its billions of undeveloped wealth needed only the presence of man to startle the world with their extent. The building of this highway set in motion and turned a vast flood of immigration into this wonderful valley, which still continues, and its overflow reaches even to the Pacific coast. Great cities and commercial centers have sprung up that rival in importance and far exceed in progress the more ancient cities of the older world.

"Who can say that it was not the legitimate sire of the famous Santa Fe trail, and the forerunner of the great overland mail route? It was the pioneer and pathfinder, the entering wedge to open the way for exploration and development. In Ohio it was known as the "National Pike," crossing the state from near Wheeling on the east through Springfield on the west, a distance of about two hundred miles. Congress appropriated nearly $1,500,000 for its construction in that state, where it is still used, and is now maintained as a free country road. In Indiana it was called the "National Road," and was built directly across the state from Richmond on the east to Terra Haute on the west, a distance of 150 miles, passing over what was and still is the principal business street of Indianapolis. More than $1,000,000 was specially appropriated by Congress for the work in Indiana, where it is still maintained as a free country road, said to be the best in the state. In Illinois it was only extended from Terra Haute as far west as Vandalia, about ninety miles, the state receiving about $750,000 to encourage the work. It is still maintained there as a free public road by the local road districts through which it passes. In Pennsylvania it is still kept as a state toll road under the supervision of a superintendent and two commissioners appointed by the governor, and the tolls are used to keep it in repair.

"Although the Cumberland road is not often called as such, its influences live after it, and are silently attested in many enduring monuments. Its location was so skillfully laid by the government engineers that several of the leading railroads in different states have paralleled it as closely as they could. In fact, it helped to create the demand for better and more rapid transportation facilities, resulting in our present magnificent system of railroads. They have been built along the line of the Cumberland road, the Santa Fe trail and the overland route, and have destroyed or localized the importance of those once great and useful national thoroughfares. They have even paralleled the rivers and driven into obscurity the proud traffic of which they once so triumphantly boasted.

"Many roads are built so wide that the travel forms a trough in the center, which catches and holds the water, and this is churned and mixed with the earth by passing teams until the road becomes a veritable slough of despond. Surface coatings of gravel or broken stones are of little use without ample surface and under drainage, for they are soon sunken out of sight, and the soft and lighter earth comes to the top. With good surface and under drainage and well-rounded top the road will nearly always be dry and smooth. Then a surface coating of gravel or finely broken stone or vitrified clay will make an excellent and lasting roadway.

"These seem to have been the principles adopted by the government in the construction of the old Cumberland road. The initial act of Congress made abundant drainage a leading feature, and provided that the road should be built with stone, earth, gravel or sand. And the wisdom of these provisions is shown in the enduring character of the structure, for, although cast off by the government half a century ago, and turned over to the too often neglected care of local authorities, it is said to be a good road still throughout its entire length from the state of Illinois to the city of Washington.

"I crave but One Minute," said the public speaker in a husky voice; and then he took a dose of One Minute Cough Cure, and proceeded with his oratory. One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled for the throat and lungs. Oakland Pharmacy.

Vim, vigor and victory:—these are the charisties of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, billiousness and all stomach and liver troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

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Like a specked apple in a barrel of good ones, is an idler in a community of workers:—powerful to produce a similar condition in others and that only. Loafers are enemies to society, for they do not suffer the loss of moral back-bone alone, but they flash the discovery before their fellows that it is possible to scramble through the world without much effort. As Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell says: "The world is divided into two great classes, not the rich and the poor, but the workers and the idlers." The frowsy beggar of sturdy frame whining at your door, and the child of the wealthy, killing time in every conceivable fashion, belong in the same class. Dirt and daintiness, rags and respectability blend in one common downfall of all that is best in human nature. The race has hitherto gained solely by the sweat of the brow in some form or another, and we who toil see no other way to assure further progress. But these easy-goers tell us, in effect, that we are fools; and they are always gaining fresh listeners. You who are halting between opinions, strong in capacity but weak in will, undetermined whether to expend the minimum of effort in the world, or whether to give of your capacity in full measure be the gain yours or not,—let a toiler speak to you out of a full heart.

***

May he be confounded who would persuade us away from work. It always has been a blessing in disguise, or, as Whittier says:

"The curse of earth's morning
Is the blessing of its noon."

To work is to discover the happy, the healthful, the hopeful way through life; for definite labor puts the nerves at rest and quiets the feverish heart. If bowed down with sorrow, striken because a beloved voice is silenced for evermore; Go, Work! and the motions of daily duty will solace your spirit. If bewildered at apparent confusion in the world, misery where there should be joy, crops of disappointment from a generous seeding of hope, Go, Work! and the concentration of purpose needed by your over-strained brain, and a clear understanding of the laws of life will be yours. The balance of the wide world's brain is kept by toil. With nothing to do and boundless time for thinking and puzzling over the mysteries of our ending, we should become a universe of melancholic fatalists. But the rythm of work constantly recurring keeps us wholsome-minded, just as the ebb and flow of the ocean purifies the world. Work is the anodyne for suffering. It is the great sanity—idleness, the insanity—of life.

***

How much we love the wonderous wand
In childhood's story told,
Which, waved by the magician's hand
Turned everything to gold!

And changed the cottage mean and low
Into a palace great,
And made grimed Cinderella glow
In robes of royal state.

Yet we too have a magic wand,
Which stranger changes shows,
And makes the dreary desert sand
To blossom like a rose.

So let us lift our power on high:—
We may not, dare not shirk,—
And move the very earth and sky,
By simple, honest work.

***

Let it not be supposed that riches bring happiness. The owners are only happy if they have some definite duty in life. Many of the wealthy toil away under responsibilities that would crush the experienced. But the indolent among them are most miserable; the men out-of-sorts with themselves and their comrades, following evil to drown reflection and being of such little importance to the world when they pass away that they become nothing more than worthless names to occupy valuable space on a head-stone, the women, wrapped up in soul-shrinking ambitions and devoured by petty jealousies unworthy of humanity. They dress for dress' sake, having more worth without than there is within, and strut their little day like puppets on parade. No soul gets satisfaction from that sort of life, any more than the prodigal could find nourishment in husks. Spend no time pining for a condition of ease that has more dangers than poverty.

I tell you that I see more happiness in the faces of shop-girls hurrying home from work, than in a whole room-full of idling women. The girls toil, rest, take their wages and look at the duty of life with an air of independence. But the idling fashionables are scarcely raised above the standard of a Turkish harem; they have been bartered for with dowries, bought with social prestige, and then shut up to an objectless life of social inanities. Happier than they, and freerer to choose a fitting mate, is the poorest child of toil, barefoot beneath the burning sun.

***

FOR OTHERS.

In aching thought I pondered deep
On life's mysterious maze,
And why the world must ever weep,
The wicked prosper in his ways
For ever.

Asleep I fell, full wearily,
Still gazing on the maze,
And lo, an angel beckoned me
To verdant heights light-touched by rays
Of sunlight.

And thence I saw the tangled web
Stretched out in beauteous plan,
And marked the sea of trouble ebb,
Revealing there that man and man
Were brothers

And 'neath the picture written clear,
I read life's secret sign—
The one all-healing panacea
The rule that makes each life divine—
"For others."

For Sale.

Two farms near Deer Park, Maryland, containing about 275 acres each: houses, barns and all outbuildings. These farms are known as the Samuel Browning and Wm. Tricket farms. Also two farms at Selbysport, Md., containing about 250 acres each; good buildings on these properties. For full particulars, address

A. M. FRAZEE,
5365 Breedshill Street,
16-5 Pittsburg, Pa.

Hoyes.

The heat here on Monday was intense. The thermometer registered 118 degrees in the sun and 94 in the shade.

Mr. Henry Sines died last week at the residence of his son, who lives on White Rock run above Friendsville. He was eighty-four years old and leaves a large family to mourn his loss.

Messrs. John Brememan, William Casteel and their lady friends spent the 4th at Oakland.

Mrs. Kitzmiller, who has been sick for some time, is getting better.

Mr. Hamill Casteel received a new buggy one day last week. Hamill is a hustler and is making the old Casteel farm look quite different to what it did a year or two ago.

Mr. Arthur DeWitt says the finest fish are caught in Gap Run.

It was hot at Friendsville on the 4th, and some of the boys drank too freely of the river water.

A little shower here last night (Monday) freshened up vegetation very much.

Prof. Groves, of Preston county, W. Va., has a large class at Hoyes to whom he is giving instructions in vocal music. The Professor is quite popular here and pronounced a good instructor by his class.

If you want to know our expert bicyclist ask Wm. Smith.

Mountain Lake Park

Mountain Lake Hotel has 72 guests.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot and family are guests of James Smith, Esq., for the campmeeting.

Rev. Jones and family, of Aurora, are attending campmeeting. They have rooms in Fern cottage.

There are about a dozen cottages not rented. But this warm weather is bringing in many requests for cottages. Every cottage will be rented by Aug. 1st.

Bishop Nicholson, of the Reformed Episcopal church, and family, of Philadelphia, are guests of the Mountain Lake Hotel.

The campmeeting opened Saturday morning. The attendance is moving along pleasantly. Large congregations greeted the preachers on Sabbath. The morning sermon was preached by Rev. Joseph Smith, of Indiana: the afternoon sermon by Dr. Fowler, of Massachusetts, and the evening sermon by Dr. Spencer, Secretary of the Board of Church Extension of the Methodist Episcopal church. A number of prominent preachers and workers are in attendance. Among them Mrs. Bottome, president of the King's Daughters. While there are not as many ministers present as last year the meetings are of unusual interest and well attended.

The Park is in excellent shape. It never looked prettier than it does now. The smell of the newly made hay is enjoyed by all. The new fence around the south front of the auditorium is certainly a much needed improvement. The barb-wire fence ought not to be allowed within the bounds of civilization. The new entrance into Chautauqua Park will be appreciated by the public.

Rev. S. E. Pendleton, Port Arthur, La., is a guest of Hon. J. D. Botkin, as is also Rev. Nusbaum, of Kansas.

The demand for ice the past week was encouraging to the ice dealers. Supt. Rudisill has about 700 tons of A No. 1 ice in the Association ice house.

A delegation of twenty-two came in last Friday morning from Indianapolis; one of fifty from Philadelphia. A delegation of fourteen came in from Frostburg Tuesday and registered at the Mountain Lake Hotel.

Mrs. Harmison has every room in the Allegheny House engaged for Aug.

One of the attractive features of the Park this summer is the meeting of the Florence Crittenden Association. It convenes July thirteenth to nineteenth. A fine program is announced. Col. Crittenton will be in attendance. His famous car "Good News" will be put on the side track at the Park.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, through the influence of his wife, rather by her efforts, the "parson," received a very nice bicycle a few days ago. He deserves it, and more too.

Don't nauseate your stomach with teas and bitter herbs, but regulate your liver and sick headache by using those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

A PROSPEROUS TOWN.

How Friendsville, Garrett County, Has Grown and the Cause of It.

A special, published in the Baltimore *Sun* of Friday last, speaking of the prosperity of Friendsville, this county, says:

"Friendsville is located in Garrett county, on the Youghiogheny river, some twenty-four miles below Oakland. There is no section of Garrett county which has developed and improved more rapidly in the past few years than Friendsville and its vicinity. This rapid growth is attributable, perhaps, to at least two causes. In the first place a great work has been done in cutting down the forests and converting the wilderness into farming lands. A few years ago the stretch of country between Johnstown and Friendsville was an unbroken wilderness. Now nearly all this land has been cleared out and fine farms covered with magnificent wheat fields, dotted with comfortable farmhouses, lie on either side of the road.

"The great change which has been wrought in so short a time strikes the visitor with amazement. Lands in this locality which a few years ago could have been purchased at $5 per acre cannot now be had for $25 per acre. It is not, however, the advance in the price of land and the increase in farming lands alone which have improved this section so wonderfully. The second cause which has materially contributed to the prosperity referred to is the Confluence and Oakland railroad, which extends from Confluence on the Pittsburg and Connellsville railroad, up Youghiogheny river to Krug, two miles above Friendsville.

"When this road was constructed a few years ago the village of Friendsville contained only two or three houses. Now there is quite a large town, with fine hotels and large mercantile houses doing an immense business. With the completion of the road to this point and the growth of the town came the establishment of manufacturing plants, which gave employment to labor and distributed large sums of money to wage-earners every month. One of the first manufacturing firms to locate here, and one which has largely contributed to the general growth of the community was Knabb & Co. This firm, soon after the completion of the railroad, purchased a large tract of timber and coal land called "Yough Manor," containing 7,000 acres. Upon this tract they established their mills and built the town of Krug, which is the terminus of the Confluence and Oakland road, and two miles distant from Friendsville.

"The company is engaged in the manufacture of dressed white oak staves for the Standard Oil Company which they ship to Philadelphia. The capacity of the mills is 30,000 staves per day, and they ship seventy carloads per month. They give employment to about two hundred men and distribute in wages about $7,000 per month. This company has about seventeen miles of narrow gauge railroad and has extended its tracks from the terminus of the Confluence and Oakland road to a point within nine miles of Oakland. The company has also within a few days past opened a seven-foot vein of coal, which will further add to the business of this thriving section of the county.

"In 1895 a company was chartered for the purpose of constructing the connecting link of railroad between Oakland and the terminus of the Confluence and Oakland road. Should this company build the proposed connecting road it would not only open up the rich timber and mineral lands of the Yough valley between Friendsville and Oakland, but will make a short route to Allegheny and Pittsburg and bring these cities within a few hours ride of Oakland, Mountain Lake Park and Deer Park.

"The building of this short line would fill every summer resort on this mountain top from Pittsburg and Allegheny cities alone. It is sincerely hoped that the company will soon complete the connecting link, as it will undoubtedly bring additional prosperity to this whole section.

Permanently Cured.

For about two years I suffered with diarrhoea. I used a number of remedies and was treated by physicians, but received no permanent relief. After taking a few doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, I believe that I am now permanently cured."—Joab Crites, Tanner, Gilmor county, W. Va.

For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Hon C. B. Bush, president of the Gilmor County (W. Va.) Court, says that he has had three cases of flux in his family, during the past summer, which he cured in less than a week with Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Mr. Bush also states that in some instances there were twenty hemorrhages a day.—Glenville, W. Va. *Pathfinder*. This remedy has been used in nine epidemics of flux and one of cholera, with perfect success. It can always be depended upon for bowel complaint, even in its most severe forms. Every family should keep it on hand.

The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

BICYCLES and BICYCLE REPAIRING.

Full line of Bicycle Sundries carried in stock.

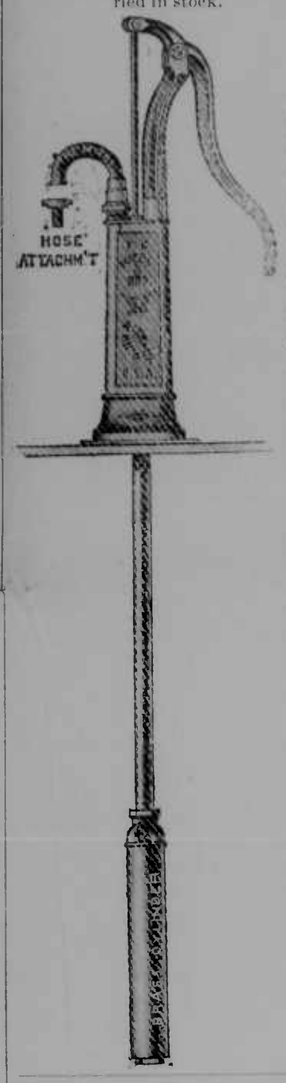

MYERS PUMPS, Hose, Galvanized and Iron Pipe, Steam and Hot Water Fittings.

Thomas Little,

ONE PRICE,

Has just received a fine line of SHOES, that will be sold at a great reduction in price.

Shoes that sold at	$1.50	now $1.25
" " "	1.75	now 1.50
" " "	2.00	now 1.75
" " "	2.50	now 2.00
" " "	3.50	now 2.75
" " "	4.00	now 3.25
Ladies' Oxfords	1.25	now 99
" "	1.30	now 1.00
" "	1.50	now 1.35
" "	1.65	now 1.40
Men's patent leather	5.00	now 4.50

Big Reduction in

SHIRTS,

of All Kinds.

1 Gallon can Maple Syrup, Reduced to 65 cents.

THESE GOODS MUST GO.

DON'T MISS A BARGAIN.

THE IMPORTED

French Coach Stallion

lately purchased by the Oakland Horse Improvement Company, is now ready for service at Oakland.

Insurance, $15.

Anyone parting with mare after bred, forfeits insurance money. Insurance due as soon as mare is known to be in foal.

J. T. BROWNING,
18-3 Keeper.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

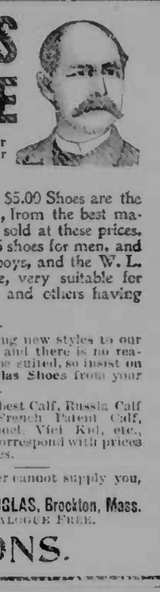

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

For sale by

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

FOR SALE!

—AT—

DEER PARK, MARYLAND,

Less than half a mile from post-office and railroad station, a

FARM of ABOUT 175 ACRES.

It is well watered and wooded and contains seven very desirable building sites. Within the enclosure is some three miles of excellent driving roads, arranged with a view to reach the several sites. The dwelling contains:

1st Floor—Billiard room, large hall, parlor, dining room, library, pantry, laundry (with stationary wash tubs), cold and cool water (in both) and kitchen upon the porch of which stands a Ridgway refrigerator 6x7x8, with ice house twenty feet off never exhausted in ten summers.

2nd Floor—Eight chambers, 2 bath closets and back stairs.

3rd Floor—Two chambers and 2 large store rooms.

There is an ample cellar in which are furnace, water-closet and gas machine, supplied by outside gasometer, which furnishes every room.

Ten rooms have open fire places; six have registers as well.

The stable has stalls for six horses and room for eight carriages. There is a tenant's house, sheep barn and cow stable, together with sheds and barn-lots. A tank of capacity of 1,500 gallons surmounts the stable. It is supplied from springs rising on the place, whose contents have been proven perfect by chemical analysis. To the tank the water is pumped by two separate systems, from different sources. All the plumbing and drainage are perfect and the premises are in excellent repair, having just been painted inside and out and a new cooking range set.

This property is offered as a whole

It is without incumbrance, and possession can be given November 15th, 1897.

Address,
JOHN W. WILLIAMS,
16-5 Deer Park, Maryland.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, either in person or by deputy, will be in each of the election districts in said county to collect and receive taxes at the time and places following:

July 12, McHenry,
" 13, Hoyes,
" 14, Friendsville,
" 15, Selbysport,
" 19, Accident,
" 17, Dove,
" 19, Grantsville,
" 20, Johnson's,
" 21, T. H. Layman's,
" 22, Avilton,
" 23, Gregg's,
" 24, New Germany, Brenneman Store
" 26, Bittinger,
" 27, Bittinger,
" 28, Bennington,
" 27, Floyd,
" 28, Swanton,
" 28, Wilson,
" 29, Deer Park,
" 29, Altamont,
" 30, Gorman,
" 30, Kearney.

Office in Oakland will be closed from July 12th to 30th inclusive.

N. B.—By an act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed at January session, 1890, being Chapter 506, it is provided that, "All county taxes shall be due and payable on the first day of September succeeding the date of levy, and on all county taxes paid on or before said day a discount of 3 per cent. shall be allowed; and after the first day of January all taxes shall bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until paid. The Treasurer shall take the discount and charge interest on all tax bills for county purposes regularly in the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same on his books and upon the receipt given for taxes so paid; but this discount shall not be allowed unless the whole amount of state and county taxes due for the current year be paid when the same is made."

THOS. B. WILEY, Treasurer.

TAX SALES

—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 506 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," the undersigned as late Treasurer for said county, will on

Saturday, the 10th Day of July,

beginning at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House, in the town of Oakland, offer and sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, all the following pieces, parcels and tracts of land, situated, lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, to-wit:

20, Town lots Nos. 13, 14, 15 and 16 in Block No. 14, on the plat of Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Maryland; also lots Nos. 11, 12 and 13 in Block 15 in said plat, conveyed to Mary P. Alderson by the Mountain Home Company by two deeds, the first bearing date August 11, 1894, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 24, folio 508, and the second August 21, 1894, recorded in Liber E. Z. T. 26, folio 7, Garrett county records. Said lots will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895, as is charged to the said Mary P. Alderson on the assessment books of Garrett county, and are located in Election District No. 7, together with the interest thereon and the costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale.

31, Military lots Nos. 30 and 35, situated in Election District No. 1; Military lots Nos. 118, 881, 1223, 1230, 1321, 1401, 1421, 1440, 1458 and 1586, situated in Election District No. 7; Military lots Nos. 2132, 2133, 2330 and 2321, situated in Election District No. 3 of Garrett county. These lots comprise in all about 800 acres and are the same lots that were sold and conveyed to Richard T. Semmes by John Swan by deed dated February 28th, 1894, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 24, folio 149, one of the Land Records for Garrett county, Maryland, and will be sold to satisfy and pay the State and county taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895, as is charged to the said Richard T. Semmes on the assessment books of said Garrett county, together with the interest thereon and the costs and expenses for making and reporting this sale.

Conveyancing at cost of purchasers.

EDWARD E. SOLLARS,
15-td Late Treasurer.

REAL ESTATE!

—FOR SALE BY—

JOHN SHARTZER, Real Estate Agent,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Two farms in District No. 2; 262 acres; near Elder Hill school house, improved by 2 houses, 3 barns and orchards. Will be sold separately or as a whole, to suit purchaser, on easy terms.

House of 4 rooms, 4 acres of land two miles south of Mt. Lake Park.

House and 1 acre of ground adjoining Loch Lynn Heights. Will be sold cheap.

A livery stable at Loch Lynn Heights; finest in the county; must be sold at once.

House and lot in Mt. Lake Park.

50 acres; improved by a small house; near Cranberry Glade farm.

House and 2 lots in McHenry.

Farm near Deer Park; improved.

A well improved farm near Ryan's Glade.

The above properties will be sold on easy terms.

One 50-acre lot adjoining the farm of W. T. Jamesson near Mt. Lake Park.

1 50-acre lot adjoining the lands of Mrs. Kilburne and —— Jackson near Mt. Lake Park; will be sold very cheap for cash.

7 building lots in Loch Lynn Heights.

The Phillips lands lying between Oakland and Mt. Lake Park; will be sold as a whole or in parcels to suit purchaser.

A lot of ground adjoining Mt. Lake Park on the Oakland road.

An improved farm of 100 acres, 2 miles from Terra Alta.

An improved farm of 200 acres near Crellin.

The Oakland Steam Laundry property.

7 large building lots in Oakland.

For further information, prices and terms, apply to

JOHN SHARTZER,
6-26 OAKLAND, MD.

ESTATE OF SALOME CUSTER, DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscribers, of Garrett County, Maryland, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

SALOME CUSTER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscribers, on or before the 1st day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 25th day of May, 1897.

JOHN W. BAKER, }
S. P. BAKER, } Executors.
12-4 Grantsville, Md.

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weigh-master or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD

MY GREAT-GREAT-GRANDSIRE.

My great-great-grandsire tilled the soil
And felled tall pines on slope and hill,
His homespun garments but the foil
That swathed a man of iron will.

And yet when winter's race was run,
And came the springtime's first caress,
His nature warmed before the sun
And melted into tenderness.

He knew the fields, he knew the woods,
For nature was his guiding star,
And sermons found in solitudes
Where only nature's teachings are.

He marked the gentian of the brooks
And paused where honeysuckles hung,
And rested where in wildest nooks
The lone arbutus trailing clung,

Where towered up the bristling head
Of some colossus of the pines,
Like a great stag with antlers spread—
The monarch of a thousand tines.

And with his rod or flintlock gun
He whipped the pools or led the chase,
Tracked the black bear till set of sun
And slew him in his hiding place.

And thus he lived an outdoor life
With sight of flower and bird and bee,
With yoke of oxen, and a wife
With children playing at her knee.

A murrain on your coats-of-arms—
He did his best, as morial can,
Wrung a rough living from the farms
And lived and died an honest man.
—Ernest McGaffey, in N. Y. Truth.

THE COUNT DE LOME.

BY SYDNEY REID.

"YES," said the warden, "women are strange creatures. I could tell you many queer things that happened through them right in this old prison. You never heard of the duchess who came every day to bring flowers to Sicchi, the Polish murderer? She would sit and cry an hour with him each time. He was a little, dark man, with a little goat face and goat beard. He used to spend an hour before the glass getting ready for the duchess. Why did she come? Uh, sympathy gone mad. Did you never see an engaged young couple lavishing maudlin sympathy on each other. Well, there are women who are in that state of mind all their lives. It is necessary for them to have hysterics once a day, and they go to see a person who is or ought to be, suffering, to gratify their craving for emotional intoxication.

"But it was not about the duchess I was going to tell you, though; but about a young woman who sat in that very chair where you are sitting now one afternoon not more than ten years ago. She was a handsome and very dignified young woman, and she told as Gospel truth the oddest story I ever heard.

"When she first entered she had asked me if I knew that I had under my care Count De Lome, a peer of France. I looked at her a few minutes, but she was earnest and calm. I replied that I was not aware that we had any such distinguished guest.

"'That is his sensitiveness and modesty,' she exclaimed. 'He would rather die than expose his family.'

"'What is his offense?'

"'He is charged with burglary, but it is all a dreadful, dreadful mistake, of which only he and I know the explanation.'

"'Describe his appearance.'

"'He is of medium height, has very dark, curling hair, black eyes and heavy black mustache.'

"I knew the man at once as 'Handsome Charley,' who had come to New York from Chicago, leaving a streak of crime stretching out behind him like the tail of a comet. I told the young woman that I knew the man.

"'I am afraid that you are prejudiced against him,' she said; 'but, oh, Warden, if you could only hear his story as I have heard it, your sympathy would go out to him as the most unfortunate of men. It is impossible for anyone to look in his eyes and disbelieve him.'

"'Yes?' I asked, and then, after a pause, 'May I inquire what is your name, madam, and why you are so interested in the prisoner?'

"The name she gave me was that borne by one of the oldest and wealthiest families in the state. 'I am a woman of property,' she said, 'living in Tarrytown. I am interested in this poor young man, because I know his sad story; how he has been victimized; how he has struggled and how an irresistible power has dragged him down.'

"'Do you know that he was caught in the very commission of this last crime?'

"'I know that so appeared.'

"'But the circumstantial evidence was positive. He was caught in the dining-room of a mansion in Madison avenue with a heap of plunder about him and a bag into which he was putting it.'

"'That is the saddest part of his trials. Even to fair, unbiased minds he must always appear guilty. I myself thought him guilty when I first looked upon him two years ago in the kitchen of my own house, where the coachman and butler who had captured him were holding him down. I had been awakened by a terrible commotion and had hastened downstairs to find my servants holding the stranger, who, they said, was a burglar. Everything seemed to indicate that their conclusion was correct. A window had been forced, and the stranger had before him a bag filled with plate and jewelry gathered from all over the house. When he saw me he immediately spoke:

"'Madam,' he said, 'I appeal to you not to decide too hastily. I am a gentleman and not a robber, but am the victim of the strangest and most cruel fatality that ever persecuted a mortal. Could I but engage your kind attention for a few minutes I would, I am sure, be able to persuade you that instead of reprobation I deserve the deepest and sincerest sympathy and the pity of every true Christian of whom I perceive you are one.'

"'I was greatly afraid of the man at first, as a young lady naturally would be, but his quiet tone and the deep, melancholy, truthful expression of his eyes produced in me a longing to hear his story. I therefore directed the butler to loosen him and let him sit in a chair. This the servants were very unwilling to do, insisting that the man should be immediately turned over to the police. However, when they saw I was in earnest they let their prisoner rise:

"'Madam!' he said, 'strange as it may seem, the purest and best actions of my life are those which have brought me to this terrible pass. In the unfortunate being who is now before you surrounded by hideous circumstances the world would never recognize Count Hubert De Lome, inheritor of one of the greatest names and descendants of one of the proudest families of France. Yet such is my title and my family. Pray pardon me for showing emotion.

"'At the outbreak of the late war between France and Germany I was a lieutenant of infantry, not yet arrived in my twentieth year. The purest fires of patriotism burned in my heart, and in the battles where we were engaged I was remarked for the heroic manner in which I exposed myself. I passed scathless through storms of lead, which dealt death on every side, and escaped without the least injury till the battle of Gravelotte, where a round shot mutilated both my legs and a rifle bullet destroyed my right arm.

"'When I awoke, after the battle, I was in the German field hospital with a bevy of the cleverest surgeons in Europe about me. I soon found that I was the center of attraction as the most extensive case of limb grafting in the annals of surgery. They had found a dead man of my proportions on the field of battle, and from him they had transferred to me a right arm and two legs, and they were watching with deep interest the experiment of their growth.

"'For two weeks the result was doubtful, but at last science and nature triumphed over all obstacles, and it became evident that I was going to be able to use the grafted limbs as well as I ever used my own.

"'By the time I could stand, the war was over, and I returned to my home in Brittany, to recover amid rural scenes from the rude shocks I had received. Here, as I grew stronger, a strange and awful thing happened. I found that my grafted limbs had a will of their own, and that that will was evil. Legs that could hardly be persuaded to move in the daytime, became at night restless and tireless as those of a predaceous animal. Many a time I awoke at midnight to find myself being carried abroad. Many a time my relatives, hearing my cries, have rushed to my room and found me clinging to the bed by means of my jaws and my left hand, while my right hand and both legs were struggling to carry me off.

"'I always resisted to the utmost, because I knew from certain intimations what the upshot of these midnight excursions proposed by my limbs would be—theft, odious, horrible, vulgar—not the romantic theft of the bold highwayman, but the low and brutal pilfering of the burglar and sneak thief. Theft by myself in spite of myself.

"'You can easily imagine, dear lady, that my discovery caused me the keenest anguish. The cruelest thing of all was that I must suffer in silence. Who would believe my story? So skillfully had the operations on my mind been performed that there was no scar to be seen, and, even were I able to prove that the limbs I used were grafted, how could I satisfy anyone that they had retained their individuality and were seeking to make of me an accomplice in these nefarious undertakings?

"'The constant struggle in which I was engaged gave me a wild and haggard look. I became the victim of nervousness and melancholy, and the people of my estate began to avoid me. When I came upon the road, riding or walking, those whom I met whispered and drew aside. They knew that I had given my servants orders to watch me at night and restrain me by force if I sought to go out. They therefore looked on me as a madman or at least a man with a mystery.

"'This feeling was not confined to the peasants; my equals also possessed it, and I could see by their averted looks, their silence when I approached them, that I was feared, if not disliked.

"'One only remained true to her childhood's beliefs and memories, but that was the one whom, above all others, I desired to please — Louise, daughter of Marquis De Campazany, whose estates adjoined my own.

"'Even to her I dared not explain, yet her love and sympathy were mine through all and in spite of all.

"'The only human being who knew my secret was the chief of the German surgeons, who performed the grafting operations. I sought him out and called him to my side for consultation. His advice to me was to wait with patience. "My friend," he said, "I ask you to wait not only for your own sake but for the sake of science. I could rid you of your troubles now by taking off the limbs above the grafts, but that would leave you a helpless wreck again. It might be that other grafting operations would succeed as well as these have done, and you thereby become possessed of limbs which have good habits. But that such would be the case no one has assurance. Besides, my friend, what a loss to science that it should be debarred from witnessing this struggle; this survival of habit; this proof of mentality in limbs; this evidence of the permanence of impressions made by the governing brain of muscles."

"'Must I always be at war with myself?' I inquired. "No," the surgeon said, as time went on the struggle of the limbs to bear me away on predaceous errands would become weaker and weaker. "The physical structure of man," continued the surgeon, "is renewed every seven years. Therefore, in seven years from now, if you have patience, the legs of the dead man which we grafted on you will have entirely disappeared; the limbs that will have replaced them will be entirely your own, subject to your will and permeated by your own mental impressions."

"'Thus, in an evil hour I was induced to continue the lamentable associations. Oh, Louise! Louise! Fair saint in Heaven, thy young life was sacrificed to my folly!'

"'Here!' said the lady, 'the stranger was compelled by his emotion to pause. He covered his face, and there was no sound but that made by his choking sobs.'

"'Pardon me, lady!' he resumed, regaining his self-control. 'I can never think of that fatal night without weakly giving way to unavailing tears. For her I had lived and hoped. There was no dream of my future in which she was not the central figure, and yet it was I—I who caused her death. No, not I—no—never! But the hideously wicked grafted limbs.

"'I swear that I knew nothing of the events of that night till I was awakened by the sound of voices and the flashing of lights. I found myself standing in the chateau of Campazany. It was the dining-room. There was a black mask on my face and a bag of plunder at my side. I knew well what it meant. The lights and voices were approaching. It was the marquis and his servants approaching. Desperately I rushed to the windows. They were securely fastened. I must have entered elsewhere. I turned to dash through the door opposite to that by which the marquis and the others were entering. They saw me and pistols were leveled. I saw a white figure spring between me any my pursuers. I heard a voice cry "Henri! Henri! It is you but you are innocent!" Pistol shots rang out; there was a wild shriek, and, looking backward, I saw my love lying dead—dead—dead, her fair hair dabbling in her blood. With the laugh of a maniac, I fled away through the darkness.

"'What happened in the years that followed I know not. I was dominated by one impulse—to fly from the scene of horror which was always in my memory. What I did, how I lived, I have no knowledge. Quite probably my limbs took advantage of my mental infirmity to involve me in the crimes for which they thirsted. Quite probably a large part of the time which is a blank to me was spent in prison. I know not. At length my mind began to assert itself again. I was no longer dazed; sanity had returned.

"'I found that I was living in America, in the city of Chicago, the inhabitant of a room in a low tenement house; an ex-convict, a man whom the police feared and watched; whom the criminals admired. Dreadful awakening, with what terror did I realize my position! Thinking to escape I came here to New York, but, as you see, the evil influence still continues. In an unguarded moment, I have been abducted from my home and borne here to pose before you as a criminal and a wretch. Lady, this is more than I can bear.

"'Again the stranger shed tears. I looked upon him with the deepest pity. His tears, his youthful beauty, his frank speech, all convinced me of the absolute truth of his narrative, which, though surprising in some respects, was not more so than some tales which juries accept as truth.

"'I believe you,' I said; 'not only do I believe you, but I will make others believe you. You have but two more years in which the evil grafted upon you can continue. Go free to-night. Strive on against misfortune, and if in an extremity you need a friend, call upon me.'

"The noble face of the count was illuminated with thankfulness. Heaping blessings upon my head, he departed and I saw him not again nor heard of him till I received a letter telling me that he was in prison here and desired to see me.'

"'Ah!' said I, 'you wish to see him?'

"'I do, indeed; I desire to comfort and strengthen him, and, above all, to give him this pie. The seven years of evil domination are almost over, the wicked individuality of the grafted limbs has gone, and with it the strength. The count, above all things, now needs building up. In a few days I will tell his story to the press, to the governor. I will get him released and will send him back to his estate in France as happy as a man with such a history can be.'

"So saying, she produced from a parcel she carried a huge pie.

"Well, it was a little irregular, to be sure, but the appearance of the lady and her simplicity were too much for me and I passed it in. Then she had five minutes' conversation with Handsome Charley in my presence, and went away looking satisfied, while I sat back in my chair and laughed to think how easy it is to pull the wool over a woman's eyes."

The warden rose, knocked the ashes out of his pipe and picked up his huge bunch of keys.

"But the sequel, warden!" I cried. "Wasn't there any sequel?"

"Sequel? Yes, certainly there was a sequel," said the warden, turning to trudge off. "Next morning we found a big hole through the wall of Handsome Charley's cell. He got away and I never heard of him since, or the Tarrytown young woman either, though we searched enough. That pie must have contained a blacksmith's shop."

Off stumped the warden, rattling his keys, his rugged face settled again into gravity and gruffness, and I sat still and laughed till the tears came in my eyes to think how the clever sex had scored again.—N. Y. Ledger.

FEW TRAINS HELD UP.

Not So Many Railway Robberies as Formerly.

In the year 1895 there were 33 railroad trains held up in this country by imitators of the James and Younger gangs. The next year the number was 34. It was 49 in 1895, and last year dropped to 23. In the last seven years there have been 183 trains held up or wrecked for the purpose of robbery. The number of persons killed in the perpetration of this train-wrecking or holding-up crime was 73, the number wounded 58. The smallness of the record for 1896 may be partially accounted for by the fact that passengers and crews have recently fallen into the way of fighting train wreckers and train robbers. There were several instances in 1896 of deliberate plans having been made by railroad officials to trap train robbers and kill them, and the plans were successfully carried out, a fact which proved decidedly discouraging to the train-robbing profession. The mortality in 1896 was four among passengers and 32 among trainmen.

So frequent and so desperate have been many of these efforts at train-robbing that the idea has become more or less popular in Europe that railway travel in the United States is about as dangerous as is traveled by private conveyance in the brigand districts of Italy and Sicily, and it cannot be denied that there is considerable justification for the prevalence of this idea. It is not many months since three or four beardless boys were sent to the penitentiary from Rome, N. Y., for the crime of train wrecking. But terms in the penitentiary are not regarded as an adequate punishment for this monstrous crime, and so the penal code of the Empire state has recently been revised, placing train wrecking among the capital crimes. Hereafter any man in New York state found guilty of train wrecking will suffer the same punishment as does any man found guilty of murder in the first degree.

An idea of the magnitude of the danger to railroad travel in the United States is prevalent on this side of the Atlantic, and it finds voice in the elaborate arrangements for defense made by the several express companies of the country in their cars devoted to the transportation of valuables.

The interiors of some of the express cars have the appearance of veritable arsenals. In fact, some of the cars are called arsenal cars. They have a bullet-proof room located in their center. They are built of steel 1½ inch in thickness. The doors leading into either end of these compartments are punctured with peepholes, through which a gun can be ranged and fired. On either side is a steel projection a foot wide extending from the level of the window sill to the roof. At each end at the side of this arrangement a port-hole is provided so that a rifle may be used to sweep the side of the train, front or rear, or to shoot from a side hole in any direction from this bomb proof. These are only some of the many features of the ideal arsenal car that has come into use on account of the frequency of train-wrecking and train-robbing. These precautions have been thought necessary by the astute managers of the express companies.

Meantime the United States government that is engaged in transporting valuables in mail cars has taken no such precautions to protect the property intrusted to its care. To be sure, the recently constructed mail cars have no door at each end accessible to the train-robber, but they have doors on the sides, to which an expert robber can find access and where the railway mail clerk could answer and does answer frequently a summons to open. Millions and millions of dollars are every week sent through the United States mail in these unprotected mail cars. If the train is held up, if the robber succeeds in finding his entrance to the railway car and the valuables from the United States mail bags are rifled, the owners have no recourse. The government refuses to be responsible. It is probable that to this lack of responsibility the government's laxity in taking necessary precautions against train-robbing may be attributed. The express companies recognize their responsibility and prepare themselves accordingly. The government seems satisfied to trust to luck and, unfortunately, in many instances the patrons also of the United States mail service trust to luck. The fact that the warm and fatal reception given robbers last year reduced the number of train-robberies and train-wrecking, it would seem, ought to be accepted as a reason why the government should take as radical precautions as have the express companies. A knowledge that mail cars, like express cars, were little else than moving arsenals, together with such drastic measures as have been just adopted in New York state, would go a long way toward making train-robbing in America an almost unheard-of crime.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

A Laplander's Dress.

The operation of dressing in cold weather in the far north is so elaborate that it is difficult to understand how a deliberate boy or girl in Lapland can be ready for breakfast before dinner time. First, two suits of thick woolen underclothing are put on, and over these goes a shirt of reindeer skin, with cloth bands to fasten at the wrists; sometimes two of these shirts, or kaftas, are worn, and a reindeer vest beneath them. The trousers are of reindeer skin also. Two pairs of heavy woolen stockings are worn, and the child who puts these on when they are damp is sure to have trouble with his feet. Around the feet a peculiar grass, well dried, is carefully bound, and over all this goes the shoe. Buttons and hooks and eyes are scarce in Lapland; all clothing is fastened by strings, and it is dreadful to think of all the "hard knots" that Lap children have fumbled over while too sleepy to be amiable.—Moderator.

HIS ARGUMENT A BOOMERANG.

Court and Jury Enjoy a Laugh at a Lawyer's Display of Ignorance.

The nervous, wiry little lawyer ran his bony fingers through his shock of bright red hair, squared his shoulders and turned towards the jury. His frame quivered with suppressed excitement. His small, yellow eyes were full of baleful glitter. It was apparent he was about to deliver a telling blow upon the opposition.

His immediate victim was the witness in hand, who had been called to the city to testify in a damage suit for personal injuries, on trial in the superior court. The doctor was a pacific-looking man, tall, awkward, smooth shaven, and of heavy features, denoting a phlegmatic disposition. The jury had discovered that he possessed a vein of humor that expressed itself in occasional dry witticisms and drolleries.

The doctor had happened to be the first person on the scene when the lawyer's client, a 12-year-old boy living on the West Side, had been run over by a cable car. The attorney was trying to shake his testimony, which was to the effect the boy said, just after the accident, he was trying to steal a ride by catching on the side of the car, when he slipped and fell under the wheels.

"Doctor," said the attorney, "wasn't the boy under the influence of opiates when he made that statement?"

"No. He said that first thing, before the operation."

"Well, you can't be sure after two years just when he said it. Isn't it true you gave the boy opiates before you dressed the leg?"

"No; didn't give him opiates at all."

"What? Do you mean you operated on that boy's leg without giving him any opiates to keep him from suffering?"

"Yes. I didn't give him any opiates."

Here was the lawyer's opportunity. His manner was tragic as he cast a hateful glance at the street car company's witness and turned to the jury.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he cried, "this great corporation comes into court to fight the claim of this boy, a cripple for life, and asks you to believe the testimony of this man who confesses himself an inhuman wretch. Think of the agonies that boy suffered while the operation was in progress, and still this human fiend gave him no opiates to relieve his suffering. See him smile as he sits there on the witness stand. He is gloating yet over the memory of this poor child's pain."

The doctor kept on grimly smiling until the lawyer paused to let his words strike in on the minds and consciences of the jurors, then with a slow turn of the head towards the jury box, with a half apologetic drawl, the doctor said:

"We don't use opiates in surgical operations; use anaesthetics."

If the court had ordered the bailiff to remove from the room all who laughed the little red-haired lawyer would have been left alone with his thoughts.—Chicago Tribune.

A Long Hunt.

Jersey Farmer—Out huntin', be you?

City Sportsman (wearily)—Y-e-s, been hunting all day for a patch of woods without a law penalty sign on it.—N. Y. Weekly.

A cab owner had the word "Excelsior" painted on the door panel of all his vehicles. He explained that his motto was "hire."—Tit-Bits.

"What is the meaning of all these ladders leaning against the trees?" "His excellency is going to have a boar hunt tomorrow."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Force of Habit.—An old librarian, unable to find his umbrella one evening when it was time to close, returned and looked anxiously for it in the card catalogue, under the letter U.—Le Figaro.

We all put in a great deal of hard work laughing at jokes that do not amuse us.—Washington Democrat.

The point in training children is to get them off to a neighbor's house first in the evening, in order to keep that neighbor's children at home.—Atchison Globe.

Can't Keep Still.—Mrs. Gabbel—"Do you know that you talk in your sleep, James?" Mr. Gabbel—"Do I? Then I bet you join in!"—Fun.

Probably if every old man had a chance to go through it again, he would resolve to be more selfish with his money than he ever had been.

An American woman, with a gardener, her husband and a hired boy to help her, can't make flowers grow and bloom as well as a little old German woman who does all the work alone.—Atchison Globe.

When some people go to the city, once in their lives, and see a good show, they think they have to turn up their noses at every show that comes to town.—Washington Democrat.

Bertie—"Are we any kin to chickens?" Gertie—"Of course not; we're people." Bertie—"Well, Uncle Harry says papa was a mighty bad egg when he was young."—Brooklyn Life.

Mrs. Church—"Did you ever catch your husband flirting?" Mrs. Gotham—"That's the way I did catch him."—Yonkers Statesman.

HEALTHY AT SEVENTY-TWO.

Mr. C. M. Higgins Passes the Three Score and Ten Mile-Post in Good Health.

For a Decade Previous, However, He was a Great Sufferer from Rheumatism. The Story of His Battle with It is of Interest.

From the Leader, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. C. M. Higgins, of Collinwood, Ohio, one of the attractive eastern suburbs of Cleveland, is a retired and highly-respected citizen and has passed the threescore and ten milepost in the journey of life. He is in his 72d year. He, with his wife, lives at No. 277 Clark Ave.

Until two years ago Mr. Higgins had been a sufferer from rheumatism for ten years. Nearly every part of his body was affected, but especially his right side below the hip. He tried medicine to ease the pain, but to no avail. In the fall of 1894 he purchased two boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Mr. Higgins said:

"The pain was greatest in the fall, winter and spring, owing to the dampness, and my right leg and hip were helpless most of the time. I had to sit in an easy chair propped up with pillows, with my rheumatic limb resting on cushions on another chair. Year after year I tried various remedies but to no avail, and as time passed my rheumatism continued to grow worse.

"My wife finally told me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She had read about them in the newspapers, and thought they would benefit me as they had others. So I sent over to Smith's drug store on Collamer St., and bought two boxes and they proved to be a most wonderful medicine.

"I had scarcely started to use them before I began to feel better. I found I could sleep well at night which I was unable to do before—and my appetite returned to me. I only used a few boxes and I was well. Not since the autumn of 1894 have I been troubled with rheumatism."

Mr. Higgins is one of the patriotic Americans who went to the front in the days of the rebellion, and is at present a member of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Good as New.

Jack Dashing—Why, there is not a new face here to-night.

Penelope—Oh, yes, there is. Miss Madeup's face has just been reenameled.—Up-to-Date.

Between Seed Time and Harvest

is a good opportunity to enquire about farming lands in South Dakota, only one day's ride from Chicago. Bountiful crops of Wheat, Corn, Barley and Flax reward the tiller of the soil. As a stock and dairy country South Dakota leads all the world. First-class farm lands with nearby markets can now be bought for from $10, $12, $15, and upwards, per acre, and this is the time to invest. For further particulars write to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

The Same Old Wail.—Said Eve—"What a chooser of fig-leaves you are! 'Tis the worst one that ever I carried." Said Adam—"Your dresses are better by far than any you had when we married."—Harlem Life.

Two Mighty Continents,

North and South America, beside Guatemala, the West Indies, Australia, and even Europe, are the fields of usefulness in which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has demonstrated its value as an antidote to malaria, and as a remedy for dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism, neuralgia, biliousness, nervousness, and loss of appetite and sleep. The inhabitants, the medical men of these countries, have spoken in no uncertain tones concerning the efficacy of the great household remedy.

To live is to have justice, truth, reason, devotion, probity, sincerity, common sense, right and duty welded into the heart. To live is to know what one is worth—what one can do, and should do. Life is conscience.—Victor Hugo.

Summer Tours Via Big Four Route,

To the Mountains, Lakes and Seashore. Special Low Rates will be in effect to Put-in-Bay, Islands of Lake Erie, Lake Chautauqua, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River, Adirondacks, Lake George, New England Resorts, New York and Boston. To the Great Lakes, Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo, Detroit, Benton Harbor, Mt. Clemens, Mackinac and Michigan Resorts, To the Northwest and West via St. Louis and Chicago. For rates, routes, time of trains and full particulars apply to any agent "Big Four," or address E. O. McCormick, Passenger Traffic Manager "Big Four," Cincinnati, O.

The architect of his own fortunes seldom tires of building extensions.—N. Y. Weekly.

Low Excursion Rates Account the Fourth of July.

For the Fourth of July holiday, the Cleveland, Akron & Columbus R'y, will sell excursion tickets between all local stations and to many points on connecting lines at a rate of ONE FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP.

Tickets on sale July 3rd, 4th and 5th, good returning until July 6th, 1897, inclusive. Ask ticket agents for particulars.

C. F. DALY, Gen. Pass. Agt.

An old pair of shoes spoils the appearance of any woman.—Atchison Globe.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. D. Townsend, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, '94.

Scoff and Cough.

The man who scoffs at the friendly advice, to "take something for that cough," will keep on coughing until he changes his mind or changes his earthly residence. A great many scoffers have been converted by the use of the standard cough remedy of the past half century,—Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. But some are scoffing and coughing yet. They wheeze with asthma, bark with bronchitis or groan with the grippe. Singular, is n't it, the number of stubborn people, who persist in gambling, with health and perhaps life as the stake, when they might be effectually cured of cough, cold or lung trouble, by a few doses of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

More particulars about Pectoral in Ayer's Curebook 100 pages. Sent free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

TEMPERANCE.

WHISKY DID IT.

Sad, True Tale of the Work of the Demon Rum.

The following true tale of the work of the whisky demon is recorded:

"I didn't do it; God knows I didn't do it; whisky did it."

Such a wail as came from the boy! And he was only a boy, for what else is a lad of 19?

And now he stood there on the sidewalk wringing his hands and crying out in agony, and the officer's hand was on his shoulder, and the noisy crowd was about him crying out, too.

"He's killed him," said one; "let's hang him to a lamp-post."

"Oh, mother, mother," wailed the boy, "wake up! Oh, I've killed her, too; let me go to her."

"Come with me," said the officer; "somebody else 'll take care of mother and we'll take care of you."

"I didn't do it; God knows I didn't; the whisky did it!" cried the boy, as the officer led him away.

No, he had not done it, and the whisky had; but the law does not try whisky.

Whisky had not followed the man out of the saloon and beat his brains

"I DIDN'T DO IT."

out with a piece of board. The boy had not really done it, either; for he had not known what he did, and when he was himself nothing could have induced him to do such a deed. And yet he was the motor, or rather whisky was the motor and he the machine it moved. He was the one who went to prison. His mother was the one who lay dead from grief. It was his hand that bore the stain of a mother's blood. And whisky did it.

And men in that town allowed it to be done. It made business lively. "There can be no town without liquor; that is, no town of any life," they said.

Yes, business was made lively, the saloon keeper had something to do, then the officer of the law had the pleasure of taking the boy to jail, the coroner had the excitement of an inquest, and the undertaker sold two coffins. Grim sort of business, isn't it? But that is the kind whisky furnishes. —Religious Telescope.

WINE IS A MOCKER.

A Short Sermon on a Sout Destroying Evil.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 20:1.

There is no sin more easily formed than drunkenness. Looking longingly upon wine or liquor of any kind, tasting frequently, indulging when in company, breed a fondness for the pernicious evil hard to overcome and ruining to the soul.

This habit is more frequently formed through what is called "the social glass" than in any other way. Yet that glass not only destroys the one who offers it, but works infinite wrong on the soul and happiness of the one tempted to join him.

Drink besots the intellect and makes a person uncouth, foul and even dangerous. It leads to crime and brings woe of the bitterest character into the presence of innocence and love. It breaks hearts and fills prisons and penitentiaries with criminals and murderers. But, worst of all, it causes the loss of souls. Nothing that defiles can enter Heaven, and it is distinctly stated in the Bible that drunkards are excluded from eternal happiness. The only safe method is to abstain wholly from liquors, and so preserve one's own purity of conduct, and set a good example to others by doing so.—Sophie L. Schenck, in Christian Work.

Crusade Against Tobacco.

A crusade against the use of tobacco has recently been started in a number of our American universities. It is a recognized fact that tobacco, when taken into the system in any form, is injurious not only to the physical health, but to the intellectual development as well. The results obtained in schools where the use of tobacco has been discarded are very encouraging, and show clearly the harmful effect which this obnoxious weed has upon the system. It is gratifying to note that some of the best colleges of our country have taken a decided stand against its use by their students. The Boston university has issued an ordinance that those students who are unwilling to forego the use of tobacco while within the precincts of the university will have their fees returned and their names taken from the books. The Wesleyan university has made a rule forbidding its students to use tobacco in any form, and other universities have made similar ordinances.—Modern Medicine.

Sorrows and Tragedies in Whisky.

There are 80,000,000 gallons of whisky now mellowing for use in the United States. Unfortunately it will in due time add to the miseries of many millions in the homes of the land. While it represents much wealth, it pointedly represents sorrows too deep and harrowing to describe.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

CLAY INEBRIATES.

Singular Habit Which Has Its Slaves in Some Sections of the Country.

In some sections of the country a number of people are found who daily use clay as an article of food.

It is used so ravenously and with so much relish, and its effects are so marked, that it can be called a veritable inebriety. The clay eaten is of a dirty white color, and has a peculiar oily appearance and does not crumble, but becomes sticky when moistened. It is held in the mouth until it dissolves, and is swallowed in small quantities. It evidently possesses some nourishment, and the opinion prevails that persons can subsist on it for days without any other food. The quantity used varies largely from two ounces to several pounds a day.

There is a strunge fascination, which, like the diseased craving for narcotics, demands so much of this clay every day.

When, by accident or design, the supply is cut off, great restlessness, anxiety and intense depression follow. The effect of clay eating is noted on young persons by blanching the skin, giving it a peculiar pallor, and soon a prematurely old, wrinkled look. The mind seems to be depressed and under a cloud, and all vivacity and emotionalism reduced to a low level.

General muscular indisposition to exertion and indifference as to the consequence of acts and the possibilities of the future are the symptoms in adult clay eaters. Whisky drinking, tobacco smoking, chewing, dipping and snuffing are common accompaniments.

All ambition to improve their surroundings and add to the mental pleasures of life is absent, and profound general depression prevails. Superstitious hallucinations and fears of the supernatural, with efforts to interpret every unusual event in nature, and the most primitive struggles to supply the common wants of the body, constitute the whole of life.

Very little sickness follows, and after years of this addiction some acute disease of the stomach or liver is followed by death.

These people occupy some of the mountain counties of the southern states, and seem satisfied to live in the poorest sections of the country. They are content to live isolated, and by farming, hunting and fishing make a living.

The craze for the clay used is remarkable for its persistence and tenacity. The supply for daily use is provided with more energy and precision than food. The skin of clay inebriates soon becomes of a dirty yellow color, and never changes during life. Tobacco using seems to be more closely associated with this addiction than spirit drinking. No change ever takes place except death. They cling to the same ways of life and living, never increasing the amount of clay used to any extent from one generation to the other. Both body and mind slowly retrograde down through degrees of dementia to death. —Journal of Inebriety.

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

Wine in the home and club house helps the wine room.—Ram's Horn.

Francis Murphy says: "Beer may make you fat, but it will make you lean—up against something."

The devil soon gets a mortgage upon the man who drinks—and he already owns the man who sells.—Ram's Horn.

The project of establishing national headquarters of the W. C. T. U. for Hindoostan at Calcutta is being considered by the unions of India.

Among the ancient Saxons, when drinking healths, as many cups were drunk as there were letters in the name of the person complimented.

If you can stop drinking without inconvenience, do it for the benefit of others; if you find it hard to stop, do it for your own benefit.—Lever.

The Christian Endeavorers of Tennessee, who recently met in state convention at Chattanooga, decided to boycott the Centennial exposition, now in session at Nashville. Their opposition is due to the fact that liquor is sold on the centennial grounds.

The most surprising thing about the recent protests against saloons in Boston is the part the Catholic priests have taken in the fight. Heretofore they have always remained silent, but now they have joined in with their Protestant brothers.

When a country in which the average wages is $454 a year, spends nearly $100 a year per family for drink, it is not necessary to hunt around with a telescope for the cause of distress and hard times. This is that country.—Louisville (Ky.) No Saloon.

Drunkenness is not only the cause of crime, but it is crime, and if any encourage drunkenness for the sake of the profit derived from the sale of drink, they are guilty of a form of moral assassination as criminal as any that has been practiced by the bravos of any country or any age.—John Ruskin.

Chicago saloon keepers are proposing to have all saloons close for four months to teach the Chicago reformers a lesson, showing that the city cannot get along without the license money, as no one is to take out a license till the end of four months. It will be an interesting experiment.—National Temperance Advocate.

You Must Stand While Drinking.

Under this caption the New York Sun tells of an ordinance adopted by the city council of Pomona, Cal. It provides for licensing two saloons. Each is to pay $1,000 a year in advance. The saloon keeper must give bonds in the sum of $5,000, that shall be forfeited in case he fails to observe the law under which he is licensed. The saloons must be run in single apartments with no annexes or wings, and in buildings fronting on streets. Half of the front of the saloons must be of glass, no painted or frosted glass or screens being allowed. The view from the street must be free and unobstructed, and no billiards, cards or any game shall be played.

BUTCHER GOWNS.

And Gowns, Dusters, Coats and Sleeves in Various Occupations.

Butchers' gowns, which are made of cotton and linen, come often in all white, sometimes in blue check, often in material that is plaided off with lines on white ground. Sometimes the lines are all of the same color; sometimes lines of two or three different colors are woven into the fabric. There are many tasteful designs in the materials used for butcher gowns. Beef handlers wear usually a gown or duster made of a dark blue material, says the New York Sun.

Fish dealers wear a duster or gown of blue check. Grocer's dusters are made most commonly of blue linen, as are the dusters worn by druggists; they are sometimes made of a striped cotton material. The bartender wears a white duck coat, and there are white duck coats made for barbers.

There are aprons made in various styles, for butchers, bartenders, and others. Aprons are almost always white. Sleeves are sold for butchers made of white material, and also of material to match the gown. Straw cuffs are worn by many. Winter ulsters are made for butchers and others whose business or occupation may make them desirable.

There are tailors who confine their attention to the making and selling of butcher and other gowns, dusters and coats, and the aprons, sleeves and cuffs commonly worn with them.

TWO TYPES OF THE SOUTH.

Early Settlers from England Leave Their Traces to This Day.

The two leading types of southern population are plainly the Virginian and the South Carolinian of the tidewater. For this fact there are both historical and physiographic reasons, declares the Atlantic. Virginia was the first and South Carolina the second southern colony to be settled by well-to-do Englishmen who desired to found

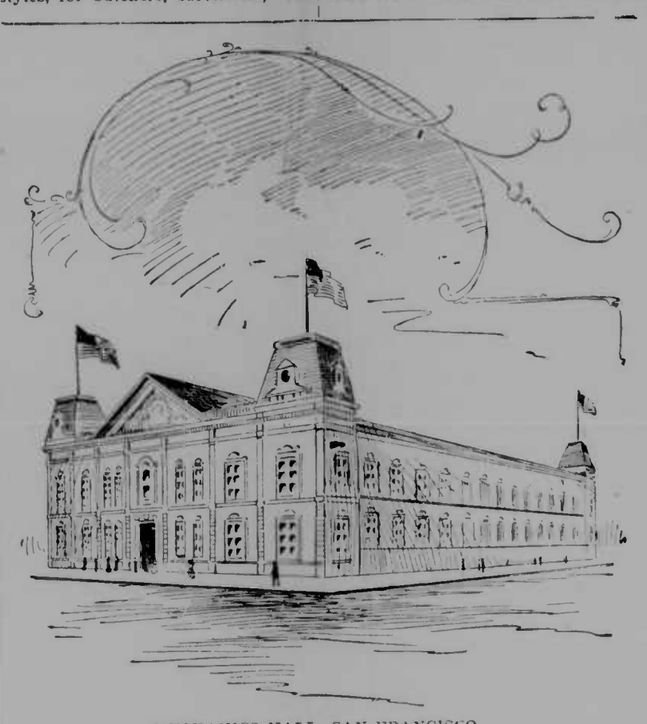

MECHANICS HALL, SAN FRANCISCO.
WHERE THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION WILL BE HELD.

permanent homes. The introduction of slavery and its application to staple crops speedily gave an aristocratic tone to society in both provinces, but between them, in North Carolina, and to the south of them, in Georgia, there were fewer wealthy settlers and no staple crops to speak of, so that from the first society in these provinces was more or less democratic in spite of slavery. Before, however, the gentry of the coast could expand and occupy the country lying between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies and beyond the latter range of mountains a very different sort of people had moved in and taken possession. Among these people, owing to their habits and the nature of their soil, slavery could take no strong hold, hence they remained democratic and distinct from their tidewater neighbors, as, indeed, they are to this day.

WHILE YOU WAIT.

Some Minor Indications of the Hustling Spirit of the Age.

"Block your hat while you wait," was the first of the "while you wait" signs; it was once familiar, it is now not so often seen. Then came the sign: "Your shoes repaired while you wait." The first of these signs, says the New York Sun, appeared in the Bowery. Two expert workmen sat in the window of the shoemaker's shop, working busily. More men at work were seen inside. There were comfortable chairs for waiting customers, and newspapers for them to read. The shop filled a long-felt want. There is now a considerable number of places in the city where shoes are mended while you wait. On the signs of some of them a schedule of time required is given; so many minutes for heeling and so many for soling.

In some tailor shops nowadays clothes are pressed while you wait, and there are dentists' offices in which you may have your artificial teeth repaired while you wait.

In summer there are to be found nowadays establishments where they clean and press your straw hat while you wait. They are usually set up in some vacant store on a busy street.

In some of these places one may see half a dozen men sitting hatless, waiting, reading newspapers or looking on at the men at work, who have, in the different stages, three hats in hand at once.

The modern "while you wait" signs show enterprise that is all the time on the lookout for new ways of making money, and they show also the modern tendency to do things and get them out of the way.

Get Trusted for Their Fares.

It is perhaps not generally known, says the New York Sun, even in Brooklyn, that persons of respectable appearance may travel on the street cars of that city when they have no money. A woman who has left her purse at home, or a man who has spent all his change speculating in stocks, if ordinarily well dressed, has only to tell the conductor the condition of affairs, on boarding a car, to get carried to any desired point. The conductor gives the penniless passenger an envelope addressed to the office of the company in which to forward later the lacking nickel. This is done as a matter of course, and only a passenger who looks disreputable meets with refusal. This system has been in operation some time, which is apparent proof that the passengers who thus get trusted for their fares use the envelopes given them for the purpose for which they are intended.

Sir Edwin Arnold, besides being a poet, is a sportsman, yachtman, traveler and cyclist.

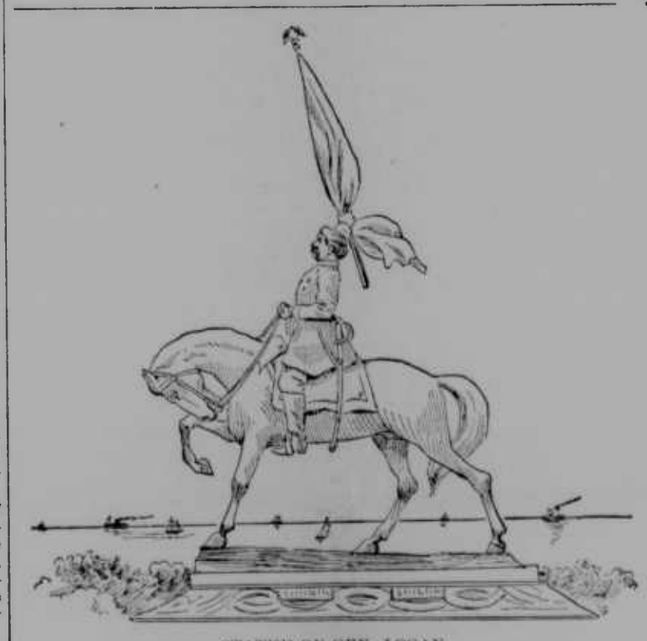

STATUE OF GEN. LOGAN,
TO BE ERECTED IN THE LAKE FRONT PARK, AND TO BE UNVEILED JULY 23, 1897. IT WILL BE ONE OF THE HANDSOMEST PIECES OF STATUARY IN THE CHICAGO PARKS.

DISEASES OF INFANTS.

Membranuous Affections Are the Most Common.

The high mortality among infants is largely due to the widespread occurrence of inflammations of the membranous tract, the exact seat of inflammation varying with the change of the seasons. In summer the mucous membrane of the stomach is likely to be attacked, causing frequent vomiting, which results in an interference with the absorption of nourishment; while a similar inflammation of the mucous membrane of the intestines will cause persistent diarrhoea, with a like result.

In cold weather the mucous membrane of the nose, throat or lungs is oftener the seat of the disease.

The skin of infants, too, offers but a feeble resistance to outside influences. A condition of the blood due to indigestion often gives rise to eczema on the cheeks, scalp and elsewhere, the symptoms being roughness, redness and even moisture—weeping—of the skin. Local irritations, such as moisture, cold, or the rubbing of seams, are apt to give rise to the state known as "chafed skin."

This sensitiveness of the infants' skin should be borne in mind, and the underclothing should be loose, soft, and frequently changed, while nature's skin-tonic for both infants and adults—the bath—should be daily administered.

In view of the quickness with which infants become chilled, especially before the period when they are able to walk, the garment worn next to the skin should be invariably of wool, which material affords the best protection against a too rapid loss of heat. In summer the garment should be thinner, but always of wool. Infants are rarely "bundled up" too much, notwithstanding opinions often freely expressed to the contrary.

The lack of resistance to disease in infancy which has been noted in connection with the skin and the mucous membrane is likewise characteristic of other organs. The most common age at which infectious diseases are contracted is in infancy, and in early infancy they prove more severe than with older children and are oftener fatal.

An impression that "children's diseases" are better once had and done with is entirely at variance with the observation and judgment of the medical profession. The sequence of diseases which the physician so often sees in children, as the result of one of the contagious diseases needlessly contracted, is a lesson which he cannot ignore. One disease makes a child less able to battle successfully with another which may be contracted before he is rid of the first. Wise parents ward off the contagious diseases as long as possible. Even measles frequently proves fatal in the young infant, while in other cases its evil effects are lasting throughout childhood. —Youth's Companion.

UPRISING OF THE CHEYENNES.

People Who Have Guns and Can Shoot Are Not Afraid of Them.

The people who live in the Powder river country are accustomed to the reports of Indian uprisings. The scares have their beginnings in small events. The one in 1884 was started by two drunken cattlemen, who were sitting in a house when three Indians came riding up the road on their ponies. One of them, who had been drinking more than was good for him, made a bet that he could raise the hat from the head of one of the approaching Indians with his rifle without scalping him. So he opened fire, and he did raise the Indian's hat, but he shot a trifle too low and creased his scalp, not hurting him seriously, but starting the blood and making the Indians angry. They rode away, and that night came with a band of their companions and burned the ranch houses down. The residents of that section organized a posse of 200 or 300 and went after the Indians in earnest, but the men who fired the ranch were subsequently surrendered, and the affair quieted down without more bloodshed.

The Cheyennes then had a little settlement on Otter creek, at its confluence with the Tongue river. Afterward a lot more of their tribesmen joined them, and there a mission was established for them, where the government now takes care of them. At that time they were not cared for at all, and their only means of living was by hunting and stealing. They were treacherous and undesirable as neighbors. They would always look around when they made a visit to a ranch to see whether there was any arms around, and if there were not they would set upon the people and rob them of everything they had in broad daylight before their eyes. If they met a man on a horse on the ranch who was not armed they would set him afoot on the spot and take his horse and outfit along with them.

They are the same Indians who took part in the raid in Nebraska and afterward participated in the Custer massacre. The Cheyennes are not a particularly high class of Indian, though. They are not especially brave and I never saw one who was a good shot. They are rapidly diminishing in numbers. The locality where they are now was once a fine hunting ground, but that day is gone. They are fed by the government and furnished with some of the comforts of civilization, but for the most part they retain their original customs from preference. They live in houses a part of the time, but eat on the ground when tables are furnished them, and in many other ways show reluctance to enter into the spirit of the government in its efforts to civilize them.—Helena (Mont.) Independent.

The Real Cause.

"Do you suppose searching is the cause of all these bicycle faces we see?"

"Shucks, no! In nine cases out of ten it's the installment plan."—N. Y. Truth.

VARIEGATED MAINE WHISKY.

The Ten-Minute Kind, the Kind in Water Jugs, and Others.

For 20 years after the passage of the Neal Dow law there were many illicit stills in Maine, all of which yielded a fair profit to the owners. The hard times, which lasted from 1873 to 1887, drove most of the manufacturers out of the business. Soon afterward an Orland genius discovered a way of making whisky from alcohol by mixing it with water and croton oil, and then the revenue officers rested, believing there were no offenders in the state.

The compound which was put up by the Orland man has been known under various names. It was generally called "split," on account of the way the alcohol was divided, though the inventor and his friends have always termed it "ten-minute whisky," because of the short time in which it was prepared. The cost and manner of making two gallons of ten-minute whisky are as follows:

To one gallon of alcohol, valued at one dollar, add 20 cents' worth of croton oil. Shake well for ten minutes and add a gallon of pure water. The result is two gallons of 40-rod whisky, at a cost of 60 cents a gallon.

Three drinks of this mixture would make a good man disown his parents. The ten-minute whisky came into general use and the owners of the illicit stills moved over the line into New Brunswick in order to live, alcohol came to Maine by the quart, gallon, barrel and hogshead until the Boston dealers grew curious and sent secret agents down east to learn what became of so much raw spirits. When they found out that it was made into ten-minute whisky they doubled the price.

Meanwhile the price of grain went lower and lower every day. Corn, which had generally sold for 70 cents a bushel, and had not gone below 50 cents since the days before the war, dropped to 40 cents last fall, held there all winter, and had a downward tendency when the spring of 1897 opened. According to the Maine standard a bushel of corn, when sprouted, roasted, ground up, fermented and distilled, will yield four gallons of whisky, and with corn at 40 cents a bushel good corn whisky should not cost over 20 cents a gallon. As long as alcohol was sold at one dollar a gallon, it was cheaper to make ten-minute whisky than run the risk of conducting a still; but when alcohol and the internal revenue tax on whisky went up, and the price of corn went down, the distilleries started once more and are reported to be doing a good business.

Though some of the Maine liquor dealers are rich and prosperous, most of them lead sorry lives, and are glad enough to get through the year without falling in debt. As their real business must be concealed, a majority of these men conduct cigar or candy stores, or make pretense of being victuallers and boarding house keepers. The few who have saved money enough buy farms in the country, which supply the shops with fresh fruits and vegetables. Of late these farmer saloon keepers have engaged largely in stock raising, keeping fat cattle and hogs on places that can hardly support rabbits. Naturally they have to buy grain; and while they are at it they might as well purchase enough. So great quantities are bought and consumed to fatten the stock and restore fertility to the run-out farms. How much of this goes to fatty tissues for the animals and how much to the illicit stills nobody knows, though when a man who keeps two cows uses ten bags of whole corn a week it may be inferred that the stills get the larger portion.

Another method adopted by the men who cannot afford to own farms and thus make their own whisky is to give heavy patronage to the men who peddle spring water of certified purity. Though all the Maine cities and most of the larger towns have public waterworks there is no other state of its population in the union where so much so-called spring water is sold. Every place of 5,000 inhabitants is supplied by three to ten water carts, representing as many springs. The teams call at houses and stores every day, leaving full jugs and taking away empty ones. Of late the liquor dealers have begun to patronize those water peddlers very freely, buying ten to twenty-five gallons a week. When asked why they buy so much water, paying from half a cent to a cent and a half a gallon for it, the dealers say that typhoid fever is abroad, and they fear their customers may catch the malady.—N. Y. Sun.

Picture Frames.

In the present-day desire for appropriateness in all things, the framing of pictures receives no little attention. One sees a group of sacred subjects, copies of some great original, either in colors or photograph, placed together in tarces, and so daintily surrounded by a border of trifine Gothic arching, gilt or silver, that the effect closely resembles the paneling of a church window, and seems most apposite to the subject. This is usually the favorite Saint Cecilia, one of many Madonnas, or a cathedral interior.—N. Y. Post.

Kept His Word.

"When I heard the bicycle bell I just stood on my rights and refused to move, threatening at the same time that if he ran into me I'd smash his machine."

"Well?"

"I kept my word. He ran into me and I smashed the machine."

"What did he do?"

"He gathered it together."

"But to you?"

"Oh," sadly, "they gathered me together, too."—Philadelphia North American.

Lunch Dish.

Cut cold mutton into slices about a quarter of an inch thick. Beat one egg. Add to it two tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup; dip each slice in this, then in bread crumbs and fry in hot fat. Serve hot with stewed potatoes. —N. Y. Ledger.

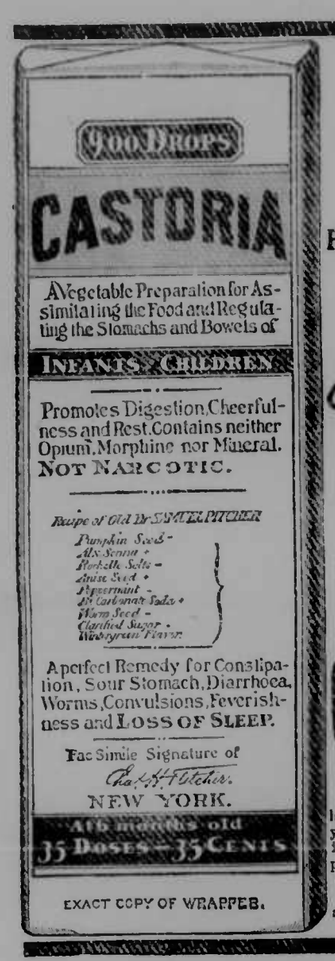

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Address all orders to

BENJ. H. SINCELL,
OAKLAND, MD.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE

—OF—

REAL ESTATE

In Garrett County.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Robert H Butler to the undersigned mortgagee bearing date the 3rd day of March, 1891, and duly recorded in Liber G. Z. T. No 23, folio 141, one of the mortgage records of Garrett county, default having been made in the payment of a part of the mortgage debt and interest thereon, under a covenant contained in said mortgage the whole debt becomes due, and I will, on

Friday, the 23d Day of July,

1897, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., in front of the court house, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, offer at public sale for cash to the highest bidder all that part of a tract of land known as

"Brant's Farm,"

and also part of the tract called

"SWANTON,"

adjoining lands of Virgin Duckworth, Alford Warnick, Jonas Weltzell and others, containing

31 1-4 ACRES,

situate, lying and being in Garrett county and State of Maryland, and being the same land that was conveyed to the said Robert H. Butler by the undersigned by deed duly recorded among the land records of Garrett county, to which deed reference is hereby made.

About twenty-five acres of said land is cleared and under cultivation, and the balance is in timber.

Terms of sale as prescribed by said mortgage—Cash on the day of sale. Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

HIRAM DUCKWORTH,
Mortgagee.

17-td

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

Tomson's Red Seal Lye.

8 oz per cent. Strength, granulated, packed in SIFTING TOP cans, is the greatest soap maker, disinfectant and cleanser.

One Can Will make 10 Pounds of Hard Soap.

Red Seal is the best disinfectant and purifier to use in sinks, drains, waste pipes and closets. It is handy, safe and sure. One can of Red Seal to 15 gallons of water sprayed, knocks potato bugs, cabbage worms, etc No damage to vines. 15-13

Mortgagee's Sale

of Property in Garrett County, West of Frostburg, on the National Road.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Richard Larue and Alice Larue to William R. Percy, dated January 24, 1892, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No 18, folio 278, one of the Mortgage Records of Garrett county, Maryland, which said mortgage has been duly assigned to me, I will on

SATURDAY,

the Seventh Day of August,

at 10 o'clock A. M., in front of the postoffice in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, the property described in said mortgage:

Beginning at a stake standing on the National Road North 36 degrees West 25 9-10 perches to a pine tree at the East corner of the bridge, thence North 37 degrees East 18½ perches to a stake standing on Savage Run, thence South 35 degrees East 25 9-10 perches to a stake, thence South 37 degrees West 18½ perches to the beginning, and being the same property conveyed to Richard Larue and Alice Larue by John N. Heall.

The improvements on the property consist of a house of four or five rooms, a good sized stable, and the usual small fences and buildings.

Terms of Sale: Cash on day of sale.

ROBERT R. HENDERSON,
Assignee of Mortgage.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, July 5, 1897.

Senator Allison and his associates worked hard to get the tariff bill through the Senate last week, but fate, in the shape of several undisposed of amendments, could not be overcome and the bill is still before the Senate, and the Senators are working when most other people are celebrating Independence Day in some more pleasant manner. But they have the consolation of knowing that they will certainly pass the bill this week.

Probably no amendment added to the tariff bill by the Senate will give more general satisfaction than that which imposes a tax on every certificate of stock and bond other than those issued by the Government, National, State or Municipal. In addition to raising revenue to a large amount from a class who will not find it a burden, this amendment, if it remains in the bill until it becomes a law, as it probably will, will drive the places known as "bucket shops" out of business, because to fail to pay the tax on each transaction will be to acknowledge that they do not actually sell the stock, but merely accept bets on whether the price will go up or down, and to make their proprietors amenable to the laws against gambling; to pay the tax will bankrupt them. It will probably also lessen the business done in the legitimate stock exchanges, because the tax will add to the expense of buying and selling stock for speculation, but there are thousands who will regard it a great blessing to the country if stock speculation as a business was entirely broken up. It is a business that produces nothing useful and adds nothing to the real wealth of the country, while it annually demoralizes and drives to the dogs thousands of business men who might continue to be useful citizens if it were not for stock speculating.

There was an unusually large attendance at the meeting of the House today, as all Republican absentees had been notified to be present, because of the expectation that the tariff bill would be sent back from the Senate. All of the Republican representatives now in Washington will remain in reach until the tariff bill is disposed of. The House took its usual adjournment until Thursday, and it is hoped that the Senate will have passed the tariff bill before that day.

The last Democratic Senator to find out that Senator Chandler is always loaded, was White, of California. Mr. Chandler was making a few remarks on the reciprocity amendment to the tariff bill, which was reported from the Finance Committee and adopted by the Senate, when Mr. White tried to be "funny" by asking him if he had been commissioned by the Finance Committee to occupy the floor until the next amendment was ready. Quick as a flash Mr. Chandler responded, with an exasperating smile: "Oh no: I have been asked merely to occupy the floor to look out for anything that the Senator from California may say worthy of notice. As nothing of the kind has occured, I will continue to confine my remarks to reciprocity." Mr. White dropped into his seat and sought consolation by putting extra vigor in the movement of a big palm leaf fan, while Senator Tillman, who had received his dose of Chandler drops several days before made no attempt to conceal a broad grin.

It is learned from authoritative source that President McKinley may send a special message to Congress in a few days, strongly recommending legislation for the appointment of a Commission to investigate and report upon the reform needed in our present currency system. If this message is sent to Congress, it will not be with the expectation that the matter will be acted upon at the present session, but for the purpose of getting it before the country for discussion and suggestion. It is pretty thoroughly understood that no other legislation will be taken up by Congress after the tariff bill is disposed of.

Mr. N. B. Scott, the West Virginia member of the Republican National Committee, says he has information that the big strike in the coal mines is part of a Democratic scheme to carry Ohio. He says the idea of the Democratic instigators of the strike is that it will cut off the supply of coal and result in at least a partial paralysis of the big manufacturing industries of Ohio. Then they will charge the Republican party with the responsibility for that condition of affairs and will make an attempt to hold Senator Hanna as an oppressor of labor. Mr. Scott added that he did not believe the scheme would succeed, and that the strikes would do the Republicans of Ohio little, if any harm.

Reduced Rates to Winchester, Va.

On account of the Firemen's State Convention at Winchester, Va., July 7 to 9, the B. & O. railroad will sell round trip tickets from all points on its lines east of the Ohio river, not including Pittsburg, Parkersburg and Wheeling, for all trains July 5 to 9 inclusive, valid for return passage until July 12 inclusive.

Cumberland, $3.95, and correspondingly low rates from other stations.

Niagara Falls via Pittsburg.

The B. & O. R. R. has arranged an excursion to Niagara Falls, via Pittsburg and Buffalo. Special express will leave Washington 10 o'clock a.m. Wednesday, July 7th, crossing the Allegheny Mountains in daylight. The train will run through solid from Washington to Niagara Falls, via P. & L. E. R. R., L. S. & M. S. R. R. and N. Y. C. R. R. Tickets good for return five days from date of sale.

We show below train schedules and rates of fare from this vicinity:

	RATE.	TIME, A. M.
Deer Park	$9.60	10 28
Mt. Lake Park	9.65	10 19
Oakland	9.70	10.12

Arriving Niagara Falls 8 o'clock following morning.

Correspondingly low rates from other points.

Passengers from local points, at which the Special is not scheduled to stop, can take local train to nearest point connecting with the through express.

REDUCED RATES.

Tennessee Centennial Exposition, Nashville, Tennessee.

OVER THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY

and Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway.

The Southern Railway announces the following low rates from Washington, D. C., to Nashville, Tenn., occasion Tennessee Centennial Exposition:

Season Excursion Tickets will be sold daily, until and including October 15, at $28.75.

Twenty-day Excursion Tickets will be sold daily until October 15, at $21.30.

Ten-day Excursion Tickets will be sold on Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week, until October 26, 1897, at $15.30.

Rates for Military and Students in parties of 25 or more made known upon application.

Lv Baltimore, P. R. R.	9.20 PM	9.32 AM
" Washington, So. Ry	10.45 "	11.15 "
" Danville	"	8.00 AM	6.20 PM
Ar Salisbury (E. T.)	"	9.37 "	8.50 "
" Asheville (C. T.)	"	2.05 PM	12.12 AM
" Hot Springs	"	4.21 "	1.23 "
" Knoxville	"	7.25 "	4.00 "
" Chattanooga	"	11.20 "	7.50 "
" Nashville, N. C. & St. L. Ry		6.15 AM	1.50 PM

The train leaving Baltimore at 9.20 P. M., daily, carries Pullman Buffet Sleeper New York to Salisbury, uniting with Pullman Sleeper (from Norfolk) to Nashville, Tenn., through "The Land of the Sky," without change.

For full particulars, descriptive matter, etc., call on or address:

J. C. HORTON, Pass. Agent,
106 East German st., Baltimore, Md.
L. S. BROWN, Gen'l Agent Pass. Dept.
W. A. TURK, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
J. M. CULP, Traffic Manager.
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Full particulars free.

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A. C. HARVEY,

42 S. Third Street, Phila., Pa.

47—52

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

SAVE

BABY'S LIFE.

Teething time is the most trying time of infancy. The little gums are hot and swollen. They tingle and ache and smart. All the nerves in the little body are on edge. Sleep restless—digestion bad.

There's a remedy.

Laughlin's Infant Cordial

soothes and cools the gums, controls the bowels, cures colic, brings good digestion, sleep and rest. 25 cents, all druggists. Guaranteed. Made by JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Wheeling, W. Va.

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REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
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WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

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IN EFFECT FEBRUARY 28, 1897.

SOUTHWARD No. 3	SOUTHWARD No. 1	STATIONS		NORTHWARD No. 2	NORTHWARD No. 4
P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	P. M.
3 00	7 00	lv	Cumberland	ar 12 15	17 30
3 26	7 26		Rawlings	11 50	5 05
3 45	7 45		Keyser	11 28	4 43
4 00	8 00		Westernport	11 15	4 30
4 14	8 05		W. Va. C. Junc.	11 11	4 24
4 51	8 35		Shaw	10 45	3 57
5 00	9 01		Harrison	10 19	3 29
6 15	9 15	ar	Elk Garden	8 00	1 00
5 55	9 10	lv	Gorman	9 10	4 53
5 42	9 06		Bayard	9 81	4 47
5 51	9 57		Dobbin	9 23	4 38
6 27	10 25		Thomas	8 53	4 08
6 55	10 55	ar	Davis	8 00	3 15
6 51	10 51	lv	Coketon	8 16	4 01
7 01	11 01		Hendricks	8 15	3 20
7 07	11 07		Bretz	8 08	3 23
7 10	11 10		Parsons	8 05	3 20
7 15	11 15		Kerens	7 30	2 45
8 10	12 05	ar	Elkins	lv 7 15	12 30
	1 30	ar	Beverly	lv	1 55
					P. M.
	3 05	ar	Bedington	lv	11 30
P. M.	P. M.			A. M.	A. M

†Daily, *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect Sunday, May 16, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	Daily	2.49 A. M
No. 3	Daily	5.28 A. M
No. 71	Accom daily except Sun	9.28 A. M
No. 47	Daily	1.30 P. M
No. 55	Express, daily	5.55 P. M
No. 1	Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	Daily	5.59 A. M
No. 2	Daily	6.41 A. M
No. 72	Accom daily except Sun	7.18 P. M
No. 16	Daily	4.15 P. M
No. 4	Daily	12.29 A. M
No. 14	Accommodation	10.12 A. M

Train No. 55 makes no stops between Oakland and Grafton. No. 47 makes all stops.

D. B. MARTIN, Manager of Passenger Traffic.

C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

JOHN SHARTZER, LICENSED AUCTIONEER, offers his services to the people of Garrett County. Will cry land or personal property sales at any point in the county. 8-97-1yr.

ESTATE OF FRANCIS SPICER, DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett County, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

FRANCIS SPICER,

late of Garrett county, Md., deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 17th day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 2d day of June, 1897.

MICHAEL NATHAN, Adm'r. c. t. a.
11-3 Grantsville, Md.

NOTICE OF BRIDGE LETTING.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF GARRETT COUNTY.
OAKLAND, MD., June 16, 1897.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners for Garrett county, Maryland, will receive sealed bids for a two-span, steel bridge, until the 8th day of July, 1897, at 11 o'clock a. m.

Said bridge is to be in two spans, seventy-four and one-half feet each between masonry, 14-foot roadway, with a 5-foot side walk, or without side walk. High truss, 140 pounds per square foot, factory safety five. Plans will be seen in the County Commissioners' office after July 1st. The company to whom the contract will be awarded will be required to give bond double the contract price. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the board.

15-td J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

Ripans Tabules relieve scrofula.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

FRED A. THAYER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

GILMOR S. HAMILL, ATTORNEY AT LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY. OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

JOHN T. MITCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW

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Office in Mayers building.

Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.

Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY, *Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.*

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

THOMAS R. McROBIE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street. All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

E. J. FRANTZ, LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Residence and P. O. Address,

2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY, LICENSED AUCTIONEER.

Will sell Real or Personal Estate. Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE. AUCTIONEER!

Will sell Real or Personal Property

Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1897.

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S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.

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PIEDMONT STONE & LIME CO.,

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Superior Lime

TO BUILDERS, FARMERS AND TANNERS IN BARRELS OR BULK TO SUIT PURCHASERS.

This lime is equal in strength for agricultural, building and tanning purposes to the Frederick or Baltimore county lime.

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The E. J. Frodlock M'f'g and Bld'g Co.,

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WANTED:

ROCK OAK BARK.

Write for prices.

W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,

49-13 CUMBERLAND, MD.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1897. NUMBER 19.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby—Personal Mention, Etc.

The hot wave has been put on ice.

Rev. A. S. Arnett, of Davis, W. Va., spent Tuesday in Oakland.

Samuel Blight Johns, tenor, at the Opera House Friday, July 23.

Senator Ravenscroft, of Accident, was in the city a few hours yesterday.

Best grade of Harvesting Oil, 30 cents per gallon at S. Lawton's. 18-3

The mercury came down from its high perch to see what all of the fuss was about.

Mrs. R. T. Semmes, of Cumberland, was registered at the Glades Tuesday of this week.

Messrs. Jesse and Jonas Glotfelty, of McHenry, were Oakland visitors last Saturday.

Mrs. Harry V. Duff and children, of Baltimore, are visiting Mrs. Brayshaw at the Rectory.

Mr. J. S. Wilson, editor of the Marlboro *Gazette*, was an Oakland visitor one day this week.

Mr. R. L. Fries, of Sang Run, was in Oakland on Monday and made this office a call.

Misses Lulu and Jessie Fringer were visiting friends at Friendsville a few days recently.

Mr. John W. Hodges, of Morgantown, West Va., is holding cases in this office this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Keller, of Romney, W. Va., recently spent several days visiting friends in Oakland.

Mr. Norval Speelman, of Selbysport, was in Oakland a few hours on Tuesday and called at this office.

Mr. A. C. M. Laughlin, of the Maryland Geological Survey, was registered at the Commercial on Tuesday.

Mr. Jas. W. Harvey, of Blaine, accompanied by his daughter, was in Oakland last Thursday a few hours.

Mr. F. P. Green, of Lonaconing, was in Oakland a few hours on Wednesday, and called to see THE REPUBLICAN.

Miss Kate Lyne, of Shepardstown, West Va., who visited Miss Susie Legge, returned to her home Tuesday morning.

Mrs. J. Alvin Getty, of Cumberland, came up to Oakland on Saturday and will spend four or five weeks visiting friends.

Justice Samuel E. Boyer made a business trip to Accident last Saturday, returning to Oakland Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Perry W. Rock left Oakland Saturday morning last for Sherwood, Ohio, where she will visit her parents several weeks.

Mr. William A. Smith, of Hoyes, accompanied by his son, spent Saturday and Sunday in Oakland and Mountain Lake Park.

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Young, of Washington, D. C., were visitors to the family of Mr. C. F. Scroeder Saturday and Sunday.

Messrs. Benj. A. Richmond and Richard T. Semms, of the Cumberland bar, are in attendance at court in Oakland this week.

Rev. G. W. Kepler, who has been visiting here for the past week, returned to his home at Williamstown, W. Va., yesterday morning.

A severe wind and rain storm passed over Hoyes and vicinity last Wednesday doing considerable damage to corn and other growing crops.

Mr. Ezra B. Hook, of Krug, came up to Oakland on business Monday, returning Tuesday afternoon, accompanied by Clerk Jacob S. Meyers.

Mr. and Mrs. George N. Ridenour, Miss H. Trippett and Mr. Howard Smouse, of Terra Alta, were registered at the Central hotel on Sunday.

Mr. Horace R. Dewitt, of Hoyes, was in Oakland Tuesday. Mr. Dewitt is making a sharp contest for the nomination of county treasurer.

Dr. E. J. M. Button, of Annapolis, who spent his leave month with his family in Oakland, returned to his duties at the naval academy yesterday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Butler and Mr. Crellin and sister and Miss Kennellshaw, of Mauch Chunk, Pa., are spending the summer at the Commercial hotel.

"They don't make much fuss about it." We are speaking of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous Little pills for constipation, billiousness, and all stomach and liver troubles. They never gripe. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Will Kahl, who is employed at the planing mill in the east end of town, was badly hurt on Monday by a board hurled by a saw striking him in the side. Dr. Hinebaugh rendered medical aid, and the patient is doing as well as could be expected.

Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Young and Misses Nannie and Mary Young, of Frederick City, Md., are here visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Schroeder on Oak street.

Mrs. Jane and Miss Mary J. Arbuthnot, mother and sister of Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, are here from Wheeling spending several days visiting their son and brother.

On Thursday last Mrs. Margaret Connel gave a dinner party at her home at Hutton, at which many of her friends from Oakland, Terra Alta and Kingwood were present.

Yesterday morning the editor went down in district No. 2 on business. Before returning he will visit Accident, Grantsville, Bittinger and other sections of the county.

The Oakland hotel has between seventy and eighty guests, and enough arrivals are expected ere the close of the week to increase the number to upwards of a hundred.

Circuit court adjourned yesterday until next Wednesday. The docket was finished except the trespass case of Brown vs. Wilson. Judges Boyd and Sloan returned to Cumberland last evening.

There is a time for everything; and the time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait until you have consumption but prevent it by using One Minute Cough Cure, the great remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

All members of the Oakland Athletic Association are requested to meet at the gymnasium Monday evening next as business of great importance to the association will be transacted.

Don't nauseate your stomach with teas and bitter herbs, but regulate your liver and sick headache by using those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

In another column will be found an advertisement offering five hundred dollars reward for the arrest and conviction of the party who set Mr. Truman Casteel's house on fire last Saturday afternoon.

Burning, itching skin diseases instantly relieved by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, unequalled for cuts, bruises, burns. It heals without leaving a scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. George E. Bishoff, of Hoyes, was in Oakland Tuesday. Mr. Bishoff is president of the Garrett County Sunday School Union and is making arrangements to hold a district Sunday school convention at McHenry in a short time.

John Griffin, of Zanesville, O., says: "I never lived a day for thirty years without suffering agony, until a box of Witch Hazel Salve cured my piles." For piles and rectal troubles, cuts, bruises, sprains, eczema and all skin troubles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. Oakland Pharmacy.

Don't stop your advertising because times are dull, for that will make them duller. Besides, the more competitors that leave the world temporarily, the better it is for you during their absence.

The B. & O. railroad company has a force of men at work at the water station in Oakland preparing to put in a siding. It will require considerable work to accomplish this as a big fill will have to be made in the dead pond to give the proper width for the road bed and yard. After the siding is finished all lumber, etc., will be loaded there instead of at the yard at the depot.

I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy during the past summer and I find it will do just what it is recommended to do. I cheerfully recommend it."—D. W. Buehner, Clarksburg, W. Va., September 30, 1896.

For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The national convention of the Crittenton rescue work, now in session at Mt. Lake Park, proves to be one of unusual interest. Mr. Crittenton has established fifty-one rescue homes, and delegates are present from each home. They had one of the best meetings of the season to begin with on Tuesday night. Messrs. Crittenton, Morton and Wallace captured the people with songs. Sunday promises to be a big day.

St. Patrick's Catholic church, Cumberland, was robbed early Monday morning of two gold and silver chalices and a large gold ciborium, valued altogether at $500. The large valuable golden ostensorium was removed, but left standing on the floor, the thieves evidently having been scared away before they could secure it. The gold of the tabernacle was not disturbed. The thieves gained entrance through a window at the sacristy, back of the altar, and escaped through a rear door. They found the keys to all the receptacles for the holy vessels. The altar was thoroughly ransacked.

It heals everything except a broken heart, may be said of DeWitt Witch Hazel Salve. Piles and rectal diseases, cuts, burns, bruises, tetter, eczema and all skin troubles may be cured by it quickly and permanently. Oakland Pharmacy.

A London doctor took a long ride on a bicycle and reports that this is what happened to him: "Paresthesiæ in the fourth and fifth fingers, with impaired sensibility, and paresis in the interrossei, lumbricals and the abductor pollicis." Hereafter, whenever any of our local bicyclists feel badly after a ride, they will know what is the matter with them—probably.

The best business lever is advertising; newspaper advertising is the longest lever and the quickest to move trade. Dull times are the times to put forth the greatest effort and the most money. People don't usually ask for what they have already. Advertising is merely asking for trade. When the store is full every day cut down your space. Don't expect that you will get a big trade in dull times, but keep count and you will find that the advertising was profitable. Profitable right at the time and enormously profitable after a while.

"July 18, 1896, our store, four dwelling houses and three barns were washed away by a flood. Soon after the community was visited by an epidemic of bloody flux. In a short time we sold ten dozen of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and in every case where it was used the results were all that could be desired; in fact our physicians admitted that it would do more toward bringing about a cure of flux than they could do"—Bush & Knisley, Auburn, W. Va., Oct. 8, 1896.

Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Mr. Wm. Kimmel, of Oakland, was a visitor to our city the first of the week.——Mr. Arthur White, one of Oakland's handsome young men, was a visitor to Piedmont this week.——A large number of visitors are at Mt. Lake Park, Deer Park and Oakland for the heated term. Brothers W. H. Gilbert, Cowan and Richardson and others are representing Piedmont at Mt. Lake Park.—Piedmont Independent.

Vim, vigor and victory:—these are the charistics of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, billionsness and all stomach and liver troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

"I crave but One Minute," said the public speaker in a husky voice; and then he took a dose of One Minute Cough Cure, and proceeded with his oratory. One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled for the throat and lungs. Oakland Pharmacy.

Hon C. B. Bush, president of the Gilmor County (W. Va.) Court, says that he has had three cases of flux in his family, during the past summer, which he cured in less than a week with Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Mr. Bush also states that in some instances there were twenty hemorrhages a day.—Glenville, W. Va. *Pathfinder*. This remedy has been used in nine epidemics of flux and one of cholera, with perfect success. It can always be depended upon for bowel complaint, even in its most severe forms. Every family should keep it on hand. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Song Recital.

On Friday evening next Mr. Samuel Blight Johns, formerly of Oakland, will appear in Shartzer's Opera House in a song recital. He will be assisted by Miss Edna Shriver, an elocutionist, and by his sister, Miss Evelyn Johns, as accompanist. Mr. Johns is possessed of a voice of unusual range which he has perfected by careful study under the best teachers.

Postmaster Asked to Resign.

Representative McDonald has recommended the appointment of Thomas W. Bittinger as postmaster at Grantsville, in place of Lewis, the Democratic incumbent. Mr. Lewis was appointed only last fall, but has been asked to resign on account of irregular conduct.

Another Prisoner in Jail.

Monday afternoon Constable E. M. Coddington brought up to Oakland from Friendsville, Orson J. Carwin, who had been committed to jail by Justice Frantz, on a peace warrant sworn out by John Conn. Carwin, who is a young man, became enamored with Conn's wife and persuaded her to leave home, which she did several weeks ago. Conn went after her, but she refused to go with him. Carwin then threatened Conn's life, and Conn swore out the warrant. Bond was given at the time for Carwin's good behavior, but his bondsmen became suspicious of him and turned him over to the authorities, consequently he will be a guest at Castle Brown until his case is disposed of by the court.

Call for Your Letters.

For the week ending July 17, 1897: Mr. Erie E. Friend, Mr. Chas. Wilson, Mr. Frank Heck, Master Clayton Keeney, Mrs. Victoria Walker, Mrs. Frank Arnold, Miss B. Arnsteine, Miss Rosie Shank.

For Sheriff

Mr. Henery N. Fredlock, of District No. 7, announces himself in to-day's REPUBLICAN as a candidate for the nomination of Sheriff for Garrett county. Mr. Fredlock is a prominent young farmer of the district and should he receive the nomination he will be an acceptable candidate to the Republicans throughout the county.

A Dwelling Burned.

Last Sunday afternoon between four and five o'clock the dwelling on Mr. T. W. Casteel's farm, occupied by Mr. Benj. F. Bittinger and family, was burned to the ground, along with its contents. None of Mr. Bittinger's family was home at the time of the fire except three of his smaller children. Mr. Bittinger's loss of about one hundred dollars, while Mr. Casteel's loss will be several hundred. The insurance on the house was $300. There is reason to believe that the fire was of incendiary origin.

The Kindergarten at the Park.

The summer Kindergarten at Mountain Lake Park will this year be conducted by the teacher of former years, Miss Susan P. Pollock, who has gained a reputation as a teacher throughout the land. Speaking of her recently the Harrisburg (Pa.) *Telegram* said:

"The famous kindergartner, Miss Susan Plessner Pollock, principal of the Froebel Normal Institute Kindergarten and School, 1426 Second street, N. W., Washington, D. C., addressed the pupils of Miss Barrington's Kindergarten Normal Training Class in the school, corner of State and Second streets, yesterday afternoon. Besides the class enjoying the privilege and honor of having Miss Pollock with them, a few invited guests, including some kindergartners, were present.

Married.

McDONALD—HARVEY—On July 13, at the residence of the officiating minister in Deer Park, Rev. William E. George, Mr. Andrew McDonald and Miss Carrie Grace Harvey, both of Garrett county.

BROADWATER—ROSS—By Rev. A. C. Thomson, at the home of the bride, on the Island, on Saturday evening, July 3, Mr. John H. R. Broadwater, of New Germany, and Miss Diana L. Ross, of this place, were joined in wedlock. Refreshments were served after the ceremony and a pleasant evening was spent.—Lonaconing Star.

HAMMOND—DUCKWORTH.—At the Central hotel, Oakland, by Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, on Wednesday, July 14, 1897, Mr. H. L. Hammond, of West Union, W. Va., and Miss Blanche Duckworth, of Greenwood, W. Va.

$500 Reward.

The undersigned offers a reward of $500 for the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who set my house on fire last Saturday afternoon.

T. W. CASTEEL,
Oakland, Md., July 13, 1897. 19—3t.

July Term of Court.

On Monday last the July term of the Circuit Court for Garrett county convened in the court house, with Associate Judge David W. Sloan on the bench. The original docket has sixty-five cases, the appeal docket nine and the trial docket ninety-one cases. On the call of the dockets judgments were entered in uncontested cases.

A jury was summoned to enquire into the mental condition of Mrs. Harriet Harden. After a number of witnesses had been examined the jury found the woman to be of unsound mind and she will be sent to the hospital for the insane at Cumberland.

The remainder of Monday was taken up in trying appeal cases.

Tuesday morning the case of Herman Beckman vs. Bernard Steiding was taken up and occupied the whole day. This was a suit for trespass.

A Successful Year.

At the annual meeting of the parishioners of St. Matthew's church the rector made a report of the work accomplished during the year just closed, which showed not only activity in spiritual matters, but the fact that beside paying the salary, a sum amounting to over $500 had been raised and paid over to the current expense fund, repairs, improvement and payment of debts. The fact that St. Matthew's parish is now free from debt will be noted with pleasure by all interested in the Episcopal church. It is to be hoped that the present rector, Rev. Mr. Brayshaw, and his estimable wife, will continue their residence in our midst.

Street Improvement.

Tuesday morning Mayor McComas set a number of men to work breaking the unsightly piles of stone flanking second Street. The stone will all be broken and used to raise the street to a level with the bridge. After all the rock is crushed the gutters will be built and a coating of lime rock screenings from the stone quarry at Rowlesburg will be added as a top dressing to the surface of the street. Wherever this has been used as a dressing it has been found very satisfactory.

Besides the improvement the citizens of town will be extremely happy to know that the street is once more clear.

Meridian at Oakland

At a meeting of the County Commissioners held last week an order was passed to have stones erected at the court house to make the true meridian line for the use of surveyors in testing the variations of their compasses. An act of the Legislature calls for the erection of two stones a short distance apart at the court houses in Maryland, a distinctly visible needle point to be placed on the summit of one and a hair sight on the other. The act further requires the surveyors of the county to meet once a year to test their instruments by these stones. Since the State Geological Survey has commenced, the meridian has been established in several of the counties. The work could not have been done previous to this without considerable inconvenience and cost, but State Geologist Clark, with the aid of the fine instruments loaned by the United States Government, performs the service with ease, and without cost, as he goes along with the State survey. The only expense incurred by the counties would be the purchase of the stones, costing about $50.

Rails for the B. & O.

The delivery of the new eighty-five-pound steel rails to the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, which has been authorized by the decision of Judge Goff, of the United States Circuit Court, will begin at once. The contract for the rails was awarded to Messrs. Carnegie & Co., of Pittsburg, some time ago conditionally—that the rails were to be delivered if the court authorized the issue of receivers' certificates to pay for them. They will be used in relaying the track of the first division, from Baltimore to Brunswick; second division, from Brunswick to Cumberland, and third, from Cumberland to Grafton, displacing the old sixty-seven-pound rails. Parts of other divisions will receive some of the new rails. The best of the old sixty-seven pound rails displaced will be used on branches and sidings. When the new rails are laid the roadbed will be in excellent condition, and better than ever before in the history of the company.

In His Holy Temple.

The regular service will be held in Garrett Memorial church on Sunday morning at 11 a. m. Subject, "Streams that Gladden."

SPECIAL NOTICE.—By special arrangement, Evangelist Charles N. Crittenton, founder of the National Florence Crittenton Association for the rescue of fallen women and girls, will preach in St. Paul's M. E. church Sunday morning next at 10.30. All are cordially invited to hear this distinguished evangelist, who has a national reputation both as a speaker and a philanthropist. Seats free and all are welcome.

The contemplated exchange of pulpits between Rev. G. W. Grimes, of Clarksburg, and Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, of St. Paul's M. E. church, has been deferred for the present.

Services at St. Matthew's P. E. church Sunday at 7.30 and 11 a. m. Sermon by the Rt. Rev. Henry Melville Jackson, bishop co-adjutant of Alabama.

Remarkable Discovery of Oil and Coal In India.

What is said to be the greatest discovery ever made is reported from Alaska. Some gold prospectors several months ago ran across what seemed to be a lake of oil. It was fed by innumerable springs and the surrounding mountains were full of coal. They brought samples to Seattle, and tests proved it to be of as high grade as any ever taken out of Pennsylvania wells. A local company was formed and experts sent up. They have returned and their report has more than borne out first reports.

It is said there is enough oil and coal in the discovery to supply the world. It is close to the ocean. In fact the experts say the oil oozes out into the salt water. It is said that the Standard Oil Company has already made an offer for the property.

No. 11.—Polished Solid Oak 5-Drawer Chiffonier, 53 inches high, 30¾ inches long, 18 inches deep. It is well constructed and has good locks on each drawer. Special price, (Orders promptly filled).

$3.39

Our success is not accidental. It is the reward of 48 years of honorable business. Our experience in the Furniture and Carpet business is yours for the asking. Our immense illustrated catalogue of Furniture, Oil Cloths, Baby Carriages, Refrigerators, Bedding, Springs, Steel Beds, etc., is free to all who write for it, and we pay all postage. If you ask your local dealers' advice you will not send for our catalogue, as he will lose a customer. If you consult your pocket-book and want double value for your dollars, you will deal with the manufacturers. Send your name on a postal now.

Julius Hines & Son
BALTIMORE, MD.

The owners have filed on 8,000 acres and are naturally very much excited over their prospects for future.

Wanted.

Four or five teams of good young draft horses, suitable for logging purposes. Horses to weigh not less than 1350 pounds. Useless to offer horses of less weight and will only be accepted upon trial.

Preston Lumber and Coal Co.
Oakland, Md., U. S. A.

Chestnut Ridge.

The farmers are busy making hay.

Mr. Noah Pysell has purchased a new binder.

Mr. Joseph Keller, of Flatwoods, is helping William Bowman cut timber at Mr. Hosie's mill.

Mr. John Fresh is working at Mr. Jacob Pysell's.

Mr. Edward Alexander has purchased a new wheel.

Mr. Pierce Glotfelty and Mr. Grant Glotfelty were at camp meeting on Saturday at Mt. Lake Park.

Mr. U. F. Pysell and Mr. John Kahl and Miss Emma Kahl were visiting Mr. Jacob Pysell Saturday last.

Mr. U. F. Pysell says his hay crop is short, wheat crop big and corn crop better.

Good Roads Object Lessons.

Four or five years ago the town of Hempstead, Queens county, N. Y., voted to spend $400,000 in road improvements. Farms at the time were worth $30 to $50 an acre. They are now worth several hundred dollars an acre and return good interest for those who purchase them at that price. This has been such an object lesson to their neighbors that I understand something like $1,000,000 will be spent this year in other parts of Queens county and neighborhood in building good roads. This may seem like a large amount of money to be spent for the purpose, but owing to the character of the soil and the fact that good road material must be brought the construction is higher than it would be in most parts of the state.—New York Mail.

Mrs. Davis' Gift.

Mrs. Davis, wife of ex-Senator Henry G. Davis, has signified her intention to build a hospital at some point along the West Virginia Central and Pittsburg Railroad, for injured employes of the road, as a memorial to her son, Harry Davis, who it will be remembered, was accidentally drowned in the Atlantic ocean last year while returning from South Africa. It is thought that Parsons will be selected as the most suitable location.

Fine Improved Farm for Sale.

The undersigned offers his farm of 100 acres, situated four miles north of Deer Park, on easy terms. Improved by a house, large barn, fine water. Old age and being unfit for work is the only cause for selling.

LUKE WOOD,
15-4* Deer Park, Md.

SOUL QUESTIONING.

The soul turns with inward questioning,
Standing beneath the dumb, silent sky,
To ask: Why all this human suffering
Through the ages drifting by?

Why love should be enthralled by hate,
And woe should tread the heels of joy?
Why comes to some a fateful fate,
With death and darkness to destroy?

* * * * * *

There comes no answer, the silent skies
Are ever mute to man's appeal—
He only knows man lives and dies—
And some are broken on life's wheel.

THOMAS L. JACKSON.

July 9, 1897.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

THE REPUBLICAN

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND · GARRETT CO., MD.

A Duet in Two Flats.

BY AMY F. LAWRENCE.

HE HAD been living there for a year. She moved in the 1st of March, in company with a deaf old lady whom he called aunt. He was a tall young man with blue eyes and an aggravating stubbornness of disposition. She was a little thing with red hair and the temper that goes with it. He took lessons on the violin, she on the piano.

Of course, the music conflicted. It was unfortunate that the first evening Lucile could spare from her other duties to devote to her piano should have been the one Walter had chosen for practicing on his violin, but it only hastened the inevitable result. Each thought the other was playing out of pure malice prepense, and each registered a determination not to be silenced.

"Do-me-re-me, fa-me-re-me, do-sol-fa-sol, la-sol-fa-sol," wailed the violin, in senseless reiteration.

"Do-ra-me-fal-sol-la-si-do, do-si-la-sol-fa-me-ra-do," jerked the piano, with maddening persistency; and the duet continued for an hour.

This was the beginning. At the end of a week the young man with the blue eyes had learned to swear softly to himself whenever he heard the music stool creak, and the girl with the red hair had for the seventh time shrieked in her aunt's ear: "We might as well live in Bedlam and be done with it. If he plays 'Oh, Promise Me' just once more I shall speak to the janitor." On the eighth day she carried her intention into effect.

The janitor was a diplomat. He listened to her tale of woe with respectful interest and scratched his head reflectively. "Very sorry, ma'am," he said. "I always like to oblige the ladies, but I don't see what I can do about it. Take it in reasonable hours, say, before 11 o'clock, an' ther' ain't no rules in this house to prevent folks playin' anything they likes. An' that's what I told him when he was complainin' about your piano this morning."

"Complaining about my piano—my piano—when he's nearly driven me crazy with that awful violin!" gasped Lucile. "But it's just like the impertinence of a newspaper man, anyhow. I should like to know if I haven't a right to play the piano as much as I wish, for all of him!"

"That's what I told him, ma'am. Ye've both o' ye got a right to play when ye want to," says I, "an' if ye're bound to fight about it ye'll hev to fight it out between ye." And the janitor walked away.

Lucile's spirit was aroused. The next time she heard the strains of "Oh, Promise Me" she didn't hesitate. She ran down the stairs and pressed the bell of the second-story apartment.

The music ceased; there were approaching steps; then the door opened and she was confronted by a tall young man with fair hair neatly parted in the middle and a violin bow in his hand.

She started back and stared at him, clutching the side of the door for support.

"Oh, it's—it's you, is it?" she gasped.

"It seems to be," he answered, with a touch of irony. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

Lucile paused for a moment, wondering what was the most dignified course to pursue. When you have parted from a young man with the solemn vow that you will never, never speak to him again and have sent back his ring and his trinkets it is rather embarrassing to find yourself standing opposite to him in an apartment hall at 11 o'clock at night and to realize, too, that the meeting has been brought about by yourself.

"At least let me apologize for my intrusion, Mr. Hammond," she began, with cold formality. "I had no idea who my neighbor was, and when I spoke to the janitor about your violin he said you had also complained of my piano. I am very sorry that it troubled you."

"Don't mention it. As you also have been annoyed by the violin—"

"Not me. I hardly noticed it," corrected Lucile, with dignity. "But unfortunately my aunt is subject to nervous headaches, and on her account the noise—"

"I see." He paused a moment. "Are you speaking of your Aunt Henrietta?"

"Yes. You have met her?" (resolutely ignoring their former intimacy).

"I have," he answered, gravely. "Will you kindly convey to her my congratulations upon the recovery of her hearing?"

The corners of Lucile's mouth twitched—but it would never do to burst out laughing like a schoolgirl. She turned her head to regain her composure, and through the open door caught a glimpse of a charming room; the walls a picturesque medley of rugs and tennis rackets and photographs, prominent among the latter an exquisite little head of a girl in evening dress, with fluffy hair. She had heard he was engaged to that girl, too. The sight hardened her.

"Very well, if you insist upon the truth—it is I who object to the noise! You have played 'Oh, Promise Me' just 76 times since I came here, and you always play the third measure half a note flat."

The young man's face flushed. "I play it exactly right!"

"No such thing. Get the notes and find out for yourself."

"There is no necessity. Criticism from such an accomplished musician as yourself—by the way, perhaps you would like to know that you have rendered that two-step just 51 times in my hearing, and that you drag the time so it always puts me to sleep."

She drew herself up indignantly. "I have not asked your opinion, Mr. Hammond. And, on second thought, I beg of you not to stop playing the violin on my account. You certainly need all the practice you can get."

"Thank you," he retorted, imperturbably. "I believe in educating the musical tastes of my neighbors. And to keep on with the piano, without regard for our feelings—you may succeed in conquering that two-step before the year is out."

"Good night, Mr. Hammond."

"Good night, Miss Johnson."

And then those two foolish young people went their different ways, he to kick over the footstool and murmur: "The little vixen!" under his breath; she to sit for a long and lonely hour on the sitting-room sofa, with her hands clasped and her eyes fixed meditatively upon the crimson roses straggling over the carpet. At the end of that time she arose and dismissed the subject with a defiant little gesture. "It's just as well. We'd have quarreled all our life," she said.

And the violin and the piano continued to make life a burden for the other dwellers in that apartment house. To anyone not acquainted with the incentive that rivalry gives the progress of the musicians would have been remarkable. Lucile changed about her scholars in china painting to give her two hours at home in the middle of the day and practiced assiduously. And in the evenings the organ of the neighboring church—who called four times a week and would have called eight if he had received sufficient encouragement—brought over his cornet and joined her in duets. Hammond, having found, to his great mortification, that Lucile's version of "O Promise Me" was the correct one, changed his piece de resistance to "Henrietta," and took an insane delight in playing the melody just when the curate was putting in his very best solo effects.

But the curate, poor deluded man, was living in an atmosphere of such ecstatic happiness that he wasn't annoyed in the least. Never before had Lucile treated him so graciously. Never before had she taken such an interest in the Sunday-school, or so longed for information about the missions. And though on certain occasions he was treated to a rapid and startling variation in mood, and beheld his attentive listener metamorphosed into an absent-minded and distrait damsel, he was not an observing man, and failed utterly to associate this change with the slamming of a front door and the appearance on the street of a tall young man in a light overcoat.

One night on their way home from a concert—the only dissipation which the curate ever indulged in—they met the same light-overcoated young man, this time in a cycling costume, accompanying a girl with a pink and white complexion, who had not yet attained such proficiency in the art of wheeling that her escort was able to take his hand from the handle-bar.

"A pretty girl," remarked the curate, as they passed.

"Pretty enough; but until I could ride well enough to ride by myself I wouldn't ride at all," snapped out Lucile, rather unreasonably.

April came and went; and it was on one warm afternoon in May, when Aunt Henrietta had been bundled off to a relative in Staten Island for a breath of fresh air, that Hammond and Lucile met again. He was standing in the second story hall, cleaning his bicycle, and whistling reflectively to himself.

She hurried past to keep him from seeing the foolish tears that were clouding her eyes.

"He's going wheeling again with her, I suppose," she said bitterly to herself. "She has everything now. Wealth and beauty and—love. Well, perhaps she deserves good fortune, and I—I never did."

That was as she was inserting the key in the lock. The next moment she sprang back—outside the door—her hands clasped, her breath coming in gasps. There was a man in her room!

There could be no mistake—a man, reposing comfortably in the easiest chair of the darkened apartment, and sleeping heavily.

She didn't scream. She thought of her great-great-grandmother, who, in 1775, had guarded her house against a whole regiment of British soldiers. Then she went to the head of the stairs, leaned over the banisters, and called softly: "Mr. Hammond! Mr. Hammond!"

"Were you speaking to me?" he inquired, appearing at the foot of the stairs.

"Who else should I be speaking to?" demanded Lucile, with a little pardonable irritation. (When one is acting the part of a heroine, these trivial inquiries are out of place). "There's a burglar in my room!"

"A burglar!" cried Walter, incredulously.

"Don't call the police. He's fast asleep—I think he must have been pursued in some way; perhaps he's wounded," went on Lucile, calmly. "Just bring your revolver, and we can catch him ourselves."

"Ourselves!" gasped the young man. He looked at the tiny figure in the black dress, and his lips parted in an involuntary smile. "What can you do about it?"

"Bind him," answered Lucile, with decision. "I always knew I could bind a burglar if I had a chance, and now I'm glad I've got it. Hurry up with the revolver."

Three minutes later Walter was standing on the stairs beside her. "Where is he?" he asked.

"In the front room, asleep in a chair," responded Lucile, in a stage whisper. "Go softly, and he'll never hear you until it's too late."

The burglar was a fat man in white flannels. He opened his eyes as they entered, and rose to his feet in considerable agitation.

"What the dickens are you doing here?" he exclaimed.

"Just what we'd like to know," was Walter's equivocal answer. "Have you any explanation to offer before you are marched off to jail?"

The fat man rubbed his eyes. Then he gazed about the room, and his jaw fell.

"I—hold on—" he gasped.

"I intend to," assented Walter.

"I wish you'd put that infernal revolver up," gasped out the fat man, agitatedly. "Do I look like a thief, sir? The explanation is simple enough. I got into the wrong room."

"Don't believe him," cried Lucile. "It's what they always say."

"Fact, I assure you," declared the fat man. "It comes of having the same key fit all these apartments. I live above here, and I stopped a floor too soon."

"Do you commonly go to sleep in an apartment without giving a glance around it?" asked Walter, ironically.

"Not commonly; I don't know whether you ride or not, but if you do you'll understand; I've just been on a century run; first of the season—"

"Ah," murmured Walter, and dropped his revolver. "I begin to see—"

"Tired me all out. I didn't have the strength of a rat when I climbed up those stairs; and I just went to sleep in the first chair I could find. You must know me, sir. I've met you often coming in and out."

"Exactly. I didn't recognize you for a moment," assented Walter, with great cordiality, slipping his revolver into his pocket, and extending his hand. "Glad to make your acquaintance, sir."

"The pleasure is mine," said the stout gentleman. He shook hands with them both. "By the way," he added, "my name is Clark, firm of Clark & Hopkins, grocers, around the corner. Like to feel I have the support of your trade, sir. Bring your wife around some day and look over our store."

"Delighted," said Walter, with deep gravity.

"Charmed," assented Lucile. "But I—" she stopped. After all, what was the use of explanations?

"Look for you soon, then," declared the fat man, and he lumbered out of the room.

Lucile looked after him despairingly—her first and only burglar to turn out a commonplace individual like this! Then she turned about to Walter. "I am sorry I troubled you," she said, coldly.

"No trouble at all," answered Walter. "I was thinking of running up to say good-by. I start for Greece to-morrow."

"Greece?" Lucile sat down in the big armchair rather suddenly. She felt a little faint. "They're—they're fighting there. It's dangerous isn't it?" she asked.

"A correspondent has to take chances you know. It's a good thing—as far as money is concerned, and I dare say I'll get through all right; if not—" he laughed.

Lucile was not looking at him. She stared down the street at a forlorn little Italian girl who was dancing to the music of a hand organ. "Does Grace Merton know you are going?" she asked.

"No—yes—I don't know whether she does or not. I presume Whitely will tell her to-night. What difference does that make?"

"I thought you were engaged to her."

"Well, I'm not," said Hammond, bluntly. He hesitated a moment. "I'll tell you a secret. You can keep it, I guess, and it's coming out next month, anyhow. She's been engaged to Burt Whitely for two years, but they wanted to keep it quiet until she was 21."

Lucile sat silent, twisting her hands together. He looked down at her flushed and changing face. "Of course, if there was anyone that I cared for that cared enough for me to ask me to stay, it would be different," he said. "After all, money isn't everything; and I can earn enough now so it wouldn't be necessary—that is, if anyone cared."

He stood quiet for a moment. Lucile's eyes were still staring down the dusty street, at the hand organ and the dancing girl. Hammond held out his hand. "Good-by, Lucile," he said.

"Good-by," she answered, just touching his warm hand with the tips of her cold little fingers.

Hammond went downstairs and finished packing. He looked over his letters and burned them, and sorted out his photographs. After all, he might never come back again—and after all, what did it matter? He was going home to say good-by to his father and mother that night, but it still lacked an hour of train time. "Our special correspondent" sat down and stared gloomily out of the window. The notes of a piano came from the upstairs room.

An old tune, with a quaint refrain. He hardly noticed it at first, but by degrees the melody penetrated his senses. She was singing, too. He smiled bitterly to himself as he listened.

"Could you come back to me, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be faithful, so faithful,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true."

Three times Lucile repeated the refrain, with strange persistency. Her voice trembled and grew husky at last; the notes on the printed sheet before her were seen through a veil of tears. Then her hands came down upon the keys with a discordant crash, and the music was ended. The girl buried her face in the pillow of the old-fashioned sofa, and sobbed wildly. Her pitiful attempt at reconciliation was ended, and nothing now was left.

Some one, coming into the room softly, found her there, and gathered the pitiful, disconsolate little figure in his arms.

"Darling," he whispered, "our music has been at cross purposes all these months. Shall we try playing together now?"

And Lucile nestled her head contentedly down in his coat collar and whispered: "Yes."—Peterson's Magazine.

Confederate Veterans' Camp.

There are about 900 camps of the United Confederate veterans.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

Two Ladies Discover How They Had Made Themselves Disagreeable.

Two ladies were standing on the doorstep of a house in Georgetown, where but a moment before they had rung the bell, and were waiting to be admitted. One was talking along very intently, when the taller woman interrupted her.

"Be careful," she said, "somebody may hear you."

"I'm very particular," responded the other. "I looked all around before I said anything and there was nobody in sight."

"That's what I thought once, too, and I made a serious mistake. I was calling once, just as we now are, and was with a woman who could and did say the meanest things about people I ever heard talk. I'm not given to that kind of thing usually, but I do love a bit of gossip, and sometimes I am led into saying things I shouldn't. On this occasion the lady we were to call on was not a favorite of mine, and when the other woman said something sarcastic I chimed right in and said I thought she was the silliest and most extravagant and homeliest and dowdiest and stupidest woman of my entire acquaintance, and that I only called from a sense of duty anyhow. And a few other things, like that, I said.

"Well, we were let in after a long wait and the reception we got was the chilliest I ever met with. I couldn't understand it, for we were really on very good terms, as those things go, and we got out as soon as we could. That night I told my husband about it when he came home, and he wondered at it, too. Next evening he came in smiling, and told me that the next time I had anything to say about my neighbors on their own doorsteps I had better first see if there were any speaking tubes to tell on me. That explained it all in a second. A doctor used to live in that same house and he had a speaking tube at the door, as physicians do. The lady we were calling on had never changed it, and, as I found out afterward, the mean thing, she used to sit close to the other end of that tube and listen to what people might be saying at the door.

"She didn't make much by listening to me, and she didn't dare to tell me that she knew what I thought of her, and I didn't care if she did know, only since that time I have been more careful. There's a tube up there, see?" and the tall lady pointed to an innocent looking mouthpiece ponting out of the door frame. However, there was no response to their ring, and as they met the lady coming in just as they started away they felt perfectly safe and had a nice call.—Washington Call.

THEORY THAT FAILED.

Taking Time by the Forelock Was the Cause of All Her Troubles.

"Never talk to me again about 'taking time by the forelock,' or any of that nonsense again," ejaculated the girl who is always in a hurry to a friend who holds serenity to be the most valuable of virtues. "If ever again I try to get anywhere before too late, I hope I'll have just such another time as I did today. Tell you about it, indeed! Why else do you suppose I would have come to see you? If I hadn't followed your advice I shouldn't have had such an awful time.

"To begin with, I obeyed your suggestion, and got up at five o'clock. Talk of early rising adding to one's chances of success; it made me so sleepy that I was positively cross by breakfast time, and as for studying, all I could do was to wonder when in the world that tardy meal would be ready, and whether there'd be enough of it when it did come. And I've had a headache all day from eating too much.

"Then I hurried down town, no—I didn't hurry, I dawdled, as you said, but I got there long before anyone else, just the same. Waited around in idleness for an hour or two, missed all the good bargains, because I hadn't stopped to read the morning papers, and never saw a single person I wanted to. I suppose they weren't up. When I got home I found that by starting away so early I'd managed to miss the man I most wanted to see—Archie, you know, and I just know he'd come to ask me to go to the theater—and he'd spent half the morning across the street with that horrid Maria Jones. I went early to the club and missed Henry Fellows, who called to drive me there, went home to dinner promptly, and was just early enough to have to help get it ready, since our cook had gone to bed with a headache, and burned my face until it was a sight.

"Then I thought I might as well follow the rest of your directions, and go to bed early, and I did—just early enough to have my hair all damp and stringy—I was going to curl it with kids, you know—when callers came. I had to send word down that I'd got a horrible cold, of course, and now I discover that they wanted me to go camping with them. And I missed it all because I tried to do things in good time. Good time, indeed; bad time I call it. And if ever you mention such a thing as taking time by the forelock to me again, I'll never speak to you as long as we both live."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Escalloped Strawberries.

One quart of berries and a pint of cream are required. Whip the cream until dry, remove the hulls from the berries, place a layer of the fruit in a deep glass dish, and a sprinkling of powdered sugar and cover with the whipped cream. Make another layer of berries, sugar and cream, and thus continue until all are used, heaping the cream on top. Set in a cold place for an hour to be thoroughly chilled.—Good Housekeeping.

Not Committing Herself.

Margaret—I think long engagements are detestable, don't you?

Isabel—Well, they're better than none.—Detroit News.

THE REST SEASON.

A Hint for Housekeepers About Midsummer.

The season of heat and midsummer the housekeeper should be warned is a season when all living creatures rest somewhat from their work. Even the birds in the fields cease their song during the heated period and all animals seem to relax their efforts—even in their search for daily food. Wanderers in woodland ways near sunset will catch many delightful glimpses of their friends in fur and feathers at this time which they would never see during a midday walk. It is at this hour the pretty raccoon ventures out with her furry babies or the clownishly awkward wood-chuck goes forth with no fear of prowling dogs. The hermit's thrush, the sweetest songster of our groves, sings at sunrise and sunset, but ceases her songs altogether in midsummer. The thrush is the mavis of old English ballads. Gil Morrice's song was:

Like the mavis on the bush,
And gart the valleys ring.

Even our domestic animals rest during the heat of the day and exercise themselves in pursuance of food in the cool of the morning and evening.

These dumb animals set us an excellent example. No woman, however strong in health, can afford to work continuously through the heat of the day. Every woman should always take a systematic midday rest. Even the strong laborer in the field finds his noonday nap as essential as his noonday meal. This meal is frequently quite a light one, compared with the "hearty supper" which he enjoys when his work is over. "The woman who riseth while it is yet night" should take a rest in the heat of the day, which will compensate for her loss of sleep. She cannot afford to burn the midnight oil in summer as she can in winter, when all living creatures can work more vigorously. This is because the system is kept at a higher tone in winter than in summer. The practical experiment of sending energetic people to hot lands has been too frequently tried to admit of any doubt of the result. Vigorous and energetic men sent from a northern land to the tropics in a few months seem to change their nature and become languorous lovers of ease. The legend of the lotus eaters was not entirely a fable. The whole land of the tropics seems filled with a subtle poison which weakens the energies, and against which probably it would be unsafe to contend. The same state of energies weakened by heat makes it a mistake for women to attempt by sheer force of will to work in summer as they do in winter. Fortunately haying is usually over before July, our hottest month, and the principal other harvests are gathered later in the year so even farmers' wives, who are among our hardest summer workers, have a chance to take a vacation at the hottest season of the year. The canning and various preserving, which keeps them from this necessary relaxation, had better be dispensed with. No worker needs a summer rest more than the farmer's wife. There are now many delightful places on the Chautauqua plan for such a rest. Here a few weeks' outing may be combined with an attractive lecture course on various topics which furnish plenty of food for thought during the long winter evenings to come. A vacation in winter is not half as valuable to any worker as one in summer.—N. Y. Tribune.

BRITTLE FINGER NAILS.

How to Make Them as Beautiful as They Should Be.

Many women with pretty hands are constantly annoyed by the rough appearance of their finger nails, caused by the fact that they break and split.

The possessor of such nails should cut them with well-sharpened manicure scissors, and the nail should never be cut or filed unless the fingers have first been soaked in warm water. The brittleness may sometimes be lessened by rubbing almond oil thoroughly into the nail and finger ends on retiring at night. A pair of old kid gloves must then be pulled on.

The housekeeper whose nails break easily should never stir anything on the hot range without first slipping on a loose glove, as the dry heat from the fire will make her nails more brittle than ever.

A teaspoonful of lemon juice in a cupful of tepid water whitens and supples the nails and removes all grease and dirt, making them more easy to polish. This should be used every morning, and by dabbling the fingers a few moments it is possible to make the nails perfectly clean and transparent without the use of any metal cleaner by simply rubbing under them with a towel. It is also beneficial in removing the skin around the nail edges, which should never be cut with scissors. Rub the towel firmly all over the nail, pushing back the skin. Do this regularly every day and after a few weeks the skin growth will disappear.—American Queen.

A Cherry Beverage.

A delightful drink, the receipt for which may be filed away for the now not distant cherry time, is called cherry mabel. Stone the cherries and put them in a jar which rests in a pot of boiling water. The water boils around the cherries until the juice is extracted, strain the juice and to one-half gallon add two pounds of sugar; boil this until all the scum is taken off, throwing in a few whole spices. A tablespoonful of this with a spoonful of raw cream put into a tumbler, which is then filled from a siphon of vichy or soda water, is a refreshing summer drink.—St. Louis Republic.

Not on the Road So Much.

She—Have you got your bicycle yet?

He—O, yes.

"I don't see you on the road as much this season as I did last."

"No, I'm on my wheel more now. I ride better, you know."—Yonkers Statesman.

GAVE THE WAITER HIS FEE.

An Irascible Man's Ignorance of the Law Costs Him a Liberal Tip.

The globular and florid old gentleman, as he sat down at the table, pulled a dollar bill out of his pocket, deliberately tore it in two, handed one piece to the waiter, replaced the other in his pocket, and said:

"Waiter, if I am satisfied, you get the other half. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied the functionary, and became as assiduous as a mother with her first child.

But for some inexplicable reason the old gentleman grew more and more dissatisfied as his meal progressed, until, as he arose from the table, he simply scowled angrily at the expectant waiter.

"Excuse me, sir, but—" the waiter insinuated obsequiously.

"Naw," snarled the old fellow in reply.

"Oh, yes; I think you will," observed the waiter, his backbone visibly stiffening.

"Don't you be impudent, young man," advised the old fellow, threateningly.

"Don't you be a chump," advised the waiter, contemptuously.

"Why, why, wh—at?" screamed the old gentleman, swelling like an enraged turkey cock. "I'll—I'll report you for insolence, you—you villain!"

"I don't think you will," retorted the waiter, calmly and firmly. "Come, hand over the other half of this bill. I need a dollar to go to the theater."

"Explain yourself, you rascal," demanded the old fellow, a great and portentous calm enveloping him. "Now, what does this mean?"

"It means at this minute you are a lawbreaker, sir," replied the waiter, suavely. "Mutilating the currency is a crime, and you have mutilated a dollar bill. Therefore, unless I get the dollar you'll be pinched. See?"

As the waiter pocketed the dollar, he smiled.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Doesn't it make you sad when you think of the poor?" "Why, no, not particularly. It makes me mad, though, when I think of the rich."—Indianapolis Journal.

Queen & Crescent.

During the Tennessee Centennial and International Exposition at Nashville, Tenn., a low rate special tariff has been established for the sale of tickets from Cincinnati and other terminal points on the Queen & Crescent Route.

Tickets are on sale daily until further notice to Chattanooga at $6.75 one way or $7.20 round trip from Cincinnati, the round trip tickets being good seven days to return; other tickets, with longer return limit, at $9.90 and at $13.50 for the round trip.

These rates enable the public to visit Nashville and other Southern points at rates never before offered. Vestibuled trains of the finest class are at the disposal of the passenger, affording a most pleasant trip, and enabling one to visit the very interesting scenery and important battle-grounds in and about Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain and Chickamauga National Military Park. Tickets to Nashville to visit the Centennial can be repurchased at Chattanooga for $3.40 round trip. Ask your ticket agent for tickets via Cincinnati and the Q. & C. Route South or write to

W. C. RINEARSON, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Cincinnati, O.

We often think it is a waste of time to live.—Atchison Globe.

Summer Tours Via Big Four Route,

To the Mountains, Lakes and Seashore. Special Low Rates will be in effect to Put-in-Bay, Islands of Lake Erie, Lake Chautauqua, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River, Adirondacks, Lake George, New England Resorts, New York and Boston. To the Great Lakes, Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo, Detroit, Benton Harbor, Mt. Clemens, Mackinac and Michigan Resorts. To the Northwest and West via St. Louis and Chicago. For rates, routes, time of trains and full particulars apply to any agent "Big Four," or address E. O. McCormick, Passenger Traffic Manager "Big Four," Cincinnati, O.

The difficulty with the man who knows too much is that he always will tell it.—N. Y. Weekly.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE. Write to Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Papa—"'Sine qua non' means something you cannot do without." Little Frank—"Oh, a wheel?"

Between Seed Time and Harvest

Is a good opportunity to enquire about farming lands in South Dakota, only one day's ride from Chicago. Bountiful crops of Wheat, Corn, Barley and Flax reward the tiller of the soil. As a stock and dairy country South Dakota leads all the world. First-class farm lands with nearby markets can now be bought for from $10, $12, $15, and upwards, per acre, and this is the time to invest. For further particulars write to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

A physician who has much practice never signs his name "doctor."—Washington Democrat.

There Is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

It is needless to say that a man must possess a good eye to thread his way.

"Star Tobacco."

As you chew tobacco for pleasure, use Star. It is not only the best, but the most lasting, and therefore the cheapest.

In this world there is nothing except hypocrisy and lying.—N. Y. Weekly.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

Scrofula

In its thousands of forms is the most terrible affliction of the human race. Salt rheum, sores, eruptions, boils, all humors, swellings, etc., originate in its foul taint, and are cured by the great and only True Blood Purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. The advanced theory of today that tuberculosis, or consumption, is curable by proper nutrition, cure and purifying the blood, finds confirmation in the experience of many who have been cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills cure sick headache. 25c.

SILOS
HOW TO BUILD ASH
WILLIAMS MFG. CO., KALAMAZOO, MICH.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

TEMPERANCE.

HIS FATHER WAKED UP.

Investigates and Finds His Son a Cigarette Fiend.

The other morning I read about the great evil that was being done by the cigarette smoking. It set me thinking. I have a boy between eight and nine years old—my only child. Some time ago I caught him smoking and told him not to do it any more. The more I thought the more interested I became, and I resolved to investigate.

Upon reaching home I called for my boy. He was out. I went to his room on the top floor. I had not been there in a year. His mother always took care of him. As soon as I opened the door my worst fears were realized. The evidence of cigarette smoking was there. The smell was like that of a morgue. On the mantel lay two stubs, and on the dresser were three more. The floor was covered with cigarette ashes. I pulled out the top drawer of the bureau, and there lay a half-box of cigarettes. In another drawer I found a double handful of buttons on which were mottoes that were unfit for a man to read, let alone a boy. In a small box I found about 50 photographs, such as are given away with cigarettes. They were mostly pictures of theatrical people.

I left them as I found them and went downstairs and called my wife. She

"HE HAD SMOKED TOO MANY CIGARETTES."

came in. I asked her if she knew that Jim was smoking cigarettes.

She replied: "Yes; so do all the other boys."

I handed the Tribune to her and told her to read that, and pointed to the article. I sat and watched her, not letting her know that I had done so. After she had finished reading she looked at me and then at the paper.

Then she said: "Don't scold Jimmie. It's all my fault. I gave him money to buy them. He begged so hard for it. We can get him to stop it."

We had some further talk, and Jimmie came in for dinner. When we sat at the table his mother kept looking at him to see if there were any marks of the habit described in the paper. He noticed what she was doing, and asked her why she was looking at him. She tried to turn it off, and asked if he had been to Sunday school. He said no; that he had been off to Frank's house, as he (Frank) was very sick. Jim and another little boy had been over there to call on Frank. My wife asked what was the matter with Frank.

Jim replied: "I don't know. The doctor's afraid he won't get well, and said he had smoked too many cigarettes."

The knife and fork dropped from my wife's hands. She burst out crying. I had to leave the room, and when I returned we talked to Jim. I asked him how many packages he had smoked. He could not tell, only he smoked sometimes three packages a day, and more when he won them. He told me about a game the boys played with the picture cards, and also another one they played with buttons, and said he had won as much as 40 cents in one day.

I asked what he had done with his money. He said he bought cigarettes with it. I asked who had taught him to smoke. He replied:

"Papa, you smoke all the time, and I tried to smoke cigars, but they made me sick."

This was too much for me. I had to go. I made up my mind never to smoke another cigar as long as I lived.

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

A thick tongue and a thin purse are likely to be the property of the same man.—Ram's Horn.

Alcohol arouses the demon of bad passions, and impels men to acts which are followed by bitter remorse.—Lever.

A party of bakers met in a Chicago saloon on May 26 and indulged in a whisky drinking contest. Result, one man dead and two not expected to recover.

Christian America lies under the tyrannical dominion of a liquor power cruel as fate, and as persistently aggressive as the evil one.—National Temperance Advocate.

"Fortune knocks at every man's door once in a life," but in a good many cases the man is in a neighboring saloon and does not hear the knock.—Tammany Times.

Somerville, Mass., the banner no-license city in the state, is considering the adoption of an amendment to its charter forever prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors.

Six hundred million of dollars is spent in America alone for an article that is sapping the life-blood of the nation—"enough," says Talmage, "to feed, clothe and shelter all the suffering poor of the continent."

Melvin Strous, aged 13 years, son of D. W. Strous, a prominent druggist of Monon, Ind., is violently insane as the result of continued indulging in the cigarette habit. He has smoked for the past five years, and it is estimated that he has smoked in all over 50,000 cigarettes

LIQUOR OR BREAD.

Provisions for Which a Small Daily Dollay Would Pay in a Year.

A Pennsylvania grocer received the following letter:

"Dear Sir: Having been accustomed to spending 20 cents a day for whisky, I find by saving it I can order from you during one year 3 barrels of flour, 100 pounds of granulated sugar, 25 pounds of corn starch, 125 pounds of macaroni, 60 pounds of white beans, 6 pounds of ground pepper, 1 dozen scrub brushes, 50 pounds of sal soda, 20 pounds of roasted coffee, 25 cans of tomatoes, 24 cans of mackerel, 50 pounds of best raisins, 1 dozen packages of herbs, 40 pounds of codfish, 110 pounds of buckwheat flour, 100 pounds of oatmeal, 20 pounds of rice, 1 barrel of crackers, 100 pounds of hominy, 18 pounds of mincemeat, 1 dozen brooms, 12 bottles of machine oil, 20 pounds Oolong tea, 24 cans of green peas, 20 pounds dried apples, 25 pounds of prunes, 40 pounds of laundry starch, 28 pounds table salt, 25 pounds of lard, 12 bottles of maple sirup, 100 bars of soap, 2 gallons of chow chow, 1 ream of note paper, 500 envelopes, 2 newspapers for a year. I had no idea my drinking had been costing me so much, and believe now I can live better and buy more for my family."

The grocer stated that the money saved would be ample to provide all the goods enumerated. There are, no doubt, many men who spend 20 cents a day, or more, for liquor, whose families would feel that the millennium was near if they could only have one-half of this bill of necessities stored in their kitchen or cellars. Many a merchant who, with a moderate profit on goods enough to properly supply those who would naturally buy of him, does a dull business and is obliged to credit where he knows there is danger of loss, while the saloon near by gathers in the dollars of the heads of families.—From an Exchange.

SUNSTROKE IN INEBRIATES.

User of Intoxicants More Liable Than Others to Be Overcome by Heat.

Experience in India and other warm countries has indicated an extreme fatality from sunstroke in persons using alcohol to excess.

The congestion and vaso motor paralysis, common in all inebriates, are both predisposing and exciting causes for the coma from the sun's rays. The breaking up of the heat regulating centers of the brain by alcohol leaves the body powerless to resist the sun's rays. Yet this fact is not very widely recognized, and every summer the record of such cases becomes more prominent. Dr. Norton, in the New York Medical Journal, reports 50 cases of sunstroke brought into the Presbyterian hospital with the following comment:

"The use of alcohol seemed to have a direct unfavorable influence. The habit was marked in 32 per cent., moderate in 46 per cent., denied in ten per cent., in the remaining 12 per cent. no history could be obtained. Eight persons were markedly alcoholic on admission, and of these four died."—Journal of Inebriety.

SAVED BY A KIND WORD.

Lifted from a Common Drunkard to Respectable Manhood.

He had lost all respectability, and was a common gutter drunkard. His family had disowned him, and would not recognize him when they met him. Occasionally he would get a job at the stables where Dr. Jarvis kept his horses. One morning the doctor laid his hands on his shoulders and said: "Jim, I wish you would give up drink." There was something like a quiver on the man's lips as he answered: "If I thought you cared, I would, but there is a gulf between you and me." "Have I made any gulf, Jim?" "No, you—haven't." "If you had been a millionaire, could I have treated you more like a gentleman?" "No, you couldn't." "I do care, Jim." There were tears in the eyes of the man now. "I do care, Jim," with tender little emphasis on the Jim. "Dr. Davis, I'll never touch another drop of liquor as long as I live; here's my hand to it." This was 15 years ago, and Jim is to-day a respectable and respected man, and an earnest Christian. —Scottish Reformer.

Diabolical Business Shrewdness.

Business shrewdness and financial ability are unfortunately not confined to the better classes of merchants. At a recent meeting of the liquor league of Ohio, one of the officers remarked: that after a man was grown and temperance habits formed he seldom changed; and he therefore drew the conclusion that for the success of the liquor business missionary work must be done among the boys. "Nickels expended in treats to the young now will return in dollars after the appetite has been formed." Even the habitual drinker must stand appalled before the frankness of statement of such diabolical facts.—Youth's Companion.

Why the Dutchman Gave Up Lager.

A reformed Dutchman tells his experience as follows: "I sall tell you how it vas when I drink mine lager; den I put mine hand on mine head and dare vos von pain. Den I put mine hand on mine body and dare vas anoder pain. Den I put mine hand in mine pocket and dar vas nodhing. So I jine mid de demperence. Now dare is no pain more in mine head, and de pain in mine body vos all gone away. I put mine hand in mine pocket, and dare vas dwenty dollars. So I stay mid de demperence."

Danger In Soda Water.

The Central Woman's Christian Temperance union of Chicago has issued a word of alarm and warning to young girls concerning the drinks obtainable at the soda fountains of the city. They are called by different names: sherry flip, claret sangaree, creme de menthe, calisaya, etc., and are ordered by young girls for a cold, to take the place of a luncheon, or for a chance to sit down after a busy day of shopping. These drinks all contain alcohol.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—It is illegal to practice hypnotism in Belgium.

—An inventor in Madrid has succeeded in making a superior quality of soup out of grasshoppers.

—To obtain admission as a member of the "Giants' club" in Berlin a man must be at least six feet in height.

—All of the blood in the human body is driven through the heart in about 32 beats—in less than half a minute.

—Two seals, the larger of which weighed over 400 pounds, were lately killed in the Columbia river by David Hunter, of Troutdale, Ore.

—The resurrection plant, a native of South Africa, becomes withered and apparently lifeless during dry weather, but after rain begins to fall it quickly revives.

—The smallest tree in Great Britain is the dwarf willow, which grows on the summit of Ben Lomond. When mature it is only about two inches in height.

—The violence of the wind on the Grampian hills is so great that on several occasions it has brought to a standstill railroad trains traveling from Perth to the north.

—A freak of nature, a kitten with eight legs and two tails, was lately added to the family of Christopher Jeffries, of Rahway, N. J. Two of the legs grow out of the back.

—Over one-half of the ladies who attend the Unity church in Chicago take part in the services with their hats off. This is in obedience to the request of the pastor, Rev. R. F. Johnnot.

—An ingenious mechanical device just invented pastes paper labels on 100,000 cans in ten hours. Down a chute rolls a ceaseless procession of cans, and each can picks up a label as it passes.

—A cow belonging to Robert Knowlton, of Ashford, Conn., suddenly became ill and died. An autopsy revealed the fact that a long piece of wire used in baling hay was wound around the animal's heart.

ADVICE ABOUT PACKING.

More Gowns Are Made Impossible by Careless Packing Than by Wear.

Now a word of advice can be given to the woman traveler who is not so fortunate as to possess a well-trained maid. Pack your own trunks and pack with care.

More rumpled and impossible gowns are due to careless packing and loose adjusting than any other one thing. No amount of tight packing or of pressure applied downward will do more than accentuate the natural folds. A single toss of the trunk that is loosely packed means a hopeless jumble of hats, wraps, bodices, laces and what not.

Begin at the foundation with the heaviest garments. Do not fold too much; shake skirts from the waistband and spread them for the entire length without folding that the size of the trunk will allow. If not, spread out with great care in the folds which are naturally taken when held in an upright position, and turn over smoothly at the top.

Shake wraps from the shoulders, lay them out in the folds they naturally take, with great care smooth the sleeves and turn the fronts over on the back, smoothing and adjusting all trimmings and frills so as to avoid horizontal creases.

It is impossible to so fold a garment as to avoid all lines, but those taken lengthwise of the cloth readily disappear and are also little noticed, as they take the direction of the folds formed by the garment itself.

Jackets, however, must be so managed as to show not a crease. Loose bodices require tissue paper for the support of puffs and the like, but they can be saved from much rumpling if spread out in the trunk and folded as little as possible. Then pack close and tight.

Hats should be packed firmly, so as not to move, and for this purpose any light article, such as handkerchiefs, mouchoir cases, or soft and pliable objects that will not crush or injure the fashionable headgear may be used.—Philadelphia Press.

Gowns for Warm Days.

The present is undoubtedly a season of lace, ribbons and fluffy effects.

Black lace over colored silk is once more in vogue, and the organdies and transparent lawns are sufficient to tempt the most austere of women to extravagance.

A favorite style shows a skirt formed by two full knife plaitings worn over a silk slip. The greater number of bodices show the bolero idea, and the variety of these little additions to the toilet is almost bewildering.

Women of wealth who have stores of costly lace are having priceless shawls made over, or draped, into the popular style. Less fortunate ones have the opportunity to buy lovely garnitures ready made for a small sum.

Ribbons are seen in profusion. Long sash ends fall over the skirts and bows adorn the belts in a most fascinating fashion. Coquettish one-sided effects are noticeable and allow an opportunity for personal skill and preference.—Chicago Record.

She Knows Better.

"I read in the papers that bananas were wholesome food," said Mrs. McSwilligen to Mrs. Squildig, "but I don't believe it. I ate some before going to bed last night and I have felt sick ever since."

"How many bananas did you eat?" asked her friend.

"Not many. I don't think I ate more than six or seven."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Taking Things Good Naturedly.

"Confound you, what are you grinning at?" asked the man who was getting himself held up.

"Oh, well," chuckled the footpad, "I never was a man to take things seriously."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

MADE FAMOUS BY BLAINE.

Maine Salmon and the Origin of Their Reputation.

There are nearly 200 weirs between Prospect Ferry and the foot of Sears' Island, eight miles below, and though some of the well-to-do fishermen indulge in the luxury of a salmon dinner now and then, they always buy canned fish, because Oregon and Alaska salmon sell for ten cents a pound, while a pound of the same species of fish taken from Penobscot river will bring 30 cents as soon as the fish is caught. For these reasons the local fishermen sell all their catch in Boston and cities further west, receiving large pay for fish which are no better than fish which swim in Puget sound.

Though several reasons have been assigned for this difference in price, the late James G. Blaine is said to have been the man who brought Maine salmon into high repute. In the summer of 1880, a short time before the republican national convention was to assemble in Chicago, a hotel keeper of the Windy City, knowing that Mr. Blaine was to be a leading candidate, wrote to an Augusta fish dealer an order for a ton of Kennebec river salmon, believing that fish that were caught from this river, which flowed by Mr. Blaine's home, would be a popular dish with the supporters of the Maine candidate. Though the Kennebec river has not yielded a ton of salmon in 50 years, the Augusta market man did not see fit to mention the fact, but came to Bucksport, bought his fish, put them on ice and sent them on to the hotel, where they were served and billed on the menus as "Kennebec salmon a la Blaine."

Senator Conkling, of New York, and a few other members of the famous "306" refused to eat of the dish, but most of the guests ate it and liked it, and the reputation of Kennebec salmon became national. Every year since then the Augusta market men have received orders for salmon from all parts of the country, and have had them filled in Bangor and other places on the Penobscot; and though Oregon salmon is equally good, the Maine fish always brings better prices.

Sixty years ago salmon were so plenty in the Penobscot that farmers hauled them on to their land by the cart load and used them for dressing for potatoes and corn. There was no need of weirs then, for a hedge built out into tidewater from the shore would capture more in one tide than all the present weirs take in a season. Mr. Pierce, an old citizen of this town, says that he has seen an acre of mud flats covered from five to ten fish deep with salmon caught below one hedge, and when the water got low on the ebb he has seen the mud thrown 30 feet in the air by the struggling fish. Then all the teams in the neighborhood were kept hauling until the tide came back and put a stop to the work. In 1845 Alvah Page, of Bucksport, hauled 14 cart loads of salmon from his weir in one tide and thinks there were as many more dead ones which he could not get for the coming tide. Though he did not weigh them, he believes that he took more than 30 tons of salmon at that time. Besides salmon, there were thousands of great fat shad and tons and tons of alewives and porgies.

At present the business is at so low an ebb that able-bodied men cannot afford to follow it, so most of the work is done by old men and boys. The average catch of a Penobscot river weir is two or three 15-pound salmon a week. Though a few shad are caught now and then, and though a dozen or more drop in nearly every tide, the labor of keeping night watch, the expense of repairing weirs and boats, and mending marlin, and the general watchfulness which are required in order to make the business a success do not yield sufficient returns to warrant the erection of new weirs.

The best customer for the Penobscot salmon fishermen is the United States fish hatchery at Orland, which buys 1,050 to 1,500 salmon a year, paying a few cents above market price for live fish. These salmon are kept in tanks until November, when they are stripped of their eggs and milt, marked with a number and dated tag, and turned loose into the sea. Many fishes have been caught four and five times, though none of them comes back to the river until the second season after being liberated. The young fry which hatch in the winter are kept until the next fall, when they are shipped to all parts of the country. Many are sent abroad in exchange for fish of other species.—N. Y. Sun.

A Good Bird Dog.

Col. J. W. Barnett, in New Orleans, told a story of an unusually fine bird dog that he once owned, the best dog, he said, that ever was in his possession. He had trained the dog with great care to know a bird by the feathers it dropped. Did a partridge drop a feather the dog would take the scent and find the bird's retreat. One day the colonel hit a wild duck, but only knocked out a few wing feathers. The dog sniffed them and started away. After a little his master called him, but got no response, and at the end of an exhaustive search of the neighborhood went home, expecting the dog would come along later. But the dog didn't come home until a week afterward, when one day he appeared, thin and bedraggled, just able to trot slowly along the road, but carrying a dead duck. The colonel had saved the wing feathers which he saw the dog last sniff, and, upon comparison, found that they had belonged to the duck the faithful brute brought home. Apparently the dog had followed the quarry until he found its roosting place and nabbed it asleep.—N. Y. Sun.

—On a recent Sunday, while Rev. J. W. Chadwick was preaching in the Second Unitarian church, of Brooklyn, his voice suddenly failed. His wife at once proceeded to the pulpit and finished his sermon for him, after which she conducted the service to its close

THE MAN OF MONEY.

Points and Peculiarities of the Very Rich American.

In the popular imagination the very rich man occupies a peculiar position. Everyone would like to be very rich, for the possession of a million, or, not to be too primitive, let us say two millions, represents independence, freedom from toil, a life of ease, if not pleasure, opportunities for making one's self felt, or for benefiting one's fellows, or carrying out long-cherished schemes of some sort. Yet the very people who long for wealth picture those who possess it in a very different light. In proportion to their distance from the world of the very rich is their ignorance of it; and much as the man in moderate circumstances may long for wealth he never fails to misrepresent to himself the result of possessing it, while among the poor the very rich man is gradually coming to be looked upon as a sort of public enemy who becomes richer and richer, while the rest of the world grows poorer and poorer. Explain to them as much as you will that this is not a fact; that the very rich are so few in number that their wealth divided among their fellows would make no one appreciably richer, or that all great fortunes are very soon broken up, or that the poor are improving their condition quite as steadily and surely as the rich, what you say makes no impression. To be rich is every man's dream. To be poor is to suffer that others may wax fat and kick.

The very rich man of real life is, for a variety of reasons, difficult to describe, so that the picture will seem fair. His peculiarity is that he has so few typical peculiarities. He is neither necessarily lavish, nor loud, nor noisy, nor fond of self-assertion. Though he may, of course, be one, or all, of these, he is just as apt to be a rather quiet man, whom you would pass in a crowd without thinking twice about him. Inexperienced persons, sometimes, hearing that one of the very rich is near them, try to pick him out—almost always unsuccessfully, because they inevitably think he must be a noticeable person. Their mistake comes from their not knowing that the effect of wealth, after the first froth is off, is often to sober and chasten. Even noisy, boastful braggarts, suddenly overtaken with wealth, sometimes become noted for their quiet, retiring manners. A multimillionaire may spend a whole evening without letting the cat out of the bag. On the other hand, he may make the room echo with his boasts; but in this case it almost always turns out that he is something else besides a very rich man—a philanthropist, or a corruptionist, or a journalist, perhaps. Our remarks are intended to be confined to those who are merely very rich. Their aim seems to be as often as not to render themselves in dress and manners and speech indistinguishable.

The law is not made any easier for them on account of their wealth. The taxes fall upon them with equal weight, so far as houses and lands are concerned, and though they may be "let off" a little as to their stocks and bonds this is not owing to the law, but through the cleverness of some attorney whom they must quietly retain and pay for the work. The law is always on the alert. The wealthiest may any day be confronted by a decision of the court of last resort that the right to a glass of sherry and bitters at his club has been taken from him; if he keeps any considerable amount of valuables on his premises, he must have private detectives to guard them; if he gives a ball, he is loudly criticised for his extravagance, and his wife is caricatured; if he does not subscribe liberally to public objects, he is held up to public reprobation as a miser; if he is so unlucky as not to get into a club the fact is advertised as if he had been defeated in an election to congress, and any objections to his life and conversation, or to his personal appearance which may have affected the result, are bawled out under the head of "club news."

The result of the dangers which threaten, and the jealousy and suspicion which surround him, is that in the end he is very far from daring to be the arrogant, purse-proud creature he is painted by popular imagination. So far from being haughty, he has seldom even the high spirits and power of enjoyment that ought to go with wealth. Indeed, the millionaire, as we know him, is generally a quiet, reserved man, who rarely expresses an opinion except about the tires of bicycles, or the weather, or the best places to buy shoes and underclothing, and evidently shrinks from advancing views which, however mistaken, he may be called upon to support with cash.

The very rich American, in short, is apt to be embarrassed. His tastes are still more or less those of a primitive, semi-rural community, founded upon equality, managed under democratic forms, in which rank and title and etiquette do not exist, yet this social organization, which was in its full flower a generation ago, is submerged by a new civilization, of which he is the head, which is not arranged for him or prepared to receive him, and of which he is at once the boast and the butt. He is the victim of a social order which he represents but does not understand. He knows that he is one of the great of the earth, but does not know how to manage it all. It has to be managed for him by private secretaries, and "major domos," and above all by his wife and children, who make him build a house as big as a hospital on a two-acre lot, and entertain "house parties" of young people whose names he does not know. Quiet is the role of such a man, and quiet he generally is. In his own set he may find relief and momentary solace in boasting about his liquors and cigars, or stocks, but when he goes abroad among those who would give their eyes to change places with him, his one idea is often to escape notice.—N. Y. Post.

SCIENCE AND INDUSRYT.

—In Spain the goat is the domestic substitute for the cow, that country having 4,530,000 goats.

—The other day 1,800 packages of flowers, weighing 11 tons, were dispatched from the isles of Scilly for London.

—It was in 1747 that a German chemist named Marggraf discovered that sugar could be made from beets, but the beet sugar industry did not begin till half a century later.

—Italy's exports for the first four months of 1897 were 385,953,370 francs, while her imports were 379,794,130 francs. This is the first time in 26 years that the exports exceeded the imports.

—According to the experiments of M. Seguy and M. Quenisset the X rays cause dangerous palpitations of the heart. The experiments were made on medical students and upon themselves, and M. Seguy and M. Quenisset describe the palpitations as violent and unendurable unless the rays were intercepted by a metallic plate.

—"Alcohol," said Mr. Martindale, in a paper read recently before the Pharmaceutical society, "is not a germicide. When present to the extent of 20 per cent. by volume of absolute alcohol it has an inhibitory effect on the germination of most of the micro-organisms occurring in aqueous solutions of vegetable and animal substances; but the germs propagate readily as it evaporates."

—Alaska, our remarkable outlying territory, is almost as large in area as the entire United States east of the Mississippi. It is rich in mineral wealth and has already yielded many times its cost in the precious and other metals. Every year its value to the United States is increasing, and yet it is entirely isolated from the rest of our territory—just as Cuba would be were we to acquire it.

AMERICAN TOURISTS.

Devote Themselves Abroad to Things They Wouldn't See at Home.

"One of the curiosities of American travel abroad," said a tourist who has just returned from his annual spring jaunt on the continent, "is a man's anxiety to look at the very things in Europe that he can see, if he will, at his own doorsteps at home. For instance, about every young New Yorker who passes a few weeks on the continent goes to all the zoological gardens mentioned in the guide books. In Dresden he may ignore the Bruhl terrace, take but a fleeting glance at the wonderful art gallery, and hardly wink at the footprints of the great Napoleon, but he will gape for a whole afternoon at the bears and lions, tigers and elephants in the zoological garden, although at home he never would dream of passing half the time in the park or circus menagerie; in fact, probably would not think of going to either once a year.

"He does the same thing in Vienna, in Paris, in Frankfort and in Berlin. In each of these towns there are a thousand rare sights that he never will see duplicated in his native land, but he leaves half of them unobserved to hunt up more bears, lions and tigers in the local menageries.

"Next to the zoological gardens, the churches seem to have the strongest hold on the American sightseers. Now, outside of a few masterpieces of cathedral architecture, central European churches do not appeal to the untrained eye any more than do many of our fine American churches. The time used by the average American youth in examining spires and gaping at vaults, altars and chancels is just so much time wasted, as, to his eye, the whole exhibition is just what he sees any day in passing St. Paul's or old Trinity, or the cathedral. Yet he clings to those churches as he does to the zoological gardens, just because they are mentioned in the guide books.

"I might add to this list of time-wasting practices the American habit of visiting and lingering around all the monuments to men, big and small, in European cities. Men who never turn to right or left in New York to distinguish between a statue and a drinking fountain race wildly on the continent after the most insignificant public statues, as if every public monument were as worthy as the Arch of Triumph in Paris, or the Brandenburg gate in Berlin or the Trafalgar square shaft in London. And while chasing up these animals and churches and commonplace statues of people they never heard of the American tourists neglect the art galleries, the libraries, the great military spectacles and the peculiarly national entertainments whose like they never have seen and cannot find on this side of the water."—N. Y. Sun.

Loud Talkers and Low Speakers.

Funny writers and stage comedians make the mistake of representing country people as very loud talkers, remarked Col. Leonard Ainsworth, of Arkansas. As a matter of fact, persons who are accustomed to the quiet and solitude of rural life speak in a very low tone of voice, while those who live in the constant din and nerve-racking noises of the city naturally acquire the habit of talking loudly. The reason for the difference is plain. When you city folks meet on the street you have to elevate your voices to a high pitch in order to make yourselves heard. I never come to St. Louis or visit any other large city that I don't soon get a sore throat from overexerting my voice. Of course, you who live here are used to the strain on your voice and don't suffer from it as I do. If you ever heard an Indian talk you will realize the force of what I say. I never saw a real Indian that spoke much above a whisper. He illustrates exactly what I mean. The Indian lives in quiet and solitude. His atmosphere is not filled with noises and tympanum-piercing sounds. Consequently, he does not have to elevate his voice in carrying on conversation. Your city arab, the counterpart of the Indian, talks loud enough when he comes to Arkansas to be heard in the next county.—St. Louis Republic.

TEMPERANCE.

HIS FATHER WAKED UP.

Investigates and Finds His Son a Cigarette Fiend.

The other morning I read about the great evil that was being done by the cigarette smoking. It set me thinking. I have a boy between eight and nine years old—my only child. Some time ago I caught him smoking and told him not to do it any more. The more I thought the more interested I became, and I resolved to investigate.

Upon reaching home I called for my boy. He was out. I went to his room on the top floor. I had not been there in a year. His mother always took care of him. As soon as I opened the door my worst fears were realized. The evidence of cigarette smoking was there. The smell was like that of a morgue. On the mantel lay two stubs, and on the dresser were three more. The floor was covered with cigarette ashes. I pulled out the top drawer of the bureau, and there lay a half-box of cigarettes. In another drawer I found a double handful of buttons on which were mottoes that were unfit for a man to read, let alone a boy. In a small box I found about 50 photographs, such as are given away with cigarettes. They were mostly pictures of theatrical people.

I left them as I found them and went downstairs and called my wife. She

"HE HAD SMOKED TOO MANY CIGARETTES."

came in. I asked her if she knew that Jim was smoking cigarettes.

She replied: "Yes; so do all the other boys."

I handed the Tribune to her and told her to read that, and pointed to the article. I sat and watched her, not letting her know that I had done so. After she had finished reading she looked at me and then at the paper.

Then she said: "Don't scold Jimmie. It's all my fault. I gave him money to buy them. He begged so hard for it. We can get him to stop it."

We had some further talk, and Jimmie came in for dinner. When we sat at the table his mother kept looking at him to see if there were any marks of the habit described in the paper. He noticed what she was doing, and asked her why she was looking at him. She tried to turn it off, and asked if he had been to Sunday school. He said no; that he had been off to Frank's house, as he (Frank) was very sick. Jim and another little boy had been over there to call on Frank. My wife asked what was the matter with Frank.

Jim replied: "I don't know. The doctor's afraid he won't get well, and said he had smoked too many cigarettes."

The knife and fork dropped from my wife's hands. She burst out crying. I had to leave the room, and when I returned we talked to Jim. I asked him how many packages he had smoked. He could not tell, only he smoked sometimes three packages a day, and more when he won them. He told me about a game the boys played with the picture cards, and also another one they played with buttons, and said he had won as much as 40 cents in one day.

I asked what he had done with his money. He said he bought cigarettes with it. I asked who had taught him to smoke. He replied:

"Papa, you smoke all the time, and I tried to smoke cigars, but they made me sick."

This was too much for me. I had to go. I made up my mind never to smoke another cigar as long as I lived.

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

A thick tongue and a thin purse are likely to be the property of the same man.—Ram's Horn.

Alcohol arouses the demon of bad passions, and impels men to acts which are followed by bitter remorse.—Lever.

A party of bakers met in a Chicago saloon on May 26 and indulged in a whisky drinking contest. Result, one man dead and two not expected to recover.

Christian America lies under the tyrannical dominion of a liquor power cruel as fate, and as persistently aggressive as the evil one.—National Temperance Advocate.

"Fortune knocks at every man's door once in a life," but in a good many cases the man is in a neighboring saloon and does not hear the knock.—Tammany Times.

Somerville, Mass., the banner no-license city in the state, is considering the adoption of an amendment to its charter forever prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors.

Six hundred million of dollars is spent in America alone for an article that is sapping the life-blood of the nation—"enough," says Talmage, "to feed, clothe and shelter all the suffering poor of the continent."

Melvin Strous, aged 13 years, son of D. W. Strous, a prominent druggist of Monon, Ind., is violently insane as the result of continued indulging in the cigarette habit. He has smoked for the past five years, and it is estimated that he has smoked in all over 50,000 cigarettes

LIQUOR OR BREAD.

Provisions for Which a Small Daily Outlay Would Pay in a Year.

A Pennsylvania grocer received the following letter:

"Dear Sir: Having been accustomed to spending 20 cents a day for whisky, I find by saving it I can order from you during one year 3 barrels of flour, 100 pounds of granulated sugar, 25 pounds of corn starch, 125 pounds of macaroni, 60 pounds of white beans, 6 pounds of ground pepper, 1 dozen scrub brushes, 50 pounds of sal soda, 20 pounds of roasted coffee, 25 cans of tomatoes, 24 cans of mackerel, 50 pounds of best raisins, 1 dozen packages of herbs, 40 pounds of codfish, 110 pounds of buckwheat flour, 100 pounds of oatmeal, 20 pounds of rice, 1 barrel of crackers, 100 pounds of hominy, 18 pounds of mincemeat, 1 dozen brooms, 12 bottles of machine oil, 20 pounds Oolong tea, 24 cans of green peas, 20 pounds dried apples, 25 pounds of prunes, 40 pounds of laundry starch, 28 pounds table salt, 25 pounds of lard, 12 bottles of maple sirup, 100 bars of soap, 2 gallons of chow chow, 1 ream of note paper, 500 envelopes, 2 newspapers for a year. I had no idea my drinking bad been costing me so much, and believe now I can live better and buy more for my family."

The grocer stated that the money saved would be ample to provide all the goods enumerated. There are, no doubt, many men who spend 20 cents a day, or more, for liquor, whose families would feel that the millennium was near if they could only have one-half of this bill of necessities stored in their kitchen or cellars. Many a merchant who, with a moderate profit on goods enough to properly supply those who would naturally buy of him, does a dull business and is obliged to credit where he knows there is danger of loss, while the saloon near by gathers in the dollars of the heads of families.—From an Exchange.

SUNSTROKE IN INEBRIATES.

User of Intoxicants More Liable Than Others to Be Overcome by Heat.

Experience in India and other warm countries has indicated an extreme fatality from sunstroke in persons using alcohol to excess.

The congestion and vaso motor paralysis, common in all inebriates, are both predisposing and exciting causes for the coma from the sun's rays. The breaking up of the heat regulating centers of the brain by alcohol leaves the body powerless to resist the sun's rays. Yet this fact is not very widely recognized, and every summer the record of such cases becomes more prominent. Dr. Norton, in the New York Medical Journal, reports 50 cases of sunstroke brought into the Presbyterian hospital with the following comment:

"The use of alcohol seemed to have a direct unfavorable influence. The habit was marked in 32 per cent., moderate in 46 per cent., denied in ten per cent., in the remaining 12 per cent. no history could be obtained. Eight persons were markedly alcoholic on admission, and of these four died."—Journal of Inebriety.

SAVED BY A KIND WORD.

Lifted from a Common Drunkard to Respectable Manhood.

He had lost all respectability, and was a common gutter drunkard. His family had disowned him, and would not recognize him when they met him. Occasionally he would get a job at the stables where Dr. Jarvis kept his horses. One morning the doctor laid his hands on his shoulders and said: "Jim, I wish you would give up drink." There was something like a quiver on the man's lips as he answered: "If I thought you cared, I would, but there is a gulf between you and me." "Have I made any gulf, Jim?" "No, you—haven't." "If you had been a millionaire, could I have treated you more like a gentleman?" "No, you couldn't." "I do care, Jim." There were tears in the eyes of the man now. "I do care, Jim," with tender little emphasis on the Jim. "Dr. Davis, I'll never touch another drop of liquor as long as I live; here's my hand to it." This was 15 years ago, and Jim is to-day a respectable and respected man, and an earnest Christian. —Scottish Reformer.

Diabolical Business Shrewdness.

Business shrewdness and financial ability are unfortunately not confined to the better classes of merchants. At a recent meeting of the liquor league of Ohio, one of the officers remarked: that after a man was grown and temperance habits formed he seldom changed; and he therefore drew the conclusion that for the success of the liquor business missionary work must be done among the boys. "Nickels expended in treats to the young now will return in dollars after the appetite has been formed." Even the habitual drinker must stand appalled before the frankness of statement of such diabolical facts.—Youth's Companion.

Why the Dutchman Gave Up Lager.

A reformed Dutchman tells his experience as follows: "I sall tell you how it vas when I drink mine lager; den I put mine hand on mine head and dare vos von pain. Den I put mine hand on mine body and dare vas anoder pain. Den I put mine hand in mine pocket and dar vas nodhing. So I jine mid de demperence. Now dare is no pain more in mine head, and de pain in mine body vos all gone away. I put mine hand in mine pocket, and dare vas dwenty dollars. So I stay mid de demperence."

Danger in Soda Water.

The Central Woman's Christian Temperance union of Chicago has issued a word of alarm and warning to young girls concerning the drinks obtainable at the soda fountains of the city. They are called by different names: sherry flip, claret sangaree, creme de menthe, calisaya, etc., and are ordered by young girls for a cold, to take the place of a luncheon, or for a chance to sit down after a busy day of shopping. These drinks all contain alcohol.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—It is illegal to practice hypnotism in Belgium.

—An inventor in Madrid has succeeded in making a superior quality of soap out of grasshoppers.

—To obtain admission as a member of the "Giants' club" in Berlin a man must be at least six feet in height.

—All of the blood in the human body is driven through the heart in about 32 beats—in less than half a minute.

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More Gowns Are Made Impossible by Careless Packing Than by Wear.

Now a word of advice can be given to the woman traveler who is not so fortunate as to possess a well-trained maid. Pack your own trunks and pack with care.

More rumpled and impossible gowns are due to careless packing and loose adjusting than any other one thing. No amount of tight packing or of pressure applied downward will do more than accentuate the natural folds. A single toss of the trunk that is loosely packed means a hopeless jumble of hats, wraps, bodices, laces and what not.

Begin at the foundation with the heaviest garments. Do not fold too much; shake skirts from the waistband and spread them for the entire length without folding that the size of the trunk will allow. If not, spread out with great care in the folds which are naturally taken when held in an upright position, and turn over smoothly at the top.

Shake wraps from the shoulders, lay them out in the folds they naturally take, with great care smooth the sleeves and turn the fronts over on the back, smoothing and adjusting all trimmings and frills so as to avoid horizontal creases.

It is impossible to so fold a garment as to avoid all lines, but those taken lengthwise of the cloth readily disappear and are also little noticed, as they take the direction of the folds formed by the garment itself.

Jackets, however, must be so managed as to show not a crease. Loose bodices require tissue paper for the support of puffs and the like, but they can be saved from much rumpling if spread out in the trunk and folded as little as possible. Then pack close and tight.

Hats should be packed firmly, so as not to move, and for this purpose any light article, such as handkerchiefs, mouchoir cases, or soft and pliable objects that will not crush or injure the fashionable headgear may be used.—Philadelphia Press.

Gowns for Warm Days.

The present is undoubtedly a season of lace, ribbons and fluffy effects.

Black lace over colored silk is once more in vogue, and the organdies and transparent lawns are sufficient to tempt the most austere of women to extravagance.

A favorite style shows a skirt formed by two full knife plaitings worn over a silk slip. The greater number of bodices show the bolero idea, and the variety of these little additions to the toilet is almost bewildering.

Women of wealth who have stores of costly lace are having priceless shawls made over, or draped, into the popular style. Less fortunate ones have the opportunity to buy lovely garnitures ready made for a small sum.

Ribbons are seen in profusion. Long sash ends fall over the skirts and bows adorn the belts in a most fascinating fashion. Coquettish one-sided effects are noticeable and allow an opportunity for personal skill and preference.—Chicago Record.

She Knows Better.

"I read in the papers that bananas were wholesome food," said Mrs. McSwilligen to Mrs. Squildig, "but I don't believe it. I ate some before going to bed last night and I have felt sick ever since."

"How many bananas did you eat?" asked her friend.

"Not many. I don't think I ate more than six or seven."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Taking Things Good Naturedly.

"Confound you, what are you grinning at?" asked the man who was getting himself held up.

"Oh, well," chuckled the footpad, "I never was a man to take things seriously."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

MADE FAMOUS BY BLAINE.

Blaine Salmon and the Origin of Their Reputation.

There are nearly 200 weirs between Prospect Ferry and the foot of Sears' Island, eight miles below, and though some of the well-to-do fishermen indulge in the luxury of a salmon dinner now and then, they always buy canned fish, because Oregon and Alaska salmon sell for ten cents a pound, while a pound of the same species of fish taken from Penobscot river will bring 30 cents as soon as the fish is caught. For these reasons the local fishermen sell all their catch in Boston and cities further west, receiving large pay for fish which are no better than fish which swim in Puget sound.

Though several reasons have been assigned for this difference in price, the late James G. Blaine is said to have been the man who brought Maine salmon into high repute. In the summer of 1880, a short time before the republican national convention was to assemble in Chicago, a hotel keeper of the Windy City, knowing that Mr. Blaine was to be a leading candidate, wrote to an Augusta fish dealer an order for a ton of Kennebec river salmon, believing that fish that were caught from this river, which flowed by Mr. Blaine's home, would be a popular dish with the supporters of the Maine candidate. Though the Kennebec river has not yielded a ton of salmon in 50 years, the Augusta market man did not see fit to mention the fact, but came to Bucksport, bought his fish, put them on ice and sent them on to the hotel, where they were served and billed on the menus as "Kennebec salmon a la Blaine."

Senator Conkling, of New York, and a few other members of the famous "306" refused to eat of the dish, but most of the guests ate it and liked it, and the reputation of Kennebec salmon became national. Every year since then the Augusta market men have received orders for salmon from all parts of the country, and have had them filled in Bangor and other places on the Penobscot; and though Oregon salmon is equally good, the Maine fish always brings better prices.

Sixty years ago salmon were so plenty in the Penobscot that farmers hauled them on to their land by the cart load and used them for dressing for potatoes and corn. There was no need of weirs then, for a hedge built out into tidewater from the shore would capture more in one tide than all the present weirs take in a season. Mr. Pierce, an old citizen of this town, says that he has seen an acre of mud flats covered from five to ten fish deep with salmon caught below one hedge, and when the water got low on the ebb he has seen the mud thrown 30 feet in the air by the struggling fish. Then all the teams in the neighborhood were kept hauling until the tide came back and put a stop to the work. In 1845 Alvah Page, of Bucksport, hauled 14 cart loads of salmon from his weir in one tide and thinks there were as many more dead ones which he could not get for the coming tide. Though he did not weigh them, he believes that he took more than 30 tons of salmon at that time. Besides salmon, there were thousands of great fat shad and tons and tons of alewives and porgies.

At present the business is at so low an ebb that able-bodied men cannot afford to follow it, so most of the work is done by old men and boys. The average catch of a Penobscot river weir is two or three 15-pound salmon a week. Though a few shad are caught now and then, and though a dozen or more drop in nearly every tide, the labor of keeping night watch, the expense of repairing weirs and boats, and mending marlin, and the general watchfulness which are required in order to make the business a success do not yield sufficient returns to warrant the erection of new weirs.

The best customer for the Penobscot salmon fishermen is the United States fish hatchery at Orland, which buys 1,050 to 1,500 salmon a year, paying a few cents above market price for live fish. These salmon are kept in tanks until November, when they are stripped of their eggs and milt, marked with a number and dated tag, and turned loose into the sea. Many fishes have been caught four and five times, though none of them comes back to the river until the second season after being liberated. The young fry which hatch in the winter are kept until the next fall, when they are shipped to all parts of the country. Many are sent abroad in exchange for fish of other species.—N. Y. Sun.

A Good Bird Dog.

Col. J. W. Barnett, in New Orleans, told a story of an unusually fine bird dog that he once owned, the best dog, he said, that ever was in his possession. He had trained the dog with great care to know a bird by the feathers it dropped. Did a partridge drop a feather the dog would take the scent and find the bird's retreat. One day the colonel hit a wild duck, but only knocked out a few wing feathers. The dog sniffed them and started away. After a little his master called him, but got no response, and at the end of an exhaustive search of the neighborhood went home, expecting the dog would come along later. But the dog didn't come home until a week afterward, when one day he appeared, thin and bedraggled, just able to trot slowly along the road, but carrying a dead duck. The colonel had saved the wing feathers which he saw the dog last sniff, and, upon comparison, found that they had belonged to the duck the faithful brute brought home. Apparently the dog had followed the quarry until he found its roosting place and nabbed it asleep.—N. Y. Sun.

—On a recent Sunday, while Rev. J. W. Chadwick was preaching in the Second Unitarian church, of Brooklyn, his voice suddenly failed. His wife at once proceeded to the pulpit and finished his sermon for him, after which she conducted the service to its close

THE MAN OF MONEY.

Points and Peculiarities of the Very Rich American.

In the popular imagination the very rich man occupies a peculiar position. Everyone would like to be very rich, for the possession of a million, or, not to be too primitive, let us say two millions, represents independence, freedom from toil, a life of ease, if not pleasure, opportunities for making one's self felt, or for benefiting one's fellows, or carrying out long-cherished schemes of some sort. Yet the very people who long for wealth picture those who possess it in a very different light. In proportion to their distance from the world of the very rich is their ignorance of it; and much as the man in moderate circumstances may long for wealth he never fails to misrepresent to himself the result of possessing it, while among the poor the very rich man is gradually coming to be looked upon as a sort of public enemy who becomes richer and richer, while the rest of the world grows poorer and poorer. Explain to them as much as you will that this is not a fact; that the very rich are so few in number that their wealth divided among their fellows would make no one appreciably richer, or that all great fortunes are very soon broken up, or that the poor are improving their condition quite as steadily and surely as the rich, what you say makes no impression. To be rich is every man's dream. To be poor is to suffer that others may wax fat and kick.

The very rich man of real life is, for a variety of reasons, difficult to describe, so that the picture will seem fair. His peculiarity is that he has so few typical peculiarities. He is neither necessarily lavish, nor loud, nor noisy, nor fond of self-assertion. Though he may, of course, be one, or all, of these, he is just as apt to be a rather quiet man, whom you would pass in a crowd without thinking twice about him. Inexperienced persons, sometimes, hearing that one of the very rich is near them, try to pick him out—almost always unsuccessfully, because they inevitably think he must be a noticeable person. Their mistake comes from their not knowing that the effect of wealth, after the first froth is off, is often to sober and chasten. Even noisy, boastful braggarts, suddenly overtaken with wealth, sometimes become noted for their quiet, retiring manners. A multimillionaire may spend a whole evening without letting the cat out of the bag. On the other hand, he may make the room echo with his boasts; but in this case it almost always turns out that he is something else besides a very rich man—a philanthropist, or a corruptionist, or a journalist, perhaps. Our remarks are intended to be confined to those who are merely very rich. Their aim seems to be as often as not to render themselves in dress and manners and speech indistinguishable.

The law is not made any easier for them on account of their wealth. The taxes fall upon them with equal weight, so far as houses and lands are concerned, and though they may be "let off" a little as to their stocks and bonds this is not owing to the law, but through the cleverness of some attorney whom they must quietly retain and pay for the work. The law is always on the alert. The wealthiest may any day be confronted by a decision of the court of last resort that the right to a glass of sherry and bitters at his club has been taken from him; if he keeps any considerable amount of valuables on his premises, he must have private detectives to guard them; if he gives a ball, he is loudly criticised for his extravagance, and his wife is caricatured; if he does not subscribe liberally to public objects, he is held up to public reprobation as a miser; if he is so unlucky as not to get into a club the fact is advertised as if he had been defeated in an election to congress, and any objections to his life and conversation, or to his personal appearance which may have affected the result, are bawled out under the head of "club news."

The result of the dangers which threaten, and the jealousy and suspicion which surround him, is that in the end he is very far from daring to be the arrogant, purse-proud creature he is painted by popular imagination. So far from being haughty, he has seldom even the high spirits and power of enjoyment that ought to go with wealth. Indeed, the millionaire, as we know him, is generally a quiet, reserved man, who rarely expresses an opinion except about the tires of bicycles, or the weather, or the best places to buy shoes and underclothing, and evidently shrinks from advancing views which, however mistaken, he may be called upon to support with cash.

The very rich American, in short, is apt to be embarrassed. His tastes are still more or less those of a primitive, semi-rural community, founded upon equality, managed under democratic forms, in which rank and title and etiquette do not exist, yet this social organization, which was in its full flower a generation ago, is submerged by a new civilization, of which he is the head, which is not arranged for him or prepared to receive him, and of which he is at once the boast and the butt. He is the victim of a social order which he represents but does not understand. He knows that he is one of the great of the earth, but does not know how to manage it all. It has to be managed for him by private secretaries, and "major domos," and above all by his wife and children, who make him build a house as big as a hospital on a two-acre lot, and entertain "house parties" of young people whose names he does not know. Quiet is the role of such a man, and quiet he generally is. In his own set he may find relief and momentary solace in boasting about his liquors and cigars, or stocks, but when he goes abroad among those who would give their eyes to change places with him, his one idea is often to escape notice.—N. Y. Post.

SCIENCE AND INDUSRYT.

—In Spain the goat is the domestic substitute for the cow, that country having 4,530,000 goats.

—The other day 1,800 packages of flowers, weighing 11 tons, were dispatched from the isles of Scilly for London.

—It was in 1747 that a German chemist named Marggraf discovered that sugar could be made from beets, but the beet sugar industry did not begin till half a century later.

—Italy's exports for the first four months of 1897 were 385,953,370 francs, while her imports were 379,794,130 francs. This is the first time in 26 years that the exports exceeded the imports.

—According to the experiments of M. Seguy and M. Quenisset the X rays cause dangerous palpitations of the heart. The experiments were made on medical students and upon themselves, and M. Seguy and M. Quenisset describe the palpitations as violent and unendurable unless the rays were intercepted by a metallic plate.

—"Alcohol," said Mr. Martindale, in a paper read recently before the Pharmaceutical society, "is not a germicide. When present to the extent of 20 per cent. by volume of absolute alcohol it has an inhibitory effect on the germination of most of the micro-organisms occurring in aqueous solutions of vegetable and animal substances; but the germs propagate readily as it evaporates."

—Alaska, our remarkable outlying territory, is almost as large in area as the entire United States east of the Mississippi. It is rich in mineral wealth and has already yielded many times its cost in the precious and other metals. Every year its value to the United States is increasing, and yet it is entirely isolated from the rest of our territory—just as Cuba would be were we to acquire it.

AMERICAN TOURISTS.

Devote Themselves Abroad to Things They Wouldn't See at Home.

"One of the curiosities of American travel abroad," said a tourist who has just returned from his annual spring jaunt on the continent, "is a man's anxiety to look at the very things in Europe that he can see, if he will, at his own doorsteps at home. For instance, about every young New Yorker who passes a few weeks on the continent goes to all the zoological gardens mentioned in the guide books. In Dresden he may ignore the Bruhl terrace, take but a fleeting glance at the wonderful art gallery, and hardly wink at the footprints of the great Napoleon, but he will gape for a whole afternoon at the bears and lions, tigers and elephants in the zoological garden, although at home he never would dream of passing half the time in the park or circus menagerie; in fact, probably would not think of going to either once a year.

"He does the same thing in Vienna, in Paris, in Frankfort and in Berlin. In each of these towns there are a thousand rare sights that he never will see duplicated in his native land, but he leaves half of them unobserved to hunt up more bears, lions and tigers in the local menageries.

"Next to the zoological gardens, the churches seem to have the strongest hold on the American sightseers. Now, outside of a few masterpieces of cathedral architecture, central European churches do not appeal to the untrained eye any more than do many of our fine American churches. The time used by the average American youth in examining spires and gaping at vaults, altars and chancels is just so much time wasted, as, to his eye, the whole exhibition is just what he sees any day in passing St. Paul's or old Trinity, or the cathedral. Yet he clings to those churches as he does to the zoological gardens, just because they are mentioned in the guide books.

"I might add to this list of time-wasting practices the American habit of visiting and lingering around all the monuments to men, big and small, in European cities. Men who never turn to right or left in New York to distinguish between a statue and a drinking fountain race wildly on the continent after the most insignificant public statues, as if every public monument were as worthy as the Arch of Triumph in Paris, or the Brandenburg gate in Berlin or the Trafalgar square shaft in London. And while chasing up these animals and churches and commonplace statues of people they never heard of the American tourists neglect the art galleries, the libraries, the great military spectacles and the peculiarly national entertainments whose like they never have seen and cannot find on this side of the water."—N. Y. Sun.

Loud Talkers and Low Speakers.

Funny writers and stage comedians make the mistake of representing country people as very loud talkers, remarked Col. Leonard Ainsworth, of Arkansas. As a matter of fact, persons who are accustomed to the quiet and solitude of rural life speak in a very low tone of voice, while those who live in the constant din and nerve-racking noises of the city naturally acquire the habit of talking loudly. The reason for the difference is plain. When you city folks meet on the street you have to elevate your voices to a high pitch in order to make yourselves heard. I never come to St. Louis or visit another large city that I don't soon get a sore throat from overexerting my voice. Of course, you who live here are used to the strain on your voice and don't suffer from it as I do. If you ever heard an Indian talk you will realize the force of what I say. I never saw a real Indian that spoke much above a whisper. He illustrates exactly what I mean. The Indian lives in quiet and solitude. His atmosphere is not filled with noises and tympanum-piercing sounds. Consequently, he does not have to elevate his voice in carrying on conversation. Your city rube, the counterpart of the Indian, talks loud enough when he comes to Arkansas to be heard in the next county.—St. Louis Republic.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first publication of the same:*

State Senator, $10; County Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $5; County Commissioner, $5; County Surveyor, $2.50.

FOR STATE SENATOR.

OAKLAND, Md., June 9, 1897.

To the Republicans of Garrett County:

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the nomination of State Senator, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of all members of the Republican party.

JOHN SHARTZER.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the nomination of County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention and solicit the support of my many friends.

HORACE R. DEWITT.

Hoyes, District No. 6.

At the solicitation of my many friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

MAHLON GLOTFELTY.
District No. 6. McHenry, Md.

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

V. PERRY LEE.
District No. 8. P. O., Bayard, W. Va.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the Republicans of said county.

H. N. FREDLOCK.
Oakland District, No. 7.

FOR HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the House of Delegates, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and solicit the support of the Republican party.

P. E. FINZEL.
District No. 9. P. O. Frostburg, Md.

THE man who does write: an editor.

THE Keyser *Tribune* has been sold by the publishers, A. V. Douglass & Bro., to Wm. C. Long, who for many years has published the Moorefield *Examiner*.

THE gold Democrats are already indicating a determination to stand in line with the Republicans against free silver even though the new tariff bill has not been framed on Democratic lines.

THE farmers of Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio will receive $5,000,000 more for their wheat this year than in 1896. Not many will be disposed to grumble that the dollars are too valuable.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

THE fact that the anti-trust proposition was not incorporated in the tariff bill does not mean that the Republicans are going to omit its active support. On the contrary, it will be pushed as an independent measure at once, the only reason for the failure to place it in the tariff bill being because of the delay in that measure which the discussion of this proposition would be sure to cause.

THE wheat crop of the United States is in most sections good and the prospects are for much better prices than those realized last year. This will make the calamity campaign which the Democrats are proposing to wage somewhat difficult, especially in Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, whose farmers will realize probably $5,000,000 more for their wheat than they did last year.

WHILE the presence of several months' supply of bonded goods in the warehouses of the country will largely reduce the earnings of the new tariff law for the first few months of its existence, Chairman Dingley and other tariff experts in Washington express the belief that the new law will supply ample revenue after this stock of "anticipatory imports" is disposed of.

THE stock exchanges of New York, Chicago and other great cities are in quite a flurry over the fact that the Republicans inserted a clause in the new tariff bill proposing to levy a tax of two cents per share on all purchases of stock of a par value of $100 or less, and also a stamp tax upon all stocks issued, except by building associations and organizations of a similar character. This proposition, it is believed, will add an average of a million dollars a month to the income of the government and is destined to be an extremely popular and satisfactory addition to the tariff bill.

FARMERS who are feeling a great interest in the production of sugar in the United States will not be enamored of the party which threatened even the life of the tariff bill in order to prevent the adoption of a bounty clause giving a quarter of a cent a lb. as an encouragement for the production of beet sugar. The Republican Senators at the close of the tariff debate proposed an amendment paying a quarter of a cent a pound bounty for the term of five years on beet sugar produced in the United States and would have promptly passed it but for the announcement of Chairman Jones of the Democratic National Committee that the proposition would be met with a prolonged and indefinite discussion which would greatly delay and perhaps endanger the final passage of the tariff bill. The sugar trust is greatly opposed to the encouragement of beet-sugar production in the United States, and it will be remembered that Senator Jones is one of the men who framed the present low-tariff law in a way to make the sugar trust the most powerful and successful organization in the United States to-day.

PRIOR to the enactment of the Wilson law, the eastern cities and manufacturing establishments were supplied with coal largely from the Virginia and West Virginia mines. When the Wilson law was enacted, however, coal from Nova Scotia invaded the eastern market, driving out the Virginia and West Virginia product, and compelled the mines of that section to find a market elsewhere. The result was that their coal went west instead of east as it formerly had done, and with reduced rates was laid down in the markets of Cincinnati, Chicago, and other western cities at such low rates that a coal war followed by a railroad rate war was precipitated. The natural result of this and the reductions in prices which followed was a reduction in wages of coal miners, all of which is thus clearly traceable to the Wilson law and its reduction in duties on coal. Happily the new tariff bill restores practically the McKinley law rates, and there is good reason to believe that the miners as well as other laboring men will soon feel the effects of restored protection and restored prosperity. The Wilson law reduced the rates of duty on coal from 75 cents per ton to 40 cents per ton. This is just about the amount of reduction in miners' wages of which complaint is now being made and emphasized by the strike announced for July 4th. President Ratchford of the United Mine Workers' Association, in a communication to the New York *Herald*, indicates that the wages of miners have been reduced since 1893 an average of 30 cents per ton, which is just about the amount of the reduction in duties made by the Wilson law. Curiously this reduction in wages is thus coincident as to time and amount with the reduction in tariff. That the reduction in wages was a direct result of the decreased tariff is thus accurately shown in the above striking series of facts.

Taxing Aliens.

One of the good effects immediately following the passage of the law by the Pennsylvania legislature taxing alien workmen (unnaturalized foreigners) three cents per day each, and making it incumbent on the employer to collect the tax by withholding the amount from the workmen's pay, has been witnessed in the action of the Allegheny Valley railroad. Orders have been issued for the discharge of every unnaturalized workmen in the employ of the road. The reason given is that the road does not care to bother with the collection of the tax.

It turns out that nearly every section hand on the entire road is an unnaturalized foreigner, of the class that never intend to become naturalized, but after accumulating a few dollars and enjoying the advantages of a few years residence in a free country, return to their own land with their savings. Hereafter only American citizens, native and naturalized, will be employed by the road.

The law is bound to have a good effect in Pennsylvania. The class of unnaturalized foreigners aimed at has been crowding out American labor to very great extent. Those composing it work for low wages, are satisfied to live as no self-respecting American working-man cares to live, and yet they enjoy the protection of our laws, their children get the benefit of education at public expense, while they themselves have little respect for law and order, never expect to become citizens and pay no taxes. It is probable that other employers will follow the example of the Allegheny road, as they are not likely to want to be bothered with the collection of the three cent tax, and the result will be the clearing out of this undesirable class of labor in Pennsylvania.

Next to a national immigration law which would admit only such immigrants of good character as come here in good faith to assume the duties of citizenship, state laws like that in Pennsylvania will go far toward accomplishing the end sought. If these men are to live off of this country without becoming citizens they should be made to pay their share of its support or return home.

We trust, however, that a proper restrictive act will be passed by Congress before long. One that gave great satisfaction and had been petitioned for by the people was passed by the Republican Congress, but was vetoed out by President Cleveland. President McKinley would not veto such an act, and there is good reason to believe that at its regular session the present Congress will pass another and then more satisfactory measure.

Good Times at Hand.

The present administration has been in power only four months, and so some calamity howlers are looking for the errors of four years to be corrected in so short a time. Yet, notwithstanding the impossibility of such an expectation, the truth is, that good times are at hand and the news comes from all directions. For this all good citizens will be thankful, but what shall be said of a nest of politicians who are playing the copperhead game as they did in the war, and attempting to defeat good times in hopes of securing Democratic success.—Free Quill.

Senator Wellington's Position.

A great deal of injustice has been done Senator Wellington, of Maryland, by the press of the country in reporting the proceedings of the Senate committee on commerce in considering the qualifications of the gentleman appointed to the consulship at Leipsic, Germany, by the president.

The senator objected to the appointment on the grounds of unfitness. He did not want the appointment credited to the Republican party of Maryland. He claimed the gentleman was not fitted for the service and therefore would be a discredit to the consular service of the country.

The president, for some reason, would not withdraw the appointment. This is unfortunate for the country. It seems to us no man in the country is better fitted to determine what the Republican party needs in Maryland and the South than the senator. He is the first man who was able to open the gateway to the South for the Republican party. The gateway has been closed for thirty-two years, and this leader was the first to open it. He is entitled to encouragement and consideration by the Republican leaders. All he asks is justice.

He not only has the Democratic party of Maryland to fight, but also has a Republican ring in the city council of Baltimore to resist. Every pledge he has made to the people of his native State has been redeemed by the enactment of the legislation demanded by the people. A great deal is being said about presidential prerogatives and senatorial prerogatives. They are well defined by the constitution.

The president of the United States has a power almost despotic. His power is second only to that of the czar of Russia and it is well that a senator has the courage and patriotism to arise in his seat to teach the president and the country the prerogatives of a senator. The fathers were wise, in framing the constitution, in throwing around the Republic the strong arm of the senate.

We believe Senator Wellington is right and will win in the end. He is honest, brave and sincere. He is devoted to principle. To this brave man who led the Republican party of the South to its duty and its mission, who overcame the members of the opposition, who lifted that section from the slough of prejudice and led them out of the darkness of tradition, let there be all honor and praise.

The struggle is not yet ended, the final battle is not fought, but complete victory sooner or later is assured. In moral as in physical conflicts it may be easy to determine who strikes the first blow, but it is difficult to foresee who may strike the last.—Chambersburg Public Opinion.

Communicated.

To the Editor of The Republican.

Without in any way reflecting upon one's claims for recognition, I want to say a word, by your permission, in favor of the nomination of John Shartzer, Esq., for the State Senate. I have a very extensive acquaintance throughout the northern and eastern sections of the county, and have taken some pains to ascertain the sentiment of leading and influential Republicans in the sections above mentioned concerning their preference for Senator, and I now feel justified in predicting the nomination of Mr. Shartzer.

He is a Republican, a native of the county, a wide-awake, progressive citizen, a business man of more than ordinary ability, and will make a representive who will give just and full consideration to the interests and wishes of all his constituents. I hope you will find space for this expression of opinion based upon information gathered as above.

A REPUBLICAN.

Friendsville, Md., July 13.

STRUCK SOME SNAGS.

Difficult Points for Tariff Conferees to Settle.

WASHINGTON, July 12.—The tariff conferees have struck some snags in their work. The minor matters were easily adjusted, but on all important matters there has been no agreement, and the outlook today was that several reports would have to be made before an adjustment could be reached. The House conferees are standing solidly by their bill and the Senate conferees are no less tenacious.

The Senate conferees have laid before the House members the condition in the Senate, where there is not an actual majority of the Republicans, and where other than Republican votes are necessary to pass the bill or adopt a conference report. They asserted that in 1894 the Democrats were in better shape in the Senate than the Republicans are now, as they had an actual majority, yet the House was finally compelled to accept the Senate bill in order to pass it.

The members of the House are standing by their bill, nevertheless, and have told the senators that they cannot accept the Senate amendments on many important items. The more important features of the bill are not settled, and the conferees find trouble on items outside of sugar, wool, coal and lead. Lumber has been in dispute, and the House conferees have insisted that the House rate on white pine must be accepted, and they have been supported in this by Senator Burrows, of Michigan. The House rate was $2 and the Senate reduced it to $1. The Senate conferees say that if the House rate is restored it will provoke a long discussion in the Senate, and that no one can tell when the bill would get out of the Senate again. Straw matting, which the Senate put on the free list, is an item of contention. The House conferees have refused to accept even the rate which was originally reported in the Senate bill and stand for the House rate. Burlaps, cotton ties and other items which were placed on the free list by the Senate met with great hostility from the House conferees, and so far nothing in the way of a compromise offered by the Senate members has been accepted.

The House conferees are also insisting upon higher compensatory duties on manufactures of cotton on account of the duty of 20 per cent. on raw cotton. The House members have maintained that the House bill has been commended more than the Senate bill, and that the conference should get us close to it as possible. The Senate conferees, in addition to presenting the present political complexion of the Senate, have pointed out the difficulty that will occur if several reports of partial agreements and disagreements are made. They have told the House members that it will lead to endless discussion, that they have no power to force a vote, and that there is not a majority in the Senate to keep the Senate in session in case of a filibuster against the conference report.

Discovering Bargains.

It is the age of hustling. As the New York *Herald* says: "A merchant may have the finest wares of their kind on earth, but if he goes asleep and waits for people to discover the merits of his goods he is liable to 'get left.'" There's a reason why this is so—people haven't time to go from store to store to hunt up the things which they need. As a rule they do their exploring among the advertisements. If they find promising indications there they follow them up. In any case, they go instinctively to the stores they know of—the stores that beckon to them through the newspapers.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites, can be taken as easily in summer as in winter. Unlike the plain oil it is palatable, and the hypophosphites that are in it aid in digestion and at the same time tone up the system.

For sickly, delicate children, and for those whose lungs are affected, it is a mistake to leave it off in the summer months. The dose may be reduced if necessary.

We recommend the small size especially for summer use, and for children, where a smaller dose is required. It should be kept in a cool place after it is once opened.

For sale by all druggists at 50c. and $1.00

Died.

Having seen but a slight notice of the death of Mrs. Mary Ann Savage, which occurred at her home near Sang Run, June 23, 1897, we deem it no more than just to speak of at least some of the good qualities of her life. Her age was above sixty-eight years. To all those who knew her she was a living epistle known and read by them. She was industrious, self-denying, charitable and kind to all, and ever ready and willing to lend a helping hand in every time of need.

Being quiet, gentle, patient, forbearing and sympathetic, this good woman made no distinction among those she visited in doing them good; in visiting the sick, relieving the suffering, and distributing to needs and necessities, thus willing as it were, to sacrifice her own life for that of others.

Her sorrowing children feel the heavy loss of a dear, devoted, kind and loving christian mother. Her husband preceded her to the spirit world over four years. She joined the Brethren or Dunkard church about nine years ago, and until that time had lived a member of the M. E. church. She bore her sickness with great christian fortitude, often saying that she was fully resigned to the will of the Lord. A few days before her death one of her daughters asked her if she should sing her a hymn, one she had just composed, being thus:

As fades the world from out my view,
So fades within my breast its charms.

To this she replied, "yes, yes, you know I always loved singing." Then proceeding till these lines were reached,

'Tis heaven, O heaven, my soul delights
To view thy glories all sublime,

a saintly smile was seen to come over her face, and lifting up her feeble hands she clasped them together and looked upward as if already enjoying a foretaste of Heaven. Thus peacefully and serenely closed the life of a good woman.

The funeral services were conducted by Elder T. W. Sines, from the text of her own selection, found in Rev. 21st chapter and 4th verse, after which her remains were interred on the home place beside those of her husband.

Thus one by one fall the members of a family till all shall have crossed over; but a glorious reunion awaits the faithful.

A FRIEND.

MCDERMOTT.—At the Oakland hotel Tuesday morning the eight months' old child of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McDermott died of cholera infantum. The body was sent to Washington and interred.

ERVIN.—Mrs. John N. Ervin died at her home north of Oakland, last Friday night. She had been ill several weeks. Her funeral occurred Sunday afternoon, the interment being made in the Brant burying ground. Mrs. Ervin was about seventy years of age and leaves a number of children, all of whom are married. Her husband also survives her.

Obituary.

Mrs. Harriett Irvin, *nee* Enlow, was born October 20, 1835. She married John Nelson Irvin April 25, 1852; joined the M. E. church in March, 1853, and died July 10, 1897.

Sister Irvin was a faithful, consistent member of the church for 44 years. She was a faithful companion, a loving mother and a kind and generous neighbor. Although her health had been failing for some time no one thought her end so near. Three weeks before her death she attended an all-day meeting at Hooppole and gave a beatiful and bright testimony. She has gone to live with Jesus, and "her works do follow her." Her funeral was conducted by her pastor in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends. We commend the bereaved to the one who has said, "All things must work together for good to them that love and serve God." E. P. IDLEMAN.

Gorman.

The recent rains have done much good.

Some of our farmers have commenced their harvesting.

J. W. Ruckman has an old coin in his possession, in good condition, dated 1755, for which he has received several very tempting offers.

There was a reunion of the family of Mrs. Mary Chisholm recently, and it is useless to say that it was an enjoyable one.

Our Sabbath school at Corunna chapel is progressing, still many more should attend.

The Dunkards of this community held their counsel meeting at the Fairview church on Saturday last.

J. BIRD.

New M. E. Church at Friendsville.

We clip the following from the *M. E. Times*, published at Parkersburg, W. Va.:

"The building of the new church at Friendsville is no longer a doubt. It has been let to contract for completion not later than September 25th. Size 30x50, 12 feet of front, a class room connecting with audience room by folding doors. Side entrance from vestibule into either room. Tower 64 feet high. The old church has been sold. We rejoice in this much needed victory for Friendsville Methodism. E. R. SKIDMORE."

"I LOST SOMETHING, SWEET SIR, LAST NIGHT."

I lost something, sweet sir, last night,
The while we trod our measure;
'Twas something small and troublesome,
Yet often full of pleasure.

I lost something, sweet sir, last night:
'Tis true, I ne'er had seen it,
Yet, lacking it, methinks I'll die;
Laugh not, forsooth, I mean it!

I lost something, sweet sir, last night;
I prithee, help me find it!
And, once thou dost, I prithee, too,
Make haste and safely bind it.

I lost something, sweet sir, last night;
'Twas, while the lutes and liddles
Were twanging soft, and your bold eyes
Read right in mine their riddles.

I lost something, sweet sir, last night;
Methinks mayhap thou'st found it!
A little thing, and yet so deep
No plummet e'er can sound it.

Thou'st guessed aright! I lost my heart—
And to thy sister's brother!—
Yet, in my breast, I feel, all warm,
A beating now, another.

'Tis thine, thou sayst; in sooth, sweet sir,
Exchange were never kinder:
To lose one's heart at midnight's stroke,
At morn, reward the finder!

FRANCES AYMAR MATHEWS.

—In Demorest's Magazine for August.

APPOINTMENTS OF ELECTION OFFICERS

OFFICE OF
BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF ELECTIONS
FOR GARRETT COUNTY.
OAKLAND, MD., July 12, 1897.

At a meeting of the Board of Supervisors of Elections, held on the 29th day of June, 1897, the following Officers of Registration and Judges of Election were appointed to serve for one year from July 1st, 1897:

OFFICERS OF ELECTION AND JUDGES OF ELECTION.

District No. 1.—W. W. Sweet, Swanton, Republican; J. L. McRoble, Swanton, Democrat.

District No. 2.—Walter M. Lowdermilk, Selbysport, Republican; W. W. Schlossnagle, Selbysport, Democrat.

District No. 3.—Jonas E. Gnagey, Grantsville, Republican; James B. Dorsey, New Germany, Democrat.

District No. 4.—Floyd Duckworth, Bloomington, Republican; Peter Fitzwilliams, Bloomington, Democrat.

District No. 5.—John W. Daniels, Cove, Republican; Gustav Garlinger, Accident, Democrat.

District No. 6.—William Callis, Hoyes, Republican; George A. Miller, McHenry, Democrat.

District No. 7.—1st Precinct—Charles A. Ashby, Mt. Lake Park, Republican; John W. Hart, Oakland, Democrat.

District No. 7.—2d Precinct—Robert C. Townshend, Oakland, Republican; Edmund Jamison, Oakland, Democrat.

District No. 8.—Joseph M. Conneway, Wilson, W. Va., Republican; James W. Mason, Sunnyside, Democrat.

District No. 9.—Bradford Blocher, Frostburg, Republican; Samuel Johnson, Frostburg, Democrat.

District No. 10.—William M. Jenkins, Deer Park, Republican; William H. Spelcher, Deer Park, Democrat.

District No. 11.—Elias Merrill, Lonaconing, Republican; Peter F. Michaels, Barton, Democrat.

District No. 12.—Noah C. Slabaugh, Bittinger, Republican; C. E. Ellithorp, Bittinger, Democrat.

And at the same time and place the following Judges of Election were appointed to serve for one year from July 1st, 1897:

JUDGES OF ELECTION.

District No. 1.—Thomas R. McRoble, Swanton, Republican; Theodore Beckman, Swanton, Democrat.

District No. 2.—D. S. Custer, Friendsville, Republican; E. M. Liston, Selbysport, Democrat.

District No. 3.—Asa Durst, Grantsville, Republican; Gregg E. Bevans, Grantsville, Democrat.

District No. 4.—Henry Barnard, Bloomington, Republican; Nathan T. Michael, Westernport, Democrat.

District No. 5.—Henry Kamp, Accident, Republican; Henry Bauch, Cove, Democrat.

District No. 6.—Edward N. Casteel, McHenry, Republican; Joel Bender, Accident, Democrat.

District No. 7.—1st Precinct—David T. Enlow, Oakland, Republican; William R. Beckman, Thayerville, Democrat.

District No. 7.—2d Precinct—John A. Connell, Hutton, Republican; C. A. Dodge, Oakland, Democrat.

District No. 8.—Henry G. Sanders, Oakland, Republican; Stephen T. Grimes, Gormania, W. Va., Democrat.

District No. 9.—Norman Wilhelm, Frostburg, Republican; Thomas J. Crow, Frostburg, Democrat.

District No. 10.—L. D. Thrasher, Deer Park, Republican; William D. Hoye, Deer Park Democrat.

District No. 11.—J. Glen Wilhelm, Lonaconing, Republican; John F. Robeson, Ashton, Democrat.

District No. 12.—Joel J. Brenneman, Bittinger, Republican; Joseph Buckle, Bittinger, Democrat.

And at the same time and place the following Clerks of Election were appointed to serve for one year from July 1st, 1897:

CLERKS OF ELECTION.

District No. 1.—George W. Moon, Swanton, Republican; J. W. Lansdale, Swanton, Democrat.

District No. 2.—I. B. Thomas, Markleysburg, Pa., Republican; D. A. Turney, Friendsville, Democrat.

District No. 3.—P. C. Boucher, Grantsville, Republican; Archibald Warnick, New Germany, Democrat.

District No. 4.—Grant Harshbarger, Bloomington, Republican; Lee Fuzenbaker, Bloomington, Democrat.

District No. 5.—Willie S. Friend, Hoyes, Republican; G. F. Kight, Accident, Democrat.

District No. 6.—M. B. Frantz, Sang Run, Republican; William E. Smith, Oakland, Democrat.

District No. 7.—1st Precinct—F. P. Arnold, Mountain Lake Park, Republican; William G. Hunebaugh, Oakland, Democrat.

District No. 7.—2d Precinct.—Samuel Lawton, Oakland, Republican; William A. Daily, Oakland, Democrat.

District No. 8.—Isaac A. Rinker, Wilson, W. Va., Republican; John A. Shuller, Oakland, Democrat.

District No. 9.—Charles C. Layman, Frostburg, Republican; Urias McKinzie, Frostburg, Democrat.

District No. 10.—William E. George, Deer Park, Republican; Thomas Sollars, Deer Park, Democrat.

District No. 11.—William A. J. Broadwater, Barton, Republican; Marcus A. Fazenbaker, Lonaconing, Democrat.

District No. 12.—Christian C. Beachy, Bittinger, Republican; George E. Ralston, Bittinger, Democrat.

A. G. STURGISS, President.
J. ALVIN FRIEND, Secretary.

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Business College,
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Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Some Rambling Thoughts.

BY "NEMO."

[Copyrighted by Dawe & Tabor.]

Is there not in your neighborhood a person whose past has a idot on it, and whose name is mentioned with a look of holy horror by cronies when together for a chat? It is of such persons I would write this week, and may my pen be dipped in power for the task.

***

If a man commit a crime, be given a fair trial, be found guilty, and be condemned, what becomes of him? He goes to prison and works out his sentence. And then? Then he is guiltless in the eye of the law, and he is as if he had done no wrong thing. His retention in prison has expiated his crime; he is a pure member of society. But what says society through *you!* The answer by deeds is this: "The stain of that wrong shall stay on him forever; he shall be hampered in every way; he shall be prevented from getting an honorable position by meddlesome tongues reviving the story of the past; he shall be hounded by the voices of those who say, 'I am holier than thou'; he shall be made to feel that the world is too small for him to hide himself, and the grave too shallow to purify him; for the stigmata of crime shall fasten even on his children after him."

***

If a man commit a sin and no one knows it, he is as pure as the unsullied snow in the eyes of the world; but if it be known, though he weep over it until its very substance is washed away by the flood of grief, though he agonize with regrets, though he spend his last effort to right a wrong, yet in every neighborhood are those whose memories are long as death or whose hearts are hard as adamant, whose cool, calculating ways save them from sin or whose clever concealments save them from discovery,—these Pharisees, I say will summon the ghosts of a man's past from the grave, though it all be buried deep beneath accumulated years of remorse and unhappiness. Like mythical ghouls and real hyenas, these lovers of carrion will dig till they find the treasure they seek, the sin spot; and they rejoice with howlings that all the world can hear.

***

If a life of probity be lived for 25 years or more, and the deeds of good be plentiful as grain in harvest-time; if the citadel character be held by keen conflict with evil, until some weary moment of sloth, and evil then rush in through some unguarded spot, though only for a few moments, the world through the deeds of the world, says that the years of probity count for naught. Thereafter the spot shall be larger than the character it is on, the fragment be larger than the whole, the five minutes of evil blot out the whole memory of a quarter of a century of good. An earthquake rends in a moment the works put up by a patient process of accretion, and there is nothing then but dust and disaster where beauty stood before; and so is it with the dazed man who is the sufferer from the moral upheaval of bitterness and uncharity in a community. One moment he rightly stands before them all, worthy of confidence and reconized as a power for good, the next moment his character lies bruised and mangled, never to be well again so far as the Levites and Pharsees care, never to live and move and have full being again unless some barred-out Samaritan with goodness, far excelling that of these aloof ones, comes to the rescue with sympathy and love.

***

If a girl kept intentionally ignoraut of herself, by those who train her, and who know not the difference between ignorance and purity, makes a *faux pas* under the stress of feelings that she does not understand and the pleadings of the man who ought to be worthy of trust, then her own kith and kin too often turn on her like ravening beasts, driving her out into the world to further wrong-doing and certain destruction. Upon her head, fair and inexperienced, are visited the sins of omission committed by those who raised no warning voice to tell of the pitfalls of life.

***

If the All-Father takes note of the fall of a sparrow, and tenderly bears with our mis-deeds, giving solace to the wounded spirit when even those who should cherish it turn from it, how grimly must He smile when He sees little mites of humanity, and frail as small, unsurpassing the power of God and dethroning Him to sit themselves in harsh, unforgiving, unrelenting judgement on their fellows, whose conditions of stress and temptation none but the All-Wise can know. And those of us whose hearts have sorrowed and suffered, whose feelings have grown tender under affliction, whose feet linger nearer and nearer the source of all gentleness and kindness, meekness and peace, have the growing sense that much of the evil in the world is fostered and strengthened by those who falsely conclude themselves to be good, barring as they do by their saero-sanct manners the way of hope and life and labor and happiness to the sinner, who sorrows, and would do better. The wandering one grows hardened at exposure, callous to the gain of the race once honored, fierce in enmity to society; and so on from bad to worse until the end confirms the evil theories of the professedly good.

***

Though uplifted,
Freely gifted
With the power of prophecy,
Naught availeth
Him who faileth
In divinest Charity.

Boldly sporting
Stripes and burning,
Striving to live righteously;
Each endeavor
Lacketh ever,
If untouched by Charity.

Love eyed maiden
Pity laden,
Greatest of th' abiding three,
All-forgiving,
Ever living,
Holy, blessed Charity,

May all nations
Pour oblations
To thy sweet divinity,
Hailing others
Friends and brothers,
In the name of Charity!

Faith, Man's Richest Endowment.

Written for The Republican.

Mrs. Naylor was administering a cordial to the invalid, as Louise re-entered the room, and under its influence he soon became brighter. This delighted Louise, who felt that it was like consulting an Oracle of God to talk with this saint on the threshold of heaven. His soul had transcended all earthly things, and he was dwelling with the celestial spirits.

"I have been thinking a good deal about faith, Miss Osborne," he said, as she took her seat by the bed.

"I suppose it seems to you the only *substance*, and all else is shadow," she remarked.

"I see it in a new light," he said. "The Holy Spirit has illumined my dark understanding. Faith is the medium by which our spiritual nature grows, is developed. You know we have three natures, Miss Osborne, the physical, the mental and the spiritual and soul-nature. The soul-nature includes the mental, but the mental may exist without the spiritual. It is the soul-nature which distinguishes the man from the beasts. They have mind or intelligence, but not the soul-nature, which perceives moral good and evil, worships some Supreme Invisible Being and assumes its own immortality."

Each of these three natures requires nourishment for its growth. The body is provided with organs which furnish its relations and points of contact with matter and supply its own needs and requirements. What the body takes in through these various organs it utilizes for growing and living purposes.

"The mind has its faculties—or organs, we might just as well call them. Through these, that is the perceptions, the memory, the imagination, the judgment, the reason, the mind takes in *its* food or nourishment, and grows and strengthens and matures."

Now can it be possible that our All-Wise, All-Good Creator should so abundantly supply these two natures with the organs necessary for their proper development and make no provision for the soul's growth into the full stature of the image in which it was created? It is a foregone conclusion, Miss Osborne, that there must of necessity be an organ or organs for the *soul's* nourishment, growth, education, life. *Faith is that organ.* There must be some channel of intercourse between man and his Maker entirely independent of the gross organs of sense or the proud activities of the intellect. *Faith is the channel by which things eternal and spiritual flow into the soul.*

"Oh, beautiful!" cried Louise, "I see, I see! It is a complex organ, Mr. Naylor, comprising every sense or principle necessary to distinguish the invisible and communicate with the unseen for its active, progressive existence. *Faith is the organ through which the soul receives its sustenance.* The pure, etherial soul has no connection with the matter and cannot use material aids for the performance of its sublime functions; it has no necessity for communication with matter and earthly agents cannot aid its growth."

"Yes, you have the idea," exclaimed Mr. Naylor, every feature in his face radiant with delight, "and the object which supplies this nourishment is the triune God, in His supreme Essence, and in His manifold and wonderful relations to the children of men as Creator, Preserver, Benefactor, Conforter, Savior, Guide, Counsellor, Lover, Friend, Prophet, Priest, King. We feed on Christ, the living Bread; we drink of Christ, the spiritual Rock whence living waters flow. Faith is higher than reason; it is the highest gift of God to man. It is as much a sense or combination of senses as are the five mental ones which all possess."

Louise felt like one intoxicated. This sudden perception of the beautiful adjustment of all the parts and relations of our being stimulated her brain to unwonted activity. The knowledge had been revealed in a flash to her internal perception; she would now evolve it—bring it to the test of reason if possible.

She took up the theme with a sort of eager, breathless haste, in her excitement, to very the conclusion to which her soul had leaped with a bound. "The organ of taste is exercised on food—that is *matter;* the organ of sight, on some visual, *material* object; the organ of feeling, on some tangible, *material* object; the organ of hearing, on some audible, *material* object; the organ of smell, on some *material* odor. The faculty or organ—for it might appropriately be so called—of comparison is exercised in discovering causes and effects in the realms of mind and matter, in deciding between right and wrong, truth and falsehood, expediency and inexpediency; the organ of memory is exercised upon all past objects, physical or mental, which have come once before the mind or senses; the organ of will is exercised on the muscles and to a certain extent the nervous forces which control the mind and heart; the organ of imagination is exercised in presenting a picture to the consciousness of all suggested and recollected forms of matter and of mind, and in inventing new forms, rearranging old ones, or combining the old and the new; the organ or faculty of perception is exercised on the sensations which we receive from the external world; the organ or faculty of self-consciousness is exercised on all the phenomena of the internal world of thought."

But faith, the faculty or organ of the spirit, and Louise's voice had all the impassioned fervor and solemnity, which the sublime conception inspired, "is exercised on the original creations, intelligencies and agencies in the boundless universe of *souls.* By it we see God, we taste, we hear, we feel, the Divine Essence and Presence."

She sank back in her chair, exhausted with the rapidity of her utterance, the majesty and grandeur of the plan, and the magnitude of the outlook.

"That is it! that is it!" cried Mr. Naylor—his face was flushed with the joy of victorious consummation, and he seemed transfused with a sublime energy—"but there is an additional thought."

"Life is activity—inaction is death. The *body,* with all its complicated machinery, under the influences of mind *produces* varied and useful *works*—fruits, or results of the activity of feet or fingers. The *mind,* with all its wonderful endowments, through the help of the senses *produces works*—fruits or results. Works are produced by bodily action, works are produced by mental action. Are there any *results* from which we can predicate the existence of the *soul's action* through this complex organ of faith?"

He paused here that Miss Osborne might get the full force of his argument, and herself, if possilde, reach its conclusion.

She bowed her head and was silent for a moment; then her face became bright with a subdued, holy joy, as she raised her eyes and exclaimed, "By faith we receive God into the soul and the fruits of His Holy Spirit working in us are love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; and these fruits are manifested to the world in works of prayer, of praise, of charity, and of fellowship with the church militant, Christ's body here on earth."

The tears were glistening in the sick man's eyes, as he explained, "Yes, yes! you have it now. And the faith spoken of in that passage as one of the fruits, is rather faithlessness to speak nothing but the truth and to perform all our engagements."

"How simple, how beautiful, how true!" exclaimed Louise. "And not only is all this true, can we not go a step higher? It seems to me that we have not reached the climax yet. When faith, this wonderful organ of the living soul, is in an unimpaired, normal condition, fresh as when the gift was bestowed by its Maker, it must be in keen, vigorous, illuminated action, and have a dominating power over the whole person; and because all the faculties will be regulated it must control body and mind as well as soul by the love which it inspires. *It must be the great central authority in the complex system of humanity, and its voice is conscience or God in us.* In this exalted condition the reason, the judgment, the will, the affections all consult with conscience and ever obey its high behests."

"You are right," replied Mr. Naylor, "praise the Lord for His goodness to the children of men, and that the heart of His servant has been prepared, before leaving this world, to embrace this living truth. Nourish your faith, Miss Osborne, scriptural faith, and you will grow more and more into the Divine likeness."

Louise did not at once reply. She was lost in silent wonder at the wisdom of this Christian saint, and in contemplating the honor of being taught by God; a better philosophy than the schools could formulate, a better wisdom than the sages could teach, a better creed than the ages could construct, was this simple, yet august and divine conception of Immanuel—God with us, and by faith working through us.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

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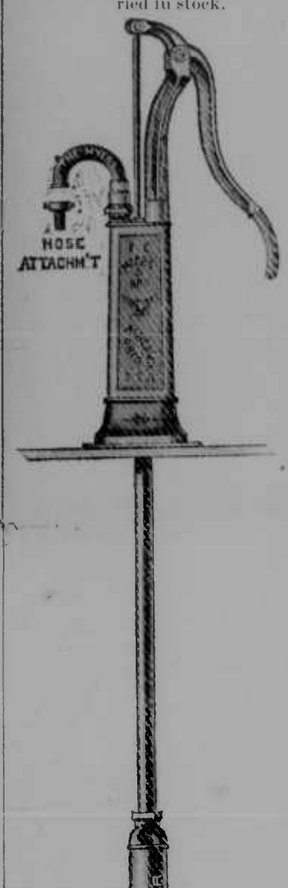

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Thomas Little,

ONE PRICE,

Has just received a fine line of SHOES, that will be sold at a great reduction in price.

Shoes that sold at	$1.50	now $1.25
" " "	1.75	now 1.50
" " "	2.00	now 1.75
" " "	2.50	now 2.00
" " "	3.50	now 2.75
" " "	4.00	now 3.25
Ladies' Oxfords	1.25	now 99
" "	1.30	now 1.00
" "	1.50	now 1.35
" "	1.65	now 1.40
Men's patent leather	5.00	now 4.50

Big Reduction in

SHIRTS,

of All Kinds.

1 Gallon can Maple Syrup, Reduced to 65 cents.

THESE GOODS MUST GO.

DON'T MISS A BARGAIN.

THE IMPORTED

French Coach Stallion

lately purchased by the Oakland Horse Improvement Company, is now ready for service at Oakland.

Insurance, $15.

Anyone parting with mare after bred, forfeits insurance money. Insurance due as soon as mare is known to be in foal.

J. T. BROWNING,
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W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

For sale by

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

FOR SALE!

—AT—

DEER PARK, MARYLAND.

Less than half a mile from post-office and railroad station, a

FARM of ABOUT 175 ACRES.

It is well watered and wooded and contains seven very desirable building sites. Within the enclosure is some three miles of excellent driving roads, arranged with a view to reach the several sites. The dwelling contains:

1st Floor—Ballroom, large hall, parlor, dining room, library, pantry, laundry with stationary wash tubs, hot and cold water in each; and kitchen upon the corch of which stands a Ridgway refrigerator 6x7x4, with ice house twenty feet off never exhausted in hot summers.

2nd Floor—Eight chambers, 2 baths, closets and back stairs.

3rd Floor—Two chambers and 2 large store rooms.

There is an ample cellar in which are furnace, wine closet and gas machine supplied by outside gas meter, which furnishes every room.

Ten rooms have open fire places; six have registers as well.

The stable has stalls for six horses and room for eight carriages. There is a tenant's house, sheep barn and cow stable, together with sheds and hog-pens. A tank of capacity of 1,500 gallons surmounts the stables. It is supplied from springs rising on the place, whose contents have been proven perfect by chemical analysis. To the tank the water is pumped by two separate systems, from different sources. All the plumbing and drainage are perfect and the premises are in excellent repair, having just been painted outside and out and a new cooking range set.

This property is offered as a whole.

It is without incumbrance, and possession can be given November 15th, 1897.

Address,
JOHN W. WILLIAMS,
16-5 Deer Park, Maryland.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, either in person or by deputy, will be in each of the election districts in said county to collect and receive taxes at the time and places following:

July 12, McHenry,
" 13, Hoyes,
" 14, Friendsville,
" 15, Selbysport,
" 16, Accident,
" 17, Cove,
" 19, Grantsville,
" 20, Johnson's,
" 21, T. H. Layman's,
" 22, Avilton,
" 23, Gregg's,
" 24, New Germany, Brshoconan Store
" 26, Bittinger,
" 27, Bittinger,
" 26, Bloomington,
" 27, Floyd,
" 28, Swanton,
" 28, Wilson,
" 29, Deer Park,
" 29, Altamont,
" 30, Gorman,
" 30, Kearney.

Office in Oakland will be closed from July 12th to 30th inclusive.

N. B.—By an act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed at January session, 1896, being Chapter 506, it is provided that, "All county taxes shall be due and payable on the first day of September succeeding the date of levy, and on all county taxes paid on or before said day a discount of 3 per cent. shall be allowed; and after the first day of January all taxes shall bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until paid. The Treasurer shall take the discount and charge interest on all tax bills for county purposes regularly in the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same on his books and upon the receipt given for taxes so paid; but this discount shall not be allowed unless the whole amount of state and county taxes due for the current year be paid when the same is made."

THOS. B. WILEY, Treasurer.

SHERIFF'S SALE

—OF—

REAL ESTATE,

Located at Mountain Lake Park, Garrett County.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of Frank P. Jones against Ella Hammond and Clarence Hammond, her husband, the same being No. 39 Judicials to July Term, 1897, of said Court, the undersigned Sheriff will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash on the day of sale, on

Saturday the 7th day of August, 1897,

at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, in front of the court house in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, all the right, title and interest of the said Ella Hammond in and to all that lot of ground situated at Mountain Lake Park, Garrett county, Maryland, and which on the plat of Mountain Lake Park is known and designated as

Lot Number Nine Hundred and Forty-three,

and being the same lot of ground that was conveyed to the said Ella Hammond by deed from the Mountain Lake Park Association of Garrett county, dated the 3d day of July, 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 28, folio 121, one of the land records of Garrett county. Said property is improved by a very good dwelling house and a small livery stable, and is located near the store house of James A. Hayden, and will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

SPECIAL ELECTION NOTICE!

Notice is hereby given to the qualified voters of the town of Oakland that a special election will be held on

Monday, July 26, 1897,

for the purpose of electing one member of the Town Council to serve out the unexpired term of the late William Hinebaugh, deceased. By order Council.

J. C. DUNHAM, Clerk.

REAL ESTATE!

—FOR SALE BY—

JOHN SHARTZER, Real Estate Agent,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Two farms in District No. 2; 262 acres; near Elder Hill school house, improved by 2 houses, 3 barns and orchards. Will be sold separately or as a whole, to suit purchaser, on easy terms.

House of 4 rooms, 4 acres of land two miles south of Mt. Lake Park.

House and 1 acre of ground adjoining Loch Lynn Heights. Will be sold cheap.

A livery stable at Loch Lynn Heights; finest in the county; must be sold at once.

House and lot in Mt. Lake Park.

50 acres; improved by a small house; near Cranberry Glade farm.

House and 2 lots in McHenry.

Farm near Deer Park; improved.

A well improved farm near Ryan's Glade.

The above properties will be sold on easy terms.

One 50-acre lot adjoining the farm of W. T. Jamesson near Mt. Lake Park.

1 50-acre lot adjoining the lands of Mrs. Kilburne and —— Jackson near Mt. Lake Park; will be sold very cheap for cash.

7 building lots in Loch Lynn Heights.

The Phillips lands lying between Oakland and Mt. Lake Park; will be sold as a whole or in parcels to suit purchaser.

A lot of ground adjoining Mt. Lake Park on the Oakland road.

An improved farm of 100 acres, 2 miles from Terra Alta.

An improved farm of 200 acres near Crellin.

The Oakland Steam Laundry property.

7 large building lots in Oakland.

For further information, prices and terms, apply to

JOHN SHARTZER,
6-26 *OAKLAND, MD.*

ESTATE OF SALOME CUSTER, DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscribers, of Garrett County, Maryland, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, Letters Testamentary on the personal estate of

SALOME CUSTER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscribers, on or before the 1st day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 25th day of May, 1897.

JOHN W. BAKER, }
S. P. BAKER, } Executors.
12-4 Grantsville, Md.

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. H. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Glessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

Jenkins' Schooling.

BY FREDERICK THORNE.

"WIMMEN is queer critters," said Hank, reflectively, tilting back in his chair and biting off a large section of "twist."

"An' th' fellar what sez he onderstands 'em is one o' two things. He's a liar—er a fool. Ginerally he's both.

"Now ther' was Sam Bunker's wife. When he knocked her down an' kicked her all 'round th' floor, an' th' boys wuz a-goin' t' string him up fer it, didn't she git out er bed an' almost crawl ter where th' boys wuz, an' git down on her knees, a-beggin' 'em not to hurt Sam? They do the beatinest things!"

"They do say, Hank, that it was account o' one o' them 'queer critters' that you left the 'fete east; tho' what use any woman could hev fer you I can't see."

Hank scowled at the speaker, Jim Jenkins, and made no reply to the insinuation.

"Speakin' o' wimmen," said "Gineral" Grant, "I heard es how we're t' hev a school-teacher down hyar from Denver. Th' parson wuz a-goin' ter start a school in th' gospel shop, an' git us boys t' chip in fer th' nes'sary expenses."

"Wal, I'm ready to chip in, and go ter school, too, ef she's purty," said Hank, who was the homeliest man in camp, with his nearest competitor for that questionable distinction an Apollo in comparison.

"I don't know as it would hurt any of us t' take a hand in th' education game. I hain't noticed any o' th' eastern colleges a-comin' t' Agua Buena fer their perfessors."

A laugh greeted this sally of Jenkins', as the crowd broke up for the night and sought its individual resting places, leaving the bartender to clean up.

Grant, nicknamed "Gineral," had spoken truly—not an invariable habit of his. One morning, about two weeks after his announcement, the stage stopped at Agua Buena, and the "parson" handed down a little woman in a neat, quiet dress, with a heavy, brown veil covering her face.

The expectant crowd was disappointed at this, as they considered it unwarranted and provoking concealment.

"'Tain't right," said Grant; "hyar we all thet out ter see what she looks like, an' she keeps a reg'lar m'skito net over her face. 'Tain't right, nohow!"

The next morning, Sunday, Rev. Mr. Hempstead had a larger congregation, especially as regards the masculine contingent, than he had ever addressed in Agua Buena, it having become known that the new school-teacher, in addition to her pedagogic duties, had consented to add to the church services with her voice.

Her neatly-gowned, booted and bonneted figure looked out of place amid the rough surroundings when she rose to her feet, and, standing near the minister in the rude church, faced her audience of rough men and scarcely less hardened women.

Then, without the aid of any instrument, for Agua Buena boasted neither organ nor piano, she sang. Sang until her hearers were carried back to their childhood, back to the time when they thought the world good, knowing nothing of its evil. "Mude yer think o' yer dead mother!" as Hank expressed it.

The hymn ended, the singer sat down amid a silence which was the highest compliment from such hearers, attesting an attention which, it is to be feared, Mr. Hempstead's efforts did not receive. The congregation was too busy watching the new importation, and voting in favor of free trade in such commodities, to hear much of the sermon.

It is wonderful what an influence a good woman has upon men.

Agua Buena used, some of its "Good Water" the next morning; the women on the faces of the children and the men on their own countenances. In a good many cases it was merely a removal of an outer layer of soil, but, anyway, it was a move in the right direction.

The youngest of Miss Carson's pupils was barely four years old; the eldest, on the wrong side of 50, being none other than Hank himself. He was not alone, Jenkins and a dozen others who had no feminine, restraining home influence, accompanied him and were seated on the planks that served as benches when the teacher arrived.

When she saw this unexpected addition to her class she hesitated, blushed, and then, assuming an air as if having rough gold diggers old enough to be her father for scholars was an everyday occurrence, she walked to the desk that had been built for her, divested herself of her hat and gloves (the men eyed those gloves wonderingly), seated herself and rapped for order.

The older section of her class displayed amazing ignorance and unblushingly allowed six-year-olds to pass them, that they might receive additional attention and instruction from their fair preceptor. If she thought their lack of even the rudiments of the "three r's" suspicious she did not show it, but went about her duties in a businesslike manner, apparently seeing nothing below the surface.

Jenkins developed a case of such rapid decadence of intellect that before school had "held" an hour he was lisping. The spectacle of this handsome giant in red shirt, corduroy trousers and cowhide boots standing in an attitude of exaggerated bashfulness and stumbling out:

"Teather! Plenth told me what thith meanth?" and, pointing to the word "whisky," scrawled in awkward letters on a sheet of paper, was too much for both his companions and the "teather." The first threatened the roof with their uproarious peals of laughter, while the second buried her face in a book; that is, all but a delicate ear, that showed a deep shade of pink.

After the first day, however, Miss Carson was relieved of her overgrown charges, with the exception of Hank, who insisted: "I want t' be learnt, I'm goin' t' be learnt an' I'll b'jeed ef I ain't learnt! I've had my 'sperience o' wimmen, an' I don't want no more, even ef they air as purty as a picter. An' I don't think ther's much danger o' her fallin' in love with me." In which last the boys agreed fully with him.

Jenkins developed a habit of "happening" around the school about closing time, to the serious neglect of his claim. Likewise he always "happened" to be going in the direction of the "parson's" house, where Miss Carson boarded, Miss Hempstead being the only woman in town who was in her walk in life.

"Jenkins seems t' think he's struck a payin' streak," said Grant, nodding in the direction of the couple, who had become a familiar sight on the one street of Agua Buena.

The slouch hat was in its owner's hand and the large blond head was bent down near the wavy black hair, tucked so neatly under the little bonnet. They were on their way to church, for Jenkins had become a regular listener to Rev. Mr. Hempstead. He heard little of the sermons, though. His attention was too much absorbed by the girl alongside him on the pine plank.

The sun shone clear and bright upon the houses, shanties, tents and dugouts of the little mining town. It glinted across the roof of the churchly schoolhouse and sent a ray through the half-open door of the cabin that Jenkins claimed as his.

Little groups of men, three and four together, were standing in the street, discussing the latest sensation.

Two strangers had arrived in town the night before, and this morning the schoolmistress was missing. The two strangers had also disappeared without anyone learning their identity. Speculation was rife as to whether they had anything to do with Miss Carson's unexplained departure.

Talk of making up a searching party was going the rounds. A man would detach himself from one group and join another, when the gossip would be gone all over again.

Then came a piece of fresh news to add to the complication and mystery. Jenkins' cabin was empty, and its owner nowhere to be found.

"'Loped! I'll bet a hun'red dollars agin' a cross-eyed yaller dog!" ejaculated one of the listeners to the excited bearer of this last piece of intelligence.

This came to be the general belief, and the town soon settled down to its old "drink, sleep, eat and drink again" regime that it had known before the advent of so disturbing a member of

FACED HER AUDIENCE OF ROUGH MEN.

the community, as a pretty school-teacher.

Hank seemed to feel it more than anyone else.

"Mest when I wuz a-beginnin' t' be learnt, she has t' go an' run away with this yere Jenkins. I allus sed they do th' beatinest things! I don't see what they had t' run away fer, anyway."

Neither did anyone else, unless it was for the sake of romance. That is, not until one of Agua Buena's citizens had occasion to go to Denver. When he returned the town heard the particulars of the "elopement."

He told of how, hearing of the case, he had drifted into the United States district court. They were trying a man who had, single-handed, held up stage after stage, until the trail got too hot and he had suddenly disappeared.

"An' when th' pris'ner stepped inter what they call 'th' pen,' who in all creation d' ye suppose it was?"

The names of several well-known road agents were mentioned, but each name was answered by a shake of the head.

Finally some one suggested: "Dan Manders?"

"K'reet! Otherwise known as 'Han'some Dan,' otherwise known as 'Keno Jack,' otherwise known as James Jenkins!"

"What!"

"Ex-actly! An' who d' ye 'spose wuz th' principal witness agin' him, an' th' one as did th' slick work o' th' entchin'?"

"The gal?" asked Hank.

"Right you air! 'Twas just thet pooty innocent as done it, and no one else!"

"What did I tell you?" said Hank. "I sez, sez I: 'Wimmen is queer critters!' An' they be!"—Leslie's Monthly.

His Happy Thought.

Blinks—Beg pardon, sir, but I think you have my umbrella there.

Stranger—Your umbrella, sir? Of course, it may be. You know how umbrellas change hands. Ha! ha! Permit me to restore it.

Blinks (to himself, walking away)—Those happy thoughts of mine are simply inspirations. My umbrella! ha! ha! ha!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

EUROPE'S CYCLING RULES.

Annoying Restrictions Placed on Tourists from Foreign Countries.

Americans who propose to take bicycle tours through Europe during the present summer will do well to acquaint themselves with the rules which the various European countries have laid down in regard to foreign cyclers. To be taken unawares or to be caught napping, especially in a foreign country, is very unpleasant, and therefore travelers who are wise will carefully study the following rules before they cross the Atlantic. The duty on cycles brought into France is $48.25 on every 222 pounds—about 25 cents per pound, dead weight. This duty must be paid on cycles imported for sale, and the same amount may be required as a deposit from any American who lands in France with a cycle, even though his sole intention is to tour the country on his wheel. It seems, however, that this deposit is only required in exceptional cases and when the authorities have reason to suspect that foreign cyclists are not bona fide tourists. When the deposit is made a lead seal is attached to the cycle with the custom house mark stamped on it. The tourist can leave the country by any frontier, and as soon as he crosses French territory the deposit is refunded to him.

There is in France an annual tax of two dollars on each cycle, but this is only collected from residents and not from tourists. The revenue from this tax, which in 1896 amounted to 1,000,000f., is spent on improving the public highways. Anyone touring through France will have to observe the following ministerial decree:

"Each wheel must be provided with a gong or bell capable of being heard at a distance of 50 yards. A plate, bearing the name and address of the owner, must be attached to cycle. Lanterns must be lighted at sundown.

"Cyclist must take the right on meeting a vehicle and, when passing one, must take the left, decreasing speed and sounding the bell.

"In crowded thoroughfares the cyclist must dismount and lead his wheel.

"Cyclists are forbidden to form groups, so as to obstruct the public ways, or to pass through funeral corteges or military processions.

"Cyclists are forbidden to cycle on pavements and footpaths reserved for pedestrians, except in the country where the roads are paved or being mended. In cases where it is permitted to cycle on the footpaths the cyclist must moderate his speed when meeting pedestrians."

All French railroads are required to carry cycles as baggage, and are held responsible for any damage, the amount of indemnity varying according to whether the cyclist is traveling first, second or third class.

In Germany the duty on cycles is about three cents per pound. Tourists, however, are entirely unrestricted, and need not pay any deposit.

In Austria there is a duty of $12.06 on every cycle imported for sale. Each tourist, too, must deposit ten dollars at the custom house and make an affidavit that his wheel is not for sale, and that he does not intend to become a resident of the country. When his tour is over he gets back the deposit.

In Belgium the duty is 12 per cent. ad valorem, and tourists are required to deposit a sum equivalent to that amount, which is refunded when they leave the country.

In Denmark the duty is ten per cent. ad valorem, and tourists must make a deposit equal to that amount as a guarantee that their wheels are not for sale. This deposit is refunded only at the custom house where the entry was made, unless a special permit is granted allowing the cyclist to obtain the deposit through another customs bureau.

In Egypt the duty is eight per cent. ad valorem, and the same formality is observed as in Denmark. Cyclists should be sure to get a receipt for the money deposited, of which only seven per cent. will be refunded.

There is no duty in England.

In Greece the duty is two dollars on each cycle, and tourists are required to pay a deposit of two dollars and an octroi duty of 40 cents. The latter is refunded, but of the two dollars, one dollar is retained "for expense," and even more may be retained if the cyclist does not leave the country by the same custom house.

In Italy the duty is $8.11, and tourists are required to deposit this amount, which is refunded when they leave the country. No deposit, however, need be made by members of the Touring Club de France.

The duty in Spain is $13.52 per 222 pounds—about six cents per pound. A temporary pass of six months' duration is given to each tourist, and for this 20 cents is charged. A deposit equivalent to the amount of duty must also be made, and this will be duly refunded. There are many tedious formalities in connection with the importation of cycles into Spain, and tourists who do not care to waste time will do well to obtain the services of a commissionaire on the frontier, or of an international custom house broker at either of the frontier towns, Hendaye or Cerbere. Much trouble will be saved in this way; moreover, if a mistake is made in the declaration the amount of duty will be forfeited and a fine imposed.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Stuffed Beet Salad.

Boil red Bermuda beets of medium size until well cooked, and remove the skin while warm. Cut off the end of the beet, and with a sharp round-end knife take out the centers, making a thick cup of each beet. Let them stand over night in vinegar. When ready to serve, take crisp celery, chop it fine, and mix with a mayonnaise dressing. Place the beet cups on lettuce leaves and fill them with the prepared celery, heaping them, and cover with dressing. Sprinkle a little finely chopped parsley over the dressing.—Good Housekeeping.

A Telling Shot.

At last Erin has sent an arrow straight to the English heart. The shoes of British manufacture are too big for feminine Irish feet, and even the pedals of the wheels made by the English are so large that the tiny feet of the daughters of the Emerald isle will not stay upon them.—Chicago Tribune.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Omens.—"Julia, you did not accept Mr. Fitz-Jones?" "I was afraid to; he proposed to me on bargain day."—Chicago Record.

—Flippant Cockney (to countryman)—"Are there many fools in this part of the world, my lad?" Yokel—"Not as I knows on, zur. Why, d'yer feel a bit lonesome like?"—Tit-Bits.

—His Experience.—"When I start out to buy a two dollar shoe," observed Uncle Allen Sparks, "I generally find I get the best bargain by paying two dollars for the other shoe also."—Chicago Tribune.

—Magistrate—"What made you steal the jewels of that actress?" Burglar—"I saw her in the theater and admired her art so much that I concluded to give her a chance for a free puff in the papers."—Fliegende Blaetter.

—"And now," said the Cornfed Philosopher, "is the time of year when the college graduate gets on the rostrum and utters great thoughts—thoughts. In fact, that have been thought by the greatest thinkers."—Indianapolis Journal.

—He Was Safe.—Rusty Rufus—"Dis here paper says work ain't what kills men." Weary Waggles—"Dat's right, too. 'Tain't a loaded gun what shoots folks; 'tain't pisen what pisens 'em, and tain't work what kills 'em. It's not knowin' enough to let them things alone—dat's what!"—Truth.

—The Obdurate Boniface.—"Seven dollars for a room and breakfast? Great Scott! man, that is awfully steep. And awfully high," said the victim. "Yes," admitted the summer landlord, "it is so high and steep that I don't see how I can come down."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Identical.—Sadi—"Now, papa, I know dear Jack is just like you." Papa—"Humph! Why do you say that?" Sadi—"I heard you say the other night that when you married mamma you hadn't a penny. Jack wants to marry me, and he's in the same condition."—Philadelphia North American.

VANITY FED BY CRIME.

Savages and Cultured Women Wear Ornaments Obtained by Murder.

There are, it is said, certain savages—just barely human beings—called Dyaks. They have become famous to the world as "head-hunters." These Dyaks creep through miles of forest paths and kill as many as they can of another lot of people, and then cut off the heads of the slain and dry them, and hang them up, arranged on lines more or less artistically festooned about the place in which they live. This exhibition of dried and dead human heads seems to make these swart and murderous savages vain and glad. These people are, as we understand, or think we understand, but undeveloped, cruel, bloody-minded human creatures. They prefer the dry human heads to delicate ferns showing wonderful outlines, or to brilliant leaves and fragrant flowers. They have their own ideas concerning decoration.

Upon a dozen or two of the islands in the southern Pacific, where the waves lap the sloping sands lazily, and life should be calm and peaceful, there are, or were until lately, certain people who occasion killed certain other people for reasons sufficiently good, no doubt, to them, and who thus coming into possession killed certain other people for reasons sufficiently good, no doubt, to fingers of these dead, when dried, would make most artistic, not to say suggestive necklaces. So they strung these dried fingers upon something strong and pliant, and wore them with much pride.

When I see the bright feathers of birds, slain that hats may be garnished for the thoughtless females of a higher grade of beings, I am reminded somehow of the Dyaks and of the wearers of the necklaces made of fingers.—Woman's Home Companion.

First American Beet Sugar.

"The first beet sugar was made in this country in 1830," states Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, "but it was not until 1872 that any considerable quantity was produced. In that year the total product was about 500 tons. This was increased in 1879 to about 1,200 tons. Then followed a falling off until 1888, when the production exceeded 1,900 tons; from that year down to the present time there has been a steady increase. Last year the total product of beet sugar in this country was about 40,000 tons. Wherever factories have been established farmers have eagerly seized the opportunity to raise and sell beets. The price paid is about four or five dollars per ton, and the yield is so great as to bring handsome returns for the labor of raising the roots. The cultivation of beets requires care and conscientious farming, but with proper attention this industry is not only profitable to the capitalist, but the farmer also shares the benefit, and I do not know of a crop which offers such satisfactory returns. There are hundreds of communities all through the states where beet culture can be carried on which are anxious to engage in beet raising, and I am satisfied that if congress offers protective duties that the manufacture of beet sugar in this country will increase enormously within a very short time."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Useless Royal Barges.

Queen Victoria's watermen are disgruntled at having no part in the jubilee procession, the more so that the queen has never made use of her state barges. She has two of them, kept at Teddington, which should be rowed with two watermen to an oar. The uniform consists of scarlet jacket, waistcoat, breeches and stockings, with a remarkable black jockey cap and low shoes. On the front and back of the jacket is an enormous royal badge. The barge has only been used once, when the prince of Wales and Khedive Ismail of Egypt were taken by water to Richmond.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Not a Good Job.

"Yes," he said, "I'm a self-made man."

"I take it for granted," returned the smart young man, looking the old fellow over critically, "that if you had it to do over again you'd let the contract out."

The young man had no expectations in that quarter anyway, so the remark had no effect upon his future.—Chicago Post.

Defend Itself.

The golden rule could never be
Enforced by law, because
There'd be nobody, don't you see,
Appealing to the laws.
—Chicago Journal.

A TRUE LIKENESS.

Miss Cawstic—Don't you think monkeys are cute?

Blowdust—Nuw, they remind me too much of some people.

Miss Cawstic—Oh, you shouldn't be so sensitive.—Detroit Free Press.

Life-Like.

"What did you think of the scene in my play in which I show a modern legislator haranguing his colleagues?" asked an author.

"Most realistic thing I ever beheld," was the reply. "Half the people in the place were asleep."—Washington Star.

In a Complacent Mood.

"This is a splendid chance for you to tackle papa, George."

"How so?"

"He's just home from a fishing trip, and if he can get you to listen to his stories, he'll give you anything you ask for."

"I'll do it for your sake, dearest."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Why He Does It.

"I tell you, sir, we're slaves to our landlords."

"Yes?"

"Yes, indeed. It's an outrage that we should have to pay rent."

"It's a good deal of bother at times."

"Then why do you do it?"

"I'm too lazy to move."—Chicago Post.

Before and After.

The cheerful alacrity with which a young man will guide his girl towards a milliner's shop window before they are married is equaled only by the marvelous skill with which he will steer her away from one after she becomes his wife.—Tit-Bits.

It Softened the Blow.

"The Jinson girls felt awfully when their father married again, didn't they?"

"Yes, they did until they found their new mother was just their size. Now they borrow her clothes."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Merely a Conjecture.

"Wasn't it a surprise when young Rocksworth married the eldest of those Berry girls?"

"O, I don't know. He had his pick of them, and I suppose he thought he ought to take the ripest Berry."—Chicago Tribune.

Bad Management.

"That young Dr. Gibbs hasn't a particle of sense."

"Has he been giving the wrong medicines?"

"No; but he cured a wealthy young woman of fever in two days."—Chicago Record.

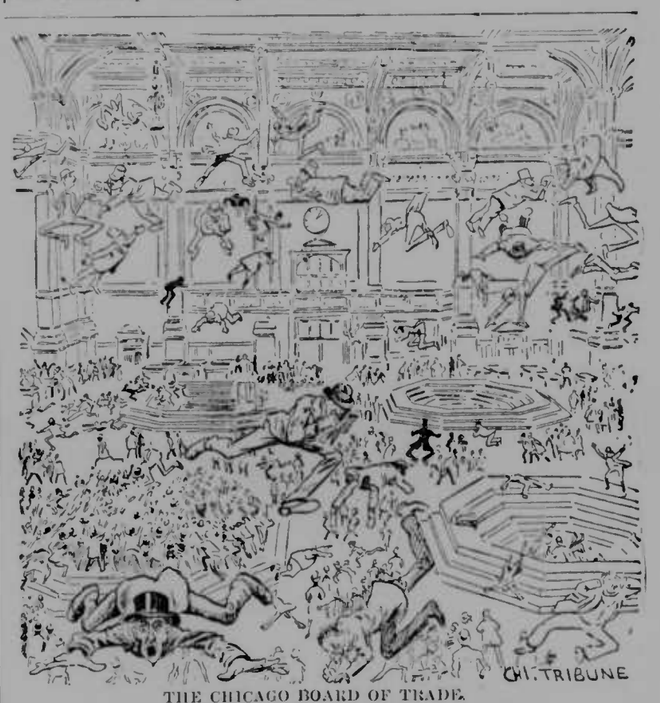

THE CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE.
AS SEEN BY THE ENGLISH CARICATURIST, FURNISS.

Easily Explained.

Mrs. Walker—Where in the world have you been, John?

Mr. Walker—To the races.

"But your friend next door was to the races, and he's been home three hours."

"Well, he must have won, that's all."—Yonkers Statesman.

Disciplinary Demonstration.

She—And you say that a smart thief could steal something from right under my nose. I don't believe it.

He—Well, there.

And he had purloined a kiss.—Detroit Free Press.

Hoping for the Best.

She—You know, dear, we won't get any of father's money while he lives.

He—I know; but he's going to reside with us, and you're going to do the cooking. Let us hope for the best.—Tit-Bits.

Evidence of Failure.

John Doe—Did he tell you he failed?

Richard Roe—No.

"Then why are you so certain about it?"

"I heard him talking about luck."—Brooklyn Life.

The Limit.

Bank Defaulter—I would give ten years of my life to get out of this scrape.

His Lawyer—That's about what you will get if I don't succeed in getting you off.—N. Y. Tribune.

Putting It Delicately.

"I hope you appreciate the fact, sir, that in marrying my daughter you marry a large-hearted, generous girl."

"I do, sir (with emotion), and I hope she inherits those qualities from her father."—Harlem Life.

Hard Luck.

"Just my luck!" cried the drummer. There were 14 Boston girls in the car.

"Caught in a blizzard again!" he continued, donning his ear tabs.—Philadelphia Press.

Ought to Know.

Teacher—What makes you insist, Willie, that 14 ounces make a pound?

Willie—I've helped pap 'tend grocery for two years, an' I guess I orter know.—Detroit Free Press.

His Anxiety.

Distinguished Artist—Be careful of the picture; it's not dry.

Art Gallery Porter—It's all right, sir; I've got my old coat on.—Pick-Me-Up.

Warring Emotions.

"I didn't know there had been any death in Miss Wayter's family."

"There hasn't. She's wearing black as an experiment."

"An experiment?"

"Yes, old Giltedge has proposed and she wants to see how she would look in mourning."—Chicago Journal.

Too Recollein.

Spats—How did Miss Van Dough look in her new $5,000 evening gown at the ball last night?"

Socratoots—Like a bad photograph.

Spats—What do you mean?

Socratoots—She was over-exposed.—Pittsburgh News.

As One Man.

"They tell me that when you reached the peroration of your lecture out at Jazeville the audience arose and cheered as one man."

"Of course he did. You couldn't expect the fellow to divide himself, could you?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

Farmer Oatbin—Bring me sum more corn—

Waiter—Hey?

Farmer Oatbin—No! Corn, gol dern ye!—Up-to-Date.

An Absurd Supposition.

Gus de Smyth—Those new boots of yours squeak awfully. Perhaps they ain't paid for yet?

Johnnie Fewsends—That's all nonsense. If there is anything in that, why don't my coat and my vest and my pants and my hat squeak, too?—N. Y. World.

Both Extremes.

"Grace belongs to the school of extreme colorists."

"How so?"

"She wears a red hat and yellow shoes."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

AU REVOIR.

"Don't say dood-by,"
The wee boy said;
Then heaved a sigh,
And drooped his head.

'Twas sweetly said,
"Oh, tell me why,
Dear little Ned,"
I gladly cry.

"Do tell me why
It grieves you so;
Then nevermore
I'll say good-by."

"Don't say dood-by,
Not, nebbermore,"
The rogue now laughs,
"Say O-re-baugh."
—Elvira Floyd Froemeke, in New Unity.

JAPANESE FAIRY TALE.

The Story of Little Fishbare and His Remarkable Journey.

This little story of Fishbare is taken from "Child Life in Japan," which contains many others of these quaint little tales.

There was once upon a time a little baby whose father was Japanese ambassador to the court of China and whose mother was a Chinese lady. While this child was still in its infancy the ambassador had to return to Japan, so he said to his wife: "I swear to remember you and to send you letters by the ambassador that shall succeed me, and as for our baby I will dispatch some one to fetch it as soon as it is weaned."

Thus saying he departed. Well, embassy after embassy came, there was generally a year between each, but never a letter from the Japanese husband to the Chinese wife, who at last, tired of waiting and grieving, took her boy by the hand and, sorrowfully leading him to the seashore, fastened around his neck a label bearing the words: "The Japanese Ambassador's Child."

Then she flung him into the sea, in the direction of the Japanese archipelago, confident that the paternal tie was one which it was not possible to break and that therefore father and child were sure to meet again.

One day when the former ambassador, the father, was walking by the beach of Naniwa, he saw something white floating out to sea, looking like a small island. It floated nearer and he looked more attentively. There was no doubt that the strange object was a child. Quite astonished he stopped and gazed again. The floating object drew nearer and nearer still, and at last with perfect distinctness he perceived it to be a fair, pretty little boy about four years old impelled onward by the waves.

The little boy was riding on the back of an enormous fish. He was not at all afraid, but sat up bravely, and guid-

FLOATING TOWARD JAPAN.

ed his strange cruiser by word and hand toward the land where stood the astonished ambassador gazing at him.

When the strange little rider reached the shore he dismounted, and the attendants of the ambassador came forward to meet him. Their lord had commanded that they take up the manly little fellow and bring him before him. And, behold, around the child's neck there was a label, upon which was written: "The Japanese Ambassador's Child!"

"Oh, yes!" he exclaimed, "it must be my child, and no other, whom its mother, angry at having received no letters from me, must have thrown into the sea. But there is a strange bond always, which unites fathers to their children, and he has reached me safely, riding upon a fish's back."

The air of the little creature went to his heart and he took and tended him most lovingly. To the care of the next embassy that went to the court of China he intrusted a letter for his wife, in which he informed her of all the particulars, and she, who had quite believed the child to be dead, rejoiced at his marvelous escape.

The child grew to be a man, and, as he had been saved by a fish, he was given the name of Fishbare.

Chimneys as Game Traps.

In North Dakota there are many farmers from Russia, and as nearly as possible they build their houses as in the fatherland—low and broad with big fireplaces and chimneys. Being so wide, the chimneys catch a lot of snow, and in time look like funnel-shaped cones, the walls of which are rendered icy by the alternate influence of the heat below and the cold above. This leads to curious results. Jack rabbits, coyotes and such small animals prowling around on a cold night and seeking warmth, get close to these chimneys, and down they slide into the big fireplace. This creates a great rumpus, but there seems to be no help for it, unless the farmers build smaller chimneys, and that he will not do until he forgets how he lived in Russia.

Willing to Accept It.

A tract distributor, the other day, in a new settlement out west, popped his head into an Irishman's cabin and asked him "if he would accept a tract from the holy land?"

"Yes, indade," cried Pat, "I'll take a hoal section, if ye'll pay me passage right through."—Household Words.

A Long Journey.

Geese in migration often travel over 6,000 miles.

WHITE RED SQUIRREL.

A Queer Little Pet Belonging to Some New Jersey Girls.

Dr. Emily G. Hunt, in St. Nicholas, describes the following interesting pet:

Some girl cousins of mine living in New Jersey have an odd pet. It is a white red squirrel.

You have all seen red squirrel—"chickarees" they call them, from the sounds of their chattering and scolding, as they drop nutshells on your head, or run down a tree-trunk by fits and starts, giving a little "chick" with each forward rush, while they watch you sharply.

Our little pet is like one of these in every way, except that he is so snowy white that the cleanest tablecloth looks dingy compared to him.

He was born in a cranberry-bog. Some men cutting brush there saw two strange little animals, one white, the other cream-colored. They caught this white one by throwing a coat over him, but the creamy squirrel ran away.

When the captive was brought home all admired him greatly, for he was, as you may imagine, a very beautiful little creature, with his long bushy tail and bright woodland tricks.

But there is really one strange thing about him; his eyes are not red or

A PICTURE OF BEADS.

pink, as are those of most white animals, but they are as black as any squirrel's could be. So my girl cousins call him "Beads."

When an animal belonging to a species commonly dark in color is born white instead, it is called an "albino." You have all seen albino rabbits and rats and mice. Their eyes are pink. So that Beads is really a most uncommon fellow, a snowy squirrel with jet-black eyes.

Albino or not, he is at any rate a most winning little pet, and there is no end to his pretty ways. As a cat and a kitten live with the same family, he has to be kept in a squirrel-cage; but he is let out a long time each day. Then Beads is quite happy. He climbs up the back of the chair and nibbles the hair of the person seated in it, gnaws the flowers in the window-sill, rushes up the stems of the callas, and scratches in the earth until it flies on all sides. He will rub his head and face and all his body in the earth, until his clean white dress is a sight to behold. After that he hops to the floor and rubs his face carefully upon the carpet.

He loves to retire to a corner or under a piece of furniture for his toilet, going in gray and coming out white. If you peep and watch him, it is great fun, for he scrubs and combs himself with his paws in the neatest way, washes his face just as a cat does, and then takes his big tail in his paws and uses it for a towel! One often hears people wonder why squirrels have such big tails. All know that they are useful as balancing poles and blankets, and are charming as ornaments, but not many are in Bead's secret of their usefulness as towels.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

Incidents Proving That Fishes and Insects Have a Memory.

Many arguments are made, some affirming that animals, fishes and insects have memory, others that they do not. Among the former Herr Edinger, the German anatomist, relates that a young schoolgirl kept a fine, large caterpillar in a box and fed him carefully on choice leaves. At first when it was necessary to remove him he immediately curled himself when placed upon a leaf. But in a short time, learning that no harm was intended, he remained stretched out. Whenever a stranger touched him, he at once curled himself as before. A civil engineer at Coursenlles-Sur-Mer asked a workman why he kept a great number of oysters on a declivity as they were dry at low tide. He replied that the oysters were being "educated" before being sent to Paris, and taught to economize water in their shells. Oysters immediately from the water are said to open on the road and arrive at their destination, dried out, dead and spoiled. If they are first placed where they are alternately under water and high and dry, they realize in a few days that they will experience discomfort if they open under the latter conditions. When they learn to wisely retain the liquid they are sufficiently advanced to pass their examinations in Paris. The historic carps in the pond of the castle at Fontainebleau will pass a piece of apple thrown to them in disdain, feeling assured they will never be able to masticate it, but will wait with great patience while the hardest bread becomes soft in the water, knowing by past experience that it will soon be in a condition to serve for their food. All this is held to be proof that these creatures possess a memory.

The Retort Sufficient.

"Well, little chap," said the stranger in the family, picking up one of the children, "what are you going to be when you're a man?"

"Nuffin'," said the child.

"Nothing? Why so?" asked the stranger.

"Because," said the little child, "I'm a little girl."—Fun.

Little Johnny's Answer.

"Johnny," asked his teacher, "what must we do before our sins can be forgiven?"

"Sin," replied Johnny. — Chicago News.

THE FARMING WORLD.

FOR BETTER HIGHWAYS.

Former Vice President Stevenson Interested in the Movement.

Agitation for good roads is meeting the cordial indorsement of public men who stop to give it more than a passing thought. Ex-Vice President Adlai E. Stevenson is now among those who strongly commend the movement of the League of American Wheelmen for better highways. In a recent letter he said:

"I am in full sympathy with the efforts now being made to secure good roads throughout our country. This is a living question. There is little difficulty in getting from one large city to another, or even in crossing the continent, but the important question is how to get from the country home to the schoolhouse, to the church, to the market. It is a gratifying fact that this subject is now undergoing thorough discussion in many of our states. The result will be beneficial. Like other important questions, it will work out its own solution. I agree with Gov. Markham that 'good roads mean advanced civilization.'"

When people like Mr. Stevenson begin to emphasize the need of better country highways, surely there must be a great public interest to be subserved. And what are the facts? Mr. Stevenson lives at Bloomington, Ill., in the center of a district whose roads are notoriously bad. It is not the only district of its kind. There are dozens of such districts in every state in the union. The Bloomington district is only a sample, and should not be singled out as an illustration, but for coincidence. A prominent paper in Illinois recently published this interesting dispatch from its Bloomington correspondent:

"The embargo of mud is complete in central Illinois. Farmers who have lived in McLean county more than half a century declare that they have never seen the roads so utterly impassable as they are now. General stagnation in retail trade is the result. Farmers find it impossible to come to town in a light vehicle drawn by four horses. Much of the corn stored in cribs has rotted on the cob and crumbles in the sheller. The condition of grain is giving the farmers serious trouble."

Another interesting piece of news comes from Massachusetts. In a town of about 5,000 inhabitants in that state a dwelling house was burned to the ground because the roads were too muddy for the fire department to reach it. Insurance men claim that the town can be held responsible for the loss.

COST OF BAD ROADS.

Some Figures Collected by the Department of Agriculture.

According to statistics collected by the office of road inquiry of the department of agriculture, the amount of loss each year by bad roads of the country is almost beyond belief. Some 10,000 letters of inquiry were sent to intelligent and reliable farmers throughout the country, and returns were obtained from about 1,200 counties, giving the average length of haul in miles from farms to markets and shipping points, the average weight of load hauled and the average length per ton for the whole length of haul. Summarized, it appears that the general average length of haul is 12 miles, the weight of load for two horses 2,000 pounds, and the average cost per ton per mile 25 cents, or three dollars for the entire load.

Allowing conservative estimates for tonnage of all kinds carried over public roads, the aggregate expense of this transportation is figured at $946,414,600 per annum. Those in a position to judge calculate that two-thirds, or nearly $631,000,000, could be saved if the roads were in reasonably good condition. At $4.00 per mile a very good road can be constructed, and if an amount equaling the savings of one year were applied to improving highways, 157,000 miles of road in this country could be put in condition. The effect of this would be a permanent improvement, and not only would the farmer be astonished in the sudden reduction in his road tax, but he would also wonder at the remarkable falling off in the cost of transportation. He would also find that he required fewer horses and less feed for them. He could make two trips to market a day instead of one, when ability to get his goods there at a time when high prices are ruling is a matter of great consequence. Farmers are beginning to apply a little simple arithmetic to some of these matters, and it is not too much to expect that in the near future we shall see a decided revolution in the condition of our rural highways.

When Trees Stop Growing.

Occasionally there will be a tree which makes no growth, despite every effort to provide it with all that it requires. The tree may show no signs of disease, but simply makes no progress, being no larger at the end of the third or fourth year than at the beginning of the second year. It is difficult to discover the cause, but sometimes there may be root lice, or disease, under the surface. Remove the top soil, exposing as much of the roots as possible, and over an area of ten feet around the tree. Add a pound of concentrated lye to four gallons of boiling water; let it dissolve, apply warm (not too hot) over the roots, scatter a peck of air-slacked lime next, and return the top soil again.—Rural World.

Why He Is Poor.

The farmer's overalls are worn,
His back with toil is bent;
His faded coat is old and torn,
He can't lay up a cent.
He markets half a load of grain,
For mud his farm enthralls,
And so the extra trips explain
The farmer's overhauls.
—Good Roads.

Small fruit growing requires considerable work, but will pay for the effort.

BREEDING OF GOATS.

In England Dairymen Pay Much Attention to It.

It is within the last 20 years that the movement toward improved breeds of goats has been going on in Europe. The first British show of goats was held in 1875 under the patronage of Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who has always taken interest in the matter. In 1879 the British Goat society was organized with the object of improveing the breeds of goats and increasing their capabilities for milk production. Under the auspices of that society flock books and a stud goat register are published at frequent intervals, and classes are provided for goats at the leading shows of the United Kingdom. The points aimed for in breeding were a fine, smooth coat of short, glossy hair, horns, if any, small, dark colored and curving backward, with large milk yield fixed as an established characteristic of the ewes. Great improvement has resulted not only from careful selection among native goats, but also, and to a still larger extent, from the importation of su-

PRIZE TOGGENBURG GOAT.

perior breeds. One of the most successful breeds yet introduced is the Toggenburg from Switzerland. These goats have many desirable qualities. They are short haired, nearly always hornless, and are unsurpassed as milkers. The accompanying illustration portrays the Toggenburg goat Swiss Beauty, which took the second prize for hornless goats at the last British dairy show, the first prize going to a cross-bred of the same exhibitor, Swiss Beauty was bred and exhibited by Mr. A. C. McMinn, of London, who has for some time been a spirited fancier and breeder. — Orange Judd Farmer.

MICROSCOPIC LIFE.

Bacteria Play an Important Part in the Work of the Dairy.

"The necessity of bacteriology in dairy products" was discussed by Prof. McDonnell, of the Pennsylvania state college, at the recent dairymen's meeting. As it was exceedingly interesting, I report a few of the salient points.

The speaker stated that only a few years ago physicians were the only persons who were thought to have any interest in this subject, while the fact is, we are indebted to bacteria for very many of the good things of life. Bacteria come to us as friends and not always as enemies, as was supposed a few years ago.

Every delicacy supplied to us is largely dependent upon bacteria. We could have neither good butter nor cheese without them; in fact nothing of a delicacy in the dairy can be had without bacteria, except condensed milk, which he did not regard as a delicacy.

These bacteria all belong to the vegetable kingdom, are of vegetable origin, and are of many different forms. Some move through liquids while others remain quiet; 25,000 of them can lie side by side in an inch of space. Some of the bacteria act only on dead matter, while another class produces the acid of milk, and others produce the aroma so very desirable in butter—and also the flavor.

If dairymen were careful to have clean stables for their cows very many undesirable bacteria could be kept from the milk and less trouble would result. It is not true, as some seem to think, that the bacteria come from the cow with the milk. If milk could be kept from coming in contact with the air—which is filled with bacteria—while the cow is being milked, it could be kept pure for an indefinite period.

Great care should be taken to have all milk vessels clean if the dairyman desires the best possible product. Typhoid fever bacteria develop very rapidly in milk, and as a result the malady often spreads very rapidly. Scalding milk kills all organisms.—George Spitler, in Ohio Farmer.

PISTOL CASE BEARER.

The New Orchard Pest Investigated by Prof. Slingerland.

Prof. M. V. Slingerland, of the Cornell university agricultural experiment station, has made a study of the new orchard pest, and says that the "pistol case bearer" is more destructive than any of the "case bearers" ever known. He believes it to be an American insect. In Pennsylvania it has already destroyed 8,000 trees, and has now made its appearance in New York. Its range of food plants includes orchard fruits, and probably the chestnut. It occurs from Canada southward, through New York and Pennsylvania, where only it has been destructive, and westward through Nebraska into New Mexico. It is very small, and would hardly be noticed except for the "cases" which the little caterpillars wear, and which reveal them to the casual observer. Their form is pistol-shaped. They are tough, leathery textured, apparently made from silken threads, interwoven with pubescence from leaves. These little cases are odd-looking objects, and are seen projecting from flower buds, leaves or twigs. It is doubted if any spray will reach the insect in its winter quarters.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

BEAUTY IS BLOOD DEEP.

Pure, Healthy Blood Means Beautiful Complexion — Intestinal Microbes Poison the Blood When the Bowels Are Constipated. Drive Them Out by Making the Liver Lively.

"Beauty is skin deep." That is wrong. Beauty is blood deep.

A person constipated, with a lazy liver, bilious blood, dyspeptic stomach, has pimples and liver spots and a sole leather complexion.

No one with a furred tongue, a bad breath, a jaundiced eye, can be beautiful, no matter how perfect are form and features.

To be beautiful, to become beautiful, or remain beautiful, the blood must be kept pure and free from bile, microbes, disease-germs and other impurities.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic will do it for you quickly, surely, naturally. They never grip nor gripe, but make the liver lively, prevent sour stomach, kill disease-germs, tone up the bowels, purify the blood, and make all things right, as they should be. Then beauty comes of itself and to stay.

Buy and try Cascarets to-day. It's what they do, not what we say they do, that will please you. All druggists, 10c, 25c or 50c, or mailed for price. Send for booklet and free sample. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York.

Stories.

She did not proclaim her story to the world. She was proud.

"Fourth," she said to the elevator boy, in a loud voice.

That is to say, she proclaimed the third story below hers, and then got out and walked the rest of the way up.—Detroit Journal.

Up to His Looks.

One of the many private secretaries at the national capital is still new to his honors. One day a newspaper woman, full of business, burst into the office of this secretary's chief. The great man was out. "Can you tell me when he will be in?" she asked. "Really," drawled the clerk, "I haven't an idea." "Well," said the newspaper woman, as she turned to go, "I must say you look it."—Washington Post.

The Shoe on the Other Foot.

Miss Strongmynd—Have one of my new brand of cigarettes—I assure you they are delicious.

Miss Bloomer—Thanks, dear, but I've stopped smoking.

"You astonish me. I never dreamed that you would become a backslider."

"Don't think so hardly of me, dear; I've only stopped till I'm married. You see, the trouble is, Cholly complains that the odor is disagreeable to him."—Yellow Kid Magazine.

A man philosophizes better than a woman on the human heart, but she reads the hearts of men better than he.—Rousseau.

Sound Reasons for Approval.

There are several cogent reasons why the medical profession recommend and the public prefer Hostetter's Stomach Bitters above the ordinary cathartics. It does not drench and weaken the bowels, but assists rather than forces nature to act; it is botanic and safe; its action is never preceded by an internal earthquake like that produced by a drastic purgative. For forty-five years past it has been a household remedy for liver, stomach and kidney trouble.

People are certainly as unfair with their neighbors as they are with prominent officials they happen to dislike.—Atchison Globe.

People who always pretend that things are told them in confidence, usually wouldn't know much if they told it all.—Washington Democrat.

When a church is assigned a new minister, the women members think for a time that they have lost all interest in the cause, but they soon begin to love the new man as much as they loved the old one.—Atchison Globe.

It is a wonder to all busy people how a loafer manages to keep his clothes so long.—Washington Democrat.

"You will be sorry for the way you have neglected me when I am silent in the tomb," said Mrs. Peck; "think of that." "My dear," said Mr. Peck, as innocently as he could, "I cannot imagine such a thing."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again." And the same thing is true of a barrel hoop, if you happen to step on it just right.

Bertie—"Are you dining anywhere on Thursday?" Appleby (eagerly)—"Thursday—no." Bertie—"How hungry you'll be on Friday."—Tit-Bits.

"Sonny," said Uncle Eben, "don' you neber wase yoh time tryin' ter define what happiness is. It kin be anything fum a million dollars down to a circus ticket."—Washington Star.

New Servant—"I found this coin upon your desk, sir." Master—"I'm glad you are honest. I put it there purposely to test your honesty." New Servant—"That's what I thought."—Figende Blatter.

A woman can't write the minutes of a meeting without adding some comments.—Washington Democrat.

"Do you go to school, my little man?" asked the smiling visitor. "Naw!" drawled the hopeful; "I'm sent."

Mrs. Watts—"Does your husband ride his wheel on these rainy days?" Mrs. Potts—"No; he just stays at home and works the cyclometer."—Indianapolis Journal.

To Colorado Springs and Pueblo—Burlington Route Via Denver.

A through Sleeping car to Colorado Springs and Pueblo via Denver is attached to Burlington Route daily train leaving Chicago 10:30 p. m. Office, 211 Clark St.

No matter in what part of the house a man leaves things, a woman will always move them.—Washington Democrat.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a Cough medicine.—F. M. Abbott, 383 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

The people who think they suffer most generally manage to have a pretty good time.—Washington Democrat.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee.

The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. ¼ the price of coffee.

15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers.

Tastes like Coffee
Looks like Coffee.

FULL of HEALTH

Every ingredient in Hires Rootbeer is health giving. The blood is improved, the nerves soothed, the stomach benefited by this delicious beverage.

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Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia.
A package makes five gallons.

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A. N. K.—C 1864

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ALL AGES Hail with delight the coming of the most wonderful, meritorious preparation that will lighten the ills of humanity and will do away with the taking of obnoxious, violent purges, inconvenient liquids, and pills that tear your life out. Simple, because in

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ALL DRUGGISTS. 10c., 25c., 50c.

From Baby to Dear Old Grandpa.

AN OPEN LETTER
To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now* Chas. H. Fletcher. *on every bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher. *wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought* Chas. H. Fletcher. *on the and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher. *wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher M.D.

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Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

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Neat Printing, on good paper, free of typographical errors, is the kind you want. Work that is done in a slovenly manner, for a cheap price, is not the kind that pays either the customer or the Printer. We do the other kind of work—THE BEST—at a price to make some money for ourselves. That's what we are in business for.

Address all orders to

BENJ. H. SINCELL,
OAKLAND, MD.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE
In Garrett County.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Robert H. Butler to the undersigned mortgagee bearing date the 3rd day of March, 1893, and duly recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No 23, folio 411, one of the mortgage records of Garrett county, default having been made in the payment of a part of the mortgage debt and interest thereon, under a covenant contained in said mortgage the whole debt becomes due, and I will, on

Friday, the 23d Day of July,

1897, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., in front of the court house, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, offer at public sale for cash to the highest bidder all that part of a tract of land known as

"Brant's Farm,"

and also part of the tract called

"SWANTON,"

adjoining lands of Hirgan Duckworth, Alford Warnick, Jonas Weltzell and others, containing

81 1-4 ACRES.

situate, lying and being in Garrett county and State of Maryland, and being the same land that was conveyed to the said Robert H. Butler by the undersigned by deed duly recorded among the land records of Garrett county, to which deed reference is hereby made.

About twenty-five acres of said land is cleared and under cultivation, and the balance is in timber.

Terms of sale as prescribed by said mortgage—Cash on the day of sale. Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

HIRAM DUCKWORTH,
17-td *Mortgagee.*

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

Tomson's Red Seal Lye.

98 per cent. strength, granulated, packed in SIFTING TOPcans, is the greatest soapmaker, disinfectant and cleanser.

One Can will make 10 Pounds of Hard Soap.

Red Seal is the best disinfectant and purifier to use in sinks, drains, waste pipes and closets. It is handy, safe and sure. One can of Red Seal to 15 gallons of water sprayed, knocks potato bugs, cabbage worms, etc. No damage to vines. 15-13

Mortgagee's Sale

of Property in Garrett County, West of Frostburg, on the National Road.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Richard Larue and Alice Larue to William R. Percy, dated January 21, 1892, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No 18, folio 278, one of the Mortgage Records of Garrett county, Maryland, which said mortgage has been duly assigned to me, I will on

SATURDAY,

the Seventh Day of August,

at 10 o'clock A. M., in front of the postoffice in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, the property described in said mortgage:

Beginning at a stake standing on the National Road North 30 degrees West 25 9-10 perches to a pine tree at the East corner of the bridge, thence North 37 degrees East 18½ perches to a stake standing on Savage Run, thence South 31 degrees East 25 9-10 perches to a stake, thence South 37 degrees West 18½ perches to the beginning, and being the same property conveyed to Richard Larue and Alice Larue by John N. Beall.

The improvements on the property consist of a house of four or five rooms, a good sized stable, and the usual small fences and buildings.

Terms of Sale: Cash on day of sale.

ROBERT R. HENDERSON,
Assignee of Mortgage.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, July 12, 1897.

Although the secrecy maintained by the Senators and Representatives on the conference committee which is at work on the tariff bill passed by the Senate last week is aggravating to the newsgatherers, it is considered absolutely necessary to avoid delay in the final disposition of the bill. If each agreement reached by the conference should be announced, there would be no peace for the members of the committee, owing to the objections of those who are interested. It has also been determined, to avoid delay, that no partial reports shall be made to the House and Senate, everything being held back until a final agreement has been reached. Experience has proven that partial reports are productive of much delay, especially when the measure under consideration is of such a complicated nature as a tariff bill necessarily is. Although there is nothing official on the subject, I have excellent reasons for saying that the Republican conferees—the Democratic conferees will take no part in the conferences until the Republicans have reached an agreement—expect to complete their work this week.

Prsident McKinley has indicated quite plainly to a number of prominent Republicans that he has decided to modify Mr. Cleveland's orders for the extension of the civil service rules and the President's order may be expected any time. It is not yet certain how far this modification will go, but it is the impression of those who talked with Maj. McKinley on the subject that deputy collectors of internal revenue, who have charge of the distribution of stamps, and deputy collectors of customs, who are in charge of sub-stations, will be among those placed outside of the civil service rules.

As was stated in this correspondence several months ago, Mr. Cleveland's consolidation of Pension Agencies, announced to go into effect Sept. 1, 1897, will not go into effect. The Cleveland order will in due time be officially revoked by President McKinley, a thorough investigation having shown that the government would save nothing by the proposed consolidation, and that it would greatly inconvenience thousands of pensioners.

The report that Japan will file an additional and stronger protest against the annexation of Hawaii excites such very little interest in Washington that nobody appears to care whether it turns out to be true or not. Hawaii will be annexed in due time, and Senator Morgan, a dyed-in-the-wool Democratic member of the committee on Foreign Relations, says that if President McKinley wishes the treaty to be ratified at the present session of congress, instead of at the regular session next winter, he has only to say so and it will be done.

The death of Senator Harris, of Tenn., has once more made Representatives McMillin and Richardson, of that state, rivals; they both want to go to the Senate, just as they both wanted the minority leadership in the House, that went to Bailey, of Texas.

Secretary Alger has accepted an invitation to deliver an address at a G. A. R. reunion at Spirit Lake, Iowa, on the 21st inst., and from there he will go to Chicago to be present at the unveiling of the Logan statue on the 22nd inst. President McKinley is very anxious to be present at the latter event, and if Congress adjourns this week, he will go. There is a strong probability that Congress will adjourn as soon as the tariff bill has been agreed to, as it is unlikely that there will be any serious attempt to secure action on the President's currency commission recommendation at this session; at least, not in the Senate. The House may act upon it. Present indications are that the tariff bill will be completed and signed by the President before the end of the week.

President and Mrs. McKinley have decided to spend the greater part of their vacation on Lake Champlain, which makes it certain that they will not be able to make their contemplated visit to the Pacific coast this summer. They will not give up the idea, however, as the President is very anxious to see that section of the country and will go at the first opportunity, probably next summer.

Permanently Cured.

For about two years I suffered with diarrhoea. I used a number of remedies and was treated by physicians, but received no permanent relief. After taking a few doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, I believe that I am now permanently cured."—Joab Crites, Tanner, Gilmor county, W. Va.

For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

For Sale.

Two farms near Deer Park, Maryland, containing about 275 acres each; houses, barns and all outbuildings. These farms are known as the Samuel Browning and Wm. Tricket farms. Also two farms at Selbysport, Md., containing about 250 acres each; good buildings on these properties. For full particulars, address

A. M. FRAZEE,
5365 Breedshill Street,
16-5 Pittsburg, Pa.

Niagara Falls via Pittsburg.

The B. & O. R. R. has arranged an excursion to Niagara Falls, via Pittsburg and Buffalo. Special express will leave Washington 10 o'clock a.m. Wednesday, July 7th, crossing the Alleghany Mountains in daylight. The train will run through solid from Washington to Niagara Falls, via P. & L. E. R. R., L. S. & M. S. R. R. and N. Y. C. R. R. Tickets good for return five days from date of sale.

We show below train schedules and rates of fare from this vicinity:

	RATE.	TIME, A. M.
Deer Park	$9.10	10 28
Mt. Lake Park	9.65	10 19
Oakland	9.70	10.12

Arriving Niagara Falls 8 o'clock following morning.

Correspondingly low rates from other points.

Passengers from local points, at which the Special is not scheduled to stop, can take local train to nearest point connecting with the through express.

REDUCED RATES.

Tennessee Centennial Exposition, Nashville, Tennessee.

OVER THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY
and Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway.

The Southern Railway announces the following low rates from Washington, D. C., to Nashville, Tenn., occasion Tennessee Centennial Exposition:

Season Excursion Tickets will be sold daily, until and including October 15, at $28.75.

Twenty-day Excursion Tickets will be sold daily until October 15, at $21.30.

Ten-day Excursion Tickets will be sold on Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week, until October 26, 1897, at $15.30.

Rates for Military and Students in parties of 25 or more made known upon application.

Lv Baltimore, P. R. R	9.20 PM	9.12 AM
" Washington, So. Ry	10.41 "	11.15 "
" Danville	6.00 AM	6.20 PM
Ar Salisbury (E. T.)	"	9.37 "	8.50 "
" Asheville (C. T.)	"	2.05 PM	12.12 AM
" Hot Springs	"	4.21 "	1.20 "
" Knoxville	"	7.25 "	4.00 "
" Chattanooga	"	11.20 "	7.50 "
" Nashville, N. C. & St. L. Ry	6.45 AM	1.50 PM

The train leaving Baltimore at 9.20 P. M., daily, carries Pullman Buffet Sleeper New York to Salisbury, uniting with Pullman Sleeper (from Norfolk) to Nashville, Tenn., through "The Land of the Sky," without change.

For full particulars, descriptive matter, etc., call on or address:
J. C. HORTON, Pass. Agent,
106 East German st., Baltimore, Md.
L. S. BROWN, Gen'l Agent Pass. Dept.
W. A. TURK, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
J. M. CULP, Traffic Manager.
W. H. GREEN, Gen'l Superintendent.
1300 Penna. Ave., Washington, D. C.

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Tin, Galvanized and Sheet Iron
WORKER.

Roofing and Spouting Done on Short Notice.

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OAKLAND, MD.

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FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

Jos. E. HARNER, Proprietor.
31—26

FREE HOMES
...IN...
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160 Acres of Land FREE to Every Citizen.

1,000,000 ACRES

FINE TIMBER LANDS
RICH
Farming and Grazing
LANDS.

FRUITS Grow in Abundance.
FINE CLIMATE.
No Extreme Heat or Cold Weather.

NO TAXES For Seven Years
CONVENIENT TO MARKETS
Settling up very fast by EASTERN PEOPLE.

Full particulars free.
Address
A. C. HARVEY,
42 S. Third Street, Phila., Pa.
17—52

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:
C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

TEETHING TROUBLES
are controlled and cured by
LAUGHLIN'S
INFANT CORDIAL

If the baby comes safely through the teething period its most dangerous time is past. The Cordial relieves the tingling ache of the little gums, controls the bowels, cures colic—brings safely out of danger.

Every bottle guaranteed.
All druggists, 25 cents.
JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Prop's,
WHEELING, W. VA.

TIN, SLATE and STEEL
ROOFING,
SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.
PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.
REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.
SPOUTING, ETC.

WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot.

W. A. HOUGH, MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

SHARTZER & BOLDEN
OAKLAND, MD.,
DEALERS IN

Furniture,
Carpets,
Matting,
Oil Cloth,
Window Shades,
Wall Paper,
—AND—
GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Repairing Furniture and Picture Framing a Specialty.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.
IN EFFECT JULY 18, 1897.

SOUTHWARD No. 3 P. M.	SOUTHWARD No. 1 A. M.	STATIONS		NORTHWARD No. 2 NOON	NORTHWARD No. 4 P. M.
3 00*	8 00† lv	Cumberland	ar	*12 00	†7 30
3 29	7 20	Rawlings		11 31	7 01
3 52	8 52	Keyser		11 08	6 38
4 05	9 05	Westernport		10 55	6 25
4 09	9 01	W. Va. C. Junc.		10 48	6 18
4 37	9 35	Shaw		10 21	5 50
5 02	10 00	Hardson		9 56	*5 26
6 15	10 45* ar	Elk Garden		9 00	*4 00
5 35	10 55† lv	Gorman		9 21	4 51
5 42	10 12	Bayard		9 19	4 49
5 51	10 51	Dobbin		9 09	4 39
6 27	11 27	Thomas		8 38	4 08
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis		7 55	3 15
6 31	11 31 lv	Coketon		8 31	4 01
7 01	12 01	Hendricks		8 01	3 30
7 07	12 07	Bretz		7 54	3 23
7 10	12 10	Parsons		7 50	3 20
7 45	12 45	Kerens		7 15	2 45
8 00	1 00 ar	Elkins	lv	*7 00	*2 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv		*1 55
	3 05* ar	Healdsburg	lv		*11 30
P. M.	P. M.			A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.
C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect Sunday, May 16, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	Daily	2.40	A. M
No. 3	Daily	6.28	A. M
No. 71	Accom daily except Sun	9.28	A. M
No. 47	Daily	4.36	P. M
No. 55	Express, daily	5.55	P. M
No. 1	Daily	10.01	P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	Daily	5.30	A. M
No. 2	Daily	6.41	A. M
No. 72	Accom daily except Sun	5.18	P. M
No. 46	Daily	1.43	P. M
No. 4	Daily	12.20	A. M
No. 14	Accommodation	10.12	A. M

Train No. 55 makes no stops between Oakland and Grafton. No. 47 makes all stops.

D. E. MARTIN,
Manager of Passenger Traffic.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

JOHN SHARTZER,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
offers his services to the people of Garrett county. Will cry land or personal property sales at any point in the county. 6-97-1yr.

ESTATE OF FRANCIS SPICER, DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett County, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett County, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

FRANCIS SPICER,

late of Garrett county, Md., deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 17th day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 2d day of June, 1897.

MICHAEL NATHAN, Adm'r. c. t. a.
11-3 Grantsville, Md.

NOTICE OF BRIDGE LETTING.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF GARRETT COUNTY.
OAKLAND, MD., June 16, 1897.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners for Garrett county, Maryland, will receive sealed bids for a two-span, steel bridge, until the 8th day of July, 1897, at 11 o'clock a. m.

Said bridge is to be in two spans, seventy-four and one-half feet each between masonry, 14-foot roadway, with a 6-foot side walk, or without side walk. High truss, 100 pounds per square foot, factory safety five. Plans will be seen in the County Commissioners' office after July 1st. The company to whom the contract will be awarded will be required to give bond double the contract price. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the board.
15-1d J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

Ripans Tabules relieve scrofula.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1c14-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate. CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED. SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

DR. J. D. ROBINSON, DENTIST,
Felty Building, Opposite Postoffice,
OAKLAND, MD.
GAS ADMINISTERED. 50-97

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Residence on North 3rd Street.
Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

THOMAS R. McROBIE,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street.
All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 **SELBYSPORT, MD.**

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1897.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

Andrew E. Gonder, Att'y at Law. Alexander C. Mason, Surveyor.

GONDER & MASON,
:- REAL -: ESTATE :- AGENTS, :-
OAKLAND, MD.
40—1yr. Office, Shartzer's Opera House.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.
LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including train ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26*

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND.
D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President.
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted
Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

PIEDMONT STONE & LIME CO.,

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WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO FURNISH THIS

Superior Lime

TO BUILDERS, FARMERS AND TANNERS IN BARRELS OR BULK TO SUIT PURCHASERS.

This lime is equal in strength for agricultural, building and tanning purposes to the Frederick or Baltimore county lime.

KILNS AT CRABTREE, MD.

Address all orders to

The E. J. Fredlock Mf'g and Bld'g Co.,
43 26 PIEDMONT, W. VA.

WANTED:
ROCK OAK BARK.
Write for prices.
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
40-13 CUMBERLAND, MD.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1897. NUMBER 20.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

On Tuesday the Oakland hotel had a hundred and twelve guests.

Six consecutive rainy days is the record for Oakland to date.

The standard binding twine for sale by Thos. Little. 20-3

Mr. Stewart Hamill is in Cumberland visiting friends.

Miss Nell Offutt is on a visit to friends at Elk Garden, West Va.

A minor of Jesse Friend, Friendsville, has been granted a pension.

Ginghams, ginghams: Lancaster ginghams at 5c. a yard, at Little's.

The grass cutter may not be rich, but he handles lots of the long green.

Best grade of Harvesting Oil, 30 cents per gallon at S. Lawton's. 18-3

Mr. John Humbird, Jr., of Pittsburgh, is visiting Mr. Robt. McDonald.

Mr. Edward S. Slabach has rented the New Glades Hotel and moved into it.

Miss Annie Roberts has gone to Cumberland to spend a few days with friends.

The best three star brown sheeting at 5c. a yard. The best on earth; at Little's. 20-3

Mr. Julius Scherr, of Eglon, was a business visitor to Oakland Tuesday morning.

Editor Bolden and James S. Lakin, of Terra Alta, were guests at Oakland Monday.

The yard at the Garrett Memorial church has been mowed—a decided improvement.

Mrs. Gus A. Bolden, of Terra Alta, visited her father and sisters here on Tuesday.

Mr. Frank Legge and daughter, of Pittsburgh, are here on a visit to Mr. Geo. W. Legge.

Mr. Edward Wiland, of New Germany, was in Oakland a few hours on Friday last.

Prof. Sanner's Normal school at Accident has about twenty-five scholars enrolled.

Miss Laura Matthews has returned from a visit to her home in Preston county, W. Va.

Richard S. Browning, of Oakland, has been appointed on the police force of Baltimore city.

Engagement rings are on the decline. The girls now insist upon engagement bicycles.

Mr. William A. Beavers, of Terra Alta, was in Oakland on business yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Mary Barnes, of near Washington, is here on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. George Kildow.

Miss Nellie M. Curtiss, of Baltimore, is here as the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Mahlon C. Hinebaugh.

Mr. Percy Proctor went to Cincinnati last Sunday evening, where he will remain a few days.

Mr. A. B. Procter, a government employe of Washington, is spending the summer in Oakland.

Mr. John S. Sanders, of near Rowlesburg, W. Va., is in Oakland on business this morning.

The continued wet weather has a depressing effect upon hotel and boarding house business.

Mr. S. E. Bolden has gone to Meyersdale, Pa., where he has a contract for finishing a dwelling house.

Mr. B. F. Miller and wife, of near Friendsville, were in the city on last Friday and made us a pleasant call.

County Commissioner Isaac W. Abernathy was in Oakland yesterday and today as a witness in the Circuit Court.

Mr. J. Ross Diggs, of Young, Creighton & Diggs, the Hopkins Place merchants, is at Deer Park, Md.—Baltimore News.

Mr. William A. Dailey was on a business trip down in the lower end of the county last week. He traveled via the bike.

Jerome Emery, of Oakland, Md., arrived last Saturday on a three or four weeks' visit to home folks.—Keyser Tribune.

Mr. Thomas Bartlett, of Bloomington, one of the leading Republicans of that district, was in Oakland Tuesday a few hours.

Dr. and Mrs. John G. Robinson have gone to housekeeping in a part of Mrs. Patrick Hamill's residence on Second street.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Mitchell drove to Listonburg Pa., last Friday, where they spent a week with relatives of Mr. Mitchell.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Bush and family, of Valley Falls, W. Va., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Fringer a day or two last week.

Mrs. D. Tasker, on last Thursday, dined with her friends, Rev. Griffith and wife, of Baltimore, at the Hamilton House, Mt. Lake Park.

The cause of woman's rights is progressing in Kansas. Female prisoners are required to wear overalls and break stone the same as men

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Wright, of Brookside, went to Cleveland, Ohio, one day last week, where they will remain several weeks.

Deputy Sheriff William Brown was on a business trip through the lower end of the county last week, returning to Oakland on Friday morning.

Mr. James O. Cleveland has a contract in Cumberland for plastering a large building and is now in the above city engaged in its fulfillment.

Don't nauseate your stomach with teas and bitter herbs, but regulate your liver and sick headache by using those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

Rev. John P. Hubbard, of Philadelphia, one of the principals in the Wilson-Brown ejectment suit, is in Oakland, a guest at the Commercial Hotel.

A camp of gypsies, with a number of broken down horses and a few mangy dogs, passed through Oakland Tuesday afternoon and went out the river road.

Mr. William Frederick and son Charles, of Friendsville, were in the city Tuesday, having been summoned here as principals in a civil suit before Justice Boyer.

At the examination for teachers held at Grantsville last week there were twenty-seven applicants. Three of the number will receive first grade certificates.

Mrs. Carr, of Colarado, who came here a number of weeks ago and rented the Walker property at the head of Second street, has relinquished it and moved to Kentucky.

Mr. George G. McKay, formerly school examiner of Allegany county, and who has been in the West for many years, is now a resident of Bloomington, this county.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Young and daughters, of Frederick, who were here a few days last week visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Schraeder, returned to their home on Friday last.

Burning, itching skin diseases instantly relieved by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, unequalled for cuts, bruises, burns. It heals without leaving a scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

A ball was given at the Glades Hotel last night by the young gentlemen of Oakland. A number of ladies and gentlemen were present and quite an enjoyable evening was spent.

Mrs. John A. Peters, formerly of Oakland, spent several days here last and this week. Mrs. Peters is residing at Frostburg with her adopted daughter, Mrs. Thomas Johnson.

"They don't make much fuss about it." We are speaking of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous Little pills for constipation, billiousness and all stomach and liver troubles. They never gripe. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mrs. Gilmor S. Hamill went to Cumberland last Monday afternoon, where she attended the wedding of Prof. John E. Edwards to Miss Mary Read, which occurred Tuesday evening.

Just think of it, Rowena lace lawns, worth 10c. a yard, cut down to 5c. a yard. Don't fail to come and see them. They are a bargain. Thomas Little. 20-3

Mrs. D. V. Morris and grandson, of Kingwood, who were visiting at Oakland and Mountain Lake Park for the past two or three weeks, returned home Tuesday afternoon.

A petition is being circulated in Accident district asking Gov. Lowndes to appoint Mr. John M. Menhorn to the vacancy on the Orphans' Court bench caused by the death of Judge Englehart.

Mr. I. S. Wilson, editor of the *Gazette*, Upper Marlboro, Md., is a guest at the Oakland hotel. Mr. Wilson has been in ill health for a number of months and came to the mountains in the hope that a change would be beneficial.

Fairview, Senator Gorman's farm, near Laurel, Md., has produced this year the enormous crop of 3,000 bushels of wheat from 100 acres. The Senator sold 2,500 bushels of his crop as it came from the threshing machine at 72½ cents a bushel.

For more than a week a number of men and teams have been engaged in putting rock along Second street between the bridge and the corner of Alder street. The work is under the supervision of Mayor McComas and he is determined to make the improvement a permanent one. After the rock are all broken a line of drain pipe will be placed along both sides of the street and a curb put in.

The Oakland Athletic [illegible]iation will hold a special meeting at the gymnasium on Friday, July 30th, at 8 o'clock. All members are requested to be present as business of the greatest importance will be transacted.

Rev. J. B. Richards, of Germantown, Md., and Mr. Emmons, the State organizer of the Good Templars, will address those interested in the cause of temperance on Monday evening, August 2d, in Shartzer's Opera House. Let all bear in mind the cause, time and place.

The Walker house at the head of Second street, was broken into last Saturday night. As yet there is no indication that any thing was removed from the house and little damage was done.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bush of the Mountain Home at Eglon W. Va., were in town last Saturday. They report their summer hotel rapidly filling up with guests, and prospects flattering for a prosperous season at Eglon and Aurora.

Vim, vigor and victory:—these are the charistics of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, billiousness and all stomach and liver troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Senator Wellington has been confined to his home by illness for a week past. His condition at one time this week was considered very serious. He is improving however, and will resume his seat in the Senate next week.

The monuments for use in establishing the true meridian at Oakland, which are to be set up at the court house in Oakland, have been received and will be placed in position as soon as the State engineer arrives.

There is a time for everything; and the time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait until you have consumption but prevent it by using One Minute Cough Cure, the great remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

A letter was received here by Mr. William H. Hagans, from the physician in charge of the Shepherd asylum, where Mrs. Hagans was taken a few weeks ago for treatment, stating that no perceptible change has occurred in her mental condition.

The Alaska gold fever hasn't struck anybody in Oakland yet, but if it should, and you want to go out there to make your fortune be sure to take enough money along to buy your victuals. Potatoes are selling at $2 per pound and all other things in proportion.

Mr. Norval Speelman, of District No. 2, who recently graduated from the law school of the West University, was in Oakland on legal business Tuesday. Mr. Speelman is located temporarily at his home near Selbysport. He has been admitted to practice in this and adjoining counties of West Virginia and Pennsylvania.

"I crave but One Minute," said the public speaker in a husky voice; and then he took a dose of One Minute Cough Cure, and proceeded with his oratory. One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled for the throat and lungs. Oakland Pharmacy.

Edison's latest invention, the projectoscope, will be on exhibition at Shartzer's Opera House on Saturday evening, July 24th. The invention is one of the greatest of the age and projects moving pictures, true to life in every feature and gesture. Tickets on sale at Harned's.

It heals everything except a broken heart, may be said of DeWitt Witch Hazel Salve. Piles and rectal diseases, cuts, burns, bruises, tetter, eczema and all skin troubles may be cured by it quickly and permanently. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Clyde Watson, of Kingwood, son of Mr. John W. Watson, Clerk of the Circuit Court for Preston county, was in Oakland this morning a few hours, having come down to Oakland from Terra Alta to procure some medicine for his uncle, Mr. Creed Dunnington, who has been quite ill for a long time.

John Griffin, of Zanesville, O., says: "I never lived a day for thirty years without suffering agony, until a box of Witch Hazel Salve cured my piles." For piles and rectal troubles, cuts, bruises, sprains, eczema and all skin troubles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. Oakland Pharmacy.

"July 18, 1896, our store, four dwelling houses and three barns were washed away by a flood. Soon after the community was visited by an epidemic of bloody flux. In a short time we sold ten dozen of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and in every case where it was used the results were all that could be desired; in fact our physicians admitted that it would do more toward bringing about a cure of flux than they could do"—Bush & Knisley, Auburn, W. Va., Oct. 8, 1896. Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The song recital to be given by Mr. Samuel Blight Johns at Shartzer's Opera House tomorrow evening promises to be a great success. A large number of tickets have been sold. Mr. John's reputation as a singer is known all over the country. Tickets on sale at Oakland Pharmacy.

Mrs. Jno. Richmond and Miss Sarah Gould left yesterday for Oakland to spend, perhaps, several weeks.—The miners of the Georges Creek region were never in better shape to resist the importunities of the "walking delegate" than now, and they will refuse to be soft-soaped this year. Selah!—Lonaconing Star.

The representatives of Maryland and West Virginia will meet in Oakland, Md., Monday, August 2nd, and start for the Fairfax stone when the work of running the boundary line between the two states will be commenced. All preparations have been completed for the survey which will require three or four months.

Sunday last the editor, in company with ex-Sheriff Chas. Wegman, drove out from Grantsville to the home of Mr. Henry Blocher, in District No. 9, and enjoyed the hospitality of his family. The residence of Mr. Geo. W. Blocher was also visited and an hour or two was spent very pleasantly with him.

Mr. Charles Lovenstein, the popular B. & O. telegraph operator, has been sent to Deer Park for a few days.—Mr. R. G. Richardson, of Mt. Lake, spent part of the week in town. —Mrs. Chas. Huth, Sr., spent Thursday in Mt. Lake Park.—Piedmont Herald.

Mrs. Isaac Bradburn and Mr. John Ternent have returned from Mt. Lake Park.—Miss Lizzie Porter visited Mt. Lake Park last week.—Miss Mary Sloan was at Mt. Lake Park this week —Miss Sarah Gould is visiting at Oakland this week.—Lonaconing Review.

McLaughlin Bros., of Columbus, Ohio, who recently sold the imported French coach stallion to a stock company in Oakland, have a horse of the same breed at Accident and are making an endeavor to dispose of it to the farmers of that vicinity. The Accident animal is four years old and weighs a little over thirteen hundred pounds. A number of shares of stock have been sold.

I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy during the past summer and I find it will do just what it is recommended to do. I cheerfully recommend it."—D. W. Buchner, Clarksburg, W. Va., September 30, 1896.
For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Miss Bessie Nelson, the accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Nelson, who has been in Cincinnati two or three years as a student in a conservatory of music, has returned to her home in Oakland for the summer. Miss Nelson has a voice the equal of which is seldom heard and always appreciated.

Mrs. D. Tasker is in communication with the Children's Fresh Air Society, Baltimore. The letter says, "We will be more than glad to place children in such a charming locality, and very much hope you can find homes. We cannot send less than ten to one locality." The outing is limited to two weeks. Anyone who will kindly take charge of one or more little ones, or contribute a small sum to board them elsewhere, will please communicate with her. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done unto me."

Messrs. Geo. A. Mills & Son have issued neatly printed invitations to a number of ladies and gentlemen in Oakland to attend the dances and concerts to be given at the Oakland Hotel during the season of 1897. These invitations will no doubt be greatly appreciated by those of the young people who find pleasure in dancing and music. The management of the hotel is already very popular with the citizens of Oakland and this act on the part of the Messrs. Mills give them additional popularity.

Hon C. B. Bush, president of the Gilmor County (W. Va.) Court, says that he has had three cases of flux in his family, during the past summer, which he cured in less than a week with Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Mr. Bush also states that in some instances there were twenty hemorrhages a day.—Glenville, W. Va. *Pathfinder*. This remedy has been used in nine epidemics of flux and one of cholera, with perfect success. It can always be depended upon for bowel complaint, even in its most severe forms. Every family should keep it on hand. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Prosecuting Attorney Ira E. Robinson and Dr. C. A. Sinsel have rented a cottage at Mt. Lake Park and their families will spend the heated season there.—Superintendent R. M. Sheats went over to Mt. Lake Park Saturday and spent the day and Sunday with his family, who are spending the summer there.—Mr. Harry Crane and sister Nell, stopped here a few days last week and were the guests of friends. They were en route for Mt. Lake Park, where they will spend the remainder of the heated term.—Editor J. M. Litzinger, of the *Mountain Democrat*, Oakland, spent Sunday with his Grafton friends.—Grafton Sentinel.

S. S. Workers Take Notice.

Prof. A. W. Hawks, of Baltimore, a Sunday school teacher and worker of wide experience, will address a mass-meeting of Sunday schools and workers in the Garrett Memorial church on Sunday, August 1st, at 2.30 p. m.

Call for Your Letters.

For the week ending July 24, 1897: Mr. A. Welsh, Mr. Silas Smith, Mr. Lewis Summers, Mr. Eddie Fike, Mr. John Deal, Mr. G. W. Cochran, Mr. Lawrence Zwall, Mrs. A. B. King, Miss Ada Pysell, Miss Kate O'Donnell, Miss Mary Johnson, Miss Mattie Hyonghes, Miss Bessie Adler.

A New Firm.

Yesterday an inventory of the stock of Messrs. Shartzer & Bolden was made preparatory to a change in the firm. Mr. Shartzer's share of the stock was purchased by Sheriff Austin Brown, who will remain a resident of Oakland after his term of office expires. The new firm will be styled Bolden & Brown, and they will continue the business in the building now occupied by the stock of furniture, etc.

Maryland's Big Wheat Crop.

Reports that have now come in from the grain-growing counties of Maryland make it plain that the wheat crop of the State will be of unusual size. An estimate of not less than 12,000,000 bushels has been made by conservative men, and there is every reason to believe that the yield will go beyond that figure. Last year the crop came within 8,000,000 bushels, but passed a trifle above that figure in 1890 and 1891.

Sales Advertised.

In to-day's REPUBLICAN Sheriff Brown advertises for sale a number of military lots located on Deep Creek near Lake Cleveland. The sale will take place on Saturday, August 24th.

Mr. James C. Peddicord, trustee, will offer for sale on Saturday, August 14th, a farm of about sixty-five acres, situated about two and a-half miles from Frankville.

A Big Sale of Ice.

Superintendent of the Park, Mr. L. A. Rudisill, sold this week to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad company for immediate delivery five hundred tons of Mountain Lake Park ice. The order includes an option for five hundred tons additional to be delivered upon demand. This is the largest sale of ice ever made in this section. The ice is as pure as it can be and is superior to any that can be secured elsewhere. It is expected that this sale will be the means of selling the entire ice crop of the coming winter.

Gold Probably Discovered In this County.

Last Friday morning as laborers in the employ of Messrs. A. Knabb & Co. were engaged in making an excavation for the bed of the railroad track near Sang Run a blast was put off in a ledge of rock. In clearing away the fragments of stone one of the workmen's attention was attracted by the glitter of something bright incrusted in the rock. The matter was reported to their employers and upon examination Mr. Krug, a member of the firm, was of the opinion that the metal was gold. A further test was made and the metal subjected to some severe tests which only increased the opinion first formed. A quantity of the rock was sent to the mint in Philadelphia to be assayed.

An Inquisitive Editor.

Every time we see a girl riding a bicycle early in the evening we wonder if the supper dishes at her home are washed.—Canonsburg Herald.

B. & O. Gross Earnings for June.

The estimated gross earnings of the entire Baltimore and Ohio system for the month of June, 1897, were $2,184,115, a decrease, compared with the corresponding month of 1896, of $5,776. The estimated earnings of the entire system for the twelve months of the fiscal year ended June, 1897, the earnings of June, 1897, being approximated, were $25,557,440, an increase over the preceding year of $1,612,659. The lines east of the Ohio river show an increase of $1,550,083, and those west of the Ohio river an increase of $62,575.

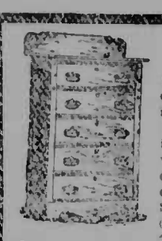

No. 11.—Polished Solid Oak 5-Drawer Chiffonier, 53 inches high, 30¼ inches long, 18 inches deep. It is well constructed and has good locks on each drawer. Special price, (Orders promptly filled).

$3.39

Our success is not accidental. It is the reward of 48 years of honorable business. Our experience in the Furniture and Carpet business is yours for the asking. Our immense assorted stock consists of Furniture, Oil Cloths, Rag Carpets, Ingrain Carpets, Bedding, Springs, Stoves, Ranges, etc. Send for circular and price list, which we pay postage on. If you will write us a postal card stating what goods you are interested in, and the prices you will not send for our catalogue, as we will quote prices by return mail. If you cannot call in person, send us a postal card stating what goods you are interested in, and what Dollar value you want for your money, and we will deal with the manufacturers. Send your name on a postal card.

Sullivan Mings & Co.
BALTIMORE, MD.

Among the Preachers and Churches.

Rev. Mr. McKee, of the Pittsburgh conference, who so delighted the congregation of the Methodist church a few years ago, has consented to preach next Sabbath at 11 a. m., in St. Paul's M. E. church. This announcement ought to fill the house to its utmost capacity.

Rev. Arbuthnot is on a short vacation in West Virginia. Sabbath evening last he preached in the Clarksburg Methodist church. Monday he started on a 50-mile trip on his "bike," expecting to spend several days at Charleston.

Rev. J. W. Butler, who has been granted a month's vacation by his congregation, went with his family to Salem, Va., Monday night. Rev. Butler has been a faithful pastor and a hard worker for his church, and the vacation granted him is well earned.

Rev. G. W. Grimes, of Clarksburg, W. Va., preached an excellent sermon in St. Paul's M. E. Church on Sunday evening. Mr. Grimes' pulpit at Clarksburg was filled the same evening by Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot of this place. Mr. Arbuthnot will go from Clarksburg to Charleston, W. Va., to attend the annual meeting of the West Virginia Conference Epworth League, which meets in that city Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week.

There will be service in the Garrett Memorial church next Sunday, in the morning at 11 o'clock. No service in the evening. All are welcome.

The services in St. Matthew's P. E. church on Sunday will be as follows: 7.30 a. m., holy communion; 11 a. m., morning prayer and sermon by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Jackson, of Alabama. At this service there will be some excellent music. Offertory by the Nelson quartette. Seats free. All are welcome.

Services will be conducted by Rev. Brayshaw at Deer Park Sunday morning at 11, and at Loch Lynn at 8 p. m.

The July Court.

On Tuesday morning of last week, on motion of Mr. Edward D. Sincell, Mr. Norval Speelman, of Selbysport district, was admitted and qualified as an attorney of this court, and on motion of Mr. T. J. Peddicord, Mr. A. M. Cunningham, of Tucker county, W. Va., was admitted and qualified as an attorney.

On Wednesday the trespass case of Beckman against Steidling was concluded and judgment entered for the defendant. Messrs. Hamill and Semmes represented the plaintiff and Peddicord & Peddicord the defendant.

The ejectment case of Brown et al. vs. Wilson et al. was then called and an affidavit for a continuance was made by the plaintiffs. After considerable discussion the court fixed Wednesday of this week as the day for trial, and on Friday last Messrs. T. J. Peddicord for the plaintiffs and E. D. Sincell for the defendants, went out to Mr. James W. Abernathy's and, by agreement, took his testimony, whose sickness caused the continuance of the case.

Yesterday morning before Chief Judge Boyd and Associate Judge Sloan, the case was taken up for trial. Some very interesting legal questions are involved and the plats returned by the surveyor show the most extensive locations ever made in an ejectment case in this county. Messrs. Peddicord and Peddicord represent the plaintiff and Messrs. Richmond and Sincell the defendants. This morning the case was again called and shortly after court convened a verdict was rendered in favor of the defendants and each side ordered to pay their own costs up to the time of filing a disclaimer to certain lands. The costs in the case amount to about $1,000.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

WATCHING AND WAITING.

"Who's always watching and waiting?"
Said the wife to one who bore
In his heart a load of sorrow,
As she met him at the door,
And the heavy burden left him,
And glad was his weary heart,
At home from the world's deception—
Away from the business mart.

"'Who's always watching and waiting?"
Who's always looking for one,
When the wings of day are folded,
And the work of the day is done?
Who's always watching and waiting
For a cherished form to come?
O soul! 'tis the wife and mother—
The queen of the heart and home.

"'Who's always watching and waiting?"
Who's always looking in vain
For a loved one that's departed
To never return again?
O, sad for the widowed mother,
And the orphan by her side!
A word for the broken-hearted!
A tear for the one that died!

"'Who's always watching and waiting?"
The whispering breezes tell
To the weary heart there's comfort
At home where the loved one's dwell;
At home! though the house be rented
And the things therein be few,
At home! where the heart's contented,
With love that is always true.

O, happy the soul's existence!
O, blest is the man who bears
In his heart, through all life's journey,
True love and a woman's prayers!
Thank God for the love of woman!
And heavenly peace confer,
For the world is always better,
For the tender love of her.
—Joseph W. Humphries, in Atlanta Constitution.

A SOCIETY GIRL IN TRADE.

BY R. GENTRY.

A MERRY party started from the Calumet club one afternoon for a 20-mile run on the tallyho Eldorado.

Making the trip with three relays of horses, they returned to the club for supper, and an impromptu dance.

Miss Genevieve Heyward was on the box with the whip. Jack Seaman; there were a number of pretty girls among the party, but she was the belle.

Several Englishmen "doing the states," and Capt. Grant, of the Tenth cavalry, U. S. A., gave extra eclat to the party.

Capt. Grant, with companies I and N, were in quarters in Cambria, and whenever the soldiers were in camp society went the pace. Several nights after the coaching party there was a dance given at the barracks.

Capt. Grant sent an invitation to Miss Heyward, but was forestalled by Lord Rosstrevor, one of the Englishmen of the coaching party. Rosstrevor was a dapper little fellow of the blond type, owning large estates in England, thoroughly educated—but an insufferable cad.

Capt. Grant was tall, dark-complexioned, with piercing gray eyes; an ugly scar across his left cheek somewhat disfigured him. Said scar was a souvenir of frontier fighting with the Sioux Indians. He was gentlemanly and graceful, possessing a strong personality which rendered him very attractive.

When Miss Heyward came into the ballroom on the arm of Lord Rosstrevor, Capt. Grant was standing near the entrance, and giving a vicious tug at his mustache, muttered: "I might have known 'twas that little beast."

Miss Heyward was a vision of loveliness, in stem green chiffon over pink satin and cream lace. Her flowers were tea roses.

The captain looked upon her with admiration and gnated his teeth, seeing Rosstrevor in position to receive all her favors.

Capt. Grant, in full uniform, looked superb, displaying to advantage his six feet two. Crossing the room and bowing coolly to Rosstrevor, he begged of Miss Heyward her order of dancing.

"Where shall I put my name?"

"Oh! wherever you choose; I believe the list is very good."

Like a flash the captain jumped to his opportunity, putting his name down for four waltzes and the lancers; returning her card, he passed on to greet a friend.

Just before the captain came to claim her for their first dance, Miss Heyward, looking at her card, perceived what he had done. As they went down the room together she remarked: "I admire modesty, but would like to inquire what you consider a proper claim."

"A soldier always takes all he can get, for, you know, 'All's fair in love and war.'"

"Well, this is not war."

"No?—so it must be love."

"Ah! have a care, you are crushing my flowers!" she exclaimed quickly, hoping to draw him from dangerous ground. As they floated down the room their step was perfect, and they went on and on until the music stopped with a crash.

"I was wishing we might go on forever, but all things pleasant come to an end in this world," sighed the captain. As he led her to a seat they attracted universal attention, for they were, by all odds, the fairest looking couple in the room. Miss Heyward was not insensible to the fact, and what girl could resist regimentals?

As for the captain, now he had her with a him, he held her hand tightly by his arm, loth to let her go. When a man falls in love at 40, he takes it strong, and it was apparent the captain's was a very bad case.

"I don't see how my invitation came to be second, when I saw you come in with that little be—ah! Rosstrevor, I could have broken his head."

"Oh! Lord Rosstrevor is quite entertaining, even if I can look down on him." Miss Heyward was tall, with dark hair and glorious dark brown eyes; a complexion like roses and a superb form gave her the title to belleehood.

The ball was a success, and when at three a. m. a group of men, sitting over their wine and cigars at the club, discussed the event, Miss Heyward came in for a share.

"Very fetching girl, that," drawled Lord Rosstrevor, "quite a commanding presence, look well at the head of your table, and all that, don't you know; but she has gone into trade, I am told."

"Oh, yes," Jack Seaman replied, "we all admire her."

"Ah! I suppose so, but a Rosstrevor of Trevorton could never overlook having been in trade."

"Gad! I think 'twould be more than 'being in trade' that would keep the lady from marrying you," muttered Capt. Grant. Aloud, he said, striding over to Rosstrevor: "Miss Heyward is an American girl, and they are ever ready to come to the front with their talents and energy when necessary. And we think none the less of them for it."

Three cheers were given for Capt. Grant by the club men, and the American girl was cheered to the echo.

Rosstrevor was disconcerted and hastened to reply: "Ah! meant no offense, don't you know; but we do things differently on the other side—don't you know."

Yes, Miss Heyward was "in trade," as the English phrase it. Four years before she had lost her idolized mother. Her father was well-nigh wrecked accordingly; consequently, their income became greatly reduced. Miss Heyward, having artistic tastes, and feeling sure of business qualities, determined to try millinery, in which she had been highly successful, financially.

The morning after the ball a bevy of girls strolled into Miss Heyward's millinery parlors and were talking of their enjoyment and conquests. Marion Seaman said: "Gene, what do you think Lord Rosstrevor said about you at the club last night?"

"Oh, I don't know—give it."

"He said you were a very fine-looking girl, but displayed very bad taste, he thought, in going into trade; could never think of making a girl Lady Rosstrevor who had been in trade."

"The conceited puppy! I'll show him how Yankee brains can outmatch English snobbery."

Marion Seaman was a very pretty blond, and did not relish seeing Miss Heyward capture all the plums in society; furthermore, she had no objection to being Lady Rosstrevor.

Left to herself, Miss Heyward was furious, and determined upon a plan for revenge. While she was plotting, Capt. Grant drove up to the door in a trap drawn by a fine bay; throwing the reins to his "man," he ran lightly up the steps to the house and was shown into the reception-room.

Upon receipt of his card, Miss Heyward entered the room, greeting him shyly. He allowed his admiration ex-

"ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR."

pression in the strong pressure of his hand, and held her hand fully a moment, while he begged her to grant him the pleasure of her company for a short spin through the park.

"The air will refresh you after last night's dissipation."

Very proud of her was the captain as he handed her into the trap, and, taking the reins, dismissed his man. Driving on the boulevard and through the park, he turned into Columbus avenue, pulled the horse down to walking pace, and drove slowly by the club.

"There is your little friend standing at the window," he remarked.

"Ah, surely!" and Miss Heyward, looking up, bestowed her sweetest smile upon Lord Rosstrevor.

The captain was furious, and gave the bay a sharp cut with the whip, when they rattled down the street at a lively pace.

Although their circumstances were somewhat reduced, Mr. Heyward insisted upon a ceremonious dinner at seven o'clock, after which they usually entertained.

Lord Rosstrevor was announced the night after the ball, and Miss Heyward received him very graciously.

"Ah! good evening, Miss Heyward; so glad to see you; looking so well tonight, don't you know. Dissipation does not upset you?" drawled Rosstrevor.

"Oh, no! we Yankee girls are made of good stuff!"

"Gad! what a speech!" said he, aside.

"The dance was quite an affair for the States, I suppose? You should attend one of our barrack dances; we do things on quite a magnificent scale at home, don't you know." Lord Rosstrevor was captain in the Seventh infantry, and no end of a swell in his own set.

"I have always heard of the jolly good times you have in England. Your house parties, fox hunting, etc. Where are your estates?"

"Oh! I have a country seat in Berks—Trevor Hall. A house in town, a shooting box in Scotland, and all that, don't you know."

"Ah! how charming to be Lady Rosstrevor, dispensing charity among the cottagers; being at the head of the charity schools and such. There is nothing I dote on like charitable work. I would like to be a regular Lady Beneficent."

"By Jove!" he muttered, "is she going to propose? They do these things in the States, I believe."

Miss Heyward perceived his look of consternation, and had hard work to keep from laughing outright.

"Ah! really, I must be going, don't you know—have an engagement—the club—and all that," he stammered.

After Rosstrevor was gone, she went to her father, who sat at the further end of the room reading, and, putting her arms around his neck, asked: "Say, papa, did you hear me shock the British lion?"

Her father looked fondly up at her, who was the light of his eyes and the pride of his heart, and exclaimed: "Ah, Gene, you are a sad rogue!" and they had a hearty laugh over the little lord's discomfiture.

Gene said to herself: "The little cub, didn't I owe him a grudge, and wasn't I watching my opportunity? Well, rather!"

As the days went by, 'twas either the captain or Rosstrevor she was entertaining. That she liked the captain, goes without saying; but he had a way of glowering at her when he came and found Rosstrevor with her that made her feel decidedly chilly.

Eastman and Searles, of the Tenth, discussing the affair at the club, said Eastman: "I think they hold even chances?"

"Eh? I do not follow you."

"Why, Grant and Rosstrevor; which do you think will win?"

"Well, as far as the men are concerned, there ought to be no question, for the captain is far and away the man to catch a girl's fancy, but I shouldn't be surprised if she bowled him over for the other; there's the title, you know, and women are fickle."

"Poor Grant, he's in for it, sure; his first affair, I think, and at his age 'tis make or break."

Rosstrevor, under all his conceit, was quick-witted and sharp. When he perceived the captain was in earnest he scented game. He had ridden to hounds too many times with a cool head and firm hand on the rein, and had no fear of becoming a cropper. He liked Miss Heyward, for she was bright, quick at repartee and talented; but for a few mannerisms she displayed (which were all put on for his benefit, albeit he did not know it) would have made her Lady Rosstrevor. His conceit was such that he thought 'twas but necessary to place his title at her feet and she would accept.

As for the captain being in love, he had lost his head and made a bad running.

The affair was brought to a crisis when one day Capt. Grant with his men were ordered to the frontier. As soon as possible after issuing marching orders he goes to Miss Heyward, determined to put his fate to the test; reaching the house, he was doomed to disappointment, as the servant informed him her mistress was out riding with Lord Rosstrevor.

The latter was consigned to—the dogs. Making a second call after dinner, he was successful in finding Miss Heyward at home. How lovely she looked in a simple white muslin and a few violets on her corsage.

"Are you aware we have marching orders?" he asked, almost immediately after greeting her.

"Yes—I—I heard of it this afternoon," she faltered, nervously twisting her handkerchief through her fingers.

The captain paused a moment to collect his thoughts; then, crossing the room to where she was standing, blurted out: "Well, Genevieve, are you going to send me away hopeless?"

She looked up at him—and—and as she said afterward: "His arms were around me and kisses showered on my face before I knew just where I was at."

The Calumet club gave the officers a farewell reception the next night. Capt. Grant looked perfectly radiant coming in with Miss Heyward, who was superb in transparent black silk grenadine over white satin; her flowers were jacqmr roses.

Standing among a group of friends, Capt. Grant announced their engagement.

That Lord Rosstrevor was cut up goes without saying; he brought all his conceit to the fore.

"Capt. Grant," said he, extending his hand, "you are a lucky dog, don't you know. My dear Miss Heyward, accept congratulations. I am all at sea, now that you have thrown me over," drawled Rosstrevor. "Am quite inconsolable, don't you know. How ever shall I exist?"

"Well," said Miss Heyward, slowly, moving her fan to and fro, making him a sweeping bow, "you might go into trade."—N. Y. Ledger.

What Could She Say?

There were three morning glories on the teacher's desk—a pink, a white and a purple one—tied together with a pretty little cotton ribbon of the kind used to fasten new handkerchiefs together. The flowers were very fresh and pretty, and the teacher smiled as she looked from them to little Leon, who stood near the desk. "Where did you get them, Leon?" she asked, for she knew that there was not so much as a spear of grass in the yard of Leon's house. "I climbed over a fence and stole them for you, Miss Blank," said Leon. "And when I had picked them I knocked on the window to the servant girl and she gave me the ribbon to tie them with." And what was Miss Blank to say?—N. Y. Times.

—An ancient custom has been revived in Berks. Hitchin clergymen in surplices and attended by a choir made a tour in procession of the cornfields and farmyards, where prayers were offered up for a blessing on the young crops.

PETTY ECONOMY.

The Uselessness of Storing Up Household Odds and Ends.

It requires an exceptionally wise, judicious person to know where to economize and where to spend. It is frequently the way of thrift to spend with a lavish hand because the return justifies the expenditure. The woman who laboriously darns a gingham apron when she can make a new one in half the time and when the material costs less than ten cents is decidedly wasting her efforts or estimating her time at the same standard as the work of the Chinese coolie. The mended apron will not wear one-quarter as long as a new one, and it had better be devoted to dust cloths or to some of the purposes of cleaning where an old rag is required. The picking up of pins is certainly a doubtful economy. No one can tell what infection may be conveyed in a pin, which is quite likely to be rusty. A pin is certainly worth less than the time taken to pick it up. Where it is in the house or in a place where it may become a small instrument of torture. It is wise for humanity's sake to pick it up, but not for the sake of its value.

Almost all of us have some pet economy. Some people will hoard old dresses of wool which they have no time to clean, and which would not be fit for wear if they were cleaned. The result of this hoarding is an interesting collection of moths, which invade the house and destroy much furniture and valuable clothing, together with the worthless. It would be difficult, however, to convince the person who was devoted to such economy that it was in fact an extravagant whim that she was gratifying.

The hoarding of newspapers may be classed among the same extravagant fancies. The newspaper is the thing of an hour, and is succeeded in a day by another. While there is frequently valuable reading matter for a scrapbook in them, the entire papers take up too much room to be kept by the ordinary reader for anything but waste paper. They merely collect dust.

Of all absurd things that may be hoarded the saving of fruit and vegetable cans, except to paint and use for flower-pots, is the most absurd. An old tin can is usually a menace to the health. It is not fit to cook in, though it is sometimes employed for that purpose, nor is it fit to keep food in after the inner surface is exposed to the air. It is never fit to be used a second time for canning. After opening a can its contents should be poured out at once into an earthen dish, and never left to stand in the opened can. It is a foolhardy practice to leave such tin cans out doors, because they are liable to rust, and a cut from a rusty piece of tin is the common cause of that dreaded disease, lockjaw. There is the same danger in using unpainted tin cans for keeping plants. Their sharp rusty edges may cut the hands when the cans are moved. A hundred such petty economies are indulged in by thoughtless women, who imagine that thrift can come from such foolish hoarding.—N. Y. Tribune.

Jelly Roll.

Six eggs, one cupful of powdered sugar, one cupful of flour, sifted three times; the grated juice and rind of half a lemon. Stir the six yolks with half the sugar 15 minutes, then add the lemon. Beat the whites to a very stiff froth and add slowly the remaining sugar while beating constantly. Then add the yolk mixture to the whites. Beat three minutes and add the flour, stirring it in lightly. Line a large shallow tin pan with brown paper, but do not butter it. Pour in the mixture, spreading it evenly, and bake in a quick oven. When done lay a piece of paper on a board, dust with sugar and turn out the cake into the paper. Remove the paper from the bottom of the cake. Then spread over quickly some jelly and roll it up in paper and let it lie till cold. To ice jelly rolls mix one cupful of sifted powdered sugar with one teaspoonful of lemon juice and two tablespoonfuls of boiling water. Spread this over the roll. I have never seen it iced with cream.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Did You Ever Think.

That a kind word put out at interest brings back an enormous percentage of love and appreciation?

That though a loving thought may not seem to be appreciated, it has yet made you better and braver because of it?

That the little acts of kindness and thoughtfulness day by day are really greater than one immense act of goodness a year?

That to be always polite to the people at home is not only more ladylike, but more refined than having "company manners?"

That to judge anybody by his personal appearance stamps you as not only ignorant but ill-bred?

That to talk and talk and talk about yourself and your belongings is very tiresome for the people who listen?—Detroit Free Press.

Rice Meringue Pudding.

Four tablespoonfuls rice, wash, add one quart of milk; let it stand to soak half an hour, then put on to boil. When it begins to boil, set back on the range and simmer two hours or until well cooked. Then drop in one at a time and stir well the yelks of four eggs, the grated rind and half the juice of one lemon, piece of butter about the size of a walnut, a little nutmeg or any preferred spice; sweeten to taste and add a pinch of salt. Put in the pudding dish, beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add two teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar, spread over the pudding and brown. Serve either cold or hot.—Ladies' World.

Brothers in Adversity.

"I discovered a gold mine," said the forty-niner.

"I invented a torpedo boat," replied the genius.

Then they shook hands like brothers and pooled their capital to buy a cheap dinner.—Detroit Free Press.

WASHING BLANKETS.

It Should Be Done on a Bright, Sunshiny Day.

Blankets have, to a large extent, taken the place of the heavy and unwholesome comforts for bed covering. An excellent article of pure wool is now sold at a price so low that they are within reach of moderate purses. They are lighter than comforts, and when soiled, can be thoroughly cleaned while the comforts cannot.

Spring is the best season for washing blankets. If the binding across the ends is worn, remove it and rebind, or finish the edges with a border done in blanket stitch with Germantown yarn. Cut double blankets apart, as they are easier to handle than when they are together. Any spots that are greasy or badly soiled should be removed with benzine before putting in water, and the work is greatly lessened if the blankets are thoroughly shaken to remove the loose dirt and dust.

Choose a bright, sunshiny day to wash and if a gentle breeze is blowing, so much the better. Fill your tubs half full of soft, hot water in which half a bar of good white soap has been dissolved, then put the blankets in and wash gently. Yellow, resinous soap and hard rubbing ruins blankets; the former hardens the fibers of the wool, and the latter shrinks and draws it up. A good washing machine and wringer are great aids in this work and blankets should never be twisted and wrung between the hands. Put through two, or, if necessary, three suds, prepared just as the first was, and when clean, rinse through several waters that have been heated the same temperature as the waters in which they were washed. Hang them on a strong clothesline with an abundance of clothespins, allowing them to lap over just enough to fasten them securely. Shake them to remove the wrinkles and let them hang until thoroughly dry. When they are brought in, fold evenly and place under heavy weights for a day or two. They are then ready to put away for the summer, and don't forget to put plenty of moth balls, camphor, or other moth preventitives in the chest or shelves containing them.—Washington Home Magazine.

POINTS ON HORSES.

Oddities Which Count For and Against Good Horseflesh.

A certain resident of one of the better known New York hotels has acquired the habit of feeding lumps of sugar to the cab horses that regularly stand in front of the house while their drivers wait for fares, says an exchange. So long has he practiced this that he is personally known and loved by every one of the cab horses in the hotel stables. One day he forgot to feed a certain horse, but incautiously showed himself in the billiard room near the door, whereat the horse calmly started to walk in among the enchamliers for the sugar and was prevented from making a complete entrance only by the fact that the cab wheels were too wide to pass the door.

Buyers of horses for cavalry purposes always look to see if the animals offered have hoofs "toeing in" or "toeing out." Both are rejected in favor of horses with toes pointing straight ahead.

Horse flesh is said to have been prized for food long before horses were used as man's assistants in war, the chase and the industries. It was one of the Pharaohs of ancient Egypt, according to tradition, who taught man to train and make use of horses.

The first "rest home" and hospital for broken down horses was founded by an Englishwoman, at Sudbury, near Harrow. There poor men who earn their living largely by the use of their horses can leave the animals when they become broken from overwork, reclaiming them when their health has been restored by rest and proper treatment. So successful was this establishment from the date of its founding (in 1886 or 1887) that early in 1888 another was put into operation by the same woman, near Willisden, and it has also proved prosperous and useful.—N. Y. Herald.

Potato and Tomato Salad.

Boil in their jackets four medium-sized potatoes. While they are boiling make a French dressing and slice into it one good-sized onion; as soon as the potatoes are done, drain, salt and dry them. Remove the skins and cut the potatoes while hot into the dressing; toss them carefully until every piece is well covered. Put the mixture on a cold dish and stand aside until serving hour. Then garnish the dish thickly with parsley; sprinkle over the dish a tablespoonful of finely-chopped parsley or celery tops; a small pickled beet may be chopped fine and placed diagonally across the dish. Sardines or pickled herring may also be used as a garnish and to give variety, and one may also stir into the dressing a teaspoonful of Anchovy paste. Scald, peel and cool small, sound, well-shaped tomatoes. Dish them neatly on lettuce leaves, and put over each a teaspoonful of mayonnaise dressing. Keep in a cold place until it is time to serve.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Complexion.

Complexion is all a matter of digestion. Where there is good digestion a beautiful complexion is bound to follow. A well-regulated stomach invariably proclaims itself in a good-looking face, and to maintain this well-regulated condition attention to a fruit diet is recommended. Plums, blackberries, white and red grapes, oranges and peaches are among the table fruits, and it is difficult to say which is the best for a pretty complexion. If the skin is kept fresh and the diet is laxative the face will be good to look upon. People eat too much breadstuffs. A mud-colored skin is usually an indication of bad blood. A good thing for a sallow skin is a trip to the nearest mountains—walk up, rest and climb down again.—London Family Doctor.

How It Is Done.

"Up against it again!" gloomily remarked the man who pronounces "athletic" in four syllables.

"How's that?" asked the woman who wears white gloves with black stitching.

"Thought I had a sure thing the other day, and was thrown as usual. Was in a bicycle store when a young fellow came in to buy a cyclometer. Said his had given out after he had ridden 560 miles. Was trying for a season's record, and hated to begin over again. Salesman said he could fix it. Took new cyclometer, fixed it on wheel, upended the thing in the store and began to turn. Reeled off 560 miles in no time. Thought I saw my graft. Went to guy I know and bet him I could ride more miles in a week than he could. It was to be decided by our cyclometers. Bought new cyclometer, went up in the attic and began to turn. Struck a hot box at the two hundred and eighty-seventh mile and stuck fast. Never happened to a cyclometer before. Just my luck."—Buffalo Express.

There Was Fight in Him Still.

"What's the matter?" inquired the foreman, as he entered the sanctum for copy and noted the editor's bleeding nose, swollen forehead, patted, red eye and tattered, dusty coat. "Fall downstairs?" "No—only that," replied the editor, pointing with his finger to a paragraph in the paper before him. "It's in our account of the Crapley-Smith wedding. It ought to read: 'Miss Smith's dimpled, shining face formed a pleasing contrast with Mr. Crapley's strong, bold physiognomy.' But see how it was printed." And the foreman read: "Miss Smith's pimpled, skinny face formed a pleasing contrast with Mr. Crapley's stony, bald physiognomy." "Crapley was just in here," continued the editor, throwing one blood-streaked handkerchief in the waste basket and feeling in his pockets for a clean one, "and he—but just send that fool of a proof reader in here! There's light left in me yet!"—Typographical Journal.

An Actual Occurrence.

One of the recently-arrived Irish girls obtained a situation in a fashionable house on Madison avenue, where there is a telephone, something that was utterly unknown to Bridget. After she had been in the house a day or two she appeared before her mistress, with her wardrobe under her arm, and said:

"Ol'm after lavin' yer, mum."

"This is rather sudden, Bridget," remarked her mistress. "Can't you remain a day or two until I supply your place?"

"Not another hour, mum. Me sowl is quite distressed out of me. There is a banshee in the house."—Tammany Times.

Enterprises of Great Pith and Moment

Have, ere now, had their currents "turned awry," as Hamlet says, by an attack of dyspepsia. Napoleon failed to improve his advantage at Austerlitz in consequence, it is said, of indigestion brought on by some indiscretion in eating. In order to avoid dyspepsia, abstain from over indulgence, and precede the meal by a wineglassful of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, more effective than any dietetic in improving the tone of the stomach. Liver complaint, chills and fever, and rheumatism are annihilated by the Bitters.

"How foolish," said the good old minister; "do you not realize that the chances are 30,000 to 1 against you?" "Of course I do," answered the young man, who had bought a lottery ticket; "and yet my hopes are not half as ridulous as those you raised in the hearts of the Sunday school boys when you told them that every one of them had a chance at the presidential chair."—Indianapolis Journal.

"There are a great many laws on the statute books which don't seem to command much attention," remarked the political protege. "Young man," replied Senator Sorghum, "you are looking in the wrong place. Some of those laws may not amount to much in statute books. But they have made a heap of difference in bank books."—Washington Star.

How to Keep Well

The Practical Experience of a St. Louis Family.

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla in my family for several years and by its use warded off sickness. I have four children and they are all healthy and none of them have ever had any serious sickness. We keep ourselves well by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. F. H. SOLLER, 2850 St. Louis Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache. 25c.

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TEMPERANCE.

HAVE THEIR SANE MOMENTS.

Some Unknown Phenomena in Acute Alcoholic Intoxication.

Acute alcoholic intoxication is always marked by a general palsy of the senses and reasoning. At the first, delusional egotism, with deliriums of suspicion and credulity, and general confusion of thought are present. Then an increasing confusion and mental enfeeblement, also a general lowering of all emotional and functional activities. The reasoning is obscured and deranged, certain ideas may fill the mind to the exclusion of all others, together with mental instability of thought, such as changing suddenly from one topic to another, are present. In all cases degrees of dementia, with profound and progressive palsy, are the marked symptoms. These are so prominent and common to all cases that no one doubts the insanity and imbecility of an intoxicated person.

In a certain number of cases in this condition, there has been noticed sane moments and intelligent reasonings, with clearness of judgment and perception, equal, if not superior, to the highest brain activity in its normal state.

In a semi-comatose state, the mind will suddenly display a degree of wisdom and sanity in some opinion or advice, then sink back into its demented condition. Usually these sane thoughts refer to its present condition, as in the following:

In one case a man profoundly intoxicated, while being taken to a station-house, said to the officer: "I was overcome with the heat and drank some whisky; my brain has given way. Take me to the hospital." He was found dead in the station cell next morning. His statement was true.

In a second case, a physician, notoriously stupid from spirits, said: "I am poisoned from kidney disease. Put me in a hot bath, and purge me," then relapsed into a delirious state. The next day he died, and his advice was found to have been true.

A man arrested for assault, in a delirious state, said: "I hit the man because he was kicking his wife; it made me mad to see him do this." He then relapsed into delirium, and, although sentenced to jail, never repeated this statement. It was afterward found to be true.

These are prominent examples of sane statements and reasoning for a brief moment. Other cases less important, referring to more trivial things, are also common.

These sane moments concern the acts and motives of others, as in the following:

A man in a pronounced alcoholic delirium, said: "I have willed my property to a banker to avoid arrest for using trust funds. I have returned all the money, but he has refused to give up the deeds. He has been urging me to drink on every occasion, and wishes to destroy me." He recovered, and this was found to be true, although he never referred to it when restored.

A stupid comatose inebriate, son of a business man, was brought to me. The father complained of financial stringency, when suddenly the son said: "Discharge my brother, and put a stranger in his place, and times will be better." The father did this, and wrote that he found and stopped a serious defalcation. The inebriate son did not remember this remark, and could not understand why he made it.

A man, suffering from delirium tremens, said to his brother: "Sell out all your stock in such a company, for it will fail." Of course no heed was taken of this advice, and the man when he recovered denied all recollection of it. Later the company failed and all his property was lost.

A man found in deep drunken stupor on the street said: "Get a physician for my friend, who is dying in a room at a leading hotel." Later a man was found dead in a room at this hotel who was his friend. When sober he could not recall this remark. He had drank with this man a few hours before he was found on the street.

These cases show that certain ideas are formed and expressed unconsciously, leaving no impress on the memory, and appear in the stupor and palsy of intoxication.

Probably some special exciting cause brings them to the surface as flashes of reason and conceptions of truth, then all is a blank again. Of course these incidents are not common to all intoxicated men, but exceptional. Occurring, as they do, in the extreme palsy from spirits, they suggest the operation of consciousness below the senses and behind the phenomena of ordinary brain activity. The shrewd remarks and wise advice of intoxicated men at times out of all harmony with their present or past actions is the same condition. These sane moments are marked in some cases, who, when clearly intoxicated, seem to have flashes of wisdom unusual at other times. The remark so often made by the laity that states of intoxication in certain men are followed by greater wisdom and judgment than ever manifested during their sober periods is a recognition of this condition.

The theory of double consciousness applies and explains much of this phenomena. The ordinary consciousness is palsied by spirits and cannot act only along automatic lines. The subconsciousness or subliminal sense breaks through this palsy and asserts itself in wise comments or statements of events, predictions and sane thoughts. It is certain these manifestations come from some deeper and less impaired mentality, and are not mere accidents and morbid impulses of the moment.

The gathering and grouping of a number of well-authenticated incidents of this class may bring out some laws and conditions which control these at present very obscure phenomena.—Journal of Inebriety.

WHISKY DID IT.

Why a Fine Greek Scholar Occupied a Menial Position.

Seldom have Shakespeare's words: "Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains," been so strikingly illustrated as in the following touching incident related in a late newspaper:

It seems that one of the best Greek scholars in New York is a guard on the Sixth avenue elevated road. Not long ago a famous professor in one of our leading universities published a volume on certain features of the ancient Grecian dialects, of interest only to scholars. The guard referred to wrote to a New York newspaper, pointing out several errors made by the professor in his book. He signed himself "Sixth Avenue Elevated Guard, No. ——."

A reporter sought out the man whose badge bore the number, and after a few minutes' conversation asked: "How does it happen that you, a Greek scholar, should be doing such work as this?" The man hesitated and his red face flushed still deeper, but he finally replied: "My Greek is still what it used to be, but my career has been ruined by whisky."

TOBACCO-USING FATHERS.

Its Ill Effects Noted in Their Nervous, Weak Children.

It often occurs, and, indeed, is true as a rule, that the chief effects of the use of tobacco are not seen in the man who indulges the habit, but appear in his children. Whence came such a vast army of nervous, sickly, yellow-faced young women? Inquire, and learn that their fathers were tobacco users, and you have the secret. They have poured out their children's vitality in reeking streams of tobacco juice and puffed it away in clouds of odorous smoke.

A terrible inheritance of constitutional weakness, nervous debility and general incapacity for enjoyment does the tobacco using father entail upon his children. Most strikingly applicable are the words of Ezekiel: "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge."

With reference to the same subject the renowned Sir Benjamin C. Brodie said: "No evils are so manifestly visited upon the third and fourth generations as the evils which spring from the use of tobacco."—Anti-Tobacco Gem.

IS IT A GOOD INVESTMENT?

WHAT THE TOPER GETS FOR HIS MONEY.

GENERAL GLEANINGS.

Oil and water won't mix; neither will whisky and religion.

Every drunkard's wife knows that there is a devil.—Ram's Horn.

You can no more run a gin mill without using up boys than you can run a sawmill without using up logs.—Rev. C. H. Mead.

Rev. Joseph Cook says: "A pulpit silent on intemperance discredits itself as much as a pulpit silent on dishonesty."

Mayor Bell, of Benton Harbor, Mich., has decreed that all saloons must be closed on Sundays, hereafter, in conformity with the state law.

You pay big money to insure your home against the fire fiend. Why not put a little money into a cause to insure your son against the drink fiend?—Portland (Me.) Herald.

The temperance women of Norway have succeeded in having a law enacted which prohibits a rumseller from employing any other woman than his wife in connection with his business.

Prof. Lallin, scientist and chemist, says: "The cigarette contains five distinct poisons—one in the wrapper, one in the tobacco (nicotine), and one in the flovoring, together with saltpeter and opium."

There are nearly one quarter of a million liquor dealers in the United States. The exact figures, according to the latest returns, are 235,574. According to these figures, one in each 300 of our population sells liquor for a living.—Lever.

David A. Wells says in the Popular Science Monthly: "Of the commodities in general use in the United States, the two that have not notably declined in consumption during the almost universal depression of industry in recent years are fermented liquors and manufactured tobacco, more especially in the form of cigarettes." — Westerly Tribune.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson says that John Bull's patience in the presence of the evils wrought by drink reminds him of the story which Sheridan used to tell: "Look here, you have pulled my nose, boxed my ears, kicked me, knocked me downstairs and broken one of my ribs upon my word, if this sort of thing goes on, I shall have to take some notice of it."

It is a Delusion.

The moderate use of alcohol is a delusion. The belief that, because no poisonous effects are apparent, its use is harmless, is a fatal error. Many moderate users of spirits are physiologically inebriates, and suffer from defects and degenerations of the brain and nervous system that are referred to other causes. They are more prominently diseased than others who become intoxicated often from excess of spirits. There is absolutely no moderate use of spirits that is not injurious, and no means of testing the degree and extent of the damage which follows from spirits in any given quantity.—Journal of Inebriety.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The cheeks become pale from fear because the mental emotion diminishes the action of the heart and lungs and so impedes the circulation.

—Australia has ruled out barmaids. Those now in service may be registered and licensed, but no more can be engaged. But a landlord's wife will be allowed in the bar.

—As soon as the present extra session of congress shall adjourn the congressional library will be closed until the books and other treasures of the vast collection shall have been removed to the new and magnificent congressional library and properly arranged there.

—Brooklyn's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has occupied its new and finely-equipped building in the crowded part of the city. The structure has a flat roof, which is to be fitted up as a playground for children who are temporary occupants of the shelter.

—The most curiously decorated graves in the world are the negro graves in South America. Some of these mounds are garnished with the bottles of medicine used by the departed in their final illness, and the duration of the malady is easily guessed by the number of bottles.

—Dr. Charles Frederick Wuilgohs, the oldest physician in Ohio, still keeps up his practice, despite his 93 years and his name. He says every member of his family for the past 300 years has lived over 100 years, and his grandfather, at the age of 106, cradled wheat for three days in succession.

—The Salonica correspondent of a Turkish newspaper announces that at the departure of the last train of wounded for Constantinople Mr. Blunt, her majesty's consul, was at the station and gave cigarettes and sugar plums to the men. The Jews of the same town presented each of the wounded with a watch.

WHY WOMEN HAVE THE BLUES.

They Disregard the Rules of Physical Well Being.

"Why do so many women have melancholia?" repeated the doctor, who has a large practice among the "depressed" and "nervous" feminine population. "Because they don't care to avoid it. Because they absolutely disregard the rules of mental and physical well being. Because they would rather eat what they like and suffer indigestion and the blues afterwards than to eat what is good for them but doesn't tickle their palates. Because they'd rather sit about on soft cushions than take a tramp six miles through the open air. Because they haven't enough to occupy their minds and their hands."

Then the doctor paused to take breath and began again somewhat less aggressively:

"It is never the women who have cause to feel blue," he said, "who indulge in blues. The women who have shiftless husbands, hard-hearted landlords, sick babies and all the usual accompaniments of poverty never grow so depressed that they have to be treated for it. They are too busy. It's the woman with an adoring family, social position and a comfortable income who doesn't find life worth living. It isn't the servant girl who gets up at six to kindle the fire and who slaves all day who indulges in melancholia, but the daughter of the family who arises at eight, dawdles over her breakfast, reads a little, practices a little, shops a little, craves excitement with all her heart, and is melancholic because she doesn't have it.

"There is no habit which grows upon one so rapidly," went on the doctor. "It becomes a disease in a very short time. My own plan, whenever I feel an attack coming on, is to put on my walking boots and tramp vigorously as far as I can. It is simply impossible to exercise and feel blue at the same time. Of course, a general cure of the health is necessary and work is the chief factor in effecting a cure. Every woman who has a tendency to melancholia should have an occupation which, if it doesn't entirely absorb her, will at least keep her busy. And she should give her mind up to practical rather than theoretical affairs. She should study how to put an extra shelf in a cupboard or how to stop a squeaking door, or how to make an overshoe that won't come off at the heel, rather than the teachings of the theosophical school of the philosophy of Herbert Spencer. Ordinarily good health, plenty of exercise, plenty of work, and an interest in the affairs of this world are the great preventives and cures of melancholia."—London Doctor.

A Good Reason for Wonder.

The country editor laid down with great impatience the great city daily that he was reading in the bosom of his family, and exclaimed:

"Mighty funny!"

"What is funny, John?"

"Why, this here paper has this paragraph: "Eva Hellis-Whopper, the charming soubrette, has just purchased a new bulldog."

"Such items are quite common in the big papers, John."

"Yes, I know it: but why do they laugh at me for publishing the information that Squire Jim Brown has painted his barn?" — Cincinnati Enquirer.

Date Pudding.

Shred and chop fine one cupful of suet. Beat the suet, one cupful sugar and the yolks of two eggs together until light, then add one cupful of milk and three cupfuls of flour. Beat until smooth, add one teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful salt, half a nutmeg, grated, the well-beaten whites of the eggs and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix well and add one pound of washed, stoned and chopped dates, slightly floured; turn into a greased mold and boil continuously for three hours. Serve hot with hard sauce.—Boston Budget.

BRAVE RYMEICKA DE NYSE.

How a New Utrecht Girl Saved the American Army.

Here is a good story that was enacted in 1776, but just discovered by the writer who, in his researches among the manuscripts of the Long Island Historical library and the New Utrecht library found in the daily reports of Col. Jnqus Cropsey, reference to the following historic facts:

It was hard times in the colonies in August, 1776. Disaster had followed the fortunes of the American armies and this fact was well known to the English generals. Orders had been issued to give a decisive blow, which it was expected would annihilate the patriots.

Gen. Washington was called hurriedly to New York and calls were issued for recruits from all parts of the colonies, as it was expected a determined battle would be fought on the westerly end of Long Island. For weeks each side was gathering their cohorts for what was believed would be the final struggle. The English, under Lord Howe, brought their troops in vessels, which were anchored in Gravesend bay, and the arrival of additions to the fleet were of almost daily occurrence.

Gen. Washington was preparing for meeting the enemy and had in pursuance of a well arranged plan erected defenses extending from Wallabout to Bay Ridge.

During this time four farmers, Gerrit De Nyse, of King's Highway, Tunis Cropsey, Abram Bennett and Cornelius Lott, of Bay Ridge, owned a fishing net and boats and had a small building or hut on the Van Brunt farm, just where Avoca Villa now stands, in which they kept their nets and oars and had beds for use when they occasionally stayed over night. They fished nearly every day; they were patriots and with the arrival of the English fleet saw their opportunities gone for fishing, but not for long, because the English fleet needed fish and a squad of marines had soon found the owners and they were pressed into service to furnish fish for the fleet. They met at the hut and decided to be willing workers, but with the secret intent of making daily report of what they might see and hear to the officers in command of the patriot forces; and thus they fished, received the British gold, made themselves friendly to the English and each evening the result of their observations were given to Rymeicka De Nyse, the youngest daughter of Gerrit De Nyse, and she carried the news the next morning to Washington's headquarters. That this information was desirable and important goes without saying and the patriot fishermen were instructed to pursue their plan and on the first knowledge of a move on the part of the English they were to get word to Gen. Washington. The day the fact of a start was learned fishing had never been better and the largest load was taken to the admiral's ship and the finest fish were for his table. Every movement of the fishermen was delayed, to give all the time possible to look and talk, and when the quartet met at the hut at dusk it was with the satisfaction of having done a good day's work for the patriotic cause. They gave to Rymeicka full details of the British plans and no maiden ever bore a message of more import to the world than that carried that night by Rymeicka De Nyse to Gen. Washington. It gave him the knowledge that enabled him to meet the attack of the British and to retreat successfully and thus avoid the defeat that surely would have been the result had it not been for the faithful services of Gerrit De Nyse, Tunis Cropsey, Abram Bennett and Cornelius Lott, not forgetting Rymeicka De Nyse. The soil on which stands Avoca Villa should be a sacred spot to all lovers of the United States of America.

Rymeicka made the acquaintance of the officer of the guard at Gen. Washington's headquarters, Lieut. John Walker, of Rhode Island, to whom she was married at the close of the war. Their descendants are the Walkers, of Providence, R. I.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Housekeeping.

Recalling the much harder conditions of housekeeping of the times of our grandmothers and likewise of their mothers before them, we are impressed with the fact that the women who surmounted successfully so many obstacles must have been made of really tough fiber. The modern appliances which give us everything for our tables in highly condensed and beautiful forms, ready for use, with the minimum of preparation, were then unknown. They pounded the pepper and pulverized the sugar, and rolled the salt. So far from having electric lights to command at the touch of a mysterious knob, they had not even lucifer matches. The fire had to be kept in by strenuous care, and sometimes one went to her neighbor's to borrow a handful of fire with which to light her own. Nothing was easy. Everything required hard, persevering and unrelenting labor, so that we may well believe that the women of that elder day were far from being incapable. Incapable women may, for the brief seasons of youth, while the sea shell color tints the rounded cheek and the "beaute de diable" beams in the bright eyes, win a passing tribute from thoughtless men. But the women who wear well must know how to meet emergencies, how to order and see their orders obeyed, how to hold themselves in calm composure, whatever tempests are abroad.—N. Y. Ledger.

Suggestions for the Sick.

Flaxseed lemonade is excellent for a cold. To a pint of water add the juice of two lemons (carefully removing the seeds) and three heaping teaspoonfuls of flaxseed. Let the mixture simmer a few minutes, then sweeten it to the taste and let it boil. Remove and strain and set it away to cool. Take a good swallow once or twice an hour. The cold will relax and the throat will feel greatly soothed by the drink.—N. Y. Tribune.

PAVED STREETS AND PROGRESS.

A Sure Way of Testing the Material Development of an American City.

There is no surer way of determining the growth of an American municipality in respect of material development than by comparing the relation which its paved streets bear to its unpaved. The civil engineer is an important functionary in the foundation of municipal corporations in the United States, and especially in such of them as are in the region west of the Alleghanies. But street pavements are expensive, and it is not until a city is opulent enough to enjoy the luxury of a big municipal debt and a large credit that the question of modern and improved pavements secures adequate attention.

In Boston, for instance, one of the old cities, there are 342 miles of paved and 140 miles of unpaved streets. In Baltimore there are 306 miles of paved and only 47 miles of unpaved streets. In Philadelphia there are 942 miles of paved and 433 miles of unpaved streets. But in the newer cities of the country this condition is reversed, and Chicago, which has 1,000 miles of paved, has 1,500 miles of unpaved streets. In St. Louis the number of miles of paved streets is 370 and of unpaved 500. In Omaha there are 82 miles of paved streets and 450 miles of unpaved. In Minneapolis, a city which is growing rapidly in population, there are 98 miles of paved and 800 miles of unpaved streets. In Brooklyn there are 545 miles of paved and 999.5 miles of unpaved streets. The pavement of Brooklyn streets, which is now a subject of local grievance and complaint, shows a certain backwardness, which it is expected the Greater New York project will do away with by making available the municipal credit necessary for the issuance of bonds for new pavements. At the present time more than 260 miles of Brooklyn streets —more than one-half the whole length of paved streets—have the primitive, unsatisfactory and unpopular cobblestones. There are 110 miles of streets paved with granite, 60 miles, especially in the neighborhood of the parks and parkways, macadamized; 44 miles paved with Belgium blocks, 40 miles with asphalt, and one mile with a still more primitive method, practically unknown to New York, though quite familiar in Philadelphia—brick pavements. A meeting was held in the annexed district of Brooklyn last week for the purpose of agitating the question of the improvement of the pavements of that city, but in this respect, as in some others, Brooklyn, for obvious reasons, is much behind New York.

In this city there are no streets paved with brick, and there is less than one-quarter of a mile of cobblestone pavement in all. This is to be found in one of the streets of the Ninth ward. There is a small section of town—a portion of one street—paved with wood, but wooden pavements have long ago been voted a failure in practical operation in New York. The city has 185 miles of granite, 142 miles of macadamized roads and streets, 94 miles of asphalt, and 90 miles of Belgium pavement. The city of Philadelphia, much larger territorially than New York, has 331 miles of Belgium block pavement, 172 of asphalt, 152 macadam, 70 of vetrified brick, 11 of granolithic, three of slag, and nearly 200 of cobblestone. The growth of an American city is shown clearly by the number of miles of improved pavement in streets, and it is believed by public works officials that after January 1, 1898, there will be a visible improvement in all the pavements of the city outside of its present boundaries.—N. Y. Sun.

Before Vaccination.

Before the introduction of vaccination, now admirably supplemented by isolation, smallpox was never localized, and it was always with us. No one was safe from it, and there was a German proverb to the effect that love and smallpox were the two things from which no one could hope to escape. Trustworthy estimates fix the annual death rate from smallpox in England during the latter part of the eighteenth century at the proportion of 3,000 to every 1,000,000 persons living, which would mean, with our present population, a death rate from this cause alone approaching 100,000 a year. Even if this estimate is much too large, there can be no question as to the enormous difference between then and now. It is going too far to say with Mr. Hutton that "smallpox, in spite of all the fuss made about it, is pretty nearly as extinct as the plague," for though preventive measures keep it within an extremely narrow compass, we have seen how readily it may revive. In the year 1890 there were only 16 deaths from this disease registered in the whole of England.—Westminster Review.

The "Heathen Chinee."

The Chinese are not always honorable in their dealings with foreigners. Col. Jeffords, of Texas, who has recently returned from China, and is now in Washington, tells a remarkable story of the manner in which he lost a big contract through the duplicity of Mr. Sheng, and a number of other gentlemen—English, Germans and Americans—are complaining of unjust treatment. The "heathen Chinee" can be depended upon to look after his own interests and take advantage of the innocence and trustfulness of others. People who engage in trade with him must keep their eyes open, for he has learned a lot of tricks from Christians of Europe, and has a retentive memory. —Chicago Record.

Results Needed.

"John, dear," said the poet's wife, "I wish you'd write a poem that'll buy three pounds of beef; and we'll need a sonnet for ham; an ode for a sack of flour; a lyric for lard, and a quatrain for a box of matches. There, I believe that's all this morning."—Atlanta Constitution.

A UNIQUE CHARITY.

Donkey Farm for the Employment of Irish Girls in London.

Lady Mary Cardigan, second daughter of the Irish earl, and since her father's financial downfall a resident of London, accidentally hit upon a charity which may become as profitable as a trust. Her ladyship is one of the clique led by Mrs. Ernest Hart, the originator of the Irish village. She is constantly at work upon some new charity which always aims to benefit the colleens of her native country.

London is full of Irish girls, pretty, red-cheeked young women, full of energy, strong as men and ready to work hard at anything. They shame the white-faced lackadaisical London working girl, who is well known to be the tiredest creature under the sun.

The colleen chafes under shop work. She wants to do something that requires muscle and common sense. She is too clever and too healthy to be tied down to mechanical work, and after a year in London she grows sad-mouthed and pale, longing ever for the opportunity that so seldom comes to working women in England.

This spring, when London began to fill up with visitors and doctors' calls became frequent to the overtaxed sightseers, her ladyship suddenly conceived the idea of a donkey farm. "Here is a chance for my colleens," said she.

The idea came into her head at a Waldorf Astor dinner. The conversation touched upon pulmonary troubles and the danger of London dampness to consumptives. Then Mr. Astor, who does not hesitate to mention his wife frequently and at length, spoke of the donkey dairy which he maintained at Cliveden during the last year of Mrs. Astor's life and the immeasurable benefits resulting therefrom, concluding with: "And Tate says it undoubtedly prolonged her life through another summer."

That was enough for Lady Cardigan. By next day her wits had planned out a pretty farm not an hour's ride from the heart of London, where she could send her tired working girls to rest, and where they could earn a living at the same time by tending to the donkeys and supplying London with the milk. They could have their vacation without being either a drag upon themselves or victims of charity, for her ladyship is too thrifty to see the benefits in pauperizing healthy souls.

To-day a prescription for an invalid of wealth is: "A pint of donkey milk twice a day." The cost is a guinea a pint, so it can be seen that the curative fluid is not for poor persons, but only those who can pay for it.

The first very distinguished personage to patronize the farm was H. R. H. Albert Edward. Dr. Edward Giles, one of the prince's traveling attendants, recommended it to cure the prince quickly the first day of the arrival in London for the season. There was an audience with the lord mayor, a family dinner (always a formal affair when three heirs to the throne are to be present) and the prince was to coach later in the day. As an experiment the physician ordered donkey milk for him, and, after drinking it, his highness declared himself wonderfully refreshed. Lady Cardigan, hearing of it, asked permission to mention the fact to her friends; and soon the farm became known as "The Prince of Wales' Donkey Farm." It is well patronized by a very high class of persons, and the milk is in such demand that orders must be left far ahead. One donkey a day is reserved for "emergency orders."

Those who have cared for a cow dairy can form no estimate of the small amount of work needed for a dairy of donkeys. The animals are much hardier than cattle, and need less attention. The pasturage is much more easily provided for. Cows need a certain length of grass before their lips will allow them to crop the herbage. But donkeys are so thin-lipped that they can live and gather food where cows would starve. They are more easily pastured also.

Owners of cattle must be careful about turning their animals out upon side hills, or where there are slippery declines. All bad places require fencing in, on account of the awkwardness of the beasts. This, in England, where there is so little spare land, is an immeasurable difficulty, often requiring even large land owners like the earls of Essex and Rosebery to fence in their blooded beasts and feed them with cut fodder, like horses. But the little donkey is sure-footed, and can scale the steepest cliff for a juicy weed that grows above him.

The only real work comes at milking time, but this the colleen bawn willingly performs, making a merry job of it.

Americans in London are charged one dollar a pint for the milk, but they expect to pay a little higher for the privilege of being in London jubilee year; and for the butter they pay ten dollars a pound. It is such a great delicacy that the only ones who can buy it are those with more money than they can spend otherwise.

London's suburbs are now filled with small enterprises, money-making and philanthropic, and London physicians are showing how accommodating they can be. "The patronage of the celebrated Dr. Thingumbob" being readily obtained for anything that pleases and does not do any harm. The princess of Wales is lending her name to all sorts of things, too, and it will be a diamond jubilee for more people than the queen. —Chicago Inter Ocean.

His Wise Decision.

A Greek fruit dealer stopped a pedestrian to whom he was known and asked:

"Well, how my country to-day?"

"Gone up," replied the pedestrian. "No hope for her."

The fruit dealer looked thoughtful as he slowly polished an apple, and then said, with a sigh:

"Ah, Greece no good no more! I no go there. I stay in 'Merica and sell vote and fruit!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THURSDAY, JULY 22, 1897.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first publication of the same:*

State Senator, $10; County Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $5; County Commissioner, $5; County Surveyor, $2.50.

FOR STATE SENATOR.

OAKLAND, Md., June 9, 1897.

To the Republicans of Garrett County:

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the nomination of State Senator, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of all members of the Republican party.

JOHN SHARTZER.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the nomination of County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention and solicit the support of my many friends.

HORACE R. DEWITT.

Hoyes, District No. 6.

At the solicitation of my many friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

MAHLON GLOTFELTY.

District No. 8. McHenry, Md.

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. PERRY LEE.

District No. 8. P. O., Bayard, W. Va.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the Republicans of said county.

H. N. FREDLOCK.

Oakland District, No. 7.

FOR HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the House of Delegates, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and solicit the support of the Republican party.

P. E. FINZEL.

District No. 9. P. O. Frostburg, Md.

As A rule we are not in favor of "jamming" a tariff bill through Congress, but as it is either the present bill or a bill amended to suit the fancy of Jones, of Nevada, the "jamming" can't be done any too expeditiously for us Push it along.—Balto. News.

IT is a "low down" thing on the part of the great business firms of the east to have ordered their western representatives to resume the making of loans on farm property at low rates of interest, just as the Pops and "Anarerats" are preparing to make "scarcity of money" the chief cry of their fall campaign.

THE preliminary conventions of gold Democrats which have been held in most of the States in which elections are to take place this fall show a much larger percentage of Democrats lining up with the gold wing of the party than in last fall's campaign, and the leaders of the gold Democracy are greatly encouraged by this fact.

DESPITE the enormous importations of manufactured goods, the manufacturers of the country are showing an improved business condition. Reports from various sections show an increase in the number of hands employed and hours occupied. Reports from Dun's *Review* covering the failures for the month of June show that the failures among the manufacturers were only 238 against 284 in June of last year, while the liabilities were only $6,365,010 against $8,209,984 in June of last year, and $12,156,408 in June, 1895.

A REDUCTION in the tariff on coal by the Wilson bill was followed by a reduction in wages amounting to nearly as much per ton as the reduction of the duty. That act cut down the coal tariff 35 cents per ton, which is a little more than President Ratchford claims as having taken place in 1893 in the reduction of wages. If 35 cents reduction in tariff cuts down wages 25 or 30 cents per ton, would the removal of the entire duty, as urged by Mr. Bryan in his speech in Congress of June 13, 1894, leave the miners any employment at all?

NO TARIFF law which has gone upon the statute books within the memory of the present generation has been as cordially approved and endorsed even by members of the party opposed to it as is the case with this one. The growth of the protective-tariff sentiment in all parts of the country, coupled with the fact that the new law destroys the advantages given to the trusts under the Wilson law, make it an especially popular measure, while the advantages which it gives to the farmers, as well as the manufacturers, adds to its general acceptability.

DESPITE the hostility of the 16-to-1 free-coinagists, President McKinley's bimetallic commission is still meeting with very favorable receptions wherever it goes, and its reports are greatly encouraging to the friends of international bimetallism.

THE Bryan-Altgeld wing of the Populist party is very much disturbed over the result of the Nashville convention, in which 700 representatives of the Populist party declared against future alliances with the Democratic or any other political organizations. The dignified and vigorous utterances of that convention, representing, as it did, a large majority of the Populists of the United States, make it perfectly apparent that the days of fusion between Populism and Democracy are over, and that the silver Democrats, who lost their gold associates last year, will lose that other wing of their party from this time forward.

THE favorable expressions which have followed President McKinley's desire for a special commission to devise plans for the reorganization of the currency system of the country shows that this suggestion has struck a popular chord among the people, irrespective of party. The currency troubles of the past two or three years, coupled with the fact that a specially selected commission from the business communities of the country would be more likely to examine all sides of the question thoroughly than could any committee of Congress, make the president's suggestion especially popular and the subject of approval generally.

COUNT MATSUKATA, the Japanese Premier, has given the silver statesmen of the United States a great deal of trouble by his speech before the Japanese Diet, in which he urged the adoption of the gold standard in his country, which the silverites had year after year held up as the most prosperous country in the East, and most prosperous because of its silver standard. Count Matsukata's speech has been published by the State Department, and by order of the Senate, and the silver people are now spending a good deal of time in trying to devise an excuse or explanation for this action, though the stubborn fact that the action was taken, and that after the most careful consideration, makes all their attempts at explanation valueless.

WITH a wheat crop of 575 million bushels in sight in the United States and an unusually light crop predicted in all the other great grain-producing countries of the world, the prospects of the American farmer are bright. The recent issue of "Bradstreet's," which is usually very conservative in its views as to the business future, calls attention to the fact that the stock of wheat in hand at present is unusually light, being only 65 million bushels, while nearly all the great grain-producing countries of the world have unusually light crops this year. Recent reports, it says, from Russia, Germany, France and Hungary point to decreased wheat harvests, and that India will hardly supply her home demand, with like reports from Australia and Argentine, and adds: "This brings the United States to the front as a prominent wheat exporter under similar conditions to those which existed in 1879 over the revival succeeding the great panic after five or six years of retrenchment and economy." The same publication calls attention to the fact that during the month of June there was an advance in cotton, cotton-seed oil, tobacco, bacon, lard, rice, corn, oats, barley, peas, milk, wheat, and other farm products.

"A GOLD standard has the advantage of making prices steadier, for, as compared with silver, gold is more staple in value, and if the standard of value is steady, prices as measured by the standard must also be steady. Rising prices make markets active for a time, but will soon affect the material and wages, injure the productive power of the country, and tend to decrease exports; while suddenly falling prices cause losses to the commercial and economic world. Then it is best that prices do not fluctuate violently, but it is impossible to avoid such fluctuations with a silver standard, and the only remedy is to be found in a gold standard. Secondly, a gold standard will tend to increase exports, for, while it makes commercial transaction with foreign countries adopting a similar standard more convenient, it enables the country to avoid violent fluctuations of prices and tends to develop her industry. Again, a gold standard diminishes the exchange fluctuations. Japan's commerce has been frequently hampered by the fluctuation of exchange with gold countries consequent upon the fluctuation of silver. If she adopts a gold standard now all such evils will not be repeated. Another advantage is that of enabling the country to extend her machinery of circulation. As Japan progresses it becomes necessary for her to be in constant touch with various foreign markets, but at present she is isolated from foreign countries in respect of circulation. Such inconvenience will be obviated by a gold standard, which will render the circulation between foreign and native markets smooth, and give many other financial advantages."—From the speech of Count Matsukata, Japanese Premier, to the Japanese Diet, March 3, 1897, in favor of the adoption of the gold standard.

Pension Act of 1890.

That usually accurate and reasonably honest Democratic newspaper, the Philadelphia *Record*, publishes a leading editorial under the caption of "Dependent Pensions," which is full of inaccuracies, sufficiently patent to any one familiar with the pension laws. We shall only undertake to correct the mistake which is inaugurated by the title. The act of Congress approved July 27, 1890, was not the so called "dependent" bill which passed the Senate. The House repudiated the "dependent" feature, and passed a bill from which it was carefully excluded as far as it applies to the pensionable status of the soldier himself.

The Senate bill contemplated the pecuniary circumstances of the soldier, and his sufficient means of support. The House bill (which became a law) contemplated nothing but *disability*. A soldier who has an income of $100,000 a year is pensionable under the act of 1890, if he has any disease or disability, which would prevent him from earning a living, if he were obliged to labor with his hands. A millionaire has the same standing under the law as the inmate of an almshouse. The act of 1890 makes no distinction.

The "dependent" feature of the act of 1890 begins with the soldier's widow. If she married the soldier prior to June 27th, 1890, and has no income, or means of support, other than her own labor, she is held to be "dependent," and pensionable under the act of 1890. There has been considerable controversy as to what amount of income would take a widow out of the act. During Commissioner Raum's administration it was held that a soldier's widow might have $300 a year from rents, or investments and she would still be pensionable under the Act of 1890. Lochren overturned this very liberal construction of the law, and laid down a rule, something like this: If the widow has an income equal to the pension, she is not pensionable under the Act of 1890. For instance, the pension of a widow, who has no children under 16 years of age is $96 a year. Suppose that she has a dower interest that yields her $96 a year,—or that she receives that sum from rents, or any kind of investments,—under the rule of Commissioner Lochren, she is not pensionable. If she has, say, two children under 16 years of age, her pension would be $144 a year; and, in that case, her net income of $96 from other sources would not prevent her from being enrolled as a pensioner.

This rule worked hardship in some cases, but we are not aware that it has been changed or modified in any way by Commissioner Evans. So much for the so called "dependent" pension bill.

The Coal Strike—Traceable to the Operations of the Wilson Law.

The strike of coal miners has brought to the public attention some important facts as to the effect of the Wilson tariff law upon this industry. The Wilson law reduced the rates of duty on coal 35 cents per ton, it having been 75 cents per ton under the McKinley law and reduced to 40 cents per ton under the Wilson law. Curiously President Ratchford of the United Mine Workers' Association states that the wages of miners have been reduced about 35 cents per ton since 1893, the very year in which the free trade congress met and began framing the Wilson act, which reduced duties 35 cents per ton. The moment the Wilson law passed coal from Nova Scotia mines began invading the markets on the Atlantic coast, especially New England, and drove out of those markets the West Virginia coal, which had always found an outlet at fair prices. This West Virginia coal was thus compelled to seek a market in the west in competition with the coals of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky. The result was a sharp competition, a fall in prices, a ruinous rate war, not only between mine owners, but also between the railroads, and as a consequence a reduction in the wages of miners. Thus the very low wages of the coal miners of the country who are now striking for an advance are directly and logically traceable to the operations of the Wilson law. The pending bill restores McKinley rates on coal and after it gets into operation will, it is hoped, result in improved conditions and wages for miners as well as others.

Loses One Office Seeking Another.

D. M. Wotring, prosecuting attorney for Preston county, W. Va., has resigned. Neil J. Fortney was named as his successor. Wotring had been in Washington receiving medical treatment and seeking an appointment for nearly five months past, and last week the county court brought charges against him for neglect of duty.

THE REPORT ADOPTED.

Republican Leaders in the House Force Prompt Action on the Tariff Bill.

WASHINGTON, July 18.—The House to-night, after a debate which lasted almost until midnight, adopted the conference report on the tariff bill by a vote of 189 to 115. The House then took a recess until Wednesday.

The Democrats made no effort to prevent the vote, although earlier in the day they had protested against Chairman Dingley's proposition to limit the debate to one day. Mr. Bailey, the Democratic leader, then insisted that two days would be necessary to debate the measure, but to-night he withdrew his objection and the conference report was put through the House according to the Republican program.

The action of the Republicans in forcing the adoption of the conference report by the House before permitting an adjournment was resented by the Democrats in both the House and the Senate, and it was announced by Senators that the haste made in the House would be followed by a corresponding delay in the Senate. How much feeling will serve to postpone final action on the bill it is difficult to estimate now, but the Republicans of the Senate are confident the bill will be finally disposed of this week.

Senator Aldrich said this afternoon that the Democrats were endeavoring to form a combination with the Populist and those Western Republicans who oppose the high duty on lumber to prevent the acceptance of the report, so as to necessitate further conference. "But," he added, "they will not succeed."

The Democrats made no attempt to conceal their purpose to defeat the report if possible, but made no predictions as to their success. What they want is to force the acceptance by the House of the Senate amendments relating to the duty on white pine and matting and placing cotton ties and burlap and cotton bagging upon the free list. The only way in which this can be effected is by defeating the conference report and sending the bill back to conference with instructions to the Senate conferees to insist upon these particular amendments. In order to do this the Democrats will have to make sure first of the individual support of their own members and secure the co-operation of the silver Republicans and enough of the Populists or regular Republicans to give them a majority.

Nearly all the Republican senators from the far Western states are in favor of free bagging and a lower duty on white pine, but so far the Democrats have not received assurances from a sufficient number of them to warrant the belief that they will succeed in their design. Another obstacle in their way is the disinclination of several Democrats to support the white pine proposition. The Georgia senators and Senator Martin, of Virginia, and Senator McEnery, of Louisiana, voted against any reduction of the duty on white pine, and, it is feared, would do so again. Were the Democratic senators sure of the votes of these senators they would be very hopeful of obtaining the co-operation of the Western Republicans and the Populists.

The effort to form the combination will be continued, however. The appointment of a senator from Tennessee is hoped for at almost any time, and frequent conferences are being held with the disaffected Republicans with a view to bringing about the desired results. One of the leading Democrats said this afternoon: "There is great dissatisfaction among Western Republicans at the imposition of such high duties upon lumber and bagging and they are disposed to join with us in an effort to have the bill sent back to conference."

If the Democrats find it impossible to have the bill sent back to conference some of them will advocate its adoption at the earliest practicable moment.

Keep Up Your Scott's Emulsion in Summer-time

What are your resources for the summer? Have you an abundance of health stowed away for the long, hot, depleting days, or does summer find you low in vitality, run down, losing flesh, and weak? Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil will give you the proper reserve force, because it builds up the system on a solid foundation. A tonic may stimulate; Scott's Emulsion not only "boosts," it sustains.

It is a wise precaution always to have at least a small bottle of Scott's Emulsion in the house. Unopened, it will keep indefinitely. Tightly corked, after using, kept in a cool place, it will remain sweet for weeks.

For sale by all druggists at

...50 Cents and $1.00

Communicated.

To the Editor of The Republican.

The editors of the county papers have kindly consented to give space for items relative to Sunday schools, in their valuable papers. Now if I can get the many hundred readers to stop in their rush of business long enough to read and meditate for a few moments upon this important subject. We can congratulate ourselves upon the work done in our Sunday schools. We need not put too low an estimate upon what is being done to impart spiritual knowledge throughout the county, but we should be enough dissatisfied with present attainments to cause us to look forward to greater attainments. The Sunday schools have been given a place in church economy where we can get a little nearer to the children and youths than any others, except the parents. Let us occupy the ground fully. It is so important that children are started right in life that they may be of use in church and state, so by the aid of parents or guardians, and the Sunday schools, much useful knowledge can be attained, as well as good habits formed. I am not a pessimist, but usually look on the bright side of things, but I must confess that it looks alarming to actually find a large number of persons of all ages in the county who are not attending any Sunday school, and this means in most instances without bible study. We cannot afford to let such things exist in this day of light and privileges. Bible knowledge is even limited with many of the Sunday school scholars on account of irregular attendance and disinterestedness, but the condition of those who do not attend is surely much worse.

Many of the Sunday schools will close at the end of the third quarter not to open again until next summer, so I appeal to every officer, teacher or scholar that knows the value of Sunday school training to put forth an extra effort to greatly enlarge the attendance during the remaining months of their existence. The schools that continue all the year may think we are strong and are doing all we can or at least all that is expected of us, but as long as there are so many persons, even some church members, who do not attend any Sunday school, there is still great work to be done. There is no other way to reach the non-attendants except by personal work; going from house to house laying the matter before them in its true light. When we count the great corps of officers and teachers in the county to do this work, it would not be such a great task to call upon every person at least once a quarter until they are brought under the influence of the gospel, and reckoned among the Sunday school scholars. Paul counted the Bereans noble because they examined the scriptures daily; we can be noble by examining our chart often.

Let me make two reasonable requests before I close this lengthy article.

1st. Prayerfully study God's word at least ten minutes each day in the week.

2d. That in our Sunday secret devotion we will ask God's blessing to rest upon the Sunday schools.

GEO. E. BISHOFF,
Pres. Garrett S. S. Association.

A Day of Real Enjoyment.

The Alert Fire Department of Meyersdale, Pa., will hold a grand pic-nic and tournament on Saturday, July 24th inst., and all who wish to spend a day pleasantly and profitably will not fail to visit Meyersdale on this occasion. An excellent programme, teeming with attractions, has been prepared and a general good time is anticipated. In the grove the latest approved dancing pavillion has been erected and the Royal Italian Band of Connellsville will furnish the music for the dance.

Low excursion rates and special trains are promised from all points, and a good attendance is expected. A cordial invitation is extended to all to be present and participate in the exercises of one of the largest celebrations yet held in Somerset county.

A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing.

A false friend is far more dangerous than is an open foe. Fair pretensions often furnish a disguise for fraudulent intentions. A kiss may be the signal of betrayal, and a caress may be used for a better opportunity to effect an evil purpose. The real "wolf in sheep's clothing," however, is he who masks a hypocrite's wiles in a pretentious zeal for a good cause. We do not require absolute disinterestedness. Such a quality may be very beautiful as a poetic conception of an ideal character. But in this work-a-day world and age, we always feel that we have a better assurance of a man's sincerity and fidelity when his interests and professions coincide.

It is equally true, however, that when interests and professions are essentially incompatible, it is far safer to look beneath the wool of the sheep for the hair of the wolf. A wolf is never so formidable as when he looks like a sheep. Still, he is apt to betray himself by his bad manners and the misfit of his disguise. A man's real character is often revealed by his attempt to conceal it. His hands may be those of Esau, but, if his voice be that of Jacob, the incongruity of the combination only serves to emphasize the fraud.

Wm. Frederick, Jr., & Son,

The Racket Store,

FRIENDSVILLE, MD.

We carry something of everything. There is nothing you want that cannot be found in our store.

It is admitted by all that to sell goods and make a living a merchant must necessarily charge a profit. Some merchants charge more profit than others. We are one of the OTHERS and come nearer selling goods for nothing than anyone on the face of the earth. Here you get value for your money.

Our silversmith is one of the finest workmen in the United States as all will admit who have had any work done in that line by him.

Our jewelry department is filled to overflowing with everything in that line and we sell jewelry at less than manufacturers' prices.

We carry a complete line of staple and fancy groceries.

Call and get our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

WM. FREDERICK, JR., & SON.

APPOINTMENTS OF ELECTION OFFICERS

OFFICE OF
BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF ELECTIONS
FOR GARRETT COUNTY.
OAKLAND, Md., July 12, 1897.

At a meeting of the Board of Supervisors of Elections, held on the 29th day of June, 1897, the following Officers of Registration and Judges of Election were appointed to serve for one year from July 1st, 1897:

OFFICERS OF ELECTION AND JUDGES OF ELECTION.

District No. 1.—W. W. Sweet, Swanton, Republican; J. L. McRobie, Swanton, Democrat.

District No. 2.—Walter M. Lowdermilk, Selbysport, Republican; W. W. Schlosnagle, Selbysport, Democrat.

District No. 3.—Jonas E. Gregory, Grantsville, Republican; James B. Dorsey, New Germany, Democrat.

District No. 4.—Floyd Duckworth, Bloomington, Republican; Peter Fitzwilliams, Bloomington, Democrat.

District No. 5.—John W. Daniels, Cove, Republican; Gustav Garlinger, Accident, Democrat.

District No. 6.—William Callis, Hoyes, Republican; George A. Miller, McHenry, Democrat.

District No. 7.—1st Precinct—Charles A. Ashby, Mt. Lake Park, Republican; John W. Hart, Oakland, Democrat.

District No. 7.—2d Precinct—Robert G. Townshend, Oakland, Republican; Edmund G. Johnson, Oakland, Democrat.

District No. 8.—Joseph M. Conneway, Wilson, W. Va., Republican; James W. Mason, Sunnyside, Democrat.

District No. 9.—Bradford Blocher, Frostburg, Republican; Samuel Johnson, Frostburg, Democrat.

District No. 10.—William M. Jenkins, Deer Park, Republican; William H. Spelcher, Deer Park, Democrat.

District No. 11.—Elias Merrill, Lonaconing, Republican; Peter F. Michaels, Barton, Democrat.

District No. 12.—Noah C. Slabaugh, Bittinger, Republican; C. E. Ellithorp, Bittinger, Democrat.

And at the same time and place the following Judges of Election were appointed to serve for one year from July 1st, 1897:

JUDGES OF ELECTION.

District No. 1.—Thomas R. McRobie, Swanton, Republican; Theodore Beckman, Swanton, Democrat.

District No. 2.—D. S. Custer, Friendsville, Republican; E. M. Liston, Selbysport, Democrat.

District No. 3.—Asa Durst, Grantsville, Republican; Gregg E. Bevans, Grantsville, Democrat.

District No. 4.—Henry Barnard, Bloomington, Republican; Nathan T. Michael, Westernport, Democrat.

District No. 5.—Henry Kamp, Accident, Republican; Henry Bauch, Cove, Democrat.

District No. 6.—Edward N. Casteel, McHenry, Republican; Joel Bender, Accident, Democrat.

District No. 7.—1st Precinct—David T. Enlow, Oakland, Republican; William R. Beckman, Thayerville, Democrat.

District No. 7.—2d Precinct—John A. Connell, Hutton, Republican; C. A. Dodge, Oakland, Democrat.

District No. 8.—Henry G. Sanders, Oakland, Republican; Stephen T. Grimes, Gormania, W. Va., Democrat.

District No. 9.—Norman Wilhelm, Frostburg, Republican; Thomas J. Crow, Frostburg, Democrat.

District No. 10.—L. D. Thrasher, Deer Park, Republican; William D. Hoye, Deer Park, Democrat.

District No. 11.—J. Olen Wilhelm, Lonaconing, Republican; John F. Robeson, Avilton, Democrat.

District No. 12.—Joel J. Brenneman, Bittinger, Republican; Joseph Buckle, Bittinger, Democrat.

And at the same time and place the following Clerks of Election were appointed to serve for one year from July 1st, 1897:

CLERKS OF ELECTION.

District No. 1.—George W. Moon, Swanton, Republican; J. W. Lansdale, Swanton, Democrat.

District No. 2.—J. B. Thomas, Markleysburg, Pa., Republican; D. A. Turney, Friendsville, Democrat.

District No. 3.—P. C. Boucher, Grantsville, Republican; Archibald Warnick, New Germany, Democrat.

District No. 4.—Grant Haeshbarger, Bloomington, Republican; Lee Fazenbaker, Bloomington, Democrat.

District No. 5.—Willie S. Friend, Hoyes, Republican; G. F. Kight, Accident, Democrat.

District No. 6.—M. R. Fradiz, Sang Run, Republican; William E. Smith, Oakland, Democrat.

District No. 7.—1st Precinct—F. P. Arnold, Mountain Lake Park, Republican; William G. Hinebaugh, Oakland, Democrat.

District No. 7.—2d Precinct.—Samuel Lawton, Oakland, Republican; William A. Baily, Oakland, Democrat.

District No. 8.—Isaac A. Rinker, Wilson, W. Va., Republican; John A. Shaffer, Oakland, Democrat.

District No. 9.—Charles C. Layman, Frostburg, Republican; Urias McKinzie, Frostburg, Democrat.

District No. 10.—William E. George, Deer Park, Republican; Thomas Sollars, Deer Park, Democrat.

District No. 11.—William A. J. Broadwater, Barton, Republican; Marcus A. Fazenbaker, Lonaconing, Democrat.

District No. 12.—Christian C. Beachy, Bittinger, Republican; George E. Ralston, Bittinger, Democrat.

A. G. STURGISS, President.
J. ALVIN FRIEND, Secretary.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

BY "NEMO."

[Copyrighted by Unwe & Tabor.]

TO LIVE is, as it were, to set sail over an unknown sea over routes never traveled before, for no two follow the same course through life. Experiences never met before will be ours and storms that no others ever grappled with must be endured. Storms cannot be escaped by wishing for calm weather, but must be met and ridden through by all the seamanship we can control. It is in the storm the simple ones, brought up in fair weather ports, go to wreck: it is the storms that spare the staunch and seaworthy to ride at peace at last in the rippling haven, filled with those who guided by the stars of heaven have rejoiced in breeze and and in calm to do their best. Complain not at fierce onslaughts of angry waves. They try men's souls and wash the unworthy overboard, to leave behind those whose manful spirits are a glory to our glorious race.

***

TO LIVE is, as it were, to climb a mountain whose beetling sides defy conquest by shrinking men, but whose very roughnesses and stern projections give foothold to the fearless who look ever upward and who strive the more, the more they are hindered. He who is unsuccessful at one point, and draws back only to rest for further effort is bound by the moral uplift of his purpose to rise higher and higher above the heads of the fearsome crowd in the valley below. But the climber is never safe: all his faculties must be on the alert, his muscles braced for effort, his eyes open for crevasses, that with him are errors of judgment, his ears attent to the sound of the freezing avalanches above him, that with him are chilling criticisms, his soul filled with the spirit of "Excelsior" and yet never too full to resist the benumbing influence of long continued effort in an atmosphere rarer than that breathed by men who stagnate.

***

TO LIVE is, as it were, to be in a battle where, amid noise and confusion, the plans of the commander are nevertheless being carried out. The struggling of strength against strength is decided by calmness and co-operation. There we learn to stand shoulder to shoulder with those who think as we do. There also we learn that all who fight on one side are not of necessity agreed on all things. We give blows and take them under the eyes of our watchful leader, content to know that even if we perish in the doing, he has others in reserve to carry on his work in our place. It is in life when *lived* that we learn to stay freed from "sins that so easily beset us," with the thought of doing better service for our side. Those who fight for good throw aside the hindrances of life that their hands may be free from the weapons that slay evil and put down the enemies of progress.

***

TO LIVE is, as it were, to burrow in the mine, cooped up and cramped, if only the precious thing sought may be found; content to undergo hardship and to become begrimed with mud and water if one gem may be brought to light. The patient plodding in darkened ways that some of us do, ever urged on by inner impulse to further effort, is mining in every sense. We see no light of heaven and yet on we go, we hear no sounds of joyous Nature, yet onward ever, the things we conquer are hidden far from the eyes of men and beyond the point where their praise would be audible, yet sustained by the motive of our quest, our patient work *is* there and *is* known by the few whose hearts sympathize with us, and to *One* from whom no secret is hid.

***

TO LIVE is, as it were, to traverse a swamp whose quaking mire offers no lasting footing. Its foul gases endanger us, and in our hours of gloom its fitful lights, arising solely from decay, yet appearing to promise comfort, only lead us further away from our direct course. Without stepping stones, we grow in experience to fear the hampering, clinging, engulfing mass, until we learn that the solid supports for our trembling steps, are made up only of the things we throw away. He who casts aside selfishness, he who tramples passions into the mire, he who denies himself daily of the things that enervate, he who keeps his eye fixed on one noble purpose and controls his wandering glances towards things more glittering but less noble, treads fearlessly onward, safe amid dangers undiverted amid gloom.

***

TO LIVE is to be all you can wherever or whatever you are. The quiet "*shut in*" on bed of sickness or couch of pain may *live* and influence by being just all she may. The crippled man, weak by inheritance and robbed of his best by the sins of his ancestors, may be too incapable to climb and yet may prepare to set others on the way. He may be too stiffened for seamanship, and yet attend the lights along the shore, too feeble for battle and yet the comforter of those who are wounded and would return, too sightless to traverse a swamp, and yet able to show how stepping-stones may be made of discarded self.

***

TO LIVE is to recognize that the world has a right to the best that is in us; that we owe it a service. To *live* is to rejoice in every good work and wish it "God speed" whether our hands have any thing to do with it or not. To *live* is to step out of selfish narrowness into the breadth of interest in our fellows that is worthy our divine nature; to breathe the air of world-citizenship no matter how narrow the confines of our physical sphere; to glory in world-progress and feel our kinship to all who are good and great. This is "To Live," and this is to give proper scope to our natures that are a little lower than the angels' in as far as we are narrower than the Eternal.

Permanently Cured.

For about two years I suffered with diarrhoea. I used a number of remedies and was treated by physicians, but received no permanent relief. After taking a few doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, I beleive that I am now permanently cured."—Joab Crites, Tanner, Gilmor county, W. Va.

For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Accident.

The Accident Normal school, under the direction of Prof. Sanner, opened last week and now numbers thirty-five scholars. The students are in every way progressive and enthusiastic, and have already organized a literary society, styled "The Normal Literary Club," which gives evidence of being an interesting and helpful organization.

Mr. Ed. McMillen is rusticating among us for a few weeks enjoying the hospitality of his friends and the cool of the mountains.

We are sorry to mention the serious illness of Mrs. Jonas Beeghly, who for a day or two last week was not expected to recover. At present writing her condition is somewhat improved.

Miss Clara Englehart, daughter of Mr. G. F. Englehart, is also suffering severely at present from the effects of a fall she experienced some time ago.

The large singing class at this place, under the instruction of Prof. Jos. Patton, of Salisbury, Pa., is doing fine work, and as the result of the efforts put forth now render very excellent music.

The wheelmen of the town are making good use of the fine condition of the roads and bicycle parties are in order. "Say, what gear do you ride?"

Our several croquet clubs are very active during these pleasant evenings and some exciting games have recently been played. Prof. Sanner holds the championship up to the present date.

Miss Jane Durst, of New Germany, is one of the new students of this week. Her friends here have expressed their delight in her return by giving a reception in her honor at the Bellevue hotel.

Messrs. J. E. Gnagey and Leonard Shartzer have each about completed a fine new barn, which greatly enhances the appearance and value of their properties.

North Glade.

A. Garlitz went to Cranesville on last Saturday to visit his daughter, Mrs. Bert Feather.

Rufus Enlow, of Hoyes, made us a flying visit this week.

Miss Mollie Hamill, of Oakland, is visiting her parents here.

Mr. A. L. Lee still makes frequent visits to our community, but we don't blame him a bit for it.

The festival held here recently was very successful. Net proceeds about $25.00.

Politically, we are not wanting the earth in No. 1, but we do expect recognition this fall.

Mountain Lake Park.

One of the most interesting meetings held at the Park this season was the meeting of the Florence Crittenton Rescue Workers, which closed Monday night.

Next Saturday the W. C. T. U. meeting begins. An excellent program has been arranged. Mrs. Morrow, of West Virginia, will preside. Saturday night a stereopticon lecture will be given. An admission of 25 cents will be charged. The lecture is said to be one of unusual interest and the pictures fine. Sabbath morning the ladies will have charge of the pulpit. Programs of this meeting can be had at the manager's office Friday.

At the meeting of the Mountain Lake Park Association, held on the 13th, Rev. C. W. Baldwin was elected president; Rev. John M. Davis, secretary; and D. E. Offutt, treasurer; Revs. C. W. Baldwin and John M. Davis, Hon. Geo. C. Sturgiss, C. W. Conner and D. E. Offutt were elected directors.

The community of Mountain Lake Park held its annual meeting on the 14th. John F. Goucher, D. D., was elected president; L. A. Rudisill, secretary; J. A. Hayden, treasurer; C. W. Conner, S. L. Allen, P. T. Garthright and Miss Julia A. Orum were elected members of the annual committee.

Everybody is delighted at the settlement of the two law suits brought a few years ago against the Association. The first was an effort to collect money the second time for a 50-acre tract of land bought years ago. The case was tried twice before our home courts, and twice appealed to the Court of Appeals. At the Circuit Court last week the case was settled in favor of the Mountain Lake Park Association. The other case was one for damages against the Association by the owners of the Lake View brick yards, they claiming that the breaking of the dam last summer caused them loss. This case was also settled in favor of the Association. These suits were a hindrance to the prosperity of the Park as well as of the county.

There are only two or three cottages in the Park not rented. Several of the cottages will not be occupied before August.

The vegetable wagons are finding a ready sale for all kinds of garden products.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

A New Church at Friendsville.

The congregation of the M. E. church at Friendsville, this county, is preparing to erect a new church. The old building has been sold to Messrs. Wm. Frederick jr., & Son who have removed it from its old location to an adjoining lot where it will be converted into a public hall and used for lodge purposes. The new structure will be of frame, 35x50 feet. The contract for its erection has been let to the Friendsville Planing Mill company. The whole amount for its construction has been subscribed and work on it will be commenced immediately. Rev. E. B. Skidmore is in charge of the Friendsville circuit and is doing hard work endeavoring to build up the congregation.

Wanted.

Four or five teams of good young draft horses, suitable for logging purposes. Horses to weigh not less than 1350 pounds. Useless to offer horses of less weight and will only be accepted upon trial.

Preston Lumber and Coal Co.
Oakland, Md., P. S. A.

Fatal Accident in New Germany.

Sunday morning last Robert Good, a lad of thirteen, who was indentured to Samuel S. Durst, of New Germany by the Children's Aid Society of Somerset, accidentally shot himself and died as a result of his injuries on Monday morning, though he suffered but little pain, his death being in fact a complete surprise to the attending physicians.

Young Good was a nephew of the late Mrs. Henry Fisher, of Somerset township, and made his home with her until her death a short time ago. He was then put in charge of the Children's Aid Society of Somerset, and that organization found him a home with Mr. Durst, the boy going to Mr. Durst's house last Wednesday. On Sunday morning about 9 o'clock, while Good and a young man were examining a revolver which they had found in a bureau drawer, the weapon was accidentally discharged while in Good's hands, and the bullet penetrated his hip and thence into his abdomen. Medical aid was summoned, but in spite of all efforts death came at the time stated above.

The victim of this sad accident was about 13 years old and was a bright attractive boy. His mother is dead and his father, Irvin Good, resides in the neighborhood of Trent. His death was a peculiarly sad one, as he had just found a pleasant home and was looking forward to a happy future. His remains were interred yesterday afternoon near Mr. Durst's farm, Rev. D. H. Leader, pastor of the Salisbury Reformed church, officiating.—Meyersdale Commercial.

Excursion to Atlantic City—Reduced Rates via B. & O.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has inaugurated a series of popular excursions to Atlantic City, Cape May, Sea Isle City and Ocean City, Md., during the summer season. Another of the series is announced for Thursday, July 22d. The tickets will be good for twelve days, and allow stop off at Washington on the return trip.

We show below the train schedule and rates from points in this vicinity:

	AM	AM	AM	PM	PM	RATE
Tunnelton		8.50		11.13	2.53	$8.00
Terra Alta		9.08	5.50	12.01	3.21	9.00
Oakland	6.41	10.12	5.50	12.29	4.14	8.50
Mt. Lake Park	6.47	10.19	6.05	12.36	4.20	8.50
Deer Park	6.54	10.28	6.12	12.45	4.31	8.50
Piedmont	7.35	11.18	6.50	1.28	5.33	8.00

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

For particulars, call on or address nearest B. & O. agent. 16-3

Seashore, Lake and Mountain.

The following, under the above caption, we clip from the Pittsburg *Chronicle-Telegraph* of Saturday:

"Everything at Deer Park, Md., is now delightful. The warm weather has brought a great many people to enjoy this delightful place. The hotel is owned and operated by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. The hotel consists of three large buildings, and besides there are a number of handsome cottages, which are occupied by people who take their meals at the hotel. The hotel is under the management of Mr. D. C. Jones, of Baltimore. Prof. Zimmerman's Naval Academy Band furnishes the music.

"Among the cottagers are Mr. Herbert Dupuy, of Pittsburgh; Mrs. Geo. Small, Mrs. Edward Simpson, Mrs. A. N. Turnbull, Mr. C. K. Lord and Josias Pennington, of Baltimore; Robert J. Fisher, Mrs. H. M. Cullen, of Washington, D. C.; Mrs. William Henry Davis, of Cincinnati, O., and Robert E. Bonner, of New York.

"Mr. Crittenton's mission car 'Good News' arrived at Mountain Lake Park on Monday, and was occupied during the week by Mr. Crittenton, Mr. Morton and Mr. Wallace. About 50 delegates representing the Rescue Missions in various cities were in attendance on the sessions of the 'Summer School.' The program covered a variety of subjects relating to the rescue work. Tuesday was occupied by receptions and devotional meetings; on Wednesday Mrs. Waller explained the objects and methods of the mission, and 'Mother' Prindle described 'Personal Work Among Street Girls.' On the succeeding days kindred themes were discussed by Col. S. H. Radley, W. V. Wheeler, 'Sister' Charlotte, Mrs. J. Franklin Dix, of Baltimore; H. B. Gibbud, Mrs. A. D. Pary and Charles S. Morton. Prof. H. P. Van Liew gave stereopticon views of places, scenes and incidents connected with rescue work. Mr. Crittenton will keep up his general evangelistic work at intervals during his sojourn at Mountain Lake Park.

Go to Work, Young Man.

There are more young American men in the penitentiaries in this country learning trades than there are outside of them, says a recent writer. The principal cause of this is that we are educating our young men for gentlemen—trying to make lawyers, preachers, doctors and clerks out of material that nature intended for blacksmiths, carpenters, sailors and other honest "hewers of wood and drawers of water." it is a mistake, and a big one, to teach the boys and girls to believe that to labor is disgraceful, and to do nothing for a living is more becoming the society in which they expect to move and have a respect. Hang such society! It is rotten to the core to-day, and there are many men's sons and daughters who are now being educated to play the parts of "leading lady" and "walking gentlemen" in the great drama of life who will light out for a poor house or penitentiary before they have played their parts and the curtain drops. Go to work!

SPECIAL ELECTION NOTICE!

Notice is hereby given to the qualified voters of the town of Oakland that a special election will be held on

Monday, July 26, 1897,

for the purpose of electing one member of the Town Council to serve out the unexpired term of the late William Hinebaugh, deceased. By order Council.

J. T. DUNHAM, Clerk.

Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county at the suit of John Shartzer, receiver of Geo. O. Miller and Company against Gustavus W. Delawder, being No. 21 Judicials to March term, 1897, I will on

Saturday, August 14, 1897,

at 2 o'clock p. m., in front of the Court House in Oakland, offer at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, the following described property, to-wit:

All the right, title, claim and interest of the said Gustavus W. Delawder, being a one-half undivided interest in and to those tracts, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett County, and known as

Military Lots Numbers 1766, 1768, 1769, 1772, 1776, 1789, 1791, 1793, 1794, 1795, 1796 and 1797, containing fifty acres of land each.

The above lots are underlaid with coal, and are desirably located on Deep Creek near Lake Cleveland.

TERMS:—Cash.

AUSTIN BROWN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

Trustee's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit court for Garrett county, in Equity passed on the 5th day of July, 1897, in a cause in said court, wherein Archibald T. Biggs, committee, is plaintiff, and Jane Biggs is defendant, I will, on the

14th DAY OF AUGUST, 1897,

at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m., in front of the postoffice in Oakland, offer for sale all the real estate described in said proceedings as belonging to the said Jane Biggs. It being the farm on which the said Jane Biggs lately resided, containing about sixty-five acres, which is described in a deed from Joseph R. Anderson and wife to Sarah J. Biggs, dated the 9th day of July, 1883, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 8, folio 92, one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land is improved with a dwelling house and outbuildings and is situated about 2½ miles from Frankville station on the B. & O. R. R.

TERMS:—Cash on day of sale or ratification thereof. Purchaser will be required to pay enough on the day of sale to cover costs. Conveyancing at the cost of purchaser.

JAMES C. PEDDICORD,
Trustee.

20-td

ORDER NISI.

John Shartzer
vs.
Loch Lynn Store Co.
No. 761 Equity.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered, this 17th day of July, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by John Shartzer, receiver, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 15th day of August, 1897; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 15th day of August, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $1,109.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

FOR SALE!

—AT—

DEER PARK, MARYLAND.

Less than half a mile from postoffice and railroad station, a

FARM of ABOUT 175 ACRES.

It is well watered and wooded and contains seven very desirable building sites. Within the enclosure is some three miles of excellent driving roads, arranged with a view to reach the several sites. The dwelling contains:

1st Floor—Billiard room, large hall, parlor, dining room, library, pantry, laundry (with stationary wash tubs, hot and cold water in each) and kitchen upon the porch of which stands a Lodgeway refrigerator 8x7x4, with ice house twenty feet off never exhausted in ten summers.

2nd Floor—Eight chambers, 2 baths, closets and back stairs.

3rd Floor—Two chambers and 2 large store rooms.

There is an ample cellar in which are furnace, wine closet and gas burner, supplied by outside gasometer, which furnishes every room.

Ten rooms have open fire places; six have registers as well.

The stable has stalls for six horses and room for eight carriages. There is a tenant's house, sheep barn and cow stable, together with sheds and hen-roosts. A tank of capacity of 1,500 gallons surmounts the stable. It is supplied from springs rising on the place, whose contents have been proven perfect by chemical analysis. To the tank the water is pumped by two separate systems, from distant sources. All the plumbing and drainage are perfect and the premises are in excellent repair, having just been painted inside and out and a new cooking range set.

This property is offered as a whole.

It is without incumbrance, and possession can be given November 15th, 1897.

Address,
JOHN W. WILLIAMS,
16-5 Deer Park, Maryland.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.

Notice is hereby given, that the undersigned, either in person or by deputy, will be in each of the election districts in said county to collect and receive taxes at the time and places following:

July 12, McHenry,
" 13, Hoyes,
" 14, Friendsville,
" 15, Selbysport,
" 19, Accident,
" 17, Cove,
" 19, Grantsville,
" 20, Johnson's,
" 21, F. H. Layman's,
" 22, Avilton,
" 23, Gregg's,
" 24, New Germany, Bronneman Store
" 26, Bittinger,
" 27, Elkhinger,
" 29, Bloomington,
" 27, Floyd,
" 28, Swanton,
" 28, Wilson,
" 29, Deer Park,
" 29, Altamont,
" 30, Gorman,
" 30, Kearney.

Office in Oakland will be closed from July 12th to 30th inclusive.

N. B.—By an act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed at January session, 1890, being Chapter 536, it is provided that, "All county taxes shall be due and payable on the first day of September succeeding the date of levy, and on all county taxes paid on or before said day a discount of 3 per cent. shall be allowed; and after the first day of January all taxes shall bear interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum until paid. The Treasurer shall take the discount and charge Interest on all tax bills for county purposes regularly in the manner aforesaid, and shall note the same on his books and upon the receipt given for taxes so paid; but this discount shall not be allowed unless the whole amount of State and county taxes due for the current year be paid when the same is made."

THOS. E. WILEY, Treasurer.

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

THE IMPORTED

French Coach Stallion

lately purchased by the Oakland Horse Improvement Company, is now ready for service at Oakland.

Insurance, $15.

Anyone parting with mare after bred, forfeits insurance money. Insurance due as soon as mare is known to be in foal.

J. T. BROWNING,
18-3 Keeper.

SHERIFF'S SALE

—OF—

REAL ESTATE,

Located at Mountain Lake Park, Garrett County.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of Frank P. Jones against Ella Hammond and Clarence Hammond, her husband, the same being No. 30 Judicials to July Term, 1897, of said Court, the undersigned sheriff will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash on the day of sale, on

Saturday the 7th day of August, 1897,

at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, in front of the court house in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, all the right, title and interest of the said Ella Hammond in and to all that lot of ground situated at Mountain Lake Park, Garrett county, Maryland, and which on the plat of Mountain Lake Park is known and designated as

Lot Number Nine Hundred and Forty-three,

and being the same lot of ground that was conveyed to the said Ella Hammond by deed from the Mountain Lake Park Association of Garrett county, dated the 3d day of July, 1896, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 28, folio 121, one of the land records of Garrett county. Said property is improved by a very good dwelling house and a small livery stable, and is located near the store house of James A. Hayden, and will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

REAL ESTATE!

—FOR SALE BY—

JOHN SHARTZER, Real Estate Agent,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Two farms in District No. 2; 262 acres; near Elder Hill school house, improved by 2 houses, 3 barns and orchards. Will be sold separately or as a whole, to suit purchaser, on easy terms.

House of 4 rooms, 4 acres of land two miles south of Mt. Lake Park.

House and 1 acre of ground adjoining Loch Lynn Heights. Will be sold cheap.

A livery stable at Loch Lynn Heights; finest in the county; must be sold at once.

House and lot in Mt. Lake Park.

50 acres; improved by a small house; near Cranberry Glade farm.

House and 2 lots in McHenry.

Farm near Deer Park; improved.

A well improved farm near Ryan's Glade.

The above properties will be sold on easy terms.

One 50-acre lot adjoining the farm of W. T. Jamesson near Mt. Lake Park.

1 50-acre lot adjoining the lands of Mrs. Kilbarne and —— Jackson near Mt. Lake Park; will be sold very cheap for cash.

7 building lots in Loch Lynn Heights.

The Phillips lands lying between Oakland and Mt. Lake Park; will be sold as a whole or in parcels to suit purchaser.

A lot of ground adjoining Mt. Lake Park on the Oakland road.

An improved farm of 100 acres, 2 miles from Terra Alta.

An improved farm of 200 acres near Crellin.

The Oakland Steam Laundry property.

7 large building lots in Oakland.

For further information, prices and terms, apply to

JOHN SHARTZER,
6-26 *OAKLAND, MD.*

SAMUEL LAWTON,

BICYCLES and BICYCLE REPAIRING.

Full line of Bicycle Sundries carried in stock.

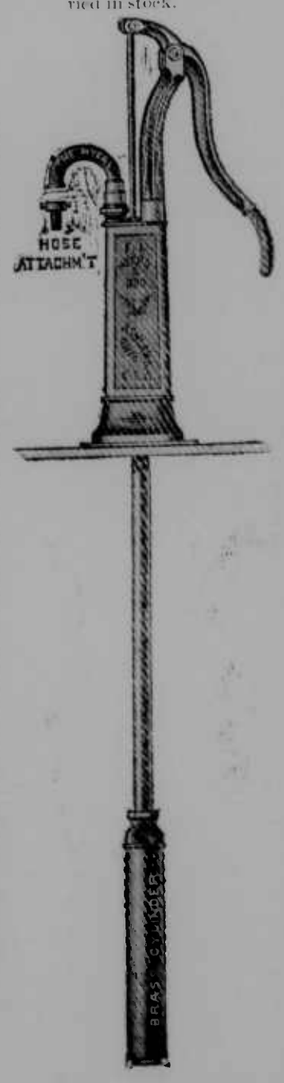

MYERS PUMPS, Hose, Galvanized and Iron Pipe, Steam and Hot Water Fittings.

LOOK AWAY.

When the storm with its mantle of darkness comes down,
And the blackest clouds cover the sky,
When all nature is gloomy with shadow and frown,
And the swift-rolling tempest is nigh:
Look away, trembling soul, the thick darkness pierce through,
For beyond are the sunlight and beautiful blue.

When the deepest affliction and sorrow are thine,
With a burdened heart ready to break,
When thy footsteps are painful and life doth decline,
And the hopes that had stayed thee forsake
Look away, fainting one, take His promises true;
They will give you the sunshine and Heaven's own blue.

—Frederick J. Stevens, in United Presbyterian.

A Yankee Farmer in Florida.

BY R. G. ROBINSON.

IN the pioneer days of South Florida there came from Boston a man named Dave, with his wife and two children.

He came, he said, primarily for his health, and incidentally to better his fortune, which, never having been great, had been wrecked in the financial cyclone of '73.

In those days homesteads donated by a paternal government to actual settlers were plenty, and Dave soon found one to his liking, on which he built a cabin and cleared land for a small orange grove.

With a fine disregard for conventionalities and Boston prejudices, and with a determination to be "of the Romans a Roman," he discarded shoes, stockings, and all superfluities of dress, and commenced work with magnificent pluck and Yankee energy.

Looking to a bread supply for the immediate future, he rented a few acres of arable land from an "old resident" to plant in corn and potatoes, his new land being sour and unfit; and he invested the remnant of his funds in a horse, plow and harness.

The horse was an importation from the broad plains of Texas, small, angular, slender of limb and wild of eye. An animal with better training or ancestors or habits of thought ought to have been selected, for Dave had never owned a horse in his life, nor had he ever mounted one or "put his hands to a plow."

He knew it was all quite easy, though. Did ever a man come from "Bosting" who couldn't do anything that any other man had ever done?

The day after the purchase, in the early, dewy morn, he took the horse, plow and harness to the rented field to begin operations, and his wife and children went along to see the inception of that happy occupation called "farming."

Never having harnessed a horse, Dave omitted that useful article, a collar, and buckled on the hames upside down; but otherwise he got the gearing fixed in pretty fair shape.

Then, taking the lines and grasping the plow handles with a grip of determination, he uttered, with fine effect and deep bass voice, a formula he'd read—in the encyclopedia, perhaps—"Gee! Whoa! Haw! Git up thar!"

The formula was all right, and his rendering perfect; but he hadn't taken into account the moods and tenses, past and present, of a Texas pony. That sagacious animal, having taken a slight tug against the bare, upside-down hames, stood gazing in silent wonder and expectancy.

"Come up, there, I tell you!" said the farmer. "Can't you gee haw?"

The only answer was a slight bobbing of the head.

"Come up, I tell you!" again said Dave, and at the same time raising his right hand, he brought the heavy rope line down along the pony's back with a resounding thwack.

His answer was a quart or scuf earth full in the face, thrown by the pony's hind feet as they went skyward. That little performance ended, the pony resumed his original position and look of inquiry, while Dave took a seat on the ground to review the situation.

"I don't exactly know what's the matter, Sadie," he said. "The man I got this beast from said he was an elegant plow animal and would go straight along."

"Well, Dave," said Sadie, "I don't know, but seems to me horses may have their regular habits just like people, and maybe this horse ain't used to starting so early in the morning; you know the people round here don't start to work near so early as this. Let's wait a bit, and maybe he'll go."

"Sadie," said Dave, "if we're going to make a crop this year we'll have to start early in the mornings. All good farmers do, and this horse had just as well begin now as another time. I tell you what I expect is the matter: He's used to having a boy lead him when drawing a plow; that's the way lots of plowing is done. You try leading him, Sadie, and I'll hold the plow."

"Oh, Dave," she said, "I really couldn't. I'm afraid he'd bite me, he looks so mad."

"Shucks!" said Dave. "He couldn't bite you if he wanted to, for the traces and plow will hold him back. You really must, Sadie. Just try it till we get him started, then maybe he'll go all right."

Thus urged, Sadie took the bridle-reins as far in front as she could, and Dave resumed the handles of the plow.

"Now pull, Sadie," said Dave, "and we'll start. Get up there, you beast!"

In response the beast gave a snort and tug that made Sadie jump ten feet or more and dragged the plow perhaps six inches; then he stopped resolutely.

"I'll tell you what's the matter, Sadie," said Dave; "he ain't used to your skirts. Here, you come hold the plow and I'll lead him a bit."

So Sadie took the plow handles, and Dave, taking hold of the bridle, said: "Now come right along, you ugly beast, you!" at the same time giving him a kick.

There was another start and sudden tug; the plow catching on a root, the handles flew up and knocked the luckless Sadie into a sitting position several yards away; the pony stopped and rested.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" said Dave. "But I tell you, Sadie, I know it can be done, and, what's more, if we're to have anything to eat next winter, it's got to be done. I wonder what ails the beast." And he sat down to think it out.

Presently he said: "I'll tell you what's the matter, Sadie; funny I didn't think of it before. He's used to having somebody ride him when he's working, and he don't know how to go without. You always see these Crackers riding their horses when they're drawing a cart, and I guess it's the same way with plowing. Now, you just take hold of the handles again and I'll try riding him, and I guess we'll make it all right."

"Oh, Dave," said Sadie, "I've just had all the breath knocked out of me, and I don't want to again."

"There's no danger, Sadie," said Dave. "Being on his back, I can manage him better, and we'll go carefully; besides, you needn't lean over the plow like you did; just walk far back and stick your arm out, and you'll be safe enough."

Thus persuaded, Sadie again essayed the task, and Dave, jumping astride the beast and jabbing his heels into its flanks, said: "Now get up, sir, get up!"

He got up a little in the rear quarters, quite as much as a pony of his size could with 250 pounds avoirdupois on his back; he grunted and snorted, but forward he did not go an inch. Dave said: "You speak to him, Sadie; you're driving now."

And Sadie said: "Get up, pony! get up, you dear little fellow!" As before, he got up with his hind feet just as far as he could, but his fore feet remained fixed and stationary.

Again remarking: "I'll be jiggered!" Dave dismounted and, taking a seat on the ground, put on his thinking cap.

The result of his meditation was this:

"Sadie, I'm too heavy for him, that's what's the matter; he's been used to having a boy or Cracker man ride him, and you never saw a Cracker that weighed anything to speak of. I'll tell you what, Sadie; you must ride him and I'll hold the plow. Strange I didn't think of that before. It'll be fun for you, and I'm sure we'll get right along."

"Oh, Dave, Dave," said Sadie, "I do want to help you all I can, but really and truly I can't do that, you know; there's no saddle, and I'd be scared to death."

"Sadie," said Dave, "you've got to get used to being a farmer's wife, and you'd just as well begin right now. There isn't a particle of danger; with your light weight he'll move right off, smooth and easy; and, really, it's our only chance, you know, for something to eat next winter."

Sadie, with a fine regard for her promise to love, honor and obey, said a silent prayer, allowed herself to be lifted on the pony, and with trembling hands grasped the reins as she was instructed.

Then Dave, holding the plow, urged the pony to go; but go he wouldn't.

"Kick him, Sadie! Kick him!" cried Dave, and Sadie kicked and kicked again, but the beast only backed and snorted.

Dave's stock of patience was getting exhausted, and he said: "You just wait a minute, Sadie. I'll get a switch and persuade him a little."

So he cut down a small oak sapling, about ten feet high, trimmed off the leaves and twigs, and, taking a stand back of the pony, at right angles to the plow, said: "Now look out, Sadie! I think he'll start." And he brought his "switch" down with all his force across the pony's back.

He started; there could be no question about that. The plow was jerked high in the air, and the next instant the pony was flying across the field with poor Sadie clinging frantically to the hames.

When he reached the rail fence on the far side of the field he went right on over, like a trained hunter; but the plow catching on the near side, he was jerked back by the traces and came down on his haunches on the other side, while Sadie went on and on in a series of remarkable somersaults.

When Dave reached the spot, the pony was sitting, and so was Sadie, but at some distance apart.

"Sadie, dear!" he exclaimed, "are you hurt?"

"I don't know, Dave," she said, "but it appears as if I'm considerably shook up."

"Well, you just wait a minute till I fix this beast," said Dave; and, taking a broken fence rail, he brought it down with all his might across the top of the pony's head, knocking it limp and senseless.

"Oh, Dave," said Sadie, looking around just then, "you've killed him!"

"I don't care if I have," said Dave. "If he won't plow he'd better be dead, and save his feed. Anyhow, Sadie, I'm done with farming. Anybody that wants to can plow. I don't."

Sadie approved the resolution, her ambition to be a farmer's wife having cooled considerably. Dave shouldered the plow and gear, and they wended their way homeward, leaving the pony for dead.

Texas ponies, however, are tough, and this one "came to" some time during the day, and wandered home in time for supper. He proved a capital saddle animal, and, having eschewed plowing, Dave became a hunter and sold venison to buy flour.—Lippincott's Magazine.

—The family of the late secretary of the treasury, Daniel Manning, has had cast in Troy, N. Y., a 100-pound bell for the United States cruiser which bears his name.

A ROMANTIC WEDDING.

An Indian Maiden Becomes the Wife of Her White Benefactor.

A notable wedding occurred at Bismarck, N. D., on June 24. The bride was Picture Eyes, the daughter of John Moose, an old warrior, who has scalped many a white man and participated in many a tribal battle. The bridegroom was Thomas Dalaine Cronan, an Irishman by birth. The marriage ceremony was performed first by a Roman Catholic priest, after which the Indians had a genuine old-fashioned wedding feast. The wedding was the culmination of a courtship extending over seven years, which has been attended by unusual incidents.

Picture Eyes at the age of 18 was a well-formed, pretty-faced girl who could not speak a word of any but the Sioux language, and had never known the ways and customs of the white man. She lived then in a tepee with her parents. Now she is 25 years of age, educated and refined. Her father, John Moose, lives on the Standing Rock reservation, but the bride has been a member of Col. Frank Duncan's family, having been adopted by him several years ago with the consent of her parents.

It was about ten years ago that Mr. Cronan first came to this country. He was then about 25 years of age and came out west through the instrumentality of Moreton Frewen, an English financier, who was at that time interested with Marquis de Mores in the cattle raising and exporting business. Cronan was sent to America as a sort of special agent to look after the interests of the English capitalists, and his duties brought him to the cattle raising regions of Montana and Wyoming once each year. On his third trip he had occasion to stop off at Medora, and it was there that he met the Indian girl. Upon the day of his arrival a Sioux Indian had been thrown into jail for attempting to set fire to a ranchman's barn and there was a mob of white men gathered about the jail door evidently bent upon lynching the Indian. The plucky constable, who was a small man, stood upon the door step threatening to shoot the first man that made a move forward, but it was certain that he could not stand the mob off very long, and already a detachment of the would-be lynchers had begun to batter in the lone window of the building. In the meantime an Indian girl had appeared upon the scene and was darting about making frantic efforts to have some one understand the entreaties she was screaming in the Indian tongue.

Cronan, noticing the girl, asked who she was, and was told that the man in the jail was her father, and that she wanted the mob to spare his life for her sake. Cronan, moved by the helplessness of the girl, decided to intercede for the life of the Indian, though he realized that it was a dangerous move and might cost him his life. Elbowing through the mob, he sprang to the side of the constable and shouted out a plea for the Indian. He persevered in his efforts whenever the din subsided long enough for him to be heard, and in time he was successful. The mob dispersed, leaving the constable in charge of the jail and his prisoner. A few days later the prisoner, who was John Moose, was tried and was acquitted, having proved an alibi.

Cronan went back to England, but returned in six months to Medora, only to find that John Moose and his family had gone to Bismarck. He went to the latter place on his return trip from Wyoming and found the Moose family snugly quartered in a tepee on the bank of the Great Muddy. He learned that the girl had already been promised to a young buck named Four Toe, who had given her father a certain quantity of tobacco for her hand. Cronan and an interpreter went to the tepee of the lucky Four Toe and proceeded at once to negotiate for the purchase of the prospective bride. It was an up-hill job at first, but after several trips had been made to the lodge of Four Toe the redskin finally relinquished all his right, title, and interest in and to the Sioux maiden for the consideration of $25 in hand paid and ten pounds of cabbage-leaf tobacco to be delivered on the wedding day. Then the old warrior's consent was obtained to the proposed marriage and Cronan returned to England, after making arrangements with Col. Frank Duncan for the adoption of the girl and for her education. Picture Eyes attended the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa., for two years and then was placed in a seminary at St. Paul, where her education was finished.—N. Y. Sun.

One Woman's Woogs.

Mrs. Smallpurse (who found only a few dimes in her husband's pockets that morning)—I am just sick of this plodding along year after year. Why don't you do something to make money?

Mr. Smallpurse—I can't make any more than a living at my business, no matter how hard I work.

Mrs. Smallpurse—Then do something else. Invent something. Any American can invent.

Mr. Smallpurse (some months after)—My dear, I've hit it, and I've got a patent. My fortune is made.

Mrs. Smallpurse (delightedly)—Isn't that grand! What did you invent?

Mr. Smallpurse—I have invented a barbed wire safety pocket for husbands.—N. Y. Weekly.

Sour Cream Cake.

Two eggs, one cupful granulated sugar, one cupful sour cream, two cupfuls flour, one level teaspoonful of soda and one-half teaspoonful cream tartar. Flavor to taste. The cream tartar is added because the acidity of the cream is so variable. Bake in cups or gem pans.—Detroit Free Press.

Always Together.

Twinkles—Smith follows his wife wherever she goes.

Wrinkles—Is he jealous?

"No. They ride a tandem."—N. Y. Journal.

Her Suggestion.

"Yes," said Mr. Snicksnackle, "I do not like my name at all. They say that either the legislature or the district court will change it for me. Which would you apply to if you were in my predicament?"

"Well," said she, thoughtfully, "a minister would do for me."

And three hours later it struck him that there was a mild hint in what she had said.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Joys of the Season.

Yes, these summer days are precious,
Not alone for balmy air;
Ah, these funny summer costumes
We see other people wear!
—Chicago Record.

BESIDE THE SAD SEA WAVES.

Cholly—Ignorance is bliss.

Maude—Then you should be supremely happy.—Detroit Free Press.

A Cynical View of It.

Gus De Smith—Say, Hostetter, what became of that good-looking girl who was introduced to you by our mutual friend, Charlie McIntosh?

Hostetter McGinnis—She was my first and only love, but she didn't care for me. She is married to McIntosh.

Gus De Smith—She is, eh? Serves him good and right. It is another case of where a man digs a pit for another and falls into it himself.—Tammany Times.

A Musical Family.

"My daughter plays the violins,
My boys both play the basses;
My wife she plays the pi-an-o,
While I just play the races."
—Yonkers Statesman.

Exceptions.

"I am willing to concede," said Uncle Allen Sparks, "that all the world may be a stage, but I'll be essentially bamboozled if the men and women in it are actors! There's a lot of them that only think they can act!"

And Uncle Allen got up and walked wearily out of the theater.—Chicago Tribune.

A Practical View.

"There is no excuse," exclaimed the theater patron, "for having the waits between acts so long."

"That's exactly what I said to the last company that played here. It's very dangerous to let an audience go to sleep and take chances on being able to wake it up again."—Washington Star.

A Setback.

"We hunted up that intellectual woman who invented the self-rocking cradle. We wanted to give her a vote of thanks."

"Well, now did she receive you?"

"The inventor turned out to be a man who wanted to get off to the baseball game."—Detroit Free Press.

Made It a Bargain.

"It's a swindle," she said. "The idea of charging four dollars for that!"

"Under the circumstances, madam," returned the floorwalker, who had been attracted to the spot, "we will make it $3.99 to you."

"Ah," she said, producing her purse; "that's more like it."—Chicago Post.

What She Got.

Nonie—How did Nettie come out in her breach of promise case?

Laura—O, the jury gave her a new heart.

Nonie—What was that?

Laura—The marble heart, you know.—Pittsburgh News.

Queerness of Women.

"Beverly, where do you go for the summer?"

"Well, it doesn't really make any difference, wherever we go Mrs. Beverly will wish we had gone somewhere else."—Detroit Free Press.

Mixed Paint.

He started out to paint things red,
He got things mixed, 'tis true;
He came back with a carmine nose
And eyes both black and blue.
—Up-to-Date.

TREADING ON EGGS.
GEN. WOODFORD HAS A TICKLISH JOB BEFORE HIM.

Woman's Usual Fate.

"Before we were married George wanted to kill lions and tigers to prove his love for me."

"Is he still as devoted?"

"I wish you could hear him go on when I get him up at night to chase a mouse out of the room."—Detroit Free Press.

Reason to Be Thankful.

"Was your officeseeking trip to Washington a success?"

"Yes; in a way."

"You got a place?"

"No. But my present employers didn't deck me for the time it took to make the journey.—Washington Star.

All Tastes Suited.

New Clerk—I notice some of these barrels of apples are marked X and some Z. Are they different kinds?

Dealer—No; same kind, but differently packed. Some customers want a barrel opened at the bottom and some at the top.—N. Y. Weekly.

Forethought.

He (eloping, anxiously)—I fear the damp night air will give you a cold, dear.

She (unguardedly)—Oh, no. Mamma made me dress warmly, love.—N. Y. Journal.

Not Like the Others.

"She is a most unnatural mother."

"Why, she seems to think the world of her baby."

"Oh, she thinks enough of it, but she admits that there are prettier ones."—N. Y. Journal.

None of It Came Out.

Charlie (who had been blowing the cornet for an hour)—Ned, do you think there is any music in me?

Ned—I don't know—there ought to be. I didn't hear any come out.—Tit-Bits.

As Good as a Map.

Jinks—Why does an old maid like a parrot?

Binks—Oh, because it swears so much it makes her think there's a man about the house.—Town Topics.

The Most Courteous.

Voice from Above (one a. m.)—Margaret, ask the young man if he takes cream on his oatmeal.—N. Y. Journal.

A Narrow Escape.

"Fuzzy had what might be called a hairbreadth escape."

"Why?"

"The girl wouldn't marry him because he was red-headed."—Philadelphia North American.

It Does.

Wallace—There is nothing like matrimony to make a man appreciate the value of money.

Ferry—That's so! A dollar a man gives his wife looks bigger to him than any other dollar.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Not a Hit.

The fisherman sits and gets nary a bite,
But dreams of ponderous scales.
And when he comes home from the river at night
His neighbors won't bite on his tales.
—Pittsburgh News.

PAPA KNEW.

Ferdinand—Papa, is there anyone greater than a king?

Papa—Yes, Ferdinand; the ace. Now go to bed.—Up-to-Date.

At the Window.

Across the way she graceful sits,
That bowl of batter, see her beat it;
A rake she makes—his teeth he grits—
Some other man will help her eat it.
—Chicago Record.

Diplomatic.

Miss Flyrte—Which do you admire most, Mr. Wilson, blonds or brunettes?

Mr. Wilson—It depends on which I'm with.—Somerville Journal.

—The pope, who is 87 years old and a vegetarian, has just written a Latin poem in praise of simplicity in diet.

SHE SPANKED FOR THE FAMILY.

The Stranger's Kind Offer Was Indignantly Refused.

People never get encouragement for doing the Good Samaritan act in the interests of the public, as the man decided who offered to assist a distracted woman and ameliorate the sufferings of a lot of people on a suburban car.

The boy who howls was in evidence, the curled darling of his only own mother and the terror of everybody else, and he had kept the car in a state of wild excitement and exhausted the patience of everybody, including his doting parent.

"Oh, if your father were only here!" she had said for the fiftieth time, as she tried vainly to restrain the howling terror.

At that he stopped howling long enough to beat the air with his small shins, and the woman on the other side of him remarked audibly that a cage was the proper place for savages like him.

"Johnny, dear," asked his mother, "won't you be a good boy?"

Roars and kicks from Master Johnny.

"Oh, I wish your father were here to give you a good trouncing this very minute!" she wailed, as she struggled with him.

Then it was that the philanthropist of the company asserted himself. He had been trying in vain to read his morning paper ever since he started from home.

"Allow me, madam," he said, blandly. "I am a father myself, and I will be happy to chastise your cherub in behalf of his absent parent."

"Oh, no, you won't, not if I know it!" said Johnny's mother, rising in her wrath like a tigress. "There ain't that man living dare lay a finger on that boy—his own father or any other ugly catamount who thinks he knows it all," and she shut off debate by going into the next car and taking the sweet infant with her.—Chicago Times-Herald.

It Cured Her.

A well-known Louisville woman was ill, and her physician pronounced her in a critical condition. Among the sympathetic neighbors was a pretty widow who was lavish in her expressions of sympathy for the husband and children. And it came to pass that she began to sympathize with them to such an extent that she spent most of her time at the house. When the wife was thought to be sinking and the family were beginning to fear the worst, the widow walked up to the husband and said: "Ah, how I pity you, Mr. ——, and those dear children. It will be awful if they are to be reared up without a mother to care for them." At this injunction the wife, with a mighty effort, raised up in her bed with the words: "Oh, you needn't be worried; I am not going to die. No, I will not die, and I can get along very well without your assistance in the future." From that time the woman rallied, and is now hale and hearty.—Louisville Dispatch.

Mathematics.

There are people who tell us the distance old Mother Earth is from the stars, counting miles upon miles into millions, as the distance from Neptune to Mars. The way they throw figures is awful, on the size of the little sun spot, and how long it would take to walk round it if it wasn't so deucedly hot. They measure the depth of the ocean, and the distance across it as well, get the weight in the air of a meteor, and locate the right spot where they fell. But astronomers and mathematicians all confess that they can't get just right the miles gone over by papa, when he "totes" the cross kid in the night.—N. Y. World.

Her Regret.

He was worth a good deal in money, but not in anything else.

"I am sorry to have to leave you so much," he said, as he put on his overcoat and started for the club.

"I am sorry you can't leave me more and do it sooner," she returned.

And somehow that bothered him all the evening. In fact, he was somewhat tempted to change his will.—Chicago Post.

If we ever invent anything it will be a salt cellar that always has salt in it.—Washington Democrat.

A HEALTHY WIFE

Is a Husband's Inspiration.

A sickly, half-dead-and-alive woman, especially when she is the mother of a family, is a damper to all joyousness in the home.

I sometimes marvel at the patience of some husbands.

If a woman finds that her energies are flagging and that everything tires her, her sleep is disturbed by horrible dreams, and that she often wakes suddenly in the night with a feeling of suffocation and alarm, she must at once regain her strength.

It matters not where she lives, she can write a letter. Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., will reply promptly and without charge. The following shows the power of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, accompanied with a letter of advice:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I have suffered for over two years with falling, enlargement and ulceration of the womb, and this spring, being in such a weakened condition, caused me to flow for nearly six months. Some time ago, urged by friends, I wrote to you for advice. After using the treatment which you advised for a short time, that terrible flow stopped. I am now gaining strength and flesh and have better health than I have had for the past ten years. I wish to say to all distressed suffering women, do not suffer longer, when there is one so kind and willing to aid you."—Mrs. F. S. Bennett, Westphalia, Kans.

EDUCATIONAL.

Chicago Musical College.
CENTRAL MUSIC HALL,
CHICAGO, ILL.
DR. F. ZIEGFELD, President.
MUSIC ORATORY and DRAMATIC ART.
32nd SEASON BEGINS SEPT. 6, 1897.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

GRANDMA'S GLASSES.

Grandma is puzzled. The dear old face
Is seeking her glasses in every place:
The flattering hands reach here and there
For the glasses the brown eyes always wear.

Bennie and Joe fly nimbly around
To seek where those spectacles may be found.
Grandma is saying, in tones of fear:
"I was reading—and laid them down right here!"

Mischievous Fred, now reading a book,
Looks lazily on from his cozy nook,
And watches the solemn hunt with glee,
While all wonder where those glasses can be!

They scour every shelf, and scan each chair
Through the hall, the kitchen and everywhere.
They say: "Oh, dear me!" and "I'll be bound!
Those glasses, where are they? They can't be found!"

"It looks to me," says mischievous Fred,
"As though grandma has eyes on the top of her head!"
"Sure enough!" they laugh, and plainly there
They behold those glasses in grandma's hair!

She takes them down with a smiling face,
And soon they are put in their proper place.
Then the children laugh and dance away—
And the scene is repeated—perhaps, the next day!

—Ohio Farmer.

MACHINE THAT FLIES.

Any Bright Youngster Can Make One in an Hour.

This is the age of flying machines. Of course, our boys and girls hardly can expect to make a real machine which will sail through the air and carry them—for the problem has puzzled more than one wise man—but any boy can make a very successful toy flying machine which will fly, and that is more than many of the larger machines will do.

Get an old tomato can and by setting it on the stove, first one end, then the other, melt off the tin ends. Then cut the cylinder apart and flatten it out so that you will have a perfectly smooth piece of tin. From this cut a piece the shape shown in the picture (a) five inches long and 1½ inches wide in the widest part. This work can easily be done with a pair of old shears.

Now, procure an empty spool, one with a large body if you can get it, and in the top drive two wire nails (b) and with a file cut off the heads of each. In the narrow part of the strip of tin make three smooth holes (5, 6 and 7), two of which (5 and 6) will fit snugly over the nails in the spool and the third (7) will be directly over the hole in the spool.

Now give the corners (1 and 4) a slight turn downward and the corners (2 and 3) a slight turn upward, and having placed the strip of tin on the spool, fitting it down over the nails, you are

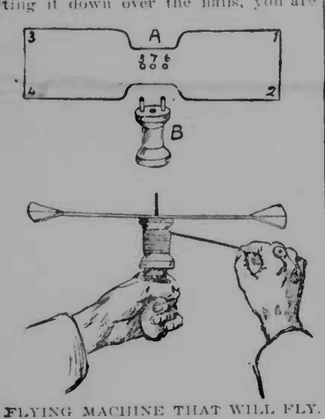

FLYING MACHINE THAT WILL FLY.

ready for your first experiments in flying.

Get a brad-awl or a half knitting needle fastened into a stout handle of wood and pass it up through the spool and through the center hole in the tin. Then wind the spool with a piece of string just as you would wind a top. When this is done hold the awl handle in one hand and pull the string sharply with the other. Of course, the spool will spin and you will be surprised to see your tin flying machine whizzing off through the air like a thing of life. If the weather is calm it will sometimes go to an astonishing height, but you can have much fun with it in the wind, for then it will play all sorts of odd pranks, turning and twisting and finally coming down to the earth with a plunk.

Any boy can make this flying machine in an hour without costing him a cent.—Chicago Record.

WAITED HIS TURN.

And Then He Gave the Doctor Some Cheerful Information.

"Doctor, just an instant, please," exclaimed a caller at the office of a man of physic, as he caught sight of the physician disappearing in his private office.

"I'll see you shortly, sir," was the curt reply.

"But a second is all I want," persisted the caller.

"I'll see you directly, sir," with sternness.

The visitor took a seat in the general reception-room, read the afternoon paper through, looked at the pictures, played with the dog and took a nap. After 30 minutes or more had passed the medicine man came out of his den, and with an air of condescension said to the visitor:

"Well, now, my man, I am at your service. Your turn has come. What can I do for you?"

"Oh, nothing in particular," was the reply. "I just dropped in to tell you that your neighbor's three cows have escaped from the barn, and are having a picnic in your garden and flower beds."—Tit-Bits.

Some Love Letters.

The maiden suits me to a "t,"
Her father suits me to a "y,"
And now it but remains to try
If I can suit her to an "Aye."
—Brooklyn Life.

BRAVER THAN A ROMAN.

One of the Most Courageous Deeds Recorded in History.

It is told of a Roman sailor that in trying to climb from a small boat into a ship he and his companions were struggling to board and capture, he was clinging to the ship with his right hand, when it was cut off. He caught hold again with his left, and that was cut off, but not until he had driven his head up to the deck of the boat, and, with both hands gone, he still clung on with his chin and elbows, and it was not till his head was struck off that he fell back into the water. That was old Roman fighting with a vengeance, but in the annals of our own navy there is a true story of still greater pluck, for our hero used his head, and saved others in the midst of his own awful suffering.

Lieut. Edward Smith in 1826 was in command of a schooner called the Mag-

THE STOIC HERO MADE NO OUTCRY.

pie, and it was wrecked in waters full of sharks, and the lieutenant and six of his men escaped drowning by clinging to a capsized boat. The lieutenant was the youngest of them all, except a lad named Wilson, but he was also the coolest and cleverest, as a commanding officer ought to be. He ordered the men to get off the boat and endeavor to right it. They obeyed, all the time they were in the water waving and kicking to scare off the sharks they could see swimming about. Lieut. Smith then ordered two of the men into the boat to bail, while the rest clung to her sides. With so much water in her she could not bear up more than two men. Soon, though, so much water was bailed out that he ordered two more men into the boat, and the bailing was going on fast when one of the two beside himself who were still in the water was seized by a shark, and with one cry sank. This so frightened the men that, horrible to tell, they once more capsized the boat. The young commander remained calm, ordered all hands to again right the boat, and when that was done put two men in it again to bail. As they got to work a shark, with one bite, took off one of Lieut. Smith's legs, and he, the more than stoic hero, made no sign, lest fright again cause his men to capsize the boat. They did not know he was hurt. In a moment or two the rest were ordered into the boat, he waiting to enter it last himself. Just as he was ready to ask the men to help him a shark caught his remaining leg. He fell back in the water, but his men saved him, and lifted him into the boat to die. With his last breath he told the boy Wilson to report to the admiral that all the men had done their duty.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

CHAIRS AS A LUXURY.

The Habit of Sitting Down of Comparatively Recent Origin.

Most people believe that the habit of sitting down as practiced by themselves is a common human habit, old as the race itself, in no way associated with civilization. But Frederick Boyle, who seems to have one of those inquiring minds that are not content to accept things as they are without first tracing causes and history, contends that sitting down is an acquired habit that marks height of civilization.

He estimates that even at the present day not more than ten per cent. of human kind practice sitting on our plan.

Men who do not sit have two attitudes for resting; women use one of their own. Squatting "on the heel" is favored in India and China. In this position the weight of the body falls upon the toes, and to keep the balance comfortable the arms must hang over the knees, the hands dangling. A European trussed in this manner promptly feels a pain in the calves, but he can understand that habit makes it a restful posture. In fact, the colliers of England use it altogether.

The cross-legged attitude is general from Siam eastward through the Malay countries. In the jungle men crouch, the knees raised, the arms folded over them, and the chin resting on the arm. The women of that region rest upon the floor with the knees bent sideways, thus throwing the weight on the outer part of one thigh—a mighty uncomfortable posture to a civilized Caucasian.

Chairs really seem to be no more necessary to the race than pianos.—Golden Days.

Case of Faith and Works.

A pretty anecdote is related of a child who was greatly perturbed by the discovery that her brothers had set traps to catch birds. Questioned as to what she had done in the matter, she replied: "I prayed that the traps might not catch the birds." "Anything else?" "Yes," she said. "I then prayed that God would prevent the birds getting into the traps;" and, as if to illustrate the doctrine of faith and works, "I went and kicked the traps all to pieces."—Buffalo Commercial.

What Little Mary Said.

During a call that little four-year-old Mary was making with her mother a slice of cake was given her. "Now, what are you going to say to the lady?" asked the mother. "Is you dot any more?" said little Mary, demurely.—Chicago Record.

WHAT COL. A. A. POPE

Says About Reduced Prices for Bicycles.

Hartford, July 2, 1897.—Colonel Albert A. Pope, President of the Pope Manufacturing Company, was seen today relative to the recent reduction in the price of Columbia bicycles. He was interviewed as follows:

Colonel, why have you reduced the price of Columbia bicycles?

Because with our present facilities we can make more bicycles than we can sell at $100 each, and I feel a personal responsibility in seeing that our large force of workmen is kept constantly employed.

Do I understand from that, Colonel, that your output has not been selling?

Oh, no, our business is larger than ever before, but our facilities have been steadily increasing. For twenty years we have been trying to produce the very best possible bicycle at the very least price, and now we have by far the largest plant in the world, with perfected machinery and every facility for doing a very large business, and we believe at these prices we can run our factories full the year round. If we can, then we shall not be sorry that we have reduced the prices. We have capacity to make 600 high grade bicycles in ten hours, and a thoroughly organized force to man that equipment. We want to keep our men at work the year round. It has never been our policy to weaken our organization when trade falls off and later bring in a set of new men who must be trained to our standard. If we can bring our product up to the limit we can sell the bicycles at the new prices and make a fair profit.

Could you make money at the new prices by running the factories half full or half the time?

I don't believe we could.

Colonel, at the new price, could anyone start in the manufacture of bicycles with reasonable prospect of success?

I do not believe it possible for any new concern to start in the bicycle business and produce bicycles at the price and of the quality that we are now offering, and ever make any money in the business. The future business is likely to be done by the large manufacturers of established reputation, with large facilities and large capital, who can avail themselves of every advantage in producing large quantities and manufacturing through the dull season.

Colonel, I have noticed several tabulations which profess to give the cost of making a high grade bicycle, and the total foots up to about $30. Is this correct?

If this is correct, why should so many bicycle manufacturers fail when the prices were very much higher than they are now, and when they netted a great deal more than $30 for wheels not of the highest grade? There are many things to consider besides the actual first cost of materials. No manufacturer knows what the goods cost him until he figures up at the end of the year and puts in all his expenses, and many of them have then found that their bicycles have cost them more than twice their estimate.

Colonel, I have seen a number of rumors in the papers to the effect that the Pope Manufacturing Company is about to bring out a chainless bicycle.

We have been working on a chainless bicycle for several years and have made a good many models. We expect to make it our leading machine for 1898.

In some of the papers I see that the price of the chainless is likely to be $100.

You may be sure we won't sell a chainless bicycle for $100!

If any one pays $150 for a Columbia chainless bicycle in 1898, he will get full value for his money.

Will the chainless cost more to make than a chain-driven wheel?

Yes, a great deal more than any other bicycle, and it can only be made a success by the very finest and best workmanship. I think there are only a very few bicycle manufacturers who are likely to make a successful chainless machine.

How many employes are on your pay-roll now, Colonel?

We have had this season as high as 2,400. They have been dropping out the last few weeks, and to-day we have on our pay-roll 2,675.

Is this a greater number than you had at the same time last year?

Yes, by several hundred. I suppose that 10,000 people are indirectly dependent upon these works for support, besides fully as many more who are, to a greater or less degree, supported by us through our agents.

Colonel, will the present range of prices be the standard for 1898?

It is a little early to talk about that now.

Shirt-Waist Damages.

First Summer Resorter—Isn't that Cholie Bowled just horrid? I hadn't known him for a day when he tried to kiss me.

Second Summer Resorter—And me, too. But it is only business with him. His father owns the laundry.—Indianapolis Journal.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomachs receive it without distress. 1-4 the price of coffee. 15c and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

"Queen Victoria always looks so solemn." "You'd look solemn if you had had the prince of Wales for a son all these years."—Chicago Record.

We can tell a school teacher as far off as we can see her, and if she marries, she has to be married at least 20 years before the trade-marks are effaced.—Atchison Globe.

A woman really has no good luck in marrying unless she marries a man on his deathbed and he leaves her his life insurance.—Atchison Globe.

No Such Thing.—"Five dollars!" exclaimed an indignant man, who had used the long-distance 'phone for as many minutes; 'and yet they say 'talk is cheap.'"—Judge.

When a woman will, she will; and yet when she says she will she may not.—N. Y. Weekly.

The older a man gets, the more of a fool he thinks a boy is.—Atchison Globe.

FARM AND GARDEN.

GOOD PIG TROUGHS.

One Which, It Is Claimed, Comes Very Near Perfection.

There are a great variety of devices for pig troughs. It is difficult to so construct one as to prevent his pig-ship from getting his feet into it and rooting out a lot of his food onto the ground. The following engraving represents one which, if properly constructed, comes very near perfection. A common flaring trough is made, the end of which has been removed, as shown in the engraving. The width of bottom at A B Fig. 1, is 12 inches, with sides six inches wide, which makes the trough nearly four inches deep. A strip five inches wide, C, is set up lengthwise centrally and toe-nailed to the bottom. A hopper is constructed with a four-inch opening at E, flaring to ten inches at F. To hold all the parts securely in place, boards are cut to fit between the sides of the hopper, and with suitable slot to embrace the dividing board C. The shape of this board is shown in

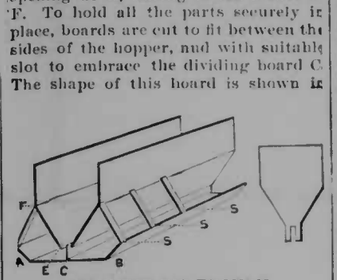

SPLENDID PIG TROUGH.

Fig. 2. These may be inserted every two or three feet. Slats are securely fastened as shown at S S S, and may be about eight inches apart. By this means the pigs are precluded from getting into the trough. They can only poke their noses into it, and this is all that is needed.

This trough gives feeding space on both sides. The slops are easily distributed through the hopper. The construction may be cheapened by using only one board for each side of hopper instead of two, as shown.—G. Waters, in St. Louis Journal of Agriculture.

IMPROVING THE FLOCK.

Why Some Attempts in This Direction Result Disastrously.

Quite often a farmer having a flock of common stock that is well acclimated and free from disease, but not very profitable, disposes of them and secures pure-bred fowls, which he gives no better care. Having been improved and made more profitable, partly by receiving excellent food and care, better than the farmer is accustomed to give, the improved fowls do not thrive. Possibly they are from high scoring fancy stock that has been weakened by being over-shown and in-bred. Under his management they may be no more profitable than his common stock, while they are more sensitive to exposure and susceptible to disease. He has about as much use for them as a man without a hot-house to put them in has for hot-house plants. This man may become prejudiced against pure-bred fowls. Had he secured suitable farm-reared pure-bred birds from stock that had not been bred for exhibition points for several years, and at the same time had taken more pains to keep the hen house clean, free from lice, and to provide better food and enough of it, he would doubtless have secured a greater profit and have been gratified with the results. Proper food, says Samuel Cushman, has much to do with improving a breed, and improved characteristics cannot be retained unless sustained by it. Common scrubs endure privation and exposure best, and it is not, therefore, always wise to discard them. It may be difficult to secure really good birds for useful purposes.—Western Plowman.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

Flax is very exhaustive to the soil.

Insure your buildings against cyclones.

Shallow cultivation of corn should be the rule.

Drainage will greatly increase the value of wet ground.

Roots cannot penetrate a subsoil that is as hard as a stone.

The silo will enable the farmer to keep more cows profitably.

In sections where cyclones are likely, a storm cave shows wisdom.

Spare the harrow in the early stages of corn growth and spoil the crop.

The hired man should be a gentleman among the children in the home.

In sections outside the corn belt corn can often be profitably grown for the silo.

Hay caps are a good investment. They will in a wet season pay for themselves very quickly.

We do not like the barbed wire fence and would not have one, while other fencing can be had.

When the surface bakes after a rain, a light harrow should be used, whether the crop is up or not.

Hailstorms are likely anywhere, and insurance against them is as necessary as insurance against fire.

Eighty acres, intensively cultivated are better than 160 acres under the too often loose system of farming.—Western Plowman.

Sheep Improve the Soil.

The sheep is unlike the hog in its choice of food. It will not take up feed out of filth or live on animal flesh. It will eat weeds of almost any kind, and will peel an apple tree if given an opportunity. The excuse for not keeping a few sheep that it costs so much for fencing, is, to say the least, a flimsy one. Barb wire or woven fence can be had for a very reasonable amount. Four wires will restrain sheep if the fence be put up in the proper manner, although five wires are better, and this number is all that is required to make a good fence. Sheep bite somewhat closer than cattle, but they improve the land.—Western Plowman.

MONUMENT TO INDIAN BRAVES.

Sioux Braves Desire to Commemorate the Battle of Wounded Knee.

The remaining braves of the Sioux tribes have petitioned the government for permission to erect a monument over the graves of the dead warriors slain at the battle of Wounded Knee seven years ago.

About 18 miles west of Pine Ridge agency, extending along the ridge of a plateau, is a trench where lay 130 Indian warriors. The government has marked the place where many of the soldiers are buried with a fitting monument, and now the remaining Sioux braves have asked that they may erect a shaft 15 feet high, six feet at the base and tapering to an apex of six inches at the top in commemoration of their dead. The stone is to be made of Sioux Falls granite, and the expense of it will be borne entirely by the Indians.

It is desired to have appropriate epitaphs engraved on it in their own language, and as an evidence of good faith to the government it is further desired to imprint thereon words that shall proclaim Wounded Knee to be the last battle field on which the Indian shall show hostility to his white brother.

New Jersey Grocers Sued.

Trenton, N. J., June 24 (Special). Suit has been filed here by The National Cash Register Company of Dayton, Ohio, against Edwards & Vreeland, grocers of Paterson, N. J., who use a Globe cash register, which the National Company claims infringes its patents. An injunction and damages are asked for.

She Knew What She Wanted.

Medium—The spirit of your wife wishes to speak with you, Mr. Jones.

Jones—Tell her I lock the door and put the cat out every night.—N. Y. Journal.

"Star Tobacco."

As you chew tobacco for pleasure, use Star. It is not only the best, but the most lasting, and therefore the cheapest.

Light work—making gas pipes.

When a man moves away and then comes back he always feels like apologizing for it.—Washington Democrat.

"I heard you fought a duel with Parker?" "I did." "Weren't you afraid to stand up before a loaded pistol?" "Not with Parker holding it. I'm insured in his company."—Tit-Bits.

The man who is always pretending that he does so much for others, needs watching.—Washington Democrat.

Women like to talk of a death in which the sickness was so brief that the victim was "perfectly well on Monday, and laid in his shroud on the following Wednesday morning."—Atchison Globe.

No matter how much a man protests that he won't tell you about a row he has had with a neighbor, if you handle him carefully, he will tell you all about it.—Washington Democrat.

Teacher—"Where were you yesterday?" Pupil (whimpering)—"It was all Billy Smith's fault. He hipnertized me an' made me go fishin' with him."

Willie—"Say, pa." Pa—"Well, what is it?" Willie—"Why do they always weigh the babies as soon as they are born? Do people always pay for them by the pound, the same as for raw meat?"—Cleveland Leader.

—"Yes, I think it is. What the writer meant to say was that woman was made before mirrors and had been before them ever since."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Very Mean.—Mrs. Snaggs—"I read a paragraph in the paper which said: 'Woman was made before mirrors, but it wasn't her fault!' Don't you think that is a mean remark to make about woman?" Mr. Snaggs—"Yes, I think it is. What the writer meant to say was that woman was made before mirrors and had been before them ever since."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

The Tramp—"Can you tell me how I can get some work, sir?" The Citizen (crustily)—"Yes; buy a bicycle and try to keep it clean!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Queen & Crescent.

During the Tennessee Centennial and International Exposition at Nashville, Tenn., a low rate special tariff has been established for the sale of tickets from Cincinnati and other terminal points on the Queen & Crescent Route.

Tickets are on sale daily until further notice to Chattanooga at $6.75 one way or $7.20 round trip from Cincinnati, the round trip tickets being good seven days to return; other tickets, with longer return limit, at $9.90 and at $13.50 for the round trip.

These rates enable the public to visit Nashville and other Southern points at rates never before offered. Vestibuled trains of the finest class are at the disposal of the passenger, affording a most pleasant trip, and enabling one to visit the very interesting scenery and important battle-grounds in and about Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain and Chickamauga National Military Park. Tickets to Nashville to visit the Centennial can be repurchased at Chattanooga for $5.40 round trip. Ask your ticket agent for tickets via Cincinnati and the Q. & C. Route South or write to

W. C. RINEARSON, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Cincinnati, O.

Mistakes and Mistakes.

It was the eve of their bridal day.

"Perhaps, after all," he faltered, gazing tenderly yet seriously down into her lustrous eyes, "we shall make a mistake in marrying."

"How you frighten me, Edwin," she exclaimed, with a shiver. "Come, let us rehearse again, and make assurance doubly sure."—Detroit Journal.

Summer Tours Via Big Four Route.

To the Mountains, Lakes and Seashore. Special Low Rates will be in effect to Put-in-Bay, Islands of Lake Erie, Lake Chautauqua, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River, Adirondacks, Lake George, New England Resorts, New York and Boston. To the Great Lakes, Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo, Detroit, Benton Harbor, Mt. Clemens, Mackinac and Michigan Resorts. To the Northwest and West via St. Louis and Chicago. For rates, routes, time of trains and full particulars apply to any agent "Big Four," or address E. O. McCormick, Passenger Traffic Manager "Big Four," Cincinnati, O.

Very Natural.

He—They tell me your husband is a great artist.

She—That he is. He painted a picture of some onions for the last exhibition, and they were so natural that the committee put them on the top line, so that the people wouldn't smell them.—Yonkers Statesman.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE. Write to Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Mr. Asbury Peppers.

"Matrimony," said the sweet girl boarder, "is a holy rite."

"Why, then," asked Asbury Peppers, with the air of a man sure of his ground, "why, then, is it that so many who marry find they are wholly left?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

To Colorado Springs and Pueblo—Burlington Route Via Denver.

A through Sleeping car to Colorado Springs and Pueblo via Denver is attached to Burlington Route daily train leaving Chicago 10:30 p. m. Office, 211 Clark St.

Dodging.

Tolliver—Can you let me have ten dollars for a week, old man?

Duero—What weak old man?—Harlem Life.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. Williams, Antioch, Ill., April 11, 1894.

"Dear me," said an old lady, who probably never knew of such a game as baseball, "dear me! How this craze for china is growing. Here's a club in New York city that is paying $3,000 for a pitcher."

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

A King's Humor.—"We have a long account to settle with Turkey," said Prince Constantine, grimly. "Yes," said King George, with a smile, "and it's a running account at that."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Rattlesnakes, Butterflies, and . . . ?

Washington Irving said, he supposed a certain hill was called "Rattlesnake Hill" because it abounded in—*butterflies*. The "rule of contrary" governs other names. Some bottles are, supposedly, labeled "Sarsaparilla" because they are full of . . . well, we don't know what they are full of, but we know it's not sarsaparilla; except, perhaps, enough for a flavor. There's only one make of sarsaparilla that can be relied on to be all it claims. It's Ayer's. It has no secret to keep. Its formula is open to all physicians. This formula was examined by the Medical Committee at the World's Fair with the result that while every other make of sarsaparilla was excluded from the Fair, Ayer's Sarsaparilla was admitted and honored by awards. It was admitted because it was the best sarsaparilla. It received the medal as the best. No other sarsaparilla has been so tested or so honored. Good motto for the family as well as the Fair: Admit the best, exclude the rest.

Any doubt about it? Send for the "Curebook."
It kills doubts and cures doubters.
Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

"THRIFT IS A GOOD REVENUE."
GREAT SAVING RESULTS FROM CLEANLINESS AND
SAPOLIO

LAZY LIVER! YOU KNOW WELL ENOUGH HOW YOU FEEL WHEN YOUR LIVER DON'T ACT.

Bile collects in the blood, bowels become constipated, and your whole system is poisoned.

A lazy liver is an invitation for a thousand pains and aches to come and dwell with you. Your life becomes one long measure of irritability, despondency and bad feeling.

Cascarets ACT DIRECTLY, and in a PECULIARLY HAPPY MANNER ON THE LIVER and BOWELS, cleansing, purifying, revitalizing every portion of the liver, driving all the bile from the blood, as is soon shown by INCREASED APPETITE for food, power to digest it, and strength to throw off the waste. 264.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 10c, 25c., 50c. MAKE YOUR LIVER LIVELY!

AN OPEN LETTER
To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *on every wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"

BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher.

Insist on Having
The Kind That Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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How Should it be Done?

This we are prepared to answer for those contemplating Printing of every description. Write us and state your wishes fully. An experience extending over many years in the business is at the disposal of those who value the advantages of first-class Printing.

Neat Printing, on good paper, free of typographical errors, is the kind you want. Work that is done in a slovenly manner, for a cheap price, is not the kind that pays either the customer or the Printer. We do the other kind of work—THE BEST—at a price to make some money for ourselves. That's what we are in business for.

Address all orders to

BENJ. H. SINCELL,
OAKLAND, MD.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE
In Garrett County.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Robert H. Butler to the undersigned mortgagee bearing date the 3rd day of March, 1891, and duly recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 23, folio 111, one of the mortgage records of Garrett county, default having been made in the payment of a part of the mortgage debt and interest thereon, under a covenant contained in said mortgage the whole debt becomes due, and I will, on

Friday, the 23d Day of July,

1897, at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., in front of the court house, in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, offer at public sale for cash to the highest bidder all that part of a tract of land known as

"Brant's Farm,"

and also part of the tract called

"SWANTON,"

adjoining lands of Hiram Duckworth, Alford Warnick, Jonas Wetzell and others, containing

81 1-4 ACRES.

more or less, lying and being in Garrett county and State of Maryland, and being the same land that was conveyed to the said Robert H. Butler by the undersigned by deed duly recorded among the land records of Garrett county, to which deed reference is hereby made.

About twenty-five acres of said land is cleared and under cultivation, and the balance is in timber.

Terms of sale as prescribed by said mortgage—Cash on the day of sale. Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

HIRAM DUCKWORTH,
Mortgagee.

17-td

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

Tomson's Red Seal Lye.

98 per cent. strength, granulated, packed in SIFTING TOP cans, is the greatest soapmaker, disinfectant and cleanser.

One Can will make 10 Pounds of Hard Soap.

Red Seal is the best disinfectant and purifier to use in sinks, drains, waste pipes and closets. It is handy, safe and sure. One can of Red Seal to 15 gallons of water sprayed, knocks potato bugs, cabbage worms, etc. No damage to vines. 15-13

Mortgagee's Sale

of Property in Garrett County, West of Frostburg, on the National Road.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Richard Larue and Alice Larue to William R. Percy, dated January 24, 1892, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 18, folio 278, one of the Mortgage Records of Garrett county, Maryland, which said mortgage has been duly assigned to me, I will on

SATURDAY,
the Seventh Day of August,

at 10 o'clock A. M., in front of the postoffice in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, the property described in said mortgage:

Beginning at a stake standing on the National Road North 36 degrees West 25 9-10 perches to a pine tree at the East corner of the bridge, thence North 37 degrees East 18½ perches to a stake standing on Savage Run, thence South 35 degrees East 25 9-10 perches to a stake, thence South 37 degrees West 18½ perches to the beginning, and being the same property conveyed to Richard Larue and Alice Larue by John N. Bevil.

The improvements on the property consist of a house of four or five rooms, a good sized stable, and the usual small fences and buildings.

Terms of Sale: Cash on day of sale.

ROBERT R. HENDERSON,
Assignee of Mortgage.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, July 19, 1897.

President McKinley has had to abandon attending the dedication of the Logan statue in Chicago, owing to the delay in disposing of the tariff bill. He did so very reluctantly, as he was particularly anxious to be there, but of course duty came first. He did not wish to be away from Washington when the tariff bill is finally acted upon by Congress, as it is certain to be this week, now that the conferees have reached an agreement, notwithstanding the threat of a coterie of Democratic and Populist senators to delay the acceptance of the conference report by the Senate. These threats were probably made for effect before the agreement was reached, as nothing can be gained by delaying the acceptance of the report and even Democrats and Populists are not likely to engage in butting their heads against the rock wall of public opinion when they can get nothing by doing so.

The country is to be congratulated that the House conferees had their way about the important schedules of the tariff bill; also the Republican party, and the result is largely due to the practical unanimity of the Republican press in declaring the House schedules to be preferable to those of the Senate. This was especially true of the sugar schedule, the most troublesome of them all. To have agreed to the Senate schedule would have furnished the opponents of the Republican party with a great deal of campaign material without aiding any American industry or adding to the revenues of the Government. This fact was fully recognized by Speaker Reed and the Republican members of the House, and too much credit cannot be given them for taking the stand that the Senate schedule would under no circumstances be agreed to by the House. Quite a number of Republican senators also assisted in the good work by condemning the Senate sugar schedule.

The tariff bill, as it now stands, is not perfect—nothing of human construction is—but it is a good bill, and will be endorsed by all who believe in a protective tariff, and will add to the believers in protection. It will enable many thousand Americans to get the profitable employment they have been without for four years, and will, at the same time, produce all the revenue needed to run the government. No one man deserves more credit for this bill than Chairman Dingley, whose name the bill bears. Since last December he has worked early and late on the measure, and if the Dingley tariff proves as popular as its supporters expect, who knows but its author may not in the course of time be as highly rewarded as was the author of the McKinley tariff. Here's hoping that Dingley times may be as prosperous as McKinley times, and I am sure that Mr. Dingley would rather see the country prosperous than to be president.

There is little probability that this Government will take any notice of Japan's supplementary protest against the annexation of Hawaii, not because of any particular desire to snub Japan, but because Secretary Sherman's reply to Japan's first protest covered the ground so fully that no other answer is needed. The action of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations in favorably reporting the annexation treaty without a dissenting voice, was an additional notice to Japan, and all the rest of the world, that annexation is going to be accomplished regardless of the opinions or wishes of other nations.

No official of the administration nor member of either branch of Congress takes seriously the English-made rumor that Spain and Japan had formed and alliance to make war on the United States. Nobody in Washington would be the slightest bit worried even if it were known that such an alliance was an accomplished fact, instead of being an English attempt to scare somebody as a means of "getting even" for the truthful statement of the tricky conduct of the English government, made in Secretary Sherman's instructions to Ambassador Hay, concerning the seal fisheries negotiations. It was not intended that these instructions should be made public at this time, but they were obtained by a wide-awake newspaper man and printed. The publication has made the English editors very mad at the United States, and their old occupation of abusing us, which was suspended while the arbitration treaty was pending, has been resumed; but it is worthy of notice that no attempt has been made to controvert the truthfulness of Secretary Sherman's arraignment of Lord Salisbury.

Eclipse of the Sun.

An annual eclipse of the sun will occur on the morning of July 29th, beginning at half-past eight o'clock, and ending at twelve minutes after eleven o'clock. It will be visible as a partial eclipse throughout the United States, Canada, Mexico and the northern part of South America. Along the path of the eclipse the sun will appear as a ring, the moon being in a direct line with that luminary and the earth.

Wheat Still Going Up.

The upward movement in wheat continues to excite interest in business circles, owing to a belief that the enhanced value of the cereal will have an important bearing on trade generally. In Baltimore yesterday, Southern, red No. 2, sold for 81½ cents a bushel, an advance of 2½ cents since Saturday.

For Sale.

Two farms near Deer Park, Maryland, containing about 275 acres each; houses, barns and all outbuildings. These farms are known as the Samuel Browning and Wm. Tricket farms. Also two farms at Selbysport, Md., containing about 250 acres each; good buildings on these properties. For full particulars, address

A. M. FRAZEE,
5365 Breedshill Street,
16-5 Pittsburg, Pa.

REDUCED RATES.

Tennessee Centennial Exposition, Nashville, Tennessee.

OVER THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY

and Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway.

The Southern Railway announces the following low rates from Washington, D. C., to Nashville, Tenn., occasion Tennessee Centennial Exposition:

Season Excursion Tickets will be sold daily, until and including October 15, at $28.75.

Twenty-day Excursion Tickets will be sold daily until October 15, at $21.30.

Ten-day Excursion Tickets will be sold on Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week, until October 26, 1897, at $15.30.

Rates for Military and Students in parties of 25 or more made known upon application.

Lv Baltimore, P. R. R.	9.20 PM	9.42 AM
" Washington, So. Ry	10.43 "	11.15 "
" Danville	6.00 AM	6.20 PM
Ar Salisbury (E. T.) "	9.37 "	8.50 "
" Asheville (C. T.) "	2.05 PM	12.12 AM
" Hot Springs "	4.21 "	1.29 "
" Knoxville "	7.25 "	4.00 "
" Chattanooga "	11.20 "	7.51 "
" Nashville, N. C. & St. L. Ry	6.15 AM	1.50 PM

The train leaving Baltimore at 9.20 P. M., daily, carries Pullman Buffet Sleeper New York to Salisbury, uniting with Pullman Sleeper (from Norfolk) to Nashville, Tenn., through "The Land of the Sky," without change.

For full particulars, descriptive matter, etc., call on or address:

J. C. HORTON, Pass. Agent,
106 East German st., Baltimore, Md.
L. S. BROWN, Gen'l Agent Pass. Dept.
W. A. TURK, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
J. M. CULP, Traffic Manager.
W. H. GREEN, Gen'l Superintendent.
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PRICES REASONABLE.

JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.

31—26

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160 Acres of Land FREE to Every Citizen.

1,000,000 ACRES

FINE TIMBER LANDS
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LANDS.

FRUITS Grow in Abundance.
FINE CLIMATE.
No Extreme Heat or Cold Weather.

NO TAXES For Seven Years

CONVENIENT TO MARKETS

Settling up very fast by EASTERN PEOPLE.

Full particulars free.

Address

A. C. HARVEY,
42 S. Third Street, Phila., Pa.
47—72

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

TEETHING TROUBLES

are controlled and cured by

LAUGHLIN'S

INFANT CORDIAL

If the baby comes safely through the teething period its most dangerous time is past. The Cordial relieves the tingling ache of the little gums, controls the bowels, cures colic—brings safely out of danger.

Every bottle guaranteed.

All druggists, 25 cents.

JOHN G. McLAIN & SON, Prop's,
WHEELING, W. VA.

TIN, SLATE and STEEL

ROOFING,

SPOUTING, ETC.

W. A. HOUGH,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TIN AND STEEL ROOFING.

PRACTICAL TIN and SLATE ROOFER.

REDIPPED TIN AND COPPER VALLEYS FOR SLATE ROOFS.

SPOUTING, ETC.

WORK ENTRUSTED TO US WILL BE PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

Estimates given on tin and steel roofs and spouting. All material guaranteed to be of best brands.

Shop opposite depot,

W. A. HOUGH, MT. LAKE PARK, MD.

SHARTZER & BOLDEN

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Furniture,
Carpets,
Matting,
Oil Cloth,
Window Shades,
Wall Paper,
—AND—
GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Repairing Furniture and Picture Framing a Specialty.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.
IN EFFECT JULY 18, 1897.

SOUTHWARD No. 3	SOUTHWARD No. 1	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2	NORTHWARD No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 00	8 00 lv	Cumberland ar	*12 00	47 30
3 29	8 29	Rawlings	11 31	7 01
3 52	8 52	Keyser	11 08	6 38
4 05	9 05	Westernport	10 55	6 25
4 09	9 09	W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	6 18
4 37	9 35	Shaw	10 24	5 50
5 02	10 00	Harrison	9 56	5 23
5 15	10 45* ar	Elk Garden	9 00	*1 00
5 35	10 55 lv	Gorman	9 21	4 51
5 42	10 42	Bayard	9 19	4 49
5 51	10 51	Dobbin	9 09	4 39
6 27	11 27	Thomas	8 28	4 08
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	7 55	3 15
6 55	11 31 lv	Clarkton	8 51	4 01
7 01	12 01	Hendricks	8 01	3 30
7 07	12 07	Bretz	7 53	3 23
7 10	12 10	Parsons	7 50	3 20
7 45	12 45	Kerens	7 15	2 45
8 00	1 00 ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	*2 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
	3 05* ar	Beallington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

*Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BEERZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, May 16, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	Daily	2.10 A. M
No. 3	Daily	6.28 A. M
No. 71	Accom daily except Sun	9.28 A. M
No. 17	Daily	4.36 P. M
No. 55	Express, daily	5.55 P. M
No. 1	Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	Daily	5.59 A. M
No. 2	Daily	6.41 A. M
No. 72	Accom daily except Sun	5.18 P. M
No. 46	Daily	4.43 P. M
No. 4	Daily	12.20 A. M
No. 14	Accommodation	10.12 A. M

Train No. 55 makes no stops between Oakland and Grafton. No. 17 makes all stops.

D. B. MARTIN,
Manager of Passenger Traffic.

C. E. SCHROEDER, Agent.

JOHN SHARTZER,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

offers his services to the people of Garrett County. Will cry land or personal property sales at any point in the county. 6-97-1yr.

ESTATE OF FRANCIS SPICER, DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscriber, of Garrett County, has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Garrett County, in Maryland, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

FRANCIS SPICER,

late of Garrett county, Md., deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers legally authenticated to the subscriber, on or before the 17th day of December next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 24 day of June, 1897.

MICHAEL NATHAN, Adm'r. c. t. a.
14-3 Grantsville, Md.

NOTICE OF BRIDGE LETTING.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF GARRETT COUNTY,
OAKLAND, Md., June 16, 1897.

Notice is hereby given that the County Commissioners for Garrett county, Maryland, will receive sealed bids for a two-span, steel bridge, until the 8th day of July, 1897, at 11 o'clock a. m.

Said bridge is to be in two spans, seventy-four and one-half feet each between masonry, 14-foot roadway, with a 6-foot side walk, or without side walk. High truss, 110 pounds per square foot, factory safety five. Plans will be seen in the County Commissioners' office after July 1st. The company to whom the contract will be awarded will be required to give bond double the contract price. The Commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids.

By order of the board.

15-td J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

Ripans Tabules relieve scrofula.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile bew given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing Investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. fe14-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

JOHN T. MITCHELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Special attention given to real estate, CONVEYANCING AND INVESTIGATION OF TITLES, CLAIMS COLLECTED, LOANS NEGOTIATED, SURVEYING. Office in Shartzer Building, Oakland, Md. 3-1y

DR. J. G. ROBINSON, DENTIST,
Felty Building, Opposite Postoffice,
OAKLAND, MD.
GAS ADMINISTERED. 50-97

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Residence on North 3rd Street.
Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.

Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.

Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

THOMAS R. McROBIE,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Felty Building, Alder Street.

All business left in my care will receive prompt attention. 16-1yr

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1897.

ALEX'R C. MASON,
PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
OAKLAND, MD.

Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 50-1yr.

Andrew E. Gonder, Atty at Law. Alexander C. Mason, Surveyor.

GONDER & MASON,
-: REAL :- ESTATE -: AGENTS, :-
OAKLAND, MD.
40—1yr. Office, Shartzer's Opera House.

W. M'CULLOH BROWN,
SURVEYOR AND ENGINEER.
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Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26tf

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D. E. OFFUTT, President.
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S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.

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Superior Lime

TO BUILDERS, FARMERS AND TANNERS IN BARRELS OR BULK TO SUIT PURCHASERS.

This lime is equal in strength for agricultural, building and tanning purposes to the Frederick or Baltimore county lime.

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WANTED:
ROCK OAK BARK.
Write for prices.
W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO.,
40-13 CUMBERLAND, MD.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1897. NUMBER 21.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Prettydayaftertherain.

Hon. A. F. George, of Swanton, is in town to-day.

Wallace's shows will be here on August 21st.

Senator Wellington has recovered his usual health.

The standard binding twine for sale by Thos. Little. 20-3

There has been no scarcity of rain the past two weeks.

Dick Sharps, of Wheeling, was in Oakland Sunday.

Ginghams, ginghams: Lancaster ginghams at 5c. a yard, at Little's.

The most pleasant summer music is the buzz of the electric fan.

Mrs. M. J. Washington is spending a few weeks at the Glades.

A pension has been granted Benjamin E. Green, of Bloomington.

Mr. Nimrod Glotfelty, of near McHenry, was in the city Friday.

The ox-eye daisy has become a nuisance to theGarrett county farmer.

Best grade of Harvesting Oil, 30 cents per gallon at S. Lawton's. 18-3

Mr. H. J. Frear went to Marietta, Ohio, yesterday morning on business.

Mr. Willian H. Scott, of Detroit, is in Oakland on a short visit to his family.

Hon. John P. Jones, of Terra Alta, was an Oakland visitor last Friday morning.

Mr. James S. Lakin, of Terra Alta, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Offutt.

The best three star brown sheeting at 5c. a yard. The best on earth; at Little's. 20-3

Mrs. J. K. P. Johnson, of Piedmont, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus Hinebaugh.

Mr. J. B. Roberts, jr., of Cumberland, spent Sunday in Oakland with his parents.

Mr. Howard Dickey, of Cumberland, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Roberts Sunday.

Mr. Geo. S. Biggs, of Wilson, was in Oakland a few hours on business Saturday evening.

Dr. and Mrs. John G. Robinson spent Sunday in Eglon the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Koon.

Miss Willie M. Robinson, of Baltimore, is here visiting her sister, Mrs. M. C. Hinebaugh.

As we go to press this morning the eclipse of the sun is coming on. It will end at 11 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Sewell Spedden, of McKeesport, Pa., attended the funeral of his father Sunday last.

Mr. Henry E. Felty is having his Railroad street store building plastered and otherwise repaired.

Mr. Frank Peddicord, of Cumberland, is spending the summer with his mother on Green street.

Mr. Lloyd Lowndes, jr., of Cumberland, was here on professional business Tuesday and yesterday.

Mr. E. W. C. Ryland and Constable Coddington, of Friendsville, were in Oakland yesterday afternoon.

Mr. John S. Sanders, of near Rowlesburg, West Va., was a business visitor to Oakland last Monday.

Miss Grace Riley, of Elkins, W. Va., is spending a week or two with relatives and friends in and near town.

Thirty-two tickets were sold at the Oakland ticket office this morning for the excursion to Harper's Ferry.

Mr. John Felty, jr., made a business trip to Barnesville, Ohio, Friday, returning to Oakland Sunday morning.

Rev. Jacob Pysell, of McHenry, was in the city on business yesterday morning and made this office a pleasant call.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. K. Burke, of New York City, are here and will visit the family of Mr. Charles Sweeney several weeks.

Miss Mattie Boughner, of Palatine, W. Va., was here a few days this week visiting Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Mason on Third street.

Mrs. Andrew J. Harne has been quite ill for several days past. Her condition this morning is not very much improved.

Mr. Sam Cohen, who is now stationed at Fairmont, W. Va., was visiting his parents in Oakland several days last week.

Mr. Walter S. Wolfe has gone to Rowlesburg, where he has secured a lucrative position with the West Virginia Lumber company.

Messrs. Gilmer S. Hamill and Scott T. Jones went to Clarksburg, W. Va., yesterday morning on business, returning to Oakland last night.

Rev. G. J. Furguson, of Elder, was in Oakland a day or two this week on a visit to his brother, Mr. Samuel Furguson.

Miss Nancy Roberts, of Alder street, who attended the Read-Edwards wedding in Cumberland on Tuesday last, has returned home.

Ex-Mine Inspector Frank McMahon, of Allegany county, and Dr. J. A. Passmore, of Baltimore, were in Oakland a day or two last week.

Miss Annie McCloud, of Lonaconing, who has been the guest of Mrs. Godfrey Felty for the past two weeks, returned home Monday morning.

Mr. Elmer Haulenbeck, of Deer Park, who was confined to his room several days recently with a carbuncle on his knee, was in town Monday.

Prof. Ed. A. Browning, of Cumberland, came up to Oakland Monday and on Tuesday went down to Saug Run where he will spend his vacation.

A letter was received at this office last Thursday from Hoyes, after the paper had been put to press. The letter appears in this issue, however.

A game of ball had been scheduled here yesterday between the Grafton and Mountain Lake nines, but owing to the rainy weather no game was played.

Just think of it, Rowena lace lawns, worth 10c. a yard, cut down to 5c. a yard. Don't fail to come and see them. They are a bargain. Thomas Little. 20-3

Among the number who went to Harper's Ferry this morning on the excursion were Mr. and Mrs. George Little and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Walters.

Mrs. Mary E. Chisholm, of near Gormania, was in Oakland last Friday, returning to her home from the funeral of her sister, Mrs. John H. Chisholm.

Don't nauseate your stomach with teas and bitter herbs, but regulate your liver and sick headache by using those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

The German Baptist missionary, Rev. Jonas Fike, will preach to the congregation of Baptists in Sturgiss' hall, Oakland, on Sunday afternoon next at 3 o'clock.

Mr. William Gnagey, of Accident, passed through Oakland last Saturday on his wheel. He went from here to Terra Alta and returned to his home via Cranesville.

Major J. C. Allerson, who has been in the South for a year past, went through Oakland Monday evening on train No. 47 to Wheeling. He will return here on Saturday afternoon.

Burning, itching skin diseases instantly relieved by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, unequalled for cuts, bruises, burns. It heals without leaving a scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

Monday morning Justice Sincell had before him two dusky damsels, Hannah Stark and Lucretia Webster, charged with fighting and disturbing the peace. Each was fined $1 and costs.

"They don't make much fuss about it." We are speaking of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous Little pills for constipation, billiousness, and all stomach and liver troubles. They never gripe. Oakland Pharmacy.

Sheriff Austin Brown came home from a business trip up near Petersburg, Pa., last Saturday evening, very ill. He was confined to his bed Sunday but is at present improving very rapidly.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Smith, of Urbana, Md., spent yesterday in Oakland visiting Mrs. Leah F. Sincell. They had been to Toronto, Canada, where they attended the meeting of the Epworth League.

Mr. James M. Litzenger, editor of the *Democrat*, went down to Baltimore Tuesday night to attend the convention. Messrs. R. T. Browning, William Miller and R. S. Jamison also went, as delegates.

"I crave but One Minute," said the public speaker in a husky voice; and then he took a dose of One Minute Cough Cure, and proceeded with his oratory. One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled for the throat and lungs. Oakland Pharmacy.

Samuel Felton, sixteen years old, engaged as a bark trucker at the Enterprise Tanning Co.'s plant at Hutton on Monday afternoon met with an accident by which he received an injury to his knee, dislocating it. Dr. Shaffer, of Terra Alta, rendered surgical aid.

The new mileage book which is to be used on the B & O., after August 1st, will cost $30, one-third of which will be refunded if no one besides you uses the book. This ruling is a death blow to the ticket scalper, who will have to seek another occupation. Heretofore the price of the book has been $20 and nearly anyone has ridden on them. Under this new arrangement a man writes his name upon a printed blank, which is retained by the agent. Whenever he gets on a train, he first provides himself with a ticket from the agent which he uses in connection with the book. The agent requires him to write his name on a blank which he returns. When the mileage is exhausted, the book is returned to the headquarters of the traffic association in Chicago, where the different signatures are compared, and if found to correspond, the purchaser of the mileage book is refunded $10.

The ladies of the Presbyterian congregation in Oakland will hold a lawn fete on the Glades Hotel lawn Tuesday afternoon next from 3 until 8 o'clock. Fancy needle work will be on sale; also ice cream and other refreshments. All are welcome.

I would say to those who so generously opened their homes for the reception of the fresh air children of Baltimore to meet them at the five o'clock train on Friday evening, the 30th inst. There will be one "extra." Who will claim this little waif? A. C. Tasker.

It heals everything except a broken heart, may be said of DeWitt Witch Hazel Salve. Piles and rectal diseases, cuts, burns, bruises, tetter, eczema and all skin troubles may be cured by it quickly and permanently. Oakland Pharmacy.

The Tunnelton campmeeting begins this year, Tuesday, August 12th, and will last ten days. Sunday, 15th, will be the big day and a very large attendance is expected. There is some talk of running an excursion train from here, and one from Oakland to accommodate those who may wish to attend.—Grafton Sentinel.

Three boys from ten to twelve years of age, were caught in Major E. G. Rathbone's summer residence, in Oakland, which is furnished and unoccupied at the present time. They had climbed to the porch roof, opened the shutters and entered a second-story window.

Mrs. Christian Renninger and daughter, of Cumberland, mother and sister of Mr. J. C. Renninger, of Oakland, spent Sunday in Oakland with Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Fringer. They left Monday morning for Eglon, West Va., where they will visit Mr. and Mrs. Julius Scherr.

John Grillin, of Zanesville, O., says: "I never lived a day for thirty years without suffering agony, until a box of Witch Hazel Salve cured my piles." For piles and rectal troubles, cuts, bruises, sprains, eczema and all skin troubles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. Oakland Pharmacy.

There is a time for everything; and the time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait until you have consumption but prevent it by using One Minute Cough Cure, the great remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

The Jewell (Kansas) *Republican* furnishes these interesting statistics: "It costs the people of the United States nine hundred million dollars a year for their red drinking liquor, $12 per capita, or $60 per family. Add to this the enormous tobacco bill which catches almost every family and it is easy to see that the heaviest taxes men have to pay are self imposed taxes. Before you kick about necessary taxation give unnessary taxation a kick or two.

I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy during the past summer and I find it will do just what it is recommended to do. I cheerfully recommend it."—D. W. Buehner, Clarksburg, W. Va., September 30, 1896.

For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Hon C. B. Bush, president of the Gilmor County (W. Va.) Court, says that he has had three cases of flux in his family, during the past summer, which he cured in less than a week with Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Mr. Bush also states that in some instances there were twenty hemorrhages a day.—Glenville, W. Va. *Pathfinder*. This remedy has been used in nine epidemics of flux and one of cholera, with perfect success. It can always be depended upon for bowel complaint, even in its most severe forms. Every family should keep it on hand. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

In Jail on a Serious Charge.

On Friday last Sheriff Austin Brown went over to Petersburg, Pa., armed with requisition papers for the arrest of Jeremiah Burkholder, formerly of this county, charged with committing a rape on a young girl named Burkholder early last February. At the March term of court an indictment was found against him, but up to a few weeks ago he could not be located. He was captured by the Sheriff assisted by a constable, at the residence of John Hanna, about three miles east of Petersburg. Burkholder is about twenty-eight years of age and the victim of his assault is still quite a child, being less than fourteen years of age. He will no doubt be given a long term in the pententiary.

BASE BALL.

Oakland Wins a Game from Bayard Quite Easily.

Last Saturday the sporting people as well as the other inhabitants of our quiet city had the opportunity of witnessing a game of base ball, and sometime before the hour appointed large crowds wended their way toward Jack Oak Park to see our boys cross bats with the strong Bayard club from over the hill. The day was all that could be desired, bright and warm, and added thereto was the bright dresses and sweet faces of the ladies, who were there to cheer the boys on to victory. From an Oakland standpoint the game was all that could be desired, for we won laurels of which we justly feel proud, as the Bayards was one of the best batteries they could obtain—Smith and McGuigan, of Piedmont—who have been doing up all the clubs east, but who met their Waterloo when they reached us. Oakland was minus the services of their pitcher who was unwell, and they had Mr. Dewing, a new resident of Oakland, in the box, and he acquitted himself splendidly, to the satisfaction of all present, having the Bayard team completely at his mercy, while "Jockey" took care of the other end in first-class style with the exception of several wild throws, which helped swell the score for Bayard.

To single anyone out would be to add insult to them all, for everyone did splendidly, and all deserve the highest praise for their individual work.

The best batting was done by Harry West, he making three singles and one home run with two men on bases. Claggett Peddicord did the umpiring in his usual satisfactory manner, and we doubt if there is anyone hereabouts to equal his ability in this line.

Now for the game: The Bayard nine went first to the bat, and before the inning was over had scored two runs on one hit and wild throws by Wolf. In the second they were blanked, due to the pitching of Dewing. The third one run was scored on base on balls and two hits. In the fourth one run was made on two hits and a wild throw by Wolf. Fifth, two runs came in on a base on balls and two hits. Sixth, no runs. Seventh, no runs. Eighth, one run by base on balls and a 2-base hit by Bartley. Total, seven runs.

Now for Oakland: First, two runs came in by hits of West, Armstrong and Bonnie's 2-bagger. Second, three runs; base by being hit, 2-bagger by Wolf, single by Dewing. Third, one run; base on balls, hits by Fay and Boyer and Brewer's steal. Fourth, no runs. Fifth, one run; hits by Bonnie, Brewer and Boyer. Sixth, three runs; base on balls, hits by West, Armstrong's 2-bagger, Bonnie's 2-bagger and Boyer's single. Seventh, five runs; on hits by Wolf and Dewing, H. West's home run, base on balls to Bonnie and hits by Brewer and Fay. Eighth, four runs; base on balls, hits by Dewing, Turnbull, West, Armstrong and Bonnie's 3-bagger. Total, nineteen.

Below is the score by innings:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Bayard	2	0	1	1	2	0	0	1	—7
Oakland	2	3	1	0	1	3	5	4	—19

Struck out by Dewing, 13; Smith, 8. Base on balls, Dewing, 2; Smith, 5. Hit by pitched balls by Smith, 2. Umpire, Peddicord. Time of game, 2.05.

NOTES.

Prof. Cummerford, of Fairmont, rooted for the home team, and his comic sayings were greatly enjoyed by all present.

Poor Smith, he met his Waterloo.

Catcher McGinigan is hard to beat.

Do it again, Harry.

Poor Bill, how our hearts go out to him; he certainly got a bad fall.

Among the Churches.

Rev. J. Geddes, D. D., will preach in the Garrett Memorial church next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all who desire to worship with that congregation.

In St. Matthew's P. E. church next Sunday morning services will be held at 7.30 and 11, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Jackson and the Rev. William Brayshaw. Service at Loch Lynn Heights Sunday evening, at 8 o'clock, by Bishop Nicholson.

Remember the Time and Place.

On Monday evening next, August 2d, will be held Shartzer's Opera House, a mass-meeting of the temperance workers of Oakland and community. The program will be interesting. Prof. A. W. Hawks, the Baltimore lecturer, will be present and deliver an address. Rev. J. B. Richards, Mr. Emmons and other temperance workers will be heard from. All Christians come and assist in the deliberations.

The Democrats Hold Their Convention.

It is said in Holy Writ that a house divided against itself cannot stand, and in this day in profane history the prophecy may be changed to read: "A party divided against itself cannot hope to succeed and carry off the spoils of office." This latter is precisely the state of affairs that exist in the Democratic party of Garrett county to-day, and was made quite evident in the convention held in Offutt's Hall, in Oakland, Tuesday afternoon. When Chairman William Miller called the delegates to order there was a sprinkling of the faithful from every district except Nos. 3, 9, 11 and 12, which districts were not represented. The object of the convention was to elect three delegates to attend the State convention which was held in Baltimore yesterday. Early in the day it became evident that a light would take place, but along what line it was hard to say, as the party is all torn up with dissensions in every form. The bone of contention, however, came to light when the following resolutions were offered by the committee on resolutions and read in open convention:

WHEREAS, The Republican party and its supporters have sought to make Senator Gorman an issue in the past and in the coming campaign; and whereas, it is the opinion of the Democrats of Garrett county that the influences which are being brought to bear against him are being used solely for the purpose of disorganizing and disrupting the Democratic party; therefore be it

Resolved, By the Democratic party of Garrett county in convention assembled, that we hereby heartily indorse the course of Senator Gorman in the United States Senate as a Democrat and a citizen of our State, and cheerfully recommend his leadership as wise and patriotic from every standpoint, and we, as Marylanders, take pride in the fact that upon all important occasions he has been recognized by his associates in the U. S. Senate as an able leader in that most angust body; and

Resolved further, That believing in the wisdom and patriotism of Senator Gorman in the past, we unhesitatingly and fully trust him for the future, and hope the next Legislature may see its way clear to return him to the seat he has so ably filled in the past.

Resolved, That we condemn the extravagant administration of the Republican party in both State and county; especially do we condemn the action of the late assessors of our county for the inequality in value of property as the result of their assessment by which many persons are compelled to pay double the taxes they did in former years and by which we will be burdened with a double State tax for years to come.

Resolved, That we condemn in the strongest terms possible the action of the school board in the selection of non-residents of the State to fill the most important positions in the public schools to the exclusion of young men in their native county who are, to say the very least, their equals in every respect, and we call upon the people of the county, regardless of politics, to resent at the polls this insult to the young manhood of our county.

After the resolutions had been offered Mr. Chas. Miller, of District No. 1, came to his feet instantly and made a strong appeal to relegate the resolutions to a state of innocuous desuetude, but in this he was unsuccessful and only revoked a long speech from Chairman Miller and others who were there in the interest of harmony (?) and of course were not present looking for anything that would bring personal aggrandizement. After several others had expended their ammunition in an attempt to quash the resolutions that part printed above in italics was striken out and the balance passed by a *viva voce* vote. But one delegate voted against the resolution, he being from District No. 7.

Immediately after the resolutions had been dispensed with Messrs. William Miller, R. S. Jamison and Geo. D. Browning were elected delegates to the State convention and Messrs. R. T. Browning, W. H. Barnard and C. M. Miller alternates.

The convention then adjourned.

Orphans' Court Proceedings.

At Tuesday's session of the Orphan's Court the committee composed of F. A. Thayer, G. S. Hamill and E. H. Sincell, appointed to draft resolutions upon the death of Hon. George F. Englehart, late a member of the court, presented their report. Mr. Sincell offered the report, and he was followed by Messrs. Thayer and Hamill in eulogistic remarks upon the career of the late judge. The resolutions appear in another column of to-day's REPUBLICAN.

The remainder of the session was taken up with the hearing of the case of John S. Sanders, administrator of Charlotte Sanders, deceased, vs. A. T. Shuttlesworth and others. This was a proceeding under the statutes alleging concealment of assets. Testimony was offered on both sides and the argument of counsel will be made at the next session of the court.

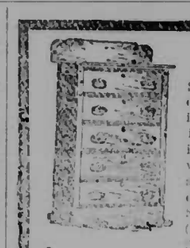

No. 11.—Polished Solid Oak 5-Drawer Chiffonier, 53 inches high, 30½ inches long, 18 inches deep. It is well constructed and has rod locks on each drawer. Special price, (Orders promptly filled).

Our success is not accidental. It is the reward of 28 years of honorable business. Our experience in the Furniture and Carpet business is yours for the asking. Our immense stock, selected with care at the factories, Grand Rapids, Chicago, Cincinnati and Jamestown, N. Y., and bought for cash, who will be benefited by this? We pay all freight charges to your station, if you live within 200 miles of Baltimore, and will send C. O. D. subject to examination. If you are not satisfied with your goods, if they are not as represented, if you can buy the same goods for less money elsewhere, you will return them at our expense. Send your name on a postal now.

James Kings & Son
BALTIMORE, MD.

New Postmaster at Grantsville.

Saturday last the Postoffice Department appointed Mr. Thomas H. Bittinger postmaster at Grantsville vice Joseph C. Shaw, removed. Mr. Bittinger will assume the duties of his office at once.

A Railroad to be Extended.

One day last week Judge David W. Sloan signed a charter incorporating the Preston Railroad company. The object and purpose of the railroad company is to construct and operate a standard railway from a point where the lumber railroad of the Preston Lumber company terminates to a point near Aurora, W. Va. The road is now finished as far as Crellin and taps the B. & O. at Hutton. The corporators are William R. Butler, of Manch Chunk, and Rollin P. Crellin, of White Haven, Pa.; Harry J. Frear, George W. Fleming and James C. Peddicord, of Oakland.

The road will run through a large timber belt owned by those interested in the project, and will also open up a large timber section near Aurora, W. Va. About $40,000 has been expended and $75,000 additional will be expended in extending the road. It will be an important feeder to the B. & O., as the timber land owned by the company is all underlaid with coal, which will be developed when the timber is all removed.

The Councilmanic Election.

Monday of this week the voters of Oakland were called upon to elect a member of the Town Council to serve out the unexpired term of the late William Hinebaugh.

The Democrats put in nomination Mr. Thomas Little at a meeting held for the purpose last Saturday night. No call had been made by the Republicans for such a meeting, and such being the case a ticket was not put out by that party until Monday morning between nine and ten o'clock, when Mr. Samuel Lawton was announced as being willing to serve in the capacity of a candidate provided no other person would serve. Tickets were immediately printed and distributed, but not until after fifteen ballots had been cast for the opposition candidate. The result of the election was as follows:

Samuel Lawton, R.	91
Thomas Little, D.	77
Majority for Mr. Lawton	14

A great many of the voters were not aware that an election was to be held, hence the light vote polled.

Baseball at Kingwood.

On Saturday morning next at 6.30 the Jack Oaks accompanied by not less than fifty rooters will go over to Kingwood in carriages and busses where the Oakland nine will endeavor to wipe up the earth with Brown's nine. The game promises to be interesting. The Kingwood nine is a strong one but it is confidently expected that the Oakland boys will carry off the honors. The liverymen of Oakland have made a special rate of one dollar for the round trip.

Spend your Vacation at The Seashore. Low Rates via B. & O.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad announces another of those popular reduced rate excursions to Atlantic City, Cape May, Sea Isle City and Ocean City, Thursday, August 5th. The same excellent train arrangements that proved so satisfactory on the previous trips will be repeated. The tickets are good for twelve days and will permit a stop-off at Washington on the return journey.

We show below the train schedule and rates from points in this vicinity:

	AM	AM	AM	PM	PM	RATE
Tunnelton	.....	8.50	.....	11.13	2.33	$9.00
Terra Alta	.....	9.18	5.51	12.05	4.24	9.00
Oakland	8.41	10.12	5.50	12.20	4.43	8.50
Mt. Lake Park	8.47	10.19	6.05	12.30	4.48	8.50
Deer Park	8.54	10.28	6.12	12.45	4.54	8.50
Piedmont	7.33	11.18	6.50	1.28	5.33	8.00

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

For particulars, call on or address nearest B. & O. agent. 11-1

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND : GARRETT CO., MD.

THE SILENT MARCH.

When the march begins in the morning
And the heart and the foot are light,
When the flags are all a-flutter
And the world is gay and bright,
When the bugles lead the column
And the drums are proud in the van,
It's shoulder to shoulder, forward, march!
Ah! let him lag who can!

For it's easy to march to music
With your comrades all in line,
And you don't get tired, you feel inspired,
And life is a draught divine.

When the march drags on at evening
And the color-bearer's gone,
When the merry strains are silent
That piped so brave in the dawn,
When you miss the dear old fellows
Who started out with you,
When it's stubborn and sturdy, forward, march!
Though the ragged lines are few.

Then it's hard to march in silence,
And the road has lonesome grown,
And life is a bitter cup to drink;
But the soldier must not moan.

And this is the task before us,
A task we may never shirk,
In the gay time and the sorrowful time
We must march and do our work.
We must march when the music cheers us,
March when the strains are dumb,
Plucky and valiant, forward, march!
And smile, whatever may come.

For, whether life's hard or easy,
The strong man keeps the pace,
For the desolate march and the silent
The strong soul finds the grace.
—Margaret E. Sangster, in Chicago Interior.

JACKIE'S BURGLAR.

BY A. O. BRAZIER.

I.

THE garret was squalid to a degree. It was dark, dirty and wretched, and the thin streaks of light which filtered in through the tiny, dust-choked skylight only seemed to heighten the darkness and increase the misery of the place. It was a small, square room, with no furniture except a couple of broken chairs, a grimy table and a broken packing case, and it seemed a place scarcely fit for habitation. Yet on the floor there were coarse straw mattresses, and on one of them, with his weary face turned up to the dismal skylight above, lay a boy. He was only a small boy, but his face was like an old man's, and his limbs were shrunken and dwarfed and thin. He lay looking up into the face of a man who bent over him.

"I shall be all right by and by, dad," he said, in a weak voice. "I shall be all right as soon as the sun creeps up a bit and I can get out. Don't worry, dad. P'r'aps I shall be able to do something soon. P'r'aps I could make some boxes or something if I could sit up a bit."

Two big tears came down the man's cheek and fell on to the boy's hand. He turned away hurriedly and began walking to and fro across the garret.

"I must get the doctor to you somehow," he said, more to himself than to the boy on the bed; "if I fetch him by force he must come. It's no good putting it off any longer."

He looked at his son and shuddered as he thought of the change a year of misfortune had made in him.

"No, no," said the boy, with the thoughtfulness of an old man; "wait a bit. I may be all right to-morrow."

The man plunged his hand into his pocket and sighed. With twopence between them and starvation, what was the use of fetching a doctor who would order eggs and milk for his boy? What was the use of anything except to sit and stare at the skylight and starve?

John Endleton was a man who had once been in a good position. Only a year ago he had believed himself to be out of the reach of want, but misfortune had overtaken him, his bank had failed, he had lost money in a hundred different ways, ill luck had followed him and he had fallen from bad to worse, until at last he found himself with his ten-year-old son in an East end slum, penniless, heart-sick, hopeless, with sickness overtaking them, with no prospect of anything better than a hand-to-mouth existence and with a criminal—a gaol bird—a common convict for a companion.

John Endleton was a proud man. It was his pride, perhaps, that had led him to refuse good berths that he would have been thankful for now, and he hated the man who shared their garret. If he could have afforded it—if he could only have made sure of the necessary pence—he would have rented the entire room in order to keep his boy from contact with the man; but he had reached such a hopeless stage of his existence that he was thankful if he found himself able to provide one decent meal a day, and he was obliged to tolerate him, although his very presence seemed poison. He hated his coarse ways, his bad face, his evil breath, and the thought that he was within almost a yard of his son made him shudder.

Jem Brooker was the leader of a gang. There was no better known criminal in the whole of London than he, and he was proud of his reputation, proud of his wickedness, and proud even of the time he had "done" in Portland prison. He was foul-mouthed, bad-tempered and had been convicted of numberless crimes; but for some reason little Jackie Endleton interested him.

In the early morning when he staggered up to the garret half drunk the sight of the thin, white face on the dirty mattress sobered him. The touch of the boy's hand dragged back his memory through a thousand dirty byways to the fresh country where, when he was a small lad, he had played with his sister in green fields under blue skies. Something in the boy's eyes recalled his mother. Something, too, in the droop of the little lips reminded him of her as he had seen them last, when she had been dying with shame for her son. And the big, gaunt man, whose heart was black with crime, who had resisted the overtures of missionaries and sneered at prison chaplains, found himself suddenly overcome by a little ten-year-old boy who was dying of starvation in a miserable garret. He scoffed and swore at himself as he did it, but it became a regular thing for him to bring oranges and sometimes grapes on his return to the garret at night.

And John Endleton hated it. He resented it fiercely and shrank back when Jem Brooker approached the bed and looked down at Jackie's face.

As the winter passed into the spring Jackie seemed to grow weaker instead of stronger, and at last, with a solitary shilling in his pocket, John Endleton set off in desperation for a doctor. If anything happened to the boy he would have nothing to live for, and the thought seemed to choke him. But he knocked at the doctor's door without success. The doctor was busy—too busy to attend to him until night, and when night came he had forgotten all about it, and Jackie lay in a half fever, moaning and tossing restlessly from side to side, while Endleton sat over him with rage at his heart.

When, towards morning, Jem mounted the creaking stairs in his usual half drunken fashion and staggered into the garret, he found Endleton sitting by the side of the mattress with his face in his hands. A pale moon sent a shaft of light on to the boy's sleeping face, and it looked white and drawn and cold, as if already the shadow of death lay upon it.

Jem stopped in drunken surprise. A stupid grin crossed his face. He stared and waved his arm wildly in the air. He tried to speak, but his voice was hoarse with brandy, and the figures of the boy and his father danced before his eyes by the dozen.

He muttered some words—indistinguishable and meaningless; and, collapsing suddenly, he tumbled down on his mattress and huddled himself together in a drunken sleep.

When he awoke a gray dawn was peeping slowly in through the small square of glass in the roof and everything in the dingy garret appeared unreal and lifeless. The boy on the bed seemed scarcely to breathe.

Jem raised himself on his elbow and looked round, and some remembrance of the last night's scene began to pass through his mind. He looked, and it seemed to him that John Endleton had never moved. The moonlight had gone from the boy's face and the dawn had come instead, but John Endleton was still sitting there, huddled up on the floor with his face buried in his hands.

Jem lifted himself slowly from his mattress and stretched himself with a big yawn. Then he looked again at the two in the corner, and after a minute got up and went towards them.

"Ain't the little 'un well?" he asked, clumsily. "Wot's up with 'im?"

John Endleton stirred impatiently. The sound of the ex-convict's voice seemed to rouse all his hatred and disgust. He looked round with repulsion upon his face, and Jem, seeing it, shrugged his shoulders and sneered.

"Oh, well, if ye're so mighty hindependent an' 'aughty, why don't yer tak' lodgin's in th' Grand? A-course if yer don't want no 'elp I don't care. Only I thought," he added, brutally, "as th' chap's a dyin' like, as yer might want somethin' for 'im."

John Endleton started and looked down at the boy, with his wan face, with his thin hands and faltering breath. For a moment it seemed to his excited imagination that the boy had ceased to breathe, and he leant forward hurriedly and with trembling fingers pulled back the sheet.

"He's all right! He's not dying!" he exclaimed, eagerly. But at the same time it was borne upon him that unless he had nourishing things to eat, and those quickly, there would be no hope of ever pulling him round again, and the thought stabbed his heart with sudden bitterness.

He turned to the burglar. It was possible that Jem could help him. Jem might know where to get help, or work, or even charity; but Endleton's pride still stood up in arms, and with a determination to have nothing to do with him he turned away.

Jem, with a fierce sneer on his lips and a burning hatred in his heart against Endleton, turned away, too. Not a finger would he lift—not an inch would he stir—not if the boy was dying fifty times over!

As he turned he caught sight of Jackie's pallid face lying on the dirty pillow.

"Oh, Lor', wot a little bloke it is!" he thought; and then he went out, stumbling down the stairs, swearing to himself—a man apparently without the faintest hope of a better life, without knowledge of anything except things evil, and yet with one clean spot in his black heart.

II.

Detective Hartly, prowling through the East end in search of such thieves and transgressors as he might with dignity escort to the "lock-up," was turning a corner, when he suddenly became aware that on the opposite side of the street a familiar and not exactly pleasing figure was ambling along at a rapid rate, with something peculiar in the bulgy appearance of his coat.

"There's that crooked Jem again," said the detective, to himself. He cast a suspicious eye at Jem's pockets, pulled at his eyebrow—which was a way he had—and then beckoned to a policeman to follow him.

When he was within an inch or two of the said pockets he suddenly clapped the unsuspecting Jem on the shoulder—so suddenly that Jem's jaw fell, and he made an abrupt, half undecided movement as if to flee from the wrath of the law.

"Now, then," said Hartly, severely, "none of that. On with the handcuffs. And, Smith, you come here and take his arm."

Jem looked from one to the other in something like dismay.

"I ain't done nothin'," he expostulated.

"Well, we'll see," said the detective, "and you'll remember, if anything is found on you, there are three years off that last job that you've got to finish."

Jem's face grew dark. His hands fidgeted strangely after his handcuffs, and if it hadn't been that he was a hardened, hopeless criminal one might almost have fancied that his under lip trembled.

"Well, I'm blowed if I ever tried ter cheat th' gallows agen," was his vague and ungrammatical remark, and then they marched on to the police station.

There, inside the bare room with its wooden benches and square desks, with the dingy green ledgers and musty papers, Detective Hartly proceeded to turn out the unhappy Jem's pockets. As he did so his eyes first opened in astonishment, then screwed up in bewilderment; and finally he looked as if he had suddenly been confronted with the riddle of the Sphinx.

Out of the depths of Jem's capacious pockets he turned on to the table a chicken, a tin of soup, some eggs, a packet of sweets, a sticky piece of candied peel, and last, but not least, a bottle of port.

"What's the meaning of this?" said the detective, sharply, feeling vaguely that some trick was being played upon him. "What is it? A picnic, a card party, or what? Apparently you're in a new line."

"Oh, yes," said Jem, sullenly: "I've stole 'em all." And after that he made no remark. He sat staring at the stone floor, with his coarse hands clasped together by the handcuffs, and with a strange, almost baffled expression on his face.

"I'll tell yer wot," he said, raising his head suddenly, "if ye'll come wi' me I'll show yer the bloke as put me up ter this job. It's straight—no kiddin', an' I swear as if yer does I'll come back quiet—I swear I will. Yer can bring Snaith with yer an' some more 'coppers' if yer like—I don't care."

The detective looked at Jem in silence for a moment. Something about the case struck him as peculiar. It was not like Jem Brooker to steal eatables when better things were to be got with the same risk, and he felt a desire to know what it meant.

So, with a fine disregard for the rules and regulations of her majesty's prison, he bundled Jem and Snaith into a cab, and with another policeman on the box they were driven to a small and filthy court a short distance away.

There they all three mounted the dreary stairs to the dingy garret where John Endleton sat with shaking shoulders watching his dying son.

At the sound of footsteps he raised his head and looked round. With sudden astonishment he saw that Jem was handcuffed. He saw the policeman and the detective, and then Hartly stepped into the middle of the room.

He looked round expectantly.

"Well," he said, "what now?" He had expected to find perhaps half a dozen roughs. He had hoped that Jem might have given him some valuable information—some clew that he had been unable to pick up himself; and now all that was to be seen was a man and a sick boy.

"What do you mean by this?" he demanded, turning to Jem, and the thief pointed with his manacled hands to the bed.

"There's the little cove as started me on this," he said, and Hartly snorted impatiently.

"Look here, Jem Brooker," he said, "you won't make things any better for yourself with trickery. Now, what's the reason for this fool's errand?"

Jem stood up.

"That's t' meanin' of it," he repeated, still pointing to the bed. "It's the little bloke there as set me on it—'im as is dyin' for things to eat. There 'e is. S'elp me, that's wot I done it for."

Hartly turned round sharply and looked at the boy. Then he stepped across the room and peered down at the wan face that was blue with cold and pitiful with hunger, and all at once he became aware that there was a strange silence in the room, and when he looked again he saw the father staring breathlessly into the boy's face.

He saw it only dimly before him, and then it faded away to a picture of his own son. Some vague astonishment at Brooker's behavior passed through his mind—he had never expected to find a heart under the man's rough exterior—and then he strode suddenly across the room to the top of the stairs.

"I say, Harris—Harris!" he shouted. "Go back to the station at once and get those things that are on the table there. Hurry up, now. Bring the port and the soup, and you'll find a cup and saucer in the cupboard. Be quick. You'd better take the cab; and, oh, I say, bring a corkscrew!"

Then he went back and calmly unlocked the handcuffs on Jem's wrists.

To-day Detective Hartly is not quite such a hard man as he was. He has a great belief in the human nature, and even in the tender-heartedness, of the greatest criminals, and sometimes he will cite the instance of a man whose heart, cankered with evil and hedged in by vice, was reached only by the small fingers of a child.—Tit-Bits.

Clear Case of Suicide.

Mawson—That was funny about Riley's dog. They say it committed suicide.

Muggs—Yes; it came into my yard while I was sitting there with a gun in my hands.—Philadelphia North American.

How Vermuth Is Made.

Vermuth is composed of white wine, angelica, absinthe and aromatic herbs.

KILL THEIR HORSES.

Northwest Ranchmen Do This to Save Their Grass.

The interesting news comes from the city of Butte, Mont., that in several parts of that state horses are so numerous and there is so little use for them that they are being killed by ranchmen and their flesh fed to hogs as food instead of corn. In Madison county several horse meat canning establishments are now in operation, and the product is said to be shipped east and then to Europe. Horses can be bought for three dollars a head or even less when purchased in large numbers.

These facts suggest the inquiry as to what is to become of the horse. With the introduction of electricity on street car lines, where, until a few years ago, horses were practically the sole motive power, and with the ever-increasing use of the bicycle, there seems to be less use for the horse than ever. This use of electricity and bicycles makes it probable that horses will be bred in very small numbers hereafter.

In the states of Montana, North Dakota, Idaho, Washington and Wyoming hundreds of thousands of dollars have been invested in cattle, sheep and horses. Large herds were formerly driven from Texas and the southwest to fatten on the nutritious grasses to be found in the states named, but the constant increase in the number of cattle, especially those of the half-breed variety, has also caused a reduction in their value.

The establishment of canning factories in Madison county, Mont., where horse meat is put up is not the first experiment of the kind in the northwest. In 1895 it was made in Portland, Ore., where horse meat was canned and shipped to France. It was found, however, that the enterprise did not pay, the demand being insufficient, while packers of beef refused to add horse meat to their line of trade because of the prejudice which would arise.

Reports from Madison county state also that horses in some instances are driven into corrals on the ranches, killed and the bodies dragged out into the fields, where the hogs can devour them. It seems almost incredible that this should be the case, but it has come to be a matter of self-preservation with the owners of large grazing districts, where there was danger that the horses would eat up all the grass, thereby leaving no fodder whatever for beef cattle. The few horse canning establishments in that part of the state cannot, of course, use up all the horses that are offered to them; hence it becomes necessary to kill the animals and dispose of them in the manner stated.

It is not only the half-breed horses that are found to be a drug on the market, but such fine stock as Clydesdales and coach horses are being offered by ranchmen there for very small figures. One ranchman in Madison county is said to have a herd of 1,700 horses of Clydesdale and Norman stock which he is willing to dispose of for $15 a head. He is unwilling to sacrifice his stock for canning purposes, although the herd is eating the grass required for the grazing cattle and sheep.

The cattle herds in the northwest are numbered by thousands, the prices for which are ridiculously small. The feed on the ranges is not increasing, while the cattle are, thus making the problem of finding feed more difficult. These immense herds roam the prairies of North Dakota, Washington, Montana and Idaho.

The Montana advices referred to state that those persons who have established the horse canning factories believe that their project will be successful. There seems to be little likelihood, however, that much, if any, horse meat will be sold in the United States.—N. Y. Herald.

Portuguese Toothpicks.

The best toothpicks made anywhere in the world come from Portugal. They are whittled by hand from orangewood splints by peasant girls, the only tool used being an ordinary jackknife. These picks are as smooth as ivory and will not break into splinters. They are expensive. The girls who make the picks receive less than ten cents a day. As the duty on the foreign-made picks is only 35 per cent, they can be sold here for less than picks of similar quality could be manufactured in this country, despite the improved American machinery and skilled labor. The profit on American picks is almost exclusively on the cheaper products. Some of the Portuguese picks are highly ornamented with hand carving. They are too expensive for ordinary commerce. Small quantities have been imported into this country on rare occasions for use at notable banquets, or as unique specimens of handicraft.—N. Y. Sun.

An Indian Agreement.

A commission of which ex-Senator Dawes is chairman has been for several years engaged, under the authority of congress, in endeavoring to secure the consent of the Indians of Indian territory to the allotment of their lands in severalty, or individual holdings. So far as two of the five tribes are concerned, the Choctaws and Chickasaws, the commission has been successful, and an agreement has been concluded and transmitted to congress. This agreement, which covers more than 11,000,000 acres of land and affects the interests of 14,000 Indians and 100,000 whites, is one of the most important steps taken in making the Indians citizens by treating with them as individuals rather than as tribes.—Youth's Companion.

Apple Snow.

Bake six tart apples, take out the pulp, and strain through a sieve, then add the whites of three eggs and beat until very stiff, sweetening to taste. Make a custard of the yolks of the eggs and a pint of milk, sweeten and flavor to taste, and when cold pour around the snow. The apple may be left unsweetened if so preferred.—Ladies' World.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—He—"Why does Miss Van Peet have an English footman?" She—"Oh, I suppose she wants to learn the language."—Truth.

—What They Really Do.—He—"Why do women misrepresent their age?" She—"They don't. If they misrepresent anything, it is their youth."—Brooklyn Life.

—"I believe Goodluck has got an increase of salary. What was it for—extra work?" "Yes! He always listens when the boss tells the smart things his kid says."—Tit-Bits.

—"We rest," said the distinguished lawyer for the defense. "An' such is life," added Raggsy Rufus, recounting the circumstance to Plodding Pete; "we rest, and git the dog set on us. He rests, and gits paid fur doin' on it!"—Truth.

—So Ingenious.—"Simplex answered an advertisement in which somebody offered to sell him the secret of preventing trousers from getting fringes around the bottom." "What did they tell him?" "To wear knickerbockers."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—All the Conveniences.—Tourist (in a coal mine, after passing around cigars)—"Everything seems to be wet and damp. Where can I strike a match?" Miner—"Roight here, sir. Dinnis, lift th' rubber cloth offen th' powder keg!"—N. Y. Weekly.

—"Is there any opening here for an intellectual writer?" asked a seedy, red-nosed individual of the editor. "Yes, my friend," replied the man of letters; "a considerate carpenter, foreseeing your visit, left an opening for you; turn the knob to the right!"—Tit-Bits.

THE STURGEON.

Some of the Points of Singularity About the Fish.

The sturgeon is naturally an inhabitant of the large rivers and brackish water of the north temperate zone, more particularly of Europe and America. The Sacramento, the San Joaquin, Russian river and the Columbia on the west and the Hudson and Delaware on the east are very favorable to its production in great quantities.

The importance of the fishery to San Francisco is shown by the amount brought into the market, in the first three months of last year, being 79,761 pounds.

This interesting and curious fish has many points of singularity. Its armed exterior skeleton seems to point to its being one of the few descendants of the ganoid or armor-plated fishes of the prehistoric ages. The position of the mouth is much the same as in the shark family, but its form and function is rather that of the remora, or sucker family. The flesh, too, is remarkable as being a reddish and yellow and part white. English fishmongers call it "beef and veal." In that country it is usually cooked by baking with a stuffing of fine herbs.

There are several varieties of the sturgeon family, the sturgeon proper (acipenser sturio), the beluga and the sterlet being the principal, the two latter kinds belonging to the Russian waters.

Some 25 years ago there were millions of sturgeons in San Francisco bay and tributary waters, principally in the mouths of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, where they lay on the muddy bottom feeding on clams and bottom fishes. The Chinese, who have an inordinate fondness for gelatinous substances, such as isinglass, sea swallow nests, trepang, etc., imported from China a very deadly hook for capturing the sturgeon, which they caught solely for the marrow in its peculiar backbone. They stripped out the backbone and threw away the rest. Some of the backbones were sent to China, where isinglass is made from them and also a highly tenacious glue. The principal use, however, is for making gelatinous soup.—San Francisco Chronicle.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING.

There Is Said to Be $500,000,000 Invested in This Country.

In the electric lighting field the total capital invested in the United States is given as over $500,000,000. The number of plants, public and private, is over 10,000, says an exchange. The number of motors in use is estimated at about 500,000, and their value at about $160,000,000. The electrical apparatus used in mining is estimated at $100,000,000, and the value of the electric elevator industry will probably not fall short of $15,000,000.

The most important of all the electric industries, however, is that of electric railways. In this field the investment is very great, and in the United States is represented by a capitalization of over $700,000,000. The number of trolley cars in use is now over 25,000, and these run over 12,000 miles of track. The electric railways represent more than 9n per cent. of all the street and suburban railroads of the country.

The aggregate of all the capital invested in electric lighting, electric railways and electric power is about $1,500,000,000,000, and this does not include the value of establishments that manufacture the machinery and apparatus. As many of these are among the largest industrial enterprises in the world, and as nearly all are concerns of considerable magnitude, it is evident that their combined capital will run up into large figures.—Detroit Free Press.

The Laugh On Him.

They were talking about holidays and the laws regarding them.

"I know," said Jack, "you can be punished for working on Sunday, but if I want to cut hay or plant corn on the Fourth of July or any other holiday, I don't believe the law would interfere."

"Maybe not," replied Bill, "but you're not supposed to do either on Christmas."

"Why not?" queried Jack, "if—"

And then he tumbled.—N. Y. Journal.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE. Write to Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Always Doing.

"What does that man Slicky do for a living?"

"For board and lodging he does the hotels, and for clothes he does his tailor. Outside of that he does the best he can."—Detroit Free Press.

"Well, Whirley, did you find the divine creature returned your love?" "Yes, just as soon as I offered it to her."—Detroit Free Press.

I have found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine.—F. R. Lotz, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

A cold church can only be warmed by fire that comes from Heaven.

She Had Scrofula

Purified the Blood with Hood's.

"I was troubled with scrofula for eight years, and I had as many as eight running sores at one time. Nothing seemed to do me any good until I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. I continued using this medicine until I had taken six bottles, when the sores on my side were perfectly well." Mrs. A. G. Hanguen, Rolfe, Iowa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier

Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion. 25c.

There is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee.

The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee.

It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Try Grain-O!

A COOL BOTTLE

of Hires Rootbeer on a sweltering hot day is highly essential to comfort and health. It cools the blood, reduces your temperature, tones the stomach.

HIRES Rootbeer

should be in every home, in every office, in every workshop. A temperance drink, more healthful than ice water, more delightful and satisfying than any other beverage produced.

Made only by the Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

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AUG. 3 AND 17, SEPT. 7 AND 21, OCT. 5 AND 19. To the Farm regions of the West, Northwest and Southwest. Round trip tickets will be sold on dates named at all C., B. & Q. stations and at many Eastern points at about half fare, good for 21 days. Stop over allowed on going passage. Ask your local agent for particulars.

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25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

TEMPERANCE.

THE LITTLE SENOR.

A Tragical Tale of Intemperance from Old Mexico.

"And here is Rosita! Come in and drink with us."

"No, gracias, I cannot. The senora is very ill and I must take babysita home for a nap."

"What? No vacation on a feast day?"

"Just a little of the pulque, Rosita?"

"You will be better for it."

Rosita hesitated. She looked from the inquiring blue eyes of her little charge to the dreamy, dark face of Jose, or Pepe, as she affectionately called him. A crowd of her friends, clad in gay sash and bright "zarape" were assembled in a pulque shop and were celebrating their holiday in the usual manner. The milky drink made from the maguy plant is free as water on feast day. The plant is robbed of its heart, the sap of the leaves dipped out and "pulque" (pooiky), the strong drink of the country, finds its way over a lovely land to rob its people of homes, hearts and happiness.

"After all," she thought, "I have a very hard time. The senora can never know if I take just a drop." No, she could not deceive so good a mistress. "Gracias," she replied, with a bright smile at Pepe, "I feel good enough now, I need no pulque."

Just then Babette touched Pepe's arm. Babette with a wreath of roses upon her flaming hair.

"Let her go," she whispered. Then, with a toss of her pretty head, she said, tauntingly: "Rosita fears the English senora. Rosita eats and drinks only at the senora's bidding." And, in a moment more, no one knew how, Rosita was in their midst, and they were drinking to her health, and the little senor was being fondled and petted by a motley throng.

But the pulque had already followed its fatal path and found Rosita's reason, and when she told her lover that her duty was only to the little senor, he said, with one of those glances only possible from Pepe's eyes:

"I TATE THOM TANDY."

"May we come up to the corridor? They will never know. You can put the child to bed."

"Oh, no. You know the senora never permits me to have company."

"But, Rosita, I see you so seldom. The senora dare not discharge you now. Still, as you like. Of course, if you do not care for me, why—there is Babette."

Poor girl! The battle of temptation comes to us all soon or late. Pity those who must fight it alone, those who do not know the strengthening help of the Everlasting arms. She looked at Babette's bright face, and, as she picked up her little charge, Rosita whispered: "You may come," and Pepe gave her a smile that dashed on her heavy heart a spray of inexpressible happiness. She knew she had done wrong, and all day as she hastened about her duties she sang in her soul a psalm of repentance. She would tell Pepe and the friends they could not remain, and when senora was well she would confess everything and be forgiven.

The little senor was dancing a bare-footed two-step around his impatient nurse.

"I no seepy!" he shouted; "I do see my mamma." And one tiny hand clutched the front of his long, dainty robe, while the other made a threatening movement towards Rosita.

"Hush! your mamma is sick. You must come to bed, for Rosita must go away."

The little fellow puckered up his lips. "Tell me a story," he pleaded.

"Well, come to bed and Rosita will tell you a story when she comes back." The little senor lay back on his pillow and rebelled. He watched the door. No Rosita and no story. "I will dist do see my mamma," and the sweet little body slid out on the carpet, followed by the long white dress, and no one saw that curly, bobbing head or heard the rapid patter of those baby feet. He reached the door to his mamma's room, but it was shut so tight. The latch, oh, so high. He stretched the little pink toes and tried so hard to reach it. What is this? Oh, a little table, glasses and spoons, boxes and papers, and nice little bottles of white things.

"I tate thom tandy," said the little senor, and no one saw the baby fingers as they grasped that sugar poison. No one heard the little chuckle as the blue eyes danced in glee and the new-found treasure, safely hidden in a chubby fist, was hurried away to the downy bed.

Suddenly a piercing scream startled the drowsy air. A child's scream full of agony and pain. Another and another followed in quick succession. The effect on Rosita was electrical. At the sound of that well-known baby voice, raised in shrieks of anguish, she lifted her head, and in a moment the drowsiness had gone from her. She sprang to her feet. "Babysita! babysita! Oh, what have I done!"

Flying feet carried her to her darling's dainty chamber. But ah! The face of the little senor was drawn and distorted; the baby fingers were clutching the air in agony and the feverish little body was contracted with pain. Those great blue eyes rolled in fearful frenzy while one scream followed another from the parched lips. And before the good doctor had arrived the deadly aconite had done its dreadful work, the angel soul had left the aching body, and the big blue eyes of the little senor had closed in peace.

The doctor entered. "It is over. The nurse girl is frantic. She had been drinking. Your wife is better, but this would kill her. They will bury your boy to-morrow."

"So soon? Oh, God! and in a foreign land?"

"Such is the custom of the country. It is very hard, but you must be brave to save her," and the good physician motioned toward the silent sleeper.

Two hours later and a bright sun shone down, almost in mockery, upon the white floor of the corridor. It touched a bright reboco which enveloped a girlish figure lying face downward upon those flaming stones. The hair was dishevled and beside a small brown hand clutching a keen stiletto was a dark pool of blood. She had left a note for Pepe: "I forgive you, but I cannot forgive the pulque. The senor would never see me without thinking of babysita. I have gone to take care of the little senor. Adios, Rosita."

Life's lesson for Pepe was hard to learn. May yours be lighter.—Mabel Dixon, in Lever.

AN EX-DRINKER'S EXPERIENCE.

What He Found Was a Good Aid to Curing Drunkenness.

We believe the best authorities are generally skeptical as to there being any cure for confirmed habits of inebriety unless the effort in that direction be aided by a strong exercise of the will of the unfortunate subject of the bad habit. There are, however, many remedies recommended as aids in diverting or in a minor degree satisfying the appetite for strong liquors, which are undoubtedly of great advantage in some cases, and one of these is thus recommended by a self-styled "rescued man."

"I was one of those unfortunates given to strong drink. When I left it off I felt a horrid want of something I must have or go distracted. I could neither eat, work nor sleep. Explaining my affliction to a man of much education and experience, he advised me to make a decoction of ground quassia, a half ounce steeped in a pint of vinegar, and to put about a small teaspoonful of it in a little water, and to drink it down every time the liquor thirst came on. It satisfied the cravings and it suffused a feeling of stimulus and strength. I continued this cure and persevered till the thirst was conquered. For two years I have not tasted liquor and I have no desire for it. Lately, to try my strength, I have handled and smelt whisky, but I have no temptation to take it. I give this for the consideration of the unfortunate, several of whom I know have recovered by means which I no longer require."—N. Y. Ledger.

VARIOUS NOTES.

Louis XIV., during his old age, was an inveterate drinker of all kinds of liquors.

Beers made of maize or barley are manufactured by almost every native African people.

The butcher kills meat for food, but the saloonist sells drink to kill man.—National Temperance Advocate.

It is said that flies confined in a showcase with cigarettes will die in less than five minutes, so deadly is the atmosphere in the case.

In the prohibition state of Kansas each citizen on the average consumes three cents' worth of intoxicating liquor a year. The same average for the state of Illinois is $8.08.

A young man when urged to think of his soul replied: "Well, you speak the truth. At a future time I intend to be religious, but I must have a few more sprees." Four days later he was dead.—Lever.

The man who can deliberately make up his mind to sell alcoholic drinks to his fellow men is as deaf to the appeals of moral suasion as is the ravenous beast in pursuit of his prey.—National Temperance Advocate.

In connection with the United Presbyterian church in Scotland there is a Manse Temperance society, consisting of wives, sisters and daughters of ministers connected with that church. The number of members is 925.

It was a matter of some comment in London last winter that at a gathering given by Col. and Mrs. John Hay for the young friends of their debutante daughter no wine was offered, although a large number of the guests were foreigners.—Union Signal.

The saloon is the head center of the modern drinking craze and the starting point for the drunkard's grave. It takes longer for some than for others to reach the fatal goal. Yet a vast array of our fair youths are annually marching on, 100,000 strong, from the saloon to the gutter.—Rev. James C. Russell.

The liquor dealers of Ohio have become reformers. They propose reforming themselves. They have passed a resolution to do away with all disreputable saloons. They have undertaken a big job, and when it is completed will there be any saloons left in the Buckeye state?—Lever.

As Told by the First Drunk.

The phenomena of the first intoxication from alcohol is always significant of the direction of the degeneration in future excess. If this event were prominent in symptoms of dementia the continued use of spirits will terminate in this way. If delirium were prominent, the breaking-down process will be along this line. If delusions and mania appear, they will follow in the future from each subsequent attack.—Journal of Inebriety.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Near Elgin, Ore., is a young woman who daily hauls to town a load of ties and unloads them herself.

—Trappist monks of a monastery in Dubuque county, Ia., who have heretofore had a prior sent to them from Mount Melerny Abbey in Ireland, have acquired the right to elect an abbot, and have chosen Rev. Father Alberic.

—With three dogs and one man to help him, the chief rat catcher of the neighborhood of Fort Madison, Ia., killed 297 rats in one job of recribbing five cribs of corn because of the rodents, and he believes only one rat escaped him.

—While people in eastern sections are still forming societies having their basis in the records of ancestors, people of Oregon have set out to form a state association of Native Sons of Oregon, to take part in the pioneer reunions there.

—R. P. Browning, discovered in Nevada, Mo., as the champion skunk hunter, has become the champion frog catcher, getting 50 frogs in half an hour. He uses a long pole with a hook on the end, and, riding into the frog ponds on horseback, yanks out any frog that shows himself.

—The National Bank of Commerce of Tacoma, Wash., set out to sink a well under the building. Some 20 or 30 feet below the surface the workmen came upon some cooking utensils and a skeleton and inquiry revealed the fact that the spot had been an Indian burial ground.

—E. E. Doty, of Metamora, Mich., horsewhipped a Congregational minister there, Rev. W. H. Flint, who also practices medicine, on a charge and alleged confession of talking derogatorily of a matron. Doty then complained against himself before a justice, pleaded guilty of assault and battery and was fined ten dollars.

FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Some Suggestions Which May Be of Value.

Many drooping flowers will freshen wonderfully if the tips of the stems are trimmed off and the ends are then held in hot water for a few minutes.

Marshmallow stuffed dates make a delicious after-dinner sweet. Remove the pits from the dates, fill the space with marshmallow, and roll the dates in powdered sugar. One marshmallow will stuff four dates.

When one is hurried in mailing a letter, and the only available postage stamp is found to be without sufficient glue, moisten the stamp, rub it on the gummed flap of an envelope, and quickly press it in place upon the letter.

When making corned beef hash moisten it with a little beef stock, if you have it, in place of water. A pinch of sugar added with the salt and pepper helps to bring out the flavor.

In ornamenting summer cottages a bare corner may be made very effective at a trifling cost. Secure an empty nail keg from a hardware store, cover it with ebony paint and gild the hoops. Partly fill the keg with sand to give it weight, and fasten a piece of board over the top a little larger than the keg. Place it in the vacant corner and cover the woden top with a fringe-trimmed square of pretty silk or ecretonne. Stand an unused ginger jar or a cheap effective vase upon this pedestal and fill it with grasses, dried ferns and cattails.

To stiffen sheer handkerchiefs, laces, wash silks or any other thin fabric it is best to use gum arabic starch. To make it put into a bottle one ounce of gum arabic and pour over it one cup of cold water; stand the bottle in a dish of cold water, and place it over the fire until the gum is dissolved; then strain it through a fine sieve or piece of cheese cloth into another bottle. When it is cold put in a half gill of alcohol, and it will keep and be ready to use when needed. When dainty laces are to be stiffened half a teaspoonful of the starch, mixed with a small cupful of the water, will give the lace ample stiffness, adding a larger amount of the starch as it is needed for different fabrics.—N. Y. Sun.

The Hard Trade of a King.

Turning first sods; laying foundation stones; opening bridges, hospitals, libraries, museums and other public buildings; christening and launching ships; assisting at bazars; presiding at public meetings and dinners; organizing funds for benevolent purposes and attending to the proper administration of them; patronizing a multitude of institutions and enterprises, and taking active interest in their management and development; preparing and delivering hundreds of speeches; receiving addresses and replying to them; reviewing troops and fleets; visiting hospitals; representing the nation on important occasions throughout Europe; entertaining foreign royal visitors; bearing in mind the birthday of every royal personage in Great Britain and on the continent, and dispatching suitable congratulations; attending officially and unofficially, balls, concerts and innumerable other entertainments; performing these many and varied duties with minute discretion, so as never to be associated with a failure, never to interfere, directly or indirectly, with any of the myriads of public and private interests, and never to cause friction or to create animosity—if this by no means comprehensive catalogue of royal duties is not sufficient to excite pity, whatever will?—London Truth.

A Translation.

It is related that a sophomore one commencement day was crossing the campus of Emory college, Oxford, Ga., with his sweetheart, who stopped to read the inscription upon the stone to the memory of Ignatius Few, the first president. "What does that mean?" she asked, pointing to the line, "Vivit—non mortuus est." Afraid of his ability to translate Latin, the student explained: "'He lives. No, he don't; he's dead.'"—N. Y. Christian Advocate.

FASHION NOTES.

Items of Interest to Ladies Who Dress.

One sometimes sees velvet dresses with the seams piped with contrasting color, but this is a fashion that never lasts for any length of time. Velvet is a material with which one cannot afford to be frivolous. A piping or a cord in the seam of a velvet skirt, while it may have fashion to back its claims, is not artistic and is very often not in good taste.

A stylish costume of black Japanese crepe has a plain skirt with shirred flounces covering the lower half of the skirt. The waist is gathered full and drawn down at the back to the waist line. The front is loose on either side of a drooping vest of fancy material which is tucked inside of a folded belt.

Among the revivals are bunches of flowers worn in the hair. In the days of our grandmothers a headdress of flowers was considered the height of elegance. When my lady went out to tea, she carried her headdress in a box and adjusted it after her bonnet was removed.

The velvet costume is much liked, and most well-dressed women like to own one. To be in most perfect style it is made up with satin collar, cuffs, revers and sometimes there is an extra vest with a turned-over collar.

Shoulder capes in the extreme summer styles are little more than very wide fluffy collars. They are made of lace or other thin or semi-transparent summer materials, and elaborately trimmed with jet and edging.

Among the new garnitures are patterned sets of collars, cuffs, rims and the like of white kid elaborately wrought with colored beads and metal threads.

The effect to broaden the shoulders is evident in the straight out epaulettes, cape-shaped frills and outstanding shoulder puffs.

Crepe dresses are very fashionable and are thought extremely elegant, especially in the finest grades of Japanese and China crepe.

There are few women to whom bright red is becoming, but for those whom it suits it is the perfection of shade.

Tam O'Shanter hats of the finest straw are trimmed with rosettes of black velvet and a couple of black quills.

Among the important revivals for dress is grosgrain silk, which is to be one of the popular fabrics of the season.

Young girls are wearing wreaths of flowers around their heads at parties and entertainments.

Chemisettes and fronts of thin fabrics and lace are worn with nearly all dressy costumes.—N. Y. Ledger.

RIVER STEAMBOATS.

Western American Specimens Well Adapted for Their Purposes.

While the western American river steamer may be improved in some minor points, it is, in general design and construction, admirably fitted for the peculiar work that it has to do. Considered from a strictly engineering standpoint, it is a creditable structure. Furthermore, it is a striking example of the survival of the fittest.

In comparing the advances which have been made in the ocean and American lake marine with those on the western rivers, the latter have generally been made to appear in an unfavorable light. The fact, however, has been overlooked in most cases that the conditions of service are radically different and these difficulties necessitates—in fact, compel—corresponding differences in the character of the steamers. The boilers and engines of the magnificent ocean liners would be as much out of place and would fare as disastrously on the western river steamboat as would the machinery of the latter if transferred to ocean service. Machinery essentially similar to that employed on the American lakes has been tried many times on western rivers. Large sums of money have been spent on experiments and the result has always been a failure. Even the vertical engine has been abandoned. Barring unimportant details, the machinery of the western river steamer is preeminently "the right thing in the right place."

It is not uncommon for the boats to run aground, and it is still more common for the cargo on board to be badly distributed. Either of these conditions will cause an immediate distortion of the entire steamer, and the machinery is thrown out of line. The peculiar type of engines employed stands the severe service without injury or derangement.

The accepted type of machinery is so simple and reliable that it can be handled satisfactorily by a small number of men, and these need not necessarily be highly skilled nor of long experience. This is of some importance in view of the fact that the months of idleness render it difficult to retain the best men and that it is always necessary to keep the salary account down. Experiment has demonstrated that the saving in fuel due to improved machinery does not, as a rule, compensate for the drawbacks accompanying its use, such as increased weight, space occupied, greater first cost and less reliability.—Cassier's Magazine.

A Reliable Method.

"Bliggins' wife doesn't insist on retaining possession of the latch-key any more," suggested Mr. Meekton.

"No," replied Mrs. Meekton, "she has found a better way to make sure that her husband stays home after dark."

"What is it?"

"She has taken the lamp off his bicycle."—Washington Star.

Boastfulness of Belladn.

Arabella (concluding the description of the magnificence of her employer's home)—And in the servants' 'all we 'as 'ot plovers' heggs ev'ry mornin' for brekfist.

Belinda—That's nothin'. At hom 'ouse hall the fires is laid with real sparrowgrass sticks instead of wood!—London Punch.

PROPHECY OF ST. JANUARIUS.

Fulfilled in the Eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

Ancient Naples, the most picturesque of cities, of which a poet once wrote: "See Naples, and die," is in the throes of fear, for an ancient prophecy has come to pass, and Vesuvius is belching forth fire and brimstone and endangering the town.

The prophecy in question relates to the clotted blood of St. Januarius, or San Gennario, preserved in a phial in the chapel bearing the saint's name (a part of the great cathedral built in 1272). Legend has it that whenever the blood of the saint shall fail to liquefy on May 1 or on September 19 then will disaster overtake Naples. Since the fourth century after Christ the miracle has happened twice a year, but on May 1 of this year the blood remained thick and coagulated, and terror was aroused in the hearts of the believers.

Scarcely had the news been spread when Vesuvius began to grumble and roar in anger, and the worst eruption since the memorable and disastrous one of 1872 began. Consternation reigned in Naples, not so much because of the eruption, but because of the portend of the failure of the miracle. Prayers were said in all the churches, and Naples is prepared for the worst that may befall it.

There are a dozen or more saints named Januarius, but the patron saint of Naples is the only one who played a great role in the history of early Christianity in the kingdom of Naples. Januarius was the first bishop of Benevento in the third century after Christ. On the outbreak of the anti-Christian persecutions under Diocletian and Maximian he was taken to Nola and arraigned before Timotheus, governor of Campania. This gentle official ordered that the bishop be cast into a furnace. Januarius went through the fiery ordeal unscathed. Then Timotheus had him fed to wild beasts, but the animals refused to touch him.

Then Timotheus pronounced sentence of death by the sword upon Januarius and was at once stricken blind. The future saint thereupon restored his sight, and, it is said, converted 5,000 who saw the miracle. In gratitude for this Timotheus had Januarius put to death with a spear. The body of the saint was interred in a crypt in Naples, and his blood preserved in a phial. It is said that whenever the blood was brought near the body it would bubble, and that on the two dates mentioned it would liquefy.

It is a strange coincidence that Vesuvius should depart from its good behavior of the last 25 years, just at a moment when Naples expected some terrible happening. And yet, it is only the expected and the predicted which has happened—expected because Vesuvius is a live crater—predicted by the master of Vesuvius, Luigi Palmieri, some two years ago.

Palmieri was one of the most remarkable characters of the century, and no history of the crater would be complete without a lengthy reference to Palmieri, its master and watcher. He lived at the very edge of the crater from 1855 to the time of his death last September, 41 years of constant danger and watchfulness. He was born in Facchio in 1807, and in 1855 erected an observatory on Vesuvius, to observe the action of the crater for the University of Naples and to warn the people of impending danger.

So expert did he become and so accustomed to the vagaries of the volcano that he could predict coming eruptions or earthquakes for weeks in advance. With his electro-magnetic seismograph and his bifilar electrometer, both invented by himself, he was able to detect vibrations in the volcano's crust that were imperceptible to even the most sensitive nerves. With these scientific aids he managed time and again to save human lives and property from threatening danger.

During the great eruption of 1872 he remained at his post although the temperature in his observatory rose to 130 degrees and though lava flowed all around, though red hot cinders and ashes filled the air. Sixty lives were lost on that occasion, but Palmieri stuck to his duty, although half a million other human beings were panic-stricken and fled before the awful violence of Vesuvius.

A few months after this eruption he descended into the smoking crater, where he made measurements showing that the capacity of the volcano was 20,000,000 cubic yards and that during the eruption just passed an equal amount of molten rock and lava had been thrown up.—N. Y. Journal.

Caprice of Fashion.

A tan pique is certainly "chic" with a deep, scant and stiff apron flounce on the skirt, edged by two rows of narrow black velvet ribbon and a box-plaited blouse, held by a black velvet belt.

Some lace-trimmed gowns have lace sashes tying behind on one side, with long ends, making a pretty effect over a colored bodice. Unlined lace sleeves are another novelty belonging to the summer, and are fastened to both silk and cotton gowns.

The long lace line in front is liked now, and the pointed manner of arranging a belt carries out this idea.

Tailor-made jacket suits are plainer in regard to trimming than they were during the winter. They often have no garniture at all, save the wide straps on the seams, although the severely plain suits are generally built of mottled or checked cloths. Outside of tailor-made suits it is a bit original to wear an untrimmed gown.—Chicago Record.

Minute Writing.

Among the wonders shown at the recent exhibition of the Quekett Microscopical club in London was the whole of the second chapter of St. John's Gospel written on the two-thousandth part of a square inch, and plainly legible at that under the microscope.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The whole body of a boa or other constrictor is a perfect network of powerful muscles.

According to the Journal of the Knights of Labor, out of the 20,000,000 workers of America less than one-fifth are in any form of organization.

A medical authority asserts that death caused by a fall from a great height is absolutely painless. The mind acts very rapidly for a time, then unconsciousness ensues.

There are about 100 grains of iron in the average human body, and yet so important is this exceedingly small quantity that its diminution is attended with very serious results.

Three places at least are known where green snow is found. One of these is near Mount Hecla, Iceland; another 14 miles east of the mouth of the Obi, and the third near Quito, South America.

Mr Clayton, of the Blue Hill observatory, near Boston, reports that observations made there show that the average speed with which clouds, between 8,000 and 9,000 feet high, move is 30 miles an hour in midsummer, and 110 miles an hour in midwinter. The swiftest flight of a cloud yet measured was 230 miles an hour.

A fish and a reptile feel cold to our touch with their scales, but place your fingers under the feathers of a bird, and you will find that the body is intensely hot. The heat is necessitated by the great muscular activity demanded by a bird's habits. And then, again, there can be no doubt that the covering of feathers, so light and air-entangling, diminishes the specific gravity of the bird in comparison with the volume displaced, just as would be the case with a man who had an expansible rubber covering that could be inflated.

MISS GUILFORD'S VOW.

Said She Wouldn't Speak for Fifty Years, and Now She Can't Talk.

The people in the southern part of Hancock county, Me., are deeply interested in a peculiar malady which afflicts Miss Experience Guilford, an aged woman of East Bluehill, who has not uttered a word or any audible sound for 50 years. The original reason for Miss Guilford's speechlessness was anger because she could not marry the man of her choice. When she was 19 years old she fell in love with William Simpson, the village schoolmaster. They were to be married on June 18, 1847. One of Miss Guilford's rejected suitors told tales about the schoolmaster, and Miss Guilford's parents stopped the wedding. Miss Guilford thereupon said:

"I swear I will not speak a word, though I live for 50 years, unless I marry this man."

She kept her pledge. Her parents died, and she went to live with her married brother. When he died she made her home with a sister, and after the sister's death she went to a camp in the woods and kept house for a brother, with whom she is now living. All this time she performed her share of the household work and did not show any regret for having made the vow. When the 50 years of silence expired she was visited by a large number of relatives and friends, who went to the camp for the purpose of being present when she was at liberty to speak. Soon after the midday meal Miss Guilford dressed herself in the garments which she had not worn for half a century. At two o'clock she stood up before the people, smiled and opened her mouth to speak; but, though she tried hard and got red in the face in trying, she could not utter a sound. Her vocal muscles had become atrophied from long disuse and refused to work.

When Miss Guilford found that she could not speak she sent to Bangor for a physician and took to her bed. The doctor gave no hope of recovery, but suggested that she be sent to a Boston hospital for treatment. As soon as Miss Guilford gets strong enough to take the journey she will make another effort to regain her speech. Her father left her a good sum of money at his death, which has been growing every year in a savings bank, so she is well able to obtain the treatment she requires.—N. Y. Sun.

Famous Collections of Antlers.

Of the famous collections of antlers formed in the seventeenth century only two or three have escaped the general fate of conflagrations, sieges and pillage. One of these is in Moritzburg, the king of Saxony's historic hunting castle, near Dresden; while in the celebrated gun gallery in Dresden itself are to be seen, in an unrivaled show, the wonderfully inlaid arms used by the elector. The great banqueting hall of the castle of Moritzburg is one of the sights with which no doubt many a traveled reader has been charmed. It is a chamber of noble proportions—66 feet long by 34 feet wide and 38 feet high. On its otherwise unadorned white walls hang 71 pairs of magnificent antlers, which one may describe as the most famous of their kind in the world. Not a single one carries less than 24 tines or is less than 200 years old, while some are probably double that age.—W. A. Baillie-Grohman, in Century.

Safely Held $100,000,000.

The discussion in connection with the renewal of the charter of the Bank of France, which has just been prolonged by the national legislature until the end of 1920, has brought to light the measures that were adopted during the war of 1870 for the preservation of the specie and valuables confided to the care of the institution to the extent of over $100,000,000. It seems that the whole of this treasure was packed into some 25,000 cases, marked "explosive projectiles," and was shipped by rail to Brest, where it was "cached" in such a manner in the arsenal that, even had the Germans captured the port, they would never have discovered the hiding place.—Chicago Journal.

TEMPERANCE.

THE LITTLE SENOR.

A Tragical Tale of Intemperance from Old Mexico.

"And here is Rosita! Come in and drink with us."

"No, gracias, I cannot. The senora is very ill and I must take babysita home for a nap."

"What? No vacation on a feast day?"

"Just a little of the pulque, Rosita?"

"You will be better for it."

Rosita hesitated. She looked from the inquiring blue eyes of her little charge to the dreamy, dark face of Jose, or Pepe, as she affectionately called him. A crowd of her friends, clad in gay sash and bright "zarape" were assembled in a pulque shop and were celebrating their holiday in the usual manner. The milky drink made from the maguy plant is free as water on feast day. The plant is robbed of its heart, the sap of the leaves dipped out and "pulque" (poolky), the strong drink of the country, finds its way over a lovely land to rob its people of homes, hearts and happiness.

"After all," she thought, "I have a very hard time. The senora can never know if I take just a drop." No, she could not deceive so good a mistress. "Gracias," she replied, with a bright smile at Pepe, "I feel good enough now, I need no pulque."

Just then Babette touched Pepe's arm. Babette with a wreath of roses upon her flaming hair.

"Let her go," she whispered. Then, with a toss of her pretty head, she said, tauntingly: "Rosita fears the English senora. Rosita eats and drinks only at the senora's bidding." And, in a moment more, no one knew how, Rosita was in their midst, and they were drinking to her health, and the little senor was being fondled and petted by a motley throng.

But the pulque had already followed its fatal path and found Rosita's reason, and when she told her lover that her duty was only to the little senor, he said, with one of those glances only possible from Pepe's eyes:

"I TATE THOM TANDY."

"May we come up to the corridor? They will never know. You can put the child to bed."

"Oh, no. You know the senora never permits me to have company."

"But, Rosita, I see you so seldom. The senora dare not discharge you now. Still, as you like. Of course, if you do not care for me, why—there is Babette."

Poor girl! The battle of temptation comes to us all soon or late. Pity those who must fight it alone, those who do not know the strengthening help of the Everlasting arms. She looked at Babette's bright face, and, as she picked up her little charge, Rosita whispered: "You may come," and Pepe gave her a smile that dashed on her heavy heart a spray of inexpressible happiness. She knew she had done wrong, and all day as she hastened about her duties she sang in her soul a psalm of repentance. She would tell Pepe and the friends they could not remain, and when senora was well she would confess everything and be forgiven.

The little senor was dancing a bare-footed two-step around his impatient nurse.

"I no seepy!" he shouted; "I do see my mamma." And one tiny hand clutched the front of his long, dainty robe, while the other made a threatening movement towards Rosita.

"Hush! your mamma is sick. You must come to bed, for Rosita must go away."

The little fellow puckered up his lips. "Tell me a story," he pleaded.

"Well, come to bed and Rosita will tell you a story when she comes back." The little senor lay back on his pillow and rebelled. He watched the door. No Rosita and no story. "I will dist do see my mamma," and the sweet little body slid out on the carpet, followed by the long white dress, and no one saw that curly, bobbing head or heard the rapid patter of those baby feet. He reached the door to his mamma's room, but it was shut so tight. The latch, oh, so high. He stretched the little pink toes and tried so hard to reach it. What is this? Oh, a little table, glasses and spoons, boxes and papers, and nice little bottles of white things.

"I tate thom tandy," said the little senor, and no one saw the baby fingers as they grasped that sugar poison. No one heard the little chuckle as the blue eyes danced in glee and the new-found treasure, safely hidden in a chubby fist, was hurried away to the downy bed.

Suddenly a piercing scream startled the drowsy air. A child's scream full of agony and pain. Another and another followed in quick succession. The effect on Rosita was electrical. At the sound of that well-known baby voice, raised in shrieks of anguish, she lifted her head, and in a moment the drowsiness had gone from her. She sprang to her feet. "Babysita! babysita! Oh, what have I done!"

Flying feet carried her to her darling's dainty chamber. But ah! The face of the little senor was drawn and distorted; the baby fingers were clutching the air in agony and the feverish little body was contracted with pain. Those great blue eyes rolled in fearful frenzy while one scream followed another from the parched lips. And before the good doctor had arrived the deadly aconite had done its dreadful work, the angel soul had left the aching body, and the big blue eyes of the little senor had closed in peace.

The doctor entered. "It is over. The nurse girl is frantic. She had been drinking. Your wife is better, but this would kill her. They will bury your boy to-morrow."

"So soon? Oh, God! and in a foreign land!"

"Such is the custom of the country. It is very hard, but you must be brave to save her," and the good physician motioned toward the silent sleeper.

Two hours later and a bright sun shone down, almost in mockery, upon the white floor of the corridor. It touched a bright reboco which enveloped a girlish figure lying face downward upon those flaming stones. The hair was dishevelled and beside a small brown hand clutching a keen stiletto was a dark pool of blood. She had left a note for Pepe: "I forgive you, but I cannot forgive the pulque. The senor would never see me without thinking of babysita. I have gone to take care of the little senor. Adios, Rosita."

Life's lesson for Pepe was hard to learn. May yours be lighter.—Mabel Dixon, in Lever.

AN EX-DRINKER'S EXPERIENCE.

What He Found Was a Good Aid to Curing Drunkenness.

We believe the best authorities are generally skeptical as to there being any cure for confirmed habits of inebriety unless the effort in that direction be aided by a strong exercise of the will of the unfortunate subject of the bad habit. There are, however, many remedies recommended as aids in diverting or in a minor degree satisfying the appetite for strong liquors, which are undoubtedly of great advantage in some cases, and one of these is thus recommended by a self-styled "rescued man."

"I was one of those unfortunates given to strong drink. When I left it off I felt a horrid want of something I must have or go distracted. I could neither eat, work nor sleep. Explaining my affliction to a man of much education and experience, he advised me to make a decoction of ground quassia, a half ounce steeped in a pint of vinegar, and to put about a small teaspoonful of it in a little water, and to drink it down every time the liquor thirst came on. It satisfied the cravings and it suffused a feeling of stimulus and strength. I continued this cure and persevered till the thirst was conquered. For two years I have not tasted liquor and I have no desire for it. Lately, to try my strength, I have handled and smelt whisky, but I have no temptation to take it. I give this for the consideration of the unfortunate, several of whom I know have recovered by means which I no longer require."—N. Y. Ledger.

VARIOUS NOTES.

Louis XIV., during his old age, was an inveterate drinker of all kinds of liquors.

Beers made of maize or barley are manufactured by almost every native African people.

The butcher kills meat for food, but the saloonist sells drink to kill man.—National Temperance Advocate.

It is said that flies confined in a showcase with cigarettes will die in less than five minutes, so deadly is the atmosphere in the case.

In the prohibition state of Kansas each citizen on the average consumes three cents' worth of intoxicating liquor a year. The same average for the state of Illinois is $8.08.

A young man when urged to think of his soul replied: "Well, you speak the truth. At a future time I intend to be religious, but I must have a few more sprees." Four days later he was dead.—Lever.

The man who can deliberately make up his mind to sell alcoholic drinks to his fellow men is as deaf to the appeals of moral suasion as is the ravenous beast in pursuit of his prey.—National Temperance Advocate.

In connection with the United Presbyterian church in Scotland there is a Manse Temperance society, consisting of wives, sisters and daughters of ministers connected with that church. The number of members is 925.

It was a matter of some comment in London last winter that at a gathering given by Col. and Mrs. John Hay for the young friends of their debutante daughter no wine was offered, although a large number of the guests were foreigners.—Union Signal.

The saloon is the head center of the modern drinking craze and the starting point for the drunkard's grave. It takes longer for some than for others to reach the fatal goal. Yet a vast array of our fair youths are annually marching on, 100,000 strong, from the saloon to the gutter.—Rev. James C. Russell.

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FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

Some Suggestions Which May Be of Value.

Many drooping flowers will freshen wonderfully if the tips of the stems are trimmed off and the ends are then held in hot water for a few minutes.

Marshmallow stuffed dates make a delicious after-dinner sweet. Remove the pits from the dates, fill the space with marshmallow, and roll the dates in powdered sugar. One marshmallow will stuff four dates.

When one is hurried in mailing a letter, and the only available postage stamp is found to be without sufficient glue, moisten the stamp, rub it on the gummed flap of an envelope, and quickly press it in place upon the letter.

When making corned beef hash moisten it with a little beef stock, if you have it, in place of water. A pinch of sugar added with the salt and pepper helps to bring out the flavor.

In ornamenting summer cottages a bare corner may be made very effective at a trifling cost. Secure an empty nail keg from a hardware store, cover it with ebony paint and gild the hoops. Partly fill the keg with sand to give it weight, and fasten a piece of board over the top a little larger than the keg. Place it in the vacant corner and cover the wooden top with a fringe-trimmed square of pretty silk or cretonne. Stand an unused ginger jar or a cheap effective vase upon this pedestal and fill it with grasses, dried ferns and cattails.

To stiffen sheer handkerchiefs, laces, wash silks or any other thin fabric it is best to use gum arabic starch. To make it put into a bottle one ounce of gum arabic and pour over it one cup of cold water; stand the bottle in a dish of cold water, and place it over the fire until the gum is dissolved; then strain it through a fine sieve or piece of cheese cloth into another bottle. When it is cold put in a half gill of alcohol, and it will keep and be ready to use when needed. When dainty laces are to be stiffened half a teaspoonful of the starch, mixed with a small cupful of the water, will give the lace ample stiffness, adding a larger amount of the starch as it is needed for different fabrics.—N. Y. Sun.

The Hard Trade of a King.

Turning first sods; laying foundation stones; opening bridges, hospitals, libraries, museums and other public buildings; christening and launching ships; assisting at bazars; presiding at public meetings and dinners; organizing funds for benevolent purposes and attending to the proper administration of them; patronizing a multitude of institutions and enterprises, and taking active interest in their management and development; preparing and delivering hundreds of speeches; receiving addresses and replying to them; reviewing troops and fleets; visiting hospitals; representing the nation on important occasions throughout Europe; entertaining foreign royal visitors; bearing in mind the birthday of every royal personage in Great Britain and on the continent, and dispatching suitable congratulations; attending officially and unofficially, balls, concerts and innumerable other entertainments; performing these many and varied duties with minute discretion, so as never to be associated with a failure, never to interfere, directly or indirectly, with any of the myriads of public and private interests, and never to cause friction or to create animosity—if this by no means comprehensive catalogue of royal duties is not sufficient to excite pity, whatever will?—London Truth.

A Translation.

It is related that a sophomore one commencement day was crossing the campus of Emory college, Oxford, Ga., with his sweetheart, who stopped to read the inscription upon the stone to the memory of Ignatius Few, the first president. "What does that mean?" she asked, pointing to the line, "Vivit—non mortuus est." Proud of his ability to translate Latin, the student explained: "He lives. No, he don't; he's dead."—N. Y. Christian Advocate.

FASHION NOTES.

Items of Interest to Ladies Who Dress.

One sometimes sees velvet dresses with the seams piped with contrasting color, but this is a fashion that never lasts for any length of time. Velvet is a material with which one cannot afford to be frivolous. A piping or a cord in the seam of a velvet skirt, while it may have fashion to back its claims, is not artistic and is very often not in good taste.

A stylish costume of black Japanese crepe has a plain skirt with shirred flounces covering the lower half of the skirt. The waist is gathered full and drawn down at the back to the waist line. The front is loose on either side of a drooping vest of fancy material which is tucked inside of a folded belt.

Among the revivals are bunches of flowers worn in the hair. In the days of our grandmothers a headdress of flowers was considered the height of elegance. When my lady went out to tea, she carried her headdress in a box and adjusted it after her bonnet was removed.

The velvet costume is much liked, and most well-dressed women like to own one. To be in most perfect style it is made up with satin collar, cuffs, revers and sometimes there is an extra vest with a turned-over collar.

Shoulder capes in the extreme summer styles are little more than very wide fluffy collars. They are made of lace or other thin or semi-transparent summer materials, and elaborately trimmed with jet and edging.

Among the new garnitures are pattern sets of collars, cuffs, rims and the like of white kid elaborately wrought with colored beads and metal threads.

The effect to broaden the shoulders is evident in the straight out epaulettes, cape-shaped frills and outstanding shoulder puffs.

Crepe dresses are very fashionable and are thought extremely elegant, especially in the finest grades of Japanese and China crepe.

There are few women to whom bright red is becoming, but for those whom it suits it is the perfection of shade.

Tam O'Shanter hats of the finest straw are trimmed with rosettes of black velvet and a couple of black quills.

Among the important revivals for dress is grosgrain silk, which is to be one of the popular fabrics of the season.

Young girls are wearing wreaths of flowers around their heads at parties and entertainments.

Chemisettes and fronts of thin fabrics and lace are worn with nearly all dressy costumes.—N. Y. Ledger.

RIVER STEAMBOATS.

Western American Specimens Well Adapted for Their Purposes.

While the western American river steamer may be improved in some minor points, it is, in general design and construction, admirably fitted for the peculiar work that it has to do. Considered from a strictly engineering standpoint, it is a creditable structure. Furthermore, it is a striking example of the survival of the fittest.

In comparing the advances which have been made in the ocean and American lake marine with those on the western rivers, the latter have generally been made to appear in an unfavorable light. The fact, however, has been overlooked in most cases that the conditions of service are radically different and these difficulties necessitates—in fact, compel—corresponding differences in the character of the steamers. The boilers and engines of the magnificent ocean liners would be as much out of place and would fare as disastrously on the western river steamboat as would the machinery of the latter if transferred to ocean service. Machinery essentially similar to that employed on the American lakes has been tried many times on western rivers. Large sums of money have been spent on experiments and the result has always been a failure. Even the vertical engine has been abandoned. Barring unimportant details, the machinery of the western river steamer is preeminently "the right thing in the right place."

It is not uncommon for the boats to run aground, and it is still more common for the cargo on board to be badly distributed. Either of these conditions will cause an immediate distortion of the entire steamer, and the machinery is thrown out of line. The peculiar type of engines employed stands the severe service without injury or derangement.

The accepted type of machinery is so simple and reliable that it can be handled satisfactorily by a small number of men, and these need not necessarily be highly skilled nor of long experience. This is of some importance in view of the fact that the months of idleness render it difficult to retain the best men and that it is always necessary to keep the salary account down. Experiment has demonstrated that the saving in fuel due to improved machinery does not, as a rule, compensate for the drawbacks accompanying its use, such as increased weight, space occupied, greater first cost and less reliability.—Cassier's Magazine.

A Reliable Method.

"Higgins' wife doesn't insist on retaining possession of the latch-key any more," suggested Mr. Meekton.

"No," replied Mrs. Meekton, "she has found a better way to make sure that her husband stays home after dark."

"What is it?"

"She has taken the lamp off his bicycle."—Washington Star.

Bonnifulness of Belinda.

Arabella (concluding the description of the magnificence of her employer's home)—And in the servants' 'all we 'as 'ot plovers' heggs ev'ry mornin' for brekfist.

Belinda—That's nothin'. At hunt 'ouse hall the fires is laid with real sparrowgrass sticks instead of wood!—London Punch.

PROPHECY OF ST. JANUARIUS.

Fulfilled in the Eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

Ancient Naples, the most picturesque of cities, of which a poet once wrote: "See Naples, and die," is in the throes of fear, for an ancient prophecy has come to pass, and Vesuvius is belching forth fire and brimstone and endangering the town.

The prophecy in question relates to the clotted blood of St. Januarius, or San Gennario, preserved in a phial in the chapel bearing the saint's name (a part of the great cathedral built in 1272). Legend has it that whenever the blood of the saint shall fail to liquefy on May 1 or on September 19 then will disaster overtake Naples. Since the fourth century after Christ the miracle has happened twice a year, but on May 1 of this year the blood remained thick and coagulated, and terror was aroused in the hearts of the believers.

Scarcely had the news been spread when Vesuvius began to grumble and roar in anger, and the worst eruption since the memorable and disastrous one of 1872 began. Consternation reigned in Naples, not so much because of the eruption, but because of the portend of the failure of the miracle. Prayers were said in all the churches, and Naples is prepared for the worst that may befall it.

There are a dozen or more saints named Januarius, but the patron saint of Naples is the only one who played a great role in the history of early Christianity in the kingdom of Naples. Januarius was the first bishop of Benevento in the third century after Christ. On the outbreak of the anti-Christian persecutions under Diocletian and Maximian he was taken to Nola and arraigned before Timotheus, governor of Campania. This gentle official ordered that the bishop be cast into a furnace. Januarius went through the fiery ordeal unscathed. Then Timotheus had him fed to wild beasts, but the animals refused to touch him.

Then Timotheus pronounced sentence of death by the sword upon Januarius and was at once stricken blind. The future saint thereupon restored his sight, and, it is said, converted 5,000 who saw the miracle. In gratitude for this Timotheus had Januarius put to death with a spear. The body of the saint was interred in a crypt in Naples, and his blood preserved in a phial. It is said that whenever the blood was brought near the body it would bubble, and that on the two dates mentioned it would liquefy.

It is a strange coincidence that Vesuvius should depart from its good behavior of the last 25 years, just at a moment when Naples expected some terrible happening. And yet, it is only the expected and the predicted which has happened—expected because Vesuvius is a live crater—predicted by the master of Vesuvius, Luigi Palmieri, some two years ago.

Palmieri was one of the most remarkable characters of the century, and no history of the crater would be complete without a lengthy reference to Palmieri, its master and watcher. He lived at the very edge of the crater from 1855 to the time of his death last September, 41 years of constant danger and watchfulness. He was born in Faechio in 1807, and in 1855 erected an observatory on Vesuvius, to observe the action of the crater for the University of Naples and to warn the people of impending danger.

So expert did he become and so accustomed to the vagaries of the volcano that he could predict coming eruptions or earthquakes for weeks in advance. With his electro-magnetic seismograph and his bifilar electrometer, both invented by himself, he was able to detect vibrations in the volcano's crust that were imperceptible to even the most sensitive nerves. With these scientific aids he managed time and again to save human lives and property from threatening danger.

During the great eruption of 1872 he remained at his post although the temperature in his observatory rose to 130 degrees and though lava flowed all around, though red hot cinders and ashes filled the air. Sixty lives were lost on that occasion, but Palmieri stuck to his duty, although half a million other human beings were panic-stricken and fled before the awful violence of Vesuvius.

A few months after this eruption he descended into the smoking crater, where he made measurements showing that the capacity of the volcano was 20,000,000 cubic yards and that during the eruption just passed an equal amount of molten rock and lava had been thrown up.—N. Y. Journal.

Caprice of Fashion.

A tan pique is certainly "chic" with a deep, scant and stiff apron flounce on the skirt, edged by two rows of narrow black velvet ribbon and a box-plaited blouse, held by a black velvet belt.

Some lace-trimmed gowns have lace sashes tying behind on one side, with long ends, making a pretty effect over a colored bodice. Unlined lace sleeves are another novelty belonging to the summer, and are fastened to both silk and cotton gowns.

The long lace line in front is liked now, and the pointed manner of arranging a belt carries out this idea.

Tailor-made jacket suits are plainer in regard to trimming than they were during the winter. They often have no garniture at all, save the wide straps on the seams, although the severely plain suits are generally built of mottled or checked cloths. Outside of tailor-made suits it is a bit original to wear an untrimmed gown.—Chicago Record.

Minute Writing.

Among the wonders shown at the recent exhibition of the Quekett Microscopical club in London was the whole of the second chapter of St. John's Gospel written on the two-thousandth part of a square inch, and plainly legible at that under the microscope.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The whole body of a boa or other constrictor is a perfect network of powerful muscles.

According to the Journal of the Knights of Labor, out of the 20,000,000 workers of America less than one-fifth are in any form of organization.

A medical authority asserts that death caused by a fall from a great height is absolutely painless. The mind acts very rapidly for a time, then unconsciousness ensues.

There are about 100 grains of iron in the average human body, and yet so important is this exceedingly small quantity that its diminution is attended with very serious results.

Three places at least are known where green snow is found. One of these is near Mount Hecla, Iceland; another 14 miles east of the mouth of the Obi, and the third near Quito, South America.

Mr Clayton, of the Blue Hill observatory, near Boston, reports that observations made there show that the average speed with which clouds, between 8,000 and 9,000 feet high, move is 50 miles an hour in midsummer, and 110 miles an hour in midwinter. The swiftest flight of a cloud yet measured was 230 miles an hour.

A fish and a reptile feel cold to one's touch with their scales, but place your fingers under the feathers of a bird, and you will find that the body is intensely hot. The heat is necessitated by the great muscular activity demanded by a bird's habits. And then, again, there can be no doubt that the covering of feathers, so light and air-entangling, diminishes the specific gravity of the bird in comparison with the volume displaced, just as would be the case with a man who had an expansible rubber covering that could be inflated.

MISS GUILFORD'S VOW.

Said She Wouldn't Speak for Fifty Years, and Now She Can't Talk.

The people in the southern part of Hancock county, Me., are deeply interested in a peculiar malady which afflicts Miss Experience Guilford, an aged woman of East Bluehill, who has not uttered a word or any audible sound for 50 years. The original reason for Miss Guilford's speechlessness was anger because she could not marry the man of her choice. When she was 19 years old she fell in love with William Simpson, the village schoolmaster. They were to be married on June 18, 1847. One of Miss Guilford's rejected suitors told tales about the schoolmaster, and Miss Guilford's parents stopped the wedding. Miss Guilford thereupon said:

"I swear I will not speak a word, though I live for 50 years, unless I marry this man."

She kept her pledge. Her parents died, and she went to live with her married brother. When he died she made her home with a sister, and after the sister's death she went to a camp in the woods and kept house for a brother, with whom she is now living. All this time she performed her share of the household work and did not show any regret for having made the vow. When the 50 years of silence expired she was visited by a large number of relatives and friends, who went to the camp for the purpose of being present when she was at liberty to speak. Soon after the midday meal Miss Guilford dressed herself in the garments which she had not worn for half a century. At two o'clock she stood up before the people, smiled and opened her mouth to speak; but, though she tried hard and got red in the face in trying, she could not utter a sound. Her vocal muscles had become atrophied from long disuse and refused to work.

When Miss Guilford found that she could not speak she sent to Bangor for a physician and took to her bed. The doctor gave no hope of recovery, but suggested that she be sent to a Boston hospital for treatment. As soon as Miss Guilford gets strong enough to take the journey she will make another effort to regain her speech. Her father left her a good sum of money at his death, which has been growing every year in a savings bank, so she is well able to obtain the treatment she requires.—N. Y. Sun.

Famous Collections of Antlers.

Of the famous collections of antlers formed in the seventeenth century only two or three have escaped the general fate of conflagrations, sieges and pillage. One of these is in Moritzburg, the king of Saxony's historic hunting castle, near Dresden; while in the celebrated gun gallery in Dresden itself are to be seen, in an unrivaled show, the wonderfully inlaid arms used by the elector. The great banqueting hall of the castle of Moritzburg is one of the sights with which no doubt many a traveled reader has been charmed. It is a chamber of noble proportions—66 feet long by 34 feet wide and 38 feet high. On its otherwise unadorned white walls hang 71 pairs of magnificent antlers, which one may describe as the most famous of their kind in the world. Not a single one carries less than 24 tines or is less than 200 years old, while some are probably double that age.—W. A. Baillie-Grohman, in Century.

Safely Hid $100,000,000.

The discussion in connection with the renewal of the charter of the Bank of France, which has just been prolonged by the national legislature until the end of 1920, has brought to light the measures that were adopted during the war of 1870 for the preservation of the specie and valuables confided to the care of the institution to the extent of over $100,000,000. It seems that the whole of this treasure was packed into some 25,000 cases, marked "explosive projectiles," and was shipped by rail to Brest, where it was "cached" in such a manner in the arsenal that, even had the Germans captured the port, they would never have discovered the hiding place.—Chicago Journal.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1897.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first publication of the same:*

State Senator, $10; County Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $5; County Commissioner, $5; County Surveyor, $2.50.

FOR STATE SENATOR.

OAKLAND, Md., June 9, 1897.

To the Republicans of Garrett County:

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the nomination of State Senator, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of all members of the Republican party.

JOHN SHARTZER.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the nomination of County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention and solicit the support of my many friends.

HORACE R. DEWITT.

Hoyes, District No. 6.

At the solicitation of my many friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

MAHLON GLOTFELTY.

District No. 6. McHenry, Md.

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. PERRY LEE.

District No. 8. P. O., Bayard, W. Va.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the Republicans of said county.

H. N. FREDLOCK.

Oakland District, No. 7.

FOR HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the House of Delegates, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and solicit the support of the Republican party.

P. E. FINZEL.

District No. 9. P. O. Frostburg, Md.

THE Maryland Democracy in convention at Baltimore yesterday made an ingenious straddle of the silver question. Of course Mr. Gorman was there and directed matters.

NOW that the Treasury and the business people of the country are to have plenty of money under the new tariff law, the Administration wants, as a next step, to be sure that the money shall be as "good as the best," hence its desire for the enactment of a general currency revision measure.

PROMPT action and satisfactory results characertize the new tariff law, its completion being earlier than that of any tariff bill since the one enacted by the first thinkers, and its provisions being more thoroughly satisfactory to the people than any which this generation has seen.

LEADERS of the gold Democrats are greatly encouraged by the reports which they receive from every part of the country, indicating that large numbers of men who supported the Chicago platform and candidate in the last campaign are laboring with the gold Democrats in the various States where elections are to be held this fall.

ANOTHER evidence of improved business conditions comes in the fact that the loan agencies have resumed liberal advances on farm property at an unusually low rate of interest.

1897 is evidently to be a year of great prosperity with the farmers, the crops at home being very heavy and those abroad reported light, with the result that the farmers in this country will get good prices and have an unusually large crop to dispose of.

MR. BRYAN'S silk night-shirt is still a nightmare to the average editor of the country, who seems to see in it a lack of harmony with Mr. Bryan's various professions and methods. Mr. Bryan has quite changed his habits since last fall. It will be remembered that he went about the country shortly after the nomination assidnously assisting the baggage-master in putting his trunk abroad the trains, appearing upon the car platforms in his shirt sleeves, and during his speech-making tours in a $3 alpaca coat. All these things have changed, however, since Mr. Bryan has come to the front as a moneyed man, reclining in the lap of luxury and favoring a silk and ruffled night-shirt

"EVERYTHING comes to him who knows how to wait." Secretary Sherman gave no evidence of annoyance over the malicious publications about his mental capabilities, which have been going the rounds since his selection as Secretary of State, but has, in a single blow, with his splendid fur-seal question, put an end to the miserable attacks upon him which, of course, have been prompted by hostility to the McKinley administration and its Secretary of State. No more vigorous document had emanated from the State Department in many years and it is a gratification to every American citizen both because of its ringing American tone and also because it disposes of these malicious statements affecting the personality of the chief official of the McKinley administration.

THE croakers who complained of Secretary Seward's course because he paid several millions for Alaska showed about as little wisdom as the croakers to-day who have been insisting that nothing but the free and unlimited coinage of silver would bring back prosperity to the United States. Alaska has already brought to the United States many dollars more than it cost us, in its fur-seal industry, and now it has developed the richest gold mine in the world. This enormous gold find within our own territory, coupled with the fact that the gold mines of the world are producing this year more than ever in history and that we are going to draw great quatities of gold from abroad in payment of our splendid crops, for which high prices are predicted, promises a good supply of money and prosperity in the United States during the coming year, and indeed indefinitely.

THE majority for the tariff bill on Saturday was just what had been anticipated. Senator Jones acting with the Republicans, as he did in reporting the bill, and also Senator McEnery, of Louisiana, while Senator Kyle refused to be paired against it, and four silver senators absented themselves without pairing. With the seven senators paired in its favor, the bill had the support of 47, but the voting on the critical motions indicated that there were other votes which it might have commanded if they had been needed. The truth is that practical men of all parties had come to desire the restoration of the protective policy as the only sure and speedy mode of lifting the country out of the prostration to which it had been condemned for more than four years by Clevelandism and free trade. The opposition to the measure was to a large extent perfunctory and fictitious, made only in the hope of securing some local partisan advantage, or some concession which the majority would not grant.

The Sugar Trust and the Tariff.

The attacks of the Democratic press and orators upon the sugar schedules of the tariff bill as finally passed are such as to require attention. That they are founded upon falsehood will be entirely apparent to everybody who may take the trouble to examine the facts in the case, and it is that everybody may understand the facts that this brief statement is presented. The Dingley bill, as it passed the House, placed a duty of 1/2 cents per hundred pound on refined sugar in excess of the average rates on raw sugar. This 1/2 cents per hundred pounds, or 1/8 of a cent a pound, is what is known as the "differential." It is the amount of difference between the rates on refined sugar and the rates at which the refiners are permitted to bring in raw sugar. Those who have studied the question express the belief that the actual cost of refining sugar is about 1/4 of a cent per pound, and that it is proper that the refiners should be allowed to bring in raw sugars at 1/8 of a cent per pound less than refined sugars, for if they were not so permitted, of course they could not carry on the business of refining in competition with the sugars refined abroad. The House bill was changed by the Senate Finance Committee so that the differential was about 22½ cents per hundred pounds, which was practically the same as the "differential" allowed to the refiners under the Wilson law. The Senate reduced this materially, putting it back to nearly the House rates. When the bill went to the conference committee, composed of members of the House and Senate, the House conferees insisted upon an absolute restoration of 12½ cents per hundred pounds "differential." The Senate conferees urged a general increase of the protective rates of the bill in order to further protect the beet-sugar growers of the country, and the House conferees agreed to this, but still demanded that the "differential" between the rates of duty on unrefined and refined sugars should be 12½ cents per hundred pounds and no more. This was acceded to by the Senate conferees, and the bill, when reported from the committee, made the rate on refined only 12½ cents per hundred pounds more than the rate on raw sugar, a "differential" of 1/8 of a cent per pound, barely the cost of refining. This took away from the sugar refiners much of the profits which they had had under the Wilson, but why, then, did sugar-trust stock advance when this action became known? That is a question which is frequently asked and easily answered. The sugar trust had imported more than 700,000 tons of raw sugar so that, when the advanced rates of the new law went into effect, they would be able to advance the price upon all the sugars which they had in stock, and thus make a profit of many millions of dollars. In view of this prospective profit, sugar stock had advanced from time to time, but recently Secretary Gage recommended to Congress that an internal revenue tax of one cent per pound be placed on all raw sugar in the country at the time of the enactment of the new law, which, if adopted, would have destroyed all the prospective profit of the trust on these importations. The conferees, however, did not follow Secretary Gage's advice, and simply reported the bill with a differential of 1/8 of a cent a pound. The moment it became known that the proposed internal revenue tax upon this enormous stock of goods in the hands of the trust was not to be so taxed under the internal revenue, it was realized that the profits of the trust upon the 700,000 tons, or billion and a half pounds, would be very large, probably 10 or 12 million dollars, and it was this fact which caused the large advance in sugar stock which immediately followed the announcement of the agreement of the conferees upon the bill. It was not because the general rates imposed by the bill gives to the trust any advantage, for on the contrary, it is admitted by all who are willing to be frank on the subject, that the bill reduces very materially the profit which the trust realizes on refining sugar, and brings the "differential" down to the mere cost of refining. When the facts become generally known this bill, both as to its sugar features and others, especially those which affect the farmers, will prove the most satisfactory which this generation has seen.

Baseball in the Newspapers.

From Kingwood Journal.

THE Oakland *Journal* devoted a portion of its valuable space last week to a childish wail about the game of ball July 3rd, in which Kingwood fairly defeated Oakland, score 19 to 6. This paper published the result of the game without any comment, yet the *Journal* indicates that we went into "ecstacies over the victory." The game was so easily won and the score so shamefully one-sided that we modestly refrained from any crowing, partly out of sympathy, too. Kingwood played all her own men, the material that has been and will be used all season. The Oakland *Journal* chafes under the defeat and loss of a few cigars, (?) and comes out in a peevish article accusing Kingwood of "scouring the state of West Virginia and probably other states to get up this aggregation of base ballists." Oakland, as every one knows, played two Johns Hopkins college men,—Haulenbeck and Armstrong. The Lord only knows how many more of their "aggregation" belonged elsewhere. Three hits were made off Haulenbeck also a matter of public information, though the *Journal* says but one hit was made. Those "Jack Oaks" were small timber, scrub oaks in fact, and our tall, shewy "hickories" were too much for them and they died hard. The Oakland *Journal* is young yet, and has taken up the difficult task of trying to play ball and win through its news columns. Never before has a man or a newspaper reflected upon Mr. Clapp's integrity or disputed his decisions. He played ball before the editor of the *Journal* was out of his kilt skirts. He is a fair, impartial umpire and his eyesight is said to be as good as that of the proof-reader on the *Garrett Journal*. Children often talk without saying anything.

$500 Reward.

The undersigned offers a reward of $500 for the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who set my house on fire last Saturday afternoon.

T. W. CASTEEL.

Oakland, Md., July 13, 1897. 19—3t.

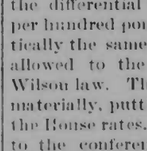

"The Foot of a Fly"

says an eminent English doctor, "will carry enough poison to infect a household." In summer-time, more especially, disease germs fill the air, multitudes are infected, fall ill, die; multitudes escape. These messengers of mischief do not exist for millions. Why not? Because they are healthy and strong — protected as a crocodile is against gunshot. It is the weak, the wasted, the thin-blooded who fall; those who have no resistive power so that a sudden cough or cold develops into graver disease. We hear of catching disease! Why not catch health? We can do it by always maintaining our healthy weight.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, is condensed nourishment; food for the building up of the system to resist the attacks of disease. It should be taken in reasonable doses all summer long by all those whose weight is below the standard of health. If you are losing ground, try a bottle now.

For sale by all druggists at 50c. and $1.00

CONGRESS EXIT.

Dingley Tariff Bill Passed and Signed.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 25.—President McKinley signed the Dingley tariff law at four minutes after 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon, and at 9 o'clock Congress, having passed the act for which it was called in extra session, adjourned until the first Monday in December. Both Houses first listened, however, to the president's currency commission message, the House passing the C. W. Stone joint resolution to agree to such a commission, and the Senate ignoring it.

Last of all Speaker Reed announced the House committees, which he has been holding back all through the extra session. All legislation, including the Senate resolution to stop the negotiations between the Government and the Union Pacific Reorganization committee, except the tariff bill, went over to the regular session.

President McKinley was a very happy man last night, and spoke freely about his great gratification at having his tariff policy so quickly and satisfactorily carried out by Congress.

The president said, after he had signed his name at the foot of the sixty pages of parchment, that he wished it understood by the members of the cabinet and the personal friends who were present that it was not a perfunctionary approval which he had given to the bill, but that he had never signed anything in his life with more satisfaction. He said that it was as satisfactory as any general revision of the tariff could be, and in all its main features met his cordial approval.

It passed the Senate finally, through the adoption of the conference report, as soon as the roll could be called after 3 o'clock, by a vote of 40 to 30, McEnery being the only Democrat who voted for it, and Jones and Stewart being the only Populists who voted for it, although all the other Populists, except Heltfeld who was paired against it, refrained from voting, and so did Senator Teller.

The most interesting thing about the vote, except the majority itself, was the fact that Senator Hanna, who had at first voted proudly for the bill he did so much to make, had to withdraw his vote when he was reminded of his general pair with Rawlins, of Utah, who was absent.

There was some applause on the Republican side, but it was not unusual in volume. Secretary Pruden, who was waiting with the president's currency commission message in his hand, was almost shut out by a motion for an executive session which Chandler, of New Hampshire, made to cut off the consideration of the Harris Union Pacific resolution, but he managed to present the message, which was laid on the table without being opened, just before the Senate adopted Chandler's motion and closed its doors.

Secretary Pruden got over to the House with the copy of the message intended for it just before the House, which had been in recess since its noon meeting, reconvened at half-past 3, and was immediately followed by Clerk Platt, of the Senate, with the announcement that the Senate had adopted the tariff conference report.

The announcement that the Senate had adopted the conference report evoked applause. Then the speaker and his lieutenants proceeded to carry out the promises they had made to President McKinley by putting through the House, after a very brief debate, the C. W. Stone joint resolution creating the currency commission. While they were doing this Vice-President Hobart signed the tariff bill and it was finally brought back to the House. Then Mr. Dingley took it as fast as a hack could carry him to the white house and soon returned with Secretary Pruden, who informed the House in the usual way that the president had approved the bill, and so stirred up the Republicans to an unusual demonstation of delight.

Tariff Rates on Wool in Brief.

Class 1, unwashed, 11c. per pound.
Class 1, washed, 22c. per pound.
Class 1, scoured, 33c. per pound.
Class 2, unwashed, 12c. per pound.
Class 2, washed, 24c. per pound.
Class 2, scoured, 36c. per pound.

On wools, hair, etc., of class 3, 4c. per pound if valued at 12c. or less per pound: 7c. per pound if valued at more than 12c. per pound; if imported in a condition to spin a card, or if not containing more than 8 per cent. of foreign substances—three times those amounts.

Meeting of the Sunday Schools next Sunday Afternoon.

Professor Hawks, a Sunday school worker and lecturer, has invited the Sunday schools of Oakland to meet in union on Sunday next, August 1st, to hear, free of charge, his lecture to Sunday school workers. This address will be given at 2.30 p. m. Sunday, in the Garrett Memorial church. Those who attend may be sure of a treat.

Call for Your Letters.

Mr. M. L. Brown, Mr. Wm. Wilhelm, Mr. James Savage, Mr. J. H. Fernell, Mrs. Gen. Hazen, Mrs. Richard Goode, Miss Grace Lincoln Temple.

Died.

SPEDDEN.—On Friday afternoon, July 23rd, 1897, at his home in Oakland, Maryland, George Alexander Spedden, aged 69 years, 8 months and 20 days. Mr. Spedden had been quite ill for a long time previous to his death; during the past two or three months having been confined to his room, but it was not until within a few days of his death that he had to remain in bed for more than a few hours at a time. The cause of his death was catarrh of the stomach and other complications of a chronic nature. Everything that was possible was done to ease his almost continual suffering and those about him were unceasing in their attention to his every want. His daughter Annie was his constant companion since last fall and her devotion to him was untiring. Mr. Spedden had been a member of the Masonic fraternity for more than forty years and his sublime faith and trust in and adherence to the principles taught by that noble brotherhood was apparent to the last. Kind brothers were ever ready to administer to his desires and as they so painfully foresaw their brother drifting from them into the great unknown beyond they realized what his loss would mean to them. Always a true, brave and honored member of their fraternity he could illy be spared from their midst. Mr. Spedden was also a member of Shealtiel lodge No. 192, I. O. O. F., and thought equally as much of the principles and brethern of that organization.

A short time before his death he expressed to his pastor, Rev. S. M. Engle, the faith that his immortal soul was fully redeemed and that all was well.

The funeral occurred on Sunday, July 25th, at 10.30 o'clock. A short service was held at the house, conducted by Revs. S. M. Engle and John M. Davis, after which the body was borne to the Garrett Memorial church. The edifice was filled to overflowing by those who had come out to do honor to their departed friend and neighbor, and, indeed, many could not enter because of the large congregation that had assembled at an early hour. The services were opened by the choir singing that beautiful hymn, "My Jesus as Thou Wilt," after which Dr. Benj. Ison read the 21st psalm and then led in prayer. Rev. S. M. Engle, in his eulogy over the remains of the deceased, drew a beautiful lesson from the death of those who die in the Lord, and his discourse was listened to very attentively by all present. The services at the grave were conducted by Oakland Lodge No. 192, A. F. & A. M., and sadly impressive, mysterious as they appeared throughout, they gave evidence of the highest honor, the most profound belief in the resurrection beyond the grave and of genuine grief for the loss of their brother. The services at the grave were concluded by a short prayer by Rev. Dr Ison.

Mr. Spedden was born in Cambridgeport, Md., Nov. 3rd, 1828, where he lived until grown. He then went to Baltimore and engaged in contracting and building, which occupation he followed during the remainder of his active life. Jan. 16th, 1851 he was united in marriage to Miss Mary Jane Sewell, and of this union were born nine children. Seven of these survive him, viz, Mrs. S. E. Shirer, Mrs. G. A. Bodeu, Messrs. E. M., W. Hamill, and J. Sewell Spedden, and Misses Anna B. and Kate C. Spedden.

He moved to Oakland in April 1861, were he has since lived and made many friends, as was testified by the large congregation that gathered in the Garrett Memoral church last Sabbath morning to honor his memory.

He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, having united with them in Baltimore in 1849. His fellow-members of the order were by his request his pall bearers and after the funeral service in the church on Sunday morning, July 25, they impressively laid him to sleep in the town cemetery. Mr. Spedden was a member of the Presbyterian church in Oakland, having united with that church three years ago, and during the present pastorate.

MARONEY.—On Tuesday afternoon the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Richard K. Maroney died after a brief illness. The funeral will occur to-day from the home of the bereaved parents. The interment will be made in the Catholic cemetery.

CHISHOLM.—Last Thursday afternoon, of dropsy, Mrs. John H. Chisholm, at her home near Round Glade, this county. The deceased lady was about fifty-two years of age and leaves a husband and seven children. She was a daughter of the late Joseph Friend. The funeral occurred Friday morning, the services being conducted by Rev. William H. Hall. The interment was made in the home burying ground on the Joseph Friend farm.

Merit System Amendment.

Governor Lowndes has issued the proclamation required by law submitting to the people the amendment to the Constitution providing for the merit system. The proclamation calls on the people of the State to vote for or against the proposed amendment at the general election next November.

MARYLAND AND WEST VA. BOUNDARY.

Work of Survey Between the two States Will Begin Monday Next.

In accordance with a stipulation dated June 11th last, and filed in the Supreme Court of the United States, the representatives of Maryland and West Virginia in the controversy which has been pending for so long, will assemble in Oakland on Monday next and proceed thence to such point as may be directed by the attorney for the State of Maryland. It is understood that the objective point is the Fairfax Stone, from whence the work of locating the boundary line between the two states will begin.

In 1894 West Virginia ran a line from the Fairfax Stone to the Mason & Dixon line as showing her pretensions. This line will now be counterlocated by the State of Maryland in order to show her claim as to the location of the boundary.

A true north line will be run from the Fairfax Stone to the Pennsylvania line showing the claim of Maryland as contained in the charter to Lord Baltimore from the English crown.

Astronomical observations will be made so as to determine the true north, and probably solar observations will also be made.

It is believed that a line to the true north will coincide with what is known as the Michler line, located in the year 1859 under a joint commission of the states of Maryland and Virginia, but this is a matter which must be determined by the actual survey on the ground. Should the claim of Maryland be sustained the territory now in dispute, comprising nearly nine thousand acres, will be added to Garrett county. For a long number of years this territory has been held to be within the jurisdiction of Maryland and our courts have not recognized in any way the claim of West Virginia to the same.

The work on the part of the State of Maryland will be in charge of Mr. Edward H. Sincell, and the party will be composed of William McCulloh Brown, surveyor on the part of Maryland; Dr. L. A. Bauer, of the Johns Hopkins University; Mr. A. C. McLaughlin of the Maryland Geological Survey; Messrs. R. T. Browning, Edmund Jamison, William Brown, Jas. Burrell, James A. Sincell, William Shartzer, Chas. A. Ashby and Henry Clark, cook. In addition to the above there will be some axemen and brush cutters. Mr. Julius K. Monroe, surveyor on the part of West Virginia, and Senator Geo. E. Price, of the legal representatives of West Virginia, will accompany the party.

There will be four tents used for the accommodation of the corps. These will be equipped with all the necessary adjuncts of a regular engineering corps. The camp wagons will leave Oakland about seven o'clock Monday morning, to be followed later in the day by the engineers. It is thought that more than two months will be required in which to complete the work.

From "Meyersdale Commercial."

Jacob Brown, Esq., the Nestor of the Allegheny County (Md.) bar, was a welcome caller yesterday. He was on his return from visiting friends in Grantsville and vicinity.

Christian Yoder sold a portion of his fine timber to Mr. John Opal, who will soon have his mill on the tract turning it into merchantable lumber. The proceeds of the sale Mr. Yoder promptly divided with his son Eli C. of Aurora, W. Va.

Dr. G. C. Keller, of Grantsville, spent several days here the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Getty, the latter being his sister, leaving on Saturday for home, after an enjoyable visit.

Messrs. L. J. Swartzendruber and C. S. Beachy with their wives and three little children each, drove from Midland, Va., to Salisbury in three days, reaching there Saturday last. Mr. and Mrs. S. are the guests of Mr. E. A. Yoder of Keim, the father of Mrs. S. and Mr. and Mrs. Beachy are the guests of Mr. Beachy's brother, D. S. Beachy. They will stay in this section until August 4th, visiting friends and relatives, when they will return overland. All crops were harvested before they left wheat yielding about 15 bushels to the acre. Oats is now being harvested there. We hope they will enjoy themselves in their old home.

Excursion to Chautauqua, N. Y. Low Rates via B. & O.

The B. & O. Royal Blue Line has arranged an excursion to Chautauqua, N. Y., Monday, August 2nd, via Pittsburg.

We give below the time of trains and rates of fare from points in this vicinity.

Tickets good until September 1st.

LEAVE.	TIME.	RATE
Deer Park	5.30 P. M.	$9.60
Mountain Lake Park	5.55 "	9.55
Oakland	6.18 "	9.70

Correspondingly low rates from other points.

Don't forget the date Aug. 2d. 1t

Special Notice.

The B. & O Railroad will run special trains to Oakland August 8th. Special rates, etc. Full particulars in next issue.

Vim, vigor and victory:—these are the charisties of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, billiousness and all stomach and liver troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

Its Work and Benefit to the State of Maryland.

To the Editor of The Republican.

It has occurred to me that you would like to have for publication an outline history of the Maryland Agricultural College for the past year. Many of your constituency have evinced an interest in its work by personal visits to the college, and by correspondence on the many topics which effect the material success of agriculturist's life.

First, as usual, we have had a year in which much of advancement has been made. The department of Farmers' Institutes has reached every county in the State with gratifying results. In each county one institute has been held and in several two. Much favorable comment has been made upon the work, and in many instances much good has been done. With the first year over, and the garnered experiences resulting therefrom there can be little doubt that the next year will be in advance of the last. The meed of well done is due W. L. Amoss, the director of this department of the college.

The department of State Entomology has attracted much attention under its able chief, Prof. W. G. Johnson. The past year was his first year among us, and by his energy, zeal and ability he has gained a conversency with the State and its interest along the line of his work which emphasizes in a marked degree his peculiar fitness for his position. He has the State now well in hand so far as his knowledge of its needs is concerned, and already the farmers are beginning to reap the result of his labor amongst us. His services are at the command of all needing help in warring against the many insect depredations which at present are sapping the result of the best directed efforts of our most progressive farmers.

The department of Experiment Station work, under Director Robert H. Miller, claims much attention, and the farmers of the State of Maryland are fully realizing that an Experiment Station in their midst is an instrument of great good to them.

Prof. Patterson, in the line of his Dairy Department, his tobacco experiments, from the plant bed to the packed product, his work in plant and animal nutrition, his demonstration that the waste products on the average farm in Maryland can well account for the difference between profit and loss. These and many other lines of work claim the closest attention of those who feel the pinch of necessity for taking advantage of every means at hand to tide over these troublous times to the beginning of an era of intelligent and progressive agriculture. The dawning of this era is upon us. Its effect is fully felt in the West and North. The East and South are just beginning to realize what it means to them.

In the department of Chemistry progress is evident. Much appreciation is shown of that feature of the same which is known as the "State Fertilizer Control." Eight hundred samples are now collected, analyzed and published in the form of two bulletins, July and February. The farmer who buys his plant food now without the use of these bulletins is certainly neglecting an aid which he should avail himself of. These are his for asking. The new Chemical Laboratory will greatly facilitate the work devolving upon this department. Its construction is a want long felt, and the State is to be congratulated upon this addition to its plant.

Provision has been at last made for the construction of a barn to suitably accommodate the agricultural interests here centered. Plans have been drawn and an early beginning will be made upon its construction. It is to be circular in form and will be fitted up with appliance for the proper care of stock. It will be two stories, with central silos for furnishing silage of different kinds. There can no longer be any doubt of the importance of silage in that department of farming known as stock raising or feeding. There are many problems connected with the subject which need the closest attention of scientific men. There is a point in the growth of every green crop when it presents to the husbandman its maximum of value for the results he wants to accomplish.

The corn crop is claimed by some as the prince of plants for this purpose. To my mind this is a questionable proposition. One that will bear much examination and close study. We all know that it will produce more of weight per acre than anything we can plant. This is not the day of quantity but of *quality*, and when I fill my silo I want it to contain a nicely adjusted ration for the stock I am feeding, with due consideration for the ends I have in view. This is a perfect possible condition of things. This problem will have attention and something definite will be eventually obtained.

During the past year we have had as many students as we could well accommodate. The college is growing in public favor more and more each year. We regret to find that so few farmers' sons are preparing themselves for an intelligent practice of the profession to which they expect to devote their lives. In whatever community you may go you will surely find that where intelligence and energy direct the work the labor is not in vain. The farmers of Maryland have an excellent opportunity to educate that boy who is to take up the work he will eventually lay down; then why not educate him with as much care as if he were going to take any other profession. To successfully farm to-day more information is needed along many lines than in any other of the variations of man. This realization must come to us if success is to crown our efforts.

The mechanical department of the college is now well equipped, and many of the students are availing themselves of the opportunity it affords to become first-class mechanical engineers. The work is undertaken on the very foundations. The student familiarizes himself with work in wood, thus becoming a first-class model maker. He then undertakes work in iron by the agencies of the forge, blast furnace, chipping, filing, planes and lathes. After a four years' course he is competent to enter and direct the work in any large machine plant.

The agricultural department takes up the subject of agriculture from both this theoretical and practical standpoint. In the section room the subject of soils, plant growth, nutrition, in both the vegatable and animal kingdom and the various divisions of the Agriculture Profession. When we realize the fact that for the most part in our operations we are moved by the crudest methods in plant or animal culture, plant or animal nutrition, plant or animal saving, plant or animal marketing, we can get some sort of an idea of the cause for the present untoward circumstances which oppress us. This can only be averted when we take advantage of every means at our command to gain that information which will enable us to estimate the errors which saturate our processes. Every tobacco planter knows that something should be done to enable him to control to a greater extent the curing of his tobacco crop, after he has spent so much of his vital energies on its production. That such a result is possible is manifest from the experiments now being conducted at the college on this very important topic. The point has been reached where upon unfavorable soils 80 per cent. of the crop can be obtained of the best quality and condition. This is not enough: the work will be continued until a point between 90 and 100 per cent. is obtained, or even greater. In this day of advanced intelligence, where every effort among us is being strained to attain every possible fact that added to a man's power to more successfully direct the forces he is trying to control, ours is a complex business. Every department of our work is filled with difficulties which unaided native wit cannot cope with. Science must be our conjuter if we wish to be in the vanguard of the world's progress in our profession. You must give your sons a special fitness for their work if they are to take their place. And wish for success in their life's work.

The Agricultural College is peculiarly your institution in the line of its Agricultural, Mechanical, or Scientific work. A visit to the institution (and with this is given a cordial invitation) will give you an opportunity to inspect its equipment in every department and be convinced that this is the place for the boy who is to become the practical or professional Agriculturist or the practical or professional Mechanical Engineer along the many selected lines of work in these two great departments of human effort. There is a great demand at present for young men thoroughly trained as general agriculturists, special agriculturists, entomologists, botanists, chemists, diary men in professional and practical sense of these terms. Draughtsmen, Engineers (in any of the many lines of this work). We want well qualified men for such positions, and if the sons of the farmers of Maryland have the disposition to give the time and energy to filing themselves for the work—work is waiting them. Your own Maryland Agricultural College is prepared to give the instruction necessary for the proper preparation for such a life. It is to be hoped that you will avail yourselves of such for prosperity. Any particular of the College you may wish can be obtained by addressing a postal to the Maryland Agricultural College, College Park, Md.

During the past year we have had many visiting delegations of farmers from all parts of the State. They have uniformly expressed themselves as much pleased with their visit, and more than gratified with the information gained. This evidence of an awakening interest in the college on the part of those for whose welfare it was called into existence, is particularly gratifying to all connected with the same, and to none, Mr. Editor, more so than to the subscriber.

R. W. SYLVESTER,
President Md. Agricultural College,
College Park, Md.

July 14, 1897.

Communicated.

To the Editor of The Republican.

We are glad to see that Mr. H. R. DeWitt is again before the voters of Garrett county for the office of County Treasurer.

We believe him to be the most competent, deserving aspirant for the office, as he comes from one of the oldest and best known families of the county—a family whose members have scarcely ever asked and never have received any very remunerative state or county office.

They have always been Republicans and ardent advocates of Republican principles, and have stood by the grand old party in sunshine and in shade, and never in their history have they swerved to the left or right, no difference how hot and withering the fire, but have stood by the party and voted for her candidates even when they knew some one had blundered by nominating and placing undeserving, incompetent men before them.

And if those are to be rewarded whose Republicanism has never been tarnished by Democratic or Prohibition principles, and who so far have always been true to the party and her principles and stood in the forefront of her hottest political battles, then our friend and contemporary is the man to reward.

Wanted.

Four or five teams of good young draft horses, suitable for logging purposes. Horses to weigh not less than 1250 pounds. Useless to offer horses of less weight and will only be accepted upon trial.

Preston Lumber and Coal Co.
Oakland, Md., U. S. A.

A Letter to Teachers.

The following letter has been sent out to teachers by Examiner Palmer:

OAKLAND, MD., July 20, 18 7.

There will be but one more examination this year, viz.: at Accident at the close of the Normal.

Enough teachers will be licensed from the three examinations to supply the schools, and as there will be no removals all persons not yet examined, who do not present themselves at Accident, will be debarred from teaching.

There were 109 applicants at Oakland and Grantsville. Among this number were only 64 of last year's teachers. There are 19 teachers in the county who have certificates good for this year. 136 teachers fill the schools. Hence if one applicant out of two is licensed there will be no lack.

As the Oakland manuscripts at this writing are not all graded it is impossible to give the result here, but out of 27 applicants at Grantsville, under the rule, "must not fall below 75 per cent. for a $30 certificate nor below 50 per cent. for a $25 one," three are entitled to the former and ten to the latter.

Hence this letter is sent to you to urge you to thoroughly prepare yourself if you wish to hold your place in the ranks.

It is very essential that you be prepared in the subjects you are to teach—the elements.

Yours truly,
U. G. PALMER.

Permanently Cured.

For about two years I suffered with diarrhoea. I used a number of remedies and was treated by physicians, but received no permanent relief. After taking a few doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, I believe that I am now permanently cured."—Joab Crites, Tanner, Gilmor county, W. Va.

For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Monolain Lake Park.

The W. C. T. U. School of Methods, which closed Wednesday evening, was one of the most pleasant meetings the ladies have yet held at the Park. Mrs. Morrow, president of the West Virginia W. C. T. U., was the presiding officer. The addresses of Mrs. Boole, of New York, and Mrs. Morrow, of West Virginia, were full of interest and presented in a telling way.

The ladies of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society hold this (Thursday) afternoon a lawn fete. Fancy articles will be placed on sale. Saturday afternoon the W. F. M. S. hold a meeting. Sabbath morning and evening the platform will be filled by a lady speaker of much reputation as a public speaker. A rich treat is expected.

Our hotels and boarding houses are well patronized—several of them doing a splendid business.

The farmers around the Park are making money by delivering their produce at the cottages. They find a ready market for all kinds of vegetables, eggs and butter. Dressed chickens sell well.

Boating on the lake is greatly enjoyed. Garrett county may boast of a lake that is a lake. Many happy hours are spent on the waters. The boats and the service given by Mr. Hewitt are highly spoken of.

Our liverymen are doing a good business. Daily excursion parties drive out to Swallow Falls, Aurora, Deer Park, Eagle Rock and the surrounding country. Never before had we so many private teams as now.

The kindergarten school, under Miss Pollock, began its sessions Wednesday morning. A goodly number of children are in attendance.

The teachers of the summer schools are coming in. Already Prof. Rambeau, Miss Orum, Miss Pollock and Mrs. Frolicker are on the grounds.

Judge Sage and wife, of Cincinnati, are guests of Hotel Dennett.

Profs. Ford and Armstrong, prominent West Virginia educators, are at the Park for a few days.

Only one or two cottages remain for rent. The demand for rooms is unusually large. Quite a number of rooms have been rented for August.

The annual committee of the community was organized Monday. C. W. Connor, of Wheeling, was elected president, and L. A. Rudisill of the Park, secretary. Mr. Rudisill was unanimously elected the fifth member of the committee.

Riders of bicycles are requested not to ride on the board or side walks.

The new fence around the east side of Chautauqua Park is admired very much, and is a credit to the Park. The entrance way is "a thing of beauty." The improvements at the Park go steadily along. Year after year decided improvements are made, and year by year the Park grows more beautiful. The outlook is certainly encouraging.

Hoyes.

Messrs. John Chase and Franklin Callis are now engaged in building a house for Joseph Meese, of McHenry.

Mrs. Geo. Grillith, who was paralyzed a few days ago, is slowly convalescing.

John Brenneman and William Casteel, of Oakland, paid our town a visit on Sunday last.

Rev. Knotts preached for us on Sunday morning and Rev. Arnet on Wednesday evening.

Samuel Ferguson and family visited their old home at Flatwood last week.

The torrid wave has been followed by cooler weather and frequent showers.

A. Knabb's men, while blasting lime stone below James Friend & Co.'s store, found shining particles of some kind of mineral in the stone which they propose to call gold until otherwise convinced. They must be in the neighborhood of that cave once found by Peter DeWitt, from whose mouth came a deep, hoarse moan, like the roar of the angry sea, and whose sides glowed with a heat that rivalled that of a burning, fiery furnace, and yet, notwithstanding these awful sounds and intense heat, the discoverer claimed to have seen two men busily engaged in performing some duty the nature of which he did not stay to see, but being somewhat superstitious, and believing that he was on the borders or at the mouth of Hades, broke and fled through the woods like a frightened stag, never stopping to look behind him until several hundred yards intervened between himself and the wonderful cave. On going home he told his family and others of his discovery and he and they often afterwards searched for it, but strange to say, they never could find it. The old gentleman told this story to many and always believed it to contain the pot of gold for which so many have searched without finding.

Y—No.

Resolutions of Respect.

On Tuesday at the regular semi-monthly session of the Orphans' court for Garrett county, the following resolutions were read and made a part of the minutes of said court:

To the Honorable, the Judges of the Orphans' Court for Garrett county:

The committee heretofore appointed to submit resolutions upon the death of Hon. George F. Engelhart, late a member of this court, respectfully reports the following:

WHEREAS, An All-wise Providence has seen fit to remove from the field of labor George F. Engelhart, late a member of this court, and while we humbly bow to the commands of Him who doeth all things well, we recognize in this visitation a loss to the community, the church, the family and this court, and as an expression of our sorrow and respect, be it resolved,

1. That the Orphans' Court for Garrett county has lost an efficient, capable and upright member, and an honest judge.

2. That the people of Garrett county have lost one of the oldest and most highly respected of their citizens, a man of integrity and character, who in a marked degree held their confidence and esteem.

3. That we tender to his family our sincere and heartfelt sympathy, and commend them to the care of Him whom the deceased so long and faithfully served in his every day walk and as a life long member of a branch of the Christian church.

4. That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this court, a copy sent to the family of the deceased, and also published in the newspapers of the county.

Respectfully submitted,
G. S. HAMILL,
FRED. A. THAYER,
EDWARD H. SINCELL,
Committee.

True copy.—Test: J. W. WHITE,
Register.

Mr. Johns' Song Recital.

Last Friday evening Mr. Samuel Blight Johns, assisted by Misses Johns and Bullard entertained a small though appreciative audience at Shartzer's Opera House in a song recital. Mr. Johns' repertoire of selections were of the best and his rendition was the finest. He has a voice seldom equaled and never excelled.

Proclamation

WHEREAS, at the January session in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six of the General Assembly of Maryland a bill was passed proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the State by adding an additional section to Article fifteen thereof, to be known as Section eleven of said Article, which said bill and amendment are in the words following, to-wit:

CHAPTER 150.

AN ACT to amend the Constitution of the State by adding an additional Section to Article fifteen thereof, to be known as Section eleven of said Article.

SECTION 1. BE IT ENACTED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF MARYLAND (three-fifths of all the members of the House concurring), That the following additional section be, and the same hereby is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of this State; and, if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as herein provided, it shall stand and be known as Section eleven of Article fifteen of said Constitution:

11. Appointments in the Civil service of the State, in the municipalities and counties of the State, shall be made according to merit and fitness, to be ascertained as far as practicable by examination, which shall be competitive, except appointments which are subject to confirmation by the Senate, and the General Assembly shall pass all such laws as may be necessary more fully to carry into effect the provisions of this section.

SECTION 2. AND BE IT FURTHER ENACTED BY THE AUTHORITY AFORESAID, That the foregoing section, hereby proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of this State shall be, at the next general election held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection, in pursuance of the directions contained in Article fourteen of the Constitution of this State, and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the Constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot used at said election shall be printed, after the lists of candidates, the question concerning the adoption or rejection of said proposed constitutional amendment, so that each voter at such election can designate thereon in the manner prescribed by law, whether his vote is "For the Constitutional Amendment," or "Against the Constitutional Amendment," as he shall elect, and immediately after said election due return shall be made to the Governor of the State of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by said Fourteenth article of the Constitution.

Approved April 8th, 1896.

NOW THEREFORE, I, LLOYD LOWNDES, Governor of the State of Maryland, in pursuance of the provisions of Section one of Article fourteen of the Constitution of the State, do hereby order and direct that a copy of said bill proposing said constitutional amendment be published in at least two newspapers in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one may be published, then in that newspaper, and in three newspapers in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in the German language, once a week for at least three months preceding the next ensuing general election (which said general election will be held on Tuesday, the Second day of November, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven), at which election the said proposed amendment shall be submitted, in the form and manner prescribed by the General Assembly, to the qualified voters of the State for adoption or rejection.

THE GREAT SEAL OF MARYLAND.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of Maryland.

Done at the City of Annapolis on the first day of July in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.

LLOYD LOWNDES,
Governor of Maryland.

By order of the Governor:
RICHARD DALLAM,
21-14t Secretary of State.

ORDER NISI.

Hiram Duckworth, Mortgagee, vs. Robert H. Butler, Mortgagor.

No. 855 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 24th day of July, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Hiram Duckworth, Mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 28th day of August, 1897; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 28th day of August, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $3(0.00).

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

Samuel J. Miller, et al., vs. Joel J. Miller, et al.

No. 827 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 20th day of July, 1897, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Samuel J. Miller, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 20th day of August, 1897, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 20th day of August, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $1280.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

John Shartzer
vs.
Loch Lynn Store Co.
No. 769 Equity.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered, this 17th day of July, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by John Shartzer, receiver, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 15th day of August, 1897; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 15th day of August, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $1,100.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of John Shartzer, receiver of Geo. O. Miller and Company against Gustavus W. Delawder, being No. 21 Judicials to March term, 1897, I will on

Saturday, August 14, 1897,

at 2 o'clock p. m., in front of the Court House in Oakland, offer at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, the following described property, to wit:

All the right, title, claim and interest of the said Gustavus W. Delawder, being a one-half undivided interest in and to those tracts, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett County, and known as

Military Lots Numbers 1766, 1768, 1769, 1772, 1776, 1789, 1791, 1792, 1794, 1795, 1796 and 1797, containing 50½ acres of land each.

The above lots are underlaid with coal and are desirably located on Deep Creek near Lake Cleveland.

TERMS:—Cash.

AUSTIN BROWN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

SHERIFF'S SALE

—OF—

REAL ESTATE,

Located at Mountain Lake Park, Garrett County.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of Frank T. Jones against Ella Hammond and Gardner Hammond, her husband, the same being No. 21 Judicials to May Term, 1897, of said court, the undersigned Sheriff will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash on the day of sale, on

Saturday the 7th day of August, 1897,

at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, in front of the court house in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, all the right, title and interest of the said Ella Hammond in and to all that lot of ground situated at Mountain Lake Park, Garrett county, Maryland, and which on the plat of Mountain Lake Park is known and designated as

Lot Number Nine Hundred and Forty Nine,

and being the same lot of ground [illegible] conveyed to the said Ella Hammond by deed from the Mountain Lake Park Association of Garrett county, dated the 3d day of June 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 28, folio 121, one of the land records of Garrett county. Said property is improved by a two and a half story dwelling house and a small dwelling house, and is located near the store house of James A. Hagaen, and will be sold to satisfy the above said execution and costs.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

Trustee's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit court for Garrett county, in Equity, passed on the 14th day of July, 1897, in a cause in said court, wherein Archibald C. Biggs, complainant, is plaintiff, and Jane Biggs is defendant, I will, on the

14th DAY OF AUGUST, 1897,

at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m., in front of the postoffice in Oakland, offer for sale to the highest bidder the property described in said proceedings as belonging to the said Jane Biggs, and being the same lot of ground which is described in a deed from Joseph B. Anderson and wife to Sarah J. Biggs, dated the 9th day of July, 1875, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 8, folio 119, one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land is improved with a dwelling house and outbuildings and is situated about 2½ miles from Frankville station on the B. & O. R. R.

TERMS:—Cash on day of sale or ratification thereof. Purchaser will be required to pay enough on the day of sale to cover costs. Conveyancing at the cost of purchaser.

JAMES C. PEDDICORD,
Trustee.

29-td

Mortgagee's Sale

of Property in Garrett County, West of Frostburg, on the National Road.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Richard Larne and Alice Larne to William B. Perey, dated January 24, 1892, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 18, folio 278, one of the Mortgage Records of Garrett county, Maryland, which said mortgage has been duly assigned to me, I will on

SATURDAY,

the Seventh Day of August,

at 10 o'clock A. M., in front of the postoffice in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, the property described in said mortgage:

Beginning at a stake standing on the National Road North 26 degrees West 25 9-10 perches to a pine tree at the East corner of the bridge, thence North 37 degrees East 18½ perches to a stake standing on Savage Run, thence South 34 degrees East 25 8-10 perches to a stake, thence South 37 degrees West 18½ perches to the beginning, and being the same property conveyed to Richard Larne and Alice Larne by John N. Beall.

The improvements on the property consist of a house of four or five rooms, a good sized stable, and the usual small fences and outbuildings.

Terms of Sale: Cash on day of sale.

ROBERT R. HENDERSON,
Assignee of Mortgage.

Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county at the suit of Francis R. Nethken against John Speicher and Howard Nethken, doing business as Speicher & Nethken, and issued by direction of the said Francis R. Nethken, the same being No. 15 Judicials to July Term, 1897, of the said court, the undersigned will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash on the day of sale, on

Friday, August 20, 1897,

at 2 o'clock p. m., in front of the Court House in the town of Oakland, Maryland, all the right, title and interest of the said John Speicher in and to all that lot of ground situated at Deer Park, Garrett county, which is known and designated on the plat of Speicher's addition to Deer Park as lots Nos. 7 and 8, and being the same lots of ground that were conveyed to Bridget Stenger by deed from the said John Speicher, dated June 29, 1896, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 30, folio 161, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and will be sold to satisfy the said execution and costs.

AUSTIN BROWN, Sheriff.

THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

Its Work and Benefit to the State of Maryland.

To the Editor of The Republican.

It has occurred to me that you would like to have for publication an outline history of the Maryland Agricultural College for the past year. Many of your constituency have evinced an interest in its work by personal visits to the college, and by correspondence on the many topics which effect the material success of agriculturist's life.

First, as usual, we have had a year in which much of advancement has been made. The department of Farmers' Institutes has reached every county in the State with gratifying results. In each county one institute has been held and in several two. Much favorable comment has been made upon the work, and in many instances much good has been done. With the first year over, and the garnered experiences resulting therefrom there can be little doubt that the next year will be in advance of the last. The meed of well done is due W. L. Amoss, the director of this department of the college.

The department of State Entomology has attracted much attention under its able chief, Prof. W. G. Johnson. The past year was his first year among us, and by his energy, zeal and ability he has gained a converseney with the State and its interest along the line of his work which emphasizes in a marked degree his peculiar fitness for his position. He has the State now well in hand so far as his knowledge of its needs is concerned, and already the farmers are beginning to reap the result of his labor amongst us. His services are at the command of all needing help in warring against the many insect depredations which at present are sapping the result of the best directed efforts of our most progressive farmers.

The department of Experiment Station work, under Director Robert H. Miller, claims much attention, and the farmers of the State of Maryland are fully realizing that an Experiment Station in their midst is an instrument of great good to them.

Prof. Patterson, in the line of his Dairy Department, his tobacco experiments, from the plant bed to the packed product, his work in plant and animal nutrition, his demonstration that the waste products on the average farm in Maryland can well account for the difference between profit and loss. These and many other lines of work claim the closest attention of those who feel the pinch of necessity for taking advantage of every means at hand to tide over these troublous times to the beginning of an era of intelligent and progressive agriculture. The dawning of this era is upon us. Its effect is fully felt in the West and North. The East and South are just beginning to realize what it means to them.

In the department of Chemistry progress is evident. Much appreciation is shown of that feature of the same which is known as the "State Fertilizer Control." Eight hundred samples are now collected, analyzed and published in the form of two bulletins, July and February. The farmer who buys his plant food now without the use of these bulletins is certainly neglecting an aid which he should avail himself of. These are his for asking. The new Chemical Laboratory will greatly facilitate the work devolving upon this department. Its construction is a want long felt, and the State is to be congratulated upon this addition to its plant.

Provision has been at last made for the construction of a barn to suitably accommodate the agricultural interests here centered. Plans have been drawn and an early beginning will be made upon its construction. It is to be circular in form and will be fitted up with appliance for the proper care of stock. It will be two stories, with central silos for furnishing silage of different kinds. There can no longer be any doubt of the importance of silage in that department of farming known as stock raising or feeding. There are many problems connected with the subject which need the closest attention of scientific men. There is a point in the growth of every green crop when it presents to the husbandman its maximum of value for the results he wants to accomplish.

The corn crop is claimed by some as the prince of plants for this purpose. To my mind this is a questionable proposition. One that will bear much examination and close study. We all know that it will produce more of weight per acre than anything we can plant. This is not the day of quantity but of *quality*, and when I fill my silo I want it to contain a nicely adjusted ration for the stock I am feeding, with due consideration for the ends I have in view. This is a perfect possible condition of things. This problem will have attention and something definite will be eventually obtained.

During the past year we have had as many students as we could well accommodate. The college is growing in public favor more and more each year. We regret to find that so few farmers' sons are preparing themselves for an intelligent practice of the profession to which they expect to devote their lives. In whatever community you may go you will surely find that where intelligence and energy direct the work the labor is not in vain. The farmers of Maryland have an excellent opportunity to educate that boy who is to take up the work he will eventually lay down; then why not educate him with as much care as if he were going to take any other profession. To successfully farm to-day more information is needed along many lines than in any other of the variations of man. This realization must come to us if success is to crown our efforts.

The mechanical department of the college is now well equipped, and many of the students are availing themselves of the opportunity it affords to become first-class mechanical engineers. The work is undertaken on the very foundations. The student familiarizes himself with work in wood, thus becoming a first-class model maker. He then undertakes work in iron by the agencies of the forge, blast furnace, chipping, filing, planes and lathes. After a four years' course he is competent to enter and direct the work in any large machine plant.

The agricultural department takes up the subject of agriculture from both this theoretical and practical standpoint. In the section room the subject of soils, plant growth, nutrition, in both the vegatable and animal kingdom and the various divisions of the Agriculture Profession. When we realize the fact that for the most part in our operations we are moved by the crudest methods in plant or animal culture, plant or animal nutrition, plant or animal saving, plant or animal marketing, we can get some sort of an idea of the cause for the present untoward circumstances which oppress us. This can only be averted when we take advantage of every means at our command to gain that information which will enable us to estimate the errors which saturate our processes. Every tobacco planter knows that something should be done to enable him to control to a greater extent the curing of his tobacco crop, after he has spent so much of his vital energies on its production. That such a result is possible is manifest from the experiments now being conducted at the college on this very important topic. The point has been reached where upon unfavorable soils 80 per cent. of the crop can be obtained of the best quality and condition. This is not enough; the work will be continued until a point between 90 and 100 per cent. is obtained, or even greater. In this day of advanced intelligence, where every effort among us is being strained to attain every possible fact that added to a man's power to more successfully direct the forces he is trying to control, ours is a complex business. Every department of our work is filled with difficulties which unaided native wit cannot cope with. Science must be our conjuter if we wish to be in the vanguard of the world's progress in our profession. You must give your sons a special fitness for their work if they are to take their place. And wish for success in their life's work.

The Agricultural College is peculiarly your institution in the line of its Agricultural, Mechanical, or Scientific work. A visit to the institution (and with this is given a cordial invitation) will give you an opportunity to inspect its equipment in every department and be convinced that this is the place for the boy who is to become the practical or professional Agriculturist or the practical or professional Mechanical Engineer along the many selected lines of work in these two great departments of human effort. There is a great demand at present for young men thoroughly trained as general agriculturists, special agriculturists, entomologists, botanists, chemists, diary men in professional and practical sense of these terms. Draughtsmen, Engineers (in any of the many lines of this work). We want well qualified men for such positions, and if the sons of the farmers of Maryland have the disposition to give the time and energy to fitting themselves for the work—work is waiting them. Your own Maryland Agricultural College is prepared to give the instruction necessary for the proper preparation for such a life. It is to be hoped that you will avail yourselves of such for prosperity. Any particular of the College you may wish can be obtained by addressing a postal to the Maryland Agricultural College, College Park, Md.

During the past year we have had many visiting delegations of farmers from all parts of the State. They have uniformly expressed themselves as much pleased with their visit, and more than gratified with the information gained. This evidence of an awakening interest in the college on the part of those for whose welfare it was called into existence, is particularly gratifying to all connected with the same, and to none, Mr. Editor, more so than to the subscriber.

R. W. SYLVESTER,
President Md. Agricultural College,
College Park, Md.

July 14, 1897.

Communicated.

To the Editor of The Republican.

We are glad to see that Mr. H. R. DeWitt is again before the voters of Garrett county for the office of County Treasurer.

We believe him to be the most competent, deserving aspirant for the office, as he comes from one of the oldest and best known families of the county—a family whose members have scarcely ever asked and never have received any very remunerative state or county office.

They have always been Republicans and ardent advocates of Republican principles, and have stood by the grand old party in sunshine and in shade, and never in their history have they swerved to the left or right, no difference how hot and withering the fire, but have stood by the party and voted for her candidates even when they knew some one had blundered by nominating and placing undeserving, incompetent men before them.

And if those are to be rewarded whose Republicanism has never been tarnished by Democratic or Prohibition principles, and who so far have always been true to the party and her principles and stood in the forefront of her hottest political battles, then our friend and contemporary is the man to reward.

Wanted.

Four or five teams of good young draft horses, suitable for logging purposes. Horses to weigh not less than 1350 pounds. Useless to offer horses of less weight and will only be accepted upon trial.

Preston Lumber and Coal Co.
Oakland, Md., U. S. A.

A Letter to Teachers.

The following letter has been sent out to teachers by Examiner Palmer:

OAKLAND, MD., July 20, 1897.

There will be but one more examination this year, viz.: at Accident at the close of the Normal.

Enough teachers will be licensed from the three examinations to supply the schools, and as there will be no removals all persons not yet examined, who do not present themselves at Accident, will be debarred from teaching.

There were 109 applicants at Oakland and Grantsville. Among this number were only 64 of last year's teachers. There are 19 teachers in the county who have certificates good for this year. 136 teachers fill the schools. Hence if one applicant out of two is licensed there will be no lack.

As the Oakland manuscripts at this writing are not all graded it is impossible to give the result here, but out of 27 applicants at Grantsville, under the rule, "must not fall below 75 per cent. for a $30 certificate nor below 50 per cent. for a $25 one," three are entitled to the former and ten to the latter.

Hence this letter is sent to you to urge you to thoroughly prepare yourself if you wish to hold your place in the ranks.

It is very essential that you be prepared in the subjects you are to teach—the elements.

Yours truly,
T. G. PALMER.

Permanently Cured.

For about two years I suffered with diarrhoea. I used a number of remedies and was treated by physicians, but received no permanent relief. After taking a few doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, I beleive that I am now permanently cured."—Joab Crites, Tanner, Gilmor county, W. Va.

For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Monnlaih Lake Park.

The W. C. T. U. School of Methods, which closed Wednesday evening, was one of the most pleasant meetings the ladies have yet held at the Park. Mrs. Morrow, president of the West Virginia W. C. T. U., was the presiding officer. The addresses of Mrs. Boole, of New York, and Mrs. Morrow, of West Virginia, were full of interest and presented in a telling way.

The ladies of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society hold this (Thursday) afternoon a lawn fete. Fancy articles will be placed on sale. Saturday afternoon the W. F. M. S. hold a meeting. Sabbath morning and evening the platform will be filled by a lady speaker of much reputation as a public speaker. A rich treat is expected.

Our hotels and boarding houses are well patronized—several of them doing a splendid business.

The farmers around the Park are making money by delivering their produce at the cottages. They find a ready market for all kinds of vegetables, eggs and butter. Dressed chickens sell well.

Boating on the lake is greatly enjoyed. Garrett county may boast of a lake that is a lake. Many happy hours are spent on the waters. The boats and the service given by Mr. Hewitt are highly spoken of.

Our liverymen are doing a good business. Daily excursion parties drive out to Swallow Falls, Aurora, Deer Park, Eagle Rock and the surrounding country. Never before had we so many private teams as now.

The kindergarten school, under Miss Pollock, began its sessions Wednesday morning. A goodly number of children are in attendance.

The teachers of the summer schools are coming in. Already Prof. Rambeau, Miss Crum, Miss Pollock and Mrs. Frolicker are on the grounds.

Judge Sage and wife, of Cincinnati, are guests of Hotel Dennett.

Profs. Ford and Armstrong, prominent West Virginia educators, are at the Park for a few days.

Only one or two cottages remain for rent. The demand for rooms is unusually large. Quite a number of rooms have been rented for August.

The annual committee of the community was organized Monday. C. W. Connor, of Wheeling, was elected president, and L. A. Rudisill of the Park, secretary. Mr. Rudisill was unanimously elected the fifth member of the committee.

Riders of bicycles are requested not to ride on the board or side walks.

The new fence around the east side of Chautauqua Park is admired very much, and is a credit to the Park. The entrance way is "a thing of beauty." The improvements at the Park go steadily along. Year after year decided improvements are made, and year by year the Park grows more beautiful. The outlook is certainly encouraging.

Hoyes.

Messrs. John Chase and Franklin Callis are now engaged in building a house for Joseph Meese, of McHenry.

Mrs. Geo. Griffith, who was paralyzed a few days ago, is slowly convalescing.

John Brenneman and William Casteel, of Oakland, paid our town a visit on Sunday last.

Rev. Knotts preached for us on Sunday morning and Rev. Arnet on Wednesday evening.

Samuel Ferguson and family visited their old home at Flatwood last week.

The torrid wave has been followed by cooler weather and frequent showers.

A. Knabb's men, while blasting lime stone below James Friend & Co.'s store, found shining particles of some kind of mineral in the stone which they propose to call gold until otherwise convinced. They must be in the neighborhood of that cave once found by Peter DeWitt, from whose mouth came a deep, hoarse moan, like the roar of the angry sea, and whose sides glowed with a heat that rivalled that of a burning, fiery furnace, and yet, notwithstanding these awful sounds and intense heat, the discoverer claimed to have seen two men busily engaged in performing some duty the nature of which he did not stay to see, but being somewhat superstitious, and believing that he was on the borders or at the mouth of Hades, broke and fled through the woods like a frightened stag, never stopping to look behind him until several hundred yards intervened between himself and the wonderful cave. On going home he told his family and others of his discovery and he and they often afterwards searched for it, but strange to say, they never could find it. The old gentleman told this story to many and always believed it to contain the pot of gold for which so many have searched without finding.

Y—No.

Resolutions of Respect.

On Tuesday at the regular semi-monthly session of the Orphans' court for Garrett county, the following resolutions were read and made a part of the minutes of said court:

To the Honorable, the Judges of the Orphans' Court for Garrett county:

The committee heretofore appointed to submit resolutions upon the death of Hon. George F. Engelhart, late a member of this court, respectfully reports the following:

WHEREAS, An All-wise Providence has seen fit to remove from the field of labor George F. Engelhart, late a member of this court, and while we humbly bow to the commands of Him who doeth all things well, we recognize in this visitation a loss to the community, the church, the family and this court, and as an expression of our sorrow and respect, be it resolved,

1. That the Orphans' Court for Garrett county has lost an efficient, capable and upright member, and an honest judge.

2. That the people of Garrett county have lost one of the oldest and most highly respected of their citizens, a man of integrity and character, who in a marked degree held their confidence and esteem.

3. That we tender to his family our sincere and heartfelt sympathy, and commend them to the care of Him whom the deceased so long and faithfully served in his every day walk and as a life long member of a branch of the Christian church.

4. That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this court, a copy sent to the family of the deceased, and also published in the newspapers of the county.

Respectfully submitted,
G. S. HAMILL,
FRED. A. THAYER,
EDWARD H. SINCELL,
Committee.

True copy.—Test: J. W. WHITE,
Register.

Mr. Johns' Song Recital.

Last Friday evening Mr. Samuel Blight Johns, assisted by Misses Johns and Bullard entertained a small though appreciative audience at Shartzer's Opera House in a song recital. Mr. Johns' repertoire of selections were of the best and his rendition was the finest. He has a voice seldom equaled and never excelled.

Proclamation

WHEREAS, at the January session in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six of the General Assembly of Maryland a bill was passed proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the State by adding an additional section to Article fifteen thereof, to be known as Section eleven of said Article, which said bill and amendment are in the words following, to-wit:

CHAPTER 139.

AN ACT to amend the Constitution of the State by adding an additional Section to Article fifteen thereof, to be known as Section eleven of said Article.

SECTION 1. BE IT ENACTED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF MARYLAND (three-fifths of all the members of the House concurring), That the following additional section be, and the same hereby is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of this State; and, if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as herein provided, it shall stand and be known as Section eleven of Article fifteen of said Constitution:

11. Appointments in the Civil service of the State, in the municipalities and counties of the State, shall be made according to merit and fitness, to be ascertained as far as practicable by examination, which shall be competitive, except appointments which are subject to confirmation by the Senate, and the General Assembly shall pass all such laws as may be necessary more fully to carry into effect the provisions of this section.

SECTION 2. AND BE IT FURTHER ENACTED BY THE AUTHORITY AFORESAID, That the foregoing section, hereby proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of this State shall be, at the next general election held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection, in pursuance of the directions contained in Article fourteen of the Constitution of this State, and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the Constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot used at said election shall be printed, after the lists of candidates, the question concerning the adoption or rejection of said proposed constitutional amendment, so that each voter at such election can designate thereon in the manner prescribed by law, whether his vote is "For the Constitutional Amendment," or "Against the Constitutional Amendment," as he shall elect, and immediately after said election due return shall be made to the Governor of the State of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by said fourteenth article of the Constitution.

Approved April 8th, 1896.

NOW THEREFORE, I, LLOYD LOWNDES, Governor of the State of Maryland, in pursuance of the provisions of Section one of Article fourteen of the Constitution of the State, do hereby order and direct that a copy of said bill proposing said constitutional amendment be published in at least two newspapers in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one may be published, then in that newspaper, and in three newspapers in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in the German language, once a week for at least three months preceding the next ensuing general election (which said general election will be held on Tuesday, the Second day of November, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven), at which election the said proposed amendment shall be submitted, in the form and manner prescribed by the General Assembly, to the qualified voters of the State for adoption or rejection.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of Maryland.

THE GREAT SEAL OF MARYLAND.

Done at the City of Annapolis on the first day of July in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.

LLOYD LOWNDES,
Governor of Maryland.

By order of the Governor:
RICHARD DALLAM,
21-14t Secretary of State.

ORDER NISI.

Hiram Duckworth, Mortgagee, vs. Robert H. Butler, Mortgagor.

No. 85 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 20th day of July, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Hiram Duckworth, Mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 20th day of August, 1897; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 20th day of August, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $300.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

Samuel J. Miller, et al., vs. Joel J. Miller, et al.

No. 127 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 20th day of July, 1897, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Samuel J. Miller, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 20th day of August, 1897, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 20th day of August, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $1250.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

John Shartzer
vs.
Loch Lynn Store Co.
No. 769 Equity.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered, this 17th day of July, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by John Shartzer, receiver, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 15th day of August, 1897; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 15th day of August, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $1,100.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of an execution issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of John Shultzer, receiver of Geo. O. Miller and Company against Gustavus W. Delaweder, being No. 21 Judgments to March term, 1897, I will on

Saturday, August 14, 1897,

at 2 o'clock p. m., in front of the Court House in Oakland, offer at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, the following described property, to wit:

All the right, title, claim and interest of the said Gustavus W. Delaweder, being a one-half undivided interest in and to those tracts, pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett County, and known as

Military Lots Numbers 1766, 1768, 1769, 1772, 1776, 1789, 1791, 1793, 1794, 1795, 1796 and 1797, containing fifty acres of land each.

The above lots are underlaid with coal, and are desirably located on Deep Creek near Lake Cleveland.

TERMS—Cash.

AUSTIN BROWN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

SHERIFF'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE,
Located at Mountain Lake Park, Garrett County.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of Frank L. Jones and Ella Hammond against Gustavus W. Delaweder, the same being No. 21 Judgments to July Term, 1897, of said Court, the undersigned Sheriff will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash on the day of sale, on

Saturday the 7th day of August, 1897,

at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day in front of the court house in the town of Oakland, Garrett County, Maryland, all the right, title and interest of the said Gus. W. Delaweder in and to all that lot of ground situate at Mountain Lake Park, Garrett county, Maryland, which said lot of ground situate at Mountain Lake Park is known and designated as

Lot Number Nine Hundred and Forty-three,

and being the same lot of ground that was conveyed to the said Ella Hammond by deed from the Mountain Lake Park Association of Garrett county, dated the 4th day of July 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 28, folio 121, one of the Land Records of Garrett county. On said property is improved by a two story frame dwelling house and outbuildings, and is situated about 2½ miles from Frankville station on the B. & O. R. R.

TERMS—Cash on day of sale or ratification thereof. Purchaser will be required to pay enough on the day of sale to cover costs. Conveyancing at the cost of purchaser.

JAMES C. PEDDICORD,
20-td Trustee.

Mortgagee's Sale

of Property in Garrett County, West of Frostburg, on the National Road.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Richard Lorraine to Alice Large to William R. Perry, dated January 23, 1892, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 18, folio 278, one of the Mortgage Records of Garrett county, Maryland, which said mortgage has been duly assigned to me, I will on

SATURDAY,

the Seventh Day of August,

at 10 o'clock A. M., in front of the postoffice in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, the property described in said mortgage:

Beginning at a stake standing on the National Road North 26 degrees West 75 9-10 perches to a pine tree at the East corner of the bridge, thence North 37 degrees East 187 perches to a stake standing on Savage Run, thence South 30 degrees East 29 9-10 perches to a stake, thence South 37 degrees West 193 perches to the beginning, and being the same property conveyed to Richard Lorraine by Alice Larne by John N. Beall.

The improvements on the property consist of a house of four or five rooms, a good sized stable, and the usual small fences and buildings.

Terms of Sale: Cash on day of sale.

ROBERT R. HENDERSON,
Assignee of Mortgage.

Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county at the suit of Francis B. Neidiken against John Speicher and Howard Neidiken, doing business as Speicher & Neidiken, and issued by direction of the said Francis B. Neidiken, the same being No. 15 Judgments to July Term, 1897, of the said court, the undersigned will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash on the day of sale, on

Friday, August 20, 1897,

at 2 o'clock p. m., in front of the Court House in the town of Oakland, Maryland, all the right, title and interest of the said John Speicher in and to all that lot of ground situated at Deer Park, Garrett county, which is known and designated on the plat of Speicher's addition to Deer Park as lots Nos. 7 and 8, and being the same lots of ground that were conveyed to Bridget Stenger by deed from the said John Speicher, dated June 29, 1896, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 30, folio 161, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and will be sold to satisfy the said execution and costs.

AUSTIN BROWN, Sheriff.

IF YOUTH COULD KNOW.

If youth could know, what age knows without teaching,
Hope's stability and love's dear folly,
The difference between practicing and preaching,
The quiet charm that turns in melancholy;
The after bitterness of tasted pleasure;
That temperance of feeling and of words
Is health of mind, and the calm fcults of leisure
Have sweeter taste than feverish zeal affords,
That reason has a joy beyond unreason,
That nothing satisfies the soul like truth,
That kindness conquers in and out of season—
If youth could know—why, youth would not be youth.

If age could feel the uncalculating urgence,
The pulse of life that beats in youthful veins,
And with its swift, resistless ebb and surgence
Makes light of difficulties, sport of pains;
Could once, just once, retrace the path and find it,
That lovely, foolish zeal, so crude, so young,
Which bids defiance to all laws to bind it,
And flashes in quick eye and limb and tongue,
Which, counting dross for gold, is rich in dreaming,
And, reckoning moons as suns, is never cold,
And, having naught, has everything to seeming—
If age could do all these—age were not old!
—Susan Coolidge, in Congregationalist.

The Torture of the Mirror.

"SEEING," said the Inquisitor at the head of the table, "that thou art still obdurate and refusest to return to the arms which the church in her mercy holds out to thee, we deem it meet that thou shouldest dwell with thyself for a space. So mayest thou abhor thyself in dust and ashes, and at length find the repentance which worketh salvation."

I did not understand his words; but indeed I had understood little of the whole proceedings. I only gathered that the throes of the rack had wrested my name from some sufferer's lips in the hope of obtaining a mitigation of his torture. I had been seized one day in the streets of Madrid and borne straight to the dungeons of the Inquisition. There I had lain for weeks, till even the summons to trial had been hailed as a welcome relief from unbearable suspense.

I was now conducted to a cell similar to that from which I had been taken. It was about 12 feet square and was lighted by a small window up in one corner. There was also a bed, though it was but seldom within these walls that sleep granted rest.

I knew better than to make inquiries of the masked gaoler who led me to my new dungeon. I had tried it at first, but without avail. The warders of the Inquisition did not speak. They did not even shake their heads.

So the door was shut on me and I was left alone, to suffer I knew not what. "Dwell with thyself for a space." What, after all, did the words mean but the solitary confinement which had been my lot for weeks past? It was the afternoon when I was examined, and as evening wore on without a sign my apprehensions began to die down; I fell asleep, almost reassured.

I awoke in the dark of the early morning with a sudden thrill of horror. As I strained my eyes in the gloom I saw that some change had taken place during the night. Right opposite my bed was a glimmer which had not been there before. The other walls were mystic with strange shadows.

As I lay wondering there was a click overhead and darkness became complete. I looked up and saw that the window had been obscured. I waited for hours, but the dawn did not penetrate my room. Suddenly came a flash overhead. A hand had appeared at an opening in the middle of the roof and had then drawn back again, leaving a lighted lamp hanging; and I was at last able to see.

To see what? My first sensation was an ecstasy of terror. I turned dizzy, for I seemed to be standing unsupported amid a wild, kaleidoscopic jumble of things. Weird faces peered at me from every corner. Fantastic lights danced wherever my eyes rested. My cell seemed widened to a hideous immensity, in which there was no foothold or stability.

It was some time before I could grasp what had happened. During the night the walls, roof and floor of my cell had been changed for mirrors of the same size. Even the places where the door and the window had been were now glass.

The face which stared at me from 50 directions at once was mine. So long a time had elapsed since I had seen it that it had almost passed out of my recollection. The face with which I was to dwell was wild and terrible to look at. It had a beard, and the eyes had changed so much that I wondered how much they might change during the time they were to watch me.

It was not for some hours that I had the courage really to look, for the frightfulness of the sight is not to be conceived. Whether I looked to the right or left, up or down, there I saw myself in a hundred fantastic attitudes. There were front views, back views, side views. Here I was standing on my head; there I was seen in perspective from above. Halves and fragments of me, cut off by corners of the mirrors, were to be seen wherever my eye rested.

I was afraid to stir, so terrible was the commotion which my slightest movement caused among the phantoms in the mirrors. If I raised my arm, the gesture seemed to be travestied through all space under the light of a million reflected lamps.

I tried to keep my eyes shut, but the thought that millions of eyes were closed all round in mockery of me forced them open again.

So passed the day—a day of anguish so terrible that I knew a few such would turn me into a raving madman. Food was let down to me from the hole in the roof in which the lamp was inserted, but I could not touch it.

Perhaps my tormentors saw that the end would come sooner than their plans intended, for next morning I awoke in my old cell. Never was the sight of prison walls so welcome. I spent an almost happy day, hoping for nothing more than that my torture was at an end.

But that was not the way of the inquisiton. Next morning the mirrors were again there, with this difference; that whereas they had formerly been plane, they were now slightly concave. Everyone who has looked into a concave mirror knows what that means. The reflections of myself, which had previously been merely innumerable and bewildering, were now frightfully distorted. Monstrous mouths and unspeakable eyes grinned and leered at me from the walls, and dreadful misshapen things changed horribly with my slightest movement. I felt that no abode of devils could be worse than this. I should have groveled on the floor, but I knew that some grotesque caricature of myself would be there to meet me.

Next day—which was again a day of respite, though I no longer entertained delusive hopes—I set myself steadfastly to consider my fate. It was clearly the intention of my persecutors to drive me to madness, and I knew them well enough to know that they had not yet reached the limit of their fiendish ingenuity. Had I had any weapon, I might have smashed their mirrors, but my bed was a mere shelf attached to the wall, and I had nothing else likely to be of service.

Escape was, of course, impossible. The Inquisiton locks were good, and the Inquisiton gaolers were faithful. But as I kept brooding on the subject my eye caught the spot in the center of the roof where my lamp was passed in on the dreaded mornings. I had never seen more than a hand, which seemed to lift a pane of the glass backwards before reaching in to attach the lamp to a hook in it. As, however, the cell was a good ten feet high, I did not see much hope in that incident.

But desperate men take desperate courses. I watched eagerly for the hand next morning. When it appeared I sprang for it, and just caught it. There was a scream of pain, and I fell back, hanging tightly onto the captive arm, and a body crashed through from above into my cell. I just managed to keep clear of it, and it fell on its head in the middle of the floor. The lamp was, of course, smashed to pieces. The man I at once saw was one of the warders, and he was quite stunned.

My plan had been made beforehand; and without a moment's delay I pulled off his cloak and mask and put them

AN ECSTASY OF TERROR.

on myself. Then, putting my captive in a sitting posture, and using his shoulders as a stepping-stone, I made a leap for the opening above, where I saw an open trap-door led to a room overhead. My victim had simply crashed headfirst through the upper section of the mirror.

By good luck I reached the edge of the aperture, and speedily scrambled out of my dungeon. There was no one about—the warder's scream as I pulled him through seemed to have passed unnoticed in a place where screams were not uncommon—and I carefully shut down the trap-door.

The rest of my escape was easier than might have been imagined — thanks partly to the serviceable mask and partly to the Inquisitorial watchword of silence. Though I met one or two of the servitors I was not detected.

I found my way into the garden, where, in a remote corner, a friendly tree assisted me to scale the wall. It seemed wiser not to risk discovery at the gate.

Then I had time to wonder what would be the feelings of my prisoner when he awoke among those infernal mirrors. His wrist was certainly dislocated, even if his neck were not. I felt rather sorry that he was not a Grand Inquisitor.—Strand Magazine.

Put Was Offended.

An Irishman entered a jeweler's shop to buy a gold ring.

He was quickly attended by a smart young lady.

"Eighteen carat?" said the young lady.

"Ating carrots, no. I have been ating onions," sharply rejoined Pat, in an offended tone.—Spare Moments.

—A traveler has discovered among the Ute Indians of Colorado a sort of clarinet which he thinks has a sweeter and more plaintive tone than any of our orchestral instruments.

THE PASSING OF CAPE COD.

Failure of the Fisheries Brings Business Ruin.

A report just made by the bureau of statistics of labor, under the direction of Horace G. Wadlin, shows an interesting and somewhat startling condition of affairs in Barnstable county, otherwise known as Cape Cod. If that county loses in population as fast in the future as it has during the last 30 years there will be no one in the county at all except the dwellers in the cemeteries at the end of a few more decades. From 1865 to 1895 the total loss in population was over 20 per cent., only two towns, Falmouth and Provincetown, showing a gain in those years. Wellfleet, which had a population of 2,296 in 1865, dropped over 30 per cent. to 968. Sandwich was also a loser.

The decline in manufacturing is also remarkable. In 1885 the county had 425 manufacturing establishments and $2,719,563 invested. In 1895 these figures were 328 and $518,866.

The main reliance of the Cape towns has long been the fishing industry, but if the reader of the report looks for any encouraging figures in that line he will be disappointed. In 1885 the county had $1,941,921 invested in fisheries, in 1895 it was but $692,456, a decline of 64 per cent. There was an increase in this industry in the towns of Bourne, Sandwich and Truro, but these are not the chief fishing towns. Provincetown capital invested in fishing declined 67 per cent. and Wellfleet 90 per cent. Harwich capital was almost entirely withdrawn.

Of the loss of the fisheries at Provincetown Mr. Wadlin speaks in a way that reminds one of Hawthorne's stories of the decline of the merchant marine service at Salem many years ago in language as follows:

"Vessels were formerly built here for fishing and whaling. A large number of fitting stores connected with the long wharves lined the whole harbor front. The town was then an active place. It was the scene of continual bustle, the fleets fitting out in the spring to return in the autumn laden with full catches. Many mechanics, including ship carpenters, calkers, painters, sailmakers, riggers and blacksmiths, were employed in building and repairing this fleet. At one time there were three naccine railways for hauling out and repairing not only local vessels, but those from the other Cape towns.

"Now, in place of all this activity we find the fleets absent, the wharves fast going to decay, and two of the marine railways rotting and falling down; the third, recently sold for taxes, must soon share the fate of the others. The failure of fishing firms has caused the loss of much capital, depriving many of employment. The low price of whale oil has ruined the whaling industry. At present the fleet, except one vessel, is at the wharves waiting for better times and an improvement in the market. The Banks cod fishery has also been ruined by low prices, scarcity of fish, the introduction of larger and more expensive vessels, and enlarged cost of fittings. The decay of the mackerel fleet is due solely to the disappearance of the fish."

One feature of the report is unexpectedly encouraging. The value of agricultural property and products has increased very materially in the last few years.

This grave problem of loss of population is a common one in the sparsely settled farming districts of New England, but has not come up so prominently before in what might be called a fishing community. It is due to the fact that the young people seek wider fields of effort in the great centers of population. Mr. Wadlin's tables show a very large percentage of American born persons above 60 years old and a correspondingly small number of young people. The foreign born population is not large and is not increasing very fast. There are more Portuguese than of any other nationality, and they make good fishermen, industrious farmers and thrifty citizens.

The report discusses the plan of increasing the productiveness of the cape land by a system of irrigation, thus transforming the district from a fishing to a farming community. State aid and colonization schemes are considered, but no recommendations are made. Encouraging comment is made on the increase of cranberry culture, but this industry alone is not sufficient to arrest the downward course of Barnstable county. Whether it can be arrested by any means involves the consideration of social and economic problems much deeper than appear on the surface of the report. It is another exemplification of what Mr. Brice had in mind when he wrote:

"It is impossible not to regret the disappearance of a picturesquely primitive society which novelists and essayists have made familiar to us, with its delightful mixture of homely simplicity and keen intelligence. Of all the types of rustic life which imagination has, since the days of Theocritus, embellished for the envy or refreshment of the dwellers in cities, this latest type has been to modern Europe the most real and not the least attractive. It will soon have passed away."—N. Y. Sun.

Impressed.

"Yes, I saw Miss Fenwick last evening, and she struck me as—"

"Ah, yes, as being more beautiful than ever?"

"No. She struck me as I was trying to cross the street in front of her bike, and I guess we'll both have reason to remember each other for some time."—Cleveland Leader.

Just the Place for Him.

"Say, Weary, I think th' Sandwich Islan's is the place for me."

"Why so, Chappie?"

"'Cause I'd be free from temptation."

"Wot kind o' temptation?"

"Why, th' papers say th' climate's so enervatin' thet there's no temptation to work."—Up-to-Date.

AN APPEAL FOR FREEDOM.

The Cuban League of New York Asks for Financial Aid.

The Cuban league of New York, whose president is Ethan Allen, and vice presidents such men of national reputation and honor as Chauncey M. Depew, Roswell P. Flower, etc., has issued the following appeal asking for financial aid in its patriotic efforts in behalf of struggling Cuba:

"To the People of the United States: A brave and generous people will aid the oppressed. Cuba is under a brutal tyranny. Inspired by our history she freely bleeds for independence, and appeals to us for help. We must hear, and hearing, promptly act. An irrepressible conflict between republicanism and monarchy was inaugurated by Washington and his compatriots, and as trustees of the great political inheritance from them we must be in that conflict whether we will or not, whenever any intelligent people fires the opening gun for freedom. By an unparalleled career of courage and sacrifice the Cubans have proved their right to self-government. Our people, to keep untarnished the heroic crown of our fathers, which our government at Washington for three years has failed to do, must extend material support to the embattled heroes on Cuban soil. The passive policy of this administration, in emulation of the last, still repressed the nobler impulses of our people, while foul murder continues. To give now is more than to fight. He who supplies the weapon is brother in achievement to him who wields it.

"A plan for small subscriptions at local points, deposited there with banks or business firms, reaches all. Let those who will serve send addresses of themselves and bank to the Red, White and Blue League, New York.

"ETHAN ALLEN.

"President of the Cuban League."

DOCTORS AND PATIENTS.

Odd Tales of Physicians of the Old School in England.

A physician with a large practice sees strange sights—some humorous, some pitiful, and some irritating. Sir Benjamin W. Richardson, commenting on the fact that these singular sights tend to produce in the doctor's mind the feeling "All things are alike to all," says he once surprised a bishop by saying that the writer of Ecclesiastes must have been a doctor.

Once a woman who kept a fuel store brought her husband to Dr. Richardson in a little cart with his body covered with small coal, under the idea that by this means she was keeping him warm. Another woman, to whom he prescribed an ether mixture, therefore volatile, first made it warm, in order that it might be agreeable to take.

He was called in the early days of his London practice to visit a servant in a large house, and overheard the mistress ask the housekeeper: "What sort of a man is he, and how did he come? Did he drive?"

"I think you'll like him, ma'am," replied the housekeeper; "but, poor man! he is only a walking doctor yet."

People made a distinction between the walking and the driving doctor in former days. A physician with a large paying practice used to ride in a chariot which cost 300 guineas. Now people do not care if a doctor comes in a landau, or a brougham, or a cab, provided he comes quickly.

The old physician was known by everybody as a doctor. He wore a long, broad-tailed coat, knee breeches, Hessian boots, a frilled shirt with ruffles at the wrists, and a large white cravat of the finest lawn. He carried a cane with a perforated box at the top, which held camphor or some other smelling substance. When he was called to a consultation, he expected to find a table spread with wine glasses, a decanter of brandy and a bottle of wine.—Youth's Companion.

Popularity and a Slap.

One of the incidents that conduced to give the queen temporary popularity in Ireland was this: She and the prince, with the prince of Wales and Prince Alfred, were driven in their roomy carriage to Mr. Dargan's exhibition. The streets and windows were thronged. There were only bright faces, and the air was filled with cheers. She bowed very affably; the prince held his hat a little before his forehead, and hardly bowed. The prince of Wales took off a cap with a white band and held it rather gracefully, as if to show that he should have bowed were the queen not present. Prince Alfred looked a little sulky and kept his cap on his head. The queen did not appear to see him, but she did. She whipped the cap off his head with one hand, and with the other gave him such a slap in the face. It was done in an instant, and without any change of countenance. Thundering cheers marked the approval of the multitude.—Contemporary Review.

Did the Job Himself.

It is related of the late Duc d'Aumale that lack of decision is illustrated by the following incident: When about to enter a room at a reception in 1873 he was asked by the usher what name should be announced. "Gen. le Duc d'Aumale," he answered; and then, suddenly changing his mind, he said: "No; announce his royal highness, Duc d'Aumale." But, not feeling satisfied with this, he said: "Say merely Duc d'Aumale." Finally he said: "Say nothing," and walked in unannounced.—N. Y. Times.

TERSELY PUT.

When a man likes whisky real well he cures all his ailments by drinking it.

A woman always puts things away so that she can't find them when she wants them.

There are a great many girls who dress so extravagantly that people constantly wonder how their father keeps up.

People who think they would be smart if they only had more confidence in themselves usually are the only ones who think so.

Overruling It.

Undertaker (to assistant)—Politeness is commendable, but even a good thing can be overdone, James. There are times when a courtesy is better omitted than given.

Assistant—When, sir?

Undertaker—In such cases, for instance, as that of Mrs. Leftover, who came in just now to pay the bill for her third husband's funeral. You were polite in asking her to call again, but a trifle over-zealous, James—just a trifle.—Puck.

The Hammock.

Although it's all the rage just now,
In getting in be humble;
You find, unless you know just how,
You're apt to take a tumble.
—Demorest's Magazine.

UNWELCOME NEWS.

Bride (who has eloped)—Here is a telegram from papa.

Bridegroom (anxiously)—What does he say?

Bride—All is forgiven, but don't come back.—Collier's Weekly.

Much Relieved.

Mrs. Society—Mercy on me! Don't you know that man your daughter is going to marry?

Mr. Meek—No-o. I've been afraid to ask her.

Mrs. Society—He's a prize fighter, a regular tough. He's fought a score of men and half killed a dozen women.

Mr. Meek (much relieved) — Oh! Then he's all right. I was afraid he was some poor lamb like myself.—Yellow Kid Magazine.

Prosperous Times.

"How's business?" asked Cawker of the druggist.

"Excellent! We are compounding a great many dyspepsia prescriptions."

"How do you account for so many cases of dyspepsia?"

"There are two reasons for it. A great many brides have gone to housekeeping lately and a new cooking school has opened just around the corner."—Harlem Life.

A Liberal Physician.

"You have appendicitis," said the physician, after a thorough examination, "and I shall have to operate upon you."

"But what will you charge?" asked the patient, who was a poor man.

"As for that, I have known you a long time and you have been a good customer. So I'll make a cut rate for you."—N. Y. World.

Understood His Business.

Author—I have sent my essay on "Marriage a Failure" to the Hightone Magazine.

Friend—Great Scott, man! The editor of the Hightone Magazine will never accept that! He was married not over a week ago!

Author—No matter. My article is there, but it will be a year or two before it is read.—Yellow Kid Magazine.

A Difference of Opinion.

The policeman said to the cyclist, who was riding on the path:

"Look here, young man, you can't ride there."

To which the young man replied:

"Can't, eh! Well, you just watch me."

Whereupon the young man rode out of sight.—Fun.

No Sale.

The dealer said: "You'll find our goods impossible to beat!"
And thereupon the farmer's wife regretted she had come.
She told the eager salesman, with ingenuousness sweet,
She hoped to please her son and heir by buying him a drum.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Picture Himself.

Blobbs—Why have you stopped getting shaved at Bayrum's tonsorial parlors? I haven't seen you there lately.

Slobbs—He doesn't keep the comic papers on file now, and I like to look at something funny while being shaved.

Blobbs—But hasn't he a big mirror opposite each chair?—N. Y. World.

A QUESTION OF GEAR.
WHAT WE MAY COME TO IN ANOTHER YEAR.

In a Boarding House.

Mrs. Flapjack—I see by the papers that the price of ice has gone up. These icemen are simply robbers.

Mr. Starboarder (cynically)—There is one thing that can be said in favor of the iceman. If he has any left over he doesn't warm it up for breakfast.—Tammany Times.

Evidence.

"No," said Miss Cayenne, in response to a question, "he is not musical. At all events, he doesn't belong to any musical organization"

"How do you know?"

"I heard him say that music soothed him and made him feel peaceful."—Washington Star.

Served Its Usefulness.

Patent Medicine Man—You mustn't print that testimonial any more.

Country Editor—I thought it was a trump card for you. Why, that man is one of our most prominent citizens.

Patent Medicine Man—But he has just died.—N. Y. World.

An Egotist.

He—What is a crank?

She—Why, a person with one idea.

"Would you call me a crank?"

"Why, no; I never gave you credit for having one idea."—Yonkers Statesman.

She Was a Talker.

"That's a speaking likeness of your first wife."

"I suppose the artist couldn't help it—and I had him paint it in the most quiet colors, too."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Firm Foundations.

"There are a great many successful people in Chicago."

"Yes, even the girls don't have any trouble in keeping on their feet."—Town Topics.

Easy Thing to Do.

Delia—Jack made a perfect fool of me last night.

Susan—Well, I guess he didn't overexert himself.—Town Topics.

Their Reward.

"They say the brave old general is living in abject poverty. Isn't it time something were done for him?"

"Certainly. For the last ten years we have been collecting funds for his monument."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Why She Was Sorry.

Husband (groaning)—The rheumatism in my leg is coming again.

Wife (with sympathy)—Oh, I am sorry, John! I wanted to do some shopping to-day, and that is a sure sign of rain.—Tit-Bits.

COMPULSORY.

Fattleus—I am told a married man can live on half the income that a bachelor requires.

Thinneus—Yes, he has to.—Detroit Free Press.

To Canada.

"It seems strange that a bank cashier should invest an airship."

"Has he?"

"I see here that a prominent bank cashier has flown." — Philadelphia North American.

How Shocking.

Cholly—Yaas, old chap, death actually stared me in the face.

Algy—How verwy wudel — N. Y. World.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

DOLLY.

Dotty's plump and fair to see—
Dolly thinks a lot o' me.
Always smiling pleasantly,
Ever jolly.

Is this winsome maid so fair:
Sparkling eyes and fluffy hair,
Lips the red that roses wear—
Lovely Dolly.

Dotty meets me on the street—
Dolly's often indiscreet—
Never was a girl so sweet,
Full of folly.

Every day I steal a kiss:
Dolly simply laughs at this,
Never thinking it amiss—
Never, Dolly.

More, she sits upon my knee—
True, she's all the world to me,
And this very day she's three,
Is my Dolly.
—Sigel Roush, in Up-to-Date.

A DIVER'S ADVENTURE.

He Landed with a Turtle on His Head and a Clam on His Foot.

Charles G. D. Roberts, in his book "Around the Camp Fire," tells a good story of a pearl diver's perils. The diver, Al Johnson, suddenly found his foot caught in the grip of a monster clam. His steel handspike had fallen where he could not reach it, and he resolved to give the signal to be pulled up.

"Just as I came to this resolve," he continues, "a black shadow passed over my head, and I looked up quickly. It was a big turtle. I didn't like this, I can tell you, but I kept perfectly still, hoping the newcomer would not notice me.

"He paddled along very slowly, with his queer little head stuck far out, and presently he noticed my air tube. It seemed to strike him as decidedly queer. My blood fairly turned to ice in my veins as I saw him paddle up and take hold of it in a gingerly fashion with his beak. Luckily he didn't think it would be good to eat, but I knew that if he should bite it I would be a dead man in about a minute, drowned inside my helmet like a rat in a hole.

"In my desperation I stooped down and tore with both hands at the shells and weeds for something I might hurl at the turtle, thinking thus, perhaps, to distract his attention from my air tube. What do you suppose happened? Why, I succeeded in pulling up a great lump of shells and stones all bedded to-

TURTLE CHEWING THE JOINT.

gether. The mass was fully two feet long. My heart gave a leap of exultation. Instead of hurling it at the turtle, I reached out with it and managed to scrape that precious handspike within grasp.

"Just at this juncture the turtle decided to take a hand in. I had given the signal to be hauled up, and now I could feel Larry tugging energetically at the rope. The turtle left off fooling with the tube, and, paddling down to see what was making such a commotion in the water, he tackled me at once.

"As it happened, however, he took hold of the big copper nut on the top of my headpiece, and that was too tough a morsel even for his beak, so that all he could do was to shake me a bit. With him at my head and Larry jerking on my waistband, you may imagine I could hardly call my soul my own. However, I began jabbing with my handspike into the unprotected parts of the turtle's body, feeling around for some vital spot. In a moment the water was red with blood. All I could do was to keep on jabbing as close to the neck as I could. And the turtle kept chewing at the copper joint.

"I believe it was the clam that helped me most effectually in that struggle. You see, that grip on my leg kept me as steady as a rock. If it hadn't been for that the turtle would have had me end over end in no time. As it was, after a few moments of this desperate stabbing, I managed to kill my assailant, but even in death that iron beak of his maintained its hold on the copper nut of my helmet. Larry had to slash off the heavy creature's head with a hatchet."

An Appropriate Vehicle.

The late Catholic bishop of Newfoundland had a piano of which he desired to dispose and which a friend, a Protestant doctor, desired to purchase. Considerable chaff ensued before the bargain was struck at a price which the bishop declared ruinously low. The only vehicle to the town which would accommodate the piano was the hearse and in this it was driven to the doctor's door, who came to the bishop in high dudgeon. "Why on earth," he asked, "did you send my piano in a hearse?" The bishop's eyes twinkled as he answered: "Why? Oh, because it was such a dead bargain."

Going Too Far.

"You're an old reprobate!" exclaimed an indignant and much-abused wife to her husband.

"Hold on there!" he shouted; "I object to the word 'old.'"—Democrat's Magazine.

VEGETABLE FLY-TRAP.

The Sundew That Catches and Devours Small Insects.

There is an article on "Plants That Feed Upon Insects," written by Thomas H. Kearney, Jr., in St. Nicholas. The author says:

Perhaps some of the readers of St. Nicholas have noticed the little plants called sundews, that dwell in bogs in almost every part of the world. The commonest of these in the United States and in England is the round-leafed sundew, which has a rosette of roundish leaves on slender stalks. Out of the midst of them rises a leafless stem, bearing a number of small flowers, that open one by one when the sun is shining. The leaves are fringed and covered on the upper side with small, dark-red bodies, called glands, borne on slender stalks, like tiny, round-headed nails.

THE SUNDEW.

On each of these little glands may be seen a drop of clear, sticky liquid that glistens in the sunlight. And this appearance earns for the plant its pretty name of "sundew."

When an insect—a small fly, for example, or a gnat—alights upon a sundew leaf, he is caught and held by the sticky fluid on the glands under him. Then the stalks of the glands near the edges of the leaf begin to bend in toward the spot where the little intruder is fastened, at the same time pouring out an extraordinary quantity of their sticky fluid. It is like a puppy whose mouth waters when he catches sight of a bone. This movement of the gland stalks is very slow, and it takes many hours for the outer ones to close down on the poor little victim. When they are at last completely bent, it is a number of days before they once more begin to spread.

Meantime the fluid which they pour upon the body of the insect actually digests all the eatable parts of him, leaving the hard shell of the thin wings behind, when the glands return to their places. Sundews will digest tiny bits of meat if placed upon the leaves. There is no doubt that the plants are better for an occasional meal upon an insect, for those that do not obtain such food once in awhile thrive less than the plants that succeed in securing it.

ONLY WHITE BUFFALO.

Seen and Chased by Indians and Hunters, But Never Caught.

During the summer of 1875 bands of Indians returning from a hunt far out on the plains brought in stories of having seen at different times and in different places, and always in the center of a large herd, a white buffalo. They had used their best horses in the effort to overtake it, to no purpose, never being able to get anywhere near the animal. At first we did not pay much attention to these stories, but still it kept cropping up from different camps, and at last, in the fall of 1875, I myself had a chance to verify the truth of the report. I had been sent on duty north along the Red Deer river, and was camped near a large band of Blackfeet, who were hunting south of that river. The buffalo had moved north in vast numbers, and the prairie was black with them.

I had gone out one morning with a party of Blackfeet to see one of their hunts, and also to try and kill for myself. My horse was a good one, and much faster than any belonging to the Indian hunters. I got detached from the party, becoming tired of the slaughter, and must have been at least 20 miles from camp, when I made for a small clump of timber not far off, intending to build a fire and roast a portion of some buffalo meat I had on the saddle with me. As I approached the wood a band of about 100 animals burst out of the brush and made off to the south, and yes, most certainly, in the middle of them was a white buffalo. Although they were a quarter of a mile away, there could be no mistake about it; he was there, as large as life, and quite white, and running like a deer. There was no time to much more than take in the scene, but I gathered up the reins and was after him, determined to bag that buffalo or kill my horse.

Oh, what a race it was, mile after mile; and although all the band, with the exception of about a dozen had split off and gone in different directions, the white animal, with his bodyguard of about a dozen, kept at about the same distance ahead. I could catch a glimpse of him now and then, and there was no doubt he was snow white. Get within shot I could not, for many miles. At last they began to tire, and, although my horse tired also, I had good hopes of coming up and getting a shot. Alas! for such a chance. Of a sudden my horse lurched forward on his nose, sending me over his head onto the prairie, and turning a somersault himself, missing me by only a few feet. He had put his foot into a badger hole and brought my hopes of a white robe to a sudden end.—Forest and Stream.

In the Land of Edom.

French priests at Jerusalem have been exploring the land of Edom and have found a number of new inscriptions on tombs at Petra.

FARM AND GARDEN.

BROAD TIRES AGAIN.

The Demand for Better Roads Makes Gratifying Progress.

The recent report on the relative merits of broad and narrow tires by the agricultural experiment station at Columbia, Mo., will again call attention to this question so important to farmers. The advantage of broad tires is so obvious that the failure of farmers to adopt them generally seems at first sight strange. But there is a practical reason for their apathy. When roads are bad—and many roads, unfortunately, are bad—the broad tire offers such resistance that the vehicle cannot be moved. On the other hand, although the narrow tire cuts deeply through the mud, it can be moved for that very reason, but, of course, with a great expenditure of strength on the part of the horse. For these reasons the average farmer in a country where the roads are frequently bad cannot be persuaded to adopt the broad tire. A condition precedent, therefore, to the use of the broad tire is the general improvement of the roads, and as that is a question of spending money, and often a good deal of money, the argument in favor of broad tires does not appeal to the farmer.

There are, however, many signs that the farmers are beginning to appreciate the great loss involved in the continued use of narrow tires. And the time is rapidly coming when they will be convinced that the outlay for thoroughly good roads would be more than offset by the saving in horseflesh and wear and tear effected by the use of broad tires. Everyone who thinks about the matter at all will see that not only could a much larger load be carried on a good road with broad tires on the vehicle, but it could be transported much more quickly, and with far less work on the part of the horses. So good roads and broad tires are really the most economical in the end, though they may involve a comparatively large initial expense. That is the argument that will finally come home to the farmers, who have thus far been indifferent to the question. And when it does, the desired reform will be speedily adopted.

Somewhat in the same line is the proposition to build steel roads for vehicles. But that plan would involve so great a departure from traditional ideas in regard to country roads that it is doubtful if it is feasible for the present. But an improvement in roads followed by the general adoption of broad tires for all vehicles would be a great step forward, and would probably lead in time to the adoption of rails for all vehicles drawn by horses. Still further in the future looms up the possibility of propelling such vehicles by a motor, and then every road in the country would be practically a railway. Visionary as some of these ideas may seem, the great improvement of roads during the last few years shows that the reform is making progress.—N. Y. Tribune.

GOOD COUNTRY ROADS.

System Under Which They Are Maintained in England.

The country roads in England are well made, with deep foundations and ample provision for drainage. Finer examples of the road-maker's art cannot be found anywhere else in the world. Scientific construction would not protect them, however, if they did not receive constant supervision and daily care. They are never allowed to get out of order.

The road-mender is always on the ground, and he is constantly at work. Whenever he detects signs of wear at points where the water does not drain off rapidly after a heavy rain, he mends the break by filling in a barrow of broken flint, supplies of which are stored by the roadside every half-mile. He is a scavenger as well as a road-mender. He goes over the road every day, and removes everything which is unsightly. Owing to his unremitting care, the road is always free from litter, as well as in perfect repair.

There is no ditches at the sides; there are no ragged ruts or pools of water in the center; there are neither stones, nor stumps of trees, nor refuse to disfigure the roadway, and there is a homely sense of tidiness and orderliness which is a source of delight to everyone passing over it.

The road-mender is hired to keep his section of the roadway in order. If he neglects his work, a more faithful man is put in his place. There is a road-inspector for every division of the county, and he has control of the road-menders of his section. The inspector acts under the direction of a subcommittee of a large committee of the county council.

An American expert estimates that $40,000,000 is expended annually in the United States on the highways without material improvement from repairs. If the English obtain better results at lower cost, it is because the systematic care of their roads is a practical detail of common sense, efficient local government. They have good roads because they pay for them in local taxation, and insist upon having them kept in order. With the same painstaking care, American country roads could be made to minister to the comfort and pleasure of rich and poor alike.—Youth's Companion.

Worms on Rose Bushes.

An Indiana subscriber asks how to kill worms on rose bushes. We know of no better plan than to spray the bushes with a decoction of tobacco or a solution of cobalt. If sheets of white paper are laid around the bushes and these are shaken by being struck upon the stalk with a stick, most of the troublesome worms will fall off, and can thus be utterly and quickly destroyed. —Philadelphia Public Ledger.

If a heavy blow has twisted up your melon vines, go over the patch and straighten them out. Handle gently.

ROPING IN, GROOM AND BRIDE.

A Policeman Interferes with an Old Cheshire Wedding Custom.

Of the many marriage customs which still survive in many parts of rural England, the one peculiar to the county of Cheshire, of roping a wedding party, is certainly interesting, though it was the subject of magisterial investigation at Senbach petty sessions the other day. Three men named Dodd, Duckworth and Burrows were summoned for obstructing the highway at Betchton, a village two miles from Sandbach. The other Saturday a rustic beauty was united to her faithful swain at that village, and the happy couple were driving away from the church, down Betchton hill, when the observance of the marriage custom peculiar to the neighborhood brought the carriage to a sudden stop. At the horse's head stood Duckworth and Burrows holding the ends of a rope across the road. While the liberal display of rice and old shoes enables the friends of brides and bridegrooms elsewhere to speed the newly-wedded couple in Cheshire it seems to be the custom to delay their departure till they pay their "footing." The driver was at no loss, for it was part of the custom not to proceed till those inside had given the rope-bearers a shilling each. Another villager named Dodd saw no reason for his exclusion from the benefits of the custom, since, after Duckworth and Burrows had received the coin, he promptly fixed up another wedding, rope across the highway. Once more had the wedding carriage to stop, and the funds of the couple to defray the expenses of the honeymoon were the poorer by another shilling. Unfortunately, however, a police officer, who happened to be driving in the neighborhood, was a highly interested spectator of the proceedings. He caused Duckworth, Burrows and Dodd to be summoned, and they were fined, the two first named half a crown each and Dodd five shillings.—London News.

THE LARGEST SINGLE ORDER FOR CREAM SEPARATORS EVER GIVEN.

A Noted Iowa Creamery Operator Orders Five Hundred at One Time.

W. I. Moody, Iowa's greatest creamery operator, estimates that it costs an average of 10 cts. per 100 lbs. to haul milk to a creamery and haul the skim milk away again.

He is going to save all this by placing with his patrons Dairy Separators, and have wagons call for the cream.

In this way the farmer will get the full advantage of the Separator and creamery systems, will have the warm fresh skim milk at home for stock feed and will not be at expense of carting his milk to a creamery.

Before ordering these 500 Separators, valued at over $50,000, the merits of all the different Dairy Separators on the market were very thoroughly considered and practical tests were made by Mr. Moody.

It was finally decided that the Sharples Separators, made at West Chester, Pa., were the most desirable and best made machines, and though costing a little more money, it was thought they were well worth the difference asked, and the order was given to that company.

The Appropriate Place.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said the judge to the gentleman who had been caught picking pockets at a funeral. "Have you no sense of decency?"

"Yes, judge; but you know people in a place like that are so easily touched."—Indianapolis Journal.

Use Gentleness.

Be gentle in stimulating the kidneys, otherwise you will excite and weaken them. The happiest results follow the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters to overcome renal inactivity. Avoid the immediated, fiery stimulants of commerce. The kidneys have a delicate membrane easily irritated, and upon this the action of such excitants is pernicious. Malarial complaints, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia and biliousness succomb to the corrective influence of the Bitters.

Heirs at Law.

Law Student—What are heirs-at-law?

Lawyer—The deceased's relatives—after the will is read.—N. Y. Journal.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomachs receive it without distress. 1-4 the price of coffee. 15c and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Time and the Dinner.

Time flies when a man's dinner is waiting for him. It only crawls when he is waiting for dinner.—N. O. Picayune.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

Nothing makes a woman madder than to have her husband hurry her when she is late.—Washington Democrat.

Some churches have more sleepers than pillars.—Ram's Horn.

Lady Shopper (in department store, to lace counter saleslady)—"Where shall I find the ribbon department, please?" Saleslady (apologetically)—"I don't know where it is, ma'am. You will have to ask one of the floor pedestrians."—Puck.

The less we have from which to give, the more it means when we do give.—Ram's Horn.

Every attempt to make others happy, every sin left behind, every temptation trampled under foot, every step forward in the cause of what is good, is a step nearer Heaven.—Dean Stanley.

Changing the feathers will not turn the goslings into eagles.—Ram's Horn.

At the Hospital.—Lady Visitor—"And you are fond of flowers, my good woman?" The Good Woman—"Flowers, is it? Well, I am that, mem." Lady Visitor—"Now, what kind of flowers shall I bring you next time I come?" The Good Woman—"If it be no inconvenience, I wouldn't mind some cabbage and greens."—Boston Transcript.

Men always admire a woman who is greatly devoted to a worthless or unfortunate husband.

Difference in Durability.—"It isn't at all safe to judge by appearances," said the restless boy's father. "Yes," replied the mother, "people are very deceptive." "And so are inanimate objects. You'd never think, merely judging by external indications, that the heavy pair of boots I bought that boy was only going to wear for six weeks, while his fragile-looking Latin grammar will last him a lifetime."—Washington Star.

Cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful and wit good natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty and affliction, convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.—Addison.

Our idea of a thoroughbred is a man who takes a "nap" in the middle of the day.

A FAST COLT.

He Had Earned the Right to Be Called Cyclone.

Several men gathered about a horse near the western market the other morning, commenting upon the prominence of the beast's ribs and general lean and lankiness. The animal belonged to a farmer living near Ypsilanti, and, it was said, never permitted grass to grow under its feet on the road. The farmer was not pleased with the remarks and the strong inferences that the poor thing had never realized the sensation of corn and oats.

"What do you call your horse?" was asked.

"Cyclone, and don't he look it?" replied the man from the rural districts.

"Cyclone! What a name. He certainly looks as if one had struck him."

"That's what happened to him, my friend. It was just like this. You remember the awful breeze we had out to Ypsilanti about three years ago. This feller was a sucking colt at the time and was in the barn with two horses. The cyclone, regular old hummer, came along and thrashed the barn off its legs and dropped it high on to 100 yards away. After the twister had raised all the hob, fences and sheds it could we went out to look things up. The two horses were stone dead, and the colt, would you believe it, was nowhere to be found.

"Next day I turned over the hen coop, which lay in the field half a mile away. Right in the coop and laying on the door which faced down was the colt. He commenced kicking when he heard us and we took him out in a hurry. He wasn't scared a bit, I tell you, and was cool as a cucumber. The neighbors say they saw the coop goin' through the air and the colt after it. The little feller caught the coop and got inside of it to save himself, that's what he did. That's the plain truth, and if you don't believe it ask the colt. Good day, strangers."—Detroit Free Press.

His Superior.

"I am usually rated as a clever performer," modestly remarked the well-known prestidigitator. "The press and public accord me a gratifyingly high standing, and my fellow artists are pleased to look upon my work as being skillful beyond that of my competitors; I have always regarded myself as being a past master in the art and science of legerdemain. But yesterday I met a gentleman who is so clearly my superior that now I know myself to be but the merest tyro, struggling with the rudiments of my profession. I can cause a small flowering plant or shrub to grow from the seed in a few moments in full view of the astonished audience, but the man of whom I am speaking has created an enormous family tree, hundreds of years old, in a few hours."—N. Y. World.

How They Came to London.

The following conversation took place between two gentlemen in a crowded London club room. They had been talking about the condition of things when they first came to London. Mr. Rawson said:

"When I first came to London, I had only a ragged coat, with a knife and a few marbles in my pocket."

"You were better off than I, then, for I had neither a coat nor a waistcoat, nor a knife, nor even marbles."

"Nonsense!" was the reply. "How could that be?"

"Well, I will tell you. When I came here I was a baby in long clothes."

The roar of laughter that arose could have been heard miles away.—Tit-Bits.

This, from the Cleveland Plain Dealer, shows how words are losing their old meanings: "And now, children, what is a centurion? Well, Willie?" "Please, ma'am, my brother is one." "Your brother is one?" "Yes, ma'am, he made a century last Sunday."

When a man is at work, loafers stand around and say he's working too cheap.—Washington Democrat.

Queen & Crescent.

During the Tennessee Centennial and International Exposition at Nashville, Tenn., a low rate special tariff has been established for the sale of tickets from Cincinnati and other terminal points on the Queen & Crescent Route.

Tickets are on sale daily until further notice to Chattanooga at $6.75 one way or $7.20 round trip from Cincinnati, the round trip tickets being good seven days to return; other tickets, with longer return limit, at $9.90 and at $13.50 for the round trip.

These rates enable the public to visit Nashville and other Southern points at rates never before offered. Vestibuled trains of the finest class are at the disposal of the passenger, affording a most pleasant trip, and enabling one to visit the very interesting scenery and important battle-grounds in and about Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain and Chickamauga National Military Park. Tickets to Nashville to visit the Centennial can be repurchased at Chattanooga for $3.40 round trip. Ask your ticket agent for tickets via Cincinnati and the Q. & C. Route South or write to

W. C. REARSON, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Cincinnati, O.

A Resemblance.

"Death and the people of Germany are alike in one respect."

"Name it."

"The people of Germany like to use money direct from the mint."

"Go on."

"Death loves a shining mark, too."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Visitors to Lincoln Park in Chicago

will be delighted with the souvenir book of this beautiful spot now being distributed by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company. It is a magnificent publication of 96 pages full to overflowing with delicious half tone pictures of one of Creation's most charming places of resort for citizens of the Great Republic.

No stranger visiting Chicago should be without a copy of the "Souvenir of Lincoln Park." It can only be procured by enclosing twenty-five (25) cents, in coin or postage stamps, to Geo. H. Heafford, general passenger agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago.

Into the Secret.

She—Why do you never compliment me on my complexion now that we're married? I've got it still.

He—Yes, but now I know where you got it.—Yellow Kid Magazine.

Real Warm Weather Rest and Comfort.

There is a powder to be shaken into the shoes called Allen's Foot-Ease, invented by Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., which druggists and shoe dealers say is the best thing they have ever sold to cure swollen, burning, sore and tender or aching feet. Some dealers claim that it makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It certainly will cure corns and bunions and relieve instantly sweating, hot or smarting feet. It costs only a quarter, and the inventor will send a sample free to any address.

A Bicycle Saddle.

Deadshot Dick—What's Wild Bill so mad about to-day?

Texas Tim—About a week ago he saw an ad in a paper for a saddle that sold for $1 so he sent the V. an' they sent him a darn toy saddle for a rockin' horse.—Up-to-Date.

The Mead Cycle Company, Chicago, is the original house to sell reliable bicycles at low prices direct to the rider. They have built up a large business by their honorable dealings and have won the confidence of their customers. They ask the public to believe that the house which leads and controls the best source of supply is the best house to do business with.

Editor—"Mr. Cose, your jokes have lost all their humor here of late. What's the trouble?" Joe Cose—"I guess I'm not well. I've felt rather funny for a week past."—Philadelphia North American.

Pertinent Questions.

Why Will a Woman Throw Away Her Good Looks and Comfort?

Why will a woman drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence and miss three-quarters of the joy of living, when she has health almost within her grasp? If she does not value her good looks, does she not value her comfort?

Why, my sister, will you suffer that dull pain in the small of your back, those bearing-down, dragging sensations in the loins, that terrible fullness in the lower bowel, caused by constipation proceeding from the womb lying over and pressing on the rectum? Do you know that these are signs of displacement, and that you will never be well while that lasts?

What a woman needs who is thus affected is to strengthen the ligaments so they will keep her organs in place. There is nothing better for this purpose than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The great volume of testimony which is constantly rolling in, proves that the Compound is constantly curing thousands of just such cases.

The following letter from Mrs. Marlow is only one of many thousands which Mrs. Pinkham has received this year from those she has relieved—surely such testimony is convincing:

"My trouble commenced after the birth of my last child. I did not know what was the matter with me. My husband went to our family physician and described my symptoms, and he said I had displacement and falling of the womb. He sent me some medicine, but it did little good. I let it go on about two years, and every time I did any hard work my womb would come down. Finally a lady friend advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did. The first bottle helped me so much, I continued to take it right along. My back was almost the same as no back. I could not lift scarcely any weight. My life was just a drag to me. To-day I am well of my womb trouble, and have a good, strong back, thanks to Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. L. Marlow, Milford, Ill.

"A HANDFUL OF DIRT MAY BE A HOUSEFUL OF SHAME." CLEAN HOUSE WITH

SAPOLIO

CONSTIPATION—Caused by { Over-Work! Over-Eating! Over-Drinking!

No part of the human body receives more ill treatment than the bowels. Load after load is imposed until at last the intestines become clogged, refuse to act, worn out. Then you must assist nature. Do it, and see how easily you will be

Cured by Cascarets CANDY CATHARTIC.

Not a violent mass of mercurial and mineral poisons, but a PURE VEGETABLE COMPOUND, that acts directly upon the diseased and worn out intestinal canal, makes it strong, and restores muscular action, at the same time gently stimulating the liver and kidneys. Not a patent liquid or pill form dose, but a CANDY TABLET—pleasant to eat, easy and delightful in action.

They are indeed NATURE'S OWN REMEDY.

ALL DRUGGISTS. 10c., 25c., 50c. 203.

AN OPEN LETTER
To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher. *on every wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher. *on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"
BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher.

Insist on Having
The Kind That Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

PRINTING
How Should it be Done?

This we are prepared to answer for those contemplating Printing of every description. Write us and state your wishes fully. An experience extending over many years in the business is at the disposal of those who value the advantages of first-class Printing.

Neat Printing, on good paper, free of typographical errors, is the kind you want. Work that is done in a slovenly manner, for a cheap price, is not the kind that pays either the customer or the Printer. We do the other kind of work—THE BEST—at a price to make some money for ourselves. That's what we are in business for.

Address all orders to

BENJ. H. SINCELL,
OAKLAND, MD.

REDUCED RATES.

Tennessee Centennial Exposition, Nashville, Tennessee.

OVER THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY
and Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway.

The Southern Railway announces the following low rates from Washington, D. C., to Nashville, Tenn., occasion Tennessee Centennial Exposition:

Season Excursion Tickets will be sold daily, until and including October 15, at $28.75.

Twenty-day Excursion Tickets will be sold daily until October 15, at $21.30.

Ten-day Excursion Tickets will be sold on Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week, until October 26, 1897, at $15.30.

Rates for Military and Students in parties of 25 or more made known upon application.

Lv Baltimore, P. R. R.	.....	9.20 PM	9.42 AM
" Washington, So. Ry	.....	10.01 "	11.15 "
" Danville	.....	6.00 AM	6.20 PM
Ar Salisbury (E. T.)	"	9.37 "	8.53 "
" Asheville (E. T.)	"	2.05 PM	12.12 AM
" Hot Springs	"	4.21 "	1.39 "
" Knoxville	.....	7.35 "	4.00 "
" Chattanooga	"	11.50 "	7.51 "
" Nashville, N. C. & St. L. Ry		6.45 AM	1.50 PM

The train leaving Baltimore at 9.20 P. M., daily, carries Pullman Buffet Sleeper New York to Salisbury, uniting with Pullman Sleeper (from Norfolk) to Nashville, Tenn., through "The Land of the Sky," without change.

For full particulars, descriptive matter, etc., call on or address:

J. C. HORTON, Pass. Agent,
106 East German st., Baltimore, Md.
L. S. BROWN, Gen'l Agent Pass. Dept.
W. A. TURK, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
J. M. CULP, Traffic Manager.
W. H. GREEN, Gen'l Superintendent.
1300 Penna. Ave., Washington, D. C.

FREE HOMES
...IN...
Washington and Oregon.

160 Acres of Land FREE to Every Citizen.

1,000,000 ACRES

FINE TIMBER LANDS
RICH
Farming and Grazing
LANDS.

FRUITS Grow in Abundance.
FINE CLIMATE.
No Extreme Heat or Cold Weather.

NO TAXES For Seven Years
CONVENIENT TO MARKETS
Settling up very fast by EASTERN PEOPLE.

Full particulars free.
Address
A. C. HARVEY,
42 S. Third Street, Phila., Pa.
47—52

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

JOHN SHARTZER,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

offers his services to the people of Garrett County. Will cry land or personal property sales at any point in the county. 8-97-1yr.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, July 26, 1897.

Hark, hear the Dingley bell!
Of old man Hard Times.
'Tis ringing in the knell;
Sweet music in its chimes.

The Dingley tariff bill has received the signature of President McKinley and is now a law, and the extra session of the Fifty-fifth Congress, having accomplished what it was called together to do, has adjourned, and its members have gone home to hear what their constituents have to say about their work. So far as the Republicans are concerned, there no fear of the people's verdict. They have done a remarkable piece of work—one that many considered impossible, because of the lack of a Republican majority in the Senate, when President McKinley first announced his determination to call an extra session to pass a tariff bill. Although there are some things in the Dingley tariff law that would be different if the Republicans had had a majority of their own in the Senate, the law is distinctly Republican and consequently will protect American industry in all its branches and will, after the first six months of its existence, produce more money than will be needed to run the government, thus enabling President McKinley to resume the Republican policy of reducing the country's bonded indebtedness.

If it were possible to make a man like Senator Allen ashamed of anything Senator Foraker's prompt refutation of the charge made by Allen, that the McKinley vote in Ohio last November was increased by fraud, would have had that effect. As it was, Senator Foraker's vigorous prodding and demands for proof and specification of one single fraudulent vote cast in the State of Ohio at the presidential election drove Allen into a corner from which he was glad to escape by yielding to a motion to go into executive session. Senator Foraker made Senator Allen blush when he reminded him that he was the first man to slander his native State (Allen was born in Ohio) by such charges.

The giving away of coupons or certificates for premiums or prizes by the manufacturers of tobacco and cigarettes will have to be stopped, as the practice is prohibited by the Dingley tariff law. Most people will regard this as a step in the right direction. The whole prize business is demoralizing.

Mr. H. M. Dougherty, of the Ohio Republican State Central Committee, was in Washington to see the Dingley tariff bill become a law and to confer with the Ohio Republicans in Congress before adjournment. He says there will be a hot campaign in the State this year, but that he regards the election of the Republican State ticket and Senator Hanna's return to the Senate as assured. He says the Democrats are merely bluffing when they profess confidence in winning.

The House made quick work of meeting the recommendation of President McKinley for a currency commission. The special message was read just as soon as Speaker Reed had signed the Dingley tariff bill: the committee on rules reported a special rule giving one hour for the discussion of Representative Stone's bill authorizing the president to appoint a currency commission, which had been previously introduced, and at the close of the one hour's debate the bill was passed. The Senate took no action on the bill. It was not expected that it would.

So general is the interest in the disbarment proceedings against John Wedderburn & Co. charged with fraudulent practices, now being conducted by the U. S. Patent Office, that nearly all of the leading legal and technical journals of the country are represented at the hearings. The Patent Office claims to be able to prove fraud in a number of cases.

Knowing that every day the tariff bill was delayed was costing the country $100,000 or more in duties, the Republicans allowed the opposition to do most of the talking in the debate which preceded the adoption of the conference report. Senator Burrows, who was a member of the conference committee, made a short speech defending the restoration of $2 duty on white pine lumber, and replying to aspersions cast upon him and incidentally upon the State of Michigan by Senator Pettigrew. He said the lumber schedule was one of the most meritorious of the bill, which would restore to the labor of the country the uncounted millions of which it had been robbed by four years of free trade. The conference report was adopted by a majority of ten, the same majority by which the bill passed the Senate.

"July 18, 1896, our store, four dwelling houses and three barns were washed away by a flood. Soon after the community was visited by an epidemic of bloody flux. In a short time we sold ten dozen of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and in every case where it was used the results were all that could be desired; in fact our physicians admitted that it would do more toward bringing about a cure of flux than they could do"—Bush & Knisley, Auburn, W. Va., Oct. 8, 1896.

Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Wm. Frederick, Jr., & Son,
The Racket Store,
FRIENDSVILLE, MD.

We carry something of everything. There is nothing you want that cannot be found in our store.

It is admitted by all that to sell goods and make a living a merchant must necessarily charge a profit. Some merchants charge more profit than others. We are one of the OTHERS and come nearer selling goods for nothing than anyone on the face of the earth. Here you get value for your money.

Our silversmith is one of the finest workmen in the United States as all will admit who have had any work done in that line by him.

Our jewelry department is filled to overflowing with everything in that line and we sell jewelry at less than manufacturers' prices.

We carry a complete line of staple and fancy groceries.

Call and get our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

WM. FREDERICK, JR., & SON.

REAL ESTATE!
—FOR SALE BY—
JOHN SHARTZER, Real Estate Agent,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Two farms in District No. 2; 262 acres; near Elder Hill school house, improved by 2 houses, 3 barns and orchards. Will be sold separately or as a whole, to suit purchaser, on easy terms.

House of 4 rooms, 4 acres of land two miles south of Mt. Lake Park.

House and 1 acre of ground adjoining Loch Lynn Heights. Will be sold cheap.

A livery stable at Loch Lynn Heights; finest in the county; must be sold at once.

House and lot in Mt. Lake Park.

50 acres; improved by a small house; near Cranberry Glade farm.

House and 2 lots in McHenry.

Farm near Deer Park; improved.

A well improved farm near Ryan's Glade.

The above properties will be sold on easy terms.

One 50-acre lot adjoining the farm of W. T. Jamesson near Mt. Lake Park.

1 50-acre lot adjoining the lands of Mrs. Kilburne and — — Jackson near Mt. Lake Park; will be sold very cheap for cash.

7 building lots in Loch Lynn Heights.

The Phillips lands lying between Oakland and Mt. Lake Park; will be sold as a whole or in parcels to suit purchaser.

A lot of ground adjoining Mt. Lake Park on the Oakland road.

An improved farm of 100 acres, 2 miles from Terra Alta.

An improved farm of 200 acres near Crellin.

The Oakland Steam Laundry property.

7 large building lots in Oakland.

For further information, prices and terms, apply to

JOHN SHARTZER,
6-26 OAKLAND, MD.

Tomson's Red Seal Lye.

98 per cent. strength, granulated, packed in SIFTING TOP cans, is the greatest soapmaker, disinfectant and cleanser.

One Can will make 10 Pounds of Hard Soap.

Red Seal is the best disinfectant and purifier to use in sinks, drains, waste pipes and closets. It is handy, safe and sure. One can of Red Seal to 15 gallons of water sprayed, knocks potato bugs, cabbage worms, etc. No damage to vines. 15-13

Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

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DEALERS IN

Furniture,
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Matting,
Oil Cloth,
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Wall Paper,
—AND—
GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Repairing Furniture and Picture Framing a Specialty.

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FANCY STATIONERY.
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PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY,
DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.
31—26

Maryland Agricultural College,
College Park, Md.

MARYLAND SCHOOL OF TECHNOLOGY.

Four courses of instruction—Agricultural, Mechanical, Scientific, Classical.

Each department supplied with the most modern and approved apparatus. Practical work emphasized in all departments. Graduates qualified at once to enter upon their life's work. Boarding department supplied with all modern improvements; both rooms, closets, steam heat and gas. Books, room, heat, light, washing, board medical attendance, $150 for scholastic year. $5 caution money on entering. $6 for material for each practical laboratory. A 120 page catalogue, giving full particulars, sent on application. Daily sanitary inspection by physician to the college. Attention is called to the short course of ten weeks in agriculture. Particulars sent on application. Term commences September 15th. Early application necessary for admittance.

R. W. SILVESTER,
21-3t. President M. A. C.

I HAVE PURCHASED
THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. H. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT
COAL,
KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

SAMUEL LAWTON,
BICYCLES and BICYCLE REPAIRING.
Full line of Bicycle Sundries carried in stock.

MYERS PUMPS, Hose, Galvanized and Iron Pipe, Steam and Hot Water Fittings.

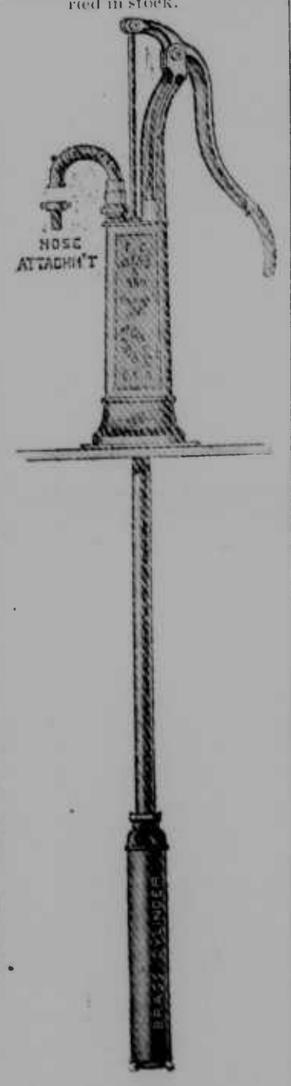

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Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 6—1yr

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1e4-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

DR. J. G. ROBINSON, DENTIST,
Felty Building, Opposite Postoffice,
OAKLAND, MD.
GAS ADMINISTERED. 50-97

W. H. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Residence on North 3rd Street.
Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

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LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-26 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md.
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

ALEX'R P. MASON,
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Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

Andrew R. Gonder, Att'y at Law. Alexander C. Mason, Surveyor.
GONDER & MASON,
:- REAL -: ESTATE :- AGENTS, :-
OAKLAND, MD.
10—1yr. Office, Shartzer's Opera House.

W. M'CULLON BROWN,
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LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including tram ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26t*

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D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President.
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, May 16, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.49 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	3.28 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.28 A. M
No. 47	—Daily	1.36 P. M
No. 55	—Express, daily	5.55 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	—Daily	5.59 A. M
No. 2	—Daily	6.41 A. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	5.18 P. M
No. 46	—Daily	1.43 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	12.29 A. M
No. 14	—Accommodation	10.12 A. M

Train No. 55 makes no stops between Oakland and Grafton. No. 47 makes all stops.

D. B. MARTIN,
Manager of Passenger Traffic.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.
IN EFFECT JULY 18, 1897.

SOUTHWARD No. 3	No. 1	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 05	8 00 lv	Cumberland ar	*12 00	†7 30
3 22	8 20	Rawlings	11 31	7 01
3 32	8 32	Keyser	11 08	6 38
4 05	9 05	Westernport	10 55	6 25
4 09	9 09	W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	6 18
4 37	9 35	Shaw	10 24	5 50
5 02	10 00	Harrison	9 56	†5 26
5 15	10 45* ar	Elk Garden	9 00	*4 00
5 35	10 *54 lv	Gorman	9 24	4 54
5 42	10 42	Bayard	9 19	4 49
5 54	10 51	Doblin	9 09	4 39
6 27	11 27	Thomas	8 38	4 08
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	7 55	3 15
6 31	11 34 lv	Coketon	8 51	4 01
7 01	12 01	Hendricks	8 00	3 30
7 17	12 07	Bretz	7 53	3 23
7 10	12 10	Parsons	7 50	3 20
7 45	12 45	Kerens	7 15	2 45
8 00	1 00* ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	†2 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
	3 05* ar	Healington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1897. NUMBER 22.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

An oculist is usually an irate man.

Even a color-blind man knows when he feels blue.

Miss Nell Offutt has returned from a visit to relatives at Elk Garden.

Miss Eva Tasker, of Washington, is in Oakland visiting Miss Susie Legge.

Editor Litzinger is having his office building painted and otherwise improved.

Mrs. Benj. H. Sincell and little son visited relatives at Kingwood last and this week.

Mr. A. L. Lee, of Swanton, is here this week assisting Examiner Palmer in his office.

Editor Bolden of the Terra Alta *Oracle*, was in the city a few hours Monday morning.

Walter D. Smith, of near Hazelton, W. Va., spent Sunday in Oakland with his brother D. G. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Lawton and Mr. C. C. Wooden, of Baltimore, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Loar.

Messrs. J. H. Fearer & Son advertise their place of business for sale in this issue. If you are interested write them.

Mr. Julius C. Renninger made a business trip to Terra Alta last Tuesday, returning to Oakland on his wheel.

Mrs. B. F. Kelly, who has been visiting Mrs. B. A. Richmond, left to-day for Loch Lynn Heights.—Cumberland News.

Dr. Ravenscraft, of Accident, ex-State senator of Maryland, was in town Tuesday of last week.—Confluence Press.

Messrs. Geo. T. Brew and Joseph C. Shaw, two of Grantsville's citizens, were in Oakland last Friday morning a few hours.

Mr. John Bonney's nine will go from Mountain Lake Park on Saturday to Fairmont and there play a game of ball.

Miss Grace Robinson, of Baltimore, arrived in Oakland Tuesday evening to visit her sister, Mrs. Dr. M. C. Rinebaugh, a few weeks.

Miss Nina Walker and Miss McMillan, of Wilmington, O., are here as guests at Mrs. Leowenstein's boarding house on Oak street.

Mr. George Gabard, of Elkins, W. Va., arrived in Oakland on Tuesday and will spend several days visiting friends in and near town.

Mr. James O. Cleveland, who has been engaged at work in Cumberland the past two or three weeks, returned to Oakland Tuesday night.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot, who attended the Epworth League convention at Charleston, W. Va., returned to Oakland last Friday night.

On Friday last Mr. Jas. W. Thomas, attorney, sold at mortgagee's sale the Phillips property, for $2,850. Mr. Lloyd Lowndes, jr., being the purchaser.

Miss Edith Brooks, of Hagerstown, Md., who visited Mr. and Mrs. Louis Leary, in Oakland, for a week, returned to her home Tuesday morning.

The waiters of the Oakland Hotel have formed a glee club and will give an entertainment in Shartzer's Opera House on Saturday night, the 14th inst.

Senator Wellington is at Deer Park for a few days. He expects to visit several sections of the county before he returns to his home in Cumberland.

Mr. Thomas Wolbert arrived in Oakland from Pittsburgh yesterday morning and will remain here a few days looking after some business matters.

Mr. John L. Harue came down from Clarksburg last Friday morning. He was summoned here by the sudden death of his mother, which occurred Thursday night.

Mr. A. B. White, editor of the Parkersburg *State Journal*, was in Oakland yesterday afternoon, having come down here from Aurora to take a train for his home.

Senator Wellington will leave today, accompanied by Mr. J. H. Holzshu, on a ten days' trip among the mountains of Garrett county.—Cumberland News, Monday.

Miss Bertha West, of Martinsburg, W. Va., who visited Mrs. Godfrey Felty and other friends in Oakland for a month or more, returned to her home last Saturday morning.

"They don't make much fuss about it." We are speaking of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous Little pills for constipation, billiousness and all stomach and liver troubles. They never gripe. Oakland Pharmacy.

Rev. H. Hourighans and family, of Washington D. C., passed through here this week *en route* to New Germany, Garrett county, where they will spend his usual vacation period. —Frostburg Journal.

Mr. William H. Hagans left for Baltimore yesterday afternoon where he has gone to visit his wife who is still an inmate of the Shepard asylum and whose condition remains unchanged.

It heals everything except a broken heart, may be said of DeWitt Witch Hazel Salve. Piles and rectal diseases, cuts, burns, bruises, tetter, eczema and all skin troubles may be cured by it quickly and permanently. Oakland Pharmacy.

"If a man has a thousand dollars, a good constitution, and no wife and no children, he can afford to go to the Klondyke regions."—John W. MacKay, Bonanza King, in New York World.

The standard binding twine for sale by Thos. Little. 20-3

Mrs. James O. Cleveland was called to Frostburg last Friday by a telegram announcing the death of her father, whose funeral occurred on Sunday. Mrs. Cleveland returned to Oakland Monday afternoon.

Tuesday evening the ladies of the Presbyterian church held a lawn fete on the Glades Hotel lawn, at which about seventy-five dollars were cleared. The grounds were beautifully lighted and presented an inviting appearance.

Ginghams, ginghams: Lancaster ginghams at 5c. a yard, at Little's.

Yesterday evening about six o'clock a wind storm struck Oakland and did some damage to trees and shrubbery. A large oak standing in Mr. P. A. Chisholm's yard was snapped off and hurled across Second street, almost completely blockading it.

Rev. Thomas J. Stanton, of Lonaconing, is here on a visit of a few days to his parents. Father Stanton is a genuine favorite among all classes and denominations of the Oakland people and is always cordially welcomed when he visits the scenes of his younger days.

There is a time for everything; and the time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait until you have consumption but prevent it by using One Minute Cough Cure, the great remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Chas. W. Bolden, who was visiting his son and daughter at Meyersdale, Pa., the past month or more, returned to Oakland last Thursday night. He was accompanied here by his son, Mr. C. A. Bolden, who remained in town a few days visiting relatives and friends.

Mr. John Englehart, of Guseman, W. Va., formerly of Accident, was in Oakland on business yesterday and Tuesday. Mr. Englehart has large business interests at Guseman in the way of woolen mills, the product being several hundred yards of flannel a day.

The best three star brown sheeting at 5c. a yard. The best on earth: at Little's. 20-3

On Monday night a temperance mass meeting was held in Shartzer's Opera House at which addresses were made by Prof. A. W. Hawks, of Baltimore; Mr. Howard O. Emmons, Revs. S. M. Engle, S. K. Arbuthnot and William Brayshaw. A large audience was present and the organization of a Good Templars lodge may be the result of the meeting.

John Griffin, of Zanesville, O., says "I never lived a day for thirty years without suffering agony, until a boy of Witch Hazel Salve cured my piles." For piles and rectal troubles, cuts, bruises, sprains, eczema and all skin troubles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. Oakland Pharmacy.

Yesterday morning fire was discovered in a tenement house on Third street belonging to Mr. G. S. Hamill. It was occupied by Miss Mary Hoopes and her aunt. The fire originated from an overheated stovepipe and set the paper on the walls on fire. An alarm was sounded, but before the department arrived the fire had been extinguished by Will Stargiss and others.

The great Wallace shows are coming to Oakland, Saturday, August 21, and Mr. J. C. Donovan and Mr. R. M. Harvey are here doing the work preliminary to the advertising of the show. This show is the best one on the road to-day and is credited with being the highest class circus in the world, and beyond the shadow of a doubt its horses and property are superior to anything of the kind in America.

"I crave but One Minute," said the public speaker in a husky voice; and then he took a dose of One Minute Cough Cure, and proceeded with his oratory. One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled for the throat and lungs. Oakland Pharmacy.

A letter was received at this office Tuesday morning for publication, postmarked Hoyes, to which there is no signature and of course it will not be published unless the name of the writer is forwarded. The contents of the letter, in fact, is of a nature that would interest but very few of our readers. We have time and again called the attention of correspondents to the necessity of signing their names to all matters sent to this office for publication.

Among those who went from here to Kingwood last Saturday to witness the game of ball were Messrs. D. E. Bolden, John Scally, Dick Bartlett, Hamill Spedden, Bowie Johnson, Will Shartzer, Semmes and Stuart Hamill, C. F. Schroeder, J. D. Hamill, G. A. Fraley, George Fleming, Charles Bosley, Charles and William Newman, Ernest Colardeau, Paul White, Stanley Boyer, Bruce Collins, John Sweeney, H. C. Sincell and Thos. Kimmell.

"Let me give you a pointer," said M. F. Gregg, a popular conductor on the Missouri Pacific railroad. "Do you know that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy cures you when you have the stomach ache well, it does," and after giving this friendly bit of advice, the jolly conductor passed on down the aisle. It is a fact that thousands of railroad and traveling men never take a trip without a bottle of this Remedy, which is the best cure for bowel disorders in the world. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Last Friday a delegation of sixteen "Fresh Air Children" from Baltimore, arrived in Oakland, and are being cared for by different citizens of the town. Many of the children are bright and intelligent looking, and all seem to be happy and are enjoying their vacation. Some of them were reported to be a little homesick the first evening or two they were here, but in most cases that has happily passed away. Another delegation of the children will be sent to Oakland in the near future.

Mrs. Solomon Stickley has been visiting her father, Mr. P. D. Turley, and sister, at Oakland, since last Friday. She returned yesterday.——Miss Rachael Pancake went to Oakland last Saturday to spend a few days among friends.——It ought to be gratifying to the people of Keyser that one enterprise in their midst, at least, is enjoying a season of prosperity. We refer to the Keyser woolen mills, owned and operated by our popular townsman, Hon. A. C. Scherr. He tells us that he is daily shipping the product of his mill, that good orders are steadily coming in and that he has work on hand to keep the mill in full operation for some time to come. —Keyser Tribune.

Vim, vigor and victory:—these are the charisties of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, billiousness and all stomach and liver troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

One of those men who lack only experience and knowledge to make them great editors said to the editor of the Gardiner (Me.) *Reporter-Journal* recently. "We expect the local paper to say all of these good things about us. It goes in to help fill up the news columns, and the news is what we buy the paper for." "Very true," says the editor, editorially, "but did you ever consider that the unpleasant things the local paper might truthfully say about you, but does not, would sell ten papers to the complimentary item's one? We regret that human nature is built that way, but it is nevertheless, and the fellow making a local country newspaper in the little bailiwick where everybody is supposed to know everybody else's business better than his own, finds it much more difficult to determine what to leave out of the sheet than what to put in it. Thanks, awfully, for the suggestion; you mean well, but you don't know."

The Meridian Stones Set.

Thursday and Friday last Dr. Bauer, of the State Geologied survey, assisted by Mr. William McCulloh Brown, were engaged in setting up the meridian stones at the court house in Oakland, in pursuance with an order passed by the county commissioners at a meeting held in June last. The stones, three in number, two of which are in the court house yard and the third one in a field belonging to Mr. James R. Bishop, on the north of town, are set in a bed of cement and rock. Mr. Bishop kindly donated a piece of ground six feet square where the stone sets in his field. This is the best location of the meridian stones in the State yet made by Dr. Bauer, as the sight is over a half mile long, whereas in other counties three hundred feet is the longest sight yet obtained.

For Sale.

A store, house and lot at Sand Spring—a first-class business stand—postoffice and telephone connections. Terms to suit purchaser. Write or call on J. H. FEARER & SON,
22-3t Fearer, Md.

THEY PLAYED GOOD BALL.

But it was Impossible to Beat the Kingwood Nine and Umpire Combined.

THE SCORE WAS SEVEN TO EIGHT.

Clapp May be a Good Pension Agent, but as an Umpire he is a Farce. The Game was Hard Fought from Start to Finish, and when it was Seen a Shut Out for the Kingwood Nine was Imminent, Highway Robbery of the First Water was Resorted to by the Power that Was.

FULL DETAILS OF THE GAME.

Last Saturday morning at eight o'clock the Jack Oak base ball nine left Oakland with a set of players who were considered invincible and the fact that they are invincible still remains to be proven although the game at Kingwood was given to Brown's West Virginia players by a score of 7 to 8 by an umpire who, to use the common term applied to him on the grounds by disinterested parties, was a highway robber, in base ball parlance.

The game was promptly called at 2.30 o'clock and the players as promptly took their places with Mr. Clapp acting as umpire. Hardly had the first ball been tossed over the plate when the crowd of rooters from Oakland swarmed to the rope stretched before the grand stand. In a moment some of the over-zealous spirits on the grounds started to force the boys from the rope. They balked and for a few minutes it looked as though a riot was imminent. Cooler heads prevailed, however, and the "rooters" were persuaded to leave that section of the field and take another position further away from the "Duke." Kingwood's pitcher. Had the boys from Oakland, who at most times conduct themselves as gentlemen, been requested to move from the position they had taken, no trouble of any consequence would have followed. Or even if the grounds had not been roped off and thus an invitation extended to take that position the game would have gone on peaceably. But the Kingwoodites were determined to win at any cost, and they did. Every unfair advantage was taken of the Oakland players and visitors, every word spoken to them was with a sneer and curl of the classic (?) lip characteristic of the average dweller of that dead old burg. We do not wish to be understood as taking the part of those who intended "roughing" it at the game but we do protest against the methods used and the treatment received at the hands of the umpire and citizens of the town.

It is admitted that some of the rooters who accompanied our players to Kingwood were not in condition either mentally or physically to appear in public and properly conduct themselves, but the beverage causing this condition of mind and body was procured in that church-going and near-to-heaven town—Kingwood. Oh, who would imagine that whiskey could be procured there? Ask some of the rooters. A tale to unfold they have and will if called upon so to do. But this has nothing to do with the game, if such it may be called.

Oakland was first at the bat. Parsons made a hit and went to first. He was followed by Armstrong, who struck out. He in turn was followed by Metts, who got his base on balls. Bonney made a hit and brought Parsons and Metts home. Dewing and West followed Bonney, both of whom went out; two runs.

Second inning. An error on the part of the scorer sent Brewer to the bat instead of Wolf. Two balls were thrown him, both called strikes before the error was noticed, when Wolf took his place and another strike was called and Wolf went out. Brewer went to the bat and got his base on balls. He was followed by Fay, who struck out. Parsons came to the bat and got his base on balls. Armstrong made first and Brewer scored; one run.

Third inning. Metts came to the bat and was thrown out at first. He was followed by Bonney who got his base on balls. Dewing struck out and Bonney scored on West's fly to left field. Wolf struck out; one run.

Fourth inning. Brewer went to the bat and was thrown out at first. He was followed by Fay and Parsons, both of whom struck out. Here the umpire begun to get in his work and kept it up until the end of the game, calling strikes when the balls were clearly out of striking distance.

Fifth inning. Armstrong went to the bat was forced out at first. He was followed by Metts and Bonney, both of whom got their bases on balls. Dewing made a hit and Metts and Bonney scored. West went out on a fly to the in-field and Dewing was thrown out at second; two runs.

Sixth inning. Wolf, Brewer and Fay went out in one, two, three order; no runs.

Seventh inning. Parsons made a beautiful fly to left field and scored the only home run made during the game. Armstrong and Metts struck out. Bonney went out on a fly to left field; one run.

Eighth inning. At the beginning of the eighth inning the rain began coming down and made the grounds and ball quite slippery. Dewing and West both went out at first, but both making short hits to the infield. Wolf struck out.

Ninth inning. Brewer and Fay both struck out. Parsons made a short hit and was thrown out at first.

The Kingwood boys did not put up a game at any time equaling that played by the Jack Oaks. They lined up as follows:

First inning. Hayes went to the bat and made a hit but died on third. He was followed by Llewellyn who made first, tried to steal second but was caught. Sapp made a hit and Shaffer struck out; no runs.

Second inning. Fortney, Hayes and Llewellyn were all struck out, but nine balls being thrown to the catcher; no runs. At this stage of the game it was a fact potent to all that unless some stringent means were employed by the Kingwood nine a shut out would be the result. Clapp was given the tip and everything went as he willed it.

Fourth inning. Sapp made a hit and went to second. He was followed by Shaffer who also made a hit to first. Shaffer and Bower struck out and Dent went out on a foul to the catcher; no runs.

Sixth inning. Orr made a hit. Mitter and Fortney struck out. Hayes made a hit and went to first. Llewellyn followed with a three base hit and scored Orr and Hayes. Sapp made a hit and scored. On Llewellyn's hit to center field he cut both the first and second bases. Umpire Clapp said he did not see him do it, but such a row was raised by the Oakland boys that he sent him back to third and would not call him out even though the ball was in the baseman's hands before he returned to third.

Seventh inning. Bower, Dent and Orr struck out in one, two, three order; no runs.

Eight inning. Mitter, Fortney and Hayes all struck out; no runs.

Ninth inning. Here the score stood seven to six in favor of Oakland. The rain was coming down pretty lively, but Mr. Clapp had received his cue and would not call the game. The ball was in bad condition and could hardly be held by the players even after it was in their hands. To catch it was almost out of the question. Llewellyn made a hit. He was followed by Sapp, who got his base on balls. A short fly by Shaffer to right field, almost in reach of the first baseman, scored Llewellyn and Sapp, the ball becoming lost in a pile of grass which had not been raked from the field; two runs.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

CLUBS.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Oakland	2	1	1	0	2	0	1	0	0	8—7
Kingwood	0	0	0	3	0	3	0	0	2	8—8

A return game is expected to be played on August 14th, between Kingwood and Oakland, but Mr. Clapp will not umpire, as he stated Monday that he would not come to Oakland in that capacity, and we presume he has a very good reason for reaching that conclusion.

Eye Specialist.

Dr. Hardman, of Wheeling, W. Va., will adjust spectacles at Oakland, Monday, August 16th, only. Eyes examined free. 22-2

The Boundary Line Survey.

Monday morning early two wagons loaded with a camping outfit, consisting of tents, cooking utensils, beds, etc., left Oakland for Fairfax Stone, at which point the survey of the boundary line between Maryland and West Virginia was begun on Tuesday morning. The camp wagons were followed by two spring wagons carrying representatives of the two states and the engineers. Mr. John Shartzer and Mr. Will Offutt accompanied the party, who returned to Oakland yesterday.

The tents were pitched at a point about two miles north of the Fairfax Stone, where water is plentiful and the ground level. One tent is used as a kitchen, and is presided over by Henry Clark, a French (?) chef from Africa.

Monday night was the first night in camp and reports from the corps brought to town Tuesday was to the effect that those who did not smoke were almost eaten up by gnats.

No. 11.—Polished Solid Oak 5-Drawer Chiffonier, 42 inches high, 30 inches long, 18 inches deep. It is well constructed and has castlocks on each drawer. Special price, (Orders promptly filled).

$3.39

Our success is not accidental. It is the reward of 48 years of honorable business. Our experience in the Furniture and Carpet business is yours for the asking. Our immense illustrated catalogue of Furniture, Oil Cloths, Baby Carriages, Refrigerators, Bedding, Springs, Stoves, Safes, etc., is free to all who write for it, and we pay all postage. If you ask your local dealers' advice you will not send for our catalogue, as no will lose a customer. If you consult your pocket-book and want double value for your dollars, you will deal with the manufacturers. Send your name on a postal now.

Julius Hines & Son
BALTIMORE, MD.

Killed Near Corinth.

Last Saturday morning about six o'clock the almost lifeless body of William Browning, aged about thirty-five years, was found lying alongside the tracks of the B. & O. railroad at a point near Corinth, West Virginia, six miles west of Oakland. The unfortunate man lived on a farm between Corinth and Terra Alta, West Va., and the general opinion is that he had sat down on the track the night previous and falling asleep, was struck by a passing train. He was seen at Hutton Friday evening in company with another man, who walked with him toward Corinth. When the body was discovered Mr. Browning was still living, but a wound was in his head and brain matter was slowly oozing out. In this condition he lived until Saturday afternoon at six o'clock. Sunday morning the body was brought to Oakland and taken to the Catholic church, from whence it was borne to the cemetery and there interred at seven o'clock the same evening. The deceased leaves a wife and seven children in poor circumstances.

The Breach in the Democratic Party.

A special telegram to the Baltimore *Sun* of Monday, dated at Oakland, contains the following bit of political gossip which will not be relished by the German ring of the county:

"The success of the German people in the convention on Tuesday has only served to widen the breach between the two factions of the Democratic party in Garrett county. Two of the anti-German delegates left the convention on Tuesday last disgusted with the situation. The anti-German sentiment is very bitter and is gaining strength every day. The platform is denounced in very strong terms and will not make votes for its author in this section."

Yesterday's Flood.

Yesterday morning about 1 o'clock the heaviest electrical storm in many years broke over Oakland. Crash after crash of thunder shook the earth and for a time it seemed as though all the elements were combined in an endeavor to sweep this section of everything movable. The storm was accompanied by the heaviest rain-fall ever experienced here. A steady down-pour continued from one until five, resulting in raising the small stream running through town to a torrent, washing over Third street which resembled a river. Considerable damage was done to gardens and numerous cellars were flooded. Mr. Broderick's ice house in the east end of town suffered. The dam broke at a point just above the building, letting a strong stream through the break which struck the building and washed one side out. The loss is only upon the building as all the ice in the damaged part had been disposed of.

Church Services.

Sunday next, in the Episcopal church, 7.30 a. m., holy communion; 11 a. m., morning prayer and sermon by Rev. J. H. Elliott, S. T. D., of Washington, D. C.; Deer Park, 11 a. m., Bishop Jackson, of Alabama; Loch Lynn, 8 p. m., Rev. Wm. Brayshaw.

Assaulted by Two Fiends.

At Horseshoe Run, a short distance from Aurora, Preston county, while Miss Minnie Winters was gathering huckleberries, she was criminally assaulted by two men. The young girl returned to her home about noon, in a very precarious condition. She is a daughter of John Winters, a substantial farmer of that section, and is highly respected. The men were strangers. A large party of lumbermen have been out since Tuesday evening in search of the two men, and if they are captured they will most probably be summarily dealt with.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND · GARRETT CO., MD

THE WASP.

The passengers were warm and tired,
The air was thick with smoke;
They looked disgusted, sullen, cross;
None ventured jest or joke.

A lady with a pile of books,
A boy and a servant girl,
Stepped through the door, and in a trice
All heads were in a whirl.

The boy began to slam the books,
And slap the patient nurse:
To pitch things through the crowded car,
And snatch the lady's purse.

He clearly was an "only" child,
For often she would say:
"Now, Mary, do not tease the dear—
Just let him have his way."

The nurse repressed her rising tears;
The tyrant pulled her hair
And screamed. The mother quickly said:
"Don't tease him, Mary—there."

A wasp flew in and settled down;
The boy reached out his hand;
The nurse said: "Harry, it will sting;"
His cry called forth command.

With eyes half closed the mother said:
"Now, Mary, let the child
Have what he wants, and let me sleep—
You drive me nearly wild."

With weary sigh the nurse withdrew
Her hand; he made a dash
And caught the creature, sting and all;
He knew it in a flash.

The mother started at his cry,
That rivaled lion's roar,
With: "Mary, let him have it now,"
And stamped upon the floor.

"He got it, ma'am," the nurse replied;
The travelers screamed for joy
The nurse expressed a mild surprise;
The mother kissed her boy.
—A. M. Bruner, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

AN INCIDENT OF ... THE REVOLUTION.

WHILE Gen. Howe, with his British army, held possession of Philadelphia, and Gen. Washington, with the few half-starved troops under his immediate command, was encamped at a place called White Marsh, a few miles distant from the city, an incident occurred which, though seemingly trifling in itself, may have had an important bearing upon the destiny of the whole country.

Lieut. Col. Craig, commanding a detachment of light horse, was ordered to approach the enemy's lines and hover near them, in the capacity of videttes, to pick up any intelligence that might be of value to the army. While engaged in this important duty one cold, raw day in December, an orderly called his attention to a woman who was coming up the road.

The officer watched her as she ascended the hill, and when he perceived, by her stopping and looking frightened, that she had discovered his command, he rode forward and called out, in reassuring tone:

"Advance, madam—you have nothing to fear from true soldiers."

The lady, who was well wrapped up in plain, warm garments, with a hood that quite concealed her features at a short distance, now came forward, without hesitation, to meet the colonel, as if satisfied from his language and appearance she had nothing to fear. When near enough for him to distinguish the features that were turned full upon him, he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise:

"Mrs. Darrah, as I live! Why, what on earth can have brought you, all alone and unprotected, into this dangerous locality?"

"Thee knows, friend," she replied, in the Quaker style, "I have a son in the American army—who is, like thyself, an officer under George Washington—and a mother's heart yearns toward her offspring, even though he has departed from the ways of his fathers."

"You were going then to seek him?"

"I was; but perhaps thee would carry a message for me, and let me turn back to the city?" said the lady, but still with a cautious, hesitating air.

"It will afford me great pleasure to oblige Lydia Darrah in any way!" bowed the gallant colonel.

"Thank thee, friend—thee is very kind. If thee will dismount then and walk with me a little way I think I will tell thee what I have to say, which is a secret I would not like to have any other persons hear."

The colonel assented, and, riding back to his men, gave his horse in charge of one of them and ordered them to keep in sight of him; but not to approach near enough to overhear an ordinary conversation. He then returned to the lady and they began their walk down the road, in an opposite direction to that which she had come. For a short time she maintained a deep silence, with her face averted, and, as the officer fancied, with her whole frame trembling with secret emotion.

"Friend Craig," she at length began, with something like a sigh, and speaking in the rapid, earnest manner of one communicating some startling fact, "thee must hasten at once to George Washington and tell him thee has certain information that, on to-morrow night, a large body of British soldiers will secretly march out of the city for the purpose of surprising and capturing him and all his men. Not to mystify thee, friend, and that thee may attach all due importance to this information, I will now inform thee that I, Lydia Darrah, overheard an order read between two high officers to the effect of what I have stated. Thee must also know that the man called Gen. Howe has come to abide in the house opposite my husband's, and that for some reason, to us unknown, two men, one of whom is supposed to be called the adjutant general, have come over to William Darrah's several times, and held private conferences in one of the back rooms of our dwelling. Last night these two men came again and one of them told me he wanted all my family to go to bed early, and that when they should get ready to leave, which might be late, they would call me to let them out.

"Well, Friend Craig, I sent the whole family early to bed, as requested to do, but I myself felt very anxious to know what was going on of so much importance, and so I did what I never did before—took off my shoes, walked on tiptoe to the door of the room where these men were, put my ear to the key-hole, and listened and heard what I have informed thee of."

"God bless you, Lydia Darrah, for a noble woman!" said the colonel, with excited warmth; "perhaps you have saved our country—who knows? For had this plan succeeded, which we will now defeat, and Gen. Washington been taken prisoner, I much fear our cause would have been hopeless."

"I will make haste to finish my story, for thee must ride fast to George Washington. After hearing what I have said, I stole back to my room, trembling at the importance of what I had heard. When the men, soon after, knocked at my door for me to get up and let them out, I pretended to be asleep, and they had to knock three times. Then I came out, rubbing my eyes, and saw them off. But I slept none that night, for thinking what I ought to do; and I did not dare to tell my husband for fear the secret might get out. I wanted to get the information to George Washington, and save a great many lives, but for some time I could not see my way clear to do it. At last it occurred to me that I might go to Frankford for some flour, if the man Howe would give me a pass out of town. I went over to him and he gave it. Then I told William and my family that I would go alone to Frankford for the flour, which greatly surprised them and caused much remonstrance. But I did go alone, and thee sees, friend, how much I have since strayed beyond the mill."

In due time Lydia Darrah returned home with her flour, secretly trembling at all she had done, and the fear of discovery. The night following she lay awake and heard the heavy, solemn tramp, tramp, tramp of the British troops, as they marched past her window and on out of the city, to surprise, defeat and capture the army for whose success she had not only often prayed, but had so lately periled more than life.

When, a few days after, these same troops returned, Lydia Darrah dared not ask the question she was the most anxious to have answered, lest her emotions might betray her. Soon after the adjutant general called upon her and said:

"Madam, will you do me the favor to enter my room, that I may ask you a few important questions?"

Lydia Darrah, believing her secret discovered, either by chance or betrayal, turned deadly pale, and almost fainted with terror; but fortunately the officer took no notice of her emo-

PUT MY EAR TO THE KEY HOLE.

tions, and soon recovering herself she determined to boldly brave out the worst. She therefore went to his apartment with a firm step, nor showed any signs of trembling when she saw him lock the door.

"Now, madam," he said, with stern and stately dignity, as he handed her a seat and took another facing her, "I beg you will answer me truly, as if your life were at stake! Who was the last person up of your family on the last night I was closeted in this room with a brother officer?"

"Myself," was the firm and quiet reply of Lydia Darrah.

"Are you certain, madam?"

"Quite—for thee requested me to send all the family to bed by eight o'clock, and I did so, myself going last."

"You will be willing to swear to this, madam?"

"We Friends never swear," returned the other, with dignity; "but thee has my word for the fact."

"Well," returned the officer, with an air of chagrin, "I do not understand it. You, I know, were asleep, for I myself knocked three times at your door before I could rouse you. We that night laid a plan to attack and capture Gen. Washington and his army; but by some means, unknown to me, he got news of our design, and has frustrated our purpose. When we arrived before his camp we found all his cannon mounted, and his whole command prepared to give us battle; and disappointed and chagrined, we have all marched back like a parcel of fools! That is all, madam!" concluded the officer, rising, unlocking the door, and bowing out the mistress of the dwelling.

Lydia Darrah retired with feelings of relief better imagined than described.

Who shall say how much the subsequent dwellers in this land of freedom have owed and still owe to the cunning and heroism of this noble woman?—N. Y. Ledger.

—The Bank of England contains silver ingots which have lain in its vaults since 1694.

CANNON BALL STORY.

Alfred Grissom Tells of a Narrow Escape in Alabama.

Alfred Grissom, the manager of the summer excursion boats, has a cannon ball story which he says is Gospel truth. People in the excursion business have a strict regard for veracity, and many of his friends believe every word of it, says the St. Louis Republic.

Several years ago, the story runs, Mr. Grissom was in St. James parish, La. He had occasion to visit a sawmill where the big cottonwood logs were being cut into lumber. His attention was attracted to a particularly large log, when suddenly there was a loud crash, like that of the teeth striking a nail.

Windows were broken, men shouted and the machinery was stopped. Mr. Grissom was not hurt as he had imagined. Something had happened and he stopped to see the cause. The big log was removed from the rack and split open. A large cannon ball was imbedded in the center. The saw had struck it and broke into a myriad of pieces which flew in all directions. Five pieces passed through his hat, one struck his watch and glanced off, another hit a silver dollar in his vest pocket and left a scratch along its surface. Luckily, none of the flying particles struck his body or did other injury than break a few panes of glass in the office compartment.

HONEST, BUT CUTE YANKEE.

His Henroop Straddles the Line Between Arizona and Mexico.

There is a funny case of international honesty down in Arizona, just on the line between that territory and Mexico, says the Washington Times. A Yankee farmer lives there, one Amasa Barrow by name, and it is his business to raise chickens. Chicken feed is cheap in Mexico and chickens bring fine prices in Arizona, but to raise fowls in Mexico and bring them across the boundary, or to buy the feed and bring it across, would involve the payment of a considerable duty, which would eat the profits about as fast as the hens could eat the corn. As for smuggling, that was not to be thought of.

Amasa is a Yankee, and he is so honest that his neighbors say he wouldn't take advantage of a man in a horse trade. But he is also full of Yankee ingenuity, and after deep cogitation he built a long, slim henroop, one-half of it in Arizona and the other in Mexico. On the line there is a gate. Over the line there are bars containing feed. At feeding time the gate is opened, and the chicken fancier shoos his flock into Mexico, where they eat their meal. Then he shoos them back to the protection of the American flag, where they digest this Mexican grain, lay their eggs and carry on their family affairs. Mr. Barrow saves about 50 per cent. on his grain, and makes about that much on his chickens, and if there is any smuggling done it is done by the innocent and irresponsible biddies.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH LIBRARIES COMPARED.

In no other country in the world are the educational advantages of libraries so full and so free as in the United States, says Mr. William George Jordan in the Ladies' Home Journal. The United States has 3,804 public libraries of more than 1,000 volumes each, or a total of 31,176,354 books. The school libraries of this country alone contain 12,000,000 volumes more than all the public libraries of Europe combined.

Concerning "Professors."

The misuse of the title "professor" as often vulgarly applied to musicians in general finds a laughable example in the following story credited to Bandmaster Sousa. It seems that some years ago, before the existence of the organization which bears his name, and before "The Washington Post," "Liberty Bell," "Cotton King" and "El Capitan" had made the American march king famous, he was leading a band in the government service, at some small country festival. The advent of the band had been awaited with intense interest by the local population, and, as a consequence, the bandsmen were soon surrounded by a surging crowd which hemmed them in so that it became well-nigh an impossibility for them to keep on playing. Sousa pointed out the fact to a local official, adding that unless the crowd fell back his band would have to stop. That personage shook his head warmly, and turning to the assembled multitude, bawled out: "Gentlemen, step back and give the purfessor's purfessors a chance to play!"

Rebuilding the Tuileries.

Another attempt to have the Tuileries palace rebuilt is being made in France. This time the movement is led by the Society for the Preservation of Public Monuments.

Building Their Own Vessels.

Though it costs from 25 to 50 per cent. more to build merchant vessels in France than in England, according to Vicomte d'Avenel, France will build her own ships.

NEW DULUTH—SUPERIOR BRIDGE.

WITH ITS WONDERFUL RECORD DRAW SPAN.

The magnificent new Duluth-Superior bridge which was opened recently has the longest draw span in the world. In all respects the new bridge is a noble work. It is the great draw span around which the greatest interest clusters and which surpasses anything else of the kind in the world. The span is 480 feet long and 60 feet wide and weighs 2,000 tons, yet so delicately is it poised on its rolling circle of 40 feet that four men can easily swing it around with their hands. The power used is electricity. Across the bridge are built two railway tracks, two trolley tracks, two wagon tracks and two sidewalks. The bridge will carry the heaviest locomotives at a speed of 50 miles an hour.

Liquid Air in Commerce.

New methods of liquifying air at a reduced cost have been invented in Germany, and Mr. de Kay, United States consul at Berlin, mentions in his official report some of the uses to which liquid air may be put. One of these is for illuminating purposes. An illuminant can be formed from liquid air by mixing it with ordinary air, in certain proportions, while it is passing back to its normal condition. Liquid air may also serve as an explosive agent for various purposes. As a portable liquid, rich in oxygen, it is suggested that it should serve many purposes in manufactures. The price in Germany has heretofore been $2.25 for five cubic meters (about 176½ cubic feet) of air reduced to the liquid condition, but Prof. Linde, of Munich, has invented a process whereby the cost has been brought down to about 2¼ cents per five cubic meters.

Brigandage in Greece.

Brigandage is rampant at the present moment in Greece. This is accounted for by the disbandment of large bodies of volunteers, who, owing to the stagnation of trade and industry, have no employment or means of livelihood and have taken to highway robbery for the purpose of avoiding starvation. Most of them were permitted to retain their arms when dismissed from the service, and are now putting these weapons to private account.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—At the last congress of German Vineyardists Prof. Wortman reported that he had found living bacteria in wine which had been bottled 25 to 30 years.

—One of the last things accomplished by the Fitzgerald expedition of mountain climbing and exploration in the Andes was to discover a volcano in full operation in a region in which no one had suspected the existence of such a phenomenon.

—French colonists to the number of 20,000 will soon go to Mexico to colonize 2,000,000 acres of rich coffee lands in the state of Jalisco. From the other side the Japanese are also forming a colony in Mexico composed mostly of the agricultural classes.

—Tobacco was grown so successfully in Polk county, Fla., during the spring that large areas are under cultivation for the fall crop, which is said to be the better of the two, and the country folk talk cheerfully of the money returns of which they feel confident.

—The airship craze is said to be nearly as strong in Germany and on the continent as in this country. Prof. Hoffman, an imperial councilor, has invented a machine constructed on the principle of a dragon, with steam propellers, which he is confident will work all right.

—When perfumes are not disagreeable to a patient it is well to use them freely in a sick room, as they are a protection against contagion. It is said that if lavender water is sprayed through the living rooms of houses situated in a malarial locality it will prevent the occupant from contracting the disease.

—Inasmuch as lithographic stone is growing scarce and costly, many attempts have been made to find a good and cheap substitute among the metals. Zinc does not appear to meet the requirements of the situation, but great claims have recently been made in behalf of aluminum as applied to such service.

VICTORIA'S REGAL RIGHT.

Why the Niece of William IV. Was Called to the Throne.

Several newspapers, in explaining to their readers how Queen Victoria came to succeed William IV., say it was because she was his niece. That is the truth, but only half the truth, for William IV. had nephews and other nieces. George III.'s first, second, third and fourth sons were respectively the prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., who died childless in 1830; Frederick, duke of York, who died in 1827, also without children; William, duke of Clarence, who died, William IV., June 20, 1837, without lawful issue, and Edward, duke of Kent and Strathearn, and earl of Dublin, who died January 23, 1820, aged 53, leaving as the sole issue of his marriage with Princess Victoria of Leiningen a baby daughter, now Queen Victoria. The queen succeeded William IV., not simply because she was his niece, but because she was the only child of the brother next to him in the order of succession. Had Queen Victoria had a brother, she would in all probability not have been a personage of historical celebrity, save in the contingency of succeeding him. Her rights were those that devolved on her from her father. At the time she succeeded to the throne her uncles—the dukes of Cumberland, of Sussex and Cambridge—were living, younger brothers of her father and junior to him in the line of succession in the order named. The duke of Cumberland (who became King of Hanover on the death of William IV.) was a man of such despotic temper and principles that all England cherished the Princess Victoria as standing between it and his succession to the throne. He had lawful issue, as had the duke of Cambridge. The duke of Sussex, a most estimable man, married twice, but these unions being repugnant to the provisions of the royal marriage act, his children were barred from the line of succession. From the revolution of 1688 rose the Jacobite party, made up of those who supported the cause of James II., his sons and descendants. The picturesque modern Jacobites do not recognize Queen Victoria, despite the fact that her succession is due to her Stuart blood, for she is a direct descendant of Elizabeth, daughter of James I., to whose heirs the title to the throne devolved by the act of settlement on the death of Anne.—Boston Transcript.

German Miners Superstitions.

Probably the most superstitious class of men in the world, barring the sailors, are miners—those who delve in the bowels of the earth for coal or minerals. In Germany the mines are believed to be the abiding places of queer little old men not over two feet high, who ape in dress the ordinary miners. They vary in character: some are good, some are bad. In Wales the miners are haunted by goblin miners, known as knockers. They make strange noises, and the tapping of their picks can be heard in ore bodies not yet reached by the human workmen. The dreaded ladder Dwarf is a malignant hunchback of frightful appearance, who kicks out the rungs of ladders in mines just before an accident occurs. Superstition extends even to the vegetables sometimes found growing in mines, such growths having talismanic virtues. In Sardinia an ancient lead mine has been completely abandoned on account of a prevailing dread among the miners of a small and venomous spider inhabiting it.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Delicate Compliment.

No more elegant compliment was ever paid to a preacher than that of King Louis XIV. of France to Jean Batiste Masillon, bishop of Clermont. Said he: "I have heard many great preachers and the effect they produced on me was that I felt thoroughly satisfied with them. Every time I heard you, I have been dissatisfied with myself."—N. Y. Post.

BIFFLEBY GOES YACHTING.

The Only Outlay Was for a Bottle of Tar.

A life on the ocean wave,
And a home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revel keep.

"I don't know that I have the quotation exactly right," said Mr. Billleby, "but it will serve as an introduction to what I want to say.

"I am very fond of yachting, but I don't go as much as I would like to on account of the expense. But I am not without the enjoyments of yachting; for when the desire for the water comes over me, as it does every summer, I manage to go yachting at home.

"Every spring I buy about a pound of tar, which I keep in a bottle tightly corked. When it comes along some drowsy summer day, and I feel that I would like to be lying on deck loking in the sun, with the yacht nodding along lazily in the summer breeze, then I take a trip at home.

"That night I eat fish for dinner, or clam chowder, and I go to bed early. Before going to bed I start the water running in the bathroom; the sound of it makes the waves, lapping against the bow of the boat. I slew up the awnings only partly; the starting of the awnings when the wind gets in their folds does for the swaying sails. I bring out the bottle of tar and uncork it, and set it on a chair up by the head of the bed. I douse the glim and tumble into bed, 'Rocked in the cradle of the deep.'"—N. Y. Sun.

Queen & Crescent.

During the Tennessee Centennial and International Exposition at Nashville, Tenn., a low rate special tariff has been established for the sale of tickets from Cincinnati and other terminal points on the Queen & Crescent Route.

Tickets are on sale daily until further notice to Chattanooga at $6.75 one way or $7.20 round trip from Cincinnati, the round trip tickets being good seven days to return; other tickets, with longer return limit, at $9.90 and at $13.50 for the round trip.

These rates enable the public to visit Nashville and other Southern points at rates never before offered. Vestibuled trains of the finest class are at the disposal of the passenger, affording a most pleasant trip, and enabling one to visit the very interesting scenery and important battle-grounds in and about Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain and Chickamauga National Military Park. Tickets to Nashville to visit the Centennial can be repurchased at Chattanooga for $3.40 round trip. Ask your ticket agent for tickets via Cincinnati and the Q. & C. Route South or write to

W. C. RINEARSON, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Cincinnati, O.

The Trials of Genius.

Friend—Why, what are you in such a fuss about? Anything happened?

Artist—Oh, botheration, yes! Everything! I was just getting some of my latest pictures ready for framing, and that confounded housekeeper of mine has so mixed them up I'll never in the wide world be able to tell the top from the bottom again.—N. Y. Truth.

B. & O. Fast Freight Schedule.

The Baltimore & Ohio, in connection with the Continental Line and Central States Dispatch fast freight lines, has inaugurated another fast freight schedule to the west, to be known as Train 95. It will be made up at Baltimore, and is put on especially to accommodate import business by way of Locust Point, and at the same time gives to Eastern manufacturers and wholesale dealers a rapid service to the west. The running time of the train is so arranged that it will make 50 hours to Chicago, 30 to Cincinnati, 39 to Cleveland, 34 to Columbus, 118 to Dallas, Tex., 50 to Detroit, 98 to Duluth, Minn., 37 to Indianapolis, 78 to Kansas City, 75 to Memphis, 50 to Louisville, 74 to Milwaukee, 83 to Minneapolis, 61 to Peoria Ill., 29 to Pittsburgh, 50 to St. Louis, 81 to St. Paul, 39 to Sandusky, 23½ to San Francisco, 44 to Toledo, and correspondingly quick time to other western and southern points.

The Freight Department expects to make 95 as popular and reliable a train as 97, which makes the run from New York to Chicago and St. Louis in 60 hours.

Often he who has most courage and most strength to stand alone has the deepest craving for appreciation.—Philip S. Moxom.

Excursion to Niagara Falls.

On Thursday, August 12th, the Cleveland, Akron & Columbus R'y will run an excursion from Columbus, Zanesville and intermediate stations to Niagara Falls via Cleveland and the steamer "City of Buffalo," of the Cleveland and Buffalo Transit Co. The round trip rate to Niagara Falls will be $6.00 from Columbus and Zanesville, $5.00 from Mt. Vernon, $4.00 from Millersburg, $3.00 from Akron, and proportionately low rates from intermediate stations. Train will leave Columbus 11:30 a. m. and Zanesville 12:00 noon of that day, making fast time. Tickets good returning five days from date of sale. For special information as to trips beyond Niagara Falls and all details see special excursion bills or apply to any agent of this Company, or C. F. DALY, General Passenger Agent.

A man likes to rake up a lot of rubbish and make a bonfire as well as a woman likes to clean house.—Washington Democrat.

Arouse to Action

A dormant liver, or you will suffer all the tortures incident to a prolonged bilious attack. Constipation, headaches, dyspepsia, furred tongue, sour breath, pain in the right side, will admonish you of neglect. Discipline the recalcitrant organ at once with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and expect prompt relief. Malaria, rheumatism, kidney complaint, nervousness and debility are thoroughly removed by the Bitters.

A loafer always complains of warm weather more than a hard working man.—Atchison Globe.

We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs.—Jennie Pinckard, Springfield, Ill., Oct. 1, 1894.

What an immense amount of laziness there is going on in the name of poor health.—Kane's Horn.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

Occasionally we hear of a man who "laughed heartily at the joke on himself." No man ever enjoyed a joke on himself.—Atchison Globe.

All Worn Out

Able to Work Since Taking Hood's.

"My husband was afflicted with a worn out, tired feeling and could not do much on his farm. He heard and read so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla that he concluded to try it and it helped him and now he is able to carry on his work." MRS. L. L. OLSON, Nevinville, Iowa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

EDUCATIONAL.

Chicago Musical College.

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CHICAGO, ILL.
DR. F. ZIEGFELD, PRESIDENT.
MUSIC ORATORY and DRAMATIC ART.
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WAYS OF POLITICIANS.

Selfishness Controls Them in Every Public Action.

To Keep Themselves in Prominence They Sell Out Their Best Friends —Some Historical Instances.

[Special Washington Letter.]

All politicians are selfish; and a majority of them are cruelly selfish. Very many of them are brutally selfish.

One of the most eminent senators, who is primarily a warm-hearted, honorable man, recently said to me: "I went to church this morning, because I felt it to be my duty to go to some place where the doctrine of love is taught, for that is the doctrine of unselfishness. I did a mean thing, but nobody knew anything about it excepting myself alone, and yet it was so mean that I felt that I ought not to remain in the same house with such a man as myself, so I went out for a walk in the open air, and finally went to church."

"What mean thing had you done?"

"Well, I'll tell you, but you mustn't think that there are streaks of pork or of yellow dog running through my hide. I was just decent and human enough to repent in time. There are three candidates for one important office. I sat in my room wondering how to dispose of those three men. I knew that I could satisfy one of them by appealing to his personal friendship. Well, that took him out of my mind. But how to dispose of the other two fellows. One of them I can't get along without when I come up for reelection to the senate. The other fellow I need also, but he is not so strong a man politically; so I concluded to drop him, and let him get mad if he should choose to do so. Having settled this matter, I lighted a cigar and proceeded to write my recommendation of the man whom I had decided to appoint, but I didn't finish the letter.

"Somehow, all of us politicians are cold-blooded enough to cut a man's throat, but this time my conscience scorched me. I could not get out of my mind that young man whom I had decided to turn down. I could not erase from my memory the fact that at a critical period in my career he secured five votes for me in the legislature, and I needed that many votes to elect me to the senate. If he had not helped me there would be some other man here in the senate who might treat him with more consideration. I could not forget that after I was elected when he called on me at my house, I said to him: 'My dear boy, I owe everything to you. If I can ever serve you in any way you will find me as loyal to you as you have been to me in this contest.'

"That is what I said to him. I remember the very words. And yet, when he needs an office which he seeks, I found myself sitting down in cold blood and selfish political determination to cut his throat and break his heart, for the blow would have been a terrible one to him. He has perfect confidence in my friendship for him. And yet that is what I was doing this morning, when my conscience called me back. So far as my intellectual processes were concerned, the contemptible thing was accomplished. I had thought it all over and concluded to take that course. It was a mean thing, a mighty mean thing to do, and I was disgusted with myself and went out for a walk, and ended up by going to church."

That is a true story, and illustrates the assertion that all politicians are selfish. Of course, it is human to be selfish, but in no walk of life is selfishness so apparent as among the politicians. Moreover, they necessarily evade the truth very often. In order to keep themselves popularly before the public, they smile and shake hands with

SHAKES HANDS WITH EVERYBODY.

everyone they meet, and promise all sorts of things before election day. Thousands of promises are made by politicians, which they know they cannot fulfill, and which they never intend to fulfill.

Politicians more than any other class of men regard self-preservation as the first law of nature. They will not help any man to prosper, unless by helping him they help themselves. On the contrary, they relentlessly strike down every man who seems to be in the pathway of their ambition.

Within the memory of all mature men now living the whole nation was rocked and wracked because of the clashing ambitions of two men. A president was used as a tool for the ambition of one man and the undoing of the other. The senate in the national capitol was made a scene of strife which would disgrace a gathering of quarrelsome village gossipers. Two members of the senate resigned their positions in anger. The vice president wrote his resignation of his high office, but was persuaded to tear it up and remain in his position for political reasons. Later on he became president. In that high office he declined to do anything tangible for the men who had made his high advancement possible.

Both of the struggling politicians are now in their graves. The president has been dead for a number of years. The vice president, who became president, is also beyond the vale which separates time from eternity. But the recollections of that dreadful time when this entire republic was reeking with crimination and recrimination are still fresh. The two politicians were determined to destroy each other. They used this nation of freemen as a shuttlecock. Their struggle of a lifetime ended with the destruction of their ambitions, and both of them went sorrowfully to their graves, their splendid careers reeking with the miseries of disappointed ambition.

It takes but a slight effort of memory to recall another outrage committed for the furtherance of one man's ambition. There was in the senate a man who had served his country with exceptional ability, and against whose name there was never a shadow of suspicion of corruption. He was a master mind, and was for years the accredited leader of his party in the senate. He had passed the age of three score years and ten, and his intimate friends observed that his mind was becoming unbalanced because of his loss of memory. He remembered the things of long ago, but he could not remember from day to day the occurrences in public affairs which ought to have commanded his constant attention. Of all men in public life, he should have been most free from the assaults of ambitious men.

Suddenly there arose upon the political horizon a man of great force of character who was ambitious to go to the senate. The venerable statesman stood in his way. He had no disposition to retire, and did not realize that

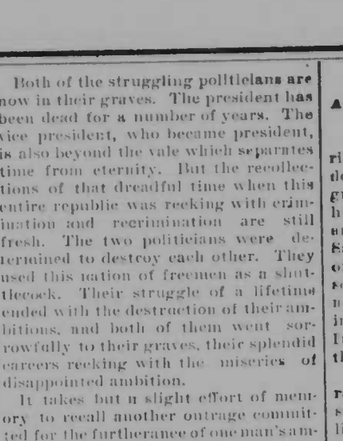

KNOCKS OUT ALL WHO COME IN HIS WAY.

he was losing his intellectual virility. The ambitious man who wanted his place in the senate determined to get rid of him, and proceeded to accomplish his purpose. Ten years earlier, or even five years earlier, the man who concluded to dispose of the old senator would not have dared to aspire. But he knew that he was dealing with a failing intellect, and he proceeded accordingly. The old senator was induced to believe that he could never be reelected; that his health would not withstand the strain of a heated campaign, and that he could retire with honor by becoming a member of the cabinet. The president of the republic, who was also a politician, looked favorably upon the ambitions of the new man, and he prepared a place in the cabinet for the failing statesman. The result was that the old man went into the cabinet, and the younger politician took his place in the senate.

That was the first step towards getting rid of the old man. The next step was to publicly announce the feeble condition of the venerable statesman and let the people know that he was unfit to hold a cabinet position. This was done through the newspapers. It was done to prepare for the final act of getting rid of the grand old man who had served his country long and well. Weeks went by and months rolled rolled around. Frequently the newspapers were used to disseminate statements concerning the grave errors which the venerable statesman was committing, and finally, after the people of the republic had been prepared for the event, the old man was required to resign his cabinet office and retire to private life, with shattered health and the humiliation and chagrin of betrayal in the house of his friends.

These are only a few instances of public affairs which illustrate and prove the proposition that all politicians are selfish, and that they are frequently cold-blooded towards those who stand in the way of their ambitions. Past friendship counts for but little, and usually for nothing. When a politician once entertains a desire for his own advancement, he not only seeks public favor, but he proceeded to knock out all who seem to be in the pathway which leads to the goal which he seeks.

One thing more. When a politician gets into the senate or house of representatives he wants to stay there. His whole object is to retain his place for life. Consequently, instead of placing public interest before anything else, the politician goes to the work of legislation with the idea of a renomination and a reelection in view. Every bill introduced, and every bill which he tries to have passed is handled with a view to increasing his own popularity with the people, in order that he may retain his place in public life.

SMITH D. FRY.

A Shining Success.

The Widow—Do you think marriage is always a failure?

Bullinch—Always a failure! Well, I should say not. Why, I know a case where the wife fairly idolizes her husband, and he—why, he can't keep away from her a minute.

The Widow—Bless me! How long have they been married?

Bullinch—Nearly a week.—Harlem Life.

—The entire coast line of the globe is about 136,000 miles.

TO MUMMIFY THE RACE.

A New York Corporation Has That Object in View.

To a great many people the most horrible thing about death is the idea of decomposition in the dark gloom of the grave. The thought of the finish of a human career is not a delicate one in any of its aspects. But now comes the Sanitary Mausoleum association, and offers for the paltry sum of $70 to preserve your physical being for all time, and give you a home in a marble building where you may be on view for your friends and relatives as long as any of them are left to look.

If you are a millionaire, you may arrange it so that your grateful heirs may see you after death. If you are a public benefactor there is no need to perpetuate you in carven image of stone. You may have a resting place on the edge of the town where all who come may see what manner of man you were. It may even come about that in after years your tangible person will be an exhibit in an art museum. Time may make anything of you, but it cannot change. That is what the newly-organized association guarantees.

In other words, the association offers to New York citizens an opportunity to imitate the enduring Pharoahs and become mummies.

There is nothing about the proposed process to offend the most refined mind. It has an advantage over the lost Egyptian art in that the Egyptian dead were wrapped from head to foot in grass cloths, and in many cases the human form looked like a bale of cloth, not even the features being visible. The American mummy will be created without removing the burial clothes from the body, and except for the discoloration of the face, the mummy will look just as did the subject when arrayed for the final services.

Curiously enough, an American climatic condition suggested the process. Out west there are torrid deserts over which sweep hot, dry winds. Men die in these deserts, and months after death the body lying exposed upon the sands will remain almost perfect, decomposition being delayed by the preserving quality of the dry air. Cattle die on the trails from thirst and lie in the sun through countless weeks before there is any appearance of decay.

The medical student murderer, Theodore Durrant, of San Francisco, knew something of the value of dry air as a preservative. When he killed his first victim, Blanch Lamont, in a church, he carried the body high up into the belfry. The belfry windows were slats like those of an ordinary window blind, and the wind swept through almost unimpeded. Durrant stripped the body and composed it carefully on the floor and left it there. Two weeks later, when it was found, there were small evidences of decay.

The new association will mummify by the dry-air process. It is simplicity itself. The mausoleum is the first thing to be built. The plans for it are drawn. It is an immense building capable of giving room to 15,000 bodies. It is to be constructed in the form of a cross. When the funeral services are over the body is taken directly to the mausoleum and placed in an individual vault. There is no disturbance of the remains.

A small hole is bored in the head of the coffin, and a similar one in the foot. At the head is inserted a rubber tube. This tube connects with a fan machine. The machine is set going, and creates a blast of air, which is blown over an open vat of sulphuric acid. The chemical action of the acid upon the air is to remove all moisture from it, and the air is conveyed perfectly dry into the tube and through the tube to the interior of the coffin.

The tube at the foot is to carry the air off. After leaving the coffin the air passes through a hot furnace and returns to the world through a tall chimney. The object of the furnace is to kill any infectious germs which the air might have caught up in passing through the coffin.

For 30 days the human body lies in a breeze; then the fan stops, the tubes are removed; the coffin is sealed, and there you are, and there you will stay as long as time lasts. Each coffin is assigned to a vault that is sealed or not as the relatives wish. You may have a vault with glass doors, so that if you desire it you may be on view to solicitous friends. That is entirely a matter of taste.

The cost for an ordinary vault with the air process will not be more than $70. There will be richer vaults for richer occupants, but the rich man gets no more mummy than the poor one.—N. Y. Journal.

Bows and Sashes.

Dark red linens are cut with the loose French blouse to show a guimpe of accordion plaited ivory satin and finished at the neck with applied guipure. Bows of ribbon on the shoulders have returned with the guimpes. These bows are made with many loops and look like a rosette. Another innovation is trimmed sashes. Ribbon or muslin they tie at the back in a small bow, and the ends fall to the hem of the gown. Each side is trimmed with narrow lace ruffles, or fine plaitings of Swiss or muslin. This is one of the prettiest fashions of the season, and will be rejoiced in by youthful looking matrons.—Leisure Hours.

Had an Alternative.

Pilrey—And because you couldn't find a nickel to pay the fare, did the conductor make you get off and walk?

Jayson—No, he only made me get off. I could have sat on the street if I'd wanted to.—Roxbury Gazette.

Paradoxical.

Crimsonbeak—There's one thing that's pretty hard to understand.

Yeast—And what's that?

"How a man blind drunk can see double."—Yonkers Statesman.

HER TWO NARROW ESCAPES.

Had Never Been Away from Home But Was Nearly Drowned Twice.

They were telling stories of the different dangers they had undergone by rail, water and other methods of traveling, and the girl who had never been very far away from home decided that it was high time she asserted herself. So, after a short period of concentrated thought, she sat up straight in her chair with a satisfied smile and took advantage of a momentary pause in the conversation to put in her long-neglected oar.

"Well," she said, proudly, "I know what it feels like to almost die by drowning, anyway; I've been nearly drowned twice."

"When? Where? How did it happen? I thought you'd never been away from home," chorused all her listeners, in amazement, and the last speaker lost no time in plunging into her story.

"I never was away from home," she related, with great glee, "but I've been nearly drowned twice, just the same. The first time was two years ago, when a party of us went out to one of the South side beaches one evening, and I had a lovely time until nearly the last. I couldn't swim, you see, so I was pulling myself out by the guarding rope, and I had got quite out of my depth when one of the girls threw some water at me. We were all splashing each other merrily, you know, and nothing would have happened if I hadn't had my mouth open to scream just then. As it was, the water went down my throat and nearly choked me. I let go of the rope and sank, and as we were almost out of the range of the electric lights I nearly drowned before they realized what had happened. That was the first time I came near to death by water."

"Oh! And the other?" queried the girl with a tendency to scoff at other people's stories. "Was it as dramatic as that experience?"

"Quite, if not more so," replied the story teller, unmindful of the veiled sarcasm in the other's manner, "and it happened at that very same beach, too. I was hanging on the rope that time, too, and having a perfectly gorgeous time, when the rope suddenly sank down beneath the water, and I went with it. I had just sense enough, remembering the other experience, to hold onto it, though, and presently, just as I began to lose consciousness, the rope came up to the surface again, and I was saved at the very moment when a man on the shore was taking off his shoes to come to my assistance. He had seen it all, and, I tell you, girls, he was perfectly lovely, too; I've got his card yet.

"What made the rope sink? Oh, a fat woman was balancing herself across it, trying to swim, you know, and her weight depressed it awfully, of course. When she fell off up it came, and me with it, all right and safe. But it was an awful narrow escape, just the same. I'd have been dead in another minute, and as it was I felt sick for a month afterward. I was so scared. And I can just tell you this, girlies, it's an awful thing to come so near to death by drowning."—Chicago Times-Herald.

STRAW HATS IN THE LEAD,

Light Effects in Millinery Succeed the Gorgeousness of the Spring.

In general appearance the latest summer millinery is much less fantastic in character and coloring than it was in the early spring, now that white and yellow straw hats have the lead, and white wings, white lilacs and dainty chiffon are the favorite trimmings. Light transparent effects are sought after in millinery as in all other departments of dress, and Neapolitan and zephyr braids are the prettiest of all. But there are all sorts of fancy braids, and then the old-fashioned leghorns trimmed lavishly with white feathers are worn again, with pale ecru Panamas trimmed with various flowers, tulle, and wings bringing up the end of the line. Black hats are quite as much worn as ever, but the straws in vivid greens, brilliant reds and gorgeous purples worn early in the season look out of place with the dainty light gowns.

One of the special features of the summer millinery is that the hats should be in one line of color, with as much white as may suit the fancy. The motley combinations of two months ago have worn out their popularity. Turquoise blue or yellow chiffon, with white wings and white lilacs, on a white Neapolitan hat makes about the daintiest headgear a woman can wear. White corn flowers with blue centers and blue forget-me-nots are very popular just at the moment. One rather striking leghorn hat has a wreath of green oats, a bow of green antique satin ribbon, and two black ostrich feathers standing up on one side. White chiffon and tulle hats, with white ostrich feathers, are worn with thin white gowns, and pretty little toques are made of black lace over white tulle, and trimmed with pale blue chiffon rosettes, a white ibis wing, and a black aigrette. Another very dainty toque is made of yellow silk straw lace insertion, radiating from the crown in alternating bands, and black ostrich feathers, yellow and white rosettes of chiffon and tea roses are the trimming.

Strings of velvet and of lace ribbon or tulle are a feature of some of the latest hats and toques, and all the newest hats have higher crowns than were shown in the early part of the season. Very pretty and simple hats of yellow straw, in the round shape, turned up at the back, are trimmed with yellow or pink roses and a bunch of black quills at one side.—N. Y. Sun.

Her Source of Information.

"Oh, Harry, dearest," said Mrs. McBride to her husband, "do take care of yourself. I hear that the grip is very prevalent now."

"Who told you so, darling?"

"I read it in the advertisement of a patent medicine."—N. Y. Journal.

A MEDAL ON A CHASE.

Sent Over Europe to Find a World's Fair Winner.

The committee on awards of the world's fair, of which John Boyd Thacher was chairman, would be particularly delighted to learn the present whereabouts of Miss Gyda Sohlberg, formerly a resident of Evanston.

Miss Sohlberg was an exhibitor in the woman's section of the fair, and in due time had the pleasure to be informed by the committee that a medal and diploma had been awarded her. The years rolled slowly by. Whether hope constantly deferred by the nonappearance of the awards or the classical quietness of Evanston brought about the result no man knoweth, but when the John Boyd Thacher committee on awards inconsiderately startled the public by issuing the much-longed-for medals the one addressed to Miss Sohlberg at Evanston was ruthlessly returned with the indorsement "Removed," made by a cold-blooded, unsympathizing official of Uncle Sam's post office department.

And here is where the greatness and enterprise of the award committee comes in. Any other committee would have permitted the twenty-five-cent medal and the ten-cent diploma to remain at the committee's office until called for. But not the John Boyd Thacher committee. They were created for a different purpose, and, given the opportunity, would astonish the world. They were bound to discover the Evanston fair maid or perish in the attempt as a committee, both collectively and individually, or at least with a reckless liberality expend the committee's stamps and official stationery.

Investigation was started and it was discovered that a lady of her name and appearance had started for Europe, with London as the first stopping place. Ten days later the medal and diploma were in London, but ten days still later they were back in Chicago. New efforts were made. The next outgoing steamer carried a package addressed to Miss Sohlberg, and again it came back—and in justice it must be said the committee met it like a man and a brother.

Half a dozen times this particular package penetrated into various parts of Europe, but always was too patriotic to remain. Did the committee finally acknowledge defeat. Not they. New investigations were made, and it was discovered that Miss Sohlberg, of Evanston, was of Swedish descent. The medal and diploma were at once dispatched to the royal Swedish department of state at Stockholm, with a request that the package would be handed her with the committee's compliments, and now the committee rested on their laurels. But their joy at their relief was premature. One day the committee was surprised to receive a bulky foreign package covered with seals and tape. Visions of foreign decorations, knightly honors, etc., floated round the minds of the committee.

The package was opened with trembling hands and revealed the Evanston diploma and medal, together with a letter in which his excellency the minister of state had the profound and agreeable pleasure to return the etc., etc., but Miss Sohlberg is not a resident of the country, but, as far as can be ascertained, a resident of the city of Evanston, state of Illinois, of the United States of America, and therefore it is returned, etc., etc., with his excellency the minister subscribing himself the committee's most obedient and humble servant, and with the most distinguished consideration, etc., etc.

A most serious consultation now took place. The result of the solemn deliberations of the committee was that the medal and diploma should be returned to the Swedish state department. And as it was ordered so it was done.

Some months later, which was a few days ago, the remaining members of the John Boyd Thacher committee were informed that the royal department of state had the honor, etc., to inform the honorable committee that his excellency, etc., had ordered that the medal and diploma should be deposited in the commercial museum of curiosities of the department and subscribed himself the committee's, with distinguished, etc.

Thus the medal has found a resting place, but the fair Evanston maid remains an unknown quantity.—Chicago Times-Herald.

How They Say It.

Talking about pronunciation, let us take this sentence and see how it is spoken in various parts of the country:

In New York—The difference between ther nawerth and saouth carries with it somethink abowt which we can't tork while traveling on the cars.

In Boston—The dif-fee-rens between ther nawerth and saouth kerries with it somethink abowt which we carn't talk while travel-ing on the cars.

In Virginia—The diffun' 'tween th' nawth an' sowth ca'res with it sumpn abut which we can't talk w'ile travlin' on th' kyars.

In South Carolina and southern Georgia—Th' differns between th' nawth an' suth ke'ies with it sumthin' abut w'ich we carn't tawk whirl travelin' on th' cars.

Away down east—Thee diffunes 'tween th' nor-r-rth an' saouth kayes with it sumpthin' abaout which we cain't tark while travelin' on the cars.—N. Y. Press.

Rat Exterminator.

Cork has long been known as a lifesaver, but in a recent invention it appears in an entirely opposite guise. It is claimed to be one of the surest rat killers on the market. Its deadliness is based on its capacity of expansion when in contact with fluids. The cork, finely granulated, is mixed with a compound which is not only an irresistible attraction for the palate of the rat, but produces a raging thirst. This is left about where the rodent loves to gambol. When it is eaten, the rat goes straight for the water, and immediately grows too large for further usefulness.—N. Y. Times.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Grigson—"What clergyman was it that solemnized your marriage?" Flippard—"It wasn't a clergyman at all. It was Mrs. F.'s mother."—Boston Transcript.

—Slimson—"Some one gave my boy a drum for a birthday present, but it turned out all right." "How so?" "I gave him a pocketknife."—Detroit Free Press.

—"Whatever made you make Brackins a present of a pocket comb? He's as bald as a billiard ball." "That's just it. I wanted to make him think I never noticed it."—Tit-Bits.

—Dead to Anxieties.—"What is apathy?" "It's a strange and dangerous condition that a man sometimes falls into—a condition in which he has been known to lend his bicycle."—Chicago Record.

—Lady Shopper (in department store, to Lace Counter Saleslady)—"Where shall I find the ribbon department, please?" Saleslady (apologetically)—"I don't know where it is, ma'am. You will have to ask one of the floor pedestrians."—Puck.

—Obstacles.—"Speak to me, Edwin," she pleaded. But he was silent. That was what came of trying to write with a fountain pen. Her lover could not speak; he could not do a thing until the ink flowed again. But would she understand?—Detroit Journal.

—"I think I've found the criminal!" shouted the young detective in wild excitement. His confrere looked at him with a chilling glare. "There is a time for everything," he said. "Just now we are engaged in looking not for the criminal, but for clews."—Washington Star.

—A professor of Trinity college, Dublin, overhearing an undergraduate swearing and making use of profane language, rushed at him frantically, exclaiming: "Are you aware, sir, that you are imperiling your immortal soul, and, what is worse, incurring a fine of five shillings?"—Household Words.

—Differences in Durability.—"It isn't at all safe to judge by appearances," said the restless boy's father. "Yes," replied the mother, "people are very deceptive." "And so are inanimate objects. You'd never think, merely judging by external indications, that the heavy pair of shoes I bought that boy was only going to wear for six weeks, while his fragile-looking Latin grammar will last him a lifetime."—Washington Star.

SAN DIEGO OARSWOMEN.

Four Girls Make a Record for Saving Twenty Lives.

In February, 1891, four girls of San Diego, Cal., formed a boat club, and borrowing a butcher's bumboat started merrily off to race with the well equipped rowing clubs that practice all the summer through upon the sapphire crescent that curves toward Coronado's golden beach.

At first people smiled a little at the idea of four young girls going in for the muscular exercise, but now that these young women have made a record by saving 20 lives the Zlac club is recognized everywhere in southern California. The name means nothing, but the girlish whim of the oarswomen, Zulette Lamb and Lena Polhemus with her two sisters, Agnes and Carrie, for it is formed of the first letters of their Christian names, but the club has come to stand for something on the coast and its members wear decorations more honorable than medals for race winning.

After the club was formed a rigid set of rules and regulations were framed and constitution adopted. Every candidate for membership was required to pass a severe physical examination, in which a swimming contest was a conspicuous feature. Other clauses were unique, and one of the "shall nots" has necessitated a revision of the membership roll, as it prohibits marriage or matrimonial intentions among the crew.

The San Diego Rowing club, one of the leading organizations of the coast, tendered the Zlacs the use of a six-oar single-scull barge, in which they became very proficient, racing against time on Ladies' day, July 5, 1894, and breaking all previous coast records. On that day the Zlacs also distinguished themselves by saving four of the crew of the yawl Teaser, which capsized during the regetta. The club records show that since then more than 20 persons have been rescued from drowning by the Zlacs, and it is a notable fact that there never has been the slightest accident to mar the other side of the ledger. The Zlacs after a time decided to build their own barge. The splendid eight-oared racing barge Zlac was launched August 3, 1896. It cost $600 complete, and was all paid for by the girls, none of whom is wealthy.

On August 7 the Zlacs raced the Nereid crew of eight, beating them over a mile course by one boat's length, and on September 13 a second victory was recorded against a picked crew from all the clubs, the prize being a splendid French mirror now in use in the Zlac clubhouse. On March 25 of this year occurred the great race between the Zlacs and Columbias for the pennant of the United States coast defense vessel Monterey and the championship of the coast. Both crews rowed six-oar barges over a course of 6,000 yards straight down the bay. The presence in the harbor of six of Uncle Sam's big war ships, commanded by Rear Admiral Beardslee, and a whole ballroom full of gallant naval officers, lent an added interest to the occasion.—Chicago Journal.

Turks Well Treated.

The Salonica correspondent of a Turkish newspaper announces that at the departure of the last train of wounded for Constantinople, Mr. Blunt, her majesty's consul, was at the station and gave cigarettes and sugar plums to the men. The Hebrews of the same town presented each of the wounded with a watch.—Detroit Free Press.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1897.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first publication of the same:*

State Senator, $10; County Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $5; County Commissioner, $5; County Surveyor, $2.50.

FOR STATE SENATOR.

OAKLAND, MD., June 9, 1897.

To the Republicans of Garrett County:

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the nomination of State Senator, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of all members of the Republican party.

JOHN SHAFFER.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the nomination of County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention and solicit the support of my many friends.

HORACE R. DEWITT.

Hoyes, District No. 6.

At the solicitation of my many friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

MAHLON GLOTFELTY,
District No. 6. Mellvery, Md.

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. PERRY LEE,
District No. 8. P. O., Bayard, W. Va.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the Republicans of said county.

H. N. FREDLOCK.
Oakland District, No. 7.

FOR HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the House of Delegates, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and solicit the support of the Republican party.

P. E. FINZEL.
District No. 9. P. O. Frostburg, Md.

SILVER bullion fell to the lowest price ever known last week.

BUSINESS in Mexico is in bad shape, owing to the continued fall in the price of silver, and there is talk of going to the gold standard.

"If the promise of the harvest fields is fulfilled it will be hard for theorists to persuade a thriving people that they need monetary panaceas to keep them out of the poor-house."—New York World.

THE farmer's interest in protection is not so much that it keeps out foreign farm products as that it builds up and stimulates the market in which he sells nine-tenths of his own products.

THE last week in July, 1897, will long be remembered as the first one under the new tariff law. Reports from every direction show that the effect has been instantly effective, both in manufacturing and business circles.

SINCE Bryan's defeat the Nebraskans have paid off indebtedness to the extent of $28,000,000. There is nothing the matter with Nebraska, except that the Pops hypnotized it into thinking itself ragged, penniless and crooked.

AUSTRALIA, which last year produced 643,000,000 pounds of wool, is likely to produce no more than half that in the coming season. Her sheep are dying by thousands from starvation on account of shortage in pasturage, and the quality as well as quantity of her product in this line will be materially reduced, thus adding to the price that American farmers will probably get for theirs.

AN INTERESTING feature of this fall's campaign is the development of strength among the gold Democrats. It is quite apparent that in every State where there are to be campaigns their organization will be much stronger than it was last fall, while the national organization is pushing work from its national headquarters in New York and will aid with speakers and by other means wherever there are State campaigns.

Now that the country has had time to examine the charges of the Democrats who were saying that the Dingley bill was advantageous to the sugar trust, it is quite apparent that the charges were entirely without foundation. It is generally conceded that the bill deprives the trust of the advantages which it had under the Wilson law, and it is less advantageous to trusts generally than its predecessor which was framed by the very men who were foremost in the charge against the Dingley bill.

HUNDREDS of millions of dollars of the profits of farmers through the increased prices which are now being received for their productions are being devoted to the payment of mortgages upon their farms. A recent canvass made by the Chicago *Times-Herald* fully coincides with the developments of the Democratic New York *Sun* referred to last week; these and other canvasses of the kind showing that farmers in every part of the country are reducing their mortgaged indebtedness with these first fruits of the McKinley prosperity.

PRESIDENT McKinley evidently knew John Sherman a good deal better than those croakers who have been trying to make the people believe that Mr. Sherman had reached the end of his career of usefulness. The secretary of state is showing himself still possessed of those faculties and methods which have made him so useful and successful a man in his service in the Senate and in a former cabinet. His ringing letter to Ambassador Hay on the Behring Sea question has just been supplemented by a series of vigorous and frank interviews in the New York newspapers which show that the head of the State Department is all that any citizen of the United States need expect or desire for an occupant of that position and that his views on international questions are such that no American need feel any anxiety about him or them.

THE general rule that adversity brings those having differences of opinion more closely together does not seem to work in the case of the Democrats and Populists. Although they were thoroughly defeated in the last fall election, they go on quarreling among themselves more vigorously than ever. It is now quite apparent that the Populist party is completely torn asunder with no prospect of reunion. The Democratic party is not only torn asunder but absolutely into fragments. The gold wing of the party is making such strides in its organization and capture of men who co-operated with the silver wing last fall as to strike terror to the hearts of Chairman Jones and his followers, while the protection element of the party is gaining strength and courage every day, as shown by Congressman Bailey's courageous speech in the House on the day of closing the debate on the tariff, when he declared pointedly and vigorously against free raw material.

Silver and Wheat Prices.

There is never much gain in threshing over old straw, and it is all the more profitless in contrast with the threshing of the new straw now in progress in the Western prairies. Still, the fact might as well be again placed upon record, that while the price of wheat has been steadily advancing, the price of silver has been just as steadily declining. Yesterday the London quotation on bar silver was 26⅝ pence per ounce, which is the lowest on record. Silver is 4⅞ pence an ounce below the price of a year ago; wheat is 18½ cents a bushel higher. This is one more proof that supply and demand, and not some mysterious affiliation between silver and wheat, regulates the price of commodities. The cable states that in the London market there is an almost entire absence of demand for the white metal, as India is obtaining her supplies from China. At the same time cables report an extraordinary demand for wheat, not only in England, but in countries which usually have a surplus for export. Silver is an important exportable commodity of the United States, and as such this country naturally desires to get a good price for it, because it increases by just so much the favorable trade balance; but neither a one-sided desire nor legislation can permanently affect the price of any commodity. Those interested in a sound currency will regard it as a fortunate circumstance that events have again demonstrated the falsity of one of the pet arguments of the free silver faction.

The Business Situation.

For the first time in many months business men have enjoyed one week's freedom from legislative uncertainties. So far as industrial and mercantile affairs are concerned there have been few developments of importance during this period, but the feeling is almost unanimously cheerful, and a very striking change may be expected within the ensuing four months before the reassembling of Congress. Sentiment plays a very important part in the affairs of mankind, and with prevailing sentiment very generally optimistic, there can be little doubt as to the future.

Agriculture continues to lead the column of prosperity. There has been a further advance in the market price of farm products, wheat reaching the highest on the present crop. The rise is in response to a legitimate demand, for, while there is always more or less manipulation in speculation, the engagements for foreign consumption are said by authorities in the trade to have been the largest for any week since 1891. There can be no longer any doubt as to the shortage of foreign crops, and while some damage has occurred to the domestic crop by reason of excessive moisture in the northwest, the exportable surplus of the United States will be fully up to the average, and what is equally good is that the price realized will be above the average of recent years. The movement of the crop from the farm has also been more active than usual, thus increasing railroad traffic and the earnings of the transportation companies. The mercantile trade is also feeling the favorable effects of these conditions. In a very comprehensive article prepared by the *Wholesale Grocer*, of Chicago, this week it was shown that out of the total number of responses received from jobbers in reply to a circular issued by that journal, 70 per cent. reported signs of definite improvement in twenty-seven states. The gain in the South was particularly noticeable. A somewhat similar inquiry instituted in regard to the condition of the boot and shoe and textile trades disclosed increased orders and bright prospects.

The activity in the stock market has been fully maintained throughout the week. In many instances the best prices of the year were recorded in railroad shares, and the new government fours were quoted higher than at any time since their issue. The only commodities which display a declining tendency are silver and petroleum. The latter declined to 73 cents per barrel for the Pennsylvania and West Virginia product, owing to the increased production of the fields in the latter State. Silver has declined to the lowest price on record, and the demand both at home and abroad is at a minimum. The weakness in the metal has attracted widespread attention, and its ultimate effect cannot at present be calculated.

Money markets continue abnormally easy at large centers. The bank of Pittsburg, like those of New York, report the largest aggregate deposits ever held, and rates of discounts are at about the lowest level on record. One effect of this condition has been to stimulate investment values. The city of New York offered $10,000,000 3½ gold bonds for subscription during the week and received bids for $26,000,000 at the highest premium ever offered for this grade of security. The exports of gold for the week were between $4,000,000 and $5,000,000, but they had no effect upon money rates and caused no uneasiness in financial circles, because the treasury reserve remains above $143,000,000. Bank exchanges aggregated $1,042,000,000, an increase of 28.7 per cent. over the corresponding week last year. This is the greatest gain reported for any week this year.

1896 and 1897.

Baltimore Sun, July 29.

A little more than a year ago, on June 10, 1896, the democracy of Maryland, in State convention assembled, Senator Arthur P. Gorman presiding, adopted a platform which, in no uncertain or ambiguous terms, declared the sentiments of the party in this State upon the then pressing financial or monetary question. The convention met, as it met yesterday, in Ford's Opera House, in this city, and the resolutions to which we refer were adopted after debate and by a vote of 87½ to 29½ upon the silver question. The platform declared that "ordinarily, in advance of the assembling of the representatives of the whole party in national convention, the framing of the declaration of party principles might well be left to them, but the overshadowing importance at this time of the financial question makes it incumbent upon us to speak with no uncertain sound upon this subject in order that the deliberate views of our people may exert the just influence to which they are entitled, and our delegates may be encouraged and strengthened in strenuously advocating their adoption as part of our platform."

After this earnest and emphatic preamble the platform proceeded: "Believing that the true interest of the people requires that the earnings of agriculture and trade and the wages of labor should be paid in money that is intrinsically worth in all the markets of the world what it purports to be worth we demand the maintenance of the existing gold standard of value, and, further, that the government shall keep all its obligations at all times redeemable and payable in money of the greatest intrinsic value and of the highest standard adopted by the civilized nations of the world, and, we therefore, resolutely oppose the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1."

This was a clean-cut and explicit statement of what was declared to be "the deliberate views of our people," not simply in opposition to "the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1," but in favor of "the maintenance of the existing gold standard of value." The form of such a declaration could hardly be considered as weakened, but if anything strengthened by what followed:

"The safety of the masses of the people can only be found in a sound and honest currency, and it is because we perceive that the hope of relief held up to them by the advocates of the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio nearly, if not quite, twice the real value of silver bullion will surely prove delusive, that, true to history and traditions of our party, we declare our hostility to a policy so fatal in the absence of an enlightened international agreement regulating the whole subject to the early establishment of which agreement we believe the efforts of the government should be steadily directed."

There is not even implied in this declaration of the views of Maryland democracy one year ago an approval of the theory of international bimetallism, but simply of "an enlightened international agreement regulating the whole subject." It was a declaration that was assumed to represent the views of the great majority of democrats in this State, of all, in fact, except the free silverite faction who stood out for the impossible ratio of "16 to 1."

Yesterday the State democracy again assembled in convention at Ford's Opera House. Senator Gorman was again the master spirit of the gathering. Only this time he exchanged the position of presiding officer for the not less important one of chairman of the committee on resolutions. This year, as last year, the platform of the convention bears the impression of the Senator's own personal indorsement. But what a contrast there is between the declarations of "the deliberate views of our people" one year ago upon the monetary question and that which is now presented in their names. "The Democracy of Maryland," says the platform of 1897, "in common with the democracy of the Union, believe now, as they always have believed, in honest money, the gold and silver money of the constitution and the coinage of both metals without discrimination against either into standard dollars of final payment and redemption." "We note with satisfaction" this new declaration of party faith proceeds, "that the demand of more than six and one-half millions of Democratic voters at the polls last November has compelled President McKinley and a Republican Congress to urge upon the European powers, through the medium of a duly appointed commission, the necessity for an international conference to arrange the terms of a bimetallic system under the operation of which both gold and silver shall be used and recognized as money of final redemption." The prediction is then ventured that "bimetallism will surely come." "It may come through the instrumentality set in motion by the present administration, though, in truth, inspired by the trepid action of the Democratic voters. But it will come, and the prosperity and happiness that follow in its train will be due to the courage, the undaunted fidelity and the intelligent patriotism of the Democracy."

All this is very droll, or would be so if the subject were not too serious to be transformed into comedy, even to suit the purposes of Senator Gorman. The emphatic declaration of the platform of a year ago in favor of "the maintenance of the existing gold standard" is abandoned, and so equally is the emphatic declaration of the Chicago platform in favor of the "free and unlimited coinage of both silver and gold at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation." * * * * * Mr. Gorman and his rainbow-chasers declare that "bimetallism must come;" that "prosperity and happiness will follow in its train," but that the "credit will not belong to the McKinley administration but to the Democracy."

A more palpable "straddle," a more complete evasion of every real and practical final question which is now before the American people could hardly be imagined than this latest masterpiece of Mr. Gorman's statesmanship and leadership—the platform adopted yesterday by his convention in the name of the Democracy of Maryland. There are Maryland Democrats of two sorts—silver Democrats and gold Democrats. It remains to be seen what satisfaction Mr. Gorman's platform will afford to either.

Maryland Democratic Convention.

Senator Gorman held a State convention at Baltimore last Wednesday. He decided in favor of bimetallism, but said nothing about the ratio. He contented himself with declaring that the Democracy of Maryland believes now, and always has believed in "honest money, the gold and silver money of the constitution and the coinage of both metals without discrimination of either into standard dollars of final payment and redemption."

However, Mr. Gorman is very decided in his views on the new tariff. It is termed a "tariff law more oppressive and iniquitous than has ever disgraced our statute books." This, however, was to be expected. A Democratic convention which did not arraign and condemn would be a novelty.

Burning, itching skin diseases instantly relieved by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, unequalled for cuts, bruises, burns. It heals without leaving a scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

BY "NEMO."

[Copyrighted by Dawe & Tabor.]

TO RISING ONES:—It is a delightful sensation to rise in the world: to have the few who thrust out the tongue at you, humbled in the dust; to have the many dazzled at your accomplishments. But, if dazzling or despite lurk in your heart as the great gain of rising, you have missed the grandest pleasure of power. He who actually hampers himself in order that others may be uplifted is greater than he who moves upward alone. The hampered one sets other forces at work, the credit of which is really his. The imperious, cold-hearted one stands alone. When he ends, his power ends, and he leaves no beneficiaries behind him to carry on their work along lines to which he first gave the impulsion in their hearts.

* * *

TO THE AMBITIOUS:—Viewed from a selfish standpoint, there is nothing so helpful as struggling in attaining an ambition. Just think what a crowd there would be at the top, if the mountain of purpose were bored for a safety elevator like some of the Alpine summits. But just because there is no beaten track, but only hardships and chilling reverses, there is and always will be room for those who are successful. The strenuous effort that a writer has to put forth, for instance: the delays in recognition: the pittance of pay. All these continue year after year, wear out the feeble-hearted and give larger field for the lion-hearted who, even if unsuccessful at first, out of their failures get strength for later success.

* * *

Seek ye the power to rule your fellow men
By right of silver speech or golden pen?
Seek ye above the common herd to rise
"Learn first thyself to rule," the wise man cries.

Seek ye the power to save thyself from fall
And so obtain the mastery over all?
"Learn," says a wiser still, "to conquer fate,
"Ye needs must be in all things temperate."

* * *

TO CROAKERS:—If the balloonist now drifting across the frigid north asserted that his beloved homeland did not exist, for the reason that it is out of sight, he would not be more unreasonable than we who decide the world to be retrograding and worthless as a whole, just because we, ourselves, are retrograding or our outlook is cheerless. The world is wide and any person narrow. Because, perhaps, for us there is no good thing at this moment we may even deny blasphemously that there is sunshine for any body, for we try to believe those things we see. We see selfishness but we do not see far enough, for there is much else in the world that is better: we see immorality near us but we must be blind if we conclude, therefore, that all women or all men, or both, are plunged in a seething caldron of vice. Take a broad view of life, and despite murders, rapine, cruelty, you will be convinced the hands of time move forward. Bear in mind to your comfort that the things of good are even quieter than the things of evil, and yet as the quiet river erodes the land more mightily and more effectually than volcanic outbreaks, so these quiet elements of humanity are working our whole selves ever upward, despite the crashing noises of downward tendencies.

* * *

How sweet it is when soft Spring shoots appear,
To mark their dainty dress, their color clear.
And follow forth with fancy's filmest eye
Their future's glorious possibility.

This tender twig with dewy, verdant spray,
Fresh as the promise of a new-born day,
Fed by the sun's pure rays, th' untainted air,
May grow a tree majestical and fair.

So childhood's years with anxious joy we view,
Knowing the noble deeds mankind may do.
Yet fearing lest the step of sordid gain
Their promise pure, unworthily should stain;
Or lovely poisonous vine, with soft caress,
Their bounding healthy upward life compress;
Or boughs of other trees, with selfish growth
Induce a sickly feebleness and sloth.

O, may we strive, who now have reached our prime,
Though dwarfed perchance by ignorance or crime,
To clear the ground and give the Nation's youth
The air of freedom and the sun of truth!

* * *

TO SAD ONES:—Mark the tapping at the barometer during the next rain spell. No matter how lowering the sky, if the mercury rises upward ever so little you are sure of the better day coming, wherein the rain hath its rest and the sun its victory. Look out now through the streaming lattices of your soul: scan all the afflictions that have come on you from every side. Question them closely as it were, to see if sorrows will ever cease. Then you will note an upward tendency in them all promising a brighter day wherein peace dwelleth. As the storms lash the earth with fury, yet clothe it with verdant beauty, so your afflictions cleanse away evil and weakness and unproductiveness in your character, that good may the more freely abound.

* * *

TO ALL:—The death of an individual, however prominent, matters very little except to a few immediate friends and relatives. The few who suffer loss are as nothing to the millions who, not knowing the deceased, feel no poignant grief at his departure. If all I have ever written before is false, this at least is true and true universally. Viewed from inside our own hearts, some of us feel puffed up with importance; viewed from without we are only units in a vast crowd, each unite living its life and then perishing, unmourned and uncared for by most of the units around. The only thing of interest to the survivors is the record of things done. The trees we plant live after us and shelter generations that follow; the crops we grow feed other mouths than ours; our deeds, good or bad, do live on; the good is not "interred with our bones". Things done and not merely dreamed about are the things that make us have interest for our fellow creatures. And these workers must be done without expectation of recognition. An offering of precious service to the world is and must be largely impersonable, for though our deeds may be widespread our own individuality is known to but few. This is as it is with our rulers. We know them as names only, impersonal they remain always until we see them.

Died.

YUTZY.—Sunday evening, in Oakland, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Yutzy. The funeral occurred Tuesday afternoon, the interment being made in the Yutzy burying ground south of Oakland.

WILSON.—On Saturday evening last, Robert Wilson, aged nine months and twenty-five days, at the residence of Judge Jere Wilson, in Oakland, of brain fever. The body was taken to Washington Sunday night and interred on Monday.

HARNE.—Mrs. Andrew J. Harne died at her residence in Oakland after an illness of only three days, from a complication of diseases, aged 49 years, 3 months and 15 days. Mrs. Harne was born near Hagerstown, Md., April 14, 1848, and was the daughter of the late William Kuhn. She was a member of the First M. E. church in Hagerstown for twenty-three years. She was married to Mr. Harne on April 15, 1873, and moved to Oakland 19 years ago, where she resided until her death. She was a faithful wife and devoted mother and loved by all who knew her. She bore her affliction with Christian patience and fortitude and died with full assurance of a blissful immortality. A deeply afflicted husband and family mourn her departure. May the Lord sanctify the sad tribulation to their eternal good. Her funeral took place from St. Paul's M. E. church on Saturday, July 31st, the funeral being conducted by Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot. From the church the body was followed to the Odd Fellows' cemetery by a large concourse of sorrowing friends and sympathetic neighbors.

The Mountain Chautauqua.

This famous Chautauqua, at Mountain Lake Park, Maryland, opens its session August 4th and closes August 24th. It is the most suburban and sensible summer resort in America. Its height, 2800 feet above sea level, means a delightful climate and unsurpassed mountain views. Five well appointed hotels and 250 cottages open their doors to tourists at from $5 to $12 per week. Twenty departments of important school work are in the hands of specialists. The best lecturers, singers and entertainers in the country appear three times daily. The program is unequalled. Here is a chance to mix a little intellectual uplift with your vacation.

Mountain Lake Park is located on the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. and as all the fast trains stop at the Park during the summer, patrons have the advantage of their superb train service between the east and the west.

Round trip tickets will be sold from all stations east of the Ohio River for all trains August 2d to 23d, valid for return trip until August 31st, at one single fare for the round trip.

For illustrated pamplet and all other information, address agent B. & O. R. R., Mountain Lake Park, Md.

Weak Lungs

Hot weather won't cure weak lungs. You may feel better because out of doors more, but the trouble is still there. Don't stop taking your

Scott's Emulsion

because the weather happens to be warm. If you have a weak throat, a slight hacking cough, or some trouble with the bronchial tubes, summer is the best time to get rid of it. If you are losing flesh there is all the more need of attention. Weakness about the chest and thinness should never go together. One greatly increases the danger of the other. Heal the throat, cure the cough, and strengthen the whole system now. Keep taking Scott's Emulsion all summer.

For sale by all druggists at 50c and $1.00.

MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK.

Opening of the Chautauqua Season—Roster of the Summer Faculty.

Friday evening last an appreciative audience greeted Miss Julia A. Orum, of Philadelphia, in the auditorium. Miss Drum occupies a place in the very front rank as an author and instructor in oratory. She is a favorite at the park and her reading and recitations are always enjoyed.

Sabbath was Woman's Foreign Missionary day. At 11 a. m. a bible reading was given by Mrs. Eaton, president of the Baltimore branch of W. F. M. S. She also spoke at night. An interesting part of the services was the drill by several children. Congressman Botkin make the opening prayer and Rev. J. O. Thompson pronounced the benediction.

The Mountain Chautauqua began its sessions Wednesday afternoon. The following is the faculty of the summer schools: W. L. Davidson, D. D., of Cuyahoga Falls, O., superintendent of instruction; J. H. Morgan, Ph. D., of Dickinson college, Pa., classical langnages; Adolph Rambeau, Ph. D., of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, romance languages; Hugh A. Curran, natural science; Elmer A. Cross, A. M., principal of high school of Carlisle, Pa., mathematics and English.

Fine arts departments and instructors, Miss Jennie White, of Madisonsonville, O., painting; W. H. Pontius, of Dubuque, Iowa, music; Miss Julia A. Orum, Philadelphia, elocution; Miss Lydia J. Newcomb, Bethlehem, Pa., physical culture; Miss Susan Pollock, Washington, D. C., kindergarten; Prof. A. A. Lane, Carlisle, Pa., amateur photography; Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Mueller, Cincinnati, stenography, typewriting and book-keeping.

The first excursion to the Chautauqua will take place Saturday, the 7th. Excursion trains will run from Cumberland on the east and Fairmont on the west, taking in all intermediate points or stations. The rate will be one fare for round trip. The program for the day will be as follows: 11 a. m., lecture, "Savonarola," Dr. W. H. Crawford, president of Allegheny college, Meadville, Pa., one of the most superb lecturers on the American platform; 1.30 p. m., grand promenade concert, Stevens' band; 2.30 p. m., lecture, "The Almighty Dollar," Rev. Thos. Dixon, jr., New York, the most frequently quoted preacher of the great metropolis. He was the most prominent man in the slaying of the "Tammany Tiger." There is no more entertaining lecturer in America. He is full of wit and story. 7.30 p. m., grand musical melange, the famous Ottumwa male quartette; Miss Myatis Chandler, soprano soloist, a delightful singer; Miss Grace Ensminger, brilliant violinist; Mr. Heber Dowling McDonald, in his stories; reading by Miss Jeannett Young. 8 p. m., lecture "On Half Fare, or Prisoners of Plenty," Miss Vandilia Varnum, the queen of the platform. A display of fireworks will be given at close of exercises.

At the kindergarten school, Saturday, Miss Pollock, the teacher, asked her little pupils, "Who is the busiest man in the land?" Congressman Botkin's daughter, a little 8-year-old tot, said, "I know." "Who?" said the teacher. Quickly came the answer, "Bro. Rudisill." Then there was a laugh.

Our hotels and boarding houses are filling up fast The outlook is very encouraging. It looks like the Park would have a greater number of people here this month ever known in its history.

Whitehall Terminal. New Entrance to New York City via B. & O.—Unequaled Facilities.

Whitehall terminal, the new entrance to New York City, opened for business by the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. on Monday, July 19th, is the most convenient station to and from all parts of New York City and Brooklyn. This terminal is at South Ferry, east of Battery, and from it, under the same roof, direct connections are made with trains of the Second, Third, Sixth and Ninth Avenue Elevated Roads; Broadway, Columbus and Lexington Avenue Cable Lines; East and West Side Belt Lines of horse cars; South Ferry, Staten Island Ferry, Hamilton Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street (Brooklyn) Ferry.

Ask for tickets to New York via. B. & O. and save inconvenience.

J. M. SCHRYVER
D. B. MARTIN, Gen'l Pass. Agt.
Man. Pass. Traffic.

Corinth, W. Va.

Last week while working for the Enterprise Tanning Co., at Hutton, Samuel Felton had his knee dislocated. It took six men to pull it in place. By the skilled treatment of Dr. Shaffer, of Terra Alta, he is improving nicely.

The miners of Corinth came out Saturday on a strike. This will likely stop the brick kilns for want of coal, thereby stopping all the works at our town.

The M. E. congregation, after some delay caused by the want of a good deed, will resume work on the church on Tuesday. The Rev. Bedford is a wide awake minister, and is working hard to build the church and the congregation.

The committee appointed by the State of West Virginia to locate a site for a State Female Industrial School, has been here and speak favorably of our place. We welcome all to our vicinity, knowing we have one of the prettiest locations for a town on the B. & O. railroad.

Famous Springs at Deer Park.

A million and a half gallons of the purest water on earth, is the daily output of the famous Boiling Springs in Garrett County, Maryland. In order that nothing can contaminate the Springs one hundred acres of land surrounding it, are fenced in. In addition, a wire building covers the Springs, so that leaves cannot fall into the water. It is from these extraordinary springs that Deer Park Hotel receives its water supply, the water being piped direct to the hotel. The medical fraternity now concede that in the matter of health, the question of pure water stands at the head and front. No summer resort combines so many healthful features. The air is wonderfully pure and invigorating; cool nights, with absolutely no mosquitoes; the finest cuisine, with perfect sanitary arrangements, makes Deer Park Hotel the ideal resort.

Communicated.

To the Editor of The Republican.

A number of persons interested in, and others drawn by curiosity, were at the depot on Friday last to greet the little "Fresh Air Children," the first we have had in our midst. When the train drew up at the station some one called out, "There they are," and sixteen expectant, eager eyed children, each with a little bundle of clothing, alighted on the platform. Mrs. Galloway, of Baltimore, accompanied them, stopping over night at the Oakland Hotel.

A number of ladies who had opened their doors to these city children, some of whom had never known the delights of country life, were at the depot to take their little charges. We assembled them in the depot for distribution. Finding several older girls had charge of little sisters, and only two parties had agreed to take more than one, we had to reluctantly disappoint some, for when we suggested parting them tears came in their eyes and one said, "Mother told me to take care of my little sister." Finally all were comfortably disposed of, and judging from reports the little ones are mostly giving satisfaction and pleasure. One of our best citizens said to me, "Next summer you will have no trouble to get homes for one hundred."

It is certainly a beautiful and worthy charity, and teaches the lesson, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The ladies contemplate a picnic for their charges. Some have already made a request to retain one or more of these children if it can be so arranged.

We would ask the parties who have the fresh air children to be careful to preserve and attach to the children, before they leave, the tags with the owners' name and address.

Dr. J. Lee McComas, our genial physician, has kindly offered his service gratis, to the little ones, if required. MRS. D. TASKER.

A Remarkable Cure of Chronic Diahar-choea.

In 1862, when I served my country as a private in Company A, 107th Pennsylvania Volunteers, I contracted chronic diarrhoea. It has given me a great deal of trouble ever since. I have tried a dozen different medicines and several prominent doctors without any permanent relief. Not long ago a friend sent me a sample bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and after that I bought and took a 50-cent bottle, and now I can say that I am entirely cured. I cannot be thankful enough to you for this great Remedy, and recommend it to all suffering veterans. If in doubt write me. Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Gorman.

Farmers are busy harvesting.

W. R. Neville, of Keyser, is again in our midst.

Glody Biggs, of Wilson, met with a bad accident on last Saturday which might have proved fatal, but at this writing we understand he is convalescent.

Rev. Isaac W. Abernathy delivered a very interesting sermon on Sunday last at the Fort Pendleton school house.

W. E. King is a genial fellow, but is now more so because of the arrival of a new member in his family.

Mr. L. E. Werner made a business trip to Oakland Monday.

It is always gratifying to receive testimonials for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and when the endorsement is from a physician it is especially so. "There is no more satisfactory or effective remedy than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," writes Dr. R. E. Robey, physician and pharmacist, of Olney, Mo., and as he has used the Remedy in his own family and sold it in his drug store for five years, he should certainly know. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Real Estate Transfers.

List of transfers of real estate recorded in the office of the clerk of the circuit court for Garrett county, Maryland, during the month of July, 1897:

Benjamin F. Michaels and wife to William R. Michaels, 99 acres of the Reckner Farm or Wright's Grove, &c, &c.

Thomas H. Clark and wife to Walter Hamilton, lot No. 182 on the plat of Mountain Lake Park, $1.

Walter Hamilton to Park Improvement Co., lot No. 182 on the plat of Mountain Lake Park, $1.

Annie I. Ridgeley and others to Jacob Durst, about one acre of the "Resurvey of Shawnee War," $125.

Fanny D. Markland and husband to Elizabeth Hinebaugh, lot No. 3 on the plat of Daily's sub-division to Oakland, $300.

Mary Hoover to Jefferson Hoover, 25 acres of military lots Nos. 2138 and 2139 and 82½ acres of "Shylock War," $2,000.

Ira E. Friend and wife to Cornelius W. Friend, several lots, pieces or parcels of land situated in District No. 2 of Garrett county, $150, &c.

Mountain Lake Park Association to Mary Ellen Clayton, lot No. 206 on the plat of Mountain Lake Park, $175.

Charles M. Miller and wife to James D. Rhodes, 62½ acres of land, $437.

Lewis Joseph McKinzie and Mary O. McKinzie to Susan Beall, 80 acres of the tracts of land known as "John's Prospect," "Pine Grove and Water Works," $1, &c.

Patrick A. Murphy and wife to Minnie W. Fickey, two acres and eight perches of land, $75.

Elizabeth Casey and husband to Mary M. Miller, lots Nos. 57 and 58 in the town of Bloomington, $275.

John Shartzer, substituted trustee, to John Moon, military lot 1003, $500.

Frederick Gortner to Ludwig H. Killins, 3 and 1-13 acres of land, $24.

John Ault and wife to Daniel E. Offutt, and undivided ¼ of an undivided ¼ of a lot of ground containing 157 perches, $272.50.

Henry Sines of H. and wife to Gilmor S. Hamill, 24 acres and 5 perches of land, $125.

Catharine Sigler and husband to Abuzo D. Naylor, lot No. 11 in Totten's addition to the town of Oakland, $50.

Laura E. and Bertha J. Britt to Mary W. Kennedy, lots Nos. 23 and 24 in Block No. 7 on the plat of the Mountain Home Company, $225.

Austin Speicher and wife to Harvey Speicher, their interest in and to about 9¼ acres of land, $500.

Christian Snyder and wife to Frederick Schneider, lot No. 1 in the village of Accident, $50, &c.

Minnie B. Friend and others to John T. G. McFriend, their undivided interest in the Gabriel Friend farm, $400.

Percy H. Veitch, attorney, to Annie E. Veitch, the Adam Long property in the town of Deer Park, $600.

Lee Cassort and wife to Jacob J. Folk, 40 acres of land, $500.

Charles M. Miller and wife to Stephen C. Miller, 46½ acres of land, $325.

Harry E. Clark and others to Resley G. Rush, part of "Urmie's Delight" and "General's Wish," $300.

Wm. C. Pennington, trustee, to George W. Wilt, military lot No. 854, $250.

Resley C. Rush and wife to Harry E. Clark and John W. McCullough, 14½ acres of "General Wish," $600.

Jasper Augustine and wife to Jeremiah Frazve, 188 acres and 37 perches of the "Resurvey on Blooming Rose," $2,800.

John Shartzer and wife to Austin Brown, an undivided half interest in a lot of ground fronting on Alder street in the town of Oakland, $1,750.

Gen. Harrison's Book—The Story Why Mr. Bok Released all Claims to Royalty.

The Indianapolis *Journal* prints this interesting story concerning ex-President Harrison's forthcoming book: "General Harrison has just completed the revision of his articles which have appeared in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, making extended notes and additions to them. There is a little story in connection with both articles and publication. When the arrangement for the articles was made with General Harrison by Edward W. Bok, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, the General was paid for them, with the understanding that when they were put into book form the magazine was to share the royalties accruing therefrom. Mr. Bok, however, of his own accord, generously released General Harrison from paying him any royalty, for the reason, as he states, that by the publication of the articles by General Harrison the subscription list of his magazine was enlarged many thousands. The profits to *The Ladies' Home Journal* were more than the publishers anticipated, and in view of this Mr. Bok asks nothing further. Mr. Harrison placed the disposition of his books in Mr. Bok's hands. The best offer came to the editor from the Scribners, and to them Mr. Bok gave the book for his distinguished contributor. General Harrison's revision of the book has just been completed, and the volume will appear in the autumn."

THE TALK OF THE TOWN.

The day so long awaited
Has brightly dawned at last,
For statesmen, tired of talking,
The tariff bill have passed.
No time McKinley wasted,
For with his ready pen
He signed it, and the people
Sent up a glad "Amen!"

The waiting was vexatious,
All freely will admit,
For senators kept gabbing
As though they'd never quit.
At last they reached the limit,
For some ran short of breath,
And others stopped through fear that
They'd talk themselves to death.

Thus happily was ended
The gabfest long and loud,
And to the people's dictum
The weary talkers bowed.
The nation now rejoices,
A jubilant hurrah,
And Uncle Sam's displaying
His brand-new tariff law.

The senator so "clever"
No more the country shocks
By using his position
To boom big deals in stocks.
The congressmen go fishing,
Tom Reed takes a well-earned flit,
For on cash Jerry Simpson
He need no longer sit.

Prosperity's returning
In chariot of gold,
And now we'll see smoke pouring
From furnaces long cold.
With industry's revival
Long idle wheels will whiz,
So let all get together
And settle down to biz.

Marriage Licenses.

Amos W. Miller, of Preston county, W. Va., and Hattie Johnson, of Garrett county.

Abram Franklin Williams and Susan Rinker, both of Bayard, West Va.

Walter W. White and Rachel Stoneking, both of Tyler county, W. Va.

Orville Phillips and Helen Holcombe, both of Statler's Run, W. Va.

William Henry Kalbfleisch, of Somerset county, Pa., and Lucinda Spiker, of this county.

Charles Edward Brooks, of Clarksburg, W. Va., and Laura Armour Peart, of Pittsburg, Pa.

Andrew McDonald and Carry Grace Harvey, both of Garrett county.

Harry C. Casseday and Sarah Jane Stevens, both of Grafton.

Hurshel Ernest Starn and Katie C. Mahaffey, both of Catawba, W. Va.

Samuel B. Stevens and Alice Hannah Kohler, both of Allegheny county, Pa.

Hugh Larne Hammond and Blanche Duckworth, both of Doddridge county, W. Va.

John Presley McIntire and Marchroy Sullivan, both of Marion county, W. Va.

Elza Hulbert and Lizzie Porter, both of Monongalia county, W. Va.

Wesley S. Sutton and Chattie A. McPherson, both of Taylor county, W. Va.

Five marked "don't publish."

Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy always affords prompt relelf. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Saturday at the Park. Reduced Rates via B. & O.

The great Thomas Dixon, jr., one of the most popular lecturers on the American platform, is to speak on "The Almighty Dollar." President W. H. Crawford, of Allegheny college, Meadville, Pa., an orator of rare dramatic force and power, is to speak on "Savonarola." Miss Vandelia Varnum, a queen of the platform, is to speak on "On Half Fare, or Prisoners of Plenty." There will be brilliant concerts by the famous Ottumwa male quartette, one of the best on the continent; Miss Myrtis Chandler, an exceptionally fine soprano soloist; stories by Heber Dowling McDonald, of the Chicago *Times-Herald;* readings by Miss Jannet Young; violin solos by Miss Grace Ensminger, one of America's leading violinists, and there will be fire-works in the evening as the excursionists depart. Special trains will run from Cumberland on the east and from Grafton, Fairmont and Clarksburg on the west, with ample train room and unusually low fare. This will be a great opportunity to listen to one of the best programs ever offered at Mountain Lake Park, and will furnish to all who come a day of rare enjoyment.

Keyser	7.48 a. m.	$ .80
Piedmont	8.00 "	.70
Bloomington	8.05 "	.65
Swanton	8.10 "	.60
Mountain Lake Park...Arr	9.18 "	.....
Returning, leave Mt. Lake Park	10.00 p. m.	
Terra Alta	9.48 a. m.	$ .40
Hutton	9.59 "	.25
Skelpish Junction	10.03 "	.20
Oakland	10.12 "	.15
Mt. Lake Park.....Arr.	10.19 "	.....
Returning, leave Mt. Lake Park	9.30 p. m.	

Call for Your Letters.

Mr. Harry Owings, Mr. H. Brown, Mr. W. E. Wilson, Mr. Louis Thompson, Mr. Peter Green, Mrs. Lizzie Fratz, Mrs. W. C. Dean (2), Mrs. Estella May Bush (3), Miss Maggie Rice (2), Miss Annie Bark.

Fight Among Strikers.

At Corinth Tuesday night one of the striking miners declared his intention of returning to work yesterday morning. He was at once pounced upon by the other strikers and beaten into insensibility. His condition is quite serious. All the strikers are Polanders.

Card of Thanks.

I desire to return thanks through the columns of your paper to the good people of Grantsville charge for a splendid china dinner set. Such tokens of esteem are not soon forgotten. Many thanks, kind friends.

M. V. F.,
A Pastor's Wife.

Grantsville, Md., July 30th.

Desperate Shooting Affray.

Sanford Collins, of Brandonville, Preston county, W. Va., just over the line from this county, declared his intention on Saturday of shooting his wife. That evening he proceeded to put his awful threat into execution, and would have accomplished his fiendish purpose had it not been for his wife's shrewdness.

Collins and Albert Reymonds, his friend, spent the day together drinking at a distillery. On the way home he made the threat, and said his wife had been untrue to him. Reymonds accompanied him home, fearing trouble at the house. Collins quarreled with his wife, and when his friend remonstrated with him he shot at Reymonds several times. One bullet entered his left breast, making a dangerous, and perhaps, fatal wound. He was also wounded in the arm. The husband then turned upon his wife and emptied his pistol. Only one bullet took effect, wounding her in the back. She fell to the floor and feigned death.

Reymonds crawled away and hid. Collins went to a neighbor's house and told them what he had done, and then fled to the woods. He has not been captured, and a large reward is offered for his arrest. He is a dangerous man, and has been in several shooting scrapes. The officers there have appealed to the sheriff to assist in taking him, and say he is a man who would shoot before being taken alive.

Long Logging Railroad.

The J. L. Rumbarger Lumber company, Dobbin, W. Va., now run over twelve miles of railroad exclusive of switches and sidings, or in all about fifteen miles. When the line which is now being surveyed on the headwaters of Stony river is completed the road will be from 30 to 35 miles in length.

Wanted.

Four or five teams of good young draft horses, suitable for logging purposes. Horses to weigh not less than 1350 pounds. Useless to offer horses of less weight and will only be accepted upon trial.

Preston Lumber and Coal Co.
Oakland, Md., U. S. A.

Hot Times in Thomas.

Thomas, W. Va., had been a dry town, but on Monday a saloon opened and the proprietor took in $460, besides credit sales amounting to between $60 and $75. One report has it that there were 17 tights.

Reduced Rates to Philadelphia. Bicycle Meet.

The annual meet of the L. A. W. will be held at Philadelphia August 4th to 7th. For this occassion the B. & O. R. R. has arranged to place on sale round trip tickets from all points on its lines east of the Ohio River, for all trains August 3d and 4th valid for return until August 9th, at one single fare for the round trip.

For further information, call on or address nearest B. & O. agent.

Proclamation

WHEREAS, at the January session in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six of the General Assembly of Maryland a bill was passed proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the State by adding an additional section to Article fifteen thereof, to be known as Section eleven of said Article, which said bill and amendment are in the words following, to-wit:

CHAPTER 459.

AN ACT to amend the Constitution of the State by adding an additional Section to Article fifteen thereof, to be known as Section eleven of said Article.

SECTION 1. BE IT ENACTED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF MARYLAND (three-fifths of all the members of the House concurring), That the following additional section be, and the same hereby is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of this State; and, if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as herein provided, it shall stand and be known as Section eleven of Article fifteen of said Constitution:

11. Appointments in the Civil service of the State, in the municipalities and counties of the State, shall be made according to merit and fitness, to be ascertained as far as practicable by examination, which shall be competitive, except appointments which are subject to confirmation by the Senate, and the General Assembly shall pass all such laws as may be necessary more fully to carry into effect the provisions of this section.

SECTION 2. AND BE IT FURTHER ENACTED BY THE AUTHORITY AFORESAID, That the foregoing section, hereby proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of this State shall be, at the next general election held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection, in pursuance of the directions contained in Article fourteen of the Constitution of this State, and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the Constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot used at said election shall be printed, after the lists of candidates, the question concerning the adoption or rejection of said proposed constitutional amendment, so that each voter at such election can designate thereon in the manner prescribed by law, whether his vote is "For the Constitutional Amendment," or "Against the Constitutional Amendment," as he shall elect, and immediately after said election due return shall be made to the Governor of the State of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by said fourteenth article of the Constitution.

Approved April 8th, 1896.

NOW THEREFORE, I, LLOYD LOWNDES, Governor of the State of Maryland, in pursuance of the provisions of Section one of Article fourteen of the Constitution of the State, do hereby order and direct that a copy of said bill proposing said constitutional amendment be published in at least two newspapers in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one may be published, then in that newspaper, and in three newspapers in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in the German language, once a week for at least three months preceding the next ensuing general election (which said general election will be held on Tuesday, the Second day of November, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven), at which election the said proposed amendment shall be submitted, in the form and manner prescribed by the General Assembly, to the qualified voters of the State for adoption or rejection.

THE GREAT SEAL OF MARYLAND.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of Maryland.

Done at the City of Annapolis on the first day of July in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.

LLOYD LOWNDES,
Governor of Maryland.

By order of the Governor:
RICHARD DALLAM,
21-14t Secretary of State.

ORDER NISI.

Hiram Duckworth, Mortgagee, vs. Robert H. Butler, Mortgagor.

No. 855 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 21th day of July, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Hiram Duckworth, Mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 20th day of August, 1897; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 20th day of August, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $300.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

Samuel J. Miller, et al., vs. Joel J. Miller, et al.

No, 827 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 29th day of July, 1897, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Samuel J. Miller, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 20th day of August, 1897, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 20th day of August, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $1290.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

John Shartzer
vs.
Lock Lynn Store Co.

No, 769 Equity.

In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered, this 17th day of July, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by John Shartzer, receiver, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 15th day of August, 1897; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 15th day of August, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $1,164.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

South Dakota Pays Off Its Debts.

Sioux Falls, S. D., July 13.—[Special.]—The people of South Dakota have, in the last four years, paid off $50,000,000 of their debts," said one of the best known loan agents of the State, "and they are now paying off at a very rapid rate. As things are going the people of the State, and especially the farmers, will soon be well out of debt. The large crops of the last few years, coupled with the close times, have had the effect of giving the people an appetite for paying out of debt, and fortunately has also given them the ability to do so."

"Another agent who represents a loan company which has several million dollars loaned on farm property in South Dakota, said in his testimony, but the agent complains that he cannot find takers for one-third of the amount he would like to loan.

"Our company has 1,500 loans in this State on farm lands," said the agent above referred to, "and we have not had over fifty foreclosures in seven years. The company does not own a foot of land in the State and never lost a cent on a loan."—(Chicago Tribune, July 14, 1897.)

That portion of South Dakota which is traversed by the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the finest agricultural and stock growing section of that western country. For "Letters from Farmers" printed in pamphlet form, finely illustrated, and descriptions of farm lands, address Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger

SHERIFF'S SALE

—OF—

REAL ESTATE,

Located at Mountain Lake Park, Garrett County.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of Frank P. Jones against Ella Hammond and Clarence Hammond, her husband, the same being No. 30 Judgments to July Term, 1897, of said Court, the undersigned sheriff will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash on the day of sale, on

Saturday the 7th day of August, 1897,

at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, in front of the court house in the town of Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, all the right, title and interest of the said Ella Hammond in and to all that lot of ground situated at Mountain Lake Park, Garrett county, Maryland, and which on the plat of Mountain Lake Park is known and designated as

Lot Number Nine Hundred and Forty-three,

it being the same lot of ground that was granted to the said Ella Park Hammond by deed of the Mountain Lake Park Association of Garrett county, dated the 3d day of July, 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 25, folio 121, one of the land records of Garrett county. Said property is improved by a very good dwelling house and a small livery stable, and is located near the store house of James A. Hayden, and will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

Trustee's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit court for Garrett county, in Equity passed on the 15th day of July, 1897, in a cause in said court, wherein Archibald C. Biggs, committee, is plaintiff, and Jane Biggs is defendant, I will, on the

14th DAY OF AUGUST, 1897,

at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m., in front of the postoffice in Oakland, offer for sale all the real estate described in said proceedings as belonging to the said Jane Biggs. It being the farm on which the said Jane Biggs lately resided, containing about sixty-five acres, which is described in a deed from Joseph K. Anderson and wife to Sarah J. Biggs, dated the 9th day of July, 1883, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 8, folio 91, one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land is improved with a dwelling house and outbuildings and is situated about 2½ miles from Frankville station on the B. & O. R. R.

TERMS.—Cash on day of sale or ratification thereof. Purchaser will be required to pay enough on the day of sale to cover costs. Conveyancing at the cost of purchaser.

JAMES C. PEDDICORD,
20-td *Trustee.*

Mortgagee's Sale

of Property in Garrett County, West of Frostburg, on the National Road.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Richard Larne and Alice Larne to William R. Percy, dated January 24, 1892, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 18, folio 278, one of the Mortgage Records of Garrett county, Maryland, which said mortgage has been duly assigned to me, I will on

SATURDAY,

the Seventh Day of August,

at 10 o'clock A. M., in front of the postoffice in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, the property described in said mortgage:

Beginning at a stake standing on the National Road North 36 degrees West 25 9-10 perches to a pine tree at the East corner of the bridge, thence North 37 degrees East 18½ perches to a stake standing on Savage Run, thence South 34 degrees East 25 9-10 perches to a stake, thence South 37 degrees West 19½ perches to the beginning, and being the same property conveyed to Richard Larne and Alice Larne by John N. Beall.

The improvements on the property consist of a house of four or five rooms, a good sized stable, and the usual small fences and buildings.

Terms of Sale: Cash on day of sale.

ROBERT R. HENDERSON,
Assignee of Mortgage.

Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county at the suit of Francis R. Nethken against John Speicher and Howard Nethken, doing business as Speicher & Nethken, and issued by direction of the said Francis R. Nethken, the same being No. 15 Judgments to July Term, 1897, of the said court, the undersigned will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash on the day of sale, on

Friday, August 20, 1897,

at 2 o'clock p. m., in front of the Court House in the town of Oakland, Maryland, all the right, title and interest of the said John Speicher in and to all that lot of ground situated at Deer Park, Garrett county, which is known and designated on the plat of Speicher's addition to Deer Park as lots Nos. 7 and 8, and being the same lots of ground that were conveyed to Bridget Stenger by deed from the said John Speicher, dated June 29, 1896, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 30, folio 461, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and will be sold to satisfy the said execution and costs.

AUSTIN BROWN, Sheriff.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

at last his struggles ceased, and a delirious sweetness came to him in the hope of winning Ethel Hayes for his wife. Then came the time when he could no longer withhold from her the story of his love.

"I did not mean to love you, Ethel," he said. "I did not know my life possessed a need, but should you send me from your side, I shudder at the emptiness of what I once thought filled to repletion. Darling, give me my answer."

"I am sorry—more sorry than I can tell you, Mr. Willis, that this should have happened, but indeed, I cannot give you the answer you wish. I did not dream of your feeling for me, but looked upon you as my friend, and—I am already bound."

"Bound, Ethel! What do you mean? Not surely that you have given your heart to another's keeping. Look at me, child! Let me look into your eyes and tell me if you can that you love another. Then, when I hear my doom from your own lips will I believe how cruelly I was deceived when sometimes I thought to read there the story of your love for me."

"Hush, Mr. Willis. You have not the right to thus address me. My father on his death bed, when I was but a child, made me promise that I would marry at a certain age the son of an old friend I had known from boyhood. We were child lovers, and I willingly gave my consent, and now," as the sweet voice faltered, "I certainly cannot withdraw it."

"Do you love this man, Ethel?"

"Again, I say, you have not the right to question me," but a quiver of pain rang through the words, which caused Willis' heart to beat anew with hope.

"You dare not answer me, Ethel, are you mad to hold to so rash a vow? Think, little one, of the long life which lies before us both, and answer me, was it intended we should live apart? Look in my eyes, Ethel. Tell me you do not love me if you can, and I will leave you without a word, content to pursue my lonely path unshrinkingly. This much is my right. This I demand of you"—and Irving's dark eyes pierced with stern questioning into the violet ones lowered to the ground. "I am waiting, Ethel. Ah, you cannot speak them. My daling, my darling," and snatching the lovely form to his heart, he rained passionate kisses upon the upturned brow.

The next morning with a heart full of hope he descended to the breakfast room. Her place was empty, and passing through the office to seek her, the clerk handed him a note. Recognizing the chirography as hers, he tore it open, and as he read the fair dreams of the night vanished, the structure of his fondest hopes lay scattered on the ground:

"I have not courage to see you again. I have already sinned against the man to whom I have given my plighted troth, but oh, Irving, by the love you swear is mine, forget me. My life is given to another. It is no longer mine. My heart—Heaven give me strength—I have no heart. It has turned into stone. Remember that. Think of it only as stone. It has petrified forever, so that it is even dead to suffering; and if in the days, the long months and many years which I must live through, occasionally our paths touch, pass me as in forgetfulness, remembering I belong no longer to myself, but am another's. Good-by, Irving, in the old English sense. God be with you. May you one day find the happiness He has denied me. Your friend always,

ETHEL HAYES."

Six weeks afterward, when he had returned to the city's gayety, and the leaves were beginning to turn from crimson to brown, Irving Willis, thinking of his own hopes shattered and fallen, sauntered slowly down the crowded streets, when he felt a hand upon his shoulder, and a cheery voice in his ear, and, turning, saw Hal Rutherford's handsome face.

"Back again, old fellow? Glad to see you. Then my prophecies were fruitless, after all. Well, I declare, you're incorrigible. By the way, that was a sad accident happened to young Somers. He fell from his horse last week and was killed. They said, you know, he was engaged to that charming girl we met last summer—Miss Hayes. She is spending some time, I believe, with Mrs. Struthers. Where are you going, Willis? I have been rattling away for about five minutes without a response. I'll meet you this evening at the club. Dine with me at six," and with a shake of the hand the two men parted, one to pursue his ordinary routine, the other walking as if in a trance.

That same evening, the moon, peeping into Mrs. Struthers' drawing-room, saw two forms to whom the world was lost—Irving Willis and Ethel Hayes.

"But what am I to do?" said Irving at last, "with this heart of stone, this petrified fossil?"

"Not stone to you, Irving. I tried to think it was. There is now a joy in my heart which springs into life and hope, and has to-night met its perfect fulfillment."

"Not yet, Ethel, not until you stand beside me at the altar. Then shall I feel our life lies before us in all its richness and without flaw, even though my bride possess a heart of stone."—N. Y. Ledger.

The Precocious Child Again.

"I sometimes feel," said the old gentleman, "like taking that four-year-old grandson of mine and slamming him against the wall."

"What has he done?" asked the man who was penned in the corner.

"I told him that beautiful 'Sleeping Beauty' story—about how, as soon as the princess was kissed, all the clocks began to go and the servants began to work and all that sort of thing, and then he said: 'Did some one press an electric button?'" — Cincinnati Enquirer.

Blessings of the Bicycle.

"I'm mighty glad my wife coaxed me into getting her a wheel," said the lean passenger.

"Makes her happy, eh?" said the fat passenger.

"She is so stuck on riding that she ain't going to clean house this year." — Indianapolis Journal.

FOR SHIPS AT SEA.

New International Rules to Insure Greater Safety.

The new rules of the road at sea have just gone into effect among the leading countries of the world, and there is little doubt that their strict enforcement will greatly enhance the safety of the mariner and the charges placed within his keeping. The already great and rapidly-increasing intercourse between nation and nation demands that every precaution against the dangers of the sea and every safeguard possible for the safety of human life shall be provided. The spoken languages of the world may continue to be many, but necessity commands that the unspoken language of the deep shall be one. That language must needs be as universal as the needs of man for commerce and intercourse with his fellow man.

Away back at the beginning of the present century a system of signaling for vessels by means of flags was devised for the British merchant service, and 50 years later at least ten systems were in vogue. The result was a Babel of hunting, and all the systems were rendered ineffective, for the reason that those using one were unable to decipher the others. So it has been with rules of the road on the deep, and the bottom of every sea, lake and river is dotted with crumbling wrecks and moldering skeletons as the result of fatal misunderstanding. In 1855 it was realized that an international code of signals was an imperative necessity, and a year later one was adopted. Since that time ships of all nations have been enable to converse one with the other, irrespective of the language spoken by their crews, and great good has resulted to all concerned.

When the question of means of communication was being considered, the more important question of a universal rule of navigation was neglected, and it was not until 1889 that the Washington marine conference was held. After a series of disenssions, which lasted until the last day of 1890, the new rules were adopted.

The new rules are strict in their provisions, and will be rigidly enforced. The regulations regarding the carrying of lights on vessels at night are very concise, and no excuses that they were being trimmed, that the night was moonlight, that it was only a short time after sunset, will be taken. Provision is made for all classes of vessels to carry lights after dark, and even the smallest craft must exhibit a lantern with red and green slides when approaching another vessel. Even rowboats are required to carry a light. A system of lights will show whether a vessel is towing and the character of her tow, whether she is disabled, whether she is laying or picking up cable, and a thousand and one other things of use in avoiding collisions.

Signals for fogs are the subject of a lengthy article in the new rules, and they differ considerably from the old rules. Two additional rules are introduced, arranging for two prolonged blasts to be given by steam vessels under way but not moving through the water; and, second, for a long blast, followed by two short blasts, to be given by vessels towed and towing. vessels not under command, vessels not able to maneuver as required by these new rules, and vessels at work on telegraph cable.

The steering rules for sailing vessels, the overtaking rule and the rule for sound signals for vessels in sight of one another are very complete and do not show wide or strongly-pronounced divergence from the old rules.

The merit of the rules lies largely in the fact of their international recognizance.—Baltimore Sun.

A New Foe to American Trees.

Specimens of a strange caterpillar discovered this spring on pear trees in Cambridge, Mass., are pronounced by Prof. Samuel Henshaw to be the "gold-tail," or euproctis chrysorrhoea, hitherto unknown as an inhabitant of this country, although it is found locally in England, and is "abundant in central and southern Europe." When numerous, these caterpillars are very destructive, feeding on such trees and plants as the apple, pear, plum, hawthorn, bramble, elm, willow, beech, oak, hazelnut and hornbeam. At present the invaders in Massachusetts are said to be confined to a limited area in Somerville and Cambridge. The first specimens seem to have made their appearance a year ago, and thus far they have confined themselves to pear and apple trees. How they got across the ocean nobody apparently knows. It is suggested that by vigorous measures they may be stamped out.—Youth's Companion.

Feeds the Mississippi.

According to the calculations of John Birkenbine, of Philadelphia, the drainage area of the Mississippi river is 1,250,000 square miles, including nearly all of the country from the Alleghenies to the Rockies and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. In his communication to the Engineers' club, Mr. Birkenbine estimates that one inch of rain falling evenly over this area would equal 21,780,000,000,000 gallons of water. The average yearly fall in the Mississippi watershed averages from 20 to 43 inches, according to locality. The river has an average flow of 664,000 cubic feet per second.—Detroit Free Press.

Consumption in Goats.

It has heretofore been supposed that the goat is practically proof against tubercular disease, but Bulling, a German physician, recently records a case of elementary tuberculosis in which both lungs were adherent, and a considerable portion of the lungs was filled with tubercular masses. The goat was six years of age, and was daily driven to town, where it furnished milk for invalids, a class of persons who are most susceptible to tuberculosis. It is evident that goat's milk requires sterilizing as much as cow's milk.—Good Health.

THE MAN WHO BOARDS.

Some Things That Make Him Contemplate Matrimony.

The troubles of a man who boards begin with A and end with Z and between is a pandora box full of difficulties.

Now there is the question of towels. Jones is decent enough to take a bath at irregular intervals of some 24 hours and has some fine, large "altogether" bath towels which he intends shall cheer but not irritate after he rises, dripping like a mermaid or a half-drowned cat, from the chill morning tub. But they disappear and in their place he finds some heavy pocket handkerchiefs, with large holes in them, which he ascertains are sufficient to dry him down to the third floating rib when he uses extraordinary prudence and the remote and fringy corners. Otherwise he must start the day feeling as though he was in a heavy perspiration. It discourages the aquatic duty of a citizen.

Then there is the matter of matches. This is a small but at times a burning question. When a man comes in tired, puts on slippers and gets out the lightest novel on his shelves and snuggles down in a big chair for a long, quiet evening and a pipe, and carelessly reaching for the match safe finds it empty, he sits for a moment in a feverish frame of mind. Then he rises solemnly and goes down three flights of stairs for matches, but finds the box is empty and the landlady gone to bed.

In the darkness of the lower hall, alone with some dozen vicious rocking chairs clustered around his unprotected ankles, he murmurs a blessing on the lady and her assistant and laboriously ascends to search the bathroom. Foiled there he prowls into another's room, which he finds has a new and feminine occupant and precipitately retires, feeling that worst of anguish—humiliation. He cusses the pipe and throws the book into a corner, and the lamp then displays a fading tendency.

Grim, haggard, furious, he stands watching the glow turn a sickly pallor and flicker, then burn in a ring of smudgy fire at the wick. He remembers that he has asked the chambermaid at four different and fervid times to keep that lamp full of oil and even slipped a quarter into her hand hoping it would work a change. Again is he in the darkness and all the evil that is in his nature (or has been instilled there by having to eat warmed-over rare roast beef under the guise of steak) seethes in his chest.

Some of the troubles are small, like the piece of chicken at the Sunday dinner, and there are others which are great and vast like the Monadnock block. With Jones one of these latter is a difference of opinion respecting the most convenient, desirable and altogether choice location for the washstand. He has certain preferences which in his timid, hesitating way he exhibits by putting the stand where he wants it. He takes a proud, complacent survey of his domestic domain as he leaves in the morning. At night he returns to find that the washstand is occupying another site. He puts it back and continues doing it for three successive nights and then comes a time when flesh can bear no more and he tramps downstairs and demands to see the chambermaid.

She is out and he forgets it in the morning, but that night his furniture is in the prim, maddening regularity which he detests and the maid is arraigned. She could not open the wardrobe door, she explains, with the washstand where it was. Open the wardrobe door! What was that girl going into that place every day for and getting his coats white with lint from her dust cloth?

And then Jones goes away and sulks and meditates matrimony.—Chicago News.

NOVEL USE FOR TIDAL POWER.

Solar and Lunar Attraction Harnessed in a Small Way.

Various plans have been suggested at different times for the utilization of the energy developed by the rise and fall of the tides, but the intermittent character of the power has usually prevented any satisfactory solution of the problem. There is, however, one instance in which tide power has been quite successfully applied in a very simple manner. Along the river front at Liverpool there is a tendency for the accumulation of all silt against the dock walls, requiring occasional dredging for its removal. Instead of using scoop dredges, this mud is removed at different periods by the use of tide power in the following manner:

Along the base of the dock walls is laid a pipe, perforated with holes, directed outward, this pipe being connected with the interior of the dock system, and suitable valves being provided to permit or check the flow of water. When the tide is very low, and consequently the head of water measured from the surface in the docks is at its greatest, a sudden opening of the connection permits a rapid flushing action of the water escaping through holes in the pipe at the base of the walls, scouring out the mud and driving it out into the river to be carried away. As the tides at Liverpool average about 25 feet or more, it is evident that this simple form of dredging apparatus may be very effective, and as the time chosen for using it may be selected when the supply of water is greatest, it does not interfere with the regular use of the docks. Ultimately economical forms of power storage will render the equalization of tide power commercially practicable, but at the present time this example serves to demonstrate the fact that solar and lunar attraction, as expressed by the tides, have been harnessed in a small way at least.—Cassier's Magazine.

Truthful.

Mistress—If anyone calls, tell them I am taking a nap.

New Maid—But that would be lying?

"Certainly it would. Do you expect me to sleep standing?"—Up-to-Date.

A Familiar Subject.

Wife (after returning from church)—You should have been in church this morning. We had a beautiful sermon.

Husband—I'll bet you can't repeat the text.

Wife—Yes, I can. It was the Tenth verse of the Sixteenth chapter of Ezekiel—"I girded thee about with fine linen and I covered thee with silk."

Husband—Huh! It is no wonder you remember it.—Harlem Life.

Her Great Modesty.

Bosworth—Mrs. Darnley is a woman who seems to have good sense. At that affair the other night she and I were talking about the women who were in low-necked dresses. She said she thought it was one of the most immodest fads that had ever been taken up.

Wadleigh—Yes; I've been told that she has a neck like the business side of a washboard.—Cleveland Leader.

HAD ON HER BATHING SUIT.

Tom—I saw Marie down the beach just now.

Maud—Was she posing?

Tom—No. Exposing.—N. Y. Herald.

The Steady Thinkers.

Don't explode your lamp of reason
All in one great blinding flash;
Candles, lit and out of season,
Beat sky-rockets all to smash.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Waiting for a Rise.

The grocer came out of the cellar in a hurry.

"I'm afraid those eggs will be a total loss," he said.

"I should think they would be," returned the customer, as he got a whiff of the air that came with the grocer. "Why don't you throw them away?"

"Well, I've been sort of figuring that I might dispose of them at a profit if I could only hold them until another Hamlet company came along, but I guess I will have to give up."—Chicago Post.

Overdoing It.

The injured citizen had called at the police office to report that thieves had gone through his basement the night before and stole a quantity of lead pipe.

"I wouldn't have minded it so much," he said, "only it was the second time within a week."

"When were you robbed before?" asked the inspector.

"Last Tuesday, by the plumber, who brought in the bill for putting that lead pipe in."—Chicago Tribune.

A Compulsory Delay.

"Charge!" thundered the commanding officer. Not a soldier moved. An aid hurriedly approached.

"Why this delay?" demanded the general. "The enemy is in front and the men are in line."

"One moment," said the aid. "The kinetoscope machines are not yet in position."

Again did civilization prevent bloodshed.—N. Y. World.

An Unwarranted Inquiry.

"Do you suppose that young man can support a wife on his salary?" asked Mabel's father.

"That is a very unreasonable question."

"I don't see why."

"Because it can't be answered. You know just as well as I do that he never tried."—Washington Post.

What He Missed.

His arm 'round her waist, as together they roved,
He fondly her smiling lips kissed,
Said he: "Sweet, you're the only girl ever I loved!"
Said she: "Then what fun you have missed!"
—N. Y. World.

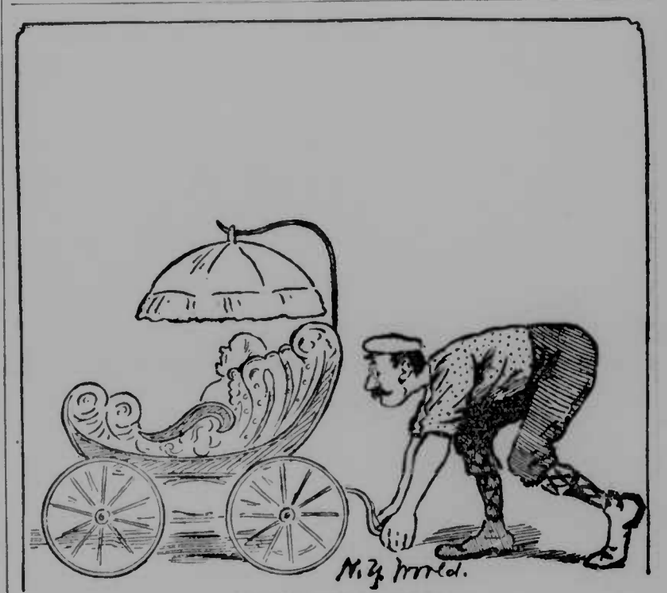

SEEMS MORE NATURAL.

The cow-horn handles have become such favorites that J. Vansittart Wheeler has had them put on his 1897 model perambulator.

Lightning Revenge Artist.

"Yes, Julia rejected him, and she was afraid to open the morning paper for fear she would read an account of his suicide."

"She didn't find it, did she?"

"No; the first thing she saw was the announcement of his engagement to a prettier girl."—Detroit Free Press.

The Orator.

He came in a carriage behind the band,
He's traveling now due south.
They exploded some powder under the stand
As he started to shoot off his mouth.
—Judge.

BEFORE AND AFTER.

"Say, mamma, isn't it funny! Grandpa is too old to have hair, and baby is too young!"—Le Samedi.

Dangerous Operation.

"I wonder if it is really as dangerous as doctors say to dye the hair?"

"Certainly! only more so. I had an uncle who tried it, and he was married to a widow with six children in less than three months."—Tit-Bits.

Men and Teakettles.

It is only when filled with water, they say,
That a teakettle sings, but, oh!
Poor, innocent man, doesn't act on that plan,
For he's not a teakettle, you know.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Tough.

"What a tough face that young fellow has! Don't you think so?"

"Think so? I know it. I tried to break it once."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Theory and Practice.

"Miss Heftilass thinks that a woman ought to have just as many cares and responsibilities as a man," said one young man.

"When did she say that?" asked the other.

"Yesterday evening, while she let me do all the pedaling up hill on a tandem."—Washington Star.

One on the Police.

"That was a mean trick Gilhooly put up on a policeman in our ward."

"What did he do?"

"Invited him to take a drink, and put something in his beer that kept him awake all night."—Tammany Times.

Pinched in Various Ways.

"Ah, my poor man," said the benevolent old lady, "I suppose you are often pinched by want and hunger, are you not?"

"Yessum; and sometimes by the cops."—Odds and Ends.

A Wasted Warning.

How many a summer evening
Might be passed in comfort snug,
If mosquitoes showed a signal
Like the harmless lightning bug.
—Washington Star.

Good at One of Them.

"I really can't help admiring Col. Bloward."

"What! That old freak!"

"Yes; he's either the best pistol shot or the most accomplished liar I ever met."—Chicago Journal.

Summer School Confidences.

"Carlyle says people are mostly fools."

"Emerson says we are responsible for the kind of acquaintances we attract."—Chicago Record.

What She Would Do.

She said that she would die for him,
He fell into the snare;
But when he married her he found
She only meant her hair.
—Up-to-Date.

Setting Himself Right.

Magistrate—The evidence shows that you threw a stone at the man.

Mrs. M'Duff—An' it shows more than that, yer honor. It shows that I hit him.—Tit-Bits.

Her Company Wasn't Good.

Mrs. Benham—A man is known by the company he keeps.

Benham—That's why I am never at home nights.—N. Y. Journal.

TEMPERANCE.

A DRUNKEN WILLIAM TELL.

Temperance Story from the Wilds of Montana.

"Ben, whose boy 're you?" The voice was thick and husky.

"You'rn, pop."

"An' who's the best shot in these parts, Ben? Tell these fellers."

The man's dull eyes fixed themselves on the boy. The little fellow's face lightened up, and he answered, looking round defiantly:

"My pop's the best shot in Montanny."

A silence fell over the crowd, and something of pride gleamed from the whisky-dimmed eyes of old Billman. Then he said, handing the boy an apple:

"These fellows 'low I'm no good, Ben, an' I'm just goin' to do our Willyum Tell act, and show 'em that Jim Billman kin draw as fine a head now as ever he could."

Billman patted his son's head with a trembling hand, and the boy drew himself proudly as he took the apple from his father..

"Go over to that tree, Ben," commanded Billman, at last, and the boy walked with a fearless step to the place indicated, turned his back to the tree, removed his hat, balanced the apple on

KILLED BY HIS DRUNKEN FATHER.

his head, then placed his hands behind him. There was not a quiver in his face, not a shadow of fear. His father, whom he loved, and who loved him, was the marksman.

Old Billman raised his gun to his shoulder. The weapon shook in his nerveless hands like a reed. Uttering an imprecation, he lowered the gun and brushed his sleeve across his eyes, tried again, but still without success.

"I know what's the matter," he muttered, and took a drink from a bottle in his pocket. "Now, then: all right, Ben?"

"All right, pop."

A short moment the gun trembled in Billman's hands and then—

Spring!

It was a strange, dull sound not like the crash of a bullet through oak, but more like—

Alas! the smoke had cleared away, and the boy was lying in a lifeless heap upon the ground—killed by his drunken father! A cry as of a wild beast, a rush, and old Billman had the bloody form in his arms.

"Kill me!" shrieked the old man, rocking to and fro, "kill me!" But the miners passed silently away one by one, and left the old man alone with his grief and his dead.—Detroit Free Press.

A VARIETY OF RESULTS.

Comparative Effects of Different Alcoholic Drinks on Men.

Lancereaux has investigated the changes taking place in the nervous system due to abuse of different alcoholic drinks, wine, beer, absinthe, essences, etc. Some of his conclusions are as follows:

"In excessive use of alcoholic drinks of high percentage of alcohol, the tactile and thermal sensibilities do not seem to be greatly altered, while sensibility to pain seems exaggerated. In those that use absinthe and similar drinks to excess, the plantar reflexes are increased, light tickling causing movement, while slight stroking of the knees, legs or abdomen causes pain severe enough to cause the patient to complain.

"Similar results, although less marked, are to be observed in the upper extremities. In wine drinkers, this sensitiveness of the skin is much less in the lower extremities; above there may be a zone of hyperaesthesia, while still higher in the body normal skin sensation is the rule. Psychical symptoms by absinthe drinkers are stated to be fewer than is generally supposed and taught in the ordinary text books. Wine and alcohol drinkers are prone to attacks of acute delirium, while in those who drink alcoholic essences forms of dementia are more liable to follow."

Effects of Smoking on Boys.

A skilled physician investigated the effect of smoking on 28 boys between the ages of nine and fifteen who were addicted to the habit. Twenty-seven showed distinct symptoms of nicotine poisoning. In 22 there were serious disorders of the circulation, indigestion, dullness of intellect and a marked appetite for strong drink. In three there was heart affection; in eight, decided deterioration of the blood; in 12 frequent bleeding of the nose; 10 had disturbed sleep, and 4 ulceration of the mouth. Of course, many of them had several of these evils combined.—Good Health.

To Fight Opium Habit.

It is satisfactory to know that in accordance with the recommendations of Mr. H. J. Wilson, M. P., and the two native members of the late royal commission, the Indian government has at last taken important measures against the vice of opium smoking in India. The opium smoking dens have been suppressed, and the sale of the drug, when prepared for smoking, has been declared illegal.

CAUSES INSANITY.

The Effects of Alcohol Upon the Brain and Nervous System.

Dr. Bedford Pierce, medical superintendent of the York Retreat, England, in a recent article in the Medical Pioneer, calls attention to some most interesting and important facts in relation to the effects of alcohol upon the brain and nervous system. Dr. Pierce shows from statistics that more than 14 per cent. of all cases of insanity in England are due to alcohol, 20.08 per cent. of cases of insanity in men being the result of alcohol, and 8.1 in women. At the Royal Edinburgh asylum, the number of cases of alcoholic insanity during the past 15 years was 16.4 per cent. During "influenza year," this number was suddenly increased, doubtless as the result of the extensive use of alcohol as a remedy for la grippe.

The effects of alcohol are shown to be hereditary—at any rate as regards idiocy and imbecility. We quote as follows from the article referred to:

"Dr. Howe, of Massachusetts, in examining the antecedents of 300 idiots, found that 48 per cent. were the children of habitual drunkards. Dr. Beach, out of 430 patients in Darenth idiot asylum, found 31 per cent. similarly the progeny of drunkards.

"Dr. Legrain, in a recent work upon 'Social Degeneration and Alcoholism,' has published an account of the descendants of 250 drunkards that he personally has traced. This work shows conclusively that in such families a very large number of the children die young, and that the families rapidly die out; that epilepsy, insanity and other nervous disorders are extremely common.

"Before leaving this part of my paper, it may not be out of place to express the opinion that I consider the influence of alcohol upon the brain of infinitely greater importance than its influence upon the circulation or upon other parts of the body. And it is on this account that I regret that we have, so far as I know, to look to Germany for workers to elucidate the action of alcohol and other drugs upon the mind.

"In England it is true that we have heard of the watering of geraniums by diluted solutions of alcohol, and of attempts to accustom water-fleas to live in weak spirits and water; but we hear that neither geraniums nor water-fleas flourish. All this, however, is remote from the problem in hand, and the skeptical person is not convinced by deductions drawn from such experiments. The work done by Prof. Kraepelin and his pupils in Heidelberg promises to be of very great importance. Unfortunately for us, his book detailing his experiments and researches into the mental phenomena produced by alcohol and other drugs has not been translated into English.

"Kraepelin has summed up his conclusions as to the action of alcohol in his 'Psychologische Arbeiten.' He states that experiment has shown that the idea that alcohol strengthens has arisen from self-deception. Alcohol only facilitates the discharge of motor impulses, and does not make them more powerful. If there is any strengthening effect, any increase of power, it is very transitory, and is quickly followed by a pronounced diminution, which takes some time to disappear. He goes on to say: 'Moreover, the powers of conception and judgment are from the beginning distinctly affected, although we perceive nothing of it. The actual facts are exactly the opposite to the popular belief. I must confess that my own experiments, extending over more than ten years, and the theoretical deductions therefrom have made me an opponent of alcohol.'"

The observations of Prof. Kraepelin agree exactly with experiments undertaken several years ago by the writer, which clearly show that alcohol even in moderate doses diminishes the acuteness of all the perceptives, and the ability of the brain to receive impressions and to transmit impulses. Two ounces of brandy lessened a young man's lifting capacity more than 25 per cent. Science gives no countenance to the use of alcohol, even in the greatest moderation.—Good Health.

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

Wine "moveth itself aright," but those who drink it, never do.—Ram's Horn.

One of the old Rothschilds had this among his mottos framed on the wall: "Touch not, taste not intoxicating drink."

Drink is the great curse of modern civilization. It blocks the way of everything that is good.—National Temperance Advocate.

The putting of drinking houses into the same category with houses of ill-fame and other public nuisances is only a question of time.—Hon. Woodbury Davis.

Many a person has gotten a position because he did not smoke cigarettes, or pipes, but we have yet to hear of the first one that got one because he smoked, chewed, drank or gambled.—Outlook.

The smoke of burning tobacco contains nicotia, nicotianic, salts of ammonia, hydrocyanic acid, sulphuretted hydrogen, three or four volatile acids, phenol creosote and several other substances.

A fine new hotel in Boston cannot get a license to sell liquors because it is within 400 feet of a schoolhouse. But the proprietor has received a license for a saloon in an alley in the rear, and guests of the hotel can order drinks from the saloon and have them brought in.

"Will you have some?" said a passenger to his fellow passenger in the washroom of the sleeper, at the same time extending to him a "bottle." His offer was declined. At that moment the conductor coming in the man with the bottle said: "A conductor never drinks when on duty, I believe." "No," said the conductor, "nor when off duty either, if he is a good one."—United Presbyterian.

WHAT MAY BE.

Bellamy on Dress in the Twentieth Century.

In his new and interesting book on "Equality," published by D. Appleton & Co., Edward Bellamy takes the following glimpse into the future as relating to the question of dress:

The extremely delicate tints of Edith's costume led me to remark that the color effects of the modern dress seemed to be in general very light as compared with those which prevailed in my day.

"The result," I said, "is extremely pleasing, but if you will excuse a rather prosaic suggestion, it occurs to me that with the whole nation given over to wearing these delicate schemes of color, the accounts for washing must be pretty large. I should suppose they would swamp the national treasury if laundry bills are anything like what they used to be."

"Doubtless we could not do much else if we washed our clothes," she said; "but you see we do not wash them."

"Not wash them! Why not?"

"Because we don't think it nice to wear clothes again after they have been so much soiled as to need washing."

"Well, I won't say that I am surprised," I replied; "in fact, I think I am no longer capable of being surprised at anything; but perhaps you will kindly tell me what you do with a dress when it becomes soiled."

"We throw it away—that is, it goes back to the mills to be made into something else."

"Indeed! To my nineteenth-century intellect, throwing away clothes would seem even more expensive than washing it."

"Oh, no, much less so. What do you suppose, now, this costume of mine cost?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I never had a wife to pay dressmakers' bills for, but I should say certainly it cost a great deal of money."

"Such costumes cost from ten to twenty cents," said Edith. "What do you suppose it is made of?"

I took the edge of her mantle between my fingers.

"I thought it was silk or fine linen," I replied, "but I see it is not. Doubtless it is some new fiber."

"We have discovered many new fibers, but it is rather a question of process than material that I had in mind. This is not a textile fabric at all, but paper. That is the most common material for garments nowadays."

"But—but," I exclaimed, "what if it should come on to rain on these paper clothes? Would they not melt, and at a little strain would they not part?"

"A costume such as this," said Edith, "is not meant for stormy weather, and yet it would by no means melt in a rainstorm, however severe. For stormgarments we have a paper that is absolutely impervious to moisture on the outer surface. As to toughness, I think you would find it as hard to tear this paper as any ordinary cloth. The fabric is so strengthened with fiber as to hold together very stoutly."

"But in winter, at least, when you need warmth, you must have to fall back on your old friend, the sheep."

"You mean garments made of sheep's hair? Oh, no; there is no modern use for them. Porous paper makes a garment quite as warm as woolen could, and vastly lighter than the clothes you had. Nothing but eider-down could have been at once so warm and light as our winter coats of paper."

"And cotton!—linen! Don't tell me that they have been given up, like wool?"

"Oh, no; we weave fabrics of these and other vegetable products, and they are nearly as cheap as paper, but paper is so much lighter and more easily fashioned into all shapes that it is generally preferred for garments. But at any rate, we should consider no material fit for garments which could not be thrown away after being soiled. The idea of washing and cleaning articles of bodily use and using them over again would be quite intolerable. For this reason, while we want beautiful garments, we distinctly do not want durable ones. In your day, it seems, even worse than the practice of washing garments to be used again, you were in the habit of keeping your outer garments without washing at all, not only day after day, but week after week, year after year, sometimes whole lifetimes, when they were specially valuable, and finally, perhaps, giving them away to others. It seems that women sometimes kept their wedding dresses long enough for their daughters to wear at their weddings. That would seem shocking to us, and yet, even your fine ladies did such things. As for what the poor had to do in the way of keeping and wearing their old clothes till they went to rags, that is something won't bear thinking of."

"It is rather startling," I said, "to find the problem of clean clothes solved by the abolition of the washtub, although I perceive that that was the only radical solution."

Galen Clark, who has just resigned the post of guardian of the Yosemite valley, went there about 40 years ago, expecting to die in a year or two of consumption. He is now 83 years old and hale and hearty.

England has sent an expedition to explore the River Jub, the boundary between the Italian and English spheres of influence in Somaliland. It is under command of Maj. Macdonald, who made the survey for the railroad from Mombasa to Lake Victoria.

Among the pretty models for dresses is a narrow yoke with a sharp-point back and front. Below the yoke in front is a loose vest, which is tucked into a belt.

More flies are caught with honey than vinegar.

FARM AND GARDEN.

PASTURES NEED CARE.

The Future of Hay Farming in the United States.

The desire to cultivate as much land as possible in order to get the most possible from it has led to general neglect of meadow and pasture lands. Only when it is found that the soil had lost so much fertility that it would not pay for cultivating was it seeded down or left to grow up with such herbage, both weeds and grass, as nature provided. The result is that most of the land now in grass is by that very fact discredited as being presumably fit for nothing else. Yet there is in all grass land a constant tendency to increase in fertility. It is so even when the land is left to grow up with the weeds and bushes. These shelter the surface, hold the leaves that fall on the land from being blown away. The decomposition of these leaves gradually builds up the soil, and to this must be added the excrement from animals fed on the herbage which the soil is still able to grow.

Usually when the improvement of grass land is determined upon the soil to be turned under and rot is regarded as an important part of the soil assets. Improving the land as meadow and pasture by manuring it and still leaving it unplowed is hardly ever thought of. Yet as in most cases the grass land is, even with manure, not quite rich enough for profitable cropping, the experiment is worth trying of applying to it such manure as can be had and see what the increased grass or hay product will be worth. This is done successfully in England. Why may it not in the older parts of this country? The demand for hay is generally good in all eastern cities. Will it pay to fertilize grass lands so as to make the growing of hay profitable? If it will not pay to maintain fertility in grass land, the logical sequence is that all hay or grass taken from it helps to reduce fertility so that the soil will be worth nothing for the production of any kind of crop.

It is likely that in the future, as in the past, most of the hay crop in this country will be produced in the years when the rotation between cultivated crops and grass requires that the land be seeded. Our climate is not moist like that of England. Hence it cannot keep a good sod so many years without plowing and reseeding. This also is so much the best for cultivated land that there need be no fear that the profits of cultivated crops will so lessen the amount of land in grass that there will not be hay enough to feed with grain and coarser fodder, nor that it will fail to be supplied at reasonable prices.—Cultivator.

COB COAL FOR HOGS.

It Keeps Their Digestive Apparatus in a Healthy Condition.

There are many farmers who fail to make a success of making coal from corncobs, and therefore the following explicit directions are given: Save the cobs and store them in a dry place, to be burned when time permits. Aside from the good care we give our pigs, we attribute much of their general health to the condiment prescribed herewith, which seems to keep their digestive apparatus in a healthy condition.

One who raises from 100 to 150 pigs should aim to save at least 200 bushels of corncobs for charcoal. Make a pit 4½ to 5 feet deep, 12 to 18 inches in diameter at bottom, 4½ to 5 feet on top. Have a sheet iron cover made large enough to cover the pit and project six inches over the edge. Start a fire in the bottom with shavings and add by degrees a bushel of cobs, and let them get well aglow. Then add three to four bushels more, and when well on fire add more, and so on, until the pit is rounding full. If they burn faster on one side than the other side lift the side that is burning least with a pole. If you have an old iron rod long enough lay it over the center of the hole so as to keep the sheet iron from sagging. When all the cobs are well aglow, even blazing freely, cover the hole with sheet iron and seal the edges with earth, air-tight, and leave it until the next morning, when the charcoal can be taken out, and if the job is well done there will be from nine to twelve bushels.—Farm, Stock and Home.

CORNFODDER BARROW.

It Will Pay for Itself in a Surprisingly Short Time.

The two side pieces (A) are six feet long and one and one-half inches by three inches. The uprights (B) are two feet long and two inches by one and one-half inches. The cross pieces are

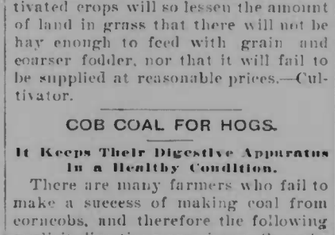

BARROW FOR HAULING FODDER.

two feet long, and two feet apart and three inches wide by one and one-half inches.

The straps (D) are old pieces of carriage tire bent as shown. The legs are fastened on with a single bolt and the uprights by a long screw. The braces for the uprights are notched in and nailed. When it is desired to use the barrow for grass put in a floor of half-inch white pine; also nail half-inch boards from B 1 to B 2 and fit in side boards from B 2 to B 2 and from B 1 to B 1.

White pine or cypress will be strong enough for the dimensions given. If heavier wood is used use smaller size.—National Stockman.

The swill barrel on wheels is a great convenience.

VERY ABRUPT.

Another One of Those Very Sudden Proposals.

Slowly the great steamer steamed from the dock. Between two stern parents a young girl in tears stood watching the receding shore.

A hatless young man rushed out on the pier and stretched out his arms toward the ship.

Alas! that parents will be so hard-hearted.
"Mary," he cried, "will you be my wife?"
And the sad waves rocked.

* * * * * * *

A year had passed.

The young man had discovered a gold mine on Broadway, and was now worth $99,000,000.

He rode to the pier in a fine carriage.

When the plank was lowered the young lady and her parents came ashore.

"Oh, Algernon," the young girl cried as he blushingly laid her head on his manly bosom, "this is so sudden!"—N. Y. Journal.

Now comes that trying time of year
Whose woes each benedict can tell,
When madam sheds the scalding tear
Because her jelly failed to jell.
—Chicago Record.

The man who does the shouting is often willing to let somebody else do the work.—Ram's Horn.

Those who always speak well of women do not know them enough; those who always speak ill of them do not know them at all.—Lebrun.

Husband (shaving)—"Confound the razor." Wife—"What's the matter now? You're dreadfully cross-tempered." Husband—"The razor is so abominably dull!" Wife—"Dull? Why, I ripped up an old skirt with it yesterday, and it cut beautifully!"—Tid-Bits.

Half the cruelty in the world is the direct result of stupid incapacity to put one's self in the other man's place.—John Fiske.

"What was that last victim kicking about just as the flames enveloped him?" asked the cannibal king, who was famous for taking an interest in domestic affairs. "The cooking, your majesty," replied the chef de cuisine.—Detroit Evening Journal.

There is nothing makes a man suspect much more than to know little.—Bacon.

Young Artist (who has had all his pictures rejected)—"I don't see why they didn't hang my work." His Sister—"I guess they thought hanging was too good for it."—Brooklyn Life.

How many men there are who have schemes to get rich if they only had the money to develop them.—Washington Democrat.

"What large features she has!" "Yes, I don't believe it would be easy to stare her out of countenance."—Detroit Evening Journal.

A young man who thinks he has to spend a lot of money before he can settle down to business very often amounts to little or nothing.—Washington Democrat.

His Little Mistake.—Miss Beantigirl (coyly)—"Do you really love me, count?" Count Le Fraug (passionately)—"Love you, sweet cr-r-reature! I analyze you!"—Puck.

Of the future we know nothing, of the past little, of the present less; the mirror is too close to our eyes, and our own breath dims it.—Landor.

South Dakota Pays Off Its Debts.

Sioux Falls, S. D., July 13.—[Special.]—"The people of South Dakota have, in the last four years, paid off $50,000,000 of their debts," said one of the best known loan agents of the State, "and they are now paying off at a very rapid rate. As things are now going the people of the State, and especially the farmers, will soon be well out of debt. The large crops of the last few years, coupled with the close times, have had the effect of giving the people an appetite for getting out of debt, and fortunately has also given them the ability to do so."

Another agent who represents a loan company which has several million dollars loaned on farm property in South Dakota, adds his testimony, but the agent complains that he cannot find takers for one-third of the amount he would like to loan.

"Our company has 1,500 loans in this State on farm lands," said the agent above referred to, "and we have not had over fifty foreclosures in seven years. The company does not own a foot of land in the State and never lost a cent on a loan."—(Chicago Tribune, July 14, 1897.)

That portion of South Dakota which is traversed by the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the finest agricultural and stock growing section of the western country. For "Letters from Farmers," printed in pamphlet form, finely illustrated, and descriptions of farm lands, address Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill. Now is the time to look for homes in South Dakota, where land is cheap and good.

Thunder-Like Tones.

"I really couldn't afford to let you board with me this summer," said an old farmer to a city man with a very deep bass voice.

"Why not?" roared the basso-profundo in tones that rattled the dried squashes in the rafters.

"Because whenever you talked or sang your voice would sour all the milk in my cellar."—Judge.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE. Write to Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

In the Divorce Court.

Lawyer—Did you see the beginning of this trouble?

Witness—Yes, sir; I saw the very commencement. It was about two years ago.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, when the minister said 'Will you take this man to be your lawful husband?' and she said: 'I will.'"—Up-to-Date.

There Is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Clever Boy.

"How in the world did you get Old Curmudgeon's consent to wed his daughter?"

"Finesse, my boy, finesse. I told all around that he caught 17 four-pound bass on that last fishing expedition of his."—Detroit Free Press.

The Pill that Will.

"The pill that will," implies the pills that won't. Their name is legion. The name of "the pill that will" is Ayer's Cathartic Pill. It is a pill to rely on. Properly used it will cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache, and the other ills that result from torpid liver. Ayer's pills are not designed to spur the liver into a momentary activity, leaving it in yet more incapable condition after the immediate effect is past. They are compounded with the purpose of toning up the entire system, removing the obstructing conditions, and putting the liver into proper relations with the rest of the organs for natural co-operation. The record of Ayer's Pills during the half century they have been in public use establishes their great and permanent value in all liver affections.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

"WHERE DIRT GATHERS, WASTE RULES." USE

SAPOLIO

WITHOUT GRIP or GRIPE.

To get a natural result, a remedy should always act without violence, smoothly, easily, delightfully. This is the action of

Cascarets THE IDEAL LAXATIVE,

because they strengthen the muscular action of the bowels and gently stimulate the kidneys and liver. They are purely vegetable, **containing no poisonous or injurious substances,** and are recommended and used by young and old. BELIEVE WHAT WE SAY! 10 cents prove their merit,

and we ask that you
BUY AND TRY A CASCARET TO-NIGHT!
ALL DRUGGISTS. 10c., 25c., 50c.

OSSOR'S SNEEZELESS CATARRH SNUFF.
A Positive Cure for HAY FEVER, COLD IN
CATARRH. THE HEAD AND CATARRHAL HEADACHE. Mailed upon receipt of 25 cents (silver). THE OSSOR REMEDY COMPANY, 43 Arcade, Cleveland, Ohio. Agents Wanted.

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GO WEST AND LOOK FOR A HOME. A handsome illustrated pamphlet describing NEBRASKA sent free on application to P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agt., C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago.

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A. N. K.—C 1667

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To MOTHERS.

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I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now* Chas. H. Fletcher. *on every bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher. *wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought* Chas. H. Fletcher. *on the and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher. *wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

Samuel Pitcher M.D.

March 8, 1897.

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Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

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The Southern Railway announces the following low rates from Washington, D. C., to Nashville, Tenn., occasion Tennessee Centennial Exposition:

Season Excursion Tickets will be sold daily, until and including October 15, at $28.75.

Twenty-day Excursion Tickets will be sold daily until October 15, at $21.30.

Ten-day Excursion Tickets will be sold on Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week, until October 26, 1897, at $15.30.

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Lv Baltimore, P. R. R	9:20 PM	9:42 A M
" Washington, So. Ry	10.43 "	11.15 "
" Danville	6.00 A M	6.20 PM
Ar Salisbury (N. T.)	9.37 "	8.50 "
" Asheville (C. T.)	2.05 PM	12.12 A M
" Hot Springs	4.23 "	1.39 "
" Knoxville	7.25 "	4.00 "
" Chattanooga	11.25 "	7.50 "
" Nashville, N. C. & St. L. Ry	6.45 A M	1.50 PM

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I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

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JOHN SHARTZER,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

offers his services to the people of Garrett County. Will cry land or personal property sales at any point in the county. 6-97-1yr.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 2, 1897.

Secretary Gage is paying especially close attention to the working of the Dingley tariff law, which he thinks one of the best the country has ever had and one which will rapidly grow in popularity as its manifold advantages become generally known. The actual administration of the tariff law is in the hands of Assistant Secretary Howell, who is an expert in the numerous complications which necessarily arise when a change is made in the tariff, but Secretary Gage is so much interested that he keeps in close touch with all tariff matters. Treasury officials say the new law is unusually free from the errors and contradictions which have made so much trouble for those who have been charged with the administration of previous tariff laws.

There is one thing about Secretary Sherman's recent very vigorous instructions to Abassador Hay on the seal fisheries question that cannot be denied: they brought the government of Great Britain to time. Up to the publication of Mr. Sherman's plain language Lord Salisbury had declined several suggestions from this government that a conference be held on the subject. As soon as Ambassador Hay's instructions were made public John Bull suddenly saw a new light and speedily accepted the last proposition made by the United States for an international conference on pelagic sealing in Behring Sea, and the conference will be held in Washington this fall. No better proof could be found that plain talk is sometimes needed between nations just as much as it is between individuals.

Mr. Samuel C. Dunham, a mining expert and statistician connected with the U. S. Bureau of Labor, is now on his way to the Klondyke gold fields for the purpose of making an official investigation of the resources and conditions of the gold fields. He expects to get to Dawson city before cold weather stops travel and will spend the winter there. Upon Mr. Dunham's report, which will be made as early next year as he can ascertain the necessary facts, much will depend. If he finds gold as plentiful as it has been reported to be there will be the wildest rush from the United States and Canada in the world's history. If, on the contrary, he reports the finds of gold to have been greatly exaggerted and tells the other side of the story generally, the Alaskan gold excitement will die out as suddenly as it began.

Every Republican should be on watch for the tariff beats, and he should have no hesitation in exposing them wherever found. It is, of course, expected that the Democratic free traders will duplicate the fight they made against the McKinley tariff and endeavor to make sentiment against protection by pushing up the prices on everything, but there is a worse class of tariff beats. Those traders who, for no other reason than greed, attempt to raise the prices on goods that will not be affected to any marked extent by the tariff. If you have any such in your vicinity expose him and refuse to patronize him, and persuade your neighbor to follow you in going to the dealer who is too honest to try to add to his profits by putting up prices on everything and charging it all to the tariff. It was just such men as they who brought about the four years of hard times from which the country has now happily emerged. Watch them and show them up.

Neither the Republican national committee nor the congressional committee will have anything to do with the management of the campaign in Maryland this year, but both will render aid in every possible way to the Republicans of that State. The Maryland Republicans are not disposed to boast, but having licked Boss Gorman out of his boots last year, they express confidence in their ability to repeat the whipping this year and to elect a majority of the Legislature which will elect Gorman's successor in the Senate.

Owing to the election law which enables the Democrats to do as they please in that State, the Virginia Republicans are not hopeful of accomplishing anything this year, although they say there is no doubt of the State being Republican if a fair count could be had.

Rally Round the Flag.

The thirty-first annual encampment of the G. A. R. will be held August 23rd, in the City of Buffalo.

President McKinley, members of the Cabinet and Diplomatic Corps, the Governors of various states and their staffs, will be present, and an enthusiastic reception will be given the Veterans.

Tickets at one fare for the round trip will be sold by the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. from all stations on its line east of the Ohio River for all trains August 21st, 22d, 23d, valid for return until August 31st.

For further information, call on or address nearest B. & O. agent.

Don't nauseate your stomach with teas and bitter herbs, but regulate your liver and sick headache by using those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

Just think of it, Rowena lace lawns, worth 10c. a yard, cut down to 5c. a yard. Don't fail to come and see them. They are a bargain. Thomas Little. 20-3

Wm. Frederick, Jr., & Son,

The Racket Store,
FRIENDSVILLE, MD.

We carry something of everything. There is nothing you want that cannot be found in our store.

It is admitted by all that to sell goods and make a living a merchant must necessarily charge a profit. Some merchants charge more profit than others. We are one of the OTHERS and come nearer selling goods for nothing than anyone on the face of the earth. Here you get value for your money.

Our silversmith is one of the finest workmen in the United States as all will admit who have had any work done in that line by him.

Our jewelry department is filled to overflowing with everything in that line and we sell jewelry at less than manufacturers' prices.

We carry a complete line of staple and fancy groceries.

Call and get our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

WM. FREDERICK, JR., & SON.

REAL ESTATE!

—FOR SALE BY—

JOHN SHARTZER, Real Estate Agent,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Two farms in District No. 2; 262 acres; near Elder Hill school house, improved by 2 houses, 3 barns and orchards. Will be sold separately or as a whole, to suit purchaser, on easy terms.

House of 4 rooms, 4 acres of land two miles south of Mt. Lake Park.

House and 1 acre of ground adjoining Loch Lynn Heights. Will be sold cheap.

A livery stable at Loch Lynn Heights; finest in the county; must be sold at once.

House and lot in Mt. Lake Park.

50 acres; improved by a small house; near Cranberry Glade farm.

House and 2 lots in McHenry.

Farm near Deer Park; improved.

A well improved farm near Ryan's Glade.

The above properties will be sold on easy terms.

One 50-acre lot adjoining the farm of W. T. Jamesson near Mt. Lake Park.

1 50-acre lot adjoining the lands of Mrs. Kilburne and —— Jackson near Mt. Lake Park; will be sold very cheap for cash.

7 building lots in Loch Lynn Heights.

The Phillips lands lying between Oakland and Mt. Lake Park; will be sold as a whole or in parcels to suit purchaser.

A lot of ground adjoining Mt. Lake Park on the Oakland road.

An improved farm of 100 acres, 2 miles from Terra Alta.

An improved farm of 200 acres near Crellin.

The Oakland Steam Laundry property.

7 large building lots in Oakland.

For further information, prices and terms, apply to

JOHN SHARTZER,
6-26 OAKLAND, MD.

Tomson's Red Seal Lye.

98 per cent. strength, granulated, packed in SIFTING TOP cans, is the greatest soapmaker, disinfectant and cleanser.

One Can will make 10 Pounds of Hard Soap.

Red Seal is the best disinfectant and purifier to use in sinks, drains, waste pipes and closets. It is handy, safe and sure. One can of Red Seal to 15 gallons of water sprayed, knocks potato bugs, cabbage worms, etc. No damage to vines. 15-13

Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

SHARTZER & BOLDEN

OAKLAND, MD.,

DEALERS IN

Furniture,
Carpets,
Matting,
Oil Cloth,
Window Shades,
Wall Paper,
—AND—
GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Repairing Furniture and Pieture Framing a Specialty.

OAKLAND PHARMACY,
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PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY,
DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.
31—26

Maryland Agricultural College,
College Park, Md.

MARYLAND SCHOOL OF TECHNOLOGY.

Four courses of Instruction—Agricultural, Mechanical, Scientific, Classical.

Each department supplied with the most modern and approved apparatus. Practical work emphasized in all departments. Graduates qualified at once to enter upon their life's work. Boarding department supplied with all modern improvements; bath rooms, closets, steam heat and gas. Books, room, heat, light, washing, board medical attendance, $151 for scholastic year. $5 caution money on entering. $6 for material for each practical laboratory. A 120 page catalogue, giving full particulars, sent on application. Daily sanitary inspection by physician to the college. Attention is called to the short course of ten weeks in agriculture. Particulars sent on application. Term commences September 15th. Early application necessary for admittance.

21-33. R. W. SILVESTER, President M. A. C.

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conneway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Glessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

BICYCLES and BICYCLE REPAIRING.

Full line of Bicycle Sundries carried in stock.

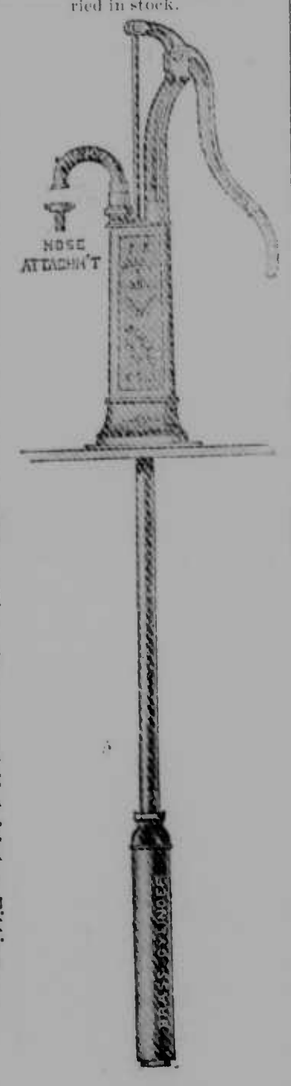

MYERS PUMPS, Hose, Galvanized and Iron Pipe, Steam and Hot Water Fittings.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1e14-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

DR. J. G. ROBINSON, DENTIST,
Felty Building, Opposite Postoffice,
OAKLAND, MD.
GAS ADMINISTERED. 50-97

W. B. RAVENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Residence on North 3rd Street.
Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.

Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.

Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.

Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate. P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

E. J. FRANTZ,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
2-23 SELBYSPORT, MD.

JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate.
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ANDREW J. HARNE.
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Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md. Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

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PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
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Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 49-1yr.

Andrew B. Bonder, Attorney at Law. Alexander C. Mason, Surveyor.

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:: REAL :: ESTATE :: AGENTS, ::
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LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including train ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26*

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President.
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, May 16, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7—Daily		2.40 A. M
No. 3—Daily		3.28 A. M
No. 71—Accom daily except Sun		3.28 A. M
No. 45—Daily		1.36 P. M
No. 5—Express, daily		5.55 P. M
No. 1—Daily		10.00 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily		5.50 A. M
No. 2—Daily		6.41 A. M
No. 72—Accom daily except Sun		5.18 P. M
No. 46—Daily		4.13 P. M
No. 4—Daily		12.29 A. M
No. 11—Accommodation		10.12 A. M

Train No. 55 makes no stops between Oakland and Grafton. No. 47 makes all stops.

D. B. MARTIN,
Manager of Passenger Traffic.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.
IN EFFECT JULY 18, 1897.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS		NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1			No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.			NOON	P. M.
3 00*	8 00†	lv	Cumberland	ar *12 10	†7 30
3 20	8 20		Rawlings	11 51	7 01
3 52	8 52		Keyser	11 08	6 38
4 05	9 05		Westernport	10 55	6 25
1 00	9 00		W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	6 18
4 37	9 35		Shaw	10 24	5 50
5 02	10 00		Harrison	9 58	5 25
6 15	10 45*	ar	Elk Garden	9 00	*1 10
5 55	10 55†	lv	Gorman	9 21	4 54
6 42	10 42		Bayard	9 19	4 49
5 51	10 54		Doblin	9 09	4 39
6 27	11 27		Thomas	8 38	4 08
8 55	11 55	ar	Davis	7 55	3 15
6 31	11 31	lv	Coketon	8 31	4 01
7 01	12 01		Hendricks	8 00	3 30
7 07	12 07		Bretz	7 53	3 23
7 10	12 10		Parsons	7 50	3 20
7 15	12 45		Kerens	7 15	2 45
8 00	1 00†	ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	†2 30
	1 30*	ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
	3 05*	ar	Beallington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.			A. M.	A. M

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1897. NUMBER 23.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Mr. Thomas J. Peddicord is in Cincinnati.

The young father with a baby coach is right in the push.

The telephone ring sometimes leads to engagement rings.

Tuesday next will be Talmage day at Mountain Lake Park.

There are one hundred and fifty guests at the Oakland Hotel.

Justice Wheeler, of Deer Park, was in the city yesterday afternoon.

W. C. Kidd, of Baltimore, spent Sunday in Oakland with friends.

Mrs. Rebecca Firestone, of Frederick, is in Oakland visiting friends.

Mr. George E. Bishoff, of Hoyes, was in Oakland on business Tuesday.

Mr. Peter J. Lohr, of near Swanton, was in Oakland a few hours on business.

Mr. Henry Frik, of near Accident, was in the city yesterday a short while.

Dr. M. A. R. F. Carr, of Cumberlanp, was in Oakland professionally Tuesday.

Miss Grace Tebetts, of Florida, is in Oakland as the guest of Miss Nell Offutt.

Tuesday afternoon Judges Wilson and Cuppett made this office agreeable calls.

Money is being collected among the George's Creek miners for the strikers in Ohio.

Miss Nellie Hefley, of Berlin, Pa., is in Oakland visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. M. Davis.

Brother Litzinger has had a sign painted on the front of his building showing where he is located.

Mr. William D. Hoye, of Deer Park, was in Oakland on business yesterday morning a few minutes.

Miss Nettie Michaels returned to Oakland last Friday after an extended visit to relatives in Baltimore.

Mr. George W. Moon, of North Glade, a valued friend of the editor, was a visitor to Oakland Tuesday.

Ex-Mine Inspector Frank McMahon came up to Oakland yesterday afternoon and will remain in town today.

Mrs. Louis Pennock, of Pennock Square, Pa., was in Oakland yesterday visiting Rev. and Mrs. John M. Davis.

Octagon Soap, two bars for 5 cents, at Thos. Little's.

Miss Alice Kingsley, of Baltimore, arrived in Oakland recently and is the guest of Miss Susie Legge on Second street.

Services will be held in St. Matthew's P. E. church Sunday morning at 7.30 and at 11 when Bishop Jackson, of Alabama, will preach.

Mrs. Clementine Abbott, of Baltimore, came up to Oakland last Saturday evening and remained in Oakland over Sunday visiting friends.

Mr. Harry Hebden, of Baltimore, representing the Wm. J. C. Dulany Co., was here last Saturday on business before the school commissioners.

Mr. G. A. Fraley is having an additional story built to the rear of his residence on Oak street. Mr. H. E. Bolden is doing the carpenter work.

Vim, vigor and victory:—these are the charisties of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, billiousness and all stomach and liver troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Charles Boozman, of Morgantown, West Va., while drunk on Monday, shot his brother-in-law in the arm and attempted suicide by jumping into the Monongahela river.

Mr. David G. Smith, of this office, accompanied by his wife, went over to Hazleton, West, Va., last Saturday afternoon, where they will spend a week visiting Mr. Smith's parents.

"I crave but One Minute," said the public speaker in a husky voice; and then he took a dose of One Minute Cough Cure, and proceeded with his oratory. One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled for the throat and lungs. Oakland Pharmacy.

Rev. C. A. Britt, of Frostburg, Md., will preach in St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church on Sunday morning and evening. Mr. Britt is a minister of some prominence in his church and good sermons may be expected.

"They don't make much fuss about it." We are speaking of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous Little pills for constipation, billiousness, and all stomach and liver troubles. They never gripe. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott T. Jones and two children went up to Terra Alta yesterday morning to attend the funeral of Mrs. Jones' father, whose death is mentioned in another column.

Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Connel and daughter, of North Baltimore, Ohio, are on a visit to friends in Deer Park, their former home. Mr. Connell was in Oakland Saturday a short time.

Fire at Lake, on the Potomac river, in Allegany county, Monday destroyed the West Piedmont Feed and Planing Mill and several dwellings. There was an insurance of $3,000 on the mill.

Judge Edward Stake, of Hagerstown, came to Oakland last Thursday evening and on Friday took up some court business which was left unfinished at the July term. He returned to Hagerstown Friday afternoon.

Mr. Wm. Hocking's horse, attached to his delivery wagon became frightened at a passing train yesterday and ran away. At the corner of Second and Green streets the wagon upset. But little damage was done.

There is a time for everything; and the time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait until you have consumption but prevent it by using One Minute Cough Cure, the great remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. George E. Bishoff, president of the Garrett County Sunday School Union, will visit the Sabbath school at Bloomingron on Sunday morning next at 10.30. He will also visit the school at Firm Rock Sunday afternoon at 2.30.

Thursday last Mr. M. Cohen, the tailor, was assaulted by John D. Hartman. Mr. Cohen swore out a warrant for Hartman, who was arrested and tried. Having no money with which to pay his fine he was sent up to Castle Brown.

Rev. H. P. Hamill, president of the Wesleyan Female Institute of Staunton, Va., has been elected treasurer and business manager of the Randolph Macon Woman's College of Lynchburg. Rev. Mr. Hamill is a brother of Mr. Gilmor S. Hamill, of Oakland.

Burning, itching skin diseases instantly relieved by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, unequalled for cuts, bruises, burns. It heals without leaving a scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

At Shartzer's Opera House Saturday night the waiters of the Oakland Hotel will give a concert and cake walk. The program will consist of comic and serio-comic songs. Several comic plays will be introduced and the music will be furnished by the Oakland Hotel orchestra.

Will the lady with lilac shirt waist and sailor hat who changed cars at Harper's Ferry Aug. 3d and took No. 5 to Oakland, and whose umbrella was broken by her escort while at the Ferry send address to B. P. E., Martinsburg, W. Va., and oblige an admirer?

Mrs. James Ritchey, of Cumberland, Miss Osie and Mr. Will Parker, of Frostburg, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Thrasher, of Deer Park, and Miss Lucinda Hinebaugh, of Oakland were guests of Mrs. James O. Cleveland last Sunday evening at her home on Green street.

The semi-monthly session of the Orphans' Court convened on Tuesday morning with Judges Wilson and Cappett on the bench. The vacancy caused by the death of Judge Engelhart has not yet been filled by the Governor. At Tuesday's session no business of importance was transacted.

John Grillin, of Zanesville, O., says: "I never lived a day for thirty years without suffering agony, until a box of Witch Hazel Salve cured my piles." For piles and rectal troubles, cuts, bruises, sprains, eczema and all skin troubles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Charles Wegman, of Grantsville, ex-Sheriff of the county, was in Oakland yesterday. Mr. Wegman is a candidate for the nomination as an Assemblyman. He is a staunch Republican and would make an acceptable candidate to many members of the party. Mr. Wegman will return to Grantsville to-day.

The excursion over the Baltimore and Ohio last Sunday brought several hundred people to Oakland from points both east and west, some of whom went to Deer Park, the majority remaining here however, walking about town. We understand a similar excursion will be run next Sunday.

Young men, when a disreputable scoundrel slanders the fair name of your sister, thrash him the first time you meet, no difference as to the time or place. This is what one of the Oakland boys did on last Saturday when he met the man who attempted to drag his sister's name in the mire, and for his action he is commended by those having knowledge of the facts.

Mr. William H. Hagans, who went to Baltimore on Thursday last, returned to Oakland Friday night, accompanied by Mrs. Hagans, whose mental condition is much worse. Dr. Carr, of Cumberland, is attending her and feels sanguine of her ultimate restoration to health.

Senator George L. Wellington and family, who were at Mountain Lake Park a few days last week, drove up to Oakland last Saturday and took dinner at the Oakland. They then went to Deer Park where a few days will be spent by them. Senator Wellington is now in the east, but will return to Deer Park the latter part of this week.

Don't nauseate your stomach with teas and bitter herbs, but regulate your liver and sick headache by using those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

Mr. H. Hesen was seriously injured last Thursday afternoon by a bull which he has on his farm near Oakland. He was entering his stable yard when the animal attacked him, knocking him down and attempted to gore him. Mr. Hesen received a number of serious bruises about his face and body and was confined to his bed a day or two.

"Let me give you a pointer," said M. F. Gregg, a popular conductor on the Missouri Pacific railroad. "Do you know that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy cures you when you have the stomach ache well, it does," and after giving this friendly bit of advice, the jolly conductor passed on down the aisle. It is a fact that thousands of railroad and traveling men never take a trip without a bottle of this Remedy, which is the best cure for bowel disorders in the world. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Judge David W. Sloan, of Cumberland, Senator A. L. Dryden and Fish Commissioner J. C. Dawes, of Chrisfield, were in Oakland last Friday, having driven up to Oakland from Mountain Lake Park, where they were guests of the Dennet Hotel. Senator Dryden and Mr. Dawes went from here on Friday to Bedford, Pa., where they will remain a few weeks before returning home.

The children sent here two weeks ago by the Fresh Air Society of Baltimore, and who were placed with families in and near Oakland, will be returned to their homes in Baltimore to-morrow. Many of the children when they arrived here were puny and pale, but the pure mountain air and wholesome food and exercise has transformed them into different children. Their stay of two weeks in this community will probably be the brightest remembrance in the lives of many of them.

Octagon Soap, two bars for 5 cents, at Thos. Little's.

22-4

Michael McFulkey, the Polander who plead guilty of stealing chickens at the March term of court and whose case was stetted by the court upon the promise made by McFulkey that he would leave the State immediately and never return to it, is again in the toils, having been arrested on Tuesday at Elk Garden by Sheriff Brown upon a warrant charging him with having stolen a rifle and suit of clothing, the property of Mr. William Broderick, of Oakland. McFulkey is also charged with having made an assault upon the Baltimore & Ohio track walker near Altamont on July 14th. He will probably get a long term in the penitentiary.

Everything about the Great Wallace Show is bran new this season, and when the acres of canvas are spread in Oakland on Saturday Aug. 21 the fresh beauty of the elaborately decorated wagons, chariots, animal dens, tableaux cars, harnesses, costumes, etc., will appeal with irresistible force to every spectator. Cleanliness is the watchword with Col. B. E. Wallace, sole owner of this popular tented aggregation, and the term applies with the same force to the moral side of show life as to the material. Frequently a circus is used simply as a blind for all sorts of catch penny gambling schemes to fleece the unwary, but the newspapers everywhere teem with the statements that absolutely nothing of this nature is tolerated about the Wallace Shows. Thorough courtesy on the part of every employe is also strictly demanded by the management so that ladies and children without escorts can visit the circus, secure in the knowledge that they will be given every attention that will serve to make their stay pleasant in all respects. Uniformed attendants are always ready to politely answer all questions regarding the rare collection of animals in the extensive menagerie and to direct visitors to the comfortable seats in the immense amphitheater. Any infraction of the rules means instant dismissal, and patrons are especially requested to report any occurrences of this nature that may come under observation.

The Jury Drawn.

Last Friday His Honor Judge Sloan came up from Cumberland and drew the following names from the jury box to serve at the September term of the Circuit Court:

District No. 1.—James A. Baldwin and Jerome DeWitt.

No. 2.—Alphenus Welch, Amos. M. Umbel and John B. Thomas.

No. 3.—Ross Compton, Benj. F. Michaels, William H. Durst, James Ravenscroft, Lewis H. Diefenbach, Richard Garlitz, Chas. A. Bonig and Francis McKenzie.

No. 4.—Martin L. Tichenell and Timothy White.

No. 5.—Asa B. Friend, Tarleton O. Collier, Samuel D Hummel, James W. Beeghley, Willliam Englehart and Jonathan B. Friend.

No. 6.—A. J. Alexander.

No. 7.—Rolla G. White, Andrew Nelson, William T. Sines, G. A. Shirer, E. M. Spedden, D. M. Mason, John A. Sowers, Charles B. Cropp, William H. Walker (col'd), Singleton Townshend, Henry N. Fredlock, James O. Smith and Stewart H. Mason.

No. 8.—William B. Hutson, Peter F. Arnold, M. C. Best, John H. Roth and Peter Gortner, jr.

No. 9.—William A. Robeson, Thomas J. Johnson, Henry Finzell and Jacob Wilson.

No. 10.—Martin V. Flannigan, Henry J. Shaffer and Abraham Freeland.

No. 11.—None.

No. 12.—Christian J. Brenneman.

Died.

PAUGH.—On Thursday last at 4.40 o'clock p. m., of typhoid fever, at his home in the east end of Oakland, Milo Paugh, aged seventeen years and ten months. The deceased was ill but a short time and his seriously illness followed by his sudden death came as a sudden shock to his relatives and friends. He was buried on Friday afternoon, the interment being made in Odd Fellow's cemetery.

POSTEN.—Salathiel J. Posten, Mrs. Scott T. Jones' father, died at his home in Terra Alta, West Va., on Monday after an illness of several months. The deceased was sixty-six years of age. The funeral occurred yesterday morning at 11 o'clock.

Call for Your Letters.

David Deshong, Chas. A. Fike, Christopher Hanson, Howard Jackson, F. Jinkins, George W. Jones, Francis J. Riggs, Mrs. Elizabeth Glass, Miss Lucinda Eichenbride, Miss Lucy Friend, Miss Mary Hardman (3), Miss Lillie Hauger, Miss Maggie McGeehan, Miss Mary Parris.

Eye Specialist.

Dr. Hardman, of Wheeling, W. Va., will adjust spectacles at Oakland, Monday, August 16th, only. Eyes examined free. 22-2

Talmage Day at Mountain Lake Park August 17th.

Special excursion trains will be run to this famous mountain resort with plenty of car room and very cheap fare. It will be a day long to be remembered by all who go. The program is one of great excellence. In the morning soon after the train reaches the grounds there will be a grand concert by the Indiana State University Glee Club, seventeen jolly school boys in their unique and catchy school songs, many of them simply side-splitting. They have a superb violinist with them. In the afternoon the great Dr. T. Dewitt Talmage, the highest priced lecturer on the American platform and the best known preacher of the century, will give his great lecture on "My Journey Round the World." After this there will be a rattling match game of ball, boating on the lake, and many forms of amusement. At night there will be a musical prelude introducing among others Miss Mae Estelle Acton, of Chicago, one of the greatest sopranos of the country, and an illustrated lecture with many wonderful and beautiful stereopticon views by Frank E. Bucker, of Lynn, Mass. You not only spend a day in the cool of the mountains, but get something to remember for the days to come. It is not simply idling away awhile in some resort where you get tired of loafing, but there is something of interest to do all day long. Organize parties; bring your luncheons; hear the great Talmage and make it one of the memorable days of your life.

St. Paul's Sunday Services.

Special arrangements have been made whereby no one in Oakland need leave the town to enjoy hearing good sermons. Dr. S. E. Pendleton, of Kansas City, Mo., an experienced and most successful preacher, will preach in St. Paul's church next Sunday morning. In the evening at the same place Rev. J. W. Botkin, member of the present Congress from Kansas, will occupy the pulpit. Miss Annie Pelty, of Benwood, West Va., will sing a solo. All will be cordially welcomed to these services.

The Fairfax Stone Gone.

Last Monday when the Maryland contingent of the surveying party met to begin locating the boundary line between this State and West Virginia they were somewhat astonished and an unexpected difficulty confronted them, which gave them some trouble, but which was surmounted after some hours delay. The survey was to begin at the Fairfax stone, which has been recognized by the Maryland Legislature as the point called for in the grant to Lord Baltimore. The Fairfax stone was planted in 1746 to show the bounds of the Fairfax grant. The recognition of this stone is contained in the act of 1852 passed by the Maryland Legislature on the 22d of May.

It was in pursuance of this act of Assembly that the Michler line was run in 1859 and 1860, which line begun at the Fairfax stone as required by the act. When the representatives of Maryland met on the ground on Monday to begin work they were surprised to find that the Fairfax stone had been destroyed, and not even a trace of it could be found. In Lieut. Michler's report of his work he states that he "put up a cut stone resting on a foundation stone, set immediately south of the old stone marked 'F X,' planted in 1746 to show the lands of the Fairfax grant. This old stone was not disturbed."

The stone put up by Michler was found and William H. Kitzmiller and George L. Mosser testified that they were present when the Michler stone was set up, and that it was by the side of the Fairfax stone. With this stone and testimony the beginning point was established and the work commenced. Observations have been made and the longitude of the meridian line found to be 2° 23′ 21″ 75 west of Washington observatory. The latitude of Fairfax stone 39° 11′ 32″ 5. The elevation and other data have been determined and the work is going forward.

For Sale.

A store, house and lot at Sand Spring—a first-class business stand—postoffice and telephone connections. Terms to suit purchaser. Write or call on J. H. FEARER & SON, 22-3t Fearer, Md.

Sent to Jail.

Monday evening Constable E. M. Coddington, of Friendsville, brought to Oakland a young man named William Gorman and turned him over to Sheriff Brown, who locked him up. Gorman was arrested on a warrant sworn out before Justice Frantz, of District No. 2, charging him with attempted rape upon the person of Estella Selby, committed on last Saturday. A preliminary hearing was accorded Gorman on Monday and upon the testimony adduced he was committed to jail for the action of the grand jury at the September term of the Circuit Court.

Two Runaways.

Friday morning last Will Cleveland's express wagon and horses were standing in the rear of THE REPUBLICAN building when the horses took fright and ran away. Dr. Hinebaugh's buggy was standing in the alley, which was struck by the flying team and nearly demolished. The horses were caught at the mill without doing any other damage than that above stated.

Saturday afternoon last about five o'clock Mr. Jonas Yutzy and Mrs. J. G. Kanauer were returning to their home at Sunnyside after having disposed of a load of produce to their customers in Oakland. Just as they were crossing the Oak street bridge a train shot under it, frightening the horses and causing them to run. In making the turn from Oak into Second street the wagon upset and the occupants thrown out with great force, both coming in contact with an electric light pole near the corner. Willing hands carried Mrs. Kanauer into Mr. Chas. Bolden's residence and Dr. Hinebaugh made an examination of her injuries, the most severe ones being a scalp wound and a laceration of her left ear, which was nearly severed. She was also bruised about her body. Mr. Yutzy received a severe cut on his forehead and bruises on his side. Both returned to their homes Friday evening.

Never Cuts the Performance.

It is the custom with many shows to cut the night performance, that is, omit many of the acts, in order to get through early and hasten the tearing down and departure for the next town. The Great Wallace Show guarantees never to do this. Mr. Wallace is a most conscientious showman; he asserts that money received at night is worth as much on the dollar as the day money, and that his patrons are entitled to just as much for it; he maintains that he has no right to give any less. Plenty of men are employed to tear down rapidly enough when the show is out, without having to pull the canvas down on the heads of the spectators.

No. 11.—Polished Solid Oak 5-Drawer Chiffonier, 53 inches High, 30¾ inches Long, 18 inches deep. It is well constructed and has good locks on each drawer. Special price, (Orders promptly filled).

$3.39

Our success is not sectional. It is the reward of 18 years of honorable business. Our experience in the Furniture and Carpet business is yours for the asking. Our interests are identical. [illegible] Baby Carriages, [illegible] Bedding, Springs, Screen Doors, etc., is [illegible] who wants for it, at [illegible] age. If you need your [illegible] you will find [illegible] and if you [illegible] you will deal with the manufacturers. Send your name on a postal now.

Julius Hines & Son,
BALTIMORE, MD.

The Accident Horse Improvement Company.

Recently an imported French coach stallion was sent to Accident by an importer of such stock and there sold to a local company for $2,500 who organized by electing Mr. Josephus Glotfelty president, Mr. Fred. Ries, secretary, and Mr. William Englehart as treasurer. The board of directors is composed of Messrs. George E. Bishoff, Perry Broadwater and Henry Spoerline. The company has secured a fine animal which is but four years old. The class of stock heretofore raised in this county has been below the average, but with this horse and the one purchased some time ago by the Oakland company it is believed that the stock of the communities in which the horses are owned will be greatly improved.

To get the animal before the attention of the people the Accident company has pursued a wise course in using the advertising columns of THE REPUBLICAN. Look the advertisement up.

Base Ball News and Notes.

Last Friday a nine from the vicinity of Franklin Mine came up to Oakland and attempted to play ball. At the close of the game the score stood 6 to 33 in favor of the home team.

Saturday morning the team from Mountain Lake Park, captained by Mr. John Bonney, went up Fairmont to play the nine there. Upon their arrival no one met them at the station, nor could the manager of the Fairmont nine be found all day, hence no game was played. No excuse was given for the shabby treatment accorded the Maryland boys, all of whom are gentlemen at all times and places.

Manager Brown, of the Kingwood nine, recently wrote the manager of the Lonaconing nine declining to play the latter upon the grounds here giving as his excuse that fair treatment would not be accorded the Kingwood players by the citizens of Oakland and intimating that the people of Oakland had "it in for us," meaning Kingwood. We want to disabuse Mr. Brown's mind of its hallucination. The people of Oakland are friendly to his team. They are broad minded enough to concede that the Kingwood nine is composed of good players and that they are not responsible for the unfair treatment received by us at Kingwood two weeks ago. Come over, Brown; we guarantee you a reception such as one gentleman accords another, but—don't bring Mr. Clapp; it wouldn't be fair—to him.

CHICAGO TO PLAY HERE.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. John Bonney received a message from the manager of the Chicago team accepting an invitation to play the Mountain Lake Park nine here on next Tuesday. The Chicago players have two days on which no games are scheduled and will spend the time at the Deer Park Hotel.

The Strike at Corinth.

The Striking miners at the Oakland Coal and Coke Co.'s mines at Corinth, just over the line in Preston county, W. Va., are still holding out. The Slavs have made threats to burn the plant of the company if any outside men went to work which has had the effect of keeping the mine and the brick works closed. Yesterday warrants were sworn out for the arrest of the Slavs and this morning the officers are expected at Corinth to make arrests. No trouble is feared.

Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy always affords prompt relelf. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND : GARRETT CO., MD.

SWEET NATURE'S SMILE.

I love the day because it's day,
And not because it's fair,
I love the night because it's night,
Nor for the stars are there;
I love the cliff and rocky spar
Because so tattery
Both mark their changeless front—they are
Just what they seem to be.

Bring not to me the painted tree
Set round with gilt and plush,
But let me wander in the wood
And through the underbrush.
Sweet nature's smile doth me beguile,
To her I bend the knee,
No canvas grand lustred can stand
For nature's heart to me!

I love the blue that sifteth through
The storm that onward crowds
When rainbow hue doth place anew
The promise on the clouds—
The fainter roar as more and more
Afar the thunders roll,
While glistening gleams the sunny beams
Upon the weeping knoll.

I love each part of all the art
That centers in a God,
Who in the shade of meadow bade
The tiger lilies nod;
Who plants the rose where zephyrs blow,
The daisy on the slope,
Whose kindly care hath fashioned fair
The sweet snowdrop of hope.

I love the song of lark among
The gilded morning clouds;
The quiet heath that sleeps beneath
The morning's misty shrouds.
I love the dreams that burstsht beams
Of waking sunlight bring,
When all aglow the hilltops show
The radiance of the King!

—A. Glanville, in Boston Transcript.

THE RULE OF THREE.

BY W. W. JACOBS.

[Copyright, 1897.]

THE master of the schooner Harebell came slowly towards the harbor, accompanied by his mate. Both men had provided ashore for a voyage which included no intoxicants, and the dignity of the skipper, always a salient feature, had developed tremendously under the influence of brown stout. He stepped aboard his schooner importantly, and then, turning to the mate, who was about to follow, suddenly held up his hand for silence.

"What did I tell you?" he inquired, severely, as the mate got quietly aboard.

The mate listened. From the fo'c's'le came the low, gruff voices of men, broken by the silvery ripple of women's laughter.

"Well, I'm a Dutchman!" said the mate, with an air of one who felt he was expected to say something.

"After all I said to 'em," said the skipper, with weary dignity. "You 'eard what I said to 'em, Jack?"

"Nobody could ha' swore louder," testified the mate.

"An' here they are," said the skipper, in amaze, "defying of me."

"They've been and gone and asked them females down in the fo'c's'le again. You know what I said I'd do, Jack, if they did."

"Said you'd eat 'em without salt," quoted the other, helpfully.

"I'll do worse than that, Jack," said the skipper, after a moment's discomfiture. "What's to hinder us casting off quietly and taking them along with us?"

"If you ask me," said the mate, "I should say you couldn't please the crew better."

"Well, we'll see," said the other, nodding sagely. "don't make no noise, Jack."

Aided by the mate, he cast off the warps which held the unconscious visitors to their native town, and, the wind being off the shore, the little schooner drifted silently away from the quay.

The skipper went to the wheel, and the noise of the mate hauling on the jib brought a rough head out of the fo'c's'le, the owner of which, after a cry to his mate below, sprang up on deck and looked round in bewilderment.

"Stand by there!" cried the skipper, as the others came rushing on deck. "Shake 'em out!"

"Beggin' your pardin, sir," said one of them, with more politeness in his tones than he had ever used before, "but—"

"Stand by!" said the skipper.

"Now, then," shouted the mate, sharply, "lively, there! Lively with it!"

The men looked at each other helplessly and went to their posts, as a scream of dismay arose from the fair beings below, who, having just begun to realize their position, were coming on deck to try and improve it.

"What!" roared the skipper in pretended astonishment. "What! gells aboard after all I said. It can't be; I must be dreaming!"

"Take us back!" wailed the damsels, ignoring the sarcasm, "take us back, captain."

"No, I can't go back," said the skipper. "You see what comes o' disobedience, my gells. Lively there on that mains'l, d'ye hear?"

"We won't do it again," cried the girls, as the schooner came to the mouth of the harbor and they smelt the dark sea beyond. "Take us back."

"It can't be done," said the skipper, cheerfully.

"It's agin the lor, sir," said Ephraim Biddle, solemnly.

"Bosh!" said the skipper. "They're stowaways, and I shall put 'em ashore at the first port we tone't at—Plymouth."

A heartrending series of screams from the stowaways rounded his sentence, screams which gave way to sustained sobbing, as the schooner, catching the wind, began to move through the water.

"You'd better get below, my gals," said Biddle, who was the eldest member of the crew, consolingly.

"Why don't you make him take us back?" said Jenny Evans, the biggest of the three girls, indignantly.

"Cos we can't, my dear," said Biddle, reluctantly. "You don't want to see us put in prison, do you?"

"I don't mind," said Miss Evans, tearfully, "so long as we get back. George, take us back."

"I can't," said Scott, sullenly.

"Well, you can look out for somebody else, then," said Miss Evans, with temper. "You won't marry me. How much would you get if you did make the skipper put back?"

"Very likely six months," said Biddle, solemnly.

"Six months would soon pass away," said Miss Evans, briskly, as she wiped her eye.

"It would be a rest," said Miss Williams, coaxingly.

The men, not seeing things in quite the same light, the girls announced their intention of having nothing more to do with them, and, crowding together in the bows beneath two or three blankets, condoled tearfully with each other on their misfortunes.

Looking at all the circumstances of the case, the captain thought it best to keep the wheel in his own hands for a time, and dawn found him still at his post.

Three dispirited girls put their heads out from the blankets and sniffed disdainfully. Then, after an animated discussion they arose, walked up to the skipper, and eyed him unfavorably.

"Why, he isn't any bigger than a boy," said Miss Williams, savagely.

"Pity we didn't think of it before," said Miss Davies. "I s'pose the crew won't help him?"

"Not they," said Miss Evans, scornfully. "If they do we'll serve them the same."

They went off, leaving the skipper a prey to gathering uneasiness, watching their movements with wrinkled brow. From the forecastle and the galley they procured two mops and a broom, and he caught his breath sharply as Miss Evans came on deck with a pot of white paint in one hand and a pot of tar in the other.

"Now, girls," said Miss Evans.

"Put those things down," said the skipper, in a peremptory voice.

BATTLE OF THE MOPS.

"Sha'n't," said Miss Evans, bluntly; and with mops dripping tar and paint on the deck marched in military style up to the skipper and halted in front of him, smiling wickedly.

Then the heart of the skipper waxed sore faint within him, and, with a wild yell, he summoned his trusty crew to his side.

The crew came on deck slowly, and, casting furtive glances at the scene, pushed Ephraim Biddle to the front.

"Take those mops away from 'em!" said the skipper, haughtily.

"Don't you interfere," said Miss Evans, looking at them over her shoulder.

"Else we'll give you some," said Miss Williams, bloodthirstily.

"Take those mops away from 'em!" bawled the skipper, instinctively drawing back as Miss Evans made a pass at him.

"I don't see as 'ow we can interfere, sir," said Biddle, with deep respect.

"What!" said the astonished skipper.

"It would be agin the lor for us to interfere with people," said Biddle, turning to his mates, "dead agin the lor."

"Don't you talk rubbish," said the skipper, anxiously. "Take 'em away from 'em. It's my tar and my paint and—"

"You shall have it," said Miss Evans, reassuringly.

"If we touched 'em," said Biddle, impressively, "it'd be an assault at lor. All we can do, sir, is to stand by and see fair play."

"Fair play!" cried the skipper, dancing with rage, and turning hastily to the mate, who had just come on the scene. "Take those things away from 'em, Jack."

"I'm not going to raise my hand against a woman for anybody," said the mate, with decision. "It's no part o' my work to get messed up with tar and paint from lady passengers."

"It's part of your work to obey me, though," said the skipper, raising his voice. "What are you afraid of?"

"Are you going to take us back?" demanded Jenny Evans.

"Run away," said the skipper, with dignity. "Run away!"

"I shall ask you three times," said Miss Evans, sternly. "One—are you going back? Two—are you going back? Three—"

In the midst of a breathless silence she drew within striking distance, while her allies, taking up a position on either flank of the enemy, listened attentively to the instructions of their leader.

"Be careful he doesn't catch hold of the mops," said Miss Evans, "but if he does the others are to hit him over the head with the handles. Never mind about hurting him."

"Take this wired a minnit, Jack," said the skipper, pale but determined.

The mate came forward and took it unwillingly, and the skipper trying hard to conceal his trepidation, walked towards Miss Evans and tried to quell her with his eye. The power of the human eye is notorious, and Miss Evans showed her sense of the danger she ran by making an energetic attempt to close the skipper's with her mop, causing him to duck with amazing nimbleness. At the same moment another mop, loaded with the white paint was pushed into the back of his neck. He turned with a cry of rage, and then realizing the odds against him flung his dignity to the winds and dodged with the agility of a schoolboy. Through the galley and round the masts with the avenging mops in mad pursuit, until breathless and exhausted he suddenly sprang on the side and climbed frantically into the rigging.

"Coward!" said Miss Evans, shaking her weapon at him.

"Come down," cried Miss Williams. "Come down like a man!"

"It's no use wasting time ever him," said Miss Evans, after another vain appeal to the skipper's manhood. "He's escaped. Get some more stuff on your mops."

The mate, who had been laughing boisterously, checked himself suddenly, and assumed a gravity of demeanor more in accordance with his position. The mops were dipped in solemn silence, and Miss Evans, approaching, regarded him significantly.

"Now, my dears," said the mate, waving his hand with a deprecating gesture, "don't be silly."

"Don't what?" inquired the sensitive Miss Evans, raising her mop.

"You know what I mean," said the mate, hastily. "I can't help myself."

"Well, we're going to help you," said Miss Evans, "turn the ship round."

"You obey orders, Jack," cried the skipper from aloft.

"It's all very well for you sitting up there in peace and comfort," said the mate, indignantly. "I'm not going to be tarred to please you. Come down and take charge of your ship."

"Do your duty, Jack," said the skipper, who was polishing his face with a handkerchief. "They won't touch you. They're afraid to. They're afraid to."

"You're egging 'em on," cried the mate, wrathfully. "I won't steer; come and take it yourself."

He darted behind the wheel as Miss Evans, who was getting impatient, made a thrust at him, and then, springing out, gained the side and rushed up the rigging after his captain. Biddle, who was standing close by, gazed earnestly at them and took the wheel.

"You won't hurt old Biddle, I know," he said, trying to speak confidently.

"Of course not," said Miss Evans, emphatically.

"Tar don't hurt," explained Miss Williams.

"It's good for you," said the third lady, positively. "One—two—"

"It's no good," said the mate, as Ephraim came hurriedly into the rigging; "you'll have to give in."

"I'm —— if I will," said the infuriated skipper. Then an idea occurred to him and, puckering his face shrewdly, he began to descend.

"All right," he said, shortly, as Miss Evans advanced to receive him. "I'll go back."

He took the wheel; the schooner came round before the wind, and the willing crew letting the sheets go hauled them in again on the port side.

"And now, my laids," said the skipper, with a benevolent smile, "just clear the mess up off the deck, and you may as well pitch them mops overboard. They'll never be any good again."

He spoke carelessly, albeit his voice trembled a little, but his heart sank within him as Miss Evans waved them back.

"You stay where you are," she said, imperiously; "we'll throw them overboard—when we've done with them. What did you say, captain?"

The skipper was about to repeat it with great readiness when Miss Evans raised her trusty mop. The words died away on his lips, and after a hopeless glance from his mate to the crew, and from the crew to the rigging, he accepted his defeat, and in grim silence took them home again.

The Palmist's Mistake.

"Your life," said the palmist, "will be a long and happy one. You will have millions of money. You will have a beautiful wife. You will live in luxury and have nothing to do. You will be popular and famous. You will attain high honors. Your life-line indicates with the most absolute distinctness that you will be hale and hearty at 80 years of age. Indeed, you are to be one of the most fortunate of men in the world."

And the subject fell dead with joy.—N. Y. World.

Foiled Again.

A savage light shone in her eyes as she stealthily approached him whom she hated. The lethal weapon was in her grasp. He, all unconscious, remained passive.

Nearer and nearer she came. Then—

A wave of disappointment swept over her mobile countenance.

The fly she had been making a sneak on was on the other side of the screen.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

TO ACQUIRE A SIXTH SENSE.

Anybody May Become a Medium Who Pleases.

William T. Stead, author, journalist, theosophist and general student of all that is odd, now announces that he has received by means of automatic writing, from a very well-known spirit, the information that every living person has what is called the sixth sense. In other words, we are all mediums, contrary to the general supposition, even among the advanced disciples of spiritualism.

The message or communication is given to the world through Editor Stead, who, for the time being, is under the guidance of this feminine control, the real author of the statements being known as "Julia." Her messages have been coming at intervals for five years, and among the students of the occult are regarded as absolutely true. That is why Mr. Stead lays so much importance upon them. It is for this reason he holds that the communication between the inhabitants of the world and those who have passed away can be much more free if only people will have it that way. In the message Julia says:

"What I have to tell you is that all those who really wish to have the sixth sense, or whatever you may choose to term it, so developed that they can at will become sensibly or to their senses cognizant of the reality of the existence of the beings who encompass them about, can acquire the gift or faculty if they will but adapt themselves to the laws of the region into which they wish to penetrate. It is a potentiality of the universal human race. Nor is it only human. Many animals have the open eye. They see when their owners are blind. But you can see if you choose. It rests with ourselves.

"There is no short cut to the sixth sense. There may be something like it in mesmerism and hypnotism, but that is not at all what I mean. What is possible is for every child or man to become what you call normally clairvoyant—that is, for anyone to possess himself of the power of seeing and hearing, as plainly as he sees and hears material things, the invisible forms and voices that surround him.

"The power is one that ought to be under control. There will be only harm done if you do not shut at will the clairvoyant eye. Imagine the mischief that would happen if when life and death hung on the absolute concentration of all faculties on the subject immediately before you, if at the supreme moment you were to see the whole phantasmagoria of borderland pass between you and the point of exclusive interest. If you cannot control your sixth sense you had better not acquire it. It is much better to do without it than to be controlled by it.

"You should have the sense at command when you need it, as you have your microscope or your telescope. But, better have neither if you are to be compulsorily doomed at other will than yours to interrupt the work of life by a spectacle of the infinitely little or the infinitely remote. Man should always be master of his senses, especially of the sixth sense, as it is called."

In her further statements to Mr Stead "Julia" goes on to say that the investigator must always be simple and not be constantly thinking of himself. In other words, self-consciousness must be avoided, or it will play havoc with the chances of success. All one's mental faculties are needed. Everything must be examined and tested without prejudice and without partiality. Nothing can be achieved without time and patience.

The first thing to be done to see the invisible ones, "Julia" says, is to be very still and to wait. When quite still and passive, close your eyes and think of the one whom you wish to see. If it is a friend still alive in the body it will help you if at the same time, although that is not essential, he or she is also passive and alone. When you have two spirits in accord, both seeking the same thing, the difficulties are less. But you must be agreed in heart and soul. If you could keep the concentrated quiet attention for a longer period than five minutes without becoming tired, then you had better do so. At no time, however, force yourself, for a strain means failure.

If in this way, "Julia" declares, one succeeds in acquiring success, it is acquired forever. There will be no more parting between the one who has gained his object and the spirit world. The greatest danger is that the sixth sense may control the individual instead of being in itself controlled.—N. Y. Herald.

Sightless Woman Farmer.

There lives in Oak Hill, Tex., a blind girl who has from a few acres of land, cultivated by herself, cleared about $200 each season for several years by the growing and sale of vegetables. She began with no capital and an unfenced piece of uncultivated land. There is now a neat fence about her domain, a well and pump in the center, and she has, in addition to purchasing these, paid for a piano and hack to take her vegetables to the market, which is 20 miles from her home. Every evening during the dry season she waters a certain number of plants until she has gone over the entire piece, when she begins and goes over it again in the same way. Insect life she detects from her acute sense of hearing, and grass and weeds are easily distinguished from plants by the sensitive fingers of the blind gardener.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Fish That Clothe Themselves.

The ocean contains several fish which clothe and adorn themselves, the most conspicuous of them being the antennarius, a small fish frequenting the Sargossa sea, which literally clothes itself with seaweed, fastening the pieces together with sticky, gelatinous strings, and then, as it were, holding the garment on with its fore fins.—Chicago Chronicle.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

TURNING AND GRINDING.

We have our little fallings-out and arguments and such,
And then we make it up again, they don't amount to much,
But on one subject, anyhow, we're all of the same mind:
We all of us don't want to turn, and all do want to grind.

I've heard about a grindstone of a labor-saving kind—
It only takes one person to turn it and to grind.
You work a treadle with your foot, the same as mother sews,
And a fellow don't mind turning when he's grinding, I suppose.

But ours is not that kind of one; it ain't that we're asleep,
But money's scarce and hard to get, and elbow-grease is cheap
Where there's half a dozen elbows that are half the time in sight,
Though mother puts on patches, I reckon, every night.

"Boys," father said, the other day, "one thing you've got to learn,
We can't all do the grinding, for somebody must turn.
Of course I'd like you all to be as smart as folks are made,
But it isn't very likely that you will be, I'm afraid!

"And there's very few so stupid that they really couldn't earn
Themselves an honest living, if they'd just agree to turn.
By all means try for grinding, but own it if you find
That you can do the turning, but ain't smart enough to grind."

When father talks, he says it. He likes to think things out.
I see him smiling, sometimes, at the things he thinks about.
When he comes in from the plow-field, he don't tell you how he aches,
He tells you something queer he's seen, of birds, or beasts, or snakes.

It's only in the winters we have time to go to school,
But we dig at it, I tell you, and I hope I'm not a fool.
And the thing we talk the most about, the thing we hope to do,
In a race that's free to every one, is what I'm coming to.

We'll keep our eyes wide open; if we're only fit to turn,
We'll look for the best way there is, and that's the one we'll learn.
But think how mother and father'd feel, if they should one day find
That every single son they had was smart enough to grind?

—Margaret Vandegrift, in Youth's Companion.

RIDING SEA TURTLES.

Rare Sport Enjoyed by the Reckless Boys of Florida.

Florida boys have one kind of exciting sport which the young folk of more northern lands know little about. It consists of catching the huge sea turtles which frequent the bays along the southern coast of Florida. The turtles, from which is made the green turtle soup so familiar to restaurant fare, are confined by the fishermen in huge pens or "turtle-crawls," consisting of fences extending from the shore out into the water. When the fisherman wants a great turtle for market one of the boys, whose shiny brown body is stripped

A STEED OF THE SEA.

bare, stands in the prow of the boat as it is pushed from the shore. He watches intently, and presently he sees one of the big turtles taking a nap on the clear white sand of the bottom. He dives quickly, and, swimming down from behind, seizes the turtle firmly by its shell. Of course the turtle wakes up and, like a bucking broncho, begins to dash and plunge wildly about, seeking to throw its plucky rider. Not succeeding in this, it darts quickly to the surface, where the boy gets his first breath. Then down again it goes tearing through the water and beating the foam with its flippers. But its rider never lets go for a moment, and presently the great turtle grows exhausted, and the boy, by lifting on the front end of the shell forces it to the boat, where it is quickly loaded aboard and taken away to market. It is great sport and the boys enjoy it as much as our western boys like a lively young pony to ride.—Chicago Record.

Equal to the Emergency.

An Irishman who was out of work went on board a vessel that was in the harbor and asked the captain if he could find him work on the ship.

"Well," said the captain, at the same time handing the Irishman a piece of rope, "if you can find three ends to that rope you shall have some work."

The Irishman got hold of one end of the rope, and, showing it to the captain, said: "That's one end, your honor." Then he took hold of the other end, and, showing it to the captain as before, said: "And that's two ends, your honor." Then, taking hold of both ends of the rope, he threw it overboard, saying: "And, faith, there's an end to the rope, your honor!"

He was engaged.—Tit-Bits.

Tommy's Disappointment.

"Tommy had a bitter disappointment yesterday."

"What was it?"

"Tell about it, Tommy."

"Th' paper said our preacher wuz goin' to exchange pulpits with 'nother preacher—an' I went to' church an' there wuz th' same pulpit—an' a 'nother man."—Chicago Record.

The Necessary Size.

Col. Kaintuck—I want hip pockets in those trousers.

Tailor—Yes, sir. Large or small?

Col. Kaintuck—Half-pint size.—N. Y. Advertiser.

CURIOSITIES OF DRAFT.

How Fire Purifies Air and the Way Mines Are Ventilated.

A curious piece of apparatus used by Prof. John F. Woodhull, of the New York teachers' college, to illustrate the principle of ventilation consists of two lamp chimneys, a tallow candle and the lid of a pasteboard box. The box lid has two holes cut in it a few inches apart. The holes are a trifle bigger than the tallow candle. The candle stands in one hole, the lamp chimneys stand one over each hole. The object is to show how the draft of any burning substance can be made to get rid of unpleasant odors, foul air, etc. The candle is lighted and burns in the chimney which incloses it. If a lighted match is held at the mouth of the other chimney the smoke from it will immediately flow down the tube and up the chimney in which the candle is burning. This is because the lighted candle gets its draft

METHODS OF VENTILATION.

through the other chimney, and the air rushing down one and up the other carries the smoke from the match along with it. The reason the air does this is because the heat of the candle flame expands the air in the one chimney and forces it upward. The atmosphere, in order to even matters, supplies more by way of the only channel left open to it.

Now, a coal mine is freed from its foul air and new fresh air is drawn into it in exactly the same way. The entrance to some mines are comparatively small, when the large excavations beneath the surface are taken into consideration. The air in the mine easily becomes foul, and soon becomes unfit for human beings to breathe if some ventilation is not secured. It is only necessary to have two shafts and to build a fire at the entrance of one of them in order to secure the desired result. If the fire is made to get its draft down one shaft and up the other, as in the case of the lamp chimneys, all of the foul air will be drawn out of the mine and a corresponding quantity of fresh air will be drawn in. The dangers of explosions of fire damp will also be averted, inasmuch as this deadly gas is drawn out and dissipated before it can collect in sufficient quantity to do damage. Of course there are mechanical contrivances for drawing bad air out of mines, but they are not more efficient than a simple furnace at the entrance of a shaft. A striking example of the value of a fire for the purpose of getting rid of foul odors is afforded in a jail in New Castle, Del. It seems that the jail was built over a sewer which emptied into the river near by. The odor from the sewer filled the jail and made it a very unhealthy place to live in. The nuisance was abated by building a furnace and smokestack in one corner of the jail yard. A hole led down from the furnace to the sewer pipe. When the fire was lighted the bad air in the pipe was drawn up by the fire and sent out of the stack many feet above the jail.

Something of this same nature takes place when a storm occurs on a hot day. The air in a certain spot becomes heated, and in expanding is forced upward, drawing with it a certain amount of moist air from the neighborhood surrounding the heated spot. The moisture in this air rapidly condenses when it reaches the cooler strata above, and, turning to water, descends to the earth again in the form of a shower.—Theodore Waters, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Peacock at Home.

The real home of the peacock or peafowl is in India. There they were and are hunted, and the flesh is used for food. As these birds live in the same region as the tiger, peacock-hunting is a very dangerous sport. The long train of the peacock is not its tail, as many suppose, but is composed of feathers which grow out just above the tail, and are called the tail-coverts. Peacocks have been known for many hundred years. They are mentioned in the Bible. Job mentions them, and they are mentioned too in I Kings, 10. Hundreds of years ago in Rome many thousand peacocks were killed for the great feasts which the emperors made. The brains of the peacock were considered a great treat, and many had to be killed for a single feast.—St. Nicholas.

Well-Trained Butterflies.

Two Parisian ladies have taken to taming butterflies. A gentleman, returned from Asia, brought the young ladies rare specimens, as souvenirs of his trip, and then they set to collecting these little creatures. Each lady has about 50 in her collection, and it is marvelous how tame they are. Upon the entrance of their mistress, they fly to greet her, perching upon her shoulders, head and hands. The way they were trained was by feeding them with honey from the finger tips. They have been serviceable as studies for all kinds of art work, and they have shown themselves very susceptible to the charm of music. This opens a new avenue for those who like pets.

Peculiar Mexican Custom.

A strange custom is followed by Mexican farmers. They use oxen of one color in the morning, and another color in the afternoon. They do not know why, but they know that it must be the right thing to do, because their forefathers did it.

TEMPERANCE.

KARL LINDEN.

Story of Two Lives and How They Took Up Temperance Work.

On a bright cold day in the winter of 188— a young woman was seen hastening through the shopping district of Hudson.

There was such a wholesome look about her that no one noticed that her only beauty was that of youth and health. She walked with an elastic step, and carried herself so well that few saw the shabbiness of the neatly fitting coat and dark gown. The smooth brown hair was crowned with a worsted "Tam," the hands were covered by home-knitted mittens, and it was plain that this working girl had a home and home-love.

As she crossed one of the back streets a man reeled out of it and almost upon her. He was singing and laughing and weeping by turns, and all at the top of his voice. When he saw the girl, who had barely missed being knocked down by him, he straightened himself for an instant, tried to reach his hat, and with hiccoughs and drunken smiles at last got out: "Beg pardon, miss," and resumed his erratic course, leaving the frightened girl at liberty to go on her way. This incident so impressed her that when asked to join the Young Woman's Christian Temperance union she became at once an active and efficient member.

The drunken man's course was short. Ere long he rolled into the arms of a policeman, who speedily took him into custody, and the next day he was brought before a judge.

"What is your name?" "Karl Linden," said the man. The name, no less than the blond beard and blue eyes, proclaimed that he was of the German Vaterland. He described himself as a carpenter engaged on inside work in a new store. He had gone into a saloon with a friend and only came to himself, so he said, when he so nearly upset the young "fraulein." For drunkenness and crimes resulting therefrom he was sent up to the penitentiary in Albany for three months, and there, like the prodigal in a far land, came to see the folly of dissipation.

The parson was pacing up and down his garden walk. It was a mild day in early spring, and a few robins and crocuses made themselves so evident that the parson said to himself: "It is

"BEG PARDON, MISS."

time to make the garden. Old John cannot do it this spring. I must get another gardener." On he went, his hands clasped behind him, over the old brown house-coat, his mind reverting to the next sermon, the sun shining in love upon that good gray head.

"Father," called a clear voice, "please come in, a man wishes to see you."

In the study he found Karl Linden. Discharged from prison, he had started out to find work, and keep sober. In order to keep out of the way of temptation he had come to a strange place, but no one would employ a jailbird.

At last want was upon him. As he walked through the streets he chanced to hear one man say to another: "A man who is in any kind of trouble can't miss it if he goes to our parson." "That's so," said his friend. "Everyone knows that Dr. Robinson is sure to help some way." Karl went into a drug store, and on inquiry obtained the name of Rev. E. A. Robinson, and betook himself with all speed to the man who "always helped." "Can you make a garden?" "Oh, yes, in my father's home I always made the garden." "Well, you may begin on mine right away; that is, when you have had dinner."

Karl proved himself well able to make a garden, and the minister kept him busy a week or two, and then readily found others with gardens to be made. Often did he go out and talk with the big German, till at last another heart found Jesus and bowed to the "King of Love!"

Then Karl came to beg for books to read. He had gone through a German school preparatory to the university, but he wished now to study the Bible. Meantime he joined the church.

It was not long ere he came to tell his friend, the parson, who was of another communion, that he had become a sort of lay preacher, soon to go to a new field.

He soon drifted out of the good minister's sight and in the course of time was sent to Hudson to conduct a Gospel temperance meeting. The Y. W. C. T. U. furnished a choir for these services. Karl often looked at the young contralto. Red were the round cheeks and smooth the heavy brown braids. It was such a charming head, such a trim figure, but the best gift of all was the full and mellow voice.

When she sang alone the great congregation felt its heart go up upon the wings of that voice to the very footstool of God.

It did not take Karl long to be presented to Miss Margaret, and he became very ingenious in devising meetings conferences.

Soon in his thoughts he had changed her name from Margaret to the German Margarethe and then to Gretchen. Then he knew he loved her.

Out in the street, walking swiftly to Margaret's home, under the electric lights, Karl told all his story and his love. "I am all unworthy, sweetheart, that you should give me your love, and yet I beg for it. I cannot give you a clean past, but with God's help it shall be a clean future."

There was no answer, but the left hand stole up and joined the right as it lay on his arm.

As they came under the next light, he saw smiles and blushes on the telltale face.

"I have known at least part of your story for a good while," she said. "I am the girl you so nearly ran into before your arrest. I never forgot your face, and this is what led me into temperance work. It was a shock to see you again, but I rejoiced to find you so changed."

"Father," called the clear voice to the parson as he again walked in his garden in the early spring. "Father, a lady and gentleman are waiting to see you." As he came close the voice descended to a whisper. "I know the man, but can't recall his name."

The study was half dark. The parson extended his hand to the tall man, and in an instant recognized and welcomed Karl Linden. And then he was presented with pride to Mrs. Linden, and learned they were on their bridal journey, returning to their home in Hudson, where Karl meant to pursue his trade and spend his evenings and Sundays in Gospel temperance work.—Mrs. M. S. Conner, in National Temperance Advocate.

A BIBLE EXCUSE.

Defense for Drunkenness That Will Not Stand.

A man arraigned in a New York police court recently for drunkenness made the somewhat novel and startling defense for himself that he had only been following the directions of the Bible. On being asked to explain what he meant by this, the accused called for a copy of the Bible and read the following passage from Prov. 31:6,7: "Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more."

The incident, it is said, "made quite a sensation," and the man was discharged. The Christian Advocate (New York) says that it has received a number of requests to explain the passage quoted, and, if possible, show that it was not properly used, or that it does not mean what it seems to teach. To these requests the Advocate replies, in part, as follows:

"There is no difficulty whatever in the passage. It is almost as great a perversion as the attempt to prove the propriety of suicide by these quotations: 'Judas went and hanged himself;' 'Go thou and do likewise.' The whole passage is this: 'Give not thy strength unto women, nor thy ways to that which destroyeth kings. It is not for kings, O Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine, nor for princes strong drink; lest they drink, and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted. Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more.'

"The first part teaches that both wine and strong drink arouse evil passions, and so overthrow the judgment that a king is unfitted to rule; that he cannot remember the law and will decide unjustly. Therefore, let not kings touch it.

"The only use of such powerful agents is medicinal. If a man seems about to die from cold, exposure and debility, these stimulating compounds may be used as a prescription; or if he is in such a mental condition that unless he can be artificially supported or reduced to a state of sleep or stupor, he will become insane or physically diseased, they may be administered. If the reader thinks that this is a loose and dangerous way of speaking, he has only to consider that distilled liquors did not then exist. The process of making alcohol—brandy, gin, whisky—was not discovered till more than a thousand years afterward; 'strong drink' then was a mixture of wine and stupefying drugs. Nor was chloroform or nitrous oxid discovered."

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

Whisky is expensive—it costs a man dollars and sense.—Patrol.

If some women did not drink wine some men would not drink whisky.—Rabbi Hare.

Said John B. Gough: "Every moderate drinker could abandon the intoxicating cup if he would; every drunkard would if he could."

But after all it does not so much matter what cigarettes are made of as it does what they are making of us.—National Temperance Advocate.

It costs the people of the United States $25,000,000 a year to be born, $500,000,000 a year to get married, and $900,000,000 a year to get drunk.—Exchange.

There has just passed away at Penzance, Cornwall, Mrs. Eve, who is reputed to have been the oldest teetotaler in the kingdom. She was in her ninety seventh year, and had been a total abstainer all her life.

It is a mistake to suppose that you are filling yourself with happiness when you are filling yourself with whisky. You are simply entering into partnership with the devil to start a snake ranch.—Westerly Tribune.

German chemists now say that about 90 per cent. of all alcohol swallowed is turned into carbonic acid and water in the system, and that alcohol robs the cells of the oxygen required for their life. Drunkenness is caused, they say, by the action of the excess of carbonic acid in the blood upon the brain

THE NEW ELDORADO.

Wonderful Riches of the Yukon River Gold Fields.

Located In a Wild Country, Far from the Comforts of Civilization—How to Get There—Cost of the Trip.

[Special Letter.]

Within the past few weeks the newspapers have been publishing wonderful stories of the lucky miners in the gold fields of the Yukon river, and all over the United States and Canada men's minds are stirred with the golden possibilities. It has long been known to prospecting geologists that the streams tributary to the Yukon, and in some places the great river itself, "wandered o'er sands of gold," but it is within the past few weeks that the discoveries have been made that have turned the eyes of the people thitherr. Some of the stories read like tales from fairyland. One man, for instance, who went to the Klondyke last winter from Michigan, and who lived for months in a hole in the ground, suffering great privations from the terrible cold and half starved, had almost decided that there was no gold in Alaska, "when one day, after a 20-mile tramp, he came upon a little stream," to quote his own words, "which emptied into a sort of a basin. The water was clear and the gravelly bottom was covered with nuggets." Of course, he plunged into the icy stream and picked up all the gold in sight. (And there are not many of us who wouldn't endure very icy water for such a prize.) That was the beginning of his luck, and when he returned to his home in Michigan two weeks ago he had a deposit check for $50,000, and owns an interest in several mining claims still.

Then there is the case of a man from Kansas City, who "a year or two ago

MAP OF ALASKA AND THE YUKON GOLD FIELDS.
(Showing Both the River Route from St. Michael's and the Overland Route from Juneau.

didn't have money enough to pay his house rent," and went to Alaska. He returned July 15 with $130,000 in gold nuggets.

Still another notable case was that of a man 50 years old, poor and with a family of seven children. That was was one year ago. He left his home in Seattle, and when he came back he had $100,000 in his pockets and had mining property worth over $1,000,000.

There are dozens of such examples of luck, but we have no room to more than hint at the case of the poor Swede who went to the gold fields two years ago. He returned this summer with $65,000 in gold and sold an interest in his claim for $45,000.

But are these true stories? the reader may ask. The answer is to be found in the fact that the United States assay office at Helena, Mont., received nearly 12,000 ounces of gold by the steamer from Klondyke, and there are other assay offices.

It must not be supposed that every man who goes to the Klondyke is as fortunate as the examples quoted. From time to time we read the wails of the unlucky ones in the paper, who, naturally, advise others not to go to Alaska.

And now a brief description of the new El Dorado will be in order. The greatest discoveries have been made in the streams flowing from the east into the Yukon. They are all in British territory, in that vast region marked on the map as "Northwest Territory," which is one of the provinces of the dominion of Canada. So, while they are often spoken of as the Alaska gold fields, as a matter of fact all the rich placer mines about which the sensational stories are told are not in Alaska, but just across the border in John Bull's domain. The one hundred and forty-first degree of west longitude, which you can see on your map stretches from Mount St. Elias to the Arctic ocean, is the boundary line, and beyond a few feet at Fort Cudahy and a few at Forty Mile there is no dispute about it, and the red-coated mounted police of Canada keep the best of order in the new mining camps. Virtually, as far as climate is concerned, the gold fields might as well be in Alaska. The cold sets in early in September and lasts till the middle of May; and it is so cold that it is extremely hard to endure unless one has a good constitution, is strong and healthy and is well provided with warm clothing and furs. The mercury goes down between 60 and 70 degrees below zero, and during storms 20 or 30 degrees warmer is equally hard to bear. But, well provided in the matter of clothing, with plenty of food (for one ought to and generally does have a voracious appetite in the Arctic regions), there is no reason why a healthy man, not too old, should not stand the Alaskan winter or even become acclimated. Apart from the reasonable prospect of success in working a claim the novelty of hyperborean existence is not without its charms, and it is said that those who have become accustomed to living within the frigid zone find that life in the temperate regions is not as comfortable.

Alaska has a summer, short, close, muggy and uncomfortable. Those who have tried both say that they prefer the winter. During the winter the sun is invisible for many weeks, its place being in a measure supplied by the flashing splendor of the Aurora Borealis and the marvelous brilliancy of the stars. When the sun returns to warm the frozen earth the daylight lasts for 24 hours at a stretch for this is one of the lands of "the midnight sun."

The Yukon is one of the greatest rivers in the world, and is said to be longer than the Mississippi. While it has not been thoroughly explored so far it is known to be navigable for large steamers for at least 2,500 miles. The Yukon and its numerous tributaries swarm with fish, no liner salmon in the world than the Alaska variety, and in the dead of winter one has only to pick a hole in the icy covering of rivers or lakes to get an abundance of good, large fish. Beside fish the miner and traveler can often get a shot at a moose, and bear meat is to be had in the timbered part of the region.

There are two principal routes to the gold fields. One is by sea from Seattle to the mouth of the Yukon (port of St. Michael's) a voyage of 2,600 miles, lasting 15 days. At St. Michaels transfer is made from the ocean to the river (Yukon) steamer, after a delay of a few days, which is flat-bottomed and which reaches Dawson City at the mouth of the Klondyke river in 15 to 20 days. But—and this is a very important "but"—unless the traveler lands at St. Michaels not later than August 25 he stands a good chance (or a bad one rather) of finding the Yukon closed by ice. In that case he can choose between spending the eight winter months on the bleak sea coast of St. Michaels or of walking 1,900 miles on the Yukon to the mines as soon as the river is frozen over. In this case he will require a pack of Indian dogs and one or two Indian bipeds to make the journey.

The Juneau route is the other way to the Klondyke. It is more direct and 4,000 miles shorter than the ocean route, but can be taken best in the winter and only by men inured to hardships. In this case, too, Seattle is the starting point. A coastwise steamer takes the traveler to Juneau, 900 miles, where the outfit can be purchased. From Juneau to Dyea is another 100 miles, then two trips taking eight to ten days. At Dyea the Chilkat Indians can be engaged to assist the traveler over Chilkat pass—and having safely crossed it he must build a boat to navigate the lakes and streams, because he has a journey of about 700 miles to reach the mines after leaving Chilkat. In the winter the boat gives place to snowshoes and the dog sled.

As we have said, this direct course is only for stalwarts, but indeed none else should think of going to the Klondyke—and the fatigue and hardships of such a journey will test even their best energies.

The expense of the trip is also worthy of consideration. On the ocean route the fare from Chicago to Circle City, the nearest point to the Klondyke, is about $250. But the cost of freight on the Yukon from the ocean to the mines may be calculated at 35 cents per pound, and as the prospective miner will require one year's provisions, which, with tools, etc., will weigh one ton, this item will be an expensive one. In other words, the cost of "getting there" ready to work will involve an outlay of about $1,500. That there is abundance of gold is certain, and stout-hearted men can get it, but it takes such to fill the necessary conditions.

JAMES IRVING CRABBE.

HOME HELPS.

Little Things That the Housekeeper Should Know.

White daisies with their golden centers and scarlet poppies were a delightful combination for a luncheon table decoration recently. The flowers, loosely arranged in cut glass vases, and little fancy grasses mingled with them, made a simple, but exceedingly graceful and attractive decoration.

It is often necessary, owing to fear of the brushes being improperly dried when away from home, that these should not be put into water. They then may be thoroughly cleansed with flour. Have the flour perfectly dry and plentifully rub it into the bristles. Let the brushes stand for an hour or longer, then shake the dust out on an old tray or newspaper, after which use a clean comb, running it briskly through the bristles as if combing them out. A second rubbing of the bristles with pulverized magnesia before the combing, if the bristles are very much discolored, may be used. This will be found a most effectual mode of cleansing bristles.

An old housekeeper says the cleanest and best dishwasher is a round whisk broom made of the finest and best broomcorn. It is cleaned readily by holding under the spigot and running hot water through it; after which hang it in the air to be dried. This does away with the annoyance of a discolored and often musty dishcloth.

An expert gasfitter contends that the blackening of ceilings above gaslights is not always due to poor gas. "Ceilings are blackened because the gas burners are worn out," he says. "They cost a trifling sum, and should be often replaced by new ones."

The practice of wrapping each loaf of bread in oiled papers when it is taken from the oven and sealing the knot of the string holding the paper, as is done in a few first-class shops on the other side, is desirable for protecting bread when the loaf has to be handled many times in the process of delivery. The bread is protected from dust and handling as well as the possibility of bacilli, and the paper prevents the moisture in the bread from escaping and keeps the bread fresh.

A portiere that has bright colors or something else striking about it is most effective in a hallway, or where little or no sunlight comes. An inexpensive but desirable portiere may be made of burlap. Make a 12-inch trimming or border a little distance from the top of the hanging and the second border half a yard from the bottom. Make this border by pulling out half a dozen of the strands across the material, leaving a space and pulling out half a dozen more. Repeat this until the width of border desired is obtained. With differently colored wools buttonhole each edge of the threads with irregular stitches, fasten the threads together in little clusters with a couple of stitches with the wool, letting it run from one cluster to the next. Bright beads and sequins strung upon the wools and fastened in, hit and miss, add much to the appearance of the hanging, giving it quite an oriental look.—N. Y. Sun.

HER LAST ACE.

She Played It Courageously, But It Was Taken with the Rest.

"O, Myrtilla, I am just so glad you came in. I have so much to tell you. What do you think? You'd never guess. Reggie called last night."

"Who?"

"Reggie — Reggie Highflier. Why, he's been calling on me for a long time now."

"Why, how funny. So he has on me."

"Yes, yes; he told me all about that. Well, as I was just going to say, Reggie called last night, and along about 12 o'clock, after we had sat looking at one another for about a couple of hours without saying a word, what does he do but fall plump upon his knees—just as it is described in novels, you know—and proposed to me. O, Myrtilla, it was just heavenly! I do wish somebody else could have been around so as to see it.

"He put his hand upon his heart and vowed that if I banished him from my presence life hereafter would be to him one long, dreary dream, and all that kind of thing, you know. And he said he laid his whole future career at my feet—and—and that he worshiped the very ground upon which I trod. I never imagined that he was capable of such flights of eloquence before. He just worked upon my feelings so that I had to accept him. It would have been just barbarous to refuse such a wooer."

"Gwendolin Jane Green! You don't mean to tell me that you positively accepted Reginald Highflier last night. Why, he proposed to me the very night before, and I rejected him."

"O, yes, he told me all about it, dear. He was only practicing with you beforehand, you see, so as to run no danger of forgetting anything when it came to my turn. The darling boy confessed to me that he was horribly frightened for fear that you would accept him. And I think he was running a risk myself."—N. Y. Sun.

A Spirit Kiss.

Certain spiritual performances, to which the narrator could testify, were being related by an enthusiastic believer to a skeptic. Among other things, he said that on one occasion the spirit of his wife, who had been dead several years, returned to him, and, seating herself upon his knee, put her arms around him and kissed him, much to his gratification, as she used to do when living.

"You do not mean to say," remarked the skeptic, "that the spirit of your wife really embraced you and kissed you?"

"No, not exactly that," replied the believer; "but her spirit took possession of the female medium—the future Mrs. B. that is to be, you know—and through her embraced and kissed me!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Over 500,000 specimens of fossil insects have been collected from various parts of the world. Of these, butterflies are among the very rarest, as less than two specimens all told have been found.

—The cry of the so-called tree-toads is heard from the tops of trees around the edges of woods and from isolated trees and orchards. Soon the tree toads repair to the neighborhood of water to breed. They are common from British America to Florida and Texas. They are really frogs.

—Mr. Sherwood declares that the stories about frogs or toads living for years or centuries entirely inclosed in growing trees or in solid rock are fables. They will live a long time without nutrition, he says, but they must be surrounded by conditions otherwise favorable or they soon die.

—The Baltimore & Ohio railroad has just completed on Henderson's wharf, in Baltimore, a six-story tobacco warehouse which has more floor space than any other building in the city. It cost about $150,000, is equipped with all modern machinery for handling tobacco and has four electric elevators. The building is fireproof and electric lighted.

—Geologists account for the distinct groups of wild flowers on mountain peaks on the theory that during the glacial period, when the ice cap moved over the surface of the northern part of North America, flowers were carried from the north with the moving ice. These were stranded after the ice-cap receded and survived on the mountain sides; and, as the climate became warmer they gradually withdrew higher up the mountains, where the climate is still congenial to them.

—Some Russian travelers in Thibet describe the wonderful storms of dust that occur in Kashgaria near the foot of the Kuen-Lun mountains. The dust in the air is sometimes so dense that complete darkness prevails. Occasionally rain falls during such a storm, but the rain-drops evaporate during their descent, and the dust carried with them falls in lumps. Entire forests of poplar trees are buried in the dust hillocks 40 feet high. These deposits of dust are afterward moved on by the wind, but the trees that have been buried die, even after their disinterment.

SAVING BEAUTIFUL VIEWS.

Picturesque Sites Prepared for the People's Enjoyment.

Gardens excepted, there are no outward manifestations of the old poetry of Japanese life so remarkable as those summer houses occupying all the picturesque sites of the country. Wherever there is a view worth going to see you will almost certainly find a summer house built to command it, no matter how wild or poor the district. You will find summer houses clinging to sea cliffs over the thunder of breakers; nestling in shadows of gorges over the roaring of rapids; strutted out over the precipice-fronts like eagle's nests, at the verge of dead craters. For in Japan there will always be summer guests wherever there is summer beauty—travelers happy to please their eyes and rest their feet, and to leave some coppers in payment for the privilege of the vision and the repose.

The summer house at which I am now staying is typical of the class; a skeleton structure of two stories, simply and strongly built after the manner of peasants' dwellings and at a cost of perhaps $60. Timber is cheap here; on the other side of Japan such a building could not be put up for $300. It stands on the edge of a lofty cliff and overlooks a little bay near ancient Moinoseki. From ground floor to roof it is open on three sides; and on the seaward side shelter from the sun and wind is given by trees rooted in the cliff below, but towering far above the eaves—enormous pines, with branches many feet in girth. Between the zigzags of those mighty limbs there are glimpses of the sea and fishing sails (canvas or straw) flitting like white or yellow butterflies, and the far pale threadline of the Hoki coast, and Diasen's cone thrusting into the clear sky like some prodigious blue crystal. Or, looking directly down over the needle foliage of younger pines, you see the wimpling of the bay and bathers laughing among the rocks, and children playing with seaweed and shells. You view the world as a fish hawk views it—though I presume with vastly different sensations. After a swim it is delightful to sleep here, the sharp sweet sea wind in your hair. You are furnished with a bathing dress, sandals, a big straw hat of curious shape to keep off the sun, barley tea and cakes, a smoking box and a pillow; and the price per day of this entertainment is — three cents! The guest is expected to bring his own food with him, and to provide himself with towels.—Lafcadio Hearne, in Atlantic Monthly.

The American Girl.

The eye of the American girl has all the bright alertness of her fresh and unconventionalized intelligence, and matches admirably with the unceasing and—in the intransitive sense of the word—untiring ripple of her speech. That Englishmen in general should find a delightful stimulant in her personality and her conversation is the most natural thing in the world; and that many Englishmen should, without any forebodings of mental exhaustion, seek the life-long companionship of this incarnate spirit of beautiful unrest is in itself the most triumphant of answers to those who say that we of the old country are a played-out race.—London Telegraph.

A Bloodless Battle.

In 1518 a battle was fought near Milan, in Italy, and so perfect was the armor of both armies that, although the conflict raged from nine a. m. to four p. m., no one on either side was either killed or wounded, though one man broke his collar bone by falling off his horse.

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FOR STATE SENATOR.

OAKLAND, MD., June 9, 1897.

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Hoyes, District No. 5.

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Chairman Committee.

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THE Maryland Democrats have evidently neglected to read the Republican platform of 1896. They express great delight in their platform adopted the other day that the votes of 6,500,000 Democrats last fall in favor of silver had driven President McKinley and the Republican Congress to try to arrange terms with the European powers for a bimetallic system. Bless you, Brother Gorman, that is just what the Republican platform of last year promised to do and, of course, the Republican party is redeeming its pledges in this particular as it always does in all particulars, and if you are in earnest in your expressions of delight about international bimetallism, why not join the Republican party?

A FREIGHT-CAR famine is now threatened in those regions of the West where a money famine was prevalent under the Cleveland administration. Farmers of the West, whose abundant crops at profitable prices have been the theme of newspapers of late, are absolutely unable to obtain freight cars with which to transport their grain, although many thousands of these cars were idle almost constantly under the low tariff and bond-issuing administration of President Cleveland. Despite the fact that silver has fallen, the price of grain has steadily advanced so that the growers of the West are utterly unable to obtain facilities for transportation as fast as desired.

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Sly Senator Gorman.

Senator Gorman, whose party machine was derailed and dumped into the ditch when he connected it with Bryanism, is now trying to get it into running order again. At the last State convention he had a platform adopted which avoided the free silver issue, a vague declaration in favor of the coinage of both gold and silver being substituted for the Chicago plank. Immediately he found himself in danger of falling between two stools. The free silver fanatics condemned the platform as "evasive and cowardly," and have started a movement for an independent organization. The gold democrats are equally as scornful of an attmept to straddle the leading issue of the day, and will bend their efforts to electing a legislature which will have an anti-Gorman majority. Many regular Democrats think that Gorman is too heavy a load to carry, and that in order to give the party a chance of regaining control of the State Gorman should retire. The next legislature elects Gorman's successor, and if he is a candidate for reelection, the Gorman issue will outweight all other issues in the minds of thousands of voters who would otherwise be inclined to vote the Democratic ticket.

At this juncture a statement has been given to the public that Senator Gorman intends to retire from public life. All he wants to do now is to see his party restored to power, and then he will claim the right to lay down the burdens of public service and retire like Cincinnatus to his farm. Nothing has contributed so much to the public gaiety as this announcement. Senator Gorman says wearily that he does not care to deny the report, but instead of being impressed there is a popular disposition to make fun of the manouvre. The interpretation put upon the incident is that if a legislature should be elected that Gorman can control he will shake off that tired feeling and come out again as a candidate. If his campaign is a failure then they can say that it was well known to his friends that he wanted to retire from public life, and hence it would be absurd to say that it was a defeat for him.

The Disruption of Democracy.

The discussion of the Dingley tariff in the United States Senate will always be noted for the complete disruption of the Democratic party on the issue of free trade. When West Virginia joined the Republican party in 1892 on the tariff question, it was predicted that the "Solid South" was forever broken. Subsequent political history has confirmed this prediction. The action of West Virginia has been followed by Kentucky and Tennessee. The House of Representatives has given us some Southern members of Congress allied with the friends of protection from other sections of the country, but in the Senate the supposed representatives of Southern interests have hitherto been afraid to openly avow their honest convinctions, though urged to do so by their constituents, until the present time.

Of course the action of those Southern Senators who honestly concede that the policy of protection is beneficial to Southern industries is assailed by the Democratic press of the country. But the sneering allusions made to their "selfishness" and their "scramble for the spoils of protection" will have no influence upon the determination of the Southern Senators who believe, and who candidly express their belief, that protection for the rice, cotton and cane sugar interests of the South just as much as it does for the hay, hops, wool and beet sugar interests elsewhere. The Democratic papers that denounce them are forced to acknowledge that some benefit attaches to the policy of protection, ever though they Mugwumpishly term it "spoils."

Of a truth, this is a good term. It "spoils" the chief stronghold of free trade. It "spoils" the solidity of the South which has for too long been allied to foreign interests and opposed to American advancement. And, best of all, it "spoils" a heap of the arguments wherewith the Democratic and Mugwumpish newspapers have sought to delude the American people that the "spoils" resulting from our honest industry and earnest labor in our own country should be transferred to foreigners under the guise of the "spoils" of free trade. Moreover, it "spoils" the Democratic party, disrupting it asunder with a breach that can never be healed by the future tariff history of the United States. These are a few of the "spoils" of which protectionists can be proud, and the thanks of all earnest believers in the policy of protection are due to the Southern Senators, Messrs. Bacon, Butler, McLaurin, Tillman and Clay, also to Congressman Bronssard, Davey, Meyer, Kleburg and Slayden, for their public and patriotic avowel that protection will benefit Southern industries. The seed thus sown will return abundant harvest.

Special Attractions at Mt. Lake Park. Reduced Rates Tuesday, August 14th. Talmage Day.

A large and varied program from 11 o'clock in the morning until evening.

11 A. M. Grand Matin Concert; Miss Mae Estelle Acton, Soprano Soloist; Indiana State University Glee Club.

2.30 P. M. Dr. Talmage in his famous lecture, "My Journey Around the World."

7.30 P. M. Musical prelude, Glee Club.

8.00 P. M. Lecture "Egypt," by Frank E. Buker, of Boston, Mass., illustrated with brilliant sterespticon views.

The B. & O. R. R. will arrange special train and sell reduced rate tickets from all stations as follows:

Piedmont	8.00 a. m.	$ .70
Bloomington	8.05 "	.65
Swanton	8.48 "	.30
Mountain Lake Park	Arr. 8.18 "	" ....
Terra Alta	9.18 "	.10
Hutton	9.38 "	.25
Skipnish Junction	10.03 "	.30
Oakland	10.12 "	.15
Mountain Lake Park	Arr. 10.19 "	.....

Returning, leave Mt. Lake Park 9.30 p. m.

Depression of Spirits

so common in summer-time, accompanied by loss of energy, lack of thought-power, means a deficient supply of nourishment. The vital force is lost. It isn't a question of muscle and sinew, but of resistance and endurance. At any age, but especially in youth, it involves the risk of lung disease. Loss of flesh and a cough are threatening signs.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with the hypophosphites, meets these cases perfectly. It tones up, fattens and strengthens.

In Scott's Emulsion the taste of the oil is fully disguised, making it almost as palatable as milk.

For sale at 50c. and $1.00 by all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Mfg. Chemists, New York

The Jail Full.

With the jail filled to its capacity and work piling up around him there is no busier man in the county than Sheriff Austin Brown. He hardly finds time to sleep and with the September term of court near at hand he will be kept busier than ever.

There are now eleven prisoners in jail, charged with all manner of crime from stealing chickens to that of attempted murder.

Charles Cole, of near Bloomington, is, perhaps, the hardest prisoner with which the Sheriff has to deal. He was committed some months ago on a peace warrant and will probably remain a prisoner for a year and a day as he seems to be unable to fill a bond for his good behavior. An indictment for an attempt to break jail will probably be found against him also.

Charles Gunter, of Tyrone, Pa., is another prisoner. He confessed with having robbed the house of David Mosser of a sum of money. He seems to regret that he committed the crime and his confession at this time may serve to lighten his sentence when his trial takes place.

Orson Corwin, of District No. 2, is another prisoner committed for a year and a day on a peace warrant.

Jeremiah Burkholder, of District No. 12, is charged with committing a rape, as is also William Gorman, of District No. 2.

Charles and Jennie Diehl, of the Seventh district, brother and sister, and both of whom are confirmed opium eaters, are prisoners charged with stealing chickens.

James Flynn, of Bloomington, who is charged with committing a murderous assault upon Fred. Bergman at Bloomington last June, is also one the prisoners in Sheriff Brown's keeping. The victim of Flynn's assault was taken to the Cumberland hospital the day after the assault occurred, where he is still confined and in a precarious condition, the blows he received at the hands of his assailant having resulted in paralysis of his powers of speech.

Calvin Conn, a half-witted boy of seventeen, is charged with stealing a gun and some clothing from a citizen of the Second district.

Michael McFulkey, the Pole, larceny and assault and battery, is one of the late arrivals.

John Johnson, from along the line of the West Virginia Central, is an old resident of the jail and is charged with committing a murderous assault upon John Nee, a conductor on the above road.

The charges against all the prisoners will be disposed of at the September term.

The Bicycle Blush.

Some days ago was announced the discovery of a new distinction of bicyclists which, in the flurry of cheaper wheels, was comparatively little noticed. It is neither deformity nor affliction, and unlike the bicycle face, it is not peculiar to men. The women have it more conspicuously. Whatever may be said as to the actual existence of "ostrich necks," "pigeon toes," "knock knees" and other abnormalities caused by wheeling, the lately developed "bicycle blush" is real and a virtue.

It mustn't be inferred that the bicycle blush is, in the least degree, the result of shock, anger or humiliation. Quite the opposite. A young woman may be spinning along the avenue unaccompanied and with nothing whatever to molest her, and at the same time present a very striking example of the bicycle blush. Or, she may be reclining leisurely at home after her ride, and still possess the bicycle blush. In fact, wherever she may be it will cling to her.

The blush in question results from the generous inhaling of fresh air, from the healthful exercise of the body, and from the consequent free circulation of the blood. Plenty of life-giving oxygen is responsible for the bicycle blush, and the best way to produce it is to mount and roll away.

It is always gratifying to receive testimonials for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and when the endorsement is from a physician it is especially so. "There is no more satisfactory or effective remedy than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," writes Dr. R. E. Robey, physician and pharmacist, of Olney, Mo., and as he has used the Remedy in his own family and sold it in his drug store for five years, he should certainly know. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

North Glade.

Farmers are busy.

Oats are short but well filled.

Other crops are fairly good.

Josephus Howell lost a valuable young horse the other day.

Prof. Alexander, of Moundsville, W. Va., will give a musical concert here on Thursday evening.

Miss Mollie Hamill, district superintendent, organized a Junior Epworth League chapter here recently.

Quarterly meeting at North Glade on Saturday and Sunday, the 14th and 15th insts.

Considerable sickness is prevailing in this section and Dr. Fazenbaker is kept quite busy.

COMING!

The title of "The Greatest Show on Earth" has been claimed by many aggregations which annually visit this vicinity, but it is certain there are none greater than the Great Wallace Shows. . . . Not a feature as advertised was omitted, and all who attended the performances were loud in their praises of the production and the honest way in which the management conduc. he gigantic affair.—Pittsburgh (Pa.) Chronicle-Telegraph, May 26, '97.

The Greatest, Grandest and the Best

OF

America's Big Tented Enterprises!

Honorably Conducted. Truthfully Advertised.

Lofty in Conception. Regal in Equipment.
Omnipotent in Strength. Ideal in Character.
Splendid in Organization. Magnificent in Presentation.
The Purest, Cleanest, Mightiest and Most Magnificent Amusement Institution of the 19th Century.

CIRCUS, MUSEUM, MENAGERIE and ROYAL ROMAN HIPPODROME.

Three Rings, Half-Mile Race Track, 1,000 Features, 100 Phenomenal Acts, 25 Clowns, 20 Barricade Races, 4 Trains, 10 Acres Canvas, 10,000 Seats, 1,500 Employes, 6 Bands, 50 Cages, A Drove of Camels, 15 Open Dens, A Herd of Elephants, $4,000.00 Daily Expenses.

"The Best Seen here in a Decade."—Cin. Commercial Gazette.
"High toned in Every Way—in Magnitude of First Rank."—St. Louis Republic.
"Bewilders the Senses, Dazzles the Eyes."—Denver Times.
"The Cleanest, most Satisfactory Circus yet seen here."—New Orleans Picayune.
"Gives more than it promises."—San Francisco Examiner.

CAPITAL, - - - $3,000,000.

The Greatest Performers in the Known World are with the Great Wallace Shows this Season,

Including the 9 Nelsons, $10,000 Challenge Act, the Wentz Family Aeralists, the 4 Martells, Bicycle and Skating Experts, the 10 Dellameads, Statuary Artists, the Samsoni Sisters, Female Samsons, 10 Principal Male and Female Equestrians, the 3 Petits Aerial Bars Extraordinary, Gaza, the Magnetic Girl, Rowena, the Head Balancer, and Spectacular Ballet, 19 Coryphees, (led by 3 Sisters Maccari, Premier Dansueses.)

OUR STREET PARADE At 10 a. m. daily is the finest ever put on the streets. A Sunburst of Splendor, a Triumph of Art, Money and Good Taste, with Lavish Luxury of Spectacular Effect, with Greatest Processional Features Conceivable.

EXCURSIONS RUN ON EVERY LINE OF TRAVEL.

NO GAMBLING DEVICES TOLERATED.

Never Divides! - Never Disappoints!

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THE St. Louis convention which met and adjourned over a year ago declared in its platform that the civil service law was placed on the statute books by the Republican party renewed its "repeated declarations that it should be thoroughly and honestly enforced and extended wherever practicable." President McKinley evidently took this platform and the seven million people who supported it at their word, and because of this declaration took the first opportunity to amend the civil service law by his recent order, which prohibits the removal of faithful men and women without specific charges and an opportunity to answer them. This action, while it distresses some who had hoped that positions might be opened to them by removals, is generally commended by the leading men and newspapers of the country.

Sly Senator Gorman.

Senator Gorman, whose party machine was derailed and dumped into the ditch when he connected it with Bryanism, is now trying to get it into running order again. At the last State convention he had a platform adopted which avoided the free silver issue, a vague declaration in favor of the coinage of both gold and silver being substituted for the Chicago plank. Immediately he found himself in danger of falling between two stools. The free silver fanatics condemned the platform as "evasive and cowardly," and have started a movement for an independent organization. The gold democrats are equally as scornful of an attmept to straddle the leading issue of the day, and will bend their efforts to electing a legislature which will have an anti-Gorman majority. Many regular Democrats think that Gorman is too heavy a load to carry, and that in order to give the party a chance of regaining control of the State Gorman should retire. The next legislature elects Gorman's successor, and if he is a candidate for reelection, the Gorman issue will outweight all other issues in the minds of thousands of voters who would otherwise be inclined to vote the Democratic ticket.

At this juncture a statement has been given to the public that Senator Gorman intends to retire from public life. All he wants to do now is to see his party restored to power, and then he will claim the right to lay down the burdens of public service and retire like Cincinnatus to his farm. Nothing has contributed so much to the public gaiety as this announcement. Senator Gorman says wearily that he does not care to deny the report, but instead of being impressed there is a popular disposition to make fun of the manouvre. The interpretation put upon the incident is that if a legislature should be elected that Gorman can control he will shake off that tired feeling and come out again as a candidate. If his campaign is a failure then they can say that it was well known to his friends that he wanted to retire from public life, and hence it would be absurd to say that it was a defeat for him.

The Disruption of Democracy.

The discussion of the Dingley tariff in the United States Senate will always be noted for the complete disruption of the Democratic party on the issue of free trade. When West Virginia joined the Republican party in 1892 on the tariff question, it was predicted that the "Solid South" was forever broken. Subsequent political history has confirmed this prediction. The action of West Virginia has been followed by Kentucky and Tennessee. The House of Representatives has given us some Southern members of Congress allied with the friends of protection from other sections of the country, but in the Senate the supposed representatives of Southern interests have hitherto been afraid to openly avow their honest convictions, though urged to do so by their constituents, until the present time.

Of course the action of those Southern Senators who honestly concede that the policy of protection is beneficial to Southern industries is assailed by the Democratic press of the country. But the sneering allusions made to their "selfishness" and their "scramble for the spoils of protection" will have no influence upon the determination of the Southern Senators who believe, and who candidly express their belief, that protection for the rice, cotton and cane sugar interests of the South just as much as it does for the hay, hops, wool and beet sugar interests elsewhere. The Democratic papers that denounce them are forced to acknowledge that some benefit attaches to the policy of protection, ever though they Mugwumpishly term it "spoils."

Of a truth, this is a good term. It "spoils" the chief stronghold of free trade. It "spoils" the solidity of the South which has for too long been allied to foreign interests and opposed to American advancement. And, best of all, it "spoils" a heap of the arguments wherewith the Democratic and Mugwumpish newspapers have sought to delude the American people that the "spoils" resulting from our honest industry and earnest labor in our own country should be transferred to foreigners under the guise of the "spoils" of free trade. Moreover, it "spoils" the Democratic party, disrupting it asunder with a breach that can never be healed by the future tariff history of the United States. These are a few of the "spoils" of which protectionists can be proud, and the thanks of all earnest believers in the policy of protection are due to the Southern Senators, Messrs. Bacon, Butler, McLaurin, Tillman and Clay, also to Congressman Broussard, Davey, Meyer, Kleburg and Slayden, for their public and patriotic avowel that protection will benefit Southern industries. The seed thus sown will return abundant harvest.

Special Attractions at Mt. Lake Park. Reduced Rates Tuesday, August 14th. Talmage Day.

A large and varied program from 11 o'clock in the morning until evening.

11 A. M. Grand Matin Concert; Miss Mae Estelle Acton, Soprano Soloist; Indiana State University Glee Club.

2.30 P. M. Dr. Talmage in his famous lecture, "My Journey Around the World."

7.30 P. M. Musical prelude, Glee Club.

8.00 P. M. Lecture "Egypt," by Frank E. Baker, of Boston, Mass., illustrated with brilliant storesptieon views.

The B. & O. R. R. will arrange special train and sell reduced rate tickets from all stations as follows:

Piedmont	8.00	a. m.	$ .70
Bloomington	8.05	"	.65
Swanton	8.36	"	.30
Mountain Lake Park	Arr. 8.18	"	.....
Terra Alta	9.18	"	.30
Hutton	9.59	"	.25
Skipnish Junction	10 03	"	.20
Oakland	10.12	"	.15
Mountain Lake Park	Lv. 10.19	"	.....

Returning, leave Mt. Lake Park 4.30 p. m.

Depression of Spirits

so common in summer-time, accompanied by loss of energy, lack of thought-power, means a deficient supply of nourishment. The vital force is lost. It isn't a question of muscle and sinew, but of resistance and endurance. At any age, but especially in youth, it involves the risk of lung disease. Loss of flesh and a cough are threatening signs.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with the hypophosphites, meets these cases perfectly. It tones up, fattens and strengthens.

In Scott's Emulsion the taste of the oil is fully disguised, making it almost as palatable as milk.

For sale at 50c. and $1.00 by all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Mfg. Chemists, New York

The Jail Full.

With the jail filled to its capacity and work piling up around him there is no busier man in the county than Sheriff Austin Brown. He hardly finds time to sleep and with the September term of court near at hand he will be kept busier than ever.

There are now eleven prisoners in jail, charged with all manner of crime from stealing chickens to that of attempted murder.

Charles Cole, of near Bloomington, is, perhaps, the hardest prisoner with which the Sheriff has to deal. He was committed some months ago on a peace warrant and will probably remain a prisoner for a year and a day as he seems to be unable to fill a bond for his good behavior. An indictment for an attempt to break jail will probably be found against him also.

Charles Gunter, of Tyrone, Pa., is another prisoner. He confessed with having robbed the house of David Mosser of a sum of money. He seems to regret that he committed the crime and his confession at this time may serve to lighten his sentence when his trial takes place.

Orson Corwin, of District No. 2, is another prisoner committed for a year and a day on a peace warrant.

Jeremiah Burkholder, of District No. 12, is charged with committing a rape, as is also William Gorman, of District No. 2.

Charles and Jennie Diehl, of the Seventh district, brother and sister, and both of whom are confirmed opium eaters, are prisoners charged with stealing chickens.

James Flynn, of Bloomington, who is charged with committing a murderous assault upon Fred. Bergman at Bloomington last June, is also one the prisoners in Sheriff Brown's keeping. The victim of Flynn's assault was taken to the Cumberland hospital the day after the assault occurred, where he is still confined and in a precarious condition, the blows he received at the hands of his assailant having resulted in paralysis of his powers of speech.

Calvin Conn, a half-witted boy of seventeen, is charged with stealing a gun and some clothing from a citizen of the Second district.

Michael McFulkey, the Pole, larceny and assault and battery, is one of the late arrivals.

John Johnson, from along the line of the West Virginia Central, is an old resident of the jail and is charged with committing a murderous assault upon John Nee, a conductor on the above road.

The charges against all the prisoners will be disposed of at the September term.

The Bicycle Blush.

Some days ago was announced the discovery of a new distinction of bicyclists which, in the flurry of cheaper wheels, was comparatively little noticed. It is neither deformity nor affliction, and unlike the bicycle face, it is not peculiar to men. The women have it more conspicuously. Whatever may be said as to the actual existence of "ostrich necks," "pigeon toes," "knock knees" and other abnormalities caused by wheeling, the lately developed "bicycle blush" is real and a virtue.

It mustn't be inferred that the bicycle blush is, in the least degree, the result of shock, anger or humiliation. Quite the opposite. A young woman may be spinning along the avenue unaccompanied and with nothing whatever to molest her, and at the same time present a very striking example of the bicycle blush. Or, she may be reclining leisurely at home after her ride, and still possess the bicycle blush. In fact, wherever she may be it will cling to her.

The blush in question results from the generous inhaling of fresh air, from the healthful exercise of the body, and from the consequent free circulation of the blood. Plenty of life-giving oxygen is responsible for the bicycle blush, and the best way to produce it is to mount and roll away.

It is always gratifying to receive testimonials for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and when the endorsement is from a physician it is especially so. "There is no more satisfactory or effective remedy than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," writes Dr. R. E. Robey, physician and pharmacist, of Olney, Md., and as he has used the Remedy in his own family and sold it in his drug store for five years, he should certainly know. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

North Glade.

Farmers are busy.

Oats are short but well filled.

Other crops are fairly good.

Josephus Howell lost a valuable young horse the other day.

Prof. Alexander, of Moundsville, W. Va., will give a musical concert here on Thursday evening.

Miss Mollie Hamill, district superintendent, organized a Junior Epworth League chapter here recently.

Quarterly meeting at North Glade on Saturday and Sunday, the 14th and 15th insts.

Considerable sickness is prevailing in this section and Dr. Fazenbaker is kept quite busy.

COMING!

The title of "The Greatest Show on Earth" has been claimed by many aggregations which annually visit this vicinity, but it is certain there are none greater than the Great Wallace Shows. . . . Not a feature as advertised was omitted, and all who attended the performances were loud in their praises of the production and the honest way in which the management conducted the gigantic affair.—Pittsburgh (Pa.) Chronicle-Telegraph, May 26, '97.

The Greatest, Grandest and the Best

—OF—

America's Big Tented Enterprises!

Honorably Conducted. Truthfully Advertised.

Lofty in Conception. Regal in Equipment.
Omnipotent in Strength. Ideal in Character.
Splendid in Organization. Magnificent in Presentation.
The Purest, Cleanest, Mightiest and Most Magnificent Amusement Institution of the 19th Century.

CIRCUS, MUSEUM, MENAGERIE and ROYAL ROMAN HIPPODROME.

Three Rings, Half-Mile Race Track, 1,000 Features, 100 Phenomenal Acts, 25 Clowns, 20 Hurricane Races, 4 Trains, 10 Acres Canvas, 10,000 Seats, 1,500 Employes, 6 Bands, 50 Cages, A Drove of Camels, 15 Open Dens, A Herd of Elephants. $4,000.00 Daily Expenses.

"The Best Seen here in a Decade."—Cin. Commercial Gazette.
"High toned in Every Way—in Magnitude of First Rank."—St. Louis Republic.
"Bewilders the Senses, Dazzles the Eyes."—Denver Times.
"The Cleanest, most Satisfactory Circus yet seen here."—New Orleans Picayune.
"Gives more than it promises."—San Francisco Examiner.

CAPITAL, - - - $3,000,000.

The Greatest Performers in the Known World are with the Great Wallace Shows this Season,

including the 9 Nelsons, $10,000 Challenge Act, the Weratz Family Aeralists, the 4 Martells, Bicycle and Skating Experts, the 10 Dellameads, Statuary Artists, the Samsoni Sisters, Female Samsons, 10 Principal Male and Female Equestrians, the 3 Petits Aerial Bars Extraordinary, Gaza, the Magnetic Girl, Rowena, the Head Balancer, and Spectacular Ballet, 19 Corypheas, (led by 3 Sisters Maccari, Premier Dansneses.)

OUR STREET PARADE At 10 a. m. daily is the finest ever put on the streets. A Sunburst of Splendor, a Triumph of Art, Money and Good Taste, with Lavish Luxury of Spectacular Effect, with Greatest Processional Features Conceivable.

EXCURSIONS RUN ON EVERY LINE OF TRAVEL.

NO GAMBLING DEVICES TOLERATED.

Never Divides! - Never Disappoints!

Will Exhibit at Oakland Saturday, Aug. 21, 1897.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

BY "NEMO."

[Copyrighted by Dawe & Tabor.]

TO YOUNG MEN IN LOVE:—You have had your chances to twit other fellows when they gradually absented themselves from the store or the corner: but now your turn has come; for I assume your male companions have allready found you out. Like thieves set to catch thieves, they recognize the symptoms and they tease you a little if you are easy-going and much more if you are bad tempered about it. Now a stranger, a young man among young men, would like a really thorough communion with you on the same subject, but not in the same spirit of fun-making. I realize that none of us know all things; that some few of us think more than others; and that the greater number enter into no sort of understanding of the beautiful oasis love can prove to be in a desert life. So let us chat together as though I were a tried and trusted friend to whom you had come in perplexity.

***

Do you realize how great a change has come over your spirit? Go back a few years in your memory! As a whooping, rollicing boy, full of good spirits, and a probable tyrant among your sisters, girls were all very similar to you. Your free boyish spirit made you almost look down on the helpless "softies," who could not climb trees at all nor run races well, nor play games passably. There may have been in those early days one bright eyed school miss who found in you a companion and a protector. But you were more or less ashamed of your sneaking regard, had no idea of the kingdom of love whose outskirts you were traversing: and the boy who poked fun at you about it was almost sure to be given "the lie" with a full measure of fists behind it. In time that experience probably came to an end. The girl was forgotten or if remembered only as a confirmation of your later theory that woman needs a protector in man. Schooling came to an end, business began, and the chums of the store and the street had so much evil suggestion to make regarding girls that your main thought of them was as a very pleasant afterthought of the Diety, devised for the amusement and comfort of mankind, of whom you were chief.

***

But now another change has come. Forgetting your belittling ideas of "softies" and "playthings" you have been pressed forward by the selective impulse of Nature to a point where you see one who you desire "to have and to hold;" though all the rest perish.—In other words you are "in love," and because you are, I believe, for a time at least, you have escaped from earlier unworthy ideas. The woman you love has opened the dismal dungeon of lascivious thought that holds so many youths in thrall. How has she done it? Mainly through your own conviction, that, whatever of playthings other women may be, this one—your one—is a pure, noble spirit. Your soul is at last out of its prison of wrong understanding: a woman has released it, and in the first access of a new idea, you place her on a pedestal of glorious esteem: you worship her in secret as a goddess hoping some day soon to proclaim her as such in the ears of the community.

***

Mark how the sleeping landscape
Lies in the twilight grey,
By the shades of night half hidden,
Dreaming the time away.

Watch as a rosy finger
Heralds the coming dawn,
Pointing the varied beauties
Of tree and wood and lawn!

See the world spring to brightness,
Glisten with laughing dew,
Changed in a single moment:—
The heavens, the earth are new!

So on the youth or maiden,
Fresh from the realms above,
Their twilight life transforming
There breaks the Dawn of Love.

***

Mile after mile will you travel in the stormiest weather if only you may see her for a few moments. Without a qualm of conscience, you now are apt to let the ordinary girl shift for herself where escorts are needed. But your dear one finds in you one so persistent that he sees her home the longest way round, even though his own comfort and rest are seriously affected. You count all loss of ease, gain: if you can but travel a few further footsteps. If in Scripture parlance, she ask you to go one mile, you gladly go twain. Whether fit or unfit you spring to perform almost any task she may lay on you. If you are "in love" you know well I haven't exaggerated a particle the complete way in which you are now compelled to acknowledge to yourself that "weak woman" has at last asserted her strength. Her power is so great that, compared with it, you are feeble and apart from it—you have none.

***

During the hours of gloomy employment there comes flashes of memory wherein one particular smile or one expression of love brightens your whole horizon, like lightning on a summer's night. Your senses recall her every gesture with a sort of ecstacy, that is a solace to your eager heart until you return once more to the donor of sweet hopes and wholesome purposes. As evening draws on, if that be your time for visiting her, supper finds you restless to be gone. Remarks addressed to you by the home-folks get answered in monosyllables, or you fail altogether to understand what they are saying to you. The sounds of the fields, the highways and even the busy streets chime in with the rugged harmony of your heart. Come the hoarse roar of the storm or the gentle sighing of breezes, they are both one to you! the storm you defy and the breeze you would force into strength, for you are a man, walking with head fearlessly erect, treading the earth like a king. You are nerved to your best because a woman has owned that she loved you; she has bowed down her mightiness to make you feel that she leans on you, and it braces up all the best that is within you.—You are now at the supreme moment of your life; your days are big with fate. Love is sublime in its influences; it is awful in its possibilities.

***

At the outset I spoke of love as an oasis. An oasis is exactly the sort of place that describes the love of many. The traveler over a dreary desert with its draught and misery, flings himself with joyous gratitude under refreshing shade. The very strength he gains too often makes him grow weary of peace, makes him pine for change, makes him dream of more beauteous yet to be found. From the desert he came: back to the desert he goes. Since the desert is a place of danger and detriment death, I would warn you from it; so next week we will return to our present subject.

A Remarkable Cure of Chronic Diabarrhoea.

In 1862, when I served my country as a private in Company A, 167th Pennsylvania Volunteers, I contracted chronic diarrhoea. It has given me a great deal of trouble ever since. I have tried a dozen different medicines and several prominent doctors without any permanent releif. Not long ago a friend sent me a sample bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and after that I bought and took a 50-cent bottle, and now I can say that I am entirely cured. I cannot be thankful enough to you for this great Remedy, and recommend it to all suffering veterans. If in doubt write me. Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Communicated.

To the Editor of The Republican.

I am glad to see that Mr. P. E. Finzel is before the voters of Garrett county for the office of House of Delegates. I believe him to be competent and a deserving aspirant. He comes from one of the oldest families of the county and one whose members have always been loyal Republicans: who have never had an office of any kind since the formation of the county.

While he is a young man he has a host of friends both in the Republican fold and out of it who would be glad to hear of him receiving the nomination and who would loyally support him at the polls.

Then if we look at the political side of the question again I think that his claims should receive some consideration. It has been a quarter of a century since our county was separated from Allegany and in that time but one member of the House of Delegates has come from Mr. Finzel's district, that being Mr. George W. Blocher, who served during the year of 1874 or '76, and if party principles are to be rewarded then Mr. Finzel's claim should not be neglected.

REPUBLICAN.

Grantsville, Md., Aug. 2.

Communicated.

To the Editor of The Republican.

As an unusual thing I am for once at leisure and being so I do not know of any better way of using that time than by penning a few lines for the columns of your valued paper. I am not by any means a newspaper correspondent, nevertheless I want to contribute something for your paper.

We still seem to exist here among the tall trees, rocks and small brush, and I may say a fair crop of almost everything from onions to wheat, but this is not exactly what I wish to write about.

You know the time is not far distant when there will be a call made for a county convention for the purpose of nominating, among other officers, a competent person for the office of Sheriff and I should like very much indeed to call the attention of the Republican party to the name of our very estimable friend and neighbor, Mr. Perry Lee. He is a candidate for the nomination and I can not think that the Republicans of this county could select a more competent person for the place than Mr. Lee. He is without question a perfect gentleman, a friend of those in need and well schooled to the duties of the office to which he aspires.

I trust that the readers of your paper will look to their interest and all say, "For Sheriff, Perry Lee." He is a man, honest, true and upright in all his dealings, and I will further say for him that he will be no respector of persons, and will not be intimidated by one or by many.

TIT FOR TAT.

Gorman, Md., Aug. 10.

ROADS OF GERMANY.

Beautiful Highways Kept In Constant Repair.

One main reason for the good condition of the German roads is the keeping of them in constant repairs. Nowhere else is it so true that "a stitch in time saves nine," writes a correspondent of the New York Post. The regulations as to that are as minute and comprehensive as they are rigidly enforced. In some provinces of Prussia, as in Silesia and in the other eastern provinces, the "schulze," or village mayor, is strictly held responsible for the good condition of all the roads within his district except the state or provincial ones, which are under direct supervision of royal officials. The ditches alongside the road, effecting efficient drainage, are especially looked after, and must always be kept free of all hindrances and rubbish.

For the constant and immediate repair of holes formed in the road and other damages or deficiencies neat pyramid heapes of stone of assorted size, gravel siftings, clinkers, etc., placed in regular rotation, are always to be found along roadbeds, and a number of laborers are always busy with such mending, drawing for their material on these supplies. These never ceasing labors are strictly supervised by a smaller corps of "wegewaerter" and "chaussee anfaeher", in uniform and under official oath. These subalterns are again directed and controlled by the higher officials, the inspectors, directors and "chaussee baurathe," or councilors of road construction, many of whom wear royal decorations on their breasts. But even the mere laborers are usually hired by the year, and their pay and the duration of their services are made strictly dependent on their behavior.

Again, one main reason why the building of roads of Germany is carried out honestly is the virtual absence of temptation to do otherwise, for not only are the laws in this respect very strict—and the legislation on the building and maintenance of public highways dates back centuries and is very voluminous and explicit, so that intentional fraud committed, such, for example, as the use of material for another or the omission of a certain part of the work (substructure, etc), is made punishable like any other fraud—viz, by jail for three months up and a fine exceeding in value by far the possible gain effected by dishonest practises—but there is a further fact rendering illegal tricks next to impossible, and that is the careful and strict supervision of the building process by the royal officials, a supervision so minute that it virtually extends from day to day, hour to hour, and at every point where construction is going on.

And since this supervision is not the task of one man alone, but is carried on stage by stage by a regular scale of oath bound officials (and as to honesty the strict and enforcement of duty the Prussians and other German officials may be backed against the world), it will be seen that even the most cunning and unscrupulous contractor would have a very hard job indeed to have slovenly or dishonest work pass the series of argus eyed examiners.

There are three kinds of highways—the provincial, the kreis and the gemeindwege. The former two are those whose building and maintenance rest on the shoulders of the provincial or district representative bodies. All the rest are communal or private roads. Among the latter the larger part are built and kept up on shares. In assessing taxes for roads one principal adhered to throughout is to lay these in exact proportion to the greater or lesser benefit accruing, adjacent property paying the largest share.

For rural communes especially the the burden of maintaining and keeping clean their roads, is in many localities a heavy one. And these obligations are not confined either to their own communal roads, for the law compels the rural and municipal communes to render in many and frequent cases prompt unpaid help. Thus, for instance, as to keeping the highest grade of public highway, the so called "kunststrassen" (artistic roads) always in proper shape, the royal commissioners are empowered to call at any time for the aid of adjoining communes (in manual labor, tools, vehicles, material) in putting these roads instantly back into good order wherever snow accumulations, freshets, long rains or similar accidents of nature have temporarily rendered traffic on them difficult or impossible.

Special regulations of other kinds exist, anyway, as to the traffic upon and maintenance of these "kunststassen." For instance, it is forbidden to use them for vehicles with protruding wheel nails, defective wheels, screws, spokes or otherwise objectionable gear. The horseshoes with which the animals passing these roads are shod must be of a particular kind.

As the maintenance of the roads is fixed by specific laws and regulations, so, too, are the conditions of constructing new roads. Thus, the conditions to which communes are subject in such a case are minutely perscribed. One of the most curious and significant paragraphs is the first. That provides that all districts not over 1½ German miles (seven English miles) to right or left of the projected road must permit the taking of stone, gravel, sand, earth, turf and any other material except wood and must allow the temporary use of their soil, fields, etc., for work necessary in roadbuilding free of any cost or recompense whatever.

Last Excursion to The Seashore.

The Baltimore and Ohio R. R. announces the last popular reduced rate excursions to Atlantic City, Cape May, Sea Island City and Ocean City, Tuesday, August 17th. The same excellent train arrangments that proved so satisfactory on the previous trips will be repeated. The tickets are good twelve days and will permit a stop-off at Washington on the return journey.

We show below the train schedule and rates from points in this vicinity.

	AM	AM	AM	PM	PM	RATE
Tunnelton	.....	8.50	.....	11.34	2.53	$9.00
Terra Alta	.....	9.18	5.51	12.05	1.24	9.00
Oakland	6.41	10.12	5.40	12.29	1.43	8.50
Mt. Lake Park	6.17	10.19	6.05	12.36	1.58	8.50
Deer Park	6.51	10.23	6.12	12.45	1.51	8.50
Piedmont	7.33	11.18	6.50	1.25	5.35	9.00

Correspondingly low rates from other stations.

For particulars, call on or address nearest B. & O. agent.

In addition to above round trip excursion tickets will also be sold to Old Point Comfort, Norfolk, Virginia Beach and Newport News at an additional rate of $2. Steamers at Baltimore connect with B. & O. trains.

Mountain Lake Park.

On Sunday Mountain Lake Park is given up to rest and religious services. The Sabbath is very generally observed, and no trains on the railroad stop here on Sunday. Excursion trains were run to Oakland from both East and West, which brought great crowds of people there. Many of the excursionists drove over to the Park, and so the crowd here was unusually large.

The Mountain Chautauqua is drawing immense crowds from all sections of the country, and it goes without saying that the Park has gone far ahead of the other resorts in this section. A conductor on one of the through Baltimore and Ohio trains asked your correspondent a few days ago: How is it that Mountain Lake Park is getting all the people? We put off," he added, "twenty there to one for any other place." It is because there are a great many attractions here and visitors get what they want. A gentleman of culture from a distant State declared that he heard a lecture on Friday night which was well worth the price of the whole Chautauqua course. The lectures thus far have been of a very high order. That of the Rev. Thomas Dixon, jr. on the "Almighty Dollar," delivered on Saturday afternoon was very interesting. It reminded one of the late William F. Florence, but was not like the play except in name

The musical attractions are very fine. Steven's Band of seventeen pieces, from Bellair, Ohio, gives two concerts daily. The Zeld Orchestra, of Elizebeth, Pa., is one of the superior musical organizations here. Dr. W. H. Pontius has charge of the chorus work. Other musical organizations here are the Ottumwa Male Quartette, Indiana State University Glee Club, the Rock Band, the Arion Lady Quartette, the Misses Brevort, who sing plantation melodies, with banjo accompaniment Miss Grace Ensmingie a popular violinist from Chicago, Madame Cecella Eppinghausen Bailey, called "the Southern Nightingale," and three soloists, Miss Acton, Miss Lola Johnson and Miss Chandler. With this aggregation of musical talent there is scarcely an hour in the day when visitors may not have choice music if they desire it.

Rev. Thomas Dixon, in his lecture Saturday, in speaking of mean men, said: "Some people contend that there is no hell: well if there is not, some people will have nowhere to go. If there is not a hell, it is time to go and build one."

Mortgagee's Sale

of Property in Garrett County, West of Frostburg, on the National Road.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Ehebard Larue and Alice Larue to William R. Percy, dated January 23, 1892, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 18, folio 278, one of the Mortgage Records of Garrett county, Maryland, which said mortgage has been duly assigned to me, I will on

SATURDAY, the Seventh Day of August,

at 10 o'clock A. M., in front of the postoffice in Oakland, Garrett county, Maryland, offer for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, the property described in said mortgage:

Beginning at a stake standing on the National Road North 30 degrees West 25 9-10 perches to a pine tree at the East corner of the bridge, thence North 37 degrees East 18½ perches to a stake standing on Savage Run, thence South 30 degrees East 25 9-10 perches to a stake, thence South 37 degrees West 18½ perches to the beginning, and being the same property conveyed to Richard Larue and Alice Larue by John N. Beall.

The improvements on the property consist of a house of four or five rooms, a good sized stable, and the usual small fences and buildings.

Terms of Sale: Cash on day of sale.

ROBERT R. HENDERSON,
Assignee of Mortgage.

The above sale was on Saturday, August 7th, 1897, postponed until Saturday, August 14, 1897, at the same place and hour.

ROBERT R. HENDERSON,
Assignee of Mortgagee.

Proclamation

WHEREAS, at the January session in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six of the General Assembly of Maryland a bill was passed proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the State by adding an additional section to Article fifteen thereof, to be known as Section eleven of said Article, which said bill and amendment are in the words following, to-wit:

CHAPTER 159.

AN ACT to amend the Constitution of the State by adding an additional Section to Article fifteen thereof, to be known as Section eleven of said Article.

SECTION 1. BE IT ENACTED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF MARYLAND (three-fifths of all the members of the House concurring), That the following additional section be, and the same hereby is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of this State; and, if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as herein provided, it shall stand and be known as Section eleven of Article fifteen of said Constitution:

11. Appointments in the Civil service of the State, in the municipalities and counties of the State, shall be made according to merit and fitness, to be ascertained as far as practicable by examination, which shall be competitive, except appointments which are subject to confirmation by the Senate, and the General Assembly shall pass all such laws as may be necessary more fully to carry into effect the provisions of this section.

SECTION 2. AND BE IT FURTHER ENACTED BY THE AUTHORITY AFORESAID, That the foregoing section, hereby proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of this State shall be, at the next general election held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection, in pursuance of the directions contained in Article fourteen of the Constitution of this State, and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the Constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot used at said election shall be printed, after the lists of candidates, the question concerning the adoption or rejection of said proposed constitutional amendment; so that each voter of such election can designate thereon in the manner prescribed by law, whether his vote is "For the Constitutional Amendment," or "Against the Constitutional Amendment," as he shall elect, and immediately after said election due return shall be made to the Governor of the State of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by said fourteenth article of the Constitution.

Approved April 8th, 1896.

NOW THEREFORE, I, LLOYD LOWNDES, Governor of the State of Maryland, in pursuance of the provisions of Section one of Article fourteen of the Constitution of the State, do hereby order and direct that a copy of said bill proposing said constitutional amendment be published in at least two newspapers in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one may be published, then in that newspaper, and in three newspapers in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in the German language, once a week for at least three months preceding the next ensuing general election (which said general election will be held on Tuesday, the Second day of November, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven), at which election the said proposed amendment shall be submitted, in the form and manner prescribed by the General Assembly, to the qualified voters of the State for adoption or rejection.

THE GREAT SEAL OF MARYLAND.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of Maryland.

Done at the City of Annapolis on the first day of July in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.

LLOYD LOWNDES,
Governor of Maryland.

By order of the Governor:
RICHARD DALLAM,
21-14t Secretary of State.

ORDER NISI.

Hiram Duckworth, Mortgagee, vs. Robert H. Butler, Mortgagor.

No. 855 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 28th day of July, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Hiram Duckworth, Mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 20th day of August, 1897; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 20th day of August, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $300.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

Samuel J. Miller, et al., vs. Joel J. Miller, et al.

No. 857 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 28th day of July, 1897, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Samuel J. Miller, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 20th day of August, 1897, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 20th day of August, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $1250.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

John Shartzer
vs.
Loch Lynn Store Co.
No. 769 Equity.
In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered, this 17th day of July, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by John Shartzer, receiver, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 15th day of August, 1897; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 15th day of August, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $1,100.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

THE IMPORTED

French Coach Stallion

recently purchased by the

Accident Horse Improvement Company

IS NOW READY FOR SERVICE AT THE KEEPER'S STABLE, NEAR ACCIDENT.

INSURANCE, - $15.00

Anyone parting with a mare after bred forfeits the insurance money. Insurance due as soon as mare is known to be in foal.

NOAH PYSELL,
28-5t Keeper.

Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, at the suit of Joan Shertzer against O. Miller and Company, and to me directed, I will on

Saturday, August 14, 1897,

at 2 o'clock p. m., in front of the Court House in Oakland, offer at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, the following described property, to wit:

All the right, title, claim and interest of the said Gustavus W. Deiswelder, being one undivided sixteen on and to those certain pieces or parcels of land situate, lying and being in Garrett County, and known as

Military Lots Numbers 1766, 1768, 1769, 1772, 1776, 1789, 1791, 1793, 1744, 1795, 1796 and 1797, containing fifty acres of land each.

The above lots are underlaid with coal, and are desirably located on Deep Creek near Lake Cleveland.

TERMS:—Cash.

AUSTIN BROWN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

Trustee's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit court for Garrett county, in Equity passed on the 26th day of July, 1897, in a cause in said court, wherein Archibald C. Biggs, complainant, is plaintiff, and Jane Biggs is defendant, I will, on the

14th DAY OF AUGUST, 1897,

at the hour of seven o'clock a. m., in front of the postoffice in Oakland, offer for sale all the real estate described in said proceedings as belonging to the said Jane Biggs, it being the farm on which the said Jane Biggs now resides, containing about sixty-five acres, which is described in a deed from Joseph H. Anderson and wife to Sarah J. Biggs, dated the 9th day of July, 1892, and duly recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 8, folio 14, one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land is improved with a dwelling house and outbuildings and is situated about 2½ miles from Frankville station on the B. & O. R. R.

TERMS:—Cash on day of sale or ratification thereof. Purchaser will be required to pay enough on the day of sale to cover costs, conveyancing of the cost of purchaser.

JAMES C. PEDDICORD,
20-3t Trustee.

Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county at the suit of Francis E. Nethken against John Speicher and Howard Nethken, doing business as Speicher & Nethken, and issued by direction of the said Francis E. Nethken, the same being No. 15 Judicials to July Term, 1897, of the said court, the undersigned will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash on the day of sale, on

Friday, August 20, 1897,

at 2 o'clock p. m., in front of the Court House in the town of Oakland, Maryland, all the right, title and interest of the said John Speicher in and to all that lot of ground situated at Deer Park, Garrett county, which is known and designated on the plat of Speicher's addition to Deer Park as lots Nos. 7 and 8, and being the same lots of ground that were conveyed to Bridget Stenger by deed from the said John Speicher, dated June 29, 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 30, folio 461, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and will be sold to satisfy the said execution and costs.

AUSTIN BROWN, Sheriff.

St. Louis & San Francisco R.R.

THROUGH CAR ROUTE BETWEEN ST. LOUIS AND

SPRINGFIELD
JOPLIN PITTSBURG
WICHITA
EUREKA SPRINGS
FT. SMITH PARIS
DALLAS
SAN ANTONIO
HOUSTON
GALVESTON

Solid Vestibuled Trains with Pullman Sleepers and Reclining Chair Cars. Harvey Dining Halls.

Maps, time tables and full information furnished upon application to

O. M. COLLET, Gen'l Agent, FITTSBURG, PA.
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MOUNTAIN STATE
Business College,
PARKERSBURG, W. VA.

Only Business College in the State. Gives the Commercial, Penmanship, Shorthand and Typewriting Courses. No Vacation. Graduates Successful. Boarding in clubs $2.00 per week. Catalogue sent on request. Address A. G. SINE, PRESIDENT.

THE SONG OF THE HOE.

Hear ye the song of the hoe,
And hear ye without scorn;
The ring of my blade on the hill or the glade
Is music to the corn.
And the old heart of the hill,
It pulses with the thrill,
And sends its sap aflow;
And it flows into the corn,
And a gladder life is born
When it hears the song of the hoe.

Hear ye the song of the hoe.
And what is the song I sing?
'Tis a sweeter rune if your ear is a-tune
Than the harper's song to the king;
'Tis a song of joy, not of tears,
How the earth for a million years
Will bud and blossom and grow,
And still be glad and young
Wherever my song is sung,
When it hears the song of the hoe.

Hear ye the song of the hoe.
I sing of the things I hear:
The thoughts down deep in the old earth's heap
Are whispering in my ear.
And the corn can understand
And it tells the smiling land
(For doth the message go),
The thoughts that have their birth
From the old young heart of the earth,
That are sung in the song of the hoe.

Hear ye the song of the hoe.
'Tis an honest song and true,
And good for men again and again,
And good for you and you.
It sings of the deep-down things,
Of the world's first fore it sings,
The world heart's overflow;
And it tells your sallow brood
The heart of the world is good—
Then hear ye the song of the hoe.

Hear ye the song of the hoe
That floats with the smell of the soil,
That tells of the wealth of the old earth's health,
Of the meter and music of toil.
And this is the core of its song,
That the earth is made for the strong,
Nor yields up its wealth to the slow;
And that labor is love and delight
To those who are fain for the fight—
Then hear ye the song of the hoe.
—Sam W. Foss, in Orange Judd Farmer.

The Price of Fame.

ZENF was a German farmer, but did no farm work. He was so prosperous that he was able to sit out under the shade of the apple trees which grew close to the porch of his house and talk to Griest, his neighbor, who was a retired brewer, about Bismarck. This was over 15 years ago, and Bismarck was a most important personage to an Illinois farmer who was a German and who did not have to work very hard for his living.

Zenf's house was a quarter of a mile back from the road, which was the last-named street of the neighboring city. It was a city of some 15,000 souls, which made it small enough and compact enough for Zenf to be on neighborly terms with the post office and the national bank. The house was a quaint, old, low-ceiled, roomy edifice, half hidden beneath the climbing grapevines, and entirely concealed from view of passers-by on the street because of the intervening shrubbery. A noble orchard of great apple trees lay alongside the farm, and sometimes Zenf and Griest would go over under the apple trees and talk about Bismarck, for a change of location rather than a change of subject. Zenf loved the farm and the orchard, and of his family he made much, for the two girls were very pretty and very sweet, and Anton, the boy, was growing up to be a credit to him. He thought he would die in the house under the grapevines, and Mrs. Zenf thought so, too.

One day a man came to the city and talked very much. He opened an office, too, and hired other men from abroad to come and help him talk. Then they got out a lot of maps, and Zenf was amazed when he learned that Griest had bought the center of Hobbins' pond.

"What for?" inquired the easy farmer. "You will raise some ducks, nicht whar?"

Griest said no. That the center of Hobbins' pond was now lot 4, block 117, Angelica terrace. Some day it would be the site of very fine mansions, and street cars would run there.

"If they do," Zenf answered, "they will swim already."

Zenf was very slow in understanding the new order of things which the talking man and his talking assistants and their maps and plans and big red signs of "For Sale" had brought about. Sometimes he would go into the city in his carriage, and he would return amazed at the follies of the townspeople who could speak of nothing but real estate. There were agencies in feed stores and harness shops and bakeries and coal offices, and one man ran from an undertaker's headquarters, jostling an approaching company of pall-bearers as he did so, to offer Zenf an option on some excellent trackage property.

It was two months before Zenf fell. He learned to his surprise that Seligman, whose farm was two miles farther out than his own, had lately platted and sold it at an enormous profit, the old Seligman place now being "a manufacturing suburb." He also learned that the land which lay alongside his orchard was Catalpa View, where the swell residents were going to build, and that for a quarter of a mile his trees shook apple blossoms upon the new thoroughfare, Montmorency boulevard, which was all jimson weed and nettles, as a matter of fact. Zenf got to thinking, and when the talking man came to visit him one day he struck a sharp bargain. The farm had been bought by him years before—in the old days before Emsie was born—for $7,000. He sold for $46,000, and this included the little tract where the first baby was buried; but, then, as the agent said, he could easily remove the crumbled little coffin to the cemetery and be glad of heart that there were no more of his dead to transfer.

It was considerable of a shock to Mrs. Zenf, but Emsie and Anton and the little girl, Lucy, were so overjoyed at the comparison of $46,000 to $7,000 that really there was hardly any objection from any quarter.

One day the Zenfs moved down the winding lane under the trees, and that was the last time they ever saw the house under the grapevines, for the very next day the agent's men came and cleared it off and drove stakes where the surveyors had already marked the new streets and cut trees for the thoroughfare, and shortly after there was an auction sale of the beautiful lot in Spring Hill addition, and common report had it that the agent sold $121,000 worth of sightly lots before the setting of the sun.

Zenf had almost lost Griest, and even with his $46,000 wondered what he should do with himself. A man has not lived all his life when he is only 41 years old, and Zenf had no inclination for going farther away and buying another farm. One day an inspiration came to him. He would open a saloon.

Griest thought this was an excellent idea. Ten thousand dollars was therefore paid for a 50-foot lot in the city, which was now becoming a metropolis, and for a similar amount a fine brick building was constructed.

Zenf's saloon was prosperous from the start, but it was much less placid than had been the house under the grapevines. There were new friends and new business associates and many calls upon the ex-farmer for his time. He had two barkeepers, and prosperity seemed to be raining upon him. He went down to the city hall one night to appear with a committee of citizens who wanted something done or something undone, and his little speech made so favorable an impression that the leaders of the political party with which he voted called upon him to go forth and work in the vineyard, talking. Politics had never before tempted him because he had been so idly busy arguing with Griest about Bismarck, but somehow he showed a remarkable aptitude, and his family saw him less and less as he penetrated further and further into the jungle of statesmanship. In the end he was nominated for county treasurer as a compromise candidate, and when he went home to tell his family about the honor which had come to him his wife, in hysteria, interrupted him to say that Emsie had "run away" with one of the barkeepers. It was a bitter blow, for Emsie was the apple of his eye, and the barkeeper was a worthless sort of fellow. But times were too busy for grieving, and politics called for him. The greatest feeling of sorrow came to him when he was elected and Emsie was not there to be glad of it.

He had been raised to the farm. He knew all its taskmastering, and as a young man he had studied in its severe school. Of accounts, although a man of acceptable education, he was ignorant—or, at most, he was not an expert. So he yielded to the suggestion of the orator who had presented his name and chose that man's son as his deputy. It pleased him to go down to the office in the county building and to look about him and think that he, Otto Zenf, farmer, was the highest-salaried man on the pay roll.

Anton, however, took to drinking.

Griest came to him one day and told him that Anton had forged his name to a check for $2,000, and it would take that much to balance up the Griest account. Zenf paid it and whipped the boy, who broke from home that night.

Zenf was such a good fellow. All those who had helped him in the election told him so and asked him to lend them money. He lent his $26,000 in pieces to various people, and when he told the other good friends that he had no more they suggested that he might lend the county funds and not only accommodate them, but earn interest. He thought it was in some way wrong, but they said assuredly no, that all treasurers had done so. Persuaded then, he yielded, and piled his drawer with papers of promise. But he made enemies as well as friends, as every public officer must, and when the next election came around he was defeated in his aspiration for reelection. The night after the luckless election his deputy disappeared. There was a paralysis in the office until the passage of time Zenf's successor took charge. Then it was found that in the drawers were many papers, but very little money. The jury declared some months afterward that the dazed Zenf had embezzled $200,000. He could not understand it, for he had squandered nothing and had lost his own funds. Nevertheless they sentenced him to 15 years' imprisonment, and some of the people wanted to lynch him.

Zenf sews shoes all day. Sometimes he thinks of a grapevine-covered house and the great apple trees under which he used to talk with Griest about Bismarck and he wishes he could get out to just see them once again. But it is very foolish in him. Even if he were to be released to-morrow his wish could not be gratified. A big stone schoolhouse spreads far out over the place where the first baby was buried and streets paved with vitrified brick run down where the orchard was, and children ride their bicycles where the jimson grew on Montmorency boulevard.—Chicago Record.

A Dressmaking Hint.

A pretty way to freshen a white chiffon or organdie waist is to cut away the entire portion that covers the upper part of the bodice and shoulders; stitching the raw edges thus made to secure them, then adding a new yoke top, either of lace and insertion, all lace, tucked India muslin, net, or shirrings of organdie alternating with rows of ribbon. Another effective method is to add from the shoulder seams long surplice scarf ends laid in soft folds. Bring these in diminuendo plaits to the waist, knot lightly; then let the sashes fall undraped well over the skirt front. Add wholly new sleeves that match in material and arrangement the style of the fresh accessories put upon the waist.—N. Y. Post.

—The tomb of Mohammed is covered with diamonds, sapphires and rubies valued at $10,000,000.

FANCY FIREWORKS.

Something of the Progress in Their Manufacture.

The day on which the Declaration of American Independence was signed it is likely that in all Philadelphia there was not one timid torpedo or one fizzing firecracker and that the clumsy flintlock pistols of the day were too unsafe for anyone to use who was not forced to. The celebrating was done by the "grown folks."

In 1697 $60,000 was expended by the English in celebrating the peace of Ryswick and in 1748 the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle was occasion for a demonstration which equaled the previous one. The centennial anniversary of the reigning family of Britain was celebrated in 1814 by a great blaze of fireworks. Still further back, several centuries before Christ, Greek fire was a common weapon of warfare, vessels being equipped with a contrivance for throwing barrels full of this almost unquenchable flame at antagonists and it being also employed in the storming of fortifications. This is believed to be the germ from which the pyrotechnics of the Europeans have sprung, for although the Chinese thousands of years ago burned their fingers with fireworks credit is not due them for the thousand and one rattle-ti-bang whirring sizzing devices that wake us at early dawn or Independence day, drive dogs into the quiet and seclusion of the cellar and cause nervous prostration among timid mammas and horses.

Two hundred years ago European ingenuity had surpassed the mildly exhilarating popping toys which in China make their appearance in such profusion at the new year. One John Babington, an English "gunner and student in mathematicks," as he subscribed himself in the book he wrote on the art of pyrotechnics, planned and executed some very creditable rockets and pinwheels. In his book he describes in glowing phrase the possibilities of the fiery things, and though his imagination went farther on the subject than did his skill his prophesies are much more than fulfilled, for such an array of improved "nigger-chasers," sophisticated fire pots and superrefined Roman candles was never spread out, hung and stacked up before the wistful eyes of the insatiable small boy as is this year. Notwithstanding that fireworks by no means primitive were used 200 years ago, the art of coloring the flames in rainbow hues is but 30 or 40 years old. Charcoal and zinc in the explosive compounds produce the glowing sparks; antimony and tin, white flame; mercury and copper, blue; soda, yellow; strontium, red, and chlorates, green.

England remains the greatest manufacturer of fireworks, notwithstanding the strides which the United States has made in late years. The manufacturing is done, not in great factory buildings, but for safety in small houses 50 feet apart, and the greatest care is exercised to prevent smoking or the carrying of matches about the premises, there being a statutory penalty of ten pounds sterling for any such offense; and no more material is issued from the magazine to each crew than is needed for each day's needs. The entire world is the buyer from John Bull and Uncle Sam of these noisy jimcracks and nunpatarra toys—even the Chinese, for when they want any really fine fireworks they send to England or to the home of the American small boy and "land of the free" for them.—Chicago News.

Suicide Among Classic Greeks.

Among the early Greeks suicide was unknown until they became contaminated by Roman influence. Their religious teaching, unlike that of their Asiatic contemporaries, was strongly opposed to self-destruction. While a pure and manly nation, they regarded it as a heinous crime, and laws existed which heaped indignity upon the body of the suicide. By an Athenian law the corpse was not buried until after sunset, and the hand which had done the deed—presumably the right hand—was cut off and buried separately, as having been a traitor to its owner.

The only suicides ever spoken of with respect, or anything approaching commendation, by the early Greeks, were those of a purely patriotic character, like those of Themistocles and King Codrus, both of whom were considered patriots. The latter, when the Heraclidae invaded Attica, went down disguised among the enemy with the intention of getting slain, and having picked a quarrel with some soldiers succeeded in his object. The reason for this act was that the oracle had pronounced that the leader of the conquering army must fall; and the king sacrificed his life in order that his troops might be victorious and his country saved. Themistocles is said to have committed suicide rather than lead the Persians against his own people.—Lippincott's.

The White Whale's Tail.

Looking at the white whale a person not familiar with water animals might be mildly astonished to see that creature lean ontward when swimming around in a circle, instead of inward. Seeking the cause of this the observer unfamiliar with whales would discover that the whale's tail is set, not in a vertical plane as is the case of fishes, but in a horizontal plane. Set horizontally instead of vertically, the whale's tale is of the very greatest assistance to it in diving, and especially in rising promptly to the surface, which it is necessary for it to do at intervals to fill its lungs with air. Going over again to the wall tanks the observer may note again, and this time with a new interest, that all the fishes there have tails up and down, in line with the body, in a vertical plane; and he learns upon inquiry that all fishes have tails in a vertical plane, and that all aquatic mammals, of which the whale is one, have tails set exactly the other way, in a horizontal plane.—N. Y. Sun.

UNSPOKEN SPEECHES.

The Congressional Record Contains Many of Them.

The greater part of the contents of the congressional record these days is composed of belated revisions of remarks made in the house while the Dingley tariff bill was under discussion, or post-mortem observation on the general subject of the bill, which are printed by the authority of the house contained in the special order for regulating the consideration of the measure in the house. It provided that for 20 days subsequent to the final vote on the passage of the bill members might print in the record extensions of remarks made in the debate, or, if they so desired, speeches, no part of which had been delivered. This practice of granting "leave to print" has come down to the present from the mists of antiquity, as it were, and no one knows its origin. It is and has been grossly abused, and at times has been the occasion of animated discussions in the house as to the right of a member to insert remarks he never made in the house.

Representative Wheeler, of Alabama, holds the record for expansion, under "leave to print." Getting the floor for a single minute on one occasion, members were astounded to see in the record the next morning that in that minute he had delivered himself of about four pages of the record, a space which ordinarily covers an hour to an hour and a half of proceedings. Dr. Hunter, a member from Illinois, whose speech on the tariff bill appeared recently, seems likely to give the genial Alabamian a close brush for first place. His post-mortem effort covers 25 pages of the record and is believed to be an unequaled performance in its line.

The withholding of speeches for revision, a practice also sanctioned by hoary-headed precedent, is subject to criticism. There is apparently no rule regulating the matter, and the consequence is that the record occasionally fails to fully record the proceedings. A member on one occasion made a speech the newspaper report of which formed the basis of an attack by his opponent in the next campaign. The congressman denied having uttered the remarks attributed to him, and appealed to the record to sustain him. The challenge was eagerly accepted by his rival, who not being up to all the tricks of congressmen, was covered with confusion at his failure to find the alleged speech. The member had simply "withheld his remarks for revision," and then calmly pocketed them.

In the old days of the Congressional Globe the reporters of debates were the victims of this practice. Among the traditions at the capitol is one in which the late Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks, at one time speaker, was the chief actor. The story goes that at one stage of his career Mr. Banks was a pupil of a teacher of elocution in Washington, and he sought every opportunity on the floor of the house to practice the art. Many of these speeches, evidently, he did not care to embalm for posterity in the enduring record of the house proceedings. After having concluded he would ask the reporter to withold the manuscript from the printer and give it to him for revision. These speeches, it is related, he never returned, and subsequently a chestful or two were found in his room. In those days the Globe reporters were paid four dollars a column for their work as it appeared in print, and it cost them about one dollar of this to transcribe their notes. So it may easily be inferred that that part of the tradition is true which avers that whenever Mr. Banks rose to speak a groan traversed the reporters' bench.—N. Y. Sun.

Lifting Power of the Ocean.

Landsmen who are slow to realize the tremendous force of the sea had an object lesson ashore in this city the other day, when five large tanks, built to contain 120,000 pounds of soap, but temporarily filled with water, and stationed on the fourth floor of a large building in New York city, collapsed and completely wrecked the whole structure, killing three men and doing a large amount of damage. The tanks were each 15 feet high and about 13 feet in diameter, and contained 161,703 pounds of water, but the floors and supporting beams proved altogether inadequate to stand the strain. A wave of the dimensions of one of these tanks is not at all unusual at sea, and when such a wave breaks on a vessel's deck the force of the blow can only be estimated by the amount of damage it does in spite of the elasticity of the water beneath the vessel to ease her in receiving the shock. When the city firemen state that the stream from a hose under 50 pounds pressure will cut through an ordinary brick wall, the force of the sea in a gale may be, perhaps, better imagined.—Marine Journal.

Cuba's Great Forests.

According to a recent consular report, Cuba, although its entire area is only about equal to that of the state of Pennsylvania, contains 13,000,000 acres of primeval forests, "where the woodman's ax has never been heard." In these forests, which cover nearly half the entire surface of the island, are found among other timber, mahogany, cedar, redwood, logwood, ebony, lignum-vitae, and a tree with extremely durable wood called caigumran.—Youth's Companion.

Iron in the System.

It is often said that there is iron enough in the system of an ordinary man to make a plowshare. The statement is exceedingly wide of the truth. The amount of iron contained in the animal tissues of a man weighing 150 pounds is about 100 grains, or a quarter of an ounce. Yet so important is even this small amount to the system that a difference of a few grains more or less may produce serious constitutional disturbances.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Explanation.

Mr. Newwed (with suppressed emotion)—The last time I went to the club and came home late, I found you asleep, and in your sleep you murmured: "Come to-morrow night as usual, my darling; my husband will be away." Now, madam, I have remained at home every night since, but have been unable to identify my rival, and I demand an explanation.

Pretty Wife (fondly) — I wasn't asleep.—N. Y. Weekly.

His Advantage.

The animals ran a friendly race
One day before the fall.
The giraffe, he won by just a neck,
And yet he distanced them all.
—Chicago Tribune.

HE HAD A CHOICE.

Hired Boy—Kin I go fishin' this afternoon?

Farmer—No; but be a good boy, an' work hard, 'n mebbe next week you kin go to a funeral.

Hired Boy—Kin I go to your'n?—Up-to-Date.

Distinguished Allies.

"Do you know," said Tattered Tompkins to Weary Walker, "that we are allied to the English nobility?"

"Naw."

"It's a fack. I read in the paper that woman wrapped our last hand-out in that none o' them aristocratic ducks ever work."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Old, Old Story.

"I know I play chess very poorly," said the young woman, moving her knight to the wrong square, "but I love to learn."

"I wonder," replied the young man, preparing to mate in three moves, "if you could learn to love!"

Her answer was very soft and gentle, but it broke up the game at once.—Chicago Tribune.

Professional Pleasantries.

"When I sang in Denver last," said the soprano, "I moved the whole vast audience to tears."

"Indeed," returned the contralto. "Your voice must have been a little worse than usual that night."

That, of course, was the beginning of a feud that made all kinds of trouble for operatic managers and a long-suffering public.—Chicago Post.

Never Touched Him.

Parke Row—I didn't know Spungerly's address, so I sent a letter to him to the Bon Ton cafe; he's always there, and it's mighty strange I get no answer.

Phil Space—Heavens, man! Didn't you know that all the mail that way goes to the cashier's desk? — N. Y. Truth.

She Objected.

"Yes," said Mrs. Parvenue, as the maid retired from the room, "she is my new maid. Her name is Marie."

The new maid turned suddenly.

"None o' that," she exclaimed. "Don't you spring any Eye-talian names on me, fer I won't stand it."—Chicago Post.

From Appearances.

Arnuson—That's Muggins. He was pretty badly hurt in a fight the other day.

De Maaising—Where?

"On the West side."

"He walks as if he'd been hurt a little on the east side, too."—Chicago Tribune.

Need of Caution.

Mrs. McInty—An' phat did th' doctther soy was the matter wid y'r eye, Patsy?

Small Son—He say-ed thur was some foreign substance in it.

Mrs. McInty (with an "I told you so" air)—Now, maybe ye'll kape away from thim Oitalians.—N. Y. Weekly.

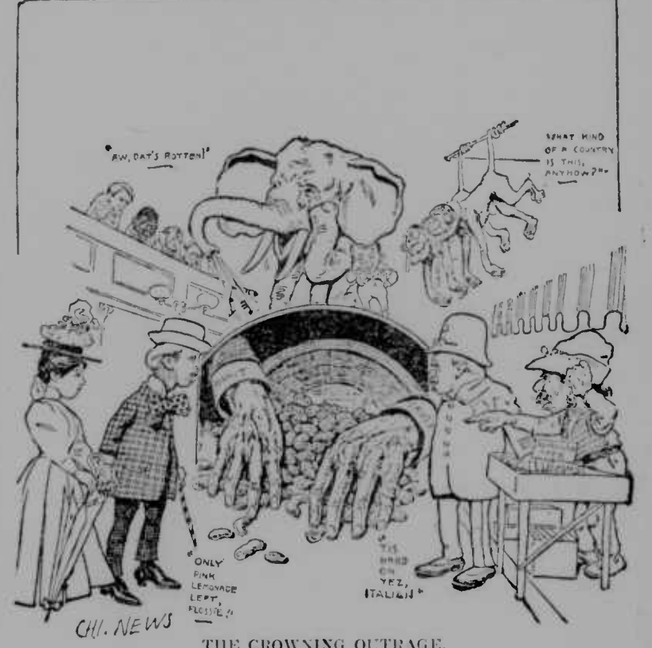

THE CROWNING OUTRAGE.

WITH THE FORMATION OF A COMBINATION TO CONTROL THE OUTPUT AND PRICE OF PEANUTS DISAPPEARS THE LAST VESTIGE OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

A Powerful Plea.

Judge—Have you anything to say before the court passes sentence upon you?

Prisoner—Well, all I got to say is, I hope yer honor'll consider the extreme youth of my lawyer, an' let me off easy.—Tit-Bits.

His Birth Against Him.

Trivvet—Why don't you go into politics, Dicer?

Dicer—It's of no use, Trivvet. Having been born in England, I have no hope of either becoming president or of getting on the police force.—Louisville Courier Journal.

At the Seashore.

She was heart-broken.

"My beautiful bathing suit is absolutely ruined," she moaned.

"How did it happen?" asked her mother, anxiously.

"I accidentally got it wet."—Chicago Post.

No Temptation.

She—Don't you think it is inappropriate to have applause in church?

He—H'm. I never considered that question. There is never any occasion for applause in our church. — N. Y. World.

Her Busy Season.

"Are you doing much these days?" asked Mr. Game Rooster of Mrs. Bantam Henn.

"Well, I should cackle," replied the intelligent fowl.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Summer Honeymoon.

Harry—Now, darling Julia, we are really and truly one—one forever.

Julia—Of course, dear Harry—but when it comes to ice cream, don't you think we had better order two plates?—Detroit Free Press.

Pushing the Argument.

Jack—Isn't it ridiculous, women being so afraid of mice?

Poss—Yes, and isn't it ridiculous, men who are afraid of nothing being so afraid of women who are so afraid of mice?—N. Y. Truth.

Cookery.

"I am told your wife would rather cook than eat."

The other man glanced nervously over his shoulder.

They were alone.

"What she cooks, yes," he replied, in a hoarse whisper.—Detroit Journal.

Ought to Be Effective.

Hojack—The curative powers of music are being tried on the insane.

Tomdik—It ought to be effective in the case of persons who have been driven crazy by piano and cornet practice on the homeopathic theory.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

NOT THE RIGHT KIND.

"Bridget, why don't you light the gas in the kitchen?"

"Sure, mum, the only matches I could find wuz parlor matches."—N. Y. Journal.

Accommodating.

"Don't blow out the gas," the placard read,
So Reuben, to be polite,
Just let it alone, jumped into bed,
And burned the gas all night.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

His Redeeming Vice.

"What a purse-proud old wretch Grubber is!"

"Well, you can't blame him. He hasn't anything else to be proud of."—Pick-Me-Up.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

PERMANENT ROADS.

How to Build Them and the Materials to Be Used.

The best road construction requires right material. The three principal things are stones, gravel and clay. Each town where suitable stones are plenty should own one or more stone crushers. Crushed stone forms the very best material for the foundation of a good road. Gravel is next in importance, and clay can be profitably used on sand, and in some instances sand on clay formation.

The lack of proper drainage in the roadbed is the cause of a large part of the poor roads in the country. Good drainage of the roadbed is as important as the use of good material. A substratum constantly gorged with water from hidden springs can never be depended upon to build on and afford a dry and solid road. The first essential is to get rid of the water on the surface and below it.

The right policy of road improvement contemplates more or less permanent improvements upon town and county roads each year. The fault of the district system and the appropriated labor method is that only

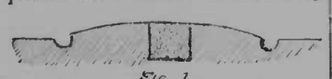

FIG. 1.

CROSS SECTION OF DRAIN.

temporary work is done, so, by the time the annual round of repairs is gone through with, the money appropriatrd is so far exhausted that an outlay for permanent improvements is not warranted; whereas if a competent commissioner had the roads in charge, certain portions of the worst places which now call for annual repairs should be permanently made over, even if it takes a higher appropriation yearly for a few years. Take, for instance, a stretch of road where the soil is springy, or for any cause the drainage is imperfect. No permanent improvements can be made in such places without proper drainage is effected.

To do this adequately open a ditch four feet or more wide and three and a half to four feet deep in the center of the travel. Fill this with rough stones, placing the first ones thrown in so as to form an open drain; fill in the stone till within a foot of the top, using the smallest stones for the top; if a crusher is in use the coarser of these, which is best, then cover with evergreen boughs or straw and finish with gravel. The idea is shown in Fig. 1. The important thing is that these drains always lead to and end at an open culvert. This is an effectual remedy for "honey pots" or slough holes when the frost is leaving the ground in spring.

The town of Winthrop, in this state, is noted for its good roads. Nearly

FIG. 2

CRUSHED STONE ON CLAY.

30 years ago the town discarded the district system, and elected a road commissioner who has held the place to the present time. From almost impassable highways in the spring of the year, that is, over certain portions, these 65 miles of highway have been transformed into smooth and dry roads. Nearly four miles of stone drains have been put in, varying from four or five rods in length to over 100 rods long.

Gravel forms the best material for road surface. Sand has no use in the roadbed except in clay or kindred formation. A clay foundation is one of the worst for good and permanent road building. Clay packs in dry weather but softens up easily during

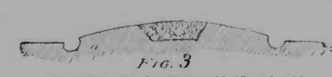

FIG. 3

STONE ON UNDRAINED CLAY.

rainfall. Successful work in making a solid and durable roadbed on a clay foundation has been done in this town. The first section was put down two years ago and thus far affords a dry, solid, and apparently durable roadbed. For years the practice had been, annually and as often as rains and large amount of travel rendered the road muddy and uneven, to haul on crushed stone and keep the surface fairly smooth and even. Two years ago the surface was covered with crushed stone three or four inches deep, and thoroughly pressed down with the steam roller. On top of this screened stone and coarse gravel was placed two inches deep and rolled. A finishing coat of ground granite, an inch or more in depth when rolled, gave a hard and even surface. The roadway is some 30 feet from ditch to ditch. Such roads are costly to build, of course, but the universal opinion among men of good judgment in these matters seems to be that such thorough work pays, and is the cheapest in the end. See Fig. 2.

In using the road machine on the country roads the proper thing to do is, first, to run the plow along the outer limit of the gutter or ditch. This gives a straight ditch and loosens up the soil so that two horses will carry the machine about as easily as four will without the plowing. As a rule, the travel of the road should not be disturbed by plow or machine where a fairly good roadbed has previously been secured. Neither should the soil and wash of the ditches be carried up by the machine and placed on the surface. Soil makes soft road. This should always be covered in deeply in some way, and let the hard pan or substratum form the top.

In some places it is necessary to remove the top soil a foot or more in depth and fill in stone. Such places frequently occur where it is not practicable to drain otherwise, and when the soil is retentive and heavy, freezing deeply gives a soft and muddy surface in spring. It is well to cut down squarely just beyond the wheel ruts, a foot or more and let the soil form a shoulder to hold the stone. Form the ditches upon the sides rather shallow so as not to remove the support to the shoulder which holds the stone from sliding from the roadbed. See Fig. 3.

Stones from the fields and useless wall upon the roadside may be used at the bottom, finishing off with small cobbles and crushed stone with a good coat of gravel over all.

It is about impossible to make satisfactory roads on clay without in some way providing drainage, so contrived that the least possible water will remain in the material which forms the travel of the road. Deep side ditches, a narrow roadbed with a high crown, thus making the water level 20 inches to two feet below the travel is one way to form a very fair road out of very poor material. This is improved by a mingling of sand, gravel or "shingle," with the clay to such proportions as the readily available supply will admit—even to one-half. This commingled gravel or other solid substance should extend at least a foot below the surface to bind the clay and withstand heavy travel.—L. F. Abbott, in Ohio Farmer.

KEEPING UP CALVES.

Indoor Summering After June Has Great Advantages.

The practice of keeping calves housed the first summer of their lives is becoming more and more general each year among progressive dairymen and beef raisers. Those who are endeavoring to find profit in either of those branches of stock raising are finding out that protection from heat, flies and dried pasture is about the cheapest and most effective plan to adopt. No doubt one principal reason why more calves are not housed, says Farmers' Advocate, is that it would involve a certain amount of regular labor in the shape of "chores" which so many object to in the summer season; but unless we take a lively, practical and self-sacrificing interest in our business in these times we cannot hope to reach the goal of greater profits in our business. The wide-awake and enterprising competitors who do things because they should be done and not draw the line at a point where an undertaking adds to or takes from a little of present personal comfort, are the ones that wear the hopeful expression to-day and declare that the times are mending. There is no question in the minds of those who have tried both plans but that indoor summering has great advantages over pasturing after the third week in June. So far as turning the calves out a few weeks on the fresh pasture before the heat and flies become harmful is concerned, there can be no greater disadvantage, provided the calves are not less than six or seven weeks old and the pasture is abundant and of good quality. Perfect liberty at this time, along with fresh grass or clover, skim milk, and a lick of oat chop, oil cake, or the like, will start the youngsters in the way to be profitable feed consumers. So long as these favorable conditions exist in the pasture lot there is no advantage in making changes, but when the time comes that a cool, dark stable and mown clover or oats and tares would give the calves greater comfort, just at that time should such conditions be administered. This is more particularly applicable to calves that are to become beefers, because we want to sell for money some time in the future every pound of gain our feed has made and not allow any of it to be lost after being once beneath the skin. With dairy calves rapid development, when of a muscular character, is very important. A stunted animal is always much less profitable than it would have been had its growth been continuous, because its digestion will be stronger and it will become a larger, better-looking beast, with greater capacity for service.

MARKING THE MILK.

It Enables One to See at a Glance Just When to Skim.

Where the milk is set in shallow pans it is wise to mark each day's milk, as "Tuesday morning," "Tuesday night," etc. In this way one can see at a glance just when to skim, and does not have to stop to reckon up the number

DEVICE FOR MARKING MILK.

of pans used each day. It is also often desired to mark a particular cow's milk, in order to observe its quality. A label and method of attachment is shown in the cut. A strip of pasteboard has its end bent over and wire inserted as shown. The fold is glued down, thus holding the wire. Bend the double wire and hang it over the pan's edge.—N. Y. Tribune.

ORCHARD AND GARDEN.

Two kittens in the garden are equal to a small cyclone.

No top on radish or other plant, no root. At least that is our experience.

Build a structure like a corn crib, with shelves in it, for drying onions.

Apply soap to the bark of trees now and it will lessen the number of borers.

Better than wrapping the ends of whiffletrees, when entitvnting the orchard, is to use a gentle horse and have the whiffletrees very short. — Western Plowman.

THIS PHOTOGRAPHER KNEW.

Consequently He Succeeded Where Others Failed.

There is a South side girl who until recently her friends thought the hardest person in the world to please. Not in general, but in a particular crochet of hers, that was photography. She used to have an inordinate number of likenesses of herself taken. The proofs generally seemed to please her very well, but on receiving the finished product she would go away somewhat disappointed and in a day or so inform her friends that the pictures were not a success, that she didn't like them at all and that she was going to try some other studio. It was in vain that the latter persisted that the pictures resembled her very much, or that they were exquisitely finished, or that they were from one of the best places in the city. She continued to be dissatisfied again and again. She would point out an imaginary speck or what she considered a defect in light or shade, then criticise the pose and say that she looked like a fright and finally wonder how the photographer could ask such prices for so mediocre a piece of work.

She was not by any means bad looking, but many of the photographers flattered her. Her friends knew that she was aware of this, consequently they could not attribute her peculiarity to injured vanity. They made various guesses and surmises at the real reason of her fastidiousness, but all were sooner or later disproved. At last, when they had about given up she came home one day perfectly radiant. She explained that she had at last found a photographer who understood his business. She dilated on the cleverness with which he had posed her and his thorough appreciation of everything truly artistic. Then she produced some very inferior photographs. Her friends were amazed. They couldn't believe she was serious. She went on descanting on her successess.

"I won't need to have any more taken, girls," she said.

They were at a loss for her reason until the conclusion of her ecstasy, which ran about as follows:

"Yes, he's just the loveliest photographer I ever went to. So thoroughly appreciative. Why, do you know, when I left he asked permission to put one in the window."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A DRAW GAME.

How Two Scotchmen Saved Their Reputations at Golf.

They were two local golf players, both Scotchmen, and they went out to the links to play a match in the dark. Each Johnnie had cut a hole in his pocket, and had a ball all ready to drop down in the leg of his trousers just in front of the other ball. Off they drove, and on they walked, and presently one says to the other:

"I say, Jock, my mon, I'm thinking yo're o'erwalking your ba'."

"Na, na," says the second, "mine was a fine, clean drive, but whaur's yours?"

"Eh, mon, mine was an awful clure."

So they went another 50 yards. Then the first says:

"Jock, mon, I'll tak' my davy we're past yours the noo."

"Then whaurs your ba'?"

"Eh, mine was an awful clure."

Another 50 yards brought them to the putting green.

"Eh, Jock, I'm no seeing your ba' on the green."

"Maybe you'd best see if it's in the hole."

"My certes, why there it is! And, eh, but it's curious; but there's mine in the hole beside it. Mon, it's awful curious."

"But's halved, then."

"Het's halved—one each—good play."

They teed up for the next hole solemnly. Then they stood looking at each other a moment before they drove off.

"Say, Jock, my mon, d'ye think it's any use to gang on playing like this?"

"I'm thinking it would just be a halved match."

"Het's my ain very thocht, Jock."

"A weel,we noo ca' it a halved match and gang hame."

"I'm thinkin' 'twould save a world of bother."

"I'm of the same opeeneon myself."—N. Y. Sun.

Half Rates to Indianapolis and Return.

Via the North-Western Line. Excursion tickets will be sold August 17 and 18, with extended limit to September 12, at one fare for the round trip, on account of Y. P. C. Union. Apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

Here is a problem hard to prove,
Of that there is no doubt,
Which takes less time—to fall in love;
Or when in love, fall out?
—Judge.

All good advice is to the effect that you should be good natured in hot weather. We would like to see the man who can be good natured in hot weather.—Atchison Globe.

It is amusing to see a couple of patent right men get into a squabble about who has the best invention.—Washington Democrat.

There is no time a boy feels greener than when he introduces his wife the first time.—Washington Democrat.

"I suppose," said the stern parent, "you know that the man who takes my daughter takes her as she stands, without a penny." "You don't say so," replied the impetuous lover; "in that case I shall be doing the dear girl a great wrong. I love her too well, sir, to take her under such conditions." And the stern parent embraced the impetuous lover, and folded him to his breast, and said unto him: "You are the man I have been looking for. You are an easy-going liar, and you have tact."—Boston Transcript.

When a man refuses to loan you money don't be too sure that it is because he has none.—Washington Democrat.

Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind, for the soul is dyed by the thoughts.—Marcus Aurelius.

No girl has a right to wear a white dress and blue sash in summer, if her mother does the ironing.—Atchison Globe.

It is a great luxury to feel good natured when those around you are cross.—Atchison Globe.

Lots of people do not know how to use a dictionary, and yet insist on using big words.—Washington Democrat.

How much better butter tastes that has been colored a pretty yellow than where it is left natural.—Washington Democrat.

A boy usually begins going wrong by lying to his mother.—Atchison Globe.

A well-plumed song has a market value in excess of the most weighty and deep-drawn sigh ever raised.—Peter Peculiar.

Your personal affairs are of mighty little concern to the world, unless you have been doing something that you oughtn't to.—Life.

It keeps a person busy these days refusing the loan of books he doesn't want.—Washington Democrat.

It is remarkable how anxious a woman is to go to church the first Sunday after she has a new hat.—Washington Democrat.

The way to make people anxious for a thing, is to pretend to prevent their having it.

We have never yet seen a girl so pretty we would be willing to carry a violin for her through the streets.—Atchison Globe.

A woman's idea of a kind husband is one who will let her dig up the yard anywhere to plant flowers.

Wearing Scarlet.

It is not generally known that the English royal family is the only one that has scarlet for its household color. The Portuguese, Prussian and Swedish sovereigns, and, in fact most of the German princes, wear blue. Austria, like the papal court, chooses black and yellow. Russia is in dark green, but England alone has bright scarlet. In a quaint book in the British museum there is written an ordinance of the time of Queen Elizabeth which permitted the wives of the aldermen of Cambridge to participate in the royal privilege of wearing red. The order itself is rather interesting. "It was ordained that every alderman who has been made before Christmus next shall buy for his wife a gown of scarlet; and that every mayor before Michaelmas next after his election shall buy for his wife a scarlet gown upon foreiture of ten pounds—five pounds to the poor man's box, and 50 shillings to the use of the town, 50 shillings to the poor man's box, and 50 shillings to the use of the mayor, and that the wives shall wear their gowns at the feasts following Christmas, Easter, Ascension day, and Whitsunday. To forfeit 20 shillings for every default—five shillings to the poor man's box, five shillings to the mayor, and ten shillings to the use of the town."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Pretty Dessert.

Soak half a package of gelatine in half a cupful of water for 15 or 20 minutes. Have prepared and strained a cupful of orange juice, half a cupful of lemon juice and a half cupful of sweet grape juice. Stir into this nearly a pint of granulated sugar, till it is dissolved. After dissolving the gelatine over hot water, stir in two-thirds of the juices and stir well, then turn into a mold to harden. Put the remainder into a dish and beat till it is all light and frothy. Pile up in a glass dish around the mold and garnish with candied fruits.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Genuine "Mark Down."

Mrs. Shopper—Do you believe that any of these mark-downs are genuine?

Mrs. Seizem—Some of them are, I know. My son got one of them.

"What was it?"

"A wife. He married a girl in a combination store. She was 24—marked down from 39."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

There Is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

They Usually Are.

"Was the count embarrassed when he proposed to you?"

"Certainly—financially."—N. Y. Journal.

Try Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures and prevents swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Creation is the organ, and a gracious man finds out its keys, lays his hands thereon and wakes the whole system of the universe to the harmony of praise. Mountains and hills and other great objects are as it were the bass of the chorus; while the trees of the wood, and all things that have life, take up the air of the melodious song.—Spurgeon.

Next to an Approving Conscience.

A vigorous stomach is the greatest of mundane blessings. Sound digestion is a guaranty of quiet nerves, muscular elasticity, a hearty appetite and a regular habit of body. Though not always a natural endowment, it may be acquired through the agency of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, one of the most effective invigorants and blood fertilizers in existence. This fine tonic also fortifies those who use it against malaria, and remedies biliousness, constipation and rheumatism.

"It is so aggravating to go house-hunting every spring, said the lady to the city. "We generally have to hunt ours up two or three times a summer," said the cousin from the cyclone belt.—Typographical Journal.

L. L. May & Co., nurserymen and seedsmen of St. Paul, Minn., want traveling salesmen to solicit orders. If readers of this paper will apply to the above firm for terms, positions can be obtained with good salaries.

"Did you tell that young man not to call here any more?" asked Mabel's father, severely. "N—no." "Why not?" "I didn't think that it was necessary. I don't see how he could call any more, now. He calls seven times a week."—Washington Star.

Mr. Moody's Iowa system, for which he has purchased 500 Sharples Dairy Separators, is turning out a great success. Why don't some one in our community try to secure the local agency for these machines?

Bride (who has eloped)—"Here is a telegram from papa." Bridegroom (anxiously)—"What does he say?" Bride—"All is forgiven, but don't come back."—Collier's Weekly.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. Allie Douglass, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 20, '94.

Every man is of the opinion that he paid a terrible price for his experience, while others got theirs at a bargain counter.—Atchison Globe.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

A man is the moving factor in getting engaged, but the woman keeps things stirred up until the marriage is consummated.—Atchison Globe.

FITS STOPPED FREE. PERMANENTLY CURED Insanity Prevented by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER

Positive cure for all *Nervous Diseases, Fits, Epilepsy, Spasms and St. Vitus' Dance.* No Fits or Nervousness after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges only when received. Send to DR. KLINE, Ltd., Reliance Institute of Medicine, 931 Arch Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS

NOTICE NAME TRUE Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND NOT THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

$12 to $35 Can be made working for us. Parties preferred who can give their whole time to PER WEEK. the business. Spare hours, though, may be profitably employed. Good openings for town and city work as well as country districts. J. E. GIFFORD, 11th and Main Streets, RICHMOND, Va.

OPIUM and Whiskey Habit cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent FREE. B. M. WOOLLEY, M.D., Atlanta, Ga.

WASHING A FINE ART.

Washing pretty summer gowns and belongings is a fine art, very easy to learn. A bright day, plenty of water and a little pure soap are the necessary aids in the work. To do it, fill a tub two-thirds full of warm water, dissolve a cake of Ivory soap (which will not fade the most delicate colors), add it to the water, wash the garments carefully through it; rinse first in clear water, then in bluewater; wring, dip in thin starch; hang on the line in the shade. When dry sprinkle and iron on the wrong side. Gowns thus laundered will look fresh for the entire summer.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

Watering Place Echoes.

Cats-kills—The bootjack.
New-port—A sweet beverage.
Old Orchard—The garden of Eden.
Bar Harbor—The toper's retreat.
Sara-toga—Mme. Bernhardt's wrapper.
Rich-field Springs—Standard oil wells.
Long Branch—The limb of a banyan tree.
Ocean Grove—The mermaid's coral forest.
Niagara Falls—A nigh aggravating place of falls profits.
Old Point Comfort—The north pole in the middle of summer.—Judge.

Queen & Crescent.

During the Tennessee Centennial and International Exposition at Nashville, Tenn., a low rate special tariff has been established for the sale of tickets from Cincinnati and other terminal points on the Queen & Crescent Route.

Tickets are on sale daily until further notice to Chattanooga at $6.75 one way or $7.20 round trip from Cincinnati, the round trip tickets being good seven days to return; other tickets, with longer return limit, at $9.90 and at $13.50 for the round trip.

These rates enable the public to visit Nashville and other Southern points at rates never before offered. Vestibuled trains of the finest class are at the disposal of the passenger, affording a most pleasant trip, and enabling one to visit the very interesting scenery and important battle-grounds in and about Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain and Chickamauga National Military Park. Tickets to Nashville to visit the Centennial can be repurchased at Chattanooga for $3.40 round trip. Ask your ticket agent for tickets via Cincinnati and the Q. & C. Route South or write to

W. C. RINEARSON, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Cincinnati, O.

The Prodigal.

When the prodigal came back from his tour a-wheel around the then known world, his fatted calf at once arrested the attention of the elder son. "Wouldn't that kill you!" exclaimed the latter, poking the old man in the ribs. It will be observed that this version varies the conventional order; such is the part of the higher criticism.—Puck.

Excursion to Niagara Falls.

On Thursday, August 12th, the Cleveland, Akron & Columbus R'y will run an excursion from Columbus, Zanesville and intermediate stations to Niagara Falls via Cleveland and the steamer "City of Buffalo," of the Cleveland and Buffalo Transit Co. The round trip rate to Niagara Falls will be $6.00 from Columbus and Zanesville, $5.00 from Mt. Vernon, $4.00 from Millersburg, $3.00 from Akron, and proportionately low rates from intermediate stations. Train will leave Columbus 11:30 a. m. and Zanesville 12:00 noon of that day, making fast time. Tickets good returning five days from date of sale. For special information as to trips beyond Niagara Falls and all details see special excursion bills or apply to any agent of this Company, or C. F. DALY, General Passenger Agent.

Civilizing a Chimpanzee.

"It's wonderful," said the man who is always earnest, "to see how they can develop the intellects of the lower animals. There is no telling how much we may be able to benefit them by systematic education."

"What suggested that idea?"

"A chimpanzee that I saw. He was once in a perfectly wild condition. Now they have by patient training taught him to smoke a pipe, play cards and drink whisky!"—Answers.

Visitors to Lincoln Park in Chicago

will be delighted with the souvenir book of this beautiful spot now being distributed by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company. It is a magnificent publication of 96 pages full to overflowing with delicious half tone pictures of one of Creation's most charming places of resort for citizens of the Great Republic.

No stranger visiting Chicago should be without a copy of the "Souvenir of Lincoln Park." It can only be procured by enclosing twenty-five (25) cents, in coin or postage stamps, to Geo. H. Heafford, general passenger agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago.

A Question in Grammar.—Mr. Kink (to a professor in Biddle university)—"Pertesser?" "Well, Mr. Kink?" "Which is the past tense of the verb 'to hoodoo'—hoodone or hoodid?"—Harlem Life.

WISE WOMEN.

Those Who Heed the First Symptoms of Nervous Derangement.

Special from Mrs. Pinkham.

A dull, aching pain at the lower part of the back and a sensation of little rills of heat, or chills running down the spine, are symptoms of general womb derangement.

If these symptoms are not accompanied by leucorrhœa, they are precursors of that weakness. It is worse than folly to neglect these symptoms. Any woman of common sense will take steps to cure herself.

She will realize that her generative system is in need of help, and that a good restorative medicine is a positive necessity. It must be a medicine with specific virtues. As a friend, a woman friend, let me advise the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If your case has progressed so that a troublesome discharge is already established, do not delay, take the Vegetable Compound at once, so as to tone up your whole nervous system; you can get it at any reliable drug store. You ought also to use a local application, or else the corrosive discharge will set up an inflammation and hardening of the parts. Mrs. Pinkham's Sanative Wash is put up in packets at 25 cents each. To relieve this painful condition this Sanative Wash is worth its weight in gold.

MRS. GEORGE W. SHEPARD, Watervliet, N. Y., says: "I am glad to state that I am cured from the worst form of female weakness. I was troubled very much with leucorrhœa, bearing-down pains and backache. Before using Mrs. Pinkham's Remedies it seemed that I had no strength at all. I was in pain all over. I began to feel better after taking the first dose of Vegetable Compound. I have used five bottles, and I feel like a new woman. I know if other suffering women would only try it, it would help them."

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee.

The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. ¼ the price of coffee.

15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers.

Tastes like Coffee
Looks like Coffee.

WE PAY CASH each WEEK to men all over U. S. to sell Stark Trees—cheapest, best. Outfit free—takes no money to try the work. Also want Club Makers—get their trees free. Drop us postal; name references. STARK NURSERY, Louisiana, Mo., or Rochester, N.Y.

Weeks Scale Works, STOCK, COAL, HAY, GRAIN, AND COTTON SCALES. BUFFALO, N.Y.

"DON'T BORROW TROUBLE." BUY **SAPOLIO** 'TIS CHEAPER IN THE END.

BE BEAUTIFUL! IF YOUR BLOOD IS BAD YOUR FACE SHOWS IT.

It's nature's warning that the condition of the blood needs attention before more serious diseases set in. Beauty is blood deep.

Cascarets

HEED THE RED FLAG OF DANGER,

When you see pimples and liver spots on your face.

Make the COMPLEXION Beautiful, by Purifying the BLOOD. If the blood is pure, the skin is clear, smooth and soft. If you take our advice, you will find CASCARETS will bring the rosy blush of health to faded faces, take away the liver spots and pimples. Help nature help you!

ALL DRUGGISTS. 10c., 25c., 50c. YOU CAN, IF YOU ONLY TRY. No. 230

OSSOR'S SNEEZELESS CATARRH SNUFF. A Positive Cure for HAY FEVER, COLD IN CATARRH. CATARRHAL HEADACHE. Mailed upon receipt of 25 cents (silver). THE OSSOR REMEDY COMPANY, 45 Arcade, Cleveland, Ohio. Agents Wanted.

SILOS HOW TO BUILD ASK WILLIAMS MFG. CO., KALAMAZOO, MICH.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

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AUG. 3 AND 17, SEPT. 7 AND 21, OCT. 5 AND 19. To the Farm regions of the West, Northwest and Southwest. Round trip tickets will be sold on dates named at all C. B. & Q. stations and at many Eastern points at about half fare, good for 21 days. Stop over allowed on going passage. Ask your local agent for particulars.

GO WEST AND LOOK FOR A HOME. A handsome illustrated pamphlet describing NEBRASKA sent free on application to P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agt., C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

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To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now* Chas. H. Fletcher *on every bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought* Chas. H. Fletcher *on the and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

March 8, 1897.

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Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"

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This we are prepared to answer for those contemplating Printing of every description. Write us and state your wishes fully. An experience extending over many years in the business is at the disposal of those who value the advantages of first-class Printing.

Neat Printing, on good paper, free of typographical errors, is the kind you want. Work that is done in a slovenly manner, for a cheap price, is not the kind that pays either the customer or the Printer. We do the other kind of work—THE BEST—at a price to make some money for ourselves. That's what we are in business for.

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OVER THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY and Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway.

The Southern Railway announces the following low rates from Washington, D. C., to Nashville, Tenn., occasion Tennessee Centennial Exposition:

Season Excursion Tickets will be sold daily, until and including October 15, at $28.75.

Twenty-day Excursion Tickets will be sold daily until October 15, at $21.50.

Ten-day Excursion Tickets will be sold on Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week, until October 26, 1897, at $15.30.

Rates for Military and Students in parties of 25 or more made known upon application.

Lv Baltimore, P. R. R.	9 20 PM	9 42 AM
" Washington, So. Ry	10 43 "	11 15 "
" Danville	6 00 AM	5 20 PM
Ar Salisbury (E. T.) "	9 37 "	8 50 "
" Asheville (C. T.) "	2 05 PM	12 32 AM
" Hot Springs "	4 21 "	1 29 "
" Knoxville "	7 25 "	4 00 "
" Chattanooga "	11 30 "	7 50 "
" Nashville, N. C. & St. L. Ry	6 45 AM	1 50 PM

The train leaving Baltimore at 9.20 P. M., daily, carries Pullman Buffet Sleeper New York to Salisbury, uniting with Pullman Sleeper (from Norfolk) to Nashville, Tenn., through "The Land of the Sky," without change.

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Full particulars free.

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47—52

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:
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Box 19, Westernport, Md.
9—1yr.

JOHN SHARTZER,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
offers his services to the people of Garrett County. Will cry land or personal property sales at any point in the county. 6-97-1yr.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 9, 1897.

Secretary Sherman is again at his desk in the State Department, and his flat-footed declaration that this government would not guarantee to Japan the execution of the decision of the arbitrator who will pass on the controversy between Japan and Hawaii shows that his backbone is in tip top condition. He says his little outing and rest did him much good and that if the weather in Washington remains as pleasant as it has been for several days he will not go again this summer. Secretary Sherman says he doesnt think there is anything in that story about Minister Sewall having last week declared a protectorate over Hawaii, and that if "Old Glory" has been raised over the islands it was because some act of the Japanese had caused Minister Sewall to consider such a course necessary to avoid future trouble and complications. Mr. Sewall has authority to raise the flag over Hawaii at any time he may consider it necessary.

The innovation of the Navy Department that our vessels must be put to a better use than being made to serve as attractions at seaside fashion resorts, will not please the young dancing officers who have found pleasure in posing as summer resort mashers, but it is being strongly endorsed by men who wish to see our navy made as efficient as possible by practice in sea drills. There has never been any good reason for making our navy an adjunct of seashore society.

Senator Gorman's little bluff about his not being a candidate for reelection is regarded in Washington as about the poorest one he ever made and as indicating his desperation. He knows that there are a considerable number of democrats in Maryland who intend to aid the republicans to elect a majority of the legislature, in order to be sure that he cannot be returned to the Senate.

Some of the testimony in the hearings, now going on, as to whether John Wedderburn & Co. should be disbarred from practice before the Patent Office has developed a condition that ought to open the eyes of everybody to the manner in which those who become victims of the get-rich-quick-through-a-patent fever, given them by insidiously worded advertisements and circulars, are being worked for their hard earned money, or the money of their neighbors who are caught by false reports made upon their alleged inventions by unscrupulous patent attorneys. Officials of the Patent Office have stated in their testimony that only about one-half of the thirty-seven hundred-odd applications for patents filed by John Wedderburn & Co., during the past two years have contained anything that was patentable, and that the portions that were patentable in many of the remainder were of such a nature that it was practically impossible for the inventor to ever get back the money it cost him to get the patent. They further stated that Wedderburn & Co. solicited and got in many instances, additional fees for making applications for foreign patents upon these devices, which they knew, or should of known were unpatentable; also that they sought to obtain, and did obtain, money for advertising them for sale at a fabulous price when they knew, or should have known that they were worthless.

Ex-Congressman Robert J. Tracewell, of Indiana, has qualified as Comptroller of the Treasury. This is the position that was held under the Cleveland administration by Robert B. Bowler, of Ohio, who obtained some unenviable notoriety by setting himself up as higher authority than the courts or an act of Congress, only to tumble ignominously off his self-erected pedestal. Mr. Tracewell is a very different sort of an individual, and will perform the duties of his important office in the same careful and thorough manner that he served his constituents in Congress.

Hon. Benj. Butterworth, Commissioner of Patents, is living up to expectations in the matter of raising the standard of practice before the Patent Office. This latest and most important move is an order providing that a register shall be kept of all persons entitled to practice before that office, and establishing rules under which attorneys may get their names upon that register. In these rules Maj. Butterworth has gone to the extreme limit of authority given him by the present somewhat satisfactory laws. He has other reform ideas which will require the sanction of the Congress before they can be carried out.

Ex-Secretary of State, John W. Foster, has returned from his diplomatic trip to Europe in behalf of the seal fisheries, and expresses himself as being entirely satisfied with the result of his trip—a conference in Washington next October, between representatives of this country, England, Russia and Japan.

It heals everything except a broken heart, may be said of DeWitt Witch Hazel Salve. Piles and rectal diseases, cuts, burns, bruises, tetter, eczema and all skin troubles may be cured by it quickly and permanently. Oakland Pharmacy.

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We carry something of everything. There is nothing you want that cannot be found in our store.

It is admitted by all that to sell goods and make a living a merchant must necessarily charge a profit. Some merchants charge more profit than others. We are one of the OTHERS and come nearer selling goods for nothing than anyone on the face of the earth. Here you get value for your money.

Our silversmith is one of the finest workmen in the United States as all will admit who have had any work done in that line by him.

Our jewelry department is filled to overflowing with everything in that line and we sell jewelry at less than manufacturers' prices.

We carry a complete line of staple and fancy groceries.

Call and get our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

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Two farms in District No. 2; 262 acres; near Elder Hill school house, improved by 2 houses, 3 barns and orchards. Will be sold separately or as a whole, to suit purchaser, on easy terms.

House of 4 rooms, 4 acres of land two miles south of Mt. Lake Park.

House and 1 acre of ground adjoining Loch Lynn Heights. Will be sold cheap.

A livery stable at Loch Lynn Heights; finest in the county; must be sold at once.

House and lot in Mt. Lake Park.

50 acres; improved by a small house; near Cranberry Glade farm.

House and 2 lots in McHenry.

Farm near Deer Park; improved.

A well improved farm near Ryan's Glade.

The above properties will be sold on easy terms.

One 50-acre lot adjoining the farm of W. T. Jamesson near Mt. Lake Park.

1 50-acre lot adjoining the lands of Mrs. Kilburne and —— Jackson near Mt. Lake Park; will be sold very cheap for cash.

7 building lots in Loch Lynn Heights.

The Phillips lands lying between Oakland and Mt. Lake Park; will be sold as a whole or in parcels to suit purchaser.

A lot of ground adjoining Mt. Lake Park on the Oakland road.

An improved farm of 100 acres, 2 miles from Terra Alta.

An improved farm of 200 acres near Crellin.

The Oakland Steam Laundry property.

7 large building lots in Oakland.

For further information, prices and terms, apply to

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Tomson's Red Seal Lye.

98 per cent. strength, granulated, packed in SIFTING TOP cans, is the greatest soapmaker, disinfectant and cleanser.

One Can will make 10 Pounds of Hard Soap.

Red Seal is the best disinfectant and purifier to use in sinks, drains, waste pipes and closets. It is handy, safe and sure. One can of Red Seal to 15 gallons of water sprayed, knocks potato bugs, cabbage worms, etc No damage to vines. 15-13

Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

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DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

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31—26

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of Mr. D. L. Conneway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT
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KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

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Full line of Bicycle Sundries carried in stock.

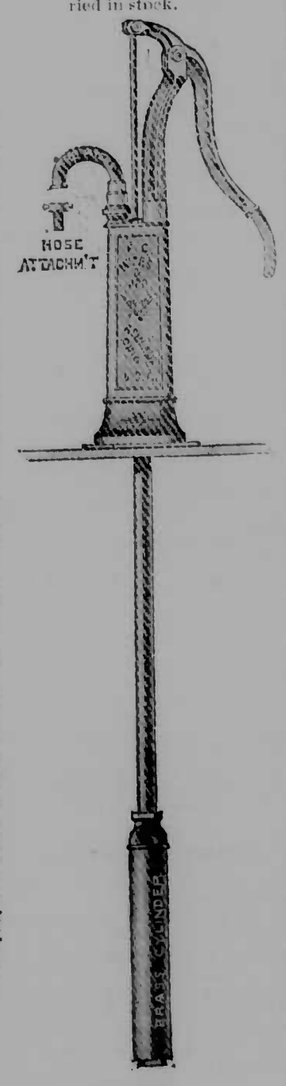

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Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

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AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
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A General Banking business transacted.

Prompt attention to collections. 133

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, May 16, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—	Daily	2.49 A. M
No. 3—	Daily	5.28 A. M
No. 71—	Accom daily except Sun	9.28 A. M
No. 47—	Daily	1.36 P. M
No. 55—	Express, daily	5.55 P. M
No. 1—	Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—	Daily	5.59 A. M
No. 2—	Daily	6.41 A. M
No. 72—	Accom daily except Sun	5.18 P. M
No. 46—	Daily	3.43 P. M
No. 4—	Daily	12.29 A. M
No. 14—	Accommodation	10.12 A. M

Train No. 55 makes no stops between Oakland and Grafton. No. 47 makes all stops.

D. B. MARTIN,
Manager of Passenger Traffic.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.
IN EFFECT JULY 18, 1897.

SOUTHWARD No. 3	No. 1	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 08*	8 08	lv Cumberland ar	12 00	17 30
3 29	8 29	Rawlings	11 31	7 01
3 52	8 52	Keyser	11 08	6 38
4 05	9 05	Westernport	10 55	6 25
4 09	9 09	W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	6 18
4 37	9 35	Shaw	10 24	5 50
5 02	10 00	Harrison	9 56	15 26
6 15	10 45*	ar Elk Garden	9 00	*1 00
5 35	10 55*	lv Gorman	9 21	4 51
5 42	10 42	Bayard	9 19	4 49
5 54	10 51	Doblin	9 09	4 39
6 27	11 27	Thomas	8 38	4 08
6 55	11 55	ar Davis	7 55	3 15
6 31	11 31	lv Oakton	8 31	4 01
7 01	12 01	Hendricks	8 00	3 30
7 07	12 07	Bretz	7 53	3 23
7 10	12 10	Parsons	7 50	3 20
7 45	12 45	Kerens	7 15	2 45
8 00	1 00*	ar Elkins	lv *7 00	12 30
	1 30*	ar Beverly	lv	*1 55
	3 05*	ar Bealington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1897. NUMBER 24.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Girls are wearing golden rod.

Miss Devries, of Baltimore, is in Oakland visiting friends.

The fellow who picks a pocket works for all there is in it.

Mr Harry Loar, of Grafton is in Oakland visiting his parents.

Maryland farmers are getting 92 cents for their wheat from buyers.

Vegaration is not allowed to suffer for the want of moisture this season.

Mr. A. F. George, of Swanton, was in Oakland a day or two this week.

Mrs. E. A. Ross, of Columbia, Ohio, is spendidg the summer in Oakland.

Mr. Henry F. Kald, of Grantsville, spent Tuesday in town with friends.

Mrs. Zimmerman and daughter, Miss Lottie, are in Oakland for the summer.

Dr. F. H. Ravenscroft, of Accident, was in Oakland a short while last evening.

Special low prices on Phætons, two and three seated Spring Wagons at Naylor's. 24-3t*

Mr. Peter P. Lohr, of Bittinger, was in the city Monday and called at this office.

Miss Mary Mohler, of Harper's Ferry, is in Oakland visiting her sister, Mrs. S. M. Engle.

Mr. William H. Malette left for New York City last night where he has gone on business.

Mr. Thomas Bartlett, of Bloomington, was in Oakland on business Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Linville, of Baltimore, are in Oakland as guests at the Bosley House.

Mr. Jacob S. Meyers went down in District No. 2 Tuesday where he will remain a few days.

Rev. and Mrs. Moffette, of Cumberland, are here on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Roberts.

One of the queer things about this time of the year is that roasting ears are always boiled.

Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Shaffer, of Kingwood, visited Mr. and Mrs. Robert Felty a few days this week.

Mr. A. B. Sandell, of Baltimore, spent a week's vacation in Oakland as a guest at the Commercial.

Because bread is the staff of life is no reason why a man should turn his whole existence into a long loaf.

You should see Naylor's big stock of Buggies, Surreys, Daytons, and will sell cheap and on good terms.

Ex-Sheriff Charles Wegman, of Grantsville, was last week appointed to the police force in Baltimore city.

Messrs. Thomas and John Browning, of near Thayerville, were in Oakland yesterday morning on business.

The feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary was celebrated in the Catholic church here on Sunday.

Mr. Edward Bartlett, who has a lucrative position in a Cumberland drug store, is home this week on a vacation.

Mr. D. Stull, who spent several weeks here with the family of Mr. J. Stoddard, returned to his home in Pennsylvania yesterday.

Mr. Robert R. Henderson, of the Cumberland bar, was in Oakland last Saturday and made sale of some real estate at mortgagee's sale.

Prof. A. W. DeWitt, of Frostburg, arrived in Oakland Tuesday and yesterday went down in the lower end of the county on business.

A substantial crossing has been put down by the city officials at Mr. Offutt's store leading across Second street. We need more of them.

Dr. and Mrs. Bruce Lichty, of Grantsville, drove over to Oakland Monday and remained here a few days as the guests of Mrs. Lowenstein.

The Alleghany conference of the Maryland Synod will hold its first convention on Tuesday, Aug. 24, 1897, in St. Paul's Ev. Lutheran church, Oakland.

Don't nauseate your stomach with teas and bitter herbs, but regulate your liver and sick headache by using those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

An infant son of Mike Shetlock, an Italian, residing near Crellen, died on Tuesday. The body was brought to Oakland yesterday morning and interred.

S. Moreland, of near Gorman, ...h Oakland Tuesday on ...n, Pa., where he ...before return...

On Sunday night next Rev. S. M. Engle will preach in the Garrett Memoral church. Aside from the Sunday school this will be the only service in the Garrett church on Sunday.

I will have one hundred and fifty bushels of first class seed ready for for sale August 25th at my home near Hoyes, Md. The wheat has proven to be well adapted to this climate. Geo. E. Bishoff. 1t.

Mr. A. B. White and family, of Parkersburg, who spent a week or two in Brookside, returned to their home yesterday evening. Mr. White was taken ill at Brookside which hurried his departure

Octagon Soap, two bars for 5 cents, at Thos. Little's.

Yesterday the Board of School Commissioners was in session transacting routine business and selecting the books to be used during the coming winter. Very few changes were made in the books.

"They don't make much fuss about it." We are speaking of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous Little pills for constipation, billiousness and all stomach and liver troubles. They never gripe. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Isaac A. Paugh, of near Deer Park, was in Oakland Tuesday on business. Mr. Paugh is one of the leading farmers of the county and the fact that all farm products are increasing in price makes him quite happy.

Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Smith, who spent last week with Mr. Smith's parents over in Preston county, West, Va., returned to Oakland Monday afternoon, accompanied by Messrs. Walter and George Smith.

Burning, itching skin diseases instantly relieved by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, unequalled for cuts, bruises, burns. It heals without leaving a scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

This evening at the Loch Lynn Hotel an entertainment will be given for the benefit of a hospital ward. Selections, solos, etc., constitute the program. To-morrow night a cake walk will be given at the same hotel.

John Griffin, of Zanesville, O., says: "I never lived a day for thirty years without suffering agony, until a boy of Witch Hazel Salve cured my piles." For piles and rectal troubles, cuts, bruises, sprains, eczema and all skin troubles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr Thomas L. Jackson, the tramp poet, contributes to to-day's REPUBLICAN a poem dedicated to the Mountain Chatauqua, which should be read and preserved by all our patrons. Mr. Jackson's writings are all high class and of great merit.

Four thousand people attended the Mountain Lake Chautauqua, Tuesday. Dr. Talmage said he had visited eighty-five Chautauquas, and that he considered the one at Mountain Lake Park exceeded any of them in attention and attendance.

"I crave but One Minute," said the public speaker in a husky voice and then he took a dose of One Minute Cough Cure, and proceeded with his oratory. One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled for the throat and lungs. Oakland Pharmacy.

During the past few weeks six thousand dollars have been distributed among the widows of the late M. L. Scott, David Little and Thomas Carr by the lodge of Knights of Honor in Oakland, of which the deceased husbands were members.

Vim, vigor and victory;—these are the charistics of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, billiousness and all stomach and liver troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Octagon Soap, two bars for 5 cents, at Thos. Little's.

2-4

Last Sunday afternoon lightning struck the barn on Judge Edward Stake's farm in Washington county, setting it on fire. The barn along with about thirty loads of hay and eight hundred bushels of grain, were completely destroyed, entailing a loss of several thousand dollars. The property was fully insured.

Govenor Lowndes, following the provisions of the act of Congress, will issue a proclamation declaring the first Monday in September, Labor Day, a legal holiday in Maryland. The twelfth of September, Defenders' Day, a legal holiday for the municipality of Baltimore, falling on Sunday, no other day will be named as a holiday.

There is a time for everything; and the time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait until you have consumption but prevent it by using Minute Cough Cure, the great ...oughs, colds, croup, bron...oat and lung tron...ey.

THE CHICAGO—MT. LAKE GAME.

Mr. Bonney's Team of College Players Were As Infants in the Hands of "Pap" Anson's Colts.

Tuesday was Talmage day at Mountain Lake Park and Chicago-Mt. Lake Park day at Oakland. The great lecturer lectured before thousands at the auditorium and the base ball players played before hundreds at Jack Oak Park.

Prior to the calling of the game Manager Legge had bleachers erected at the ball grounds with a seating capacity of two hundred or more. The bleachers and grand stand were packed and a big crowd of enthuiasts was standing around outside the ropes.

The crowd was orderly and well behaved. Good humored jesting and shouting to the players was indulged in. "Pop" Anson came in for a great share of the jesting and was made the butt of many jokes.

Game was called at 2.45 with Donohue, one of the Chicago players, as umpire. Mr. Lake was first at the bat and was retired without making a score. In the second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth innings it was the same. In the seventh, however, one run was made. In the eighth two runs were made and in the ninth one, making a total of four.

The Colts in the first inning made five runs, in the second eight and third, one. In the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh innings no scores were made. In the eighth two runs were scored, making a total of sixteen for the visitors.

By reference to our advertising columns to-day it will be seen that books will be opened on October 1st at the office of the Preston Lumber and Coal company in Oakland to recieve subscriptions to the capital stock of the Preston Railroad company. The shares will be $100 each. The road will open up a new country in this and Preston county, West Va., all of which is rich in timber and mineral.

Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy always affords prompt releif. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

One of the quickest weddings that has transpired in Oakland for some time came off in the waiting room at this place last Thursday evening. Zellen P. Robinson eloped with Isa A. Coogle, both from Arnettsville, ... Oakland they had only a few moments to have the ceremony performed, in order to return on the next train. The license was procured, a preacher dispatched for and in less than thirty minutes after their arrival they were declared man and wife.

"Let me give you a pointer," said M. F. Gregg, a popular conductor on the Missouri Pacific railroad. "Do you know that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy cures you when you have the stomach ache? well, it does," and after giving this friendly bit of advice, the jolly conductor passed on down the aisle. It is a fact that thousands of railroad and traveling men never take a trip without a bottle of this Remedy, which is the best cure for bowel disorders in the world. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The attempt of the Postoffice Department to compel postmasters to put a legible date stamp upon mailed letters will be gratefully appreciated by business men. The time of mailing a letter is often a matter of importance. The use of envelopes has somewhat diminished the value of the postmark as positive evidence in business transactions involving a question of dates; but there is none the less great necessity for a reform in postoffice practice for many sufficient reasons.

It is always gratifying to receive testimonials for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diaharrhœa Remedy, and when the endorsement is from a physician it is especially so. "There is no more satisfactory or effective remedy than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy," writes Dr. R. E. Bobey, physician and pharmacist, of Olney, Mo., and as he has used the Remedy in his own family and sold it in his drug store for five years, he should certainly know. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Woman's Christian Union Meeting.

The fifth annual convention of the Woman's Christian Union of Garrett county will be held in Oakland on August 28th and 29th. It is believed that the convention will be of greater interest than any preceding it. Will each local union send in a full delegation. Superintendents are expected to be present and report the work done.

A program will appear in the next issue of THE REPUBLICAN.

Call for Your Letters.

Turner A. Miller, Chas. Loar, Walter Loy, J. Edward Arnold, Charley Troy, Mrs. Mary Baker, Mrs. P. C. Green, Miss Georg. Cothens.

Primary Meeting.

By reference to the call published in another column of this journal it will be noticed that Chairman James C. Peddicord has called the primaries for Friday (to-morrow) at which time it is hoped a full vote of the Republican party will be cast electing the delegates to the county convention which is to convene in Oakland on Tuesday next.

The fight for the places on the ticket has been carried on in a bold, aggressive manner by the various candidates, the main interests centering around the offices of Senator and County Treasurer.

The latest avowed candidate for Senatorial honors is Dr. R. A. Ravenscroft, who has been making a still hunt in the lower districts. This will be the cause of making matters more complicated. Senator Ravenscroft, up to three weeks ago, declined to state whether or not he was an aspirant for renomination, although at that time he was looked upon as being in the fight.

The other candidates are Messrs. John Shartzer and A. F. George. Mr. Shartzer is confident of securing the nomination over both opponents and Mr. George is equally as sure.

Mr. J. S. Meyers is making a fight for the Treasurership, as is also Messrs. Mahlon Glotfelty, James W. White, A. G. Ross, Horace R. DeWitt and one or two others who are not making much noise but sawing wood.

Tuesday's convention promises to be quite lively but when the nominations are made we feel sure that all will be harmony in the ranks of the party and that the full ticket will be elected by good majorities. To that end we pledge our best endeavors.

The Strike at Corinth.

Last Friday morning a number of the more clamorous miners at Coriurth were arrested and taken to Terra Alta on warrants charging them with rioting and making threats to destroy property. A hearing was given them by Justice Hill who dismissed the cases upon the promise made by the strikers to leave the community by Monday morning. The promise thus made has been violated and they are still there.

Five miners were put to work Monday to mine coal for the brick kilns but some of these have been to ing. Everything is quiet, however, at the mines and no more trouble is feared.

For Sale.

A store, house and lot at Sand Spring—a first-class business stand—postoffice and telephone connections. Terms to suit purchaser. Write or call on J. H. FEARER & SON, 22-3t Fearer, Md.

The Work of Vandals.

Sometime during Sunday night or early on Monday morning some unknown person or persons smashed a large window in Malett's building by throwing a rock through it. Where the window is broken is a pile of clothing in the store room of Mr. John Felty, but whether the person who threw the rock stole any of the clothing it is impossible to say.

The same night and probably the same person broke a glass in Mr. Thomas Little's store window and extracted a pair of shoes. The loss of the shoes was not missed until late in the day when Mr. Little went on the hunt and inspected the feet of strangers of a suspicious character.

Sunday Services at St. Paul's M. E. Church.

The usual Sunday morning services will be held. Sunday school at 9.15 a. m.; preaching by the pastor at 10.30 a. m.; class meeting at 12 m. At the Sunday evening service Rev. J. W. Harkness, Ph. D., Weston, W. Va., will occupy the pulpit. Dr. Harkness was pastor of the M. E. church at Terra Alta two years ago, and is well and favorably known as a preacher in Oakland. All are invited to these services.

High Jinks at Camp Meeting.

Sunday was the big day at the Tunnelton camp-meeting and hundreds were present. The religious people were in attendance at the services all day and hundreds of others were enjoying sports near by. Horse trading was in progress and whisky was sold without license.

The crowd became boisterous and many were arrested within sight of the preachers. Several old offenders were captured. Three violators of the revenue law were arrested by United States Marshal D. R. Jackson. They were Mart Shahan, a moonshiner, and Emery Ervin and Amos Snyder, two illicit sellers. Frank Wilson, a fugitive outlaw from Pennsylvania, was arrested, and the two Miller boys were taken in on pence warrants.

THE BAKER FORTUNE.

Mr. Jacob Brown Contributes the Following Concerning a Famous Estate.

The great Baker estate or fortune has for some time been a matter of lively interest to a great number of people, not only of Somerset and adjoining counties, but many other parts of the country. At present there is a superabundance of the Bakers and their kindred.

The situation of the fortune is at or near Philadelphia, and it is said to have its origin or foundation in the following manner—one Jacob Baker some time in the latter part of the past century was the owner of a large landed estate near Germantown, Pa. He made leases of it to run for 99 years which expired some time ago. He was never married, and of course without children, but it is understood he had brothers and sisters, whose descendents are necessarily his heirs at law. As is supposed he died without leaving a will. In law at the expiration of the leases the fee or property so leased reverts to the rightful heirs of Jacob Baker, whoever or whatever their names might be. So if there really be an estate, the next thing to be done will be to hunt up the rightful Baker heirs of whatever name they may bear.

Among those who appear to be in line are the Meese heirs. Their trueing in brief is about thus. Baltzer Meese was a Revolutionary soldier and hailed some where from Eastern Pennsylvania. Not many years after the close of the war in which he took an active part he came to and settled in Elk Lick township—at Salisbury among the few settlers. Peter Shirer for one. He was a quiet citize and now only remembered by a few aged people. He had a small drug store. His favorite medicine was *gulden dure* an assured cure or remedy for all ills. In his last years he moved to a place near Somerset, where he died in 1838, aged 82 years. His wife was Nancy Baker, and it is claimed she was a sister of the venerable Jacob Baker. She died about a year before her husband.

The children of Baltzer Meese and Nancy Baker were seven in number: George, Christian John and Daniel. Annie, wife of Benjamin Griffith. Sallie, wife of Christian Forney, and Peggy, wife of John Seagy. All or families, but only some are known to the writer chiefly George's. He was Sheriff of Somerset county in the thirties, and a very prominent man of the county for many years. He died in 1851. His wife was Lydia Penrod, a sister of the mother of the author of these reminiscences. Lydia Meese died in 1880. She and her husband had twelve children. Two died in infancy. The adults were Andrare, Elijah, dead, John also dead, Alexander Ogle, living in the west—daughters Nancy, wife of Samuel Huston, both dead. Margarett, wife of Jonathan Knepper, former Sheriff and Associate Judge of the county. Kissiah, wife of Hiram Wills. Adaline, widow of the late Philip Smith, now living at Rockwood, a lady greatly respected for her many excellent traits of womanly character, and lastly Louisa, wife of John Walter. They reside near Rockwood, both living.

Christian Meese was a miller by trade. His wife was one of the Fadley family. They have been dead for many years. They had sons and daughters, Baltzer, a son lived in Accident, Md., and died there some years ago. There was another well known son John. He has a considerable family, among them, Nelson M. Meese, a very respectable citizen of Barton, Md., was a soldier in the great war. A daughter of old Christain Meese, Mary, was the wife of Hiram Findlay, at one time Senator of Somerset county—dead for a number of years. The widow is still living—in Salisbury, Pa., in her eighties; a good thing for her if she could get a lift in her old days—none will begrudge it to her.

And now a word about the Cumberland claimants—the Korns heirs. Henry Korns, the ancestor, came to Cumberland in early life with his wife; from Germantown; his wife was Catharine Baker and the heirs believe a sister or at least a near relative of the veritable Jacob Baker. Henry Korns died in 1860 and his wife died in 1835. They had two well known sons highly respected in Cumberland: Jesse and Henry, besides a sister or more. Jesse died in 1880, and Henry in 1878. Old Henry has other descendants besides the children of the two sons mentioned. Mr. Wm. M. Price now of Pittsburg, one of the attorneys in the great Baker matter is the husband of one of the daughters of Jesse Korns. From this view, it would appear the Cumberland claimants have a fair prospect for success.

No. 11.—Polished Solid Oak 5-Drawer Chiffonier, 53 inches high, 30¾ inches long, 18 inches deep. It is well constructed and has good locks on each drawer. Special price, (Orders promptly filled).

$3.39

Our success is not accidental. It is the reward of 48 years of honorable business. Our experience in the Furniture and Carpet business is yours for the asking. Our numerous illustrated catalogue of Furniture, Crockery, Baby Carriages, Refrigerators, Bedding, Springs, Steel Beds, etc., is free to all who write for it, and we pay postage. If you see some bargain advertised you will not send for our catalogue, as he will lose a customer. If you consult your pocket-book and want possible value for your dollars, you will deal with the manufacturers. Send your name on a postal now.

Julius Hines & Son
BALTIMORE, MD.

The Baker name is to be remembered is a very common one of English origin, hence it will reach back for generations; even to the Mother Country, but in the present investigations it is only necessary to trace the collateral heirs of Jacob Baker a bone—assuming he died with a will, —or heirs of his own body. There are a great many Bakers by name in the counties of Allegany, Garrett and Somerset. A hundred years ago or more Thomas Baker was assessed in Allegany with two military lots of land, 50 acres each, and John Baker with a part of Rich Hill 150, acres. It is not now clear what has become of these two men, or who their decendents are or where. In later years, John, Peter, Daniel and William Baker were residents of Grantsville and neighborhood. It was understood they originally came from Pennsylvania. All dead and but little now known of them or their heirs, except Peter who was a very prominent man, once a merchant in Grantsville. Moved to Oakland, and in his last years to Meyersdale where he died not long since. He left several sons and daughter, the wife of Captain Jarboe a prominent citizen now of Oakland, Md., being one.

Jas Baker. His residence was in Greenville township. Probably he at one time lived in Maryland, at any rate he was a tax payer there nearly 100 years ago, and was known throughout Allegany county; he was a surveyor by profession, and acted on both sides of the State line. He wielded the "gray goose quill" with great proficiencey—believe we have a specimen not less than three quarters of a century in age. It is understood that he was at Willow Creek, below Wheeling in 1774 when the Logan family were killed, which has been charged to Col. Cresap or his men. This Baker and his many marvelous stories, told more for amusement than credence, are now nearly forgotten. About 50 years in his old age he moved to Ohio where he died long years since. Solomon Baker now past three score and ten has for many years been one of Garrett county's respectable citizens. He came from Somerset county. His wife (living) is a Custer, a relative of the celebrated General Custer.

J. BROWN.

Now Trial Asked In the Tasker Case.

On Tuesday Attorney Thomas J. Peddicord went down to Cumberland and made argument before Judges Boyd, Sloan and Stake for a new trial in the case of Hiram P. Tasker vs. the County Commissioners of Garrett county. It will be remembered that several months ago in the Washington county court a verdict for $5,300 was rendered against the county in favor of Tasker. Messrs. Richmond and Blackiston appeared for Mr. Tasker.

A Remarkable Cure of Chronic Diaharrhœa.

In 1862, when I served my country as a private in Company A, 167th Pennsylvania Volunteers, I contracted chronic diarrhœa. It has given me a great deal of trouble ever since. I have tried a dozen different medicines and several prominent doctors without any permanent relief. Not long ago a friend sent me a sample bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, and after that I bought and took a 50-cent bottle, and now I can say that I am entirely cured. I cannot be thankful enough to you for this great Remedy, and recommend it to all suffering veterans. If in doubt write me. Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

It heals everything except a broken heart, may be said of DeWitt Witch Hazel Salve. Piles and rectal diseases, cuts, burns, bruises, tetter, eczema and all skin troubles may be cured by it quickly and permanently. Oakland Pharmacy.

TWO PERAMBULATORS.

BY AGNES CARR SAGE.

"OH, JACK, JACK! You are my one ray of hope amid Egyptian darkness!" And little Mrs. Henley precipitated herself headlong upon her brother's breast, regardless of consequences to a very stiff and immaculate shirt bosom. "It was so good of you to come early, for never was woman nearer the verge of nervous prostration. You know the Whist club meets here tonight and that Charlie has been suddenly called out of town on important business. Then this morning the cook had a flare-up with Ruth, the nursemaid, and took French leave; Silverman & Co. have failed to send the fan—such a beauty painted in orchids—which I ordered for a first prize; the baby has just cut a tooth and is—well—not quite so angelic as usual; while now, to cap the climax, here comes a note from Mrs. Sherman saying she is down with an attack of la grippe and cannot be present this evening; so one table will be short, as it is nearly four o'clock, altogether too late to invite anyone else."

And when she paused from sheer want of breath all Jack could ejaculate was "By Jove!"

He succeeded in looking so sympathetic, however, that it was like a tonic to his depressed sister, who soon rallied. "For you will help me out; won't you, Jack?"

"Sure; if I can. But, though there is considerable of me, I hardly think I could divide myself into two, and the fellows in camp decided that golf and basket ball were more my forte than cooking. Too apt to sugar the soup and salt the strawberries."

"Then you sha'n't make the coffee or turn out the ices," laughed Mrs. Henley. "I'll let you off that if you'll go at once down to Silverman's, see the manager or somebody and demand that orchid fan or his life. And, oh, Jack, would it be an awful bore to take Harold with you in his little carriage? The poor child is really suffering for a breath of fresh air, and it would be a positive charity to Ruth and me, who have a hundred things to do."

Now, if Jack Vinton had not been just the big, unselfish, kindly chap he was he would certainly have refused this last request. But as it was, he said: "All right; trot the kid out;" and said it with a smile, too. Nor would anyone have supposed him a victim on the altar of fraternal affection as he strode down the crowded avenue at the fashionable hour, pushing before him a pretty pink and white canopied perambulator, in which, under a soft white fur rug, nestled that scrap of humanity he called his nephew.

"Wonder if I have the true paterfamilias air?" he thought, as he observed sundry quizzical, girlish glances [illegible] mind reverting, as it had done very often of late, to a fair compagnon de voyage with whom he had crossed the ocean three months before, but whom he had not seen since they parted on the wharf, their homes being in different cities. "Dear little pocket Venus! She, too, had a married sister living in B—— and said she frequently visited here. Wish—"

But at this juncture his meditations were rudely broken by his coming into violent collision with another wicker equipage advancing from the opposite direction. One which might have been a twin to the one he was wheeling.

"Begorra, and can't ye be afther lookin' where you're a-goin'!" exclaimed the Celtic maid who was the propelling power of the second tiny turnout, and as he appeased her wrath with a humble apology and one of his winning smiles, he discovered that they were right abreast of Silverman & Co.'s vast emporium, where everything is sold from a paper of tacks to a diamond necklace. Most imposing it was, too, with its gayly dressed windows and deep, tiled vestibule.

This, likewise, appeared to be the objective point of the nurse girl, who, as Jack cried out in disgust: "Cracky, have I got to tote the kid through all that crowd!" volunteered: "No, sir, he's sound aslape, so ye kin jist l'ave him right here in the restabull, as I'm a-goin' to do mine," and she pointed to a row of occupied and unoccupied baby carriages lining the spacious entrances.

"Hope the 'restabull' is a safe place," chuckled Jack, as he located his charge with the rest of the waiting infants. "Anyway, I won't be five minutes."

But he counted without his host, being sadly ignorant of the ways and delays of retail merchants. The saleslady referred him to the floor walker, the floor walker to the packer, and the packer to the manager; all of which consumed so much time that five minutes lengthened to 50, and the electric lights were twinkling in the street when he at last emerged, the orchid fan buttoned up in his breast pocket, picked out the perambulator with the dainty, pink-lined, lace-covered top, and started homeward.

"Why, Nora, what an age you have been!" cried a fresh young voice, as a slight, sunny-haired girl ran down the steps of a handsome brown stone house, bent over a small carriage and lifted the tiny occupant in her arms. "You have been long enough to go down town and match that ribbon twice over." Then, without listening to the nurse's excuses: "Come to auntie, darling! She will give baby her supper and put her to bed while mamma is away. Fetch the milk up at once, Nora." And off she tripped, with the rosy little creature cuddled close to her neck.

But it was a veritable young tigress who, ten minutes later, confronted the astonished Cell and shook her until her teeth chattered and the milk splashed over upon her apron.

"Blissed Mother! w-w-whativer is the matther, Miss Bessie?" stammered poor Nora.

"Matter enough, you miserable girl!" And with the air of a tragedy queen, the young lady waved her hand toward the infant now wailing lustily on the bed. "Look there! Is that our Margery's curly head? No. Are those our Margery's big, blue eyes? No. Is this our Margery at all? No; it isn't. It's—it's—a—a strange baby. Nothing like our precious, beautiful pet—but a great, fat, ugly boy."

"There, sis, now will you be good?" said Jack Vinton when he finally appeared in the darkling gloaming, and deposited the fan in her hand and the baby on her lap.

"Yes, indeed, you blessed boy," responded the little woman, once more all smiles and dimples. "You have been a real friend in need and can now go and make yourself look as fascinating as possible."

So it was with an approving conscience, a decided inclination to pat himself, metaphorically, on the back, that the young man withdrew to dress for the evening, when he was to fill the position of host in place of the absent lord and master.

But he had scarcely divested himself of his coat and was still wrestling with a collar button, when his chamber door was burst unceremoniously open and he, too, like Nora, was swooped down upon by a pale, wild-eyed woman, who in a stern voice demanded:

"Jack Vinton, is this a practical joke you are trying to play on me? Where is my Harold? How dare you bring me back somebody else's child?"

"Somebody else's child?" and it was now Jack's turn to stare in stupid amazement.

"Yes, sir (sob); a miserable, spindling, little thing that I never set eyes on before (sob) instead of my great, healthy, lovely boy," and with something betwixt a gasp and a scream Mrs. Henley sank limply on the lounge.

"Of course it's possible the kid might have gotten swapped in that confounded vestibule, only I know the carriage all right. Pink and white umbrella—fur rug. Picked 'em out straight as a string. There, dear, don't get so excited, for I am convinced you are wrong. Now, how do you know this is not your Harold?"

A withering glance was his reward for this speech.

"As if a mother could be mistaken in her own child! Jack, you're an idiot. Besides this baby is—is—the other kind."

Jack wilted.

Silverman & Co.'s store was closed for the night. The long line of employes had filed out; the iron gates were tightly shut and locked. But for the second time that day two perambulators nearly collided in front of its portal. Both came to an abrupt standstill.

"Closed, by Jove!" came from the pilot of the other.

"However shall I live through this night," sighed the former, and, at the mournful tone, her companion in misery whirled around. An electric light shone full on her face.

"Miss Allison!"

"Mr. Vinton!"

"This is a knock-down surprise!"

"It is, indeed. What brings you here and with—with—" a questioning look at the little carriage.

"You'll never guess, for—isn't it funny?—I am hunting a lost baby."

"You are? Why, so am I." Then peering under the dainty rose-lined canopies. "It looks, too, as if we had both found what we want. Suppose we exchange perambulators."

And as they did so, they laughed in joyful sympathy, while suddenly the heart of each commenced to beat to a new and sweet refrain.

"Oh, I am so thankful," sobbed Bessie Allison, as she hugged her wee niece to her breast. "See, Mr. Vinton, isn't Margery the prettiest little flower of a baby?"

"Lovely. And what do you think of my nephew, Harold?"

"Oh, he is a fine, noble-looking boy."

"Fair, I believe; but girls are always sweeter. So this young lady I have been trundling about is called Margery," taking her from Miss Allison and dandling her awkwardly. "Well, Margery, please ask your auntie if she remembers those moonlight nights on the City of Paris."

"Da, da, da," cooed Margery.

Which Miss Bessie seemed to understand, for she answered demurely, "Yes, baby; tell Harold's uncle I do and always shall, for it was the happiest week of all my life."

And Margery gurgled, "Goo—o—o!"

"Now, Bertha, I think I deserve absolution," pleaded the young man, when Master Harold was once more, safe and very cross, in his mother's arms, "for I have not only found the heir of the house of Henley, but secured a substitute for Mrs. Sherman. Miss Allison, an old and dear friend of mine, and a good whist player, has promised to come to-night if I will go and fetch her. Isn't that returning good for all the evil you have been heaping upon me?"

"Maybe I was a bit hard," acknowledged his sister, as she overwhelmed her offspring with caresses. "Being a man, I didn't suppose you knew any better than to follow that dangerous nurse-maid custom of leaving children alone in the vestibules of shops. I feel, however, as though my hair must have turned white from fright, and all because of those dreadful mixed-up perambulators."

But as Jack sprang upstairs, three steps at a time, he murmured:

"Those blessed perambulators!"—Ladies' World.

CAUGHT THE EDUCATED CRAB.

It Had Spoiled Cap'n Eph's Fishing, But Was Landed by Medford Rum.

The Educated Crab came to grief the other day and Cap'n Eph Browles visited the village to celebrate the event. When last seen, bound over the hills of Hardscrabble, he was close hauled and laying a course as tortuous as the wake of a mackerel smack beating to windward against tide and a stiff no'theaster.

Cap'n Eph had been fishing for the Educated Crab ever since he was so afflicted with rheumatism that he had to knock off cruising between Bishop and Clerk's lighthouse and the Handkerchief ledge, and do all his fishing in the bay or off the breakwater. He had always maintained that the Educated Crab was raised in Buzzard's bay and that it had legs around New Bedford. It showed a vicious knowledge, according to Cap'n Eph, only to have been gained by long experience among whalemen.

"I s'pose that air crab hez been afoul my line at least 'leven hundred times," remarked Cap'n Eph when he stood in front of the post office and displayed the cadaver of the crab, which he had brought from the beach carefully wrapped in a paper.

"How do I know it's the same crab? Don't yer s'pose I kin tell his figgerhead from yourn? (addressing the neighbor on his left and pointing to the one on his right.) Crabs hev phizes jest ez much ez pussons. 'Sides, there never wus a crab afore that wuz sheathed all along its keel and deck with barnacles. I've learn tell thet yer could tell th' age uv a rattlesnake by th' rattles he steered by. Ef thet holds good in th' case uv crabs this'n' must be nigh a thousand years old.

"It ad steal bait faster'n a hull school uv fryers. Thet's where his eddication cum in. I've leaned over the gunwale when I wuz fishing in clear water an' watched him skirmish 'round mor'n 50 times. He'd go skuttlin' 'round my hook four or five times, jes' ter get th' bearings uv th' bait, but he wouldn't make no effort ter tech th' bait until he'd gone up ag'in th' tide for two or three fathoms. Then he'd come sailin' back with the tide on his beam an' heave to about three inches from my line.

"Every other crab would hev jes' grabbed for th' bait an' made sail. That wuzn't th' style of th' Edducated Crab, howsomever he'd jes' port his helm an' swing athwart th' tide till he'd got his starboard claw fore an' aft with my line, an' then he'd grab th' hook by th' eye an' pint its biziness end away from his belly while he picked the bait off with his port claw. It didn't matter how fast I hauled in th' line, he'd hev th' hook bare by th' time I rized him to the edge uv th' water.

"He spiled my fishin' fur three summers, but I kotched him at last. How it cum about shows that th' smartest crab ain't no way superior to man ef it mehbles with rum. Night afore las' I opened half a bucket nr clams an' set the bait down by the table right under where I'd sot a nigh about full bottle uv Medford rum; what I used to rub my [illegible] remembered long about nine o'clock o' night an' tried to light th' glim. Whilst I wuz foolin' 'round fur a match I knocked th' bottle over an' most all the likker swashed down on them air clams. I cussed myself fur a lubber all night, fur I had pains in my leg an' stunnach mighty bad. But I ain't sorry thet I spilled th' likker now, seein' that I kotched th' eddicated crab.

"I thot ez the likker would be likely to spile th' bait, an' sure enough I didn't git a bite till th' tide wuz about ebb an' th' ole crab hove in sight. He took to the rum soaked bait jest ez kindly ez a prohibitionist nway from hum. He cleaned my book an' made sail fur his port, but bimeby he cum back under full headway an' seemed dreadful eager fur 'nother bite. He got it, but acted so wobbly that it sot me ter thinkin'. Says I ter myself, 'you hev sartainly got brains enough to git tangled up in your latitude ef you hist in much more uv that cargo.' So I jist jambed th' hook full uv rum-soaked clams an' let Cap'n Crab navigate all over the bottom with it. Bimeby I seed thet he was too wobbly ter steer within three pints uv his course. He hed to tack half a dozen times afore he could lay himself alongside the hook when I baited up agin and then he jest grabbed at th' bait, hook and all, regardless o' consequences. I let him git a good hold afore I yanked, an' when I did give a pull on th' line I druv th' hook nigh half through his port quarter. It wasn't time for th' wink uv a yallerleg's eye afore I hed him in th' boat; an' he lay thar an' blinked at me ez drunk ez a shanghaied foremast hand in th' fo'kassle uv a Baltimore packet. Thet's how I kotched th' eddicated crab."—Boston Traveler.

Before His Honor.

The following is reported from a cross-roads justice's court:

"Now, jedge," said the witness, "I'm about ter tell the truth!"

"Do you mean ter tell me," said the justice, "that you've been lyin' these last two hours?"

"Jedge," replied the witness, "I wuz raised in yo' settlement, an' both of us has drinked outen the same jug, but I'm gwine ter tell you right now ef you call me a liar I'll knock you clean off that bench."

The justice regarded him sternly for three minutes and then said:

"John, ef I didn't think that you wuz drinkin' I'd fine you ten dollars for contempt o' court!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Justification.

"Huh!" snorted the husband who had been inveigled into attending the rendition of a sermon. "Call him a boy preacher! He's 40 if he's a day."

"He does look that way," said the wife; "but," she continued, in her anxiety to plead, "don't you think he has the mind of a boy?"—Typographical Journal.

BLUE BLOODS.

Found Among the Rabid Anarchists of Europe.

Strange though it may appear the most irreconcilable revolutionists and republicans are those who have blue blood in their veins. There is in Austria no more advanced socialists than Prince Aloys Liechstenstein, who is a member of the sovereign house of Liechtenstein. In Russia nihilism and anarchy may be said to have been founded by the late Michael Bakounine, the head of one of the most illustrious and ancient houses of the great Muscovite aristocracy. Since his death his place has been taken by the equally blue-blooded Prince Kraputkine and Prince Nakashidze.

In Italy dukes and princes by the score are to be found among the leaders of the socialistic movement, while in France there are few who either from a political or from an economic point of view are more advanced than Marquis de Rochefort-Lucay or the duke of Dino, a member of the celebrated house of Tallyrand-Perigord.

Finally in England those who to-day profess the most republican doctrines and subversive theories are Henry Labouchere, nephew of the late Lord Taunton; Hon. Philip Stanhope, brother of the present earl of Stanhope, and the earl of Lovelace, grandson of Lord Byron. Lord Lovelace, it may be said, is not merely a theorist, but has put his principles into practice, working, like Count Tolstoi, with a pick and a spade, just as if he were an ordinary laborer. His elder brother, the late Lord Ockham, entertained the same convictions, and, in spite of his being possessed of considerable wealth, deserted club and society and spent the last ten years of his life under an assumed name, toiling as a shipwright at Deptford, where he was renowned among the laboring population of that suburb of the metropolis on account of his phenomenal physical strength.

On the other hand, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who while mayor of Birmingham publicly professed republicanism, occupies to-day a seat in a tory cabinet, is the declared foe of the liberals, and the ministerial favorite of the sovereign and of the prince of Wales. Then there is Rt. Hon. Anthony Muadella, whose father was sentenced to death in Italy as a carbonaro, and who himself was converted from rabid republicanism to ardent loyalty by a kindly remark of the prince of Wales and a particularly gracious smile from the princess.—Philadelphia Press.

FRIEND OF THE TREES.

Honor to Robert Douglas, the Pioneer American Horticulturist.

Few men in America have ever been more esteemed for brilliant services to horticulture, or more beloved by his fellows for his amiable qualities, than Robert Douglas, of Waukegan, Ill., who was found dead in his office chair on the 1st of June. He had had a paralytic stroke a month before, but seemed to have measurably recovered, and maintained his active interest in every good work about him to the last. He was born in Yorkshire, in England, but [illegible] a passion for gardening. Even when an apprentice to a tailor he closely cultivated a 20-foot square lot of ground, and was warmly interested in matters connected with natural history, in which a love of birds was especially prominent. He first came to Canada, then to Vermont, finally settling in Waukegan. He was very fond of traveling, and was one of the first to make an overland trip to the Pacific by the Humboldt River route. America owes him a debt of gratitude as being the first to show that evergreens could be raised as profitably in the new as in the old world. He was also the first to know the great value of the western catalpa, catalpa speciosa, for timber, and the first to prove, by actual experiment, that forestry planting could be made profitable in America. The superior hardiness of the Colorado form of the Pacific species of conifera, which knowledge has been worth many thousands of dollars to Colorado, was the result of his close observation and intelligence. No one connected with horticulture in America has ever passed away with such widespread regret. No one will ever be more keenly missed by a wide circle of friends.—Meehan's Monthly.

Something New in the Stars.

It would hardly occur to anyone except an astronomer to search among the stars for a new chemical element. Yet the much-talked-of helium was detected in stars before it had been found on the earth, and in the corona of the sun there appears a gas which has not been identified with any terrestrial substance. Lately it was discovered that a star in the constellation Puppis, and a few others, exhibit strange spectral lines, which were at first supposed to belong to yet another new element. But more recently reason has been found for thinking that the strange lines are due to hydrogen in some extraordinary condition, only attained in those particular stars.—Youth's Companion.

Pineapple Marmalade.

Pare and grate six sugar-loaf pineapples, then weigh them, allow for six pounds of pineapple pulp four pounds of sugar. Place the pulp in a kettle over the fire, and boil 30 minutes without a cover, then add the sugar, boil ten minutes, fill the marmalade into small glass jars or tumblers, cut some tissue paper into rounds to fit on top of the tumblers, dip the paper into melted wax, lay it on top of the marmalade, put on the cover and place them in a cool place.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Had Been There.

She—Are you never filled with unmeasured longings, with indefinable ecstasy, with a feeling that your soul can rise above the trammelments of mundane things and bask in the sunshine of the hullulte?

He—Yes, indeed! But think of the head you have on you the next morning.—N. Y. Press.

Yielding to Medical Advice.

"Mabel, the doctor says you drink entirely too much coffee. It is not good for you."

"Why, mamma, it doesn't hurt me a particle, and I like it too well to quit using it. I just couldn't get along without my coffee."

"And Mme. Loockes, the celebrated authority on beauty, says it is ruinous to the complexion."

"O, well, if the doctor thinks I ought not to drink it any more I'll drop it, of course."—Chicago Tribune.

Never.

Oh, when will folks remember
That 'tis a fearful crime
To forget that every rusty gun
Is loaded all the time!
—Cleveland Leader.

FOR AND AGAINST.

Minister—Well, Donald, what sort of day is it going to be?

Donald—Weel, sir, I'm no quite sure. You see, you prayed for fine weather yesterday, but my rheumaticks tells me it's goin' to rain, so I guess it's a toss up.—Pick-Me-Up.

Suspected a Mistake.

"Sim Wilkison has two mighty smart boys," remarked Mrs. Corntossel. "One of 'em hez gone to town an' learnt to paint; they say he puts a lot of atmosphere in his work."

"Mandy, ain't you thinkin' about the other boy?"

"His brother?"

"Yes. The one thet learnt to play the cornet."—Washington Star.

Their First Quarrel.

She—Well, I am ready to start now, Oliver, but I look like a perfect fright in this hat.

He—O, no, Clara! I can't allow you to think so. You—

She—Indeed, sir! You can't allow me! You might as well understand right now, Mr. Peduncle, that I am accustomed to thinking as I please!—Chicago Tribune.

Doctor's Orders.

The young woman who takes music lessons and practices scales announced to her friends that she was going away.

"Isn't it a rather sudden deterioration?"

"Yes. It's the doctor's orders."

"Why, you don't look a bit ill."

"Oh, I'm perfectly well. Auntie is the one who is ill."—Philadelphia Post.

A Fair Offer.

Hotel Clerk—Very sorry, sir, but I can't let your trunk go until your bill is paid.

Stranger—You can't? Why, I'm a city official of Chicago.

"Must have the cash."

"Well, I haven't any money with me, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you a street car franchise." — N. Y. Weekly.

Wiped It Up Himself.

"You needn't sweep the back yard today, Bridget," said Mrs. Cumso.

"Why, mum?"

"Your master bought a bicycle yesterday, and he's been out there for an hour trying to learn to ride."—Philadelphia North American.

The Verdict.

"Won't you try the chicken soup, judge?" asked Mrs. Small of her boarder, not noticing that he had gone beyond the soup stage in his dinner.

"I have tried it, madam," replied the judge. "The chicken has proved an alibi."—N. Y. Truth.

New Occupation.

Miss Bikeface—So you have given up advocating woman's rights?

Miss Passe—Yes, I now go in for women's lefts.

Miss Bikeface—Women's lefts? What's that?

Miss Passe—Widowers.—Tit-Bits.

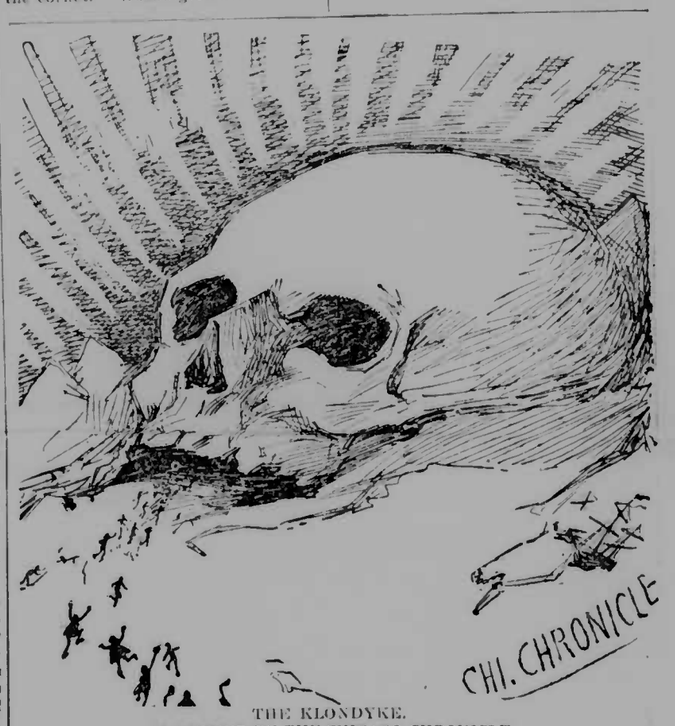

THE KLONDYKE.
AS VIEWED BY THE CHICAGO CHRONICLE.

Mad as a March Hare.

"As you say my daughter is willing to marry you, I must tell you a secret. There is madness in our family."

"Indeed! You alarm me! What is your daughter's mania?"

"Her mania, sir, consists in her willingness to marry you!"—Tit-Bits.

Her Taste.

"Parkinson says his wife buys his ties, and they are never worn out."

"That explains it."

"Explains what?"

"Why he never wears them out. His wife buys them."—Cincinnati Commercial.

Other People's Money.

Mrs. Crabshaw—Do you know, my dear, why a woman is always more careful of her wedding dress than of any other?

Crabshaw—I suppose it is because she has to pay for it herself.—N. Y. Journal.

The Height of Courtesy.

Cobble—Sadie Slimson is polite, isn't she?

Stone—How so?

Cobble—Last night I asked her to take the big chair, and she said: "After you."—Puck.

Deep.

She—Your friend is certainly a handsome fellow and, they say, a very deep one.

He—Any man who was shallow could never hold as much as he does.—Detroit Free Press.

Drawing the Line.

"Why have you never tried to get Gabler to join your secret society?"

"Because it wouldn't be a secret society after he had joined it."—Chicago Tribune.

Shifting Responsibility.

"That Billings has more mean traits than any other man I ever knew."

"I suspected it from the way he was always talking about heredity."—Chicago Journal.

He Had Seen One Made.

Teacher—What is faith?

Johnny—That which enables folks to enjoy eating clam chowder.—Up-to-Date.

An Awful Drop.

"Why does Miss Elder always drop her eyes when she meets you?"

"If you will never give it away, I will tell you. She drops her eyes because I saw her drop her teeth one day."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Drowning Them.

"I can't understand why she wears such fearfully loud clothes."

"Maybe it's so she can't hear things people say about her."—Chicago Journal.

Love's Thermometer.

No matter where the mercury stands,
My Cupid's game is played
Oftenest when the temperature
Shows just two in the shade.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

THE CAUSE OF HIS SADNESS.

Mr. Hardup—I always feel miserable when I come out here on the beach.

Miss Easie—I don't see why you should.

Mr. Hardup—But I do. It makes me feel sad when I think of my financial condition, and then see the ocean's roll.—Up-to-Date.

A Different Tint.

The chap who aims to "paint things red"
Should heed this friendly warning:
Whene'er he uses red at night
He'll feel blue in the morning.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Voice of Experience.

Newpop—What can I do to keep my baby from crying at night?

Oldpop—Turn on the gas full blast. He'll think it's daylight and go to sleep.—N. Y. World.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

SUMMER.

"In the dusty weather
Midges fly about,
Katydids and crickets
Keep up quite a shout;
And the great grasshopper
Climbs up in your frock.
And the silly lassie
Blows the four-o'clock.
Oh, the heart is weary
Through the lengthy days,
All the earth is panting
In the sun's warm rays.
Sitting on the doorstep,
Knitting grandma here—
Oh, I hate the summer!"
Cried little Sour-Face.

"Bloom and bloom of roses
Cherries hanging high,
Daisies in the meadow,
Blackbirds in the sky!
Beautiful deep shadows
Up the grassy lanes!
Bushes red with berries!
Soft, delicious rains!
Flying down the strawstack,
Hiding in the hay—
Fun and light and laughter
All the livelong day!
Helping with the baby
As the hours fly!
Oh, I love the summer!"
Cried little Smiling-Eyes.

—Louise R. Baker, in Youth's Companion.

AN ELEPHANT'S FOOT.

One of the Most Ponderous Pieces of Animal Anatomy.

Anyone who ever glanced at the foot of an elephant must be aware that it is a ponderous piece of anatomy, but its actual size is best illustrated by an anecdote.

Two men in the Central park zoo were speaking on this subject, and one of them thought the circumference of the foot must measure at least four feet.

His friend laughed at this, but the younger man, after a second time gauging the size, insisted that his guess was correct.

"Nonsense—quite impossible!" exclaimed his friend.

And then, as the younger man still claimed that he was right, they laid a wager and referred the matter to the keeper.

"What is the circumference of the fore foot of that big elephant?" they asked.

"The circumference of an elephant's foot is very nearly half the animal's height," replied the keeper.

"Will you be so good as to measure it?" asked the amazed visitor.

And the keeper got a long cord and went in beside the monster, Bazzle, who stands eight feet five inches in height.

"Of course I measure while the animal is standing squarely on all fours," he said. "If I were to take the foot up from the floor, it would not be quite so large; a small part of that size is caused by the spreading out of the soft matter of the foot by the pressure of the animal's own weight."

He drew the cord around the monster foot, held it up, and measured it with a tape line. The figures showed four feet two inches.

The man who had lost the bet paid it, with the remark that he did not think he was paying too dearly for that curious bit of knowledge.—Golden Days.

LONG-HEADED PRINCE.

One of Victoria's Grandsons Displays Rare Financial Genius.

At the age of 10½ years Prince Alexander of Battenberg, son of the late Prince Henry of Battenberg, Queen Victoria's son-in-law, has proved himself such a genius for financiering that it is unlikely he will ever find himself in the "hard-up" condition of his father, who, until his marriage to Princess Beatrice, the queen's daughter, had a difficult task to make both ends meet.

Little Prince Alexander recently applied to his mother for an extra allowance of pocket money, which was

PRINCE WITH A LONG HEAD.

promptly refused. He thereupon wrote the queen, telling her of his grievance, but her majesty only reiterated the good advice of her daughter.

The prince, of an age when money talks and "good advice" is lost, promptly sold his grandmother's letter for four pounds and ten shillings, and apprised her of the fact. It is reported that her majesty was somewhat upset.

Summer Resort for Cats.

A New York lady and her daughter recently opened a hotel for cats, and it seems to have turned out a paying concern, for they receive a large number of both winter and summer boarders. The cats' hotel is situated close to the Hudson river, and rejoices in the name of Naurashaun farm. For three dollars a cat is boarded for one month, and there are no extras. Each cat has its own little home, and even its own yard, which is turfed. Pussy is an exclusive creature, and often dislikes to be made to eat, or, indeed, to mix much with her fellows. Curiously enough, the only other boarders taken are parrots and canaries.

Where Experience Fails.

John Doe—Experience is the only thing that will teach some men.

Richard Roe—And even that occasionally fails. I see that a man in New Jersey recently married his divorced wife.—N. Y. World.

A HAMMOCK SCHOOL.

How to Learn to Swim Without Going Near the Water.

Madge was determined to know how to swim. To be sure, there was no water within many miles of her home, but a fortnight was shortly to be spent by her close to that most lovely swimming ground, the Long Island sound. She had firmly made up her mind that, in all the bravery of her new bathing suit, she would calmly walk in waist deep and then strike off, swimming like a frog, before the eyes of the astonished family, all this to take place the very first day they all went bathing together.

Such a picture, in the mind's eye, formed the most delightful surprise that any girl of 12 could possibly imagine, but how was it to be managed, with no place for practice? This is the very question I am setting out to answer, for, as Madge accomplished her design and became an expert swimmer, and yet obeyed the command, "Don't go near the water," there is no reason why other girls and boys should not prepare themselves for summer fun, and also lose forever all fear of drowning, by practicing the same means used by her.

This wonderful swimming school was held on the back veranda; the apparatus that held her in position to practice to a nicety the most practical leg and arm movement imaginable was nothing more nor less than an ordinary hammock. The only teacher was a silent one, consisting of a few directions she had read, given by Dr. Walker, written out and hung where she could consult them. When I first saw this figure, with its arms and legs moving so strangely, it seemed as if the back veranda had suddenly become the playground of a crazy girl, instead of the Madge who, from a toddler of two, had made this the jolliest sort of a spot as soon as mild weather began. My confidence in this rather tomboy child was very great, so I uttered not a sound, but watched and listened. There she was, in her gymnasium suit, face downward, and just now was practicing the leg stroke. The legs were tucked under the

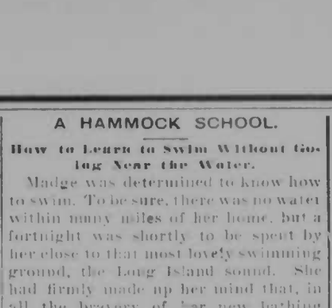

LEARNING TO SWIM.

abdomen and (first stroke) then both quickly flung out, wide apart (second stroke), just as one has seen a frog do—who, by the way, is the best swimming master in the world. The last stroke was to draw the legs together while still out straight with all the strength the practicing swimmer possessed. One, two, three, she counted, and the legs were suddenly [illegible] to the training that I longed to try it myself. Why had I never thought to have my boys learn swimming this way? What a blessing such practical work would have been on a rainy day.

As I watched the gyrating legs with a kind of fascination they suddenly became still, and now the arms were in play with a motion reminding one of the movement of oars. Madge by this time knew I was there and beckoned me nearer. "Now watch my hands and arms, auntie," and with the palms downward she held them to her chest, the elbows close to her sides. "First movement," she called out; then out shot the arms forward, side by side; now "second movement" was called, then with the hands turned thumbs downward she swept them as far as possible away out into the sea of air, and "third movement" was accomplished.

Over and over again the girl practiced these movements, and day after day it was kept up until arms and legs became flexible and were ready to take as naturally as ducks to water. The exercise was soon followed out with as little thought as one gives when walking "leg over leg as the dog went to Dover." After all, this is the true secret of learning to swim—to use the arms and legs in the water with as little thought as one gives to their motion on land, and if this has been attained while beating against the air only think of the pleasure of using these motions in the cool, clear water.

Once the leg stroke is conquered in learning to swim more than half the battle is fought; the arms afterward fall in naturally to their share in the water propelling. Dr. Walker says this may be attained to perfection by those who can't manage to practice in a hammock by lying across the wooden footboard of a bedstead, using a pillow under the body and clutching the mattress with the hands to preserve the proper balance. Beware lest anyone come across such a scholar in such a swimming school, for he will surely be clapped into a straightjacket and carried off to Bedlam. Practicing in due seclusion, however, there is no reason why young and old should not come to their holiday-making this year armed—yes, and legged—for speeding through the water as speedily as on a bicycle going downhill.—Emily Furdo Chicago Inter Ocean.

She Didn't Think So.

Nora was in her night dress. Mrs. Strong, having given her a good night kiss, reminded her gently, as usual, not to forget her prayer to God that she be made a good little girl.

"Must I ask Him that every night, mamma?" Nora asked, gravely.

"Yes, little one," her mother replied.

Nora was thoughtful for a moment. "Mamma," she said, in an injured tone, "is I such a dreffully bad little girl as all that?"—Demorest's Magazine

HIGH-CLASS POULTRY.

Why the Progressive Farmer Will Raise No Other Kind.

No man has a better chance to keep high-class poultry than the farmer. He has unlimited range for them, and this is conducive to health and best results in rearing the young. He produces at first cost every necessary food product that goes to keep a flock during the year, and no one who desires to purchase eggs for hatching would ever buy of a breeder who keeps his fowls penned up if he knew where he could get eggs from farm-kept fowls.

There is just as good a market for high-class poultry as there is for poultry for market, and the demand is always good for good stock. The farmer who keeps this kind of poultry has two chances to make money. His flock will be profitable as an investment at market prices, and he will make many sales without effort at much above market prices.

It is no trouble at all, as the writer knows from experience, to get from 50 cents to one dollar a dozen for eggs from high-class hens during the hatching season, and even at the smaller price there is an immense profit in the business.

With the better care that is always given to good stock comes a greater return in eggs and meat for the feed used, and here is an additional profit on the transaction.

There is no excuse in these days that justifies any farmer in allowing his flock of hens to remain mongrels. The man who does this is standing in his own light and does not live up to his opportunities. It does not need fancy houses, elaborate systems of yards nor extraordinary skill in breeding to make a success with fine poultry. Plain, hard common sense, such as is needed to raise good crops and conduct any farm successfully, is better than any number of nice theories which are of no practical value.—Farmers' Voice.

THE STING OF A BEE.

It Is a Very Complicated and Delicate Structure.

The organ of defense which worker bees possess is a very complicated structure. The sting is composed of two highly polished, sharp hollow spears or lancets, B B, and an awl, A, as portrayed in the cut, held firmly together by projections T on the central one, which fit into grooves T on the sides of the other two. These lancets lying together form a tube between them. The central lance A, sometimes called the sheath, is larger than the others and has a cylindrical reservoir S at its base which connects with the poison sac C, by the tube M, and below

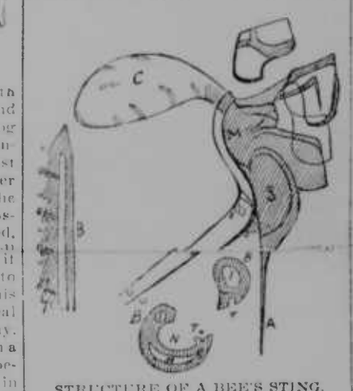

STRUCTURE OF A BEE'S STING.

by a slit with the tube made by the joining of the three lancets. The smaller lancets, B B, have at their bases peculiar valves, E E. Their points are barbed, U U, in the sectional drawing, which also shows the tube in the lancet, and the openings, O O, connecting the tube with the exterior. These barbs catch and hold, causing the sting to be left in when it is used. The poison is driven through the openings and through the tube formed by the lance, into the object stung. This poison is an acid fluid which the bee secrets and stores in the sac C. Being acid an alkali, as ammonia or soda, will neutralize it and help to allay the pain and swelling.—Farm and Home.

HINTS FOR BEEKEEPERS.

Shade the hives when the weather is warm.

Put starters of thin foundation in the section boxes.

Look out for robbers when the harvest becomes scarce.

Basswood is the greatest honey producer while in bloom.

Remove all frames filled with brood from the brood chamber.

Put the honey in the driest, warmest room about the house.

If exposed to cold or dampness honey will granulate in the cells.

Strong colonies at the proper time insure a good honey harvest.

If you work for extracted be careful not to extract too close.

A little pine tar smeared on a board will drive ants from the hive.

A weak solution of carbolic acid and salt is a good remedy for bee stings.

Where the honey is extracted a large number of extra combs are necessary.

The only way to keep drones for any length of time is to keep them in queenless colonies.—St. Louis Republic.

Half Rates to Indianapolis and Return.

Via the North-Western Line. Excursion tickets will be sold August 17 and 18, with extended limit to September 12, at one fare for the round trip, on account of Y. P. C. Union. Apply to agents Chicago & North-Western Ry.

The more commendable your undertaking the fiercer the opposition will be.—Atchison Globe.

Attempt to make reform a paying business, and it ceases to be reform.—Atchison Globe.

The stupid son of a stupid father might be called a chip of the old blockhead.

Four Tobacco Crops a Year.

A great many here are raising, or are going to raise, tobacco this year. We can raise four crops a year. I have just visited a beautiful piece where the owners were cutting. It is estimated to go 1,200 pounds to the acre from the first cutting, and at the next cutting nearly as much more. It grew in about 40 days and will require about six weeks to pole cure it, and then it will bring in the Tampa market from 50 to 60 cents per pound. If it is finished up really for the cigar factories it will bring from $1.00 to $1.50 per pound. It is the Cuban variety called the Vuelto Abajo. I have noticed in your agricultural department that your correspondent wrote in a doubting sort of way about the statement that Fort Meade county sold 92,000 pounds of tobacco at $1.50 per pound. Well, although that seems like a large story, it is all true. The gentleman, Mr. Nyland, who owns the piece that I have visited, will have two acres more ready to cut next week. He is really enthusiastic about tobacco and thinks that this is going to be one of the richest states—New York Times.

Need of Haste.

A nervous young lady called a physician for a slight ailment, but one which she magnified, in her own estimation, into a serious one. "Run," said the doctor to a servant, giving him a prescription, "to the nearest drug store and bring back the medicine as quickly as you can." "Is there much danger?" inquired the young lady in alarm. "Yes," said the doctor, "if your servant is not quick it will be useless. "Oh, doctor, shall I die?" gasped the patient. "There is no danger of that," said the doctor, "but you may get well before John returns."

An Abominable Legacy.

A tendency to rheumatism is undoubtedly inherited. Unlike many other legacies, it remains in the family. The most effectual means of checking this tendency, or of removing incipient rheumatism, whether pre-existent in the blood or not, is to resort to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as soon as the premonitory twinges are felt. Nullifying the influences of cold, exposure and fatigue, the Bitters not only fortifies the system against their hurtful consequences, but subjugates malaria, liver and kidney complaint, dyspepsia and nerve disquietude.

Kickers.

Haskins—I didn't like the meals we got at the mountain house. There was not enough warm food. Everything that was served was cold.

Perkins—Yes, everything but the ice water.—Up-to-Date.

Try Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures and prevents swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

If there is anyone to be sincerely pitied, it is the man of a family who wants work and can't get it. This loving a girl, and taking the support of a family on one's shoulders, is no joke.—Atchison Globe.

All you guess about difficulty in selling Stark Trees may be wrong. If you wish to know the truth, drop postal to Stark Nursery, Louisiana, Mo., or Rockport, Ill. Name references. Cash pay to salesmen each no money to [illegible]. Those going with CLUB MAKERS get their trees free.

The old maid's soliloquy: "At 17 years of age I inquired which is he? At 20, who is he? At 25, what has he? And now, where is he?"—Fliegende Blaetter.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

There is probably something in love in winter, when people can keep warm by sitting close together, but there is absolutely nothing in it in summer.—Atchison Globe.

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—Mrs. E. C. Moulton, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, '94.

The only worthy end of all learning, of all science, of all life, in fact, is that human beings should love one another better.—George Eliot.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

Claude—"Do you think your father would offer me personal violence if I were to ask him for you?" Mabel—"No; but I think he will if you don't pretty soon."—Tit-Bits.

The worst trouble with a loafer seems to be that he doesn't know what a bore he is.—Washington Democrat.

There are people who think that if a girl has studied in Europe she can sing.

The big fool lacks conscience, the little fool lacks brains.—Ram's Horn.

Suitor (nervously)—Mr. Matchitt, I—er—why—er—your—er daughter—I wish to—er—speak— Mr. Matchitt (also nervously)—Look here, young man; out with it. If you wish to marry my daughter, say so. Don't keep me sitting here in this awful suspense!—Puck.

Some people are very kind as long as you let them have their own way.—Washington Democrat.

"He's a fine young man," remarked Col. Stillwell—"a very fine young man." "But isn't he disposed to be rather shy?" inquired the girl to whom he was talking. "As to that I really couldn't say, I never had the pleasure of playing poker with him."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"See here. That horse you sold me runs away, kicks, bites, strikes, and tries to tear down the stable at night. You told me that if I got him once, I wouldn't part with him for $1,000." "Well, you won't."—Detroit Free Press.

It looks funny to see people who won't work, go picnicking.—Washington Democrat.

Lady (after going over the whole stock of blankets)—You needn't show me any more. I only came in to look for a friend with whom I had an appointment here. Perspiring Shopman (politely)—If you think your friend is among the blankets, madam, I shall be happy to go over them again for you.—Tit-Bits.

The dog with a gold collar is still a dog.—Ram's Horn.

A New View.—"What a nice, kind man Nero was!" "What? Why, the wretch fiddled while Rome burned!" "I know. He'd probably waited all his life for a chance when he wouldn't disturb anyone."—Truth.

Nothing is harder than to quit a game of checkers just when you are winning.—Washington Democrat.

AROUSED HIS CURIOSITY.

She Had Never Heard of the Cathay But It Must Be Good.

"No," remarked the young man who is very much given to interspersing his conversation with quotations, "I shall not go away for the summer."

"That is too bad," exclaimed the young woman in the bicycle suit, sympathetically.

"Not at all. This thing of sitting around on piazzas and doing nothing except wishing that there was some other way of killing time faster is not at all to my taste. As a matter of fact, it isn't any warmer in the city than it is elsewhere, and there is always something going on. I like the bustle and the hurry and the hum."

"But you must have rest, you know. You will wear yourself out if you don't."

"Oh, well," he went on, with that somewhat hazy manner which can usually be relied on to impress a very young woman, "it is better to wear out than rust out."

"But there is no need of doing either, is there?" she inquired, apprehensively.

"Perhaps not. But it is my disposition. My motto is: 'Better 20 years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.'"

"Why, Arthur. How suddenly you change the subject!"

"I wasn't aware that I had changed the subject."

"Why, yes. You said: 'Better 20 years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.'"

"Aren't you familiar with that?"

"No," she reluctantly confessed; "I believe you made it up."

"Oh, no; that isn't mine."

"Well, anyhow, I'd like to see one."

"One what?"

"A Cathay. I never heard of it, but it must be a very fine make of cycle to cost as much as a trip to Europe."—Washington Star.

Misled by the Papers.

"Now, Henry," said the dear old lady, "I do hope you will never play baseball."

"Why not, grandma?" asked Henry, with natural surprise.

"Because it is so very dangerous."

"Dangerous! Why, grandma, it isn't any more dangerous than any other game."

"It is exceedingly dangerous," said the old lady, in a tone of deep conviction.

"But, grandma, you never saw a game, and don't know anything about it."

"Perhaps I don't, but I know it is highly dangerous. Almost every day the papers tell about men who have died on the bases."—Baltimore American.

The Bicycle Girl.

"I'm sure I'll never be able to walk up the aisle with papa."

"Why not, my child?"

"Papa is so ridiculously low-geared."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

He—"Would you scream if I should kiss you?" She—"And if I were to allow you to, would you squeal?"—Indianapolis Journal.

He who scorns to make little things matters of conscience will soon be conscienceless in regard to greater things.

Queen & Crescent.

During the Tennessee Centennial and International Exposition at Nashville, Tenn., a low rate special tariff has been established for the sale of tickets from Cincinnati and other terminal points on the Queen & Crescent Route.

Tickets are on sale daily until further notice to Chattanooga at $6.75 one way or $7.20 round trip from Cincinnati, the round trip tickets being good seven days to return; other tickets, with longer return limit, at $9.90 and at $13.50 for the round trip.

These rates enable the public to visit Nashville and other Southern points at rates never before offered. Vestibuled trains of the finest class are at the disposal of the passenger, affording a most pleasant trip, and enabling one to visit the very interesting scenery and important battle-grounds in and about Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain and Chickamauga National Military Park. Tickets to Nashville to visit the Centennial can be repurchased at Chattanooga for $3.40 round trip. Ask your ticket agent for tickets via Cincinnati and the Q. & C. Route South or write to

W. C. RINEARSON, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Cincinnati, O.

A Widow's Way.

He—They say that wedding rings are going out of fashion.

She—Oh, I don't care. If you wish to dispense with the ring, dear, it will make no difference to me. But why didn't you give me some warning of what you were about to say? This is so sudden."

Then he thought of home and mother, but it was too late.—Cleveland Leader.

Visitors to Lincoln Park in Chicago

will be delighted with the souvenir book of this beautiful spot now being distributed by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company. It is a magnificent publication of 96 pages full to overflowing with delicious half tone pictures of one of Creation's most charming places of resort for citizens of the Great Republic.

No stranger visiting Chicago should be without a copy of the "Souvenir of Lincoln Park." It can only be procured by enclosing twenty-five (25) cents, in coin or postage stamps, to Geo. H. Heafford, general passenger agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago.

Dear Old Boston Again.

Visitor—I hear there is sickness next door. Is it contagious?

Phillips—Oh, not at all, madam; merely contiguous.—N. Y. Truth.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomachs receive it without distress. 1-4 the price of coffee. 15c and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Most men have something the matter with them from some accident that occurred years ago.—Washington Democrat.

"WELL DONE OUTLIVES DEATH."
YOUR MEMORY WILL SHINE
IF YOU USE
SAPOLIO

A GUARANTEE THAT'S GOOD!

We have thousands of testimonials, and are proud of the stories they tell of relief from many forms of misery. But the experience of another person may not be yours with the same preparation.

Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION. 10c. 25c. 50c.

Sold on merit only under an absolute guarantee to cure, if used according to directions. Every retail druggist is authorized to sell two 50c. boxes Cascarets under guarantee to cure or money refunded. You take no chances when you buy our preparations, sent by mail for price, 10c., 25c. or 50c.—address STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, or New York—or when you purchase under ALL DRUGGISTS. 10c., 25c., 50c. Your Own Druggists' Guarantee.

Harvest Excursions!
AUG. 3 AND 17,
SEPT. 7 AND 21,
OCT. 5 AND 19.
To the Farm regions of the West, Northwest and Southwest. Round trip tickets will be sold on dates named at all C., B. & Q. stations and at many Eastern points at about half fare, good for 21 days. Stop over allowed on going passage. Ask your local agent for particulars.
GO WEST AND LOOK FOR A HOME. A handsome illustrated pamphlet describing NEBRASKA sent free on application to P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agt., C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago.

OSSOR'S SNEEZELESS CATARRH SNUFF
A Positive Cure for CATARRH, HAY FEVER, Cold in the Head and CATARRHAL HEADACHE. Mailed upon receipt of 50 cents each. THE OSSOR CO., 43 Arcade, Cleveland, Ohio. AGENTS WANTED.

FITS STOPPED FREE. PERMANENTLY CURED. Insanity Prevented by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER
Positive cure for all Nervous Diseases, Fits, Epilepsy, Spasms and St. Vitus' Dance. No Fits or Nervousness after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges only when received. Send to DR. KLINE, Ltd., Kellogg Institute of Medicine, 931 Arch Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

WE PAY CASH each WEEK to men all over U. S. to sell Stark Trees—cheapest best. Outfit free. Takes no money to try the work. Also want Club Makers—get their trees free. Drop us postal; name references. STARK NURSERY, Louisiana, Mo., or Rockport, Ill.

SILOS HOW TO BUILD ASK WILLIAMS MFG. CO., KALAMAZOO, MICH.

EDUCATIONAL.

FRANKLIN COLLEGE NEW ATHENS, O. 73d yr. Sent out U. S. Senators, Governors, &c.; $140 a yr.; 8 courses; courses for B. D., Ph. D., &c.; catalog free, with plan to earn funds; 60 per cent. to agents. W. A. WILLIAMS, D. D., Pres.

The Bliss School of Electricity, WASHINGTON, D. C.
The only Institution teaching practical electrical engineering exclusively. Laboratory equipment excellent. INSTRUCTION THE BEST. Course opens October 1. CATALOGUES ON APPLICATION.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SUNCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 19, 1897.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements will be charged and *must be paid prior to the first publication of the same:*

State Senator, $10; County Treasurer, $5; Sheriff, $5; House of Delegates, $5; County Commissioner, $5; County Surveyor, $2.50.

FOR STATE SENATOR.

OAKLAND, MD., June 9, 1897.

To the Republicans of Garrett County:

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the nomination of State Senator, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of all members of the Republican party.

JOHN SHAFFER.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the nomination of County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention and solicit the support of my many friends.

HORACE R. DEWITT.

Hoyes District No. 6.

At the solicitation of my many friends I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Treasurer for Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the party.

MAHLON GLOTFELTY.

District No. 6. McHenry, Md.

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention.

W. PERRY LEE.

District No. 8. P. O., Bayard, W. Va.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Garrett county, subject to the decision of the Republican nominating convention, and respectfully solicit the support of the Republicans of said county.

H. M. FRIEDLOCK.

Oakland District, No. 7.

FOR HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the House of Delegates, subject to the decision of the Republican Nominating Convention, and solicit the support of the Republican party.

P. E. FINZEL.

District No. 9. P. O. Frostburg, Md.

Attention Republicans!

The Republican voters of Garrett county are hereby requested to assemble in primary meetings in their respective districts on

FRIDAY, AUGUST 20th, 1897,

at the hour of two o'clock p. m. (except Bloomington district, No. 4, the hour for holding primaries in that district will be 8 o'clock a. m.) for the purpose of electing delegates to a County Convention, to be held in Oakland on

TUESDAY, AUGUST 24th, 1897,

at the hour of one o'clock p. m., to select three delegates to represent Garrett county in the Republican State Convention, to be held at Ocean City, Md., on

THURSDAY, AUGUST 26th, 1897,

to nominate a candidate for Comptroller and Clerk of the Court of Appeals. Also to nominate candidates as follows:

A candidate for the State Senate.
Two candidates for the House of Delegates.
A candidate for Sheriff.
A candidate for County Surveyor.
A candidate for County Treasurer.
Two candidates for County Commissioner to serve four years.

The voters are also requested to select five persons from each district in the county to act as a district committee, whose names will be handed in by the delegates to the County Convention.

JAMES C. PEDDICORD,
Chairman Committee.

THE farmers who were persuaded last year to listen to the wheat and silver humbug are shuddering now to think how near they came to being buncoed by it.

REPORTS from the farming regions continue to show that the farmers are reducing their mortages. This is hard on the silver theorists but good for the farmers.

THE railroad men who stood like a stone wall against free silver and anarchy last fall are now reaping their reward in increased employment and improved conditions. So are the farmers.

THE silence of the silver orators is becoming oppressive these days. It is in marked contrast with their chatter of a year ago. But come to think of it, the contrast in the relations of wheat and silver is quite as strongly marked.

IT is estimated that this year's exportation of corn will reach 200,000,000 bushels, which is several times greater than was ever before exported in any single year. Will the Democratic statesmen and statistitians credit this to the low tariff rates of the Wilson law?

THE professional fault-finders are not finding the welcome ears that they did last fall. The people are too busy now to listen to complaints that they know are not founded on fact, and they are suspicious of men who offered them a theory which would not hold good *even* for one year.

THERE is still one class in the United States who are out of employment. This is the professional calamity shriekers. Probably they might find employment in Mexico now, judging from the doleful reports which have come from there since the recent drop in the price of silver.

CALAMITY platforms do not go well with advancing prices and increasing prosperity. The Democrats of Ohio and Iowa are already recognizing that, but, having made their platforms, are now doomed to stand upon them and the free-silver cause go down together. It is too late to swap horses now that they are in the middle of the stream.

THE contrast between Republican and Democratic prosperity is strongly marked. People who remember the general smash up in business of all sorts during the first year of the Cleveland administration and then compare the reviving conditions which mark the present period of the McKinley administration will probably not regret the change which the voters made throughout the country at the election of last year.

IT IS simply folly for a free-silver man to talk of himself as a bimetallist when the actual ratio of the metal is 36 to 1, and the Democratic platform demands that it shall be 16 to 1. An ounce of gold will buy 36.6 ounces of silver in any market in the world where silver is sold. Free coinage of 44-cent dollars as 100-cent dollars would of course, banish gold, except so far as it was hoarded. Now all gold not hidden is practically in circulation, then none of it would be. This is contraction to the extent of the gold in use, having but one metal, silver, is silver monometallism.

All Booming Together.

Current events tend to confirm the popular impression, "it never rains but it pours." For weeks past there has been an uninterrupted advance in the market price of wheat, until it is now worth nearly thirty cents a bushel more than at the corresponding date a year ago. Other grains, and wool and pork have also enhanced in value, and now the improvement is extending to the cattle growers. A few days ago the telegraph columns of the daily press announced that the packers in the west had advanced the price of canned meats, and yesterday a dispatch from Omaha stated that an almost precedented demand had sprung up for stockers and feeders, and that prices for this class of cattle were advancing rapidly. There has been a steady decline in the number and value of beef cattle in this country since 1892, the decrease in number during that period being estimated at over 7,000,000, a decrease in the value of cattle on the southern and south-western ranges amounted to nearly $13,000,000, although there was an increase in the northern and north-western states of more than $11,500,000. The cause of the loss and depreciation is not difficult to determine. The industrial depression which prevailed from 1893 to 1897 reduced the purchasing power of the masses and curtailed the consumption of meat. Now the return to industrial and agricultural prosperity promises better employment of labor, better wages and larger consumption, and the recovery in the cattle trade is likely to be more rapid than the previous decline.

BRADSTREETS, which is recognized as a most conservative publication, summarizes the business situation:

"1. That crops are good.

"2. That the price of wheat and cotton has so greatly advanced as to pour scores of millions of dollars into the laps of the farmers, while the price of other staples has advanced in sympathy with these.

"3. The short crops in Europe, India and Argentine assure a continuance of high prices during the market season.

"4. That merchants everywhere are replenishing their stocks of goods as they have not done for several years past.

"5. That in consequence railroad earnings everywhere show improvement.

"6. That there are always signs of revival in industry, the manufacturers beginning to anticipate the new demand for goods.

"7. That our exports for the last year have been so enormously in excess of our imports as to make us very heavily a creditor nation—a condition that does not guarantee prosperity, but tends strongly to help it.

"8. That there are everywhere among the farmers a feeling of hopefulness which has not existed for several years past.

How Maryland Stands.

Some apprehension still lurks in the Democratic mind with regard to the political situation in Maryland. After holding control for nearly thirty years it is difficult to realize that power has actually slipped away, and there is no reasonable hope of its restoration: but that is precisely what the Democrats have to face. The Republicans in Maryland are in a majority, not a minority, as some of these Democrats would have it, and if the latter would win the State they must win actual bona-fide Republican votes, and a good many of them in addition to the votes of the recalcitrant Democrats who strayed from the fold in 1895. The latter was disgusted with the methods of the party, especially its periodical exclusion of the Republicans from the polls, or the nullifying of their influence by bogus ballots, and in a commendable spirit they came to the relief of their oppressed fellow citizens.

The votes of the independent Democrats were necessary to overcome the thousands of bogus names on the registration lists. Ten thousand Democrats probably voted the Republican ticket, and the determined attitude assumed by the Republican party and usually perfect organization prevented the polling of many bogus ballots that had previously contributed to the success of the Democratic ticket. Ten thousand is a large allowance for the dissatisfied Democratic vote in November, 1895. Hurst received 106,169 votes, and Brown, who was elected by a phenomenal majority in 1891, received only 2,270 more votes. But Lowndes' plurality was 18,765, nearly nine thousand more than the estimated support he received from the Democrats, and this is independent of the thousands of illegal votes polled for the Democratic ticket in Baltimore and the counties.

The Democrats who left their party were of two classes: Those who were dissatisfied with their party for purely personal reasons, or because of scandalous methods, and those who disapproved of its principals and were disgusted with the disastrous results which their practical enforcement had brought upon the country. The latter largely outnumbered the former, and for the very reason which induced them to leave in 1895, they will remain in and vote with the Republican party hereafter.

It must also be borne in mind that when men, for any cause, desert a party in large numbers, very many of them never return. Some men cling to a party and vote with it through habit. The number of such, if it could be accurately ascertained, would be surprising. When the habit is once broken it is the severance of the tie that binds them, and they cling just as tenaciously to the new connections they have found. But even if every Democrat who voted with the Republicans were to return to his party, there would be no reasonable hope of Democratic success in Maryland, provided the Republican party maintained its organization and discipline, and brought out its full strength at the polls. The Republicans have close on to a margin of ten thousand votes which must be overcome by their opponents. Many Democrats do not seem to consider in making their estimates. There will be great surprises for the Democrats, even in districts which have been regarded as the Gibralters of the party.

Rich and Poor.

A common phrase of discontent, often quoted during the recent Presidential campaign, and certainly not discountenanced by Mr. Bryan himself, is that the rich are growing richer and the poor poorer. On the surface the statement might appear to be true, particularly in a season of hard times like that through which the country has recently passed and from which it now appears to be emerging. The pressure, however, it should be remembered, was felt by the wealthy as well as by those in humbler circumstances, for what affects the latter must naturally affect the former. The well-to-do have had to exercise a certain economy equally with those living by daily wage.

But is it true as a general principle in this country that the rich are increasing their stores, while the poor are becoming more and more straitened? Mere grumbling assertion is not a sufficient answer. The only just way to deal with it is to give facts and figures, which Mr. Carroll D. Wright does in the September *Atlantic*. Taking the census of 1850, we find that the average earnings of each employe engaged in manufacturing and mechanical pursuits, including men, women and children, were in round numbers, $247; in 1860, $280; in 1870, $302; in 1880, $347, and in 1890, $445. Here is a steady, positive increase in the average annual earnings of the employes in our great industrial pursuits.

While there may be no doubt that those who are already wealthy are increasing their possessions, it is no less a fact that the relative number of poor men is decreasing. Mr. Wright notes that in 1870 there were 12,505,293 persons engaged in supporting themselves, and the remainder of the people, that is to say, 32.53 per cent. of the total population were so engaged. In 1880 the number of bread-winners was 17,392,099, or 34.67 per cent. of the total population. In 1890 this number had risen to 22,735,661, or 36.31 per cent. of the total population. By "bread-winners" is meant all who are engaged either as wage-earners or salary receivers, or proprietors, of whatever grade or description, and all professional persons—in fact anyone who was in any way engaged in any gainful pursuit. The figures speak eloquently for themselves, and show that the proportion of the total population thus employed is increasing.

The most remarkable fact about the statistics considered by Mr. Wright is that the number engaged in the lowest walks of business, laborers and the like, is decreasing in proportion, while those employed in the higher walks is increasing in number relatively to the whole population. The fact is interesting from many points of view, one of which is that it shows the great opportunities in this country still open to all. While the various callings are much crowded, nobody is crowded out; any man may aspire to a competency, and has a reasonable chance, with industry, perseverance and shrewdness, of gaining it. The rich have not pre-empted, as some suppose, the whole field, and to declare so is merely the cry of the demagogue. The opportunities of the poor and those in moderate circumstances are still abundant, and thousands are taking advantage of them and yearly bettering their condition.—Baltimore News.

Losing Flesh

You naturally lose flesh in the summer and running down is so easy. You get a little weaker each day without hardly noticing it. There is loss of appetite, headache, weakness of the muscles, disturbed sleep, weakness of memory, and these are the beginning of nervous prostration. Iron and tonics and bitters may afford some temporary relief, but what you need is a food for body, brain and nerves.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil with the Hypophosphites, furnishes just the nourishment needed for those who are run down and pale and thin and weak. If you lose flesh in summer take Scott's Emulsion *now*. Don't wait till fall or winter before beginning.

For sale at 50c. and $1.00 by all druggists.

Pen Ridge.

The farmers are about through with their oats harvest.

Berry picking is the order of the day.

Messrs. Henry Merrill and Henry Duckworth, two of our most prominent young men, left one day last week for parts in West Virginia.

Wm. H. Merrill has returned from a visiting trip.

Fred Custer, the dairyman, has some fine cows.

Mr. Waldo Broadwater contemplates taking a trip to Glenco in search of cattle. W. B. is a hustler.

A lawn fete will be held at the residence of Mr. Joseph Goodwin Saturday evening. Everybody invited to attend.

The Pittsburg shingle mill has discontinued work for a few days on account of a leak in the fire box.

Cake walks are very numerous just now. They are well attended and much enjoyed, especially by the lucky one who wins the cake.

Clarence Coleman, who is representing the Victor Remedies Co., of Frederick, Md., is doing well. Clarence is a good salesman and we predict his success.

Mr. Bert Baker, the prominent workman of West Virginia, is remodeling the Wilhelm house. It will be a job of neat work when finished.

CLIMAX.

Frostburg.

Clarence DeWitt and Prof. W. E. Spill, principal of Bowery school, took a trip to Garrett last week on their wheels. They say they had a very pleasant trip, met many pretty girls and were nicely entertained by their many friends.

James Bowen and Willie McFarlain were badly hurt in Eckhart mine on Monday, by the fall of a lump of roof coal weighing about a ton, and known as a "horseback." Bowen's arm was broken at the elbow and his leg and arm badly crushed, while McFarlain escaped with a bad scalp wound.

Night policeman Youngerman and John Hart while attempting to arrest the Gunter Bros., on Monday night, were knocked down and badly beaten.

Hon. Lee Fairchild, of California, a noted campaign orator, is going to lecture in Moat's opera house on Thursday evening; subject, "Chenook."

The schools of this county open on September 6th.

Mayor Bear is a hustler, and the improvements all over town show it. He is one of the best officers our town has ever had.

It rains here almost every day.

COMING!

The title of "The Greatest Show on Earth" has been claimed by many aggregations which annually visit this vicinity, but it is certain there are none greater than the Great Wallace Shows. . . . Not a feature as advertised was omitted, and all who attended the performances were loud in their praises of the production and the honest way in which the management conducts the gigantic affair.—Pittsburgh (Pa.) Chronicle-Telegraph, May 26, '97.

The Greatest, Grandest and the Best

—OF—

America's Big Tented Enterprises!

Honorably Conducted. Truthfully Advertised.

Lofty in Conception. Regal in Equipment.
Omnipotent in Strength. Ideal in Character.
Splendid in Organization. Magnificent in Presentation.
The Purest, Cleanest, Mightiest and Most Magnificent Amusement Institution of the 19th Century.

CIRCUS, MUSEUM, MENAGERIE and ROYAL ROMAN HIPPODROME.

Three Rings, Half-Mile Race Track, 1,000 Features, 100 Phenomenal Acts, 25 Clowns, 20 Hurricane Races, 4 Trains, 10 Acres Canvas, 10,000 Seats, 1,500 Employes, 6 Bands, 50 Cages, A Drove of Camels, 15 Open Dens, A Herd of Elephants. $4,000.00 Daily Expenses.

"The Best Seen here in a Decade."—Cin. Commercial Gazette.
"High toned in Every Way—in Magnitude of First Rank."—St. Louis Republic.
"Bewilders the Senses, Dazzles the Eyes."—Denver Times.
"The Cleanest, most Satisfactory Circus yet seen here."—New Orleans Picayune.
"Gives more than it promises."—San Francisco Examiner.

CAPITAL, - - - $3,000,000.

The Greatest Performers in the Known World are with the Great Wallace Shows this Season,

Including the 9 Nelsons, $10,000 Challenge Act, the Woratz Family Aeralists, the 4 Martells, Bicycle and Skating Experts, the 10 Dellaneads, Statuary Artists, the Samsoni Sisters, Female Samsons, 10 Principal Male and Female Equestrians, the 3 Petits Aerial Bars Extraordinary, Gaza, the Magnetic Girl, Rowena, the Head Balancer, and Spectacular Ballet, 19 Coryphees, (led by 3 Sisters Maccari, Premier Dansneses.)

OUR STREET PARADE At 10 a. m. daily is the finest ever put on the streets. A Sunburst of Splendor, a Triumph of Art, Money and Good Taste, with Lavish Luxury of Spectacular Effect, with Greatest Processional Features Conceivable.

EXCURSIONS RUN ON EVERY LINE OF TRAVEL.

NO GAMBLING DEVICES TOLERATED.

Never Divides! - Never Disappoints!

Will Exhibit at Oakland Saturday, Aug. 21, 1897.

FROM THE BORDER.

A Correspondnet Writes Entertainingly of the Maryland-West Va. Survey.

(Camp two miles north of Fairfax Stone.)

MR. EDITOR:—I am an humble member of the Maryland and West Va. boundary line surveying party that left Oakland on Monday, August 2, charged with the duty of surveying the boundary line between the two states from the westerly source of the Potomac river to the Pennsylvania line. The work is in charge of E. H. Sincell, Esq., representing the attorney-general of Maryland, with McCulloh Brown, Esq., as chief engineer. The party arrived here at 5 p. m., and we at once pitched our tents on Mr. Patrick Flynn's farm, on the south side of Arnold Hill, which gives us a commanding view of the West Va. Central railroad and the grand and picturesque country surrounding the headwaters of the historic Potomac and the famous Fairfax stone.

I do not now propose to go into details as to what we are doing. Suffice it to say that our work so far has consisted chiefly in preliminary surveys, taking observations, etc., preparatory to starting the work in earnest. That which will interest the citizens of both states, and especially Garrett county, is that we have by actual survey traced the North Branch of the Potomac from a point where a due north line from the Fairfax stone crosses said stream, about one-half mile from where the stream forks. We then traced both streams, or forks, to their sources—the one to the Fairfax stone; the other to within 296 feet of the summit of Backbone mountain, showing conclusively that the latter stream is the westerly source of the Potomac, and by actual measurement one mile and a half west of the Fairfax stone, which should forever settle the question as to the true beginning of this line. Mr. Sincell and Mr. Brown are both decidedly in favor of running the line from this point, and with the consent of the attorney-general it will be done. We are now making preparations with a view to that end.

I know that comparatively few of the citizens of Maryland have any practical knowledge of this matter, and consequently have not that interest in it they should have; but I am sure if they could by actual observation see the matter as we see it, there would be a more determined and aggressive position taken by Maryland.

Mr. Sincell deserves much credit for the zeal and energy he has shown in his untiring efforts to protect the citizens of Maryland from the further encroachments upon their rights by West Virginia, and it will be a lasting and burning shame if the state of Maryland does not stand by him in his laudable efforts. H.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

BY "NEMO."

Copyrighted by Lowe & Tabor.

TO YOUNG MEN IN LOVE (2nd Article):—Admitting the truth of all I said to you last week about the compelling force of love and its molding influence, so strange that purified thought has forced out grossness, so transforming that music is in your soul and poetry on your tongue, so volcanic that the crust of selfishness thick over your heart is rent out asunder and a stream of thoughtfulness for another gushes forth:—admitting this, I say, you must concede another fact that exists in every Christian civilization.—Every young fellow, no matter how lowly or lofty, no matter how uneducated or leaned, no matter how badly or well brought up, gains from his feeling of devotion to one woman—choice of his heart—a glimpse at least at the real grandeur of living and a ray at least of the sunshine of life possible to all of us forever and even through woman, the weak-strong complement of man. This gift of better understanding of the responsibility of existence comes to all who truly love; with some it lingers for aye, with others it vanishes like the dew on a summer morning. But to all it comes, whether treasured or disregarded.

***

Please now—for here my heartfelt appeal to you whose steps are springy with hope must begin—look around you. Look well at many of those who having loved each other and truly, years ago passed into marriage, a state which in your present feeling seems the one thing above all others to be desired. Study them closely, for mayhap you are looking in a prophetic mirror! The youth of ten summers ago goes to his daily duties now like a machine, and like a mere machine he turns homeward at night. Buoyancy has disappeared. He plods much like a horse plods, with no motion taken unless forced to it by external necessity. Where he once obeyed a gentle voice with alacrity, glorying in sacrifice, leaping to her tasks, (he was just as sincere as you are) he is apt now to grumble at even the harnessing of the horse for her to drive. He approches the maiden of ten years ago more often with complainings than with praise. At eventide he wraps himself up in silence, doing nothing to enliven the hours or away he goes to the society of the club or the grocery or the saloon or worse. The ordinary courtesy prompted by civilized feeling toward woman is forgotten when with his wife, and he finds in marriage merely permission to be rude to one woman without fear of rebuke. The fragrance of love that exists in tiny attentions like opening the door, raising the hat, and saving choice portions for her at table, has evaporated and left no trace behind. If occasionally he (his name is Legion) thinks backward along the way he has traveled, his puzzled heart will admit with a groan that no matter how sweet the uncertainties and hopes and dreamings of courtship, marriage with its knowledge and intimacy has scattered all. Sunshine has been followed by gloom; the rosy tints of the dawn of love by the unrelieved stretchers of a dun colored day.

***

So lads, you are likely to deny such a thing and probably ready to argue with me most vigorously about it, there is a possibility, not very remote, if we may judge from others, that your heart's feelings will change and the glorious oasis you are resting in, (capable of becoming a beauteous kingdom under your care,) will witness your back turned on its pleasures and your face set towards a dreary, desert journey, like that one you have traveled before you found your dear love. As follows traversing but once the pathway of life, let us talk with our hearts close together.

***

To avoid the misery I depict, you must keep alive in your heart its present conviction that perfect love consists as much in communion with her dear mind and spirit as it does in securing contact with her precious body. I know you have felt this way and ought to still, for you like to think as she does; opinions and beliefs expressed by her tender lips and her bright eyes have become for awhile more real touches of Divine wisdom than you think you ever heard before. Of course she is not the wisest mortal, but the effect on you is just as good as if she were; for it draws you to her side and you both rejoice in being together. If this feeling can be made to last, your future will be one of the beautiful growth in wisdom and happiness.

***

To avoid the misery I depict, bear in mind that fire is a good servant but a frightful master; that the added freedom of marriage will have a tendency to confess, your thought so that the mirror function—a function whose gratification has not hitherto been essential to your happy communion with her—is in danger of becoming the major feature of the united life. Instead of being a subordinate enjoyment, merely added to the mental and spiritual attachment may be more firmly welded, it will, like a cuckoo in the home nest, grow and fight for the mastery of all and will succeed unless you watch. The abuse of the physical duties and privileges will, like the scorching heat of the desert, destroy the fragrance and delicacy of life. The dividing line between love and lust is easily crossed, and then, like a paralyzed king in the lower floor of his three-storied palace, it will be hard to reach the higher stories of her mind and spirit, in whose beauties you once gloried. Where there is a complete surrender of the best of each to each, there will never be contentment with grossness; the completion of love will remain lofty and sanctified. But where the act degenerates into lust, it becomes as unlovely as the satisfied grunting of breeding swine. Then our little Eden will become closed to us by the flaming sword of the outraged higher qualities.

***

When cultured Athens, art's historic flower,
Too softly nurtured to retain her power,
Yielded her treasure to barbaric war;—
Like gilded galleon left on rocky shore;—
Rude Roman soldiers spoiled her sacred shrines
And drained from priceless cups their common wines.
Over her choicest gems quarreled and fought,
And found in purest art but sensual thought.
Thus ever will the coarse, untutored mind
Degrade God's sanctifiest gifts, to beauty blind,
Drag from their holy haunts things pure and chaste,
And all the wealth of garnered wisdom waste
And even stain where high it shines above
The lofty lustre of ennobling love.

***

Bear with me further. You will of course say there is the woman side of the question to consider. True, but at present I am not writing to women. That will come later. I have more to say to you. "NEMO."

Bayard, W. Va.

Farmers are busy gathering their crops.

Oats are short but well filled.

Our friend Mr. Samuel Moreland and wife were in Oakland on business last week.

We see that Mr. Samuel Moreland is taking quite a fine lot of grass in, while his little family longs to hear the sweet tone of the beautiful little bells.

Blackberries are getting ripe fast.

Mr. Clay Maloney and Mr. Floyd Lee were at Fairview church Sunday. The report was that Rev. I. W. Abernathy preached a very interesting sermon.

Mis Anna McCleery, of near Bayard, returned to her home from Pittsburg.

ROAD IMPROVEMENT.

First Make Good Roads, Then Keep Them Smooth With Wide Tires.

The movement in favor of good roads which has at last really begun to agitate rural communities all over the country involves many contributory issues of considerable importance, says The Youth's Companion. For instance, associations which have undertaken the task of improving the country roads are generally advising farmers to make use of broad tires upon their wagon wheels instead of the narrow tires which cut and rut a soft road so deeply.

It is not easy to induce the farmers to follow this advice, because it implies and requires at the outset the repairing of the road. Broad tired wagons could make little or no progress over some of the muddy and rough roads which are too often not far from the busiest and most thriving cities. Narrow wheels cut their way through more easily, but only at a cost of exhausting the horses which draw the wagon, and of still further injuring the road as a thoroughfare.

If the highway could be improved sufficiently to bear the heavy tires, the wheels would act like a miniature road roller and assist in keeping the road in good condition instead of tearing it to pieces.

As an immediate result access to markets would be made much more easy, draught animals would gain in efficiency and length of service, and it would be possible to transport larger loads with greater ease and convenience than is the case at present.

The farmers and the rural communities which they control hesitate to take the first step because of the immediate expense involved. It ought not to be hard to convince so intelligent a portion of the community that real economy, both of labor and money, would be gained by improved roadbeds and the use of broader tires.

Mountain Lake Park.

The past week has been one of the most successful in the history of the Park. The Chautauqua program attracted a large crowd of people. Talmage day about four thousand people were in the Park. Grand Army day, next Tuesday, will have a very delightful program. There will be baked beans and hot coffee for all old soldiers, both "Feds" and "Confeds."

The hotels and boarding houses have been crowded to their utmost capacity, and the cottages have all been rented with one or two exceptions, and they would have been rented had they been furnished.

Contracts have been given for the building of three cottages. Work will be commenced within a week or two. A number of enquiries have been made for and some few lots sold. The indications are that the promised days of "prosperity" have arrived. Everybody seems cheerful, hopeful and delighted.

Father Scanlon, with a party of his young people, spent to-day at the Park. A regular picnic excursion.

A new feature has been added to the Chautauqua program by the establishment of a ministerial institute, which holds sessions daily at 4 o'clock p. m. Some forty odd preachers are in attendance.

Dr. Talmage, Col. Bain and others speak of the delightful location of Mountain Lake Park, the bracing atmosphere and the cool weather and the Chautauqua as one of the most successful in the United States.

The liverymen of the Park and Oakland are delighted at the liberal patronage they are receiving, while the farmers and hucksters are doing a land office business. The visitors at the Park this year will leave thousands of dollars which will be circulated in Garrett county. One farmer told me the other day that he takes home from $15 to $30 per week as he brought in produce.

On Tuesday next the old veterans will have an opportunity to hear again the songs of the camp. A special and varied program has been arranged for the occasion, which follows:

9.00 a. m.—Biblical study, Rev. J. E. Turner.

11.00 a. m.—An hour in necromancy. Mystifying feats of sleight of hand, by the great magician, Edward Mara, Chicago, Ill. Bird imitations by W. A. McCormick.

2.00 p. m.—Concert of war songs, Prof. Pontius and chorus, assisted by the assembly soloists.

2.30 p. m.—Public reception to His Excellency, Gov. George W. Atkinson, of West Virginia, who will introduce the distinguished speaker of the hour.

2.45 p. m.—Lecture, "Johnny Reb," by the great and witty Southerner, Judge F. R. Farrar, Richmond, Va. Grand rally of old soldiers, both those who wore the blue and gray. Seats will be reserved; old soldiers admitted free.

5.30 p. m.—Old soldiers' campfire, a time of delightful reminiscences. Addresses by distinguished visitors. Refreshments served.

7.00 p. m.—Grand closing concert, Prof. Pontius and chorus, assisted by the Zelo Orchestra, the Arion Lady Quartet, Madame Cecelia Epping-housen Bailey, Miss Marion Short, and all the Assembly talent. Fifteen minutes of wonderful moving pictures. Every effort will be made to make this the most delightful entertainment ever given at the Park. Good-bye words for 1897; prophecies for 1898.

8.15 p. m.—Venetian night on the lake: Fireworks on the island, illuminated fleet, music on the lake and stereopticon views on the lakeside. Excursion trains leave after all is over.

WAYSIDE GLEANINGS.

To the Mountain Lake Park Chautauqua.

Stronger than life is the reason
That shines through clear souls, ahead:
For life is only a season—
And truth weeps not for the dead.

Better be dead than thus living—
Your soul is troubled with care;
No matter the taking or giving,
Content enlarges your share.

Know thyself wholly and clearly—
Bid your heart be of good cheer;
Purchase no pleasure too dearly;
Regret has the bitterest tear.

Measure your life by your loving,
The soul embobbins the clay—
Of thine own soul ask forgiving,
Your brother forgive always.

Count the world's favors as losses;
Find not thyself for a day—
The soul grows stronger with crosses,
Riches go often astray.

Tread not the shark of the rattling
Seek no contention nor strife,
Leave that to dumb, driven cattle
Knowing no beauty of life.

Wisdom is more than the learning;
Learning is often a cheat—
Truth is a tomb that is burning
The mask that covers deceit.

Fear not, nor cowardly falter—
Many are walking alone;
True souls will find at God's altar
Heaven will welcome its own.

Work—for all work is a proving
Labor's more than a prayer;
Think ye the ball in its moving
Feels no will of the player.

Subtle indeed is the spirit
That moves His infinite core;
Let thy heart ever be near it,
Love will thrill in thy prayer.

Open your heart—let thy hand
Be prodigal as God's own:
Love has no limit, all may stand
In the light of His white throne.

Never despair for the ending
Time bringeth all things aright,
Life shadows ever are blending
With dawn of purer delight.

—THE TRAMP.

August 14, 1897.

Grantsville.

T. H. Bittinger is having the Muhlenburg shop building repaired, enlarged and remodeled, and intends to occupy it as postoffice when completed.

Daniel Baker's wheat yielded at the rate of thirty-nine bushels per acre.

J. E. Gnagey went to Pittsburg Sunday.

Dr. O. G. Getty, of Meyersdale, Pa., passed through here several times last week in response to calls for his professional services, to assist Dr. Lichty.

Charles Warnick, a well known and esteemed farmer, who resided on Manadier Ridge, south of this place, died last Thursday evening from the effects of strangulated hernia. The funeral was held at New Germany on Saturday at 10 a. m. He was sixty-one years, two months and twenty days old. Revs. Leader, of Salisbury, Pa., and Hunnrichhouse officiated at the funeral.

J. S. Miller and daughter Amelia, and C. F. Lee and daughter Lizzie, intend to leave to-day for a several days jaunt among friends in Preston county, W. Va. They will stop in Oakland *en route*.

The school building is being repaired and the woodwork repainted. The newly erected yard fence is quite an improvement.

Bittinger.

Farmers are about through harvesting their oats.

Mahlon Brenneman was visiting friends in New Germany Saturday and Sunday last.

T. B. Wiley made a business trip to Grantsville last Thursday.

Luther Ralston, accompanied by Ed. Wiland, of New Germany, was calling on some of the fair sex at this place last Saturday evening.

Mrs. Kate Boland, of Oakland, was visiting Mrs. T. B. Wiley recently.

Miss Emma Lininger, of near Addison, Pa., was visiting friends at Bittinger last week.

The singing school Saturday evening was a grand success.

Mr. Charles Laidley, of Meyersdale, Pa., is visiting his father-in-law, Mr. Brenneman, near this place.

E. F. Durst was seen in our quiet little town last Saturday and Sunday.

Messrs. Turner Lohr and Daniel Orendorf are attending normal school at Accident.

Mr. Albert Bittinger, of Crellin, was visiting at this place Sunday.

Misses Cora Bittinger and Fannie Wiley made a flying trip to Grantsville last Sunday.

Frederick M. Bittinger made a trip to Accident last Saturday and met with a misfortune by his horse running away, but no serious damage was done.

F. L. Snyder was the guest of Geo. W. Engle's Friday evening.

Henry Bittinger made a flying trip to Pennsylvania last Saturday.

SLIM JIM.

Proclamation

WHEREAS, at the January session in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six of the General Assembly of Maryland a bill was passed proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the State by adding an additional section to Article fifteen thereof, to be known as Section eleven of said Article, which said bill and amendment are in the words following, to-wit:

CHAPTER 150.

AN ACT to amend the Constitution of the State by adding an additional Section to Article fifteen thereof, to be known as Section eleven of said Article.

SECTION 1. BE IT ENACTED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF MARYLAND (three-fifths of all the members of the House concurring), That the following additional section be, and the same hereby is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of this State; and, if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as herein provided, it shall stand and be known as Section eleven of Article fifteen of said Constitution:

11. Appointments in the Civil service of the State, in the municipalities and counties of the State, shall be made according to merit and fitness, to be ascertained as far as practicable by examination, which shall be competitive, except as to laborers; and subject to confirmation by the Senate, and the General Assembly shall pass all such laws as may be necessary from time to time to carry into effect the provisions of this Section.

SECTION 2. AND BE IT FURTHER ENACTED BY THE AUTHORITY AFORESAID, That the foregoing section, hereby proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of this State shall be, at the next general election held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection. In pursuance of the directions contained in Article fourteen of the Constitution of this State, and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the Constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot used at said election shall be printed, after the lists of candidates, the question concerning the adoption or rejection of said proposed constitutional amendment, so that each voter at such election may designate thereon in the manner prescribed by law, whether his vote is "For the Constitutional Amendment," or "Against the Constitutional Amendment," as he shall elect, and immediately after said election due return shall be made to the Governor of the State of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by said Fourteenth article of the Constitution.

Approved April 8th, 1896.

NOW THEREFORE, I, LLOYD LOWNDES, Governor of the State of Maryland, in pursuance of the provisions of Section one of Article fourteen of the Constitution of the State, do hereby order and direct that a copy of said bill proposing said constitutional amendment be published in at least two newspapers in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one may be published, then in that newspaper, and in three newspapers in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in the German language, once a week for at least three months preceding the next ensuing general election (which said general election will be held on Tuesday, the Second day of November, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven), at which election the said proposed amendment shall be submitted, in the form and manner prescribed by the General Assembly, to the qualified voters of the State for adoption or rejection.

THE GREAT SEAL OF MARYLAND.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of Maryland.

Done at the City of Annapolis on the first day of July in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.

LLOYD LOWNDES,
Governor of Maryland.

By order of the Governor:
RICHARD DALLAM,
21-14t Secretary of State.

ORDER NISI.

Hiram Duckworth, Mortgagee, vs. Robert B. Butler, Mortgagor.

No. 835 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 20th day of July, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Hiram Duckworth, Mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 20th day of August, 1897, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 20th day of August, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $3,400.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

Samuel J. Miller, et al., vs. Joel J. Miller, et al.

No. 827 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 20th day of July, 1897, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Samuel J. Miller, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown on or before the 20th day of August, 1897, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 20th day of August, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $1250.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

ORDER NISI.

Archibald C. Biggs, Committee, vs. Jacob Biggs.

No. 835 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 16th day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by James C. Peddicord, trustee, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 16th day of September, 1897; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 16th day of September, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $150.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

Ripans Tabules relieve headache.

THE IMPORTED

French Coach Stallion

recently purchased by the

Accident Horse Improvement Company

IS NOW READY FOR SERVICE AT THE KEEPER'S STABLE, NEAR ACCIDENT.

INSURANCE, - $15.00

Anyone parting with a mare after bred forfeits the insurance money. Insurance due as soon as mare is known to be in foal.

NOAH PYSELL,
Keeper.

25-31*

Sheriff's Sale.

Under and by virtue of a writ of [illegible] issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county at the suit of Lemuel B. Sutherland against [illegible] Sutherland, doing business as Spencer & Sutherland, and [illegible] Sutherland, the [illegible] and I have levied upon, seized and taken into execution all the right, title, interest and estate of the said [illegible] Sutherland, in and to the following property, to-wit: [illegible] and will be sold at public auction for cash to the highest bidder, on the premises, on

Friday, August 20, 1897,

at 2 o'clock p. m., the following property, to-wit: [illegible] one horse or mare, 7 years old, the [illegible] and [illegible] of the said Specter & Sutherland, known as [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND : GARRETT CO., MD

THE EVERLASTING LIFE.

Oh, hurrying the blossoms come, make
ready for the summer,
And crinkling vines go gadding—a-gadding all day long.
Fast sleepy nooks slip sun-warmed brooks,
aglow with dimply murmur
So low their song seems silence, but silence sweet as song.

Oh, poet-painter! closer come into these dim recesses
Of growing buds and springing green, where every star-leaf shines;
Of breezes that leap up and mock the pines with their caresses,
Then drop into the hollow and sleep among the vines.

Live first upon the mountain top and watch the world made over
When, lo! the sun lifts up its rim and warms the land with light;
Then slip into the valley and sleep amid the clover—
Ay, softly sleep and purely dream—stars watch, 'tis holy night.

Oh who hath caught its grandeur, this living, surely living,
Of seed that deathlike lie, then stir and slowly rise to bloom;
While the Eternal Goodness is giving, ever giving,
A new life to the spent life that lies within its tomb!

Oh humbly live and purely speak; ye cannot speak too purely;
This high, anointed plan is set in God's unending grace;
Each hath its own fulfilling, and surely, always surely,
Each moves through light, or darkness, to his appointed place.

—Millie W. Carpenter, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

AN AWKWARD POSITION.

"DO YOU think two girls ought to be born so exactly alike?" said Charlie Daere, ruefully twisting up a cigarette.

The other man laughed.

"Are you talking of those two Dennison girls? They're not exactly alike."

"It's all very well for you, but I haven't your long sight, and I declare to you if I see either of them at a little distance, or in a bad light, I can't tell which is which. I am going to a party to-night, given by the respected parents of my Dennison, and I positively dread it."

"Perhaps they play tricks on you," said Ballantyne. "One of them is rather skittish."

Charlie got himself up that night with extraordinary care, and, as he was a good-looking fellow, he presented a rather striking appearance as he entered Mrs. Dennison's drawing-rooms. He had been detained, so that most of the guests had arrived when he came, and his inamorata was nowhere to be seen. But shortly after he had paid his respects to the host and hostess the daughter of the house, prettily dressed in white and blue, came up. Daere begged for a dance—two dances.

"I'm so sorry," said she, "but I've nothing vacant till the lancers. You're a little late, Mr. Daere, you see," with a slight accent of reproach as she gave him her card. Charlie apologized in the humblest terms and the girl bestowed a smile on him as she was led away.

Daere went to seek her in good time for his lancers. She sat on an ottoman in a distant part of the room, where the drooping folds of a curtain formed a shade from the glare of the lights. The blue and white of her filmy gown stood out against the dark background. Daere hastened across the room to her.

"Miss Dennison, my dance," he said, eagerly. "May I?"

She turned her pretty face and arched her eyebrows in surprise.

"Yes," said Charlie, "the lancers—you promised—oh! I beg your pardon. You're your cousin—I mean the other Miss Dennison—and, of course, I haven't seen you before."

Then, recovering from his confusion before the young lady could speak, he added:

"I hope I'm not too late to get a dance, Miss Dennison?"

Having secured this, he sought the other Isabel.

"Why, in the fiend's name, do they dress alike?" he muttered, in nervous fear of another mistake. He might be continually coming across the one he didn't want, like a recurring decimal. Several times he bore down on a fair girl in blue and white, but turned away, deciding that he had only come on an Isabel in another place. The lancers had begun—it was in full swing before he came suddenly on a sofa where sat the Isabel.

"Miss Dennison," he stammered, "I'm so sorry—"

"Pray don't apologize," said she, coldly. "I assure you the delay is not of the slightest moment."

"Indeed it was quite unintentional," said the unfortunate Charlie, in despair. "I have been looking for you—"

"I have been sitting here the last ten minutes, and you passed me just now."

"I saw a blue and white dress," acknowledged Charlie, "but some people came between it and me. Won't you forgive me and dance this? It isn't too late."

"I think my mother wants me," said Isabel, rising with dignity.

"May I take you to her?"

"No, thank you."

Charlie only got pardoned when everybody was going. He was mad with himself, but could not bring himself to acknowledge the real reason of this apparent neglect. He was sensitive about these constant mistakes. They went on happening, of course, the one Isabel laughing at him, which he dreaded; the other turning haughty and offended. He offered some flowers to a Dennison girl one day, and she said, demurely: "Are you sure they were meant for me?"

"Whom else could they be meant for?" said Charlie, sentimentally.

"My cousin, perhaps—she's over there," said the girl, merrily. Daere flushed in unutterable confusion and took back the flowers, scarcely knowing what he did. And when he turned away he met the scornful eyes of a girl who must be the Isabel he wanted, because the girl he had left wasn't her. It was quite impossible to present the flowers, and he made a crestfallen escape as soon as he could.

"Hang it! I'll end all this!" he said, angrily, one day. "But I shall have to be careful, if I am happily successful, that I marry the right girl. It would be awfully awkward if I didn't."

His opportunity seemed thrown into his hands, for he was invited to spend a week at a country house where the Isabel was also going with her mother. He sat next her at dinner, and to his great delight saw no other Isabel.

"We shall be a larger party to-morrow," said the young lady; "my cousins are coming."

"The—the Dennisons?" Charlie almost gasped.

"Not all of them—only Isabel and Lucy."

This was comforting! And both Isabels had such an odious habit of dressing in the same colors! Why didn't they wear different-colored ribbons, like French twins?

He got along fairly well, with great care and caution. One evening he saw Isabel Dennison entering the library. He knew it was his one, because she had on a gray dress, whereas her cousin had worn a green one during the day; otherwise it was too dark to see her features. He followed her into the room.

"The nicest time for a chat," he said, and she made a movement as if to leave the room, flitting toward a further door.

"Yes, but I'm afraid I can't stay," she said. "I only came to fetch something I left here."

"Well—but don't go—stay a minute," said Daere, entreatingly. He had no doubt at all about his accuracy as to identity; her desire to escape from him was a sure proof, let alone others; for it was precisely the desire she had shown in the last few days, and which he took as a favorable sign. "Miss Dennison—Isabel—am I mistaken in thinking—in hoping—you know—you surely must know—that I love you"

The girl had stood still for a second, while Charlie rushed on with his declaration, but she interrupted him hastily—

"Indeed, Mr. Daere, I'm afraid—"

"Don't say that," said Charlie, going nearer; "all those weeks in town—down here, when we have been thrown so much together—I surely have not misunderstood—"

A stifled sound came from the dim figure before him, whether laugh or what he could not tell; but he suddenly started back, and in so doing came face to face with another Isabel in a gray dress.

If the earth had opened and swallowed him Charlie would have been thankful. This was the crowning disaster. Neither Isabel stirred; which in

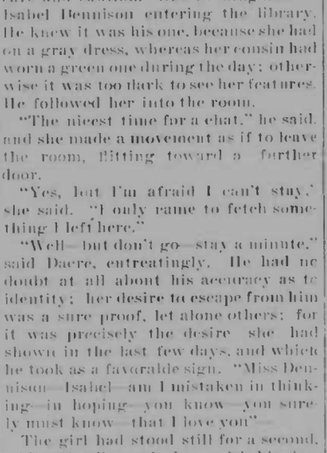

"YOU ARE THE ONE," HE SAID.

Heaven's name, was which? To whom had he proposed? How should he ever know he had got the right Isabel?

He recognized after the first wild movement that he must save the situation. He approached the newcomer, who eyed him disdainfully.

"Miss Dennison—Isabel" he began.

"Which Miss Dennison do you intend to address, Mr. Daere?" she demanded, stiffly.

"How the deuce should I know? It is nearly dark, and you both evade me."

"You had better pursue your conversation with the lady you seem to recognize best, and I will retire."

The other Isabel sprang forward.

"Don't be a goose, cousin," said she, half laughing, "and you, Mr. Daere, wait a minute. You know very well, Isabel, it's all a mistake, and I'd have interrupted Mr. Daere before, only he was so impetuous I had no time. He didn't mean me at all—"

"Mr. Daere doesn't seem to know who he means," said the offended Isabel.

"I know very well when I can see them," murmured Charlie, nearly crushed. "Here goes for a light."

But when a blaze of light illumined the room only one Isabel remained. Daere took her hand.

"You are the one," he said.

"Are you quite sure?" she asked, archly.

"Ah! that's cruel! Of course, I am. What will you say to me, Isabel—forgive me and—"

"Love you," whispered Isabel.

"I hope it's the right one," said Ballantyne, when the marriage ceremony was over; "but upon my word, he was almost taking the bridesmaid's hand instead of the bride's!"—London Star.

—It is a poor plan to tell your secret over the telephone.

FEW MAD DOGS.

Therefore, Consider the Dog and Deal with Him in an Intelligent Way.

Now, the very first observation we have to make on this subject is that there are no such days in the year's calendar as "dog days." There are no days on which, and there is no kind of weather during which, a dog is peculiarly liable to rabies. Rabies is a rare disease at all seasons of the year, and there are no more cases of rabies in July or August than in December or January. It follows, therefore, that there is no more reason to dread our family friend, the dog, in hot weather than in cold, and no more reason to dread hydrophobia from his bite at one time of the year than at another. The phrase "dog days" is a false and misleading phrase, which all humane persons ought to avoid in the interest of the dog.

We have said, and we repeat, that hydrophobia is one of the rarest of diseases; and that when it appears to be developed, we believe it, in the vast majority of cases, to be a simulated disease, produced by a morbid imagination. We do not go so far as to assert that it is never caused by the bite of a rabid animal; and therefore we would advise that all proper care should be taken to destroy without delay all animals that are affected with rabies. Yet here again we must recall the fact that rabies itself is one of the rarest of all the diseases with which dogs and other animals are affected. When we hear the cry of "Mad dog!" the chances are millions to one that the dog is not mad; it is the people who are mad with terror.

In the 30 years since the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was established our officers and agents have been constantly on the outlook, but no undoubted case of rabies has ever fallen under their observation or within their knowledge; and of over 160,000 dogs and other small animals which have been cared for at our shelter during the past three years, not one single case of rabies has been found. These facts sufficiently prove that rabies is rare in this city and in this state; but there is such a disease, and it is important for the public, as well as yourself, that you should know whether a sick dog is or is not rabid. If you will note the following facts you will have no difficulty. You will probably find them to be quite different from the popular fancies by which most persons are misled.

1. It is supposed that a mad dog dreads water. It is not so. The mad dog is very likely to plunge his head to the eyes in water, though he cannot swallow it and laps it with difficulty.

2. It is supposed that a mad dog runs about with evidences of intense excitement. It is not so. The mad dog never runs about in agitation; he never gallops; he is always alone, usually in a strange place, where he jogs along slowly. If he is approached by dog or man he shows no sign of excitement, but when the dog or man is near enough he snaps and resumes his solitary trot.

3. If a dog barks, yelps, whines or growls that dog is not mad. The only sound a mad dog is ever known to emit is a hoarse howl, and that but seldom. Even blows will not extort an outcry from a mad dog. Therefore, if any dog, under any circumstances, utters any other sound than that of a hoarse howl, that dog is not mad.

4. It is supposed that the mad dog froths at the mouth. It is not so. If a dog's jaws are covered or flecked with white froth, that dog is not mad. The surest of all signs that a dog is mad is a thick and ropy brown mucus clinging to his lips, which he often tries vainly to tear away with his paws or to wash away with water.

5. If your own dog is bitten by any other dog, watch him carefully. If he is infected by rabies you will discover signs of it possibly in from six to ten days. Then he will be restless, often getting up only to lie down again, changing his position impatiently, turning from side to side, and constantly licking or scratching some particular part of his head, limbs, or body. He will be irritable and inclined to dash at other animals, and he will sometimes snap at objects which he imagines to be near him. He will be excessively thirsty, lapping water eagerly and often. Then there will be glandular swellings about his jaws and throat, and he will vainly endeavor to rid himself of a thick, ropy, mucous discharge from his mouth and throat. If he can he will probably stray away from home and trot slowly and mournfully along the highway or across country, meddling with neither man nor beast unless they approach him, and then giving a single snap. The only exception to this behavior occurs in ferocious dogs, which, during the earlier stage of excitement, may attack any living object in sight.—Our Animal Friends.

On the Nature of Girls.

"The time has come," said Bildad, in a determined tone, looking Mrs. Bildad in the eye accusingly, "when our four daughters have got to get married. I'm tired of supporting them."

"I know, dear," said Mrs. Bildad, meekly. "I've told 'em they simply must get married, and done everything I could to get them to accept the young men that call here. They are nice young men, too, but the girls don't seem to take the slightest interest in them."

"Do they all want to be old maids?"

"So they say."

"And they pay no attention to you when you urge them to marry?"

"Not the slightest."

"I'll fix it," said the old man, and he went into the parlor, kicked the four young men out, swore by all that was holy that the girls should never see them again, and then locked the rebellious and weeping maidens in their rooms.

Within a week there were four elopements from the Bildad house.—N. Y. Journal.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The following general directions are useful in the destruction of weeds: If it be annual, do not let it make seeds. If it be perennial, do not let it make leaves.

—Digestion proceeds more rapidly in the horse with active exercise than when eating is followed by a period of rest, according to the experiments of Dr. Tange, of Buda-Pesth. In the dog and in man the opposite is true, which shows how unsafe it is to infer results in one animal from observations on another.

—The scheme of covering the Sahara with forest is pronounced by M. P. Privat-Deschenel utterly impracticable, the arid plateaus being hopeless desert. On a limited scale, however, the valleys—most of which are favored with a small amount of water—may be successfully planted with tamarisk, acacia, eucalyptus and poplar, the last-named tree having unexpectedly proved the most suitable. In the forest shelter vegetables and fruit trees may be grown.

—Mr. William H. Dall, of the Smithsonian institution, says in Science that "during the early days of the whale fishery several well-attested instances occurred of whales struck in one ocean, as the Atlantic, being afterward killed in the North Pacific, and vice versa." This would indicate that some whales are great travelers, for to get from the Atlantic to the North Pacific they would have to go many thousands of miles, passing either around Cape Horn or around the northern end of North America and through Behring strait.

—Men of science sometimes make extraordinary demands upon the skill of instrument makers. An interesting illustration is furnished by the instrument called the "microtome," the purpose of which is to cut excessively thin slices or sections of various substances, such as animal or vegetable tissues, for microscopic examination. Microtomes have recently been invented which, it is claimed, can cut successive sections each only one-twelve-thousandth of an inch thick! The edge of the knife which makes such cuts appears perfectly smooth and straight when magnified 50 times.

DUE TO INORDINATE VANITY.

Injury of Kaiser's Eye Is Explained by a German Diplomat.

The recent injury to the kaiser's eye was the result of a characteristic exhibition of personal vanity on his part. He was informed that it would be unsafe, if not impossible, to lower the heavy steel pole masts of the Hohenzollern, his gigantic yacht, unless she were in dock and under a derrick. He exclaimed that if nothing was impossible to him, and said if the naval engineers aboard were unable to devise means of lowering the masts while the ship was afloat he would teach them how.

Accordingly, he drew up a scheme for unshipping the masts by means of hawsers attached to the bow and to the other masts. It was while this hawser was being rigged up under his personal direction that a rope snapped and the end struck him in the face. His eye was seriously injured. The kaiser bore the intense pain without flinching while in sight of his crew, but when he withdrew to his cabin he threw himself on the bed and writhed in agony. When the surgical aid he obtained some relief, he returned to the deck with his eye bound up, and, in spite of the urgings of his officers, he had the pole mast lowered, doing considerable damage to the yacht's deck and rigging by the operation. Having given this demonstration of his "divine" power, he had the crew summoned and prayer was offered up. The episode was due to one of those attacks of mania to which he is subject in midsummer.

The private letter from a diplomatic source in Berlin giving this authentic account of the incident says that the eye is very gravely hurt and that it is quite possible the kaiser's sight may be permanently affected.—Chicago Chronicle.

How Ostriches Run.

Considerable misconception prevails as to the manner in which the ostrich runs. It seems to be still generally held that when running it spreads out its wings, and, aided by them, skims lightly over the ground. This is not correct. When a bird really settles itself to run, it holds its head lower than usual and a little forward, with a deep loop in the neck. The neck vibrates sinuously, but the head remains steady, thus enabling the bird, even at top speed, to look around with unshaken glance in any direction. The wings lie along the sides about on a level with or a little higher than the back, and are held loosely, just free of the plunging "thigh." There is no attempt to hold them extended or derive any assistance from them as organs of flight. When an ostrich, after a hard run, is very tired, its wings sometimes droop, this is due to exhaustion. They are never, by a running bird exerting itself to the utmost, held out away from the sides to lighten its weight or to increase its pace. But the wings appear to be of great service in turning, enabling the bird to double abruptly, even when going at top speed.—Zoologist.

Breeding Ground Hogs for Food.

Henry Singer, a well-known and thrifty farmer of Duvall Station, Scott county, Ky., has for the last two years been domesticating the ground hog with much success. Mr. Singer found a burrow in which he captured 17 ground hogs, and, taking them into a small lot on his place, he built a close wire fence through which none could escape. Last year the hogs increased to 205, and this year there were 1,673. Of this number Mr. Singer killed 1,000, which he salted away and will smoke dry, as Kentucky farmers do with ordinary pork. The ground hog when so cured is a great delicacy, and Mr. Singer has more than enough to furnish his meat for the coming year.—Chicago Chronicle.

DOPED MULES.

Worn-Out Hybrids Palmed Off on the Government.

A unique swindle of the government has recently been exposed by Dr. Ed Ferrell and further attempt in that direction prevented. Dr. Ferrell is a well-known St. Louis veterinarian, having taken up the large practice enjoyed by his father, when the latter was appointed inspector of horses and mules for the government, with headquarters at Chicago.

According to the young veterinarian's story a large contract for army mules was recently advertised, and, following the rules and regulations, was let to the lowest bidder. This man said he would furnish all the mules wanted at $85 apiece.

"The first consignment was to arrive in East St. Louis," said Dr. Ed Ferrell, "and father appointed me to inspect them. When I looked at the papers and saw that $85 was the price per head I at once concluded something was amiss, for I knew a good mule cannot be purchased for less than $150. But the animals I examined seemed all right; they were sleek and lively, and apparently came up to the requirements. During the first half hour that I was inspecting I noticed that I was never permitted to examine a mule very closely. The animal itself objected and when one or two had nearly kicked my head off I began to suspect that some person was causing their deviltry. Then, finally, I caught sight of a man poking a mule with a sharp-pointed iron just as I stooped to examine a fetlock. This happened two or three times, and I tell you my life was in danger.

"The next discovery I made was that of a man poking a 'hypo' into a mule. Then I called a halt, and ordered one of the drivers to take an animal far to one side, and not have anyone come near. For half an hour I examined that mule, and when I had finished I was ready for the contractor. We didn't exchange many words, but the result of what was said appeared the day following, when the man relinquished his contract."

"What was it you discovered?" the reporter for the Post-Dispatch asked.

"I discovered," replied Dr. Ferrell, "that every one of those mules, and there were several hundred of them, was old enough to keel over and die of antiquity. But they had been undergoing treatment. For a month or more the beasts had been treated to hypodermic injections of a fluid especially prepared for the purpose, and which contained some arsenic. It caused them to be temporarily young again, filled them out and gave their coats a sleek appearance and made their eyes glisten.

"I suspected the mules had been doped after I had examined that animal ten minutes, but I was puzzled when I opened the mouth, for the teeth indicated a three-year-old. It was some time before I caught on, and when I did I marveled at the neatness of the work. Those teeth had not only been sawed to the right length, but had been rounded with a file. Then again I was puzzled. There are little black spots around the lower part of an old mule's teeth that are missing on more youthful animals. I looked for these and could not find them, but as I passed my finger over where they should be I felt slight indentations, and at once realized that nitric acid had been used to burn the marks away. That settled the business."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Old Towns, But Young Cities.

The fact that New Bedford, Mass., is to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its incorporation as a city next October brings out the interesting information that only four cities in the commonwealth have passed the half century mark. The town and settlements of Massachusetts are among the oldest in the country, but the cities are comparatively young. Cambridge celebrated its fiftieth birthday as a city last year. Salem and Lowell are just ten years older than the university town, while Boston attains her seventy-fifth anniversary this year. Worcester as a city will be 50 years old on February 29, 1848, and two years later Lynn may make the same boast. Newburyport, Springfield, Lawrence and Fall River follow in order, at intervals of a year apart. Chelsea joined the sisterhood in 1857, Taunton in 1864, Haverhill in 1869 and Somerville in 1871. Fitchburg became a city just 25 years ago, and the next year, 1873, three new names were added to the list—Holyoke, Gloucester and Newton. No more towns were made cities till eight years later, when Malden and Brockton were thus changed in 1881. Of the remaining 11 cities, Northampton is the oldest dating from 1883. It thus appears that Boston is the only Massachusetts city older than Buffalo. Our semi-centennial of cityhood was celebrated in 1882.—Buffalo Commercial.

Non-Inflammable Fabrics.

The recent disaster at Paris has called the attention of the public to the importance of making articles of decoration or of wearing apparel non-inflammable, and experiments have proven that even wood may be made capable of resisting an ordinary flame. Textiles are very easily made fireproof. One of the dangers of exhibitions is the presence of celluloid, and the attention of scientists is being turned toward some treatment of celluloid which will decrease its dangerous qualities. Celluloid is being used in a thousand ways for everyday purposes, and the fierceness of the flame when it takes fire makes it an exceedingly dangerous thing in careless hands. It, therefore, ought to be made in some way less inflammable.—N. Y. Ledger.

The Old Feud Revived.

Haverstraw—Why do Duxter and Jiggersnore quarrel so since they became Theosophists? They used to be such great friends.

Bildad—So they were until they discovered that in their former incarnation one of them was Julius Cæsar and the other Brutus.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Where shall we go?" She (on her second ride)—"That I think I shall have to leave entirely to my wheel."—Brooklyn Life.

—Modesty Itself.—"He's the most modest man I ever knew." "Yes, he won't even tell the naked truth."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

—"Miss Flyte, do you think Miss Giggie is laughing at me?" "I can't say, Mr. Softleigh. She often laughs at almost nothing."—Tit-Bits.

—Ferguson—"What is the composition of Roquefort cheese?" Tipton—"Roquefort cheese is not a composition; it is a decomposition."—Boston Transcript.

—More Information.—"Paw," asked Tommy, who had been reading headlines, "what does 'charges of bad faith' mean?" "Oh—er—I dunno," answered Mr. Figg, absently. "Another one of those heresy trials, I guess."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"Yez know Casey, the contractor?" said Mr. Dolan. "Oi do," replied Rafferty. "Is he what ye'd call reliable?" "He is the most reliable man Oi iver knew. Whinever he tells yez anythin' ye kin depend on it's not bein' so."—Washington Star.

—First Reformer—"I'm trying to write an essay on the emancipation of my sex, and I find it very hard to begin." Second Reformer—"Oh, I think that would be so easy. Why, you might begin by sharpening your pencil with your husband's razor, you know."—Detroit Journal.

—Pleasures of the Imagination.—"Mrs. Stebbins is the meanest woman on earth." "What has she done now?" "She gave her little boy a slice of bread and butter and told him to go out and sit where he could smell the blackberry jam Mrs. Perkins was making."—Chicago Record.

—Gave Himself Away.—"George, do you know that you came home at three o'clock this morning and acted dreadfully silly?" "What did I say?" "Well, for one thing, you called me a wingless angel." "Did I say that?" "Yes." "I own up, my dear. I was drunk."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

MAKE THEMSELVES USEFUL.

Dogs Perform Many Services for the Miners in Frozen Alaska.

Dogs have suddenly become more valuable than horses in this section of the northwest. This state of affairs results from the great and growing demand for dogs to be used in hauling sledges in the Yukon country, Alaska. While thousands of horses for which their owners cannot get three dollars a head are roaming over the plains of eastern Washington and Oregon, good-sized dogs are bringing from $15 to $30 each in the local market. At Juneau their value is double what it is here, and on the Yukon river a good dog brings from $100 to $150. To the Yukon miner the dog has become what the reindeer is to the Laplander and the pony to the cowboys of Texas and Mexico—a beast of service and a most valuable one.

Every steamer sailing for Alaska for three months past has borne northward several dozen dogs destined for service in front of heavily laden sledges. They are taken by boat to Dyea, at the head of salt water navigation, and there put into harness to assist in hauling outfits and supplies over the Chilkoot pass and down the farther slope to the series of fresh water lakes forming the headwaters of the Yukon's tributaries. Up to May, when the ice breaks up, dog teams slide over the smooth surface of the lakes with surprising rapidity, considering the loads they haul. There are portages to be made around dangerous rapids, and here again their services are invaluable. Arriving at the central parts, such as Forty Mile or Circle City, both men and dogs are put into harness again for the trip to the diggings.

The sledge dogs are too valuable not to be well taken care of where that is possible. Their owners' first thought in this respect is to obtain plenty of food for them. Their food consists principally of fish, usually salmon, caught in the Yukon river by the natives. An ordinary dog will eat daily two pounds of dried salmon, which equals seven pounds of fresh fish. At Forty Mile last winter dried salmon sold at from 20 to 50 cents a pound, and bacon that was fit only for dogs to eat sold for 37½ cents a pound. In some of the larger camps on the Yukon dog boarding houses have been established, where the animals are properly cared for at from six to fifteen dollars a month, according to the season and the price of dog food.—Forest and Stream.

They'd Rather Sit With Men.

A noticeable habit of women on railway trains is that of preferring to sit beside a strange man rather than to take a vacant seat beside a strange woman. The window seats the whole length of the car being in possession of earlier comers, the belated woman or girl can be counted upon to pass by seat after seat until she reaches one where a masculine visage is silhouetted against the window pane, when with a "Is this seat engaged?" she seats herself shoulder to shoulder with a strange man. It would seem natural for a woman of refinement to find such close proximity to a stranger of the opposite sex little short of revolting—an experience, in fact, to be avoided, if at all possible. Judging, however, by the conduct of the majority of the sex, this is not a point on which women are sensitive.—Vogue.

Appendicitis Contagious.

The observations of Prof. Golubeff, of Moscow, have convinced him that appendicitis is not only a contagious disease, but that it sometimes occurs in epidemics. It was unusually prevalent in Moscow last year. To illustrate, Prof. Golubeff mentions that in a small boarding school where in several years there had not been a single case of appendicitis he treated seven cases within two months.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

TEMPERANCE.

"WHEN HE'S IN LIQUOR."

How Young Master Mouse Escaped Mrs. Pussy's Claws.

Once upon a time a pussy cat lived in the house of a family who drank beer every day. The beer was kept in a barrel in the storeroom, but each day a large brown jugful was drawn off, and left ready on a table below the storeroom shelf, till it was wanted for dinner.

In a safe hole in the corner of this shelf there lived a nice little mousie, who had a promising young family. She was bringing them up with great care, and among other precepts she had warned them never to taste the beer. Now, the eldest of her family was a very self-opinionated young mouse, and he said to himself: "My mother's ideas are old-fashioned; at any rate, I'll taste the beer at the first opportunity, and judge for myself." Accordingly, the first day his mother went to market he crept along the shelf and leaned over the edge to taste the beer, when, flop! he fell into the jug. The shock was very unpleasant, and the taste and the smell nearly sickened

HE FELL INTO THE JUG.

him, but, worst of all, how was he to get out again? He swam round and round and saw there was no escape.

Just then pussy, who had been watching the whole proceeding with much interest, peeped over the edge of the jug. Her first idea was to claw Master Mouse out, but she hated wetting her claws, and, being a deliberate pussy cat, she merely looked on.

"Oh, Mrs. Pussy," cried Master Mouse, "save me, and I will do anything in the world for you. I will even let you eat me when I get out; anything, rather than be drowned in this horrible stuff."

"You promise?" said pussy.

"Yes, I give you my word of honor. So just lower your beautiful tail till I can catch hold of it and climb out."

This suited pussy's plans to a nicety, so she lowered her tail into the jug. Mousie clambered up it and ran straight into his hole!

"Come out! you young scoundrel," cried pussy, "you know you promised to let me eat you."

"Hoots, nonsense," said young mouse, "Don't you know a fellow doesn't know what he's talking about when he's in liquor?!!!"

The family thought the beer had a peculiar taste that day! Pussy's thoughts are better unrecorded!

Master Mouse's thoughts were: 1. "I'm a lad o' pairts." 2. "But I have tarnished the honor of the family." 3. "My mother wasn't so far wrong after all!!!"—J. D., Irish Temperance League Journal.

GENERAL GLEANINGS.

When liquor goes into the stomach love goes out of the heart.—Ram's Horn.

Of 4,030 criminals convicted in Canada last year, only 30 did not use intoxicants.

After all, fireworks one day in the year don't do so much damage as firewater does the rest of the time.—Chicago Times-Herald.

At a dog show in Los Angeles the sign: "No smoking; it will hurt the dogs," was hung on the wall. Are dogs better than boys or men?

God is silently but surely sifting the American people into two classes—home defenders and saloon defenders. There are only two classes. To which do you belong?—The Patrol.

It has been estimated that the subscribed capital of the brewing and distillery firms in the United Kingdom amount to £250,000,000, while the market value of the shares is nearly double that amount.

Sunderland, England, saloon keepers give checks to everyone buying a growler of beer, which amount to three shillings for every 20 shillings' worth bought. The system has trebled the consumption of beer in the town, and they are talking of giving a rebate for drinks sold across the bar as well.

The famous Dr. Willard Parker says: "The average life of temperance people is 61 years and two months, while the average life of the intemperate is 35 years and six months." And yet there are even doctors who recommend alcoholic stimulants as promoters of health and strength.

Wherein, so far as the matter of self-indulgence is concerned, is the tobacco habit any better than the alcohol habit? Both are enslaving, both are of the flesh, both are children of the devil. The sons of the Great King have no business to tamper with anything which defileth.—Henry W. Adams.

Want Temperate Barkeepers.

The shrewd saloon keeper will not employ a drinking young man for barkeeper. He prefers a total abstainer. He is a money maker and wants all there is in it. He knows that a man under the influence of liquor is not a safe person behind the bar. It pays him to have a barkeeper who can mix drinks, but doesn't swallow them.—Lever.

IS CONSIDERED DISREPUTABLE.

The Rapid Decrease of Drunkenness in the United States.

The arrest and humiliation of a member of one of the companies of the Illinois national guard at Camp Lincoln for drunkenness was an event invested with more significance than attaches to a mere infraction of military discipline. It is true that the state does not want any drunkards among its defenders. Intoxication has certainly ceased to be a soldierly attribute—if it ever was one—in this country.

But there was a time when the occurrence at Camp Lincoln would have excited nothing more than passing comment. It would have been regarded as one of the commonplace "larks" to which rollicking soldier boys are wont to abandon themselves. But this year the offender was not only subjected to much humiliation but was severely punished under the new law governing the military forces of the state.

The incident furnishes occasion for adverting to the unmistakable growth of a public sentiment that refuses to condone alcoholic excesses.

Intemperate indulgence in alcoholic stimulants is more thoroughly under the ban of public disapproval in this country to-day than ever before in our history. In every avenue of human endeavor the habit of drunkenness is properly regarded as a mark of disqualification. Such palpable lack of self-control is, by common acknowledgment, the surest sign of unfitness for any of the responsibilities of business or society.

There is no doubt that the development of such a sentiment has resulted in a marked decrease in drunkenness. The moderate drinker is acquiring a contempt for the drunkard; society has no use for him; even the club casts him out; and sharp competition in the business world is putting a premium on sobriety.

Time was when young men went to college partly for the purpose of "sowing their wild oats," and generally managed to acquire, among other valuable accomplishments, an appetite for whisky. Drunken carousals were frequent among college students in earlier days. To-day drunkenness at college is not only the signal for complete ostracism, but is occasion for prompt dismissal by the college authorities. It is no longer regarded as a mark of extraordinary mental brilliancy for a newspaper man to indulge in periodical sprees. The exactions and arduous duties of modern journalism require a steady nerve and an unclouded brain. Reputable newspapers no longer tolerate drunkards on their staffs. Even the man who gets tipsy at a banquet nowadays immediately forfeits the respect of his fellows, no matter what may be his position or station in life. They regard him with feelings of mingled pity and contempt.

The decrease in drunkenness has not been brought about by legislation. It has been amply demonstrated that laws will not make men temperate. The decrease in drunkenness is due to the exacting demands of our industrial life and to the elevation of the moral tone of the people to that standard where public sentiment brands a drunkard as an unpardonable offender against decency and public order.—Chicago Times-Herald.

LIQUOR, BEER AND TAXES.

The Expenditures of Various Nations for Food and for Drink.

It is a familiar assertion that more money is spent for beer than for bread, and if beer and whisky drinking were done away with there would be a large saving to the community. Whether beer or bread costs more in a year is a question on which the statisticians do not agree, but they are pretty generally of the opinion that more money is spent for drink—including spirits and wine with beer—than for bread and all other articles of nutriment made from grain. In the United Kingdom, for instance, it is computed that the expenditure for liquor in a year is £80,000,000, against £50,000,000 for grain. In France the proportion was 95 to 80. In Germany, where there is relatively less bread eaten than in France, the figures are 90 to 75; in Italy they are 45 to 42, in Spain, as 30 to 28; and in the United States as 75 to 60. In all of these countries, therefore, it may be said that the consumption of liquors exceeds in value the consumption of grain.

The United States have long been able to meet a considerable portion of their current expenses from the liquor or internal revenue taxes. Since 1864 there has been a uniform tax of $1 a barrel on beer, the government's measure of a barrel being 31 gallons. This tax now yields the government about $30,000,000 a year, and it has been rising steadily. When first imposed $2,000,000 was the sum obtained from it. By 1870 the amount had risen to $6,000,000. In 1880 it had doubled to $12,000,000. In 1890 it had more than doubled again, reaching $25,000,000. The tax on spirits is 90 cents a gallon on the average, and this item of revenue yields the government about $90,000,000 a year, having more than doubled since 1875. Whatever the indirect effects of the sale of liquor may be on the inhabitants of a country, the fact is undeniable that all civilized governments with scarcely any exception get a large share of their revenues from beer and whisky taxes. A computation was recently made to the effect that during the five years of the civil war $660,000,000 was raised by internal taxation and $525,000,000 from tariff duties. The people of every American community spend more in a year for bread than they do for beer, but if whisky, wine, cordials and ale be added the expenditure for liquors is larger than the sum paid for bread and cake.—N. Y. Sun.

A saloon town is avoided by good people. Home seekers prefer to locate where this evil is at a minimum. Several brewers live in Evanston, where they can raise their families away from saloon influences.—Lever.

WEARS A MASK.

Mysterious Man Who Works in a Maine Quarry.

A mysterious figure, with an indescribable atmosphere of horror about it, may be seen in a quarry at North Jay, Me., says the New York Journal.

It is that of a workman who wears perpetually a black mask. He does his work almost like any other man, but never utters a word. The men move about him and speak to him, and behave as if he differed in no wise from one of them.

But the stranger who sees this silent man with a black mask in place of a face, feels a cold chill run down his back. The few visitors who have seen him will never forget their experience.

The truth is that he has no face. His name is John McDonald. Ten years ago, when he was working at his present trade, he fell a victim to a terrible blasting accident.

A shower of broken stone driven by

HON. CHARLES G. DAWES.
THE ILLINOIS MAN WHO IS SLATED FOR COMPTROLLER OF THE NATIONAL TREASURY.

dynamite struck him. His face was literally blown off. Eyes, nose, teeth and a large portion of both jaws were carried away.

A mask of light black material was made for him. It extends from the top of the forehead to the throat, and is strapped on securely in two places, above the ears and around the throat. It serves both to spare the feelings of others and to protect the scar.

The mask follows roughly the outlines of a face, leaving depressions for the eyes, a nose and a hole for the mouth. He is able to masticate food slightly with the remains of his jaw.

Another Temperance Lesson.

There is no known antidote for the bite of the tiger in Australia. Persons bitten die almost instantly, and the government has a standing offer of £1,000 for anyone who will discover a remedy. Some few years ago a young man actually discovered an efficacious antidote. To prove its value he allowed himself to be bitten repeatedly by snakes in full possession of the power to kill. One day he gave an exhibition before some government officials, but, being much under the influence of liquor, he did not recollect what he had done with his antidote, and he died shortly after the snake bite, his secret perishing with him.

Oldest Women's Club.

The Female Charitable society of Baldwinsville, N. Y., which recently celebrated its eightieth anniversary, has a remarkable record. It is not only the oldest woman's club in the United States, but during all these years it has continued to hold monthly and annual meetings. Its original constitution, with all the records since, is still preserved. At the recent celebration the 50 women who entertained were all descendants of the original charter members.

RICH MEN IN KANSAS.

Every Town Has One Who Is Measured by a Local Standard.

There are no rich men in Kansas towns. The men who own a million dollars' worth of property number less than half a score in the whole state, says Atlantic. Those who number half a million dollars' worth of property might ride together in a sleeping car, with an upper berth or two to spare. Every town has its rich man, measured by a local standard, who is frequently a retired farmer turned banker, but not one in five of these is rated at $100,000. Yet each is the autocrat of his county, if he cares to be. The mainspring that moves the town's daily machinery may be found in the back room of the bank. There it is decided whether or not the bonds shall be voted. There it is often determined whether there shall be eight or nine months of school. There the village chronicles are spread upon the great ledgers every day. The town banker supplies the money for every contest. If he is wise, he watches his little corner of the world as a spider watches from his web. The great trust which he keeps requires a knowledge of the details of the game that men are playing around him. Yet with all his power, this town banker would be counted a poor man in the city. Seldom is his annual income as much as $10,000. But he lives in the best house in the town. The butcher saves his best cuts for him, the grocer puts aside his best vegetables, and the whole town waits to do his bidding.

A SHOWER OF FROGS.

Cloudburst Brings a Deluge of the Dazed Creatures.

A traveler from Fort Ogden, Fla., declared that he passed through an avalanche of frogs ten miles south of here recently, says a dispatch from Areadia, Fla. It had been raining terribly for three days and the other day there was almost a cloudburst in this county, the rain coming down for four hours in almost solid sheets. This man started out and on the way he passed through a section where for two miles the frogs literally covered the ground. The road was covered and the ground in the woods as far as could be seen on either side. They were crushed beneath his horse's feet as he rode along.

There were three kinds or sizes, most of them being the green so-called "tree frogs" so abundant there. The small ones were about an inch long, the others being two and three inches. There were millions of them and the noise they made was deafening. He brought several along as specimens.

It's the general opinion here that the cloudburst brought them. This is the first time that this thing has ever happened in this section and the people are greatly excited over it. The man stated that the frogs seemed dazed and hardly moved as he came along.

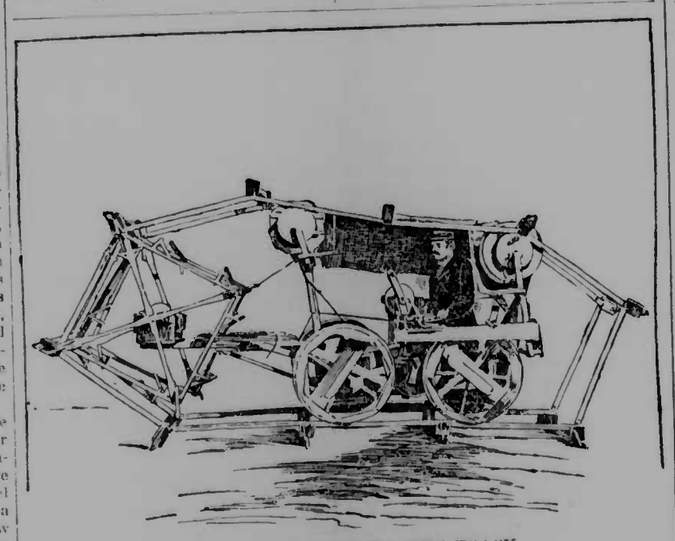

BICYCLE THAT LAYS ITS OWN TRACK.

A bicycle that lays its own track is an odd contrivance invented by J. E. Bergsten, who is from Anetta, In. When built of steel the machine will weigh about 50 pounds. The machine serving as a model has four wheels, but it is only for exhibition purposes. The bicycle resembles an old-fashioned spinning wheel, and is propelled in the same manner as an ordinary bicycle. As impulse is given to the bicycle a square wooden reel, connected by gearing with the front axle, revolves, carrying with it an endless track, which proceeds continuously underneath the trucks over the supporting wheels andaround the reel. The bicycle is steered by handle bars as an ordinary bicycle. The inventor claims that a speed of 25 miles an hour can be made with his novel machine. It has been patented in this country, and the inventor will in a few weeks take it to the Scandinavian fair at Stockholm for exhibition. The practical use of the invention is to provide a track on long-distance rides where the road is muddy or too sandy for ordinary travel awheel.

ALASKA'S TEMPERATURE

It Reaches Fifty-Nine Below in the Klondyke Region.

Only Four Hours of Daylight in Winter and Twenty in Summer—Statement of Chief Moore of the Weather Bureau.

Under the direction of Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, Chief Moore, of the weather bureau, has made public a statement in regard to the climate of Alaska. In this statement Mr. Moore says:

The climates of the coast and interior of Alaska are unlike in many respects, and the differences are intensified in this, as perhaps in few other countries, by exceptional physical conditions. The fringe of islands that separates the mainland from the Pacific ocean, from Dixon sound north, and also a strip of the mainland for possibly 20 miles back from the sea, following the sweep of the coast as it curves to the northwestward to the western extremity of Alaska, form a distinct climatic division which may be termed temperate Alaska. The temperature rarely falls to zero; winter does not set in until December 1, and by the last of May the snow has disappeared except on the mountains. The mean winter temperature of Sitka is 32.5, but little less than that of Washington, D. C.

The rainfall of temperate Alaska is notorious the world over, not only as regards the quantity, but also as the manner of its falling, viz, in long and incessant rains and drizzles. Cloud and fog naturally abound, there being on an average but 60 clear days in the year.

North of the Aleutian islands the coast climate becomes more rigorous in winter, but in summer the difference is much less marked.

The climate of the interior, including in that designation practically all the country except a narrow fringe of coastal margin and the territory before referred to as temperate Alaska, is one of extreme rigor in winter, with a brief but relatively hot summer, especially when the sky is free from clouds.

In the Klondyke region in midwinter the sun rises from 9:30 to 10 a. m. and

WILLIS L. MOORE.
(Chief of the United States Weather Bureau.)

sets from two to three p. m., the total length of daylight being about four hours. Remembering that the sun rises but a few degrees above the horizon and that it is wholly obscured on a great many days, the character of the winter months may be easily imagined.

We are indebted to the United States coast and geodetic survey for a series of six months' observations on the Yukon, not far from the present site of the gold discoveries. The observations were made with standard instruments and are wholly reliable. The mean temperatures of the months from October, 1889, to April, 1890, both inclusive, are as follows:

Month—	Degrees.
October	33
November	8
December	-11
January	-17
February	-13
March	6
April	26

The daily mean temperature fell and remained below the freezing point (32 degrees) from November 4, 1889, to April 21, 1890, thus giving 168 days as the length of the closed season of 1889-90, assuming that outdoor operations are controlled by temperature only. The lowest temperatures registered during the winter were 32 degrees below zero in November, 47 below in December, 59 below in January, 55 below in February, 45 below in March and 26 below in April. The greatest continuous cold occurred in February, 1890, when the daily mean for five consecutive days was 47 degrees below zero.

Greater cold than that here noted has been experienced in the United States for a very short time. In the interior of Alaska the winter sets in as early as September, when snowstorms may be expected in the mountains and passes. Headway during one of those storms is impossible, and the traveler who is overtaken by one of them is indeed fortunate if he escapes with his life. Snowstorms of great severity occur in any month from September to May inclusive.

The changes of temperature from winter to summer are rapid, owing to the great increase in the length of the day. In May the sun rises about three a. m. and sets about nine p. m. In June it rises about 1:30 in the morning and sets at about 10:30, giving about 20 hours of daylight and diffuse twilight the remainder of the time.

The mean summer temperature in the interior doubtless ranges between 60 and 70 degrees, according to elevation, being highest in the middle and lower Yukon valleys.

Aims at the Eyes.

The humming bird, in protecting its nest, always flies at and pecks the eyes of its adversary. Crows have been found totally blind from the humming bird's bill.

FOR CARRYING FREIGHT.

Bicycle Designed for the Klondyke Gold Field Trade.

One of the most novel of the many schemes to obtain a share of the wealth of the Klondyke region has been developed by a syndicate of four wealthy New York business men, who are planning to establish trading posts and stores in the mining camps and also to purchase all promising claims on the market. They will transport their men and supplies to the gold fields on a bicycle specially designed for the purpose.

The Klondyke bicycle will be used to transport the supplies over the 700 miles between Juneau and the gold fields by the Chilkoot pass trail.

Every miner who goes to the gold fields must take with him about 1,000 pounds of supplies, and the only way to transport them is for him to carry

ODD THING ON WHEELS.
(Designed for Klondyke Bicycle Freight Line.)

them on his back. The most that a man can carry for any distance is 200 pounds. The method now in vogue is to carry one load about five miles, hide it so that it will not be destroyed by animals, and then go back for another load. In this tedious way the goods are finally transported to their destination.

The Klondyke bicycle is specially designed to carry freight, and is in reality a four-wheeled vehicle and bicycle combined. It is built very strongly and weighs about 50 pounds. The tires are of solid rubber 1½ inches in diameter. The frame is the ordinary diamond, of steel tubing, built, however, more for strength than appearance, and wound with rawhide, shrunk on, to enable the miners to handle it with comfort in low temperatures. From each side of the top bar two arms of steel project, each arm carrying a smaller wheel, about 14 inches in diameter, which, when not in use, can be folded up inside the diamond frame.

Devices for packing large quantities of material are attached to the handlebars and rear forks, and the machine, it is estimated, will carry 500 pounds.

The plan is to load it with half the miner's equipment, drag it on four wheels ten miles or so. Then the rider will fold up the side wheels, ride it back as a bicycle, and bring on the rest of the load.

Another device for arctic comfort, which the syndicate will control, is a portable house of thin boards and felt, which can be folded up in small compass, and which, when erected, will be perfectly airtight.

MISS FANNY HAYES.

Daughter of the Late Ex-President Soon to Be a Bride.

Miss Fanny Hayes, the only daughter of the late ex-President Hayes, soon to be married to Ensign Smith, is a sister of seven brothers. She was born on Walnut Hills, in Cincinnati, just before her father was elected governor of Ohio for his first term. Miss Hayes saw little of private family life until her father retired from the white house. His three terms as governor of Ohio were directly followed by his election to the presidency. In 1877, when Mr. and Mrs. Hayes celebrated their silver wedding in the executive mansion at Washington, Fanny was baptised by Rev. L. B. McCabe, who had married her parents. After Mr. Hayes returned to private

MISS FANNY HAYES.
(Soon to Be Married to Ensign Smith, of the Navy.)

life she was educated at a little school in Cleveland, O., and later at a private school in Farmington, Ky. In this school at the same time were the daughters of two other presidents, Mollie Garfield and Nellie Arthur. When the ex-president died Miss Hayes went abroad. She visited Italy and spent a winter in Paris. The succeeding winters were spent in Bermuda and New York. Every summer she returns to Ohio.

To Remove Powder Grains.

When the face has become disfigured by powder grains becoming imbedded, those situated superficially will be thrown off with the epithelium. Poulticing and blistering may be tried to favor this. The deeper particles may be removed by a fine-pointed galvanocautery. The earlier it is applied the less the tissue to be destroyed, for as time goes on the stain becomes diffused. In old cases, where the whole skin of the part is involved, this method should not be tried. An anesthetic may be required in some instances, as repeated applications are often necessary. The tip of the cautery at white heat is quickly introduced and withdrawn. For grains imbedded in the cornea the operation is precisely that of cauterizing for ulcer.

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To MOTHERS.

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March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

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" Asheville (C. T.)		2.05 PM	12.12 AM
" Hot Springs		1.21 "	1.20 "
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" Chattanooga		11.50 "	7.51 "
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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16, 1897.

Nothing more contemptible is recorded in the annals of American politics than the plot, for plot it undoubtedly is, to attempt to force the retirement from the Cabinet of Secretary Sherman by misrepresenting not only his words and acts, but his mental condition. Secretary Sherman was never stronger mentally than he is today, but even if it were true that his mental faculties were beginning to feel the advance of age, his long and honorable public service would entitle him to sympathy, in place of sneers and innuendoes which have been and are being meted out to him in the columns of the democratic and assistant democratic press. Of course, everybody knows that the principal object of these political ghouls is to injure the Republican party in Ohio at the coming election, but, as the average of intelligence among Ohio voters is as high as that of the voters of any state in the Union, this nasty plot wil be more likely to react upon its concoctors than to injure the Republican party or Secretary Sherman. The Ohio voters are likely to have an opportunity to judge for themselves whether the mental faculties of Mr. Sherman are as strong as ever, as he intends making some speeches in the state during the campaign, if his health continues as good as it is now.

No surprise was felt by those who knew the animus of the charges made against Constructor Bowles, who is in charge of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, when acting Secretary Roosevelt made public his full approval of the report of Commander C. H Davis, who made a complete investigation of all the charges against Mr. Bowles. Not only does Mr. Roosevelt approve of the report exonerating Mr. Bowles, but he adds that it was because Mr. Bowles was doing his duty so faithfully and conscienciously that attacks were made upon him by those who wished him to do otherwise.

Comment is heard on all sides on the marked disinclination of all the prominent democrats to talk for free silver. This is price again. Among themselves heretofore ardent democratic silverites have not hesitated to express their admiration for the manner in which Boss Gorman hedged on the silver question in the Maryland democratic platform, and there is very little doubt that many of the National democratic leaders regard free silver played out as a battle cry, and are engaged in hunting a new phrase which they can use to bamboozle the voters. The death of free silver craze is also regarded as the end of the candidacy of Bryan. Meanwhile the country grows daily more prosperous, and the people know that they owe their returning prosperity to the faithfulness with which President McKinley and the republicans in Congress kept the promises made in the last National republican platform, and knowing it are not likely to pay any serious attention to any new experiment that may be proposed by the beaten and demoralized democratic party. A majority of the voters in 1892 trusted the democratic party to their everlasting sorrow and distress, but they won't do it again.

Before rendering the opinion that Secretary Gage has requested as to whether the 10 per cent. discriminating duty provided in the Dingley tariff for goods imported from Canada [illegible] d to goods from Japan or other [illegible] untries invoiced to an American [illegible] but recieved at that port [illegible] n railroad. Attorney [illegible], by request, gave [illegible] Ex-Secretary Carlisle, [illegible] Boston & [illegible] tant Secretary [illegible] e Board [illegible] associa- [illegible] gu- [illegible] General McKenna, [illegible] th [illegible] verbal hearing, [illegible] to 1. [illegible] Hale, representing th [illegible] Maine railroad; Ex-Assistant Secretary Hamlin, representing the Board of Trade and the Merchant's Association of Boston, and others, who argued against the discriminating duty being applicable to such goods. Attorney General McKenna announced that he would give Messrs. Carlisle and Hamlin until Wednesday to file briefs, after which he would render his opinion as early as possible. Secretary Gage will not make a ruling on the question until he gets the Attorney General's opinion.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

Rally Round the Flag.

The thirty-first annual encampment of the G. A. R. will be held August 23rd, in the City of Buffalo. President McKinley, members of the Cabinet and Diplomatic Corps, the Governors of various states and their staffs, will be present, and an enthusiastic reception will be given the Veterans.

Tickets at one fare for the round trip will be sold by the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. from all stations on its line east of the Ohio River for all trains August 21st, 22d, 23d, valid for return until August 31st.

For further information, call on or address neacest B. & O. agent.

Wm. Frederick, Jr., & Son,

The Racket Store,

FRIENDSVILLE, MD.

We carry something of everything. There is nothing you want that cannot be found in our store.

It is admitted by all that to sell goods and make a living a merchant must necessarily charge a profit. Some merchants charge more profit than others. We are one of the OTHERS and come nearer selling goods for nothing than anyone on the face of the earth. Here you get value for your money.

Our silversmith is one of the finest workmen in the United States as all will admit who have had any work done in that line by him.

Our jewelry department is filled to overflowing with everything in that line and we sell jewelry at less than manufactnrers' prices.

We carry a complete line of staple and fancy groceries.

Call and get our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

WM. FREDERICK, JR., & SON.

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—FOR SALE BY—

JOHN SHARTZER, Real Estate Agent,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Two farms in District No. 2; 262 acres; near Elder Hill school house, improved by 2 houses, 3 barns and orchards. Will be sold separately or as a whole, to suit purchaser, on easy terms.

House of 4 rooms, 4 acres of land two miles south of Mt. Lake Park.

House and 1 acre of ground adjoining Loch Lynn Heights. Will be sold cheap.

A livery stable at Loch Lynn Heights; finest in the county; must be sold at once.

House and lot in Mt. Lake Park.

50 acres; improved by a small house; near Cranberry Glade farm.

House and 2 lots in McHenry.

Farm near Deer Park; improved.

A well improved farm near Ryan's Glade.

The above properties will be sold on easy terms.

One 50-acre lot adjoining the farm of W. T. Jamesson near Mt. Lake Park.

1 50-acre lot adjoining the lands of Mrs. Kilbourne and —— Jackson near Mt. Lake Park; will be sold very cheap for cash.

7 building lots in Loch Lynn Heights.

The Phillips lands lying between Oakland and Mt. Lake Park; will be sold as a whole or in parcels to suit purchaser.

[illegible] lot of ground adjoining Mt. [illegible] Park on the Oakland road.

[illegible] proved farm of 100 [illegible] s from Terra Alta.

[illegible] farm of 200 [illegible]

Lake [illegible]

An im[illegible] acres, 2 mile[illegible]

An improved acres near Crellin.

The Oakland Steam [illegible] property.

7 large building lots in Oakland.

For further information, prices and terms, apply to

JOHN SHARTZER,
OAKLAND, MD.
6—26

Tomson's Red Seal Lye.

98 per cent. strength, granulated, packed in SIFTING TOP cans, is the greatest soapmaker, disinfectant and cleanser.

One Can will make 10 Pounds of Hard Soap.

Red Seal is the best disinfectant and purifier to use in sinks, drains, waste pipes and closets. It is handy, safe and sure. One can of Red Seal to 15 gal ons of water sprayed, knocks potato bugs, cabbage worms, etc No damage to vines. 15-13

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Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

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Furniture,
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GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

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DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

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DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

Jos. E. HARNED, Proprietor.
31—26

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MARYLAND SCHOOL OF TECHNOLOGY. Four courses of instruction—Agricultural, Mechanical, Scientific, Classical.

Each department supplied with the most modern and approved apparatus. Practical work emphasized in all departments. Graduates qualified at once to enter upon their life's work. Boarding department supplied with all modern improvements: bath rooms, closets, steam heat and gas. Books, room, heat, light, washing, board medical attendance, $150 for scholastic year. $5 caution money on entering. $6 for material for each practical laboratory. A 120 page catalogue, giving full particulars, sent on application. Daily sanitary inspection by physician to the college. Attention is called to the short course of ten weeks in agriculture. Particulars sent on application. Term commences September 15th. Early application necessary for admittance.

R. W. SILVESTER,
President M. A. C.
21-26.

I HAVE PURCHASED
THE OAKLAND COAL YARD
of Mr. B. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of
HARD AND SOFT
COAL,
KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

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BICYCLES and BICYCLE REPAIRING.
Full line of Bicycle Sundries carried in stock.

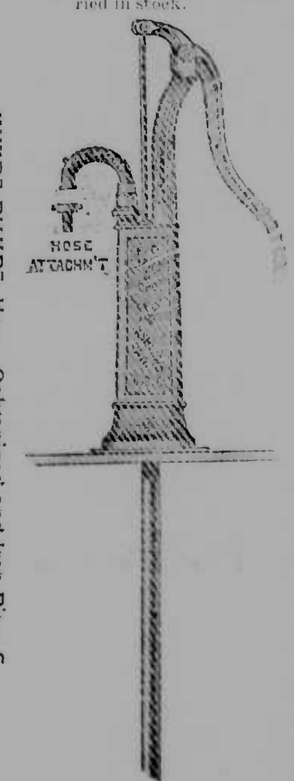

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Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

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I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
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Particular attention given to Conveyancing investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1s14-1y

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OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. 98106

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GAS ADMINISTERED. 50-97

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Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6 22 6m

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Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including farm ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 4s 28t*

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A General Banking Business transacted.
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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, May 16, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily		2.39 A. M
No. 3—Daily		6.28 A. M
No. 71—Accom daily except Sun		8.58 A. M
No. 47—Daily		4.56 P. M
No. 55—Express, daily		5.55 P. M
No. 1—Daily		10 01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily		5.30 A. M
No. 2—Daily		8.41 A. M
No. 72—Accom daily except Sun		5.18 P. M
No. 46—Daily		1.43 P. M
No. 4—Daily		12.29 A. M
No. 11—Accommodation		10.12 A. M

Train No. 55 makes no stops between Oakland and Grafton. No. 47 makes all stops.

D. B. MARTIN,
Manager of Passenger Traffic.
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WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.
IN EFFECT JULY 18, 1897.

SOUTHWARD No. 3	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2	NORTHWARD No. 4
P. M.	A. M.	NOON	P. M.
3 00	8 00 lv	Cumberland ar 12 00	17 30
3 19	8 29	Rawlings 11 31	7 01
3 52	8 52	Keyser 11 08	6 38
4 05	9 05	Westernport 10 55	6 25
4 09	9 09	W. Va. C. Junc 10 50	6 12

[illegible] Shaw
[illegible] Harrison
[illegible] Elk Garden
[illegible] Gorman
[illegible] Howard
[illegible] Hobbs
[illegible] Thomas
[illegible] Davis
[illegible] Coketon
[illegible] Hendricks
[illegible] Bretz
[illegible] Parsons
[illegible] Kerens
[illegible] Elkins
[illegible] Beverly

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1897. NUMBER 25.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Many a horse dines a la carte.

Mr. Hiram P. Tasker, of Cumberland, is in Oakland.

Mr. Joseph Conoway, of District No. 8, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Wm. Chisholm, of Gormania, was an Oakland visitor on Tuesday last.

Mr. A. Wilson, of Shaw, West Va., one of our patrons, was in Oakland yesterday.

Special low prices on Phatons, two and three seated Spring Wagons at Naylor's. 24-3t*

Seven marriage licenses were issued on Tuesday by Clerk Tower of the Circuit Court.

Mrs. Richard T. Semmes, of Cumberland, is visiting the Misses Weber at Floral Park.

Mrs. Brison Welsh, from McHenry, was in Oakland last Thursday morning on business.

The more modest a girl is, and the more she blushes the more some men admire her cheek.

Mr. Will Rawlings, of Cumberland, was in town Sunday renewing old aquaintanceships.

For rent, a nine room house with good cellar, on south end Second St. Inquire at this office. 25-tf

Mr. J. S. Keller, of Romney, was here last Saturday visiting his sister. Mrs. Edward E. Sollars.

Mrs. G. A. Bolden, of Terra Alta, was in Oakland several days last and this week visiting friends.

Miss Lucy Wright, of Westernport, spent several days this and last week visiting the Misses Loar.

Mr. J. T. Harvey, of Blaine, W. Va., was in Oakland Tuesday and made this office a pleasant call.

Miss Martha Porter will open a private school in the public school building September 6th. 25-2

Miss Margaret Sincell went to Keyser, West Va., this morning where she will visit relatives a few days.

Wanted, court boarders at 50cts. per day. Mrs. E. P. Russell, cor., 1st and Water streets, Oakland. 25-3t.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Frazee, of Friendsville were registered at the Central Hotel Monday evening.

Mr and Mrs. Joseph Rembold, of Horse Shoe Run, West Va., were Oakland visitors yesterday afternoon.

You should see Naylor's big stock of Buggies, Surreys, Daytons, and will sell cheap and on good terms.

Mrs. E. D. Hoffman, of Baltimore, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert I. Anderson a few days last week.

Mr. John Bradley, jr., of Cincinnati, O., accompanied by three of his sons, is on a visit to his father near town.

Miss Mayme Gessner, of Annapolis, arrived in town last Friday night to remain a few weeks visiting friends.

Mr. Perry E. Kimmel, of the Kingwood *Journal*, was shaking hands with his Oakland friends Saturday.

Don't nauseate your stomach with teas and bitter herbs, but regulate your liver and sick headache by using those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

Mr. D. H. Loar has been confined to his room for several days with a complication of diseases. He is slowly improving.

Mr. Jesse Mitchell and sister, Miss Laura, of Listonburg, Pa., are here as guests of Mr. and Mrs. John T. Mitchell.

Attorneys Gordon and Semmes, of Cumberland, were in Oakland Monday examining witnesses in the Clark & McCullough case.

Prof. John G. Robinson and wife, of Baltimore, came up to Oakland on last Thursday, and will spend some time visiting relatives.

Mrs. Lizzie Pritts, of Bloomington, was here last Saturday and remained over Sunday on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Benj. Bittinger.

Mr. Emanuel Custer, of Hoyes, accompanied by his two interesting sons, Roy and Arthur, were in Oakland last Saturday and called to see us.

Burning, itching skin diseases instantly relieved by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, unequalled for cuts, bruises, burns. It heals without leaving a scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

Miss Bertha Browning, of Roanoke, Va., arrived in Oakland one day last week and will visit her sister and other relatives here for a few weeks.

Rev. J. W. Butler and family, who spent two or three weeks very pleasantly at their former home in Salem, Va., returned to Oakland last Friday.

John Griffin, of Zanesville, O., says: "I never lived a day for thirty years without suffering agony, until a box of Witch Hazel Salve cured my piles." For piles and rectal troubles, cuts, bruises, sprains, eczema and all skin troubles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. Oakland Pharmacy.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot and family and Mr. Chas. S. Davis and family, who spent the month of August at Mountain Lake Park, have returned to town.

I will have one hundred and fifty bushels of first class seed ready for for sale August 25th at my home near Hoyes, Md. The wheat has proven to be well adapted to this climate. Geo. E. Bishoff. 1t.

Capt. R. R. Sanner, who is engaged in the Accident Normal, came up to Oakland Tuesday and went to Mt. Lake Park where he participated in the Grand Army day exercises.

Mr. Max Good, of Kirkwood, Mo., spent Sunday in Oakland with friends of his boyhood days. On Monday he went to Cumberland to remain a few days with relatives before his return home.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Porter and little son, of Cumberland, came up to Oakland Saturday afternoon. Mr. Porter returned Monday evening, but his wife will stay and visit friends until Friday.

Miss Elsie Fay desires the people of Oakland to know that she will open a private school Monday, Sept. 6th, to continue until commencement of public schools, and respectfully solicits their patronage. 25-2

Mr. and Mrs. James R. Bishop, Mr. Gilmor S. Hamill, Mrs. D. I. Totten and Lieut. R. M. G. Brown attended the funeral of Mrs. Chas. M. Bishop in Kingwood last Sunday afternoon. They returned to Oakland on Monday.

The September term of the Circuit Court for this county will meet on Monday, Sept. 13. The dockets are all quite large and numerous important cases will be tried. The criminal docket is the largest in the history of the county.

"They don't make much fuss about it." We are speaking of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous Little pills for constipation, billiousness, and all stomach and liver troubles. They never gripe. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. L. Stoddard and family will move to Philadelphia on next Wednesday, where they will reside, during the winter. Mr. Stoddard's family has made many warm friends in Oakland who will regret to learn of their intended departure.

Judge Hagans, circuit court at Morgantown, W. Va., has rendered a decree of sale of the West Virginia, better known to the public as "Black Bottie" Railroad, and the claims against this road, numbering many hundreds, will be satisfactorily adjusted. It is thought capitalists will buy the road and continue it to connect with the Kingwood railroad.

Vim, vigor and victory:—these are the charisties of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, billiousness and all stomach and liver troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Last Friday night Mrs. Gilmor S. Hamill gave a garden party to a number of her friends. The lawn about her residence was profusely decorated with Chinese lanterns, bunting, etc., and looked very pretty. Refreshments of the daintiest kinds were served, dancing was indulged in and quite a merry time had by those in attendance.

Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy always affords prompt relief. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The latest use to which old newspapers have been put, is to soak them in sour milk until reduced to pulp and feed the mixture to the hens. This is the unpatented invention of a Michigan poultry fancier, who says it greatly increases their egg laying abilities. For fear it may not well agree with the Bristol breed, we suggest trying it at first on your neighbor's fowls. P. S.—It is found to be useless unless the subscription to the paper has been paid for in advance.

There is a time for everything; and the time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait until you have consumption but prevent it by using One Minute Cough Cure, the great remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

The situation at the mines of the Oakland Coal & Coke Company at Corinth, where the strike among the miners has been on the last three or four weeks, is practically at an end. All the old employes of the company have returned to work except the Slavs who have been discharged and American labor put in their places. The Superintendent, Robert I. Amlerson, deserves much credit for the manner in which he has treated the strikers from the beginning. He was positive with them which no doubt was a means of averting blood shed. The brick kilns of the company are fired and the output for the next six months has been sold.

Miss Bertha Short will give a number of readings, assisted by Misses Tasker and Smith, vocalists, at the Glades Hotel Monday, August 30th, at 8.15 p. m. Admission 25 cents; children, 15 cents.

The fifth annual convention of the Woman's Christain Temperance Union of Garrett county will be held in Shartzer's Opera House in Oakland on Saturday and Sunday, August 28th and 29th. Miss Jennie Smith, of Mountain Lake Park, is president of the Union and will have charge of the meetings. Sessions will be held on Saturday, at 9.30a.m., 2.30 and 7.30 p.m. But one session will be held on Sunday, at 2.30 p. m. Delegates from all sections of the county will be present at this convention and an interesting program has been prepared by the committee having it in charge.

It heals everything except a broken heart, may be said of DeWitt Witch Hazel Salve. Piles and rectal diseases, cuts, burns, bruises, tetter, eczema and all skin troubles may be cured by it quickly and permanently. Oakland Pharmacy.

Married.

LAMBIE—SPEDDEN.—Yesterday morning at ten o'clock a very quiet wedding was celebrated at the residence of the bride's brother in Oakland, by Rev. Benj. Ison, the contracting parties being Miss Kate C. Spedden, one of Oakland's best and most highly respected ladies, and Mr. William Lambie, of Elkins, West Va. Owing to the death of the bride's father a few weeks ago no invitations were issued and only the immediate relatives of those interested were present. Immediately after the ceremony was over the couple departed on train 14 for the east. They will go to house keeping at Elkins, where Mr. Lambie is engaged as a machinist for the West Va. Central Railway Co. The best wishes of many friends in Oakland follow them.

HENDERSON—HAWKINS.—On Tuesday evening, by the Rector, Rev. William Brayshaw, in the chapel adjoining the rectory, Mr. Henry Henderson and Miss Emma Hawkins, both of Grafton, W. Va.

ROSS—PRITCHARD.—At the same time and place and by the same minister, Charles Ross and Elbe Pritchard, both of Barbour county, W. Va.

It is always gratifying to receive testimonials for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and when the endorsement is from a physician it is especially so. "There is no more satisfactory or effective remedy than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," writes Dr. R. E. Robey, physician and pharmacist, of Olney, Mo., and as he has used the Remedy in his own family and sold it in his drug store for five years, he should certainly know. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Two More In Jail.

C. A. Golden, colored, a barber who has conducted a shop in Deer Park for some months past, was arrested on a warrant yesterday morning charging him with violating the law by conducting his business on Sunday. Golden was given a hearing by Justice Sincell yesterday morning, who committed him to jail in default of bail in the sum of $200. The law in respect to the violation of the Sabbath is rather severe, and provides for a fine of not less than $50 or more than $200 for the first offense. There is another charge against Golden made by Mrs. Mary Neihken with having used profane and vulgar language in her presence. On this charge a hearing was waived and carried to court.

On Saturday, July 3d, the team belonging to W. B. Hutson and driven by his wife along the West Union road was run into by a heavy road wagon driven by Britt Strawser. At the time a note of the occurrence was made in these columns. Tuesday Mr. Hutson swore out a warrant charging Strawser with having obstructed the public highway. The warrant was served and Strawser brought to Oakland and placed in jail. He will be given a hearing on the charge this afternoon at 2 o'clock by Justice Sincell.

Died.

BISHOP.—On Friday last Mrs. Chas. M. Bishop died at her residence in Kingwood, West Va., after a long and painful illness. The funeral of the deceased lady occured on Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock and was largely attended. She was a member of the M. E. church for a long number of years. She was an aunt of Mrs. Benj. H. Sincell, of Oakland.

KISNER.—On last Thursday, at Bayard, West Va., after an illness of several weeks, Walter Kisner died, aged about nineteen years. The body was brought through Oakland and taken to the Wolf burying ground north of town and interred.

Saturday's Primary Meetings.

Last Saturday throughout the county, in response to the call made by Chairman Peddicord, Republican primary meetings were held for the purpose of sending delegates to the county convention which met in Oakland on Tuesday. The greatest interest in the meetings were centered in sending delegations favorable to either Senator Ravenscroft, John Shartzer or A. F. George for the State Senate.

The meeting in Oakland was one of the most exciting ever held here. At the opening of the meeting by Col. A. G. Sturgiss, chairman of the district committee, the court room was crowded and the interest in the balloting was intense. The polls were opened at 2 o'clock and were kept open until 4, when the ballots were counted showing that 265 had been cast and that the delegation favorable to Mr. Shartzer had been elected by a majority of 31.

In the other districts the interest in the meetings were as great as in Oakland, but a small vote was cast, except in District No. 2, where 175 ballots were cast.

A Clandestine Wedding.

Mr. Frank X. Millman, Jr., son of Mr. F. X. Millman, florist, Green street, and Miss. Fern Fogle, of Terra Alta, W. Va., were married on Sunday, August 15, by Rev. J. Holwell Geare, rector of Holy Cross church. The ceremony was very quiet and none of Mr. Millman's family had knowledge of it until Sunday evening last, when the groom informed his father. The marriage license was issued on August 12. The bride is a sister of Mrs. Dr. T. C. Elliott, of Keyser, and of Dr. Fogle, of Terra Alta. Mr. and Mrs. Millman will reside in Cumberland.—Cumb. News.

For Sale.

A store, house and lot at Sand Spring—a first-class business stand—postoffice and telephone connections. Terms to suit purchaser. Write or call on J. H. FEARER & SON, 22-3t Fearer, Md.

Bicycle Thief Arrested in Cumberland.

Michael Garvey, connected with the Wallace show, was arrested in Cumberland on Sunday, charged with stealing a bicycle in Oakland on Saturday, the property of Mr. Lewis Gortner. The wheel was stolen from the back porch of Mr. Gortner's residence and placed in one of the cars belonging to the show. Some people standing by witnessed the theft but Mr. Gortner was not made acquainted with the facts in time to recover the wheel before the show left Oakland on Saturday night. Sunday morning he went down to Cumberland and procured a search warrant. The wheel was discovered by a man named Barrett, connected with the show, and turned over to the rightful owner before the warrant could be put in operation. Garvey was then arrested and charged with the theft. A hearing was given him by Justice Turner, in Cumberland, and he was sent to jail there. On Monday morning Sheriff Brown went to Cumberland and brought Garvey her cand placed him in jail, where he will remain until his case is disposed of by the court next month. Mr. Gortner also lost a coat and pair of trousers, which could not be found.

Garvey is a big man and gave Elizbeth, N. J., as his home. He states that he has an elegant home in New York which he had not visited for seven or eight years because he "was one of the roving boys." His roving, for a time at least, will be stopped if the charge against him is proven.

Religious Notes.

On Sunday morning next, August 29, 1797, Rev. Robert W. Todd, D. D., American Bible Agent for the State of Maryland, will preach in St. Paul's church. In the evening Dr. Todd will preach in St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church. At St. Paul's church Dr. W. E. Harkness, of Weston, W. Va., who was to have preached on Sunday last, will occupy the pulpit. All are cordially invited to these services.

Rev. J. G. Butler, D. D., pastor of the Lutheran Memorial church, Washing, D. C., most acceptably filled the pulpit at St. Paul's M. E. church last Sunday night. Dr. Butler preached a powerful yet simple gospel sermon from the text "The Glorious Gospel of the Blessed God." All who heard the sermon were edified and delighted and many were the hearty expressions that Dr. Butler might visit and preach for that congregation again.

Regular preaching services will be held in the Garrett Memorial church next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, by the pastor, Rev. S. M. Engle. A cordial welcome extended to all.

In St. Matthew's church next Sunday services will be held as follows: 7.30 a. m., holy communion; 11 a. m., morning prayer and communion. A cordial welcome to all.

A HOT CONVENTION.

The Republicans of Garrett Met in Oakland on Tuesday

TO NOMINATE A COUNTY TICKET

Ravenscroft Captured the Senatorial Plumb on the 29th Ballot.

SHARTZER MADE A GOOD FIGHT

But Could Not Win. The Convention Was Lively From Start to Finish, but at the End Harmony Prevailed and All Will Join In Making the Election of Every Candidate Sure. A Full Representation in the Convention from all Districts of the County.

LIVELY TIMES ABOUT TOWN.

On Tuesday morning early, and indeed on Monday afternoon, the roads leading to Oakland from the outlying districts were filled with teams bearing the delegates to the county convention, which was held in Oakland on Tuesday of this week. Monday evening nearly all the districts lying away from the railroad were represented here by their delegations and the scenes along the streets were animated in the extreme, for on the evening in question it was hard to determine which of the three candidates for the Senate would poll the largest ballot, and to make sure of a majority every delegate was buttonholed and hauled this way and that. Monday evening it looked favorable for Mr. Shartzer, although Mr. George seemed confident, and Senator Ravenscroft would say nothing.

Tuesday morning at ten o'clock the delegates went into caucus behind closed doors. At times persons standing without could hear some speaker pleading for harmony, and at other times nothing came to one's ears except the hum of a hundred voices all trying to speak at once and all deaf to the pleadings of their neighbors and friends. At 12.30 the caucus adjourned for dinner and was again convened at 1 o'clock with Mr. Merritt Wilson, of District No. 8, as chairman, and Mr. Patrick E. Finzel, of District No. 9, as secretary. The caucus was continued until four o'clock when a recess of ten minutes was taken, at the expiration of which time Chairman of the County Committee James C. Peddicord called the convention to order, and it was organized by the adoption of a motion making the organization of the caucus the organization of the convention. Immediately after this had been done the convention again resolved itself into a caucus and the balloting for a candidate for the State Senate was resumed. Twenty-nine ballots were taken, the last one resulting in the nomination of Senator Ravenscroft for the position, he having received seven votes, Mr. Shartzer three votes and Mr. George two votes. Immediately a motion was made to make the nomination unanimous, which was carried. An attempt was made previous to this ballot to take up another candidate in the person of Dr. J. W. Laughlin, of Deer Park, and nominate him by acclamation, but it met with opposition and his name was withdrawn.

The nominations for members of the House of Delegates was then taken up and Messrs. George W. Moon and William H. Jacobs were nominated, Mr. Moon on the first ballot and Mr. Jacobs on the fifth. The names of Messrs. F. H. Tippett, of No. 4, Patrick E. Finzel, of No. 9, George J. Kolb, of No. 2, and Chas. Wegman, of No. 3, were also presented.

Messrs. Jacob S. Meyers, of No. 2, and W. Perry Lee, of No. 8, were nominated for sheriff. On the second ballot Mr. Lee received a majority vote and he was declared the candidate.

Mr. A. G. Ross, of this district, Mr. Mahlon Glotfelty, of No. 6, and Mr. S. P. Specht, of No. 10, were placed in nomination for County Treasurer. The first ballot Mr. Ross received five votes, Mr. Glotfelty six votes and Mr. Specht one vote. The second ballot Mr. Glotfelty received a majority of the votes and he was declared the candidate by acclamation.

But one name was presented for the office of County Surveyor, he being Mr. Franklin P. Green, of District No. 11, the present incumbent, and received the nomination by acclamation.

The County Commissioners' ticket is composed of Messrs. John T. Geary, of District No. 2, and Ephraim W. Kelso, of District No. 10, both of them having been nominated on the first ballot, each receiving eight votes.

No. 11.—Polished Solid Oak 5-Drawer Chiffonier, 53 inches high, 30¾ inches Long, 18 inches deep. It is well constructed and has good locks on each drawer. Special price, (Orders promptly filled).

$3.39

Our success is not accidental. It is the reward of 48 years of honorable business. Our experience in the Furniture and Carpet business is yours for the asking. Our immense illustrated catalogue of Furniture, Oil Cloths, Baby Carriages, Refrigerators, Bedding, Springs, Stoves, Beds, etc., is free to all who write for it, and we pay all postage. If you ask your local dealers' advice you will not send for our catalogue, as he will lose a customer. If you consult your pocket book and want double value for your dollars, you will deal with the manufacturers. Send your name on a postal now.

Julius Hines & Son
BALTIMORE, MD.

Mr. Henry Barnard, of No. 4, was also presented and received four votes.

The following named gentlemen were elected delegates to the State Convention, which assembled in Ocean City to-day at noon: Messrs. A. F. George, of Swanton; Patrick E. Finzel, of No. 9, and Benj. H. Sincell, of Oakland.

A new county committee was also elected and composed of Messrs. Merritt Wilson, of No. 8; William W. Sweet, of No. 1, and C. J. Otto, of No. 3.

This finished the work of the caucus and on motion it was again resolved into a convention and the work of the caucus was ratified by the convention. Mr. A. F. George made a spirited speech in the interest of harmony and spoke very feelingly of the Republican party in local, State and National affairs.

The convention then adjourned.

DELEGATES PRESENT.

The following is a list of the delegates present at the convention and entitled to be seated therein:

District No. 1.—A. F. George, T. R. McRobie, W. W. Sweet, George W. Moon and J. B. Friend.

No. 2.—D. K. Herring, Fred. Fox, J. W. Frazee, E. B. Hook and John B. Thomas.

No. 3.—C. M. Beachy, C. J. Otto, Michael Nathan, Chas. Wegman and Chas. Beachy.

No. 4.—Silas Cramer, Joel Paugh, Wm. Schell, Thomas Bartlett and Henry Barnard.

No. 5.—R. A. Ravenscroft, A. B. Friend, Fred. Kamp, Emanuel Custer and John W. Daniels.

No. 6.—W. A. Smith, D. W. Fraker, Jesse Glotfelty, James Friend and J. Alvin Friend.

No. 7.—E. H. Sincell, Charles A. Ashby, Geo. P. White, Andrew Shartzer and William J. Nair.

No. 8.—Merritt Wilson, James W. White, Isaac A. Rinker, James Aronhalt and Owen Brinegar.

No. 9.—Geo. W. Blocher, Bradford Blocher, Richard Durst, Daniel B. Layman and Patrick E. Finzel.

No. 10.—J. W. Laughlin, Samuel Steyer, A. L. Lee, J. Z. Browning and J. H. Wilson.

No. 11.—C. A. Green, Elias Merrill, S. Magruder, J. H. Merrill and James Russell.

No. 12.—Thomas B. Wiley, George W. Engle, Peter G. Stark, A. J. Oester and Joel Orendorf.

RESOLUTIONS.

The committee appointed in the caucus to draft resolutions presented the following, which were adopted:

The Republicans of Garrett county in convention assembled point with pride to the return of prosperity which we believe and declare has been largely brought about by the wise legislation of the present administration, which we heartily endorse. We would also heartily endorse the wise and statesmanlike management of our State affairs, and the reforms instituted by the present Republican administration; we also endorse the wise and business-like conduct of our party politics by the chairman of the State Central Committee as well as his conduct as our United States Senator.

Resolved, That the rules governing the last House of Delegates be the rules for this convention.

Resolved, That candidates shall be nominated in the order as named in the call of the State Central Committee.

Resolved, That when a candidate's name is presented to this convention it must be presented by his own district delegation.

Resolved, That we heartily endorse the present Board of County School Commissioners for the wise course which they have pursued in the promotion of the public schools of Garrett county.

Resolved, That the profile head and bust of Abraham Lincoln with the face turned to the right shall be the party emblem.

Resolved, That in case a vacancy shall occur on the ticket from any cause the State Central Committee be and the same is hereby authorized to fill the same.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD

GOOD NIGHT.

The sands will all have dropped full soon,
The glass will empty be!
Dawn has crept slowly into noon,
The evening comes to me.
And yet it matters nothing now,
Peace broodeth as a dove!
God has been very kind to me!
Good-night, good-night, my love.

Ah, must you weep, my child, my child?
Then listen while I tell
How on life's billows tossing wild,
He steered my frail sea shell!
Just thirty years to-morrow, dear,
The gate swung wide above,
Your father whispered in my ear:
"Good-night, good-night, my love!"

Five little hearts lay close to mine,
Closer than e'er before,
Yet not for these could I repine,
But loved them daily more.
And you were one of these, my dear,
Who made my labor light
By loving much and clinging near:
But now, good-night, good-night.

How good of God to make so fair
Our first sweet child of love;
She lived her marriage robes to wear,
Then passed—you weep, my love!
As father went, one came to me,
Came with the angel's flight,
But yesterday so joyously
He reached home—good-night.

True, dark to me seemed many a day,
And long the weary night,
But God has blessed me all the way,
And granted pure delight.
So many that are dear to me
Are waiting just above,
Their beckoning hands I almost see,
Good-night, good-night, my love.

Hold me not back—'tis better so;
Ah, feeble are my feet;
My hands are weary—let me go;
Rest, darling, will be sweet.
The "pastures" are so green and fair,
The "waters" still and bright,
And love is there, for Christ is there;
Good-night, my child, good-night.

—Margaret R. Radcliffe, in United Presbyterian.

SAVED BY A NEGATIVE.

BY S. A. SMITH.

I.

"FATHER," said my son Donald to me one day; "father, how do they take these wonderful photographs of lightning flashes that are printed in magazines? They don't know when a flash is coming, and can't make it stay still while they photograph it, can they?"

"Not likely," I laughingly replied; "the lightning 'takes' itself. If there is a thunderstorm at night all that is necessary is to put a sensitive plate in the camera, uncover the lens and point it at the sky, when the next flash of lightning will record itself upon the plate, which must then be developed in the usual way."

"Is that all?" returned Donald. "How very easy. Couldn't we take some? Do let us try."

"All right," I replied, "but first of all we must wait for a thunderstorm, so when there is another at night get your photographic traps ready, and we'll see what we can do."

Donald and I were enthusiastic cyclists, he being one of several years' standing, but I only since we came to live here in Woodford, on the borders of the new forest, and I found it very convenient to ride to the railway station—five miles away—or to Salisbury or Southampton, as our village lies midway on the highroad between those towns.

Charmed by the lovely forest scenery, I had lately practiced the fascinating science of photography and thereby secured many a beautiful scene of woodland glade. Donald, too, soon waxed enthusiastic over it, and many a cyclo-photographic day did we spend securing pictures of the exquisite scenes that abound around our home.

The marvelous photos of lightning flashes that appeared in the Strand had excited Donald's wonder and curiosity, leading to the conversation with which this story commences.

We had not long to wait for a thunderstorm, for on that very night raged one of exceptional violence. It began about 11 o'clock, and Donald, who had retired to bed some time before, burst into my room, fully dressed, and shouted:

"Come on, father; there's a tremendous thunderstorm coming up, and such flashes of lightning! I'm off to the dark room to put some plates in the slides, so get the camera ready. The front bedroom window is the best place to expose from."

Here let me state that our house stands about ten feet from the road-side, and the view from our front windows comprises the road and the common opposite us, a small piece of waste land partly surrounded by the noble trees of the New Forest.

By the time that I had made the necessary arrangements at the window Donald rejoined me, bringing three double dark slides loaded with the sensitive plates. "We ought to get at least one successful photo out of this lot," said he.

Soon the storm, which had gradually been drawing nearer, burst over us with terrible fury, the lightning flashing with amazing brilliancy, the thunder rolling with deafening roars. One by one the plates were exposed under conditions that justified the expectations of good results, and Donald was in high glee. Just as I was about to expose the sixth—and last—plate he said: "Why don't you take a flashlight photo of the common with that one? Illuminated by the celestial electric light, you know. Point the camera towards the center of the common, just for fun. I'd like to see how it comes out."

I acted upon his suggestion, and no sooner had I got the camera in position than a flash of lightning, so vivid and brilliant in its intensity as to momentarily blind us and wring from us a fearsome and terrified "Oh!" imprinted the scene on the sensitive plate.

"I'm glad that's the last plate," said Donald, when the deafening peal of thunder allowed him to make himself heard, "for I should not care to stand at the window during another such flash as that. Shall we develop the plates to-night?"

"Not if I know it," I replied. "Be off to bed now, and we'll do them the first thing in the morning."

II.

But we didn't; for we were awakened early by a violent ringing of the bell, and upon going down in my dressing gown and opening the door I beheld the village constable, with white, haggard face, on which fear was strongly marked in every line.

"Oh, sir!" he gasped, "will you come over on the common with me? There's the corpse of a man lying there, and I fear he's been murdered, for there's a knife stuck in his breast. I want you to come as a witness before I touch the body."

"Lying on the common! Murdered! Impossible!" I said. "But wait a moment till I have dressed and I'll come with you."

The constable's tale was only too true, for there, lying on the damp grass—his hair and clothes sodden with last night's rain; with upturned face, and with the blade of a large knife buried deep in his heart—lay the corpse of Ivan Solenski, the handsome young tenant of "The Hermitage," and suitor for the heart and hand of the lovely Marie Devereux, of "Forest Hall." While the constable guarded the body I hurried for the doctor, who upon his arrival declared that life had been extinct for some hours.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated, "this knife belongs to Gerald Merrilees! See, here are his initials!" and there, on the silver-mounted handle, were the letters "G. M."

That evening Gerald Merrilees, the handsome, well-built young owner of "The Home Farm," and Solenski's rival for the affections of the beauteous Marie Devereux, was arrested on a charge of murder, upon the sworn information of the butler of "Forest Hall," who deposed that on the previous evening Merrilees had had a stormy interview with Miss Devereux, in which Solenski's name was mentioned several times, and that Merrilees had suddenly dashed out of the house, muttering: "I'll kill him! I'll kill him!" Upon this evidence and that of the knife found in the dead man's breast Merrilees was committed for trial at the forthcoming assizes about to be held at the Guildhall, Winchester.

III.

Doubtless the reader remembers the account of the trial, which was published so fully in the daily papers of the time, but in case he may not recall it to mind I might here briefly give Merrilees' defense. In spite of the strong proofs of his guilt he persistently declared himself innocent and pleaded "not guilty." He fully admitted the truth of the evidence of the butler of "Forest Hall," and his counsel explained that he had that evening proposed for the hand of Miss Devereux, but had been rejected, upon which he had accused her of favoring the suit of Solenski, and when she admitted that she had that day accepted Solenski his jealousy and rage overpowered him—being a very hot-tempered fellow—causing him to rush from the house, muttering the terribly incriminating threats now used as evidence against him. After leaving "Forest Hall" (his counsel continued) reason gradually prevailed, and he proceeded to go home, his path lying across the common in front of my house.

Being anxious to arrive there before the threatened storm broke, and partly to cool his fiery temper, he ran; but, his foot catching in the stump of a furze bush, caused him to fall heavily to the ground, and with such force as to render him unconscious.

He declared that his pockets must have been rifled by some malicious passer-by, while he lay in that state, for whereas he fell on his face, when he recovered consciousness he was lying on his back. He reached home, too weak and dazed to think or observe, but great was his surprise the next morning to find his pockets empty; watch, chain, purse, loose cash, hunting knife (which he always carried), and everything, all gone.

Counsel dwelt strongly upon this fact, and maintained that the accused was not the culprit, but that when lying unconscious the real murderer robbed him, taking, amongst other things, the knife used with such fatal effect upon Solenski—whose pockets he also rifled—leaving the murderous weapon in the dead man's breast, to divert suspicion from himself to its innocent owner.

For further details, I must refer the reader to the very full reports of the trial which appeared in the local papers at the time, merely contenting myself with stating that the jury smiled, in that supercilious, superior sort of way common to the British juror, at the palpable weakness of the defense; but having satisfied themselves as to the prisoner's guilt, after a short consideration they returned their awful verdict of "Guilty!" Gerald Merrilees was sentenced to death.

IV.

Some time after the foregoing events, I was sitting up awaiting the arrival of my wife and son, who were returning from London by a midnight train, or, rather, an early morning one—reaching Dean station at three a. m., after which they had to drive the intervening five miles home.

It was weary work waiting. I had finished reading my novel, and was looking about for something to do, when I suddenly thought of the plates we had exposed on the night of the thunderstorm, and had lain undeveloped and forgotten till now. "The very thing!" I exclaimed. "I set to work and developed them at once. It will pass the time nicely."

The first plate developed was a failure. Why, I don't know, for I immediately threw it away and commenced another. "Ah!" I thought, "this one is something like a photograph." Truly, it was a most wonderful photo. of lightning; the wavy lines of fire—there were four, springing from one stem—streaming down from the dark and angry heavens right on to the earth, where the trees of the New Forest in the background were sharply silhouetted against the tongues of fire, from which little side-streams spread out in all directions. I felt, and still feel, proud of that photograph, for it caused no little excitement in the scientific world. The next plate was a bit of a mystery to me, for it was a negative of the landscape in front of our house, and I wondered when it was taken, until I remembered that Donald had asked me to take it as a flash-light landscape view with the last plate on that memorable evening of the storm. As development proceeded and the objects became more and more distinct I was surprised to see several human figures portrayed in it. With a magnifying glass I gave it a closer examination, the result of which made me tremble with excitement.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed; "this is a photo. of the murder of Solenski!" and indeed it was; taken at the identical moment that the crime was committed. There was the whole scene unerringly depicted on the plate by that brilliant flash of lightning! I examined the plate more minutely, and the result was startling in the extreme; there was the murderer in the very act of plunging the knife into Solenski's breast!

The faces of both men were plainly distinguishable, and—that of the murderer was not Gerald Merrilees, but of a short, thick-set man with a heavy beard; and there, farther in the background, was an inanimate form, with upturned face, lying upon the earth.

"Good heavens!" I again exclaimed. "So Merrilees is innocent, after all! How wonderful that we should have taken this photograph, and thus be able to prove his innocence! To-morrow I will go to Winchester with it, and procure his release."

Suddenly I reeled as if shot. "'To-morrow,' did I say? Why, to-morrow is the day of his execution! It is 'to-morrow' now, for it is after three o'clock! In five hours all will be over; another victim sacrified to miscarriage of justice." What was I to do? Twenty miles from Winchester; with no means of communicating with the authorities to avert the tragedy which would soon be enacted—here was I with evidence that would save an innocent man's life; and that man a dear friend, too!

What could I do? I groaned aloud in my anguish, and great beads of perspiration dropped from my brow.

Just then my wife and son returned, and were alarmed to see my agitated state, but upon explaining matters, my wife's ready wit suggested that I should ride to Winchester on my bicycle. The very thing! I jumped with joy, and soon after started on my dark and dreary, but fateful ride, with the priceless negative carefully packed to avoid the risk of breaking and its terrible consequences.

I will not go into details of that ride, for only those who have ridden over strange cross-roads on a pitch-dark night, when a friend's life depends upon their speed and dispatch, can sympathize with me.

At 6:45 that same morning I rode up to Winchester gaol, and demanded to to see the governor immediately; and upon being admitted to his presence showed him the Heaven-sent witness, which he deemed of such importance that he telegraphed at once to the home secretary, giving him details of my marvelous photograph, with the result that in this eleventh hour Gerald Merrilees was reprieved—he was saved!

The nature of the evidence that established Merrilees' innocence, and all particulars concerning it, were kept strictly secret by the police, who had my negative enlarged, and sent copies of the photograph—whereupon the features of the murderer were clearly portrayed—to all the police stations in the kingdom, with the result that within ten days the real culprit was arrested in the foreign quarter of Soho, and upon being charged with the murder confessed his guilt, stating that Solenski was an absconding nihilist, who had fled to England to avoid carrying out a horrible task imposed on him by the particular rules of that dreaded society.

By so doing his life became forfeited, and to the murderer was allotted the duty of carrying out the society's vengeance. Hoping to escape, Solenski had lived in retirement in our village, but was tracked by his inexorable executioner, who stated that on the night of the great storm he had come across the prostrate and senseless form of Merrilees, from whom he took everything available, including the fatal knife with which he stabbed his victim (whom he accidentally met immediately after leaving Merrilees), just as the defending counsel had surmised at the trial.

In due time, Merrilees received a full and unconditional pardon (for a crime that he had never committed!), and I should not at any time be surprised to hear of his engagement to Miss Devereux.

He and I are the strongest of friends, as he says he owes his life to me, but I tell him that it is not so, but that he owes it to the magazine that prompted us to take the photos. on that eventful night.—Tit-Bits.

Why He Felt Badly.

A Bath (Me.) man explains that he wouldn't have minded so much the recent loss of his wood-pile if the thief hadn't waited until after he had cut and sawed it into stove length.

OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH.

A Georgia Boy's Escape from an Alligator.

The alligator, as is well known, swallows its prey whole and digests it at leisure, like many others of the reptile family. It is to this which is given as a fact by the Rome Illustler, Georgia, that Edward Roland, of that city, owes his life.

In Ronald's boyhood his parents had a winter home in the neighborhood of Sanford, Fla., which is near Dennis creek, a locality which was then famous for its numerous alligators. When a little fellow, too young distinctly to remember the circumstances, the boy was out with his father on the creek shore, and was left alone for a little while, playing with some pebbles.

Suddenly the father heard Edward scream and ran in his direction. He reached the spot just in time to see the little fellow disappearing down the gaping throat of a huge alligator. Mr. Ronald had his gun in hand, and, quickly taking aim at the saurian, fired. Fortunately, the bullet struck the brute in the eye, penetrating the brain, and killed it instantly.

The feet of the boy were still protruding from the reptile's mouth. The father, not daring to hope that his son was alive, cut open the alligator, thinking to obtain the boy's remains for burial.

To Mr. Roland's delight, the body showed signs of life, and after several hours of hard work the boy was resuscitated. The only serious injury was to the ankles, which had been crushed by the reptile's teeth, doubtless when in the throes of death.

Since that time Roland has been crippled, but only to the extent of wearing steel braces on his ankles. He enjoys the unique distinction of having been almost swallowed by an alligator.

SENOR SAGASTA,
THE LEADER OF THE LIBERAL PARTY IN SPAIN AND WHO IT IS SAID MAY SUCCEED THE LATE PREMIER, SENOR CANOVAS.

Dismantling Mayence.

It is stated that the German military authorities have decided to demolish the fortifications and the walls of Mayence, the most strongly fortified city of Germany, which has witnessed so many fierce struggles and historical tragedies.

The Professor Soliloquizes.

"Yes, my memory is certainly getting better. Now I remember distinctly enough that my wife told me to tie a string about this finger. If I only could think what for!"—Judge.

Age and Crime.

Twice as many crimes are committed in Paris by those between the ages of 15 and 20 as by those between 20 and 40.

Stays for Men.

In 1614 stays were introduced into the costumes of gentlemen, to keep the doublet straight and confine the waist.

BACTERIA IN INK.

A Recent Scientific Discovery in Leipzig.

Bacteria, dangerous to health and life, have been found in the air we breathe, the water we drink, in various kinds of food, and even in the mucilage of the ubiquitous postage stamp, but it remained for the eminent German scientist, Dr. Warpmann, of Leipzig, to discover the poisonous bacteria living and thriving in ink.

He has recently made a microscopical examination of 67 samples of ink used in the schools in Germany and in other countries. Most of these were gall inks, and contain various sorts of bacteria, as well as those of other minute organisms known in the scientific world as saprophytes and micrococci. Nigrosin ink taken from a freshly opened bottle, which had up to that time been tightly corked and sealed, was found to contain bacteria in large quantities. Red and blue inks of the sort so frequently used in offices also yielded numerous bacteria.

To determine whether or not these bacteria were really as poisonous as chemical analysis would seem to suggest, Dr. Warpmann decided to "cultivate" some specimens for actual experiments. The result of these experiments showed that a bacillus from ordinary black ink would, if introduced into the blood of a mouse, prove fatal within four days. Similar experiments the doctor in the interest of science performed upon other small animals—rabbits, guinea-pigs and the like—always with the same fatal result.

Decreasing Birth Rates in America.

French economists are consoling themselves for the gradual depopulation of their country, pointing out that many of the American states, including the whole of New England, are still worse off, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The birth rate in France has fallen from 33 per 1,000 at the beginning of the century to 22 per 1,000, and is less than the death rate, so that if the present conditions continue, in about 200 years the French race will have become extinct. In many of the United States, however, matters are even more serious. The birth rate in Nevada is 16.30 per 1,000, so that, even if no more people should emigrate from that state, its population would die out completely in less than 100 years. Maine comes next with a birth rate of 17.99 per 1,000, which gives its race about a century longer to exist. New Hampshire is third, with 18.4 per 1,000. Vermont is fourth, with 18.5, and strange to say, California, which comes next, has a birth rate of 19.4 per 1,000, or nearly 12 per cent. less than that of France.

Turkish Turbans.

A Turkish turban of the largest size contains 20 yards of the finest and softest muslin.

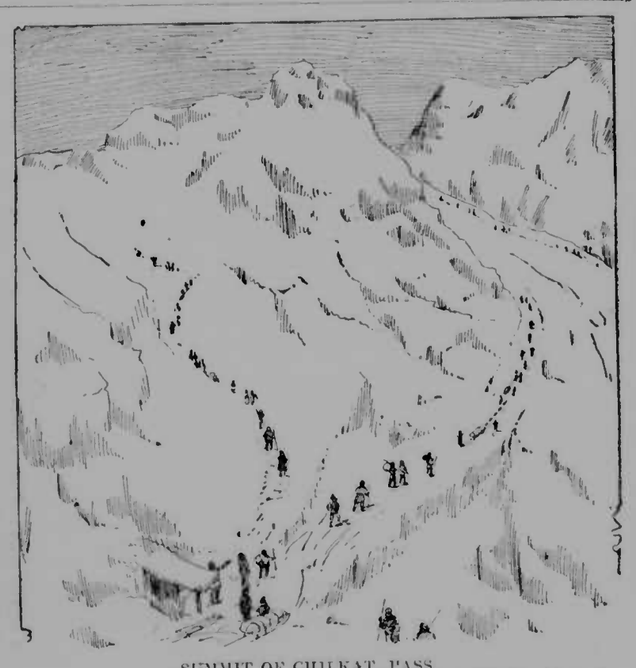

SUMMIT OF CHILKAT PASS.
THE ILLUSTRATION IS FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF MINERS CROSSING FROM JUNEAU TO DAWSON IN THE SNOW.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The trap rocks of New Jersey and the dolerites of Staten Island are the strongest stones in the United States, their crushing resistance being 54,000 pounds to the cubic inch.

—There are certain varieties of mountain plants which have a singular provision of nature for perpetuating their species. The duration of summer in those elevated regions is too short to permit of the ripening of the seeds, and the top buds fall off and take root as would the seeds.

—A chameleon from the Cape of Good Hope was seen by Mr. Blakiston to turn white with fear, having been saved from the attacks of a cat. The most extraordinary thing about this lizard is the wonderful way in which the two eyes work quite independently of each other and "enable it to survey comfortably objects in quite opposite directions."

—Some recently tabulated statistics quoted in a scientific journal show the relation between one's gas bill and the choice of a decorating color. According to these figures, the different values of fabrics and finishes in the way of light goods are in the following proportion: Black cloth, 100 candle power; dark brown paper, 87; blue paper, 72; clean yellow paint, 60; dirty wood, 86; clean wood, 60; cartridge paper 20.

—Nature provides a series of hooks on the front edge of the hind wings of insects, each hook fitting into a groove on the hind edge of a front wing. The front and hind wings are thus fastened together on each side while the insect is flying and are unfastened at other times. This explains why you have occasionally noticed one of the species flying, apparently with two wings, and have seen him display four upon alighting.

—It is asserted, though we do not know the authority on which the assertion is based, that our senses fall asleep in a definite order. First the eyelids close, and the sense of sight is lost, then the sense of taste follows, and after that smell, hearing and touch go in the order named. Touch is said to be the lightest sleeper of all, and the first to be aroused. The reader who is curious about such things might test the accuracy of these statements by experiments with his friends.

DANGER IN GETTING SHAVED.

Barbers Ought to Wash Their Hands and Their Implements.

The proposition to make a more careful man of the tonsorial artist, in so far as relates to the transmission of disease from his infected to his well clients, is not a new one. The subject has been written upon by several earnest men before Heinrich Berger, whose "Hygiene in den Barbierstuben" recently appeared in Leipzig. No writer has, however, seemed to go so deeply into the question and lay down such strict rules for the knight of the shaving knife. We are told that he must be a person free from epilepsy and all manner of seizures, drunkenness and infectious diseases.

Being free from these affections himself, he may give professional attention to all persons, including those under the influence, or those likely to have a fit in the chair, provided they are free from skin, hair and sexual diseases of an infectious nature. Otherwise they are to be treated at home with their own implements. The author gives a number of other rules which are in themselves and so far as they go good—if barbers could be prevailed upon to follow them—but he does not sufficiently insist upon the necessity of boiling to the point of sterilization his instruments, towels, sponges and especially his own hands.

There are many things besides the so-called barber's itch which may be transmitted in uncleanly shaving and hairdressing, and of which the public knows little or nothing. Favus is decidedly on the increase in this country, and the number of children turned away from the cities' schools for this cause since the inspection innovation went into effect would greatly surprise those who think of favus as a European or foreign affection.

Attention has recently been called by a member of the New York Dermatological society to the danger of the exciting tweezers used in barber shops. Ingrowing hairs and those attended by suppurative inflammation, as in sycosis, are extracted, and the next comer is operated upon without adequate and usually without any cleansing at all of the instrument. Certain rules should be adopted, if possible, by barbers in general to protect their patrons from dangers which are more real than imaginary. Above all, they should remember that scrupulous cleanliness of implements and hands is the first requisite, and the advice now being given to surgeons to "boil their hands" applies almost equally to them. At the least they could give a little wash between each "next" for the mere sake of appearance and in the interest of business, if for nothing else.—Medical Record.

Cream Candy.

To make cream candy place over the fire a vessel containing two large cupfuls of granulated sugar and half a dozen tablespoonfuls of water. Let the mixture boil until, when a little of the syrup is dropped into a cupful of cold water, it will harden. The moment it will do this add two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Then turn into a buttered dish, and when cool enough to handle with the hands pull it until it is white, cut into short lengths and set away to get cold.—N. Y. Tribune.

To Prepare Ham.

Try ham fixed this way once and see if you do not like it: Slice the ham for broiling and put it to soak over night in buttermilk, or if you have no buttermilk sweet milk is a fair substitute. Lift out of the milk bath and rinse in cold water and then wiped dry on a clean towel. Broil or fry as usual.—Chicago Tribune.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

MAMMA'S LITTLE MICE.

Mamma's little, seven little, busy little mice
(In braids or caps or curls):
Mamma's little, seven little, brave little mice,
(Seven little boys and girls).

One little mouse is gray-coat Tim
(Braids or caps or curls):
Leave the woodpile all to him,
(Seven little boys and girls).

One little mouse is staid Ledore
(Braids or caps or curls):
She can make a bed or sweep a floor
(Seven little boys and girls).

One little mouse is deft Estelle
(Braids or caps or curls);
She sets the table and rings the bell
(Seven little boys and girls).

One little mouse is lightsome Prue
(Braids or caps or curls);
Here are the dishes for her to do
(Seven little boys and girls).

One little mouse is field-mouse Joe
(Braids or caps or curls):
He handles the spade and swings the hoe
(Seven little boys and girls).

One little mouse is comely Kit
(Braids or caps or curls);
She will sit and knit, while the others flit
(Seven little boys and girls).

One little mouse is Baby Bib
(Braids or caps or curls);
He coos and sings in his willow crib
(Seven little boys and girls).

Mamma's little, seven little, busy little mice
(In braids or caps or curls):
Mamma's little, seven little, brave little mice
(Seven little boys and girls).
—Mary E. Stone, in N. Y. Independent.

THE MEXICAN PECCARY.

It Never Turns Out for Anything, Man or Beast.

"The most vicious and fearless of the brute creation is the peccary, or wild hog of Mexico," said C. W. Bartlett, of Laredo, Tex. "This animal seems utterly devoid of the emotion of fear. I have never seen it turn a hair's breadth out of its path for any living thing. Man is its special bete noire. It displays an intelligence in fighting the human strangely at variance with its apparently complete lack of any mental attributes, save the very lowest order of instinct. They are rarely found singly, but go in droves of from a hundred to thousands. Their ability to scent men is particularly marked. I have known a drove of them to scent a man a mile off and strike as straight for him as the arrow flies. There is no use to try to frighten them with guns. The cannonading of a full battery would have no more effect on them than the popping of a firecracker. The only thing to do when they get after you is to run away from them as fast as a horse can carry you. And then there is no certainty that they won't catch you. They are nearly as swift as a horse, and their endurance is as great as their viciousness.

"A friend of mine encountered a drove of them in a wild part of Mexico a few years ago, and his escape was miraculous. He very foolishly shot and wounded a number of them. Then he took refuge in a tree. The peccaries kept him in the tree all that day and through the night. They circled around the tree, grunting and squealing their delight at the prospect of a feast. He soon exhausted his ammunition, and brought down a peccary at each fire. But this had no terror for the beasts. Along toward morning the brutes began to eat the ones he had killed, and when they thus satisfied the cravings of their stomachs they formed in line and trotted off. If they had not had some of their own number to devour they would have guarded that tree until my friend, through sheer exhaustion, dropped from his perch and allowed them to make a meal of him. The wildcats and tigers that infest the Mexican wilds flee from the peccaries with instinctive fear, and even rattlesnakes keep out of their path."—St. Louis Republic.

FOUGHT HIS IMAGE.

Game Cock in St. Louis Makes a Fool of Himself.

One of the gamest gamecocks in St. Louis, Mo., gave a chance audience a rare treat one day last week. He fought his image to a finish. By chance a mirror had been left in the back yard

FIGHTING WITH HIMSELF.

at the corner of Jefferson avenue and Pine street. The cock was strutting about the yard looking for trouble when suddenly he came face to face with his image in the glass. His fighting blood was up. At last he had met a bird that he considered worthy of his prowess. He eyed the supposed enemy critically. His anger grew as the image mocked him. The feathers began to rise on his neck, and in an instant he made a lunge at the glass. Picking himself up from the ground, where he had been doubled in a heap, he backed off a few paces. The cowardly image also backed away and mocked him. He made lunge after lunge at the glass, each time backing away thoroughly surprised. Finally he got tired of retreating and made a fierce face to face contest with himself. He fought until he fell from sheer exhaustion.

THE DRUM ON SHIPBOARD.

It Plays an Important Part in the Daily Routine of Duty.

"The Last of the Drums," is the title of an article written by Lieut. Com Marrast Perkins for St. Nicholas. Lieut. Perkins says:

In the navy as well as in the army the drum is hallowed and glorified by traditions of victory; and from the day Paul Jones ran up the first flag of our country, with its liberty-tree and its motto, "An Appeal to Heaven," down to the present, a man-of-war's drummer, though the smallest mite on board, has always played an important part in the daily routine of our nation's floating bulwarks.

From the rolling of "gun brightwork" in the morning, and the long-drawn, solemn beat to "quarters," to the last incident of the day—"taps," or "extinguish lights"—the drum retains its place here; and the little marine drummer, with his baby face and red coat, is the last to carry his drum proudly at the head of marching men and to blend its martial rattle with the blare of the trumpet, which has usurped the place of the fife.

These boys are enlisted at Washington, and are taught in the music school at marine headquarters, after which they are drafted to the several marine stations at navy yards or distributed to vessels in commission all over the world.

They are enlisted at from 14 to 16 years of age, and are bound over to

MARINE GUARD DRUMMER.

serve in the marine corps until 21, when they are honorably discharged.

While serving on men-of-war they swing in hammocks and mess with the marine guard, and in all respects are treated as if they are men; in action they serve at the great guns as powder-boys—"powder-monkeys" as they are sometimes called. The duty of a powder-boy is to pass charges from the magazine to the battery.

Drummers are distinguished from the private soldiers of the marine guard in full-dress uniform by a scarlet tunic with white facing and shoulder knots—the only dress in our service like the traditional red coat of "Tommy Atkins," the British soldier, which has been worn by the army for nearly 300 years. As a joke upon this distinctively un-American uniform, it is related that when the British were seen approaching Bladensburg, during the war of 1812, a wag in the American ranks shouted: "Great Scott! boys, here comes the music. I guess I won't wait for the army!"

A DOG THAT TALKS.

Canine Phenomenon Developed by a Young French Artisan.

Papillon, a canine phenomenon residing in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, is claiming notice as a rival to the parrot. His owner, a young workman, has innocently beguiled many a leisure hour during the past five years in the endeavor to imitate the little animal in the mysteries of speech, and he now professes to have succeeded after a fashion. A visitor whom he introduced to Papillon relates that he heard the dog give vent to various patriotic cries, such as "Vive l'armee! Vive la France!" and "Vive le president de la republique!" and adds that when he took his departure the words "Adieu, monsieur," were politely uttered. It had occurred to him that ventriloquism might have played a mysterious part in this marvel, but he was able to convince himself to his complete satisfaction that there was positively no deception. Papillon's kind teacher explained that he had set patiently to work, and that his pupil, who had naturally at first been quite at sea, had gradually displayed a taste for the lesson. Possibly the public may some day be allowed a chance of judging of the progress alleged to have been made by the wonderful dog.

Rather Startling Innovation.

There are bicycle parties and bicycle luncheons, and bicycle weddings, but a bicycle funeral is a new as well as rather startling idea. Such a one recently took place at Elizabeth, N. J. The mourners, men and women, followed the hearse containing the remains, from the house to the church, on wheels. After the services were over, the mourners again mounted their wheels and rode slowly to the cemetery, three miles distant. There was a great saving of carriage hire in that funeral, and, perhaps, in time, such affairs will become so common as to provoke no comment. At present, however, it has anything but a funereal look.

Goldfish Farming.

The raising of goldfish is a special industry, and one of the largest "goldfish farms" is at Spring Lake, Ind. When young the goldfish is said to resemble in color and general appearance an ordinary minnow. After awhile they turn dark, becoming occasionally almost black. Then a reddish hue begins to appear, the true golden color being developed at the average of one year or less. A few individuals, however, never change their original silver color, and sometimes the red and gold hues make their appearance only in patches. Not infrequently goldfish develop two or more tails.—Youth's Companion.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Some bicyclists of Portland, Ore., wear pneumatic shoes.

—At Colon, Mich., a farmer found a gold ring in a potato hill.

—In a storm at Marion, Ind., lightning tore up 30 feet of tiling five feet below the surface of the ground.

—Marriage at midnight, the ceremony being performed by a coroner, is the last Kansan eccentricity reported.

—The value of the house property of London is $5,365,000,000, that of Paris $1,430,000,000, that of New York $1,355,000,000.

—A man and wife and their 16-year-old daughter were arrested at Jacksonville, Ore., for stealing vases and dishes from a graveyard.

—During the last especially hot spell, work was suspended in the granite quarries at Concord, N. H., because the stone had become so hot.

—Near Alvord, Ia., a can of stamps, which were stolen from the post office at Lester, in that state, two years ago, was plowed up recently.

—For assaulting a servant who was alleged to have alienated her master's affections, the master's spouse was fined one cent at Mobile, Ala.

—While asleep in the woods a sawyer of Evansville, Ind., was bitten on the chin by a spider. He died of the effects of the bite some days later.

—At Jonesville, near Birmingham, Ala., a young woman whose name used to figure in Birmingham's social chronicles has established a frog farm.

—Wyley Nusbaum, of Middlebury, Ind., fell a victim to sunstroke, and there were 398 teams in the procession that followed his body to the grave.

—Philip Julius, of Rossville, Ind., tried to alight from a train before it reached the station, and he struck on his head and has been insane since.

—The airship craze is said to be nearly as strong in Germany and on the continent as in this country. Prof. Hoffman, an imperial councilor, has invented a machine constructed on the principle of a dragon, with steam propellers, which he is confident will work all right.

RICHES FORCED UPON HIM.

Kept in the West by Poverty, He Finally Found Fortune.

The old gentleman who is back from the west on a visit made some astounding statements. He had grown rich in spite of himself. He had actually tried to run away from a fortune, but it would not permit him to escape. Then it was insisted upon by his friends that he give them something more explicit.

"Well, I went out there with just enough money to make the first payment on a farm, stock it in a modest way, get the necessary implements and buy seed. The first season the grasshoppers came, and they came like the locusts of Egypt, in devastating clouds. They left the ground as smooth as the palm of your hand. I was forced to stay, because I had no money with which to get back. By borrowing and saving we managed to live and plant the next season. When everything promised a bountiful harvest a cyclone struck us, one of those rip-snorting fellows that carries everything with it. We were like people stranded on a desert island, but we found a speculator willing to loan, with nothing but our dismal prospects for security, and simply stayed there because there was no escape. My folks in the east could afford me no assistance, and I often wished that the cyclone had picked us up with the other movables.

"But the next year we had glorious crops. That was 20 years ago, and we have had them ever since without a break. Now I have 2,000 acres under cultivation. I have a big ranch and a sure market for my cattle. In a short stretch of mountain that I bought just to get good water for the stock there is a gold mine that will always do a little better than keep the wolf from the door. Could I have returned when I wanted to I would now be working on some man's farm for about $20 a month."—Detroit Free Press.

A BRIDE'S TROUSSEAU.

Clothes Should Be Chosen Suitable to Her Position in Life.

The girl who has a fortune at her command needs no suggestions, but the girl who has to think out the wisdom of every dollar spent on her trousseau is the one who asks for advice. Taking it for granted, then, that you will live a more or less social life, having your day at home and visiting your friends, and going occasionally to hear good music, you can decide exactly what you will need. First of all, freshen all the gowns you possess, then you know their possibilities; then I would advise one handsome silk dress, combined, perhaps, with velvet, and having, to go with it, two bodices—one for wear when you are visiting, the other to be used when rather more elaborate dress is required. Have one simple, but smart-looking, wool dress for street wear; if required, you might better omit your visiting costume than this. A black skirt, either of moire, silk or satin, will be useful, since with it there can be worn any number of elaborate bodices. Then you will want, also, a comfortable wrapper, to wear in no place except your own room; two pretty, well-fitting house dresses; a coat suited to the season; a wrap that is a little more elaborate, if you can afford it; but do not make the mistake so often made, of buying clothes that are not suited to your position in life, or, what is equally as bad, of buying such an elaborate wardrobe that it will go out of fashion.—Isabel A. Mallon, in Ladies' Home Journal.

True Musical Instinct.

Reilly—Couplings is a Brahmin with a true musical instinct.

McCarthy—I didn't know he had any talent in that line.

"Well, he has. When the music store burned yesterday Couplings played on six pianos all at once."—Judge.

NEED OF RESERVE FORCE.

Women Should Never Over Tax Their Strength.

Reserve force is the strength left over after one has done her work. If a bridge builder builds a bridge he calculates how heavy a load it will need to carry, and then makes it not only strong enough to carry this load, but a great deal more. None of us would feel comfortable in going over a railway bridge if we knew the builder had not made it with a great deal of reserve strength never to be called into use. It is so with our bodies; they have usually considerable reserve power not called out by the ordinary daily tasks we put on them. We admire a woman who has reserve force for all emergencies; we know that she can do her ordinary work, whatever it is, with ease, and hold out well in the race of life. But it is much easier to estimate the amount of strength required in a bridge for a certain place than that in our muscles and nerves. We can calculate the former by mathematical rules, but not the latter. There is no mathematics which will tell a woman just how much she can endure with safety, and how much will break down her constitution and ruin her health forever, so they often take on themselves care and work beyond what they have any right to do. There is a tendency of our time to push everything to the limit of endurance. My suggestion to women whose reserve force is not great is to husband it well, accumulate it by right food, abundant sleep and frequent short vacations. Guard it carefully, instead of drawing upon it daily, as do many who become feverishly anxious to accomplish some undertaking.

The successful athlete carefully measures his resources, and if his race is to be a long one nurses his reserve powers. If he engages in a race he does not overexert himself at the start, but so regulates his expenditure of energy that he shall have an abundance left for the finish. That is precisely what women should do who are engaged in any hard work. Every woman, high or low, who labors daily is engaged in a long race, which is in part a test of endurance. She should so measure her pace as to have always at command some reserve power. She should not undertake to do more than she can without undue fatigue, and she will be able to do more, for a short time, at least, when occasion requires the extra exertion. Just as we see the swift runner exhausted before the race is half over and beaten by his slower but more enduring competitor, so we see women overtaxing their powers when young and growing old and feeble while young in years. It is the reserved power that tells in prolonged contests—the reserve power of muscle, of spirit—for she who exhausts herself in any kind of effort is unable to withstand the slightest added burden and succumbs to a force she might easily have resisted if she had kept her resources well in hand.

In these days, when women are entering almost every occupation in competition with men, often driving them from their work because their services cost less, it is important that women guard and protect themselves by a large accumulation of reserve power.—N. Y. Ledger.

CANNING VEGETABLES.

Methods Employed by a Careful Housewife.

For Corn—Cut from the cob young, tender corn, pack in glass cans with the small end of your potato masher or a stick especially made for the purpose all that you can possibly crowd in, some of the milk will escape but that does not matter, press it tight, so that all the air will be pressed out. When you have enough cans packed full to fill the bottom of your boiler, put the rubbers on and screw tops lightly, place boards in the bottom of your boiler set the cans on these, fill the boiler with cold water to the tops of the cans, place over a fire and let it come to a boil then keep the water boiling for four hours, adding boiling water from a kettle as that in the boiler evaporates; then take from the fire and screw the tops down tightly; let cans remain in water till cool enough to handle, take out, wipe dry and slip a paper sack over each can, labeling it plainly.

Beans—Take young beans while the pods are very tender, chop or break them up in short pieces, fill your cans, shaking them down often. When they will hold no more beans, fill to running over with cold water, put on rubbers and tops as for corn, and boil three hours after they begin to boil. Let them cool, then wipe and put away as you did the corn. I have some that have been canned five years and they are as fresh as when first canned.

Peas—Shell and wash tender young peas, put in cans, shaking and getting all in your can you possibly can; then fill with cold water and treat as beans.

Tomatoes—These can be canned by placing them first in boiling water to remove the skins, then putting them in the cans, allowing some of the juice to escape; put on rubbers and tops and boil two hours after they begin to boil, then treat like corn.

I always can my tomatoes by scalding to remove the skins, putting in a granite kettle and boiling at least one-half hour, adding salt as for table. I have my cans hot, put in the boiling hot tomatoes and seal quickly. I always fill my cans running over full then put on tops, wipe and slip into paper sacks, label and set in a covered box in a cool dark corner of the cellar. Tomatoes must be cooked thoroughly or they will not keep. Canned as above I have kept them three years.—Washington Home Magazine.

Neatly Turned.

Mrs. Jinks' right foot is slightly deformed. When a Harlem shoe clerk went to try on a pair of shoes he exclaimed inadvertently:

"Why, your feet are not alike!"

"Sir!" she exclaimed, bridling up.

"I mean one is prettier and smaller than the other."—Tammany Times.

WATER IN FARM PRODUCE.

It Is Sold by the Farmer in Large Quantities.

More water is sold by farmers than any other substance, and it brings a higher price in proportion to cost than any material known. Water is sold in so many forms, however, that its value varies greatly. A crop of green clover contains 1,600 pounds of water per ton, and when a ton of dry clover hay is hauled to market 200 pounds of the load consists of water. Every hundred pounds of milk sold contains about 87 pounds of water, and the mixed stable manure which is spread on the fields is more than one-half water. No matter how dry or well cured the hay and fodder crops may be, from the farmer's point of view, there will be water to land that is contained in the plant. A ton of cured corn fodder contains 575 pounds of water, and even salt hay, which is usually apparently as dry as if passed through a kiln, contains over 100 pounds of water per ton. The farmer sells this water, and the more water he can sell the larger his profit, as all nitrogenous and mineral matter taken from the soil by the plants is a direct loss unless the price at which the crop is sold is sufficiently large to reimburse the farmer for his loss of plant food as well as afford him a profit.

The greatest profit from the use of water as an ingredient of farm products is when the farmer grows such crops as beets, carrots, potatoes and turnips, as they can be utilized on the farm instead of entailing the cost of transportation to market. While these crops contain a large amount of solid matter in proportion to the yield per acre, their chief value is in the water, as the water is a valuable aid to digestion and contains the nutritious matter in solution to a large extent; hence the water is not a useless substance which adds weight only, but is as desirable in the form in which it exists in the plant as the solid portions; but while the solid portions cost the farmer sometimes, the water does not, and that is an important consideration which must not be overlooked. The water in plants cannot be supplied artificially. Everyone knows that there is a difference between green apples and apples which have been dried and cooked in water. It is the same with vegetables and roots. We can dry them and render them juicy again by cooking them in water, but we cannot regain the condition in which the water existed in the plant before drying or evaporating it. It is more valuable than that which is supplied.

Beets and carrots contain 1,800 pounds of water per ton. A crop of 20 tons of beets per acre denotes that the farmer has taken from that acre as a crop 36,000 pounds of water, and such a yield of beets is not a large one compared with results frequently obtained. Turnips, one of the staple crops of the farm, contain but little less water than beets or carrots, and potatoes are sold at good prices some years, although there is about 1,500 pounds of water in every ton. The proportion of water in fruits is much greater, especially with grapes, strawberries and cherries; in fact, water in fruit brings a higher price than is obtained for any material, as a box of strawberries selling at ten cents would allow less than a cent for the solid matter contained, leaving nine cents for the water. To secure this crop of water, however, the farmer will be compelled to use care and judgment. It comes from the clouds, it is true, but there are periods when the plants cannot store it; hence the fruit and vegetables do not grow to perfection and the farmer will lose a portion of his crop of water, while his land will have given up more than the proportionate supply of mineral matter. The moisture must be conserved as a marketable substance. It must not be stolen away by weeds or allowed to flow away because the surface soil is hard, baked and impervious. Loosen the soil, allow it greater opportunities to absorb the valuable water, then close the pores of the soil with the cultivator and thus seal and retain for use a supply of water when periods of drought occur.—Philadelphia Record.

The Babies' Eyes.

Little babies' eyes are quickly affected by strong sunlight, but in spite of this we often see a young nursemaid gossiping with a friend while her unfortunate little charge sits strapped into a cart with the sun streaming into his face, quite possibly receiving a lasting injury to his eyes, if not to his brain. Always have little children wear shade hats during the summer months. If a child should come in after his morning walk with eyes reddened and evidently painful, bathe them with a little hot water. Cold would give more relief at the time, but if the water is as hot as the eyes can bear a cure will be effected more speedily. Should the eyes continue to be inflamed, dissolve a teaspoonful of boracic powder in a pint of boiling rain water and dab it onto the eyes with a small sponge or rag till the pain is relieved. It may be applied either hot or cold. This simple wash is most useful for children of all ages, and there is no fear of its injuring the most delicate eye.—American Queen.

His Daring.

"Thar goes the bravest feller in the whole township," said the landlord of an Arkansaw tavern, indicating a hatchet-faced, spindle-legged young native who was slouching by.

"Why, he looks anything but heroic!" returned the tourist from the north. "What has he done to give him such a reputation for bravery?"

"He's courtin' Buck Soggins' oldest gal, that choked a full-grown bear to death about two months ago." Puck.

Gratified His Wish.

Father—What, Johnnie! smoking those cigarettes again?

Johnnie—Yes, father. I heard you tell mother that you wished all the cigarettes on earth could be burnt up, and I thought I would help to burn them.—Boston Globe.

A CRIME-RUINED CITY.

History of the Rise and Decay of a Virginia Settlement.

Suggestive of nothing so much as the ruin and decay of some old-fashioned house given up by tradition to ghosts and the sparrows that build nests in its eaves and twitter about its shattered windows, or the desolate quiet that hovers over some small settlement abandoned by its people because of famine and disease, is the little group of tumble-down houses at the southern end of the Long Bridge, which masquerades under the name of Jackson City. For nearly half a century the name has been there. During that period an ever-changing population, mostly of a vicious sort, has molded the reputation and varying fortunes of the place, but within the past year it has been ever on the downward course until now it is a passing shadow, soon, perhaps, to be only a memory.

It is about 65 years since Andrew Jackson, the rugged president of the United States accepted the invitation of some Virginians who had great schemes in their heads for the development of the property at the practical head of navigation of the Potomac river. He went across to the Virginia side, accompanied by all the military display then available, and, amid oratory and music of brass bands, the name was given. To commemorate the event a corner stone was laid somewhere—where is not known—for the shifting sands of the river shore soon hid the mark from view. But the city was named, and when the president came back to his white house the Virginians were satisfied.

For a long time the corner stone was the only thing to tell that the spot was a city in embryo. Its first impetus speedily familiarized it with the men of the monster vice, for it came in the shape of a race track. Jockeys of a disreputable sort, touts, even worse, and professional crooks, followed the track, and after one or two tourders the track was a thing of memory. Then the city languished and was forgotten. Ten years ago, however, a spasm of virtue struck the police department of Washington, and the poolrooms, which were then doing business openly in the capital city, were driven out. First they located on Seventh street, just above the boundary, but legislation was extended so as to cover the district and they were again compelled to move. What place so convenient as Jackson City? Across the Long Bridge they marched and soon the city was a city of poolrooms, barring several saloons which had started up.

From then on its run of prosperity was unbroken. The poolrooms did a flourishing business. The policy shops established headquarters there, and people who could not find money to buy food for wives and children found the wherewithal to buy policy slips and pool tickets. Saloons multiplied, brawls were of daily occurrence, and fatalities were frequent. A station was established there, and the railroad trains, which had formerly rushed through the place, built a platform, established switches and sidings, and stopped to take on and let off passengers.

Then came the outlaw tracks, which gave the place more notoriety than ever. Finally the district police had to take matters in their own hands. From their first decisive step dates the passing of Jackson City.

The blowing open of a safe belonging to the Washington Ferry company and the stealing of several thousand dollars furnished the occasion. The booty was taken to Jackson City to be distributed. Desmond, Dempsey and others who had assisted the notorious Billy Williams in the robbery were harbored there. Williams himself made the place his headquarters, and failing to secure the cooperation of the Virginia authorities, the local detective bureau undertook a bold step. A patrol wagon, full of detectives, all heavily armed, left police headquarters in this city shortly after midnight, while the discussion of the safe robbery was at its height. At this end of the bridge the wagon stopped, and the officers got out and walked across. The notorious Candler's place was surrounded. Desmond was arrested, but Dempsey escaped. Satchels, with evidences of the guilt of the people arrested, were found in the place, and later, after Williams had been arrested, he made a full confession, implicating the rest.

Following that came a raid by Virginia deputy sheriffs on the saloon kept by Nelson and Foster, both noted gamblers, during which one of the deputies was shot and killed. Other raids were made. Candler was arrested and confined in jail on several charges, only recently securing his release. His place was broken up and closed. Nelson was driven out. Foster followed.

Candler has been released from jail in Alexandria, and inhabits the upper part of his place. The lights no longer burn in the bar and gambling-rooms downstairs, and the sounds of revelry which once came from within are hushed. The platform erected by the railroad is not used, even the slowest trains going through without stopping. The sun beats down on the one deserted street, which is thickly covered with dust in dry weather and mud in wet. Thomas' saloon, Candler's almost deserted house, one feed store, a stable and an untenanted old brick house comprise the city. The gamblers saw cooler and pleasanter fields for their work further up the Potomac river, and they, too, deserted. Saturday nights the negro brick makers make merry, but it is tame and quiet compared to the revels of the olden days.—Washington Post.

Clairvoyance.

"I see," said the gypsy, "a dark woman who will cause you trouble in money matters."

"Great heavens!" murmured Thollie. "Is that washerwoman going to hold me laundry for ransom again?"—Indianapolis Journal.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 26, 1897.

WHAT'S the matter with wheat? What's the matter with silver.

IF THE predictions of Director Preston of the United States Mint about the increase in gold prove true, the silver cause will have difficulty in getting recognition by the great political powers in 1900.

IT IS now in order for the calamity howlers and fraud criers to charge that the farmer is now receiving the reward for his treachery in voting for McKinley and refusing to support Bryan, the farmer's friend, in that the trusts and plutocrats have raised the prices of wheat and other farm products in order to pay him for his vote.

THE deadly parallel could be drawn with good effect on some of the free-silver papers which were asseverating last year that the only hope of prosperity lay in the opening of the mints to the free and unlimited coinage of silver, but which are now forced to publish columns of matter showing highly satisfactory improving business conditions and arriving prosperity.

THE growth of protection sentiment has been evidenced in many ways during the past special session of Congress in the discussion of the tariff bill, but no more clearly than in the reception accorded to Senator McEnery upon his arrival in New Orleans after a long fight on tariff principles, in which he stood shoulder to shoulder with the great protection leaders of the country.

THE farmers of the country have been the first to feel the improved conditions of business. The products which they have had for sale have steadily risen in value all along the line, and the increased volume of money has come directly in their pockets. *Bradstreet's* in speaking of the present condition of the American farmer, says: "The American agriculturist has had no such opportunity to reap so large a share of the rewards of labor as is now promised him."

THE "unwritten law" as interpreted by Judge Falconer, of Lexington, Ky., and Govenor Atkinson of West Virginia is bearing fruit. Joe Jones met his wife walking down the pike with Will Rankin, near Lexington, and blew his head off with a shotgun. He had advanced one step on the Judge and the Govenor, and held that whenever a husband caught another man with his wife he had a right to kill him. It is easy enough to decide what ought to be done with Joe Jones—he ought to be hanged by the neck—the question is what should be done with judges like Mr. Falconer and govenors like Mr. Atkinson, who invite men to cold-blooded murders of this sort.

"I HAVE never in the past wavered in the belief, nor do I now, that in the end we will be possessed of a banking and currency system so strong as to make impregnable the country's credit. It is possible that before the nation's financial structure rests upon a foundation firm as the eternal hills, the American people will be called up to pass through the awful experience and loss which would follow in the wake of unchecked paper and silver fiatism. But at last, no matter how prolonged the struggle or great the sufferings with the acquiescence of all, the monetary principles which accord with the world's business experience, financial research and every dictate of common honesty, will here prevail in complete and enduring triumph."—From Compt. Eckels' speech before American bankers' Association, August 18, 1897.

THE farmers of the country should give their attention closely to a few contrasts. The free traders made a great row over the sugar bounty and the tin plate duty. Their contention was the sheer impossibility that we should produce our own sugar and tin. Already every farmer in America knows that we shall soon produce all the sugar we consume and save a hundred millions a year for the tillers of our soil, and that we are also deep in the tin plate manufacturing business, and that long before this Presidential term is out we shall produce in our shops all the tin plate we want, and there are from twenty to twenty-five millions a year for American workingmen to earn and distribute. Now, these are the things that give a boom to prosperity. Contrast this with the vulgar falsification that low silver made wheat low, and all that rottenness of the Democratic imagination.

BRADSTREETS swells the columns of evidence of return of flourishing business in its latest issue, the following being among its statements: The Hutchinson Cole Manufacturing Co., at Norwalk, Conn., will resume at once with five hundred operatives; the woolen mills at the same place have resumed, notifying their hundreds of employes that night work is likely to be required; the Alabama Rolling Mills, at Birmingham, Ala., announce a resumption of work; the Howard Harrison Iron Co., at Bessemer, Ala., has increased its force, and the pipe works at that place resumed operations; the Providence Mine at Scranton, which has been idle for two years, will resume work at once; the Delaware Iron Works, at Newcastle has resumed operations, giving employment to 500 persons, and the wall-paper factory at Newark, Del., will soon resume; the Edgemoor Iron Co. at Newcastle, Del., has increased its force of employees; coal miners at Nashville, Ill., have received an increase of 20 cents per ton on their wages; the pottery manufacturers in New Jersey have agreed to advance wages; the Southern Railway Company has put all the men in its shops at work at nine hours a day.

The Business Party.

Testimony, which comes from every center of finance, trade and commerce in the country, is not calculated to afford much encouragement to the professional calamity howler and the croaking Bryan followers. It all goes to show that the great business party of the country is the only one on which the business men can depend. The noise and bluster and swagger and the disregard of the nation's welfare by the Democratic party prove anew the absolute need of the Republican organization. This need has been established by the history of the past thirty-five years, the most marvelous years of the most marvelous country on earth. It was at the beginning of that period that the Democratic party went to pieces on the slavery issue, and to-day it is repeating its self-demolition. The Republican party fought a great war, and after it was over went to work to pay the debt and to build up a new prosperity. All through these years sound money and protection were the bulwarks of its policy and work. Such growth the world had never known. Such wealth building no nation had ever equaled. Such spreading of civilization marked a new epoch in history.

The policy of the Republican party was in operation until four years ago, for, in spite of the election of Mr. Cleveland in 1884, the Republicans held one of the branches of Congress, and headed off Democratic legislation. But in 1892, the Democrats, for the first time in thirty-five years, got control of every branch of the government, and since then the country has been full of trouble. There was not a year in their reign of disaster in which the government had enough revenue to pay its running expenses. Instead of paying off debts the Democratic administration created them. It reduced wages; closed factories; brought ruin and want to the farmer, and filled the country with foreign goods, and brought dismay to business. The work of the Democratic party is not the work of men who make wealth or add to the greatness of a nation. They are destroyers, pullers down and iconoclasts.

The Republican party builds up. It constructs. It makes wealth. It provides markets. It pays the highest wages the world has ever known. It is the party of business and it is going to win this fall in every state in which an honest election is held.

The Influence of a Free Press.

The growth of the influence and power of the press is proportional to the increase of freedom and civilization. The more society frees itself from traditional prejudices and from subjection to old and outgrown authorities the more thoroughly will the influence of the press penetrate the social fibers and direct the social forces.

This process has already so far advanced that the press is considered the surest and quickest agency for the imitation of reforms, improvements and new ideas. The press is today a faithful mirror of the daily occurring phenomena of life, business, politics and society. In this day religion and science, ethics and politics, all the useful innovations and inventions in the realms of mind and matter, gravitate to the press and seek an opening in its issues.

The press welcomes every new idea, every valuable utterance and conception; nurses them carefully, preserves them from oblivion and introduces them to the world. Its Providence-like vigilance wins the confidence of those who by their daily pursuits or by the tendencies of their minds are prevented from watching over their own and the common wants. Toward it, therefore, the people turn for steady enlightment and direction.

Man in general dislikes to submit to being admonished, directed or sermonized by special individuals. In its action the press is an impersonal agency, acting on the reason of each individual, and thus finds an easier access to the public mind. Every one is aware that behind a newspaper there are several individuals, whose opinions and judgments the paper expresses, but as their communications reach the public in writing without signature the writer forgets the individual behind the argument. He reflects and deliberates more independently and discriminatingly on what is thus suggested than could be the case in oral and personal discussion.

In contemplating the press thus enthroned in a power and pride of place from which it can never be cast down we hail it as that wonder working agency which makes knowledge irrepressible and sends it forth with winged speed through all the earth. It is the friend of the oppressed and unfortunate and the ally of every beneficent cause. It is the embodiment of the spirit that rules the age and the gauge of the intellectual and moral altitude of society.

Answer to the Democratic Editors' Association, Paper No. 4.

This article is headed "Seeking a Subterfuge." Its text reads "Maryland Republicans, anxious to get away from their record in State affairs, are seeking to take refuge behind the financial question." The argument of this paper is entirely based upon the views of some leading Senators in their discussion of the bill before Congress to secure, as was pledged, "international bimetallism."

Before noticing the influences deduced by the Association's paper, let it be here recorded, that so far from trying to evade its record in State affairs, careful reviews will be issued during the campaign emphasizing noted improvements in every department of the State, and the "Association of Democratic Editors" will learn that the Republican party is not seeking to escape the consequences of its fulfilled pledges, but, proudly pointing to them, claims that every pledge given has been redeemed so thoroughly as to bring pride rather than shame. Once more, then, the chief premise of our Democratic Association's argument is imaginary, and hence its arguments, so founded upon unstable groundwork, must fall and be riddled into shreds by thinking minds.

Now let us look to the charge of taking refuge behind the financial question—and consider the following compromise issued by the association: "The silver question, having been put in obeyance by the joint action of all political parties, cannot in good faith be injected into the State campaign." Since this paper was issued the Democratic State Convention has met and made a platform which practically indorses our association's compromise, for it has supposedly eliminated Mr. Bryan and the Chicago platform, but all along the line of states has been issued a call for free-silver advocates to be in the saddle. Mr. Bryan has announced that nothing must be expected from the administration's efforts to settle this question through the joint action of interested powers. That our government can, and must, coin silver alone, notwithstanding Henry Watterson's famous declaration, "Free coinage of silver is as dead as African slavery." Mr. Bryan means to force this issue into this and all succeeding campaigns until he shall sink or swim.

Why, then, should the party that is really trying to carry out the pledges that gave it power stack its guns and stand idly awaiting the coming conflict, especially since a Legislature is to be elected empowered to elect a United States Senator, into whose keeping will be placed this final adjustment? The late Democratic convention's magnificent straddle of this issue was conceived in the very room where several years ago was made the startling announcement that an electoral commission, created to look into the issues of a contested presidential election, "had no power to go behind the returns of a State," —thus converting that commission into a nonentity. Out of that room now issues the edict, "we must not go behind the returns." The returns from our State were: Free coinage of silver at double its market value is repudiation. He who bore the burden of that campaign and felt its weight has no desire for its resurrection.

The platform then for our Democrats to stand upon is the gold standard endorsement previous to the Chicago convention; the silver coinage endorsement subsequent to that convention, and gold or silver, now just as it suits voters.

Military history teaches that stratagem has been resorted to by opposing armies, even to the calling for a flag of truce, in order to gain time for further preparation to renew the attack, and the successful defenders of our nation's credit would be derelict in their guardianship, if even under a flag of truce, they should quietly await the coming attack that has been announced along the line. Too many States have sounded the bugle call to "lie supinely on our backs and hug the delusive phantom of hope." The Hon. David Wells, eminent in political economy, long ago gave us the history and motives of that little band of silver-mine owners who were and still are the real enemy of the camp.

Their old campaign fallacies, rehashed, repainted, in new dress and fascinating form, will again be brought to the front, to every fireside and upon every rostrum. Patriotism will again be brought into the vanguard of the attack. In the face of the fact that every enlightened nation on the globe has been on a gold basis for twenty years, these speculators would ask our government to do alone what no other government has ever done—fix the *value* of gold and silver. That is the work of merchants, and our government can just as readily upset the law of gravitation, or, as some silverite has declared Mr. Bryan will do, repeal the law of supply and demand. History teaches us that England for 470 years has tried to fix the standard of silver and failed. France changed her ratio 118 times in twelve years. We tried it and "went first to a silver basis, then to a gold, then to a paper and back to a gold basis," says Judge Aldrege, but what Nicholas Oresme announced to Charles V, Copernicus to Prussia and Gresham to Queen Elizabeth, stands to-day unchallenged, viz.: "When two metals are coined at fixed ratio and both made legal tender, if either is undervalued in coinage the undervalued goes out of circulation." Throughout Mr. Bryan's late campaign never once did he by word or act lead any one to believe that he had ever heard of the above law of monetary science, and further, not one of his campaign orators could then give an intelligent answer to the question — What is bimetallism? "International bimetallism does not imply a double standard. It provides a single standard, with two metals used as a money basis, the one being simply measured in terms of the other. Under such an agreement gold remains the standard and silver is given a fixed value in terms of gold." This true definition is the work of a careful student of finance, and may be found in an able little handbook entitled "The Money Problem," written by Mr. Theodore Marburg, of Baltimore, now a candidate for the Republican nomination for mayor of Baltimore city.

It is this bimetallism our present administration is asking the powers to adopt, and it is far from that local bimetallism at a ratio of sixteen to one, urged by Mr. Bryan, which means silver monometallism and repudiation.

The former has for its basis the historic fact that the Latin Union, at a fixed ratio of silver to gold did maintain a parity, and that fact is an unanswerable argument in favor of the practicability of an international agreement with respect to metals.

Germany, in her demand for five thousand million francs, payable by France in gold, struck the first blow at the international union of the Latin States, for in 1871 France had to abandon her silver coinage, and in 1873 adopt the gold basis. "The crime of 1873" was in America's repealing her silver coinage laws to avoid this rush of silver to our markets, and this ended international bimetallism.

Silver thus put down as a commodity and then enormously increased by improved methods of production, of course fell in price. At present the products of the two metals are about equal—200 millions.

These facts prove beyond question that the late depression in business was really beyond our control, and as a nation we really had nothing to do with it—but, had we followed the leader who sought to repudiate our present system of monetary standard, we might have postponed the return of correcting influences.

In fact, the agitation of this silver question has had its effect in preventing the return of prosperity, but neither gold nor silver was the cause of our depression.

"That cause was the fall of international bimetallism in 1873, brought about by the action of Germany, and the inability of France to continue the free coinage of silver.

"The hopeful feature is that the process of failing prices has come to an end, owing to the heavy production of gold within the last few years. England, Germany and Australia, which suffered most severely a few months ago, have already recovered.

"Prosperity must shortly return to us, and the fact that we are suffering from a depression will be no excuse in the eyes of the world, if we do what is dishonest," viz., follow the lead of silver monometallists.

And we now come to the charge that the Republican party having deceived many Democrats into voting for Major McKinley under the promise of maintaining the gold standard, has itself repudiated that standard, because Senators Hoar, Allison and Chandler have urged bimetallism in opposition to the views of certain other senators who do not believe it practical or possible. The whole contention of this paper No. 4 may be summed up by the declaration that the Republican party has only sought to fulfill its pledge upon the money plank of its platform, viz., to create a commission to settle this problem through the consent of the powers, and Democrats who voted for Mr. McKinley knew when they so voted that such an effort to secure an international agreement would be made, necessarily opinions vary as to the best method of securing the desired result.

Many of these views may be harmonized, or at least not become antagonistic to the real desire for securing the consent of all enlightened nations to the adoption of a monetary system acceptable to the commercial and financial interests of the world. This whole question is one of science, not possible to be handled by the masses, and it should never have been made a political issue, but having been forced upon the country by interested speculators its prolonged agitation has served to block the machinery of business, which but for it might have long ago recovered its natural activity. Happily it is now committed to the judgment of an intelligent board, and there it should be allowed to remain, but our editors know, and the whole country knows, that Mr. Bryan and his followers do not intend to let it so rest.

The whole unwholesome, feverish and disorganized agitation, revived even before the heat of our late contest had subsided, is again to be brought to the front. It is not to be kept down, for as soon as the late convention had adjourned, after having eliminated much of the Chicago platform, we hear the call for a convention of Free-Silver Democrats in Baltimore to meet and give expression to their contempt for this "*cowardly surrender.*"

With this status of the present outlook the opening text of our Democratic editors' paper may be transposed to read thus: Maryland Democrats, anxious to get away from the record of their financial question, are seeking to take refuge beneath the bridge which failed to carry them over.

The Republican party stands out in the open field of accomplished enchantments, having placarded them amidst the flying darts of the enemy, who now from beneath their "Bridge of Sighs" are shooting popguns that fall short of their mark.

As quotations were the main stay of our Association's paper No. 4, let the words of some Marylanders be recorded upon the gigantic straddle which now represents our Democratic Editors' platform.

Mr. Keyser says: "I confess to a feeling of mortification that I belong to a party driven to the necessity of resorting to such a straddle. When a great party finds itself driven to hide behind glittering generalities when vital questions are uppermost and important issues affecting the welfare of the country are at stake, it cannot fail to invite contempt and disgust. Skillful as he certainly is in such performances, Mr. Gorman has, I think, quite outdone himself. If the object of a party platform is to commit the party to nothing; if, instead of being a declaration of prideiples, it confines itself to a wholesale abuse of its opponents and a personal laudation of itself, then this document is undoubtedly a marked success.

"If the object is, as it seems to be, to carry water on both shoulders, I very much doubt if it succeeds. It is perfectly evident to every one that the convention was gotten together in the interest of Mr. Gorman and everything made subservient to promoting his chances for re-election to the Senate.

"What kind of harmony can possibly exist between men, who, fighting for principles last year, strained every nerve to down Mr. Gorman and his associates?

"Does he propose to repudiate Mr. Bryan with his political and financial heresies, and accept the doctrine of honest money and liberty, regulated by law? If so, why did he not embrace it in his platform? He wants to direct attention from himself and his objectionable and vacillating career by dilating upon and magnifying the Republican party's shortcomings.

"He seems to have entirely forgotten, when he speaks of the Democratic party's twenty-eight years of control, that the incapacity and corruption of its managers has wiped out its boasted majority and brought to it merited defeat.

"I, for one, do not propose to accept harmony upon the terms which he offers. I prefer the Republican party to hold its power rather than see the State for the next six years the prey of a faction of the Democratic party, powerless for good, but eager and potent for evil."

Mr. Eugene Levering says: "The election is settled. Without attempting to refer to the platform in general it cannot fail to be a matter of regret to all Democrats who believe in sound money that the action of the convention of Wednesday should so completely ignore this important question. That action settled in advance the result of the election this fall, especially as this is involved in the election of a United States Senator, where one vote may save the country from the disasters of free coinage. Maryland will remain unquestionably in the Republican column by as large, if not larger, majority than last year."

To the Editor of the Kingwood Argus.

As much as we dislike the task we feel it our duty to reply to some of the strictures contained in an article published in the Kingwood *Argus* of last week relative to the game of ball played there on July 31st between the Jack Oaks of Oakland and the Kingwood nine. In our account of the game published the week following we were conscientious in every word contained therein; moreover, we can prove by numerous witnesses that every word in that article was nothing but the truth.

We propose in this article to hew close to the line, let the chips fall where they may.

The first clause in Bro. Brown's article says that the editor of THE REPUBLICAN "prior to the villainous attack upon the town had many friends here." If the truth will drive friends away all we have to say in the premises is let them go. We are sure that we can get along very well without such friendship.

Then Bro. Brown, who is also manager of the Kingwood aggregation, besides holding numerous but minor places, goes on to say that the Jack Oaks had "crack players from Cumberland, Frostburg, Pittsburg, Uniontown and other places, and at a cost of not less than $100." This, in plain English parlance, is a lie. So much for that.

Mr. Legge, manager of the Oakland nine, denies the allegation contained in the *Argus* that he picked the umpire. The Kingwood manager selected him and Mr. Legge demurred, but after having talked with quite a number of the gentlemen from Oakland and being unable to secure their services to act in that capacity, went to Mr. Brown and said, to use his words, "I guess we well have to be satisfied with Mr. Capp." Yet in the face of this Mr. Brown twists the words to suit his purpose.

We do not care anything for the testimony of the citizens of Terra Alta as to where the whisky consumed by the Oakland people was procured, but we have evidence in our possession that numerous quarts of the rottenest kind of bug juice was bought in Kingwood and that without a prescription from a regularly practicing physician. We are also prepared to furnish this evidence to the prosecuting attorney for Preston county should he want to use it before the next grand jury in order to carry out fully the local option law in force in that county.

Mr. Brown further says that the crowd first stopped at the Hotel Gordon, but that the proprietor refused to entertain them. This assertion bears a lie on its face. In the first place Mr. Brown had made arrangements for the people to be entertained at the Exchange Hotel, and all went there except one carriage containing four persons who registered and were guests of the Hotel Gordon during their stay in town.

And now one word to Mr. Smith, of the Exchange Hotel. We do not deny that beer and other drinkables were taken to his hotel and he was requested to lock them up, but what went with the liquor while the boys were playing ball? Mr. Smith was the only man who had access to the room in which the stuff was stored and when some of the boys called for it lo, and behold, it had evaporated!

Poor Blood

is starved blood. It shows itself in pale cheeks, white lips, weak digestion, no appetite, exhaustion, lack of nerve force, soft muscles, and, chief of all, weak muscles. Your doctor calls it Anaemia. He will tell you that the weakening weather of summer often brings it on.

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WESTERN BOUNDARY.

Surveys Between Maryland and West Virginia Now in Progress.

The Oakland correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, writing under date August 20th, contributes the following, which is of interest to all Marylanders:

When the last mention was made in this correspondence to the survey of the boundary between the states of Maryland and West Virginia now in progress on behalf of the state of Maryland to be used in the case pending in the Supreme Court of the United States, attention was called to the fact that the Fairfax stone had been destroyed and that the engineers in charge of the work had established the point where the stone formerly stood, and from that place would run a due north line for the purpose of retracing the Michler line run in 1859.

In the prosecution of this work the representatives of Maryland have made a discovery which will give them a great deal of additional work, add interest to the issue between the states and involve the ownership of a large area of land.

From the point where the Fairfax stone formerly stood the Potomac river starts off on its course in a westerly direction for some distance, and then gradually curves until it flows almost due east, crossing the Michler line at a distance of four thousand feet from the Fairfax stone. It was determined to survey, measure and lay down on the map the Potomac river, or North Branch as it is called, from the place where it crosses the Michler line to its source at the Fairfax stone. The engineers accordingly begun at the crossing above referred to, being at the end of four thousand feet from the Fairfax stone on the Michler line, and following the meanderings of the North Branch for a distance of three thousand seven hundred and fifty feet, at which point they found the stream divided, one prong or fork running southeasterly to the Fairfax stone and the other running in a northwesterly direction toward Backbone mountain.

Very little seems to be known of this last mentioned fork of the North Branch. It is said that no notice has been taken of it in the whole controversy about this boundary.

Continuing their work, the engineers found the distance from the fork to the Fairfax stone to be six thousand, three hundred and seventy-four feet. They next surveyed and measured the fork or prong running in a northwesterly direction and found its length to be six thousand four hundred and thirty-seven feet.

The source or fountain of this branch is a spring located within two hundred and ninety-six feet of the crest of the Great Backbone mountain, which is the water shed. One hundred and fifty feet from the crest of the mountain, and on the west side thereof, is another spring which flows west to the Cheat river in West Virginia. The spring which is the source or fountain of the northwestern prong of the Potomac is about two miles northwest from the Fairfax stone. A due north line from this spring would be six thousand three hundred feet from and west of the Michler line.

The question which confronted the representatives of Maryland at this juncture was at which one of these sources shall the boundary begin. This is practically the question which has given all the trouble since the year 1785. Virginia and West Virginia have claimed that the line should begin at the Fairfax stone. It is also claimed by West Virginia that Maryland having by the act of 1852 required Michler to begin at that stone, thereby recognizing that point as the beginning and is now estopped to deny it. The representatives of Maryland claim that inasmuch as Michler's report was never adopted by Virginia, and inasmuch as West Virginia repudiates the work done and the line run by Michler, that, therefore Maryland is not estopped, but, on the contrary she is remitted to all her rights under the original grant to Lord Baltimore.

It will be well to remember just here that the Fairfax stone was planted under an adjustment between Lord Fairfax and the crown, and not by any adjustment with the state of Maryland by the state of Virginia.

Virginia under her first constitution as a free state expressly disclaimed title to or jurisdiction over all territory embraced within the grant of the King to Lord Baltimore. The first constitutional convention of Maryland held shortly after Virginia's disclaimer, declared that Virginia had no right to any territory covered by and included within the charter of Maryland.

The Maryland representatives now engaged in the surveys say they consider it perfectly clear that both states were and are bound by the description contained in the charter for Maryland. They further said that "turning to the charter we find this language which contains the description, upon which we are to base our work, to-wit: Going from the said estuary, called Delaware bay, in a right line in the degree aforesaid *to the true* meridian of the first source of the river Potomac."

Still the question remains, what is the first source of the river Potomac? Ever since the year 1753 it has been held as the part of Maryland that the most western source is the first fountain of the Potomac. The claim of Maryland, therefore, is to the most western source of the Potomac, be that where it may.

The attorney and engineers in charge of Maryland's work, after a careful examination of all the data bearing upon the subject which is accessible to them, have come to the conclusion that the most western source of the north branch of the Potomac and the point called for in the charter to Lord Baltimore is the spring which they have found near the crest of the mountain, it being the source of the north-west fork or prong and not the Fairfax stone, which stands further east. They have, therefore, determined to run a north line from that spring.

Where Mr. Michler begun his line at the Fairfax stone (as stated by a witness a day or two ago who was present) he said there must be some mistake as this certainly is not the most western source of the Potomac river. But Mr. Michler was required by the law under which he was doing the work to begin at that point. The surveys now being made are for the purpose of fairly presenting the claims of Maryland to the Supreme Court. Our representatives are not tied up to the Fairfax stone, but will, so far as they are concerned, run a north line from a point called for in the description contained in the charter. To do this they will apply the ordinary rules of location adhered to by the courts of this state, which are well known to every ejectment lawyer.

As before stated the line which will be run from the most western source of the north branch as hereinbefore mentioned and described will be six thousand three hundred feet west of the Michler line, and should it be adopted by the court, will take from West Virginia about thirty-six thousand acres of her territory, or rather that which she claims as her territory. In this territory are located the villages of Corinth and Cranesville. This territory, which will lie between the Michler line and the new line to be run from the source of the northwestern prong of the north branch, is in addition to that lying between the Michler line and the Deakins' line and will make the dispute much greater and much more important than it has generally been considered.

Reminiscences.

The Oakland correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun* on last Monday fell into a reminiscent strain and telegraphed the following to his paper concerning Oakland past and present;

Oakland is the pioneer summer resort of the Alleganies, and while there are at this day many other charming resorts in the Glades, Oakland has not lost its prestige.

The old Glades Hotel, of Oakland, the famous old hostelry of the long ago in ante-bellum days used to gather under its hospitable roof many distinguished men and fair women. Before the war this was a favorite resort of Jefferson Davis. One hot afternoon Mr. Davis sent across the street from the Glades Hotel for a dozen lemons, which the merchant charged on his books. When Mr. Davis went away he forgot the little bill, and the merchant has it yet. It is unnecessary to say he would not take the price of many dozens of lemons for the little piece of paper on which the order was written.

Salmon P. Chase and his daughter, who was afterward Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague, were also visitors at the old Glades. At that time the daughter was a beautiful girl just budding into young womanhood. Another distinguished man who spent many summers here was Allen G. Therman, of Ohio. He was greatly beloved by our people, and many an evening have they spent with him over a game of whist, which was his favorite pastime when here.

Among others quite prominent were Judge Oliver Miller, of our Court of Appeals; Wm. R. Travers, of New York, Major Horace Bliss and Colonel J. McCarthy, of the United States Army.

Great changes have been wrought in this section since those days. While there was but one summer hotel then, Oakland now has seven or eight. Among the other resorts which accommodate thousands of people every summer are Deer Park, Mountain Lake Park, Loch Lynn Heights, Monte Vista, Brookside, Eglon, Aurora and Terra Alta.

The present has been a great season for Oakland, as well as other resorts. Some of the smaller hotels have not done so well as they wished, but, not withstanding the cry of hard times, the Oakland Hotel alone has had more people this season than all the hotels here put together had last year. Last week was by far the greatest week of the season. The evenings at the hotels and boarding houses have been passed with the usual music, dancing, balls, progressive euchre and the like.

REVOLUTION.

Heard ye the song of the spirit,
Where the mills of trouble grind,
Where the devilish seed of Mammon and greed
Make blind leaders of the blind;
Where man to man no longer
Holds out a helping hand—
Heard ye the song of the spirit?
'Tis wailing throughout the land!

Hear ye the song of the spirit
Where political spoils are rife,
Where souls are sold for place and gold,
And our country torn with strife;
Where love and truth and justice
No longer are held dear——
Heard ye the song of the spirit?
Oh, listen, and ye shall hear!

The wailing song of the spirit,
That cries to us all take heed—
'Tis the terrible song of human wrong
At the altar of man's greed,
The simple soul of the peasant
Caught the phrensy of its note—
The guillotine's bloody story
Still sticks in Mammon's throat.

Heard ye the song of the spirit?
'Tis heard by the sons of toil—
Oh, it maddens the brain with the wild refrain
Of witches when the cauldrons boil—
Oh, blind leaders of the blind
And worshipers of Mammon, all,
Hear ye the song of the spirit,
The demon of wrath may call!

August 17, 1897. THE TRAMP.

Some Rambling Thoughts.

BY "NEMO."

[Copyrighted by Dowe & Tabor.]

TO YOUNG MEN IN LOVE (3rd Article):—Some day, when you have toiled for her awhile longer, and gathered a reasonable amount of worldly goods for her protection and comfort, she will place her hand confidingly in yours in the presence of witnesses. With her "I will!" she will forswear liberty. Her wistful eyes will be raised in tender love towards yours as she makes the greatest sacrifice of her life; for that is what it is, as you will appreciate if you stop to think. What will those eyes see in you? A hero. She thinks you are one, if she is loving you for your self alone; and I am presuming she is. You are to her knight, a cavalier, a hero bold; she glories in your strength or your kindness, or some quality that makes her esteem you above all others. Though a hundred men pass before her in view, they are waived aside to their own disparagement; when she compares them with you. Just as ardently as you admire her does she admire you! But she is only dreaming of your heroism and goodness? The dream is one so beautiful for you to consider, that to awaken her to a different reality will be cruel pain. If you are shrouding your real character and deceiving her as to your motive, try now to open your soul wide to the qualities she loves. Let them rush in until you are posessed by them, so that she may never have before her eyes the sorrow and distress of an illusion. Be what she thinks you are; and while she will remain the more powerful to mould and the greater in heart (how true!) she will nevertheless look up to you as though she were the lesser. What a sweet offering of incense to your proud and happy spirit that will be! Deception as to goodness and nobility until both become habits of the soul, is worth the effort of carrying on, and when fully attained will make the life together a growth in the sweetest graces of humanity.

***

MY KNIGHT.

Why do I love him, my noble Knight?
Is it because of his visage bright
Or his strong right hand and his bounding health
Or his costly garb and his worldly wealth?

Is it because of his wooing sweet
Or the gifts that he flings at my favored feet?
Is it because of the noble race,
Whence he boasts his lineage, proud to trace?

Ah no! 'tis because, for the love of me
He has cheerfully donned his panoply:—
Stalwart and brave beyond compare,
But gentle and kind to his lady fair.

Clad in an armor of truth as he,
With the stainless shield of purity,
And a sword unsheathed to uphold the right,
That's why I love him, my Knight, my Knight!

***

You smile at the old fable about the greedy dog that dropped a bone in order to snatch his reflection in the water below. Beware of similar foolishness! In the present state of your feeling you admire the beauty, the good sense, the modesty, the attractive ways of the woman of your choice. You look up to her and she can raise you in all that is worthy. The progress of 1900 years is being enjoyed by you; the ages during which woman has grown, under the influence of a virgin's son, from a creature of utility to the Jew and a creature of pleasure to the Gentile, into a radiant help-meet that draws out of man more fully the divine possibilities of his nature; these ages are epitomised in your love. The gain to you from her devotion is, in a measure, like the gain of the world from her dear sex since the Christian Era. Just as we expect her influence to keep the world continously progressing, so may your gain keep on growing as you come to a fuller knowledge of her. O, greedy one! Is this not enough? You are a better man because she loves you before marriage. This is the *substance* now in your possession. Will you forget it all and rush through the gates of love as though the Creator had from all time planned to form this particular woman for your particular pleasure? If you do, the *shadow* alone will be yours. The *substance* of love is her entire nature and its effects on you; the *shadow* is physical pleasure indulged in for your own sake. Here is the wrecking point of many a fair ship of marriage that has started joyously over the sea of life. The polar star of the united helpfulness is forgotton in the presence of passion's flickering light. The joyousness comes to an end, the net of love now lowered to mere instinct rounds out the full desire, increased indulgence calls for further indulgence, sense becomes the all-in-all, and then—last and worst stage of all—the heart goes wandering anywhere and everywhere seeking physical pleasure, and it becomes almost a matter of indifference whether it be one woman or another that furnishes the pleasure. The fruits of Paradise will then have changed in your grasp to the ashiness of Dead Sea apples. Evil within you will have triumphed over good and the corpse of love be gibed at by the demon of lust.

***

See the young life as a stately ship riding
Over the sea like a water bird gliding.
Will she wait til the levin of passion is shed,
Or follow loves pole star so pure overhead?

Carelessly trimmed, a light hand on the tiller,
The billows and surges of evil days fill her.
She drifts to the depths that are dulled by the dead;
Though the pole star of love shines so pure overhead.

The helmsman, half blinded, his ears ever hightening,
Is waiting the flash of the forecasted lightning.
Vainly he trusts by its fire to be led,
When the pole star of love shines so pure overhead.

Shattered and scorched by the guide he awaited
The helmsman lies dead on the vessel ill fated.
Alas for the victim by passion misled,
Who trusts not love's pole star so pure overhead.

***

Next week's letter will be the last in this line of thought for the present, although the subject is not by any means exhausted. I need to emphasize that these articles are direct appeals from my young heart to yours. A saner, better idea of marriage, so fateful in its influence on the generations of the twentieth century, is what we all need. So hear with me in what I have yet to say concerning our relations to the woman we love.

A Remarkable Cure of Chronic Diarrhoea.

In 1862, when I served my country as a private in Company A, 167th Pennsylvania Volunteers, I contracted chronic diarrhoea. It has given me a great deal of trouble ever since. I have tried a dozen different medicines and several prominent doctors without any permanent relief. Not long ago a friend sent me a sample bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and after that I bought and took a 50-cent bottle, and now I can say that I am entirely cured. I cannot be thankful enough to you for this great Remedy, and recommend it to all suffering veterans. If in doubt write me. Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Charles Warnick.

The death of Charles Warnick, whose serious illness was noted in our last issue, occured at 2.30 o'clock on Thursday, August 12, at his home, five miles south of Grantsville. Mr. Warnick was afflicted with a rupture for the past fifteen years, and to it his system finally succumbed at the time above mentioned, although an operation had been performed by Dr. W. Q. Skilling, of this place; Dr. O. G. Getty, of Meyersdale, and Dr. Lichty, of Grantsville. While it was evident that the unfortunate man's condition, previous to the operation, would prove fatal, the physicians were successful in prolonging life by their skill.

Charles Warnick was born in Garrett county sixty-one years ago, and had spent the greater part of his life on his farm, which is situated about five miles from his birthplace. He married Miss Catharine Otto, and the union was blessed with ten children, three sons and seven daughters, who survive him. They are Mrs. Gideon J. Gnagey, of Grantsville, Md.; Mrs. W. T. Sigler, of Lonaconing, Misses Lucretia, Ida, Cora and Allie, who are at home. The sons are Noah, of Grantsville; Lloyd, of Lonaconing, and Clarence, of New Germany.

Mr. Warnick was a consistent member of the Trinity Reformed church for thirty-one years and during that time missed only two communion services. He was a worthy and respected citizen as well as one of the most prosperous farmers in that county.

The funeral services were held in the above mentioned church at New Germany on Saturday afternoon, Rev. Leader, of Salisbury, officiating. The body was laid to rest in the cemetery connected with that church.

It is said the funeral was beyond question the largest ever seen in Garrett county many people having come miles to pay their last respects to the memory of the deceased.—Lonaconing Review.

n. b.

Last Friday one of the prettiest games of ball ever played at Jack Oak Park came off between Mountain Lake Park and Rowlesburg. All the players were in fine trim and ever play made was exceedingly well executed. The score stood 4 to 7 in favor of the Mountain Lake Park nine.

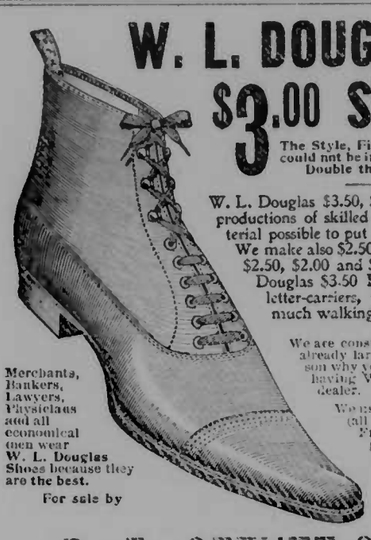

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

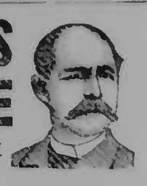

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your Dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

For sale by

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

Proclamation

WHEREAS, at the January session in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six of the General Assembly of Maryland a bill was passed proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the State by adding an additional section to Article fifteen thereof, to be known as Section eleven of said Article, which said bill and amendment are in the words following, to-wit:

CHAPTER 459.

AN ACT to amend the Constitution of the State by adding an additional Section to Article fifteen thereof, to be known as Section eleven of said Article.

SECTION 1. BE IT ENACTED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF MARYLAND (three-fifths of all the members of the House concurring), That the following additional section be, and the same hereby is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of this State; and, if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as herein provided, it shall stand and be known as Section eleven of Article fifteen of said Constitution:

11. Appointments in the Civil service of the State, in the municipalities and counties of the State, shall be made according to merit and fitness, to be ascertained as far as practicable by examination, which shall be competitive, except appointments which are subject to confirmation by the Senate, and the General Assembly shall pass all such laws as may be necessary more fully to carry into effect the provisions of this section.

SECTION 2. AND BE IT FURTHER ENACTED BY THE AUTHORITY AFORESAID, That the foregoing section, hereby proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of this State shall be, at the next general election held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection, in pursuance of the directions contained in Article fourteen of the Constitution of this State, and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the Constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot used at said election shall be printed, after the lists of candidates, the question concerning the adoption or rejection of said proposed constitutional amendment, so that each voter at such election can designate thereon in the manner prescribed by law, whether his vote is "For the Constitutional Amendment," or "Against the Constitutional Amendment," as he shall elect, and immediately after said election due return shall be made to the Governor of the State of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by said fourteenth article of the Constitution.

Approved April 8th, 1896.

NOW THEREFORE, I, LLOYD LOWNDES, Governor of the State of Maryland, in pursuance of the provisions of Section one of Article fourteen of the Constitution of the State, do hereby order and direct that a copy of said bill proposing said constitutional amendment be published in at least two newspapers in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one may be published, then in that newspaper, and in three newspapers in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in the German language, once a week for at least three months preceding the next ensuing general election (which said general election will be held on Tuesday, the Second day of November, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven), at which election the said proposed amendment shall be submitted, in the form and manner prescribed by the General Assembly, to the qualified voters of the State for adoption or rejection.

THE GREAT SEAL OF MARYLAND.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of Maryland.

Done at the City of Annapolis on the first day of July in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.

LLOYD LOWNDES,
Governor of Maryland.

By order of the Governor:
RICHARD DALLAM,
21-14t Secretary of State.

ORDER NISI.

Archibald C. Biggs, Committee, vs. Jane Biggs.

No. 855 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 16th day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by James C. Peddicord, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 10th day of September, 1897; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 10th day of September, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $150.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

THE IMPORTED

French Coach Stallion

recently purchased by the

Accident Horse Improvement Company

IS NOW READY FOR SERVICE AT THE KEEPER'S STABLE, NEAR ACCIDENT.

INSURANCE, - $15.00

Anyone parting with a mare after proof forfeits the insurance money. Insurance due as soon as mare is known to be in foal.

NOAH PYSELL,
Keeper.

CONTINGENT FUND, 1896.

DISBURSEMENTS.

J. G. Michler, district assessor	"	No. 5	271.28
G. R. Hervey, "	"	No. 10	95.31
A. W. Savage, "	"	No. 6	83.00
James Yeary, "	"	No. 8	134.09
Garrett V. Bevan, "	"	No. 2	146.52
C. J. Brenneman, "	"	No. 12	85.07
J. H. Gregg, "	"	No. 11	101.85
Geo. L. Mitchell, "	"	No. 3	111.49
E. Kitzmiller, "	"	No. 1	100.00
A. G. Sturgiss, election supplies			243.61
Joseph Buchanan, mortgage tax to			10.60
E. H. Sincell, fees and counsel on assessors			121.70
J. C. Mannens, assisting petit jurors			41.25
I. W. Abernathy, mem. Board Control and Review			52.00
Ira E. Friend, same			52.00
Thomas H. Lavoun			7.00
S. Lawton, clerk to Board of Control and Review			120.00
J. S. Meyers, same			64.70
J. S. Meyers, postage stamps			1.56
J. S. Meyers, postal cards and Books			4.12
J. H. Layman, mem. Board of Control			36.00
I. W. Abernathy, same			16.00
Ira E. Friend, same			16.00
S. Lawton, clerk to same			60.00
E. H. Bartlett, stamped envelopes for treasurer			120.80
Discounts allowed			702.54
Insolvencies approved			176.42
Amount to be raised as per levy			1,2 [illegible]
Total			$1,364.15

RECEIPTS.

Levy	$1,256.98
J. Mackin, tax	17.05
E. A. Kilbourn, tax	28.26
Austin Brown, sheriff, fines collected	51.61
" " "	5.11
B. F. Crane, J. P., fines	1.70
L. E. Pike, " "	2.50
S. E. Boyer " "	8.00
Austin Brown, sheriff	7.11
Total	$1,364.15

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that on the 1st day of October, 1897, at the office of the Preston Lumber and Coal company, in the town of Oakland, Md., at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. books will be opened to receive subscriptions to the Capital Stock of the Preston Railroad Co., in accordance with Section 136 of Article 23 of the Public General Laws of Maryland.

WILLIAM R. BUTLER,
ROLLIN P. CRELLIN,
HARRY J. FREAR,
GEORGE W. FLEMING,
JAMES C. PEDDICORD,
Incorporators.

24-4

NOTICE.

I hereby give notice to all concerned that my wife, Mary Ann Bittner, has left my bed and board without just provocation and that I will not be responsible for any indebtedness she may contract.

JEREMIAH BITTNER.

Friendsville, Md., Aug. 10, 1897.

ORDER NISI.

Robert R. Henderson vs. Richard Larne and Alice Larne.

No. 858 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered, this 18th day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Robert R. Henderson, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 17th day of September, 1897, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 17th day of September, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $25.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 25-3

INSOLVENT NOTICE.

Lawson L. Wright vs. His Creditors.

No.—— Insolvents. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the creditors of Lawson L. Wright, insolvent, will be held at the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett County in Oakland, Md., at ten o'clock a. m., on Thursday, the second day of September, 1897, for the purpose of electing a permanent trustee for the benefit of said creditors.

JAMES C. PEDDICORD,
25—1 Preliminary Trustee.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE COUNTY COMMISSIONERS FOR GARRETT CO., OAKLAND, MD., August 26, 1897.

Notice is hereby given that the regular meeting of the County Commissioners for Garrett county will be held in the Court House in Oakland on

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1897,

for the transaction of any business that may regularly come before them.

By order of the Board,
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

THE SONGS MY MOTHER SUNG.

As one who stands at evening by the ocean's lonely shore
May hear the voice of memory above the breakers' roar,
So, wild and clear and beautiful as bells for curfew rung,
I hear above life's surge and flow the songs my mother sung.

I've sought the light of Fortune's smile in many a distant bourn,
Found many a fount of gladness and learned what it means to mourn;
And many are the voices, mild with love, or harsh with strife,
Whose tones for me have mingled in the symphony of life.

A moment's retrospection, and all these to calm subside,
And from the land of Childhood, far across Time's restless tide,
The veil of mist is lifted which the years between have hung,
And looking back, I hear again the songs my mother sung.

I'm a child again—the twilight steals across the upland farm,
And homeward from my play, I come through evening's mellow charm;
The crickets and the katydids are singing through the dew,
And one pure star buds into light in Heaven's liquid blue:

I toss my cap upon the floor, and mother's hand, so fair,
Draws to her heart the little lad and smooths his tumbled hair;
She smiles to feel the chubby arms so toyingly round her flung,
And back I hear them rising now, the songs my mother sung.

And when the simple prayers were said, and down to sleep I lay,
She went and kissed me, and that kiss is on my brow to-day.
I faceted round her fair white face the very darkness smiled
(She ever wore an angel look when she was with her child).

And softly from the distant woods I heard the whip-poor-will,
But in that dear and hallowed hour her voice was softer still;
Sweet breezes stirred the window where the honeysuckle clung,
But dreamland caught its music from the songs my mother sung.

There was no voice more wonderful, for love was all its tone,
And love hath never heard a tongue more beauteous than its own;
And where the proud world fails to win our homage with its art,
Love's simple song unchallenged takes the fortress of the heart.

What wonder that when life is hard I smile back through my tears,
As I hear those holy echoes haunt the hushes of the years!
What wonder when Care's stormy bells against my calm are swung
The Past speaks comfort to my heart in the songs my mother sung!

Oh sacred land that through all time in blessedness remains!
A voice hath bound me to the Past by Music's viewless chains;
For where Love links its golden words between the heart and home
There is a charm that holds the thought however the feet may roam;

So, fondly from my toil and care my heart will backward turn,
And I shall be a child again, and for God's altars yearn,
Whenever that sweet angelus across life's sea is rung,
That music out of Childhood's heav'n—the songs my mother sung.

—Ernest Warburton Shurtleff, in Youth's Companion.

How to Manage a Grocer.

BY ELVIRA F. FROEMCKE.

THERE are few people who study, ever so briefly, the daily irritating cares of a grocer's life. The large trials he bears with a quietness that approaches the calm of despair. As for the smaller ones, no one knows of them.

He does not tell the vexing cares of a cold morning, when everything that should pour remains solid and unyielding; when corks will persist in coming forth and bringing with them fluids which should stay quietly in their glass or stone bottles. When eggs, fruits and vegetables are frostbitten or frozen into uselessness, and when butter and cheese crumble to atoms under the sharpest knifeblade.

Nor does he mention the trying spring and summer days, that abound in busy life, when the fly, maggot, the roach and red ant infest every article from biscuits to molasses. Fancy how great a patience is necessary to meet and overcome these trifles and don a smiling countenance to meet customers.

There was once a boy who asked his father whether there were two or three s's in customers. "Only two," growled the father, who was a long-suffering grocer, "but if I made a dictionary it should have three, and I'd put two in the first syllable."

Grocers here in Montreal differ in their business ways quite as much as do our friends in the states. There is a shop that we frequent, because it has a flavor of independence, which is ever attractive to a Yankee.

It is kept by three brothers, great lanky sons of Tipperary, who are mild enough to contradict the lighting reputation of that celebrated county. They are quiet, respectful, and yet sufficiently self-assertive to gain the confidence of a stranger. Sometimes they are approved, quite as often they are not; but their shop is thoroughly clean, the quality of their goods even, they seem fair, and we like to trade there.

Said one brother to me:

"We don't do much spereleamaking, but we'll give ye satisfaction if ye trade with us," and they have done so.

One morning I stopped in to order some groceries. The shop was full, and I had to wait awhile. When all were served I approached the counter, and was about to give my order when in rushed a tiny, excited old Irish woman. She was clad in a black gown and blue-checked apron. Her small, keen, wrinkled face had the tint and surface of an old-fashioned dried apple. Her lips were thin and well turned down at the corners, and her shrewd little blue eyes showed cleverness and the fire of a termagant. She wore a fluted lace cap inside her bonnet, and the white framework showed off her peculiarities perfectly.

She was excited, for every point of her lace frill quivered indignantly, and a small pink spot burned on each cheek. In one hand she carried an uncovered bottle of some sort of sauce—in the other a small paper bag. She swept up to the counter, and I utterly forgot my errand in the breeze of indignation she brought along with her.

"Yees call yerselves honest min," she snorted.

"Oh, come now, Mrs. Mullany," mildly protested the grocer.

"Now an' now; I want none of yere palaver. Look at that sarse." She shook it in his face. "Oi sint for Worces-ter-shire sarse, and ye sint me that Cunajin stuff, and said it was as good as Worces-ter-shire. It is as good, is it? Ah! hah! Very well thin, yees can take the bottle back, and ate it on yere own mate. It's not fit fer me ould man nor me."

"But I can't take back an opened bottle."

"Ye can't?" Oh, the sarcasm of that tone. "Well, ye will, or I'll shop tradin' wid yees."

She planted the bottle on the counter and drew off to watch the effect of her threat. The grocer sighed. Scenting victory, she plunged her hand in the paper bag and drew forth a broken, boiled egg of antique color and superannuated flavor, adding:

"Ye might as well gimme a good egg for this while ye're about it. Me ould man an' me likes our chickens after

"LOOK AT THAT SARSE."

they do be hatched;" and she chuckled as she noted a flush on the grocer's face.

All he said was:

"All right, Mrs. Mullany: I'll fix things for you after I take this lady's order." He turned to me with a chagrined look and said: "Well, ma'am?"

I could scarcely restrain my laughter. It was as good as a comedy to see this big, "roaring Tip" cowed and downed by a little human wasp. She looked triumphant and forgiving; almost humble then, and turned her attention to me. She smiled slightly, picked a speck off her shoulder and drew the corners of her mouth a shade farther down. Oh! the dreadful little woman!

"Have you good potatoes?" said I to the grocer.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Shure, that's not the way," broke in the old woman; "Divil 'scure him, he'll chate ye. I'd not trust him. Ye must name the sort, ask the proice and luk at the praties."

The grocer tremblingly brought up the potatoes for my scrutiny.

"He's askin' ye too much fer thim. Oid not pay it," continued the little Tartar.

"Now give me two pounds of the best butter," I continued.

"Ah, ma'am," said she of the frilled cap, "ye luk young, an' I'll jist give ye a bit of advoice. Don't trust that man. He's bad." The grocer blushed like a boy. "Ask the price of the butther; thin schmell it an' taste it. Thin make him take off three cints a pound. He's a chate, ma'am, an' it's the only way to aven up on him."

I thanked her as well as my choked voice would allow, paid my bill, and without an answer to the unfortunate man's protest that this would not influence his trade, made my way to the street and freedom.

A few moments later I met the same little woman coming smilingly up street.

"Look at this, ma'am," holding up her exchanges; "Oi med him gimme two eggs, a new bottle o' sarse, an' a bunch o' fat raisins fer me waste o' toime. That's the way to manage thim grocers, ma'am. Thry it!"—New England Grocer.

Lucky Thomas.

In a small village in the county of Edinburgh an old shoemaker was elected as a member of the local school board. His worthy spouse was greatly delighted at her gude man's dignity, and she did not forget to let her friends know it. "Eh!" she exclaimed to a friend the other day, "wha wad hae thocht when A mairried Tammas he wad hae risen tae sic a hicht? Bit A'll need tae redd (tidy) up the hoose a bit, for the queen'll likely gie Tammas a veesit shortly. This is jubilee year, ye ken."—Answers.

Different Kinds of Music.

A short time ago at a public house near Dunstable a Welsh girl came to pay a visit. One afternoon she was busy playing the piano, when a gentleman walked in and called for a glass of ale. In the course of a conversation with the landlady he said he had a son who could play the piano well. The landlady spoke up and said that her girl was a splendid player, although she hadn't been accustomed to playing in English. "But," she added, "she can play fine in Welsh."—Spare Moments.

Biscuits.

"You should have heard Smith cracking up his wife's biscuits this morning."

"I believe I did hear him. I thought at the time he was chopping wood."—N. Y. Truth.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

One That Had Some Good and Ill Results for the Jokers.

The "Pickings" man fell in with a squad of lawyers yesterday who were talking about practical jokes. "I have not indulged in practical jokes for many years," said an old ex-judge. "I was very fond of playing all sorts of jokes on other persons when I was a young man, but I was cured of the habit very effectually.

"I was attending the Cincinnati law school about the time the war broke out; my most intimate chum was the son of a man who kept a large retail hardware store on Main street, in Cincinnati. He was a practical joker as well as myself, and between us we managed to make a good deal of trouble for others. This young man assisted in his father's store when not engaged in his studies or attending lectures, and I often loafed around there myself when not engaged.

"One afternoon in the spring of 1861 I went into the store to see Billy and found it nearly full of farmers buying their spring hardware. Billy was behind the counter selling an old man some trace chains. Walking up to the counter, I leaned over and hissed a savage defiance in his ear as if we were the bitterest enemies instead of the closest friends. Billy saw the point and grabbed up an old toy pistol that could not have been fired if it had been loaded, and with a face as black as a thunder cloud, yelled that he intended to blow my lungs, livers and lights into the middle of next week.

"I jumped behind the customer and begged him for God's sake not to shoot. The effect was electrical. The old man started for the front door at a 2:40 gait yelling murder, and in his flight knocked down a rack against which some crosscut saws and other loose pieces of iron were leaning, making a great noise. Every customer in the store became panic-stricken and bolted without waiting to find out what the racket was all about.

"To keep up the farce, I ran with the rest. I stumbled over a nail keg and fell and broke my leg below the knee. The sudden exodus scared some teams that were in front of the store, and two or three of them ran away. These teams ran against other vehicles, so that all told there were more than a dozen wagons and other vehicles wrecked. But this was not the worst of it. Some one, hearing the cry of murder, and seeing the excited throng, sent for the police. The station was only two squares away, and in about two minutes about 30 policemen came in a body on a dead run, under the impression that there was a riot and that murder had been committed.

"By this time there must have been 2,000 men in the street, which was fairly blocked for a whole square. The police knocked down and ran over more than 50 men before they could reach the front door. Some one yelled fire, and in less time than it takes to tell it several engines galloped up. One line of hose was finally forced through the crowd, and in at the show window, which had to be demolished, as it was impossible to get in at the door. Another company put up ladders and demolished all the front windows of the second story in their search for the fire, and not finding it raised their ladders to the third story, which was treated in the same way.

"While the racket was at its worst I lay among the nail kegs with a broken leg. As soon as it was discovered that nobody had been killed and there was no sign of fire the crowd slowly dispersed, and I was carried across the street to a drug store. I was sent to a hospital, and did not get out for a month. After I had been taken to the hospital Billy sneaked out to see me and we promised each other to say nothing about our horse play in the store, and nobody seemed to know how the trouble started. Billy's father always seemed to think that the old farmer who raised the first yell and started on a run for the door had been seized with a sudden fit of insanity.

"After I was able to get around on crutches, Billy brought his mother and sister out to the hospital to see me, and as I had been hurt in the store of the young lady's father, she insisted that I be taken to their house to remain until I fully recovered. That girl became my wife more than 30 years ago, or soon after I came out of the army. Of course I told her how the racket started before we were married, and she promised to say nothing about it, though for several years, whenever she thought I was getting too gay, she would threaten to tell the old man, and she kept this up as long as he lived. I have not engaged in practical jokes since."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

A Back View.

A dressmaker noted for her skill and chic once remarked: "The first thing I say to a woman who comes to me for advice is: 'Turn your back to me.' It is remarkable how few women present a good-looking back, straight and shapely, with shoulder tips in line, elbows not poking, hips even and no protuberant shoulder blades. One has so many resources to conceal an ill-fitting front—one's arms and hands, a bow of ribbon and the like; but the back is hopeless, and must be above reproach." The back is not only the crucial test of a woman's gown; it is also the test of her general appearance. A good back is very rare. Watch women in the street, and you will be surprised to see how few own one.—St. Louis Republic.

The Distinction.

City Editor—You don't seem to understand the first principle of reporting.

Reporter—What's the matter?

"Here you say that a man became drunk on champagne."

"What's the matter with that statement?"

"Please make a note of the fact that a man gets intoxicated on champagne; he gets drunk on beer."—N. Y. Journal.

INTERNATIONAL COURTESY.

American Remarks British Captain to Salute the Queen.

"Not often does a United States man-of-war pass the Fourth of July in a British harbor," one of the older naval officers on reading about the Brooklyn's stay in Southampton is reported to have said. "It is our practice to save the Britishers the necessity of firing three 21 gun salutes on that day, as necessarily they remember what happened 'on the glorious Fourth,' and naturally they don't feel like celebrating the anniversary. So before the Fourth of July our men-of-war almost never fail to leave a port where the British have jurisdiction.

"But, speaking of national holidays and salutes, I recall an amusing incident that happened in 1870. The United States flagship Franklin was at anchor in the harbor of Malaga, Spain, in company with a large British ironclad, Capt. 'Carp' Rodgers commanded the Franklin, and I will call the ironclad's commander Capt. Dun. When one man-of-war in a harbor celebrates a national holiday it is customary for all other warships in the same harbor to celebrate it also. Consequently early in the morning of May 24 the Franklin was prepared to dress ship in honor of Queen Victoria's birthday, and at daybreak our quartermasters were watching the British ship, ready to follow her motions, as we say in the navy.

"Presently a puff of smoke belched out from the Briton's starboard bow, and, supposing it to be the first gun of the national salute, the executive officer of the Franklin cracked off 21 guns from her nine-inch main deck battery and broke all his flags in yardarms and rainbow dress, but when the salute was over and the smoke was lazily drifting away it was seen that the British ship was not dressed, and had not fired a salute.

"A few minutes later a gig came alongside the Franklin, and an English lieutenant came on board with this message:

"'Capt. Dun presents his compliments to Capt. Rodgers and begs leave to inform him that if he had known that this was an American anniversary he would have been ready to salute and dress ship. As it is, he will do so at eight o'clock.'

"Capt. Rodgers, on receiving this message, saw that Capt. Dun had forgotten that May 24 was the queen's birthday, and he so worded his reply as to save Capt. Dun's feelings as much as possible.

"'Present my compliments to Capt. Dun,' he said, 'and tell him that if I had known that he did not intend to dress ship and salute for her majesty's birthday until eight o'clock, I would have delayed my own salute until that hour. Your morning gun was taken for the first gun of your salute and the Franklin went ahead without you.'

"By eight o'clock the British ship banged away 21 times, and the Franklin did likewise. But didn't the other English captains in the Mediterranean roast poor Dun when they learned that he had to be reminded of the queen's birthday by an American! I believe he had to give up his ship and go home."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

WANTED THE NAME CHANGED.

Christened Ruby Cicero, But Didn't Like the Pronunciation.

A man who was bald with the exception of a small red fringe which reached around the back of his head from ear to ear was waiting for the lawyer when the latter came into his office.

"I want to consult you on a rather unusual case," he said, after greetings had been exchanged. "What I came to find out is this—can a person's name be changed?"

"Certainly. All he has to do is to show some good and sufficient reason for adopting another name, and it can be very easily arranged."

"I know that. But can it be done without the knowledge or consent of the party most interested?"

"Why, of course not."

"I was afraid you would say that. But maybe when you hear all the circumstances—"

"But there are no circumstances which will permit you to change a man's name without his knowledge. There are lots of mean things you can do behind a friend's back, but I am glad to say this is not one of them."

"But this person isn't a man."

"The same thing applies to a woman."

"But it isn't a woman either. It's my ten-months-old baby. The trouble is that we're having too much education in our neighborhood. I honestly believe that what I'm trying to do is for the baby's own good. My wife and I were anxious to give him a name that would have a substantial sound and at the same time be associated with classical tradition. So we hit upon 'Cicero.'"

"That's a very good name."

"Your remark shows how easy it is to be deceived. We liked it first-rate until our eldest girl got into the high school. One day she came home and informed us that we were mispronouncing the baby's name. 'It isn't Sissero,' she tells us; 'it's Kickero.'"

"That's the pronunciation usually taught now."

"So I learned upon inquiry. And if you'll take the case I'm willing to go to any expense to change his name to Thomas or John or Jeremiah or most anything that won't sound as if we had taken an Indian papoose to raise."—Washington Star.

Poor Boy! He Couldn't.

Nurse (to Master Todd, who had soiled his clothes)—You bad, bad boy, where have you been?

Master Todd (holding out his hands, innocently)—Maten mud pies, nursey.

Nurse (wiping his hands)—Your hat is dirty, too. What am I to do with such a boy? Look at the top of your head!

But the last request was not complied with.—Golden Days.

The Dame's Retort.

"Those people next door lead a sort of hand-to-mouth existence, don't they?" said the president of the Helping Hand to the Worthy Poor Sewing and Mission society.

"No," responded the good dame addressed. They're awful poor, but I guess they know enough to handle forks properly."—Detroit News.

Lots of Them.

He—What has become of that pretty Miss Barclay who was visiting you last summer?

She—She's joined the great majority.

He—You don't mean to say she is dead.

She—Oh, no! She married a man named Smith.—Up-to-Date.

DID NOT EXPECT PAY.

Business Man (to clerk whom he has caught kissing his typewriter)—Do I pay you to kiss my typewriter, sir?

Clerk—You don't have to—I'm willing to do it for nothing.—N. Y. Journal.

The Drowning Snare.

"Defend me," is my daily prayer.
"From pitfall and from whirl,
And keep me from that drowning snare
They call the summer girl!"
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Irrational Conduct.

"Walsh nearly loses his mind when his wife goes away."

"How does he act?"

"Why, yesterday, before she was a mile out of town, he went and bought himself a new straw hat, a red necktie and a pair of yellow shoes."—Chicago Record.

The Silent Partner.

"There's Perkins—you know Perkins?—entered into an agreement with his wife soon after their marriage, 20 years ago, that whenever either lost temper or stormed the other was to keep silence."

"And the scheme worked?"

"Admirably. Perkins has kept silence for 12 years."—N. Y. Truth.

Friendship and Love.

Clara (who owes her a grudge)—Yes, there isn't any doubt in my mind that George Fowler is blindly in love with you.

Winnie (blushing)—Why?

Clara—He told me yesterday that he didn't think you looked a bit over 30.—Tit-Bits.

The Department Store.

Lady Shopper (in mammoth department store, to lace counter saleslady)—Where shall I find the ribbon department, please?

Saleslady (apologetically)—I don't know where it is, ma'am. You will have to ask one of the floor pedestrians.—Puck.

Girls Are Artful.

James—Do you always write a letter in such large script as you are using now? I could not help noticing it.

Henry—No; but this is to a girl. You know they always size a fellow's regard for them by the number of pages he fills.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

All the Conveniences.

Tourist (in a coal mine, after passing around cigars)—Everything seems to be wet and damp. Where can I strike a match?

Miner—Roight here, sir. Dinnis lift th' rubber cloth offen th' powder keg!—N. Y. Weekly.

The All-Pervading Wheel.

"The bicycle has almost run the horse out of business, and now it has begun on the cow."

"How's that?"

"Why, wasn't that rubber-tire beefsteak we had for breakfast?"—Chicago Record.

In Use.

Cus Stick—I don't see you out riding lately, old chap. You don't mean to say you have got tired of your wheel?

Henry Peck—No, not at all; but you see my wife has taken my tires for the baby to cut his teeth on.—Boston Transcript.

AGENCIES OF DEATH.
AND THE GREATEST OF THESE IS THE "SCORCHER."

The Place for Her.

Miss Uptodate (disconsolately)—I don't seem to make a success of anything.

Mr. Hardheadde—Why don't you get a job at a soda fountain? The more of a fizzle you make, the better.—Town Topics.

Without Alloy.

Reuben—I say, Silas, be you a goin' to Deacon Granger's golden wedding to-night?

Silas—Naw, I be'ant. I'm too allfired good a silver man to be a goin' to any blamed old gold party.—Yellow Kid Magazine.

How Gambling Pays.

Gummey—I won $25 in a poker game last night.

Glanders—What did it cost you?

Gummey—Let's see. Drinks, $10, and $40 for a new dress for my wife, after she found it out.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Fortunate Girl.

Jinks—That was a narrow escape that Miss Highflown had, wasn't it?

Binks—What was that?

Jinks—Why, when she got married there was no one present to give her away.—Town Topics.

Differentiation.

"Men and women are not alike in their commercial methods."

"No; women always want to mix friendship with business, and men always want to mix business with friendship."—N. Y. Truth.

Social Cruelties.

"Why do you have a plush chair on your piazza in such hot weather, Miss Julia?"

"We have to have it. We always offer it to men whom we don't care to have stay all evening.—Chicago Record.

Somewhat Puzzling.

"Invalids are difficult to deal with."

"In what way?"

"If you ask them how they are they get mad, and if you don't ask them how they are they get mad."—Chicago Record.

Before the Bargain Sale.

New Salesman—I understand that no purchaser is to have more than ten yards. But suppose a lady comes back after one purchase shall I refuse to sell her any more?

Floor Walker—If you're tired of your position.—Puck.

Quite as Important.

By the ring round Mable's finger
You may know he is her choice;
But a different opinion's
In the ring of papa's voice.
—Puck.

EXPERIENCE.

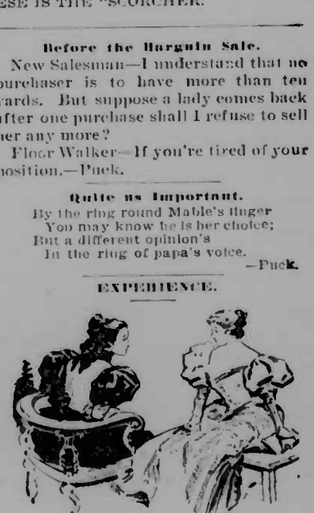

Edythe—Last night when I accepted Jack I thought he would never stop kissing me.

Alice—Yes. That is the way he always does.—N. Y. Herald.

A Cash Transaction.

Bingers—And were you married on time?

Gingers—Oh, no; I had to pay the parson cash.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Perfect Likeness.

She—What do you think of my portrait?

He—Sincerely, it is not beautiful—but the likeness is perfect!"—Tit-Bits.

Ready to Begin.

"So your son has completed his education?"

"Great Scott! No! Why, he's just out of college."—Chicago Journal.

At Best.

Brown—I hear that Placehunter has obtained a federal appointment at last.

Jones—Yes; he has retired from the cares of office seeking.—Puck.

TEMPERANCE.

SAVED BY A BIBLE.

Story of One Drunkard, His Crime and Reformation.

Loud words, a woman's screams, a pistol shot, and a hurry of unsteady feet down the city street as the door banged behind a poor, half-drunken creature, crazed with anger and rum.

He had not gone far, however, when a policeman's strong hand was laid on his arm, and half-dazed he was hustled into the police wagon and off to jail.

The next morning poor Ben Walker opened his bloodshot eyes and stared about the narrow cell where he lay. Little by little he collected his scattered senses, and like a terrible dream he recalled the scenes of the day before.

"Arrested for attempted murder," was the reply he received in answer to his anxious question, and with a groan he hid his face in his hands.

Yes, he remembered now. His wife, poor thing, had taken refuge with her mother from his ugliness; he was always ugly when he had liquor, and there he had found her, and after abusing her sadly, drew a pistol and fired it at her.

"Will she die?" he asked.

"Can't tell," was the short answer, and he was left to his own thoughts.

It was the first time in months that he had stopped to think, for he had been steadily going from bad to worse,

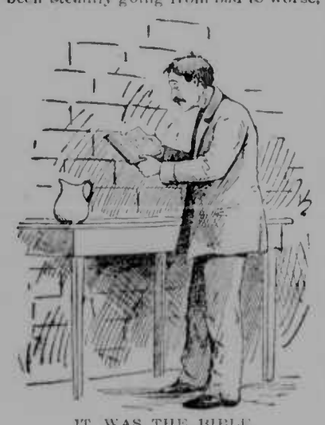

IT WAS THE BIBLE.

and his thoughts were very unpleasant companions just then. Uneasily he paced his narrow quarters. His eyes fell upon a book on the table and he opened it. It was the Bible. In all Ben Walker's life he had never been taught the truths of God's book. He could not recall ever having held a Bible in his hands before. But now he began to read it, and its wonderful power was felt. The tears came thick and fast, and he cried to God for pardon of his sins, and his earnest prayer was answered. Then and there he began a new life, and determined if he were acquitted to do all he could to atone for the past. When he walked from the courthouse a free man he thanked God and renewed his resolution to live thereafter for Him.

The very first invitation that came to him was from the lawyer at his side, who asked him to "take a drink," but with a royal courage he said "no."

His wandering steps led him to the place of all others where he would find help and encouragement. He followed the crowd surging into the great hall and heard Mr. Moody's earnest words, and it was there that he confessed his past life and his determination to live for Christ that had been made by reading the Bible in a prison cell.—Union Signal.

CIGARETTE DEALERS COMPLAIN.

Object to Organized Opposition in Public Schools.

A new reform, and one sorely needed, has begun to attract attention in Brooklyn. The principals of several public schools, being profoundly convinced of the evil of cigarette-smoking upon boys, have organized an Anti-Cigarette league, which they have persuaded large numbers of their boys to join. The organization is the simplest possible, its most elaborate feature being the pledge of abstinence, and the agreement to forfeit the league pin upon violation of the pledge. Every two weeks well known gentlemen are invited to address the league, for the purpose of strengthening its purpose. Thus an honorable esprit de corps is created that has made the reform an undoubted success, and is doing much to check the growth of a vicious and dangerous habit. One sign of success at least is visible in the complaints of cigarette dealers that bicycles and anti-smoking leagues are ruining their business.

A Fallacious Argument.

The liquor interest of Ohio is endeavoring to refute the statement of prohibitionists that crime increases with the increase of the liquor traffic, and that a decrease in the volume of the liquor traffic will bring about a decrease in crime. It calls attention to the fact that despite the closing of some 2,100 saloons in Ohio during the last three years through the efforts of the Anti-Saloon league, the number of commitments to the state penitentiary during that period has increased. Without taking into consideration other influences at work, it should be remembered that the closing of a few saloons does not necessarily mean a decrease in the amount of liquor sold. It usually means making business better for the saloons that remain. Extermination of the dramshop is good; extermination of the traffic is better.—Union Signal.

In Prosperity and Adversity.

One of the worst things about whisky drinking is that it "catches 'em coming and going," to use a somewhat slangy expression. In prosperous times the tippler tipples because he thinks he can afford it; in dull times he tries to drown his despondency in drink. It seems that the per capita consumption of whisky in this country last year was larger than in any twelvemonth within the past quarter of a century.

DESTROYING THE RACE.

Careful Study of Degeneration as Noted in the Inebriate.

All authorities agree that from 60 to 80 per cent. of all inebriates have drinking parents or grandparents. In a very large number of cases the ancestors were excessive users of spirits, and poisoned to the extent of intoxication often. While it is difficult to explain exactly what is transmitted to the next generation, and what conditions make the children of inebriates more certain to use spirits, there is one general fact overlooked in all these cases. That is, family and race degeneration.

Certain families are dying out, and the use of alcohol in the ancestors precipitates death and extinction. Other families have reached a level from which they cannot ascend, and from slight causes deteriorate. Moderate drinking, or intemperance of any form, sends them down. The union of two families on the descending scale is certain to be followed by degenerates, both physical and mental. The children of inebriates are always of an exhausted race, rushing down to extinction.

Marriage with a robust race ascending in the scale of evolution and growth, may halt this decline, and in the next generation bring back to a level from which ascent may begin again. Marriage with a race already declining is often followed by great fecundation or barrenness. In one case a numerous family follows, as if nature was making a supreme effort to keep alive the family by multiplying the numbers. In the other case the births are few and of low vitality, dying out early.

These 60 to 80 per cent. of all inebriates are the dying remnants of families and races. They have long ago passed the levels of growth and development, and are on the down track to dissolution and extinction. The parents of alcoholic poisoning have lowered the race stock in vitality, beyond the power of ascent or possibility to rise above and overcome this downward tendency. Such parents not only destroy themselves, but cut off the race from which they spring. It is a rule to which there are few exceptions that extinction follows in the third generation from inebriate parents. In the exceptions, fortunate marriages, surroundings and conditions of living have checked the dissolution and started the race back to higher levels.

The practical question in every case of inebriety is this: Did the degeneration of the present inebriate begin in the ancestors? Is he from a dying stock or race? Where is he at present? What are the present symptoms of mental and physical degeneration? How far has alcohol fixed and settled the lines of race and individual decay? What chance is there to stop this dissolution and bring back the vitality to a normal level?

These are the lines of treatment which involve more than drugs and specifics, more than the pledge or prayer, and comprise every means and rational measure that will build up and raise the entire man to higher levels of life and living. This great "drink problem," which we are so anxiously trying to understand, is a veritable disease and an organized march of dissolution, which is not checked by will power, or means that are not radical and thorough.

The men and women who are bankrupts in health and intellectual power find in alcohol a grateful "benenthe" covering up the discomfort of oncoming dissolution. The young man and woman of low-grade vital power and defective, unstable brain control, although brilliant and precocious, find in alcohol the most delusive relief from the strain and exhaustion of life. No drug deteriorates so quickly these faulty, low-grade, irregular brain powers as alcohol. Practically, prevention is the highest possible attainment of science. Next, to halt this doomed class and help them back to levels of right living. Beyond this, to stop race degeneration, if possible, and save families and races from this inevitable dissolution, by bringing into operation laws of evolution and growth that will antagonize decay. Women can do more than men to bring about this new evolution of the race and clear away the mystery which shrouds the steady, slow death of over a million and a half persons yearly in this country.—T. D. Crothers, in Union Signal.

VARIOUS NOTES.

The saloon is on trial for its life. You are the juror. What will your verdict be?—Patrol.

One of the best recommendations to secure a situation these days is: "I do not drink."—Portland Herald.

Last year Ireland spent in intoxicants £12,806,841, at the rate of £35,087 every day. She spent in poor relief £1,049,705.

The city of Cambridge, Mass., with a population of 85,000, has had no saloons since 1886, the people voting no license for 11 consecutive years.

The man who does to-day what he can is worth 1,000,000 of men who dream of what they would like to do if they had the power.—The True Reform.

It is said that flies confined in a showcase with cigarettes will die in less than five minutes, so deadly is the atmosphere in the case.—Good Health.

John B. Gough's father could drink a glass when he would and leave it alone when he would, but John could never do it. Many a moderate drinking father has had his "Son John."

Saloon keeping is a leading industry. It leads its victims to the grave and to hell, and their wives and children to disgrace, poverty and misery.—National Temperance Advocate.

The rapidity with which the Turkish soldiers have been recovering from their wounds is attributed by the doctors to their abstemious lives. They drink no intoxicants, and eat very little meat but plenty of vegetables.

THE FARMING WORLD.

BUDDING FRUIT TREES.

Most Successfully Done in Moderately Dry Weather.

The usual season for budding is from the first of July until the latter part of September. The season varies, however, with the locality, the proper time being when the tree is in active growth and the bark parts readily from the wood. It is also necessary to delay the work until the buds are well matured, and it can be continued as long as the sap moves. It is not safe to begin too early, as the tree may heal over the incision made by the insertion of the

PUTTING IN THE BUD.

1. Stock slit vertically and across. 2. The same with bark raised. 3. The same with bud inserted. 4. The same tied up.

bud, and therefore prevent growth. If left until quite late, imperfect union may be the result from drought or from early frost.

The buds are taken from matured laterals of a thrifty young tree. The twigs from which they are cut should be about the size of a goose quill. In removing the bud from the branch, begin half an inch above it, cut down through the bark and take up a small bit of wood, having the knife come out one inch below the bud. Leave a small part of the leaf stem attached by which to handle it. Buds can be kept for a week or ten days after removal, provided they are packed in a box and surrounded with slightly moistened moss. It would be best not to cut off any wood when the bud is removed, but it is difficult to do this without injury to the root of the bud.

Trees are budded when from one to five years old, preferably at the earlier date. Choose a smooth portion between leaves, make a horizontal incision through the bark and at the upper end one at right angles to it, the two cuts forming a capital T. Raise the bark on each side of the horizontal cut slightly, grasp the bud by the leaf stem left on for that purpose and slip it into this incision. With a strip of bass bark or old muslin bind the bud in place, and the operation is completed. Be sure that the knife used in budding is perfectly sharp, for smooth cuts must always be secured. One of the chief difficulties

REMOVING THE BUD.

1. A good bud: a, root of bud; b, root of leaf. 2. Bud badly taken, with hollow in center. 3. Branch showing knife in position for removing bud.

is to remove the bud properly from the original stem, but this can be accomplished after a little practice.

The budding is most successful in moderately dry weather, as the sap is in the best condition to form a union. When rows of trees run north and south, put the buds on the west side, and when they run east and west put them on the north side. This will enable them to resist the north and west winds, as they are capable of much greater resistance when the pressure is toward the stem than away from it. In very young trees insert the bud about two inches above the ground. If much work is to be done, it is advisable to get a regular budding knife, which will not be expensive, and is almost essential to first-class work.—Orange Judd Farmer.

MENDING BROKEN TREES.

Peculiar Results of Half-Girdling with Wire Bands.

In going through an old orchard where the great gales of the fall of 1894 blew over many trees, cutting and splitting off half the tops of others, I was struck, says J. H. Hale, in the Connecticut Courant, with the amount of abuse a peach tree will stand and yet recover. In clearing up the wreckage some of the split trees were bolted together, others had wire bands put on, and still others had the broken half cut away entirely, the split trunks smoothed up with a drawing knife and the one-sided head shortened in to balance it a little better. Trees treated in the latter method, while having a scarred trunk, with bark only on one side, have full rounded-out heads, as good as though no harm had been done, while the wiring process has girdled many limbs and left pretty poor trees. The bolted trees look fairly well, but none are so good as those that were thoroughly pruned, with no attempt to save broken limbs. This experience covered about 1,000 trees, and in any future breaking or splitting down I shall cut everything away, confident that however lopsided a tree may be, two years' new growth will put it in better shape than by any other method. A peculiar result of half-girdling some trees with wire bands, was that the fruit borne on them has been larger and of brighter color, ripening from ten days to two weeks earlier than the same varieties of trees without wire bands. This might be an advantage in some seasons with certain varieties, and if only a portion of a tree were girdled at one time, no serious harm would come of it.

How Is It with You?

If the roads were good in front of each man's house they would be good in front of every man's house. By the by, how is the road in front of your house?—L. A. W. Bulletin.

HAIR FOR COLORED FOLKS.

Dyed and Curled and Sold in Large Quantities Here.

There are a great many colored people in New York who are masquerading in white people's hair. Their hirsute adornment does not make any pretensions of this kind, being attuned to its conditions, but when a colored woman is seen with a well-developed head of hair it may be generally taken for granted that the greater part of the hair grew on a white person's head.

There stands outside of one of the smaller stores on Sixth avenue, not far from the shopping district, a glass showcase of a familiar variety which is filled, as it is marked, with "human hair goods." There is nothing unusual about any of this except the color of the hair; it is all of an inky blackness and closely curled. The establishment does one of the largest businesses in the city in false hair for colored people. "Do colored people wear false hair?" said one of the clerks in answer to a question. "Well, I should think they did. They haven't any hair of their own. It is all short, just long enough to braid into little pigtails. If you see a colored woman with any quantity of hair you may be sure that it is false. A good many of the colored people not only have short hair, but some are entirely bald. There was a woman in here the other day who was quite bald.

"But we cannot get colored people's hair for them. The colored people do not have the hair to give for that purpose. If there are a few who do have long hair, of course they are not going to cut it off and sell it. We use the hair of white people, and have it dyed and then curled. No, it is not curly hair naturally, and it is not very expensive. We will sell a big braid for 50 cents, and a smaller one for 25, and frizzes for 10 cents. If any of the hair gets out of curl it can be curled over again."

The colored human hair shop—it is a dry goods place, and this business is only a side issue—is kept by a white man.—N. Y. Times.

Confinement and Hard Work

Indoors, particularly in the sitting posture, are far more prejudicial to health than excessive muscular exertion in the open air. Hard sedentary workers are far too weary after office hours to take much needful exercise in the open air. They often need a tonic. Where can they seek invigoration more certainly and agreeably than from Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a renovant particularly adapted to recruit the exhausted force of nature. Use also for dyspepsia, kidney, liver and rheumatic ailments.

Misunderstood.

"Well, I played golf with my wife this morning," said the man at the club.

"Which won?" said the man at the little table.

The first man looked up, twisted his mouth around a bit, started to say something, but refrained.

The other one looked up.

"Which won?" he repeated.

"Which one?" said the other angrily. "What do you think I am, a Turk or a Mormon?"—Buffalo Enquirer.

Try Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures and prevents swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

His Tender Conscience.

"Yesterday," said Jabson, "I refused a poor woman's request for a small sum of money, and in consequence of my act I passed a sleepless night. The tones of her voice were ringing in my ears the whole time."

"Your softness of heart does you credit," said Mabson. "Who was the woman?"

"My wife."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomachs receive it without distress. 1-4 the price of coffee. 15c and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Artful Audacity.

"So Borack is going to marry that aged Mann girl, is he?"

"Yes, and the funny part of it is that he told her he wanted to marry her on account of her fortune."

"Eh?"

"He told her that she was too young and foolish to have the care of so much money."—Indianapolis Journal.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

We would rather have anything that is lost stay lost forever than have it found by a methodical man.—Atchison Globe.

Affording Relief.—"Our typewriter girl asked the boss if he couldn't lighten her work this hot weather." "What did he say?" "He told her not to hit her typewriter keys so hard and to lick her postage stamps only on the corners."—Chicago Record.

If you say anything about not feeling well, nine out of ten of your friends will suggest some remedy.—Washington Democrat.

Women do not enjoy a party without men in it, unless the men appear anxious to know about it afterwards.—Washington Democrat.

"I wonder," said the man of a statistical turn—"I wonder how much powder is destroyed daily in useless salutes?" "There must be a lot," said the frivolous girl; "but I suppose women will go on kissing one another, just the same."—Indianapolis Journal.

Husband—"Do you need anything for the house?" Wife—"The cook says there is not enough china to last the week out."—Life.

He—"Do you think women are the equals of men?" She—"Yes; but I don't think men are the equals of women."—Columbus State Journal.

Find a way or make one. Everything is either pusher or pushed. The world always listens to a man with a will in him.—Marden.

A woman holding her skirt out of the mud and carrying an umbrella, hasn't time for anything else.—Washington Democrat.

If you would be well with a great mind, leave him with a favorable impression of you; if with a little mind, leave him with a favorable impression of himself.—Coleridge.

"May we have the pleasure of your company this evening, colonel?" she asked. The colonel drew himself up haughtily and replied with every evidence of offended dignity: "Madam, I command a regiment."—Chicago Evening Post.

Queen & Crescent.

During the Tennessee Centennial and International Exposition at Nashville, Tenn., a low rate special tariff has been established for the sale of tickets from Cincinnati and other terminal points on the Queen & Crescent Route.

Tickets are on sale daily until further notice to Chattanooga at $6.75 one way or $7.20 round trip from Cincinnati, the round trip tickets being good seven days to return; other tickets, with longer return limit, at $9.90 and at $13.50 for the round trip.

These rates enable the public to visit Nashville and other Southern points at rates never before offered. Vestibuled trains of the finest class are at the disposal of the passenger, affording a most pleasant trip, and enabling one to visit the very interesting scenery and important battle grounds in and about Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain and Chickamauga National Military Park. Tickets to Nashville to visit the Centennial can be repurchased at Chattanooga for $3.40 round trip. Ask your ticket agent for tickets via Cincinnati and the Q. & C. Route South or write to

W. C. RINEARSON, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Cincinnati, O.

Left Him Guessing.

"I don't know whether I have been complimented or not," said Chollie.

"What is the occasion?" asked his friend.

"Miss Figg told me she believed I was more intelligent than I pretended to be."—Indianapolis Journal.

H. & O. Improvements.

The work of straightening the track and reducing the grade at Tabbs Station on the second division of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad was recently completed, and the first train to use the new line was No. 1, the New York and St. Louis flyer. A heavy grade and three bad curves have been eliminated by this work. A mile east, at Meyer's Hole, a similar improvement has also been completed after months of work. Several reverse curves and a nasty and dangerous dip are done away with at this point. Near Myer's Hole, at Tablers, the alignment of the track is being materially changed, and, as in the other two improvements, bad grades and sharp, annoying curves are being removed. This part of the work will be done in sixty days and then a series of very dangerous places will have been entirely removed. This work in its entirety means the hauling of several additional cars in each freight train, besides reducing the danger of derailments to almost nothing. The second division, running from Cumberland to Brunswick, will soon be in first-class condition and more cheaply operated than ever.

Insulted.

Tenspot—Why are you so angry at the doctor?

Mrs. Talkalot—When I told him I had a terrible tired feeling he told me to show him my tongue.—N. Y. Truth.

Summer Vacations.

Interesting illustrated booklets pertaining to Massachusetts Seashore, Ocean, Inland and Inland Resorts, are issued by the passenger department of the Fall River Line, the famous route between New York and Boston, Newport, Cape Cod, Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, Bar Harbor, the White Mountains, etc., etc., etc. List of the booklets will be mailed upon receipt of one cent stamp. Address O. H. Taylor, Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Fall River Line, New York.

Fun for Her.

"Does Miss Merry smile upon your suit, Chumpley?"

"Smile? She laughs till you can hear her a block every time I propose."—Detroit Free Press.

Since P. M. Sharples, of West Chester, Pa., has delivered to Mr. W. I. Moody, of Nashua, Iowa, 500 Dairy Separators for use in the new system whereby the farmers are saved 10 cts. per 100 lbs. of milk, he has received orders from five other Creamery Managers for similar outfits.

Effie's Brother—Do you love my sister Effie?" Effie's Steady Company — "Why, Willie, that is a queer question. Why do you want to know. Effie's Brother — "She said last night she would give a £10 note to know; and I'd like to scoop it in."—Tit-Bits.

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—Mrs. W. Pickert, Van Sicklen and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, '94.

"You look troubled, old man." "I am. My wife has threatened to leave me, and I'm afraid she won't."—Tit-Bits.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

When some men strike a streak of good luck they think they have got to get drunk to celebrate.—Washington Democrat.

Harvest Excursions!

AUG. 3 AND 17, SEPT. 7 AND 21, OCT. 5 AND 19. To the Farm regions of the West, Northwest and Southwest. Round trip tickets will be sold on dates named at all C., B. & Q. stations and at many Eastern points at about half fare, good for 21 days. Stop over allowed on going passage. Ask your local agent for particulars.

GO WEST AND LOOK FOR A HOME. A handsome illustrated pamphlet describing NEBRASKA sent free on application to P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agt., C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago.

MRS. CURTIS, NEW YORK,

Tells Her Experience With Ovaritis.

A dull, throbbing pain, accompanied by a sense of tenderness and heat low down in the side, with an occasional shooting pain, indicates inflammation.

On examination it will be found that the region of pain shows some swelling. This is the first stage of ovaritis, inflammation of the ovary. If the roof of your house leaks, my sister, you have it fixed at once; why not pay the same respect to your own body?

Do you live miles away from a doctor? Then that is all the more reason why you should attend to yourself at once, or you will soon be on the flat of your back.

You need not, you ought not to let yourself go, when one of your own sex holds out the helping hand to you, and will advise you without money and without price. Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and tell her all your symptoms. Her experience in treating female ills is greater than any other living person. Following is proof of what we say:

"For nine years I suffered with female weakness in its worst form. I was in bed nearly a year with congestion of the ovaries. I also suffered with falling of the womb, was very weak, tired all the time, had such headaches as to make me almost wild. Was also troubled with leucorrhœa, and was bloated so badly that some thought I had dropsy. I have taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and several of her Blood Purifier, and am completely cured. It is a wonder to all that I got well. I shall always owe Mrs. Pinkham a debt of gratitude for her kindness. I would advise all who suffer to take her medicine."—Mrs. ANNIE CURTIS, Ticonderoga, N. Y.

There is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee.

The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee.

It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Try Grain-O!

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS

NOTICE NAME THUS Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND BUY THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

Weeks Scale Works,

STOCK, COAL, HAY, GRAIN, AND COTTON SCALES. BUFFALO, N.Y.

INGROWING NAILS Why Suffer, when you can be cured painlessly by simple HOME TREATMENT? PAMPHLET OF INSTRUCTIONS MAILED FREE. LENOX REMEDY CO., 48 CHURCH ST., NEW YORK CITY.

"FOOL'S HASTE IS NAE SPEED."
DON'T HURRY THE WORK
UNLESS YOU USE

SAPOLIO

SICK HEADACHE! ALWAYS TRACE IT TO THE LAZY LIVER.

Poisonous matter, instead of being thrown out, is reabsorbed into the blood. When this poison reaches the delicate brain tissue, it causes congestion and that awful, dull, throbbing, sickening pain.

Cascarets REMOVE THE CAUSE BY STIMULATING THE LIVER,

Making the poison move on and out, and purifying the blood. The effect is ALMOST INSTANTANEOUS.

LADIES whose sensitive organism is especially prone to sick headaches, DO NOT SUFFER, for you can, by the use of CASCARETS, be Relieved Like Magic. 261

ALL DRUGGISTS. 10c., 25c., 50c.

CSSOR'S SNEEZELESS **CATARRH SNUFF**

A Positive Cure for CATARRH, HAY FEVER, Cold in the Head and CATARRHAL HEADACHE. Mailed upon receipt of 25 cents (silver). THE CSSOR REMEDY CO., 48 Arcade, Cleveland, Ohio. AGENTS WANTED.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

$12 to $35 Can be made working for us. Parties preferred who can give their whole time to the business. Spare hours, though, may be profitably employed. Good openings for town and city work as well as country districts. J. E. GIFFORD, 11th and Main Streets, RICHMOND, Va.

OPIUM and Whiskey Habit cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent FREE. B. M. WOOLLEY, M.D., Atlanta, Ga.

A. N. K—C 1670

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EDUCATIONAL.

FRANKLIN COLLEGE NEW ATHENS, O. 73d yr. Sent out U. S. Senators, Governors, &c.; $160 a yr.; 8 courses; course for D. D., Ph. D., &c.; catalog free, with plan to earn funds, 50 per cent. to agents. W. A. WILLIAMS, D.D., Pres.

AN OPEN LETTER
To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now* Chas. H. Fletcher *on every bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"
BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

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Insist on Having
The Kind That Never Failed You.

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PRINTING
How Should it be Done?

This we are prepared to answer for those contemplating Printing of every description. Write us and state your wishes fully. An experience extending over many years in the business is at the disposal of those who value the advantages of first-class Printing.

Neat Printing, on good paper, free of typographical errors, is the kind you want. Work that is done in a slovenly manner, for a cheap price, is not the kind that pays either the customer or the Printer. We do the other kind of work—THE BEST—at a price to make some money for ourselves. That's what we are in business for.

Address all orders to

BENJ. H. SINCELL,
OAKLAND, MD.

REDUCED RATES.

Tennessee Centennial Exposition, Nashville, Tennessee.

OVER THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY and Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway.

The Southern Railway announces the following low rates from Washington, D. C., to Nashville, Tenn., occasion Tennessee Centennial Exposition:

Season Excursion Tickets will be sold daily, until and including October 15, at $28.75.

Twenty-day Excursion Tickets will be sold daily until October 15, at $21.30.

Ten-day Excursion Tickets will be sold on Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week, until October 26, 1897, at $15.30.

Rates for Military and Students in parties of 25 or more made known upon application.

Lv Baltimore, P. R. R.	9.20 PM	9.42 AM
" Washington, So. Ry	10.40 "	11.45 "
" Danville	6.00 AM	6.20 PM
Ar Salisbury (E. T.) "	9.37 "	8.50 "
" Asheville (C. T.) "	2.05 PM	12.12 AM
" Hot Springs "	4.21 "	1.20 "
" Knoxville "	7.35 "	4.00 "
" Chattanooga "	11.20 "	7.50 "
" Nashville, N. C. & St. L. Ry	6.45 AM	1.50 PM

The train leaving Baltimore at 9.20 P. M., daily, carries Pullman Buffet Sleeper New York to Salisbury, uniting with Pullman Sleeper (from Norfolk) to Nashville, Tenn., through "The Land of the Sky," without change.

For full particulars, descriptive matter, etc., call on or address:

J. C. HORTON, Pass. Agent, 105 East German st., Baltimore, Md.
L. S. BROWN, Gen'l Agent Pass. Dept.
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160 Acres of Land FREE to Every Citizen.

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FINE TIMBER LANDS
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FRUITS Grow in Abundance.
FINE CLIMATE.
No Extreme Heat or Cold Weather.

NO TAXES For Seven Years
CONVENIENT TO MARKETS
Settling up very fast by EASTERN PEOPLE.

Full particulars free.
Address
A. C. HARVEY,
42 S. Third Street, Phila., Pa.
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LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swauton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:
C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

JOHN SHARTZER,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

offers his services to the people of Garrett County. Will cry land or personal property sales at any point in the county. 6-97-1yr.

Mountain Lake Park.

Among the people here is Hon. George R. Sage, judge of the United States Court at Cincinnati, O. Judge Sage said to your correspondent a day or two ago that he had spent his whole vacation thus far in the Glades, and would remain until the middle of September. When asked how he liked Mountain Lake Park and the climate he said: "I consider both all that can be reasonably desired for rest and recreation. I have been considering the question of buying a lot and erecting a cottage, in which to spend my summer vacations in the future. It is my purpose to return next summer, and I think I will bring with me a large colony of Cincinnati people."

Similar sentiments are expressed by scores of prominent people now here from all sections of the Union. In speaking of the environments of the Park a few days ago an enthusiastic lecturer asked of the audience this question: "Do you realize that you are assembled on one of the most beautiful spots on the face of the earth?"

On Friday afternoon a Cuban rally was held in the "Hall of Philosophy" here under the auspices of the Woman's National Cuban Relief League. Mrs. M. A. Yost, of the league, read a paper on the causes which led the Cubans to make the struggle for their freedom and independence.

Thomas J. Peddicord delivered an address upon the legal and international features of the Cuban question, taking the ground that it was not only the right, but the duty of the United States to interfere in Cuban matters.

The feature of the meeting was a talk by John Farrell, who is a printer by trade and has been at work for two or three weeks on a local newspaper in Oakland. Mr. Farrell said he had never attempted a speech and that he knew nothing of grammar or rhetoric, but he had served seven months in the Cuban army and would tell, in his own way, what he saw during those seven months on the island. He said Spain will never conquer Cuba, and then he gave the reasons upon which he founded his belief. The simple but impressive way in which he told his story made a deep impression upon those who heard him.

Monday night Jahu DeWitt Miller, of Philadelphia, delivered his lecture on "The Wandering Gentile" to a large and cultivated audience. He said in opening by some inexplicable blunder, my lecture has been put in the programme as "The Wandering Jew." He then paid a beautiful tribute to the Jew, refering especially to his loyalty to his home. In the wandering Gentile, he discussed the immigrant, the unemployed workingman and the hobo, all of which he treated in a masterly way. The lecture dealt with some of the burning questions of the hour and was intensely interesting.

When Dr. W. L. Davidson, of Ohio, came to the platform Friday night and looked into the vast sea of faces in front of him, he seemed amazed at the magnitude of the assemblage. Before proceeding with the business in hand he said: "I have not heard of any excursion to-day, and yet there is no abatement of the crowd, and still the people come. The auditorium tonight will not hold the people who are here. Verily we will have to pull down our houses and build greater."

The past week has been the greatest in the history of the Chatauqua. There were two lectures by Rev. T. DeWit Talmage, the highest priced lecturer on the American platform; two by George W. Bain, the most eloquent orator in the State of Kentucky; two by Prof. Favour, of Chicago, on "The Possibilities of Electricity," and one by John DeWitt Miller, one of the brainest men in the United States. The graduating exercises of the class of 1897 also took place. Add to these numerous illustrated lectures, concerts and musical entertainments, with splendid readings, and the reader will have some idea of what the Mountain Chatauqua has been during the past week.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

Call for Your Letters.

Fred Neideshouse, Wharton E. Lester, William Martell, Mrs. F. M. Arnold, Mrs. Lydda Woods, Mrs. B. L. Geusler, Mrs. D. Dairsh, Mrs. Anna Cunningham, Mrs. Dell Brooke, Mrs. Warner, Miss Mary George, Miss Myra Bartley.

"Let me give you a pointer," said M. F. Gregg, a popular conductor on the Missouri Pacific railroad. "Do you know that Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy cures you when you have the stomach ache well, it does," and after giving this friendly hit of advice, the jolly conductor passed on down the aisle. It is a fact that thousands of railroad and travelling men never take a trip without a bottle of this Remedy, which is the best cure for bowel disorders in the world. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Wm. Frederick, Jr., & Son,
The Racket Store,
FRIENDSVILLE, MD.

We carry something of everything. There is nothing you want that cannot be found in our store.

It is admitted by all that to sell goods and make a living a merchant must necessarily charge a profit. Some merchants charge more profit than others. We are one of the OTHERS and come nearer selling goods for nothing than anyone on the face of the earth. Here you get value for your money.

Our silversmith is one of the finest workmen in the United States as all will admit who have had any work done in that line by him.

Our jewelry department is filled to overflowing with everything in that line and we sell jewelry at less than manufacturers' prices.

We carry a complete line of staple and fancy groceries.

Call and get our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

WM. FREDERICK, JR., & SON.

REAL ESTATE!

—FOR SALE BY—
JOHN SHARTZER, Real Estate Agent,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Two farms in District No. 2; 262 acres; near Elder Hill school house, improved by 2 houses, 3 barns and orchards. Will be sold separately or as a whole, to suit purchaser, on easy terms.

House of 4 rooms, 4 acres of land two miles south of Mt. Lake Park.

House and 1 acre of ground adjoining Loch Lynn Heights. Will be sold cheap.

A livery stable at Loch Lynn Heights; finest in the county; must be sold at once.

House and lot in Mt. Lake Park.

50 acres; improved by a small house; near Cranberry Glade farm.

House and 2 lots in McHenry.

Farm near Deer Park; improved.

A well improved farm near Ryan's Glade.

The above properties will be sold on easy terms.

One 50-acre lot adjoining the farm of W. T. Jamesson near Mt. Lake Park.

1 50-acre lot adjoining the lands of Mrs. Kilburne and —— Jackson near Mt. Lake Park; will be sold very cheap for cash.

7 building lots in Loch Lynn Heights.

The Phillips lands lying between Oakland and Mt. Lake Park; will be sold as a whole or in parcels to suit purchaser.

A lot of ground adjoining Mt. Lake Park on the Oakland road.

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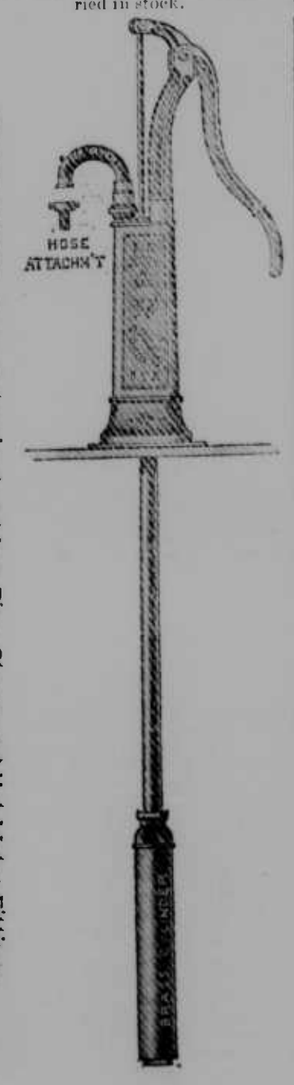

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, May 16, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily		2.49 A. M
No. 3—Daily		6.28 A. M
No. 71—Accom daily except Sun		9.28 A. M
No. 47—Daily		4.30 P. M
No. 55—Express, daily		5.55 P. M
No. 1—Daily		10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily		5.50 A. M
No. 2—Daily		8.41 A. M
No. 72—Accom daily except Sun		5.18 P. M
No. 46—Daily		4.43 P. M
No. 4—Daily		12.29 A. M
No. 14—Accommodation		10.12 A. M

Train No. 55 makes no stops between Oakland and Grafton. No. 47 makes all stops.

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SOUTHWARD No. 3	SOUTHWARD No. 1	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2	NORTHWARD No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
2 00*	8 00† lv	Cumberland ar	*12 00	†7 30
2 59	8 59	Rawlings	11 31	7 01
3 02	8 52	Keyser	11 03	6 38
4 05	9 05	Westernport	10 55	6 25
4 09	9 09	W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	6 18
4 37	9 25	Shaw	10 24	5 50
5 02	10 00	Harrison	9 56	†5 26
5 15	10 45* ar	Elk Garden	9 00	*4 00
5 15	10 55† lv	Gorman	9 21	4 51
5 42	10 42	Bayard	9 18	4 49
5 54	10 54	Doblin	9 09	4 39
6 27	11 27	Thomas	8 38	4 08
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	7 55	3 15
6 34	11 34 lv	Coketon	8 31	4 01
7 01	12 01	Hendricks	8 00	3 30
7 07	12 07	Breiz	7 53	3 23
7 10	12 10	Parsons	7 50	3 20
7 45	12 45	Kerens	7 15	2 45
8 00	1 00† ar	Elkins lv	*7 00	†2 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly lv		*1 55
	8 05* ar	Beallington lv		*11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1897. NUMBER 26.

POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

Wheat has increased 50 per cent. in value in the past year, and silver has fallen 25 per cent.

Could not Mr. Bryan be persuaded to lay aside his Spanish studies for awhile and to explain why wheat continues to rise while silver continues to fall?

Unless silver stops its downward course that party of patriots who recently sailed for Japan to obtain arguments in favor of the white metal will scarcely be able to present much encouragement to the cause in time for the autumnal election of 1897.

It is a little curious that Mulhall's statistics should show the very spot which was selected by the silverites as their basis of operations last year —the prairie States— to be the most prosperous spot on earth, as reckoned by the production of food per capita.

The recent exportation of American tin-plate that sold in foreign markets is a more eloquent and forceful answer to the free traders' assertions than columns of newspaper or oratorial statements. It is only six years since Democrats were insisting that no amount of protection would enable American manufacturers to successfully produce tin-plate, yet in that brief time they have practically supplied the markets of the United States and are now reaching out for those of the world.

With Mexican dollars worth only 40 cents the laboring people of that country, whose wages are nominally one-half the wages in the United States, are in hard lines. The recent fall in silver and depreciation of the Mexican dollar has caused great suffering to the class of people who were but poorly paid when the dollar was much more valuable than it is at present. This depreciation causes a rise in the price of all commodities that the laborer there must buy, but the laborer's wages themselves are the last things so affected.

Free silver and free trade having lost their charm with the people of the United States, the Democratic leaders who recognized that they will soon be out of a job unless they find some new rallying cry are now looking for other issues. This is indicated by recent developments which show that the men who have kept themselves in the public eye and public office through the operations of the Democratic party in the last few years are now quietly discussing the single tax, the initiative and referendum and features of this sort in the hope that they may be able to present new and attractive schemes with which to catch the unthinking voter in the next national election.

The warehouse-certificate scheme, wherein certificates based upon the bullion value of silver may be used is now the only hope of ex-Governor Boies of Iowa as a basis for currency. He said, months ago, as did many of those who last year supported the free-coinage-of-silver idea, that the day for that proposition had passed. In his latest proposition made public a few days ago, he suggests that the only method of making silver useful as a basis for currency is its deposit in warehouses and the issuance of certificates upon its bullion value. This might be a good scheme if silver did not have an uncomfortable way of taking a drop ever now and then.

A half century of commerce is a good deal better index to the capacity of a country than a short period of two or three years. The free traders who are trotting out figures to show that our sales of American manufactures increased abroad under the Wilson law would do well to look over the history of the past half century before they go very far into these statements. If they do so they will find that in the quarter of a century of low tariff the balance of trade was almost constantly against the United States, while in the quarter of a century of protective tariff the balance of trade was largely in our favor. In the twenty-five years since 1873 there have been but five years in which our exports did not exceed our imports, while in the twenty-five years preceding that there were but two years in which the imports were not in excess of the exports. The excess of exports over imports in the last quarter of a century was about $2,500,000,000, while the excess of imports over exports in the preceeding quarter of a century of low tariff was about $1,400,000,000.

FROM THE KLONDIKE.

Our Special Correspondent Gives Some Wholesome Advice

TO THE PROSPECTIVE PROSPECTOR.

He Advises Against Going to the Land of Ice This Year. If You Must Go Start Early Next Spring.

TACOMA, WASH., Aug. 30.—Letters still keep coming in from all parts of the United States, Canada and Europe, all asking about Klondike.

People want to know when to go to Klondike.

They want to know how to get there.

They want to know what it will cost.

Nobody wants to know how to get back from Klondike or how much money will be made there. They all expect to get rich and they will not begin to think of getting back until the shoe pinches.

In the first place, no matter how much gold comes out of Klondike this season, don't go there until spring. Simply make up your mind to play a waiting game. Don't go till spring. And don't go at all unless you can stand a hard mountain tramp. Of course if you have plenty of money and can afford to pay your way regardless of expense, you can go anywhere, any time, with more or less comfort. But the ordinary man who expects to get his share of the Klondike nuggets and who does not propose to spend one fortune making another should begin calculating right now and keep it up, without changing his base of operations, for about four months

When four months rolls around it will be about New Year's and the Klondikers should then begin to get into marching trim. Febuary 15th is early enough to start over the mountain passes back of Dyea and Skagway, in Alaska. It will be good sledding then and a half ton outfit can be hauled over the mountains without much trouble. To go to Klondike via the Yukon river would bring the gold seekers to the diggings pretty late in the season. Those who cut expenses will go over the mountain passes. Those who have plenty of time and wish to see the country can go aboard a steamer here and ride in comfort to St. Michaels and then go up the river to Dawson City and the Klondike district.

By the way, how far is it from Tacoma to St. Michaels?

How far is it from Tacoma to Dawson City by the all water route?

To either point is a longer journey than to Europe. St. Michaels is 2,500 miles from Tacoma and Klondike is 1,700 miles from St. Michaels. Before this season there have been but three or four steamers that reached St. Michaels each summer. Now the Klondike excitement is bringing many new lines into service and last week six steamers were headed for St. Michaels at one time. These ocean steamers have barges and river steamers in tow, which will be used on the Yukon river next summer. They will bring down from Klondike the lucky miners who wish to return home to civilization if by that time some enterprising Yankee has not built an electric railway or tramway of some kind over the mountain route which is much less than half the distance from Tacoma, being 1550 miles over the Dyea, Chilcoot and White passes and 50 miles longer over the Stickeen River route.

To-day hundreds of hardy men with blistered feet and aching bodies are toiling over these very passes. A few of them will reach Dawson City this fall but most of will not make much progress until the snow comes. And yet, with these conditions known to people now on the mountain passes and trails, many gold seekers are still going north. They have made all their arrangements to go and they are going. With them it is Klondike, right away, quick, or bust. Most of them will miss so far as getting into the new diggings this year is concerned. Those who wait until the beginning of 1898 and start with a fresh stock of provisions and supplies will get to Dawson City as quick as many who are just starting now.

At present the mountain passes are almost impassable. Heretofore only a comparative few people went over them. They went during Febuary and March and on top of the snow. They made no trail worthy of the name and now, all of a sudden, three or four thousand people try to wedge through the mountain passes at once and, of course, they get jammed. That would be the case even though the trails were in good condition. By next spring, however, the passes will be in a fair shape and those who wait until next spring will have the advantage of the work that is now being done by the great crowd now going in.

However, most people who have started are so enthusiastic they will never turn back. A few have, nevertheless given up the fight for gold and have come home. Yesterday one young man, the son of a leading lawyer, arrived here from the Chilcoot pass. His name is Hill Hudson and he is a very sick young man. He was fitted out with a fine outfit and his parents were reluctant in allowing the young boy to go. He is seventeen years of age and of athletic build. But packing an outfit across the mountains was too much for him. His kidneys were affected so much that it would probable have killed him to have continued the journey. In packing an outfit of half a ton, which is an eighteen months' supply, across the mountain passes a man has to walk thirty miles for every mile of headway made. In other words the gold hunter would travel over the pass thirty times in getting their outfits over. This is killing to those not strong and healthy. Some camp by the side of the trail and watch the struggling expect-to-be-millionairs trudge past. Some, like young Hudson, turn back. Some sell their outfits and secure work as laborers in the mills of Alaska hoping thereby to save what money they have and start north again in the spring. But all could have saved themselves trouble, loss of money and outfits if they had simply accepted the warning of those who knew the real conditions and had deferred going to the Klondike until next Febuary or March.

But there are exceptions to all rules. To-day a party of California miners left Tacoma for Skagnay and Dyea at the head of the passes. They know "their business" so to speak. They know all about mines and mining. They know all about Alaska and still they are going in at this unfavorable season. Why? Because they can travel where tender feet will fall by the wayside. They can select the pass that offers the least resistance. Perhaps they will select the Copper river route and prospect along its shores all winter. Even if they cannot reach Dawson City by way of the much traveled passes this winter they will prospect wherever they are. They can get along anywhere and they represent a "syndidate" which expects them to work all the time and keep a-going somewhere. These men, for instance, did not buy their outfits until they had visited all the Puget Sound cities. They found goods 25 per cent. cheaper in Tacoma than in California. They bought only such articles as are absolutely necessary for a year's stay in the diggings. Their list was made up about as follows:

	Wt. lbs.	Cost.
Clothing..... One clothes bag, 5 yards mosquito netting, 3 suits heavy underwear, 1 heavy mackinaw coat, 2 pairs heavy mackinaw pants, half doz. heavy wool socks, one-third doz. heavy suits, 2 pairs heavy leather gloves, 2 heavy overshirts, 2 pairs heavy snag-proof rubber boots, 1 pair shoes, 1 pkge. needles, thread, wax, 2 pcs. blankets, 1 towel, 2 pcs. overalls, 1 suit oil clothing, 2 rubber blankets, 1 sleeping bag, 1 pair felt boots, 1 pair heavy rubber overshoes.	70	$95
Groceries..... 200 lbs. bacon, 300 lbs. flour, 25 lbs. peaches, 25 lbs. apples, 25 lbs apricots, 25 lbs. pitted prunes, 25 lbs. coffee, 15 lbs. tea, 30 lbs. sugar, 150 lbs. beans, 25 lbs. rice, 25 lbs. cornmeal, 100 lbs. rice, 5 lbs. baking powder, 5 lbs. yeast, soda, one large box matches.	1,260	$30
Hardware and Camp Outfit.. One pair ice creepers, one sheath knife and sheath, 2 miners' shovels, 1 spool wire, 1 sail needles, 2 gold pans, 2 balls twine, half doz. 8-inch flat files, 1 handled ax, 1 pick and 2 handles, 1 screwdriver, 1 Disston saw, 1 wood jackplane, 1 ratchet brace, 4 bits assorted sizes, 1 saw set, 50 ft. rope, 1 pack strap, 20 lbs. assorted nails, 1 pkge. hob nails, 3 lbs., oakum, 5 lbs. pitch, 1 set knives and forks silv each, 6 tea spoons, 3 tablespoons, 1 compass, 1 hunters' ax and sheath, 1 magnifying glass, 1 tolxbig spoon, 1 dust belt, 1 ox shoe, 2 granite cups, 1 fry pan, 1 retinned dishpan, 1 four quart coffee pot, 1 coffee mill, 1 granite kettle retinned cover, 3 granite plates, 1 whip saw, 1 gold scale, 1 sled, 1 tent and stove, 1 box candles,	200	$50
Armament..... One repeating rifle, 30-30 with reloading tools and 100 rounds of brass shell cartridges, 1 large hunting knife and an assortment of fishing tackle.	20	$24
Medicine..... One chest assorted medicines, plasters, bandages, mosquito exterminator, etc., 1 pair dark eyeglasses.	2	$5
Totals.....	1,492	$265

Cost and weight of outfit and expenses of transportation can be materially reduced by prospectors traveling in parties of three and four, as one camping hardware and armament outfit will answer for two men. In traveling by steamer or rail 150 lbs. of baggage is checked free for each passenger.

This is but a "starter" however, for the Klondike. There are matters of importance to discuss between now and the day of departure and these will be taken up in the order of their importance in subsequent letters. However, those who propose going to the Alaska gold fields should preserve each of the letters in a scrapbook or other convenient form. Each letter will contain some item of importance, which taken with the series of letters, will complete an up-to-date guide and personal advice that will be of great value.

THOMAS SAMMONS.

M'KINLEY'S SECOND TERM.

Already Events Are Shaping Themselves to Make it Possible.

INTEREST IN HANNA'S SUCCESS.

Some of the Topics of Which His First Annual Message Will Treat as of Utmost Importance.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 30.—President McKinley is to return to the White House within a fortnight, and except for brief trips will remain in Washington until he takes his outing next summer, which will probably be to the Pacific coast. President McKinley, according to those members of the cabinet who have been at Lake Champlain, has thoroughly enjoyed his vacation, and pronounces Secretary John Addison Porter's Hotel Champlain experiment a great success. Instead of being annoyed by the people who came to see him, or by the invitations he had to accept, President McKinley, who is pleased whenever he is pleasing somebody else, and who never wearies of meeting people who are not after offices, was delighted with it all. A President's work is never done, and, therefore, he had some official business to attend to every day, but as a rule, it was easily disposed of, and with no office seekers on his hands, the President would have missed the kindly attentions of his summer neighbors, for he is not good at killing time, and is too active to loaf long. His outing was a complete change, and that was what he wanted, so that he comes back in better health, and, thanks to dollar wheat and other signs of coming prosperity, in better spirits than when he went away.

The President, according to the friends who have seen him recently, is serenely confident that the country is entering upon a period of prosperity which will last through his first administration, if not through the second, which it will do much to bring about. Political prosperity for his party and himself will attend the material prosperity of the country, and, therefore, the President feels justified in anticipating his own renomination and re-election.

Moreover, he feels confident that the reaction against a new administration, which has come to be expected, will not be strong enough to prevent the party of the administration from carrying the debatable states this fall and electing a majority of the House of Representatives next year, and he is very hopeful that through the elections of these two years the Republicans—the regular sound money Republicans—will secure an absolute majority in the Senate, so that on the 4th of March, 1899, the Republican party will be once more in entire control of every branch of the government—executive, legislative and judicial.

President McKinley is particularly gratified at the prospect of Republican success in Ohio this fall, not only because it is his own state—and its disapproval of his administration would be hard to bear—but because he is so desirous to see Senator Hanna elected to a six years' term in the Senate. President McKinley and Senator Hanna have differed repeatedly about questions of policy and about appointments, and the President has taken his own advice rather than Senator Hanna's again and again, but their relations have continued to be of the same intimate character, bound by the strongest ties of friendship, and personal as well as party interest induces President McKinley to do all he can to aid Senator Hanna's ambition.

And Senator Hanna as chairman of the Republican National Committee, is working all the time, through his lieutenants, at its permanent headquarters here and throughout the country, for the renomination of President McKinley in 1900.

President McKinley on his return will find enough to do to keep him busy until he has to begin to write his first annual message to Congress, which will probably not be until after the election—the first week in November. Congress meets in its first regular session three months from Monday, on the 6th of December, and the President will have a full month after election day to prepare his message. He will doubtless sketch its outlines in his own mind, and, perhaps, on paper, as his custom has been in dealing with such a document; but he will want to know how the elections have gone before he begins to draft it in its final form, and, besides, he cannot well get the filling-in for most of the important passages before November.

It is assumed that President McKinley will follow the general example of all his predecessors, to which President Cleveland offered a notable exception, and present in his annual message a general review of our foreign and domestic affairs, with such recommendations as he adopts, and in order to have the facts necessary for such a message, he will have to wait until November.

In speaking of the general example of his predecessors in this regard, I do not forget that Washington and John Adams presented their reviews and recommendations in the form of an annual address, read by them in person at the opening of Congress and arranged like the Queen's address at the opening of Parliament, with a special paragraph about appropriations, addressed to the "Gentlemen of the House of Representatives" in the midst of the address which was directed to his "Fellow-citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives," to which the two Houses responded like the two Houses of Parliament with formal addresses that the President duly acknowledged in a formal reply. But, though the form was different, the character of the contents was the same as it has been in the annual messages of most of the Presidents since Thomas Jefferson first set the democratic example of sending in a message instead of delivering a speech.

President McKinley's first annual message, following the general order, may, therefore, be expected to begin with expressions of congratulation on the work of Congress at the extra session in passing the Dingley Tariff act and the subsequent, if not consequent, return of prosperity, followed by a review of our foreign relations, a summary of the work of the different departments, and, in the language of the Constitution, a recommendation to consideration of "such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient."

The most important part of the message will be that relating to foreign affairs, and for this President McKinley will want the latest possible information. General Woodford will do his best to get satisfactory assurances for a peaceful settlement of the Cuban question in time for the message, and will doubtless tell the Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs that it is desired to do so, so that the answer of Spain may be expected by the first of November.

The Wolcott Silver Commission has been promised the answer of England in October, after the British Government has had time to consider and consult its representatives in India, and will by the first of November be able to report the result of its mission which at the present outlook will be nothing but failure.

The proposed arbitration of the controversy between Japan and Hawaii will have taken shape by October, and in that month the conference on the preservation of the fur seals, which John W. Foster arranged, will do its work here in Washington. The President will, of course, recommend the consummation by Congress of the annexation of Hawaii and will warn off the rest of the world from interfering with it.

The President proposes to make the building of the Nicaragua Canal one of the achievements of his administration, but the new commission, of which Admiral Walker is president, will hardly be able to get back from Nicaragua and make its report before December, so that the President will send it in, in all probability, with a special message, which will emphasize the importance of action to forward the project.

The paragraph about Cuba will probably be the last to be written, because of the importance of the subject and the difficulties in dealing with it. General Woodford goes with a large discretion rather than strict instructions to induce the Spanish Government to stop the hostilities in Cuba and give the Cubans the practical independence of a self-government like that of Canada. If Spain should accept our good offices the administration has every reason to believe that the responsible Cuban leaders may do so also and come to terms of peace with Spain. President McKinley would rejoice with all his heart to have such a result to report in his message to Congress, and he is hopeful that he will be able to do so, although it may take until late in November to accomplish it. But if Spain or the Cubans shall refuse he will lay the whole matter before Congress and ask for its action.

The most important recommendation of the domestic part of the message will probably be that respecting what is known as "Currency Reform." President McKinley will not recommend the retirement of the greenbacks if for no other reason than because he is satisfied that Congress would not authorize it. But although he is as determined not to do this as he is not to recommend the abolition of the tax on state banks, he has as yet reached no determination as to any of the other propositions suggested by currency reformers.

Through Secretary Gage he is gathering ideas on the subject which he will consider when he comes to write his message. He will also doubtless read the report and recommendations of the H. H. Hanna Commission, in spite of its unofficial character, and may even be induced to transmit them to Congress, as the Hanna commissioners will probably desire. But the Hanna Commission is expected to make more radical recommendations than the administration would accept. Secretary Gage does not despair of some action by Congress, at least for the improvement of the laws governing the Treasury, if not for amendments of the National Banking act, such as he and other national bankers desire, and his advice to the President, which the President will probably act upon, will be to ask Congress for no more than it is likely to grant.

In the circular letter which Secretary Gage has sent to different experts, asking their suggestions for the use of the administration in formulating a recommendation to Congress, he outlines not an ideal plan, but what he thinks Congress may be induced by the pressure of the administration and public opinion of business men to adopt. In this tentative scheme he suggests legislation for the separation of the fiscal and banking operations of the Treasury and for the impounding of the greenbacks by means of a new issue of bonds for the protection of the gold reserve and suggests little that is new in the way of change in the banking laws except that the idea that banks should be allowed to issue circulation not only as at present, to the amount of their capital stock, but in addition to a percentage, say one-quarter of the other assets.

But the outlook for any legislation on these lines in the present Congress is not good, and the administration apparently might as well present its most ideal conceptions, for they would be just as likely to receive favorable consideration as a less complete and satisfactory proposition.

President McKinley, notwithstanding the appeal of the Pennsylvania Republican Convention will not recommend to Congress any legislation repealing any portion of the Civil Service law or regulations or extensions made by President Cleveland, nor will Congress enact any such legislation. The President took his stand deliberately in favor of extending and not curtailing the scope of the Civil Service law, and he will take no backward step to please the reactionary element in his own party, which he regards as a hopeless minority.

The President has noted the almost unanimous approval of all the leading newspapers of the country without regard to party upon his action, and regards it as reflecting the general sentiment of the people as distinguished from the comparatively small element of professional politicians. He has no doubt of the popularity as well as the wisdom of his course.

HENRY MACFARLAND.

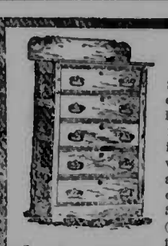

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THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND GARRETT CO., MD

IN THE COUNTRY, YOU KNOW.

(His Letter.)

Yes, old fellow, I went to the country, you know,
Where the hyacinths bloom and the daffodils blow;
For my sister was there with her bevy of seven:
They are all of them angels, but still out of Heaven.
'Twas "Oh, uncle, you've come!" and with love-seasoned pats
Like a frolicsome parcel of juvenile cats
They hung to me, clung to me, wouldn't let me go;
On the first day I got to the country, you know.

Then a walk through the meadows suggested to me
An escape from the noise, and a think, don't you see;
So I roamed in the sweet-smelling grasses afar,
And I borrowed a match and I lit a cigar.
Then I saw through the fence, lying prone and asleep
A peculiar mibl-countenanced horn-handled sheep;
So I climbed to his side and kindly bent low,
And awoke him to see what he'd do, don't you know.

And I saw very soon: for he rose to his feet,
And commenced a peculiar and guarded retreat;
Retreated—ah—backward—face toward me, I mean,
Much the same as folks do from a king or a queen;
And I pitied him much for the fear he displayed,
And I said: "My dear chappie, now don't be afraid!"
And I judge he was not; for, dispenser of woe,
He came at me as if from a gun, don't you know!

And I skipped like a deer, or a yacht in a breeze,
In a way that distended my pants at the knees;
And, to uttermost speed by the animal pressed,
I relinquished my coat and my necktie and vest;
And I went round the field, trying hard for first place,
Like a sprinter that's trying to capture a race;
And, "We'll bet on you, uncle!" was screeched to and fro;
For the children had climbed on the fence, don't you know.

As was afterwards said, 'twas quite comforting to see—
That undignified creature's attachment for me;
And wherever my footsteps would go, don't you mind,
That diminutive monster was not far behind!
And he seemed to have picked up a notion, indeed,
That his mission on earth was to further my speed;
And I think that we furnished a capital show
To the people that happened to pass, don't you know!

Then a handsome young lady stepped over the stile,
With a blessed tin dipper of salt, and a smile;
And she said: "Come, Dick, dear!" (that's the name that I keep,
But I'm glad that 'twas also the name of the sheep;
For he went to the maid to be fed and caressed,
While I walked down the road for awhile and redressed).
And I've made up my mind that if she'll see it so,
I will marry that girl in the fall, don't you know!

—Will Carleton's Everywhere.

MARJORIE'S LETTER.

BY JENNY WREN.

"YOU have lost your senses, Marjorie! None but one utterly daft would recklessly throw away such an offer. What matters it if there are a few gray hairs mingled with the black? Better be an old man's darling than a young man's slave," and Mrs. Hayes, who had looked up for a moment from her baking, returned more vigorously than before to the kneading of the dough.

"True, aunt; but suppose a young man's darling is better than either," and a mischievous twinkle shone in the bright eyes, a half smile played round the corners of her rosy mouth, giving a momentary glimpse of teeth white and even. "Where is your wonderful philosophy, then?"

"Have your own way. You'll regret it too late. Pity John Harding couldn't have you. You'd make him miserable enough, Heaven knows, with your endless airs and graces. It's easy to see it's him you're thinking of, notwithstanding your coquetry. I doubt Squire Arnold will readily console himself, and when his bride takes possession you'll wish you'd followed my advice."

"At least, aunt, I can never reproach you with having withheld its bestowal; but, come; don't be angry with me. I am not at all sure but that you will have me with you many a long day yet."

Pretty Marjorie Hayes! There were men enough, old and young, who would have given half their worldly possessions to be sure they held a space, however small, in that heart; but not so John Harding. With him it was all or nothing. He had given to this girl the one love of his life; and read in her eyes glances answering his own; had seen her face brighten into expectancy at his coming; felt her tender pressure answering his hand clasp, and hope would rise buoyant in his heart, only to be dashed again into despair, as he would meet her averted glances or indifferent words. He was not very patient, this strong man; and, with his stern will beat upon a purpose, trifling was beyond his comprehension.

"You know what I have to offer you, Marjorie," he said to her on the evening of the same day of the conversation recorded above. "I don't question your right to better, in one sense, but I must have my answer. Squire Arnold thinks the same, I don't doubt, judging from the sweetness of your smiles."

Ah, foolish John! The blush which had risen to the girl's cheek faded, the smile playing round her lips disappeared, and holding erect the shapely head, she said:

"Since when did I appoint you custodian of my smiles or tears? When I elect any one to the position, Mr. Harding, I shall remember you as the first applicant."

"Nevertheless, I did not speak without reason. I am tired of it, Marjorie—tired of it all. I am no Jacob to serve seven years. I—"

"Then stop now" (turning to him with quick anger). "Doubtless you think Jacob had something higher in view of his long waiting. Well, sir, should you serve for me seventy times seven, it would be to receive the same answer—no! My freedom is too sweet to yield it quite so readily. Good-evening, Mr. Harding. I can find my way home across the meadow alone!"

But, silent and stern, John walked by her side until they reached the threshold of the door. Then, without a word, she stepped within, and he turned and walked away. From her own window she watched him until out of sight, then threw herself upon her little bed, with its snowy counterpane, in a very passion of sobs, half anger, half despair.

The next morning, bright and early, Mrs. Hayes, bustling about her morning duties, spied a messenger approaching the house. A moment later, with a respectful "Good-morning," he handed her a note. "For Miss Marjorie, ma'am," and was as quickly out of sight.

"From John Harding. Some lovers' quarrel reconciled. Suppose I keep it just a few days. She will thank me for it some day. I will think it over," and thus soliloquizing, she slipped the letter into the capacious pocket by her side, where it was destined to remain long days ere it was brought to light.

"Sudden move, that of young Harding. I thought he was too sensible to

SAT IN HER OWN ROOM BY HER OPEN DESK.

let the western fever influence him when he was doing so well at home. Better let well enough alone. But I understand he has sold out everything, leased the farm and started out anew. He gives no reasons to anyone. I'm sorry, for I always liked the lad," and good old Farmer Hayes, rising a fortnight later from the breakfast table, shook his head with a wise shake.

Poor Mrs. Hayes! As she listened, her florid face grew pale. Perhaps she had made a mistake, after all, and at the memory of that white envelope, hidden away somewhere in some deep pocket, a weight of iron was resting on her heart. She stole a stealthy glance at her niece. Her cheek had lost its color, her hand trembled a little as she raised a cup of coffee to her lips, but otherwise she gave no sign.

That evening Squire Arnold called, and when he left he carried with him Marjorie Hayes' promise to become his wife. Thus Mrs. Hayes' ambition was fulfilled, but vainly did she console herself with the thought. Something within forbade self-congratulation, and the ruddy color often left her cheek at some forbidden memory. Squire Arnol had no cause to complain of capricious behavior. No spice of coquetry tinged Marjorie's manner now. With quiet calm she moved about the old house, busy with preparations for the now fast-approaching nuptials; but, oh! what would Mrs. Hayes have given for one mischievous glance as of old, one ripple of merry girlish laughter, one burst of happy song.

Days merged into weeks, until one bright, beautiful morning in May, Marjorie rose to the consciousness that her wedding day had come. There was a strange tenderness in Mrs. Hayes' manner, as she helped robe the bride. It was as though she prepared a lamb for the sacrifice, but it was too late now, she whispered ever to herself, and so bustled here and there in busy preparation, so that none noticed how seldom she smiled or how wan and pale she looked.

It was over at last. Marjorie had gone through it all as in a dream, scarcely heeding the words which bound her to another, or hearing her own voice in response. Then came congratulations and farewells, and she had left her childhood's home a wife. Then she awoke from dream life to reality, then for the first time knew how stern a duty she had imposed upon herself, and she wondered if her strength would not desert her.

But Squire Arnold was too proud in her possession to dream her another than satisfied, and for six months she did her duty well. Then a sudden, sharp illness prostrated her husband, and before the new year opened she stood, clad in widow's weeds, beside his grave.

But when she went back to her desolate home she missed even the duties, and as she realized how dread and empty life was, a new, hard feeling crept into her heart against the man who had, in his stern, unrelenting anger, worked her this misery.

No word came from the wanderer. He seemed to have passed forever from their lives, but in the spring her aunt's strength failed, and she gladly obeyed the summons to her side which allowed her to close the great, lonely house where she dwelt alone, and go back to the dear old farm, to the place her aunt so long had filled.

Soon would it be empty. With a great start, the girl first saw the awful change which had taken place. She rarely spoke, but Marjorie wondered often at the wistful gaze which followed her every movement around the room. But when a few short weeks had passed all knew the end was near. One evening, just as the sun was sinking to rest, and Marjorie and her uncle, with a strange foreboding at their hearts, watched by the sufferer, the sick woman, motioning Marjorie nearer, whispered: "The letter—in my pocket—thought it best—forgive—"

The girl supposed her wandering, and, stooping, she kissed the lips already cold, and when she raised her head the eyes had closed, the spirit fled. Then when the funeral was over and the house restored to its quiet, she took her place beside her uncle, it seemed as though all the glory had died out of her life, and left only a gray shadow of its former brightness.

Two years passed, and Marjorie wondered at the strange calm which seemed almost paralyzing her life, when suddenly her energy was roused to action. A terrible fever had broken out in the very midst. Men, women and children fled before it, and there were few to care for the thousands already stricken. With a sense of almost gratitude, Marjorie took her place by the bedsides of the sick and dying. All expostulation was in vain, and night and day she worked as though unconscious of fatigue. One evening, in passing through a temporary ward, she caught sight of a man whose face, bronzed and bearded, yet carried with it a forgotten memory. A moment she knelt by John Harding's side. In his delirium he seemed to recognize her.

"There was no light, Marjorie, in the window. It was all dark—no answer to my letter. So I went away. It was best so—best, best—" and the fever burned hotter and fiercer, and his voice sank or rose in incoherent words.

"A hopeless case, Miss Marjorie," and the old physician's voice, still giving her the name of her youth, roused her from her reverie. "He worked like a Trojan among the sufferers, poor fellow, until he was stricken down himself; and now he will never work again," and with a shake of the head the old man passed on.

"John, John, live for my sake; if only once I may tell you it was my fault—all, all mine," and with a burst of sobs, the fair young head was pillowed by his side.

When she had gone back for a few hours' rest to the farm, the words of his delirium returned to her, and with them those of her aunt.

She had said: "Forgive." With a strange prescience she flew up into the unused room, opened the lavender-scented closet, and one by one examined the pockets of the dresses she herself had hung there and left untouched. At last in one her search was rewarded. Paper crackled under her touch, and drawing forth an envelope yellow with age, she saw, in the handwriting she knew so well, her maiden name.

The evening found her still sitting with wide-open eyes, yet seeing nothing, and the letter on her lap.

"Forgive me, Marjorie. You know, dear, I did not mean it. I will trust you, darling, and you, with your gentle ways, must teach me patience. Write me just one little word of love in answer; or, if you can't do that, put a light in the east window for me. I will see it, and shall know you have forgiven me, little as I deserve it. Yours till death, JOHN HARDING."

"Till death—till death!" the white lips moaned, and so they found her, only idly muttering those words, with the fever burning and ravaging her tender flesh. It was a fierce struggle, and when it left her wan and wasted, she thought of the dreary future ahead with a wild wish at her heart that she had not been spared. But one morning, sitting in her own room by her open desk, the old letter spread out before her, a familiar tread sounded on the gravel path, and, looking up, she fell back fainting, for she thought she had seen John Harding's ghost. But it was no ghost, but living flesh and blood reality which bent so tenderly over her and waited till the blood came back to the wasted cheek, and saw the glad light of recognition leap into the opening eyes.

Then Marjorie knew that God was good, and, with a great cry of thanksgiving that her wicked prayer for death had gone unpunished, she clung to his breast, and, clasping her close to his beating heart, John Harding felt the past was wiped out, and that at last, after long years, he held his wife.—N. Y. Ledger.

What Is Virtue?

Emperor Sigismund, in conversation with Theodoric, archbishop of Cologne, asked the primate how he ought to act so as to obtain happiness.

"We cannot, sire, expect it in this world."

"What, then, is the way to gain happiness hereafter?"

"You must live virtuously."

"What do you mean by that expression?"

"I mean," answered the archbishop "that you should always pursue that plan of conduct which you promise to follow when laboring under a fit of gout or indigestion."—Golden Days.

A Bad Precedent.

A new anecdote of Queen Victoria is quite interesting. Lord Melbourne, who was prime minister when Victoria was contemplating marriage with Prince Albert, said to her when she was urging him to have parliament confer the title of "king consort" on the prince: "For God's sake, mum, let's hear no more of it. If you once get the English into the way of making kings, you will get them into the way of unmaking them." The queen saw the logic of her bluff premier's remarks and Prince Albert was not made king.—Troy Times.

WOMEN AS A RACE.

They Have a Different Line of Progress from Men.

All women have fathers as well as mothers. That is a fact of natural history which we do not suppose the most advanced of the crowds who are now writing about women and their progress are prepared definitely to deny, but they would certainly like to deny it if they could. The assumption which underlies all their views is that women are not only different from men physically, intellectually and morally, but that they belong to a different race, which may, as time advances, have a destiny of its own. They write as if the great Hindu legists, who hold that female property should descend only to females, had perceived part of a great truth, which is, that women are continuously separate from men, inherit nothing from them, and are forever advancing upon a line of their own which will in the end, or at all events may in the end, after what Mrs. Green calls an anarchic period, develop in them something probably superior to anything in men, or at the worst, something radically different.

The human race with these writers is male, but women are female, and therefore something quite other than human. Their strength and their weakness, their virtues and their failings, belong to themselves, and no more belong to a common humanity than the qualities of cattle and the qualities of the felidae belong to a common animal nature. They have a different line as well as a different law of progress, and will in the end develop into beings entirely separate from men, probably much higher, but at all events so different that to reason from the progress of one sex to the progress of the other is as futile as to reason that because wolves have in the course of unnumbered ages developed into dogs, therefore cats must in the course of countless aeons develop into dogs also. In the violence of their recoil from the Tennysonian idea that woman is but lesser man, the more fanatic writers attribute to her qualities, faculties, and, above all, a future fate which would, if their assumption were true, prove her to belong to an essentially different species, which resembles man only for a moment when, as it were accidentally, she is level with him in a race in which she is destined to be far the first. The fact that, as all men are the sons of women, they must share in any inherited excellence, or even change, which their mothers may develop is not so much denied as ignored, and the whole question treated as if all men were the descendants of Adam and all women of Eve, not by a license of poetic speech, but in prosaic fact.—London Spectator.

AMERICAN FORESTS.

The Finest That Ever Grew on the Earth.

The forests of America, however slighted by man, must have been a great delight to God; for they were the best He ever planted. The whole continent was a garden, and it seemed to be favored from the beginning above all the other wild parks and gardens of the globe. To prepare the ground, it was rolled and sifted in seas with infinite loving deliberation and forethought, lifted into the light, submerged and warmed over and over again, pressed and crumpled into folds and ridges, mountains and hills, subsoiled with heaving volcanic fires, plowed and ground and sculptured into scenery and soil with glaciers and rivers—every feature growing and changing from beauty to beauty, higher and higher. And in the fullness of time it was planted in groves, and belts, and the largest, most varied, most fruitful, and most broad, exuberant, mantling forests, with beautiful trees, in the world. Bright seas made its border with wave embroidery and icebergs; magnificent deserts were outspread in the middle of it, mossy tundras on the north, savannas on the south, and blooming prairies and plains; while lakes and rivers shone through all the vast forests and openings alike, and happy birds and beasts gave delightful animation. Everywhere, everywhere over all the blessed continent, there was beauty, and melody, and kindly, wholesome, foodful abundance. —John Muir, in Atlantic.

Plain Pastry.

Having everything ice-cold, and measured ready, put on the board three cupfuls of flour, and mix through it thoroughly, without using the hands, a teaspoonful each of fine salt and sugar. Pile the flour in a heap, and make a well in the center, and put in one cupful of butter. With a sharp silver knife cut the butter in little pieces, and gradually mix with the flour. When well incorporated, add a little at a time, about a cupful of ice water, or as much as needed to make the paste so that you can lift it from the board with the knife; lift from the board, redredge with flour, and return, and roll lightly, with only the weight of the rolling-pin, from you, into a thin sheet. Fold from you, and roll again, always in the same direction; repeat, and turn in the edges, and roll up into a tight roll, and lay away on the ice for at least a day to ripen. This should be baked in an oven at about 400 degrees Fahr. When ready to use cut off the end of the pastry roll and slice large enough to make the cover required. A little practice will enable you to so gauge this that there will be no trimmings left, and practice will give you skill to roll the covers out that you can roll them nice and round. The time used in making this pastry should not be over five minutes. —Washington Home Magazine.

By Deserving It.

If we deserve sympathy, we are pretty sure of getting it by courageously and quietly showing that we are deserving; we cannot have it by demanding it with whines and lamentations, and demonstrations of our suffering forced upon unwilling ears. — Detroit Free Press.

GAMES OF ALL NATIONS.

Those of the Present Time Survivals of Divinitary Rites.

Mr. Stewart Culin, director of the Museum of Archaeology and Paleontology of the University of Pennsylvania, whose advance articles on the work he is compiling on the games of the world has attracted so much attention, has been spending a few days at the National Museum in pursuit of his studies. For the past eight years Director Culin has been collecting data and specimens of games which are played by all the nations of the world, and has also made as complete a collection as possible of specimens extant of the games played by the most ancient peoples.

"Games generally," said Mr. Culin, "are remarkable for their similarity, which extends practically to identity, in all parts of the earth, in all times and among people of the highest and the lowest culture. Any inferences in reference to the contact of races and migrations must be made with extreme caution, as we find pretty much the same games everywhere. The games of amusement played at the present day by civilized people are clearly survivals of divinitary rites, this fact being shown by the position which all games occupy among the people whom we call savages. The more complicated games, such as playing cards, appear to have direct relations with the divinitary calendar. And the counting boards or cables, upon which pieces of wood are moved, as in backgammon or chess, have similar relations.

"The collection shown at Atlanta, while occupying a great deal of space and apparently diversified in character, merely represented an attempt to illustrate the development of two types of games which are represented to-day by playing cards and chess. In the course of these investigations it is shown that in a sense playing cards in one form or another are practically universal, and were known to many of the tribes of the American continent antedating the discovery. Their most highly artistic form occurs in the gambling sticks of the Indians of our northwest coast. These gambling sticks, it is demonstrated, were derived from arrow shaftments marked with emblems of place and personality.

"The cards of northeast Asia, such as are used in Corea, reveal precisely the same origin as these arrow shaftments. Chinese cards connect with them, and our own cards may be regarded as the legitimate issues of the same series."

Incidentally in the collection a number of highly artistic packs of playing cards are exhibited, intended to illustrate the ancient and existing cards of the principal nations. A Persian set among the oriental cards is of strikingly artistic beauty. The card pieces are painted with delicate miniatures executed upon a ground of gold foil. Curiously enough, the game played with them is our familiar game of poker.

Gen. A. Houtum-Schindler, of Teheran, in reply to a letter of inquiry, has furnished the following account of the Persian game: The game is called "As," and is exactly like poker, but without any flushes or sequences. There are four players and each player gets five cards, dealt to the right. The dealer puts down a stake. The first player then looks at his cards; if he "goes" he says "di dam" (I have seen), and he covers the stake or raises it. If he does not wish to play he says "Nadi dam" (I have not seen), and throws away his cards.

He may also "go" without looking at his cards, that is, in poker parlance, "straddles," and says "Nadid di dam" (not seeing, I have seen). The second player, if he wishes to play, must cover the stakes, and can also raise. The third player and the dealer then act in the same way, just as in poker, and when the stakes of all players are equal and no one raises any more, the cards are turned up and the player holding the best hand wins the stakes. The hands in the order of their value are three of a kind and a pair, a "full," [illegible] sing etc.; two pair, aces highest; one pair, aces highest. When two players have the same pair of pairs, the other cards decide. For instance, a pair of kings, ace, soldier, and some card of little value. Bluffing is a feature of the game and is called zadam, literally, "Fire off a gun."

Backgammon is one of the few classical games to which the present day attains. It is extremely interesting from the fact that it is identical with the Roman gaming, dice being cast from a dice box into a little tower, the Turricula of the classical writers. In the museum a backgammon board is shown from the Malay peninsula, which is used in a game identical with our own. A Syrian specimen is beautifully inlaid with mother-of-pearl.

"Modern ingenuity," said Mr. Culin, "cannot be said to have risen to the point of inventing a game. All games were invented ages and ages ago, and it is to be questioned whether a single application for a patent upon the idea of a game would be granted in our patent office were the history of primitive games fully known and accessible." —Washington Post.

Woman's Woes.

"Mrs. Worrit had dreadful bad luck with her strawberries. She fussed over 'em all day, her girl got mad and quit, the dinner wasn't ready when Mr. Worrit came home, and the baby was howling itself black in the face. 'What's the matter?' says Mr. Worrit. 'It won't fell,' says Mrs. Worrit, and burst out a-crying."

"What did Mr. Worrit say?"

"He said something that sounded like fell an' put on his hat an' went away." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cause of the Commotion.

Husband—What did you think when you heard the chandelier fall in the night?

Wife—I thought that you had been detained on "business" again, and were getting upstairs as quietly as you could. —Journal Amusant.

CUNNING COUNTERFEITERS.

The Clever Makers of "the Queer" in the Southwest.

A counterfeit of the five-dollar United States silver certificate, series of 1886, was forwarded a few days ago to the secret service bureau at the treasury department from Chicago. It was the first which had been received since last January, and experts declared it is a clever piece of work, which would not be detected as a counterfeit except under close scrutiny. It had a number of points about it which stamp it as being spurious, but which would not be noticed in the least by the laity.

"I had been expecting this note to turn up for a long time," said Chief Hazen, of the secret service bureau, to a Star reporter the other day, as he shoved the counterfeit note across the table to be examined by the reporter. "I am rather surprised that we have not secured it before.

"It comes from Chicago, and from certain ear marks which I can detect about it it is the work of a noted counterfeiter by the name of John Alfred L'Koog. L'Koog is a Swede, about 35 years of age, and rather clever as a note maker. He escaped from Joliet prison, Illinois, last March, where he had been sent from Chicago for counterfeiting, with two other men. They were coin makers, named Jacob Johnson and James Foley. They were recaptured and returned to the prison, but so far L'Koog has eluded the watchfulness of the officers.

"Ever since his escape we have been looking out for some of his work, and it has just turned up. When a man has started in the business he never quits it, unless by force of circumstances.

"It was only reasonable to suppose that L'Koog would return to his old haunts and occupation in Chicago, and the supposition proved correct.

"The last counterfeit note we received was from Chicago, also. It was a $20 'Manning head certificate, and turned up January 11. The windy city is a center for counterfeiting, as the workers have often been captured there."

The chief sat in his private office in the treasury building, about which clings an air of mystery connected with everything pertaining to the secret service. On the walls were pictures of famous makers and shovers of "the queer," more were held in cabinets, and records, which if revealed would cause sensations throughout the United States, were hidden in boxes and carefully filed away.

"Counterfeiting might be termed the aristocracy of crooks. They are generally quiet, not often immoral or convivial, and are naturally very reserved. It is to their interest to be reticent. It is a paradox, but there are never thieves among them. What I mean is, while they follow counterfeiting, which is one of the worst crimes imaginable, they would not rob or burglarize. Many of them have been known to be exceedingly charitable, though it may be said if they are successful they can easily afford to be so. They are a milder class than that of any other criminals. They never cause trouble in any community wherever they may happen to be, outside of the counterfeiting.

"There are not so many women in the business as formerly; why, cannot just be explained. There are few females in it now, and those who are engaged in the business cooperate with their husbands. The man generally makes the money, and the woman passes it, as she does not find so much trouble in doing so.

"There is more coining of the queer in the west and southwest sections of the country than in the others. It probably started there and has continued. It is transmitted from father to son, just like any other trade, and flourishes in much the same manner as does illicit distilling.

"It is a mistaken idea to suppose that counterfeiters, as has been stated, buy silver and make it into coin, thereby gaining the profit which the stamp is supposed to add to it. Not by any means. A counterfeiter will not pay 60 cents or 62 cents an ounce for silver to use when he can get the same results differently. He buys antimony, tin, plaster of paris, and other materials, the whole outfit costing about $1.50. With these he can get out coin to the face value of $200 or $300. They wish to make as much as possible out of as little as possible.

"We recognize the work of individual coin counterfeiters by the manner in which the coins are finished, as to the milling on the edges, and other details. It is very seldom that we are mistaken in this respect. Every one has his own mark."—Washington Star.

Trying Again.

"Papa," said the ice baron's beautiful daughter, "mamma and I want $5,000 for charitable purposes. Can you let us have it?"

"I suppose so, my dear," said the indulgent parent, "but isn't that quite a large sum for charity? What disposition do you intend to make of it?"

"You remember," said the fair girl, "the younger son of that English duke who will inherit the title and estates of his father, and who was so attentive to me last summer?"

"I do," said the ice baron. "Is he trying to borrow money already?"

"No, indeed; he has returned home without proposing, and mamma and I have decided to go to a summer resort for the purpose of securing another."

"And where does the charity come in?"

"Oh, the money, you know, is to be used as a fresh heir fund."—Detroit Free Press.

A Doubtful Compliment.

The Count—Ah, Mees Jones, how beautiful you are!

Miss Jones—You forget, count, that beauty is only skin deep.

"Mon dieu! What a tick skeen you must have!"—London Truth.

TEMPERANCE.

THE POWER OF APPETITE.

Poor Wretch Willing to Freeze to Death for a Drink.

Mr. B. E. Hale, a temperance lecturer, was traveling in New Hampshire. While waiting one day in the sitting-room of a hotel for the arrival of the stage that should take him to a town a few miles from the railroad, there entered a trembling man, carrying a small package of clothing. Going up to the bar, he said: "Landlord, I am burning. Give me a glass of gin."

The landlord turned to the bar and opened the door. Then he pointed to a long line of chalk marks on the inside of the door, and said coolly: "John, you see the old score; you can't have another drop of gin until it is paid off."

The poor wretch stood and glared fiercely upon the man behind the bar. "Landlord," he cried, "landlord, you don't mean that? You have got my farm. You have got my horses and my oxen. You have got all my tools. Landlord, I have brought you to-day all that I have left in the world—this little bundle of clothes. It is not worth much, because the clothes are old, but they are all I have. Oh, landlord, please give me for these just one glass of gin."

But the man behind the bar was calm and unconcerned. "Your old clothes I

"JUST ONE GLASS OF GIN."

do not want. You can have no more until the score is paid."

The drunkard staggered, and it seemed as if he would fall. Mr. Hale turned toward him and said: "What will you give me for enough to buy two glasses of gin?"

"Give you?" said the drunkard. "I have nothing to give, except this little bundle of clothes. I do not believe you want it, stranger."

"I see you have on your feet a pretty good pair of boots," said Mr. Hale. "Will you give me your boots for these ten cents?"

The drunkard stood, engaged for a moment in deep thought. At last he said: "Stranger, if I give you the boots I must go out into the snow barefooted. If I give you the boots, I must freeze to death; if I do not give you the boots I must burn to death. Stranger, it is harder to burn than it is to freeze. So I will give you the boots."

He sat down and commenced to draw the boots from his feet. But Mr. Hale had no intention of furnishing him with money for strong drink. He was merely experimenting to find how strong the appetite really was.

There were other lookers-on to this strange scene. Three or four of them said the man should have his gin. They furnished it in liberal quantity. He drank all he could and took the rest away. The stage came soon after and Mr. Hale pursued his journey.

The next morning he heard that the drunkard's fears had been realized. He had left the barroom, neither knowing nor caring where he was going. When the night came his liquor was gone and he went to sleep in a barn. The frost king came at midnight and took the poor man in his arms. The next morning they found him frozen to death.—Charles M. Morton.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Every act of dissipation robs body, mind and soul.—H. W. Adams.

The grog-shop is the pirate of commerce, the destroyer of industry, the robber of every legitimate business, and should be opposed by every worker. —National Temperance Advocate.

Cigarette-smoking is on the increase in Japan. Every month 13,000,000 imported and 52,000,000 native cigarettes are consumed. Women and children smoke almost as much as men.—Detroit Free Press.

If you have enough of the Christ-love in your heart you can even love and pity a vile rumseller, and seek to lead him out of his soul-destroying business which is damning his own life as well as that of hundreds of others.

"Temperance principles" won't save anybody unless those principles are adopted as a rule of life, and the very foundation principle of the temperance movement from the first has been that alcohol is a poison.—Good Templar's Watchword.

How tickled the devil must have been when he read in the daily papers the notice of the saloon keepers' mass meeting at Sedalia, Mo., when they passed resolutions denouncing one of their number who had sold whisky to a nine-year-old girl.—Hutchinson News.

Say not, "I will do it to-morrow." To-morrow is a delusive phantom, ever beckoning the traveler toward the brink of a precipice. To-morrow is a courteous traitor, a smiling assassin, Satan's chief recruiting agent, paving the road to hell!—H. W. Adams.

Jefferson said: "The habit of using ardent spirits, by men in office, has occasioned more injury to the public and more trouble to me than all other causes. Were I to commence my administration again, the first question I would ask respecting a candidate for office would be 'does he use ardent spirits?'"

HONEST ADVERTISEMENT.

Solemn, Awful Facts Set Forth by One Judas Heartless.

"Friends and Neighbors: Grateful for the liberal encouragement received from you, and having supplied my tavern with a new and ample stock of choice wines, spirits and lager beer, I thankfully inform you that I continue to make drunkards and beggars for the sober, industrious and respectable community to support. My liquors may excite you to riot, robbery and bloodshed, and will certainly diminish your comforts, augment your expenses and shorten your lives. I confidently recommend them as sure to multiply fatal accidents and distressing diseases, and likely to render these incurable. They will agreeably deprive some of life, some of reason, many of character and all of peace; they will make fathers fiends, wives widows, mothers cruel, children orphans, and all poor. I will train the young to ignorance, dissipation, infidelity, lewdness and every vice; corrupt the ministers of religion, obstruct the Gospel, defile the church and cause as much temporal and eternal death as I can. I will thus 'accommodate the public,' it may be at the cost of my worthless soul. I have a family to support—the trade pays, and the public encourages it.

"I have a license from the magistrate; my traffic is lawful, even Christians countenance it; and if I do not bring these evils upon you somebody else will. I know the Bible says: 'Thou shalt not kill;' pronounces a 'woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink;' and enjoins me not to 'put a stumbling block in a brother's way.' I also read that 'no drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God,' and I cannot expect a drunkard-maker, without repentance, to share a better fate; but I wish a lazy living, and am deliberately resolved to gather the wages of iniquity and fatten on the ruin of my species. I shall, therefore, carry on my trade with energy, and do my best to diminish the wealth of the nation, impair the health of the people, and endanger the safety of the state. As my traffic flourishes in proportion to your ignorance and sensuality, I will do my utmost to prevent your intellectual elevation, moral purity, social happiness and eternal welfare. Should you doubt my ability, I refer to the pawnshop, the police office, the hospital, lunatic asylum, jail and the gallows, whither so many of my customers have gone. The sight of them will satisfy you that I do what I promise.

JUDAS HEARTLESS.

"N. B.—I teach old and young to drink, and charge only for the materials. A few lessons are enough."—Christian Work.

ALCOHOL IN COOKING.

Its Use Has Been the Downfall of Many.

We wonder if we are to answer for all sins of thoughtlessness. If so, a large number of Christian people will find a long score against them, for tempting people who are trying to reform, or for creating an appetite for strong drink by using alcholic liquors in their cooking. Wine sances, brandy puddings and cider-flavored mince pies have been the stumbling block over which many a man, trying to reform, has fallen.

A young man who had been a hard drinker, and had been taken to his palatial home dead drunk many a time, desired to reform and make something of his life. He signed the pledge, and fought bravely to keep it.

One day he said to a friend: "I do not think I can remain at home and keep my pledge."

His friend asked why, and he replied: "I can make myself go past saloons, I can remain away from the club, but I must go to the dinner table at home, and there often I find wine sauces; and the very smell of them stirs up my old appetite so it seems as if I would go wild."

The mother was told her son's trials, and replied, as so many other women have: "Oh, it's all nonsense; a little wine or brandy in cooking can't hurt anyone; it's just an excuse."

We know other men who have given up strong drink who never dare taste of a mince pie or any kind of pudding away from home, for fear they might find some flavor of strong drink that would make it a hard fight for them to keep the pledge.

And yet women, when their attention is called to these facts, will say: "Men have no business to be so weak," and go on cooking with the recipes themselves, and keep recommending them to their neighbors, forgetting what the Bible says about making one of these little ones to offend.

If some voice or pen could only arouse these thoughtless women, and get them to banish wine, brandy and cider from their pantries, it would not only be a blessing to the men who are trying to reform, but would save so many others from forming an appetite for strong drink at their mother's table.—Golden Censer.

Asking Too Much.

A young couple were sitting together in a romantic spot with birds and flowers about them, when the following dialogue ensued:

"My dear, if the sacrifice of my life would please thee most gladly would I lay it down at thy feet!"

"Oh, sir, you are too kind! But it just reminds me that I wish you'd stop using tobacco."

"Can't think of that. It's a habit to which I am wedded."

"Very well, sir; this is the way you lay down your life for me; and as you are already wedded to tobacco, I'll take good care you are never wedded to me, as it would be bigamy."—National Temperance Advocate.

Company System in Norway.

The company system was introduced into Norway in 1871. During the first five years 20 companies were organized. Now there are 51, or one in nearly every town in Norway. In 1892 the sales by the companies of Norway show an increase of 1,383,987 quarts over the transactions for 1887.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—All plants, even in tropical countries, require a period of rest. Some repose in the rainy, others in the dry, and others again in the cold or in the hot season.

—At the latest long-distance test of horseless carriages near Paris the best time made was 25 miles an hour. The 105 miles were covered by a motor cycle in 4:13, against 55 competitors. A petroleum bicycle led the early part of the race.

—Edison once wished to test how soon a message by telegraph could go round the world. The dispatch was sent, and in 50 minutes it came back and was put into Mr. Edison's hands as he and his friends were still sitting at the table.

—The Empress of Japan, one of the Canadian Pacific railway steamships, has just completed the fastest trans-Pacific passage on record. She went from Vancouver to Yokohama in 11 days, and thence to Hong Kong in 18. This includes stops. An average speed of 17 knots was maintained.

—The New York Central railroad's $100,000,000 mortgage is being filed in compliance with the law in the county clerk's office in every county in which the road owns or leases lines. It is filed in the shape of a printed pamphlet, and a special messenger is going through the states to place it in the required offices.

—D. F. Cadenhead, of Carthage, Miss., had some squash vines and sunflower plants near to each other in his garden, and the squashes that have grown on the vines resemble solid sunflowers and are distinctly marked by sunflower seeds. The neighbors say that they are the result of a cross between the sunflower and the squash.

HISTORIC BOARD.

A Venerated Relic in Springfield, Ill.

Surrounding the courthouse in a county seat within 100 miles of Springfield, Ill., stood for many years a plain board fence. Before it finally disappeared to make way for "park" improvements it had been rebuilt at least twice. At each rebuilding, however, particular care was taken to leave a certain "top board" in exactly the position it had occupied before, not even a new nail hole being made in it.

A stranger, noticing one day this peculiarity in the fence, asked an old citizen, who was leaning against a locust-tree and whittling a stick, if there was any explanation.

"Did the county run out of money," he inquired, "when it had got this fence all finished except one board?"

"No, sir," replied the old citizen, putting his jackknife in his pocket, walking to the fence, and laying his hand on it in a most impressive manner. "This top board is wuth more'n all the rest of the fence put together, old and rotted as it is.

"Old Abe Lincoln made a speech in this court-house yard in 1856, and when he was through talkin' he saw an old farmer in the crowd that he used to know when he was a boy, an' he came down from the stand an' took that old fellee out to the fence an' talked over old times with him fur ten minutes or more, without payin' any attention to the big-bugs that was waitin' to take him off to dinner. And while he talked to him, sir, he rested his right foot on this yere top board. I seen him do it, an' so did 500 other men—an' that board hain't never been disturbed sence, an' hain't never goin' to be!"

Saying which, the old man walked back to his position against the locust-tree, took his knife from his pocket again and resumed his whittling.—Youth's Companion.

WASTING ELECTRICITY.

How It Is Done by the Motormen on Cars.

Carelessness on the part of the motorman is, according to recent investigations, the cause of a great waste of electrical force. This occurs at the starting and stopping. Sometimes the power is left on until after the brakes are set, at other times there are merely partial currents, but quite enough to foot up a considerable aggregate. In fact, it is estimated that as much as 20 per cent. of power may be lost in this way. So noticeable has this become that it has been found advisable to adopt a very simple device by means of which the lost current is, at least approximately, measured, and the amount thereof can be charged up against the unskillful or careless motorman. This device consists of a strip of alloy placed in a box prepared to receive it. The alloy is held against the wire by a weight attached to the lower end of the strip. It is supported by a short piece of German silver wire of such cross section as to be heated by the current which flows through it to operate the car. At a certain temperature the wire melts its way through the strip of alloy, thus allowing the strip and weight to descend. There is an automatic device to prevent injury to the recorder or the stoppage of the car in case the wire should melt under an abnormal current. The recorder is pushed into place, at the same moment closing the car circuit. To insure its use the arrangement is such that unless the recorder is in place the circuit is open, and the car will not start. A record is kept of the number of miles each man runs, and the number of inches of alloy melted during the run. This is returned at the end of a month and is posted up over against the man's name. It has been estimated that a considerable saving is effected by this means.—N. Y. Ledger.

What Mamma Said.

"Dick proposed to me last night."

"What did you tell him?"

"I said he had better ask mamma, and what do you think the wretch said?"

"Goodness knows!"

"He said he had asked her already, and she wouldn't have him."—Boston Beacon.

HINTS HERE AND THERE.

A Tip in Time Saves Worry and Waste —Utilizing Old Lace Curtains.

If women staying at seashore resorts will spend part of their time in collecting a variety of shells they may utilize them in the fall for a unique door drapery. Fasten the shells thickly on fish netting, then drape the netting over a door casing and let it hang down at the sides. The shell-trimmed netting also makes an attractive portiere by lining it with a light shade of sea green silk-finished material.

Green mosses gathered in the woods for winter use have a way of losing their color and turning brown as they become dry. If the moss is first well cleansed in clear water and then soaked a short time in water made almost black with bluing it will brighten in color when dried. Spread the wet moss upon papers or an old tray and let it dry in the air, but not where the sun will strike it.

One of the best cosmetics for bicycle riders or persons upon the water is fresh cucumber juice. This will aid in keeping the skin of the face soft and smooth. To extract the juice from a cucumber, first peel it, and then cut it into thick slices and press the juice out with a lemon squeezer. A simple and harmless remedy for sunburn is to bathe the face in buttermilk.

The suggestion of a last summer's camper to add a few sheets of the sticky fly paper to the outfit may be worth repeating. The paper, he says, proved a veritable boon in the woods, where gnats, flies, and mosquitoes were abundant. This flypaper has been known to catch flies, roaches, mice, and only recently accounts were seen of the entrapment of a rat on its gummy surface.

The washing of fine silk or lisle-thread hosiery should not be entrusted to the general laundress without some supervision. They should be washed quickly in warm salt water made rather soapy. No soap should be rubbed on the stockings. They are then thoroughly rinsed in several clear waters and dried on the back of a chair, or on a towel rack out of the sun. Put a thick towel over chair or rack first, as this absorbs the moisture while they are drying and prevents streaking. They should not be ironed, but pulled into shape when about dry. Many housekeepers have the wooden stocking forms to stretch such fine hosiery over as the final drying is accomplished.

The entrance hall of a bare-looking country house, which was one of the deserted farmhouses common nowadays, was made attractive last summer by an improvised dado of daisies. These grew in great profusion in the fields, and were arranged along each side of the hall in common red clay half tiles, in the bottom of which cheap pint basins had been fitted to hold the water. —Chicago Inter Ocean.

PRESENT FASHIONS.

Accessories for Summer Costumes—Waistbands, Collars, Lapels, Etc.

Among other accessories sold separately are ruches of snowy tulle, with which are made neck trimmings lighter and softer and more fluffy than ladt boas of ostrich feathers. But they are more fragile.

The tulle of which they are composed is in all colors—black, white, silver gray, mauve, pink, claret colored, China pink and Nile green, in every case powdered with white; but the shades best suited to the complexion are white, pale gray, or black powdered with white.

There are two ways of making up these ruches; sometimes they are made with roques, fixed upon No. 12 or 22 satin ribbon to match; sometimes they are fastened together with very fine silk so as to form a sort of tuyau, through which is passed a round piping of cotton covered with drab ribbon about 40 centimeters in length; then with a silk to match the tulle the puffs are attached every one or two centimeters apart, forming rosettes of five to ten centimetres, according as the ruche is required smaller or larger. Sometimes they are made slightly deeper and brought together so as to make the ruche fuller.

Very pretty ruches are made with No. 60 moire or taffeta ribbon, ruched in the center and edged with a very small frill or a narrow ruche of black or white mousseline de soie at the edge of a black ribbon. A pretty fashion in trimming tulle grenadine or barege dresses is to make a ruche of white, pink, pale green or turquoise satin ribbon, always using black mousseline de soie for the small ruche which borders it.

Some corsage fronts in black or white mousseline de soie I have seen trimmed with insertion or spangled braid, laid on flat among the tulle or muslin, as the case may be. The same thing can be done with black lace and spangled braid, collar and waistband of some bright colored moire, which can be tied behind in a baby knot and long ends, edged with a very tiny ruche of black mousseline de soie. They are also made with ribbons.

I have seen a black tulle blouse, with coarse meshes, on which are sewn two rows of cream guipure insertion of a very pretty pattern. The upper part, trimmed with small barrette of braid, is embroidered with black spangles and turquoises. The sleeves are of black tulle, without lining, showing the arm through. This blouse can be worn over black or any color desired.—Chicago Tribune.

Green Corn Omelet.

Six ears; cut half the kernel and scrape the rest; one-half cupful of sweet milk and a little water, two tablespoonfuls melted butter. Cook thoroughly; when cold put in the yolks of five eggs, season with salt and pepper to taste; lastly, add the whites, well beaten. Fry on a griddle in melted butter and lard, stirring from the bottom each time. When a light brown, turn half over. Serve hot, as you would cakes.—Ladies' World.

UNITED STATES OF AUSTRALIA.

Federation Now Waits Only for a Vote of the Antipodeans.

The Australian federation convention has adjourned until September, when, it is believed, the final steps will be taken toward uniting the Australian colonies in one government. The movement encounters obstacles not unlike those that were met with in 1787 in the formation of the federation of the United States. The convention to frame a constitution for the United States of Australia met on March 22 at Adelaide, and accomplished a large part of its task. What threatened to wreck its undertaking is the dispute as to the equal power of the smaller or less populous states in the senate. They insisted, for example, that the senate should have the power to amend money bills, as our senate does, while the larger states contended for the principle that the entire control of money bills should be in the house, as is the case in England. The large states, having most of the property and population of the proposed federation, think it right that the house, in which they have the larger number of representatives, should say how money is to be raised and spent.

Early in April, by a majority of two votes, the Australian convention decided that the senate should not possess the right to amend money bills, whereupon the delegates from west Australia withdrew. West Australia will not at present enter the federation unless its demand is conceded. It does not appear, however, that this secession will wreck the attempt at federation. It is arranged that the federation shall be inaugurated if a certain number of colonies favor it, and more than that number, represented at Adelaide, have declared the constitution carried. But one step more will be needed to complete the work. This will be the vote of the people. No further action on the part of the colonial legislatures is required, but as soon as a federal constitution is framed, it will be pronounced upon directly by the popular voice. Should three colonies favor it, "it goes." Newfoundland remains to this day—much to its hurt—outside the Dominion of Canada. Several colonies of Australasia will be outside when the federation there is first formed. But the new government will have so much more power and prestige than any single colony that the colonies now holding off will all, it is thought, soon see that it is to their advantage to enter the federation.

With Australasia compacted into a single government, there will remain only South Africa to consolidate. The problem there is made difficult by difference of race, but not more difficult than it was in Canada. The French in Canada were opposed to the English religion as well as race, but consolidation was effected there, and the queen now has no subjects more loyal than the French Canadians. The Dutch of the Transvaal differ from the more numerous English in South Africa in race, but not in religion. In Cape Colony and Natal they have fused with the English in politics, and in the Orange Free State the two races get along together perfectly well. In the Transvaal recent wars and the masterful spirit of President Krueger have kept alive, it is said, and stimulated expiring animosities. The unjustifiable Jameson raid arrested the movement toward perfect fusion, not only in the Transvaal, but also in the rest of South Africa. Cecil Rhodes had, to a large extent, united the Dutch with the English in favor of federation everywhere except in the Transvaal, when Dr. Jameson's indiscreet zeal "put the fat in the fire" for a time. But the conviction that South Africa must be unified still exists and gains converts. The logic of events is held to prove the necessity for it. Industrial prosperity cannot come to that region until the apprehension of war between the Transvaal and other states is removed by voluntary cooperation for the general welfare.—Chicago Chronicle.

Porcine Curiosity.

The ugly animal, the wart hog, is a rare curiosity in this part of the world, but in East Africa and Somaliland, when his foot is on its native heath, he is thought as worthy an object of the chase as is the good gray boar of India. Those who have hunted him with the spear say he gives as good a run, answers to the spear with a charge as reckless and fights as gamely when brought to bay as his relative the boar. Unlike other members of the pig family, the female is endowed with tusks as formidable as those of her mate. Regarded from an aesthetic point of view the wart hog is one of nature's least happy efforts, but he, at least, is a triumph in ugliness. His head surprisingly resembles that of the hippopotamus and the tusks are terrible weapons. The huge warty excrescences on the animal's face are a open question when it comes to their use or purpose. One fact sets the wart hog apart from its family—this beast alone of all swine makes its lair below ground.—Chicago News.

Had to Have a Rent Cottage.

She put her arms around his neck and looked up into his eyes. "Yes," she said, "I believe in love in a cottage. I know that I could find happiness there with you." "My darling!" he exclaimed, rapturously. "But," she persisted, earnestly, "you must not get it into your head that I am not an expert on cottages. You mustn't think you can palm off a cabin or a shanty on me and make me think it is a cottage. Many a dream of bliss is wrecked through a misunderstanding of the meaning of the word 'cottage.' When you have one that you would like to show me I will be glad to pass upon it. There must be room enough, you know, so that love won't be crowded on to the back steps every time one of us wants to turn around." As he stalked moodily away in the gloaming he realized that he could not play the flimflam game of love upon her.—Chicago Post.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS

—"I've just bought a flying machine." "Which make?" "1950."—Brooklyn Life.

—Castleton—"Here comes my tailor, old man." Clubberly—"Shall we walk across the street?" "No. Let's run."—Life.

—The First of the Season.—Ethel—"Why do you think you are his first love?" Penelope—"Because he got here only last night."—Judge.

—"I fear," said the tutor, "that you are not up on mathematics." "No," candidly confessed the scion of the plutocratic house, "I am down on 'em."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"A woman," remarked the observer of men and things, "is often a contradiction on the face of her; she can't possibly be as old and as innocent as she looks."—Ratio Journal.

—Helen (to herself)—"I have now been alone with Herr von Felsenstein half an hour and he has not yet robbed me one kiss. And yet he claims to be a descendant of the robber barons!"—Fliegende Blatter.

—Unsuccessful.—"I went in for amateur photography during my vacation," said the summer man. "There was no end of girls for subjects." "But how did you make out among the girls?" "Oh, I got a lot of negatives."—Philadelphia North American.

—A Lesson in Etiquette.—"I know," said the African chief, bitterly, "that your people will sooner or later grab my territory." "Don't use such harsh expressions," said the European diplomat, soothingly. "We may, some time, find it necessary to rectify our frontier, but don't talk of grabbing territory."—Puck.

The Russian Prince.

At one of the duke of Hamilton's dinners there was a Russian prince, whose name I forget, and who sat on the right hand of the duchess. At the close of the first course a servant brought round a plate on which were a dozen little square pieces of toast, with a delicate morsel, apparently of meat, upon each, which he elicited from the duchess to consist of the inside of a woodcock, and considered a great delicacy. Unconscious that the plate was to go round, he took it from the hands of the servant, placed it before him, and deliberately ate up the whole of it, saying that he found it excellent; but he ascertained that the delicate meat upon the toast was not termed in polite circles the "stomach," but was called the "trail." Whether that particular dish or any other disagreed with his digestion, I know not, but it happened that the same night, a little before midnight, the duke heard the footsteps of his guest walking up and down in the passage adjoining the rooms in which they both slept. The duke lit a candle, opened his door, and went up to his guest, and inquired whether he was suffering any pain, and the latter replied: "Yes, I have got a very bad pain in my 'trail.'"—Cornhill Magazine.

Curious Facts About the Toad.

The toad lives ten to forty years, does not begin to produce young until the fourth year, but then lays over 1,000 eggs a year. It has lived two years without food, but cannot live long under water. It never takes dead or motionless food. It takes its food by means of its tongue alone, and it operates this so rapidly that the eye cannot follow its motions. It captures and devours bees, wasps, yellow jackets, ants, beetles, worms, spiders, snails, bugs, grasshoppers, crickets, weevils, caterpillars, moths, etc. The stomach that doesn't flinch at yellow jackets, wasps, blister beetles and click-beetles or pinch bugs would seem to be prepared for anything in the insect line, and it doubtless is. In 24 hours the toad consumes enough food to fill its stomach four times. A single toad will in three months devour over 10,000 insects. If every ten of these would have done one cent damage the toad has saved ten dollars. Evidently the toad is a valuable friend to the farmer, gardener and fruit grower, and can be made especially useful in the greenhouse, garden and berry patch.—Galveston (Tex.) News.

There Was a Cellar to It.

Chicken Bill and Tabor were partners in numerous mining ventures in the mountains in the early days, before the governor became known to fame of a bonanza king; and each was in their several ways helping the other, says the Denver Times. After Tabor had struck it rich and had money to burn, Chicken Bill approached him with a scheme which he represented to be very promising and easily induced him to take some stock in it. Before long the fact developed that Tabor was a minority owner, associated with a number of shady fellows from whom his instinct told him fair play could not be expected. Thoroughly dissatisfied with the deal and incensed at the deception practiced upon him by a man he had so many times befriended, he sought him out and demanded an explanation. "I thought you told me I was on the ground floor in that transaction," angrily shouted Tabor. "Well, you were, Horace," replied Bill, with a characteristic grin. "You were in on the ground floor, just as I told you—but there was a cellar to it."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Diamonds in Sand.

An explorer in the mountains of Witzies Hoek, Natal, is said to have discovered a layer of sand inclosing small diamonds at the edge of a lake that occupies the crater of an extinct volcano. It is not known whether these diamonds were there as the result of washing operations carried on by the natives or whether the discovery corresponds to an actual diamond mine. The hills of Witzies Hoek are not situated in regions known to be diamond bearing. The presence of the gems in the crater of a volcano may throw some light on their formation in nature.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1897.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR STATE SENATOR:
ROBERT A. RAVENSCROFT.

FOR HOUSE OF DELEGATES:
GEORGE W. MOON.
WILLIAM H. JACOBS.

FOR SHERIFF:
W. PERRY LEE.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER:
MAHLON GLOTFELTY.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS:
EPHRAIM W. KELSO.
JOHN T. GEARY.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR:
FRANKLIN P. GREEN.

WHY should anybody care to vex the country and keep the Democracy divided by further insistence on a doctrine that is as useless now, for any political or other purpose, as a last year's bird's nest? Especially why should an ambitious leader like Mr. Bryan fail to see that further insistence upon twaddle so completely negative by experience will only be a needless sacrifice of his own career.

Republican State Convention.

In order to harmonize personal and factional differences over the Mayoralty contest in Baltimore city, the Republican State Convention, which met at Ocean City on Thursday last, after orginazation adopted the report of the committee on credentials which declared the primary elections of Baltimore city void for irregularity, and ordered that new primary elections be held under strict rules and regulations, which were specifically set forth in the report of the committee. The convention then adjourned without nominating a candidate for Comptroller and a candidate for Clerk of the Court of Appeals and without passing resolutions, to meet in Raine's Hall in Baltimore on Wednesday, the 15th day of September, when it will proceed to complete its work.

Boom Times in Kansas.

Kansas is one of the most interesting of the sisterhood of States. It always commands attention if not admiration. It is always alive—and often kicking. Nothing is raised by halves out there, whether it be cyclones or calamity, whiskers or wheat. Just now it is pleased to be worthy of its pseudonym, and, like a big sunflower, is nodding and bending in the breezes of prosperity, which is blowing in a steady gale from the Western prairies. It is marketing a tremendous wheat crop at the best average price for ten years and it wants the world to know of its good fortune. In three counties alone in the southeastern part of the State the yield is estimated at more than ten million dollars. The benefits are not confined to the farmer. Everybody is sharing them. A banker writes: "This will be the best year for business that Kansas has had for ten years." This will no doubt be the experience of other States, but the latter have less cause for congratulation than Kansas, because while the States east of the Mississippi have had their hard times, they did not have in addition the crop of cranks to contend with, which temporarily transformed the Sunflower State into a bleeding heart.

The Free Silver Folly.

The supposition that suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, after the adoption of the Chicago platform the great bulk of the Democrats in the United States changed their minds and became believers in the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, and mob rule, is not a reasonable supposition. The supposition that the 6,500,000 voters—Democrats, Republicans and Populists—who voted for Bryan were all converts to the propositions laid down in the Chicago platform is equally untenable. Thousands of Democrats unwillingly supported Bryan solely on account of regularity. The silver Republicans preferred Bryan solely because of their belief in free silver coinage as a paramount issue. The Populists supported him because he was a Populist and had voted with that party, and because his platform was a Populist deliverance. It would be little short of a political miracle if these jarring and incongruous aggregations should ever again be brought to act together. The Populist leaders, who have been invited to a barren feast so far as the spoils are concerned, are already breaking away. The silver Republicans come trooping back to the Protectionists corral. There are interior evidences that it is futile to hope to ever rally a united Democracy in support of a 53-cent dollar. The enemies of Democracy would like to fasten upon the party the Free Silver heresy as a permanent part of its creed; but the effort is a fore-doomed failure.

The question of ratios, as Mr. Jefferson observed, is a mercantile problem. It is a matter to be settled in the markets, and it seems to be rapidly approaching a solution. The politicians who fool with it will only get their fingers burned.

Democracy's Bad Year.

Things are going against the Democracy everywhere this year. Luck, nature, business conditions and the forecasts of the prophets are all to discredit and confound it. The grasshoppers have gone back on it by permitting the western crops to mature without destruction. The chinch-bug, the wheat weevil, the army worm and even the old reliable potato bug are pursuing an undemocratic policy of masterly inactivity.

The party of calamity, disorder and free rum has encountered its most cruel humiliation, however, in Fayette county, Ohio. The Democrats out there called a county convention to denounce Republican prosperity, glorify free coinage, exalt the silver goat of Bryanism and boom the young jobborwock of Nebraska as the true ideal of American statesmanship. But the convention didn't take place. The delegates failed to appear, and subsequent inquiry showed that the farmers of the county were so busily engaged in gathering their big crops of high priced wheat that they had no time for politics. The convention was therefore postponed to September 4th.

Evidently the harvest fields have conspired against the calamityites. They have stifled the voice of the croaker, silenced the deep-lunged yawp of the cheap-money demagogue and hit the Popocratic idol squarely between the eyes with the crushing fact of rising values on an honest dollar basis. It is a bad year for the poor old Democracy. Prosperity, flowing from the inexorable operation of natural laws, has added the final humiliation to the party of free trade.

ELDER SMITH.

Oh, Elder Smith has come to my house,
Hear him, Lord, he's prayin':
De lil pickaninny's still as a mouse,
Hear him, Lord, he's prayin':
Oh my wife, she holler out loud;
"O Lord, hear what he's sayin'!"
Den Elder Smith feel mighty proud;
"It's me, O Lord, dat's prayin'?"
CHORUS—
Yes, it's me—Oh, it's me!
Yes, it's me, O Lord, dat's prayin'!
I prays all day in de good old way,
My soul in sin's quit stayin'.

Oh, Elder Smith's a mighty good man—
Hear him, Lord, he's prayin'!
Sinners feel good when dey take his han'—
Hear him, Lord, he's prayin'!
"Use walkin' now wid saints on high—
Hear me, Lord, it's me dat's prayin';
Sen' me wings, for I wants to fly,
Whar de saints and all a flyin'."
CHORUS—
Yes, it's me! Oh, it's me!
Yes, it's me, O Lord, dat's prayin';
Sen' me de wings an' de golden things,
My soul in sin's quit stayin'.

There's a place ol' nigger has no home—
Elder Smith went off a flyin';
My wife's gone with him to room,
Lil pickaninny's still a cryin':
"I want mammy, bring me mammy!"
Hear de lil boy what he's sayin'
O, good Lord, it's just pore Sammy,
Elder Smith's no longer prayin'.
CHORUS—
Jus' a lil boy, a pore lil boy,
A cryin' to de Lord for mammy,
Oh, he cry all day, an' he cry dat way—
Will de good Lord hear pore Sammy?

—THE TRAMP.

View Rock, Md., Aug. 18, 1897

Twenty Years....

For more than twenty years we have been telling how Scott's Emulsion overcomes the excessive waste of the system, puts on flesh, nourishes and builds up the body, making it the remedy for all wasting diseases of adults and children, but it isn't possible for us to tell the story in a mere stickful of newspaper type.

We have had prepared for us by a physician a little book, telling in easy words how and why Scott's Emulsion benefits, and a postal card request will be enough to have it sent to you free. To-day would be a good time to send for it.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

SOME RAMBLING THOUGHTS.

BY "NEMO."

Copyrighted by Dawe & Tabor.]

TO YOUNG MEN IN LOVE (4th article)—As pants the hunted hart for the water brooks, so do the souls of some of you yearn to hear the uniting ceremony. Often you feel as though there were nothing good in the world, if complete knowledge of your beloved is denied you. Be careful, or grasping, selfish passion will besmirch your present joyous journey, and you will be like some gluttonous youth stuffing himself with unwholesome eatables, indifferent to the beauty and history of the scenery as he passes it.

***

I have already told you that love and the quality on which love is often based—respect—cannot live if only sustained by passion. The passion indeed may last long, but it will scorch and burn and destroy all the sweet refinement that, if not precious in your eyes, is at least very dear to her whom you have chosen. Now I intend to carry you forward one startling step and tell you that love can ennoble and strengthen one life, or both, though passion be forever denied. What we call the lower element of our natures cannot be grand except by the higher qualities mingean live and last and grow, though the lower be shut out altogether. I tell you this and I confirm it by pages from lives that have been laid open before me; for I want you to have a new sense of what love can do and has done for our race. I tell you this, because love, in its highest form of devotion to an ideal, is capable of entering your bursting heart, no matter how obscure you are, and making of you a new creature, with a clean life, pure thought and good purposes.

***

AN IDEAL.

Something to live for!
Something that stretches far beyond
The earthly limits of each fancy fond;
Something that draws us by pure loviiness,
And ever seems more fair as on we press,
So drawing nearer—thinking to attain—
We see it still afar, losing gain
More from the added zeal we needs must show
To win our prize, and ever higher go!
As some strong traveler through a desert wild,
Sees snowy summits up to heaven piled
And misty mountains still but dim outlined:
And though as nearer yet his way he wends
Fresh beauty to his soul the prospect lends
Of rosy shadows flitting o'er the snow,
And peaks with golden coronets that glow:
Or plant his conquering banner where he hopes.
But by high striving towards a lofty end,
With eyes that ever on pure summits bend,
Through seeming failure claims self-victory,
And ne'er attaining, wins eternally.

***

I see almost daily a man, who though separated by an ocean from the woman who knows his love and feels love in return, is held by her gentle influence and her high views of life, just as firmly as though he were by her side. Saddest of all—but why saddest?—most beautiful of all in this instance is the fact that, increasing bodily weakness is gradually bringing her to a bed of life-long suffering. What does he gain from her? Physical pleasure? No—such a thought is remotest from his mind. But the purpose to live a life that would please her, to gain a reputation that would rejoice her, to carve a career that shall embody her goodness and nobility—these things he gains and he is content.

There has been given me from the lips of a magnificent man, a man of keenness and strength, his own story, while we were talking of such things. After his second child was born, his wife was greviously afflicted. For ten years and more he has been just as you are in relation to your beloved. Depression is foreign to him. Life is one continuous courtship, and as middle age creeps on he grows more and more into the habit of showing little delicate attentions that are precious to her aching heart, and vocal of his faithful devotion. What is he gaining? Honor among men, reputation for probity.

I could bring many more cases to illustrate various points of my argument, because I often receive confidences in relation to such matters; but I must deny myself the space.

***

Love will find an outlet. As the sap moves within the tree forcing it into foliage, so true love is bound to display itself. If kept from degradation, it will swell up your heart with goodwill towards the world, your world, and the hopless misery of its sweltering crowds. No man can have lofty love for a woman without making the world better. Love is the key to the enigma of our relations to our fellows. It breaks down selfishness and releases gentlemen, kindness, pity. The spiritual faculties under the stimulus of the softer sex, show forth in thoughtfulness, and the physical powers run more naturally to deeds of good. Your beloved has shown you your incompleteness without her and much more can she show you of duty to the world and its need of love actively worked into its mass. Show me any man, Catholic, Protestant or Agnostic, who is trying to better his day; back somewhere in his heart will be found the image of a woman to nerve him. She may be of flesh and blood or she may be the immaculate one whom so many millions venerate; in either case his best nature is set free and he becomes for the dear woman he loves, in very truth her warrior out in the world, keeping stainless the trusts she reposes in him.

***

If any suggestion in these articles have seemed unpractical regarding your future life with the woman you love do not condemn me because I differ with you. It is just possible that wide experience enables me to see a little further than you. I will leave the subject in this way. Select in your neighborhood a thoughtful, kindly, man whose home seems to be his heart's treasure and ask for his answer to the question I have placed before you: "How shall the joy, the spirit of sacrifice, the stimulus to effort that is found in courtship be continued after marriage?" The question is worthy of an answer, as you are at present full of happiness and to think of any other condition gives a sinking sensation. His answer—because human nature in its broad details is much the same everywhere—will practically confirm these articles. But being delivered by a living voice, he may have more power to convince you. I shall be content, for I have made you think a little more deeply than before of a subject supremely interesting to you, and it has been done in a way that seldom appears in print and is rarely spoken of. The reason of the latter silence is that the man who is happy in his affection has a natural fear of derision should he praise the glories of love in the presence of those who gloat only over its shame. A prosperous journey to all.

A Pleasant Summer Home.

One day last week the editor of THE REPUBLICAN went on a business trip to Eglon and surrounding country. The farms between Oakland and Eglon show the thrifty work of their owners and on all sides the hum of harvesting machinery and threshers were heard. At Eglon we partook of dinner at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Bush, who own one of the prettiest places one would desire to see. All the buildings are kept well painted, the lawns are beautiful and a day or week could be pleasantly spent in roaming about the farm. The following, composed by one of the guests of the genial host and hostess, was handed us, with the request that it be published, which we take pleasure in doing:

In all the charming summer resorts thro' which we may roam,
Our thoughts are ever turning to our dear "Mountain Home."
Our hearts fill with rapture whenever we are there,
The air is truly clearer than is met with elsewhere.
CHORUS—
Home, home, Mountain Home,
There's no place like Eglon, our West Virginia Home.

We wander from its shelter, but still our memories turn,
And thoughts of its pleasure will oft time return,
The woods thro' whose branches the winds always blew,
The drives to Cheat River, Roth's Rock and Fairview for Horseback.
CHORUS—

The spring, whose crystal waters our thirsts always allay,
The plenies and the watermelons eaten by the way,
The harvest and the threshing, with shouts from the hay rides,
The bonfires and the corn roasts upon the mountain sides.
CHORUS—

Lewis Bush, our genial host, to old and young so dear,
Our pleasant, smiling hostess with never failing cheer,
The dancing in the evenings, the fishing in the streams,
The walks and talks and moonlight rides—with these our memory teems.
CHORUS—

North Glade.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas K. Harvey and Miss Emily, of Ryan's Glade, were guests of Elijah Moon and C. S. Harvey last Friday and Saturday.

Potato crop will be light this year, but they will doubtless command a much better price than they have for a long time.

We are glad to see better times again. Even a lamb or a calf will bring about double what they would a year ago.

For more than four years we have had to endure and suffer in common with our Democratic friends, under a Democratic administration; now we invite and welcome them to better times under Republican rule. We are also glad to welcome so many of them to the rank and file of the Republican party.

The Republican ticket of Garrett county will command the respect and will doubtless receive the support of the entire party, and we believe will be further augmented by many Democratic votes.

With wheat selling at more than $1 per bushel in New York markets, where it was worth only 65 cents a year ago, those tables which attempted to show that wheat and silver keep pace as to their relative value seem rather absurd now. Especially is this the case when it is remembered that silver was worth 65 cents an ounce in New York on August 1st of last year, and is now worth 58 cents one year later.

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

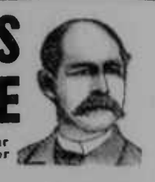

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

For sale by

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

STATE OF MARYLAND,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
ANNAPOLIS, August 28, 1897.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Notice is hereby given that application has been made to His Excellency Lloyd Lowndes, Governor of Maryland, for the pardon of John McMullen, who was convicted at the September term, 18 , of the Circuit Court for Garrett County, of breaking into an out house with intention of stealing, and sentenced to be confined in the Maryland Penitentiary for two years.

The Governor will take up the said case for final decision on or after Monday, the 6th day of September, until which time protests against such pardon will be heard, and the papers filed open to inspection, at the discretion of the Governor.

By order of the Governor,
RICHARD DALLAM,
Secretary of State.

26-2

THE IMPORTED

French Coach Stallion

recently purchased by the

Accident Horse Improvement Company

IS NOW READY FOR SERVICE AT THE KEEPER'S STABLE, NEAR ACCIDENT.

INSURANCE, - $15.00

Anyone parting with a mare after bred forfeits the insurance money. Insurance due as soon as mare is known to be in foal.

NOAH PYSELL,
Keeper.

23-3t*

CONTINGENT FUND, 1896.

DISBURSEMENTS.

J. O. Michael, district assessor	No. 7	$	271.78
G. R. Harvey, "	" No. 10		95.31
A. W. Savage, "	" No. 6		83.00
James Teltz, "	" No. 8		131.29
Garfield Wilson, "	" No. 2		155.92
C. J. Breneman, "	" No. 12		85.57
J. H. Gregg, "	" No. 11		140.75
Geo. L. Michaels, "	" No. 4		111.49
E. Klinefilter, "	" No. 1		100.00
A. G. Sturgiss, election supplies			231.61
Joseph Liebmann, mortgage tax book			16.00
E. H. Sincell, fees and counsel for assessors			124.50
J. O. Michaels, assisting gen'l assessors			43.25
I. W. Abernathy, meals, board control and review			52.00
Ira E. Friend, same			52.00
Thomas H. Luxman,			50.00
S. Lawton, clerk to Board of Control and Review			104.00
J. S. Meyers, same			52.00
J. S. Meyers, postage stamps			1.75
J. S. Meyers, postal cards and freight			1.72
T. H. Luxman, meals, Board of Control			104.00
I. W. Abernathy, same			16.00
Ira E. Friend, same			16.00
S. Lawton, clerk to same			104.00
E. H. Bartlett, stamped envelopes for treasurer			120.00
Discounts allowed			792.54
Insolvencies approved			156.12
Amount in hand as per levy			1,259.49
Total			$7,304.15

RECEIPTS.

Levy	$4,206.38
J. Mackin, bon	17.05
E. A. Kilbourn, "	7.50
Austin Brown, sheriff, fines collected	7.00
" " "	5.41
B. F. Crane, J. P., fines	7.50
L. E. Like " "	2.50
S. E. Boyer " "	8.00
Austin Brown, sheriff	7.11
Total	$4,704.15

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that on the 1st day of October, 1897, at the office of the Preston Lumber and Coal company, in the town of Oakland, Md., at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. books will be opened to receive subscriptions to the Capital Stock of the Preston Railroad Co., in accordance with Section 156 of Article 23 of the Public General Laws of Maryland.

WILLIAM R. BUTLER,
ROLLIN P. CRELLIN,
HARRY J. FRIEND,
GEORGE W. FLEMING,
JAMES C. PEDDICORD,
Incorporators.

21-4t

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS OF
GARRETT COUNTY.
OAKLAND, MD., August 31, 1897.

The last examination of the year will be held at Accident Tuesday and Wednesday, September 7th and 8th.

All persons not licensed and expecting to teach must attend this examination.

E. G. PAGMER,
Secretary and Examiner.

25-4

ORDER NISI.

Robert R. Henderson vs. Richard Larne and Alice Larne.

No. 859 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered, this 16th day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Robert R. Henderson, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 17th day of September, 1897, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 17th day of September, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $253.1.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 25-3

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE
COUNTY COMMISSIONERS FOR GARRETT CO.,
OAKLAND, MD., AUGUST 26, 1897.

Notice is hereby given that the regular meeting of the County Commissioners for Garrett county will be held in the Court House in Oakland on

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1897,

for the transaction of any business that may regularly come before them.

By order of the Board,
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

Proclamation

WHEREAS, at the January session in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six of the General Assembly of Maryland a bill was passed proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the State by adding an additional section to Article fifteen thereof, to be known as Section eleven of said Article, which said bill and amendment are in the words following, to-wit:

CHAPTER 459.

AN ACT to amend the Constitution of the State by adding an additional Section to Article fifteen thereof, to be known as Section eleven of said Article.

SECTION 1. BE IT ENACTED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF MARYLAND (three-fifths of all the members of the House concurring), That the following additional section be, and the same hereby is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of this State; and, if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as herein provided, it shall stand and be known as Section eleven of Article fifteen of said Constitution:

11. Appointments in the civil service of the State, in the municipalities and counties of the State, shall be made according to merit and fitness, to be ascertained so far as practicable by examination, which shall be competitive, except appointments which are subject to confirmation by the Senate, and the General Assembly shall pass all such laws as may be necessary more fully to carry into effect the provisions of this section.

SECTION 2. AND BE IT FURTHER ENACTED BY THE AUTHORITY AFORESAID, That the foregoing section, hereby proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of this State shall be, at the next general election held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection, in pursuance of the directions contained in Article fourteen of the Constitution of this State, and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the Constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot used at said election shall be printed, after the lists of candidates, the question concerning the adoption or rejection of said proposed constitutional amendment, so that each voter at such election can designate thereon in the manner prescribed by law, whether his vote is "For the Constitutional Amendment," or "Against the Constitutional Amendment," as he shall elect, and immediately after said election due return shall be made to the Governor of the State of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by said fourteenth article of the Constitution.

Approved April 6th, 1896.

NOW THEREFORE, I, LLOYD LOWNDES, Governor of the State of Maryland, in pursuance of the provisions of Section one of Article fourteen of the Constitution of the State, do hereby order and direct that a copy of said bill proposing said constitutional amendment be published in at least two newspapers in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one may be published, then in that newspaper, and in three newspapers in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in the German language, once a week for at least three months preceding the next ensuing general election (which said general election will be held on Tuesday, the Second day of November, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven), at which election the said proposed amendment shall be submitted, in the form and manner prescribed by the General Assembly, to the qualified voters of the State for adoption or rejection.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of Maryland.

Done at the City of Annapolis on the first day of July in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.

THE GREAT SEAL OF MARYLAND.

LLOYD LOWNDES,
Governor of Maryland.

By order of the Governor:
RICHARD DALLAM,
21-14t Secretary of State.

ORDER NISI.

Archibald C. Biggs, Committee, vs. Jane Biggs.

No. 855 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 16th day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by James C. Peddicord, trustee, be ratified and confirmed unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 16th day of September, 18 7; provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 16th day of September, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $450.01.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

County fairs will soon be ripe.

Flour is now rising without the aid of yeast.

The oyster will soon be back in the stew again.

Many a fellow makes a big front without much backing

The expression "as good as wheat" has the right ring now.

The grass never looked prettier at this season of the year.

Court boarders wanted, 50c per day; New Glades. E. S. Slabach. 26-2

Prof. Ed. A. Browning, of Cumberland, is in Oakland on a visit to relatives.

Messrs. Merritt Wilson and W. Perry Lee were in Oakland Monday afternoon.

Mr. Eli McMillan, of Accident, was in Oakland a few hours last Saturday on business.

Special low prices on Phaetons, two and three seated Spring Wagons at Naylor's. 24-3t*

Miss Conny Chipman, of Washington, is in Oakland visiting her cousins, the Misses Grant.

Mr. John Shartzer made a business trip to Martinsburg, W. Va., last Monday morning.

Mr. George W. Collins, of Mineral Springs, was in Oakland last Friday evening on business.

Mr. Thomas R. McRobie, of near Swanton, was in Oakland Tuesday morning for a few hours.

For rent, a nine room house with good cellar, on south end Second St. Inquire at this office. 25-tf

Wanted, court boarders at 50cts. per day. Mrs. E. P. Russell, cor., 1st and Water streets, Oakland. 25-3t.

Mr. Wesley Thomas and Mrs. Annie Maycroft, of North English, Iowa, are visiting relatives in Grrrett county.

You should see Naylor's big stock of Buggies, Surreys, Daytons, and will sell cheap and on good terms.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram M. Frazee, of Selbysport, were Oakland visitors Monday and Tuesday of this week.

Sheriff Austin Brown has rented the old Commercial hotel and will occupy it at the expiration of his term of office.

Miss Nina Ravenscraft, of Confluence, Pa., is here on a visit to her grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Ravenscraft.

The German Baptist congregation will hold services in Sturgiss' Hall, Oakland, on Sunday, Sept. 5th, at 3 o'clock p. m.

Mr. S. E. Bolden who was engaged for some weeks at his trade in Meyersdale, Pa., returned to Oakand last Saturday evening.

Miss Eva Tasker, of Washington, D. C., who spent a few weeks here as the guest of Miss Susie Legge, returned to her home last Tuesday.

This is the season of the year that people take their dinner to the woods and eat it among the snakes, bugs and worms. They call it a picnic.

A singing contest will be held at Cranesville, W. Va., on Sunday, Sept. 19th, between the classes at Sang Run, Hoyes and White Oak Springs.

Miss Grace Wineow, of Cumberland, returned to her home Tuesday morning after a week's pleasant visit to the Misses Michael in Oakland.

Mrs. George Erving, of Baltimore, who spent the summer here with Mrs. E. J. M. Button and daughter, returned to her home yesterday.

Mrs. W. R. Mealy and children have gone to Pennsylvania, where they will visit friends and relatives four or five weeks before returning to Oakland.

Mr. T. C. Claget will go down to the thriving town of Friendsville today for the purpose of securing a site for a blacksmith shop in that place.

County Examiner Palmer advertises in this issue the last examination of teachers which will be held in Accident on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

Mrs. Rebecca Firestone, of Frederick City, who spent a few weeks in Oakland visiting friends, went to Terra Alta this morning to visit the Misses Adair.

Jerry Browning, who has been engaged in Baltimore for several months past in the capacity of a street railway conductor, is home on a visit of two or three weeks.

Mr. Hiram P. Tasker, who has been here a week or two, returned to Cumberland Tuesday morning last. Mr. Tasker expects to locate permanently in Oakland in a short time.

Don't nauseate your stomach with teas and bitter herbs, but regulate your liver and sick headache by using those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

Mr. E. K. Keck, manager of the Preston Store company at Crellin, has rented the Bradford house on Oak street and is having it furnished preparatory to moving into it.

Rev. A. Hourighans and family, of Washington, D. C., came down from New Germany Tuesday and left yesterday for their home, Washington, D. C. They were the guests of Hon. Christopher J. Otto for several weeks.—Frostburg Journal.

Burning, itching skin diseases instantly relieved by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, unequalled for cuts, bruises, burns. It heals without leaving a scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

Miss Tillie Litzinger, of Grafton, after spending a week with her brother, Mr. James M. Litzinger, and other relatives in Oakland, returned to her home Tuesday morning.

Ex-County Commissioner Jacob Fresh, of New Germany, paid Oakland a hurried visit on Tuesday, returning to Lonaconing the same day where his brother Henry is very ill.

"They don't make much fuss about it." We are speaking of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous Little pills for constipation, billiousness, and all stomach and liver troubles. They never gripe. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Perry W. Rock went to Sherwood, Ohio, to remain a week or ten days visiting his parents. When he returns he will be accompanied by his wife and daughter who have been in Ohio several weeks visiting relatives.

Chester Shaffer, son of the late Martin L. Shaffer, of Tunnelton, W. Va., was drowned in Seneca Lake, N. Y., on last Saturday afternoon. The body was not recovered until Sunday. The funeral took place at Kingwood.

It heals everything except a broken heart, may be said of DeWitt Witch Hazel Salve. Piles and rectal diseases, cuts, burns, bruises, tetter, eczema and all skin troubles may be cured by it quickly and permanently. Oakland Pharmacy.

Attorney Geo. M. Price, of Charleston, West Va., the representative of West Virginia in the boundary line survey, came in from the camp yesterday and went to his home last night.

Vim, vigor and victory:—these are the charistics of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, billiousness and all stomach and liver troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

We have a most interesting and lengthy article from one of Garrett county's brightest schoolmasters which came too late for publication in this issue. The article contains some wholesome advice to the teacher. It will be published in a later issue.

"I crave but One Minute," said the public speaker in a husky voice; and then he took a dose of One Minute Cough Cure, and proceeded with his oratory. One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled for the throat and lungs. Oakland Pharmacy.

The Mountain Lake Park Association authorized Dr. Davidson to expend $3,200 in preparing a program for the next Chautauqua. One thousand dollars will be expended in improving the base ball grounds. The auditorium will be enlarged.

There is a time for everything; and the time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait until you have consumption but prevent it by using One Minute Cough Cure, the great remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

The West Virginia Lumber Company, located about two and one-half miles below Rowlesburg, on "Winding Cheat," last week started the immense saw mill to running. About eighty men are now employed and this number will be increased right along.

John Griffin, of Zanesville, O., says: "I never lived a day for thirty years without suffering agony, until a box of Witch Hazel Salve cured my piles." For piles and rectal troubles, cuts, bruises, sprains, eczema and all skin troubles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. Oakland Pharmacy.

The city authorities have laid a new and substantial sixteen-foot board walk along the front of the Shartzer buildings on Second street. This improvement was not made before it was absolutely necessary.

Mr. L. Stoddard and family and Mr. O. W. Stull will leave Oakland to-night for Stoddartsville, Pa., where they will visit relatives a few weeks. Mr. Stull will resume his studies this fall in New York. Mr. Stoddard and family will reside permanently in Philadelphia.

Mr. Amandus Hawk, of Morgantown, W. Va., was in Oakland a few days last week. Mr. Hawk was at one time a resident of Loch Lynn where he conducted a boarding house. He is engaged in the same business at Morgantown and reports business good.

A district Sunday school convention will be held at McHenry on Saturday and Sunday. An interesting and instructive program has been prepared by Mr. George E. Bishoff, president of the county union. All are invited to attend the meetings as a profitable as well as enjoyable time is anticipated.

"My boy came home from school one day with his hand badly lacerated and bleeding, and suffering great pain," says Mr. E. J. Schall, with Meyer Bros.' Drug Co., St. Louis Mo. "I dressed the wound, and applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm freely. All pain ceased, and in a remarkably short time it healed without leaving a scar. For wounds, sprains, swellings and rheumatism I know of no medicine or prescription equal to it. I conider it a household necessity." The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

It is never safe to ride a wheel during a storm. The safest plan is to dismount, and laying the machine flat, to stand some distance off until the lightning has ceased. Lightning is more apt to strike a cyclist while on his wheel than a man under a tree. At best the rubber tires only partly insulate the wheel. If wet the water allows the electric current to run over the tire. The metal of the frame and the handle bar attract electric currents and the whole wheel, in short, is a good conductor.

Richard M. Semmes, son of Mr. R. T. Semmes of the Cumberland bar, has started for the Klondike gold fields. He goes in the interest of a St. Louis syndicate, and will stake claims for them and manage their affairs in the land of ice and nuggets.

Mr. Chas. H. Lantz, the "Reliable" tuner and repairer of pianos and organs, has been quite a frequent visitor to Oakland this season—no doubt it means a growing patronage. That's right, Charlie, keep up your good work and you will succeed without fail. He has been coming here over four years, and each visit his former work recommends him new patrons. He solicits a trial to convince you of his claims. All patrons speak of him in the highest of praise. He is here quite often and gives information cheerfully. Leave orders here.

Messrs. William Brown and Chas. A. Ashby, of the boundary line surveying corps, came to Oakland Sunday afternoon from the camp to remain a few hours. The location of the camp has been changed from near Fairfax stone to a point a few miles south of Horse Shoe Run. Brown says he killed a rattlesnake which measured sixteen feet and had sixteen rattles, eight cow bells and a plow point on for a button. He certainly must have been drinking some of Preston county's old mountain dew.

Mrs. Elizabeth Phoebe Key Howard, only surviving daughter of Francis Scott Key, author of the song "The Star-Spangled Banner," is seriously ill at her summer residence in Oakland. She is nearly ninety-four years of age and suffered a stroke of paralysis Saturday night last. She was the oldest daughter of Francis Key and Mary Taloe Lloyd. She was born at Georgetown, D. C. Her husband died in Oakland in 1869.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

There is a municipal law against throwing paper, trash or refuse of any kind into the streets and alleys of Oakland. This law is a very good one and should be rigidily enforced by the authorities. Aside from making everything look unsightly it is a dangerous practice. It breeds disease; it causes horses to scare by blowing about the streets and it clogs up the mouths of the sewers. This law is broken every day but if it were enforced a few times our streets would look much better and probably fewer frightened horses would be the result.

Newspaper men who run a job office in connection with their paper, have been having a pretty difficult time in competing with the government in printing envelopes. Business men who have been in the habit of using government stamped envelopes will note the fact that so soon as the present contract for printing runs out you can get envelopes printed at your home office only, as the government will no longer stay in the business of printing return cards on envelopes. Also by a recent ruling, your letters will be held thirty days unless you have printed on the envelope the time you wish it held.—Ex.

A number of pieces of counterfeit money have been circulated recently about Terra Alta and vicinity which has led the secret service officers to believe that a gang of counterfeiters were at work in that community. Three of the officers arrived there one day last week and went to work quietly to run down the scoundrels. Last Friday two of them were arrested, they being a man named Collins and another named Joseph F. Sisler, a prominent contractor of Preston county. The officers left Sisler in charge of a citizen and then went to make other arrests. After they had gone Sisler made his escape and has so far succeeded in eluding the officers. Collins was taken to the Kingwood jail. There are a dozen or more in the gang, some of them being among the best people of Preston county.

A Jail Delivery Nipped.

Yesterday at noon Deputy Sheriff William Brown had occasion to go into the jail proper and caught a number of the prisoners engaged in cutting the bars at one of the west windows. The tool used for the purpose was procured from one of the iron cots in use in the jail and was fashioned into a chisel. With this instrument nearly all the bars had been cut and no doubt the prisoners would have been free in a few minutes longer had it not been for the timely arrival of Mr. Brown. He at once ordered every man to the cells. All went except Flynn, the largest and surliest of the number, and he had to be forced to his cell at the point of a revolver. The prisoners were all put on a bread and water diet and they will receive nothing but the above until they promise better behavior.

A YOUNG MAN SUICIDES.

He Was in Love With a Former Garrett County Maiden.

HER PARENTS STRONGLY OBJECTED

Which Made Him Feel, he said, as Though he Would Lose his Mind. A Bullet Ends All His Troubles.

George R. Gabbart, a bricklayer and contractor, aged twenty-seven years, shot himself through the heart in his room at the Randolph hotel at Elkins, West Va., shortly after noon on Monday of this week. The door of the room was forced open immediately after the shot was heard but the young man breathed his last before medical aid could reach him.

He was engaged to be married to Miss Grace Riley, daughter of ex-Sheriff John H. Riley, of Garrett county, who removed to Elkins from Oakland a few years ago. Miss Riley is a beautiful and accomplished young lady. Gabbart's suit for her hand was not favorably received by her parents, who forbade him the house. Up to a few weeks ago he was a boarder with Mr. Riley, but when the relations existing between his daughter and Gabbart were communicated to him he at once told Gabbart to leave the premises, which he did and took rooms at the hotel above mentioned.

Shortly after this occurred Miss Riley come to Oakland to visit friends for a few days, returning to her home last Wednesday. Whilst here Gabbart made her a visit and an agreement was made between them to meet at a given point on the Saturday evening following. Miss Riley's parents became aware of this arrangement and stopped it by sending her to Alabama, where she is to become a student in a boarding school.

On Monday Gabbart bought a revolver at a hardware store and then repaired to his room. He wrote several letters, among them being one to his father and another to Miss Riley. In the letter to his father Gabbart gave directions about work he had on hand and declared that he believed he would lose his mind worrying over his love affair. He gave explicit directions concerning his funeral and closed by bidding him an affectionate farewell.

He was a young man of exemplary character and was most successful in his business.

The affair is very sad and the sympathy elicited here for Miss Riley is marked, as she is a general favorite with the people of Oakland.

Call for Your Letters.

Allen Pangh, Charles Korn, jr., J. D. Davis, Daniel Harper, J. W. Smith, William Smith, C. Jones, Miss Annie Norriss.

Gone to the Klondike.

Messrs. Allen Abernathy, John Warnick and William Barnard, of Walnut Bottom, this county, are credited with having started for the Klondike region, going via Seattle, Washington.

A Serious Runaway Accident.

Mr. Charles Wright, a citizen of District No. 9, and a farmer by occupation, who resides three miles from Johnsons on the Salisbury, Pa., road, was seriously injured on Saturday evening last by his horses taking fright and running away down the west slope of the Big Savage mountain. Mr. Wright was thrown from the vehicle in which he was riding, breaking his left leg, dislocating his shoulder and receiving many severe bruises about the head. His physician stated that he was seriously injured, his leg being the most dangerous on account of the bruising of the veins and tissues, which caused internal hemorrhage that may result in blood poisoning.

Struck by a Train.

Yesterday morning about eight o'clock John J. Wall, of Philadelphia, Pa., a tailor by trade, who had been in Oakland the day previous and somewhat under the influence of liquor, was struck by engine No. 1618, drawing an east-bound freight train, near Weber's station, sustaining very serious and probably fatal injuries. He was picked up by the trackmen who were working near-by and brought to Oakland where surgical aid was rendered by Dr. Henry W. McComas, the railway physician here. An examination of Wall's injuries revealed the fact that he had several severe cuts about his face, both legs were broken, the right one being horribly mangled and the bones splintered. His wounds were dressed promptly and every energy was exerted by Dr. McComas to make him as comfortable as possible. He was taken to the Western Maryland hospital at Cumberland yesterday.

Stop the Barns from Burning.

An exchange has the following about the origin and prevention of the fires:

Every summer after the storing of the hay and grain crops we hear of barn fires, the origin of which, being unknown, is ascribed to incendiarism, though doubtless if the real cause could be ascertained, it would be found that they were the result of spontaneous combustion, owing to hay or other new crops while in process of fermentation evolving heat sufficient to produce fire. If farmers wish to prevent their hay stacks or barns from firing, they need only scatter a few handfuls of common salt between the layers. The theory is that the salt by absorbing the humidity of the hay not only prevents its fermentation and consequent heating, but it also adds a salty taste to this forage which all cattle like, and besides it stimulates the appetite and assists their digestion and so preserves them from many diseases.

Opening of the Campaign.

The Prohibition brethren evidently believe in the early bird catching the worm, as the campaign for their state ticket will be opened in Oakland on Monday night, September 20th, in Offutt's Hall, when Mr. James W. Frizzell, the Prohibition nominee for Comptroller, will address the citizens of the town and community.

Arrested in Wheeling.

Last Tuesday night the authorities here received a telegram from Mr. George Schlossnagle, of Friendsville, asking that Fred. Born, a harness maker and partner in the business with Mr. Schlossnagle at Friendsville be arrested and held. The telegram stated that Born left Accident Tuesday morning, ostensibly for Oakland, but did not state upon what charge to make the arrest. A later message from Sheriff Brown, who was at Friendsville, conveyed the information that Born had stolen a sum of money and directed that a warrant be sworn out for his arrest. Before this last message had been received Born had boarded a train for the west, having purchased a ticket for Mansfield, O., but a telegram to the Wheeling, West Va., authorities was sent and he was arrested there Tuesday night upon the arrival of the train in that city. A few years ago Born was arrested and convicted by the Circuit Court of this county and sent to the Maryland penitentiary for a term of years for robbing Wm. H. Malette's store. He has been in Friendsville for a number of months. Sheriff Brown went to Wheeling last night to bring Born to Oakland, arriving here this morning with his man.

Religious Notes.

In St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church on Sunday morning next at 9.30 the Sunday school will meet; at 10.30 preaching services will be conducted by the pastor, Rev. J. W. Butler; Christian Endeavor at 7.15. The church council will hold its monthly meeting on Monday evening, Sept. 6th, at 8 o'clock.

Sunday, September 5th, has been designated as "Rally Day" for the congregation of St. Paul's M. E. church. Since the many and varied attractions and blessings of the summer have passed away, it is the earnest desire of the pastor that the friends and members of this church assemble together in their accustomed places and take up with renewed strength and an all-conquering faith the work of the church for the coming autumn and winter. It is also the day set apart to receive the contributions from all the members and from as many of our friends as desire to help, for the support of our various benevolent causes. Please do not fail to bring your contribution. The services will be as follows: Sunday school at 9.15 a. m.; preaching by the pastor, 10.30 a. m.; general class meeting, 12 m.; sermon, 7.45 p. m. You are cordially invited.

S. K. ARBUTHNOT, Pastor.

Services at St. Matthew's Episcopal church Sunday next: 7.30 a. m., holy communion; 11 a. m., sermon and holy communion. Full choir; a cordial welcome.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

This is to give notice that the copartnership heretofore existing between John Shartzer and D. E. Bolden under the firm name of Shartzer & Bolden, carrying on the furniture business in Oakland, has been dissolved by mutual consent, Mr. Shartzer retiring.

JOHN SHARTZER.
26-3t. D. E. BOLDEN.

Opening of the Public Schools.

The public schools of Garrett county will open for a term of five and one-half months on Monday, October 11th. The school in Oakland will be in charge of Prof. R. R. Sanner who promises many changes looking to the better education of the pupils.

Released on Bond.

C. A. Golden, colored, a barber of Deer Park, who was sent to jail last Wednesday owing to his inability to furnish bond for his appearance at court next week, was released last Thursday evening on a bond furnished by some of the Deer Park citizens.

It Saves the Croupy Children.

Seaview, Va.—We have a splendid sale on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and our customers coming from far and near, speaking of it in the highest terms. Many have said that their children would have died of croup if Chamberlain's Cough Remedy had not been given.—Kellum & Ourrem. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

A SAD AND SUDDEN DEATH.

Grant Harvey, of Kearney, Killed at Garrett, Pa., by a Train.

Grant Harvey, aged about thirty-one years, son of Mr. M. S. Harvey, residing near Kearney, was instantly killed on Monday evening of this week by a train at Garrett, Somerset county, Pa. Mr. Harvey was a fireman on a freight train running between Cumberland and Connellsville, Pa. On the fatal evening in question his train had been side-tracked to allow a fast freight to go by, and in the meantime he sat down on the rail and fell asleep. The fast freight bore down on him suddenly and before he could be aroused from his sleep he had been struck and hurled into the air, alighting some distance from the track. But one mark appeared on his body, and that was a cut in the back of his head. The body was brought to Mt. Lake Park Tuesday night on train No. 1, and conveyed to his sorrow stricken home where services were conducted yesterday morning over the remains and borne to Ryan's Glade church, where they were laid to rest in the cemetery adjoining the church.

Mr. Harvey was a member of Acme Lodge No. 62, K. of P., at Gormania, and was also an Odd Fellow. The body was met at the station at Mt. Lake Park by Messrs. W. T. Steyer, James E. Lish, Chas. E. Hilleary, Benj. White and Scott Harvey, who accompanied the remains home.

Temperance Note.

The citizens of Oakland are requested to meet in Shartzer's Opera House Thursday, September 8th, at 8 p. m., to aid in organizing a Woman's Christian Temperance Union. We hope the ladies of the town will be well represented and a strong and influential union be established. Will the ministers please make the announcement from their pulpits?

MRS. J. S. LAUGHLIN,
Co. Cor. Sec. and Organizer.

Another Prisoner in Jail.

Last Thursday evening Sheriff Austin Brown went down to Bloomington and here that town arrested one John E. Wilt on a warrant charging him with stoning the house of John Hunter, who resides up in the mountain a few miles west of Bloomington. Wilt was brought to Oakland the same evening and placed in jail where he will remain until his case is disposed of by the grand jury at the term of court this month.

Garrett County Temperance Union.

On Sunday afternoon a very successful and interesting two days' session of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Garrett county closed. The sessions of the union were held in Shartzer's Opera House and were presided over by Miss Jennie Smith, the well-known temperance worker, of Mountain Lake Park. Prior to adjournment the following officers were elected to serve for a term of one year: President, Miss Jennie Smith; secretary, Mrs. Chas. T. Sweet, Loch Lynn Heights; corresponding secretary, Miss Ella Laughlin, Deer Park; treasurer, Mrs. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park; organizers, Mrs. Raymond, Mountain Lake Park, and Mrs. Sallie Laughlin, Deer Park. The meetings were fairly well attended. Among the topics discussed were evangelistic and juvenile work, scientific temperance instruction, parlor meetings, literature, railroad work, personal responsibility toward existing evils. Mother Prindle, of New York, lectured on the "Danger Signal." The music was furnished by the Oakland chorus.

Real Estate Transfers.

Lewis Gortner and wife to Samuel Hartman, part of "Loraw Mill Property" in the town of Crellin: $300.

D. H. Loar and wife to Demus Spiker, military lot No. 280, containing 50 acres; $100.

John T. Mason R. and wife to Carr McShay, lots S. and F. of the tract of land called "Winston," containing 55 7-10 acres; $510.

M. L. Fleming and wife to Thomas B. Carpenter, lot No. 32 on plat of Mt. Lake Park; $950.

Edward Lloyd and wife to Charles W. Enlow, part of "Small Meadows," containing 10¼ acres; $761.25.

Gideon J. Ferguson and wife to Franklin G. T. Ferguson, military lot No. 1057, containing 50 acres; $50, etc.

Rosalia Helbig and husband, to Isabella Chisholm, lot No. 34 in Nydegger's addition to the town of Gormania; $600.

Nancy C. Griffith and husband to Sarah E. Grove, military lot No. 2821 and part of military lot No. 2802, containing 67 acres, also 9 acres adjoining above land; $250, etc., etc.

Henry G. Davis and others to Emily P. Droege, 8,360 square feet of ground in Deer Park; $180.

Levi Echard and wife to Courtney Bowman, military lots Nos. 3162, 3193 and 1765, excepting 41¼ acres sold to other parties; $1,500.

Edward Z. Tower, adm'r, to Helen S. Iiesen, part of the "Ezekiel Totten Farm," containing 88 acres and 12 perches of land more or less; $1, etc.

Daniel Carey to Lydia Ellen McMahon, military lot No. 653 and part of lot No. 654, containing about 60¾ acres; $40, etc.

William R. Getty, mortgagee, to A. P. Getty, "Miller's Addition to Grantsville," 8¼ acres; $1000.

Lydia Ellen McMahon to Hugh McMahon, military lot No. 653 and part of lot No. 650, containing 60¾ acres; $50, etc.

Jonas J. Tice and wife to Lewis Beitzel and others, trustees, one hundred and twenty perches of land in Garrett county; $4.

Christian Klotz and wife to Lewis Beitzel and others, trustees, thirty-six perches of land in Garrett county; $12.

D. James Blackiston to Brison Welch, lot of ground in town of McHenry; $200.

AN ADDRESS TO MARS.

Oh, Mars, please tell us truly, is it really cool up there,
And can you somehow manage it to get a breath of air?
And when it's night, by throwing wide each window, vent and door,
Oh, can you sleep in bed or do you toss upon the floor?

And is your brow as ours is, from morn till evening, wet
With beads of perspiration which just common folks call sweat?
And is the air so very full of heat and dust and dirt,
One day is quite enough to razzle-dazzle any shirt?

And when the day is chilly does the iceman leave a lot,
And just a tiny bit of ice when days are sizzling hot?
And when your brow is beaded with a hundred drops of dew
Dares anyone inquire: "Is it hot enough for you?"

And is there real good fishing in your lakes still unexplored?
And, by the by, what do they ask for first-class summer board?
We do not like the earth real well, its heat is simply vile!
If you've a swap we'll all be glad to come and stay awhile.

—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

JESS.

SOME eight or ten years ago John Mitchell was classed among the many prosperous farmers of Kentucky. Reverses came, however, and at the opening of my story he was, comparatively speaking, a very poor man. Out of the wreck he retained a few acres, which, assiduously worked by his own hands, were his only means of support.

His wife had been an invalid ever since Jess, their only child and daughter, left college. Upon her entering this institution her father paid for the full course in advance, fearing, as he said, that something might happen to deprive Jess of her one great desire—a college education.

Being capable of filling any position that required sense and qualification, Jess was forced to refuse the few which were offered her because her father would not leave the "old place" and move to the city and her mother needed her constant attendance. She tried her hand at story-writing, but the dozen or more that she sent out with so much faith in their availability came back.

The wealth and poverty of the surrounding country paid homage to Jess Mitchell. Whenever there was to be a gathering of any kind at Judge Hewling's mansion she would be among the invited. And Sally Doak, whose father was "the all-biredest poorest cuss in seven states," never thought of asking "the boys and girls" to come and have a "time" at her house unless Jess had promised to be there. Then Sally would make things lively around her little whitewashed home getting ready for the occasion. The night of the party would find everything as sweet and dainty as Sally herself.

Jess would always take her violin with her, for she knew that her musical gift gave these people genuine pleasure. She was never happier than when adding to the enjoyment of others.

Now, to be asked to Judge Hewling's "meant soroething," but Jess never felt the difference. She felt just as much honored in being a guest at the Doak cabin.

Sam Bruce had been keeping a watchful eye on Jess for many a day. He owned one of the finest stock farms in eastern Kentucky. This did not make him presumptuous as far as Jess was concerned, for he knew that dollars and cents cut no figure with her. Sam was positively ugly to look at. One of the "old-timers" said that he appeared like "he wuz half made, then furgut erbout, and jis natually slopped under."

This may have caused his timidity in approaching Jess, but it did not prevent him from giving her that great noble heart of his, that any true woman, no matter how beautiful or fascinating she might be, would be proud to be queen of.

Were anyone to tell Sam that Jess thought of him other than as her next-door neighbor he would not believe it. And although she was "uncommon kind to him in his last spill of sickness," the folk around about said nothing but "thet Mitchell gal would be kind to almost enybody." Jess "wuz a-gettin' on in years," according to their calculations, and as she "never hed a reg'lar beau she wahant likely to ever hev a man."

"Gettin' on in yars" did not bother Jess. Time only added to her beauty. She had become perfectly reconciled to her humdrum existence and went about her household duties without a murmur. And when, one morning in the early part of April, her father was stricken with paralysis while loading the wagon with the vegetables that he had bunched the night before, she, being convinced that there was no immediate danger, took his place on the wagon, drove to the city and furnished his customers. When Sam remonstrated with her and begged her to allow one of his men to take her father's place, proud and independent to the core, she would not listen. Charity she could not accept.

Poor Jess. How Sam longed to take her to his heart and home and to comfort those who were dear to her. But he, too, was proud and couldn't brook a refusal, so kept silent.

On her way to the city Jess happened to think of a Mr. Williams, whom she had heard her father land as an early riser. He was a wealthy land owner of Houston, Tex., and was stopping at "The Louisville." Every morning he and Jess' father would have a chat. People were wont to say that John Mitchell could not speak for five minutes on any subject without chiming in with "my daughter." Of course he made no exception to Mr. Williams.

Jess made for "The Louisville" first, thinking that she would beat the "early bird," for she did feel out of place in a vegetable wagon. It was hard to beat Jack Williams, however, and when Jess saw a portly, handsome fellow pacing up and down in front of the hotel she knew that it was he.

"Paralysis," Jack was saying, at the same time trying to pierce through the heavy veil that hid Jess' tear-stained face. "I trust that it isn't anything serious," he continued. "May I go to see your father?"

"Certainly," Jess answered, in a trembling voice; "I know that he will be glad to receive you."

"I will be out there Sunday. Good morning."

The balance of the week Jack was not to be seen. He knew that his presence embarrassed Jess, so he kept aloof. First, Jack was inclined to regard Jess as a "new woman," but he promptly changed his opinion and Saturday morning the porter handed her a note, which read as follows:

"Miss Mitchell: I have long been cherishing an ideal. I have accumulated wealth, hoping that some day this ideal would be a reality. I now lay my wealth, my heart and lifelong devotion at your feet.

"JACK WILLIAMS."

That evening Jess was later than usual getting home. Sam, who watched (on the sly) for her every evening, was frantic. He had heard of Jim Boswell's return. Jim was the leader of a gang of thieves and a sworn enemy of Sam's. This enmity was the continuation of a feud that commenced between both families long before Jim was born. Sam tried to make friends with Jim, but Jim said "he'd never rest until the last Bruce was off top of creation."

Sam feared that the gang would "hold up" Jess, so he walked down to meet her. He had not gone very far before he spied four masked men. He was under the impression that he was unobserved, so he hid behind a clump of trees to wait for Jess. Every second seemed an hour to him. At last he heard the sound of a vehicle, but it came so slowly that he felt positive that it was not hers. Or, great heaven! Could it be that old Cob was coming home without a driver?

Sam jumped from ambush and ran wildly down the road. Jim had recognized Sam from the first, but waited to see what he was up to before letting him know that he was around. When the gang saw Sam running they started in hot pursuit, thinking that he was trying to get away from them.

In the meantime Jess had been thinking deeply over the contents of the note she had received that morning. She had come to a decision. She would marry Jack Williams for her parents' sake. Seeing the lateness of the hour, she gave Cob the whip.

"Halt!" shouted one of the gang, rushing into the street and grabbing the bridle of her horse.

"What do you want?" Jess asked.

"Money or your life!" came from the masked desperado in a murderous hiss.

"You will get neither," Jess answered. "The little money I have my disabled parents need. I am Jess Mitchell."

On hearing the name the man took his hands from the bridle and passed aside without another word. Old Cob seemed to know that his friend was in danger, for he started up the road at such a break-neck rate Jess could hardly hold him. They had not proceeded very far when she heard the report of a pistol close by, then a groan and her name called. She stopped, alighted and went in the direction of the shot. She found poor Sam wounded almost to death and his enemy bending over him, watching with glee for the last gasp.

"Sam Bruce!" screamed Jess, "and you—Jim Boswell—his murderer!"

"My God! Miss Jess, what is Sam Bruce to you?"

"Everything, Jim—everything."

Jess got down upon her knees and tried to stop the flow of blood with her handkerchief. Jim knelt beside her; he put his hand over Sam's heart, looked closely at the wound and said: "He will not die, Miss Jess." He then whistled for his partners; he told them to divest themselves of their masks and to see that Sam was taken home. He himself went for the nearest doctor.

Sam wanted the elite at his wedding, Jess did not object, but she said not one of her poor friends should be slighted for the very greatest of them. The night of the wedding homespun and imported brocade "rubbed elbows." Jim Boswell was not forgotten, but he stood outside until the ceremony was performed. On entering the room he walked over to Sam and said aloud:

"Sam Bruce, you have won a noble woman for a wife. I, too, love her, but not as you do. The adoration and worship that a good Christian man would give his Creator I give her. The one that won my man's love now sleeps beneath the daisies. When she, Jess and myself played together as children, I loved both of them. When she, the one of my heart, left me, I cared not for my life, so went from bad to worse. All my old-time friends shunned me, but your wife always greeted me kindly and she was not afraid to grasp my hand in friendship and give a word of advice, which kept me from doing wrong many a time."

Jim took from his coatpocket a handsome jeweled watch and presented it to Jess, saying: "Take it, Miss Jess; honest money earned in the sweat of my brow and bought for you. Take it and God bless you and yours."—Chicago News.

A Plain Direction.

Canon Knox-Little told a good story once at a church congress. He said he remembered a lych-gate in front of a beautiful church, which had been restored and made very nice. There was painted over the door: "This Is the Gate of Heaven," and underneath was the large notice: "Go Round the Other Way."—Household Words.

—A woman's idea of a real good-natured husband, is one who will gather all the wild flowers she sees.—Washington Democrat.

FATE OF A CHINESE SLAVE GIRL.

The Rescuing Party Hesitated and the Girl Was Lost.

"Please come and save me. I am a poor Chinese slave girl. I am beaten and abused by everybody. Help me or I will die."

This may not be a literal translation of the note received by Mrs. Lake, of the Methodist Mission home, but it is what the note meant, and, while not a day passes without some such appeal for help, the good matron of the mission felt that she could not lend a deaf ear to this pathetic cry for assistance. Yet the sequel forms one of the saddest stories of Chinese slavery that has been made public. The girl was a victim of Chinese justice meted out to one who tries to escape a life of servitude and degradation, for the effort to rescue was a failure, and it is well known that death is the punishment inflicted upon slaves who make an unsuccessful attempt to escape.

This appeal for aid was received at the Mission home, and it was determined to rescue the girl if it were possible. Communications were opened between the matron and the slave girl, and all arrangements were made. The girl gave explicit directions, so that the rescue party could make no mistake, and when they reached the house she was to stand at the door and look through the grated window. As soon as the rescue party made its appearance she was to hold a card in her hand, and then draw the bolts so that the rescuers could get inside.

Mrs. Lake well understood the cruel methods of Chinese slave masters and determined that this attempt should be successful if it were possible. She enlisted the officers of the police and the time was set for their raid. At the appointed hour the party reached the door and started up the stairs toward the grated door above. The girl was there according to the arrangements and held up the card. She pulled back the bolt as the party made a rush for the top of the stairway, but before they could reach the opening the door was slammed shut and the bolts drawn while the girl was dragged shrieking away. They could see the helpless girl holding out her arms to them, and then saw a cloth thrown over her head, and all was as silent as one of those "chambers of tranquillity" near the hospital.

The officers battered at the door, and finally a most innocent-looking Chinaman appeared and asked:

"What you want here? Why you come?"

He was told that they were after the slave girl, and the innocent look took on a deeper expression with a little addition of injury as he replied:

"No girl here long time no girl here. Me live lone here."

Strict search was made, and notwithstanding the fact that several girls had been seen through the grated door when the rush up the stairs was made, the house was apparently as empty as if it had been left to the rats which scurried before the lights of the searching party.

What became of the girl?

That is known only to her Maker and to the Chinese brutes who had held her in captivity. Her fate may be surmised because she had disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed her from sight of man. The stories of other slave girls made after their escape may also give grounds for the surmise. All say they would be killed if caught, and all say that those who attempt to escape and fail are killed.

With runways like rats; with dark alleys between houses, unknown to the builders; with tunnels below the streets from block to block; with a thousand and one ways to make away with obnoxious persons, these blocks known as "Chinatown" hold many a tragedy that never comes to the light of day.

If slaves can be held, beaten, bought and sold day after day while the government officials say that slavery does not exist, then it is easy to surmise what may happen when Chinese vengeance is aroused against one of the helpless beings who sends forth such an urgent plea for rescue. It is easy to surmise what became of the unfortunate creature who was last seen with her head enveloped in the folds of a heavy cloth to stifle her cries for help and for mercy.—San Francisco Call.

Fishermen of St. Pierre.

Near the west coast of Newfoundland are the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. They are the last relics of the once great possessions of France in North America. They have a French governor and a uniformed French police. Many French fishermen make their headquarters on these islands. These Frenchmen "sail their trawls." Their fishing-vessels are much larger than ours, and include even barks. Instead of dories they carry sail boats. The vessel comes to anchor, and near her each boat drops its first trawl-keg overboard. Then one boat will set a zigzag trawl by tacking against the wind, another will run a straight-away course, so that the trawls, while all converging toward the vessel, do not interefere with one another. Then, too, the fishermen can in foggy weather get back to the vessel by simply underrunning their trawls. Our fishermen set theirs where they think they will hook the most fish, and the vessel, instead of coming to anchor, cruises about where she put the dories over.—Gustav Kobbe, in St. Nicholas.

It Depended.

A good Highland minister was endeavoring to steer a boat load of city young ladies to a landing place. A squall was bursting; the steering was difficult. One of the girls annoyed him by jumping up and calling anxiously: "Oh, where are we going to?" "If you do not sit down and keep still, my young leddy," said the minister-pilot, succinctly, "that will verra greatly depend on how you were brought up."—San Francisco Argonaut.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Oats six feet high in the stalk are reported in Lane county, Ore.

—A resident of Skidmore, Mo., boasts of having put up 22 three-ton stacks of hay in one day.

—Near Brunswick, Md., a cow which last summer dropped twin calves has done the same thing again.

—It took half an hour for a mother at Bristol, Tenn., to recover a watch wheel which her small boy had swallowed.

—Only the would-be saloon keeper and one nonresident signed a petition for the establishment of a saloon at Monroe, Neb.

—What is known as the young married set of Carthage (Mo.) society entertains itself in hot times with wading parties in the Spring river.

—His financial system leads a Missouri man to inclose a half-dollar piece or a quarter in each sack of flour sold from his mill. He does it to attract custom.

—J. I. Taylor, living near Cottage Grove, Ore., touched a match to scum over a stagnant pool on his place, and the whole surface of the pool ignited and blazed as a kerosene pond might blaze.

—While a business man of Newport News and his family were sitting at table wondering why the cook was so long in getting breakfast, a tramp, who had come along just as it was to be served, sat in the kitchen eating what he wanted of it and keeping the cook quiet with a revolver.

—The ever active desire of newspapers to give the public more than the worth of the public's money had a manifestation lately in the case of a paper at Juniata, Neb., which put in so modest a bill for county printing that the supervisors voluntarily increased the amount of it and paid it.

—By the tomb of Henry Ridgely, who died in 1699 in Anne Arundel county, Md., Isaac C. Anderson, of the Second district of that county, recently found a coin of the date 1695, marked on the obverse "VIII. Skilling Danske." The reverse, which is well worn, bears a capital C, over which is the figure 5.

—Scorn must be felt by New York gripmen and Brooklyn motormen for the motormen of Mechanicsville, Tenn. According to local newspaper plaints these actually stop in one part of the town because children are so thick upon the track. "The cars have to be stopped," one paper says, "to avoid an accident!"

—On the spur of the moment Charles J. Kaufman, of Newport News, offered to bet with Miss Zella M. Hendrick, of Fairville, Mo., that she would not marry him while they were in Norfolk on a visit with her cousin. She took him up and surprised him by not backing out during his quest for a license and a clergyman.

THE WORLD'S WAY.

Uncle Si Hackett Is Very Much Like Other Men.

Uncle Si Hackett was behind his counter weighing some sugar for Mrs. Skinner's boy Bill when Ezra Rabb dropped in to get a new whetstone.

"I hear this mornin'," said Ezra, "that Pete Hodgin died last night over on Willow crick."

"I want to know!" said Uncle Si. "Must of been powerful sudden. Poor Pete. He had his faults like the rest of us, but there wuz never a better hearted feller lived. And so Pete's gone! Lord, Lord, Lord! That there man never had half the credit he desarved. I doubt ef he wuzn't lots better than the folks that used to run him down. He al'ays had a kind word for everybody, an' there never wuz the day he wouldn't drop his own work to help a neighbor out. Poor Pete!"

"He used to drink right smart, didn't he?" asked Ezra, as he reached down into the dried apple barrel.

"Why, he took his dram," said Uncle Si, covering the barrel with a board and laying a subsoil plow on top of it, "but they wa'nt no better man altogether in the county than Pete. He was as fine a man as I ever saw. As I said, he had his faults, but outside of them he wuz a shore 'nough gentleman and one ov the high-mindedest Christian citizens we had."

"Kinder lazy, I al'ays thought," said Ezra.

"That he wuzn't," said Uncle Si, warmly. "Pete took things easy, but ef ever wuz a man tried to do his duty, and was good to his family and friends, it wuz Pete. I don't mind any man in the whole county we could have any wuss spared than Pete Hodgin, and ef ther town wuz to do its duty it would call a meetin' and resolute some about the loss his death will be to the community."

"Here comes Jim Hoskins," said Ezra, "maybe he kin tell us what wuz the matter with Pete. Hello, Jim, know what Pete Hodgin died of?"

"It wa'nt Pete," said Jim, "it were Sam Hodgin, his brother."

"It wuz Sam, wuz it?" said Uncle Si, taking off his spectacles and wiping them on a bolt of calico. "Well, now! Think ov the ways ov the Lord. He's taken off Sam, the best man fur 40 miles around, and left that lazy, triflin', drunken, low down sheep-stealin' brother Pete of his for to cumber up the yearth!"—Detroit Free Press.

For Canned Vegetables.

Feeling sorry for those who have repeatedly asked for vegetable recipe, as the season is advancing, I will answer a few which I hope will prove satisfactory. For canned corn, cut the corn from the cob and pack it in jars until they are full, adding no water; place in the boiler and boil three hours; fill to overflowing with boiling water, fasten tops and set away.—Boston Globe.

Three Charges.

Judge—What are the charges against this man?

Policeman—There are three, yer honor—shoutin', hootin' an' hollerin'.—Judge.

An Unkind Retort.

Mr. and Mrs. Yerger had an unusually lively matrimonial row the other night. As Mrs. Yerger was getting the worst of the argument, she burst into tears and exclaimed: "Oh, how I wish I had never met you!" "You do, eh?" he replied, sarcastically. "Yes, now that it's too late, you begin to sympathize with me. Why didn't you think of that before I married you?"—N. Y. World.

A Lover's Ben Mot.

He was a witty lover—he
Who made this turn so fine:
He called his best girl Postscript, for
Her name was Adeline!
—Up-to-Date.

A PLEASANT DREAM.

Bumm de Way—Dat wuz de most delightful nightmare I ever had, Willie.

Willie Worknit—What wuz it?

Bumm de Way—I dreamed I wuz sandbagged for me money!—Up-to-Date.

Knew All About Them.

She had been to the seashore and was deeply interested in all that pertained to it.

"Did you ever see a shark?" she asked.

"Well, I should say so," he answered. "I bought a house and lot of one once on the installment plan." — Chicago Post.

A Resemblance.

"Death and the people of Germany are alike in one respect."

"Name it."

"The people of Germany like to use money direct from the mint."

"Go on."

"Death loves a shining mark, too."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Harmless Habit.

A gentleman living in the neighborhood of Addington tells how he found that his stablemen were not in the habit of attending church, and spoke to the coachman about it.

"They ought to go," he said.

"That's just what I say myself," was the rejoinder. "I says to them: 'Look at me; I go, and what harm does it do me?'"—Tit-Bits.

The Reason.

Lawyer Hooks (in the bosom of his family)—Well, my dear, I have given up the Bagrox case, after having been engaged in it so long.

Mrs. Hooks—Then you have exhausted every legal expedient?

Lawyer Hooks—No, but I have exhausted Bagrox' money.—N. Y. Journal.

Fatal Curiosity.

Visitor (to attendant friar at the refectory of a convent)—Are we allowed to smoke here?

Friar—No, sir.

Visitor—Then where do all these stumps of cigars come from that I see lying about?

Friar—From those gentlemen who didn't ask.—Odds and Ends.

So Persevering.

Mrs. Gummey—Miss Broadway is to come out this season.

Mrs. Glanders—What a persevering little thing she is.

"What do you mean?"

"She has come out regularly for the past six or seven seasons."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Hurt His Pride.

Mrs. Smidelle—Georgy, come right into the house this minute, and don't let me catch you out again this evening.

Georgy—You hadn't oughter boss me around before folks in that way, ma; folks'll think I'm your husband.—Boston Transcript.

Agreed.

"He takes a fence very easily," said Miss Gilfoyle to Miss Tenspot, after the hunt was over, and speaking of Mr. Posdick.

"He does," replied Miss Tenspot. "I don't know of a man more ready to take offense."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Only a Blossom.

'Twas but a little faded flower,
But fraught with tears and woe;
He would not tell where he got it—
And she was bound to know.
—Chicago News.

Uncle Sam—Dangerous jugglery.

Love's Power.

Willy—Say, auntie, what did Uncle Bob marry you for?

Aunt—Why, for love, of course!

Willy (meditatively)—H'm! Love will make a man do almost anything won't it, auntie?—Puck.

Alloy.

"Now that you and your husband have kissed and made up, I suppose you are happy."

"Except when I think of some mean thing I might have said."—Detroit Journal.

Much in a Name.

"Is your new pony fast?"

"Yes; so fast that I've named him What Ma Says."

"That's a queer name."

"Yes; but what ma says goes."—Boston Traveler.

Good State for That.

Galligaskins—The state geologist of Kentucky says there is no gold in that commonwealth.

Skimgullet—But I should think it would be a fine place for bichloride of gold.—N. Y. Journal.

A Scheme of Reform.

If for one day I were let loose
To boss things on this mundane shore,
Watermelons would have less juice
And bananas would have more.
—Chicago Record.

Just the Opposite.

Kilduff—I hear that Tenspot is cultivating his garden religiously this year.

Mullins—The report is wrong. I heard him swear while weeding the other day.—N. Y. World.

A Situation at Sight.

Miss Craik—Er—really, Mr. Pruyn, I must refer you to papa.

Pruyn—Why, bless me! my dearest girl, anyone with a face like yours needs no references!—Brooklyn Life.

Stood by Him.

"Perhaps he isn't all he might be, but he stood by me in my hour of trial, and—"

"What was he, an officer of the court?"—Chicago Journal.

Fortifying Himself.

Mr. Hojack—Tomdik, old boy, do you know that you have taken four cups of coffee already.

Mr. Tomdik—Well, I'm going to call on Miss Chin, and I want to be able to keep awake.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Where the Rub Comes.

There are flying machines and flying machines,
And aerial boats by the score;
But the sorest part for the air marines
Is that each one refused to soar.
—N. Y. World

CRUSHED AGAIN.

Willie—Why do you never ask me to call Sundays, Miss Tart?

Violet—Because that is a day of rest, you know!—N. Y. Times.

The Right Sort.

Briggs—Do you know, I never thought much of Baker until yesterday.

Griggs—What changed your mind?

"I learned that his wheel is the same make as mine."—Detroit Free Press.

He's Sorry.

"When I married my wife I loved her so much that I could have devoured her."

"And now?"

"And now I'm sorry I didn't do it."—L'Illustre de Poche.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

HER AWFUL DREAM.

A little maid of tender years
Had such an awful dream!
She came to me almost in tears—
"I just was going to scream.

"When both my eyes came open wide,
And, oh, I was so glad
To find it was a dream," she cried,
"Because it was so bad!"

"What could it be, poor child?" I said
"Were you pursued by bears?
Perhaps your dolly broke her head
Or did you fall downstairs?"

"Oh dear! It's most too bad to tell!
You know in school our class
Are havin' 'zamination. Well,
I dreamt I didn't pass!"

—Elizabeth R. Buros, in Youth's Companion.

PAPER CHINAMAN.

How to Cut Him Out and How to Fasten Him Together.

Here is something for the boys and girls to make some rainy day when the grass is too wet to play outdoors. It will please you, for every child we ever knew liked to cut out papers. The description of this little Chinaman we found in a little publication called "New Ideas for Woman's Wear."

You will need, in the first place, several sheets of pinwheel paper, of different colors, a large size that comes at four cents a sheet, a spool of black thread, some tissue paper and cotton batting. A few toothpicks of wood or lucifer matches are also needed to give extra strength to the head and neck.

Take the paper and fold double and cut out the shirt, like illustration No. 1 in the diagram, folding it on the shoulders. Then, preferably of a different color paper, cut out the legs and feet double like Nos. 3 and 4 and if desired black the feet with ink.

THE PAPER CHINAMAN.

The hands should be cut out like No. 5 and if a hat is wanted No. 2 is the pattern, folding it on the dotted lines.

To make the head, take a piece of the tissue paper (uncolored), and in the center place a piece of the cotton and a toothpick. Fold down all the sides of the paper to keep the face smooth and about the shape in the picture of the finished Chinaman.

Take a long piece of the thread, double it several times, divide in three and braid it, tying the end with a single piece. Insert the end of the pigtail in the fold at the back of the head and fasten there with glue or mucilage. To put the Chinaman together, slip the shirt over the head and glue to it, put the hands in the sleeves and glue in place, paste together each folded leg and foot and insert the upper edge of each beneath the ends of the shirt and fasten these with glue. Glue the hat over the top of the head.

Draw two slanting eyes, a nose and mouth and curved line for the chin with pen and ink or black crayon and the face is done.

It is best to fasten together all the edges of the shirt with mucilage. Red, blue, yellow, green, brown and all colored papers may be used, and gold and silver paper also. The buttons down the front here are marked with a pen, but little round pieces of another colored paper pasted on each give a much better effect.

A GIRL'S ADVENTURE.

She Meets a Big Bear Without Losing Her Presence of Mind.

The New York Sun is still adding to its stock of bear stories. One of the latest comes from Potter county, Pa., and by way of variety it is a girl who plays the principal part in the action.

Louise Berger, the 16-year-old daughter of Michael Berger, the owner of a small farm in the Kettle creek region, went to the woods to drive the cows to the shed, accompanied by a small shepherd dog.

Soon after entering the woods, about half a mile from the farmhouse, the dog began to act queerly and persisted in keeping at the girl's heels, as if afraid. While the girl scolded the dog she was horrified to see a monster black bear shambling toward her. She had heard her father tell about climbing trees to escape bears, and now she shinned up a smooth beech with the agility of a boy. The dog ran home howling, chased a short distance by the bear.

When the bear gave up the chase he came back to the tree where the girl was a captive. Her red hood had fallen on the ground. The bear picked it up. The girl screamed, and the bear raised his huge form against the tree as high as his legs would push him, but even then he was nearly ten feet from her. The girl's screams had been heard at the farmhouse down in the ravine, and out came her father on the double-quick.

When he reached the edge of the wood Mr. Berger saw the red dress of his daughter in the beech tree. The girl called to him to be quick. The bear wheeled toward the advancing farmer, gazed at him and his rifle just an instant and then started on a run for the thick woods.

But the big fellow was too fat to make good time, and Berger soon got within gunshot. Two bullets from the Winchester finished the brute. Then Louise slid down the tree and hurried home to tell her brother George to go to the woods and help his father bring home the bear.

A new window frame carries a rod at one side on which the window is hung to swing outward as well as slide up and down.

NEW YORK'S FIRE-DOG.

Broke Through a Baker's Window to Run After His Engine.

St. Nicholas has been publishing a series of articles about the fire department of New York, written by Charles T. Hill, the artist. In a late issue Mr. Hill tells about "'Peter Spots'—Fireman," a dog that belongs to one of the engine companies. The dog once fell into disgrace by playfully snapping at the heads of the horses when they were running to a fire and causing them to balk. So he was given to a baker who lived far from the engine house. Mr. Hill gives the following account, in the language of one of the firemen, of the manner in which "Peter Spots" came back to the company:

"We had almost forgotten about Peter, and got used to not having him around, when one day a 'third alarm' came in that took us out; and in getting to the station I had to drive through the street the baker's place was on. I never thought of it myself, but on my word, Peter hadn't forgotten us; and when we made our appearance he showed up pretty quick. The baker told me all about it afterward, and this was the way it happened: Peter was lying asleep beside the stove in the center of the bake shop, when all of a sudden he pricked up one ear, and then jumped to his feet and gave a bark. The baker was making out some bills behind the counter, and thought nothing of it until the next moment Peter gave a jump, and was in the show window among the pies and cakes and such like. The baker hollered to him to get out; but Peter began to claw at the window and bark and howl. You see he could hear our whistle and bell and had recognized us. Then the baker made up his mind that the dog had gone mad, and got frightened and got up on a chair, and began to holler himself; and what with the baker and Peter, there was a high old time in that bake shop for awhile. Every time Peter gave a kick he knocked a pie or a plate full of cakes out of the window until he had it clear of everything. Then we hove in sight; and through the side of the show-window he saw us and recognized me in the seat, and that settled it—no bake shop would hold him then. He jumped back in the store, braced himself plump in front of the pane of glass in the door, and when we were just about opposite he gave one last howl, and crash! out he came through glass and all.

"I heard the racket, and turned my head just in time to see him come flying out. I understood it all in a moment, and expected to see him roll over dead in the gutter; but not much! He came through so quick he scarcely got a scratch; and away he went, down the street ahead of us, barking at everyone, and clearing the way just as he used to, and running around in a circle and jumping high in the air and cutting up gymnastics—and happy?—well, I just guess he was happy! Even the captain heard

OUT HE CAME, GLASS AND ALL.

him in all the racket behind the engine, and let up on the whistle long enough to holler ahead to me to look out and not run over him; but there was small fear of that, for he beat us by half a block all the way to the fire.

"When we got there we 'stretched in and stood fast,' as we call it, which means we stretched in the hose, and got ready to go to work when so ordered; but they didn't need us, for the fire was pretty well out then, and the third alarm had only been sent out as a sort of precaution; so in a few moments the chief ordered us back to quarters.

"When we were 'picking up,' or putting the hose back in the wagon, Peter was around among us like old times, and every one of the 'gang' had a kind word for him. He was cut a bit about the back with glass, so the captain says: 'Throw him in the wagon, boys, and we'll take him back to the house and mend him up. I'll put him on probation; and if he acts right he can stay with us as long as he wants.' And then he adds: 'But you fellows will have to chip in and pay for that pane of glass.' And we all laughed; for we were willing to pay for a whole show window to get Peter back again."

Instinct of a Blind Pig.

Pennsylvania boasts of a wonderful blind pig. It was born blind, and at the tender age of three months was sold to a neighboring farmer, who took it home in his wagon. The road was not only crooked, but was cut by several cross-roads, and it passed through a village with a dozen cross-streets, the entire distance being two miles beyond the village. The pig was turned into a small lot, and the third day afterward the little blind fellow was back with his former owner. There was no other way for the pig to return home than by following the road over which he was carried in the box. Still, as dumb animals perform these feats by instinct, a blind pig would be on an equal footing with any other.

THE FARMING WORLD.

FATTENING FOWLS.

They Should Be Separated and Put by Themselves.

Place six or eight together in a close coop without a roost, and just sufficiently large to allow their moving about without crowding each other. The front of the coop or box only needs to be lathed open work, and should be arranged so as to make it nearly dark as soon as they are done feeding, since during the balance of their existence the more quietly they can be kept the more they will improve. They need no exercise. It must be borne in mind that fat only is added by this process, the lean or flesh must be made before, and unless the fowl has attained the proper standard in this respect it is almost useless to try to fatten it. Now give them plenty of fresh water and all they will eat for two or three weeks in this kind of coop, and at the end of that period they will be better fit for the butcher than they will ever be after that period. The manner of feeding and keeping the fowls in this confinement is a very simple affair, and we have found it efficacious as well as feasible. Cooked food, and all they will devour morning and night, with cracked corn and wheat at noon, will fatten healthy poultry in less time than any other feed that we have ever experimented with. The mash should be composed of good corn meal two parts and boiled potatoes one part. Into a pailful of this meal and vegetable food, well mixed, while hot, drop one pound of lard, tallow or pork scraps, and mix this fat substance through the mass. Feed this while warm, and give only what the fowls will eat up clean at a meal.—Western Plowman.

HANDY ARRANGEMENT.

Description of a Combined Chicken Coop and Pen.

The coop and pen illustrated below have been in use on my farm several years. The coop is made perfectly tight except at one end. The lower two-thirds of this end is slatted and contains a slat door. This coop is intended for the hen and her brood at night or during wet days. A pen which will allow the hen considerable exercise and sunshine on pleasant days is shown adjoining the coop. The three pieces running horizontally are three feet long and two

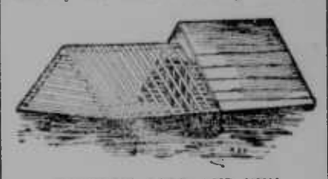

CHICKEN COOP AND PEN.

inches square. It is slatted with common lath placed far enough apart to allow the chicks to get out of the pen. Only one end of the pen is closed, the other being placed over the door of the larger coop. The pen and coop are fastened together by means of small chains. Set the coop upon wide boards and have it so situated that the pen will cover a nice grass plot. A number of these pens will be found handy, as they can be joined to almost any small coop.—Marie A. Rigg, in Farm and Home.

A FEW DOMESTIC HINTS.

Some Useful Suggestions for the Housewife.

For prickly heat make water slightly slippery with soda and bathe in it.

All cold vegetables left over should be saved for future use in soups and salads.

Silver gilt spoons with flower handles enameled in natural colors make a pretty show.

The one thing for which lace paper may be used and be considered good form on a table is for cheese.

Wrap your fruit jars in newspaper and set in a cool, dark place. The wrapping will prevent the fruit from bleaching.

Pretty fireproof china dishes in their silver wire mountings testify to the popularity attained of late by casseroles souffles, etc., on our menus.

The candelabarum is to the fore as a dinner table decoration. The lights softened by colored shades, enhance the beauty of the shining silver and glittering glass.

For tired feet put a handful of common salt in four quarts of hot water. Place the feet in the water while it is as hot as can be borne. Then rub the feet dry with a rough towel.—American Queen.

How to Encourage the Boys.

Every boy on the farm should be given a young animal to raise for himself, he to attend to it and be induced to take an interest in its progress. He will thus early become fond of animals and of farming, and will be more reconciled to farm life when he is grown. The boy who leaves the farm for the city is the one who has never had any opportunities and looks upon farming as drudgery. Labor becomes a pleasure when there is something to strive for, and the early education of the boy on the farm should be by giving him an interest in something. All children love young stock and pet them.

Use Only Level Roosts.

The old-time step-ladder roost, with one round four or five feet from the floor and the others lower until the lowest is near the floor, takes up a large share of space in the poultry-house, and is unserviceable, as the hens will instinctively go upon the high roosts in preference to the lower ones, some of the fowls being forced down while others are injured by jumping off in the morning. It is to high roosts that bumble-foot and lameness may be attributed, and it is cheaper to have low roosts, all on the same level, than to doctor fowls for lameness.—Farm and Fireside.

Keeping fowls on a hard floor will frequently cause swollen feet and legs

CLEAN FEED FOR HOGS.

An Adjustable Rack Which Accomplishes Its Purpose.

The old notion that a hog prefers to wallow in the mire is a great mistake. The hog prefers clean water and food the same as any animal, but his style of getting it is at fault. This difficulty is easily remedied by some such plan as illustrated below, where an adjustable rack can be fixed for any sized pig or hog so it cannot get into the feed trough. The trough is made of two-inch plank, one plank seven inches the other nine inches, and instead of being nailed at right angles they are 11½ inch-

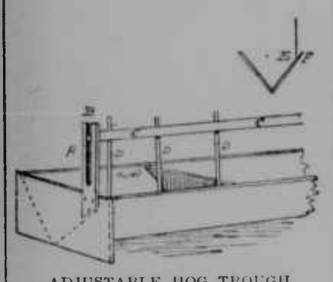

ADJUSTABLE HOG TROUGH.

es or so off the square. At each end, after the main ends of the trough are nailed in place, another piece of plank, a, is nailed to it with a slot, cut in it for a 3x4-inch scantling, c, or a round straight pole four inches through. This pole or scantling should have a hole bored in each end so a pin may slide through it and the upright plank, a, to keep the pole, c, in place. The pole can then be raised or lowered to suit the size of a hog. In the pole five-eighths-inch holes should be bored 7, 8½, 10 and 11½ inches apart, in which is placed a one-half-inch iron rod (d), two feet long, pointed and driven slightly in the plank on the front side of the trough. These rods never become loose in my trough, but when they are to be shifted, as the hog's size requires, two or three slight taps with a hammer loosen them and they can be driven into the next width of place. My trough is 16 feet long. About 30 inches of one end is partitioned off and kept filled with water, but has the rods in front so the hogs cannot get into it in hot weather. The rods are driven into the trough about one inch from the edge as at c and are pointed from 1½ inches back. The front edge of the trough, f, is rounded so that it will not chafe the hogs.—Marsden Smith, in Farm and Home.

RATIONS FOR HORSES.

Starvation Always Spoils the Shape of a Growing Animal.

We talk about the loss of the horse business from one cause or another, but the most mischief comes from the want of proper food, says an exchange. This means loss to the horse and greater loss to the farmer. A good per cent. of the horses seen on the streets of any town show insufficient or unbalanced food supply. Horses that have been ill-fed when young are almost invariably small, long-legged, light-carcassed and narrow-chested. Some of them have a great deal of energy, but all are soon exhausted, unfit for protracted exertion. Grown-up horses, when much reduced by deficient nourishment, require more food to put them into working order than would have kept them for two or three months in the condition they require to possess when going into work. When a horse is starved, besides losing strength and flesh, his bowels get full of worms and his skin covered with lice. Very often he takes mange, and sometimes he does not moult, or the hair falls out suddenly and entirely off, leaving the skin nearly bald for a long time. The skin of an ill-fed horse is always rigid, sticking to the ribs, and their hair dull, staring, soft, dead-like. If not famished to death they recover strength and animation with good and sufficient feeding, but starvation always spoils the shape of a growing horse.

POINTS FOR STOCKMEN.

Don't keep more horses than you need.

The offspring from a mature sow is stronger than from a young one.

Swine need bulk in their feed. Don't feed on concentrated foods alone.

Pork is one of the very best of meats if swine are properly fed and cared for.

The selection and steady use of the best of even common scrub stock will lead to improvement.

Sows eat their pigs because their systems are out of condition, the result of improper feeding and bad management.

It is dangerous to inbreed swine. If there are family defects they will appear in the offspring in an exaggerated form.

On the whole, the horses would be better off, and so would the owner, if the whip-making industry were abolished.

There is too much talk and not enough action in the matter of reviving interest in the Morgan horse. The Morgan will revive itself if given half a chance.

Sell half the scrub herd, if necessary, and buy a thoroughbred bull. If cattle must rough it take the Hereford, Polled Angus or Galloway. If well cared for the shorthorn is a prize.—Western Plowman.

Wet Bedding Kills Pigs.

One of the most frequent causes for mortality among pigs which are thrifty at birth, but die after a few days, in a wet bed. It will kill them nearly every time. Many cases which have puzzled the owner to ascribe a cause for, might have been traced to this. Rather no bed at all than a pile of damp straw to lie on. Dry, fine straw or chaff is best, but do not neglect to change it frequently, or your pigs will dwindle away, and one after another be found dead, until the last is gone.—Dakota Field and Farm.

OPPOSED TO IT.

He Was Down on Poker But Touched Up Wheat.

"My son," said the old gentleman, "I hear you lost a large sum of money at a game of chance called poker the other evening."

"Yes, dad, that's so. I'm afraid it was a large sum, but it didn't scare me. Besides, I generally win, and I'm still ahead of the game."

The old gentleman frowned.

"Do you mean to say, then," he asked, "that you make a continuous practice of gambling?"

"Why—er— I play the game a pretty good deal right along, yes. What of it?"

"This much of it, sir. I forbid it in the future! I utterly discountenance any kind or sort of immoral ways of making money like those of staking on unknown or doubtful results. It's wrong, my boy; it's wrong. Look at the ethics of it. Suppose you do win. You obtain money for which you have done no work—you have made no return for it, and rightfully it is not yours. If you lose your stake it is still worse, and you might as well have thrown your money away. No, sir, there must be no more of your gambling, or I shall cut you off altogether. Understand me, sir, I am opposed to it on every ground."

And the old gentleman hurried away to his office down town to instruct his broker to buy heavily in wheat, as he had a suspicion that there would be a rise within 24 hours.—N. Y. Journal.

An Engaging Talker. — Mae — "Mr. Smoothe called on me last night. He's a perfectly lovely conversationalist." Marie—"What did he say?" Mae—"Just proposed, that's all."—Judge.

"Poor, motherless girl!" he exclaimed, and turned sadly away. What he wanted was a motherless girl who should be in moderate circumstances, at least.—Puck.

Couldn't Fool Mamma.—Mrs. Younglove—"Oh, I am sure my husband has never told me a lie in his life." Her Mother—"My poor child! You are married to a hypnotist!"—Cleveland Leader.

One of the surgeons of a hospital asked an Irish help which he considered the most dangerous of the many cases then in the hospital. "That, sir," said Patrick, as he pointed to a case of surgical instruments.—Tit-Bits.

A Pessimist.—Everett Wrest—"I s'pose when prosperity comes along you will be ready to meet it?" Dismal Dawson—"Yes, meet it, that's just what I'll do. Prosperity and me is sure to be going in opposite directions."—Indianapolis Journal.

Either Going or Coming.—"So your husband is going to the Klondike gold regions? I should think you would hate to have him run the risk." "Oh, his life is insured for $15,000! We are almost sure to strike it one way or another."—Cleveland Leader.

Extreme Vigilance.—"Tell you what it is," said the returned tourist, "you can't be too careful in Europe." "Why?" "In St. Petersburg my wife remarked to a friend that she'd give me a good blowing up when she met me, and they arrested her for a nihilist."—Philadelphia North American.

Some people pride themselves on having the nerve to ask any question.—Washington Democrat.

Mrs. Seaside—"Was your house party a success?" Mrs. Countryseat—"Yes, indeed! There wasn't one of them who wasn't engaged the first week, and there wasn't two of them who would speak to each other the second."—Puck.

On a Tropic Strand.

"She is just simply too sweet for anything!" King Mwptka looked annoyed at his dusky consort's interruption. "I wish you wouldn't bother me with the details of the kitchen, my dear," he said, fretfully. "Set the jars out in the sun a while till they begin to work and you'll find mead enough." Somehow, you do not seem as capable in culinary accomplishments as mother used to be." And Mrs. Mwptka wept softly as she stirred the fire.—N. Y. Press.

Venom Inhaled with the Air

And imbibed with the water of a malarious locality, has still a certain antidote. Experience sanctions confidence in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a preventive of this scourge. All over this continent and in the tropics it has proved itself a certain means of defense, and an eradicant of intermittent and remittent fevers, and other forms of miasma-born disease. Nor is it less effective for kidney troubles, constipation, rheumatism and nervousness.

Significant Figures.

Mrs. Peck—I see suicide is rapidly increasing among the men.

Henry Peck—And I see that marriage is steadily increasing.—Philadelphia North American.

There Is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

A Doubtful Compliment.—The Count—"Ah, Miss Jones, how beautiful you are!" Miss Jones—"You forget, count, that beauty is but skin deep." The Count—"Mon Dieu! what a thick skin you must have!"—Truth.

Try Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures and prevents swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The Original Summer Man.—Browne—"Who started the fad of going to the mountains?" Towne—"Mohammed, I believe."—Truth.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

Aunt—"Well, Bobby, what do you want to be when you grow up?" Bobby (suffering from parental discipline)—"An orphan."—Tit-Bits.

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Mrs. Frank Mobbs, 215 W. 22d St., New York, Oct. 20, 1894.

Reporter—"Are you willing to tell me your story?" Convict—"Yes; but I'm not at liberty."—Truth.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

How slow a person seems to read when you are waiting for his paper.—Washington Democrat.

Pistols and Pestles.

The duelling pistol now occupies its proper place, in the museum of the collector of relics of barbarism. The pistol ought to have beside it the pestle that turned out pills like bullets, to be shot like bullets at the target of the liver. But the pestle is still in evidence, and will be, probably, until everybody has tested the virtue of Ayer's sugar coated pills. They treat the liver as a friend, not as an enemy. Instead of driving it, they coax it. They are compounded on the theory that the liver does its work thoroughly and faithfully under obstructing conditions, and if the obstructions are removed, the liver will do its daily duty. When your liver wants help, get "the pill that will."

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

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AUG. 3 AND 17, SEPT. 7 AND 21, OCT. 5 AND 19. To the Farm regions of the West, Northwest and Southwest. Round trip tickets will be sold on dates named at all C., B. & Q. stations and at many Eastern points at about half fare, good for 21 days. Stop over allowed on going passage. Ask your local agent for particulars.

GO WEST AND LOOK FOR A HOME. A handsome illustrated pamphlet describing NEBRASKA sent free on application to P. S. EUSTIS, Gen'l Pass. Agt., C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago.

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To MOTHERS.

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I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher. *on every wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher. *on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher M.D.

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OVER THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY and Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway.

The Southern Railway announces the following low rates from Washington, D. C., to Nashville, Tenn., occasion Tennessee Centennial Exposition:

Season Excursion Tickets will be sold daily, until and including October 15, at $28.75.

Twenty-day Excursion Tickets will be sold daily until October 15, at $21.30.

Ten-day Excursion Tickets will be sold on Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week, until October 26, 1897, at $15.30.

Rates for Military and Students in parties of 25 or more made known upon application.

Lv Baltimore, P. R. R.		9.20 PM	3.42 AM
" Washington, So. Ry		10.41 "	11.15 "
" Danville	"	6.00 AM	6.20 PM
Ar Salisbury (E. T.)	"	9 37 "	8.50 "
" Asheville (C. T.)	"	2.05 PM	12.12 AM
" Hot Springs	"	4.21 "	1.29 "
" Knoxville	"	7.25 "	4.00 "
" Chattanooga	"	11.20 "	7.59 "
" Nashville, N. C. & St. L. Ry		6.45 AM	1.50 PM

The train leaving Baltimore at 9.20 P. M., daily, carries Pullman Buffet Sleeper New York to Salisbury, mutting with Pullman Sleeper (from Norfolk) to Nashville, Tenn., through "The Land of the Sky," without change.

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LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

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JOHN SHARTZER,
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offers his services to the people of Garrett County. Will cry land or personal property sales at any point in the county. 6-97-1yr.

Hutton.

Rev. J. W. Buther, of Oakland, will preach at the school house Thursday evening, Sept. 9th.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schrader, of "Enterprise," are on a ten days' visit to friends in Northern Pennsylvania.

Miss Snyder, of Monongah, W. Va., who has been spending the summer with Miss Tina Connell, is about to return home.

Now that the Corinth strike is settled all local excitement seems to be centered in the quoit playing which is carried on in front of Parley DeBerry's store from early morning till late at night.

Miss Annie Casey, of Washington, D. C., is spending a couple of weeks at her home here

The Preston Lumber company is delivering three or four cars of bark per day to the Enterprise tannery.

Judging from the amount of goods received here the Preston Store company at Crellin must be doing a rushing business.

Bittinger.

The Republicans of Bittinger are all highly elated over the county ticket nominated at Oakland on Tuesday of last week. They say that they will support it from top to bottom and give it one hundred majority on the 3rd of November.

Miss Mary Wiley, who has been at Moscow, Md., for a year past, is home on a visit.

Messrs. S. C. Wiley, P. L. Snyder and Thomas J. Stanton have caught the gold fever and expect to pass next summer in the Klondike country. They will start on their journey about March 1st. They are all good fellows and deserve success.

Mr. Harry Gelbett, of Maple Grove, was in town Thursday last.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Benchy and family were visiting friends here last week.

Mr. John Conn, of Swanton, was here last week looking up a location for a blacksmith shop.

Mr. Wm. A. Dailey, of Oakland, was here last Friday.

Selbysport.

It has been so long since the readers of your paper have heard from our town they probably think it has been blotted off the map, but it has not.

We are all rejoicing together at the prospects for the future. Crops were never better and work is getting more plentiful and we have begun to feel in earnest the wave of prosperity in a general way.

George M. Stuck and family, of Penn's Station, Pa., and Mr. Harp and son, of Greensburg, Pa., have been visiting Mrs. Ann Stuck, of our town, for two weeks past. They said they enjoyed their visit very much and promised to come again.

And now the defeated aspirants for office say they won't play in the back yard of the successful ones. Play fair, boys; if you had been the successful ones and the other fellows would refuse to play in your back yard you would think them mighty mean.

Since our delegates returned from the convention they don't know "where they are at." We know now that we were asking too much of the convention; anyhow we did not get what we asked.

A few of our young people enjoy themselves by carrying their neighbors' corn off and cooking it. The neighbors know who they are and say they will come to grief if they do do not discontinue the practice.

We have the most gentlemanly conductor on the C. & O. R. R. now that we have had since A. L. Davies left it.

Our farmers are busy plowing for their fall crops. There will be more wheat sowed this fall than usual.

G. W. Dunham has sold his timber to a Mr. Flannagan from Cambuence, Pa., who has moved a mill to Mr. Dunham's farm and will commence sawing in a few days.

J. T. Grove has built a new barn on his farm this summer. He has a new house and now he is looking around for a suitable partner so that he can commence farming right.

It now appears that the Hon. Geo. L. Wellington sit on a bent pin in the State convention. This ought to console some of the sore ones in Garrett. If a man like Mr. Wellington can take the dose without howling surely we ought to.

Counterfeit Mileage Tickets. B. & O. R. R.

Recently there appeared in Pittsburgh, a man giving the name of R. C. Lucas, accompanied by a woman calling herself May Anderson, who attempted to dispose of counterfeit B. & O. Mileage Books. They did succeed in selling some to the brokers, and then departed for Cleveland, where they registered at the American House as R. C. Lucas and wife.

In their efforts to dispose of the spurious tickets, they aroused suspicions, which were at once communicated to the B. & O. Agent, who immediately took such action as led to the arrest and conviction of the woman, who was found guilty of selling counterfeit tickets, and sentenced to six months in the work house, and to pay a fine of $500 and costs.

The man succeeded in making his escape, but as he is known to the railroad people and the police; his arrest is only a question of time.

The B. & O. officials have taken every precaution to prevent the sale or use of these spurious tickets, and have expressed a determination to prosecute to the fullest extent of the law anyone caught attempting to use counterfeit mileage or other bogus forms of transportation, and will be especially vigorous against brokers found offering them for sale.

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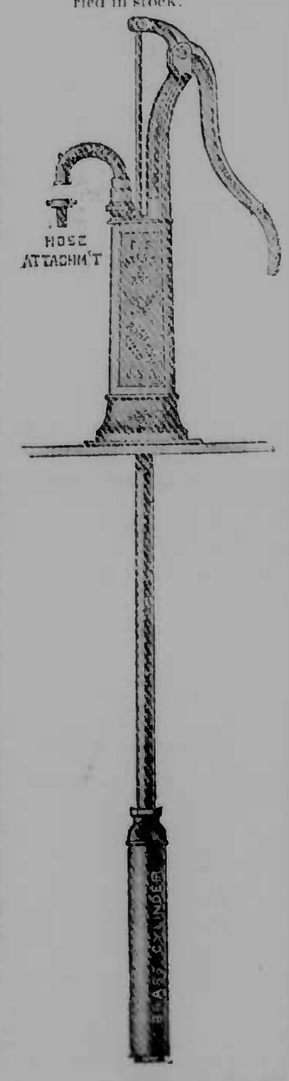

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect 5m Sunday, May 16, 1897, Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—	Daily		2.40 A. M
No. 3—	Daily		6.28 A. M
No. 71—	Accom daily except Sun		9.28 A. M
No. 47—	Daily		1.30 P. M
No. 55—	Express, daily		5.55 P. M
No. 1—	Daily		10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—	Daily		5.58 A. M
No. 2—	Daily		6.41 A. M
No. 72—	Accom daily except Sun		5.18 P. M
No. 46—	Daily		4.43 P. M
No. 4—	Daily		12 29 A. M
No. 14—	Accommodation		10.12 A. M

Train No. 55 makes no stops between Oakland and Grafton. No. 47 makes all stops.

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SOUTHWARD No. 3		STATIONS		NORTHWARD No. 2	NORTHWARD No. 4
P. M.	A. M.			NOON	P. M.
3 00*	8 00†	lv	Cumberland	ar *12 00	†7 30
3 28	8 29		Rawlings	11 31	7 01
3 52	8 52		Keyser	11 08	6 38
4 05	9 05		Westernport	10 55	6 25
4 09	9 09		W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	6 18
4 37	9 35		Shaw	10 21	5 50
5 02	10 00		Harrison	9 50	45 26
5 15	10 45*	ar	Elk Garden	9 00	*4 00
5 35	10 25†	lv	Gorman	9 21	4 51
5 42	10 42		Bayard	9 19	4 49
5 51	10 51		Dobbin	9 08	4 39
6 27	11 27		Thomas	8 38	4 08
6 55	11 55	ar	Davis	7 55	3 15
6 31	11 31	lv	Coketon	8 31	4 01
7 01	12 01		Hendricks	8 00	3 30
7 07	12 07		Bretz	7 54	3 23
7 10	12 10		Parsons	7 50	3 20
7 45	12 45		Kerens	7 15	2 45
8 00	1 00*	ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	†2 30
	1 30*	ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
	3 05*	ar	Benlington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.			A. M.	A. M

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1897. NUMBER 27.

POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

The factory smoke seems to have affected Mr. Bryan's voice.

Has anybody been heard to express regret that he voted for sound money and protection last year?

"Dollar wheat" is the derisive cry wherever ex-candidate Bryan tries to renew his silver arguments.

Of course silver is not to blame for the change in the price of wheat. It had nothing to do with it; never had in fact.

That rattling sound you have heard over the country is not caused by the putting up of shutters, as was the case at this stage of the Cleveland administration.

After a series of regular Democratic rows, the Pennsylvania Democratic Convention endorsed the Chicago free-silver platform, cheered wildly for Bryan, nominated a ticket, and then adjourned. What fools these mortals be.

Four hundred and fifty thousand British guineas from Australia have been received in San Francisco, in payment for exportations of American wheat. This is another case where the Western farmer is being trampled upon by the gold power of Great Britain.

"Blessed is the country whose soldiers fight for it and are willing to give the best they have, the best that any man has, their own lives, to preserve it, because they love it. Such an army the United States has always commanded in all her history."—President McKinley at Buffalo.

It seems as though everything had turned against the calamity shriekers, whether of free-silver or free trade type. Their latest misfortune comes in the way of a recent announcement showing the individual deposits in the national banks of the country to be the largest on record.

From the position of private soldier to that of President of the United States is a long step and there is but one man who has yet made it. He was at the Buffalo reunion the other day, one Wm. McKinley. And he was not a bit ruffled either when his carriage was refused admittance to the camp by an old soldier who knew only to obey orders.

And now there is prospect for higher prices for corn. The Europeans are taking our corn in great quantities, and here is statistician R. W. Snow, of Chicago, one of the ablest experts on crops in the country, with an estimate that the corn crop of the country will be more than 1,800,000,000 bushels this year against 2,283,000,000 bushels last year. This means higher prices for corn. And yet silver continues to fall.

Let's see! the free-coinage advocates last year promised the farmer $1.00 a bushel for wheat if they would dilute the currency of the country with silver, but admitted they did not know how much the dollar would be worth. We know how much it is worth—40 cents. Yet the farmers have got their dollar a bushel, and got it in good money too. This shows the wisdom of rejecting new-fangled theories without a careful test as to their probable effect when put into operation.

Farmers may congratulate themselves that the Dingley law, which protects their productions thoroughly, has gone into operation. The recent report of the Bureau of Statistics shows that the importations of 12 articles of farm product—wool, cotton, flaxes, feathers, chicory, cattle, oranges, preserved fruit, hides, beans, rice, and sugar—during June, 1897, were more than 50 per cent. greater than in June, 1895, amounting to $23,500,000, against $15,400,669 the corresponding month of last year.

Silver Orator Bland has put his foot in it again. He has grown hot under the collar because of the "wheat and silver" talk of the anti-free-coinagists, and attempts to explain that the increase in wheat prices is simply the result of shortages abroad. In doing this, however, he gives away his whole argument about silver, for the statement that wheat is high because of a short supply is an admission that over-production would cause low prices. That is the whole story in a nutshell, Mr. Bland. The low prices of the last few years were the result of an increased supply and cheaper means of production and transportation.

MORE ABOUT KLONDIKE.

Our Special Correspondent Writes of "Scoops" and Rough Seas.

GOLD COMING FROM THE FIELDS.

A Little Incident Relative to Dr. Henry Ward Beecher's Son and Other Matters. The Race Is Get News From the Frozen Country.

TACOMA, Sept. 4, 1897.—Many hardships are encountered in gleaning the latest authentic news from the Alaska goldfields. During the past six days I have been rolling and tumbling about the Straits of Fuca. Sleep could not be had at but short intervals of from five minutes to two hours. I have not had my clothes off for five days and meals have been served, when served at all, in cramped quarters in a Puget Sound tugboat with everything tied fast and a safety railing around the table to keep the cups and dishes from tumbling off and breaking.

Wednesday I came to town for a few hours, and while waiting for a stenographer to take a few dictions, I fell sound asleep while sitting bolt upright in a chair. That was the day after the Associated Press and the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* "scooped" an army of special correspondents on the cream of the Klondike news. To appreciate what, under the circumstances a "scoop" means, it must be remembered that the great newspapers of the country had bright men all along the Straits of Fuca from Port Townsend to Cape Flattery, and from "Townsend" to Tacoma on Puget Sound. The San Francisco *Examiner* and New York *Journal* "combination" had at least fifteen men detailed to get the Alaska news via St Michaels. One tug, the Wanderer had eleven of these men aboard at one time. The Wanderer, together with the tug Sea Lion, the latter being one of the most speedy tugs in the world, were detailed to watch for the steamship Portland off Cape Flattery, at the entrance to the Straits of Fuca, between the state of Washington and the island of Vancouver.

Well, the ball opened Tuesday night, August 24th. I had just written my last Klondike letter and immediately took passage from Tacoma on the elegant steamer City of Seattle for Port Townsend. I arrived at the latter place at 4.30 a. m., and before the steamer had made fast I was hurrying along the docks in quest of a tug. While I was thus engaged, a dapper little youth tripped along and broke in with the question:

"I say captain, where is your tug going to-day?"

"To Whatcom for a ship."

"To Whatcom, is that near Cape Flattery?" There followed a roar of laughter from the men on the deck and the skippers, which was well warranted, inasmuch as Whatcom is about 150 miles from "Flattery," and as "Townsend" is much nearer the port to which the tug is bound. And yet, there at half past four o'clock of a cheerless morning was a dapper little man, a reporter for the San Francisco *Examiner*, poking around trying to find some means of communicating with Cape Flattery where the vessels from the far north are first sighted.

Sometimes they are not "sighted" there, to the sorrow of a dozen bright newspaper men, as I will explain later on in explaining how the *Globe-Democrat* was the only newspaper in the country that got a special correspondent aboard the latest vessel from St. Michael.

The dapper little reporter referred to was enterprising but his knowledge of geography was wretched—particularly as regards Puget Sound points. A minute or two after he had left the dock I had made arrangements with Captain Herbert F. Beecher to go down the straits aboard the tug Discovery. Captain Beecher is a son of the late Henry Ward Beecher, but a man not aware of that fact would never know it from Captain Beecher himself. Even one of his nautical friends whom I afterwards met at sea did not know it. Captain Beecher does not swear—rather unusual among Puget Sound tugboat masters—and, I should judge, he is what is called a "home man," for he said, soon after we went to sea:

"I guess I'm one of the most unlucky fellows afloat. I have not been home in fifteen days until last night. Then I happened to drop in here because the sea was so rough I could not tow some boom sticks. I let them go on the San Juan islands and dropped over here hoping to be with my wife and babies for a few hours. I ran up the steps and met my wife at the door. I said it was an ill wind that blew nobody good, and she said, addressing a woman I had not seen before, 'Mrs. ——, my husband.' I nearly dropped dead. Mrs. Beecher could not entertain both of us, so I had to drop back aboard leaving Mrs. —— usurping all my wife's attention."

Just as we rounded Point Wilson and straightened out for down the strait, Beecher asked me if I could see the "light" on Dungeness spit. Dungeness is a little village on the shores of the Strait of Fuca, on the American side. A spit, consisting of a narrow piece of sand bank, makes out into the sea four miles in a semicircle and shelters the little haven. The "light" referred to was the government lighthouse on this spit. It was fourteen miles distant and I could not see it "by about five miles," as it afterward turned out. He could see it and then made the only reference to his renowned father that I heard drop from his lips during the sixteen hours I was with him.

"Father had remarkable sight in one eye," said Captain Beecher. "He could stand at our house in Brooklyn and, by closing one eye, could read the time on Trinity tower in New York."

Henry Ward Beecher was a great lover of precious stones, and when Captain Beecher said that he had gathered, at Agate Beach, below Port Crescent, ninety agates at one time for his wife, I tried to draw him into a conversation regarding the great preacher. He did not rise to the fly, and I could not, being his guest aboard, insist.

At Port Angeles, after visiting Port Crescent, I left Captain Beecher, and at some other time I may unfold an interesting tale about my experiences with him and his gentlemanly crew. His tug, like all others, bobbed about when the sea was rough, like a match on a mill pond when the wind blows up strong. I fell a victim to seasickness, of course, and Beecher gently put me to bed.

At Port Angeles I bargained with another tugmaster, Captain Bucklin, to go out to Flattery early in the morning. During the night, however, the government weather observer at Tatoosh island, at the mouth of the straits, reported the steamer Portland from St. Michaels, Alaska, entering. To be more accurate, this man Hobbs, his name is Hobbs, did not mislead several million people next morning. He did not say the steamer was the Portland. He did say he guessed it was. He simply made a bad guess.

It proved to be the collier Willamette, returning from Skagway and Dyea, after having taken up 850 would-be Klondikers and a large amount of freight for Dawson City. She is in the coal carrying trade between Tacoma and San Francisco, and made a special trip to Skagway and Dyea because there was "big money" in the venture. The captain decided to come down the "outside" passage from the north, that is, he came out into the Pacific Ocean at Sitka, and avoided the "inside" run among the small islands, which is the usual course for steamers going to Juneau, Dyea and Skagway. No steamer but the Portland was expected at that time, and as the Willamette came down from the north and cut in around Vancouver island, the faithful Hobbs—faithful to his friends—gave it out, as his judgment, that it was the long-looked for Portland.

Inside of the hour after Hobbs gave the word at Tatoosh island, the stepping off point of the United States, the news and telegraph editors of the country had been deceived into believing the treasure steamer from the Klondike was coming into Puget Sound. One news-gathering syndicate wired that the Portland was entering the Sound with miners and gold aboard. The "syndicate" wanted the newspaper office decks cleared for its "stuff" for which it receives ten dollars a column in most instances.

As this is the first inside news yet given out by Hobbs and how he startled the world with his "bad guess," a few particulars may be permissible. Hobbs was simply trying to be polite in keeping watch for the Portland. His duties end for the day with a nautical report on the vessels entering and departing. His guess sent dozens of newspaper men scurrying helter skelter. City Editor Thos. Garret, of the San Francisco *Examiner*, had half his "local" staff cached at Townsend and, having inside facilities for getting the news, he had his men on board the tug Wanderer in a few minutes. The "boys" were called out of bed, from the dinner table, or wherever found and ordered aboard. They were as orderly as the circumstances would permit, but soon the "town" was onto the Hobbs report and cut dashed the great tug Sea Lion, costing $100 a day, that being the price paid for the Wanderer. Both went panting up the straits and were quickly followed by the tug Vigilant, which had been chartered by the Associated Press. They "spoke" the Willamette and disappointment became as thick as fog. In the meantime every detail was looked to by Garret's lieutenants with a view to "scooping the world." Special men were scattered along the shores of the Sound, and the one little tiny government wire to Tatoosh was to be loaded with *Examiner* brain waves.

It was daylight, however, before the average correspondent knew that Hobbs had guessed badly, or that his bad guess had been twisted out of shape by some of the newspaper men who were famishing for a "story."

I simply "held my base" at Port Angeles until I became satisfied that the Portland had not arrived. I dismissed the idea of going to sea with Captain Bucklin in the tug Boysen, although I was quite sure he would meet a St. Michael's schooner for which I was keeping vigil. My guess discounted Hobbs', as Bucklin did come in the next night with the Fred E. Sanders, thirty days out from St. Michael's. In the meantime, however, the scoop that followed was in the incubator. I went up to Townsend on a steamer and started back on the tug Vigilant the same night. E. L. Powell, manager of the Associated Press in the Pacific north-west was in charge, and the very atmosphere seemed pregnant with the idea that the *Examiner-Journal* "combination" would scoop everybody. The *Examiner* army was at Cape Flattery, also, the *Journal* army, in charge of Lee Grenner, an old Tacoma newspaper man, and now telegraph editor of the *Examiner*. The "syndicate" was there and there was a tugload of special correspondents besides. For reasons which only newspaper man who has bucked a strong opposition on a special detail of great importance will understand, some of the small calibre telegraph managers were loaded with more work than they could get off in many, many hours. I filed a special to the *Globe-Democrat* about this time and was informed that it might not get off in "two days." The telegraph manager was told by me, in reply, that the two-day limit might apply to those not "in on the deal," but that, really, the *Globe-Democrat* matter would have to go. It went. Nevertheless, somebody counted on the order of its going.

Captain Walters of the Vigilant let me take the wheel when we steamed out of Port Angeles and I asked him to keep a sharp lookout for a sail. We headed down toward the mouth of the Straits of Fuca as night closed in. The straits vary in width from twenty to fifty miles and only a practiced eye could detect a sail or a steamer at long range. Mr. Powell was thinking hard and fast. At that time the fastest tugs on the Sound were under charter to others and, realizing the situation in all its bearings, he felt pretty blue. But Captain Walters has an eagle eye and he was "constantly scanning the horizon," as the man who writes the novel puts it. He knew the whereabouts of every craft on the coast, and the schooners Fred. E. Sanders, J. E. Coleman, Ford and Alice Cook were all due from Alaska and with news from the land of gold. Presently Walters said:

"There's a schooner off there."

Nobody but a sea dog could see it though. Not by six or seven miles could the land-lubber see it. It was nearly pitch dark, but Captain Walters saw the sail in the dark. Under his direction I "ported the helm" and jogged along at ten knots for a long time before the captain said:

"I'll take the wheel now and speak her."

He shouted orders down the pipe to the engineer, everybody "stood by," and presently a faint, timid voice from the schooner called:

"Ship ahoy."

"What schooner is that?" asked Walters.

"J. M. Coleman," was the reply.

"From St. Michaels?"

"Yes, sir."

By this time Powell had lost his blues.

"When did you leave St. Michael?"

"July 25th, sir."

"Has anyone spoken you?" I was prompting the captain.

"No, sir."

"Didn't any newspaper men come aboard off Flattery?"

"No, sir."

That settled it. The Coleman was our feast. We came alongside and Captain Walters casually intimated that he had a "bottle," whereupon the captain of the schooner, Captain Treanor, became very anxious to interview it. We found several miners aboard, all fresh from the Klondike, Mr. Charles H. Metcalf, of Detroit, Mich., more of a trader than a miner, being the most experienced. We unearthed a mine of Klondike news on the Coleman, and even though it was nearly midnight when we boarded her, every man aboard crowded into the captain's room to hear the news of the world, but they were no more anxious for the news of the world than the world was for the news they brought from the Klondike.

The same night the schooner Fred E. Sanders slipped into the straits unobserved by the army of newspaper men at Cape Flattery. Still it was not "thick" or foggy at Flattery, and Captain Carlson of the Sanders said he saw one of the press tugs. His passengers, six in number, brought out about $70,000 in nuggets. One of the passengers, Jennie McNamee, is a reputed Klondike millionaire, although he was not worth above enough to buy a Klondike outfit ten months ago. He made a signed statement for the *Globe-Democrat* in which he estimated the output of gold from the Klondike for the year ending to-day at only $2,000,000. This, he said, was because the claims had not been worked to advantage and not because the gold was not there. On the contrary, he, like all the other miners from the Klondike, say there is plenty of gold there, McNamee himself estimating the output between this day and August 31, 1898, at $8,000,000. Even after the cream has been worked off, he says, there will be good "pay dirt" there for many years to come.

The significant point in the statements of the Klondikers, just arrived by the schooners Coleman and Sanders and the steamer Portland, is that the new discoveries outside of the Klondike are panning out well, many new strikes have been reported and letters received here are so encouraging that extensive preparations are being made to double the capacity of the Klondike outfitting houses. Steamships will make the run from Tacoma to Skagway and Dyea in seventy hours, and some form of steam overland transportation for the mountain passes will be arranged. During the past summer the Klondike miners have been exerting themselves with preparations for the winter's work, and little attention has been given to getting out gold.

Of a total of nearly $200,000 in gold that was brought down on the steamer Portland sixty per cent. was owned by actual miners. The trading companies will send down between $750,000 and $1,000,000 by the last steamers of the season from St. Michaels. The latter amount will be in addition to the $2,000,000 estimate of Mr. McNamee, making a total of nearly $3,000,000 for the first year of the Klondike. The output of the next year is estimated at from $8,000,000 to $15,000,000.

My former advice, "don't go to Klondike till spring," still stands.

THOMAS SAMMONS.

SOME RAMBLING THOUGHTS.

BY "NEMO."

[Copyrighted by Rowe & Tabor.]

TO THE MATURE AND OTHERS:—The slight chill in the morning mist, the changed color of an occasional leaf before it flutters to the ground, the silencing of the birds, the odor of the evening air—these signs unite, with numberless others to announce that Summer is nearing its end, and with it is vanishing the opportunity for raising further crops. Good or bad, well-tended or neglected, the results will soon be estimated and the farmer know whether profit or loss is the result of his labors. The wise farmer finds the Autumn at hand in its due season; the wasteful, idle one is astonished that it is here so soon after the Spring days when the sun summoned vegetation to life. But gone is the Summer and no voice is so loud or so imploring as to be able to call it back. One more seed-time and harvest is gathered into the eternal and irrevocable past and the hastening days move us away from the time of crop-growth forward to the time when the storms without are dified by reason of the stores within, or the wailings without accentuated by the want within.

Up-gather earth's glories while ye may,
For Winter shall sweep the souls away;
When the live dies and fire light is gone,
And the ashes shiver pale and wan;
When the afterglow of November fades,
And the winds are the wails of shroudless shades.
For September's days bring a warning clear,
Which tells that the hour of death is near,
And the year's strong manhood startled halts,
At the primal chill from the opening vaults,
And knows that its voice shall be stricken dumb,
And its laughter lulled—till Spring is come.

***

The slackening step, the occasional feeling of impatience at the frantic and unreasonable joy of children; the gray hair here and there, and brevity of the years—these are signs that the summer time of your life is passing too. You rub your eyes to see if you do but dream the message of lessening time that ever buzzes in your ears. The shivering nerve of protest against the desperate of Time is the counterpart of that hollow, soughing sound that seems now to creep through the woods:

That shuddering breath, which tells that fire
Is placed to the season's funeral pyre.

The time of opportunity is passing; the time of garnering draws near. Into that full crop of accomplishments and of deeds, which some of you will rejoice over, are woven the works done when you were weary, but done nevertheless because time was never known to return. In your harvest of plenty are treasured the duties done because they needed to be done and not because they were easy and pleasant. Such works are there—everyone of them; none are lost. And you with wisps from your own neglected fields of life. And hands full of gleanings from others' bounty—the ghosts of neglected chances are impalpable in your grasp but they are there. Indolent turning over on flowery beds of ease hath its reward, and you begin to see it in vision—an autumn of regret, a winter of cheerless emptiness with nothing of honest pride whereon to feel self-respect.

***

Does the sun make any audible noise as it peeps over the hill-tops in the morning? Does it summon the farmer to duty with persistent calls and shakings? No! the day comes silently; silently does it grow and wane, and silently does it pass and without protest, even if unimproved. The farmer's utilization of time does not originate from any compelling force in the power of daylight, but from a purpose within his heart to make the most of his farm in the days that the passing seasons give him. Combining his powers with the powers of nature that he can control, the barren place can be made to flourish, and out of the parched grounds, come forth food. While the idle farmer frets and fumes and grumbles about rains, or whatnot, the days hurry by that are giving his neighbor good returns for effort expended. This is so generally true as to be practically accurate.

***

And thus it is with the opportunities of life. They do not troop up to us with the blare of trumpets. As silently as the sun do they pass us by and as supremely indifferent to neglect do they sink out of sight. Invisible to the eye of the savage is the modern war-ship buried in a bed of iron ore. Just so invisible are most opportunities except to the eyes of compelling faith. The iron-clad is there, the opportunities are here, all around us free as air and discoverable by every man with full faculties, who will take of his time freely, mingle it with strength of purpose and direct his operations with intelligence. He it is who makes highways across trackless deserts; who dares out on deeps even if alone; who, ever dissatisfied with those things whereunto our race has attained, moves us forward along new lines, dragging us to betterment by his own forces. He it is who is ever harassed by the indolent who will not act, and the faithless who will not believe in opportunity until it materializes before their very eyes. But what of the harvest? To such a man, no matter how barren his life may first promise to be, there is a creditable career, not perhaps of money-grubbing, but, at any rate of honest, upright living and kindly benevolence. And to the others? They see in themselves when buffetings come and difficulties, special objects of personal spite on the part of the Almighty; they crawl off to escape the hardships; and, when they come to themselves as life is waning, see nothing worthy of a race that has suffered, and sweated and travailed for every single inch it has gained in morals or materials. They have enjoyed some of its gains, but they have added naught to its store. Their hearts starve and their memories perish.

Cease then to curse the bitter blows of fate,
No goal is easy whose reward is great,
Each barrier won will hurt and strength renew,
Each step ascended gives a wider view.

***

I know people whose lives seem one long experience of meeting with barricades on the way of life, and yet in their disappointments are their opportunities, out of them they seem to extract the tenderness of heart that is touched with other's needs, and that lovely charity for all who labor and are heavy laden—that charity that makes them bearers of good along pathways that to them are ever thorny.

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A Cure For Bilious Colic.

Resource, Screven Co., Ga.—I have been subject to attacks of bilious colic for several years. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is the only sure relief. It acts like a charm. One dose of it gives relief when all other remedies fail.—G. D. Sharp. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Garrett.

Rev. W. F. Nine made a flying trip to Elk Garden the first of last week.

Mrs. P. A. Chisholm is confined to her bed with typhoid fever.

The Dunkards of this community will hold their annual love feast on Saturday, the 11th inst., at the Fairview church.

On last Thursday as Oliver M. Miller was returning home from a trip to Cheat river, he was thrown from a buggy and received several wounds, but none serious, the result of a run away horse.

The funeral of James Murphy will be preached at Corunna Chapel, near Bayard, on Sunday, October 3, 1897, at 11 o'clock a. m., by Rev. George S. Arnold.

J. BIRD.

Good News for the Tax-Payers.

I hereby certify that in response to the requests of numerous tax-payers I have examined the lists of untaxed lands reported by Hiram P. Tasker and find them to be substantially correct. From my personal knowledge of the location of the Allegany county line I can truthfully say that there is more than one million dollars worth of coal and timber lands, belonging to non-residents, that are not assessed in Garrett county. It is a disgrace to Garrett county that these non-residents have escaped so long, and the resident land owners' taxes increased to make up the deficiency. By electing intelligent representatives the rate of taxation can be reduced about one-fourth.

Respectfully submitted,

ALEX. C. MASON, Surveyor.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD

THE KLONDIKE.

[Regretting that Mr. Longfellow caught the idea first.)

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through a northwest village passed
A man whose heart throbbed fast and strong,
While on he strode, nor tarried long,
To Klondike!

His brow was glad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falcon from its sheath,
And like a golden clarion rung
That merry warble from his tongue,
"The Klondike!"

Of happy homes beset with gems,
Of glorious crowns and diadems
He dreamed while passing others by,
That looked, and, passing, heaved a sigh,
For Klondike!

"The winter's cold," an old man said;
"Dark lowers the snow clouds overhead.
The ocean 'tween is deep and wide;"
But loud that frenzied man replied:
"'Tis Klondike!"

"O stay," a maiden said: "I pray,
'Tis such a long and weary way;"
But avarice gleamed bright in his eye,
And still he answered: "If I die—
'Tis Klondike!"

"Beware the scurvy's awful drain,
Beware the nights and days of pain;"
This was the last bit of advice;
The trav'ler answered in a trice:
"'Tis Klondike!"

A year rolled by and still he worked,
And not a trial of hardships shirked;
No word of failure home he sent,
But faithfully his efforts spent
In Klondike!

His eyes grew dim, he suffered, too,
Hunger came and cold winds blew;
While not a place to ease the pain,
He knew in all that wild domain,
'Twas Klondike!

He thought of home and babes and wife,
And wondered if again in life
He'd see them—as the fever's pace
Seemed burning through his pallid face
In Klondike!

A few weeks more, a nameless grave
Repaid the efforts, sad and brave,
He'd made for fortune—fickle dame—
Since first he left his home and came
To Klondike!

—Dana T. Jones, in Detroit Free Press.

JUST IN TIME.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

WE HAD been telling stories, as we sat on the moonlight on the porch of the old homestead. It was but a summer resort then, left to the care of servants in the winter; but well filled with our friends in the hot, dry months. Stories of adventure, of personal disasters, of land, of sea, had filled the evening; but it was still too early to retire, when Elsie, putting her pretty golden head down on my shoulder, said:

"Tell the story, father, of the day you were just in time."

The only romance of my hum-drum life! I was willing enough and this is the story: Ten years before, while I was still in business as a carriage builder in the small town of Bolton, I had in my employ a young man named Hartley, who was more to me, having no son of my own, than merely one of the "hands."

He was the son of John Hartley, who was one of the meanest, close-fisted men in the world, and thoroughly disliked by the entire population of Bolton. A dealer in real estate, he was known as one who insisted upon the payment of his rents, even if it took the food from the mouths of his tenants, or the beds from under the sick, to pay him.

When young George Hartley first came to me to seek employment he was a handsome lad of 16, with a bright, frank face, shadowed at that time by the recent death of his mother. It was understood that the wages, George being a minor, were to be paid to John Hartley, and he was punctually at the desk on pay day.

Knowing that the lad had been a good scholar, his mother's influence having kept him at the Bolton school during her life, I lent him books and invited him often to my house, where Elsie would play and sing for him, or read with him. He studied in every leisure moment, but was a good workman, never shirking the manual labor that was really too much drudgery for a boy of his ability. With my knowledge he went through a course of bookkeeping under my own head clerk, and here begins my story.

I had had in my employ a young man as assistant bookkeeper who had left me for what he thought a better position, and I entered into an engagement with George Hartley, who was to do his work, after hours, receiving from me five dollars a week in addition to his regular wages, which sum I paid to him, unknown to his father. If it was defrauding that worthy man of his right to his son's brains and industry, why, I so defrauded him.

By my advice the money was deposited in the Bolton bank, and for nearly four years it accumulated there, until there was more than $600, some of the money having been spent in keeping the lad decently clothed.

He was 20 years old when John Hartley married his second wife, an old maid, who was one of his tenants, and who had property of her own. From the day when she entered the house Mrs. Hartley commenced a series of petty persecutions of her stepson, pin-thrusts to make his life miserable, but seemingly too trifling for a man to notice. She hated him because he had tried to prevent the marriage, solely for love of his dead mother.

It was in April, when my physicians ordered me to take a sea trip for a chronic complaint that was troubling me and I made my preparations to go in a schooner from Keyport, the nearest seaport town to Bolton, and some 30 miles east of it. There was a train from Boston that passed through Bolton at ten o'clock in the evening and connected with the stage at Keyport. It was a New York train, but not express, stopping at many of the way stations; but it was the only one by which connection could be made with Keyport, the New York express passing Bolton at midnight.

I had sent my baggage to the station, had made all my arrangements, and was sitting in my study waiting for the hour to leave, when the door-bell rang. Elsie was in Boston, visiting an aunt until my return, and the servants had all gone away, as the house was to be closed, so I opened the door myself. It was George Hartley who was on my steps, a small satchel in his hand, and his face white with excitement.

I had still an hour of time at my disposal and I drew him into the house, certain before he spoke that there had come a crisis in his hard life. I will not try to tell the story in his own words, broken as they were by anger and excitement, but this was the substance of it:

He had been out at tea time, avoiding the family meals as often as he could, and on coming home had gone directly to his own room, which was over the one occupied by his father. The day had been warm, oppressively so for April, and all the windows were open. Seated by the one in his own room, George Hartley could hear distinctly what was said in the room beneath. He was reading, scarcely heeding the voices at first, but presently roused to keen listening and burning indignation. His stepmother had been prying in his room and had found his bank-book, where he had supposed it was securely concealed. John Hartley's rage at the discovery was great and he had gone to the bank and drawn out the entire sum, just as the bank was closing, and too late to pass it in to his own account.

He was going with his wife to a church meeting, being an active church member, and they were discussing the best place to put the money during their absence. After some bickering on the subject they decided to roll the notes in a piece of newspaper and thrust them behind the frame of a mirror over the mantel piece. No one would look there, or if anyone did there was only a piece of newspaper to be seen. As an additional precaution John Hartley took the numbers of the notes.

Keeping down his inclination to dash into the room and claim his own, George waited as patiently as he could until the couple had left the house, when he went to the room, to find the door locked and bolted. He was reckless by that time and went to the porch, climbed to its roof under his father's window and smashed the blinds outside, unbolted them, raised the window and sprang into the room. The money was secured, the newspaper replaced and he left the room again by the way he had entered it. Packing a satchel, he left the house and came to me.

"I will never return," he said to me, "and if it is theft to take what I have honestly earned, I am a thief, for I have it."

"I have wondered you staid so long," I said.

"I promised my mother I would never leave my father alone," he answered. "I have kept my word. He is not alone; he has his wife. Two years ago, if you

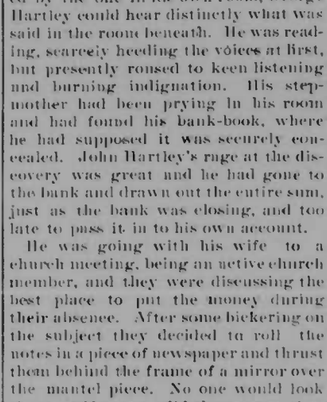

"SURELY PROVIDENCE HAS SENT YOU."

remember, you offered me a letter to your brother in New York, who, you said, would give me a position in his counting house."

"I remember."

"Will you give me that letter now, sir? I can leave here on the ten o'clock train and be in New York to-morrow. Even if your brother has no place for me I can live on what money I have for a time, and your letter will help me to some work. In a year I shall be free!"

Was I wrong to uphold him? I did so, with my whole heart. I wrote to my brother, gave George the letter, and then, fastening up the house, we started together to walk to the railway station. We were half way there when we met John Hartley and his wife returning from church. Supposing that George was going to see me off, they stopped for a few minutes, spoke a few words of farewell, hoped I would come back in better health and went their way. Five minutes later George and I were in our seats in the car. The schooner in which I was going to sail was a coaster, going to the Gulf of Mexico, and was to sail at five o'clock in the morning. Having time at his own disposal, George decided to go with me to Keyport and see me off, promising to write to Elsie as soon as I was fairly afloat.

It had long been evident to me that Elsie loved my young friend, and during that night ride he spoke to me frankly of his love for her, and won my free consent to ask her to be his wife as soon as he had established himself in some settled business. It had been a lifelong attachment, and I knew the sterling worth of the man who loved my little girl.

We parted at five o'clock in the morning of the 23d of April, and George Hartley had not been out of my sight since nine o'clock of the evening of the 22d. I went to the Gulf of Mexico, and, finding the air was helping me, moved from place to place along the coast, keeping ever on or near the water until the 1st of June. I wrote to Elsie, but heard nothing from her, as I was moving about constantly, and we had arranged that I was not to expect letters. On the 3d of June I was again in Bolton and speeding homeward bound, knowing Elsie was expecting me. I had avoided the main street, anxious to be at home; but in a smaller street, not far from the courthouse, I met an old friend.

To my amazement he sprang to meet me, crying:

"Surely Providence has sent you here to-day! Come, we have not a moment to lose!"

"Come where? What is it? Elsie?" I cried.

"No, no! There is nothing wrong with Elsie, but they are trying George Hartley for murder, and he says you can save him!"

"For murder!" I cried.

"The murder of his father on the 22d of April. The evidence is overwhelming. Mrs. Hartley swears that her husband was robbed of $600 on the night when he was murdered, and she has the numbers of the notes. They were found on George when he was arrested in New York."

We were hurrying toward the courthouse, but my friend spoke rapidly.

"Mrs. Hartley swears that there was some noise in the lower part of the house that aroused her and she went down. When she returned the window had been forced open, the money stolen and the husband lay on the floor dead, with a horrible wound on the back of his head. George ran away that night on the midnight train to New York."

We were at the courthouse by this time and pressed our way through the crowd, who were listening to the evidence that threatened to hang George Hartley for murder. I made my way to the seat where the lawyer who was defending him was gravely listening to the witness on the stand. The prisoner was looking down as I bent over and whispered to his lawyer, but suddenly looking up he saw me. One great shout broke from his pale lips:

"Heaven has sent you! I am saved!" and fell senseless on the floor. Had he studied the effect for months he could not have made it more convincing. Not a man in that crowded room doubted his innocence then.

My evidence was taken, and being a man well known in Bolton, it was sufficient to prove George Hartley guiltless. As I told the true story of the money, I could see that the sympathy of all was with the prisoner. All Bolton knew how hard a parent his father had been.

The jury were out but a few moments to return with the verdict: "Not guilty!" and George and I left the court room arm in arm, followed by the cheering of the crowd. We found Elsie white and trembling in the parlor, waiting for us.

"You are not angry because I came back?" she pleaded, clinging to me. "I heard the news in Boston and auntie came home with me. I knew George was innocent, even before I saw him, and it comforted him to see me," she said, turning to her lover.

I did not doubt that, as I saw them clinging together, their faces still pale with recent sorrow, but a glad light shining in their eyes.

The mystery of John Hartley's death has never been solved. His son thinks he was not murdered but fell and struck his head. His stepmother's hatred of him and the fact that his death would make her the heiress of her husband's wealth were sufficient motives for her accusation.

By his father's will, George Hartley inherited his entire estate, with a life income to Mrs. John Hartley that is punctually paid. He was a far wealthier man than was supposed and George Hartley is to-day one of the richest men in Bolton and the happiest of husbands and fathers. Eh, Elsie?

"He is here to answer for himself," she answered, as we saw a tall figure come up the garden path, the figure of the man whose innocence I had proved just in time, ten years before.—N. Y. Ledger.

NOT IDENTIFIED.

But the Landlord Was Not to Blame.

When Lady Burton was traveling alone in Brazil, after three months roughing it in the interior, she arrived at Rio Janeiro in a plight which might excuse anyone for not recognizing her. Her boots were in shreds, her dress in slits, her hat in ribbons, and her face, much swollen by exposure, was of a reddish mahogany hue.

On arriving she was told that the Estrangeiros hotel, where she had left her maid and luggage, was full, and so she went to the next best house in town. The landlord, seeing before him only a ragged woman, pointed across the road to a little tavern where sailors' wives were wont to lodge.

"My good woman," said he, "I think that will be about your place. Not here!"

"Well," she responded, "I think I shall stay here, all the same."

Very much amazed, he showed her an attic room, but she would have none of it, and insisted on engaging one of his best rooms. Entering it, she said:

"Now be kind enough to send this letter for me to the Estrangeiros."

In reply to the letter came the maid, a most imposing functionary, with the luggage and letters. After a bath and a change of garments, Lady Burton rang the bell to order supper, and the landlord himself appeared.

"Did that woman come to take apartments for you, madam?" he asked, humbly. "I beg your pardon. I am afraid I was rude to her."

"I am that woman," returned Lady Burton, smiling. "But you need not apologize, for I saw myself in the glass, and I do not wonder at your suspicions."—Youth's Companion.

DOINGS OF THE DONS.

Interesting Items of Information About the Mexicans.

Barbers all wear long linen dusters.

Bank drafts are always made out in duplicate.

No person carrying a load is allowed to walk on the sidewalk.

It is contrary to law to indorse a check from one person to another.

Drivers never cluck to their steeds, but urge them on with shrill hisses.

There are free parks, free seats and free music in all the cities of Mexico.

All kinds of vehicles as well as bicycles are obliged to carry lights after dark.

Strips of newspapers are fastened to the balconies in front of rooms that are for rent.

Every householder is required to sweep the street in front of his property and sprinkle it twice a day.

All men and most of the women of the lower class smoke cigarettes, but none of them chew tobacco.

Heavy wagons are not allowed to use the streets paved with asphalt except when absolutely necessary.

A hack driver never leaves his seat and you open the door for yourself and settle with him on his high perch.

A Mexican servant or messenger never enters even a business house or addresses his superiors without removing his hat.

Hand rakes are almost unknown. Leaves and loose grass in the parks are swept up with long handled brooms, made of stiff twigs.

Street cars never stop at street or track intersections to avoid right-angle collisions, but the drivers make their approach known by shrill horns.

If the police find anyone carrying a bundle through the streets who cannot tell where he is going, or give a clear account of himself, he is promptly arrested.

The single entrance of even the largest apartment house is locked at ten o'clock every night, and the portero expects a "gratification" if he is roused after that hour.

When a person is injured on the street he and every one connected with the affair are taken to the nearest police station, where each is required to make a declaration.

The water pressure is seldom sufficient to furnish a supply to upper stories, and every house is supplied with a force pump with which a reservoir on the roof is kept filled.

The residences are all blessed. At the completion of the home guests are bidden and the ceremony of blessing them corresponds to a house-warming. The priest passes through each room, sprinkling it with holy water.

The banks will not take for deposit a five-dollar check on a bank in another city, although it bear the indorsement of a regular patron with a good balance to his credit, but the same customer can go to the bank and get a New York draft for $1,000 without paying for it and the bank will send around the next day for a check to cover the amount.

Invitations to baptisms come in many dainty forms, but invariably have attached to them a new piece of money. To the immediate members of the family the coin is of gold, but to most of the bidden is sent a silver ten-cent piece.

Everything and everybody pays a direct tax, from the street porter to the largest mercantile establishment, and the stamp tax for documents is equally lucrative. Even placards and posters, other than your own in your own house, must bear a stamp.

Water for the bathrooms is heated in a novel way. The separate supply tank on the roof has an opening from top to bottom, through the center, that acts as a chimney to the fireplace below the tank. A small fire heats a good quantity of water very quickly.

Nearly every one is named after some saint, generally the one to whom the day on which he was born is sacred. If he bears the name of a saint whose day falls on other than his birthday, he celebrates only the saint's day—and calls it el dia de su santo.

The Mexican policeman often seems a bit stubborn, but it can be truly said in his favor that he never sets himself up as a court of judgment. If an altercation or a fight occurs on the street he does not attempt to decide which party was right, but both are promptly taken to appear before the judge, whose business it is to determine which one started the row.—Modern Mexico.

Keeping Warm in Alaska.

The Esquimaux of the Yukon region have mastered the art of keeping warm with little or no fire. They can live when the thermometer is 60 degrees below zero with no other heat than that given by a single lamp, reinforced by that of their own bodies. The lamp is lighted and set in the middle of a hut so low that no one can stand upright in it. Around the side of the hut is a shelf, generally made of frozen snow, and covered thickly with furs. On this shelf the Indians lie in their sleeping bags, crowded together as closely as they can be packed. The entrance to the hut is through a sort of a tunnel, so constructed that the outer air will be entirely excluded. The hut is thus almost wholly without ventilation, and when the lamp is lighted its heat, with that of perhaps a dozen human bodies makes it possible for anyone to live through the winter in the hut, provided he can stand the unspeakable foulness of its atmosphere.—N. Y. World.

The Kaiser and Nansen.

When Fridtjof Nansen passed the day with Emperor William, the emperor introduced his children to his guest in a characteristic manner. After dinner the young princes were called. They filed in and stood "at attention" in military style. "Shake hands with this gentleman," said the emperor. "Look well at him. Some day you will be able to understand what his work is, and then you will be glad to be able to say you have met him."—San Francisco Chronicle.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—To clear the snow from city streets after a storm a new machine has a gasoline tank, with pipes running to a fire bed below, which opens onto the street to melt the snow, after which it flows into the gutters.

—It has been a source of interest and wonder to arctic explorers to find such quantities of singing birds within the arctic circle. They are abundant beyond belief. But the immense crop of cranberries, crowberries and cloudberries that ripen in the northern swamps account for the presence of the birds.

—In 1768, when Richard Askwright perfected his cotton-spinning machinery, there were in England 7,900 persons engaged in the production of cotton textiles. Nineteen years later, in 1787, the number of persons employed in the spinning and weaving of cotton had increased to 320,000.

—The depth to which the sun's rays penetrate water has been recently determined by the aid of photography. It has been found that at a depth of 553 feet the darkness was, to all intents and purposes, the same as that on a clear but moonless night. Sensitive plates exposed at this depth for considerable length of time give no evidence of light action.

—The annual report of the United States commissioner of fish and fisheries shows that 93,000,000 shad fry were planted in streams emptying into the Atlantic ocean and the Gulf of Mexico. The output of lobster fry was 97,000,000, against 72,000,000 for the preceding year. The total collection of salmon eggs was 37,000,000, three times the number ever collected before in one season.

—It is needless to say that sound teeth and a good digestion go together. Prominent dentists say that soft foods, mostly swallowed without chewing, are most deleterious in their action on the teeth. A Boston dentist says the people with the soundest teeth are the people who chew gum. Exercising the teeth tends to preserve them in just the same degree that exercising a muscle of the body strengthens it.

—There are very few stars whose distance is even approximately known to astronomers. Moreover, the different estimates at the distances of these few vary by large amounts. The nearest known star is "Alpha" in the constellation Centaur, not visible from the northern lands of the earth, and one of the next nearest is a little star in the northern constellation of Cygnus, called "61 Cygni." The latest determination of the parallax of this star by Mr. H. S. Davis, of New York, makes its distance fifty-three millions of millions of miles. This is about eighteen millions of millions of miles less than the distance derived from Prof. Hall's measurement some ten years ago.

THE ROYAL EXPRESS COMPANY.

How Queen Victoria's Messenger Service Operates.

Since 1861 the queen has governed less than she did before. She has done better in just being a guiding influence in home affairs and a standard of international morality to her ministers. Nevertheless, she has attended industriously to routine business. In the course of a visit to the chalet she staid at near Lucerne I was taken to a spacious rustic kiosk. It looked down on the rushing Reuss. Everything, save a great round table, was old. Why was the table, I asked, so new? It had been ordered for the queen. She sat there, with all the windows open, for hours in the forenoon, writing and signing papers. A favorite dog sat on a chair. As there was no regent to replace her majesty in England, (and never has been,) queen's messengers often came and left, but we are not to suppose these gentlemen only bore mysterious state papers in their dispatch boxes.

The messenger department of the foreign office is a good deal a parcels delivery office for the convenience of royalty. All the members of the royal family have gastronomic leanings. When Princesses Alice, Helena and Louise were girls they were carefully instructed in the art and mystery of cooking. They prepared, when the court was at Osborne, one dish each day for the queen's table. They also used to send by queen's messengers to the crown princess of Prussia cakes, pies, and other dainties they made themselves, and flowers. This way of utilizing foreign office messengers is not peculiar to England. Empress Augusta, when queen of Prussia, bought once in two or three years a dress bonnet of Mme. Marx-Weill of the Faubourg St. Honore, but she usually sent it back twice to be cleaned and retrimmed. The bonnet was carried backward and forward by a king's messenger. Whether she continued to give her custom to Mme. Marx-Weill's successor I am not aware.—Contemporary Review.

Pushing the Panama Canal.

"The Panama canal project is being pushed with considerable energy, and it looks as though there were good reasons for the faith of the men who have charge of it that the work will be carried to completion," said Victor Vifquain, United States consul-general at Panama, recently. "There are about 5,000 laborers employed on it, the majority of whom are Jamaica negroes. On the Pacific side a splendid wharf is being constructed at a cost of $1,000,000. About one-fourth of the canal is completed, and it has been demonstrated that the entire work can be finished at a very reasonable expenditure. The company, it is said, has funds enough to continue work for two years more. My own belief is that its ultimate completion is a certainty."—Detroit Free Press.

Beef Essence.

Put one pound of raw beef cut fine in a glass jar. Set the jar in cold water, heat gradually, not quite to boiling, and keep at this temperature for two hours; strain, season and serve hot.—American Queen.

KIDNEY TROUBLES

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,

Also Backache.

I cannot speak too highly of Mrs. Pinkham's Medicine, for it has done so much for me. I have been a great sufferer from Kidney trouble, pains in muscles, joints, back and shoulders; feet would swell. I also had womb troubles and leucorrhœa. After using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and Blood Purifier and Liver Pills, I felt like a new woman. My kidneys are now in perfect condition, and all my other troubles are cured.—MRS. MAGGIE POTTS, 324 Kauffman St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Backache.

My system was entirely run down, and I suffered with terrible backache in the small of my back and could hardly stand upright. I was more tired in the morning than on retiring at night. I had no appetite. Since taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I have gained fifteen pounds, and I look better than I ever looked before. I shall recommend it to all my friends, as it certainly is a wonderful medicine.—MRS. E. F. MORTON, 1043 Hopkins St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Kidney Trouble.

Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I had suffered many years with kidney trouble. The pains in my back and shoulders were terrible. My menstruation became irregular, and I was troubled with leucorrhœa. I was growing very weak. I had been to many physicians but received no benefit. I began the use of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine, and the first bottle relieved the pain in my back and regulated the menses. It is the best kind of medicine that I have ever taken, for it relieved the pain so quickly and cured the disease.—MRS. LILLIAN CRIPPEN, Box 77, St. Andrews Bay, Fla.

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Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee.

The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. ¼ the price of coffee.

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TEMPERANCE.

CARY'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

How a Drunken Spree Snatched Her In Death from Him.

Her mother died when she was born—so we had heard—but Cary tried to be both mother and father to the little one, whom he loved with a devotion that was as pathetic as it was beautiful.

The first time we men saw Cary's little daughter, she had come down to the mill to bring her father's lunch. She was only four years old—a little mite of a cherub—but as brave and fearless as if she were three times her age.

Cary was the first one to see her that day, and he uttered an exclamation of surprise and joy. There wasn't a man in the room but looked up, and I hardly think I would be making a misstatement if I should say there wasn't a man who didn't smile.

She stood within the mill door, a slanting ray of sunshine peering through the branches of a tree kissing her yellow hair, which waved and danced about as sweet a little face as I ever saw. She had a tin pail in one hand and a tin can with close-top in the other.

"Here's your dinner, papa!" she cried, gleefully, laughing aloud in her pride and joy. "I come all alone by my own self, I did."

Cary ran forward and caught her in his arms, pail, can and all.

"My baby," he said, lovingly, in a low voice, as gentle and loving as a woman's; "my baby!" kissing her over and over.

"No," was her answer, as the smiles disappeared for a moment and a frown made a little crease on her forehead; "I ain't a baby, I'm your little daughter, don't you know?"

"Ah, I see," laughing merrily and kissing her again; "so you aren't and so you are. You aren't a baby, but you are my little daughter."

From this time on all the men in the mill called the sweet child "Cary's little daughter."

She brought her father's lunch every day from that time on. Most of the men had a cold lunch with milk, or water, or beer to drink, as their tastes

THERE LAY A LITTLE GIRL.

inclined. But "Cary's little daughter" always brought her father something to eat and drink, ment pie, or baked potatoes, or fresh baked apples, or biscuit just out of the oven, or perhaps doughnuts right from the sputtering kettle, and always coffee with cream and sugar.

It was quite a walk from Cary's little cottage to the mill, but the lunch was always hot. The small feet hurried so as to have it so.

Well, so it went on day after day, in rain or sunshine. Cary's little daughter never failed unless sickness kept her a prisoner, which, of course, it did sometimes with some children's disease—such as measles, mumps, or a bad cold.

She seemed to grow in beauty, if that were possible, and she had the sweetest way of doing and saying things that was altogether charming. Every man, no matter how surly he might be with others, spoke gently to the child. I believe every man loved her.

And so the years passed on, each one adding to the child's grace and beauty.

I had never seen her look so lovely as she did one June day when she made her appearance at the usual time in the mill.

It was her tenth birthday. Old Polly Davis, the faithful housekeeper, had dressed her in her best in honor of the day—a simple enough toilet; but oh, how beautiful she looked!

She wore a white dress of some thin material with a ribbon tied around her waist. Her beautiful blue eyes were radiant with joy, for this tenth birthday had brought her many gifts, and she was to have company to tea.

Her golden curls reached way below her waist. Around her throat was clasped a slender chain of gold, her father's gift that day.

She seemed like an angel of light to the men, many of whom had been made better by her daily visit there.

Cary and some of the rest of us who sat in and around one of the big mill doors eating our lunch watched her that day as long as she was in sight.

Oh, the beautiful darling! Oh, the lovely, innocent child!

Well, she hadn't been gone long, for our noontime wasn't over, when we saw some runaway horses come dashing down the highway at breakneck speed. We all knew the horses, but there was no one to be seen in the carriage. They belonged to William Evans, a man who drank heavily, whose sprees were getting to be disgracefully frequent. Several of our men raced down to the highway, getting there just in time to stop the runaways. I had started to go, but caught a glimpse of Cary's face in time to prevent my doing so. It was so white and anxious that I was frightened. I put my hand on his shoulder. "What's the matter, old fellow?" I asked. "Are you sick?"

"I—I," he stammered, pointing over in the direction from which the panting team had come, "she, you know, went that way; my little daughter."

"Yes," I said, "so she did; but she wouldn't be walking right in the road, you know. Cheer up, old man, your little daughter is all right."

I truly thought she was. I left him then and went down to see what the men were going to do with the horses.

They had found Will Evans; his left hand entangled in the lines, his right one grasping a big whip. He was dead drunk.

"The old fool!" said one of the men. "I suppose as long as he could drive at all, he cut and slashed the horses."

"Yes," put in another, "and drove 'em zigzag, the confounded idiot! Who knows what harm he's done?"

"Drove 'em zigzag," he had said, and the words were like a blow to me. If a drunken fellow was driving zigzag along a highway, would even a strong man be sure of escape? And "Cary's little daughter" was only a child.

I looked around for Cary. I even ran back to the mill to see if he were there, but no!

"He has gone to see if his little daughter is safe," I thought, and I ran as fast as I could to overtake him.

As I turned the curve I saw him staggering along, poor fellow, like a drunken man. I hurried up to him and put his arm within my own to help him along. Cary had been a strong man, the strongest in the mill, but he was weak as a child now. The sweat was rolling down his face in great drops.

"Look at those carriage tracks," he said, his eyes big with horror.

I looked. In my haste to overtake him I had not noticed them before. The tracks went from one side of the road to the other, "zigzag" tracks truly.

We hadn't gone far—only just beyond the hill—when—what was that lying not far from the ivy-grown wall in the green grass of the wayside? There lay a little child.

"Can it be that she is dead?" cried poor Cary, in an agony of soul that will ring in my ears forever.

Oh, the broken, bleeding heart of that poor loving father!

I will only touch upon that scene, sparing you its heartrending details. But this life was all over for "Cary's little daughter."—Ernest Gilmore, in National Temperance Advocate.

"WINE IS A MOCKER."

Taken as a Tonic It Proved a Potion That Carried to the Grave.

The fact I will now give you occurred in the city of Philadelphia in a Methodist church.

He was an old man, and so much beloved and esteemed that it was frequently said if any man gets into Heaven from W—— street church, it will be Father L——.

When Father L—— was 70 years of age he was feeble. The doctor was called in to see what he could do. Doctor says: "Father L——, you are kind of run down; you need something to tone you up. You must have some good old port wine." "But, doctor, that is a dangerous medicine. I used to be a wine drunkard, and I am sorely afraid."

"Psbaw!" says the doctor, "you are an old man, 20 years a member of the church, and afraid to take a little wine as medicine." "Yes, I am afraid, doctor." "Well, now, if you know better than I do, what did you send for me for?"

"Well, doctor, I will take it; but I tell you I am afraid of it." The wine was taken. Weeks elapsed—no Father L—— at preaching, prayer meeting, or class meeting. One Sunday noon one of the brethren said to a number of others: "Have any of you seen Father L——?" One young man significantly says: "He is sick." Another more candid replies: "Why don't you tell the truth—he is drunk."

"Drunk? what, Father L—— drunk! Can't be." "Yes, I met him on the street the other day." The good old man never again went to church; he lived five years a poor, drunken sot, and filled a drunkard's grave."—David Tracy, in Witness.

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

"Plant a wineglass, be it ever so delicate, and you will, in harvest time, have a whisky barrel."

Gov. Griggs, of New Jersey, as president of the State Rifle association, has been granted a regular retail liquor dealer's license.

In 1871, when the first company was organized, the consumption of beer was 16.9 quarts per inhabitant. In 1891 it was 31.2 quarts.

Imitate the example of the locomotive. He runs along, whistles over his work, and yet never takes anything but water to wet his whistle.

Ex-President Harrison, in a letter to an anti-saloon organization, has pledged his hearty cooperation in the work of barring saloons in Indianapolis from residence districts.

If Judas Iscariot had lived in this nineteenth century he would have taken the 30 pieces of silver and bought a saloon, and doubtless would have been the leading politician of his ward. —Elmira (N. Y.) Facts.

A speaker once holding forth in favor of women concluded his remarks with the following graphic paragraph: "Oh, my hearers, depend upon it, nothing beats a good wife." "I beg your pardon," exclaimed one of his female listeners, "a drunken husband does."

Drink Spoiling Soldiers.

A writer in the German Army Journal calls attention to the seriously unsatisfactory physical condition of the army reserve, attributing it to excessive drinking. Another writer believes that the whole future of the German nation depends upon the solution of the drink question. (Germany is not the only nation so dependent.) One-fifteenth of all the cultivated land in Germany is devoted to the production of materials for the making of alcoholic liquor.—Christian Work.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—In France it is a punishable offense for anyone to give infants under one year any form of solid food unless such be ordered by written prescription signed by a legally qualified medical man.

—Toothache, as an excuse for absence from duty, is not recognized in the post office of Geneva, Switzerland. When an employe complains of an aching tooth a government doctor pulls it out.

—Lion tamers, as a rule, prefer lions to lionesses, and dislike a troupe of both sexes mixed. In such cases the danger of entering the den is quadrupled, and mischief is pretty sure to result sooner or later.

—It almost exceeds belief that last year 300,000 visitors paid for admission to the house in which Shakespeare lived 300 hundred years ago. Among the vast throng of people 40 millionaires were represented.

—A unique organization, called the Autumnal Straw Hat association, has been formed in Boston. Its object is to persuade men to wear straw hats after September 15, provided the temperature makes it justifiable.

—A fall from a bicycle caused John Dillenkoffer, of Dunkirk, N. Y., to continue unconscious for four hours. While so stupid from the fall that he had no recollection of the occurrence, he still knew enough to gather up the pieces of his bicycle and trudge homeward with them.

—A watchful and eloquent parrot hung in the saloon of John Stadler, in Muncie, Ind. The proprietor and his family slept upstairs. A fire broke out while the occupants were in deep slumber, and they were alarmed in time to save their lives by the parrot constantly shouting: "Fire! Fire! Get me out!"

—While playing football, nearly a year ago, Condit Dibble, of Perry, N. Y., was kicked in the head. An entire loss of memory resulted; he did not even know his relatives. About two weeks ago he unexpectedly met and recognized an old friend, and from that moment his mental faculties were fully restored.

SCENIC BEAUTIES OF ALASKA.

A Glorious Field for Either Work or Rest.

To the lover of wildness Alaska offers a glorious field for either work or rest: landscape beauty in a thousand forms, things great and small, novel and familiar, as wild and pure as paradise. Wander where you may, wildness ever fresh and ever beautiful meets you in endless variety; ice-laden mountains, hundreds of miles of them, peaked and pinnacled and crowded together like trees in groves, and so high and so divinely clad in clouds and air that they seem to belong more to heaven than to earth; inland plains, grassy and flowery, dotted with groves and extending like seas all around to the rim of the sky; lakes and streams shining and singing, outspread in sheets of mazy embroidery in untraceable, measureless abundance, brightening every landscape, and keeping the ground fresh and fruitful forever; forests of evergreens growing close together like leaves of grass, girdling a thousand islands and mountains in glorious array; mountains that are monuments of the work of ice, mountains monuments of volcanic fires; gardens filled with the fairest flowers, giving their fragrance to every wandering wind; and far to the north thousands of miles of ocean ice, now wrapped in fog, now glowing in sunshine through nightless days, and again shining in wintry splendor beneath the beams of the aurora—sea, land, and sky one mass of white radiance like a star. Storms, too, are here as wild and sublime in size and scenery as the landscapes beneath them, displaying the glorious pomp of clouds on the march over mountain and plain, the flight of the snow when all the sky is in bloom, trailing rain-floods, and the booming plunge of avalanches and icebergs and rivers in their rocky glens; while multitudes of wild animals and wild people, clad in feathers and furs, biting, loving, getting a living, make all the wildness wilder.—John Muir, in Century.

A Forced Confession.

A little chap was amusing himself by throwing stones at a companion, when unluckily he missed his friend and broke a window of the church with which he was connected. The Sunday following he was at the Sunday school with his friend, but he listened very little to the lesson; he always expected to hear this question: "Who has broken the pane?" At last the master asked him this: "Who made the Heavens and the earth?" The child, who trembled very much, replied: "Sir, I assure you that it was not I." The master, much surprised at hearing such an answer, repeated the same question, raising his voice a little. The boy this time thought he was found out; he answered, while weeping: "Sir, it is I; but pardon me, I will not do it again."—Household Words.

Not Much Danger.

A dash of cold, worldly knowledge falls occasionally like a wet blanket on a gush of warm sentiment, and leaves nothing more to be said. A young man who had gone to the great city to make his fortune had written home to tell of his unexpected success in finding a job. "I have great hopes of Archie," said the mother, looking over the letter for the fifth or sixth time, "if he only won't fall into expensive habits!" "I don't think he will, Matilda," replied the father. "I don't think he will—on nine dollars a week."—Youth's Companion.

No Fire Wanted.

Hicks—They tell me you got terribly angry with Mr. Bass the other evening and drove him from the house.

Wicks—I wasn't angry at all. I heard he was one of my wife's old flames, and so I merely put him out.—Boston Transcript.

THE SECRET OF THE EELS.

The Old Problem Solved at Last—Prof. Gill Was Right.

"For hundreds of years naturalists have been seeking in vain to find out how eels are propagated. The eel problem worried hundreds of generations, and now at last the secret is out. It has been discovered by two Italian zoologists, Prof. Grassi and his pupil, Sig. Calandruccio. In order to reach the source of this discovery we must go back to 1763. At that time the naturalist Pennant called attention to a singular little fish that was then utterly unknown, and which is still found at several points in the Atlantic ocean and especially in the Mediterranean sea. It is a little creature as transparent as glass, with a flat body and very small fins. It is almost entirely formed of a gelatinous tissue. It has no eyes and its blood is colorless. For a long time it was thought that it was a species in itself, but nobody knew where to place it in the family of creatures. In 1864 an American scientist, Mr. Gill, stated that these singular little fishes were the larvae of conger eels, and in 1866 professor of the Sorbonne, M. Yves Delage, confirmed the statement of Mr. Gill and proved by experiments that the little creature was a larva. He put one of them into an aquarium, where he witnessed its transformation into a young conger eel.

"Now the larvae in question are plentiful in Sicily, and particularly in the straits of Messina. Prof. Grassi procured a number of them and kept them for a long time in an aquarium. With Sig. Calandruccio he witnessed the metamorphosis of these larvae. They all became eels, some of them congers and others of a different species. But there was one particularly small species which attracted their attention. They watched it closely, and one day they found it transformed into a common eel. The greater portion of the larvae collected by Sigs. Grassi and Calandruccio came from great depths, 500 meters at least. These larvae come to the surface by accident when torn from their retreats by the currents and the commotions so frequent in the Straits of Messina. The conclusion, therefore, is that the production of the eels is brought about very far from the surface of the sea. The larva of the eel is about seven or eight centimeters long, and the young eel, the result of the transformation, is always shorter.

"We are now, therefore, in a position to explain the enigma that baffled the world from the time of Aristotle. Reversing the habit of the salmon, the eel comes down from the rivers to reach the sea from October until January. In the deep water it undergoes important changes, according to the specimens observed by the two Italian scientists. Its eyes especially acquire dimensions that they never attain in fresh water. The color also changes. The eggs begin to float upon the surface of the sea in the month of January; but the first larvae do not make their appearance until the following spring. These larvae are found in the stomachs of fishes that are known to live in very deep water. They are developed in the sea, and it is believed that it requires at least a month before they are transformed into little eels. The reproduction in the different species is slow. It is estimated that there is an interval of two years between the descent of the adults from the rivers to the sea and the return of their progeny. After remaining for a certain time in salt water the young eel seeks the estuaries, and at last takes the road to the rivers. As for the old eel, it remains in the sea, and it is the general opinion that it dies very soon after reproduction. Consequently, it never returns to the fresh water. Such, in brief, is the mystery of the eels, which Profs. Grassi and Calandruccio have elucidated. There remain now only a few details to study. It took a long time to make the discovery, but all's well that ends well.

"Henri de Parville."

Now, if Profs. Grassi and Calandruccio will tell us how eels grow in lakes and duck ponds far from the sea, it might be interesting reading. It is also strange that in artificial ponds in which fish have never been placed, it takes little more than two years to find them well stocked with various members of the finny tribe, big and little, according to the nature of the soil.—N. Y. Sun.

London Underground Service.

The chief objection to the underground service is the foul air in the tunnels. Thus far no serious attempt to introduce electric traction has been made on the "circle." Within a few years, however, the City and South London railway, better known as the Greathead Underground line, starting in the city, near the monument, and diving beneath the Thames, has been constructed to the neighborhood of Kennington park, and it is being extended. This is a double tunnel—two great iron tubes, in fact, one directly beneath the other—and the trains are operated and lighted by electricity. I can testify from personal experience that the air is pure and the motion of the trains easy. Passengers are lowered to the platforms and raised therefrom by huge lifts. This system was the invention and the pet scheme of the eminent engineer whose name it bears, and whose recent death was a distinct loss to technical science.—Time and the Hour.

All Irish.

Lord William Beresford, the husband of the dowager duchess of Marlborough, is now 50 years of age, and like his brother, Lord Charles Beresford, wears the Victoria cross. He won it in the Zulu war, by carrying to safety, with the help of Sergt. O'Toole, another wounded Irish sergeant under heavy fire of the enemy. Lord William refused to accept his cross till one had been given to O'Toole. All three of the men were Irishmen and the horses they rode were Irish, too. — Detroit Free Press.

GOLD AT JOHANNESBURG.

How the Mining Is Done in That Region.

It is commonly said that Johannesburg is built on gold; it might be as truly said that it is built on science, or, in the concrete, on cyanide of potassium. I reckon that one-third of the workable mines, possibly one-half, are now shut down or unopened; but had it not been for the MacArthur-Forrest cyanide process—discovered just ten years ago—50 per cent. of the workings still open would be closed. From first to last the extraction of gold is a matter of chemistry. The visitor to a mineralogical collection has seen specimens of ore with glittering flakes or crystal grains of the precious metal. A well-known Canadian geologist was once taken to a mine, and on the strength of the sheen of splendid ore on the side walls of the mine passages he gave a certificate of the richness of the workings. The sparkling nuggets had been placed there, and the renown of the professor suffered somewhat. You may traverse the underground ways of Johannesburg for miles without seeing a gleam of what the miners call "visible." It is the assayist who tells us there is gold, and with refined modern methods he can say exactly how much; but, so far, it passes the wit of man to get it all out. When a lump of ore is brought to the surface, if it contains any gold at all it is rarely more than one grain in 20,000, oftener one in 50,000. The first thing to determine is whether there is any likelihood of any of the metal. For this purpose there has lately come into pretty general use the sorting process. What is wanted is the conglomerate, the rock, known as reef, with quartz pebbles and flinty cement. The rest is waste.

I was pleased at the Geldenhuis Deep to see that the Kaffirs were intelligent enough to separate the wheat from the chaff. The rough stone passed before them on a revolving table, and they could at once distinguish by inspection the lumps of quartz or sandstone that were no good; though, as I have said, there is not from one week's end to another a scintillation of gold to guide them. This done, the remaining ore is crushed in steel mortars by metal stamps or pestles weighing over 1,000 pounds each. They pound the stone so exceedingly small that it flows out in a thin stream of muddy water through a screen with meshes numbering 700 to 900 per square inch. Night and day these ponderous stamps are grinding to this minuteness quartz, pebbles, pyritic iron and flinty cement that have for untold ages been buried like misers, embracing their treasure deep in the rocks. All the rest is pure chemistry. The soapy-looking water flows over copper plates faced with quicksilver. Man himself is not more eager than this element to clutch the precious metal, and before the liquid has flowed a foot the mercury has laid hold of all the free gold. The two form an amalgam, and the mercury, being easily retorted off by heat, can be used again and again. But the mercury has taken out only about one-half the gold. The other half is locked in the embrace of pyritic iron and other base materials, and from these it is set free by the use of chlorine gas, which has an affinity for gold, and the cyanide of potassium, which causes the grains of metal floating in the solution to precipitate and attach themselves to zinc shavings. Roughly speaking, the mercury captures 60 per cent. of the gold, chlorine 12, and the cyanide 28 per cent. There is still left in the slimes 10 per cent., more or less, unrecovered.

In the course of the year there must be at least £750,000 worth of bullion thrown away on the Witwatersrand. Treatment of the slimes now in progress is saving a fraction of this amount. The Crown Reef got 1,192 ounces out of the refuse last month, but some of it will always be lost. This waste of man is nothing to the waste by nature. The reefs that remain are a mere patch, probably, to those that once existed. They are what is left after ages of denudation. But enough remains. Mr. Rudd recently stated that before the century was out the Rand might be producing bullion for 20,000,000 sovereigns per annum. Near as we are to 1900, the estimate is not extravagant. When the rich deep levels get all to work the effect will be enormous.—London Telegraph.

The Telephone on Canals.

An important development in telephone work is proposed for the connection of the five lakes and reservoirs in the Adirondacks, which feed the Erie and Black river canals. Communication with these has often consumed two or three days and required journeys on foot through miles of forest. The suggested telephone systems will put and keep each section superintendent in instant communication with each of his lock tenders, patrolmen, bank, watch and state scows; also, with each assistant superintendent of public works, and with the main office of the department at Albany. When completed it will become a long-distance telephone system for the transaction of business relating to the canals, and solely operated for that purpose by the canal officials. On the rapidity and promptitude with which information of leaks, breaks or other threatened disaster is communicated to the proper canal official and the repair forces concentrated for repairs, depends the magnitude of the incidental destruction.—Philadelphia Press.

Mosquitoes In Hartford.

Hartford also has a plague of ferocious mosquitoes. They have stopped baseball games, and street car conductors and motormen travel with heads swathed in handkerchiefs. The visitation, which follows very heavy rains through July, is the worst of the kind ever known in the city.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Roman Catacombs.

The Roman catacombs are 580 miles in extent and it is estimated that from 6,000,000 to 15,000,000 dead are there interred.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

MORTALITY MAPS.

To Indicate the Areas Where Different Diseases Prevail.

It is common knowledge that diseases have as a rule their local habitations. Some, like tropical animals and plants, live only in the tropics; some, like consumption, are gradually spreading over the whole earth; others, like leprosy and smallpox, are gradually becoming limited in their distribution, and may actually be tending toward extinction. Again, there are regions to which diseases have never reached. On the summits of high mountain ranges and in the circumpolar snow fields the earth and air and water are as barren of the microbes of disease as they are of animal life.

In a country like Britain, thickly populated for many centuries, and with the freest circulation of population, it cannot be doubted that every yard of surface contains the germs of the more common diseases; and the native of some newer land, brought over here, falls a victim to our plague-stricken soil. By generations of a destructive elimination we have become highly resistant to our native diseases, just as the Gold coast natives are less susceptible than we are to their own local diseases. But we are not fully protected, and cancer and consumption, two of our common scourges, still take a large annual toll. It may be assumed that both are due to microbe organisms, the microbe of consumption being well known, and that of cancer being as yet only suspected. Probably no inhabitant of Britain escapes infection by the cancer organism; certainly none escape infection by the microbe of tubercle. Most of us, fortunately, resist the intruders, and are unaffected by the disease.

A strikingly interesting result becomes plain when the incidence of fatal cases is plotted out on a map. The usual method is to color the districts with different shades, according to their rates of mortality. Blue is chosen for high mortalities, red for low mortalities, the deepest blue showing the highest and the deepest red the lowest rate. When two maps colored in this way for cancer and consumption are compared, it is at once evident that the incidence of the disease is not capricious; the shades do not form a meaningless patchwork, but show at the first glance a strikingly regular distribution. The one map forms almost exactly a complement of the other. The deep blue of cancer high mortality coincides with the deep red of consumption low mortality. Where the consumption mortality is highest that from cancer is lowest, and, on the whole, there is a similar inverse correspondence between intermediate rates of mortality.

When the mortality maps are compared with a good physical map, it may be seen that the structural features of the country are in direct relation to the death rates. The deep blue of cancer high mortality prevails in low-lying, well-protected river valleys, where fully formed rivers flow down to the sea between low banks, cutting their way through beds of clay and recent alluvial soil; in fact, where seasonal floods are frequent and strong sea winds rarely flush out the protected valleys, there cancer prevails and finds its fattest harvest. The lower courses of the greater rivers from the Tweed to the Thames and from the Stour to the Tamar, the rivers of the North Devon, the Severn and the Dee are all thickly set with blue cancer patches. On the other hand the lowest mortality groups occur on high upland downs, along the watersheds, and especially where ridges of limestone rock rear themselves around the surrounding country. In the sheltered valleys where cancer prevails, notwithstanding the dampness and periodical flooding the very lowest mortality rates from consumption occur. Inland from the low foreshores and high above the protected valleys, wherever strong sea winds prevail, and along the lofty ridges like that forming the backbone of Wales, the blue of consumption high mortality is found. Not dampness, but exposure, seems to be the exciting physical cause.

Although the contrast between consumption and cancer is too striking to be purely a coincidence, it cannot be said that enough is known to explain it by ultimate causes. The therapeutic value of exposure to constant supplies of pure air is evident enough in all diseases that affect the general vitality of the body. It is more than probable that the low cancer mortality in the exposed districts is due partly to the better hygienic conditions that prevail in them. The pulse of life beats more slowly, and every bodily and mental activity is feebler on the sodden soil of the dull valley where cancer rules. But we do not know how cancer gets from patient to patient, nor if its organism has become purely parasitic on the bodies of animals. No doubt all the microbes of disease were at one time harmless vegetables, living an idyllic life in the mud. Some of them are still able to maintain an existence outside the bodies of their victims, and the relation of cancer to clay soils and flooded districts suggests that it may not yet have reached a purely parasitic stage. Other and more specialized microbes apparently have lost their primitive capacity to live a free life, and their specialization is preparing the way for their extinction. If the microbes die unless they reach quickly another living host, isolation of infected cases, carried out thoroughly, will ultimately rid us of their existence.—London Saturday Review.

Only a Hint.

Mr. Gotrox—What would you expect me to do for my daughter if you married her?

Georgie Goodthing (slightly embarrassed) — You—er — wouldn't be willing to die for her, would you?—Judge.

—The one thing for which lace paper may be used and be considered good form on a table is for cheese.

The Republican.

GEO. J. B. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1897.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR STATE SENATOR:
ROBERT A. RAVENSCROFT.
FOR HOUSE OF DELEGATES:
GEORGE W. MOON.
WILLIAM H. JACOBS.
FOR SHERIFF:
W. PERRY LEE.
FOR COUNTY TREASURER:
MAHLON GLOTFELTY.
FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS:
EPHRAIM W. KELSO.
JOHN T. GEARY.
FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR:
FRANKLIN P. GREEN.

Is Mr. Bryan going to sit quietly by and perhaps allow the statesmen of Mexico, through the direction of the London "gold power," to commit another crime?

THE real estate market will have its turn next. Profits made in other markets will seek investment in something safe, and brokers should now plant the seed which will bring the big harvest in due season. The most fertile soil is the advertising columns of a live newspaper.

Govenor Tillman made some thrilling remarks the other day to a little band of free-silver Trojans in New York State. He told them that anybody who said prosperity was coming was miseradly mistaken, and that the present boom in wheat and the general prosperity movement was nothing but a "hot-balloon" affair, which would soon collapse into nothing. In fact, the wheat advance was simply a movement on the part of designing men to aid Mark Hanna's political aspiration, and anyway New Yorkers would suffer by it, for it would increase the price of their bread. If the Govenor had half an eye for viewing the signs of the times, he could see that the day has passed for this kind of talk.

Three Years From Now.

Senator Jones, Chairman of the National Democratic Executive Committee, has informed a Texas interviewer (if the interviewer doesn't lie) that "W. J. Bryan, to all intents and purposes, has been nominated in advance for the campaign of 1900, and the financial plank of the platform of 1896 will be reaffirmed by the regular Democracy of this country."

A great many things may happen before the year 1900 which are not yet disclosed to mortal ken. The majority of the Democratic party may conclude that a mistake was made in 1896 or that it would be better to try a new man—its usual course in the case of defeated candidates. A new issue may be brought to the front. Such things have been. Mr. Bryan may change his mind. He may rat loose again from Democracy and turn Populist. There are innumerable contingencies in the game of politics which defy the calculation of the wisest. If we consult what has been in the effort to ascertain what will be, we find that where a candidate and a party have once been thoroughly and conclusively licked on a side issue the candidate and the issue are, as a rule, thereafter abandoned.

Still at It.

Mr. Bryan has apparently felt it to be his duty as a party leader to step into the breach and show the people who see wheat going up and silver going down that the fact does not upset free coinage argument. Wheat goes up because there is too little of it. Silver goes down because there is too much. No national or international legislation would avail to stop the rise in the price of wheat, nor the fall in the price of silver. But Mr. Bryan still argues in a circuitous and round-about way that value can be legislated into silver by the simple process of changing from bars to discs and putting a Government stamp upon it.

Nation after nation has been obliged to stop the free coinage of silver, because, in the face of oversupply, it was found impossible to go on and maintain the nominal value of the coin. But the financial experience of the world and the frightful losses incurred by this Government in attempting to create such a demand for silver as would stay its downward plunge have no weight with Mr. Bryan. The markets, the facts, the figures confute him; but he can still argue.

Comparison of Wages.

The way of the laborer is hard in Mexico at this time. It appears that it now takes nearly two and a half Mexican dollars to purchase what one American dollar will command. The following list of wages paid to the various crafts in Mexico as compared with their brethren in this country is taken from the report of a commission sent to Mexico last fall by the Trade and Labor Assembly of Chicago, and shows clearly what must be the condition of workmen who are paid in a depreciated currency and one which is continually further depreciating. Street-car-drivers, according to the report, receive in Mexico 75 cents per day in Mexican silver, while those in Chicago receive $2.25 in good money. Teamsters get $1 a day in Mexico in cheap silver, but $1.75 in Chicago in American dollars, worth nearly two and a half times as much as Mexican dollars. Printers in Mexico get $1.25 per day, but in Chicago $3 per day of money worth two and a half times as much. Bricklayers in Mexico receive $1.25 per day and in Chicago $4 per day. Contrast the difference here. The Chicago man gets nearly eight times as much as his Mexican friend. Laborers in Mexico are reported as receiving 37½ cents a day and in Chicago $1.25. Does a study of the above showing recommend the adoption of the silver standard, which several States are making their sole issue in this fall's campaigns?

The Game Laws.

It may not be generally known, but at the last Legislature the Governor was empowered to appoint game wardens to enforce the game laws. The Act of 1896, chapter 293, defines the word game as embracing deer, wild turkey, primatted grouse, known as pheasants, Mongolian and English pheasants, woodcock, partridges or quail, rabbits, squirrels, ducks, geese and all other species of wild fowl. It shall be their duty, says the law, to prosecute all persons or corporations having in their possession any game or fish contrary to either the general or local game or fish laws of the State. They must also see that the game and fish laws are enforced and obtain information as to all violations. They have the authority to order the seizure, under affidavit, of any game or fish in possession of anyone who has it in violation of the law.

Under this act several game wardens, have been appointed in Garrett county, have qualified before clerk of the court Tower, and are now in the full discharge of their duties. Section 13, Article 1, of the local game laws, says: "No person shall kill or destroy any woodcock between the first day of February and fifteenth day of July, or any robin between the first day of April and the first day of March, or any wild turkey between the first day of January and the fifteenth day of October, under a penalty of five dollars for each woodcock, robin or wild turkey so killed or destroyed."

The law also prohibits hunting on Sunday, the training or conrsing of dogs where there is game on the same day and hunting with ferrets at any time of the year. A fine of from $50 to $100 with thirty days in jail, at the discretion of the court is the penalty.

The Ethics of Business.

Business is more than money and property, exchange and accumulation. It has its ethical side which can neither be ignored nor defied with impunity. How many intelligent men seem to be oblivious to this fact?

Business has no peculiarity which properly exempts it from the ethical rules applicable to individual, domestic, social and civil affairs. It is alike amenable to the law of truth. Yet who expects absolute verity and equity on both sides of a bargain? How many boast of the cunning which gave them the advantage!

"Tricksters' Row" is a very long street, and it runs through all the cities of the world. He is a prince of trade, indeed, who grows rich, not by trickery, but by large views, original plans, patient industry and magnanimous methods. When "business is business" only, it becomes both base and brutal. Success without self-respect is the worst kind of failure. Finance becomes fraud when robbed of good faith. Trade devoid of truth and commerce divorced from conscience are the dire precursors of individual and collective ruin.

Still, poverty has no exclusive title to sainthood, and success is not a sin. Business means education. Its myriad activities are worth more than its gains. There is no premium on stupidity and no bounty for imprudence. We must keep our eyes open and clear, but their glance shou'd be kind as well as keen.

NOW is the time to subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

AN ENORMOUS SUM.

What Increased Prices Mean to American Farmers.

Discussing the great foreign demand for wheat, the big crop and high prices, Mr. Richard H. Edmonds editor of the *Manufacturers' Record*, said:

"The rapid advance in wheat has so concentrated public attention upon the activity in that staple that the general advance in prices of other farm products, and in some cases of manufactured goods, has not received the attention it deserves. This is not simply an upward movement in wheat, but a general trend to higher figures of all farm products, and probably to be followed by a higher range of prices of other commodities.

"A careful investigation shows that at prices now ruling the advance in farm products and live stock means that the farmers of the country will receive at least $500,000,000 more for their crops than they received for them in 1896. As the cost of raising was, because of enforced economies, probably less this year than in 1896, this enormous gain in values practically means an increase in net profits to the farmers over 1896 of upwards of $500,000,000. The increase in wheat alone, counting the increase in the yield and the increase in price, will make up $150,000,000 to $200,000,000 of this aggregate.

"It has so happened that coincident with our great wheat crop, estimated in round figures at about 550,000,000 bushels, there is a shortage in the world's supply of wheat, and not since the boom year of 1879 has there been such a demand for American wheat at steadily rising prices. The demand for steamers to carry grain to Europe has brought into service almost every "tramp" steamer in the shipping world, and charters have been made for shipments from every port from Boston to Galveston, running into millions of bushels. Many western roads are already reported as blockaded by the heavy movement of grain, and it seems safe to predict that the railroads have before them many months of exceptional heavy traffic.

"In every direction there are signs of increasing business and the promise of wide-reaching prosperity. After the Baring failure, the low price of cotton started Southern farmers to economize and to the raising of foodstuffs at home. Later on, when the panic of 1893 caused such general depression, the farmers of all other sections commenced to economize. Purchases of all kinds, agricultural implements and home supplies were curtailed to the utmost, and great efforts were made to reduce all farm indebtedness. The result has been that for six years farmers have been buying so little that mercantile trade stagnated everywhere, and every line of business necessarily suffered. But during all this period debts have been gradually reduced and the farmers of the country through this enforced economy have been able to get into such shape that they owe less money than at any time for many years. They are now in a position to enjoy to the fullest the new era of prosperity which this wonderful advance in prices has inaugurated.

About the Chain Gang at Cumberland Md.

The mayor of Cumberland has recently issued and put into operation an order in regard to the treatment of tramps, which seems to have proved a very quick and effective solution of a problem that had long puzzled the authorities of the Queen City. Cumberland, on account of its many railroads and its canal, has long been a sort of rendezvous or headquarters for a large number of tramps and vagrants of all classes. Arresting such people and locking them up in jail, where they are allowed to remain in idleness, does no good, does not reduce the number, but it does add a very large sum in the course of a year to the expense of the county or city that carries on such a practice. The Maryland House of Correction can hold but a very small part of them, so the rest have been allowed to roam over the State preying upon farmers, a constant menace to peace and good order.

So Cumberland has decided to put these people at work, and at hard work, too. Every tramp who can give no satisfactory account of himself, and has no visible means of support, will be put to work on the streets, and will have a chain fastened to his leg with a ball on the end of it, to make sure that he does not get away. This is radical treatment, and has not been tried in Maryland before, as far as we know, but it is sure to cure. No tramp will stay long in a place where he is made to do such work as this in such a way as this.

Cumberland has by this plan quickly solved the tramp problem as far as Cumberland is concerned, for the vagrants will now steer clear of this city and go elsewhere. It will, therefore, be necessary, if the problem is to be universally solved, for other places to adopt similar measures. The whole matter in a nutshell is simply this: A man who wants to live at the public expense, who can work and won't work, best be made to work.

Are You Thin?

Look about you! See for yourself! Who suffer most from sleeplessness, nervousness, nervous dyspepsia, neuralgia, despondency, general weakness? Who are on the edge of nervous prostration all the time? Those who are thin, Opium, chloral, bromides, headache powders, only make matters worse. Iron and bitters are only stimulants. To be cured, and cured for good, you need a fat-making food. You want new blood, rich blood; and a strong nerve-tonic.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites is all this. It feeds the tissues, makes rich blood, and strengthens the nerves.

Book about it free for the asking.

For sale by all druggists at 50c. and $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

Mountain Lake Park.

James O. Smith has purchased the National Hotel. He will move into it at the close of the season. His wife will open the house next season for boarders.

Dr. D. L. Thistle, of Washington, Pa., purchased three lots on Deer Park avenue last week. He expects to erect a ten room cottage next spring.

Mrs. M. W. Parsons, of Grafton, W. Va., has purchased a lot on M street and Oakland avenue, with a view to building a summer home some time next spring.

Joseph Rembold, Esq., of West Virginia, purchased the two lots on the corner of Baltimore avenue and H street from S. H. Shaw. The price paid was $500 cash. He will build shortly.

The lumber is on the ground for a house to be erected on the north east corner of H street and Baltimore avenue. Judge Cuppet has the contract for the building.

S. E. Flowers & Son are erecting a cottage of eight rooms for Hon. W. L. Woodcock, of Altoona, Pa., on the corner of Allegheny Drive and Oak street. The cottage will have large porches.

Thomas Harris has enlarged the porches at the Herring cottages. This has very much improved the property.

The Assembly House, Mrs. Cornwall, Miss Harris, Briarbend Seminary and others still have boarders, who are enjoying the Park.

Miss Emma Hammill, one of the best teachers of Garrett county, has been secured as principal of the Park public school. The school will be graded, and will occupy two rooms in Assembly Hall.

M. M. Selbrock has all the rooms of his house engaged for next summer.

L. T. Yoder, of Pittsburgh, was elected president and treasurer of the Mountain Lake Hotel Company at the late meeting of the stockholders.

The Mountain Lake Hotel will close for the season on the 15th. Mrs. V. Stine is to be congratulated upon the successful manner in which she has run the hotel. A number of guests have engaged rooms for next summer.

The Assembly House will be kept open all through the winter. Mrs. Sawyer hopes to receive considerable patronage.

Judge King and Mr. Hartman, of Baltimore, are guests of the Assembly House.

Gen. Payne, wife and daughter, of Washington, D. C., are guests of Mrs. Cornwall.

Owing to over crowding and bad ventilation, the air of the school room is often close and impure, and teachers and pupils frequently suffer from lung and throat troubles. To all such we would say, try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For coughs, colds, weak lungs, bronchial troubles no other remedy can compare with it. Says A. C. Freed, Superintendent of Schools, Prairie Depot, Ohio: "Having some knowledge of the efficacy of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, I have no hesitation in recommending it to all who suffer from coughs, lung troubles, etc." For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Marriage Licenses.

During the month of August Clerk E. Z. Tower issued twenty-six marriage licenses, six of which were marked on the record "don't publish." One applicant in his examination when he applied for a license admitted that the woman he wanted to marry was already married to another man.

Eddie Moran, of Marion county, W. Va., and Flora Flum, of Preston county, W. Va.

Edward Burke, jr., of Preston county, W. Va., and Ella Mannion, of Bellaire, O.

Birdette Croston and Oley King, both of Garrett county, Md.

Ambrose Hull and Fannie May Rutherford, both of Harrison county, W. Va.

James Alvin Smith and Lula May Drane, both of Doddridge county, W. Va.

Zellon D. Robinson and Icie Anna Coogle, both of Marion county, W. Va.

Joseph A. Wilson and Rosa Jane Loughridge, both of this county.

Charles Campbell and Rebecca Underwood, both of Pittsburg, Pa.

Verner O. Bowman, of this county, and Janie R. Mace, of Grant county, W. Va.

Alfred S. Garrison and Jessie Sycks, both of Green county, Pa.

Edward G. Smith and Ella Fritz, both of Elk county, Pa.

Rev. J. E. Johnson, of Pitchie county, W. Va., and Nancy C. Biggs, of this county.

William Lambie, of Elkins, W. Va., and Kate C. Spedden, of Oakland.

Earnest H. Smith and Stella Jane Silcott, both of Harrison county, W. Va.

John Elbert Garlow and Lena Anne Harden, both of Grafton, W. Va.

Luckly George Cree and Annie Mitchell, both of Green county, Pa.

Robert N. Henderson and Emma Elke Hockins, both of Grafton W. Va.

Milton Mancar and Alice Gill, both of Independence, W. Va.

Thorton Dalton and Alice Nicholson, both of Monongalia county, W. Va.

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned, lying near Kearney, for the purpose of hunting.

I. N. SHILLINGBURG.
WM. G. RILEY.

Sept. 8, 1897. 17-4*

MARYLAND. . . .

Mt. Lake Park near Deer Park.

Briar-Bend Seminary.

(16th year.)

College Preparatory, Music, Art, Etc., Etc.

Remarkable health record—only two light cases for the doctor in nine years!

Great reduction in price on account of the "hard times."

REOPENS SEPT. 22d (D. V.) 27-1

STATE OF MARYLAND,
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE,
ANNAPOLIS, AUGUST 28, 1897.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Notice is hereby given that application has been made to His Excellency Lloyd Lowndes, Governor of Maryland, for the pardon of John McMullen, who was convicted at the September term, 1896, of the Circuit Court for Garrett County, of breaking into an old house with intention of stealing, and sentenced to be confined in the Maryland Penitentiary for two years.

The Governor will take up the said case for final decision on or after Monday, the 14th day of September, 1897, when those protests against such pardon will be heard, and the papers filed open to inspection, at the discretion of the Governor.

By order of the Governor,
RICHARD DALLAM,
Secretary of State.

25-2

ORDER NISI.

Robert R. Henderson et vs. Richard Larne and Alice Larne.
No. 850 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered, this 18th day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Robert R. Henderson, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 17th day of September, 1897, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 17th day of September, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $75.00.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 25-3

THE IMPORTED

French Coach Stallion

recently purchased by the

Accident Horse Improvement Company

IS NOW READY FOR SERVICE AT THE KEEPER'S STABLE, NEAR ACCIDENT.

INSURANCE, - $15.00

Anyone parting with a mare after bred forfeits the insurance money. Insurance due as soon as mare is known to be in foal.

NOAH PYSELL,
Keeper.

23-6t*

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

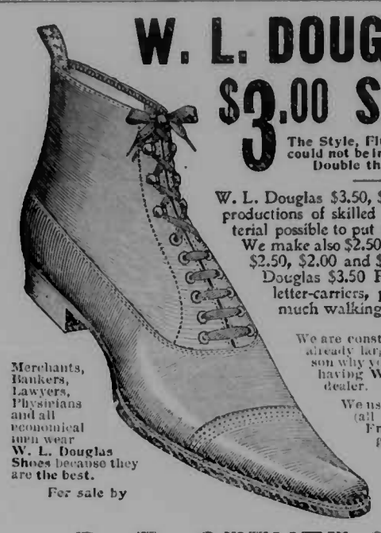

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

For sale by

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

Proclamation

WHEREAS, at the January session in the year eighteen hundred and ninetysix of the General Assembly of Maryland a bill was passed proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the State by adding an additional section to Article fifteen thereof, to be known as Section eleven of said Article, which said bill and amendment are in the words following, to-wit:

CHAPTER 153.

AN ACT to amend the Constitution of the State by adding an additional Section to Article fifteen thereof, to be known as Section eleven of said Article.

SECTION 1. BE IT ENACTED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF MARYLAND (three-fifths of all the members of the House concurring), That the following additional section be, and the same hereby is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of this State; and, if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as herein provided, it shall stand and be known as Section eleven of Article fifteen of said Constitution:

11. Appointments to the civil service of the State, in the municipalities and counties of the State, shall be made according to merit and fitness, to be ascertained as far as practicable by examination, which shall be competitive, except as to minors which are subject to confirmation by the Senate, and the General Assembly shall pass all such laws as may be necessary more fully to carry into effect the provisions of this section.

SECTION 2. AND BE IT FURTHER ENACTED BY THE AUTHORITY AFORESAID, That the foregoing section, hereby proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of this State shall be, at the next general election held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection. In pursuance of the directions contained in Article fourteen of the Constitution of this State and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the Constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot used at said election shall be printed, after the lists of candidates, the question concerning the adoption or rejection of said proposed constitutional amendment, so that each voter at such election can designate thereon in the manner prescribed by law, whether his vote is "For the Constitutional Amendment," or "Against the Constitutional Amendment," as he shall elect, and immediately after said election due return shall be made to the Governor of the State of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by said fourteenth article of the Constitution.

Approved April 8th, 1896.

NOW THEREFORE, I, LLOYD LOWNDES, Governor of the State of Maryland, in pursuance of the provisions of Section one of Article fourteen of the Constitution of the State, do hereby order and direct that a copy of said bill proposing said constitutional amendment be published in at least two newspapers in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one may be published, then in that newspaper, and in three newspapers in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in the German language, once a week for at least three months preceding the next ensuing general election (which said general election will be held on Tuesday, the Second day of November, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven), at which election the said proposed amendment shall be submitted, in the form and manner prescribed by the General Assembly, to the qualified voters of the State for adoption or rejection.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of Maryland.

THE GREAT SEAL OF MARYLAND.

Done at the City of Annapolis, on the first day of July in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.

LLOYD LOWNDES,
Governor of Maryland.

By order of the Governor:
RICHARD DALLAM,
21-14t Secretary of State.

ORDER NISI.

Accident Cemetery Committee, vs. Jesse Lyons.
No. 845 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 6th day of August, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by James C. Peddicord, trustee, to William Lyons unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 6th day of September, 1897, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 6th day of September, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $450.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

FOR RENT:—Mrs. D. Tasker's cottage, Liberty street.

Mr. George E. Bishoff, of Hoyes, was in the city Tuesday last.

Mr. Coleman Friend, of District No. 2, was in Oakland last Monday.

Court boarders wanted, 50c per day; New Glades. E. S. Shabach. 26-2

Miss Jennie Johnson visited friends in Keyser, W. Va., a day or two last week.

WANTED, Court boarders at 50 cents per day. Mrs. L. A. Sell, Oak Street, Oakland. 27-1*

Mr. Louis Nylegger, of near Gorman, was in Oakland yesterday morning.

Mr. Thomas Frazee, mine host of Friendsville, was in the city Monday on business.

Mr. Perry Paugh, of Deer Park, was in Oakland last Thursday on business for a few hours.

Miss Mitchell, of Pittsburgh, Pa., is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Ault, near Oakland.

Hon. A. F. George, of Swanton, was in the city a few minutes yesterday morning.

Major Willey O. Ison, of Washington, D. C., is in Oakland on his annual vacation.

Mr. Theodore Beckman, of near Swanton, was in Oakland last Saturday on business.

Mr. Charles Sweeney has gone to Cincinnati where he will visit his son Thomas a few weeks.

Two large rattlesnakes were killed within the city limits in Cumberland during the past ten days.

For rent, a nine room house with good cellar, on south end Second St. Inquire at this office. 25-tf

Dr. Henry W. McComas went to Baltimore last Monday night on professional business.

Wanted, court boarders at 50cts. per day. Mrs. E. P. Russell, cor., 1st and Water streets, Oakland. 25-3t.

Mr. Thomas J. Peddicord returned from a business trip to Covington, Ky., Tuesday morning last.

The September term of the Circuit Court will convene in Oakland on Monday next, the 13th inst.

Miss Letitia Parks, of Kingwood, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Jones a few days last week.

The weather this week has been extremely hot, the thermometer on Monday registering 98 degrees.

Messrs. George Wilt and Joseph Wolf have gone to Keyser, where they expect to find work at their trade.

Mr. Isaac N. Shillingburg, of near Kearney, was in Oakland yesterday afternoon and called at this office.

The West Virginia conference of the M. E. Church will be held in Morgantown, West Va., on Sept. 28th.

Mr. William Newman went down to Cumberland Tuesday morning, accompanied by Miss Fanny Nethkin.

It's hard luck for the average artist to be wedded to his art, because that kind of a wife can't take in washing.

Hon. George C. Sturgiss, of Morgantown, W. Va., was the guest of his brother, Col. A. G. Sturgiss, in Oakland Tuesday.

No matter how insignigeant a man may be there is somewhere in the world a girl who will consider him distinguished looking.

The County Sunday School convention will be held in Deer Park on or about October 17th. A program is in course of preparation.

Miss Bertie Boyer went to Martinsburg, W. Va., last Saturday morning to remain a few weeks as the guest of her friend, Miss Bertha West.

Mr. William C. Deveemon, of Cumberland, who recently returned from a trip to the Pacific coast, was in Oakland professionally yesterday.

Monday last was Labor Day and was not generally observed in town, the postoffice and bank being the only places closed during the day.

Two measly Italians leading a bear by a rope, made their appearance in Oakland Friday evening last and amused the youngsters a short time.

Miss Lottie Zimmerman, of Baltimore, who is here spending the summer, has been confined to her bed for several days with an attack of illness.

Don't nauseate your stomach with teas and bitter herbs, but regulate your liver and sick headache by using those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

Mr. W. E. Deakins, who formerly owned the Fort Pendleton tract of land, but who now resides in Washington, D. C., was here a few days this week.

Col. A. G. Sturgiss was quite ill all last week and suffered considerably. Monday was his first appearance out and the results of his sickness were plainly evident.

The tenth year of Briar-Bend Seminary will begin on Sept. 22nd, 1897, as announced by the principal in an advertisement found in another column of this issue.

CLERK WANTED.—An honest and industrious boy 12 to 15 years old, who desires to learn the drug business. For particulars call at Oakland Pharmacy. 1-t*

Mr. John Shartzer has purchased a large stock of groceries at a sale in Martinsburg, W. Va., and is closing the goods out. His son Ernest has charge of the store.

Mr. Julius C. Renninger went over to Kingwood last Saturday on professional business, returning to Oakland the same evening. He made the trip on his wheel.

Mr. Jacob S. Meyers made a business and pleasure trip combined to Grafton and over the West Virginia Central railway Tuesday, returning to Oakland last night.

Burning, itching skin diseases instantly relieved by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, unequalled for cuts, bruises, burns. It heals without leaving a scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

The chimney at Wong Sing's laundry took fire Saturday night but was extinguished before any damage resulted. The Celestials in the laundry were paralyzed with fear.

Hon. Richard T. Browning came down from the surveyors' camp on Sunday and remained in town with his family until Tuesday afternoon, when he returned to his duties.

Dr. Boggess, of Terra Alta, who was charged with throwing a stone at a moving passenger train on the B. & O. last fall, was found not guilty by a jury at Kingwood, last week.

"They don't make much fuss about it." We are speaking of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, billiousness, and all stomach and liver troubles. They never gripe. Oakland Pharmacy.

Prof. and Mrs. J. G. Robinson, of Baltimore, who have been here a few weeks as the guests of Dr. and Mrs. M. C. Hinebaugh, will leave to-morrow morning for their home in the above city.

On Monday Miss Grace Riley, of Elkins, in company with her two friends, Misses Cora and Mollie Smith, of Clarksburg, went to Allison, Ala., to enter school for a term of ten months.

The "First Monday in September" was observed in thirty-seven states as "Labor Day." Its recognition as one of the fixed holidays is now so general that it may be "put in the almanac."

Last Saturday afternoon a horse hitched to Offutt & Sons' delivery wagon became frightened at a train of cars at the freight station here and ran away, breaking the wagon up considerably.

It heals everything except a broken heart, may be said of DeWitt Witch Hazel Salve. Piles and rectal diseases, cuts, burns, bruises, tetter, eczema and all skin troubles may be cured by it quickly and permanently. Oakland Pharmacy.

Messrs. Fred A. Thayer and Edward H. Sincell, as assignees of a mortgage, advertise in to-day's REPUBLICAN, at public sale on October 2nd, 120 acres of a tract of land called "Good Hope."

The "daily bread" may become dearer, but increased general prosperity should give a whole loaf now where in many cases there has been, owing to the idle mills and trades, only a half loaf.

At the last examination of teachers for this year held in Accident on Tuesday and yesterday, fifty-nine applicants were examined by County Examiner Palmer, who returned to Oakland last night.

Vim, vigor and victory:—These are the charisties of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, billiousness and all stomach and liver troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. T. C. Ellicott, druggist, at Keyser, W. Va., has made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors. It is thought that the assets will meet the liabilities and that the creditors will be paid in full.

Messrs. William Offutt and Wm. J. Shartzer will return to Annapolis next Monday and resume their studies at St. John's College, of which institution both have been students for two or three years.

FIFTEEN DOLLARS REWARD for information leading to the detection and conviction of the persons who tore out a section of wire fence and ten feet of stone wall on my farm on August 31st or day before. John W. Williams, Deer Park, Md. 27-2

The squirrels about Oakland are more plentiful this year than for a number of years past. Last week one or two of our local sportsmen went out and succeeded in bagging a dozen or more in a few hours.

According to the trade reviews we did an August business last month.

Mrs. W. H. Ravenscraft left Oakland yesterday for Ridgway, Pa., where she will visit her son Mr. Walter Ravenscraft a few weeks.

Mr. T. C. Claggett will leave the employ of Mr. A. D. Naylor this week and go down to Friendsville, where he will locate, having purchased a lot in that town and is having a blacksmith shop erected on it.

"I crave but One Minute," said the public speaker in a husky voice; and then he took a dose of One Minute Cough Cure, and proceeded with his oratory. One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled for the throat and lungs. Oakland Pharmacy.

The Oakland Hotel will close on Sept. 15th, after having enjoyed the most prosperous season in a number of years. The house will be reopened next spring under the same management. During the winter great improvements will be made to the interior of the building.

Mr. Theodore Renninger, of Cumberland, brother of Mr. Julius C. Renninger, of Oakland, spent a day or two in Oakland this week, departing for Eglon on Tuesday, where he will remain as the guest of relatives a few days.

Dr. and Mrs. Osterhaut, of Colombia, South America, who spent two or three months here with relatives, departed this morning for points in Texas where they will visit a few weeks before returning to their Southern home.

There is a time for everything; and the time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait until you have consumption but prevent it by using One Minute Cough Cure, the great remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Messrs. Newton Male and Peter Broderick have gone to Philadelphia with the intention of enlisting in the army or navy. Reports received in Oakland yesterday states that both have enlisted in the navy, but this has not been verified.

James D. Paugh, one of the trackmen, was engaged on last Thursday in unloading some rails from a car when his finger was caught between a rail and the car, mashing it very seriously, in consequence of which he is unable to perform his duties.

Mr. W. H. Spedden will leave Oakland on Monday next for Hulings, West Va., where he has secured work with Mr. William A. Lider, who has quite a number of contracts for buildings on hand. Mr. Spedden may remain away from Oakland all winter.

John Grillh, of Zanesville, O., says: "I never lived a day for thirty years without suffering agony, until a box of Witch Hazel Salve cured my piles." For piles and rectal troubles, cuts, bruises, sprains, eczema and all skin troubles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. J. L. Durst, of Clarksburg, W. Va., who visited his old home at New Germany three or four weeks recently, called at this office last Thursday on his way home. Mr. Durst is a prosperous farmer and is in good spirits over the good prices farm produce is commanding.

Messrs. Luther J. Brown, George Fleming and John Davis went over the mountain towards Blaine, W. Va., yesterday morning where they will camp for a few days and enjoy themselves hunting and fishing. They are provided with a tent and all necessary adjuncts for a few days sport.

John A. Wilt, who is charged with stoning the house of John W. Hunter down in District No. 4, was given a hearing before Justice Sincell last Saturday afternoon. A number of witnesses were examined, none of whom told the same story about the affair. Wilt was sent back to jail to await the action of the grand jury.

Rev. Romanus Mattingly, who has been pastor of the Catholic church in Oakland for a great number of years, has been transferred to Hancock, Md., and Rev. Father Wunnenburg from the latter place will come to Oakland. Father Mattingly has many friends in Oakland who will regret to learn of his departure.

The Democratic primaries have been called for Saturday, Sept. 18th, when delegates to the county convention to be held in Oakland on the following Friday will be elected. Recently many candidates for Senatorial honors and minor places on the Democratic ticket have sprung up from all sections of the county and a lively convention is promised in consequence.

"My boy came home from school one day with his hand badly lacerated and bleeding, and suffering great pain," says Mr. E. J. Schall, with Meyer Bros.' Drug Co., St. Louis Mo. "I dressed the wound, and applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm freely. All pain ceased, and in a remarkably short time it healed without leaving a scar. For wounds, sprains, swellings and rheumatism I know of no medicine or prescription equal to it. I consider it a household necessity." The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

A neighbor editor remarks: "If a man has a two dollar pup, he will look after it carefully and let him not be around at night all over town. But if he has a boy it is different. He is turned loose at an early age to go to the devil, and then people ponder where the army of tramps, bums, loafers, deadbeats, gamblers and drunkards come from each decade. They are germinated from the poor seed, gathered from our homes and sown broadcast on our streets and alleys. It may be that your boy is making in that direction. At all event the boy ought to be given an equal showing with the pup."

AT CAMP POTOMAC.

The Maryland--West Virginia Boundary Line Surveying Camp.

Last Sunday by an invitation extended by those in charge of the boundary line survey between Maryland and West Virginia a number of the citizens of Oakland went up to the camp and spent the day, and a glorious day it was. The sun was none too warm, the air was balmy and the dinner—well, one cannot say too much in its praise.

The camp is situated on the side of a hill about two miles north of Horse Shoe run, on a cleared piece of land, upon which until a few years ago a school house stood, but which was burned. At the extreme north end of the camp is the kitchen, presided over by Henry Clark, whose ability as a cook cannot be gainsaid. Adjoining the kitchen is the dining tent and then comes three large tents used for sleeping purposes and for clerical work. All the tents front the road, and the Maryland flag floats proudly over all, even though the camp is upon disputed territory. Water is procured for culinary purposes at a never-failing spring of pure mountain water within a stone's throw of the kitchen.

Across the road from the tents Mr. Browning, who is a born woodsman, has erected a number of benches from hewed logs, in a triangular shape, in the centre of which a big pile of fallen timber is kept constantly burning, and around which, after the day's labor is ended, the party gather and smoke, tell reminiscenses and in various ways pass the time until taps are sounded and all turn in for a night's rest.

Above the camp and to the south a mile or more frowns down the Great Backbone mountain, over which the party has made the survey. The country is covered with a growth of virgin forest, and slow progress is made in the work.

To the north of the camp and within sight the Preston Lumber company is operating quite extensively in logging. Here boarding houses have been erected and quite a large force of men are constantly employed in cutting timber and hauling the logs to the stream down which they are floated to the mill at Crellin.

The Rev. J. Ed. Kildow, editor of the Beverly *Enterprise*, and who preaches occasionally to show how religious an editor can be when he tries, and who frequently performs marriage ceremonies to demonstrate that a newspaper man can be useful in other lines, has transferred his membership from the West Virginia M. E. conference to the M. P. conference. The preacher-editor passed through Grafton Tuesday on his return from the Barrisville conference.—Grafton Sentinel.

A Freak of Nature.

Monday afternoon Col. A. G. Sturgiss plucked a twig from a Siberian crab tree growing in his yard which bore both blossoms and matured fruit.

Dedication of a New Church.

On Sunday, Sept. 26, the new Methodist Episcopal church at Aurora, W. Va., will be dedicated. The Rev. Dr. Hamilton, of Cincinnati, O., will officiate at the dedicatory services.

Left With Charges Pending.

D. M. Wotring, who was recently required by the court to resign as prosecuting attorney of Preston county, has disappeared from Kingwood. The grand jury returned three true bills against him upon a charge of embezzlement, the three cases aggregating $2,500.

Seriously Ill.

Mrs. Esther Glotfelty, who resides in Oakland with her daughter, Mrs. William Hinebaugh, fell down a flight of steps Tuesday morning and bruised herself considerably. Mrs. Glotfelty is past eighty years of age and is in a precarious condition a result of the fall she received.

Odd Combination Condemned.

The Morgan county, W. Va., teachers before adjourning their institute at Berkeley Springs, passed the following unique resolution:

"*Resolved*, That as a body of teachers we condemn the use of alcohol and tobacco by the teacher, and we also condemn the habit of those male teachers who sit in the school room with their hair parted in the middle and their pants in their boot tops."

Call for Your Letters.

Howe Elliott, Willie B. Martin, Alfred Harris, Charlie Pierce, J. J. Root, John Zoeller (2), J. G. Butler, D. D., Mrs. C. W. Arnett, Mrs. Lizzie Dubois (2), Mrs. Beele Tobeming, Mrs. Walker, Miss Kate Allen, Miss Fannie Mole.

A Vacancy in the Board of School Commissioners.

By the resignation of Dr. Bruce Lichty, of Grantsville, a vacancy has occurred in the Board of School Commissioners for this county. Dr. Lichty has sold his household goods and will locate at Rockwood, Pa., where a more lucrative practice has been tendered him than he at present has at Grantsville. Dr. Lichty has made an excellent school official and his place in the board will be hard to fill.

Council Meeting.

The monthly meeting of the town council was held last Monday night at the council chamber, at which all the members of the council were present. No business of importance was transacted aside from ordering numerous platforms laid and issuing drafts for payment of accounts.

A Serious Fire Averted.

Last Thursday afternoon fire was discovered in the barber shop of Mr. Perry W. Rock, which is in the Opera House building, caused by the explosion of a coal oil lamp. An alarm was sounded and quite a crowd gathered about the place. One of the chemical cylinders from the engine house was turned on the blaze and it subsided in a few seconds. The damage done was slight.

Had Seriously Cut.

Monday morning last Mr. James J. Reynolds, of Oakland, was assisting in threshing some grain at Mr. Mackin's farm west of town and was engaged in the capacity of feeder of the machine when the hand cutter, not noticing Mr. Reynold's hand in the way, made a slash with his knife at a hand but instead Mr. Reynold's hand received it, making quite an ugly cut. Dr. McComas dressed the wound.

A Dwelling Burned.

On Wednesday night last about eight o'clock, the residence of Mr. James Kimmel, who recently bought part of the Kaykendall farm five miles west of Oakland, was discovered on fire. The house was a very large one and as only one part of it was occupied by Mr. Kimmel and his wife they succeeded in saving nearly all their household goods. The house was entirely consumed. An insurance of $1,500 was carried on the building, which almost covered the loss.

One Broke Her Arm; Another Her Leg.

On Thursday last Mrs. Enos Spurr, residing down along the river, was assisting in the hay-making and was perched upon the top of a load of hay when she was jostled from her position owing to the roughness of the ground, and fell, breaking her arm.

On the same day Mrs. John Foster, residing about six miles north of town, slipped and broke her leg below the knee. Dr. Ravenscraft was summoned in both cases and rendered surgical aid.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

This is to give notice that the copartnership heretofore existing between John Shartzer and D. E. Bolden under the firm name of Shartzer & Bolden, carrying on the furniture business in Oakland, has been dissolved by mutual consent, Mr. Shartzer retiring.

JOHN SHARTZER.
26-2t. D. E. BOLDEN.

Religious Notes.

Those who have taken an interest in the growth of Mt. Lake Park know Dr. W. Maslin Frysinger, one of the pioneers in this enterprise, and will be pleased to learn he is to preach in St. Paul's M. E. church next Sunday morning at 10.30. Dr. Frysinger is pastor of Allison Memorial M. E. church, Carlisle, Pa., and occupies a leading position as a distinguished preacher in his denomination. The other services in the M. E. church will be Sunday school at 9.15, class meeting 12 m.; preaching 7.45 p. m. All are invited.

Discharged from Custody.

Last Friday morning Fred. Bern, of Friendsville, who was arrested in Wheeling upon information from the officials of this county, charging him with having stolen a sum of money from Mr. George Schlossnagle, of Friendsville, a few days previous and who was brought back to Oakland by Sheriff Brown on Thursday morning of last week, was given a hearing before Justice Sincell on the charge, and discharged from custody.

Britt Strawser, of District No. 8, who was arrested on a warrant charging him with having obstructed the public highway, was given a hearing Saturday morning last by Justice Sincell, who imposed a fine of $10 and costs, which was paid and Strawser released.

National Encampment Union Veteran Legion, Columbus, Ohio.

The Baltimore & Ohio R. R. announces reduced rates from all points on its line east of the Ohio River for the National Encampment of the Union Veteran Legion, at Columbus, Ohio, September 22nd and 23d. The tickets will be sold for all trains September 19th to 21st, valid for return until September 27th.

By taking the historic B. & O., an additional interest will be added to the trip, as that line follows the banks of the storied Potomac for many miles, passing through the City of Washington, Harpers' Ferry, Point of Rocks and Cumberland. In addition to the interest, attached to the locality, the scenery in this region is the grandest on the Continent.

Through trains run direct to Columbus, carrying Pullman Sleeping cars.

For further information, call on or address nearest B. & O. Agent.

It Saves the Croupy Children.

Seaview, Va.—We have a splendid sale on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and our customers coming from far and near, speaking of it in the highest terms. Many have said that their children would have died of croup if Chamberlain's Cough Remedy had not been given.—Kellum & Ourrem. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Died.

SMITH.—At his home near Aurora, yesterday morning, Mr. David Smith, father of Mrs. George P. White, of Loch Lynn Heights.

STOY.—Capt. William H. Stoy, the well-known musician, died Sept. 2nd, at his home at Waynesburg, Pa., and was buried on Saturday at 1 p. m., from his late home. Capt. Stoy will be remembered by the older citizens of Oakland as a teacher of the band here fifteen or twenty years ago.

BALL.—At Mountain Lake Park yesterday afternoon the five months old child of Mr. and Mrs. Ball, of Wellsville, O., to which place the remains were sent for burial this morning.

HOWARD.—This morning at 5:30 o'clock at her residence in Oakland, Mrs. Elizabeth Howard, aged nearly ninety four years, whose illness was noted in these columns last week. Mrs. Howard was the oldest and only surviving daughter of Francis Scott Key, author of the National song, "The Star Spangled Banner." At the time of going to press no arrangements have been made for the funeral.

Dr. H. C. McComas

Will visit P. J. Johnson's store, Swanton on Swanton, Sept. 19th. Mt. Lake Park, Sept. 20th. Residence Mr. J. L. Echard's, Oakland, Sept. 21th, rooms at Central Hotel, Crellin, Sept. 19th. Millers, Sept. 21st. Hoyes, Sept. 22. Friendsville, Sept. 23d, rooms at J. C. Kolbe's. At Jesse Frazee's, near the Glades, from 11 a. m. Sept. 24th to 12 p. m. on Sept. 25th. Teeth extracted without pain. All work guaranteed. 27-1

Rev. Ed. Kildow Preaches.

The Ridgway (Pa.) *Star*, in speaking of the Lanyon meeting near Hulings, sums up the situation in Tucker county, in the following terse, though not too complimentary manner:

Served him right. What business has a minister in Tucker county anyhow, and especially why should he be in debt when pay is so generously. Another opportunity for a Tucker county girl to bring in one of those beautiful indictments for "misdemeanor." Its no wonder the development of Tucker county continues to astonish us. Let every cowardly blackguard who can indulge in the luxurious extravagance of a revolver kill off the Lutheran men, but when it comes to ministers don't waste your powder. A stone is the proper thing and costs so little in Tucker county. But meanwhile let no time be lost. Stock your grand jury and see that none but Pitzer men are drawn, and if you should miss a man or two let your "fixer" see such at once. Tucker county is a "brute."

Will Enforce Debt-Paying.

The Abbeville (Ala.) *Times* is authority for the statement that a unique variety of morality has developed in Beatis in that county. A gang of whitecappers has been organized there with the purpose of running all non debt-paying citizens out of the beat. Five persons have been heard from who have been notified to leave or pay up without delay. The organization is said to contend that it is a greater crime to lay down on an honest debt than to make mean whisky, and as the law does not look at it that way they have made some laws of their own.

MORTGAGEES' SALE
—OF—
Real Estate.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage from Jacob R. Kimmel to Francis R. Nethkin, bearing date the 27th day of April 1896 and duly recorded among the mortgage records of Garrett county, and which said mortgage was purchased by and duly assigned to the undersigned. Default by the said Jacob R. Nethkin, and by the said Francis R. Nethkin assigned to the undersigned for the purpose of foreclosure, default having been made in the same, the undersigned will, on

Saturday, the 2d Day of October, 1897,

at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., in front of the Court House, in the town of Oakland, Maryland, offer at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, beginning for the same at the beginning of a tract called "Good Hope" and running thence with the first and part of the second lines thereof N. 45° W. 85 perches, South 4° west 22 perches, then with the division line of Nethkin's part of Good Hope and Oldsloh's part south 80° east 174 perches to the end of 88 perches on the 6th line of the original tract, it being the beginning of Nethkin's part of Good Hope, and running thence with part of said 6th line south 1° west 10 perches to the end of the 5th line of Adam Sell's part of Good Hope, and with the 7th and 8th lines of Sell's part south 82½° west 161 perches, north 12½ west to the end of the 12th line of the original tract, with the seventh last line of the original north 3½ west 200 perches to the beginning.

Containing 120 Acres.

Said property is located about six or seven miles north of Oakland, twelve or fifteen acres of it cleared and under cultivation, and the land is improved by a

SMALL DWELLING.

stable and other out-buildings.

TERMS:—A sufficient amount will be required to be paid in cash on day of sale to cover the expenses, and the balance on or before the ratification thereof by the Court.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
FRED. A. THAYER,
27-1 Assignees of Mortgagee.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE
COUNTY COMMISSIONERS FOR GARRETT CO.
OAKLAND, MD., August 26, 1897.

Notice is hereby given that the regular meeting of the County Commissioners for Garrett county will be held in the Court House in Oakland on

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1897,

for the transaction of any business that may regularly come before them.

By order of the Board.

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

Mrs. Drifter Has Her Say.

She Found Wild Bulls, Dry Rivers, and Chigres in Texas.

MRS. DRIFTER grew confidential the other evening. Some of Drifter's friends had called, and the subject of his adventures in the south came up.

"Of course, it is all right," said Mrs. Drifter, "for Drifter to tell about the trials he endured when he was the editor of a paper in Texas. I never put in such a time in my life. I expected that Drifter would come home to me shot full of holes some night. When I was down at his office reading the proofs of that cunning little daily paper he got out it used to make my blood run cold to hear those men talk about gun plays so and so had made up in somebody's saloon.

"Drifter reassured me by telling me that the crack of a pistol did not always mean that somebody had been hit, but you know what a brave man Drifter is. No, you don't either. You say you don't know anything about the time he saved our lives down in Texas? I don't think I ever realized before just how courageous Drifter is. You know I had not seen a ranch nor a herd of cattle since I arrived in Texas, and I begged Drifter to take me where the real Panhandle cattle could be seen, so he took me out to the stock yards beyond Fort Worth.

"Times were very, very hard down there, and the packing house was closed, and there were no signs of life at the stock yards. We walked around and around the huge inclosure, and I tried to imagine what it must be like when the herds of Texas steers came in from the Panhandle. We had gone quite a little distance from the high board fence, and were admiring the scenery, when some cows come strolling along. We stood watching and admiring them until about 50 or 75 had passed us, when all at once there loomed up before us an immense Texas bull. His manner was dignified and masterful. He looked at us, elevated his head, sniffed, and my heart gave a jump.

"That was when Drifter and his Inborn bravery came to the front. It is needless to say that I was frightened. I thought my last moment had come. The fence of the stock yards must have been 50 feet high; at least it looked so to me. Drifter afterward said that it was not more than 15, but I know that the trees around it were not so high as the fence. He grasped me by the hand and said:

"'Little girl, run for the fence. I will stay here and protect you.'

"I was brought up in the country, and I know it is the height of foolishness to run from a wild animal, so I flatly refused. 'If we are going to die, we will die together, Drifter,' said I, 'but the best thing to do is to back slowly away from that awful bull.' We backed toward the fence, and the bull paced toward us, never taking his eyes off us. I know I could hear Drifter's heart beat, but it must have been anxiety for me, for he is not afraid of anything.

"'Get behind that tree,' he said, and his voice sounded as if it was away off somewhere, and I felt as if we were to be separated forever. Reassuringly he said:

"'I will see that he does not touch you.' With that he took out his little pocket knife, opened the blade, which was not over three inches long, and said: 'There!' with as much defiance in his tone as if he had been behind a stone barricade and armed with a Martini rifle. Somehow or other we got to that fence at last. It was evident that Drifter would not let me take any chances alone, for he got there as soon as I did, and if you ever saw two people climb a high fence in the quickest possible space of time, it was Mr. and Mrs. Drifter.

"We sat there on the top of the fence until dusk, and Drifter never let go of the knife. I really believe that if the bull had attacked me Drifter would have stabbed him with that penknife. In the evening, after I had mustered up courage enough, we made our way, keeping close by the fence, until we reached a little hotel connected with the stock yards. Drifter never said a word about the adventure, and you would not have thought he had done anything at all remarkable, but I know that he saved my life from the wild Texas bull."

It took Mrs. Drifter's friends some time to rise to a proper appreciation of the courage displayed by her husband in that time of danger, and after she had fanned herself vigorously, she continued:

"You ought to get Drifter to tell you about the time we went out to the lake near Fort Worth. I was just dying for a sight of a body of water. It did seem to me as if I would dry up there in Texas unless I could get within sound of the ocean's roar, so Drifter did the best he could. He took me out to a pleasure resort about five miles from the city, at a place called Arlington. The trolley cars ran there, and the company made a great fuss over the Arlington lake. I told Drifter I would be satisfied if I could spend a few hours in a sailboat out there. At any rate, I would see a body of water once again in my life.

"Well, we had our dinner at the hotel, and I said: 'Now, Drifter, let us get right out on that lake as quick as possible.' The people in the hotel office told us in what direction to walk to the lake, and we walked. We kept on walking, and not a sign of a lake was to be seen. At last we found our way back to the trolley line, and asked one of the railroad men where the Arlington lake was.

"'Oh,' he said, 'I guess they have not turned the water on yet. There isn't much of a crowd. Last Sunday there was a big excursion, then you could have seen the lake full of water.'

"'Turn the water on!' I exclaimed. 'I thought they advertised sailboats and pond lilies and all that sort of thing?'

"'So they do, ma'am,' said the trolley man, 'but you know it's pretty dry country down here, and they can't afford to waste water on that lake unless there's a crowd.' Drifter bristled up and said: 'What we want to know is where the lake is when there is any water.'

"The trolley man was accommodating. He walked along with us, took us up what he called a hill, and then pointed out a hole in the ground about 50 yards round, and as dry as the hotel porch. Of course, I was amused, but nevertheless disappointed.

"'Never mind', said Drifter. 'I will take you for a sail on the Trinity river some afternoon. They are talking now of running a line of boats up the Trinity from Galveston, and it will seem like old times to get on a real big excursion steamer.'

"For the next week or two Trinity river navigation was thoroughly agitated in the Texas papers. As near as I could make out, the principal difficulty seemed to be that they were clearing the river of snags. I read that snag boat No. 1 had accomplished wonders; that snag boat No. 2 had just left Dallas, and I fairly revelled in the anticipation of a trip on the broad bosom of the Trinity. Then the newspapers began to print columns about the need of rain, and it was reported that the snag boats were tied up, owing to the drought.

"One day Drifter took me on the train over to the banks of the Trinity. Sure enough, there was the boat, an excursion steamer on a small scale, to be sure, but a boat, nevertheless. Believe me, there was not two feet of water in the deepest part of that wonderful river. One of the Texans got real mad when Drifter suggested that it would be a good idea to put the boat on trucks, so as to give an excursion up and down the river on wheels, at any rate.

"'You wait until we have rain,' said one of the Texans, 'then you won't poke any fun at Trinity river navigation.'

"The rain finally came, and there was enough of it to satisfy all Texas. 'Now we will have our boat ride,' said Drifter, and we hurried over to Dallas. Alas, Trinity river was then so high that the excursion boat would either have to be pulled over the bridge or stay at its dock. They couldn't afford to cut a hole in the bridge, you see, just for an excursion, and the river had risen to the level of the bridge.

"At last accounts the Trinity river excursion had been abandoned. Drifter told me that the boat couldn't make much headway on account of the dust in the river bottom, and I believed him. Why, actually they have to wait for a rainstorm down there before they could have outdoor baptism services, for you see, it wouldn't look very well to have people lie down in the bed of the river and have water poured over them from a sprinkling pot.

"If we didn't have river excursions or sails on the lake, there was always something to make it lively during our stay in Texas," continued Mrs. Drifter. "I wish you could have been down there when croquet was in season. I went to a croquet party one evening when we first settled in Fort Worth. I enjoyed it very much, but I didn't understand at that time that one ought to wear hip boots or armor in a simple little game like lawn croquet.

"The next day I was a sight to behold. I hadn't seen any mosquitoes, but it was evident that I had been settled upon by a swarm. My lower limbs were spotted with the most irritating and exasperating mementos of the bites of some insects. I confided my trouble to one of the ladies in the house, and she said, consolingly:

"'Oh, that's nothing. You have been bitten by chigres, that's all.'

"'Chigres, what are they?' I asked.

"'Why, a chigre is a little red bug,' she replied, 'the most persistent insect you ever heard of. You got them playing croquet on that lawn. We have not had one at our house this season, but they have them over there. You ought to put some salt on the places where you were bitten. Rub them with salt and water, and you will get the chigres off.'

"'Surely they are not on me now,' I said.

"'Yes, they are,' said the lady. 'Chigres bury themselves under your skin. If you look closely you can see them.'

"By the aid of Drifter's microscope, I was able to detect in the center of each inflamed spot a little bright red insect, something like a spider. When I poked it with the point of a needle it ran with incredible rapidity. It is needless to say I didn't play croquet on that particular lawn again. Drifter told me that chigres in Texas were like the chills and fever in Missouri. The natives didn't mind them.

"I found out in time how the natives protected themselves against the inroads of the spider-like chigre. Having been invited to a picnic in the woods, I asked a woman who had lived in Texas a dozen years or more what to do. I told her I couldn't possibly survive another attack of chigres, and Drifter had told me the people who subscribed for his paper would be offended if I declined the invitation to the picnic. She told me to follow her example, and I would not have to worry about chigres. She said:

"'Whenever I go to a picnic in Texas, I prepare myself for the chigres. Do as I do. In the morning before starting out rub yourself thoroughly from head to foot with a chunk of salt pork. Chigres don't like pork, and they won't light on you.'

"I did not go to the picnic," concluded Mrs. Drifter.—N. Y. Sun.

—All the fish deserted the Spithead waters during the naval review on account of the number of boats present and the firing of the guns.

A NEW COAL COMBINE.

"Independent" Operators in the Pittsburg District Take Steps Toward an Organization.

Pittsburg, Sept. 2.—The first decisive steps toward forming a permanent organization of the independent coal producers of the Pittsburg district were taken yesterday. A meeting was held in the Iron Exchange building. About 20 operators were in atteudance. The situation was discussed in all its details. There was a unanimous sentiment in favor of forming a permanent organization to be known as the coal exchange.

A committee was appointed to report a plan by which the smaller producers can be benefited in the way of fairer prices from the lake shippers. They are to make a report which is to give the objects and mode of regulating the organization. The committee will meet Friday and make a report to another meeting Saturday afternoon, when it is expected to perfect the organizatiou. It is claimed by some that the real object of the meeting was to confer with the lake shippers with a view of settling the strike at the 69-cent rate, but this was denied by those who took part in the meeting.

Col. W. P. Rend, the Chicago operator, has arrived in Pittsburg and will remain for several days. He said he hoped that a settlement would soon be reached, and if it was not the operators would bring in new men.

A big mass meeting was held Wednesday at Finleyville. There were several thousand persons present. The object of the meeting was to influence the Snowden and Gastonville miners of the Pittsburg & Chicago Gas Coal Co., who have been notified that they must leave the company houses or go to work. The miners' officials claim there will be very few, if any, men who will go to work in the Snowden and Gastonville mines.

Secretary William Warner issued a letter to the miners last night assuring them that no settlement would be made at Columbus below the 69-cent rate without first consulting them in convention.

THE FARMERS' CONGRESS.

Convention at St. Paul Elects Officers—Addresses by Foreign Visitors.

St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 2.—The farmers' national congress yesterday heard a paper by E. W. Randall, secretary of the Minneapolis Agricultural society, on the causes of failure and success in state fairs. Among other things he counted state management and ownership of grounds as essential to success; also impartial reward of premiums and prompt payment of same.

Dr. A. M. Soteldo, of Venezuela, congratulated the farmers upon the return of prosperity and the increased European demand for wheat, corn and cotton. He said Venezuela felt the warmest feeling for this country and then he told of the products and possibilities of his own country.

Senor Romero, Mexican minister to the United States, spoke briefly, expressing the belief that miners in Mexico could do better as farmers. The election of officers followed. Ex-Gov. W. B. Hoard, of Wisconsin, was chosen president by a vote of 176 to 69 for B. F. Clayton, the present incumbent. John M. Stuhl was re-elected secretary and N. G. Spalding, of New York, was made treasurer.

WILL MAKE NO CONCESSIONS.

Lehigh & Wilkesbarre Coal Co. Refuses to Grant Strikers' Demands.

Hazelton, Pa., Sept. 2.—The strike situation at Audenreid indicates a prolonged struggle. Acting President Warren and Manager Lowell, of the Lehigh & Wilkesbarre Coal Co., last evening handed to the chairman of the strikers' committee their ultimatum. The company declines to make any concession, excepting to advance laborers from 90 cents to $1 per day. They decline to discuss the company store question or to consider the removal of Superintendent Jones. The letter was explained to the men at a mass meeting and the greatest excitement followed. On the vote to accept the proposition the result was unanimously in favor of continuing the strike indefinitely.

The Van Wickle officials were more successful at Milnesville. The men there decided to accept the terms, which grant them an advance in wages to equal the average of the region. The Celerain workmen for the same company declined to accept.

A MAMMOTH FUND.

Jews Propose to Raise $50,000,000 for Use in Colonizing Palestine.

Basle, Sept. 2.—Dr. Theodore Herz, originator of the project to purchase Palestine and resettle the Hebrews there, presided at the last setting of the Zionist congress. The delegates discussed the scheme to centralize the Zionist movement, the central committee, according to the proposition, being located in Vienna and consisting of 23 members representing all of the natural groups, all Jews being asked to contribute to the central fund.

All the members of the central committee were elected except the English and American delegates. The subject of finances was then discussed. Resolutions were passed authorizing the committee to raise a fund of £10,000,000. Reports were read showing that the colonies in Palestine are in a flourishing condition. A commission was appointed to report on the subject of the proposed university at Jerusalem. The meeting in 1898 will be held at Jerusalem.

Operated with Bogus Money Orders.

Wilmington, Del., Sept. 2.—A man giving the name of John E. Ford and claiming to be from Ohio, was arrested here Tuesday after he had passed an alleged fraudulent money order on a merchant in payment for a hat. In Ford's possession was found a set of rubber stamps like those used in post offices for filling out money orders. The order that was passed was dated Belmore, O., and a number of other blank money orders were found on him. Ford, it is said, has confessed that he was a member of a gang that had been operating with these money orders throughout the country.

THE REPORT OF A REVOLVER.

A Young Man Who Had a Weapon to Sell and Sold It.

The farmer from Loudoun county hadn't seen a snake for three weeks, and when he came into town the other day he was not up on snakes, but he had a story to tell.

"Speaking of that Maryland farmer that they sold the gold brick to last month," he said, with a chuckle of great superiority, "I guess I must have had one of them Maryland men doing some work on my farm about ten days ago."

"Did you pay him off in gold bricks or wall paper cut in currency size?" inquired the reporter.

"I come mighty near not paying him off at all," he laughed. "He come walking in on me one day when I needed a hand and he didn't look much like a man that would earn much more than he got, but I wasn't very particular. He walked in on my porch where I was taking a minute's breath after dinner and begun operations by asking me if I didn't want to buy a revolver, and he handed me out one that was a beauty.

"'Well,' says I, after looking over the gun a minute, 'I haven't got any money to buy revolvers with, but I tell you what I'll do. I need help, and if you want to work it out you can.'

"'What'll you allow fer work?' says he.

"'Fifty cents a day and found,' says I, 'but you've got to sleep in the barn.'

"'I want five dollars fer the gun,' says he, calculating on it a minute, 'and that'll be ten days, won't it?'

"'To a t-y ty,' says I.

"Then he took me up and handed me over the gun and went to work as soon as he got his dinner.

"I didn't hear a peep from him for nearly a week, and one day in the middle of the afternoon he come over where I was running a hay rake.

"'Say, mister,' he begun prompt, 'how's this?'

"'How's what?' says I, having an idee what was up.

"'This revolver business,' says he.

"'What about it?' says I.

"'Well,' says he, scratching his head slow and calculating, 'it kinder seems to me that I ain't gittin' even on that there speckleation jist as I orter. I've been a-workin' here fer a week and you've got the gun and I don't seem to be any nearer gittin' my five dollars than I was at the start. Like's not I may be wrong, mister, but ef you'll kinder explain and show me jist how the business stands betwixt us I reckon as how I won't be worryin' so much and kin work harder. 'Tain't 'peared to me to be jist right since I took you up that day we made the bargain.'

"Course," concluded the Loudoun philanthropist, "I showed him how it was and give him a big laugh and had fun with him, but I give him back his gun and 'lowed him wages and board for the time he had been working, and he kept the gun."—Washington Star.

NOTES OF THE VOGUE.

Latest Notions in the Department of Dress.

Moire ribbons are, for the moment, higher in fashion than satin or taffeta.

Oyster color is the very newest shade, and particularly effective in heavy satin or faille.

A new summer dress material is called challie de lustre, and is, as its name indicates, a glossy fabric, somewhat resembling mohair.

The modish silks for early autumn wear are in the pretty bayadere stripes, a trying fashion, however, becoming to none but women of the Trilby type.

Narrow baby ribbon is a feature on modish gowns, and is now ruffled and used to edge ribbons of greater width—a particularly pretty finish for the long ribbon sash.

The old-fashioned iron grenadine is again the vogue, superseding the flimsy materials which masquerade under that name, and to which even the crispest of taffetas fails to give a satisfactory body.

Brilliant-hued plaids are in high favor, and the up-to-date revels in an endless variety of sailor-hat bands, belts and neckties, which, worn in sets, give a chic finish to her duck skirt and tailor-built shirt waist.

A full niche of black at the throat gives a modish finish to the simplest costume and is a needed touch of precaution these chilly August evenings. One recently seen in London is of black chiffon, cascaded to the waist-line and edged with narrow white ostrich feather trimming.

To avoid that unpleasant swagging at the bottom of the dress, the newest silk petticoats are stiffened at the hem with a whalebone, one ingenious woman, who particularly dreads an appearance of limpness placing a second bone across the front breadth in a casing ten inches above the dust flounce.—Chicago Chronicle.

Parents as Teachers.

Parents are divinely appointed artists to decorate the walls of memory's storehouse, and marvelous resources are at their command. God's Word teems with hallowed influences. The fields and woods are filled with sweet perfumes of fruit and flowers. The forests are flecked with many-hued songsters. Babbling brooks offer their song of praise to their Creator. The lowing of the kine, the bleating of the lambs, the deep, ominous growl from the beasts of prey, all possess attractions which may be borrowed as helps. The lightning and the thunder, the storm cloud and cyclone but tell of the power and majesty of the ruler of all hearts. Good books, inspiring poems, sweet music, clean stories, all are elevating and within the reach of most parents. All these are helps—colors lent from Heaven to be used in beautifying child life and character. Mingle these, as lines of beauty, tints, and colors are employed in some master work of art, and tastes will be formed and character established upon a lasting foundation. —Anthony Comstock, in Chautauquan.

Difference in Durability.

"It isn't at all safe to judge by appearances," said the restless boy's father.

"Yes," replied the mother, "people are very deceptive."

"And so are inanimate objects. You'd never think, merely judging from external indications, that the heavy pair of shoes I bought that boy was only going to wear for six weeks, while his fragile-looking Latin grammar will last him a lifetime."—Washington Star.

A Solution.

This simple rule solves woman's whims—
Forget it now you mustn't;
The things she hasn't got she wants,
And those she has she doesn't.
—Puck.

THE PINK OF POLITENESS.

"Really, Mr. Jones, I must say you are about the most original man I have ever met; you haven't said a single word about the weather."

"Well, I couldn't say what I think about the weather in the presence of a lady."—London Sketch.

Gave Him Points.

"My wife and I have been cleaning house. Last night we put down a carpet."

"Both of you?"

"No; I put it down."

"What did your wife do?"

"She—er—she handed me the tacks."
—Judge.

Friends.

"I suppose you got to be good friends with everybody on shipboard, going over?"

"No—"

There was in her voice a thrill of regret; regret

"—that resembles sorrow,
As the mist resembles rain."

"No," she answered, thus: "I traveled with my husband."—Detroit Journal.

Proof That Fairies Exist.

Little Ethel, having alluded to fairies, the caller asked:

"Do you think there are such things as fairies, dear?"

"'O yes, Mrs. Gray," replied the little girl, earnestly. "Only yesterday I heard papa and Uncle George talking about some fairies they saw at the theater, and they didn't know I heard them, either.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Diplomacy.

It isn't always well to look
A bulldog in the eyes,
If there is any way in which
One can do otherwise;
Nor is it always best to tell
A liar that he lies,
Unless you're big and strong and he's
Not more than half your size.
—Detroit Journal.

Insult to Injury.

Weary Waggles—Dis is a cold, cold world, Dusty.

Dusty—How so, Weary?

Weary Waggles — Why, becausel What d'ye think? I went inter dat house an' asked for some old duds, an' de missus offered me a bathing suit.—N. Y. Truth.

Nothing In It.

"I received a letter yesterday from a lawyer who has discovered that I am one of the heirs to a large English estate."

"Did he inclose a stamp?"

"No."

"Then I don't see how you can make anything out of that."—N. Y. Journal.

Too Bad.

"I'd just like to see
Any man kiss me,"
She said, and then deeply she sighed.
But although she was kissed,
The seeing she missed
For the reason that she was cross-eyed.
—Philadelphia Inquirer.

AN UNCLASSIFIED IMPORT.

American Heiress (returning home)—What is the tax on an English lord under this new law?

It Made No Difference.

"Is that your wife on a bicycle?"

"It is."

"I thought you said that you would never permit her to ride one."

"I don't permit it, but what difference do you suppose that makes to her?"—Chicago Post.

Rather Unjust.

Young Mother (on the train)—Mommy's—itty—pitty — peshus lammy—angel — dirlie — desdetweetestingatevyived, atsatitis.

Old Gent (seat in front)—And they blame a man for cursing the mother tongue!—Judge.

A Mistake Somewhere.

Bobby (puzzled)—I thought God made everybody?

Sunday School Teacher—Why, he did, Bobby.

Bobby—Well, anyway, pa calls sis a "tailor-made" girl.—N. Y. Journal.

The First Symptom.

Mr. Saphead (during the honeymoon)—When did my little duckie darling first discover that she loved me?

Bride (sweetly)—When I found myself getting angry every time anyone called you a fool.—Tit-Bits.

She Should Have Him.

Her Father—My daughter has been accustomed to every luxury that money can buy.

Her Young Man—Well, don't you think that I may be regarded as a luxury?—Brooklyn Life.

Depressing Influences.

"I never let Henry complain and go on about the hot weather."

"How do you stop him?"

"I remind him how he used to fuss about the coal bills last winter."—Detroit Free Press.

Probably He Did.

"Old Bullionoodle told me that he started out in life by running away with a circus."

"I'll bet he made a success of it, too, unless it was nailed down."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

It Disappeared.

"Beg pardon, Grimly, did your wife lose that $50 with which she started to the savings bank, or was she robbed?"

"Partly both. She collided with a bargain counter."—Detroit Free Press.

Not Lost.

Traveler (to the ferryman crossing the river)—Has anyone ever been lost in this stream?

Boatman—No, sir. Some professor was drowned here last spring, but they found him again after looking for two weeks.—Fliegende Blaetter.

According to Custom.

Bank Receiver—The accounts are all mixed up. Can't make head or tail of anything yet.

Reporter—All right. I'll just say that you expect to pay the depositors in full. —Puck.

ELECTRICALLY SPEAKING.

"John, doesn't my bathing suit electrify you?"

"Yes; shocks me, in fact."—N. Y. Herald.

When Signs Go Wrong.

"A fortune teller told me to marry a man who had a steady gaze."

"Well?"

"So I married John; but I've found out since that his gaze is the only steady thing about him."—Chicago Record.

An Apt Comparison.

Harduppe—Say, I feel like a bathing suit.

Tomtom—How's that?

Harduppe—I'm so awfully short.—Town Topics.

An Acute Attack.

"I don't see how Lodger can find time for so many secret societies."

"Well, what I don't understand is how he finds time for his business."—Chicago Journal.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE OLD TIN SHEEP.

"Creak!" said the old tin sheep on wheels;
"I'm growing old, and down my back
I'm very sure there's a dreadful crack.
There's nobody knows," said the old tin sheep, "till he's old how an old toy feels."

"I used to trundle about the floor;
But that was when I was young and new;
It's something that now I could not do.
No; I shall quietly rest myself on this shelf behind the door.

"Creak!" said the sheep; "what's gone amiss?
Some one is taking me out, I know.
They're pulling my string, and away I go.
Stop! oh, stop!" cried the old tin sheep;
"I never can go like this!"

But Tommy pulled the sheep around;
About the nursery it went so fast
The floor beneath seemed flying past,
While creakety-creakety-creak! the wheels went round with a doleful sound.

Then Tommy left it there on its side;
The wheels moved slowly and stopped with a creak;
And the wax doll heard it faintly speak.
"There's nobody knows what he can do," said the sheep, "till he has tried."
—Katharine Pyle, in St. Nicholas.

MONSTERS OF THE DEEP.

Swordfish and Two "Killers" Attack a Sperm Whale.

Two "killers" and a huge swordfish had combined their forces and ventured to attack a half-grown bull cachalot. It fell to the swordfish to lead off, and he launched himself at the whale like a torpedo, pointed direct for the most vital part. But a gentle swerve of the wary cachalot presented to the attack, instead of the vulnerable broadside, the oblique, impenetrable mass of his head.

The awful blow of the sword, impelled by the furious speed of the mass behind it, struck just before the whale's eye, ripping a white streak diagonally upward through the gristly substance covering the skull, but spending its force in the air above, while the great body following glided, serpent-like, right over the whale's head and fell helplessly upon the other side.

With incredible agility for so vast a bulk, the whale turned, settling slightly withal; then rising, lower jaw uppermost, he caught the swordfish fairly in the center between those mighty shears and cleft him in two halves.

A sideway shake of the great head, a scarce perceptible gulp and the tail half of that swordfish slid down the whale's cavernous throat with as much ease and rapidity as if it had been an oyster.

Meanwhile, the "killers" had not been remiss in supporting the spiritual attack of their ill-fated coadjutor. One hung upon either flank of their giant foe, and worried him as dogs a boar. But their time had come. After vainly endeavoring by rolling and writhing to free himself from them, he suddenly changed his tactics.

Rearing himself majestically out of the seething eddies like a mighty column of black rock, he fell backward, tearing himself away from the clinging monsters. Up rose his enormous tail from the boiling vortex, and, descending like a gigantic scythe, literally crushed one of his aggressors beneath it, the sound of the blow reverberating like thunder.

The survivor fled, but the infuriated whale pursued, leaping, like a dolphin, half out of the sea at every bound, and, although we could not see the end of the chase, we had little doubt but that "killer" gladiator paid the full penalty of his rashness under the lethal sweep of those terrible jaws.—Golden Days.

MARY, THE FIRE-DOG.

She Is a Recognized Member of the Memphis Department.

Mary is only a yaller dog, but, like many another heroine who has not a fine coat to her back, she has many sterling qualities of head and heart. Mary belongs to Capt. Rogan's fire squad that is stationed on Poplar street, Memphis, Tenn. Mary has been in the fire service for over three years, during which time she has attended every fire in Memphis. When the fire gong rings Mary knows it means a run, and she stations herself under the wagon. She can climb a ladder as well as any fireman and she has had some thrilling experiences in her day. Mary comes by her fire-attending instincts naturally. She is the daughter of Fannie, who for over ten years was a celebrated fire dog. Fanny has now retired from active service. She makes her home at the same engine-house as her daughter, and they are devoted to each other. Fanny, who is now 13, would still like to go to fires, but her prudent daughter prevents it by biting the maternal leg and barking.

MARY CLIMBING THE LADDER.

Safe.

Mother—Willie, where are those apples gone that were in the cupboard?

Willie—Oh, they're with the gingerbread that was in the pantry.—Up-to-Date.

—You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.—J. A. Froude.

PRACTICAL DOVE COTE.

Any Boy Can Make One Like That Here Described.

There are many boys who have pigeons, but every boy who owns them may not have a good cote. Mere boxes with holes in them answer practical purposes very well, but they are not nearly so nice in appearance as the house-shaped cote with pitched roof and landings under the windows.

The illustration shows one that can readily be made by anyone who can drive a nail and push a handsaw.

Obtain from a grocery store two large soap boxes, and carefully break them up, taking care not to split any of the boards. Make a front and back for the cote of corresponding size, about 24 inches wide, 20 inches high at the

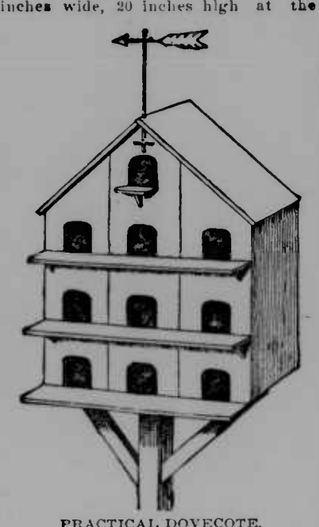

PRACTICAL DOVECOTE.

sides, and 30 inches high in the center to top of peak. It will take three or four boards for each of these; to hold them together, nail strips, or battens, across the inside. Then make a bottom board and the two sides; the latter should be 20 inches high and 12 inches wide.

Next, with a key-hole saw, cut the holes in the front for the pigeons to go in and out, and then fasten the sides and back to the bottom. Arrange three shelves, one on the line formed by the bottom of each tier of holes; fasten on the front, and lastly the roof.

Each floor can be divided into three compartments if desired; but they must not be too small, else they will be useless. Cut five small angular brackets to support the shelf outside each line of holes. To support the bottom shelf nail strips to the under side and carry them on under the cote where they may be nailed fast to the bottom.

From a smooth shingle or other thin piece of wood, cut an arrow for a weather vane, and make it fast to the top of a small stick with a very thin steel-wire nail. This stick is to be fastened to the front of the cote at the peak in an upright position, as shown in the drawing. Balance the arrow nicely, and take care when boring the hole through which to pass the nail that you do not split the arrow shaft.

This cote may be painted any desirable color to correspond with that of the house or out buildings, and two good coats should be used.

When finished the cote can be mounted on a post or fastened on the side of a barn, and the effect will be found quite ornamental.

UNINVITED GUESTS.

A Kind of Bee That Makes Its Home with the Bumblebee.

In St. Nicholas there is an article on "Some Common Bees and How They Live," by A. Hyatt Verrill. He says:

Unlike the honey bees, the bumblebee queens, to their credit be it said, are not of a jealous disposition, but live peacefully together in one nest until in the autumn the family breaks up, the old queens, workers and drones perishing, while the young queens, forsaken and alone, crawl away to some protected spot, wherein to pass the winter and reappear in the spring and found another colony.

If you should examine a bumblebee's nest you would probably find among our busy, hard-working friends a number of individuals who never labor for their living, and although they come and go with perfect freedom, never bring pollen or honey, nor aid in making wax. These are the "guest bees," or inquilines, a species which depend on their host the bumblebee to furnish them board and rooms rent free.

The inquilines, like the European cuckoo or the American cow-bunting among birds, lay their eggs by stealth in the bumblebees' nests. The young, when hatched, are cared for by their foster parents, and when full-grown are treated with as much consideration as though they were guests of honor. Why the bumblebees should permit their uninvited visitors to remain with them is a mystery; for although some species closely resemble their hosts in size and color, others are quite different. It can hardly be supposed, therefore, that they are mistaken for rightful members of the colony. On this account many naturalists have thought that they perform some important service in return for their hospitable reception; but of what this duty, if any, consists has never been discovered.

Bird's Nest on Sheep's Back.

What is certainly an odd occurrence is reported from Michigan. While a farmer was shearing a sheep, a little brown egg fell from the fleece and broke on the floor. The shearer investigated and found a bird's nest on the sheep's back, so constructed that with ordinary treatment the eggs could not roll out; but the bird had not figured on the clipping of the wool. The nest, of course, was warmer than the ordinary kind would have been; but how the mother bird could distinguish which of the flock of sheep bore her nest is a difficult question to answer.

THE FARMING WORLD.

POULTRY IN ORCHARDS.

Fowls Do Good Service in Two Very Distinct Ways.

Mr. Tegetmeier, the famous English authority on poultry, in commenting on a report of the Rhode Island experiment station regarding the value of fowls to orchards, says: For many years I have advocated the introduction of poultry into apple orchards, maintaining that they do good service, in two very distinct modes—first, by manuring the ground, and, secondly, by the destruction of insects and grubs that hibernate in the soil.

The apple maggot appears to be extending in America, attacking the favorite Baldwin, which is so well known as being imported largely into this country, and rendering it entirely unfit for use, but the spraying the trees with Bordeaux mixture and Paris green has appeared to prevent all serious attacks of this insect.

In the mature state this insect is a fly which deposits its eggs in the pulp of the apple beneath the skin. The young maggots grow within the fruit, which they render worthless, and when mature emerge from the apple and go into the ground, lying in the pupa state beneath the surface soil among the grass roots. Samples of the earth, six inches square, were taken, and the number of maggots under the trees varied, according to the size, from 1,600 to more than 12,000 under each tree; the pupae somewhat resembling kernels of wheat. Now comes the point which was particularly interesting to me. The experiment was tried as to whether poultry, if confined to a small range and encouraged to scratch, would destroy these pupae. A large movable wire fence was placed about a tree, whose fruit had been destroyed by insects. One side of the fence was raised and 50 hens were called into the inclosure. The fence was let down and they were confined to the space around the tree. As soon as they had eaten the corn they naturally began to scratch for pupae, and in the course of three or four days it was found that the latter had disappeared. As these insects remain in the pupae state from the fall of the apple to the following spring, when they appear, it may be expected that next year the number of flies breeding from the apple maggot will be greatly diminished in the localities where this plan is followed.

From personal experience, extending over many years, I can speak positively of the advantages of allowing fowls and chickens a free range in apple orchards. They not only manure the soil and destroy all insects harboring in it, but they find, for some weeks, a considerable proportion of their own food—the windfalls, which they devour greedily, with any grubs they may contain.

FARM TOOL HOUSE.

Every Vegetable and Fruit Farmer Should Have One.

The plan of a farm tool house, as submitted herewith, is planned for 14 or 15 by 30 feet, but the proportions can be made to suit the convenience of any farm or yard. Sometimes 14 or even 16 foot timber can be secured easier than 15 foot and such will do equally as well. In many places such a building can be built on a side hill, and a second story added, the rear opening level with the ground. It may also be built on posts, but should have sills at the ends to keep from spreading. In this plan

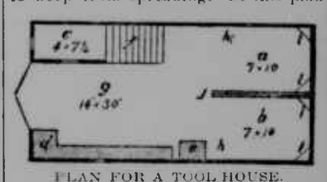

PLAN FOR A TOOL HOUSE.

the length is nearly twice the width, 14 by 30 feet. Stalls for mowers, rakes, hoes, etc., are shown at a and b, each being about 7 by 10 feet. In another corner is a harness and oiling room c, 4 by 7½ feet. The work bench, d, has shelves above and at side of one end is a tool chest e. If the building is two story, stairs may be placed at f, or shelves and racks for tools and seeds. Room for a fanning mill is in the center, as at g. Partition between the stall j, may be used as shelves as needed and i i i i are corner cupboards or drawers. Storage for plows, cultivators and other tools is shown at h h. A second story would be handy as a lumber room, seed room, granary, wool room, etc. Four windows are shown.—H. E. Partridge, in Farm and Home.

Origin of Potato Bugs.

The Colorado potato beetle receives its common name from the fact that its native home was at the eastern base of the Rocky mountains, where it fed upon a species of wild nightoes quite common to this region, known as the Sandbur (Solanum rostratum). It was collected there and described by Thomas Say in 1824. It was first mentioned as an injurious insect in 1859 when some of the early settlers of western Nebraska reported it feeding in large numbers upon the Irish potato. We thus see that the species changed its food from a wild to a cultivated plant, as has been the case with many of our injurious insects.—Farmers' Review.

Money in Medicinal Plants.

Many medicinal plants can be grown with profit, as the demand for some kinds is increasing. Absinthe (wormwood) can be raised as far north as New England, and this country imports it from Europe. Saffron, which sells for eight dollars per pound, may be grown in nearly all sections. Peppermint and spearmint find ready sale, and sage, which is well known to every farmer, is imported, frequently selling at $150 per ton. Then there are hoarhound, boneset, mandrake, blood root, pennyroyal, etc., which are regarded as weeds in some localities, all of which are largely used and have a value in market.

MOTHER AND SON.

Both Sorely Afflicted, but Relief Is Found in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

From the Call, Lafayette, Ind.

The Call has known the Byers family, of Talbot, Ind., for a long time, and J. W. Byers is one of those deliberate men who say little, but read and observe much. Mr. Byers has been suffering for the past three years with grip and kindred troubles. His mother has ever been a sufferer, resulting later in the most aggravating form of rheumatism. Some time ago Mr. Byers was persuaded by a neighbor to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It didn't take long to set Mr. Byers to talking about this remedy, and the Call sent a special representative to his home to ascertain the exact facts. So many queer stories and unreliable testimonies are published of medicines and their marvelous cures that this journal was not at all credulous. If the Pink Pills had done the good work the fact should be published, and if not no imposition should be tolerated. The subjoined sworn statement of Mr. Byers is sufficient. It tells the facts simply and briefly:

"I know positively that I was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was persuaded by one of my neighbors, Maxen Williams, to try them, as he claimed to have been cured by these pills. I had the grip three times, and was taken down with rheumatism, and did not expect to live. The doctors said I would never get well. They advised me to take a change of climate. I was reduced from one hundred and thirty-five to one hundred and five pounds, and would have simply faded away had I not begun using the Pink Pills. As soon as I began taking the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I began to gain strength and the use of my limbs was restored. I had been almost helpless for two years, the stiffness in my limbs had been painful in the extreme. But with the use of the pills the pain ceased and now I am as limber and as active as when a boy.

"I was also troubled a great deal with my kidneys, but the ailment has entirely disappeared. I have been a subject for the doctors for a long time. Two reputable physicians had treated me for months, and I had spent a large amount of money for patent medicines, but to no avail. As I said, I finally took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and here I am well. I believe that is the most wonderful remedy ever made. I need not extol the remedy, for all my neighbors know what my condition was and what cured me.

"My mother, who is seventy years old, was also troubled with rheumatism and could scarcely move. She was very wakeful at night and had no appetite. She took five boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and now she is in perfect health, and does all her own work on a farm.

(Signed) "J. W. BYERS."

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of August, 1896.

JAMES GOODWINE, Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Foiled Again.

A savage light shone in her eyes as she stealthily approached him whom she hated. The lethal weapon was in her grasp. He, all unconscious, remained passive.

Nearer and nearer she came. Then—

A wave of disappointment swept over her mobile countenance.

The fly she had been making a sneak on was on the other side of the screen.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

There Is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Sub Rosa.

Robinson—Do you like roast beef rare or well done?

Jenkins—I like it rare, but that's in strict confidence.

"Why in strict confidence?"

"Well, if you knew our cook you would see the necessity for concealing my real sentiments on that subject."—Puck.

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package, FREE. Write to Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Rubbed It In.

"I told her there were plenty of other fish in the sea when she refused to marry me."

"What did she say?"

"That they won't all bite at clam bait."
—Philadelphia North American.

Mr. Goodthing (indignantly)—"See here, you rascal! You told me Tornado would win in a walk." Tout (coolly)—"An' so he would; but dis wuz a runnin' race."—Judge.

All Figured Out.—"Yes," said the young man with the square chin; "I am going to Klondike or thereabouts. I may get richer than I am here, and if I die, I won't die any deader than I would if I stayed at home."—Indianapolis Journal.

New Clerk—"This prescription calls for a drug I never heard of, and can't find in the book. Druggist—"That's one of Dr. Richman's prescriptions. He uses faked-up names for simple drugs, so that the patient will have to go to Catchem & Cheatem's drug-store to get them filled. He has a half interest in the firm." New Clerk—"I see. What shall I do?" Druggist—"Tell the messenger we don't keep photographic chemicals. Then the family 'll get scared and hire another doctor."—N. Y. Weekly.

A little fresh-air child saw a herd of cows for the first time, and, after watching them chewing their cuds, in amazement, he said deprecatingly to the farmer: "Oh, mister, do you have to buy gum for all those cows?"
—Chautauqua Assembly Herald.

"How far can you swim, Willie?" inquired the visitor. "Oh, I don't know," replied Willie. "Across the ocean?" persisted the visitor, facetiously. "I shouldn't wonder," answered Willie, promptly. "Why, Willie, do you know how far it is across the ocean?" demanded Willie's mother. "Don't care how far it is," retorted Willie. "Pop told me once never to admit that I couldn't do a thing until I've tried and failed."—Chicago Evening Post.

Ahead of Her Age.—"When the girl of the period rides a wheel she looks like a question mark, and when she walks she looks like an exclamation point," remarked the observer of men and things.—Detroit Journal.

Evidently Single.—Mrs. Wellment—"Are you married?" Wearie Willie (indignantly)—"Wot! D'ye t'ink I'd be relyin' on total strangers fer support if I had a wife?"—Judge.

CURING HICCOUGHS.

More Remedies Than One Suggested in the Story.

"Why don't you stop that hiccoughing?" said one business man to another as they met at the corner of Fourth and Vine streets at the noon hour. The man addressed was all but in convulsions.

"Stop nothing!" said he. "I've been trying every old remedy I ever heard of and every new one that every fool friend was kind enough to suggest. I've held my arms over my head for 15 minutes and extended them like a sign board until they ached. I held my breath until I was all but ready to drop from apoplexy. I've drunk nine swallows of water nine times over, I guess, and two or three chumps have tried to scare me, and did it, too, but to no good. Then another enthusiastic amateur physician hit me in the middle of the back when I wasn't looking and escaped before I could land on him. I would not have done a thing to him if I had caught him. But the hiccoughs are here, and to stay, I fear."

"Set 'em up if I cure you?"

"Will I? I'll set 'em up for a month and throw in a big cold 'bot' besides if you cure 'em."

Then they adjourned to a moistening establishment, and the good Samaritan said to Dan: "Dan, give this gentleman a lump of white sugar."

He took it and dissolved it in his mouth, and the hiccoughs went as if by magic, probably because their stay was over anyhow, and not on account of the remedy, but it cost the cold bottle just the same and some drinks besides. Still, he thinks he got out of it cheap enough.—Cincinnati Tribune.

FOR EXCHANGING THINGS.

A Mania That Affects All a Woman's Transactions.

She sat down and slowly drew off the black chiffon boa which she wore.

"What a pretty—a—aw—constrictor that is," said the man, toying with its fluffiness.

The girl laughed. "Well, you came pretty near it; you got as far as its last name. It is a pretty one, isn't it? I bought a white one first, and then I decided I needed a gray one much more, so I exchanged it. You know my new gray suit? Well, the gray boa looked perfectly dear with it and—"

"Gray? It's black," interrupted the man, dangling the thing before his eyes.

"Of course it is," she replied; "I exchanged it again. You see, I decided that the gray one would soil easily, and, beside, Margaret has a gray one, and I can—that's the nice thing about Messinger & Slinger's store; you can exchange everything, they're so accommodating. Do you know—" she continued, her mouth and eyes perked up in an expression of mystery.

"No," he interposed, "I understand nothing of women's business methods; they're too complicated for my feeble brain."

"I was going to say," she continued, unruffled, "that if I ever have to marry I'm going to get my husband at Messinger & Slinger's, so that I can take him back if he doesn't suit."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A New Departure.

"I know it is unprecedented, my dear," said the popular minister to his wife, with a look of firm determination upon his face. "I know the public will consider me a sensational, unorthodox innovator, but something must be done to fill the church and bring me into notice."

"But," said his wife, "consider what an abnormal, extraordinary and unparalleled thing it is you propose. I have never been in favor of your discussing in the pulpit subjects that will startle and invite criticism from the congregation and public. Why not confine yourself, as other preachers do, to matters that they naturally expect from a minister of the gospel?"

"They no longer attract attention," said the minister. "The people now demand something new and electrifying, and I think I have hit upon a plan of discourse that will create a furore in the religious world. I have decided to abandon the old beaten paths and give them something next Sunday that will come like a thunder clap upon the congregation."

"Very well," said his wife, with a sigh of resignation, "if you have fully determined to take a text from the Bible I will try no longer to dissuade you."—Chicago Tribune.

Made Free with Them.

"Whar'd yo' git dat load er lumber, Br'er Black?"

"Down ter de Healin' Ba'm church."

"Sho 'nough? Has dey tord de buildin' down?"

"No, sah. Hit's dar yit, but I hearn Parson Blowhard say dat de pews wuz free, an' so I riz up arly dis mornin' an' went down dar an' ripped up a pa'k'ob em an' fotch 'em erlong."—Boston Courier.

A Mild Attack.

Beefneck Bill—Wot's come of your gardner?

Strongarm Jake—I shook 'im. He got religion already.

"O! Quit the business, has he?"

"He always wanted to open a safe with prayer."—Cincinnati Inquirer.

When a woman has more than she can hold in her hand she puts it in her mouth.—Washington Democrat.

Encouraging Statistics.

The Baltimore and Ohio officials are very much pleased with certain statistics that have recently been prepared of the performance of freight trains on the Second division, which handles all the east and west-bound traffic between Baltimore and Cumberland. Before the new freight engines were purchased, and the improvements made in the track in the way of straightening curves and reducing grades, the average number of cars to the train was 28 1-2. Now, with more powerful and modern motive power and a better track, the average is 40 cars per train, an increase of 41 per cent. The average east-bound movement per day for the first ten days of August was 1,123 loaded cars. On the Third division, Cumberland to Grafton, where there are grades of 125 feet to the mile, the engines used to haul 19 1-2 loads to the train. Now the average is 25 2-3 loads per train, an increase of 31 per cent. It would certainly appear that the money spent in improvements on the B. and O. is being amply justified, and that the cost of operation is being very materially reduced.

Not Worth a D.

Chief Justice Peters, of Maine, has a reputation for telling witty stories. At the recent commencement of the University of Maine he told this one:

"I knew a young man who was seven years getting through another college. Then he went into the ministry, because he didn't have sense enough to practice law. He went into the Episcopal ministry because he didn't have to make prayers and could steal his sermons. Then he went out and got the degree of D. D. from a university. One would have done just as well, and such a degree isn't worth much."—N. Y. Herald.

Do We Need Big Muscles?

By no means. Persons of herculean build frequently possess a minimum of genuine vigor, and exhibit less endurance than very small people. Real vigor means the ability to digest and sleep well, and to perform a reasonable amount of daily physical and mental labor without unnatural fatigue. It is because a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters enables the enfeebled dyspeptic to resume the allotted activity of every day life, as well as to participate without discomfort in its enjoyments, that it is such a pre-eminently useful medicine.

Willing to Wait.

His Fiancee—I should tell you, baron, that I will not have a penny of my own until dear mamma is called away!

Baron von Stonyhausen — Den ve must vait vid batience for ot you call "de happy day," my leetle loaf!—Boston Traveler.

For Whooping Cough, Piso's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. P. Dieter, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, '94.

Not the Popular Shape.—"Is your boarding house up with the times?" "No; when we have watermelon they cut it in strips instead of in wheels."—Chicago Record.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

If a man makes a success in life, he likes to tell how he started with nothing.—Washington Democrat.

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To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher. *on every wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *which has been used in the homes of the Public of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought, and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher. *on the wrapper. No one has authority from us to use our name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

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Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

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OVER THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY and Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway.

The Southern Railway announces the following low rates from Washington, D. C., to Nashville, Tenn., on occasion Tennessee Centennial Exposition:

Season Excursion Tickets will be sold daily, until and including October 15, at $23.75.

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Ten-day Excursion Tickets will be sold on Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week, until October 28, 1897, at $15.30.

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" Asheville (C. T.)	"	2 05 PM	12.12 AM
" Hot Springs	"	4.21 "	1.20 "
" Knoxville	"	7.55 "	4.00 "
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offers his services to the people of Garrett County. Will cry land or personal property sales at any point in the county. 6-97-1yr.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6, 1897.

To the Editor of The Republican.

Other officials are just as deeply interested in the suit brought against Postmaster General Gary and First Assistant Heath, by John G. Woods, Supt. of Mails in the Louisville, Ky., Post Office, to determine the right heads of departments have to remove officials on the classified civil service, as are the gentlemen directly concerned. A temporary restraining order, forbidding the removal of Wood was granted returnable last Saturday, and directing the Postmaster General and his first assistant to show cause why it should not be made perpetual. The hearing was postponed one week from that date. A test case is to be made as both sides wish to have the matter definitely settled by a decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, so no matter how the case may be decided, an appeal will be taken, and when the case gets on the docket of the Supreme Court Attorney General McKenna will move to have it advanced for early hearing. It is also expected that the case will be so handled in the Supreme Court as to get a decision that will cover other points of the civil service law than the one directly presented by this case. It is highly desirable that heads of departments should know the exact extent of their authority over their subordinates.

M. Patenotre, the French Ambassador has been consulting with Secretary Sherman with a view to securing a reduction in some of the duties imposed by the Dingley tariff upon products of France by a commercial agreement between the two countries. The articles upon which he is especially desirous of getting reduced duties are brandy, champaigne, still wine and vermouth, and paintings, drawings and statuary, and the reductions asked for will average about 25 per cent. The President has authority to grant this if in his judgment there are satisfactory reasons for doing so; all that is needed to put them into effect being a proclamation by the President. The Dingley tariff also provides for reciprocity treaties, but they must be ratified by the Senate and approved by the House after they are negotiated, before they become binding. This is the first time that the House of Representatives has been recognized as a part of the treaty-making machinery of the government.

Those who are offering to sell the information about examinations, etc., which the civil service commission furnishes to all applicants therefore free, have grown so numerous that the commission has issued an announcement containing the following explicit language: "No person has any information of importance to applicants, concerning examinations which cannot be obtained without cost from the commission. All claims to the contrary, therefore, are misrepresentations.

Naval Officials believe that the sending of the battleship Indiana to Halifax to be docked will, after all, be a good thing, because they think it will convince Congress of the necessity of providing for ample docking facilities of our own. It is hoped that it will not be necessary to send any more warships to Halifax to be docked.

In deference to a complaint made by the Swiss minister, Secretary Sherman has written a letter to the Governor of Iowa, quoting the following provisions from the treaty between the U. S. and Switzerland: "No higher impost, under whatever name, shall be exacted of the citizens of one of the two countries residing or established in the other than shall be levied upon the citizens of the country in which they reside, nor any contribution, whatever, to which the latter shall not be liable. The Swiss Minister claims that Iowa has laid a tax upon the premium income of European Insurance Companies greater than the tax imposed upon the premium income of American Insurance Companies, and that the same is a violation of the treaty rights of Switzerland.

Attorney General McKenna will make public his opinion of the construction that should be placed upon the clause of the Dingley tariff law, imposing discriminating duties, which Secretary Gage has asked for, just as soon as he prepares it. It is not true that he has delayed the opinion to await the return of President McKinley. It is too important a matter to be disposed of offhanded, even to stop the senseless clamor for an immediate decision which certain enemies of the Dingley law are making. No interests will suffer by a little delay.

Mr. Chas. H. Lantz, the "Reliable" tuner and repairer of pianos and organs, has been quite a frequent visitor to Oakland this season—no doubt it means a growing patronage. That's right, Charlie, keep up your good work and you will succeed without fail. He has been coming here over four years, and each visit his former work recommends him new patrons. He solicits a trial to convince you of his claims. All patrons speak of him in the highest of praise. He is here quite often and gives information cheerfully. Leave orders here.

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House and 1 acre of ground adjoining Loch Lynn Heights. Will be sold cheap.

A livery stable at Loch Lynn Heights; finest in the county; must be sold at once.

House and lot in Mt. Lake Park.

50 acres; improved by a small house; near Cranberry Glade farm.

House and 2 lots in McHenry.

Farm near Deer Park; improved.

A well improved farm near Ryan's Glade.

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One 50-acre lot adjoining the farm of W. T. Jamesson near Mt. Lake Park.

1 50-acre lot adjoining the lands of Mrs. Kilburne and —— Jackson near Mt. Lake Park; will be sold very cheap for cash.

7 building lots in Loch Lynn Heights.

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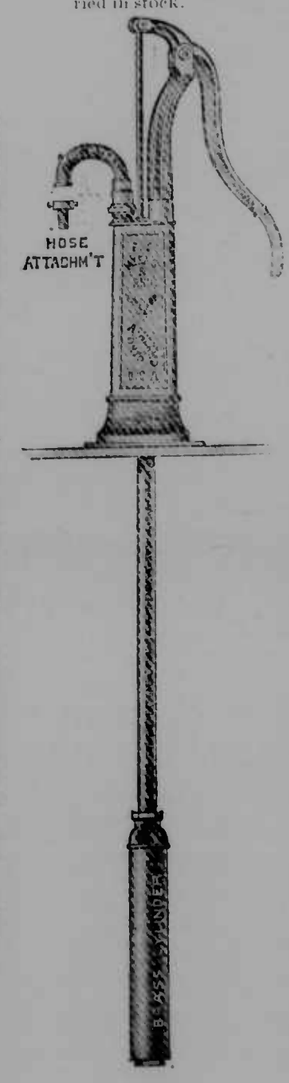

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, May 16, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily	...	2 39 A. M.
No. 3—Daily	...	6 28 A. M.
No. 71—Accom daily except Sun	...	8 58 A. M.
No. 47—Daily	...	4 36 P. M.
No. 55—Express, daily	...	5 56 P. M.
No. 1—Daily	...	10 01 P. M.

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily	...	5.59 A. M.
No. 2—Daily	...	6.41 A. M.
No. 72—Accom daily except Sun	...	5.18 P. M.
No. 46—Daily	...	1.13 P. M.
No. 4—Daily	...	12 29 A. M.
No. 14—Accommodation	...	10 12 A. M.

Train No. 55 makes no stops between Oakland and Grafton. No. 47 makes all stops.

D. B. MARTIN,
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SOUTHWARD No. 3	SOUTHWARD No. 1	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2	NORTHWARD No. 4
P. M.	A. M.			P. M.
3 [illegible]	8 00	lv Cumberland ar	*12 10	17 30
3 29	8 29	Bowlings	11 31	7 01
3 52	8 52	Keyser	11 04	6 38
4 05	9 05	Westernport	10 55	6 25
4 09	9 09	W. Va. C. June.	10 49	6 18
4 37	9 35	Shaw	10 21	5 50
5 02	10 01	Harrison	9 56	*5 26
6 15	10 15*	ar Elk Garden	9 00	*4 00
5 25	10 25	lv Gorman	9 24	4 54
5 42	10 42	Howard	9 19	4 39
5 51	10 54	Dobbin	9 07	4 29
6 27	11 27	Thomas	8 38	4 05
6 55	11 55	ar Davis	7 55	3 15
6 31	11 31	lv Coketon	8 31	4 01
7 02	12 01	Hendricks	8 09	3 39
7 07	12 07	Bretz	7 53	3 23
7 10	12 10	Parsons	7 50	3 20
7 15	12 45	Kerens	7 15	2 45
8 00	1 00*	ar Elkins	lv *7 00	12 30
	1 30*	ar Beverly	lv	*1 55
	3 05*	ar Beallington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager.
G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1897. NUMBER 28.

POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

The silverites insist that the rise in wheat is due to scarity only. But how about wool?

Those wretched Ohio editors will not stop talking about John McLean's gold bond.

The farmers are rapidly getting back the $80,000,000 which they lost in the value of their sheep under free trade.

Bond, Tillman, and Bryan all admit that there is "temporary" prosperity. A year ago they said that even that couldn't come without free coinage.

Speaking of the "growth of exports of manufacturers under free trade," will the Democrats claim the recent foreign sales of American tin as due to their non-protective theory?

Democrats have laid aside their usual cry about increased prices under the new tariff law. They see that low tariff is no longer popular, even with their own people.

People who are wandering what the Democrats will find for an issue in 1900 should postpone their worry, as there may be no Democratic party by that time, the way things are going.

Why don't Professor Debs and his associates call on the framers of the Wilson law to help out the miners? It was clearly the reduction in the tariff that caused the reduction in the miners' wages.

Oh, by the way, have the Ohio and Iowa and Maryland and Kentucky and Nebraska and New Jersey and New York Democrats forgotton about the tariff? They seem to be strangly silent on the subject.

"Because it is my deliberate judgment that the prosperity of America is mainly due to its system of *protective laws*, I urge that Germany has now reached the point where it is necessary to imitate the tariff system of the United States."—Bismark.

"The benefit of protection goes first and last to the men who earn their bread in the sweat of their faces. The auspicious and momentous result is that never before in the history of the world has comfort been enjoyed, education acquired, independence secured by so large a majority of the total population as in the United States of America."—James G. Blaine.

Mexican workmen, who get less than half what those of the United States get, are having a hard time now that they must take their pay in 40-cent dollars. The American carpenter gets $2.50 per day in good 100-cent dollars, while the Mexican carpenter $1.25 per day in coin worth 40 cents on the dollar. The real value of the $1.25 which the Mexican gets is just 50 cents, against $2.50 which the American carpenter gets.

Uncle Richard Bland says the rise in wheat is due to scarcity, and that the silver question has nothing to do with it. It is not possible Uncle Richard, if high prices are produced by scarcity and have no relation to silver, that low prices were due to plenteousness and also had no relation to silver. It's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways, Uncle Richard. We all know that wheat was plenty and the cost of producing it much lower than ever before.

"I apprehend not the slightest trouble," said Senator Foraker, "in carrying the State of Ohio for the Republican party. The business revival and report of good times from all over that section of the country has helped our cause wonderfully, or at least we believe it has, and think it will aid us in sweeping the State.

The Republican party will not carry Ohio, however, by the large majorities of the past, for instance, like in 1895, when our majority run away up above 100,000. I believe, but you understand the issues and conditions have changed a great deal during the last few years. Then, being the party in power, we will, of course, have to answer for a lot of supposed sins, which is always the case.

"I will be in Ohio in time to be at the opening of the campaign, and make a speech in Cincinnati next Monday night."

The Senator is in excellent health at present, and declares that he feels fully capable of taking an active part in the coming campaign.—Washington Post.

PASSES OF THE KLONDIKE.

There are Numerous Passes and Trails to the Gold Fields.

ALL OF THEM LINED WITH DANGERS.

The Cost of Transportation Figured Down and the Different Routes Described by our Special Correspondent.

This letter will be devoted to facts and figures on the passes and trails to the Klondike gold region. There are four principal passes, and all heretofore have had their favorites among the miners. Chilcoot is the most dangerous and highest pass, Chilcat is not so dangerous, but much farther around, and can be traversed by horses and cattle, which is also true of White pass on the Skaguay trail. The Stickeen river route has been used for many years by the Hudson Bay company in packing its supplies into the Yukon country. Starting their pack trains at Asheroft they travel north through a wild, rough and desolate country until they arrive at Telegraph Creek on the Stikeen river. From Fort Wrangle to Telegraph Creek a river steamer is run to start Klondikers on their inland journey. In season there is good grass for stock all along the trail, and strange as it may seem, vegetables are raised in considerable quantities at Telegraph Creek, which is in the same latitude as Juneau. Ten years ago R. H. Norton, a mining engineer of this city, now state inspector of mines, says he saw as fine a field of oats at Telegraph Creek as he ever saw in his life in any country. Mr. Norton, by the way, had a very startling experience with the Indians who guard the headwaters of some of the rivers that are said to be rich in gold. Briefly stated, he was nearly drowned and was nursed back to life by the red men, and his friend, who persisted in entering into the land of gold alleged to be farther up the river, was tobl by the Indians, after an all night's session to consider the matter, that they would permit him to proceed, provided he married one of their women and became a fellow tribesman. He refused.

Now, as to these trails: A detailed statement has been prepared after a thorough, painstaking and expensive examination. The facts here given are gleaned either from personal investigation and observation, or from reliable citizens who have gone over the various trails and have had experience for years in these routes.

There are two general routes from Tacoma to Dawson City—one by the way of St. Michaels, at the mouth of the Yukon river, and up the river by steamer, being the longest way around and most expensive; the other by way of steamer to Telegraph Creek, Dyea, Skaguay, Chilcat or Fort Wrangle, thence over the several trails and passes to the headwaters of the Yukon river and down the river to the gold fields. The latter are the shortest, quickest and cheapest routes.

The St. Michaels route is by steamer from Tacoma to St. Michaels, a distance of about 2,500 miles, then by river steamers up the Yukon to the gold fields, a distance of about 1,750 miles further.

The cost of a ticket by this route, from Tacoma to Dawson City, is $200, including meals and berths. Competition may reduce this to $150 or even $100, for ordinary second class accommodations.

Freight by this route is high, ranging from $500 to $1000 per ton.

The run from Tacoma to Dyea is made in from 15 to 20 days, and from St. Michaels to Dawson in from 15 to 20 days, while the trip down the river is made in 7 to 10 days, the river steamers making about one round trip per month.

During the season of 1897 the steamers Portland, Dunnbe and Bristol made regular trips to St. Michaels, and several schooners also made trips. Probably three boats will be running as soon as navigation opens in the spring of 1898.

During the season of 1897 there were two lines of steamers running on the Yukon between St. Michaels and Dawson—the Alaska Commercial Company, which runs the Bella, 185 tons, 75 passengers, Alice, 200 tons, 100 passengers; Margaret, 260 tons, 100 passengers; 3 barges of 228 tons each; tugboat Yukon, 10 tons, and tug W. H. Seward, used at St. Michaels harbor and vicinity. The North American Trading & Transportation Company run the John J. Healy, 241 tons, 150 passengers; Portlus B. Weare, 200 tons, 75 passengers; and the Charles H. Hamilton, 400 tons, 200 passengers. The steamer Arctic was lost during the season and the Victoria and P. C Richardson, new boats, will be ready for the opening of the river in the spring of 1898.

The fleet of river boast will be largely increased in the spring by the addition of several boats from Tacoma and the building of others on the river.

To make the trip from the landing at the foot of the mountain passes to Dawson, takes about five weeks, under ordinary conditions. The trip has been made in twenty-one days, but, however, without carrying anything more than a camp outfit and sufficient supplies for the journey. Under ordinary conditions a stop of several days has to be made at Lake Linberman, by the Dyea and Skaguay routes, to build boats for the journey down the lakes and river to Dawson, over 500 miles, which is made in from six to twelve days.

Chilcoot pass from Dyea is not passable for horses, and supplies are taken over on sleds drawn by dogs and men, or packed over on the backs of miners or Indians. The sleds are made in Tacoma, of eastern hickory, are 7 feet long, 18 wide, 8 inches high, and weigh about 30 pounds. The runners are steel shod and the knees iron braced. About 400 pounds are carried at a load over the pass, but after reaching the lakes, early in the spring before the lakes open, the sleds carry from 1,500 to 2,000 pounds. Two or three large dogs will handle a sled, and six or eight make a fast team.

The White pass from Skagnay is passable in a limited way, for pack horses, as well as for dogs and sleds.

Packers charge from 16 to 20 cents per pound for carrying supplies over the passes from the steamer landing at Dyea or Skaguay to Lake Linderman.

Early in the spring before the ice breaks up in the lakes, the journey is made down the lakes by sleds until the break-up. The river from White Horse rapids down is not passable until the break-up, on account of the rough and broken condition of the ice and snow in the river.

Upon careful personal investigation we make the following estimate of the distances from the steamer landing at Dyea and Skagnay, to Dawson City:

	Miles.
Summit	9
Head of Lake Lindeman	3
Lake Lindeman	6
River to Lake Bennett	4
Lake Bennett	20
Caribou Crossing (river	2
English Lake	10
River to Marsh Lake	6
Marsh Lake to Lake LeBarge (river	76
Lake LeBarge	31
Mouth of Hootalinqua to Yukon	50
Yukon river to Dawson	300
From steamer landing to Dawson	54

Distances by the Stikeen route are given below:

By this route the start is made from Fort Wrangle, 150 miles nearer Tacoma than Dyea or Skagnay, where transfer is made to the river steamer. All the mountain passes are avoided, the divide between the ocean and Yukon basins being in the uplands at the headwaters of the Stikeen, Taku and Hootalinqua rivers, in a country where there is abundant pasturage for horses and cattle.

The dangerous points on the other trails, viz., summit of Chilcoot pass, head of the canyon, head of the White Horse canyon, Windy Arm, Five Fingers and Rinck Rapids, are all avoided by this route, the Hootalinqua lake and river, which is navigated instead of the chain of lakes and rivers by the other routes, being safe and direct.

From Fort Wrangle the river steamer Caledonia, of Hudson Bay line, runs to Telegraph Creek, a distance of 130 miles. The river is comparatively safe. A Tacoma line of steamers will be put on the river in the spring. There is also a trail up the river for pack horses.

The portage from Telegraph Creek to Hootalinqua lake, about 120 miles, is through a partly wooded and partly open country, somewhat rolling but not rough. A pack trail runs from Telegraph Creek to the head of the lake.

At the head of Hootalinqua or Teslin lake there is plenty of timber for whip-sawing lumber to build boats for the 500 miles down the river to Dawson, or lumber may be purchased at the small sawmill now in operation there. The trip down the lake and river may be safely made in a small boat, or by the steamer which plys on the route from the head of the lake to Dawson. The lake is about 100 miles long, flowing into the Hootalinqua river and down the Yukon.

The time required by this route is about the same as the other routes over the passes, the portage of 120 miles over a compartively level country being made in from 5 to 7 days, and the voyage from the head of the lake being a day or two shorter than by the other route, and much less hazardous.

Passenger rates to Fort Wrangle, Skaguay or Dyea are $40 first class and $25 second class, including meals and berths. Freight rates—$14 per ton; hay, $17 per ton; horses, $27. This includes wharfage and handing charges at both ends of the line.

SEN. WELLINGTON RESIGNS

As Chairman of the Maryland Republican State Committee.

HE ADDRESSES THE COMMITTEE.

He Had Given His Time, Energy, Means and Ability to the Work and was Rewarded with Envy and Hatred.

BALTIMORE, MD., Sept. 14—A very largely attended meeting at the Republican Central Committee was held at Raines' Hall to-day. With the exception of Frederick and Washington counties every county and legislative district was represented.

Senator Wellington, the chairman of the committee, called the meeting to order shortly after 12 o'clock, and immediately stated that he had called the body together in order to lay before it his resignation as chairman.

He said that two years ago he had been unanimously elected chairman of the committee, and since that time he had given to the work his entire time, his means, his energy and such ability as he possessed. The party had been successful in the campaign of 1895 and again in 1896. He had been again re-elected some weeks ago to the chairmanship and he accepted. The fact that he now resigned, said the Senater, called for some explanation, and he was there to give that explanation.

He had worked for the Republican party, not for any gain for himself, but to bring victory to that party. For thirty years the party had suffered continuous defeat in this State, and for many years he had believed it among the possibilities to change these conditions. He had thought that the platform, the candidate and the work should all harmonize in one great whole. In '95 these conditions had fallen together, and the party had won.

In '96 the situation was the same. His purpose had been this year to again bring about a great victory in Maryland. When he had accepted the chairmanship he had done so on one condition of being given supreme control.

This year he had looked for an equal success with the past two campaigns. For months, said the Senator, he had stood quietly by and heard the attacks of men and of the press. He had heard the yells of envy and of hate, and had said nothing because he wanted another victory in Maryland for the Republican party. But events have come, continued Mr. Wellington, which have discredited the Republican organization of Maryland, and therefore, he concluded, "I am here to tender my resignation."

The Senator thanked those who had stood with him, and said to those who had fought him he was also under obligations, because, as he stated, they had given him an opportunity which he did not dare to seek, to give up the duties which had already to a large extent ruined his health. He would have stood, he said, by the organization, as long as the organization stood by him.

It had been said, continued the retiring chairman, that he had endeavored to make a boss of himself, and had interfered with the affairs in Baltimore City. He denied that assertion. What he had done he had done as a Maryland Republican, and because every Maryland Republican is interested in the affairs of Baltimore, because as goes Baltimore, so goes the State. He had believed it was necessary to unite in one close, compact harmonious body the Republican voters, the independent voters and the independent press, and in order to accomplish this necessary harmonization he had entered Baltimore politics.

He had said that Theodore Marburg should have been nominated as mayor of Baltimore. This statement of Senator Wellington's was greeted with loud hisses from portions of the hall. Senator Wellington then spoke of the primaries held in Baltimore under the order of the organization, and said that a part of the party had refused to submit to these primaries.

He designated these as disloyal to the party, and said that when at Ocean City the convention recognized that disloyalty it gave up its chance of victory. He said that he wanted some man elected chairman at once, and he hoped that that man would be able to work out a victory. "You have thrown down what I did," he said, "and I tender you my resignation, as well as the resignation of the secretary and of the treasurer of this committee."

Mr. Wellington then called to the chair Mr John C. Ross, of Baltimore county, who was made temporary chairman.

National Encampment Union Veteran Legion, Columbus, Ohio.

The Baltimore & Ohio R. R. announces reduced rates from all points on its line east of the Ohio River for the National Encampment of the Union Veteran Legion, at Columbus, Ohio, September 22nd and 23d. The tickets will be sold for all trains September 19th to 21st, valid for return until September 27th.

By taking the historic B. & O., an additional interest will be added to the trip, as that line follows the banks of the storied Potomac for many miles, passing through the City of Washington, Harpers' Ferry, Point of Rocks and Cumberland. In addition to the interest, attached to the locality, the scenery in this region is the grandest on the Continent.

Through trains run direct to Columbus, carrying Pullman sleeping cars.

SOME RAMBLING THOUGHTS.

BY "NEMO."

[Copyrighted by Fowe & Tabor.]

TO TEACHERS AND PURPOSEFUL PEOPLE:—That faint little tap on your desk for "attention" at the first session this term, will, to some of you, sound as ominous as the tolling of a death-knell. It will conjure up the pleasures of the weeks of rest, and then they will all vanish under a lurid cloud out of whose gray body will peep visions of children who insist on being stupid when the superintendent appears, or who are triumphantly mischevious when your back is turned and strangely angelic when you wheel round to detect them. Really, there is little wonder if your heart sinks within you, as you remember that to keep up the standard of the school you will need to be alert, not once a week, but every hour of every day. I can quite understand a feeling akin to nausea, when the familar backs of the old familar books tell you that, this year as last, you will have to go over the self-same simple lessons to a new set of simple listeners. Then, if you are a woman a little feeling of angry protest will arise; for you know full well that the average man of your town, however free he feels to point out your defects, would prefer a week of the hardest toil to one day attempting the control of twenty of your sprites; and if you are a male teacher, criticised for your severe discipline, you need no telling that no mother out of a captious ten would be able to govern such a heaped-together family except by the free indiscriminate slappings.

Altogether you feel a little gloomy as the duties begin to burden your shoulders again.

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But do not undo the good of your vacation by fretting and fuming. To a certain extent the laborious character of your work is recompensed, in that your rest time is longer and your hours of labor shorter than is vouchsafed to the general run of brain-workers. Take courage from that, and stand up to duty in your chosen sphere as bravely as your favorite historic character stood up to his. But as for yearning for full appreciation, —sweep the temptation behind you else you will be unhappy continually. No good work is ever fully appreciated. This you probably believe in theory, but your difficulty comes in adapting the theory into a fact, and that fact your own career. It is painful to discover that you are the living counterpart of the man who fell among thieves—people of your community pass you by without bestowing any more than a thought on you, and it is left to me, a distant and impoverished Samaritan, to pour in the oil and wine upon your troubled spirit.

We expect children to place themselves where their heads can be patted, but well balanced men and women never do this. I will even dare to suggest that if a half of your good efforts were fully praised your head would be turned, and your heart too, away from the very things that first brought you applause. Not a tithe of all the good work of life is done where men may place garlands of esteem upon it; if it were so, how would our bridges and our houses weather a single storm. Out-of-sight work counts in the great balance sheet of the Almighty; if you are tempted to doubt it, say it over and over again until you reach the point of glorying in the doing of a duty though no witnesses be near. The faith you demand of the scholar, who is urged by you to believe that though his well-done task is wiped from the blackboard, it yet remains part of his mental gain,—that faith must be yours, impelling you to a royal giving up of yourself to your work, though every shred and particle of effect seem to utterly disappear.

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THE HIDDEN LIFE.

A gentle flower in the forest grew,
Where never a soul its sweetness knew;
And its upturned eyes with beauty bright
Ne'er glowed with responsive love's delight.

It withered and died, unmarked, unsung,
When low in the sky the pale sun hung,
Still the wild-birds called on joyous wing,
So its life seemed but a wasted thing.

Yet the wind had taken its pure sweet breath
And borne it away to a room of death,
Where it gilded in with the setting sun,
And calmed the soul of a dying one;

For it banished of unbelief the wraith,
And restored to the soul a child-like faith,
As it whispered the words which angels know:
"Consider the lilies how they grow!"

You have nodded your head when your beloved Emerson wrote about ideals and their values. But bowing the head is not bowing the heart, and is heart-worship alone of an ideal in life, that will make you walk buoyantly and triumphantly the solitary path. Teachers are of all people most miserable if their horizon is bounded by anything less than helpfulness to the nation. The four walls of your room too often seem to shut you off from the world; some weary day, dear woman, when nerves have been strained almost to the screaming point, and you, dear men, when to yield to the anger would be joy, close your eyes on the post of duty that for a moment seems dreary and let your imagination run free. Then you will quickly see that you are not called to carve insensate blocks, but to "lead forth" individualities; that the children who under your care grow to a knowledge of themselves are potential elements in the national life; that the work you do is being duplicated in hundreds of thousands of other little school houses and that the aggregate of all the work done is making or marring our national future. Does the bricklayer ask for admiration over one brick well laid in the wall of some towering building! No, he goes on to another, being careful to align his work to the work of all the rest! You too, unpraised and yet content, because possessed by your ideal, will go on with your good work, transmitting the dull clay of duty into golden opportunity. The routine of arithmetic and the strange mouthings of phonics will then be changed from items in a scheme of teaching, to valued portions of our national bulwarks.

Let no man despise you for good reason; glorify your office; try to rise to the demands of the age; work for a twentieth century to dawn on a generation of right-thinking children; having done all, gulp down that clamoring cry for praise, and be content to have lived as a conscious guardian of untold treasures. The reward is ever from within.

A GLAD HEART.

TO MISS ——— ———.

Why should we grieve for things a-miss;
Despairing be when things go wrong,
Even love may lose its "costumed kiss,"
And still be happy with its song.

For though we reap with anxious care
And lose the harvest for our pains,
We still can banish dark despair—
The birds sing sweetest after rains.

A sunny heart with cheerful song
Relieves the burdens of the day;
A gladsome path is never long,
No matter how the shadows stray.

For through the good and through the ill
The soul can rise to nobler things;
'Tis grace of heart and steadfast will
That gives the spirit higher wings.

The nightingale, the legends say,
Lip to a thorn its bosom pressed,
Will sing its little life away,
Its pangs of love in song confessed.

Though broken hopes or deepest grief
Shall make the way seem long and steep,
Yet bravely sing with sweet relief,
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

Sept. 5, 1897. —THE TRAMP.

Resolutions of Respect.

At a regular meeting of Acme lodge No. 62, Knights of Pythias, held at Gormania, West Va., on September 12, 1897, the following resolutions of respect in memory of Grant Harvey, late a member of that lodge, were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Our beloved brother, Grant Harvey, on the 30th day of August, 1897, departed this life to dwell forever in the world of spirits: and,

WHEREAS, The intimate relations long held by our deceased brother with the members of this lodge render it proper that we should place on record our appreciation of his services as a Knight and his merits as a man: therefore be it

Resolved, By Acme lodge No. 62, that, while we bow with humble submission to the will of the Ruler of the universe, we do not the less mourn for our brother who has been called from his labor to his rest.

Resolved, That in the death of our brother this lodge loses a member who was always active and zealous in his work as a Knight; every ready to help the needy and distressed of the fraternity; prompt to advance the interests of the order; devoted to its welfare and prosperity; one who was wise in counsel and fearless in action; an honest and upright man whose virtues endeared him not only to his brethren of the order, but to all his fellow citizens.

Resolved, That this lodge tender its heartfelt sympathy to the family and relatives of our deceased brother in this their sad affliction.

Resolved, That the members of the lodge wear the badge of mourning for thirty days; also that the hall be draped in mourning for the same length of time.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered upon the minutes of this lodge and a copy sent to the family of the deceased; also published in the Oakland and Gormania papers and in the *Pythian Banner*.

E. C. HARVEY,
J. A. GAITHER,
H. S. THOMPSON,
Committee.

A Cure For Bilious Colic.

Resource, Screven Co., Ga.—I have been subject to attacks of bilious colic for several years. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is the only sure relief. It acts like a charm. One dose of it gives relief when all other remedies fail.—G. D. Sharp. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

THE BOY AND THE BROOK.

There's nothing, nothing, like the brook
To hold the boyish heart,
To him 'tis like a promise book
Of life's great treasure mart.

It ripples, ripples on its way.
"Where goes it?" asks the boy,
As, filling some bright summer day,
It gives his thoughts employ.

"'Tis flowing, flowing to the sea,
Wavelets will billows make!"
The boy's heart swells with things to be.
The man's heart is awake.

Its murmur, murmur is a song
Beguiling to the boy:
"Why, I must to the world belong,"
A winsome thought, but coy.

It spreads and spreads in meadows green,
Its face a mirror fair;
Here an inverted world is seen,
The boy finds it a snare.

These depths on depths confound his sout.
"Away!" is now his cry,
"The ripples go to find a goal,
A goal too must have I."

And still and still the brook goes on,
The boy to manhood grown
Mayhap has many a harvest won
That boyish thoughts have sown.

And now, ah now, his heart returns,
From city by the sea,
To trace the brook among the ferns,
The boy that used to be.

A boy's heart still, though old in years,
He thanks God this is so
And sighs: "I find the brook endears
The life of long ago.

"There's nothing, nothing like the brook
To lift the human heart.
'Tis like a leaf of God's own Book,
Of endless life a part."

—Annie A. Preston, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

THE WORLD'S RICHEST WIDOW.

BY ALBERT C. WHITE.

"THE Countess of Monte Cristo" is the title the Chilians have given Donna Isadora Consino, the wealthiest woman in all South America. In fact, there are few persons in the world richer than she. Her money is seemingly inexhaustible and her disbursements are limitless. Senora Consino comes of a distinguished family. Some of her ancestry figure prominently in the annals of old Spain. Before the union of Arragon with Castile one of her forefathers held an important command beneath the banner of Arragon and was one of the leading spirits in the consummation of the alliance. One of her ancestors was among the first to seek his fortune in the new world. He was a thrifty soul. He came to what is now the republic of Chili—a narrow strip of country along the Pacific coast, walled in on the east by the snow-mantled Andean Cordilleras and on the west washed by 6,000 miles of sea—and in the division of the lands and spoils of the conquest he obtained a large share, which he kept and gradually increased by adding to the lands given to his less careful neighbors. His descendants followed in his footsteps and greatly and persistently increased the family's possessions. The father of Senora Consino was the richest man in Chili. She being the only child, this immense estate eventually became her own. Thirty years ago she became the wife of Senor Consino, whose possessions, acquired in a somewhat similar manner, were second only to hers. The consolidation of these two estates made their owners famous as one of the wealthiest families in the world.

At his death, ten years ago, Senor Consino bequeathed all his wealth to his wife, making her the sole possessor of millions of acres of land and millions in money. This woman's wealth has been variously estimated, some placing it as high as $75,000,000. She has hundreds of thousands of cattle and sheep; blocks upon blocks of real estate in the two chief cities of Chili, Valparaiso and Santiago; many copper, coal and silver mines; a small fleet of steamers, smelting works, two railroads and numerous other pieces of productive property which yield her an income of several millions a year. Senora Consino owns the only coal mines in South America, from which she has an income of $60,000 per month. She enjoys a monopoly in this fuel, as those who will not buy of her must import their coal from England. Her coal trade extends from Panama to the Straits of Magellan, and around Cape Horn to the ports of Uruguay and Argentine. All this coal is shipped in her own vessels—iron steamers of capacities ranging from 2,000 to 4,000 tons—which were built in France. The dirty little mining town of Lota, hidden away in the hills some 100 miles below Valparaiso, is owned by the senorita, and here she spends most of her time, looking sharply after her interests.

She practically makes her home in a small, unpainted house in this smoky place, although but a few miles distant she has a mansion which cost her a million dollars to build. It stands in the center of the most magnificent private park in the world—an area of 300 acres of land laid out with marvelous skill, embellished with marble statuary, plashing fountains, playful brooks, silvery cascades, graveled walks, winding invitingly beneath beautiful trees, cool caves where lurk shadows dim, fantastic grottoes suggestive of elves and sprites, and everywhere a bewildering profusion of flowers, bright and fragrant and almost endless in variety. It requires the labor of 40 gardeners, hired by the year, to keep the place in trim.

There is another park and palatial residence, a short distance from Santiago, belonging to the "widow." This is part of "Maeul," the most valuable hacienda in Chili, if not in all the southern continent. It is not surpassed anywhere. The estate proper extends from the suburbs of the capital, through a broad and fertile valley, far into the Andes, whose snow-crested peaks mark its eastern boundary. Here are great stretches of cultivated fields, orchards and vineyards, while upon the hills graze immense herds and flocks. The sherry and claret from the vineyards of Maeul have a widespread reputation for excellence, and the Chilians will buy no other than that which bears Senora Consino's label. Chilians, with all their faults, are stanch patriots, firm believers in patronizing home industries, and they all have an admiration for the widow which is akin to idolatry.

On the hacienda she has very fine imported stock, both cattle and horses. Her racing stable is the most numerous and successful in South America. She is an ardent devotee of the turf, and never misses a Chilian racing meet, invariably betting heavily on her own horses. Last season her winnings were over $200,000, which she, as is her custom, divided among the stable employes and the poor.

Besides Maeul, the widow has another extensive estate about 40 miles north of Santiago, and several others in various parts of the republic. In Chili farming is carried on much as it was in Europe in feudal times. The rural districts are composed of extensive farms—thousands of acres in area—owned by people who usually live in the cities and leave the property in the care of agents. Here are found but two classes of people—the landlords and the tenants; the former very rich and the latter exceedingly poor. These estates are dotted with small houses, standing amid bits of garden patches, wherein the tenants, or peons, reside, paying their rent by so many days' labor each year. For labor outside of that required for the payment of rent the tenant is paid, not in money, but in orders upon the supply store of the estate. Tenants are kept in debt, for the reason that the Chilian law forbids a laborer to leave an employer to whom he owes money. This is what is called "peonage," or, in other words, slavery.

For the Chilian peon the future holds no hope of better things. However, he does not care, so long as he has plenty to eat and drink and a bit of money with which to gamble. He was reared in this way and knows no other. His fathers before him were peons—"dumb, driven cattle"—and his sons will follow in his footsteps. The peon is attached to his master and is ever ready to fight for him. Feudal wars are kept up between the estates, like the old family feuds which were common in Europe during the middle ages, and bloody encounters are of frequent occurrence. Senora Consino, if she so desired, could muster 3,500 able-bodied peons from her farms.

In the capital, Santiago, she has four large and handsome houses—one of which was the former home of Henry Meiggs, the California absconder. This is an elegant residence, superbly finished within and without, and built of red cedar, resembling in style a Newport villa. The others are of stone, fashioned after the Spanish plan, the interiors being elaborately decorated and furnished. Her rentals from her real estate in the cities of Santiago and Valparaiso alone amount to $400,000 a year.

Chilians think there is a strain of Hebrew blood in the widow, as she is a wonderful manager and famous for driving close bargains. Her numerous agents and superintendents are required to render her weekly reports, and they say there is no use trying to fool her. Every cent must be accounted for. She has a genius for details which is a constant source of worry to her employes. She watches the small things and is quick to reprimand. However, in direct opposition to all this, she is generous to a fault.

Her extravagance is princely, limitless. Whatever she fancies she will buy, regardless of cost. Her collection of diamonds is one of the finest in the world. Her toilets are made in Paris, but are seldom worn. Her gifts are as munificent as they are numerous. Last year she presented to the city of Santiago a beautiful park of 100 acres, with a race course attached. Now that the senora proposes making her residence in New York, the American daily papers have much to say anent this modern "Countess of Monte Cristo" and delight in depicting her as youthful and beautiful in appearance, when, as a matter of fact, she is a shabby-looking little woman, and a brunette. Fifty-six years have penciled deep wrinkles upon her face—a face plain almost to ugliness—and placed crows' feet about those wonderfully keen black eyes. Her hair is streaked with gray (though it once was black as a raven's wing), over which a plain black mantilla is usually worn. She is very energetic and remarkably active, though she limps slightly, owing to sciatica.

Naturally, the widow is a pleasant tempered woman, but in the last few years neuralgia has made her irritable, which often seriously interferes with the comfort of those who have business with her. At present there is a young Englishman, with rosy cheeks and a large moustache, to whom she took a sudden fancy, who is attached to her establishment in the role of private secretary. The widow, however, is very fickle, and this agreeable young man will doubtless soon be cast aside, like many others before him.

She has three children—two daughters and a son. The girls are quite pretty, bright and very popular in society, but neither has thus far shown any evidence of possessing any of their mother's business genius. The son, however, a young man of about 30, has developed into a steady, industrious and excellent business man. He seldom takes part in social affairs, is very economical and is quite decided in his stand against his mother's extravagance.—Ohio State Journal.

Upsetting the Calendar.

His Better Half—This is a pretty sort of life you are leading.

"Oh, shut up!"

"The day before yesterday you didn't come home until yesterday, yesterday you came home to-day and to-day, if I hadn't come to fetch you, you wouldn't have come home until to-morrow."—Journal Pour Rire.

IT COSTS TO VISIT ROYALTY.

Expenses That the Strong Boxes of William II. and Felix I. Must Meet.

Though Emperor William II. has not gone to Russia on his $1,000,000 special train this year, his trip is as costly and splendid as on former occasions of the kind. He has taken a fleet of ten men-of-war with him, besides the usual throng of secretaries, officers and servants, numbering all told some 150 men.

In his strong box, which is a part of his baggage on every trip to the court of a foreign sovereign, he carries $200,000 of presents — brooches, gemmed snuff boxes, rings, watches, diadems, and less pretentious trinkets for less pretentious persons. About $30,000 in cash is taken along, as the poor of the Russian capital must have their conventional gratuity of $5,000 or $6,000, the men aboard the German ships must have their "drink money" on the days of greatest rejoicings, and gold pieces must be scattered lavishly among the hundred and one servants and petty officials who come in contact hourly with the imperial party. As may be seen from this incomplete list of the emperor's present expenses, it is a costly thing to be an emperor abroad in Europe.

It is also a costly thing to be the host of an emperor abroad in Europe. With the items of the naval demonstrations, military reviews, illuminations, garden parties and household accommodations included, it is estimated that the czar must spend some $40,000 a day to entertain his German cousin.

Hardly will the German emperor be out of the way when President Faure, of France, will arrive at Cronstadt with more ships, more attendants and more demands upon the capacity of the Romanoff court to dazzle and amuse. Faure, too, will be under obligations to play the open-handed chief of men, though not on the magnificent scale which is required in the case of a monarch "by the grace of God." Of the $100,000 traveling expenses allowed Felix Faure by the French chambers he will give $6,000 to the poor of Moscow and St. Petersburg, $5,000 to the officers he takes with him and the Russians who do him services that merit gratuities. The grand reception at the French embassy in St. Petersburg will cost $8,000. The two horses to be given the czar have cost him $2,000, and "drink money" for the men of the Dupuy de Lome, in which he will sail to Cronstadt, will swallow up $1,500 more.

The French newspapers say that the prospect of all this splendor in the Russian capital has turned Faure's head, and they maliciously mention him nowadays as Felix I. They tell a story to illustrate his growing consciousness of his own importance. A minister recently telephoned his regrets to President Faure a few minutes before the hour set for a cabinet dinner. The next day the master of ceremonies at the Elysee called upon the minister, drew a long face, and announced that he had an important communication from the president to the minister. He then proceeded to dwell upon the impropriety of a minister telephoning regrets to the chief magistrate of the great French people. "The president requests emphatically," he said, in conclusion, "that hereafter you observe the etiquette of the Elysee by communicating with him only by letter when it is impossible for you to communicate with him in person."

Now the minister thus addressed was in bed with gout at the time. But he is from the south of France, and when he went to Paris he took his temper with him. He rose in wrath, planted his bare feet on the floor, and pointing his finger at the master of ceremonies, shouted:

"Mr. Master of Ceremonies, as a man you have my respect; I have no quarrel with you. I shall be glad to have you sit here with me and take a glass of Madeira. But to you as master of ceremonies I have this to say:

"To the devil with you and your Mr. Faure and your etiquette. Tell him that—tell him that for me."

The master of ceremonies did not wait for his glass of Madeira or his little conversation with the minister, but hurried off in confusion.

It is owing to this story and a dozen more like it that the French newspapers refer daily to the growing proportions of the president's head since he learned he was to be the guest of the czar, and that they ridicule him as Felix I.—N. Y. Sun.

A Shrewd Youth.

The young man approached the elderly capitalist with a confident air.

"Sir," he said, "I love your daughter. I ask you for her hand."

The old man turned pale with rage.

"You want my daughter?" he snarled. "Well, you'll get my foot." And he made a sudden advance on the youth. The latter did not quail. On the contrary he leaped in the air. He waved his arms. He yelled: "Kill him! kill him! robber, robber!" He jumped at the old man, who trembled and shrank back. He cowered before the savage onslaught. "Kill him! kill him!" roared the youth.

"Wait, wait," screamed the old man. "I'll reverse my decision!"

For it appears that the young man had in some way learned the fact that in his early years the aged capitalist was a baseball umpire.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Too Much.

"And," were the concluding words of the professor's lecture to the medical students, "do not promise too much. I knew a physician of real ability who promised a patient whose legs he had just amputated, that he would have him on his feet within two weeks."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

His Career Prefigured.

"I don't know what to do with Jimmy. He is always getting his brothers into rows and then running away and leaving them to fight it out."

"You ought to be proud of him. That boy has the making of a statesman in him."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

AN OLD-TIME BATTLE IN ALASKA

A Yankee Skipper and a Siberian Trader Were Interested in It.

Just about 100 years ago there was a sanguinary battle in Alaska between the Tlinkits and the Aleuts, two tribes that then entertained sentiments of hostility for each other. The cause of the battle, the circumstances of it, and the dire ending of it are described in the Russian records appertaining to the far northern territory, which is now under the American flag, but formerly belonged to the czar's empire.

To Alaska there came from Siberia, in or about the year 1790, an adventurous trader, a Russian named Baranoff, for the purpose of otter hunting. Arriving at the Aleutian Isles, he took about 300 Aleut hunters into his service. Off they went in their kayuks, or little skin boats, for those parts of the archipelago in which sea otters then abounded. They got many otter skins for the trader, who believed that in a few years he would become rich and great. He determined to form a settlement of them on the strait extending northward from Sitka sound, not far from the situation of the modern town of Juneau, where at this time there are multitudes of gold seekers bound for the Klondike mines. There the Aleut otter hunters stayed for several years, to the profit of Baranoff, who dedicated the place to the Archangel Gabriel and committed it to his protection.

The native Tlinkits, who were a savage tribe and had dwelt in that region from time immemorial, took umbrage at the presence of the Aleuts, whom they regarded as intruders upon their hunting grounds. The Tlinkit chiefs formed a resolution to exterminate the intruding Aleuts. They made ready for war. Approaching the settlement unexpectedly, they fell upon it with great fury; they fought like savages; they fired the guns which had been obtained years before from Siberian traders; they seized the otter skins which belonged to the Aleuts; they plundered the huts and afterwards destroyed them. It was a triumph for the Tlinkits; it was a battle worthy of song and story. The victors danced with joy. They had brought glory to their tribe.

But this episode in the history of Alaska did not come to an end all at once. Some of the Aleuts had saved their lives by flight and had taken refuge in the forests, where the infuriated enemy could not reach them. It was under these circumstances that a strange and unexpected thing occurred. It happened that about this time, which was over 100 years ago, a Yankee skipper from Boston named O'Kane came along in his bark, schooner or other sea craft looking for a chance to trade with the natives. It is not known what kind of an assortment of Yankee notions he had in his ship, but he was doubtless ready to pay a fair price for any otter skins that were for sale. As he made his way up Sitka sound he caught sight of some of the Aleut fugitives, who also caught sight of him. He took them aboard ship, got the news from them in some way, sent them below decks, and then started out to look for the Tlinkits. He found them, got some of their big chiefs to come aboard, gave them to understand that they were his prisoners, and held them for ransom. Here was a case. After awhile, he effected an exchange. The Tlinkits delivered to him the otter skins which they had taken from the Aleuts, and also a number of the Aleut hunters whose lives had been spared. The big chiefs of the Tlinkits were thereupon released and sent ashore through the grace of the Yankee skipper from Boston, and to his profit.

Some others of the fugitive Aleuts who had found safety in the forest got possession of their skin boats or kayaks, and made their way along the coast to Kadiak, where Baranoff, the Russian from Siberia, was then quartered. They told him of the deeds of the savage Tlinkits; his anger was stirred up; he said the savages must be punished. It happened that just at this time a Russian naval brig, the Neva, arrived at Kadiak; and the captain of the Neva told Baranoff, when he came aboard, that he would see to the punishment of the Tlinkits, who, by their conduct, had manifested their enmity to his master, the czar of Russia. The naval brig headed for Sitka sound, arrived there, came to the enemy's land, and attacked a stronghold which the Tlinkits had constructed. It was a stiff fight; the Russian marines made a brave attack; the Tlinkits made a brave defense; the Russians had several pieces of cannon; the Tlinkits had only a few flintlocks and very little powder; the Russians battered the stronghold; the Tlinkits fell back, because their powder had given out; they fought till it was dark; they decamped in the night time. They were beaten; they had been punished; the crime which they perpetrated upon the Aleuts had been avenged; their power was broken. Russia was victorious. After the events here narrated the Tlinkits of Alaska were of but small account in war.

Now that the early history of Alaska has acquired a fresh interest for Americans, it is possible that a more complete account of the Tlinkit campaign will yet be procured from original sources. There are opportunities for research between 55 degrees north latitude and the Arctic ocean between the Rocky mountains and Behring strait. Lots of sanguinary battles may have been fought up there.—N. Y. Sun.

How They Arranged the Matter.

Jones—I hear that the Smith family came to an amicable settlement about the distribution of the estate.

Robinson—Yes. They agreed to divide the money equally, and they haven't spoken to one another since.—Puck.

Results of Wise Policy.

In 50 years the imports of the United Kingdom increased from $760,000,000 to $2,085,000,000 and the exports from $455,000,000 to $1,430,000,000.

Naming the Baby.

"Yes, suh," said Col. Stillwell, gleefully. "I am a proud subject foh congratulation, suh. I have a daughter three days old."

"Have you selected a name for her?"

"Yes, suh."

"What is it?"

"'Araminta;' and yoh'll take particular notice the accent is on the third syllable."—Washington Star.

Real Innocence.

Oh, rare indeed, the faith of him—
His first, fresh, childish trust not gone—
Who goes to meet a woman at
The train she says she's coming on.
—Chicago Journal.

HE COULDN'T GET OVER IT.

"My goodness, what's the matter in there?"

"Don't be frightened. It's only my husband trying to put a 15 collar on a 15½ shirt."—N. Y. Journal.

A Much Used Article.

"Is this 18 karat gold?" she inquired ingenuously, as the seaside young man gave her the engagement ring.

"No," he replied frankly. "It's only 14 karat."

"That isn't as fine as 18 karat, is it?"

"Not quite. But it stands the wear and tear better."—Washington Star.

Uncommon Experience.

A—I had a great surprise last evening.

B—How was that?

A—My wife introduced me to a man from Newtown who never was one of her old admirers.—Boston Traveler.

The Usual Experience.

Mr. Younghusband—I suppose you remember the pony and phaeton I bought of you when my wife and I set up housekeeping. Well, I sold the pony some time ago to pay doctors' bills, and now I'd like to sell the phaeton.

Livery Man—I can't spare the money to buy, but I'd be willing to trade, if there is anything in my line you want.

Mr. Younghusband (after long thought)—I'll trade for oats, if you'll grind 'em up. I believe oatmeal is good for children.—N. Y. Weekly.

Just Grounds for Suspicion.

Gentleman (in railway train)—How did this accident happen?

Guard—Some one pulled the bell and stopped the train and the boat ran into us. It will take five hours to clear the line for us to go ahead.

Gentleman—Five hours! I was to be married to-day.

Guard (a married man, sternly)—Look here, are you the chap who stopped the train?—Tit-Bits.

Original Sin.

"Well, Elsie," said Mrs. Moral Suasion to her three-year-old daughter, "did you ever tell God you were sorry for being naughty?"

"Ess, I did, and He said, 'Great Scot, Elsie, zat's all right. Zere's lots of 'em worser zan you are.'"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Eternal.

Mrs. Newed—I wish I knew what to give Charlie on his birthday.

Ten Eyeke—Why not give him a new silk umbrella?

Mrs. Newed—Oh, I wish to give him something more lasting than that.

Ten Eyeke—Give him a box of cigars then.—N. Y. Truth.

He Would Appreciate It.

Her Mother—If you marry him you need never expect me to come to see you.

Daughter—Will you put that into writing?

"What for?"

"I want to give it to Fred as a wedding present."—N. Y. Journal.

Heard by the Sea.

"It is a mysterious fact," soliloquized Miss Cornflower, crossing one pretty foot over the other as she sat on the sand, "that the salt waves do make men so dreadfully fresh." — Washington Times.

IT MAY PROVE QUITE A RECORD.

Generous Man.

"There are two hammocks here," she said as she sat down in one of them.

"Well, there's no use of our being selfish," he replied, as he sat down in the same hammock. "Let some one else have the other."—Chicago Post.

Signs of Identification.

Jacques is at the morgue looking for a lost friend.

"Is there any sign by which you could identify him?"

"Yes—he was deaf.—Le Monde Comique.

The Difference.

Clara—I don't know how you manage to break off your engagements, and still keep them as friends. I can't.

Maude—But I always make it a point to return all their presents.—Brooklyn Life.

A Definition of Nothing.

"Can you give me a definition of nothing?" inquired a No. 17 school-teacher.

"Yes, mum. It's a bung-hole without a barrel round it," shouted little Ted Saunders, whose father is a cooper.—Tit-Bits.

All Alike.

Night Clerk—Sorry, but every room in the house is full.

Drummer (irritably)—I want to see the proprietor.

Night Clerk—Sorry, but he's in the same condition.—N. Y. Journal.

A Stitch in Time.

Lulu—You should get him to sign the pledge before you marry him.

Baba—Why, he doesn't drink.

Lulu—No; but he may be tempted to do so later.—Tit-Bits.

Once Was Enough.

First Boarder—Were you here last summer?

Second Boarder (crossly)—No; think I'd be here now if I had been here last summer?—Puck.

Revised Wisdom.

"All things come round to those who wait."
Don't bank on proverbs old and gray;
All things come round as sure as fate
To those who meet them just half way.
—Chicago News

Their First Breakfast.

Mr. Youngwed—Darling, this egg seems to be pretty well cooked.

Mrs. Youngwed (delighted)—I thought so. Why, dearest, I boiled it for over half an hour.—Judge.

Her Mistake.

"Your wife doesn't seem to improve in health."

"No; as fast as she gains strength she uses it up telling people what is the matter with her."—Chicago Record.

Wonderful Woman.

"What makes you think she is a contortionist?"

"She can put on her stockings without sitting on the floor.—Town Topics.

HIS DOWNFALL.

Kind Old Lady—Poor man! you look as if you had seen better days.

Mr. Willie Deadtired—I have, madam. Once I dwelt in granite halls.

Kind Old Lady—And why this loss of such a home?

Mr. Willie Deadtired—My term expired.—Golden Days.

He Was Transparent.

Laura—Oh, that Cholly is a mere cipher.

Nonie—Yes; anybody can see through him.—Pittsburgh News.

Evidence to the Contrary.

Jack—Oh, I suppose she has her faults!

Tom—I thought you were in love with her?—Puck.

FARM AND GARDEN.

MODERN CHICKEN COOPS.

The Old Familiar Laths Have Given Place to Wire Netting.

Men whose memories go back say 40 years will remember that in those days when a man wanted to build a chicken coop he bought a bundle or two of laths and built it. There are mighty few lath chicken coops built nowadays. Even the smallest chicken raiser, who keeps a few in his back yard, makes his coop, or runway, of poultry netting. The chicken house or shelter is made of boards, often of two thicknesses, and with tarred paper between, for better protection from weather, and with openings at the bottom and under the projecting roof for ventilation.

Laths are cheap, poultry netting is still cheaper. It is made of steel wire galvanized in various widths and in various sizes of mesh. The netting most commonly used is six feet wide, with a two-inch mesh. The chicken raiser sets up a frame and tacks the netting to it.

Narrow nettings of smaller mesh are used in various ways to keep in little chicks. Sometimes a foot-wide small mesh netting to run around at the base of the inclosure, the regular netting being set above it, thus increasing the total height of the netting. Sometimes the small mesh netting is run around inside of the regular netting, thus making the lower part of the netting double. Sometimes it is used to make separate small inclosures within the large runway and perhaps to make a number of small inclosures to keep separate broods of chicks apart. The narrow, small mesh netting is made up to three and a half feet in length.

There is nowadays a use for wire netting in chicken houses. A netting with a square mesh is laid on the floor of chicken houses to keep out rats and mice.

There are now many large establishments in the country for the raising of chickens for commercial purposes, for market and for breeding, and there are as many men as ever who raise chickens at home, from the many who keep a few in the back yard, with a simple chicken house and coop, to men who raise many chickens and maintain an elaborate plant for their breeding and keeping. But under whatever conditions they are raised chickens are rarely seen nowadays in coops made of laths, such as were familiar 40 years ago.—N. Y. Sun.

STICK TO THE FARM.

Agriculture Pays Bigger Profit Than Country Storekeeping.

A friend of our owned a good farm a few years ago, about two miles from a thriving city. He and his sons lived on it and had a fine home and were prospering slowly. But they got it into their heads that they could live easier and do better by moving to town and going into some business. And they went, renting the farm. They borrowed money on it, and put that with what they had and started a grocery store. He is a man of more than average ability. They all worked early and late for success. Last year, however, was too much for them. They had to trust out too much, and the laboring people had so little money, and there was so much competition among the dealers to get that, that the weakest had to go down. The sheriff has sold the farm, and everything else is gone. They have nothing. As they are particular friends of ours, we feel doubly sorry for them.

Now, my good friends, don't you often think that farming is a poor business, and wish you were out of it and at something else? And you don't know that the usual result would be about as described above? You cannot sell your farm and put your money into any business to-day that is honorable and legitimate and safe that will pay you as well. Let us look this matter squarely in the face, then, and take courage and go ahead and make the best of our business. There is no chance to do any better, as a rule, not as well, all things considered, with the capital invested. I was talking the other day with a shrewd old gentleman, who has considerable property. He remarked: "I keep enough money in farm land to support myself and family well if everything else went to the dogs. I risk the rest in business." There is nothing safer than a good farm land. We have got enough, too, to support us well, no matter what comes. People must eat, and farmers can always live, on the average. A family out of debt, owning a good farm, reasonably improved, are well-fixed in this world's goods.—T. B. Terry, in Practical Farmer.

LABOR-SAVING DEVICE.

It Lifts Large Rocks Out of the Ground with Perfect Ease.

Field bowlders are usually buried either wholly or in part in the surface of the ground. To pull such a bowlder out of the ground requires an enormous

HOW TO MOVE BOWLDERS.

amount of power, unless much hand digging is given beforehand. The sketch herewith shows a way to lift the stone as it is dragged out by a team of horses or oxen. The inclined stick can be placed as near to the bowlder as is practicable and as it rises to the perpendicular it of course lifts the stone. The height of the prop will depend upon the size and depth of the stone. The knack of "knowing how" to do such things often saves a vast amount of work.—Orange Judd Farmer.

ECONOMICAL HEATER.

It Makes the Warming of Water for Stock Comparatively Easy.

The warming of water for stock, especially for milch cows and animals being fattened, is something which deserves attention in all sections where the winters are long and cold. Many farmers, however, neglect to do it, simply because they think it is too expensive.

The cut presented below represents a heater which does the work effectively, at the minimum cost of construction and running. It is made of galvanized iron, and a cylinder about 20 inches in diameter and eight inches high, provided with two pipes. The longer one is four inches in diameter, and

AN EFFECTIVE HEATER.

this is the smokestack proper, the other, which is six inches in diameter, being merely a sort of draught. This pipe should be high enough to come just above the edge of the water tank, in which it is to be placed. The whole concern must be soldered absolutely water-tight, and it can be made by any tinner at a reasonable price. Three dollars ought to get a good one. There must also be a cover made to fit over the shorter pipe, but supplied with a hole just large enough to permit a slight draught.

The heater made, take a kerosene or other cask of equal size, and saw off one end far enough up to have a small tub ten inches deep inside measurement. Set this in the water tank, place the heater in the tub, and make the latter secure by a movable crosspiece, which must press firmly on the tub's edge and be held in position by projections on the inner side of the tank. Next fill the tank, tub and all, full of water. This will submerge the heater, and it should always be kept so while there is a fire in it. To fire it, place some live coals in it, drop in some kindling and shaving, and then some short, hard bits of wood or soft coal. Let it get well started, and then put the cover on the shorter pipe, and the fire will burn slowly, but it will heat very rapidly, in that there is not one particle of heat radiated except through the water.—Frederick O. Sibley, in N. Y. Tribune.

POULTRY ON THE FARM.

Prof. Gilbert Explains Why It Is a Source of Profit.

Prof. Gilbert, of Ottawa, Canada, in answer to the question: Why is poultry valuable to the farmer? gives the following reasons:

1. Because he ought by their means to convert a great deal of the waste of his farm into money in the shape of eggs and chickens for market.

2. Because with intelligent management they ought to be all-year revenue producers with the exception of perhaps two months during the moulting period.

3. Because poultry will yield him a quicker return for his capital invested than any of the other departments of agriculture.

4. Because the manure from the poultry house will make a valuable compost for use in either vegetable garden or orchard. The birds themselves, if allowed to run in plum or apple orchards, will destroy all injurious insect life.

5. Because while cereals and fruits can only be successfully grown in certain sections, poultry can be raised for table use or layers of eggs in all parts of the country.

6. Because poultry raising is an employment in which the farmer's wife and daughters can engage and leave him free to attend to other departments.

7. Because it will bring the best returns in the shape of new laid eggs—during the winter season—when the farmer has most time on his hands.

8. Because to start poultry raising on the farm requires little or no capital. Under any circumstances, with proper management, poultry can be made with little cost a valuable adjunct to the farm.—Farm News.

FACTS FOR STOCKMEN.

Good pasture, feed and care encourage early maturity.

It is claimed that the saddle horse industry is looking up very rapidly.

If you feed hogs on corn alone they will have less blood, smaller liver, kidneys and skeleton.

Farmers as a whole cannot be induced to look kindly upon professional horse racing at fairs.

The silo simply preserves what is put into it. It cannot add to the feeding value of the ensilage.

The honey bee is a pretty lively kind of stock, but under favorable conditions it is a profitable one.

When cool weather comes the swine will bunch together and this must be prevented as much as possible.

The carcass of a hog fed on corn will have say a quarter less lean meat than one that is fed on mixed rations.

Hardwood ashes fed to swine will greatly strengthen the bone, and are of high value when corn alone is fed.

There is a shortage of cattle of all kinds, and we believe that the future promises well for the beef producing interests.

Where shorts, bran and corn are fed to hogs they will grow more rapidly and more economically than where fed on corn alone.—Western Plowman.

AND A TOOTHBRUSH, TOO.

East Side Children on an Outing Amazed by Evidences of Luxury.

Sixteen East Side children of New York City recently had an outing at a country house in the northern suburbs. They were delighted with all they heard and saw, but they found it hard to believe that a single family occupied the house. Those soonest convinced were heard again and again assuring the doubters:

"Yes, sure; there's only one family lives in this house."

But even after this fact had been accepted there remained further scepticism when it was said that each member of the family occupied a room alone.

"What, all this big room and nobody with you?" said a little doubter, looking in surprise about a moderate-sized bedchamber. The child's feeling, as it turned out, was not of envy, but of pity for the loneliness of the sole occupant.

The children were turned into the lavatory just before luncheon, and instantly there was a babel of exclamations at the abundance of soap and towels. Finally one spied a toothbrush and cried out: "A toothbrush, too," and before any one could effectually interfere half a dozen of the visitors had used it in turn.

Prejudice Easily Overcome.

A curious incident characteristic of the proverbial conservatism of the Chinese occurred when the first cable was laid along the coast from Peking to Shanghai. Soon after it was laid a lottery drawing came off in Peking, in which many of the residents of Shanghai held tickets. One of the gamblers so far overcame his distrust of the cable as to have the winning numbers sent him, and he bought the tickets bearing them from his more skeptical townsmen, realizing a small fortune on the transaction. At about the same time there was a scanty rice crop in the upper provinces, and a Shanghai merchant telegraphed to Peking instructions to buy heavily, the ultimate result being that he sold out at an immense profit and retired in opulence. After two or three practical lessons of this nature the Chinese came to the realization of the fact that the telegraph is a good thing to have around.—Telegraph Age.

Real Meaning of Mississippi.

It is believed in some quarters that the word "Mississippi" means "Father of the waters," but a careful analysis shows that this is erroneous. The real significance of the sibilant syllables is "The river of meadows or grass," and this is quite as appropriate and poetical a meaning as the one that has been accepted for so long. "Sepe," the Indian vernacular from which Mississippi was taken, signifies river; "mis-sek," grass; "mis-sek-ke," medical herbs; "mis-sek-ke-wa-kuk," field of luxuriant herbage; "mis-ku-tuk," meadow.—St. Louis Republican.

Sometimes It Cures.

Mrs. Fibbs—They say continual smoking eventually kills.

Mr. Fibbs—I've known it to cure.

"I dare say the remedy was worse than the disease. But what did it cure?"

"Hams."—N. Y. World

It is some satisfaction to some boys to be teased about a girl they would like to go with, but can't.—Washington Democrat.

A Distinction and a Difference.—Mrs. Mullarkey—"Excuse the remark, Mrs. Rooney, but hasn't your tay a maley taste?" Mrs. Rooney—"I'd have you to know, Mrs. Mullarkey, that whin we make stirabout we make stirabout, an 'whin we make tay we make tay, but we niver make them in the same pot."—Truth.

"My good man," said the severe lady, "have you ever stopped to think how much money is wasted in tobacco and rum?" "No, mum, I haven't," answered the object. "It's taking up all my time just now to figger out how many families could be supported on the price of the extra material women put in their sleeves."—Tit-Bits.

There is nothing sadder than to look at dressy old things, who have reached the frozen latitudes beyond fifty, and who persist in appearing in the airy costume of the tropics.—Frederick Sheldon.

Peasant Wife (to country quack)—"Oh, doctor, you must do something more for my husband; he is much worse." Doctor—"H'm! I have already cupped him and bled him. There is nothing else I could do for him but pull one of his teeth."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Teacher—"Freddy, how is the earth divided?" Freddy—"Between them that's got it and them that wants it."—Credit Lost.

Flabson—"If you had a million dollars what would you do?" Joggins—"Oh, I'd probably spend my time going around telling everybody how happy I was when I was poor and had my health."—Roxbury Gazette.

A Difficult Problem.—"What kapes ye shtill so long, Dolan?" inquired Mr. Rafferty. "Oi'm arguin wid meself." "About what?" "Oi'm thryin' to convince meself that it's no harder to push a wheelbarrow on the level than to push me bicykle up hill, an Oi can't do it!"—Washington Star.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKEN.

One Way to Spell Tomatoes, Five to Pronounce It.

One word in its time has many pronunciations. For instance: Mrs. Housekeep the other day was doing her morning's marketing. With her had come the stranger who was spending a week or two within her gates. Standing by while she snapped the beans between her fingers to see that they were tender, parted the husks to make sure that the corn was ripe, pulled the pears out of their paper wrappings and conducted herself generally after the manner of a careful housewife, was the clerk, order book in hand, and obsequiousness on his brow. The visitor began it with:

"These tomaytoes look nice. Get some—there's a dear!"

To which Mrs. Housekeep replied: "Why, certainly, if you like them!" Then to the clerk: "How much are tomahtoes this morning?"

"I'm not sure; I'll ask. Jim," calling to a fellow clerk, "how much is them termaiters?"

"I'll ask the boss. Say," passing the word further back, "watcher gettin for tomattoes to-day?"

"T'mats? O, two baskets for a quarter, I guess."

Therefore, to please her guest who loved "tomaytoes," Mrs. Housekeep invested in some "tomahtoes" and Jim, who was investigating the price of "tomattoes" for the benefit of a fellow clerk who wanted to know how to sell "termaiters," was enlightened as to what he should charge for "t'mats." And the bystander was left marveling at the infinite variety of "English as she is spoke."—Chicago Chronicle.

"LAGER, ALES UND WINES."

Meaning of "L. A. W. Hotel" as Explained by a German.

Among the many advantages set forth by the L. A. W. to riders to join the organization are the special accommodations extended to members at the official hotels in cities and towns. It is the custom in suburban places for proprietors of official hotels to display a sign like this: "L. A. W. Hotel," in some conspicuous place. Naturally riders patronize the official quarters, and as a consequence the keepers of road houses and of hotels in the country are now hanging out "L. A. W. Hotel" signs. The practice has been called to the attention of the league, and its officers are trying to compel the non-official houses to remove the signboards. Complaint was made to the New Jersey division of the league that a hotelkeeper on the outskirts of Jersey City not entitled to display the official sign of the L. A. W. was an offender. A visit to the place developed the fact that the owner was not disposed to accede to the demands of the league's representative. The latter, finding that mild persuasion was futile, became indignant and threatened legal proceedings. The proprietor, a German, also waxed warm, and in response to the remark that he was using the official sign of the league without authority, retorted:

"Vot I know nbond veelmen's legs? Dot don't shtand for noddings like dot. Dot sign shtands for lager, ales und wines hotel, alretty yet. Dot my leeg, togedder."

The explanation amused the officials so much that no legal move was taken.—N. Y. Sun.

She Was "Me."

A gentleman who has a telephone in his house has in his employ a faithful but stupid German girl, who one day responded to the ringing of the telephone bell.

"Who is there?" came over the wire.

"It is I," replied Katrina.

"And who is I?"

"Why, I am I."

"But who is I?" came over the wire.

"I am me, my own self," retorted Katrina. "How should I be anyone but me?"

"But who are you?"

"I am my own self."

"What is your name?"

"Katrina Rupper."

"Well, who is Katrina Rupper?"

"She is me, I, my own self."

And when Katrina heard laughter at the other end of the line she said, indignantly: "I vill not sthay here to be made a shoke of," and she walked away from the telephone, grumbling: "How could I be anyone but me? I let 'em know how to make a shoke of me!"—Youth's Companion.

New Through Passenger Route for Colorado, Utah and California.

The Chicago Times-Herald of August 27 says that on September 12 the new traffic alliance between the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway and the Chicago Rock Island & Pacific railway goes into effect, and on that date the former will send its first Denver sleeper out of Chicago. This will be attached to its regular night train for Omaha, and will be delivered there to the Rock Island. On October 2 the tourist car route over these two lines, the Colorado-Midland and Southern Pacific, will be inaugurated. Tourist cars will be run once a week between Chicago and San Francisco. For further details regarding this new route call on or address Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C., M. & St. P. Ry., 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

"And now—" Nero bent his glance toward imperial Rome in flames and twanged the E string carefully to see if his instrument was in tune—"I'll give 'em some appropriate music!" Bringing down the bow with a flourish, he soon had the quick strains of "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-Night!" quivering from his violin.—Puck.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

The busy little bootblack never fails to improve each little shining hour.—Chicago Record.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice. Dr. G. W. Patterson, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

The Country's Needs.—"What this country needs," said the earnest citizen, "is more warships." "Yes," rejoined Senator Sorghum, reflectively, "and more consulships."—Washington Star.

No girl, according to the women, is as pretty as she used to be.—Atchison Globe.

Story of a Scarecrow.

There is an honest Swede employed as a gardener in the East End, and his deliberate speeches are a source of much delight to his employer. He has been much annoyed by thievish birds, and a few days ago suggested that a scarecrow would be a good thing. It took him some time to make the employer understand what he meant, but finally he realized it was a dummy bird scarer, "lak in ol' country."

The employer fell in with the idea and told the Swede to rig up a frame. When this was completed the latter was given a bundle of cast-off clothing to deck out his dummy. He looked askance at the garments as he put them on the sticks and was evidently much impressed by their excellent condition. He glanced down at his own clothes from time to time and seemed to be making a silent comparison. Presently he put the scarecrow in the garden and returned to his employer, who stood at some little distance. He looked at the work of art with his head very much on one side, and finally said:

"Say, mister."

"Well, John?"

"Ay tank maybe it was better I change clothes with scarecrow, or else stand myself in his place."

He couldn't bear to see the dummy wearing better clothes than he did.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Afraid to Risk It.

Farmer's Wife (to tramp)—I will give you a good meal if you will work at my woodpile first.

Tramp (solemnly)—Madam, I am sorry to disoblige, but I was brought up not to work on Sunday, and I read the other day that some mistake had been made in the calendar, and so any day may be Sunday for all I know, and until the thing is cleared up I must decline to labor.—N. Y. Journal.

It Was Taken Awheel.

Mrs. Tenspot—I am so glad that you are engaged to Harold Willoughby. Was it a long courtship?

Miss Skidmore—Not very. My cyclometer registered about 700 miles.—Judge.

Some people are better when they are sick than at any other time.—Chicago Record.

More Bundles of Nerves.

Some peevish, querulous people seem mere bundles of nerves. The least sound agitates their sensoriums and ruffles their tempers. No doubt they are born so. But may not their nervousness be ameliorated, if not entirely relieved? Unquestionably, and with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. By cultivating their digestion, and insuring more complete assimilation of the food with this admirable corrective, they will experience a speedy and very perceptible gain in nerve quietude. Dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation and rheumatism yield to the Bitters.

His Idea.

Judge—Prisoner at the bar—

Prisoner—If I'm at the bar give me a drink.—N. Y. Truth.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomachs receive it without distress. 1-4 the price of coffee. 15c and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Why He Didn't Know It.

Barber—You say you have shaved here before? I don't remember your face.

Customer—Probably not. It has healed up since.—N. Y. World.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

When a man tells us how energetic he is, we are always anxious to see him when his wife wants an armful of wood.—Washington Democrat.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

If it were not for funerals a great many men would never hear a sermon.—Washington Democrat.

A difference of tastes in jokes is a great strain on the affections.—George Eliot.

THE HEAT PLAGUE OF AUGUST, 1896.

Mrs. Pinkham's Explanation of the Unusual Number of Deaths and Prostrations Among Women.

The great heat plague of August, 1896, was not without its lesson. One could not fail to notice in the long lists of the dead throughout this country, that so many of the victims were women in their thirties, and women between forty-five and fifty.

The women who succumbed to the protracted heat were women whose energies were exhausted by sufferings peculiar to their sex; women who, taking no thought of themselves, or who, attaching no importance to first symptoms, allowed their female system to become run down.

Constipation, capricious appetite, restlessness, forebodings of evil, vertigo, languor, and weakness, especially in the morning, an itching sensation which suddenly attacks one at night, or whenever the blood becomes overheated, are all warnings. Don't wait too long to build up your strength, that is now a positive necessity! Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has specific curative powers. You cannot do better than to commence a course of this grand medicine. By the neglect of first symptoms you will see by the following letter what terrible suffering came to Mrs. Craig, and how she was cured:

"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and think it is the best medicine for women in the world. I was so weak and nervous that I thought I could not live from one day to the next. I had prolapsus uteri and leucorrhœa and thought I was going into consumption. I would get so faint I thought I would die. I had dragging pains in my back, burning sensation down to my feet, and so many miserable feelings. People said that I looked like a dead woman. Doctors tried to cure me, but failed. I had given up when I heard of the Pinkham medicine. I got a bottle. I did not have much faith in it, but thought I would try it, and it made a new woman of me. I wish I could get every lady in the land to try it, for it did for me what doctors could not do."—Mrs. Sallie Craig, Baker's Landing, Pa.

BEFORE THE DAY OF

SAPOLIO

THEY USED TO SAY "WOMAN'S WORK IS NEVER DONE."

LAZY LIVER!

YOU KNOW WELL ENOUGH HOW YOU FEEL WHEN YOUR LIVER DON'T ACT.

Bile collects in the blood, bowels become constipated, and your whole system is poisoned.

A lazy liver is an invitation for a thousand pains and aches to come and dwell with you. Your life becomes one long measure of irritability, despondency and bad feeling.

Cascarets

ACT DIRECTLY, and in a PECULIARLY HAPPY MANNER ON THE LIVER and BOWELS, cleansing, purifying, revitalizing every portion of the liver, driving all the bile from the blood, as is soon shown by INCREASED APPETITE for food, power to digest it, and strength to throw off the waste. 964.

ALL DRUGGISTS, 10C., 25C., 50C.

MAKE YOUR LIVER LIVELY!

The Blue and the Gray.

Both men and women are apt to feel a little blue, when the gray hairs begin to show. It's a very natural feeling. In the normal condition of things gray hairs belong to advanced age. They have no business whitening the head of man or woman, who has not begun to go down the slope of life. As a matter of fact, the hair turns gray regardless of age, or of life's seasons; sometimes it is whitened by sickness, but more often from lack of care. When the hair fades or turns gray there's no need to resort to hair dyes. The normal color of the hair is restored and retained by the use of

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Ayer's Curebook "a story of cures told by the cured." 100 pages, free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO

NEBRASKA

September 7, 21. October 5, 19

On these dates round-trip tickets, good for 21 days, will be sold by all Burlington Route agents and by those of many eastern railroads at HALF FARE Plus $2.00.

The undersigned will send you free on application a handsome illustrated pamphlet describing Nebraska, with a large sectional map of the State.

A Dry, Healthy Climate.

A Soil Unsurpassed for Richness, easy to cultivate, and yielding all varieties of crops.

That is what Nebraska offers to the homeseeker. Ask your nearest ticket agent about the cheap rates, or write to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

SOUTHERN

Homeseekers' Guide

Every homeseeker should address either J. F. MERRY, A. G. P. A., Manchester, Ia.; W. A. KELLOND, A. G. P. A., Louisville, Ky., or S. G. HATCH, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O., for a free copy of the ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD'S SOUTHERN HOMESEEKERS' GUIDE.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL GENERAL HORACE PORTER'S NEW BOOK,

CAMPAIGNING ★ WITH GRANT,

A SUPPLEMENT to GEN. GRANT'S MEMOIRS.

Splendidly illustrated. A first-class book. EASY TO SELL. Exclusive territory. Liberal discounts. Address THE CENTURY CO., 33 East 17th Street, New York.

OSSOR'S SNEEZELESS

CATARRH SNUFF

A Positive Cure for CATARRH, HAY FEVER, Cold in the Head and CATARRHAL HEADACHE. Mailed upon receipt of 50 cents. Sample free. THE OSSOR REMEDY CO., 48 Arcade, Cleveland, Ohio. AGENTS WANTED.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

A. N. K.—C 1673

INGROWING NAILS Why Suffer, when you can be cured painlessly by simple HOME TREATMENT? PAMPHLET OF INSTRUCTIONS MAILED FREE. LENOX REMEDY CO., 46 CHURCH ST., NEW YORK CITY.

The Republican.

S. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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Remittances made by money order, postal note, registered letter or bank draft will be at our risk. If made otherwise, at the risk of the sender. Address,

THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1897.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR COMPTROLLER:
PHILLIPS LEE GOLDSBOROUGH,
of Dorchester county.

FOR CLERK COURT OF APPEALS:
ALLAN RUTHERFORD,
of Montgomery county.

FOR STATE SENATOR:
ROBERT A. RAVENSCROFT.

FOR HOUSE OF DELEGATES:
GEORGE W. MOON.
WILLIAM H. JACOBS.

FOR SHERIFF:
W. PERRY LEE.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER:
MAHLON GLOTFELTY.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS:
EPHRAIM W. KELSO.
JOHN T. GEARY.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR:
FRANKLIN P. GREEN.

Mr. Bryan in Kansas.

These he great and glorious days in Kansas. Not only is the State reveling in the magnificent crops of corn, but it has within its borders just now the Hon. William Jennings Bryan, who is engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter with ten thousand threshing machines and a hundred thousand reapers endeavoring to prove, though there is plenty of grain and prices are high enough, there is not, can not and shall not be any genuine prosperity until silver is coined free at the ratio of 16 to 1. To show how Mr. Bryan is handling the situation and hurling defiance in the teeth of the threshers, the following extracts are taken from a dispatch from Atchison to Kansas City (Mo.) *Times*, the Bryan organ of the West. It says to start with that "William Jennings Bryan, after capturing the hearts of from 10,000 to 12,000 persons here today, caught a robber by the throat and held him with a vise-like grip until two policemen bound his hands and walked him off to jail."

Pickpockets in Kansas under a McKinley administration may strike some people as an anomaly. What is he doing there and what does he hope to get out of the pocket of a Kansan who refuses to accept gold-standard prosperity? It seems incongruous. But there was a pickpocket, and Bryan got him. The report continues:

The crowd shouted out "Let us hang the pickpocket!" when the great leader of Democracy urged them by a single shake of the head to leave him to the law. They obeyed.

Lucky pickpocket! He might have been drawn and quartered—who can tell from what fate the great leader's head saved him?

But all this was merely an incident to the greatest event that ever happened in Kansas. That was Mr. Bryan's speech. We are told that Ex-Senator Ingalls who sat six feet in front of him watching his eloquent lips and burning eye in a mute astonishment, is reported to have said: "That man is fitted for empire. He is an extraordinary genius."

One reporter watched the features of Ingalls during Bryan's pounding of logic, and the effects manifested were marvelous. However, we are left in the dark as to what happened to Mr. Ingalls' face, which is spoken of as if it were a landscape. Still, we are pained to see that the Ex-Senator could not earn his wages that day. He was there representing the *New York Journal*, "but the hand on his pencil ceased to act early in the course of the great speech, and he was frequently heard to remark to Governor Riddle that the argument was wonderful."

But note this encounter with the band:

As the great orator commenced to speak a band was heard playing "Dixie," marching into Forest Park. The policemen present were ordered to stop the band, when someone shouted "That band is from Missouri!"

Another tragic moment! Would the tribune of the people talk into the throat of the big horn and drown it out? Nay. The report says:

Mr. Bryan's great dark eyes flashed, and he said: "Let the band play, I yield to it."

Thus was a terrific encounter avoided. Truly, this was a great occasion and a great day. At Leavenworth Mr. Bryan shook hands with "100 people in 100 seconds," and when "the train started out a thousand people were seen running down Delaware street shouting their hurrahs for Bryan and 1900." What a halcyon and vociferous thing it is to sell wheat at one dollar a bushel under the gold standard and yet go outdoors and holler for free silver just as if you wanted it! Kansas is a great State, and just now it is having more fun than it can accommodate.

Communicated.

To the Editor of The Republican.

It has been reported that some of my friends will not support the ticket nominated at the recent Republican convention. I want to state that while it is true that we would have liked very much to have had the nomination for the State Senate, we were met with disappointment and defeat, but we want it distinctly understood that we, as Republicans, bow to the will of the majority, that we desire the success of the Republican party more than the gratification of personal ambition, and in this contest the friends who stood so loyally by me and to whom I am so deeply indebted for their loyalty and true friendship will be found with me loyally and earnestly working for the success of the entire ticket. As far as this district is concerned, defeated though we were in the convention, this district will give the largest Republican majority ever given to any county ticket.

If our friends the enemy are building their hopes of success on Republican apathy and opposition of Republicans to our ticket, they will be sadly disappointed. What have we to hope for by the election of Democats in our county? Anything on the score of economy? Let the past answer. The highest tax rate we ever had was under a Democratic board of County Commissioners. Anything by way of improvement in school affairs? Emphatically, NO! Need we expect a fair and equitable distribution of the public school fund by the election of Democrats to the legislature? Of course not. They are responsible for the present unjust, infamous, iniquitous law that is robbing our people and defrauding our children of what they are justly entitled to. A Democratic Governor signed this unjust law. Can we look to them for the remedy. If you think so look at the record of the Democratic legislature. When a bill was presented for its consideration to make right this terrible iniquity, which is worse than highway robbery, the bill was not even reported from the committee. If there was nothing else at stake in this campaign this alone should cause every Republican who loves the children of our county to stand by the ticket from top to bottom.

Can we afford to elect men who would vote for a man for the United States Senate who has no fixed principles on the money question; who voted to put the farmers' wool on the free list? Can we afford to support a party that has such a record as the Democratic party? A thousand times no! As we look at the past and think of the future, of the questions of vast and vital importance at issue in this campaign, everything demands that every true Republican should do his whole duty for the entire ticket; that we should forget our defeats and our disappointments in the convention and think now of and work for the success of the party of progress, of peace and prosperity. Things may not be just as we would like to have them, but duty to the best interests of our party, county, state and country demand that we do what we can for the success of our ticket as a whole. As far as we are personally concerned that is what we advised while smarting under defeat before the adjournment of the convention. We meant it then; we mean it now. We are ready for orders; willing to obey if it leads us into the thickest of the fight. We are willing and ready to do what we can for the success of the party we love. Let us stand together and once more we will achieve a grand triumph over the party of stagnation and ruin.

Yours for victory,
A. F. GEORGE.

Swanton, Md., Sept. 10, 1897.

Short Run.

The weather is very dry and the grass is burning up.

Farmers are cutting buckwheat. The crop is tolerably good.

Miss Lydia Tasker, of near this place, died Tuesday of heart trouble. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved family.

There was preaching at this place last Sunday.

The people were suddenly but joyfully surprised at the return of Mr. Sidney Wilson from Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, where he has been taking treatment for his protracted illness. It is believed that he is now on the road to recovery.

Miss Ethel Rafter, of Blaine, was slightly injured by being thrown from a horse, last week.

There was a wedding at Blaine on Wednesday night in which Mr. Grant Pew and Miss Cora Browning were made one.

Mr. Daniel Harvey is recovering and is expected at home before long.

SEPTEMBER COURT OPENS.

A Synopsis of Judge Boyd's Charge to the Grand Jury.

The September term of the Circuit Court for Garrett county was commenced Monday with Chief Judge A. Hunter Boyd and Associate Judge David W. Sloan on the bench.

Immediately after court had been convened the court appointed Mr. Ross Compton, of District No. 3, foreman of the grand jury. After the names of the grand jurors had been drawn from the box Judge Boyd specially instructed the jurors to investigate whether the liquor laws of Garrett county had been complied with. He said he regarded the cigarette law a very important matter and stated that several months ago he had been called upon to act in a case where a youth had lost his mind by the excessive use of cigarettes. Another matter upon which the judge laid special stress was the sale of deadly weapons to minors and the carrying of concealed weapons. He instructed the jurors to be expeditious in their labors, and, while this was a saving to the tax-payers, he also impressed upon them to thoroughly investigate all matters brought to their attention.

The most important part of the judge's charge was in reference to the wretched condition of the county jail, especially as to security and the sanitary conditions. He called attention to the recommendation of former grand juries and said the county should not hesitate to make the necessary expenditure in providing either for a new jail or to repair thoroughly the old one, and that it was false economy not to do so. He said in some cases it was not simply how long a prisoner was to be kept in jail but how long he chose to remain in the prison.

The several dockets were called over and the proper entries made in cases, after which the court adjourned until Tuesday morning, when the appeal docket was taken up and three or four unimportant cases disposed of.

Yesterday morning Willis Hetrick and Orson Corwin, who have been confined in the jail for several weeks on peace warrants, were brought into court and discharged from custody.

Selbysport.

Mrs. Amanda Frazee, of Buffalo, Md., was visiting friends in town last Sunday.

Mr. C. F. Frazee and wife, of Pittsburg, Pa., were in town a few hours last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Frazee, of Pittsburg, Pa., came to town last Saturday and remained with friends until Monday, when they started for Oakland to attend court.

The patrons of our school are rejoicing over the report that we are to have efficient teachers this coming winter.

Mr. Leroy Holiday, a resident of the west end of town, has been improving his already valuable property by building a coal house with the north end in the county road. A few years ago Mr. Frazee built a fence on the other side of the road, or as the town folks say, near the middle of the road, leaving a very narrow passage for the public to travel. Now to make matters worse the neighbors are wanting to put bars from the coal house to the fence and stop travel altogether.

It is now reported that Jasper Frazee is thinking of buying the store property owned by W. M. Trickett and open a general store. If he does he will have to burn that old straw hat and have his hair cut.

Mrs. D. W. Frazee, of Baltimore, and Mrs. W. Novergold, of Pittsburg, Pa., are visiting at Mr. Jasper Frazee's.

Miss Clara Frazee and Samuel Raybuck will be married on Wednesday at the residence of A. J. Frazee. Extensive preparations are being made and everybody is expecting a good time. It is said an extra train will be run from Pittsburg to accommodate the invited friends from that city. Jack never did do things by halves and we know he will give us all a good time.

Mrs. H. M. Frazee is visiting friends in Ohio.

Mrs. Jane F. Fike is having her dwelling house repaired.

W. M. Garner, our tinner, has been putting spouting on the new buildings at Confluence, Pa. He is a fine workman and people know it and keep him busy the year round.

Hoyes.

Wm. Muffett, of Hoyes, was summoned on the jury this (Monday) evening.

Mrs. Minerva Custer, who has been sick, is convalescent.

The Epworth League picnic to be held in Smith's grove on Saturday, the 18th, is in the hands of a committee who make everything a success they undertake, and all who wish a pleasant and enjoyable day are invited to attend. The accommodations will be first-class and the musical program will be of the highest order.

Miss Minnie Smith is visiting friends at Hoyes.

Mr. Ezekiel Merrill and mother, of Oakland, are visiting William Smith and family, of Hoyes.

D. O. DeWitt spent Saturday last hunting for gray squirrels with a hunting party from Pittsburg. He reports a pleasant time and a profitable hunt.

Meadow Lake Park.

The warm weather of the past week brought a number of guests to the Park. Our hotels are still open for business.

O. F. Hall sold his cottage on Monday to Rev. R. B. Whitehead, of Braddock, Pa.

There are 98 cottages now occupied at the Park. Those who have remained are delighted with the beauties of the September month.

Miss E. B. Leary, of Oakland, has been selected as primary teacher of the Park public school.

Rev. J. O. Thompson, editor of the Keyser *Mountain Echo*, and wife, were guests of Supt. Rudisill and family last week.

Dr. Frysinger and wife, of Carlisle, Pa., Rev. J. O. Thompson and wife, of Keyser, W. Va., C. W. Dawson, of the Park, Miss Ella Hopkins, of Cincinna, O., and Supt. Rudisill and family spent Friday last at Swallow Falls.

Our "city fathers" took a drive over the Park Monday, looking after roads, walks and culverts. The board are carefully considering the sanitary matters of the Park. Arrangements have been made to improve several of the drives. The Park will take in an acre or two more ground.

Rev. Baliski, of Washington, D. C., will preach at the auditorium next Sunday morning. The services so far this month have been very interesting.

How to Make Your Town Prosper.

Of course every citizen of this town wants to see it prosper. Some of them don't seem to understand the best way to do it. One way is to allow yourself to be gulled by the slick advertisements of somebody in Cincinnati or Pittsburg into believing that you can get things a cent or two cheaper there. Then send your money away off where it may never, by any possibility get back here again. It helps a town so beautifully to have a merchant or two fail once in a while, or to have our stores standing empty while we help build up other places. Another good way to help our town is to persistently decry all attempts to do anything here, and to declare that we are not going to do anything. We have a right to complain when other people decry our town, but we have a perfect right to run it down ourselves, and it helps so.

Then, whenever there is an excursion go to some neighboring town and be beguiled into buying all the goods you can bring home and come home and advertise the merchants in that other town. Proclaim from the housesteps that you can buy goods ever so much cheaper of them than you can get them at home. Don't pay any attention to the fact that these men pay no taxes in our town, and that they spend no money here, that the low prices they give are only bait for trade that they would not otherwise get. Don't pay any attention to the other fact, that in order to save a few cents you had to spend a dollar or so for railroad fare and lose a day's time. Those are matters of no account. You get some things two cents cheaper than you could have bought them of a home merchant. Of course you paid cash on the nail and you always expect the home merchant to trust you till it is perfectly convenient for you to pay, but that's no matter. Give the foreign merchant lots of free advertising and make it all the harder for your merchant to compete with him. And then curse everybody in business in our town because they don't do better. If that course persevered in doesn't make your town prosper it is no wonder, and your are not likely to do anything that will promote its prosperity.—Exchange.

Your Cough,

like a dog's bark, is a sign that there is something foreign around which shouldn't be there. You can quiet the noise, but the danger may be there just the same. SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil is not a cough specific; it does not merely allay the symptoms but it does give such strength to the body that it is able to throw off the disease.

You know the old proverb of "the ounce of prevention?" Don't neglect your cough. A book which will tell you more on the subject sent free on request.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil. Put up in 50 cts. and $1.00 sizes.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

For sale by

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

It is a Great Comfort

TO A TIDY HOUSEKEEPER TO HAVE A GOOD STOVE.

THE

Cinderella Air Tight

is one of the most perfect heating stoves, for household use, ever placed upon the market. All the latest and best features incorporated into its construction. Every feature to promote durability, cleanliness and economy has been well planned and developed.

Produces the Greatest Heat From the Least Fuel.

The cold air is drawn from the floor, and discharged through the sides and top, thoroughly heated. This method of circulation

PREVENTS COLD FLOORS

And establishes that much desired uniform temperature in all parts of the room.

Will Burn Any Kind of Coal!
Will Keep Fire Twenty-four Hours!
Can be Used as a Single or Double Heater!
All the Good Points—None of the Errors!

EXAMINE THE CINDERELLA BEFORE YOU BUY

J. M. DAVIS & SON, Agents, Oakland, Md.

Registration of Voters

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF ELECTION, FOR GARRETT COUNTY
OAKLAND, MD., September 15, 1897

Notice is hereby given that in accordance with the provisions of Article 33, Chapter 202, of the Acts of the General Assembly of Maryland, 1896, the undersigned Officers of Registration of the respective election districts and precincts of Garrett county, Md., will hold their sittings from 8 o'clock a. m., until 8 o'clock p. m., on

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28.
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5.
and on
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 12.

for revision only,

(No one can Register after Tuesday, Oct. 5)

at their respective places of registration hereinafter named, for the purpose of registering in their respective registries of voters all persons who possess or will before the day of election next ensuing, possess the requisite qualifications under The Constitution of the State of Maryland and the laws made thereunder entitling them to vote in said election districts, and for the purpose of personating all other duties required of them by Article 33 of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland and Chapter 202 of the Acts of the General Assembly of Maryland of 1896.

DISTRICT NUMBER ONE.

W. W. Sweet and J. L. McCauley, registration officers, will sit at Swanton

DISTRICT NUMBER TWO

Walter M. Lowdermilk and W. [illegible] Sebbaugh, registration officers, will sit at Accident precinct.

DISTRICT NUMBER THREE

Jonas E. Gregory and James B. Dorsey registration officers, will sit at Grantsville.

DISTRICT NUMBER FOUR.

Floyd Buckworth and Peter Fitzwilliams, registration officers, will sit at Bloomington.

DISTRICT NUMBER FIVE.

John W. Daniels and Gustav Garner, registration officers, will sit at Accident.

DISTRICT NUMBER SIX

William Wells and George A. Miller, registration officers, will sit at Selbysport.

DISTRICT NO. SEVEN—FIRST PRECINCT.

Charles A. Ashby and John W. Hart registration officers, will sit at Oak and In This Murtle's store room corner Oak and Third Streets.

DISTRICT NO. SEVEN—SECOND PRECINCT

Robert C. Townshend and Edmund Janney, registration officers, will sit at Oakland, at the office of the Supervisors of Elections, In Open House building.

DISTRICT NUMBER EIGHT.

Joseph M. Conaway and James W. Mason, registration officers, will sit at the old Hoye place on Northwestern turnpike.

DISTRICT NUMBER NINE

Bradford Bloeher and Samuel Johnson, registration officers, will sit at Johnsons.

DISTRICT NUMBER TEN

William M. Jenkins and William H. Spencer, registration officers, will sit at Deer Park.

DISTRICT NUMBER ELEVEN.

Elias Sherrill and Peter P. Michaels, registration officers, will sit at the residence of Peter Michaels.

DISTRICT NUMBER TWELVE.

Noah [illegible] and C. E. Bittinger, registration officers, will sit at Bittinger.

By order of the Board.

A. G. STURGISS, President.
J. ALVIN FOLENTZ,
FRED. C. RIES,
Supervisors of Election.

L. S. MEYERS, Clerk

"I crave but One Minute," said the public speaker in a husky voice; and then he took a dose of One Minute Cough Cure, and proceeded with his oratory. One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled for the throat and lungs. Oakland Pharmacy.

MARYLAND. . . .

Mt. Lake Park near Deer Park.

Briar-Bend Seminary.

(15th year.)

College Preparatory, Music, Art, Etc., Etc.

Remarkable health record—only two light cases for the doctor in nine years!

Great reduction in price on account of the "hard times."

REOPENS SEPT. 22d (D. V.) 27-1

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that on the 1st day of October, 1897, at the office of the Preston Lumber and Coal company, in the town of Oakland, Md., at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., books will be opened to receive subscriptions to the Capital Stock of the Preston Railroad Co., in accordance with Section 160 of Article 23 of the Public General Laws of Maryland.

WILLIAM R. BUTLER,
LAFLIN D. CRELLIN,
ISAAC V. FREE,
CHARLES W. FLEMING,
JAMES C. FELDOCKER,
Incorporators.

27-4

MORTGAGEES' SALE

—OF—

Real Estate.

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a mortgage from Jacob R. Kimmel to Francis R. Neidig, bearing date the 27th day of April, 1892, and duly recorded among the mortgage records of Garrett county, and which said mortgage was purposed by and duly assigned to Freeman L. Freed by the said Francis R. Neidig, and by the said Freeman L. Freed assigned to the undersigned for the purpose of foreclosure, default having been made in the same, the undersigned will, on

Saturday, the 2d Day of October, 1897,

at the hour of [illegible] m., in front of the Court House, in the town of Oakland, Maryland, offer at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that certain tract of land lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, beginning for the same at a [illegible] and a [illegible] corner with the first [illegible] of the second lines thereof in the [illegible] north, west [illegible] perches, thence north 2, perches, thence with the division line of Neidig's part of Oak Hope and Chas. Hoon's part south 85, west 75 perches to the end of 85 perches, thence south, three [illegible] parts tract it being the beginning of Neidig's part of Good Hope, containing the one with part of said tract lying [illegible] west 1 0 perches to the end of the 5th line of Adam Seib's part of Good Hope, and with the 5th and 9 lines of Seib's part south 4 west 104 perches, north 12½ west to the end of the 9th line of the original, thence with the given road and line of the original [illegible] west 100 perches to the beginning.

Containing 120 Acres.

Said property is located about six or seven miles north of Oakland, twelve or fifteen acres of it is cleared and under cultivation, and the land is improved by a

SMALL DWELLING.

stable and other [illegible] buildings.

TERMS:—A sufficient amount will be required to be paid in cash on day of sale to cover the expenses, and the balance on or before the ratification thereof by the Court.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
FRED. A. THAYER,
Assignees of Mortgagee

27-4

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

FOR RENT:—Mrs. D. Tasker's cottage, Liberty street.

Mr. F. L. Warnick, of Deer Park, was here on Tuesday.

Mr. Jeremiah Shaffer, of Friendsville, was one of our callers Tuesday.

Mr. William Ross, of Baltimore, was in Oakland last Monday on business.

Ex-Assessor Rudolph Beckman, of Swanton, was in the city Tuesday on business.

Messrs. William and E. W. Ryland, of Friendsville, were Oakland visitors last Thursday.

Mrs. R. Watrous, of Scranton, Pa., is in Oakland on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Harry J. Frear.

Mr. Rowan White was at Kingwood, W. Va., last and this week on a visit to relatives.

Mr. A. S. Mitchell, of Listonburg, Pa., father of Messrs. John T. and Edwin L. Mitchell, is in Oakland.

Dr. E. H. Bartlett has rented Mr. G. W. Delawder's house on Second street and will move into it on October 1st.

Mr. Fred C. Ries, of the Board of Election Supervisors for this county, was in Oakland Tuesday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry W. Rock, who spent several weeks with relatives at Sherwood, O., returned to Oakland last Tuesday morning.

It has been announced that after October 15th the Glades Hotel will be conducted by its owners, Capt. and Mrs. Matthew Markland.

FOR SALE.—A Wilhelm Bicycle. Will sell cheap for cash; is in good running order. For terms call on Joel J. Yoder, Elk Lick, Pa.

Monday evening last we had pleasant calls from County Commissioner Thomas H. Layman and Mr. Peter F. Michaels, of near Grantsville.

Miss Grace Tibbetts, of Florida, who spent several weeks in Oakland as the guest of Miss Nell Offutt, returned to her home last Friday.

Miss Alice Kingsley, of Baltimore, who was here three or four weeks on a visit to Miss Susie Legge, departed for her home last Saturday morning.

Mr. William Offutt has gone to Charlottsville, Va., where he will enter upon a course of study in the law department of the University of Virginia.

Messrs. E. H. Sincell and D. E. Offutt jr., have both been confined to their beds for several days with what threatened to be attacks of pneumonia.

Mr. J. Frank Ford, clerk of the Court of Appeals for Maryland, and a candidate for re-election on the Democratic ticket, is in Oakland canvassing.

The Allegany county bar was represented in Oakland during this week by Messrs. James W. Thomas, A. A. Doub, Ferdinand Williams and Robert T. Semmes.

Mr. Israel Glotfelty, of near Elk Lick, Pa., who resides on this side of the line, however, was in town this week on business before the county commissioners.

Miss Allice Kennedy, of Washington, D. C., was in Oakland a few hours Sunday afternoon. She was returning to her home from a visit to relatives in Pittsburgh.

The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement of well-known firm of J. M. Davis & Son, of Oakland, which appears in another column of to-day's REPUBLICAN.

Don't nauseate your stomach with teas and bitter herbs, but regulate your liver and sick headache by using those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

Rev. C. W. Upton and wife, of Newburg, W. Va., were visiting Rev. and Mrs. S. K. Arbuthnot in Oakland a few days this week, returning to their home yesterday morning.

Burning, itching skin diseases instantly relieved by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, unequalled for cuts, bruises, burns. It heals without leaving a scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

Constables Baker Johnson, of Grantsville, E. M. Coddington, of Friendsville, and Silas Teats, of Accident, were in Oakland Monday and Tuesday on business connected with their offices.

Vim, vigor and victory:—these are the charistics of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, billiousness and all stomach and liver troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Robert Martin, of Thomas, a son of the late Peter Martin, who was a well-known and highly respected citizen of Oakland many years ago, was in Oakland this week renewing old aquaintanceships.

"They don't make much fuss about it." We are speaking of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous Little pills for constipation, billiousness and all stomach and liver troubles. They never gripe. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mrs. Lizzie Thompson, *nee* Matthews, of Baltimore spent three or four days in Oakland last and this week as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Davis. Mrs. Thompson's father was the first postmaster of Oakland and was also a local minister in the Methodist church.

Richard Connell, of Huttons, will go to Friendsville, Md., next week where he will open a livery stable. We wish Dick no end of success in our pushing little sister town across the border.—Oracle.

FIFTEEN DOLLARS REWARD for information leading to the detection and conviction of the persons who tore out a section of wire fence and ten feet of stone wall on my farm on August 31st or day before. John W. Williams, Deer Park, Md. 27-2

Mr. Henry Krug, of Manor Lands, and Mr. Cornelius W. Friend, of Friendsville, drove up to Oakland on Tuesday afternoon, and were here in attendance upon court yesterday and to-day.

It heals everything except a broken heart, may be said of DeWitt Witch Hazel Salve. Piles and rectal diseases, cuts, burns, bruises, tetter, eczema and all skin troubles may be cured by it quickly and permanently. Oakland Pharmacy.

Rev. S. M. Engle, pastor of Garrett Memorial church, arrived home on Tuesday night from Gerardstown, W. Va., where he spent several days last and this week attending Presbytery.

John Griffin, of Zanesville, O., says: "I never lived a day for thirty years without suffering agony, until a box of Witch Hazel Salve cured my piles." For piles and rectal troubles, cuts, bruises, sprains, eczema and all skin troubles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mrs. Soloman Hoge, residing a few miles distant from Deer Park was on last Friday thrown from a horse she was riding and received several severe cuts and bruises, the most serious being about her face. She was attended by Dr. Laughlin who dressed her injuries.

There is a time for everything; and the time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait until you have consumption but prevent it by using One Minute Cough Cure, the great remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Dr. and Mrs. Paul Osterhout, of Bacos del Toros, United States of Columbia, South America, whose intended departure was noted in these columns last week, are held here because of quarantine against yellow fever in New Orleans, from which port they were to sail this week. They will remain in Oakland for an indefinite length of time.

"My boy came home from school one day with his hand badly lacerated and bleeding, and suffering great pain," says Mr. E. J. Schall, with Meyer Bros.' Drug Co., St. Louis Mo. "I dressed the wound, and applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm freely. All pain ceased, and in a remarkably short time it healed without leaving a scar. For wounds, sprains, swellings and rheumatism I know of no medicine or prescription equal to it. I consider it a household necessity." The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

C. A. Golden, a colored barber, who has heretofore figured in the magistrate's court in Oakland, was brought to town Tuesday afternoon by Deputy Sheriff Brown on a warrant charging him with assault with intent to kill and drawing a razor on Howard Nethken at Deer Park that day. He will be given a preliminary hearing this morning.

A large force of Baltimore and Ohio railroad carpenters are engaged in erecting a bridge over the tracks of the company at Third street. The old bridge was condemned several weeks ago and closed to traffic, much to the annoyance of persons coming in from Aurora, Eglon and other places on that direction. The new bridge will be completed this week and thrown open to travel.

Here is what our exchanges are saying: "Farmers, if you will follow these instructions you need never go to any expense to dehorn your cattle which are now commencing to grow up. Buy a five cent stick of caustic potash, and as the little horns make the first signs of starting to grow on the calf, wet them with a little water and rub them over with the caustic stick and the calf will never know that nature ever intended that he should have horns."

The Big Youghlogheny river is teeming with black bass, and sportsmen who go out nearly every day seldom return home with less than several pounds of the fish. A number have been caught that weighed from one to two pounds. A bass of this size is game, and it requires considerable skill on the part of the Nimrod lucky enough to hook one to effect his capture and then it is done after a fight.

The campaign will be opened by the Prohibitionists with a speech by Mr. J. W. Frizzell, candidate of that party for State Treasurer. Mr. Frizzell invites all the citizens of Oakland and vicinity (ladies and gentlemen) to come and hear him discuss the issues of the campaign from his standpoint next Monday evening, Sept. 20th, at Offutt's Hall.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

This is to give notice that the copartnership heretofore existing between John Shartzer and D. E. Bolden under the firm name of Shartzer & Bolden, carrying on the furniture business in Oakland, has been dissolved by mutual consent, Mr. Shartzer retiring.

JOHN SHARTZER.
26-3t. D. E. BOLDEN.

AN OUTRAGEOUS ASSAULT.

Two Married Men and a Boy Committed to Jail Yesterday Morning

CHARGED WITH COMMITTING A RAPE.

The Alleged Assault Occurred Tuesday Afternoon Near the Public Highway Between Crellin and Hutton.

Yesterday morning Deputy Sheriff Brown brought to Oakland two men and a boy charged with having committed a rape upon the person of Letitia Wilhelm, a sixteen-year old orphan girl living with her brother-in-law, Lucian Uppole, at Crellin. The parties brought in by the deputy were John T. Ashby, Sherman DuVall, both married men and with families, and William Martin, a boy of about fifteen years of age, who were arrested upon a warrant sworn out by Uppole, charging them with the crime.

The scene of the crime was a spot along the road leading from Hutton to Crellin and the time between one and five o'clock Tuesday afternoon. The warrant for their arrest was procured at midnight Tuesday and before the sun was up all the parties implicated were behind the bars.

Nothing authentic regarding the assault can be learned at this time except that young Martin has made a partial confession which exhonerates Ashby to some degree. In Martin's confession he stated that he was sent by DuVall to Uppole's house and to request the girl to accompany him to DuVall's saying he wanted her to work for him. This she consented to do and was on her way to the house in company with Martin when DuVall jumped from the woods into the road and seized her, dragging her back into the brush where he and Martin outraged her. This occurred at one o'clock, and at intervals from that time until five o'clock she was repeatedly assaulted.

As soon as she was allowed to return to her home she made her brother-in-law acquainted with the facts and he came to town and swore out the warrants for their arrests as above stated.

A medical examination of the girl was made, but nothing that indicated violence was observed by the physician.

Jr. E. L. Picnic.

A most enjoyable Junior Epworth League picnic was held by this thriving society at Monte Vista last Saturday, through the kindness of Dr. King, who generously tendered the use of his beautiful grounds and also brilliantly decorated them for the occasion. The little folks had a royal grand, good time, and departed for their homes with enthusiastic thanks and cheers for Dr. King and Monte Vista.

Looking for a Fortune.

The Spokane (Wash.) *Chronicle*, of August 28, contains a statement of C. F. Hone, of that vicinity, to the effect that he is a great grandson of Meshach Browning, to whose decendants a fortune of eight millions has been left by the poet, Robert Browning. Hone is a poor carpenter and, therefore, much elated over the good news.

Jail Watchmen.

Owing to the large number of prisoners confined in the jail and the insecure condition of the structure, Judge Boyd, on a petition presented him by Sheriff Brown, appointed two watchmen, who will keep constant vigil about the jail yard.

Religious Notes.

There will be services in the Garrett Memorial church next Sunday evening at 7.30 o'clock. Please note the change of hour for fall and winter. A cordial welcome to all. S. M. Engle, pastor.

Rev. N. L. Baumgardner will officiate for the last time as Presiding Elder of Oakland District, in St. Paul's M. E. church next Sunday. The services will be, Sunday school, 9.15 a. m.; preaching followed by the sacrament at 10.30; quarterly love feast, 3 p. m.; preaching, 7.45 p. m.

Stable Burned at Deer Park.

Last Thursday afternoon the stable belonging to Mr. Thomas Ryan, at Deer Park, was discovered to be on fire and burned to the ground with its contents, consistiag of hay, grain, etc., entailing a loss of $300, with no insurance. The origion of the fire is unknown.

Held for Court.

On last Friday evening Michael Garvey, who was arrested in Cumberland on August 23 charged with stealing a bicycle, the property of Mr. Lewis Gortner, of Oakland, and brought to Oakland the same day and committed to jail, was given a hearing before Justice Sincell. Garvey's defense was that he had found the wheel lying near the railroad tracks and placed it on one of the Wallace show cars, he being an attachee of that aggregation. His evidence, however, was overcome by several witnesses who saw Garvey take the wheel from Mr. Gortner's porch. He was committed to jail for the grand jury's action this week.

Mrs. Elizabeth P. Key Howard.

The funeral of Mrs. Elizabeth Phoebe Key Howard, the last child of Francis Scott Key and the widow of the late Charles Howard, took place Saturday from Emanuel Protestant Episcopal Church. Services were held by Rev. Thomas E. Pattison, assistant rector. Interment was made at St. Paul's burying ground.

The pallbearers were Messrs. William R. Howard, Dr. James McHenry Howard, Edward Lloyd Key, Dr. Henry J. Key, W. George Weld, Wilson Cary McHenry, Richard B. Post and G. T. Beauregard Howard, all of whom are family connections of Mrs. Howard.

The coincident of her burial within two days of the anniversary of the writing of her father's famous "Star-Spangled Banner" was subject to much comment.—Balto. Sun.

The following tribute to Mrs. Howard's memory was published in the Frederick *News* last Friday morning and is re-published in these columns for the purpose of showing the deep reverence in which the lady was held throughout the state:

"Mrs. Elizabeth Phoebe Key Howard, eldest daughter and last surviving child of the poet Francis Scott Key, died at her summer home in Oakland, leaving behind the memory of a sweet and amiable womanhood and the record of a life of moral strength and purity.

"Mrs. Howard has lived far beyond the allotted threescore years and ten, but retained unto the very end remarkably vigorous faculties. The marks of the great beauty that must have made her a charming woman in her youth were still upon her, and in her tastes and habits there was an air of culture and refinement bespeaking the fine birth origins of her famous family. She was deeply reverent of the memory of her gifted father and sweetly cognizant of the service he rendered to his country in the authorship of his immortal song.

"With graceful appreciation of the sincere patriotism and unselfish purpose of the movement inaugurated in this city to erect a monument in commemoration of her father and his noble poem, she had recently given her consent for the removal of his remains and those of her mother to rest beneath the pedestal of the proposed monument. She was a remarkable woman in many ways, but in none more so than in the reflection in her own character of the noble virtues of her father's life. She lived to see his song become a permanent possession of the nation's love and esteem, and she was ever kindly grateful to those who sincerely sought to honor the memory of such a man. Her life was full of that "sweetness and light" that mark all quiet, gifted souls, and in measuring the characteristics of such a child it is interesting to perceive how much of all that was beautiful in her life she must have received in heritage from the man who also gave a gift unto his native land—a song that breathes the breath of loftiest loyalty, and that has stirred the nation's heart with hope and cheer in hours of triumph and in days of trial, and will continue to stir it as long as the spirit of patriotic song survives.

Owing to over crowding and bad ventilation, the air of the school room is often close and impure, and teachers and pupils frequently suffer from lung and throat troubles. To all such we would say, try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For coughs, colds, weak lungs, bronchial troubles no other remedy can compare with it. Says A. C. Freed, Superintendent of Schools, Prairie Depot, Ohio: "Having some knowledge of the efficacy of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, I have no hesitation in recommending it to all who suffer from coughs, lung troubles, etc." For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Call for Your Letters.

J. Leonard Dawson, Allen Paugh, J. S. Friend, Mrs. Aly McRobn, Mrs. Mollie Cook, Miss Carrie Rapon (3), Miss Amy Johnson, Miss Emma Hoff, Miss N. Henderson, Miss May Glover.

Married.

O'BRIEN—BRENNEMAN.—On Sunday, September 12, 1897, by Rev. Wm. E. George, at his residence in Deer Park, in the presence of a large number of friends, John Truman O'Brien and Mary Brenneman, both of Garrett county.

COSNER—ANDERSON.—At the residence of the bride's parents, on Sept. 12th, in the presence of a cheerful group of witnesses, by Rev. I. W. Abernathy, Rev. William H. Cosner and Ella S. Anderson.

In St. Michael's church Wednesday, Sept. 7, 1897, by the Rev. S. J. Clarke, Miss Sallie McKensie, of Garrett county, to Mr. Edward Loriditch, of Meyersdale, Pa.—Frostburg Journal.

It Saves the Croupy Children.

Seaview, Va.—We have a splendid sale on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and our customers coming from far and near, speaking of it in the highest terms. Many have said that their children would have died of croup if Chamberlain's Cough Remedy had not been given.—Kellum & Ourrem. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Notice.

One road wagon and one spring wagon, both one horse, to trade for lumber, shingles or cross ties. Geo. O. Miller. 28-4

A LIVELY SUNDAY CHASE.

The Sheriff and Deputy Brown Have a Lively Run to Pursuit of a Man Who Is "Wanted."

For two or three weeks Sheriff Brown has had in his possession a warrant for the arrest of Albert Wilson, who lives back in the mountain north of Frankville, but no favorable opportunity presented itself for the Sheriff to execute the mandate of the court until last Sunday morning. During the time the warrant has been in the hands of the sheriff he has been in communication with a neighbor of Wilson's, who has kept him posted as to his movements, and on Saturday he received word that Wilson was at home and could be captured on Sunday. Accordingly Sheriff Brown in company with his deputy, William Brown, left Oakland and went down to Frankville, where they left the train and started in the direction of Wilson's abode. Arriving there they were told that Wilson and his wife had started down the mountain for a walk, the path being indicated by their informer. They at once started out to follow him. When half way down the mountain side Wilson caught sight of the officers and started to run, leaving his wife standing in the path. He was commanded to halt, but no attention being paid to the commands of the officers they fired several shots over his head, which only increased his speed. Arriving at the foot of the mountain Wilson changed his course and started down the stony bed of a dry run, closely followed by his pursuers. When within a few yards of Wilson Sheriff Brown, who was leading, slipped on a rock and sprained his ankle. This put him out of the race. His place was quickly taken by Deputy Brown, but he also fell on a stone striking his side and lacerating his left hand badly, in consequence of which Wilson made good his escape.

He is wanted on several charges, among them being burning a barn, stealing chickens and stoning a house.

Sheriff Brown, who has never before allowed a man to escape after having caught sight of him, is making every effort to land his man, and there is good reason to believe that he will succeed.

Dr. D. O. McKinley

Will visit P. J. Loler's, north of Swanton on Swanton road, Sept. 14th. Mt. Lake Park, Sept. 16th, rooms at Mr. J. L. Echard's, Oakland, Sept. 17th, rooms at Central Hotel. Crellin, Sept. 18th. McHenry, Sept. 21st. Hoyes, Sept. 22. Friendsville, Sept. 23d, rooms at J. G. Kolb's. At Jesse Frazee's, near the Cove, from 11 a. m. Sept. 24th to 1 p. m. on Sept. 25th. Teeth extracted without pain. All work guaranteed. 27-1

Two Boys Shot.

Tuesday Fred King and Edward Sincell, two boys less than five years of age, were at play in Centre street adjoining the residence of ex-Senator R. T. Browning when Getty, his youngest son, fired a load of shot at a chicken. The boys were in direct range of the gun and five of the shot took effect in Fred King's shoulder and face. They were picked out by Dr. Hinebaugh. One of the shot struck Edward Sincell on the leg, producing a slight flesh wound.

Sunday School Institute.

The first Sunday school institute for this season began Saturday, the 4th inst., at McHenry, at 2.30, and closed Sunday evening about 4.

Mr. George E. Bishoff, our very efficient president, was in the chair, and Mr. E. J. Fringer was elected secretary.

A splendid program was provided, and nearly all were present who were placed on the program, and each one did his work nobly.

The crowd was so great at each service on Sunday that the church would not hold near all the people, showing very conclusively that the Sunday school interest is very great in that community.

We were so royally entertained by the kind and large-hearted people that we will count it a privilege to return at some future time.

E. J. FRINGER, Secretary.

Overcome by Heat.

Last Friday afternoon Mr. E. J. Courtney, a fireman on a freight engine drawing a west-bound train up the seventeen mile grade, was overcome by the excessive heat. He was brought to Oakland on his train and given medical attention by Dr. H. W. McComas. The same night Mr. Courtney was sent to his home in Grafton on train No. 1, where he is slowly recovering.

Two Farms for Sale.

I will offer at private sale, on terms to suit purchasers, two farms on Blooming Rose, District No. 2, in Garrett county, described as follows: The home farm, with good dwellings, 3 wells, barn, and all outbuildings convenient, containing 176 acres, 125 acres cleared and under good cultivation.

2nd. A farm of 200 acres lying on Buffalo Run; no buildings, but one of the best grazing farms in the county.

28-13t. GEO. D. FRANTZ, Friendsville, Md.

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned, lying near Kearney, for the purpose of hunting.

I. N. SHILLINGBURG,
WM. G. RILEY.
Sept. 8, 1897. 17-3*

Two Engines Derailed.

While going up the heavy grade on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, near Amblersburg, between Bowlesburg and Terra Alta, yesterday afternoon, about 4 o'clock, engine No. 1501 drawing eastbound express train No. 46, Conductor Gorsuch, for some inexplicable reason jumped the track, pulling off the rails helper engine 1601, immediately in front, and two express cars. George R. Boyles, of Piedmont, engineman on No. 46, was painfully injured in the side. The grade being quite heavy the train was not moving rapidly, or otherwise the damage might have been more serious.

Considerable delay was caused to trains, as both tracks were blocked, the rails and ties being torn up for quite a distance. The wreck happened at a point where the work of restoring the monster engines to the track would necessarily be slow, but by midnight everything was cleared away and trains were running as usual.

Now is the time to subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

Proclamation

WHEREAS, at the January session in the year eighteen hundred and ninety six of the General Assembly of Maryland a bill was passed proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the State by adding an additional section to Article fifteen thereof, to be known as Section Eleven of said Article, which said bill and amendment are in the words following, to wit:

AN ACT

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank or title a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body—mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please;
A heart that feels for a neighbor's woe,
And shares his joys with a genial glow—
With sympathies great enough to hold
All men as brothers—is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in the humblest sphere;
Doubly blest with content and health,
Untried by lust or cares of wealth;
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot.
For man and mortals on Nature's plan
Are the crucial test of the gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of sons of toil when their labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm which soothes his slumbers deep
Brings sleeping draughts to the downy bed
Where luxury pillows its aching head.
His simpler opiate, labor deems,
A shorter road to the land of dreams.
—E. A. Emmons, in Union Signal.

A Miner's Story.

BY ALFRED B. CALHOUN.

THERE were a dozen of us—miners, prospectors and engineers — sitting about the camp fire one evening at the head of Granite creek, Arizona territory.

Prescott, the capital of the territory, was at that time in its infancy, an annex, as it were, to Fort Whipple, just below it, on the creek.

Cochise's Apaches were making things hot in that portion of the territory at the time, but even if there had been no hostile Indians in our vicinity, it is safe to say that all my companions would have gone armed to the teeth from sheer force of habit.

The conversation ran on lynchers and road agents, and more than one story was told that combined all the elements of tragedy, given with a broadly humorous manner that was absolutely grotesque.

"Did any of you fellers ever hear of Jake McCabe, as uster hang out round Tueson a few years ago?" The man who asked the question knocked the ashes from his pipe and looked round on the flame-lit faces before filling up again. He was a tall, bronzed man of 35, with a slight drawl in his tones and a manner that was tantalizingly deliberate.

The men about the fire shook their heads. Except Abe Owens himself none of them were in Tueson at the time stated. Yet it was "allowed" that they might have known Jake McCabe under another name, particularly if he didn't "travel on the square."

Just here it may be well to state that the vernacular of mining men is enriched by the terms of their calling, which they apply in a figurative sense that makes them unintelligible to the uninitiated. "Pan out" is one of these words. Men "pan out" the gravel in the river beds for golden particles, and they "pan out" men that they are studying, or a horse "doesn't pan out as well as the feller that sold him said." And so the term is used in a hundred curious ways that are seemingly foreign to its literal and original signification.

Abe Owens "wasn't much on chinning"—the latter word a Chinese term for talking—but in response to the general demand he told all he knew about Jake McCabe, which ran as follows.

We shall not attempt to reproduce the quaint phraseology of Abe Owens.

There had been a great many mail carriers, prospectors and ranchmen killed between Tueson and the Rio Gila, and for some time it was supposed that the Indians were the perpetrators of these crimes.

But even those who were most ready to believe that an Indian is capable of any and every barbarity were forced to the conviction that the murderers were white men, and that plunder was the object. At first there was an attempt made to scalp the victims, but an old scout declared that it was not "Injun work," and finally the bodies were left where they were shot down without any mutilation.

As there was no law at that time that could be enforced in that section, a sense of self-preservation led to the formation of a vigilance committee, every member of which was enjoined to consider himself a special detective.

But these precautions did not lessen the danger. One week after the vigilance committee had published its purpose, a mail carrier was found dead on the Fort Bervie trail. His horse was gone and the mail-bags rifled.

Suspicion directed her finger at two men, who were unacquainted and as different in appearance and mode of life as it is possible to conceive.

James Nesbitt was a man of 30, with a pale, serious face, and an abstracted manner. He associated with no one, and he had no business that the miners could see that would enable him to keep two good horses and a black servant. He frequently made trips into the mountains, would be gone for days and always returned in safety.

The other was a Mexican herb doctor, who, it was reported, had once been a member of the gang of plunderers commanded by the noted outlaw Joaquin Muriata.

But Dr. Pintara had some practice among his countrymen and the half-breeds, and this served to shield him from the charge of having no visible means of support.

Jake McCabe was the most prominent and the most indignant of the vigilantes. According to Abe Owens, "Jake McCabe fairly ached to git his grip on the red-handed robbers," but they eluded him.

Jake McCabe lived in a half-frame, half-adobe structure about a quarter of a mile from the built-up portion of the little town. His ranch was presided over (we quote Abe again) "by a black-eyed, tallish woman, as Jake said was his sister, but no one didn't try to make love to her on that account. Jake had a saloon and ran a game in town, and thar wasn't no one more pop'lar with the boys. And then he was a good-looking feller, and always dressed as neat as a pin and looked as smooth and slick as quicksilver."

It was Jake McCabe who confirmed the suspicion against James Nesbitt, or "the professor," as they called that gentleman. It happened in this way:

One morning Jake McCabe, who had a good horse and was fond of riding out at all hours, came galloping into town and said he had discovered the body of Tom Horstman, a well-known prospector, about six miles from town, and that as he came upon the body he saw two men riding off—one of them was the professor and the other his colored man, Ike.

The vigilantes were in no humor for investigation. This was the strongest and clearest evidence they yet had, and, without more ado, they surrounded James Nesbitt's house and ordered him out.

He obeyed and appeared to be very cool for so great a criminal, till Jake McCabe, as spokesman of the party, pointedly told the mission of himself and companions.

Then Prof. Nesbitt became indignant, "and while he didn't swar," said Abe Owen, "he acted to me as if he was innocent as the babe unborn. But then some men kin do that when they're guilty, and them that's innercent looks jest as if they wasn't."

The professor said that he was a botanist in the service of the Smithsonian institute, and offered to show his collections and his papers, but Jake McCabe wouldn't hear to it.

"He was told that him and the black

"WE WERE JEST A-GOING TO SWING 'EM OFF."

man must die, and when they heard that they both was game. The professor asked for time to write to his mother and to the young lady he was engaged to, and the boys didn't hurry him. When he'd writ the letters he rose and said: 'Gentlemen, I am innocent. You are about to become murderers, and when too late you will regret this day's work.'

"Waal, the boys led 'em to some cottonwoods whar ropes had been got ready and give 'em a chance to pray. The professor he bowed his head on his breast, silent-like, but the colored man, he prayed out like a hull camp meetin'.

"We was just a-goin' to swing 'em off, when who should stagger into the crowd but Tom Horstman all covered with blood.

"Then we held up to hear Tom's story. None of us had noticed that Jake McCabe had lit out in the meantime. Waal, the story was that that same Jake McCabe was the man that shot and robbed Tom, and left him, as he thought, for sure dead.

"I never seed such a crowd as that was when Tom Horstman got through. Of course they freed the professor and his servant and axed millions of pardons, and then they made a break for Jake McCabe's ranch.

"The doors was closed and Jake was inside. He knew the game was up, and told us to get back in five minutes, as he was going to shoot. We got back, and after a council of war we made up our minds to burn him out that night.

"Of course the woman was with him, and we didn't want to hurt her. I never just knew how she got out of the house, but I saw her soon after the fire was lit that burned to ashes about the worst man, as we arterwards larned, that ever lived. And that's all I got to say 'bout Jake McCabe."

As Abe Owens made preparations to relight his pipe, one of the party asked:

"What became of the professor?"

"Oh, he was out to Yuma a year ago with his wife, and the prettiest critter I ever saw in shoes, and him and me laughed over his escape," replied Abe.

"And the woman?" asked another.

"What woman?"

"Jack McCabe's sister."

"Waal, we found out she was his wife."

"What did she do?"

"What do you think?"

One thought that she swore vengeance, another that she went into mourning, and a third that she at once shook the ashes of Tueson from her feet and withdrew.

"Nothing of the kind," said Abe. "Within six months she married another of the same stripe, and both are now dead. But she knew that Jake had lots of gold dust on his person and in the ranch. She waited till everything got cool, and then she got the proper tools and went over and panned out all the ashes—includin' Jake's—and they do say she made right smart by it."—N. Y. Ledger.

IT'S THEIR WAY.

A Man Is Never Safe While Flirting with Two Women.

They were coming in over one of the suburban electric lines when she turned suddenly toward him with flashing eyes:

"Jim Flumley, where did you get that necktie?"

"Bought it."

"No, you didn't 'bought it.' I can tell a store necktie as far as I can see it. That's hand-stitched, and that Cupid on one end and them forget-me-nots on the other end are worked in with silk. Nice things to be putting on a young man's necktie, and you never got it over any counter, either."

"Didn't say I bought it over a counter. One of them fakes sold it to me at the cir—" Here Jim worked up an artificial cough and looked out across a waving cornfield.

"Aha, Jim Flumley! Went to the circus, did you? And you told me how mad you was because you had to work and couldn't take me, and me believin' you all the time. Now, sir, who went with you to that show?"

Jim squirmed, looked sneaking and tried to explain: "I'll jest tell you how it was, Nell. Me and Jennie Tassler eat a philopena and she caught me and asked me to take her to the circus. How could a feller get out of it?"

"Well, she has cheek, I must say. Why, here's Jen now," and the car stopped to take on a buxom girl who greeted the other two cheerily. "Hello, Jim," she said as soon as she got her seat, "I see you're wearin' it."

Jim tried to look unconscious and cover the necktie, but Nell was alert and said: "He told me he bought it."

"I like that now," declared Jennie, sharply. "We ate a philopena, he caught me, I made him the tie, and then he coaxed me to go to the circus."

Jim, red and perspiring, saw that he was being surrounded by two angry women, and hastily beat a retreat to the back seat. After the few vigorous puffs necessary to light his pipe, he pulled his hat over his eyes, humped up despondently in the corner and was heard to mutter, unconsciously: "Durn a woman, anyhow."—Detroit Free Press.

HINTS FOR TRAVELERS.

How to Prepare for a Long Journey by Rail.

It is quite an undertaking to prepare for a long journey by rail and unless one is an experienced traveler she is somewhat in doubt in regard to what is required in the way of apparel, so a few hints from one whose experience in this direction is fresh in mind may not be amiss. In the first place the traveling dress should be very quiet in color, very plainly made and above all it should be comfortable. A plain dark skirt with a loosely-fitting black silk waist is in very good taste.

For an outside wrap a cape is the most convenient as it can be slipped off and on readily as the changing temperature of the car requires. The hat should be small and with as little trimming as possible to catch the dust. White underskirts are entirely out of place and should not be worn, for they soon become soiled, and the finest white skirt when travel-stained is far more unsightly than a plain, dark skirt of the most common material.

To sleep in at night it is advisable to have a wrapper of some soft woolen material, that will be comfortable and yet be neat enough to wear from the berth to the dressing-room; if a common nightrobe only is provided it becomes necessary to dress in the berth, which is very inconvenient, besides crumpling the clothing. A small satchel is required to carry all the necessary toilet articles such as brushes, comb, soap and towels, for a lady does not wish to use those provided for the general use of passengers.

Provision should also be made for the end of the journey, in case the trunk is delayed, in the form of plenty of fresh collars, or lace for the neck, pocket handkerchiefs and fresh gloves.—Washington Home Magazine.

For Bruises.

Since bicycling has made bruises one of the everyday events the simplest and best method for treating them should form a part of one's education. In cases where the skin is not broken apply as quickly as possible to the injured part a cloth wrung out of hot water. Change the cloth constantly until the pain is eased. Then rub in gently a little salt butter or sweet oil. Afterwards apply at frequent intervals the following lotion which it is well to prepare and keep on hand for emergencies: Acetate of ammonia, two ounces; spirits of wine, one ounce; spirits of camphor, 20 drops, and water, half a pint. These ingredients are to be well mixed together. If your fall takes place at a considerable distance from where hot water can be procured breathe several times into your folded handkerchief and apply it quickly to the bruise. Repeat this again and again, and the warmth will help to prevent discoloration.—American Queen.

Not Trusting Her Ear.

"Moreover," continued the ardent wooer, "I have just returned from Klondike, where I acquired a great quantity of gold."

"Would you mind writing that down on a piece of paper, Mr. Quartzcrusher?" inquired the fair girl.

"Certainly not, but you surely do not doubt my word!"

"Not at all," said the lovely one, as she carefully examined the words he had written, according to her request; "but I have been fooled once before by the sound of 'g,' resulting from a catarrhal pronunciation of the word 'cold.'"—Detroit Free Press.

Serious Impediment.

He—My motto is: "Always think before you speak."

She—You must find it very hard to carry on an animated conversation.—Fliegende Blaetter.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Louise, two-thirds of every healthy infant's life should be spent in sleep." "Well, don't tell me about it; go talk to baby."—Household Words.

—Fooled.—"Was that mind reader able to read your thoughts?" No. I fooled him by thinking in French, and my French is perfectly awful.'—Truth.

—A.—"Have you heard the eight-year-old violin player who is creating such a sensation?" B.—"Oh, yes; I heard him in Berlin 12 years ago."—Tit-Bits.

—Sapsmith—"I saved Miss Dolly Swift's life last night!" Sissington—"Bah Jawve!" Sapsmith—"Yahs! When I proposed to her she said she'd rawther die than marry me, and so I excused her."—Puck.

—"Do you think he expects his sensational prayer to be answered?" "Sure. There were a dozen reporters in the audience, and that means that at least three papers will answer him editorially."—Truth.

—Easily Explained.—"I don't see how getting one's feet wet causes toothache." "You don't? If you had ever had a tooth pulled you would know that the roots run clear to your toes."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Choosing the Epitaph.—Bereaved Widow—"I want something short and simple for my husband's tombstone." Dealer—"How do you like 'Resurgam?'" Bereaved Widow—"What does that mean?" Dealer—"I shall rise again." Bereaved Widow—"No; make it 'Rest in Peace.'"—Truth.

—Evidence.—"There's one thing about Josiar," said the young man's fond mother. "He does like work." "He doesn't seem to git much of it done," replied Farmer Corntossel. "That's jest it. He lingers over it an' lingers over it like he was scared to death of losin' it."—Washington Star.

HIS FLY-BOOK.

It Is Dearer to the Angler Than Any Other Possession.

Is there anything closer to an angler's heart than his fly-book? I know of a case where a burglar, among other things, took a fly-book. He was arrested and speedily convicted and imprisoned. He cleared things out pretty well in the house, but the owner seemed to care nothing about the missing fur coats, sealskin sacks, silverware and other valuable jares and penates, but he did bewail the loss of his book of flies. The other things he could buy again, but to get together such an assortment of valuable flies seemed to him an impossible thing. He had been years collecting them, picking up odd ones here and there, until, for quality and variety his book could not be excelled.

It was a fly storehouse, as it were. No matter where he intended fishing, or whether for trout, bass or salmon, he could always find a choice assortment to draw from with which to fill up a supplementary book.

Although it is some time ago he yet bewails the loss of that fly-book. Many have been the efforts to get track of it, but all in vain. He has gone to the expense of sending to the prison, in a distant city, and endeavoring to prevail upon the convict to divulge the hiding place of the book, but without success. A persistent search of the pawnshops and periodical advertising have produced no better results.

There were flies in that book for trout and salmon in Irish waters; flies for the salmon and trout of the Scotch lakes and the English streams, and flies for the salmon of Norway. The favorites from Maine to California, and from one end of Canada to another, were collected in that wallet; anything and everything from the feather-down midget with cobweb gut to the lordly salmon fly, absolutely irresistible to the lurking salmon deep down in the icy pools of the Cascapedia.

There were flies in that book on which famous bass, trout and salmon had been hooked, each fly carrying with it memories of battles fought from canoes among the rushing, swirling waters.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Practical Use of Water.

In certain portions of the west, where water is used for purposes of irrigation, experiments have been tried in first utilizing the water for power. Suitable pumps carry it to high reservoirs, where it is used to generate electricity. It acquires an enormous power by its weight and is in no wise injured for irrigating purposes. An ordinary spring constantly drawn from furnishes a very valuable power in this way, and after the water has done its work either in the electric plant or in the turning of wheels, it goes on its way to refresh vegetation and make the ground productive. In this way it performs more than a double office without detriment to itself or its original mission.—N. Y. Ledger.

Shrugging the Shoulders.

Shrugging the shoulders in cold weather is probably the survival of an old instinct, which prompts them to put the skin of the back on the stretch, and so erect the hairy covering on that part. The hair is now reduced to a mere downy covering, but the old instinct still remains in common with others; the rule apparently being that all instincts which are harmless to their possessors are constant, in spite of any change of structure. All animals with long hair or feathers erect their coats in cold weather, for the warmth of such a covering depends on its thickness and the amount of air it contains rather than on its bulk.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Florida Crab.

There is a little purple crab along the coasts of southern Florida which seems to feed almost entirely upon the fruit of the cactus. This it so much resembles that you are suddenly surprised to see one of the succulent little balls move away from your fingers before you are aware that it is alive. Step back, and the crab will resume its place, and seem to be as curious about you as you are about him.—Philadelphia Press.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

NIGHTINGALE AND THORN.

A nightingale quite forlorn
Thus made her plaint to the morn:
'I've hunted in vain," ran the pitiful strain,
"And I can't find a sign of a thorn
There's nothing to make me sad,
There's not a thorn to be had,
All the rest of my years"—here she burst into tears—
"I'll have to be merry and glad.

"I always sing my best
When a cruel thorn is pressed
'So my friends have said, and I've frequently read)
Quite close to my tender breast.
O birds with grievances great,
O men with grievances small,
Think what it would be if you, like me,
Had never a grievance at all!"

The moral, my little dear,
Is quite remarkably clear;
When lessons are long, and things go wrong,
And every one's acting queer,
Don't murmur and bewail,
Don't rue the day you were born,
But think of the poor, poor, nightingale,
Who hadn't a sign of a thorn.
—Ethelwyn Wetherald, in Youth's Companion.

SHOE-BLACKING BOX.

One That Any Boy of Ordinary Intelligence Can Make.

How many boys are there who have shoe blacking boxes of their own in which to keep brushes and blacking?

Perhaps there are not many who have, but here is a box that every boy can own, because he can make it himself with hammer, saw and plane, and some wood that can be purchased from a carpenter at a small cost.

Obtain four pieces of pine, two inches square and fifteen inches long, for the legs; and four pieces, each sixteen inches long, five inches wide, and seven-eighths of an inch thick, to form the sides of the box. Screw these flat pieces together firmly to form a square, and then screw on the bottom pieces of tongued and grooved boards.

When this is done, fasten the legs in position with long, stout screws driven down through the bottom of the box and into the tops of them, and brace them with eight iron shelf brackets screwed firmly, as shown in the drawing, with one side against the legs and the other against the bottom of the box.

These will strengthen the legs and prevent the box from rocking, and as they are of the ordinary cast iron style they can be purchased at a hardware store for a few cents each.

With a thin piece of board, make a partition inside the box to hold the brushes, and on top of it at one side fasten a square piece of board on which a box of blacking can rest.

It is sometimes a good plan to attach the blacking box to the wood with a

SHOE-BLACKING BOX.

screw passed down through the middle of the box; but if a standard size of blacking box is always used, it would be well to cut a hole in the wood with a compass saw so the box will fit in it, and another thin board or a piece of tin may be tacked to the under side to prevent the box from dropping through.

Next a cover is to be made of tongued and grooved boards to fit the box, and at the outer edges a strip of wood, called a batten, can be screwed fast to the ends of the boards to keep them together. Strap hinges and a stop chain will hold the cover in place. When arranging the chain do not allow the cover to go backward too far, but only enough to prevent its falling forward when the box is in use. Make all the joints nicely and putty up the cracks, then give the entire box, inside and out, two coats of some dark colored paint.

When the paint is dry, the front top edge of the box can be bound with a strip of sheet brass or iron on which to put the feet when blacking shoes. This metal strip will prevent the wood from wearing away, and the painted front from becoming shabby.

In this box the shoe polishing equipment can always be kept, and every boy that makes one should take pleasure in keeping it tidy and in good order.

Little Boy's Rare Courage.

While trying to arrange the reins on a spirited horse, P. J. Conway, of New York, lost control of the animal, and the carriage dashed away with Mr. Conway's two sons, John and Edward, aged 12 and 4 respectively. The elder boy commenced to cry, says the Journal, and finally slipped from the carriage, leaving Eddie alone. The brave little lad, however, grasped the reins and proceeded to pull on the lines. Several park policemen and a crowd of bicyclists started in pursuit, and when near the bottom of the hill at Seventy-second street and the drive in Central park Park Policeman Edward Dougherty succeeded in stopping the animal. When little Edward recovered his breath he exclaimed: "Gee whiz! Mr. Copper, but didn't I go!"

Brake Jail with Scissors.

Recently five prisoners escaped from the county farm, eight miles from Nashville, on the Shelbyville pike. George Greer, Till Gunnaway, Tip Williams, Pato and Ed Buchanan, all negroes, cut through the ceiling of the prison with an old pair of scissors. All of these prisoners were serving long terms.

THE USEFUL GIRAFFE.

How Driver Bill Came to Be Shifted from the Band Wagon.

"On the road," said the old showman, "we always used to look to the giraffe to supply us with apples. He was a tremendous big giraffe, about 18 feet high, and he could reach almost any tree in the orchard; all we had to do was to drive him up alongside the fence.

"The giraffe keeper's particular friend in the circus was the driver of the band wagon, a man named Gabsly, and whenever we come to an apple orchard the keeper always used to see that his friend Bill was well supplied. The giraffe's place in the line on the road was just ahead of the band wagon, and whenever Bill came along and saw the giraffe at work, why, he'd just haul up and wait for his share, which he was sure to get, for the giraffe had been

FILLING THE BASS HORN.

taught to hand up apples to the man on the high seat till the man told him to stop.

"At the ends the band chariot swept upward with a great curve. At the rear end, away up in the air, was the bass drum; at the forward end, just under the back of the driver's seat, was the big bass horn. The man who played the bass horn in our band could probably get more thunder out of that massive instrument than any other man that ever played one, and he was proud of it, of course. But he was too powerful to suit the driver of the band wagon. Bill liked music as well as anybody, and if anything he liked the bass horn a little better than any other instrument; but he didn't like quite so much of it as he got in the band wagon. He was driving a 20-horse team, and he was just as proud of his driving as the bass horn player was of his playing; and he used to say that the vibrations of the wagon at that end caused by the heavy blasts of the horn shook the wagon so much that he couldn't do his driving justice, and he asked the bass horn player to let up a little on parades, but of course he never did.

"One day, late in summer, when we came to an orchard of beautiful red apples, the keeper of the giraffe at once set the animal to work; and when the band wagon came along Bill halted, as he always did, to get his share. It was a still, drowsy day, the jolting had been just enough to keep the flies off, and the whole band was scattered along the band wagon asleep, from the bass drummer up at the other end with his head resting on his arms and the great drum in front of him, down along the whole length of the wagon to the front seat, where, with one or two others, under the overarching rear edge of the driver's seat, sat the big horn player, the great horn beside him, the bell opening upward under the edge of the driver's seat, like a rainwater cask under the eaves of a house. Driver Bill leaned over back, and dropped the first apple that the giraffe handed him into the mouth of the big horn, and he kept on dropping them there as fast as the girnffe handed them up. Altogether, he must have dropped into the big horn about a peck of apples, and the jolting of the wagon after that wedged 'em in pretty tight. We were taking a long jump that day; no day show, and no parade that day at all.

"That night when the bass horn player tried to sound his horn it wouldn't sound, and people missed it. You can't do without the oomphah, oomphah, oomphah of the big brass horn any more than you can without the sharp notes of the E-flat cornet, and folks began looking over toward the band to see what was the matter, and when they saw what the bass horn player was doing they called the attention of the others, and pretty soon the whole audience was looking over that way. They saw the leader leading, and everybody but the bass horn player playing right along as usual. The bass horn player was trying to play, pushing in keys and valves and blowing himself red in the face, but making no sound at all. But suddenly there shot out of the mouth of the great instrument, like a ball out of a roman candle, a single big red apple. Then all of a sudden the big horn began roaring and rumbling and spouting red apples like a fireworks.

"Even the clown laughed, and it was 15 minutes before the audience got quieted down enough so that the show could go on.

"Of course, the old man had to know all about it, and the upshot of it all was that Driver Bill was sent back to the tiger cage, and the driver of the tiger cage was promoted to the band wagon. And after that the bass horn player used to play louder than ever. When he blew oomphah, oomphah, oomphah, now, the forward end of the heavy band wagon would surge and sway like a light carriage does when you jounce on the seat."—Alvin Dipperton, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

President Lincoln's Sentiment.

It is said that President Lincoln thus replied to a letter asking for a sentiment and his autograph: "Dear Madam: When you ask of a stranger that which is of interest only to yourself always inclose a stamp. There's your sentiment and here's your autograph: A. Lincoln."—Youth's Companion.

TEMPERANCE.

IN SPITE OF DRINK.

A Story About Sandy McLean, the Newspaper Man.

This story has often been told in Chicago, and perhaps has been printed. Anyhow, a repetition will do no harm; and it is true in every detail.

McLean was police reporter on the Herald when it was published on Fifth avenue, where the Mail had a home until it went out of existence. He knew, they say, every police officer in Chicago, and he was a "star" police reporter. But he got tired of that work and asked to be put on general assignments. The city editor thought him more valuable on police work. Sandy persisted.

"I'll tell you," said the city editor; "you take two weeks off with pay. If you still want to change then, why we'll part company without hard feelings."

When Sandy returned from his vacation the city editor said:

"Well, going to work?"

"Police?"

"Yes."

"No."

"All right, old man. Good-by."

And they shook hands. The same afternoon McLean began to work on the Tribune.

One night less than a week after Sandy entered the Herald office and sat down at his old desk. He had a

"WHAT YOU GOT?"

"scoop." He also had a considerable load of liquor, accumulated in securing the "scoop."

"What you got?" asked the city editor, taking in the situation.

Sandy told him.

"Good story. Write a column."

When Sandy turned in his story he asked:

"Anything more?"

"No; that's all."

"Good-night."

The next morning Sandy opened his Tribune, expecting to find his story on the first page. It was not there, or on any other page. What in — was the matter with those fellows? Didn't they know news when they saw it?

Going down town on the car he bought a Herald. A first-page head caught his eye. He began to read the story. It seemed familiar. It was his story!

Sandy laid the paper down and did a lot of thinking. By the time he reached the office the last night's events had become tolerably clear.

Sandy took his "call down" at the Tribune for getting "scooped" without a word. The Herald city editor did not tell the story until several years after. He was a good fellow.

In this very circumstance lay the danger to young reporters, who knew McLean. They knew that he drank, and they knew also that he was accounted one of the best men in the business. He was not "scooped," but got "scoops." He could get news, and could write it well. The conclusion of many of the "clubs" was that McLean did all this because he drank, instead of despite his drinking.

They did not know that McLean got news because of his popularity with all sorts and conditions of men; they did not know that he was popular because of his honesty, fidelity to friends and the beauty of his nature; they did not know that he himself knew that drinking was the one thing that had kept him from higher places; and they did not know that this failing was to shorten his life.—H. L. Dunlap, in St. Louis Republic.

Alcohol Is Poison.

An "Old Timer" asked the Sun what has become of that "famous old drink, brandy," and advises "youngsters who want to prolong their days" to forsake the new-fangled "coolers," prominent on the list of summer drinks, and to substitute brandy. Our friend is wrong. Abolish the summer drinks, if you like, but substitute nothing alcoholic. In the opinion of a great light in medicine, every drop of alcohol introduced into the system of a healthy man does so much harm.—N. Y. Sun.

Increase of Drink Habit in France.

In an article in the Paris Figaro on "Alcoholism and Madmen," it is shown that at the beginning of this century comparatively little liquor was drank in France. It shows that since 1800, when the practice of distilling brandy from corn, potatoes, etc., began in that country, the number of insane people has increased with the consumption of liquor. In the four years, 1826-30, there were 1,739 cases of self-destruction, while from 1876 to 1880 there were 6,259.

A Farce.

A Lewiston saloon keeper recently sat on the grand jury on his own case. No indictment was found (of course not), although a legal seizure of liquor had been made on the premises. Fancy a burglar or a murderer sitting on the grand jury trying his own case. Why not, if a saloon keeper can sit on his own case?—National Temperance Advocate.

TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

The Use of Art to Increase the Drink Impulse.

The modern bar, or place where spirits are sold, is arranged and fitted up by artistic experts, with the special object of appealing to the senses of the customers. Sight, smell, taste and hearing are appealed to in the most adroit way, and along higher levels, to create a thirst and desire for fluids. This is now studied as an art, and trained men make a special business of fitting up bars to draw trade (so called).

The location and effect of light must be studied, and the entrance arranged so that the senses may be roused instantly. The flashing mirrors, the colored bottles, the works of art in delicate tints, and the polished imitations of silver and gold to arrest the eyes. Flowers which emit delicate odors, and spirit odors from the fluids that are used, with highly scented liquids in open glasses, arouse the sense of smell. If the man is not a spirit drinker and calls for some acid or soda drink, it will be served in the most attractive way. Delicate dishes with condiments, spices and cracker food are displayed most temptingly. In some bars fountains with water give out a musical murmur, and music from boxes or bands plays at stated intervals. Some saloons cater to the political sentiments of their patrons, and have excellent pictures of the party leaders, and mottoes framed in the most attractive way on the walls. Other places display pictures of actors, or of horses, or sporting celebrities, according to the taste of the customers. The treasures of art in every field are drawn on to make an impression on the senses. Fruits in reality and painted imitations are distributed in the most tempting manner. Statuary, exquisite clocks with melodious chimes, potted plants, aquariums and antique curiosities all contribute to this sense suggestion. In both total abstainers and moderate drinkers a thirst is created for drink of some kind other than water. Sight and hearing with smell are roused, and taste demands a recognition. In wine and beer bars, this continuous appeal to the senses is so skillfully arranged that many persons cannot resist it, and should they do so in this place, a thirst has been created which demands gratification at once elsewhere.

The method of dispensing fluids so as to intensify the thirst is studied as a fine art, and the sound of the liquid as it is thrown from one glass to another is calculated to produce certain effects, and the foam and gas formed appeals to the sight. Every one who enters such places is subjected to the most powerful temptation of the senses, which culminates in thirst and desire to taste the liquids offered.

The man who has used spirits is unable to control his thirst in these places, and the man whose thirst has been satisfied before he comes to these places takes pleasure in rousing it again by the condiments and means at command. The neurotic and feeble-minded and persons who are dominated by the senses are powerless to resist. The aeme of the art is to create a thirst and desire for drink in the mind of every person who enters the saloon. In some places well-dressed, courteous men in the employ of the proprietors invite strangers to drink. The drink thirst roused in this way is overmastering. Thus art in the saloon holds a powerful sway from the highest down to the lowest places. This extends to the bottles in which wine and spirits are put up, and is growing more and more every year. The psychology of the saloon and the arts which increase the desire for spirits are unwritten, but a very wide field awaits occupation and study by some one in the future.—Journal of Inebriety.

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

Whenever you find an empty whisky bottle, you may expect to find a full man.—Ram's Horn.

Alcoholic drinks have no power to prevent any disease, but they have the power to cause many.—Dr. W. W. Hall.

Friendships pledged over a glass of liquor are as treacherous as the liquor itself; they are lightly made, quickly broken and never valued. Beware!

There are in Scotland some 1,832 ministers who are total abstainers, and in Great Britain upward of 6,000 congregations in which unfermented wine is used.

Excessive tea drinking shatters the nervous system, weakens the brain, injures the appetite, disturbs the digestive organs and causes cold feet. So says a physician.

I'm only a small cigarette,
But my work I will get in, you bet,
For the stern coffin-maker
And the grim undertaker
Will declare I bring fish to their net.
—National Temperance Advocate.

The protest of the church courts and temperance societies against the appointment of the duke of Leeds to succeed Lord Aberdeen as governor-general of Canada has been heard at the foot of the throne, and the assurance has been definitely given that their wishes will be respected.

Prof. Schooling, in a recent paper before the Royal Statistical society of London, says that there are eight principal causes of insanity, and the percentage of each as regards every 100 of lunatics is as follows: Drink, 33.6; domestic troubles, 15.1; mental anxiety, 13.4; old age, 13.2; adverse circumstances, 13; accidents, 6.5; religious excitement, 4; love affairs, 2.2.

Mustn't Swallow Them.

An Irish priest had labored hard with one of his flock to induce him to give up the habit of drinking, but the man was obdurate. "I tell you, Michael," said the priest, "whisky is your worst enemy, and you should keep as far away from it as you can." "My enemy is it, father?" responded Michael, "and it was your riverence's self that was tellin' us in the pulpit only last Sunday to love our inimies!" "So I was, Michael," rejoined the priest, "but was I anywhere tellin' you to swallow 'em!"—National Temperance Advocate.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—At Goshen, Ind., a disputed horse race was decided by the revelation of a camera.

—In Larue county, Ky., it is said that Charles Williams has grown a bunch of white blackberries.

—Bears have been so thick around Idaho that it has been said that there was a bear for every bushel.

—The oldest house in Union, Me., built in 1802 and occupied always by the same family, has just been torn down.

—Pius Payne, a negro of Bardstown, Ky., has exhibited six tomatoes grown by him which together weighed 14 pounds.

—John J. Ingall's daughter Constance ran an electric car in Atchison during one evening in place of the regular motorman.

—Wayne county and Butler county (Neb.) creameries are making each 2,000 pounds of butter a day, and the county people are happy.

—Allen Heusted, 71 years old, of Grand Blanc, Mich., has taken to the bicycle with a vim, and the other day rode 30 miles to make a visit.

—Mrs. C. Reyes, 83 years old and crippled, cultivated a garden by her own labor at St. Augustine, Fla., and one day she picked from it a 36-pound watermelon and 80 pumpkins.

—Floridians hoped that the red spider would destroy the water hyacinths in the St. John's river, but the plants seem to grow faster than the insects can do away with them.

—A $1,200 farm in Tennessee has been paid for wholly in hen's eggs, the installments being remitted daily, sometimes at the rate of three cents a dozen for the eggs, delivered in four-dozen lots.

—In the long arctic nights there is a constant difficulty in keeping awake. Greely had to make very strict rules to keep his men awake during the long arctic nights. Beds were not allowed to be made, and the men were compelled to get up and move about.

—The London Lancet prints a long article on the "therapeutical aspect of talking, shouting, singing, laughing, crying, sighing and yawning." All are said to have their hygienic uses. Talking is pronounced a healthful occupation, good for heart disease, and to some extent a substitute for bodily exercise.

WHY SHE MARRIED HIM.

She Knew His Faults to a Hot, But She Had Use for Him.

It was their first quarrel.

"Well, I don't see how I came to marry you," she snapped.

"Same here," he returned.

"Whatever I could see in you," she returned bitterly. "All men are the same, as lovers, but as husbands it's different, you know."

"Oh, ho! all men are the same as lovers. Then you had a lot of lovers? Thanks for your extraordinary candor! I always thought you were a flirt, but now you have spoken the words out of your own mouth."

"Out of my own mouth! Can a person speak with some one else's mouth, you ninny? Why don't you try to be logical as well as insulting? I suppose it's too much to expect from one whose brains are in his mustache or in his clothes, or in his pretty feet. Oh, don't whine; I know your faults to a dot."

"Well, since you do," he added, "I will be frank with you and say that I married you to give you the opportunity to tell me my faults, so that I could in time approach your own angelic standard of perfection."

"Indeed, and I married you because you were such an expert at repairing a bicycle tire. Don't you remember how you carried your jiffy outfit around with you? You were so expert!"

"You used to tell me you married me because you loved me."

"What a silly answer that was!"

"Then you are a liar too, eh?"

"I say I married you because you were such an expert tire repairer. When I quit riding the bicycle I'll have no more use for you, do you hear? Go out in the shed and clean my wheel, and let me hear no more out of you for a week!"—Detroit News-Tribune.

Be Charitable.

Hasty judgment of the actions of others is dangerous and often unjust. We measure too much by some superficial appearance, and condemn hastily when, if we knew all and understood the motives and reasons, we would warmly approve. We sometimes say of some one: "This pain, sorrow or loss has not deeply affected him." But we do not know. It is like the death of a few of the soldiers in front of a regiment. The broken ranks close up again into the solid phalanx, and the loss is not apparent. There may be no disorganization, no surrender, no craving for pity, no display of despair. It is like the calm dazzling play of the waves warmed by the morning sun after a night of storm and disaster. There is no sign of the wreck; the tide has carried the debris away far out on the ocean; the treacherous water has swallowed all signs and tokens of the night's awful work. We see only the fairness of the morning, not the suffering of the night. Let us be charitable in our judgment and condemn not when we do not know.—Detroit Free Press.

Bread Sauce.

Put into a double boiler two generous cups of milk and place it over the fire; add one-fourth of an onion and one cup of finely sifted bread crumbs; cover the boiler and let the ingredients simmer 20 minutes. Take out the onion and add a tablespoonful of butter and season with salt and a tiny pinch of mace. The sauce is then ready to serve. Brown some bread crumbs in melted salted butter and sprinkle them over the fowls when this sauce is served in a separate dish; but if the sauce is poured around the birds scatter the browned crumbs over the top of the sauce as well as the fowls.—Boston Globe.

DOCTORS AND HEALTH.

A Claim Made in Behalf of Glasgow and Some Facts Concerning It.

One does not naturally look to Scotland as a source of supply of jokes and pleasantries, but there has recently appeared (and it is now going the rounds of the press) what may perhaps be described as a Scotch joke. It is as follows: "Greater Glasgow is often held up as a modern municipality. There is something in the claim. With a population of 853,000, it has only 494 doctors." Scotch physicians hold a high rank in their profession; perhaps the fact should be considered as part of the joke that with a population of 853,000 Glasgow has only 494 doctors.

There are in the United States more than 100,000 doctors, and it has not been observed by anybody that the death rate is less in those localities in which the number of physicians is small than in those in which, as in New York and in most important northern cities, it is large. As a matter of fact, and as the official figures show, whatever may be the case in Glasgow, there are actually more physicians in proportion to the total number of inhabitants in Scotland than in any other portion of the United Kingdom, the number of physicians and surgeons in Scotland being 850 per million inhabitants, to 650 in Ireland and 550 in England. Indeed, there are more physicians in proportion to the population in Scotland than in any other country of Europe. In Italy and Russia there are fewer than 300 doctors for each million inhabitants; in France, Germany, Spain, Holland and Belgium, there are from 300 to 400. It is never possible to compute with entire accuracy, however, the number of physicians, for, in the computations made in some countries, surgeons are included; in other countries they are not. Some European countries carry on their register of physicians those employed in the army and marine service—physicians on men-of-war and on merchantmen; others do not. In some records dentists are carried as physicians, and in still others, though the number is less, veterinary surgeons are borne.

It is a fact, the knowledge of which is not perhaps generally diffused, that under the enlarged New York charter the city will be to some extent in the line of succoring the sick. Section 325 declares that it shall be the duty of any police captain to register in a book kept for that purpose the name and address of any person desiring or needing medical attendance, and thereupon one of the doctors registered in said precinct is forthwith to be notified of the case requiring attention. If the patient pays, well and good; if he doesn't, then the physician is to present his claim to the department of health, which is to pay the physician three dollars in the case of indigent patients.—N. Y. Sun.

LATEST CAPES FOR WOMEN.

Costumes Will Be Elaborately Decorated with Passementerie Lace.

Autumn hats will be fashioned of Manchon braid, which is really a cylinder of felt. It can be sewed into any shape, and consequently made becoming to all faces. Stiff felt hats will not be in vogue. Hats of gray will be trimmed with white and harmonies in violet, mixtures of green and black, gray and rose color will also be in evidence. Beige color will be fashionable, especially in the soft Tyrolean shape, with a wide band of gros grain ribbon around the crown and a bunch of quills. The new models are considerably smaller than those worn this summer. Low crowns are in favor, and toques are slightly smaller than they were last year, and most of them are turned up abruptly on one side. Velvets and fancy woven material lace and soft silk will be used for puffed toques. Velvet will be much used as a trimming, and plumage of all kinds will be much in demand. The ostrich plumes will be deemed the smartest. Jet and lace will be employed on many of the handsomest hats. Capes will be larger and a little fuller. The collars will be cut in one piece with the garment. Braiding is used extensively as a decoration for these graceful garments. A dainty cape cut on the new lines is built of soft gray, braided with a little darker shade in a simple but effective pattern, and lined with rose pink taffeta. Braided with silk cord numbers among the latest fancies of fashion. Still another new braiding is to be used on short jackets. It consists of an outline of silver or gold braid.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Served a Double Purpose.

A certain young widow of Indianapolis, who has just changed her weeds for brighter hues, gave a dinner party not long ago. The rooms were decorated with a great profusion of flowers. Roses in masses were on the mantels, and the dinner table fairly blossomed; in fact, the abundance of flowers was unusual. One of the guests could restrain her curiosity no longer, and, when the dessert was brought in, said:

"Well, Mrs. Blank, you're rather spreading on the flowers to-night!"

"Yes," replied the fair widow brightly, "but to-morrow I am going to take them out to Crown Hill and put them on poor Tom's grave."

A regular "13" shiver went round the table.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Curried Tomatoes.

Wash a cup of rice; add a teaspoonful of curry powder and salt to a quart of stewed tomatoes. Put a layer of the tomatoes in the bottom of a baking dish, then a layer of rice, and more tomatoes and rice until the dish is full. Sprinkle the top with bread crumbs and bits of butter, bake in a moderate oven for half an hour, and serve in the dish in which it is baked.—Household.

Concise Answers.

Sunday School Teacher—What did the angel do to Zacharias in the temple?

Bertie—He made him dumb.

"And when the prophecy was fulfilled what happened to Zacharias?"

"He was made undumb."—Judge.

WILD CATTLE IN ENGLAND.

The Breed Preserved in a Few Jealously Guarded Herds.

There is some doubt concerning the original stock from which the few jealously preserved herds of wild cattle are descended. Some authorities believe them to have sprung from imported animals turned feral, but the weight of opinion favors the theory that they are descendants of the magnificent beast described by Cæsar. Whatever their ancestry, the breed of white cattle is of high antiquity. The great nobles recognized that the wild ox must not disappear before the steady increase of population and the destruction of the forests which sheltered him, and we owe it to their exertions that the species survives. Considerable tracts of forest land, with the game they carried, were inclosed by royal license, and special laws were enacted in the interests of the animals so preserved. The penalty for poaching in one of these inclosed parks was three times as severe or savage as that inflicted upon the unfortunately killed game in a natural forest. After interviewing with a camera the comparatively pacific beasts in the cattle sheds at the "Zoo," I am inclined to think that the poachers in parks which contained wild cattle must have been few. The man who, with a bow or spear, essayed attack upon a herd of wild cattle in large captivity would rarely have required from the hands of his fellow men afterward more than burial.

There are only seven herds now in existence. Thanks to the initiative of the British association, a very interesting and valuable report on these was prepared some ten years ago. The oldest herd is that of Chillingham park, in Northumberland. The park was originally inclosed about 1200, or possibly earlier. It now covers 1,100 acres, exclusive of woodland, and the famous Chillingham herd numbered in 1886 60 head. Chartley park, near Uttoxeter, in Staffordshire, was inclosed somewhere about the middle of the thirteenth century; the last published account of the herd it contains appeared in April, 1895, when the total was 43 head. Cadzow park, Hamilton, N. B., occupies a portion of the old Caledonian forest, in which the Bruce is said to have hunted wild cattle in 1320; there are no records to show when Cadzow was inclosed. In 1886 the herd consisted of 60 head. These three parks must be regarded as distinct from others, inasmuch as they are the original areas inclosed as sanctuaries for wild cattle, or, at least, portions of the original areas. The Kilmory inclosure, at the head of Lochgilphead, was denuded of the herd it had sheltered for centuries in 1886, when G. W. Duff Asheton Smith purchased the remaining 32 head and transferred them to Vaynol park, near Bangor, where he had 14 years previously founded a herd with 22 animals from Kilmory. The Lyme (Cheshire) herd, established in the fourteenth century, ceased to exist in 1885. The Someford herd dates back only a couple of hundred years or so, while those at Blickling and Woodbastick, in Norfolk, are offshoots from the now extinct Middleton herd. In addition to the herds mentioned, some 12 or 13 others have dwindled to extinction within the last hundred years.

Although the survivors are descended from the same stock, certain herds present distinctive characteristics, which, unfortunately, the owners aim at preserving. It is unfortunate, because the system of inbreeding with these small groups of cattle must bring about depreciation in size and stamina, and, within measurable distances of time, result in extinction. The Chillingham cattle, for example, have boldly up-curving horns, red muzzles and are red inside the ears; the Chartley cattle have spreading horns, and their muzzles and interior of their ears are black.

Let it not be supposed that the calves of wild cattle are always white; man's agency, "artificial selection," has produced the "wild white ox," and the uniformity of color is preserved by the slaughter of calves which outrage tradition by entering the world in a coat other than pure white. The Somerford herd is an exception; these "wild" cattle are polled, they are domesticated and are not necessarily white, the herd including animals blotched and flecked with black and brown.—London Sketch.

Don't Touch Wires.

The standard maxim of the electrician: "Never touch a wire; it may be dead, but if it ain't, you may be," is generally followed, so far as actually touching the wire with the hand is concerned; but several recent accidents have taught the public that they must be just as careful to avoid contact between electric wires and any conducting material held in the hand. Not long ago a mechanical engineer who was inspecting the third-rail system at Hartford, accidentally touched the conductor with his umbrella, which had a steel rod. The umbrella was badly burned, and its owner had a lesson in electrical conductivity that he will not soon forget. A similar incident is reported from a New Jersey town. Two brothers, standing arm in arm, were looking in a window, while one held an umbrella. He raised it a little, and as the steel tip came in contact with an arc light wire above, a shock was received that knocked both men over. In another accident, the issue was fatal. A man carrying a steel-rod umbrella touched a live wire, which was lying almost out of sight near the edge of the pavement. He was instantly killed. His hand was burned to a crisp, and there were livid marks all over his body. The umbrella had transmitted the full power of an electric lighting circuit.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

For His Wife's Sake.

"Hurry, dear," said Mrs. Cawker to her husband, "don't you think you ought to get your life insured?"

"Yes, dear, I do. I'll get measured for a policy to-morrow."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

PASSING OF LORD FAUNTLEROY.

The Mother Tried to Be Brave When the Golden Curls Fell.

The scene was in a Ninth street barber shop and the time was a morning earlier in the week. The "tonsorial artist" nearest the door had just called out "Next!" when there entered a very pretty young woman leading by the hand a four-year-old boy, with long, golden ringlets. He was a manly looking little fellow, and his hair was just the shade of the young woman's, although she looked almost too young to be his mother.

"Are you the man who cut this little boy's bangs last time?" she asked.

"Yes'm; want 'em cut again?"

"No, not this time. I want his hair cut short all over. And won't you try to cut each curl off separately, for I want to send some of them out of town and one to his grandmother."

She had a pasteboard box in her hand in which to take away the gold that was more precious to her than any that has come from Klondike. She said she wanted the little boy's hair cut. It was probably the lad's father who wanted it; she had only acquiesced.

Several of the ebony-hued artists gathered around to watch, while the lad took his seat in a big chair, as proud as Punch, for he was to be a "mother's little Lordy Fauntleroy" no longer. He smiled, but there was a suspicious tremor about his mother's lips as she took a brush, and for the last time curled his beautiful ringlets about her slim and tapering finger.

Snip, snip! went the scissors, and one by one the curls were carefully laid away in the box. Before the last one was gone the young mother was huddled up in the bootblack's chair crying as if her heart would break. There was no doubt now that she was the child's mother. He was a baby no longer. It was much more comfortable for the child, and it was time it was done, and all that, but just the same he would never be mamma's little baby again, and she could not see the wealth of falling gold for the tears in her eyes.

Not a man in the place smiled, and even the "Shine, mister," seemed to see a bit of pathos in the scene. The barber over in the corner had to stop a moment while the man he was shaving wiped a sudden tear from his own eye. The man, gray-haired and somewhat crusty, was thinking of a lock of gold tucked away in the back of his desk in a busy downtown office, and his memory had gone back to the time when he tucked that strand beneath his blue soldier's blouse and with musket on his shoulder had started for the front.

"Next!"—Washington Star.

Heavy-Weight Woman Awheel.

A very fat woman, who was learning to ride a bicycle under the tutelage of a very thin young man, succeeded in cutting a wide swath in the vicinity of Broad and Federal streets recently. After the woman had barely learned to mount she wriggled out into Broad street and succeeded in crashing into a triplet wheel, sending the riders in a heap among a very nest of wheels. Fortunately no one was injured, but there was blue air in abundance. The thin man and a policeman finally dragged the woman and her bicycle to the sidewalk, and she was about to laugh, when her eyes rested on what remained of her wheel. The handlebars looked like a corkscrew, the lantern was as flat as a pancake, and the wheels seemed to be twisted in all directions. This, together with the remarks of a few rude youngsters, who suggested that she could carry ice with it and keep cool, only added to her ire, and she was finally requested to move on, so that the sidewalk could be cleared. She moved.—Philadelphia Record.

Fads of the Season.

Cloth skirts are much worn with blouse waists of the same color, and such costumes are effective in the extreme.

Tucks may fairly be said to be the trimming of the hour, for almost every gown shows some, and many are tucked from the throat to the hem of the skirt.

The latest addition to the up-to-date wardrobe is a skirt or costume of black taffeta, and once its comfort as well as elegance is realized the demand is certain to be extensive. The silk is light in weight, sheds dust with ease and is altogether delightful for summer wear.—Chicago Record.

Escalloped Potatoes.

Pare and slice potatoes very thin, put a layer into a three-pint cooking dish, then a layer of cracker crumbs, with butter, pepper and salt on each layer. One medium-sized onion, minced fine, may be sprinkled on every other layer, if onion is liked. The last layer should be cracker crumbs, with a generous supply of butter on top. Bake two hours and serve hot. Cold boiled potatoes can be used in place of raw ones.—Ladies' World.

Transposed.

Mrs. Scribbles—I believe the butcher is knocking at the door with his bill, Ferdinand.

Scribbles—Tell him I am sorry, but I've just paid the rent and am short.

Mrs. Scribbles—But it may be the landlord, Ferdy.

"Well, then, tell him I'm sorry, but I've just paid the butcher, and am short."—Boston Traveler.

Broiled Steak.

Wipe a steak with a clean, wet cloth, take a piece of fat to grease the gridiron; broil over a bright fire four or five minutes; turn often; put on a hot plate, season with pepper, salt and a little butter and serve very hot.—Leisure Hours.

A Sunstroke.

"Why, Jimmie, what was that yelling I heard from your backyard this morning?"

"It was a sunstruck case, ma'am."

"A sunstruck case?"

"Yes, ma'am. I'm the son."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

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" Hot Springs	"	1 20 "	1 20 "
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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6, 1897.
To the Editor of The Republican.

Activity at the headquarters of the Republican National Committee is a new thing in connection with state campaigns, but it is expected that the results in several states this fall will show that it is a good thing and will hereafter continue right along. It is certain that the documents now being circulated by the National Committee can be handled with more advantage in Washington than anywhere else, and in is needless to say that the machinery of the National Committee makes their distribution easier and more thorough than it would otherwise be. The National Committee is not having anything to do with managing the state campaigns; it is merely looking after the proper distribution of literature bearing upon the national policy of the Republican party, leaving the management exclusively to the state committees.

President McKinley is back in Washington, but will only stay a few days. There are several more or less pressing matters which he wished to be discussed by the Cabinet and disposed of, and he also wished to have a talk with Consul General Lee, who is also in Washington, about matters in Cuba. As soon as these things are done he will go away again for a short time. While it has not been definitely settled where he will go, it is probable that he will go to New England and that he will stay about two weeks. He is looking very well, but he laughingly remarked that he had not succeeded in getting much rest while away from Washington. He is too good natured to refuse to see people who call on him or to refuse well-meant courtesies extended to him. That's why he finds it difficult to get rest, either in or out of Washington.

The business of the Post Office Department is an infallible indicator of the business of the country. The business of 30 of the largest post offices of the country has been found by long experience to fairly represent the business of the entire department, and the business of those 30 offices was 8 per cent. greater in August of this year than in August of last year, and five per cent. greater than in July. The Post Office officials are all ready to testify that prosperity is right here.

Secretary Wilson having became satisfied from the success of experiments made that the camphor tree will thrive in Florida, and that we can grow enough to supply all the camphor we use, has arranged to have the tree thoroughly introduced in that state, through the department of Agriculture. He also intends to specially encourage the growth of the English walnut tree, which he thinks will do well anywhere south of the Potomac river. There is longer any doubt about the success of Secretary Wilson in making the Department of Agriculture practically assist the farmers of the country, by pointing out to them feasible means of increasing their incomes.

Secretary Gage has gone so far as he has authority to go in his efforts to save those who are rashly trying to push into the gold regions of Alaska from the starvation he has become satisfied, from trustworthy reports sent him, awaits them when they reach there. Agents of the Treasury Department have been instructed to stretch every law and regulation to its extreme limit to keep men away from the Klondike until next Spring; also to use their powers of persuasion upon the gold hunters and to show them official communications showing the utter indequacy of the supply of food on hand to feed those who are already in the Klondike regions during the coming long and hard winter.

Although this country has no reason to expect trouble with Spain, or with any other power, it is not unlikely that the unsettled condition of affairs in Cuba had something to do with the decision of the Navy Department to keep the North Atlantic squadron, which has recently been through a very successful season of sea drill, target practice, etc., together all winter and to keep the vessels composing the squadron in the best sengoing condition. The squadron will this week rendezvous at Fort Monroe, and will later go to New York. The fact that this government has this strong squadron of fighting ships ready to proceed to sea at a day's notice, will, of itself, have a good effect upon our foreign relations with all countries, and the men and ships will get better practice together than they could get with each ship going it alone.

Of Interest to Fruit Growers.

There is a law in this state which prohibits nurseries from bringing or sending their stock into the state without an inspector's certificate. It is a protection to our citizens to prevent the delivery of diseased stock. You should ask the delivery agent if the stock bears the inspection certificate. If not have them burned.

Yours truly,
JOHN A. WOLF,
Agent Chase Nurseries, Geneva, N. Y.
Oakland, Md., Sept. 13, 1897.

On July 15, 1897, W. B. Alwood, horticulturalist and entomologist to the West Virginia agricultural experiment station wrote as follows: "Our state is being flooded with the San Jose scale from New Jersey and Maryland nurseries, but not a case on record yet from New York.

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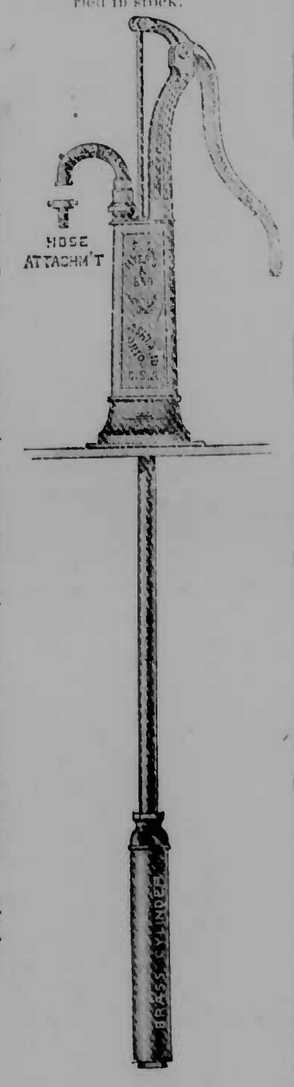

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, May 16, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily		2 49 A. M.
No. 3—Daily		6 28 A. M.
No. 71—Accom daily except Sun		9 28 A. M.
No. 47—Daily		1 26 P. M.
No. 53—Express, daily		5 55 P. M.
No. 1—Daily		10 01 P. M.

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily		5 50 A. M.
No. 2—Daily		9 41 A. M.
No. 72—Accom daily except Sun		5 18 P. M.
No. 46—Daily		1 13 P. M.
No. 4—Daily		12 29 A. M.
No. 14—Accommodation		10 12 A. M.

Train No. 53 makes no stops between Oakland and Grafton. No. 47 makes all stops.

D. B. MARTIN,
Manager of Passenger Traffic.
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EASTWARD		STATIONS		WESTWARD	
No. 3	No. 1			No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.			Noon	P. M.
3 08	8 00	lv	Cumberland	ar 12 10	17 30
3 29	8 29		Rawlings	11 51	7 11
3 52	8 52		Keyser	11 08	6 28
4 05	9 05		Westernport	10 55	6 25
4 09	9 09		W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	6 18
4 37	9 35		Shaw	10 24	5 50
5 02	10 00		Harrison	9 56	*5 25
6 15	10 55	ar	Elk Garden	9 00	*4 19
5 15	10 55	lv	Gorman	8 21	4 51
5 42	10 42		Bayard	9 19	4 49
5 51	10 51		Dobbin	9 09	4 39
6 27	11 27		Thomas	8 38	4 10
6 55	11 55	ar	Davis	7 55	3 15
6 30	11 31	lv	Coketon	8 31	4 01
7 07	12 01		Hendricks	8 00	3 30
7 07	12 07		Bretz	7 53	3 23
7 10	12 10		Parsons	7 50	3 20
7 45	12 45		Kerens	7 15	2 45
8 00	1 00	ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	12 30
	1 30	ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
	3 05	ar	Beallington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.			A. M.	A. M.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

P. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1897. NUMBER 29.

POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

"THE Republican party is responsible for the prosperity which we have with us. I make the assertion from the standpoint of a business man."—Mark Hanna.

THE Ohio Senatorial contest is expected to cut an important figure in determining the control of the U. S. Senate during the next two years.

As goes Ohio so goes the Senate.

WILL Mr. Bryan please stop over in the cotton States en route to Mexico and "explain" how it is that our cotton crop this year has increased $25,000,000 in value while silver has fallen 20 per cent.?

So Argentina proposes a retaliatory duty on our kerosene, pine, and farm implements. Well, as the value of those articles sent her last year amounted to only about one-sixth of the value of the wool and hides she sent us, our farmers will be willing to keep the bars up if she desires.

"STAND by the Administration of William McKinley. That is the only salvation of our country. By indorsing and standing by the Administration you will spare this nation further attacks from those who preached anarchy and arrayed class against class a year ago."—Senator Hanna at Burton, Ohio.

THE corn crib will have to do its full share of duty this year. Advices from abroad indicate that every bushel of wheat that we can spare will not be sufficient to meet the demands, and that our corn crop will be drawn heavily upon for good supplies. As to silver—but then Mr. Bryan says we must not talk about that.

SECRETARY of Agriculture Wilson is a busy man these days. Besides looking after the progress of sugar-beet culture, the exportation of American butter, and the introduction of leguminous food plants all over the country, he is now arranging to introduce the camphor tree in the Gulf States. It is evident this is a business administration.

WILL ex-candidate Bryan kindly devote a part of that $1,500 Ohio speech to telling the farmers how it is that Ohio XX wool, which sold in New York at 17 cents a pound one year ago, is now selling at 26 cents in that market? Here is an increase of more than 50 per cent. in price when silver was falling 20 per cent., and no "famine" to charge it up to, either.

"WHAT does W. J. Bryan say now? He tries to explain that silver and wheat are on diverging lines because of a famine abroad. Only a few States are interested in silver mines and the price of silver. Compare the few mine owners with the million of farmers and wheat-growers and who are interested in the other side of this question."—From Senator Hanna's speech on the opening of the Ohio campaign, Sept. 11.

"THIS talk of these gentlemen about prices and accidents and this recrimination about dead and buried speeches show them to be still groping about among the underbrush, while sensible men are standing on the mountain top and beholding the earth to the very horizon's edge. The view may not be of the whole round earth, but it is better than the view from the jungle."—From Speaker Reed's answer to William Jennings Bryan.

THE theory of a close relation between prices of silver and farm products has recieved another back-set from the recent statements of the value of cotton crops. The increase in value in the United States this year compared with two years ago is fully $30,000,000, although the quantity produced is much less. When it is considered that silver has fallen 20 per cent. in value meantime, it is hard to imagine how the silver theorists explain this advance. They haven't the cry of "a famine abroad" as an excuse in this case.

THE "iron barometer" is showing some gratifying conditions in business, commerce, and manufacture in the U. S. One year ago the average weekly output of pig-iron was only a little above 100,000 tons per week, now it is reaching nearly 200,000 tons per week. This shows more about the business improvement of the country than columns of wailing about "temporary prosperity due to famine abroad." Iron now enters into so vast a number of industries — the fencing and machinery for the farm, the rails and cars and engines for the railroads, the frames for great buildings, tin-plate for roofs and for manufactures, ships that sail the seas and rivers, and thousands of other articles —that an increase of nearly 100 per cent. in its output is a striking proof of the general business improvement.

THE statistics of the cotton crop for last year show it to have been 8,757,964 bales. It has been sold for about $350,000,000, or something more than the total volume of the greenback currency. This is more than five times the value of the annual silver product of the country. What folly is it then for cotton-growers to think that their prosperity depends upon "doing something for silver," when all the silver produced in the country would not buy one in five of their cotton bales!—N. Y. World (Dem.).

At no time since the close of the civil war have the prospects of the Republican party in the south been as bright as at present, after the large defections from the Democratic party to populism, and the increased development of manufacturs in the principal States south of Mason and Dixon's line. To the student of American politics it must seem somewhat surprising that Kentucky and Maryland, two Democratic strongholds, should have Republican governors, and that in Tennessee at the last Presidential election the Republicans should have polled 45 per cent. of the total vote in the State, while they had 36 per cent. of it in Georgia, 52 per cent. in West Virginia, 46 per cent. in Virginia, and 47 per cent. in North Carolina, besides polling 167,000 votes for McKinley and Hobart in Texas, a State in which the Republican vote in 1884 was only 57,000; in 1888, 88,000, and in 1892, 81,000.

"WHAT a striking resemblance there is between 1886 and 1897 and the years of our Lord 1878 and 1879! In 1878 the air was resonant with denunciations of the wicked men who would not issue all the greenbacks which a suffering people demanded. Samuel J. Tilden declared that only a vast central reservoir of coin could protect us against the failure of the proposed return to specie payments in 1879. The farmer was at his worst, ruined, destroyed, eaten up by taxes and usury. Down almost to the very day of resumption the croaking came with dismal and damnable iteration. When the 1st of January came no crowds thronged the Sub-Treasury corridors. Hardly a greenback was presented and we got back to the currency of the world without a movement or a jar. From that moment prosperity began." —Speaker Reed in New York World, September 12.

THE Populists in the Farmers' National Congress were badly defeated during its sessions. "Calamity" Weller, of Iowa, introduced a resolution for a restoration of free coinage of silver. This was reported unfavorably and rejected. Then came a resolution favoring the prohibition of "private monopoly in public necessities," even to the extent of the exercises of the right of eminent domain and the acquirement of such necessities by the State. On a call of States a three-to-one majority against the resolution was developed. Another financial resolution was similarly disposed of after a short discussion to avoid filibustering, which had been resorted to by the Populists. Later in the day the Populists were again "turned down" on the final report of the committee on resolutions. Resolutions were adopted commending the Secretary of Agriculture for his efforts in behalf of the dairy industry; favoring government inspection and grading of butter for export, and the reduction of official salaries; providing for a committee to report a plan for co-operation between the States for the prevention of the spread of contagious diseases among domestic animals. Resolutions introduced by Mr. Laucks favoring the income tax, government control of telegraph and telephone, the prohibition of corporate ownership of land for speculative purposes, and the initiative and referendum had been turned down in committee, and Mr. Laucks had made a minority report in each case. He was allowed to speak in support of each of the resolutions, and then the congress overwhelmingly sustained its committee.—New York World.

John Griffin, of Zanesville, O., says: "I never lived a day for thirty years without suffering agony, until a box of Witch Hazel Salve cured my piles." For piles and rectal troubles, cuts, bruises, sprains, eczema and all skin troubles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. Oakland Pharmacy.

KLONDIKE GOLD FIELDS.

Many Hundreds of Gold Seekers are in the Muddy Mountainous Passes

LEADING TO THE NEW EL DORADO.

The Vanderbilts Visited the Country and Now the Goulds are Taking a Hand In the Fight for the Precious Yellow Metal.

TACOMA, Sept. 14, 1897

The readers of these letters will observe, if they read the daily newspapers closely, that hundreds of people could have saved themselves thousands upon thousands of dollars if they had followed the advice of those who are in a position to know and had kept away from Alaska and the Klondike this fall.

In a limited way the mountain passes are kept open all winter. The United States mails have to be carried in and, too, the Canadian government proposes to carry letters in and out of the country at intervals all winter. But the men who carry the mails pack only enough supplies to sustain them. If they had to carry a year's supply of food they would not be making a trip every three months to Klondike. Still, as a matter of fact, the United States does not deliver mail to "Klondike" or Dawson City. It cannot carry mail into foreign countries, and that is the reason why the postal authorities of the United States and Canada have prepared a joint delivery for the new gold fields. At present the United States mail carriers of Alaska work under contract. They are paid, as a rule, about $600 for a round trip from Juneau to Circle City. They travel with dogs, and only the toughest mountaineers can stand the journey in midwinter. Even among people who live in the mountains and prospect all the year around in Alaska the going and coming of the mail carriers is looked upon with wonder and amazement.

And yet, from the bushel of letters that come to the Klondike Information Bureau here one would imagine some of the wise people of the East believe it is only a little jaunt from Tacoma to Dawson City even in midwinter!

Another thing, these mountain passes you hear so much about are not perpendicular walls a thousand feet high. They can all be crossed at the proper time. The trouble up there at present is, however, that four or five thousand people are trying to get over the passes "out of season." Their motto has been "Klondike, this fall, right away, quick, or bust!" And without exactly saying "I told you," it will be found, by reference to one of my very first letters, that I turned prophet—a very dangerous business—and said it would be a cause of "bust" in most instances so far as reaching Klondike this fall is concerned.

The people who start next February will have a fresh supply of provisions, they will find the passes in good condition for hauling sleds and they will get to Klondike before half of those who rushed pell-mell up against the mountain passes this fall and got stuck in the mud of Dyea and Skaguay. For the benefit of those who read these letters I will make a trip to the mountain passes in a few days. The round trip can now be made from Tacoma to Skaguay, Dyea and Fort Wrangle in a little over a week. A few weeks ago a party of New York society folk visited Skagway and Dyea as one of the great sights of their trip around the world. Among the party were the Twombly and Sloane sons-in-law of the Vanderbilts. They enjoyed the trip immensely, and would not have missed it for anything on their itinerary. One Sunday they were at Skagway among struggling ant-hills of Klondike miners, and next they were monarch of all they surveyed in Yellowstone National Park.

So, it pays sometimes to be sons-in-law.

But it is, indeed, remarkable how people's heads get turned by gold. A woman walked here the other day from Cape Flattery to go gold hunting. Her husband had deserted her and their three children, and she preferred wading streams, sleeping in the forest primeval and tramping 200 miles to go to Klondike to remining on the ranch where her improvident spouse left her. She hopes to make money cooking Klondike meals even if she cannot dig gold with a spade. Again there is Dr. Depew, president of the New York Central railroad. He has taken a hand in the Klondike game. He will not swing a pick or shovel out the gold-laden gravel, but his place as an officer of a Klondike development company will have the effect of causing many young men of the country to conclude that if Klondike is good enough for the long-headed Dr. Depew it is good enough for them, and the next their fond parents and best girls know they will have joined the now endless caravan that threatens to keep the mountain passes open all winter. The Goulds have also taken a flyer at Klondike, and there may yet be crowded into that corner of the earth enough heavy-weights to cause scientists to figure on the possibility of it causing a slight wobble in that direction.

A hundred people or more, however, have been straggling back from Skaguay and Dyea during the past few days. They will not remain to swell the number at the diggings, but will work their way home as quickly as possible and toast their shins before warm Eastern fires this winter. Many of them are not to blame for attempting to get over the passes this fall. Unscrupulous men who wished to sell them outfits aided in getting them started. Others were urged on by the statement that those who advised them not to go in this fall were interested in "hogging" the diggings. They understand now that the advice given at Tacoma was disinterested, honest advice. But "there are others," many, many others, who have been disappointed. Some 200 tried to get to Dawson City via St. Michaels and the Yukon river by paying $300 for transportation aboard the steamer Bristol and the river boat Eugene. These 200 people came from all corners of the United States, and each and every one of them ought to be spanked for thinking of depending on old flat bottomed boats like the Eugene to get them any place—except the Davy Jones' locker. And yet some of them took passage on the old tub! Still by making inquiry among reliable citizens any Eastern man or woman can obtain reliable information here about men as well as boats. But those unfortunate passengers from aboard the Bristol and Eugene seem to have taken everything for granted and plunged ahead. They didn't go far. The Eugene sprung a leak before she got fairly out into the ocean and had to return. The Bristol could not proceed as she could not get her passengers up the Yukon river. All hands had to face about—they should be thankful that they were not drowned—and their time is now occupied demanding that their $300 fare be returned.

In view of the unfortunate ending of this expedition it seems very wise and considerate, indeed, to find the citizens of Tacoma establishing a permanent "Klondike" committee, whose duty it is to advise strangers, without making any charge therefor or accepting any compensation for the same, regarding ways and means of reaching the Alaska gold fields. Thus far no unworthy vessels have been permitted to leave Tacoma for Alaska, and strangers have not only been assisted in making suitable purchases, but have been directed in many ways that have proved very beneficial to them. Other Northwestern cities are now following this good example, and hereafter Klondikers arriving from the East without adequate knowledge of the country will find no difficulty in getting posted by simply making themselves known to reliable citizens or the "Klondike committee."

Klondike committees, or reliable informants, are certainly needed by a large proportion of the men and women who want to go to the Klondike and are actually preparing to do so in the spring. Perhaps your next door neighbors are among them, as letters inquiring about the gold fields come from every nook and corner of the United States. A number of women of some means will outfit boats and sail away to St. Michaels or Skaguay or Telegraph Creek. Telegraph Creek, by the way, is a comparatively new name. It is on the line of the Hudson Bay Company's old trail to the interior of Alaska and the Stikeen Pass, which is entered at Telegraph Creek, and bids fair to be much traveled next season. There are no mountains to climb on this trail, and horses driven over can be taken right down to Dawson City.

Gold hunters should travel in parties of from four to ten. It is cheaper and more satisfactory. Parties are forming here daily for the start next February. One party, which is building its own boats and barges for the Yukon, will include 200 people. It will require a letter by itself to explain how these parties form and how expenses are divided. I may as well take that important subject up in my next letter, but I will state in advance that the best of friends, who become members of Klondike gold-hunting parties, frequently quarrel and act just like little girls when they have a hitch with their playmates and impetuously declare: "I'll never, never speak to you again as long as I live."

THOMAS SAMMONS.

SOME RAMBLING THOUGHTS.

BY "NEMO."

[Copyrighted by Frowe & Tabor.]

TO THE RELIGIOUS:—The great sin of the good and the weakness of the strong is this:—that having gained a glimpse of the truth they demand that others shall see eye to eye with them. Hence come disputings and warrings between those whose energies instead of being directed against each other, should be unitedly propelled forward into the real battle, the battle against indolence and selfishness in human hearts.

* * *

What absolute nonsense it is for anyone of us to claim perfect knowledge of any subject, or to announce that we have at last discovered a subject that has only one side to it. And mark you this:—the chief sinners in intolerance are those who ultimately are found to have the narrowest conception of a subject. These are they who dwelling in grimy coal mines, deny the existence of sunshine and trees; or who rattling in their narrow cells of thought like empty milk cans in a wagon, by their noisy protestings drive from them those whom quiet thought would reach. Their view of life and God is narrowed down to the range of their own short-sightedness, and they live and die content to be ignorant of the infinite breath of an infinite Creator whose works to justify him and whose vastness is only comprehended in tiny fragments by the best of us.

* * *

How dare anyone of us stand up to utter the whole of God's truth and then place little limitations on it? We dare it because we are so small and so narrow that we scarce can see ourselves. Great men welcome to the great army of world-betterers, all who from profound purpose and a realization of their own importance as created parts of the univers, throw out all the powers they have if by any means they can improve some. It is the narrow and shrunken men, who as self-constituted toll-gate keepers along the highways of life demand of us the surrender of this and that coin of thought if we would traverse their section of the road.

* * *

There will of necessity, by the constitution of men's minds, always be those who, holding certain views, will flock, settle, or fly together like swallows in Autumn. But even granting this there is no more need of antagonism between them and their neighbors than between different regiments of the same army. If you want some really pitiful reading, take up Sir Walter Scott's "Old Mortality," and see how the Covenanters harassed by their oppressors, snarled and snapped at the hands that would have aided them, so that, at the last, whatever advantage might have been gained from armed resistance to Claverhouse and others, was absolutely disregarded and lost to them forever. If you need further proof of the horrid stupidity of squabblers who, blind to a common danger, insist on triumphs over one author, read Josephus and his account of the fall of Jerusalem. You will concede it to be, in all likelihood one of the most frightful stories in human history, where, in sight of a danger that threatened to engulf all in ruin, the sects flew at each other in unexampled fury and slew of their own people until resistance to the foe outside the walls was no longer possible. The abuses of human rights, the torrents of human blood, the wrenching asunder of all human ties by those who insist on agreement with themselves makes dreary reading; but it is one of the chapters of the human record and must be read if, in order to appreciate the heights possible in our nature, we must comprehend the depths to which it can sink.

* * *

It is so frightfully human to flee persecution and then lay the iron hand on those in turn who do not agree with us (our New England history sadly confirms this) that even though we concede that days of more liberality have come, yet each of us must look within to watch for symptoms of illiberality. It is easily nurtured, and its influences spring at once into vigor, if we criticise this or that work for good. The world is a great harvest-field, and therein grow by different methods of work the various crops that keep life in the body of man. The world of thought is equally wide, and its crops even more diversified. The world of moral effort no one can measure in its influence, and over it and its multifarious activities sits the Lord of the Harvest who, being able to further the efforts of the negro and his corn, the South Sea Islander in his cassava, the Hindoo in his rice, has not His power shortened so that he cannot reap from diversified methods in the doing of good.

* * *

Do I urge an angle of loose beliefs? Not by any means. Grow more and more intense in what you believe, if you will, but leave other workers alone, for they are watched by a wiser than thou. Let your test of a good man be by his energy in living out his beliefs, and having found in him the ring of the true metal of good purpose that has brought us onward hitherto, turn that super-abundant energy that might in other days have been wasted in convincing him by force, into exertions to awaken those who sleep, to energize the weak who do not believe anything and therefore have nothing to work for.

First fight the enemy outside the gates of wholesome useful life, and then—*not till then*—will you need to settle the trifling questions within. Make your life a protest against selfish sloth, and you will in some degree show just how high human nature can rise if we do but "hitch our chariots to the stars."

Though o'er the veil of nothern night
The myriad stars are flung
Yet clear above, to other's sight,
The Southern Cross is hung.

So must we feel when questions rise
Of details great or small;
Though other eyes see other skies,
God's love is over all

Communicated.

[The following letter was received at this office from Mr. George L. Michaels, district assessor for Bloomington district, and is published in these columns without comment.—EDITOR.]

To the Editor of The Republican.

I crave space in the columns of your valuable journal for the following statement of facts:

When I took up the schedule of the Davis Coal and Coke Company for adjustment, I found that there had been no valuation placed upon the coal underlying the tract of land called "Rectitude," containing 272 acres, it being listed at $6 per acre, which is not surface value. This is the tract of land that the said company is shipping coal from at the rate of 300 to 400 tons per day. I proceeded to act upon the best information obtainable from the persons acquainted with big vein coal, and raised the valuation to $150 per acre all through the whole tract, from which appeal was taken to the board of control and review.

While the appeal was pending I was requested by letter to call at the office of the vice president to explain why certain items on their schedule had been raised, which call I obeyed, and at that time and on former occasions I urged the officials to place a proper valuation upon their coal, but was informed by a company official that they had been instructed by certain attorneys to say nothing about coal in listing their land. At this time my attention was called to a report made for the company by Mr. Randolph before the purchase of the mines by the Davis Coal and Coke Co., showing the general condition of the part of mines then working, and estimating the amount of coal to be twenty-five acres solid. Said report also referred to an old or abandoned working wherein was the greatest value by reason of numerous pillars left standing, and a large amount of outcrop surrounding said abandoned mine, together with about twenty-five acres of gas coal over said mine. The company is now working the gas coal and are also opening the old working to get the pillars and outcrop.

The time for the hearing of the appeal came. Several witnesses appeared before the board of control and review with maps, etc., and testified that there was not more than seven acres of solid coal and not more than an acre of "black" coal in the mine, and that the surface was worthless for pasturage or anything else. Upon this evidence, which was all on the side of the company, the board reduced the assessors' valuation from $40,800 to $2,640. The board assessed the company with seven acres of solid coal at $150 per acre and the remainder of the tract of 275 acres at $6 per acre, making the above amount of $2,640, thus keeping from the books $38,160 without calling the assessors, as provided for in the act of 1896. The vice president of the company intimated to me at the above mentioned interview that they would be willing to pay taxes on twenty-five acres of coal according to the report of Mr. Randolph, and asked me to accompany him to Oakland at the time the appeal would be heard, and would give me notice of same, which he failed to do.

Mr. Editor, I have trespassed upon your valuable space to make the above statement in justice to the assessors and tax-payers. I am informed that the president of the late board of control and review publicly charged on the streets in the town of Oakland last Tuesday that the assessors had assessed the Davis Coal and Coke Co. with what they did not possess at the time the assessment was made.

Now as to this charge I acted upon the information of the company's own people. One individual, an expert, in a report to the company put the amount of coal at seven hundred and fifty thousand tons, and said that was low as others had placed the amount at a million tons and over, which I believed to be nearer correct than Mr. Randolph's report, which places the amount at twenty-five thousand tons.

I demand as the matter now stands an early hearing in the case.

GEO. L. MICHAELS.

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MRS. BASCOM'S THINGS.

BY CAROLINE H. STANLEY.

IT WAS the day before Mrs. Bascom's sale, and the accumulation of 40 years was waiting for it.

Forty years is a long time—long enough for the rootlets of a human heart to strike deep and take firm hold. Mrs. Bascom was thinking this as she walked around the yard for the last time. She stopped by a branching maple and laid a caressing hand upon it.

"We planted this tree that first spring," she said, softly, to herself. "It wasn't more than a foot high—and we've grown here together ever since. Ah, me! It's hard to transplant old trees."

But there was no help for it. She knew that. When Col. Bascom died it became absolutely necessary to break up the home. John, the only son, lived near, but he could not give up his nice new house to go back to the old place. Sally, the daughter, lived in St. Louis. Her husband was a prosperous merchant, and, of course, moored. So there was nothing left for Mrs. Bascom but to "break up" and live with her children.

The question of where, Sally had settled in her own decisive fashion.

"Of course mother will live with me," she said. "The daughter—not the daughter-in-law—is the proper one to have the care of the parents when they are old."

Mrs. Bascom shrunk a little at this frank avowal of filial obligation. She was an active woman of 60. She had not thought to need "caring for" for ten years or more.

Her daughter-in-law was sitting next to her. She took the withered hand in hers and stroked it gently.

"As Sally says, a daughter has the first claim," she said, tenderly; "but I am sure mother knows that we would be glad to have her." And somehow Mrs. Bascom felt comforted.

Sally settled the details of the breaking up in the same summary manner. It was her way of doing things.

"We'll just make a clean sweep, mother," she said. "There's nothing worth saving, and we'll sell them all."

Mrs. Bascom was taking things out of the bureau drawers.

"Don't you think I'd better take the bureau with me, daughter?" she asked, a little anxiously. It was a mahogany chest of drawers without casters.

"Oh, my, no, mother! I wouldn't have that lumbering old thing around for anything. I have a handsome antique oak dresser in your room, and a chiffonier to match. You'll have all the drawer space you can possibly use."

Mrs. Bascom was opening and shutting the empty drawers aimlessly.

"I've had this bureau 40 years," she said, as if to herself. "We bought it when we went to housekeeping. I suppose it is a little old-fashioned"—there was a touch of wounded feeling in her voice—"but it was considered a fine piece of furniture in its day. The top drawer was father's, and the second drawer was the one I kept my baby clothes in. I can just see John's little linen cambric shirts, trimmed with thread edging, now! Sally, it seems like I would hate to sell this bureau!"

"I'll take it, mother, and keep it for you," said Lizzie, quietly.

"Why, Lizzie," remonstrated her sister-in-law, "you haven't any room for it."

"I'll make room," said Mrs. John Bascom, a little curtly.

The old lady was not much help. Every article in the house was full of tender memories to her, and as she went from one to another, sitting a moment in "father's chair," and touching this thing and that, she was clearly giving a good-by to them all. Such a hold inanimate things will get upon the affections!

"You wouldn't have any use for this new rag carpet, would you, daughter?"

"None in the world, mother."

"I didn't know but you might put it in the back part of the house. I took a heap of pains with this carpet, and nearly the last thing father did was to bring it home from the weaver's. He took such an interest in it when I was making it, father did. You don't think you'd better put it down in my room, do you, Sally?"

"Oh, no, mother; it wouldn't be in keeping with anything in the room. And then I've just put down a new body Brussels. I don't feel that there is anything too good for my mother," affectionately.

Mrs. Bascom smiled back bravely, but she looked wistfully at the carpet, after all.

And so it went.

The things were all sold; and when Mrs. Bascomb started for St. Louis with her earthly belongings packed in a new trunk, she was a stripped and desolate an old woman as ever swallowed her tears and smiled. It was as if a grapevine had been prepared for transplanting by carefully shaking the earth from its roots and clipping its tendrils nearly away.

They did not hear from her often. Sally had said she would have all the time there was now to write letters; but letter writing—for pleasure—had been crowded out of her busy country life, and when leisure came she was too old to form a new habit.

Mrs. John Bascom went down to St. Louis at the time of the fair, nearly a year after the breaking up. She stayed three weeks.

The night she came back she had a plain talk with her husband.

"John," she said, in answer to his inquiries, "mother is dying of homesickness! She never makes a complaint, but she is just as unhappy as she can be—I know she is."

"Why, Lizzie!" John Bascom raised a shocked face. "You don't mean that Sally isn't good to mother!"

"Sally is just as good to mother as she can be; that is, she is as good to her as she knows how to be. But, John, Sally has no more understanding of old people's feelings than I have of—French art! It is like this: Sally wants mother to have an easy time; so she takes her out of an active country life, full of cares for other people, and puts her in her own far-away city home, where there is not a familiar object, and where she has absolutely nothing to do.

"Then she expects her to be happy. And it isn't in human nature to be—at least it isn't in old people's nature.

"I wish you could see mother's room, John—Brussels carpet, lace curtains, elegant rugs and a folding bed. And mother is horribly afraid of that bed—thinks she is going to be folded up in it some night. She wanted Sally to give her a bedstead, but Sally said this matched the set and was perfectly safe. So poor mother goes to bed in fear and trembling every night.

"Then, of course, it has a mattress; and mother says she gets so cold in the night that her bones just ache, and she lies there and thinks how good it would feel to have the feathers come up around her back. Isn't that pitiful, John? You know she always slept on feathers. I spoke to Sally about it and told her I would get you to send her feather bed right down. But Sally was quite stiff about it—said she didn't think it best for mother to sleep on feathers—it was not healthy.

"And then the next day she went downtown and bought a down quilt for mother's bed—paid $20 for it! Wasn't that more like her? Sally wants mother to be happy, but she wants her to be happy in her way.

John Bascom blew his nose vigorously.

"But, John," continued his wife, "it isn't just the home things that mother misses—it is the home feeling. Without meaning to do it, Sally never lets her lose sight of the fact that she is living in her house. Old people like to potter around and feel that they are of use. Sally never will let mother do a thing. She says the servants are there to do the work, and she wants her to rest. And so she rests till she is tired to death. She says she just longs sometimes to get hold of a dishpan full of dishes.

"One day I was sewing in her room. She began cutting the scraps into carpet rags—from sheer force of habit, I could see. 'I've been doing this all my life,' she said, when I laughed, 'and I forget. It's second nature, I suppose, and I love to do it. I have a nice lot of white rags that I can't bear to throw away, because they would make somebody such good carpet rags.' 'Get them out,' I said, 'and sew them for my carpet. They are just what I need.'

"John you ought to have seen how interested she was. In ten minutes we were in the midst of billows of rags and an animated discussion of dyes. Just then Sally walked in.

"'Why, mother,' she said, 'what in the world are you doing?'

"'I'm just making some carpet rags for Lizzie, daughter,' mother said, deprecatingly.

"'I think I wouldn't do that sort of work here,' she said. 'The fuzz gets in the carpet so, and Lizzie doesn't really want them, I know.'

"You ought to have seen mother's face change—every bit of interest faded out of it. I felt so provoked at Sally. She put the rags away, and said: 'I won't do it if you think I'd better not, daughter. I hadn't anything else to do.'

"And, John, Sally went down the next day and got a table cover, and some rope silks and filoselle, and I don't know what all, and gave them to mother, and told her she thought she would find that much nicer than sewing rags. And so poor mother, whose hands are trained to knitting and darning, and mending, is laboring now with filoselle, and yearning for carpet rags!"

And John Bascom's heart was yearning for his mother.

"Lizzie," he said, with a man's helplessness, "what can we do?"

"I've thought it all out, John."

John brightened. He had great confidence in his wife's resources.

"We'll write and ask mother to come and spend the winter with us. I arranged that before I left. And then if it is as I think, and mother is happier here than there, we'll just keep her—and Sally can't help herself. In that way it will all be pleasantly settled and nobody will have any feeling."

How easy and natural it seemed!

"I'll go down and get her myself," John said. "I am going to Jefferson City next week, anyway."

And so it was settled.

A few hours later, as Mrs. Bascom was sinking into slumber, his wife, wide awake, asked: "John, who bought mother's old 'Evening Star?'"

"Why-y, Mr. Sam Driscoll, I think. I'm not sure. The book would show."

A week later John Bascom started for St. Louis. He was to be gone four days. They were busy days for Mrs. Bascom. They had decided to give up the bedroom downstairs, and she was "fixing it up." "Old people don't like to sleep upstairs," she had said.

During the week she had made sundry trips in her buggy; and after Mr. Bascom was gone she had started off with the "big wagon" and the hired man. When she returned one would have thought she was going to start a second-hand furniture store.

The afternoon of the fourth day drew to a close. Lizzie was putting the finishing touches to the room.

"They'll be here in a minute," she said. "I'll just have time to loop these curtains, and then it will be all done;" and she looked around approvingly. Well might she approve. It was the facsimile of Mother Bascom's old room.

On the floor was the rag carpet that "father took such an interest in"—bright as when it was made. It had been on Lizzie's darkened spare room.

In one corner was the old mahogany bureau, and in the other a walnut bedstead with high, soft feather-bed and homemade counterpane. Near the stove stood an old, old washstand painted to imitate mahogany, with a grayish mottled top supposed to represent marble. There was a hole in it for the bowl. Over by the window was a small cherry table. A worn copy of the Testament and Psalms lay on it.

It was a chilly afternoon in early November and a cheerful fire crackled in—was it?—yes, it was really—Mrs. Bascom's old "Evening Star." Two chairs were in front of the stove—one, a low split-bottomed rocker, painted green, the other a big brown wooden one. It was "father's chair."

Lizzie had looped the last curtain and was surveying it critically. "Dotted muslin would have been prettier," she said, "but the bleached cotton was what mother had. And here they come!"

They let her rest awhile in the sitting-room before taking her to her room. When she entered it her eye fell on the carpet.

"Why, Lizzie!" she said, "ain't this my carpet? Why"—she was looking around the room now—"Lizzie! these are my things—that were sold. Where did you get them?" Her voice was tense and almost stern.

"I bought them back, mother. They were all in the neighborhood, and everybody was glad to let me have them when they knew what I wanted them for. I thought you would feel more at home if you had them—don't you like them, mother?" a little anxiously.

Mrs. Bascom had dropped into a chair and covered her eyes with her hand. She looked up now with tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Like them?" she said. "Why, child, I've just longed for these things. I didn't know how my heart was bound to them, or I never would have let them go. I've tried to make myself feel how childish it was, and I never told a soul how I felt; but, oh, Lizzie, I've been so homesick for my things!"

She went from one thing to another with the delight of a child.

"How good that bed will feel this winter!" she said. "And here's my little stand table, too, and—Lizzie, ain't that my Testament?"

"Yes'm. It was in one of those drawers when the table was sold, and we never knew it."

"And Sally thought she had hurted it up! She bought me a nice Oxford Bible, with a lot of maps and Paul's missionary journeys in it; but when people get old they don't seem to care so much about studying the Bible as about reading it. And this has so many passages marked. Here's the text Sister Ann's funeral sermon was preached from—and father's—and my little Henry's! Oh, I'm glad to get this Testament back!"

"Mother," said John, "I hope you haven't forgotten how to knit. I've been thinking how good a pair of your warm socks would feel these cold mornings."

Mrs. Bascom turned eagerly to her daughter. "Is there any yarn in the house, Lizzie?"

"Maybe I can find some," said Lizzie, mendaciously. They had bought some the day before in anticipation of this. "I'll look to-morrow."

"I'll have you a pair by the last of the week, son. I've seen the time when I could turn off my sock in a day, but I reckon I'm a little out of practice now."

"John, you needn't put mother at work quite so soon. I want her to help me with my blue stripe first."

"Haven't you colored that stripe yet?"

"No'm. I don't know how."

"John," said his mother, briskly, "get me some Parisian blue to-morrow, and we'll go right at it." Filoselle had been hard to manage, but she was on familiar ground now.

Lizzie went about her supper after awhile, and the two were left together.

"So you like it, do you, mother?" said John, seeing her glance rest lovingly on the familiar objects.

"John," she said, brokenly, "I don't feel like I could ever leave this room."

His hand closed on hers.

"You never shall," he said. "This is your home from now on"

John Bascom went to town the next day and did not return till nearly night. When he came in he went directly to his mother's room. The door was ajar. She was sitting in the twilight, rocking gently. Under the table was a ball of finished carpet rags. She had been reading, and the open Testament lay on her lap. A gray sock, well down into the leg, had slipped to the floor.

She did not hear him. She was singing softly, to the tune of Hebron:

"Thus far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far His care prolongs my days,
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace."

It was her old twilight hymn.

He closed the door gently and went to Lizzie.

"Yes," she said, when he told her about it, "mother's had one happy day, anyway. I can see that she is glad to get back to the old neighborhood."

"Lizzie," said John, suddenly, "how did you happen to have that yarn here? You don't knit."

"How did you happen to want yarn socks?" she retorted. "You don't wear them."

Then they both laughed.

"What do you suppose mother said about you last night?" he asked.

"What did she say?" said Lizzie, curiously.

"She said: 'John, you have a good wife, and she's got a heap of feeling.'"

"And what did you say?" she asked, archly, but with brimming eyes.

"I said: 'She has so,'" he answered, emphatically.

And then John Bascom did what he did not often do except when he came home from the St. Louis fair—he kissed his wife.—N. Y. Independent.

Claiming the Credit.

"It is really remarkable," said Mr. Meekton, "to note how many eminently successful men were regarded as stupid when they were in school."

"Yes," replied his wife, in a significant tone, "and the most interesting point is that most of them did not begin to acquire any reputation for being smart until after they were married."—Washington Star.

Unsympathetic.

"I have no home," the loiterer sighed.
The doughty millionaire replied:
"If you had one, 'twould make you blue—
What the assessor did to you."
—Washington Star.

INCONSOLABLE.

Mrs. Mulhogan—Shure, an' did yez hear about Missus Grogan cuttin' av her t'roat?

Mrs. McNulty—I did thot; an' I understhand Mr. Grogan is near crazed wid grief.

Mrs. Mulhogan—Yer roight, he is She tuk his bist razor to do it wid.—Up-to-Date.

Well Looked After.

"Brooks," said Rivers, "you ought to do something for that cold of yours. A neglected cold sometimes leads to serious consequences."

"This cold of mine isn't neglected," crossly answered Brooks. "Five or six hundred of my friends are looking after it."—Chicago Tribune.

Cause of Monotony.

Editor—Mr. Paragraph, I wish you wouldn't write so many jokes about men who can't pay their bills; they are funny enough in a way, but so many of them are a little monotonous. Can't you get your mind on some other subject?

Mr. Paragraph (thoughtfully)—Perhaps I could—if I had a little larger salary.—N. Y. Weekly.

Uncle Allen's Opinion.

"As to the claim that ice cream will cure the hiccoughs," said Uncle Allen Sparks, "my experience with several young nieces convinces me that the only thing ice cream will cure is the craving for ice cream, and it only does that temporarily."—Chicago Tribune.

One Insulted the Other.

"I am poor but honest," he began, when the other interrupted him.

"You can leave off half of that," he said.

"Do you mean that I am not honest?"

"No I mean that you are poor."—N. Y. Journal.

The Wise Physician.

Watts—Is Dr. Pilze as good a physician as Dr. Bowless.

Potts—I don't know, but I know Bowless doesn't think so. He always turns his practice over to Pilze when he is called out of town for any length of time.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Characteristic Cry.

First Summer Girl—You should have slept with me last night, Tess. The man in the next room kept hollering "Cash! Cash!" all night long in his sleep.

Second Summer Girl—Wonder which he is—dry goods clerk or foreign nobleman?—Puck.

All Hold Lost.

"I seem to have lost all hold on him," she wailed.

The other married lady looked sympathetic. "You are not referring," she asked, "to his having shaved off his beard?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Mistaken Economy.

"I didn't wear my best hat, for fear the rain would injure it."

"Well?"

"When I came home, however, it was a perfect wreck just the same; my cook had worn it."—Detroit Free Press.

A VOICE FROM THE POLE.

Santa Claus—See here, now, this won't do! Not only is Mr. Andree invading my privacy, but there's a whole crowd down there making off with my private treasure. I've used that Klondike lode this thousand years for Christmas watches, rings, bracelets and what not. I'll have to stick up some signs: Keep Off the Ice!"

Naturally Insulted.

"May we have the pleasure of your company this evening, colonel?" she asked.

The colonel drew himself up haughtily and replied with every evidence of offended dignity:

"Madam, I command a regiment."—Chicago Post.

A Recipe.

Dick—One is so apt to lose sight of one's friends.

Harry—That's not necessary. Mine stick to me with touching fidelity.

Dick—How do you manage it?

Harry—Oh, I borrow money of them.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An Appropriate Correction.

A local poet indited a sonnet to his sweetheart, entitled "I kissed her sub-rosa." The compositor knew better than that, and set it up in printer's Latin: "I kissed her sub-nosa."—Tit-Bits.

The Utility of Athletics.

Benton—What's the use of all this athletic business in college life, anyhow?

Fenton—It makes the graduates who can pass the mental examination eligible for the police force.—N. Y. Truth.

Not Exactly.

"Well," said Mr. Poindexter to Mr. Clingstone, as the latter got off the train on his return from Washington, "are you the appointee?"

"No; I am the disappointee," replied the office seeker.—Judge.

Apparently Prosperous.

Gadby—I hear that Jorkins has started a sausage factory.

Rugby—Yes.

Gadby—How's he getting on?

Rugby—Making both ends meat, I guess.—N. Y. Journal.

A Prediction.

Waiting for prosperity all along the line!
Waiting for the sunlight of the better days to shine!
The sluggards like to miss the golden glories when they burst;
The man who advertises is the man who'll see them first.
—Washington Star.

Quality and Number.

"That shoe, madam," said the urbane clerk, "is A1."

They were also 3's, but the sale was made.—Detroit Free Press.

A General Break.

Mrs. Hoyle—What was all that noise nt your house this morning?

Mrs. Doyle—The servant broke some of the china and then my husband broke one of the commandments.—N. Y Truth.

Lodge.

"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness—"
These were the muttered words we caught—
"So vast my wife would have no means of knowing
If there were really such a lodge or not."
—Detroit Journal.

PROOF POSITIVE.

"That we had a good time I remember well; but I didn't know I'd enjoyed myself so much."—Ally Sloper.

Conversational, Perhaps.

Her lips seemed made for kisses, nothing more;
But, now I know her better, I can see
That they have possibilities galore,
And marvelous adaptability.
—Puck.

Hints for the Household.

"Mamma, why do recipes always say to keep jellies and preserves in dark places?"

"So that little boys like you will be afraid to go where they are."—Chicago Record.

A Clash at Arms.

"Well, Bobby, have you had a pleasant day?"

"Yes'm; me and Jack took our three pups an' went over t' play 'th Billy Perkins' four cats."—Detroit Free Press.

In Chicago.

"O, mamma," the beautiful girl exclaimed, "he adores me so, and he is so noble and handsome, and—"

"Yes, my child."

"And he brings such lovely references from his last wife."

Mother and daughter mingled their tears of joy. Presently they grew somewhat calmer and were able to speak of trousseaus and things.—Detroit Journal.

An Expert.

Dunmore—I'm surprised that you call Flabler an expert accountant. What ground is there for paying him such a compliment?

Didmore—He's just got away with $100,000 of his employer's money.—Roxbury Gazette.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomachs receive it without distress. 1-4 the price of coffee. 15c and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Height of Impropriety.

"Do you know," said the girl in blue, "while we were sitting in the hammock, and just as I thought he was about to propose, a garter snake suddenly appeared."

"How indelicate!" returned the girl in pink.—Chicago Post.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

The measure of manhood is the degree of skill attained in the art of carrying one's self so as to pour forth upon men all the inspirations of love and hope, and to invoke good even from the meanest and wickedest of mankind.—W. D. Hillis.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Mistress—"What in the world are you puting ashes on the floor for, Bridget?" "Shure, ma'am, an' didn't yez say to doost the parlor?"—Brooklyn Life.

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Is taken internally. Price 75c.

It is difficult to disappoint a man that has no ambition.—Ram's Horn.

Piso's Cure cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. Cady, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1894.

Boarding-School Teacher — "And now, Edith, tell me the plural of baby." Edith (promptly)—"Twins."—Tit-Bits.

THE CHIEF THING

In Maintaining Good Health is Pure, Rich, Nourishing Blood.

The blood carries nourishment and furnishes support for the organs, nerves and muscles. It must be made rich and pure if you would have strong nerves, good digestion, sound sleep, or if you would be rid of that tired feeling, those disagreeable pimples, eczema, or scrofula. No medicine is equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla for purifying the blood. It is a medicine of genuine merit and will do you wonderful good. Try it now.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

There is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee.

The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee.

It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Try Grain-O!

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FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

HOME MEASUREMENTS.

Sister measured my grin one day;
Took the ruler and me;
Counted the inches all the way—
One and two and three.

"Oh, you're a Cheshire cat," said she.
Father said: "That's no sin."
Then he nodded and smiled at me—
Smiled at my three-inch grin.

Brother suggested I ought to begin
Trying to trim it down.
Mother said: "Better a three-inch grin
Than a little half-inch frown."

—Nell Kimberly McElhone, in St. Nicholas.

THE CHESAPEAKE MILL.

Building Made from the Timbers of a Famous Battle Ship.

In St. Nicholas there is an artiele on "The Chesapeake Mill," by William Abbatt, accompanied by a picture of the interesting old building, probably the first one ever printed. Mr. Abbatt says:

If there is a naval fight in our history about which every schoolboy ought to know—to use an expression of which historians are rather fond—it is the sea fight between the man of war Chesapeake and the British Shannon, off Boston harbor, on the 1st of June, 1813. It has been so often told that I will not tell it over again except in the briefest way. The Chesapeake was captured, chiefly or altogether through the mutinous conduct of part of her crew, who refused to work the cannon on her lower deck at all. Capt. Lawrence and Lieut. Ludlow were killed, or, to be exact, the captain died of his wounds four duys after the loss of his ship, and the Shannon took her prize into the harbor of Halifax, where her arrival caused the greatest rejoicing.

The dying words of Lnwrence, as he wns carried from the deck, "Don't give up the ship!" have been familiar to our boys and girls for more than 80 years. It is these words that make the combat most memorable. They are a good motto in every trouble of life. Don't give up the ship—don't despair, lose heart, surrender, but take courage, and, like Gen. Grant, "Fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

With the Chesapeake's entrance into Halifax harbor all trace of her disappears from our smaller histories. Some years after the war of 1812 was over, the English naval authorities decided that the Shannon was useless, and had her broken up. I think, if they realized

OLD CHESAPEAKE MILL.

how much romance was in after years to attach to the story of the fight, they might have kept the old ship in repair, as Admiral Nelson's old Victory has been preserved. The Chesapeake was sent to England, where she must have been the object of great interest; but in 1820 she, too, wns taken to pieces. This was probably done in the harbor of Southampton, for her timbers were sold to one John Prior, the owner of a flour mill in the little town of Wickham, near Southampton. He pulled down his mill, and used the great beams of the Amerlean frigate in building a new one. The great deck timbers, 32 feet long and 18 inches square, served for floor beams in the mill, and the smaller ones for uprights, all without being cut or altered in any way. Of course many of them were full of the shot fired by the Shannon in the fight, and the shot are there still.

THE SNAIL'S TONGUE.

It Is One of the Most Wonderful Things of Nature.

A snail's tongue is really one of the most wonderful things in nature, and if larger animals were endowed with as destructive an apparatus in the way of a tongue, in comparison to their size, it would be a dreadful thing.

A snail's tongue is literally a saw, and a handsaw at that. It is long and covered over the entire surface with teeth so minute that 30,000 of them have been counted on a tongue. The tongue is kept coiled up and only about a sixth of the length used at a time. When the teeth of this sectiou become dull another section is uncoiled and used. This is kept up until the entire tongue has been used, when it is coiled up again, and a fresh start made, for the teeth on the mused part have in the meantime grown to be as sharp as ever.

The roof of the mouth is as hard as a bone, and any substance that is to be cut is drawn between the tongue and this hard roof and literally sawed or rasped off.

A man with a knife could hardly trim off a leaf and leave a cleaner or straighter edge than the snail leaves, and there is nothing of the proverbial slowness of the snail in its work.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

The Strength of Shellfish.

If the human being possessed strength as great in proportion as that of shellfish the average man would be able to lift the enormous weight of 2,976,000 pounds, pulling in the same degree as a limpet; and if the man pulled in the same proportionate degree as the cockle he would sustain a weight of no less than 3,106,500 pounds.

BRIGHT CHICAGO BOYS.

They Have Discovered a New Way to Fly Their Kites.

Several North side boys have discovered a great scheme for flying their kites. Instead of running with a string and getting all ont of breath one of the boys starts the kite und then hands the string to a companion who is mounted on a bicycle. He pedals off at a good speed, and up goes the kite, twice as fast as it would ordinarily. Another boy has designed a simple little reel for

NEW WAY TO FLY KITES.

the handle bar of his bicycle. On this he winds the kite string and pays it out over his shoulder while his wheel is in motion. He has been experimenting with this new device, and he thinks he has made a valuable discovery. Let some of our other boys try this method of kite flying and report how it works. —Chicago Record.

BURIED THE SNAKE.

How Prairie Dogs Disposed of an Evil-Disposed Reptile.

In conversation with a gentleman who has just made a trip through western Indian territory I picked up something new and interestiug to me in regard to the habits of the prairie dog and rattlesnake. This party said that a few weeks ngo, while restiug under a small tree in the territory where there was a dog town, he noticed a commotion among some dogs near him; they would run up to a place and peep at something and then scamper off. Looking to see what was the matter, he saw that there were nbout 15 to 20 dogs around a rattlesnake, which at length went into one of the dog holes. As soon as he had disappeared the little fellows began to push in dirt, evidently to fill the hole up, but about the time they got enough dirt to cover the entrance the snake stuck his head up through the dirt and every dog scampered off to a safe distance, all the time keeping up an incessant barking. The snake slowly crawled to another hole about a rod distant and went in, and then up came the dogs again and went to work to push the dirt up before them to the hole. This time they succeeded in their enterprise and completely covered the entrance to the hole, and then went to work, using their noses to tamp with and pounding the dirt down hard, after which they went away. My friend went to the place and said he was surprised to find they had packed the dirt in solid with their noses, having sealed the snake well to the ground.—Forest and Stream.

KITES PUZZLE BIRDS.

Amusing Experiences of Scientists While Making Experiments.

Many amusing experiences have been the lot of the scientists who have been manipulating kites for scientific purposes. Large birds are always interested in the strauge devices floating in the air and cannot make out quite what they are.

No bird, however, has ever alighted on a kite or attacked one, says the Chicago News. While one scientist was flying a train of five kites a couple of years ago, a large silver-tipped eagle came suddenly out of the higher air and swooped round and round the first kite, looking against the sunset sky like a huge silver ball. As the train of kites was pulled in the eagle followed, visiting one kite and then another, seeming uncertain just what to do. In a few minutes, when he seemed to have decided that they were not good to eat, and he knew nothing about them anyway, he indignantly flew off and was lost to view.

Another experience was had with a stork that came from the New Jersey side of the Hudson and flew straight for the queer object in the air. He apparently had made up his mind to go straight through it, but changed and dived underneath. He went around and above it, and through a glass it could be seen that he cocked his eye at the intruder in a most comical manner. He started away a few hundred feet, changed his mind and came swooping back. He finally reluctantly went nway, mystified over this queer addition to the inhabitants of the air.

A Neat Little Experiment.

If one wishes by means of a simple optical illusion to obtain an almost perfect imitation of the wonders of radiography he may take a small turkey feather, and, holding it close to the eye, look through the radiating ribs at the end of the feather at the ends of the fingers of his hand, held ngainst the window. The flesh will appear to be transparent, with the opaque bone running down in the center, as shown by true radiography. If gas light is used, a piece of ground glass must be held before the flame, to diffuse the light.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Travels of the Eye.

Has it ever occurred to you to reckon how far your eyes travel in reading? A million letters in ordinary type would measure hardly more than a mile placed side by side. In a lifetime the average reader wends his way through 2,000 miles of print. The average novel of 300 pages contains one mile of reading.

More Wisdom.

"What is an old-fashioned patriot?"

"Well, he is a fellow who doesn't believe that baseball ought to go ahead of statesmanship."—Detroit Free Press

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Jefferson City, Mo., has come to the front with a Courthouse Watermelon club.

—A peach 13¾ inches in circumference was raised in McMinn county, Tenn., this season.

—Snake-hunting about Rockwood, Tenn., Will Tedder killed in one day one old snake and thirty-one young ones.

—Until August 3 Grand Sole, La., had had but two showers since April 14. Wells had gone dry and vegetation was withering.

—One of Wichita's leading physicians is liable to be called to active service in the German army in case of emergency. He is on a life furlough from the army.

—One of the visitors to the Tennessee centennial was a Rutherford county man, 81 years old, who, until his trip to the Nashville exposition, had never been on a railroad train.

—The Santa Fe railroad has selected a full-blooded Indian as station ngent at Wilmore, Kan. He is C. H. Bookout, who once worked as a section hand on the road, but learned telegraphy and educated himself in English.

—Children of New Orleans are having great times shooting improvised chutes made of boards, down which they slide in wooden boxes, first greasing the chute well with lard or tallow candles. These chutes are put up in the back yards.

—A Wichita man has invented nn appliance which he says is to be attached to brooms used in hospitals. It is a tank to hold disinfectants, and is arranged so that the stroke of the broom feeds the liquid to the straws, distributing it regularly as the broom is drawn over the floor.

—Great numbers of red oak trees in the region of Long Beach, Miss., have been mysteriously withering in a day and apparently dying. The only guess made as to the cause is that in this stage of the sap flow the trees are unable to withstand the drought which has marked the season there.

THE CHEEK ELEPHANTS.

Queer Feature of an American Claim Against Siam.

A crisis seems to be at hand in the affairs of the Cheek estate. Within a few weeks there must be decided whether aid will be given to the heirs of the deceased tea king, or the last hope of something being gained in the suit against the Siamese government abandoned.

But there is one difficulty which confronts the men who have thus far taken charge of the case for the heirs of Dr. Marion A. Cheek. When the Siamese government, in behalf of its claim that it should compel payment of the interest on its loan to Dr. Cheek, seized all of his property and confiscated the main portion of the assets, the logs in the streams, it allowed to be dissipated this portion of the estate. Lying in the streams awaiting transportation to market were logs to the value of 800,000 ticals, or nearly $500,000, but there was no care taken to preserve these assets of the American, so when it came to a settlement there was not enough to pay the claims of the government. As a result the government at once laid claim to the herd of 76 elephants of Dr. Cheek.

Soon after this came the death of Dr. Cheek. The administrator of the estate found himself in a most peculiar position as regards the principal assets in the hands of the representative of the dead lumberman, those 76 elephants. An elephant is not the least expensive of luxuries when he is purely one. The counter claim of the Siamese government, set up to prevent the sale of the elephants, operated at the same time to prevent the leasing or pawning of the beasts. And they were being fed and tended and literally "eating their heads off." Now it is found that there is not available enough money to send counsel to prepare the case for final submission.

Unless the state department will agree to have Minister Barrett hire an attorney, taking a lien on any judgment obtained for the expense, there seems to be a hard road before the estate in its efforts to collect damages for what is considered a most outrageous confiscation of the estate of an American citizen. — San Francisco Chronicle.

The Vogue in Winter Millinery.

Certainly if there had been any doubt of Henry of Navarre being forgotten it would be dissipated by the fact that on the head of almost everything feminine there waves, this autumn, his historic white plume. It stands up as bravely as possible. In addition, feathers of all shades obtain, although they have not driven either flowers, ribbons, velvet or spangles out of the field. The shape preferred is the one most becoming to the individual. Furs, especially sable and chinchilla, are fashionable garnitures, and rich velvets and silks are draped over soft frames, producing wonderfully effective results. Purple is still holding the imperial sway it has for three years, although a wonderful deep red is a close rival to it, while royal blue, silver gray, black and white, white and black, all black, and all white obtain. Brilliant buckles and pins are used to fasten flowers and plumes to position. Indeed, wherever an effective bit of color or brightness can be artistically arranged, there it is in evidence.—Isabel A. Mallon, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Protecting Their Interests.

It was at the summer resort where there was only one young man.

"That young woman is wonderfully popular," said the middle-aged mnn.

"What makes you think so?" inquired his wife.

"All the other girls are crowding to the station to bid her good-by."

"Oh, they aren't really going for the sake of bidding her good-by. They want to make sure that she doesn't carry nwny the engagement ring."—Washington Star.

TREE ABSORBS A BRAIN.

Singular Freak of Nature Discovered in California.

There is a tree over on Bay Farm island, that little addition to Alameda, into which a man has grown. The tree apparently has absorbed the brain of a man into its sap veins, and the men who made the discovery now regard the tree with a superstitious awe as if it were partly human.

The tree is an ordinary fir tree that has been growing for at least half a century. Some time ago Frank Silva, who lives upon the island, was digging at the foot of the tree, completing a trench which ran just at the base of the tir. As he was working away among the roots that impeded his work he turned up some human bones. The unearthing of a skeleton is always interesting, and Mr. Silva directed his search for the rest of the bones. These he located after a little work, and he found a complete skeleton.

The bones had been buried for a long while, for they were denuded of every vestige of flesh and were bleached and white. From the position in which the bones were found it was very evident that the body had been tumbled into the grave without much ceremony, for it was found face down and in a crouching position, as if the body had been hurriedly thrown into its last resting place.

Upon exposure to the air, the bones fell one from another, though they did not crumble into dust. They were all carefully removed from the hole save the skull, and Mr. Silva made an effort to remove that. But he found it impossible to bring it from the position in which it lay, because one of the roots of the fir tree at the base of which it lay, had grown entirely through the skull. It was found necessary to chop the root away entirely before the skull could be removed. The root had penetrated a crack in the skull and had forced its way through the head and out at the opposite side.

When it dawned upon Frank Silva that the tree had grown through the skull and had actually absorbed the brain of a man into its wooden trunk he regarded the tree with awe. He has since refused to allow the tree to be cut in any way.

Deputy Coroner Smiley, of Alameda, took charge of the remains, though no inquest was ever held.

"The skeleton was undoubtedly that of an Indian," said Mr. Smiley. "The bones were found on the south shore of the island, about 15 feet from the bank, beneath a fir tree that has been a landmark on the island before the first settler planted his asparagus bed. The skeleton was in a crouching position and covered by the roots of the tree, while clear through the skull a root almost as thick as my arm had grown. It was necessary to use a hatchet to remove the skull.

"It is my opinion that the fir tree has been growing on the island nearly half a century. The bones had probably rested beneath the tree 40 years. It may be that one of the Indians, who were the original inhabitants of the island, was murdered and buried near the young tree. I cannot understand how the root could have penetrated and grown through the skull unless there was a hole in it. The skull was a perfect specimen when I secured it, except that it had been perforated by the root.

"I am not sufficient of a scientist to express any opinion as to how much of the man, if any, grew into that tree, through the root. You have got to ask some of these scientific fellows about that, but it is certain that the tree must have obtained some nutriment from the brain of that man. It may have changed its form in the tree, but I think the brain was absorbed by the root."—San Francisco Call.

SCIENCE GAINS FACTS.

Prince Luigi's Expedition Answers Questions About Mount St. Elias.

The expedition of Prince Luigi of Savoy to the summit of Mount St. Elias has determined two facts of importance to the scientific world. It has fixed once for all the altitude of Mount St. Elias at 18,120 feet. The figures are subject only to such slight corrections as may change the total 30 or 40 feet either way. The expedition has also answered definitely and in the negative the question so long asked by scientists as to whether or not St. Elias was at one time a great volcano. There is not the slightest indication of volcanic action anywhere. A new glacier was discovered by the explorers from the eminence of Mount St. Elias between the Augusta mountains and great Logan. It takes its course apparently to the sea, and was named by the prince "Colombo."

The route was absolutely unknown. The advance up these glaciers and moraines took 39 days, or until July 4, on which day the prince declared for the entire party a general holiday. At Pinnacle pass was found the first evidence of Russell's expedition in 1891, in the shape of a tent bottom and a single rusty fork.

Finally the foot of the divide connecting Mount St. Elias and Mount Newton was reached with a supply of provisions to last 12 days. The elevation was 8,000 feet. The Americans in the party raised the stars and stripes over the camp in the great hills and Prince Luigi and his party cheered again and again in honor of the flag.

At one o'clock on the morning of July 31 they commenced the ascent of the great mountain. For 11 hours the upward climb was made, and exactly five minutes before 12 o'clock the summit of St. Elias was beneath the feet of the explorers.

When they reached the topmost peak there was neither wind nor fog, and the thermometer was only 20 below freezing. The prince planted the Italian flag on the topmost peak and photographed it. He then cached the Italian and American flags. The prince does not consider the ascent difficult except for the last few hundred feet, which is a solid mass of ice.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

POOR LO AT THE FORGE.

Indian Ornaments Showing Great Skill in Working Metals.

"The majority of persons who view articles of the American Indian worked in metal, as exhibited in the museums of the country, express surprise at the proficiency disclosed," said one of the curators at the National museum recently. Many of the amulets, armlets, buttons and other decorations to be found in the possession of the Indian are of surpassing finish and workmanship. In silver especially are they skilled, and the delicate tracing and outline of the silver decorations are often a source of wonder, even to those most familiar with the red men of the plains.

Among the tribes most remote from civilization—those who have not been brought to agricultural pursuits, but roam over the country as in the days of old—there is to be found scarcely an Indian who does not possess numerous articles of silver, which are worn in lavish profusion. The smallest child in the tribe is robed in skins fastened with silver buttons and otherwise ornamented; indeed, it is a characteristic of the Indian parent to lavish the extent of his wealth on the boy who will be his heir if he survives a life of strife. The beautiful buckskin, which, in finish, is like that of undressed kid, is often heavy with the weight of silver, and even the tiny moccasins of the same skin are adorned with buttons and fasteners of precious metal."

The ornaments of this class of Indian are not of crude workmanship, but are of excellent finish and design. The general conception of the Indian is that of an individual totally, or largely, devoid of invention. There can scarcely be a more erroneous impression. In place of lacking capacities for invention, the Indian, on the contrary, is a person of great inventive genius, and his crude surroundings and the infrequent need of exercising his talents prevent his genius from being developed. In other generations and under other conditions the inventive genius of the Indian was developed to an extent far beyond the modern conception. The mound builders and the cliff dwellers have left monuments which display a genius equal to if not surpassing the originality of the modern inventor.

An attempt is being made by the National museum to eliminate this ignorance of the Indian, as far as it lies in the scientists' power. Consequently, with this work of education in view, the scientists are preparing groups of figures dealing directly with the life and customs of the Indians, and as far as possible forming fac-similes of the home life of the uncivilized man, his code of religious belief and worships, and the aids which he employs in performing the little work which his necessities require. Among the group of figures which have recently been placed on exhibition in the west hall of the museum is one representing the methods employed in working silver into decorations and useful articles.

Among other erroneous impressions concerning the Indian is one that no forge is used in melting metals, but that the slow and rather unsatisfactory method used is simply placing the melting pot in a bed of glowing coals. The exhibit entirely dispels this impression. The first thing to attract attention is a forge, in a crude state, it is true, but entirely adequate to meet all the demands of the native silversmith. The bed of the forge is of clay, on a framework of wood, and is raised a little over two feet from the ground. There are two pairs of bellows, circular in form and fashioned from buffalo hide. A handle is attached to each pair, and they are worked alternately, in much the same manner as hand tricycles are propelled. A steady flow of wind is thus insured.

The Indian seldom melts the quartz. In preference the Mexican dollar is melted and run into molds shaped to his use. At times the coin is hammered to a thin sheet and then pounded into molds or impressions which have been hollowed out in the stone. In this way are the buttons made, the rough edges being smoothed off by continued friction on the hard sandstones.

The use of the blowpipe is also a familiar art, and the eyes of the buttons are attached to the oval button by this means. The lamp is probably the crudest part of the whole exhibit. It is simply a rag covered with a mass of buffalo tallow and placed in an open dish of metal, or on a stone which has been hollowed out for some such purpose. Three of the figures are represented as working, while the fourth, that of a child, is closely watching the labors of his elders and anticipating the appearance of the new ornaments on his already gorgeous dress. The figures themselves are robed in a painstaking way, after the manner of the bona fide Indian, and are covered with the best examples of the proficiency of the race in metal work.—Washington Post.

Death of a Cat Annuitant.

As well as losing Sultan, Paris has just lost her famous cat. His name was Bis, and he enjoyed an income of 10,000 francs. His mistress, Mme. Lelievre, who lived in the Rue Quatre Fils, on her deathbed drew up a will in Bis' favor, and died happy. By French law she could not leave the money directly to Bis, so she bit upon the plan of leaving 10,000 francs to the schools of her district on the condition that her grave should be kept green, and that Bis be allowed to trim his whiskers in peace and comfort as long as he lived. Naturally the bequest was not refused. Bis was placed in charge of a concierge in the Rue du Piatre, between whom and the school managers a contract was drawn up in due form to the effect that the concierge was to receive 55 francs every three months, in return for which she was to take good care of Bis and buy him meat and milk daily. But now Bis is dead, and the schools will get the money.—London Post.

—According to Homer's own account Helen must have been at least 60 years old when Paris fell in love with her.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—At sea level an object 10 feet high is visible a little over 13 miles. If 500 feet high it is visible nearly 30 miles.

—A mole will starve to death in a day or two if not fed. This greediness makes it a most valuable ally against insects.

—It rains on an average of 208 days in the year in Ireland, about 150 in England, at Kozan about 90 days, and in Siberia only 60 days.

—The records of 88 years show that tornadoes have a width of ten to 10,560 feet, a length of truck of 300 yards to 200 miles, and velocity of progression of seven to 100 miles an hour.

—The mole's fore limb is enormously muscular for digging, in which they work with front paws turned edgewise toward the sun and palms outward, working from the median line toward either side.

—Many of the streets of Paris are lined with trees. If a tree dies another of the same kind, age and size is brought from the state forests and put in its place. The cost is tremendous, but Paris is the most beautiful of modern cities.

—More than 6,000 species of plants are cultivated, and most of these have been broken up into varied forms by the hand of man. Horticulturists create new species, and show numbers of cultivated plants of which no one knows the original form.

—The mole's entire body is so shaped that it easily works forward in a burrow. Its nose is pointed and shaped very much like a hoof. He tapers off behind so as to offer a minimum of resistance, and to his exquisitely soft fur the soil does not stick, so that while at work in making his burrow his body is always perfectly clean.

QUEER RACING.

Massachusetts Offers a House-Building Contest as a Novelty.

The latest novelty in races is a house-building race. The only one so far run seems to have come out a dead heat. Recently a real estate company auctioned off a number of lots in Western avenue, Westfield, Mass., and with the idea of booming the neighborhood offered prizes. Five hundred dollars to the first, $300 to the second, was offered the builders of new houses. One of the lot purchasers, a contractor named Rivers, began at once to build. The work was not hurried at first, as there was apparently no competitor. One appeared, however, four days after work had commenced.

A Mrs. Lee was the owner, and night and day men worked on her building. Rivers responded with double gangs of men, and for several days the race went on without a pause until both houses were finished almost exactly together. The Rivers house, which was built in nine days, has nine rooms averaging 14 feet square, is trimmed with hard wood, is wired for electric bells, has a furnace and running water, and is completely painted outside as well as papered and decorated inside. The Lee house is not so complete, lacking a furnace and gas fixtures, but it was completed in five days, thus breaking all records so far as known. Both sides claim the $500 prize. About 20 men were employed on each building and every device known to up-to-date carpentry was employed. Both houses are attractive in appearance and show no sign of haste in construction. During the race the houses were visited by hundreds of people, who cheered on the workmen in the novel contest.—N. Y. World.

A Peculiar Plant.

The English botanist, M. D. Morris, who has made extensive travels through the tropical parts of South America, reports a peculiar plant which, if eaten by mules, horses, donkeys, hogs and other domestic animals, causes their hair or bristles to fall out. The plant is a wild tamarind, and its scientific name is "Caucana glauca." It grows everywhere along the roads all through tropical South America, Jamaica and the Bahamas, and is extensively used as a food for sheep and goats, who are not at all affected by the peculiar nature of the plant.

Horses that eat the leaves of that plant for some time first lose their mane and the hair of their tail, and if they still continue this diet become perfectly bald. Sometimes the animals even lose their hoofs. Hogs lose their bristles and even their soft hair if they are fed on the leaves of the weed for any length of time, but if their diet is changed hair and bristles grow again.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

And What Did the Sailor Say?

"Will you oblige me by holding this ram while I open this gate? It is fastened on the inside, and I find that I must climb over." Such was the remark made by a man standing at a gate in a lonely road, and it was addressed to a stalwart sailor who had just come up. The only other object visible on the long, straight road was the large ram, whose massive, crooked horns were being held by the man as the two stood quite still in front of the gate. "Why, certainly, shipmate," said the obliging tar, as he seized the big horns. "I thank you," the first hobber said, when he got to the other side. "You will no doubt be surprised to hear that I never saw that ram until to-day. The vicious brute attacked me about half an hour ago, and we have been tussling together ever since. As long as you stand before him, holding his horns firmly, he can't hurt you. Good-by. I hope you will be as lucky in getting away from him as I have been."—Odds and Ends.

Oxygen in the Sun.

Following up the researches of two German physicists, who were recently led to conclude that the lines of oxygen in the solar spectrum were not atmospheric, Mr. Lewis Jewell considers that he has proven conclusively that the lines are produced by water vapor in the earth's atmosphere, and that, therefore, the spectroscope does not indicate oxygen in the sun.—Chicago Tribune.

The Republican.

E. C. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1897.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR COMPTROLLER:
PHILLIPS LEE GOLDSBOROUGH,
of Dorchester county.

FOR CLERK COURT OF APPEALS:
ALLAN RITTERFORD,
of Montgomery county.

FOR STATE SENATOR:
ROBERT A. RAVENSCROFT.

FOR HOUSE OF DELEGATES:
GEORGE W. MOON.
WILLIAM H. JACOBS.

FOR SHERIFF:
W. PERRY LEE.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER:
MAHLON GLOTFELTY.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS:
EPHRAIM W. KELSO.
JOHN T. GEARY.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR:
FRANKLIN P. GREEN.

Two Days for Registration.

There will be but two days for registration of voters in Garrett county this year--Tuesday, September 28, and Tuesday, October 5, from 8 a. m. to 7 o'clock p. m. each day. Every Republican voter should see that his name is on the list.

LET harmony prevail throughout the Republican camp.

The Republican County Ticket.

For the past three or four weeks our readers have noticed the Republican nominees' names printed at the head of our editorial page. The gentlemen whose names appear there were nominated in the convention held in Oakland Tuesday, August 24th, after one of the hardest fought battles ever waged in a nominating convention in this county.

The ticket, personally, is composed of the very best men in the county. True there is some opposition to a few of the candidates in some sections of the county, but this is dying out, as it should, if the Republicans believe in a majority rule.

Let the Republicans get together whatever any differences have arisen and work together in harmony for the whole ticket. Lay aside your personal animosities and show to our common enemy, the Democracy, that the Republican party in Garrett county is not divided but that her majority this fall will be as large as ever.

Harmonize! Harmonize! Harmonize!

MR. GORMAN will have a mighty hard job to boss the silver Democrats into support of the weird and wonderful platform "upon which any Democrat can stand." The independent movement in Wicomico county, the outbreaks of the Bryanites in Frederick, in Washington and other counties, and even the lock-box revolt in Baltimore city are no child's play. The Gorman platform means nothing and was intended to mean nothing on the financial issue, but the meaning of the nominations for the Legislature on the Democratic county tickets cannot be mistaken. Gorman wants to go back to the Senate.

Bringing Business to This Country.

The clause in the new tariff bill placing a duty on all baggage exceeding $100 in value may have an effect not contemplated by the advocates of the law, but which will certainly give no comfort to free traders. Before the passage of this law thousands of dollars worth of goods were brought into the country by tourists free of duty under the classification of "personal effects." London and Parisian dressmakers and outfitters derived the bulk of their business from the follies of rich Americans who found the purchase of a round trip ticket a cheap investment when the season came for fitting out themselves and members of their families with clothing and ornaments. Since the new law went into effect, however, individuals are not coming home with forty or fifty trunks packed with foreign goods, and the effects upon the foreigners are being severely felt. One London concern is said to have already lost $50,000 as a result of the law, and is contemplating the establishment in New York of a branch house. Worth, the famous French dressmaker, is also said to be making arrangements to open a large branch on this side of the water in order to hold a valuable trade. The law is thus having the effect of bringing business to this country.

THE fact is that the Republicans have been increasing rapidly in numbers and influence in all the States of the south, particularly in those on the southern border, with the exception of two, South Carolina and Mississippi, in which, by constitutional provision, there is a large disfranchisement of colored voters. The chief cause of this change is the growth of the Populist party, which is a white man's party, and has withdrawn many voters from the Democratic candidates without getting many recruits from Republican ranks. In no Presidential election since the close of the civil war have the Republicans polled so large an electoral vote in the Southern States as they did last year. Mr. McKinley received 12 electoral votes in Kentucky, 8 in Maryland, and 6 in West Virginia, which, with 3 in Delaware, make a total of 29 in what was formerly the solid South. In three States—North Carolina, Virginia, and Tennessee—the contest between the Democrats and the Populists on the one hand and the Republicans on the other was very close, and the severance of friendly political relations between the Democrats and the Populists in these States makes more probable than heretofore Republican success.—N. Y. Sun (Democratic).

Says He Is a Dance.

A. L. Mattingly, of Cumberland, who left Seattle several months ago with a party of gold hunters for the Klondike, has addressed a letter to his father, J. T. Mattingly, merchant, South Cumberland, from Skagway bay, Alaska. He says:

"I know you think I have lost my mind for trying to make the trip to the Klondike gold mines, and I am commencing to think the same, for it is the worst proposition I have ever tackled. I have one consolation, however, in that I am not the only dunce. There are now about 3,000 people on this trail, and plenty of them millionaires.

"There is no such thing as law here, except what we make ourselves, and it is strict. We appoint a committee to make laws and then stand by the committee. If a man steals he is either sent back home or is hanged.

"When our party of nine reached Lake Bennett we bought a boat for one hundred dollars and sent two men to Klondike to do some prospecting for us. We have to go one hundred miles by handboats. We stayed back to get the provisions over, which will last the party one year, averaging twelve hundred pounds to a man. We have twelve horses at work packing, and not one has yet been crippled to any extent. Some sink into the mire until only their heads are visible, but we have managed to save them. We can only go about nine miles a day with 150 pounds to the horse. There are rocks in the trail that we have to crawl over on our hands and knees. The trail is so full of dead horses that a man can hardly stand the smell.

"If we do not get started down the lakes by September 26th we will be frozen in and could not get down at all. The trail is forty miles long, and if we would pay Hire for our packing it would be fifty cents a pound.

"A boat bound for Seattle, bearing four tons of gold, passed here about five days ago. We are now far away from railroads and telegraph. I am writing this letter on a stump in the trail.

"A man always starts in with a Winchester, bowie knife and revolver, but after he carries a pack of one hundred pounds on his back he soon takes off the firearms."

Democratic Primaries.

The primaries of the Democratic party in this county were held in the various districts on last Saturday afternoon. In Oakland the contest was waged between the regulars and the anti-regulars and won by the latter. The meeting was largely attended and the interest great—for a Democratic primary. The anti-Gorman men won by majorities ranging from fifteen to thirty-one, electing Messrs. Norman Barnard, Fred Felty, Edward M. Spedden, Henry Beckman and Martin Carney as delegates to the county convention which is to be held in Oakland on Friday (to-morrow). This delegation will support Mr. D. M. Mason for the State Senate and was elected in his interest without regard to other nominations. Mr. Mason is an avowed anti-Gorman Democrat.

The primaries in the other districts were not very largely attended and very little interest was taken in them except by those who desire to be placed on the ticket.

GOVENOR LOWNDES' STAND.

He Will Support, Cordially, Malster and Other Republicans.

In an interview on Sunday with a staff correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, Gov. Lowndes said in speaking of the political aspect of Maryland:

"The State will elect the Republican ticket this fall. There is too much at issue to permit any other result. It is the duty of all Republicans to exert every effort to defeat Gorman, and I believe the Independent Democrats will join in this work, and together they will strike out the possibility of his re-election to the United States Senate and the further possibility of his nomination for President in 1900 on a free-silver platform. The co-operation of the Independent Democrats with us will insure our success in the State, and to that success the election of the ticket in Baltimore city is essential.

"Unfortunately the bitterness engendered by the fight in Baltimore has stimulated Mr. Gorman and his supporters with some hope of discord in our ranks and of success for themselves, but in this they will be disappointed. While before the primaries it was natural that each one should, and doubtless did, have his personal preference, and many would have preferred some candidate for Mayor other than Mr. Malster, yet he has been nominated, and all Republicans should give him an earnest and hearty support. We are Republicans from principal and not for office, and the success of the principals of that great party are of far greater moment than that of any individuals.

"Some other city ticket than the one nominated might have been more acceptable to the independents, but it is certainly less objectionable to them than would be the retention of Mr. Gorman in the Senate, or his possible presidential candidacy in 1900.

"Allegany will be in line with its usual, if not increased majority, and whatever I can do personally for the ticket throughout the State or in Baltimore city I will do cheerfully. Mr. Malster and the other nominees will have my cordial support, and I hope and believe they will be elected."

Bittinger.

Our annual "Harvest Home" sermon was preached last Sunday by the pastor of this charge, Rev. Max Herring, who delivered a splendid oration to a large crowd of interested listeners.

There will be a grand musical entertainment at the Lutheran church Saturday evening, the 25th inst., under the management of Prof. W. D. Miller, violinist, of Smithville, Ohio. Prof. Miller will be assisted by Miss Gerry Gallagher, also of Smithville, O., who is a well known guitar soloist.

Our select school, taught by Mr. Lee Beachy, of near Grantsville, closed last Friday. Mr. Beachy was well liked by the patrons of the school, and leaves us with the confidence and respect of the entire community.

Miss Clark and Miss Watt, who have been spending their summer vacation at Mrs. Mary C. Beachy's, have returned to their home in Allegheny City, Pa.

Mr. S. D. Brenneman is improving his dwelling house with a new coat of paint.

The singing class at Mr. Perry Broadwater's last Sunday evening was well attended.

Hutton.

It is reported that Miss DeBerry, of near Oakland, will teach our school.

Cashier Frank Watts, of the Citizens' National bank, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. U. G. Palmer.

Firemen Casey and Canty, of the B. & O., have recovered from slight attacks of typhoid fever.

Rev. S. M. Engle, of Oakland, preached at the school house Tuesday evening and Rev. J. W. Butler Thursday evening.

Growing Children

One-third of all the children die before they are five years old. Most of them die of some wasting disease. They grow very slowly; keep thin in flesh; are fretful; food does not do them much good. You can't say they have any disease, yet they never prosper. A slight cold, or some stomach and bowel trouble takes them away easily.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites is just the remedy for growing children. It makes hard flesh; sound flesh; not soft, flabby fat. It makes strong bones, healthy nerves. It changes poor children to children rich in prosperity.

Book about it free for the asking.

☞ No substitute for Scott's Emulsion will do for the children what we know Scott's Emulsion will do. Get the genuine.

For sale by all druggists at 50c. and $1.00.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

HITS OF RHYME.

When the trees are kissed by heaven
On the summit of Backbone,
Then the soul in rapture wanders,
Most happy when alone;
For the glory and the grandeur
Of God's handiwork instils
A hope of rest eternal
In the home beyond the hills.
Aug. 15, 1897. T. L. J.

Inscribed in a copy of
RILEY'S "AFTERWHILES."

To Hear; cease—twixt tears and smiles,
Waiting for the afterwhiles;
When the soul with glad relief
Shall be freed from every grief,
And the joys we once have known
May be all again our own,
Far beyond the mystic hills,
Where the dawn eternal thrills,
We may find the dear old farm,
Just as bright and full of charm—
And we'll greet the welcoming smiles
Of dear ones—in the afterwhiles.

T. L. J.

LOVE'S ENEMY:

Fickle sprite, where'er he strays,
The demon of the darker brink
Follows closely all his ways,
Ready with the baleful drink:
Juice of poppy for the eyes,
Mandragore for the heart,—
Then a broken paradise,
Love is vanquished in his art.

T. L. J.

Mountain Lake Park.

There are at least seventy-five houses occupied at this time. Our hotels and boarding houses are still open. They will not close before the first of October.

Our "city fathers" took a drive over the Park last week examining the condition of the streets and alleys and arranging for improvements to be made before the opening of the season of 1898. Especial attention is to be given to sanitary matters.

Supt. Rudisill is completing the new fence around Chautauqua Park. Everybody is delighted to see the barb wire fence removed.

Mrs. L. A. Rudisill and children and Miss Ella Hopkins of Cincinnati, are visiting Rev. J. O. Thompson and family at Keyser, West Va.

Constable Echard arrested F. S. Cline last week for resisting a Park police officer. Mr. C. pleaded guilty and was fined $5 and costs, and had to pay the license for running a hack.

O. F. Hall sold his house on K street to Rev. R. B. Whitehead, of Braddock, Pa.

Mrs. Binkley and son Eugene will spend the winter in New York City.

Supt. Rudisill will visit several points in West Virginia and Pennsylvania in the interest of the Park. He will carry with him a lot of printed matter advertising the beauties of the Park.

Mr. Bradford, clerk of the Mountain Lake Hotel, is having considerable work done about the hotel grounds, which adds very much to the attractiveness of the place. Mr. B. reports that a number of rooms have been engaged for next season. It is to be hoped that the hotel company will retain Mr. Bradford in their service. He is a success.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Jennie Smith Hotel company takes place on the 29th inst.

Rev. Baliski, of Washington, D. C., preached in the auditorium Sabbath morning, 11 o'clock.

Hoyes.

Mr. Clarence DeWitt, of Frostburg, is visiting friends and relatives at Hoyes. Clarence is a bright boy and is making rapid progress in his chosen profession, sign painting.

The picnic held in Smith's grove on Saturday was a decided success in every respect. Prof. Groves and his pupils sang splendidly, and the instrumental music furnished by Wm. Bowman, Miss Minnie Smith and Mrs. Wm. Maffett showed them to be musicians of no mean ability. The Rev. Arbuthnot, of Oakland, spoke very ably on the "Evils and Corruptions of the Day," and showed how they might be corrected at the primaries by selecting the very best and most competent men for office, if the best citizens of the country would interest themselves and attend and put down the politician and "ward heeler." Dr. Ravenscroft, of Accident, delivered a very able address to young men in which he showed them the importance of getting a right start in youth, and how the habits formed in childhood, whether good or bad, would cling to them through life, and would either lead them onward and upward to high and noble distances, or drag them down to the lowest depths of degradation. The Doctor's speech ought to commend him very favorably to all voters and right thinking fathers, for a man whose heart is not right and whose motives are not high, pure and noble could not dare in the presence of an intelligent audience to pour forth from the public platform such pure and wholesome lessons.

Rumor has it that the Hoyes class carried off first honor at the singing contest at Cranesville on Sunday last.

Wm. Friend has a very painful sore on the fore finger of his right hand, and in consequence has not been able to do any work during the past week.

The cold wave has reached us and our farmers are cutting their corn.

Miss Laura Matthews is now east selecting new stock of millinery and fancy goods for Mrs. M. L. Scott's Baltimore Store. 1t.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

For sale by

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

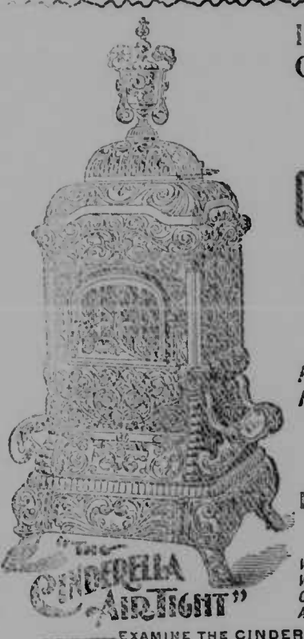

It is a Great Comfort
TO A TIDY HOUSEKEEPER TO HAVE A GOOD STOVE.

THE Cinderella Air Tight

Is one of the most perfect heating stoves for household use, ever placed upon the market. All the latest and best ideas are incorporated into its construction. Every feature to promote durability, cleanliness and economy has been well planned and developed.

Produces the Greatest Heat From the Least Fuel.

The cold air is drawn from the floor, and discharged through the sides and top, thoroughly heated. This method of circulation

PREVENTS COLD FLOORS

And establishes that much desired uniform temperature in all parts of the room.

Will Burn Any Kind of Coal!
Will Keep Fire Twenty-four Hours!
Can be Used as a Single or Double Heater!
All the Good Points—None of the Errors!

THE CINDERELLA AIR TIGHT

EXAMINE THE CINDERELLA BEFORE YOU BUY

J. M. DAVIS & SON, Agents, Oakland, Md.

Registration of Voters

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF ELECTION,
FOR GARRETT COUNTY.
OAKLAND, Md., September 18, 1897.

Notice is hereby given that in accordance with the provisions of Article 33, Chapter 242, of the Acts of the General Assembly of Maryland, 1896, the undersigned Officers of Registration of the respective election districts and precincts of Garrett county, Md., will hold their sittings from 8 o'clock a. m., until 7 o'clock p. m., on

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28,
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5,
and on
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 12,
for revision only,

(No one can Register after Tuesday, Oct. 12)

at their respective places of registration hereinafter named, for the purpose of registering in their respective registries of voters all persons who possess or will before the day of election next ensuing, possess the requisite qualifications under the Constitution of the State of Maryland and the laws made thereunder entitling them to vote in said election districts, and for the purpose of performing all other duties required of them by Article 33 of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland and Chapter 242 of the Acts of the General Assembly of Maryland of 1896:

DISTRICT NUMBER ONE.
W. W. Sweet and J. L. McRobie, registration officers, will sit at Swanton.

DISTRICT NUMBER TWO.
Walter M. Lowdermilk and W. W. Schlosnagle, registration officers, will sit at Friendsville.

DISTRICT NUMBER THREE.
Jonas E. Gnagey and James B. Dorsey, registration officers, will sit at Grantsville.

DISTRICT NUMBER FOUR.
Floyd Duckworth and Peter Fitzwilliams, registration officers, will sit at Bloomington.

DISTRICT NUMBER FIVE.
John W. Daniels and Gustav Garlinger, registration officers, will sit at Accident.

DISTRICT NUMBER SIX.
William Callis and George A. Miller, registration officers, will sit at Mellenry.

DISTRICT NO. SEVEN—Second District.
Charles A. Ashby and John W. Hurl, registration officers, will sit at Oakland in Thos. Martin's store room, corner Oak and Third Streets.

DISTRICT NO. SEVEN—Second District.
Robert C. Townshend and Edmund Jamison, registration officers, will sit at Oakland, at the office of the Supervisors of Elections, in Opera House building.

DISTRICT NUMBER EIGHT.
Joseph M. Conneway and James W. Mason, registration officers, will sit at the old Hoye place on Northwestern turnpike.

DISTRICT NUMBER NINE.
Bradford Blocher and Samuel Johnson, registration officers, will sit at Johnson's.

DISTRICT NUMBER TEN.
William M. Jenkins and William H. Speicher, registration officers, will sit at Deer Park.

DISTRICT NUMBER ELEVEN.
Elias Merrill and Peter F. Michaels, registration officers, will sit at the residence of Peter McIntyre.

DISTRICT NUMBER TWELVE.
Noah P. Slabach and C. E. Ellithorpe, registration officers, will sit at Bittinger.

By order of the Board,
A. G. STURGISS, President.
J. ALVIN FRIEND,
ELIAS G. RICE,
Supervisors of Election.
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

"I crave but One Minute," said the public speaker in a husky voice; and then he took a dose of One Minute Cough Cure, and proceeded with his oratory. One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled for the throat and lungs. Oakland Pharmacy.

MARYLAND. . . .
Mt. Lake Park (near Deer Park.)

Briar-Bend Seminary.

(26th year.)

College Preparatory, Music, Art, Etc., Etc.

Remarkable Health record—only two light cases for the doctor in nine years!

Great reduction in price on account of the "hard times."

REOPENS SEPT. 22d (D. V.) 27-1

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that on the 1st day of October, 1897, at the office of the Preston Lumber and Coal company, in the town of Oakland, Md., at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. books will be opened to receive subscriptions to the Capital Stock of the Preston Railroad Co., in accordance with Section 166 of Article 23 of the Public General Laws of Maryland.

WILLIAM R. BUTLER,
ROLLIN P. CRELLIN,
HARRY J. FREAR,
GEORGE W. FLEMING,
JAMES C. PEDDICORD,
Incorporators.

27-1

MORTGAGEES' SALE
—OF—
Real Estate.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Jacob R. Kimmell to Francis R. Nethkin, bearing date the 27th day of April, 1892, and duly recorded among the mortgage records of Garrett county, and which said mortgage was purchased by and duly assigned to Freeman L. Friend by the said Francis R. Nethkin, and by the said Freeman L. Friend assigned to the undersigned for the purpose of foreclosure, default having been made in the same, the undersigned will, on

Saturday, the 2d Day of October, 1897,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., in front of the Court House, in the town of Oakland, Maryland, offer at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, beginning for the same at the beginning of a tract called "Good Hope," and running thence with the first and part of the second lines thereof north 22° west 37 perches, north 7° west 21 perches, then with the division line of Nethkin's part of Good Hope and Chessholm's part south 89° east 74 perches to the end of 88 perches on the 6th line of the original tract, it being the beginning of Nethkin's part of Good Hope, and running thence with part of said 6th line south ½° west 1 0 perches to the end of the 5th line of Adam Sell's part of Good Hope, and with the 7th and 8th lines of Sell's part south 42½° west 114 perches, north 12½° west to the end of the 10th line of the original, thence with the given and last line of the original north ½° west 100 perches to the beginning.

Containing 120 Acres.

Said property is located about six or seven miles north of Oakland, twelve of different acres of it is cleared and under cultivation, and the land is improved by a

SMALL DWELLING.

stable and other out-buildings.

TERMS:—A sufficient amount will be required to be paid the cash on day of sale to cover the expenses, and the balance on or before the ratification thereof by the Court.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
FRED. A. THAYER,
Assignees of Mortgagee.

27-1

13 Dist sit at Hotel
at the Store room of Mrs M. J. Bortner

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Fly-time is nearly over.

A few straw hats still linger.

Many trees are already leafless.

Thanksgiving is the next holiday.

Terra Alta Bolden was here Sunday afternoon.

FOR RENT:—Mrs. D. Tasker's cottage, Liberty street.

Ladies' winter underwear at Mrs. M. L. Scott's Baltimore Store.

Mr. Samuel P. Specht, of Deer Park, was in the city Friday afternoon.

Senator Ravenscroft is on a visit to his parents in Allegany county this week.

Mr. James M. Litzinger made a business trip to Cumberland Monday morning.

Rev. E. L. Kemp, of Medina, Ohio, is here on a visit to Rev. and Mrs. Brawshaw.

Mr. John B. Fay has gone to North Dakota, where he will remain a few weeks on business.

Senator R. A. Ravenscroft, of Accident, was here last Friday shaking hands with his friends.

Messrs. William I. and W. McCulloh Brown, of Germania, were Oakland visitor Friday last.

Mr. William T. White, of Terra Alta, spent Sunday in Oakland with Mr. and Mrs. Scott T. Jones.

Rev. Jas. Dunlap, of near Pittsburgh, and son William, of Cumberland, were Oakland visitors yesterday.

Mr. Samuel Brady, Davis, chief engineer of the Davis Coal & Coke company, is in Oakland on a visit to his aunt, Mrs. D. E. Offutt.

Mr. William H. Malette, who is now representing a New York importing firm, spent a few days in Oakland with his family this week.

Mr. Thomas Bartlett, the Republican war-horse of District No. 4, was in Oakland Friday last and made this office a very pleasant call.

Mrs. Sarah Scott has made handsome improvements to her store room on Second street by adding a new work room and otherwise improving her property.

Don't nauseate your stomach with teas and bitter herbs, but regulate your liver and sick headache by using those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

Mrs. J. S. Lakin and son, of Terra Alta, and Miss Florence Lakin, of Columbus, Ohio, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. D.E. Offutt in Oakland on Tuesday.

Mr. Chas. Deffinbaugh, of the *Democrat* force, is off on a two weeks vacation. He is now in Baltimore and will remain a few days longer when he will visit relatives and friends in Allegany county.

Burning, itching skin diseases instantly relieved by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, unequalled for cuts, bruises, burns. It heals without leaving a scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

Messrs. W. C. Devecmon, Robert R. Henderson, Robert Gordon and Ferdinand Williams of the Cumberland bar, were in Oakland yesterday and to-day attending court.

Vim, vigor and victory:—these are the charistics of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, billiousness and all stomach and liver troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

A cow belonging to Dr. Henry McComas was struck last Saturday afternoon by a freight train in front of Mr. Chas. Shaffer's residence just west of town, and considerably injured.

"They don't make much fuss about it." We are speaking of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous Little pills for constipation, billiousness,and all stomach and liver troubles. They never gripe. Oakland Pharmacy.

Messrs. E. J. Stuck, Jasper Frazee, James Gaard and Jonas Frazee, of Selbysport, were in Oakland a few days last week, guests at the Central Hotel.

It heals everything except a broken heart, may be said of DeWitt Witch Hazel Salve. Piles and rectal diseases, cuts, burns, bruises, tetter, eczema and all skin troubles may be cured by it quickly and permanently. Oakland Pharmacy.

An old-fashioned country picnic will be held at the residence of Mrs. John Lohr, near Mr. Stephen Browning's farm to-morrow. Music and dancing will be indulged in and a merry time is anticipated.

Mr. Walter Bell, of Valley Point, West Va., one of the members of the firm of Conner & Co., stave manufacturers, was in town last Friday morning and left with this office an order for stationery.

Mr. Robert Felty, who has for a number of years been traveling for the well known firm of Thompson & Jackson at Parkersburg, has severed his connection with that firm and will go into the mercantile business at Connellsville, Pa.

The *American* says: The elimination of the hogpen from the equipments of the towns and villages of the State means that the healthfulness of Maryland is to be increased and the wealth of the people is to be augmented. A pigpen near a residence is a crime against cleanliness, safety and common sense.

This office was honored last Saturday by a visit from Hon. Chas. B. Landis, of Delphi, Indiana, a newspaper man and also Congressman from his State. He and his wife spent some days at Deer Park last and this week.

Messrs. R. T. Browning and Edmund Jamison came down from the surveyors camp on the Dinwiddie farm last Saturday and remained in Oakland over Sunday with their families, returning to camp Sunday afternoon.

There is a time for everything; and the time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait until you have consumption but prevent it by using One Minute Cough Cure, the great remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

G. D. Browning met with quite a bad accident last week;while attempting to cross the railroad at Rockwood, Pa., his horses became frightened and unmanagable and ran away demolishing an $80 buggy.—Meyersdale Commercial.

The three-weeks old babe of Mr. and Mrs. Lupton Frantz of North street, died on Friday morning last and was taken on Saturday to Friendsville,its parent's former home, for interment. —Meyersdale Commercial.

Geo. E. Bishoff, president Garrett county Sunday School Union Association, will address the Sunday school in Ryans Glade M. E. church October 3, at 10.30 a m., also the Sunday school in Bethlehem U. B. church at 2.30 p. m.

Dr. C. J. Fazenbaker, of Swanton, was in Oakland yesterday a few hours. Dr. Fazenbacker is a young man who started into life as a coal miner, but by hard work and plenty of American grit he has risen from that to his present position. He has a large and growing practice in his vicinity.

There are only two days for the registration of voters this year—Sept. 28th and Oct. 5th. Every Republican in the county should constitute himself a committee of one to hunt up those unregistered Republicans who are entitled to vote and see that their names are placed upon the polling books.

Ex-Sheriff Charles Wegman and Mr. C. M. Beachy, of Grantsville, passed through town one day last week on their way home from District No. 8 where they had been engaged in putting on a slate roof for Mr. W. Perry Lee, the Republican candidate for sheriff.

The last time we heard from Rev. Kildow, of the *Beverley Enterprise*, he was on his way to Conference with four pounds of ginseng and three pounds of snake root. Times are very prosperous now in Randolph, and in order to keep up his reputation as a calamity howler, the reverend gentleman did not propose to be caught with any evidence of prosperity upon his person.—Parsons Advocate.

The hot weather of last week was brought to a sudden termination Thursday afternoon by a furious wind and rain storm. The wind was from the south-west and uprooted a number of trees in town and surrounding country. The large popular tree in front of Thomas Little's store was twisted off at the roots and fell across the pavement striking Mr. Little's building and doing some damage besides tearing his sign from its supports and smashing it into splinters.

The dry weather had a damaging effect upon the chestnut crop, which, if reports be true, will be almost an entire failure. Two or three weeks ago the prospects for an immense yield were bright. The burs were large and healthy, but since the hot weather they have become parched and shriveled up and it is doubtful if the rain of last week did much in nourishing them back to vigorous health.

Owing to over crowding and bad ventilation, the air of the school room is often close and impure, and teachers and pupils frequently suffer from lung and throat troubles. To all such we would say, try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For coughs, colds, weak lungs, bronchial troubles no other remedy can compare with it. Says A. C. Freed, Superintendent of Schools, Prairie Depot, Ohio: "Having some knowledge of the efficacy of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, I have no hesitation in recommending it to all who suffer from coughs, lung troubles, etc." For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Last Saturday the editor had occasion to go up to Terra Alta on business and whilst in that progressive little town an opportunity presented itself for us to go through the new store building recently completed by Messrs. Offutt & Lakin. On the first floor and fronting on two streets is the store room, well filled with seasonable goods and neatly arranged. The room is finished in oak and about sixty feet square. In the center is the business office of the firm with all arrangments complete necessary to conduct a large and growing business. The second floor of the building will be used as an opera house. The third floor is not yet finished but will contain a number of well appointed office rooms. The building throughout is heated by steam and has water on every floor which is piped through a portion of the town from a reservoir on the hill within the corporate limits.

"My boy came home from school one day with his hand badly lacerated and bleeding, and suffering great pain," says Mr. E. J. Schall, with Meyer Bros.' Drug Co., St. Louis Mo. "I dressed the wound, and applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm freely. All pain ceased, and in a remarkably short time it healed without leaving a scar. For wounds, sprains, swellings and rheumatism I know of no medicine or prescription equal to it. I consider it a household necessity." The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The boundary line surveyors' camp was moved on last Friday from the location near the head of the big Yough to Mr. D. E. Offutt's Dinwiddie farm on the old Northwestern turnpike, about eight miles south of Oakland. The camp is located along a running stream of pure water and within an enclosed field. On Sunday a number of Oakland ladies and gentlemen visited the camp among them being Misses Eva Button and Mayme Gesner, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sincell, and Messrs. Ellwood Offutt and Edwin L. Mitchell.

Henry Wilburn of Garrett county, who has been working at Morgantown for some time past and boarding with a relative, went violently insane Tuesday morning and it took six men to subdue him. No cause is given for the man's insanity. He had a spell of insanity some years ago, at his home in Garrett county, caused presumely by illness, but during the past few years has been in very good health. The unfortunate man is a brother, we believe, of our fellow townsman, R. S. Wilburn.—Morgantown Dominion.

Mr. Wilburn was brought to Oakland last night by the Monongalia county authorities and turned over to Sheriff Brown. He is still violent and the officials are compelled to keep him in a straight-jacket to prevent him from harming himself or others. A jury will be summoned immediately to enquire into his mental condition and to place him in the proper institution.

Married.

PEW—BROWNING.—On Wednesday evening, September 15, 1897, there occurred at Mt. Bethel M. E. church, Blaine, W. Va., one of the prettiest weddings it has ever been our pleasure to witness. The contracting parties were Mr. V. Grant Pew, of Cumberland, Md., formerly of Blaine, W. Va., and Miss Cora Pearl Browning, the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Browning, of this place, formerly of Terra Alta, W. Va. The church was handsomely decorated in evergreen and flowers.

Promptly at 9 o'clock the bridal party marched to the altar to the delightful strains of Lohengrins wedding march rendered by Miss May Hamill, and were met directly underneath a large and pretty wedding bell by Rev. Jesse H. Koch, who performed the ceremony that made two hearts beat as one, in an impressive manner. The bride was attired in blue silk trimmed in cream silk, old point lace and pearls. She carried a lovely bouquet of Marechal Neil roses. The groom wore the conventional black. The bridesmaids were Miss Sadie Browning, sister of the bride, and Miss Ethel Rafter, who were attired in blue and cream silk trimmed in white lace. Each carried lovely flowers. Their grooms men, Mr. R. O. Rafter and Mr. Stanley Bender, made a fine appearance in their handsome suits of black.

After the ceremony the bridal party marched from the church to the magnificent strains of Mendlessohn's wedding march from "A Midsummer Night Dream." At 9.30 o'clock the invited guests were served a sumptuous supper at the home of the bride's parents, after which they returned to their respective homes, wishing Mr. and Mrs. Pew a long, prosperous and happy life. The wedding presents consisted of many useful and valuable articles, too numerous to mention. On Thursday the 16th, the married couple and invited guests were served an old time wedding dinner at the home of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Pew. F. B.

(Democrat please copy.)

WHITE — HELBIG. — On Tuesday morning a quiet wedding was solemnized at St. Peter's Roman Catholic church by Rev. Father Mattingly, the contracting parties being Mr. Charles E. White and Miss Theresa Helbig, daughter of Mr. John Helbig, of Oakland. Immediately after the ceremony the wedding party was driven to the home of the bride where a wedding breakfast was served and later in the day they departed for Mount Savage, where a few days will be spent among friends.

A Cure For Billious Colic.

Resource, Screven Co., Ga.—I have been subject to attacks of billious colic for several years. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is the only sure relief. It acts like a charm. One dose of it gives relief when all other remedies fail.—G. D. Sharp. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

CIRCUIT COURT PROCEEDINGS.

A Large Number of Cases Disposed of. The Grand Jury Discharged.

The September term of the Circuit Court is well into its second week. Disposition has been made in the following cases:

APPEALS.

2. D. W. Bussard vs. John E. Stone; non prossed.

3. Hench, Dromgold & Shull vs. Allan Garlitz; verdict for appellee, $59.50.

4. John Shartzer, receiver, vs. Geo. Male; jury trial; verdict for appellant, $29.41.

5. Jos. C. Shaw vs. Ward Beachy; jury trial; verdict for appellee for $97.15.

6. C. R. Savage vs. Nancy J. Cooper; appeal dismissed.

7 John Shartzer vs. Geo. Rodcheaver; judgment reversed and judgment of non pros., appellant to pay costs above and below.

8. Martha Cole vs. Elizabeth Friend; settled, each party to pay their own costs.

9. Same parties; same disposition.

11. Charles J. Bunce and wife vs. James A. Delawder; submitted to court; judgment affirmed in favor of appellee for $77.06.

12. Henry E. Felty vs. James A. Delawder; submitted to court; judgment affirmed in favor of appellee for $77.66.

16. John B. Harmon vs. Lewis A. Berkey; jury trial; verdict for appellant for $7.50.

17. John B. Harmon vs. Oliver Beachy; not yet disposed of.

TRIALS.

6. Edward Courts vs. Marshall Friend; settled.

20. Emily J. King vs. Louis Nydegger; removed to Allegany county.

21. James B. King and Emily J. King vs. Louis Nylegger; removed to Allegany county.

26. Barbry Reynolds vs. Peter Feeny; verdict for the defendant.

31. Buckman Fruit Company vs. Henry E. Felty; judgment for plaintiff for $233.44.

33. James A. Delawder vs. William W. Sweet; judgment for plaintiff for $104.50.

46. C. L. Smith vs. The Mountain Home Company; judgment of condemnation of property attached as per schedule.

47. C. L. Smith vs. The Mountain Home Company; judgment in favor of plaintiff for $5,591.39.

48. Prudence Friend, claimant, vs. Arnold C. Scherr and others; judgment for claimant of property mentioned in her plea.

51. Jasper Augustine vs. J. Wilson Humbird; removed to Washington county.

52. Philip T. Garthright vs. A. S. Teats; judgment for plaintiff for $107.46.

56. A. F. and J. Wm. Horner vs. Daniel W. Smith; judgment in favor of plaintiff for $235.57.

57. Jonas Frazee vs. John Keener; settled as per agreement of parties.

58. Same vs. same; settled as per agreement of parties.

60. Ira E. Friend vs. Franklin B. Casteel and Truman W. Casteel; judgment in favor of plaintiff for $138.43.

62. Auch Produce Company vs. Henry E. Felty; judgment in favor of plaintiff for $177.11.

64. Maria Watson vs. Ella P. Russell and others; judgment in favor of plaintiff for $329.50.

66. The Mansfield Machine Works vs. Guvari J. Lee; judgment in favor of plaintiff for $275.

67. Kis-me Gum Company vs. Henry E. Felty; judgment in favor of plaintiff for $127.23.

70. Arbuckles & Company vs. Henry E. Felty; judgment in favor of plaintiff for $208.15.

73. The J. C. Orrick & Son Company vs. Clark & McCullough; judgment in favor of the plaintiff for $100.06.

76. Baer Sons Grocery Company vs. Nethkin Brothers and Francis R. Nethkin; judgment in favor of plaintiff for $191.45.

77. R. M. Sutton & Co. vs. Speicher & Nethkin, Nethkin Brothers and Francis R. Nethkin; judgment in favor of the plaintiffs for $600.56.

78. George R. Root vs. John T. Ashby; judgment in favor of plaintiff for $127.40.

80. Annie M. Frazee vs. George F. and W. M. Lowdermilk; settled per order of plaintiff's attorney.

81. Henry Beckman vs. Leonard Schell and G. J. Lee; judgment in favor of plaintiff for $107.85.

82. Charles B. Rouss vs. Henry E. Felty; judgment for plaintiff for $231.90.

83. H. C. Post & Company vs. Henry E. Felty; judgment for plaintiff for $124.28.

86. C. M. Rathbun & Co. vs. William W. Sweet; judgment for plaintiffs for $100.75.

87. Anna B. Sweet vs. Howard Nethkin; judgment in favor of plaintiff for $54.97.

88. Exchange Bank of Wheeling vs. Zaccheus C. Gibson, garnishee of J. C. Alderson; judgment of condemnation in favor of plaintiff for $33.37.

89. Merwin McKaig vs. Philip T. Garthright, garnishee of Guvari J. Lee; judgment in favor of garnishee.

91. Martha Kerner, claimant, vs. Jonas Frazee; settled per agreement of parties.

On last Monday morning, with Judge David W. Sloan on the bench, the criminal docket was taken up and the following cases disposed of up to this morning:

CRIMINAL TRIALS.

1. State vs. Sidney A. Lewis; adultery; stet.

2. State vs. same; bastardy; stet.

3. State vs. James Ryan; procuring liquor under false pretense; stet.

4. State vs. Thomas Couley; assault; plea guilty; fined $1 and costs.

CRIMINAL APPEARANCES.

16. State vs. Jeremiah Barkholder; rape; jury trial; verdict guilty.

17. State vs. William Miller; intimidating a voter; continued.

18. State vs. Oliver Strong; assault; dismissed.

19 and 20. State vs. John W. McCulloh; sale of goods on Sunday; continued.

22. State vs. Benjamin Miller; disposing of personal property under execution without consent of judgment creditors; continued.

24, 30, 31, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38. State vs. George A. Mills & Son; sale of liquor to minors; fined $50 in Nos. 24, 30, 31, 33 and 34. Nos. 35, 36, 37 and 38 dismissed.

32. State vs. George A. Milis & Son; selling liquor on Sunday; fined $50 and costs.

26. State vs. George Johnson; assault with intent to kill; plea of guilty confessed by traverser.

27. State vs. same; carrying concealed weapons; dismissed.

28. State vs. James Flynn; assault with intent to kill; submitted to court; verdict guilty; fined $1 and costs.

29. State vs. Joseph Dougherty; assault and battery; nolle prossed.

39. State vs. Charles Gunter; larceny; plea of guilty.

40. State vs. Jane and Charles Diehl; stealing chickens; jury trial; verdict petty larceny.

41. State vs. same; same charge; same verdict.

44. State vs. Michael Garvey; larceny of a bicycle; jury trial; guilty on first count.

46. State vs. Charles Cole; larceny; submitted to court; verdict guilty and sentenced to one year in the House of Correction.

51. State vs. Jesse Flynn and Joseph Dougherty; affray; nolle prossed as to Flynn; Dougherty submitted to court and verdict rendered not guilty.

58. State vs. Michael McFelty; larceny; submitted to court; verdict guilty and sentenced to the House of Correction for two years and six months.

CRIMINAL APPEALS.

1. State vs. Susan Riding; assault; settled.

This morning John T. Ashby, Sherman DeVall and William Martin, charged with ravishing Letitia Willhelm, were arraigned and placed on trial.

GRAND JURY REPORT.

On Tuesday morning the grand jury finished its labors and submitted the following report to the court, whereupon the body was discharged from further service:

To the Honorable, the Judges of the Circuit Court for Garrett county:

The grand jury for the September term, 1897, of said court, having completed the work and made investigation of all charges brought to their attention beg leave to make the following report and ask to be discharged.

In the performance of our duty we have examined one hundred and thirty-five witnesses, and have presented for prosecution all cases, that in our opinion the public good and welfare of the county required to be presented, and having dismissed and ignored such matters as were not of sufficient importance to call attention to. In the performance of this duty we have returned forty presentments and true bills were returned on thirty-three indictments.

We have examined the records in the various offices and find them well and neatly kept and the treasurer's books, so far as our time permitted an examination not only appeared well kept but all public funds had been correctly entered and accounted for.

We also examined the court-house and jail buildings and found them in as good condition as their construction will admit of.

The jail was clean and well kept, but we consider it very insecure, and its exposed condition offers every opportunity to persons on the outside to aid the escape of the inmates. An improvement has been made in the sanitary condition of the jail and court-house since the last grand jury was in session, by the removal of the stable and the erection of new water closets but we would renew the recommendation that some steps be taken to make the jail more secure, but we do not advise the expenditure of much money on the present building, as we consider it false economy to do so.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

ROSS COMPTON, Foreman.
E. M. SPEDDEN, Clerk.

Prohibition Meeting.

Monday night last Mr. J. W. Frizzell, Prohibition candidate for Comptroller of Maryland, and Mr. Edward Higgins, a prominent attorney of Baltimore, addressed a small audience in Offutt's Hall on the principles of their party. The addresses were instructive and well received.

Church Notes.

On Sunday morning next in St. Matthew's P. E. church services will be held as follows: 7.30, holy communion; 11, morning prayer and sermon. The services will be conducted by Rev. E. L. Kemp, of Medina, Ohio. All are invited and welcome.

Notice.

This is to give notice to the public generally that my wife Fanny Mayne, has left my bed and board without just provocation, and that I will not be responsible for any debts she may contract in my name.

23-2t. WALTER MAYLE.

Notice to Trespassers.

All persons are hereby notified not to trespass upon the lands of the undersigned, lying near Kearney, for the purpose of hunting.

I. N. SELLINGER,
WM. G. RILEY.

Sept. 8, 1897. 17-3*

Call for Your Letters.

A. B. Friday, Geo. T. Hammel, Lewis B. Bell, Mr. Jones, President Garrett County Agricultural Society, Mrs. Clarence Cotton, Miss Lillie Hanger.

Rally for Cuba Libre!

There will be a Cuban mass meeting at the Opera House Friday night at 8 o'clock. Speeches will be made and letters read from distinguished Cubans. Admission free.

Proclamation

WHEREAS, at the January session in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six of the General Assembly of Maryland a bill was passed proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the State by adding an additional section to Article fifteen thereof, to be known as section eleven of said Article, which said bill and amendment are in the words following, to-wit:

CHAPTER 159.

AN ACT to amend the Constitution of the State by adding an additional Section to Article fifteen thereof, to be known as section eleven of said Article.

SECTION 1. BE IT ENACTED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF MARYLAND (three fifths of all the members of the House concurring), That the following additional section be, and the same is hereby proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of this State; and, if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as hereinafter provided, it shall stand and be known as Section eleven of Article fifteen of said Constitution:

II. Appointments in the Civil service of the State, in the municipalities and counties of the State, shall be made according to merit and fitness, to be ascertained as far as practicable by examination, which shall be competitive, except in cases where pass all such laws as may be necessary more fully to carry into effect the provisions of this section.

SECTION 2. AND BE IT FURTHER ENACTED BY THE AFORESAID, That the foregoing section, hereby proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of this State shall be, at the next general election held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection, in pursuance of the directions contained in Article fourteen of the Constitution of this State and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the Constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot used at said election shall be printed, after the lists of candidates, the question concerning the adoption or rejection of said proposed constitutional amendment, so that each voter at such election can designate thereon in the manner prescribed by law, whether his vote is "For the Constitutional Amendment," or "Against the Constitutional Amendment," as he shall elect, and immediately after said election due return shall be made to the Governor of the State of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by said fourteenth article of the Constitution.

Approved April 11th, 1896.

NOW THEREFORE, I, LLOYD LOWNDES, Governor of the State of Maryland, in pursuance of the provisions of Section one of Article fourteen of the Constitution of the State, do hereby order and direct that a copy of said bill proposing said constitutional amendment be published in at least two newspapers in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one may be published, then in that newspaper, and in three newspapers in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in the German language, once a week for at least three months preceding the next ensuing general election (which said general election will be held on Tuesday, the Second day of November, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven), at which election the said proposed amendment shall be submitted, in the form and manner prescribed by the General Assembly, to the qualified voters of the State for adoption or rejection.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of Maryland.

THE GREAT SEAL OF MARYLAND.

Done at the City of Annapolis on the first day of July in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.

LLOYD LOWNDES,
Governor of Maryland.

By order of the Governor:
RICHARD DALLAM,
21-14t Secretary of State.

GOIN' TO KLONDIKE.

Johnny is goin' to Klondike—
He's sortin' an' packin' his things;
He's goin' to dress me in satin—
My fingers will glitter with rings!
An' I'll be the queen o' the country,
An' nothin' forever I'll lack;
He's kissed me good-by, but a tear's in my eye,
For Johnny may never come back!

Johnny is goin' to Klondike—
To face the wild snow an' the sleet;
An' all o' the gold that his dear arms can hold
He'll scatter some day at my feet;
But with all o' earth's gems an' its jewels
There's somethin' my sad heart would lack
If he left me to sigh when he kissed me good-by—
If Johnny should never come back!

Johnny is goin' to Klondike—
Far from my kisses he'll roam;
But what is the gold of the mountains
To the love that he's leavin' at home?
A simple, poor lass with her lover
The robes of a lady may lack,
But no tear's in the eye till he kisses good-by—
And Johnny may never come back!
—Frank L. Stanton, in Chicago Times-Herald.

A Boar Hunt in the Ardennes.

IT WAS the fag-end of the London season. Everyone was out of town, and Pall Mall, Piccadilly, Bond street and the streets of clubdom generally wore a deserted, forlorn aspect, most depressing to one familiar with them during the fashionable season. Being one of the unfortunates still left in town, I was sauntering listlessly in the direction of my club, wondering if I could find some other unlucky wight in the same predicament, with whom to exchange condolences over a cigar, and who would aid me in deciding which of the numerous invitations to accept—sent me by a somewhat numerous circle of friends. Fishing, I cared nothing for; it was too early for grouse, ptarmigan or deer, and the hunting season would not commence until November. As I was debating this important question pro and con, a hearty slap on the shoulder aroused me from my reverie. Turning, I recognized a man with whom I had shot big game in many parts of the world—Baron Ton-Ton de M., as he was known among his familiars.

"Why, who would have thought of finding you in town?" said my friend, familiarly linking his arm in mine. "Don't know where to spend your long leave, eh? What do you say to taking a run over to my shooting box in the Ardennes? I can show you some pretty good sport among the pigs. Oh, it's not like pig-sticking in India—quite different, you know. There is a decided element of danger in it, so dear to the heart of the true sportsman. Come, is it a go?"

By this time we had reached the club, and in a few minutes it was arranged that I was to meet De M. in Brussels, in a month from that time. Truth to tell, the proposition jumped with my inclinations, for I had long been anxious to try conclusions with Sus eritatus of the forest of the Ardennes, the conqueror of the Indian pigs. I had heard many stories of his extraordinary ferocity, agility and quickness in his encounters with his natural enemy, man. I knew that for hundreds of years this truly game beast had tried the nerve and skill of the most noted sportsmen the world has produced, in which the quadruped had more than once proved himself more than a match for his intrepid bipedal assailant.

My preparations were soon made; the smoke and fog of London were left behind; Brussels was reached, and in a few hours we had arrived at my friend's shooting-box, which was situated not far from Sedan, so memorable for the disastrous surrender of Napoleon III. to the Germans on the fatal September 2d, 1870.

The forest itself covers an area of a little over 2,000 square miles, and is one of the few forests in Europe which, thanks to the wise policy of the French forest department, is still in its primeval state. The game, which consists of red and fallow deer, wild pigs, and numerous species of the feathered kingdom, is rigidly preserved by the landed proprietors in its vicinity, who possess seignorial rights subject to the payment of a small impost to the government. The wild pigs which roam over this vast extent of territory are, of course, the most strictly protected of all the game in the region. During the close or breeding season, which is from the middle of November to the end of December, when the sows leave the boars and retire into secret fastnesses of the forest with their litters, to protect them from the ferocious attacks of their mates, is especially rigidly observed, no animals being hunted during that period; for the animals, ferocious as they are at all times, are especially so in the breeding season. In the summer and autumn is the best time for the sport, for then the boars are alone and ever ready for a fray.

The first few days of my stay were devoted to making preparations for a grand battu, and my host held long and mysterious conferences with his faithful henchmen; and finally one bright autumnal morning found us all in the saddle, surrounded by some half-hundred beaters and gamekeepers leading several couples of powerful boarhounds in leashes. The baying of the huge hounds, the shrill blasts of the sportsmen's horns and the shouts of the men all combined to form a scene which stirred blood and sent it leaping wildly through the veins of the most phlegmatic.

A short ride of about four miles brought us to a sort of natural clearing in the forest, where the horses were left in charge of the grooms, and Hans, the head gamekeeper, proceeded to assign us to our respective stations, giving us strict injunctions not to stir from thence on peril of our lives, or to fire at any other game. Each sportsman, in addition to his rifle and couteau de chasse, was supplied with a couple of short, stout, boar-spears, and some, I noticed, carried in addition to this formidable armament, the ever-handy revolver. The preliminary arrangements having been concluded, the beaters with the dogs were sent out on their important duty, which they performed with a vast deal of shouting and horn-blowing. These sounds became fainter and fainter as the men increased their distance from the line of waiting sportsmen.

It was tedious work waiting, and I began to think, as the time passed, that there was but little game in this vaunted preserve. But, even as this thought passed through my mind, I heard a rustling in the thick cover with the sound of light hoof-beats in the short, crisp turf and rustling leaves, golden with the hues of autumn, and a noble-antlered buck, followed by two hinds with their fawns at their sides, bounded into the glade. As they espied me they stopped, as though carved in stone, listening with ears erect and wide-open, frightened eyes, at the same time sniffing the tainted air. Then, as though actuated by a common impulse, the beautiful creatures bounded forward and were lost in the recesses of the forest. It took all my self-command to refrain from shooting, but to do so would have spoiled all chance of a shot at a boar, not to speak of the abjurgations and maledictions of the whole party.

Presently I heard a shot, then a regular fusilade, accompanied by loud shouts and the baying of hounds, and I surmised that a boar must have bit the dust. Again, all was silence. Still nothing came in my direction, and I laid my rifle on the ground, and picking up a spear, was examining it and feeling the edge and point. Suddenly came more shots, and, like a flash, a magnificent boar, his mane erect, and champing his tusks till the blood-stained froth flew in flecks all over his massive chest, dashed into view, closely followed by De M. and Hans, who were holding back the hounds. It was a critical moment while the boar stood at bay. To reach my rifle before the boar would be upon me was clearly impossible, and there was nothing for me to do but to stand my ground and await the onslaught of the enraged and ferocious brute, rendered doubly savage by the wound in his chest. As he stood eyeing me with his small, blood-shot eyes, he seemed to become aware of an enemy in his rear, and, turning, he charged like a flash upon the unfortunate Hans, upsetting him and ripping one of his boots almost off, the impetus of his headlong charge

HE CHARGED.

carrying him beyond his intended victim. As he turned to complete his work, De M. fired, but his aim was unsteady, for the bullet glanced off his shoulder, inflicting a flesh wound but increasing his rage to a perfect frenzy. Catching sight of me, the boar suddenly transferred his attention in my direction, and, with a series of ferocious grunts, he charged.

"Stand steady, for your life!" yelled De M. "Don't attempt to thrust; hold the spear steady, and he will run upon it."

I felt a shock, sparks flashed before my eyes, then a heavy blow, and after that all was darkness. When I recovered my senses Hans and De M. were forcing brandy down my throat, while the blood was pouring down my face from my nose, which had come in violent contact with a tree in my fall. Close beside me lay the dead body of the boar with my spear still sticking in his body, having transfixed the heart, while the short ash handle was shattered. In a short time I was on my feet and receiving the congratulations of my friends on my narrow escape.

This completed the day's sport, and as the day was waning, the bag, one sow and three boars, were loaded on mules, and we reached home tired, hungry and happy, to fight our battles over again. Truly there is an element of danger in hunting the wild boar of the Ardennes, as my friend justly observed.—Leslie's Monthly.

England's After-Dinner Speakers.

Twenty years ago the best dinner-table talkers in England were thought to be Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, Queen's Counselor Judah P. Benjamin, Mr. Gladstone, Cardinal Manning, Lord Rosebery and Dean Stanley. Twenty years before that Macaulay and Carlyle headed the list. In Dickens' time he ranked as the best after-dinner speaker, and Sala enjoyed that distinction for a few years before his death. There is now rather a dearth of talkers and speakers of the first luster in that country, though both are likely to appear at any time. The advent of a new Brougham or Macaulay cannot be expected every day, but the possibility of it is by no means extinguished. Should it ever come to that, she may import her talent from this side, though it must be said that the supply and the quality are variable sometimes under the requirements of the home market.—N. Y. Tribune.

A TRIFLE CAUTIOUS.

No City Man Could Get Ahead of Him.

A typical farmer from the interior, who had evidently come to the city to spend some of the proceeds of one dollar wheat, walked cautiously into one of the better-class hotels, says the Detroit Free Press. One of the bell boys saw him weighted down with a satchel and coat and umbrella and, as was his custom, darted toward the door to take the visitor's burdens and pilot him to the clerk's desk. He reached down to grasp the satchel. Quick as a flash the old man's right arm shot out with his umbrella and just as Mr. Bell Boy took hold of the satchel the umbrella came down on his back with a whack.

"Take that, young fellow!" remarked the visitor. "You can't grab things away from me. I've heerd uv how yew fellers work it. Grab a hand bag an' skip afore a man has a chance tew wink. But I fooled ye this time, gosh darn ye! Yew git out o' here right quick."

The old man raised his umbrella again threateningly and the bell boy, much discomfited, slid toward his seat, while the farmer once more cautiously advanced to the desk. The clerk reached out warmly to grasp his prospective guest's hand. But it didn't grasp.

"Young man," said the old fellow, yew're a trifle previous, ain't ye? When I git reddy tew shake, I'll let ye know. Yew don't know me, an' I don't know yew, yet. Jest keep that paw ter yerself. There, now, gimme a quill an' I'll show ye who I am."

He got the quill and registered, but bell boys and clerks gave their guest full right of way in either direction.

Toes of Criminals.

Dr. P. Penta has studied the fingers and toes of 4,500 criminals, and finds a deficiency in the size or number of toes quite frequently among them, although very rare among ordinary men. He has also observed that prehensile toes, marked by a wide space between the great toe and the second toe, is a condition quite common among criminals; also, a webbed condition of the toes, an approximation to the toeless feet of some savages.

A King's Outing.

Every summer the king of Spain goes to the seaside, and is taken out to bathe in a splendid machine constructed like a miniature palace. He is attended by an admiral, and in the vicinity of the bathing place a number of sailors are stationed in a boat in case of any accident.

Female Friendship.

"My husband is not only handsome, but good," said Mrs. Boulevard, proudly.

"Isn't it strange how extremes meet?" replied Mrs. Murray Hill, her best friend, who was paying a visit.—Tammany Times.

POPULATION AND DEPENDENCE.

Nations That Increase Fast In Numbers Under the Rule of Aliens.

An item appeared in an English paper recently giving the results of the June census of the population of Egypt and showing it to be 9,700,000, an increase of 2,900,000 since 1882; in other words, a gain of 42 per cent. in 15 years, the greater part of which has been made since the British occupation of the country.

In a French newspaper, attention is called to the fact that while the population of France has not been increasing, the increase of the French Canadian population in North America has been prodigious—from 70,000 in 1765 to 1,800,000 in 1891, and more than 2,000,000 at present.

The deduction to be drawn from these figures and from other like figures is that the political independence of a people is by no means a pledge of increase in population; on the contrary, the growth in numbers of dependent peoples under an alien and sometimes antagonistic government is often greater than it would otherwise be.

The increase of the population of India, abruptly stopped this year by the plague, is perhaps a fair illustration of this.

An official enumeration of the population of British India made by the British government in 1867 put the population of that country at 144,000,000 exclusive of 47,000,000 inhabitants in districts under British jurisdiction but not under direct British control. This was 30 years ago, and the population of India at that time was 191,000,000 in all. By the last imperial census made by British authorities, the population of India was 287,000,000, about twice as great.

City of Big Windmills.

Amsterdam, the capital of the Netherlands, is situated at the confluence of the River Amstel and the arm of the Zuyder Zee, called the Y (pronounced eye). It is a forest of lofty windmills in the form of towers, steeples, pyramids, truncated cones and aerial erections, waving their enormous arms and whirling above the roofs like a cloud of monster birds beating their wings over the city. It is computed that there are no fewer than 12,000 windmills in Holland, chiefly employed in pumping and draining. Many are of vast dimensions, each sail sometimes exceeding 60 feet in length.

County Map of Tapestry.

A tapestry map of Warwickshire, Shakespeare's county, six yards by eight, made in 1598, has been lately on exhibition in London, where it was sent to be repaired. It is one of five made by Flemish weavers imported into England, and is the largest and most minute topographical record of the time. It once belonged to Horace Walpole, but is now the property of the York museum.

LORD ELGIN, GOVERNOR GENERAL OF INDIA.
HE HAS HIS HANDS FULL NOW CONTENDING WITH THE UPRISING IN THAT COUNTRY.

ON THE SUMMIT OF CHILKAT PASS.
A DAILY SCENE ON THE ROUTE TO THE FAMOUS KLONDIKE GOLD FIELDS.

TEMPERANCE.

THE PINT OF ALE, JOHN.

Why Mary Was Able to Give Her Husband an Outing.

It is a difficult matter to one accustomed to small daily indulgences to realize the expense thus incurred.

A Manchester (England) calico printer was asked on his wedding day by his shrewd wife to allow her two half pints of ale a day as her share of home comforts. John made the bargain cheerfully, feeling it hardly became him to do otherwise, inasmuch as he drank two or three quarts a day. The wife kept the home tidy, and all went well with them, but as she took the small allowance each week for household expenses, she never forgot the "pint of ale, John."

When the first anniversary of their wedding came, and John looked around on his neat home and comely wife, a longing to do something to celebrate the day took possession of him.

"Mary, we've had no holiday since we were wed, and only that I haven't a penny in the world, we'd take a jaunt to the village and see the mother."

"THEE CAN HAVE THE HOLIDAY."

"Would thee like to go, John?" she asked.

There was a tear with her smile, for it touched her heart to hear him speak tenderly, as in the olden times.

"If thee'd like to go, John, I'll stand treat."

"Thou stand treat, Mary! Hast got a fortin left thee?"

"Nay, but I've got the pint of ale," said she.

"Got what! wife?"

"The pint of ale," she replied.

Whereupon she went to the hearth, and from beneath one of the stone flags, drew out a stocking, from which she poured upon the table the sum of three hundred and sixty-five threepences ($22.81), exclaiming:

"See, John, thee can have the holiday."

"What is this?" he asked in amaze.

"It is my daily pint of ale, John."

He was conscience stricken as well as amazed and charmed.

"Mary, hasn't thee had thy share? Then I'll have no more from this day."

And he was as good as his word. They had the holiday with the old mother, and Mary's little capital, saved from "the pint of ale," was the seed from which, as the years rolled on, grew shop, factory, warehouse, country seat and carriage with health, happiness, peace and honor.

GENERAL GLEANINGS.

The devil's face may be seen without a mask, by taking a look at the drunkard's home.

The hand of the saloonkeeper is outstretched in the cigarette to grasp the boys of the nation.—Dr. Anna Shaw.

It isn't the drop in the wages that hurts a man so much as the drop he takes after getting his wages. That's what drops him.

Fouillee in the Revue des Deux Mandes asserts that 80 per cent. of young French criminals came from parents who were inebriate criminals.

The great Knox hat factory in Brooklyn, N. Y., has positively forbidden the bringing of beer or any alcoholic liquor into the factory buildings under any circumstances.

The reformed man who was to endow a great gold-cure asylum at New York died from alcoholic delirium. The cure he was so confident would cure others failed in his case. The danger of rapid cures of inebriety is not realized by the public.

Too many young dudes go beering, rumming, wineing, ginning, juleping, cocktailing, egg-nogging, mint-slinging, cognacing and boozing. This is why they grow "extra pale" and are "aleing" so soon that their employers discharge them in disgust.—The American Issue.

If the millions expended for intoxicating drink in our country were employed as good business men employ their capital, there would be a great abatement in suffering and sin, and the usefulness and happiness of millions would be increased. — United Presbyterian.

The Morphine Habit.

A work recently published in Paris gives some statistics of the morphine habit. From these it would seem that morphinomania is most prevalent in Germany, France and the United States, although it has victims in Russia, Sweden, Turkey and the remote east. The medical profession supplies 40 per cent. of the male morphinists, which is the largest proportion; after which follow men of leisure, 15 per cent.; merchants, eight per cent.; while peasants, clergymen and politicians occupy the lowest number numerically on the list. Among the females addicted to the habit, the largest number, 43 per cent., are women of means, and these are followed in number by the wives of medical men, who make up ten per cent. of the list. It is said that there are entire villages in Germany whose inhabitants are all addicted to the use of the drug.—Westminster Gazette.

IS A SOCIAL CENTER.

Why the Saloon Maintains Such a Hold Upon Society.

Temperance reformers have directed their strong and most persistent attacks against the open saloon, but in the struggle for existence the saloon has shown wonderful fitness to survive. Its sneers at lectures, scoffs at sermons, darts of satire are counted as stubble, and it laughs at the shaking of the statistical spear. Prohibition has often attempted to put its hook into the nose of this mighty leviathan, and draw him out of society; but after simulating death for a longer or shorter time the sly monster escapes from the hook and is found in his old haunts again; with a heart "as firm as a stone; yea as hard as a piece of the nether millstone."

Why is the saloon so hard to banish from society? Because it is more than a place for the sale of intoxicating liquors. It is a social center which offers various attractions to average human nature. Man is not naturally a consumer of alcohol. Taste for water, milk, and other potable fluids which nature furnishes in large quantities is natural; but alcohol has to be manufactured, and confirmed taste for it has be acquired.

But man is naturally a social being; and the saloon, taking advantage of man's social nature, opens a pleasant place for men to come together, strives to create an atmosphere of jolly good fellowship, quickens conviviality by the stimulation of alcohol, and men congregate therein not to get drunk—at least not intentionally—but to have a good time.

The relation of alcohol to the social passion in man is well brought out in Burns' song:

"Willie brewed a peck o' maut
An Rob an' Allen cum to pree."

Neither of the three jolly drinkers would have sat up all night alone, drinking the strong ale brewed from that peck of malt; but the ale furnished an incentive for coming together, their social natures brightened the passing hours, and the ale stimulated their social natures to make a night of it together in spite of crowing cock or dawning day.

The evils of the saloon are evident to every careful observer; but social value of the saloont—that is, its social value in the estimation of the men who frequent it—has not been sufficiently considered.

An article in the American Journal of Sociology declares that primarily the saloon is a social center. There is much truth in this. It is the democratic club of the workingman. There he finds light, warmth in winter and coolness in summer music in some saloons, amusements of various kinds in all of them, papers, a free lunch, and there he meets acquaintances and strangers who are in a social mood. He hears stories and songs which are broad rather than high, but like the pickles and pretzels of the free lunch they seem to fit the place and the company. The saloon welcomes him when his hours of labor are ended; it is much better furnished than his own home; and there, too often, he finds company which is more attractive to his jaded powers than the company which he finds in his own home. Not that he does not love his family, but the saloon is a forum where he finds that zestful variety which his social nature craves.

To all of this alcohol adds its subtle and dangerous zest. "The first action of ethylic alcohol," says Dr. Kerr, "is vascular relaxation, commonly called exhilaration or stimulation, when a glow of warmth spreads over the whole system, when the heart beats faster, when 'happy thoughts' crowd in upon the brain, when all seems life and light and joy, when everything without and within wears a roseate hue." Through the nervous system the social feelings are stimulated until, when "the wine is in," and "the wit is out," in sufficient degree, almost any drinking companion, however dull and foolish naturally, is, for the time, "a jolly good fellow."

It is quite easy to show that the saloon keeper is selfish; that greed, not hospitality, moves him to keep open house so many hours in the day; that the bonhomie of the bartender is part of his stock in trade; that the saloon robs many families of proper support; that the drinking there practiced leads to the major part of crime; but in striving to drive it from society we must reckon with it as a social center.

Can the church, the home, the social and educational club, and other organizations which minister in various degrees to man's social nature, successfully compete with the saloon as social centers? They can, with special classes to which they appeal; but there are thousands of young men, and thousands of men who have families, who make the saloon their club, and find in it a special attraction which draws them away from helpful social agencies. They do not need alcohol: they may crave it, but the craving has been created and is abnormal. But they do need the intellectual and emotional stimulus which social intercourse supplies. How shall applied Christianity outflank and rout alcohol by fully supplying this need, apart from the saloon?—Advance.

How to Drink and Keep Sober.

Various are the methods we have seen prescribed to avoid drunkenness. Some good people have advocated drinking "sitting down." The trouble is that some who drink "sitting down," find in the end that they cannot get up. Others have discovered the virtue of drinking "standing up," as in Bergen, where the bars have no seats. But some who drink "standing up" find that they cannot keep standing up when the liquor is down. We know of but one safe method, that is to "let drink alone."—National Temperance Advocate.

A dispatch from Valparaiso, Ind., states that Charley Lesser, while playing with matches in a saloon, lighted one and placed it in the bunghole of a whisky barrel. The barrel exploded, badly injuring the boy and blowing out the front of the building.

WAR REMINISCENCES.

AN INNOCENT BOY SPY.

The War Experience of a Very Small Soldier.

"Did I ever tell you about my nephew, Albert Boynton?" asked Col. Sam Boynton, of Chicago.

"For some time after the battle of Shiloh supplies for the army were hauled by team from Pittsburgh Landing. Our regiment had sent three teams for rations. My company was doing provost duty in Corinth when the teams returned. I noticed a little boy on a load of hard tack. He was covered with dust; his hat was badly torn and his clothes were ragged. When the team stopped in front of my quarters he called out:: 'Hello, Uncle Sam, I guess you don't know me.'

"I didn't, but said: 'Come here.' He climbed down from the wagon and timidly came to my side. Then I recognized him. He was my brother's boy, the brother then living in Galena. I said to him: 'What on earth are you doing down here, Albert?'

"'Well, uncle, I wanted to see a fight, and father wouldn't let me go to the war; he said I was not old enough to be a soldier, so I ran away.'

"'How did you manage to get here?'

"'I crawled out of the window at night and went to the depot and laid in with the engineer, and he took me to Chicago, and then chipped in with another engineer who took me to St. Louis. There I got on board the steamer John Warner. The captain was going to put me off at Cairo, but I hid away in a bunk and he couldn't find me. After we got started I came out and told the captain I wanted to find the Eighteenth Wisconsin; that my Uncle Sam was in that regiment, and if I could find him he would pay for my passage. The captain told me that the Eighteenth was at Corinth, 20 miles from the river. When I got off the boat at the Landing I asked some men if they knew where the Eighteenth was camped, and one of them said he belonged to that regiment, so I piled onto his wagon and came with him. Uncle Sam, do you think you fellows will have a fight here soon? I want to see a fight awful bad.'

"'I can't tell. We may and we may not.'

"After he had cleaned up a little the boys got him some supper and then he lay down and was soon fast asleep. I wrote to his father telling him that his boy was with me and would be back home as soon as he saw a fight. He remained with me until October before he had a chance to see a fight. About the 1st of October he came to me and said: 'Uncle Sam, I want to get out into the country and see what I can find out there.' I had bought him some new clothes, a regular butternut suit, and he being a small, thin, sallow-looking boy, one would bet he was a Johnny's son. He was only 13 years old and quite small for his age. I told him I did not like to have him go away alone. But he was bound to go. I saw no more of him for four days. I was greatly alarmed. On the fourth day he came back. He had three chickens and a lot of dried peaches tied up in a woman's skirt. I asked him where he had been. 'I have been to Ripley.' That was about 20 miles from Corinth. 'I saw Price and Van Dorn. Both were there. I stayed all night with one of the Arkansas regiments. The colonel's name is Reger. I was close to Price. He is quite an old man and fat. Van Dorn is a young man, tall and slim, with dark hair and chin whiskers with mustache. They are com-

"THE BOYS GOT HIM SOME SUPPER."

ing to fight you, soon, too, and they are coming by way of Chewalla. I heard them talking it over. They have lots of soldiers there, too, and cannon and horses.'

"I became convinced that he was telling the truth, so I went with him to see Gen. Rosecrans. The general had a long talk with the little fellow, and was much interested in him and his story. He said to me: 'Captain, this boy is a hero, and I want you to let him stay with me. I can make good use of him.' I told him he was not my boy, and I couldn't do it.

"In a few days, sure enough, Price and Van Dorn made an attack on our outpost at Chewalla. Then came the battle of Corinth. During the hottest of the fight Albert came to the front. 'Here, Uncle Sam, is some water for you and the boys.' He had four canteens. It was what the men most wanted. I scolded the little rascal and sent him to the rear. He did not go far. I saw him behind a big tree watching the fight.

"The day after the battle, and while we were walking over the field, we saw a wounded Johnny sitting under a tree in the brush. He had been shot through the leg. We took him to the hospital, where his wound was dressed. I often called to see him afterward. One day, while talking with him, he said to me: 'I saw that boy of yours over at Ripley a few days before the battle.'

"'Oh, I guess you are mistaken.'

"'But I know I did; he's the same boy that stayed all night with us.'

"While in Missouri some eight years ago I met a Johnny who had lost an arm at Vicksburg. He said: 'Say, captain, I think I know you. Wasn't you at the battle of Corinth?'

"'I was.'

"'Didn't you have a boy there?'

"'My brother's boy was with me.'

"'I am the fellow you found in the woods shot through the leg. Cap, you know I told you I saw that boy over at Ripley before the battle. And so I did, as sure as you live.'

"'I guess you're right, Johnny. The boy told me he was there, but I didn't want to own it at that time.'

"A week after Corinth Albert came to me and said: 'Uncle Sam, I've seen a battle, and now I'm ready to go home,' and the next day he started for Galena, as proud a boy as you ever saw. He grew to honorable manhood, but was mustered with the majority years ago."—J. A. Watrous, in Chicago Times-Herald.

A WAR INCIDENT.

The Daring of a Southern Soldier Was His Salvation.

"See if you can bring down that man on the white horse."

I had a reputation for marksmanship, and, seizing the rifle, advanced close to the embrasure, where I could take aim with my head somewhat sheltered and not be harmed by the flash of the cannon barking at my elbow.

The man on the white horse had brought up from the old confederate lines a handful of daring men to charge

HIS HORSE AROSE MAJESTICALLY.

upon the battery which was slaughtering his retreating comrades, in the hope of saving the many by sacrificing the few. I had heard of that white horseman several times in the course of the morning. He had been seen again and again galloping back and forth over the narrow field which was the scene of this strange combat. For all that we read of daring deeds in war, such incidents are few and far between, at least that was my experience during three years' service in the army of the Potomac. I had heard of such things in thrilling accounts of older wars, but had come to the conclusion that they were imaginary pictures. To have such a spectacle under my own eyes and almost at the end of my rifle barrel, was something startling. I fully intended to shoot the hero and was waiting for the best chance so as to be sure not to throw away a shot, but as I waited he moved on out of range of the cannon fire, his men around him in a solid and defiant phalanx, paused for an instant; then faced his steed toward us as though to advance and strike our wall upon the flank of the battery, thus avoiding the fire. While my eye was still upon him he pointed with his sword toward the murderous cannon, which just at that instant sent another shot crashing through the ranks of the retreating men in gray. His horse rose majestically upon his hind feet and for a moment there was a martial equestrian statue carved out against the background of battle smoke, bristling parapets and indistinct masses of warring men.

I was charmed by the sight; yes, carried away by my admiration for the hero who was the central figure of it all. I lowered my rifle, discharged it at random and crawled back from the embrasure to be met by the sergeant's eager cry: "Did you fetch him?" "No," said I, "he is too brave to die so." Whether or not it occurred to me at the time, I have since thought that I must have had a feeling that it would be inglorious to snuff out that flame of peerless courage with a pitiful pellet of lead.—Langdon Kilmer, in Atlanta Constitution.

High Prices in Richmond.

It was seen that Grant, by his operations, was rapidly forcing the fight to a finish. The last white man in the south had been put into the ranks, the communications were broken, the supplies were irregular. Confederate money was at a fabulous discount, and hope had given place to despair. The next evening one of our scouts returned from a trip to Richmond and was brought to headquarters in order that the general-in-chief might question him in person. The man said: "The depreciation in the purchasing power of 'graybacks,' as we call rebel treasury notes, is so rapid that every time I go to the enemy's lines I have to increase my supply of them. On my last trip I had to stuff my clothes full of their currency to keep myself going for even a couple of days. A barrel of flour in Richmond now costs over a thousand dollars, and a suit of clothes about twelve hundred. A dollar in gold is equal in value to a hundred dollars in graybacks. Then so much counterfeit confederate money has been shoved in through our lines that in the country places they don't pretend to make any difference between good and bad money. A fellow that had come in from the western part of the state told me a pretty tough yarn about matters out there. He said: 'Everything that has a picture on it goes for money. If you stop at a hotel, and the bill of fare happens to have an engraving of the house printed at the top, you can just tear off the picture and pay for your dinner with it.'"—Gen. Horace Porter, in Century.

The rate of wages of the New York German Farmers' union is 45 cents an hour.

THE FARMING WORLD.

THE VINE HOPPER.

How This Destructive Pest Is Fought in California.

Bulletin No. 116 of the California station (Berkeley) describes the "California Vine Hopper," which is counted as one of the four things doing the greatest injury to the vineyards of California. The bulletin gives an interesting account of the life history of this injurious insect and goes on to suggest remedies, some of which may be of interest to our readers. It is stated that some growers believe that the hopper may be kept in subjection by "sheeping" the vineyard. Sheep are turned into the vineyards after the fruit is picked and permitted to eat down the

DEVICE FOR JARRING INSECTS.

lenves. This method is considered ineffective, as are also the methods of burying the leaves and spraying in winter.

Summer spraying is said to be an effectual process, but is costly and difficult. The insect is very active, and in order to kill it a very strong and penetrating wash like kerosene emulsion must be used. Jarring is considered one of the best remedies when tried in the spring and under certain conditions. Fig. 1 shows certain contrivances that are used in jarring. The scoop or shovel is held up against the vine to hold the hoppers which are driven down by striking with a stick. Another way to fight the pest consists in using a plain palm leaf fan dipped in

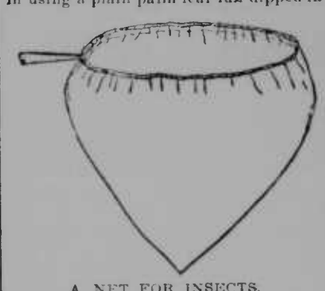

A NET FOR INSECTS.

a sticky mixture like thick molasses and water. The fan is held under the vine with one hand while with the other the operator strikes the leaves so as to knock the hoppers down upon the fan. An insect net shown at Fig. 2 is also used. With this the vine is jarred and as the insects fly a few skillful strokes with the net will catch most of them, and they may be crushed or emptied into kerosene.

Prof. Woodworth says that the net and the fan methods are the only ones which are at all practical for summer use. He observed that nearly 90 per cent. of the hoppers were killed by the net method while working with a gang large enough to cover about five acres a day. About half of the gang of men were green hands, part white and part Chinese, and at the rate of wages the cost per acre would be between 15 and 20 cents. This is an illustration of the value of scientific agricultural work. Such pests are sure to come. The average farmer cannot afford time and study needed to understand how to fight such insects or diseases. There must be scientific men somewhere with nothing to do but to study these matters and give their results freely to the world.—Rural New Yorker.

DIET OF THE TOAD.

Wasps, Beetles and Yellow Jackets Compose Its Menu.

Bulletin 46 of Hatch (Mass.) station says the toad lives ten to forty years, does not begin to produce young till the fourth year, but then lays over 1,000 eggs a year. It has lived two years without food, but cannot live long under water. It never takes dead or motionless food. It takes its food by means of its tongue alone, and it operates this so rapidly that the eye cannot follow its motions. It captures and devours bees, wasps, yellow jackets, ants, beetles, worms, spiders, snails, bugs, grasshoppers, crickets, weevils, caterpillars, moths, etc.

The station examined with a microscope the contents of the stomachs of seven toads in April, 30 in May, 66 in June, 26 in July, ten in August and seven in September—149 in all. On an average it was found that 80 per cent. of the toad's food consists of harmful insects, and 11 per cent. was of such beneficial insects as bees, spiders, lady bugs, etc.

The stomach that doesn't flinch at yellow jackets, wasps, blister beetles and click beetles or pinch-bugs would seem to be prepared for anything in the insect line, and it doubtless is.

The quantity of food that a toad's stomach can accommodate is remarkable. In one were found 77 myriapods, in another 55 army worms, in another 65 gypsy moth caterpillars, in another nine ants, six cut worms, five myriapods, six sow bugs, one weevil and one wire worm beetle.

In 24 hours the toad consumes enough food to fill its stomach four times. Feeding at the rate above mentioned a single toad will in three months devour over 10,000 insects. If every ten of these would have done one cent damage the toad has saved ten dollars.

Evidently the toad is a valuable friend to the farmer, gardener and fruit grower, and can be made especially useful in greenhouse, garden and berry patch.

For family use, especially, plant the orchard with a view to having the fruit ripen at different times.—St. Louis Republic.

A MOTHER'S EFFORT.

A Mother Sees Her Daughter in a Pitiful Condition, But Manages to Rescue Her.

From the New Era, Greensburg, Ind.

The St. Paul correspondent for the New Era recently had an item regarding the case of Mabel Stevens, who had just recovered from a serious illness of rheumatism and nervous trouble, and was able to be out for the first time in three months. The letter stated that it was a very bad case and her recovery was such a surprise to the neighbors that it created considerable gossip.

Being anxious to learn the absolute facts in the case, a special reporter was sent to have a talk with the girl and her parents. They were not at home, however, being some distance away. A message was sent to Mr. Stevens, asking him to write up a full history of the case, and a few days ago the following letter was received from Mrs. Steveus:

"ST. PAUL, IND., Jan. 20, 1897.

"Editors New Era, Greensburg, Ind.

"DEAR SIRS: Your kind letter received and I am glad to have the opportunity to tell you about the sickness and recovery of Mabel. We don't want any newspaper notoriety, but in a case like this where a few words of what I have to say may mean recovery for some child, I feel it my duty to tell you of her case.

"Two years ago this winter Mabel began complaining of pains in her limbs, principally in her lower limbs. She was going to school, and had to walk about three quarters of a mile each day, going through all kinds of weather. She was thirteen years old and doing so well in her studies that I disliked to take her from school, but we had to do it.

"For several months she was confined to the house, and she grew pale and dwindled down to almost nothing. Her legs and arms were drawn up and her appearance was pitiful. Several doctors had attended her, but it seemed that none of them did her any good. They advised us to take her to the springs, but times were so hard we could not afford it, although we finally managed to get her to the Martinsville baths. Here she grew suddenly weaker, and it seemed that she could not stand it, but she became better, and it seemed that she was being benefited, but she suddenly grew worse, and we had to bring her home.

"She lingered along, and last winter became worse again, and was afflicted with a nervous trouble almost like the St. Vitus' dance. For some time we thought she would die, and the physicians gave her up. When she was at her worst a neighbor came in with a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and wanted us to try them as they were advertised to be good for such cases, and her daughter had used them for nervousness with such good results that she thought they might help Mabel.

"We tried them. The first box helped her some, and after she had taken three boxes she was able to sit up in bed. When she had finished a half dozen boxes she was able to be out and about. She has taken about nine boxes altogether now, and she is as well as ever, and going to school every day, having started in again three weeks ago. Her cure was undoubtedly due to these pills."

(Signed) MRS. AMANDA STEVENS."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness in either male or female. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—(they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

A woman should never accept a lover without the consent of her heart, nor a husband without the consent of her judgment. —Ninon de l'Enclos.

Real Rest and Comfort.

There is a powder to be shaken into the shoes called Allen's Foot-Ease, invented by Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y., which druggists and shoe dealers say is the best thing they have ever sold to cure swollen, burning and tender or aching feet. Some dealers claim that it makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It certainly will cure corns and bunions and relieve instantly sweating, hot or smarting feet. It costs only a quarter, and the inventor will send a sample free to any address.

A Sundayschool Interruption. — Clergyman—"St. Paul made one error, my dear children." Juvenile—"Did it let in a run?" —Truth.

Gross Outrages

Upon the stomach and bowels are perpetrated by multitudes of injudicious people who, upon experiencing the annoyance of constipation in a slight degree, infiltrate their bowels with drenching evacuants, which enfeeble the intestinal membrane to a serious extent, sometimes, even, superinducing dysentery or piles. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the true succedaneum for these nostrums, since it is at once invigorating, gentle and effectual. It also banishes dyspepsia, malarial complaints, rheumatism and kidney troubles.

Nothing makes a woman so mad as for another woman whom she does not like to make a dress like hers.—Washington Democrat.

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package, FREE. Write to Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

When a woman takes off her coat at church it is not necessarily a sign that she is too warm.—Washington Democrat.

Home Seekers' Excursions.

Via "Big Four Route" Sept. 6-7 and 20-21 at one fare plus $2.00 for the round trip to specified points in Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Indian Territory, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri Nebraska, New Mexico, North and South Dakota, North and South Carolina, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Virginia, Wisconsin and Wyoming.

For tickets and full information call on any ticket agent of the Big Four Route, or address E. O. McCormick, Pass. Traffic Mgr., or Warren J. Lynch, Ass. Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt., Cincinnati, O.

Great minds may run in the same channel, but there is plenty of room for more.—Washington Democrat.

New Through Passenger Route for Colorado, Utah and California.

The Chicago Times-Herald of August 27 says that on September 12 the new traffic alliance between the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway and the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railway goes into effect, and on that date the former will send its first Denver sleeper out of Chicago. This will be attached to its regular night train for Omaha, and will be delivered there to the Rock Island. On October 2 the tourist car route over these two lines, the Colorado Midland and Southern Pacific, will be inaugurated. Tourist cars will be run once a week between Chicago and San Francisco. For further details regarding this new route call on or address Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, C., M. & St. P. Ry., 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

"FROSTED HIS PIPES."

The Troubles of a Culprit in a Justice Shop.

He was a sorry-looking specimen as he climbed wearily up to the witness chair in Justice Severson's court. His eyes were discolored and his features awry. He raised a bunged looking fist as he took the oath to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, "swelpmegod." His voice was one of the queerest in the world. It was pitched in a squeaky, high falsetto and seemed doubly comical coming from such a husky-looking specimen.

"Speak up," shouted his honor; "what's the matter with your voice?"

"Me pipes is frosted, judge, your honor," squeaked the prisoner.

"I'll frost your pipes for you," remarked the court. "What was it all about?"

"Well, ye see, judge, your honor, I went home to play wit my kid. D'ye see now? Me mother-in-law she kicks. D'ye see now? I says, here, now, I'm goin' to play wit the kid. Me an' her we got to chewin' about the kid an' she gives out a holler. A copper comes chasin' in an' when I goes to explain he grabs me pipes and twists 'em. Say, judge, I can't talk no louder than this if I was to hang for it."

"How about this, officer?" said the judge.

"The two of 'em was fightin', judge, and I separated 'em," replied the guardian of the peace.

"Where is your mother-in-law?" said the court.

That lady stepped forward calm and without a mark on her face.

"James," said the court, addressing the gentleman with the frosted pipes, "you seem to have gotten the worst of that mix-up. Don't let it occur again. Call the next case. Discharged."—Chicago Chronicle.

A Methodical Man.

Just as Wiggins was ready to leave home the other morning to go down to his office, his wife said to him:

"John, I wish you would stop at Blank & Co.'s department store and have them to send me up three yards of goods to match this sample."

"All right," said Wiggins, reaching for the sample. "How much will it cost?"

"I don't remember exactly," replied his wife. "It's 35 or 40 cents a yard."

"But I must know the exact cost," he persisted, "or I can't stop for it. I am in a rush this morning to get down to the office."

"But what difference does it make," asked Mrs. Wiggins, "about knowing the cost of the goods to the penny?"

"A whole heap of difference," snapped Wiggins. "It will save my losing a couple of hours waiting for my change."—Ohio State Journal.

Husband (groaning)—"The rheumatism in my legs is coming again." Wife (with sympathy) — "Oh, I'm sorry, John! I wanted to do some shopping to-day, and that is a sure sign of rain."—Tit-Bits.

"So you went in search of the golden fleece," said the man with a lingering fondness for the classics. "No," replied the returned Klondiker, who had been swindled on a claim, "we didn't go after any fleece. But that's what we got."—Washington Star.

There is some new scheme invented every day upon which to spend your money.—Washington Democrat.

"What does that man Sickly do for a living?" "For board and lodging he does the hotels, and for clothes does his tailor. Outside of that he does the best he can."—Detroit Free Press.

We have seen men play a game called solitaire to kill time. If that is not killing it, there is no way to do it.—Washington Democrat.

From Two Points of View.—Papa—"I saw that big boy whipping the little one, and you didn't interfere? Suppose you had been that little boy?" Bobby—"I did think of that, an' was goin' to part 'em; but then I happened to think, s'pose I was the big boy? So I left 'em alone."—Puck.

Mrs. Newlywed—"That is our new burglar-alarm—you see, if a burglar should get into the lower part of the house, that would ring." Her Mother—"Oh!—and scare him off?" Mrs. Newlywed (doubtfully)—"Well, it might; but it would give Clarence and me plenty of time to hide in the attic, anyway."—Puck.

First Assistant (in Daily Hustler office)—"It strikes me that the editor is becoming decidedly absent-minded." Second Assistant—"Why do you think so?" First Assistant—"Why, in that long article on the wonderful progress of mankind during the reign of Queen Victoria, he never once mentioned the increase in the circulation of the Hustler."—Puck.

"Will you dine with me, monsieur?" "How soon? I have an engagement to fight a duel in an hour." "Say in an hour and a half then. And I should be glad to have the company of your seconds and your antagonist, also." "I will extend your invitation to them after the duel, and, doubtless we will both be there."—Chicago Post.

MRS. KRINER'S LETTER

About Change of Life.

"I suffered for eight years and could find no permanent relief until one year ago. My trouble was Change of Life. I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and relief came almost immediately. I have taken two bottles of the Vegetable Compound, three boxes of Pills and have also used the Sanative Wash, and must say, I have never had anything help so much. I have better health than I ever had in my life. I feel like a new person, perfectly strong. I give the Compound all the credit. I have recommended it to several of my friends who are using it with like results. It has cured me of several female diseases. I would not do without Mrs. Pinkham's remedies for anything. There is no need of so much female suffering. Her remedies are a sure cure."—MRS. ELLA KRINER, Knightstown, Henry Co., Ind.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO

NEBRASKA

September 7, 21. October 5, 19

On these dates round-trip tickets, good for 21 days, will be sold by all Burlington Route agents and by those of many eastern railroads at HALF FARE Plus $2.00.

The undersigned will send you free on application a handsome illustrated pamphlet describing Nebraska, with a large sectional map of the State.

A Dry, Healthy Climate.

A Soil Unsurpassed for Richness, easy to cultivate, and yielding all varieties of crops.

That is what Nebraska offers to the home-seeker. Ask your nearest ticket agent about the cheap rates, or write to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

Why have more

ESTEY

Organs been sold than any other kind? Because, although higher in price, the Estey gives far better value than any other.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue with prices, to Estey Organ Company, Brattleboro, Vt.

CASH PAID FOR NAMES.

ONE DOLLAR FOR FOUR.

Send plainly written, by card or letter before Oct. 10, four names (not more) of young folks most likely to be interested in the best weekly family paper published and receive YOUTH AND HOME for two weeks free, and 25 cents in cash for each name added to our subscription list by Nov. 15. Pick best names to insure returns. We do the rest. No canvassing. Write your own name and town plainly. YOUTH AND HOME, 27 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

OPIUM and Whiskey Habit cured at Home without pain. Book of particulars sent FREE. B. M. WOOLLEY, M.D., Atlanta, Ga.

GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for Book, "Inventions Wanted." EDGAR TATE & CO., 245 Broadway, New York.

A. N. K.—C 1674

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GET THE GENUINE ARTICLE!

Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast COCOA

Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.

Costs Less than ONE CENT a cup.

Be sure that the package bears our Trade-Mark.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited,

(Established 1780.) Dorchester, Mass.

"THE MORE YOU SAY THE LESS PEOPLE REMEMBER." ONE WORD WITH YOU,

SAPOLIO

CONSTIPATION—Caused by { Over-Work! Over-Eating! Over-Drinking!

No part of the human body receives more ill treatment than the bowels. Load after load is imposed until at last the intestines become clogged, refuse to act, worn out. Then you must assist nature. Do it, and see how easily you will be

Cured by Cascarets CANDY CATHARTIC. CCC

Not a violent mass of mercurial and mineral poisons, but a PURE VEGETABLE COMPOUND, that acts directly upon the diseased and worn out intestinal canal, makes it strong, and restores muscular action, at the same time gently stimulating the liver and kidneys. Not a patent liquid or pill-form dose, but a CANDY TABLET—pleasant to eat, easy and delightful in action.

They are indeed NATURE'S OWN REMEDY.

ALL DRUGGISTS. 10c., 25c., 50c. 365.

AN OPEN LETTER
To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now* Chas. H. Fletcher. *on every bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher. *wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought* Chas. H. Fletcher. *on the and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher. *wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"

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This we are prepared to answer for those contemplating Printing of every description. Write us and state your wishes fully. An experience extending over many years in the business is at the disposal of those who value the advantages of first-class Printing.

Neat Printing, on good paper, free of typographical errors, is the kind you want. Work that is done in a slovenly manner, for a cheap price, is not the kind that pays either the customer or the Printer. We do the other kind of work—THE BEST—at a price to make some money for ourselves. That's what we are in business for.

Address all orders to

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REDUCED RATES.

Tennessee Centennial Exposition, Nashville, Tennessee.

OVER THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY
and Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway.

The Southern Railway announces the following low rates from Washington, D. C., to Nashville, Tenn., occasion Tennessee Centennial Exposition:

Season Excursion Tickets will be sold daily, until and including October 15, at $28.75.

Twenty-day Excursion Tickets will be sold daily until October 15, at $21.30.

Ten-day Excursion Tickets will be sold on Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week, until October 26, 1897, at $15.30.

Rates for Military and Students in parties of 25 or more made known upon application.

Lv Baltimore, P. R. R.	.....	9.20 PM	9.13 AM
" Washington, So. Ry	.....	10.13 "	11.15 "
" Danville	.....	5.01 AM	6.20 PM
Ar Salisbury (E. T.)	"	9.37 "	8.50 "
" Asheville (C. T.)	"	2.05 PM	12.12 AM
" Hot Springs	"	1.21 "	1.23 "
" Knoxville	"	7.25 "	4.00 "
" Chattanooga	"	11.20 "	7.50 "
" Nashville, N. C. & St. L. Ry		6.45 AM	1.50 PM

The train leaving Baltimore at 9.20 P. M., daily, carries Pullman Buffet Sleeper New York to Salisbury, uniting with Pullman Sleeper (from Norfolk) to Nashville, Tenn., through "The Land of the Sky," without change.

For full particulars, descriptive matter, etc., call on or address:

J. C. HORTON, Pass. Agent,
106 East German st., Baltimore, Md.
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Free from Stumps and Stones.
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Settling up very fast with DUNKERS, MENNONITES AND AMISH PEOPLE.

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Full particulars free.
Address
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LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:
C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

JOHN SHARTZER,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

offers his services to the people of Garrett County. Will cry land or personal property sales at any point in the county. 6-97-1yr.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 20, 1897.

To the Editor of The Republican.

President McKinley has not complained because he failed to get any rest while away from Washington on his recent vacation, but he has arranged for another little trip which he thinks will give him some rest. He is going to the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts, where himself and Mrs. McKinley will be guests of an old friend. It is not probable that President McKinley has done a harder week's work since he was inaugurated than he has just completed, but he has got all the matters pressing, he feels free to go away again and try to get himself braced up a little for the arduous duties of the winter. He was surprised to find so many office seekers awaiting him when he returned, but he saw as many of them as he possibly could and made a number of appointments, which, of course, also made a much larger number of disappointments. He is very much interested in the greater New York campaign, and willingly listened to those who had information to impart concerning it, but he says only enough to draw them out. He has expressed no opinion on the subject.

It was definitely settled at a conference between the President and Consul General Lee that the latter should return to Cuba at the expiration of his leave of absence, or earlier if circumstances should make his presence there necessary. This indicates that General Lee will continue as Consul General to Cuba for some time yet. His leave of absence expires early in October.

Pension Commissioner Evans, Ex-Commissioner ("Corporal") Tanner, and General Biard, accompanied the Washington members of the Union Veteran Legion, who left this afternoon on a special train for Columbus, Ohio, where the 12th National Encampment of the Legion will be held this week.

Under the new policy of the Pension Bureau, to give the papers of applicants for original pension preference, Commissioner Evans estimates that two hundred thousand applications, which have been hung up under the democratic policy will be disposed of during the present fiscal year.

Secretary Alger is determined to find out as much as possible about the condition of things in the Klondike region, in order to be able to carry out his project of sending food into that region, if it becomes necessary to prevent suffering among the numerous Americans who have gone there, at his own expense, but in the name of the Government of the United States. As a step in that direction, he has been conferring with Mr. Joseph Ladue, of Dawson City, a gentleman lately from the Klondike and who has mining interests there. Arrangements have been completed for sending a company of United States soldiers to St. Michaels, Alaska, for the purpose of maintaining order and protecting property at that point.

The free trade press regards it, or tries to make it appear to the public that it so regards the matter, that the compelling of foreign manufacturers, who have established a market in this country for their wares, to start factories over here or lose their American trade, is a misfortune, but it does not so appear to sensible people, whether they are republicans or not. It is clear enough that every establishment employing labor started and maintained in the United State must necessarily add to the prosperity of our people, and while increased prosperity for the people may be a misfortune for the professional calamity howlers among the democratic and populist politicians, it will certainly not be so regarded by those who get additional work and become sharers in the increased prosperity. If everything consumed or used in the United States could be made by our own citizens it would be one of the very best things that could happen to the country. It was largely because we bought so much stuff of foreign production brought in under the low rates of the democratic tariff, that we had such a long period of business and industrial depression. These are facts that should be constantly kept in mind by the people of the United States.

It Saves the Croupy Children.

Seaview, Va.—We have a splendid sale on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and our customers coming from far and near, speaking of it in the highest terms. Many have said that their children would have died of croup if Chamberlain's Cough Remedy had not been given.—Kellum & Onrrem. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Notice.

One road wagon and one spring wagon, both one horse, to trade for lumber, shingles or cross ties. Geo. O. Miller. 28-4

Dissolution of Copartnership.

This is to give notice that the copartnership heretofore existing between John Shartzer and D. E. Bolden under the firm name of Shartzer & Bolden, carrying on the furniture business in Oakland, has been dissolved by mutual consent, Mr. Shartzer retiring.

JOHN SHARTZER.
26-3t. D. E. BOLDEN.

Wm. Frederick, Jr., & Son,

The Racket Store,

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We carry something of everything. There is nothing you want that cannot be found in our store.

It is admitted by all that to sell goods and make a living a merchant must necessarily charge a profit. Some merchants charge more profit than others. We are one of the OTHERS and come nearer selling goods for nothing than anyone on the face of the earth. Here you get value for your money.

Our silversmith is one of the finest workmen in the United States as all will admit who have had any work done in that line by him.

Our jewelry department is filled to overflowing with everything in that line and we sell jewelry at less than manufacturers' prices.

We carry a complete line of staple and fancy groceries.

Call and get our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

WM. FREDERICK, JR., & SON.

REAL ESTATE!

—FOR SALE BY—

JOHN SHARTZER, Real Estate Agent,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Two farms in District No. 2; 262 acres; near Elder Hill school house, improved by 2 houses, 3 barns and orchards. Will be sold separately or as a whole, to suit purchaser, on easy terms.

House of 4 rooms, 4 acres of land two miles south of Mt. Lake Park.

House and 1 acre of ground adjoining Loch Lynn Heights. Will be sold cheap.

A livery stable at Loch Lynn Heights; finest in the county; must be sold at once.

House and lot in Mt. Lake Park.

50 acres; improved by a small house; near Cranberry Glade farm.

House and 2 lots in McHenry.

Farm near Deer Park; improved.

A well improved farm near Ryan's Glade.

The above properties will be sold on easy terms.

One 50-acre lot adjoining the farm of W. T. Jamesson near Mt. Lake Park.

1 50-acre lot adjoining the lands of Mrs. Kilburne and —— Jackson near Mt. Lake Park; will be sold very cheap for cash.

7 building lots in Loch Lynn Heights.

The Phillips lands lying between Oakland and Mt. Lake Park; will be sold as a whole or in parcels to suit purchaser.

A lot of ground adjoining Mt. Lake Park on the Oakland road.

An improved farm of 100 acres, 2 miles from Terra Alta.

An improved farm of 200 acres near Crellin.

The Oakland Steam Laundry property.

7 large building lots in Oakland.

For further information, prices and terms, apply to

JOHN SHARTZER,
6-26 *OAKLAND, MD.*

Tomson's Red Seal Lye.

98 per cent. strength, granulated, packed in SIFTING TOP cans. Is the greatest soapmaker, disinfectant and cleanser.

One Can will make 10 Pounds of Hard Soap.

Red Seal is the best disinfectant and purifier to use in sinks, drains, waste pipes and closets. It is handy, safe and sure. One can of Red Seal to 15 gallons of water sprayed, kooeks potato bugs, cabbage worms, etc No damage to vines. 15-13

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

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DEALERS IN

Furniture,
Carpets,
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—AND—
GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

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PURE DRUGS,
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DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY,
DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

Jos. E. HARNED, Proprietor.
31—26

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MARYLAND SCHOOL OF TECHNOLOGY.

Four courses of instruction—Agricultural, Mechanical, Scientific, Classical.

Each department supplied with the most modern and approved apparatus. Practical work emphasized in all departments. Graduates qualified at once to enter upon their life's work. Boarding department supplied with all modern improvements: bath rooms, closets, steam heat and gas. Books, room, heat, light, washing, board medical attendance, $151 for scholastic year. $5 caution money on entering. $8 for material for each practical laboratory. A 120 page catalogue, giving full particulars, sent on application. Daily sanitary inspection by physician to the college. Attention is called to the short course of ten weeks in agriculture. Particulars sent on application. Term commences September 15th. Early application necessary for admittance.

R. W. SILVESTER,
21-37. President M. A. C.

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THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conneway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Glessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

BICYCLES and BICYCLE REPAIRING.

Full line of Bicycle Sundries carried in stock.

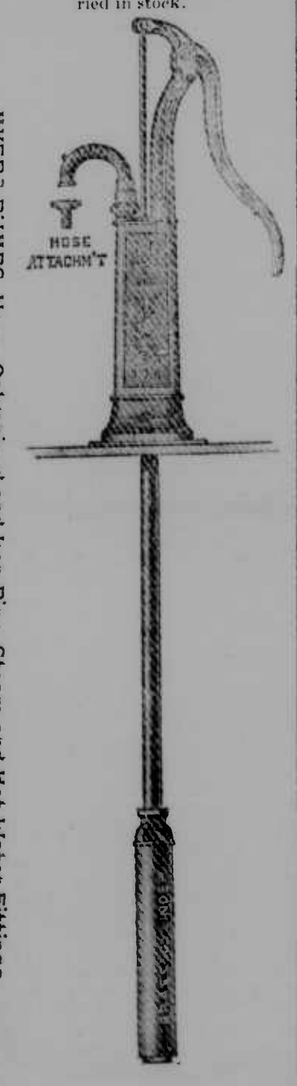

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Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

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A General Banking business transacted.
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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, May 16, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily	.....	4 49 A. M
No. 3—Daily	.....	6 28 A. M
No. 71—Accom daily except Sun	.....	9 28 A. M
No. 47—Daily	.....	1 26 P. M
No. 55—Express, daily	.....	5 55 P. M
No. 1—Daily	.....	10 01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily	.....	5.59 A. M
No. 2—Daily	.....	9.41 A. M
No. 72—Accom daily except Sun	.....	5.18 P. M
No. 16—Daily	.....	1.03 P. M
No. 4—Daily	.....	12.22 A. M
No. 11—Accommodation	.....	10.12 A. M

Train No. 55 makes no stops between Oakland and Grafton. No. 47 makes all stops.

D. B. MARTIN,
Manager of Passenger Traffic.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO

IN EFFECT MAY 18, 1897.

SOUTHWARD No. 3	No. 1	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		9 00 A. M.	P. M.
3 [illegible]	8 00 lv	Cumberland ar	12 10	17 30
3 19	8 20	Bowlings	11 31	7 01
3 32	8 32	Keyser	11 08	6 [illegible]
3 [illegible]	9 05	Westernport	10 35	6 25
4 09	9 09	W. Va. C. Junc.	10 28	6 18
4 27	9 35	Shaw	10 24	5 [illegible]
5 02	10 00	Bardson	9 50	5 16
6 15	10 45 ar	Elk Garden	9 00	4 05
5 35	10 51 lv	Gorman	8 21	4 51
5 42	10 52	Bayard	8 19	4 49
5 51	10 51	Deloin	8 09	4 39
6 27	11 27	Thomas	8 38	4 08
6 35	11 35 ar	Davis	7 55	3 15
6 34	11 34 lv	Coketon	8 31	4 01
7 01	12 01	Hendricks	8 09	3 39
7 07	12 07	Bretz	7 53	3 23
7 10	12 10	Parsons	7 50	3 20
7 15	12 15	Kerens	7 15	2 45
X 00	1 10 ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	12 30
	1 30 ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
	3 05 ar	Beulington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1897. NUMBER 30.

POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

WHAT has become of that $1,500 speech which Mr. Bryan was to deliver at the Ohio silver camp-meeting? Also, what has become of the camp-meeting itself? It seems to have been as flat a failure as Bryan's paid "explanation" of why silver and wheat have parted company.

POPOCRATIC Chairman Jones is evidently determined that the New Yorkers shall not make the same mistake that the Ohio and Iowa Democrats have made in the present campaign, of endorsing the exploded free silver proposition. He has recommended to New Yorkers that they let the silver question carefully alone, and Senator Gorman, by the way, is doing the same thing in Maryland.

THE Treasury Department has over $145,000,009 of gold in hand, and has had since the McKinley administration came in a larger gold surplus than at any time for a long period of years. This is in marked contrast with the conditions during the Democratic administration, when President Cleveland was compelled to sell bonds every now and then to keep up the hundred-million reserve.

NO BETTER evidence of the actual return of business activity could be found than the official reports of bank clearances for the week ending September 18. They show the clearances to be fifty per cent. greater than at this time last year, and seventy-five per cent. in excess of those of the corresponding week two years ago. They are greater than at any time since January, 1893.

THOSE people who are satisfied with Mr. Bryan's explanation of the cause in the advance in the price of wheat might do well to inquire of him about the advance of wool. He says the advance in wheat was due to a shortage abroad. There is no record of any considerable shortage abroad in wool yet prices of wool have advanced sixty per cent. since the beginning of September, 1896, while silver has fallen twenty per cent. in the same time.

LAST week's report covering the business failures in the United States is more encouraging than any which has been presented since the upward tendency of business which came with the inauguration of President McKinley. The entire number of business failures reported last week was only 169, which was half than less the number in the corresponding week of September, 1893, the first year of Cleveland's second term, and vastly less than any corresponding week during the entire four years of his occupancy of the presidential chair.

IS IT the Dingley law or the fall of silver which is the cause of advance of all farm products in the last sixty days? There has been no occasion in which silver has fallen more rapidly than during the month of August and September. Since the Dingley law went into operation about the time that this advance came, it might be well to call upon Mr. Bryan for another paid syndicate article explaining the cause of this general advance.

IS IT that terrible "money power" that is destroying the crops all over the world for the purpose of giving American farmers higher prices and thus showing them the falsity of the wheat-and-silver theory? There is just as much sense in assuming that the money power could control the wind and weather and grasshoppers and other causes of foreign grain shortages as it was to assume last fall that a handful of financiers located in some mysterious secret chamber in London or elsewhere could control the legislation of the greatest and most intelligent nations of the world in behalf of the gold standard, as was asserted from day to day and week to week during the entire campaign of 1896.

WHEAT and silver, instead of being "hand in hand" are not even neighborly any longer. They stood side by in price on September 1st, 1896, an ounce of silver and a bushel of wheat being worth at that time sixty-seven cents each. By September 1st of the present year the ounce of silver had fallen to fifty-one cents and the bushel of wheat had advanced to one hundred and three cents, making the difference between them wide. Recent reports from Russia, which show that her grain exportation of 1897 has been only about two-thirds that of 1896, and that her this year's crop will not warrant the exportation of any grain coupled with the shortage in other parts of the world, indicate that the disparity will be still greater within the next few months.

THE KLONDIKE COUNTRY.

Parties are Now Organizing to Penetrate the Frozen Gold Hills Next Spring.

COPPER RIVER COUNTRY THE RICHEST

It Has Not Been Fully Prospected. The Indians are Very Savage and will Not Permit the Whites to Get Into the Interior.

TACOMA, WASH., Sept. 21, 1897.

By the time this letter reaches you I will be on top of the Chilkoot Pass, and my next letter will be written in that vicinity. This one is to be given up principally to a plain statement of how Klondike parties are organized and how they frequently "disorganize."

The fact is that people seem to have a weakness for organizing and disorganizing. This is particularly true of Klondikers. The chances are that if a man starts from your locality for Klondike he will begin organizing before he is half way to Tacoma.

It has been the history in the past that Klondikers get acquainted on the trains and boats and band together to do this and to do that for mutual benefit and protection. And history in repeating itself will record many other Klondike parties being organized on trains and boats only to disorganize later on. On the way to the coast the gold hunters get to talking over their prospects, and, all being agreeable, they agree to work together for various purposes. As a rule, they agree, first to work together to secure good outfits. In carrying out this plan they send men to the various outfitters to get prices and examine goods. In this way they succeed in saving money, because they buy where the outfitters are cheapest and best. Many parties who have outfitted in Tacoma in this way during the past summer have, with this satisfactory money-saving beginning, agreed to go into the Klondike or Copper, or Stewart, or McMillian or some other river or district and share alike. They would agree that if one member of the party happened to "strike it rich" he would divide with all. This plan seldom works well as some members of the average party is bound to be unlucky, or lazy, or sick, or what-not and then trouble begins. Disorganization sets in and the best of organized parties fall to pieces.

Again, as has been shown during the past week, to my own personal knowledge and observation, many men will not endure hardships. They will create trouble and disorganization. Men have returned from the Klondike passes during the past week who would not go forward under any circumstances. They quarreled with former bosom companions and had to be bought out. In cases where parties had paid a pro rata of the cost of party outfit the "kicker" had to be paid his share. But that method of securing harmony is a love feast compared with making a settlement where the dissatisfied ones must have their share of the outfit turned over to them. It happens in most cases where men go forward in parties that there is but one stove and one common camp outfit. This is done to save expenses and it is a good plan. It is, likewise, a good plan for Klondikers to travel in parties of from two to a dozen, but while I admit that it is a good scheme to travel in parties with one common camp outfit and, while I advocate it, I do not know of a single instance where the share and share and share alike idea in the "finds" and "strikes" gives satisfaction in large parties. In parties of two or three where one man knows positively what another will do under hardships and privations and failure the co-partnership idea, as a rule works well. But take, for instance, the man who peters out and wants his share of the outfit. There must be a division but the camp outfit cannot be divided and then it is that a troublesome man is a big thorn in the side. As a rule he is disposed of by the majority agreeing what is right and fair. From such a decision there is no appeal at present on the Klondike trails.

But I have been dealing only with small parties. Now comes the big ones. Twenty-five, fifty and one hundred are favorite numbers. Twenty-five coal miners have organized a party by the election of a president, secretary, treasurer and executive committee. First, however, they enrolled their men. The miners came from Carbonado, a coal camp near Tacoma, and they will either go into the Alaska country by the Chilkoot pass, the Copper river or the Yukon. They will leave Tacoma in February in a schooner. Aboard the schooner they will carry in the "knock-down" a small flat-bottom steamer, a number of which are being made here at a cost of from $1,000 up. Each miner will contribute his portion of the cost of the boat and he will then be given a certificate showing his interest in that property. Each man will "dig for himself." This party may divide into two parties if the number of applicants warrant it. They will go to Alaska for a two years' stay.

Next in line is a Copper river party of fifty. Copper river, by the way, has never been prospected fully by white men. The Indians up there are reported as being very savage and will not permit the whites to get into the interior. Of course, that makes the whites all the more anxious. As a consequence a party of fifty will leave Tacoma next February to explore the Copper river, Indians or no Indians.

"But you may get your head cut off by attempting this journey," I said to-day to a member of this party of fifty. "The Indians are vicious and will fight."

"I know it." The gold hunter replied, "but if any Indian downs me, one or more red-skins will go down with me."

This young man is secretary of Superintendent Joe McCabe of the Pacific division of the Northern Pacific railroad, a soft-handed, fair-skinned office lad of athletic build, and having plenty of nerve. He is as enthusiastic as the average Klondiker and I asked him for an out line of his plans.

"When our men are enrolled," he began, "we will have a meeting and elect officers and a board of directors. Each man will buy his own outfit, which must pass muster as to quantity and quality. Each man will contribute his share to a common camp outfit. In that respect each will pay his proportion of the expense. We will live in one house, as it were, but each man will have to hustle for his own fortune. We will have each man well armed, and, if necessary, we will not hesitate to fight."

You could see by looking in that young man's face that the glitter of gold had strong attractions for him.

"There is gold there," he continued, "and we propose to get it."

"How do you know there is gold there?" I asked.

"I have a friend just down from there," he said, "and he has seen it. My friend is reliable and I know he can lead us to the spot where gold will be found."

"What evidence," I asked, "did your friend give of the presence of gold on the upper Copper river, and how was it he got out alive?"

The young man became confidential. He said: "My friend was held up by the Indians. He was coming out of the Yukon country and came via the Copper river. He saw squaws up there with bracelets made of virgin gold. They had been hammered out of gold nuggets. He also saw native silver. As he journeyed through the country he was met by some Indians who demanded to know what he was doing there. They said prospecting was not allowed. My friend explained that he was not prospecting and he believes that he saved his scalp by proposing that he be taken to the nearest trading post. There he convinced the traders that he was getting out of the country as fast as his legs would carry him. He promised to get out quick and never return. Upon those conditions he was allowed to depart. He will return with our party."

In this Copper river party there are to be representatives of all trades. Two carpenters, a blacksmith, a shoemaker, and a gunsmith have already been enrolled. A good cook for the camp as long as they eat out of a community dish. It is estimated that each man joining this party will have to expend between $400 and $500. Other Copper river parties are forming and if the Indians resist the progress of the white miners next spring, as they no doubt will do, there certainly will be bloodshed and the Indians will get the worst of it unless they ambush the whites.

For years the Copper river Indians have brought out gold nuggets and used them in trading. They have never told where they get these nuggets and as there has never been any organized effort to find out where they come from, their origin has remained a mystery. The Indians are well armed and very hostile.

While some readers may desire to be put in communication with those who are organizing parties, it would be manifestly unfair to give only one and a half dozen references. I will, however, undertake to answer any question the editor may see fit to put to me in behalf of his subscribers. I have not "struck it rich" yet, and therefore, cannot furnish postage stamps for replies to questions from the editor, and, in his behalf, it is well for the subscriber desiring personal information to remember that the editor has to pay for stamps like other ordinary mortals.

THOMAS SAMMONS.

SOME RAMBLING THOUGHTS.

BY "SEMO."

(Copyrighted by Lawe & Tabor.)

TO ALL ABOUT OSTRICHES:— We cannot know what this gawky bird, with its hap-hazard feathers, actually has in its mind unless we be ostriches ourselves; but we may attempt to think its thoughts by reason of watching its actions, and actions speak louder than words; which is desperately true of other two-legged creatures besides ostriches. Now according to the accounts of travelers this bird when alarmed has a way of hiding its head; the idea seeming to be that if it cannot see the pursuer, the pursuer cannot see it. If closing the eyes really stops pursuit, what a pleasantly easy line this sufferer from woman's whims would have. But troubles do not vanish thus easily, and we laugh at the poor dunce of a bird, who dreams that he has blotted out the world and its miseries just by refusing to see them; yet, there are other dunces with the same number of feet, and they do not all wear feathers.

* * *

Once upon a time, as the fairy tales express it, some hunted ostriches put their heads together—they would better have been scurrying over the sands—and when they were huddled like boys in a foot ball scrimmage, one of them suddenly exclaimed, "I cannot see any hunter; there is none," and so said they all; but they lost their feathers just the same.

On another occasion an ostrich thrust his head into a narrow hole. He had a moment before been in the full glare of the sun, but in the darkness he saw nothing, so he communed with himself, "I see no sun, I see nothing; there is no sun, no nothing. Up to this time I have been dreaming." But the herbage kept on growing, and the ardent sun looked after the neglected eggs and gave the final warning influence to hatch out another generation of dunces.

* * *

There are people in the world who profess to be good, they bend the knee in the sanctuary, they freely give of their money, they shout loud "Amens"; until some fateful day they come tumbling down in local esteem; for this Sunday school superintendent or that deacon has robbed a bank or wronged a woman or any one of a long list of things that ruin life and bring disgrace on fair careers. Then is the favorable time for the human ostrich to come along in the form of a young man, full of questionings in his own mind, and full of conceit when his mind, on little evidence or much, is once made up. He argues thus to himself: "What did So and So profess? Christliness. What did he do? Stole even a poor widow's mite. On what did he base his religion? The Bible. Who is supposed to give authority to the Bible? God. Therefore, I will not believe in God nor the Bible nor religion."

I am not intending to argue here what things are true and what things are untrue, but I want you to see the charming buncery of your logic. Let me show you your own ostrich way, as in a mirror. All the ancients were prepared to swear that the earth was flat and the sun its attendant satellite. They were even prepared to kill those who would testify differently. But while they are professing to run the universe to suit their narrow minds, what was the truth? The earth was globular, and its orbit around the sun has been practically unchanged for ages. Now it is evident that all these millions, ignorant of the truth, believed in untruth, and yet all their myriad minds did neither affect nor hinder the planets in their appointed journeys.

Again suppose we all with one accord should deny the existence of the sun, we should merely proclaim our own blindness and the sun would not be affected a particle. It would be still there, hanging hotly above us, our denials of its extence would be indeserable nothings.

Now supposing God to exist: the Sacred Books of any of different religions with any number of different inaccuracies lived forth by any number of frightful frauds—fakirs of Hindustan or evil men and thieves of Christian churches—do not affect His existence or put Him aside. If He exist, a million denials of His existence amount to nothing more than did ages of ignorance in relation to the power that kept our globe circulating.

If a basic fact of the universe be true, it has been true always and always will be true, even if never discovered. Think of the modern chaining of electricity and you will see what I mean. The wonderous power we now control to pull our trains, light our rooms, cook our meals, has been here as long as the world has existed. It is a truth of nature and still would be, even though we never had wrenched its secret forward into light.

* * *

Ever the sun shines. Though I be right
Brings darkness, yet, not vanished quite,
Our faith is helped by mirrors dim—
The misty stars, the moon's cold rim.
Or, when the cloudy veil hangs low,
Some shredding fleece with gold will glow,
And bid us hope. E'en the sad soul
Who dwel's where months of darkness roll
May find his infidelity
Rebuked by some pale star's firm eye.
And still, through questionings and doubts
And ridicule and mocking shouts,
Though all men say no sun exists
And each one argues as he lists,
And, though the planets all combine
To hide his face, still doth he shine!

Some day no cloud shall clank the hill,
No mist the gloomy valley fill;
But every shadow flee away
Out driven by the perfect day.

* * *

My brother ostrich, let us think: further one step of the one whose failures have made you hide your head. I reckon you would regard him as inexpressibly stupid who tried to picture to himself the Grant or Washington monument, with nothing before him but a sharp edged chip. Its rough appearance, its dangerous points, its unfinished and unpolished sides are not the right things by which to estimate the original of which it is a memento. Think now if you please of those wretched failures among men and women of good profession, and learn what I would argue concerning them. Mere fragments are they, and bear no resemblance to the grand block of which they were once a part. They have caused you heretofore to bury your head from the sunlight of day. Open your eyes now and a wholesome world growing more and more full of great things, learned to be true, is yours to look upon and disport yourself in for your little day.

"KNEE DEEP."

Knee deep in the tall rank grasses
That hang o'er the purling stream
That bubbles and sings, as it passes,
With the song of a fairy's dream.

Knee deep in the nodding rushes,
Where the water is clear and cool,
And the shadows of the waving bushes
Fleck the bosom of the quiet pool.

Knee deep in the mystical shadows
Of vanished days of joy,
When I waded knee deep in the grasses
With the pulsing heart of a boy.

* * * * * *

Knee deep—with a broken spirit,
On the battle field of life,
Gone down in the wreck and carnage
Of a vain, inglorious strife.

Knee deep in the bush of the twilight,
At the close of life's sinful day,
In the shadowy grasses that waver
By the river of the unknown way.

T. L. A.

B. and L. Associations.

To the Editor of The Republican.

After reading over the by-laws of various building and loan associations of Maryland and observing the methods resorted to in extorting money from stockholders I would say the new legislature which will be elected this fall be made to promise that they will do all in their power to have these various building and loan associations discontinued. They pay their agents large commissions to secure stockholders and borrowers by making them great promises what they will do for them. They charge six per cent. interest and six per cent. premiums, and when you have paid into the association a few years and find yourself paying them twelve per cent on a bonded mortgage, and want to withdraw and pay off your mortgage, they will keep all the interest and premiums and deduct ten per cent. off the amount of your stock, which is virtually giving them twenty-two per cent. on your own money. Now that this thing has gone so far to make a few men rich at the expense of the many borrowers of these associations, it is high time for the legislature of Maryland to take such action as will secure to the many borrowers the privilege of borrowing money at a reasonable rate of interest.

Very respectfully yours,

JUSTICE.

Mountain Lake Park.

Mrs. S. O. Sawyer purchased a lot on D street.

L. A. Rudisill is attending the West Virginia Conference at Morgantown.

Charles Hopkins, Caldwell Hopkins, Daniel Smith, Wiley Welling and others leave on Monday for a two week's fishing trip to the wilds of West Virginia.

Supt. Rudisill received a few days ago an order for five hundred tons of ice.

Early in next month work will begin on the new road to Deer Park.

A few wild ducks visited the lake last week.

Mrs. Hickman, of Cleveland, Ohio, a prominent worker of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, is a guest of Braethorn cottage.

DEMOCRATS DEMORALIZED

Mr. Wm. R. Getty, of Grantsville, Heads the Ticket Nominated on Friday.

THE PROCEEDINGS CUT AND DRIED.

The Weakest Ticket Ever Put Before the People for Their Suffrages. The Gorman Wing of the Party Controlled the Convention.

The Democratic convention for Garrett county was held in Oakland on Friday last for the purpose of nominating a county ticket to be voted for on the second day of November next. The delegates began to arrive here on the evening before, and it was not long before it was discovered that there would be a bitter fight between the regulars and anti-regulars. The convention was advertised for one-thirty, but it was not until an hour later that a sufficient number of the delegates had gotten together in Offutt's Hall for the fun to commence. The convention was called to order by Mr. William Miller, chairman of the State Central Committee for Garrett county. Mr. Miller in calling the convention to order said he "would propose that Hon. William R. Getty would be the temporary chairman," and asked that he be nominated, which was immediately done. After considerable occasioned by several declinations, Mr. Charles M. Miller was elected secretary of the convention. A motion was then made for one delegate from each district to serve on a committee on credentials, resolutions and permanent organization. The following gentlemen were named as the committee: District No. 1, C. T. West; 2, C. H. Liston; 3, Eli Stanton; 4, John Collins; 5, William Miller; 6, N. C. Browning; 7, Norman Barnard; 8, J. W. Mason; 9, Sam Johnson; 10, W. H. Speicher; 11, P. F. Michaels; 12, W. H. Lohr. Whilst the committee were out Dr. E. H. Bartlett was called upon to address the convention. The Doctor in his speech said that owing to the overwhelming Republican majority in Garrett county it took a man with great courage to accept the nomination for any office on the Democratic ticket. He then made a plea for harmony in their ranks and said he thought that with harmony and the aid of the dissatisfied Republicans the Democratic ticket could be elected. The committee seemed to be having considerable trouble behind the stage with their report, and as the talk was getting very loud, Mr. Getty took the floor and tried to keep the convention together. After the committee got things in shape, they reported all the districts represented and read one or two resolutions which referred to nothing at all. The chair then called for nominations for Senator. Ex-Senator Getty, William Miller and D. M. Mason were placed in nomination. The first ballot resulted as follows: Getty 6, Mason 3, Miller 3. On the second ballot Capt. Sam Johnson, of District No. 9, changed his vote from Mason to Getty, thus giving the nomination to Mr. Getty. "Silver Bill" here jumped to the floor, withdrew his name, made a strong plea for harmony and made a motion that the nomination be made unanimous, which was done. Mr. Getty in accepting the nomination said that he had not sought the office and he wanted it understood that he belonged to no clique, combine or ring, and was opposed to millionaires and people with money. He also fed the old soldiers some taffy by saying the Democratic party had done more for them than any other party. This nomination took all the fight out of the anti-regular delegates (several of whom left the hall) and the balance of the ticket was nominated in short order, as follows: For House of Delegates, Brison Welsh, of Selbysport, and Peter F. Michaels, of No. 11. Treasurer, Charles M. Wilson, of No. 1. Sheriff, E. J. Fringer, of Oakland, received the nomination on the first ballot over Abel DeWitt, F. L. Snyder and Allen Garlitz. For county commissioners, Perry Broadwater, of No. 12, and Norman Barnard, of No. 7. Surveyor, Alexander C. Mason, of No. 7.

As soon as the last nomination was made a rush was made for the door.

There is a great deal of dissatisfaction over the ticket, and the end is not yet.

There is a time for everything; and the time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait until you have consumption but prevent it by using One Minute Cough Cure, the great remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

NURSERYVILLE.

The little town of Nurseryville lies near a distant day,
Across the waves of fleeting years which bore our past away.
Should you take your memory ferry to pass this river o'er,
In a wealth of golden sunshine you will find its dazzling shore.
Where nature dwells in beauty, and each enchanted street
Is bordered by gay flowers which yield a fragrance sweet;
Here fairies live and care is not, and every dream comes true,
For all the while the earth's a smile beneath a sky of blue.

The dwellers here are tiny folk with naught to do but play,
Yet every household has its queen who holds a monarch sway.
For mother's arms are needed if aught should go amiss,
And every wrong in Nurseryville is righted by a kiss.

You will not find this gladsome spot on any map of land,
But in each heart its place is marked so all may understand
That o'er the past of years and tears and in the long ago,
There lies the home of pure content which childhood's hours know.

Ah, days are fair in Nurseryville, and when their course is run,
The wind sings low a lullaby to rest each weary one.
Then God blows out the sunlight and puts candles in the sky,
That none may fear the night-time, but may know that He is nigh.
—Marjorie March, in Ladies' World.

A Tragedy .... By Telephone.

BY CHAS. FOLEY.

WE HAPPENED to come out of the club together, and so I walked along the boulevard with M. Maroux, a man with a kindly face but marked with an infinite melancholy.

"Will you wait a minute for me?" said I, as we reached the post office. "I wish to go in and telephone."

He started at the last word, and I saw his grip tighten on his cane. When I returned, he still seemed nervous, and to break an uncomfortable silence I made some commonplace remark about what a marvelous invention the telephone was and what inestimable service the progress of science is doing us every day.

"Do you think so?" replied Mr. Maroux, in a tone of bitter irony. "It seems to me, on the contrary, that science, far from aiding us, only emphasizes our human weakness and cruelly multiplies the means that can cause us suffering. But you will understand me better if I give you an example of what I mean from my own experience:

I was spending my autumn vacation with Louise, my wife, and Marcel, my little son, at my country place at Morande, which I had just bought. It was in the country, about three leagues out of Marseilles. Nanette, our old servant, was both housekeeper and cook. Blaise, who was devoted to me, delighted at being once more near the city where his worthy old mother lived, fulfilled the functions of gardener and had his quarters in a detached outhouse.

With my gun on my arm and my two dogs at my heels, I used to wander about all day with my wife and baby in that delightful solitude. To make amends for our isolation, I had a telephone line put up to connect with the central office at Marseilles, and by it every evening, as I sat in my bedchamber, I could learn what had been done during the day at my factory in Paris.

Our peaceful life was interrupted by a notice from my superintendent; by making personal application I could probably obtain an important government order. The weather was so fine and Marcel seemed so well that Louise decided to wait for me at Morande. But on the evening of my departure for Paris, the rain fell in torrents. When the hired vehicle arrived before my door, at sight of the immense blackness of the fields and woods I felt a sudden gripping at my heart.

"You will be away only two nights," Louise reassured me. "Nanette will sleep near my room; Blaise has your gun, and from the house where he sleeps he could hear us call; and the dogs are an excellent guard. What could happen to us?"

I kissed Louise and Marcel, and started on my journey. On the train I passed a most uneasy night, and I had no sooner reached Paris than I jumped out of the carriage and hastened to a telephone office. Communication being established, I heard, nasal and muffled, but still very sweet to me, the voice of my wife.

"Hello!" I called. "How did you pass the night, Louise? Were you very frightened?",

"Yes, a little—Nanette especially. We did not get to sleep until almost daybreak, because Nanette thought she heard steps in the garden. The dogs, which we had forgotten to untie, had been barking a long time. At last we opened the window and called Blaise. He took the gun, loosed the dogs, and made a tour of the house, but he did not find anything suspicious. Baby, who did not suspect anything, the fine little fellow, has waked up and is calling me. Good-by. If you have a moment before dinner, call me up again."

Only half reassured, I plunged into the business in hand, and was not able to go to the telephone again until after eight o'clock. I had to call a long time.

"Hello, hello!" I called. "Why don't you answer, Louise? What is the matter?"

"Something we did not expect this afternoon. The shutters had been fastened, the dogs untied, and Nanette had put up a bed for Blaise in the hall, in order to save us the terrors of last night, when a boy from the village brought a mate for Blaise. His mother has suddenly been taken very ill, and she wanted him to come to her immediately. The boy, whom we had never seen before, went away again as soon as he had delivered the note, without giving us any further information. Blaise, who adores his mother, was quite upset. He did not want to leave us alone before daylight, but his sorrowful face told how dearly the delay would cost him. I thought that if this woman dies to-night, I shall have prevented poor Blaise from receiving her last blessing. So I overcame my scruples and made him go. He promised to return this evening, and to save time he will drive back. I have just bolted the doors after him. That is why I kept you waiting. Now, how is that business affair getting along?"

"Very well, but let us talk about yourself. You should not have let Blaise go. Even if he drives back, he cannot return before ten or eleven o'clock. My sole confidence was in knowing that he was near you, and now he is gone. And then that boy who ran away before you had time to think of making sure his news was true! At any rate, Blaise has left you the two dogs and the gun, has he not?"

"The two dogs are asleep on the porch. As for the gun, Blaise must have left it in the hall. I shall go and make sure. Can you hear Marcel? He is sitting in my lap, and is saying good night to you. Listen!"

"Good night, papa, good night."

"Good night, my darlings. I must get a bite of dinner now, and then I will call you again."

Once outside I felt oppressed with what my wife had just told me. I had dissimulated my own anxiety in order not to add to her fears. But that uneasiness, which had hardly been quieted by the first conversation, now waxed stronger at the thought of this strange, incredible letter which had taken away my wife's one defender, the only man in the house. My thoughts took so dark a turn that by the time I reached the hotel, I could not swallow a mouthful. I left the table to return to the telephone office, but my agent found me and laid before me a lot of details which were essential to the success of my venture. I could not dismiss him immediately, and it was late when I reentered the telephone office. My heart throbbed with impatience, and my hand trembled so that I could scarcely hold the receiver to my ear. It was some seconds before I could hear anything.

"Hello, Louise, hello!" I cried. "Are you there? Answer me!"

At last I heard her voice, but it was low, oppressed, filled with terror.

"Oh, it's you at last! For the last hour I have been nearly crazed. I could not find the gun—that boy must have stolen it when he went away. Blaise has not come back, they must have got him out of the way on purpose. Oh, I am losing my head, I can scarcely breathe for terror—I think I hear—in the garden—far away—Walt while I listen!"

Clutching at the box for support, I could only cry: "Louise, I beg of you, do not leave me in this silence—what do you hear?"

"The dogs are growling—now they are barking—barking furiously. They have run to the bottom of the garden—now, suddenly they are still—there is a deathly silence! But—yes, it sounds like muffled footsteps on the pebbled walk—as if some one were coming toward the house—"

"Go on, speak, Louise! I am strangling. I shall go mad! What do you hear?—what do you hear now?"

"Nothing, now—almost nothing—yes, there is a gentle, steady grating sound,

"TELEPHONE TO MARSEILLES," I SAID.

as if a chisel were being slipped under a shutter to force it—the sash gives way—a window is broken—oh, I am terrified!"

I shook the telephone box in my agony. "Telephone to Marseilles," I cried, "to warn the police!"

"How can I?—the city is three leagues away—they would come too late—and I cannot—Oh, I am going mad—"

"Call for help! or hide yourself—yes, that's it. Take the little one and hide!"

"I cannot, I have no strength left—they are coming, the stairs creak—they are in the hall—they are feeling along the wall, they try the door—Marcel! My God—help, help—"

There were two muffled cries of terror. Then a vague confused noise. Then a jumble of indefinable sounds, then silence. Something seemed to crack my brain, and I fell unconscious.

Gasping as if he had lived through this terrible scene again, M. Maroux concluded: "From the Gazette Judiciaire you can learn the details of the crime. It is known as 'The Morande Atrocity.' By it I lost my wife, my child, and my two servants. But no report can describe, no mere words can ever express, the hideous nightmare that modern science brought me, the frightful torture of a man who, at a distance of a hundred leagues, hears the despairing cries of his wife and son, who are being strangled while he is powerless to do more than batter impotently on a wooden telephone box."—From the French, in San Francisco Argonaut.

THE WHEAT STATES.

Those That Will Reap Benefits from Dollar Wheat.

Statisticians have been estimating at $200,000,000 the increased revenue to American farmers from the enhanced price of wheat. This cereal last crossed the dollar line in 1891, and since then the grade of prices has been between 48 and 94 cents, the difference being represented to some extent, of course, by the various grades of wheat. An estimate which was put forth a year ago by a government authority gave the value of the wheat crop of the United States last year as $250,000,000, and when the fact is taken into consideration that many of the farmers sold their product this year before the increased prices became current, and that No. 2 wheat was sold last year for 94 cents, it is extremely doubtful whether the gain to the farmers over what they received for their wheat last year, compared with what they are receiving this year, is more than $100,000,000; but such as the gain is, be it $100,000,000 or $200,000,000, it comes most opportunely to the farmers of the United States.

Wheat is one of the big crops of the United States and has bounded ahead with great rapidity as the agricultural interests of the United States have developed. In 1850 there was a wheat crop of 100,000,000 bushels; in 1860, a crop of 175,000,000 bushels; in 1870, one of 290,000,000 bushels; in 1880, one of 450,000,000 bushels, and in 1891, one of 610,000,000 bushels. About 460,000,000 is the average crop, and the United States produces in ordinary years about one-fifth of the wheat grown in the world. It stands at the head of all countries in respect of wheat products, France and Russia being second and third, and India fourth, until the recent famine in that country following the plague reduced the available supply for home consumption and prevented the exportation of wheat in large amounts. Hungary, in which the crop is not very good this year, is the fifth of the wheat-producing countries of the world, the total of the others being by comparison insignificant, at least for export purposes.

In the United States the wheat states are those of the northwest, and first among these, in an ordinary year, with an average product of 65,000,000 bushels, is Minnesota. Then comes North Dakota, adjacent, with a product of 60,000,000, and South Dakota, with 30,000,000. The average of Kansas is about 25,000,000, and of Nebraska 16,000,000. These are the group of wheat states, but they are not the only ones, California producing in ordinary years wheat to the amount of 40,000,000 bushels, and Ohio having an average crop of 35,000,000. Wisconsin, which adjoins Minnesota, produces relatively very little wheat, but Michigan has, when the farming conditions are good, a large yield. Oregon has been increasing its wheat acreage considerably. Among the wheat states of the east Pennsylvania stands first, with an average crop of 20,000,000 bushels, Maryland following with 8,000,000 and New York with 7,000,000. There is comparatively little wheat raised in New England and scarcely any in the gulf states. Missouri is a large wheat-growing state, exceeding either Indiana or Illinois, but Arkansas, south of it, yields very little wheat.—N. Y. Sun.

AN EXPERIMENT IN SONG.

Browly Wanted His Girl Baby to Be Musical.

Browly served full apprenticeship as a bachelor before he was married, and now he is the proud father of a girl baby. He has his own ideas as to how she should be reared, and when Browly has ideas they are not subject to revision.

"Mrs. Browly," he said one morning, "I believe that your family boasts some musical ability?"

"Yes, dear; we've had distinguished vocalists for generations back. I'm an exception, but you know how charmingly Bess sings."

"The gift is hereditary, Mrs. Browly, but it can be dwarfed, if not entirely destroyed. That nurse you have is about as musical as a jay bird. Her efforts at singing are as entertaining as the filing of a crossent saw. Her nasal notes cut like a two-edged sword and her lullabies are enough to waken the seven sleepers. The impression made on the wax-like mind of the baby will utterly wipe out her grand heritage of music. Don't count the cost, but get a cultivated singer to act as nurse."

Mrs. Browly complied by getting a self-proclaimed prima donna. She sang for the whole neighborhood without extra charge. She dressed five times a day, had her meals sent to her room and was off duty most of the time because her throat was not right. When she heard "Aunt Bess" sing she went into a tantrum of jealousy, and after a stormy scene with Browly served notice that her engagement was at an end. As the baby was thin, the mother worried and the servants up in arms, Browly told the high-priced nightingale to go, and now a bright, plump German girl presides in the nursery and baby is lustily singing songs of her own composition. Browly is showing a commendable disposition to move within his legitimate domestic orbit.—Detroit Free Press.

New Experience.

"Now, Patrick Muldoon," said the magistrate to the evidently alarmed witness on the stand in a case of burglary, "bear in mind that you have sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"Yis, yer honor," stammered Mr. Muldoon, his eyes wavering from the judge to the jury, and back again; "it's mesilf that'll do the very best I can; but I hope the gintlemen will be a trifle aisy on me at the start, for it's little used I am to that sort av thing, yer honor."—Youth's Companion.

—It is computed that less than one-tenth of the arable land in Russia is under cultivation.

GOOD HUMOR.

Bad Effects of Indulging in Ill Temper.

The best gift which can be given to a girl in her cradle by her fairy godmothers is that of good humor. So far as her own happiness and that of those connected with her are concerned, it is better than wealth. She who can keep her temper under all circumstances, who can laugh over misadventures and persistently make the best of everything, however bad it may be, has conquered fate, and has an umbrella more or less proof against all the storms of life.

It must be admitted that cheerfulness is in great part a matter of temperament, and that there are people who can no more help worrying than a hen can help getting wet when it rains. But the hen can, and generally does, seek the best shelter she can. A talent for cheerfulness, like every other talent, can be cultivated and grows with using. "Arrah, Biddy," said the Irishman, "if ye can't be aisy, be as aisy as ye can be!" In any event, if you must worry, try to keep it to yourself, and don't pour your basin of cold water over the sitting-room fire to the discomfort of your whole family. And let me tell you a secret—there is no cosmetic in the whole beauty shop half so effective as good humor.

Fretfulness and ill temper leave their indelible finger marks on the fairest face, while smiling good temper, illuminates the plainest one. "That child isn't the least bit pretty," said a lady the other day of one of her pupils in a large school "and yet to me she is the most attractive of all Miss E——'s girls, her face is always so bright, and her eyes fairly sparkle with fun and good humor; I smile in spite of myself whenever I see her."

For years one of the reigning belles in an inland town was a girl of no pretentions to beauty, and of moderate means. She was clever and well educated, but her chief charms lay in the faculty which she possessed of making everyone at ease, and, as one of her admirers said: "Taking the sunshine about with her."

Nothing wears one out like fretting. Just as the friction on a machine which is unoiled grinds away the surfaces more in an hour than in a week of proper use, a day of fretful worrying will dig more and deeper wrinkles on your face than months of hard work faithfully done.

Any person will tell you that fits of crying will injure both your eyes and your complexion. A bad attack of the sulks will yellow your skin as surely as one of indigestion.

Make the experiment of practicing smiles and scowls before your mirror for a few minutes, and see which you think most becoming. If a thing can be helped, go to work and help it with a will, and do your very best; if it cannot, all the tears and worry in the world will not make it any easier to bear. You only cover your cross with prickles, and chafe your flesh against the barriers you cannot break. And, after all, few things are so bad that patience cannot better them.

There is an old story of two penitents who in the middle ages were ordered to expiate their sins by walking to Rome, many miles, with peas in their shoes. The one put the specified number of hard, dried peas in either shoe and reached Rome, after days of suffering, lame and footsore; the other quietly boiled his peas and journeyed as comfortably as though they had not been.

There is a great deal of philosophy in boiling your peas, and there are few so hard that boiling will not soften them. It may almost be said that the true secret of happiness in life is to make the best of everything, and in so far as lieth in us to help others do the same.

Perhaps you think you have a hard time, there are so many things to vex and cross you in your lot. Suppose you sit down and make a list in writing of your worries and trials, and when all have been set down, make another list of your blessings. In most instances the comparison of the two lists will probably be to make you ashamed of yourself.

And it as often happens your trial is that some other girl has or seems to have everything you want and cannot get. Stop envying her long enough to think to how many other girls your lot seems as enviable as hers to you. Besides, you may rest assured that even this fortunate creature has her own stock of worries. Don't you remember the fable now, when Jupiter permitted mortals to exchange their burdens, the wailing and lamentations redoubled when the exchange had been made, and all came back praying that their old loads might be restored?

And, my dear girl, only think what a cross your indulgence in ill temper must be to others, how uncomfortable you can make those around you by grumbling!—Mrs. M. P. Handy, in Housewife.

The Returned Klondiker.

"Yes, George," she said, as she fondly gazed upon the bearded face of the wanderer, "we have been very poor since you went away."

"We'll change all that now, little woman," said the smiling miner. "But here, I'm as hungry as a wolf. Where is the dinner?"

"Alas, George," she answered, "I have no money to buy the necessary ingredients."

"No money?" he echoed. "Here, where are your scissors?"

With steady fingers he rapidly snipped off his luxuriant beard.

"My darling," he said, as he handed her the whiskers, "run with these to the nearest bank. Properly washed they ought to clear up a cool $500 in the yellow dust. And—wait, my darling—this afternoon I will take a bath, and if the debris doesn't yield a couple o' thousand I'm a howling kyote."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Why He Was Excused.

"You wish to be relieved from jury duty, but you haven't a good reason," said the judge.

"It's public spirit," said the unwilling salesman, "on the score of economy. I have dyspepsia, judge, and I never agree with anybody. If I go on this jury there will be a disagreement, and the county will have to go to the expense of a new trial."

"Excused," said the judge.—Green Bag.

A Truthful Saw.

When church is out, and Jack and Jill
In liaked seclusion stray,
It takes them two long, lonely hours
To pick their homeward way;
And as it's scarcely half a mile,
No reason can I find
Why it should take so very long,
Except that "love is blind."
—Puck.

TO JUDGE BY APPEARANCES.

Guest—Is this steak broiled?

Waiter—Yes, sah. What did you think had been done to it, sah?

Guest—I did not know but it had been embalmed.—N. Y. Journal.

Felicitations Certain.

"It doesn't make no difference what happens," said Mr. Corntossel, "as farmers is goin' to git congratulated."

"But the condition of crops makes some difference, doesn't it?"

"No. Ef they're big they'll tell us to be cheerful because we've got so much to sell. An' if they're scarce they'll congratulate us on the prices we orter get."—Washington Star.

Those Millinery Bills.

She—I think one thing is very unfair. A woman is forced to reveal by her name whether she is married or not. All men are called "Mr.," and there is no way to distinguish the married from the single by their names.

He—Oh, yes, there is. It's very easy.

She—How, I would like to know?

He—Just examine the checks he signs.—Detroit Free Press.

Sizing Him Up.

First Tramp—Yer say der woman dat gave yer der grub didn't b'lieve ye war a gentleman in reduced circumstances?

Second Tramp—Dat's what I said.

First Tramp—Did she tell ye so?

Second Tramp—No; she brought me a knife ter cat der pie wid.—N. Y. Truth.

The Cheerful Idiot.

"It must have been a very tender-hearted butcher who killed this lamb," said the Cheerful Idiot, pausing in the sawing of his chop.

"Why?" kindly asked the shoe clerk boarder.

"He must have hesitated three or four years before striking the fatal blow."—Indianapolis Journal.

Modern Courtship.

She—Have you shaved to-day?

He—Yes.

"Have you perfumed yourself?"

"Certainly."

"Have you smoked any cigarettes?"

"No."

"Well, then, you can give me a kiss."—Tammany Times.

Another Thing.

Wife—You saw Mrs. Browser last evening?

Husband—Yes; but not to speak to her.

Wife—What a story! I heard you were sitting with her for more than two hours.

Husband—That's so; but it was she who did all the talking.—Up-to-Date.

A Questionable Pedigree.

Newrich—I'm going to plant a lot of shade-trees around my house. What sort is the best, do you think?

Bunsom—The shadiest kind of a tree I ever saw was that family tree of yours that you showed me the other day.—Up-to-Date.

Chicago Journal.

HER TROUBLES ARE MANY.

"THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE WHO HAD SO MANY CHILDREN SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO."

The National Failing.

Jacksou—I'm going to start a new paper, and I think I'll call it the Umbrella.

Merrill—Why?

Jackson—Because everybody who sees it will take it.

Merrill—Yes, they'll take it, but they won't pay for it.—Up-to-Date.

For Brain Food.

Borus (somewhat in the literary line)—Naggus, I'm trying to collect material for another novel. Have you anything to suggest?

Naggus (somewhat in the book reviewing line)—Yes. Eat victuals that are rich in phosphorus.—Chicago Tribune.

Old Enough for Anything.

"I've brought you some lace for your stall at the bazar, Lizzie. I'm afraid it's not quite old enough to be really valuable. I had it when I was a little girl."

"Oh, that's old enough for anything, dearest. How lovely! Thanks so very much."—Tit-Bits.

Willing to Forget It.

She—I know that I'm not good looking, but people forget my face when I sing.

He—Won't you sing now?—Town Topics.

Every Man His Own Cable Car.

Plodding Pete—Say, Bill, I wisht I wuz a snake.

Bill—Wot fur?

Plodding Pete—So's I cud travel on me shape.—N. Y. Truth.

Sent by Pneumatic Tube.

Harlemite—You know that ten I owe you? I was going to send it to you by mail to-day.

Brooklynite—Well?

"Well—I blew it in."—Town Topics.

The Test of Wisdom.

How much of wisdom we can see
With sages who with us agree.
But fools who hold some other view—
Oh, bah! They're not worth listening to.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

One Way to Bench the Goat.

"What would you advise me to do to become worth my weight in gold?"

"Well, you might try anti-fat."—N. Y. Truth.

Lapse of Memory.

She—Did you bring me that complexion powder?

He—Er—my dear, it slipped my memory entirely.

She—And yet before we were married you said my face was one no man could forget.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Revenge on a Rival.

He traced Maud's name upon the sand—
A tribute to the lovely bud—
A jealous wave rushed up the land,
Washed out the "a" and left it "Mud."
—Chicago News.

SHE MIGHT HAVE OBJECTED.

"Are you the head of the house?"

"Sh-h-h! Don't speak so loud! I am!"—N. Y. Journal.

The World's Necessity.

Of "new religions" savants croak;
Go to, ye overbold ones;
New creeds we need not, but new folk
To live up to the old ones.
—Chicago Record.

And Well It May.

"Why is the circus lemonade pink in color?" asked Benny Bloobumper of his papa.

"It is blushing for itself," replied Mr. Bloobumper.—N. Y. Journal.

Utility.

There must be some who labor hard
This old world to exalt,
To furnish occupation for
The people who find fault.
—Washington Star.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

WHEN MOTHER LOOKS.

I 'member such a lot of things
That happened long ago,
When me an' Jim was six years old—
An' now we're ten or so,
But those that I remember best—
The ones I 'most can see—
Are the things that used to happen
When mother looked at me.

One time in church, when me an' Jim
Was snickerin' out loud—
The minister was prayin', an'
The people's heads was bowed—
We had the biggest kind of joke
About a bumble-bee,
But things got quiet rather quick
When mother looked at me.

And then there's some times when I think
I'd had such lots of fun
A-goin' in swimmin' with the boys
Down there by Jones' run,
But when I get back home again—
Just 'bout in time for tea—
There's a kind of a differ'nt feeling comes
When mother looks at me.

That time when I was awful sick
An' the doctor shook his head,
An' ev'ry time pa come around
His eyes was wet an' red,
I 'member her hands on my face
How soft they used to be—
Somehow the pain seemed easier
When mother looked at me.

It's funny how it makes you feel—
I ain't afraid of her,
She's 'bout the nicest person
You'd find most anywhere;
But the queerest sort of feeling,
As queer as queer can be,
Makes everything seem different
When mother looks at me.
—Letchworth Smith, in Youth's Companion.

SAILBOAT WHIRLIGIG.

The Boats Will Turn Gracefully If Properly Constructed.

A great deal of time is devoted by every boy to making and rigging miniature sailboats, although he may live miles away from a suitable sailing pond and not even have the opportunity of launching them.

As the pleasure found in sailing boats lies principally in the graceful action of the sails, the whirligig shown in the illustration furnishes just this same attractive appearance as it revolves, the boats following one another in their circuit, the sails jibing gracefully from port to starboard in exact regularity.

The four sailboats form parts of a windmill. They need not be very elaborately made; they should be cut out from four pieces of exactly the same dimensions. Make the masts and bowsprits of tough wood and the sails of

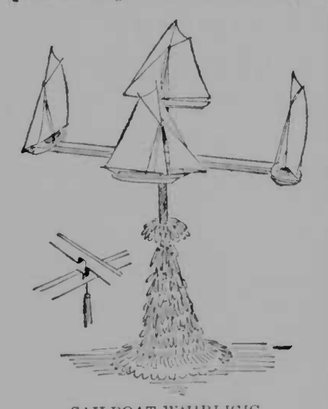

SAILBOAT WHIRLIGIG.

strong muslin, as they are likely to be exposed to strong wind.

The gaffs and booms can best be joined to the masts by means of screw eyes. The rigging must be very simple and yet strong, light cord, well waxed, being used, and the sails should be uniformly close-hauled.

The two long cross pieces are joined together in the center at right angles, forming four arms of even length and at the end of each is fastened one of the boats; through the center of intersection bore a hole large enough for the axle, for which a long wire nail will answer.

The crossarms with boats attached should be mounted on top of a pole (or small flagstaff) by means of the axle, which should be well lubricated. A small washer may be placed under the crosspieces to reduce friction.

When completed, the upright may be set up in the center of a flower bed, vines being trained up the pole, or may be attached to the top of a shed or the fence, where it will be visible from the windows.—Boston Globe.

Dromedaries Like to Smoke.

Dogs have been taught to smoke, but they never seem to like it, but dromedaries smoke and are particularly fond of the weed. We have this on the testimony of many celebrated travelers in Egypt. Dromedary drivers rely more on tobacco smoke for their control over these animals than anything else. When traveling on long journeys the dromedaries are in many cases required to travel all day and night, and they are kept up to their task by smoking cigars. The driver carries a triangular piece of wood, which is pierced at one point like a cigar holder. This is inserted in the animal's mouth, the cigar being lit and pressed into the hole in the same fashion followed by man. The dromedary immediately closes its eyes and puffs away through its nostrils until the cigar is consumed.

Chimes of Normandy.

Do you want to hear the chimes of Normandy? If you do, all you need is a heavy silver spoon and a piece of string. Tie the string at its center around the handle of the spoon, leaving the ends three or four feet long. Now wind the ends around your two forefingers near the first joint and then thrust your fingers in your ears. Bend over and allow the tablespoon to knock against the wall or the door or a chair and you will be surprised at the really beautiful imitation of church chimes which you will hear.—Chicago Record.

In the Conservatory.

"You are my ideal; won't you be my wife?"

"I prefer to remain your ideal."—Brooklyn Life.

JIMMY'S HARD BLADE.

Uncle Nat Opened It for Him with a Handkerchief.

Jimmy could not get the blade of his new knife open. He had tried until the nails of both his thumbs were broken, and then he had worked with a screwdriver and a spike, but he couldn't start the stiff spring.

"Guess you never heard about opening a knife with your handkerchief," said Uncle Nat, good-naturedly.

"With a handkerchief?"

"Yes, with a handkerchief. When I was a boy that is the way we always

HOD THE BLADE WAS OPENED.

did, but the boys of to-day seem to have forgotten the trick."

Uncle Nat put on his spectacles, drew out his handkerchief and wound it about Jimmy's knife, blade and all. He did it slowly, so that it would be tight. Jimmy looked on wonderingly. When the winding was finished Uncle Nat held the free corner of the handkerchief firmly between his thumb and finger and gave the knife a sharp little twitch and throw. Of course the handkerchief unrolled rapidly, and when the knife flew out the blade was open.

"There," said Uncle Nat, "easy enough, isn't it?"

And Jimmy was able to do the same thing at the first trial, and after that he wasn't troubled with a blade that stuck.—Chicago Record.

PREMIUM ON SILENCE.

This Story Tells How Willie Wiggins Won a Bet.

Willie Wiggins and his chum, Tommy Tompkins, were sitting together on the curbing down the street the other day, when Mrs. Wiggins came to the front door and glanced up and down the street as if looking for some one, says the Ohio State Journal. Presently she spied the object of her search and called out:

"Willie, I want you."

She then reentered the house and busied herself about her household duties.

A minute later Mrs. Tompkins put her head out of a window half a block away and yelled at the top of her voice:

"Tom-my! You come home this very minute!"

Both boys remained motionless. Neither spoke a word.

Five minutes passed away, when both women again made their appearance at the same moment:

"Oh, Willie," called Mrs. Wiggins. No answer.

"Tom-my!" shouted Mrs. Tompkins.

"Willie!" again called Mrs. Wiggins. "I wish you would hurry home. I want you."

"Tommy Tompkins," shouted his mother, in an angry tone, "if you are not here in mighty short order I'll see if I can't help you along."

Neither the pleading voice of Mrs. Wiggins nor the angry tone of Mrs. Tompkins seemed to have any effect on the two boys and they both remained silent and motionless as their respective mothers again disappeared. About two minutes later Willie put in his appearance.

"Did you want me, mamma?" he asked.

"Did I want you?" exclaimed his mother. "Of course I wanted you. Why didn't you come when I first called you?"

"'Cause Tommy Tompkins bet me a cent's worth of candy he could keep from speakin' longer'n I could," replied Willie. "He didn't do it, though," he continued, as he drew himself up with the air of a victor. His ma came after him with a switch."

He Ate Too Much Candy.

An instance of the danger of overindulgence in any favorite article is that of a New York boy, 17 years old. He recently went to work in his father's confectionery store, and ate great quantities of candy and other sweets. He grew very stout, increasing in weight from 130 to 200 pounds. Then his eyesight failed him, and a specialist said that the blindness was caused by a condition of his stomach resulting from eating too much candy. The boy now refrains from eating candy, and will recover his sight.

Found the Missing Link.

Scientists are zealously seeking for the "missing link" between man and the brutes, says Youth's Companion. It is not impossible that it may be found in Costa Rica. A traveler, M. Pittier, says that he met one day a "troop of white-faced monkeys, and one of the females had a red passion flower, as a decoration, in each ear, an early trace of the feminine love for ornamentation."

Great Luck.

Billy—Have you any luck fishing today, Jimmy?

Jimmy—Great!—I didn't stick de hook into me finger, ner slip off de log an' fall in, ner git bit by mosquitos, ner lose any uv me clothes, ner git licked w'en I got home!—Puck.

To Be Warned by Scent.

French newspapers are suggesting a new system for the prevention of marine accidents which proposes to place strongly smelling chemicals in floating receptacles to be attached to the existing light buoys and bell buoys.

Gum for the Cows.

A little fresh-air child saw a herd of cows for the first time, and, after watching them chewing their cuds, in amazement he said depreatingly to the farmer: "O, mister, do you have to buy gum for all those cows to chew?"

FARM AND GARDEN.

LASTING PROSPERITY.

What Farmers Must Do to Enjoy Its Coveted Blessings.

The press of the country is full of talk about the prosperity of the farmer this year, and many figures are given to shew what an increased harvest of dollars our farmers will reap. While there is much exaggeration in many of these statements, there is much truth also. Farming is a better business than it has been. Good crops and fair prices for them at the elevator or through the feed lot have put our farmers in better position than since 1891. Still there is room for improvement—not merely in the markets, but in the conditions that surround farming and farmers, and which directly affect their profits. There is room for improvement in production of many farms looking to a less costly and better product. There is great need of improvement in live stock, both in numbers and quality. Such things as these come within the jurisdiction of every farmer. But other equally important essentials to greater prosperity lie beyond the farm and beyond the farmer as an individual. The greatest prosperity cannot prevail when many of the things the people must have are controlled by commercial monopolies or trusts. Some classes may receive incidental benefits from these organizations, but farmers do not. They must sell in the open market usually, and can ill afford to buy in a market that is not open. Allowing the other fellow to fix the price of so many things is not productive of the greatest prosperity. The same thing is, to a large extent, true of taxation. Too often farmers have allowed other classes to impose the burdens which call for high taxes on farms, while the other fellow reaped most of the benefits therefrom. There must be more caution about this, if farmers are to realize the greatest prosperity. And there are other matters that enter into this problem. Better education of producers, resulting in a better product and a broader market; opening of new foreign markets; uniformity of production by the individual, and, consequently, the mass of farmers—all these things are essential to true and lasting prosperity. They will not all be attempted, but in whatever degree they are approached so far is farming improved.—National Stockman.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

Low roosts are what you want.

Young ducks will beat broilers.

When the chicks are out burn the old nests.

If you have poor, sandy land, put poultry on it.

The poultry business is very far from overdone.

There is an increasing demand for pure-bred fowls.

Have a good, strong male bird, and one not akin to the hens.

Red cedar boughs are recommended for hens' nests to prevent lice.

The majority of poultry houses are not warm enough for winter.

Don't ship poultry in a coop that is so low that the birds cannot stand up in it.

Duck farming has increased greatly in the last few years because it is profitable.

Buy eggs of responsible breeders in setting time. It is bad business to buy of irresponsible parties.

A tablespoonful of lime water in each pint of drinking water is a good remedy for bowel diseases.

A double-walled house, the space filled with chaff or straw, makes a warm, egg-producing place in winter.

Don't feed corn steadily for egg production, whatever anybody may say. It is contrary to both reason and science.

Many farmers who have kept chickens all their lives need to study the business, almost from the beginning, to make a success, for they have paid no attention to it.—Western Plowman.

HANDY CONTRIVANCE.

How to Make Ditching In Insecure Soil Perfectly Safe.

It is occasionally necessary to cut a trench through soil that will not "stand up" in the wall of the ditch. Sandy soil is of this nature. To keep the ditch open until a pipe can be laid,

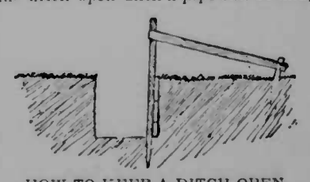

HOW TO KEEP A DITCH OPEN.

the plan shown in the accompanying diagram can be used to advantage. A stake is driven at one side of the proposed trench, and is anchored from its upper end as is shown in the sketch. As the trench is deepened a board is slipped down behind the stake, another stake secured in the same way, holding the other end of the board. As the trench is deepened, the board is pressed down and another added above it, the stakes also being driven down and so on till the required depth is reached. The same plan will probably have to be used on both sides.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Lice Kill Many Chicks.

It is known that a brood of chicks that are apparently well will suddenly begin to droop and die, especially when the weather is very warm. In such cases the cause is usually lice. There may be no lice on the chicks when examined on one day, yet in two or three days more they may have the large lice on their heads. In the first symptoms of droopiness rub a drop of lard on the head of each chick and dust it well with insect powder. Then treat the hen in the same manner, as lice go from the hen to the chicks.—Farm and Fireside.

EARLY FALL PLOWING.

Its Advantages Considered from a Scientific Viewpoint.

The advantages of fall plowing over the same operation in the spring are dwelt upon by Prof. H. Snyder, of the College of Agriculture of the University of Minnesota.

Fall plowing keeps the humus and nitrogen of the soil in better condition than late spring plowing. Nitrification goes on in the soil until quite late in the fall, and in the south the process goes on the entire year. The change is most rapid near the surface, where there is plenty of oxygen from the air. In early fall plowing the available nitrogen formed from the humus is near the surface, where it does the sprouting seeds and the young crops the most good. With late spring plowing, this available nitrogen is plowed under, and inert organic nitrogen is brought to the surface.

In old soils the process of nitrification does not go on rapidly enough to furnish available nitrogen to the crop. In a new soil the process of nitrification is liable to go on too rapidly. Deep plowing and thorough cultivation aid in nitrification. Hence, the longer the soil is cultivated, the deeper and more thorough must be its preparation. Plowing must be done at the right time, preferably in the fall so as not to interfere with the next year's water supply. The application of lime and wood ashes aids in the reduction of nitrogen of humus to available forms, and prevents the formation of sour mold. Good drainage is also necessary to nitrification in the soil. In water-logged soils the humus does not decompose normally, but peat is produced on account of the absence of oxygen. We thus see that nitrification, although sometimes a serious source of loss, may be largely controlled by careful management of the soil.

CORNER FEED RACK.

How the Work of Feeding Horses Can Be Simplified.

The importance of having everything as handy as possible in and about the farm buildings is not to be ignored. The work of feeding horses can often be simplified by erecting feed racks, as herewith represented in the cut, in the corner of each stall, right above the manger. Such a rack takes up little room, practically speaking, and when one is in a hurry during spring's work

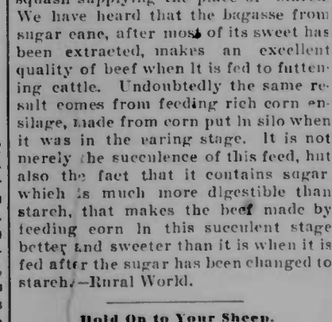

CORNER FEED RACK.

and the like, he can give his horses their hay ration in short meter, for the rack should be connected by means of the chute with the mow overhead.

When the grass harvest is gathered, should the barn be crowded with hay, the mouth of the chute over each stall may be covered with a board, so as to prevent hay from settling down into it when not desired. It rarely takes long for enough of the hay to be fed out so that it may be uncovered again.—Frederick O. Sibley, in N. Y. Tribune.

FEEDING FOR QUALITY.

How the Flavor of Meats Can Be Decidedly Improved.

A variety of feed will produce better meat than corn alone. There is a recognition of this quality of flavor in mutton and pork, and the barley beef that is fed right to develop the better quality of beef will in some markets command a better price. That distinct improvement in the flavor of meats can be produced by feeding certain foods, is not so well understood. The sweetest and best-flavored beef we ever ate was mainly fattened on pumpkins and Hubbard squash, in a season when both were very plentiful and almost unsalable. They were fed to fattening cows, without grain, the sugar in the Hubbard squash supplying the place of starch. We have heard that the bagasse from sugar cane, after most of its sweet has been extracted, makes an excellent quality of beef when it is fed to fattening cattle. Undoubtedly the same result comes from feeding rich corn ensilage, made from corn put in silo when it was in the waring stage. It is not merely the succulence of this feed, but also the fact that it contains sugar which is much more digestible than starch, that makes the beef made by feeding corn in this succulent stage better and sweeter than it is when it is fed after the sugar has been changed to starch.—Rural World.

Hold On to Your Sheep.

It is folly to leave one branch of the live stock business for another, when other men are doing the same thing, so that prices are utterly demoralized. Nothing but loss can be the result of such a procedure. The time to buy is when every man wants to sell; the time to sell is when everyone wants to buy. A short time ago stockmen were tumbling over one another trying to dispose of sheep, practically giving them away. Of course, any sane man could see that the outcome of such a practice must, sooner or later, make sheep paying property. So just hold on to your sheep; that is, all the best of them; the sooner the culls go, the better, but, the good ones, feed up and breed up and be ready to take the reward. Mutton sells well, even if wool is too low for profit.—Rural World.

That Terrible Scourge.

Malarial disease is invariably supplemented by disturbance of the liver, the bowels, the stomach and the nerves. To the removal of both the cause and the effects Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is fully adequate. It "kills the bill" as no other remedy does, performing its work thoroughly. Its ingredients are pure and wholesome, and it admirably serves to build up a system broken by ill health and shorn of strength. Constipation, liver and kidney complaint and nervousness are conquered by it.

More Terrible.

Hewitt—My wife was looking for a dry goods store yesterday and by mistake she walked into a saloon next door.

Jewett—That was terrible.

"Yes, she found me inside."—N. Y. Truth.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

The Main Thing.

"These here quick-firing guns," said Rubberneck Bill, critically examining the weapon left by the gentleman who was being buried—"these here quick-firing guns ain't so important as a quick-drawing man behind 'em."—Indianapolis Journal.

After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Piso's Cure.—Ralph Erieg, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1895.

Using a Word.

"My child, what made your face so dirty?"

"That Billy Bludkins an' I had a fight, an' he throwed more dirt in my face than I could digest, mamma."—Judge.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

Nobody is too poor to have lace curtains.—Washington Democrat.

Autobiographical.—The self-made man was speaking. He said—"My father was a raiser of hogs. There was a large family of us"—and then his voice was drowned by the applause.—Life.

We never value money as much as we do right after having spent it foolishly.—Washington Democrat.

Youthful Gallantry.—Papa—"How did you get your clothes so terribly torn?" Tommy—"Tryin' to keep a little boy from bein' licked." Papa—That was a brave deed. Who was the boy?" Tommy—"Me."—Credit Lost.

Amanda (alighting from her wheel a little late for her appointment with Palemon)—"Have I kept you long, dear?" Palemon—"Long? Many cycles have passed since the appointed hour."—Household Words.

Even a diamond ring on a hand with dirty nails doesn't look very pretty.—Washington Democrat.

Solitude is a good school, but the world is the best theater; the institution is the best there, but the practice here; the wilderness hath the advantage of discipline, and society opportunities of perfection.—Jeremy Taylor.

Advantages.—"Do you not think," the student of social problems was asking, "that the lack of fortuitous advantages rather than inborn wickedness is responsible for most of these men being here?" The warden of the prison inclined his head. "Beyond a doubt," he answered, earnestly. "There is hardly a thief in my charge who, with wealth and position and culture might not have been a kleptomaniac."—Detroit Journal.

From His Point of View.—"Did you see the account of the new submarine boat?" "Yes; but I didn't read it. It didn't interest me, you know." "It certainly indicates extraordinary progress." "Of course; but in the wrong direction. Enough boats go down now. What I want to see is one that is guaranteed to stay up."—Chicago Evening Post.

Young Lady—"You are a wonderful master of the piano, I hear." Prof. von Spieler (hired for the occasion)—"I play accompaniments sometimes." Young Lady—"Accompaniments to singing?" Prof. von Spieler—"Accompaniments to conversations."—Tit-Bits.

It is a good deal easier to teach a dog new tricks than to teach an old man grammar.—Washington Democrat.

TO MOTHERS OF LARGE FAMILIES.

Mrs. Pinkham's Advice Free.

In this workaday world few women are so placed that physical exertion is not constantly demanded of them in their daily life.

Mrs. Pinkham makes a special appeal to mothers of large families whose work is never done, and many of whom suffer and suffer for lack of intelligent aid.

To women, young or old, rich or poor, Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., extends her invitation of free advice. Oh, women! do not let your lives be sacrificed when a word from Mrs. Pinkham, at the first approach of weakness, may fill your future years with healthy joy.

Mrs. A. C. BUHLER, 1123 North Albany avenue, near Humboldt Park, Chicago, Ill., says: "I am fifty-one years old and have had twelve children, and my youngest is eight years old. I have been suffering for some time with a terrible weakness; that bearing-down feeling was dreadful, and I could not walk any distance. I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash and they have cured me. I cannot praise your medicine enough."

After the Pulling.

"If any of my friends call," said the candidate for congress, wearily, as he came down from his private parlor and walked up to the clerk's desk, "tell them I've gone out for a walk."

"Going to stretch your legs a bit?" asked the affable clerk.

"Just the other one," said the candidate sadly.—Detroit Free Press.

Last Month of the Tennessee Centennial and Industrial Exposition.

The month of October closes this greatest of all Expositions ever held in the South, and next to the Columbian, the best ever held in this country. For the closing month, special attractions have been arranged, and the rates from all parts of the country have been made lower than ever before known. The location (Nashville, Tenn.) is on the main line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, directly on its through car route between the North and South, and the trip in either direction via that city can be made as cheaply, if not cheaper, than via any other route. Ask your ticket agent for rates, or write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., for rates and information.

An Invitation.

Harry—A kiss is a drink of rarest nectar.

Carry—Have one on me.—N. Y. Journal.

Very Low Rates to the Sunny South.
Via Big Four Route. Account one way settlers' excursion. Tickets on Sale: September 7th and 21st, October 5th and 19th. For tickets and full information call on any ticket agent of the Big Four Route, or address E. O. McCormick, Pass. Traffic Mgr.; Warren J. Lynch, Ass. Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt., Cincinnati, O.

A Pretty Pair.

Cholly—Why do you wear bloomers?

Carrie—Well, I have a perfect right. "How's your left?"—N. Y. Journal.

Largest In the World.
The Star tobacco factory at St. Louis is the largest in the world. The buildings are in two rows: 2400 feet on Park and 2400 feet on Folsom avenue, with a total width of 271 feet. You will discover the reason for this marvelous growth if you give Star plug tobacco a trial.

Marriage induced by bumps on the head is much better than divorce rising from the same cause.—Chicago Record.

WEIGHTY WORDS FOR Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

SAPOLIO

LIKE A GOOD TEMPER, "SHEDS A BRIGHTNESS EVERYWHERE."

WITHOUT GRIP or GRIPE.

To get a natural result, a remedy should always act without violence, smoothly, easily, delightfully. This is the action of Cascarets. THE IDEAL LAXATIVE, because they strengthen the muscular action of the bowels and gently stimulate the kidneys and liver. They are purely vegetable, containing no poisonous or injurious substances, and are recommended and used by young and old. BELIEVE WHAT WE SAY! 10 cents prove their merit, and we ask that you BUY AND TRY A CCC TO-NIGHT!

ALL DRUGGISTS. 10c., 25c., 50c.

The Republican.

EDWARD H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1897.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR COMPTROLLER:
PHILLIPS LEE GOLDSBOROUGH,
of Dorchester county.

FOR CLERK COURT OF APPEALS:
ALLAN RUTHERFORD,
of Montgomery county.

FOR STATE SENATOR:
ROBERT A. RAVENSCROFT.

FOR HOUSE OF DELEGATES:
GEORGE W. MOON,
WILLIAM H. JACOBS.

FOR SHERIFF:
W. PERRY LEE.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER:
MARION GLOTFELTY.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS:
EPHRAIM W. KELSO,
JOHN T. GEARY.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR:
FRANKLIN P. GREEN.

HARMONY in the Republican ranks is beginning to be felt already. This was accomplished more by the nominations made by the Democrats last Friday than from any effort put forth by the Republicans.

The Democratic Ticket.

The convention of Democrats held here last Friday afternoon was bossed and controlled exclusively by Mr. Getty, for Mr. Getty and the whole ticket was dictated by him. He was chairman of the convention also. In his speech to the delegates he held up in derision every man who was worth a dollar; he branded the well-to-do as thieves and as men who would stoop to almost any crime to get possesion of money. Then he changed his tactics and made the laughable assertion that the Democratic party was the true friend of the old soldier!

The ticket headed by Mr. Getty is inherently weak, but this should not deter any Republican from putting forth his best endeavors to elect the Republican ticket from top to bottom and increase the Republican majority in Garrett county.

Slow Down.

A word of warning at this time to teachers will give food for thought, now at the opening of our schools. Are not the children often driven too hard? Is due consideration given to young and unmatured minds?

Does not physical injury often result, and mental injury as well, by overtaxing children and forcing upon them too much drudgery? Are not some teachers prone to running these little human engines at a pace that kills? Is it not well to slow down on the pressure upon machines not yet able to stand the wear and tear?

Let them go slow and sure, and don't crowd them to the detriment of brain and body, for they are growing; life is before them and they need to harbor their strength for the long and rugged road they have to climb. Don't take the vitality out of them, for they will need all their strength to sustain the drain upon them. Patience is one of the grandest of virtues and it can never be shown in a better cause than towards children by teachers.—Exchange.

The Principal of Civilization.

The transition from barbarous to civilized life may be traced by the progress made toward just and uniform laws. If the quantity of wealth were an evidence of civilization, the Spaniards of old Mexico equaled, even excelled New England in the civilized condition. If costume, palaces and gorgeous surroundings were evidences of human progress, the Turks have long been the superiors of the Englishman and the American.

It is manifest, however, that in the composition of the Mexican and the Turk there is some element lacking, preventing their condition from rising to the altitude of a true civilization. While it is impossible to find all the delicate threads that make up a great and complete national character, it seems evident that no one fact so truly indicates civilization as the presence and force of general laws securing equity, industry and happiness. These must be wise, humane and uniform. England's myriad ships, vast wealth and accumulated literature would not complete for her a form of civilization, if she still dealt in slaves, or hung children for theft, or burnt old women for witchcraft, that is for dressing in black and growing feeble in body and mind.

America was the reproach of the family of nations until she freed her slaves. The highest idea that man can cherish being that of right, there can be no perfect civilization with such an idea disregarded. The honor and prestige of civilization never comes alone, with gold, silks, commerce and furniture, but with broad, intelligent justice, and a genuine heroism. As the ghost of the hero Theseus appeared on the field of Marathon, and inspired the Athenians in their struggle against the invading Persians, so the greatness which a nation has enshrined in its traditions is part of its deepest present life. It often happens that the shades of the fathers are a nation's most substantial bulwark.

What a difference it would make whether a race of Saxons or of Turks were the first inhabitants of the land! It would be the difference between mosques, minarets, sultan's palaces and harems, and the various features of a lazy Moslem civilization, and the sweet homes, busy marts, unpretentious shrines of religion and learning, and the myriad expressions of Saxon enterprise, progress, intelligence and humanity.

Next to the grandeur of a planet that carries uncounted millions of people upon its bosom and whirls them along through day and night, summer and Winter, youth and old age, comes the greatness and glory of a well-equipped nation which for hundreds of years guards the liberty, industry and happiness of its dependent population.

Good Roads in Maryland.

We know absolutely nothing of good roads in the District of Columbia; that is of roads scientifically constructed and properly maintained, says the Washington *Post*. In Maryland the same condition obtains, and one of the most important duties of the next General Assembly will be the passage of a bill, on the lines of the road-engineer bill offered last season, providing some adequate system of road construction and road repair in this State. This subject has been agitated for several years, and the people generally are becoming thoroughly convinced of the utter uselessness of the present system.

Enormous sums of money are wasted every year on the roads in Maryland counties, from which the tax-payers get little or absolutely no benefit. In such counties as Garrett, and those of Western Maryland generally, where the material is at hand for the construction of road beds of the most durable character, and which would be comparatively inexpensive to maintain, the County Commissioners go on, year after year, levying large sums for roads which are seldom put in a passable condition.

If the roads were placed under partial or complete State supervision, and scientific methods employed with local authorities and a State engineer working zealously together, a marvelous change would be made within a few years, and the tax-payers not only relieved of an onerous burden, but the convenience and the efficiency of their teams vastly increased. The cyclists have taken the matter in hand, and it is announced that this army of voters will discriminate between those candidates for the Legislature who favor good roads and those who do not. Let the farmers awake from their lethargy and conservatism and lend their whole energy to the movement.

If this be done, there is no doubt of the speedy enactment of a law that will give Maryland good roads at the minimum cost consistent with the object sought to be obtained. A campaign for good roads ought to go hand in hand with a campaign for good government.

Nourish Him.

That's the whole secret in a word. We can cure no disease unless we can keep up the patient's strength. And there's only one way to do that—feed him. But if the system refuses food? Then use SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites. It goes STRAIGHT TO THE BLOOD, stops the wasting, rekindles the vital fire, makes new flesh and so renders a hopeful fight possible against ANY disease.

Especially is this so in bronchial and lung troubles, in the relief and cure of which Scott's Emulsion has won its reputation. Book about it free.

Scott's Emulsion is no mysterious mixture. It is palatable, non-nauseating and infinitely preferable to the plain oil. The genuine has our trademark on salmon-colored wrapper. Get the genuine.

For sale at 50 cts. and $1.00 by all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

The "Divine Healer"

August Schrader, whose fame as the "Divine Healer" has spread all over this land, spent last Friday night in Oakland as the guest of one of the hotels. He left on train No. 8 Saturday morning for New York City.

The "Divine Healer" would attract notice anywhere. He bears a striking resemblance to the accepted likeness of the Savior, and he seeks to carry out the resemblance in every detail, so far as exterior appearance is concerned. He is a sturdy man, thirty-one years of age, has a full beard and long flowing hair, dark brown in color, and wears a black cassock similar to a priest's, over which around one shoulder is thrown a strip of red cotton, fastened at his belt, from which is suspended a small metal cross. His German parentage is expressed in his features and sturdy, raw-boned frame, while from under heavy eyebrows gleam bright, dark grey eyes. He was born in the Wisconsin lumber regions, and nearly all his life has been spent in the West.

Sang Run.

The warm sultry days are past and we are having some rain instead. Jack Frost has also left his impression on the corn and other vegetation.

Mr. Solomon Sines, our famous bear hunter, spent several days on Meadow mountain last week, returning with quite a load of ginseng.

Rev. D. H. Friend spent several days in Oakland last week, returning by Terra Alta, where he visited his daughter, Mrs. A. R. Fearer.

Rufus. M. Enlow is improving his property by erecting a new dwelling house.

N. C. Browning spent a day or two in Oakland last week attending the Democratic convention.

Mr. William Hoye is adding greatly to the appearance of his dwelling by erecting a new porch and making other necessary improvements.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Ferguson spent several days last week visiting Mrs. Ferguson's parents at this place.

Rev. E. R. Skidmore preached his farewell sermon Sunday afternoon, and realizing the improbability of his being returned as our pastor for another year, a feeling of regret overshadows our hearts as the time draws near for his departure. But we cannot always have those with us whom we love, and our loss may prove everlasting gain to others.

As the time for school to open is near at hand the children are making preparations to go, and we predict a good school the coming winter with Mr. M. R. Frantz in charge, one who has proven himself an efficient teacher.

Since your correspondent from Hoyes has opened the subject of the singing contest, we would like to say a word or two along that line. In the first place we have no doubt that rumors around Hoyes has it that way. But we are satisfied with the decision of one who is disinterested in the matter, and who has had thirty-five years experience in music, and who said with scores of others that the Sang Run class was far superior to either of the classes engaged in the contest. We also had due respect for all our class and let the bad as well as the good sing. Had we discarded some it would have been much better and we would have carried off far greater honors, but, we are satisfied as it is. If the rumors around Hoyes are correct, will the correspondent please tell us why they are going to import a number of singers for the next contest, from other places, as we understand they are going to do?

Selbysport.

We have had a great many strangers with us the past two weeks who put their time in hunting squirrels.

Mr. John Kerner was before 'Squire Frantz last week arguing the case again.

Norval Speelman, who was admitted to the Oakland bar at the July term of court, has been attending the September term, and we believe had several cases to argue. We all wish him success in his chosen profession.

There are not many of our citizens working at politics these days. It used to be as soon as the nominations were made work would commence at once and continue up till the last hour. Now no one seems to know the nominees. It is time our leaders begin to act. A United States Senator is to be elected by our next legislature, and if we are not up and doing Mr. Gorman will be re-elected and then we will be kicking ourselves.

Joe Enos, of Friendsville, was in town last Sunday.

Julia Miller, of Terra Alta, is visiting at W. M. Garner's.

The wedding of Miss Clara Frazer and Samuel Raybuck was a quiet one, there being none but home friends and relatives present. The talk of an extra train from Pittsburg to bring invited guests from that city proved to be a fake. The story was circulated without the knowledge of either of the contracting parties.

We will soon have to have the old bridge at Geis replaced with a new one. It would be wise to put it across the Yough at the mouth of Buffalo and extend the road on the east side of the river through the Elke farm as far as Buffalo, thus giving the traveling public a level road instead of a hilly one.

Jonas Frazee and his little nephew John, went to Oakland last Sunday.

Mrs. Rosa Frazee will return to her home in Pittsburg Tuesday or Wednesday of this week.

Ray Stuck, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Stuck, is seriously ill.

Hoyes.

The cold wave has passed and the sun smiles as brightly as ever.

Mr. John Brenneman and wife returned on Friday after an extended bridal tour.

McClelland Friend and wife were guests of William Friend last week.

Rev. Skidmore preached his last sermon before conference here on Sunday last. The discourse was instructive and appropriate. We wish that the conference may see fit to return him for he is a christian and a gentleman whose sound qualities bind him closely to all.

Prof. Maffett, who taught at McHenry last winter, teaches the Gap Run school this winter. The patrons of that school are very fortunate in procuring the services of such an able and experienced teacher.

Mr. Chas. DeWitt and brother D. O. DeWitt are busy quarrying lime stone for a large kiln which they expect to burn during the winter or in the spring.

Dr. Pauling passed through here last week on his way to Oakland.

"A settled state," as some one has said, means prosperity. Hence it is the paramount duty of all classes and Republicans in particular to get into line. Stop kicking and grumbling and give the wheels of progress another thorough oiling by voting the straight ticket without splitting. Can we afford to give the state to the party that ruled it for more than twenty years, and whose lack of administrative and financial ability had much to do with the awful crisis through which we have just passed? The people now have work and are prosperous, and we think it is the wisest and safest plan to leave our county and state in the hands of that grand old party on whose banner is written prosperity and progress and through whose wise statesmanship the country has been delivered from her greatest financial and international dilemmas.

Mrs. Emanuel Custer caught a carp in their lake one day last week twenty-two inches long and weighing nearly five pounds. Those who wish first-class accommodations and royal sport had better stop with the hospitable owner of the "Three Lakes" than to travel six miles further and go home disheartened and with empty baskets.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE
Adjoining Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett County, Maryland.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from James B. Sommerville and Agnes H. Sommerville, his wife, Joseph C. Alderson and Mary Price Alderson, his wife, to George P. White dated August 1st, 1896, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 27, folio 236, etc., one of the records of Garrett county, I, the undersigned mortgagee, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1897,

at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., in front of the postoffice in the town of Oakland, Maryland, all the real estate described in said mortgage to which reference is hereby made for a full and particular description of the property to be sold.

I reside at Loch Lynn Heights and will take pleasure in showing the property to any person who contemplates buying. This is a very valuable property and contains about

ONE HUNDRED ACRES.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash upon the day of sale, as prescribed by said mortgage. Conveyancing at the cost of the purchaser.

A plat of the property may be seen by calling at the office of John Shartzer, auctioneer, at Oakland, Md.

GEO. P. WHITE, Mortgagee.
JOHN SHARTZER, Auctioneer. 30-4

SHERIFF'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE
IN GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county and to me directed, in the case of Henry Baumgardner and John D. Skiles vs. James B. Fowler and Katherina Burger, being No. 16 Judicials to July term, 1897, I did seize, levy upon and take in execution all the right, title and interest of the said James B. Fowler to and to all that tract of land in Garrett county, Maryland, called "Factories," containing 101¾ acres more or less, and I hereby give notice that I will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all of said tract of land called "Factories," on

Wednesday, October 20th, 1897,

at 11 o'clock a. m., in front of the Court House door in the town of Oakland, to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs and all other costs that may accrue in making said sale.

This being the same property to which the said James B. Fowler acquired title by deed from D. J. Blackiston and others, Trustees, dated Sept. 21st, 1897, and recorded among the land records of Garrett county in Liber E. Z. T. No. 32, folio 181.

Said land is situated south of the B. & O. R. R. and about two miles south east of Swanton, Md., and is well timbered and underlaid with coal.

TERMS:—Cash on day of sale.

30-3 *AUSTIN BROWN, Sheriff.*

Garrett County.

STATE OF MARYLAND,
TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE,
ANNAPOLIS, Oct. 1st, 1897.

In pursuance of the requirements of Section 8, of Article 69 of the Code of Public General Laws, I herewith publish the names, titles and amounts due by the following officers who are in arrears to the State of Maryland.

ROBERT P. GRAHAM,
Comptroller.

NAME.	TITLE.	YR.	PRIN.	INT.
Thos. B. Wiley	Collector	1890	$2,212.17	$991.36
E. E. Sellars	"	1891	680.28	80.81
Same	"	1895	375.31	18.80
E. Jamison	Sheriff	1861	107.15	25.10

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

For sale by

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

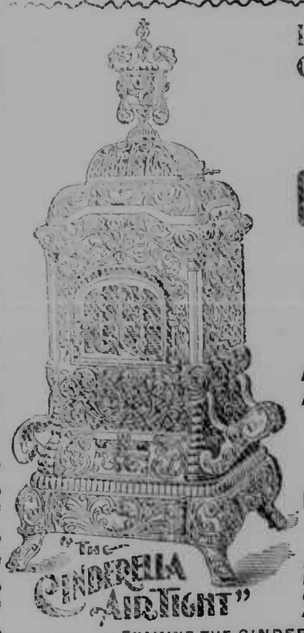

It is a Great Comfort
TO A TIDY HOUSEKEEPER TO HAVE A GOOD STOVE.

THE
Cinderella Air Tight

Is one of the most perfect heating stoves for household use, ever placed upon the market. All the latest and best ideas are incorporated into its construction. Every feature to promote durability, cleanliness and economy has been well planned and developed.

Produces the Greatest Heat From the Least Fuel

The cold air is drawn from the floor, and discharged through the sides and top, thoroughly heated. This method of circulation

PREVENTS COLD FLOORS

And establishes that much desired uniform temperature in all parts of the room.

Will Burn Any Kind of Coal!
Will Keep Fire Twenty-four Hours!
Can be Used as a Single or Double Heater!
All the Good Points—None of the Errors!

EXAMINE THE CINDERELLA BEFORE YOU BUY

J. M. DAVIS & SON, Agents, Oakland, Md.

Registration of Voters

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF ELECTION, FOR GARRETT COUNTY.
OAKLAND, MD., September 16, 1897.

Notice is hereby given, that in accordance with the provisions of Article 27, Chapter 202, of the Acts of the General Assembly of Maryland, 1896, the undersigned Officers of Registration of the respective election districts and precincts of Garrett county, Md., will hold their sittings from 8 o'clock a. m., until 7 o'clock p. m., on

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28,
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5,
and on
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 12,
for revision only,

(No one can Register after Tuesday, Oct. 5)

at their respective places of registration hereinafter named, for the purpose of registering in their respective registries of voters all persons who possess or will before the day of election next ensuing, possess the requisite qualifications under the Constitution of the State of Maryland and the laws made thereunder entitling them to vote in said election districts, and for the purpose of performing all other duties required of them by Article 33 of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland and Chapter 202 of the Acts of the General Assembly of Maryland of 1896:

DISTRICT NUMBER ONE.

W. W. Sweet and J. L. McRoble, registration officers, will sit at Swanton.

DISTRICT NUMBER TWO.

Walter M. Lowdermilk and W. W. Schlosnagle, registration officers, will sit at Friendsville.

DISTRICT NUMBER THREE.

Jonas E. Gregey and James B. Dorsey, registration officers, will sit at Grantsville.

DISTRICT NUMBER FOUR.

Floyd Duckworth and Peter Fitzwilliams, registration officers, will sit at Bloomington.

DISTRICT NUMBER FIVE.

John W. Daniels and Gustav Garlinger, registration officers, will sit at Accident.

DISTRICT NUMBER SIX.

William Callis and George A. Miller, registration officers, will sit at McHenry.

DISTRICT NO. SEVEN—FIRST PRECINCT.

Charles A. Ashby and John W. Hart, registration officers, will sit at Oakland in Thos. Martin's store room, corner Oak and Third Streets.

DISTRICT NO. SEVEN—SECOND PRECINCT.

Robert C. Townshend and Edmund Jamison, registration officers, will sit at Oakland, at the office of the Supervisors of Elections, in Opera House building.

DISTRICT NUMBER EIGHT.

Joseph M. Conaway and James W. Mason, registration officers, will sit at the old Hoye place on Northwestern turnpike.

DISTRICT NUMBER NINE.

Bradford Blocher and Samuel Johnson, registration officers, will sit at Johnson's.

DISTRICT NUMBER TEN.

William M. Junkins and William H. Spetcher, registration officers, will sit at Deer Park.

DISTRICT NUMBER ELEVEN.

Elias Merrill and Peter F. Michaels, registration officers, will sit at the residence of Peter McIntyre.

DISTRICT NUMBER TWELVE.

Noah C. Slabach and C. E. Bittinger, registration officers, will sit at Bittinger.

By order of the Board,
A. G. STURGISS, President.
J. ALVIN FRIEND,
FRED. C. RIES,
Supervisors of Election.
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

"I crave but One Minute," said the public speaker in a husky voice; and then he took a dose of One Minute Cough Cure, and proceeded with his oratory. One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled for the throat and lungs. Oakland Pharmacy.

MARYLAND. . . .
Mt. Lake Park near Deer Park.

Briar-Bend Seminary.

16th year.

College Preparatory, Music, Art, Etc., Etc.

Remarkable Health Record—only two light cases for the doctor in nine years!

Great reduction in price on account of the "hard times."

REOPENS SEPT. 22d (D. V.) 27-1

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that on the 1st day of October, 1897, at the office of the Preston Lumber and Coal company, in the town of Oakland, Md., at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. books will be opened to receive subscriptions to the Capital Stock of the Preston Railroad Co., in accordance with Section 166 of Article 23 of the Public General Laws of Maryland.

WILLIAM R. BUTLER,
ROLLIN P. CRELLIN,
HARRY J. FREAL,
GEORGE W. FLEMING,
JAMES C. PEDDICORD,
Incorporators.

21-4

MORTGAGEES' SALE
—OF—
Real Estate.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from Jacob R. Kimmell to Francis R. Nethkin, bearing date the 27th day of April, 1892, and duly recorded among the mortgage records of Garrett county, and which said mortgage was purchased by and duly assigned to Freeman L. Friend by the said Francis R. Nethkin, and by the said Freeman L. Friend assigned to the undersigned for the purpose of foreclosure, default having been made in the same, the undersigned will, on

Saturday, the 2d Day of October, 1897,

at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., in front of the Court House, in the town of Oakland, Maryland, offer at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, all that piece or parcel of land lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, beginning for the same at the beginning of a tract called "Good Hope," and running thence with the first and part of the second lines thereof north 82° west 33 perches, north 2° west 21 perches, then with the division line of Nethkin's part of Good Hope and Chisholm's part south 88° east 171 perches to the end of 85 perches on the 6th line of the original tract, it being the beginning of Nethkin's part of Good Hope, and running thence with part of said 6th line south 1° west 1.0 perches to the end of the 5th line of Adam Seil's part of Good Hope, and with the 7th and 8th lines of Seil's part south 42¾ west 111 perches, north 12¾ west to the end of the 10th line of the original, thence with the given and last line of the original north 2¾ west 100 perches to the beginning.

Containing 120 Acres.

Said property is located about six or seven miles north of Oakland, twelve or fifteen acres of it is cleared and under cultivation, and the land is improved by a

SMALL DWELLING.

stable and other out-buildings.

TERMS:—A sufficient amount will be required to be paid in cash on day of sale to cover the expenses, and the balance on or before the ratification thereof by the Court.

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
FRED. A. THAYER,
Assignees of Mortgagee.

25-4

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Rev. John M. Davis is having his house on Second street painted.

Editor Litzinger spent a few hours in Cumberland Tuesday on business.

Mrs. Edward M. Spedden and two sons are on a visit to relatives at Davis W. Va.

Miss Hallie Trippett, of Hartford, W. Va., is in Oakland visiting her aunt, Mrs. S. T. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Mitchell entertained a number of their friends at their residence on Second street last night.

The German Baptist congregation will hold preaching service in Sturgiss' Hall on Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Mrs. M. M. Ashby, accompanind by two of her children, has gone to Pittsburg, Pa., where she will visit her sister a few weeks.

Misses Naomi and Althea Otto and Misses Jane and Mary Durst, of New Germany, are in Somerset county, Pa., on a visit to friends.

Mr. Wm. W. Sweet, at Swanton, has as his guests, from Saratoga, N. Y., Mesdames Elizabeth Birch and Mary Streever and Miss Etta Birch.

Miss Mayme Gesner, of Annapolis, who was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sincell several weeks, returned to her home Monday morning.

Miss Margaret Chipman, of Washington, D. C., who visited Miss Annie Graut, in Oakland, this summer, returned to her home on Monday.

Miss Bertie Boyer, who visited friends in Martinsburg and Hancock two or three weeks, returned to her home in Oakland Tuesday evening.

Vim, vigor and victory:—these are the charistics of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, billiousness and all stomach and liver troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Robey, of Maysville, W. Va., who removed to that place a year ago from near Deer Park, were in Oakland yesterday on business.

Judges David W. Sloan and Edward Stake, accompanied by Mr. E. H. Sincell went out to the Maryland-West Virginia surveying camp and spent the day yesterday.

"They don't make much fuss about it." We are speaking of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous Little pills for constipation, billiousness, and all stomach and liver troubles. They never gripe. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mrs. Henry Brown, of Friendsville, was visiting her son, Sheriff Brown, in Oakland a few days this week, returning to her home yesterday morning.

Mrs. J. H. Marsown, of Kingwood, left Oakland this morning for her home, after spending several days in Oakland on a visit to Mrs. Mattie Townshend and other relatives.

Don't nauseate your stomach with teas and bitter herbs, but regulate your liver and sick headache by using those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

Mr. R. I. Anderson, of the Oakland Coal and Coke company, made a business trip to Lonaconing Tuesday and secured a big contract there for pressed brick.

Burning, itching skin diseases instantly relieved by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve unequalled for cuts, bruises, burns. It heals without leaving a scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

Revs. Benj. Ison and L. A. Redisill and Messrs. S. L. Townshend and Charles S. Davis went to Morgantown, W. Va., yesterday morning to attend the sessions of the West Virginia conference of the M. E. church.

It heals everything except a broken heart, may be said of DeWitt Witch Hazel Salve. Piles and rectal diseases, cuts, burns, bruises, tetter, eczema and all skin troubles may be cured by it quickly and permanently. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mrs. Anna Jarboe, of Greensburg, Ohio, was here last and this week on a visit to the family of Capt. J. M. Jarboe. Mrs. Jarboe is the widow of the late James Jarboe, a brave soldier of the late war.

Col. and Mrs. A. G. Sturgiss and little daughter Francis left Oakland yesterday morning for a two weeks visit to friends and relatives in Pittsburg and Morgantown, W. Va.

John Griffin, of Zanesville, O., says: "I never lived a day for thirty years without suffering agony, until a box of Witch Hazel Salve cured my piles." For piles and rectal troubles, cuts, bruises, sprains, eczema and all skin troubles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. Oakland Pharmacy.

Capt. R. R. Sanner, who closed his normal school at Accident a few weeks ago, is in Oakland and expecting his family to arrive in a day or two from Confluence, Pa., when they will permanently reside here.

The Oakland flouring mill is now in good shape to make you good buckwheat flour and plenty of it. Don't fail to call and bring your grain. Mr. E. O. Dudley has charge and will treat you right. The Oakland Mills, Oakland, Md. 30-13.

The barn belonging to Mr. J. L. Durst, formerly of this county but now residing near Claude, West Va., was burned on last Thursday, along with its contents, entailing a loss of several hundred dollars.

Messrs. Samuel Cohen and Abe Rauch, who are conducting a merchant tailoring establishment at Fairmont, W. Va., spent several days in Oakland this week on a visit to Mr. Cohen's parents. They returned to Fairmont yesterday morning.

Connell, Crane & Co. advertise in to-day's REPUBLICAN a new line of fall and winter millinery. The fall opening of this progressive firm will take place on next Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. Misses Ellen Connell and Mrs. Kate T. Crane are now in Baltimore selecting goods for their store.

One night a short time ago a valuable horse belonging to Mr. C. J. Otto was taken from the field after nightfall and ridden very hard by some unknown person. The animal was returned to the field before daylight the next morning and in a few days died as a result of the injuries sustained.

Rev. S. K. Arbuthnot went to Morgantown Tuesday morning where he will attend the annual conference of his church, which meets there. The sessions of the conference commenced yesterday and will continue until Friday or Saturday. Many changes in the appointments will be made and it is extremely doubtful that Rev. Arbuthnot will be returned to Oakland, although his congregation have made every effort to have him re-appointed.

"My boy came home from school one day with his hand badly lacerated and bleeding, and suffering great pain," says Mr. E. J. Schall, with Meyer Bros.' Drug Co., St. Louis Mo. "I dressed the wound, and applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm freely. All pain ceased, and in a remarkably short time it healed without leaving a scar. For wounds, sprains, swellings and rheumatism I know of no medicine or prescription equal to it. I conider it a household necessity." The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Dr. Paul Osterhout received a telegram Tuesday from Belton, Texas, announcing the death of his mother, who has been an invalid for a number of years. The doctor, accompanied by his wife, left Oakland the same night for the above place and will return to their home in Bacos del Toros, U. S. Columbia, from there. Dr. Osterhout by his genial manner and disposition made many warm friends in Oakland during his stay here and they will regret to learn of his departure.

Owing to over crowding and bad ventilation, the air of the school room is often close and impure, and teachers and pupils frequently suffer from lung and throat troubles. To all such we would say, try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For coughs, colds, weak lungs, bronchial troubles no other remedy can compare with it. Says A. C. Freed, Superintendent of Schools, Prairie Depot, Ohio: "Having some knowledge of the efficacy of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, I have no hesitation in recommending it to all who suffer from coughs, lung troubles, etc." For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Rev. Frank A. B. Wunnenberg, recently transferred from the Catholic church at Hancock to the Oakland church, arrived here last Saturday and on Sunday preached his initial sermon to a large and appreciative congregation. Father Mattingly, who was in charge of the Oakland church for a great number of years, was transferred to the Hancock church and departed for his new field of labor, on Saturday morning, leaving many warm friends in Oakland. Father Wunnenberg is a young man, an eloquent speaker and was held in high esteem by his congregation at Hancock.

Notice.

One road wagon and one spring wagon, both one horse, to trade for lumber, shingles or cross ties. Geo. O. Miller. 28-4

New Styles

In millinery and fancy goods; also ladies' wraps in new styles will be open and on sale Saturday, October 2d, at the Baltimore Store. Mrs. M. L. Scott. 30-1.

Call for Your Letters.

Francis J. Biggs, Joseph Hogue, Wilbur Hoffman, Henry L. Grant, George Dixon, John J. Dilworth, Albert Brown jr., Thomas M. Rodgers, J. W. Madeler, Dr. L. B. King, Mrs. George Beuglass, Mrs. William Henry Davis, Mrs. Mollie Cook (2), Mrs. N. M. Butler, Miss Mary Campbell Murdock, Miss Annie Guesleer, Miss Sarah Ruane.

It Saves the Croupy Children.

Seaview, Va.—We have a splendid sale on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and our customers coming from far and near, speaking of it in the highest terms. Many have said that their children would have died of croup if Chamberlain's Cough Remedy had not been given.—Kellum & Ourrem. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Two Farms for Sale.

I will offer at private sale, on terms to suit purchasers, two farms on Blooming Rose, District No. 2, in Garrett county, described as follows: The home farm, with good dwellings, 3 wells, barn, and all outbuildings convenient, containing 176 acres, 125 acres cleared and under good cultivation.

2nd. A farm of 200 acres lying on Buffalo Run; no buildings, but one of the best grazing farms in the county.

28-13t. GEO. D. FRANTZ. Friendsville, Md.

BEHIND BARS FOR LIFE.

Jeremiah Barkholder Sentenced for Life in the Maryland Penitentiary.

HIS CRIME WAS A DASTARDLY ONE.

The Prisoners Sentenced Friday Morning at the Opening of Court. DuVall Goes Down for Six Years. J. T. Ashby Not Guilty.

Last Saturday morning at the opening of court Sheriff Brown was ordered by Judge Boyd to bring the prisoners into the court room to receive their sentences. They were immediately brought in by him and his deputies, all linked together by hand-cuffs, and arrayed before the bar.

Judge Boyd called Sherman DuVall up and asked the usual questions preliminary to sentencing him. After reviewing the case in a few words, Judge Boyd sentenced him to be confined in the Maryland penitentiary for a term of six years. He was tried and convicted on last Friday on an indictment found by the grand jury for rape.

Judge Sloan then sentenced Michael Garvey, convicted of stealing a bicycle, to four years in the penitentiary. The sentence in this case was made more severe owing to the fact that Garvey had perjured himself when he was being examined before the jury that convicted him.

Charles Gunter, who plead guilty of stealing a sum of money, the property of David Mosser, who resides in District No. 8, was next called up and given some good advice by the court, after which he was sentenced by Judge Sloan to serve a term of two years in the Maryland House of Correction.

George Johnson, who confessed having made an assault upon a conductor on the West Virginia Central railroad with intent to kill, was next sentenced to two years in the Maryland penitentiary.

Jeremiah Burkholder, whose crime was an awful one, he having been convicted before a jury one day last week with having ravished the person of his eleven-year old niece, was next commanded to stand up and when asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed upon him, he replied that he had not. Judge Sloan, who sat in the case, then reviewed the facts as they presented themselves during the progress of the trial and said that owing to one mitigating circumstance connected with the matter, he would not sentence him to be hung but would sentence him to be confined in the penitentiary for the balance of his natural life. When sentence was pronounced upon Barkholder he turned a shade whiter and moved uneasily in his chair but said nothing.

Charles and Jane Diehl, who were convicted of stealing chickens, were the last of the prisoners sentenced on Saturday, and they were given one year each in the House of Correction. Both are physical wrecks caused by the use of morphine. Jane Diehl, after she had been sentenced, became very angry, and it required all the moral suasion the sheriff could command to prevent her from abusing the court.

Calvin Boyer, convicted of stealing goods, is still confined in jail and will be sent to the Maryland House of Refuge until he becomes of age.

Saturday at noon the court sentenced Charles A. Golden, convicted of conducting a barber shop on Sunday, to pay a fine of $50.

John E. Wilt, who was convicted of maliciously destroying property, was sentenced to spend thirty days in the county jail.

When THE REPUBLICAN was put on press last Thursday William Martin was on trial for ravishing Letitia Wilhelm at Crellin a few weeks ago. The case took up the entire day and was tried before the court, who rendered a verdict of guilty. He will be sent to the House of Refuge until he becomes of age. Sherman DuVall, who was implicated with Martin in the crime, was put on trial Friday morning before the court, who rendered a verdict of guilty in his case. John T. Ashby was next put on trial but no evidence was adduced which connected him with the crime and he was discharged from custody by the court.

Monday morning Sheriff Brown, accompanied by Mr. E. J. Frantz, of Selbysport, took Barkholder, Garvey and DuVall to Baltimore, where they were placed in the penitentiary. The balance of the prisoners will be taken down later.

A Mountain Mystery.

What might have been, to say the least, a most distressing accidental shooting affair was by the merest chance averted at View Rock on Friday, the 24th inst. That some one was grossly guilty of criminal carelessness or wilfully intended to perpetrate a foul crime is self evident from the facts in the case.

Thomas and David Sisler, of District No. 8, were out hunting in the afternoon in the woods at the far end of the "pike field," which lays to the left of the road passing View Rock. While they were standing near together at a point about fifty yards south of the field and looking toward the field, a rifle shot was fired at them from a point in the woods about seventy five yards east of them, the ball passing between the two men diagonally and so close as to feel its wind. In an instant almost another shot was fired with better aim, the ball passing the face of Tom Sisler and making a slight flesh wound in the point and rear of the right shoulder of Dave Sisler, passing through his coat and making a cut in the flesh about an inch and one-half long.

In the meantime J. M. Conneway, Howard Ridder and George Simmons who were at the north end of the "pike field," heard the shooting and went around the field to see if they could find what hunter was trespassing on the land. They found the two Sisler boys standing near the fence at the south end of the field, and so badly scared that they could hardly give an intelligent account of what had happened.

After ascertaining from what direction the shots came, Messrs. Conneway, Ridder and Simmons succeeded in locating the place where the man who fired the shots had stood, and found his tracks where he had hurriedly ran away.

At present the view or opinion seems to be that whoever fired the shots mistook the two boys to be a wild turkey or turkeys, and cawardly ran away when he heard the scream of the boy that was wounded.

The matter is one that calls for searching investigation, as even if the shots were fired mistakenly the public should know the fact and be relieved from the terrible suspicion that a crime was intended.

One thing is certain, and that is whoever did the shooting had a magazine rifle. It is the writer's opinion from what he knows of the case, that the right man can be found with but little trouble. It is to be hoped that whoever did the shooting—if done mistakenly—that he will on second thought manfully make the facts known. THE TRAMP.

1897 Fall and Winter Opening. 1897

THE LADIES' BAZAAR,

OAKLAND, MD.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday,

October 5th, 6th and 7th.

All the Latest Styles in Fall and Winter Millinery.

A Large and Beautiful Line of Trimmed Hats. An Immense Assortment of Ladies' Walking Hats, Sailors and Bicycle Caps.

The Styles this year are exceptionally beautiful and varied, and our stock is very full. You must see to appreciate as no description can be given that will convey any idea of their beauty.

We have a splendid assortment of NECKWEAR. All the latest and newest VEILINGS. Also a full line of Fall and Winter UNDERWEAR and HOSIERY for Ladies and Children. Fine line of Handkerchiefs.

The latest in FEATHER BOAS and COLLARETTS from 50 cents up. SILKS and VELVETS in all the new shades. A new line of materials for Fancy Work.

Ice Wool and all kinds of Knitting Worsteds. We cannot enumerate everything.

You are most cordially invited to call and examine our stock October 5th, 6th and 7th.

Connell, Crane & Company,

THE LADIES' BAZAAR.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Circuit Court Proceedings.

Since last Thursday the following cases have been disposed of by the circuit court for this county:

APPEALS.

17. John B. Harmon vs. Oliver Beachy; settled by agreement of parties, each party to pay his own costs.

TRIALS.

57. Truman W. Casteel vs. Shartzer & Bolden; held sub curia.

45. John Shartzer, receiver of Bradford Brothers, vs. Martin V. Grim; judgment in favor of the plaintiff for $308.71.

49. Agnes Lake vs. Lorilla F. Bullard and others; tried before the court.

68. The Third National Bank of Cumberland vs. Leonidas H. Friend; judgment in favor of the plaintiff for $102.13.

In trials No. 49, Mrs. Rachael Hornbrook [illegible] formerly lived in Wheeling, W. Va., owned considerable property in that city, and also at Mountain Lake Park. She had two daughters, Mrs. Lake, of Wheeling, and Mrs. Bullard, of Mountain Lake Park. On the 25th of January last Mrs. Hornbrook made a will and died about three hours after. By the will she gave Mrs. Lake $100, and the residue of her property to Mrs. Bullard and her daughter. The will was filed for probate in the Orphans' Court for this county on the first day of February, and a caveat filed by Mrs. Lake on the 12th of April last. Upon this caveat issues were framed and sent to the county court for trial.

It is said Mrs. Hornbrook was dying when the will was presented for her signature.

The grounds upon which the will is attacked are that the testatrix was so feeble that she did not know the contents of the paper; that she was mentally unsound and that the will was procured by the undue influence of Mrs. Bullard.

The above case was finished up on Tuesday afternoon and on yesterday the removed case from Washington county was to have been taken up but because of the non-appearance of the witnesses in the case court was adjourned yesterday and the jury discharged from further service.

Judge Boyd returned to Cumberland Tuesday evening and the same day Judge Stake came up from Hagerstown to sit in the removed case from Washington county, but, as above stated, the case was not called and Judges Sloan and Stake returned to their homes to-day.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

Taken to Sylvan Retreat.

Friday evening last Sheriff Brown and Deputy Brown took Henry Wilburn to Cumberland and placed him in the insane ward of Sylvan Retreat, to which institution he had been committed by the court after a jury of inquisition had rendered a verdict finding him insane. Wilburn was brought to Oakland Wednesday evening of last week from Morgantown, where he had been working and at which place he became violently insane.

Released from Jail.

Tuesday afternoon George W. Miller, of near New Germany, was released from jail under habeas corpus proceedings instituted by his attorney Mr. Julius C. Renninger. Miller, who does not bear a very enviable reputation, was confined in the jail under a peace warrant sworn out by his wife, who some time ago instituted divorce proceedings against him.

Sales Advertised.

In to-day's REPUBLICAN Sheriff Brown advertises at public auction under a writ issued by the Circuit court a tract of land called "Factories," containing 1,016¼ acres, which will take place on Wednesday, October 20th.

By Mr. George P. White, mortgagee, a tract of land adjoining Loch Lynn Heights, on Saturday, October 23d, 1897.

Church Notes.

Services at St. Matthew's Episcopal church Sunday next at 11 a. m. Morning prayer, holy communion and sermon by Rev. Dr. Buel. Cordial welcome to all.

Republican Headquarters Opened.

Yesterday afternoon at a meeting of the Republican county committee held in the office of THE REPUBLICAN it was decided to open at once permanent headquarters in Oakland. A room in THE REPUBLICAN building will be placed at the disposal of the committee, which will, after Saturday, be found open at all times and in charge of a competent and obliging secretary in the person of Mr. Merritt Wilson.

Notice.

This is to give notice to the public generally that my wife Fanny Mayle, has left my bed and board without just provocation and that I will not be responsible for any debts she may contract in my name.

29-3t. WALTER MAYLE.

Ninth Annual Institute.

The ninth annual teachers' institute will convene in Oakland at 9 a. m. Tuesday, October 5th, and remain in session until 10 p. m. Thursday, October 8th.

The instruction will be furnished by Prof. E. S. Prettyman, Hon. Henry Houck and the leading teachers of the county. Mr. Houck will be present throughout the entire session of the institute.

Prof. Prettyman will speak Tuesday evening. Mr. George P. West, of Baltimore, will give an illustrated lecture on "Colorado and the Rockies" on Wednesday evening, and Mr. Houck is assigned Thursday evening.

The examiner wishes to encourage the teachers on their very hearty co-operation in the work of last year's institute and to see that every actual teacher without a single exception will attend this meeting.

The free book list will be enlarged this year, and every teacher should be present to receive instruction about the same.

The schools will open Monday, October 11th.

Married.

ARONHALT—PARKER.—On Wednesday, September 29, 1897, by Rev. J. M. Davis, at the Central Hotel, Oakland, Marefield Aronhalt and Ella Virginia Parker, both of German, W. Va.

CARR—CRAWFORD.—On Wednesday, September 29, 1897, by Rev. J. M. Davis, at the Central Hotel, Oakland, William Franklin Carr and Allie May Crawford, both of Fairmont, W. Va.

Proclamation

WHEREAS, at the January session in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six of the General Assembly of Maryland a bill was passed proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the State by adding an additional section to Article fifteen thereof, to be known as Section eleven of said Article, which said bill and amendment are in the words following, to-wit:

CHAPTER [illegible].

AN ACT to amend the Constitution of this State by adding an additional section to Article fifteen thereof, to be known as Section eleven of said Article.

SECTION 1. BE IT ENACTED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF MARYLAND, two-thirds of all the members of the House of Delegates and of the Senate voting in favor thereof, that the following additional section be and the same is hereby proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of this State, and, if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as herein provided, shall become and be known as Section eleven of Article fifteen of said Constitution:

11. Appointments to the Civil Service of this State, in the departments and institutions of the State, shall be made according to merit and fitness, to be ascertained as far as practicable by examination, which, as far as practicable, shall be competitive, except appointments which are subject to confirmation, or are made by the Governor and General Assembly. And the said laws as may be necessary from time to time to carry into effect the provisions of this section.

SECTION 2. AND BE IT FURTHER ENACTED BY THE AUTHORITY AFORESAID, That the foregoing section, hereby proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of this State, shall be, at the next general election held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection, in pursuance of the directions contained in Article fourteen of the Constitution of this State, and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the Constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot used at said election shall be printed, after the lists of candidates, the question concerning the adoption or rejection of said proposed constitutional amendment, so that each voter at such election can designate thereon in the manner prescribed by law, whether his vote is "For the Constitutional Amendment," or "Against the Constitutional Amendment," as he shall elect, and immediately after said election due return shall be made to the Governor of the State of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by said fourteenth article of the Constitution.

Approved April 8th, 1896.

NOW THEREFORE, I, LLOYD LOWNDES, Governor of the State of Maryland, in pursuance of the provisions of Section one of Article fourteen of the Constitution of the State, do hereby order and direct that a copy of said bill proposing said constitutional amendment be published in at least two newspapers in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one may be published, then in that newspaper, and in three newspapers in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in the German language, once a week for at least three months preceding the next ensuing general election (which said general election will be held on Tuesday, the Second day of November, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven), at which election the said proposed amendment shall be submitted, in the form and manner prescribed by the General Assembly, to the qualified voters of the State for adoption or rejection.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of Maryland.

THE GREAT SEAL OF MARYLAND.

Done at the City of Annapolis, on the first day of July in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.

LLOYD LOWNDES, Governor of Maryland.

By order of the Governor:

RICHARD DALLAM, Secretary of State.

21-14t

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

"SORTIN' THE MAIL."

I've bin sortin' the mail at Jonesville for goin' on fifteen year
And knows erbout what's comin' 'fore they throws the sack off here;
I've seen the same handwritin' on the letters big and small,
Till I kind uv feel familiar-like an' friendly to 'em all.
Lord bless yer, yes! it seems jis' like they speak right out to me,
A-givin' up the kindest words thet hev not been writ for me.
An' I chunck the fire up brighter, till it sparkles in the grate,
When I hear the mail train whistlin' as the clock is strikin' eight.

Then the neighbors come a-hurryin' in, for fear they may be late;
Most on 'em ain't 'specttn' but they like to stand an' watt
Jes' to see the ones 'at's lucky get a letter onct a week;
Maybe watch 'em tear it open an' the holder take a peek.
Widder Tonkins stan's a-tookin' till they drop out one by one,
Like she hez to my bes' knowledge for the pas' five years an' gone;
When she says at last so wistful: "Is there anythin' from Ned?"
Bust if I kin get a word out, so I only shake my head.

You see her "Ned" wuz reckless-like an' run away to sea,
Woz jes' the likeliest lad in town an' handsome ez could be;
That's five years back, but every night the widder, without fail,
Comes erlong ez patient-like with every evenin' mail.
"The Lord'll send it some time," is what she allers sed,
But when she asks night after night I only shake my head;
I somehow think like she does, thet her letter's sure to come;
But tts' been so long time on the way my faith is dwindlin' some.

Polly Perkins "jes' draps in" when all the res' hev went,
Then blushes to herself an' me, pertendin' she wuz sent
To buy some rashers uv bacon or er half er dozen eggs.
If she ketches a glimpse uv er letter, why then she fairly begs;
Her feller's in the city an's doin' first-rate, they say,
So we're 'spectin' purty soon to hev him "name the day."
Jonesville's sort uv dull-like, but you hit it on the natl
When yer say it's mighty interestin' "sortin' out the mail."

—Walter S. Stranahan, in Chicago News.

THE INSPECTOR'S CLEW.

LATE one night I stood on the platform of a certain London terminus, awaiting the arrival of the Midland express. I had received orders from headquarters to shadow the leader of a notorious gang of "smashers," and as the gentleman in question was expected to arrive in London by the 11:45, I lit my pipe and placed myself in a position qualified to permit of a close scrutiny of every passenger quitting the train.

Presently the headlight of the engine swung round the bend, and the express slowed into the station. The next instant all was bustle and confusion. For a quarter of an hour or more I stood there, until the clatter of the departing passengers had thinned down to isolated footsteps, and only the railway employes and myself remained.

I was disappointed; the face I had looked for was missing, the man whose presence I had expected had not appeared. The porters were now busy upon their inspection of the vacated carriages, and I was inwardly remarking upon the particularly deserted aspect of the station, when a cry, followed by the sound of running feet behind me, struck my ear. I wheeled round. A porter with white face and eyes starting with horror dashed by me. He returned a minute or two later with the station master, to whom I was known officially.

"Come along, Inspector Dombey," he said, as he hurried by. I followed him immediately.

Under the porter's guidance we traversed half the length of the platform, and drew up suddenly before a second-class carriage, into which the porter silently pointed. I looked in. On the floor lay a man, and along the floor in a thin stream, collected in a pool in one particular spot, was blood.

The man lay there with his legs sprawled apart, his arms flung out limply on either side, his hands tightly clenched; no twitch, no movement. I struck a match and stooped down. The light gleamed dully in the ghastly patch, but revealed no trace of anything in the shape of a clew.

For a moment or two I peered about, on and under the seats, when, just as the match became a mere glowing splinter, I caught sight of a dark object lying in a corner. It was a newspaper, a green-covered weekly, rolled up tightly in the form of a ball. I slipped it into my pocket, and, giving orders to a few in the little crowd that had already collected, I stepped out onto the platform, while sturdy arms lifted the body and conveyed it to the waiting-room. Leaving the carriage to be locked and uncoupled I followed.

The deceased was well dressed, but his clothes were of foreign make and appearance. In his pockets I found gold and notes to a large amount, but no scrap of paper likely to aid his identification. Even his railway ticket was missing.

The doctor, on his arrival, very promptly pronounced life extinct, and pointing to a bluish-red stab over the region of the heart, and a slight incision under the left shoulder blade, added: "A clean drive of the knife like that speaks for itself."

In due course the body was conveyed to the mortuary, there to await identification and inquest. On examining the paper found in the carriage I made a ghastly discovery. Upon the pages were strange streaks, varying in color from a dull coppery brown to bright crimson—blood, undoubtedly. In a flash the inevitable conclusion forced itself upon me. The murderer had evidently wiped his foul hands upon the paper, crushed it up and thrown it under the seat.

There was a morbid fascination for me in that copy, in those smears; a horrible, grewsome interest became attached to those pages—two especially attracting my attention. On one page was the blurred imprint of four fingers and a thumb; on the other were four lines only; one short and thin, two thick, heavy strokes, and one a mere blot. I reasoned. The thin line drawn lower than the others stood, say, for the little finger; but between this and the next strokes was a gap. What did it mean? Without a doubt, following the same line of reasoning, those other two strokes represented the middle and forefingers, and the blot was the thumb. But where, I asked myself, was the third finger? Missing.

Gradually, certain facts came to light. A ticket from Manchester to London, issued on the day of the murder, was missing; and eventually inquiry in Manchester led to the discovery of the victim's identity. He turned out to be one Carl Heinrich Stranss, a commercial traveler representing a tierman firm in England. He had been a resident in this country for only a short time, spoke the language very imperfectly, and, so far as could be ascertained, had neither relatives nor friends here. Nothing further transpiring, an inquest was held and an open verdict returned.

It was some days after the inquest when, turning the matter over in my mind, one evening, an idea struck me—an idea so palpable that I wondered at myself for not thinking of it before. Was it possible, I thought, that the murderer had purchased that copy at one of Smith's bookstalls along the line? I had already prosecuted inquiries, station by station, in a vain endeavor to elicit some information from railway officials as to whether they had noticed anything particular or extraordinary happen on the fateful night, but without success; and now, starting from London again, I questioned the assistants at every bookstall on every station at which the train had stopped.

Then it seemed that I had struck the right trail at last; for at a Smith's stand at Ecclesborough, a station some 40 miles down the line, one of the boys indistinctly remembered selling a copy of the paper to a man who had a malformed left hand. But at this point I stopped. The lad could remember nothing of the personality of the individual; he only recollected the malformation of the hand. I didn't know which way to turn. Was the man a resident of Ecclesborough? In the middle of these cogitations I received orders from headquarters that compelled me to turn my attention to other matters.

You must remember how, some years ago, the whole of the civilized world was suddenly stirred by the discovery of an anarchist plot of such vast dimensions as to cause universal alarm. Arrests were made broadcast; clubs were raided; prominent politicians walked abroad under a strong guard of detectives in plain clothes; and so strong was the excitement that anything found conspicuously wrapped up in brown paper was certain enough to be escorted to the nearest police station by officials who considered the object in question nothing less than a bomb.

At such a time, therefore, the "Express Mystery," as my case was called, sank into insignificance—dropped, so to speak, out of public notice—and I perforce put it aside to attend to more pressing matters. These latter consisted in shadowing the members of a certain club not a hundred miles from Tottenham Court road.

One night the club was quietly surrounded, and a wholesale arrest made. A close examination of the premises followed, and certain papers were found, but nothing among them likely to add to the knowledge we were already possessed of. On turning out a waste-basket, I discovered several envelopes bearing the Ecclesborough postmark; then it was that I went to the chief and told him all that I had surmised concerning the other affair, hinting that I might, perhaps, be able to kill two birds with one stone, were I empowered. After some little delay, one autumn morning, I journeyed down to Ecclesborough and put up at the most unobtrusive place I could find there.

I made my inquiries cautiously, feeling my way step by step, but without meeting with any success.

One night I was walking along the high road, enjoying, with a Londoner's love of fresh air, the mingled perfume of hay, tree and hedge, when I heard the rattle and scrunch of wheels. Immediately ahead of me the highway twisted round, and looking up I saw two yellow cones of light flashing around the curve. Presently the vehicle, a dogcart, drove by me at a smart pace, but before it had proceeded a dozen yards or so the horse suddenly stumbled and fell.

As the animal lurched forward, the man who was driving gave a cry—an exclamation of horror with a ring of agony in it—and he jumped wildly to the ground. I ran up and proffered my assistance. The man was shaking, absolutely trembling, with agitation, and, as he accepted my services and I bent down and fumbled at the harness, he gripped my arm excitedly, and said: "No, no; don't let her move, don't let her move!"

However, he quickly recovered himself, and, bidding me hold down the animal's head, proceeded to unbuckle the harness from the shafts. This done, he pushed the dogcart back a few feet, and then together we managed to get the mare on her legs.

Ten minutes later the man climbed into his seat again and seized the reins. I was holding the mare's head at the time, and I noticed that her knees were bleeding. I remarked upon it, and asked him whether he had far to go. "Oh, no," he replied; "not far, only about a quarter of a mile. I live at Low Hill. Good-night, and thank you."

"H'm," I mentally commented. "What a fright the fellow was in, to be sure. Why, he couldn't have been more so had he been carrying dynamite." Dynamite! In a flash a suspicion passed through me, a suspicion that became a certainty the more I dwelt upon it.

I need not detail the many inquiries I made, nor will I dwell upon the various means whereby I arrived at the final result that led me to wire to London for a warrant, under explosives act, for the arrest of Antonio Bisocca; suffice to say that, before the fortnight was over, I was closeted in consultation with the local police, with whom I discussed a plan of action for the purpose of bringing my investigations to a successful issue.

About six o'clock in the evening I was walking up the broad, well-kept avenue leading to the threshold of Grangeleigh, in which pretentious dwelling my man was located. In the rear of the house, abutting on the lawn, was an orchard, and amid the trees and beneath the thick undergrowth belting them some half a dozen able-bodied men were concealed. I relied upon them in the event of resistance, although, having learned something of Bisocca's temperament, I considered their presence unnecessary.

After some little delay I found myself scraping my feet on the doormat, waited for a moment until an answer to my knock was given, and then passed in.

Bisocca was seated at a writing-table left side toward me, and as my gaze traveled from his face downward, I saw something that made me blink my eyes and set my fingers tingling for a grip of him. On a sheet of paper rested his left hand—a brown, muscular hand, with stub fingers and a gap between them! He threw down his pen, sprang up somewhat hastily and came forward, peering up at me from under his shaggy eyebrows in a questioning manner and wrinkling his forehead inquiringly.

I came to the point at once and told him to consider himself under arrest. He sprang back, wheeling on his heel half way round and staring at the opposite wall as though doubting his senses. I took a step toward him. As I did so he suddenly snatched something up from the table beside him. Thinking it a weapon of some sort, I rushed and grappled with him. Then his grip met mine, and we stood there locked together; he with his sallow face, now flushed, close against mine and his hot breath beating upon my face.

"You have trapped me," he panted, glaring up at me and breathing heavily. "You have trapped me, but—I—do—not—mean—to be taken. You saw me—just now—pick—up—something. My—friend—I advise you—let me go. It was a bottle—of—nitro—nitro-glycerin—a little bottle, and—unless you release me—I mean—to—tumble—you—and—myself—to—the—ground, and we'll die—together!"

I shouted for help and redoubled my efforts to overpower him. Then, amid all the jerking, swaying and severe struggling, something like a wave of inspiration swept through me. Slowly, inch by inch, hugging him tighter and tighter still, I pushed to that side of the room pierced by the window. Another lurch, a spring backward, a crash, and the broken glass fell in pieces over my shoulders. Then I screamed, yelled as I had never done before. A scurrying rush of footsteps, cries, a crashing of wood, and help had come.

Oh, yes, we got him to the station right enough; and an examination of the house revealed the fact that it contained enough explosives to—well, to make a fair-sized hole in London, anyhow. And we found, too, sufficient evidence to warrant our charging the gentleman with the murder of Strauss. But he cheated the gallows at the last. He was found one morning dead in his cell. He left, however, a confession, of which the following is the substance:

Strauss was a member of an anarchistic gang on the continent; Bisocca was their agent in England, and manufactured explosives for them. Before Strauss left Germany for this country he had, it appeared, violated certain laws of the society, and in order to insure the safety of the organization his death became necessary.

Bisocca was deputed to accomplish his removal. He received news concerning Strauss' intended journey, and, looking up the time table, found that the train conveying his victim stopped at Ecclesborough, so he purchased a ticket from that place to Switcham. The train arrived. Bisocca stepped down the platform, recognized Strauss seated in his car, reading. He entered and the train moved on.

Bisocca waited until the train was well clear of the station, and then, without a moment's hesitation, sprang upon Strauss, gripped his throat and plunged a knife into his heart. Strauss fell forward without a groan. Bisocca hastily searched him and removed everything relating to his identity from his pockets. Then, finding both his hands covered with blood, he looked about him for something wherewith to remove the traces of his crime. The paper lay on the seat beside him; he took it up. As he did so the train slackened speed for a moment, and in an agony of terror he sat there with both hands pressed down upon the paper, as though endeavoring to hide their ghastly stain.

In that brief interval of time, printed in blood, the imprint of his hand remained indelibly on the pages. When the train drew ahead again Bisocca recovered himself, cleansed his hands with the paper as best he could, rolled it up and threw it under the seat. At Switcham he got out and passed through the barrier undetected, unnoticed.

And that's the story. Hardly think that a man could be brought to justice by the aid of a green cover, would you? But it was so.—Tit-Bits.

IF YOU SEE IT IN THE MOON.

No Matter What It Is, You Will Have Some Sort of Luck.

"If you see the new moon over your right shoulder it's good luck all the month"—over the left shoulder being bad luck, of course. "If you meet the new moon face to face with money in your pocket, you will have that kind of money in your pocket for a month"—and so on, this last being taken from an old black-letter treatise on "things worth knowing." Everywhere in the world the idea prevails among those who lack scientific training that anything falling to the lot of man when the moon is waxing will likewise increase, similarly decreasing while the moon wanes. The Hindoo troubled with warts looks at the new moon, picks up a pinch of dust from beneath his left foot, rubs the wart with it—and when the moon goes, so does the wart. If you fall ill you can be cured by herbs gathered in the full of the moon.

The Moslems in the kingdom of Oudh cure insomnia, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, and similar evils by stationing the sufferer with a basin of water in his hands in the light of the full moon in such a way that its refulgent image shines directly from the liquid into his eyes. Then, without moving his gaze, he is required to swallow the water at a draught.

In northern India the people lay out food in the full moon that comes in the months corresponding to our September and October, half of each, and give it to their friends as a means of insuring longevity. That same night the girls pour water in the moonlight, saying they are getting rid of the cold weather.

It was long ago noted that the Yorkshire maids "do worship the new moon on their bare knees, kneeling upon an earth-fast stone," and Lady Wilde says that the Irish damsels drop on their knees when they first catch sight of the new moon and say: "Oh, moon leave us as well as you found us!" In India the natives take seven threads from the end of their turbans and give them to the new moon, with a prayer.

The spots on the moon are caused by many persons or things. Sometimes it is a man with a fagot on his back, sent thither for picking up sticks on the Sabbath. Chaucer calls him a thief and puts a thornbush on his shoulders. Dante says it is no less a criminal than Cain. Shakespeare provides a dog to keep him company. Hindoos keep, not a man, but a hare in the moon, and the well-known connection in the minds of the man of the moon and insanity may account for the statement regarding the March mare, and possibly the thornbush may be the distinctive covering of the hatter—at any rate, this is as good guessing as a lot of the sun myth people have done; while Baring-Gould identifies the moon children, Bill and Hinki of the northern mythology, with Jack and Gill of the nursery rhyme.

The Greenland Eskimo believes that the sun and moon were originally brother and sister. She, being teased by him past ordinary endurance, seized some lampblack and rubbed it on his face. Then she ran, her brother after. Finally she went so fast she rose up into the air and became the sun, while her sooty-faced brother turned into the moon. In Samoa when a great famine oppressed the people the moon rose one night, big and round, like a bread fruit. A patient mother, unable to quiet the pangs of her little one, looked up and said: "Why don't you come down and let my baby have a bite of you?" This made the moon so angry that she simply picked up both mother and child, and they have been there ever since.

All sailors are certain that sleeping in tropical moon rays will either make them cross-eyed or blind. On the American vessel El Capitan a year or two ago a number of the crew, disregarding the advice of their fellows during a spell of hot weather, slept on the deck in the moonlight, and soon after went completely blind at night, though they could see as well in the daytime as ever. The skipper of the ship reported the occurrence, and with it made a statement to the effect that up to that time he had been a disbeliever in the so-called moon blink. Paul Eve Stevenson reports that he, too, was hurriedly awakened on his way to New York from the Bahamas with the assurance from the captain that all sorts of things would happen to him if he slept in moonlight. This is a disease unknown to the medical profession.—Chicago Times-Herald.

They Dined on His Chimney.

An unusual case came up for trial in a rural justice court recently. One man was suing another for allowing his children "to eat his chimney!"

"They two boys of his'n," explained the prosecutor, "has been the ruination of me. I found a red clay bank an' built me a good clay chimbly, an' them cotton-headed clay-eaters fell foul er it en just eat it up! I tried to coax 'em off with wortermillions, but it wuz no go! Jest as soon as my back wuz turned they'd git roun' that chimbly an' go ter swallerin! They took sich big mouthfuls onten it that when I built a fire in it the blaze got out en' licked the side er my house an' sot it afire."

"Are you the only man the children damaged in that way?"

"No, sir, I ain't! Thar used to be a brickyard in the county, an' they eat that up before they started on me."

The case went to the jury, and after due consideration the jury brought in the following verdict: "That the father of the clay boys build the plaintiff a chimney at his own expense, and that the said chimney be of indigestible brick!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Hut That Part Stayed.

"I am afraid," said Maud, thoughtfully, "that Willie Wibbles will never come here again."

"Did he go away in a pet?" asked Mamie.

"Well, some of him did. Just before he started my dear little dachshund bit a piece out of him."—Washington Star.

TANNING OF THE SKIN.

How Light and Heat Affect the Human Cuticle.

The question of tan and sunburn, which forces itself prominently, and often painfully, upon people's notice every summer, is one in which modern scientific investigations have developed many interesting facts. Contrary to the former popular belief that sunburn was due to the heat of the sun, it has now been shown that it is the sun's light chiefly which affects the skin. That severe sunburn may be produced without heat has been proved by the fact that persons exposed to strong sunlight on the tops of mountains at extremely low temperatures have been burned just as if they had undergone the sun's heat as well. Alpine travelers and those who have taken long journeys over the snow have had the experience of being painfully burned by the reflected light from the white, glittering surface, and sunburn from reflections on the water is equally well known. That heat alone does not produce the effect is clear from many evidences. Persons exposed to the high temperatures which prevail in the firerooms of ocean steamers, in deep mines and other places, do not become tanned and burned in the same manner as those who work in the sun.

According to the present theory, then, sunburn, or tan, is produced by the actinic rays of the sun's light—that is, those rays which possess the power of affecting chemically certain substances upon which they fall. In photography it is well known that the blue or violet rays of light have far more effect upon the sensitive plate than the red rays, and recent experiments have tended to show that this is also true regarding the rays and the human skin. The experiments have been conducted with differently colored glass screens, placed between the light and the skin. Red glass, according to the principles of physics, allows the red light rays to pass through it freely, while rejecting the complementary blue rays. In the same way, blue glass admits the blue or violet rays and excludes the red. Thus, as the red rays have been shown to have the least chemical power, any red substance which screened the skin, allowing only the comparatively harmless rays of that color to penetrate, would be the most effective protection against sunburn.

A rather amusing but well authenticated instance is a proof of this. A woman who was traveling on foot with a party of tourists wore a waist which had alternate broad stripes of white and red. After long exposure to the sunlight she found that she had been burned through the material of the waist, and, to her utter astonishment, that the burn was in well-marked stripes—intense under the white bars of cloth, and scarcely perceptible under the red ones. (White, which allows all rays to pass through it, is practically like no screen at all.) This experience would indicate that red veils, for instance, would be the best to protect the face, and that the old-fashioned blue veils worn a few years ago were of the most undesirable color possible.

That part of the skin which receives the chemical action of the light rays so as to produce sunburn, tan, or freckles is the pigment, or coloring matter. This varies greatly in sensitiveness in different persons, not always being governed by the complexion, although, as a rule, blonds and red-haired persons are more subject to sunburn than others. Just why some people burn red, while others freckle or tan, does not seem to be definitely known. Doctors usually say that the difference is due merely to the varying qualities of skins. Generally, after months of exposure to the sun, any skin becomes hardened to its effects, takes on a permanent brown or bronze color, and is not changed thereafter by any amount of additional exposure. But there are exceptions to this rule. There is an old fisherman down on the Great South bay, who, though he has lived in the open air all his life, is continually being burned afresh by the sun's rays. Year after year his face peels and becomes sore several times in a season. The skin has never been able to accustom itself to the burning sunlight.

"The darkening of the pigment in the skin," said a physician, "is an effort of nature to interpose a defense against the inflaming light rays. The darker the surface upon which they fall the more difficult is it for them to pass through and injure the sensitive parts beneath. Sunburn, however, does not do any real harm to the skin; in fact, the light and air are rather beneficial than otherwise, although the first effect, if there is swelling and extreme heat, is rather painful."

When asked why wind often seemed to produce burn as readily as sunlight, the doctor said:

"The wind, by irritating the skin, produces a certain amount of congestion, and thus predisposes to the effect of the sunlight. When the skin is even slightly congested it will burn quickly, even in a rather weak light. In the same way heat also, by congesting the skin, is a predisposing cause to sunburn, though not the direct cause, which is to be found in the light."

In connection with the subject of the effect of light upon the skin it is interesting to recall the many cases in which the Roentgen rays have caused something almost precisely like sunburn. Persons who have exposed their hands or any part of their bodies for a considerable length of time to the powerful electric rays have observed the sensations and compared them to an acute form of burn from sunlight. It seems to point to a close relationship between the two and to support the modern theory of sunburn here described.—N. Y. Tribune.

All Changed.

"I don't hear Jones prating any more about his great love for little children."

"Jones has moved into a house that has a vacant lot next door, where the boys of the neighborhood play ball daily."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Question Answered.

The State Board of Nebraska recently sent out circulars to the farmers of the state, asking the question: "Does farming pay?" The following letter reproduced from the September number of "The Corn Belt" would seem to answer the question pretty effectively:

Seward, Neb., Aug. 25, 1897.

I landed in Seward County Nov. 22, 1868, from Pennsylvania, overland with a team and wagon and about $800 in money. I now have 400 acres of well improved land within sight of the county seat, unincumbered, worth $20,000. I also have 30 head of horses, 35 head of thoroughbred Hereford cattle, and 100 head of thoroughbred Poland-China hogs, some 8 or 10 of them costing me $110 each. I also have city property to the amount of over $3,000, and some $3,000 or more of personal property, besides several thousand bushels of corn and grain. I have made it a point to feed all I raise. I do not believe I have sold over a thousand bushels of corn since I have lived in the state. While we have had a few short crops, we have never had a total failure. I am well pleased with farming in Nebraska, and would advise all my friends to cast their lot with us. Yours very truly,

LEVI HOFER.

Beginning Early.

Teacher—Now, children, can any of you define the word sarcasm? No? Well, it means saying one thing and meaning the reverse of it. Can anybody give me an example of that?

Little Willie—Yeth, I kin.

"Well, Willie, you give me an example of sarcasm, then, showing you mean just the opposite of what you say."

"Dod bless teacher."—N. Y. World.

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package, FREE. Write to Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

All Women Are.

"Mrs. Jones is a very observing woman," said a Harlem woman, referring to her husband.

"I guess you are right about it. I noticed last Sunday in church that she was a clothes observer," responded her husband, cynically.—Tammany Times.

There Is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

A Bright Idea.

Algy—I'd like awfully to know whether she'd marry me or not.

Reggie—Why don't you ask her, deah boy?

Algy—By Jove, that's a good idea, I will. What a head you have, old man.—Yellow Book.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Some people even think it is something to be proud of if they are in debt heavily to some prominent man.—Washington Democrat.

USE YOUR REASON

And Profit by the Experience of Other People.

There are thousands of people who have been cured of nervous trouble, scrofula sores, rheumatism, dyspepsia, catarrh and other diseases by purifying their blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. This great medicine will do the same good work for you if you will give it the opportunity. It will tone up your system, create an appetite and give sweet, refreshing sleep.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO

NEBRASKA

September 7, 21. October 5, 19

On these dates round-trip tickets, good for 21 days, will be sold by all Burlington Route agents and by those of many eastern railroads at **HALF FARE** Plus $2.00.

The undersigned will send you free on application a handsome illustrated pamphlet describing Nebraska, with a large sectional map of the State.

A Dry, Healthy Climate.

A Soil Unsurpassed for Richness, easy to cultivate, and yielding all varieties of crops.

That is what Nebraska offers to the homeseeker. Ask your nearest ticket agent about the cheap rates, or write to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

CASH PAID FOR NAMES.

ONE DOLLAR FOR FOUR.

Send plainly written, by card or letter before Oct. 15, four names (not more) of young folks most likely to be interested in the best weekly family paper published and receive **YOUTH AND HOME** for two weeks free, and 25 cents in cash for each name added to our subscription list by Nov. 15. Pick best names to insure returns. We do the rest. No canvassing. Write your own name and town plainly. YOUTH AND HOME, 127 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

SOUTHERN Homeseekers' Guide

Every homeseeker should address either J. F. MERRY, A. G. P. A., Manchester, Ia.; W. A. KELLOND, A. G. P. A., Louisville, Ky., or S. G. HATCH, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O., for a free copy of the ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD'S SOUTHERN HOMESEEKERS' GUIDE.

DR. SCOSSOR'S SNEEZELESS CATARRH SNUFF

A Positive Cure for CATARRH, HAY FEVER, Cold in the Head and CHRONIC CATARRHAL HEADACHE. Mailed on receipt of 25 cents (silver). THE SCOSSOR REMEDY CO., 48 Arcade, Cleveland, Ohio. AGENTS WANTED.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

A. N. K.—C 1673

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

TEMPERANCE.

BEER FOR COLLEGE BOYS.

An Outcry Against the Goodfellowship That Ruins.

In a recent number of the New York Independent, Kate Upson Clark has a timely article on the above subject. Referring to a plea made by a college graduate "for a club for college instructors which should have in its outfit, among other things, a well furnished wine cellar," who deplored "that the students of a certain great university should be obliged to travel a considerable distance in order to obtain beer," Miss Clark, among other things, says:

Why not relegate the sort of good fellowship which can be bought only with the pipe and the beer mug to the slums where it belongs? Our educated girls find happiness and elevating friendships without smoking and drinking. Why do our boys need them any more? You say they have more energy, more animal spirits. We doubt it; but grant it for the sake of the argument. Even then, you will admit that men have work off their energies, and more strength with which they have been provided in order to govern their stronger propensities. When will they have a more favorable time for the cultivation of self-control than during their college course? But does the present standard of college "fun," especially when reenforced by such suggestions as those of the eminent authorities now under consideration, tend to establish such self-control? Why should we "lick the boots" of foreign universities? Why not take gratefully their sound learning and their exact science, while refusing to accept their middle-age customs of loathsome drunkenness and dissipation, which have been handed down from one generation to another until we foolishly forget that they need not be inseparable from college life?

The public opinion in our great universities is asserted by thoughtful students to be already far too lax in regard to the matter of drinking. Few are strong enough to withstand the pressure to "take a glass of beer"—"No harm; do you good;" "Don't be a clam." Young men who go from homes where wine and beer are not used learn that their parents are "narrow" and "bigot-

ASK A FAVORITE PUPIL TO GO WITH HIM.

ed," and that beer is really a good thing—"so much better than whisky or brandy, you know"—a fact which no one denies. Prof. So and So goes into a saloon whenever he is thirsty and orders beer. Sometimes he asks a favorite pupil to go with him. Beer must be all right.

But the "favorite pupil" does not stop at beer. He finds the exhilaration of stronger fluids agreeable when he is "run down" and has lost sleep. In every college class there is a considerable percentage who leave their alma mater confirmed inebriates. A much larger percentage have developed a marked tendency that way. Her influence should have been for all that is austerely pure and lofty; but for bread she has given them stones and worse.

The "pipe and the flowing bowl" are terms of mirth and jollity. We sing the the songs which extol them, songs inspired by an earlier, a ruder and, we believe, a wickeder day; and then we laugh when we should hester and grave and silent. Most of us believe that college boys should let pipes and bowls severely alone. We believe that they could have exuberant happiness and loyal friendships without them. We believe that unconfined joy does not consist in smoking strong pipes and cigars and in emptying glass after glass of beer into the stomach until the brain reels and nausea ensues.

Dear friends, when a writer of standing virtually affirms in a reputable magazine that our college boys have not beer enough ready to hand, we had better wake up. Has he heard the nightly—not occasionally, but nightly—screams of boys frenzied with drink, which make the streets of New Haven and Cambridge and other college towns ring? They ring the knell of the breaking hearts of mothers and the destruction of souls.

We commend these remarks of Miss Clark to parents and guardians. Ruined character is a fearful price to pay for college life. Youths sent to schools for training should find it hard, not easy, to become corrupt. Only to such colleges where habits of sobriety, of moral purity and of religion are directly encouraged in student life should parents send their children, passing by all other colleges, no matter how great their reputation for learning and good-fellowship.—National Temperance Advocate.

An Appropriate Design.

"A Tynesider" writes to the Alliance News: "After the death of a member of one of our churches (a wealthy brewer), the relatives offered to put a beautiful stained-glass window in, to cost several hundreds of pounds, in memory of their departed friend. I believe this offer has been accepted. A woman who is upwards of 70 years of age, said to me: 'If they put a memorial window in, they should have the central figure representing ragged, ill-fed children, mothers with a look of abject misery, and fathers looking bloated and brutal.' When I heard it, I could only say that it would be a true memorial to such a traffic."

AN HONEST ARGUMENT.

Reasons Given Many Times for the Use of Alcoholic Beverages.

Most of the arguments offered in favor of the use of alcohol, either as a beverage or as a medicine, are based either upon ignorance of its physiological, or rather unphysiological, properties, or upon a desire and determination on the part of the defender of this drug to find an apology or a pretext for its use, no matter what the facts may be; and, if the facts do not agree, then it is so much worse for the facts. In the July number of the London Westminster Review A. E. T. Longhurst, M. D., in an article entitled "Scientific Aspects of the Temperance Question," very pithily says:

"For a man to say that he takes alcohol because he likes it, regardless of the consequences to health which it entails or the possibility of a drunkard's grave, is at any rate honest; but when he says he takes it as a food, because his doctor tells him it is so and is a necessity, then he defies science and brings a reproach on the profession of scientific medicine."

The doctor further says:

"If we summarize the most recent scientific conclusions as to alcohol and its action on the human system they will be somewhat as follows:

"It is not found in nature nor provided by her as a necessity of animal life.

"It predisposes to disease, deranges the constitution of the blood, unduly excites the heart and circulation, paralyzes the minute blood vessels, impairs the function of the digestive organs, turbs the regularity of nerve actions, lowers the animal temperature, lessens muscular power, is not a food; the highest health and longevity are attainable without it.

"With so much evidence of the evils of alcohol and such scientific expressions against its use in the animal economy, it is high time that the profession of medicine should speak about it from the scientific aspect of the question."

VARIOUS NOTES.

Malt liquors render the blood sizy and unfit for circulation, hence proceed obstructions and inflammation of the lungs.—Dr. Buchan.

William Flack, of Chicago, drank wood alcohol diluted with root beer, to gratify a depraved appetite. He leaves a family.

All the mines in the Klondike won't yield enough gold in the next 12 months to pay the drink bill of this Christian nation for one year.—N. J. Gazette.

The church and the school build up, but the saloon tears down. Why then should good citizens favor the saloon or even be indifferent as to what it is doing?—Lever.

The fact that there are no snakes in Alaska is something in its favor. And there is not much danger that there will be any so long as whisky is worth $48 a gallon.—Peoria Herald.

"My native city has treated me badly," said a drunken vagabond, "but I love her still." "Probably," replied a gentleman, "her still is about all you do love."—National Temperance Advocate.

One person in every thousand is arrested for drunkenness and fined and imprisoned every year in England. These are termed the criminal inebriates who are lawless whenever under the influence of spirits.

A falling off in the consumption of beer in Chicago is attributed to bicycle riding, but it would have been more reasonable if the falling from bicycles in that city had been attributed to the consumption of beer.—San Francisco Call.

Some one has been visiting the saloons in various cities for the purpose of noting the number of boys and youths frequenting them. In 30 small cities and towns (having 15 or 20 saloons in a place), it was estimated that an aggregate of over 5,000 persons were present, and of these the majority were clearly under age. In a saloon in one city, Wooster, O., five boys were found who were yet wearing knee pants.—Christian Work.

Forming a Drug Habit.

The following story is from the New Crusade: A lady who was a guest in the home of a physician and somewhat troubled with insomnia, asked him to give her something to make her sleep. As he handed her a dose of bromidia, he said: "I am sorry to start you on the bromidia habit."

"But, doctor," she exclaimed, "one dose of bromidia does not constitute a habit."

"No," he replied, "one dose does constitute the beginning of a habit. You will sleep well to-night, and to-morrow night, if you do not sleep well, you will remember the effects of the bromidia and will probably try another dose, and so on until you find yourself unable to sleep without it, and then, by and by, unable to sleep with it. So you will be a victim of the bromidia habit, and it is absolutely certain that if the first dose is never taken the habit will never be formed."

A Coroner's Verdict.

The English papers tell of a man who was burned to death in a drinking saloon. The man worked occasionally for the rumseller, and for brushing up the floor one morning he received a half-glass of whisky and then adjourned into the drinking box with some other men. In a short time they left, and half an hour after this man was found lying with his head in the fire. His whole face was a mass of charred remains. Death was due to suffocation following the burning. The coroner's jury found accordingly, and attached no blame to anybody.

No blame to the truckster rumseller who gave him whisky for his wage! No blame to those in the house who let the drunken man lie and roast! No condemnation of the fiendish and destructive stuff that worked the ruin! — National Temperance Advocate.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The Red Lion, an inn at Ardmore, Pa., has been a licensed public house for 100 years.

—Oldenburg's dynasty is saved from extinction by the birth of a son to the hereditary grand duke.

—The Taylor Street Methodist church of Portland, Ore., has set aside a pew especially for the use of commercial travelers.

—According to Atchison reports the people of that town fish for bats about the arc electric lights evenings, baiting the hooks with millers and then waving them through the air.

—At Osage, Kan., R. H. Lyons turned a waste pool on his farm into a fish pond ten years ago. Now he has a chain of fish ponds worth $15,000 on the place, all stocked from the waste pool.

—One of the gill net fishermen of Astoria, Ore., caught a royal chinook salmon that had a hook in its mouth and a cotton line and home-made spoon such as Indians use attached. The fish weighed 30 pounds.

—Mrs. Nancy Baker, a cripple, 75 years old, of Valley View, Ky., put her hand in a hen's nest in which she had placed 12 small chickens and found a five-foot snake which had swallowed six of them. Her son killed the snake.

—One of the feet of Louis Philippe's throne, which was carried off from the Tuileries by the mob in February, 1848, and burned at the foot of the column in the Place de la Bastile, has been presented to the Carnavalet museum in Paris.

—While Miss Belle Hope and five friends were eating a picnic luncheon in the mountains near Bellefonte, Pa., a rattlesnake and a wildcat fought to the death near them and 47 rattlesnakes attacked them. The men in the party killed the snakes.

MISS WATTS, OF NEW YORK.

From Her Descended a Marquis and Earl of Great Britain.

People talk of international marriages as if they were an invention of recent years, and are oblivious to the fact that British peers have shown their good sense by marrying American girls for over a couple of centuries, and there is a large amount of American blood in the British house of lords.

Everyone going up and down lower Broadway notices the statue of John Watts in Trinity churchyard. It was erected by his descendant, Gen. De Peyster, who has a predilection for that sort of thing. Now, old John Watts, besides being the progenitor of Gen. De Peyster, was the progenitor of the present marquis of Ailsa and earl of Cassillis before Mary Queen of Scots married the dauphin of France, and there were Barons Kennedy before Columbus discovered America. On that wild coast which looks out on the Scottish islands, where Ailsa lifts her head above the foam, the Kennedys have always reigned, and Capt. Kennedy, of the royal navy, married a Miss Schuyler, of New York, who is put down in the records of the College of Heralds as coming from New Jersey. For his second wife he married a Miss Watts, of New York, and from that union sprang the second marquis of Ailsa and earl of Cassillis. The man who married Miss Schuyler came to his earldom and his estates on the death of his brother, after a contest between the earl of March and Ruglen about the succession, which was decided in favor of the captain's brother.

It was the same sort of a contest which was waged by Rev. Bryan Fairfax and by Lord Stirling, with the potent exception that two of the American claimants were successful, and the third, Lord Stirling, was not. The fact that William Alexander fought bravely in the cause of the colonies may have had something to do with his lack of success before the house of lords. However, the American blood in the earl of Cassillis advanced him to a marquisate, and Gen. De Peyster has erected a monument to old John Watts. One of the earl's sons married the daughter of Gen. Alexander Macomb, of the United States army.—N. Y. Press.

A Keen Purchaser.

The younger portion of the present generation may not remember the old-fashioned silver coin, once so plenty in the United States, of the value of 12½ cents. In New England it was called a "ninepence," in New York a "shilling," and it bore other names in other sections of the country.

One day a tall, kank, tow-headed specimen of humanity, from the Mote mountain district, entered Sam Thom's store in Conway, N. H. He looked around for awhile upon the tempting things displayed, and finally drew out from his pocket a battered ninepence, which he clutched with an evident determination not to part with it recklessly.

"Say, mister," he said, pointing to a box of lozenges upon the counter, "haow much d'ye ask for them?"

"Two cents a roll," was the reply.

"Wal, I'll hev a roll. What do you ask for them apples?"

"Two for a cent."

"Wal, let's se—I'll hev one of 'em; that'll be half a cent, and the lozengers two cents—jest two cents and a half. Yen ken take it aout of this 'ere ninepence, and give me back ten cents."

Mr. Thom could not refuse. The story to tell was worth more than it cost by far.—N. Y. Ledger.

Not In It.

Mrs. Callipers—Are you going to invite Mrs. Fowler to your little party? She seems to be such a pleasant little person.

Mrs. Justup — Goodness, no! She's pleasant enough and all that, but I understand that her husband only gets $100 a month.—Cleveland Leader.

Even Proportion.

Old Lady—This must be a very healthy place. Now, what may the death rate be?

Grave Digger—Wonderful steady, mum—wonderful steady. Just one death to each person right along.—Sketch.

REUNITED TWIN DIAMONDS.

Famous in Europe and India, They Find Each Other in America.

Diamond dealers the world over are speculating as to the identity of a mysterious personage of unlimited means who has just purchased of a Parisian diamond dealer two of the most famous gems in existence, a pair of diamonds so nearly alike in appearance that they have become known to collectors and dealers as the "Indian Twins." The wealthy individual who has just become possessed of them is believed to be Mrs. William Astor.

A jeweler would describe the "twins" as a pair of Indian diamonds, cut in cushion shape, weighing 8½ carats each, and of a remarkable pale blue color. Their tint is far deeper than steel blue, and much lighter than the blue of the celebrated "Hope" diamond. The twins are so full of fire that many a pure white diamond is pale by comparison.

So absolutely perfect are the gems that the slightest flaw cannot be discovered by the aid of the most powerful magnifying glass. Their combined weight is 17 carats, which is divided exactly between the two. They are alike beautifully proportioned, and the peculiar shade of blue is precisely the same in each.

So perfect is the correspondence that experts do not doubt that they were originally one stone, which was divided for some reason, probably because the original shape was such that while susceptible of division, it could not be cut to advantage as a single stone without great loss in weight.

The first record of the "Indian Twins" places them in the possession of Warren Hastings at the time he was governor-general of India. Next they came into the possession of a Russian gentleman, who was afterwards exiled. As expatriated noblemen have to eat and drink like ordinary mortals, the Russian found himself under the painful necessity of parting with his diamonds.

They parted from each other, and for a long time only one of the gems was known to diamond dealers. This lone twin, after many wanderings, fell at last into the possession of the duke of Brunswick, whose agents searched the world for the lost twin, but were unable to find any trace of it, although the price offered for its recovery was a tremendous one.

Finally the duke was gathered to his fathers, and his fine collection of diamonds was sold, the "Indian Twin" coming to America. The final chapter of the story is told by E. August Nereisheimer, of New York city, vice president of the Theosophical society of America.

"I had the diamond in my possession," said Mr. Nereisheimer, "and my agents were looking for its missing relative, although we had little hope of finding it. This was about 20 years ago.

"One of the agents who had been for so long engaged in the search for the 'Twin' that it had become a mechanical habit for him to study jewelry on men and women whom he met, was surprised almost out of his wits one day when, seated in a Chicago saloon, he saw a western man enter in whose shirt blazed the identical 'Twin' the whereabouts of which had been for so long sought.

"The united 'Twins' were valued at $125,000, and taken to Paris, where I hear they have been purchased by an American whose identity has been kept a secret."—N. Y. Herald.

MARRIAGES AT SEA.

They Seem to Be Very Hollow Ceremonies.

A Los Angeles father whose daughter went through the ceremony of marriage at sea proposes to test the legality of that form of marriage. When the marriage-at-sea business is looked into it appears to be a very hollow ceremony. It simply means that the male and female have traveled outside of the jurisdiction of the state to go through a ceremony that has no other force than that derived from state laws. Outside of the three-mile limit there is no law governing marriage, and consequently no law against any particular marriage ceremony. Parties go to sea to escape the conditions attached to the performance of the marriage ceremony within the state. Yet they expect the state to recognize as valid a ceremony performed in violation of the state's laws. The state has a purpose in providing that minors shall not marry except with the consent of their parents. That purpose is mainly to prevent young people who do not know much about each other and whose mental and moral condition not such as their parents regard as necessary to the assumption of marital relations, from forming the alliance for which they are unfit. This purpose, of course, is defeated, when the young people slip out of a port and coax a good-natured sea captain to mumble over their joined hands some words that have no legal significance whatever. As well might the young people make certain promises to each other and then declare that they were married.

Marriage at sea is simply a contract marriage with the contract left out. It is a kind of a bluff on the girl's parents, who justly consider that her prospects in life are ruined unless the marriage is recognized. When parties desiring to marry go from a state which throws some restraint about marriage contracts to a state which asks no questions they have the satisfaction of knowing that they are married according to the laws of the state they were married in. But when they are married at sea they have the sanction of no law whatever. They went to sea to escape law.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Rough on the M. D.'s.

There is an eminent physician in London who takes the position that the health of the people would be, on an average, better, and the duration of human life longer, if there were not a practicing physician in the world.—N. Y. World.

MEDIUMS' MACHINATIONS.

Tricks Employed by Sporious Spiritualists.

A well-known magician who has been before the public many years in his professional capacity contributes an interesting article to the Scientific American in the nature of an exposure of spiritualistic frauds.

The article was not written for the purpose of antagonizing sincere believers in spiritualism, but merely to explain how several professional "mediums" and a number of unbelievers in spiritualism have secured their release from cabinets in which they had been fastened. The writer frankly states that during the many years he has given exhibitions of the magician's art he has met many test "mediums," and can say without qualification that all of them have been imposters.

On the other hand, this writer has himself performed cabinet tricks many times, and before intelligent and alert audiences, and has never been exposed.

In these tricks of the cabinet, so old and yet still so frequently performed, the methods used are many, but all mystifying.

Among the many successful rope tests, the following is about the best: A piece of soft cotton rope about six feet long, and of the size known as sash cord, is securely tied around the performer's left wrist, dividing the rope so that the ends will be of an equal length. When the committee are satisfied that they have made the knots secure, the performer places his hands behind him, with the right wrist resting over the knots on the left wrist, and the ends of the rope are securely tied together, bringing the knots down tight on the right wrist. This appears fair enough, but it is not as fair as it appears, because, while the knots are quite secure, there is sufficient slack between the wrists to enable the performer, by giving his right wrist a half turn, to withdraw this hand from the rope encircling it.

The reader may say: "That is all well enough, but how and by what means does he secure this slack?"

In placing his hands behind him after the rope is tied about the left wrist he gives the rope a twist, crossing one end over the other, pressing the twist down on the knot and covering the twist and knot with the right wrist, which is then tied. When ready to release himself, the performer gives his right hand and wrist a half turn, releasing the twist lying on the knot, which thus becomes a part of the loop tied around the right wrist, and enlarging it sufficiently to enable the performer to pull the right hand free from the rope, when he can perform any trick he chooses with the free hand. By replacing the hand in the loop and giving the hand a half turn the knots can be shown as secure as when first tied.

The handcuff test is a great favorite of the "medium." In this test the performer uses any pair of handcuffs furnished by the audience, and by them put on him. Yet in a very few moments after he takes his place in the cabinet his coat is thrown out, but on examination the handcuffs are found to be on his wrists just as they were placed by the audience. As a final test, the performer comes out of the cabinet holding the handcuffs in his hand, removed from the wrist, but locked.

The explanation of this trick is very simple. There are only a few styles of handcuffs made in this country, and all that a "medium" has to do is to secure the proper key for each style, which keys are concealed about the person, and by the aid of the fingers and teeth the proper key can be fitted to the handcuffs. In some types of handcuffs it is impossible to get the fingers to the keyhole. If such a pair is placed on the performer, and he cannot use his teeth to hold the key, he slips the key in a crack in the chair or cabinet, which crack he makes sure is there before undertaking the test, thus holding the key and unlocking the handcuffs.

The spirit collar trick, when once exposed, appears as easy of performance as those already dealt with. The whole secret is found in a number of false bolts and a genuine one which the "medium" knows how to remove without difficulty.—N. Y. Herald.

Aged 20 Years in a Night in a Hole.

While going to her home in Cranberry, one mile east of Hazleton, Pa., one night recently, Mrs. Ernest Ylrich, aged 30 years, fell into a mine hole. When rescued the next morning the woman had aged apparently 20 years. A like experience for either man or woman was never recorded in mining history, and that she is not a raving maniac is due to her fortitude and extraordinary belief in prayer. She was saved from instant death by falling into a lake of muck, which had formed at the bottom of the hole. This substance closed about her, gradually swallowing her, until it reached to her shoulders. It was nine o'clock when the accident happened, and the first human being she saw was at six o'clock in the morning, when a miner going to work heard her moan. It required two hours to reach her. She retained consciousness throughout the ordeal, but fainted as soon as raised to the surface. The woman practically occupied a living tomb during the time she was a prisoner. The hole into which she fell is 30 feet deep and a mile in length, and a stone's throw from the village.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Tired of the Tip System.

Paris waiters have joined their Marseilles brethren in demanding the abolition of pourboires. They want fixed wages, and declare that the only person who profits by tips is the employer

Expense of the Queen's Jubilee.

The estimate of the cost which was incurred by the British government in the jubilee rejoicings amounts, it is said, to $4[illegible],000.—N. Y. Sun.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Bobby—"Pa, what is an heir-at-law?" Pa—"Usually the lawyer, Bobby."—Tit-Bits.

—"Say, pa, what kind of pans do miners use when panning gold?" "Dust pans, my son."—Puck.

—The Only Way.—"There is only one way to tell a mad dog." "How's that?" "Tell him by a long-distance telephone."—Truth.

—Not Perfumery.—Bridget (surreptitiously smelling a bottle of lavender salts)—"Och, quick! Cut aff me nose befoor it effects th' rist av me body."—Judge.

—The Sunday school class was singing "I want to be an angel." "Why don't you sing louder, Bobby?" asked the teacher. "I'm singing as loud as I feel," explained Bobby.—Tit-Bits.

—"And you want to marry my daughter, do you?" said Mr. Stockbroker. "Well, not right away, sir," said the timid youth; "but I'd like to have an option on her."—Yonkers Statesman.

—Fenderson—"I say, did you ever see the sun rise in the morning?" Fogg—"No. That's just the trouble, you know. If it rose at any other time, I might be able to see it."—Boston Transcript.

—Somewhat Alike.—"A Frenchman says that love is a disease that closely resembles alcoholism." "There may be some truth in that. I have noticed that the gold cure is frequently efficacious in both diseases."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—An Interesting Speculation.—"My dear," asked his wife, "what are you thinking about?" "I was thinking," replied the theosophist, shaking off his fit of dreamy abstraction, "which make of wheel I will ride the next time I appear on earth."—Puck.

—First Dentist—"The fact is, I've got gentleness down to such a fine point that all my patients go to sleep while I'm pulling their teeth." Second Dentist—"That's nothing! Mine are beginning to have their photographs taken while I operate, because they always have such pleasant expressions on their faces."—Tit-Bits.

PATENT COW FOR HUNTERS.

It Carries Them Quietly Into the Midst of Unsuspecting Game.

It is a well-known fact that birds and wild animals know what other animals they have to fear.

The birds that fly from a man or a dog will hop around a cow, even walking right under her.

Man has now taken advantage of this fact to facilitate the slaughter of birds and other game.

A Nebraska man has invented a patent cow for hunters, and the specifications have been received at the patent office.

The invention presents the perfect outward semblance of a most peaceable and amiable cow, but the forelegs and hindlegs are, in fact, the two pairs of legs of two men. They are armed with guns and have a plentiful supply of ammunition.

The patent cow moves along like an ordinary, harmless animal until it is in the midst of a lot of birds, when it comes open and the two men inside blaze away.

The specifications state that the invention consists of a hollow decoy animal adapted to be supported and held in an upright position and operated by an inclosed hunter, for whom the decoy forms a concealing shell or blind.

The device, in its make-up, comprises as essential elements a flexible outer shell of canvas or other suitable material, decorated exteriorly to represent the animal in imitation of which the decoy is constructed, and said shell is adapted to be supported or held in its distended position through the medium of a collapsible metal framework, which allows the covering and framework of the decoy to be folded into a small space for transportation.

Depending from the framework are hollow portions representing legs, into which are inserted the legs of the concealed sportsmen, for whom there are accommodations for two, one at each end of the decoy.

Formed in the sides of the frame, at suitable points, are windows or openings protected by outward swinging flap blinds, and through these windows the sportsman in the rear may discharge his fowling piece when the game has been successfully stalked. For the firing of the hunter in front of the decoy there is provided a downward swinging portion, which includes the head and neck of the animal, so that, by simply releasing a small catch from the inside of the framework this releases the swinging front portion, which immediately drops by gravity, and thus leaves the sportsman free.—N. Y. Journal.

New Era for Siberia.

A new era has just begun in the history of Siberia. Since the beginning of this month the whole of that vast Asiatic empire of the czar has become endowed with a modern and uniform system of public justice. Law courts have been opened in the various provincial capitals, and the principal tribunal of appeal of Siberia has been established at Irkutsk. Until now there has been no system of legal procedure whatever in Siberia, the entire country being subject exclusively to the arbitrary administration of autocratic officials. True, there is yet room for improvement, since for the present there is to be no trial by jury, while the justices of the peace are to be appointed by the crown, instead of being elected by the people of the district. At the same time the new system is certain to constitute a salutary check upon the hitherto unbridled tyranny of Russian officialdom in Siberia.—Chicago Tribune.

The Finest Complexions.

The finest complexions in the world are said to be in the Bermudas. This is accounted for by the fact that the inhabitants live chiefly on onions, of which they export over 17,000,000 pounds annually.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

AN OPEN LETTER
To MOTHERS.

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March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

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The Southern Railway announces the following low rates from Washington, D. C., to Nashville, Tenn., occasion Tennessee Centennial Exposition:

Season Excursion Tickets will be sold daily, until and including October 15, at $28.75.

Twenty-day Excursion Tickets will be sold daily until October 15, at $21.30.

Ten-day Excursion Tickets will be sold on Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week, until October 26, 1897, at $15.30.

Rates for Military and Students in parties of 25 or more made known upon application.

Lv Baltimore, P. R. R.	9.20 PM	9.32 AM
" Washington, So. Ry	10.45 "	11.55 "
" Danville	6.05 AM	6.20 PM
Ar Salisbury (E. T.) "	9.37 "	8.50 "
" Asheville (E. T.) "	2.05 PM	12.12 AM
" Hot Springs "	4.21 "	1.29 "
" Knoxville "	7.25 "	4.00 "
" Chattanooga "	11.30 "	7.50 "
" Nashville, N. C. & St. L. Ry	6.45 AM	1.30 PM

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I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:
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offers his services to the people of Garrett County. Will cry land or personal property sales at any point in the county. 6-97 1yr.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 27, 1897.
To the Editor of The Republican.

Extraordinary efforts are being made by the administration to keep European anarchists out of this country. Our immigration laws are not as specific as they might be in prohibiting the landing of anarchists, but as there are more ways to kill a dog than by hanging, so there are more ways than one to keep anarchists away from the United States, and all of them are being utilized by immigration commissioner Powderly, who is being actively assisted by the diplomatic and consular branch of the government service. The officials of several European governments are also lending their assistance to the efforts that are being made to prevent anarchists even making a start for America. All of the steamship companies have also been notified that they must comply strictly with the act of 1891, which provides that any foreigner who enters our ports in violation of the law, through the ignorance of the inspectors, may be returned at the expense of the transportation company which originally brought him here. This law throws great responsibility on the ship owners, who must not only bear the expense of transporting the anarchists or any other illegal immigrants back to the place whence they came, but must maintain them between voyages. The penalty for failure to comply with this law is $300 fine in each case, and the vessel cannot leave port until the fine is paid.

Hon. Benj. Butterworth, commissioner of patents, has taken another long step forward in the work of purifying and elevating the practice before the United States Patent office, by deciding upon the disbarment from practice before the office of John Weddeburn & Co., a concern which, in addition to the introduction of lottery methods into the soliciting of United States patents was, after an unprecedently long and careful hearing, found guilty of various fraudulent practices. The official order disbarring Weddeburn & Co. will be published in next week's issue of the *Patent Office Gazette*, together with an elaborate opinion giving the reasons therefor in detail. Mr. John Wedderburn, the head of the company, firm or corporation, as it has been variously called, was also the head and originator of the Examiner Claims Bureau and the Press Claims Company, both of which left unsavory records when they ceased to exist, and all three of which have left numerous souvenirs in the shape of certificates of stock in the hands of newspaper publishers who were persuaded to accept the same as payment for the advertising, without which neither of them could have existed three months. A number of inventors are also left with worthless souvenirs in the shape of receipts for advance fees paid to Weddeburn & Co. to prosecute their applications for patents. It is needless to advise those who have lost their money; they will be more careful hereafter, but it will be well for others to take the lesson to heart and be sure they know the sort of men they deal with hereafter. The postoffice authorities have been asked to put the *National Recorder*, a paper published by Wedderburn & Co., on the fraud list.

Those Democratic employes of the Sixth Auditor's office who secured promotion under the last administration solely because they were Democrats, each man promoted displacing a Republican who was reduced, are much alarmed over the official announcement of the present Sixth Auditor, Hon. Henry A. Castle, of his intention to compel every man so promoted to prove his right to draw the increased salary by the record of his work, or to be reduced to a salary in keeping with his working record.

Ex-Delegate Flynn, of Oklahoma, who is on a business trip to the east, stopped in Washington for several days. Speaking of the condition of the country he said: "The prosperity we promised has struck the country. The store boy whittler is out of a job. I have had occasion recently to visit a number of the states and territories and everybody is feeling good. Oklahoma is probably to-day the most prosperous section of the United States. Our people will export 25,000,000 bushels of wheat, and fully 5,000,000 bushels of castor beans. We have an excellent corn crop, and have rivaled California in fruit so far. The South Sea islands grow the only cotton that surpasses the fibre of Oklahoma. Our cotton is a little late and we'll market 250,000 bales. Western cattle are as good now as the Klondike gold mines. No, I'm not talking politics, I have found it impossible to find many people willing to acknowledge themselves Democrats or Populists, hence I presume they all voted the Republican ticket. Our people are well satisfied with the national administration."

Senator Burrows, of Michigan, is in Washington on business with the Department of State, but when he was asked, just after he had had a conference with Secretary Sherman, what the nature of the business was, he laughingly declined to say whether it was public or private. Mr. Burrows says prosperity is in full swing in Michigan, just as it is everywhere else he has been since Congress adjourned.

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House and 1 acre of ground adjoining Loch Lynn Heights. Will be sold cheap.

A livery stable at Loch Lynn Heights; finest in the county; must be sold at once.

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50 acres; improved by a small house; near Cranberry Glade farm.

House and 2 lots in McHenry.

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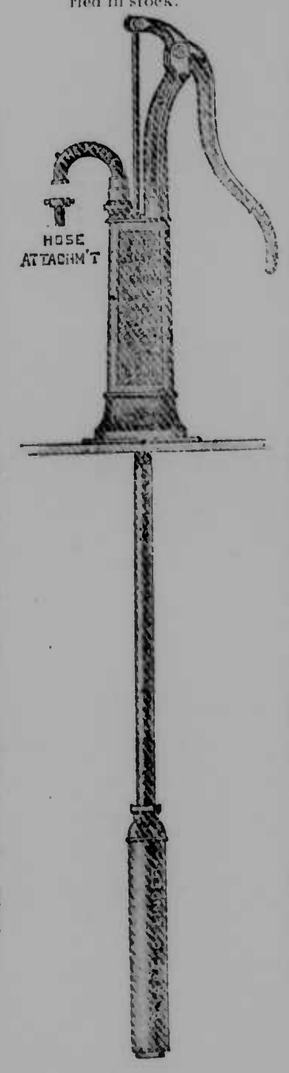

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The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, May 16, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	Daily	2.39 A. M
No. 3	Daily	5.28 A. M
No. 71	Accom daily except Sun	9.28 A. M
No. 47	Daily	4.36 P. M
No. 55	Express, daily	5.55 P. M
No. 1	Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	Daily	5.59 A. M
No. 2	Daily	6.41 A. M
No. 72	Accom daily except Sun	5.18 P. M
No. 46	Daily	1.45 P. M
No. 4	Daily	12.25 A. M
No. 14	Accommodation	10.12 A. M

Train No. 55 makes no stops between Oakland and Grafton. No. 47 makes all stops.

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SOUTHWARD No. 3 P. M.	SOUTHWARD No. 1 A. M.	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2 NOON	NORTHWARD No. 4 P. M.
3 00*	8 00† lv	Cumberland ar	*12 00	†7 30
3 29	8 29	Rawlings	11 31	7 01
3 52	8 52	Keyser	11 08	6 38
4 05	9 05	Westernport	10 55	6 25
4 09	9 09	W. Va. C. June.	10 48	6 18
4 37	9 35	Shaw	10 21	5 50
5 02	10 00	Harrison	9 56	*5 26
6 15	10 45* ar	Elk Garden	9 00	*4 46
5 55	10 25† lv	Gormen	9 24	4 54
5 42	10 42	Bayard	9 19	4 49
5 51	10 51	Dobbin	9 03	4 30
6 27	11 27	Thomas	8 38	4 08
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	7 55	3 15
6 34	11 34 lv	Coketon	8 31	4 01
7 01	12 01	Hendricks	8 00	3 30
7 07	12 07	Bretz	7 53	3 23
7 10	12 10	Parsons	7 50	3 20
7 45	12 45	Kerens	7 15	2 45
8 00	1 00* ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	†2 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
	3 05* ar	Bealington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1897. NUMBER 31.

POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

PROSPERITY and business activity began the moment a Republican President and a protective Congress was elected. Was it mere "luck?"

THERE is something of a contrast between conditions under the McKinley administration and those under the Cleveland administration. It is but a short time since President Cleveland was selling bonds to bring gold into the Treasury, while now the McKinley administration is actually rejecting offers of gold which come to it from various parts of the country.

THE iron and steel industry is universally recognized as a faithful barometer of trade, and the activity in that line is telling the story of present business conditions. Rolling mills, steel plants, and furnaces generally are actually rushed with orders, and what is of great significance is the fact that the enormous demand is perfectly legitimate and without the slightest tinge of speculation. Railroads, manufacturers, and builders are all busy, and when they are busy there is a demand for iron and steel.

UNLESS Chairman Jones and Senator Gorman can make it appear that the mails of the United States should be open to defeated presidential candidates, they will be unsuccessful in their efforts to suppress Mr. Bryan. They have squeezed him out of New York, and frozen him out of Maryland and Ohio, but he is now firing at those targets at long range by United States mail and by some mysterious process managing to get the letters in print and his name before the public despite the efforts of the leaders of his party to cage him.

THE mad rush of the leaders of the late Popocracy for a new issue to take the place of the exploded silver theory has resulted in the nomination of Henry George for Mayor of Greater New York by a large element of the Democratic party of that city. Mr. George, as is well known, is the chief apostle of the single-tax idea, and his nomination by a large element of the party in that city strengthens the belief which has been growing for months that the leaders of that party would adopt the single-tax theory to take the place of the discarded free-silver proposition of last year.

THE jingo policy on the Cuban question which was urged upon President McKinley as soon as he was inaugurated President is now seen to have been an unwise and unsafe one, and the wisdom of the President's course of action is meeting with popular approval. It is now apparent from the developments since Minister Woodford's arrival in Spain that the attitude of the administration will be such as to bring about a termination of the troubles in Cuba, and in a way which will avoid the criticism which would have surely followed the precipitate action urged by many people immediately after the inauguration of the President. Those who were inclined to criticise what they considered the slow progress of the President, now see that his course was the wise one.

EX-CANDIDATE Bryan seems to be of the impression that he and silver are THE Democratic party. Despite the fact that such time-honored and experienced leaders as Senator Gorman and Chairman Jones and others, who were active in political life before Bryan was born, have urged the abandonment of the silver issues in New York, Mr. Bryan has written a letter urging just the reverse of this. In that letter he insists that the Democrats of Greater New York should, and indeed must, indorse the national platform, which, of course, means the free-and-unlimited-coinage-of-silver-at-the-ratio-of-16-to-1-without-the-consent-or-co-operation-of-any-other-nation; also the renomination of William Jennings Bryan in the year of our Lord 1900—particularly the latter. It is understood in inner Democratic circles that there are a few Democrats in New York city and State who are inclined to the opinion that the judgment of such men as Mr. Gorman, Chairman Jones, ex-Governor Boies and other men of long experience is quite as valuable as that of the Boy Orator of the Platte. What will be the outcome of it nobody knows nor can foretell, though the indications point to a widening of the breach in Democratic ranks and a loss by Mr. Bryan of very much of the support and friendship of the leaders of the party which he seemed to have until he chose to defy them by interfering in the New York election, with which he has no place or part.

THE TEACHERS IN SESSION

Ninth Annual Institute of Garrett County's Public Instructors.

INSTRUCTIVE AND ENTERTAINING.

The Enrollment This Year Exceeds Any Institute Previously Held. The Last Session To-night, when Dr. Henry Houck Will Speak.

The ninth annual teachers' institute for Garrett county convened in the public school building in Oakland on Tuesday morning last and will remain in session until this evening at ten o'clock. It will be terminated by an address to be delivered by Hon. Henry Houck in Shartzer's Opera House.

The preliminary work of the institute had been arranged beforehand by Examiner Palmer, and when the teachers assembled on Tuesday morning they fell right in with the plans adopted and the labors have been pleasant and profitable thus far during the institute.

The first session was called to order at ten o'clock by Examiner Palmer, and Rev. J. W. Butler conducted the devotional services. In his invocation to the Deity he invoked the blessing of the Supreme Being upon the labors of the teachers and commended them to the care of Him who doeth all things well.

Immediately after the devotional service was concluded the enrollment of those in attendance was made, which showed that sixty-two teachers were present. This was considered a good omen for the success of the institute, as in past years no forenoon session had been held on the first day.

Prof. J. A. M. Passmore, of Philadelphia, then made an interesting talk along the line of education in general and the branches represented in the institute in particular. He congratulated the teachers upon having such a young and energetic examiner in the person of Prof. Palmer and paid a glowing tribute to the memory of the late William Hinebaugh, whom he, like all others, held in high esteem. He closed his remarks by giving the teachers some good advice on the moral side of their profession.

After singing Hon. Henry Houck addressed the teachers and chose as his subject "The Teachers' Profession." At the conclusion of his remarks the question for discussion, "Shall the examination of teachers be more rigid under the existing circumstances," was introduced by Mr. George W. Moon, who was followed by Messrs. S. H. Ralston, J. B. Emory, Miss Mollie Dorsey, Mr. Cuppett, Dr. Houck, Misses Leary and Hamill.

Prof. Palmer then took up the financial side of the school work and handled it in a masterly manner, showing conclusively that he was fully conversant with the subject in hand, after which the morning session closed.

At 1.30 the afternoon session was opened by singing followed by a paper on "Busy Work" by Miss Lizzie Leary, which was short though practical and instructive. Miss Leary's paper was in turn followed by a discussion on how to teach history, introduced by Mr. William Beeghley; Mr. J. S. Gnegy, Dr. Houck, Miss Dorsey, Col. Passmore and Prof. Sanner also took part and a pleasant half hour was passed on the discussion of this important subject.

Miss Mollie Dorsey then read an excellent paper on Language, which was well received and met with general approval and was loudly applauded.

Dr. Houck then took the floor, and in his usual pleasant manner, passing from one subject to another in rapid succession, soon aroused the teachers to a high expectancy of what was to follow in his remarks. He has a happy faculty in not dwelling upon one subject but has all the work of teachers from the primary grade to the highest at his command. His remarks are always profitable to the listener and especially the teacher.

After an intermission of ten minutes Prof. Palmer instructed the teachers as to the manner of filling up and returning their reports of free books in their charge.

"How to Seat Pupils" was the next proposition taken up for discussion, which was introduced by Mr. J. S. Gnegy, who was followed by Messrs. Moon, Ralston and Col. Passmore.

Miss Maggie Grim then read an excellent paper on "Morals and Manners." Miss Grim in the discussion, showed conclusively that she had the subject well in hand and received many congratulations from her fellow teachers.

The afternoon session then adjourned to meet in Shartzer's Opera House at 8 p. m., when Prof. John T. White, principal of the High School at Cumberland, delivered an address entitled "Immortelles of Poetry," and for more than an hour Prof. White held the large audience by his eloquence. One of those present was heard to remark that the address was "worthy of a place in our literature as a classic." This opinion was concurred in by many who were present.

YESTERDAY'S SESSIONS.

Yesterday morning Prof. Prettyman appeared for the first time during the institute, having missed the train Tuesday in Baltimore and therefore did not arrive here until late Tuesday night. He was warmly greeted by those who knew him.

Rev. John M. Davis conducted the devotional service and after singing Prof. Prettyman made one of his characteristic addresses, congratulating the teachers upon the pleasant relations existing between them and the hearty co-operation they have given those in charge of the institute.

After Prof. Prettyman's address Mr. A. L. Lee read a paper entitled "Responsibilities of the Teacher," and was followed in its discussion by J. B. Emory, Wm. Beeghley, J. L. Duckworth, Lester Boucher, Prof. Prettyman, Misses Virgie Hinebaugh, Mattie Porter and Mollie Hamill. The discussion was lengthy, instructive and profitable.

Dr. Houck, who had refrained from entering into the discussion of the above paper, then took the floor and swayed his audience by his brilliant flights of oratory for more than half an hour, at the expiration of which Miss Mollie Hamill read an excellent paper on elementary geography. Miss Porter read an instructive paper on arithmetic and was followed by Miss Ella Laughlin in a paper on primary numbers, which was well received and of great practical value.

The morning session then adjourned until 1.30 when an animated discussion was indulged in by Profs. Passmore and Prettyman and Drs. Houck and G. M. P. King.

Probably the paper of the day, at least that was the experience of many, was read by Mr. Lester Boucher, whose subject was "Patriotism." He handled the subject well and much feeling was displayed by the teachers during its reading.

Miss Winnie Deal introduced a paper entitled "School Amusements and Entertainments." In this paper Miss Deal gave some personal experiences which were rather touching and brought out many words of commendation and good will.

The afternoon's session was closed by an address by Hon. A. F. George.

The evening session last night, as on the preceding evening, was held in Shartzer's Opera House and the large building was crowded by the teachers and citizens of Oakland, where an animated address was delivered by Prof. Prettyman, in the absence of Mr. George F. West, of Baltimore, who was billed to give an illustrated lecture on Colorado and the Rockies. Prof. Prettyman's address more than made up for the disappointment felt by many of those present.

This morning the session was opened by devotional services conducted by the venerable Dr. Benj. Ison.

At 9.30 Dr. Houck took the floor and made a stirring address to the teachers and impressed upon their minds the necessity of continous application to their profession if they desired to make a success of it.

Prof. Sanner submitted the following resolutions, which were adopted:

Resolved, That inasmuch as all teachers cannot have the benefit of a professional training in our State Normal School, (the number is too great to expect this) it is important, therefore, that we use every opportunity within our reach to advance our professional skill and zeal; that we regard well conducted teachers' institutes exceedingly valuable for this purpose indeed, in our judgment indispensible. Through valuable lectures and addresses such as we have received during this institute, educational interest is awakened, warm sympathy gained, parents and teachers and school officials come face to face and the duties and responsibilities of each more clearly understood. It would be a fatal mistake not to encourage these institutes in every possible way.

Resolved, That local institutes and educational meetings should be encouraged, for in them much good may be accomplished.

Resolved, That no live, progressive teacher will neglect any of these means of help.

Resolved, That we adopt a reading course for the year embracing "Hewett's Elements of Psychology," "White's School Management" and "Educational Foundations."

Resolved, That in our opinion this institute has been the most successful one ever held in Garrett county; that it has given us new ideas, fresh inspiration and renewed determination and vigor.

Resolved, That we tender our hearty thanks to our able corps of instructors and lecturers—Prof. Prettyman, Dr. Houck, Col. Passmore, Prof. White and Dr. King.

Resolved, That we also return our thanks to our worthy Examiner and Board of School Commissioners for their hearty and substantial interest and to the citizens and friends of education for their sympathy and generous hospitality.

IN MEMORIAM.

WHEREAS, Since our last annual institute it has pleased an All-wise Providence to remove from our midst William Hinebaugh, who for eight years was County Examiner for Garrett county; therefore, be it

Resolved, That whilst we bow in humble submission to the will of our Divine Master, we mourn his loss as that of a dear friend, a careful, safe adviser and a conservative leader.

Resolved, That we bear cheerful testimony that his generous and affectionate disposition, his indomitable energy gained for him a place in the affections of all who knew him which Time with its effacing fingers can never erase. Faithful to his trust he has gone to his reward.

WHEREAS, It has been the will of one whose wisdom we dare not call in question to remove from our ranks by the hand of death an efficient and much beloved teacher, Harshbarger; therefore, be it.

Resolved, That it is a just tribute to the memory of the departed to say that in regretting his removal from our ranks we mourn for one who was in every way worthy of our respect and esteem.

Immediately after the adoption of the resolutions Prof. Prettyman made an address of a few minutes duration in which he touched upon all lines of educational work.

The session until noon was then devoted to queries and the discussion of various subjects.

The following teachers are enrolled at the institute, several of whom came in this morning:

Misses Ella Laughlin, Emma Hamill, Mary E. Pangh, Nannie Hamill, Belle Hamill, Alice DeBerry, Elsie Fay, Anna M. DeBerry, Ida Pangh, Anna High, Clara V. Engelhart, Winnie M. Deal, Kate O'Donnell, Amanda Martin, Lucinda Kelm, Ethel Meyers, Dora E. Lipscomb, Emma L. Hinebaugh, Anna C. Shreiff, Maud Kildow, Sallie Kildow, Nellie Stanton, Eliza Ralston, Jennie Browding, Laura Wiley, Clara Torney, V. Mae Paisley, Nettie Wolfe, Nina Steople, Mollie Hamill, Mary C. Dorsey, Margaret F. Kernes, Martha E. Porter, Emma DeBerry, Lizzie Hull, Mamie Weber, Maggie S. Stemple, Nellie Loughridge, Della Jarboe, Percie Brady, Ella Martin, Virgie Hinebaugh, Donna Willson, Edna M. Cox, Lucy Coddington, Grace Loar, Elizabeth B. Leary, Ada Harshbarger, Margaret Grimm, Mary F. Kernes, Cora Weimer, Fannie Wiley, Jane C. Durst, Nellie Browning, Rosa Janoske, Rosa Boyer,

Messrs. W. C. Pannah, Josephus Vansickle, Harvey N. Cuppett, C. V. Harvey, J. S. Gnegy, Geo. W. Moon, Lawrence M. Barnard, Warner W. Curtes, R. R. Sanner, Oscar Robeson, W. E. Beeghley, A. L. Lee, E. E. Friend, J. B. Emory, S. H. Ralston, C. W. Bender, Bert Frazee, Bruce Nicola, Lester Boucher, H. R. Boyer, H. A. Loraditch, J. E. Hosteller, Wm. H. Hoffmeyer, Frank Glotfelty, J. A. Fike, Austin O. Frazee, Freeman Guard, Jacob H. Cuppett, Harry M. Ankeny, H. A. Friend, C. C. Custer, H. K. Friend, J. M. Custer, Wade H. Lohr, M. S. Selby, Chas. G. Teets, L. J. Beasley, Daniel Orendorf, Stewart Paugh, D. C. Keller, Eugene Crowe, W. H. Colburn, Henry M. Spelcher, T. L. Duckworth, M. K. Bauman, Chas. A. Fike, R. S. Matthews, D. M. Rodamor, N. R. Selby.

The following teachers who have secured schools for the winter and are licensed to teach have not been in attendance at any of the sessions:

Misses Carrie Wilson, Carrie Boyer, Aleda Alexander, Victoria Bauhertson, Vada DeWitt, Ida DeWitt, Nora Muhlenberg, Melissa Compton, Florence Baker, Salome B. Folk, Lillie B. Weimer, Wanetta Frantz, Lizzie M. Stemple, Etta DeWitt, Ella E. Turney, Gertrude Hare, Cora A. Bird.

Messrs. Titus Delawder, M. H. Miller, J. E. Chappel, Chas. Frazee, W. A. Maffett, J. Q. Ringer, J. A. DeWitt, C. A. Ashby, Harry Ashby, M. M. Custer, M. R. Frantz, F. J. Fringer, N. B. Fearer, F. O. Hinebaugh, P. E. Finzel, H. E. Fazenbaker, Homer Friend, A. W. DeWitt, H. V. Leighton, Geo. W. Dunham, Geo. B. Frazee, G. W. Sterling.

Garrett County Sunday School Convention.

The annual convention of the Sunday school workers of Garrett county will be held this year at Deer Park. The sessions will begin on Friday, Oct. 15th, and continue until Sunday afternoon, the 17th. The program has been prepared, printed and distributed and contains the names of all prominent Sunday school workers in the county besides those who are known throughout the land.

Friday's session will be devoted to the appointment of committees, devotional services and an address of welcome. Saturday addresses will be made and the numerous topics assigned to the speakers will be discussed. Sunday will be the most important day of the convention when an experience meeting will be held in the morning and a sermon delivered by the Rev. William Brayshaw. In the afternoon a mass meeting for Sunday school children will be held, presided over by Rev. George H. Nock and others.

It is the desire of the president of the Garrett county union that all interested in the Sunday school work should be present and participate.

STATE FINANCES.

A Prevarication From Democratic Sources Is Nailed.

THE REPUBLICAN has the following interesting and pertinent communication from a gentleman in the comptroller's office at Annapolis, who is well known in this county, and who knows whereof he speaks:

EDITOR REPUBLICAN: Those Democratic editors are droll fellows. They are just now engaged in the business of furnishing Democratic thunder for the campaign and they are going to do it regardless of truth or consequences. The field from which they are to draw raw material is a narrow, barren range of Democratic imagination and if results are to be obtained it must be worked with an unflagged zeal.

But the newspaper man is a genius to be relied upon in any emergency, and the material that he is now supplying the unsophisticated rural editor of Democratic proclivities shows that he is determined to fill space, no matter whom he gets into trouble. One of the latest victims of syndicate recklessness and contempt for the truth and the record is your neighbor of the *Mail*. I identify the editorial in question as syndicate matter because no less than four Democratic organs reached the comptroller's office the same day last week, all containing the article, word for word, as editorial matter.

The article goes on to say that under the Democratic rule in this State the banks that held State funds were required to pay interest upon such deposits; that such is not the case under Republican rule; that Gov. Lowndes and Treasurer Shryock used the deposits to favor banks in which they were interested, and that the state in effect was being defrauded of the interests which Democratic administrations always turned into the Treasury.

I know that the average Democratic editor is not particularly bright, but I was not prepared to find such evidence of stupidity as the publication of a charge as silly as the above apparently discloses. Had these editors kept themselves even ordinarily informed they would have known that during twenty-three years of Democratic rule not a dollar ever went into the Treasury from interests on deposits in banks. It is notorious that during all that time certain banks paid for the privilege of holding the State's money but *they paid the Democratic managers*, not the State. It was not until 1893, when public sentiment forced the ring to give up this ill gotten perquisite, that the State ever received a cent as interest from its money on deposit. During that year it received $2,490.11. In 1894 it received $5,613.64. In 1895, $5,678.57, making a total of $13,782.32 received in twenty-five years of Democratic rule.

Now note the improvement under two years of Republican management. In 1896 the treasury received $3,942.37 from this source. For 1897 there has been received on this account about $10,000 to Sept. 1. The fiscal year closes Sept. 30, and the reason for the great difference in receipts in favor of the present year is found in the fact that a very large payment was made on this account just after the close of the fiscal year of 1895. In two years of Republican rule the receipts from interest on deposits will amount to $13,942.37, or $160.05 more than was paid into the treasury from this source during the quarter of a century of Democratic rule.

Have these Democratic editors any more charges of the kind to make? Do not the facts from the books convict them of willful misrepresentation, and place them in the attitude of convicted slanderers? And how must their poor dupes, the ignorant country editors, feel at thus having their ignorance of State affairs so mercilessly exposed? And these gentlemen delight to pose as educators of the people, and purveyors of intelligence and information. Instead of presuming to instruct others they should first inform themselves, and they might at least avoid being made ridiculous.

The truth is that the finances of Maryland were never managed so ably as at the present time. The State has never had a more pains-taking, careful and prudent treasurer than Thos. G. Shryock, and in all respects the administration of the affairs of the State have shown a most wonderful improvement since the Republican party has come into power.

T. F. MCCARDELL.

SOME RAMBLING THOUGHTS.

BY "NEMO."

[Copyrighted by Dawe & Tabor.]

More Ostrich Thoughts:—The long-legged friend of needy millliners, with his downy thighs and tufted tail, is called in again to point a moral by means of that silly head which he bobs into the sand to shut out all sight of the world. Unlike him his human counterpart ranges through every climate, unfeathered and unhomered. Some even are in your community. Let us at them and be done with our bird pointer for awhile.

* * *

Thou money-lover, with not only head but heart bent down behind a few ringing coins; through a world whose beauties and noblest joys are to thee invisible, the avenger is stealthily approaching. A little twinge of pain somewhere, a little numbness in your brain, a great deal of turning hither and thither to famed physicians—what are these but warnings of your fate? Your tiny heap seems so important to you that you thrust away the very thought of death and feverishly desire to feel forever the magic thrill within your grasp. You long to get more; you build it up around you like a wall. Fool! Helped by wealth you may fly on the wings of morning to the uttermost parts of the earth, but swifter than the shadow of an eclipse the arrow of death will reach you—and then what have you? The heap that you trusted in, as a fortress with trouble-proof bastions, will not save you from the glazing eye and the rattling throat, the clammy sweat and the vague picking at the bed-clothes. These are yours by a common humanity and when they come to you, nothing material can be taken away into the darkness. *Something* cannot be taken away from *Nothing*; your life is *Nothing* as you have lived it. You will close your eyes and be life-less beside the beloved wealth that has already closed your eyes to the needs of the palpitating world of misery.

But do I intimate that only ordinary death experiences will come to you? Nay, if I do, I lie; for there will be an outstretching of other eager hands toward your golden heap—they are even now waiting for your death in order to scramble for your possessions, and, as likely as not, behind fragments of your soul's-all will crouch another generation of fools. Is that all? No; for if you love wealth more than kindness; if you gather from oppressions; if you wrong and cheat in order to raise more and more around you, your memory will be crusted over with gangrenous hatreds. Pleasant and wonderfully useful though money may be, have you indeed chosen the better part of it in contenting yourself with acquisition? Under the effort your head with the noble powers, is bowed lower even than the animals' who by getting give and, having done all, stand to serve humanity. But you get and give not, and the service of humanity in any form is out of your range of vision; your head is too low.

* * *

Thou fashionable woman, hiding thy nakedness behind frumperies that change with the changing day; contenting thyself with a world limited by patterns and rounded out by flounces; thou art also among the ostriches. Prinking and prinning and philandering, covered with the products of creatures more gentle, and with flowers more fair than yourself, you go your way as though the body were more important than the mind, neglectful of the fact that the mind adorned and the spirit sweetly and gently cultivated will last long after the skin has wrinkled and the eyes have lost their sparkle. Compared with the fabric of your mind, your body is but a basting thread. Yet behind a contemptible hillock of clothes you bow your beautiful head until you no more see the wide world of noble womanhood to which your are surely called. How selfish you are! Your father needs must deck you though his aged head calls for rest; you cry, "give, give," to both father and husband not that you may make any return either to them or to the world. You circle around yourself, you admire yourself, and get pleasure in humbling those less gorgeous. Do you call that *living*? Can you by any stretch of your perverted mind, satisfy yourself that your powers were given you just to fulfill the function of a dress form. If that were all, bent wires with cilicia covering could fill your place in the world. Silly ostrich, when the avenger reaches for you, and your place knows you no more forever, what will you leave? Clothes! whereat even the servants will flout in a little while. Upon my soul, life is not worth the effort of living, if that is all it can be made to bring forth.

* * *

Live largely! Let life's current flow
Like gen'rous flood from winter snow—
Full, swift, and strong, nor lightly bent
By any small impediment.

The narrow mind is like the stream,
That sparkles bright in summer's gleam;
But tiny rock or fallen tree
Will check its journey towards the sea.

Wherefore look wide, and learn to live
On heights which true prospective give,
So nothing trivial shall hide
The clear horizon stretching wide.

* * *

Lift up your heads, O ye ostriches! Peep out with blinking eyes from behind your fads and your foibles. Raise your heads on high where they belong and then look at life as a whole, with a due sense of proportion, impossible before when you were so near the ground. What do you learn? That no one cares for you, so long as you care only for yourself; that the love of your fellows is bought with a price a great price whose chief pearl is your own self-forgetfulness; that the soul self-centered has no part in a civilization that is only made of things gained by brain and brawn and then thrown into the common fund of humanity.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

THE LITTLE ONE AWAY.

World ain't like it used to be—colder skies in May;
Summer ain't so sweet to me. The little one's away!
Wish the birds a-singing could reach the ones that roam:
Wish the sweet bells ringing could ring my darling home!

Sit here in the sunshine, solemn-like, and see
Morning glories peeping in where once she used to be;
They loved her little window, with the blossoms and the lights;
Gave her glad good mornings, kissed her sweet good nights.

Sit here in the darkness when no winds the maples stir,
And hear the silence singing a sad, sweet song of her;
I know the lilies dreamt of her, with her the roses roam,
And sunflowers shine like stars of gold and lean to light her home.

World ain't what it used to be—skies are cold and gray;
Summer ain't as sweet to me. The little one's away!
Wish the sweet birds singing could reach the ones that roam;
Wish the glad bells ringing could ring my darling home!
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE VICAR'S ... MAY MEETING.

BY BRUCE McKEEVER.

BUT, when I assure you, sir, upon my honor, that I had never spoken to Mlle. Alphonsine before, and that it was quite by chance I went to the supper, through the invitation of an old college chum, won't you reconsider the matter?"

Rev. Thomas Dane shook his head decidedly. "No, Mr. Sinclair, I must act according to my conscience, and that forbids me to consent to my daughter's engagement to a man who frequents such society as that of—er—this dancer, who—I—er—understand is a most—er—notorious character."

"But it was a mere chance, I don't frequent such society," urged Charlie Sinclair, who thought it very hard that, because a tale of his having been a guest at a theatrical supper party had been carried by some malicious busybody to the vicar, his engagement to pretty Rose Dane should be broken off. The vicar had never regarded him with much favor, and seemed to grasp eagerly at this pretext for dismissing him.

"Perhaps you don't remember, Mr. Sinclair," he said, severely, "that we are bidden to avoid all appearance of evil. Had you borne this in mind it might have been well."

"Oh! I see, it's only the appearance of evil you mind, not the thing itself," said Charlie, with unwise sarcasm, for a flush mounted up to Rev. Thomas' cheeks, and he said, icily: "You purposely misunderstood me, Mr. Sinclair, and, as this conversation can serve no end, I must request you to bring it to a close and leave my house."

"May I not at least see Rose and say good-bye?" said the young man, anxiously.

"I cannot permit it. I will explain everything to my daughter. From your—er—misplaced flippancy I can see the influence you might exercise over her mind would not—er—be for good. Kindly consider our interview at a close. My time is valuable, as I have to prepare for a visit to London;" and Mr. Dane rang the bell with decision.

With head very erect, and a mind boiling with rage at the injustice meted out to him, Charlie stalked out of the room, only restraining himself by a great effort from the undignified measure of slamming the door. But he had hardly closed it when there was a rustle of skirts, and from another doorway emerged a slender, auburn-haired creature, with tender blue eyes and a skin of cream and roses, who flung her arms around his neck with a softly anxious cry. "Oh, is it bad news, Charlie? You look so angry."

"The very worst, dearest. He won't allow me to justify myself. Says our engagement is at an end, and has forbidden me even to say good-by to you," said her lover, holding her closely.

"As if I would let you go like that! I told Sarah I would answer the door, and Aunt Agatha is asleep upstairs. Oh, Charlie, what shall I do without you?"

"Don't try. Make a bolt of it, and come away with me. We shall be married before he can stop us."

"No, no. I couldn't do that. And there is my money. We should lose that if I married against my father's wishes. No, we must wait. Only—only, Charlie, you—you don't really care much about that woman, Mlle. Alphonsine?" said Rose, her fingers very busy with a certain button of his coat, her eyes downcast, her voice rather abashed.

"Why, you dear, foolish child, of course I don't. She is old enough to be my mother, and hasn't anything real about her except her language," said Charlie, with a very reassuring laugh.

"Oh, hush! Go! Father's coming out," cried Rose, in alarm. And snatching a brief kiss, he allowed himself to be hustled out of the front door just as Rev. Thomas emerged from his study to tell Rose to pack his portmanteau over night, and to have breakfast early the next morning, as he was going up to town by the first train from Sloomn Pogis.

There was no part of the year Mr. Dane enjoyed more than his annual run up to London for the May meetings. He had a wonderfully good taste in cookery for a country parson, and never put up at the cheap hostelries patronized by most of his brethren, where bacon and eggs for breakfast, and soup, joint and a tart for dinner constituted the staple fare, and this year he had been recommended to the Hotel Berti as having an excellent cuisine. His expenses were paid by an old lady of his congregation, so he never had to worry himself about a shilling here or there, and when he sat down to dinner, and had partaken of some bisque soup and a sole a la Soulise, he began to feel that, after all, there are consolations in this vale of tears.

The hotel was very full. Already enthusiastic colonials were beginning to arrive for the jubilee, and could be distinguished generally by the ultra newness of their clothes and the curious quality of their voices. A specimen was sitting nearly opposite to Mr. Dane, and was talking in a high key to another man.

"Take my word for it, sir, Australia is the coming country. Why, over here, if you get five per cent. for your money you think you're jolly lucky; we can get 14 or 15 as easy as winking. And, as for trade, you just come over to Sydney, and we'll open your eyes for you. Oh, it takes a smart fellow out of the old country to cheat an Australian. You may talk about your Derby, I should just like you to see our cup run for. And the women!—well, I haven't seen a woman in London that's a patch on our Sydney girls."

"I wonder he ever came to such a benighted place as England, don't you?" said a quiet, gentlemanly man, who sat next to Mr. Dane, catching that gentleman's eye and smiling.

"He appears a singularly boastful young man," said Mr. Dane, rather glad to have some one to whom to speak. "You always notice the want of a university education."

"Ah, quite so," said the other.

"Money!" the Australian was now saying. "Folks here don't know how to spend it. I've come over for the jubilee, and I don't expect to have much change left out of £5,000 when I go back. But there's plenty more where that came from."

"Rather injudicious to be so communicative to a stranger, is it not?" commented Mr. Dane to his neighbor.

"Oh, he is an unlicked cub, with all his experience before him. Now, I have been a globe-trotter for years, and England seems the most delightful place on earth to me, though nearly all my old friends are dead or married, and I put up at a hotel for want of a home," said the other with rather a melancholy smile.

"Indeed. You must have many interesting experiences to relate," said Mr. Dane, attacking a salmi of ortolans with great gusto. "I have always desired to travel, and I was very interested in a discourse on the state of the Fiji Islanders delivered this afternoon at Exeter hall by Rev. James Fergusson."

"Yes, they are a very interesting race," observed the stranger, and somehow, Mr. Dane found himself imparting a valuable fund of second-hand information to a most interested listener. He went to bed that night very well satisfied with himself, and feeling as he never had before, that a man needed to leave home to be appreciated.

Really, Mr. Peyton, as he found his new acquaintance was called, was a decided acquisition. He always sat by him at dinner, and once or twice Mr. Dane had gone up to his private room afterward, where the cigars produced were of the best quality, as was the liqueur brandy. Mr. Peyton was a particularly well-bred, refined man, and it was only by chance mention Rev. Thomas found out how well connected was his new friend, so he was rather surprised one afternoon to come upon him talking to the young Australian, who was telling a choice story of how he had licked a man twice his own weight and a professional beniser into the bargain.

"You see, he isn't a bad-hearted lad," said Mr. Peyton, afterward, "and he doesn't seem to have a friend in England, so on that account I have rather a fellow feeling for him."

"It is very good of you to be bothered with him, I am sure," said Mr. Dane, who did not much relish the Australian's addressing him as "Bishop."

Curiously enough, that very evening another friend of Mr. Peyton's turned up, quite unexpectedly at dinner. An open-faced, weather-beaten man, with a bluff, genial manner, whom he introduced to Mr. Dane as Col. Staunton. "He's one of the oldest Virginia families," he explained, "one of the old sort, chivalrous, aristocratic, impulsive; hates the very name of New York. I hope you'll join us upstairs to-night. You'll find him very entertaining."

"I shall gladly do so," said Rev. Thomas, flattered by the invitation.

It really was very pleasant upstairs in the cozy little sitting-room. To celebrate his meeting with his old friend Col. Staunton rang the bell, and ordered four bottles of '84 champagne, and under its genial influence, and that of a good cigar, Mr. Dane found himself growing wonderfully entertaining. He recalled several college stories, at which both Peyton and the colonel laughed heartily, so that he could afford to overlook the disparaging remarks of the Australian, who had also come up.

"I say, Peyton, what do you say to a game of cards?" said Col. Staunton, after awhile. "You and I have had many a duel, eh?"

"But our friend here, Mr. Dane, might object," said Peyton, turning to him.

"My cloth won't allow me to play, but I can sit and look on," said Rev. Thomas, with a genial smile.

"Oh, well then, what shall it be, whist with a dummy?" suggested Peyton.

"Whist be jiggered," said the Australian. "Let's have a game of poker."

"But, dear me, I don't believe I have any cards. I wonder whether we could send out for some?" exclaimed the host.

"Oh, I have a couple of packs in my Gladstone," said Col. Staunton. "I'll go and get them." He soon returned with two packs, and Peyton, winning the cut, began to deal.

"I remember when I was at college I knew some very amusing card tricks," said Mr. Dane, with a sudden flash of memory. "I wonder whether I could do them now? Some of them were very ingenious. Let me see—there was one—now how did it go?" He picked up the pack of cards, and was handling them uncertainly. "Ah, I remember. Please choose a card, Mr. Peyton. Now you are quite certain you will know it again? Place it in the pack, so. Now I will shuffle them. You observe I have not seen the face of the card. Now I deal them into three heaps, shuffle again, deal. This is your card, Mr. Peyton, I believe, the four of spades?"

"Quite right, Mr. Dane. What a wonderfully neat trick. I must get you to explain it to me by and by."

"It wasn't the four of spades, it was the deuce of hearts," put in the Australian, rudely.

"I think you are mistaken," said Mr. Peyton, suavely.

"Oh, I know several more tricks," said Rev. Thomas, full of pride at his success. "Now this is very clever. You see these three cards. Now, the queen is in the middle. I hold them loosely in my fingers—so—"

The door opened, and, looking up with a start, they saw the manager in the room.

"Well, sir, what do you want here?" said Col. Staunton, brusquely.

"I have come to ask you, the man calling himself Peyton, and Rev. Thomas Dane, to leave the hotel at once," said the manager, coolly.

"What do you mean by insulting gentlemen?" blustered the colonel; but the other raised his hand.

"Come, come, there's no use in that. We all know you. You've done time in Sing Sing, and have a dozen other names. Mr. Aubrey Peyton, alias Montague Ward, alias Clement Mortimer, alias Slippery Jack, is the cleverest card-sharper in Europe or America. Rev. Thomas Dane we believe to have been known as Yankee Bill the Balker. The whole gang of you have come over to London to operate on jubilee jugginses, but we don't want any of you here, so for your own sakes you had better clear out with as little fuss as possible."

"Do you mean to say they are all card-sharpers?" cried the Australian, who had sat thunderstruck.

"All. And you may be very thankful their little game was brought to a close so soon."

Mr. Dean had sat with wide mouth and staring eyes, but here he sprang excitedly to his feet.

"Sir, you grossly insult me. I am a clergyman of the Church of England. I have been as much imposed upon by these scoundrels as anyone. I refuse to leave this hotel."

"Oh, I've seen your sort of parson before," said the manager, with a grin. "You don't suppose I've run a hotel all these years for nothing. Come on, go quietly, and you won't be hurt."

"Here, you!" shouted Mr. Dane, turning excitedly to Peyton, who had pushed his chair back from the table, and sat listening with a cool smile, "do me at least the justice to say we never met until four days ago."

A queer gleam came into Peyton's languid eyes. "Come, come, Bill, it's no use bluffing any more. You're bound to lay down your hand. The boss holds the joker. Better go and pack your togs quickly, like the colonel and me. There's no sense in having the 'tecs in with that little matter of writing Waldorf Astor's name by mistake still unsettled, and so you'd see if you hadn't a thought too much Pommery Greno inside your skin."

Perhaps he had hit on the true source of Mr. Dane's valor, but be that as it may, the reverend gentleman stoutly refused to leave. And, finally, the manager, losing his patience, sent for a stalwart Swiss waiter to eject him, treating his threats of the law as an idle thing.

Now it chanced that that very night, Charlie Sinclair had come up to the Hotel Berti to a school dinner, and hearing a scuffle, waited to see what it was about, but he could hardly believe his eyes when he saw Rev. Thomas being forced down the main staircase by a strong and phlegmatic waiter, his face crimson, his hair on end, his white tie with its bow rakishly under one ear, and shouting most awful threats of vengence.

"It's a gang of card-sharpers we are turning out," explained the manager.

"Why, Mr. Dane! What are you doing here;" exclaimed Sinclair, thunderstruck.

At the sound of a familiar voice, the vicar gave a cry of relief. "Oh, Charlie, my boy, is that you? For Heaven's sake, come and tell these ruffians who I am."

"Do you know him, Mr. Sinclair," said the manager, to whom Charlie was a well-known customer. "We found him playing cards with two well-known card-sharpers and a rich Australian they were going to pigeon."

"There is some mistake about it. This gentleman is Rev. Thomas Dane, vicar of Slocum Pogis, and I am quite ready to vouch for his respectability," said Charlie.

"Oh, of course, that alters the case," said the manager, rather crestfallen, "but appearances were so utterly against the gentleman."

So it was to Charlie's good office the vicar owed his escape from such a position of shame, and all the young man said by way of comment was: "You know we are bidden to avoid all appearances of evil, sir," but a compact was entered into between them by virtue of which Charlie held silence as to the events of that night, and Rev. Thomas withdrew his veto on Rose's engagement.—Peterson's Magazine.

Fine Weather at Palermo.

Palermo, Sicily, has an average of 37 cloudless days a year, and 62 days partial cloud and partial sunshine which elsewhere would be classed fine days.

—London has 1,000 firemen, Paris 1,500; New York has 1,100.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

FAMILY CARES.

[A Recitation for a Small Girl.]

I am just as tired as I can be!
To wash and iron and sweep and bake
And care for six in the family
Is enough to do; for goodness' sake!

There's Isabel Maud, she's eight weeks old,
I don't know what she's crying about!
But there! it isn't worth while to scold;
She's getting her teeth, I have no doubt

Algernon Alfred! you just sit still!
That boy is so full of fits and jumps!
But then he has really been quite ill
With a sort of intermittent mumps.

They've all had the measles and whooping-cough!
And Sarah Eliza, the blue-eyed one,
She pulled Seraphina's leg right off!
And told me she did it "just for fun!"

That Seraphina's a dreadful care!
She's falled herself out of her carriage twice,
And broken two heads. It's hard to bear,
When you try to keep your children nice.

Angelica's had the scarlet croup,
And half of her sawdust came right out;
I'm feeding her cracker and water soup,
And I'm sure she'll soon be strong and stout.

Childrens is worries, but still I guess
They're kind of comforts, when all is said.
Come, darlings, it's time now to dress
And each one go to your little bed.
—Edgar Wade Abbot, in Outlook.

BIRDS BUILD HOUSES.

And Then They Decorate Them in a Really Artistic Manner.

There has just been discovered by a government ornithologist a tribe of birds in the island of New Guinea which show themselves excellent architects by building each for himself a little house on the ground.

Of course, the house that the bird builds is not an elaborate pile of brownstone or even bricks. It is made merely of twigs and pebbles, kept together by the interweaving of the tall, dried grass peculiar to the wild fields of New Guinea. But it answers its purpose just as well in keeping off the rain and sun, and no wind can knock down the house, owing to the ingenious manner in which the bird selects a site.

The birds have received the temporary name of garden birds, owing to the fact that they fence in a little plot around their houses, for no other apparent reason than to let other birds know that the inclosed plot is private property.

When the male garden bird takes a mate he selects some level spot in the fields where he finds a tree not more than two inches in thickness at the base. With this tree as a center post the bird builds his house of twigs, leaves, pebbles and grass, and when finished it is a cunningly wrought mansion, shaped like a bell, and with two stories. In the upper story several small openings are left to act as windows, and the ground floor has one large opening which serves for entrance as well as to let in the light.

When the house is finished the bird erects a circular fence, two inches in height, around the house, and thus incloses a plot three feet distant from it at every point.

The interor of each house is decorated with fresh leaves, the wings of beautiful insects, pretty feathers which other birds may have shed, gayly-colored berries, and even the bleached skulls of birds that have died in the fields long before.

The gardens of the birds are strewn with wild blossoms, and when these wither they are carefully replaced.—N. Y. World.

SIMPLE EXPERIMENT.

It Shows How the Earth Is Held In Position In Space.

A pretty experiment conducted by very simple methods will show how this terrestrial globe is kept in its position

EXPERIMENT WITH MAGNETS.

in space. Secure two magnets of equal power, placing them an inch or two apart. Then make a small ball of paper or other light material, fastening on opposite sides bits of steel or similar metal. Place the ball between the magnets, where it will assume of its own accord a fixed position, held only by the attraction of the magnets, which act on it as do the surrounding planets on the earth.

Would Surrender.

"Papa, what would you do if some bad man with a great big revolver was to jump up in front of you some dark night when you didn't have anything to shoot with, and should point his revolver at you and should say: 'Your money or your life?'"

"I should do just as I do when mamma says: 'James, dear, I have to go down town this morning and buy a few things for the house. Let me have $35, please.' I should hand the money over. Don't get the idea that I am foolhardy, child."—Chicago Tribune.

Willie Showed Them Up.

In a western school, not very long ago, a little fellow was called upon to read for the county superintendent, who was paying the school a visit. The boy was a good reader in all respects but one—he gave absolutely no heed to punctuation marks. When he had finished the superintendent asked:

"Willie, where are your pauses?"

Willie dropped his book and held up both hands.

"Here they are, sir," he said.

Why the Owl Looks Wise.

The owl's wise look is the result of a physical oddity, his eyes being fixed immovably in their sockets; so whenever he passes his eyes from one object to another he must move his head.

An Appropriate Designation.

Miss Trinkett—Elsie blushes very readily, doesn't she?

Miss Twitters—She does. She is the very pink of propriety.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

PARROT SELLS PAPERS.

How a Bright Bird Earns His Living In New York.

Grandpa Jenks' farm, where Flo and Harry were visiting, was not far from New York city. One morning Grandpa Jenks said: "Harry, to-day we'll take Frolic to see a parrot that is smart enough to earn his own living."

"Where shall we find such a parrot?" cried Harry.

"Every day, on the New York side of the ferry, I pass a place where a parrot does a thriving business," was Grandpa Jenks' reply.

After dinner Grandpa and Flo and Harry and Frolic went over the ferry into New York and there, near the ferry, almost at once the children noticed a throng of men and boys around a little booth at a street corner and all seemed to be watching something curious and amusing. As they drew nearer they saw that the booth was a news stand—a news stand that appeared to be tended only by a fine green parrot.

The green parrot walked about over the piles of newspapers, calling out: "Paper, sir? Paper? Extra Sun?"

Grandpa Jenks and his young people stopped to look on. Every few moments some man would come up, take a paper and toss two cents into a little box upon which the green parrot kept

"PAPER, SIR? PAPER?"

an eye all the while. At such time the bird stopped, nodded his head and said: "Thankee." Then he began shouting again: "Paper? Extra Sun?"

"Is it possible that the parrot keeps the stand alone?" cried Harry. "Suppose somebody should cheat him by taking more than one newspaper without paying for them, how would he know?"

"No one better try it," answered grandpa. "Once a boy tried to steal two Telegrams, but the parrot pounced upon him and gave him such a pecking and moaning that he was glad to drop them. But of course the parrot has a partner. Don't you see him?"

In the rear of the booth there was a lad of about Harry's age. He had nothing to do, however, but watch the papers and the box, and to come forward and make change now and then.

Grandpa gave Frolic some pennies, and pointed to the two piles of papers, to show that he wanted one of each. Frolic knew how to buy things. Beside he had been observing the scene closely. He flew from Harry's shoulder to the stand, and in his blue cloak and cap, and hopped along on one leg, holding the money tightly clasped in his other claw.

The parrot newsdealer was very much surprised to see his queer customer, and was on the point of driving him off. But when he saw the other parrot gravely drop the pennies into the box, just as all his patrons did, he smoothed down his feathers again and said "Thankee," as usual, while Frolic dragged away a paper from each pile in his beak.

Harry and Frolic were talking now with the boy, who told them the bird's name was Ned, and Frolic thought he would be friendly, too. "How do you do," he called out politely. The other bird looked him over sharply and then croaked out: "No time to chat! You clear out! Paper, sir? Extra Sun? Telegram?"

Presently, a messenger boy stopped to watch the droll newsdealer. Ned's bright eyes always saw whatever was going on. As soon as he caught sight of the boy's uniform, he screamed: "Hie, Buttons, hurry along! No idling here!"

"Oh, please!" put in Frolic.

Ned cocked his eye at him. "You clear out!" he croaked. Then, turning to the messenger boy again, he remarked: "Come, hurry along! Hurry along!" till the little fellow had to go.—Mary Catharine Crowley, in Little Men and Women.

Rescued by His Sister.

New Jersey boasts of a ten-year-old girl who is both brave and quick-witted. She lives on a farm, and while she was playing with her little brother, aged four, the latter fell down the well. Waiting but an instant to call her mother, the girl seized the rope that is used to pull up the pail, and jumped down. When she struck the water, 20 feet below, she caught her brother by the hair and hoisted him into the bucket. Then she held on to the rope while her mother turned the windlass, soon bringing the two children to the surface, none the worse except for a thorough wetting.

Little Girl's Clever Guess.

A little girl who lives in Crufton received an invitation to a party which a friend was about to give. The invitation had been written by the small hostess. After surveying the note with delight for a few minutes, the recipient said:

"Papa, I wonder if it is a birthday party?"

"Let me see the invitation."

After a brief inspection, he said:

"Yes; it must be a birthday party. It begins: 'Your presents is desired.'"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

A. B. & O. Novelty.

Among the many advertising novelties being issued by the B. & O. is one which is sure to attract a very considerable amount of attention. It is known as "The Book of The Royal Blue" and is issued monthly by Col. D. B. Martin, Manager of Passenger Traffic. Of magazine size and filled with attractive half-tone illustrations and good reading matter, "The Book of The Royal Blue" is bound to make a hit. One splendid feature is a list of names and address of every passenger and freight agent.

He Didn't "Take."

"I went in for amateur photography during my vacation," said the summer-boarder. "There was no end of girls for subjects."

"But how did you make out among the girls?"

"Oh, I got a lot of negatives."—Philadelphia North American.

The Blues.

This is a synonym for that gloomy, harassed condition of the mind which has its origin in dyspepsia. All the ugly spirits that, under the name of the "blues," "blue devils," "megrims" and "mulligrubs" torment the dyspeptic almost ceaselessly, vanish when attacked with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, that, moreover, annihilates biliousness, constipation, chills and fever, kidney complaints and nervousness.

Slightly Marked Down.

"Does she really belong to the 400?"

"Um—well, I should call her about three-ninety-eight."

The feminine intellect is prone to subtle distinctions.—Typographical Journal.

There Is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

A Good Boy.

"Why are yez decorating, Mrs. Murphy?"

"Me b'y Denny is coming home the day."

"I thought he was sent up for foive years."

"Yes, but he got a year off for good behavoure."

"Sure, it must be comfortin' for yez to have a good b'y loike that."—Tit-Bits.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Benedict (proudly)—"My wife kisses me good night regularly." Rounder (bitterly)—"Women are suspicious creatures, ain't they?"—Boston Herald.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

It is doubtful honor to be fondled by curs.—Ram's Horn.

More and Greater

Are the cures produced by Hood's Sarsaparilla than by any other medicine. If you are suffering with scrofula, salt rheum, hip disease, running sores, boils, pimples, dyspepsia, loss of appetite or that tired feeling, take Hood's Sarsaparilla. You may confidently expect a prompt and permanent cure. Its unequalled record is due to its positive merit. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills do not cause pain or gripe. All druggists. 25c.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO NEBRASKA

September 7, 21. October 5, 19

On these dates round-trip tickets, good for 21 days, will be sold by all Burlington Route agents and by those of many eastern railroads at **HALF FARE** Plus $2.00.

The undersigned will send you free on application a handsome illustrated pamphlet describing Nebraska, with a large sectional map of the State.

A Dry, Healthy Climate.

A Soil Unsurpassed for Richness, easy to cultivate, and yielding all varieties of crops.

That is what Nebraska offers to the home-seeker. Ask your nearest ticket agent about the cheap rates, or write to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee.

The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. ¼ the price of coffee.

15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers.

Tastes like Coffee
Looks like Coffee.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS

NOTICE NAME THUS Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND BUT THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

$12 to $35 Can be made working for us. Parties preferred who can give their whole time to **PER WEEK.** the business. Spare hours, though, may be profitably employed. Good openings for town and city work as well as country districts. J. E. SAYFORD, 11th and Main Streets, RICHMOND, Va.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

TEMPERANCE.

NEW INTOXICANTS.

Alcohol Habit Not the Only One Which Is Wrecking Lives.

The alcohol habit, which has become so prevalent in civilized countries, and which has blighted almost every nation of savage or primitive people that has been brought in contact with civilization, is by no means the only poison habit against which the medical profession should earnestly raise its voice. New forms of intoxication are constantly arising. Every new drug capable of producing an artificial felicity is quickly seized upon and made the means of a new poison habit. This is not the effect of a natural and physiological craving in the human constitution, but of an unnatural and artificial appetite which is, in large part, the result of the artificial conditions of life which prevail among civilized people. Through habit and heredity, the use of one nerve-tickling or obtunding drug creates a demand for another, and so the evil grows.

A recent number of the Medico, a French periodical, gives an account of a new form of intoxication which is becoming fashionable among the ladies of Paris. This new mode of dissipation consists in the inhalation of the fumes of naphtha. The intoxication produced by this drug is similar to that induced by ether drinking, as it appears in Ireland and Russia. Its effects, however, continue for a much longer period, and are said to be very much more injurious. The French authority asserts that the Parisian ladies are not responsible, however, for the invention of this new mode of intoxication, but that it was introduced into Paris by American ladies (?) who had long practiced it at their homes in America.

America must be held responsible for the invention of several new modes of intoxication. Ether intoxication was practiced in the south long before the drug was used as an anesthetic in surgery.

The writer once received from an eyewitness a very graphic account of an ether party held half a century ago in a country neighborhood in the south, at which a negro was first exhilarated to wild delirium, and afterward rendered unconscious by the prolonged administration of ether, to the great dismay of the reckless young people who had been amusing themselves at the expense of the poor negro. Intoxication by the chewing of tea seems to have originated in Boston, where a couple of servant girls were arrested a few years ago for being drunk and disorderly. The investigation by the court showed that they had become tipsy on tea. Tea cigarettes were, however, the ingenious invention of a Parisian woman who had tired of all the ordinary forms of intoxication.

The [illegible] habit, the cocaine habit, the chloral habit, and other poison habits which are prevalent in this and other countries, are only different manifestations of a widespread and apparently increasing love for drugs which benumb or excite the nerves, which seems to characterize our modern civilization. Indeed, there appears to be, at the present time, almost a mania for the discovery of some new nerve tickler, or some novel means of fuddling the senses. It is indeed high time that the medical profession with one accord raised its voice in solemn protest against the use of all nerve-obtunding and felicity-producing drugs, which are, without exception, toxic agents, working mischief and only mischief in the human body.—J. H. Kellogg, M. D., in Medical Temperance Quarterly.

IS A POSITIVE INJURY.

The Effect of Alcoholic Liquors and Tobacco on Muscular Activity.

The main object of physical exercise is to keep our bodies in a condition where the average amount of working power can be utilized at any time without harm to the bodily health. To keep up this amount of physical power and endurance we must be obedient to certain great laws of health. One of those laws, which can never be violated with impunity, is that which forbids the use of alcoholic liquors and [illegible] land last Friday on their way to lon, W. Va., where they will several days visiting friends. all

Vim, vigor and victory:—the all the charistics of DeWitt's Little al Risers, the famous little pills for stipation, billiousness and all st al- and liver troubles. Oakland ew macy. be-

Monday morning about s a o'clock fire was discovered in office of West's hotel on Second sts but a few bucketsful of water in- guished the blaze before it di of serious damage. co

"They don't make much fuss ch it." We are speaking of Deen Little Early Risers, the famous pills for constipation, billiousness, all stomach and liver troubles. never gripe. Oakland Pharma

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Scherr, lon, W. Va., stopped in Oakl a few hours on Friday, on thei home from Berkley Springs, W. where they had spent several wt

Don't nauseate your stomach teas and bitter herbs, but rec your liver and sick headache by at those famous little pills known ts Witt's Little Early Risers. n-

Mr. Frank Freeland, who spe is summer near here with his m departed for New York Cit n. Thursday night, where he wil n medical college for the winter to

Sheriff Brown took to Bal st Sunday night William Murti is Calvin Boyer and committed th the Maryland House of Refu r, which institution they had bee tenced to serve until they were of age by the court at its recent-

THE LITTLE SHOES.

Story of How They Instituted a Temperance Reform.

At a temperance meeting in England, the chairman, addressing a young man, yet a reformed drunkard, said:

"Come, William Turner, you've known as much about the drink evil as anyone here or anywhere; come, tell us, for I never heard how it was that you changed right-about face, from the mouth of hell to the gate of hope; come, man, out with it, maybe it'll do good."

The young man thus urged rose and looked for a moment very confused; all he could say was: "The little shoes—they did it." With a thick voice, as if his heart was in his throat, he kept repeating this. There was a stare of perplexity on every face, and at length some thoughtless people began to titter. The man, in all his embarrassment, heard this sound, and rallied at once. The light came into his eyes with a flash, he drew himself up and looked at the audience, the choking went from his throat.

"Yes, friends," he said, in a voice that cut its way clear as a deep-toned bell, "whatever you may think of it, I've

"HOLDING OUT HER NEW SHOES."

told you the truth, the little shoes did it. I was a brute, and a fool; strong drink had made me both, and starved and stripped me into the bargain. I suffered, I deserved to suffer, but I didn't suffer alone; no man does who has a wife and child, for the woman gets the worst share. But I'm no speaker to enlarge on that, I'll stick to the little shoes. I saw one night, when I was all but done for, the publican's child holding out her feet for her father to see her fine new shoes; it was a simple thing, but, friends, no fist ever struck me such a blow as those little shoes. They kicked reason into me. What business have I to clothe others and let my own go bare? said I. And there outside was my wife and child, in a bitter night. I took hold of my little one with a grip, and I saw her chilled feet. Men! fathers! if the shoes smote me, what did the feet do? I put them, cold as ice, to my breast; they pierced me through and through.

"Yes, the little feet walked right into my heart, and turned out my selfishness. I had a trifle of money left; I bought a loaf and a pair of little shoes, I never tasted anything but a bit of bread all the Sabbath day, and I went to work like mad on Monday, and from that day I have spent no more money in the public house. That's all I've got to say; it was the little shoes that did it."—National Temperance Advocate.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

An Anti-Saloon league has been organized at Menominee Falls, Wis., whose first work will be to secure the closing of the saloons on Sundays.

God sends us nothing but what is naturally wholesome and fit to nourish us, but if the devil has the cooking of it, it may destroy us.—National Temperance Advocate.

If anyone doubts the doctrine of total depravity he has only to consider the saloonkeeper and his business to become thoroughly convinced that it is a perfectly orthodox theory. — The Patriot.

A man far gone in drink called one night at the Paris morgue and in reply to the astonished official in charge said: "I've not been home for the last three days and I've just called to see if I happened to be here."—Soleil de Dimanche.

On August 10, 200 persons waited on Mayor Muir, in Harper, Kan., and demanded his immediate resignation, because he refused to close a saloon that had opened on Sunday night. A revolution of the city government has been threatened.

During the diamond jubilee festivities in India, a native prince, in proposing the health of the queen, asked the company to drink, not in wine after the fashion of Europeans, but in a glass of water, which represented the purity of her majesty's character.

The directors of the Agricultural association of Oshkosh, Wis., attribute the financial failure of their annual exhibition for several years past to a combination of rain and beer. This year they propose to have a fair from which liquor and gambling are both prohibited, a circumstance that they hope will propitiate the elements.

Down on Tobacco and Rum.

The Massachusetts Advent Christian conference, at its last annual session, passed the following temperance resolution by a unanimous vote:

"Resolved, That we do most earnestly deprecate the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and the use of tobacco in every form, believing the same to be inconsistent in the lives of any professing to be followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, and

"Resolved, That we consider it a Christian's duty to do all that he can to prevent the sale of intoxicating drinks, and therefore urge all our people to discharge this important duty as those who shall give an account to God at the day of judgment. And that this conference will license or ordain no man who uses tobacco in any form."

WHERE CASH IS NOT NEEDED.

A Mormon Community That Carries on Business by Barter.

In the extreme southwestern corner of Utah is a cotton and woolen mill more than a hundred miles from the nearest railroad, run with practically no cash capital and doing business almost entirely through trade and barter. The story of the factory is closely associated with the early colonizing efforts of the Mormon church directed by Brigham Young. It was his policy to establish colonies wherever the land and water rights seemed to offer a prospect of permanent homes for his people.

He selected a number of families to establish a mission among the Indians in what is now Washington county. The mission was begun in 1861, and had among its objects the cultivation of cotton with which to supply the people with cotton goods. The soil proved well adapted to the purpose, and the first crop gathered in 1862 was about 100,000 pounds. To save freight on the raw material and at the same time afford work for skilled labor a plant was shipped by wagons to Washington, where there was water power adapted to manufacturing purposes. The plant had originally been brought across the plains by ox team, and was set up at first in Salt Lake City, but had not been used much for lack of cotton.

Since it was first established the mill has been run regularly, supporting a number of families and forming the center of a very interesting industrial community. The resources of the country are necessarily limited, and communication with the outer world is difficult. The present manager is Thomas Judd. He has been a Mormon missionary in England, he was for a long time bishop of one of the wards in St. George, his home town, and he is a partner in a large mercantile firm, manager of a silver mine and mill at Silver Reef, and owner of a big ranch on the Rio Virgen.

To dispose of the cotton and woolen goods made at Washington, Mr. Judd has found it necessary to take anything in payment that is offered. The man who wants overalls or towels or sheeting or cotton bagging may come from away down on the Muddy in hottest Nevada, a hundred miles away. He may bring rock salt to trade, or butter and eggs or dried fruit. He may come from across the Arizona line and bring lumber from the forests that fringe the grand canyon of the Colorado. Wherever the customer comes from and whatever he brings he is accommodated. Possibly $1,000 in cash passes the door of the mill in a year, but Mr. Judd declares that the total is not more than that. The cotton batting manufactured is sent to the big cooperative store belonging to the church in Salt Lake and brings cash or its equivalent in merchandise credits. Outside of that the expenses are met without the passing of a dollar.

Pay day furnishes one of the novelties of a lifetime to the visitor. The cashier, who is also bookkeeper, timekeeper and paymaster, takes his place in a warehouse adjoining the mill. When the time comes for closing on Saturday evening the men, women and girls file into the warehouse. Each operative checks up the time credited for the week's work and makes his wants known. The groceries, meat, butter, eggs and sundries are weighed and measured out and charged as an offset against the credit for work. Generally the balance is in favor of the workman, and generally the balance is allowed to accumulate until the employe needs it. Then if it happens the mill cannot supply the creditor employe with the things he wants most, an order on the big store in St. George is given and the account is squared. If the employe is about to be married and needs furniture for a house and lumber for the construction of his home, he gets an order for his furniture and lumber. If he wants to buy a piece of ground, he can always find somebody who will trade ground for mill orders. His doctor will accept the orders in payment for services, but that is an exceptional thing, for the primitive Mormons, those who have not been affected by Gentile associations, rarely call in a physician for anything except surgical cases. They still believe in the laying on of hands and anointing with consecrated oil as a cure for all the ills flesh is heir to.—N. Y. Sun.

Crawfish Gives Away a Milkman.

"I have a dead sure case against my milkman," said a prominent railroad official a day or two ago. "He waters his milk and I have, or rather my wife has, caught him dead to rights. The other day when we got our usual quantity of milk my wife was going to pour some from the can into a glass. She heard something hit the glass with a kind of dull thud and could see something dark in the bottom of the glass. Pouring it carefully out into another vessel, what do you suppose she found? A live crawfish, by Jove. A big, lusty fellow, who seemed just as happy and contented as though he were working on an embryo crevasse in a levee. Now, do you mean to tell me that my milkman did not pour water into the milk? He put a great deal in it, too. The fact probably is that he dipped a big bucketful of water up and put it in the milk. His crawfishship got in the can that way."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Where She Would Be Great.

"You made a mistake when you did not study law," said Gobang, after his wife had been interrogating him regarding his work the previous night."

"Why?" asked his wife.

"Because you would have been such a success. When it comes to a cross-examination you would be irresistible."—Up-to-Date.

Why Not?

"Harry," said Mrs. McBride, "what word should I use to describe a person who resorts to subterfuge?"

"I'd call him a subterfuge," replied Mr. McBride.—Judge.

—Moles are excellent swimmers. They use their paws as paddles.

THE KANSAS HORSE.

Pegasus and Bucephalus Bepated to Be Natives of the Plains.

"Speaking of this record of Joe Patchen, the Kansas horse, do you know," said a Kansas horseman and real estate agent, "that Kansas is the greatest natural horse country in the world? Talk about Arabia! Why, it simply isn't in it with Kansas. If you could trace the ancestry of all the noted horses of the world you would run 'em back finally to this country. It's the climate and water that gives 'em the wind and speed."

"How about Pegasus?" asked a sallow-complexioned professor-looking man, who wore spectacles and talked with a Boston-bean accent.

"What was his stock; Humbletonian or Kentucky Whip?" asked the Kansas horseman, who hadn't heard of Pegasus, and was evidently sparring for wind.

"Pegasus," replied the professor, as he deliberately wiped his spectacles, "was the noted flying steed captured by Bellerophon, the son of Glaucus, while quenching its thirst at a celebrated spring."

"Oh, yes," said the Kansas horseman, brightening, "recollect all about it now. That spring was down here at Gouda, Sumner county. Best water for horses I ever saw. Wild horses used to come 100 miles to drink that water. Didn't know that feller Bellerophon personally, but heard of him often. Think I see him once when he was bringing up a herd of horses from Texas. Boys used to call him 'Beller' because he talked loud. You could hear him all over town when he called for a drink. He was something of a blow, but he knew the points of a horse, all right."

"How about Bucephalus?" asked the professor, as soon as he recovered from his first shock of surprise.

"Don't just call the horse to mind," said the Kansas horseman, knitting his brows in thought. "When did he make his record?"

"He was the wild horse that was broken to ride by Alexander, after he had thrown the most expert equestrians of Philip's court," responded the professor, with an expression that plainly indicated, "I have him now."

"Why, of course," said the Kansas horseman. "Ought to have remembered that before. That horse used to run in a herd that ranged between the Pan Handle and where Wichita is now. Used to range down on the Peavine flats, in Sumner and Harper counties, nearly every summer. Seen him many a time. No question but what he was born down in the southwest part of the state. Finest wild horse I ever saw. Had a mane that came down to his knees, and when he smelled danger you could hear him snort half a mile. That fellow Alexander that broke him—let's see—what was his first name? Well, sir, he could ride anything that wore hair, but he mighty near had to give in when he struck that horse. I understand that he told some of the boys around town that he wouldn't tackle another job of that kind for a hundred dollars. As I was saying, there is just no end to the wind and nerve of a Kansas-bred horse."

But the professor from Boston was not there to hear. He had given up the unequal contest and fled.—Kansas City Journal.

BRISTLES FROM ABROAD.

American Hog Not Capable of Furnishing the Supply Needed Here.

Almost all the bristles used in this country in the manufacture of brushes are imported, and notwithstanding the increased production of pork in this country the supply of American bristles is now even smaller than it formerly was. Hogs are fattened and killed young in this country, and with the constant and widespread improvement of the breeds here the hogs have run less to bristles. Some extensive packers collect bristles, but the American supply is probably less than one per cent. of the consumption. The longest American bristles are about 4½ inches in length.

Imported bristles come from various parts of Russia, but most largely from Poland and North Germany. Some finer soft bristles come from France. The bulk of the supply comes from cold countries, where the hogs are well protected by thick coats, and many of the bristles are those of wild hogs. The hogs shed their coats as many other animals do, and there are men who gather the bristles of wild hogs, knowing their haunts and where the bristles are to be found. Other bristles are collected in the usual manner when the hogs are killed. The bristles are subjected to various processes of curing and preparation before they become commercial bristles and ready for the market.

Imported bristles range from 3½ to 7½ inches in length. Various vegetable fibers are now used extensively in the manufacture of cheaper brushes, but for many uses bristles are indispensable and their importation continues steady.—N. Y. Sun.

"Hung" or "Hanged."

It is reported that during a recent libel action the presiding judge used the expression: "You would be hung if you did," to the accompaniment of the customary law court "laughter." It is not often one catches the judicial bench tripping; but was not this a mistake? Pictures, clothes, huts and the like are hung; human beings surely not. If directed at his lordship's grammar, I imagine the "laughter" to have been warranted.—Notes and Queries.

The Small Girl Diplomat.

Diplomacy is often praised by a child that would do credit to a much older head. A little girl was being carried downtown by her father and she was telling how much she loved him, when he said: "Which do you love the best, your mother of papa?" She looked at her father and then said: "I can't talk," and closed her little lips with the firm determination of not opening them.—N. Y. World.

QUEER ALASKA PEOPLE.

Will Be Seen By the Gold Hunters in the Klondike.

Along the coast of southern Alaska dwell some very queer aborigines, as gold seekers flocking to the Klondike region will surely discover. They do the most of the freighting across the passes into the interior, carrying loads on their backs, but their population during many centuries has been so shut away from other tribes by gigantic ranges of snow clad mountains that they have developed a peculiar culture and customs unknown anywhere else. Hence the exceptional value of a monograph about them prepared by Dr. Franz Boaz, a distinguished ethologist, which is to be published shortly by the National museum.

These natives may be said to live largely in a world of imagination, inasmuch as their customs and habits of living are based to a great extent upon ideas and beliefs wholly supernatural. Creation, from their point of view, is peopled by strange monsters and demons, which, while morally hostile to man, may be rendered friendly and even helpful with the aid of certain ceremonials of a quasi religious character.

For example the most important of these monsters is a serpent which has a head at each end of its body and a human head in the middle. To touch this strange monster these natives believe is death, all the joints of the victim becoming dislocated, but specially favored individuals are enabled to perform wonderful feats by wearing a belt of its skin, while its eyes, used as sling stones, will kill any animal, even whales. Another of these fabulous beings is a wild woman who lives in the woods. She has enormous breasts, and carries a basket, into which she puts children whom she steals for the purpose of eating.

One of the most remarkable of the festivals celebrated by the Indians is a carnival of ghosts, which is held each winter. It seems to be derived from a tradition that tells of a journey made by an adventurous individual to a region beneath the earth, inhabited by phantoms. The celebration itself is a mimic representation of the visit to Hades aforesaid, and the performer who represents the subaundane traveler wears a necklace and headdress set round with skulls.

Cannibalism is very conspicuous in the myths current among these people, who have themselves been eaters of human flesh up to a recent period. Indeed, though the whites are supposed to have put a stop to such practices, it would seem that secret indulgence in them has not been wholly done away with.

Quite a number of strange demons are worshipped as guardian spirits—among them a cannibal demon that lives on the mountains and is always engaged in the pursuit of human beings for his table. The smoke of his chimney is the color of blood, and he has a female slave who gets food for him by catching men and collecting corpses. In his house is a fabulous bird, with an immensely long beak, which lives on the brains of persons whose skulls it fractures with its bill. Anybody who is so unfortunate as to encounter the cannibal spirit may be transformed into a grizzly bear. On the other hand, if he can please the demon, he may obtain power to handle fire without being burned.

Another guardian spirit is a fearsome warrior who lives in the far north. He travels constantly, and never leaves his canoe. By obtaining his protection a man may become invulnerable, or he may acquire power to catch the invisible disease demon. This demon is at all time flying about in the air in the form of a worm. The fortunate protege of the warrior spirit catching the worm can throw it into the body of an enemy, who will die at once. The suggestion of the modern germ theory of disease contained in this belief is quite interesting. Not to be neglected among the guardian spirits are certain ghosts, which bestow the power or returning to life after death.

D. Boaz has secured for the National museum a large number of masks, such as are worn by the Indians of the Alaskan coast in their ceremonials. Some of them are of enormous size and astonishingly grotesque.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Arctic Game.

The rabbit supply is now reinforced by hundreds of thousands of frozen rabbits from Australia, and the price of home-bred rabbits has fallen in consequence. In spite of the murderous destruction of sub-arctic game, the regions from which it comes are so huge and the facilities for catching it, for freezing it and transporting it by sledge so great, that we may expect the supply to be larger each year rather than less. It seems incredible, but it is true, that Russian game can be brought from St. Petersburg to Leadenhall market at a cheaper rate per ton than Surrey fowls can be brought from Horsham to London. The Trans-Siberian railway will tap another enormous game area, and the supply from the two extremes—the tame pheasantries of England and the uninhabited forests of the sub-arctic continent—will continue to stock our markets. Frozen pheasants and other game are regularly brought into London market from Peking. — Cornhill Magazine.

Negroes Are Born White.

A French physician who has attended at the birth of many negro babies says that, as a rule, they are white or nearly so when born. The air turns them darker soon. He suggests that by rearing negroes in the dark the race could be made white in a few generations.—N. Y. World.

Injustice.

"Your honor, I want to tell you the other side of this story."

"I don't want to hear the other side, what do you mean trying to confuse the court?"—Yellow Book.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"No, I never talk to an inferior." "But have you ever met one?"—Tit-Bits.

—Further Back.—Beaning — "Does your wife ever go through your pockets?" Durham—"I should say not. She draws my salary." — Cleveland Leader.

—Prosperity Eluded Him. — "I thought you said you saw prosperous times ahead." "Well, I thought I did, but the heiress I had my eye on wouldn't have me."—Chicago Evening Post.

—"They have never spoken since they took part in private theatricals," said Miss Cayenne. "I see; professional jealousy." "Oh, dear, no; something far worse. Amateur jealousy."—Washington Star.

—Commercial Traveler (to cannibals) —"Well, then, if you have made up your minds to roast and eat me, let me at least entreat you to try our brand of mustard on this occasion."—Fliegende Blaetter.

—Minister (to elderly female crofter) —"I'm sorry to hear your potatoes are very bad this year, Annet." "Deed they are, sir, but I've reason to be thankfu' to Providence that other folks are as badly off as mysel'."—Tit-Bits.

—Home-Grown Aristocracy.—"Why did your daughter break her engagement with that English earl?" "Because I told her that, with the present prices for wheat, she would better try to catch an American farmer."—Chicago Record.

—Synonymous.—"I see," remarked the live stock editor, "you use the expression 'corn shoots' in your column this morning. May I ask what a corn shoot is?" "A corn shoot," replied the agricultural editor, "is about the same thing as a crop report."—Chicago Tribune.

—"Young man," said Mr. Cumrox, "don't you believe what you read about people's taking their daughters to the seashore in order to marry them off." "Still, a man with a large family—" "Is under a great deal of expense. And that's a first-class reason for not making the family any bigger."—Washington Star.

VERMONT LANDSLIDES.

Commotion When Part of the Skin of a Mountain Slips Off.

There was a tremendous landslide in Waitsfield, Vt., during a recent raging storm, and the scene after the storm was a sight to behold. Talk of western cyclones! Here is a sample of the eastern works of nature in action which is simply marvelous.

"I was standing near the brook in the potato field when I saw it," said Hollis Mahuron. "The brook made so much noise I didn't notice anything unusual until I looked up and saw trees, roots and all, shooting into the air, and timber and rocks and earth tumbling over and over, 20 or 30 feet high and extending out over the valley 20 rods or more.

"Was I scared?

"Well, to say I was scared would be putting it mildly. My first thought was of the Johnstown flood and the next was of my family, and you better believe I never left that potato field so quickly before."

It was an instance where action meant life, as the ten or more acres of meadow land in the vicinity now buried under immense piles of timber and flood would bear testimony.

Beginning at the top of the mountain is a short slide of about 20 rods, which doesn't connect with the main slide. Farther down another of 25 rods in length slants in from the north, while about one-third the distance from the main brook to the mountain top a third slide of similar length slants in from the south. From this the main slide dug an immense trough over 100 feet wide and 75 feet deep, extending down the mountain until it made a turn around the ledge about two miles from the root, where it narrowed and then swept out a channel 100 feet wide for the rest of the distance.

Pen cannot describe the scene as it appeared to those witnessing it. Trees were thrown into the air and snapped like dry twigs; rocks and bowlders were buried and crushed and forced down the declivity, followed by a torrent of water so muddy that beholders said it looked like a stretch of plowed ground.

Acres of timber were discovered, pine, spruce and maple ground together among the rocks until it is one long stretch of a pulverized, shapeless mass with the channel between, swept clean to the rocky bottom.

The slide is on the same mountain side as that which occurred June 17, 1827, and which was about 400 rods long.—Boston Globe.

Example of Practical Science.

French scientific journals contain accounts of the surprising achievements of the inhabitants of the commune of Moneeau-sur-Oise, not far from Paris. There, in a little village of only 250 inhabitants, the streets are lighted by electricity, electric lights are to be found in the church, in all the houses, and even in the stables; and the farm-buildings in the neighborhood of the village are illuminated in the same manner. More than this, the commune possesses a large threshing-machine driven by electric power and capable of threshing 900 sheaves of grain per hour, besides tulip-cutters, crushers, sorters, pumps and other agricultural machinery, all set in motion by electricity. The power is derived from a watertall, and combining their interests, the inhabitants of the commune have made science illuminate their streets and houses by night, and drive their machinery by day, more cheaply than these things could be done by the old methods.—Youth's Companion.

How She Knew It.

He—Darling, when did you first discover that you loved me?

She (tenderly)—The last time papa called you a fool it made me angry.—N. Y. Journal.

The Republican.

J. G. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1897.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR COMPTROLLER:
PHILLIPS LEE GOLDSBOROUGH,
of Dorchester county.

FOR CLERK COURT OF APPEALS:
ALLAN RUTHERFORD,
of Montgomery county.

FOR STATE SENATOR:
ROBERT A. RAVENSCROFT.

FOR HOUSE OF DELEGATES:
GEORGE W. MOON.
WILLIAM H. JACOBS.

FOR SHERIFF:
W. PERRY LEE.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER:
MAHLON GLOTFELTY.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS:
EPHRAIM W. KELSO.
JOHN T. GEARY.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR:
FRANKLIN P. GREEN.

Republican Meetings.

The citizens of the various districts of Garrett county are invited to attend Republican meetings to be held at the following places and dates:

Oakland, October 11, at 7 p. m., in Shartzer's Opera House.

Sang Run, Tuesday, October 12, at 7 p. m.

Friendsville, Wednesday, October 13, at 7 p. m.

Sand Spring, Thursday, October 14, at 2 p. m.

Selbysport, Thursday, October 14, at 7 p. m.

Accident, Friday, October 15, at 7 p. m.

Grantsville, Saturday, October 16, at 7 p. m.

Gregg's School House, Saturday, October 16, at 7 p. m.

Good speakers will make addresses.

THE edict has gone forth from Democratic headquarters that Mr. Getty must be elected even should it require that every other candidate on the Democratic ticket be sacrificed to accomplish this end.

WHEN a Maryland politician gives out that he is going to "retire" from politics the time is ripe to watch his every movement with alert and sleepless eye. "Retirement" in his case generally means retiring behind the scenes to pull the wires and issue the ultimatums by which it has been planned his puppets shall be moved.

THE resolutions adopted by the Democratic county convention after giving us the old chestnut about the principles expounded by Jefferson and Jackson, declares "to accept a nomination from the people is a pledge to the people of untiring efforts to accomplish their wishes." Mr. Getty's record does not show up very well in comparison with this resolution. No, he went exactly contrary to the expressed will of the people at the ballot box and forced the bonds upon the county in opposition to the will of the people.

REPUBLICANS of Garrett, work and vote for G. W. Moon and W. H. Jacobs, both of whom have been workers in the party for years. Mr. Moon is a school teacher and an untiring worker in the party, having been attending Republican primaries and conventions for seventeen years. He comes from a large family, nearly all of whom are Republicans. He is an intelligent man and will do his best to carry out the wishes of the people. Mr. W. H. Jacobs is a prosperous farmer of District No. 11, fully conversant with the needs of the farmers, and is a good man in every sense of the word. He with Mr. Moon will do his utmost for the schools and will be faithful to the important trust devolving upon him. Republicans, see to it that they both get a good majority.

THE Democratic leaders who are for Mr. Gorman for the United States Senate are very anxious that dissensions should exist among the Republicans of Garrett county. They know that the only hope they have to elect a single man upon their ticket is to get the Republicans to oppose each other, but for the benefit of the Gorman Democracy of Garrett county we would say, do not worry. The Republican ticket will be elected from top to bottom. Maryland is a Republican state, and Garrett county Republicans, true to the principles of the party of prosperity, will see to it this year that the state ticket has a good majority, and that every man on our county ticket is elected.

Republicans of Garrett, go to work! Let every man do his duty and victory once more will be ours.

R. A. RAVENSCROFT, our candidate for State Senator, although a young man, has been tried and not found wanting. He during his term in the Senate, assisted by the members of the House of Delegates, worked hard for the schools of our county, they having obtained by special appropriations sixteen thousand dollars, and with the amount withheld from the county on account of not keeping the schools open the seven and one-half months required by law, Garrett county received during the two sessions of 1894 and 1896, more than twenty-two thousand dollars for our schools. Senator Ravenscroft is also pledged to a redistribution of the school fund; to a repeal of the unjust, iniquitous and outrageous law by which our county is treated so badly, that one county gets $14.40 per capita attendance at their schools, while Garrett gets $2.85 per capita. Dr. Ravenscroft will do what he can for our people. He stands well with the leaders of the state, is well and favorably known and will have an influence in the State Senate that will tell favorably for the welfare of our county. Republicans, let us all get to work and give the entire ticket a good majority.

SENATOR GETTY would have us believe that he would represent the dear people of Garrett if they only elect him to the State Senate, but how was it a few years ago when Mr. Getty had a bill passed giving the people of Garrett the right to say whether or not they would be willing to bond the county for about $18,000 which the Democratic school board had run in debt? Did the people (whom Mr. Getty is now so anxious to represent) not vote against the bonds by a very decisive vote—about three to one? Did Mr. Getty not say at the following session of the legislature by his actions at least, "the people of the county who elected me as Senator have said they are not in favor of bonding the county for this indebtedness, but I will run this thing to suit myself. The county shall be bonded." And is it not a matter of record that he did get a law enacted compelling the county commissioners to bond the county for a debt contracted by an inefficient and incompetent school board, and our schools have been suffering ever since on account of such action? No, Mr. Getty, we will leave you at home this time and send some one who *will* represent the people of our county.

THE Democrats tell us that this campaign has nothing to do with the money question. Perhaps not. It is very hard to find out where the Democratic party of Maryland stands. In June, 1896, the Democratic State convention met in Baltimore, presided over by Senator A. P. Gorman. In the platform adopted they declared for the gold standard. At their National convention they declared for the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. Then Senator Gorman was in favor of free silver. This year he wrote the platform adopted at the Democratic State convention, which was a miserable straddle of this important question which touches the welfare of every man, woman and child in the nation. The Democrats say that the money question is not an issue, but each week since the Democratic State convention the financial plank adopted has been put at the head of the columns of the *Mountain Democrat*. Does Brother Litzinger think it an issue? The people of Garrett county are in favor of an honest dollar, and on the 2nd of November will vote to keep Mr. Getty, the representative of Gormanism and ring rule Democracy at home, and send Dr. Ravenscroft with Messrs. Moon and Jacobs to elect a Republican to the United States Senate who will vote for protection and honest money.

IT LOOKS as though the Democratic party in Ohio would have a half dozen wings and factions before the Ohio campaign is over. A large and very intelligent element of the party refused to indorse the silver platform and candidate, and has made its own platform and nomination. The Populists who co-operated with the Democrats last year have also made their own platform and nomination. Now it appears that that element of the Democratic party which adopted the free-silver plank of the Chicago utterance as its platform is again dividing. The latest reports from Ohio indicate that John R. McLean, who entered the senatorial fight as a silver man, has advised the abandonment of the silver issue, and that this has caused about an equal division of that section of the Democracy which orginally supported the free-silver platform adopted at Columbus in July. It thus appears that the once solid Democracy of Ohio is now being rent into at least four different fragments, there is no telling how many more explosions may occur before election.

MRS. BELLE FREELAND

Again in Trouble, This Time for Forcibly Taking Possession of Her Child—Released from the Penitentiary.

A great deal of excitement was occasioned at Terra Alta Tuesday when it became known that Mrs. Belle Freeland had arrived and had abducted the four-year old child which, during the past year, has been in the keeping of its grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. David A. Freeland of that place. Mrs. Freeland has just completed a year's sentence in the State Penitentiary at Moundsville for raising notes, and it will also be remembered that she served a sentence at Joliet, Ill., on the same charge.

The husband, Judson Freeland, who also served a sentence at Joliet, but who has been at Terra Alta two years past was granted an absolute divorce from Belle Freeland, his wife, at the July term of the Circuit Court for Preston county. The decree also gave him possession of the child. Mrs. Freeland went to the home of her husband's parents Tuesday morning and carried off the child. The cries of the little boy attracted the attention of his grandmother, who ran to his aid, and a scuffle ensued. Belle, being younger and stronger, succeeded in getting away with the child and took him to her brother's. A warrant was immediately issued for the arrest of the woman, and Special Constable Joseph Graham made the arrest shortly after noon. The trial occured before Mayor Picking, who, after hearing the evidence of several witnesses, held Mrs. Freeland in $500 for her appearance at court, and delivered the child back to the custody of its grandparents. Mrs. Freeland gave bond for her appearance. She is as handsome as ever and entirely unchanged by her incarceration in the State Penitentiary.

Communicated.

To the Editor of The Republican.

Please allow me space in your columns to contribute a letter that may be of interest to all the voters of Garrett county, especially just at this time when the campaign is drawing to a close. The Republicans have as one of their candidates for County Commissioner Mr. John T. Geary, of this district, who is an old soldier and who served his country three years, nobly and honorably. He is a class leader in the M. E. church and in business has been eminently successful. He is economical and strictly honest. He has been a life-long Republican and this coupled with his war record should secure to him the votes of every true and loyal Republican in the county. We look for his election by a big majority.

Then we have on the head of our ticket Dr. R. A. Ravenscroft, of Accident. He is well known throughout the county and whilst we have some kickers in this district the feeling against the Senator is dying out. He is a shrewd man and will make a creditable representative. Vote for Ravenscroft and we pledge that you will not regret the act.

Republicans, fall in line and let us show to the Democrats that we can work together in harmony even though the aspirations of a few of our leaders were not gratified. C. F.

Friendsville, Md., Oct. 5, 1897.

North Glade.

Weather dry. Frosty mornings.

Potatoes are about one-half crop.

Dollar wheat has been a boon to the farmer.

Dollar potatoes is also an item of great importance. They are now a dollar per bushel in Philadelphia.

Gold is plentiful—almost everything advancing in price.

Free trade and free silver we believe are dead, and should be buried without much ceremony.

The Republican ticket in Garrett county will doubtless be elected by a handsome majority.

Mr. J. L. Fitzwater lost a valuable horse recently.

We are glad to have Mr. A. L. Lee teach our school again. Mr. Lee is a rising young man.

Nourish Him.

That's the whole secret in a word. We can cure no disease unless we can keep up the patient's strength. And there's only one way to do that—feed him. But if the system refuses food? Then use SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites. It goes STRAIGHT TO THE BLOOD. stops the wasting, rekindles the vital fire, makes new flesh and so renders a hopeful fight possible against ANY disease.

Especially is this so in bronchial and lung troubles, in the relief and cure of which Scott's Emulsion has won its reputation. Book about it free.

Scott's Emulsion is no mysterious mixture. It is palatable, non-nauseating and infinitely preferable to the plain oil. The genuine has our trademark on salmon-colored wrapper. Get the genuine.

For sale at 50 cts. and $1.00 by all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

FRIENDSVILLE'S FIRST FIRE.

It Originated in a Barn and Threatened the Business Section of the Town.

Wednesday evening last Friendsville had her first experience with fire, which at one time threatened to burn the business center of the town, but by dint of hard work and the nearness of the river which furnished a good supply of water the fire was confined to two stables, a warehouse and a dwelling.

The fire was discovered at eight o'clock in the hay mow of Mr. Wm. H. H. Friend's barn, situated in the center of the town. The barn was surrounded by the best buildings in Friendsville and had it spread a few feet further in either direction the loss would have been considerable more than it was. Before it was gotten under control it had burned the buildings above enumerated belonging to Mr. Friend, except the dwelling which was owned by Mr. Noah Humbertson and occupied by Mrs. S. Hughes who conducted a grocery and boarding house. The loss has not yet been estimated, but it will amount to several hundred dollars.

This being the first fire Friendsville has experienced the people were almost totally unprepared to extinguish it, but all things considered being handicapped by the absence of hose, hooks or ladders, it is surprising that more damage was not sustained. Whilst a bucket brigade is better than nothing an engine and a line of hose would be far better and the people of every town making any pretentions whatever as a town should be thoroughly prepared to fight fire.

A Check Raised.

Mr. Lewis Gortner, the Second street merchant, was made a victim to the amount of over thirty dollars by a slick individual on last Saturday morning. The man, who represented himself as being Charles Miller, went into Mr. Gortner's store and made a small purchase, in payment of which he tendered Mr. Gortner a check on the Whitehaven Savings Bank, drawn by the Preston Lumber Company, for $32.80. Mr. Gortner not having the amount in hand, sent a clerk to the bank here where it was cashed. Not until after Miller had left town did the fact that the check was a bogus one come out, when an investigation revealed that it was originally drawn to the order of Charles Dickerson and for the amount of $9.80. Dickerson's name had been dexterously erased from the check and Miller's substituted and the amount raised from $9.80 to $32.80. As soon as Mr. Gortner was satisfied that he had been duped he swore out a warrant for the arrest of Charles Miller, who is none other than Dickerson, but the bird had flown. Mr. Gortner went up to the lumber camp where Dickerson had been employed but was informed there that he had gone to Oakland Saturday morning. As a result of the transaction Mr. Gortner is so many dollars poorer.

Hoyes.

The weather still continues fine, giving the farmers a good opportunity to do their fall work.

Mrs. Inman and children, daughter of Archibald DeWitt, who has been in the west for several years, is visiting her old home and many friends in this neighborhood. We wish them a pleasant and profitable visit.

The sing at Hoyes on Thursday was a great treat to all in attendance who love music, as it was conducted by Profs. Smith and Groves, two of the best singers and most talented musicians in the country.

Prof. Smith is always a very welcome visitor at Hoyes, as his fine social qualities has endeared him to us all.

Mr. Editor, in penning the few lines in a previous issue of your valuable paper in commendation of the Hoyes class at the singing contest held at Cranesville, W. Va., a few Sundays ago, we did not mean any discourtesy to the Sang Run class, or to invite controversy, but since your Sang Run correspondent has thrown down the gauntlet we feel it our imperative duty to say a few words more in favor of the victors. We never like to rejoice over a vanquished foe, and wishing to let our worthy and talented opponents in that great and memorable contest down as easily as possible and without wounding the feelings of anyone, we used the word "rumor." Now, we do not base our claims to victory on the opinion of some Rip Van Winkle to the world of progress and advancement around him, and whose powers of hearing have been so dulled and impaired by his long sleep that he could not fully appreciate the sweet melodies so elegantly and happily rendered by our class, but on the confession of one of their own class, and that one an authority in music, and one of the very best vocalists in the class. Our worthy opponent speaks of our worst singers being discarded and that theirs were allowed to sing. Now in making this acknowledgement your correspondent from Sang Run virtually acknowledges defeat, as we have no bad ones in our class and hence must of necessity have won first honors. We are not going to import, as this is not necessary, as our talent here is equal to the greatest emergency.

"I crave but One Minute," said the public speaker in a husky voice; and then he took a dose of One Minute Cough Cure, and proceeded with his oratory. One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled for the throat and lungs. Oakland Pharmacy.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

For sale by

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

It is a Great Comfort

TO A TIDY HOUSEKEEPER TO HAVE A GOOD STOVE.

THE Cinderella Air Tight

Is one of the most perfect heating stoves, for household use, ever placed upon the market. All the latest and best ideas are incorporated into its construction. Every feature to promote durability, cleanliness and economy has been well planned and developed.

Produces the Greatest Heat From the Least Fuel

The cold air is drawn from the floor, and discharged through the sides and top, thoroughly heated. This method of circulation

PREVENTS COLD FLOORS

And establishes that much desired uniform temperature in all parts of the room.

Will Burn Any Kind of Coal!
Will Keep Fire Twenty-four Hours!
Can be Used as a Single or Double Heater!
All the Good Points—None of the Errors!

EXAMINE THE CINDERELLA BEFORE YOU BUY

J. M. DAVIS & SON, Agents, Oakland, Md.

Registration of Voters

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF ELECTION, FOR GARRETT COUNTY.

OAKLAND, MD., September 15, 1897.

Notice is hereby given that in accordance with the provisions of Article 33, Chapter 262, of the Acts of the General Assembly of Maryland, 1896, the undersigned Officers of Registration of the respective election districts and precincts of Garrett county, Md., will hold their sittings from 8 o'clock a. m., until 7 o'clock p. m., on

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28,
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5,
and on
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 12,
for revision only,

(No one can Register after Tuesday, Oct. 5)

at their respective places of registration hereinafter named, for the purpose of registering in their respective registries of voters all persons who possess or will before the day of election next ensuing, possess the requisite qualifications under the Constitution of the State of Maryland and the laws made thereunder entitling them to vote in said election districts, and for the purpose of performing all other duties required of them by Article 33 of the Code of Public General Laws of Maryland and Chapter 262 of the Acts of the General Assembly of Maryland of 1896:

DISTRICT NUMBER ONE.

W. W. Sweet and J. L. McRobie, registration officers, will sit at Swanton.

DISTRICT NUMBER TWO.

Walter M. Lowdermilk and W. W. Schlossnagle, registration officers, will sit at Friendsville.

DISTRICT NUMBER THREE.

Jonas E. Gregory and James B. Dorsey, registration officers, will sit at Grantsville.

DISTRICT NUMBER FOUR.

Floyd Duckworth and Peter Fitzwilliams, registration officers, will sit at Bloomington.

DISTRICT NUMBER FIVE.

John W. Daniels and Gustav Garlinger, registration officers, will sit at Accident.

DISTRICT NUMBER SIX.

William Collis and George A. Miller, registration officers, will sit at Mellenry.

DISTRICT NO. SEVEN—FIRST PRECINCT.

Charles A. Ashby and John W. Hart, registration officers, will sit at Oakland in Thos. Martin's store room, corner Oak and Third Streets.

DISTRICT NO. SEVEN—SECOND PRECINCT.

Robert C. Townshend and Edmund Jamison, registration officers, will sit at Oakland, at the office of the Supervisors of Elections, in Opera House building.

DISTRICT NUMBER EIGHT.

Joseph M. Conneway and James W. Mason, registration officers, will sit at the old Hoye place on Northwestern turnpike.

DISTRICT NUMBER NINE.

Bradford Blocher and Samuel Johnson, registration officers, will sit at Johnson's.

DISTRICT NUMBER TEN.

William M. Jenkins and William H. Specher, registration officers, will sit at Deer Park.

DISTRICT NUMBER ELEVEN.

Elias Merrill and Peter F. Michaels, registration officers, will sit at the residence of Peter McIntyre.

DISTRICT NUMBER TWELVE.

Noah C. Slabach and C. E. Ellithorpe, registration officers, will sit at Bittinger.

By order of the Board,

A. G. STURGISS, President.
J. ALVIN FRIEND,
FRED. C. RIES,
Supervisors of Election.

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

MARYLAND. . . .

Mt. Lake Park (near Deer Park).

Briar-Bend Seminary.

College Preparatory, Music, Art, Etc., Etc.

Remarkable heat in record—only two light cases for the doctor in nine years!

Great reduction in price on account of the "hard times."

REOPENS SEPT. 22d (D. V.) 27-1

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that on the 1st day of October, 1897, at the office of the Preston Lumber and Coal company, in the town of Oakland, Md., at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. books will be opened to receive subscriptions to the Capital Stock of the Preston Railroad Co., in accordance with Section 106 of Article 23 of the Public General Laws of Maryland.

WILLIAM R. BUTLER,
ROLLIN P. CRELLIN,
HARRY J. FREAR,
GEORGE W. FLEMING,
JAMES C. PEDDICORD,
Incorporators.

24-1

Try Grain-O!

Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee.

The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. ¼ the price of coffee.

15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers.

Tastes like Coffee
Looks like Coffee.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS

NOTICE NAME THUS Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

12 to $35 Can be made working for us. Parties preferred who can give their whole time to THE WORK, the business. Spare hours, though, may be profitably employed. Good openings in town and city, work as well as country districts. Write G. STINSON & CO., Box 420, Portland, Maine.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

It is fashionable to have a cold.

Mr. Earnest Colardeau is on a visit to friends in Baltimore.

Miss May Fulmer is on a visit to relatives in Pittsburg, Pa.

Mr. Jacob S. Meyers visited friends near Terra Alta over Sunday.

The wedding season brings joy to the florist's heart; eh, Weber?

Mr. C. L. Pangh, of Thayerville, was here Thursday last on business.

Mr. D. O. Roth, of Dobbin, was in the city last Saturday evening on business.

Mr. Lawson Loar and family spent two or three days in Oakland with relatives this week.

Miss Fairall, of Lincoln, Neb., is in Oakland on a visit to the family of Dr. E. H. Bartlett.

Mr. Patrick E. Finzel, of Finzel, was in the city last Saturday afternoon for a few hours.

Mr. A. J. Jee, of near Deer Park, was in Oakland last Thursday and made this office a very pleasant call.

Mrs. Elizabeth Hinebaugh and son Arthur went to Ohio Pyle, Pa., last Saturday to visit relatives a few days.

Mrs. D. Tasker will leave to-morrow morning for Washington, D. C., where she will spend the winter with relatives.

Mr. Dick Bartlett went to Baltimore Monday morning where he will continue his studies in the dental college.

Mr. Lucian Sliger and family have moved from near Altamont to one of Capt. J. A. Hayden's houses on Liberty street.

Mr. George E. Bishoff, of Hoyes, spent Sunday in the Ryans Glade country visiting the Sunday schools in that section.

Mrs. Samuel Lawton and two children spent several days last week in Keyser, West Va., on a visit to relatives and friends.

Mr. J. C. Renninger went to Kingwood, W. Va., on Thursday last where he attended the sale of D. M. Wotring's law library.

Mrs. M. A. Byrne and daughter, of Kingwood, spent several days in Oakland last week with her daughter, Mrs. Benj. H. Sincell.

Ferris Bosley, of THE REPUBLICAN force of compositors, who was laid up last week suffering with a severe cold, has returned to work.

Mrs. Zimmerman and daughter Miss Lottie, who spent the months of August and September in Oakland, returned to Baltimore Monday morning.

Mr. Charles Deffinbaugh, after spending a few days' vacation visiting in Baltimore and Cumberland, returned to Oakland Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen Ison and little daughter, of Washington, are here to spend three or four weeks with Mr. Ison's parents, Dr and Mrs. Benj. Ison.

Mrs. Merritt Wilson and son, of Wilson, W. Va., departed from Oakland Monday morning last for a few weeks' visit to relatives in Zaleski, Ohio.

Mr. Chas. D. Smith, who recently went to Kensington, Montgomery county, to teach school, was in Oakland two or three days last week on a visit to friends.

Miss Laura Matthews returned from Baltimore last Saturday morning where she had spent the week selecting a fall and winter stock of goods for the Baltimore store.

Messers. Samuel and Jacob Mosser, of near Hoyes, passed through Oakland last Friday on their way to Eglon, W. Va., where they will spend several days visiting friends.

Vim, vigor and victory:—these are the charisties of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, billiousness and all stomach and liver troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Monday morning about seven o'clock fire was discovered in the office of West's hotel on Second street but a few bucketsful of water extinguished the blaze before it did any serious damage.

"They don't make much fuss about it." We are speaking of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous Little pills for constipation, billiousness, and all stomach and liver troubles. They never gripe. Oakland Pharmacy

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Scherr, of Eglon, W. Va., stopped in Oakland a few hours on Friday, on their way home from Berkley Springs, W. Va., where they had spent several weeks.

Don't nauseate your stomach with teas and bitter herbs, but regulate your liver and sick headache by using those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

Mr. Frank Freeland, who spent the summer near here with his mother, departed for New York City last Thursday night, where he will enter a medical college for the winter.

Sheriff Brown took to Baltimore Sunday night William Martin and Calvin Boyer and committed them to the Maryland House of Refuge, to which institution they had been sentenced to serve until they were each of age by the court at its recent term.

Farmers, take your potatoes to Dixon & Kelso; they will pay the highest price in cash or trade. 31-3

Rev. Benj. Ison returned from Morgantown last night.

Mr. J. B. Friend, of Swanton, was in the city yesterday morning a few hours.

Mr. A. F. George, of Swanton, spent yesterday in Oakland as a guest of the editor.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hagans and Miss Addie Cupp spent Saturday and Sunday at Terra Alta on a visit to friends.

Burning, itching skin diseases instantly relieved by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, unequalled for cuts, bruises, burns. It heals without leaving a scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Freeman Friend, of Bethany, Mo., who spent several weeks in Oakland and Deer Park this summer, returned to his home in the above place last Friday morning.

Mrs. G. H. Pritchard and children went to Oneida, Ohio, Monday night where they will remain during the winter.

Mrs. F. G. Hyde, on Monday night last, started for Rochester, Pa., where she will visit her parents for a few weeks.

Messrs. Chas. S. Davis, S. L. Townshend and L. A. Rudisill returned from Morgantown Tuesday afternoon where they had been attending the sessions of the M. E. conference.

It heals everything except a broken heart, may be said of DeWitt Witch Hazel Salve. Piles and rectal diseases, cuts, burns, bruises, tetter, eczema and all skin troubles may be cured by it quickly and permanently. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Fred Felty on Monday purchased a large stock of clothing at a sacrifice sale at Grafton and will dispose of the goods at auction for which purpose he went to Grafton Tuesday morning.

Dr. J. Lee McComas started for Baltimore yesterday morning for a visit of a few days. He expects to return to morrow, accompanied by his wife who has been in Baltimore several months.

John Griffin, of Zanesville, O., says: "I never lived a day for thirty years without suffering agony, until a box of Witch Hazel Salve cured my piles." For piles and rectal troubles, cuts, bruises, sprains, eczema and all skin troubles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. Oakland Pharmacy.

Govenor Lowndes has appointed Mrs. Fanny Dailey Markland, of Oakland, a representative of this State at the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition at Omaha, Neb., next year.

The Oakland flouring mill is now in good shape to make you good buckwheat flour and plenty of it. Don't fail to call and bring your grain. Mr. E. O. Dudley has charge and will treat you right. The Oakland Mills, Oakland, Md. 30-13.

Mr. H. J. Speicher, of Accident, came up to Oakland yesterday morning on his wheel making the trip in five minutes less than two hours. Considering the heavy hills and the deep dust in the roads this was a remarkably fast run.

George W. Miller, of near New Germany, who was released from jail one day last week under habeas corpus proceedings is again incarcerated. He was sent up by Justice Sincell last Friday for a term of seven days for being drunk and disorderly.

Miss Hallie Trippett, of Hartford, W. Va., who spent last week with Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Jones in Oakland went to Terra Alta Saturday where she will visit relatives before returning to her home.

Last Thursday night Senator Ravenscroft took to Baltimore for treatment Joseph Skipper, who sustained a painful injury several weeks ago whilst engaged in working on a saw mill. Mr. Skipper returned to Oakland last Monday morning slightly improved.

The Maryland-West Virginia boundary line surveyors' camp was moved on last Saturday from Mr. Offutt's farm on the Northwestern turnpike to a point about one mile south of Corinth.

Hon. George Truesdale, of Washington, D. C., came up to Oakland last Saturday and drove out to his place near Altamont to inspect the improvements recently made there. Mr. Truesdale will probably erect a handsome residence on his farm next summer.

Prof. R. R. Sanner's family arrived from Confluence, Pa., last Thursday evening and on Saturday removed their household goods into Mrs. D. Tasker's cottage on Liberty street which they will occupy during the winter.

Oakland has lost one of her oldest citizens, by his removal with his daughter to Cumberland, in the person of Coleman Dandridge, who, is is said, was sent here from Richmond long before the war by his master, and placed in charge of the Johnson farm, now owned by Mr. T. W. Casteel, near Oakland. Coleman is away up in years and for the past decade when asked his age would invariably reply thus: "Well, Master, I 'spect I'se nigh onto eighty-five yars of age." Coleman is probably better known than any other person in Garrett county.

A pain in the chest is nature's warning that pneumonia is threatened. Dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind over the seat of pain, and another on the back between the shoulders, and prompt relief will follow. Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Saturday last Mr. King Delawder bought nearly 150 pheasants which he shipped to Baltimore and other eastern cities. The birds are very plentiful, owing, no doubt, to the law which prohibited the killing of them for two years past.

Those who believe chronic diarrhoea to be incurable should read what Mr. P. E. Grisham, of Gaars Mills, La., has to say on the subject, viz.: "I have been a sufferer from chronic diarrhoea ever since the war and have tried all kinds of medicines for it. At last I found a remedy that affected a cure and that was Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea remedy." This medicine can always be depended upon for colic, cholera morbus, dysentery and diarrhoea. It is pleasant to take and never fails to effect a cure. 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Mrs. John Flaherty, residing on Liberty street, was somewhat disturbed on last Saturday by a mysterious noise in a bed room of her house and upon investigation found that a pheasant had gotten into the room through an open window. The bird was endeavoring to make its escape when it was captured by Mrs. Flaherty.

A few weeks ago the editor was taken with a very severe cold that caused him to be in a most miserable condition. It was undoubtedly a bad case of la grippe and recognizing it as dangerous he took immediate steps to bring about a speedy cure. From the advertisment of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and the many good recommendations included therein, we concluded to make a first trial of the medicine. To say that it was satisfactory in its results, is putting it very mildly, indeed. It acted like magic and the result was a speedy and permanent cure. We have no hesitancy in recommending the excellent Cough Remedy to any one afflicted with a cough or cold in any form. —*The Banner of Liberty*, Libertytown, Maryland. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Rev. Wm. C. Davis, who has been in charge of the M. E. church at Brownsville, Pa., for three or four years, was last week transferred to the Buena Vista street church in Allegany City, Pa. This is one of the best charges in the Western Pennsylvania conference and Mr. Davis's many friends in Oakland are gratified to learn of his appointment to this charge.

Notice.

One road wagon and one spring wagon, both one horse, to trade for lumber, shingles or cross ties. Geo. O. Miller. 28-4

State School Money.

State Comptroller Graham has made the quarterly distribution of public school money, the several amounts being payable on and after October 11. The distribution in Garrett county is, white schools, $3,089.14; colored schools, $21.94.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

Married.

MADDIGAN—GRADY.—On October 4, 1897, at the residence of Rev. Wm. E. George, Deer Park, William Henry Maddigan and Mary Ettie Grady, both of Garrett county.

Notice.

This is to give notice to the public generally that my wife Fanny Mayle, has left my bed and board without just provocation and that I will not be responsible for any debts she may contract in my name.

29-3t. WALTER MAYLE.

Two Farms for Sale.

I will offer at private sale, on terms to suit purchasers, two farms on Blooming Rose, District No. 2, in Garrett county, described as follows: The home farm, with good dwellings, 3 wells, barn, and all outbuildings convenient, containing 176 acres, 125 acres cleared and under good cultivation.

2nd. A farm of 200 acres lying on Buffalo Run; no buildings, but one of the best grazing farms in the county.

28-13t. GEO. D. FRANTZ. Friendsville, Md.

Kind Words.

Last week's issue of the Morgantown *Post* contained the following kind notice of the life and work of Rev. Dr. Benj. Ison, of Oakland, and which is reproduced in these columns:

Rev. Benj. Ison, like John among the disciples, is held in affectionate, lasting remembrance by all our people for his loving, gentle spirit. His pastoral visitations and tender ministrations knew no sect, no condition, no race. Eyes brightened, smiles returned, life itself lingered as he stood by the bedside of the sick and dying. He among all our preachers seemed to have engraved on his memory with unerring accuracy the exact words of the Bible, and his most edifying and comforting sermons were almost wholly made up from Scripture quotations co-related to the text of his discourse—strung together like necklaces of pearls—each consecutively more brilliant than its adjacent gem.

THE H. P. TASKER CASE.

The Court Issues an Order that Unless the Plaintiff Files a Remittitur

A NEW TRIAL WILL BE GRANTED.

Thirty Days Given In Which the Papers Must be Filed. The Order of the Court Signed by Judges Boyd, Stake and Sloan.

Judges Boyd, Stake and Sloan, Thursday afternoon last, considered the motion for a new trial made in the case of Hiram P. Tasker vs. the County Commissioners of Garrett county, and passed an order directing that a new trial be granted unless the plaintiff enters a remittitur for all the verdict in excess of $2,500 within thirty days. If the remittitur is filed within the specified time a judgment for $2,500 is directed to be entered against the defendant.

The case was instituted in Garrett county and removed to Washington county when a verdict was rendered at the May term of that court for $5,300.

Mr. Tasker sued Garrett county for about $12,000 for service rendered in making abstracts of the titles of unassessed land in Garrett county. The details of the case have been published several times.

The following is a true copy of the order issued by the court and for which we are indebted to Mr. George B. Oswald, clerk of the Circuit Court for Washington county:

Hiram P. Tasker vs. the County Commissioners of Garrett County.

No. 74 Trials, May term, 1897. In the Circuit Court for Washington County.

Upon consideration of the motion for a new trial filed and argued in the above entitled cause, it is this 30th day of September, 1897, by the Circuit Court of Washington county, ordered that unless the plaintiff on or before the 30th day of October, 1897, files a remittitur for all of the verdict in excess of twenty-five hundred dollars, a new trial be granted, but if the plaintiff shall, on or before said last named date file such remittitur for said excess, the clerk of this court shall at the time of such filing enter a judgment for the sum of twenty-five hundred dollars in favor of the plaintiff and against the defendant. And it is further ordered that the clerk of this court send a copy of this order to each of the parties to this suit or to their attorneys.

A. HUNTER BOYD.
EDWARD STAKE.
DAVID W. SLOAN.

Upon consideration of the testimony in this case and the law applicable thereto, I am of opinion that the motion for a new trial ought to prevail: a majority of the court, however, are of opinion that the exercise of the power of the court in the premises should be limited to an order providing for a new trial unless a remittitur is entered as provided in the above order. That being the conclusion of a majority of the court I concur with the other judges so far as the amount fixed.

EDWARD STAKE.

True copy—Test:
GEO. B. OSWALD, Clerk.

A Number Goes to Pittsburg.

Tuesday last the B. & O. ran a cheap excursion to Pittsburg, the tickets being good for four days at a rate of $3 for the round trip. In all thirty-five tickets were sold here for the trip, those going being as follows: Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Offutt, Mr. and Mrs. Gilmor S. Hamill, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Leathers, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Martin, jr., Miss Fannie Cohen, Messrs. William Browning, S. Lawton, D. E. Bolden, J. T. Sincell, Thomas Nelson, A. G. Ross, M. Cohen, C. M. Rathbun, Edward Helbig, Ernest Townshend, John Andrews, Levi Echard, Guy Chisholm, W. A. Daily, Howard Hoffman, J. E. Walsh, William Newman, George Geissman, George Fulmer, Lewis Gortner, Charles Liller, D. C. Feather, Eugene Binkley, Joseph Johns, Robert Yellowly and Carl White.

Painfully Bruised.

Last Saturday Mrs. D. E. Offutt and her aged mother-in-law Mrs. Susan Offutt, drove out to Mr. Truman W. Casteel's farm to pay a visit. Just as the ladies were alighting from the buggy the horse shied and threw them both the ground, painfully injuring the elder Mrs. Offutt. Both ladies had narrow escapes from more serious hurts.

Religious Notes.

The services at St. Peter's Catholic church, Rev. F. A. B. Wunnenberg, pastor, for the week beginning Sunday next will be as follows: Sunday services, low mass and communion, 7.30 a. m.; high mass and sermon, 10.30 a. m.; Sunday school, 2.30 p. m.; vespers and benediction, 3.30 p. m. Week day services, mass every day at 7.30 a. m.; services first Friday of every month, 7.30 p. m. A cordial welcome extended to all.

On Sunday morning next Rev. R. B. Ward, the new pastor of St. Paul's M. E. church, will preach here. He will also preach in the same edifice at night.

Bayard.

Almost all our farmers have harvested their buckwheat.

The funeral sermon of James Murphy was preached on last Sunday at Corunna chapel by Rev. George S. Arnold.

Mr. Goldy Biggs, was the guest of Mr. W. Perry Lee Sunday last.

LETTER FROM COMMISSIONER FRIEND

He Replies to Some Strictures Contained in a Letter from Mr. Geo. L. Michaels.

County Commissioner Ira E. Friend, of Friendsville, president of the Board of County Commissioners for Garrett county, and also president of the late Board of Control and Review, has sent the following letter to THE REPUBLICAN for publication. Mr. Friend, in his letter, quotes the law appertaining to the assessment wherein an officer or person refuses to answer any question propounded by the assessors. We give the letter below:

FRIENDSVILLE, Oct. 4, 1897.

To the Editor of The Republican.

Please allow me space in the columns of your paper to correct the statement of Mr. Geo. L. Michaels in your paper dated Sept. 23, 1897, that he was informed that the president of the Board of Control said publicly on the streets of Oakland on Tuesday, the 7th, that the assessors had assessed the Davis Coal and Coke Company with what they did not possess at the time the assessment was made, which charge is not correct. I simply stated to Mr. Beckman in our conversation that according to the plats and evidence produced before us as a Board of Control and Review that the Davis Coal and Coke Company did not have the coal that he and Mr. Michael claimed, that would pay to mine. According to the plats and sworn evidence produced before us by the Davis Coal and Coke Company, we corrected the assessment accordingly.

Now, after Messrs. Berkman and Michaels had made their report and we had paid Mr. Michaels and the appeal was over, then Mr. Michaels made his statement to us, and looking to further adjustment of the case we as a Board of Control and Review, instructed Mr. Michaels to go and gather all the evidence he could in the case, for which he claimed six days and we allowed him five.

Now let us see what evidence he has procured. The law of 1896, part of section 188, reads as follows:

"Any person or officer of a corporation who shall refuse to answer any question or questions when asked by any assessor, or shall refuse to be sworn, or affirmed when required by any assessor in the discharge of his official duty, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine not exceeding $500 nor less than $50, in the discretion of the court."

I would like to know where Mr. Michaels has taken any sworn evidence to rebutt against the plats and sworn evidence produced by the Davis Coal and Coke Company when the proper time came for adjustment?

Now, Mr. Editor, to make this plain to your readers, I will say, from the time the appeal was taken and the hearing had, the time was too short to have another hearing until after the levy of 1897 was made. This is why we sent Mr. Michaels out to get evidence in the case—to the end that we might get it right at the proper time of readjustment.

I make this statement in justice to the Board of Control and Review and the tax-payers of Garrett county, looking to the time when Mr. Michaels will have all necessary and sworn evidence to properly adjust the case as he claims.

IRA E. FRIEND.

West Virginia Annual Conference.

The fiftieth annual conference of the M. E. church for the West Virginia district, which was held at Morgantown, closed on Tuesday of this week. The following appointments for the Oakland district was announced:

L. W. Roberts, Presiding Elder.
Allbrightsville, H. E. Friend.
Aurora, J. L. B. Jones.
Bayard, J. H. Enlow
Blaine, J. H. Koch.
Brandonville, Daniel Westfall.
Bruceton Mills, C. E. Feather.
Cranesville, E. C. Bedford.
Davis, A. S. Arnett.
Deer Park, J. H Funk.
Etam, Albert Engle, Sup.
Evansville, J. N. Sharp.
Friendsville, E. R. Skidmore.
Grantsville, E. P. Idleman.
Newburg, C. E. Leatherby.
Oakland, R. B. Ward.
Parsons, C. W. Cox.
Rowlesburg, A. D. Perry.
Sinclaire, B. F. Hill.
Terra Alta, J. M. Warden.

According to the report made to the conference by the presiding elder, Oakland and Mountain Lake Park paid for missions $203 and stands eighth in the conference for contributing the largest amount for this cause.

The new presiding elder, Rev. L. W. Roberts, is one of the best preachers and workers in the conference. He comes to this section of the country full of vigor.

Rev. R. B. Ward, the new pastor at Oakland, is a growing man. He is known as a successful pastor, an eloquent preacher, a social man. The Methodists are to be congratulated in having so good a successor to the retiring pastor, Rev. Arbuthnot, whose entire pastorate was crowned with success. Under his leadership every department of church work has been advanced. When he came here the report for missions was about $50. He leaves the charge with a host of friends, whose prayers will follow him for success in his new fields. Huntington secures a good preacher and a faithful pastor in the person of Rev. Arbuthnot.

Rev. N. L. Baumgartner is transferred to the Monongalia church as pastor; Rev. George W. Kepler is returned to Williamstown and Rev. C. E. Clark to Thompson chapel, Wheeling.

There is a time for everything; and the time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait until you have consumption but prevent it by using One Minute Cough Cure, the great remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Proclamation

WHEREAS, at the January session in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six of the General Assembly of Maryland a bill was passed proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the State by adding an additional section to Article fifteen thereof, to be known as Section eleven of said Article, which said bill and amendment are in the words following, to-wit:

CHAPTER 170

AN ACT to amend the Constitution of the State by adding an additional section to Article fifteen thereof, to be known as section eleven of said Article.

SECTION 1. BE IT ENACTED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF MARYLAND, two-thirds of all the members elected to each of the two Houses voting for the adoption of the same, that the following amendment to the Constitution of this State be and is hereby proposed to the qualified voters of this State, which, if adopted by a majority of such qualified voters voting thereon, shall become and be part of the Constitution of this State, and be known as Section eleven of Article fifteen of said Constitution:

[illegible] Appointments to the [illegible] of the State, by the Governor, shall be made according to merit and fitness. The ascertainment of merit and fitness [illegible] by competitive examination, under such rules and regulations, as to the mode and manner of conducting the same, as may be prescribed by law; and the General Assembly shall pass such laws as may be necessary and proper fully to carry into effect the provisions of this section.

SECTION 2. AND BE IT FURTHER ENACTED BY THE AUTHORITY AFORESAID, that the foregoing section, hereby proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of this State shall be [illegible] to the qualified voters of this State, and that the [illegible] to the said qualified voters [illegible] for the adoption or rejection thereof [illegible] Article [illegible] Constitution [illegible] State, and [illegible] the vote on said [illegible] section [illegible] ballot used [illegible] after the [illegible] candidates, the question concerning the adoption or rejection [illegible] proposed amendment, in [illegible] Constitution.

Approved [illegible], 1896.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, LLOYD LOWNDES, Governor of the State of Maryland, in pursuance of the provisions of Section one of Article fourteen of the Constitution of the State, do hereby order and direct that a copy of said bill proposing said constitutional amendment be published in at least two newspapers in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one may be published, then in that newspaper, and in three newspapers in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in the German language, once a week for at least three months preceding the next ensuing general election (which said general election will be held on Tuesday, the Second day of November, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven), at which election the said proposed amendment shall be submitted, in the form and manner prescribed by the General Assembly, to the qualified voters of the State for adoption or rejection.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of Maryland.

THE GREAT SEAL OF MARYLAND.

Done at the City of Annapolis on the first day of July in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.

LLOYD LOWNDES,
Governor of Maryland.

By order of the Governor:
RICHARD DALLAM,
21-14t Secretary of State.

Garrett County.

STATE OF MARYLAND,
TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE.
ANNAPOLIS, Oct. 1st, 1897.

In pursuance of the requirements of Section 6, of Article 69 of the Code of Public General Laws, I herewith publish the names, titles and amounts due by the following officers who are in arrears to the State of Maryland.

ROBERT P. GRAHAM,
Comptroller.

NAME.	TITLE.
Thos. B. Wiley	[illegible]
E. E. Sollars	[illegible]
Same	[illegible]
E. Junior	[illegible]

Pearline

THE BRIGHT THINGS,

OLIO

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Lawson L. Wright vs. His Creditors.
No. 133 Insolvents. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

Ordered, this 2d day of October, 1897, that the 20th day of December, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m., is hereby fixed as the time at which Lawson L. Wright, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or securities may propose or allege against him, and that James C. Pedicord, Permanent Trustee for the benefit of the creditors of the said petitioner shall, prior to the 20th day of December, 1897, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order by weekly publication in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland.

DAVID W. SLOAN.
True copy, Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 31-6

A Queer Compact.

By Martha E. White.

"JENNIE! Jennie! Wait for me!" shouted Lizzie Dyer through the open window as she saw her friend going by the house on her way to school.

"Oh, haven't you gone yet, Lizzie? I thought it was late."

"Late? No, indeed," said Lizzie, running, hat in hand, to meet her friend. "You must have a queer kind of a clock at your house. It's only half-past eight."

"We do have the funniest time about our clocks. We have four. The big, ugly one in the kitchen loses half an hour or so a day, and the grand marble clock in the parlor is so fine we don't dare touch it, for fear we'll do some harm. And the other two—let me see—one stops every few hours, and the other, being on a high bracket in Will's bedroom, nobody recollects to wind; so it doesn't go at all. It's hard work telling the time at our house. We're always kept in practice, adding and subtracting."

"Well, I'm glad it's so early, for I want to propose some fun. Mother told me last night that when she was a little girl she used to keep a journal and put down every day all the cross things that were said to her. Wasn't that a queer idea? She said she had the journal still in the old horsehair trunk up in the garret, and she promised to get it out the next rainy day and read it to me. I'll coax her to let you hear it, too, for I know it will be jolly. That made me think how funny it would be for you and me to agree to tell each other all the horrid things the girls and boys said about us at school. Will you do it? I won't get angry if you won't."

"All right," assented Jennie. "Only I hope nobody says anything very dreadful about me. I don't see as I do anything to make them."

"No, indeed! Neither do I," replied Lizzie, with emphasis.

So the girls agreed not to tell each other anything until Friday night, for they were both high in their classes and they didn't intend to be distracted from their studies.

Accordingly the next Friday night they walked off together, and, sitting down by the beach, began to compare notes.

"You begin first," said Jennie, "for I'm kind of afraid I won't say one word till you are done, no matter how angry I feel."

"Very well," answered Lizzie.

But still she kept on drawing figures in the sand and seemed in no hurry to begin.

Then she thought:

"I can tell her the smallest things first, and that'll make it easier to tell the big things." So she began: "Tom Melvin told me last Monday that he thought a girl as rich as you might put five cents in the Sunday school box every Sunday to help the poor heathen, only you were so stingy. He said Lulu Bowen put in five cents, and she wasn't half so rich."

"Did Tom Melvin say that? Oh, wasn't it mean?" said Jennie, her cheeks all ablaze.

"I thought you weren't going to say anything until I got through?" reminded Lizzie.

"Well, I didn't intend to; but I can't help it. So there!"

"I know what will be better," said sympathizing Lizzie. "Let's take turns. You tell me something now."

"Oh, that will be better! Let me see. I didn't hear anything about you Monday; but Tuesday Augusta Gilson said you were so stuck-up because you happened to be Number 1 that she just hated you. She said you must have learned sleight-of-hand performances from your Uncle Joe, so you could look in the history on the sly and recite perfect every time."

"Oh, what a falsehood!" exclaimed Lizzie, springing at an imaginary Augusta. "Why, I think she's too mean to live! Girls that are so awful stupid are always thinking everyone else cheats."

Lizzie sat down again, feeling relieved by her outburst.

"Of course it's a shame," said Jennie, "but it's a comfort to know we would never say such horrid things."

"Yes, it is," said Lizzie. "Oh, it's my turn, isn't it? I didn't hear anything about you Tuesday or Wednesday; but Thursday Eva Stanford said you brought such big lunches to school

workers—a gave anyone a single
Moon is a schoolther take home
tiring worker in the party,—
been attending Republican pri
and conventions for seventeen
He comes from a large family,
all of whom are Republicans.
an intelligent man and will
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people. Mr. W. H. Jacobs is a
persons farmer of District No. 11 a
conversant with the needs of t
mers, and is a good man in
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"I? Oh, I didn't say much, because—well, because I hadn't ever happened to see you give any fruit to Susie, and I'd seen Eva Stanford give her some lots of times. But I stood up for you as well as I could."

"Thanks!" said Jennie, in a sarcastic tone. "I'm very much obliged!" Then, after a pause: "Mamie Brown says you hold your head as high as if you were Queen Victoria's daughter. She says she doesn't see what you've got to be so proud of, for your father is only a carpenter and your mother does her own work."

"Oh, my gracious! Isn't that awful?" gasped Lizzie. "But I won't get angry—no, I won't, for I promised. But I am astonished at Mamie Brown. Why, she pretends to love me to death, the little hypocrite! I guess she'll feel the cool breezes of the frigid zone whenever she comes near me again. I declare it isn't safe to trust anybody, Jennie! Do you say things about me behind my back?"

"Indeed, I don't!" declared Jennie, indignantly. "I think it's the meanest thing in the world!"

"So do I," said Lizzie.

Whereupon the two girls spent a brief interval in intense self-admiration.

"To-day, Emma Reed said all the girls in school were generous but you. She said you enjoyed eating other folks' candy, but never paid back."

Jennie was furious at this keen thrust, and she retorted, hotly:

"Emma Reed told me that Susie Baker said she met you the other day, when there was a rich girl from the city with you, and you were that proud you wouldn't speak to her, because she was dressed in calico; that you were afraid your friend would think you associated with poor folks. She says you have beautiful eyes and hair, but she never could like proud girls."

Lizzie's face was very red, indeed, at this.

"Oh, Jennie, let's not tell any more!" she cried. "I can't stand it, and I'm just going home and ask my mother if I'm such a stuck-up, horrid thing."

"And I'll go and ask mine if I'm as big a miser as old Nat Jones, who goes around picking up rubbish, when he's worth $100,000."

Mrs. Dyer was rather surprised to see her daughter Lizzie come rushing in with such a flushed, angry countenance; but she was a wise mother, so she laid down her sewing and heard Lizzie's story.

"It isn't a good plan, generally, to tell each other unkind things," Mrs. Dyer said, as she stroked her daughter's lovely, golden hair, "but sometimes it is beneficial to know exactly what our associates say about us. I shouldn't have approved the plan had you told me beforehand, but you may learn a useful lesson from it. I have often told you, you need to learn humility. You see, now, that a great many others think the same thing."

"But, mother, you know that isn't true about the sleight-of-hand."

"Of course not, daughter. That was very unkind. You are an excellent scholar and a good girl, generally.

"DID TOM MELVIN SAY THAT?"

Don't be discouraged, but remember the lesson you have had, and try to improve every day."

Mrs. Milbury heard Jennie's story with greater grief than Mrs. Dyer had heard Lizzie's, because, as everyone knows, stinginess is the most unlovely of all faults; but Jennie was so broken-hearted, Mrs. Milbury didn't feel like scolding her.

"How much money have you, dear?" she asked.

"About five dollars," Jennie replied.

"Well, if I were you, I would invite all the children to a little picnic out on the lawn next Saturday. You can buy some candy and nuts and fruit, and I'll tell Hannah to bake plenty of biscuit and cake, and you can have a real nice time out on the grass. That will make all your playmates feel pleasantly toward you; and then you must try very hard never to let them feel that you are stingy again. It is not necessary to be extravagant, but when your father gives you a dollar a week, which is so much more than most girls get, you ought always to appear as open and generous to others."

"Oh, mother, I have been mean!" said Jennie, feeling as if she'd like to have the earth open and swallow her up. "But I never, never will be again! I'll get up the party, and we'll have a real splendid time."

And thus it came about that, out of a foolish project on the part of these two girls, there resulted for once real, genuine good, for they both improved remarkably from that day forward.

I wonder, if you and I were to make a similar bargain with some friend, what our greatest fault would prove to be?

I wouldn't dare to try it—would you?—Golden Days.

Sensations for the Paris Exposition.

Parisian ingenuity has not yet devised the clou or sensational feature of the 1900 exhibition, as the committee has rejected all of the 115 plans submitted. Among them were a glass submarine restaurant, a large vertical screw, on which a nut containing a restaurant should work up and down; a model of a town of the year 2000; a national beauty show, at which prizes should be awarded to countries making the best exhibit. Many of the plans tried to make use of the Eiffel tower; one proposed was for a toboggan chute from the top of the tower; another for an arrangement of large mirrors, by which people at the foot could see the panorama of Paris.

—Most men have two objects in life—one is to become rich, the other to become richer.—Chicago News.

LABOR AIDS ITSELF.

An Organization in Akron, O., Finds Work for Many Unemployed.

Through the labor exchange established in Akron, O., a few months ago more than 100 men have found regular employment who previously had been without work a greater part of the time. Some even had become dependent upon charity.

The labor exchange is an organization of masons, carpenters and other skilled and unskilled workmen. It is governed by the initiative and referendum and is cooperative in all its dealings with members. An organization having been effected, the exchange proceeded to erect a home for itself in a vacant lot not far from the main manufacturing district. This home is a cheap frame structure of two stories, but it answers the purpose. It was built by members of the exchange. In return for their labor they were given labor exchange scrip. The lumber used in constructing the building was paid for in the same way.

The structure was no sooner completed than the manufacture of brooms was undertaken. These were sold to grocers and other dealers. The exchange received cash for them or else its own checks in exchange, members of the organization having used them in purchasing provisions. The manufacture of brooms is very successful.

The manufacture of baskets for berries, too, has been carried on very successfully, and crates also have been sold in large numbers. Another department to be established at once will manufacture butter trays and similar articles from wood.

The exchange is now negotiating, with every prospect of success, for the purchase of one of six idle brick plants near Akron.

While brooms and other articles have been made by the exchange, other work has been going on. Two houses have been built for members, and building contractors who have looked them over say they are marvels of workmanship, considering their cost. A cobbler, too, has been at work on the shoes and boots of members of the exchange.

Notwithstanding that its members are paid in checks and the greater part of its business is transacted by this medium of exchange, the local organization is acquiring property. The officers say that for every dollar's worth of labor that has been done, as represented by the checks issued, the exchange has money or other personal or real property amounting to $1.05.

The present membership of the exchange is 156. The figures will probably be 200 within the next few months. Members are not obliged to work for the exchange, but they may do so, and it is a noteworthy fact that the men associated with this new idea are thoroughly reputable citizens of the class who seek to own their own homes, to educate their children and to preserve the government and the government's free institutions.—N. Y. Herald.

BANK PROTECTION.

An Association Which Guards Its Members Against Thieves.

One of the standing committees of the American Bankers' association is the protective committee. To its members fall the work not only of warning banks against forgers and other swindlers, but also acting with a detective agency of catching and convicting the criminals who have defrauded any bank belonging to the association.

This branch of the work of the association, which was begun in 1894, has proven, it is said by bankers, most effective and much good has been accomplished by running down and punishing bank swindlers. Before this work was taken up by the association individual banks frequently found it too expensive to trace and capture rogues at whose hands they had suffered, but now that the expense is borne by the association the efforts to capture bank swindlers are carried much further than formerly, and it is said by detectives that already the "crooks" have come to realize that there is to be no relaxation in the pursuit of those who defraud banks which are members of the association.

In connection with this branch of the work the detective agency retained keeps a complete record, indexed, of thieves who are under arrest or in prison and who have been suspected in the past of swindling a member of the association. The evidence against the suspected is carefully worked up and when his time in prison expires he is arrested at the prison gates. This sometimes necessitates a bank cashier or teller going from one end of the country to the other to identify some criminal under arrest.—Philadelphia Press.

Cucumber Pickles.

Wash and wipe carefully the small cucumbers. Put them in an earthen jar and pour over them boiling brine that is strong enough to bear up an egg. Let them stand 24 hours, then wipe them from the brine and place them in clean jars. Boil together in a porcelain kettle enough vinegar to cover the pickles, with one sliced onion, one dozen whole cloves, one ounce mustard seed and three blades of mace. When this boils pour over the cucumbers, place in each jar a tablespoonful of chopped horseradish and stand aside to cool before covering up the jars. These pickles will be ready to use in two weeks, and will keep a year.—Toledo Blade.

Green-Tomato Sweet Pickle.

Slice a peck of green tomatoes and six large onions; sprinkle through them a cupful of salt, and let them stand over night. In the morning drain, pour on two quarts of water, one quart of vinegar, and boil five minutes; drain again, add four quarts of vinegar, two pounds of brown sugar, one half pound of ground mustard, two tablespoonfuls each of cloves, ginger and cinnamon and half a teaspoonful of cayenne. Boil for half an hour.—Housekeeper.

SEEKING ADVICE.

The Habit of Going to Others for Counsel.

There is a certain class of women who habitually seek advice. They often do this as if they were conferring a compliment upon the superior judgment or knowledge of human affairs possessed by the person sought. There are certain friends that every one of us possesses who are so nearly related to us by ties of friendship or kindred that they are as deeply interested in our doings, our comings and goings as we are ourselves. It is to such persons a sensitive, refined woman naturally turns, and not to a comparative stranger. Yet the woman who habitually seeks advice seldom goes to such a legitimate source. She comes to a person who is a trifle startled and half flattered perhaps by the request. The woman who does this may not be aware of it herself, but she is often a sham; she is not seeking advice, but sympathy. She usually desires to follow a certain course, and has often become so stubbornly fixed in her determination that nothing short of a violent upheaval of all her plans would keep her from it. She will not follow advice. She wishes merely to be confirmed in her previously formed opinion. She wishes to gain sympathy with her plans and strength of purpose to do as she prefers to do.

There are few persons so selfish or so tiresome as those who persistently throw their burden of whatever nature upon other people. If there is a problem to be solved at school or a difficult example to be done, there are always a number of scholars who wait until certain schoolmates arrive, and then copy the work from them. The rule is the same in mature life. There are certain people habitually too "tired" to think for themselves. They wait and ask advice of Mrs. Brown or Mrs. Smith, who are in no way bound to them, except as obliging neighbors. These women probably have their own life problems to occupy them, and it is an unjust and selfish thing to burden them down with problems they are not called on legitimately to solve. One of the most aggravating ways of the woman who habitually seeks advice is the certainty with which she holds her obliging neighbor responsible for every failure that advice given her brings. It is hard to bear one's own blunders, but doubly hard to bear the blunders which other people have committed upon advice which has been honestly given.

The truth is that no one but some person who is fully cognizant of all the circumstances which environ an individual is capable of giving advice on vital matters.

It is for this reason that even more objectionable personage, "the woman who is always giving advice," is not to be tolerated. She is particularly decided in matters judged from the superficial external light in which she sees them, and therefore her judgment is an impertinence.—N. Y. Tribune.

DOLLARS DAILY DESTROYED.

Women Experts Who Can Detect the Best-Made Counterfeits.

Every working day in the year Uncle Sam destroys a million dollars; deliberately tears up and grinds to pulp $1,000,000 worth of paper money—genuine bank notes and greenbacks. A million dollars in one, two, five, ten, twenty, fifty, one-hundred, and one-thousand-dollar notes are daily punched full of holes, cut into halves and thrown into a machine that rapidly reduces them to a mass of mushy substance.

Whenever a piece of paper money becomes soiled or torn it may be presented to the United States treasury and redeemed. Sooner or later every note that circulates among the people becomes unfit for further service, for it is bound to become dirty or mutilated by constant handling, and the United States government stands ready to give the holder of such a note a new note in exchange for it; or, in other words, the government will redeem it.

The majority of the clerks employed in this important department of the government are women, many of whom are the most expert money counters and counterfeit detectors in the world. In fact, only experts can properly perform the work that is required; for not only must the soiled and mutilated money be accurately and rapidly counted, but all counterfeit notes must be detected and thrown out. When we consider that some counterfeiters can so cleverly imitate genuine money that their spurious notes will circulate throughout the country without detection, and are not discovered until they are finally turned into the treasury, some idea of the proficiency of these experts can be gained, especially when we bear in mind that these notes are often so worn that the imprint on them can scarcely be deciphered. It not infrequently happens that these bad notes are detected simply by the feel of them, which, in some cases, is really the only way of discovering the fraud; for while a counterfeit may occasionally succeed in so perfectly imitating the design of a note as to mislead even an expert, it is next to impossible for him to counterfeit the paper used by the government. —Clifford Howard, in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Hopeful Sign.

Oklahoma Belle—I think pap's a goin' ter fever ye, Bill, over all the other fellers. I've been a talkin' to him about ye, and he never said nothin', but I know he likes ye.

Squatter Bill—How d'yer know, Nance?

"I told him ye was commin' 'round ternight, and he loaded up his gun with squirrel shot instead ov buck."—Detroit Free Press.

A Peculiar State of Affairs.

Young Popington (excitedly)—Am a father or a mother?

Nurse (equally excited)—Both, sir! Mrs. Popington has just presented you with two boys and two girls.

(Still more excitedly)—"Great Scott! Quadrupeds!"—N. Y. Journal.

Drawing the Line.

"No," said the young woman with the standing collar and the lawn tie, "I cannot follow the dictates of my heart. I cannot marry him."

"Why not?" inquired her confidante.

"The difference in our positions is too great."

"Love should be capable of any sacrifice."

"I suppose so. But I cannot forget that my position pays me $25 a week, while he gets only $12."—Washington Star.

Heeping the Whirlwind.

We pity a man who is poor in old age,
When often—'tis sadly the truth—
The hard lot he suffers was rashly brought on
By the soft time he had in his youth.
—Detroit Free Press.

BADLY BENT.

Tommy — Oh, Mr. Crooks, we're awfully glad you come.

Mr. Crooks—And why are you so glad, my little man?

Tommy—Ethel and I are playing trains, and you'll make a lovely bridge. —Up-to-Date.

Convincing Evidence.

"I hyuhs yoh dun tackled a mighty hahd citizen las' night at de parlor social," said Miss Miranda Dewberry.

"Dat's what I did,' replied Erastus Pinkley. "If da's anybody wif doubts about dat man's bein' hahd, jes bring 'im around and' let 'im look at de nicks in dishere razzer."—Washington Star.

Taking No Chances.

Mr. Curtis—Yes, I must positively go back to-morrow morning.

Miss Enslie—Oh, I'm sorry for that. I wish you could stay over for another day at least. You know we are to give our performance of "Camille" to-morrow; with me in the title role.

Mr. Crutis (absently)—That's the reason I've got to go. — Cleveland Leader.

Choosing an Epitaph.

Bereaved Widow—I want something short and simple for my husband's tombstone.

Dealer—How do you like "Resurgam?"

Bereaved Widow—What does that mean?

Dealer—I shall rise again.

Bereaved Widow—No, make it "Rest In Peace."—N. Y. Truth.

A Savage Retort.

During a heated discussion with his wife a Harlem man said:

"O these women! They are responsible for most of the evils in this world."

"I know of one evil that was brought into this world by a woman, and she was your mother," replied Mrs. Yerger. —Tammany Times.

A Smart Girl.

"Yes," said the pretty typewriter, in reply to her employer's proposal of marriage, "I will become your wife upon one condition."

"Name it, darling."

"That after we are married you will employ a man in my place."—N. Y. World.

Correct.

Teacher—A rich man dies and leaves $1,000,000—one-fifth to his son, one-sixth to his daughter, one-seventh to his wife, one-eighth to his brother, and the rest to foreign missions—what does each one get?

Little Willy Brieffs—A lawyer!—Puck.

Put Was No Fool.

One of the surgeons of a hospital asked an Irish help what he considered the most dangerous of the many cases then in the hospital.

"That, sir," said Patrick, as he pointed to a case of surgical instruments lying on the table.—Tit-Bits.

CAUGHT IN THE "SEA-SAW" ON THE BOARD OF TRADE.
SHOWING WHERE THE MONEY WHICH SUPPLIES THE "BIG WINNINGS" REALLY COMES FROM.

Change of Feature.

Briggs—I tell you what it is, Sipper has a great nose for investment; he has recently acquired a water front.

Briggs—Don't say? He must have changed his nose since I saw him.—Richmond Dispatch.

Woman's Inhumanity to Man.

New Woman—Simply because a woman marries a man is no reason why she should take his name.

Old Bachelor—That's so. The poor fellow ought to be allowed to keep something he could call his own.—Judge.

Pleasure's Byway.

Chappies who lead rapid lives
Find with quite a shock
That the road is very short
From champagne to hock.
—Judge.

What He Thought.

"Capital, you know, is universally timid."

"How queer! I thought it was the man without the money who was shy." —Typographical Journal.

A Good Cause.

Fenner—I felt justified in kissing her.

Dyer—Why?

Fenner—She had such a cold that she couldn't scream.—Up-to-Date.

Reason to Ask.

Harold—Do I look like a barber, mother?

Mother—No; why?

Harold—'Cause all the people call me a young shaver.—N. Y. Journal.

The Guilty Party.

Grigson—What clergyman was it that solemnized your marriage?

Flippard—It wasn't a clergyman at all. It was Mrs. F.'s mother.—Boston Transcript.

One Advantage.

Mrs. Kingley—You say you like colored servants better than white because they are slower. How is that?

Mrs. Bingo—It takes them longer to leave.—Brooklyn Life.

Easily Corrected.

Angry Mother—How dare you tell your father that he is stupid! Go at once and say that you are sorry.

Little Willie — I'm awfully sorry you're stupid, papa!—N. Y. Journal.

A Considerate Husband.

She—Here you come home drunk in broad daylight. Aren't you ashamed of yourself?

He—All on your account, Sarah. I thought you would be more scared if I came home at night in thish disgraceful condition.—Tammany Times.

An Appropriate Word.

The Count—I haf made to your daughter a—what you call it—proposition—proposal?

Her Father—H'm. I think proposition sounds more like business.—Brooklyn Life.

HOW HE GOT IT.

Maudy—What an awful big hump that camel has.

Uncle Cross Corner—He must have got it riding a bike.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

He Wasn't Losing Much.

Buggins—See here, porter, this mirror is so dusty I can't see myself in it.

Porter (who has not been tipped by Buggins)—Strikes me yo' ought to be mighty thankful, sah, 'stid o' makin' a fuss about it.—N. Y. Truth.

Wiser Methods.

"Dorothy is always cultivating people who she thinks will be of use to her socially."

"Well, so do you."

"Yes; but I don't talk about it."—Chicago Record.

Disgusted.

"Bobby, dear, did you know the stork came and left you a dear, little baby brother last night?"

"Rats! I wish the old thing had left me a bicycle!"—Cycling Gazette.

WOMAN AND HOME.

GAUDY HANDKERCHIEFS.

All the Colors of the Rainbow to Be Seen Next Season.

Handkerchiefs next season will be gaudier than ever before. They will be of all the colors of the rainbow, in solids, stripes, plaids, polka dots and figures. Even white ones will not be plain, for, when not heavily embroidered, they will be lace trimmed, not with one edge of lace as heretofore, but with several lace frills placed one above the other and on both sides of the handkerchief, for the fashionable article has neither right nor wrong side.

Many samples shown have centers of solid colors—colors, not tints—with borders in contrasting colors, plaids, checks, polka dots and pronounced floral designs. Other handkerchiefs appear to be thin bits of colored muslin over which small flowers or leaves are strewn. To a careless observer they seem nothing more or less than hemstitched squares of printed lawn. Close inspection shows a linen of the daintiest quality, with a regular and generally highly artistic design, stamped as distinctly on one side as the other. Black, navy blue, scarlet and brown handkerchiefs embroidered in white, black or contrasting colors are to be used by travelers and should always correspond in color with the toilet. Traveling handkerchiefs should never be lace-trimmed.

One of the newest and daintiest handkerchiefs to be seen is of sheer white or light colored linen muslin, with a triple border of finely-plaited footing. The footing, of course, is always white. There is no hemstitching, the first row being whipped on a rolled edge, while the second row is put on, one row on either side of the handkerchief, just above. This handkerchief, though so simple that it could be easily made at home, is especially dainty looking, and adapted to go with the most elegant toilet. Frills of lace are put on in a similar manner, sometimes as many as six rows being used to the side. Of course one great trouble with these dainty bits of lace-trimmed muslin will be the difficulty of having them washed, but the dealers say this objection is overcome by the narrowness of the lace. After washing, they need only to be rubbed over with the iron, and when taken out for use the lace is pulled out between the fingers, making the handkerchief much fresher in appearance than it would be were the lace pulled out on leaving the wash.—N. Y. Sun.

NEW BICYCLE SADDLE.

It Is Constructed Especially for the Women.

The latest thing in bicycle seats, and one to which it is said physicians can make no objection whatever, is the new ball bearing saddle. It is made in two separate parts, adjusted with special adaptability to the human anatomy, and has been made with special care as a woman's saddle. It is the only saddle which has ever been constructed on the common sense plan and the only saddle which is built especially for women. It moves with the body, avoids all irritation, and secures greater comfort and freedom than other styles of saddle.

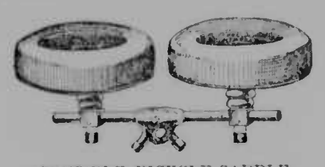

SENSIBLE BICYCLE SADDLE.

Its hygienic qualities are its recommendation. Many women who have not been able to endure the ordinary saddles, and hence have never thoroughly enjoyed riding a wheel, will be able to take much pleasure out of the new one. These are made in any color, to fit any wheel, and adapted to any weight. It is said to be the most sensible seat made.

How to Remove Cinders.

When traveling always carry a tiny box of flaxseed for possible cinders, is the advice given by a medical journal. The instant a foreign substance is felt in the eye throw back the head and drop two or three flaxseeds on the ball of the eye, and lift the upper lid and draw it down over them, so as to hold them in. There is no disagreeable sensation attached to putting the seed in, and the relief will come instantly. The moisture of the eye dampens the seed, and it gives out a mucous substance which spreads over the eye and covers the grit. After awhile the seeds will begin to work out, and will bring the offending particle with them.

Curious Marriage Custom.

In Brittany there is said to prevail a curious marriage custom. On certain fete days the young ladies appear in red petticoats, with white or yellow borders around them. The number of borders denotes the portion the father is willing to give his daughter. Each white band denotes silver—100 francs per annum; each yellow band represents gold—a thousand francs a year.

Disappointed.

Gertie—Marie is awfully angry at that young Tutter.

Mertie—What for? Did she find out he was flirting with her?

Gertie—No. She thought that he was flirting, but learned that he was not.—Brooklyn Life.

Japanese Girls as Nurses.

Two Japanese girls, Hisa Nagano and Natsu Sankaki, are at present serving as trained nurses in Chicago. They intend to study medicine and then return to Japan to found a hospital on the same plan as those of this country.

Encouragement.

Jack Brokeleigh (producing a revolver)—You refuse me? Then farewell! This shall be my last resort.

Miss Gotrox (slzing up the weapon)—Well, you ought to be able to get four or five dollars on that.—N. Y. World.

NEAT FOLDING BASKET.

How to Put Together a Dainty Piece of Fancy Work.

No doubt some one will exclaim: "Why, that's old; my grandmother made them just like that!" Ah! did she? Was it not of fine leather, lined with silk, neatly bound with ribbon, infinitesimal stitches, showing hours and hours of painstaking labor, skill and neatness of execution? You who have the time and patience for such work may copy your grandmother's basket, but for those who, even in leisure hours, want to get the best results with least time and labor, as well as expense, may follow these directions and gain much in so doing.

Cut a stiff pasteboard octagon-shaped bottom about four inches in diameter;

PRETTY FOLDING BASKET.

then a thinner duplicate; also cut eight pieces of the shape indicated in the design, measuring about 1½ inches at the base, three inches at the top and four inches along the side; also duplicate these in the thinner pasteboard. Cover all the heavy pieces with any coarse material desired, such as cretonne, denim, velvet or linen, neatly turning over and pasting down the edges. In like manner cover the thin pieces with silk, silkoline or any suitable lining for the basket, making it figured in effect if the outer covering be plain, and vice versa, or of contrasting colors. On the outer pieces attach the hinges, which may be of narrow ribbon or strips of the same material, a trifle over one inch wide, pasted into position; then on each inner piece place some necessary convenience—a thimble case of covered cardboard sewed to the correct position, a tiny bag or two, with elastic run in the top to hold spools of thread, a double case for papers of needles, a little sheath for buttonhole scissors, a neatly-finished needle book of two or three leaves of flannel, pinked or buttonholed on the edges, a small case with overlapping top for pearl buttons, some narrow cases for bodkins, darners, etc., and an emery bag completing the equipment of the one in the illustration. At each upper corner of the eight sides should be sewed a small brass ring, buttonholed in silk to match, while the bottom should be finished with a pincushion corresponding with the needle book.

The basket is now ready to put together. Each pair of outer and inner pieces being carefully glued or overhanded neatly into place, the whole is overhanded firmly to the octagon bottom and a narrow ribbon is run through the ring and tied, holding the sides upright. These are very convenient baskets for traveling, as opening flat renders it easy to pack them. They can be bought for less than one dollar, and to make one costs very much less; while by fitting it up with necessary implements and furnishings it may be quite an expensive gift, as well as one showing neatness and dexterity in its execution.—American Queen.

COFFEE DESSERTS.

They Are Not Only Delicious, But Very Easily Prepared.

Coffee is the most delicious flavoring for summer desserts. The essence of coffee, which is used, is easily prepared, but should always be fresh. The secret of flavoring with coffee lies in having this essence so fresh and pure that it has the delicious aroma of a cup of good coffee. Take a tablespoonful of the best coffee, freshly ground and put it in a small saucepan with a cup of cold water. Let the fluid boil until it is reduced to about two tablespoonfuls. Strain it through a cloth pressing it well; let it cool, and it is ready for use.

A "coffee mousse" is a most delicious iced dessert, and is prepared without the trouble in freezing which an ice cream involves. This mousse is made as follows: Put two cupfuls of sweet, rich cream in a bowl. Fill a pan with chopped ice, place the bowl in the pan, and begin to beat the cream with a fine wire whip. Beat slowly at first, then faster, until it is a fine, firm froth. When it is all frothed, add two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and three tablespoonfuls of coffee essence, and beat them together well. Put the mousse in a long, slender mold, and cover it tightly, sealing the edge of the cover with mutton tallow, and pack it away in a pail covered with cracked ice and rock salt. Three quarts of salt are sufficient for a pailful of ice. The mousse should be packed away for about six hours. If the mold is large in diameter, it may be opened once and the frozen parts removed from the sides with a knife. If the mold is slender, it should be left undisturbed. A coffee mousse makes a most attractive desert if served with a clear red sherry ice heaped around it.

For a coffee custard, boil a quart of milk and add two tablespoonfuls of coffee essence. Add five yolks of eggs and two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Stir the mixture well, and strain it; pour it into custard cups, and set them in a pan with boiling water to half the height of the cups. Place the pan over a slow fire, and let the water boil gently for 20 minutes. When the custards are set, remove them from the fire and set them in the water. Serve them in the cups.—N. Y. Tribune.

FARM AND GARDEN.

REFORMS ARE NEEDED.

Antiquated Road Building Methods Should Be Discarded.

The organization of a good roads association in any city is a movement toward reformation. The people who live beyond the city limits have more interest in this matter than the town people, but nearly all do more or less driving or wheeling, while every family is interested in the cheap transportation of farm produce.

The farmers have more to gain by the improvement of highways than any other large class of people. Preachers, doctors, mail drivers and traveling agents are all small classes who individually have a large concern in the state of the roads, but collectively do not suffer privations at all comparable to that which the farmers endure by reason of bad roads. The produce which the farmer sends to market is hauled to town or taken to the railroad station over the country highway. The goods he purchases for his own use must be conveyed part of the distance to his home over this route. He drives his family to church, or to town, or visits the neighbors over such roads as are provided in his district. If the road is a bad one he can only take half a load when he is carting produce, and can only travel at a slow pace when he drives. His toil is increased when he works; his pleasure diminished when he takes his pleasure; his horses suffer; his wagons and carriages have a shorter lifetime than if his district were provided with a firm and smooth highway. It might be possible to compute the aggregate loss to the country in time and property through the bad condition of the roads of the country. It would not be easy to estimate the loss of comfort and pleasure, or to appraise the consequences of loss of temper and of health.

The townsman is interested in everything that concerns the dweller in the country. If the country suffers, the city shares the trouble. When it is hard for the farmer to get to market himself, or to send his produce there, the effect is seen in the counting-room of the merchant and on the table of the artisan. Moreover, we are all countrymen. The citizens are always abroad in the land. Every summer sends thousands of the town people into the country. Every day sees the city and village bicyclist, or excursionist by carriage, in the most remote places he can find a roadbed good enough for him.

It is easier to begin a movement or organize a society in the city than in the country, but the good roads organizations which may begin in town may be expected to spread everywhere. The people who use the roads most, and who have the most to gain by their improvement, may be expected to welcome every movement which will do them good. Thoughtful people must, on reflection, conclude that something is

A ROAD THAT IS NEVER TOO LONG.

wrong, since in all the advances made in the transportation methods there has been little or no reform in road transportation, which is at the beginning of all movement of commodities and of persons. Railway travel to-day is greatly improved over what it was a quarter of a century ago. Steamship transportation has been made more luxurious and cheaper. Yet the average country road of to-day is no better, and in many places worse, than it was in the days of our fathers. We have faster horses; we have vastly more elegant and comfortable carriages; but we are content to work our horses and rack our vehicles over the same sort of highway that served for the old two wheeled cart.

Moreover, there is reason to believe that the amount of time and money spent in keeping up the roads would, if properly expended, produce better results than are now obtained. Railways are built by engineers and experts, according to well-understood systems. Every improvement that can be devised is applied to all the railways as soon as it satisfies the test of experience. The builders of steamships do not adhere to the old methods a day longer than they are known to be the best. But in making of the highway there is as yet in this country very little attempt to apply the latest and best methods, or to utilize the skill of experts.

Road reform is one of the needs of the day. The mission has nothing sensational or thrilling about it, but it contains the promise of large saving in horses and money, and in the tissues of men and women. It promises cheaper transportation, increased travel by road, more life and stir in the country places and a new attraction to rural life.—St. John (N. B.) Sun.

Removing Odors from Cream.

An important discovery is claimed to have been made by an Iowa dairyman, who practices a method of removing the odor of wild onions and garlic from cream intended for butter making, which is to dilute the cream with two or more parts of hot water, first adding four ounces of saltpetre to the cream for 100 pounds of butter. The temperature of the diluted cream is raised to 160 degrees, when it runs through the separator again.

A Verse with a Moral.

Broad tires better highways bring;
The narrow do the other thing.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

FREAKS OF FORTUNE.

Windfalls That Came Unexpectedly to Those Who Needed Them.

While most people find it very hard to acquire even a modest competency, others are more lucky, and to them fortunes come without even the asking. Several such instances have occurred of late years, some of them of an interesting character. It was only a short while since that a poor rag-picker in Birmingham suddenly found himself a man of wealth. By dint of working from dawn till late at night he had been in the habit of making the not very exorbitant income of $2.50 per week. One morning he heard from a firm of solicitors in London, who requested him to call, when he would learn something to his advantage. He found that a long-lost brother who had made money in Australia had recently died there, leaving him a sum of £8,000.

At Tamworth, England, a tobacconist has unexpectedly found himself the heir to a baronetcy. For some time past he has been in receipt of 25 shillings 6 pence a week, having served as a sergeant in the Suffolk regiment; but, finding this sum inadequate, he took a tobacconist shop at Tamworth, and was apparently contented with his lot, when he awoke to find himself a baronet of the United Kingdom.

A schooner which went ashore off the American coast with 1,200 tons of coal, being abandoned by her owners, was sold for $70. Some 400 tons of coal had been got out of the hull, when suddenly the vessel slid off the rock and sank in deep water, only, however, to float again the next morning and drift with the tide right into port. It seems that sufficient coal had rattled through the holes in her bottom to let the hull come again to the surface, with some 300 tons of coal still in it. As the vessel then stood she was worth $3,000 or more to those who bought it for $70.

A couple of lucky domestics have lately came into possession of a considerable sum of money through the death of their mistress, an old lady of 85, who left them her entire fortune. The sum to be divided is $120,000, and it is bequeathed to them in recognition of their long and faithful services, one of them having been 25 and the other 18 years with the lady in question.

The effects produced by suddenly acquired wealth are sometimes startling in the extreme. A suburban Parisian who lately inherited £16,000 from an elderly aunt at once began to look about for some outlet for spending the money quickly. At length the craze for building speculation seized him, and he built houses wherever sites were obtainable. He went on in this way for some time, when his mind became unhinged and he was found one day walking around his newly-built houses, firing shots from a navy revolver at imaginary enemies. He was thereupon arrested and placed in an asylum.—Boston Traveler.

UNIQUE AFRICAN CEREMONY.

Submission of the King of Benin to British Authority.

The king of Benin, who surrendered to the British authorities, after wandering in the bush since the capture of Benin City by the British in February last, as a result of the massacre of an unarmed expedition under Consul Phillips, entered Benin City, preceded by a messenger bearing a white flag and followed by 800 unarmed blacks, 10 chiefs, 20 wives and a reed band playing native music.

The acting political residents received the king's obeisance in front of the Palaver house. The king was covered with coral ornaments, and his arms were supported on each side by natives. About 400 naked natives and many chiefs gathered about the king. The latter at first expressed a desire to make his submission privately to the president, but the British representatives refused, and the king, after having consulted with his chiefs, made an obeisance, rubbing his forehead three times upon the ground. Ten of his most important chiefs did the same, and the ceremony was concluded.

His Retort.

The "apparel oft proclaims the man," she quoted.

"The lack of it the woman," he added; and as she happened to be in a ball gown at the time she naturally considered the remark personal. — Chicago Post.

A cablegram from Constantinople says that "the sultan wants time." He ought to have eternity.—Chicago Times-Herald.

In Bohemia—"Will you lend me five shillings, old chap? I want to lend it to Jones." "Why lend it to Jones?" "Well, you see, he owes me five shillings and he wants to return it."—Sketch.

Newly Made Widow—"Ah! no one can take John's place. I loved him from the bottom of my heart." Friend (brightly)—"But you know what they say—there is always room at the top."—Puck.

The Cook—"Arrah, mum! Oi wish ye'd kape out av the kitchen, entoirely!" The Mistress (faintly)—"I only wish to make a few biscuits for my husband's supper, Bridget—that's all." The Cook (bursting into tears)—"Oh! thot's all, is it? An' yishterday evening ye only wantid to 'make a few bisenits for my hoosban's supper,' an' Danny Brennan, the cop, got hold av wan av thim boi mishtake an' ate ut; an' God only knows will he iver call here again ut all at all!"—Puck.

"My friends," exclaimed the eloquent minister, "were the average man to turn and look himself squarely in the eyes, and ask himself what he really needed most, what would be the first reply suggested to his mind?" "A rubber neck!" shouted a precocious urchin in the rear of the room; and, in the confusion which followed, the good man lost his place in his manuscript, and began over again.—Puck.

He—"When I first met my wife I thought she was one of the most economical women in the matter of clothes I had ever known." She—"You met her at the sea shore, didn't you?"—Petit Journal Pour Rire.

First Burglar—"It's no use tryin' dat place t'-night, Bill. De man an' his wife went in 'bout an hour ago, an' I heerd him tell her he'd buy her a di'mond necklace to morrer." Second Burglar—"What's dat got t' do wit it?" First Burglar—"Plenty! She won't be able t' sleep fer t'inkin' 'bout it, an' he won't sleep fer t'inkin how he's got t' pay fer it."—Puck.

Yeast—"That man Doughton is very skeptical. Unless he sees a thing, he won't believe it exists." Crimsonbeak—"He never ran into a rocking-chair in the dark, then?"—Yonkers Statesman.

A Domestic Incident.

"John, dear, I wish you'd lend me your knife," she said.

"Yes, love."

"And just ask Sarah to bring down my big apron out the bedroom, and a duster, and some parathin, and the wash leather?"

"And the wash leather. Anything else?"

"Yes; Thomas must clear out the yard and sweep it up a bit. And I shall want some copper wire and the screw hammer and that bottle of stuff for renovating leather and an old brush."

"Is that all? Are you going to repair all the furniture?"

"Don't be silly. I must have some sticking plaster and a few bits of rag and a pail of water."

"Nothing else? It sounds like a surgical operation or a second edition of house-cleaning."

"I wish you wouldn't interrupt when I'm trying to think of things. Let me see; there's nothing else—oh, yes, I must have a pair of scissors and my garden gloves and some scouring paper."

"Good heavens! What has happened? I hope it's nothing serious?"

"Bless the man, no! I'm only going to overhaul my bike."—Pick-Me-Up.

Philanthropist—"You appear to be in very straitened circumstances, my poor man. Are you very, very sad?" The Poor Man—"Oh, no, I am content with my circumstances, as I can't make them any better." Philanthropist—"Then I won't offer you money, but perhaps you have a quarter about you that you don't want. It isn't everybody that can take things as philosophically as you do, you know."—Boston Transcript.

Last Month of the Tennessee Centennial and Industrial Exposition.

The month of October closes this greatest of all Expositions ever held in the South, and next to the Columbian, the best ever held in this country. For the closing month, special attractions have been arranged, and the rates from all parts of the country have been made lower than ever before known. The location (Nashville, Tenn.) is on the main line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, directly on its through car route between the North and South, and the trip in either direction via that city can be made as cheaply, if not cheaper, than via any other route. Ask your ticket agent for rates, or write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., for rates and information.

Glad He Was Glad.

Post—Well, how did you like the picnic?

Yost—I was so glad to get home again that I was glad I went.—Up-to-Date.

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package, FREE. Write to Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

"I'd rather our engagement were not announced until the end of the session," said the statesman. "And why, dear?" asked the woman he had won. "I don't want it charged that I am speculating in sugar."—Indianapolis Journal.

Star Plug Combines All Good Qualities.

All the desirable qualities you want in tobacco are found in Star plug to a special degree. Its constant use produces no evil effects.

Clerk—"You say you will take this hammock, miss?" She—"Yes, but I want two of them." Clerk—"Very well, madam."—Life.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me many a doctor's bill.—S. F. Hardy, Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, '94.

Those boys' toy tool chests are not good for any purpose whatever.—Washington Democrat.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is taken internally. Price 75c.

When a man is always prepared to prove everything he says, it may be because his statements need it.—Washington Democrat.

Teachers get School Report Cards from B.H. Ocker, Chambersb'g, Pa. Samples free. Write.

We often wonder why so many people tell the same story so many times.—Washington Democrat.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

A New Jersey Woman Expresses Her Gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham for Relief.

"Will you kindly allow me," writes Miss Mary E. Saidt to Mrs. Pinkham, "the pleasure of expressing my gratitude for the wonderful relief I have experienced by taking your Compound? I suffered for a long time with nervous prostration and general debility, caused by falling of the womb. It seemed as though my back would never stop aching. I could not sleep. I had dull headaches. I was weary all the time, and life was a burden to me. I sought the seashore for relief, but all in vain. On my return I resolved to give your medicine a trial. I took two bottles and was cured. I can cheerfully state, if more ladies would only give your medicine a fair trial they would bless the day they saw the advertisement, and there would be happier homes. I mean to do all I can for you in the future. I have you alone to thank for my recovery, for which I am very grateful."—Miss Mary E. Saidt, Jobstown, N. J.

In three points—tone, action, and durability—no organ approaches the

ESTEY

Write for Illustrated Catalogue with prices, to Estey Organ Company, Brattleboro, Vt.

SOUTHERN Homeseekers' Guide

Every homeseeker should address either J. F. MERRY, A. G. P. A., Manchester, Ia.; W. A. KELLOND, A. G. P. A., Louisville, Ky., or S. G. HATCH, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O., for a free copy of the ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD'S SOUTHERN HOMESEEKERS' GUIDE.

Watch and Chain for One Day's Work.

Boys and Girls can get a Nickel Plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm for selling 15 doz. Packages of Bluine at 10 cents each. Send your full address by return mail and we will forward the Bluine, post-paid, and a large Premium List. No money required. BLUINE CO., Box 6, Concord Junction, Mass.

Weeks Scale Works,
STOCK, COAL, HAY, GRAIN, AND COTTON SCALES. BUFFALO, N. Y.

OPIUM and Whiskey Habit cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent FREE. B. M. WOOLLEY, M.D., Atlanta, Ga.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for books of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

A. N. K.—C 1676

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Trade-Mark.

Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.

Costs Less than ONE CENT a cup.

Be sure that the package bears our Trade-Mark.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited,
(Established 1780.) Dorchester, Mass.

The woman pinned down

to one or two uses of Pearline (use without soap) will have to be talked to. Why is she throwing away all the gain and help that she can get from it in other ways? If you have proved to yourself that Pearline washes clothes, for instance, in the easiest, quickest, safest way, you ought to be ready to believe that Pearline (use soap) is the best for washing and cleaning everything. That's the truth, anyway. Try it and see. Into every drop of water that's to be used for cleansing anything, put some Pearline 476

Millions NOW USE Pearline

TO LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE OF THINGS, USE

SAPOLIO

CANDY CATHARTIC

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CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER

10¢ 25¢ 50¢ ALL DRUGGISTS

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 320.

AN OPEN LETTER
To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now* Chas. H. Fletcher *on every bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought* Chas. H. Fletcher *on the and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher M.D.

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Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

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This we are prepared to answer for those contemplating Printing of every description. Write us and state your wishes fully. An experience extending over many years in the business is at the disposal of those who value the advantages of first-class Printing.

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OAKLAND, MD.

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Tennessee Centennial Exposition, Nashville, Tennessee.

OVER THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY and Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway.

The Southern Railway announces the following low rates from Washington, D. C., to Nashville, Tenn., occasion Tennessee Centennial Exposition:

Season Excursion Tickets will be sold daily, until and including October 15, at $28.75.

Twenty-day Excursion Tickets will be sold daily until October 15, at $21.30.

Ten-day Excursion Tickets will be sold on Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week, until October 26, 1897, at $15.30.

Rates for Military and Students in parties of 25 or more made known upon application.

Lv Baltimore, P. R. R.		9 20 PM	9 32 AM
" Washington, So. Ry		10 43 "	11 15 "
" Danville	"	6 00 AM	6 20 PM
Ar Salisbury (E. T.)	"	9 3	8 50 "
" Asheville (C. T.)	"	2 05 PM	12 12 AM
" Hot Springs	"	4 21 "	1 25 "
" Knoxville	"	7 25 "	4 00 "
" Chattanooga	"	11 30 "	7 50 "
" Nashville, N. C. & St. L. Ry		6 15 AM	1 50 PM

The train leaving Baltimore at 9.20 P. M., daily, carries Pullman Buffet Sleeper New York to Salisbury, uniting with Pullman Sleeper (from Norfolk) to Nashville, Tenn., through "The Land of the Sky," without change.

For full particulars, descriptive matter, etc., call on or address:

J. C. HORTON, Pass. Agent,
106 East German st., Baltimore, Md.
L. S. BROWN, Gen'l Agent Pass. Dept.
W. A. TURK, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
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Full particulars free.
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A. C. HARVEY,
42 S. Third Street, Phila., Pa.
47—3

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of minerals; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,
8—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

JOHN SHARTZER,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

offers his services to the people of Garrett County. Will cry land or personal property sales at any point in the county. 6-97 1yr.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 4, 1897.

To the Editor of The Republican.

President McKinley hasn't got to obtain the confidence of the conservative people—an overwhelming majority—of this country; he has had it for years—earned it by his record in Congress and as Governor of Ohio. No man knows better than he that his enemies and the enemies of the republican party have been hoping ever since the day he was inaugurated that he would commit this government to some radical policy, either domestic or foreign, that would result in checking the prosperity now so generally spread over the country, by creating a scare. But from the day he was nominated, Maj. McKinley has firmly believed that his administration was destined to start the people of the country upon an era of great prosperity, and has been fully determined that it was his duty in harmony with his inclinations, to help along prosperity in every possible way, instead of doing anything that would be likely to retard it. His enemies thought he had fallen into their trap when it was cabled from Europe that an ultimatum has been submitted to Spain, but they were badly mistaken. The proposition submitted to Spain was a peacable one, intended to help along prosperity in the United States, by bringing about peace in Cuba and a restoration of the commerce of $100,000,000 a year we had with the island before the present revolution began, as will be seen when the instructions to Minister Woodford are made public. Maj. McKinley has no ambition to add any new laurels to his military record, but he aspires to have his administration linked in the minds of the people with good times for everybody, believing with most sensible persons that the triumphs of commerce and industry are much better and greater than the triumphs of war.

A vigorous protest against the action of the Board of Naval officers which recommended the establishment of ten new dry docks at various places, without mentioning League Island was made to Secretary Long by Senator Penrose, and Representative Bingham. The Pennsylvanians insisted that League island had always been considered one of the best places in the country for a dry dock as it is situated beyond the reach of hostile guns, in fresh water, and close to the largest supply of labor in the United States. Secretary Long did not indicate his intentions, but he called attention to the Naval Board being only advisory, and said he was not bound to accept their recommendations as his own.

Secretary Wilson's plan of having all the seeds distributed by the Department of Agriculture sent in bulk to Washington and tested before being sent out cannot be carried out, owing to the construction of the act appropriating the money to purchase the seeds. A decision of Comptroller Tracewell, of the Treasury, rendered at the request of Secretary Wilson, says the seeds can only be purchased already put up in packages and labeled for distribution. In his annual report, Secretary Wilson will probably recommend a change in the wording of the seed clause of the next appropriation bill.

Ex-Congressman Niedringhaus, of St. Louis, who is visiting Washington, said. "I think we have entered on a career of prosperity that bids fair to be permanent. I am out of politics now, but believe that everything is favorable to the continuance of the Republican party in power. The administration is proceeding in a cautious and conservative way on all the great questions of the day and is deservedly popular."

Senator Foraker, who passed through Washington on his way from New York, where he was called on important business, to resume his work in the Ohio campaign said the statement that he had left Ohio because of a row with Chairman Dick was a Democratic mistatement, wilfully made. He gave his impression of the situation in Ohio thusly: "It is a foregone conclusion that the Republicans will gain a sweeping victory. I have made several speeches in the state, and from what I have seen and heard, I do not think the Democrats have even a chance to win. The return of prosperity has effectively killed the Democratic issue. No argument can be made against $1 wheat and higher prices for all farm products. The ammunition of the calamity howler is gone and he has nothing left on which he can be kept going. Senator Hanna will be returned and Gov. Bushnell will be re-elected by a large majority." Senator Foraker will resume the stump in Ohio this week, but of course that lie about his having quarreled with chairman Dick and Senator Hanna will continue to occupy a prominent position in the columns of Democratic newspapers of a certain class.

Croup Quickly Cured.

MOUNTAIN GLEN, Ark.—Our children were suffering with croup when we received a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It afforded almost instant relief.—F. A. THORNTON. This celebrated remedy is for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Call for Your Letters.

Warden Smith, Isaac Shultz, J. J. Frice, Jacob Friend, M. C. Menear, Chas. Bornig, Orson J. Carwin, J. V. Dudley, A. P. S. Deem, B. S. Warner (7), Harry French jr., Mrs. Belle McCroble, Mrs. Ellen Loar, Miss M. Turner.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE
Adjoining Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett County, Maryland.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from James B. Sommerville and Agnes H. Sommerville, his wife, Joseph C. Alderson and Mary Price Alderson, his wife, to George P. Willis dated August 1st, 1894, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 27, folio 236, etc., one of the records of Garrett county, I, the undersigned mortgagee, will sell at Public auction to the highest bidder, on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1897,

at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., in front of the postoffice in the town of Oakland, Maryland, all the real estate described in said mortgage to which reference is hereby made for a full and particular description of the property to be sold.

I reside at Loch Lynn Heights and will take pleasure in showing the property to any person who contemplates buying. This is a very valuable property and contains about

ONE HUNDRED ACRES.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash upon the day of sale, as prescribed by said mortgage. Conveyancing at the cost of the purchaser.

A plat of the property may be seen by calling at the office of John Shartzer, Auctioneer, at Oakland, Md.

GEO. P. WHITE, Mortgagee.

JOHN SHARTZER, Auctioneer. 39-4

SHERIFF'S SALE
OF
REAL ESTATE
IN GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county and to me directed, in the case of Henry Baumgardner and John D. Stalles vs. James B. Fowler and Katherina Burger, being No. 16 Judgments to July term, 1897, I did seize, levy upon and take in execution all the right, title and interest of the said James B. Fowler in and to all that tract of land in Garrett county, Maryland, called "Factories," containing 1016¾ acres more or less, and I hereby give notice that I will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all of said tract of land called "Factories," on

Wednesday, October 20th, 1897,

at 11 o'clock a. m., in front of the Court House door in the town of Oakland, to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs and all other costs that may accrue in making said sale.

This being the same property to which the said James B. Fowler acquired title by deed from D. J. Blackistone and others, trustees, dated Sept. 21st, 1897, and recorded among the land records of Garrett county in Liber E. Z. T. No. 32, folio 481.

Said land is situated south of the B. & O. R. R. and about two miles south east of Swanton, Md., and is well timbered and underlaid with coal.

TERMS:—Cash on day of sale.

30-3 *AUSTIN BROWN, Sheriff.*

Election Notice.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF ELECTION FOR GARRETT COUNTY, OAKLAND, MD., October 6, 1897.

Notice is hereby given that an election will be held in Garrett County, in the State of Maryland by the qualified voters thereof, on

Tuesday, the 2d Day of November, 1897,

for one person to be Comptroller of the Treasury of the State of Maryland; one person to be Clerk of the Court of Appeals of the State of Maryland; one person to be a member of the Senate of Maryland; two persons to be members of the House of Delegates of Maryland; two persons to be County Commissioners for Garrett county; one person to be Sheriff of Garrett county; one person to be County Surveyor for Garrett county, and one person to be County Treasurer for Garrett county, and also for or against a proposed amendment to the Constitution of the State of Maryland by adding an additional section to Article 15 thereof, to be known as section 11 of said Article, which reads as follows:

"11. Appointments in the civil service of the State, in the municipalities and counties of the State, shall be made according to merit and fitness, to be ascertained as far as practicable by examination, which shall be competitive, except appointments which are subject to confirmation by the Senate, and the General Assembly shall pass all such laws as may be necessary more fully to carry into effect the provisions of this section."

And the places of said election in the several election districts and precincts in said Garrett county, will be as follows:

District No. 1.—Charles T. West's house in the town of Swanton.

District No. 2.—In the public school building in the town of Friendsville.

District No. 3.—In Guegy's hall in the town of Grantsville.

District No. 4.—Thomas Garvey's store house in the town of Bloomington.

District No. 5.—George L. Englehart's shop in the town of Accident.

District No. 6.—In the public school building in the town of McHenry.

District No. 7.—First Precinct.—Thomas Martin's store room, corner Third and Oak streets, Oakland.

District No. 7.—Second Precinct.—In the office of the Supervisors of Elections, in Shartzer's Opera House, on Green street, Oakland.

District No. 8.—At the old Hoye place on the Northwestern turnpike.

District No. 9.—At the shop of Samuel Johnson on the National road.

District No. 10.—In Mrs. Francis Chidester's store room in the town of Deer Park.

District No. 11.—At the residence of Peter McIntyre.

District No. 12.—At Henry Bittinger's shop in the town of Bittinger.

The polls of said election will be opened in each and every election district of said county, at the above places of holding the polls, at 8 o'clock a. m., and will close at 6 o'clock p. m.

A. G. STRIGHT, President,
J. ALVIN FRIEND,
FRED. C. RIES,
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk. 31-1

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Archibald C. Biggs vs. Jane Biggs.

No. 830 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Maryland.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Jane Biggs to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county on or before the 28th day of October, 1897, as I will on that day proceed to state an audit distributing the funds in the hands of James C. Peddicord, trustee.

E 31-td EDWARD H. SINCELL, Auditor.

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OAKLAND, MD.,
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Furniture,
Carpets,
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GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

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FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.
31—26

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Four courses of instruction—Agricultural, Mechanical, Scientific, Classical.

Each department supplied with the most modern and approved apparatus. Practical work emphasized in all departments. Graduates qualified at once to enter upon their life's work. Boarding department supplied with all modern improvements; bath rooms, steam heat and gas. Books, room, heat, light, washing, board medical attendance, $151 for scholastic year. $5 caution money on entering. $6 for material for each practical laboratory. A 128 page catalogue, giving full particulars, sent on application. Daily sanitary inspection by physician to the college. Attention is called to the short course of ten weeks in agriculture. Particulars sent on application. Term commences September 15th. Early application necessary for admittance.

R. W. SILVESTER,
President M. A. C.
21-38.

I HAVE PURCHASED
THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conneway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT
COAL,
KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Glessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

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BICYCLES and BICYCLE REPAIRING.

Full line of Bicycle Sundries carried in stock.

MYERS PUMPS, Hose, Galvanized and Iron Pipe, Steam and Hot Water Fittings.

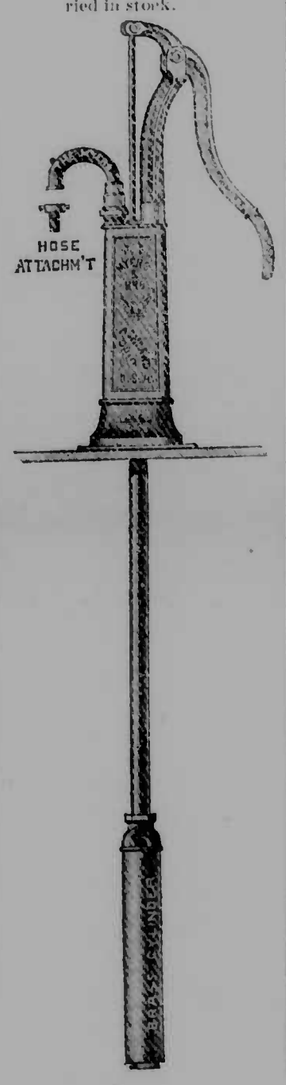

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Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 45—1yr

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OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

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Particular attention given to Conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. feb4-1y

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND,

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10 6

D. J. G. ROBINSON, DENTIST,
Felty Building, Opposite Postoffice,
OAKLAND, MD.
GAS ADMINISTERED. 50-97

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Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

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Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 8 to 9 p. m., from June to October and from October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

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Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate
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AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1897.

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PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
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Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties, Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

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-: REAL :- ESTATE -: AGENTS, :-
OAKLAND, MD.
40—1yr. Office, Shartzer's Opera House.

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LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including train ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. '88 26tf

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D. E. OFFUTT, President.
H. S. HAMILL, V. President.
S. T. JONES, Cashier.
A General Banking business transacted
Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, May 16, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily	3.09 A. M
No. 3—Daily	5.28 A. M
No. 71—Accom daily except Sun	9.28 A. M
No. 47—Daily	1.26 P. M
No. 55—Express, daily	5.15 P. M
No. 1—Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily	5.59 A. M
No. 2—Daily	6.41 A. M
No. 72—Accom daily except Sun	5.08 P. M
No. 46—Daily	4.43 P. M
No. 4—Daily	12.29 A. M
No. 14—Accommodation	10.12 A. M

Train No. 55 makes no stops between Oakland and Grafton. No. 47 makes all stops.

D. B. MARTIN,
Manager of Passenger Traffic.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO. IN EFFECT JULY 18, 1897.

SOUTHWARD No. 3	No. 1	STATIONS		NORTHWARD No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.			NOON	P. M.
3 00*	8 00‡	lv	Cumberland ar	*12 00	‡7 30
3 20	8 20		Rawlings	11 31	7 01
3 52	8 52		Keyser	11 08	6 38
4 05	9 05		Westernport	10 55	6 25
4 09	9 09		W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	6 18
4 37	9 35		Shaw	10 24	5 56
5 02	10 00		Harrison	9 56	‡5 26
6 15	10 45*	ar	Elk Garden	9 00	*1 00
5 35	10 5‡	lv	Gorman	9 24	4 54
5 42	10 12		Bayard	9 19	4 49
5 54	10 51		Doblin	9 09	4 39
6 27	11 27		Thomas	8 38	4 08
6 55	11 55	ar	Davis	7 55	3 15
6 31	11 31	lv	Coketon	8 31	4 01
7 01	12 01		Hendricks	8 00	3 30
7 07	12 07		Bretz	7 53	3 23
7 10	12 10		Parsons	7 50	3 20
7 45	12 45		Kerens	7 15	2 45
8 00	1 00‡	ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	‡2 30
	1 30*	ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
	3 05*	ar	Beallington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.				A. M. A. M

‡Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1897. NUMBER 32.

POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

SILVER and wheat keep together. Yes. They are both about a dollar a bushel.

WANTED! Three silver envoys who went to Japan to see what Japan meant by stabbing silver in the neck. Report two weeks overdue.

THE quarantine against Mr. Bryan is still rigorously maintained in Ohio, Maryland, New York, and all other states where the Democrats think they have any show of success.

TAMMANY'S tiger has given Mr. Bryan the rough paw. He besought the New Yorkers to make silver the issue of their campaign, and they deliberately turned his proposition down.

THE calamity howlers should take off their smoked glasses and look around. They will find that the factory smoke in the sky will protect their orbs from the too dazzling beams of the McKinley prosperity.

THE receipts under the new tariff law are steadily mounting upward. For the second half of August, the first half of September, and the second half of September they were, respectively in round number, $9,000,000, $10,000,000, $11,000,000.

IT IS about the time of year for "Professor" Wilson to make another "explanation" on the interesting question of tariff bills. He probably has not yet had time to examine the workings of the Dingley bill, or to compare it with his own effort in that line.

THE sound-money Democrats see now that they were wise in standing firmly against the silver craze. It is being abandoned by even the men who led last year's fight, and the bulk of the Democracy is making ready to fall in line with the former leaders of the party.

IT IS very kind of ex-Congressman Towne to keep out of Ohio during this closing month of the campaign, and thus relieve Chairman O'Myers of the necessity of resorting to "government by injunction" to rid the Democracy of his utterance in support of the free silver platform, which they are now keeping carefully in the back ground.

HAVE the gold bugs captured Colorado? That State, it is now announced, will add $20,000,000 to the gold of the country this year from her own mines, and it is probable that the total gold production of the world in 1897 will aggregate $250,000,000 to a sum vastly greater than is needed to keep a pace with the growth of population and business of the world.

THE demand for Mr. Bryan as a speech-maker seems to be waning. It is now announced that he has "consented" to appear at an Arkansas county fair and make a short speech for $500. This is a big drop from the $1,500 figure which he made for the Ohio Democrats. Come to think of it, the Ohio people did not close with his $1,500 proposition.

THOSE Idasted Britishers continue to send over gold into this country. Every few days bring announcements of another shipment of British gold and appeals are made for its acceptance by the Treasury, which now has more of the yellow metal than it needs. Are they determined to embarrass the Republican administration by forcing gold into the Treasury when it does not want it?

PROTECTION means increased manufactures at home.

Increased manufactures mean increased employment.

Increased employment means increased earnings.

Increased earnings mean increased consumption.

Increased consumption means increased demand for articles consumed.

Increased demand for articles consumed means increased prices.

Do you understand now how it is that all articles which the farmer has to sell have advanced in prices.

Swanton.

J. D. Ashenfelter is building a new house upon his farm.

W. H. Lohr, of Bittinger, will teach the Swanton school this winter. Wade has many friends here.

Trade is booming.

L. T. Duckworth will teach the Painter school. He will make an efficient teacher.

Miss Nannie Miller and Master Herbert West are attending school at Keyser.

THE LAND OF TREASURE.

Our Special Correspondent Makes a Trip to the "Impassable Passes."

MANY DISCOURAGED GOLD SEEKERS.

The Passes are Closed for the Winter with Many Hundreds of Men Stranded—Tons of Provision Thrown Along the Trails.

My trip to the Chilkoot and White passes has been a great treat, and, although I failed to send a letter last week, I have enough very interesting notes that would make a dozen letters of ten columns each. The round trip to the passes can be made in two weeks with plenty of time to inspect the trails, and the expense need not be over $60 all told.

There are people up there from all parts of the United States, and the whole world besides. Men are there fresh from [illegible] from Australia and Europe. Every state in the Union is represented, and the strangest thing about the people you meet there is the fact that they are not, as a rule, discouraged although encountering the most trying hardships. But, of course, there are exceptions, and you find men who denounce everything connected with Klondike and Alaska. This is especially true on the Skaguay or White pass, where many have lost all their outfits and have spent all their money trying to get over the most damnable scratch on the face of a mountain that ever was designated as a "pass." There never was a pass there and probably never will be one. Some surveyors blazed a way along the side of the mountain last summer, and then a number of men who were interested in a possible railway into the interior announced that "the trail was open" and the people rushed in like so many sheep. They have struggled for so many weeks in the sand and over the rocks, and not over 500 out of 3000 got over the "impassable pass."

Up the trail from Skaguay there is enough provisions going to waste, to load a ship. They were thrown away by men who thought to get through by thus reducing their packs. There are bags of beans, flour, potatoes, bacon and ham scattered along the trail for miles. To one side a few feet in the brush, a big Saratoga trunk may be seen, a few miles from Skaguay. The person who cast it off started out with the idea that she or he would need it along the trail. Her counterpart in a man brought up a bicycle. What nonsence! Another man took canvas to carry his gold nuggets out!

There are dead horses by the hundred along the trail. They are better dead than alive. Their horrible sufferings are ended. For days some of them had carried packs along the trail with blood gushing from wounds at every step. After working all day they were frequently left standing all night in the rain without a blanket on and without anything to eat. They could not rest without floundering in the mud and slush and that they would not do until too weak to stand up. Their owners would not return for food, and sometimes fed them on beans and flour. Really the suffering of the horses on the Skaguay trail is one of the saddest subjects to dwell on in connection with the Klondike excitement. And, I am told, a horse could not carry food enough for it to live on and reach the summit of the White pass, to say nothing of carrying packs. And yet most Klondikers who return say they dare not tell the true situation up there for fear of trouble when they return in the spring!

While at Sheep Camp, on the Chilkoot trail, a man came in at night with his last load of goods. The horses had been faithfully packing for him all day. He had plenty of hay and oats, but they were valuable and could be sold at fancy prices. So, when the last pound of the master's pack was unloaded, the hungry and tired horses were taken aside a few yards in the brush and their brains were blown out. They were not worth the food that would sustain them. But such a fate was more merciful than to turn them loose, as was done in many instances, and allow them to starve to death or die in great agony from eating poisonous moss and roots.

But men have suffered on the trails too. After working ahead for a month on the Skagnay trail, men have at last arrived at the conclusion that they could not get over the "impassable pass." All their money had been expended in trying to get to the goal, their goods were worthless, so far inland, it would neither pay to bring the goods out or attempt to carry them along. Then the weary seeker for gold had to do one of two things, remain with his pack and live off it, or abandon it altogether. One man, in particular, after having been robbed of $1400, pressed on fourteen miles over the Skagnay trail. Finally it dawned upon him that he could not possible get to the lakes, and he quietly, without saying a word to any one, closed his tent over his $800 outfit and deliberately walked down to Skagnay and bought a ticket for Puget Sound, and will return to San Francisco.

He had had enough Klondike and will not return. He was one of the many who had to get to Klondike "right away quick, or bust."

Speaking of people being robbed there is a flim-flamming outfit on the Dyea trail that is fleecing fools who cannot keep company with their money. The boss "flim-flammer" simply runs a "shell game." He plants himself along the trail and when the tender foot comes along his pals, or cappers, one carrying a pack, another carrying a shovel and still a third having some camp utensils, approach and begin to bet. The simpleton with his money burning in his pocket, also draws near and joins in, with the result that he is fleeced. If he went on attending to his business he would not be robbed.

But there are all kinds of people on the trails. Some are there because they were not wanted where they came from. Others are simply desperadoes, but the bulk of them are honest men who are a little head-strong about getting into the Klondike "right away quick." Many are bank clerks and office men who know nothing of hardships, but most of them are plucky and have too much pride to give up, especially if they have been grubstaked by friends in the east. Many of them will get a setback this winter, but nearly all hope to proceed in the spring.

Were it not for noble women, wives, sisters and mothers, some of the men on the trails would become desperate. They admit this and sometimes there are tears in their voices, for not a few have mortgaged all they have on earth to buy an outfit and make the unfortunate start for Klondike in the fall instead of waiting until the spring. It is a great wonder there [illegible] been many suicides and murders. But as a rule those who started with a Winchester, two revolvers and a hatchet put such weapons of defence aside on the trails, and sympathize with those who, like themselves, need sympathy. In times of desperation the women have cheered up their husbands, brothers and sons. They have kept the camp home-like, and above all, have prepared whole, strength-giving meals for the wet and tired packers. About forty women have gone over or are on the trails or at the lakes at the headwaters of the Yukon. One party of ten, however, is shunned by all respectable women, and for good and sufficient reasons.

Some of the women wear short dresses. In a few instances they resorted to men's trousers, but, as a rule they wear the same cut of dress as worn by them at home. One woman a young English woman, were on the steamer going to Dyea, a dress that did not reach to her knees, that is it did not come down to her knees. She also wore a sweater, and, as one educated and cultured gentleman remarked, "she looked like the devil!"

One little French woman was in Paris, France, less than a month from the time she reached Lake Linderman. She was a bride and with her husband, a stately Frenchman, arrived at Tacoma en route for Klondike on the fifteenth day after leaving Paris. She had an exciting encounter with a band of 100 Chilkat Indians, an account of which will be "first out" in next week's letter.

As a sort of woman's "P. S." I will say the trails and passes are closed for the season, that there are about 500 people "stalled" at Lake Linderman, that over 1,000 were "stranded" on the Skaguay or White Pass, most of whom are in a most deplorable and wretched condition, and that the so-called "avalanche," "land slide" "deluge," etc., at Sheep Camp, on the morning of September 18, was really a comparatively harmless affair, that there has been no lynching bees anywhere up there, and newspapers and boomers that misled and bamboozled people into attempting to get into Klondike this fall, will have far more trouble getting into heaven than a camel will experience in passing through the eye of a very small needle.

THOMAS SAMMONS.

Frederick Fair. Reduced Rates via. B. & O.

The Great Frederick Fair will open its gate Tuesday, October 19th, and close Friday, October 22d. The management has spared neither time nor expense to make this years exhibit eclipse all former efforts. The races will be very fine. Some of the best stables in the country will enter, and a large and fast field is assured. The liberal premiums offered have attracted a large number of exhibitors, and every department will be full and complete.

The B. & O. has arranged to sell excursion tickets daily during the Fair, good until the 23rd, from Baltimore, Washington, Hagerstown, Grafton, Strasburg Junction and all intermediate ticket stations, at one single fare for the round trip, with fifty cents added for admission.

Special train and rates, Thursday, October 21st.

Selbysport.

Our school opened with Prof. A. W. DeWitt as principal and Miss Deal assistant. Much is expected of our new teachers. We have a very bright lot of scholars here, and with an effort on the part of the teachers we should have a school second to none in the county. Now, parents, do your part and if the teachers fail to do theirs well we will be very much disappointed.

Jonas Frazee is nursing a badly sprained ankle. Politics coming to a head, we think.

C. E. Frazee, J. C. Fike and Mac. Bennison, of Pittsburg, Pa., were visiting relatives in our town Sunday.

Jasper Frazee has been confined to his bed for a week with a carbuncle on his knee. He is able to be out again this week, but his walking powers are not so good as they were.

We are just beginning to learn that there is an election this fall.

Our Democratic friends are claiming everything in sight. We don't blame them, for after the election we know they can't claim anything. Our party is becoming more united and by November 2d we will be able to give our usual large majority.

Burning, itching skin diseases instantly relieved by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, unequalled for cuts, bruises, burns. It heals without leaving a scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

Farmers, take your potatoes to Dixon & Kelso; they will pay the highest price in cash or trade. 31-3

SOME RAMBLING THOUGHTS.

BY "SEMO."

[Copyrighted by Rawe & Tabor.]

TO YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES:—Come now let Fanny lead us over the fields, bared of their crops. It is a human privilege to think, and we do not half live unless we live in order to think, and most of us will not half live unless we think in order to live. With this slight digression let us turn to the bare fields. One thought at least we must take away. The winter is to me a type of old age. For then do the people live on the crops gathered in autumn after a summer of attention following a spring of seeding. That is old age exactly—a time for feeding on the stores of memory. Little food in winter means much hunger, cold and suffering. Little of wise, kind noble action and thought to look back upon, means an old age of nagging regrets, empty hands, and a shrunken chilled heart. Come now, there is no escaping that conclusion. Every day is adding to your store of old-age memories. What are they to be? Firm grains on which you can feed, or husks and off-scourings unfit for a human being?

* * *

Let us venture on another thought: You cannot name a step in the whole history of a crop that is unimportant. What about plowing? It must be seasonably done and well. What about fertilizing? Suited to the soil and crop. Sowing? Done with the best available seed. And as for cultivating? Life and vigor are only brought by apparently endangering both in the seeding. And so on, and so on:—your active brains having already possibly outrun me. Turn the thought on yourself! Why should you venture in your springtime to endanger winter stores by letting the happy years of joyous, wholesome youth become mere catchalls for amusements and thoughts that later you would fain forget. The mind is so whimsical an organ that those things we need to recall, often most easily escape us and the things that are of no gain to us we must tenaciously remember.

* * *

Yet no field is free entirely from weeds. We scarcely know how they come. Nor can twenty years pass over our heads in the spring-time of life without the accumulation of mental weeds. The chief thing is to recognize the difference between them and the good growth, and then, "Cultivate, cultivate, cultivate," persistently covering the foul growths so that they do not choke the good. You have to stern about such doings, for you cannot possibly show me a food-plant that has anything like the vitality of a weed.

Work with a will; for the summer day
Slips like a stealthy snake away.
Nothing will tell that its hours are by—
Nought but the grain or the fruitless cry.

* * *

How often too the husbandman actually endangers the growing stalk to pull away from its very roots a weed that would soon rob it of its nourishment. He is cruel to be kind. He endangers life to save it. Thus must you do, if you would be wise and happy. Bad habits, some of them not only unwise but positively injurious cannot grow, entwined around the good, without weakening the good. Imitate the husbandman's ways and wrench them out, though the doing of it shakes your very stability for a time. The good will untimately take stronger and better growth; never fear about that.

* * *

The little weed looks so harmless at first, but the wise man sees ahead and knows the risk of unclean fields. The flippant jokes about the purity of men and women are small in their way, but the end is an unclean mind, and an unclean mind in old age is one of the most woe-begone, unworthy-developed, and unsatisfactory products of human life that you can possibly meet. So wrench and tug at the things that universal experience says are noxious, and not good for mental food—wrench and tug and out with them, however much it may hurt! The end, in this case, will justify the means.

* * *

One more lesson from the field, scarcely related to the above and yet useful perhaps to you in filling you with the dignity of living. The grain of the present fields has, under cultivation, advanced somewhat upon the grain of the ancients. Its needs are better understood, and etc. Yet its possibilities for improvement are only slight. But what about a human being, yourself for instance? When maize was already maize, and the beaver already built its dam, your ancestors and mine were savages dwelling in caves. The seed and the beast are still the same, but man is monarch of earth, is assaulting the air, and is bombarding the heavens with his scientific instruments. Look at Nature around for many lessons, but look at man and his attainments to be thrilled with the glories of humanity. To think that the little cooing infant, personally just as ignorant as and more feeble than the cooing infant of the early ages, can so drink in the accumulated wisdom of all time, that a few years' study enables him to start where the great before him have left off—astronomy in relation to Newton for instance—will make you marvel that any should speak unworthily of our race, or draw back from a share in its deeds. It is above the rest of animated nature. Where animals combine for defence, always in the same way for ages past, we move forward into new combinations, undreamed of by our ancestors but possible by their own leadings in that direction; where animals show skill in all the details of their work, we show greater as time passes and leap onward from pinnacle to pinnacle of ability till the present day dawned. While the race lasts the same growth will go on if the same conditions are complied with. The gains of the past fill us with wonderment and then comes the longing for these eyes to see what the eyes of our children's children shall behold in their old age. The heart reels in contemplation.

BRAVERY OF WOMEN.

By Lady Cook, nee Tennessee C. Claflin.

It is said by an excellent Divine, "That though many discoveries have been made in the world of self-love, there is yet abundance of 'terra incognita' left behind. It has pleased men to arrogate to themselves nearly the whole of human courage and to regard women as very timid and cowardly creatures when compared with themselves. Now we do not deny that some women occasionally have little affectations which give a colour to this opinion. These are scared at meeting a harmless cow or oxen, as though they were ferocious bulls. They jump in terror on a chair at the sight of a mouse. All these, however are errors of education, just as boys are taught from the cradle to despise girls for their supposed want of bravery, and grow to manhood without seeing their mistake. Yet Mandeville in his "Search into the Nature of Society," avers that "Man, as he is a fearful animal, naturally not rapacious, loves Peace and Quiet, and he would never fight, if nobody offended him, and he could have what he fights for without it." This may be true of man as a savage. But civilization gives so much skill and dissipates so many errors and terrors, that men have learnt to be quarrelsome, courageous, and self-reliant. It would be natural to suppose the mothers and sisters would be brave also. We look for cognate qualities in both sexes of other animals, and are not disappointed. Why should mankind be an exception? Why should it be imagined that men have all the courage and women a monopoly of timidity? Simply because of men's stupendous self-conceit. The majority have never given the subject a rational thought. They have excluded women from their own favorite fields for the display of bravery, and then pride themselves upon their vast superiority. But, whenever women have had equal opportunities, they have proved themselves no despicable competitors with men in physical courage, and far ahead of them is moral fearlessness.

At a time like the present, when public attention is largely drawn to a comparative view of the qualities of both sexes, it may be profitable to draw attention to the bravery of women. We do not desire to undervalue the conspicuous valour of men. On the contrary, we are proud to recognize it to the full. We only wish to point out that women are capable of the same great quality to a profitable degree, and that, therefore, it should be encouraged in them as well as in men. If the men refuse, let women exhort each other.

A modern historian says, "Moral and rational faculties may alike be dormant, and they will certainly be so if men are wholly immersed in the gratification of their senses. Man is like a plant, which requires a favorable soil for the full expansion of its innate powers." If men had been shut, as women have, from the exercise of their physical faculties, is it certain they would have developed excess of physical powers?

Notwithstanding her social disadvantages in this respect, woman has made her mark in the annals of bravery. History affords numerous examples of great heroines, many of them, too, at a time when her general position was that of a slave, but we can only note a few. Leaena of Attica, bore the severest torture without a word. Telesilla, the poetess, made the Argolic women fearless of death, and discomforted the Spartans. Theodore saved the Eastern Empire. Artemisia drank the ashes of her consort. Camilla, Queen of the Volscians, was slain fighting at the head of her troops. Boadicea encountered the veterans of Rome. The Maid of Orleans drove the English from France. Arria stabbed herself to encourage her husband to die. "See, it does not hurt, dear Paetus," she said. The tales of martyrdom are fertile of heroic women. Young maidens met the most horrible deaths with placid contempt, if not with vehement joy. No fiendish tortures that devils could devise were able to shake the fortitude of numberless brave women. Whether under Nero or the Bishops, under the Inquisition or the French Revolutionaries, it was noted with surprise and admiration that the women died more bravely than the men. With what grace and calmness, and infinite calmness for others, did Anne Boleyn and Mary of Scotland lay their fair necks upon the block. Even the fearless Raleigh suffers by comparison, for their queenly dignity excelled his half-jocular carelessness.

When we come to physical self sacrifice, to giving one's life to save the most dear to us, women stand almost alone. Whether to suck a poisoned wound, or to intervene and receive the assassin's dagger, or to nurse the wounded in the midst of battle, or watch by the couch of pestilence and death, or to commit suicide to save their own and their husbands' honor, they have acted without a parallel on the part of men. Woman's love is stronger than her fears, and there is no sacrifice which she will not cheerfully make for him who sways her heart. What she does by impulse man feebly tries to do by calculation.

But it is in moral courage that woman shines. Just as the greater strength and training of man makes him physically superior, so the moral strength and training of woman makes him morally her inferior. In loyalty, truthfulness, chastity, fidelity, pity, sobriety, honesty, and general perseverence in well-doing, she is immeasurably above him. This has been noticed by great writers in every age, and it would not be difficult to discover why she is so much man's moral superior. Mandeville thought it was because her brain was more accurately balanced. We think, however, that it is largely owing to a higher standard of moral conduct having been constantly demanded from her from remotest times. But she must insist upon further physical advancement, and man should look to his morals, that sexual harmony may result.

It is no wonder that the crowds and narrow-hearted among the men are bitterly opposed to the "New Woman." They see "the road of empire" slipping from their grasp, and feel that their brute force and cunning cannot save them. Women are already men's moral superiors, and are fast becoming their intellectual equals. Their physique is improving more rapidly than the men's. Altogether, the outlook assures us of sexual quality at no far distant date. Whenever it arrives, it will give a universal impetus to progress, and mark a new and happier era for humanity, for Right, not Might, will govern, and the worthiest wear the crown. The brave women of the past and present will then be revered as the daring pioneers in the discovery of a New Heaven and a New Earth.

Communicated.

To the Editor of The Republican.

Please allow me space in your columns to say a word to the Republican voters of District No. 2.

For several days past I have noticed the Democratic candidates in Friendsville who are busy throwing firebrands into our camp at every available opportunity. In this manner they hope to keep some two or three kickers at work for their personal benefit. The question narrows down to this: Should any true Republican be influenced by some one who did not get his personal feelings gratified and allow a majority of our candidates to suffer defeat simply on account of this? Is it fair or is it right. Can you rely upon those who pretend to be your friends and friends of the Republican party when they come to you and insist that you cut your ticket, especially the head when it is to the interest of our whole county and State to elect a Republican Legislature? Remember, voters, the Legislature elected on Nov. 2 will be called upon to choose a United States Senator to serve for a term of six years and the defeat of even one candidate in Garrett county may means the defeat of a Republican United States Senator.

Neighbor Republicans, let us see to it that the banner Republican district of Garrett does not lose a single vote, but rather that her majority may be increased ten fold. Let us furnish the material to forever bury the Democrats in this county and now is our opportunity.

To our Democratic brand-throwers: Do your best to spur on the kicker; you are bound to lose the race; I have had experience enough to know that a kicker is not safe. Feed us on $1 wheat bought with a one-hundred cent dollar without any Democratic chaff in it and then on on the 2nd of November you will hear from us in old No. 2.

A REPUBLICAN.

Bittinger.

Politics ready to boil.

Our public school opened last Monday with Mr. Daniel Orendorf, of this place as principal, and Miss Gertie Hone, of Mineral Springs, assistant.

Mr. Amos Reckner is erecting a large dwelling house on his farm near here.

Asa Orendorf, accompanied by Miss Ardella Stark, were visiting friends near Chestnut Springs, Pa., Sunday last.

S. O. Wiley and F. M. Bittinger are digging the black diamonds in Geo. Ruckle's coal mine.

Lloyd Brenneman was the guest of Mr. C. E. Ellithorp Sunday evening.

John L. Beachy and brother Chris. are digging coal for Joel Bender.

Luther Ralston talks of going to West Virginia to help slay the great giants of the forest.

We have been told that the Barkholder boys cut a bee tree not long ago that contained ten gallons of honey.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD

THE SECRET OF THE WOOD.

The bards of old sang Aready,
Where nimble dryads tripped the glen;
Ah, would our hearts could wiser be,
Yet keep the olden joy of men!
For me the woods still weave a spell
Within their aisles of fragrant green,
And fancies come no doubt can quell,
And whisper oft of forms unseen.

Or nymphs, or elves, not mine to name
The beings strange I feel so near,
A quiver steals along my frame,
An eerie thrill too faint for fear.
Ah, what was that? A leaflet? No!
That glided through the dappled air.
I felt it come, I felt it go;
It touched my cheek and stroked my hair.

'Tis fled; and now a murmur swells
Companioned by a scent so sweet,
Of rites mysterious it tells,
And viewless censors frail and fleet.
I strive to catch the whispered prayer
That floats along the forest nook
Before it fades in cadence rare
Blent with the tinkle of the brook.

Still deeper down the verdant way
A quaking leaf, not zephyr-fanned,
Lures on my feet: I must obey
The beckoning of an unseen hand.
Such slender film two worlds divides,
No longer far that finer air
Within whose depths a secret hides
Illimitably great and fair.

A secret 'tis to soothe and bless
The aching thirst of restless hearts
Who only feel life's bitterness,
Unanswered longings, poisoned smarts.
A secret 'tis no chemist's fire,
No philosophic search can wrest;
'Twill only gladden his desire
Who kneels and lists at Nature's breast.

Though much he known, still more remains;
We cannot tell what yet may be.
We dull our senses with fruitless gains;
With clouded eyes how can we see?
The Heaven we deem so faint and far,
Past planet mild or Milky Way,
Who knows it lies in some fair star,
And not around our path to-day?

Perhaps not in the sullied mart,
Where priests of fraud and Mammon meet,
But in some purer place apart,
Where blossoms blow and light winds greet;
Where hills and vales in verdure new
Stretch 'neath a sky of perfect peace,
Or 'mid the isles of ocean blue,
Whose tuneful murmurs never cease.
It may be so; and when we go
Far from the crush of toiling men,
Where green boughs wave and brooklets flow,
There may be forms around us then
By us unseen, whose bosoms yearn
To minister and soothe our pain;
And that is why refreshed we turn
To lift the daily cross again.

'Mid woods and fields how sweet it were,
At dewy morn and twilight bland,
To feel in summer winds astir
Caresses of some vanished hand;
To know the haunting fragrance mild
Was not the flowerets gift alone,
But came from lips that loved and smiled,
And love us still though silent grown.
—Samuel Minturn Peck, in N. Y. Independent.

A BICYCLE ROMANCE.

IT WAS a wretched-looking old bike, and for antiquity would have taken first prize anywhere. My disappointment was intense, and tears of mortification sprang to my eyes, but I forced them back as I noticed the look of anxiety on the face of the old man beside me, who inquired, with some emotion: "Have you got a cold, Kathie? Your eyes are wet." "Yes, Uncle Thomas," I replied, "and summer colds are so hard to get rid of; but never mind my cold; thank you so much for buying me the bicycle."

"Well, dearie," he replied, "it's not quite a new one, but I thought it would do for you to learn on." Oh, how I did wish he would go away and let me have a good cry; but as he hung about I had to mount and take a few turns round the garden, much to his delight, and he rubbed his hands, exclaiming: "Well done, little girl! You'll be there before any of them, you bet!" At last he went indoors, and, hiding myself in the summer house, I wept copiously. What should I do? Get my prayer book and keep on repeating the collect for rain? Stay in bed the next day and pretend my cold was worse? No, neither of these resources would do; and even if it rained all night, which was not in the least likely, I would have to put in an appearance on the morrow. Well, there was one spice of comfort left—the roads were inches deep with fine, white dust. I would start early and get a good covering of it over poor uncle's gift, and then perhaps some of its many deficiencies might be hid; and then, being naturally light-hearted, I dried my tears and went in to prepare tea, that being a duty I did not allow our little maid to interfere with. My mother and I had lived alone for many years, my father, who had died when I was three years old, being only a memory to me. He had been captain and owner of a merchantman, but he had only been able to leave a very moderate independency for my mother, so we two had always lived very quietly, and it was quite an event in our lives when a letter came from 'Frisco telling that my mother's only relative was coming home after an absence of 40 years. I had never seen my quiet mother so excited over anything. He was her mother's only brother, and she had only a very dim recollection of his going away.

"I am afraid, Kathie," she said, "that uncle is only a poor man; for, although he has corresponded with me at long intervals, he has never mentioned his affairs. Still, I am pleased to think he is coming." Well, Uncle Thomas followed closely on his letter; and, true, enough, his affairs did not seem to have flourished, for his clothes were quite threadbare and his luggage of the scantiest. Like most girls of the present day, my great ambition was to own a bicycle, but, unfortunately, the buying of one was quite out of the question, although I would ride well enough, my companion, Florrie Floyd, the doctor's only daughter, having let me learn on hers.

So, after once more discussing the matter over with mother, I had to reluctantly give up all idea of joining the picnic, and I had so longed to go; for one thing, it was the first time Sir Walter's demesne had ever been accessible, and that in itself made me more anxious to see the beautiful grounds that had always been so jealously guarded from intrusion. Sir Walter had died six months before, and the heir that he had never seen had given permission for this special party to hold their meet in his demesne; and, by the way, he had not seen the place himself, but was expected to arrive at an early date. Perhaps I ought to have said that his agent had given the doctor's party leave to see the grounds, and not he. Well, after mother had succeeded in convincing me of her inability to get me even a second-hand mount, Uncle Thomas had unexpectedly chimed in by saying: "Well, Kathie, if you don't mind having a very first-class bike, I'll get you one." I was both astonished and delighted, and kissed the old man effusively and went to bed quite happy; and now, just before the day of the meet, he had brought this monstrosity! Well, I must not be too hard on the old man, but I wished he had bought himself a new coat instead. The collect for rain was unanswered; so was my desire for sudden sickness. I never felt better in my life, and the sky was cloudless, so there was nothing for it but to put a bold face on the inevitable, and at the time appointed I started, watched from the gate by my evidently admiring uncle. Creak, creak, went the old ramshackle. It was awful! What should I do when I joined the others, every one of whom owned a first-class mount? Should I turn back and pretend that I had a spill? Oh, there was no pretense required, for, giving an extra groan, my mount collapsed and it and I rolled over into the dust below. When I picked myself up I found the rim off and the spokes all twisted and broken; there was nothing for it but to drag the remains back to the cottage and take up my daily duties, and, while feeling sorry for uncle's disappointment, I could not but rejoice at my escape from the criticisms of Florrie and her friends.

Still, there was no use hurrying; the day was lovely. So, dragging my wheel to a shady bank, I sat down and began to make a daisy chain, and had almost completed it when a gig drove rapidly round the corner. I was on the wrong side of the road, and right in its track. It took the driver all his time to pull up to escape driving over me, and jumping quickly to my feet I tried to get my unfortunate bike out of the way, but it was useless; its ruin was complete. Quickly descending, the driver showed great concern at what he called his stupidity, but I only laughed, and informed him that he had only completed the wreck; and, almost before I knew what I was about, I told the whole story of my uncle's gift and my disappointment. He seemed quite amused at the recital, and then told me that he himself was just going to Cliff Court, Sir Walter's demesne, and would have great pleasure in driving me there. I was not hard to persuade, and after he had helped me to place the remains of my bicycle carefully behind the hedge, off we started, passing on the road the doctor and his guests. So after all it was I who got the first glimpse of the beautiful court, and

MY MOUNT COLLAPSED.

stood on the terrace among the strutting peacocks when the others arrived, "for all the world," Florrie said, as though I "owned the place, and was waiting to receive them as guests." I should say my companion en route left me on our arrival, saying his business was with the agent, and just as the others arrived he returned, saying the agent had given him permission to take us not only over the grounds, but through the court itself. Such a thing had never been heard of before and caused great excitement among us. It would take me a week to tell of the beauties of one of the most stately of "the stately homes of England."

We all wandered at will through the magnificent picture galleries and superb reception rooms; and then to our intense surprise found a choice lunch awaiting us in the great dining hall, where befrilled dames of hundreds of years ago looked down in haughty disdain on us, as though resenting our intrusion; and ancient knights leaned on their swords and seemed to look us through and through. But the day waned, and much to our regret the time for starting homeward came. It was only then I began to wonder how I was to get there; but my knight of the morning again offered me a seat, and off we drove, leaving the others to follow. The drive through the fragrant country lanes was most enjoyable, and my companion very entertaining, telling me of many foreign lands through which he had traveled, and was describing a visit to the ice palace of St. Petersburg when we reached the spot where should have been the remains of my poor bike; but search as we would we could find no trace of them. I was greatly upset at this, but my companion said perhaps it was best so, and then my uncle would not feel grieved at the state of his gift. Well, quite suddenly a feeling of great shyness came over me and I began to realize how free I had been with a complete stranger, and wondered what mother would think of it all. So I said I would not get into the gig again, but would walk home and make my explanations as best I could.

My friend would gladly have accompanied me, but this I refused, and shyly holding out my hand, said: "Good-by; you have been very good to me, and I thank you for helping me to-day." But he only laughed, and said: "It must not be good-by, but only good-day, for I will be engaged with the agent at Cliff Court for about a month, and I hope you will let me call on your mother and yourself." He watched me out of sight, and as I neared home I wonder how I could tell Uncle Thomas of the disaster to my bicycle; but there was no need of explanations, for on reaching home I found poor uncle had met with a sad accident, having fallen from a ladder he had mounted in order to fasten a climbing rose tree above his bedroom window. One of his legs was badly broken, and he had received other serious injuries. Still, he managed to ask me if I had had "a happy day," when I stood crying at his bedside. "Oh, yes, dear uncle," I replied, "the happiest day in my life, I am sure," on hearing which he smiled feebly and then lapsed into unconsciousness. He was in great danger for weeks, and when my knight of the picnic called I could only see him for a moment or two. He left his card for mother and the name on it was "Mark Urquart." Well, it became a daily thing for him to call to inquire how our invalid progressed, and sometimes I sat in the old summer house with him; but I did not understand the hold he had got on my heart till he told me he would be leaving in another week, his business with the agent being over. Oh, how my heart ached when I thought of him going away; and he must have seen my grief in my face, for he told me he could not go unless I went with him. In vain I spoke of my uncle's illness, my mother's loneliness. He would insist on speaking to my mother that very night, and after quite a prolonged interview my mother called me in and, greatly to my surprise, told me she was quite willing for me to be married privately, on account of her uncle's illness. She said Mark had quite satisfied her as to his ability to keep a wife. So the next week we were very quietly married in a neighboring town, and then went to the Westmoreland lakes for a week. We had arranged to stay with mother for another week before taking up a house for ourselves; but as we traveled homeward Mark asked me if I knew that Sir Frederick, Sir Walter's successor, was to arrive that night to take possession of Cliff Court. I said no, and that it would be delightful for us to mix with the crowd that would be waiting to welcome him before going on to the cottage. So Mark being agreeable, we took a fly from the station and arrived as a light was being put to an immense bonfire on the hill. Mark said we would go in by the side gate and escape the crush, and we reached the terrace without difficulty. The peacocks should have been gone to roost, but the noise had evidently roused them, and they were strutting about just as they had been that other day. Just as I was going to remind Mark of that time a great cheer went up, and a crowd came rushing around us crying: "Long live Sir Frederick!" and Mark said: "Forgive me, Kathie, darling, for deceiving you; I am Sir Frederick!"

Then before I could realize what he really meant Florrie came running up and said: "Didn't I say that other day that you were just like the owner receiving your guests? and now you really are part owner. I wish you much happiness." Oh, dear, it had all come to me so unexpectedly that I felt faint, and asked Mark (for I could not call him Frederick) to take me to mother. He told me she and uncle, who had improved very quickly, were waiting in the court for me, so I hastened in, and found them in a cozy, quiet morning room. Mother clasped me in her arms and asked my forgiveness in aiding Mark, who had told her his real position the night he proposed to me. But while she was speaking, we heard Mark say: "Is it possible that you are Uncle Thomas?" You see, owing to uncle's accident, he had not seen him before. My uncle laughed and said: "I suppose my little game is up," and while mother and I looked from one to the other for some explanation, Mark said: "I find that after all it is I who must introduce Uncle Thomas to you. We are old friends and traveled together from 'Frisco. He is the famous American millionaire, Thomas Gilford Banks, the latter name he adopted some years ago." So it turned out that Mark (whose name was Frederick Mark) had not married a poor girl after all, though he thought he had, for I am uncle's sole heiress, and he gave me a bicycle worthy of a millionaire as a marriage present.—Belfast News.

The Locomotive Whistle.

The railway whistle—who has not heard its piercing shriek?—was invented because of the destruction of a load of eggs. The first railways in England crossed country roads at grade, and the engineer had no way of giving warning of his approach except by blowing a tin horn. One day, in the year 1833, a farmer was crossing the railway track, on one of the country roads, with a load of eggs and butter. Just as he reached the track a train approached. The engineman blew his horn lustily, but it was too late. Eighty dozen eggs and 50 pounds of butter were smashed into an indistinguishable mass. The railway company had to pay for the butter, eggs, horse and wagon, and naturally tried to avoid such a heavy loss in the future. George Stephenson was appealed to, and the next day had a contrivance which, when attached to the engine boiler and the steam turned on, gave out a loud, shrill sound. This contrivance has developed into the locomotive whistle, as we know it now.—Golden Days.

SUMMER AND WINTER IN ALASKA

Swift Changes of Seasons in the Northern Clime.

Ordinary woolen clothing for the body and leather boots for the feet are, of course, utterly unsuitable, and can be worn only at serious risk when traveling. Indian snowshoes are essential; the Norwegian variety proved worthless.

As the season advances the snow settles, and at night a firm crust forms. The most favorable months for traveling are March and April. The midwinter days are short, with sunlight in some latitudes from ten in the morning to three in the afternoon. When necessary, one can travel fairly well by starlight and moonlight over the snowy tundra, but not in the woods. In May the snow is wet and heavy and travel difficult. Pools of water and the first mosquitoes then begin to appear. By May 20 the river bursts its bonds of ice and floods the lowlands; ice, debris and broken timber pouring, with a grinding noise, headlong toward the sea. For at least a week navigation is impossible.

Summer, swift-footed, trips upon the heels of winter. The sun pours down with a violence not soon forgotten, though in the shade it is always cool. The cry of the brant, northward bound, is continually heard, and myriads of smaller water fowl appear on every hand. All the minor forms of life, native to the region or migrants from the south, with startling suddenness people the copses and pervade the air. Vegetation springs into leaf and flower at a bound, and, with hardly a hint of spring, summer is upon us.

Mosquitoes, the pest of the north, appear in clouds. Except in midstream, or where a brisk breeze is blowing, life without a net and leather gloves is misery. The Indians smear their faces with a mixture of grease and charcoal, and paddle with a smudge on a square of turf in the bows of their birch canoes. The caribou, moose and bear, driven from the thickets, plunge into the river for a temporary respite. Curiously enough, during three summers, black flies and midges, so plentiful to the eastward, were encountered only once on the Yukon; possibly, near its headwaters, our luck would have been worse.

The records show that the lower Yukon valley has a summer temperature much in excess of that normal to the latitude. As the days are long, the traveler will prudently sleep at noon and utilize for his work the cooler hours when the sun sweeps low along the northern horizon and the mosquitoes are less active.

Frosts appear in mid-September. Early in October the Yukon begins to be covered with ice; though it is not fully ice-bound until late in November. So the round is completed.

One serious danger menaces the large population now pouring into the district. The upper Yukon is a country where subsistence has always been difficult. The first party which ever reached it—that under Robert Campbell, of the Hudson Bay company, who named the Pelly river—though composed of seasoned voyagers, was, if tradition be reliable, forced to support life by cannibalism before it could reach help. In 1866 not more than 300 Indians were able to find subsistence between Fort Yukon and Fort Selkirk. The abundant fish and game of the lower Yukon are absent. The river steamers available for transportation cannot, during the remainder of the present season, carry up to Dawson City much more food than will supply its present population. It seems improbable that any large proportion of the people now hurrying over the Chilkat portage can transport—if indeed they possess—food enough to carry them over the winter and up to the arrival of summer supplies from the lower Yukon.

Serious hardships, and even probable starvation, therefore, confront the rash and foolhardy who push forward without proper supplies into a region whose limitations they do not realize. Fortunately, it is likely that many of those least prepared for the undertaking will never get over the divide, and will be obliged to remain in southeastern Alaska, where the rush to Klondike will have left open many opportunities for employment. Were it otherwise, the coming winter and spring would probably furnish material for tragedy. Even as it is, the circumstances offer ground for grave apprehensions.—William Healy Dall, in Forum.

Why People Forget Names.

Many persons are especially forgetful with regard to names. They are embarrassed to find that they cannot, on the spur of the moment, recall the name of an acquaintance, or that of some familiar object, although, in other respects, their memory is not treacherous. Dr. Bastian, in discussing such defects, recently quoted, with approval, this explanation: "The more concrete the idea the more readily is the word used to designate it forgotten when the memory fails. We easily represent persons and things to ourselves without their names. More abstract conceptions, on the contrary, are attained only with the aid of words, which alone give them their exact shape in our minds." Hence verbs, adjectives, pronouns, adverbs, prepositions and conjunctions are more intimately related to thought than nouns are, and can be remembered when nouns, or names, slip from the mind.—Youth's Companion.

The Quinine Disease.

On account of the climate, Africa is the hardest of all our mission fields. Europeans there are not only often very sick, but are never well. The great quantities of quinine which they are compelled to take to arrest fever makes a disease of itself, affecting the head, hearing, and in fact, the whole being.—Every Where.

Social Graces.

"What a favorite that homely young Mulligan is with the girls!"

"Yes; he knows how to fan us so our frizzes won't stand on end."—Chicago Record.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"A splendid ear, but a very poor voice," as the organ grinder said to the donkey.—Tit-Bits.

—He (bitterly)—"Have you the heart to refuse me?" She—"No. I have given it to another man."—Brooklyn Life.

—As He Looked at It.—She—"I wonder who first said: 'It is better to be born lucky than rich?'" He—"Some old fool whose wife married him for his money, I guess."—Cleveland Leader.

—Mistress—"Bridget, didn't your company stay until rather a late hour last night?" Bridget—"It's all right, mem; he be on the foorce, an' he couldn't go to bid, nnnyway."—Boston Transcript.

—Might Change Her Mind.—"Do you take instantaneous photographs here?" "Yes." "Well, get in your work quick, then, before my wife takes a notion to go to some other gallery."—Chicago Record.

—Little Arthur had been to church. "How did you like the sermon?" asked his sister. "Pretty well," responded the youthful critic. "The beginning was very good, and so was the end, but it had too much middle."—Tit-Bits.

—An Alibi.—"I hear that the crowd assailed you when you appeared at the Plunkville opera house." "False, me boy, false," replied the eminent tragedian, Mr. Barnes Tormer. "All false. There was no crowd."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Money in Knees.—"You don't mean to say you've found a sure way to make money at the races?" Jinks—"Sure as shooting. I never fail." Blinks—"My! My! Do you buy tips?" Jinks—"No, I sell them."—N. Y. Weekly.

CYCLING FOR ASTHMA.

Physicians Who Have Studied the Disease Favor Riding on the Wheel.

The value of bicycle riding for that portion of humanity suffering with divers ailments that may be benefited by exercise is no longer disputed very largely. An English physician who has made the study of bicycle riding as it pertains to asthmatic persons the object of special research has come out unqualifiedly in favor of the use of the wheel.

Asthma, according to the generally accepted idea, may be cured, or at least relieved, by exercising the respiratory organs. Asthma is known by a great many as shortness of breath. The slightest exertion out of the ordinary causes palpitation of the heart and a choking, half-suffocated feeling. The face and head become extremely warm and flushed, and the sensation of extreme discomfort has a depressing effect upon the system.

Nearly all first beginners on the bicycle find hill climbing decidedly annoying. The heart throbs with each effort of the limbs, and the blood surges in heat waves over the body. Perspiration is greatly accelerated and hill climbing is voted a nuisance. Constant practice, however, if the heart be sound, soon enables cyclists to climb ordinary hills with a comparative degree of comfort.

It was the resemblance of the symptoms of asthma to the trials of the hill climber that induced the physician who investigated the subject to experiment with cycle riding upon asthmatic patients.

He found, first of all, that bicycle riding, whether by invalids or well persons, increased the depth of breathing without fatigue. More air was taken into the lungs to aerate the blood. Chest expansion increased slightly.

The patient with asthma could not ride very far at first without wheezing and coughing. At night he choked up about as badly as ever. Little by little, day after day, this wore off, and, at length, after a year of moderate riding, it dawned upon him one day that he was so much improved that a ride of 30 or 40 miles did not fatigue him in the least. Furthermore, all that disagreeable tightness over the chest at night from which he had suffered for years was gone.

In another year he could ride 50 miles where he had been able to ride 25, and without any discomfort. During the winter he rode indoors.

To-day he is practically well. American physicians, who have studied the subject, are inclined to agree with the theory of the bicycle cure for asthma. At least half a dozen instances are cited in New York of men who seem to be partially cured by judicious use of the wheel.—N. Y. Journal.

Keep Their Mouths Shut.

The oyster stands as a model for humanity, in that he can easily be taught to shut his mouth. There is only one correct way to accomplish this, however and it is done in this fashion: The newly-dredged oysters are placed in water; then occasionally during the day the water is run off, leaving the oysters uncovered and otherwise incommoded. During the first time the oysters are uncovered a great number of them open their shells, and these probably feel very uncomfortable until the water covers them again. After a few lessons of this kind the oysters slowly learn not to open their shells when they are expected to keep them closed.—N. Y. Journal.

Woman's Sacred Mission.

"The Bible says it is not good for man to be alone," said the wife of a man who has a poor opinion of women.

"Ya'as," yawned her husband, "there are times when a man needs the help of a true and loving wife; when, for instance, he has to look around for some one to settle his property upon, in order to put it out of the reach of his creditors."—Tammany Times.

Bees' Night Work.

Bees work at night in the hive, building their combs as perfectly as if an electric light shone there all the time. The existence of the young depends on the liquidity of the saccharine food presented to them, and if light were allowed access to this it would, in all probability, prove fatal to the inmates of the hive.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 14 the price of coffee. 15c. and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Wherein Nobbleton Shows Sense.

"My friend Nobbleton," said Mr. Tunkleby, "is overcareful about many things, but in many ways he shows great common sense. For instance: He always carries with him postal cards appropriately addressed, and if he is suddenly called away anywhere—and his business is such that he is liable to be at any time—he puts a word or two on one of his postal cards and puts it in the nearest letter box. He may not have time to stop and write or to telegraph, but he can always find time to drop this postal card; and it relieves the minds of the folks at home. In this I think Nobbleton shows sense."—N. Y. Sun.

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package, FREE. Write to Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Undisputed.

First Lawyer—You are a shyster!

His Opponent—And you are a blackguard!

The Court—Now, gentlemen, let us get at the disputed points in the case.—Philadelphia North American.

Why Is Star Plug Tobacco the Best?

Because it is made from selected stock of the best grade of leaf that grows. The ingredients used in its manufacture are absolutely pure—nothing injurious to the system enters into it.

The worse one feels, the more people want to talk to him.—Washington Democrat.

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TEMPERANCE.

TRUE TO PRINCIPLE.

Young Confectioner Refuses to Sell Brandy Drops.

Louis Albert Banks tells, in the Union Signal, of a Poughkeepsie business man, a widow's son, who started as a confectioner. He prospered in business, and became also a sincere Christian. By and by his principles were tested:

"One of his friends, who was also one of the richest young men in the community and the best customer he had, came to his shop one day and ordered ten pounds of brandy drops. The young confectioner did not make these, but he ordered them from New York by express. Before they came, however, his conscience began to trouble him. Was he doing right in having a hand in selling these brandy candies? He knew that the young man who had ordered them would give them out among the young men and the young women of his acquaintance, and the result might be that more than one would get their first taste of intoxicating drink in that way, and no one could tell what sad result would come of it. On the other hand, if he refused to accommodate his customer, he would no doubt lose his friendship and his trade, and only drive him to some one else who would procure them for him. He could not sleep that night, and the more he thought about it, the more thoroughly convinced he became that it was not a Christian thing to have part in any way in putting temptation in the way of another. Having come to this conclusion, he acted with promptness and firmness. When the brandy drops came he immediately expressed them back to the wholesale firm in New York, and when the young man came around after them he frankly told him what he had done and why. As he expected,

WAS FULL OF CONTEMPT FOR HIM.

the young man was very angry, and was full of contempt for him on account of what he called his 'fanatical notions.'

"That was the parting of the ways for these two young men. The poor young confectioner that stood by his principles has grown to be a wealthy and honored citizen, while the rich young tippler has long since gone to a dishonored grave, eaten up by his sinful lusts and appetites as Herod was eaten of worms.

"Our young hero maintained the same attitude as business enlarged and broadened. He became after awhile a caterer, and on his business cards, through all the years, he has kept the plain and simple statement that not only would no wines and liquors be furnished by him, but he will not permit his servants to serve at a feast or dinner where they are used. He has many times lost hundreds and thousands of dollars by his fidelity to principle, but it has never tempted him to swerve for a moment; and perhaps, in the long run, he has gained by it, even financially. His splendid fidelity to principle has been a great object lesson for good to all who have known him, and has helped by example and influence to banish the punch-bowl and the wine-glass from many a wedding feast and public dinner in that part of the country.

"When the great Poughkeepsie railroad bridge was nearing completion, a big dinner was given to the railroad men of the country at that place. Our friend, as the leading caterer of the region, was secured for the occasion. But as the time drew near, and he found they intended to use wines, he refused absolutely to have anything to do with it, and so steadfastly did he abide by his purpose that the wines were banished.

"Who can tell how wide the influence for good such a business man spreads through the community? Like Peter's healing shadow, on whomsoever the influence of such a man falls, its effect is to strengthen him in purity and righteousness of life."

Drug Vice in England.

The frightful increase of the drug habit in England has impelled the British Medical association committee, the representative medical body of the country, to recommend parliament to include drug-drinkers in a bill now being passed through parliament, giving power for the compulsory detention of habitual drunkards.

This is the first time that the gravity of the drug vice has thus been admitted by the profession here, and the committee is so deeply impressed with its growth it advises the establishment of special houses of detention for its victims at different stages of the disease.

The restrictions on the sale of drugs here are so lax that they do not amount to anything, and this trade now forms one of the most profitable sources of the business of chemists in the fashionable parts of London. — Chicago Tribune.

Michigan has passed a law fixing a heavy penalty upon railroad companies for employing or keeping in their employ any person addicted to the use of in-

"SWEET" CIDER.

Facts Which Show That There Is Really No Such Thing.

Sweet cider is a much scarcer article than it is generally supposed to be. In fact, a very great part of that which is called by that name is not sweet cider at all.

Most cider is made from apples which have been blown upon the ground and have lain rotting in the October sun for several days. We all know that the presence of rotten apples very much hastens the process of decay among the good ones. Now, fermentation is decay. There is no alcohol in rotten apples because the liquid is not confined, and some of the materials necessary to the making of alcohol escape. But the presence of decayed fruit in the cider will hasten the process of fermentation. Scientists tell us that alcohol is found in cider within 24 hours of the time when it is made, and in a less time when cider is made of partially-decayed fruit. Thus we see that some cider contains alcohol when it is first made, and that all cider ferments so rapidly that it contains alcohol within a few hours.

In the second place, by nearly all persons new cider is called sweet for about three days after the fruit is pressed, by many for a longer period. We know that it contains considerable quantities of alcohol within three days. There is thus a narrow margin for the correct application of the name, and a very broad one, in which it ventures upon the domain of a most deceitful and insidious poison.

Cider undergoes a change so stealthily that ordinary persons do not easily detect it. No one would venture upon drinking a glass of milk which might or might not contain strychnine; it would be well indeed if all would avoid as carefully a drink which may or may not contain a more treacherous enemy.

This indefiniteness in the application of the name is every year mustering to the ranks of drinkers thousands of the best of American manhood. If "sweet" cider may be drunk at home why not abroad? If there is no danger connected with drinking it from the barrel which stands in father's orchard, surely there is none connected with accepting that which is given or sold abroad? Right here is a special danger from the fact that once you begin to buy cider you are dealing with an entirely unknown quantity.

Few persons deliberately set themselves to learn to love intoxicating drinks. The fruity taste of the cider covers the taste of alcohol but does not protect from its effects. Slowly or rapidly, but surely, the use of "sweet" cider leads to the desire for stronger drinks, and thousands thus cultivate an appetite for liquor who would never enter a saloon; and Deacon So-and-so who keeps cider made from his own apples is a greater menace to temperance than tippling Mike who lies in the ditch.

He who knows the danger of the first approach of the most terrible of foes, who sees through its thousand masks, who has seen the fall of innocent youth and of strong, glorious manhood, who knows how, little by little the tyrant fastens its chains and drags its victims down—such a one will set his face steadily against anything which will be the beginning of a brother's ruin.—Clara A. Raworth, in Union Signal.

BITS AND BREVITIES.

Statistics for the license period just closed in Chicago show a decrease of 354 saloons.

Men who habitually use intoxicating spirits are more difficult to cure, if bitten by a mad dog, than temperate men. —The late M. Pasteur.

Field Marshal Lord Roberts, of England, appeals for support to the Army Temperance association, which, he says, "not only contributes to the honor and welfare of the soldier, but returns him to civil life a better man and a more useful citizen."

My experience is that no substance wastes and destroys the brain cells and impairs the tissues so rapidly, even when taken in moderation, as alcohol and its compounds. Therefore the drunkard's brain is largely a wasted brain—a prematurely senile brain.—I. N. Quimby, M. D., Jersey City.

Mayor J. S. Scudder, of Neodesha, Kan., has been arrested on a warrant from the district court under that provision of the prohibitory law which requires all county and city officials to notify the county attorney of any violation of the prohibitory liquor law coming within their knowledge.

Chilhower, a town in Johnson county, Mo., is undergoing a decided wave of reform. Four gamblers caught in the act and a druggist, arrested for selling whisky, were arraigned, and created a sensation by preferring charges against other druggists and gamblers. The most prominent people of the town, including the mayor, marshal and bank president, are involved, and they were arrested.—Wine and Spirit News.

Knew Angels Didn't Smoke.

A preacher called at a house and asked to stay all night. The good woman told him that they could not take him in. He insisted, but in vain. At length he said: "Well, of course, if I must go on, I will; but I remind you of that passage in the Bible which says: 'We ought to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.'" "I am not afraid of your being an angel," replied the woman; "an angel doesn't smoke or chew and spit tobacco, as you do."—Dr. Steel.

Alcohol Partly Responsible.

Statistics tell us that the French population has ceased to increase. Last year the number of deaths exceeded the births by 20,000. How can we help saying that this physiological decadence of the French race, at least in certain districts, coincides with the progress which the same statistics show in the consumption of alcohol? We do not make it solely responsible for the phenomenon, but it must not the more be held innocent.—Le Temps, Paris.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—Russell Sage recently gave the children of a New York village a free ride over one of his railways.

—Another paving material has been discovered in Florida, at Tampa. It is the pebble phosphate, and is said to be very good and cheap.

—A resident of North Carolina is gleefully pointing to a sunflower stalk on his place that is 12 feet tall and has 52 flowers upon it.

—In a run between Wibber and Titusville, a New Jersey wheelman caught a whole swarm of bees on his back and carried them a number of miles.

—Ten judges of the English supreme court continue on the bench though they have passed the period at which they are by law entitled to retire on a pension.

—There are 26 negroes under indictment for trial for murder in Montgomery county, Ala., and Dallas county, not far away, reports 18 to be tried for the same crime there.

—Boston is to elect its mayor in December for a two years' term and to vote on an act for the regulation of the city government. Prediction is made that the ballots will number 100,000.

—The Russian photographers have a strange way of punishing those who, having received their photo, do not pay their bills. They hang the picture of the delinquents upside down at the entrance of their studios.

LIP TALK.

A New Science That Will Manifest Itself in Many Ways.

Those who are moderately well informed are aware of the fact that the deaf and dumb are being taught to understand from the motion of the lips of the person with whom they are conversing. This is not so difficult as it may appear at first thought. With a fair amount of practice anyone can become more or less proficient in the method. At least a case that is reported in this city would seem to establish the fact.

A gentleman who has a daughter who became interested in the subject practiced with her at odd times, and they became almost expert in the business. They had worked with each other at many odd hours, and enjoyed the experience with something that approached scientific satisfaction. There was a practical side to the matter, also, that gave them a great deal of sport.

They took frequent street car rides during the summer for the purpose of practicing their specialty. Whenever they could get in position to study the lips of two or three who were conversing in whispers, they would repeat to each other what they supposed was the subject of conversation. They differed but seldom as to the talk of subjects scrutinized.

That they might always have a good vantage ground, they would ordinarily take the front seat of the summer cars, as it faces all the other seats and affords a fair view of the occupants of the car. One night they were immediately opposite two young girls who were in a talkative mood. Their comments were about the occupants of the car, and especially pronounced about a young man blessed with good looks, who was sitting within range of their eyes.

Shortly they turned their attention to the gentleman and his daughter. Now, as concerns the appearance of the two, there is enough difference to indicate the relationship, but the demeanor of each to the other was such that the Chatterers were puzzled.

"That old duck's on the mash," said one.

"The little girl's got on stylish duds," said the other.

"Betchu they git off at ——'s garden," mentioning a popular resort on the hilltop, said the first.

"She makes me tired. 'Sthat chiney silk she's got on, I wonder,"

"Naw; shiny gingham, I guess."

"That's a diamond she's got on her hand."

"Oh, you can't tell," and so on ran the remarks.

As the couple under discussion left the car, the daughter leaned out and said:

"He's my father; we're not going to ——'s garden; this is silk, and my ring is a diamond."

When they had left the car one girl said: "Well, gee whiz, they've got good ears."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Crossing the Ocean.

"It may be true that poverty makes strange bedfellows," said a man who recently returned from Europe, "but the combination of diverse persons to be found about the tables of the trans-Atlantic steamers are about as remarkable in their way as anything of the kind well could be. On the steamer that carried me over was an actor well known for his exclusiveness, and his face was a picture when he went down to dinner on the first night out, and he found himself seated at the table with the former husband of a comic opera prima donna who has had more than the usual number of them, an American humorist, who takes an annual trip to England, and a woman who was once very much talked about, and the successful publisher of a magazine. On another journey across the head of an establishment that makes a specialty of religious works sat next to a dancer who had just made a failure at a New York musical hall, but had freely advertised her European scandals. But none of these conjunctions was more amusing than one that occurred early in the summer. There a well-known young literary man of New York was seen at the Sunday morning service sharing a hymn-book with Anna Held, who looked as devout as a St. Cecilia."—N. Y. Sun.

Everything Has Its Use.

Landlady—I hope you haven't found your room too light in the morning.

Mr. Newboarder—I did until I pinned the mattress over the window.—N. Y. Journal.

INFANT TYRANNIES.

The Power of Habit as Manifested in Children.

"I can never get my baby to sleep anywhere out of my arms," said a mother who was not rich enough to keep a nurse, or, indeed, a servant of any kind. She had her own work to do for herself, her equally hard-working husband and her one lovely baby.

"And I not only have to hold him in my arms," she added, "but he must be rocked to sleep, and I don't know how it happens, but he is sure to grow fretful and sleepy just when the kettle is boiling over, or when his father is waiting for his dinner."

"In the latter case, why not suggest that the father do the holding and the rocking?" said her friend, who had found her in the midst of a hush-a-by struggle, with the luncheon dishes still unwashed and the beds unmade.

"Unfortunately the boy will not be hushed and rocked by his papa. He seems to have made up his mind at ten months old that tending babies is woman's work, and kicks and rebels at all his father's experiments. But why am I telling you all this when you have a baby boy of your own, and know all about it?"

"Yes, I have a baby boy, but I haven't your experience, thanks to a good, kind mother-in-law. She told me that she learned, when my husband was a baby, that he could be a dear little comfort or a dear little tyrant, just according to the way I began with him. Of course my temptation was as every mother's is, I believe, to hold and snuggle the child on all occasions. The closer and the longer I held him the happier I was. But while I indulged myself and the baby the fire went out, the dishes piled up on the kitchen sink, the beds lay unmade, the floor unswept, and, worse than all, my disposition suffered cruelly. I had married Harry, knowing his salary would not allow us a servant, but now I began to pity myself and blame him because I had none. Just then his mother came to visit us, took hold and helped me plan my work, showed me how to make my head save my hands, and, best of all, taught me how to train the baby to be a great deal more comfortable and a great deal less care. There was a little rebellion and a few fits of crying that nearly broke my heart, but the result was that the rocking chair was abandoned, and when nap time comes—which it does at the same time every day—my laddie is fed and laid in his crib or on the middle of my big bed, where he crows himself to sleep. He sleeps at night, too, in his crib instead of in my arms."

"I shouldn't like that," said the other mother. "I should miss my child as much as he would miss me."

"To be sure you would, but think how much better is the cool pillow than your warm neck for his little head—the freedom to move the limbs about—fresh air for the lungs. And the real mother love cares first for what is best for the child. Come and spend a day or two with me and see how my plan works."

"I would like to come so much," said the tired young mother, "but since baby came I never have time to go out."

"That's all wrong. Bring the baby and I'll invite your husband for dinner, and I promise you that you will make up all your lost time, if you will learn how to use the time you have and to regulate your little boy's life while he is a baby, so that the mother is not all killed out of you and only the drudge remains."—Housewife.

COURT DAY IN EARLY KANSAS.

How a Mild-Mannered Sheriff Induced Spectators to Disarm.

In the early days of Kansas, when the state was divided into nine districts instead of 29, Judge William Brown presided over the Ninth judicial district, which took in all the territory from Marion county to Colorado on the west, and the Indian territory on the south. The judge's district was bigger than the state of Massachusetts, and, besides calling for several thousand miles of travel by stage every year, it embraced some wild and woolly territory. When he arrived at Medicine Lodge to hold his first term, he found each juryman with a belt full of cartridges encircling his waist, and at least one large "44" slung from his hip. The litigants and spectators were attired in the same manner, and to Judge Brown, who is emphatically a man of peace, the prospect seemed uncomfortably warlike. He mildly suggested to the sheriff that he persuade the crowd to lay aside their arms during the sitting of the court. The sheriff, a well-known character by the name of Reuben Lake, was noted for his plain speaking and profanity.

"Now, sheriff," said the judge, with a mild look through his spectacles, "I wish you would suggest to these gentlemen who are jurors, and others who have business in court, that it would perhaps be better if they would remove their pistols temporarily. Be careful not to say anything that might offend, sheriff, but just make a nice, polite request, you know."

"All right, judge," said Reube. "I'll do just as you say," and jumping upon a chair, he shouted: "Hear ye, hear ye, the honorable district court of Barker county is now in session. All of you blankety blank blanks who have any business in this court will take off them guns, pile 'em up back there by the door and come to the front."—Kansas City Journal.

To Dry Wet Shoes.

First wipe off gently with a soft cloth all surface water and mud; then, while still wet, rub well with paraffin oil, using for the purpose the furred side of flannel. Set them aside until partially dry, when a second treatment of oil is advisable. They may then be deposited in a conveniently warm place, where they will dry gradually and thoroughly. Before applying blacking or kid dressing, give them a final rubbing with the flannel, still slightly damped with paraffin, and your boots will be soft and flexible as new kid, and be very little affected by the bath in the rain.—N. Y. Tribune.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The swallow has a larger mouth, in proportion to its size, than any other bird. He needs a scoop-net mouth, for he does all his feeding on the wing.

—Place a snake on a smooth surface, as a polished table, and it makes no headway, because it finds no resistance on the smooth surface to aid it in pushing ahead.

—An attempt to acclimatize ostriches in south Russia has proved successful. The ostriches born in Russia are much less sensitive to cold than the imported ones, and their plumes are equally good.

—The wave length of Roentgen rays, according to Prometheus, has been ascertained by Dr. Fromm, of Munich, to be fourteen millionths of a millimeter, or about 75 times smaller than the smallest wave length of light. The determination was based upon interference-phenomena.

—Condensation is the result of chilling the air. The ascent of the lower strata of the atmosphere into the higher regions and the consequent expansion and loss of heat is the most probable cause of rain, and it is not impossible that the air near the ground, being made to rise by being artificially heated, might tend to produce the desired downpour of rain.

—Sudden and great fluctuations in the level of water in wells in stormy weather, closely corresponding to the fluctuations in wind velocity recorded by Prof. Langley, have been observed by Dr. Romei Martini. This explains the popular tradition that bad weather may be predicted from the sudden rise and fall of wells. Curiously, however, small and rapid changes of barometer are more certain to affect wells than large changes.

—"A Calcutta physician who was attacked by a swarm of bees," says Popular Science News, "was severely stung on the hand, head, face and neck, no fewer than 150 stings being afterward taken from his neck. Fortunately he had some ipecacuanha powder with him, which he immediately had made into a paste and smeared over the head, face and neck. The effect was most marked, preventing to a large extent the swelling and pain which invariably follow the bee's stings."

CANNIBALS' QUEER ACTS.

Interesting Statistics in Regard to Eating Human Flesh.

Manuscript recently discovered in the neighborhood of Cairo gives some interesting information in regard to cannibalism. For thousands of years the fashion of eating human flesh prevailed in Cairo and the adjoining country. The object, however, was not to satisfy hunger, but rather to honor the dead. Only the arms and legs were eaten, and for all we know to the contrary the remaining portions of the bodies were treated with becoming reverence.

Taking this established fact as a starting point, Flinders Petrie, the eminent English archaeologist, recently set himself to study the psychology of anthropophagy, and he was soon in possession of several other equally remarkable facts. For example, he learned that of every 100 persons who eat human flesh 20 do so with the object of honoring the dead as well as of securing their good will, and thus obtaining for themselves perfect happiness in the next world. Such is the custom of the Thibetans, as well as of the Australian and South American aborigines. The Thibetans were especially wont to hold most impressive religious ceremonies while the cannibalistic feasts were going on.

The Samoides do not hesitate to eat their parents, and in defense of their conduct they maintain that the dead will thus live more happily and altogether more comfortably in the future life. In ancient times certain tribes invariably ate their deceased friends and relatives, as they considered that it would be a monstrous thing to hand them over to the tender mercies of the worms. All cannibals, however, are not actuated by such unselfish motives. According to a writer in the Journal des Debats, many cannibals eat human flesh with the object of obtaining direct benefits thereby. Thus we are told that 19 per cent. of them eat the most stalwart warriors who fall in battle, with the hope of increasing their own courage, and that they also eat dead children, with the object of thus recovering their lost youth. Again, ten per cent. eat their nearest relatives through religious motives, since they hope thus to escape the wrath of the gods. Moreover, five per cent. eat human flesh because they hope in this manner to punish those whom they are eating.

There is room for much further investigation in this direction, and those who know Mr. Petrie are confident that he will in the near future discover many more equally interesting facts regarding cannibalism.—N. Y. Herald.

The Klondike as a Place to Live In.

Dawson City is nearly ten degrees further to the south than the ancient Norwegian town of Hammerfest, where men make a shift to live comfortably the year round. To be sure, there is no gulf stream to temper the iron frosts of Klondike, and the average winter is 23 degrees below zero; but there are warm winds from the Pacific in the summer that make the climate far from forbidding. The average temperature for the summer months is 56 degrees, and the 84 degree mark is by no means unknown to the mercury. It is, of course, too far north for wheat but barley, oats and rye ripen freely, and ordinary vegetables can be cultivated with success. A fair index to the soil and climate is afforded by the timber. The finest white spruce grows abundantly in the Klondike region. The trunks even attain a diameter of two feet where the forest is not crowded. As for the danger of starvation, that should not exist, if the miners exercise common prudence. The streams swarm with salmon, and a few weeks of fishing in the fall should provision the settlement securely.—Illustrated American.

BANANAS IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

The Principal Industry of the Natives.

The headquarters of the banana trade in Nicaragua is Bluefields, until recently the capital of the Mosquito reservation, whence about 1,000,000 bunches are, or were, annually exported to the United States.

But for the banana and the plantain the natives of Central America would have to live by the sweat of their brows; possessing the banana and plantain, they may toil or not, as they please. There is no necessity. A fortnight's intermittent labor will supply a man and his family with food for a year. During the 11 months and two weeks remaining they may swing in their hammocks if they think fit. Their dinner will always be within arm's reach, so to say. One of the "notions" of that much misunderstood and unfortunate reformer, Col. Walker, the "filibuster," was to destroy every banana and plantain tree in Nicaragua. It would have been a task for Hercules. Whether he was in sober earnest, or merely expressing a wish, is of no consequence; he was right in his conclusions. Only by doing so and making replanting a penal offense could he hope to overcome the innate indolence of the people and compel them to be industrious and happy.

For the planter with small means—that is with a capital of $1,000 upward—I know of no occupation so certain to realize a decent income as growing bananas, provided that the plantation is within easy reach of the sea, and there are steamers to carry his produce to New Orleans, New York or London. That is of prime importance. For the rest, he may tickle the soil and it will laugh with a harvest. He need not take any risk. He may sell his produce to the captain of a fruit steamer for 25 cents a bunch, pocket the money and have done with it. And this plan has many advantages.

The banana is cultivated from suckers springing from the roots of an existing tree, generally known as the "stool." These suckers are detached and planted. They strike and shoot up so fast that it is no great exaggeration to say that you can see them grow. In a year or less the planter harvests the first crop.

The banana has no trunk, but a soft, fibrous, so-called stem, composed of the leaf stalks rolled one over the other, which grows to from ten to twenty feet in height, and withers after the fruit has ripened. The tree is seldom known to seed. The roots, however, furnish shoots or suckers year after year, until the stool is exhausted. The purple flower blossoms on long spikes, springing from the cluster of leaves which appear to open out from the stem. The flower spikes are often four feet long, and the bunch of fruit which succeeds the blossom comprises from right to twelve dozen bananas, weighing from 30 to 60 pounds. The leaves are from six to ten feet long and from one to two feet wide. When the leaves are newly opened the tree has a most graceful appearance.

For successful cultivation a cool, rich and moist soil is required, the alluvial deposits of the river bottoms, or the higher land where rain is abundant or water plentiful. Bananas grown on high ground are said to be finer than those of the valleys.

In preparing a plantation the trees and brushwood should be cut down, and after lying a month to dry, burned and the ashes spread over the land. The suckers, which, being very abundant, may be purchased at a low price, are then planted at a distance of from 12 to 15 feet apart, or say 200 to the acre. In Mexico, as will be seen presently, they are often planted much more closely, 1,000 trees to the acre being common. After the first crop is harvested the stems should be cut down, chopped into short lengths and heaped around the roots, whence spring the new suckers. —Philadelphia Press.

AVERAGE HEIGHT OF MEN

Natives of the United States the Tallest of All Caucasians.

During the war measurements were made of over 1,000,000 men in the United States army, and it was found that the average height of men born in the United States was 67.8 inches. According to Topinard, the average height of Englishmen, Scotchmen and Swedes is 67.4 inches; Irishmen, 67; Germans, 66.2; Frenchmen, 65; Danes, 66.2; Russians, 65.4; Chinese, 64; Bushmen, 62; Laplanders, 60.7; American Indians, 68.2; Patagonians, 70.3. Taking these measurements as a basis, the average for the world would be about 65.8. Natives of the United States, it will be observed, are taller than any other representatives of the Caucasian race, and it is an interesting fact that residence on this continent, or, at least, the northern part of it, tends to develop all the races in respect to height, weight and muscular power. Thus, in the army measurements referred to the average height of foreign born citizens was less than the average of American-born, but greater than the average in their respective countries. The high average of the Indians is another point in proof. No statistics of the height of women have ever been tabulated. According to Geddes, the variation in the height of females of the various races is very much less than of men. In the shortest and weakest races the females are physically equal to the males, and sometimes surpass them. On the other hand, where the stature of the males is considered above the normal, the female departs little from it.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Poor Man.

A little girl was looking out of a window the other day, when a man with a wooden leg limped past.

"Oh, mamma, mamma!" cried the child, "come and see the man who walks with one foot and a curtain pole!"—Cleveland Leader.

—Egypt's population, according to the census just taken is 9,700,000, an increase of 2,900,000 since 1882, or about 42 per cent. in 15 years.

The Republican.

[illegible] H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1897.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR COMPTROLLER:
PHILLIPS LEE GOLDSBOROUGH,
of Dorchester county.

FOR CLERK COURT OF APPEALS:
ALLAN RUTHERFORD,
of Montgomery county.

FOR STATE SENATOR:
ROBERT A. RAVENSCROFT.

FOR HOUSE OF DELEGATES:
GEORGE W. MOON.
WILLIAM H. JACOBS.

FOR SHERIFF:
W. PERRY LEE.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER:
MAHLON GLOTFELTY.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS:
EPHRAIM W. KELSO.
JOHN T. GEARY.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR:
FRANKLIN P. GREEN.

Republican Meetings.

The citizens of the various districts of Garrett county are invited to attend Republican meetings to be held at the following places and dates:

Accident, Friday, October 15, at 7 p. m.

Grantsville, Saturday, October 16, at 7 p. m.

Gregg's School House, Saturday, October 16, at 7 p. m.

Deer Park, Monday, October 18, at 7 p. m.

Ryan's Glade, Tuesday, October 19, at 7 p. m.

Wilson, on the W. Va. C. Railroad, Wednesday, October 20, at 7 p. m.

Red House, Thursday, October 21, at 7 p. m.

Blaine, Friday, October 22, at 7 p. m.

Bloomington, Saturday, October 23, at 7 p. m.

Oakland, Saturday, October 23, at 7 p. m. This meeting will be addressed by Senator Wellington and Benj. A. Richmond.

WITH the ring politician now "the time for argument is past." Straight, unadulterated lying is the only thing in order.—Balto. Sun.

MR. W. PERRY LEE, Republican candidate for Sheriff of Garrett county, is making a stiff fight for election. He is acting honestly and is not trying to be "all things with all men." Mr. Lee's record for fair dealing and his unwavering fealty to duty in the past matters of confidence and trust should secure for him the votes of every Republican and many Democrats who were so outrageously treated in the Democratic convention held in Oakland a few weeks ago.

Our Candidate for County Treasurer.

The Republicans of this county are to be congratulated that they have upon their ticket for the office of County Treasurer in the person of Mr. Mahlon Glotfelty a man of sterling worth; one who has made his own business a success far beyond his own expectations and one in whose hands the finances of the county will be honestly expended and accounted for. He has always been a stannch Republican and is a member of one of the largest families in the county, all of whom have been Republicans.

DEMOCRATS are saying the Republican party "is mighty lucky" because the country is entering on an era of universal prosperity within less than six months after the inauguration of a Republican president. This is not mere good luck, unless the party can be called lucky for advocating policies that restore confidence and prepare the way for prosperity. It was not Democratic bad luck so much as bad principles, bad politics, bad legislation and management generally that brought on the Cleveland panic of 1893 and years of disaster following. If the country wants good luck it must follow good leaders.

THE WIFE of the governor of West Virginia having been arraigned for forgery, the question has been raised as to the right of her husband to pardon her if she should be convicted and sentenced to a fine or imprisonment. In the present status of the question any serious discussion of the issue would be premature; but several Governors have given their views on the matter. Governor Mount, of Indiana, holds that "a Governor has no legal right to extend clemency to his wife, any more than to anyone else," while Governor Stephens, of Missouri, holds that "no true man with the pardoning power would allow his wife to remain in prison unless he was anxious to get rid of her." Governor Mount has the written law on his side; Governor Stevens is backed by the unwritten higher law, and only the literalists would condemn him for being true to his own higher self and to his ideals of duty. Before venturing an opinion upon the case in question, however, every man should for a time put himself in the place of the Governor of West Virginia. Sometimes much depends upon the point of view.

THE Republican candidates for County Commissioners, Messrs. Geary and Kelso, are both men of fine executive ability, and have shown by the manner in which they conduct their private affairs that they are perfectly competent to administer the public business of Garrett county.

The Commissioners' office is a very important one and one in which every tax-payer is vitally interested. We want men of good judgment who will be as careful of the people's money as their own, and yet willing to make the appropriations for necessary improvements. The people want men who will see that the money collected from the people is spent in an economic manner, and who, in the matter of good roads and public schools will be willing to appropriate what is necessary and nothing more.

Messrs. Geary and Kelso will be elected, for they are the proper men for the position and we predict that they will so conduct the office that it will soon be shown that their selection was not a mistake.

THE Democratic nominee for the State Senate, Mr. Getty, in his speech at the county convention spoke of his interest in the old soldiers, but if he expects to get the vote of any of the boys who in their country's peril offered their lives in defense of home and country, he is badly mistaken. The old soldiers know full well that they have no favors to expect from the Democratic party. They have not forgotten the vetos of President Cleveland, nor the outrageous conduct of Boke Smith. They will not vote this time to send a Democrat to the United States Senate, but for a good Republican, who will be a true friend of the soldier, who will stand up and fight for the rights of the defenders of our country's flag. No, Mr. Getty, the boys who wore the blue in this fight will be aided by many of the boys who wore the gray, who are opposed to Gormanism and Rasinism, and standing shoulder to shoulder they will do their part as brave men to defeat Gorman, who has ruled our state so long. The old soldier has had enough of the blighting, withering curse of Gormanism, and they will see to it that no man goes to the legislature to vote for the return of Gorman to the United States Senate.

Republicans, Do Your Duty.

Less than three weeks from to-day the battle of the ballots shall have been fought in this State and the result announced.

The time is getting short: are you ready for the contest which will decide whether Maryland will be known as a Republican or as a Democratic boss-ridden State?

If the forces which in two general elections won great victories are again successful, it will mean that a sound-money man will represent Maryland in the United States Senate in the place of A. P. Gorman, whose career on the financial issue is well-known—at one time in favor of the gold standard, then a silverite, and now a straddler of the most pronounced type.

Not only that, should the Democrats win, Gorman will continue the dictator, the supreme boss and the party manipulator.

The failure of the Republicans in the coming contest would prove a blow of such magnitude that the consequences may be viewed with the gravest apprehension.

Have you done all in your power to enhance the success of the Republican party? An active, vigilant course will give you victory, lukewarmness will as surely bring defeat.

In the brief period that the Republicans have been in power much has been accomplished; success this year will result in other needed reforms.

From now on let every Republican, every well wisher of a sound currency, an honest ballot, good government and the State freed from ring rule do his full duty; then Gormanism in Maryland will be a thing of the past.

A Note of Warning.

Farmers of Garrett county, is it not a little singular that not a single Democratic leader in our county or state is advocating free wool? A Democratic campaign without the cry of free wool is like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. The great advance in the price of wool since the election of McKinley has put thousands of dollars into the pockets of the farmers of Garrett county, and the price is still advancing. The *Democrat* ought to tell us about the advantages of the Democratic policy but we suppose the record of their party is such that they are willing to say nothing about it. The Democratic policy is more destructive to the sheep industry than a hundred packs of wolves. In 1884 under Republicanism our sheep numbered 50,620,626, and valued at $119,902,702. Under the influence of the threatened Mills bill they shrank in numbers to 42,599,079, and in value to $90,640,369, a decrease in numbers of 8,027,547, and in value of $29,262,337. From the lowest point under the baneful influence of the Mills bill scare up to 1893, under Republican protection, sheep increased to 47,273,552, and in value to $125,909,265, an increase of 4,674,474, and an increase in value of $35,268,895. Under the influence of Mr. Cleveland's second election once more the effect was for the worse, and under the blighting, withering curse of free trade, in three years sheep decreased to 38,298,783, valued at $65,167,735, a loss in three years of 8,974,770 in numbers and a loss in values of $[illegible],741,529.

As the farmers of Garrett remember these facts and think of how many of the leading Democratic farmers of the county held their clip year after year waiting for Republican prices to return, and then this year when those prices began to come they sold the wool they had accumulated under Democracy. The farmers of Garrett also remember Mr. Gorman's position and work for the Gorman-Brice tariff bill, which robbed them of thousands of dollars, and they will do their part to see that Messrs. Getty, Welch and Michael are not sent to Annapolis to help re-elect Gorman to the Senate to work and vote again for free wool but will vote for protection and honest money.

Sang Run.

We are having a little rain at present.

Mr. S. M. Friend, of Friendsville, is erecting a new dwelling house at this place and will locate here permanently in the near future. We welcome all such to our midst.

Mr. and Mrs. D. O. DeWitt, of Boyes, were the guests of Mr. Dan. Thayer on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Travis, of Friendsville, spent Saturday and Sunday with Jos. Frantz. Mr. and Mrs. Travis were on their way to Fairmont, W. Va., where they will spend a week or two visiting Mr. Travis' parents.

Mr. Chas. Friend is improving his dwelling by a new roof. Mr. Thos. Lowdermilk and son Claude are doing the work.

Quite a number of our people attended singing at Boyes last night.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brenneman were visiting relatives at this place on Sunday last.

Mr. Geo. D. Browning, one of our most genial salesmen, was calling on our merchants on last Saturday.

Since your correspondent from Boyes has again opened the subject of the singing contest we will endeavor to say a few words more on the subject. We would not attempt to question his authority as a scholar, as he is a thorough scholar not only in the common branches but in psychology, mineralogy, geology, astronomy and all the arts and sciences of modern times, and being a man of stature and brawny muscles we have no doubt he could acquit himself as a warrior equal to Napoleon at the great battle of Waterloo. But notwithstanding that, we do question his ability as a judge of music and especially when he was absent at the time of the contest. We admit he is a lover of good music (which can be heard at anytime by calling on the Sang Run class) but to be a judge it requires one who has undergone long years of study along that line. As for one of our class admitting defeat he emphatically denies it. And as for there being *no* bad singers in the Boyes class we will leave that for the public to decide. And, finally, the Boyes class has acknowledged defeat by refusing to sing in the next contest.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

Marriage Licenses.

The following permissions to wed was granted by Clerk Tower during the month of September:

Charles P. Riley and Annie Linville, both of Harrison county, W. Va.

John T. O'Brien and Mary Brenneman, both of Garrett county.

Frank Broadwater and Lucinda Ross, both of Garrett county.

W. H. Cosner, of Bismark, W. Va., and Ellen S. Anderson, of Garrett county.

Edward W. Shaw, of Garrett county, and Lizzie A. Palmer, of Allegany county.

Elden D. Wyckoff and Mary Robinson, both of Tyler county, W. Va.

Samuel C. Raybeck and Clara E. Frazee, both of Garrett county.

Jno. L. Brenneman and Maud DeWitt, both of this county.

Orval C. Allen and Agnes Griggs, both of Tyler county W. Va.

Jno. G. Goehringer and Matilda Zinkan, both of this county.

Chas. E. White and Theresa Helbig, both of Oakland.

Luther T. Steel, of Morgantown, W. Va., and Mary F. Young of Taylor county, W. Va.

R. E. McCafferty and G. Casteel, both of Taylor county, W. Va.

W. A. Gaylord, of Clarksburg, W. Va., and Grace M. Maxwell, of Doddridge county, W. Va.

Monclield Aronhult and Ella V. Parker, both of Gormania, W. Va.

Jos. Menear and Maud Holvfield, both of Morgantown, W. V.

Wm. H. Bowers, of this county, and Dora Ellen Stewart, of Grant county, W. Va.

Lyman E. Duel and Avey V. Butler, both of Crellin, this county.

Three marked, "don't publish."

MONDAY NIGHT'S MEETING.

A Small though Enthusiastic Crowd Present—Excellent Speeches Made.

Monday night of this week the Republican campaign for Garrett county was opened by a meeting held in Shartzer's Opera House, at which a small crowd of Republicans and a few Democrats were present. The absence of the ladies from the meeting was marked, as in former years a goodly number of the fair sex always make it a point to attend the political meetings of all parties, but the threatening weather of Monday evening no doubt kept them at home.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. W. W. Sweet, chairman of the Republican committee, who introduced Mr. S. T. Jones as chairman of the evening. Mr. Jones, upon taking the chair, made a short address in which

HON. PHILLIPS LEE GOLDSBOROUGH.

he touched upon the issues of the campaign, and then introduced Mr. Phillips Lee Goldsborough, Republican candidate for Comptroller. Mr. Goldsborough, in an address of a half hour, placed before the people the financial policies of the Republican and Democratic parties in the State, and laid many facts open, which to say the least, did not show the Democratic party up in very good light.

Immediately after Mr. Goldsborough took his seat Mr. Charles R. Schirm, of Baltimore, who is known all over the county, was introduced. He made one of his characteristic addresses, paying a glowing tribute to Senator Wellington, and in the course of his remarks Mr. Gorman and his henchmen in Baltimore city and elsewhere in the State, were handled without gloves. Both speakers were repeatedly interrupted by applause, and a great deal of enthusiasm was aroused among the audience.

At the close of the meeting both speakers were warmly congratulated upon their addresses. Mr. Schirm returned to Baltimore Monday night and Mr Goldsborough went to Cumberland Tuesday morning where he addressed a meeting the same evening.

Mountain Lake Park.

For the first time in the history of the Park we have a graded school. The sessions of the school are held in Assembly Hall. Miss Emma Hamill has charge of room No. 1 and Miss Lizzie Leary room No. 2.

Judge Cuppett's house on E street is nearing completion. Thos. Harris is the contractor.

Rev. Baumgardner has been busy the past week packing his furniture, etc. He will leave in a few days for his new field of labor. It is with regret that we see him move away. His family will be missed.

Mrs. Good, of Wheeling, has rented the Blake cottage for next summer. She is to be congratulated in getting one of the nicest places in the Park.

Miss Ellery and her sister left for Wheeling last Friday, as did also Dr. Watson and family, for Fostoria, O.

Irvin Sperry has taken charge of the postoffice for the winter.

Levi Hewitt, Esq., spent Friday and Saturday last at Terra Alta visiting friends.

Mrs. James O. Smith is visiting relatives and friends near Weston, W. Va.

The absence of meat, vegetable and milk wagons is conspicuous. An indication that the summer has passed away.

Rumor says that merchant Hocking will go to Grafton shortly to engage in business. Our loss will be Grafton's gain.

Supt. Rudisill is taking advantage of this good weather and is doing considerable work on several streets and taking out trees from a number of alleys. This work will add very much to the beauty of the Park.

The auditorium has been closed for the winter. The trees are arrayed in their fall dress. Everything indicates the approach of winter.

Rev. Ward, the new Methodist preacher, was greeted by a large audience Sunday afternoon last. His sermon was greatly enjoyed. The Methodists are delighted that they have secured such an earnest successor to Rev. Arbuthnot who has a host of friends at this place.

O. F. Hall, who for the past several years has been a visitor to the Park, departed this life last week at the home of his son-in-law, Rev. Whitehead, Braddock, Pa.

M. M. Schrock began the erection on the corner of Baltimore aveune and H street Monday morning. The house will belong to Wm. Thayer.

Contractors are figuring on a 12-room house to be erected on I street, just north of Washington avenue. It will be one of the best houses in the Park. The owner has bought three lots so as to have plenty of room.

Stephen Cornwall and family will spend the winter in the Park.

Revs. Baumgardner and Arbuthnot attended services at the Park last Sabbath and took part in the exercises.

W. R. Johnson and family will spend the winter at Confluence, Pa. He will open a photograph gallery.

Confirmation at St. Peter's Church.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Curtis will administer the sacrament of confirmation to a class of fifty at St. Peter's Catholic church to-morrow (Friday) morning, October 15th. Those to be confirmed will also take the first Holy Communion on that day. The services will begin at 10.30 a. m., and will consist of the celebration of the holy sacrifice of the mass, communion, confirmation and sermon by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Curtis and benediction. All are invited to attend these services.

What is Scott's Emulsion?

It is a strengthening food and tonic, remarkable in its flesh-forming properties. It contains Cod-Liver Oil emulsified or partially digested, combined with the well-known and highly prized Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, so that their potency is materially increased.

What Will It Do?

It will arrest loss of flesh and restore to a normal condition the infant, the child and the adult. It will enrich the blood of the anemic; will stop the cough, heal the irritation of the throat and lungs, and cure incipient consumption. We make this statement because the experience of twenty-five years has proven it in tens of thousands of cases. *Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion.*

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

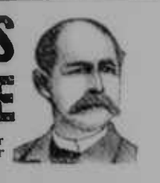

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass
CATALOGUE FREE.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

For sale by

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

....THE....

Yukon - Cariboo - British Columbia Gold Mining Development Company.

CAPITAL, $5,000,000.

SHARES, $1.00 EACH. FULL PAID. NON-ASSESSABLE.

DIRECTORS.

Hon. JOHN H. McGRAW, Ex-Governor State of Washington, V. P. First National Bank of Seattle.
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Geo. E. M. CARR, Preston, Carr & Gibbon, Att'ys at Law, Seattle.
CHARLES E. JUDSON, Pres. Economic Gas Company, Chicago.
THOMAS W. LAWSON, Banker, 33 State Street, Boston.
Hon. BENJAMIN BUTTERWORTH, Commissioner of Patents, Washington.
GEORGE B. KITTINGER, M. E., Seattle, Wash.
Hon. JAMES G. SHAW, Manufacturer, New Castle, Delaware.
PHILIP D. BEARD, Treasurer Queen City Gas Co., Buffalo.
CHARLES H. KITTINGER, 66 Broadway, New York, Harrison Building, Philadelphia.
J. M. BUXTON, M. E., Vancouver, British Columbia.
Hon. JOHN LAFLIN, Ex-State Senator, New York.
GEO. A. KELLY, 66 Broadway, New York.
Laughlin, Ewell & Hoopt, Att'ys at Law, Buffalo.
J. EDWARD ADDICKS, Delaware.

The facts concerning the wonderful discoveries of gold in Alaska and British Columbia, about the headwaters of the Yukon River, have been received and are now fully digested by the public mind. Every incoming steamer from the Klondike regions, bringing as they do enormous quantities of the precious metal, merely confirms the statements made by experts that this new field is by far the richest the world has ever known.

If the wealth of the new fields excites wonder, the extent of the territory in which gold is being found is even still more remarkable. Besides the fields in the Klondike River and the various streams emptying into it, information reaches us of almost incredibly rich discoveries of gold in the Stewart River and in the White River, and of miners leaving the one district in search of the possibly more productive fields beyond. This circumstance, it may be remarked, leaves the way open to those persons on the ground for the acquiring of claims at a small fraction of their real value.

It has long been suspected and the proof is now fully proven that all those rivers having their source in the range of the Rocky Mountains are gold-bearing in the highest degree.

All this knowledge being now well established, the thought which is naturally agitating so many minds is how to participate in the great productive wealth of this new El Dorado. It is impracticable, obviously, for but a small percentage of the people to attempt a trip to these regions. Moreover, the outlay to be incurred, the perils and hardships of such a journey deter one and all from such a course unwise and unnecessary.

Persons can, however, combine their capital with those who are already actively engaged in acquiring claims in the gold country, with the assurance that the investment will prove both safe and profitable.

The Yukon-Cariboo-British Columbia Gold Mining Development Company is formed to explore and develop the gold fields of British Columbia, including the Cariboo district and the Klondike district at the headwaters of the Yukon River.

The Company has a capital of $5,000,000 divided into 5,000,000 shares, at $1 each. There are no "promoter" shares, and no officer or director has obtained his stock without paying for it at the regular subscription rate.

No personal liability whatever is incurred. The stock is fully paid up and is non-assessable. Each share represents the full responsibility incurred, and earned, according to the charter of the Company, be subjected to any assessment of any kind.

The Company is without a rival in the completeness of its organization and the names of its directors are a guarantee of its integrity of purpose. Especially strong is the Company in its forces already in the field. Governor J. H. McGraw and General E. M. Carr, two of the directors of the Company, are at Dawson City for investigation, purchase and development of mining claims in the interest of shareholders.

George B. Kittinger, mining engineer, of Seattle, headed the largest and best equipped exporting party that has yet left the Pacific coast in the interest of any company. Mr. Kittinger is directing the forces in the Klondike district.

In the Cariboo district, J. M. Buxton, mining engineer, of Vancouver, is the representative of the Company.

On the Stewart River, the corps of eight men is headed by Captain Jack Scurry, well-known as having located the line of the Northern Pacific railroad through the Cascade mountains.

All of the company's miners are fully equipped with horses, boats and supplies for protecting and development of claims.

As this Company is the first to engage in actual work in the gold fields, it is confidently expected to be the first to secure practical returns to its shareholders.

Conservative management, large capital and completely equipped expeditions will accomplish more than disorganized individual effort.

The shares of the Company are offered to the public for a short period at their par value of One Dollar per share. The company reserves the right to withdraw its offerings at any time without further notice.

Subscriptions for shares should be accompanied by cash in registered letter, U. S. or Express Money Orders, Bank Check or Draft made payable to the Secretary.

Prospectus and additional information furnished at the office of the Company, MANHATTAN LIFE BUILDING, 66 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

J. EDWARD ADDICKS, President.
CHARLES H. KITTINGER, Secretary.

Colored map of the gold fields sent free on application. 31-4

THE . . . .
HISTORIC
GLADES HOTEL
OAKLAND
MARYLAND

I HAVE PURCHASED
THE OAKLAND COAL YARD
of Mr. D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of
HARD AND SOFT
COAL,
KINDLING WOOD, Etc.
All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Glessman Hotel.
3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS, OAKLAND, MD., Oct. 13, 1897.

There will be a competitive examination for the scholarship at the Western Maryland College at the school building in Oakland on Saturday, October 23d, on the subjects required for admission to the Freshman class.

31-2 T. G. PALMER, Secretary.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Get in your winter coal.

Candidate W. Perry Lee was in the city Saturday last.

Mr. Joseph Powell, of Kearney, was in Oakland Saturday last.

Mrs. Scott T. Jones visited relatives in Terra Alta last Saturday.

J. Frost, Esq., has arrived and the foliage shows his handiwork.

The cold slaw chrysanthemum is preparing for its annual appearance.

State's Attorney Fred. A. Thayer was in Cumberland yesterday on business.

Mr. George A. Herring, of Kingwood, W. Va., spent Sunday in Oakland.

Miss Anna Jordan, of Kingwood, is in Oakland on a visit to Mrs. S. C. Smith.

No man can expect to have money to burn if he allows it to burn a hole in his pocket.

Mr. F. J. Glotfelty, of Accident, was in the city Tuesday afternoon and made this office a call.

The excursionists who went to Pittsburg last Tuesday morning from Oakland arrived home Friday.

Miss Mame Miller went to Baltimore Tuesday morning. She was accompanied by Mrs. George D. Miller.

Mr. Marshal Brook and mother, of Addison, Pa., were visiting relatives in Oakland two or three days this this week.

Mr. Perry E. Kimmell, of Kingwood, drove over to Oakland last Sunday and remained here a few day visiting his relatives.

Mr. John Legge departed for Baltimore last night, where he will again enter upon his studies in the Maryland University.

A class of fifty will be confirmed at St. Peter's Catholic church in Oakland to-morrow morning by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Curtis.

Mrs. C. F. Schroeder and children went to Frederick City last Thursday morning to visit relatives and friends a few weeks.

Mr. John L. Carder, of Salem, W. Va., spent a few days in Oakland this week as the guest of his brother-in-law Mr. Ira C. Parks.

Mr. Perry W. Rock was summoned to his home in Sherwood, O., Monday by a telegram announcing the serious illness of his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Rodeheaver, of near Sand Flat, are receiving the congratulations of their friends over the arrival of a fine boy at their home.

Don't nauseate your stomach with teas and bitter herbs, but regulate your liver and sick headache by using those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

Our correspondent "Nemo," is to be one of the invited guests at the 15th annual conference of the Friends of the Indians, at Lake Mohonk, N. Y., Oct. 12-14.

Hon. A. F. George, of Swanton, was one of the vice presidents of the grand Republican ratification meeting held in Music Hall, Baltimore, on last Friday night.

Vim, vigor and victory:—these are the charistics of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, billiousness and all stomach and liver troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

A special train carrying a large number of the New York militiamen to Nashville, Tenn., passed through Oakland last Saturday afternoon. They were a gay set.

"They don't make much fuss about it." We are speaking of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous Little pills for constipation, billiousness, and all stomach and liver troubles. They never gripe. Oakland Pharmacy.

Clerk of the Circuit Court E. Z. Tower, who has never had a vacation since he went into office over ten years ago, will leave this evening for a ten days or two weeks visit to friends in Chicago.

The Oakland flouring mill is now in good shape to make you good buckwheat flour and plenty of it. Don't fail to call and bring your grain. Mr. E. O. Dudley has charge and will treat you right. The Oakland Mills, Oakland, Md. 30-13.

The camp of the State boundary line surveyors was moved on Tuesday from near Corinth to a point about one mile west of Snaggy mountain. It is believed that the work of completing the survey will be wound up by November 5th.

There is a time for everything; and the time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait until you have consumption but prevent it by using One Minute Cough Cure, the great remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Thomas F. Frazee, of Friendsville, was in Clarksburg, W. Va., last week where he had been summoned as a witness to appear against the Preston county counterfeiters who were convicted and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.

It heals everything except a broken heart, may be said of DeWitt Witch Hazel Salve. Piles and rectal diseases, cuts, burns, bruises, tetter, eczema and all skin troubles may be cured by it quickly and permanently. Oakland Pharmacy.

Col. J. A. M. Passmore, Dr. Henry Houck, Prof. Prettyman and Prof. Palmer were entertained at dinner by Dr. G. M. P. King at Monte Vista last Wednesday.

Dr. W. H. Ravenscraft, who visited his son Walter at Ridgway, Pa., last week, returned to Oakland last Friday evening. Mrs. Ravenscraft, who was also there visiting returned Monday night.

John Griffin, of Zanesville, O., says: "I never lived a day for thirty years without suffering agony, until a box of Witch Hazel Salve cured my piles." For piles and rectal troubles, cuts, bruises, sprains, eczema and all skin troubles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. Oakland Pharmacy.

To-night Sheriff Brown, accompanied by Mr. A. G. Ross, will take to the Maryland House of Correction Jane and Charles Diehl, who were sentenced to that institution at the last court to serve for a term of one year for stealing chickens.

"I crave but One Minute," said the public speaker in a husky voice; and then he took a dose of One Minute Cough Cure, and proceeded with his oratory. One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled for the throat and lungs. Oakland Pharmacy.

Rev. W. L. Roberts, the new presiding elder for this district, with his family, arrived in Oakland Tuesday. Rev. Roberts, yesterday, rented Mr. Robert Felty's house on Alder street and will reside in it during the winter. Oakland is to congratulated upon securing Rev. Roberts and family as citizens of the town.

A pain in the chest is nature's warning that pneumonia is threatened. Dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind over the seat of pain, and another on the back between the shoulders, and prompt relief will follow. Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of the "Historic Glades Hotel," which appears in another column of to-day's REPUBLICAN. This old hostelry is now under the management of its owners, Capt. and Mrs. Matthew Markland. Capt. Markland makes an ideal host and is untiring in his attention to his guests.

Mr. Charles Porter, who is a son of R. M. Porter and known to many of our readers, met with a painful accident one day last week. He is employed in the Cumberland B. & O. railroad shops, and while cutting an iron bolt a piece flew off and struck him in the eye, inflicting a serious wound. He was taken to the company's hospital at Baltimore.

Mr. Julius Littman, of Chicago, Ill., who went to Hamburg, Germany, from here about six months ago, arrived in Oakland on his return last Friday morning. Mr. Littman went abroad in the hope of being restored to health, but his condition is unchanged. He will visit his brother in Oakland a few days before he goes on to the west.

The Putman Phalanx, a Hartford, Conn., battalion, will pass through here to-morrow morning at 7.50 o'clock on their way home from the Nashville exposition. The Phalanx will come in a special train as the second section of train No. 2. Breakfast will be taken at the Glades Hotel where the genial host, Capt. Markland, has made every preparation for their comfort.

Assistant Fish Commissioner A. F. George brought five hundred black bass to Oakland Wednesday morning which he obtained from the United States Fish Commissioner at Washington. One hundred were put in Little Yough and four hundred in Big Yough by Assistant Commissioner White.

Those who believe chronic diarrhoea to be incurable should read what Mr. P. E. Grisham, of Gaars Mills, La., has to say on the subject, viz.: "I have been a sufferer from chronic diarrhoea ever since the war and have tried all kinds of medicines for it. At last I found a remedy that affected a cure and that was Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea remedy." This medicine can always be depended upon for colic, cholera morbus, dysentery and diarrhoea. It is pleasant to take and never fails to effect a cure. 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Winnie Gregg, of Tunnelton, had a fall from a tree Monday and his escape from death seems miraculous. He fell 30 feet to the ground, then bounced over a precipice and rolled on the rocks 30 feet more below. His two arms and one leg were fractured and his head crushed and bruised. The doctor thinks he may recover.

A few weeks ago the editor was taken with a very severe cold that caused him to be in a most miserable condition. It was undoubtedly a bad case of la grippe and recognizing it as dangerous he took immediate steps to bring about a speedy cure. From the advertisment of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and the many good recommendations included therein, we concluded to make a first trial of the medicine. To say that it was satisfactory in its results, is putting it very mildly, indeed. It acted like magic and the result was a speedy and permanent cure. We have no hesitancy in recommending the excellent Cough Remedy to any one afflicted with a cough or cold in any form. —*The Banner of Liberty*, Libertytown, Maryland. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

DEATH OF OWEN HART.

One of Oakland's Oldest and a Highly Respected Citizen Dies Suddenly.

Monday at noon Mr. Owen Hart, one of the best known and oldest citizens of Oakland, was stricken with paralysis, and died the same afternoon about five o'clock.

Mr. Hart was born in Granard, County Longford, Ireland, about seventy-three years ago. Before he had attained his majority he came to this country and settled near Romney, as overseer on the farm of George Washington. Leaving there in 1853 he came to Oakland and has been a resident of the town ever since. From 1853 until 1876 he was in the employ of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company in various positions of trust and confidence. Leaving the employ of the railroad company in 1876 he embarked in the general mercantile and coal business with his son John W. Hart, Esq., in which partnership he continued until his death.

Mr. Hart was elected once as Burgess of Oakland and twice as Mayor, having been the first Mayor elected by the suffrages of its citizens.

In religion Mr. Hart was a staunch Catholic and exemplified by his many acts of kindness the teachings of his chosen church. Yesterday morning his remains were conveyed to the church at 10.30 where a requiem high mass was sung, and later conveyed to the Catholic cemetery where his body was deposited by the side of his wife, who died a number of years ago.

Mr. Hart leaves four daughters, two sons and a number of grandchildren to mourn his departure.

Tasker Case Settled.

On Wednesday last counsel for Hiram P. Tasker filed a remittatur for $2,810 in the Circuit Court for Washington county and the judges thereupon ordered judgment for $2,590 to be entered against the Garrett county commissioners in favor of Mr. Tasker, who, in this court, got a verdict last May against the commissioners for compiling a book of abstracts containing the titles of unassessed lands in Garrett county. The court decided to grant the commissioners a new trial if Mr. Tasker would not accept a judgment for $2,590. This Mr. Tasker consents to do, and the case, which has been on the dockets for several years and was once at the Court of Appeals, is finally settled. Garrett county pays the costs, which amount to $551.10.

Bad Gang Sentenced.

The case of the gang of mountain counterfeiters who have been operating in Preston county for a year were summarily disposed of in the United States court in Clarksburg. Three of the principals, Sanford Collins, Jerome Rogers and Andrew Glover, confessed. Edward, alias Stick Clary, stood trial but was convicted, and all four were sentenced to two years in the penitentiary. These men have been making spurious $5 gold pieces, and have passed hundreds of dollars' worth of the coin, $389 being passed in Pittsburg. They confessed that they had a regular mint in a mountain region known as the Wildcat Rocks.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

Registration.

Yesterday the several registration officers of the county made returns of their books to the Board of Election Supervisors in Oakland. The returns show that the registrated voters in this county have increased since last year from 3,560 to about 3,850, a gain of nearly three hundred.

Opening of the Public Schools.

Monday last the fall term of the public schools in this county commenced. In Oakland the school started off with gratifying results having an enrollment the first day of 262 pupils. The school is principaled by Prof. R. R. Sumner, who stands at the head of his profession in this section of the county. He is ably assisted by Misses Mamie Weber, Martha Porter, Mollie Hamill, Ella Laughlin and Elsie Fay.

West Virginia Bankers go West.

L. P. White, cashier of the Terra Alta Bank, with Wm. G. Brown, of Kingwood, late Democratic candinate for Congress, have gone to New Whatcom, Washington State to become casheir of a bank with $50,000 which they have established there. Mr. Brown expects to return East.

Among the Churches.

The services at St. Peter's Catholic church, Rev. F. A. B. Wunnenberg, pastor, for the week beginning Sunday next will be as follows: Sunday services, low mass and communion, 7:30 a. m.; high mass and sermon, 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.; vespers and benediction, 3.30 p. m. Week day services, mass every day at 7.30 a. m.; services first Friday of every month, 7.30 p. m. A cordial welcome extended to all.

Services in St. Matthew's Episcopal church Sunday next at 4.30 p. m. Cordial welcome to all.

Oliver Stonebraker beat his young wife in a most brutal manner near Kingwood, and the woman may not recover. He cut a bunch of whips from a thorn bush and wore them out on the back of his helpless wife, lacerating the flesh in a most horrible manner. The long sharp thorns broke off and her back is full of them. He also kicked her into insensibility. A warrant has been issued for his arrest, but the man has not been found.

The Teachers' Institute.

Up to the time THE REPUBLICAN was put on press last Thursday it contained a full account of the teachers' institute then in session.

Thursday afternoon was devoted to addresses and the discussion of various topics pertinent to the school work. These discussions were indulged in by many of the teachers and all the instructors.

The following additional resolutions were introduced and adopted:

Resolved, That we also tender our warmest thanks to our friends who furnished us with such excellent music at our evening sessions.

Resolved, That we pledge ourselves to do all we can to establish school libraries in our respective schools.

Resolved, That the members of this institute have learned with great gratification that a committee has been appointed by the State Board of Education with Gov. Lowndes chairman, to present to the Congress of the United States through our Senators and Representatives, the long delayed and just and equitable claim of the State of Maryland for its fair share of the public lands of the United States for the maintenance of the public schools of this state.

Resolved, That all the members of this institute pledge themselves to do all in our power to aid our school officers and members of Congress in their efforts to secure this much needed financial addition to the public school funds, and thus place Maryland in a position of equality in this respect with the western states of the Union.

Resolved, That the press is hereby earnestly requested to give its powerful aid to this great movement.

Thursday night was the last session of the institute, which was held in Shartzer's Opera House. Dr. Henry Houck addressed the teachers and the friends of education in his usual spirited manner and at the close of his remarks farewells were said and the institute came to an end, thus closing the most interesting gathering of the county's instructors ever held here.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following transfers of real estate were recorded in the office of Clerk Tower, for the month of September 1897:

G. S. Hamill and wife and C. M. Rathbun and wife to Dora E. Smith, lots Nos. 1110 and 1108 on the plat of Mt. Lake Park; $2400.

Mary M. Railey to Catherine E. Lohr, a parcel of land known as "Republic;" $600.

Jas. W. Thomas, attorney, to Lloyd Lowndes, jr., the Elizabeth Phillips property, near Oakland; $1, &c.

Lloyd Lowndes, jr., to Second National Bank, of Cumberland, same property; $2850.

Mt. Lake Park Association to Mary F. Walker, lots 1, 6, 8 and 11 on the plat of Mt. Lake Park; $400.

Mt. Lake Park Association to Nina J. Clement, lot No. 1284 on the plat of Mt. Lake Park; $50.

Mt. Lake Park Association to Anson Clement, lot No. 1586 on the plat of Mt. Lake Park; $50.

Jno. M. Browning and wife to Jesse Severg and wife, part of military lot No. 1337; $62.

Jno. T. Mason R., and wife to Jas. K. Nugent, part of a tract of land known as "Winston;" $742.

Jno. P. Speicher, assignee, to Ellen J. Beegbley, military lots 2539, 2660, 2601-2; $1, &c.

Ellen Beegbley and John J. Beegbley to Harvey Speicher, military lots 2601-2; $2500.

Thos. DeWitt and wife to John DeWitt, part of a tract of land known as "Friends Delight;" $300.

L. T. Yoder and wife to Samuel W. Vandersaal, ¼ interest in the Davis lands; $3,641.67.

Elizabeth Frazee to Judson Frazee; the Johnathan Frazee property, $1 &c.

A. J. Willison and wife to Robt. C. Minick, parts of military lots 593 and 559; $200.

Isabella Whetzell to the Park Improvement Company, 1254 on new plat of Mt. Lake Park; $600.

Oscar F. Hall to R. B. Whitehead, lot 1138 on the plat of Mt. Lake Park Association; $1 &c.

Thos. Martin and wife to John W. Hart, part of McCartys addition to the town of Oakland; $15.

John W. Hart and wife and Owen Hart to the B. & O. R. R. Co., part of McCartys addition to Oakland; $15.

Louisa Beckman and husband to Mary Martha Pence, a part of the Theo. Beckman farm; $360.

Richard T. Frazee and wife to Clark and McCullough, part of "General's Wish;" $1248.

D. J. Blackiston and D. L. Sloan, trustees, to Jas. B. Fowler, part of "Factories;" $500.

Wm. M. Paugh to Ellen E. Harvey, part of "Walnut Bottom;" $50.

Mt. Lake Park Association to Thos. J. Harris, lot No.——on plat of Mt. Lake Park; $200

Geo. Ruckle and wife to Frederick M. Bittinger, part of the Ruckle farm near Bittinger; $1 &c.

Geo. Ruckle and wife to John Stark, part of the Ruckle farm; $15.

Peter Reichenberger and wife to Harriet Shirer, part of military lot 2487 or Zenner farm; $460.

Gilmor S. Hamill, assignee, to Peter Reichenbacher, part of Michael "Zenner" farm; $5 &c.

Jas H. Lockhart to John T. Mitchell part of a tract of land called "Lochiel;" $250.

Robt. Lee Green and wife to J. T. Mitchell, part of a tract of land called "Lochiel;" $1 &c.

Mt Lake Park Association to Coldwell Hopkins, lot 1425 on plat of Mt. Lake Park; $600.

C. M. Miller and wife to C. S. May, lot 19 in the town of Swanton; $100.

Mrs. E. Z. Ashenfelter and husband to Chas. S. May, lot 18 in the town of Swanton; $200.

Jno. T. Mason and wife to Barbara Eger, part of a tract of land called "Winston;" $340.

Mrs. Agnes Spiker and husband to Fred A. Thayer, assignee, their interest in certain property; $1 &c.

Call for Your Letters.

Carl Wagner, B. W. Scott, Gus. Purnker, Frank McDonald, John W. Merrell, B. F. Michael, Weluke Burge, Miss Mary Carroll.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

AN IMPORTANT CAPTURE.

Charles Miller, Alias Charles Dickerson, Captured Saturday by Sheriff Brown.

It will be remembered that in our last issue we published a story of the manner in which Mr. Louis Gortner had been duped by a slick individual by cashing a raised check and the subsequent disappearance of the man who represented himself as being Charles Miller.

Saturday afternoon Sheriff Brown, who had been made acquainted with the facts in the case and had also a warrant for the arrest of the man, received a telephone message from Crellin on Saturday morning stating that Miller, or Dickerson, had arrived there and could be captured. The Sheriff at once went over to Crellin and placed the man under arrest. As the Sheriff and his prisoner were returning to Oakland Miller was observed rummaging about in a satchel which he carried containing his clothing and other articles. From the satchel he drew an envelope and crumpled it in his hand. The suspicions of the officer were at once aroused and he demanded the paper but instead of delivering it up Miller attempted to swallow it. The Sheriff had considerable trouble in gaining possession of the paper and had to choke Miller almost into insensibility before he would allow it to drop from his mouth. Upon examination it was found that it was a check given by the Preston Lumber company for $2.70, made payable to Charles Dickerson, but had been raised to $90.70. This paper is in the possession of State's Attorney Thayer and will be used as evidence against Miller when he is tried at the March term of court should a true bill be found against him by the grand jury.

He was given a preliminary hearing before Justice Sincell Saturday afternoon and in default of $300 bond was sent to jail, where he will probably remain until his case is disposed of by the Circuit Court in March next.

Wm. Frederick, Jr., & Son,

The Racket Store,

FRIENDSVILLE, MD.

We carry something of everything. There is nothing you want that cannot be found in our store.

It is admitted by all that to sell goods and make a living a merchant must necessarily charge a profit. Some merchants charge more profit than others. We are one of the OTHERS and come nearer selling goods for nothing than anyone on the face of the earth. Here you get value for your money.

Our silversmith is one of the finest workmen in the United States as all will admit who have had any work done in that line by him.

Our jewelry department is filled to overflowing with everything in that line and we sell jewelry at less than manufacturers' prices.

We carry a complete line of staple and fancy groceries.

Call and get our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

WM. FREDERICK, JR., & SON.

REAL ESTATE!

—FOR SALE BY—

JOHN SHARTZER, Real Estate Agent,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

House and 2 lots in McHenry.

Farm near Deer Park; improved.

A well improved farm near Ryan's Glade.

The above properties will be sold on easy terms.

One 50-acre lot adjoining the farm of W. T. Jamesson near Mt. Lake Park.

1 50-acre lot adjoining the lands of Mrs. Kilburne and —— Jackson near Mt. Lake Park; will be sold very cheap for cash.

7 building lots in Loch Lynn Heights.

The Phillips lands lying between Oakland and Mt. Lake Park; will be sold as a whole or in parcels to suit purchaser.

A lot of ground adjoining Mt. Lake Park on the Oakland road.

An improved farm of 100 acres, 2 miles from Terra Alta.

An improved farm of 200 acres near Crellin.

The Oakland Steam Laundry property.

7 large building lots in Oakland.

For further information, prices and terms, apply to

JOHN SHARTZER,

6-26 *OAKLAND, MD.*

Proclamation

WHEREAS, at the January session in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six of the General Assembly of Maryland a bill was passed proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the State by adding an additional section to Article Fifteen thereof, to be known as Section eleven of said Article, which said bill and amendment are in the words following, to-wit:

CHAPTER 69.

AN ACT proposing the Constitution of the State by adding an additional section to Article Fifteen thereof, to be known as Section eleven of said Article.

SECTION 1. BE IT ENACTED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF MARYLAND, That the following section be and is hereby proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of this State, to be known as Section eleven of Article fifteen of the Constitution of the State, and when adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as herein provided, shall be known as Section eleven of Article fifteen of said Constitution:

11. Appointments in the State, to the Municipal Corporations of the State, shall be made by the Governor, with the advice and consent of the Senate, except as herein provided. [illegible] by the Governor, with the advice and consent of the Senate, except as herein provided. [illegible] by the General Assembly shall [illegible] may be increased [illegible] effect the provisions of this Section.

SECTION 2. AND BE IT FURTHER ENACTED BY THE AUTHORITY AFORESAID, That the foregoing section, hereby proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of this State, shall be, at the next general election to be held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection, in pursuance of the provisions contained in Article fifteen of the Constitution of this State, and at the said general election the votes cast for and against the said proposed amendment to the Constitution shall be by ballots, each of which ballots used at said election shall have printed thereon or written thereon before the same is deposited in the box, after the hours prescribed by the Constitution for the opening of the polls, the question concerning the adoption or rejection of the said proposed constitutional amendment, and that each voter at such election may express thereon by the manner provided by law, whether he votes for "The Constitutional Amendment" or "Against the Constitutional Amendment," as he shall desire, and immediately after the closing of the polls the judges shall make return to the Governor of the vote cast for and against the proposed amendment, as directed by the Constitution.

Approved April 7, 1896.

NOW THEREFORE, I, LLOYD LOWNDES, Governor of the State of Maryland, in pursuance of the provisions of Section one of Article fifteen of the Constitution of the State, do hereby order and direct that a copy of said Act proposing said constitutional amendment be published in at least two newspapers in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one may be published, then in that newspaper, and in three newspapers in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in the German language, once a week for at least three months preceding the next ensuing general election (which said general election will be held on Tuesday, the Second day of November, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven), at which election the said proposed amendment shall be submitted, in the form and manner prescribed by the General Assembly, to the qualified voters of the State for adoption or rejection.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of Maryland.

THE GREAT SEAL OF MARYLAND.

Done at the City of Annapolis on the first day of July in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.

LLOYD LOWNDES,
Governor of Maryland.

By order of the Governor:
RICHARD DALLAM,
21-14t Secretary of State.

Garrett County.

STATE OF MARYLAND,
TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE,
ANNAPOLIS, Oct. 1st, 1897.

In pursuance of the requirements of Section 6, of Article 69 of the Code of Public General Laws, I herewith publish the names, titles and amounts due by the following officers who are in arrears to the State of Maryland.

ROBERT P. GRAHAM,
Comptroller.

NAME.	TITLE.	YR.	PRIN.	INT.
Thos. B. Wiley	Collector	1896	$2,212.17	$66.36
E. E. Sollars	"	1896	186.78	5.84
Same	"	1895	375.33	18.80
E. Jamieson	Sheriff	1893	107.15	25.10

ORDER NISI.

Edward H. Sincell and Fred A. Thayer, assignees, vs. Jacob R. Kimmell.

No. 871 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

Ordered this 6th day of October, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Edward H. Sincell and Fred A. Thayer, assignees, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 29th day of October, 1897, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 29th day of October, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $500.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test:—E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Lawson L. Wright vs. His Creditors.

No. 103 Insolvents. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

Ordered, the 24 day of October, 1897, that the 20th day of December, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m., is hereby fixed as the time at which Lawson L. Wright, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or securities may propose or allege against him, and that James C. Pedd'cord, Permanent Trustee for the benefit of the creditors of the said petitioner shall, prior to the 20th day of December, 1897, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order by weekly publication in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland.

DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy, Test:—E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 31-6

THE PATCHWORK QUILT.

She joined the squares with loving care,
And set the dainty stitches,
A thrifty dame in olden days
Of tallow-dips and witches.
And every row of "herring-bone"
And blocks so neatly shaded,
Can tell a story of its own,
Though sadly worn and faded.

This muslin with the lilac sprig
She wore to Sunday meeting,
When bashful beaux around the door
Were waiting for her greeting.
I seem to see her slippered feet
(The drowsy sermon over)
Go twinkling out among the graves,
Knee-keep in dewy clover!

This little scrap of ivory hue
Her wedding-gown discloses,
And as a gay young wife she wore
This pink brocade with roses.
As years the duties multiplied,
The colors grew more sober,
'Till middle age demurely went
In browns of sere October.

So you can read her quiet life,
From morning's merry matin,
Until you spell the vespers out
In bits of chintz and satin;
And here you know her form was bent,
Her locks were thin and hoary,
For blocks of woolen, black and gray
And purple, end the story.

—The Antiquary.

The Woman's Edition.

WHY THE LUNAVILLE A. B. CLUB CAME TO A DISASTROUS END.

"GIRLS, I have an idea," exclaimed Mrs. Crackle, president of the Lunaville A. B. club, as the members came to order for the regular meeting.

"What is it?" inquired 14 girls in chorus. (The A. B. club—sometimes known as the Anti-Bachelor club—always referred to each other as girls.)

"It will come up under miscellaneous business," tersely replied Mrs. Crackle.

Routine business proceeded. It was decided, among other matters, after heated argument, to meet on Thursday instead of Friday, because Mrs. Mints' husband never came to dinner on Thursday, and she could much more easily get out to the meetings. The sum of $1.25 was voted to have the constitution and by-laws printed, and then came miscellaneous business.

"Mrs. Tully will please take the chair," requested the president in a manner indicative of something extraordinary ahead.

"My idea is this; to issue a woman's edition of the Lunaville Lamp."

"Oh, capital!" responded all but one member. Mrs. Whiler demurred. She held radical ideas as to the limitation to be put upon feminine effort, and she expressed them.

"I think," she said, "it would be very impropah to entah upon any such scheme. I have nevah been favorably impressed with such efforts. You will exense me, ladies, but I am quite suah that onah cause would be much moah benefited by confining onahselves strictly to woman's spheah."

"To get the matter before the club," said Mrs. DeMur, who had hitherto refrained from talking, "I move you, Mme. President, that this club issue one number of the Lunaville Lamp."

"I move that we adjun," interposed Mrs. Whiler, who had determined to thwart the plan to get outside "woman's spheah."

Mrs. Tully, who was still in the chair, very properly proceeded to put the motion to adjourn.

"It is moved that we adjourn," said she. "All in favor will say—"

"Mrs. Tully," interrupted Mrs. DeMur, "I made my motion first, and I want it put first."

Without desiring to injure Mrs. DeMur's feelings, Mrs. Tully kept on putting the motion to adjourn. Mrs. DeMur further objected.

"I insist," said she, putting her foot down suggestively, "it is only fair, my motion having been made first, that it be put at once."

There was a prospect of schism and Mrs. Crackle asked Mrs. Whiler for the good of the club to withdraw her motion.

"In the interest of harmony," remarked Mrs. Whiler, "I temporarily withdraw my motion to adjourn."

Then, by a vote of 12 to 2, Mrs. Crackle refraining from voting because of modesty, it was decided to issue a woman's edition of the Lunaville Lamp. Quite naturally, Mrs. Crackle was made editress-in-chief. To placate Mrs. DeMur, she was made managing editress. Mrs. Whiler was offered the business management, but she refused.

"Ladies," said she, "it would not be possible for me to act. Besides, it would appeah to me impropoh faw me to accept the offah."

So Mrs. Jejune was made business manager. Mrs. Crackle, Mrs. DeMur and Mrs. Jejune at once went to see Editor McJack, of the Lamp. Mr. McJack was a crusty old widower, whose respect for woman as an entity died with his beloved wife.

"It would be just for one issue, you know, Mr. McJack," pleaded Mrs. Crackle.

"Huh! Just for one issue," repeated McJack, cutting paper with increased impetuosity. "I don't want any woman poking her nose into this office. Good day!"

Three crestfallen women later appeared in the office of Editor Overjoy, of the Tripod.

"Why, certainly," said he. "Of course! The Tripod is at your disposal."

And so it was arranged. Mrs. Crackle at once made headquarters at the Tripod office, while her husband ate cold dinners. Mrs. DeMur began looking for contributions and Mrs. Jejune and her staff of attractive young ladies began pestering the merchants of Lunaville.

The week before the woman's edition was to appear was a trying one to the Tripod office. Foreman Limmer was a gruff fellow at best and 15 women did not improve his natural temperament. They asked all sorts of questions; demanded a reason for calling p-l pi; asked if a quad and quoin were not identical and capped the climax by insisting that articles for the woman's edition be set in type with frills.

"Mr. Limmer," inquired Mrs. Crackle, one particularly trying day, "would you mind giving me a print of Mrs. Lofsky's article on 'Lunaville's Eligible Young Men?'"

"A print?" snarled Limmer. "What do you mean? A proof?"

"Why, yes; of course, a proof. What did I call it? A print? Tee-hee-hee! Please give me a proof, then."

"Go to the devil," growled Limmer, who scarcely noticed what he said, so busy was he.

"Sir!" cried Mrs. Crackle. "Will you insult me? I'll talk with Mr. Overjoy and see if he will allow a lady to be insulted in his office."

"Oh, heavens!" mused Limmer, as Mrs. Crackle disappeared rapidly upstairs. "I knew it would come sooner or later."

Mrs Crackle proceeded to Mr. Overjoy, who was appealing strongly to two delinquent subscribers.

"Mr. Overjoy," she began, "will you countenance such insults? I very pertinently asked Mr. Limmer for a priat—a proof, I mean—and he curtly informed me that I might go to the devil."

"Well, why can't you?" inquired Overjoy, blankly, as he looked around the corner for the deliaquents whom he had on the point of paying up.

"Sir! will you insult me, too?"

"Why, madam, I—you, Great Scott! what did I say? Oh, Mrs. Crackle, you misunderstand. Ha! Ha! Ha! That's good!"

"Good, is it, for a woman to be insulted. "I'll—" but she was gone.

Overjoy sat and laughed. Then he wrote a note to Mrs. Crackle telling her in very diplomatic language that Limmer had reference to the printer's devil, and not to the foreman of the place that sinners flee.

"Mr. Overjoy," said Mrs. Crackle the following morning as if nothing had happened, "how many words in a column?"

That broke the ice and the woman's edition again went forward. At 11 o'clock Mrs. DeMur came rushing in.

"Oh, Mrs. Crackle," she gasped, "I have another article. Mrs. Anchovy, the pastor's wife, has consented to write a poem."

In her excitement Mrs. DeMur had gotten too near the makeup stone and was in danger of knocking several columns of type to the floor.

"Get away from there," shouted Limmer, in desperation, without stopping to moderate his exclamation to suit the occasion. "I'll be picking your form off the floor in a minute."

"Sir! Sir!" exclaimed Mrs. DeMur. "What do you mean, sir? Pick my form off the floor! How dare you make such personal reference? I'll tell my husband."

Mrs. DeMur slid out as fast as she had slid in. Overjoy came down and titteringly told Limmer that he had explained to Mrs. DeMur that a form in the Tripod office simply meant the inclosure that contained the type. Mrs. DeMur thereafter held Limmer in suspicion.

At last the woman's edition was out. Several columns of delectable literary matter had been crowded out and as many heartaches resulted. Mrs. DeLaney, who had written an article on "Lunaville's Love Tales," came into the office with flushed face.

"Mrs. Crackle," said she "you took extreme pains to snub me. Asked me to write for you and never used it, after I had told all my friends. Mrs. Crackle, you need never speak another word to me."

She did not wait to find out that no such article had come to the office. But the day before Christmas, as she went through her husband's pockets, she came across a crumpled, dirty paper, and at the top she read: "Lunaville's Love Tales." But she was too proud to make up.

Mrs. Whiler, though refusing to accept the business management, had written a ten-column piece on "Woman's Spheah." But she never forgave Mrs. Crackle that it did not all get on one page. Mrs. DeMur lost half a dozen friends. Mrs. Jejune tried bravely to settle all business obligations, but when bills payable exceeded bills receivable by $21, and there was no cash on hand, she resigned, because Mrs. Crackle had dropped an intimation that some people had no business capacity. An assessment of $1.60 each on A. B. C. members balanced accounts, but when the club held its next meeting only seven members appeared.

"I have an idea," said Mrs. Crackle, as she thereby startled the club to order, "that it would be wise to hold no more meetings during the winter months."—Detroit Free Press.

Lee's Perspicacity.

In his recollections of "Robert E. Lee as a College President" S. D. McCormick cites the following instance of quiet humor of the distinguished southern general: He was an Episcopalian—a vestryman of Grace church. Gen. Pendleton, his former chief of artillery, was rector, and Gen. Smith, superintendent of the Virginia military institute, was also a vestryman. The latter was not on agreeable terms with the rector, and complained to the officers of the church that the cadets, among them his own son, were deserting the church of their fathers and that no persuasion could keep them from attending Dr. Pratt's church (Presbyterian). The doctor had a very beautiful daughter, Grace, and, while Gen. Smith was pushing his objections to the rector, Gen. Lee, with a twinkle in his eye, said to Smith: "General, possibly the magnet which attracts your son is not so much the doctor's eloquence as the doctor's Grace." It is said the point silenced Gen. Smith.—Outlook.

—A San Francisco millionaire was sentenced on his second conviction to 24 hours' imprisonment for spitting in the street cars.

A JOKE ON UNCLE SAM.

Home-Going Chinese Work the Government for Their Passage.

"Melican man think'm smart. Think'm Chinaman no smart. He, he. Chinaman fool'm. Heap big joke on Melican man. Ha, ha, ha."

Wah Foon, second-rate politician and man-about-Chinatown, held his sides and guffawed uproariously.

Come right down to it, this pig-tailed Rainey of the Celestial quarter had a right to ha-ha. Worse, all of Chinatown is with much difficulty suppressing its mirth over a new dodge, by which Uncle Sam is being played for a "goodthing."

When a heathen gets tired of this country and wants to return to his native flowery kingdom nowadays he does not have to bother his barbered head about a grub stake, passage price or anything else in the way of expense. He is sent home by this government—and that's where the joke on Uncle Sam comes in.

When congress passed a law requiring all Chinese residents of America to register and provide themselves with certificates showing that they had bowed to the will of the government, it was hoped that by this means the federal authorities could keep tab on its Chinese population and effectually regulate immigration of this class.

The officials were clothed with authority to seize and deport, after a given date, all Celestials found within the boundaries of the United States who could not show that they had complied with the regulation by exhibiting the necessary certificates. This was good enough as far as it went, but it appears that it went not far. True, the Chinese when they once got started registered in droves—50,000, for instance, at this port alone. Duplicate certificates of all of these registrations are piled up within the local custom house building, but inasmuch as no index of the same was ever compiled, it is next to an impossibility for the government officers to tell who has or who has not registered. Their only recourse is to keep a sharp eye out and grab every Chinaman who cannot show a certificate.

Now, it is this very state of affairs that gives the "heathen Chinee" the opportunity to exhibit the superiority of his cunning and ingenuity. It has provided him with the means of enjoying a free trip to China whenever he takes a notion.

Here is the modus operandi: Ah Sin wants to go home. He has enough of America and American gold. He goes to a certain agency in Chinatown which makes a business of purchasing certificates for the purpose of reselling them to Chinese who are smuggled into the country and are naturally nervous of their chances of remaining. He increases his pile by bartering away his passport.

The agency's contract does not cease with the mere purchase of the paper. One of the minions is dispatched to the United States marshal's office with the information that one Ah Sin, who can be found at this place or that place, has no certificate, and consequently has no right to sojourn in this country. The marshal has the law before him, and has no alternative but to go and seize the supposed contraband. The man has no certificate, of course. When Uncle Sam undertakes to deport, he must pay the bill.

No wonder Wah Foon ripples with glee.

The federal officials say there is no help for it—the law prescribes what they shall do, and perforce they must do it.—San Francisco Call.

THE TRADE IN JEWSHARPS.

American Makes the Best and They Are Popular in Mining Regions.

The cheapest jewsharps come from Germany and Austria, the medium and finer grades from England, and the very finest are now made in this country. Of the total production, two-thirds or more are made in England. Jewsharps are made in standard sizes, ranging in length from an inch and a quarter to four inches. They are occasionally made to order larger than that, but a four-inch jewsharp is a good deal of a jewsharp, and it may have a very musical tone. There are cheap jewsharps which are sold at retail for a cent. A four-inch imported jewsharp retails for a quarter of a dollar. An American jewsharp of this size sells for 50 cents. Its iron frame, or harp, is tinned, and its steel tongue is tipped with brass.

Besides being made of many sizes, jewsharps are made with the harp part of various ornamental designs. Jewsharps are not tuned to a key; but harps of a desired key may be found. Commercially jewsharps rank not as musical instruments, but as toys. Many jewsharps are, however, used as musical instruments, and are played upon by men, and not infrequently in conjunction with musical instruments. Jewsharps are sold more or less throughout the country. Many are sold in mining regions of the south and west and wherever Hungarian and like labor is employed. In such places it is not unusual to find a man playing a jewsharp while others play accordions and so on.

The total sales of jewsharps in this country are not so large as they formerly were.—N. Y. Sun.

A False Impression.

Sam—We wuz talkin' 'bout de crops when yo' came in.

Pete—'Bout which?

"De crops—de wheat crop and de co'n crop."

"Oh! I t'ought yo' done meant de game ob craps, an' wuz tryin' ter say it wif er English accent."—Puck.

Another Bicycle Symptom.

Bloomer—Bicycle eyes are the latest.

Sprocket—Hadn't heard of them.

"Indeed? The eyes bulge out from the head and are owned by people who never ride bicycles, but who dodge them."—Yonkers Statesman.

—It is no unusual thing for a vessel plying between Japan and London to carry 1,000,000 fans of all kinds as a single item of its cargo.

THE ENCHANTED MESA.

Again Visited and Traces of Former Occupancy Found.

The top of the Enchanted Mesa of New Mexico was at one time inhabited. It has been proved that Indian traditions should not be dismissed as merely mythical after only casual exploration.

This has been demonstrated as the result of the trip of F. W. Hodge, of the bureau of ethnology, Smithsonian Institution, who has just returned from an expedition to the mesa. The Enchanted Mesa of New Mexico has excited the interest of scientists and the daring of exploring parties. It was brought into prominence a few weeks ago by the expedition of Prof. William Libbey, of Princeton university, who took rope-throwing mortars, huge kites, balloons and tons of apparatus to scale this hitherto inaccessible tableland.

The purpose of the investigations has been to determine whether the summit of the mesa was at one time inhabited by the prehistoric Acoma Indians. Prof. Libbey reported no evidences of early occupancy. Mr. Hodge's explorations have brought different results, however, for after scaling the mesa he spent some time on the summit, found a number of fragments of pottery, arrows, shell bracelets, stone axes, etc., establishing conclusively that the top of the mesa was at one time the home of humans.

Mr. Hodge was sent by the bureau of ethnology to examine a series of ruins in western New Mexico and to attend the snake dance of the Moki Indians. This done, he was directed to proceed to the Mesa Encanada and scale its precipitous walls in any way he saw fit. He procured an extension ladder, comprising six sections of six feet each together, with an ample supply of rope, and proceeded to the mesa September 3, accompanied by Maj. George H. Pradt, deputy United States surveyor at Laguna, N. M., who is familiar with that section; A. C. Vroman, of Pasadena, Cal., who acted as photographer of the expedition; H. C. Hoyt, of Chicago, and two Laguna Indians.

The mesa was determined to be 431 feet from the western plain to the top of the highest pinnacle above the cleft, and the talus, at the base of the cleft, 60 feet above the plain. The climb was without any serious difficulty until the party reached a great sandstone. The ladders were hauled section by section to this point by means of the ropes, then fitted together, and raised against the cliff.

Mr. Hodge ascended to the top and climbing over the slope immediately above reached the top of the ladder by a huge bowlder that had fallen from above and lodged on the terrace some 20 feet from the summit. The ladder was then ascended by the remainder of the party and the top easily reached. The ascent consumed exactly 2¼ hours.

The explorers had not been on the summit of the mesa five minutes before Maj. Pradt picked up a fragment of ancient pottery, which indicates clearly that the mesa had been visited, at any rate, in former times, and that Prof. Libbey was mistaken in his conclusions. During the afternoon and the next day Mr. Hodge examined the ground critically, while Maj. Pradt made a survey of the mesa, and Mr. Vroman secured a number of photographs.

Several potsherds, two stone axes (broken), a fragment of a shell bracelet and a stone arrow point were the chief evidences of former occupancy found on the narrow storm-swept crest, but abundant potsherds, etc., were found in the talus swept down from the summit. All vestiges of the ancient trail ascending the talus and continued thence to the summit by hand and foot holes in the solid rock, have been obliterated, but some traces of the hole remain. This verification of an Indian tradition, notable for inherent evidence of accuracy, is peculiarly gratifying to students of anthropology.

Prof. Libbey's ladder was discovered still lashed in place above the crevasse.

Mr. Hodge's researches will arouse great interest among American ethnologists and archaeologists. — Chicago Times-Herald.

The Candle Fish of Alaska.

With the discovery of the Klondike, with all its winter privations, comes also the practical discovery of a fish found along the Alaskan shores which it is said will furnish food, light, heat and medicine to the prospectors who have gone into the new El Dorado. This fish is of the smelt variety, but larger and fatter. They are caught in nets easily and on being caught are found to be of a rich green color on the back variegated with blue and with golden reflections on the belly. On being held up to the light they are almost transparent. On being caught these fish are dried and stored. When the Alaskan is snowed in and without a light he simply inserts the tail of one of these fish in a crack in the table and touches a match to its nose. It gives out a clear three candle power light. The backbone is largely formed of phosphorus, which not only causes it to ignite easily, but also accounts for the strength of the flame and the heat developed. The substance of the fish, largely fat, retards the rapid burning, as the tallow acts in an ordinary candle. The fish is also valuable as food. Still another use to which it may be put is as a substitute for cod liver oil, which, aiding the natural heat of the body, serves to protect against the severe cold. It is to be hoped that scientists will discover a way by which the skin of this fish may be made into clothing and its backbone changed into miner's picks.—Philadelphia Press.

Our Food to Give Out.

When the world's population exceeds 5,000,000,000 the earth will be unable to find nourishment for her people, and they will be forced either to cannibalism or starvation. That number will be reached in about 280 years.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

OBJECTED TO UMBRELLAS.

Were Liable to Cause Trouble for the Deacon When Milking.

"Speaking about umbrellas," said Butterwick, as he leaned back in his comfortable armchair and watched the crowd paddling by in the rain, "always reminds me of a pleasant little episode that occurred some years ago when I was a free and careless farmer boy, as the poet tells about, working for a good old Methodist deacon named Boggs.

"The deacon owned a cow that had an annoying habit of switching her tail while being milked, and as Boggs quite naturally objected to being swatted alongside of the head or having his hat cuffed off every other second, he used to serve an injunction on the tail-flourishing by tying the offending appendix fast to his bootstrap when he sat down to milk. Then he would go ahead and extract the lacteal fluid in peace, while the astonished cow would shake her head and wonder why her switching apparatus didn't work with it accustomed freedom.

"One rainy day, when the deacon was milking away as usual, with the cow's continuation anchored to his bootstrap, I thoughtlessly walked in front of her with an open umbrella, and the next instant the ancient but still able-bodied milk producer was plunging wildly about the barnyard like a brindle cyclone, while her owner, with his head jammed through the bottom of the wooden milkpail and its contents distributed partially over his person, was hopping frantically along behind her on one foot and imploringly shouting: 'So, hass! So, boss!' at every jump.

"It was as good as a regular circus performance while it lasted, and I enjoyed it immensely, or, at least, I would have done but for thinking about what Boggs might say when he got loose.

"The boot strap finally broke, allowing the deacon to roll in one direction, while the cow plunged headlong through a closed gate, smashing it into kindling wood, and galloping off in another.

"It suddenly dawned on me that this was a good time to take a vacation, so I started at once, taking my employer's consent for granted. I stayed away until Boggs had cooled up and built a new gate, and then I sneaked back one morning and went to work again. And all the bluff, good-hearted old deacon ever said to me about the matter was:

"Wilyum Henry, I 'low ye're a mighty good hand ter work, an' I don't know 'zactly haw I'd manage ter git along through hayin' an' harvest without ye, but if ye ever try ter kerry an umbreller in front of a cow ag'in when I'm milkin' her, I'll git up an' break every tarnal bone in yer good-fur-nothin' carcass! Understand!'

"I understood. And not wishing to interrupt the harvest gathering by getting crippled for life, I always left my parachute in the house during milking time after that."—Detroit Free Press.

ETIQUETTE NOTES.

Some Hints on Correct Conduct for the Ladies.

True ladyhood is never more in evidence than in public places. So true is this that one may readily gauge the status of a woman by her traveling manners.

The gentlewoman is also known by her dress, not by its richness, but by its suitability and fashioning.

The gentlewoman never indulges in conspicuous dress; she avoids eccentricity of style and "loudness" in coloring, and observes moderation.

The gentlewoman's dress is so neutral when she walks abroad that it is only noticeable for its quiet elegance. Her dress is not necessarily tailor-made, but it is neatly made and suitable for the street.

The gentlewoman does not don her sealskin or velvets and diamonds to go shopping or to order supplies for her table, but this solecism is committed by many women who know no better.

The gentlewoman never makes any display of jewels in the street; neither does she dress her hair in a fantastic fashion to attract attention, nor does she wear ultra styles in bonnets, hats or other articles of apparel.

The true gentlewoman never makes use of slang phrases; she never indulges in loud speech or boisterous laughter in the street, or in traveling conveyances; neither does she assume an air of unnatural stiffness or importance; her voice is pleasantly modulated, her manner gracious and easy to her equals, and kind and unassuming to those who may possibly be called her "inferiors."—Ladies' World.

Wasting Talk.

All human beings need instruction, counsel, guidance in a greater or less degree. No one person knows or can know everything. Some through age, experience and wisdom are qualified to be counselors and advisers. Others will not do this. They are indifferent to the welfare of those around them, and allow them to go their way and take the consequences. Others, more careful and sympathetic, seek to save the young from the evils and troubles which their experience might bring upon them. Often, however, they labor in vain; their advice is unwelcome and their words are wasted. It is useless to try to pour water into a corked bottle, or to give advice to some conceited youth who knows it already, and who turns up a pretty nose, and goes on regardless of the counsel of friends, parents or anyone else. There is one school for such persons. It is a dear one. It is the school of experience. Its lessons are enforced by blighted hopes, ruined health, broken hearts; but it is the only school in which certain persons can be taught. They hate knowledge, they despise instruction. Foolishness is bound up in their hearts, and only affliction, disappointment and sorrow can drive it from them.—Detroit Free Press.

FOR WINTER WEAR.

Items of Dress for the Coming Season.

Braiding will be a pronounced feature of fall and winter dressing. An effort is to be made to turn all the energy that has been expended in summer frills into braiding for the later seasons. Stuffs are again to be almost concealed in many rows of braiding; stitching will also flourish (it always does when braiding is in vogue) and again curious materials, woven to give the effect of braiding, are offered. It must be noted in favor of braiding that skirts and bodices grown a little limp take on new trimness and set when generously lined either with stitching or braid. The lines should be many and close together, however.

Hearts will again be dangled from neckchains this winter. The latest heart is crystal bound in gold, inclosing a four-leaf clover in the middle. Another novelty is the introduction of a mirror into this modern acceptance of the once universal locket. Enameling of all kinds is again in broad favor, and will be seen in countless varieties. Many of the revived Louis XIV. designs in jewelry lend themselves to the styles of the present moment, especially for brooches and corsage designs. Bangles of increasing amplitude are promised in the revival of old-time fashions, which seems to be predominating at present.

Furs, especially sable and chinchilla, are fashionable garnitures for millinery, and rich velvets and silks are draped over soft frames, producing wonderfully effective results. This method of draping a hat cannot be described; one must see it in the reality or a picture to fully comprehend just how it is done. Purple is still holding the imperial sway it has for three years, although a wonderful deep red is a close rival to it, while royal blue, silver gray, black and white, white and black, all black and all white obtain. Brilliant buckles and pins are used to fasten flowers and plumes to position. Indeed, wherever an effective bit of color or brightness can be artistically arranged there it is in evidence.

The tendency of the winter jacket is toward the blouse-effect, which is obtained by darts. Yokes, collars, cuffs, piping in fur, whether it be mink, Persian lamb, ermine, sable, silver and black fox or monkey, will be popular. Velvet and silk braid of all widths are much used. Satin cloth is really the novelty of the day, and obtains in heliotrope, green, mode, golden brown, silver gray, royal blue, dove and Lincoln green. On this are seen not only the fur decorations mentioned, but also a very thick, coarse, black woolen braid and tiny straps of leather matching or contrasting with the cloth in color. Collars continue high, are gored and undulating, and may be lined with fur, velvet or lace. Watteau effects are used. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

POLITE TO A FAULT.

Woe of a Near-Sighted Man Who Tried to Do the Right Thing.

He is near-sighted and has always refused to wear glasses, in consequence of which fact he has got into more scrapes than he cares to acknowledge, and his wife and intimate friends are seldom without a good story to tell at his expense. The last one is perhaps the best of all and has already cost him a small fortune to purchase his wife's silence. It happened recently and when he came home he was still puzzled. Dinner was late, in consequence of its being the cook's day out, and while they waited for the meal he mentioned the occurrence to his wife.

"I met a woman on the street to-day whose face is familiar as my own, and yet I can't remember her name or where I met her."

"O, Henry!" cried his wife, "doubtless it was one of my friends, and I shall have a time explaining it. You really ought to wear glasses."

"Not this time, my dear. I greeted her in a most friendly fashion, because I didn't want her to know I couldn't place her. I asked if everybody was well at home and she replied 'yes' without any explanation, so I found out nothing in that way. She looked rather queer, too, as if she suspected me, and as we were near a confectioner's I asked her to have a plate of cream."

"Quite right," said the wife. "Nothing offends people so much as failing to remember their names. She may be one of your best paying clients."

"Very true. By the way, Mrs. Knowitall happened in while we were eating our cream and I thought she looked rather queer. Some one he dislikes, I suppose."

"Very likely. What is it, Alma?" as the housemaid came into the room.

"If you please, madam, it's Mrs. Knowitall. She says she wants to see you a minute."

"You dear thing, how are you?" cried the hostess, entering the parlor. "Is anything wrong? Has your new cook left you, or—".

"No, she hasn't. She has only demanded two more afternoons a week. What I wanted to say is this: We have a hard enough time to keep servants already, and if your husband intends to make it harder I shall regret your coming out here!"

"My husband? I don't understand."

"Yes. I saw him myself at Sweetie's this afternoon treating your cook to ice cream, and it is a precedent which—"

And then Henry came in to see what his wife was laughing at!—Chicago Tribune.

Southern Rice Bread.

Put two cupfuls of boiled rice into a bowl, add two cupfuls of milk and the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Sift in gradually one cupful of flour, add one-half a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of butter (melted) and the whites of the eggs, whipped to a stiff froth. Turn into a well-greased, shallow pan and bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven.—Leisure Hours.

—In every mile of railway there are seven feet four inches not covered by the rails, the space left for expansion.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

DOROTHY'S BARGAIN.

Dorothy's own dearest auntie Anne
Leaned over Dorothy's bed;
Clad all in pink, to her feather fan,
She looked as sweet as an auntie can,
With roses pink on her head.

"Go right to sleep," said her auntie Anne,
"Shut up your bonnie brown eyes;
I'll bring a breeze with my feather fan
That will take you off to Yucatan,
And give the flowers surprise."

Dorothy's eyes but the bigger grew;
She laughed at her auntie Anne;
"You is big 'nuf; why, I sought you knew
Dat breezes on'y took fings what flew,
And Dowofy nebber tan."

"Then I'll bring a breeze from a cold, cold land"—
The fan waved high and fast—
"To pinch your nose and nip at your hand,
To freeze you asleep with icy band
And quilt of snow that will last."

"But I like it tool, dear auntie Anne,
An' so feel my fles, go cweep.
I'll shut my eyes if your fedder fan
Will make our baby run off wid a man,
An' let poor Dowofy s'eep."
—Elvira Floyd Froemicke, in New Unity.

PARROT PRIMA DONNA.

Chicago Bird Can Sing Six Songs, Words and Music.

There are parrots that talk and parrots that laugh, parrots that cry and parrots that swear, but the parrots that will sing a song, both words and music, and keep the tune are rare indeed. Yet such a wonder exists in Chicago, and it has, moreover, the reputation among bird fanciers of being the best-educated parrot in this country.

Unfortunately this learned bird's fame is somewhat obscured by its name. It is one of the Smiths of parrotdom—Polly—and it stoops to ask for a cracker with as much earnestness as any of its less clever cousins.

Polly is the property of George M. Pullman, of Pullman's Palace Car company. She was purchased last fall and has since been giving daily performances at his home in Prairie avenue. She sings no fewer than six songs, both words and music, to say nothing of trilling the scale from do to do with the greatest ease. One of her favorite songs is "Hear Dem Bells," which she sings with a delicious negro accent. She is also fond of "Old Mother Wiggle Waggle," and of a cheery whip-poor-will song. If it happens to be Sunday she sings "In the Sweet By-and-By," with an occasional variation to "Oh, dear,

PRIMA DONNA POLLY.

what can the matter be, Johnny's so long at the fair," into which she puts all the possible parrot pathos. If she is in a humorous mood she tries, "Oh, yah, dond dot vas fine."

Besides being a songster, Polly is an accomplished talker and she can laugh and cry like a little girl, crow like a rooster and whistle like a boy, and sometimes she jumbles them all up together in the most astonishing and laughable manner. Her principal conversation is carried on in the following sentences:

"Good-morning, Polly. How do you do, Polly? Pretty boy, shake hands. Oh, Polly, where is Polly? Oh, Polly, what's the matter. Naughty Polly. Come here, Polly. Sing Polly, why don't you sing, Polly?" and many others.

Besides these words Polly sometimes calls for "Mary Ann" in the most pathetic way, and if Mary Ann doesn't appear she adds in a teasing voice, "Come on."

Polly has a most romantic history. She was born in the southern part of Mexico, and, together with a big family of brothers and sisters, she remained for some time in the home nest. One day a Mexican came and took her and all her relatives and carried them to his home, where he fed them for some time on soft bread and corn. Then in company with 30 or 40 other parrots, all crowded together in a coop, she was shipped by railroad northward into the United States. After remaining some time in a bird fancier's store she was purchased and sent to a cripple named Harry Marsden, who lived in a Missouri town. Here she received the best of treatment, and her owner became her private tutor. She soon became very fond of him, and when he said something to her very distinctly just before going to bed she would wake up the first thing in the morning and begin to practice, saying it over and over, and in this way she learned all of her accomplishments.

But one day her kind master was ordered to go to Florida for his health, and she was sent to Chicago, where, for some time she swayed in a cage at Fred Kaempfer's bird store in Madison street and astonished those who visited her with her remarkable cleverness. No other parrot that the dealer ever saw could sing and talk so well as this one. One day last fall Mrs. Pullman saw Polly and purchased her and since then she has made her home in Chicago.

Polly belongs to the most intelligent of all the parrots—the double-yellow-head Mexican. She is over a foot in length and of a magnificent green color, with a pale-yellow spot on her forehead, red tipped wings and a cream-colored beak. She is altogether as handsome as she is clever.—Chicago Record.

HOW TO SAVE LIVES.

Hints for Boys and Girls Who Know How to Swim.

A boy or girl never knows at what moment he may be called upon to save the life of a friend from drowning, especially in these days of swimming and boating. He should therefore prepare for the emergency by practicing life-saving devices every time he goes in swimming. A little calmness of mind and a very little skill will often serve to sustain a sinking swimmer until help may come.

One of the methods used by the English life-saving service is shown in the picture. It may at first sight look difficult, but it is one of the easiest of all the methods. It is necessary, of course, that the boy who saves a person in this way be able to swim easily and readily on his back. Any boy who can swim in the regular way with the deep under

SAVING A DROWNING PERSON.

stroke can learn in half an hour to turn and swim on his back, and he will find it much easier and more restful than the ordinary method. Indeed, he will find that he can keep himself afloat merely by paddling gently with his hands, allowing his legs to lie entirely still.

In effecting a rescue the drowning person should turn or be turned on his back, and the swimmer should grasp him lightly at the back of the neck with one hand. Both should lie as deep in the water as possible, and the swimmer can then propel himself with his feet and one hand. Of course, this method would not work where the drowning person was frantic with fright, although if such a person can be sustained until he becomes unconscious he may then be easily towed to safety. Next time you are in swimming try this method with some other boy acting as the drowning person. You will be astonished to see how easily he may be dragged through the water.—Chicago News.

SMART OLD CAPTAIN.

How He Sailed and Steered a Balky Cow to the Fair.

When I was down on Cape Cod last summer I heard an amusing story about an old sea captain and his cow. Capt. Patterson, after sailing the sea for more than 40 years, finally retired to a little farm near Barnstable, where he settled down, with a horse, cow and two or three dozen hens. His cow, though a lank and stubborn creature, was said to come from very good stock, and when the Barnstable people took it into their heads to have a fair Capt. Patterson determined to exhibit his cow. But when the day came for driving her to the grounds, the cow showed that she had a mind of her own, and would not budge a step beyond the farmyard gate. In vain the old captain tugged at the rope, pommeled her sides and pushed her flanks. The cow wanted to go to pasture, and was bound she wouldn't go to the fair.

Capt. Patterson's patience was very nearly gone, when suddenly an idea occurred to him. Though he was not strong enough himself to force the cow to go to the fair, his training suggested something that was. Tying the cow to the gate post, he went up into the loft of his barn and threw down an old sail stepped to a dorymast. Then he put a horse blanket belt through an iron ring, strapped the belt around the cow, inserted the end of the mast in the ring, and bound the mast to the side of the cow with some 50 feet of rope. The wind blew "quartering," and when the captain untied the cow and raised the sail the canvas swelled out over the cow's back and away she went "sidling" down the road, mooing and lunging, and trying to stop herself in vain. Capt. Patterson seized her tail, and, using it as a rudder guided her skillfully in the right direction. With every fresh puff of wind the obstinate cow would be hurried along faster, while the dust blew up in clouds, and the sail flapped and tugged, as Capt. Patterson held to the mainsheet with one hand and the cow's tail with the other.

It was a hard voyage for both of them, but not a long one, and when they came in sight of the fair ground everybody ran out to see the remarkable sight of a cow being sailed through the streets like a ship. Cheers and laughter filled the air, and when the captain finally whirled his cow around at the gate of the fair grounds and brought her neatly "up into the wind" the shout that arose might have been heard two miles away. Unfortunately, Capt. Patterson's cow did not take one of the prizes for blooded stock, but the captain himself was given a special prize by the fair commissioners for "the best advice for getting balky cattle to market."—Outlook.

Tale of a Grateful Bird.

It is a rare occurrence for animals in a wild state to select man for a companion, or evince any gratitude for favors, but there is an occasional exception. A boy in Maine killed a snake that was just in the act of robbing a song sparrow's nest, and ever since the bird has shown its gratitude in a wonderful manner. When he goes into the garden the sparrow flies to him, sometimes alighting on his head or shoulder, all the while pouring out a song of praise and gratitude. It will not leave the garden, but all the time he is there the bird hovers around him, with every manifestation of love.

Broke the Record.

"He broke the record for continuous fast riding."

"Yes; he was arrested six days in succession for scorching."—Cycling Gazette.

FARM AND GARDEN.

TREATMENT OF PIGS.

A Mixed Diet Usually Produces Satisfactory Results.

The treatment of pigs intended for porkers and those intended for bacon should from the age of 12 or 14 weeks be somewhat different. The former may be pushed on sharply, and fed at least three times a day, says National Provisioner, but care should be taken not to give more food at each meal than is thoroughly cleaned up. A good mixture of two or three sorts of ground corn, either scalded or steamed, with the addition of some boiled potatoes, mangles or swedes, and a little skim milk, will make porkers fit for the market in four or five months. Pigs intended for bacon should be allowed a fair amount of exercise, and for the first four or five months need only be fed twice a day, on such food as will promote growth and produce flesh rather than fat, but they should never be allowed to stop growing nor to lose their sucker's flesh. When put up to feed, the change to richer food should be gradual. Opinions vary very much as to whether it is desirable to give meal raw or cooked; for my part, I have found the best results from cooked food.

As regards the diet on which bacon pigs should be fed, it is impossible to lay down any hard and fast rules. The pig, of all animals, thrives best on a mixed diet, and every pig feeder must decide for himself what is the mixture that he can most economically use, having regard to the produce of his country. There is no doubt barley meal is one of the best all-round foods for the production of good bacon, with the addition of a small quantity of pea or bean meal, and fourths flour. Maize meal is a most useful food in small quantities, but it should always be scalded or boiled, and never be used exclusively, or as the principal ingredient in food where high class, streaky bacon is desired, as its tendency is to produce fat. It is of the utmost importance that pigs should be fed at regular intervals. When this is not attended to they become restless and do not thrive as they ought to. The food should be varied from time to time, as nothing promotes a good appetite like change of food.

TWO STABLE DEVICES.

To Prevent a Horse Kicking and to Foil Horse Thieves.

The illustration shows a device to be used where a horse kicks his stable companion. It is made from one-inch galvanized iron tubing. The two corners are screwed together with a return coupler. Pins go through holes in the upper ends and are attached to the woodwork of the stall. A cord is fas-

HOLDBACK IN STABLE.

tened to the device for raising or lowering as required. When not in use it is raised and is well out of the way of everything. In use, it does not interfere at all with the animal's movements, except to prevent his being too free with his feet and legs.

To prevent thieves taking horses out

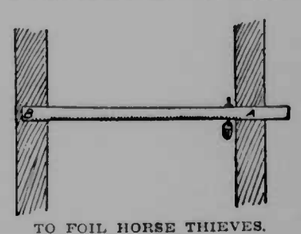

TO FOIL HORSE THIEVES.

of the stable place a bar of iron across the doorway, as shown in cut, one end (a) entering far enough through the doorpost to allow the other end (b) to fit into a socket. An iron key is put into a hole in the bar near (a) and padlocked there. These two devices are not patented and they are effective.—Orange Judd Farmer.

The Fight for Pure Honey.

If there is one subject above all others that needs attention just now it is that of honey adulteration. We must have a national pure food law enacted pretty soon, or the business of pure honey production will be ruined forever. The shameless adulterators are constantly at work, and will so continue until compelled to stop by the enforcement of a rigid anti-adulteration law. The United States Beekeepers' union has a big job ahead of it. It will require the united efforts and funds of all beekeepers to win in this fight. It is well worth undertaking, however—in fact, beekeepers cannot afford to submit longer without soon finding their occupation gone.—Wisconsin Agriculturist.

Why Baled Hay Is Musty.

Much of the baled hay that comes to market is musty. Most farmers when they bale hay think it need not be very dry, as the bales are small. But the amount of hay packed in them is always sufficient to get up a violent ferment unless the hay is properly dried before it is put into the bale. If there were more care used in baling hay the price for it would be much better than it is, as the hay itself would be better worth it.

HANDY CHICKEN COOP.

It Overcomes All the Objections Urged Against Other Kinds.

The cut shows a chicken coop which has overcome all the objections to plans which have been given to the public from year to year through poultry journals and agricultural papers.

The coop is 22 by 26 inches floor measure, having four posts of oak one by two, which hold the nails firmly and stand the weather best, as they rest on the ground. The front posts are cut 24 inches long and the rear ones 18 inches, with a one by two joist nailed on in-

HANDY CHICKEN COOP.

side, 26 inches long. The top pieces of 1-8x3x26 inches are nailed on the outside of posts, which forms a frieze, which is cut to a bevel on which the roof boards are nailed; the roof projecting 1¼ inches in front and at the eaves, and three-quarters inch on the ends. The siding, floor and roof boards are all of one-half inch stuff, which can be procured by purchasing shoe boxes of a suitable size and drawing the nails. They give you white pine lumber planed on both sides, that can be painted to look neat and last for many years.

X is a movable rack which slides up on the inside to let the hen out or in, and can be easily removed when desired to clean out. A is the drop door and feed table, held in position by the wire (B), which is hooked into staples or around screws; can be unhooked when closing the door. Door is fastened by button (C). The door is held in position at the bottom, when closed, by two headless wire nails driven in bottom edge and projecting five-eighths inch, which enters a corresponding hole in the floor. D is a slat 5-8x1-8 inch, to prevent the board from warping and protect the food from being wasted. E is a wire screen nailed on inside of opening to afford ventilation when the door is closed. F is a small hook to hold wire out of the way when not in use. G G is a slot in end of siding to admit screws when the door is closed.

The advantage of this coop is that it is inexpensive, simple in construction, light and easily removed from place to place, easily kept clean and dry, with safety from vermin. By removing door and rack it can be scrubbed out and aired, thus caring for many broods with but little work or risk of accident or disease.—B. H. Klein, in Ohio Farmer.

NOTES FOR BEEKEEPERS.

Lack of ventilation often causes dampness in the hive.

To winter safely bees should have 30 pounds of good stores.

Granulation in honey is a proof of its purity and superiority.

If bees are to be moved it should be done before cold weather.

Comb honey during the fall and winter should be kept in a warm room.

Bees never bore for nectar, but seek only of that which is fully exposed.

It is seldom profitable to go into winter quarters with weak colonies.

Italian bees and strong colonies are rarely if ever injured by moths.

Ship to distant markets only when the home market is fully supplied.

Honey costs practically nothing and is a valuable produce, considering the price.

Try a broken butcher knife with a blade two inches long for prying up supers.

Bees rob only at such times as the general scarcity of nectar forbids honest gains.

Any queens which do not seem to be prolific should be superseded as soon as the fact is known.

Empty frames of combs should be well taken care of during the winter, when not in use.

Strong colonies are rarely molested and are almost sure to defend themselves against intruders.

The lack of fecundity in the queen may be due to disease, improper development or to a special race or strain.

Bees, by a rapid vibration of their wings, have the power to ventilate their hives. In this way they are able to reduce the temperature in summer and temper the cold of winter.—St. Louis Republic.

BLIND WOMAN FARMER.

Tills the Soil Herself and Clears $200 Each Season.

While women who farm are numerous in Illinois and in the other states of the union, a blind woman farmer is seldom seen. There lives in Oak Hill, Tex., a blind girl, who has from a few acres of land, cultivated by herself, cleared about $200 each season for several years by the growing and sale of vegetables. She began with no capital and an unfenced piece of uncultivated land. There is now a neat fence about her domain, a well and pump in the center, and she has, in addition to purchasing these, paid for a piano and hack to take her vegetables to the market, which is 20 miles from her home.

Every evening during the dry season she waters a certain number of plants until she has gone over the entire place, when she begins and goes over it again in the same way. The active sense of hearing which nature has given this blind girl in lieu of her sight enables her to detect insect life easily, and by feeling with her sensitive fingers she can distinguish the nature and size of the plants and vegetables she raises. She is familiar with all kinds of vegetables and plants, knows the size they should attain, the color of their hue and the shape they should assume.

Latest Bicycle Slang.

An awkward person is a "wabbler."

A gossip travels with a "loose sprocket wheel."

If your clothes are not in style you are a "'95 model."

When a man's sweetheart jilts him he is the victim of a "broken chain."

Any rider abrading the skin by a fall merely "scrapes off some of his enamel."

He who looks upon the wine until his feet are entangled is a person whose "wheels do not run true."

A stupid individual, if there be any such on a bicycle, was "sand in his bearings."

A proud person, or one unduly haughty, "rides with his handle bars raised too high."

One who is disposed to be imaginative to the extent of romancing is "geared up to 100."

The individual who shouts at night when others desire to sleep is the victim of "loose spokes."—N. Y. Journal.

A Sick Church.

They dedicated a church in a certain New York village a few days ago, and shortly after the incident the daughter of a citizen living over the way was heard to say to her mother:

"I wonder what's the matter with that church, Ma, do you know?"

"No," replied the mother. "Why do you think there is anything the matter with it?"

"'Cause," answered the child, "I heard 'em say it was medicated."—Boston Courier.

Wallace—"I didn't know you rode a wheel." Ferry—"I don't." Wallace—"Then what are you wearing knickerbockers and a sweater for?" Ferry—"To keep the fool bicycle riders from running over me. They think I'm one of 'em."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Almost Inside Out.

The stomach that is not turned thus by a shaking up on the "briny wave" must be a well fortified one. The gastric apparatus can be rendered proof against seasickness with that stomachic so popular among travelers by sea and land—Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It defends the system against malaria and rheumatism, and subdues liver complaint, constipation and dyspepsia.

Kentucky Appreciates.

"Er—Col. Clay, it's a fine wheat crop we have this year—"

"Splendid, suh, splendid! Best an' cleanest lot o' straws I ever drawed through, suh!"—Cleveland World.

Last Month of the Tennessee Centennial and Industrial Exposition.

The month of October closes this greatest of all Expositions ever held in the South, and next to the Columbian, the best ever held in this country. For the closing month, special attractions have been arranged, and the rates from all parts of the country have been made lower than ever before known. The location (Nashville, Tenn.) is on the main line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, directly on its through car route between the North and South, and the trip in either direction via that city can be made as cheaply, if not cheaper, than via any other route. Ask your ticket agent for rates, or write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., for rates and information.

Smith—"Did many of the passengers go to hear Dr. Fourthly preach in the main cabin this morning?" Brown—"Yes, but most of them left when he announced his text." Smith—"What was it?" Brown—"'Cast thy bread upon the waters.'"—Life.

Speaking from Experience.

Teacher—What is that which pervades all space, which no wall or other substance can shut out?

Johnnie Sharpe (a flat dweller)—The smell of onions, miss.—Odds and Ends.

A Woman of Mark.

Magistrate—The evidence shows that you threw a stone at the man.

Mrs. McDuff—An' it shows more than that, yer honor. It shows that I hit him.—Boston Traveler.

A Small Potato.

Askins—That fellow, Dubby, isn't of much importance, is he?

Grimshaw—Much importance? Why, he wouldn't even cut any ice in Klondike in the winter time!—Puck.

First Boarder—"I wonder the landlady lets him stay; everybody can see that he drinks." Second Boarder—"Yes; but he never has any appetite in the morning."—Puck.

Cook (to policeman)—"How neatly you carve that goose!" (With a sudden outburst of jealousy) "You have deceived me! I am not your first love."—Fliegende Blaetter.

First Tramp—"Did yer give her dat gag about bein' too feeble to work?" Second Tramp—"Yes. She said dat wuz what wuz der matter wid de gag."—N. Y. Journal.

"Why, George, you haven't smoked any of those cigars I gave you for a birthday present." "No, dear, I couldn't find it in my heart to burn anything you gave me."—Jugend.

"What do you regard as the most important event of the century?" asked the philosopher. "Well," answered the wheelman "the finish is about as satisfactory as any part of the run."—Truth.

"I," said the pompous actor, "was once where the shells fell so thick and fast that to escape them was impossible." "And you are alive to tell it?" "Oh, yes. The shells were loaded with eggs."—Detroit Free Press.

Many a sore-eyed man sets up for an eye doctor, and does a thriving business at it.—Ram's Horn.

SUFFERING WOMEN.

How Many of Them Have Quietly Obtained Advice That Made Them Well.

My sister, if you find that in spite of following faithfully your family doctor's advice, you are not getting well, why do you not try another course? Many and many a woman has quietly written to Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., stating her symptoms plainly and clearly, and taken her advice, which was promptly received. The following letter is a pretty strong confirmation of our claims:

"I had been sick for six months; one doctor told me I would have to go to a hospital before I would get well. I had female troubles in their worst form, suffered untold agonies every month; my womb tipped back to my backbone, had headache, hysteria, fainting spells, itching, leucorrhœa.

"My feet and hands were cold all the time, my limbs were so weak that I could hardly walk around the house; was troubled with numb spells. I have taken four bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one bottle of her Blood Purifier, one package of her Sanative Wash, and am entirely cured. I have not had one of those numb spells since. Can you wonder that I sing the praises of a medicine that has cured me of all these ills?"—Mrs. Louisa Place, 650 Belmont St., Brockton, Mass.

A Great Benefit.

First Daughter of the Revolution—She says she'd like to know, for her part, what practical good our society does.

Second Ditto—Why, the mean thing! Just as if we hadn't made it almost fashionable to be patriotic.—Judge.

Every Saturday Tourist Sleeping Car Route to California.

Every Saturday night Midland Route tourist cars en route to Colorado, Utah and California will leave the Chicago Union Passenger Station of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway at 10 o'clock, running over the Chicago and Omaha Short Line to Omaha, thence via Lincoln, Neb., Colorado Springs and Leadville, Colo., Salt Lake City and Ogden, Utah, Reno, Nevada, and Sacramento, Cal., arriving at San Francisco at 8.45 p. m. Wednesday.

These popular every Saturday California excursions for both first and second class passengers (not foreign emigrants) are "personally conducted" by intelligent, competent and courteous "couriers" who will attend to the wants of all passengers en route. This is an entirely new feature of tourist car service and will be greatly appreciated by families or parties of friends traveling together, or by ladies traveling alone. Particular attention is paid to the care of children who usually get weary on a long journey.

Remember that the Midland Route Tourist Cars are sleeping cars and are supplied with all the accessories necessary to make the journey comfortable and pleasant, and the sleeping berth rate is but $6.00 (for two persons) from Chicago to California.

Ask the nearest ticket agent for a tourist car "folder," giving complete information about the Midland Route, or address "Eastern Manager Midland Route," No. 95 Adams street, Chicago, Ill., or Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago.

Sad Naturally.

Gotham—People are so different here in Boston. See how sad everybody looks.

Backbay—Naturally. How could they look otherwise when they think of the unfortunate people who cannot live in Boston?—Boston Transcript.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Caught the Eggs.

Judge—How do you know the prisoners threw eggs at you?

Tragedian—I caught them in the act.—Up-to-Date.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a Constitutional Cure. Price 75c.

Cover an ass with a lion's skin, and he will soon manage to poke his ears out somehow.—Ram's Horn.

A Dose in Time Saves Nine of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for Coughs. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Do not slight the man because he has done wrong.—Ram's Horn.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Louisa Lindaman, Bethany, Mo., Jan. 8, '96.

Ayer's

is the name to remember when buying Sarsaparilla. It has been curing people right along for more than 50 years. That's why.

THE POT CALLED THE KETTLE BLACK BECAUSE THE HOUSEWIFE DIDN'T USE

SAPOLIO

AN OPEN LETTER
To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now* Chas. H. Fletcher *on every bear the fac-simile signature of wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought,* Chas. H. Fletcher *on the and has the signature of wrapper. No one has authority from us to use our name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"

BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher.

Insist on Having
The Kind That Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

PRINTING

How Should it be Done?

This we are prepared to answer for those contemplating Printing of every description. Write us and state your wishes fully. An experience extending over many years in the business is at the disposal of those who value the advantages of first-class Printing.

Neat Printing, on good paper, free of typographical errors, is the kind you want. Work that is done in a slovenly manner, for a cheap price, is not the kind that pays either the customer or the Printer. We do the other kind of work—THE BEST—at a price to make some money for ourselves. That's what we are in business for.

Address all orders to

BENJ. H. SINCELL,
OAKLAND, MD.

REDUCED RATES.

Tennessee Centennial Exposition, Nashville, Tennessee.

OVER THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY and Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway.

The Southern Railway announces the following low rates from Washington, D. C., to Nashville, Tenn., occasion Tennessee Centennial Exposition:

Season Excursion Tickets will be sold daily, until and including October 15, at $24.75.

Twenty-day Excursion Tickets will be sold daily until October 15, at $21.30.

Ten-day Excursion Tickets will be sold on Tuesdays and Thursdays of each week, until October 26, 1897, at $15.20.

Rates for Military and Students in parties of 25 or more made known upon application.

Lv Baltimore, P. R. R.	.....	9 20 PM	9 02 AM
" Washington, So. Ry	.....	10 45 "	11 15 "
" Danville	.....	6 20 AM	6 20 PM
Ar Salisbury, "	.....	9 35 "	8 50 "
" Asheville, "	.....	2 10 PM	12 12 AM
" Hot Springs, "	.....	4 21 "	1 28 "
" Knoxville, "	.....	7 35 "	4 01 "
" Chattanooga, "	.....	11 20 "	7 51 "
" Nashville, N. C. & St. L. Ry		6 15 AM	1 30 PM

The train leaving Baltimore at 9.20 P. M., daily, carries Pullman Buffet Sleeper New York to Salisbury, uniting with Pullman Sleeper (from Norfolk) to Nashville, Tenn., through "The Land of the Sky," without change.

For full particulars, descriptive matter, etc., call on or address:

J. C. HORTON, Pass. Agent,
106 East German st., Baltimore, Md.
L. S. BROWN, Gen'l Agent Pass. Dept.
W. A. TURK, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
J. M. CULP, Traffic Manager.
W. H. GREEN, Gen'l Superintendent.
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NORTH DAKOTA

160 Acres of Land FREE to Every Citizen.

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CONVENIENT TO MARKETS

Full particulars free.
Address
A. C. HARVEY,
42 S. Third Street, Phila., Pa.
17—52

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 30,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassers will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

JOHN SHARTZER,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

offers his services to the people of Garrett County. Will cry land or personal property sales at any point in the county. 6-97-1yr.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Oct. 13, 1897.

The people of Washington are unfortunate in a sense of being outside of the world of strife and removed from the political arena. Even in national elections they have no direct voice or interest in who may or may not be elected to office, and yet on the other hand they have the advantage of living in a city in which there is no counterpart in the land, and one, while not a political center itself, sees the reflections political from all over the country. Especially is this so when Congress is in session and representatives from all quarters congregate to make laws for the people and also to engage in ardent and eloquent championships of principles and politics. Even when Congress is not in session there are of necessity many distinguished and reputable men stopping at the capital, for more or less patronage is being at all times distributed and wires are always being pulled by the initiated and experienced. There is no national campaign this fall, but there are campaigns which are of national importance. The Senate of the United States is now very closely divided, it being considered that it was by only the most consummate generalship that the tariff bill was passed as advantageously as it was, in the face of a direct majority opposed to the Republican party, and now, in Maryland and Ohio, Senators are to be elected and it remains with the citizens of those States to say whether the completion of the upper house of the National Legislature shall be Republican and progressive or Democratic and obstructive. So that considerable interest is felt here in watching the progress which the campaigns are making in those States. Interest centers especially in Ohio, the home of the President, and in the candidacy there of Senator Hanna, the chairman of the Republican National Committee of 1896, who led the party to the greatest victory within the recollection of its members. The party has gotten well together in Ohio and is pulling along a good stroke, while on the other hand the Democrats of the state are divided into factions and pulling in various directions. The gold Democrats are working vigorously against the success of the silverites, and the Populists have placed a regular ticket in the field and are fighting the Democrats at every point. And last the silver Republicans are sore on the Democrats and refusing to co-operate with them in the election of free-silver John McLean to the Senate. The free-silver proposition seems to be steadily losing ground and none know it better than does McLean. This would seem to account for his silence as well as that of other Ohioans on the silver subject, nor is this gradual dropping of silver the case in Ohio alone. It is perfectly apparent that the silver issue is a child of hard times and that it cannot thrive under the prosperity which seems to be returning to the country and which it is useless longer to deny. It is the general expressed opinion among all classes of politicians visiting the capital from various sections of the country that the free-silver sentiment is gradually contracting and losing ground.

"High prices and plenty of work are knocking it out," said a prominent statesman the other day. I come myself from a rural district and I own a farm myself, and I can say that I know of lots of old-time Democrats who voted for free-silver and Bryan who will never do so again, no matter how 'regular' the ticket is. They never believed in it as a principle and they see the mistake it would have been if Bryan had been elected. They see that all the prognostications that he made as to low prices and ruin, etc., in case of McKinley's election have proven false, and that on the contrary the promises of the Republican party have been and are being fulfilled as rapidly as possible and satisfactorily too, and the result is that though they may still be Democrats they will never be free-silver Democrats again. And many of them would vote with the Republicans rather than be forced onto a free silver ticket. The silver cause has irrevocably lost its hold upon the agricultural classes of the country, and will in future find no sympathy among them. Last year was the best time the silverites could have selected for the "springing" of their issue. Prices were low, and the people were dissatisfied with the condition of the country, resulting from a low tariff, destructive of American labor, and by a deal of sophistry and laying of the trouble at the hands of the "gold power" they won over many people to their cause. It was the most ingeniously conceived and executed political scheme of many years, and it is startling to think how many honest men it fooled. But free silver has gone where the woodbine twineth."

Croup Quickly Cured.

MOUNTAIN HOME, Ark.—Our children were suffering with croup when we received a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It afforded almost instant relief.—F. A. THORNTON. This celebrated remedy is for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Call for Your Letters.

Warden Smith, Isaac Shultz, J. J. Frice, Jacob Friend, M. C. Mencar, Chas. Bornig, Orson J. Carwin, J. V. Dudley, A. P. S. Deem, B. S. Warner (7), Harry French jr., Mrs. Belle McCrokie, Mrs. Ellen Lour, Miss M. Turner.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE
Adjoining Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett County, Maryland.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from James B. Sommerville and Agnes H. Sommerville, his wife, Joseph U. Alderson and Mary Price Alderson, his wife, to George P. White dated August 1st, 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 27, folio 235, etc., one of the records of Garrett county, I, the undersigned mortgagee, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1897,

at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., in front of the postoffice in the town of Oakland, Maryland, all the real estate described in said mortgage to which reference is hereby made for a full and particular description of the property to be sold.

Loch Lynn Heights and will take pleasure in showing the property to any person who contemplates buying. This is a very valuable property and consists about

ONE HUNDRED ACRES.

TERMS OF SALE—Cash upon the day of sale, as prescribed by said mortgage. Conveyancing at the cost of the purchaser.

A plat of the property may be seen by calling at the office of John Shartzer, auctioneer, at Oakland, Md.

GEO. P. WHITE, Mortgagee.
JOHN SHARTZER, Auctioneer. 39-4

SHERIFF'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE
IN GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county and to me directed, in the case of Henry Baumgardner and John D. Skiles vs. James B. Fowler and Katherina Barger, being No. 6 Judicials to July term, 1897, I did seize, levy upon and take in execution all the right, title and interest of the said James B. Fowler in and to all that tract of land in Garrett county, Maryland, called "Fineries," containing 106½ acres more or less, and I hereby give notice that I will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all of said tract of land called "Fineries," on

Wednesday, October 20th, 1897,

at 11 o'clock a. m., in front of the Court House door in the town of Oakland, to satisfy the aforesaid execution, and costs and all other costs that may accrue in making said sale.

This being the same property to which the said James B. Fowler acquired title by deed from W. J. Blackiston and others, trustees, dated Sept. 21st, 1887, and recorded among the land records of Garrett county in Liber E. Z. T. No. 32, folio 141.

Said land is situated south of the B. & O. R. R. and about two miles south east of Swanton, Md., and is well timbered and underlaid with coal.

TERMS:—Cash on day of sale.

30-3 *AUSTIN BROWN, Sheriff.*

Election Notice.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF ELECTION
FOR GARRETT COUNTY,
OAKLAND, MD., October 6, 1897.

Notice is hereby given that an election will be held in Garrett County, in the State of Maryland by the qualified voters thereof, on

Tuesday, the 2d Day of November, 1897,

for one person to be Comptroller of the Treasury of the State of Maryland; one person to be Clerk of the Court of Appeals of the State of Maryland; one person to be a member of the Senate of Maryland; two persons to be members of the House of Delegates of Maryland; two persons to be County Commissioners for Garrett county; one person to be Sheriff of Garrett county; one person to be County Surveyor for Garrett county, and one person to be County Treasurer for Garrett county, and also for or against a proposed amendment to the Constitution of the State of Maryland by adding an additional section to Article 15 thereof, to be known as section 11 of said Article, which reads as follows:

"11. Appointments in the civil service of the State, in the municipalities and counties of the State, shall be made according to merit and fitness, to be ascertained as far as practicable by examination, which shall be competitative, except appointments which are subject to confirmation by the Senate, and the General Assembly shall pass all such laws as may be necessary more fully to carry into effect the provisions of this section."

And the places of said election in the several election districts and precincts in said Garrett county, will be as follows:

District No. 1.—Charles T. West's house in the town of Swanton.

District No. 2.—In the public school building in the town of Friendsville.

District No. 3.—In Gregg's hall in the town of Grantsville.

District No. 4.—Thomas Garvey's store house in the town of Bloomington.

District No. 5.—George L. Englehart's shop in the town of Accident.

District No. 6.—In the public school building in the town of McHenry.

District No. 7.—First Precinct.—Thomas Murphy's store room, corner Third and Oak streets, Oakland.

District No. 7.—Second Precinct.—In the office of the Supervisors of Elections, in Shartzer's Opera House, on Green street, Oakland.

District No. 8.—At the old Hoye place on the Northwestern turnpike.

District No. 9.—At the shop of Samuel Johnson on the National road.

District No. 10.—In Mrs. Francis Chidester's store room in the town of Deer Park.

District No. 11.—At the residence of Peter McIntyre.

District No. 12.—At Henry Bittinger's shop in the town of Bittinger.

The polls of said election will be opened in each and every election district of said county, at the above places of holding the polls, at 8 o'clock a. m., and will close at 6 o'clock p. m.

A. G. STURGISS, President.
J. ALVIN FRIEND.
FRED. U. RIES.
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk. 31-4

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Archibald C. Biggs vs. Jane Biggs.
No. 823 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Maryland.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Jane Biggs to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county on or before the 28th day of October, 1897, as I will on that day proceed to state an audit distributing the funds in the hands of James C. Peddicord, trustee.

31-4t EDWARD H. SINCELL, Auditor

SHARTZER & BOLDEN
OAKLAND, MD.,
DEALERS IN

Furniture,
Carpets,
Matting,
Oil Cloth,
Window Shades,
Wall Paper,
—AND—
GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Repairing Furniture and Picture Framing a Specialty.

OAKLAND PHARMACY,
OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY, DAY OR NIGHT.

PRICES REASONABLE.

JOS. E. HARNED, Proprietor.
31—26

SAMUEL LAWTON,
BICYCLES and BICYCLE REPAIRING.
Full line of Bicycle Sundries carried in stock.

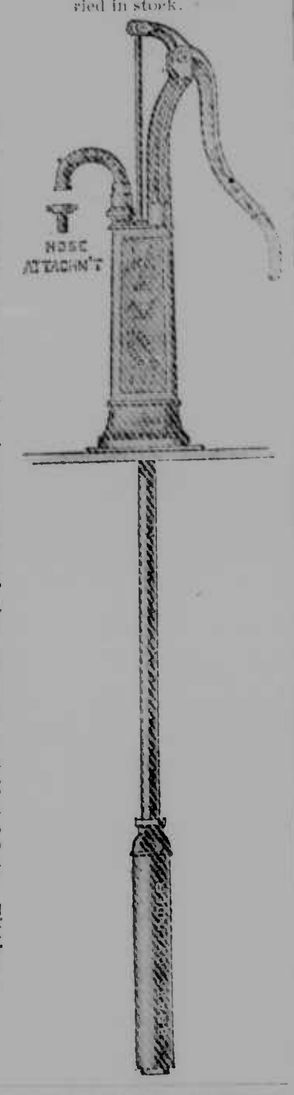

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STANDARD SUBSCRIPTION
BOOKS

By the W. B. Conkey Company, the largest publishers and manufacturers of books in the United States. Finest line of new holiday and other subscription books on the market.

Also agents wanted for "THE SILVER SIDE," the latest and best textbook on the silver question by the great silver leaders.

EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY.
LARGEST COMMISSIONS.
PRICES BELOW COMPETITION.

Write at once for circulars and special terms, stating your choice of territory.

W. B. CONKEY COMPANY,
341 343, 345, 347, 349, 351 Dearborn St.,
29-1eow. CHICAGO.

Tomson's Red Seal Lye.

98 per cent. strength, granulated, packed in SIFTING TOP cans, is the greatest soapmaker, disinfectant and cleanser.

One Can will make 10 Pounds of Hard Soap.

Red Seal is the best disinfectant and purifier to use in sinks, drains, waste pipes and closets. It is handy, safe and sure. One can of Red Seal to 15 gallons of water sprayed, knocks potato bugs, cabbage worms, etc. No damage to vines. 15-13

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JULIUS C. RENNINGER,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and mercantile law given special attention. Collections and investments made for clients. 15—1yr

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET,

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EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. '88 10-1

DR. J. G. ROBINSON, DENTIST,
Felty Building, Opposite Postoffice,
OAKLAND, MD.
GAS ADMINISTERED. 50-97

W. H. RAYENSCRAFT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Residence on North 3rd Street.
Office in Shartzer's Block, Second Street.

H. W. McCOMAS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Mayers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 3 p. m., 5 to 8 p. m., from June to October and 7 to 8 October to June, 7 to 8.30 p. m.

M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
Residence at Central Hotel.

DR. D. O. McKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.
Will visit regularly through Garrett county Md., and offers his services to those wishing Dental Treatment. Charges moderate.
P. O. address, Elk Lick, Pa. 6-22 6m

E. J. FRANEY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
Residence and P. O. Address,
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JONAS C. BEACHY,
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Will sell Real or Personal Estate
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE.
AUCTIONEER!
Will sell Real or Personal Property
Residence Oakland, Garrett county, Md
Oakland, Md., Feb. 21st, 1887.

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PRACTICAL SURVEYOR,
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Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately. Being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 40-1yr.

Andrew B. Gonder, Att'y at Law. Alexander C. Mason, Surveyor.

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LAND SURVEYS PROMPTLY MADE.

Particular attention given to TOWN surveying, and the use of the LEVEL in laying out new roads, streets, water works, drains, and GRADE LINES generally, including train ways and railroad work. Comparative elevations taken quickly by aneroid barometer. Address, box 41, Oakland, Md. 48 26*

THE GARRETT COUNTY BANK
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D. E. OFFUTT, President.
G. S. HAMILL, V. President.
S. T. JONES, Cashier.

A General Banking business transacted.
Prompt attention to collections. 1 12

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect 5 on Sunday, May 10, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily		3 10 A. M
No. 3.—Daily		6 28 A. M
No. 71.—Accom daily except Sun		8 28 A. M
No. 47.—Daily		1 36 P. M
No. 55.—Express, daily		5 55 P. M
No. 1.—Daily		10 01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8.—Daily		5.59 A. M
No. 2.—Daily		6.41 A. M
No. 72.—Accom daily except Sun		5.18 P. M
No. 46.—Daily		4.33 P. M
No. 4.—Daily		12.28 A. M
No. 14.—Accommodation		10.12 A. M

Train No. 55 makes no stops between Oakland and Grafton. No. 47 makes all stops.

D. B. MARTIN,
Manager of Passenger Traffic.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO
IN EFFECT JULY 18, 1897.

SOUTHWARD No. 3	No. 1	STATIONS		NORTHWARD No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	P. M.
3 00	8 00 lv	Cumberland	ar	12 10	17 30
3 49	8 49	Rawlings		11 31	7 01
3 52	8 52	Keyser		11 08	6 38
4 05	9 05	Westernport		10 55	6 25
4 09	9 01	W. Va. C. Junc.		10 48	6 18
4 37	9 35	Shaw		10 21	5 50
5 02	10 01	Hartzog		9 56	5 25
5 15	10 15* ar	Elk Garden		9 40	*4 08
5 55	10 25* lv	Gormun		9 24	4 54
5 42	10 12	Bayard		9 10	4 40
5 51	10 51	Doblin		9 00	4 30
6 27	11 27	Thomas		8 38	4 08
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis		7 55	3 15
6 34	11 34 lv	Coketon		8 31	3 60
7 01	12 01	Hendricks		8 00	3 30
7 07	12 07	Bretz		7 53	3 23
7 10	12 10	Parsons		7 50	3 20
7 45	12 45	Kerens		7 15	2 45
8 00	1 00 ar	Elkins	lv	*7 00	12 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv		*1 55
	3 05* ar	Beallington	lv		*11 30
P. M.	P. M.			A. M.	A. M

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager.
G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1897. NUMBER 33.

POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

THE Bryan-Towne strain of the Free-Silver Shorthorn Herd have been excluded from the rich pastures of the Ohio and Maryland reservations.

THE Bank of England is becoming alarmed at the outflow of gold from its coffers to this country, and various measures are being attempted to stop it. But it still continues to come.

THE Bushnell-Foraker-Hanna combination are all speaking from the same stump. This is not in exact accord with the Democratic "announcement" some time since that Senator Foraker was mad and had cancelled all his Ohio engagements for the campaign.

THE Philadelphia *Record* says that the Dingley law comes thundering down the line in the second month of its operation, with a deficit of three and a half million dollars. What a noise there must have been in the second month of the Wilson law, when the deficit was thirteen and a half million!

IT IS not a kind thing for the editors of newspapers to insinuate that just because John R. McLean, of Washington, D. C. (residing in Ohio these few months,) happens to own the controlling stock of the $5,000,000 Washington Gaslight Company, and also interests in a street railway capitalized at $12,000,000, and because the affairs of these monopolies are regulated by the U. S. Congress, John R. should want to get into the Senate.

THE leaders of the calamity party are overjoyed at the slight fall of wheat lately. They are expectantly watching quotations, in the hope that something will conduce to a further depreciation of its value, so that they can say "we told you so" to the farmers. The fact that an ounce of silver a year ago was equal in value to a bushel of wheat, but now buys only half a bushel, has knocked the wind out of their specious argument.

MUD has supplanted silver in Ohio. It would seem impossible that silver could have, in the short time since the adoption of the Ohio Democratic platform, when it was made the chief plank, depreciated to the value of ordinary mud as a campaign issue, but this appears to be the case in Ohio. The McLean men are, however, exercising their ingenuity in attempting to discover a particularly adhesive quality of that article for use in the McLean machine.

A COUPLE of months ago the free-traders looked complacently at the large exportations of manufactures under the Wilson law, and were only waiting to point exultingly to the falling off of these exportations under the new law. It seems, however, that they were wrong, as usual. The first month of the operations of the Dingley law showed a larger exportation of manufactured articles than for any corresponding month of preceding years. So much for their statements that the enactment of a protective revenue law would cut off our market abroad from American manufactures.

WHY DO Messrs. Bryan, Towne et al. continue to stand afar off and discuss silver in "low tones?" Do they not know that the day of election is coming and that they have many stumps in Ohio from which they must yet speak to fulfil their pledges? The farmers of Ohio are burning to hear of the beauties of free silver, and they also want to ask Mr. Bryan about that 25-cent wheat in case McKinley were elected. It will be remembered that Mr. Bryan went through Ohio last fall and said some things about wheat and some other things and somehow or other it hasn't turned out just that way and the farmers are anxious about it.

THE statement of Comptroller Eckels, of the United States Treasury in regard to the business improvement throughout the country is very encouraging. He states that "the improvement has come rapidly and permeates all lines of industry. It began with the agricultural class. The farmers have large crops and are getting good prices for them. The cattle-raisers are benefitted by a substantial rise in the price of cattle. The same is truth with the sheep-raisers. This improvement in agricultural earnings has had its effect on the railroads by increasing their earnings. It has put money into circulation and enabled people to pay off their debts, and has thereby benefited the merchants."

THE LAND OF GOLD.

As Promised, the French Bride is "First Out" This Week.

THE FOREIGNERS HAVE A LIVELY TIME

With Their Luggage and the Bride is Brought Suddenly Down From Her Perch.

TACOMA, Oct, 12 1897.

The French bride was to be "first out." She was afraid Adolph—her husband—would be attacked by the Indians. She also feared the red skins would steal the Frenchman's $800 outfit, which included olives and a case of wine from the gay French metropolis. So madam sat upon the packages at Dyea as the outfit was unloaded. Each time a wagon load of truck was brought up from the scow—there are no wharves at Dyea—madam would climb higher and higher as the possessions of the bride groom (this French couple had just been married and the wedding tour was a tour to Klondike!) were piled up in a great heap. Finally madam was enthroned eight feet high on Adolph's outfit. It was a curious picture. A French woman, fresh from Paris, seated on the top of a pile of boxes and bags and Indians and miners on all sides, and a steamer, a muddy beach and delapidated shacks in the background.

Adolph was called away to parley with the Indians about packing his outfit over the mountain to Lake Linderman, twenty-seven miles away. The boss Indian demanded 40 cents per pound, and Adolph refused to pay over 35 cents. Finally, before compromising upon 38 cents, they became pretty noisy, and handled Adolph roughly. He did not mind it but madam did. She thought hubby might be scalped. All might be killed. She shouted to Adolph to come to her, but alas, at that very instant the bargain with the Indians was concluded, and they, on being notified by the chief that the Frenchman's goods were ready for the packers, made a wild rush for the big outfit. It was like street urchins scrambling for pennies. Each Indian was anxious to secure the bag or box that weighed the most, and which could, at the same time be handled easily on the back of the packer. One hundred Indians attacked madam's throne of boxes and bags.

Presto change!

In a jiffy the boxes and bags were all gone and madam was on her back with her heels in the air screaming for Adolph!

Help! Police! Adolph! Murder!

But it was all over in thirty seconds. Madam was dazed for thirty seconds more, but Adolph's presence quieted her. He explained it all. The Indians scrambled for the choice parcels and gave no thought to madam with her heels in the air. They were not robbers but merely packers. They took the boxes to the weighing stand and not to their wigwams. At the weighing stand each received a piece of paper with the weight of the package marked upon it together with the Frenchman's name. At the lake the bearer of the package would have the slip of paper marked "O.K." and when he brought the check back to the weighing stand he would be paid 38 cents of Adolph's money for every pound he had carried.

There was no need of help for madam, no necessity for police and no occasion for screaming murder. Did madam understand? Adoph asked the question and madam replied in a flash:

"Oui, oui, of course, of course, but why not tell me that before! Then I would not scream! Stupid Adolph!"

The next morning the French bride and groom, the Indian packers and our party moved forward, stopping at Sheep Camp that night and arriving at the head of Lake Linderman the next night. Madam carried a handbag and an umbrella all the way and did not feel exhausted when the lake was reached. So the Frenchman and his excitable wife are at Dawson now unless they turned back on account of the reports of starvation and a short age of supplies at the diggings.

This is only one of a dozen amusing incidents on the journey from Tacoma to Lake Linderman, but the narrative brings out the important fact that people who have money to pay for packing can get over the passes without trouble. Here was a Frenchman who spoke little English accompanied by a tot of a wife, who had never been a hundred miles out of the great city of Paris in her life, getting over the Chilkoot pass with comparative comfort inside of forty-eight hours. The Frenchman simply paid the Indians for packing his outfit over and he and wife walked most of the way on foot and enjoyed the scenery.

But that is the Pullman car route compared with the struggles of the poor devils who undertake the packing over of the outfits without any knowledge of the packing business.

Take, for instance, a man who did not know any more about packing than Adolph did. They would get their pack on the horse in a lop-sided fashion, and when the horse floundered in the mud and fell all the cinch ropes had to be cut or the horse had to be abandoned. Then there were men up there who charged the tenderfoot $5 to show him how to make the "diamond hitch" and, if you do not know what that is you probably will not find out until you "hit the trail." The old-timers split their sides sometimes laughing at the efforts of the bank clerks and artists to cinch up a pack and construct a diamond knot. All their knots were of the "four in-hand or bow knot variety. Five dollars a day for a month would not make them proficient in putting up what among the prospectors and packers of the Rocky mountains is known as the "double diamond hitch." Instead of tackling the double diamond hitch, or even the single diamond hitch, many of the "miners" simply wound their rope round and round like thread on a spool.

The fact that the Scandinavians have been very successful in the Klondike placers has resulted in a large number of that nationality joining the rush. You meet them at every turn in the trail. "A tank ay stay bay da saw mill," said one while cooking some flap-jacks near the summit, "if ay gate back again."

He was asked by a member of our party for two of the flap-jacks.

"Ay wish, so help me Christiana, you would take da whole danue outfit!"

He was mad, fighting mad. He refused pay for the cakes, but a moment later when a packer came along and asked for some, offering to pay $2.50, or $1.25 each, the disgusted Scandinavian roared:

"Ay not bring day stuff bare to give it away." He considered selling cakes at $1.25 each was virtually giving them away, considering the troubles he had undergone in getting his outfit that far.

At Crater lake, a mile or two beyond there is no wood, and you have to pay $2 for pork and beans. Wood costs $9 per gunny sack, and it is of a quality that provokes much profanity. The "restaurant" keeper at the lake claims he sometimes burns half a sack getting one meal. He emphasizes this when you complain about his del monico prices.

At this point an amusing thing happened to C. W. Seymour, the lecturer. He had been presented with a cane at Lake Linderman and carried it with him as far as Crater Lake. While he was eating a packer whittled it up and was burning it when Mr. Seymour returned.

"Here, what on earth are you burning my cane for?" Seymour demanded.

"Excuse me," rejoined the offender, "but that is more wood than I have seen in a coon's age. I was famished for a fire. How much do I owe you?

One more funny incident before closing. Down at Skaguay an enterprising Yankee sought to make his fortune by carrying supplies over on the backs of billy goats. The first and last and only goat to be experimented with stood calm and observant while fifty pounds of goods were being cinched to his back. A great crowd collected and finally the rope which held the goat captive was severed.

Presto change No. 2!

Over an A-shaped tent went Mr. Goat at the very first bound. He landed in the brush and the peace maker, whom the Lord loveth, hurried to release poor billy. Once up that goat didn't do a thing to Mr. Peace-Maker!

He butted him down and at once set out to clear away the crowd. Others were knocked off their pins and Mr. Goat made for the woods never to return.

People who are "going to Klondike in the spring" are beginning to gather here already. Many will leave their families on Puget Sound while away and are already engaging quarters. The more serious business of outlining their plans will be taken up next.

THOMAS SAMMONS.

WHAT were some of those remarks that were heralded around from Popocratic stump to stump last year, to the effect our currency was so limited and contracted that we could not do business, and that the only hope for a return to prosperity was through the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1? It is quite evident to observant men that these Popocrats were laboring under a mistake, because by reference to the election returns of 1896 it will be seen that the free-coinage proposition was not adopted, and yet here we find in the country to-day nearly a hundred million dollars more in circulation than there was a year ago, and not a dollar of it free silver. Gold alone has increased in circulation in the last year over fifty million dollars.

CRUELLY MURDERED.

James Bissett, of West Virginia, Attended a Ball at Bloomington Friday Night.

SHOT THRO' THE HEART AND KILLED.

Two of His Brothers Were Standing by, but They Seem Unable to Fix the Guilt Upon Any One.

Another murder and by an unknown party, at least to the officers, was committed at Bloomington, this county, on last Saturday night, the victim being James Bissett, of Old Hamshire Mine, West Va.

On the night above stated a ball was given in the hall in Bloomington under the auspices of the Gilbert Military band, of Piedmont. Amongst those present from Bloomington were also a large crowd from Piedmont, Westernport and surrounding towns. During the progress of the ball Bissett became engaged in an altercation with James Montgomery, of Westernport. Mutual friends interferred and the combatants were separated. They, with a number of others, then left the hall and went out into the open air, where the quarrel was renewed. Bissett and Montgomery were again surrounded by their friends and whilst engaged in a vain endeavor to restore harmony a flash was seen and report heard from the direction of Montgomery. Immediately Bissett was heard to say "My God, I'm shot." His brother went to his help and asked where he was shot and after telling him he was shot through the heart he staggered and would have fallen to the ground had he not been supported. Before he could be placed in a reclining position he breathed his last.

Immediately after the shot had been fired two men were observed leaving the crowd surrounding Bissett and in the moonlight one was seen handing to the other what was supposed to be a weapon. These parties were overtaken and proved to be Montgomery and his brother-in-law, a man named Brady, but upon searching them no weapons were found upon their persons. They were allowed to leave and went to their homes in Westernport. Later, however, Montgomery was arrested upon a warrant sworn out by Bissett's brother before Justice Jacob Stump, who brought him to Oakland Sunday afternoon and placed him in jail.

On Saturday night a jury of inquest was impannelled with Mr. Henry Kemp as foreman and after viewing the remains the jury adjourned until Tuesday morning when State's Attorney Thayer went Bloomington and conducted the examination of witnesses. In all about twenty were examined, none of whom were able, or at least willing to say who fired the shot that resulted in the death of Bissett, although it was brought out at the examination that the person who fired the shot was standing within two feet of his victim and was so close to a number of witnesses that they could lay their hands upon him. In view of the testimony adduced before the jury they rendered a verdict that Bissett came to his death by a pistol shot fired from the hands of a party unknown to them.

State's Attorney Thayer and Sheriff Brown, who was also present at the examination of the witnesses, returned to Oakland yesterday morning and as no evidence was brought to light that pointed to Montgomery as the guilty party, he was discharged from custody.

Saturday being pay-day at the mines near Bloomington the night was turned into a sort of holiday and the flowing bowl was to a great degree indulged in which no doubt had much to do with the murder of young Bissett, whose funeral took place at ten o'clock on Tuesday morning.

All the parties in the trouble were non-residents of Garrett county.

A searching investigation of the matter will be made by State's Attorney Thayer and if possible the guilty party will be brought to justice and receive the penalty of the law for his brutal and uncalled for crime.

. . A GRAND . .

Republican Rally

Will be Held in Shartzer's Opera House,

Saturday, Oct. 23, 1897,

AT 7 O'CLOCK P. M.

Hon. Benj. A. Richmond,

AND

Gen. Lee Fairchild,

One of the Most Entertaining and Powerful Stump Orators of the Day, who spoke with Hon. Thomas B. Reed in Several States Last Fall, Will be Present.

A Good Band Will be in Attendance.

Everybody Come and Hear These Two Prominent Speakers Discuss the Vital Issues of the Hour.

Republican Committee.

SOME RAMBLING THOUGHTS.

BY "SEMO."

[Copyrighted by Hawe & Tabor.]

TO VOTERS:—We believe in pride of country and I write to a nation not lacking in it. We believe in the possibility of real devotion to an adopted country by those who come from other shores, and I write to a nation largely made up of emigrants. We believe there are more healthy people than sick, more sane than insane, more honest than criminal, and I write to a nation whose unselfish citizens outnumber by five to one all who find their pleasure and their profit in perverting the people's will.

* * *

So you and I are filled with a healthy sort of hopefulness. Like those dear lovable people who insist on seeing always the bright side of trouble, or those logical sufferers who insist on the existence of the sun no matter how black the cloud, we believe in our country, we dare to imagine for it a greater destiny than has yet been attained; in short, we are proud of it. But let us stop a moment to analyze our pride; for "pride goeth before a fall" unless it be a carefully selected and well-grounded pride, that has no stiffneckedness about it.

* * *

What is there about the United States to make us proud?

Territory! Yes, that something extraordinarily vast and compact, but the Roman Empire had that and yet went to pieces. The character of a people has something to do with the retention of territory.

Population! That indeed increases by leaps and bounds. Each census piles up further millions, but the Chinese Empire has that fact to meet in even greater measure, and as a nation it is tottering to disruption. In population, quality is more important than quantity.

Wealth! The total wealth of the nation climbs up into figures that are beyond comprehension. But Spain and India were, during their prime, richer than your most golden dream; the former is now narrowed down to mere nothingness among the powers, and the latter has for generations been trodden by the foot of the conqueror. The true wealth of a nation is manhood, and the lack of that ruined the two mentioned.

Products! I grant the remarkable range from tropical fruits to arctic pines, and from pottery clay to virgin gold, but these things are here for the gift of nature. We may be wise and take or eat, or we may dispense of our plenty to others' need; but the sun shines on other nations besides ours, and if we may be proud, much more such a nation as England who makes up for insular lack by getting quotas from every habitable portion of the globe.

Political Institutions! Then the pride must be largely ascribed to those broad plans of our fathers, rather than to any certainty in relation to the future; unless we come to realize that institutions and rights are not perpetual motion machines. They do not run themselves. For example, if progressive plans and broad culture could go on without great men to carry them forward, we should have been spared the sight of Greece, so decadent from grand historical traditions as to be an easy conquest by the polygamous Turk.

* * *

No country stretching far,
No pomp of civil state,
Can make you truly great
America!

No gain from cruel war,
No cannon echoing loud,
Can make you truly proud
America!

No golden stone or bar
Filched from its darksome ditch,
Can make you truly rich
America!

Only the guiding star
Of honesty and truth
Can keep your glorious youth
America!

* * *

No! Territory, population, wealth, products, formal declarations, are not the things that fill us most with pride. This nation thrown together haphazard, is nevertheless so permeated by ideas of the eternal right and justice of things, that in moments of grave national testing the pulsations of the mighty heart of the great common people have always beaten steadily. That is our pride. After all a moral idea is greater and longer lived than material things or forms of words; the church in your neighborhood will point my meaning as its spire-finger is raised upward to the sky. It stands for an idea that goes on after its apostles have perished, after its builders have slept for generations, after the materials of which it was made have crumbled at the touch of time. Moral and not material it survives the lapse of years, the death of supporters, the shattering of dynasties. Even so with all right ideas, of which surely our nation is an embodiment. Vaguely yet desperately the masses have held to the conviction that this wide-spread country is to be a supreme testing place of the trustworthiness of the common-people; solemnly have they grown to a sense of unity and its absolute necessity to national life. Glance back and see!

* * *

Who held in clinging desperation along the fringe of the continent, despite wild savagery before and enlured savagery behind? The common-people.

When lapsing time showed the possibilities of this country and men began to dream of rights based upon conditions here, uninfluenced by the dicta of a remote and half crazy monarch, the common-people watered the ground with blood.

The supreme right to the management of our own affairs having been decided, a territory wide enough to inspire boundless enthusiasm confronted this plain people. By splendid energy they have subjected it, so that its culture, its progress, its completeness are a monument to the magnificent power of common people, untrammeled by traditions.

Then a great moral question came up for settlement, whose issues struck at the very cohesion of our blood-baptised nation. Desperately the national heart yearned over the need of government "one and inseparable." The common-people bore the brunt of the conflict on both sides, and by them was it fought to a conclusion, so that even the vanquished now say the question was settled rightly.

* * *

Our pride is that "the people can be trusted. If thoroughly possessed by an idea, their response is splendid. Like some huge engine, their progress is irresistible when once motion is imparted. The only complaint—and even that is a cause for pride as it is closely related to the permanency of national purpose—is that they are slow to awaken to danger.

With your editor's permission I will carry this idea further next week.

Selbysport.

The Republican meeting held here on last Thursday evening was fairly well attended by the voters of our town and vicinity, but what was lacking in numbers was made up in enthusiasm. The issues of the campaign were briefly discussed by Hon. Lewis Putzel and Hon. Charles Meyers, of Baltimore city; J. C. Renninger, of the Oakland bar; Rev. Rudisill, of Mt. Lake Park, and Dr. Ravenscroft, of Accident, our candidate for the State Senate. The speakers were well received by the audience and frequently interrupted by applause. Every speaker made an earnest plea for the Republican voters to stand by their ticket. E. J. Stuck, a local Republican, presided. The Doctor is gaining much of his lost ground in this district since the Democrats put Mr. Getty at the head of their ticket. The people have not forgotten the stand taken by Mr. Getty on the bond question against their will. He will lose many Democratic votes in our district on this account.

It is true that we have a few Republican kickers in this district who may support Mr. Getty, but if they do they will do so in the face of a strong sentiment against it, of a majority of their friends and neighbors and to the sore detriment of their state and nation.

Dr. Ravenscroft is a man who is clean in character, sound in political principle, able in statecraft and loyal to the interests of his state and country. We will ask every Republican to consider well before they cast their ballots for other than the Republican nominee, for the result in Garrett county may determine the political complexion of the United States Senate. It may rest with the voters of Garrett county whether or not President McKinley shall have a Senate at his back to help him carry out the pledges made to the country at St. Louis. It must be apparent to every voter in Garrett county that this election is no less important than that of last fall. It is therefore necessary in this contest that Garrett Republicans stand together as we did one year ago. The eyes of the entire nation are on Maryland. They want to see whether or not we will recede from our position of last fall, or whether we will stand firmly by President McKinley and our party in order that the principles and promises made a year ago be carried out. Let every Republican stand firmly by his party this fall regardless of false promises and a few stray dollars.

Avilton.

What is the use of going to Florida to spend the autumn days when we have summer at home. This is undoubtedly the finest October weather we have had for a number of years.

It is reported that Charles Garlitz and Andrew McKenzie have taken flight; we do not know why the boys left all of a sudden, unless it was on account of those peaches they captivated in the Backwoods vicinity some time ago while on a hunting expedition.

The McKenzie school is progressing very nicely under the care of Wm. H. Hoffmeyer as teacher. He reports twenty-eight pupils enrolled at present.

The shingle mill in Cisaboo Valley started up this morning again. They will run day and night for some time to make up for lost time. We hope they will have no more such bad breaks.

M. H. McKenzie is hauling props to Frostburg. He says he will overstock the market this winter.

The dance at Chestnut Grove Saturday eve did not amount to a great deal as the girls were scarce.

Farmers are still digging potatoes; the crop certainly must be a good one or they would have finished long ago.

Wm. Hoffmeyer visited his home in Pennsylvania over Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Herman Robeson and Miss Brady were visitors at John P. Michaels Sunday.

Where are all our Avilton newspaper writers? Why don't they gather up some news and send it in to the editor? He is always willing to print anything that is interesting to the people.

Deer Park Observatory Burned.

Some time during Saturday night the observatory on the hill southeast of Deer Park was consumed by fire. The observatory stood about a quarter of a mile from the railroad and it is not probable that it caught fire from sparks from a passing engine. It commanded a view of the valley and plateau from Altamont to Terra Alta, and to the west and northwest a distance of about forty miles. It was an interesting spot to visitors and also to the citizens. There is a suspicion that the fire was the work of an incendiary.

AT THE MERCY .. OF THE WIND.

BY FRANK L. POLLOCK.

UP to the New Year the north Ontario winter had been unusually snowless and cold, so that Lake Huron was frozen to an almost unprecedented distance from the shore. The long harbor of Parry sound was a dazzling belt of thick glare ice, and from the mouth of its steamboat channel the great Georgian bay stretched out to north, west and south, white and still to the very horizon.

As the ice was in perfect condition for skating, the harbor was usually well sprinkled with moving figures on fine afternoons, and I was generally among the skaters.

One day, as I walked down to the landing, I noticed that the west was dark with ominous-looking gray clouds, among which the sun was already disappearing. A fresh northeast wind blew down the sound, and this decided me to take the south channel, in order to have the breeze at my back. As for returning, the wind might be expected to go down as evening advanced.

The ice was superbly smooth, and the wind so strong that I went flying down the channel at great speed. The dark, heavily wooded shores streamed past like a panorama. I did not realize the full force of the gale behind me, for there is a sort of intoxication in rapid motion through the open air, and I skated faster and faster, without the least thought of danger or sensation of fatigue. It was as if I moved by pure volition.

I did not notice the passage of time, but in what seemed a marvelously short period I found myself rounding the bluff head of Parry island, and coming out upon the open lake itself. There I looked at my watch; as it was five o'clock I decided to take a short run upon the lake and then return.

I had never before skated upon the open reaches of the Georgian bay, and had not imagined that the ice could be so excellent. I knew that usually it was cracked and ridgy, because the incessant motion of the water prevented it from freezing smoothly, but now it was almost as glassy as the ice on the harbor itself.

Away I flew, delighted. Once I was clear of the island, the gale struck me with increased strength and so greatly accelerated my speed that I was quite two miles from land before I took thought, and began to fear trouble in regaining shelter in the teeth of the wind. So I circled about to the right, faced toward the shore—and stopped short! The gale met me like a wall. It was impossible for me to skate against it.

I took a few vigorous strokes, but in vain. When I tried to stand still I went sliding away before the wind. Again and again I renewed the struggle, desperately exhausting myself. Every bicyclist knows the heart-breaking strain of riding against a head wind, but this was worse, for I was not able to advance even a yard. Indeed, I actually lost ground. I could stop myself only by sitting down, and that was what I did.

I was not then much alarmed. It seemed absurd to suppose that an able-bodied and active young man would be prevented from crossing two miles of ice by wind power alone. Could I not "tack" to right and left, and thus beat up through the storm?

I got up, and began to skate vigorously in a southeasterly direction, bearing to the east, so that the wind blew upon my right side, or upon my "weather bow." For some minutes all seemed to go well. I held my head down and traveled as fast as was possible. But when I made ready to "go about" upon the other tack, and looked to see what progress I had made, I was horrified to find I had been blown so far to leeward as to be quite half a mile farther from shelter than before.

I tried to rectify the error by striking out strongly northeast to north, but the force of the storm would not even allow me to turn at right angles to its course. I was gradually and imperceptibly driven to veer westward. The gale seemed to gain strength every moment. In ten minutes another half mile seemed lost, and the headland of Parry island began to grow faint in distance and gathering twilight.

I now felt myself to be at the mercy of the wind. There was no abatement in its violence as night drew on. It blew inexorably with a steady, great pressure, bringing a few grains of dry snow, that slid swiftly like sand along the ice. So long as I remained on my feet I was borne farther and farther from shore, in spite of every effort. It was bitter cold, the flying grains of snow cut when I faced them, and I sat down once more, with my back to the weather, and tried to think of a plan for saving my life.

The prospect was terrifying. I had proved unable to make head against the storm. The ice was so smooth that I could not walk on it with my skates off. I could not sit still and wait for the weather to moderate, lest I be frozen solid in a few hours. The one active thing I could do was to run straight before the wind.

This was not so insane a proceeding as it might appear. Wiarton, Owen sound and Meadford all lay opposite me across the bay, and I might find ice on which to skate the whole distance of about 50 miles, thus converting the wind from a foe into an ally. That there might be open water in the middle was true, but I believed the bay to be frozen over.

At any rate there was left to me no course but that of speeding before the gale; so I struck out across the ice at a swinging pace, which was rapidly accelerated. I now felt the wind's force only, inasmuch as I was conscious of the very slight effort with which I moved at extraordinary velocity. I was literally borne upon the wings of the wind.

I had never dreamed of skating at such speed. It was wonderfully exhilarating, and yet I flew on through the darkness in full knowledge that I should probably be knocked senseless or killed outright if thrown by any ridge or other such obstruction as I was likely to encounter.

But no obstacle was in my way. For quite an hour I was blown along in this fashion, and I think that I had traversed more than 15 miles when I heard a small roaring sound ahead that sent a shiver to my very backbone. At the same time the ice grew rougher and serrated with wave-like ridges. I tried to check my speed; I wheeled; I was flung down and slid far before I stopped.

Looking forward, I saw the dark horizon much closer, for the white plain was cut sharply at a point not far in front, as if a black curtain had been lowered from the skies. From behind this curtain came the roar.

I had instantly divined the truth. The bay was not wholly frozen. I had arrived at the edge of the ice-belt, and the dark water of Lake Huron was heaving and fuming right before me.

The moon, though hidden by dim clouds, gave a faint sort of half light that showed me the whole scene—the vast frozen plain to right and left, and in front, the appalling, inky, furious expanse. White-capped billows were running high before the gale; and I heard an astonishing roar of wind and water. And I had come within ten rods of the brink. Not only so, but I seemed to be out on a point or peninsula of ice, with open water to the west as well as to the south of me. Such nearness to the open water scared me. I must try to get farther away. It was conceivable that the rough ice edge under me might break up under the force of the gale.

I dropped on my hands and knees, and started to run on all fours, the points of my skates rasping into the ice. The horrible roaring behind inspired me with a sort of panic. For a couple of hundred yards I scrambled on, and then the effect of exertion and excitement began to tell. I was seized by sudden exhaustion, and collapsed.

It was snowing faster now; I noticed that the front of my pilot skating-coat was thickly covered with white. The flakes drove through the air with the speed and sting of arrows, but I turned my back on them, and stretched out on the ice—to die, as I imagined. I did not feel that I had energy enough to get to my feet, even to save my life.

It did not seem so cold now. I began to feel drowsily comfortable, and suspected that I was freezing to death—and didn't much care.

I could for awhile feel the snow beating incessantly on my face and shoulders, for I was in a sort of doze, but not wholly unconscious. Presently the snow ceased falling. I lost count of the lapse of time, but I was suddenly awakened by a heavy blow, as if a plank had fallen across my body. I came to myself in an instant, and on raising my head found myself completely imbedded in snow.

I was not particularly cold now, and the queer, numb feeling in my legs was gone. I could hear the roaring of the storm outside, and began to realize that the thin, flying snow had needed only such an obstacle as my body to form a very respectable drift, at the bottom of which I was interred, and which had arrested the freezing process.

As I thought of this, another dull thud sounded upon the top of my sepulchre. I sat up with some difficulty, threw the snow aside, and looked about.

I realized in a moment what had occurred. The wind had shifted from east of north to west of north, and under its influence massive billows were now rolling on the western edge of my peninsula. Now and then a crest of a breaker, blown bodily off by the gale, would fall with a resounding crash far up on the ice. Without doubt, it was such an event that had awakened me, and just in time, for it was certain that the ice about me would soon be breaking up.

I jumped up and struck out. With the new direction of the wind, I knew that I was saved. I could not return to Parry sound, but Penetanguishene and Midland lay 15 miles down the coast, and with the gale at my back I fancied that it would be easy to cover that distance.

It was not so easy as I had imagined. As the sounds of crashing and rending ice died away behind, I found myself weak and weary. My legs ached, my back ached, my head ached. I would have given worlds to sit down and rest—the one thing which I dared not do. Snow retarded me slightly, too, though it was a mere thin, hurrying, scurrying, loose layer, except where occasionally collected as a drift by some slight obstacle.

I need not, however, describe the torture of that 15 miles' skating. Had it not been for the good wind pushing behind, I must have dropped by the way. As it was, I was half dead and two-thirds unconscious when I saw the electric lights of Penetanguishene shining on the sky across Christian Island.—Youth's Companion.

Heart Hunger.

The rain fell sullenly. Truck horses plodded along the sodden street, patiently, heavily.

Gladys De Vere stood at the window looking out on a sloppy and dismal world. The loneliness of the day weighed on her soul.

"I am heart hungry," she sighed.

"Aye, heart hungry."

But what was the use? There would be liver for breakfast just the same.—Indianapolis Journal.

Very Easy.

Anxious Mother—I don't understand how it is, Bertie, that you are at the bottom of your class.

Bertie—I don't understand it myself; but I know it's dreadful easy.—Tit-Bits.

FARM AND GARDEN.

IMPROVED PLANT PIT.

Its Distinctive Feature Is a Well-Planned Air Flue.

To safely keep fruits and vegetables during severe weather is a problem with many. An idea, simple in design, is a cold frame, warmed some degrees above the outside temperature by air without fire heat. Its distinctive feature is an air flue, leading from a point down the incline on which the pit is situated through the earth mainly below the frost line, in order to temper the fresh air that is admitted, somewhat. A chimney for creating an air shaft is also included, as portrayed in Fig. 2. In Fig. 1 is given a view of the pit in perspective, showing also the manner of banking up with earth and the door at the entrance. Fig. 2 gives a lengthwise sectional view and shows the peculiar interior arrangement. In its construction there is first a pit, some four feet deep and about seven feet wide, as long as desired, of the shape shown. Above this the framework is erected, resting on a foundation of stone. The sides of the house are banked up nearly to the

HANDY GARDEN PIT.

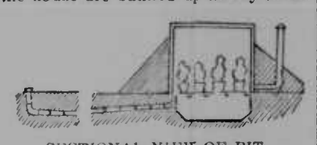

SECTIONAL VIEW OF PIT.

top; above the bank, glass is used on ends and roof.

Some 50 feet from the pit, a trench two feet deep is dug and extended to the side of the pit, and opening into it from beneath the foundation. Five-inch drain tile are laid in the bottom, beginning at the pit and running to the surface, the ditch being filled in again. At the rear end of the pit a ventilator pipe runs up from the pit, thus causing it, all mild weather, when the pipe cutoffs are open, a constant current of air to pass under the stage on which the plants stand. The cold air in its underground passage becomes warm enough to keep plants, ordinarily, from being harmed by the cold.—Farm and Home.

VITRIFIED BRICK.

Its Value as a Paving Material Now Widely Recognized.

Vitrified brick is highly spoken of as a paving material, in which capacity it promises to become a strong rival of both asphalt and wood. The brick is thoroughly annealed and bleuded, so as to obtain the maximum degree of hardness and toughness, together with the minimum tendency to absorption of water.

The bricks made from shale are the best. The silica, alumina and iron they contain give a material that is harder than steel. It is the only substance that will successfully resist the calks and heels of the horse's shoe. It wears uniformly. As the bricks are non-absorbent and uniform in size they present an absolutely water-tight pavement which is easily cleaned by washing or sweeping, and affords the best sanitary pavement yet discovered. Brick pavings can be easily repaired. They are comparatively noiseless and less slippery than either granite or asphalt. They have been successfully used in Holland for 100 years, and in this country at Charleston, W. Va., without any repairs for 25 years. They are now the standard pavement in many other cities.

One of the best tests for determining the value of a brick for paving purposes is the rattler or abrasion test. The bricks are put into a foundry rattler, together with 300 pounds of scrap iron, and revolved for 200 revolutions. They are weighed before and after. The percentage of loss is said to be equal to 25 years' wear in the street. In such tests the Alabama-made brick lost 10 per cent., while other bricks lost 12 to 15 per cent.

Milk Cans Need Good Care.

The buttermaker, if up to his business, can detect off-flavored milk at the receiving can, but cannot always tell the cause. There are two causes that are most prevalent. First, the cans are not properly cleansed. Second, the milk has not been properly cooled. The last is the one we want the creamerymen to talk to their patrons about. The milk can be cooled in water even if no ice is available, if the water is running and the milk is stirred accordingly. There should always be slats in the vats so water can circulate under the cans, and even when sitting on the floor it will be a great advantage to have the cans raised from the floor. A little attention to these details will insure better milk and better butter.—Elgin Dairy Report.

Save the Hardiest Kinds.

If peaches were as hardy as apples, there is no fruit that would pay the horticulturist as well as the peach. But from ten to fifteen per cent. below zero will surely kill the fruit buds. To improve the hardiness of the trees, seeds of the hardiest varieties of both seedlings as well as budded varieties should be selected and planted out; when these come into bearing, the choicest and hardiest kinds should be cared for and the poor and most tender be cut out.—Western Plowman.

JUST A SUGGESTION.

How Employment Might Be Found for All Seekers After Work.

It seems a pity that some one well primed with statistics does not take up the "Cause of Good Roads" and the "Question of the Unemployed" combined. It seems strange indeed that a community will take no interest in the welfare of its citizens, and see that they are provided with employment whereby they may secure for themselves and those dependent upon them the necessaries of life until some offense against the community has been committed.

It must be admitted that no single line of improvement can be mentioned that can employ so many hands and give such immense interest on the investment.

First, to the owners of the property abutting.

Second, to the township.

Third, to the county.

Fourth, to the state, and

Fifth, to the whole country.

The proportion that each should pay toward a general and systematic improvement of the roads is a matter that can be determined after a serious consideration of the question.

A standing offer of one dollar per day for road work all over the United States would practically annihilate the army of unemployed, thus giving employment to thousands of deserving men, doing away completely with one cause for crime, suffering and suicide, and giving a healthy increase to the valuation of taxable property all over the country.

Many suggestions might be advanced as to the methods of paying such a vast army, and I have no doubt but what one can be evolved that would be both simple and feasible.

In regard to the use of "convict labor" on the highways of this nation, I am of the opinion that there are phases of expense and danger to be considered, while in the use of the unemployed there is certainly no element of danger, and the expense need be no greater, if as great.—Alvin Plummer, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

ROADS IN GERMANY.

Their Maintenance Fixed by Specific Laws and Regulations.

There is in Prussia and in the other states a corps of educated, highly trained state employes who have made roads their profession, and they know their business. Constant repair is one main reason for the condition of the German roads. Comprehensive and minute regulations are strictly enforced. In some provinces the village mayor is held strictly responsible for the good condition of all the roads in his district except the state roads. The work of repair is constant and the labor is constantly supervised.

Another main reason why the building of roads is carried out honestly is the virtual absence of temptation to do otherwise. The laws are very strict and violations are severely punished by fine and imprisonment.

There are three kinds of highways—the provincial, the Kreis and the Gemeinde Wege. The former two are those whose building and maintenance rests on the shoulders of the provincial or district representative bodies. All the rest are communal or private roads, and the same strict regulations apply to them as to the provincial roads.

In Prussia alone $11,000,000 per annum is paid out of the public funds for the maintenance of roads, and this does not include the moneys expended by individual communes and by private companies and individuals.

On the highest grade of public roads it is forbidden to use vehicles with protruding wheel nails, screws, spokes or otherwise objectionable gear. The horseshoes must be of a particular kind. Heavy loads may not pass over the roads without special permission.

The tolls exacted on the German roads, though at one time generally imposed, are now small and infrequent. As the maintenance of the roads is fixed by specific laws and regulations, so too are the conditions of constructing new roads.—N. Y. Evening Post.

Refrigerators to Blame.

Often the trouble from souring milk can be traced to the refrigerator. It may have a waste pipe leading directly to an uncovered bell trap in the cellar floor, or indirectly by a rubber pipe through the kitchen or dining-room floor to the cellar basement beneath, thus leaving all the contents of the refrigerator exposed to the influence of the sewer air, gases and disease-producing organisms. Or again, the refrigerator may seem cold on account of the great difference between its temperature and the cold outside, while it is in fact not cold, and by reference to a thermometer may show its temperature to be even above 60 degrees Fahrenheit.

Novel Macadam Roads.

What is termed a model macadam road is being built at New Brunswick, N. J., under the supervision of the department of agriculture, the street treated being College avenue, in the residential part of the city. The trap rock is crushed on the ground, spread by improved distributing wagons and laid to a depth of four inches. It is then rolled by a heavy steam roller and treated with a covering of cinders and a fine coat of screenings. When this road is completed a 600-foot length of "farmers' macadam" is to be built. This road will be 80 feet wide and five inches deep.

Cultivation in the Orchard.

It matters not how or in what way a tree has been propagated, whether by budding, whip-grafted, a piece-root or whole root used, or grown from a cutting, so it is a good, straight, thrifty, well-rooted tree, with an evenly balanced top; a good tree is a good one and a poor tree is a poor one. It all depends upon the planter, upon the care he gives it, whether it ever becomes a tree and bears fruit. Cultivation is the one thing needful; cultivation is the essential part above all others.

A Heedlier Weapon.

Mosely Wraggs — I knowed you wouldn't git anything at that house. But wot did ye run fur w'en the woman come to the door? I thought you'd faced too many of 'em to be skeered off by a woman's tongue.

Tuffold Knutt—I wuzn't afeerd of her tongue, but she come at me with a hatpin.—Chicago Tribune.

Cue They Stood Thief

Lives of Boston maids remind us,
As we wander down the pike,
That all chunks of icy coolness,
Are not found in the Klondike.
—Chicago News.

ONE HONEST ONE.

Bill—I stole pop's rod an' went fishin' yesterday.

Willie—What d'you get?

Bill—A lickin'!—Yellow Book.

Our Children.

Mamma (severely)—Daisy, you have been at my work box again! I'm afraid that everything I tell you goes in at one ear and out of the other.

Daisy (aetat five)—Well, mamma, why don't you 'top one of zem up?—Pick Me Up.

Discouraging.

"It's jes' my luck," said Farmer Corntossel, gloomily. "I'm the wust guesser a-goin'. The only sure way fur a man to git along is ter make up his mind what he's a-goluter do an' keep doin' jes' that."

"Have you had bad luck?"

"Nothin' else. Last year I raised wheat when I orter hev tuck in summer boarders. This year I tuck in summer boarders when I orter hev raised wheat."—Washington Star.

Taking No Chances.

"Then there is no hope, doctor?" asked the fair woman, her face bedewed with the tears of a great grief.

"None at all," answered the savant, murmuring: "How she must love him!" in a soft aside.

"You are sure?"

"Perfectly sure."

"Well, I'll risk it. I'd hate, though, to buy that bit of black goods and have him get well on me."—Judge.

Not the Same.

Laura—What terrible fashions the European nobility have for remembering their ancestors.

Nonie—What do you refer to—their picture galleries?

Laura—No. I heard that every aristocratic house keeps a family skeleton in the closet.—Pittsburgh News.

Just Like Him.

Mr. Duffy—Mrs. Kelly, it pains me t' iufurm yez thot yure hooshand has jist bin blowed oop boi a doinomoite carthridge. We found his head in wan lot, an' his body in another lot, an' his ligs in another lot, an' his arms an' fate in another lot."

Mrs. Kelly (proudly)—Begorra, that's Moike all over.—Toronto News.

Couldn't Come Out.

Mrs. Nexdoor—I haven't seen your parents for ever so long.

Little Fannie—Mamma has got scarlet fever, and cannot come out.

Mrs. Nexdoor—And what has your papa got?

Little Fannie—He's got six months, and he can't come out either.—Tit-Bits.

A PUZZLE.

English papers are making fun of the United States navy.—Recent Cablegram.

Uncle Sam—I never did understand his idea of humor and I'm afraid I never will.

An Oddity.

"Funny thing," said the observer. "Call a young fellow a puppy or an old man a brute and see how mad they'll get. But call the young fellow a sad dog and the old man a gay old dog and you'll see 'em burst with pride."—N. Y. Journal.

Compensation.

"Sedgeley's marriage wasn't a happy one, was it?"

"Well, that depends on the point of view."

"The point of view?"

"Yes, the neighbors had no end of fun out of it."—Chicago Journal.

Natural Interpretation.

"How is Mr. Levinsky to-day," asked the man at the door with solicitude.

"He seems to be failing," was the reply.

"Of course," said the man at the door; "but I didn't ask about his business. How is his health?"—Chicago Post.

Not Sure of the Monument.

"Whether a man is happier working for his own good or for the good of others is merely a matter of temperament," said the philosopher. "It all depends on whether a man would rather have money or a monument."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Theatrical Hit.

"We've got 'Hamlet' fixed up so it will create a furore this fall."

"What have you done to it?"

"In the grave-digger's scene the old fellow shoveling in the hole is to throw out gold nuggets as big as hickorynuts."—Chicago Record.

How He Won Her.

Miss Charmynge—Don't you think I was meant for a business woman?

Jack Hustler—No, I don't. I think you were meant for a business man.—Brooklyn Life.

Notable Purchase.

"Every time I see you, you are buying something for your wife. Do you never buy anything for yourself, old man?"

"Oh, yes, peace."—Detroit Journal.

Too True.

Lives of great men all remind us,
As their pages o'er we turn,
That we're apt to leave behind us
Letters that we ought to burn.
—N. Y. Journal.

Out of Place.

"That new cook from the country that the Blueberrys have been boasting about insisted on sitting on the porch last night when they had company."

"Didn't she feel out of place?"

"She did afterwards." — Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Short Suffering.

"She never complains of her husband's ill-treatment of her," remarked Squildig. "She suffers in silence."

"If she suffers only when she is silent," replied McSwilligan, "she doesn't suffer long at a time." — Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

VANQUISHED.

"Soy, Oi kin do yer. See?"

"Oi didn't soy yer couldn't."

"Soy, me dad kin knock de stuffin' out er yer pop. See?

"Thot's nutlin'. Me mother does thot."—N. Y. Journal.

Growing.

Visitor (at the picnic)—The music is rather indifferent. It isn't a full band, is it?

Chairman of Committee of Arrangements—No, but it's getting full.—Chicago Tribune.

Not a Gift.

"Julia," said the old gentleman, reproachfully, "if I am not mistaken you gave that young man a kiss."

"I did no such thing," returned the young woman with emphasis. "It was a trade."—Chicago Post.

WOMAN AND HOME.

HEALTH-GIVING BATHS.

Dips in Water Made Fragrant by Flowers and Herbs.

For hardening and strengthening the muscles of neck, shoulders, arms and limbs nothing is more efficacious than a bath of flowers or herbs. Any woman aspiring to resemble the heroine in "Daniel Deronda," who always emerged from her bath looking "like a freshly dipped swan," is becoming initiated in the mysteries of these refreshing and fragrant dips.

Rose leaves, crushed violets, hay flowers, oat straw, shave grass and pine sprig—these form the foundation of the flower or herb bath, and consequently excursions to the garden, the field or the hay rack will be in order in summer. The flower bath is taken warm, followed by a cold shower and a vigorous rubbing until arms and neck shine like glistening marble, are firm of texture and smooth as satin.

All these baths are prepared in the same manner. Boiling water should be poured upon bags of the different blossoms or herbs, each bag containing from one-half to one pound of material and the whole allowed to boil for ten minutes; the vessel is then taken from the fire and allowed to partly cool, when it is added to the prepared bath.

Hay flowers consist of the remains of stalks, leaves, blossoms and seeds, even the hay itself. An oat-straw bath is made by boiling the stalks and heads of oats for one-half hour in a kettle and then pouring the decoction into the tub. Shave grass is prepared in the same manner by boiling the stem, cone and spore. Equisetum arvense is the botanical name of shave grass, which is a medicinal herb of great value. Taken internally in form of a tea it purifies the stomach; externally in the bath it washes away and dissolves all that is injurious. The uses of the herb are manifold; for instance, in cases of violent bleeding at the nose a decoction of shave grass drawn up into the nostrils gives immediate relief. A supply of shave grass should be kept in every home dispensary, that in time of need it may be quickly at hand.

For the pine-sprig bath gather the sprigs, the fresher the better, small branches, even resinous pine cones, cut them in bits, put into a bag and boil for one-half hour. The chief effect of a pine-sprig bath is on the skin, which is brought into activity by it, and on the blood vessels, which it strengthens. Moreover, it is fragrant and delightful. For the mixed bath herbs and flowers of various kinds are used; this is in case the due quantity of any one cannot be procured.

A word apropos of the duration of such tubbings. A warm flower bath may last one-quarter hour, followed by a cold shower lasting possibly one minute, no longer. Flower and herb baths may be taken two or three times a week.—Eleanor Lexington, in American Queen.

A HOME DISTILLERY.

How to Produce Toilet Waters in One's Own Kitchen.

If any woman wishes to save the cost of buying toilet waters she may save it by manufacturing them at home. A very simple chemical apparatus is necessary. It consists of a spirit lamp, over which a covered tin vessel fits. Into the top of this a rubber tube fits, which is connected at the other end

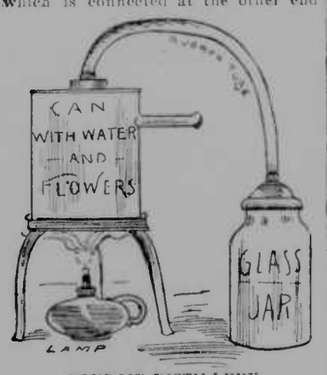

BOUDOIR DISTILLERY.

with a jar. Put clear water in the vessel and put a thick layer of the flowers on top. Light the spirit lamp and hang the vessel over it, but take care that the heat is very slow and gentle or the delicate bouquet of the flowers will be lost. Tube, stoppers and all must fit perfectly tight. The vapor will pass through the tube and be condensed into liquid in the cold glass jar.—Chicago Tribune.

Cloth Dyed on Both Sides.

In England a new method is being employed for dyeing cloth a different color on each side, doing away with the necessity for a lining. At first it is dyed through in the usual manner. It is then taken to a printing machine provided with a roller engraved with deeply cut diagonal lines, running in one direction over its surface, and with diagonal lines cut less deeply running in an opposite direction. This roller is dipped in a bath of thickened color and carried up to the cloth. It is so adjusted that the second color is kept from penetrating the piece more than half way. After it is applied the cloth is finished in the ordinary way.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Somewhat Above.

Dinsmore—Do you know Trotter, Cawker?

Cawker—Yes, I know him. Trotter is a fair average man.

"But he is over six feet tall."

"What of that?"

"That's above the average."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

In Boston.

Miss Browning—Why do you persist in being so naughty?

Browning Benns—You don't want me to die do you, auntie; you know "the good die young."—Yellow Book.

NEW NECK TRIMMING.

Designed to Be Worn with the Hair Low in the Back.

There are ever so many neck trimmings for those who wear the hair high, but the young women who affect the blown-hanging coiffure have trouble to accommodate the neck trimming to the hair. All are too high in the back.

The Yvette neck ruching, while very high at the sides and front, is very low

THE YVETTE RUFFLE.

in the back of the neck, and is just the thing for those who wear a braid.

It requires a yard and a half of ribbon and half a yard of silk to match. Cut from the silk four circular ruffles and sew upon the ribbon, beginning an inch and a half from the middle of the back. Cross the ends of the ribbon and bring around and tie in a knot in front.

If the hair is worn high a very pretty way to deal with the Yvette is to sew the circular ruffles upon the ribbon, leaving a plain space in front instead of the back. Carry the ribbon around the neck, cross and bring to the front and there knot. This is extremely becoming to all faces, and gives the chin a little more space than the other way.

TAN AND SUNBURN.

The Light Not the Heat of the Sun Responsible for Them.

While it was formerly believed that the sun's heat was responsible for tan and sunburn, it has now been proven that it is the light of the sun which colors the skin. Persons exposed to sunlight on mountain tops, at low temperature, are burned as if they had undergone heat as well. Painful burns often result from light reflected from snow and water. Persons exposed to severe heat in mines, firerooms of steamers and rolling mills do not become tanned in the same manner as those working in the sun. The present theory is that the actinic rays of sunlight produce tan or sunburn. These rays affect chemically certain substances upon which they fall. Blue or violet rays have much greater effect upon a sensitive plate than red rays, and this is also true of the human skin. Red glass allows red light rays to pass through it freely and rejects the complementary blue rays. Blue glass admits blue or violet rays and excludes red. A red fabric would be the most effective protection against sunburn. Blue is a most undesirable color for veils. A woman, a member of a party of tourists, wore a striped red and white waist during a long exposure to sun's rays. She found herself burned in stripes, the white affording no protection, as all rays pass through it. The pigment or coloring matter of the skin is the portion which receives the chemical action of the sunlight. It is not definitely known why some people burn red, while others freckle or tan. The darkening of the skin is an effort of nature to protect the sensitive parts beneath. The darker the surface upon which sunlight falls, the more difficult it is for it to penetrate. Wind and heat by irritating the skin sometimes produce congestion which predisposes to the effect of the sun's rays.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Mrs. Rorer's Pop-Overs.

Beat two eggs, without separating, until thoroughly mixed. Add one cup of milk. Put one cup of flour into another bowl; add to it gradually the eggs and milk; beat until smooth. Strain through an ordinary gravel strainer. Put at once into greased hot gem-pans, and bake in a moderately quick oven for 45 minutes. If these are properly made and properly baked they should swell six times their original bulk, and may be used for breakfast or luncheon, or served with a liquid pudding sauce as a dessert. Whole wheat flour, if sifted three times, may be substituted for white flour. Iron gem-pans insure better results than those made of lighter metals.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in Ladies' Home Journal.

For the Sachet Bag.

A recipe for sweetly perfumed sachets never comes amiss, and as the one given here is detested by moths just as infinitely as it is enjoyed by human beings, the mixture is well worth making. Take one ounce each of cloves, nutmeg, cinnamon, carraway seeds, mace and tonka beans, pound to powder, and mix them with six ounces of orris root, which must also be in powder. These ingredients may be obtained ready crushed at a good druggist's. The best bag in which they can be inclosed is one of not overfine muslin, and the miller's sack design, with the opening tied round with ribbon, is a good one.

THE TERM "EL DORADO".

Stories of Spanish Conquest Days Put It in Adventurers' Mouths.

El Dorado is the term now heard on every side in connection with the placer mines of Alaska and the northwest territory of Canada. Its derivation is of interest. In the fifteenth century it was rumored that there existed in the northern part of South America a city of great wealth called Manoa, whose king, by name El Dorado, was periodically smeared with oil of balsam and was then powdered with gold dust, until his whole body had a gilded appearance. It was said that on these occasions he threw gold, emeralds and other precious metals and gems into a sacred lake, in which he afterward bathed.

Beginning in 1532 the Spaniards sent many large expeditions to search for this phantom city, and most of them ended disastrously, hundreds of lives being lost. One explorer, Orellano, averred that he found El Dorado in his voyage down the Amazon in 1540. This was disproved, but the search was continued down to the eighteenth century. Some of the results were the conquest and settlement of New Granada, the making known to the world of the mountain region of Venezuela, the discovery of the noble rivers, the Oronoco and the Amazon, and the exploration of the vast forests west of the Andes. About the end of the sixteenth century an English expedition either sent out by or under the personal leadership of Raleigh penetrated into Guiana, thereby obtaining a claim on that country which has resulted in requirement of the modern British colony of that name.

It has been supposed that the origin of the fable arose from the yearly celebration of a tribe of Indians near Bogota, whose chief was on these occasions gilded with gold dust, but this ceremony was never witnessed by the Spaniards, and the story may simply be another version of the El Dorado myth.

The name El Dorado was commonly used to describe the city or country which was the object of the search, but a later usage of the term has been its figurative application with regard to any region of more than common richness. El Dorado county, in California, was the scene of the famous gold fields of '49, and since then the expression has been used to describe many gold camps.

These facts are taken from the Century dictionary and encyclopedia, and may be accordingly accepted as quite authentic.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

Naming Children in Denmark.

Denmark is preeminently the land of steady habits and uniformity. In the list of kings of the house of Oldenburg Christians and Fredericks follow each other as regularly as treads and risers in a staircase. Every King Christian named his oldest son after his royal father Frederick, and every King Frederick reverted to his own father's name, Christian, when a new crown prince was born and christened. There was only one break in the alternate line of Christians and Fredericks during five centuries. One King Hans came between two Christians. That was about the time of the discovery of America, when the unexpected was likely to happen. Since the reformation every king has named his eldest son after his father, and by force of habit Christians and Fredericks have followed each other with perfection of method. Royalty has set the style, and the humblest subject has respected the time-honored custom until Denmark has been filled with alternating crops of Christians and Fredericks.—N. Y. Tribune.

How It Happened.

Tourist (in Oklahoma hotel)—That mild-mannered, meek-looking little man who sat opposite me at dinner looked very peculiar with his fierce pompadour. I wonder how he happened to adopt that style of wearing his hair?

Landlord—Oh, that's Rev. Mr. Harps. He has been wearin' his hair that way ever since he was in a stageload of passengers who were held up by a cross-eyed road agent who was so nervous that the hook of his finger on the trigger of his gun kept openin' an' shuttin' like a bird's claw.—N. Y. World.

Many a woman can do exquisite embroidery, but can't darn a sock.—Washington Democrat.

Farmer Summerboard (to his son)—"Enoch, I guess it's about time to prune them vines." Miss Citigirl (one of the boarders)—"Oh, do you raise your own prunes? I thought you bought them at the grocery!"—Puck.

"Why this sign not to touch this particular piece of statuary with canes or umbrellas?" asked a visitor at the art exhibit. "Because," snapped a competing artist, "you could only do it justice with an ax."—Detroit Free Press.

"Young man," said the elderly gentleman, in a choking voice, "she is the only daughter I have." "Yes," acknowledged the young man, "that is one reason I thought I would like to marry her."—Indianapolis Journal.

They took four-year old Elsie to see the elk at the zoo for the first time. "Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, as her eyes fell upon the monarch of the herd, "see that cow with a Christmas tree on his head."—Buffalo News.

Might Have Been Worse.—"It was brutal in Nero to fiddle while Rome was burning." "I don't know about that; suppose he had played an accordion."—Chicago Record.

At the Track.—"That horse has a first-class pedigree," observed his friend. "Yes," said the man who was not getting a run for his money; "but he's going to be the last of his race."—Puck.

"Have you caught that murderer yet?" "No," replied the detective; "we haven't caught him. But we've got him so scared he doesn't dare show himself when we're around."—Washington Star.

Twin Difficulties.—Fair Visitor—"I suppose, Mr. Palette, that true art is very difficult to understand?" Mr. Palette—"About as difficult to understand, madam, as it is to sell."—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Gableton—"I understand that your husband cannot meet his creditors." Mrs. Pole—"On the contrary, he says he can't help meeting them. That is the reason he goes out so seldom."—Tit-Bits.

Daily Trains to Colorado, Utah and California.

At 10 every night the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway train leaves the Union Passenger Station (Canal and Adams streets, Chicago) with elegantly equipped Palace Sleeping Cars for Denver and other Colorado points, with through connections at Denver for Salt Lake City, Ogden, San Francisco, and points in Southern California. The route to Denver is via Omaha and Lincoln, Nebraska, and is first-class in every respect. All the modern facilities of travel are included in this direct route to Colorado—the Eldorado of the West. The allied lines composing the route, viz., the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway—Chicago to Omaha—and the Rock Island & Pacific—Omaha to Denver and Colorado Springs—have united to make this the most popular route to all points west of the Missouri river. For further details, time tables, etc., address Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent C., M. & St. P. Ry., 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

Acting Upon It.

Miss Elder—I have decided to buy a husband.

Miss Tommey—What on earth do you mean?

"That seems to be my only way to get one, and I have always heard that every man has his price."—Judge.

Last Month of the Tennessee Centennial and Industrial Exposition.

The month of October closes this greatest of all Expositions ever held in the South, and next to the Columbian, the best ever held in this country. For the closing month, special attractions have been arranged, and the rates from all parts of the country have been made lower than ever before known. The location (Nashville, Tenn.) is on the main line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, directly on its through car route between the North and South, and the trip in either direction via that city can be made as cheaply, if not cheaper, than via any other route. Ask your ticket agent for rates, or write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., for rates and information.

Caught in the Rain.

Bill—Were you ever caught in the rain?

Jill—Yes; that's where I was caught. I was accepted while taking a girl home under my umbrella.—Whim Whams.

Left Destitute!

Not of worldly goods, but of all earthly comfort, is the poor wretch tormented by malaria. The fell scourge is, however, shorn of its thong in advance by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, its only sure preventive and remedy. Dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, rheumatism, nervousness and kidney complaints are also among the bodily afflictions which this beneficent medicine overcomes with certainty. Use it systematically.

Mr. Gotrox—"What would you expect me to do for my daughter if you married her?" Georgie Goodthing (slightly embarrassed)—"You—er—wouldn't be willing to die for her, would you?"—Judge.

Star Plug Is Strictly High Grade.

No expense is saved—no false economy is practiced—in the manufacture of Star plug tobacco. It is strictly high-grade in every particular.

One bad thing about the Klondike gold country is that it affords an excuse for so many crank inventors to annoy people by telling of the fool machines they are going to build to get them there.—Chicago Record

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

A Natural Inference.—"Did you hear what Whimpleton's little boy said when they showed him the twins?" "No; what was it?" "He said: 'There! Mamma has been gettin' bargains again.'"—Tit-Bits.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c

Guess from Experience.—She—"Who was it that said that a woman's best friend was her dressmaker?" He—"Probably the dressmaker."—Tit-Bits.

Can't cure? Try it. That means Rheumatism cured by St. Jacobs Oil.

You can always tell false teeth because they are so much nearer perfect than natural ones.—Washington Democrat.

From any cause a bruise is cured By St. Jacobs Oil. Use it promptly.

We have noticed that the less a man knows the more he criticises the courts. —Washington Democrat.

Piso's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs.—Rev. D. Buchmueller, Lexington, Mo., Feb. 24, '94.

A woman who has a nice house worships it like a miser worships his gold.—Atchison Globe.

The worst? It is—sciatica's pain. But St. Jacobs Oil cures it.

Because a man is poor in flesh is not a sure sign that he doesn't eat much.—Washington Democrat.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75c.

When folks can't think of anything else to do they go and see a doctor.—Washington Democrat.

Hot or cold, Neuralgia's the same. St. Jacobs Oil cures the same.

"Hades must be like a big hotel in the crowded season." "Yes—without fire escapes."—Harlem Life.

A slip, a fall, a sprain—laid Up. St. Jacobs Oil the cure.

The Physician's Error.

The patient was far gone; it was the opinion of all that he could not live but a few moments. Just as the breath was about to leave his body, one of the physicians, a gentleman of culture, and a graduate of one of our best colleges, remarked: "Poor fellow, he looks badly." At this the dying man opened his eyes, jumped up in bed, and shouted: "Who is the villain who desecrates my deathbed by his solecisms?" Then he glared at the culprit and continued: "No, sir, I am not looking badly. I admit I look bad, but not badly, for I am not cross-eyed." And from that moment he began to recover, while the canker of remorse began its work upon the heart of the offender, and ere many days his name was to be found in the obituary column of the village paper.—Boston Transcript.

Where the Mix-Up Occurred.

Judge—Now tell me how you came to get mixed up in this altercation.

Pat—Altercation is it? And phat altercation do yez mean?

"You were mixed up in an altercation with this man here, were you not?"

"Not a bit of it. I've been in no altercation wid nobody."

"Then how did you get those black eyes and that broken nose?"

"Oh, thim? He called me a liar."

"Yet you say you were not mixed up in an altercation with him?"

"No, sor. I wasn't mixed up in no altercation wid him. There was no altercation in sight. We was mixed up in the middle av the road."—Cleveland Leader.

A Cruel Husband.

"You ask for a divorce on the ground of cruelty, do you, madam?" asked the judge.

"Yes, your honor," replied the fair plaintiff.

"Do you mean to say that your husband has used bodily violence toward you?"

"Oh, no, sir. He never struck me, but—"

Here the applicant's voice broke as she thought of the indignity, and she sobbed bitterly.

"But what, madam?" asked the judge, kindly. "Tell me what your husband did."

"Why, judge, once he spoke real cross to dear Fido."

And the tender-hearted woman burst into a fresh torrent of tears.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Lady (engaging servant)—"I ought to tell you that we are all strict tectotallers here. I suppose you won't mind that?" Mary Jane—"Oh, no, mum! I've been in a reformed drunkard's family before!"—Punch.

MRS. ELLA M'GARVY,

Writing to Mrs. Pinkham.

She says:—I have been using your Vegetable Compound and find that it does all that it is recommended to do. I have been a sufferer for the last four years with womb trouble, weak back and exercises. I was hardly able to do my household duties, and while about my work was so nervous that I was miserable. I had also given up in despair, when I was persuaded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and to-day, I am feeling like a new woman.—Mrs. Ella McGarvy, Neebe Road Station, Cincinnati, O.

Watch and Chain for One Day's Work.

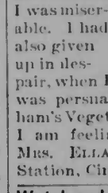

Boys and Girls can get a Nickel Plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm for selling 15 dz. Packages of Bluine at 10 cents each. Send your full address by return mail and we will forward the Bluine, post-paid, and a large Premium List. No money required.

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Be sure that the package bears our Trade-Mark.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited,

(Established 1780.) Dorchester, Mass.

Your sink,

basins, tubs, etc., never become clogged with grease, if the washing that's done in them is done with Pearline.

A small matter perhaps—but remember that Pearline (*"it" is no soap*) saves trouble and annoyance in a great many just such small matters. And the truth is that these little things alone ought to be enough to lead any quick-witted person to use Pearline (*use with-out soap*)—even without taking into account the big things, the saving in work, and wear and tear, and time, and money

Millions NOW USE Pearline

YOU WILL REALIZE THAT "THEY LIVE WELL WHO LIVE CLEANLY," IF YOU USE

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REGULATE THE LIVER.

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ALL DRUGGISTS

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 282.

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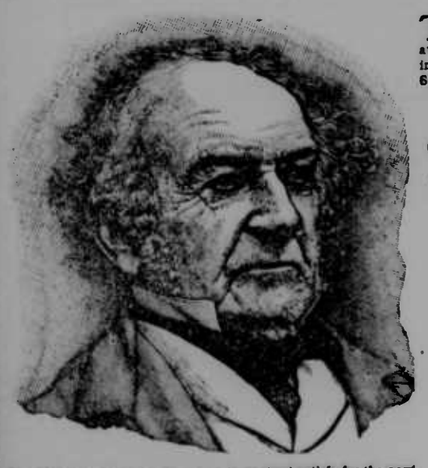

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FOR CLERK COURT OF APPEALS:
ALLAN RUTHERFORD,
of Montgomery county.

FOR STATE SENATOR:
ROBERT A. RAVENSCROFT.

FOR HOUSE OF DELEGATES:
GEORGE W. MOON.
WILLIAM H. JACOBS.

FOR SHERIFF:
W. PERRY LEE.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER:
MAHLON GLOTFELTY.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS:
EPHRAIM W. KELSO.
JOHN T. GEARY.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR:
FRANKLIN P. GREEN.

Republican Meetings.

The citizens of the various districts of Garrett county are invited to attend Republican meetings to be held at the following places and dates:

Crellin, Monday, October 25th, at 7 p. m.

Swanton, Tuesday, October 26th, at 7 p. m.

Bittinger, Wednesday, October 27th, at 7 p. m.

Grantsville, Thursday, October 28th, at 7 p. m.

Accident, Friday, October 29th, at 7 p. m.

Sand Spring, Saturday, October 30th, at 7 p. m.

Friendsville, Monday, November 1st, at 7 p. m.

THE Washington *Post* says that Gorman has no newspaper to defend his cause in Maryland. The *Post* should read the Baltimore *American*. Gorman has a long time ago captured it—body, boots and all.

MR. BENJ. A. RICHMOND, known to all in this county, will be one of the speakers at the Republican meeting in Oakland Saturday night. Mr. Richmond is a polished gentleman, a strong talker and well able to please the audience which will no doubt greet him.

WE appeal to the Republicans of Garrett county not to attempt to cut their ticket. You will run a great risk of having your vote thrown out. We hope that every Republican will be manly enough to stand loyally by the entire Republican ticket.

GENERAL LEE FAIRCHILD, one of the brainiest orators of the day, will address the Republican meeting in Oakland on Saturday night. Gen. Fairchild stumped several states with Hon. Thomas B. Reed last fall, who said of him in the New York *Post*: "Lee Fairchild proves to be an unusually effective debater." You will miss a great treat unless you attend this meeting.

PERRY LEE proved that he was made out of the right material to make a first-class sheriff while he was constable in District No. 8. Although he had some hard work to perform—work that took nerve, watchfulness and sagacity—yet he always did his work in a highly creditable manner. Perry will make one of the best sheriffs Garrett county ever had. A vote for him will not be regretted. He will have one of the largest majorities of any man on the ticket.

MAHLON GLOTFELTY, candidate for treasurer, is a man of ability and integrity, and will conduct the affairs of that important office in the best possible manner. He is a man who stands very high among the people with whom he has been associated for years, and will receive not only the Republican vote in his district, but also that of many of his Democratic neighbors. We predict that Mr. Glotfelty will receive a vote of which any man might justly feel proud, for he is the right man in the right place.

THE business men of the country are again exerting themselves in those States where the silver issue has come into prominence in the fall campaign. The remarkable aligning of the business forces of the country against the campaign of anarchy and repudiation of last year showed that business men were fully alive to the death blow which is being aimed at them by the Bryanites, and their present activity in certain States attest that they are determined to lend their active efforts to campaigns as long as there is any vitality left in the free-silver fallacy.

Bad Roads in Maryland.

Lieut. H. A. Wise, United States Army, broke the cycling record Friday between Washington and New York, making the distance of 239½ miles in 27 hours and 39 minutes. The New York Athletic Club, which Mr. Wise represented, claims especial prominence for the feat, "because of the miserable condition of the roads through Maryland." These words are quoted from the telegraphic accounts of the ride, which was last night sent broadcast throughout the country. "So bad were the roads from Baltimore to Harve de Grace," continues the dispatch, "that it took four hours for Mr. Wise to make twenty-five miles, &c. The record was made possibly by the remarkable time made after Philadelphia had been passed."

This is a bad showing for Maryland, and suggests more strongly than ever that this State should have as good roads as any point beyond Philadelphia or around any other city in the Union. The Maryland record for 25 miles on good roads is within 1 hour and 22 minutes, so it will be seen that had Maryland had such roads as she should have had on the stretch on which Lieutenant Wise spent four hours instead of about an hour and a half, he would have accomplished his ride in about 25 hours. The same causes which detained the cyclist two and a half hours unnecessarily are detaining thousands of farmers and merchants and thousand of dollars' worth of merchandise every working day in the year.—Baltimore Sun.

OUR friends, the enemy, talk a great deal about their economy in county affairs, yet the highest tax rate we ever had in Garrett county was under a Democratic Board of County Commissioners, while a Democratic school board plunged our county $18,000 in debt. Then look at the extravagance of Democratic Legislatures. Take for instance that of 1894, which is not the worst by any means, which had to pass a deficiency bill for $28,000 and cost the State $177,000 whilst in 1896 the Legislature which had a Republican majority in the House of Delegates cost the State $145,000, or $42,000 less. In 1895-6 there was paid on the State debt $711,000 besides appropriating $300,000 for free school books. It was not until 1893 that the Democrats began to collect interest on State deposits. The Republicans collected as interest on this item in 1895-6 $15,904. Then in addition the Democrats conducted the financial affairs of the State so loosely that Stevenson Archer the Democratic State Treasurer and also treasurer of the Democratic State campaign committee, stole $135,000 from the State. The question has been asked many times if this money was used in furthering the political ends of Senator Gorman.

Take the record of the two parties in county, State or Nation and compare them and you will find that as an economical party the Democrats are a sad failure. In this county we are especially interested in getting the right men elected as County Commissioners. Messrs. Kelso and Garey will administer the affairs of the county justly and economically and their election to this important office will prove that no mistake was made in their selection. Let them be elected by a large majority.

THE *Democrat* last week in its defense of Senator Getty's bond record admits one fact which some of Mr. Getty's friends are attempting to deny, that is that the bonds were issued. Neither does the editor of the *Democrat* deny the charge made against Mr. Getty that he had not carried out the wishes of the people as expressed at the ballot box. He is now before the people as a candidate for a very important office, and in the platform of principles enunciated at the convention of which Mr. Getty was boss, and which gave him the nomination for the office to which he will not be elected, declares that "to accept a nomination from the people is a pledge to the people of untiring efforts to accomplish their wishes." We ask if Mr. Getty in his position as State Senator did what he could to accomplish the wishes of the people? When he first submitted to the voters whether they would bond the county for the $18,000 an incompetent and inefficient Democratic school board had run in debt, and then when the people had said by a majority of 447 out of a total vote of 1731 that they were opposed to the bonds, at the next session of the Legislature, Mr. Getty in opposition to the will of the people expressed at the ballot box, had another law enacted authorizing the county commissioners to issue said bonds, which has crippled our schools and shortened the school term every year since. This is a fact that is well known, and what is the defense of Mr. Getty by the *Democrat*? After admitting the fact of the indebted ness having been contracted by a former Democratic school board of this county (although the *Democrat* does not explain how that large indebtedness came to be hung around the neck of said board nor how that the boys and girls have been injured ever since by the incompetency of that Democratic board) makes the defense that Mr. Getty "saved his county from dishonor and the odium of repudiation by providing means for the payment of her indebtedness," etc. This is certainly a bad case of pleading the baby act.

Mr. Getty, after he had submitted the matter to the people and they had spoken in no uncertain tone, had a right to submit to their expressed will. If he did not intend to do so, why submit the matter to them at all? Talk about honor and integrity of the county. It is a well known fact that many of the best people of our county, including many of our most prominent teachers, voted against the bonds. If Mr. Getty was right, if he possessed the honor and integrity and those who voted against the bonds were in favor of repudiation, then Mr. Getty did not represent even the people of his own district, for they on this question voted for bonds, 35, and against bonds, 297; so, Mr. *Democrat*, you see where the defense of your candidate for Senator leads—that Mr. Getty's own neighbors were for "repudiation" by a vote of eight to one.

No, these people were not in favor of anything dishonest, and are not to-day. The people of our county are as honest and upright as people of other counties, and they will not in this campaign vote for Mr. Getty because he now promises to look after their true interests while he is a candidate, but his record shows that in the past he has not cared for their wishes. Will he do so in the future? We think not, for the people know Mr. Getty's connection with the Gorman ring, and the handwriting is on the wall, "thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting."

Vote for Ravenscroft, Moon and Jacobs, and thus you will vote for honest money and against Gorman with his free wool. Vote for men who will represent our county with credit.

WE ARE very much pained to think that Brother Litzinger has wasted so much valuable space in the *Mountain Democrat* by publishing the financial plank of the last Democratic State platform in each issue of that valuable journal for so many weeks.

The Gorman Democratic leaders and editors have so often asserted that the financial question was not an issue in this campaign that we could not understand why there was so much valuable space being wasted in the *Democrat*. Last week Brother Litzinger says it was in order that the reading public "may not be deceived by the misrepresentations of Republican organs." Is it not surprising that he should have such an opinion of Republican organs? Does not every one know that it is absolutely unnecessary for a Republican organ to misrepresent any one of the great questions of the day? Entirely so, and we assure the *Democrat* that it could have saved the large amount of space it has wasted in the several weeks past, for nothing was further from our mind than to want to misrepresent the Democratic party upon this very important issue, and to prove how sincere we are in this matter we ask the editor of the *Democrat* to further guard against misrepresentation by publishing in connection with the financial plank at the head of its columns the plank adopted at the Democratic convention held in Baltimore June, 1896, which declared for a gold standard, the financial plank of the last National Democratic platform, which declares for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1; this in connection with your present financial plank adopted at the last Democratic State convention which was bossed by Gorman, who wrote the financial plank which is a miserable straddle of this important question, would make mighty interesting reading.

We would like for you to tell us to what particular section of the Constitution of the United States your platform refers when it says "gold and silver money of the constitution." We have read the Constitution and with a great many others have failed to find the above in that document. We do read that Congress shall have power "to coin money, regulate the value thereof and of foreign coin and fix the standard of weights and measures." See Sec. 8, United States Constitution. Not one word about gold and silver being the money of the Constitution, but of course Boss Gorman, who wrote the platform, knows all about it.

We would also like the *Democrat* to explain the great inconsistencies in these three financial planks which the *Democrat* has endorsed within the last eighteen months, and tell the reading public where the Democratic party "is at" on the financial question in which the reading public is so vitally interested. Of course he can do it, for a Democratic organ is nothing if it is not consistent. The editors can all say "consistency, thou art a jewel." But we want to remind the *Democrat* that the American people are not only a reading public, but they also do some thinking, and a large majority have concluded that the only principles of the Democratic party on the financial question is that principle which the leaders of said party think will get the most votes, and as they remember the great inconsistencies of your party and of the miserable straddle of your present financial plank which was written by A. P. Gorman to deceive the reading public, but which has proved a failure, and like a boomerang, has returned to strike the one who threw it, as the position of the gold standard Democrats and the Bryan silver Democrats of Baltimore prove.

The intelligent people of our state like men of backbone—men who are not afraid to say where they stand as Mr. Gorman seems to be upon this great question, who cares for nothing as much as the gratification of his own personal ambition; as the people think of these things on the 2nd day of November, of the great wrongs perpetrated by the Gorman-Rasin ring upon our grand old state, they will arise in the majesty of their might and hurl from power the Democratic ring, and send men to the legislature who will elect a man to the United States Senate who will vote for honest money and not for free wool.

Vote for Ravenscroft, Moon and Jacobs.

POSTPONED
SHERIFF'S SALE
—OF—
REAL ESTATE
IN GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county and to me directed, in the case of Henry Baumgardner and John D. Skiles vs. James B. Fowler and Katherina Burger, being No. 16 Judicials to July Term, 1897, I did seize, levy upon and take in execution all the right, title and interest of the said James B. Fowler in and to all that tract of land in Garrett county, Maryland, called "Factories," containing 100¾ acres more or less, and I hereby give notice that I will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all of said tract of land called "Factories," on

Friday, October 29th, 1897,

at 11 o'clock a. m., in front of the Court House door in the town of Oakland, to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs and all other costs that may accrue in making said sale.

This being the same property to which the said James B. Fowler acquired title by deed from D. J. Bluckston and others, trustees, dated Sept. 28th, 1895, and recorded among the land records of Garrett county in Liber E. Z. T. No. 62, folio 181.

Said land is situated south of the B. & O. R. R. and about two miles south east of Swanton, Md., and is well timbered and underlaid with coal.

TERMS:—Cash on day of sale.

30-3 AUSTIN BROWN, Sheriff.

Election Notice.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF ELECTION
FOR GARRETT COUNTY,
OAKLAND, MD., October 6, 1897.

Notice is hereby given that an election will be held in Garrett County, in the State of Maryland by the qualified voters thereof, on

Tuesday, the 2d Day of November, 1897,

for one person to be Comptroller of the Treasury of the State of Maryland; one person to be Clerk of the Court of Appeals of the State of Maryland; one person to be a member of the Senate of Maryland; two persons to be members of the House of Delegates of Maryland; two persons to be County Commissioners for Garrett county; one person to be Sheriff of Garrett county; one person to be County Surveyor for Garrett county, and one person to be County Treasurer for Garrett county, and also for or against a proposed amendment to the Constitution of the State of Maryland by adding an additional section to Article 15 thereof, to be known as section 11 of said Article, which reads as follows:

"11. Appointments in the civil service of the State, in the municipalities and counties of the State, shall be made according to merit and fitness, to be ascertained as far as practicable by examination, which shall be competitive, except appointments which are subject to confirmation by the Senate, and the General Assembly shall pass all such laws as may be necessary more fully to carry into effect the provisions of this section."

And the places of said election in the several election districts and precincts in said Garrett county, will be as follows:

District No. 1.—Friend's Store Building in the town of Swanton.

District No. 2.—In the public school building in the town of Friendsville.

District No. 3.—In Gregg's hall in the town of Grantsville.

District No. 4.—Thomas Garvey's store house in the town of Bloomington.

District No. 5.—George L. Englehart's shop in the town of Accident.

District No. 6.—In the public school building in the town of McHenry.

District No. 7.—First Precinct.—Thomas Martin's store room, corner Third and Oak streets, Oakland.

District No. 7.—Second Precinct.—In the office of the Supervisors of Elections, in Shartzer's Opera House, on Green street, Oakland.

District No. 8.—At the old Hoye place on the Northwestern turnpike.

District No. 9.—At the shop of Samuel Johnson on the National road.

District No. 10.—In Mrs. Francis Chidester's store room in the town of Deer Park.

District No. 11.—At the residence of Peter McIntyre.

District No. 12.—At Henry Bittinger's shop in the town of Bittinger.

The polls of said election will be opened in each and every election district of said county, at the above places of holding the polls, at 8 o'clock a. m., and will close at 6 o'clock p. m.

A. G. STURGISS, President.
J. ALVIN FRIEND.
FRED. C. RIES.
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk. 31-4

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF COUNTY SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS
OAKLAND, MD., Oct. 11, 1897.

There will be a competitive examination for the scholarship at the Western Maryland College at the school building in Oakland on Saturday, October 23d, on the subjects required for admission to the Freshman class.

31-2 U. G. PALMER, Secretary.

W. L. DOUGLAS
$3.00 SHOE

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass
CATALOGUE FREE.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

For sale by

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

....THE....

Yukon - Cariboo - British Columbia Gold Mining Development Company.

CAPITAL, $5,000,000.

SHARES, $1.00 EACH. FULL PAID. NON-ASSESSABLE.

DIRECTORS.

Hon. JOHN H. McGRAW,
Ex-Governor of State of Washington,
V. P. First National Bank of Seattle.

CAMILLE WEIDENFELD,
Banker, 15 Wall St., New York.

CHARLES E. JUDSON,
Pres. Economic Gas Company, Chicago.

Hon. BENJAMIN BETTERWORTH,
Commissioner of Patents, Washington.

Hon. JAMES G. SHAW,
Manufacturer, New Castle, Delaware.

CHARLES H. KITTINGER,
66 Broadway, New York,
Harrison Building, Philadelphia.

Hon. JOHN LAFFLIN,
Ex-State Senator, New York,
Laughlin, Ewell & Bangs, Att'ys at Law, Buffalo.

JULIUS CHAMBERS,
Journalist, - New York.

Gen. E. M. CARR,
Preston, Carr & Gilman, Att'ys at Law, Seattle.

THOMAS W. LAWSON,
Banker, 33 State Street, Boston.

GEORGE B. KITTINGER, M. E.,
Seattle, Wash.

PHILO D. BEARD,
Treasurer Queen City Gas Co., Buffalo.

J. M. BUXTON, M. E.,
Vancouver, British Columbia.

GEO. A. KELLY, 66 Broadway, New York.

J. EDWARD ADDICKS, Delaware.

The facts concerning the wonderful discoveries of gold in Alaska and British Columbia, about the headwaters of the Yukon River, have been received and are now fully digested by the public mind. Every incoming steamer from the Klondike regions, bringing as they do enormous quantities of the precious metal, merely confirms the statements made by experts that this new find is by far the richest the world has ever known.

If the wealth of the new fields excites wonder, the extent of the territory in which gold is being found is even still more remarkable. Besides the fields in the Klondike River and the various streams emptying into it, information reaches us of almost incredibly rich discoveries of gold in the Stewart River and in the White River, and of miners leaving the one district in search of the possibly more productive fields beyond. This circumstance, it may be remarked, serves the way open to those persons on the ground for the acquiring of claims at a small fraction of their real value.

It has long been suspected and the proof is now fully proven that all those rivers having their source in the range of the Rocky Mountains are gold bearing in the highest degree.

All this knowledge being now well established, the thought which is naturally agitating so many minds is how to participate in the great productive wealth of this new El Dorado. It is impracticable, obviously, for any considerable percentage of the people to attempt trips to those regions. Moreover, the outlay to be incurred, the perils and hardships of such a journey determine such a course needless and unnecessary.

Persons can, however, combine their capital with those who are already actively engaged in acquiring claims in the gold country, with the assurance that the investment will prove both safe and profitable.

The Yukon-Cariboo-British Columbia Gold Mining Development Company is formed to explore and develop the gold fields of British Columbia, including the Cariboo district and the Klondike district at the headwaters of the Yukon River.

The Company has a capital of $5,000,000 divided into 5,000,000 shares at $1 each. There are no "promoter" shares, and no officer or director has obtained his stock without paying for it at the regular subscription rate.

No personal liability whatever is incurred. The stock is fully paid up and is non-assessable. Each share represents the full responsibility incurred, and carries, according to the charter of the Company, be subject to any assessment of any kind.

The Company is without a rival in the completeness of its organization and the names of its directors are a guarantee of its integrity of purpose. Especially strong is the Company in its forces already in the field. Governor J. H. McGraw and General E. M. Carr, two of the directors of the Company, are at Dawson City on investigation, purchase and development of mining claims in the interest of shareholders.

George B. Kittinger, mining engineer of Seattle, headed the largest and best equipped exploring party that has yet left the Pacific coast in the interest of any company. Mr. Kittinger is directing the forces in the Yukon district.

In the Cariboo district, J. M. Buxton, mining engineer, of Vancouver, is the representative of the Company.

On the Stewart River, the corps of eight men is headed by Captain Jack Scurry, well-known as having located the line of the Northern Pacific railroad through the Cascade mountains.

All of the company's miners are fully equipped with horses boots and supplies for protecting and development of claims.

As this Company is the first to engage in actual work in the gold fields, it is confidently expected to be the first to secure practical returns to its shareholders.

Conservative management, large capital and completely equipped expeditions will accomplish more than disorganized individual effort.

The shares of the Company are offered to the public for a short period at their par value of One Dollar per share. The company reserves the right to withdraw its offerings at any time without further notice.

Subscriptions for shares should be accompanied by cash in registered letter, U. S. or Express Money Orders, Bank Check or Draft made payable to the Secretary.

Prospectus and additional information furnished at the office of the Company, MANHATTAN LIFE BUILDING, 66 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

J. EDWARD ADDICKS, President.
CHARLES H. KITTINGER, Secretary.

Colored map of the gold fields sent free on application. 31-4

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL ESTATE
Adjoining Loch Lynn Heights,
Garrett County, Maryland.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from James B. Sommerville and Agnes H. Sommerville, his wife, Joseph C. Alderson and Mary Price Alderson, his wife, to George P. White dated August 1st, 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 57, folio 230, etc., one of the records of Garrett county, I, the undersigned mortgagee, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1897,

at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., in front of the postoffice in the town of Oakland, Maryland, all the real estate described in said mortgage to which reference is hereby made for a full and particular description of the property to be sold.

I reside at Loch Lynn Heights and will take pleasure in showing the property to any person who contemplates buying. This is a very valuable property and contains about

ONE HUNDRED ACRES.

TERMS OF SALE—Cash upon the day of sale, as prescribed by said mortgage. Conveyancing at the cost of the purchaser.

A plat of the property may be seen by calling at the office of John Shartzer, auctioneer, at Oakland, Md.

GEO. P. WHITE, Mortgagee.
JOHN SHARTZER, Auctioneer. 30-4

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

George J. Spiker et al. vs. Mary Friend.
No. 830 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Maryland.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Mary Friend to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before the 6th day of November, 1897, as I will on that day proceed to state an audit distributing the funds in the hands of Gilmor S. Hamill, attorney.

EDWARD H. SINCELL, Auditor

THE . . . .
HISTORIC
GLADES HOTEL
OAKLAND
MARYLAND

I HAVE PURCHASED
THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conneway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT
COAL,
KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Archibald C. Biggs vs. Jane Biggs.
No. 843 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Maryland.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Jane Biggs to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county on or before the 28th day of October, 1897, as I will on that day proceed to state an audit distributing the funds in the hands of James C. Peddicord, trustee.

31-4d EDWARD H. SINCELL, Auditor

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Mr. Ray Hill, of Terra Alta, was in Oakland on Sunday.

Mr. Charles George, of Deer Park, was an Oakland visitor yesterday.

Mr. W. F. Custer, of near Lonaconing, was a caller at this office on Monday.

Miss George Taggart, of Chicago, is in Oakland on a visit to her sister and other relatives.

Editor J. Ed. Kildow, of the Beverly, W. Va., *Enterprise*, spent Sunday in Oakland.

Attorney A. A. Doub, of Cumberland, was in Oakland Tuesday on professional business.

Miss Maggie Tower spent a few days in Cumberland this week as the guest of Mrs. R. T. Semmes.

Mr. Thomas White, who is employed at Piedmont, was in Oakland Sunday on a visit to his children.

Farmers, take your potatoes to Dixon & Kelso; they will pay the highest price in cash or trade. 31-3

Just received at Dixon & Kelso's car feed, flour. The best hog feed on earth to sell cheap. Also car corn. 2t

Mr. Perry W. Rock returned to Oakland on Tuesday from a visit to his mother in Sherwood, O., who has been quite ill.

Mr. Howard Robinson, of Baltimore, brother of Dr. John G. Robinson and Mrs. M. C. Hinebaugh, is here this week visiting them.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Naylor and children went down to Berkley county, W. Va., last Thursday morning to visit Mr. Naylor's parents for a few days.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Lee McComas arrived in Oakland from Baltimore last Friday night. Mrs. McComas, who has been in the above city for several months, continues ill.

Don't nauseate your stomach with teas and bitter herbs, but regulate your liver and sick headache by using those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

A report from Tunnelton says the West Virginia Northern railroad will be compelled to abandon its trips after Wednesday unless it rains, as the water supply is exhausted.

Burning, itching skin diseases instantly relieved by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, unequalled for cuts, bruises, burns. It heals without leaving a scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

Although the buckwheat crop was light this fall the two milling establishments in town are kept running night and day to supply the demand.

Vim, vigor and victory:—these are the charisties of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, billionsness and all stomach and liver troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

"They don't make much fuss about it." We are speaking of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous Little pills for constipation, billionsness, and all stomach and liver troubles. They never gripe. Oakland Pharmacy.

The largest and most valuable car load of leather ever shipped from the Enterprise tannery at Hutton, left there on Tuesday for Swift & Co., Boston, Mass., consisting of 4,432 Union backs, weighing 57,312 pounds and valued at more than $15,000.

Mr. T. J. Peddicord went down to Accident Friday afternoon and addressed the Republican voters of District No. 5 the same evening. The meeting was largely attended and Mr. Peddicord's speech was well received by those present.

The Oakland flouring mill is now in good shape to make you good buckwheat flour and plenty of it. Don't fail to call and bring your grain. Mr. E. O. Dudley has charge and will treat you right. The Oakland Mills, Oakland, Md. 30-13.

A trick bicycle rider who is traveling westward, accompanied by his wife, gave an exhibition of fancy riding on a high wheel in Oakland Saturday afternoon. The riders were attired in bright colors and attracted quite a large crowd. A collection was taken up to defray their expenses. Many feats were performed by them.

Mr. Grant Hayden, who has been visiting friends in our city, has been called home by the illness of his father, Capt. James A. Hayden, of Mt. Lake Park. Mr. Hayden left on the 7:00 o'clock train this morning for his home to the regret of his friends. —Cumberland Times, Monday.

Morgantown, W. Va., and the whole surrounding country is enveloped in smoke from two mountain fires, which have been burning since Sunday morning. One of the fires up Decker's Creek is under control, but the other one, on the Cheat Mountain, is making such headway as to cause serious alarm.

There is a time for everything; and the time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait until you have consumption but prevent it by using One Minute Cough Cure, the great remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Messrs. L. A. Rudisill and J. C. Renninger, who were with the Republican committee and candidates in their tour over the northern section of the county several days last week, returned to Oakland Thursday last. Both these gentlemen make strong speeches and were greeted by large audiences wherever they went.

John Griffin, of Zanesville, O., says: "I never lived a day for thirty years without suffering agony, until a box of Witch Hazel Salve cured my piles." For piles and rectal troubles, cuts, bruises, sprains, eczema and all skin troubles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. Oakland Pharmacy.

A pain in the chest is nature's warning that pneumonia is threatened. Dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind over the seat of pain, and another on the back between the shoulders, and prompt relief will follow. Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Mr. Thomas F. Burk, of New York City, has purchased a plot of ground in Oakland and will at once begin the erection of a dwelling house.

"I crave but One Minute," said the public speaker in a husky voice; and then he took a dose of One Minute Cough Cure, and proceeded with his oratory. One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled for the throat and lungs. Oakland Pharmacy.

It heals everything except a broken heart, may be said of DeWitt Witch Hazel Salve. Piles and rectal diseases, cuts, burns, bruises, tetter, eczema and all skin troubles may be cured by it quickly and permanently. Oakland Pharmacy.

Our space this week is very much contracted by reason of the publication of the official ballot, which occupies nearly a whole page. The law requires that this matter be published two consecutive weeks therefore our readers will no he disappointed should the paper next week not contain the usual quota of local and other news.

Garthright wants one thousand bushels of potatoes, five tons buckwheat flour, for which he will pay the highest market prices, cash or trade. Just received, one car the best spring-wheat flour made, which will be sold under the usual price. Stock of ladies' and gents' underwear, dress goods and clothing never so complete. Has over five hundred pairs of felts and gums, lumberman's overs and stockings, and ladies' and gents' arctics, from which to select cheaper than ever offered before. Entire stock is complete in all departments. 33-2t.

The Sunday school convention which was held at Deer Park last Friday, Saturday and Sunday was one of the largest attended and most interesting ever held in the county. Delegates were present from nearly every church in the county. Mr. George E. Bishoff was president with Messrs. E. J. Fringer and Samuel P. Specht as secretaries. Ministers of every denomination took part in the discussions, which covered nearly every phase of the Sunday school work.

Those who believe chronic diarrhoea to be incurable should read what Mr. P. E. Grisham, of Gaars Mills, La., has to say on the subject, viz.: "I have been a sufferer from chronic diarrhoea ever since the war and have tried all kinds of medicines for it. At last I found a remedy that affected a cure and that was Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea remedy." This medicine can always be depended upon for colic, cholera morbus, dysentery and diarrhoea. It is pleasant to take and never fails to effect a cure. 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Messrs. John Sweeney and Walter Hinebaugh went to Washington a few days ago with a car of horses. After having delivered their charge they repaired to a hotel and went to bed but turning out the gas they turned the cock too far and allowed it to escape into the room. The fumes were noticed by the hotel proprietor and when he went to arouse the young men they were unconscious. They were removed to the Emergency hospital in Washington where they lay for seventeen hours, but by hard work they were brought around again and arrived in town last night, not much the worse by their close call.

A few weeks ago the editor was taken with a very severe cold that caused him to be in a most miserable condition. It was undoubtedly a bad case of la grippe and recognizing it as dangerous he took immediate steps to bring about a speedy cure. From the advertisment of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and the many good recommendations included therein, we concluded to make a first trial of the medicine. To say that it was satisfactory in its results, is putting it very mildly, indeed. It acted like magic and the result was a speedy and permanent cure. We have no hesitancy in recommending the excellent Cough Remedy to any one afflicted with a cough or cold in any form. —*The Banner of Liberty*, Libertytown, Maryland. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Croup Quickly Cured.

MOUNTAIN GLEN, Ark.—Our children were suffering with croup when we received a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It afforded almost instant relief.—F. A. THORNTON. This celebrated remedy is for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Call for Your Letters.

John Calhoun, G. J. Uppole, Channel Williams, John Owens, jr., Mrs. Maria Robinson Wright, Mrs. Emily Holden, Mrs. L. M. Hoff, Mrs. Emma Keishner, Miss Mary Dunbar, Miss Annie Tanner, Miss Sadie Sembower, Miss Mary Carter.

Church Dedication.

The new M. E. church at Friendsville will be dedicated on October 31st by Rev. L. W. Roberts, presiding elder of Oakland district, assisted by other ministers. All who are interested in the work are cordially invited to be present.

A House Burned.

On Friday afternoon last the home of William Uppole, on the mountain between Swanton and Bloomington, was totally destroyed by fire. As no one was at home except the children of Mr. Uppole the family lost everything they had including their clothing except that which they were wearing at the time. Mr. Uppole is in straightened circumstances and the loss of his home falls especially hard upon him.

Church News.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be celebrated in the Garrett Memorial church next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Preparatory services on Wednesday and Thursday evenings at 7:30.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Curtis confirmed a class of fifty children on Friday last at St. Peter's church. The Bishop was assisted by the Very Rev. Dean Brennan, of Cumberland, Rev. T. J. Stanton, of Lonaconing, and Rev. Frank A. B. Wunnenberg, of this place. Bishop Curtis left for Westernport on Saturday to confirm a class of one hundred and twenty on Sunday.

Services in St. Matthew's Episcopal church Sunday next at 11 a. m. A cordial welcome to all.

Married.

LEIGHTON—CALE.—Mr. H. V. Leighton, of Swanton, was married in Pittsburg, Pa., on October 14th to Miss Maud Cale, of that city. Mr. and Mrs. Leighton arrived in Swanton on Sunday evening where they will reside for the present.

A Card from Mr. Garey.

To the Editor of The Republican.

I will thank you to allow me space in your columns to explain to the voters of the county my absence from the various meetings and my inability to make a personal canvass, although this was my intention, but owing to an accident which befell me several weeks ago I have been compelled to move around on crutches. This will prevent me from making the acquaintance of many whom I desired to meet, but I believe the voters of party will support me at the polls as they will no doubt the rest of the ticket.

JOHN T. GAREY.

Among the Churches.

The services at St. Peter's Catholic church, Rev. F. A. B. Wunnenberg, pastor, for the week beginning Sunday next will be as follows: Sunday services, low mass and communion, 7:30 a. m.; high mass and sermon, 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.; vespers and benediction, 3:30 p. m. Week day services, mass every day at 7:30 a. m.; services first Friday of every month, 7:30 p. m. A cordial welcome extended to all.

Fell From a Bridge.

On Saturday last an unknown Polander from the vicinity of Piedmont, went up to Bloomington and there filled up with a bad quality of whiskey. A few hours after he had left the town he was discovered lying in the Potomac river on a large rock where he had fallen from the bridge, a distance of fifty five feet. He was gathered up and upon examination it was found that no bones had been broken but he was terribly bruised about the head. He will recover.

A Useful Invention.

The following description of an invention perfected by one of Oakland's young men, we clip from last weeks issue of the *Mountain Democrat*:

Mr. Ernest Colardeau, of the *Democrat* office has filed a caveat in the Patent Office at Washington of an invention which may appropriately be styled an "Automatic Hose Coupler for Railway Brakes," and which is intended to facilitate and expedite the work of coupling cars provided with air-brakes or steam connection for heating or other purposes.

The invention strikes us as being a very useful and excellent one and calculated, if brought into general use, to revolutionize and entirely dispense with the system of hose coupling now in vogue, which is the slow and frequently bungling one of adjustment by hand.

A crude description of the invention is given below, just as the talented young inventor would expect it to work if put to practical use:

The coupler consists of two square rods which work in a boxing fastened to each car directly beneath the car coupler, having at one end of each rod a square hollow casting, or coupler with a jaw on one side and a pocket on the other and a pipe on top to which the hose on either car is attached. One of the castings is provided with a pipe which forms a part of itself and which fits in a circular hole of its companion casting, both of which are provided with rubber washers, one around the pipe and the other around the circular hole, rendering the two parts airtight when connection is made, which is done by means of a strong, flexible spring, that works on either rod between the boxing and the casting, and which is so adjusted as to press both couplers together when the cars meet.

There is no doubt of its utility, if put to a practical test, and the contrivance would prove of inestimable service where vast numbers of cars provided with air and other hose required coupling, which is the case in all our larger cities and at principle shipping points. There is another advantage it would possess over anything yet conceived of in this line, and that is that in the event of the cars becoming uncoupled there would be no hose to be broken, as the hose on each car would be attached to the coupling belonging to that car, and when the cars would part the hose on each would remain intact, as they would have no connection with each other, except such as would be given by the coupling of the cars, as explained above.

Will Set Aside.

Judges Boyd and Sloan, who set in the Hornbrook will contest at Oakland, have set aside the will of Mrs. Hornbrook of January 15, 1897. By this will she bequeathed $100 to her daughter, Mrs. Luke, and devised her real estate at Mt. Lake Park, worth about $3,500, to her daughter Lorilla Bullard, for life, and at her death to her granddaughter, Lorilla Bullard. The court leaves in force a will by which the Mt. Lake property goes to Mrs Luke for life, at her death to Mrs. Bullard, and at the death of the latter, in fee simple, as tenants in common, to Rachael Bullard and Franke Luke, daughter and son, respectively, of Mrs. Bullard and Mrs Luke.

The court's findings are that contents of the will now set aside were read to Mrs. Hornbrook before the execution thereof, but that the contents were not known to her, by reason of her then physical and mental condition, and that the will was executed by her when she was not of sound and disposing mind.

Upon the other issues the court says the will set aside was not procured by undue influence, and finds that Mrs. Hornbrook made her mark thereto and declared the paper writing to be her last will in presence of two creditable witnesses. Mrs. Luke, who made the contest, lives in Wheeling.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

Bethlehem.

Our school opened on Monday last with thirty scholars enrolled. Miss Carry Wilson is the teacher. We hope her labors may be crowned with success.

The buckwheat crop is light. Potatoes will average less than half a crop through this section.

J. L. Harvey the past week has been working a crew of hands opening the new county road which passes over the montain at James W. Harvey's. It now looks as though we were going to have a road.

Pasture is drying up and those who have but little territary for their stock to feed upon will soon be compelled to go to feeding.

Mr. James W. Tasker, who purchased a tract of land last spring, expects to raise his new house on Thursday next.

The first quarterly meeting of the U. B. church for the Deer Park circuit will convene at Bethlehem church on October 23d. All persons, well disposed, are invited to attend.

Proclamation

WHEREAS, at the January session in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six of the General Assembly of Maryland a bill was passed proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the State by adding an additional section to Article fifteen thereof, to be known as Section eleven of said Article, which said bill and amendment are in the words following, to-wit:

CHAPTER 69.

AN ACT to amend the Constitution of the State by adding an additional Section to Article fifteen thereof, to be known as Section eleven of said Article.

SECTION 1. BE IT ENACTED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF MARYLAND (three-fifths of all the members of the House concurring), That the following additional section be, and the same hereby is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of this State; and, if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as herein provided, it shall stand and be known as Section eleven of Article fifteen of said Constitution:

11. Appointments in the Civil service of the State, in the municipalities and counties of the State, shall be made according to merit and fitness, to be ascertained as far as practicable by examinations, which, so far as practicable, shall be competitive, except appointments which may be made to fill vacancies occurring between the sessions of the General Assembly; and the General Assembly shall pass all such laws as may be necessary more fully to carry into effect the provisions of this section.

SECTION 2. AND BE IT FURTHER ENACTED BY THE AUTHORITY AFORESAID, That the foregoing section, hereby proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of this State shall be, at the next general election held in this State, submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection, in pursuance of the directions contained in Article fourteen of the Constitution of this State and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the Constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot used at said election shall be printed, after the lists of candidates, the question concerning the adoption or rejection of said proposed constitutional amendment, so that each voter at such election can designate thereon in the manner prescribed by law, whether his vote is "For the Constitutional Amendment," or "Against the Constitutional Amendment," as he shall elect, and immediately after said election due return shall be made to the Governor of the State of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by said fourteenth article of the Constitution.

Approved April 5th, 1896.

NOW THEREFORE, I, LLOYD LOWNDES, Governor of the State of Maryland, in pursuance of the provisions of Section one of Article fourteen of the Constitution of the State, do hereby order and direct that a copy of said bill proposing said constitutional amendment be published in at least two newspapers in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one may be published, then in that newspaper, and in three newspapers in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in the German language, once a week for at least three months preceding the next ensuing general election (which said general election will be held on Tuesday, the Second day of November, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven), at which election the said proposed amendment shall be submitted, in the form and manner prescribed by the General Assembly, to the qualified voters of the State for adoption or rejection.

THE GREAT SEAL OF MARYLAND.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of Maryland.

Done at the City of Annapolis on the first day of July in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.

LLOYD LOWNDES,
Governor of Maryland.

By order of the Governor:
RICHARD DALLAM,
21-14t Secretary of State.

Sheriff's Election Notice.

For the information of all persons concerned, the following Act of the Legislature, passed March 24, 1865, is published:

CHAPTER 191.

AN ACT prohibiting the sale of spirituous or fermented liquors in the several counties of the State on the day of election.

SEC. 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That it shall not be lawful for the keeper of any hotel, tavern, store, drinking establishment, or any other place where liquors are sold, or for any person or persons, directly or indirectly, to sell, barter, give or dispose of any spirituous or fermented liquors, ale, beer or intoxicating drinks of any kind, on the day of election hereafter to be held in the several counties of the State.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That any person violating the provisions of this Act shall be liable to indictment by the Grand Jury of the county where the offense was committed, and shall, upon conviction before any Judge of any of the Circuit Courts of this State, be fined a sum not less than fifty dollars nor more than one hundred dollars for each and every offence—one-half the fine shall be paid to the informer, the other half to the County Commissioners for the use of public roads.

AUSTIN BROWN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

AN OPEN LETTER
To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does bear* Chas. H. Fletcher *on every bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought* Chas. H. Fletcher *on the and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. No one has authority from us, or from any one except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"
BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher

Insist on Having
The Kind That Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Garrett County.

STATE OF MARYLAND,
TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE,
ANNAPOLIS, Oct. 1st, 1897.

In pursuance of the requirements of Section 6, of Article 63 of the Code of Public General Laws, I herewith publish the names, titles and amounts due by the following officers who are in arrears to the State of Maryland.

ROBERT P. GRAHAM,
Comptroller.

NAME.	TITLE.	YR.	PRIN.	INT.
Thos. E. Wiley	Collector	1895	$2,212.47	$66.36
E. E. Sothoron	"	1896	2,212.47	44.24
Same	"	1897	2,212.47	8.85
E. Jamison	Sheriff	1895	167.35	5.02

ORDER NISI.

Edward H. Stoecll and Fred A. Thayer, assignees, vs. Jacob R. Kimmell.

No. 871 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

Ordered this 5th day of October, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Edward H. Stoecll and Fred A. Thayer, assignees, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 29th day of October, 1897, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 29th day of October, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $309.00.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test:—E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Lawson L. Wright vs. His Creditors.

No. 1 3 Insolvents. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

Ordered, the 24 day of October, 1897, that the 20th day of December, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m., is hereby fixed as the time at which Lawson L. Wright, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or securities may propose or allege against him, and that James A. Peddicord, Permanent Trustee for the benefit of the creditors of the said petitioner shall, prior to the 20th day of December, 1897, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order by weekly publication in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland.

DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy, Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 31-6

AGENTS WANTED

FOR

JUVENILE HOLIDAY
AND
STANDARD SUBSCRIPTION
BOOKS

By the W. B. Conkey Company, the largest publishers and manufacturers of books in the United States. Finest line of new holiday and other subscription books on the market.

Also agents wanted for "THE SILVER SIDE," the latest and best textbook on the silver question by the great silver leaders.

EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY.

LARGEST COMMISSIONS.

PRICES BELOW COMPETITION.

Write at once for circulars and special terms, stating your choice of territory.

W. B. CONKEY COMPANY,
341 343, 345, 347, 349, 351 Dearborn St.,
29-4eow. CHICAGO.

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

U. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

JOHN SHARTZER,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

offers his services to the people of Garrett County. Will cry land or personal property sales at any point in the county. 6-97-1yr.

REAL ESTATE!

—FOR SALE BY—

JOHN SHARTZER, Real Estate Agent,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

House and 2 lots in McHenry.

Farm near Deer Park; improved.

A well improved farm near Ryan's Glade.

The above properties will be sold on easy terms.

One 50-acre lot adjoining the farm of W. T. Jamesson near Mt. Lake Park.

1 56-acre lot adjoining the lands of Mrs. Kilbourne and —— Jackson near Mt. Lake Park; will be sold very cheap for cash.

Two farms in District No. 2; 262 acres, near Elder Hill school house, improved by 2 houses, 3 barns and orchards. Will be sold separately or as a whole, to suit purchaser, on easy terms.

House of 4 rooms, 4 acres of land two miles south of Mt. Lake Park.

House and 1 acre of ground adjoining Loch Lynn Heights. Will be sold cheap.

A livery stable at Loch Lynn Heights; finest in the county; must be sold at once.

House and lot in Mt. Lake Park.

50 acres; improved by a small house; near Cranberry Glade farm.

7 building lots in Loch Lynn Heights.

The Phillips lands lying between Oakland and Mt. Lake Park; will be sold as a whole or in parcels to suit purchaser.

A lot of ground adjoining Mt. Lake Park on the Oakland road.

An improved farm of 100 acres, 2 miles from Terra Alta.

An improved farm of 200 acres near Crellin.

The Oakland Steam Laundry property.

7 large building lots in Oakland.

For further information, prices and terms, apply to

JOHN SHARTZER,
6-26 *OAKLAND, MD*

Tomson's Red Seal Lye.

98 per cent. strength, granulated, packed in SIFTING TOP cans, is the greatest soapmaker, disinfectant and cleanser.

One Can will make 10 Pounds of Hard Soap.

Red Seal is the best disinfectant and purifier to use in sinks, drains, waste pipes and closets. It is handy, safe and sure. One can of Red Seal to 15 gallons of water sprayed, knocks potato bugs, cabbage worms, etc. No damage to vines.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD

NOT A BIT SUPERSTITIOUS.

No, I'm not superstitious.
I consider it pernicious
If not absolutely vicious
In a man
To admit himself so small that he must scan
Every little sign and omen
As the menace of a foeman.
Still, I'm free to say that Friday
Never, never should be my day
For a venture, for I'm sure 'twould never hit,
Though I'm not superstitious, not a bit.

Really, I've no toleration
Of that nervous hesitation
And that irksome perturbation
Which I've seen,
When a dinner party chances to be thirteen.
Why, I've seen that arrant folly
Make a whole crowd melancholy,
With their whining and their flimsy,
Foolish reasons for the whimsy,
Still, I own I hate to be the last to sit,
Though I'm not superstitious, not a bit.

Certain things may be propitious,
Though they seem but adventitious,
And it's hardly superstitious
To perceive
Which is which, and so, accordingly, believe.
Now, there's nothing makes me sadder
Than to walk beneath a ladder;
But I grow a good deal bolder
When the moon is at my shoulder.
And to spill the salt, it takes away my grit,
Though I am not superstitious, not a bit.

Surely, nothing can be clearer
Than that evil marches nearer
By the breaking of a mirror,
And it's true
That a howling dog in nighttime makes me blue,
For his keen scent makes no errors
And he smells the King of Terrors.
Here's another thing. Take heed, sir,
If your nose should start to bleed, sir,
And should only bleed three drops and then should quit!
Though I'm not superstitious, not a bit.

It is odd to see what uses
Some folks make of vain excuses
Rather than admit abuses
Of the mind,
When they're rather superstitiously inclined.
Just to put it in plain English:
It would seem they can't distinguish
Between false and foolish cases
And the few which have a basis
In experience, which even I admit,
Though I am not superstitious, not a whit!
—J. Edmund V. Cooke, in N. Y. Sun.

The Case of Cal Van Port.

Compiled from the Diary of a Country Doctor.

[Copyright, 1897.]

AT 22, Cal Vanport, six feet tall, strong, swarthy and handsome, was at once the most interesting and the most unpopular character in all North Pisa, N. Y. He dwelt with his mother, Irish by birth, washerwoman by trade, and relict of the only pure blooded Hollander ever known in the village, in a whitewashed cottage fronting a little-used side street. Aside from Deacon Orcott, of the Freewill Baptist church, who was too old to work, and besides had a little money laid by, and old John Tomlinson, who lived in the big white house across from the post office and was rich, being worth $10,000 at least, and maybe more, Cal was the only grown man in the place who seemed to have no regular occupation. Hence his unpopularity.

"You see, doctor," Jabez Ruggles, the wagon maker, explained to me one day, soon after I began practicing in North Pisa, "Cal ain't got no gumption. In fact, he's—wal, what you might call shif'less. He don't never work none at all, 'ceptin' when the beans is ripe. Then he does go out into the field and pull, sometimes, though he didn't last year. When he's a min' to he kin do more work 'n anybody I know, for he's the ablebodiest man anywhere round here, but you never see him a-pitchin' no hay, nor a-workin in no harvest field; not even when such men as Supervisor Bulger or Deacon Warboys is offerin' two an' a half a day to save their crops.

"No, sir; he'd druther live on his poor old mother than to work, an' about all he does is to go'n git the clo'es in a baskit before she washes 'em, an' kerry 'em home afterward. You kin see 'im a-doin' that every mornin' an' every night reg'lar. What he does in the middle of the day is a mys'try to everybody. Some days he goes a-fishin', but that's mostly on Sundays. Week days he gen'ally shets 'imself up in the house jest to loaf, I s'pose. I sh'd think 'twould make him 'shamed to hear the sound of the scrubbin' when his mother's to work over the washboard an' he's layin' round, a doin' nothin'.

"Some day the boys 'll all git mad 'n run him out, unless he braces up and goes to work. When that happens North Pisa 'll git a notice in the county paper, sure."

In spite of the wagon maker's story, I found it hard to dislike Cal Vanport without knowing more concerning him, and I invited talk about him from various village magnates. But the testimony thus gathered was all of one sort. It was clear that all the men of North Pisa both hated and despised him as an utterly worthless vagabond. The feeling of antagonism between Cal and his kind, however, was "like a jug handle, all one one side," as I found when I came to know him personally. If ever there was a man who bore nobody ill it was Cal Vanport, and before I had met either Cal or his mother face to face, I perceived that some of the women of the place held the young man in better esteem.

"They may say all the mean things they want about Cal Vanport," said Mrs. Miggs, the sturdy old blacksmith's wife, who had two grown sons of her own, "and I won't deny that it does look like small potatoes and few in the hill fer him to live on his mother's earnin's as he 'pears to; but they'd be some happier mothers in North Pisa if all the sons was like him. I know some young men in this village that work hard enough an' save their money that ain't near so kind to their mothers as he is. When Mis' Vanport was younger an' Cal was a-goin' to school an' she used to go out to wash, which she don't do no more, she told me he never spoke a sassy word to her in his life. I wisht everybody could say as much fer their boys. I told my man yistiddy, an' it made him mad that some folks I know would be willin' to have their boys a little lazier if they could only say what Mis' Vanport kin, but they can't," she concluded, in a tone clearly showing a desire to be confidential, which I carefully ignored by promptly bidding her good day.

The more I heard about the washerwoman's shiftless son, the more I liked him, somehow, and the wagonmaker told me a story two or three days later that added to my interest.

"There goes the girl that Cal Vanport wants to marry," said Ruggles, standing in front of his shop and pointing across the street to a tall, good-looking young woman, undoubtedly the handsomest in North Pisa. "Yes, she is the daughter of 'Squire Woodmansie, and when she was in the same school here in the village that Cal went to, the two got to thinkin' a lot of each other. Of course her folks didn't like the idea of her marryin' a washerwoman's son, and so they sent her away to school for a year or two. At that time most folks kinder sympathized with Cal, but now he's growed up so shif'less like they don't no more. Her folks is a-tryin' to git her to marry Billy Filchener, the berry farmer. He's a likely chap, with his land most paid fer, but somehow Helen, she don't seem to care much fer him. Cal Vanport ain't got no chancet, though, and he ain't a-tryin' none, neither; he ain't got enough gumption. I heard him tell 'Square Woodmansie right here in front of my shop one night about a year ago that he shouldn't try to see Helen no more. I thought they'd be a fight that night. The 'Square he called Cal a shif'less loafer right to his face and swung his big cane real threatenin' like. Then the 'Square said Helen didn't think no more of Cal than a yeller dog. Cal kep' still till then, but at that he picked the 'Square up just 'sif he's been a baby an' kerried him out in

HE STAGGERED THROUGH THE DOOR WITH FILCHENER.

the street, a-kickin' an' a-wiggin'-like all possessed.

"It was then Cal said he shouldn't try to see the girl. But he told the 'Square that he'd better not mention her name to him no more when he was a-speakin' about yeller dogs if he wanted to keep out of trouble, an' the 'Square shet right up an' went home. Cal does sometimes seem to have a bit of spunk in him, but you'd think he'd be 'shamed to let his mother work so hard an' he do nothin'. Why, say, the washings that little old woman'll do in one day are sometimes big enough fer two or three like her. Nobody kin see how she kin do it. Some thinks she has a machine, but nobody can't git no further into her house than the front room late years, and nobody can't find out nothin'."

At about 12 o'clock one night the next week my door bell rang furiously, and when I went down I found Cal Vanport waiting for me. His face was pale and he was evidently much excited. He said his mother was very ill and he hoped I'd hurry. I found her not nearly so bad off as Cal had feared, though she would have to stay abed some days, and preparing some medicine with my own hands, I gave Cal instructions for giving it and started to go. Cal followed me into the yard.

"Nobody must know mother is sick," he said, earnestly, "and I'm going to tell you why. Doctors have to keep a good many secrets, and I guess you can keep mine."

Then Cal Vanport told me his own story. It took him an hour or more, but it made him more interesting to me than ever, and it won for him a devoted friend. A month or six weeks later—along in the mail—all North Pisa knew Cal Vanport's story as well as I did, and when the facts came out he took a new position in the community at once.

It all happened at a party given at 'Squire Woodmansie's home in celebration, so it was understood, of an engagement to marry that had at last been arranged between Helen and Billy Filchener, the fruit farmer. Everybody of any standing in North Pisa and around about for miles was invited, and everybody came, for such social gatherings were rare enough there. Of course I, being the village doctor, was invited with the others, and, of course, I went, though I arrived late and went away early, being called to attend a patient. In spite of the rumor, there was no formal announcement, though all the men winked knowingly whenever they saw Billy Filchener in his Sunday go-to-meetings and the tight boots, from which he was suffering severely. The supposed bride-to-be seemed quite out of sorts when I saw her, and I wondered if, down in her heart, she was thinking of Cal Vanport.

It was an hour past midnight when I returned to the village from the drive to attend my patient, and I noticed, as I drove past the Woodmansie house, that its windows were still brightly lighted, though the guests were rapidly going home. As I drove slowly by I caught sight of a tall, broad-shouldered figure standing in the deep shadows of some shrubbery. It was the figure of Cal Vanport.

Suddenly there was a cry from the house, then a bright light and long tongues of flame began to leap from the windows. In an incredibly short time the entire upper part of the house was ablaze. In an instant there was the wildest confusion. Men and women ran screaming from the burning structure, and there were frenzied inquiries for this one and that one. All seemed to be accounted for, when suddenly the cry: "Where's Billy Filchener?" was raised. The next minute he was seen in a second-story window, to which he had struggled, gasping for breath and with his clothes on fire in half a dozen places. If he had not been seized out of his senses he would have jumped and saved himself, for he was not more than 12 or 15 feet from the ground, but as it was, he was as helpless as if he had been a thousand feet up. There were shouts that he must be saved, of course, but nobody seemed to understand how it could be done, and while the talk went on the fire burned more fiercely.

It was then that Cal Vanport came to the front. Knowing him as I had come to know him, I should not have been surprised at what followed had it been the girl that was in danger. I must confess, however, that under the circumstances I was thoroughly fazed. There were no ladders handy, and hardly time to raise them if there had been, for Filchener had evidently fainted and if rescued at all must be rescued quickly. Cal saw that in a flash, and instead of waiting to discuss things with anyone, he whipped off his coat, threw it over his head to protect himself from smoke and flame as much as possible, and rushed straight into the burning house. There were yells of: "Why, it's Cal Vanport! Stop him!" and the like; and while these were still sounding, Cal himself appeared at the window with Filchener in his arms.

Then Cal disappeared, to fight his way down the stairs to life and air again, for he dared not jump with his heavy burden. I thought he would never get out, but he did, though it seemed hours before he staggered through the door with Filchener, comparatively unscathed. It had all taken little more time than it take to read it, and the "shif'less loafer" got round after round of the heartiest cheers.

But although Filchener was safe and sound, Cal was painfully hurt. A broad red gash across his face showed that he would probably be a handsome man no more, and the moment after he was relieved of Filchener's weight, he staggered and fell unconscious. I had jumped from my buggy and I ran to him, but Helen Woodmansie was there before me; and she dashed water, brought from the well, into Cal's face, while I hastily bound up the gash before taking him to the little whitewashed cottage, which was not far away. Helen went with me to the cottage and insisted on remaining while I completed the dressing of his wounds. It was Helen also, of all the North Pisa folks, who first learned what I had found out some time before. Mrs. Vanport had a washing machine, indeed, but it was human and not wood and iron, and its name was Cal. His mother's health had long been so bad that he dared not leave her alone; and besides, he had found that with his great strength he could earn more at the washboard than in the field, and all the time he had been held to be a "shif'less loafer" he had actually been saving money with which in time he meant to go away from North Pisa and begin all over again.

This is about all there is to tell about the case of Cal Vanport, except that he got well in good time, that he was ever afterward the most popular man in North Pisa, and that when Helen Woodmansie was married Billy Filchener was not the bridegroom.

DAVID PARSONS.

—Salmon have been seen to ascend the falls of the Mingan river, Que., by leaping as high as 15 feet, from break to break in the falls.

SNAKES BRING WEALTH.

Minnesotan Conducts a Successful Reptile Farm.

Along the warm and honeycombed limestone bluffs that line the quiet Zumbro river in Minnesota are the homes of snakes by the million, and in the early days of the settlement of the northwest there were myriads of all sorts of deadly reptiles known to North America to be found in this neighborhood. To-day there are more snakes caught for circus companies and other buyers there than anywhere else in the country except in some of the lower counties of Florida. All along the Mississippi and tributary streams where snakes are to be found they are caught for the Rochester farm and sold to O. W. Estes, the bright, keen-eyed young man who runs the snake farm, and who for several years has been making a success of the venture.

Mr. Estes also carries on a snake hatchery, something after the manner of a hennery, but considerably more exciting. The eggs produced by his stock are gathered and laid in the sun on the sand, where, in the course of time, they hatch, and there are youngsters fully as lively and venomous as their parents. So far this year several hundred have been hatched and all have thrived on the treatment given them by Mr. Estes and his assistants. Many of these young snakes are raised for sale and others are used for feed for the king snake and others that eat only their own kind.

A chief part of the business of this Minnesota farm is in rattlesnakes, as they are more plentiful than any other variety of the valuable reptiles. All that region used to be overrun by them. A single day's receipts of diamond-backed and other rattlers often runs up to several scores, especially when some one or more of the outside catchers for the farm brings in his sacks full and sells them to Mr. Estes. These snakes vary from three to six feet in length. Among the other varieties received and grown are the spotted adders, blow snakes, the beautiful turtle heads, the sullen bull snakes, the gentle blue racers, the spreading adder and many kinds of water, grass and garter snakes. They are sold to the leading circus aggregations, such as Barnum's, Ringling's, Forepaugh's, Sells' and many others, while the lesser concerns take the less expensive, because less harmful, varieties. Alligators from Florida and crocodiles from abroad, as well as some foreign snakes, are constantly kept in stock for customers.

Estes is a natural snake charmer, and never, unless requested by his customer, takes out the fangs of the reptiles in which he deals, and to this fact he attributes considerable of the success he has had in raising them. He will, without fear, fondle a rattler, a bull or an adder, force open its mouth, and, with his finger nail deftly expose the poison sacs and fangs. In all his long experience in this sort of thing he has never been bitten.

His favorite method of capture is to grab the rattler by the tail and dexterously swing him into a sack, but when one is found lying at full length Estes grasps it tightly back of the head. Though he has many assistants among the farmers of the vicinity, there is no other man, in that part of the United States at any rate, who dares to open their jaws with bare hands, as he does fearlessly. His little daughter Hazel, who is only eight years old, seems to have the same power over the reptiles, and can often be seen handling the most deadly snakes and allowing them to twine over her arms and about her neck.

So far this year about 600 snakes of the more valuable varieties have been shipped from this farm. Not alone are circuses and menageries customers of Mr. Estes, but many cigar stores and saloons where the reptiles are displayed as an incentive to custom or a horrible example purchase from the Rochester farm. A few days ago a rattler, six feet long, eight inches in girth and with 26 rattles, was sent to a Minneapolis saloon keeper for exhibit in his window. They are inexpensive things to have about the house, for a healthy reptile taken in the spring will need no food for a year. The rattlers in confinement are now about becoming blind, preparatory to shedding their skins, which they do every summer, appearing in about ten days with new, bright diamond backs. The wild rattlers do not shed their skins quite so early. The food given these pets consists chiefly of gophers, while frogs, rats, squirrels, birds and rabbits are added occasionally. The small boys in the vicinity derive quite a revenue catching and selling snake food to the farm. A stranger scene can scarcely be witnessed than a cage full of snakes making a meal of 50 or 100 frogs. In their greediness they often swallow each other, and it is no unusual thing for a snake to back out of a companion's stomach, where it has pursued a tempting frog or gopher.

The trade on this farm has not been influenced by hard times, but has increased materially the past year.—Chicago Chronicle.

Hindoo Children's Precocity.

A traveler who recently visited India states that he was astonished by the precocity of Hindoo children. Many of them are skillful workmen at an age when other children are learning the alphabet. One of the most expert carvers in wood he saw was a boy of seven, and many of the handsomest and most costly rugs are woven by children not yet in their teens.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—On Dangerous Ground.—"It's a lucky thing for some of the old composers that they didn't live longer," said the German critic. "I don't quite see why. They are more appreciated now than when they wrote." "Yes, but they'd be punished for lese majeste sure. They have been using some of the emperor's musical ideas."—Washington Star.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"Some people," said Uncle Eben, "is jes' like persimmons. How you likes 'em depends intiahly on when you happens ter meet 'em."—Washington Star.

—Blinks—"I read a curious article the other day advocating a tax on beauty." Jinks—"Good idea. They won't have much trouble in collecting it."—Harlem Life.

—First Gent—"I see this account of the race says the Sprinter fairly flew." Second Gent—"Well, what of it?" "Just this; Sprinter never did anything fairly in his life."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Porter (returning in a hurry)—"Beg pardon, sir, but I was a-makin' a mistake when I says your train starts from No. 6 platform. I 'ave hascertained that it 'as previously started from No. 5. In other words, sir, you 'uve lost it."—Tit-Bits.

—Accounted For.—"I hear that the salmon fishermen of the northwest have all gone to the Klondike," remarked Squildig. "That accounts for the tall stories we are getting from that region," replied McSwilligen.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

—Niece (showing the wedding presents to Uncle Tom)—"I wanted you to see them all, dear Uncle Tom, so that you won't send a duplicate. Duplicate wedding presents are very annoying, you know." Uncle Tom—"H'm. What's this?" Niece—"That's papa's check for £500; isn't it lovely?" Uncle Tom—"Very. I intended to send you the same thing; but, rather than annoy you with a duplicate, I'll send £100."—Tit-Bits.

—The actress looked at him inquiringly, and he felt that some explanation was needed. "You appear to have forgotten me," he said. "Let me recall myself to your memory. I am the man who saved you from a watery grave in the surf last August." "Yes, yes; of course; now I remember you," she replied. "But I shall have to refer you to my advertising manager. He settles all bills of that description."—Chicago Evening Post.

SOME MEXICAN WAYS.

They Would Seem Hardly the Proper Thing to a Yankee Housewife.

An American woman would grow gray-headed in a month if she attempted to keep house in Mexico on the same plan pursued by the native housewives. There are no water mains in the average town, and water for domestic purposes is drawn from the public fountains and sold from door to door by leather-aproned venders, who carry it in picturesque vessels of hide or pottery. Pulque and milk are brought to market in skins of sheep, pigs, and goats, which are stripped off the carcass by cutting only the neck and legs and turning inside out, all the openings but one being tied up securely. The natives do not object to the flavor of goat hide and swine skin in the milk, but visitors do.

The washerwomen have no faith in modern methods. They get 25 cents a day and are satisfied. This sounds improbable to the Chicagoan who is being "done up" by his laundress and has to endure it. The washerwomen all do their work beside an open stream of water in a trough of stone or wood, a piece of homemade soap and their strong hands. No hot water is used. The scene at the public washhouses is an interesting one. The method breaks buttons, beads buckles and tears goods with the same ease as does the steam laundry in the states.

The average Mexican cook is as primitive as the washerwoman. No matter how many times the use of a modern cook stove were explained to her, it is probable that she would build the fire in the oven and put the bread to bake in the firebox. What she would use is called the brasero. Among the poor this is an urn-shaped affair of pottery with a hollow base, where a tiny charcoal fire may be kept alive by constant fanning, the whole being not much larger than a common flower pot. In the homes of the upper classes the brasero is built in of brick, mortar and piles, its surface as high as an American cook stove, with holes a foot square, under each of which a charcoal fire is kept burning. Some of these stoves have 25 or 30 ovens, and the operation of cooking is so laborious that the cook has a relay of assistants to prepare the vegetables, wash the dishes and attend the fires.—Chicago Journal.

Blind Man Mows Lawns.

An interesting and unusual spectacle was presented a few days ago to a number of persons passing along Haines street, Germantown. They saw a blind colored man who was cutting grass on a lawn and singing a southern melody in the most contented manner imaginable. Blind men, as everybody knows, can make brooms, weave carpet and engage in many other lines of industry of that nature, but the cutting of grass with a lawn mower by a sightless man is an occurrence not frequently witnessed. In this instance the grass was cut very satisfactorily. The colored man would cut a patch about ten feet square, and then start another square. Every now and then he would use a thin stick to feel along the top of the grass to ascertain whether or not it had been properly trimmed, or if there were any spots that needed another going over. It was learned from the neighbors that this blind and happy-hearted colored man weeds the garden, oils the mowing machine, puts the tools away in their proper places and goes about the grounds with more energy and confidence than many other gardeners in the full possession of their sight.—Philadelphia Record.

Molasses for Horses.

In Germany and Austria molasses has recently been tried as food for horses, being substituted in part for corn and oats. When mixed in proper ratio with the other food it is said to be well liked by the horses, and to give them a sleek appearance.—Youth's Companion.

HOW TO WASH EMBROIDERED LINENS.

To wash embroidered linens so as not to fade the colors, fill a tub half full of warm water, to which add a little Ivory soap, wash each piece through the suds carefully, rinse in blue water to which a little thin starch is added. Hang on the line to dry. Iron on the wrong side, pressing down heavily to bring out the stitches, thus restoring their original beauty.

ELIZA R. PARKER.

Where He Agreed with Him.

"What! What!"

The irate old man choked with indignation.

"You want to steal my child from me, to rob me of my daughter? Why sir!—"

His rage got the upper hand of him, and he gasped some more.

"Rascal is no name for you!"

The young man was perfectly calm. "You bet it isn't," he said, slowly; "and if anybody says otherwise there's liable to be trouble."

In the face of such sublime gall what could the old man do?—Puck.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 1-4 the price of coffee. 15c. and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

The Old Man.

A son is surprised sometimes, when his father unbends a little, to find what a good fellow the old man really is.—Somerville Journal.

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package, FREE. Write to Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Watts—"There is one good feature about the Klondike that has not been sufficiently exploited, in my opinion." Potts—"And that is—" Watts—"The superior facilities for cold storage of a fellow after he dies, until his friends can send for him."—Indianapolis Journal.

There is probably nothing in this world as variable as the stories of a quarrel told by each side.—Washington Democrat.

When lumbago sets in St. Jacobs Oil
Sets out to cure and cures it.

Bargains are never offered us until it is too late to do us any good.—Washington Democrat.

It Is True

That Hood's Sarsaparilla cures when all other medicines fail to do any good whatever. Being peculiar in combination proportion and process Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses peculiar curative power. It absolutely and permanently cures all diseases originating in or promoted by impure blood. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills the best family cathartic and liver stimulant. 25c.

There is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee.

The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee.

It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Try Grain-O!

If you ever want to sell or exchange your Organ, remember it will be twice as valuable if the name on the front is

ESTEY

Write for Illustrated Catalogue with prices, to Estey Organ Company, Brattleboro, Vt.

SOUTHERN Homeseekers' Guide

Every homeseeker should address either J. F. MERRY, A. G. P. A., Manchester, Ia; W. A. KELLOND, A. G. P. A., Louisville, Ky., or S. G. HATCH, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O., for a free copy of the **ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD'S SOUTHERN HOMESEEKERS' GUIDE.**

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS

NOTICE NAME THIS Stewart Hartshorn ON LABEL AND GET THE GENUINE HARTSHORN

$12 to $35 Can be made working for us. Parties preferred who can give their whole time to **PER WEEK.** the business. Spare hours, though, may be profitably employed. Good openings for town and city work as well as country districts. J. E. DEFOE, 11th and Main Streets, RICHMOND, Va.

GET RICH QUICKLY Send for Book, "Inventions Wanted." EDGAR TATE & CO., 245 Broadway, New York.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

TEMPERANCE.

THE LOST CHILD.

She Beguiles Parents Separated by the Rum Curse.

"O mamma, dear, don't cry! When I'se a big girl I'll work and get lots of money and be so good to you." The child-words soon dried up the tears, and the fond two were as one. The seven-year-old Jennie had but a faint remembrance of her father, Thomas Bassett, and even this was rather of fear than love, for his unsteady steps had cast their dark shadows over the once cozy home. Most of his evenings were spent in other company than that of his good but lonely wife and only child. The liquor habit had, little by little, fastened its tightening chains upon him, until love of home, of wife and child, had been crushed out of his once manly heart. Oh, cruel monster! Worse than the African slave driver, and more cruel than the grave to suffering, neglected friends. These two neglected ones lived in Leather Lane, near St. Paul's in London.

Once the happy pair enjoyed the services at the great cathedral, and together visited the vaults below, discoursing of the illustrious dead, long buried there; then, as they walked around the spacious dome, would talk of the greater Builder of the greater Temple above; but alas! alas! an enemy came, first as a genial soother in the form of the "social glass," till, little by little, the habit was formed, and the same oft-repeated story, told over and over again—hopes crushed, love driven from its heart-seat, etc., etc.

The heart-broken wife stood the harsh words and harsher treatment for a long time, covering up his unmanly deeds until finally, coming in late one night in a frenzy, he dealt a cruel blow at his patient wife, and threw the dear child-like to the floor with a thud. The

"MY LITTLE GIRL, WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?"

cry brought in a policeman. This was the climax, and it came none too soon. The rum-fiend was soon behind prison bars. His true-hearted companion, wife-like, refused to appear against him; but next day, with the aid of kind friends, left the place, removing her effects and taking a room further away.

Her cruel husband soon came to his senses, and, through the influence of some temperance young men, reformed, but could not find his wife and child. After a time he managed to get on the police force, hoping by this means to be able to trace the lost and injured ones, but with all his efforts he failed to locate them. Her assumed name, Widow Cameron, enabled her to elude and keep clear of him in the crowded city.

One cold night a lovely little girl, lost, stood by a pillar not far from St. Paul's, with a sorrowful look. A kind-hearted policeman said: "My little girl, what's the trouble?"

"Oh, sir, I can't find my home and mother."

Said he: "Come with me, and I'll find your mother," so he took her to the station. As she gave her name, Jennie, he gazed in surprise and delight. "That was my dear little girl's name," said he, "and I see the sweet likeness of the neglected mother. Praise the Lord!"

Later, a grief-stricken mother came rushing into the Metropolitan station. "Oh! I have lost my little girl! My only child! Have you seen her?" The policeman referred to came rushing into the room with the lost child in his arms, and the lost wife, lost child and erring husband and father were reunited, and, after explanations, the once happy, then miserable home was again made a pleasant one, for the head of it had become a sincere Christian—a safe position to be in.—National Temperance Advocate.

The Most Encouraging Outlook.

Under the newspaper headline: "Better Times Coming," printed in a Kentucky paper is the subhead: "Whisky and Tobacco Outlook Is Encouraging." Much depends on the point of view. The most encouraging whisky and tobacco outlook is that afforded by the recent report of the United States commissioner of internal revenue, showing that in the last fiscal year there was a decrease of nearly $250,000 in the revenue receipts from the liquor and tobacco business as compared with those of the year before, indicating corresponding decrease of consumption.—Youth's Companion.

Smokers Were Rejected.

A Chicago newspaper says: "When the old crusader Michigan made her last yearly visit to Chicago to obtain recruits for the marine service, there was a great weeding out of applicants. Of nine who called on the medical officer in one morning, all but three were found lacking; and this ratio holds good, it is said, during the whole time of recruiting. The surgeon, when asked the cause of the physical conditions which led to the rejection of so large a proportion of the boys, unhesitatingly said: 'The main cause is cigarette smoking.'"

RUSSIAN INEBRIETY.

Reform by Governmental Monopoly of the Liquor Traffic.

On January 1, 1898, an interesting experiment in the control and sale of liquor by the Russian government will be inaugurated in Poland. This is the result of the apparent success of a system of government monopoly of the liquor traffic which was inaugurated by the late Czar Alexander III. in a few provinces in Russia. The Russian peasants are addicted to the use of alcohol made from rye, called vodka. This liquor is not only intoxicating, but poisonous, and it has been proved that an unscrupulous class of dealers in the vile fluid has been practically pauperizing the mujiks, or Russian peasants. To counteract this evil a special board was formed to consider the matter, and as a result of the deliberations of this body the Russian government has undertaken to control the selling of wines and liquors. The system first took effect on July 1, 1896, in Bessarabia, Volhynia, Ekaterinoslav, Keiff Podolia, Taurida, Kherson and Chernigov. On the first of the present month the system presumably went into effect in the government of Vilna, Vitebsk, Grodno, Kovno, Minsk and Mogshiley.

The success attending the initial experiment has been encouraging, and the autocratic character of the Russian government and the natural docility of the Russian peasant are favorable antecedent conditions. The test in Poland will be far more difficult as well as more important and extensive. Some of the rules, which must be displayed in the government liquor saloons, plainly show the paternal and autocratic character of the government. For example: "Purchasers of liquors are required to take off their hats when they come into the shop." "No picture, portrait or publications of any kind are permitted to hang on the inside walls of a government wine shop, except an image of some saint, the rules for the sale of liquors and the regulations of the excise commissioners." "Liquors are sold only for cash, and are prohibited to be sold either on credit, in exchange for any kind of produce, articles, etc., or in return for loans." The experiment has not yet progressed far enough to permit of definite conclusions as to its practicability; but it is stated that data collected by the Russian minister of finance and other officials from the localities in which it is already in operation show that the reform works favorably and is appreciated.—Philadelphia Record.

THE CIGARETTE IS DOOMED.

Growing Sentiment in This Country Against Its Use.

There seems to be a growing sentiment in this country against that most deadly of narcotic poisons, the cigarette. Boys' societies have been formed in many places whose sole pledge is to prohibit its use, and it forms one of the items in many another pledge. Even the legislatures in some of our states are taking up the matter and passing laws prohibiting its manufacture and sale.

On the 14th of May an anti-cigarette law went into effect in Minnesota, of which the St. Paul Pioneer Press says:

"Its design is to preserve the youth, and especially the school children of Minnesota from the deleterious influences, not only of the cigarette, but of tobacco in all forms, so far as can be done without encroaching on the rightful authority of parents in their own homes. It makes the sale or giving away of cigarettes or tobacco to any person under 18 years of age, or to any minor pupil in any school or college, punishable by a fine not exceeding $50 or by imprisonment not exceeding 30 days, for each offense. Further, it authorizes the arrest of any person under 18, and any minor pupil, who may be found smoking cigarettes in any public place, and the infliction at the discretion of the court of a fine not exceeding ten dollars or not exceeding five days' imprisonment, for each offense. But where the minor arrested gives information which may lead to the arrest of any person or persons who sold him the cigarettes or tobacco the court may suspend the sentence against such minor. Another provision applies to persons who shall permit the use of their premises by minors for the purpose of indulging in tobacco, the same penalties as for selling or giving away the weed. This, of course, does not apply to parents who permit their children to smoke in their own homes."

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

The people of New York spend at least $500,000 in the Raines law hotels every Sunday.

"What's whisky bringing?" inquired a dealer in the vile stuff. "Bringing men to the gallows and women and children to want," was the truthful reply.—National Temperance Advocate.

The duchess of Sutherland, at whose house Lady Henry Somerset lately held a drawing-room in the interest of Duxhurst, is a teetotaler and is becoming quite a prominent temperance speaker.

At the recent state convention of Iowa prohibitionists a committee was appointed to devise plans for the erection of a monument to the memory of Rev. Mr. Haddock, who was murdered in that state a few years ago by emissaries of the saloon element.

A person accustomed to using tobacco becomes so saturated with it that no washing or fumigation will rid him of even the odor. This odor will probably not be perceptible to the tobacco victim himself, but other people will plainly perceive it.—Good Health.

Gov. Ellerbee, of South Carolina, has given orders for withdrawing the state constabulary force from every village, town and city in the state. Only a few constables will be retained in the country districts, where there are no local officials to enforce the dispensary law. This action removes the chief cause of friction in the enforcement of the state liquor law, and will save the commonwealth $50,000 a year.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—A malicious scoundrel buried a spike-studded plank on a cycle path near Milwaukee. About 200 bicyclists passed over it and had to walk home.

—A swinging sofa is the latest contrivance for parlor use. It has all the advantages of the hammock, without its perils. Engaged lovers who use it never "fall out."

—Ether was administered to Mrs. Mary Whitten, of Salladsburg, Pa., by a dentist who was about to extract some of her teeth. Before the teeth were pulled the woman was dead.

—At the marriage of G. L. Brightwell and Mrs. S. J. Hodges, both residents of Platte county, Mo., a son of the groom acted as best man, and a son of the bride stood up with her.

—A lamp-wick which does not require trimming has been invented. It is a thick coil of clay, perforated with minute holes, through which the oil ascends by capillary attraction.

—An alien is not permitted to acquire a title to land in Bermuda, either by purchase or inheritance. If a woman who owns land there marries a foreigner, she forfeits her real estate.

—A rich Parisian lost all his wealth except $20,000, and died of excessive grief. His pauper brother proved to be his heir, and when he heard of his inheritance he died of excessive joy.

—Here is one of the questions which candidates for appointment as schoolteachers in Abilene, Kan., were required to answer: "Why does a horse walk backward while eating grass, and a cow walk forward?"

—A stout gentleman in Holton, Kan., who weighs 320 pounds, has for the past six weeks been trying to reduce his avoirdupois by long and frequent rides on horseback. Up to date, it is only the horse that has lost flesh.

—Henry Russell, the composer, was once singing in public his song "There's a Good Time Coming," when he was staggered by a gentleman arising in the audience and gravely asking: "Won't you oblige us with the date?"

—Some of the milk wagons in Antwerp are drawn by dogs. There are, as a rule, three dogs to each vehicle, one between the shafts and one on each side. The driver is usually a woman in wooden shoes, who walks beside the wagon.

—A constable in Shelbyville, Ind., who for 20 years has been somewhat lame from chronic rheumatism, called on a widow to serve a legal writ. She drenched him with scalding water, and he fled in terror, forgetting all about his rheumatic pains.

—Some of the convicts in French prisons are paid for their labor, and earn about 35 cents a day. Half of this they are permitted to spend for extra food, etc. The remainder is saved and given to them on the completion of their term of imprisonment.

NOVELTY IN FALL GLOVES.

Dainty Miniatures Are Painted on the Buttons.

Miniatures for glove buttons—that is the latest fad of the fashionable woman. But it is only on her very best gloves that the miniature buttons are seen.

And such exquisite gloves as they are! They are made of the softest of cream color suede, and are bound with different delicate shades of kid. The backs of the gloves are beautifully stitched in two contrasting shades of silk. The gloves come in a short, four-button length. Each button is a miniature framed in a tiny rim of gilt. Various minatures are used. One pair of gloves will be decorated with the portraits of the beauties of the French court. Another pair will show Princess Louise, whose picture is so famous for its beauty, and others will have portraits of the prominent women of their time.

These gloves can be bought in cream color, bound with faint green kid and stitched with pink and green silk. They also come in cream color, with the binding and stitching in two shades of violet. Later in the season they will show the kid binding and stitching in many other colors.

It is rumored that these miniature glove buttons promise to be such a fad that before long the society girl will fasten her glove with the miniature of the man of her heart, or perhaps of her pet poodle!

There are many other novelties among the new gloves this fall, both in suede and glace kid. Suede gloves, with imitation pearls for buttons, will be much worn; also the glace gloves, with big pearl buttons set with sparkling rhinestones.

For walking gloves all the shades of red and tan will be worn. The most stylish are stitched and bound with black. The pearl-gray, yellow, and white gloves will be most in favor for wear at afternoon teas and for the theater.

The old-fashioned two-buttoned length glove has been revived this season, with the special purpose of being worn with the new uncomfortably long sleeve.—Chicago Tribune.

Chili Sauce.

A chili sauce calls for a peck of ripe tomatoes and eight white onions. Skin the tomatoes by putting them in boiling water and rubbing off the peel. Peel the onions also and chop them with the tomatoes as finely as possible. Place them over the fire, let them boil for 15 minutes and add a pint of vinegar. Place in a small cheesecloth bag a teaspoonful of cloves, a tablespoonful of allspice, one of cinnamon and one of black pepper. Put this bag of spices into the mixture and let it boil until it is thick, which will be in about five hours. Stir it occasionally, so that it will not burn. When it is ready to be taken from the fire remove the bag of spices and add a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, two teaspoonfuls of white ginger, a tablespoonful of ground mustard and salt enough to suit the taste. Strain the same through a sieve, bottle it and set away.—N. Y. Tribune.

SHE TRUSTS HIM NO MORE.

He Never Takes His Youthful Son Outside the House Alone.

There is not a prouder young father on the South side, and yet so absent-minded is he that his wife scarcely considers him a fit guardian for his son and heir when on the public highway.

On a recent Sunday, however, the whole family was under engagement to spend the afternoon with some friends who wanted to see the baby, and also display a new book of engravings in which the young father was greatly interested. A severe headache prevented the mother of the finest baby in the world from accompanying the party, and she saw, with many misgivings, her liege lord start off wheeling the baby in its carriage. She called him back three times for further directions and supplemented them by others until her voice was lost in the distance. Then she went indoors to conjure up terrific visions of what might happen if Henry, absorbed in thought, forgot to propel the carriage across a crowded crossing or allowed his offspring to smother himself in the folds of his own drapery.

At five o'clock this pleasant train of thought, which had greatly aggravated her headache, was interrupted by the appearance of Henry, who, with many gestures indicative of a desire for silence, wheeled the carriage into its usual nook in the hall.

"Sh-h, he's asleep," he whispered. "He's the best child I ever saw. Never whimpered once on the way home and slept most of the time I was there on the sofa in the parlor while I looked at the engravings."

"O, Henry, dear! I'm so glad to hear it. Now I'll not be afraid to trust you with him again, and—do answer that telephone. I'm afraid it will wake him."

A smothered exclamation brought her to his side in time to hear him shriek: "The baby! Why, he's here in his carriage."

"No, he isn't," came the reply over the wire. "He is on our parlor sofa, crying with all his lungs. Do come at once and get him, for he seems to be hungry, and the encyclopaedia doesn't tell what to feed him, and——"

"Then, Henry, whose child have you brought home instead of mine?" shrieked his wife, hysterically.

With one accord they made a dive for the baby carriage with its silent occupant. There, under the fluffiest of parasols, lay the new book of engravings, with the embroidered coverlid carefully arranged about it.

Since that unfortunate occasion he never takes his son out for the shortest distance without maternal escort.—Chicago Tribune.

HOUSEHOLD BITS.

Odd Items of Information for the Housewife.

A seasonable and delicious way of serving ice-cold raw tomatoes is to remove the inside of the fruit, leaving a thick wall. Take out the seeds, and to the pulp add equal parts of dry mustard and brown sugar, a little salt, pepper-sauce and vinegar. Stir the mixture into a paste and refill the tomato.

Do not put hot water or any kind of water upon woollens that have had liquid grease spilled upon them. First sprinkle buckwheat or rye flour over the place and let it absorb the grease, brush off the flour, and apply then fresh flour until all the grease is absorbed.

An excellent receptacle to be placed in a corner of a sewing-room for holding pieces left from dresses, bits of new muslin and flannels that are always required at hand for mending is a common flour barrel. Cover the barrel with pretty cretonne or chintz, plaiting the material and tacking it upon the inside of the barrel and at the top, drawing each plait smoothly down. Fasten the plaits to the under side of the barrel. Paste heavy brown wrapping paper inside the barrel to make a smooth lining. Lay a sheet of wadding over the barrel top and cover both sides with the cretonne, overhauling the material together at the edge. Make a box plaiting a little more than a finger in width and sew around to cover the edge. Fasten this cover to the barrel with two pieces of tape to serve for hinges, and place a bow of ribbon upon the top to make a handle for lifting the cover. The barrel will fit into a corner and be most convenient.

When making custards for puddings and the filling for custard pies, if the milk is brought to the scalding point and then stirred into the beaten eggs and sugar and placed at once in the oven for baking it will require only half the time usually allowed for cooking. The range oven is not always in the proper condition for baking when most needed and causes much annoyance. A custard pudding may be steamed, and is oftentimes nicer than baked, being more delicate. A cup custard will be steamed sufficiently in 15 minutes.—N. Y. Sun.

The Cooking of Game Birds.

Most game birds and animals, because of a life of ceaseless activity, do not take on fat, and such should be larded or cooked with slices of bacon or salt pork placed on them. Do not serve birds with heads on and undrawn, as is quite generally practiced—the latter point being a relic of savagery the former an offense to sensitive nerves. It is pleasanter to enjoy a bit of choice flesh without being so forcibly reminded that we are eating dead birds. This is not the only instance where realism is inartistic.—Woman's Home Companion.

Good for Nothing.

"No, my child," said Mrs. Smith to her little daughter; "you should not expect pay for being good. You should be good for nothing."

"And then will I be a brute, mamma?"

"Be a brute? What do you mean?"

"You called papa a good for nothing brute yesterday."—Columbus Journal.

IN YELLOW FEVER TIME.

Heroes Who Sacrificed Their Lives for Others.

Yellow fever has developed the world's greatest heroes and heroines.

Out of the horror, misery and terror of an epidemic of the dread disease there have come characters whose sublime acts of courage and heroism will ever be remembered. The fever which is now causing a panic in the south recalls to mind that greatest epidemic in our history in 1878.

During that epidemic thousands of people died, entire cities were depopulated, some of the fairest of southern cities almost blotted from the map, and the whole south was demoralized. The epidemic raged fiercest in Memphis, and it was in this city that the greatest acts of bravery were displayed.

The most touching example of heroic devotion to duty and absolute indifference to fear in helping the people he loved is furnished in the acts of young Herbert Landrum, a brother of Dr. W. W. Landrum, pastor of the First Baptist church, in this city. Herbert Landrum was one of the martyrs of journalism, who went to their death during that famous plague at Memphis, because they were too brave to leave their posts.

Young Landrum cheerfully gave his life in trying to save young Jeff Davis, the son of the president of the confederacy. At that time Landrum was city editor of the Memphis Avalanche. When the epidemic broke out at Memphis he was at Nashville reporting a democratic convention. He left at once for home, and during the rest of life never left the city of death and desolation. Though but 20 years of age, he was among the brightest newspaper men of the country. He had displayed rare ability and talent in his work and had won a fine reputation as a writer. Memphis at that time had a population of 45,000. This was reduced by flight to 15,000, and strict quarantines stopped the exodus or the city would have been deserted. Of the 15,000 left in the city, 5,000 had the yellow fever. Of the patients, 1,500 died. For weeks the city was shut off from the world. Sickness and death were in every house. The police force was disorganized. Riot and outlawry prevailed, and added to the already overwhelming terror of the situation. Such conditions necessarily developed the best and the worst in the human character. In this region of terror hundreds who had never displayed any very striking qualities developed natures full of enduring strength and courage.

Among the bravest and most active was Herbert Landrum. He would labor all day at his newspaper duties and would sit by the side of some suffering patient all night, ministering to wants that were soon to end with death.

Every day hundreds would die. Thompson, the noble editor-in-chief of the Avalanche, fell a victim to the dread destroyer. Other members of the staff died or left the city. In a few weeks after the beginning of the epidemic the young city editor was the only member of the staff left. The printers had died or refugeed, and only one compositor was left. He and Landrum swore to stick to their posts until death tore them away. They kept their oath.

It was on a bright September day that Jefferson Davis, jr., was touched by the breath of the disease. Nurses were scarce and the young man's friends had to nurse him. True to his friends even in times of greatest danger, Herbert Landrum went to the bedside of the son of the great man whom all the south still loves and honors though he is dead. For days Landrum was by the side of his friend. Then death came and relieved the devoted watcher. All this time he continued to publish a small daily paper, in which there was no news except of fever.

The fever, of course, claimed Landrum. He knew that he would have it when he went to watch by Davis, but he was not afraid. He had in his nature the same brave loyal qualities that made his father famous during that long epidemic.

He was sick but one day before he began to recover. In a few days he was able to go to work. He went back to his duties and, with the aid of the printer, published the Avalanche. He worked but one day. Then he relapsed. In a few hours he was dead. He had kept his word. He died at his post, the last of the staff.

The next day the compositor died and the Avalanche was printed no more. Landrum could have left the city as the others did, but he chose to stand by his post of duty.

George Landrum was another brother who gave up his life for his untiring devotion to his friend. At the beginning of the outbreak he left Memphis to carry to Augusta the children of Dr. Boggs, who is now chancellor of the state university, but who was then pastor of a Presbyterian church in Memphis. When he had landed the children safe in Augusta George Landrum went back to Memphis to help care for the suffering. When he arrived at night he found a man and two women holding a drunken carousal in his father's house. He asked them what they were doing and they said they were the nurses. The man told him that every one in the house was dead but his father and mother. He ordered the drunken trio from the house and went to nurse his parents, who afterward recovered.

The son was soon taken ill and a few days after his brother Herbert's death he died.

The nurses who saved the lives of hundreds of the sufferers in that time were fallen women. When every one else turned pale with fear and were unable to help themselves or others, these women quit their lives of shame and became ministering angels. Hundreds of them went from every city in the United States to lose or redeem their lives in the great epidemic. They were the only reliable nurses and they proved to be heroines indeed. Many of them died. None of them ever returned to their lives of shame.—Atlanta Constitution.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The Baltimore & Ohio has a coal plute at West Fairmont, W. Va., that fills a tender of a locomotive in eight seconds.

—The busiest time on the Atlantic cable is between the hours of ten and 12 in the forenoon. During that time on an average about 900 messages pass over the cable each way.

—It is claimed for Jewell county, Kan., that it will produce this year 12,000,000 bushels of corn. The county is but 30 miles square. It did not have a white settler prior to 1862. In 1896 it broke what is claimed to be the world's record by producing 10,710,741 bushels of corn.

—Candles for lighting purposes are being made without wicks, a central hole being left in the candle, in which rests a metal wick carrier, the heat of the flame melting the sides of the candle and causing the wax to flow into the carrier, to be drawn up through the asbestos wick and feed the flame.

—A newly-designed wrench, which can be used for pipes as well as nuts, has rigid V-shaped jaws, mounted on a handle with the gripping surface of one jaw corrugated and the other jaw supporting a rectangular steel device which is toothed inside and slides along the jaw until the right size is obtained.

—It is stated on German authority that the astounding number of 2,000,000 glass eyes are made every year in Germany and Switzerland, while one French house manufactures 300,000 of them annually. The pupil is made of colored glass, and sometimes red lines are painted on the inner surface to simulate the veins.

—A little Klondike has been discovered on the farm of Charles H. Emory, in Hancock county, Me. It is not gold that has been found, but molybdeniter, a mineral resembling graphite and used for lubricating purposes. Three blasts brought out 500 pounds, samples of which have been assayed at Boston at one dollar a pound.

MOTHER'S GOLD.

It Has a Value Higher Than That Which Comes from Alaska.

The scene was in a Ninth street barber shop and the time was a morning earlier in the week. The "tonsorial artist" nearest the door had just called out "Next!" when there entered a very pretty young woman leading by the hand a four-year-old boy, with long, golden ringlets. He was a manly looking little fellow, and his hair was just the shade of the young woman's, although she looked almost too young to be his mother.

"Are you the man who cut this little boy's bangs last time?" she asked.

"Yes'm; want 'em cut again?"

"No, not this time. I want his hair cut short all over. And won't you try to cut each curl off separately, for I want to send some of them out of town and one to his grandmother."

She had a pasteboard box in her hand in which to take away the gold that was more precious to her than any that has come from the Klondike. She said she wanted the little boy's hair cut. It was probably the lad's father who wanted it; she had only acquiesced.

Several of the ebony-hued artists gathered around to watch, while the lad took his seat in a big chair, as proud as Punch, for he was to be a 'mother's little Lordy Fauntleroy" no longer. He smiled, but there was a suspicious tremor about his mother's lips as she took a brush, and for the last time curled his beautiful ringlets about her slim and tapering finger.

Snip! Snip! went the scissors, and one by one the curls were carefully laid away in the box. Before the last one was gone the young mother was huddled up in the bootblack's chair crying as if her heart would break. There was no doubt now that she was the child's mother. He was a baby no longer. It was much more comfortable for the child, and it was time it was done, and all that, but just the same he would never be mamma's little baby again, and she could not see the wealth of falling gold for the tears in her eyes.

Not a man in the place smiled, and even the "Shine, mister?" seemed to see a bit of pathos in the scene. The barber over in the corner had to stop a moment while the man he was shaving wiped a sudden tear from his own eye. The man, gray-haired and somewhat crusty, was thinking of a lock of gold tucked away in the back of his desk in a busy downtown office, and his memory had gone back to the time when he tucked that strand beneath his blue soldier's blouse and with musket on his shoulder had started for the front.

"Next!"—Washington Star.

Legal Bigamy in Italy.

Italy is said to contain more bigamists than any other European country. The church refuses to recognize civil marriage, the state does not regard a church marriage as binding. As the majority of people are Roman Catholics and would not tolerate any measure which had the appearance of encroaching on the rights of the church, it is impossible to pass a law providing for the punishment of any priest who should have performed a religious marriage before it had been made legal by a magistrate. The result is that large numbers of unscrupulous men take two wives, one in the eyes of the church and one in the eyes of the state.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Hint for Anglers.

People who like "plain fishing" with angleworms for bait will be interested in the advice given as to the best methods of procedure when the weather is dry and the bait hides deep in the ground. One way to cause the angleworms to come out is to sprinkle strong salt water, or an infusion of tannin or of walnut husks, on the ground. Another way recommended is to drive sticks, or spades, deep into the soil, and then shake them violently. This operation, it is said, will frequently call the worms from their retreats.—Ponds and Rivers.

Wm. Frederick, Jr., & Son,

The Racket Store,

FRIENDSVILLE, MD.

We carry something of everything. There is nothing you want that cannot be found in our store.

It is admitted by all that to sell goods and make a living a merchant must necessarily charge a profit. Some merchants charge more profit than others. We are one of the others and come nearer selling goods for nothing than anyone on the face of the earth. Here you get value for your money. Our silversmith is one of the finest workmen in the United States as all will admit who have had any work done in that line by him.

Our jewelry department is filled to overflowing with everything in that line and we sell jewelry at less than manufacturers' prices.

We carry a complete line of staple and fancy groceries.

Call and get our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

WM. FREDERICK, JR. & SON.

SHARTZER & BOLDEN

ORKLAND, MD.

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GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

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PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY.

DAY OR NIGHT.

JAS. E. HANSEL, Proprietor.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Oct. 15, 1896.

The President McKinley's favor able reception in the West, and his election for Mayor of New York city, is now known to the world, as it was as it was to your correspondent weeks ago. Secretary Hanna has been to work for him, as he has the support of the President in order to secure that result. Ex-President Harrison has been stumping the State of New York, and has made a number of speeches, which only lack of space prevents me from publishing in full. Ex-President Harrison's letter to Mr. Kinley does not intend to write a personal letter for publication, but the letter that the United States should personally espouse in a political campaign, but for the Republican ticket, and I have reason to believe that Harrison's support will think more of every Republican voter in the State. It is surprising to all this it would have been surprising to those who have been initiated any intention of acting otherwise.

Nothing but commendation has been heard from Governor McKinley's selection of Hon. John A. Kasson, of Iowa, to be a special Commissioner of the U. S. entirely creative with other governments, in accordance with the provisions of the Dingley tariff act. Mr. Kasson, who is a member of many years, where, as a member of the House, Ways and Means Committee, he acquired an enviable reputation as a statesman and financier. He was first Minister to Austria, the Minister to Germany, which position he held during the Garfield administration, and he was also a delegate to the Berlin conference, which arranged the present government of Samoa. The country may feel assured that Mr. Kasson will look after our interests there properly taken care of in the negotiations, and that the reciprocity treaty be negotiated, and that commercial relations with Germany will be placed on a more satisfactory basis.

Republican managers are confident that Maryland will be carried by a handsome majority, and that Governor Lowndes will be re-elected by a majority of 10,000 to 15,000. Democratic managers are not willing to concede the State to the Republicans, but they are not making any claims that they will carry it. They are claiming that Governor Lowndes will be re-elected by a majority of 5,000 to 10,000. Democratic managers are not willing to concede the State to the Republicans, but they are not making any claims that they will carry it. They are claiming that Governor Lowndes will be re-elected by a majority of 5,000 to 10,000.

List of Nominations Filed with the Supervisors of Election for Garrett County, Maryland.

In compliance with the provisions of Section 44 of Article 33 of the Code of Public General Laws, notice is hereby given that the nominations hereinafter mentioned have been filed with or certified to this Board under the provisions of Article 33 of the Code of Public General Laws. The nominations which have been so filed with or certified to this Board will be on the official ballots, arranged as nearly as practicable in the form and order below set forth.

A X made in the large square space to the right of emblem or party name at the head of party ticket means a vote for all the names in that column and no other X is required.
A X made in the small space at right of name of candidate means a vote for the particular person opposite whose name the X is placed.
A X made at right of emblem and also opposite one or more of the names of persons in any other column or group then the vote so cast shall be regarded as given for all the candidates under such marked party emblem or name except the candidate or candidates under such party emblem or name whose name or names is or are opposite to the name or names so marked, and also for the candidate or candidates whose name or names is or are so marked.

Make your X mark here for entire Ticket.	Republican Ticket.	Make your X mark here for entire Ticket.	Democratic Ticket.	Make your X mark here for entire Ticket.	Prohibition Ticket.	Make your X mark here for entire Ticket.	Socialist Labor Ticket
	For Comptroller of the Treasury, PHILLIPS LEE GOLDSBOROUGH of Dorchester County.		For Comptroller of the Treasury, THOMAS A. SMITH, of Caroline County.		For Comptroller of the Treasury, JAMES W. FRIZZELL, Carroll (annex) Baltimore.		For Comptroller of the Treasury, WILLIAM WHIPKEY, of Baltimore.
	For Clerk of the Court of Appeals, ALLAN RUTHERFORD, of Montgomery County.		For Clerk of the Court of Appeals, JOHN FRANK FORD, of St. Mary's County.		For Clerk of the Court of Appeals. RICHARD T. TURNER, Jr. of Kent County.		For Clerk of the Court of Appeals.
	For State Senator, ROBERT A. RAVENSCROFT.		For State Senator, WILLIAM R. GETTY.				
	For Members of the House of Delegates of Maryland,		For Members of the House of Delegates of Maryland,				
	GEORGE W. MOON.		PETER F. MICHAEL.				
	WILLIAM H. JACOBS.		BRISON WELCH.				
	For Sheriff of Garrett County, WILLIAM PERRY LEE.		For Sheriff of Garrett County, EPHRAIM J. FRINGER.				
	For Treasurer of Garrett County, MAHLON GLOTFELTY.		For Treasurer of Garrett County, CHARLES M. WILSON.				
	For County Commissioners of Garrett County.		For County Commissioners of Garrett County.				
	EPHRAIM W. KELSO.		NORMAN BARNARD.				
	JOHN T. GAREY.		PERRY H. BROADWATER.				
	For Surveyor of Garrett County, FRANKLIN P. GREEN.		For Surveyor of Garrett County, ALEXANDER C. MASON.				

FOR Constitutional Amendment.	AGAINST Constitutional Amendment.
Chapter 459, of Acts of 1896.	**Chapter 459, of Acts of 1896.**
AN ACT to amend the Constitution of the State by adding an additional Section to Article XV thereof, to be known as Section 11 of said Article, as follows:	AN ACT to amend the Constitution of the State, by adding an additional Section to Article XV thereof, to be known as Section 11 of said Article, as follows:
11. Appointments in the Civil Service of the State, in the municipalities and counties of the State, shall be made according to merit and fitness, to be ascertained as far as practicable by examination, which shall be competitive, except appointments which are subject to confirmation by the Senate, and the General Assembly shall pass all such laws as may be necessary more fully to carry into effect the provisions of this section.	11. Appointments in the Civil Service of the State, in the municipalities and counties of the State, shall be made according to merit and fitness, to be ascertained as far as practicable by examination, which shall be competitive, except appointments which are subject to confirmation by the Senate, and the General Assembly shall pass all such laws as may be necessary more fully to carry into effect the provisions of this section.

Published by order of the Board of Election Supervisors of Garrett County.

A. G. STURGISS, President,
J. ALVIN FRIEND,
FRED. C. RIES,
Board of Supervisors of Election of Garrett County, Md.

Dingley law. Austria and Germany have also increased the size limit nearly eleven years—but election and to give up the leadership of the party to Mr. Gorman, who has been in the Senate for a long time. Mr. Gorman has been fighting for the Democratic party for a long time, and he has been a leader in the party for a long time. He has been a leader in the party for a long time, and he has been a leader in the party for a long time. He has been a leader in the party for a long time, and he has been a leader in the party for a long time. He has been a leader in the

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1897. NUMBER 34.

POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

THE trifling fact that gold is coming into the country in large quanities at New York, San Francisco, and other ports, and that the gold in circulation during the year has increased more than $50,000,000, is proving rather embarrassing to the silver cause. The total increase in circulation, as shown by Treasury tables, has been over one dollar per capita in the past year, or, to be exact, $96,598,249.

CAN IT really be that Mr. Bryan is more a Populist than a Democrat? The "Bryan Free-Silver Club of Canton, Ohio," which was one of the strongest supporters of Mr. Bryan in last year's campaign, has renounced and denounced the Democracy of Ohio for its inconsistency in naming a wealthy bank president for Governor, and a wealthy monopolist of Washington, for Senator, and has transferred its allegiance to the Populist party. Curious, isn't it?

"THE heavy increase in iron production and consumption and the largest payments through clearings ever known in October are indications which outweigh hesitation in some markets. The increase in employment of labor has continued with further accounts daily of works opening, increasing force of hands, or raising of wages, and at every point where actual production can be tested it appears greater than ever before." —From Dun's Trade Review.

EVERYTHING seems to be going against the free-silver theorists. Despite the refusal of the United States to adopt the free-coinage of silver, the farmers of the country received twice as much for the September sales of wheat as in September of last year. The September exports of wheat, according to Dun's Review were 86,868,898 bushels against 17,646,815 bushels in September, 1896, but owing to higher prices this year the money received for these exportations was more than double in 1897 than in 1896.

THE matter of transportation has cut an important figure in determining the supply, and consequently the value, of the stock of silver in the world. Prior to building of the Pacific railroads the silver-producing sections of the United States were devoid of transportation facilities, and simultaneously with the creation of these transportation facilities, the production of silver began to increase enormously, and the price began to fall. The fact that every pound of silver represents several hunderds of pounds of ore shows the close relation of transportation to silver.

UP TO the close of the operation of the Wilson law, the free-traders were sure that the increase in exportation of American manufacturers was the fruit of a low-tariff policy. They now discover, however, that the very first month the Dingley law was in operation showed a larger exportation of manufactured articles from the United States than had ever been shown in the corresponding month of preceding years. This is rather curious, in view of the agony they experienced during the recent discussion of the protective tariff measure over the prospect that it would "cut off our foreign markets."

DEMOCRATIC orators are disinterestedly notified that the speeches delivered during the consideration of the Dingley tariff law, in which it was claimed that the adoption of a protective system would destroy our foreign markets, are not safe to use *in this campaign*. The exportations of domestic merchandise in August and September, 1897, under the protective Dingley law, amounted to $182,000,000 in round numbers, while those of the corresponding months in the last year under the Wilson free-trade law amounted to only $147,000,000, a gain of nearly 25 per cent. under protection.

FREE-TRADE claimants expressed the belief during the late tariff discussion that the reenactment of a protective tariff law would destroy our foreign trade in American manufactures. They are quite surprised however, to find that the report of the Bureau of Statistics, presided over by a free-trade Democrat, shows that the exportations of American articles in August, 1897, the first full month under the Dingley law, was greater than any August in the history of the country. The exportations of American manufactures has grown because of the aid which the protective system has given the manufactures of this country.

LOOK AT THESE FIGURES.

Result of Less Than Two Year's Republican Rule.

HONESTY IN REPUBLICAN AFFAIRS.

State Debt Reduced by Nearly Half a Million—More Interest Than Ever Before—An Economic Legislature.

The German organs of the State have been indulging in so much claptrap gush about Republican "misrule" that a comparison of the results under Democratic and Republican rule is in order at this time and should prove "mighty interesting" reading to all. The following figures show how ridiculously false and misleading have been the assertions of Boss Gorman's servants.

OYSTER FUND.

Receipts under new law — Chapter 418—1896.

Dredging Licenses	$ 42,058.14
Oyster Measurers Licenses.	1,083.40
Oyster Fines "	1,018.41
Tongs and Scrape "	14,198.45
Packers and Canners "	5,809.06
Chesapeake Bay Fishing Licenses	583.52
	$ 64,720.98
Last year these same sources yielded	$ 47,169.02
Gain over old law of	$ 17,551.96

(This gain was mainly from Dredging Licenses

This amount of $64,720.98 is amply sufficient to run economically the entire oyster navy, and could have done so this year save for the shortage or legacy of $15,900 made by the former Administration, and borrowed from the Treasury, as per Chapter 316—'96. This sum was to tide difficulties in which the Navy found itself and by the provisions of the Act became a charge upon the revenues of the Fund for this year.

This "Legacy" or "makeshift" was paid in full, and despite this heavy burden, the Force and Fund is now in better condition than for sometime past.

INTEREST ON DEPOSITS.

The State received Interests on its daily balances in Banks the following sums:—

1893	$ 2,490.11
1894	5,613.64
1895	5,678.57
1896	3,982.37
Oct. 1897	11,982.07

The year 1893 was the first in which anything had been received from this source.

PUBLIC SCHOOL TAX.

Owing to the tardiness of the new assessment, the collections for the Public School Tax up to the 15th of last June, the date of the close of the school year, were short, and the amount distributed to the schools, while being every cent collected up to that date, was consequently, according to receipts, and therefore below the amount usually distributed. But the promise was then made by the Treasury officials, fully relying upon the increased basis under the new law and prompt collections thereof, that the next distribution of the Public School Tax, to wit, Oct. 1, that this shortage would be more than made good. This promise has been more than fully redeemed, for the Comptroller apportioned on that day the sum of $225,000 to the Public Schools of Maryland, being $100,000 in excess of the amount heretofore made. This was made possible by prompt and larger collections under new law.

SINKING FUND, FISCAL YEAR 1897.

Stocks purchased this year for several Sinking Funds, viz:—

Defence Redemption Loan	$439,475.00
General	110,000.00
Penitentiray Loan	34,000.00
Exchange Loan of 1866	15,000.00
Insane Asylum Loan	10,000.00
Exchange Loan of 1889	5,000.00
Total bought	$ 613,475.00
Stocks sold during year, viz:—	
Frederick City	$74,000.00
Baltimore City	85,000.00
	159,000.00
	$ 454,475.00

or an actual reduction of the State debt of this amount, or nearly ½ million dollars in one year, reduction, because every dollar purchased was in the State's own stock, to wit, Defence Redemption Loan Stock, and which must be redeemed in little over a year.

The total amount now held by the Sinking Fund is as follows:—

General Sinking Fund	$ 484,789.56
Defence Redemption	3,570,245.65
Exchange Loan of '89	165,403.59
Exchange Loan of '86	40,000.00
Penitentiary Loan	31,000.00
Insane Asylum Loan	10,000.00
	$1,301,438.11
Held last year	3,849,963.11
Increase as shown above	$ 451,475.00

To this net amount of $454,475, if there be added the net sum purchased for the Sinking Funds during the fiscal year 1896 of $307,700, would make the sum of $762,175, as the actual amount at par invested during the past two fiscal years by the present administration, or a reduction of the State Debt by just this much.

Besides this, the present administration has paid for the purchase of FREE BOOKS the sum of $300,000 —notwithstanding the rate fixed by the Legislature of 2 per cent. on each $100—was grossly inadqute to produce this sum. Indeed, so ably have the finances been administered, that while the shortage in this tax rate has produced a deficiency at the close of the fiscal year of about $120,000, yet the payment of the above sum of $300,000 raised no embarrassment to the Treasury, in spite of the heavy purchases for the Sinking Funds as before mentioned.

COMPARISON OF LEGISLATIVE EXPENSES, SESSIONS 1894–'96.

1894.

Legislature	$ 149,709.49
Legislative Printing	27,387.86
Legislative Indexing	1,050.00
	$ 177,947.37

1896.

Legislature	$ 128,362.12
Legislative Printing	15,303.26
Legislative Indexing	950.00
	145,215.46
Net saving	$ 32,701.89

POLITICAL mud-throwing is the only entertainment permitted by the Democratic managers in Ohio this year. Free silver and tariff have been absolutely and fully tabooed.

PEOPLE who have not had an opportunity to judge of the effect of a protective tariff upon the manufactured industries of the United States will perhaps be interested in the fact that the August importations of manufactures of cotton in 1897 under the Dingley protective law amounted to $1,623,190 against $2,553,895 in August, 1896, under the Wilson tariff; that importations of earthen and china ware in August, 1896, were but $637,469 against $ 1,033,863 in August, 1896; of manufactures of iron and steel in August, 1897, 11,701,504 pounds against 26,278,671 pounds in August, 1896; manufactures of silk in August, 1897, $1,568,742 against $2,102,933 in in August, 1896; and manufactures of wool $639,302 in August, 1897, against $3,709,933 in August, 1896.

DEMOCRATS who are disposed to listen to the popular clamor about what is termed "government by injunction" and other protests against the Federal courts will be interested in the utterances of that lifelong Democrat, who was honored by President Lincoln more than a third of a century ago with an appointment to the Supreme Bench, Stephen J. Field. In his letter to his associates announcing his retirement from the bench, Justice Field says:

"As I look back over the more than a third of a century that I have sat on the bench, I am more and more impressed with the immeasurable importance of this court. Now and then we hear it spoken of as an aristocratic feature of a republican government. Senators represent their States and Representatives their constituents, but this court stands for the whole country, and as such it is truly 'of the people, by the people, and for the people.' It has indeed no power to legislate. It cannot appropriate a dollar of money. It carries neither the purse nor the sword, but it possesses the power of declaring the law and in that is found the safeguard which keeps the whole mighty fabric of government from rushing to destruction. This negative power, of resistance, is the only safety of a popular government."

Call for Your Letters.

Arthur Eastman, Sydney Garman, Jepe Gangle, Mrs. Henry Davis, Mrs. F. W. Lantz, Miss Bertie Gilpin, Miss Millie Clark, Miss Celestio Beaty.

THE RUSH FOR KLONDIKE.

Parties Who Will Go in the Spring Already Arriving at Tacoma.

A RAILWAY TO BE CONSTRUCTED.

The Building of the Road Has Been Contracted For and Will be Finished Next February.

TACOMA, Oct, 19 1897.

Men bound for the Klondike next spring are arriving, and one of the men who has done more than any other man in the country to lighten the hardships of the journey overland to the gold fields, has just left for the other side of the world. His name is George W. Dodwell, and he makes about [illegible] a boy establishing [illegible] in a suit of clothes.

Mr. Dodwell makes his home at Yokohama, London and Tacoma. He was returning from London when the Klondike excitement broke out in a violent form. He had the chief management of the Northern Pacific Steamship company's lines from Tacoma to China and Japan on his hands, but this did not deter him from pitching into other projects. Anticipating the greatest gold-hunting rush since the days of '49, Mr. Dodwell at once put three large surveying parties in the field to locate a railroad route over the mountain passes to the headwaters of the Yukon. They agreed upon the Chilkoot pass, and while other projectors were building Klondike railroads on paper, Mr. Dodwell, assisted by Hugh C. Wallace, late national Democratic committeeman for Washington and a son-in-law of Chief Justice Fuller of the United States supreme court bench, quietly filed maps of location and rights-of-way with our government at Washington city and at Sitka, the capital of Alaska.

Thus the first Alaska and Klondike railroad was started by Tacoma gentlemen, who sold contracts for the completion of the same before next February. A large part of the material has already gone to Alaska. The railroad will be from Dyea, eight miles to the head of the Chilkoot pass canyon. It will be standard broad gague and capable of carrying all the freight that offered. From the head of the Canyon an aerial tramway will transport the miners' supplies over the summit 3,200 feet high, to the head waters of the tributaries of the Yukon river. The tramway will be operated by a forty horse-power engine, which will be located at Sheep Camp. The tramway will have a capacity of [illegible] tons of freight daily.

During the past season the established freight rate for carrying miner's supplies from Dyea to Lake Lindeman was from 25 to 50 cents per pound. By taking the average from 30 to 40 cents per pound the rate per ton would be from $600 to $800. At that rate the aerial tramway would have a daily earning capacity of from $75,000 to $100,000. But the freight rates over the pass will take a great tumble once the tramway is in operation. At present it is estimated the prevailing rates next spring will not be over 10 or 15 cents per pound and, perhaps, even less. The owners and operators of the new rail and tramway own and operate extensive steamship and railway lines, and are particularly interested in the latter, and can, therefore, afford to advance their rail and water business to cut prices of the Klondike and Alaska traffic to the minimum.

With the Chilkoot pass railroad and tramway in operation the difficulties and hardships that have been a veritable nightmare to those desiring to enter the mines over land will be removed. There will be no more pulling and hauling and drudgery in getting supplies to the headwaters of the Yukon, and, in fact the possibility of a famine in the new district in the future will be averted. Once supplies are landed at the headwaters of the Yukon they can be floated down stream with romparative ease, and the time required heretofore, in making the journey, will be reduced at least a month.

Allowing the opening of the railroad and tramway over the mountains an organized effort will be made to clear the rivers and lakes of all and any obstructions to quick and safe navigation.

The opening of the new railroad and tramway over the passes was in contemplation and was being fostered by the [illegible] Klondike and Alaska miners located at Tacoma at the time when they warned all prospectors not to go into the Yukon country late in the fall. They knew that with the facilities at hand the attempt to get in would be a failure and time has shown that their advice was worth heeding and their judgment sound.

But there are always exceptions, and in the face of hundreds of prospectors returning from the "impassable pass" two young Norwegians left last week for Dawson City, carrying an outfit that weighs 1,500 pounds.

"You will certainly freeze to death," they were told by their friends here.

"Oh, no we won't," they would reply, "we think nothing of a trip of this kind at home in Norway. It will be merely a pleasure trip for us."

"We will travel on a Norwegian ski, draw our sleds after us. Where it is too steep to draw the sled we will pack our supplies on our backs. We can go anywhere with 50 pounds on our backs. With such a pack we can coast down the mountain side on the ski at the rate of a mile a minute."

The names of these two daring sons of the North are Adolph Moshelm and Adolph Shilling. The latter is a practicing dentist fresh from Norway and the former has seen service in the Norwegian army and has traveled extensively. At one time he rescued 60 Chilian soldiers from starvation in a blinding snow storm in the Andes mountains in South America. For this deed of bravery he will be presented with a medal by his native government. Both of these gentlemen are athletic, in perfect health, and are used to a cold and mountainous country. They will, however, find the snow on the passes, at this season of the year, very dry and light, and it is very doubtful if the ski will bear them up. I have talked with them for a long time during the past ten days, and, while I am convinced they will encounter with hardships, and have little opportunity for coasting down the mountain sides at the rate of a mile a minute, they will, I believe reach Dawson City before the new year. It will be the first time that such a trip has been accomplished at this season of the year with an outfit weighing nearly a ton.

Some idea of the dreadful obstacles [illegible] to the young men (they are in the neighborhood of 30 years of age) may be imagined when it is stated that the piercing cold winds that now whistle and howl through the jagged peaks of the mountains at the edge of the headwaters of the Yukon have the velocity of a hurricane and would blow a Chicago girl off her feet. Men who are clad for the trip inland have found it impossible to stand up and face the hurricane coming from the snow fields of the snow mantled Yukon basin, where the thermometers register 60° and 70° below zero. Even horses and burros refuse to face these deadly winds. They turn about and run away if an attempt is made to force them on.

The ice in the Yukon and its tributaries freeze up rough, so rough, indeed that travel over it is impossible. United States mail carriers succeed in getting into the interior, it is true, but they travel with dog sleds, and without supplies other than those needed for a small part of the trip.

The Scandinavians of the country in particular, and all the people in general, will watch with interest the progress of Mosheim and Shilling. The ski which they wear when traveling over deep snow corresponds to our snowshoe and is pronounced "skee." It is merely a long stick, or runner, with the end turned up. Persons accustomed to using the ski can travel fast and with greater ease than when using the snowshoe.

Many miners from the Rocky mountain states are already here for the winter, and most of them, I find, are acquainted with the ski. By "blocking" them, they say, a person can readily travel up a mountain side, even though the snow is deep. "Blocking" consists in putting a block at the end of a ski to prevent it slipping.

THOMAS SAMMONS.

SOME RAMBLING THOUGHTS.

BY "NEMO."

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TO VOTERS, 11:—I have no doubt that in a general way you agree with the statement that "the people" can be trusted; perhaps because the phrase sounds familiar, as nearly every one asserts it. But like our assent to a great many scraps of proverbial wisdom, we too often agree to statements without thinking of all that they imply. Please look with me a little deeper; not that I would shake your faith in the people, but rather that you may have your faith in them increased.

* * *

The figures in a picture gain largely by the kind of background they have. National great men gain by a similar condition, and then the background is "the people." Without a people to lead and a people to voice, where would our great men be? The people are those ordinary, hard-working ones who continue their duties steadily under this administration or under that; always findable at the post of honest labor, but the people differ largely from the people of almost any other nation, since our political institutions are based upon their wills—or whims. The necessity of their having right ideas is therefore paramount. The necessity also of showing them national dangers is also extreme, since by their voices and their votes, they are the arbiters of our national fate. Are we agreed so far?

* * *

Then once more who are "the people?" You and I, and others like us! But as I am writing and you are reading; for the time being you—alone, solitary, particularized—are "the people." This I say, sacrificing even grammar, in order to have a close talk with you. As "the people" can you be trusted; are your motives high; are your political actions pure? Come now, it is no use assenting to a general idea unless you are willing to make genuine application of it.

* * *

THE PEOPLE'S STRENGTH.

O, can it be this lordly hose,
The sacred guards of hallow'd bones
Was once but rough uneven stones,
Quarried by common hands for gain?

Yet rude and worthless though each be,
With them is raised this temple fair,
A fault, a weakness anywhere
May mar the perfect symmetry.

* * * * *

O, can it be, this mighty force,
That nations makes or rends apart,
Is nothing but the people's heart
Made up of units fine or coarse?

Yet, lowly as may be their state,
This lesson doth the building teach—
That nothing but true life from each
Can make a nation wholly great.

* * *

If our are so wrapped up in your own business,—which you are able to quietly pursue under the protection of a quiet government.—that you do not make even time to register and to vote, you are not to be trusted, since you take all you can of personal gain from our national conditions and do not repay anything. You are selfish, yet there is one worse than you—the difference between negative selfishness and positive—the one who holds office and administers it selfishly. Of him we will say something, because he is made possible by lazy voters.

If you delude yourself into the belief that every man has an equal voice in the destinies of the country and then give actual denial to it by surrendering your independence of judgment to a boss who thinks for you, nominates for you—because you will not attend caucuses and primaries—and votes for you, then as a voter you are not to be trusted. You are the right, plastic material out of which he shapes his selfish ends. Assuming you to be a good man, he reckons a good man indolent, as of less weight than a fly on a charlot wheel; and so you a unit in our national life become a mere cipher.

The precious staff of life [illegible] that you and I like you [illegible] have a choice of candidates, but only a loaf of husks is given you when you are offered a choice between candidates, after you have by your absence from your primary left others to think for you.

If you get the idea of party so firmly ground in your heart,—perhaps because you were born a this or a that—that you will vote for a bad man in your party rather for a good man in another, then as a voter you are not to be trusted. You have not in any sense risen to a comprehension of the fact that you are first, last and all the time, a custodian of national rather than party health. In brief, the line of voting cleavage is well, if it be between man and man; and often liable to be wrong, if it be between party and party whose actual differences partisans would sometimes find it hard to explain. I would sooner trust an honest man who differed from me than the sly and smug politician who agrees to anything to get office and then recks not though the country "go hang."

* * *

As a man you know that a building covered with ornaments is not rendered thereby one particle firmer in its foundations; you know that the color of a sail in stormy weather is of less importance than its qualities of strength. As a man therefore I look to you to believe that neither money nor miles are the things to make us a nation endure forever. If you are relying on the mere outer circumstances of national life as your pride and your confidence, you are a voter who cannot be trusted, since your view is too narrow and reliance too unreliable. The national cohesive force is the character of the individual. In the place of boasting of wealth, lean upon men, men of morals and men of mind, and be one of them yourself, on the principle that national charity begins at home.

* * *

SOME VOTERS' DON'TS

Don't make loud declarations and neglect deeds.

Don't boast of freedom and independence unless you really possess it.

Don't divide on dead issues, whose carcases ought long ago to have been buried.

Don't forget to think of your children's children, for whom by your watchfulness,—please God!—there shall still stand a government worthy of pride.

Cove.

Everybody in our community was treated with a genuine surprise on last Wednesday evening by the arrival of Mr. Norman R. Fike and his mother, Mrs. Rachael Fisher, of Sabetha, Kansas. Both are looking as though the climate agrees with them and they are well contented with the west so far. They will remain about four weeks visiting among their relatives and friends. Mr. Josiah Beeghley will accompany them to Kansas, where he will make his future home.

Corn huskings are the order of the day. Friday evening Mr. Fred Hachmann held one which was wound up by a step of the "fantastic toe," which was prolonged until the early hours of morning.

Mr. J. W. Daniels has been protecting himself from the winter blizzards by calling his neighbors together Saturday night of last week to a regular old fashioned wood cutting.

Mr. Lewis Miller and Miss Mary Hochstedler were united in the holy bonds of matrimony by Rev. J. W. Beeghley, Saturday, October 23, 1897. The above marriage was an agreeable surprise to everyone, as our citizens had not dreamed of losing one of their charming young ladies. The groom is a son of Joel Miller, one of Grantsville's enterprising farmers, and is a talented young man, being Amish by faith. The bride is a daughter of Rev. David Hochstetler, of the Cove, also an enterprising farmer, a well cultured, entertaining and obliging young lady. Both are highly respected by all, and they have the good will and wished of the entire community.

A few weeks ago the editor was taken with a very severe cold that caused him to be in a most miserable condition. It was undoubtedly a bad case of la grippe and recognizing it as dangerous he took immediate steps to bring about a speedy cure. From the advertisment of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and the many good recommendations included therein, we concluded to make a first trial of the medicine. To say that it was satisfactory in its results, is putting it very mildly, indeed. It acted like magic and the result was a speedy and permanent cure. We have no hesitancy in recommending the excellent Cough Remedy to any one afflicted with a cough or cold in any form. —*The Banner of Liberty*, Libertytown, Maryland. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

HELP YOURSELF.

Help yourself, but not by grasping
All that's good for selfish gain.
Gather what the passing moments
Bring in reach of hand and brain;
So that, with a purpose noble,
You may hold for other's good
That which helps a poorer brother
Who may stand where you have stood.

Help yourself, but not to honors
That another fairly won;
Neither join the victors only
When the hard-fought battle's done;
For the bravest do not carry
Standards from the field of fight,
But into the trying conflict,
Bearing this: "For God and Right."

Help yourself, but not by casting
Down some noble, struggling soul,
Who has not your strength or prestige,
Battling for a longed-for goal.
God, and Godlike men, will honor
Ev'ry aid to virtue given;
Help yourself by helping others,
Earning the "Well done" from Heaven.
—C. Harry Anders, in Baltimore American.

"Summed in a Single Kiss."

HE WAS first of all her husband's friend, and then her own; and this is the story of how she saved him in a time of great danger and stood herself on the brink of another and greater peril.

Evey Lancaster was one of those women who marry men they averagely love and are faithful wives and devoted mothers so long as passion, going down the country lanes of their peaceful lives, passes them by on the other side. She perhaps loved her husband more than these women usually do, but then she was made of sterner stuff, and where there is more to conquer there is more to suffer. Small blame to her, since Heaven had made her charming; small blame to Edward Vereker, her husband's friend, since he found her so, and he himself as goodly a man as you would meet on any summer's day. Her husband, David Lancaster, was a goodly man, too, and worthy of her, and of Edward Vereker, his friend.

But there were three of them, and three is an evil number concerning men and women.

It was during the summer of 1893 that Edward Vereker and Evey, his friend's wife, began to be more than friends. He was staying with the Lancasters down in Surrey, in their pretty little red house on the edge of the pretty little blue river, and David was going up and down to London every day, because it was yet early and the various vacations and holidays had not begun. So he and she were left a good deal on one another's hands. Satan found mischief, not for those idle hands, but idle eyes, for that summer one's hands remained in one's lap, and it was too hot even to talk; but it is as easy to look at one's neighbor as to stare blankly into space, and eyes can do a great deal by themselves, take it altogether.

So these two sat in the shady garden under the big cedars and looked at one another for want of something better to do, and found the occupation sufficient for all their needs.

Evey Lancaster was a good woman—by nature, not by art. I mean she was naturally good, and had not become so by trying very hard. She had been well brought up; she read decent books, and, therefore, only a few, and she meant every word of her share in the marriage service.

But alas! and alas! she was a woman, and a pretty one, and Edward Vereker was good-looking, and a man, though somewhat unusually moral and possessed of a sense of honor. Moreover, they both loved David. But David was away all day, and—I mistrust June and the devil in a green garden!

I don't know that anything would have come of it if tragedy had not stepped in: Ad hhi tragedy, battle, murder and sudden death in one of its most appalling forms in the shape of hydrophobia.

Evey and Edward had been unnecessarily energetic that day; perhaps they both uncomfortably realized that sitting under the trees saying nothing was becoming a little exciting. At any rate, Evey went to the gunroom and brought out a Smith & Wesson, .380, of her husband's, and they set up a mark in the meadow outside the garden, and, having prudently removed the cows, practiced shooting in the cool of the day. They shot very badly, but they had to look at the target, and that was comparative safety. They got tired of it at last, and she sat down under one of the great oak trees flanking the garden with the revolver in her lap, while he sauntered across the grass to rearrange the somewhat shaky target.

She was near the gate leading to the road, and it was open, for the cows had gone that way to the farmyard, and in June, '93, gates that it was not an imperative necessity to shut remained open for coolness' sake.

And here the Adelphi melodrama came in, and through the open gate, too, heralded by "shouts outside"—a strange, heart-sickening clamor coming up from the hush of evening distance—hoarse, scared yells and the tramp of running feet, and confused directions apparently issued in many voices. And through the open gate a horror rushed, a creature with dripping jaws and starting eyes, a big, black retriever, bearing in its strange, altered state but little resemblance to the friendly, kindly dog of a few days back; and at its heels a concourse of men armed with sticks and farm implements, and any weapon that could be hastily snatched up, but none, alas! with a gun.

Evey Lancaster, revolver in hand, with shells still remaining in a couple of chambers, saw the mad dog enter the meadow and make straight across it, out over the sunburnt grass to where Edward Vereker was walking towards the target. She was under the shadows of the hedge, broadside on, as it were, and the dog never noticed her.

Edward Vereker turned on his heel at the sound of the noise at the gate, and, like Evey, took in the situation at a glance. But he was absolutely unarmed—he had not even a stick, and he was alone in the midst of a wide field with death in its fonlest form not 50 yards from him.

Then Evey Lancaster, from where she knelt on the grass under the hedge, took aim and fired. She was his friend, and knew that his life was at stake, and that quickened the presence of mind and the courage within her. She was made of British stuff, and that steadied the shaking hand and kept the revolver straight; and though the first bullet went wide, the second carried true, and the mad dog with a hideous yell dropped disabled with a shattered shoulder not 15 paces from him. Then the crowd closed in and put an end to everything.

Five minutes later Edward Vereker and the woman who had saved him, leaving the excited villagers still clustered around the horror on the grass, went back into the garden.

It was as much as she could do to walk now, for the strain was past, being only a woman after all; and the green garden was going round and round in the dim mist that smelt of gunpowder and grew blacker at every step.

He saw her falter and stop, and was only in time to catch her in his arms to prevent her collapsing and falling to his feet. The earth and sky might wheel and melt into a blackening mist at will, but a pair of strong arms were round her and her cheek on a protecting shoulder.

Strong emotions make us view the world in a distorted light with our mental as well as our bodily eyes, and there was no David in the green garden behind the high hedge; only a brave woman, weak and trembling, with her head on the breast of the man she had rescued from worse than death—the man who called her "Evey, my darling!" and passionately kissed her.

David Lancaster came home in the gloaming half an hour later, with a piece of salmon in a bass bag and the fifth Globe with all the latest cricket in it.

Evey, up at her window, white and trembling still, watched with half-averted eyes a figure pacing up and down under the cedars—saw her husband come in at the gate, saw him join the restless figure and tramp up and down in company, and knew the story was being told him. For with the kiss

MISS EVEY LANCASTER FIRED.

had come awakening and shame, as it came with the knowledge of good and evil into the First Garden.

Some time later the two men came back to the house, and Evey's preternaturally-sharpened ears heard Edward ascend to his own room and David turn down the passage to come to hers. She stood in the middle of the floor in her white gown, her hair slightly ruffled, her face drawn with the stress of emotion which she had undergone, her hands—those little hands that had done so much—hanging limply by her side. And David opened the door and came in.

She could not look at his face, but she understood as he walked across the room to where she stood, and took her straight and unhesitatingly into his arms, that somehow, in spite of all, he knew about the kiss and had forgiven her. And the kiss was all she could remember of her past life.

When David Lancaster went upstairs to his wife, and took her to his heart without asking for a word of explanation on her part, he did the one thing that saved him and her and Edward Vereker from shipwreck.

I read a story once, in which the concluding sentence ran thus: "And so, by a little thing, was a woman saved from the misfortune of a great passion."

Edward Vereker, having done all that lay in his power to atone for what had happened, left the house early next morning without seeing Evey again. And her husband shook hands with him at parting.

They have not met since, except casually in society, and then they meet and greet as friends. They had fallen a little way together and repented of it; and with repentance comes revulsion of feeling, and with the end of all things that might have been, withered untimely in the budding of passion's poppy-flowers.

So she was heroic, in that she saved him; and he was noble, in that he confessed his kiss to her husband. But somehow it seems to me that the greatest of these three was David Lancaster, who heard and understood, and yet, hearing and understanding, forgave.—Black and White.

Big Potato in the West.

Loveland, Col., claims to have raised a potato weighing 82 pounds, which is 18 inches long and ten inches across.

May Purchase 200 Cars.

The Santa Fe company has under consideration the purchase of 100 refrigerator and 100 furniture cars.

BILLIONS IN THE YUKON

A Mining Engineer Gives His Reasons for the Belief That Is in It.

The interior department has received a copy of an article from the pen of Russell L. Dunn, an eminent mining engineer of the Pacific coast, dealing with the theory of the auriferous deposits of the Yukon basin. The views of Mr. Dunn are regarded with great respect by those in the department who are familiar with the subject, and they will probably be referred to the geological survey for confirmation. Mr. Dunn says that the placers in the Yukon basin are similar to those of Australia, Idaho and Montana, except for the perpetually frozen condition of the ground. He holds that glaciers have had little to do with the formation of placers or the liberation of gold from its matrix. In California the evidence of the placers themselves is conclusive as to their almost exclusive formation by frost and steam erosion. Siberia and Alaska present precisely the same relative glacial phenomena, the placers being all formed before the period of glacial action. As the result of long observation, Mr. Dunn says that if accurate records of placers were kept it would be shown that they increased as they went upstream to a point near the head, where the maximum was reached. Going above that it would be found that the placers thinned out to a certain point they suddenly disappeared altogether. There is nothing phenomenal in the yield of gold in the Klondike region. There is no reason to doubt that in Alaska there are lodes as rich as those in California and Idaho, Montana, Nevada, and elsewhere. From these of these lodes, corroded by frost and washed by a stream there might be made placers which would yield in a few years what would take ten times as long to mine by the hand of man.

"This craft of nature," he says, "put more than a thousand millions into the California placers, and there is, in my opinion, reason in the anticipation that in the Yukon placers another thousand millions will be found all things considered, as easily and even quicker than was the thousand millions of the California placers."

Mr. Dunn believes with many others that the richness of these deposits has been only scratched, and that there is good ground for believing that there are others as rich or even richer. The conditions are unlike those of California in the early days, in that in those days all a man needed was a stout heart and a heavy pick, while in the Yukon every miner must be a small capitalist in order to be able to mine at all. Yet he concludes that a man in search of a fortune stands a larger chance of finding it in the frozen regions of Alaska than in the mines of South Africa or western Australia. It is not necessary now to depend on blind luck for discoveries, for technical knowledge of the occurrence and distribution of gold is reasonably exact and comprehensive. It is now possible to explore without the expenditure of the enormous amount of waste work formerly an unavoidable incident of the business, and the first found form guide to the ores, and some idea can be formed of the placers regarding the probabilities of the lodes and the risk and uncertainty of quartz mining brought to a minimum.

One reason why miners have already located more placers is that in many instances they are covered with silt to a depth of eight to 40 feet, brought down by the stream at it had passed that period when, a roaring torrent, it had torn from the quartz the specks of gold. In these cases there are no indications of the richer deposits to be found lower down, and the miner must do more than prospect the surface. The prospector must remember that the surface of the country, valley and mountain is covered with a deep, strong growth of moss; that the silt and auriferous sands of the valley beneath the moss are perpetually frozen to the bed-rock; that from these glacial conditions the methods of prospecting for placers and lodes employed elsewhere are impossible of application here. There is no special industrial or economic reason why the exploitation of the Yukon gold fields should not be highly profitable to both labor and capital, with less risk of failures of individual enterprises, part of the history of gold mining elsewhere.—N. Y. Sun.

POPULAR HERO OF ROMANCE.

He Can Do Almost Anything Well, But Keeps It to Himself.

If one may judge from the novels the young women seem to read with such avidity they do not like a lover too sentimental, rhetorical or brutal. They still prefer him to be big and strong, but let him be careful not to pose or ask about it. There is nothing which seems to please a little woman more than to humiliate a big man—and that at his own game. If she can show him that she can sail a boat, shoot a rapid, climb a mountain, or swim further out to sea than he can, she is in a fair way to accept his humble proffer of love and allegiance in the next chapter.

The prevalent hero is a man who can do almost anything well, but keeps it to himself. He must be a man of immense reserve powers, who exhibits most of them playing golf, or polo, or riding to hounds, or running a steam yacht.

If he permits the fact to leak out that in winter he is intensely interested in civic and philanthropic problems he begins to get a hold on the affections of the haughty lady. What the modern young woman seems to want in a hero is a correct, fashionable and rather frivolous manner of life, but lavishly a tremendous seriousness of purpose. If he simply has the "purpose" he is all right—he need not do much, for the world is known to be rather cruel and cynical toward reformers. The girl knows that he will fail of carrying out his ideal, but she is determined that he shall have her by way of compensation.—"Droch," in Ladies' Home Journal.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—For Chicago Fairy Boots.—"I wish a pair of rubbers." "What displacement, miss?"—Truth.

—"What, Mrs. Dusenberry, you learning to ride?" "Yes. When my son-in-law annoys me, I make him ride the tandem with me."—Fliegende Blatter.

—Priscilla—"When Charley started to kiss Clara the other night, she called out for help." Patrice—"Couldn't she hold him alone?"—Yonkers Statesman.

—Young Sister—"Mabel, here comes Capt. Goldmore! Now decide quickly. Either you give me your new sash, or I stick to this seat like a limpet!"—Punch.

—"His love letters are very persuasive," said the fair girl's confidante. "Yes," was the pensive reply, "they would persuade any jury in Christendom."—Washington Star.

—"I'm nobody now, but once I shook this town from center to circumference." "What did you do?" "I wore an imported dress coat which had tails lined with red."—Chicago Record.

—The Sunday school class was singing "I Want to Be an Angel." "Why don't you sing louder, Bobby?" asked the teacher. "I'm singing as loud as I feel," explained Bobby.—Tit-Bits.

—"I don't know what I would have done if it hadn't been for you!" exclaimed the discharged prisoner. "Well, you probably would have done time," said the proud lawyer. — Yonkers Statesman.

—"Did you ever notice the queer, rotary gesture Mr. Chilkoot always makes when his wife rings for the butler?" "Yes; you see, he used to be a motorman before he went to the Klondike."—Detroit Free Press.

—"Say, Midas," remarked one of the shades, "you'd be right at home if you were at Klondike, wouldn't you?" "My friend," replied Midas, solemnly, "I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole."—Puck.

SHOEMAKERS IN POLITICS.

The Shoe and Leather Trade Makes Claim to Several Statesmen.

The shoe and leather interests of the United States, always great, are ever growing. The first shoemaker in the American colonies was Thomas Beard, who came over on the Mayflower. He established himself in Lynn, and the shoemakers of Lynn have been noted ever since. In the last century Lynn turned out 300,000 pairs of shoes a year. Now the United States exports $35,000,000 worth of shoes in a year, and $225,000,000 is invested in the business, exclusive of the tanneries.

Men connected with the shoe and leather trade in the United States have, especially in New England, taken an active part in the management of public affairs, and a recent computation shows how important their part has been. Gen. Grant, was for a time a tanner. His associate on the republican ticket in 1872, Henry Wilson, was generally known as "the shoemaker of Natick." He served an apprenticeship to a cobbler, and it was reported of him in early life he carried his stock of shoes for sale to Boston every Saturday night. William Claflin, governor of Massachusetts, was the son of a tanner, and learned the shoemaking trade when a boy. He was a member of the Boston legislature for six years, three years lieutenant governor, four years governor and afterward a member of congress. Marshall Jewell, governor of Connecticut; Phineas Lounsbury, who held the same office, and James E. English, who was twice democratic governor of the Nutmeg state, besides being for four years a member of the house of representatives, and for a time United States senator, were in the boot and shoe business in New Haven. Gov. Bourn, of Rhode Island, and Gov. Page, of Vermont, were in the same trade. Congressman Walker, of the Worcester district of Massachusetts, is in the boot and shoe business, and many years ago established a branch in the city of Chicago, the leather interests of which are now enormous. Former Gov. Baldwin, of Michigan, a state whose tannery interests are enormous, was a shoe salesman in early life, beginning business with Zachariah Chandler, afterward United States senator. "Potato" Pingree, the present governor of Michigan, is a shoemaker by trade. Born in Maine, he learned the business in a shop in Massachusetts, and established himself in Detroit after the close of the war.—N. Y. Sun.

Catching a Walrus.

For dinner a polar bear likes nothing better than a good fat young walrus. But a walrus is not the easiest thing to catch, especially if its mother or father happens to be lingering around in the neighborhood. An old walrus is more than twice the size of a bear, and a very hard fighter when pressed. So Mr. Bear calls when the old walruses are out of sight, and catches the young walrus as best he can. Sometimes he crawls up on a high cliff and lies for a long time, peeping over the edges. Presently the young walrus comes up out of the water to bask on a rock or a cake of ice. This is Mr. Bear's chance. He rolls a heavy stone to the edge of the cliff and tumbles it over. If it strikes its mark, the bear has his dinner ready whenever he wants to eat it. Few animals have found a shrewder way of killing their prey.—Chicago Record.

Molasses as a Fuel.

The lower grades of molasses have proved unsalable at any paying price. Many Louisiana planters dumped molasses into the bayous until the authorities forbade it. It is now used as a fuel, being sprinkled by a machine over the bagasse, or the sugar cane from which the juice has been extracted. This, when put into the fire, burns with a strong heat. Its coal value is greater than its value for any other use, and over 100,000 tons were so used last year.—William George Jordan, in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Proper Authority.

Husband—I think, my dear, I must consult a physician.

Wife—What for?

"For some remedy for my dyspepsia. I have most horrid dreams at night."

"Better consult a veterinary surgeon."

"A horse doctor?"

"Yes. A horse doctor should be the best authority on nightmare."—Tit-Bits.

Two Terrible Autumns.

We find it hard to keep the wolf
Away from our front door,
But sometimes it's harder still
To keep away the bore.
—N. Y. World.

NOT VERY MUSICAL.

Young Lady (to servant)—Anna, put the muzzle on Fido; I'm going to sing.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Broke the Record.

Mrs. Suburbs—My dear, our new kitchen girl is a marvel. She has been here three weeks and hasn't broken a single thing.

Mr. Suburbs—Hasn't broken anything? I should say she had.

Mrs. Suburbs—What do you mean?

Mr. Suburbs—Did we ever have a girl before who stayed more than three days?—N. Y. World.

His Occupation Gone.

Why does the undertaker frown?
Why does he weep, why so cast down?
Because to-day
He put away
The only doctor in the town.
—N. Y. World.

Not One of That Kind.

"No, Mr. Hankinson," said Tommy to the young man who was waiting in the parlor for Tommy's sister, "I ain't the kind of a little boy you're always readin' about in the papers what begin canily from the fellers that comes to see the'r sisters. Still, if you've got any in your pockets I'd be willin' to take it."—Chicago Tribune.

Why?

Tenant—I demand a rebate on my rent. Your darned old water-pipe burst, flooded my cellar, and my chickens were drowned.

Landlord—But, my dear sir, why didn't you keep ducks?—Philadelphia North American.

A Sad Blow.

Mr. Bliffers—Beg pardon, Mr. Hammer, but can you tell me where my wife is seated? I can't find her.

Mr. Hammer (auctioneer)—She has not been here to-day.

Mr. Bliffers (wildly)—My! My! She must be dead.—N. Y. Weekly.

Had Thought of That.

"Young man," said the elderly gentleman in a choking voice, "she is the only daughter I have."

"Yes," acknowledged the young man, "that is one reason I thought I would like to marry her."—Indianapolis Journal.

Perils of Society.

"Your daughter, madam, is suffering from general functional derangement."

"There—I've told her often that attending all them functions 'd be the death of her."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Sasplelous.

Governess—Why don't you eat your consomme, Bertie?

Bertie—'Cause I asked Harry what became of the cook papa discharged, and he said she was in the soup.—Puck.

Sure Death.

She—His widow engaged the Oh Hush Quartette to sing at her husband's funeral.

He—I suppose she wanted to avoid all possibility of his ever coming to life.—N. Y. Journal.

Generally.

Old nature oft is contrary,
Deal with her as you may;
The man who talks the most is he
That has the least to say.
—Chicago News.

The Jap as He Sees Himself. The Jap as He Is.

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

A Normal Woman.

Jinks—What a foolish question! Of course my wife objects to my smoking!

Filkins—Why, how could I know?

Jinks—You ought to be well enough acquainted with me to know that I would not have married an eccentric woman.—N. Y. Journal.

Getting His Evens.

She—What do you mean by circulating the report that I live a hand-to-mouth existence. How dare you?

He—Well, that was the way it seemed to me. Whenever I call on you, you put in most of the time yawning.—Indianapolis Journal.

Thoughtless Girl.

"Didn't Miss Sprocket's father die last month?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"Why, the unfeeling creature never has had the decency to have the frame of her bicycle painted black."—Chicago Post.

A Fitting Head.

"What sort of a head shall I put on this story about the fellow who was tarred and feathered?" asked the new reporter.

"How will 'He was a bird' do?" suggested the court man.—Philadelphia North American.

Mean Thing.

Miss Chatter—I knew you would be here to-day to see sister.

Mr. Cuddler (interrog.)—Intuition?

Miss Chatter—No—observation. You always appear on the same day that Ethel refuses onions at dinner.—Judge.

A Word of Warning.

In buying diamonds, let's not haste,
But watch fest dealers trick us,
For oh, they have some made of paste
With which they love to stick us.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Heads That Way.

"I didn't know that Deacon Good committed suicide."

"He didn't. Who said so?"

"This obituary says that 'he walked fearlessly down into the dark river.'"—Chicago Record.

Caught at Last.

She—I've been trying to catch that Mr. Huggins in an untruth, and I believe I've done it.

He—Well, you ought to be happy; you've been trying to catch him for a good many years.—Yonkers Statesman.

Mamma's Numerous Duties.

Little Dot—Mamma! Mamma!

Mamma (in next room)—What?

Little Dot—My kittie has caught a mouse, and she acts hungry. Please come and cook it for her.—N. Y. Weekly.

NO ROOM FOR DOUBT.

Uncle Fatenough—Why don't Willie come and sit on uncle's knee?—N. Y. Journal.

Offered in Evidence.

Judge (to plaintiff in divorce)—You say this woman induced you to marry her while you were intoxicated, do you?

Plaintiff—Look at her, your honor, and judge for yourself.—Harlem Life.

Evidence of Prosperity.

Dumley—Has Mrs. Soursweet been successful as a boarding-house keeper?

Grumley—I should say so. She owns a prune orchard.—N. Y. World.

In Chicago.

"I wish a pair of rubbers."

"What displacement, miss?"—N. Y. Truth.

HELP YOURSELF.

Help yourself, but not by grasping
All that's good for selfish gain,
Gather what the passing moments
Bring in reach of hand and brain;
So that, with a purpose noble,
You may hold for other's good
That which helps a poorer brother
Who may stand where you have stood.

Help yourself, but not to honors
That another fairly won;
Neither join the victors only
When the hard-fought battle's done;
For the bravest do not carry
Standards from the field of fight,
But into the trying conflict,
Bearing this: "For God and Right."

Help yourself, but not by casting
Down some noble, struggling soul,
Who has not your strength or prestige,
Battling for a longed-for goal.
God, and Godlike men, will honor
Ev'ry aid to virtue given.
Help yourself by helping others,
Earning the "Well done" from Heaven.
—C. Harry Anders, in Baltimore American.

"Summed in a Single Kiss."

HE WAS first of all her husband's friend, and then her own; and this is the story of how she saved him in a time of great danger and stood herself on the brink of another and greater peril.

Evey Lancaster was one of those women who marry men they averagely love and are faithful wives and devoted mothers so long as passion, going down the country lanes of their peaceful lives, passes them by on the other side. She perhaps loved her husband more than these women usually do, but then she was made of sterner stuff, and where there is more to conquer there is more to suffer. Small blame to her, since Heaven had made her charming; small blame to Edward Vereker, her husband's friend, since he found her so, and he himself as goodly a man as you would meet on any summer's day. Her husband, David Lancaster, was a goodly man, too, and worthy of her, and of Edward Vereker, his friend.

But there were three of them, and three is an evil number concerning men and women.

It was during the summer of 1893 that Edward Vereker and Evey, his friend's wife, began to be more than friends. He was staying with the Lancasters down in Surrey, in their pretty little red house on the edge of the pretty little blue river, and David was going up and down to London every day, because it was yet early and the various vacations and holidays had not begun. So he and she were left a good deal on one another's hands. Satan found mischief, not for those idle hands, but idle eyes, for that summer one's hands remained in one's lap, and it was too hot even to talk; but it is as easy to look at one's neighbor as to stare blankly into space, and eyes can do a great deal by themselves, take it altogether.

So these two sat in the shady garden under the big cedars and looked at one another for want of something better to do, and found the occupation suffice for all their needs.

Evey Lancaster was a good woman—by nature, not by art. I mean she was naturally good, and had not become so by trying very hard. She had been well brought up; she read decent books, and, therefore, only a few, and she meant every word of her share in the marriage service.

But alas! and alas! she was a woman, and a pretty one, and Edward Vereker was good-looking, and a man, though somewhat unusually moral and possessed of a sense of honor. Moreover, they both loved David. But David was away all day, and—I mistrust June and the devil in a green garden!

I don't know that anything would have come of it if tragedy had not stepped in: Adelphi tragedy, battle, murder and sudden death in one of its most appalling forms in the shape of hydrophobia.

Evey and Edward had been unnecessarily energetic that day; perhaps they both uncomfortably realized that sitting under the trees saying nothing was becoming a little exciting. At any rate, Evey went to the gunroom and brought out a Smith & Wesson, .380, of her husband's, and they set up a mark in the meadow outside the garden, and, having prudently removed the cows, practiced shooting in the cool of the day. They shot very badly, but they had to look at the target, and that was comparative safety. They got tired of it at last, and she sat down under one of the great oak trees flanking the garden with the revolver in her lap, while he sauntered across the grass to rearrange the somewhat shaky target.

She was near the gate leading to the road, and it was open, for the cows had gone that way to the farmyard, and in June, '93, gates that it was not an imperative necessity to shut remained open for coolness' sake.

And here the Adelphi melodrama came in, and through the open gate, too, heralded by "shouts outside"—a strange, heart-sickening clamor coming up from the hush of evening distance—hoarse, screed yells and the tramp of running feet, and confused directions apparently issued in many voices. And through the open gate a horror rushed, a creature with dripping jaws and staring eyes, a big, black retriever, bearing in its strange, altered state but little resemblance to the friendly, kindly dog of a few days back; and at its heels a concourse of men armed with sticks and farm implements, and any weapon that could be hastily snatched up, but none, alas! with a gun.

Evey Lancaster, revolver in hand, with shells still remaining in a couple of chambers, saw the mad dog enter the meadow and make straight across it, out over the sunburnt grass to where Edward Vereker was walking towards the target. She was under the shadows of the hedge, broadside on, as it were, and the dog never noticed her.

Edward Vereker turned on his heel at the sound of the noise at the gate, and, like Evey, took in the situation at a glance. But he was absolutely unarmed—he had not even a stick, and he was alone in the midst of a wide field with death in its foulest form not 30 yards from him.

Then Evey Lancaster, from where she knelt on the grass under the hedge, took aim and fired. She was his friend, and knew that his life was at stake, and that quickened the presence of mind and the courage within her. She was made of British stuff, and that steadied the shaking hand and kept the revolver straight; and though the first bullet went wide, the second carried true, and the mad dog with a hideous yell dropped disabled with a shattered shoulder not 15 paces from him. Then the crowd closed in and put an end to everything.

Five minutes later Edward Vereker and the woman who had saved him, leaving the excited villagers still clustered around the horror on the grass, went back into the garden.

It was as much as she could do to walk now, for the strain was past, being only a woman after all; and the green garden was going round and round in the dim mist that smelt of gunpowder and grew blacker at every step.

He saw her falter and stop, and was only in time to catch her in his arms to prevent her collapsing on the dewy grass at his feet. The earth and sky might wheel and melt into a blackening mist at will, but a pair of strong arms were round her and her cheek on a protecting shoulder.

Strong emotions make us view the world in a distorted light with our mental as well as our bodily eyes, and there was no David in the green garden behind the high hedge; only a brave woman, weak and trembling, with her head on the breast of the man she had rescued from worse than death—the man who called her "Evey, my darling!" and passionately kissed her.

David Lancaster came home in the gloaming half an hour later, with a piece of salmon in a bass bag and the fifth Globe with all the latest cricket in it.

Evey, up at her window, white and trembling still, watched with half-averted eyes a figure pacing up and down under the cedars—saw her husband come in at the gate, saw him join the restless figure and tramp up and down in company, and knew the story was being told him. For with the kiss

MISS EVEY LANCASTER FIRED.

had come awakening and shame, as it came with the knowledge of good and evil into the First Garden.

Some time later the two men came back to the house, and Evey's preternaturally-sharpened ears heard Edward ascend to his own room and David turn down the passage to come to hers. She stood in the middle of the floor in her white gown, her hair slightly ruffled, her face drawn with the stress of emotion which she had undergone, her hands—those little hands that had done so much—hanging limply by her side. And David opened the door and came in.

She could not look at his face, but she understood as he walked across the room to where she stood, and took her straight and unhesitatingly into his arms, that somehow, in spite of all, he knew about the kiss and had forgiven her. And the kiss was all she could remember of her past life.

When David Lancaster went upstairs to his wife, and took her to his heart without asking for a word of explanation on her part, he did the one thing that saved him and her and Edward Vereker from shipwreck.

I read a story once, in which the concluding sentence ran thus: "And so, by a little thing, was a woman saved from the misfortune of a great passion."

Edward Vereker, having done all that lay in his power to atone for what had happened, left the house early next morning without seeing Evey again. And her husband shook hands with him at parting.

They have not met since, except casually in society, and then they meet and greet as friends. They had fallen a little way together and repented of it; and with repentance comes revulsion of feeling, and with the end of all things that might have been, withered untimely in the budding of passion's poppy-flowers.

So she was heroic, in that she saved him; and he was noble, in that he confessed his kiss to her husband. But somehow it seems to me that the greatest of these three was David Lancaster, who heard and understood, and yet, hearing and understanding, forgave.—Black and White.

Big Potato in the West.

Loveland, Col., claims to have raised a potato weighing 82 pounds, which is 18 inches long and ten inches across.

May Purchase 200 Cars.

The Santa Fe company has under consideration the purchase of 100 refrigerator and 100 furniture cars.

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"This craft of nature," he says, "put more than a thousand millions into one California placers, and there is, in my opinion, reason in the anticipation that in the Yukon placers not her thousand millions will be found all things considered, as easily and even quicker than was the thousand millions of the California placers."

Mr. Dunn believes with many others that the richness of these deposits has been only scratched, and that there is good ground for believing that there are others as rich or even richer. The conditions are unlike those of California in the early days, that in those days all a man needed was a stout heart and a heavy pick, while in the Yukon every miner must be a small capitalist in order to be able to mine at all. Yet he concludes that a man's search of a fortune stands a larger chance of finding it in the frozen regions of Alaska than in the mines of South Africa or western Australia. It is not necessary now to depend on blind luck for discoveries, for technical knowledge of the occurrence and distribution of gold is reasonably exact and comprehensive. It is now possible to explore without the expenditure of the enormous amount of waste work formerly an inevitable incident of the business. The first found form guide to the ... and some idea can be formed for the placers regarding the probable lines of the lodes and the risk and certainty of quartz mining brought to a minimum.

One reason why miners have ... already located more placers ... In many instances they are cove... with silt to a depth of eight to 30 feet, brought down by the stream ... it had passed that period when, a ... torrent, it had torn from the ... the specks of gold. In these cases there are no indications of the richer deposits to be found lower down, and the miner must do more than prospect the surface. The prospector must remember that the surface of the country, valley and mountain is covered with a deep, strong growth of moss; that the silt and auriferous sands of the valley beneath the moss are perpetually frozen to the bed-rock; that from these glacial conditions the methods of prospecting for placers and lodes employed elsewhere are impossible of application here. There is no special industrial or economic reason why the exploitation of the Yukon gold fields should prove highly profitable to both labor and capital, with less risk of failures of individual enterprises, part of the history of gold mining elsewhere.—N. Y. Sun.

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He Can Do Almost Anything Well, But Keeps It to Himself.

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The prevalent hero is a man who can do almost anything well, but keeps it to himself. He must be a man of immense reserve powers, who exhibits most of them playing golf, or polo, or riding to hounds, or running a steam yacht.

If he permits the fact to leak out that in winter he is intensely interested in civic and philanthropic problems he begins to get a hold on the affections of the haughty lady. What the modern young woman seems to want in a hero is a correct, fashionable and rather frivolous manner of life, but inwardly a tremendous seriousness of purpose. If he simply has the "purpose" he is all right—he need not do much, for the world is known to be rather cruel and cynical toward reformers. The girl knows that he will fail of carrying out his ideal, but she is determined that he shall have her by way of compensation. —"Droch," in Ladies' Home Journal.

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—"His love letters are very persuasive," said the fair girl's confidante. "Yes," was the pensive reply, "they would persuade any jury in Christendom."—Washington Star.

—"I'm nobody now, but once I shook this town from center to circumference." "What did you do?" "I wore an imported dress coat which had tails lined with red."—Chicago Record.

—The Sunday school class was singing "I Want to Be an Angel." "Why don't you sing louder, Bobby?" asked the teacher. "I'm singing as loud as I feel," explained Bobby.—Tit-Bits.

—"I don't know what I would have done if it hadn't been for you!" exclaimed the discharged prisoner. "Well, you probably would have done time," said the proud lawyer.—Yonkers Statesman.

—"Did you ever notice the queer, rotary gesture Mr. Chilkoat always makes when his wife rings for the butler?" "Yes; you see, he used to be a motorman before he went to the Klondike."—Detroit Free Press.

—"Say, Midas," remarked one of the shades, "you'd be right at home if you were at Klondike, wouldn't you?" "My friend," replied Midas, solemnly, "I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole."—Puck.

SHOEMAKERS IN POLITICS.

The Shoe and Leather Trade Makes Claim to Several Statesmen.

The shoe and leather interests of the United States, always great, are ever growing. The first shoemaker in the American colonies was Thomas Beard, who came over on the Mayflower. He established himself in Lynn, and the shoemakers of Lynn have been noted ever since. In the last century Lynn turned out 300,000 pairs of shoes a year. Now the United States exports $35,000,000 worth of shoes in a year, and $225,000,000 is invested in the business, exclusive of the tanneries.

Men connected with the shoe and leather trade in the United States have, especially in New England, taken an active part in the management of public affairs, and a recent computation shows how important their part has been. Gen. Grant, was for a time a tanner. His associate on the republican ticket in 1872, Henry Wilson, was generally known as "the shoemaker of Natick." He served an apprenticeship to a cobbler, and it was reported of him that in early life he carried his stock of shoes for sale to Boston every Saturday night. William Claflin, governor of Massachusetts, was the son of a tanner, and learned the shoemaking trade when a boy. He was a member of the Boston legislature for six years, three years lieutenant governor, four years governor and afterward a member of congress. Marshall Jewell, governor of Connecticut; Phineas Lounsbury, who held the same office, and James E. English, who was twice democratic governor of the Nutmeg state, besides being for four years a member of the house of representatives, and for a time United States senator, were in the boot and shoe business in New Haven. Gov. Bourn, of Rhode Island, and Gov. Page, of Vermont, were in the same trade. Congressman Walker, of the Worcester district of Massachusetts, is in the boot and shoe business, and many years ago established a branch in the city of Chicago, the leather interests of which are now enormous. Former Gov. Baldwin, of Michigan, a state whose tannery interests are enormous, was a shoe salesman in early life, beginning business with Zachariah Chandler, afterward United States senator. "Potato" Pingree, the present governor of Michigan, is a shoemaker by trade. Born in Maine, he learned the business in a shop in Massachusetts, and established himself in Detroit after the close of the war.—N. Y. Sun.

Catching a Walrus.

For dinner a polar bear likes nothing better than a good fat young walrus. But a walrus is not the easiest thing to catch, especially if its mother or father happens to be lingering around in the neighborhood. An old walrus is more than twice the size of a bear, and a very hard fighter when pressed. So Mr. Bear calls when the old walruses are out of sight, and catches the young walrus as best he can. Sometimes he crawls up on a high cliff and lies for a long time, peeping over the edges. Presently the young walrus comes up out of the water to bask on a rock or a cake of ice. This is Mr. Bear's chance. He rolls a heavy stone to the edge of the cliff and tumbles it over. If it strikes its mark, the bear has his dinner ready whenever he wants to eat it. Few animals have found a shrewder way of killing their prey.—Chicago Record.

Molasses as a Fuel.

The lower grades of molasses have proved unsalable at any paying price. Many Louisiana planters dumped molasses into the bayous until the authorities forbade it. It is now used as a fuel, being sprinkled by a machine over the bagasse, or the sugar cane from which the juice has been extracted. This, when put into the fire, burns with a strong heat. Its coal value is greater than its value for any other use, and over 100,000 tons were so used last year. —William George Jordan, in Ladies' Home Journal.

The Proper Authority.

Husband—I think, my dear, I must consult a physician.

Wife—What for?

"For some remedy for my dyspepsia. I have most horrid dreams at night."

"Better consult a veterinary surgeon."

"A horse doctor?"

"Yes. A horse doctor should be the best authority on nightmare."—Tit-Bits.

Two Terrible Animals.

We find it hard to keep the wolf
Away from our front door,
But sometimes it's harder still
To keep away the bore.
—N. Y. World.

NOT VERY MUSICAL.

Young Lady (to servant)—Annn, put the muzzle on Fido; I'm going to sing. —Fliegende Blaetter.

Broke the Record.

Mrs. Suburbs—My dear, our new kitchen girl is a marvel. She has been here three weeks and hasn't broken a single thing.

Mr. Suburbs—Hasn't broken anything? I should say she had.

Mrs. Suburbs—What do you mean?

Mr. Suburbs—Did we ever have a girl before who stayed more than three days?—N. Y. World.

His Occupation Gone.

Why does the undertaker frown?
Why does he weep, why so cast down?
Because to-day
He put away
The only doctor in the town.
—N. Y. World.

Not One of That Kind.

"No, Mr. Hankinson," said Tommy to the young man who was waiting in the parlor for Tommy's sister, "I ain't the kind of a little boy you're always readin' about in the papers what begs candy from the fellers that comes to see the'r sisters. Still, if you've got any in your pockets I'd be willin' to take it." —Chicago Tribune.

Why?

Tenant—I demand a rebate on my rent. Your darned old water-pipes burst, flooded my cellar, and my chickens were drowned.

Landlord—But, my dear sir, why didn't you keep ducks?—Philadelphia North American.

A Sad Blow.

Mr. Bliffers—Beg pardon, Mr. Hammer, but can you tell me where my wife is seated? I can't find her.

Mr. Hammer (auctioneer)—She has not been here to-day.

Mr. Bliffers (wildly)—My! My! She must be dead.—N. Y. Weekly.

Had Thought of That.

"Young man," said the elderly gentleman in a choking voice, "she is the only daughter I have."

"Yes," acknowledged the young man, "that is one reason I thought I would like to marry her."—Indianapolis Journal.

Perils of Society.

"Your daughter, madam, is suffering from general functional derangement."

"There—I've told her often that attending all them functions 'd be the death of her."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Suspicious.

Governess—Why don't you eat your consomme, Bertie?

Bertie—'Cause I asked Harry what became of the cook papa discharged, and he said she was in the soup.—Puck.

Sure Death.

She—His widow engaged the Oh Hush Quartette to sing at her husband's funeral.

He—I suppose she wanted to avoid all possibility of his ever coming to life.—N. Y. Journal.

Generally.

Old nature oft is contrary,
Deal with her as you may;
The man who talks the most is he
That has the least to say.
—Chicago News.

The Jap as He Sees Himself. The Jap as He Is.

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

A Normal Woman.

Jinks—What a foolish question! Of course my wife objects to my smoking!

Filkins—Why, how could I know?

Jinks—You ought to be well enough acquainted with me to know that I would not have married an eccentric woman.—N. Y. Journal.

Getting His Eyens.

She—What do you mean by circulating the report that I live a hand-to-mouth existence. How dare you?

He—Well, that was the way it seemed to me. Whenever I call on you, you put in most of the time yawning.—Indianapolis Journal.

Thoughtless Girl.

"Didn't Miss Sprocket's father die last month?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"Why, the unfeeling creature never has had the decency to have the frame of her bicycle painted black."—Chicago Post.

A Fitting Head.

"What sort of a head shall I put on this story about the fellow who was tarred and feathered?" asked the new reporter.

"How will 'He was a bird' do?" suggested the court man.—Philadelphia North American.

Mean Thing.

Miss Chatter—I knew you would be here to-day to see sister.

Mr. Cuddler (interrog.)—Intuition?

Miss Chatter—No—observation. You always appear on the same day that Ethel refuses onions at dinner.—Judge.

A Word of Warning.

In buying diamonds, let's not haste,
But watch lest dealers trick us,
For oh, they have some made of paste
With which they love to stick us.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Reads That Way.

"I didn't know that Deacon Good committed suicide."

"He didn't. Who said so?"

"This obituary says that 'he walked fearlessly down into the dark river.'" —Chicago Record.

Caught at Last.

She—I've been trying to catch that Mr. Huggins in an untruth, and I believe I've done it.

He—Well, you ought to be happy; you've been trying to catch him for a good many years.—Yonkers Statesman.

Mamma's Numerous Duties.

Little Dot—Mamma! Mamma!

Mamma (in next room)—What?

Little Dot—My kittie has caught a mouse, and she acts hungry. Please come and cook it for her.—N. Y. Weekly.

NO ROOM FOR DOUBT.

Uncle Fatenough—Why don't Willie come and sit on uncle's knee?—N. Y. Journal.

Offered in Evidence.

Judge (to plaintiff in divorce)—You say this woman induced you to marry her while you were intoxicated, do you?

Plaintiff—Look at her, your honor, and judge for yourself.—Harlem Life.

Evidence of Prosperity.

Dumley—Has Mrs. Soursweet been successful as a boarding-house keeper?

Grumley—I should say so. She owns a prune orchard.—N. Y. World.

In Chicago.

"I wish a pair of rubbers."

"What displacement, miss?"—N. Y. Truth.

TEMPERANCE.

WHAT OPENED PAT'S EYES,

Built Drinking After Trying to Harness a Cow.

A coachman, fond of strong drink, replied to his master's warning that he knew when to stop, and none should ever see him drunk. Christmas came soon after, and Pat drank freely with some friends. At night he was ordered by his employer to bring an old horse and buggy to the door.

"Go and see what's the matter with Pat," said the gentleman to his little son. "I ordered him to bring a buggy to the door nearly half an hour ago."

"Oh, papa, come and see what Pat is doing," said the lad a few minutes later, as he rushed in almost bursting with laughter. "He wants you to come out."

Going to the coach house, the owner saw the coachman in great excitement trying to force a horse collar over the head and horns of an old Jersey cow that stood quietly before the buggy. The Irishman had already put on some

"HER AERS ARE AS SUTIFF AS SHTICKS."

of the harness, and tried in vain to put the collar in place. Said he, as the owner appeared: "Her aers are as shtiff as shticks, and Oi can't make the collar go over thim."

"Don't try any more, but put her back in the stall, then go to bed yourself," responded the owner. "When you can't tell the difference between an old horse and a Jersey cow, you are too drunk to work."

The next morning, sober and humble, Pat begged his employer's pardon, and said that he had taken too much Christmas the day before; so did not know what he was about. Then he added:

"Whin a man don't know an old harse from a Jersey cow, thin he don't know whin he's got enough whisky; and it's toime for him to stop. That's what Oi mane to do."

From that day, nearly five years ago, Pat has let whisky and strong drink alone. He is now a faithful temperance man.—Wind Gap Dispatch.

DRUNKENNESS IN ENGLAND.

Immoderate Drinking Said to Be Prevalent Among the Upper Ten.

Interesting figures have been furnished in the report just issued of the inspector of inebriates' retreats, of London. They show that the effect of legislative intercession to reform drunkards is a machinery which is still experimental and wholly inadequate. About one-third of those entering these retreats are entirely cured. The largest retreat, the Dalrymple home, at Rickmansworth, reports that out of 442 cases discharged, subsequent reports show that 149 are doing well, 24 have improved, 31 are dead, 4 are insane, and 164 have not improved. The other cases were not traced.

The report of the inspector contends that the number of habitual drunkards in England society is greatly underestimated and adds:

"Immoderate drinking, though frightfully common among the industrial classes, is still more prevalent among the upper ten."

Continuing, the report says:

"It is also certain that among women of all classes drunkenness is increasing rapidly. Out of the 442 cases mentioned above, (at the Dalrymple home,) 101 were university men, 316 were well educated, 235 were married, and the others were widowers or bachelors. In 228 cases, sociability caused the downfall, ill-health caused the downfall in 36 cases, and overwork caused the downfall in 32 cases. In 55 per cent. of the cases the excess was traceable to predisposing hereditary indications."

Unfair to the Beast.

Leigh Hunt says with truth: "We cannot but remark how unfairly the animal creation are treated with reference to the purpose of moral example. We degrade or exalt them as it suits the lesson we desire to inculcate. If we rebuke a drunkard or a sensualist, we think we can say nothing severer to him than to recommend him not to make a 'beast of himself,' which is very unfair toward the beasts, who behave themselves as nature intended."

States Her Views.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward, in a recent number of McClure's Magazine, makes the following terse statement as to her views on the liquor question: "I believe that the miseries consequent on the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors are so great as to command imperiously the attention of all dedicated lives; and that, while the abolition of American slavery was numerically first, the abolition of the liquor traffic is not morally second."

Condemn Use of Alcohol.

Morgan county (W. Va.) teachers' institute passed the following resolution before adjournment recently:

"Resolved, That as a body of teachers we condemn the use of alcohol and tobacco by the teachers, and we also condemn the habit of those male teachers who sit in the school-room with their hair parted in the middle and their pants in their boot tops."

THE END OF TOWSER.

A Dissipated Dog Killed on the Railway While Under Influence of Beer.

"Towser," the tramp dog, who was known to almost every East St. Louisan, is no more. He met his death the other afternoon beneath the wheels of a switch engine near the relay depot, East St. Louis. His remains were buried on the lot east of the Martell house.

"Towser" was about seven years old and was a confirmed drunkard. He was well known to every saloonkeeper in East St. Louis and especially to the saloonists on the island. He drifted into East St. Louis from some point, no one is sure of the place, and made his home among the switchmen and railroad men that congregate in the railroad yards in East St. Louis. He was then quite young. One evening, as some of the men were drinking beer after their day's work, it was suggested that the dog be given a taste. An old can was procured and some of the beer poured in. The dog smelled it, tasted it, and in a few seconds had lapped it up. He then looked up at the men with pleading eyes that seemed to say: "I would like to have some more." He was given more and since then has always demanded his share of the beer. At times the men would ignore the dog's whines, and then he would jump in the air and bark until he received his drink. He also insisted upon getting a drink out of each can, and as a result was frequently drunk. He had a small can that one of the machinists made for him, out of which he drank his beer. This can he was taught to hide and get when the beer time came.

He soon learned to go to the saloons for his beer, and when thirsty would disdainfully turn from water if it were offered him, and go to a saloon. He was very friendly to the barkeepers and they in turn always gave him all of the malted liquor he wanted. For the last year he has been on one continual spree. At times he would even drink whisky.

The other afternoon, after making the rounds of several saloons and getting more beer than he could stand, he wended his way to where he thought he would meet some of his old railroad friends who would take care of him until he sobered up. Crossing the tracks at the relay depot he did not notice a swiftly approaching switch engine. He was in the center of the tracks before he became aware that there was such a thing on earth as an engine. It was then too late. The wheels of the engine passed over "Towser's" body, cutting him in two. Some of the switchmen gathered up the dog's remains and buried them later in the evening.—St. Louis Republic.

DRINK AND INSANITY.

Some Significant Remarks in a Report by Dr. Clouston.

Dr. Clouston, in his last report, makes the following very significant remarks: He speaks of nature cutting off bad stock "by killing it off in early life through mental or bodily defects." And then he says: "There were cases where the evil treatment of a man's brain by himself brought on pathological changes that no curative measures could cope with;" and as an illustration he speaks of a man pouring "such an amount of alcohol into his blood that it kept up a morbid stimulus and irritation, and his brain-cells and blood-vessels got charged thereby." The evil effects of this could be seen after death, "but by-and-by he hoped to see such damaging effects of alcohol on the brain demonstrable by teachers of schools and by preachers of social reform, so that he who runs may read, and all men and women may know them clearly in early life." Turning to the statistics of the year, and the facts they bring to light, he says: "One of the most striking facts was the universal prevalence of drink in both sexes." In seeking a cause he asks: "Can it be that the hard winter of 1894-95 made work scarce and drink unattainable, while the open winter and good trade of 1895-96 made money plentiful and drink very attainable?" He feared it was the common experience that "we had in our cities a large class whose self-control was small and whose brain stability was not great, so that prosperity to them always meant self-indulgence, and self-indulgence meant to some of them an attack of alcoholic insanity and the asylum."—Journal of Inebriety.

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

It takes 2,000,000 boys every generation for raw material for the saloons.

The saloon keepers of Toronto are not allowed to become members of the city council.

Buffalo has a prohibition priest, Rev. Father George Zurcher, pastor of the St. Joseph's Catholic church.

There are said to be between 4,000 and 5,000 places within a radius of ten miles of New York city hall that are selling liquor without a state license.

In Warren, Pa., the druggists propose to close all their stores except one on Sunday. Each of the stores will have a Sunday in turn, while the others will give their employes a rest.

The license court of Philadelphia, Pa., has decided that under the Brooks law it is illegal for a saloon keeper to hold stock in a brewery, or for a brewer to hold or own any interest in a retail liquor license.

Mayor Edward F. Winkler, of Belleville, Ill., was arrested on September 8 charged with malfeasance in office, consisting in issuing a license contrary to law for pool selling at the St Clair county fair. The fair officials and directors and the pool sellers were also arrested.

It has been decided by the commissioner of internal revenue that figs are not berries, and, as a consequence, the Tenney Canning company, of Fresno, Cal., although allowed to pay the tax on and sell a distillation, will not hereafter be permitted to make brandy from figs.

FARM AND GARDEN.

NEW MEAT FREEZER,

A Successful Process Devised by Two New Zealand Inventors.

One of the limitations of the export frozen meat business, which has assumed such large proportions in Australia and New Zealand, is the liability to what is known as "bone stink," or decaying marrow. This trouble is universal and damages a great deal of meat. In hot climates it is found exceedingly difficult to freeze meat, as the carcasses cannot be cooled entirely of the latent animal heat before putrefaction sets in. It is also found that if freezing is commenced before this heat is got rid of the cold on the outside concentrates the heat inward to

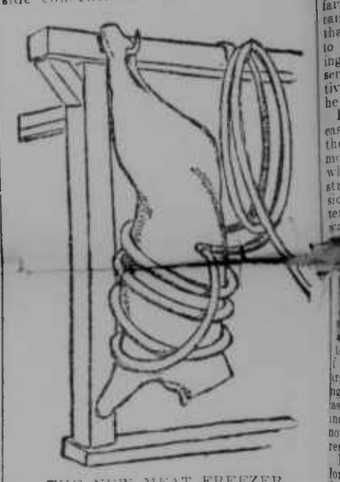

THE NEW MEAT FREEZER.

the bone, so that while there is a shell of frozen, and, therefore, well-preserved meat on the outside, the inner portion near the bones is not frozen. As the freezing process goes on this heat is driven further inward, and this is the cause of all the trouble. To overcome this difficulty two New Zealand inventors have devised a method of freezing the meat from the center so that the heat is driven outward.

The apparatus consists of a hollow steel shaped like the scabbard of a sword, but divided internally from the hilt to near the point by a steel partition. The brine or other freezing agent enters this from the supply pipe through the tube to the hilt of the instrument, passes up one side to the point, returns down the other, then passes out through the second tube to the exhaust pipe and is returned to the refrigerator to be recooled. Sometimes this steel is inserted in the bones themselves, and so reaches the center of the meat; and in other cases alongside the bones. To withdraw the instrument the freezing agent is cut off by a triple cock, and a warm fluid passed through in its place, which instantly releases the adhesion between the blade and the meat.—Chicago Record.

THE MOLTING PERIOD.

Time of the Year When Hens Require Close Attention.

The greatest care must be taken to keep fowls in good condition during the molting season. It is a drain on their vital powers to furnish the material for a full coat of new feathers. There is apt to be a laxity of attention to their feeding during this period on account of their cessation of laying, when in fact there should be more care taken. It is a good plan to select all the fowls that it is desired to winter or keep for breeding, and market the balance. This will cut down the expense of the molting season. Hens which will molt early, if they are in good condition and comfortably housed, will nearly always make the best winter layers, while the later molters will rarely lay until spring. These latter should have a place where they can keep warm and dry, and be given an abundance of nutritious food.

The period of molting may be shortened by careful attention and a supply of food rich in muscle, bone and feather-forming materials rather than fat-making foods. Always provide pure, fresh water and keep the quarters clean. Wheat, oats, linseed meal, bone meal, meat scraps and fresh ground bones make better food at this time than corn or anything that may be considered a fattening ration. While it may not be best to feed the chickens all they will eat, in nearly all cases liberal feeding and the supplying of a good variety will be found the most desirable thing to do. The hens need to take sufficient exercise to be healthy.—Feather.

A MALIGNANT ENEMY.

Why the Bee Moth Should Be Fought with Utmost Vigor.

Bees are capable of taking care of themselves, under ordinary circumstances, if the colonies are strong, but if they become weak in numbers and the food supply diminished towards the starvation point, owing to an unfavorable season, or for any other causes, the enemies of the little workers find access and encroach upon all that remains. The bee moth is one of the enemies most to be dreaded. These insects may be seen flying about in the evening and are attracted by the light of a lamp or candle and may be destroyed to some extent by making a lighted trap. If not carefully guarded against, they will deposit their eggs in favorable conditions about the hives which soon hatch out a brood of worms. These worms form the pupa or chrysalis state, by inclosing themselves in a silky web which may be found about the empty combs and the joints of the hives, ready when the time comes to again change to the butterfly stage of transformation. These insect enemies of the bee should be destroyed, if possible, whenever any evidence of their presence appears.—Farmers' Union.

A CHILD'S RECOVERY

om Paralysis and Six Years of Convulsions.

ttle Fannie Adams, of Umatilla, Cured of a Dreadful Malady—A Cure of Unusual Interest—A Reporter Investigates.

From the Lake Region, Eustis, Fla.

For some time past the Lake Region has been receiving reports from Umatilla, Fla., of an almost miraculous cure that had been effected in the case of Fannie Adams, a daughter of A. J. Adams, of that place, and last Saturday a representative of this paper made a trip to Umatilla for the purpose of determining the authenticity of the same.

The family live a short distance from the city, where it was found that the people were cognizant of the cure which had been effected, and were rejoicing with the family in their new found happiness. The father, A. J. Adams, is a hard working honest farmer from east Tennessee, and the family came to Florida four years ago in the hope that a change of climate would be of benefit to their afflicted child. Much of their earnings have gone for doctors' bills, whose services proved unavailing. The representative was greeted by Mrs. Adams, from whom he gained the story of her great trial.

Fannie, the youngest child, was born in east Tennessee, and was seven years old on the third day of February, 1897. When ten months old she was stricken with paralysis, which affected the entire left side. This stroke of paralysis was followed by convulsions, and from the time little Fannie was ten months old until February, 1897, there was scarcely a single day or the most distressing hour or four, and sometimes as high as one day.

The family was all broken down with [illegible] and Mrs. Adams states that for one year she did not go into her kitchen to superintend her household work. All the fingers of the right hand of the little girl are enlarged and misshapen, caused by her biting them during the fearful suffering. The case baffled the skill of the best physicians, and they were frank to say that they could not determine the cause, or prescribe a remedy to aid the afflicted child.

But what a change now in that household. But what a change has recently been released from little Fannie's six years of agony, which brings the light of happiness to the faces of the parents.

In January, this year, Mrs. Adams, who had purchased some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People for her fourteen year old daughter, determined to try their effect upon little Fannie. After three or four doses, she noted an improvement and she then told the father what she had done. He at once went to the village and bought another box, and up to this time six boxes have been used. The first pills, Mrs. Adams states were given in January, the latter part, and certainly not earlier than the fifteenth or twentieth, and the child had her last convulsion on February 3d, nearly three month ago. Her general condition has improved in every way, and it was not a month after the first pills were taken when she began to walk without assistance.

The pills were bought at the drug store of Dr. Sheon, in Umatilla. In answer to the question, did he, to his personal knowledge, know that the remedy had benefited Fannie Adams, as was stated by her parents, the doctor said that he was a regular practicing physician, and as such was loth to recommend any proprietary medicine, but of he was ready to do justice to all, and he did know that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People had benefited Fannie Adams, and also volunteered the information that he knew of other children in the village who had been benefited by them.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

HER SCOLDING LOCKS.

She Tried to Oblige a Friend But She Got Angry About It.

Some people are absolutely devoid of tact. One of these is a youthful matron who, wishing to make her very dearest friend—another young matron—a birthday present, decided on the purchase of a handsome pair of shell side combs.

Nothing could have been more appropriate for the blonde tresses of her friend, and the giver felt much pleased with her selection when she went to call on her and give her the pretty ornaments.

"I thought you would like them," she said, when her friend had admired them and thanked her rapturously, "you will find them so handy to fasten up your scolding locks."

"What do you mean?" asked her friend, in a surprised tone.

"Did you never hear of scolding locks? They are the short ends of your hair that are always flying loose. They bother one so much, but side combs keep them in order, besides being very becoming ornaments."

"So you think I have scolding locks—then I must be a scold. Thanks, awfully, dear, but I don't believe I need any combs. Keep them for your own scolding outfit," and the face of the "dearest friend" clouded with anger.

"Very well, just as you like. Good-by, dear," and the donor of the combs snatched them up and carried them home, where she had a fit of hysterics. And all because she needed a little tact.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Trying to Defraud Her.

Horton—How is it that you always put on such a long face and talk so discouragingly when your wife happens to be present? And at other times you are the most enthusiastic—

Somer—I promised her away back last spring that I'd get her a new sealskin sacque this fall, if business picked up.—Cleveland Leader.

There Is a Class of People.

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Self Evident.

Miss Courtright—What do you think of a man who will marry a woman for money?

Mr. Spooner—All I can say is that such a fellow must be hard up.—Cleveland Leader.

None So Good as Star Tobacco.

The consumption of Star plug tobacco is the largest in the world. No other tobacco is so good as Star plug in all respects.

Not Surprising.

Forrester—How time does fly.

Lancaster—I don't blame it. Think how many people there are trying to kill it.—Harlem Life.

Sore all over and stiff. Cured all Over by St. Jacobs Oil, and supple.

The people who really know what love is are afraid to tell, for fear their knowledge will give away an unpleasant experience.—Atchison Globe.

Certainly it does. Truly, surely. St. Jacobs Oil cures rheumatism. Thousands know it.

TAKING CARE OF HIMSELF.

Jack Was Making Money in Ways of His Own Choosing.

"Why don't you give that son of yours a chance?" asked one business veteran of another. "He must inherit some of your superior business qualities and the time will come when you must have some one to look after your affairs. He can't manage them without the necessary training."

"Don't you suppose that I have canvassed the whole situation? I have let that boy handle a small fortune, and the results have been so unsatisfactory that I have given him formal notice to look out for himself."

"But he seems to have plenty of money."

"That's another thing I don't like. I have cut off his allowance, yet he lives well and never enters a complaint. Last spring I thought I would have to put up the office funds for want of ready cash. My collaterals were not available and creditors were pushing me. The boy walked into the office one afternoon when I was in the throes of despair, said: 'Things lookin' blue, governor?' laid down a certified check for $20,000 and walked out. I owe him that yet, but am holding it back till I can see that he needs it. When I gave him money to buy wheat and told him how the market was liable to go, he ignored my advice and bought millions of eggs; right in the midst of hot weather, mind you. On learning where they were stored I notified the health department and requested some of those in the vicinity to bring proceedings when the nuisance asserted itself. I learned incidentally afterward that he had a patent process for preserving eggs and cleared up a big pot of money. Wheat hadn't gone the way I predicted, but it was his business to do as I told him. Recently he made $15,000 at some shooting game. I don't know just what it was, but one of his friends said that Jack had taken a long shot as a horse and won. I hope the rascal had to pay for the horse."—Detroit Free Press.

He Raised the Wind.

The ship had lain becalmed in a tropical sea for three days. Not a breath of air stirred the mirror-like surface of the sea or the limp sails that hung from the yards like drapery carved in stone. The captain resolved to wait no longer. He piped up all hands on deck, and requested the passengers to also come forward. "I must ask all of you," he said, "to give me every match you have." Wonderingly the passengers and crew obeyed. The captain carefully arranged the matches in his hand as each man handed him his store, until all had been collected. Then he threw them all overboard but one, drew a cigar from his pocket, and, striking the solitary match on the mainmast, endeavored to light it. In an instant a furious gale swept over the deck, extinguished the match, and filled the sails, and the good ship Mary Ann sped through the waves on her course.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

If some one would find a remedy for the bad memories of debtors he would make a fortune.—Ram's Horn.

A girl wearing an organdie dress thinks she looks good enough to eat.—Washington Democrat.

Never strike a man when he's down—especially for a loan.—Chicago News.

"Swift Water Bill's" Bride.

Miss Gussie Lamore, formerly of Juneau, has made the most desirable marriage, from a pecuniary point of view. It is a fact that "Swift Water Bill" was so smitten with her charms that he called on Miss Lamore the day of her arrival. He wooed her with $50,000 of gold dust in a coal-oil can, and the next day she became "Mrs. Swift Water Bill." The man, whose real name is not known to any of the McKay party, came up the Klondike early in the rush. He did not have a dollar or enough grub for a square meal when he arrived. He located one of the richest claims, and is now a millionaire and a bridegroom. His claim is 13 Eldorado.—Alaska Cor. Chicago Chronicle.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Of Course Not.

Mr. Huggins—Isn't Miss Roxy a peach?

Miss Kittish—Yes, but she is not the only fruit in the orchard.—Detroit Free Press.

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package, FREE. Write to Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

How accommodating some men are to their wives when asked to do something they are dying to do anyway.—Washington Democrat.

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The F. F. V. playing card is better than any 50 cent card on the market. Send 15 cents for one deck or 25 cents for two decks (stamps or currency) to C. B. Ryan, Ass't Gen'l Pass'r Agt. C. & O. Ry., Cincinnati, O.

In Darkest Africa.

The Missionary—Here! Here! I'm shocked! What are you two fighting about?

The Combatants—Jonah an' de whale.—Puck.

REAL ESTATE
IN GARRETT COUNTY, MD.

Ay

pills stand without a medicine. They cure s constipation, and keep In many homes no Dr. J. C. Ayer's

Pi

Friday, October 29th, 1897,

AUSTIN BROWN, Sheriff.

DO YOU KNOW THAT THERE IS SCIENCE IN NEATNESS? BE WISE AND USE

SAPOLIO

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The Republican.

EDWARD H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1897.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

FOR COMPTROLLER:
PHILLIPS LEE GOLDSBOROUGH,
of Dorchester county.

FOR CLERK COURT OF APPEALS:
ALLAN RUTHERFORD,
of Montgomery county.

FOR STATE SENATOR:
ROBERT A. RAVENSCROFT.

FOR HOUSE OF DELEGATES:
GEORGE W. MOON.
WILLIAM H. JACOBS.

FOR SHERIFF:
W. PERRY LEE.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER:
MAHLON GLOTFELTY.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS:
EPHRAIM W. KELSO.
JOHN T. GEARY.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR:
FRANKLIN P. GREEN.

It was during the summer of 1893 that Edward Vereker and Evey, his friend's wife, began to be more than friends. He was staying with the Lancasters down in Surrey, in their pretty little red house on the edge of the pretty little blue river, and David was going up and down to London every day, because it was yet early and the various vacations and holidays had not begun. So he and she were left a good deal on one another's hands. Satan found mischief, not for those idle hands, but idle eyes, for that summer one's hands remained in one's lap, and it was too hot even to talk; but it is as easy to look at one's neighbor as to stare blankly into space, and eyes can do a great deal by themselves, take it altogether.

So these two sat in the shady garden under the big cedars and looked at one another for want of something better to do, and found the occupation suffice for all their needs.

Evey Lancaster was a good woman—by nature, not by art. I mean she was naturally good, and had not become so by trying very hard. She had been well brought up; she read decent books, and, therefore, only a few, and she meant every word of her share in the marriage service.

But alas! and alas! she was a woman, and a pretty one, and Edward Vereker was good-looking, and a man, though somewhat unusually moral and re-

---

VOTE the Republican ticket straight and do not trade.

IT IS unnecessory for the Republicans to trade at the election on Tuesday. Our majority is large enough to elect every Republican on the ticket without trading a man. Vote the ticket straight.

VOTE for Franklin P. Green for Surveyor. He is thoroughly competent. He has shown by the work he has done that he is conversant with the duties of his office. He has been a life-long Republican and is entitled to the support of every Republican.

Vote the ticket straight.

VOTERS of Garrett, remember that Mr. Getty, while Senator, voted for the laws increasing the compensation of officers and consequently increased the tax rate of our county. Are you opposed to this kind of legislation? If so, vote for Ravenscroft, Moon and Jacobs, which will be a vote for true economy.

WITH no principles that they are willing to profess, with no leaders that they are willing to acknowledge, with a record in city and State politics which cannot stand examination, is it any wonder that the Democrats are making a dark-lantern campaign? Thus speaks the Baltimore News (Democratic.)

ALL sorts of combinations have been tried by the Democrats in a vain endeavor to secure the promises of Republicans to vote for Mr. Getty, but his past record in public life is of such a character that the voters of the Republican party will not accede to the wily tones of the enemies of true government.

THE campaign being made by the Democrats in this the last hour of the canvass has narrowed down to boodle and whiskey. They have put out more than a thousand dollars in the county hoping thereby to gain some Republican votes, but the Republicans of Garrett county are made of sterner stuff and will refuse to be bribed.

VOTERS of Garrett, remember when you come to vote for a candidate for State Senator on Tuesday next that Wm. R. Getty, who is now asking you to elect him to that position, forced upon the tax payers of Garrett county bonds to the amount of $18,000 for the payment of a debt illegally contracted by an extravagant, incompetent and inefficient Democratic school board and that after the intelligent, honest citizens of the county had by a large majority repudiated it at the ballot box and refused to pay it.

VOTERS of Garrett, when you go to vote on Tuesday next think of the fact that with Dr. Ravenscroft in the Senate and Republican members in the House of Delegates during the past four years they secured for our schools appropriations amounting to more than $22,000. This exceeds any record in the history of our county. Are you in favor of justice to our schools? Then vote for the Republican Legislative ticket. The candidates on that ticket will continue the good and you will make no mistake.

Vote the ticket straight.

TAXPAYERS of Garrett, do not forget that the highest tax rate in our county ($1.58¾) was under a Democratic Board of County Commissioners. Are you in favor of a proper and economical expenditure of public money? If you are vote for Messrs. Kelso and Geary—men who have been highly successful in their own business affairs—men whose very name is a synonym for integrity and honesty. They will make efficient and capable County Commissioners in every sense of the word.

Wellington For the Ticket.

Senator Wellington in an authorized and correct interview published in the Baltimore *Sun* on Tuesday, October 26th, said:—"I cannot believe that the people of Maryland will reverse the tremendous majorities of 1895 and 1896 when they have this year two vital issues at stake instead of one, as in each of those two years. This year, by their vote, they are determined, first, whether the Gorman-Rasin ring is to be revived and again placed in possession of the State; and, secondly, whether Maryland is to be represented in the Senate of the United States by a man known to be absolutely for sound money.

"You may say for me that when the votes are counted on the second of November that Maryland will be found occupying the same position she did in 1896—safe in the sound-money column."

The Real Issues.

Machine orators may orate by the hour and scribblers scribble by the column in the effort to persuade the people to support their candidates, but they can't get away from the fact that Gorman and Rasin are behind these candidates; that Gorman and Rasin and all that they involve, are the real issues of the campaign. Which of these candidates will dare to repudiate them even now before the election? Not one. And if they will not do so now, when they are before the people asking for support, is it reasonable to suppose that they will do so after election, when they are safely installed in office and can defy the popular will? Nay, verily. Gorman, the opponent of ballot reform, the representative of machine rule and machine methods, and Rasin, his friend and partner, are the real issues of the campaign. A vote for their candidates is a vote for them. Let every man who desires better things in this state remember that.

FRIENDS of the public schools, the bulwark of our nation, when you go to vote on Tuesday do not forget this fact: That a Democratic School Board ran the schools of Garrett county $30,000 in debt. Of this debt $18,000 was by Mr. Getty, the Gorman candidate for State Senator, forced upon the tax payers of Garrett county after they had overwhelmingly voted it down. The remaining $12,000 **was paid by closing the schools. The school term of one half the voters of Garrett county to-day was shortened by these two acts. Will you endorse the action of Mr. Getty in this matter by now electing him to vote for Boss Gorman? We think not. Now is the time to arouse in the strength of your manhood and show Mr. Getty and the ring that you have not forgotten the terrible wrong you received from him in by gone days.**

In this connection do not forget that the present iniquitous, unequal and infamous distribution of the public school fund is a Democratic measure and that they have opposed laws looking to the remedy of this terrible evil, whilst Senator Ravenscroft, during his two terms, worked and voted for a bill which would have corrected this wrong.

THE Democratic leaders knowing the desperate straights they are in, knowing that the principles of their party are opposed to the prosperity of the people, the enemy of the best methods of government, remembering their defeats of 1895 and 1896, they are afraid to appeal to the enlightened manhood of our county and are conducting what they term a "still hunt" campaign, which in plain English parlance, is simply a campaign of misrepresentation, falsehood and boodle. It will not avail them however. The intelligent voters of our county cannot be deceived by such underhand methods. The people of Garrett know something of the nature of policies heretofore pursued by the Democrats. They know the record of the Democratic party on the money question and other equally important issues. The party is utterly void of consistency and no one is better acquainted with this fact than the leaders themselves, who to follow in the wake of Boss Gorman and his political wire pullers and lieutenants in Garrett county have only to be winked at to make them change from a rapid gold bug to the wiest free silver bugaboo in the land. And then Mr. Gorman himself changes quite as often as the chameleon. He is a man of many minds but of no solid ideas as to the government or welfare of the people. He is for Mr. Gorman. Mr. Getty is for Mr. Gorman. [illegible] in Mr. Gorman's hands as is the hands of an artisan, but this change of front will avail the Democrat in this their hour of affliction nothing. They are doomed and their hour is near.

A Few Questions.

Is it not a fact that Mr. Getty in 1874 and again in 1882 had laws enacted which increased the Democratic sheriff's fees about 33 per cent?

Is it not a fact also that in 1876 when we had a Democratic surveyor and Mr. Getty was a member of the Senate the surveyor's pay was increased from $4 to $5 per day?

In 1882 with Mr. Getty in the Senate and a Democratic crier of the court, was not the crier's pay increased from $2 to $3 per day?

In 1882 when we had a Democratic sheriff and the Democratic ring was looking about for plans for the faithful with Mr. Getty still in the Senate, was not a law enacted making provision for the appointment of a warden for the jail at the expense of the tax-payers?

Is it not a fact that when Mr. Getty (whom the *Democrat* would have us believe has been a regular "old watch dog" of the people's interests) in 1882, with a Democratic board of county commissioners elected, was not the *per diem* of the county commissioners increased from $2 to $3 and the mileage from 12½ cents one way over five miles to 8 cents mileage both ways? At the same time was not the salaries of the judges of the Orphans' Court increased from $3 to $3.50 per day, and their mileage increased from 6¼ cents over five miles to 8 cents mileage each way?

So we might continue to ask the voters of Garrett county other items taken from the records to prove that Mr. Getty has not been in the past very careful to have laws enacted in the interest of the tax-payers. These are a few samples of laws passed for the purpose of helping Democratic officials.

Talk of economy, of what Mr. Getty has done for our people to lighten the burden of taxation. The record does not show that Mr. Getty, the whilom friend of the people, was ever very strong along this line, does it? A vote for Ravenscroft, Moon and Jacobs is a vote for the true interests of the people, and is also a vote against Gorman, the man who voted for free wool.

Attention! Read!

Republicans of Garrett, were you right last fall when you voted for that grand representative American, William McKinley? Undoubtedly you were. Did you not feel proud of the magnificent majority you rolled up for honest money and protection? Of course you did, and you had cause to rejoice at the great victory you had won. But fellow Republicans do not forget the fact that a vote for our legislative ticket is a vote to help strengthen President McKinley **to help him carry out the policy you declared yourself in favor of last fall.** Ravenscroft, Moon and Jacobs will cast their ballot in the legislature for a United States Senator who will vote for the principles for which the Republicans fought the campaign of 1896—a Senator who will work and vote for protection and honest money.

If you vote for Getty, Michaels and Welch you vote against the principles for which you contended last fall. You vote for the re-election of Boss Gorman. You vote to endorse his votes for free wool, for free silver. You vote to perpetuate the worst system of political bossism the world has ever seen. The United States Senate should be in sympathy with the policy of President McKinley. Maryland has an opportunity now to send a man there who will help to carry out the principles of the Republican party—the principles that gives us good prices for our farm products; that gives prosperity to our people. Each voter of Garrett has a voice in this important election, which is not second even to that of last fall. Let each Republican do his whole duty by not only voting the ticket straight but to see to it that his Republican neighbor gets to the election. Vote for Ravenscroft, Moon and Jacobs, and thus continue the good work of last fall.

The Gorman and Rasin Road to Ruin.

The history of the Democratic party in Maryland during the past thirteen years, both in State and national elections, demonstrates that when the party was true to principle it commanded the support of a majority of the people. Its growth was steady and healthy as long as its administration of affairs was honest and efficient and its declarations were in harmony with the teachings of the founders of the democracy. In 1884 Mr. Cleveland received the electoral vote of the State upon a platform of principles which embodied the true democratic faith. His plurality over Mr. Blaine was 11,118, the vote standing as follows: Cleveland, 96,866; Blaine, 85,748. In Baltimore the democratic vote was, 24,288 and the republican 27,585. Four years later Mr. Cleveland was defeated, but Maryland was still in the democratic column. Mr. Cleveland received 106,168 votes, an increase of 9,302 over 1884. The republican vote had also grown, Mr. Harrison getting 99,986 votes, or 13,218 more than Mr. Blaine did in 1884. In 1892 democracy triumphed as never before. Mr. Cleveland was for the second time elected President, Maryland giving him a popular vote of 113,896, as against 92,737 for Mr. Harrison, a plurality of 21,159 over his opponent. The democratic vote of Baltimore had increased from 34,289 in 1884 to 51,098 in 1892, while the republican vote had also grown from 27,585 to 36,492.

From 1892 to 1896 the democratic leaders steadily forfeited the respect and confidence of the people. The party was entrapped into an abandonment of the principles of Jefferson, Jackson and Tilden and became saturated with populistic heresies. Tariff reform, civil-service reform and a sound currency system were repudiated, and then the people arose in their indignation and overwhelmed and repudiated the spurious democracy and its platform of populistic principles promulgated at the Chicago convention. Maryland, which in 1892 had given Mr. Cleveland a plurality of 21,159, over Mr. Harrison, in 1896 gave Mr. McKinley a plurality of 32,232, over Mr. Bryan. Baltimore, which four years before had given Mr. Cleveland 15,606 plurality over Mr. Harrison, gave Mr. McKinley 21,106 more votes than the candidate of the populistic democracy received.

In State affairs the decline of the Maryland democracy has been as sure and steady as in the broader field of national politics. In 1895 the people punished the iniquities and oppressions of the Gorman-Rasin ring by administering a crushing defeat to the State and city ticket nominated by the machine. In 1891 Governor Brown was elected by a plurality of over 30,000, but four years later Governor Lowndes, a republican, who received the support of thousands of democrats who would no longer tolerate the abuses of the ring, was elected and the bosses overthrown. He received 124,536 votes, as against 106,163 for Mr. Hurst. In Baltimore the vote was: Lowndes, 51,920; Hurst, 43,320. Mr. Williams, who was the democratic candidate for Mayor, also went down to defeat, the people being in no humor to discriminate between candidates and the influences which had placed them in nomination.

Next Tuesday the voters of Baltimore and of Maryland will have the opportunity to administer the finishing stroke to the Gorman Rasin ring. The registration this year in Baltimore is only a few hundred less votes than it was last year, and about 2,500 less than in 1895. It is large enough to insure the complete overthrow of Gorman and Rasin and their retirement to private life, where their malign influence will never again be felt in the democratic party. Then the Maryland democracy can return to the true faith and, under wiser and purer leadership, demonstrate its right to control the administration of affairs in State and city.—Balto. Sun.

NEXT Tuesday a large majority of the voters of Garrett county will cast their ballots in favor of sound money, a protective tariff and the entire Republican ticket. Why should they do otherwise? What would be gained by not doing so? Is there any sound reason for making a change? To-day we are enjoying the presence of general prosperity. Our farmers find a demand for their sheep and their cattle at good prices, and wool has a ready market at paying prices. Wheat, buckwheat, oats, corn, and potatoes have a profitable market. In this respect what a change has taken place. One year ago by our votes we elected a Republican president and a Republican congress. That vote meant something. Wool—American wool—was a drag on the market. All over the land manufacturing establishments were closed, and the mechanics and laboring men had no work. "Free trade and silver money," was the cry of would-be reformers. The Republican party said to the voters of the land, "Give us your suffrage and we will give you prosperity." The nation accepted the offer, and to-day we are in the midst of great prosperity.

Two years ago the Republican party promised certain reforms if placed in power. The election placed in power a Republican governor and legislature. Have these promises been kept? Yes, to the letter. It is astonishing how much has been accomplished in two years. One illustration only need be given to prove this. What an improvement in our public schools! The school term lengthened out from seven weeks to five and one-half months. Voters, just think of it. The last school term under Democratic administration was reduced to seven weeks. The Republican board is planning to increase the term to seven month or more. Again, under Republican administration we have free school books. Under Democratic administration free books were talked about, and that was all. All honor to a Republican legislature for this **blessing to our children. Who wants to go back to the old way of doing things?** A vote for Senator Ravenscroft and Messrs. Moon and Jacobs means greater advance in school privileges. They will see that no bonds are forced upon the tax-payers (as in former days) against their will.

What can we expect to gain by voting for a single Democrat and against a nominee of the Republican party? Take the ticket, name by name and compare it with the ticket put forth by the Democratic party, and you must admit the superiority of the Republican ticket. The nominees on the Republican ticket are worthy the support of each and every voter in Garrett county. The Democrats are making no public canvass—holding no public meetings throughout the county, but making a private canvass where they think they can sow seeds of discord and win a vote for their candidates, especially the candidates for the Senate and House of Delegates. If they could only elect them there is a chance for the old ring of Gorman, Getty & Co. But they are doomed to disappointment. The still hunt will not avail. Garrett county on November 2nd will speak in no uncertain tone, and the counting of the ballots will show a good majority for the entire Republican ticket. Let every Republican do his duty next Tuesday.

A Sad Death.

Miss Cora Brenneman, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joel Brenneman, of Bittinger, this county, died Saturday morning, October 23d, aged sixteen years, ten months and twenty-three days. The cause of her death is not generally known. She first complained of being sick on Tuesday night, and on Thursday Dr. Ravenscroft, of Accident, was called, but was unable to determine the fatal disease. The funeral took place on Sunday at 3 p. m., at the Bittinger church.

Cora was a bright and intelligent girl, and was loved and respected by all who knew her. She was a member of the Lutheran church, and a close follower of Christ. Shortly before she died she told her mother that all was well, and at the same time raising upon her knees in the bed, clasped her arms around her mother's neck and asked her to pray for her, and after repeating the Lord's prayer twice in loud, clear tones, she told her mother that she was "going to her Jesus," and quietly passed away. She leaves a large circle of relatives and friends who deeply mourn her loss, and may the bereaved family who so deeply mourn the loss of this loved one find comfort in her last words—that she is only gone to her Jesus to await their coming, and may God in his infinite mercy so guide and direct them in this life that they may meet their loved one where parting is known no more, is the prayer of the writer.

She is gone! She is gone!
Oh! how sad it must be,
To father and mother so dear;
But soon He will call you
Your daughter to see,
Be ready; the time may be near.

—C. A. WILT.

Fell to His Death.

Samuel Suter, one of the carpenters employed in the erection of the new school house at Crnnesville, had the misfortune to slip and fall from the roof of the building, early Wednesday morning, and sustained injuries from which he died a few moments later. The distance which the unfortunate young man fell was only about twenty-five feet, but when he slipped he was seen to lunge heavily forward and shoot like a catapult to the ground, striking head first with tremendous force. The man breathed only once or twice after he fell. An examination revealed the fact that the neck had been broken. Mr. Suter was son-in-law of our fellow-townsman, Mr. Zack Fleegle, and a short time ago was employed as wagon-maker in the shops of Elliott & Mason in the east end of town. Deceased leaves a wife to mourn her great loss and for whom a great deal of sympathy is manifested. Mr. Suter was aged about 30 years. *Terra Alta Oracle.*

The remains of the young man was sent to Hoyes his former home, last Thursday and interred.

Another Medal.

H. Weber and Sons, of Oakland, were awarded a medal of merit for their new rose, "Mrs. Robert Garrett," at the American Institute floral exhibition in New York; also first prize for best and largest collection of carnations and first and second prizes for chrysanthemums at same show. They will disseminate the new rose next spring.

GARRETT CAMPAIGN.

Large and Enthusiastic Meetings in Different Sections of the County.

The last week of the campaign in Garrett has been a lively one amongst the Republicans, meetings having been held in all the principal towns of the county.

Last Saturday night, the Democrats having become tired of the still hunt they have been carrying on throughout this campaign, held a meeting in Offutt's hall in Oakland with the hope no doubt of capturing the crowd that had come to town to attend the Republican meeting held in Shartzer's Opera House the same night, but this scheme was a miserable failure there being present at the Democratic meeting by actual count but thirty-five voters whilst at the Republican meeting the large building was packed almost to the doors. Long before the hour set for the Republican meeting a large crowd gathered in front of the opera house and when the band marched up after parading through the principal streets this crowd was considerably augmented. The meeting was the largest ever held in Oakland by any political party and was enthusiastic throughout. Addresses were made by Messrs. Benj. A. Richmond and A. A. Doub, of Cumberland, and Gen. Lee Fairchild, of Frostburg. Mr. Richmond was the first speaker. His address covered an hour and a half and was a masterly review of the present political conditions which now confront the voters of the county and State.

Mr. A. A. Doub made Mr. Gorman and his letter published last week throughout the State, the basis of a forcible speech.

Gen. Lee Fairchild made the closing address and at once captured his audience. He made some telling points in favor of sound money and a protective tariff; held the Democracy responsible for the past three or four years' hard times. Gen. Fairchild is quite a humorist which was brought into play all through his address. All the speakers were liberally applauded and the meeting was very enthusiastic. Col. A. G. Sturgiss presided.

Besides the meeting held in Oakland on Saturday night an enthusiastic and well attended meeting was held at Bloomington on Friday night. The speakers were Hon. David E. Dick, of Lonaconing; Senator Ravanscroft and Mr. John Shartzer.

At Blaine on the same night a largely attended meeting was addressed by Messrs. Julius C. Renninger, of Oakland, and Merritt Wilson, of Wilson.

Monday night at Crellen Mr. James Whitehouse, of Baltimore, and Mr. John Shartzer, of Oakland, addressed the people there. This meeting was quite well attended.

At Swanton on Tuesday night, the meeting like other meetings the Republicans have been holding throughout the county, was a decided success. The ladies had decorated the hall with flags, evergreens, the pictures of President McKinley and Gov. Lowndes. Mr. A. F. George, in calling the meeting to order, gave a short but pointed address, at the close of which he announced the following as officers of the meeting: President, Wm. W. Sweet; vice presidents, J. R. Harshberger, Thomas Rhoades, A. G. Tasker and J. R. Glass; secretaries, Josiah G. Friend and Chas. T. Sweet. Mr. Sweet introduced Mr. Fred A. Thayer who made an address bristling with facts. Mr. Thayer as followed by Mr. James Whitehouse, of Baltimore, who is well known to the people of this county. Mr. Whitehouse made one of his characteristic addresses. The audience showed by its close attention and unbounded enthusiasm that they were doing some thinking for themselves on the important issues in this campaign. The Republicans, aided by the independent Democrats of this district, will give a good majority against Gorman on Nov. 2nd.

Last night at Bittinger a very enthusiastic meeting was addressed by Mr. Whitehouse, Senator Ravenscroft and Edward H. Sincell.

ORDER NISI.

George P. White vs. Joseph C. Alderson.
No. 877 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 23d day of October, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported by George P. White, mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 20th day of November, 1897, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 20th day of November, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2,—.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 3t

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

George J. Spiker et al. vs. Mary Friend.
No. 830 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Maryland.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Mary Friend to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before the 6th day of November, 1897, as I will on that day proceed to state an audit distributing the funds in the hands of Gilmor S. Trimble, attorney.

EDWARD H. SINCELL, Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Archibald C. Biggs vs. Jane Biggs.
No. 823 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Maryland.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Jane Biggs to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county on or before the 28th day of October, 1897, as I will on that day proceed to state an audit distributing the funds in the hands of James C. Peddicord, trustee.

3t-4d EDWARD H. SINCELL, Auditor.

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conneway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Glessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

George Crim is visiting friends in Washington.

Mr. D. M. Mason was in Baltimore last Tuesday on business.

The young son of Rev. and Mrs. S. M. Engle is dangerously ill.

Miss Alice Kepner went to Cumberland Tuesday to visit her sister, Mrs. Alvin Getty.

Mrs. George O. Miller and Mrs. Susie and Mamie Miller returned from Baltimore last Saturday evening.

Messrs. B. W. Wright and E. C. W. Ryland, both of Friendsville, were in Oakland on a business trip Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Naylor and family have returned from a visit to relatives in Berkeley county, West Va.

A serious freight wreck occurred near Piedmont, W. Va., yesterday afternoon delaying trains an hour or more.

Mr. Wm. A. Sturgiss went to Washington Sunday where he will spend a week or two on a visit to relatives and friends.

Mr. W. P. Kidd, of Baltimore, was in Oakland several days this week looking up business and circulating among his many friends.

In Cumberland last week a marriage license was issued to John T. Streets, of Frostburg, and Jennie Cheney, of Westernville.

Miss Anna Jordon, of Kingwood, who has been on a visit to Mrs. S. C. Smith, for two weeks, returned to her home this morning.

Mrs. Jean Tucker, of Washington, D. C., will lecture on health to ladies on Thursday and Friday at 7.30 p. m., in Offutt's Hall. Seats free. 1t

Girl wanted for general house work; good cook and must be well recommended; $3 per week. Address Mrs. John H. Riley, Elkins, West Va. 1

Don't nauseate your stomach with teas and bitter herbs, but regulate your liver and sick headache by using those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

Burning, itching skin diseases instantly relieved by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, unequalled for cuts, bruises, burns. It heals without leaving a scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mrs. Kemphfer, an aged lady residing with her son-in-law, Mr. David Welling, in Oakland, suffered a stroke of paralysis last Monday and is in a critical condition.

Vim, vigor and victory:—these are the charisties of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, billiousness and all stomach and liver troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Messrs. Benj. A. Richmond and A. A. Douh, of Cumberland, who spoke here at the Republican meeting Saturday night, returned to Cumberland Sunday morning.

Farmers, take your potatoes to Dixon & Kelso; they will pay the highest price in cash or trade. 31-3

Mr. J. M. Crane, of Kingwood, on his way to Washington to spend the winter, stopped in Oakland over Sunday with friends.

Just received at Dixon & Kelso's car feed, flour. The best hog feed on earth to sell cheap. Also car corn. 2t

Clerk of the Circuit Court E. Z. Tower returned on last Thursday night from his visit to Chicago, his trip home having been hastened because of his office duties.

"They don't make much fuss about it." We are speaking of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous Little pills for constipation, billiousness, and all stomach and liver troubles. They never gripe. Oakland Pharmacy.

Dr. Chas. W. Baldwin, president of the Mountain Lake Park Association, and Mr. L. T. Yoder, of Pittsburg, one of its directors, were in Oakland Tuesday afternoon a few hours.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Ross, of Oakland, attended the funeral of Mrs. Ross's brother at Hoyes last Thursday, who was killed at Cranesville, West Va., the day before.

Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Wilson, who were on a visit to friends and relatives in Ohio, returned to Oakland this morning and drove to their home in Wilson this afternoon.

It heals everything except a broken heart, may be said of DeWitt Witch Hazel Salve. Piles and rectal diseases, cuts, burns, bruises, tetter, eczema and all skin troubles may be cured by it quickly and permanently. Oakland Pharmacy.

Yesterday afternoon Harold, the little son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Harned, was walking along Alder street with its mother when a vicious horse, hitched to the platform, caught the little boy by the arm with its teeth, bruising the flesh very seriously.

The Oakland flouring mill is now in good shape to make you good buckwheat flour and plenty of it. Don't fail to call and bring your grain. Mr. E. O. Dudley has charge and will treat you right. The Oakland Mills, Oakland, Md. 30-13.

There is a time for everything; and the time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait until you have consumption but prevent it by using One Minute Cough Cure, the great remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Thompson, formerly of Kearney but now residing at Garrett, Pa., were on a visit to relatives in this county last week. They returned to their home Monday morning.

Garthright wants one thousand bushels of potatoes, five tons buckwheat flour, for which he will pay the highest market prices, cash or trade. Just received, one car the best spring wheat flour made, which will be sold under the usual price. Stock of ladies' and gents' underwear, dress goods and clothing never so complete. Has over five hundred pairs of felts and gums, lumberman's overs and stockings, and ladies' and gents' arctics, from which to select cheaper than ever offered before. Entire stock is complete in all departments. 39-2t.

A new time table will go into effect on the B. & O. on Sunday, November, 14th.

John Sweeney, whose narrow escape from being suffocated by escaping gas in a Washington hotel last week, is still in a rather critical condition. He has lost the use of his right leg and consequently has to move around on crutches.

Mrs. Sarah M. Miller was on last Monday, by a decree passed by Judge Sloan sitting at Cumberland, granted a divorce from her former husband, George W. Miller. The grounds of divorce were cruelty of treatment on his part and failure to properly support his wife and family.

Mr. Jerry Browning, who went to Baltimore a week or two ago to resume his position on the street railway, returned to Oakland last night and will remain until after the election.

Mr. Henry Weber, sr., who was seriously injured two weeks ago by a heavy piece of timber falling across his lower limbs, is improving slowly but is still unable to walk without the aid of crutches.

A pain in the chest is nature's warning that pneumonia is threatened. Dampen a piece of flannel with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bind over the seat of pain, and another on the back between the shoulders, and prompt relief will follow. Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Mr. Joseph T. Glotfelty, of near Glasgow, Montana, arrived in Oakland last week, and will probably remain with friends and relatives in this county during the winter. Mr. Glotfelty went west a number of years ago and engaged in the stock business.

Last Saturday afternoon the camp of the State boundary line surveyors was moved from near Cranesville to a point about five miles northwest of that town. The work is progressing very rapidly and will probably be finished by the latter part of next week.

"I crave but One Minute," said the public speaker in a husky voice; and then he took a dose of One Minute Cough Cure, and proceeded with his oratory. One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled for the throat and lungs. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. James Whitehouse, of Baltimore, came up to Oakland Monday and will stump the county with the Republican speakers this week. Mr. Whitehouse is well and favorably known throughout the county and we have no doubt he will be greeted by large audience in the towns where meetings are yet to be held.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Fairchild, of Frostburg, who came up to Oakland Saturday to attend the Republican meeting, remained in town until Monday morning. Both are very pleasant and winsome persons and made numerous friends in town during their short stay.

Invitations have been issued announcing the coming marriage of Miss Carrie Browning, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Browning, of near Oakland, to Mr. Joseph T. Glotfelty, of Glasgow, Montana. The wedding will take place at noon, on Tuesday, Nov. 9th, at the home of the bride-elect.

A young man from Oakland Md., caused quite a sensation at the B. & O. depot Tuesday noon. He was drunk, and hence not accountable for his acts. He walked through the coaches of the Chicago express, threatening danger to the peaceful passengers, who called Officer Devny to arrest him, which was done. He paid the City Treasurer $7 for his ten minutes' fun.—Meyersdale Commercial.

Mrs. Lou Thayer Waters, of Clarksburg, is in Oakland on a visit to her brother and sister. She will remain here a week or ten devs. Mrs. Waters carried off three prizes at the Clarksburg fair last week, having taken the premiums for cucumber and cauliflour pickle and tomato preserves. "Miss Lou" knows a thing or two besides teaching "young America how to shoot."

Two or three burglars entered Major Alderson's house at Mountain Lake Park between 10 and 11 o'clock last Tuesday night. They went through every room in the house except the one occupied by the mother of Major Alderson. The burglars tore open dressers and closets, but secured nothing of value. Such miscreants should be hunted down and all housekeepers put on their guard.

Those who believe chronic diarrhoea to be incurable should read what Mr. P. E. Grisham, of Gaars Mills, La., has to say on the subject, viz.: "I have been a sufferer from chronic diarrhoea ever since the war and have tried all kinds of medicines for it. At last I found a remedy that affected a cure and that was Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea remedy." This medicine can always be depended upon for colic, cholera morbus, dysentery and diarrhoea. It is pleasant to take and never fails to effect a cure. 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

John Griffin, of Zanesville, O., says: "I never lived a day for thirty years without suffering agony, until a box of Witch Hazel Salve cured my piles." For piles and rectal troubles, cuts, bruises, sprains, eczema and all skin troubles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. Oakland Pharmacy.

Croup Quickly Cured.

MOUNTAIN GLEN, Ark.—Our children were suffering with croup when we received a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It afforded almost instant relief.—F. A. THORNTON. This celebrated remedy is for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Among the Churches.

The services at St. Peter's Catholic church, Rev. F. A. B. Wunnenberg, pastor, for the week beginning Sunday next will be as follows: Sunday services, low mass and communion, 7:30 a. m.; high mass and sermon, 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.; vespers and benediction, 3.30 p. m. Week day services, mass every day at 7.30 a. m.; services first Friday of every month, 7.30 p. m. A cordial welcome extended to all.

Robbery at Swanton.

Last night the store of Mr. Chas. S. May, at Swanton, was robbed of about $500 worth of merchandise. It is supposed that the goods were hauled away in a wagon. The entrance to the store was effected through the front door of the building. There is no clue to the robbers.

Church News.

All Saints and All Souls day will occur on next Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 1st and 2nd, will be celebrated in St. Peter's Catholic church. Services on All Saints Day at 6.30 and 9 a. m. Mass for the dead will be said on All Souls Day at 8.30 a. m. All are invited to attend these services.

In St. Mark's Ev. Latheran church there will be preaching at 10.30 o'clock. Immediately after the service there will be a congregational meeting. Every member of the church is requested to be present as there are a number of matters of great importance to attend to.

In St. Matthew's church services will be held on Sunday at 4.30 p. m.

Ready for Winter.

You will find a complete line of men's, women's and children's underwear, blankets, comforts, flannels, yarns, skirts, hoods, facinators, mittens and everything to make you comfortable for winter. Cheap and good. 35-3t S. L. TOWNSHEND & SON.

Fire at Loch Lynn Heights.

Last Friday morning fire destroyed two dwelling houses at Loch Lynn Heights. Both buildings were unoccupied and were owned by Mr. J. L. Burley. The loss was covered by insurance.

Barn Burned Near Crellin.

Yesterday morning about day break the large barn on Mr. Frank Ashby's farm near Crellin, was burned to the ground, along with its contents, consisting of hay, grain, harness, farming implements, etc., entailing a loss of from $800 to $1,000, with no insurance. The origin of the fire is a mystery as Mr. Ashby had been to the barn less than fifteen minutes before the flames broke through the roof, and it is supposed that a tramp set fire to the building.

Would Ball the Bay.

A Cranesville correspondent writes to the Terra Alta *Oracle* as follows:

"The State line surveyors are surveying this section, and it is causing quite an extensive debate, and should the new line be ratified it will give the new school house to Maryland. As far as the writer is concerned, he would rather live in Maryland than in West Virginia, since he would not have to be in the road penitentiary two days every year, nor would he have to pay more than an 8 mills tax instead of 19 mills, as here in West Virginia. People may criticise me for speaking thus, but nevertheless it is "the whole truth and nothing but the truth," and the bosses will have it to swallow, however bitter the pill."

Henry Watson Children's Aid Society.

Last Friday Mr. William C. Palmer, representing the above society, was in Oakland and succeeded in establishing a local aid society, whose duty it will be to look after all destitute children in this section of the state. The aim of the society is to place such children in carefully selected homes where they will receive the proper attention. The society is purely benevolent in its operations and is entirely non-sectarian, as such it appeals strongly to the sympathies of Christain people generally.

The local society is formed of the following gentlemen, with Rev. William Brayshaw as president: Messrs. Fred A. Thayer, Edward H. Sincell, Gilmor S. Hamill, Daniel E. Offutt, John Shartzer, Wm. H. Chadderton, C. M. Miller, Chas. S. Davis and Benj. F. Crane.

Selbysport.

Prof. E. J. Stuck is busily engaged in digging a cellar under his house.

Mrs. Ellen Glotfelty, of Elk Lick, Pa., is visiting friends and relatives here.

H. M. Frazee and wife have just returned from the city of Pittsburg where they purchased a very large stock of fall and winter goods of all kinds and varieties.

Mr. Jonas Frazee is visiting his mother. Jonas is a hustler and has many friends here.

G. W. Frazee is about done husking his large crop of corn.

N. L. Selby, one of Garrett county's rising young teachers, is teaching at Mill Run this winter.

Thomson Grove, of this place, has just returned from a pleasant visit to friends on George's creek.

Rev. Skidmore preached a very able and interesting sermon to a large and attentive audience on Sunday last.

Mr. Lincoln, of Connellsville, Pa., was taking up ties here last week.

Sheriff Brown was here last week on business.

Miss Nezzie Friend, of this place, is visiting friends and relatives in Somerset, Pa.

Sheriff's Election Notice.

For the information of all persons concerned, the following Act of the Legislature, passed March 21, 1865, is published:

CHAPTER 191.

AN ACT prohibiting the sale of spirituous or fermented liquors in the several counties of the State on the day of election.

SEC. 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland, That it shall not be lawful for the keeper of any hotel, tavern, store, drinking establishment, or any other place where liquors are sold, or for any person or persons, directly or indirectly, to sell, barter, give or dispose of any spirituous or fermented liquors, ale, beer or intoxicating drinks of any kind, on the day of election hereafter to be held in the several counties of the State.

SEC. 2. And be it enacted, That any person violating the provisions of this Act shall be liable to indictment by the Grand Jury of the county where the offense was committed, and shall, upon conviction before any Judge of any of the Circuit Courts of this State, be fined a sum not less than fifty dollars nor more than one hundred dollars for each and every offence—one-half the fine shall be paid to the informer, the other half to the County Commissioners for the use of public roads.

AUSTIN BROWN,
Sheriff of Garrett County.

JOHN SHARTZER,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
offers his services to the people of Garrett County. Will cry land or personal property sales at any point in the county. 6-97-1yr.

Proclamation

WHEREAS, at the January session in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-six of the General Assembly of Maryland a bill was passed proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the State by adding an additional section to Article fifteen thereof, to be known as Section eleven of said Article, which said bill and amendment is in the words following, to-wit:

CHAPTER 459.

AN ACT to amend the Constitution of the State by adding an additional Section to Article fifteen thereof, to be known as Section eleven of said Article.

SECTION 1. BE IT ENACTED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF MARYLAND (three-fifths of all the members of the House concurring), That the following additional section be, and the same hereby is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of this State; and, if adopted by the legal and qualified voters thereof as herein provided, it shall stand and be known as section eleven of Article fifteen of said Constitution:

11. Appointments in the Civil service of the State, in the municipalities and counties of the State, shall be made according to merit and fitness, to be ascertained as far as practicable by examination, which shall be competitive, except appointments which are subject to confirmation by the Senate, and the General Assembly shall pass all such laws as may be necessary more fully to carry into effect the provisions of this section.

SEC. 2. AND BE IT FURTHER ENACTED BY THE AUTHORITY AFORESAID, That the foregoing section, hereby proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of this State shall, at the next general election held in this State, be submitted to the legal and qualified voters thereof for their adoption or rejection thereof; and in pursuance of the directions contained in Article fourteen of the Constitution of this State and at the said general election the vote on said proposed amendment to the Constitution shall be by ballot, and upon each ballot voted at said election shall be printed, following the list of candidates, the question concerning the adoption or rejection of said proposed constitutional amendment, so that each voter at such election can designate thereon in the manner prescribed by law, whether his vote is "for the Constitutional Amendment," or "Against the Constitutional Amendment," as he shall elect; and immediately after said election due return shall be made to the Governor of the State of the vote for and against said proposed amendment, as directed by said fourteenth article of the Constitution.

Approved April 3d, 1896.

NOW THEREFORE, I, LLOYD LOWNDES, Governor of the State of Maryland, in pursuance of the provisions of Section one of Article fourteen of the Consitution of the State, do hereby order and direct that a copy of said bil proposing said constitutional amendment be published in at least two newspapers in each county, where so many may be published, and where not more than one may be published, then in that newspaper, and in three newspapers in the city of Baltimore, one of which shall be in the German language, once a week for at least three months preceding the ensuing general election (which said general election will be held on Tuesday, the Second day of November, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven), at which election the said proposed amendment shall be submitted, in the form and manner prescribed by the General Assembly, to the qualified voters of the State for adoption or rejection.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of Maryland.

THE GREAT SEAL OF MARYLAND.

Done at the City of Annapolis on the first day of July in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-seven.

LLOYD LOWNDES,
Governor of Maryland.

By order of the Governor:
RICHARD DALLAM,
21-4t Secretary of State.

THE .... HISTORIC
GLADES HOTEL
OAKLAND MARYLAND

Try the Red Seal Lye.
5 per cent. strength, granulated, packed in SIFTING TOP cans, is the greatest soapmaker, disinfectant and cleanser.

One Can Will make 10 Pounds of Hard Soap.
Red Seal is the best disinfectant and purifier to use in sinks, drains, waste pipes and closets. It is handy, safe and sure. One can of Red Seal to 15 gallons of water sprayed, knocks potato bugs, cabbage worms, etc. No damage to vines. 15-

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, May 16, 1897, Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7—	Daily	3.49 A. M
No. 3—	Daily	6.28 A. M
No. 71—	Accom daily except Sun	9.28 A. M
No. 47—	Daily	1.36 P. M
No. 55—	Express, daily	5.55 P. M
No. 1—	Daily	10.01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—	Daily	5.59 A. M
No. 2—	Daily	8.31 A. M
No. 72—	Accom daily except Sun	5.18 P. M
No. 46—	Daily	4.43 P. M
No. 4—	Daily	12.28 A. M
No. 14—	Accommodation	10.12 A. M

Train No. 55 makes no stops between Oakland and Grafton. No. 47 makes all stops.

D. B. MARTIN,
Manager of Passenger Traffic.
C. F. GROEDER, Agent.

AN OPEN LETTER
To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of* [illegible] *on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought, and has the signature of* [illegible] *on the wrapper. No one has authority from me or this Company to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"
BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Insist on Having
The Kind That Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Garrett County.

STATE OF MARYLAND.
TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
COMPTROLLER'S OFFICE,
ANNAPOLIS, Oct. 1st, 1897.

In pursuance of the requirements of Section 6, of Article 60 of the Code of Public General Laws, I herewith publish the names, titles and amounts due by the following officers who are in arrears to the State of Maryland.

ROBERT P. GRAHAM,
Comptroller.

NAME.	TITLE.	YE.	PRIN.	INT.
Chas. B. Wiley	Collector	1896	$2,212.17	$66.36
E. E. Soliday	"	1894	886.78	84.24
Stone	"	1895	875.33	18.59
E. Jamison	Sheriff	1896	167.15	27.19

ORDER NISI.

Edward H. Sincell and Fred A. Thayer, assignees, vs. Jacob R. Kimmell.
No. 871 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

Ordered this 2d day of October, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett County, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported in the above cause by Edward H. Sincell and Fred A. Thayer, assignees, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 29th day of October, 1897, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for three successive weeks before the 29th day of October, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $4000.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test:—E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Lawson L. Wright vs. His Creditors
No. 183 Insolvents. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

Ordered, the 2d day of October, 1897, that the 29th day of December, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m., is hereby fixed as the time at which Lawson L. Wright, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or securities may propose or allege against him, and that James A. Pedigord, Permanent Trustee for the benefit of the creditors of the said petitioner shall, prior to the 26th day of December, 1897, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order by weekly publication in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland.

DAVID W. SLOAN,
True copy, Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 31-6

AGENTS WANTED
FOR
JUVENILE HOLIDAY
AND
STANDARD SUBSCRIPTION
BOOKS

By the W. B. Conkey Company, the largest publishers and manufacturers of books in the United States. Finest line of new holiday and other subscription books on the market.

Also agents wanted for "THE SILVER SIDE," the latest and best text-book on the silver question by the great silver leaders.

EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY.
LARGEST COMMISSIONS.
PRICES BELOW COMPETITION.

Write at once for circulars and special terms, stating your choice of territory.

W. B. CONKEY COMPANY,
311 313, 315, 317, 319, 351 Dearborn St.,
29-1eow. CHICAGO.

LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and under laid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

DR. J. H. ROBINSON, DENTIST,
Felty Building, Opposite Postoffice,
OAKLAND, MD.
GAS ADMINISTERED. 50-97

POSTPONED
SHERIFF'S SALE
OF
REAL ESTATE
IN GARRETT COUNTY, Md.

By virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, and to me directed, in the case of Henry Baumgardner and John D. Sellers vs. James E. Fowler and Catherine Fowler, being No. 46 Judgments in Judgment, No. 1 this day seized, levied upon and taken into execution all the right, title and interest of the said James E. Fowler in and to all that tract of land or parcel of land situated in Garrett county, Maryland, called "Footprints," containing forty acres more or less, and I hereby give notice that I will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, for cash, all of said tract of land called "Footprints," on

Friday, October 29th, 1897,

at 10 o'clock a. m., in front of the Court House door in the town of Oakland, to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs and all other costs that may accrue in making said sale.

This being the same property to which the said James E. Fowler acquired title by deed from E. J. Charleston and others, bearing date Sept. 2d, 1897, and recorded among the land records of Garrett county in Liber E. Z. T. No. 32, folio 381.

Said land is situated south of the B. & O. R. R. and about two miles south east of Swanton, Md., and is well timbered and underlaid with coal.

TERMS—Cash on day of sale.

20-3 AUSTIN BROWN, Sheriff.

Election Notice.

OFFICE OF THE
BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF ELECTIONS
FOR GARRETT COUNTY.
OAKLAND, Md., October 4, 1897.

Notice is hereby given that an election will be held in Garrett County, in the State of Maryland by the qualified voters thereof, on

Tuesday, the 2d Day of November, 1897,

for one person to be Comptroller of the Treasury of the State of Maryland; one person to be Clerk of the Court of Appeals of the State of Maryland, one person to be a member of the Senate of Maryland; two persons to be members of the House of Delegates of Maryland; two persons to be County Commissioners for Garrett county; one person to be Sheriff of Garrett county; one person to be County Surveyor for Garrett county, and one person to be County Treasurer for Garrett county, and also for or against a proposed amendment to the Constitution of the State of Maryland by adding an additional section to Article 15 thereof, to be known as section 11 of said Article, which reads as follows:

"11. Appointments in the civil service of the State, in the municipalities and counties of the State, shall be made according to merit and fitness, to be ascertained as far as practicable by examination, which shall be competitive, except appointments which are subject to confirmation by the Senate, and the General Assembly shall pass all such laws as may be necessary more fully to carry into effect the provisions of this section."

And the places of said election in the several election districts and precincts in said Garrett county, will be as follows:

District No. 1.—Friend's Store Building in the town of Swanton.

District No. 2.—In the public school building in the town of Friendsville.

District No. 3.—In Geeqy's hall, in the town of Grantsville.

District No. 4.—Thomas Garvey's store house in the town of Bloomingdoo.

District No. 5.—George L. Englehart's shop in the town of Accident.

District No. 6.—In the public school building in the town of McHenry.

District No. 7.—First Precinct.—Thomas Martin's store room, corner Third and Oak Streets, Oakland.

District No. 7.—Second Precinct.—In the office of the Supervisors of Elections, in Skartzer's Opera House, on Green street, Oakland.

District No. 8.—At the old Hoye place on the Northwestern turnpike.

District No. 9.—At the shop of Samuel Johnson on the National road.

District No. 10.—In Mrs. Francis Chidester's store room in the town of Deer Park.

District No. 11.—At the residence of Peter McIntyre.

District No. 12.—At Henry Bittinger's shop in the town of Bittinger.

The polls of said election will be opened in each and every election district of said county, at the above places of holding the polls, at 8 o'clock a. m., and will close at 6 o'clock p. m.

A. G. STURGISS, President.
J. ALVIN FRIEND.
FRED. C. RIES.
J. S. MEYERS, Clerk. 31-4

THE REPUBLICAN

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD

THE CIRCUS HORSE.

BY LUDOVIC HALEVY.

HOW did I come to be married? Why, I was married by a circus horse. Did you never hear of it? Then I will tell you.

It was in the last days of September, and I had just arrived from Baden Baden. I intended to pass only 24 hours in Paris. I had invited five friends to come to my country place in Poitou for the shooting season. They ought to arrive about the first of October, and it left me only a week to put everything in order at Roche-Targe. A letter from my head keeper was awaiting me at Paris, and this letter informed me that out of the 12 saddle horses I had there, five of them, during my stay at Baden Baden had either fallen sick or gone lame.

I made an immediate visit to the horse dealers of Paris, and they showed me as fine saddle animals a magnificent collection of unsound, knock-kneed, broken-winded Bucephantes, at an average price of 3,000 francs. I had been hit a little hard by the baccarat tables at Baden Baden, and I was in neither humor nor funds to throw my money away at such a rate.

However, Cheri, the great horse dealer, was making his regular auction sale. I went in one morning, and there without any advice, "unsight and unseen," as the boys say, like buying a pig in a poke, and only on the declarations of the catalogue, I bought eight horses, which cost me only 5,000 francs.

Among these horses there was one that I purchased, I must admit it, entirely on account of his coat, which was beautiful. The catalogue did not attribute to him any special aptitude for hunting. It confined itself to saying: "Brutus. Saddle horse. Well put up. Past age." It was a dapple-gray horse. I never had seen a more beautiful dapple-gray; the white coat was thickly sown with symmetrical black spots.

I left Paris the next day for Roche-Targe, and the day after that, early in the morning, I was notified that the horses had arrived. I went out at once to inspect them. My first glance was at Brutus. He had been trotting in my head for 48 hours, this dapple-gray, and I had a strong desire to learn what he was capable of.

I ordered him to be brought first out of the stable. A groom led him out. The horse had long teeth and sunken nostrils, showing a respectable age; but a powerful shoulder, a long barrel, a fine carriage of the head, a tail well planted in his back—altogether a striking animal. But it was not this which most excited my curiosity. What I admired most was the air with which Brutus regarded me, and the attentive, intelligent and curious eye with which he followed my motions and gestures.

The catalogue of Cheri had not lied. This certainly was a well-put-up horse—perhaps too well put up. I made him trot, then gallop. He gave me first an excellent fox-trot and a good hand-gallop. But when I tried to lift his head up a little, he suddenly plunged into a curious gait, trotting with his fore feet and galloping with his hind feet. "Well, well," said I to myself, "I must have bought some old riding-school horse. I surely cannot hunt upon this beast."

I had just decided to turn about and return to the house, somewhat edified upon the talents of Brutus, when suddenly a gun-shot was heard some 20 yards away. It was one of my keepers, who had just shot a rabbit—he received from my wife some time afterward a handsome gun for his shot. I found myself then exactly in the center of a circular space in the garden into which ran six long avennes. As soon as he heard the report, Brutus stopped suddenly, braced himself on his four legs, and pricked up his nose to the wind. I should have thought, after the brilliant education which he had certainly received in his youth, that, if he came from a military riding school, Brutus should be habituated to guns and cannons. I brought my legs against his sides to urge him on. Brutus did not budge. I gave him two energetic touches with my heel. Brutus did not budge. I made him feel the riding-crop. Brutus did not budge. I tried to make him back, to turn to the right, to wheel to the left. I could not get him to make the slightest motion. Brutus acted as if he had been anchored to the earth. In fact, each time that I made an effort to get him to move, he turned his head and regarded me with an eye wherein I could positively read impatience and surprise. Then he resumed his immobility and became a statue. It was evident that there was some misunderstanding between the horse and me.

I was more puzzled than ever. "What remarkable horse have I purchased from Cheri?" I said to myself. "And why does he look at me in such an extraordinary fashion?" I was about, however, to take extreme measures, to administer to Brutus a sound whipping, when a second shot resounded.

The horse made a bound. I believed that I was victorious at last, and I endeavored to bring him forward by hands and heels. Not at all. He stood there after his bound and once more planted his feet solidly, more energetically and more resolutely than the first time. Then I became so irritated that I took my riding-crop and began beating him with all my force. But Brutus also lost patience, and, instead of the cold and impassive indifference which he had shown me, he offered a furious response of extraordinary leaps, bucks, and fantastic pironettes. While the horse was bounding and bucking under me, and while I was beating him with my broken riding-crop, Brutus still found opportunity to look at me with glances charged no longer with impatience and surprise, but with anger and indignation. While I was demanding of the horse an obedience which he refused to me, he certainly was expecting of me something that I did not do.

How did it end? In my complete discomfiture. I was unhorsed by an incomparable hound. After a brief moment, which was certainly a moment of reflection, the horse suddenly lowered his head and stood up on his forelegs, after the manner and with the perfect equilibrium of a clown walking on his hands. I was immediately unhorsed and fell upon the sand.

I endeavored to rise. I uttered a cry and fell in a ridiculous posture upon my knees in the sand. At each movement, no matter how slight, it seemed as if I had a knife wound in my left leg. It was nothing, only a strain of a tendon, but slight as it was, it was none the less painful. I succeeded, however, in turning myself over and seating myself. But when, rubbing the sand out of my eyes, I began to wonder what had become of my miserable dapple-gray, I saw descending upon my head a horse's foot. Then this horse's foot was transferred to my breast, and with a certain deftness I was pushed upon my back upon the sand. I was too startled to resist, and remained in this posture, wondering what this extraordinary horse that I had purchased at Cheri's could be. I closed my eyes and awaited death.

Suddenly I heard a singular sound around me. Little pellets struck me in the face. I opened my eyes and I saw Brutus who, with a most incredible activity and a still more incredible dexterity, was endeavoring with his fore and hind feet to bury me under the sand. He did his best, the poor brute, and from time to time he stopped and looked at his work. Then tossing up his head, he gave a shrill neigh and went to work again. This lasted for three or four minutes, after which Brutus, no doubt thinking that I was sufficiently buried, placed himself with much respect on his knees beside my tomb. I suppose he was engaged in prayer.

His prayer done, Brutus bounded up, withdrew several yards, stopped, then galloped about a score of times around the circle in the middle of which he had buried me. I followed him with my eyes, and it caused me a certain dizziness watching him turning in this way, so I shouted: "Whoa!" The horse stopped and seemed embarrassed, as if he did not know what to do next. Suddenly, perceiving my hat, which, in my fall, had rolled some distance from me, he made up his mind, went straight to the hat, seized it between his teeth, and departed at a brisk gallop by one of the six avenues which led to my tomb.

I had been there for an hour in this unpleasant position when I saw, coming down the same avenue by which he had gone, Brutus returning, and with the same long, loping pace at which he had gone. A cloud of dust followed him. Little by little in this cloud I discovered a little carriage—a pony cart; then in this little pony cart a little woman who was driving, and behind the lady a little groom.

In a moment Brutus, covered with foam, stopped before me, dropped my hat at my feet, and addressed me a neigh which certainly meant: "I have done my duty. Help is at hand." But I did not bother myself about Brutus and the explanation he was giving me. I had eyes only for the good fairy who, after leaping lightly from her pony cart, came toward me. She looked at me curiously, and, as she did so, we both cried at the same instant:

"Mme. de Noriolis!"

"M. de la Roche-Targe!"

Now I will make a parenthesis here to say that I have an aunt, and between her and me for a number of years there has been a continual battle. "Why don't you get married?" "I don't want to get married." "Do you like girls? There is Mlle. A——, Mlle. B——, Mlle. C——." "I don't want to get married." "Do you like widows? There is Mme. D——, Mme. E——, Mme. F——." "But I do not want to get married." Mme. de Noriolis always figured in the first rank in the widow series. And I remembered that my aunt always used to dwell upon the various advantages which I would find in this marriage. She had no need to tell me that Mme. Noriolis was very pretty. That was apparent to the meanest intelligence. And that she was rich. I knew that myself. But she explained to me that M. de Noriolis was an idiot who had made his wife most unhappy, and for that reason it would be very easy for a second husband to make himself sincerely loved. Then when she had dwelt at length upon the virtues, graces and merits of Mme. Noriolis, my aunt, who was very subtle and knew my weakness, used to take out of her desk a map and spread it upon the table.

It was a plan of the country about Chatellerault—a very minute and exact plan, which my aunt had taken the trouble to buy for the sole purpose of convincing me that I ought to marry Mme. de Noriolis. The chateaux of Noriolis and Roche-Targe, hardly two miles apart, were both indicated on the plan; and my aunt, with her own hand, had united the two estates by a line of red ink. She called my attention to this red line, and said: "Sixteen hundred acres without a division line, if Noriolis and Roche-Targe were united, that is something that a hunting man could appreciate!"

As for myself, I shut my eyes, the temptation was so great, and I took refuge in my refrain: "I do not wish to marry." But I was afraid, seriously afraid; and whenever I met Mme. de Noriolis her head seemed to my eyes to be encircled by an aureola, [illegible] of my aunt's red ink line, [illegible] to myself: "A charming wo[illegible]n, spirituelle, intelligent, her firs[illegible]sband was a fool, and so forth, an[illegible] forth, and 1,600 acres of land. Fly[illegible]n poor fellow, fly, if you do not wish t[illegible]harry!"

And I fled! But, now, h[illegible]ould I escape? There I was, on [illegible] grass, covered with dirt, my hair d[illegible]dered, my clothes in tatters, and my [illegible]retched leg perfectly stiff. And M[illegible]. de Noriolis was at my side, in [illegible] most charming of costumes—th[illegible] aureola still about her head—sayi[illegible] to me: "Is it really you, M. de la Ro[illegible]e-Targe? What is the matter? Wha[illegible] has happened?"

I frankly confessed my d[illegible]

"But you are not hurt?"

"No, no, I am not hurt. Something is the matter with this leg, but it is nothing serious, I am sure."

"And what horse played you such a trick?"

"There he is."

And I pointed to Brutus, standing close by, quietly pulling up and eating little mouthfuls of grass.

"What! is it he? The brave horse! Oh, he has atoned well for his misdeeds, I assure you. I will tell you about it by and by. We must first go back to your house, and that, too, directly."

"But I cannot walk a step."

"I am going to drive [illegible] home." [illegible]

And she [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Then she gently took one [illegible] while Bob took the other, and made me get into her phaeton. Five minutes later we were rolling along toward my chateau, she guiding her pony with one hand, and I, troubled, confuse, embarrassed and stupid, watching her as she drove. We are alone in the phaeton. Bob had been ordered to bring Brutus, who submitted very quietly.

"Now, pay attention," said Mme. de Noriolis: "keep your leg stretched out; I am going to drive slowly so as to avoid all jolting." Then when she saw that I was comfortably seated: "Tell me," she said, "how you happened to fall, and I will tell you how I happened to come to your aid. It is sure to be amusing. Tell me all about the horse."

I began my story, but when I came to the efforts that Brutus made to unseat me after the two shots—

"I understand it all," she cried; "you bought the trumpeter's horse!"

"The trumpeter's horse?"

"Yes, indeed, you did, and that explains everything. You have seen 20 times, I know, at the Imperial circus, the performance of 'The Trumpeter's Horse.' The African chasseur, you remember, comes into the ring on a gray horse; then the Arabs appear and fire their guns at the chasseur. He is wounded and falls to the ground; and as you did not fall, the horse was indignant. He had no idea of letting you slight your role at that point, and so he threw you to the ground himself. And when you were lying on the ground, what did the horse do?"

I told her of Brutus's attempt to bury me.

"The trumpeter's horse," she said, "is still the trumpeter's horse. He sees that his master is wounded; the Arabs will come and kill him. What is the horse to do? He buries the African chasseur. Then he sets off a gallop, does he not?"

"Yes, at a break-neck gallop."

"He is carrying away the dirt to prevent its falling into the hair of the Arabs."

"But it was my hat that he carried away."

"He took what he could find. And where does the trumpeter's horse gallop to?"

"Oh! I see, I see," I cried; he goes to find the vivandiere!"

"Exactly. He goes in search of the vivandiere. And the vivandiere to-day is, if you please, I, Countess Ledoriolis. He came galloping into my grounds. I was standing on the steps putting on my gloves, and was just ready to step into my phaeton. Suddenly my men rushed forward, seeing a horse galloping in, saddled, bridled, rider less with a hat between his teeth. They try to catch him, but he jumps aside, eludes them, and, coming straight to the steps, falls on his knees before me. It was calling me; I assure you he was calling me. I tell the men to let the horse alone. I spring into the phaeton and drive off. Your horse darts into the wood, and I follow him over a road that was not in every part laid out for driving—but I follow him; I come here and find you."

Just as Mme. de Noriolis was speaking these last words, the phaeton received an unaccountable blow from behind. We turned and saw Brutus' head away up in the air above us. It was Brutus again! With Bob on his back he had been following the phaeton, and seeing that the little rumble [illegible] could be used for the purpose, he had in the most artistic style adroitly seized the opportunity of giving us a new display of his accomplishments. With one spring he had placed his fore legs upon the rumble, and, this done, he was going quietly along, trotting upon his hind legs alone. Bob, thoroughly frightened, his body thrown backward, and his head hanging down, was making vain attempts to pull the horse back again upon his four feet.

As for Mme. de Noriolis, she was so alarmed that she had dropped the reins and literally thrown herself into my arms. Her charming little head had fallen accidentally upon my shoulder, and my lips touched her hair. With my left hand I was trying to pick up the reins, with my right arm I was supporting Mme. de Noriolis, and all the while my leg was causing me the most frightful agony.

And this is the way in which Mme. de Noriolis made her first appearance at Roche-Targe.

When she came there again, one evening six months later, after having been made that day Mme. de la Roche-Targe, she said to me: "Life is a strange affair. Nothing of all this would have happened if you had not bought that circus horse."—Translated for the San Francisco Argonaut from the French.

BICYCLISTS IN WINTER.

Indoor Exercise to Keep Up the Muscular System.

Every wheelman and wheelwoman will soon be confronted with the unpleasant necessity of laying aside his or her health-giving steed and lapsing back into that sluggish condition which comes to those who do not exercise. What must be done is for the cyclist to find a substitute for the exercise which has freshened his blood and given him a ruddy cheek and healthful body. This problem is one which has excited the keenest interest among cyclists generally, and Prof. M. J. MacLevy, a New York instructor in physical culture, has demonstrated that the accompanying suggestions will bring about desired results in a remarkably short space of time.

It is a well known fact that during the past season so many cyclists have built their systems up by the use of the wheel so that to stop cycling all at once would be almost injurious. It would be like a morphine fiend suddenly deprived of his drug. The reaction would be more than he could stand. By following a few simple rules there is no reason why any rider should not keep in condition.

Physicians state that the lungs of cyclists have many more cells in active operation than those who follow a purely sedentary life. To this end it is very important that the first [illegible] be maintained. Let the cyclist raise the windows of his sleeping apartment, top and bottom, about half a foot each, thus affording the free circulation of air. It is best that no tight clothing be worn during this exercise, which should be taken before breakfast. Throw chest out, head up, and, while standing on the same spot, let the limbs move as if running, only, of course, make no progress. Although every muscle used when cycling is not brought into play in this exercise, most of them are. Care should be taken not to overdo this exercise the first time, as over-exertion is injurious. Each day the exercise can be increased until one can, to all intents and purposes, scorch 20 miles without moving an inch.

In order to develop the calf muscles and those of the thigh which are not brought into play by stationary running, one should sit in a chair and have pound dumbbells strapped to the shoe. Place the foot horizontal with the thigh and keep this movement up for five minutes. The muscles will be found to be much benefited by this exercise. The duration of the exercise can best be judged by the cyclist from the fatigue it actuates.

Now stand upright, and, throwing the shoulders back, abdomen well in, raise on the toes. It is well to count the number of elevations and increase the same gradually till about 50 or 60 can be done. Next the cyclist should take care that his joints do not suffer stiffening by assuming what is known as the hip-toed position, and by hopping on both feet at once. The joints will be materially benefited.

A patent is a very good thing for the person owning it, but every cyclist has in his own possession means for exercise that never have been and never will be patented, but which, after all, are the best.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

TALK ON FOOTWEAR.

There Is No More Important Feature of the Toilet.

The up-to-date woman, who knows the happy art of combining good taste with common sense, nowhere in her toilet emphasizes that fact more decidedly than by her footgear.

To be correct at present means to wear a buttoned walking shoe of kid, with full toe, slight extension sole and an English military heel, just one and one-eighth inch high.

The pendulum of fashion has swung to the other extreme, and the height of their heels is no longer a standing reproach against womankind. The concave heel is rarely if ever seen on a shoe intended for street wear, and the erstwhile fashionable Louis Quinze is reserved exclusively for the dainty house slipper.

The fad for russet shoes goes into innocuous desuetude with the approach of autumn, none of the various tones of brown being seen in the latest goods, except those intended for golf or the high riding boot.

The high bicycle boot for women is, so to speak, on the fence. Beginners in the gentle art of wheeling will probably affect the high-laced shoe, but old riders prefer the Oxford, of some serviceable leather, such as kangaroo or dongola, and the chic golf stocking in subdued shades.

For wedding outfits there is a call for dainty slippers of brocade, matching the colorate ball or dinner gown, while it goes without saying that the wedding shoe must be made of a piece of the bridal gown.

For dressy occasions, such as calling, etc., the patent leather shoe is the top notch of style, and, whether Oxford tie or buttoned boot, is sure to be bought an easy fit by the woman who knows the "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" of that particular kind of footgear.

For winter wear the laced or buttoned calfskin shoe, with wide extension sole and military heel, will be adopted by the woman of fashion—a mode that has no drawbacks, now that most first-class shoe stores have a special blacking department, where milady can step in and have a "shine" free from the gaze of the vulgar herd.

Children's school shoes, too, have the merit of common sense. Broad toes and spring heels are the rule, while calfskin or goatskin, with tips of the same, are the favorite leathers in vogue.—Detroit Free Press.

An Unpleasant Fad.

Miss Fadder—The latest craze is to collect handkerchiefs of as many different kinds as possible.

Mrs. Fadder—Humph! I guess that's what's the matter with our washerwoman.—Up-to-Date.

The Kaiser's Latest Eccentricity.

One of the emperor's latest acts is peculiarly expressive of the unpleasant, not to say boorish, way that he has with him. He has caused to be printed in Berlin a volume giving detailed descriptions of the vessels of the British navy, including some particulars that have been carefully guarded as secrets. He has had copies of these sent to the admiralty and is now enjoying the success of his undertaking. How he obtained the secrets puzzles the English, and he finds further cause for congratulation because of their perplexity.—Detroit Free Press.

Every Saturday Tourist Sleeping Car Route to California.

Every Saturday night Midland Route tourist cars en route to Colorado, Utah and California will leave the Chicago Union Passenger Station of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway at 10 o'clock, running over the Chicago and Omaha Short Line to Omaha, thence via Lincoln, Neb., Colorado Springs and Leadville, Colo., Salt Lake City and Ogden, Utah, Reno, Nevada, and Sacramento, Cal., arriving at San Francisco at 8.45 p. m. Wednesday.

These popular every Saturday California excursions for both first and second-class passengers (not colonist emigrants) are "personally conducted" by intelligent, competent and courteous "couriers" who will attend to the wants of all passengers en route. This is an entirely new feature of tourist car service and will be greatly appreciated by families or parties of friends traveling together, or by ladies traveling alone. Particular attention is paid to the care of children who usually get weary on a long journey.

Remember that the Midland Route Tourist Cars are sleeping cars and are supplied with all the accessories necessary to make the journey comfortable and pleasant, and the sleeping berth rate is but $6 00 (for two persons) from Chicago to California.

Ask the nearest ticket agent for a tourist car "folder," giving complete information about the Midland Route, or address "Eastern Manager Midland Route," No. 95 Adams street, Chicago, Ill., or Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago.

An Unexcepted Life.—"Ever buy a gold brick at half price, mister?" asked the fresh city boarder. "No," said the innocent old rusalist, "I never had no chance ot that kind yit."—Indianapolis Journal.

How to Make Tea.

More than half the Tea consumed in the United States and Canada is of Japanese growth, yet, the majority of Americans apparently do not understand how to prepare it so as to develop the delicious qualities which it contains. The Japanese Government has appropriated a large fund to aid the Japanese Tea growers and Tea merchants in prosecuting this educational work and it is hoped that American ladies will be apt students. The main Bureau of the Japanese Tea Guild has issued an official recipe for making Japanese Tea, the translation of which is as follows:

First.—Use a small, dry and thoroughly clean porcelain teapot.

Second.—Put in one teaspoonful of tea leaves for each cup of tea desired.

Third.—When using Japanese teas, pour on the required quantity of fresh boiled water, and let stand with closed lid from 2 to 3 minutes. Never boil the leaves. In order to retain the natural flavor, Japanese tea leaves should be kept in tight can or jar, free from moisture.

Note.—To thoroughly enjoy the natural, delicate and sweet flavor of Japanese Teas, neither sugar nor cream should be used.

"Mamma, what is a farce?" "A farce! Why, it is the way your father went around and watered all my dried up plants the morning after I got home."—Detroit Free Press.

Excursion Tickets to American Fat Stock, Horse, Poultry and Dairy Shows, Chicago, Nov. 2-13.

Via the North-Western Line, will be sold at reduced rates, each Tuesday and Thursday during the show, limited to Monday following date of sale. Apply to agents Chicago & North-Western Ry.

Tibbs—"She is not only a fine-looking girl, but they say she has $50,000 in her own right." Nibbs—"What would you do if you had a wife like that?" Squibbs—"Nothing."—Indy.

Sudden cold—soreness, stiffness. Promptly Use St. Jacobs Oil. Sudden cure. Sure.

An empty purse and a miser's heart are two of the hardest things in the world to fill.—Ram's Horn.

Fortify Feeble Lungs Against Winter with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

The Important Point—Doctor—"You'll be on your feet in a week or so." Patient—"On my feet? But how soon will I be on my wheel?"—Puck.

What is it? Lame back. Use St. Jacobs Oil. What is it now? Cured. Right.

Grocers and women are very unfortunate people—they are compelled to please through the stomach. The eye is pleased a dozen times where the stomach is pleased once.—Atchison Globe.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. Blunt, Sprague, Wash., March 8, '94.

Dissatisfied people are, as a rule, loafers.—Atchison Globe.

A man may wear extra sleeves over his shirt, without necessarily doing any great amount of work.—Washington Democrat.

A Big Miscalculation.—Weary Willie—"Yes; I heard dat farmer paid his help jess de same whedder dey worked or not; so I went ter work fer him." Sunset Sims—"An' played sick, I suppose?" Weary Willie—"Yep—until I found out dat he never paid nobody; he wuz a deadbeat."—Puck.

How a man makes the telephone rattle when he gets mad, but what little good it does!

Rev. Mr. Wilgus—"My dear friend, all would be well if you would only avoid the first drink. It is the first drink that does the harm." Mr. Lushforth—"I dunno about that; but it's a fact that the first one doesn't seem to do much good."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Scrappe—"My husband and I agreed the day we were married to have no quarrels." Friend—"Have you lived up to it?" Mrs. Scrappe—"Well, I have; but I don't think anything could keep John from being ugly at times."—Philadelphia North American.

Carrying It to Extremes.—"A celluloid Bible that can be washed has been invented. It's for use in courtrooms." "Next thing they'll be inventing upholstered dictionaries for small children to sit on at the dinner table."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Miss Twiss, eldest daughter of Horace Twiss, married the editor of the Times, and, on becoming a widow, married his successor, Mr. John Delane. Her father thus happily described the double event: "She took the Times and supplement."—Tit-Bits.

When a man is first converted he won't even quote the swearing of another.—Washington Democrat.

When you investigate a gruesome tale you will usually find that it grew some since it started.—Chicago News.

You can tell the progress of the fruit season by the stains on the tablecloth.—Washington Democrat.

Scrofula Cured

Face and Head Covered with Sores, but Hood's Has Cured Them.

"My face and head were a mass of sores, but since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla these sores have all disappeared. I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla has no equal for scrofula." IDA A. WEAVER, Palermo, Ill.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

One Good Turn

deserves another. When you turn the handle of the Enterprise Meat Chopper you are rewarded with a surprising amount of work well done in a few seconds. It saves money, time and food. Is easily operated and easily cleaned. Use the

Enterprise

MEAT CHOPPER

for making sausage and scrapple; for preparing hash, mince-meat, Hamburg steak, suet, tripe, cod-fish, clams, scrap meat for poultry, corn for fritters, etc. Improved for 15 years; now perfected. Sold by all dealers in hardware. Small family size No. 5, $2.00. Chops 1 lb. a minute. Large family size No. 10, $3.00. Chops 2 lbs. a minute.

THE ENTERPRISE MFG. CO. of PA., Philadelphia.

Send 4 cents in stamps for the "Enterprising Housekeeper," 100 recipes.

No Charge.

It was evident that he was angry, and perhaps he had reason to be. Just as he passed under the scaffolding the painter flourished his brush a little too vigorously and the result was disastrous.

"Look at that," he yelled, indicating his coat and making all sorts of violent gestures.

The painter looked at it as requested.

"You have a right to kick," he said, when his scrutiny was completed. "It's a very uneven piece of work. I won't charge you a cent for it."—Chicago Post.

Last Month of the Tennessee Centennial and Industrial Exposition.

The month of October closes this greatest of all Expositions ever held in the South, and next to the Columbian, the best ever held in this country. For the closing month, special attractions have been arranged, and the rates from all parts of the country have been made lower than ever before known. The location (Nashville, Tenn.) is on the main line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, directly on its through car route between the North and South, and the trip in either direction via that city can be made as cheaply, if not cheaper, than via any other route. Ask your ticket agent for rates, or write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., for rates and information.

A Matter of Fashion.

Doctor—Madam, your husband has paralysis.

Wife—Oh, doctor, I'm delighted! I thought it was nervous prostration, and that's so common, you know.—Boston Traveler.

Wake Up.

Yes, wake up to the danger which threatens you if your kidneys or bladder are inactive or weak. Don't you know that if you fail to impel them to action Bright's disease or diabetes awaits you? Use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters without delay. It has a most beneficial effect upon the kidneys when sluggish, and upon the bowels, liver, stomach and nervous system.

No odds how little a man does he likes to tell how he used to work.—Washington Democrat.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

What a nice companion a fly makes after you have had an experience with a mosquito!—Atchison Globe.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

A lawyer doesn't know everything, but he thinks you think he does.—Chicago News.

Vexed? Yes, the nerves, by Neuralgia. St. Jacobs Oil soothes, cures it.

When money talks we never pause to criticise its grammar.—Chicago News.

AN OPEN LETTER

From Miss Sachner, of Columbus, O., to Ailing Women.

To all women who are ill:—It affords me great pleasure to tell you of the benefit I have derived from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I can hardly find words to express my gratitude for the *boon* given to suffering women in that excellent remedy. Before taking the Compound I was thin, sallow, and nervous. I was troubled with leucorrhœa, and my menstrual periods were very irregular. I tried three physicians and gradually grew worse. About a year ago I was advised by a friend to try Mrs. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and Vegetable Compound, which I did. After using three bottles of the Vegetable Compound and one package of Sanative Wash, I am now enjoying better health than I ever did, and attribute the same to your wonderful remedies. I cannot find words to express what a Godsend they have been to me.

Whenever I begin to feel nervous and ill, I know I have a never-failing physician at hand. It would afford me pleasure to know that my words had directed some suffering sister to health and strength through those most excellent remedies.—MISS MAY SACHNER, 348½ E. Rich St., Columbus, O.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

IF I WERE YOU.

If I a little girl could be,
Well—just like you,
With lips as rosy, cheeks as fair,
Such eyes of blue, and shining hair,
What do you think I'd do?
I'd wear so bright and sweet a smile,
I'd be so loving all the while,
I'd be so helpful with my hand,
So quick and gentle to command,
You soon would see
That everyone would turn to say:
"'Tis good to meet that child to-day."
Yes, yes, my bird, that's what I'd do
If I were you.

Or, if I chanced to be a boy,
Like some I know;
With crisp curls sparkling in the sun,
And eyes all beaming bright with fun—
Ah, if I could be so,
I'd strive and strive with all my might
To be so true, so brave, polite,
That in me each one might behold
A hero—as in the days of old.
'Twould be a joy
To hear one, looking at me, say:
"My cheer and comfort all the day."
Yes, if I were a boy I know
I would be so.

But, now, perhaps, you'd ask of me:
"When it was you
Who had the young and merry face,
With smiles and roses all in place,
Tell us, what did you do?"
Ah, dearies! If I ever fell
Far short of doing wisely, well—
It was, you see,
Because none ever took the time
To tell me in such lovely rhyme
What I should now rejoice to do
If I were you.
—Sydney Dayre, in N. Y. Independent.

INDIAN CHIP CARVING.

Splendid Pastime for Boys Who Know How to Handle a Knife.

The art of Indian chip carving is one which is just now coming much into favor and it is really, for small articles, even more effective than the relief carving which has been in vogue for many years.

Chip carving has also the advantage of being easier to learn and of requiring only one tool and, as the chips are small and so easily kept together and the wood does not need to be clamped onto the table, it can be done even in the drawing-room, and a small article, such as a photograph frame or matchbox, is as nice as a piece of needlework to take with one when paying a visit.

The only tool required is a small knife, as shown in diagram A, costing about 25 cents, though, of course, a pair of compasses, pencil and ruler are necessary to draw one's own designs, and to anyone with a taste for geometrical drawing this is almost as interesting as the carving. The wood used must be close-grained and soft, as no mullet can be used; white lime and sycamore being the best, though it can be done in other kinds.

In beginning it is best to take some simple pattern, such as is shown in diagram B, which it will easily be seen is composed of small squares crossed from corner to corner. Grasp the knife firmly in the right hand, using your left hand to guide and keep it steady. Press the point of the knife deeply into the center of the square and cut down the line A, making the cut gradually shallower toward the corner of the square.

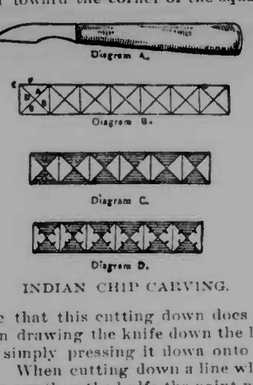

INDIAN CHIP CARVING.

Note that this cutting down does not mean drawing the knife down the line, but simply pressing it down onto the line. When cutting down a line which is longer than the knife the point must be pressed into the center and drawn down the line. Proceed in the same way with lines B, C and D, and so on with all the squares.

In cutting down these lines the blade of the knife must be pressed perfectly straight into the wood or the point is liable to break. Then put the point of your knife in at E, keeping the blade nearly flat against the wood, and draw it down the line F, gradually pressing the point into the center of the square, so as to entirely detach the triangular piece of wood. It will be seen by diagram C that when all these triangular pieces (G) have been taken a line of diamond-shaped pieces will be left. Then with the point of your knife make a small straight cut in each side of the diamond, slanting toward the center, and a small slanting cut into the straight one (diamond D), and you will have a very pretty and effective little border.

The depth of the pattern described should be about one-eighth of an inch in the deepest parts.—Chicago News.

Remarkable Bird Story.

A sparrow flew into one of the large rooms at the Burlington shops at Burlington, Ia., the other day, and, getting too near one of the wheels, was sucked in. The workmen saw it and supposed that it was instantly killed, as the wheel was revolving at the rate of 130 revolutions a minute. When the machinery was shut down at noon a gentle chirp was heard from the wheel, and when one of the workmen looked the sparrow was there, still alive. It had clung to the strengthening rod inside the wheel, and was so dazed it could not fly. It was picked up and placed on a table, where it recovered in a short time and flew away. The wheel made 31,000 revolutions while the bird was clinging to it, and the sparrow had traveled more than 73 miles in that manner.

Choice of Evils.

"Men and women are so different."

"Yes?"

"When a woman gets in trouble she takes to her bed."

"Well?"

"And when a man gets in trouble he takes to his heels."—Chicago Record.

REAL DUTCH PARTY.

All the Child Guests Were Dressed in Holland Gowns.

Queen Wilhelmina will be 18 years old next fall, and in honor of the event the Hollanders are beginning to get ready to celebrate, for on her 18th birthday the little queen ascends the throne to rule for herself. Meanwhile Dutch things are coming in and Dutch fancy dress parties are becoming quite the fashion among little girls.

A little maid, aged seven years, gave such a party upon her birthday last

THE GOWN OF THE HOSTESS.

month, which come upon Wilhelmina's own birthday. All were asked to come in Dutch dress.

The little maid received her guests in a gown of old-fashioned figured red calico, which was made with round waist and full-gathered skirt coming to the floor. The sleeves were small elbow puffs.

The cap of the little maid was tight-fitting to the head and finished around the neck with a white ruffle in true Dutch girl fashion.

The feast was served upon blue Dutch delft and the little hostess gave to each guest a delft souvenir.

A MUSICAL MOUSE.

Her Song Was Clear Enough to Be Heard Distinctly.

A good deal of skepticism prevails as to the fact of there being singing mice, but, having kept such a youngster for four years, an English gentleman is in a position to speak with authority.

She was caught in a coal mine, was brought to the surface and handed over to the narrator. Thus commenced an acquaintance which soon ripened into intimacy, and which was only terminated by her death. There was no doubt about her song—a pretty, bird-like warble, rising and falling alternately, and of sufficient power to carry from the top to the bottom of the house when all was quiet.

In appearance she was just an ordinary house mouse, with the usual well-groomed whiskers, the beady black eyes and an elegant tapering tail, like the rest of her tribe. It was her song alone which singled her out from the dumb millions of her fellows, and this song she poured out almost without intermission during her waking hours.

The speculations of the learned have been exercised over this matter, and some have thought that bronchitis, by narrowing the air passages, produces a noisy wheezing, which enthusiastic admirers have dignified as a song.

Others, with greater probability, have suggested that every mouse is a singing mouse, but that on account of the dullness of our ears we hear only the bass-voiced vocalists, while the shriller melodies of the great majority are unnoticed.

Everyone knows that the squeak of a bat is not heard by everyone, and that one party in a conversation on a country walk may be almost deafened by a chorus of bats, while the other may hear nothing of the noise. Certain it is that dissection reveals nothing abnormal in the vocal apparatus of the singing mouse, and doubtless a very slight difference in the quality of the vocal cords would result in a mouse with a voice sufficiently bass to bring the sound within the compass of our hearing powers.—Golden Days.

Smothered by Fly Paper.

There is danger in many apparently harmless articles, and fly paper seems to be one of these. A family, having been greatly troubled with flies, distributed a lot of sticky fly papers around the house. The next day, a little boy just learning to walk, while at play, tripped and fell, his face sticking on a piece of the fly paper. The parents were out of the room, and the little one, in trying to remove the paper, only succeeded in getting it tightly sealed around his mouth and nostrils, thus shutting off his breath. By the merest chance the mother happened in and saved the child from suffocation. Even then it was necessary to cut holes in the paper hurriedly to allow breathing until the paper could be soaked off.

Early Days of Kentucky.

Kentucky was formerly a part of Virginia, and was settled by Virginians, who took with them their slaves, their agricultural habits and their military spirit. With the consent of Virginia, Kentucky was separated from that state and admitted to the union in 1792. The people of this country have generally emigrated in pretty straight lines to the westward. As Virginians broke over the mountains into Kentucky, so North Carolinians crossed into the valleys of Tennessee. North Carolina gave up her right to the territory west of the mountains soon after the constitution was formed, and what is now Tennessee was part of the Southwestern Territory, until it was admitted to the union in 1796

TYPEWRITES SIAMESE.

An American Machine Made to the Order of Siam's King.

In the window of a typewriter company on Broadway is a typewriter the keys of which are inscribed with figures which look like studies in various species of bacilli. They are Siamese characters, and the machine is one of a number built to the order of the king of Siam, who is now traveling in Europe. There are 76 characters on the keyboard, a number of which are in the nature of accents, qualifying the other characters, and these are so related to the letters, that in all about 1,500 characters can be produced from the keyboard. The accents all have to be upon dead keys—that is, keys that when struck do not cause a movement of the carriage, so that the accent may first be printed and then the letter, without having to move the carriage back. In some words it is necessary to use as many as three accents, says the New York Sun.

There are no capital letters. Besides the alphabetical characters there are the usual ten numbers in Siamese script. The company first began making these machines about three years ago, under the instructions of a secretary of the Siamese court, who came to this country for the special purpose. There are now several hundred of the machines in Siam, and the saving of time and labor is much greater than would be the case in any occidental nation, as the Siamese have no script, and all letters are printed individually. In no respect does the mechanism differ from that of the English writing machine, save in the unimportant matter of the "dead keys." There are 76 keys, the same number as the regular machine of this make.

A Mouse's Century Run.

A wheelman of Corunna, Mich., has to thank a mouse for the addition of 98 miles to his cyclometer record, says the New York World. He hung his bicycle from his cellar ceiling, the other evening, not far from a swinging shelf, where food was kept. A mouse beat on supper reached the shelf, and when he had sampled the viands leaped to the tire of the front wheel. That immediately began to revolve, and the mouse naturally ran to the highest part of it. It could stay on the top of the tire and it couldn't get enough foothold to jump to the wall. So it ran round and round the revolving wheel, and the next morning was found, almost exhausted, but still running, with 98 miles to its credit.

An Easy-Going Chinese Prince.

The famous German traveler, Otto Ehlers, tells about a singular Chinese potentate whom he visited in Laos States, while on his way from Siam to Tonquin. The prince leaves the cares of affairs chiefly to his wife. He has had his throne placed in the palace kitchen so that he can receive visitors and watch the preparation of his meals at the same time. The subjects seem to be content with his manner of administration, and admire the democratic spirit manifested in his choice of a throne room. The dynasty, however, promises to become extinct, as the prince's son and heir is a confirmed drunkard and at last reports unmarried.

ISAAC BELL'S GENEROSITY.

How He Helped the Messenger Boys in Broad Street.

The la... Isaac Bell's popularity with all sorts ...nd conditions of men and women ... large. In social, political and fin... al circles he was esteemed and res... ed by all, but he was beloved by men ... the humbler walks of life. He disl... publicity in his charities, but ma... stories could be told of his gener... says the New York Commercial ... Advertiser. "He had a heart as big as ... side of a house, God bless him!" sa... an elevator man in one of the big W... street buildings, when he heard of ... r. Bell's death. He then told a fe... stories of Mr. Bell's kindness to m... than one poor man. Years ago Mr. ...'s popularity among the brokers' ... and district messengers in Wall s... t was assured. It was due to his ha... of supplying them with lunches.

Mr. Bell would approach one of the itinerant venders of frankfurters and pies in Broad street and purchase the man's entire stock. He would then cause it to be spread on the sidewalk and gather a crowd of boys about him, the smallest urchins in the front rank. At a signal from Mr. Bell the ravenous crew would precipitate itself upon the feast. Two men always watched the scene with smiling faces—the frankfurter man, who had done a good day's business at one stroke, and Mr. Bell. His appearance in Broad street was always the signal for excitement among the urchins.

MACHINERY AND ELECTRICAL BUILDING.

FOR THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION TO BE OPENED AT OMAHA NEXT JUNE AND CONTINUE UNTIL NOVEMBER.

This building is located in the northeast corner of the Grand Court, being east of the Mines building and across the lagoon from the Manufactures building. The design is governed by the general conditions requiring harmony with the other buildings; the architecture of the group is modern renaissance.

The building is 394 feet front by 144 feet in depth. There are triple entrances on the main floor level in the center of the main front, and similar groups in the centers of the east and west fronts, with four emergency exits in the north wall. In front of the building, flanking both sides of the main entrance, is an open portico 16 feet wide, running the entire front of the building. The center entrance feature projects beyond the portico, thus forming the grand entrance vestibule. The main floor covers the entire area of the building. Above is a gallery 32 feet in width, extending around the four outer walls. The gallery is reached by spacious staircases located in the front corners of the building. In the rear corners are commodious toilet rooms. This leaves a high central court 246 feet long by 80 feet wide, lighted from the sky-lights and clere-story windows above the roof.

Why We Lost Hair.

Our condition of hairlessness has been a subject of study by Dr. Exner, a German biologist. Our ancestors, he holds, were totally covered with hair, and its disappearance may be accounted for by the fact that its absence was regarded as a beauty, preference being given to those having the least of it. The hairs are modified sense organs, which have lost all connection with the nerves. Primitive man was probably clothed in an irregular covering of hair, which varied in length, color, structure and thickness with the functions for which it was intended. The hair now remaining was left for a definite purpose. Certain hairs serve as organs of touch, notably the eyelashes, and in a less degree the eyebrows. Both serve to protect the eyes. In animals the hair serves to maintain and regulate the body heat, but in man the hair of the scalp alone has such purpose.

AUTUMN EVENING GOWNS.

Scissors and Corsets an Escutcheon.

One day in 1730 a beautiful carriage appeared on the boulevards of Paris with an escutcheon in the shape of a pair of corsets and an open pair of scissors painted on the panel of each door. This was the coat of arms of Rhomberg, the first man who made a name as a woman's dressmaker. Rhomberg, who was the son of a Bavarian peasant from the neighborhood of Munich, owed his rapid success to his genius for concealing and remedying defects of figure. He left an annual income of 50,000 francs to his heirs.

—A reading-room for the exclusive use of the blind, and a complete collection of raised-letter books, will be added to the conveniences of the new Congressional library.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—For refusing to act as fence viewer, an office that survives yet in parts of New England, a Deering, Me., man was fined five dollars, and he had to pay ten dollars to escape arrest for trying to dodge the first fine.

—There are still on the pension rolls the names of seven widows and nine daughters of soldiers who fought in the revolutionary war. The widows receive $12 a month each, under a general act; the daughters a sum stipulated by an individual act passed by congress for each one.

—The oldest newspaper in the world is the "Kiu Pan," which has been published in Peking, Chiun, continuously for nearly 1,000 years. It began as a monthly, became a weekly in 1361 and a daily in 1800. It publishes three editions a day, each edition being on a different colored paper.

—Some sort of plant has been exhibited in Portland, Ore., under the name of an Alaska rose, which is described as looking like a big sunflower, except that in place of the petals of a sunflower the Alaska "rose" has a mass of small yellow blossoms, which lie very close one to the other.

—Hairpins were not manufactured in this country until 1878. Previous to that time those used here were brought from England or France. Now the trade is such a large one that it takes 80,000 packages, each containing 24 pins, to supply the wholesale demand daily in New York alone.

—A sea captain has found that the sails of a ship when filled with a number of small holes bear it along more rapidly than when they are perfectly whole. He says that an ordinary sail cannot receive the full force of the wind, owing to the bulk of stationary air that fills up the hollow of the concave canvas.

—The new bridge connecting First avenue with Willis avenue will be in some respects the finest structure crossing the Harlem. The draw is to be 288 feet in length. A special feature of the bridge is to be its draw guards, faced with a vertical sheathing of white oak, backed by three rows of yellow pine inch chocks. The estimated cost of the bridge will be $2,500,000. The new Harlem bridges when all completed will have cost more than $10,000,000.

THE VOLUNTEER STATE.

Tennessee's Prowess in All Our Country's Wars.

In the revolutionary war, in 1812, in the Creek and Seminole wars and in the conflict with Mexico, Tennessee earned the reputation and sobriquet of the volunteer state. In the revolution her pioneers left their feeble and unprotected settlements on the Holston, Watauga and Nolachucky to pour themselves a torrent of death on the invaders of the Carolinas. At the commencement of the war of 1812, before any requisition from the government, 2,500 Tennesseans volunteered; and this number was increased to nearly 28,000 before its close. Tennessee fought the Creek war almost unaided, and furnished the heroes who won the bloody field of Chalmette before the gates of New Orleans. It was Tennessee valor and dash in the person of the gallant Gaines that won the victory for the American arms at Fort Erie, which first checked the invasion of the east. In the Mexican war Tennessee's quota was 2,800, and 30,000 volunteers responded to the call. In fact, from the revolution to the great civil conflict Tennessee took a leading part in every war. When the war between the states came Tennessee furnished 200,000 men to the confederacy and 35,000 volunteers to the union; 39 general officers to the confederacy and eight to the federalists. To the southern navy she gave a Maury, the pathfinder of the seas, and to the northern a Farragut. The claim that Tennessee furnished more soldiers to the civil war than any other state will hardly be disputed. Four hundred and eight battles and skirmishes were fought within her limits, a record surpassing that of any other state except Virginia; and Tennessee's soil holds "the dreamless dust" of more heroes that died in the conflict between the states than does the soil of any other state. Now all is peace and fraternity. Should the restored union call for soldiers, regiment after regiment would enlist as fast as men could write their names, peers of the victorious Tenth Legionaries of Rome or the invincible Ironsides of Cromwell.—Illustrated American.

Faith in Dreams.

An English general and his wife, resident in Ireland, were constantly pestered by a beggar woman to whom they had been very charitable. One morning, at the usual hour when the lady was getting into her carriage, the old woman appeared and began: "Agh, my lady, success to your ladyship, and success to your honor's honor, this morning, of all the days in the year; for, sure, didn't I dramе last night that yer ladyship gave me a pound of tay and yer honor a pound of tobacco!" "But, my good woman," said the general, "do you not know that dreams always go by the rule of contrary?" "Do they, please yer honor?" rejoined the old woman. "Then it must be yer honor that will give me the tay and her ladyship that will give me the tobacco."—Tit-Bits.

Crumpled Sleeves.

It takes a clever dressmaker to crumple one's sleeves without adding to the apparent size of the shoulder. The sleeve must follow the line of the arm, but still be full enough to "crumple" over the wrist and hand. The proper way to produce this effect is to cut the sleeves the same width as the lining, but very much longer. Then the material is pushed up or down without bulging sideways giving the desired "crumpled" look, which is yet to be distinguished from shirring. The epaulette is often a mass of plisses massed on the shoulder seam.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A CITY OF STREET CARS.

Carville, on the Pacific Coast, and Its Doubtless of Abandoned Vehicles.

The idea of converting an abandoned street car into a domicile is strictly Californian—as original as the houseboat life of Belvedere bay or the slave traffic of Chinatown. When you think of it, there is no reason why some such use should not be made of those obsolete vehicles, with their glazed sides and varnished panels. Yet there is nothing about the style of them as they were borne through the streets in other and older days to suggest this ultimate purpose of their being. Who, though, sees his old clothes in the white paper of the morning journal, or mere coal in the gas flame which illuminates his dining-room? Of the availability of a street car for living purpose there may be a question, but of the adaptability of the structure there is no doubt—not, at least, after a visit to Carville. Carville is on the verge of the Pacific ocean, and on the northwest edge of Golden Gate park. It is founded on the sand dunes, and its residents are free of the sea breezes and the sunsets. Before them the park stretches out its vistas of dark green; around them are tawny sand dunes—a veritable Sahara billowing away to the hills. To the west the Pacific stretches illimitably its bright wastes of blue waters. An admirable site surely—a seaside resort within a stone's throw of San Francisco.

Carville and its cars belong to Adolph Sutro. You may occupy a car there, lease it even, at the rate of five dollars per month. You may convert it to domestic purposes, furnish it elaborately, but you cannot purchase it or its site for love or money. The location, thinks Mr. Sutro, who is a man of much foresight, has a future. What other great city has a seaside resort at its doors, he wants to know. Here is a London with its Brighton in the suburbs, a New York with a Narragansett pier on its water front. Why, it will be worth millions yet. The plutocrat of the twentieth century will have his villa here rather than on Pacific Heights or at Burlingame. Indeed, Mr. Sutro, who had the imagination to build the biggest and ugliest baths in America, and a Cliff house that looks like a fortified dry goods box, has but to close his eyes and see a vision of pale pink palaces embowered in verdure along the boulevard stretching over the sand dunes to the gum trees in the distance, and all paying tribute to his foresight. This is the ocean beach according to Sutro.

W. M. Coward's domicile is a summer villa—the swell show place of Carville. It is hung with portieres, equipped with a dining-table, a tiny kitchen and all the other domestic attributes. Its outfit of furniture and trappings cost $150, and really the impression you have of the interior is quite sumptuous. It might be a Pullman car, or a costly corner in a plutocrat's mansion, or something equally luxurious—if you can think of it. Here cometh the owner every Sunday armed with the materials of the Sabbath dinner, and he and his family enjoy the ozone and the freedom of beach, park and sand dunes. If he chooses, he may live there the week through—as Capt. Daily does. The captain is a gentleman of prominence and education, who found himself a few years back broken in health and out of pocket. There was a bit of a hut set out on the edge of the ocean which he obtained leave to occupy, believing that the fresh, free air of the Pacific was endowed with healing virtues which the atmosphere of the city proper did not possess. An invalid veritably, though young in spirit, he made the hut his domicile, and ever since he has waxed strong and hearty, regained his lost health and secured a new lease of life. The little cabin has been transformed into a quaint residence ornamented with the spoils of the sea. Behind it are stacked up timbers and shells and cocoanut husks and innumerable other articles of flotsam and jetsam. A dining-room has been scooped out of the sands and around the walls grow flowers. But it is the collection of bottles you will look at with the deepest interest. Such an array of bottles standing in every corner and brasure of the establishment, every one of them picked up by the captain in his morning tramp along the great, broad beach, which curves in shining reaches away to Lake Merced. He will tell you of the charm of life on the ocean shore and assure you that the sea fogs have their abiding place, not on the water's edge, but amid the chimney pots of the city. He will descant to you of renewed vitality and buoyancy of spirits gained from the sea breeze.—San Francisco Wave.

Cafe Parfait.

In making cafe parfait the cream may be flavored with chocolate, vanilla or strawberry, the parfait taking the name of the flavoring. Use good, thick cream, very cold; add to it half a pound of powdered sugar, and a gill of black coffee; mix thoroughly; stand the basin in a pan of cracked ice, and with a wire egg-beater beat to a froth. This will take about five minutes. Put the mixture into a mold, put on the lid, cover the joint with a piece of waxed paper; pack it in coarse salt and ice and stand aside for two hours. Or it may be packed in the freezer and served in tumblers.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Explicit Instruction.

An English bishop once confided to an old Welsh clergyman his difficulty in mastering the Welsh double l. The parson replied: "Put the tip of your apostolic tongue in the roof of your episcopal mouth, my lord, and then hiss like a gander."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Convent Salad.

Slice boiled potatoes while yet warm; mix with them a sliced cucumber, some minced onions, with a small sprig of tarragon. Add pepper, salt, oil, vinegar and sour cream; mix with a well-beaten egg. Serve direct from the ice chest.—St. Louis Republic.

Miss Vonnie Chase, daughter of Mr. John Chase, of Hoyes, is quite sick. This disease says present symptoms

John Brenneman has been visiting his parents and friends at Bittinger during the week. Maffett is moving his family into the brother house recently occupied by Mr. Calvert Co. at Sang Run.

Mr. A. C. DeWitt and son Arthur spent a week on a stream of cool flowing water a distance of fifteen feet.

A party of hunters from Elkhorn House, on the Sang Run road, and it we are to measure their success by the amount of their game in that neighborhood

Why should all republicans be disgusted with the Republican party? Has it not brought us good times, and if we want them to stay that is the ticket to vote. Do we believe from the words pained by your very learned correspondent from Sang Run, that he is still somewhat cold dazed from his long sleep, or has he never been awake? Surely he would never have committed the willful and unmerciful injustice to the party that has given us prosperity, if he was conscious of the deed, for if we are to believe that there is only one elected Sunday in the world as a warrior he see take his own

As a warrior he see take his own argument for proves and deed of Napoleon or even Frederick the Great and more steps and medals should not than thanks the heroes of the Emperor of Germany or the Czar of

Let us look about to be proficient in the world before we

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1897. NUMBER 35.

POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

THE calamity shriekers are seeking cover again. Wheat has made another advance.

THE Mexicans missed the greatest opportunity of their lives when William Jennings didn't visit them.

THE waves of Republican prosperity continue to wash away the planks from the silvercratic Chicago platform

THOSE living in the vicinity of large manufactories are not "kicking" against the effects of the Dingley law.

THE proportion of those who fail to see the returning prosperity is estimated now at something less than one-fourth of one per cent.

WITH only $153,000,000 of silver coined by the United States mints last year the silverites cannot make out a strong case about "discrimination" against silver.

WHEAT has gone up again, but the calamityites have some consolation left in the fact that the New England mackerel catch is 60,000 barrels short of that of last year

WHEAT, Silver and Bryan! Last year they all stood together, but they have since parted company, though Bryan has been trying to keep pace with silver in its downward course.

PARTIES who shouted for instant action by the administration on the Cuban question now admit that the course of the President was that of wisdom and diplomacy in dealing with this delicate question.

THE export trade of September was the heaviest of any month in the year, and was greater than in any September for years. It amounted to $104,-

691,705, a gain of over 22 per cent. over that of the September of a year ago.

IT MUST have caused Mr. Bryan a stitch in his side when he went through Ohio and noticed on all sides signs of prosperity where last year he found the conditions reversed, and where he predicted that without free coinage of silver no improvement was possible.

BUT little credit will redound to the Democratic editors who are attempting to decry President McKinley's action in the appointment of a special reciprocity commissioner. In view of the Democratic record on reciprocity, their best policy would seem to be to turn to other fields.

BRADSTREET'S statement of business conditions shows a continued healthy gain throughout the country. The bank clearings of last week were nearly 25 per cent. greater than those of a year ago. The business failures were also nearly a third less and the North American exports of wheat were 25 per cent. more than a year ago.

MR. BRYAN "explains" very satisfactorily, to himself, why silver has lost a fifth of its value since he was roaming the country last year, while at the same time wheat has advanced fifty per cent. in value, but now and then he runs up against a farmer who can't see through his logic. It is remarkable how some farmers can't be convinced.

ACCORDING to the Popocratic arguments of last year a vote for McKinley meant to the farmer wheat at twenty-five cents a bushel, but one for Bryan meant a dollar a bushel for wheat and then every dollar was to be worth two dollars, so that the farmers were to be eight times as well off with Bryan as with McKinley for President. All right as a theory.

THE official figures show that the gold reserve increased nearly $1,000,000 in the first half of October, reaching a total of more than $150,000,000. The reserve is getting so unwieldly as to cause the Treasury officials consider-

able annoyance. This is a novel sensation for the Treasury employees whose experience in that department dates from the incoming of Clevelandism.

IT WAS thought that the mails and wires would be kept hot and humming with reports as to why Japan ought not to have adopted the gold standard, as a result of the trip of a certain trio of American silver statesmen who took a vacation in Japan at the expense of the silver trust, but the American people have again been doomed to disappointment and not a word has been heard from these patriots.

THE silvery tones, if not the silvery arguments, have disappeared from Mr. Bryan's voice. It was noticed in Ohio that owing to excessive speaking his voice has lost much of its pleasant modulation, and had become strained and hoarse. It is thought this was due to some extent to the factory smoke floating around through the atmosphere where he spoke. Last year he wasn't troubled in this respect.

IT WAS not to be supposed that England would agree to open the mints of India in advance of any international agreement, or even conference, and her action in the matter of silver does not at all argue her opposition to the cause of true bimetallism. The prospect is that England will willingly send delegates to an international conference looking to the rehabilitation of silver as a primary money.

IT IS an actual fact, rather than a campaign story, that the advocates of the free silver theory are gradually and gracefully breaking away from their former convictions in regard to the white metal and are looking about for other "issues." Many men who supported free silver in last year's campaign, seeing the way the drift is going, are dropping the silver theory and coming out squarely in favor of absolute flatism. It is, however, but a step from free silver and the issuance of money worth forty cents on the hundred to unlimited paper money with nothing behind it to assure its redemption.

From the Kingwood "Argus."

There was a quiet wedding down at Albrightsville last Sunday, Oct. 24, at the residence of the officiating minister, Rev. H. E. Friend. The ceremony took place immediately after preaching, about noon, and the contracting parties were John L. Brown and Hattie Florence Welch, both from Friendsville, Md. They drove over in a buggy and were married quietly and returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Sterling left Tuesday evening for Friendsville, Md., to attend the funeral of the wife of Mr. George Sterling, brother to J. S. Sterling.

The Sang Run and White Oak Spring choirs will sing at Sang Run, Md., on Sunday, November 7, at 1 o'clock p. m. These choirs are both good ones and will no doubt render excellent music, as Prof. I. F. Groves has charge of these choirs and well knows how to entertain the people with soul-stirring music. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

Samuel Suter, the young man who was killed over at Cranesville last Tuesday, did not break his neck by the fall as was first announced. He fell heavily on the back part of his head and crushed his skull, never speaking afterwards. He groaned once after the fall, and then expired immediately. The funeral took place over at Johnstown, Md., the old home of the unfortunate man, and was conducted under the auspices of the Odd Fellow's Lodge of Cranesville, of which the deceased was a member.

A REPUBLICAN CYCLONE STRIKES MARYLAND.

Both Branches of the Legislature Safely Republican.

MR. GORMAN WILL NOT BE RETURNED TO THE SENATE.

The Entire County Ticket Elected by Large Majorities.

A HARD BATTLE ALL OVER THE STATE FAIRLY WON.

Beside Maryland, Ohio Elects A Republican Legislature, Which Insures Mark Hanna's Return to the U. S. Senate. New Jersey, South Dakota and Iowa In Line. Kentucky Steps Backward.

With semi official returns from all the counties in the State except St. Mary's, the Republicans appear to have elected enough members to the next Legislature to give them a majority of 13 on joint ballot. Official returns may be necessary to decide the position of some of the counties, and these may alter the result, but from the best obtainable figures at this time the Democrats appear to have a total of 52 legislative votes, while the Republicans have 65.

HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

Democrats—Baltimore county, 6; Harford, 1; Howard, 2; Cecil, 3; Kent, 2; Queen Anne, 3; Dorchester, 3; Worcester, 3; Wicomico, 3; Washington, 3; Talbot, 3; Anne Arundel, 4; Carroll, 4; Caroline, 1; total 41.

Republicans—Allegany, 5; Garrett, 2; Baltimore city, 18; Frederick, 5; Charles, 2; Somerset, 3; Montgomery, 3; St. Mary's, 2; Caroline, 1; Prince George's, 3; Calvert, 2; Washington, 1; total, 47.

SENATORS.

Democrats—Hold over, 3; new, Montgomery, Cecil, Talbot, Dorchester, Worcester; total, 8.

Republicans—Hold over, 9, new, Garrett, Allegany, Charles, Harford, Baltimore city (second legislative district,) St. Mary's, Caroline, Prince George's and Calvert; total, 18.

JOINT BALLOT.

Republicans	65
Democrats	52
Republican majority	13

Phillips Lee Goldsborough or Dorchester has been elected state controller by the Republicans. His plurality over Thomas A. Smith of Caroline in the counties may not be large, but this cannot be told at this time, as the detailed vote has not come in.

The election is assured of Allen Rutherford for clerk of the Court of Appeals over the present clerk, Mr. J. Frank Ford. Gen. Rutherford ran behind the ticket.

NEW JERSEY IS REPUBLICAN.

TRENTON, N. J., Nov. 3—The New Jersey assembly will have a Republican majority of 21 on joint ballot. The largest figures from the different counties show that the Democrats have elected Senators in Burlington, Hunterdon, Middlesex, Passaic and Sussex, and that Robert E. Hand (rep) is elected senator from Cape May by about 250 majority. With the hold over senators this will give the senate stand fourteen Republicans to seven Democrats.

Revised figures on assemblymen show that the lower house will stand thirty-seven Republicans to twenty-three Democrats.

HANNA IS SAFE.

CLEVELAND, O., Nov. 3.—The election of a legislature which will return M. A. Hanna to the United States Senate now seems assured. The triumph of Mr. Hanna was not unexpected by his friends in Ohio, but it was accomplished against tremendous odds. His election was not assured until the result in his county was known. He was supported by the substantial business men, the farmers and mechanics, and the friends of good government in general. He overcame what factional difficulties there were in the party. His opposition, while bitter and malicious, was disorganized and without a leader.

DOWN ON M'LEAN.

Democrats understood that the triumph of their legislative ticket meant the election to the Senate of John R. McLean. This fact created apathy in their ranks. No formidable senatorial opposition developed to Mr. McLean. The Democrats have sold their senatorial seat to the highest bidder twice in succession, and Democrats of integrity objected strenuously to the third sale, which would inevitably have been the result of the election of the Democratic ticket in this State. Many Democrats voted for Mr. Hanna as a consequence. The tour of Mr. Bryan through the State is seen in the result. He drove all the national Democrats and many of the conservative silver Democrats to the support of Mr. Hanna.

TAMMANY'S CINCH.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3.—The result of the first municipal election in the Greater New York completely reverses the conditions of 1896, when McKinley's plurality in the same territory was 56,855. The plurality of Van Wyck, Tammany candidate for mayor, is about 85,000, and the entire ticket is elected with majorities ranging from 70,000 to 100,000. Coler's plurality over Fitch, Republican, for comptroller, is over 100,000. Both Van Wyck and Coler were free silver adherents in 1896.

PARKER'S MAJORITY.

Alton B. Parker, the Democratic candidate for judge of the state court of appeals, carried Greater New York by 105,000, and his total plurality over Wallace, Republican, below the Bronx river will not be less than 108,000, insuring his election and Democratic success in the State.

Such a rush to the polls has never been known except in presidential years. Rainy weather failed to dampen civic enthusiasm. The registration was abnormal. The total of 557,256 was only 11,452 behind that of 1896. Last year only 6.66 per cent. failed to vote for president, and the estimated total vote this year of 528,000 shows that the falling off does not much exceed that of 1896.

REPUBLICAN GAINS IN KANSAS.

TOPEKA, KANS., Nov. 3.—Secretary F. L. Brown of the Republican campaign committee says: "Republicans have carried ten out of the thirteen judicial districts. Reports from 68 counties show big Republican gains.

IOWA SAFELY REPUBLICAN.

DES MOINES, IOWA, Nov. 3.—Latest returns on legislative ticket gives Republicans forty out of fifty senators, and sixty-one out of one hundred representatives. Chairman McMillan's closing claim was 30,000 plurality for Shaw, Republican, for Governor.

KENTUCKY STEPS BACK.

LOUISVILLE KY., Nov. 3.—Kentucky wheels into the Democratic column again by a majority of over 25,000. Reports from all over the state show that S. J. Shackelford, the silver Democratic nominee for appellate court clerk, will have fully 25,000, if not 30,000 majority, and that the silver Democrats will have a majority of over twenty in the two houses of the General Assembly.

Louisville, that has not gone Democratic for three elections, gives Weaver, the Democratic nominee for mayor, about 2,500 majority, and with three exceptions the whole municipal ticket has been elected.

RESULT IN COLORADO.

DENVER, COL., Nov. 3.—The result in Colorado is still in doubt. The

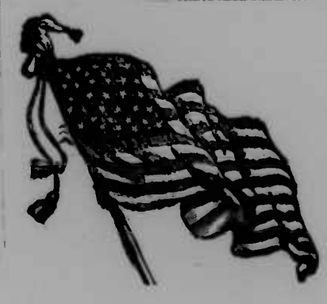

Look at the Republican Gibralter:

Garrett County's Official Returns.

CANDIDATES.	1—Swanton	2—Friendsville	3—Grantsville	4—Bloomington	5—Accident	6—Sang Run	7—Oakland, 1st Precinct.	7—Oakland, 2nd Precinct.	8—Ryan's Glade	9—Johnson's	10—Deer Park	11—Elbow	12—Bittinger	Totals	Majorities.
For Comptroller:															
Phillips Goldsborough, R	120	207	196	83	127	155	162	196	172	46	168	65	94	1791	536
Thomas A. Smith, D.	118	150	169	88	134	48	106	139	77	63	68	59	36	1255	
Clerk Court Appeals:															
Allan Rutherford, R.	120	206	196	83	127	154	161	195	173	46	168	65	94	1788	530
John F. Ford, D.	118	150	169	88	134	49	106	141	77	63	68	59	36	1258	
For State Senator:															
Robert A. Ravenscroft, R	122	173	152	68	136	132	167	198	169	47	167	64	91	1686	310
Wm. R. Getty, D	115	197	218	103	124	68	106	133	82	62	69	59	40	1376	
For House Delegates:															
George W. Moon, R.	116	182	196	78	128	148	169	194	174	44	168	50	91	1738	441
Wm. H. Jacobs, R.	117	184	198	80	126	149	166	198	173	45	166	58	95	1750	422
Peter F. Michael, D.	119	153	171	89	134	49	107	138	78	64	69	87	39	1297	
Brison Welch, D.	119	200	167	92	135	59	110	144	79	63	68	56	36	1328	
For Sheriff:															
Wm. P. Lee, R	115	204	197	80	124	138	159	174	178	45	167	65	95	1741	411
Ephraim J. Fringer, D.	121	151	172	91	139	60	121	167	77	63	71	59	35	1330	
For County Treasurer:															
Mahlon Glotfelty, R.	103	201	196	74	136	163	167	194	173	45	142	65	93	1752	434
Charles M. Wilson, D.	136	156	170	97	127	44	112	148	79	62	93	59	35	1318	
For Commissioners:															
Ephraim W. Kelso, R.	118	205	190	77	117	148	168	197	177	45	162	58	72	1729	456
John T. Garey, R.	115	243	173	81	139	151	162	195	173	45	161	57	75	1760	403
Norman Barnard, D.	117	131	171	94	133	49	117	141	73	63	75	61	38	1263	
Perry H. Broadwater, D.	122	136	198	90	144	56	108	139	79	63	70	77	75	1357	
For County Surveyor:															
Franklin P. Green, R.	105	200	198	76	128	134	143	170	157	45	147	88	94	1685	305
Alex. C. Mason, D.	134	156	169	94	138	69	133	171	96	63	88	36	37	1380	
For Amendment	8	9	7	12	4	6	12	14	5	1	13	1	1	93	
Against Amendment	87	163	207	60	181	124	77	102	155	32	44	73	80	1394	1301

The Prohibitionists cast 39 votes; the Socialist Labor candidates received 4 votes.

News says that Wm. H. Gabbert, Democrat-Populist candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court, is probably elected by 8,000 majority. The *Republican* says that Chas. Hayt, Republican and silver Republican, will have 3,000 majority or more. Hayt carried this county by about 7,000 majority.

The entire silver Republican ticket appears to have been elected in this county, although the *News* claims the re-election of Sheriff Webb on the Civil Federation and Democratic tickets. The fusionists appear to have defeated the Republicans in El Paso county, of which Colorado Springs is the county seat, and in Leadville and Lake county the silver Republicans made a clean sweep.

SOUTH DAKATA REPUBLICAN.

SIOUX FALLS, S. D., Nov. 3.—Out of eight judicial Republicans elect five judges. The Democrats elect one and the Populists win in the two Black Hill circuits. The Republican victories come as a surprise to that party as well as the opposition.

In the second circuit Judge Jones overcame a Populist majority of 1,100 and won by a majority of 700. A very light vote was polled throughout the State, not more than 40 per cent having been cast.

Avilton.

As we failed to get our items in last week we will try to make our appearance this week and give a little more news than usual.

Well, the election is at hand and a storm with it, and we are quite sure that Dr. Ravenscroft will be the Senator.

Mrs. R. E. Garlitz expects to make a visit to and round about Frostburg in the near future. Miss Laura Robeson will keep house for her during her absence.

Mrs. Wm. R. Getty, who has been visiting among friends and relatives

here, returned home last Monday.

The shingle mill near here is running at full blast. They saw from twenty to thirty thousand per day. Several teams are busy hauling them to the railroad, this week. One carload was taken to Frostburg.

Wm. Bradley, who was staying at John Robeson's for several weeks, returned to his home in Lonaconing last week.

Messrs. Wright and Ryland, of Friendsville, passed through our little village Friday morning.

Several of our Chestnut Grove girls attended the singing school at Cherry Grove last Sunday night. They are interested in vocal music or they would not walk a distance of four miles to attend.

Our schools are progressing nicely at present. We hope they will keep it up. Wm. H. Hoffmeyer reports thirty-seven pupils on the roll.

Quite a number of charitable citizens gathered at Mrs. Lavina Robeson's last Thursday and laid in a bountiful supply of winter wood.

The season of the year has come that most bees have ceased their labor, but the stand at Chestnut Grove still keeps the old drone at work.

Our noted hunter, Andrew Garlitz, is out every day. He never comes home with less than eight or ten dollars worth of game. Andrew and his hound are hard to beat.

The sale of M. H. McKenzie Saturday was well attended, and everything brought about its real value.

The Avilton corps of teachers expect to organize a literary in the Coleman school Friday evening, November 5th. All are invited to attend.

SPORTY BOY.

Profits of Good Roads.

Now, as to the profits in good roads. The towns and cities which have made entrance easy find that trade thereby comes to them. Farmers desert old markets for new ones, although the old markets may be nearer home, being influenced by the knowledge of how much cheaper large loads may be hauled over well made roads. Of course they buy where they sell, and one consequent gratifying result is a competition between business centers in the matter of good roads.—New York Post.

GOG.

Gog was a dog who was owned by Smith—
You have heard of Smith, his first name's Mister—
And May was a baby most seen with
Miss Maud, her grown-up, pretty sister.

So far the story is plain, no doubt,
But the rest of the tale demands reflection,
For every evening the dog went out,
And he always went in the baby's direction.

And it puzzles me and it puzzles Gog,
But you—well, you are experienced, maybe—
Why the maid so longingly looked for the dog,
And the man so frequently called on the baby.

And why did the young man sigh such sighs?
And why did the maid's sweet voice grow sweeter?
And why did they seem to realize
Maud's father paid for the gas by meter?

And how distant the young man was at the start!
(This fact, by the way, is one of the oddest),
Though they both so bashfully kept apart;
Their chairs, somehow, were not so modest!

And it puzzled me and it puzzled Gog,
But you—well, you can explain it, maybe—
Now, why did the maid caress the dog?
And why did the young man trot the baby?

And the young man said: "Dear baby, how
I love brown eyes and clear-cut features
And rare long hair and a classic brow
Such as nature gives some favored creatures!"

And the maiden said: "Good boy, good boy!
If I thought that dogs had understanding,
I'd tell you of eyes which give me joy;
Oh, they're eyes and most commanding!"

And it puzzles me and it puzzles Gog—
But your wiser sense can explain it, maybe—
For she don't seem to describe the dog
And his remarks did not fit the baby.

And the young man said: "O baby May!
Don't you think you would like to have a brother,
Who would worship you in the wildest way
As he loves—he loves—he loves—another?"

And the maid responded: "Goggy dear,
Do you love your master? Say! is it true, sir?
For somehow, although it seems so queer,
I somehow feel that I feel like you, sir."

Then the young man said: "Now Gog, my boy,
If you love me, give her a sign to show it;
Sit up on your haunches, grin for joy
And bark three times, and then she'll know it."

And the maiden said: "O my darling May,
If he loves me, as I love—you, so dearly,
Just pat-a-cake with your hands to say
That I believe that he speaks sincerely."

But alas! 'twas the young man's luckless lot
To rock on the tail of the canine creature,
And the poor dog's howls and the young man's thought
Would have shocked the soul of priest or preacher.

And then, despite what the maid could do,
The baby took a contrary notion,
And instead of patting a cake or two,
It joined the dog in a wild commotion.

And it puzzles me as it puzzled Gog,
But you—well you can explain it, maybe—
Oh, why did the young man kick the dog?
And why did the maiden spank the baby?
—J. Edmund V. Cooke, in N. Y. Sun.

At Bay on the Bridge.

A Story of Western India.

BY DAVID KER.

"I SAY, Jack, did you ever see such a piece of foolery as building this enormous bridge over a miserable little stream no wider than a gutter? Old Harrison must be stark mad, and no mistake!"

"If I were he," replied Jack, "I'd sell the bridge and buy some water with the money."

"I've spilt some lemonade on the table," cried Harry. "I wonder how long a bridge I shall have to build across that?"

And the two young sub-engineers, pleased with these jokes, at the expense of their chief, resumed their work in somewhat better humor.

Behind a pile of timber, a few yards off, within easy hearing of every word they said, stood no less a person than Mr. William Harrison himself—the chief of whom they were speaking. For a moment his hard, old face flushed angrily; but the flush melted into a smile of half-pitying contempt, as he turned slowly away, muttering:

"Well, well, my fine fellows, it won't be very long now before we see who's wrong and who's right."

At the first glance, however, it certainly did seem as if Jack Hopkins and Harry Burt had some reason to laugh at the bridge which they were helping to build.

Eleven arches, each having a span of 40 feet, stood ranged in stately procession over a mere thread of water, barely sufficient to wet one of the central piers. True, the rainy season was at hand; but, even in the rainy season, how could this miserable little rivulet ever swell into a second Niagara?

So thought Burt and Hopkins, and so, too, thought not a few of their English subordinates. As for the Hindoo workmen, who swarmed over the bridge from one end to the other, they thought nothing about the matter. So long as they got their day's wages and their day's food, the English burra Sahib (great master) was welcome to build a bridge over a teacup if he liked.

Day by day the bridge advanced toward completion, for the railway, of which it formed a part, was a very important one, and Mr. Harrison had received orders to finish it as quickly as possible. But, although he made all the haste he could, he took good care that no part of the work was hurriedly or inefficiently done.

"Whatever's worth doing at all, is worth doing well," he would say; "and it's better to put a little extra work into this bridge than to have to build another, if it breaks down."

Every day, and all day long, the old fellow was at his post, in the soiled, white sun hat and threadbare cotton jacket, at which his dandified young lieutenants laughed behind his back. So well did he keep the men up to their work, that all was ready a full fortnight before the time when the rainy season usually set in, and the next day but one was fixed for the formal opening of the bridge by the English commissioner of the district and the running of the first train across it.

The evening before the ceremony, Mr. Harrison went out upon the bridge to look about him, and Burt and Hopkins, having nothing better to do, followed him.

It was close upon sunset, but the stifling heat which had prevailed all day was still as oppressive as ever. The whole air felt damp and heavy, and the tiny streamlet that trickled through the vast, gravelly hollow of the riverbed, seemed to crawl more languidly than usual, as if it were tired, like everyone else.

Suddenly there came through the still air, from the great mountains that stood up against the northern sky, overhung by a thin, ghostly haze, a strange, dull sound, suggestive of far-off thunder, but harsher and sharper, and altogether more like the rolling of a cart over a pebbly road.

The veteran engineer bent his gray head forward to listen, and a very grave look came over his iron face.

"What's up, Mr. Harrison?" asked Burt, feeling vaguely uneasy though he hardly knew why.

But, before the old man could reply, a deep, booming noise, which came rapidly nearer and nearer, followed the mysterious sound.

All at once, the upper part of the river channel, the bare gravel beds of which

HIGHER AND HIGHER ROSE THE WATER

had stood out glaring white all day in the burning sunshine, turned black as ink; the hollow boom swelled into a deafening uproar, and in a moment the whole country below them was one foaming, leaping, roaring sea.

Burt and Hopkins instinctively turned to fly, but a firm grasp pinned them to the spot.

"Are you mad?" asked the old man, sternly. "Within five minutes all that ground will be fathom-deep in water, with a current that would sweep away an elephant. Our only chance is to stick to the bridge. Perhaps the water won't overflow it."

Cold comfort, certainly; but, as Harrison said, it was their only chance. There had evidently been a very heavy rainfall in the mountains, and the rains and melting snows had brought down the summer floods a fortnight before their usual time.

The new bridge was now to be submitted to an inspection far more searching than that of the jolly, easy-going district commissioner, and if it failed to stand the test, they were lost, one and all.

Higher and higher rose the water; more and more fiercely ran the furious current. The two young dandies, who had no idea of the power of a real East Indian flood, looked aghast at seeing the whole face of the country below them changing as if by magic.

High banks fell away like melting snow; huge trees were torn up by the roots, and rocky heights hacked into notches like the teeth of a saw. Great bowlders fell thundering into the swirling foam; mountains of gravel were piled up where hollows had been, and hollows gaped in the surface of solid ridges.

Suddenly the fall of an enormous rock made an eddy in the current, which sent half a dozen vast tree trunks rushing straight at the very arch upon which they were standing.

Even brave old Harrison drew a quick breath as the mighty mass came charging on, and plunged, with a deafening crash, against the pier below. But, although they felt the solid masonry shake under their feet with the shock, the bridge stood firm.

"Hurrah!" cried the old engineer, a few minutes later. "The water hasn't risen a bit this last two minutes. I think we've had the worst of it now."

His practiced eye had not deceived him. The flood, as it spread itself over a wider and wider extent of country, lost its force more, and by midnight all danger to the bridge was at an end.

"Well, young gentlemen," said Harrison, with a piercing look at his two pale and woe-begone companions, "do you think my bridge too big now?"

But the "young gentlemen" made no answer.—Golden Days.

Nearly Buried a Live Man.

A hasty Paris undertaker came near burying a man alive recently. A man died in a room in which his paralytic brother also slept and was measured for his coffin. For convenience the family changed the bed about and the undertaker's men put the paralytic in the coffin intended for his brother. When the time for the funeral came they luckily discovered the real corpse.

SHIPMENT OF MONEY.

Reasons Why Banks Prefer to Remit Funds by Express.

The fact that many southern and eastern banks have recently used the registered mail service for the transmission of currency to and from the banking centers of the country has caused considerable comment. The reason is found in the inability of the banks to secure this year, through the treasury of the United States, the benefit of government contract rates from the express companies. Prior to this year the treasury gladly shipped currency to banks at government rates, in return for gold. In the last contract with the express company, however, a clause was inserted by which such privilege should be afforded to the banks only when the treasury needed gold.

The secretary of the treasury decided that the treasury does not need gold now, the banks cannot participate in the advantages of the government contract and to save transportation charges country bankers have ordered their city correspondents to make remittances intended for them by registered mail.

The cashier of a large national bank which ships many thousands of dollars every day to its correspondents all over the country, in speaking about this matter with a New York Evening Post reporter, said:

"The conservative banker still prefers to send money by the well-known express companies; but, to save expense, since the government refuses to remit for the banks any longer at government contract rates, the country banks are apparently willing to take the risk of transmission by registered mail with the guarantee of an insurance company's policy for its safe delivery. Notwithstanding, however, the registration and insurance, the risks of sending large sums of money by mail are very great. A package of currency which is forwarded by the registered mail department of the postal service has no distinctive mark indicating its value; a pencil receipt is given for it just the same as for any ordinary letter or package of merchandise. The package of money is thrown in with packages of merchandise of all sorts, and no more care is taken of it than is taken with a box of shoes or a package of gloves. The registry clerk's receipt is not a document that is as well known or as satisfactory as the receipt of the receiving clerk of an express company, and in case of the loss of the package, the delay in the recovery of the money is interminable.

"On the other hand, the express companies locate missing packages of money or make good the loss promptly, without technicalities or delays. They are responsible, and banks run no risk in shipping by them. Their employes are chosen solely on the ground of ability and trustworthiness, and they are therefore more likely to be more accurate and prompt than postal employes, who owe their places, more or less, to politics, notwithstanding the civil service examination. While it is true that by insuring money sent registered mail there is some guarantee against loss by non-delivery, it is equally true that there is considerable risk of loss if the insurance company stands on technicalities. The slightest informality in the observance of the terms of an open policy issued by an insurance company renders the policy invalid, and would in the case of a missing package cause the loss to fall on the consignor. The technicalities to be observed by a remitting bank in sending money by registered mail when the delivery of the money is insured by one of the local insurance companies are very great compared with the simple but safe methods of the express companies, and unless some new regulations are made by the postal authorities for sending registered mail conservative New York banks will certainly prefer to ship by express."

The cost of postage and insurance, says the Post, is much less than the usual express charges at what are known as bankers' rates. Few New York bankers, however, would remit money in that way, unless they were directed to do so by their correspondents. They would rather ship it by express, even though it cost more to do so, because they consider it the safer way.

Walter's First Dip.

Walter T—— was six years old. He never had seen the ocean. We were to spend the summer at the seaside, and Walter had a new bathing suit. Every boy in the block was invited into the house to see him try it on, and one day we discovered him in the bathtub surrounded by an admiring group of juveniles, to whom he was discoursing about how he would dive from the end of the iron pier when he reached the ocean. When the young man, however, saw the ocean with the great waves rolling on the beach, he could not be induced to go near it, and positively refused to put on his bathing suit. One day his father offered him 50 cents if he would put on his suit and get wet all over once. He wanted the money very much, and he finally consented. Clasping his arms around his father's neck like a vise, the great undertaking was begun. After much shivering and trembling he was wet about two inches above his ankles, when he exclaimed: "Papa! I—guess—I—will—only — take — ten — cents'—worth—this—time."—Crypt.

QUEER MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

The pang-kou is a small Chinese drum resting on a wooden tripod. It is beaten with common wooden drumsticks.

The kanoon is the favorite instrument among ladies in Turkey. Its shape resembles that of a harp laid flat. It has 72 strings, in sets of three, and is played with a small plectrum.

The Algerian musicks produced from seven different kinds of instruments, two being guitars, one a rude violin, two kinds of drums, a clarinet and a flute, all of the most primitive forms.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—John Mossman, of Parkersburg, W. Va., made a fortune of $500,000 with his nose. He was a deaf mute, and could pick out a piece of ground under which there was an oil well by simply smelling it. He recently lost his life in a railroad accident.

—The biggest crab ever captured in Mobile bay was recently caught by Dr. T. Aubrey Dickson and George W. Owen. It weighed two pounds, and measured 23 inches from tip to tip of claws. The shell measured nine inches in length by five in width.

—Several farmers in central Kansas are connected by telephones, to permit the farmers' families to engage in social conversation. The instruments cost six dollars each, and the barbed wire inclosing the farms serves to transmit the conversation.

—Reports on the Indian wheat crop are beginning to come in. From the central provinces we learn that the area of wheat is only 1,898,022 acres, as compared with 2,714,454 acres for 1896, and a ten years' average area exceeding 4,000,000 acres. The estimated outturn is 324,755 tons, against 368,338 for 1896 and 784,802 as the ten years' average.

—Experiments show that a light of one candle power is plainly visible at one mile, and one of three-candle power at two miles. A ten-candle power light was seen with a binocular at four miles, one of 25 at five miles, though hazily, and one of 33 candles at the same distance without difficulty. On an exceedingly clear night a white light of 3.2 candle power can be distinguished at three miles, one of 5.6 at four and one of 12 at five miles.

—It appears that the domestic cricket of Europe, the "cricket of the hearth," has been introduced into this country. In Minneapolis and elsewhere they have proved to be a great nuisance. House agents there claim that besides being tiresome and noisy, they are very destructive, so that "a house invaded by them could not be rented." This cricket was observed in Canada by Kalm in 1749, and its recent occurrence there has been confirmed by two well-known entomologists; and it has been observed in various eastern towns by Uhler and others, but it has not hitherto been common in the United States, though frequently observed in Canada.

SOME BAD NURSES.

Census for Girls Who Are Merely Following a Fad.

The fame and publicity which attaches to this profession (nursing) have stimulated a false enthusiasm which seeks the satisfaction of pride and vanity by fawning at the feet of the goddess of notoriety. The result is that the girl who is not satisfied with her home volunteers as a nurse. She sees in it poetry, life and fame. She finds the service of her own relations dull, uninteresting and prosaic; but she sees glory on the horizon if she enters a hospital ward. Her own friends do not fulfill her expectations of what is her due. She finds no pleasure in the duties of the home, and there gleams to her entranced elation a vision of the dawn of the ideal service in becoming the drudge of the unknown. But she who cannot serve her own will never serve another. Her dreams will vanish with a cruel rapidity when once inside the walls.

Hundreds of those who stand on the doorsteps of our London hospitals, seeking by all sorts of ingenious devices to gain admittance, are not capable of dusting a lady's drawing-room, much less fit to have charge over life and death. A large percentage of them know not even the elements of domestic economy and cleanliness, and it were the gravest of errors to permit such into the ranks of those who must combat with the micro-organisms of disease. To commit the charge or dressings and cleansing to such would be to foster an enemy in the camp. The strictest examination, the prolonged preliminary training may have, must have, serious disadvantages, but it is effectual at least in this, that it makes the rejection and elimination of such candidates as these easy, and safeguards the public from being inundated with flimsy counterfeits. —Westminster Review.

Gumbo.

"I suppose I am a kind of gumbo," a New Orleans man said to me, as if enjoying the joke on himself. "I am French and German on my mother's side, and English on my father's; my wife is a mixture of French and German; we talk French to our children, but we have given them English names, and we are bringing them up to be thorough Americans." At this juncture a tribute to "gumbo," the dish par excellence, seems appropriate. Okra, valued as a homogeneous article of diet in Egypt and Syria for centuries, becomes a general mixer of meats and vegetables in Louisiana; "okra gumbo" has a universal succulence and adaptability to the tables of the rich and the poor. There are gumbos also of oysters, crabs or shrimps, according to taste, and the Creoles have their "gumbo file."—Lippincott's.

Pneumatic Horse Collars.

There are now sold pneumatic horse collars that are inflated just as bicycle tires are. Pneumatic collars are made for draught horses and for carriage horses. Those thus far sold, however, have been chiefly for draught horses. They are made with a rubber air holder, which is covered with canvas, and the collar is then covered with ticking or kersey or leather, in the usual manner. Pneumatic horse collars cost about a third more than the best collar of the ordinary kind.—N. Y. Sun.

Over 65 Miles Per Hour.

The electric motor will be an accepted and working factor of the Western railway of France from the beginning of next year's summer service. The distances between far-off stations from Paris are to be covered at the rate of more than 65 English miles an hour. —Westminster Gazette.

He Got the Position.

Small boy dashed breathlessly into a merchant's office. "Is the guv'nor in?"

"Yes; what do you want?"

"Must see him myself; most particklar."

"But you can't; he's engaged."

"Must see him immejit; most particklar."

The boy's importunity got him in.

"Well, boy, what do you want?"

"D'yer want a orfice boy, sir?"

"You impudent young rascal! No! We've got one."

"No, you ain't, sir; he's just bin run over in Cheapside."

Boy engaged.—Tit-Bits.

Her Comment.

"I have noticed," said Willie Wishington, "that a woman always puts the most important part of her letter in the postscript."

"You never do that," said Miss Cayenne.

"Never."

"Well," she went on, thoughtfully, "isn't it better to put the important part of a letter in the postscript than to leave it out altogether?"—Washington Star.

What He Wanted.

"Is there anything in my house you would like to have?" asked the man, as he frowned over the back fence at his next-door neighbor.

"Yes," came from the other side of the fence; "I'd like to have you send the insides of that piano your daughter bangs on, out to my barn."—Yonkers Statesman.

Youthful Forethoughtfulness.

"When you have a sore tooth you go to the dentist and he pulls it, don't he?"

"Yes, my son."

"Now that you've got a sore leg if you go to the doctor will he pull it?"

(With deep feeling) "Yes, my son."—Brooklyn Life.

An Official's Wrath.

First Citizen—What's the alderman so mad about?

Second Citizen—A boodle scheme was pushed through while he was absent.

"I see. Mad because the taxpayers are going to be robbed."

"No. Mad because he missed a divvy."—N. Y. Weekly.

IF UNCLE SAM SHOULD CONCLUDE TO ANNEX GREENLAND.

Such Is Fame.

"Do you consider Meeker a self-made man?"

"No; I think he was made to order."

"Why so?"

"Well, judging from the way his wife orders him around he must have been made for that purpose."—Chicago News.

Of Course She Would Suffer.

"If you don't like to hear me talk," she demanded, "why didn't you marry a mute?"

"A woman who is physically unable to talk at all!" he exclaimed. "Why, I'm too tender-hearted. I can't endure the sight of suffering."—Chicago Post.

An Eye to Economy.

Mr. Trivvet—Why did your wife get a wheel; she was so much opposed to bicycling last year?

Mr. Dicer—She found a bicycle belt on the street, and her economical instinct would not permit her to let it go to waste.—N. Y. Journal.

Handicapped.

"That man," remarked an admiring friend, "has the faculty of saying clearly in a few words what others would require pages to express."

"Too bad!" said Senator Sorghum. "He'll never get along in politics; not unless he learns to filibuster better than that."—Washington Star.

Restitution.

Miss Keedick—I read about a lady suing a man for $500 for a kiss he had stolen from her.

Miss Kittish—But I suppose she would have been willing to withdraw the suit if he would return the kiss.—Up-to-Date.

A Double Robbery.

Midnight Burglar—Fork out every farthing you've got or I'll—

Jones (half awake)—Look here, Maria, this is coming it too strong. Didn't I give you all I had when I came home?—Judy.

Those Dear Girls.

Madge—When we were driving in the park to-day we were the cynosure of all eyes.

Marjorie—Oh, so you had that pretty southern girl with you.—N. Y. Journal.

The Only Way.

"No," said the business-like young woman, "I don't read anything that author writes."

"Perhaps if you were to get better acquainted with him he would interest you."

"I don't think so. There is only one way that I can imagine his interesting me in what he wrote."

"You mean he'd have to change his style."

"No. He'd have to become secretary of a company in which I held stock and declare a dividend."—Washington Star.

His Exceptional Luck.

"I have read repeatedly," said the sad-eyed young man, "never to ask a young lady's permission when you wished to kiss her."

"Well, I hope you didn't," said his friend.

"No, I didn't; but the young lady, I think, does not read the papers."—Puck.

They Would Kick.

He—I am opposed to women being allowed to vote.

She—What is your objection?

He—If they are allowed to vote they will all be practically ballot girls, and what few there are of them now make trouble enough in the world as it is.—Tammany Times.

A Roland.

The Editor—I regret that your manuscript, though good, is not available at the present time.

Scribbler—Ah, then may I presume to hope that your esteemed periodical will some day improve to such a degree as to be worthy of my contributions?—Yellow Book.

Height of Impropriety.

"Do you know," said the girl in blue, "while we were sitting in the hammock, and just as I thought he was about to propose, a garter snake suddenly appeared."

"How indelicate!" returned the girl in pink.—Chicago Post.

A Critical Opinion.

Jinks—That young lady may be a fine pianist, as you say, but there is no warmth to her touch.

Blinks—I guess you didn't hear her play the Moonlight symphony.

Jinks—No; but I squeezed her hand.—N. Y. Weekly.

Merely a Feeler.

The Baron—Did her father acquire his money honestly?

Penelope—Oh, yes. (Sarcastically) If he did not I suppose you would not marry her.

The Baron—Not at all. If he acquired it dishonestly he would probably be too clever to give any of it up.—N. Y. Times.

Good Advice.

Life's troubles are many, its joys are few,
Yet will we not train with the doleful crew;
To double each pleasure and rout each pang,
Just pluck every rose and let thorns go hang.
—Detroit Free Press.

Her Opinion.

"One of the greatest evils in life," said the elderly woman, "is procrastination."

"I think so, too," replied the young married woman. "I don't see the sense of putting off your golden wedding anniversary till you are 60 or 70 years old."—Washington Star.

Well Balanced.

"Yes, Miss Hawjames is a wonderfully intellectual young woman, but she has developed her brain at the expense of her poor little body. To me she seems top-heavy."

"Top-heavy? Then you have never seen her feet."—Chicago Tribune.

Ready Made.

"Bilger says no woman could make a fool of him."

"Well, then, he's right."

"Right?"

"Yes, she'd be too late."—Chicago Journal.

A Deduction.

Teacher—What is a rumor?

Pupil—A ship.

Teacher—What makes you say that?

Pupil—Because I always hear of rumors being afloat.—Judy.

Doubtful.

Charlie Bragg—Yes, Miss Brightly, it costs me $10,000 a year to live.

Miss Brightly—Or, Mr. Bragg! do you think it's worth it?—N. Y. Truth.

Just the Girl He Wanted.

He—Can you cook?

She—I'm sorry to say that I can't.

He—Will you be my wife?—N. Y. Journal.

WOMAN AND HOME.

HOW TO REMOVE STAINS.

List of Useful Remedies for Housekeepers' Reference.

Here is a list which housekeepers should paste up where it would be handy when the query comes, advises an exchange: "Oh, dear, what is it that takes out mildew stains or peach stains? I've read it somewhere, but I can't remember to save my life!" For fresh tea and coffee stains use boiling water. Place the linen stained over a large bowl and pour through it boiling water from the teakettle held at a height to insure force. Old tea and coffee stains which have become "set" should be soaked in cold water first, then boiling.

For peach stains a weak solution of chloride of lime, combined with infinite patience. Long soaking is an essential.

Grass stains may be removed by cream tartar and water.

For scorch hang or spread the article in the sunshine. For mildew, lemon juice and sunshine, or if obstinate dissolve one tablespoonful of chloride of lime in four quarts of cold water and soak the article until mildew disappears. Rinse very thoroughly to avoid any chemical action upon the linen.

For wine stains sprinkle well with salt, moisten with boiling water and then pour boiling water through until the stain disappears. For blood stains use cold water first, then soap and water. Hot water sets the stain.

For chocolate stains use cold water first, then boiling water from the teakettle.

Fruit stains will usually yield to boiling water, but if not, oxalic acid may be used, allowing three ounces of the crystal to one pint of water. Wet the stain with the solution, place over a kettle of hot water in the steam or in the sunshine. The instant the stain disappears rinse well. Wet the stain with ammonia to counteract the acid remaining, then rinse thoroughly again. This will many times save the linen, which is apt to be injured by the oxalic acid. Javele water is excellent for almost any white goods. It can be made at home or bought at any druggist's.

AUTUMN FASHION HINT.

A Picture Hat of Black Velvet, Turned Up on the Side.

As long as there are charming women there will be picture hats, for the woman has yet to be found who does not love to deck herself out in so beautiful an article of dress.

The very newest picture hat is of black velvet of fine quality. It is turned up sharply at the left side, with a large rhinestone buckle underneath, holding two immense black feathers in place, one of which sways front and the other back.

The crown is a black velvet puff, which is set on a wide jeweled band.

BLACK VELVET PICTURE HAT.

At the side one feather stands upright and there are two or three lying around the crown.

For matinee occasions—when the picture hat is to be taken off—high tulle ruches, in pale blue and pale pink, are tied around the neck with broad tulle strings. These, like the hat, can be taken off and held in the lap.

For the first cold day, a waist of brocaded cloth or heavy silk can be worn, when quite a comfortable appearance is produced without too much warmth. The black velvet hat is not very expensive if "covered" at home.

Marriage in India.

The result of Mrs. F. A. Steel's personal observation is that marriages in India are singularly happy. There are fewer cases of unkindness and violence than in Great Britain. The dowry system, she avers, is a great protection to the wife. Every bride takes her husband a dowry, which is a kind of marriage settlement against unkindness. If she is badly treated and thus compelled to go back to her father's house, the husband has to return her dowry; probably he has spent it, and, as it is not often convenient for him to refund the money, he takes care to treat his wife well. "I think that a similar system here would be a good thing," says the lady, frankly.

For a Sty in the Eye.

When you feel that pricking pain and see the fatal little spot of red on the eyelids which surely foretells the coming of a sty, put into a small bag a teaspoonful of black tea, on which pour enough boiling water to moisten; as soon as cool enough put it on the eye and let it remain until morning. The sty will, in all probability, be gone; if not, one more application will be certain to remove it.

Keep the Air Fresh.

An agreeable method of changing the atmosphere in an invalid's room is to pour some eau de cologne into a soup plate and with a match set fire to it. The cologne will make a pretty flame and impart a delightful, refreshing odor to the air.

NEW THEATER HAT.

Smaller and Much More Becoming Than Last Year's Style.

The theater hat has reformed. It has seen the error of its ways and promises to forsake its spreading brim and towering crown for a neat little toque shape which will be suitable for any face.

The very latest theater hat directly from Paris is made of three puffs of sapphire blue velvet, one placed above the other and fastened together so that they resemble a fluted crown. At one side there is a steel buckle which catches a bunch of lace and a couple of loops of sapphire ribbon. On the other side is a steel star. At the extreme back an aigrette towers up and a little forward.

This hat is meant to be worn far back on the head with the hair moderately low. It looks very well above a braid and is particularly becoming to hair that is turned straight back over a pompadour. It is very small and can be made by anyone. It is pretty in any color velvet and looks well in black with turquoise bows at the side and lace. It is also a hat that is suitable for summer and winter, so that people who like to get one little hat to wear to the theater at any season can be suited with this simple little style.

A PARIS THEATER HAT.

A beautiful neck trimming to wear with this is a bon of silk roses fastened closely together and edged with their own leaves. This hooks in front.

WIVES IN CALIFORNIA.

Law in That State Compels a Woman to Support Her Husband.

Under the law of California a wife can be compelled to support her husband, says the Boston Woman's Journal. This point was established recently by a decision rendered by Justice Temple, of the supreme court, concurred in by Justice Henshaw and Van Fleet and Chief Justice Beatty. The circumstances on which this decision was made were peculiar.

In Los Angeles county there lives an aged couple named Livingston. The wife, Mrs. Mary A. Livingston, has reached the mature age of 79 years, and her husband, Samuel W., is even older than his wife. In fact, he is so aged as to be infirm and unable to support himself. Some time ago the wife deserted her husband, and he was left as helpless as a baby. In their more prosperous days the wife always carried the bankbook, and, furthermore, she had money in her own right.

After the old woman deserted the old man he sued her for maintenance, and won the suit, the superior court of Los Angeles county ordering Mrs. Livingston to pay her husband a monthly allowance of $24. She at once transferred all of her property to her daughter, so as to avoid the execution of the order. She was cited to appear and show cause why she should not be punished for contempt. The contempt proceedings resulted in her being committed to prison until such a time as she would comply with the order of the court. From that judgment she appealed to the supreme court, and the judgment has been affirmed.

Blackberry Flummery.

Stew blackberries, moderately sweetened with sugar, until soft; mix a thickening of flour and water and stir into the berries. Continue stirring while it boils until the whole becomes incorporated into a mass just sufficiently thick to pour into molds; when cold turn out for dessert. To be eaten with milk or cream and sugar.—Woman's World.

A Financial Genius.

She—Mr. Uptown has bought his wife a diamond ring that cost $600. What extravagance!

He—No extravagance about it. On the contrary, he will save money by it. She will not need any new gloves as long as she has that ring.—Tammany Times.

Enough in This Country.

"I see a theater has been started in Circle City, Alaska," remarked Desdemona Walker, the tragedy queen.

"I have found it unnecessary," returned Hamlet McFadden, coldly, "to go so far North for a frost."—Chicago Post.

The Reason Why.

She—Why do they always say there's a man in the moon?

He—Because a woman never becomes as old as the moon.—Yonkers Statesman.

Latest Thing Out.

Knox—Jagsby is a very stylish fellow, isn't he?

Jocks—Yes; his wife often thinks he is the latest thing out.—Town Topics.

Make the Dust.

"Say, pa, what kind of pans do miners use when panning gold?"

"Dust pans, my son."—Puck.

THE FARMING WORLD.

LETTUCE IN POTS.

A Method of Forcing That Has Been Practiced with Success.

The method of forcing lettuce in pots may be of interest to those who grow lettuce under glass either in the amateur way or as a commercial product.

The preparation of soil for lettuce should not be too heavy. It should be composed of three parts by measure of loam, one of manure and one of sand.

The seed is sown in boxes about 14 by 10 inches and three inches deep, or on the bench. Benches are six inches deep, the lower three inches being filled with well-rotted manure, and the upper three inches with potted soil prepared as described above.

When the plants are about two inches high they are transplanted to two-inch pots. The benches are filled with soil in which the pots containing the lettuce are plunged, so that the tops of the pots are covered with about half an inch of soil. A little drainage material is put in the bottom of each pot. The plants are usually set on the benches about ten inches apart each way. The roots soon fill the pot and grow out into the soil of the bench through the drainage hole in the bottom of the pot. Being thus buried in the soil the little pots do not dry out as rapidly as they would do were they exposed to the air.

LETTUCE GROWN IN A POT.

The moment a pot is removed from the bench another may be set in its place without waiting to clear the bench, or any portion of it, of the rest of the lettuce. The method thus proves economical, both of time and space.

Grocers and other retail dealers readily appreciate the advantage of having lettuce grown in this way. It permits them to keep the lettuce on hand for a considerable length of time and still present it to their customers crisp, fresh and attractive, instead of wilted and unattractive.

When the plant is ready for market it may be knocked out of the pot and the ball of earth and roots undisturbed may be wrapped snugly in old paper. The earth will thus keep moist for a long time and furnish moisture to the plants through the roots which are imbedded in it. Local customers may be supplied with lettuce in the pots, and the pots returned after the plants are taken from them.

While the subject of forcing is thus under consideration, a few hints on the care of a crop may not be amiss. (1.) The temperature should be kept down to from 50 to 60 degrees during the day and from 45 to 50 degrees during the night. Plant lice become more troublesome in a high temperature. (2.) As much ventilation should be given as possible, but still keep the temperature within the range mentioned. (3.) So far as possible water only on bright, sunny days, preferably early in the day.

The varieties of cabbage lettuce are Big Boston, Salamander, Drumhead, Henderson's New York (curled), Golden Ball (dwarf), Golden Queen (dwarf). The variety of loose heads are Grand Rapids (curled), Hanson (curled), New Iceberg (curled), Prize Head (curled). —Ella M. Hess, in N. Y. Tribune.

ALL AROUND THE DAIRY.

A dirty milker will injure the flavor of the butter.

Milk that is drawn in an unventilated stable cannot escape taint.

Let plenty of fresh air into the churn after it is used and cleaned.

Boiling, and not warm, water should be used in cleaning the churn.

Bran and shorts should be bought at once. They will not be lower.

The patron should do his full part to make the creamery a success.

Whistle when you milk, if you can whistle well. The cow likes music.

If your butter is only fit for the country store barrel, don't make butter to sell.

The dairy barn ought to be a convenient structure, built so as to save steps and labor.

The cow that eats a good deal gives a good deal of milk, as a rule. Feed her all she will eat.

The little things, such as brushing off the cow before milking and making her contented, are what pays in the dairy.—Western Plowman.

Harvesting Weedy Potatoes.

That sins of neglect will follow a man until he is duly punished is never more conclusively proven than when the neglected potato field comes to be harvested. Not only is the crop greatly lessened, but the labor of harvesting has been increased. As a matter of fact, the farmer who can and does keep his potatoes free from weeds saves labor by the operation. Sooner or later the weeds have to be uprooted. It costs less to do this while they are small. If done then the yield of marketable tubers is so much increased and the expense of harvesting is decreased, so that it really costs less to harvest a large crop kept free from weeds than to harvest a crop failure made so because overrun with weeds.

Working Convicts on Roads.

North Carolina's system of working convicts on the roads has, it is alleged, rid the state of tramps, as well as proved profitable to all who use the roads. The state law gives magistrates the option of sentencing prisoners to road-building.

MOCKRIDGE SAVED THE DAY.

His Transportation Feat More Attractive Than His Singing.

Whitney Mockridge, the noted tenor, was once taking a troupe of singers around the country giving concerts at the principal towns in the middle west and northwest. The troupe also included a violinist and a solo pianist. They eventually arrived at St. Louis, a town on the Mississippi river. From there they expected to take a train for Sedalia, a flourishing town in the interior. But to Mockridge's dismay, there was no train which would take him to Sedalia in time for his concert. The officers of the Missouri Pacific railroad were sorry, but it could not be helped. Mockridge telegraphed ahead to his agent to see if the concert could not be postponed. "Impossible," was the reply.

But the tenor was equal to the emergency. He groped down in his broadcloth and extracted a roll of large, potent bills, currency of the realm. These he waved in the countenances of the railroad people and demanded a locomotive, a special car for his troupe and a clear track as far as Sedalia. Money talked and he got the train and the right of way. He telegraphed to the anxious agent: "We are coming, Father Abraham, 10,000 strong. Meet us at the depot with band." The news spread through the town and a crowd gathered at the depot. The special train ate up the 178 miles between St. Louis and Sedalia as a hungry tramp eats a piece of huckleberry pie. The wheels only hit the high places. The crowd at the depot was madly enthusiastic when the train leaped into town, and there was a crowd at the concert. To hear the singing? Oh, no. To see the fellow who had saved the day, with Sedalia 178 miles away.—Chicago Chronicle.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonial free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Give Us Rest.

This is the prayer of the nervous who do not sleep well. Let them use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and their prayer will be speedily answered. Insomnia is the product of indigestion and nervousness, two associate ailments, also remedied by the Bitters, which also vanquishes malaria, constipation, liver complaint, rheumatism and kidney complaints.

Wanted Specifications.

Lady—Are you willing to do some chopping for your dinner?

Jaded Jerry—What kind of pie is it, mum?—N. Y. Journal.

Excursion Tickets to American Fat Stock, Horse, Poultry and Dairy Shows, Chicago, Nov. 2-13.

Via the North-Western Line, will be sold at reduced rates, each Tuesday and Thursday during the show, limited to Monday following date of sale. Apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

At a Disadvantage.

Browne—I can't see that he's distinguished looking.

Towne—But his wife is with him now.—Truth.

Do You Play Whist, Euchre or Other Games?

The F. F. V. playing card is better than any 50 cent card on the market. Send 15 cents for one deck or 25 cents for two decks (stamps or currency) to C. B. Ryan, Ass't Gen'l Pass'r Agt. C. & O. Ry., Cincinnati, O

Unanimous.

Medium—The spirit of your wife is here, and says she never dreamed of such happiness since you two parted.

The Man—Tell her I feel the same way.—Life.

Star Tobacco.

If you care for pleasure, health and economy, chew Star tobacco, the leading brand of the world.

Culture's Coadjutor.—"What an air of well-bred repose young Newrich has." "Yes; but he was naturally lazy to begin with."—Chicago Record.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Some people don't care how worthless an article is so it is expensive.—Washington Democrat.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

Lots of men would like to get a pension, but not nearly so many want to go to war.—Washington Democrat.

Some folks enjoy nothing so much as going around talking suspiciously about their neighbors.—Washington Democrat.

It penetrates the seiatic nerve—St. Jacobs Oil, and cures the pain.

It is not safe to criticise folks too recklessly, for you can't tell whose relatives they may be.—Washington Democrat.

After a man succeeds in printing one kiss upon a girl's lips it's an easy matter to run off a large edition.—Chicago News.

If a new doctor's first patient doesn't die on his hands, he has a promising career.—Washington Democrat.

Lamb—"I can't understand how a man can afford to take public office when it costs more than the salary comes to to get elected." Wolf—"It is evident you were not cut out for a statesman."—Boston Transcript.

"See here, young man, I'll have to take you in. Your lantern's out." "Hold on, officer, I'll explain. You see I bought one of those two-dollar bicycle suits this afternoon, and it burst on me ten miles from home. Now, I'm trying to get back as quietly as I can in the dark. You see the necessity of it?" "That's all right—go ahead."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Here's a check indorsed 'J. R. Tompkins'—who is Tompkins, a man or woman?" "A woman, of course" "Why, of course?" "It's indorsed at the wrong end."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Indiana, I see has adopted compulsory culture." "How's that?" "If a man isn't agreeable to his neighbors they get up a surprise party and hang him.—Chicago Record.

Should Have Got Out of the Way.—"I don't believe I quite understand your contention," said the judge to the bicyclist who had lodged the complaint. "It seems that the prisoner is a house-mover; that he was moving a small frame house at the time of the trouble, and that you ran into the house. I can't see what offense he has committed." "But, your honor," protested the bicyclist, "I rang my bell when I was half a block away and he paid no attention to it."—Chicago Evening Post.

Norton—"Everybody seems to know me in this city. A moment ago a young chap hollered after me and wanted to know if I didn't want my shoes blacked." Winder—"That would seem to indicate that he didn't know you, wouldn't it?"—Boston Transcript.

A Thorough Canvass.

Returned Westerner—Yes, sir, those cyclones out west usually make a clean sweep. I lost everything I had in one. It came along about noon, and took house, furniture and everything in sight. And then, I'll be blamed if the villainous thing didn't come back in half an hour.

Eastern Man—Why, how does that come?

"Why, you see, there was a chattel mortgage in the house on some cattle belonging to a neighbor I had lent some money to, and, you may not believe it, but that cussed, grasping cyclone came back and took every head of those cattle."—Puck.

Crippled, on crutches, from a sprain. Used St. Jacobs Oil. Well again.

After six years' suffering, I was cured by Piso's Cure.—Mary Thompson, 29½ Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, '94.

A boy is never too trifling to learn to whistle real loud through his fingers.

In muscle, joint or bone, anywhere Rheumatism is cured by St. Jacobs Oil.

Every man thinks his credit is good.—Washington Democrat.

The muscles stiff; body sore, a sure Cure for it in St. Jacobs Oil.

A good time to quit a bad habit is when you are out of money.

Hit hard, bruised and sick. Used St. Jacobs Oil; cured him quick.

Coughs

that kill are not distinguished by any mark or sign from coughs that fail to be fatal. Any cough neglected, may sap the strength and undermine the health until recovery is impossible. All coughs lead to lung trouble, if not stopped. Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Cures Coughs.

"My little daughter was taken with a distressing cough, which for three years defied all the remedies I tried. At length on the urgent recommendation of a friend, I began to give her Dr. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. After using one bottle I found to my great surprise that she was improving. Three bottles completely cured her."—J. A. GRAY, Trav. Salesman Wrought Iron Range Co., St. Louis, Mo.

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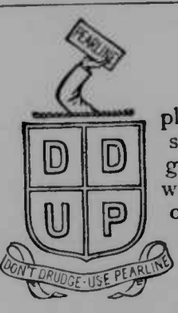

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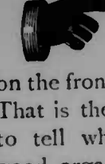

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The Republican.

E. J. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
P. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1897.

Retribution Comes at Last.

"The mills of the Gods grind slowly but they grind exceedingly fine," fitly applies to the result of the election in Baltimore city, the State of Maryland and particularly in Garrett county. As Republicans we must concede that the glorious result in Maryland is largely due to the Baltimore *Sun* and the independent Democrats, who, driven to desperation by the monstrous rascalities of the Gorman ring during the past twenty-five years, buried party prejudice and voted the Republican ticket. An old Democrat who knows whereof he speaks, sums up some of the causes which led up to this open rebellion against the bosses as follows: "All honest, intelligent and self respecting Democrats have been blushing for shame, and smothering their indignation for lo! these thirty years on account of the atrocious rascalities of the 'close corporation' created and dominated by that wily and unscrupulous master of the State of Maryland, Arthur Pue Gorman. Ever since the days of the notorious Gorman-Bannon regime in the Legislature, when a fifteen per cent. tax was levied on every bill before it could pass; when George Colton carried the 'green bag' and crushed out every honest Democratic newspaper in the counties that refused to kneel and crawl up to the shrine of Master Gorman and kiss his big toe, the slumbering volcano has been accumulating its fiery heat until the inevitable eruption and earthquake has finally come—thanks be to God.

"With all his astuteness, artfulness and admitted ability as an 'organizer,' Mr. Gorman has over-reached himself and misunderstood the honest instincts of mankind, which he is himself incapable of realizing, he has gone down to his political grave in ignominious defeat, disgrace and contempt. Along with him down goes his 'old gang' of sub-bosses and tools in the counties, and a long suffering public will proclaim a load AMEN! to this righteous verdict of the people."

WELL!

MR. GREEN will continue as County Surveyor.

MR. GETTY is not invincible, and there are some others.

AND the next day it was regulation Republican weather.

A QUESTION of the hour: "Where are the Democrats at?"

THIS will interest Mr. Gorman; likewise some other Democrats.

IT WAS a fight of The People against Gormanism and The People won.

YOU will find Senator Ravenscroft at the same old stand this winter.

MR. PERRY LEE, the Sheriff-elect, will surely make an efficient officer.

MARYLAND did nobly as a State; Garrett should have done better but—

THE Republicans of the county, as a whole stood nobly by their ticket.

THIS is what the Democrats think over their defeat in the State: ?!—?!—?—!.

"THE Republicans can always be depended up to do the right thing at the right time."

MESSRS. Moon and Jacobs, both noble men, made noble fights and came out victors.

THE County Commissioners' office for the next four years will be safe in the hands of Messrs. Kelso and Geary with His Honor Thomas H. Layman on the beach with them.

IT'S a great pity about the manner in which they were going to "do up" Senator Ravenscroft.

IT IS an assured fact that the people will not be burdened with another $18,000 school bond debt.

PROVIDENCE took a hand in Tuesday's election in Maryland, even if the Democrats seemingly did not.

THE Republicans elected Messrs. Ravenscroft, Moon, Jacobs, Lee, Glotfelty, Kelso, Geary and Green.

The Democrats elected:

WE presume those on the Democratic ticket in Garrett county's election Tuesday will continue to reside where they did prior to the election and continue business at the old stand.

AS PREDICTED by many Democrats, Chairman Miller, of the Democratic committee, has steered his party into another grand smash-up in Garrett county and gave his home district to the winners.

MR. MAULON GLOTFELTY, as County Treasurer, should feel proud of the immense majority he received on Tuesday. It shows that the people place implicit faith in his integrity as a business man and as a Republican.

TO THE Republicans in Maryland has come great power. They must use it wisely, not in any partisan sense, but for the best interests of all the people. The good citizens have placed the trust in their hands and they must do their duty in the broadest and fullest sense. It is not merely a Republican victory but a triumph of the people over Gormanism and bossism.

Sang Run.

The weather still remains foggy.

Mr. and Mrs. Herb Ferguson, of Mt. Lake Park, are visiting relatives at this place.

Prof. S. C. Smith, of Oakland, spent Saturday and Sunday visiting Mr. E. N. Casteel.

Quite a number of our boys attended the Republican meeting at Accident on last Friday night and report a lively time.

Mr. Wm. Smith and family, of Hoyes, spent Sunday in our midst.

Mr. Editor, We are again called upon to reply to that lengthy epistle, penned by your brilliant correspondent from Hoyes, who spent two weeks in deep meditation preparing what *he* supposed to be the most magnificent article ever published in the State of Maryland, and we fear the long mental strain will cause congestion or softening of the brain. We would advise the board of health to take the matter in hand, and should he be placed in a conservatory with plenty of fish for diet, we think he may in time partly recover. Notwithstanding the somnolent condition of "Rip," it does not require two weeks for him to collect his thoughts sufficiently to reply to that splendid article. The writer is proud of the fact that he has a breast sufficiently broad that a medal or star might be placed thereon, and would not, like his opponent, have to have his coat stuffed with cotton or some other material in order to give a sufficient amount of surface on which to place a medal which would be visible to the naked eye. We think it is your understanding that is impaired or you would have understood the meaning of the two words, viz.—emphatically denies. There were none refused, as we have before stated. I have no doubt our honors would have been greater, if that were possible, had I been discarded, for I have not the audacity to make the absurd assertion about our class that you did about the Hoyes class, viz.: that there are *no* bad singers in the class. But, notwithstanding the cracked and impaired condition of "Rip's" voice, he will meet you half way any time that suits your convenience, and engage in a singing contest either for a purse or "nit," and we will select three competent judges to decide, the loser defraying the expense of the judges. Now don't "crawfish." As for "Sleepy Hollow," I think that name was applicable to this place during last winter, for so far we have found no evidence except that which leads us to believe that you were in a dormant condition during your entire sojourn here.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

He Wilted.

It is stated that the marriage ceremony of a young couple in Tucker county last week was as follows:

"Wilt thou take her thy pard for better or worse, to have, to hold to fondly guard, till hauled off in a hearse? Wilt thou let her have her own wishes, make the fire every day and help her wash the dishes? Wilt thou give her all the stuff her little purse will pack, buy her a little moneyboa and muff, and a little seal skin saque? Wilt thou comfort and support her father and mother, and aunt Jemima, uncle John, thirteen sisters and a brother?"

The bridegroom's face grew pale and blank, as through the parlor floor he sank, he sadly said, "I wilt."—Inter Mountain.

This is the first time we have seen the above credited to Tucker county, but it has been going the rounds of the papers and credited to Randolph county and preacher-editor Kildow as the minister.

A KLONDIKE DINNER

Served to a Number of Business Men at Tacoma.

CANADIANS GOING TO THE KLONDIKE.

The Rush to Get Into the Gold Fields Unabated. People Coming From Australia and Japan.

TACOMA, Oct. 26, 1897.

Fifty business men and a number of newspaper correspondents sat down to a genuine "Klondike" dinner Saturday evening. The meal was served at a leading hotel, and the host was the famous condensed food manufacturer A. F. Spawn. All the meats, vegetables and fruits used at the dinner had been treated by Mr. Spawn's process. The menu was as follows:

Vegetable soup.
Saratoga chips. Fried parsnips.
Sweet potato patties. Potato parsnip cakes.
Cold ox tongue.
Stewed onions. Stewed squash.
Apple pie. Pumpkin pie.
Stewed peaches, prunes and apples.
Cocoanut cake.

The soup was delicious, and a Dawson City man, who was one of the guests, said it would bring $5 a plate at the gold diggings. The Irish stew, Saratoga chips, fried parsnips, onions and squash were quite as pleasant to the palate as the same dishes when served without being treated by the evaporated process. The pumpkin and apple pie were wonders, and the prunes were declared the very best ever tasted by several experts in the evaporated and condensed fruit lines, who were present for the purpose of passing judgment upon the excellence of the "Klondike" dinner.

About a half hour before the dinner was served Mr. Spawn carried a few little sacks of evaporated goods to the chief cook, and the dinner that was quickly served "astonished the natives." In the speech making which followed it was facetiously remarked that, hereafter, in going to Klondike all that a man would have to do would be to cram his pockets with condensed food and drink a little water after eating a few evaporated crumbs. The treatment of meats, fruits and vegetables by the evaporating process reduces the weight ten fold, thus enabling a man to carry a quarter of a ton of "spuds" as a part of his Klondike outfit. Throughout this section of the country the farmers and fruit raisers are evaporating their products for the Klondike trade, and the latest and most improved machinery is being put in to meet the demands for goods in this line. Condensers and evaporators are being put in throughout the Pacific northwest with headquarters for handling the prepared goods at Tacoma. The ships which leave with grain and lumber on long voyages also use large quantities of condensed and evaporated goods. But the greatest benefit to be derived immediately from the extensive manufacture of condensed foods at Tacoma is the supplying of the Klondike trade. Klondikers should be careful about the quality of their condensed foods. My advice is: "Investigate thoroughly and take only the best." A wise selection of food supplies, will, in a pinch, save the life of many a gold-seeker.

* * *

Cal Barlow of this city came down from the Stikeen trail to-day. "I believe," he said to me, "that most of the Canadians will head for the Stikeen. Some of them are already there. The distance from Fort Wrangle to Telegraph Creek, the head of navigation on the Stikeen river, is 150 miles. It is 150 miles more from Telegraph creek to the head of Teslin lake. The machinery for a saw mill and two river steamers is being lugged in now. I met several of the ill-fated steamer Bristol's passengers up there. They have been trying for four months to get to Klondike and are now about as bad off—if not worse off—than when they started. They should have waited till spring. The current of the Stikeen river is swift and navigation on it cannot be opened until May. It closes again in December. Much time and trouble is encountered getting up stream, but you can come down in a jiffy without steam. All you have to do is to steer and run with the current."

The freight on a ton of goods from Fort Wrangle to Telegraph Creek is $50; for a horse, mule or cow, $30; for a passenger, $10. The charge from Tacoma to Fort Wrangle, Juneau, Dyea, Skagway, Haines' Mission or Chilcat, at the beginning of the overland journey on the other passes, is only $3 a ton for freight and $20 for cattle, mules or horses. On account of board being included, the passenger rate from Tacoma to Fort Wrangle or any of the other points is $25. But notwithstanding the advantages in favor of the Dyea-Chilkoot route preparations are being made to carry many gold-hunters over all routes.

* * *

Copper river continues to receive much attention, although one large party that went there recently went to pieces because of bad management. As I have indicated before, the greatest care must be taken in arranging Klondike parties if they are to be kept together and in working order. Only picked men should be made members. Organization should be perfected at once and supplies should be ordered put aside, subject to approval when all are ready to leave for Alaskan points. The passenger rate to Copper river will be about $50 from Tacoma, with the privilege of carrying 1,000 to 1,500 pounds of supplies free.

* * *

The work of building the aerial tramway over the Chilcoot pass is going ahead rapidly and by February 1st the Tacoma company which controls it will sell tickets direct from eastern points to the head of navigation on the Yukon. The ordinary man would naturally conclude that this railroad and tramway over Chilkoot pass would put an end to pack trains. However, the managers of the latter are proceeding on the theory that there will be more packs to carry than all the tramways and pack trains can handle. And their position seems sustained by recent reports.

For instance, Captain John Barneson, an old Puget Sound sea dog, has just returned from London, England, and reports that between 50,000 and 75,000 residents of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales alone will go to Klondike next spring. It was a part of Captain Barneson's business to find out how many were going, and he considers his report conservative.

A prominent Chicago railroad man claims Chicago will contribute not less than 50,000 to the Klondike jam.

A New York City man, just arrived, told me to-day that there was scarcely a business house or counting room in that city that would not contribute a man or two.

Australia has sent 400 miners already and promises to send 4,000 more, and even in Japan, on reading the *Japan Mail*, *Japan Gazette* and *Kobe News*, they have the Klondike gold-hunting fever. I do not mean that the average Jap has the fever, but the English and American colony has it, without doubt.

* * *

Last week I recorded the departure of two Scandinavians, who came here direct from Norway. Yesterday I had a long talk with the forerunner of a large party of Colorado miners. His name is H. Carl, and he is accompanied by Thomas Aikens. They came from Colorado and will push through to Dawson City at once. They will not carry supplies but will simply report the condition of the trails to their friends. Should they find the snow in such a condition as to warrant it, they will begin packing in supplies and allow their friends to come in "light."

Similar parties are arriving from Wyoming and Montana. It is well to note here that the practical miners are the first to arrive and prepare for the start overland. They look upon the "rush" with something of contempt, and expect to be off and away before the "crowd" gets fairly started.

And yet the practical miners are not alone in getting an early start. A party of six ranchers, headed by E. H. Goodwin, of Rainier, a few miles from this city, will start for Dyea as early as December 1st. They will camp there and do any work they can get, and then push over the pass at the earliest opportunity.

Just to show how the Klondike fever reaches the rich and poor in all countries, I will, without mentioning names, give snatches from a conversation which I participated in to-day at the Citizens' Klondike Committee rooms. The first speaker was a tall youth, with fine linen and costly clothes, carefully manicured finger nails, bright brown eyes, red cheeks and carefully curled mustache and carefully brushed teeth. He spoke the purest of French and hailed from Switzerland. He wanted Klondike information.

"When will you go in," he was asked.

"Not until spring. I shall remain here until spring. Which is the easiest route?"

"By the ocean to St. Michael and up the Yukon."

"And which is the quickest and shortest route?"

"The Chilkoot pass. Will you go to mining or will you follow some business?"

"I shall bond or buy a mine if possible. If not, I shall look about."

This well-groomed young man had evidently never done a hard day's work, either manual or mental, in his life. He has taken rooms here for the winter and will be on the alert for opportunities. His purse is long and well crammed with gold.

The other man was an employe from one of the great saw mills at Tacoma. At first he was reticent, but after a while he talked of his plans and his hope.

"When you come to buy shoes, clothes and school books for a family of five children," he said, "you have not got much left out of $1.70 per day. I have been working for six years steady, and although my wife does all our sewing and washing, besides taking care of the children, we find that it is about nip and tuck to keep even. Some months we get a little ahead, but then we drop back on other months. We live in a house on disputed land and pay no rent. We keep a cow and with the closest figuring we can hardly keep even. Many of the boys in our mill will go to Klondike, and I've about made up my mind to go. What advice can you give me?"

He admitted he could not understand how other men who work with him in the mill at $1.52 a day live. He was also in doubt about getting his place back in case he did not succeed in his search for gold. It was a question whether he should not remain where he was, but he was finally advised, if he was determined to try his hand in the Klondike country, to start in from the jump as a laborer, always ready to do any kind of work, especially packing. In that way he should be able to "make wages" from the start. Then, later on, if he saw a good chance to get a claim in some rich district, he was advised to "get out and rustle." Men of this type cannot afford to spend all their time "prospecting."

THOMAS SAMMONS.

Phillips Lee Goldsborough, Comptroller of the Treasury.

Turner School.

This is a new school now progressing nicely under the management of Miss Clara Turney, which opened October 25th, with twenty-five pupils enrolled. You may say this is a school without a school house, it being now held in an old log house on what was known as the Eepler farm, now owned by Wm. and George Turner, hence the name Turner School. This place is on the National road between Frostburg and Grantsville and only six miles from the latter place. A school house here has been a long felt want, it being at least one and one-half miles from any of these twenty-five children's homes to the nearest school, and some of them have passed their tenth year without ever attending school.

Some time since one of our neighbors got up a petition for a school house, but it was cast aside by our school commissioners, saying some of the children wouldn't go anyhow. Now, it is a trite and well-worn saying, "the proof of the pudding is the eating of it," and it is now proven that the children will and do go, and we do hope the county will provide us with a school house before another scholastic year begins, for the old house in which school is now held is unfit, and only through the kindness of the owners of this house are the children enabled to attend this year.

AN OBSERVER.

Mountain Lake Park.

Rev. J. A. Fullerton, D. D., and family, have moved into their cottage. The doctor will make his home at the Park for a year at least.

Contractor Shrock is about completing his work on the two-story seven room house he is erecting on the corner of Oakland avenue and H street. This is a very pleasant house; has porches on three sides.

F. P. Jones, of Wheeling, was a visitor at the Park a few days ago.

The new drive to Deer Park has been cut out thirty feet wide, the small stuff grubbed out and the bridges are being made. The road is being used by the public. It brings Deer Park about one and a half miles nearer the Park and Oakland. It will be one of the most inviting roads in the county. It is a much needed improvement.

Thomas Harris has Judge Cuppett's new house on E street almost ready for the floors and finishing touches. This is a two story house.

P. T. Garthright has purchased W. R. Johnson's house on H street; price $1,100. This includes the photo gallery.

W. L. Woodcock's house is about completed. It is a two story house with a story and a half addition; has fine porches on two sides of the building. S. E. Flowers & Son are the contractors.

Quite a number of wild ducks visited the lake the past week. Our sportsmen succeeded in shooting a couple dozen.

Mrs. Frase and family have moved to Fostoria, Ohio. Mr. Frase is engaged in the insurance business.

Mr. Wm. Hocking and family leave in a few days for Grafton, where they will make their home. Mr. Hocking will engage in the mercantile business. Caldwell Hopkins will go with him and take a position in Mr. H.'s store.

C. W. Conner, of Wheeling, and Supt. Rudisill drove over to Bittinger one day last week.

The Misses Jennings, of Pennsylvania, bought the lot on the corner of Baltimore avenue and I street. They will build a cottage for a summer home.

M. Shrock is arranging to go to West Virginia to cut a couple of car loads of Christmas trees for the Pittsburg market.

Henry May and "Lem" Dawson came home to vote. They are working in West Virginia.

Our public schools, under Misses Hamill and Leary, is well spoked of. The enrollment exceeds that of any former period in the history of the Park. The scholars are making excellent advancement.

A. R. Sperry has again been elected superintendent of the Park Sabbath school. J. A. Hayden was elected assistant superintendent; Grant Hayden secretary, and Lewis Peters librarian.

Thomas Cornwall and family have moved into Judge Cuppett's house opposite Chautauqua park for the winter. Mrs. Cornwall will open a boarding house next summer.

Mrs. M. E. Quay, of Keyser, has rented the Fallen cottage for next season. Mrs. Quay and Mrs. Emmons made a decided success with their boarding house the past season.

Brathorn cottage and the Assembly house are still open for guests, and both have boarders. Mrs. Sawyer has purchased a lot back of the Assembly house and erected a stable thereon. Mr. Sawyer will meet all trains next season with the Assembly house rig.

Supt. Rudisill says "that the season of 1898 will be the most successful in the history of the Park." He is arranging advertising matter which will be circulated liberally. He will make a trip to Norfolk and other points south advertising the Park.

It is conceded by all parties that an investment at Mountain Lake Park is money well and safely made. The wise management of the Mountain Lake Park Association and the push of the officers of the Community is attracting the attention of the people who want a summer home in the mountains. Already this fall has a number of improvements been made which add to the beauty of the Park. Work on a number of streets has increased the mileage of the drives, and the removing of trees from the alleys in many blocks has outlined the blocks more distinctly.

Mrs. Kern and son, of Morgantown, W. Va., are guests of Capt. J. A. Hayden.

What is Scott's Emulsion?

It is a strengthening food and tonic, remarkable in its flesh-forming properties. It contains Cod-Liver Oil emulsified or partially digested, combined with the well-known and highly prized Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, so that their potency is materially increased.

What Will It Do?

It will arrest loss of flesh and restore to a normal condition the infant, the child and the adult. It will enrich the blood of the anemic; will stop the cough, heal the irritation of the throat and lungs, and cure incipient consumption. We make this statement because the experience of twenty-five years has proven it in tens of thousands of cases. *Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion.*

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE
COUNTY COMMISSIONERS FOR GARRETT CO.
OAKLAND, MD., November 3, 1897.

A special meeting of the County Commissioners of Garrett county will be held on

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 9th, 1897,

to transact any business that may be brought before them.

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Mr. and Mrs. Upton Cuppett, of McHenry, were in Oakland Monday.

Mr. Perry E. Kimmell came home from Kingwood Tuesday to cast his vote.

Mr. L. F. Tasker, of near Swanton, was in Oakland Saturday a few hours.

Mr Thomas J. Peddicord spent Monday in Cincinnati on professional business.

Rev. Frank A. B. Wunnenberg was in Cumberland last Friday afternoon a few hours.

Some people think cyclers are cranks simply because they make the wheels go round.

Miss Jennie Johnson gave a delightful Hallow'en party to a number of her friends last Saturday night.

Mrs. C. F. Schroeder, who was on a visit to her relatives in Frederick City, returned to Oakland last Friday.

Mrs. D. H. Loar went to Philadelphia Saturday morning where Mr. Loar is being treated in a private hospital.

Mr. David Enlow, one of the prominent farmers of this district, is confined to his bed by an attack of rheumatism.

Mr. Dick Bartlett came up from Baltimore Monday and cast his ballot on Tuesday, returning to the above city yesterday.

Prof. Charles D. Smith, who is now located at Kensington, Montgomery county, was in the city Tuesday exercising his right of suffrage.

Mr. Charles Sweeney, who spent several weeks with his sons in Cincinnati and St. Louis, returned to Oakland last Saturday morning.

Mr. Ernest Townshend and sister Miss Edith, who went to Baltimore a few weeks ago to visit friends, returned to Oakland Monday evening.

Don't nauseate your stomach with teas and bitter herbs, but regulate your liver and sick headache by using those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

Special attention is called to the advertisement of Messrs. D. E. Offutt & Sons, which appears in another column on this page of THE REPUBLICAN.

Burning, itching skin diseases instantly relieved by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, unequalled for cuts, bruises, burns. It heals without leaving a scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. John Legge, who went to Baltimore three or four weeks ago, came home Monday morning in bad health. He will probably return to the above city to-day.

Vim, vigor and victory:—these are the charisties of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, billiousness and all stomach and liver troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Henry Weber has recovered sufficiently from his recent injuries as to enable him to make a business trip to Indianapolis, Ind., where he is attending a flower show.

"They don't make much fuss about it." We are speaking of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous Little pills for constipation, billiousness, and all stomach and liver troubles. They never gripe. Oakland Pharmacy.

On Saturday Mrs. Robert Felty went to Kingwood, West Va., where she will visit friends a few days before removing to Connellsville, Pa., where Mr. Felty will embark in the wholesale grocery business.

Mr. Hamill Spedden, who is engaged in the pursuit of his trade over on the West Virginia Central Railway, came home to vote on last Saturday and remained in town until this morning, when he returned to his work.

It heals everything except a broken heart, may be said of DeWitt Witch Hazel Salve. Piles and rectal diseases, cuts, burns, bruises, tetter, eczema and all skin troubles may be cured by it quickly and permanently. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Bradford Blocher, of District No. 9, one of the judges of election, came up to Oakland yesterday afternoon to make the returns from that district to the Board of Supervisors.

Miss Emma Litzinger, of Altoona, Pa., after spending a week with her brother here, Mr. James M. Litzinger, departed last night for Grafton, her old home where she will visit her father and other relatives.

A special meeting of the Board of County Commissioners will be held on next Tuesday, at which time the readjustment of the Davis Coal & Coke company's schedules of assessment will be taken up and passed upon.

Mr. Ernest Colardeau went to Washington last Monday morning where he took out additional papers on his recent car coupling device. Ernest, should his invention succeed, will soon become a bloated bondholder.

The body of Mrs. Laura Lapole was found in the canal near Cumberland last Friday. When last seen alive she was drinking on a canal boat with Charles Danner. The authorities are making an investigation. The woman was 45 years old and the wife of a canal boatman, who is now serving a three-year sentence in the penitentiary for killing a man. The woman managed her husband's boat.

The saw mill owned by Harry Rhoades, which was operating on the Nelson Ervin farm about five miles north of Oakland, caught fire last Thursday night and was damaged slightly.

The Oakland flouring mill is now in good shape to make you good buckwheat flour and plenty of it. Don't fail to call and bring your grain. Mr. E. O. Dudley has charge and will treat you right. The Oakland Mills, Oakland, Md. 30-13.

After spending the summer very pleasantly at their residence in Oakland Mr. and Mrs. Percy Procter went to New York City Tuesday morning where they will remain a few weeks before returning to Cincinnati for the winter.

There is a time for everything; and the time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait until you have consumption but prevent it by using One Minute Cough Cure, the great remedy for coughs, colds, croup; bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Rev. William E. Sharpes, who is now residing at Mannington, West Va., was on a visit to his daughter at Aurora. He passed through Oakland Friday on his was way to Friendsville, where he assisted in the dedicatory services of the new Methodist church there.

"I crave but One Minute," said the public speaker in a husky voice; and then he took a dose of One Minute Cough Cure, and proceeded with his oratory. One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled for the throat and lungs. Oakland Pharmacy.

Fields & Hanson's city minstrels at Shartzer's Opera House Tuesday night only, Nov. 9th. This is the largest show of the kind ever in Oakland. Tickets now on sale at Oakland Pharmacy. Call at once and purchase your tickets. Every chair in the house will be sold.

Mr. N. N. Osburn well known at Woodstock, Mich., was troubled with a lame back. He was persuaded to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It gave him relief in one night. This remedy is also famous for its cures of rheumatism. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The Rt. Rev. William Paret, D. D., Bishop of Maryland, will make a visitation to St. Matthew's church on Sunday, Nov. 14th, at 11 o'clock. The Bishop will be the guest of Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Brayshaw for several days, when he will be pleased to meet his friends.

The editor of the Oakland *Journal* and the caterpillars of Garrett county have about decided that next winter will be so awfully long and cold and hard that we may not have spring in time for the Fourth of July —Meyersdale Commercial.

A man named Long was arrested Tuesday near Bayard, West Va., on a warrant charging him with burning Anderson's drug store in that town some days ago. Long was taken to jail in Keyser, Bayard being situated in West Virginia just across the Potomac river from Maryland.

"The worst cold I ever had in my life was cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," writes W. H. Norton, of Sutter Creek, Cal. "This cold left me with a cough and I was expectorating all the time. The Remedy cured me and I want all my friends when troubled with a cough or cold to use it, for it will do them good." Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Mr. M. Cohen, Oakland's expert tailor, again appears before the public with a readable and attractive advertisement in this issue. Mr. Cohen knows the value of printer's ink, especially at this season of the year and therefore uses the columns of a paper reaching the greatest number of intelligent buyers.

John Griffin, of Zanesville, O., says: "I never lived a day for thirty years without suffering agony, until a box of Witch Hazel Salve cured my piles." For piles and rectal troubles, cuts, bruises, sprains, eczema and all skin troubles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. Oakland Pharmacy.

The three-year old boy of J. A. Johnson, of Lynn Center, Ill., is subject to attacks of croup. Mr. Johnson says he is satisfied that the timely use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, during a severe attack saved his little boy's life. He is in the drug business a member of the firm of Johnson Bros., of that place; and they handle a great many patent medicines for lung and throat diseases. He had all these to choose from, and skilled physicians to respond to his call, but selected this remedy for use in his own family when his childs life was in danger because he knew it to be superior to any other, and famous the country over for its cures of croup. Mr. Johnson says that is the best selling cough medicine they handle, and that it gives splendid satisfaction in all cases. Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Bought a Railroad.

Hon. George C. Sturgiss, of Morgantown, W. Va., and brother of Col. A. G. Sturgiss, of Oakland, has purchased what is known as the "Black Bottle" railroad. The portion of the road sold extends from Morgantown to the Preston county line. The price paid was $1,400. It is now possible that this branch will be completed and a connection made between Kingwood and Morgantown.

Call for Your Letters.

J. M. Connewny, Sam'l. Wolf jr., Edward Arnold, Mike Shaffer, Mrs. Susie Miller.

KILLED HIS YOUNG WIFE.

A Tragedy Follows a Year of Unhappy Married Life.

A telegram bearing date October 28th, from Brazil, Indiana, says:

"Newton Kemphfer, 28 years old, shot and killed his wife at the home of her grandmother in Donaldsonville yesterday. Kemphfer's wife left him recently and came to her grandmother's. They had been married but a year, but lived unhappily together.

"This morning Kemphfer came down from Lafayette, and going to his wife's house asked for his breakfast. He asked her to return home with him. She refused, and he drew a revolver and fired three shots at her. One passed through her right arm and another through the left breast and lung just above the heart. The third shot struck the 3-year old daughter by her first husband, the ball passing through her right arm. Kemphfer was arrested."

The man Kemphfer was born and raised in Oakland, being a son of Mr. and Mrs. William Kemphfer. He left Oakland about ten years ago and went to California. Later he returned to Oakland and visited his relatives here a few weeks and went to Lafayette, Indiana, where he was engaged in the painting business.

Ready for Winter.

You will find a complete line of men's, women's and children's underwear, blankets, comforts, flannels, yarns, shirts, hoods, facinators, mittens and everything to make you comfortable for winter. Cheap and good. 33-2t S. L. TOWNSHEND & SON.

How to Cure Bilious Colic.

I have suffered for weeks with colic and pains in my stomach caused by biliousness and had to take medicine all the while until I used Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy which cured me. I have since recommended it to a good many people. Mrs. F. Butler, Fairhaven, Conn. Persons who are subject to bilious colic can ward off the attack by taking this remedy as the first symptoms appear. Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Among the Churches.

The services at St. Peter's Catholic church, Rev. F. A. B. Wunnenberg, pastor, for the week beginning Sunday next will be as follows: Sunday services, low mass and communion, 7:30 a. m.; high mass and sermon, 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.; vespers and benediction, 3.30 p. m. Week day services, mass every day at 7.30 a. m.; services first Friday of every month, 7.30 p. m. A cordial welcome extended to all.

Services will be held in St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church next Sunday morning at 10.30 o'clock, the services will be conducted by the pastor, Rev. J. W. Butler. Immediately after preaching a congregational meeting will be held at which important business is to be transacted.

The German Baptists will hold services in Sturgiss' Hall on Sunday afternoon at three o'clock.

In St. Matthew's P. E. church Sunday morning at 11 o'clock there will be morning prayer, sermon and holy communion. Services in the chapel, corner 6th and Alder streets, Wednesday and Friday at 7 o'clock p. m. A cordial welcome is extended to all.

Rev. R. B. Ward, the pastor, will preach in St. Paul's M. E. church on Sunday morning at 10.30 and Sunday evening at 7.15.

In Memoriam.

At Cranesville, W. Va., October 20, 1897, Samuel P. Sutor became the victim of death caused by falling from a school building. He was in his thirty-first year. He was an active member of the I. O. O. F., and at a meeting of the lodge the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, In view of the loss we as a body have sustained by the decease of our friend and brother, S. P. Sutor, and of the still greater loss sustained by those nearest and dearest to him, therefore, be it

Resolved, That it is but a just tribute to the departed to say that in regretting his removal from our midst we mourn for one who was worthy of our respect and esteem.

Resolved, That we sincerely condole with the widow and parents of the deceased in the dispensation with which Divine providence has been pleased to allliet them, and we commend them for consolation to Him who orders all things for the best, and whose chastisements are dealt in mercy.

Resolved, That this testimonial of our sympathy and sorrow be forwarded to the widow of our departed brother by order of this lodge, and that our charter be draped in mourning for the next thirty days.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the minutes of our lodge, and that a copy of them be sent to each of the county papers.

We've lain our brother down to rest,
With to the silent grave;
Yet in our hearts we loath to lose,
A heart so true and brave.

His loss doth leave an aching void,
This world can never fill;
Yet since he's gone to realms of joy,
We'll love and praise him still.

By order of Cranesville Lodge No. 134, I. O. O. F., of Cranesville, W. Va.

J. M. CUPP,
J. D. BROWNING,
ALBERT TEETS,
Committee.

A Memorial.

COUNTY OF GARRETT, }
BLOOMINGTON, MD., Oct. 19, 1897. }

Petition to John B. Widener, Esq., Cumberland, Md. Sir,

WHEREAS, James Bissett was shot and killed at a dance and drunken brawl held in your property, the Brick store, and

WHEREAS, Such murder *would not have occurred* had not your hall been rented out to parties for dancing, carousing, etc., and

WHEREAS, The saloon of this place, already a nuisance to the town, is made increasingly more so by these dances and drunken brawls, and

WHEREAS, These regular dances form a school where our young people are taught all manner of vice.

We, the undersigned citizens of Bloomington, do earnestly pray and petition you, for the sake of the poor mother that now mourns the loss of a loved son; for the sake of the peace and morality of our town, to refuse to rent your hall for public dances and balls in the future, and to let us know your decision immediately.

Rev. E. C. Baker	G. C. Pattison
E. Kemp	William Moody
C. E. Moore	R. W. Lemon
Joseph Thomas	Jacob Stump
Thomas Bartlett	B. F. Green
Geo. Warnick	F. F. Warnick
James Reynolds	Frank Crouse
Samuel Harshbarger	Grant Harshbarger
Adam Elliott	John F. Green
Joel Paugh	Jas. W. H. Colfman
Wm. T. Barker	Vincent Wornick
Matthias Barker	A. M. Wilt
Wm. Gaither	J. A. Davis
J. H. Howard	James Green
Wm. Tibbetts	Charles Brandjen
Peter Keltner	Benj. Harshbarger

Real Estate Transfers.

List of transfers of real estate recorded in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county during the month of October, 1897:

George W. Griffith and wife to Hamilton Friend, military lot 1664 and 40 acres of military lot 1665, containing together 90 acres; $1,050.

F. K. O'Kelly and wife to Joseph H. McDermot, Chauncey W. Huston and John L. Johnson, convey to each an undivided one-tenth interest in and to that certain parcel of land conveyed to the said F. K. O'Kelly by Samuel A. McRobie and others; $1.

James J. Reynolds to Robert Felty, lot number 58 on the plat of Brant's addition to the town of Oakland.

George C. Smith and others to Wm. H. Devers, 49¼ perches of ground; $200.

William Devers and wife to Albert Johnson, military lot 2305; $550.

Henry J. Shaffer and wife to Cunron Nan, military lot 1062; $100.

Wm C. Pennington, trustee, to D. E. Offutt and Sons, 110 acres of "Herrington Manor;" $770.

John T. Mason R. and wife to Daniel Eger, Lots "F" and "G" of the subdivision of the tract of land called "Winston," containing 145 8-10 acres; $1458.

Austin Brown, Sheriff of Garrett county, to the Exchange Bank of Wheeling, all the interest of J. C. Alderson in and to military lots Nos. 913, 915, 917, 926, 928, 880 and 881; $500.

Wyatt R. Johnson and wife to P. T. Garthright, lot No. 70 on the plat of Mountain Lake Park Association; $800.

Wm. C. Pennington, trustee, to James W. Knox, military lot No. 2016; $50

Samuel K. Frazee and wife to Julia Lint, a part of the tract of land called "Frazee's Chance," containing 128 perches; $30.60.

Mountain Lake Park Associaton to Courad C. Michael, lot No. 3026 on the plat of Mountain Lake Park; $200.

James C. Peddicord trustee, to F. Wilt, all the interest of Jane Biggs in a tract of land containing 65 acres; $450.

Chas. A. Tower, trustee, to Gilmor S. Hamill, all the interest of Thompson P. Gilpin and wife in and to a parcel of land containing 100 acres and 40 perches; $300.

John Helbig and wife to Reinhold Minkey, a lot of ground in the town of Gorman, containing ¼ of an acre; $300.

Robert Felty and wife to Patrick W. Carney, Lot No. 57 in Brant's Addition to the town of Oakland; $2337.

Hanson B. Friend and wife to Andrew J. Mulhollend, 22½ acres of military lot 1927; $200.

Robert P. Davis and wife to Merritt Wilson, 2 acres of the tract of land called "William and James;" $92.50.

Mary Thayer and husband to Wm. M. Thayer, all the undivided interest or molety of the said Mary Thayer in a part of the tract of land called "Deep Creek Farm," containing 19½ acres; $1.

Wm. M. Thayer and wife to Mary Thayer, all the undivided interests or molety of the said Wm. M. Thayer in and to a tract of land called "Deep Creek Farm," containing 140 acres; $1.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

George J. Spiker et al. vs. Mary Friend. No. 830 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county, Maryland.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Mary Friend to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before the 8th day of November, 1897, as I will on that day proceed to state an audit distributing the funds to the hands of Gilmor S. Hamill, attorney.

31-14 EDWARD H. SINCELL, Auditor

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

George O. Miller vs. Gustavus W. Delawder, No. 757 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Gustavus W. Delawder to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before the 23d day of November, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m., as I will on that day proceed to state an audit distributing the funds.

EDWARD H. SINCELL, Auditor.

Coats! Coats!

The Largest and Most Complete Assortment of

Ladies', Misses and Childrens' Coats, Cloth and Fur Capes

that for Workmanship and Beauty of Finish are Surpassed by none and at prices defying competition.

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS,

Cheapest place in Garrett Co. to buy goods.

A Great Thing for You!

GENTLEMEN:—THE HOLIDAYS ARE APPROACHING. Now is the time to give your orders for Suits or Overcoats. We will make you a Suit or Overcoat of finest Imported Cheviot for

$15.00.

We guarantee them to be first-class in style, workmanship and fit. As to the cloth, it speaks for itself. We have gotten $18 and $20 for them until now.

Garments cut and made from your own material at reasonable prices.

You can have that old suit of yours dyed, cleaned and repaired to look like new by our expert workmen.

Come now, this is the time.

M. COHEN, Xpert Tailor, OAKLAND, MD.

AGENTS WANTED FOR JUVENILE HOLIDAY AND STANDARD SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS

By the W. B. Conkey Company, the largest publishers and manufacturers of books in the United States. Finest line of new holiday and other subscription books on the market.

Also agents wanted for "THE SILVER SIDE," the latest and best textbook on the silver question by the great silver leaders.

EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY.
LARGEST COMMISSIONS.
PRICES BELOW COMPETITION.

Write at once for circulars and special terms, stating your choice of territory.

W. B. CONKEY COMPANY,
341 343, 345, 347, 349, 351 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Lawson L. Wright vs. His Creditors. No. 1 61 Insolvents. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

Ordered, the 2 I day of October, 1897, that the 30th day of December, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m., is hereby fixed as the time at which Lawson L. Wright, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or securities may propose or allege against him, and that James C. Peddicord, Permanent Trustee for the benefit of the creditors of the said petitioner shall, prior to the 20th day of December, 1897, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order by weekly publication in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland.

DAVID W. SLOAN,
True copy, Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 34-6

ORDER NISI.

George P. White vs. Joseph C. Alderson. No. 877 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 23d day of October, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported by George P. White, mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 24th day of November, 1897, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 20th day of November, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2250.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 34-3

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conneway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.
IN EFFECT JULY 18, 1897.

SOUTHWARD No. 3	SOUTHWARD No. 1	STATIONS		NORTHWARD No. 2 NOON	NORTHWARD No. 4 P. M.
P. M.	A. M.				
3 00*	8 00† lv	Cumberland	ar	*12 10	17 30
3 20	8 20	Rawlings		11 31	7 01
3 52	8 52	Keyser		11 08	6 38
1 05	9 05	Westernport		10 55	6 25
1 09	9 09	W. Va. C. Junc.		10 48	6 18
1 37	9 35	Shaw		10 24	5 50
5 02	10 00	Harrison		9 56	†5 26
6 15	10 45*	Elk Garden	ar	9 00	*4 00
5 35	10 35†	Gorman	lv	9 24	1 54
5 42	10 42	Bayard		9 18	4 49
5 51	10 51	Dobbin		9 09	4 39
6 27	11 27	Thomas		8 38	4 08
6 55	11 55	Davis	ar	7 55	3 15
6 31	11 31	Cokelon	lv	8 31	4 01
7 01	12 01	Hendricks		8 00	3 30
7 07	12 07	Bretz		7 53	3 23
7 10	12 10	Parsons		7 50	3 20
7 45	12 45	Kerens		7 15	2 45
8 00	1 00†	Elkins	ar	*7 00	†2 30
	1 30*	Beverly	lv		*1 55
	3 05*	Bealington	lv		*11 30
P. M.	P. M.			A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

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6-26

THE REPUBLICAN.

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OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD

ORTONVILLE.

By Sarah B. Scarborough.

"WHEN I—can read—my ti—tle clear
To man"—

Crack!

"That's the third time this morning."

Becky Marsh's song had come to an nbrupt end. With the exclamation she hoisted herself laboriously from the high long seat of her loom and, crawling underneath with difficulty, she patiently fixed a refractory trendle back again in an insecure socket.

This accomplished, with sundry grunts and groans she swung herself back to her seat and took up again both shuttle and song:

"—stons in—the skies,
I'll bid—farewell—to ev—'ry fear
And wipe—my weep—ing eyes."

"Well, Miss Marsh, you needn't count on doing the first if you keep on with that work."

"Is that you, Dr. Beebe?" She craned her neck around the post at her side to see the figure standing in the woodhouse doorway.

"Yes, and I warn you that a woman who has just had n spell of rheumatism in the shoulder had better ask to keep her fears with her awhile, for she stands a pretty good chance of wiping her weeping eyes a good many times, especially if she is bound to keep pounding on an old loom."

"You ain't obliged to ridicule old Ortonville if you don't approve of the work." Miss Marsh turned back grimly to her work.

"Oh, I have n high respect for old Ortonville. If I hadn't you would make me have, for you are always singing it. And I don't disapprove of the work—it's the worker."

"Two red." Pump, creak, bump!

Miss Marsh had darted one quick glance at him as she consulted her stripe-stick, before she sent the shuttle flying through the warp, shifted the treadles, and beat up vigorously the last thread of wool into place. Then she curtly answered:

"I can't stop my weavin' just to suit your notion."

"You will most likely have to stop to suit that shoulder's notion. Bones and muscle aren't always polite enough to say 'By your leave.'"

"I tell you my shoulder's 'most well—only a little squinge now an' then—and I've got n yarn carpet an' a hit-an'-miss, 'sides 'nother striped one, to get out after this. I just can't stop."

"Get some one to help you."

"That's all a man knows 'bout it. What help could I get, I'd like to know? Who knows anything 'bout my weaving? There ain't a soul in Barberry 't could make an even stripe, let alone gettin' warp on to that beam."

"Teach some one, then. You'll have it to do. You are overdoing. Mind what I say."

Miss Marsh looked at him with fine scorn in her eyes. "Who would I teach? Perhaps you know of some one that 'd like to take weaving lessons."

"There is some one," Dr. Beebe stammered under the suspicious, piercing glance she gave him, and dropped down uninvited on the bench by the door, blurting out as he did so: "Miss Marsh, Jordan's wife is dead."

Bump, bump! "One green." Creak, bump, bump!

Miss Marsh set her lips sternly and beat the one thread into an almost invisible line of color.

"I heard it," she finally snapped through set teeth.

"And there's his girl," pursued Dr. Beebe, bending over to lay his hat down upon the floor with an air of settled determination that did not escape Miss Marsh's notice.

"Look here, Dr. Beebe." Miss Marsh turned abruptly about on the old oaken seat. "You know I wouldn't have one of Jordan Marsh's children in the house no more'n I'd have so much pizen. When Jordan married that circus girl and went clownin' it I washed my hands of him an' all that belonged to him fer once an' fer all."

"But we can't wash our hands of duty very well," persisted the doctor, bravely. "He was your half-brother."

"Don't I know that? Ain't that what I'm 'shamed of?" she curtly answered, reaching forward to let down the warp from the beam and deliberately winding up a finished length. "Such sin 'n folly's he followed after! No, sir; we met jest once after that he took his way, and the words we had'll stand 'twixt us forever. 'His circus wife's as good as I was.'"

He arose to go with an air of sudden indifference.

"If I could get a decent one that'd learn, I don't know as I'd mind it, for a spell, anyway. I guess I could reel rags and make quills," she observed, somewhat mollified at the abandonment of the unpleasant theme. "I'm not achin' for another tour of rheumatiz'."

"I'll send one over, if I come across a good, strong one," he answered. "Nothing in the world keeps you at that but your everlasting will."

"Should earth—against—my soul—engage,"

Miss Marsh smiled grimly, as she poured out the second stanza in jerky accompaniment to her labored movements, and watched the doctor as he strode down to the gate.

It was not a pleasant subject that Dr. Beebe had brought up. Why could he not have left it alone? What right had he to mix in family troubles, if he was a doctor? Jordan Marsh had been a willful disgrace to the family, and she—the last one of the Marshes—she said to herself, was not going to condone his misdeeds because he happened to be a half-brother.

She was sure, too, that she was in the right, and as long as she kept her senses she would have nothing to do with them. Catch her giving up now! Let this girl—she had never seen her—keep to her spangles and tights. Her lips drew into harder lines as she thought of it.

Despite the anger, however, she could not still the thought that her brother's child was homeless. She worked the harder as she thought, and at noontime she looked at the growing roll upon the beam with considerable complacency.

"Not a sleezy yard in it," she remarked, as she stopped once more to reach for the lever to let down more warp. "I detest sleezy work—and sleezy folks;" she panted with the exertion, recurring again to the unpleasant topic. "And if Dr. Beebe thinks I'm goin' to be browbeat into givin' in and taking one of the tribe, he just don't know Becky Marsh yet."

She emphasized her determination with a last decided twist of the crank as she rolled up the carpet. But she dropped it abruptly, with a smothered cry, and caught her right arm with her left hand. It had come, and no mistake. There was no use of trying; she could not raise her arm to save her. She crawled off the seat, holding it piteously as she crept out of the loom-room, while Ortonville lumbered on haltingly—almost mockingly—through her brain:

"And storms—of sor—row fall."

As she hovered over the kitchen stove, with the vain hope that the heat might assuage the pain, she wondered for a moment if she could really echo the meaning of old Ortonville after all. She even vaguely began to ponder whether she had not been too headstrong not to listen to Dr. Beebe's advice. She groaned in despair as the pain rioted over her shoulder down her arm, stopping to tweak viciously her elbow joint before proceeding to her finger tips with exasperating, decorous dullness. Her old enemy was indeed upon her, and by the end of an hour she was in a state of savage desperation as she said to herself that if Dr. Beebe knew of anybody he could send she wished he would hurry up and do it.

She did not hear the timid knock at the door as she huddled closer to the stove, groaning, nor did she note that the door was pushed open.

"Miss Marsh, Dr. Beebe said he thought you wanted a girl."

Miss Marsh started at the voice that reached her ears and caught at the clear, cheery tone as a drowning man at a straw. She turned painfully about and saw a robust young girl hesitating on the threshold.

"No thought about it; I do." The pain only made her voice more rasping. "Come in and tell me what you can do."

"I'm handy at anything, they say," she answered, with a modest flush, as she came forward, removing her bonnet as she spoke.

Somebody handy about anything was Miss Marsh's crying want just then, and a Fiji islander possessed of such qualifications would have stood a fair chance of securing an engagement. Miss Marsh, therefore, did something that she could never account for under any reason other than acute rheumatic dementia—she asked no further question.

"See if you can make a flaxseed poultice, first thing. I'm goin' to try heroic measures at the start. I've no notion of bein' floored for a month dawdlin' 'long with camphire liniments an' sech."

The shoulder was soon swathed deftly in a hot, mushy affair, the big chair was brought out and made comfortable with cushions, the kitchen litter was cleared up and the girl sat fashioning flannel bags.

"Filled with salt and kept hot, I shouldn't wonder if we got it right out," she had suggested.

It was then in the lull of pain that Miss Marsh bethought herself of her unheard-of omission.

"I hain't as much's asked your name," she said.

"Lyddy," was the answer, as the girl stooped to pick up some pieces.

"Lyddy who?"

"What, ma'am?" murmured Lyddy, nervously, as she raised herself from the floor.

"Watt, eh? Lyddy Watt. Humph! Lyddy was my mother's name," she mused. "S'pose you're relation to the Wattses over on the inlet. Well," she continued, "I like the first part an' I ain't got no call to quarrel with t'other. Lyddy, do you think you could manage to weave if I could manage to show you how?"

"I expect so's soon's I got the knack. I 'most know I could," looking up eagerly, with crimson cheeks.

She got the knack "surprising quick," Miss Marsh herself admitted. In less than a week she could send the shuttle through the warp with unerring aim and rapidity. She easily conquered the few mechanical movements, and Miss Marsh was forced to confess as well that the strong young arms could beat up the threads as closely as she herself.

Then Miss Marsh sat down to think again. The shoulder was improving. With such help she could dispense with Dr. Beebe's services. There would be no need to strain that contrary member of her body. Lyddy was alone—no near relatives to speak of—she had elicited that much. She was not given to prying into matters outside, and was satisfied with what the girl had told her and her own conclusions—that she had come of "good stock." The Wattses were all decent people, if they were poor.

She felt a new sensation, too. She liked Lyddy. She began to think that here might be one who would become a prop to her in her old age. Lyddy was not "giddy." Then came the other idea—that with Lyddy near her she would have the satisfaction of knowing that no strolling circus folks would have an opportunity to get a "pin's worth" from her.

She would not own to herself that it was a pang other than rheumatic that caused her to heave a sigh as she thought what might have been if Jordan had only conducted his marriage affairs so that now she would not be shut off from all "blood relations;" for the thought of Jordan's daughter somewhere in the world alone would obtrude itself.

But he had "made his bed," she declared to herself, and she fortified herself anew with her oft-repeated assertion that "what she had said she had said, and she was fixed as the everlasting hills—she would have nothing to do with them." She grew fixed upon something else. The bright face bending cheerily over the big basket of rags, sorting out for the next carpet so wisely was a pleasure to look upon. Miss Marsh even had hopes that the mysterious process of "warping" might be accomplished through her without much delay. Yes, Lyddy should stay if she would. No one need mention Jordan's folks again. With this determination she found herself humming as Lyddy worked at the loom:

"And not—a wave—of trou—ble roll—"

Her song was interrupted as once before. Dr. Beebe stood in the doorway smiling upon her.

"I'm glad, Miss Marsh, to see you've reached that state. I knew you would if you would only let yourself do the right thing."

"If by the right thing you mean getting somebody who has sense enough to weave, I s'pose I did. Come in; you haven't been near since the day you sent Lyddy here. But I don't need your doctorin', thanks to her."

"Well, I'm willing to resign practice on you—more than willing in this case and glad that you've overcome your senseless prejudice against Jordan's girl."

"Jordan's girl! It's Lyddy Watts," she gasped.

"It's Lyddy Jordan, your niece," said Dr. Beebe, firmly.

For the moment Miss Marsh felt that everything had returned to chaos. Like a flash came back her own query as to the name. Her own inferential blunder was clear. What was queer, she could not muster up a single harsh feeling toward the child. Instead, she felt an increasing anger against herself. Why had the old Becky Marsh set up what she was going to do over what the new Becky Marsh had determined upon. Then she found her tongue. Dr. Beebe must not see her weakness.

"I didn't know it was his girl," she said, stiffly. "If I had she'd never set foot in here, an' what I've said I stick to. I don't expect to give an inch."

"Well, Miss Marsh"—Dr. Beebe had not seated himself and now he stepped outside. There he stood and finished bluntly—"I've always said you needed doctoring for something else than rheumatism, and you do. You need something to draw on that stubborn will of yours, and if what I've got doesn't do it I give you up. It'll be like a Spanish fly-blister, I suppose; but I can't help it."

"Say what you're goin' to an' done with it," said Miss Marsh, bracing herself up, figuratively speaking, as the doctor paused at the sound of Lyddy's fresh young voice which came to them from the loomroom beyond.

"Becky Marsh, if you let your brother's child go homeless just because you've set up that you'll have nothing to do with anything of his, you need never expect to read your 'title clear to mansions in the skies,'" as the words of the hymn floated in to them. "Good day."

Miss Marsh was alone. The audacious doctor was driving from the gate before she realized it. The steady swing of the loom outside was the only sound except the old tune as Lyddy's voice swayed in it with her work. She must face it now. Had she done right? Was there any reason why she should hold to the old will in the matter? Dr. Beebe's warning came again and again as Lyddy's tones rose and fell. Lyddy was her own kin—she liked her. The girl did look like Jordan, come to think of it. She had liked Jordan. There was a time when the freckled-faced, tow-headed half brother had thought the world of his sister Becky. Lyddy—and he had named her after their mother, too. She suddenly gulped down a sob.

"What a fool I am;" she straightened herself up sternly:

"Should earth—against—my soul—engage,
And fie—ry darts—be hurled,
Then I—one smile—at Sa-tan's rage,
And face—a frown—ing world."

Lyddy's voice rang out joyously above the loom clatter. Miss Marsh, listening, dropped her face in her hands. Then she rose unsteadily. She opened the woodshed door.

"Lyddy Marsh!" she called, abruptly.

"Ma'am!" The girl at the loom dropped the shuttle in consternation as her name was emphasized by her aunt's lips. She looked up beseechingly.

"Lyddy Marsh, this is to be your home hereafter. You and I're all that's left, an' it won't be my fault if things don't go right 'twixt us."

Nobody ever knew how much that speech cost Miss Marsh. But she was conscious that she felt more than repaid for the surrender when Lyddy, springing from her seat, threw her arms about her with the words: "I did so want to come to you, Aunt Becky."

Miss Marsh even sent for Dr. Beebe. He met her with a provoking smile. She answered her interpretation of it before he could speak.

"Oh, I ain't the first one that sings loudly 'bout lacin' a frownin' world an' ain't got spunk 'nough to face their own selves on a moral question."

"Well, you can smile sincerely now," he replied. "Really, Miss Marsh, your attack of rheumatism was the best thing for your will, after all."

"Rheumatiz' hadn't anything to do with it," she contended, but with softened tone. "I'd just got so's to understand Ortonville."—N. Y. Independent.

—Great Britain is strengthening Gibraltar by constructing a huge protected harbor and dock yard.

TRAVELING RAILROAD SCHOOL.

Its Purpose Is to Teach Engineers to Properly Use the Air Brake.

A traveling schoolhouse is one of the curiosities of modern railroading. It is a queer schoolhouse, and it cost $10,000 to build. It is filled with levers, air chambers, cylinders, whistles, gauges, valves, cords and pipes, and at one end is an upright steam boiler and air pump, used in compressing the air with which the apparatus is operated.

No children attend this school. Many of the pupils are grizzled, grimy veterans, who have been railroading for years. Others are younger men, and there is a sprinkling of boys from 16 years old up. They are taught by a regular professor, a graduate of a mechanical college. His pupils have no books. They listen while he talks and watch while he demonstrates the workings of the air brake. His classes are usually held from nine till eleven o'clock in the morning and from seven till nine o'clock at night, so that he can have for pupils the railroad men who have recently come in off their runs.

The air brake is the one subject taught. From 15 to 25 pupils will crowd into the small space on the side of the middle of the room not occupied by apparatus. The professor is usually in his shirt sleeves and bareheaded, for the atmosphere in the room is always from 90 to 110 degrees, made so by the steam boiler. The professor has only one book, and while he is delivering his lectures and talking about the possibilities as well as the troubles of the air brake he keeps this book in the hip pocket of his trousers. After his lecture is over he takes it out, and it is then found to be only a small blank book. In this he writes the names of the members of the class before him. He will then question the pupils, and jots down opposite each name the percentage of correct answers given. Any who fall below a certain mark have to come back to school for another lesson. Sometimes it takes three or four lessons to teach a man the principles of the air brake; sometimes a man will thoroughly understand the intricacies of the system at one lesson.

The apparatus represents a locomotive and a train of 17 cars. Each car is represented by an air cylinder. The professor shows how easy it is by the proper manipulation of the engineer's lever to put all the brakes on at once and to release them all at once. He then shows how unskilled engineers can and often do release one or two brakes at a time, thus affecting the efficiency of the service. He illustrates the emergency application, in which the entire 17 cars have their brakes set in one second by the watch.

"This was what was done by the drunken legislator," he said, "at the famous Tarrytown disaster. Unfortunately the legislator was on the forward section of the train, and when he pulled the emergency rope it stopped the train, and before the brakes could be released the train following it crashed into the rear coach."

The professor does not charge his pupils tuition. He is paid by the road to teach the employes the use and abuse of the air brake. The instruction car, as this traveling schoolhouse is called, belongs to the Chesapeake & Ohio railroad and has been in Lexington for the past week, and its schoolmaster, Prof. Huntley, has instructed here full 100 of the road's employes. He travels over the road the year round, stopping at the ends of divisions for a week or more, as becomes necessary.—N. Y. Sun.

NEW COLORS.

Shades That Will Be Fashionable for Women's Gowns.

No longer is it required of the fashionable woman that she look like an animated kaleidoscope. The coloring of the new fall gowns is, on the whole, subdued. There are plaids in plenty, to be sure, but the colors have lost much of their vividness, and the plaids most in favor are those in softened tones.

All the shades of castor are to be the vogue among the best dressed women. These shades vary from a deep cream tint to a color which the uninitiated might call brown. They are very effective when three or four of the shades are used in one gown. But for the woman who would regard such a costume too quiet in its coloring there will be a variety of castor gowns this fall, relieved by a gay touch of color.

All the vivid startling greens are not as much in favor as they were last spring. There are many dull greens, some of which show a grayish tint, and for certain gowns sage green will be fashionable, combined with black.

A deep, rich red will be much worn for coats and tailor-made costumes, but the cloth will be invariably braided in black.

Gray, which not long ago belonged exclusively to the spring and summer colors, has this year made itself known as a popular fall shade. For calling and evening gowns a shimmering silver gray will be much used, while a new shade of gray, called London smoke, which is an effective deep gray, will be in high favor. All the intermediate tints of gray will also be worn.

A blue with a purplish shadow is another popular color as well as a grayish blue.—N. Y. Journal.

The Son-in-Law's Contribution.

A certain young man had a mother-in-law who was always nagging at him, and everything he did was always wrong.

One day he was told by his wife that she had died suddenly, and that they should have a tombstone erected.

Accordingly the father-in-law, wife and husband went to the mason.

They were at a loss to know what to have written on the stone, but finally the father-in-law said:

"Put 'Gone before!'"

"And," said his wife, "you can put 'Not dead, but sleeping,' for me."

"What?" said the young man, "sleeping? Well, put on for me: 'For Heaven's sake don't wake her up!'"—Spare Moments.

FREAK CORN IN INDIANA.

Growing on Trees and Raised from Seed Maybe 3,000 Years Old.

Dempsy Waggy, a farmer residing in Madison county, probably has the most interesting field of corn in Indiana. Two years ago Waggy and Dr. Cullen, a neighbor, were hunting in Arkansas. They were staying in a small village named Marked Tree. It got its rather unusual title from the fact that one of the trees bore strange hieroglyphics of an extinct race. The small village is surrounded by many mounds of remarkable snakelike contour. During their stay some northern scientists visited the mounds and began explorations, finding many trinkets. Going deeper they found bones of humans and trinkets which had been buried with them. In one of the hermetically sealed receptacles, which was evidently the last resting place of one of the rulers, the explorers found ornaments, the skeletons of a dog and of a human being and also some hermetically sealed jars. Both jars were air-tight, and when opened were found to contain corn. It was as bright, yellow, solid and dry as though it had just been shelled. The explorers took these vessels, but gave Waggy a handful of corn. He wrapped it up in a handkerchief and threw it into his traveling chest. There it lay for two years. Scientists claimed that there were ample proofs that the body and the corn had been interred at least 2,000 years and probably as long as 3,000 years.

Waggy came across the seeds last spring and planted them in his garden. He was surprised when tiny blades shot up through the ground. The corn grew marvelously fast, and as it developed it threw out new mysteries almost daily, until to-day the stalks are ten to twelve feet in height and are somewhat on the order of a tree, being as thick as a man's wrist at the ground. Three feet from the ground they shoot out three long, palmlike leaves. The leaves are heavy and very solid, resembling a cactus leaf. Some of them are five feet long from tip to tip. These are the only leaves on the stalk. About two feet further up are the ears of corn. Many stalks bear six ears and none has fewer than four ears. At this rate it is figured that the average yield to the acre would be about 250 bushels.

Above the ears the stalk continues three or four feet and is topped with a very elaborate tassel. The husks surrounding the ears are very heavy, and as the corn matures they break and curl back, revealing a firm, yellow-grained ear. The grains are very solid and are exceptionally good for feeding. The roots of the plant are very long and bury themselves deep in the ground. While other corn was suffering on account of the drought this year the prehistoric corn was green and healthy. Waggy will save all of the yield this year and plant 50 or 60 acres next year. He has some of the stalks and corn on exhibition and they are attracting much attention.

H. J. Blackledge, of Anderson, who owns several farms north of that city, also exhibits a freak in corn. A year ago a friend in Russia sent him a package of seed and told him to plant it. The seeds were very nice and solid and seemed to be superior to the average Indian corn. It was planted in a good lowland section, and it outgrew all of the surrounding corn. It was about the same height as the other corn, but was a little heavier in the stalk. The ears began to form and silk and every evolution was about in line with that of the other corn which surrounded the small patch, except that there were two ears on the new stalks to one on the old.

One day when the strange corn had almost matured Blackledge went out to gather a little of it. He took hold of a well-formed ear and threw back the husks. He was surprised to find instead of yellow grains of corn a series of smaller husks where every grain should be. He opened one of these and found it to be properly silked. Underneath it lay a second husk, also properly silked, and under it was the grain of corn. Blackledge figures that the new corn will yield 125 bushels to the acre, and that it is superior in dent to the other corn, but he does not know how to handle it. Probably it will be fed through a sheller and then subjected to a fanning process. He announces that he will plant several acres of it next year. He cannot classify it with any of the known varieties.

A Scottsburg (Ind.) farmer who has been experimenting for the last few years claims to have secured a corn that will run 150 bushels to the acre on the Indiana knobs in the southern part of the state. If it will grow to that extent in that locality, it will run almost double the number of bushels in the better corn lands of the central and northern parts of the state.—Chicago Record.

Wishing on Falling Stars.

Would you know the origin of the custom of making a wish when a star falls? If so, you need not travel all the way to Galicia, a province northeast of Hungary, whence it comes. There it is believed by the peasantry that when a star falls it reaches the earth in a form of a beautiful woman with long, glittering, blond hair. Every handsome youth she meets in her wanderings becomes the victim of the starland beauty because she has the power of magic. At least that is what they call it in Galicia. Having bewitched her victim she encircles him in her arms and then slowly strangles him to death. If certain words are murmured the moment the star falls, the woman has no power to harm that particular person.—Philadelphia Press.

—The United States government department of agriculture has a hospital for the treatment of sick plants. In it investigation goes on of the diseases which affect vegetable nature and the discovery of remedies for them. The work will be of benefit to farmers and flower growers.

PAINFUL AFFLICTION

A Son Writes a Letter Telling How His Father Was Troubled.

WINAMOE, IND.—"My father was troubled with boils and carbuncles. After suffering for some time, he heard of a similar case cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. He began taking this medicine and continued its use until he was cured. My mother is taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for rheumatism and it is helping her." GUY E. NEWKIRK, Box 184. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. ¼ the price of coffee. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers.

Tastes like Coffee
Looks like Coffee.

Of the Modern Duel.

First Second—I think the swords have soaked long enough in the antiseptic compound.

Second Second—I think so. Did you scatter the chloride of lime under the trees?

"Yes, and I burned sulphur in the branches."

"Good. How about the bushes?"

"They have been sprayed with that No. 9 deodorizer. Did you sprinkle the lawn?"

"Yes. I used the camphorated wash."

"Excellent. Shall we start the rotary atmospheric purifier?"

"I think so. One moment—did you kindle the fire under the medicated bath?"

"I did. And I also put the hot water bottles on the portable furnace and set the mustard plaster where it would warm."

"Then I think we are all ready."

"I think so. Messieurs, we are quite ready."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Pictures Tell the Story

Of how everything looks in South Dakota as the result of the great crops of the last three years. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway company has had photographs taken of actual farm scenes in South Dakota and has had them reproduced in an attractive eight-page illustrated circular which it is distributing free of cost to all who are looking for new homes in the most fertile section of the Middle Northwest.

Send your address to H. F. Hunter, Immigration agent for South Dakota, 291 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill., or to W. E. Powell, General Immigration agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

An Upper Cut.

Mrs. Murray Hill is a very homely woman. Her husband is absent from the city and her dearest friend, Mrs. Manhattan Beach, called. Mrs. Hill said:

"The last thing my husband did before he went away was to give me a kiss."

"H'm! I should think that would be the very last thing he would want to do."

And now they don't speak for some reason.—N. Y. World.

There Is a Class of People.

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

"Any spicy features in the new play?" "Well," the lady answered, "John had his mouth full of cloves."—Indianapolis Journal.

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package, FREE. Write to Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

A woman is unhappy all summer because she can't buy every pretty shirt waist she sees.—Washington Democrat.

It is made for it. St. Jacobs Oil Cures Neuralgia—soothes and strengthens.

There are people who know what has become of every cent they ever had.

FIBROID TUMOR

Expelled by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Interview With Mrs. B. A. Lombard.

I have reason to think that I would not be here now if it had not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It cured me of a fibroid tumor in my womb.

Doctors could do nothing for me, and they could not cure me at the hospital. I will tell you about it:

I had been in my usual health, but had worked quite hard. When my monthly period came on, I flowed very badly. The doctor gave me medicine, but it did me no good. He said the flow must be stopped if possible, and he must find the cause of my trouble.

Upon examination, he found there was a Fibroid Tumor in my womb, and gave me treatment without any benefit whatever. About that time a lady called on me, and recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, said she owed her life to it. I said I would try it, and did. Soon after the flow became more natural and regular. I still continued taking the Compound for some time. Then the doctor made an examination again, and found everything all right. The tumor had passed away and that dull ache was gone.—MRS. B. A. LOMBARD, Box 71, Westdale, Mass.

TEMPERANCE.

DRINK HABIT IN MEXICO.

It Is Hindering the Improvement of Condition of Common People.

In a letter writen from Tacubaya, Mex., to the Union Signal, Margaret Kennedy deseribes graphically the misery, suffering and crime growing out of the drink habit. She says:

"Standing on an upper corridor this morning, the landseape spread before me was so beautiful I could not refrain from crying out: 'Oh, it is heavenly beantiful!' Great white cloud-islands were drifting in the sea of blue above like the famous floating islands of Mexico. A wall of mountains shuts in the lovely valley; near by, they were a rich purple tint, contrasting beautifully with the trees, while in the distance the lofty snow mountains gleamed in the sun.

"But looking down all the quiet beauty of the scene was spoiled! Here stood Juan, a boy perhaps 16 years old, watching a herd of goats, while his mother, needle and thread in hand, was evidently trying to make his ragged garments stay on awhile longer. The poor boy had been obliged to hang a piece of an old sack across the front of his body, for shirt 'there was none,' except in the back. Maria herself was one mass of tatters and her hair in a hopeless tangle. As her wretched excuse of a rebosa slipped off, there were at least half a dozen places where the brown skin showed through. Probably neither Juan nor his brother, Miquel, ever had a pair of shoes, and their only clothing has been shirts and pants of unbleached cotton cloth, called "manta," which costs but 12 cents a yard. Both boys work. There are no other children; the husband seems a quiet, industrious man, and even Maria—ragged as she is—has employment more than half the day.

"But Maria was drunk Saturday night. That solves the mystery of such rags and filth. If it were not for drink, this family could live in what would be to them real comfort. Yet Maria complains bitterly that her sons do not respect her. This is no fancy sketch—alas, the memory of Maria drunk is

STABBING AFFRAYS ARE FREQUENT

still very vivid—and it is typical of thousands upon thousands of other families among the peons.

"It is true that wine drinking is universal among the wealthy and middle class of people of Mexico, and they do not seem to have the slightest conception that it can injure them physically or mentally. But the peon class is so much worse off, not only because a very much larger per cent. get really drunk, but also because they thus waste the greater part of their small wages, when every cent is actually needed for food and clothes. The men, who usually get from 37 to 50 cents a day, are paid off Saturday night. By Tuesday the majority of them will be begging for 'socorro,' that is, a small amount on their wages, say, 12 cents a day, for food. The more skilled a man is the worse it is for him, his money lasting for a drunk on Monday as well as Sunday. 'Blue Monday' is what a certain gentleman always calls the first day of the week. His skilled workmen, whom he has long had in training, are always off on Monday, some of them even on Tuesday. Though their wages are from one to two dollars per day (which is a large amount the way these people are accustomed to live), their families are no better off than those who get 50 cents a day.

"It is pitiful to see the policemen Sunday evenings taking to the 'comisarias' the disorderly drunk, women as well as men. Except in and through the mission schools, there does not seem to be one thing done to teach these poor creatures better. Yet they number nearly two-thirds of the entire population.

"There are only certain districts (fortunately) where the maguey, from which pulque is made, can be raised. As it is the cheapest intoxicant, a quart costing only two or three cents, there naturally is more drunkenness and more abject poverty in such localities. For instance, the plaza in Chapala (state of Jalisco) was always crowded on Sunday; from far and near people came to buy and to sell. Yet there never was a single person not clad in clean, whole clothes. The women wore stiffly starched calicoes and lawns; the men were picturesque figures, inlaid, in suits of manta, bleached white as snow, gay serapes and sugar-loaf hats. Yet one could not remain long in this quiet little country town, almost ideal in its loveliness, without becoming painfully aware that intoxicants abound. Indeed, I doubt if in all Mexico there is a single 'tienda' where sugar, coffee, rice, etc., are kept which has not its rows upon rows of bottles of wine, beer, mescal, tequila and aquadiente. Unless imported, all these drinks are very, very cheap. Of course, cutting and stabbing affrays are not infrequent—especially on Sundays!

"Cigarettes are universally used by these people, the women consuming as many as the men. Twenty-four cigaretts can be obtained for three cents.

"With wonderful natural resources Mexico is advancing rapidly. And were it not for drink, all these millions of peons would advance wonderfully also. In many places their wages are double, in some even triple what they were a few years ago, and they are treated with far more kindness and consideration. Public schools have been established all over the country. It is said that President Diaz is anxious to leave a fine system of public schools as his monument. Certain it is that both he and his lovely wife do everything in their power to help these poorest and lowliest of their countrymen. Oh, that our scientific temperance instruction could be taught in all these schools!"

DRINK AND THE LABOR MARKET.

What Liquor Money Would Do Used in Productive Channels.

Under this heading a writer in the G. T. Watchword makes the following effective showing:

It has been stated that the Caledonian distillery, at Edinburgh, whose output of liquor is over £1,500,000 ($7,250,000) worth per annum, only employs 150 men. Compare this with the Atlas iron works at Sheffield, whose turnover is about the same amount, and where the number of men employed is over 3,000. With the same turnover of money in the business in which the writer is engaged (stay-making), instead of employing 150 we could actually ourselves find employment for 10,000 people. But in addition to this, in order to keep our operatives fully employed, we should be the means of giving employment to quite another 5,000, for we should require (in addition to boilers, engines, shafting, etc.,) a large number of additional cutting machines, 200 pair of shears annually, about 10,000 sewing machines—which would require to be replaced every seven years—and between times we should require to replace breakages and ordinary wear and tear, which would be enormous. We should also require 250,000 needles every year, and 150,000 pieces of cloth would be wanted annually. At the very least 10,000 gross of reels of cotton (of 1,000 yards each); 2,000 tons of steel strips; 1,000 tons of twine, cane, horn, and whalebone; 60,000 gross yards of lace; and 20 tons of silk would be wanted, besides a host of other things. A similar demand would ensue from many other trades were this immense turnover theirs. In this way all industries would reap the benefit. But what has the drink trade to show as a set-off against this large employment of labor? Beyond few coopers, glassblowers, caskmakers, etc., absolutely nothing.

VARIOUS NOTES.

No wines are served at President McKinley's state dinners.

It's a battle between the grogshop and the home.—National Temperance Advocate.

The Dublin Total Abstinence society celebrated its diamond jubilee on September 29 and 30, with a reception and public meeting.

Ward comes through the London papers that no wine or beer was served at the dinners given to the poor in that city in honor of the queen's jubilee.

A petition of the temperance people of Emporia, Kan., asking for a special grand jury to investigate alleged violations of the liquor law, has been stolen from the office of Judge Culver.

Mrs. Dora Alexander has begun suit in the circuit court at Taylorville, Ill., for $5,000 against two saloon keepers, whom she alleges sold liquor to her husband, causing his death from exposure to the cold while intoxicated.

At a recent session of the jubilee convention, Improved Order of Red Men, held at Philadelphia, it was provided that no dispensation should be granted to tribes to give entertainments where intoxicating liquors were sold.

When some one remonstrated with an old saloon keeper for enticing the boys into his saloon, he replied: "O, it is beezness, beezness. The old drinkers will soon be dead, and where will my beezness be if I don't get the boys?"

It is estimated that one family out of every five in the United States must furnish one boy in every generation to the liquor monster. Have you furnished a boy yet? If you favor the saloon, you should not refuse to give one bright boy to be made a bloated drunkard, for the saloon must have boys to live on.—National Temperance Advocate.

The Decadence of a Club.

About a year ago Rev. Mr. Denison set up in his parish in North Kensington a workingman's club, which he called the "Healthy club." Prebendary Denison in starting this club said it was the business of Christianity to produce strong men, not moral invalids, hence he would have in this club beer and spirits sold to the members and put one of his curates in it as manager.

The latest news about Rev. Prebendary Denison's drink-selling club—or "house of healthy, self-respecting manhood," as he calls it, is that it was the scene of a drunken row a few days ago. The assistant barman was savagely set upon by one of the "self-respecting" customers, and two others joined in the fight, with the result that the assistant barman was dangerously wounded, and the three men are in jail till it is seen how he gets on. This is just what might be expected of a drink-selling club, even when under the patronage of a prebendary and the management of a curate.—National Temperance Advocate.

Revenue Receipts Reduced.

The report of the United States commissioner of internal revenue shows that during the last fiscal year there was a decrease of nearly $250,000 in the revenue receipts from the liquor and tobacco business as compared with the year before. This outlook is very encouraging, for it indicates a corresponding decrease in the consumption of these products.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—In nine years the Indian population of Tama county, Ia., has increased by 13. The red people there now number 394.

—Mortgages are being paid off, by reason of the good times, in Cowlitz county, Wash., the interest on which had been left unpaid for two or three years.

—A couple of dozen onions seem a few for a bushel, but J. R. Douglas, of Albany, Ore., has exhibited 27 onions which together weigh 65 pounds, or 15 pounds more than a bushel.

—By wiping perspiration from his face with the back of his hand while counting coin F. J. Eighmey, of Waterloo, Ia., poisoned his eyes badly, apparently with dust from the foreign accretions on the metal.

—There may be a deadly monotony in the handwriting of the next generation in this country, for the "vertical system" fad has spread to the furthest confines. It has been adopted recently in the public schools of Tacoma, Wash., and at Portland, Ore., where the schools already use it and classes are being formed to learn it by people in various walks of life.

—A cutting rebuke was given to his congregation by a preacher in Pleasanton, Kan. Just after the prayer which succeeded his sermon, he said: "Those of the congregation that did not get their things on during the prayer can do so while I pronounce the benediction."

—A lunatic in a private asylum at Atchison is harmless, and is permitted to roam abroad at will. He possesses a remarkable power over snakes, and often returns with five or six of them in his pockets. He is always searched, and the snakes removed, before he is permitted to reenter the asylum.

—Among the luggage of a clergyman who recently arrived at this port from Liverpool were three dozen pairs of silk stockings. The customs officer insisted on the payment of duty; but the latter objected, and declared that he was in the habit of wearing them to protect a sensitive throat.

—A couple of farmers, on the road between Liverpool and Syracuse, N. Y., amused themselves by running into cyclists, and laughing at their discomfiture. One of the abused cyclists was Fred Warner, the pugilist, and he retaliated by coaxing the farmers from their wagon, and then thrashing them soundly.

PEACHES WITHOUT DOWN.

Remarkable Results of a Maryland Horticulturist's Experimenting.

Mr. William P. Winter, a retired carpenter, who lives at No. 826 North Carey street, has entered heart and soul into the wizard business with remarkable results. In a cozy little back yard of Mr. Winter's home grows a peach tree that has produced annual crops of luscious fruit for a number of years. Two years ago Mr. Winter grew weary of the conventional covering of the peaches in his limited orchard, and determined at least to produce a peach minus that objectionable nap or down.

He began a series of experiments and that year produced a peach clothed in the ordinary raiment of the banana; but, not satisfied with the result of his startling assault on nature, he has succeeded in producing a crop, which is just now ripe, that looks for all the world like a tree full of apples. The skin of the fruit is perfectly smooth and of a dark red hue, shading gradually into a yellow that Mr. Winter claims is a remnant of the banana skin.

"Next year," said he, "I will have an orange skin on them."

The method employed by Mr. Winter to produce these startling results is a profound secret, and he is preparing to copyright the scheme. Grapevines, as well as peach trees, tremble before the skill of the ex-carpenter, and among the curious things that thrive in the rear of 826 North Carey street is a vine of this sort that bears at this time ripe grapes as sweet as honey and usually large, half-ripe grapes, blossoms and buds, which Mr. Winter expects to ripen by Christmas.—Baltimore American.

Hadn't Thought of That.

"Some time ago," says an insurance man, "a man asked me to accompany him home, as he had some things there to be insured. When we arrived at his house he showed me 100 boxes of cigars which he wanted insured. There were 100 cigars in each box, making 10,000 in all, and were valued at ten cents each, so I insured the lot for $1,000. A few days ago the man came to me and asked for the insurance money. 'You've had no fire at your house,' I replied. 'No, but I've smoked them,' said he, 'and according to the paper I'm entitled to the money, as it reads distinctly that if the goods are consumed by fire money is paid on application.' As far as technicalities were concerned he was all right, but I knocked him cold about a minute later by saying in a very stern manner: 'All right, sir; you'll get the money; but, according to your own confession, I will proceed at once to make a charge against you for incendiarism.' 'Well, I'll be hanged!' was all he said, and the room shook violently after he banged the door!'"—Philadelphia Record.

Fig Pudding.

Soak half a pound of dried figs in sufficient water to cover them for several hours. Drain and chop them fine, also mince finely half a pound of suet; then add to the figs with half a pound of fine breadcrumbs and a cupful sirup. Butter a mold and fill with the mixture and boil for two hours, as given for canary pudding. Turn it out and serve with the following sauce: Place in a sauce-pan one tablespoonful of butter and a dessertspoonful of flour; let them become well blended over a gentle fire, when add half a pint of hot water and stir faithfully. When the sauce has boiled for five minutes, add three tablespoonfuls of sirup and a little grated nutmeg. Serve hot.—Ladies' World.

THRASHING WATERMELONS.

Raised for the Seeds in Kansas and the Pulp Is Thrown Away.

The watermelon harvest is on in Kearney county, and for a month there will be such scenes in this prairie region as would make colored folks groan in mental anguish to witness. Possibly they might groan in bodily anguish were they there, for if they chose to kill themselves to the groaning point there would be none to say them nay—provided they saved the seeds. For the seeds are the crop and all else is waste, to dispose of which is the trial of the seed farmer's life.

Melons are grown in Kearney county as corn is grown in corn counties—by the hundred acres. The settlers at first tried to grow corn and failed because it wouldn't rain when rain was needed. Frost and chinchbugs killed the wheat and grasshoppers ate up the gardens and alfalfa. Half the people became discouraged and went back east to "wife's folks" in "Illenoy," "Mizzoura" or "Ioway." Before all had gone it occurred to a big eastern seed firm that western Kansas was just the place to grow melon seed. A representative was sent to Kearney county to make contracts with farmers. Only a few were so nearly submerged in the depths of despair that they could be induced to grasp at so frail a straw, but those who did have not regretted it.

Paradoxical as it may seem, it was discovered that a country which is so dry that it won't raise an average half a ton of corn to the acre, even in the best years, will produce from 20 to 50 tons of melons, which scientists tell us are more than 99 per cent. water, and do it with a certainty that makes the best agricultural sections of the east blush for their shortcomings.

From small beginnings the industry has grown until now a good portion of the farmers in Kearney county, and some in the neighboring counties, are engaged in it, and nearly all the melon seed used in the United States comes from this semi-arid region. One farmer last year had 150 acres in melons, and numbers had more or less than 100 acres.

The cost of growing an acre of melons is little more than that of growing an acre of corn, and the cost of harvesting is greater chiefly because there is usually little corn to harvest in the county, while the melon yield is always bountiful. The profits are from two to five times greater than could be realized from any other crop that the treacherous climate of western Kansas will permit to grow.

Separating the seeds from the melons is an interesting process. It is done by "threshing," but not with the ordinary threshing machine. A special machine is built having a huge hopper, at the bottom of which is a cylinder armed with stout sharp spikes. The cylinder is run at high speed by means of an ordinary sweep horse power with tumbling rod connection. The melons are thrown heavily into the hopper, so that they break as they fall, and in a twinkling the cylinder teeth have torn them to pieces, releasing the seed-bearing pulp. The hopper discharges into a great cylindrical screen, set at a slight incline, in which long arms revolve on an axis, stirring up the mass of rinds and pulps and seeds, and continually pushing the seeds and pulp through the screen into a vat as the mass moves from the hopper down the incline. By the time the mass reaches the lower end of the incline it has lost all the pulp and seeds and consists only of rinds, which are thrown with a scoop onto the waste pile. When the pile of rinds becomes so large as to be troublesome it is not moved, simply because it is much easier to move the threshing machine. When a threshing machine runs steadily it is necessary to move it at least every third day.

The seeds and pulp which come through the threshing machine together are stored in great vats or tanks, water is added and the whole is left for two or three days to ferment. In the process of fermentation the pulp separates from the seeds, which sink to the bottom of the tank. The pulp is then ladled out, while the seeds are washed several times with water and spread out on sheets in the sun to dry.

After that all that remains is to sack the seeds, ship them to the New York, Philadelphia or Detroit seed house for which they were grown, and study up ways of spending the money which they will bring.—Topeka Capital.

Colossal Tree in Maine.

Jay, Me., claims one of the biggest trees in Maine. It stands on the bank of the Androscoggin, on the lawn of the late Dudley Bean. The circumference four feet from the ground is 23 feet, diameter seven feet. About six feet from the ground there are seven branches radiating from its trunk which are from 18 inches to 24 inches in diameter. The branches spread over a space of ground 20 feet in circumference, or 90 feet in diameter. Where the branches leave the trunk of the tree about seven feet from the ground there has been erected a band stand which seats 25 persons. A cooler place on hot days cannot be found. A Boston gentleman was riding by recently, and the tree attracted his attention. He examined and measured it, and was astonished at its dimensions. He went away with the remark that if the tree was on his lawn $10,000 wouldn't buy it. It was set out 42 years ago by La Fayette Bean on the day of his departure for California, whence he never returned.—Boston Record.

She Was Startled.

Daughter—Mr. Goodman asked me to marry him last night.

Mamma—And what did you tell him?

"I told him to ask you."

"Ask me! Why, you wouldn't have your dear old mother commit bigamy would you?"—Up-to-Date.

An Open Sesame.

Finnieus—You can't judge a man by the clothes he wears.

Cynnieus—But you can by those his wife wears.—Yellow Book.

NEW AMERICAN INDUSTRY.

California Has a Place Where Vegetables Are Dried Like Fruit.

A new and important industry has come into existence in Santa Clara county, which bids fair in time to rival the fruit drying. This is the preparation of dried vegetables for the market, which at present is generally confined to the short season at the driers between the ripening of the different fruits. Just lately the vegetables have been usurping the place of the apricots, but they have now already begun to give way in turn to the prunes.

On approaching a drier it does not take one long to decide whether fruit or vegetables are being prepared, for in the latter case a pungent odor rushes out to sting one's eyes and crawl uncomfortably up one's nostrils—for the trail of onions is over the land. Within a lively scene is presented. Men are hurrying to and fro bearing trays and boxes, while long rows of women and children sit busily peeling potatoes and carrots, which, together with the onions, form at present the staple product. When boxes of potatoes or carrots are filled, they are poured into a large hopper, and from there fed to a machine with rotating knife-blades, which cuts them up into small slices a quarter of an inch thick. The further process which the potatoes undergo is simple, and for carrots and the other minor vegetables it is practically the same.

After being sliced the tubers are slightly sulphured in a chamber built of wood. Here great discrimination must be used, for, if they are sulphured too much, the potatoes will taste of the fumes; if too little, they will not contain enough antiseptic property, and bacteria attracted by the starch will develop. Moreover, a little sulphuring is necessary to preserve the color of the vegetables as far as possible and to prevent decay.

After this process the potatoes are not spread out in the sun, but put into an evaporator. The latter looks like a small Ferris wheel, and is inclosed in a sort of brick oven with glass windows. Within this it revolves close to hot-air pipes for a few hours. When the moisture is sufficiently evaporated the cars of the wheel are emptied through the windows, and their contents are now ready for shipment in sacks.

When this stage is reached the sliced potatoes resemble dry chips, and it takes six or seven pounds of the fresh to make one pound of the dried.

By their pungency onions possess the power of warding off bacteria, and are, therefore, only slightly sulphured to preserve their color. They are next evaporated until one-third of the moisture is expelled, and then placed in trays in the sun, just as is done with fruit. The drying process shrivels the onions so much that it takes 20 parts of the fresh to make one of the dried. While the onions are being cut up the moisture coming from them is very disagreeable and hard on the eyes of the employes.

When carrots are evaporated it takes about nine parts of them to make one dried part. Perhaps the drying process used in the case of both carrots and potatoes might be improved upon were steam employed. By using the latter the starch in the potatoes would be partly cooked and sterilized, and after this the tubers could be evaporated in a chamber similar to the one above described. In this way the potatoes could be rid of sulphur, well dried and yet capable of being quickly soaked, and there would be no chance for bacteria to develop.

Other vegetables than these mentioned are at present in process of development; but so far the industry has proved very profitable, as evinced by the increased demand for dried vegetables all over the country, but especially in the mining regions.—San Francisco Call.

COAL AND IRON.

Showing That Great Britain Is Not Holding Her Own.

Statistics show that, whereas Great Britain in 1840 produced 75 per cent. of the world's supply of coal, at the present time it produces only 34 per cent. Atlantic liners no longer carry coal from Great Britain for the return journey; they now take in American coal, and no less than 1,500,000 tons of American coal were thus consumed in 1895. The condition of the iron manufacturing industries has always exercised a most important influence on the production of coal, so that a large demand for iron draws with it a large demand for mineral fuel. During the last 25 years the world's production of pig iron has increased from 12,000,000 to 26,000,000 tons; but the share taken by Great Britain has fallen from 48.8 per cent. to 29 per cent., while that of the United States has increased from 14.9 per cent. to 26.2 per cent., that of Germany from 11.4 per cent. to 21.4 per cent., and that of Russia from 3 per cent. to 4.7 per cent.

Indeed, iron is now being imported from the United States into this country, and, incredible as it may seem, the railway station at Middlesborough, the center of the iron trade, is built of iron brought from Belgium. Surely, then, the author of "Our Coal Resources at the Close of the Nineteenth Century" is hardly right in thinking that British coal and iron still hold their own. He argues that other countries of Europe are exhausting their coal supplies just as Great Britain, yet the figures he gives show that Germany has in reserve, within a depth of 3,000 feet, 109,000,000,000 tons of coal, as compared with our 81,683,000,000 tons within a depth of 4,000 feet. And this estimate does not include brown coal, of which Germany raises 25,000,000 tons annually.—Nature.

No Hurry About It.

Judge—Fifty dollars and costs.

Prisoner—But it is impossible for me to raise that amount at once, your honor.

"Then take your time—six months."—Chicago Record.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"It seems the courts find no flaw in Bilks' will." "You don't say so! Why, I supposed Bilks to be richer than that."—Detroit Journal.

—Uncertainty.—Farmer—"Can I hire you to shock my corn?" Bicycle Girl (aside)—"I wonder if he takes me for a man."—Detroit Journal.

—Reflected Glory.—Visitor—"And who are you, my little man?" Cuthbert (with conscious pride)—"I'm the baby's brother."—Tit-Bits.

—"That tenor of ours has a marvelous voice. He can hold one of his notes for half a minute." "Shucks! I've held one of his notes for two years."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

—"Tell me, doctor," asked the ambitious young disciple of Galen, eagerly, "what was the most dangerous case you ever had?" "In confidence, now that I am about to retire from practice," answered the veteran physician, frankly, "I will confess that it was my medicine case."—Puck.

—During the progress of the Thellusson will case, which benefited several generations of lawyers, one of the counsel employed suggested that something should stand over "till the day of judgment." Said Richard Bethell, who also appeared in the case—he was subsequently Lord Chancellor Westbury: "Will not that be a very busy day?"—Household Words.

—A gentleman calling at a hotel left his umbrella in the stand in the hall with the following inscription attached to it: "This umbrella belongs to a man who can deal a blow of 250 pounds' weight. I shall be back in ten minutes." On returning to seek his property he found in its place a card thus inscribed: "This card has been left by a man who can run 12 miles an hour. I shall not come back."—Tit-Bits.

A QUEER REQUEST.

A Texas Man Who Called Upon Congress to Name His Boy.

Of the many freak communications which reach the capitol and the departments one which came to the house just before it adjourned is deserving of the proverbial biscuit. The letter was addressed to "The Congress of the United States in Washington Assembled," and came from a resident of a small settlement in northeastern Texas. It was written in an entirely earnest spirit. It said:

"Dear Mister Congressmen: My dear wife Amanda has just been blest by the appearance of a healthy young boy. Me and my wife can't agree on no name to give the boy and we want you to help us out. I wants him called Dave and she wants him called Cy, but she won't give in neither will I. Now what we want you to do is to have a document passed through your body giving him a handle. Please attend to the matter as soon as possible. Yours."

The only person around the house to whom the letter could have gone through the regular system of disseminating the miscellaneous mail was the private secretary of Congressman Bailey. He communicated the contents of the letter to a number of the employes around the house. The other afternoon the secretary sent out a number of typewritten letters to a dozen or more employes, enjoining them to meet in one of the committee rooms.

When the clerks assembled, he proposed that they, as a substitute house of representatives in committee of the whole should attend to the very urgent communication which he had received, and that a suitable name should be selected for the growing young Texan. Accordingly a set of resolutions, sticklers in their form and precision, were drafted, with seal attached and signature properly fixed, and sent to the writer. They informed the Texan that the congress had taken cognizance of his communication, and had acted accordingly. "The congress, exercising a power which was vested in it by the law of 1884," said the resolutions, "hereby designates, denominates, titles and names your offspring after three distinguished scions of the Lone Star. Let it be known that his name shall be Bailey Chilton Mills ——."—Washington Post.

Keep Snakes as Pets.

"There is a pet snake in nearly every house in Brazil," said a Chicagoan who has returned from a journey through that country. "They keep them just as we do the cats or dogs, and, indeed, for much the same purpose, using them to kill the rats at night. The snakes are a species of boa from ten to fifteen feet long, and are perfectly harmless to mankind, while they are quite affectionate and, like cats, become attached to the house where they are kept. These snakes are sold in the markets, where I bought one that died on the voyage from Rio Janeiro to New York. A scientist, to whom I spoke of these snakes, told me that no snakes are really dangerous to man. He said that never had a snake attacked a man unless the man had first attacked it. The reptile is defensive, but not offensive, and has no desire to pick a quarrel. But if you tread on a snake the thing cannot know that your intentions are not inimical to its welfare. So I always avoid snakes."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Rent by the Sun.

The towering Washington monument, solid as it is, cannot resist the heat of the sun, poured on its southern side on a midsummer's day, without a slight bending of the gigantic shaft which is rendered perceptible by means of a copper wire, 174 feet long, hanging in the center of the structure, and carrying a plummet suspended in a vessel of water. At noon in summer the apex of the monument, 550 feet above the ground, is shifted, by expansion of the stone, a few hundredths of an inch toward the north. High winds cause perceptible motions of the plummet, and in still weather perceptible vibrations of the crust of the earth, otherwise unperceived, are registered by it.—Youth's Companion.

AN OPEN LETTER
To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought, and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

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Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

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Our silversmith is one of the finest workmen in the United States as all will admit who have had any work done in that line by him.

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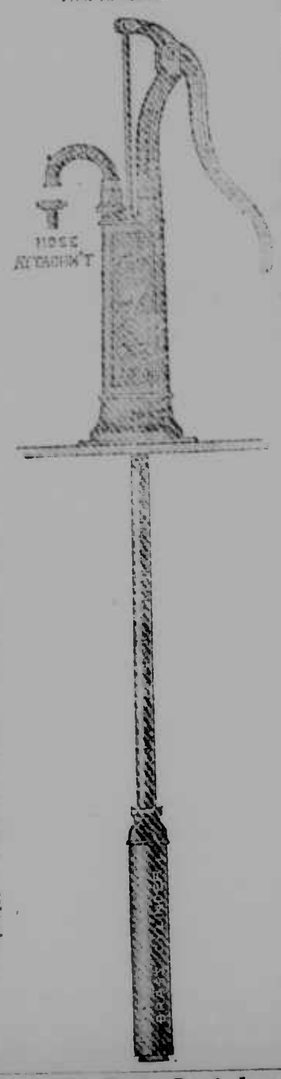

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, May 16, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—	Daily	8.49 A. M
No. 3—	Daily	6 28 A. M
No. 71—	Accom daily except Sun	9.28 A. M
No. 47—	Daily	4.30 P. M
No. 55—	Express, daily	5 55 P. M
No. 1—	Daily	10 01 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—	Daily	5.59 A. M
No. 2—	Daily	8.41 A. M
No. 72—	Accom daily except Sun	5.18 P. M
No. 46—	Daily	4.13 P. M
No. 4—	Daily	12.28 A. M
No. 14—	Accommodation	10.12 A. M

Train No. 55 makes no stops between Oakland and Grafton. No. 47 makes all stops.

D. B. MARTIN,
Manager of Passenger Traffic.

C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Nov 1, 1897.

Attorney General McKenn figures out a total saving of $25,000,000 to the people of the United States by reason of the firm manner in which President McKinley insisted upon maintaining the rights of the people in all his dealings with the bidders for the purchase of the Union Pacific Railroad. The financiers knew that they would have to pay more for the road in order to get the sanction of this administration to the sale than they had offered in their negotiations with the Cleveland administration. Their first offer was about $12,000,000 in excess of the one they made to the last administration, and to that they were forced by President McKinley's firmness to add $13,000,000, in order to reach the total amount of the road's indebtedness to the government, which was the limit set by the President. When the future historian sums up the notable accomplishments of the McKinley administration, this Union Pacific business will occupy a conspicuous place. It is in fact a great achievement—perhaps one of the greatest in our civil history, and is an object lesson that might be studied with profit by those state, municipal and county authorities who are constantly allowing the professional financiers to get the advantage of the people they represent.

Those who expected Secretary Gage to make sensational financial recommendations in his annual report to Congress were disappointed with the conservative policy outlined in the statement prepared by him and made public after it was read to the Cabinet. He starts out by saying that while the present satisfactory condition of things financially may continue for an indefinite period, he deems it the part of wisdom to suggest some reform in our financial system. He recommends either that steps be taken to largely increase the gold reserve, or to decrease the amount of currency in circulation, for which gold may be demanded, and expresses a preference for the latter; and that the bonded indebtedness of the country be refunded by the issuing for the entire amount of 2½ bonds, payable in gold, which would save the country a very large amount of money in the shape of the higher interests that is now being paid, and would, Secretary Gage thinks greatly strengthen the credit of the nation. Several amendments to the National banking laws are recommended, with the idea of largely increasing the amount of National Bank currency. Among them being the establishment of National banks with a capital of $25,000 in places of less than 2,000 inhabitats, the reduction of taxation on their circulating notes to one per cent per annum, the privilege to issue notes to the par value of the bonds deposited with the government and others more or less technical in nature. That Mr. Gage hasn't been bit by the care-all-ills financial dog was shown by the following modest introduction: "The recommendations I take the liberty to make must be construed as tentative steps in a direction which, if consistently pursued, will ultimately lead to conditions theoretically desirable, rather than in being in themselves final measures to that end."

Secretary Wilson, among other valuable and important recommendations in his annual report, asks that educated agents of the Agricultural Department be attached to the U.S. Legation in all countries with which we compete in the markets of the world, in order that our farmers may be kept properly posted upon what their business rivals are doing all the time. He suggests that the agricultural colleges, endowed by Congress, are graduating men who are fitted to properly perform the duties of agents of the department in foreign countries.

The appointment of Gen. Longstreet, of Ga., to succeed Gen. Wade Hampton as Commissioner of Railroads, seems to have highly gratified Republicans from all sections, and especially those from the South. It has been understood, ever since last year, that this place would be given to Gen. Longstreet, but for personal reasons Gen. Hampton was not hurried out of office.

Members of President McKinley's administration have every reason to be perfectly satisfied with the status of the diplomatic relations between the U. S. and Spain, as would at once be apparent to the public if the long answer to the first important communication sent by President McKinley to the goverment of Spain was published. There are important reasons why this document has not been and will not be made public for a time, pobably not until after it has been submitted to Congress.

The fact that Secretary Long has declared his opposition to the establishment of the goverment plant for the manufacture of armor plate has caused a dropping off of interest in the report of the Board of Naval Officers who have been investigating, in obedience to Congress, for the purpose of reporting the best location for such a plant. A majority of them are said to favor Birmingham, Alabama.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

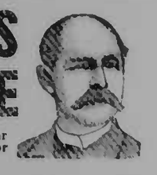

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W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

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CHARLES E. JUDSON, Pres. Economic Gas Company, Chicago.	THOMAS W. LAWSON, Banker, 32 State Street, Boston.
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Hon. JAMES G. SHAW, Manufacturer, New Castle, Delaware.	FRED'K D. BEARD, Treasurer Queen City Gas Co., Buffalo.
CHARLES H. KITTINGER, 66 Broadway, New York, Harrison Building, Philadelphia.	J. M. BUXTON, M. E., Vancouver, British Columbia.
Hon. JOHN LAUGHLIN, Ex-State Senator, New York, Laughlin, Ewe I & Bond, Att'ys at Law, Buffalo.	GEO. A. KELLY, 66 Broadway, New York.
	J. EDWARD ADDICKS, Delaware.

The facts concerning the wonderful discoveries of gold in Alaska and British Columbia, about the headwaters of the Yukon River, have been received and are now fully digested by the public mind. Every incoming steamer from the Klondike regions, bringing as they do enormous quantities of the precious metal, greatly confirms the statements made by experts that this new find is by far the richest the world has ever known.

If the wealth of the new fields excites wonder, the extent of the territory in which gold is being found is even still more remarkable. Besides the fields in the Klondike River and the various streams emptying into it, information reaches us of almost incredibly rich discoveries of gold to the Stewart River and in the White River, and of miners leaving the one district in search of the possibly more productive fields beyond. This circumstance, it may be remarked, leaves the way open to those persons on the ground for the acquiring of claims at a small fraction of their real value.

It has long been suspected and the proof is now fully proven that all those rivers having their source in the eastern of the Rocky Mountains are gold bearing in the highest degree.

All this information is now well established, the thought which is naturally agitating so many minds is how to participate in the great productive wealth of this new El Dorado. It is impracticable, obviously, for but a small percentage of the people to attempt a trip to these regions. Moreover, the outlay to be incurred, the perils and hardships of such a journey determine such a course unadvised and unnecessary.

Persons can, however, confidence their capital with those who are already actively engaged in acquiring claims in the gold country, with the assurance that the investment will prove both safe and profitable.

The Yukon-Cariboo-British Columbia Gold Mining Development Company is formed to explore and develop the gold fields of British Columbia, including the Cariboo district and the Klondike district of the headwaters of the Yukon River.

The Company has a capital of $5,000,000 divided into 5,000,000 shares, at $1 each. There are no "promoters" shares, and no officer or director has obtained his stock without paying for it at the regular subscription rate.

No personal liability whatever is incurred. The stock is fully paid up and is non-assessable. Each share represents the full responsibility incurred, and cannot, according to the charter of the Company, be subjected to any assessment of any kind.

The Company is without a rival in the completeness of its organization and the names of its directors are a guarantee of its integrity of purpose. Especially strong is the Company in its forces already in the field. Governor J. H. McGraw and General E. M. Carr, two of the directors of the Company, are at Dawson City for investigation, purchase and development of mining claims in the interest of shareholders.

George B. Kittinger, mining engineer of Seattle, headed the largest and best equipped exploring party that has yet left the Pacific coast in the interest of any company. Mr. Kittinger is directing the forces in the Klondike district.

In the Cariboo district, J. M. Buxton, mining engineer, of Vancouver, is the representative of the Company.

On the Stewart River, the corps of eight men is headed by Captain Jack Scurry, well-known as having headed the line of the Northern Pacific railroad through the Cascade mountains.

All of the company's miners are fully equipped with horses boats and supplies for protecting and development of claims.

As this Company is the first to engage in actual work in the gold fields, it is confidently expected to be the first to secure practical returns to its shareholders.

Conservative management, large capital and completely equipped expeditions will accomplish more than disorganized individual effort.

The shares of the Company are offered to the public for a short period at their par value of One Dollar per share. The company reserves the right to withdraw its offerings at any time without further notice.

Subscriptions for Shares should be accompanied by cash in registered letter, U. S. or Express Money Orders, Bank Check or Draft made payable to the Secretary.

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J. EDWARD ADDICKS, President.
CHARLES H. KITTINGER, Secretary.

Colored map of the gold fields sent free on application. 31–1

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I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31,000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent, 9—1yr. Box 10. Westernport, Md.

FREE HOMES ...IN... NORTH DAKOTA

160 Acres of Land FREE to Every Citizen.

RICH AGRICULTURAL FARMING LANDS

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NO TAXES For Seven Years

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Settling up very fast with DUNKERS, MENNONITES AND AMISH PEOPLE.

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Full particulars free. Address

A. C. HARVEY, 42 S. Third Street, Phila., Pa.

17—12

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1897. NUMBER 36.

THE STATE'S BOUNDARY.

A Readable Resume of the Work Done and Yet to be Accomplished.

MARYLAND'S GAIN IN TERRITORY

Will Be About Forty Square Miles Should The Supreme Court Of The United States Decide The Case In Her Favor.

To the Editor of The Republican.

I learn that many citizens of our county would be interested to know more in detail what has been done upon the Maryland-West Virginia boundary line survey and how the work progresses. As I have knowledge of what is going on I will be glad to make this object and character of the work more fully understood by your readers.

The survey now being made under an order of the United States Supreme Court originated from a suit in equity brought before that Court by the State of Maryland against the State of West Virginia, this suit being primarily to settle the question of jurisdiction between these States over lands lying between the lines in controversy.

The State of Maryland was originally a part of the Colony of Virginia and her territory was taken from the latter by the British Crown and given with well defined charter rights to Lord Baltimore. Our State has repeatedly, since the formation of the United States, endeavored to settle amicably with Virginia her Western boundary and has made every concession, notably in the survey under direction of the joint commission of the two states by Lieut. W. Michler in 1859. Maryland at this time was ready to accept the Fairfax Stone as the point of beginning. The stone was planted under this order by Lord Fairfax of the Colony of Virginia near one of the head streams of the Potomac river and that one most to the advantage of *his* proprietory. Lord Baltimore, of the Colony of Maryland, not being a party to its location, and never having entered into an agreement in regard to it. When Michler was appointed he was instructed to proceed to the Fairfax Stone and to run a due north or meridion line from that point to Mason & Dixen's line.

One of the witnesses called in this present case to identify the point at which Lieut. Michler began his survey quotes him as having said that the Fairfax Stone could not properly be considered as at the head of the Potomac river, or the proper place to begin the line; his instructions however, bound him to begin at that point. West Virginia now openly repudiates any acceptance or approval of Lieut. Michler's work.

The instructions to W. McCulloh Brown, engineer in charge of the present survey, were more general, and that he locate by actual survey the spring of the first fountain of the Potomac river, and from that point run a due north or meridian line to Mason & Dixon's line, the southern border of Pennsylvania.

When the party arrived upon the ground it was an easy matter to locate the point upon the north branch of the Potomac at which the Michler line crossed the main stream. I wish here to make it clearly understood that the State line and territory of Maryland as claimed for her by West Virginia does not begin at any spring but at a point on the main stream where the banks are about 30 feet apart and over 1½ miles by the stream from this head spring, and in a direct line 4000 feet north of the Fairfax stone. In other words the line runs north from Fairfax stone is not a dividing stone at all, for 4,000 feet, but wholly in territory claimed by West Virginia. This anomaly arises from the fact that the river whose general course is northeasterly divides at a point about ¼ mile above the crossing of the Michler line. The southern, or Fairfax stream, will be found to flow from its source in a south-westerly direction, or exactly in the opposite direction to the course of the river. It then forms a great semicircle, curving upon itself, to the west, northwest, north and north-east, until it crosses the Michler line as I have said 4,000 feet north of the Fairfax Stone. The northern branch the engineers named the Potomac stream in distinction from the Fairfax, and planted on the bank above the head spring a large flat stone on which was cut these letters, "Potomac, 1896." The Potomac stream heads at a strong spring within 300 feet of the crest of the Great Savage mountain and flows in an easterly direction to the forks.

These two, the longest streams of the north branch of the Potomac having been located to their sources, it became necessary to determine which one of them best fulfilled the call of the charter granted to Lord Baltimore. Right here it should be mentioned that Maryland now stands on her original charter rights, as no compact has ever been entered into or signed between the States which would fix either the beginning point or the bounday line.

The facts in evidence were that the two streams as measured were practically the same length from the forks, there being a slight advantage in favor of the Potomac branch. In volume of water they are so nearly equal that no difference can be seen. In the course we find the first material difference. As has been said the Fairfax stream does not start in the direction of the general course of the river, but in a south-westerly direction, curving around the Fairfax hill in a great bow to the west of the meridian line as run north from the Fairfax Stone and not crossing that line until it has traversed a distance of over 10,000 feet. The Potomac stream on the other hand flows east and north-east in general with the head waters of the river. The spring at the Fairfax Stone is dry at the present writing, and there is testimony to show that this is not unusual and no water is found until one has gone some distance down. At the first fountain of the Potomac there is a good flow of cold water. The Potomac spring is 1¼ miles farther west than the Fairfax Stone, and is 100 feet or more higher in elevation; not only this, it heads nearly upon the top of the mountain which divide the eastern and western waters of several States, and but a short distance from the top of this divided on the west, or within less that 600 feet of the Potomac stone, was located a spring, the head of Lead Mine run one of the branches of the Cheat river which flows west and north. Laurel run was located to its course, which is also upon the mountain and within a few hundred yards of Potomac stone. This run is the longest and most important tributary of the upper Potomac and its general course is east and northeast. Again the charter granted to Lord Baltimore describes the boundary as "going with the 40th degree of north latitude to the true meridian of the first fountain of the River Pattowmack, then running downward with the meridian to the farther bank of said river, and following the same, to where it empties into the bay of Chesapeake." Now which of these streams fulfill these calls? The Potomac, as I have said, heads upon the great water sheds; its source is a strong spring, at a greater elevation than the Fairfax, and 1¼ miles further west. The meridian line run from it at once, and finally crosses the divide and leaves all waters of the Potomac behind, and the call to follow the "further bank" is easily understood. How is it now with the Fairfax stream? Here we find the historical stone not at the head of a lasting stream but one which has gone dry. A meridian line run from it will cross the river proper 4,000 feet north of the stone at about 9,000 feet it crosses two branches of Laurel run, one of which is nearly as large as the river, and its most important tributary.

It will be remembered that the charter calls for the first fountain, and then with the farther bank, its wording clearly indicating that the call is for the most western source, which is surely not the Fairfax; again if the Fairfax Stone were the point adopted, how could both calls be satisfied? From the Fairfax Stone the water flows first in a south westerly direction, and then in a great curve to the north-east, and the farther bank at the stone would soon change its relative position and become the nearer or northern bank, and the latter has never been claimed by even Virginia herself. The call being for the meridian of the first fountain, and then with the river, to whom would the land belong which lies within the loop formed by the curving of the Fairfax stream and west of the Michler line? The Fairfax stream cannot satisfy the charter's calls.

The facts being as above stated, it appeared clear to the attorney and engineer in charge that the Potomac stream alone fulfilled the terms of the charter to Lord Baltimore, and so work was begun at once upon the new line, which will be known as the Brown & Bauer line. It was decided to re-run the Michler line to show that it was a true meridian line from the Fairfax Stone, and also that it might be used as a base line from which to run check or offset lines east at right angles, to points upon the line run in the present case, during 1894 by the State of West Virginia, and also to points upon the so-called Deakins line for the purpose of showing that neither of these lines as run from the Fairfax Stone is a true meridian line, and therefore cannot fulfill the call of Maryland's charter. The Monroe line run by West Virginia being 87 rods east of Michler's at the Pennsylvania line, while the so-called Deakins is 232 rods east.

The work in the field has been pushed with energy, and it will be seen that the final map and report will cover the running of four distinct lines from the Potomac to Pennsylvania, and will prove that there have been but two meridian lines run, that by Michler in 1859 and the Brown & Bauer in 1897.

As additional evidence of Maryland's claim, numerous old land grants made by the Colonial Government in 1774 and subsequently confirmed by this State, will be located, as they lie wholly or in part west of both the Michler and so called Deakins line, and not far from the Brown & Bauer line. They will show not only Maryland's claim to territory within these lines, but that at that early date there must have been some knowledge of the more western source. Within a few days the new line will have been finished, and should the court decide in our favor its adoption will add nearly 40 square miles to the area of Garrett county, and make a handsome increase in her taxable basis.

In my next letter I will describe the instruments and methods of work employed upon the survey.

CORINNA.

Camp, Nov. 6, 1897.

SOME RAMBLING THOUGHTS.

BY "SEMO."

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TO VOTERS, III.—Firmly do we believe in the national heart, and that its beats are true with desire for national health and greatness. Just as we have confidence in the depth and purity of the great ocean, though perhaps only a few muddy wavelets come near our feet along the beach; so do we look in faith down along the troubled surface of political life to the great body in whom we trust. We must believe in ourselves, in our possible glory, in our destiny as a republic, in the peaceful development of self-government by self-governing hosts, for can we not detect in our very geography the tracings of a mighty purpose, and in our history can we not hear the actual foot-fall of the Almighty? Without faith in yourself you individually will become a weakling element and a non-entity; without faith in our nation, a weakening element in its life-blood. When belief perishes, we perish; for the belief of the heart moldeth the outer life. When the vision of heights unattained still stretches before us, happy are we as a nation. Out of obscurity comes a voice to your ear pleading for "Faith, more faith!"

* * *

But we are a profound danger. From striving parties and conflicting ideas? No, a thousand times! Parties are balance wheels, and parties are safety valves. Speaking broadly, the party with an idea, when in, is always conservative because of the watchfulness of the party that is out. The party out is ever restless for change and urgent to make it; though when powder is placed in its hands, it immediately develops carefulness because it is brought face to face with burdens that are visible only from within. Thus each party is really engaged in paving the way for a later triumph of the other. This action and re-action in national life, like activity and sleep in the human body, make us steadily progressive. If no unnatural means are used to suppress the expression of the people's thought this ebbing and flowing of public opinion is as much to be expected as the tides of the sea. And in the ebb and flow is health, for no party ever will gather into its ranks all the good and wise and upright.

* * *

In danger from leaders? No; leaders are natural. Men gather more eagerly around an idea with a man back of it, than they do around a mere thought standing by itself. At heart we are all hero-worshipers; we cling to those who embody our thought. May the weigher of Nations raise up more standard bearers! We need not doubt He will, for hitherto the seed-time and harvest of great-hearts and great-souls have not failed us.

* * *

THE LEADER.

Where shall we find the man to guide the state,
Like skillful mariner who knows the seas,
The rocks, the shoals,—and steers his ship with ease,
Past dangers that are looming near the great,
Or, like an ambushed foe in silence wait;—
Who holds his constant crew in duty bound,
Nor leaves himself to keep his vessel sound,
But meets with equal mind unequal fate?
A leader such as this must be a man
Honest in purpose, pure in life and thought,
Free from mere party rule; in danger's hour,
Strong to put forth and furnish all he can
For others' good; not willing to be bought
By any love of wealth, or praise, of power.

* * *

Yet there is poison in the veins of the body politic. It threatens the liberty for which our fathers fought. It leads us to fear the suppression of the public fluctuation of thought that puts each party on its guard. It may precipitate again the conflict that watered our birth-place with blood when men demanded their right to be represented. That poison is BOSSISM. Think for a moment what things bosses set out to accomplish and you will realize how abhorrent such people are to American instinct. A boss has no genuine political beliefs; he will gladly deal with the boss of a district as stamp, as he will listen to his own helpers. Unlike leaders who are called forth by the compelling voice of a people who recognize merit, bosses are the cunning users of fortuitous circumstances! Placed in some temporary position of power, the boss plots to make his hold permanent and panders to the lowest instincts of greed in gathering around him cringing sycophants ready to do his will. A boss will sit down months before a campaign and plot while men of upright thought are all unsuspicious. His followers will "fix up" primaries, rush through "slates" unbroken, "pack" conventions and so make our glorious heritage of free and unbiassed voting a mere farce and a mockery. Not necessarily himself holding public office, the boss places public men under such obligations to himself that they yield him unquestionable obedience. Offices will be filled by him with greedy men who divide with him the spoils, for the sake of his continued maintenance of them in their positions. These are they who have made the stock-gambling of our Senate a possibility, a shame and a scandal to the nation. These are they who have degraded politics until to go into the highways of public life tests a man's probity of character more than to the full. These are they who have affrighted good men, and before whom voters are dumb, like a sheep before shearers. These are they who sell legislation to highest bidders until all law-making is coming under the ban of suspicion. These are they in short who are more dangerous than nihilists; who are driving us forward to a national outburst. "The people" are slow to anger; but the day of reckoning with perverted justice, and purloined privileges is bound to come unless we right wrongs, and that right speedily.

* * *

The difference between an honorable conrageous general and a blood-thirsty bandit chief, is the difference between a trusty leader and a self-seeking boss. Compare Lincoln's solemn recognition of the horror of the burden which was upon him, which marred his face with seams, which bowed his herculean frame, compare that with the flippant misuse of money, of steam, of electricity, of any or every thing, by the modern boss not only to avoid doing, but actually to undo the peoples will. The pinnacle of undying respect, North and South, belong to one: the fearful blackness of a nation's frown must rest on the other.

A Letter to the Teachers of This County.

Col J. A. M. Passmore, of Philadelphio, has written the following letter to Examiner Palmer and in a private note to that gentleman says: "I would be glad if you would have the enclosed notice put in your Oakland papers." Col. Passmore's letter follows, addressed to the teachers of Garrett county:

When I was present at your Institute this fall I urged upon you with all the earnestness at my command the great importance of your getting the parents of the children entrusted to your care interested in your schools and suggested parents' meetings. I have received from the teacher at Swanton, T. L. Duckworth, a letter stating that they had a very pleasant meeting on the 22d instant and that those parents who were present were well pleased with the idea.

I trust I may have a letter between this and the first of January, 1898, from every teacher in Garrett county stating that they held a parents' meeting and that they will do their very best to have one each month until the close of the terms. If you can accomplish this I shall feel that my work which I am trying to do under the guidance of the Master has not been in vain.

Your friend,
JOHN A. M. PASSMORE,
1326 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

It heals everything except a broken heart, may be said of DeWitt Witch Hazel Salve. Piles and rectal diseases, cuts, burns, bruises, tetter, eczema and all skin troubles may be cured by it quickly and permanently. Oakland Pharmacy.

FOR THE GOLD DIGGINGS.

The Cities of the Northwest are Becoming Overrun With Strangers

ON THEIR WAY TO THE KLONDIKE.

There's a Rivalry Existing Between Tacoma and Seattle, Washington, in Which Every Citizen Is Involved.

TACOMA, WASH., Nov. 2, 1897.

I dropped over to Seattle this week to see what was going on there of interest to the people who are going to the Klondike.

Seattle is thirty miles from Tacoma and a dozen steamboats and trains operate daily between the two cities, making the run in about an hour. The fare for the round trip varies from 50 cents to $1.50. One of the steamers is called the "Flyer," and has about as much speed as a railroad train.

Since people began to go to Klondike in large numbers the passenger business on the trains and steamboats between the two cities has increased about twenty-five per cent. The Klondike rush has also increased the postoffice receipts, crowded the hotels and about doubled the business done at the telegraph offices in both Tacoma and Seattle.

The two cities have been rivals for commercial supremacy ever since the Northern Pacific railroad made Tacoma its Pacific coast headquarters. Seattle thought the road should make its headquarters there, but the powers that be thought different, and it very naturally causes Seattle people much annoyance to "change cars" in order to reach their city. Of course in the matter of Alaska and other steamships, freight and passengers are taken on at both ports. Tacoma is at the head of navigation, while Seattle, in turn, claims that the returning steamers come there first. In returning, as in leaving, the steamers usually call at various ports beginning and ending with Tacoma. Some steamers, however, come direct to Tacoma from St. Michaels and Dyea and Skaguay. The steam schooner North Fork, for instance, recently came here direct from the mouth of the Yukon, as did also the steam schooner Lakme, the latter arriving Saturday evening last. They came direct because they carry orders to load lumber here for other ports, and time and money is saved in such cases by coming direct to the loading port. The same is true of ships and steamers that are on the China and Japan run. One ship, the Genericht, arrived here Sunday last from Yokohama in seventeen days. This is the quickest sailing time ever recorded by a sailing vessel. The remarkable time made may be more fully comprehended when it is known that the fastest steamers make the run in about twelve days, and some require fourteen or fifteen days.

At Seattle new people are coming to town the same as at Tacoma. Lodging houses are filling up and overflowing in both cities and new accommodations are being arranged for what is termed "the grand rush" in the spring.

As Alaska steamers that touch at all Puget Sound ports have dropped off some important news budgets at Seattle before reaching Tacoma, that city has been given more prominence than Tacoma in the matter of telegraphic news from the Klondike. In squaring up this average the merchants in the latter city have made low prices an object in drawing trade, and both lay claim to superior facilities for about everything. Between them they will handle the great bulk of all the Alaskan business. Some idea of the commerce of these and other leading cities of the Puget Sound customs district can be gained from the following report of the government for the fiscal year ending June 30th last:

VALUE BY PORTS.	IMPORTS.	EXPORTS.
Tacoma	$5,898,375.00	$5,821,818.00
Seattle	410,275.00	1,982,475.00
Port Townsend	30,328.00	1,721,518.00
Whatcom	12,011.00	65,565.00
Everett	85,301.00	7,472.00
Blaine	32,456.00	487,727.00
Northport	513,671.00	1,141,101.00
Sumas	15,570.00	178,979.00
Port Angeles	5,201.00	34,847.00
Roche Harbor	107.04	46,748.00
Aberdeen	6.00	66,381.00
Total	$7,001,934.00	$11,858,082.00
Y'r end'g June 30, 1896	5,183,856.00	8,851,767.00

It will be noticed that the report, which is compiled by the government that there was a considerable increase in business during the year ending June 30, 1897, as compared with the year ending on a similar date in 1896. Included in the imports were about 200,000,000 feet of lumber, 2,600,000 bushels of wheat and over 500,000 barrels of flour.

A large quantity of all the goods sold for the Klondike and Alaska trade in British Columbia has to be imported from the state of Washington. Nevertheless, in endeavoring to induce Klondikers to come to British Columbia, the statement has been made that American miners must pay exhorbitant Canadian duties. Upon being asked for a statement regarding this point the Treasury of the United States has this to say:

"So far as relates to any measure of the Canadian Government which bears heavily upon the emigrants in question, I have to advise you that this department is in receipt of a communication from the department of State, enclosing a note from the British charge d'affairies, in which it is stated that no special or unusual exactions have been made, and that the custom charges are those authorized by the ordinary revenue laws of Canada. He also states that instructions have been issued exempting from duty miners' blankets, personal clothing in use, and broken packages or provisions being used; also cooking utensils in use and 100 pounds of goods for the journey, charging ordinary customs duty only on excess."

Because of the fact that British Columbia mines have been developed by American capital and American miners the Canadians are very slow to offend Uncle Sam's sons.

In addition to the one aereal tramway over the mountain passes which has already been mentioned, there is a prospect of being two more, and, therefore, the indications are that the freight rate over the worst part of the journey to Klondike will be reduced to the minimum. At the same time the attempt to set apart the territory for one hundred miles about St. Michael as a military reservation is calculated to work against the Yukon river as a means of getting into the new diggings. Without permission from the war department at Washington no one can enter the proposed reservation. The cities of Tacoma, Seattle and Portland have protested against the reservation and General Alger has notified the Citizen's Klondike Committee of the first named city that no monopoly was given or intended by the establishments of the reservation. The committee, however, went back at the war department with the declaration that inasmuch as the reservation would be 5,000 miles from the war department a monopoly would practically exist, as permission to go upon the reservation would not be had within any reasonable time. This tart declaration brought back private information to the effect that the matter would be arranged to the entire satisfaction of the Tacoma Klondike Committe. This is a big feather in the committee's hat.

THOMAS SAMMONS.

Wedding Bells.

Married, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. Samuel Miller, on Wednesday, October 27, 1897, Mr. Chas. Guthrie and Miss Emma Speicher, both of Garrett county, Md.

At high noon the happy couple descended from an upper chamber and were escorted to the spacious parlor of the Speicher residence, into the presence of about sixty of the relatives and friends, by Mr. Henry Speicher and Miss Ada Rush, when immediately, by a few short and impressive words, they were pronounced man and wife.

After the congratulations had been received the happy couple were ushered into the dining room where the table stood fairly groaning beneath its load of the palatable luxuries which constitutes a wedding dinner, and for which the Speicher residence is noted. After dinner the usual amount of visiting was indulged in until near four o'clock, when the guests repaired to their respective homes, delighted with the exquisite manner in which they were entertained, and will long remember the host and hostess for their hospitality.

The groom is a son of Rev. Joseph Guthrie, and is a bright and intelligent young man, his present occupation being farming. The bride is well known in Accident and vicinity, being a most respected young lady. May they have a long happy life is the wish of all.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

How to Cure Bilious Colic.

I have suffered for weeks with colic and pains in my stomach caused by biliousness and had to take medicine all the while until I used Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy which cured me. I have since recommended it to a good many people. Mrs. F. Butler, Fairhaven, Conn. Persons who are subject to bilious colic can ward off the attack by taking this remedy as the first symptoms appear. Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Langhlin, Deer Park.

UNCLE JONES' WARNING.

By M. E. Howard.

AUNT ROSILLE had just cleared away her breakfast dishes one bright spring morning, when Mis' Dexter dropped in. Mis' Dexter lived in the road towards the village, and as the stage went by her door twice a day, she managed to keep pretty well posted.

It was very warm for the time of year, and Mis' Dexter looked it; her large fat face was redder than ever, and her thin gray hair seemed literally glued to her little round head.

Aunt Rosille saw her coming, and welcomed her heartily; but Mis' Dexter just nodded, and said never a word. She made straight for the big cane-seated rocker by the sitting-room window, and as she settled herself comfortably on the soft patchwork cushion, she gave a deep sigh of content.

Aunt Rosille hurried in after her, and handed her the big palm-leaf fan bound round with turkey red. Then she settled herself primly on the very edge of Uncle Jones' rush-bottomed chair, and waited for the news that she felt sure was coming. It must be something out of the ordinary that would so hurry and disturb calm, easy-going Mis' Dexter so early on a spring morning.

Mis' Dexter paused only to get her breath. Then she said, eagerly: "Have you heard the news?"

"No; what?" Aunt Rosille leaned forward expectantly.

"Elder Brewster's dead. He died yesterday morning."

"An' what'll become of pore Mis' Brewster an' the children? Where'll they live?"

"Deacon Foster says he'll let 'em have the old Cobb place, if the other members 'll take hold an' help. Seems as if there'd ought to be enough folks who'd put their hands in their pockets. The elder was a general favorite." Mis' Dexter leaned back comfortably and fanned herself slowly two or three times. "An' I came round this mornin' to see what Uncle Jones'll do."

Aunt Rosille's thin brown face looked drawn and anxious, and she began to finger her gingham apron nervously.

"I'll do my level best with him, Mis' Dexter, but you know Anson as well as I do, an' you know he's near. But I'll do my level best with him, an' I'll give suthin' from my egg an' butter money." Aunt Rosille folded her thin, bony hands so tightly that the swollen veins seemed tied in great knots. Mis' Dexter's mild, pleasant face looked the sympathy she did not dare express, and she fanned herself vigorously two or three times.

"Yes, I know," she said, softly, "but I guess he'll come round all right. Men folks generally do. Shall I speak to him, or will you—"

"Oh, let me," said Aunt Rosille, hurriedly. "He might refuse you, an' he's as set as the everlasting hills."

After Uncle Jones had eaten a warm supper and settled himself comfortably by the fire, Aunt Rosille broached the subject. "Mis' Dexter was over this forenoon." Uncle Jones grunted gruffly. "An' she said Elder Brewster was dead, an' Mis' Brewster an' the children are comin' back here to live. Deacon Foster's goin' to let them have the old Cobb place."

Uncle Jones looked intently interested, but he said never a word.

"An' Mis' Dexter wanted to know if we couldn't help 'em a little. All the members are goin' to give suthin'."

"Well, let 'em," growled out Uncle Jones. "They may if they wanter, but I don't see as I'm called on to pervide." He leaned back with an air as if he had thoroughly exhausted the subject. Aunt Rosille sighed and kept quiet. She knew better than to argue with Uncle Jones.

The next morning Uncle Jones was more taciturn than ever. Aunt Rosille noticed it thankfully. She hoped his conscience was troubling him; but, being a wise woman, she held her peace.

Monday morning Mis' Dexter stopped at the door on her way to the village. "I thought I'd run in a minute an' let you know they're goin' to give Mis' Brewster a donation party next Thursday evenin', an' you must be sure an' come."

As Aunt Rosille watched her down the road, she made up her mind that something must be done. It was already Monday, and none too early to begin on Uncle Jones if he was going to the party Thursday. He was very fond of warm biscuit, so Aunt Rosille stirred up a batch for his supper, and after Uncle Jones had eaten heartily and seemed at peace with all mankind she began gently:

"Mis' Dexter dropped in a minute this mornin' on her way to the village." Uncle Jones glanced up suspiciously, and his dark wrinkled face clouded. "She said Mis' Brewster's goin' to have a donation party Thursday night, and they want us to go."

Uncle Jones' face grew darker. He had hoped that the Brewster matter was settled, that it had slipped Aunt Rosille's mind, but he ought to have known her better.

"What shall we carry? I can spare some yarn an' butter, an' can't you let 'em have some flour an' meal, or some pork? Anything'll come handy where there's growin' boys."

Uncle Jones pushed his chair back with such a thud that the very windows rattled. "What's the use talkin', Rosille? You know I don't believe in donation parties, an' I don't believe in givin'. I think it's everyone's duty to look out for himslef. Besides I ain't got nothin' to spare."

He got up and went over to the door. Aunt Rosille was "all wrought up," and she followed him closely.

"If you can't spare a little suthin' to the widow an' orphan, you'd ought to be ashamed of yourself, Anson Jones. 'Taiu't as if you hadn't it. You've got it an' to spare. Besides, it's your bounden duty, an' I don't see how you can sleep nights till you do!"

"Well, when I don't, Rosille, we'll see." He opened the door and went out to the barn. Aunt Rosille threw her apron over her head, and had a "real good cry." She had set her heart upon going, and she wanted Uncle Jones to go and give something.

In a few minutes she wiped her eyes and began to clear away the dishes. Aunt Rosille was not one of those who give up easily, and she had by no means given up all hopes of going Thursday. Her mind was busy at work, and she was thinking over what he had said, when a ray of hope illumined her shrewd brown face.

"He said if he didn't sleep nights he'd give suthin'. Well, he sha'n't! She shut her thin lips firmly together and looked all around. No one was in sight.

Uncle Jones was very fond of cold tea, and he always drank all that was left, Every night just before going to bed he went into the buttery, ate a little something and took a good drink of cold tea. Aunt Rosille knew this, and she had made up her mind that he should have plenty of tea, and that it should be as strong as it could be made. If that didn't keep him awake nothing would.

After the chores had all been done and everything locked up for the night Uncle Jones wound the clock and went into the buttery for something to eat. He looked all around, and finally took a piece of custard pie and some cold tea. There was an unusual quantity of tea, and it tasted so good that Uncle Jones drank it down to the very last drop. After he had eaten all he wanted he took his candle and went upstairs to bed. Aunt Rosille seemed asleep and he was glad of it. He didn't feel like talking, least of all with Aunt Rosille. His conscience was troubling him. He knew that he ought to do something for Elder Brewster's family, but he hated to; he fairly dreaded to give away the things, and he couldn't bear to give in. He thought it all over for a long time; then he tried to put it out of his mind and go to sleep, but he did not feel sleepy. He twisted and turned, but his eyes refused to stay shut.

He got up the next morning tired and sleepy. Aunt Rosille did not seem to notice anything, and Uncle Jones felt relieved. He could not get the Brewsters out of his head all day long. They came to him out in the fields, in the barn and even in the garden. Aunt Rosille seemed just the same as ever; she moved round just as briskly, and nothing seemed to weigh on her mind, and she never even mentioned the donation party.

Tuesday night Uncle Jones prepared to have a good night's rest, but again he felt wakeful. He slipped out of bed and got something to eat, hoping that it would put him to sleep, but it was of no use.

Wednesday morning came. He felt all used up and thoroughly miserable. Finally, as a last resort, he resolved to confide in Aunt Rosille.

"I don't know what's got into me, Rosille," he said, plaintively. "I can't seem to sleep nights. I didn't sleep any last night, or the night before, an' if I don't sleep some soon I don't know what'll ever become of me. I wish you'd fix me up some bitters; perhaps I'd feel better. I feel all run down."

"I think it's your conscience, Anson," put in Aunt Rosille, mildly, "for not helpin' Mis' Brewster. I've heard of just such cases."

Uncle Jones didn't say a word, but he shut the door quickly and went out to the barn. Aunt Rosille went up into the attic and looked over her herbs. She smiled once or twice, and seemed in excellent spirits.

Along in the middle of the afternoon, she slipped on her things and ran over to Mis' Dexter's to talk over the party.

Uncle Jones took a good dose of his bitters that night, and his spirits rose, for he felt sure that now he should have some sleep. But no! Along towards morning he woke up Aunt Rosille. "I've stood it just as long as I can; an' I'm afraid I'm goin' to die. I can't seem to get any sleep night or day. Nothin' seems to hit my case; an' I can't last long like this." He gave a deep groan. Aunt Rosille smiled to herself in the darkness, but she kept perfectly still.

"Ain't you goin' to get up an' git me suthin' to take?" inquired Uncle Jones, reproachfully. Aunt Rosille sat up straight in the bed.

"I don't think I can help you, Anson. Medicine won't reach your case. It's my honest opinion that it's your conscience troublin' you because you won't do anything for pore Mis' Brewster an' the children." She waited a minute, but Uncle Jones was silent. "I think if you'd make up your mind to do your duty, you'd rest easy nights, an' I don't believe you ever will till you do." Uncle Jones groaned. "You wouldn't miss a bag of meal nr' a side of pork." Uncle Jones gave another groan—even dyeper than before. "An' 'twould do a sight of good. If you'll make up your mind to do it, I'll do my level best by you; but it's my solemn belief you'll never sleep peaceful again till you do."

Uncle Jones was silent, and Aunt Rosille resolutely lay down. In a few minutes she heard him say, in a feeble voice:

"I'll do anything, Rosille, if you'll only git up an' help me. I'll even give 'em a bushel of potatoes."

Aunt Rosille was all attention. "Besides the meal an' the pork?"

"Yes, I'll do even that," said Uncle Jones, desperately.

Aunt Rosille got up immediately and went downstairs. In a few minutes she was back with a cup of hot catnip tea. "There, Anson, drink this. It'll do you good, an' put you to sleep, I'm sure, now your mind's easy."

Uncle Jones drank it to the very last drop, and in a few minutes he was peacefully sleeping.

Aunt Rosille lay awake for a long time, and thought over the donation party.—Woman's Journal.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

RUNNING AWAY.

The sky was clear, the stars were bright,
The grass was wet with dew,
When Johnny rose, put on his clothes,
And vowed what he would do.

"I'll leave my pa, I'll leave my ma,
I'll go from here to stay;
They used me rough—I've had enough—
And so I'll run away.

"I'll take my clothes, I'll take my all—
A slave I will not be;
I'll go out west, I'll do my best—
I'll strike for liberty!"

And Johnny started bravely out,
And said he'd ne'er return;
He said he'd go and make a show,
And let his genius burn.

He traveled all that summer night,
And bravely through the day.
"And then," said he, "I wish that we
Had never run away!

"I'm weak and tired and sick," said he,
With sadness in his tone;
"It isn't best to go out west—
At least, to go alone!

"And now I'm in a pretty fix,
And don't know what to do!"
And then he sighed and sobbed and cried
"Boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo!"

The boy, when found, was taken home,
And was content to stay.
Said he: "I'm cured, and rest assured,
I'll never run away!"
—H. Elliot McBride, in Golden Days.

JARDINIERE BENCH.

Any Smart Boy Can Easily Make One for His Mother.

As a resting place for a large potted plant or a jardiniere, a substantial bench is shown in the illustration.

It is not a difficult matter to construct a bench of this sort, and most any smart boy can make it from a few pieces of board, and with the aid of a compass, saw, a plane, a bit and brace, and some nails and screws. It should be 12 inches square, and the top should measure 14 inches square.

From 20 to 24 inches will be about the right height, and if it is constructed of boards seven-eighths of an inch in thickness it will result in a strong affair.

Three-quarter-inch boards can be employed, or even lighter ones, but should the bench be used as a seat, the weight of a person sitting on it might rack or break it.

If it is to be painted it can be of pine or whitewood, but if natural wood is

JARDINIERE BENCH.

preferred, the bench can be made of oak, cherry, ash, sycamore, or mahogany, and lightly stained, after which it may be treated to several coats of varnish.

Stains and varnish can be purchased at most any paint or hardware store, so that with a little time and money some useful benches can be had that will be attractive resting pedestals for pots and jardinieres.

Several benches of this style are always useful about the house, either for plants or for seats, and for the piazza they are quite as attractive painted some pleasing color as if finished in natural wood.

Long benches of the same pattern can be made to accommodate several jardinieres, but as they are elongated the tops must be braced to insure strength, and where the two pieces forming the legs are brought together the joint should be made very secure with glue and screws.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A FELINE MASCOT.

This Cat Is at Home in Locomotive Cab or on Pilot.

An engineer on the Delaware & Hudson road has a cat with which he would not part for love or money. It belonged to his wife, who is now dead, and for a year past it has been his constant companion in the cab. The cat loves its life on the rail, and has grown sleek and fat.

Ordinarily it sits perched up at the cab window before its master, but occasionally it strolls out to the pilot, where it will ride at a stretch, winking knowingly at the dogs which bark at the train as it thunders by the crossroads.

Sometimes when the train is approaching a station the adventurous animal climbs to the top of the sandbox and calmly roosts there, undeterred by the shriek of the whistle or the clang of the bell. The locomotive has had good luck ever since the animal became an occupant of the cab, and the trainmen look on it as a mascot.—N. Y. Press.

Had Kept Tab on Her.

A lady taking tea at a small company, being very fond of hot rolls, was asked to have another. "Really, I cannot," she modestly replied. "I don't know how many I've eaten already." "I do!" unexpectedly exclaimed a juvenile upstart whose mother allowed him a seat at the table. "You've eaten eight. I've been countin'."

BABY LOCOMOTIVE.

Built and Put in Operation by Two New England Boys.

Edwin H. Warren and Ernest C. Warren are two Montvale (Mass.) boys, aged respectively 17 and 15. They are students at the Woburn high school, from which they will probably be graduated two years hence. Unlike most boys of their years, they care little for baseball and less for the mad scrimmages of the football field. Their home is on rising ground near the railway station and their newest toy is a locomotive which they, with the aid of their father, Mr. Herbert A. Warren, constructed and placed in operation on a 120-foot track. The locomotive weighs about a ton and a half, and were such engines animals that developed like cows this one might very aptly be called a yearling.

It is an out-and-out locomotive from headlight to cab. The wheels on the

SMALL BUT RELIABLE.

bogie track once did duty as pulleys in a mill. They are 22 inches in diameter. The drivers once were pulleys, but they are larger, measuring 30 inches. There is no connecting rod, but in its stead a belt is compelled to impart power to the drivers from the force induced by the twin cylinders under the fore part of the boiler. The boiler is three feet long and two feet bore. It was originally intended for a heating apparatus and the three feet of the fire box makes the iron part of the locomotive about six feet in length.

About three weeks ago the engineers and firemen on the Boston & Maine road were amazed one day to see a saucy duplicate in miniature of the big moguls of the regular rail. The little engine tooted salute after salute as the local and express trains rolled past the Warren home, and engineers and firemen waved responses from the cab windows. The engine was a success and from the morning that it was first run out of the little eight by twelve house built to shelter it there has never been a time that it has refused to answer to the requests of the throttle and the reverse lever.

GRATEFUL ELEPHANT.

She Hugged the Chemist Who Had Once Cured Her Pain.

It is a common sight to see Jolly almost any day walking sedately about the crowded hall with eight and nine merry children on his back. He appears to enjoy the sport as much as the little folks, for his eyes twinkle gleefully, says the Boston Journal.

In talking about the intelligence and remarkable memories of elephants Mr. Bostock (who was Jolly's trainer and has been a trainer and exhibitor of animals all his life) said: "The elephant is the most intelligent of animals I ever had anything to do with. They are the easiest to train, the most good-tempered and interesting of all.

"Speaking of the memories for persons and events that elephants have, I would like to tell you an instance that came under my own eyes some years ago when I was in England. My father was the manager of a show, but he having died my mother was in charge. We had several elephants, and one of them was of unusual size. He was within three or four inches as tall as Jumbo, and a trifle heavier.

"In the rural places where we were exhibiting at the time it was the custom of the people to have large baskets of apples placed by the side of the road after they had been picked from the trees. This particular day our show was passing along a street and the elephants all ate of apples.

"Not long after the big elephant was taken very ill. He lay down on the ground and was apparently unable to get up. We did not know whether he had been poisoned or not. Finally a chemist was called and he gave the elephant some physic.

"It did not appear to do much good. For hours the animal lay on the ground and the chemist kept giving him medicine. Bystanders jeered at the man for his apparently unsuccessful efforts. Finally, however, the elephant began to revive, and at last stood up on his feet.

"Seven years later we happened to visit the same town again. The big elephant was drawing a chariot with two others in the lead, tandem fashion. We were passing along the street when the elephant suddenly paused and walked up to a man standing on the sidewalk. She placed her trunk around the waist of the man, lifted him up in the air and drew him to her. She began to caress him, purring loudly all the while.

"Come to find out this was the chemist who had cured the animal of her sickness seven years before. The man remembered the elephant and the elephant remembered the man. At the performance which we gave the chemist was among the spectators.

"When the time came for the big elephant to appear she walked right over to the chemist and raised him from the ground and hugged him so close that it was uncomfortable. But we could not release him until the elephant was ready. The elephant purred like a cat for almost 20 minutes."

Root Was Still There.

Two little brothers, aged respectively four and six years old, fell in with a stray kitten, which, suffering by the hands of some cruel person, had of its tail scarcely half an inch remaining. "Poor little kitten," said the younger one. "Who has cut off its tail? I wonder if it will grow again?" To which the elder gravely remarked: "Of course it will! Don't you see, the root is there?"

A CARBONIC ACID WELL.

Saratoga Said to Have the Only Supply of the Kind in the World.

Four years ago workmen boring for a new spring at Saratoga, N. Y., were startled when, with a tremendous rush and roar, dirt, sand and stones came flying up out of the hole, but not a bit of water appeared. For three days no one would approach the place, for, though the shower of dirt and stones ceased, and no water, in fact, nothing visible, appeared, the rushing, roaring sound continued. This was heard for miles and resembled that made by a number of locomotives all blowing off steam at once. At the end of this time it was discovered that the noise was caused by the rapid escape of natural carbonic acid gas. The gas was brought under control, and is now bottled for commercial purposes, and the well is the only one of the kind in the world.

The bottling of gas for transportation is somewhat different from the bottling of liquid. The gas is sent through iron pipes from the well to a condenser, where it passes through a succession of other pipes, each one in turn compressing it more than the last and depriving it of more heat. At length, having reached a pressure of a thousand pounds to the square inch, it is forced into iron cylinders about six inches in diameter and somewhat more than four feet in height. It is now of a consistency that would seem to be a compromise between water and glycerine, with the bluish cast of ordinary gas. In these cylinders or iron bottles it is ready for transportation.

An interesting way in which to see the gas is to pour some of it from one of the cylinders, at the same time converting it into a solid. This is done by wrapping heavy cloths round the mouth of the cylinder when the top is unscrewed, thus preventing the too rapid escape of the gas into the air. But as water expands when it is converted into ice, so the rapid expansion of the gas, already deprived of its heat, causes it to freeze, and on opening the cloth there is found dry carbonic acid gas converted into a solid as white as snow, with the sparkle of crystals and a temperature of 78 degrees below zero. When taken in the hand, it has the feeling of burning coals, and if kept there will quickly draw sufficient heat from the hand to blister it. As fast as it does draw heat from the atmosphere or any object with which it comes in contact it passes off as gas, leaving a handkerchief, or the most delicate object on which it may have been placed, perfectly dry.

Since the opening of the well the demand for the gas has been greater than the supply, which is limited. As yet the greatest demand for it is for use in soda water fountains, but it has also found its way into other departments of life. It is being used in the hospitals in surgical cases, and it is taking the place of yeast in the bakeries, while experiments that promise success are being made to prove that by means of it fruit may be preserved indefinitely in its natural state.—N. Y. Sun.

HE COULD KICK.

A Mule That Would Be a Good Boarding House Acquisition.

At rare intervals among the mountain roads of West Virginia and Kentucky the traveler may come upon a blacksmith shop, but he is much safer in the shoeing of his horse if he will carry a few nails and tools in the bottom of his buggy. On a trip by Pound Gap on one occasion I found a blacksmith shop at the forks of the road, and, as usual, a half dozen or more men sitting around it in the shade. My turnout needed some repairs, and as the smith was pottering about it inside I made talk with the men outside. One of them wanted to sell me a mule which he had hung up on the fence, and I started in for a dicker. After we had been talking for perhaps a quarter of an hour the smith asked me to step inside and show him something about the work he was doing. As soon as he got me away from the crowd he came close and grew confidential.

"Y'ain't thinkin' uv buyin' that critter, air you?" he asked, in all sincerity.

"Well, I don't know. I want a mule, and that one looks all right," I said.

"You can't tell a mule by his looks, mister. Mules is fer all the world like women."

"What's the matter with him?" I inquired, quite ignoring the comparison.

"He ain't safe. Course I ain't got nothin' ag'in the mule ner the owner, and I'd be glad enough fer him to git the money fer him, fer he owes me fer the shoein' uv him, but I don't like ter see a stranger tuck in an' done up like he's tryin' to do you."

"But you haven't told me what's the matter with the mule," I insisted. "Will he kick?"

"That's his weakness, mister," responded the smith, letting his voice fall to a whisper. "You won't believe me, p'raps, but I'm tellin' you he's the kickin'est critter in the mountains. He shore is, mister, and I hope I may die right here ef he can't kick the sody outen a biscuit an' never crack the crust. He kin, mister, er I'm a brother to him."—Washington Star.

Lobster Cutlets.

Boil a good-sized lobster, and when cold remove the flesh, and with a silver knife cut it into small pieces; measure, and to each pint of this meat allow a half-pint of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, two rounding tablespoonfuls of flour, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, half a teaspoonful of onion juice, a tablespoonful of salt, quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper and a grating of nutmeg. Put the milk over the fire; rub the butter and flour together, add it to the hot milk; stir until smooth and thick. Mix paste and meat together, add yolks of two eggs, put over the fire for just a moment and turn out to cool. When cold form into cutlet-shaped croquettes; dip into beaten egg, then into bread crumbs, and fry in smoking hot fat.—N. Y. Ledger.

COLLEGE WOMEN AS WIVES.

What an Unmarried Woman Said to a Class of Misses.

The following extracts are from an address made by Miss Clara Bostwick, a teacher at the Elms school in Springfield, Mass.:

"What is the college woman's probability of happiness in marriage compared with that of her less highly educated sister? She chooses her husband later. She is more developed; she knows better what she is going to be; she stands in better chance of not selecting a life companion whose tastes and hers will prove helplessly antagonistic. And this is of especial importance in America, where girls and boys are thrown so freely together; where they marry when and whom they wish, and where the parents in many cases apparently have little else to do with the matter than to pay the bills and try to shield the young husband and wife from the consequences of their folly. The man whom a girl would have married when she entered college is probably not the man whom she would marry when she is graduated from college. This may result in the breaking of some early engagement, but an engagement that can be broken would better be broken. The college-bred woman is also less likely to marry from ennui. Even if she is unfortunate enough to have no definite work, after she leaves college, she has resources within herself which can not only prevent life from becoming a bore, but which can make it rich and satisfying. Neither will she be likely to sell herself for the sake of a home. She is better equipped to support herself, if necessary, and she has probably lost many silly ideas she may have had about the unladylikeness of honest, broadwinning work.

"Finally, when she has been won, she stands a much better chance of keeping her husband's love and respect, because she stands a better chance of interesting him.

"'Men don't stay in their homes unless they find their homes entertaining,' said a married woman of wide experience in the world, in talking about the education of her daughter. 'I tell my daughter that if she is ever to marry she needs to know something for two reasons: first to hold her husband's interest; and second, to have within herself resources that will make her happiness, to a certain extent, independent of him; in which case he will be much more likely to stay in love with her.'

"The statistics in regard to the marriage of college women will not be complete until we have also the statistics in regard to their divorce. The statement has been made, whether truly or not, that as yet no Vassar graduate has been divorced. Of course, all college women are not interesting, any more than are all college men; but the four years' companionship with 'noble thoughts' ought to make one at least less stupid.

"Mate the educated woman with the educated man and you have a probability that they will continue to interest and love each other; that there will be intellectual companionship between them; and that each will have sufficient respect for the other's mental ability and moral sanity to make possible a government of the home and the children, not by 'managing' each other, keeping clear of a pandering to each other's foibles and prejudices, but by frank and fearless discussion as to what is reasonable and right. This is not the condition of affairs in most homes.

"The women of the higher education bring to motherhood, too, a better preparation than do those of smaller opportunities. The reasons for this are both physical and mental. They are, as a rule, older, physically mature; and the opinion is held by some physicians that, for the sake of the physical perfection of the race no woman should marry until she is 25. They have a wider knowledge of physiological and psychological laws—or they have the ability to acquire it—which must bring forth beneficent fruit in the rearing of their children. They know more profoundly the responsibilities of motherhood; and their realization of the importance of details in the training of a child disposes them to look upon what might seem drudgery to other women as glorified, educational opportunity."—Boston Advertiser.

He Had Two Hours Left.

A Hartford commercial traveler was in Danbury, Conn., the other night and on retiring left word with the hotel clerk to be called on time for the five o'clock train the next morning. He was awakened long before daylight by a vigorous banging at the door and a voice in response to inquiry as to whether the hotel was on fire, said: "I'm the watchman, and I'm going off duty. I thought I'd like to tell you that you have nearly two hours to sleep yet. It's about three o'clock." — Hartford Post.

Mushrooms and Kidneys.

In this case the mushrooms should be thick and deep, so that they can hold the following mixture safely: When the mushrooms are dressed and stalked, dip each into liquid butter which has been peppered and salted. Have ready as much seasoned and minced kidney and bacon as will fill the mushrooms, spread this forcemeat over smoothly and evenly, to make it of an oval shape, as on the under sides of the mushrooms. Brush over with a beaten egg.—Woman's Home Companion.

Boppin' John.

One large cupful of peas, one small piece of breakfast bacon, one onion, one cupful of rice. Cook the peas until tender, then add breakfast bacon, salt, rice and the onion, cut up fine. Let it all cook together on the back of the stove until the rice is tender.—Housekeeper.

Wanted Money for the Name.

Mrs. Doyle—Have you named your baby yet?

Mrs. Doyle—No, times are so bad we can't find anybody we really want to name him after.—N. Y. Journal.

THE FARMING WORLD.

REMEDIES FOR CHOLERA.

Five Which Have Been Tried with More or Less Success.

1. Equal parts of the tincture of opium, red pepper, rhubarb, peppermint and camphor, well shaken, dose to be increased from 10 to 20 drops several times a day when not immediately relieved.

2. Two ounces each of alum, resin, copperas, lac-sulphur, and cayenne pepper; pulverized, then mix 3 tablespoonfuls of the powder with one quart of cornmeal, and dampen for use. This is sufficient for 12 fowls, and may be effectively used either as a preventive or a cure for the former. Once or twice a week is sufficient. Rye or wheat soaked in high wines or whisky is also said to be a good thing.

3. Blue mass and cayenne pepper each one ounce; camphor gum one-half ounce, and a teaspoonful of laudanum, well mixed and made into a pill of ordinary size. Give one pill every hour until the purging ceases; also a teaspoonful of brandy morning and evening.

4. Cayenne pepper and prepared chalk, each two parts; pulverized gentian and pulverized charcoal each one part (measurement, not weight). Mix well together and form a paste, with either lamb or sheep suet. Give a pill the size of a common marble once a day, and keep in a warm and dry place 48 hours.

5. Carbolic acid, one drachm; glycerin, one ounce. Mix thoroughly, adding one quart of water. Of this solution, use two tablespoonfuls to one gallon of water, allowing the fowls access to no other water.

The fountains and feed boxes should be disinfected with carbolate of lime, or carbolic acid. The water must be kept cool, plenty of shade provided, and free use of green food indulged in for those not attacked. No food or water with the exception of soft or moistened wheat bread in warm milk is needed for the diseased birds.—Western Plowman.

FALL CHICKEN COOP.

It Will Serve Well Until Very Cold Weather Sets In.

At the beginning of September the small coops scattered about get too small for the growing chicks. It is not convenient to put them into the permanent quarters with the older fowls, nor is it wise to allow them to shift for themselves out of doors, roosting on fences and in apple trees. A simple plan to meet the fall requirements of chickens is shown in the accompanying cut.

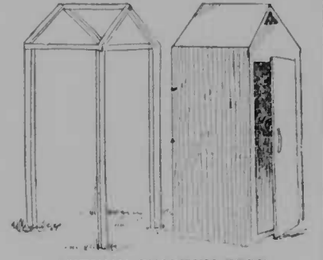

AUTUMN CHICKEN COOP.

Four stakes are driven into the ground, and a bit of roof frame nailed to the top. Over this is stretched and tacked the cheapest kind of cotton cloth, a door and ventilating openings being arranged as shown in the sketch. Perches can be nailed from corner post to corner post, diagonally, and the growing chicks kept there till the weather becomes cool enough to make winter quarters necessary. The cloth can then be taken off and saved for another season. —American Agriculturist.

CLEANING THE STABLE.

An Autumn Duty Which No Dairyman Should Neglect.

Besides keeping the cow stable clean day by day when used, there should be a thorough annual cleaning, and there is no time when it can be better done than at this season of the year. In this process the whole stable should be emptied and all remnants of fodder, manure and litter be carried away. The whole stable is then to be kept clean, including corners, cracks and crevices in walls and floor, and all cobwebs be removed. The sweepings and litter should be buried beneath the manure heap or plowed under. If there is a mow for coarse fodders over the stable, with cracks or holes in the ceiling above the stalls, any remaining fodder in the mow should be removed and all swept clean. After cleaning the stable scrub all woodwork with hot water and then whitewash it. By whitewashing, the stable becomes lighter and more cheerful, the woodwork is preserved, and the development of micro-organisms, to impure future milk, is checked. If any contagious disease has appeared in the stable, then it should be thoroughly disinfected. Evil micro-organisms are so plentiful in a filthy stable that it is impossible to even get one milking from a cow within it without having the milk well charged with these destructive, invisible organisms of evil portent.—Practical Farmer.

Proper Storage for Eggs.

Eggs should not be stored near any odorous commodity, as they have almost the proclivity of butter for absorbing odors. Especial care should be taken in shipping. In one instance a shipment of eggs was placed near a large shipment of apples on the ship and became almost unsalable, because it was complained that they had the odor of apples. Pickled eggs are not so apt to be affected by odors as other eggs. In the pickling there seems to be a deposit on the shells which tends to fill the pores; perhaps that is the reason why the shells of pickled eggs almost always burst when boiled.

Don't waste any roots or apples. No food does winter hogs more good than such food, because it acts as a laxitive.

CIRCULAR FEED RACK.

Especially Useful Where Large Flocks of Sheep Are Kept.

For feeding hay, straw, cornstalks or other rough feed to sheep a circular feed rack is sometimes wanted. For the construction of one as outlined below take two boards (aa) 1x12 inches and the length it is desired the diameter of the rack to be. My rack is 14 feet in diameter, but a rack may be similarly constructed 16, 18 or 20 feet, as desired. At the center of each board saw a notch (b) half way across so that they will frame together, crossing at right angles. You then have a base of operations, and as many boards (o) as desired can be placed between and fitted into the corners. Such boards will be half the length of boards a a. Measure in from each end top edge 16 or 18 inches, or as far as it is desired to have the bottom of the rack wide, as at c, and then nail a stout cleat (d) perpendicularly or at any desired angle, provided the top of the rack is to be wider than the bottom. Saw down close to the strip (e) 2 inches deep, taking out a piece 1½ inches wide. Next to this strip bend around some half-inch basswood or elm boards (f) and nail them fast to the 1x4 in d. Next to this bend and in-

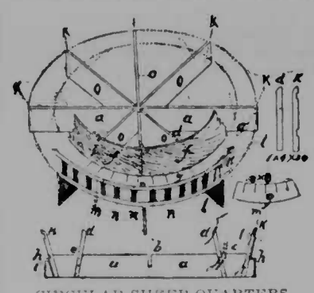

CIRCULAR SHEEP QUARTERS.

sert a piece 1x2 inches; on this piece one end of the bottom boards (g) rests. Then seven-eighths of an inch from the out end saw down 4 inches (h), measure off 1 inch more and saw down 2 inches (i). Give the same slant as to the upright pieces. At this point (j) nail on another piece (k) 1x4 inches with a notch corresponding to the 1x2-inch board. In this bend secure a strip (l) 1x2 inches around the rack. Over it bend a board 7x8 inches and nail firmly to the standard 1x4 inches. These pieces (d, k) should extend up as high as the rack is wanted. The bending of the 1x4-inch pieces will be made easier if a few saw kerfs are cut across the 8-inch board to about half way through on the inside. A piece (m) 7x8 inches will do to bend around at top of the outside standard. To this and the 8-inch board the cleats or strips (n) of 1x5x22 inches are fastened, through which the sheep eat their coarse food. These should be about 8 inches apart. It would be well to leave an occasional loose bottom board through which dust and dirt can be swept. Sheep dislike anything that is not scrupulously clean.—R. Logan, in Farm and Home.

REQUIRES JUDGMENT.

Starting a Herd of Thoroughbreds Is a Serious Undertaking.

We have received numerous inquiries from young breeders throughout the country of late, asking our advice as to the advisability of starting in the pure-bred swine business, and how they shall go about it to build up a herd. This is a subject upon which we do not wish to give advice, says the Prairie Farmer, for the reason that very much of the success of the swine breeding business depends upon the adaptability of the breeder to the business. Where one breeder will succeed and make money out of the business, another, under like conditions, will totally fail, and this is, perhaps, wholly due to the want of his liking to the business or his judgment in carrying on the business.

We do not know of any time in the history of pure-bred swine breeding when there was so favorable an opportunity for young men to work into the business. But it must be done in a careful, judicious way, and expansion must come with maturing judgment. There is a constantly increasing demand for the best sort of pigs that experienced breeders can raise, and we think that the demand for them will not decrease for many years to come. Our first advice would be to all who wish to enter the business to post themselves up well as to details—not only as to the proper handling and management of the old and the young stock, but as to the breeding of popular families and getting them into line with such stuff as there will likely be a demand for.

There would be just as much reason in a manufacturer loading up his warehouse with a lot of goods for which he anticipates a demand after awhile, but for which there was no present call, as there is for a breeder to raise uncalled for stuff. A breeder must produce just such things as the buyer wants, and if the taste of the buyer changes year after year the breeder must change with him. It is all right in sentiment to educate the buyers up to what you have to sell—if you can do it, but many have found this process uphill work.

FACTS FOR FARMERS.

Always use sufficient bedding in the stables to absorb and save all of the liquid manure.

When a farmer buys a thing that he can produce as cheaply, he is running opposition to himself.

Common red clover and orchard grass do well together, because they ripen at about the same time.

Make, save and apply all of the manure possible. It is the poorest of economy to allow manure to go to waste on the farm and try commercial fertilizers.

Budding has one advantage over grafting, and that is there is no probability of the budded limb starting out roots of its own, as is sometimes the case when grafted.—Farmers' Union.

A HELPLESS FARMER.

William Stimpson Stricken with Paralysis of His Lower Limbs —Caused by Overwork.

From the New Era, Greensburg, Ind.

Many of our readers may remember an item in this paper a year ago last fall which stated that Mr. William Stimpson, a well-to-do farmer, living near Rugby, Ind., had been stricken with paralysis of the lower limbs, and his recovery was doubtful.

The case which was an unusually severe and complicated one has at last been entirely cured, to the utmost surprise and joy of Mr. Stimpson and his family.

Mr. Stimpson was pleased to relate to a reporter the particulars regarding his case, and his subsequent recovery.

"A year ago last fall," began Mr. Stimpson, "I did a large amount of work. My hired help left me in the middle of corn cutting and I finished the fall work myself, doing an unusual large amount of work. I put up several hundred shocks of fodder, and also husked all my corn. To accomplish this I had to work early and late.

"About the first of December, as I was getting my fall work about done, I suffered a stroke of paralysis, which the physician said was brought on by excessive labor. My left limb was entirely helpless and my right limb was fast becoming so. My physician became uneasy, and after attending upon me for a week or so, he brought me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, saying that he believed they would do me more good than anything which he knew of, as he had used them with great success in a case very similar to mine where all other remedies had failed. The case in question was that of L. Phillips, of Petersville.

"About the time I began taking the second box of these pills a decided change was noticed, and when I had taken two more boxes we discovered that I was actually getting well. You can probably imagine what a relief and feeling of gladness this was to me, after being confined to my bed for nearly two months. Well, I kept on taking the pills according to directions, until I had consumed nine boxes of them, which completely cured me.

"I am sound and well to-day, with not a sign of the returning affliction and can affirm that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People did me a wonderful good and probably saved me from the grave.

"To allay all doubt as to the truth of his statement, Mr. Stimpson made out the following sworn affidavit:

RUGBY, IND., Feb. 2, 1897.

"This is to certify that I do hereby swear that the foregoing statement is absolutely true. WILLIAM STIMPSON."

COUNTY OF BARTHOLOMEW, } ss.
STATE OF INDIANA,

Sworn to and subscribed before me, a Justice of the Peace, in and for said county in said State. ABNER NORMAN, Justice of the Peace.

The New Era was also informed that Mrs. Charles Williams, of the same neighborhood, had been cured of rheumatism, and Henry Johnson, of Hartsville, who was troubled with neuralgia, was also cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It seems that this remedy is in great demand in that neighborhood.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. These pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company Schenectady, N. Y.

There Are Others.

"Are you a stockholder in any of these Klondike schemes?"

"I guess you might call me a stockholder," said the man who had bought while the fever had hold of him, "but I'm beginning to think that stock holder would be the better phrase."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Cares of Office.

Weary Watkins—They kin all run fer office that wants it, but none of it fer me. I've been there. The responsibility broke down me nerves.

Hungry Higgins—What office did you ever hold?

"I wuz dog catcher."—Indianapolis Journal.

Slain by Poison.

Not the poison that the covert assassin administers in the drink, the food, or some other guise, but the poison of malaria shortens the lives of myriads. There is a safe and certain antidote, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which not only fortifies the system against malaria, but roots out its seeds when they have germinated. Dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatic, liver and kidney trouble are conquered by the Bitters.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 1-4 the price of coffee. 15c. and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Slow Pay.

Passenger—This is a very slow road.
Brakeman—Very.
"Do you suppose it pays?"
"Yes; pays as it goes."—Up-to-Date.

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package, FREE. Write to Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Similar Experiences.

"Did you ever run after a ferryboat only to find that it was coming in?"

"Oh, yes, and at the time I was courting my wife and thought I was winning out in a hard fight, she and all her relatives were combined in an effort to make my escape impossible."—Philadelphia North American.

Largest in the World.

The Star tobacco factory at St. Louis is the largest in the world. The buildings are in two rows: 2400 feet on Park and 2400 feet on Folsom avenue, with a total width of 271 feet. You will discover the reason for this marvelous growth if you give Star plug tobacco a trial.

AN INSPIRATION.

Would Show Her Strawberry Mark for Identification.

She[illegible] "here," she said as she finally got the check properly indorsed, and handed it to the paying teller; "I'd like to have the money, please."

The young man scanned it carefully, and then looked at her.

"Is there anything wrong with it?" she inquired, apprehensively.

"No; I am sure it's all right. Only we have our rules here, and before we can let you have the money you will have to be identified."

"But the friends I am visiting took a trip into the country with my mother this morning."

"Then you will have to wait till to-morrow."

"But I need the money to do some shopping with this afternoon."

"I'm very sorry."

"Is it absolutely necessary to be identified?" she asked, plaintively.

"Absolutely."

"Well, I suppose I can manage it. Will the bank be open for an hour?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll hurry home and put on my evening gown. It's a great deal of trouble, but it's the only way, and I'm glad I happened to think of it."

"I don't quite understand."

"Why, I have a strawberry mark on my right shoulder; and everybody who has read anything at all knows that there isn't any better identification than a strawberry mark."—Washington Star.

Pictures Tell the Story

Of how everything looks in South Dakota as a result of the great crops of the last three years. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway company has had photographs taken of actual farm scenes in South Dakota and has had them reproduced in an attractive eight-page illustrated circular, which it is distributing free of cost to all who are looking for new homes in the most fertile section of the Middle Northwest.

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A Careful Borrower.

"Pa sent me over to borrow your lawn mower. An' he says wouldn't you prefer to sharpen it yourself?"

"Why should I prefer to sharpen it?"

"'Cause pa says he is so awkward about such things an' he might turn the edge."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Trifle with sprains and they cripple. Use St. Jacobs Oil promptly. It cures.

When the baby cries in a crowd a married man tries to do something for it. The unmarried man thinks it is a nuisance.—Washington Democrat.

Harmless Either Way.—"Am I to take this medicine internally or apply it externally?" asked the lady customer of the drug clerk who had filled her prescription. "Which-ever way you please, madam. The stuff is perfectly harmless."—Detroit Free Press.

She—"What are these missing links we hear so much about?" He—"Oh, they were some golf links that were located in a certain western town before the cyclone struck it."—Yonkers Statesman.

Sherlock Holmes (at burlesque show)—"That little man over there in the box is a professor of mathematics." Dr. Cubebs—"He is an acquaintance of yours?" Sherlock Holmes—"No; I never saw him before in my life." Dr. Cubebs—"Then how do you know he is a professional mathematician?" Sherlock Holmes—"By the interest he takes in the figures on the stage."—Chicago News.

Mr. Younghusband—"I suppose you don't remember the pony and phaeton I bought of you when my wife and I set up housekeeping. Well, I sold the pony some time ago to pay doctors' bills, and now I'd like to sell the phaeton." Livery Man—"I can't spare the money to buy, but I'd be willing to trade it there's anything in my line you want." Mr. Younghusband (after long thought)—"I'll trade for oats, if you'll grind them up. I believe oatmeal is good for children."—N. Y. Weekly.

Sounding the Depth of Knowledge.—"He knows much that knows enough to know that he knows nothing." "True; but he knows more that knows enough to look as if he knew everything."—Brooklyn Life.

It was evident that the managing editor was angry, and as he was a shining light in new journalism his anger was so yellow that it looked jaundiced. "Who penned this contribution?" he demanded, holding some manuscript aloft. "I did," replied a sub-editor meekly. "Really, I couldn't find a single meritorious idea in the whole thing." "Meritorious!" roared the managing editor. "Well, who cares? Didn't you know that the woman who wrote it has been three times divorced and is now on the verge of another scandal? What more do you think we want?"—Chicago Evening Post.

Her Mistake.

"Your wife doesn't seem to improve in health?"

"No; as fast as she gains strength she uses it up telling people what is the matter with her."—Chicago Record.

Do You Play Whist, Euchre or Other Games?

The F. F. V. playing card is better than any 50 cent card on the market. Send 15 cents for one deck or 25 cents for two decks (stamps or currency) to C. E. Ryan, Ass't Gen'l Pass'r Agt. C. & O. Ry., Cincinnati, O.

As To His Photograph.

Cholly—I don't think the photographer caught me expwession, do you?

She—I don't see any.—Puck.

The miner cannot hope to succeed unless he gets down to business.—Chicago News.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The man who flirts with servant girls has domestic tastes.—Chicago News.

Old or new rheumatic pains
Cured by St. Jacobs Oil.

Men are like pins—no good when they lose their heads.—Chicago News.

Neuralgia is cured by St. Jacobs Oil. Use it. You'll see it.

Nearly every man at some time has let his full beard grow.—Washington Democrat.

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"I nursed a lady who was suffering from blood poisoning and must have contracted the disease from her; for I had four large sores, or ulcers, break out on my person. I doctored for a long time, both by external application and with various blood medicines; but in spite of all that I could do, the sores would not heal. At last I purchased six bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, thinking I would give it a thorough trial. Before the six bottles had been taken, the ulcers were healed, the skin sound and natural, and my health better than it had been for years. I have been well ever since. I had rather have one bottle of Dr. J. C. Ayer's Sarsaparilla than three of any other kind."—Mrs. A. F. TAYLOR, Eaglevale, N. Dak.

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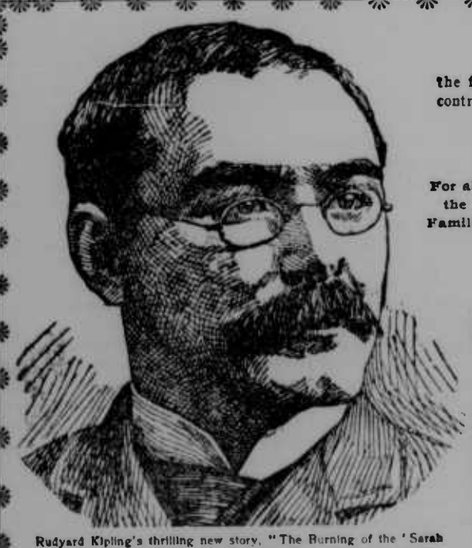

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The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1897.

EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON has told a Chicago reporter that he no longer takes any interest in politics, and that he has one of the prettiest babies in Hoosierdom at home in Indianapolis. The youngster seems to have made an early start at its father's former business of spellbinding.

SENATOR HANNA'S safety consists in the fact that his opponents cannot unite upon anyone else without violating the resolution of the Republican State Convention in his favor. He was the only candidate for the United States Senatorship in the open field before the people of Ohio. Having fairly won the prize, he cannot be robbed of it with impunity.

SOME human jackals invaded a New Jersey cemetery in the night and dug up, dragged away and dismembered the corpse of a woman that had been four months buried. This awful deed defies characterization. It was the work of maniacs or fiends. But it has been siezed upon by sensational journals as a rare opportunity for pictorial morbidity, and they have ever gone as far as to emulate the ghastly work of the grave robbers by tearing into tatters the reputation of the dead for the delectation of the filty minded!

POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

SILVER hasn't reached the dollar mark yet.

CALAMITY criers this year are keeping away from the facts and figures.

THE calamity shrieks died away in the distance as wheat flowed up to the dollar mark again.

SILVER still hangs down around the zero mark. Here's a good chance for calamity howlers to scream about low prices.

THOSE editors don't expect to convert anybody to their way of thinking when they say that the operation of the Dingley law has nothing to do with the return of prosperity.

WITH 100,000 tons of Alabama coal going to Mexico for her railroad locomotives in competition with the English coal, it looks as though the South was putting in a bid for her share of the world's market.

PERSONALLY, young Mr. Bryan did pretty well in Ohio. It is said that he charged $200 a speech and expenses, and he made a dozen speeches inside of four days, so that he is probably feeling the return of prosperity.

THE number of business failures in the last week of October, in the first year of McKinley's administration, was 218, while the average number of the last week of October during the four years of Cleveland's administration was 286.

ACCORDING to figures taken from the official reports of the Cleveland administration, the farming element of the country lost by decreased consumption and decreased values during Cleveland's last administration something like four thousand million dollars.

THE free-silverite theory of Mexican prosperity is for a Mexican to take $25 in Mexican pesos, every one of which is as hard for him to get as is a gold dollar for his American neighbor and purchase something with them which is worth $10 in American money.

MR. BRYAN says that "the first six months of the McKinley administration were the most disastrous in the history of the country." That's a pretty stiff one, even for Bryan. But it induces a cold shudder to think what would have been the first six months of the Bryan administration.

HISTORY has chalked up one more score against free trade. Now that the Wilson law has been obliterated from the statute books and a protective tariff law enacted and put into operation and has brought prosperity to the country, it is demonstrated, and will be recorded by future historians, that the cause of the depression of 1893-'96 was due to the Wilson low-tariff measure.

AT LAST Mr. Bryan has admitted that times are better. But he says they are due to the foreign "scarcity" and to gold being taken from the Klondike. The foreign scarcity affects directly but the one article of wheat, and that is only one of the great list of farm articles which have advanced and as for the Klondike gold, four times as much money has been expended in fitting out Klondikers as has been brought in by them.

EARLY in October President McKinley directed the members of his cabinet to reduce their Department estimates to Congress to an economical basis. This is a move in the right direction. President Cleveland urged upon Congress the necessity of economy while at the same time the estimates from the Treasury Department and other Departments were certainly extravagant. Congress in its actions naturally followed the estimates of the Departments as the official utterances of the administration, rather than the preachings of the President.

WHEN completed, the sale of the Union Pacific Railroad will have paid back to the Government principal and interest at 6 per cent. This "investment" was made about thirty years ago, and how many investments of that length of time could have panned out better? When the national advantages resulting from the construction of this road are considered, the investment on the part of the United States would not have been a bad one if no part of the interest or principle had been repaid. It is probable, however, that the Democratic wailers will continue to talk of the "steal" that has been perpetrated.

Married.

WEST—FAIRALL.—One of the quietest and most surprising weddings ever celebrated in Oakland took place last Saturday evening at the residence of the officiating minister, Rev. S. M. Engle, on Second street, at which time Mr. Harry West was married to Miss Minnie Marie Fairall. Only a few of the nearest relatives of those concerned were present. Miss Fairall's home is in Lincoln, Neb. She came here about a month ago to make a visit to relatives. The young couple will make Oakland their future home having already rented rooms in which to begin housekeeping.

CASTEEL—DEWITT.—Yesterday at high noon, at the residence of the bride's parents in Sang Run, by Rev. E. R. Skidmore, in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends, Mr. Hamill Casteel and Miss Sadie DeWitt were united in the holy bonds of matrimony. Mr. Casteel is the eldest son of Mr. Truman Casteel, of near Oakland, whilst his bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. O. DeWitt, of Sang Run. They will go to housekeeping in District No. 6, where a new house has been erected and furnished by the groom.

GLOTFELTY-BROWNING.—On Tuesday at noon at the residence of the bride's parents, about two miles north of Oakland, in the presence of nearly a hundred invited guests, Rev. J. M. Davis officiating, one of the most lavish weddings of recent years in this community took place, when Mr. Joseph Thaddeus Glotfelty was united in marriage to Miss Carrie Celia Casteel, the only daughter of Mr and Mrs. Stephen Browning. The wedding march was played by Dr. John G. Robinson. The bridesmaids were Misses Belle Browning, of Oakland, who was attired in pink organdie and carried a large bouquet of bride's roses; Misses Nellie and Jennie Browning, cousins of the bride, who were attired respectively in white organdie over yellow and carried Marchal Neil roses, and white organdie over Nile green and carried red roses.

Immediately after the conclusion of the ceremony congratulations were showered upon the happy pair and then dinner was announced to the invited guests, which consisted of everything imaginable and in quantities large enough to feed a multitude. Later in the day the wedding party was driven to Oakland where a train was taken for the eastern cities.

CROWE — DUCKWORTH. — A quiet wedding took place Sunday at the home of Edward Wiland, near New Germany. The contracting parties were Mr. H. Stewart Crowe and Miss Lavina B. Duckworth. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. P. Idleman. Mr. Crowe is president of the Mt. Beulah Epworth League chapter, and the bride is the daughter of Mr. Israel Duckworth, of New Germany.

X.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

The President Issues a Proclamation Asking All to Observe November 25th.

President McKinley has issued his first Thanksgiving day proclamation as follows:

In remembrance of God's goodness to us during the past year, which has been so abundant, "let us offer unto Him our thanksgiving and pay our vows unto the Most High." Under His watchful providence, industry has prospered, the conditions of labor have been improved, the rewards of the husbandman have been increased and the comfort of our homes multiplied. His mighty hand has preserved peace and protected the nation. Respect for law and order has been strengthened, love of free institutions cherished, and all sections of our beloved country brought into closer bonds of fraternal regard and generous co-operation.

For these great benefits it is our duty to praise the Lord in a spirit of humility and gratitude and to offer up to him our most earnest supplications. That we may acknowledge our obligation as a people to Him who has so graciously granted us the blessing of free government and material prosperity, I, William McKinley, president of the United States, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the 25th day of November, for national thanksgiving and prayer, which all of the people are invited to observe with appropriate religious services in their respective places of worship. On this day of rejoicing and domestic reunion let our prayers ascend to the giver of every good and perfect gift for the continuance of his love and favor to us, that our hearts may be filled with charity and good will, and that we may be ever worthy of His beneficent concern.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this twenty-ninth day of October in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-second.

(Signed) WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

By the president.
JOHN SHERMAN,
Secretary of State.

Sang Run.

The weather is rainy at the present writing.

The election is over, and after a hard fought battle old No. 6 came out on the Lord's side, and gave the Republican ticket a handsome majority.

We are glad to note that the Rev. D. H. Friend is able to be out again after an illness of several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Fearer, of Terra Alta, W. Va., were visiting Rev. D. H. Friend a few days last week.

Mrs. Charles Gribble, of Terra Alta, W. Va., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Frantz, at this place.

Mr. J. Alvin Friend spent a few days in Oakland last week on official business.

Mr. H. R. DeWitt and wife, of Hoyes, were visiting Joseph Frantz's on Sunday last.

Mr. Geo. D. Browning, of Friendsville, spent two or three days visiting his brother, N. C. Browning of this place.

Nothwithstanding the inclemency of the weather the singing on Sunday afternoon was largely attended. The church was crowded to its fullest capacity. The White Oak Spring class was in charge of Prof. I. F. Groves. The Sang Run class was led by Prof. S. C. Smith, of Oakland. Both classes rendered some very excellent music, and the only objection we can find is that they did not sing long enough.

Selbysport.

We are having plenty of rain this week; no doubt by order of the Democratic committee in order to tow their new recruits up Salt river.

Miss Maggie Grim, assistant teacher at Friendsville, was visiting friends in our town Sunday.

Thomas Flanagan has moved his saw mill from George Dunham's farm to a tract of timber he bought from George Evans in West Virginia.

Mr. Jonas Frazee, of Pittsburg, Pa., is still in town. Jonas is one of our old stand-bys in the Republican party and did a good work for our candidates this fall.

We can see quite a change in the conduct of scholars going to and from school since Prof. DeWitt and Miss Deal have had charge of our school. They have made an excellent start and we believe they will carry out their rules to a letter as long as they have charge of the school. If they don't we will let you know later.

W. M. Tricket is talking of moving on a farm next spring.

W. H. Garner, our tinner, will drive team for H. M. Frazee this winter.

Mrs. Leroy Holiday is thinking very seriously of starting in the mercantile business in the near future.

Our postmaster has been imposing on the public about long enough. He had a pile of clay lying in the road and a few days ago he had a pile of stones hauled and put on top of the clay making many tons of incumbrance. We kicked about Holiday's coal house; now this pile of nuisance is just opposite the coal house, and we would like to see them both removed; but will we?

There is a time for everything; and the time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait until you have consumption but prevent it by using One Minute Cough Cure, the great remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

THE U. S. SENATORSHIP.

Some of Those Mentioned as Aspirants for Mr. Gorman's Position.

THERE IS NO LACK OF CANDIDATES.

State Treasurer Shryock Said to be Prominent in the Race. Major Alexander Shaw Is Also Mentioned As a Strong Candidate.

The attention of the people generally and of the politicians in particular is already being directed toward the selection of a successor to Senator Arthur P. Gorman. From present indications there will be no lack of candidates.

Had the Republicans of the Eastern Shore met more general success last Tuesday a determined effort would, no doubt, have been made to have Senator Wellington's colleague selected from that part of the State. Formidable claims for recognition would have been put forward by friends of Congressman Isaac A. Baber, of Talbot; Marshall L. Haines, of Cecil; State Senator A. Lincoln Dryden, of Somerset; Judge George M. Russum, of Caroline; State Senator Charles T. Westcott, of Kent, and perhaps Comptroller-elect Phillips Lee Goldsborough, of Dorchester.

As matters stand, the Republican representation in the Legislature from the Eastern shore will be smaller than it was two years ago, and this loss of votes will, it is thought, militate against any aspirant from across the bay. It is believed, however, that when the roll of candidates for the United States senatorship is called at Annapolis next winter, both Senator Dryden and Congressman Barber will be found among those present. They alone from the Eastern Shore will have solid county delegations behind them.

Mr. Dryden is being prominently spoken of as the next president of the State Senate. Should Governor Lowndes be selected to fill Mr. Gorman's seat, Mr. Dryden would then succeed to the gubernatorial chair. Others being talked of in connection with the Senate's presidency are Senators Norman B. Scott, of Washington county, and J. Wirt Randall, of Anne Arundel. It is said that Senator Washington Wilkinson, of St. Mary's, may also be a candidate.

The names most frequently heard now, whenever the question of Maryland's next United States Senator is discussed, are those of State Treasurer Thos. J. Shryock, Major Alexander Shaw, Congressman Sydney E. Mudd, Mr. B. H. Warner, Attorney-General Harry M. Clabaugh and Mr. John V. L. Findlay.

The betting element among politicians seems to be placing their chances in the order named. Had a full Republican delegation been selected from Washington county, Judge Louis E. McComas would undoubtedly have been a strong competitor in the race, as his friends could have looked with some degree of assurance for aid from other parts of the western section. Under certain conditions they might have gathered votes from Frederick and perhaps Montgomery. But Judge McComas is handicapped at the start by the fact that three delegates from his own county are Democrats.

State Treasurer Shryock has been one of the active spirits in conducting the Republican campaign in city and State. He spent much of his time at headquarters, and, according to the testimony of Chairmen Scott and Mason, of the State and city committees, rendered valuable aid. In addition, General Shryock became acquainted with a large number of county leaders, and this extensive friendship, formed at so critical a time, may prove of great service to him next winter. General Shryock is a large wholesale lumber dealer of Baltimore, and is grand master of the Maryland Grand Lodge of Masons.

Major Alexander Shaw is a wealthy mine and real estate owner and has long been prominent in Republican politics, although he has never held office. In 1889 he was a candidate for Mayor of Baltimore, but was defeated by Robert C. Davidson. Major Shaw has a large personal following in Baltimore city and Allegany county, where much of his mining property is located.

Mr. Sidney E. Mudd is the present Congressman from the fifth district, and was speaker of the last Maryland House of Delegates. He is known as a shrewd politician and is supposed to possess considerable strength in Southern Maryland. Of the twenty-one members of the next Legislature from the counties in the fifth congressional district, however, nine will be Democrats.

Mr. B. H. Warner, of Montgomery county, has come to the front rapidly since the election as a senatorial possibility. He is a wealthy and prominent real estate dealer, doing business in Washington city, and in late years has been active in Republican politics. His recent successful fight against Senator Wellington for the appointment of his son, B. H. Warner, jr., to a foreign consulship is well remembered. Mr. Warner also took an active part in the contest against Senator Wellington at Ocean City last summer. These efforts apparently have not decreased his popularity with a large element of the party, and Mr. Warner is looming up as one of the probable chief factors in the senatorial contest.

Attorney-General Clabaugh and Mr. John V. L. Findlay are regarded as each being in an excellent position to be seized upon as a compromise. Both have warm and active friends who are endeavoring to turn the tide their way. Mr. Clabaugh is regarded as a leading champion and exponent of the young Republicanism. Mr. Findlay's eloquence during the last three or four campaigns has won him hosts of friends, and his experience in affairs of national legislation, gained while representing the fourth district of Maryland in the House of Representatives a number of years ago is also cited in his behalf.

Republicans all over the State are deeply interested in the position of Postmaster-General James A. Gary. Even should Mr. Gary decline to enter the list himself, his influence will be felt to a considerable extent in the contest. If Mr. Gary has said anything regarding his views on the senatorship, it has been only to intimate friends. Many people are inclined to think that he would not object to exchanging his cabinet portfolio for six years in the United States Senate. Should he decide to enter the race some previous calculations may be upset.

Very little is heard of Governor Lowndes' boom. His friends are probably at work quietly and earnestly in various parts of the State. Although the Governor is now a registered voter at Annapolis, he seems to be still regarded as belonging to Allegany county, and considerable opposition is expressed to having both Senators from the same county.

Accident.

Having seen no news from this place for some time, I will endeavor to give you a few items for your valuable paper.

A cold wave has set in and the first snow fell last Sunday.

The great storm that was predicted by the Democrats, came in the form of a zephyr (from Ohio) and played havoc with the Democrats of old Garrett.

Last Friday evening the teachers of this place and vicinity organized a literary society, and the following officers were elected: President, J. S. Gnagey; secretary, Miss Laura Wiley; treasurer, Lawrence Barnard; editor, A. L. Gnagey; critic, H. M. Speicher. The society adjourned to meet next next Friday evening, and the subject for debate is: "Resolved, That a person can gain more knowledge by reading than by observation."

S. C. Beachy, of Bittinger, was gathering up a car load of lambs in this vicinity one day last week, most of them being bought at $4 per hundred pounds. Our farmers know a good thing when they see it.

A. Garinger and son have improved the appearance of their blacksmith shop with a new roof.

Emanuel Custer was the guest of Senator Ravenscroft last Friday.

Among other things we notice the arrival of General Prosperity in our thriving town.

Gus Garinger, one of our enterprising farmers, is building an addition to his dwelling.

Senator Ravenscroft is on the sick list.

Mrs. Rachael Fisher and son Norman Fike, of Sabetha, Kansas, who have been visiting friends and relatives in this vicinity for the past few weeks, departed for their western home this week.

C. C. Speicher attended the funeral of his uncle at Confluence, Pa., last week.

C. C. Speicher is doing a rushing business with his cider and chop mill.

Dr. McMillen, of New Centerville, Pa., spent Thursday night with his parents.

Our school is progressing nicely under the direction of J. S. Gnagey and Miss Laura Wiley.

Hurrah for Senator Ravenscroft.

O. K.

A Young Men's Club.

On last Saturday evening a number of the young men of Oakland met in one of the rooms in the Opera House and organized a club for social purposes. The organization will be known as the Orion Club and will have a membership of about twenty-five. The officers elected at the meeting were as follows: President, Mr. Harry Lowenstine; secretary, Mr. Wallace Mason; treasurer, Mr. Carl B. White; business manager, Mr. Ernest Shartzer; librarian, Mr. Arthur Hinebaugh; corresponding secretary, Mr. Harry A. Rasche. A committee has been appointed which will draft a constitution and by-laws. Dr. Henry W. McComas was tendered a vote of thanks for the use of a hook case. Mr. John Shartzer was also given a vote of thanks for the very reasonable charge for the use of the room in which the club will have its headquarters.

THE NEXT LEGISLATURE.

List of the Members of the Senate and House of Delegates.

Following is a correct list of the members of the next Legislature, as shown by the official returns.

STATE SENATE.

Allegany—David E. Dick, Rep.

Anne Arundel—J. Wirt Randall, Rep. (holdover.)

Baltimore City.—First Legislative District—Gustavus A. Dobler, Rep. (holdover.) Second Legislative District—Lewis Putzel, Rep. Third Legislative District—Frank S. Strobridge, Rep. (holdover.)

Baltimore County—D. Hopper Emory, Rep. (holdover.)

Calvert—Charles L. Marsh, Rep.

Caroline—Robert M. Messick, Rep.

Carroll—Joshua W. Hering, Dem. (holdover.)

Cecil—Austin L. Crothers, Dem.

Charles—George T. C. Gray, Rep.

Dorchester—William I. Applegarth, Dem.

Frederick—Frank C. Norwood, Rep. (holdover.)

Garrett—R. A. Ravenscroft, Rep.

Harford—Stevenson Williams, Rep.

Howard—G. D. Day, Rep. (holdover.)

Kent—Charles T. Westcott, Rep. (holdover.)

Montgomery—William V. Bouie, Jr., Dem.

Prince George's—William B. Clagett, Dem.

Queen Anne—Woodland P. Finley, Dem. (holdover.)

Somerset—A Lincoln Dryden, Rep (holdover.)

St. Mary's—Washington Wilkinson, Rep.

Talbot—H. Clay Dodson, Rep.

Washington—Norman B. Scott, Jr., Rep. (holdover.)

Wicomico—E. Elihu Jackson, Dem. (holdover.)

Worcester—John W. Smith, Dem.

HOUSE OF DELEGATES.

Baltimore City.—First Legislative District—Chauncey T. Sendder, Rep.; Thomas A. Robinson, Rep.; William F. Pentz, Rep.; Emanuel H. Jacobs, Rep.; Aquilla A. Baldwin, Rep.; Frank H. Quast, Rep.

Second Legislative District—C. M. H. Short, Rep.; W. Baltzell Jenkins, Rep.; Edward DeLacour, Rep.; Oscar D. Quinlan, Rep.; Upton S. Gosnell, Rep., Henry J. Halbert, Rep.

Third Legislative District—P. H. Lenderking, Rep.; Edward F. Tolson, Rep.; William J. James, Rep.; Louis Schaefer, Rep., Benjamin L. Turner, Rep.; Charles R. Schirm, Rep.

Allegany—James Campbell, Rep. Matthew Rowe, Rep.; John B. Robinette, Rep.; John Leake, Rep.; Chas. H. Brandler, Rep.

Anne Arundel—Brunerk. Anderson, Dem.; B. Allin Welch, Dem.; Peter Potee, Dem.; Hugh R. Riley, Dem.

Baltimore County—John S. Wilson, Dem.; Ed. S. W. Choate, Dem.; Harry Malcolm, Dem.; Henry W. Knoebel, Dem.; John B. Foard, Dem.; Joseph Sandman, Dem.

Calvert—Abraham J. Williams, Rep.; James C. Chaney, Rep.

Caroline—Charles H. Todd, Rep.; George T. Nedden, Dem.

Carroll—Daniel J. Hesson, Dem.; James W. Taylor, Dem.; Milton M. Norris, Dem.; Alpheus Stansbury, Rep.

Cecil—John S. Wirt, Dem.; Wilmer D. Thompson, Dem.; John H. Jenness, Dem.

Charles—James DeB. Walbach, Rep.; Francis A. Hicks, Rep.

Dorchester—Alonzo L. Miles, Dem.; Benjamin J. Linthicum, Dem.; Chas W. Hackett, Dem.

Frederick—Harry E. Chapline, Rep.; John R. Ronser, Rep.; Thomas Hightman, Rep.; J. Frank Butts, Rep.; E. Ehner Harn, Rep.

Garrett—George W. Moon, Rep.; William H. Jacobs, Rep.

Harford—Herman Hanson, Dem.; T. Littleton Hanway, Dem.; William M. Whiteford, Dem.; Robert Seneca, Dem.

Howard—Grosvenor Hanson, Dem.; E. Green Selby, Dem.

Kent—E. G. Clark, Dem.; E. G. Noland, Dem.

Montgomery—Ashley M. Gould, Rep.; James E. Nyton, Rep.; George Minor Anderson, Rep.

Prince George's—George S. Dove, Dem.; Robinson White, Dem.; Thomas M. Underwood, Rep.

Queen Anne—Eugene L. Dudley, Dem.; William J. Price, Jr., Dem.; S. Collins Wright, Dem.

St. Mary's—Perry Hayden, Rep.; John S. Jones, Rep.

Somerset—Amos I. Dougherty, Rep.; Isaac P. Dryden, Rep.; Maurice N. Carew, Rep.

Talbot—L. H. Tull, Rep.; Edward Woodall, Rep.; Hiram S. Hall, Rep.

Washington — Lewis D. Syester, Dem.; B. Abner Belts, Dem.; Newton E. Funkhouser, Dem.; Harvey S. Bomberger, Rep.

Wicomico—John E. Taylor, Dem.; Minor A. Davis, Dem.; John W. P. Insley, Dem.

Worcester—Calvin B. Taylor, Dem.; Lloyd Wilkinson, Dem.; J. Edward White, Dem.

The Oakland flouring mill is now in good shape to make you good buckwheat flour and plenty of it. Don't fail to call and bring your grain. Mr. E. O. Dudley has charge and will treat you right. The Oakland Mills, Oakland, Md. 30-13.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Where is Indian Summer?

Go to Sincell for your clothing and underwear.

Mr. Hamill Spedden spent Sunday in Oakland.

Go to Martin's for fresh fish and oysters. 36--13.

Clergymen are kept busy these days tying nuptial knots.

Mr. T. J. Peddicord was in Swanton yesterday on business.

Mr. Fred. Felty made a business trip east yesterday morning.

Mr. E. M. Tabb, of Bayard, W. Va., spent Sunday in Oakland.

The best and cheapest goods will be found at Sincell's clothing house.

Mr. Samuel G. Steyer, of Kearny, made this office a call Friday last.

Mr. M. N. Wilson, of Wilson, was in the city yesterday and to-day on business.

Mr. Ernest Colardeau returned from a business trip to Washington on Saturday night.

Mr. Daniel Wilson, of near Blaine, was a pleasant caller at this office on last Tuesday.

Mr. James M. Litzinger made a business trip to Cumberland last Saturday morning.

Mr. Richard Fairall, of Swanton, was here on a visit of several days to Dr. Bartlett and family.

Don't miss Sincell's special hat sale on Saturday. $1.50 grade for $1.12. All styles, colors and shapes.

Messrs. A. F. George and William W. Sweet, of Swanton, were in the city yesterday morning.

He was growing bold, and so he had his hair cut short because he realized that he wouldn't be able to part it long.

Mrs. Thomas Little and son, who spent several weeks recently in Baltimore with relatives, returned to Oakland last Saturday afternoon.

Owing to scarcity of raw materials at the Enterprise Tannery it is now running on half time, and will continue so throughout the winter.

If you want fine photographs you had better avail yourself of the opportunity between now and December 1st, before Suddarth's gallery closes for the winter. 36--2.

Don't nauseate your stomach with teas and bitter herbs, but regulate your liver and sick headache by using those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

Burning, itching skin diseases instantly relieved by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, unequalled for cuts, bruises, burns. It heals without leaving a scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mrs. Lon Thayer Waters, of Clarksburg, West Va., who visited her brother and sister in Oakland two or three weeks returned to her home last Friday.

Mr. Julius C. Renninger went down to Cumberland Saturday afternoon and spent several days there with his parents, returning to Oakland yesterday morning.

Gov. Lowndes passed through Oakland Tuesday afternoon on his way home from Clarksburg, West Va., where he had been for several days visiting his brother.

Mr. John Lee Harne, of Clarksburg, W. Va., passed through Oakland last Saturday on his way to Roanoke, Va., where he was married to-day at noon to Miss Eula Jennings, of that city.

Superintendent of Public Schools, Mr. E. G. Palmer, made a business trip to Chicago, Ill., last Tuesday in the interest of the Enterprise Tanning company at Hutton.

Vim, vigor and victory:—these are the charisties of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, billiousness and all stomach and liver troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Hon. C. H. Vandiver, late editor of the Keyser *Tribune*, but now a State Senator from Jackson county, Mo., spent last Saturday in Oakland with Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Offutt.

"They don't make much fuss about it." We are speaking of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous Little pills for constipation, billiousness, and all stomach and liver troubles. They never gripe. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Feather, of near Cranesville, West Va., were in Oakland two or three days recently visiting Mrs. Feather's mother, Mrs. Thos. Coddington.

Dr. D. T. E. Casteel and wife, of Parkersburg, West Va., arrived in Oakland last Saturday afternoon and will remain here a few days as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Casteel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Glotfelty, of Glasgow, Mont., are at the Queen City. Mr. Glotfelty, formerly of Oakland, claimed a bride there yesterday. —Cumberland News.

The Piedmont Pulp and Paper Company has had the suit of the Cumberland authorities, for alleged pollution of the water of the Potomac, removed to the Frederick court. The defense claimed that a fair and impartial trial could not be had in Cumberland, owing to the agitated state of the popular mind, and the bitter denunciation of the defendant company at public meetings lately held in Cumberland and Piedmont.

Mr. Andrew Nelson, of the boundary line survey, came to Oakland Monday and remained until yesterday when he returned to the camp which is now situated near the Pennsylvania line.

Rev. Thomas J. Stanton, of Lonaconing, after an arduous year's work, has earned a vacation of three weeks, which he will spend with relatives in Cincinnati, O., and Chicago, Ill., for which cities he left Oakland yesterday morning.

Mr. Perry E. Kimmell, who came home from Kingwood last Tuesday is still in town being detained here on account of the serious illness of his brother Thomas who was brought home from Cumberland suffering with an attack of typhoid fever.

"I crave but One Minute," said the public speaker in a husky voice; and then he took a dose of One Minute Cough Cure, and proceeded with his oratory. One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled for the throat and lungs. Oakland Pharmacy.

Owing to the large increase in the number of pupils enrolled in the public schools in Oakland an additional instructor, in the person of Prof. Frazee, has been engaged and will assume his duties on Monday. There are now enrolled nearly four hundred scholars.

John Griffin, of Zanesville, O., says: "I never lived a day for thirty years without suffering agony, until a box of Witch Hazel Salve cured my piles." For piles and rectal troubles, cuts, bruises, sprains, eczema and all skin troubles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. Oakland Pharmacy.

A. M. Frazee advertises in this issue of THE REPUBLICAN a lot of farming machinery and live stock at public auction, which will take place on Saturday, the 13th inst., on the Coddington farm in District No. 2.

Mr. Fred. George, assistant first commissioner, brought to Oakland yesterday morning one thousand rainbow trout which were put in Cherry and Crab Tree creeks. The waters in this county are becoming well stocked with fish of the best kinds.

Mr. N. N. Osburn well known at Woodstock, Mich., was troubled with a lame back. He was persuaded to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It gave him relief in one night. This remedy is also famous for its cures of rheumatism. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Mr. Robert Seneca, of Havre de Grace, Md., brought up to Oakland yesterday morning six hundred cat fish which were placed in the Little Youghiogheny river here by Mr. John O. Michael. The fish averaged about five inches in length. They are fast growers and will probably weigh a pound or more next July when the fishing season begins.

His Honor Mayor McComas has been busy for several weeks even though the public was not aware of it. The result of his labors is now being shown along Second street where a fifteen inch sewer is being laid to conduct the water from adjacent streets to the creek which flows through town.

"The worst cold I ever had in my life was cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," writes W. H. Norton, of Sutter Creek, Cal. "This cold left me with a cough and I was expectorating all the time. The Remedy cured me and I want all my friends when troubled with a cough or cold to use it, for it will do them good." Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The three-year old boy of J. A. Johnson, of Lynn Center, Ill., is subject to attacks of croup. Mr. Johnson says he is satisfied that the timely use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, during a severe attack saved his little boy's life. He is in the drug business a member of the firm of Johnson Bros., of that place; and they handle a great many patent medicines for lung and throat diseases. He had all these to choose from, and skilled physicians to respond to his call, but selected this remedy for use in his own family when his childs life was in danger because he knew it to be superior to any other, and famous the country over for its cures of croup. Mr. Johnson says that is the best selling cough medicine they handle, and that it gives splendid satisfaction in all cases. Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Sales Advertised.

In this week's edition of THE REPUBLICAN Mr. Otho H. Fazenbaker, as receiver, advertises a complete saw mill at public auction on Tuesday, Nov. 23d, at ten o'clock a. m.

Call for Your Letters.

A. E. Hopkins, Charles J. Huff, Andy Leslie, Thomas McRobie, French Renix, Jessie Flynn, James Hoge, W. R. Johnson, Mrs. Carrie DeWitt, Mrs. R. L. Ganer, Miss Elizabeth T. Kinsey, Miss Sarah Wimmer, Miss Mattie Davis.

A Fruitless Chase.

Last Wednesday Sheriff Austin Brown, in company with Mr. Chas. S. May, started on the track of the persons who robbed the latter's store at Swanton two weeks ago of a considerable amount of goods. The route taken by the Sheriff and Mr. May was through Greenland Gap to Moorefield, thence through Grant county, West Va., to the mouth of Seneca, but no trace of the fugitives could be found that would help the officer in arresting the men. In all about two hundred miles were traversed and at Seneca the chase was given up, the Sheriff and Mr. May returning home Saturday arriving here about noon.

Death of Mr. Totten.

Mr. Mortimer C. Totten, aged 69 years, a prominent brokers and merchant of Piedmont, W. Va., died at the City Hospital, Baltimore, Tuesday morning of the combined effects of bright's disease and inflammation of the brain. He was a native of Garrett county, but owned considerable property in Baltimore. He was on a visit there attending to the property and boarding at 22 South Green street. He was taken ill Saturday and grew gradually worse until Monday afternoon, when he was taken to the hospital in a condition bordering on collapse. Dr. Albertus Cotton, the resident physician, and his assistants did all in their power to relieve him, but he was beyond human aid and sank despite their efforts. A widow and daughter survive him in Piedmont.

A Double Wedding.

During the past week numerous invitations have been received in Oakland, which read as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. John Cornelius
request the honor of your presence at the
marriage of their daughters
Sophia
to
Mr. Harry Ely Bausdell
and
Helena
to
Mr. Harry Arthur Paddock,
on Wednesday evening, November the seventeenth, eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, at half past six o'clock.
313 Fromp Street,
Rochester, New York.

Orphan's Court Proceeding.

On Tuesday with Judges Cuppett and Wilson on the bench and Register White present the semi-monthly session of the Orphan's Court for this county convened and the following business was transacted.

First account of S. A. Miller, executor of Jonas Mosser, confirmed.

First and final account of S. A. Miller, guardian of John Miller and others, confirmed.

Eleventh and final account of Noah Broadwater, administrator of Rachael Chapman, confirmed.

John P. Miller was appointed administrator of Christian P. Miller.

W. S. Garlitz was appointed administrator of George L. Garlitz.

Lloyd Warnick was appointed administrator d. b. n. c. t. a. of Polly McGolfin.

Died.

SHAFFER.—On Sunday night at ten o'clock, Mrs. Shaffer, relict of the late John Shaffer died at her home near Sunnyside, at the advanced age of eighty years. The deceased lady's funeral took place yesterday from St. Peter's Catholic church at ten o'clock where a requiem high mass was said by Rev. Frank A. B. Wunnenberg. The interment took place immediately after and was made in the Catholic cemetery here.

Business Troubles.

By a petition to the Circuit Court of this county filed one day last week, Mr. Otho H. Fazenbaker, of near Bittinger, was appointed receiver for Christian Kohr, a lumber manufacturer. The assets and liabilities are about even.

Mr. Charles T. West, until recently a very successful merchant and lumber manufacturer, located at Swanton, made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors on last Friday. Mr. Thomas J. Peddicord was appointed receiver.

Among the Churches.

The services at St. Peter's Catholic church, Rev. F. A. B. Wunnenberg, pastor, for the week beginning Sunday next will be as follows: Sunday services, low mass and communion, 7:30 a. m.; high mass and sermon, 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.; vespers and benediction, 3.30 p. m. Week day services, mass every day at 7.30 a. m.; services first Friday of every month, 7.30 p. m. A cordial welcome extended to all.

Services in St. Matthew's P. E. church on Sunday will be as follows: Preaching at 11 a. m. by Rt. Rev. William Paret, Bishop of Maryland; Sunday school, 9 a. m.; week day services Wednesday and Friday at 7 p. m.

Notice to Presbyterians.

To the Members of the Presbyterian Church.

DEAR BRETHREN:—A meeting of the members of the Presbyterian church is hereby called for next Sunday evening, Nov. 14th, immediately after public worship, for the purpose of transacting business of the following nature:

I have received a proposition from the Piedmont church calling me to labor in that field for the half of my time not engaged by Oakland church. As you are away, one half of my time is under contract with the church, the other half is not under contract anywhere, but I am free to use it according to my own choosing. Up to the present time I have chosen to use it in supplying the Terra Alta Presbyterian church with preaching, though not under contract with that church in any form, that church being free to say to me at any time "discontinue," or I on the other hand having the same privilege. Now that a wider field of usefulness and of more hopefulness presents itself to me in Piedmont, I feel it due to myself to accept it and enter upon the work there. My present hope and expectation is that Terra Alta will be able to make for itself an advantageous arrangement for service also. The need in Piedmont being as I see it more pressing than at Terra Alta I have decided that next Sunday morning will be my last service in Terra Alta and that I shall begin work in Piedmont during the half of my time that is free from Oakland, after that date.

At the congregational meeting on Sunday night you will be called on to vote "yea" or "nay" to this arrangement and disposal of the other half of my time in connection with Piedmont.

Yours respectfully,
S. M. ENGLE.

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conoway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

Coats! Coats!

The Largest and Most Complete Assortment of

Ladies', Misses and Childrens' Coats, Cloth and Fur Capes

that for Workmanship and Beauty of Finish are Surpassed by none and at prices defying competition.

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS,

Cheapest place in Garrett Co. to buy goods.

PUBLIC SALE

On CODDINGTON FARM (between James Guard's and Selbysport, Md.)

I will offer at public outcry on

Saturday, November 13, 1897,

the following property:

Three head of Horses, three head of Colts, two Mules, two head of Cows and 2 head of Yearlings, 35 or 40 head of Hogs and Shoats, 1 Threshing Machine, 1 Wind Mill, 1 Wagon and a lot of Harness and Farming Implements; and other numerous articles.

Sale to commence at 10:00 o'clock a. m.

A. M. FRAZEE.

YOU Can't Afford to Miss

The Gold Fish Bargains

. . AT . .

Harned's Oakland Pharmacy

CUT THIS TICKET OUT

and bring it to Suddarth's Gallery between now and December 1st and get every dozen 25c for it on photographs you order; also one lovely platinum picture free.

A. C. SUDDARTH,

OAKLAND, MD.

THE . . . .
HISTORIC
GLADES HOTEL
OAKLAND
MARYLAND

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

George O. Miller vs. Gustavus W. Delawder. No. 757 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Gustavus W. Delawder to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before the 23d day of November, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m., as I will on that day proceed to state an audit distributing the funds.

EDWARD H. SINCELL, Auditor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Lawson L. Wright vs. His Creditors. No. 103 Insolvents. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

Ordered, the 2d day of October, 1897, that the 20th day of December, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m., is hereby fixed as the time at which Lawson L. Wright, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or securities may propose or allege against him, and that James C. Peddicord, Permanent Trustee for the benefit of the creditors of the said petitioner shall, prior to the 20th day of December, 1897, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order by weekly publication in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland.

DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy, Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 34-3

ORDER NISI.

George P. White vs. Joseph C. Alderson. No. 877 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 23d day of October, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported by George P. White, mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 20th day of November, 1897, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 20th day of November, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2350.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 34-3

Receiver's Sale.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in equity, passed in a cause wherein Otho H. Fazenbaker is plaintiff and Christian Kohr is defendant, said cause being No. 882 on the Equity docket of said court, and passed on the 9th day of November, 1897, I will on the

23d DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1897,

at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., at the saw mill of Christian Kohr, about four miles north of Frankville, and near the residence of Otho Fazenbaker, offer at public sale the following described property, to-wit:

One steam engine and saw mill with cut off saw, baluster machine, fixtures and attachments all in good running order; 1 barrel of oil, 1 grind stone, 1 crow bar, 1 cross cut saw, 1 wheelbarrow, 1 sledge hammer, 4 cant hooks, 3 axes, 1 saw gummer, 1 cook stove, 1 heating stove, 9 comforts and blankets, 4 bed ticks, 1 side of rawhide; also a lot of red oak and white oak lumber about eight or ten thousand feet.

Terms of sale as prescribed by the court:—cash on the day of sale. No property to be removed until paid for.

OTHO H. FAZENBAKER,
Receiver.

36-2

ESTATE OF CHRISTIAN P. MILLER, DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscribers, of Garrett County, Maryland, have obtained from the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

CHRISTIAN P. MILLER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscribers, on or before the 11th day of May next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 8th day of December, 1897.

JOHN P. MILLER, Adm'r,
Grantsville, Md.

36-3

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

WHEN PAPA WAS A LITTLE BOY.

"When papa was a little boy
You pretty couldn't find
In all the state of Washington
A child so quick to mind.
His mother never called but once,
And pa was always there;
He never made the baby cry,
Or pulled his sister's hair.

"He never slid down banisters,
Or made the slightest noise;
And never in his life was known
To fight with other boys.
He always studied hard at school,
And got his lessons right;
And chopping wood and milking cows
Were papa's chief delight.

"He always rose at six o'clock
And went to bed at eight,
And never lay abed till noon
And never sat up late.
He finished Latin, French and Greek
When he was ten years old,
And knew the Spanish alphabet
As soon as he was told.

"He never grumbled when he had
To do the evening chores,
And ne'er in all his life forgot
To shut the stable doors.
He never, never thought of play
Until his work was done,
He labored hard from break of day
Until the set of sun.

"He never scraped his muddy shoes
Upon the parlor floor,
And never answered back his ma,
And never banged the door.
But truly, I could never see,"
Said little Dick Malloy,
"How he could never do these things,
And really be a boy."

—Georgina Billings, in Youth's Companion

Indian Mode of Hunting Bear.

By Martin Hunter.

IN DESCRIBING the manner of taking some of the fur-bearing animals of the Hudson Bay territory, the bear comes first by its coat being earliest prime of all other animals of the north country.

The Indians, who, since the finishing of their last year's hunt in June have become tired of a fish diet, are anxiously looking forward to the 25th of September. On and after this date the bear skins have a market value with the company, and the Indians go into berry patches and swamps in quest of bruin, who has for the past six weeks been fattening undisturbed.

Considerable bravery is shown by the Indian in hunting these strong and ferocious animals at this time of year. Few of them have other than a single-barrel, muzzle-loading gun, and if they miss a fatal shot when firing, the result is to them serious, if not death.

I cannot do better in these series of hunting stories than to follow the footsteps of Wa-Sa-Kejic, who was one of our most successful all-around hunters. He had a liking for the whites in general and, from his kindness, for me in particular. At any time when it was convenient for me to leave the post he welcomed my company on his shooting and trapping tours. Still, hunting the bear in a flat and dry berry patch requires the greatest care and precaution to make it a day of profit. Wa-Sa-Kejic lands from his canoe on the leeward side of the patch he is going to reconnoiter and ascends a large mountain, whose wooded southern side runs to the river shore; from the top of this he scans the burned lands beneath him with great minuteness for several seconds. At last his face lights up with satisfaction, for his eye rests on a large black bear feeding to the windward of a clump of alders. Before starting to stalk the game, he notes the direction of the wind, the lay of the country and the number of points of concealments between him and his quarry. All these essentials mentally impressed on his memory, he loads his gun carefully and descends the mountain. Wa-Sa-Kejic makes his way swiftly from the base for about a quarter of a mile; after that he goes with greater care. At last there is only one intervening stack of willows between him and the bear. From my vantage point of view I notice all his movements and also that of the bear, which is lazily feeding on the ripe, full berries.

At the extreme left-hand point of the clump stands an immense rock, brought there, no doubt, at the glacier period; toward this the Indian is sometimes crawling, at others crouching; at last he is safe in its shelter, with heart beating with excitement.

When he left the mountain top the bear was feeding toward this very rock, and had so continued. With gun on the full cock, Wa-Sa-Kejic carefully advances his head around the base; in an instant it is brought back to cover, for he has caught sight of bruin not 30 feet away and busy eating the luscious fruit still toward the rock.

Wa-Sa-Kejic waits five minutes longer (it appears hours to me as I watch), and then, with belt-ax well in front and gun seized firmly in his hands, steps boldly out from his hiding place. As usual with bears when surprised at close quarters, the animal assumes an erect position, and at the same moment the gun belches forth its death-dealing bullet, and the monster falls pierced through the heart.

That night the Indian's squaw and children feast on berry-ed bear meat, and the growing boys listen breathlessly to their father's description of how he killed "Mus-Kwa."

The foregoing is one way of hunting bear, and the other is by trapping—either deadfall or steel traps. This mode of trapping is only practiced in the spring. Shortly after the bears come out of their dens they resort to creeks and small rivers, where carp and small trout spawn at that season. Bruin is an expert fisherman, and will stand on the low banks and with a dash of his paw land out one or two fish at a stroke.

The Indian hunter knows these creeks and rivers, and it is on their banks he sets his traps with some tempting bait such as musquash meat or corn with maple syrup mixed together, neither of which is it possible for Mr. Bear to pass without making a try for.

Wooden traps, or deadfalls, are made in the same shape as the well-known figure-of-four trap for marten and other small animals, only many times larger, and the crushing weight or load as much as two strong men could lift.

The bait is tied on to a loop of twisted roots, and the latter is caught over the wooden trigger that supports the loaded cross bar, and then on the peg at back of trap. The bear, after drawing in strong whiffs of the tempting morsel from the entrance, ventures boldly in. The depth of the trap is almost equal to the length of his body, so when he tugs at the bait the middle of his body is directly under the cross bar. The loop slips off the peg and the weight of the logs and stones crash down on poor old Mus-Kwa.

The Indian prefers using the steel trap, as it is more certain, and the bear keeping alive for several days, the hunter is not required to visit his traps so often.

During the hot spring days a bear in a deadfall very soon becomes fly-blown and rotten, and the meat useless, and very frequently the skin also.

It is in the spring of the year Wa-Sa-Kejic takes his 20-pound new house trap and makes his way to a small connecting stream between two lakes. It is the spawning ground of carp. Here along the bank is a well-trodden bear path. Fishing bears have frequented this trial for years. Here he builds an obstruction on two sides out from the trunk of a large spruce for a distance of four feet; the opening in front is about 20 inches wide. A tempting bait is placed on a forked stick at the back of the inclosure near the base of the tree. He next cuts a sound, young birch seven or eight feet long, diameter at small end five inches, and six or seven at the thickest end. The weight of such a stick in the sap is about 75 pounds. About one-third up this drag the ring of the chain is firmly wedged, and the immense jaws of the trap are opened. A hollow in the entrance of the house is made, so that when the trap is placed the hole is nearly on a level with the ground. A bent root of a small tree or shrub about as thick as the little finger is placed under the palate to make the trap harder to set off. This is done so that small animals, such as marten, fox or fisher, cannot spring the trap should they be drawn to the bait.

A layer of white moss or that from about a decayed stump is then placed in one sheet carefully over the whole trap and pulverized rotten wood or earth is then sprinkled over the moss to take away the newness, and the trap is ready. Four or five days have passed, during which time Wa-Sa-Kejic has been busy setting other traps at different points, and now, according to the signs, it is time he visits the trap we saw him set.

THE MONSTER FELL.

He emerges from the forest on a small hill overlooking the traphouse. One look, he sees the drag log is off. Torn-up ground and bitten twigs and branches mark clearly the way the beast has gone. Wa-Sa-Kejic rams a bullet into his gun and follows the signs. With a 20-pound trap and a drag log almost as heavy as a man can carry, it is a marvel how far a bear will travel after being caught. But in this case bruin is not far off; an obstruction of some considerable strength has caught the drag, and as he hears the approach of the hunter he rattles his chain and lets out a defiant growl.

Wa-Sa-Kejic draws nearer and sees he is well caught—i. e., high up the fore-leg. He is unable to do the trapper any harm, and the latter calmly looks on the great beast for a moment or two before giving him his quietus.

Indians can carry immense weights. Suspended by a leather thong from the forehead, bears weighing up to 300 pounds they can carry in this way across a portage of half a mile without resting.

But Wa-Sa-Kejic had one now even heavier than that, so he opened him up and removed the paunch and entrails to lighten his load. The trap was reset, and the successful hunter made his way to the canoe and then to his camp to bring smiles and laughter to his wife and family.

Some of the poorer Indians who do not possess steel traps and are too lazy to make deadfalls, sometimes set snares in the bear roads, but this mode of hunting is not successful as a rule.—N. Y. Ledger.

Measurements of China's Wall.

The great wall of China was recently measured by Mr. Pathauk, an American engineer. His measurements gave the height as 18 feet. Every few hundred yards there is a tower 25 feet high. For 1,500 miles the wall goes over plains and mountains, every foot of the foundation being of solid granite and the rest of the structure solid masonry.

CURRENT TOPICS.

MASSACHUSETTS has more distilleries than Kentucky.

NEW YORK has a Hebrew-American Freesmen's and Feeders' union.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S chief cook is dead. He had cooked for her for 50 years.

TWENTY-THREE Mormon missionaries, including two women, have invaded Tennessee.

MISS SUSAN B. ANTHONY is about to start on an extensive lecture tour through the west.

IT is said that the potato crop is nearer a failure at present than at any other time since 1892.

THE supreme court of Tennessee has decided that a tax lien has priority over a mortgage lien.

AS A result of a trial shipment, contracts have been entered into for the sale of Alabama coal in Mexico.

THE "architects of the world" are invited to compete in the making of plans for 28 new buildings for the University of California.

A TOLL GATE still exists on one of the streets of Dulwich, which has long been a part of London, and tolls are collected from all passing vehicles.

THE weight of a man's brain has nothing to do with his mental power. It is a question of climate, not of intellect. The colder the climate, the greater the size of the brain.

THE London World reports that Rudyard Kipling, who has been cycling in Dorsetshire with Thomas Hardy, is negotiating for the purchase of a house and grounds at Rodwell, near Dorchester.

IN a new, self-balancing attachment for bicycles a small rubber-tired wheel is mounted on a spring frame to support the weight of the wheel when at rest and assist a new rider in learning.

THOUSANDS of Egyptians live in old tombs, eating, sleeping, wooing, loving, laughing, dancing, singing, doing all their deeds of daily life and household work among the mummies and sarcophagi.

HENRIK IBSEN is going to Berlin next spring, on invitation, for the celebration of his 71st birthday. It is expected that this occasion will be made the opportunity for an important Ibensite demonstration.

FURNACE fires can be started automatically in the morning by means of a clock mechanism, which can be set to open the dampers at any desired hour, thus having the house warm when it is time to get up.

MARK TWAIN'S trip on the glacier has been beaten by five Swiss tourists, who recently went down the Gwachthorn, in the Dauphinestock district, on an avalanche. They got to the foot of the mountain alive but considerably bruised.

THE Greenwich observatory has been put into telegraphic communication with that of the McGill college, Montreal, and the signals can be flashed between the two places, a distance of 3,300 miles, in three-quarters of a second.

THE greatest of luxuries in central Africa is salt. The long-continued use of vegetable food in that country creates so painful a longing for salt that natives deprived of it for a long period often show symptoms of insanity.

WHEN Mr. Labouchere, the English journalist, was in St. Petersburg at one time, he saw the Dutch minister dive his hand deep into a box of cigars placed for the use of visitors, and fill his pockets full of them before going.

A NEW combined spring pedal and toe clip consists of a steel plate riveted to the pedal shaft with teeth at the rear edge to grip a cleat in the shoe sole and the front portion elongated and curved over at the end to form a toe clip.

CIRCULAR saws are being used in butcher shops, a frame being attached to the block and extending over it to hold the saw in position on a spring arm, so it can be depressed as it is rapidly revolved by means of a crank and chain gear.

IN Belgium cock crowing competitions are very popular among the working classes. The cocks are ranged in cases, and markers note the number of crows. In a competition recently held at Poulsour a cock gave voice 134 times in an hour.

DAVID LANE, aged 86 years, and his wife, Catherine Lane, aged 93 years, of Westchester, Pa., have signed a mutual agreement of separation. Benjamin F. Hunt, aged 87, and Julia A. Sherman, aged 97, were recently married at Watertown, N. Y.

THE natural habit of human beings appears to be the use of the teeth on the left side of the mouth for masticating the food. During a lengthened period of observation only one person out of 13 was found who used both sides of his mouth for chewing and masticating his food.

MALINDA L. HULBY, of St. Louis, can not open her eyes without sneezing. The cause of Malinda's distressing trouble is that her eyelashes grow in instead of out, and so she can not move the lids without being tickled into sneezing. An operation will be performed to remove the lashes.

MR. DANA has in recent years delivered his interesting lectures on journalism before many colleges in the country, to the delight and satisfaction of thousands of young men and women. He has predicted for the profession of newspaper making a higher dignity than it has ever occupied.

IT is said that Mm. Modjeska has made arrangements with a Warsaw publisher to undertake a complete translation of Shakspeare's dramatic works. Her translation of "As You Like It" and "Twelfth Night" have already been published.

IT seems that there is really a whistling language. It is in the Canary Islands that people whistle instead of speaking when they hold converse with each other. The language is composed of words, as it were, like any other language, and the inhabitants attain great proficiency in it, so that they can converse on all sorts of subjects.

Eminently Practical.

"That man says there are cartloads of gold at the Klondike."

"Is he a practical miner?"

"I guess he must be. He says he is not going to give up his position as watchman to go up and dig for it."—Washington Star.

They Were Grateful.

"The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine!"
Was the theme of the spinster's song;
And all who occasionally look on the wine
Applauded her loudly and long.
—Chicago Times-Herald.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

"I'm sorry to hear you have been ill. Had you to keep your bed?"

"No, miss; I had to sell it."—Pick-Me-Up.

Solution of an Old Problem.

The sewing circle owed a debt
On the pastor's pulpit chair,
And when at last the claim was met
It made the circle square.
—Chicago Tribune.

Realism.

A literary bohemian is at work on a great naturalistic novel. "The Marchioness," he writes, "became as white as a shirt." Glancing at the very moment at his own wrist bands, he is seized by a scruple and adds: "whiter even than a shirt."—Masque de Fer.

Sweetly Silent.

All mankind loves an old spinet—
We love its air of other days;
And then—'tis always out of tune,
So, on it no one ever plays.
—Detroit Free Press.

Never Satisfied.

"There's no such thing as satisfying some people," said the iceman, as he looked the second time at the scales to make sure that he hadn't given the right weight; "in summer time people grumble because the ice at their door runs away, and in winter they kick because it don't."—Yonkers Statesman.

Frightened Half to Death.

"You see, my dear," said Mr. Youngbusband to his wife, triumphantly, at three a. m. the other morning, "the moment I begin to sing to baby she is quite quiet."

"Yes," said his wife; "she is easily frightened, poor little thing."—Tit-Bits.

Supremacy in French.

Papa—So Emily stands at the head of her class in French?

Mamma—Yes. She and another girl were exactly even in the written examinations, but it was decided that Emily shrugged her shoulders more correctly. —Collier's Weekly.

How It Could Be Used.

Rev. Longface—Remember, my young friend, there are some things in life better than money.

Young Fastpace—Yes, I know that; but it takes money to buy 'em.—Brooklyn Life.

A Trifle Uncertain.

Daisy—Which is your favorite—a blond or brunette?

Charlie (a little uncertain)—It's a funny thing, you know, but it doesn't make the slightest difference to me in the dark.—Town Topics.

Generosity.

"You've got an awful cold, Smithers. Why don't you go to a doctor and get him to give you something for it."

"Give me something for it! Man, he can have it for nothing and welcome."—Erie Dispatch.

His Reason.

First Counterfeiter—I wish people in general were like congress.

Second Counterfeiter—Why?

First Counterfeiter—A bad bill would be easier to pass than a good one.—Puck.

That Must Be the One.

Hojack—A writer in a Boston paper discusses the Impossible Dollar.

Toudik—That must be the dollar a fellow tries to borrow.—Detroit Free Press.

TWO DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN TOURISTS.

Unkind.

Mrs. Earlywed—I didn't accept Algy the first time he proposed.

Friend—I know you didn't.

Mrs. Earlywed—How do you know?

Friend—You weren't there.—Boston Traveler.

Reward of Frankness.

Miss Fosdick—Sue Gazzam is a girl of engaging frankness.

Miss Kedick—I should say she was. She frankly told Mr. Ricketts that she loved him and now they are engaged.—Detroit Free Press.

Compensation.

"We ought not to fret when annoyed by our children."

"Why?"

"When they grow up they will get paid back by their children."—Chicago Record.

A Definite Sign.

Hewitt—It's going to be a hard winter.

Jewett—I guess I know it. I saw two coal dealers talking together to-day.—Town Topics.

Amateur Art.

We have to tell lots of lies—
It ought to make us quake—
About these kodak pictures which
Our friends and neighbors take.
—Chicago Record.

He Had a Good Excuse.

Mrs. Benham—I don't understand why you want to drink.

Benham—Of course you don't; you've never had a wife.—Judge.

A Desirable Better Half.

Col. D. T. Bourbon (gazing at the snake charmer)—'Pon mah 'onah, I'm mos' tempted tuh marry that woman!—N. Y. Journal.

A Lost Opportunity.

Why weeps the woman comfortless?
Her hands why doth she wring?
The paper's full of bargain ads.—
She doesn't need a thing.
—Chicago Journal.

She Removed Her Veil.

"May I kiss your hand?" he asked.

She removed her veil. "No," she replied; "I have my gloves on."—Tit-Bits.

Making Himself Plain.

Yeast—What did you mean by saying that last book of Penman's made you smile?

Crimsonbeak—I meant it drove me to drink.—Yonkers Statesman.

Different from Some Cows.

You will notice in life's voyage,
While floating down the stream,
That the milk of human kindness
Seldom raises any cream.
—Chicago News.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Irate Merchant—I thought you said this safe was burglar-proof?

Agent—Well, what more proof do you want of burglars than that?—Leslie's Weekly.

Results.

While wise women frame advices
How each girl may catch a man,
Silly women all get husbands,
And without a shred of plan.
—Chicago Record.

Its Only Few.

"That story would be good if it were not for one thing."

"What is that?"

"It isn't."—Chicago Post.

Sister Got the Sash.

Young Sister—Mabel, here comes Capt. Goldmore! Now, decide quickly. Either you give me your new sash, or I stick to this seat like a limpet!—Punch.

Personal Property.

He—And you say those are your friend's own teeth?"

She—Oh, yes; I was with her when she bought them.—Yonkers Statesman

Catarrh in the Head

Suffered with It for Five Years, but Hood's Sarsaparilla Cured.

"I had catarrh in my head and suffered with it for five years. I was also troubled with weakness. I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and it entirely cured the catarrh, built up my system and did me a great deal of good." W. E. MELLOWAY, Columbia, Missouri. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache. 25c.

THE **ENTERPRISE**

Meat Chopper

makes sausage, scrapple and hogs-head cheese quickly and thriftily—saves you as much in one busy week as it costs. Chops meats, vegetables, fish. Steadily perfected for 15 years.

For sale by all dealers. Small family size, No. 5, $2. Chops one pound a minute. Large family size, No. 10, $3. Chops two pounds a minute. Send 4c. in stamps for the "Enterprising Housekeeper"—200 recipes.

THE ENTERPRISE MFG. CO. of PA., Phila.

Helpless.

Mamma—Well, Henry, Laura told me this morning that Mr. Logginhalls intended to call on you to-day for the purpose of asking you for your hand. Did you see him?

Papa—Yes, he called.

"And what did you say?"

"What could I say? Isn't he one of the greatest center rushes in the country? You didn't expect me to commit suicide, did you?"—Cleveland Leader.

How to Cook.

Cooking is a fine art, which must be learned by study. Good books on the subject are necessary. Among the best now published is a little work containing four hundred recipes from the best authorities. It can be had free of cost by sending a stamp to the Cleveland Baking Powder Co., New York. ELIZA R. PARKER.

A Contrast.

Uncle Mose—Whad yo' doin' wif white shoes on, yo' trifflin' black rascal?

Young Mose—I wuz jes' tiahd my brack shoes. I might ez well gone barefooted fer all de way dey showed up.—Judge.

We have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—Lizzie Ferrel, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, '95.

The girl in love who has a rival should keep an eye on her—and if the rival is a widow keep both eyes on her.—Chicago News.

Cure your cough with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

The man who is always telling how particular he is about his work, is often so particular that he gets nothing done.—Washington Democrat.

Bruises go when St. Jacobs Oil Is used. No sign remains.

Lots of men find out two or three things about the Bible and then they put in their time arguing.—Washington Democrat.

Can't bend. Got lumbago? Don't try. Try St. Jacobs Oil. It cures.

A girl who thinks she is pretty, soon shows that she thinks so.—Washington Democrat.

With a rub St. Jacobs Oil
Subdues an ache and cures it.

Nothing is more pathetic than for a real homely girl to get the idea that she is good looking.—Washington Democrat.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

When some men have nothing else to do, they argue religion.—Washington Democrat.

Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

I count life just to try the soul's strength on.—Robert Browning.

MRS. PETERSON'S STORY.

I have suffered with womb trouble over fifteen years. I had inflammation, enlargement and displacement of the womb.

The doctor wanted me to take treatments, but I had just begun taking Mrs. Pinkham's Compound, and my husband said I had better wait and see how much good that would do me. I was so sick when I began with her medicine, I could hardly be on my feet. I had the backache constantly, also headache, and was so dizzy. I had heart trouble, it seemed as though my heart was in my throat at times choking me. I could not walk around and I could not lie down, for then my heart would beat so fast I would feel as though I was smothering. I had to sit up in bed nights in order to breathe. I was so weak I could not do anything.

I have now taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and used three packages of Sanative Wash, and can say I am perfectly cured. I do not think I could have lived long if Mrs. Pinkham's medicine had not helped me.—MRS. JOSEPH PETERSON, 513 East St., Warren, Pa.

TEMPERANCE.

WILLING WORKERS.

[A Temperance Song.]

Work, boys, work, while still it is day;
Work, boys, work, 'tis better than play.
Work with a will and work with a might,
Fight with the foe by day and by night;
Vanquish him, banish him out of sight,
Daily not with him, "go for the right."

Fight, boys, fight, till the battle is won,
Fight, boys, fight, till you hear the "well done."
Fight with the young and fight with the old,
Bring them all saved at last to the fold.
Vanquish him, banish him out of sight,
Daily not with him, "go for the right."

Shout, boys, shout, with your banners on high;
Shout, boys, shout, till the news reach the sky.
Shout it abroad o'er sea and o'er land,
God bless the work of the temperance band.
Vanquish him, banish him out of sight,
Daily not with him, "go for the right."
—Mrs. F. G. De Fontaine, in Union Signal.

BEGAN AT THE WRONG END.

Gray-Haired Man's Reason for Never Learning to Smoke.

At a W. C. T. U. county convention a paper upon narcotics and tobacco had been presented and was open to remarks or discussion. The president of the convention called upon an oldish gray-haired gentleman who sat near the front of the church, and with whom she was somewhat acquainted, and said: "Mr. ——, can't you tell us something upon this tobacco question; you don't know even the taste of tobacco, do you?" Then to the great surprise of many the gentleman arose and said: "Most certainly I do," and then he went on to relate his experience.

When a small boy, he and his brothers found the stump of an old cigar, and going out back of the house or in the field he had tried to learn to smoke. He was so sick; "sick unto death" he then thought, and when his mother found out the trouble (as she did, of course), she said, "I don't pity you a bit."

It was the first time he had even known her to speak to him in this fashion.

However, his first trial at smoking taught him a good lesson, for, as he said, he commenced to learn at "the wrong end" of the cigar; the wrong end, the strong and bitter end, and he never wanted to smoke a cigar again.

What a pity that some of the inveterate smokers of the present day hadn't begun at the wrong end of the cigar, as did Mr. ——, and then possibly they would have been sick and disgusted enough to have abandoned it at the start. But to all who read this article, let me say: Never begin to smoke at all, and then you will never have to stop.—National Temperance Advocate.

AN INSIDIOUS IMP.

Chewing of Coca Leaves Does Not Strengthen.

The use of coca, wine and such stuff is ruining many persons. A student writes to a contemporary that she has chewed coca leaves for over three months, and has done more work than she used to in six months. The poor, simple girl is in the same condition as the drunkard. It has been said that coca in any form does not create force or energy, but, in some mysterious way, it sets every latent and reserve energy in the body in motion. Thus the abnormally stimulated system uses up energy needed for emergencies, and at last collapses. By its anesthetic action it destroys or deadens the sense of hunger, and food is not craved, thus adding another element of final exhaustion. Even strong coffee or tea habitually used can conceal man's breaking condition from him for many years. Tobacco does the same. The other day a merchant remarked: "I could not get through my business if it was not for my cigars." He might just as well have said: "I could not keep my bank account good if I did not pawn my stock, or pay my interest account if I did not take the money out of the principal."—N. Y. Christian Advocate.

GENERAL GLEANINGS.

Moral suasion backed by legal suasion is the power of God in legislation to save the state.—National Temperance Advocate.

When a politician undertakes to carry water on one shoulder and whisky on the other, if he spills either it is always the water.—Voice.

Does it pay to tolerate a traffic which breeds crime, poverty, idleness, shame and death wherever it is allowed?—National Temperance Advocate.

Intemperance is confined to no particular class. Among the lowest and the highest, the learned and the illiterate, those who live by manual labor and those who practice the liberal professions—everywhere we meet its victims.—Archbishop Riordan, Catholic, San Francisco, Cal.

A learned professor at Geneva, Switzerland, states that France drinks more alcohol annually than any other nation in Europe. His calculation is based on the percentage of alcoholic liquors consumed. According to this standard, each person in France drinks 13 quarts of alcohol in many more quarts of wines, beers, etc., in the course of a year.

That was an apropos story which Dr. Hulbert told of Francis Murphy, the temperance apostle. Murphy said in an address: "I would rather have one little spray of a flower given to me while I am alive as a token of affection and esteem than to have you throw a bonquet as big as a bushel at me when I am dead, saying: 'There, Murphy, smell that!'"

A very funny defense of the Princetonian grillroom is seriously made by a friend of the institution, in which he says that he overheard two students over their beer—not discussing the football wedge—but "The Attributes of Deity Under Anthropomorphic Limitations." We have a suspicion that their mugs must have contained very strong taps of old English ale.

SOWING AND REAPING.

Sad Object Lesson Showing the Evils of Intemperance.

["As ye sow, so shall you reap."]

Walking home from my employment one evening, I came behind a tall, lanky man, whose body and limbs seemed to have fallen greatly away from a former robust condition. He hobbled along in a slow, limping fashion, dragging one limb after the other, as if with a painful effort he had hard work to accomplish.

Touched with sympathetic pity, I said to a shopmate at my side: "What is the matter with that poor fellow?"

"Paralyzed," was the sententious reply.

"Looks as if he must, at one time, have been a more than commonly strong man?" I pursued.

"One of the strongest men I ever knew, ten years ago," my shopmate responded.

"Whatever has caused his present pitiable condition?" I asked.

Curt and sententious as before, came the reply:

"Whisky!"

That was all. A single word told the whole story. But what a world of terrible meaning in it. And what a horrible condition the man was in. It was not alone that his limbs were so weak and helpless; there was a foulness exhaled from his body that forced the people in a street car, the moment he entered, to leave their seats and press as far as possible away from him.

Think what it must have been for wife and children, compelled to endure the contamination of his presence within their closely confined home. And this, while the wreck of manhood was less than 50 years of age. Was it not an awful reaping from whisky bottle sowing?

Only a day or two afterwards, a second libel on decent humanity came into view from an upper room of the factory in quest of a trifling matter he wished to procure. I felt almost sickened at the mere sight of him. It was not his thin streaks of white hair and beard,

HE HOBBLED ALONG.

his tottering walk and utter lack of intelligence in dull face, and lack-luster eyes; but that his whole seeming gave more the thought of a low animal than upright human being.

Unable to find his way out of the room, my shopmate led him by the route he had come, then tersely remarked: "There's a chap that ought to be in better fix at 93 than he is at 73. He don't know he's living. He didn't know what he came down here for. Didn't know how he got down. He'll not find his way back, if nobody helps him. The fact is, he doesn't know anything. Push him anywhere and he'll stick, same as a block of wood."

"How under Heaven has he fallen into such a pitiable condition?"

Again came the one word, which gave such terrible meaning:

"Whisky!"

Before I could offer a word of comment, my shopmate continued:

"Used to be one of the strongest men in the village where he lived in his young days. Could outrun, outjump outwork all the men for miles around. He went by the name 'Strong Mike.' He earned the biggest kind of wages and drank and spreed till all was blue. He kept it up till he was 50, then gradually slumped down to the no-account cripple you see. He ought to be dead. He's not a bit of use in the world. His children are willing to keep him, without his need to work, but they won't keep him in the liquor that's fetched him where he is. But he will have his schnapps, and the boss lets him foo. around out of pity. He won't last long though. You can see he's on his last legs."

This proved true; for albeit he is still alive, his tottering legs have given out. The other day he fell down, and was not able to rise, and he had to be helped to his home.

And this satanic "sowing" is steadily fostered by the governments of every civilized nation, in these, the closing days of the nineteenth century! How the fair earth lies thick-strewn with the blighted lives, animalized manhood, with wives and children reduced to beggary, from the liquor traffic's fearful reaping!

And the poor, weak soul who fell at his workbench, to be borne to his home to die, as the fool dies from 73 years of whisky-bottle sowing; when and how will his reaping end!—W. Whitworth, in Herald of Gospel Liberty.

Drenks Down the Brain.

Alcohol, of all drugs, attacks the highest and last formed powers of the brain, breaking down and dissolving from the very pinnacle of life. This failure of the higher brain powers is apparent when the man is under the influence of spirits, but is covered up when sober and concealed, but exists just the same. The man who has been intoxicated has more or less permanently injured the best powers of his brain.—T. D. Crothers, M. D.

Drunkards are made because boys don't refuse to drink.—National Temperance Advocate.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The smallest horse in the world is a Shetland pony owned by the Marchese Carcano, in Milan. It is 24 inches high, and when standing beside its owner the pony's back is only an inch above his knee.

—In Bucharest, Roumania, women perform some of the severest forms of labor. They mix the mortar and carry it, as well as the bricks, to the topmost stories of buildings in course of construction.

—In some of the European art galleries the dust is removed from the paintings and statuary by means of an air pump, a jet of air being thrown with great force against the article which needs dusting.

—Alexander R. Bell, who recently died in Augusta county, Va., was one of five brothers who together had 19 sons. All of the 19 fought in the late war as members of Capt. Cushing's company of the Fifth Virginia regiment, Stonewall brigade.

—An anarchist society in Italy secretly decrees the death of ten rich men every month, so that their wealth will then be scattered among new hands. The dread of death, the anarchists claim, will make the rich less pompous and more generous.

—In Buda-Pesth, Hungary, the electric cars run underground in clean, airy and well-lighted tunnels. They start and stop gradually, without a jerk, it is a comfort to ride in them, and they never run over people, for pedestrians are not permitted in the tunnels.

—The Rhind manuscript, deciphered some 30 years ago, a hieratic papyrus now in the British museum, written by an Egyptian priest, Ahmes, about 1700 B. C., is the oldest intelligible mathematical work extant. Another and older roll on a mathematical subject exists, but has not yet been deciphered.

—Paris has, apart from two places where paupers can spend the night, 14 asylums for the homeless, which last year lodged 144,037 persons, of whom 15,557 were women and 2,606 children. Among the lodgers were 246 professors and teachers, 18 students, 3 authors, 5 journalists, 120 actors and singers, 30 musicians, 16 music teachers, etc.

FASHION NOTES.

Seasonable Items About Dress for the Ladies.

A curious caprice is that which was followed out at a recent wedding, when the maid of honor wore a dress of pink chiffon trimmed with black velvet. Black is seldom worn at weddings. There is a superstition that it is unlucky, except for the quite elderly ladies of the families, but latterly a disposition has been shown to introduce black velvet into wedding outfits, especially as a trimming material.

A stylish bit of headgear for a miss is of fine, thin felt made over a frame and piped at the edge of the brim with velvet. The trimming is of rolls of bias velvet, arranged in puffs and loops around the crown, a large cluster of flowers at one side, and a lace scarf, caught at intervals around the edge of the brim, complete the trimming.

An exquisitely pretty hat is made of velvet. The brim is moderately wide, rolled up at one side and completely covered on the upper side with thick ostrich plumes. Ends of the plumes fall over each side of the brim at the back, and upright feathers are supported against one side of the crown.

An autumn hat is of braid made of felt. The brim is wide and slightly rolled up at the sides; the trimming is an enormous fan made of loops of velvet ribbon, lapping one against another. On either side of this fan are thick, heavy plumes that droop slightly over the sides of the hat.

Specially handsome and becoming are the dancing dresses of crepe-de-Chine. They are made up over silk and are trimmed in the most elaborate fashion with ribbons, ruffles, ruchings and lace. —N. Y. Ledger.

AUTUMN JELLIES.

Directions for Preparing Quinces, Grapes and Wild Plums.

The three autumn jellies advisable for housekeepers to make are quince, grape and wild plum—the last named being finer for game than any jelly made. The method of making, after the juice is procured, is the same for all. Measure the juice and boil for 20 minutes; add a pint of granulated sugar which has been heated in the oven for each pint of the juice, and as soon as it is thoroughly dissolved skim and fill into tumblers, each having in it a silver spoon to prevent cracking. Jelly so made will never fail.

To procure the quince juice just cover the parings and cores left from the preserved fruit (from which all stems and defective parts have been left out) with cold water; boil until soft, mash and drain. An equal weight of tart apples may be added and cooked with the parings.

The point in grape jelly is to have the grapes at their best stage, which is just when they are red, before turning purple. Ripe grapes, of course, can be made into jelly, but it is not nearly so fine a flavor or color. Stem the grapes, add a pint of water to six quarts, heat slowly (mashing them), and boil gently until all the juice is freed; strain. Wild grapes make a fine jelly. The wild plums must be covered with cold water, brought to a boil, cooked to a soft mass, and strained.—Chicago Tribune.

It Didn't Work.

Jim Jackson (who is seeking gently to break his engagement)—Ob kose yo' know, Miss Johnson, dat I chews, drinks, smokes, swears, plays craps, poker an' polley, steals chickens, nevah pays mah debts, doan b'lieve in de Bible, an' mah gran'fadder wuz hung fo' murder.

Josie Johnson (ecstatically)—O Jim! yo' doan kuow how happy yo' makes me; to fink dat I'se gwine to get such a honest man fo' a husban'!—Puck.

A KENTUCKIAN'S OATH.

Vowed Never to Put His Foot on Earth Again.

Living ten miles from Bardstown is one of the most singular characters in Kentucky. Now in his seventy-fifth year, he has not touched his foot to the earth for over 30 years. Living in a comfortable residence, surrounded by many acres of the best land in Nelson county, he is spending his declining years in solitude.

Basil Hayden, referred to above, is one of the wealthiest farmers in a district composed of 12 counties, and is descended from a family well known in the pioneer annals of the state. Many of them have also been distinguished in the different lines of life. One of his brothers, Raymond H. Hayden, for years held a controlling interest in one of the most famous distilleries in the United States. He, too, had peculiar ideas, and lived a bachelor all his life, and at last died at an advanced age under singular circumstances.

He was found dead in his orchard a number of years ago, a bottle that had contained poison lying by his side. It was generally thought that he had committed suicide, but there were some who held the opinion that he had met with foul play, and the poison bottle was placed near him for a blind.

Basil Hayden, or "The Hermit," as he is known throughout the section in which he lives, in his youth was a social leader, and very popular with a large circle of friends. When the war broke out he entered the confederate army and made a good soldier to the end. When he returned home he found his slaves free and his property greatly damaged. The emancipation of his negroes affected him seriously, and he brooded over it constantly. He became sullen and morose, declining all overtures at friendliness on the part of his neighbors. He declared that the Lord had dealt harshly and unjustly with him in depriving him of his slaves, and out of revenge he registered a terrible oath that he would never again put his foot to the Lord's ground, and so far he has kept his vow.

Never since its registration has he appeared without his door, nor will he have converse with anyone save one or two, who are immediately connected with him, and then his words are of the briefest possible character. His landed interests are extensive, and under the management of a competent overseer yield him a handsome indoor retreat. overseer makes his reports to the queer old man in his darkened indoor retreat, who gives his orders and directions as tersely as possible. He has never spoken to a woman in any manner since his self-imposed exile, nor will he allow one to be employed upon his place.

How he spends his time within his darkened room no one knows, but it is said that one employment is the counting of money, of which he is said to have a vast amount in gold and silver. Be this as it may, a Bardstown banker twice a year visits Mr. Hayden, and through him the recluse settles his financial matters with the outside world.

Mr. Hayden is described as a fine-looking man, with a full beard and flowing hair. His confinement has bleached him until he is as white as an infant, and his hands are as soft as raw cotton.

He had a sale of mules at his farm recently, and a number of animals were sold at fancy prices. A large number of people were present at the sale, among them the Enquirer correspondent, but never a glance was caught of Mr. Hayden. His instructions to the auctioneer were sent out by the overseer written in a crabbed hand, and were very direct.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Poison Hunger.

More than the hunger after bread, more than the frenzy of love or hatred, the poison-hunger overpowers every other instinct, and even the fear of death. In Mexico, the surgeon of the Second zouaves was one night awakened by the growling of his spaniel, and thought he saw a man crawling out of his tent. The next day the captain informed the company that some fellow had entered the hospital camp with burglarious intent, and that he had instructed the sentries to arrest or shoot all nocturnal trespassers. About a week after the doctor was again awakened by his dog, and, lighting a match, he distinguished the figure of a large man crawling from under his table carrying a large book. He called for him to stop, cocking his pistol at the same time, but the fellow made a rush for the door, and at the same moment was floored by a ball that penetrated his skull. He lived long enough to confess his desperate enterprise. His regiment had been stationed at Algiers, where he learned to smoke opium, and having exhausted his supply and his financial resources, he felt that life was no longer worth living, and resolved to risk it in the attempt at abducting the doctor's medicine chest.—Detroit Free Press.

A Lugubrious Prediction.

Although the great Arago calculated that there was but one chance out of 281,000,000 that the earth could be struck by a comet, and although scientific men think the collision would be as bad for the comet as for Stevenson's "coo," a Vienna professor is thoroughly convinced that on the 13th of November, 1899, this mundane sphere is to draw the one chance in the celestial lottery, and it only remains for him now to figure out whether our planet is to be reduced by the shock to impalpable dust, to form other comets and wreck other worlds, or whether the mortal race is to be terminated by asphyxiation. Both alternatives have their disadvantages, but the world will breathe easier when fully acquainted with the exact details of its coming demise.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Home of the Cigarette.

Nearly every man, woman and child in Egypt is a smoker of cigarettes and a pipe is hardly ever seen in the mouth of a native.—N. Y. Sun.

FARMER AND MEGAPHONE.

A Pilot on a Boat Stops a Horse in a Cornfield Near By.

I was on the upper Ohio this summer when the river was low and was much amused over the use to which a pilot put a megaphone. He bought the thing to call ashore any message that might have been given the boat to carry. This was to save time, for those little boats in the local trade are a great deal like the old-fashioned mail carriers—anything to accommodate the people along the bank.

We were in the pilot house, and the boat was running up a chute near the West Virginia side of the river. In a cornfield was an old farmer who was following a plow behind an old flea-bitten gray that only needed a half invitation to stop at any time. The pilot put the megaphone to his mouth and shouted: "Whoa!" and the old gray whoaed.

The farmer heard the sound, and he thought, evidently, that a neighbor was there or thereabout, for he looked around to see from whence the sound came. Then he tossed a clod at the old horse and started him up.

"Whoa!" said the pilot, and again the old horse stopped. Then the old Rube went to the river bank and looked down in the willows, but not a soul could he see. He looked up and down and then at the steamboat, and scratched his head in surprise. He couldn't afford to waste any time in looking for the ghost, for he went back to the plow and started on with his job.

Once more the joking pilot said "whoa!" and again the horse stopped dead still. You could see from the boat that the old fellow was all mixed up, for he looked up and down the river and then at the hillside behind him to see if he could find the man who was working him and his old horse. He made up his mind that he would take it out of the old gray, and to fix for the occasion he went to the underbrush and cut a stick that was ten feet long. He started the horse with a vengeance. When the pilot hollered "whoa!" again the old man gave the gray a lick that sounded clear to the boat. We could almost hear him say:

"Thar, gol darn you, I'll teach you to stop when you hear a spook hollerin' at ye."

But the pilot kept up the good work and hollered "whoa, whoa, whoa!" and again and again the old man hit the gray. Finally it looked as if he had caught on, for he let the old horse stop while he watched the boat.

Then the pilot thought he had had enough fun and he called out:

"Feed the old gray; feed him. He's so hungry that he can't work. That's all the matter with him."

Then old Rube got his voice and we heard him say: "You go to thunder with your old voice! It'd stop a railroad train anywheres." — Cincinnati Commercial.

SMALL ILLS.

The Power to Endure Them May Be Cultivated.

It is often easier to bear a great sorrow than to endure small ills and remain of even, sweet disposition. The old simile that drops of water wear into the solid rock is certainly an apt one. It is easy to steel one's nerves and fight bravely fortune that is adverse if there is a chance of an honorable victory. The bravest knight, however, may be overcome by gnats.

It is the misfortune of women to be more delicate in their nervous structure than men, and to be more often the victims of petty annoyances such as rasp the nerves and temper. It is peculiarly woman's duty to attend to minutiae. Housekeeping demands strict attention to small things. If the housekeeper has trouble in her work it is a petty matter to talk of. It comes from the petulance of servants, the failure of the yeast perhaps to rise, or the stupidity of some one who has left the oven door open and upset all her plans for dinner. Some one, perhaps, has carelessly stopped the plumbing, and a large bill is incurred from this source, which makes it impossible for her to buy a much-needed winter bonnet for herself, or new coats for the children. The matters essential to health come first, and at any cost the water pipes must be repaired.

It is just such petty things as we have named which wear woman's patience out and sometimes make the middle-aged woman a hopeless scold or a nervous invalid, when she should be a placid, even-tempered, happy woman. The power to endure small ills, however, can be cultivated. It is an easy matter at the beginning of life to look upon things philosophically and check the frown or hasty word which rises to the lips. If a mother would only remember that her whole future happiness depends upon the restraint she exercises on such occasions it would save her. More than her own happiness, the happiness of her own children and that of all who love her depend upon it. It is an effort that she must make at whatever cost. The habit of self-restraint and self-repression grows upon one who practices it. Finally it become second nature to speak a gentle word instead of a fretful one when an annoying blunder occurs. A word fitly spoken without temper will do more to prevent another blunder than all the sharp utterances of anger.

Unhappy fretfulness also grows with the indulgence in the habit until the person becomes an unbearable companion and sometimes drives all her friends from her. This vice is by no means limited to women. We have known men who were chronic scolds and who rendered their homes and offices abodes of misery by fretting over small matters, though this is not often a masculine fault.—N. Y. Tribune.

Two Strikes.

"Mawson struck oil and made his fortune."

"He was lucky. Hewson struck dynamite and made his exit."—Philadelphia North American.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Only one person in 15 has perfect eyes, the larger portion of defectiveness prevailing among fair-haired people.

—The lake of Urania in Persia contains more salt than the Dead sea, which holds 26 per cent., or eight times as much as the ocean.

—An even cubic foot of average soil was weighed and analyzed at Cornell university. It was found that the soil in one acre one foot deep weighed 2,082½ tons.

—The difference between the tallest and shortest races in the world is one foot four and a half inches, and the average height is five feet five and a half inches.

—Wheat can be grown in the Alps at an elevation of 3,600 feet, in Brazil at 5,900, in the Caucasus at 8,000, in Abyssinia at 10,000 and in Peru and Bolivia at 11,000.

—The eyes of bees are made to see great distances. When absent from their hive they go up in the air till they see their home, and then fly toward it in a straight line and with great speed. The shortest line between two places is sometimes called a "bee-line."

—The bison, or buffalo, is now practically extinct in the United States, being only preserved in small numbers in the Yellowstone and other parks, public and private. In Canada, however, a variety, known as the wood bison, still survives in an almost inaccessible region near Fort Chippeway, south of Great Slave lake.

—That bacteria may live and grow in melting ice has been shown by Foster. Putrefactive bacteria, once gaining access to the household refrigerator, live and contaminate meat, butter, milk and other foods kept therein. Wash and scald refrigerators often. A butcher's refrigerator may become so contaminated as to taint his meats and lose him customers.

—The fish's belly is white and his back green, because in swimming about in the water the white belly is the color of the light shining through the water, hence protects him from his enemy below. His back being green makes him on the other hand appear from above as part of the green water, and is his safeguard from hawks and other enemies.

CONVERSATIONAL PARESIS.

The Bore Who Talks About His Health or Ailments.

A group of men were talking in a hotel corridor uptown recently when a man with a dark beard and rather long hair entered. The members of the group began to scamper away instantly, and it was a curious fact that not one remained to exchange greetings with the new arrival, although they all knew him intimately.

Col. David F. Harbaugh, who came from Ohio and knows President McKinley and all the big orators and statesmen, explained why it was that they all avoided the man.

"That man is a gentleman and a scholar, but he is the most unmitigated bore that ever wore out the patience of his friends. He should read 'Don't,' which says: 'Don't afflict others with your troubles.' But he can be cured."

"What is the remedy?"

"It is drastic and may result in unpleasantness at first, but some close friend should do it. I had a friend whose mania was talking about his health. He looked strong, ate three or four meals a day, smoked big, black cigars, and yet his hypochondriacal monologues were unendurable. Every morning he came to my office and for an hour would tell me how many times he sneezed before breakfast, what he took to prevent a repetition of the sneezing, how he imagined that some day indigestion might overtake him, and a lot of other things not at all entertaining. I bore this for six months, until I lost my appetite and almost got sick. But one day I ran away and left him."

"Had a row, of course?"

"No; I advised him to stop talking about his alleged illness. I told him, which was true, that he was talented and entertaining on any other subject, and as a friend I begged him to cease being a bore. At first he was indignant, but he thanked me for my frankness finally and said he would reform. He belonged to a class of men who have conversational paresis and who will talk for hours without encouragement."—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

Three Queer Tennessee Farmers.

There is in Tennessee a family of three sisters which presents some of the most startling peculiarities imaginable. The three sisters live together on a farm, their sole means of subsistence, and work early and late to earn a livelihood. Two of them work in the field; the third does the cooking and other housework. There is but one period of the year when any member of the trio has anything to say to any other member. All during the winter, spring and summer they go about their business with the seal of silence on their lips. When fall comes and the crop is harvested they break the silence, and then only to quarrel over the division of the proceeds. When each has succeeded in getting all that she thinks possible, silence reigns again until the next harvest time. The sisters, as you may judge, have made a name for themselves. They are known far and near as the 'deaf and dumb triplets,' although such a title is scarcely appropriate.—Washington Post.

A Curious Celebration.

A singular illustration of the persistence with which the Japanese adhere to their family vocations is seen in an announcement, in a Japanese newspaper, that a certain celebrated dancing master was to hold a service in honor of the one-thousandth anniversary of the death of his ancestor who was the first of the family to take up the profession.—Brooklyn Eagle.

AN OPEN LETTER
To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "*PITCHER'S CASTORIA,*" the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher. *on every wrapper. This is the original "*PITCHER'S CASTORIA,*" which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher. *on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"
BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

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The Kind That Never Failed You.

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We carry something of everything. There is nothing you want that cannot be found in our store.

It is admitted by all that to sell goods and make a living a merchant must necessarily charge a profit. Some merchants charge more profit than others. We are one of the OTHERS and come nearer selling goods for nothing than anyone on the face of the earth. Here you get value for your money.

Our silversmith is one of the finest workmen in the United States as all will admit who have had any work done in that line by him.

Our jewelry department is filled to overflowing with everything in that line and we sell jewelry at less than manufacturers' prices.

We carry a complete line of staple and fancy groceries.

Call and get our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

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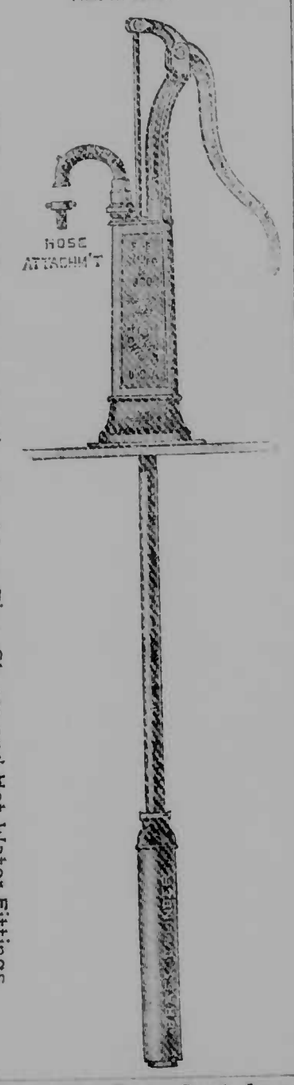

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One Can will make 10 Pounds of Hard Soap.

Red Seal is the best disinfectant and purifier to use in sinks, drains, waste pipes and closets. It is handy, safe and sure. One can of Red Seal to 15 gallons of water sprayed, kronicks, potato bugs, cabbage worms, etc. No damage to vines. 15-

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, May 16, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily	2.49	A. M
No. 3—Daily	6.28	A. M
No. 71—Accom daily except Sun	9.28	A. M
No. 47—Daily	4.36	P. M
No. 55—Express, daily	5.57	P. M
No. 1—Daily	10.01	P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily	5.59	A. M
No. 2—Daily	8.41	A. M
No. 72—Accom daily except Sun	5.18	P. M
No. 46—Daily	4.43	P. M
No. 4—Daily	12.29	A. M
No. 14—Accommodation	10.12	A. M

Train No. 55 makes no stops between Oakland and Grafton. No. 47 makes all stops.

D. B. MARTIN,
Manager of Passenger Traffic.

C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Nov 8, 1897.

President McKinley and the members of his Cabinet would doubtless be much amused at the persistence with which new war scares are launched through the columns of the yellow journals, if the subject were not too serious and important to be regarded from a jocular point of view. Seeing how easy the scares have been floated and with what avidity they have been pushed along by the gullible, a gang of Wall street speculators got up one and according to financial reports they succeeded in fleecing thousands of easily frightened speculators out of large sums of money by using their war scare to hammer down prices of speculative stocks. As long as people will swallow any sort of a crazy story that unscrupulous newspapers may choose to print, it will be impossible to stop this sort of thing. Of late the Navy Department cannot order a vessel to be repaired or the General of the Army cannot discuss the need of additional coast defenses without it being taken in some quarters to mean that war is expected in a few days. The only remedy is for sensible people to exercise their sense in the choice of the newspapers they read. As a matter of fact, while the yellow journals of New York and the speculators of Wall street were hysterical over the alleged danger of war, the President and his Cabinet were quietly attending to the routine duties of their position, not dreaming of such an awful thing as war. It would be expecting too much of perverse human nature to expect that this country would never again engage in war, but it can be truly said that there is no danger in the good people of the country going to sleep some night in peace and waking the next morning to find the country at war. President McKinley wants no war, and expects no war with Spain or no other country. Peace and prosperity are what he wishes continued.

The keystone of the instructions given Consul General Lee, who will return to Cuba this week with the expressed intention to remain until the war is over, was watchfulness of the persons and interests of the American citizens in Cuba, and in order to impress those instructions the more strongly upon the mind of General Lee, they were given in person by President McKinley. There are no new developments concerning the relations between this country and Spain and none are expected in the immediate future, sensational rumors to the contrary notwithstanding.

The annual report of Hon. B. Clay Evans, Commissioner of Pensions, has been made public. It shows the net increase in the total number of pensions for the year ending June 30th last, to have been 5,336, and the total number drawing pensions on that date 976,014. There are still seven widows and nine daughters of the revolutionary soldiers drawing pensions. Among the important recommendations of the report are the publication of a complete list of pensioners, and the adoption of the legislation by Congress that will prohibit the payment of a pension to the tie widow of any soldier of the war of the rebellion who shall marry after the date upon which such law shall go into effect.

Washington Republicans are much interested in the selection of a Republican successor to Senator Gorman by the Maryland legislature. Location makes that interest perfectly natural, but in addition to that is the fact that four of the gentlemen who are being talked of as probable candidates are as well known to Washington people as any citizen of Washington. They are Judge McComas, who was put upon the bench of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, by President Harrison, after having made an unusual record in Congress for the length of time he served; Postmaster-General Gary, whose business-like administration of his great department has made him hosts of new friends and admirers; Governor Lowndes, who has always been popular in Washington, and Representative Mudd, whose qualities as an all-around nervy political fighter have made him liked by the rank and file of the party. Others have been named in connection with the Senatorship, but it is this quartette in which Washington Republicans are most interested. With such men to choose from, there is no likelihood that the Maryland legislature will make a mistake.

Now that the entire results of last week's election are discernable, it is seen that our friends, the enemy, have been at their old game of shouting victory when there was no victory. About the only place the Democrats won anything substantial was in New York city, and, unless Tammany has charged for the better since it was last in power, that victory will, in the end be harmful to the Democratic party at large. The Republicans have gained another Senator and learned some useful lessons on the necessity of party harmony that will be certain to bear results in the future. Success of the party, not of an individual, is the motto can never be departed from without danger.

For a good lunch go to Martin's.

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W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

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CAMILLE WEIDENFELD, Banker, 15 Wall St., New York.
Gen. E. M. CARR, Preston, Carr & Gilman, Att'ys at Law, Seattle
CHARLES E. JUDSON, Pres. Economic Gas Company, Chicago.
THOMAS W. LAWSON, Banker, 33 State Street, Boston.
Hon. BENJAMIN BUTTERWORTH, Commissioner of Patents, Washington.
GEORGE B. KITTINGER, M. E., Seattle, Wash.
Hon. JAMES G. SHAW, Manufacturer, New Castle, Delaware.
PHILO D. BEARD, Treasurer Queen City Gas Co., Buffalo.
CHARLES H. KITTINGER, 96 Broadway, New York, Harrison Building, Philadelphia.
J. M. BUXTON, M. E., Vancouver, British Columbia.
Hon. JOHN LAUGHLIN, Ex-State Senator, New York, Laughlin, Ewell & Haupt, Att'ys at Law, Buffalo.
GEO. A. KELLY, 95 Broadway, New York.
J. EDWARD ADDICKS, Delaware.

The facts concerning the wonderful discoveries of gold in Alaska and British Columbia, about the headwaters of the Yukon River, have been received and are now fully digested by the public mind. Every incoming steamer from the Klondike regions, bringing as they do enormous quantities of the precious metal, merely confirms the statements made by experts that this new find is by far the richest the world has ever known.

If the wealth of the new fields excites wonder, the extent of the territory in which gold is being found is even still more remarkable. Besides the fields in the Klondike River and the various streams emptying into it, informed men report as of almost incredibly rich discoveries of gold in the Stewart River and in the White River, and of miners leaving the one dissatisfied by search of the possibly more productive fields beyond. This circumstance, it may be remarked, leaves the way open to those persons on the ground to the acquiring of claims at a small fraction of their real value.

It has long been suspected and the proof is now fully proven that all those rivers having their source in the range of the Rocky Mountains are gold bearing in the highest degree.

All this knowledge being now well established, the thought which is naturally agitating so many minds is how to participate in the great productive wealth of this new El Dorado. It is impracticable, obviously, for but a small percentage of the people to attempt a trip to these regions. Moreover, the outlay to be incurred, the peril and hardships of such a journey determine such a course unwise and unnecessary.

Persons can, however, combine their capital with those who are already actively engaged in acquiring claims in the gold country, with the assurance that the investment will prove both safe and profitable.

The Yukon-Cariboo-British Columbia Gold Mining Development Company is formed to explore and develop the gold fields of British Columbia, including the Cariboo district and the Klondike district at the headwaters of the Yukon River.

The Company has a capital of $5,000,000 divided into 5,000,000 shares, at $1 each. There are no "promoter" shares, and no officer or director has obtained his stock without paying for it at the regular subscription rate.

No personal liability whatever is incurred. The stock is fully paid up and is non-assessable. Each share represents the full responsibility incurred, and cannot, according to the charter of the Company, be subjected to any assessment of any kind.

The Company is without a rival in the completeness of its organization and the names of its directors are a guarantee of its integrity of purpose. Especially strong is the Company in its forces already in the field. Governor J. H. McGraw and General E. M. Carr, two of the directors of the Company, are at Dawson City for investigation, purchase and development of mining claims in the interest of shareholders.

George B. Kittenger, mining engineer, of Seattle, headed the largest and best equipped exploring party that has yet left the Pacific coast in the interest of any company. Mr. Kittenger is directing the forces in the Klondike district.

In the Cariboo district, J. M. Buxton, mining engineer, of Vancouver, is the representative of the Company.

On the Stewart River, the corps of eight men is headed by Captain Jack Segrey, well known as having located the line of the Northern Pacific railroad through the Cascade mountains.

All of the company's miners are fully equipped with horses boats and supplies for prospecting and development of claims.

As this Company is the first to engage in actual work in the gold fields, it is confidently expected to be the first to secure practical returns to its shareholders.

Conservative management, large capital and completely equipped expeditions will accomplish more than disorganized individual effort.

The shares of the Company are offered to the public for a short period at their par value of One Dollar per share. The company reserves the right to withdraw its offerings at any time without further notice.

Subscriptions for shares should be accompanied by cash in registered letter, U. S. or Express Money Orders, Bank Check or Draft made payable to the Secretary.

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J. EDWARD ADDICKS, President.
CHARLES H. KITTINGER, Secretary.

Colored map of the gold fields sent free on application. 38-1

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I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 31 000 acres of a tract known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1897. NUMBER 37.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Rev. S. M. Engle Makes a Strong Appeal In Their Behalf.

HE LAYS WIDE OPEN THE INJUSTICE

Heaped Upon the Children of Garrett County In the Distribution of the State School Fund.

To the Editor of The Republican.

"Man's inhumanity to man" has one of its most striking illustrations in the present withholding from Garrett county's schools that portion of the State school fund that, if distributed in accordance with right and justice, would give Garrett county seven or eight months of school instead of the five months that we now have.

That the people of the county may be led to think and act in the matter I ask permission to call attention to the following facts:

1. The funds from which the public schools of our State are supported come from two sources; first, the State tax for schools, which is the same throughout the State, and is 10½ cents on the $100. The second source is the county tax for public schools, differing in each county. For example, in 1892 the county tax in Charles county was twelve cents on $100, and in Garrett county it was 33⅓ cents on $100. Note this proportion. This money raised by the county is applied to the cause of education within its own bounds, while the funds raised by the State tax are by the law required to be apportioned by the State Comptroller equitably among the counties of the State in proportion to the number of their population between the ages of five and twenty years.

2. But the State has both white and colored children that require separate schools. There is therefore a law that the taxes collected from colored tax payers shall be appropriated to the running of colored schools. When taxes are collected it is difficult to keep white and colored separate, and so the funds all go together. It has been therefore the custom for the State to make an appropriation for the running of these colored schools, and this has led to the following result: When the funds have been collected from the State, those sums designated by law for the expenses of the Normal Schools and the State Board of Education are first deducted from the whole. Next the sum appropriated for the use of the colored schools throughout the State is proportioned to the number of colored children in each county between the ages of five and twenty years. This settles the question of colored schools and provision for them.

3. The Comptroller would then, in accordance with the intention of the law, apportion the remainder of the State funds to the number of white children in each county between the ages of five and twenty years. BUT HE DOESN'T, and there is the rub on Garrett county. He counts the colored children in once more, notwithstanding the fact that they have received their proportion, and apportions the remainder of the funds among the counties according to the NUMBER OF BOTH WHITE AND COLORED BETWEEN THE AGES OF FIVE AND TWENTY!!! but not with the intention of giving them any more! All of the funds so divided are to go to the white schools, giving those counties that have many colored ten months of school, because they get more of the State funds, and to counties having few colored, like Garrett, five months! The law contemplates no such injustice. The manner of its application is to blame. The whole story probably is: The lower counties and Baltimore demanded it and the Comptroller did it. The result is: Ten months' school for counties that pay the same rate of State tax with Garrett and in some cases a far lower rate of county tax than Garrett.

4. Take one year for a sample: In 1892 Garrett county paid the highest county tax in the State, 33⅓ cents on the $100, and had five months school, while Charles county paid only twelve cents on the $100 and had ten months of school. Both paid the same rate of State tax. LOOK! Why should each child in Garrett be apportioned $1.44 for the school year when each one in Charles county is apportioned $3.42? Why should each child actually attending school in Garrett county be given from the State fund $2.85, while in Charles county each child so attending gets $14.40? This is the situation. Shall it continue? I call your attention to two pleas that are urged in defense of the present wrong, both of which are wrong in fact and principle. The counties having colored people say that they have that burden to bear and hence lay claim to the COUNTING THEM TWICE and HELPING THEM ONCE SYSTEM. We answer, they do not have that burden to bear, as we have seen. THEY ARE FIRST OF ALL provided for out of the State fund that GARRETT HELPS TO RAISE. The money obtained on this pretense is applied only to the white schools, giving them ten months, part of which Garrett pays. The other plea is worse if possible, and is this: "Getting back what we pay in." Baltimore is wealthy and so of course pays more taxes than Garrett or any other county. They speak of wanting to get back what they pay in! THIS CLAIM WOULD IF CARRIED OUT DESTROY THE WHOLE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM IN AMERICA. It means, let the wealthy counties and cities take care of their own children and the poor take care of theirs, OR DO WITHOUT. In other words, "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost!" If such inhuman and barbaric principle is to be adopted then public schools are doomed. Public schools are founded on the principle that a common fund is raised for the purpose of helping to educate those who are not able to educate themselves. This is the basis of the whole public school system in America. It is a recognition of the brotherhood of man and the strong helping the weak. The end to be accomplished under this principle is the removal of illiteracy, and the improvement of the mass of the population. For this purpose a common fund is raised by taxation, but it has not been so applied, in so far as Garrett county is concerned, neither equitably or lawfully. We are glad to say that not all of the lower counties nor all of those in Baltimore have agreed to this iniquitous arrangement. Let others there refuse to countenance "that might makes right," and instead of doing this wrong to the children of Garrett SIMPLY BECAUSE THEY CAN, let us have our share.

5. In conclusion, two remedies suggest themselves: 1st, SIMPLY STOP COUNTING THE COLORED CHILDREN A SECOND TIME AND APPLYING THE MONEY THUS GOTTEN TO THE WHITE SCHOOLS OF THE LOWER COUNTIES. Here is the burden of our wrong. 2nd, But as a just and economical plan that goes further, we suggest: Let the tax be levied by a new law upon the basis of the ACTUAL AVERAGE ATTENDANCE UPON SCHOOL between the ages of five and twenty years and APPORTIONED ACCORDINGLY. Meanwhile let the people of Garrett county never cease the agitation and work until this crying shame and injustice to them be removed by a just law justly interpreted. S. M. ENGLE.

Oakland, Md., Nov. 16, 1897.

From North Dakota.

To the Editor of The Republican.

After an experience of the past summer in this country we feel as though we have done wise in coming here, and are now convinced that this country is not too far north to afford us the finest of crops, and especially when we realize the fact that wheat and other small grain is raised successfully as far north as Winnipeg, a distance of over 1,000 miles north of this place.

This country is a vast undulated prairie interspersed with many small lakes and sloughs. The lakes not only afford pleasure to the sportsman in hunting seasons, but also answer as irrigators in dry seasons. The sloughs are noted for their fine quality of grasses, and yield from four to five tons of the finest nutritious hay to the acre. Stock will fatten readily on this hay alone without any grain.

The soil is a black loam, highly productive, and the climate is especially adapted to spring wheat, oats, barley and flax. Potatoes and all garden vegetables do exceedingly well. This country has more daylight in the months of May, June and July than Garrett county or any other southern country has in four months. This is the great secret of the fast growth of crops, and the fine quality. Grain has been known to grow as much as two inches in twenty-four hours.

This autumn has been, up to this writing, exceedingly fine, and farmers are about ready for the winter.

My next letter will be how they farm in North Dakota, their modes and habits.

J. J. BEEGHLY.

Cando, N. D., Nov. 10, 1897.

Go to Martin's for fresh fish and oysters. 36-13.

POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

IT WAS an "off year" in Ohio for the other fellows.

THE Hon. Arthur P. Gorman is contemplating retiring to private life.

MR. BRYAN and ex-Governor Boies are still on speaking terms.

SOME of his speeches would indicate that Mr. Bryan wore smoked glasses while in Ohio.

CHAIRMAN JONES still sticks by ex-candidate Bryan, and says that silver is all right as an issue.

THE Mexicans will forgive Mr. Bryan for going to Ohio first if he will make his next call on them.

LAST year, in our commercial relations with Great Britain, the balance of trade in our favor was greater than in any previous year in history.

THE Ohio counties in which Mr. Bryan spoke in the late campaign increased their Republican majorities 197 votes over those of last year.

THE OLD State of Maryland has gotten a long way from the "solid South." Time was when she was counted a charter member of that organization.

THE Republican strength in the South continues to grow year by year and Congress by Congress. The 56th Congress will have the largest representation in history.

MR. BRYAN kept up his calamity cry in Ohio this year despite the fact that the October statement of the national banks of the country showed that the individual deposits in the national banks were $253,000,000 in excess of those of one year ago.

IT MAY be well enough for the Democrats to assume that the Ohio Republicans are going to quarrel among themselves over the Senatorship, but they will be mistaken. Republicans are not given to treachery, although they have had the Democratic example for many years.

BRADSTREET'S REVIEW says that in spite of the less active trade of October, due to yellow-fever scares, quarantine, etc., the aggregate total for that month was greater than even September's immense total, marking the heaviest month's total since January, 1893. It may be remembered that Mr. Bryan, on a cool October day, stated that the first six months of McKinley's administration was the most disastrous in the history of the country.

MR. BRYAN boastingly announced in his Ohio speeches that he had come to Ohio to "bury Mark Hanna." This sounded very funny to the audience at the time, but the laugh was on the other side when it was discovered after the election that the counties in which he spoke increased their Republican majorities about one thousand votes over last year. It was another case of "he laughs best who laughs last."

COUNTRIES which are operating upon a silver basis have been bordering upon panic during the last year. Silver has decreased twenty per cent. or one-fifth of its value during that time. Thus, if a man loaned $500 he would receive but $400 in payment; he would receive five hundred silver dollars in payment for the five hundred silver dollars that he loaned, but they would be worth in the markets of the world but four-fifths of the value loaned. This is a condition which would exactly suit the people who were last year clamoring for an opportunity to pay their debts in depreciated money.

THE friends of silver are becoming fewer and fewer. Senator Stewart has told the people that they may as well fall in line and get their share of prosperity, as it is useless to talk silver now; ex-Gov. Altgeld has dropped silver, and is said to be organizing a paper-money party, and ex-Gov. Boies has denounced the 16 to 1 proposition as suicidal, in view of the great discrepancy between the coinage ratio and commercial rations of silver. Many other Democrats, being greenbackers at heart, have advocated free silver as simply a stepping stone to true fiatism, and now that free silver is becoming so unpopular they are gradually dropping it.

THAT great business improvement has come to the country since last July is conceded by all intelligent observers; and that this is due largely to the passage of the Dingley tariff must also be conceded. Whatever may be the operations of the new tariff, the restoration of confidence brought about by its passage put into operation millions of dollars which had theretofore been lying idle, and that gave employment to hundreds of thousands of hands. It caused the country to undergo a change such as had never before been witnessed by many of the present generation, idle factories and furnaces to start into new life, and the hum of industry to sound from State to State. The new tariff is likely to warrant the confidence placed in it, as its revenues are satisfactorily increasing month by month, and it will be but a short time when the Treasury will have a monthly surplus instead of a deficit, as has been the case for the last four years.

Married.

CASTEEL—DEWITT.—At the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. DeWitt, near Hoyes, this county, on last Wednesday evening, Nov. 10, 1897, Rev. E. R. Skidmore, pastor of the M. E. church of Friendsville, united in the holy bonds of matrimony Mr. Hamill Casteel and Miss Sadie DeWitt. Promptly at six o'clock Miss Mary Moore, of Romney, West Va., began to play Mendlesshon's wedding march, and the crowded room anxiously awaited the appearance of the bridal party. The flower girl, little Mary Browning Keller, niece of the bride, led the march carrying a basket of chrysanthemums, and was followed by the bridesmaid, Miss Sarah Isabella Casteel, sister of the groom, and the groomsman, Mr. John Arthur DeWitt, brother of the bride, who were immediately followed by the contracting parties. In a very short though neat ceremony Rev. Skidmore pronounced Mr. Hamill Casteel and Miss Sadie DeWitt husband and wife.

The bride was attired in a cream colored serge trimmed with lace and ribbon and carried a large bouquet of bride's roses. The bridesmaid wore white organdie over white, elaborately trimmed with lace and ribbon and carried a bouquet of pink bride's roses.

After the ceremony an elegant supper was indulged in and enjoyed by all present, after which the evening was spent in having a general good time, every one wishing the newly married couple a long, happy and prosperous life, until about ten o'clock when Messrs. George Custer and Jas. McGettigan took possession of the premises with their army of serenaders. Long before the ammunition of the serenaders gave out, Mr. and Mrs. Hamill Casteel appeared on the front porch and surrendered to the serenaders, and after a short consultation with Captains Custer and McGettigan a treaty was entered into, whereby the serenaders got their suppers and three dollars in money, and left Mr. and Mrs. Casteel to go in peace.

The next day Mr. and Mrs. Truman W. Casteel gave the wedding couple a dinner at his new residence on his farm near Hoyes. There were about forty guests there, and a most enjoyable time was had.

Mr. and Mrs. Casteel went to Romney, W. Va., where they will remain a short time visiting Mrs. "Skip" Keller, sister of the bride, when they will return home and begin housekeeping in the new residence built for them by Mr. Casteel's father.

The Governor's Thanksgiving Proclamation.

On last Wednesday Gov. Lowndes issued the following Thanksgiving proclamation in accordance with the usual custom:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND.

To the people of Maryland:

In grateful recognition of the many blessings which we have enjoyed during the year now drawing to a close, and with a deep sense of our dependence upon Divine Providence for continuance of His mercies, it is appropriate that we should at this season render the glad tribute of our praise to Almighty God, who has given us so freely of His abundance. Who has caused the earth to bring forth her increase and the sea to contribute of its wealth for our comfort and happiness.

Now, therefore, I, Lloyd Lowndes, Governor of the State of Maryland, do hereby designate and appoint Thursday, the twenty-fifty day of November instant, as a day of Thanksgiving and prayer, and I earnestly recommend to the people of our State the religious observance thereof.

Given under my hand and the Great Seal of Maryland.

Done at the city of Annapolis on this tenth day of November, A. D., 1897.

LLOYD LOWNDES,
Governor of Maryland.

By the Governor.
RICHARD DALLAM,
Secretary of State.

200,000 PEOPLE FOR ALASKA

That is the Number Estimated to Leave the United States in the Spring.

PREPARATIONS ARE BEING MADE

To Carry Them on Large Sea and River Steamers, of Which It will Require About Two Hundred.

TACOMA, WASH., Nov. 9, 1897.

And now the transportation people are saying 200,000 people will go to the new Alaska gold diggings next spring. That would mean 50,000 per month for February, March, April and May. Therefore about 200 steamers carrying 250 people each would be required, provided each made a round trip monthly. Already there are fully fifty steamers in the service and during the past week fifteen new ones, including several of the largest Atlantic Ocean liners, have been engaged for use during the Klondike rush. Several of the new companies that will go into the water transportation business have been organized in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago. But other cities are represented, including some Nebraska, Missouri and New York state points. The demand for lumber to build steamers for ocean and river travel has already become a feature of local trade and the ship yards are as busy as a bee-hive when the bees are about to swarm.

Considering the immense shipping business already done on Puget Sound the sight during the next few months when scores of new steamships and sailing vessels are being loaded, will be a sight to behold. Already steamers and sailing craft come to Puget Sound from all parts of the world and carry away lumber, shingles, brick, lath, sash and doors, paper, wheat, coal and salmon to the four corners of the world. The leading newspapers in the cities of the Sound print a weekly table each Monday morning showing where these vessels are, what they are loading, and for what port they are bound. Yesterday morning the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*, in its table, reported twenty ships and steamers at Tacoma and five at Seattle loading and discharging cargoes. At Tacoma, where the vessels are thickest, the scene is already one of intense interest. At times it is possible to see vessels loading simultaneously for China, Japan, Alaska, South America, California and Oregon, Atlantic States, England, France, Central America, Australia, and the Hawaiian Islands. With the addition of the many magnificent steamships that are to join the Puget Sound fleet from the Atlantic seaboard, the picture presented to the Klondikers as they come and go will be one of a veritable water carnival.

* * *

While it is true that many Klondike companies are being organized for the promotion of impracticable schemes, devoid of capital or backing it is nevertheless, true that the legitimate companies already in the field throughout the country for the one purpose of transporting people to the Klondike region by water represent an actual interested capital of $15,000,000. In five of the largest of the steamers the Cramp shipbuilders will be interested and the headquarters for those vessels will be at Tacoma while plying on the Pacific coasts.

* * *

Transportation is one of the great problems connected with the rush to Klondike. Many of the best minds in the country are at work on its solution. One day last week no less than five of the general passenger agents of railroads in the United States called at the Klondike Bureau at Tacoma. Among the number were John Sebastian, of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific railway, S. K. Hooper, of the Denver & Rio Grande, F. A. Wadleigh, of the Rio Grande & Western. "We know all about railroading and taking care of the crowd," said Mr. Sebastian, the spokesman of one of the parties, "but we do not know everything about your steamships. We are just now getting out new folders and maps for the Klondike business, and we must have the latest and best information."

* * *

But the railroad and steamship men are not the only hustlers in sustaining communication with the Klondike. The electricians are at work and the telephone line from Haines Mission to Dawson is the latest. A. C. Sands, of this city, is ready to build a telephone line from Dyea to Lake Bennett over the Chilkoot Pass and for the more serious work of reaching Dawson City on the "phone" all of next summer will be given up by the telephone companies. The long distance line will traverse the Dalton trail, striking the Yukon at Fort Selkirk. For over 200 miles the poles for this line will have to be set in ground that never thaws. Some people have curious ideas about how the holes should be dug. Some experienced contractors contend that the hole for each pole will have to be "burned down" the same as the Klondike miner burns the frozen earth to reach bed rock, by burning wood on top of the frozen ground, thus thawing four to six inches of earth by each fire. Superintendent Sands states, however, that a number of fine steel crowbars will be used and a small portable forge will be taken along with the construction gang to sharpen the bars. The holes will have to be sunk between three and four feet, and the demands for positions on the construction gang are very numerous, inasmuch as those who thus seek employment hope to use the telephone pole holes for prospecting purposes. Each hole will, in a measure, be a prospect hole, and may result in the discovery of many new gold fields.

At any rate by next summer we may expect to be able to introduce the "hello girl" at Dawson City. The telephone people will not introduce the telegraph business over their line. They are in the telephone business, and, therefore, opponents of the telegraph companies.

* * *

Telegraph Creek, at the head of navigation on the Stickeen trail route is a constant reminder of the attempt to reach Europe via a telegraph line backed by American capital. Those who are thinking about the Klondike and examining the maps of that country have, no doubt, noted that there is a place on the map named Telegraph Creek. There is nothing up there to indicate that the place should be so named, but by delving into the history of telegraphy in this country the fact is brought out that when Cyrus Field was being called a maniac for booming the Atlantic cable project, arrangements were made to build an overland line via Alaska to Siberia and Europe. Gangs of men had the work well under way when the Atlantic cable proved a success and Cyrus Field was heralded a genius. One of the points visited by the construction gangs was a point on the Stikeen river now known as Telegraph Creek.

* * *

Some of the miners who are going into the Klondike country in advance of the rush are to go by the way of the Stickeen river and Telegraph creek. Those who go before February 1 will meet with disappointment. I have carefully investigated all of the routes, and while it is true that the Stickeen river freezes over above a point where the tide does not dislodge the ice, it is also true that it is impossible to make headway until the heavy fall of snow is melted sufficiently during the day to cause a "crust" to form at night. On this crust good headway can be made. It is also true that while, as a rule, only from 18 inches to three feet of snow falls in the interior of Alaska during the winter, a six to eight foot fall is frequently experienced near the coast.

About 200 miners who believed they could proceed as soon as snow fell at Telegraph creek went there a month ago, but they will have to remain there until February 1 unless assisted over the trail by men who are to work all winter packing in supplies and material for a saw mill and steamboats for the headwaters of the Yukon.

* * *

For the benefit of parties now organizing in the east to go to Klondike in the spring, let me suggest that it would be wise to either send a representative to make a personal examination of the situation at the outfitting and embarking point here, or, if the party is too small to warrant that expense, then have the matter of securing desired information referred to a friend of some member of the party here or to some well established and reliable business house or to the Citizens' Klondike Committee. Too much care cannot be exercised. This is a word to the wise.

THOMAS SAMMONS.

Avilton.

Butchering is the order of the day.

We believe the Democrats have all gone up Salt river for the next twelve months.

Mr. Eli Skidmore and wife, of Frostburg, were visiting friends on the Ridge last Sunday.

Mr. C. C. Custer, of Manadier Ridge, and Miss Melissa Warnick, of the Backwoods, were the guests of Mrs. Weitzel last Sunday.

Mr. Jonas Wamble is suffering with a very sore finger caused by the cut of a saw.

Mr. Fred Custer has purchased the Klondike hill and expects to go to clearing soon.

MY VICTIM.

BY HELEN BEEKMAN.

ROSS had one fault, it was jealousy; and, as that arose from his intense love for me, I rather enjoyed toying with the flame, little dreaming of its lava slumbering depths. It was long ere he could win from me the promise to become his wife. I felt so sure of him. I knew my power so well, that I could not resist the temptation to watch smile and frown successively chase each other away on his handsome face at my bidding. But one evening, just as he was about to set sail on a short voyage, sudden thought of how dull and purposeless the days would be without him brought quick tears to my eyes as we stood together upon the sands, which he had caught sight of before I had time to dash them away. In an instant his arm was about my waist, and I was pressed close to his fast-beating heart.

"My darling!" he said, in intense, passionate tones. "Thank God for those tears which betray the woman's heart you would still have hidden from me. My own, you love me, you love me. Deny it if you can," and I, with coquetry and art forgotten, knowing only that to be thus conquered was sweeter far than any victory, answered back: "I love you."

"Remember, Rita," he said, a few hours later, when the moon had risen high in the heavens, and he was about to leave me at my mother's door, "you are now my promised wife. Promise me that in the future you will never try my love as in the past. No man now has a right to one smile, one tender word."

"No one shall have them, Ross," I replied. "You will have the most demure little wife in the whole country."

"And the loveliest," he answered, proudly. "Oh, Rita, there will not be a night during all the long weeks of my absence that I shall not live over these hours, shall not picture you getting ready for my return, and the new life we are then to begin together."

The next morning at daybreak Ross' ship sailed out of the harbor. Standing in my window, I saw the white sails grow less and less in the distance, until they vanished from my sight, when I hid my tired, strained eyes upon my pillow and sobbed myself again to sleep. No one knew of my engagement but mother. I did not want to give the gossips chance for talk, but as the days sped on I sang gayly over my work, for each day brought nearer his return and my wedding morn. He had been gone just a month when I met Rush Arden. He was a gentleman who had come down for a week's fishing on our coast. His own yacht was lying off the harbor, and he cruised here and there at will. Something in me awoke that which I thought buried in an eternal sleep, when his eyes rested admiringly on mine. He belonged nigh to a different world from any in which I had moved, and he fascinated, even while all deeper feeling was dormant. My heart never wavered in its loyalty to Ross, but I silenced my conscience when night after night brought Mr. Arden to our cottage, or the same moon which had waned and filled since Ross had left me me now lighted our two figures as we strolled idly upon the sands, by looking down on the golden circlet which spanned my finger, and repeating again and again to myself that I was true to my troth. Sometimes a distant figure would waken a sudden nervous dread as to how Ross would receive my own plausible theories should he suddenly appear before us, but—what could he expect? I was not yet his wife. It was absurd that time should hang so heavily on my hands during his absence. Mother shook her head when books, flowers and music graced our little parlor with their presence, but a kiss ever chased away mother's frown, which I sealed by telling her how soon now I would be Ross' wife, and then how narrow would be my little world. It was almost time to look for his return. The gossips I knew would have plenty to tell him, but I would confess my fault, and I feared not I should find forgiveness. Would I find it as easy a matter with Mr. Arden? His manner was growing warmer and more love-like, but I knew he could never stoop from his high position to me, and so I let my conscience sleep.

Three months had passed since I had watched with tearful eyes Ross' ship sail down the harbor, when one evening Mr. Arden came for me to go down upon the beach. We had thrown ourselves idly upon the sand, for the weather was still warm, when he drew a velvet-covered case from his pocket. The gifts he had offered me, though brought from a great distance and at heavy expense, had been such I had had no hesitancy in accepting, but anything of real value I felt I could not allow him to give me.

"Rita," he said, "here is something I wish you to accept in remembrance of the many pleasant hours we have spent together, something that will recall them to your memory when I am gone." Then, touching the spring, the case flew open and a bracelet of exquisite workmanship was revealed.

"Oh, how lovely!" I exclaimed. "But, indeed, Mr. Arden, I cannot take it."

"Not as a farewell gift from a friend?" he said. "Listen, Rita! I have not dealt quite fairly with you, child. I am going home to be married. That your fresh young beauty has come nearer my heart than anything I have known in years I will not deny, but my word is plighted to another and I must redeem it. Will you not accept this little pledge as an assurance to one that I have wooed you no real harm?"

One moment's keen, wounded pride rose within me. I had thought this man loved me. What if he had really won my heart! What, then, would be my merited punishment? But had I not done even as he? Could I take up the stone to thrust at him? In that minute all my fealty to Ross returned, and I knew how I had wronged him.

"We are quits, Mr. Arden," I answered lightly, yet proudly. "I do not know what better assurance to give you than to inform you of my own engagement, which is only waiting my lover's return from sea to be ratified. Therefore, with many thanks, I will decline your beautiful offering."

My words had hit the mark. He had not expected a little country girl to meet him upon equal ground, and a dark red flush overspread his handsome face. Then his own generous nature conquered as he said:

"At least, Miss Rita, I may proffer this as a wedding gift."

As such I felt I could not refuse it, but he went on:

"Only one thing I ask, that I myself may place it on your arm."

Then, taking it up, he slipped it upon her wrist, where it fastened with a tiny padlock, which he locked with a golden key, placing the latter in his pocket.

"You see you will wear my chains while you live," he said, with hidden earnestness, "and I—shall have only this in memory," holding up the key for one moment, then pressing his lips upon it and again consigning it to its hiding place.

I was still sitting where he had left me. It was early in the evening, and I had refused to go back to the house, when some one whose footfall I had not heard stood before me. Glancing up, the moon's rays fell full on Ross' face. With a glad cry of delight I sprang to my feet, but, white and stern and still, he waved me back.

"I have been home one hour," he said quietly. "It seems to me a year. I was told you were here with your lover. Where is he that may share the congratulations I have come to offer you?"

"Ross!" I said, "what do you mean? Have you no welcome for me?"

"Welcome!" he exclaimed, "and where is mine? The star to which my yearning eyes have all these months been turned."

"Ross, you have heard falsely. Do not be so cold, so stern to little Rita. Have you not a kiss for me?"

My tearful tone had melted him. A great wave of tenderness swept over his face. Almost had his arm unfolded to receive me and let me sob out my confession on his heart, when his glance fell on the bracelet clasping my arm. Again the tiger in him leaped to bay.

"And what is this?" he said, fiercely. "This token of your falsehood that you dare flaunt in my sight. It is like a woman. They would murder with a smile. Do you know that I too could murder? Yes, your very youth, your very beauty, I could crush as the flower beneath my heel. Take off that bauble and fling it into the sea!"

"I cannot, Ross," I said. "It is locked. He has the key."

"Curse him!" he muttered. "Then it is to him I must look. He has locked it, but by the heavens above I will unlock it, if to get the key I have to strangle him." And, leaving me stunned, hopeless, wretched where I stood, he strode away.

As I lay wakeful, pale and repentant, next morning, my mother entered my room with an awful pallor on her face. I think before she opened her lips I knew all, knew that Ross—my lover, my promised husband—was a murderer, and that my soul must stand with his at the bar of God to answer for the deed. The two men had met the night before—one roused to frenzy, the other refusing to answer to threats when reason might have prevailed. There was a blow, an answering blow, a scuffle as to the possession of a tiny golden key. Ross had gained it, when, throwing his opponent from him he had struggled one moment on the edge of the cliff, then fallen heavily into the sea beneath. From his prison cell Ross sent me the key. With a dull, heavy misery I unlocked the golden thing which had wrought such evil, and sat down to live through the dark days of my lover's trial. It was very short, and each hour was bringing it to its close. There could be little doubt of the verdict. He had murdered one man. I had murdered two!

On the last day of his trial I roused from my apathy to write him the whole unswerving truth.

"I took it as my wedding gift, Ross," I said in closing. "You may believe me now, since all my life is wrecked, nor have I saved from it even your love."

The jury were out deliberating. Ross' life was in their hands. This was the one ever-present torturing thought when a great shout broke the oppressive stillness. What could it mean? I knew not, and dared not hope, until—until the messenger of the glad tidings came to us. The trial had come to an unforeseen termination. The grave had given up its dead. Rush Arden's fall had not killed him, but picked up by a passing boat he had returned to wreak the noble revenge of striking off his enemy's fetters. All this I heard as in a dream, then the waves of unconsciousness engulfed me and I knew no more. For long weeks I lived over in delirium the tragic scenes which had so lately encompassed me, but when life and reason were restored the flush, not only of health, but happiness, came back to my cheek with the low whispered words with which Ross told me of his forgiveness.—N. Y. Ledger.

It Makes a Difference.

She was so happy when her engagement was announced that her friends could not refrain from commenting upon it.

"You used to assert with great emphasis," they said to her, "that you gloried in your independence."

"Yes," she replied. "That was before I had the privilege of being dependent upon the right kind of a man."

There are lots of people who like to give the opinion that a necessity is a privilege.—Chicago Post.

—Mrs. Catherine Watts, of Quakertown, Pa., is 107 years old, and can tread a needle without glasses.

HELEN KELLER'S WORK.

She Raised Money for the Education of a Boy Afflicted Like Herself.

A little child lived in black silence. There never was midnight so dense as the darkness that enveloped his mind. Sight and hearing were gone utterly and forever. The child knew absolutely nothing, except that sometimes from somewhere something put food into his mouth, and moved him about when necessary. His world was limited by as much of his little crib as he could feel with his hands, and by the touch of this something that cared for his wants.

The merest babe knows the sunlight and its mother's voice and face. Five years had passed over this little boy as he lay on his hospital cot, but he knew less than a month-old infant—less, indeed, than the least of the beasts of the field. He was completely shut up in a living tomb of flesh, with no communication between himself and the great world about him. Yet within that prison was a healthy brain, open to all the possibilities of life.

Since the terrible sickness that had come to him in infancy, little Tommy Stringer had lain thus among strangers. His mother was dead; his father could not help him. From his birthplace in Washington, Pa., the helpless sufferer had been removed to a hospital in Allegheny. But no institution wanted this troublesome charge, who would require the constant attention of a teacher. So the almshouse seemed the only haven for Tommy. There at least he could find a shelter.

But it was not to be so. Light was ahead—the glorious light of knowledge. One who had been similarly shut in by the walls of a triple affliction was to lead Tommy Stringer out into the bright light that she herself enjoyed. It was during the summer of 1890 that the news of Tommy's sad plight came to Helen Keller. The sensitive soul of this ten-year-old girl was deeply affected. She, if no one else, would save the poor boy.

Thenceforth Tommy became the burden of Helen's thought and conversation. She talked about him to her friends; she wrote letter upon letter asking aid for him. At this time occurred a pathetic incident that was the means of turning toward the little blind boy the kindly interest and generous gifts that accomplished his rescue.

The pet and playmate of Helen when she was at home was a beautiful Newfoundland dog. Through a foolish blunder, this animal was shot by a policeman. When the news came to Helen, she had no word of reproach, but simply said, with beautiful charity: "I am sure they never could have done it if they had only known what a dear, good dog 'Lioness' was."

The story of her love was published widely, and from far and near—even from across the ocean—came to Helen offers of money or another dog. The little girl had only one answer to all these kind expressions; she was grateful, but she did not care for another dog to take the place of Lioness. Nevertheless, the gift would be accepted, if the donor so desired, on behalf of a little deaf, dumb and blind boy, for whom she was trying to raise money enough to bring him to Boston to be educated.

In every direction Helen sent this message, always in a specially written personal letter that was marked by the sweet simplicity and remarkable ability of the author. For a long time these letters averaged eight a day, and a marvelously versatile and eloquent little pleader Helen showed herself. She also wrote for newspapers articles addressed to children, as well as general appeals—never any two precisely alike. Helen instituted for herself a rigorous course of self-denial (abstinence from soda water and other prized luxuries), that she might save money for her one great object. The result of all this effort was the securing of sufficient funds to insure Tommy at least two years of education at the kindergarten for the blind, Jamaica Plain, Mass.—William T. Ellis, in St. Nicholas.

Reforming Criminals.

The burglar does not often reform. He loves the excitement of housebreaking, the setting of wire traps to overturn pursuers, the telescope ladders, the dinner hours of a great house. These are a passion and almost ineradicable. As to penal servitude, such men care nothing for a few years, which they serve in the most exemplary manner, returning on ticket of leave much sooner than a novice. Then comes the debauch, the merry life, the brief holiday, which is so often taken up by fresh crimes in the company of friends newly released. A profitable "crack," as they say, more money for drink, days of unconscionable vice, empty pockets and a fresh burglary, after a period of sobriety wherewith to steady themselves for their professional pursuits. A clever criminal will never go straight to any public house, and from thence to the house of attack. Many have been taken by such incaution, identification being easy. There is a perseverance and ability displayed by a smart burglar which militates against all chances of reformation, his abilities lying in a stubbornly evil quarter, and in this alone, and so in the other walks of habitual criminals.—Westminster Review.

Fecundity of the Sparrow.

Sparrows are the rabbits of the feathered world in point of multiplication, frequently producing more than 20 young ones in a season, three or four broods of six or seven each being not unusual. In six years the progeny of one single pair of sparrows will amount to millions, as evidence the alarming rapidity with which the United States, New Zealand and Australia are now infested, the number originally taken over by emigrants being very small. Complaints from American, Australian and New Zealand agriculturists of the ravages committed by the bird are even more bitter than those of English farmers. The total numbers of sparrows are out of all proportion to those of other species of birds.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The number of stars pictured on the latest English and German photographic atlases is about 68,000,000.

—In the last publication of the Berlin Academy of Sciences Prof. Roentgen has an article in which he confirms the observation of Dr. Brandes that it is possible to make the X-rays visible to the eye.

—Our senses do not fall asleep simultaneously. The eyelids are first affected, and shut out sight; next follows the sense of taste, then smelling, hearing and touch, the last-named being the lightest sleeper and most easily aroused.

—The tail of the fish is his sculling oar. He moves it first on one side and then the other, using his fins as balances to guide his motion. If the fish is moving fast, and wants to stop, he straightens out his fins just as the rower of a boat does his oars.

—The wheat king of the world resides in Argentina. He is an Italian emigrant, named Guazone, and his broad acres are situated in the south of the province of Buenos Ayres. His crop occupies an area of 66,270 acres. He numbers his workmen by the thousand, and each one receives a certain share of the profits. When his season's crop is harvested he fills over 3,000 railway trucks with the grain.

—Evaporation is proportional to the velocity and dryness of the wind. Scientific experimentation demonstrates that when the temperature of the air is at 80 degrees Fahrenheit, with a relative humidity of 50 per cent., the evaporation, with the wind blowing five miles an hour, is 2.2 greater than at calm; at ten miles, 3.8; at 15 miles, 4.9; at 20 miles, 5.07; at 25 miles, 6.1; at 30 miles, 6.3 times as much as a calm atmosphere of the same temperature and humidity.

—It is not often that estimates are given in years of the time that has elapsed since the appearance of early races of men. Such an estimate, however, has recently been made by Dr. Jacob Nuesch concerning the ancient inhabitants of Switzerland. According to Dr. Nuesch man first appeared on Swiss soil 28,000 years ago. He dwelt there during 8,000 years, when great changes occurred, and for 8,000 to 12,000 years man seems to have been absent. He reappeared at the beginning of the Lake Dwellers' period, which lasted 4,000 years, and closed 4,000 years ago with the introduction of bronze.

JUST AS HE DREAMED IT.

A Vision That Hendered an Engineer Powerless to Avert Collision.

George Anderson, of Springfield, Ill., an engineer on the Wabash railroad, died of injuries which he received in a head-on collision at Naples recently.

On the morning of the accident Anderson dreamed that he had been in a collision, that he had been pinioned beneath his engine, and that the escaping steam had begun to burn his flesh, when he awoke. Anderson was troubled by the dream and told his family about it. He said he felt that there was a warning in the dream, and he was almost persuaded not to go out on the road that day, but he went. Andeeson talked to his fireman about the presentiment. It evidently preyed upon his mind, for he became abstracted in manner and almost heedless of his surroundings. The nearer the train approached its destination the more distraught Anderson became, and he had the appearance of dreaming again as he went about his work in the cab. He did not give his usual attention to the fireman, and the latter felt that something was wrong with the engineer.

At Bluffs Conductor Garrison got the orders at the depot and took them to Anderson. The engineer heard them read and attended to the reading in the same absent-minded manner that had marked his conduct throughout the morning. Taking the copies, he mechanically placed them under his seat cushion. As the conductor turned away from the cab Anderson called him back and said:

"I am going to have one of the most awful wrecks you ever heard of."

The conductor was startled, and asked him what made him say this.

"I know it is so," replied Anderson, "because I had trouble with my engine all last night and could not sleep. I am going to have a head-on collision."

Garrison told him he had only suffered a nightmare. Anderson shook his head gloomily and said he knew the accident would occur. Anderson's orders instructed him to meet a local freight at Naples and wait for that train to take the siding. When the point was reached Anderson gave no indication of stopping his engine, and as the train dashed by the switch the fireman saw his engineer sitting as if in a trance. At the same moment he saw the local coming down upon them. A collision was inevitable and the fireman sprang for the footboard, crying to the engineer to jump.

Anderson looked at the fireman in a dazed manner, but made no movement toward the cab entrance. The fireman sprang out and the trains rushed together. Anderson was caught beneath his engine just as he had dreamed he would be and the steam enveloped him. He was finally taken from his awful position, but he had received injuries from which he soon died. Every other man on the train escaped.—St. Louis Republic.

Medieval Customs in England.

Some civic customs which were instituted during the middle ages still continue in England. For example, the crown has just issued the usual venison warrants to the lord mayor and other representatives of the corporation. The lord mayor receives four bucks, the sheriffs three, and the recorder, chamberlain, town clerk, common sergeant and remembrancer one each. Similar gifts are made in the doe season in December. These warrants, records of which have been kept since the year 1101, had their origin in the earliest charters of the city, when the citizens had their "huntings" secured to them. —Chicago Chronicle.

Medical Intelligence.

Col. Yerger—What is the matter? I never saw you look so distressed.

Judge Peterby—My wife is dangerously ill, and I am trembling between fear and hope.

"Who is treating her?"

"Dr. Soonover."

"Well, then, you can hope. He treated my late lamented." — Tammany Times.

Married Now.

Ah, once when Julia read aloud,
My doting soul was rapt and proud;
But now, although I love her more,
When Julia reads, I doze and snore.
—Chicago Record.

WHAT SHE WANTED.

He—Gracious! Miss Gertrude, I'm sorry you've hurt your hand. Shall I run and get some cold cream?

She—Ah—no—ah—ice cream will do. —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Visit of Congratulations.

"What a lovely bouquet."

"Yes; I'm taking it to Mrs. Wells, as this is her birthday."

"But I thought you were not on very good terms with her now."

"Neither I am, but this is her fortieth birthday, and she knows that I am the only one who knows it."—Judy.

One Girl's Consolation.

When no one came her heart to win
It filled her full of woe,
But now she plays the violin,
And always has a bow.
—N. Y. Journal.

Unsatisfactory Answer.

"If I were to die, would you marry again?" said Mrs. Bickers to her husband.

"My dear," replied Mr. Bickers, "an able philosopher once said that no man should be called a hopeless fool until he had made a fool of himself twice in the same way."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

No Recommendation.

"Did you buy that horse Skeemer wanted to sell you?"

"No, sir-ee! Afraid of him."

"Didn't Skeemer say the ladies in his family drove him regularly?"

"Well, he said he let his wife's mother drive him every day." — Detroit Free Press.

How It Works.

"Why are you so anxious to marry?"

"To get a little liberty. An unmarried girl has practically none."

"And is George's reason the same?"

"N-o. I believe he is marrying because he has had too much. His father wants him to settle down."—Chicago Post.

Truly Grateful.

Minister (to elderly female crofter)—I'm sorry to hear your potatoes are very bad this year, Janet.

"'Deed they are, sir; but I've reason to be thankfu' to Providence that other folks are as badly off as mysel'."—Tit-Bits.

Two Ways to Win.

Foster—Look here, Felton! I took your advice on that horse Felldown, and I'm dead broke. I thought you said the owners were going to play him to win?

Felton—That's right. They did win. They bet against him.—Puck.

There Is a Difference.

"I can argue with anybody here," said the contentious man fiercely. "I can argue—"

"Oh, yes, you can argue," said the quiet little man in the corner; "the misfortune is that you can't reason."—Boston Traveler.

Their Mutual Affection.

He had a castle grand, ancestral—
Her acres are both broad and trim;
He loves the very ground she walks on,
And she adores the site of him.
—Pick-Me-Up.

THE COFFEE AND SUGAR WAR ON AGAIN.
WHEN ARBUCKLE AND HAVEMEYER, THE AUTOCRATS OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE, CLASH IT IS POSSIBLE THAT THE PUBLIC MAY BE BENEFITTED.

Fragile.

He—Miss Roseleaf's complexion is very delicate.

She (without the least touch of malice, of course)—Very; I've known a single application of soap and water to ruin it.—Judge.

A Great Drawback.

"Why, I'd like to know," said a lady to a judge, "cannot a woman become a successful lawyer?"

"Because she's too fond of giving her opinion without pay," answered the judge.—Tit-Bits.

Family Troubles.

"The Skittles next door are not on speaking terms."

"What is the matter?"

"He told her he would go to Alaska and get rich, and then he backed out."—Detroit Free Press.

The Appropriate Remark.

"You should never say 'sweets to the sweet,' when you offer a girl refreshments," said Huggins to Kissam.

"What should I say?"

"An ice to a nice girl."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Mystery Explained.

Maud—What do you think of Miss High-Note's singing? It's entirely by ear.

Claud—Well, I was wondering how she managed to make such a frightful noise with her mouth.—Town Topics.

Knew He Would.

Minister (to tipsy man coming out of saloon)—My dear friend, you'll regret this some day.

Tipsy Man—Yes, I'll regret it in less than ten minutes. I'm going home to my wife.—Harlem Life.

Explicit Directions.

"Have you got anything in the way of a water color?" asker the caller.

"You'll find the milk dealer on the block below," was the reply.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Sensitive Soul.

Mine Host (to barmaid)—You must always fill up the judge's glass when it is empty without asking him whether he wants another. Otherwise he will feel offended.—Fliegende Blaetter.

The Bigger Half.

"I cannot understand," said the bachelor clerk, "why a man's wife is called the 'better half.'"

"You would," said the married clerk, "if you had to divide your salary with one."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

He Had Nine.

"A child in the house," said the Thoughtful Chap, "is a joy forever."

"Yes," remarked the Nonsensical Guy, somewhat sadly, "and I know people who are overjoyed."—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

AFTER THE BALL.

Dudely Canesneker—There is only one hat left and it is not mine. I want my hat.

Hatkeeper—Was yours better?

"Of course it was. Do you suppose I'd have made a kick if it wasn't?"—N. Y. Weekly.

First Principles.

Zerega—Do you know, I once saw a colored ghost?

Plaza—Nonsense! How could you tell it was a colored ghost?

Zerega—It was chasing after a chicken.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Progression.

Father—When I was a boy, children had some respect for the advice of their parents.

Son—Yes; but in those days the children didn't know any more than their parents did.—N. Y. Truth.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A CHANGE OF VIEW.

I used to think I'd like to be
A great big robin, bold and free;
To wear a splendid crimson vest
Like English soldiers when they're dressed;
To spend my day upon the wing,
About the lawns to hop and spring.
'Twas once my heart's most sweet desire
To soar as high as our church-spire,
And then swoop downward through the air
Without a single thought of care;
To twitter in the leafy trees;
To sample all the strawberries;
To perk my head and blink my eyes
As though I were so very wise;
To skim along the garden path
And in the fountain take a bath;
To stay out in the pattering rain
Without a fear of all the pain
That little lads and lasses get
Each time their feet are soaking wet.

That's what I used to think, but now
I wouldn't change a bit, I vow.
Although I'd like indeed to fly
And pirouette about the sky.
For t'other day out on the mall
I found a robin's feather, small,
And it was pointed like a pin
Down at the end where it goes in;
And then I saw that robin's vest
Must prick the poor old birdy's breast;
And I would rather be a rat
Than have my clothes stuck on like that!
—John Kendrick Bangs, in Youth's Companion.

BATTERY FOR BOYS.

Capable for Use in Many Interesting Electrical Experiments.

Any boy who is interested in electricity can make a working battery at a total cost of only a few cents. If he be inventive he can wire a house with door bells and call bells, using home-made batteries for providing the necessary electricity. Or the battery will successfully operate an electric magnet or any of the clever little electrical toys now on sale almost everywhere.

Provide yourself, in the first place, with a glass jar eight inches high by six inches in diameter. It can be had at any department or electrical supply store for 18 cents. You will need three zincs and 12 arc-light carbons. The zincs may be purchased for about two cents each and the carbons, which are of the kind used in arc lights, can be obtained from any electrical-lighting company. Or if you are of an economical turn of mind you can gather up the short pieces of carbon thrown away every morning from the electric arc lamps. Several of these pieces may be bound together with wire, making a carbon stick of proper length—about seven inches.

Now get a smooth piece of board seven inches square. Draw a circle in the middle 4¾ inches in diameter. Bore 12 holes the size of your carbons, using the circle as the middle of each hole. At the center of the board make three holes for the zincs.

About a quarter of an inch from the end of each carbon drill a small hole.

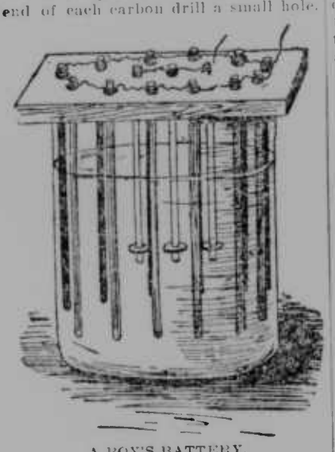

A BOY'S BATTERY.

Care will have to be taken in this work to prevent breaking the carbon. A drill of a scroll saw may be used to good advantage. Push the carbons through the holes provided for them in the board, so that the holes come just above the upper surface. Insert a piece of bare copper wire in each hole in the carbons and give it one turn around the top. Connect all of the carbons on one wire. Now draw the three zincs up through the three middle holes, and connect them with a piece of heavy copper wire, extending through the small holes provided for that purpose. Be careful that the carbons and zincs do not swing near enough together to touch. Provide the bottom of the zincs with a small rubber disk.

To charge the jar buy two or three pounds of sal ammoniac and dissolve it, using half a pound to every pint of water. Mix in a separate jar, and then pour the fluid into the battery jar, filling it about five-sixths of the way up. Or if you wish a stronger battery you can get a can of voltak at a supply or department store for 18 cents. One-half of the contents should be dissolved in a little more than half the jar full of water.

When you have sunk the carbons and zincs in the solution of your battery is finished and you are ready to experiment with it. If you wish to generate a still stronger current you can make more of the "cells" or batteries and link them together in a series, connecting the wire from the carbons of one cell with the wire from the zincs in the next and so on until all the batteries have been connected—leaving unattached the wires from the first battery zinc and the last battery carbon. To tell whether your battery is generating electricity as it should touch the two wires, one to each side of your tongue. If they taste sharp and sour when the carbons and zincs are in the solution you may know that your work is successful.

When not in use the zincs should be removed to prevent their corrosion and to save the strength of the solution.

This will be found to be a very good battery, capable of use in many interesting experiments.—Chicago Record.

Seven Miles Up.

The highest point ever attained by man was that reached by Cox and Glaisher, aeronauts, in 1862, being 37,000 feet above the sea.

OSCILLATING CANDLE.

Amusing Experiment Which Any Youngster Can Perform.

The little motor represented herewith operates not by steam nor by electricity nor by compressed air. It possesses no boiler, no cylinder, no piston, and consists simply of a stearine candle. Let the reader take a candle and perform the experiment for himself. Insert in the center of the candle and at right angles with it, the heads of two pins previously heated. These pins will constitute the axis of the motor and are to be placed upon the edge of two wine glasses. If the two ends of the candles are lighted they will burn and a drop of stearine will fall into one of the plates placed beneath in order to receive it. The equilibrium of the scale beam will be broken and the other end of the candle will descend, causing the end that has just lost the first drop of stearine to rise. This oscillatory motion will cause several drops to fall from the end that has just descended and which, in its turn, becomes the lighter and will, therefore, rise while the other descends and the oscillatory motion, slight at first, will take on a greater and greater amplitude, the candle, slightly inclined upon the horizon at first, finally taking a nearly vertical position. There is nothing more interesting than to watch this oscillatory motion, which does not cease unless one blows out the two flames or the two candles are entirely consumed; that is to say, at the end of half an hour. If, now, it is desired to utilize the mo-

THE STEARIC MOTOR.

tion of the candle while it is in operation, it may be connected by a thin iron wire with small figures cut out of cardboard and jointed, to which it will give a to and fro motion. It may be considered as the walking beam of a Watt engine and to each extremity may be connected a small piston moving in a vertical cylinder. Finally, and more simply there may be fixed to the axis, by means of pins (which will keep it at a distance, in order to prevent the contact of the flames), a strip of light cardboard representing a plank, to the extremities of which may be glued two figures that will play at see-saw and thus render the experiment still more attractive to the young.—Waterbury Magazine.

THE PHONOGRAPH.

How Thomas A. Edison Discovered This Wonderful Instrument.

Possibly the most widely-known of all Edison's inventions are the telephone and phonograph, and the latter was discovered by the merest accident—namely, an accident happening to the right man.

"I was singing," says Mr. Edison, "to the mouthpiece of a telephone, when the vibration of the voice sent the fine steel point into my finger. That set me thinking. If I could record the actions of the point and send the point over the same surface afterward I saw no reason why the thing would not talk. I tried the experiment first on a strip of telegraph paper, and found that the point made an alphabet. I shouted the words, 'Hallo! hallo!' into the mouthpiece, ran the paper back over the steel point, and heard a faint 'Hallo! hallo!' in return. I determined to make a machine that would work accurately, and gave my assistants instructions, telling them what I had discovered. They laughed at me. That's the whole story. The phonograph is the result of the pricking of a finger."

All this sounds remarkably simple, and Mr. Edison has a habit of speaking of his inventions as though they had dropped from the clouds; but needless to say, after the principle of the phonograph had been discovered, there were days and nights of anxious thought and experiment before the famous talking machine, with which even the nursery is familiar to-day, had reached its present perfection.

World's Oldest Rosebush.

The oldest rosebush in the world is found at Hildesheim, a small city of Hanover, where it emerges from the subsoil of the church of the cemetery. Its roots are found in the subsoil, and the primitive stem has been dead for a long time, but the new stems have made a passage through a crevice in the wall, and cover almost the entire church with their branches for a width and height of 40 feet. The age of this tree is interesting to both botanists and gardeners. According to tradition, the Hildesheim rosebush was planted by Charlemagne in 833, and though the church was burned in the eleventh century, the roots continued to grow in the subsoil. Mr. Rainer has recently published a book upon this venerable plant, in which he proves that it is at least three centuries of age. It is mentioned in a poem written in 1690, and also in the work of a Jesuit, who died in 1673.

Return of an Aged Turtle.

A land turtle walked into a Pennsylvania farmyard, recently, and made itself at home. In fact, it was at home, because on its back was deeply engraved "J. K. S. 1822." The farmer did not recognize the turtle's face or form, so to speak, but he knew his father's initials, and he was glad to welcome a member of the family that had run away 75 years ago. It had not grown very much in that time, nor does anyone know where it has been wandering, but it is being treated with the respect due to old age. When it makes its next trip it may not be so fortunate.

FARM AND GARDEN.

EVERYBODY INTERESTED.

A Kentucky Editor's Comments on the Road Movement.

The movement for the improvement of our country roads is one in which all citizens ought to take an interest. At the same time, it is necessary to understand the conditions that surround the question.

There was a time in the history of the country when there was a great controversy over what was called internal improvements. This included turnpike roads. The right of congress to expend federal revenue for such purposes was strenuously combated. On the other hand, it was defended on the ground that these roads were to be national highways—avenues of interstate commerce. That was before the day of railroads. The latter have superseded the necessity of building turnpike or other similar roads for the uses of interstate commerce. The federal government has assumed a supervision over these highways of commerce, and there are those who insist that it ought to purchase or confiscate them all and operate them. Conditions have entirely changed since the time when it was insisted that congress should construct turnpikes. Our artificial highways for long-distance commerce are all railroads, with the exception of a few canals.

When the good-roads convention at Nashville, therefore, insisted on the construction of country roads, partly at the expense of the federal government, partly at the cost of the states and partly by convict labor, it appears to have lost sight of the real work to be done. All of our great highways for interstate commerce are either water routes or railroads. Of the latter there appears to be a sufficiency, if we can draw any conclusion from the cessation of railroad building. Roads are now wanted to transport products to the railroads, to the mines, to the coast, or to other roads which lead to one of the three first mentioned. In other words, we need what are called neighborhood roads, and not roads engaged in interstate commerce, or even state commerce between distant points. The latter, as well as the former, is carried on over railroads where water routes are not available.

It seems clear that the federal government has nothing to do with roads within the states, a few miles in length, that are needed to reach longer lines engaged in state or interstate commerce. If it had the power to construct such roads, it would be difficult to do so on an equitable basis. Some of the states have many roads of this sort built at local expense; others have none at all, or next to none. The same remark applies to states some portions of which have fine systems of turnpikes, provided at their own cost, without state aid, while other sections have no good roads at all. The injustice of taxing all parts of the country alike for local roads is apparent at a glance.

The agitation in favor of good country roads is so important in itself that it ought not to be complicated with extraneous questions. The main point is to utilize the money already expended. It is not the small amount of money and labor expended on our roads that has left so many of them in bad condition, but the want of intelligent supervision and direction. It is not in the interest of good roads to instruct the people who need them to wait for the federal government to come to their relief. To a considerable extent at least the same is true of the state governments. These local roads can be built with local resources if they are properly utilized.

As to the use of convict labor for the making of these, no doubt that is possible in some parts of the country. In this state, however, it is not possible under the present constitution, which provides, in section 253, that "persons convicted of felony and sentenced to confinement in the penitentiary shall be confined at labor within the walls of the penitentiary, and the general assembly shall not have the power to authorize employment of convicts elsewhere, except upon the public works of the commonwealth of Kentucky, or when, during pestilence or in case of the destruction of the prison buildings, they cannot be confined in the penitentiary." County roads are not public works of the commonwealth, and hence are not within the exception. This, however, might be cured by a constitutional amendment if the people desire to make the experiment of convict labor on country roads. There would still remain, however, the difficult matter of apportioning the expense.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

STABLE AND DAIRY.

More good cows are spoiled every year by careless milking than any other way. A very little milk left in the udder at each milking will cause the best cow to decrease.

Fix it in mind that it pays to have the stock comfortable, to say nothing of the humanity of it. They will make gain more rapidly and give a better profit on the food consumed.

If a farmer has not the time to train a colt himself, a competent man can be found to do it, who can in a few weeks have a colt so trained that a buyer can see at once what qualities it possesses. Any outlay will be more than covered in the price.

In sending untrained horses to market breeders seem to overlook the fact that it is not merely the form nor color nor condition which determines the price which animals will command. The chief thing a buyer wants to know is what a horse can do.

Figure the actual cost of milk required to make a pound of butter, and the value of a pound of butter in the market; if you do not get the profit which is apparent from these figures it is because there is some leak in your method and management.—Farmer's Voice.

THE LAST OF COBB'S ISLAND.

The Sea Has Nearly Destroyed a Beloved Resort on the Virginia Coast.

Slowly but surely the sea is sweeping Cobb's island from the map of Virginia. Only a pitiful little sand spit remains, with a few straggling houses fighting with the fickle sand. Uncle Nathan Cobb, the sturdy noble Roman of the beach, has moved his last outhouse off, and only goes down every day or so to look for his heart that he has lost somewhere on that beautiful beach, and then comes wandering back with the tide, glancing over his shoulder through eyes that are wet with the dew of a great love.

They had the sale of all that is left of the hotel property down at the landing a few days ago and they sold for a trifle to white and black the beds that have brought sleep to thousands of this old world's tired travelers who from far-off steaming cities have come to its shining shores to breathe the sweet breath of the sea and feel the pulse of its mighty tides. Uncle Nathan only stopped a moment at the sale as he came up the creek from his day's pilgrimage to the island. As his eye caught the sight of the auctioneer crying off a piece of furniture and the joking, jostling crowd he turned and said, with a voice full of pathos: "Well, it looks like the old island's gone this time. We can look on and long and hope, but the old ocean is unconquerable. She has her way. Ah! man, but it's hard for me." His eyes filled with tears and he pushed his little boat on up the creek to get away from the sound of the auctioneer's voice.

Uncle Nathan is not alone in his great sorrow. The hearts of thousands who love nature and who with him have felt the thrill of her close touch on those white sands and beautiful waters mourn their great loss also. They will dream of its cool breezes, its solemn marshes, its sands, its tides, its birds and fish, and wake in the world's fevered life with a sigh and tears at the realization of their loss. The earth is poorer for the ruin of that bit of sand.—Cape Charles Light.

DEEP HOLES IN THE OCEAN.

They Are Not Found in the Center, but Always Near Land.

The deepest spots so far sounded in the ocean were found a year or two ago by the surveying ship Penguin while returning from the Tonga group to New Zealand. In three places a depth exceeding 5,000 fathoms was found. Till these soundings were made the deepest water found was to the northeast of Japan, where in 1874 the United States steamer Tuscarora obtained a cast of 4,655 fathoms.

The Penguin's soundings are 5,022, 5,147 and 5,155 fathoms. The increase is therefore 500 fathoms, or 3,000 feet.

The soundings are separated from one another by water much less deep, and the holes may not be connected. The distance from the two extreme soundings is 450 miles. Specimens of the bottom were recovered from the two deeper soundings, and prove to be the usual red clay found in all the deepest parts of the ocean.

These soundings afford additional evidence of the observed fact that the deepest holes are not in the centers of the ocean, but are near land, as two of them are within 100 miles of islands of the Kermandec group, and the other not far from a shoal.

Doubtless deeper depressions in the bed of the sea are yet to be found, but the fact that this sounding of 30,900 feet shows that the ocean contains depressions below the surface greater than the elevation of the highest known mountains is worthy of record.

Fast Riding.

It was in a negligence case, recently, and a good-humored Irishman was a witness.

The judge, lawyers and everybody else were trying their best to extract from the Irishman something about the speed of a train.

"Was it going fast?" asked the judge.

"Aw, yis, it were," answered the witness.

"How fast?"

"Oh, purty fasht, your honor."

"Well, how fast?"

"Aw, purty fasht."

"Was it as fast as a man can run?"

"Aw, yis," glad that the basis for an analogy was supplied. "As fasht as two min kin run."—Buffalo Enquirer.

Wearing of spectacles is not necessarily the sign of much knowledge.—Washington Democrat.

Trouble Ahead for Pa.—"What in the world's the matter, ma?" asked Arabella, as her mother turned from the telephone and asked for her bonnet and wraps. "I'm going right downtown," said Mrs. Highrocks, and there was a cold glitter in her eyes as she spoke. "I just tried to call your father up, and I heard him tell the boy to say he wasn't in."—Cleveland Leader.

Not Wasting Room.—"What I want," said the man who was talking about taking a flat, "is some place where the rooms are big enough for me to turn around in." "Certainly," replied the agent. "That can be easily arranged, as you are not an unusually large man. Stand up, please, and let me get your exact measurements."—Washington Star.

Kleptomaniac.—"What is your definition of a kleptomaniac?" asked the examining lawyer of a witness. "Well," was the reply, "if I were to hear of a man who in hot weather had a chance to steal a lump of ice, and carried off a hod of coal instead, I should call him a kleptomaniac."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Warning to Star-Gazers.—Mrs. Planet—"Before we were married my husband and I used to sit and watch the stars for hours." Friend—"Yes?" Mrs. Planet—"Now he tells me that he cultivated a taste for astronomy in those days, and that he stays out late taking observations with several learned friends." — Philadelphia North American.

Crushing Her Mistress.—Mrs. Ginger—"How dare you talk to me in that way? I never saw such impudence. And you call yourself a lady's maid, do you?" The Maid—"I was a lady's maid before I worked for you, ma'am."—Boston Transcript.

Mr. Fogg—"I saw Glisten to-day. He spoke about you. He declared that you were one of the handsomest women he ever saw." Mrs. Fogg—"The old fool." Mr. Fogg—"Yes; that's what I thought." Mrs. Fogg—"That's right; insult me; it's just like you."—Boston Transcript.

Sending a Child by Post

A novel parcel for delivery by express post was lately handed in at a Birmingham post office. A workingman, who had been out of town with his three-year-old child, arrived at Birmingham in time to reach his place of business, but not in sufficient time to take his child home. He, therefore, walked into the nearest post office and tendered the youngster as an express parcel. The authorities, under the rule regulating the delivery of live animals, accepted the child and delivered it, at a charge of ninepence.—St. James' Gazette.

There is a foe to pain; that's Sure. St. Jacobs Oil will cure.

It takes a cheerful man to be thankful that he is bald-headed, thereby saving a barber bill.—Washington Democrat.

A window crack; result lameback. Use St. Jacobs Oil; result, cures attack.

It is not always wise to tell all one knows, but it is well to know all one tells. —Chicago News.

The old storage battery—St. Jacobs Oil has power to cure Sciatica.

Marrying for money is an expensive investment.—Ram's Horn.

Almost anybody can own a horse and buggy.—Washington Democrat.

NEGLECT IS SUICIDE.

Plain Words From Mrs. Pinkham, Corroborated by Mrs. Charles Dunmore, That Ought to Bring Suffering Women to Their Senses.

If you were drowning and friendly hands shoved a plank to you, and you refused it, you would be committing suicide!

Yet that is precisely what women are doing if they go about their homes almost dead with misery, yet refuse to grasp the kindly hand held out to them!

It is suicidal to go day after day with that dull, constant pain in the region of the womb and that bloating heat and tenderness of the abdomen, which make the weight of your clothes an almost intolerable burden to you. It is not natural to suffer so in merely emptying the bladder. Does not that special form of suffering tell you that there is inflammation somewhere?

Shall I tell you what it is?

It is inflammation of the womb!

If it goes on, polypus, or tumor, or cancer will set in. Commence the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands of women in this condition have been cured by it. Keep your bowels open with Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills, and if you want further advice, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., stating freely all your symptoms—she stands ready and willing to give you the very best advice. She has given the helping hand to thousands suffering just like yourself, many of whom lived miles away from a physician. Her marvelous Vegetable Compound has cured many thousands of women. It can be found at any respectable drug store.

Mrs. Charles Dunmore, 102 Fremont St., Winter Hill, Somerville, Mass., says: "I was in pain day and night; my doctor did not seem to help me. I could not seem to find any relief until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had inflammation of the womb, a bearing-down pain, and the whites very badly. The pain was so intense that I could not sleep at night. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for eight months, and am now all right. Before that I took morphine pills for my pain; that was a great mistake, for the relief was only momentary and the effect vile. I am so thankful to be relieved of my sufferings, for the pains I had were something terrible. I am, indeed, very grateful for the good Mrs. Pinkham's remedies have done me."

"THOUGHTLESS FOLKS HAVE THE HARDEST WORK, BUT QUICK WITTED PEOPLE USE

SAPOLIO

A good idea

is to keep some Pearline in a sifter, ready to use for floor-washing, dish-washing, etc.

You sprinkle a little over the floor, for instance, and then just wash it over with a wet cloth.

See how much more convenient to use than soap, to say nothing of the easier work!

If you're buying and using Pearline simply for washing clothes, and not for all kinds of washing and cleaning, you're cheating yourself out of a great deal of comfort and economy. 567

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The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1897.

To Mr. Getty.

Mr. Getty's organ, the *Democrat*, in its issue last week, contained a personal attack upon the editor of THE REPUBLICAN which will not be allowed to go unnoticed, although at this time we are not prepared to give Mr. Getty's letter the attention it shall receive in a later issue of this journal. We have sufficient evidence in our possession to prove what we have asserted in reference to Mr. Getty, which will be published along with other unquestionable evidence in a future edition of THE REPUBLICAN.

"MARYLAND, My Maryland," oh, whither hast thou drifted?—Oakland Democrat.

She's gone in out of the wet, Jimmy, old boy. Kindly tender our sympathies to the editor of the *Garrett Journal*.—Oracle.

NO INTELLIGENT man, with a nice sense of the sanctities and proprieties of domestic life, and no woman with a proper appreciation of the refinements that adorn a virtuous marriage will lend themselves to the sensational matrimonial symposiums which have recently become the bizarre feature of yellow journalism.

TO THE Republicans in Maryland has come great power. They must use it wisely, not in any partisan sense, but for the best interests of the people. The good citizens have placed the trust in their hands and they must do their duty to the broadest and fullest sense. It is not merely a Republican victory but a triumph of the people over Gormanism and bossism. —Oakland Republican.

Right you are, brother; and a noble victory it was, too. An effort of a life time was made by the Democracy of Maryland this year, and their failure to reclaim the State from the Republican ranks but illustrates the fact that the people of Maryland have placed their signatures and seals to their ballots of last fall and that Maryland soil is henceforth and forever free soil in every sense of the word. The victory is decisive and final. Future elections will substantiate this assertion.—Oracle.

Hard to Satisfy.

The complaint of Bryanites that prices are higher is most illogical and unreasonable, since their whole cry last year was against low prices. The Democratic contention used to be that low prices were a blessing to the people and a low tariff was advocated on this ground. But when the Populist creed was adopted at Chicago high prices and a high tariff to make them came into favor. The leaning of the Bryanites at the last session of Congress toward high tariff rates was a novel and remarkable spectacle. Eminent men from Georgia and even from Texas wanted high duties on certain things. Last summer the Bryanites were poohooing the advance in the price of wheat, saying that it was due to an exceptional scarcity of wheat and nothing else would advance. The gold standard was bad because the advance was not general. Now that improved confidence and business have increased earnings and increased the demand for and price of goods generally, still they are not satisfied. — Baltimore Sun.

THE fall in the price of silver and the failure of the attempt to bring about a redemption of free coinage in the United States by the election of Mr. Bryan operated as a great discouragement to silver mining. Gold is the metal now sought for, and silver is considered as a by-product. As a result of these conditions the output of gold in Colorado this year will reach the enormous sum of $22,000,000; the yield of silver will be $12,300,000; of lead, $3,000,000; copper, $1,500,000; and iron $3,000,000 all told, $52,700,000. This is an outturn which puts Alaska to shame. For the first time Colorado takes rank as the first among our gold producing States, and California falls into second place, with a gold output for the year amounting to $17,000,000. When it is known that the surface has been but barely scratched in the development of the mineral wealth of Colorado, Montana, Idaho, Washington and other of the Rocky Mountain States, and when the proportionately small risk of mining ventures is considered as compared with operations in frozen and inhospitable Alaska, the preparations for gold hunting next year in the Arctic regions seem to be foolhardy.

The Unjust Distribution of the State School Fund.

In to-day's issue of THE REPUBLICAN Rev. S. M. Engle, pastor of the Garrett Memorial church, contributes a strong argument against the present method pursued by the State's officers in distributing the State school fund by withholding from Garrett county her equitable proportion of the money for educational purposes, and thus unjustly depriving the children of this county of the means for securing what every American citizen should have and is entitled to—an education at the public expense.

Rev. Engle, in his letter, proposes a reform in the matter of distributing this fund which, if carried out, will remove the odium now resting upon the educational advantages of this county and place her children upon an equal plane with those of other counties in the State.

The only way this matter can be adjusted is by legislative enactment and the newly elected members of the House and Senate from this county are urged to use all honorable means in bringing this reform about.

THE REPUBLICAN has always been an earnest advocate of the public schools of the county and nation and invites correspondence along this line.

Mr. Bryan In Ohio.

Well, Mr. Bryan did it again. His tour in Ohio, which was meant to place that State in the free silver ranks and take Hanna out of the Senate, worked the other way. The great rear-platform orator talked in twelve Ohio counties. He was not permitted to go into any city, as it was thought the tenor of his speeches was better suited to the rural communities. The scheme of the Democrats was not to pay very much attention to the cities, but to work the counties for all they were worth. It was the same plan that Mr. Gorman tried in Maryland. They call it a "gum shoe" campaign out west. Mr. Bryan's part was to whoop up things in the backwoods.

The Columbus (O.) *Journal* has figured out just exactly what Mr. Bryan did, and shows it in the following table. It takes these twelve counties in which Mr. Bryan spoke and shows gains and losses:

Counties.	Gain in Rep. plurality.	Gain in Dem. plurality.
Williams	445	.....
Van Wert	....	2
Defiance	942	.....
Licking	....	224
Knox	190	.....
Perry	27	.....
Vinton	....	19
Hocking	178	.....
Jackson	....	173
Highland	....	39
Pike	257	.....
Cuyahoga	....	571
Totals	2,059	1,055

Net Republican gain, 997.

Each party gained in six counties, but the Republican gains was almost double that of the Democrats. The table is the more interesting when we remember that there was a great reaction in Ohio, and the Democrats seemed to be making gains everywhere. After the Presidential campaign, it was pointed out that Mr. Bryan's record breaking tour left a trail of Republican gains behind it. He seems to be keeping up his gait.

Maryland Pensions.

The report of Commissioner of Pensions Evans shows that there are in Maryland 12,751 pensioners who draw an aggregate of pensions amounting to $1,847,292.52. Ohio is the banner pension state, having no less than 103,471 pensioners, drawing $16,522,078.56. Indiana has 68,213 pensioners and Illinois has 68,717, but the Hoosier pension attorneys seem to be shrewder than their neighbors, for Indiana veterans divide $10,550,900.70 among them, while the Illinois men get only $9,944,283.38.

The list showing the residence of foreign pensioners proves that some of the veterans have wandered rather far away from the land they shed their blood for. There are pensioners in India, Algiers, Bulgaria, Cyprus, Finland, Korea, Tahiti, Siam, St. Helena, and almost every other spot on the face of the globe. Incidentally there has been expended for pensions in the first five days of this month the sum of $3,725,000, or over a million dollars more than the receipts of the government from either customs or internal revenues.

A New Game Law.

Book agents may be killed from October 1 to September 1; Spring poets from March 1 to June 1; scandal mongers April 1 to February 1; umbrella borrowers August 1 to November 1; and from February 1 to May, 1 while every man who accepts a paper two years but when the bill is presented says, "I never ordered it," may be killed on sight without reserver or relief from valuation or appraisement laws, and buried face downward, without benefits or clergy.

A New Election Law.

In his annual message to the Legislature, now in course of preparation, Governor Lowndes will make several important recommendations, among which will be a new election law. He has requested each supervisor of election to forward at an early date, not later than December 1, his views as to the efficiency of the present election law in securing fair elections. The Governor sincerely hopes to get the Legislature to pass a law which has no objectionable features, and he has asked the supervisors to point out in what respect the law can, in their opinion, be amended so as to more effectually carry out the object of its enactment.

The muddle over the recent election in Anne Arundel and other counties has prompted him to give especial attention to the election law. It is believed that he will recommend that the main feature of the present Australian law be retained.

The Governor will also make recommendation in regard to the oyster navy, the investment of State funds and other important financial matters, for which he is gathering material.

Died.

DEAKINS.—At Deer Park, on Tuesday morning, at the home of her sister, Mrs. L. D. Thrasher, Mrs. Virginia E., wife of Mr. Parron Deakins. Her death was caused by pneumonia, she being sick only a short time. Deceased was a sister of Messrs. S. C. and W. D. Hoye and Miss Ellen Hoye, of this place; also a sister of Mrs. L. C. Hendrickson, of Washington, D. C. She was well and favorably known in this county and in West Virginia. The funeral will take place Thursday at 2 p. m., Revs. J. H. Funk, of the M. E. church, and J. W. Butler, of the Lutheran church, officiating.

BROADWATER.—Charles C. Broadwater died at his home in Barton, Allegany county, Sunday morning at 12 20 o'clock, at the advanced age of 87 years. His death has due to paralysis. The deceased had resided all his life in Garrett county until five years ago, when he removed to Barton. The funeral took place Tuesday from the M. E. church, and the remains were buried at Laurel Hill cemetery at Barton.

Resolutions of Respect.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Maryland Society of the Colonial Dames of America held in Baltimore on Nov. 4th, 1897, the following resolutions were passed:

"*Resolved*, That by the death of our honored member, Mrs. Elizabeth Pheobe Key Howard, this Society has lost one of its chief ornaments, whose dignity of life and charms of person typified in the highest degree all those virtues so highly prized by our fathers and the commemoration of which is one of the most important objects of this Society. Inheriting the traditions of a distinguished ancestry, highly honored from the earliest history of the Colony, the public services and private examples of which contribute in a large measure to the development of the Commonwealth, her own life in the community of today has been equally an example and an inspiration to those who have had the privilege of coming within the sphere of her influence. Always gentle, always genial, of charming manners and ready sympathy, of quick intellect and never failing tact, unselfish and generous, she was beloved and venerated as have been few women of this epoch.

"*Resolved*, That in loving memory these minutes be spread upon the records of this Society and that a copy thereof be sent by the Secretary to the members of her family."

New West Virginia County.

The town of Elkins, being defeated at the election to remove the county seat from Beverly to that place, is now making an effort to divide Randolph county, which is the largest in the State, and make Elkins the county seat of a new county. It is thought the division will be made.

What is Scott's Emulsion?

It is a strengthening food and tonic, remarkable in its flesh-forming properties. It contains Cod-Liver Oil emulsified or partially digested, combined with the well-known and highly prized Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, so that their potency is materially increased.

What Will It Do?

It will arrest loss of flesh and restore to a normal condition the infant, the child and the adult. It will enrich the blood of the anemic; will stop the cough, heal the irritation of the throat and lungs, and cure incipient consumption. We make this statement because the experience of twenty-five years has proven it in tens of thousands of cases. *Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion.*

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

Mountain Lake Park.

Friday last we had our first snow and real taste of winter.

Miss Ella Hopkins, of Cincinnati, O., returned Monday morning. She had been visiting her sister, Mrs. L. A. Rudisill.

Mrs. Orange and her niece Miss Webb, who spent the summer here, went to Washington yesterday.

M. M. Shrock has the contract to erect an eight room cottage on K street, near Wheeling ave. It is being built by one of the most successful lady teachers in Garrett county.

Lewis Peters has returned from his visit to Davis, W. Va.

There are now 51 families residing in the Park.

It is a pleasure to report the success of our public schools. School Examiner Palmer visited the schools on Friday. Miss Hamill has 45 scholars enrolled and Miss Leary has 25 scholars in her room. Good work is being done.

C. W. Hopkins leaves in a day or two for Cincinnati where he will spend a month or two visiting friends and relatives.

Jas. O. Smith is having the National Hotel papered. Next summer his wife will open this house for boarders. We predict a successful year for the house.

Henry May is spending a few days with his family. He has been working at Davis for the past several weeks.

Dr. Henry McComas and State's Attorney Thayer were duck hunting on the lake last week. Rumor says that they were not duck shooting.

Judge Cuppet was a visitor at the Park Friday last. He was taking a look at his new cottage going up on E street. The judge has faith in the future of the Part.

Miss Valentine, who has been visiting Miss Swan at Briar-Bend Seminary, has returned to her home in Florida.

Mr. Holmes and friend, who have been guests of the Assembly house the past several days, have returned home. They will spend the winter in Florida.

Mr. Hawk, formerly of Loch Lynn Heights, is quite sick at his home in Morgantown, W. Va.

The Morgantown papers speak very pleasantly about Rev. Baumgardner, who formerly resided at the Park. We are glad to learn of the warm reception by his new charge.

Wm. Hocking is now in business at Grafton. We were sorry to have him leave the Park. He and his family are good neighbors; we will miss them.

Hoyes.

W. A. Smith was visiting friends in West Virginia last week.

Mr. D. O. DeWitt was in Friendsville one day this week attending to important business.

Mr. Charles W. DeWitt is making extensive improvements on his farm and house this fall, particularly his house.

Brother, we were not two weeks in preparing the article to which you refer, and if we even had been it was not a company concern, but our own and not borrowed. We don't dispute the fact of your being a genius of the highest order, and a musical, intellectual and physical prodigy, and are not at all surprised to learn that you were shocked at our stupidity in written composition, for great minds like yours can never do justice to mediocrity. You advise the Board of Health to take my case in hand and place me in a conservatory with plenty of fish for diet. Now, I am led to believe, judging you by what you say in regard to your broad breast, that you have recently been there, and that instead of feeding you on fish they fed you on crab, for you, like that crustacean, are all breast and no brain. We admit your deep, broad breast presents ample surface for many stars and medals, but we are inclined to the opinion that if any ever adorn it they will be the stars of braggartism and the medals of ostentation. You speak of my audacity in saying there were no bad singers in the Hoyes class and claim that you were too modest to say that of yours. The fact is you are egotistic enough to think that your talent for music surpasses that of a Beethoven or even a Mozart, and that when *you* are absent there is no Sang Run class. You say in your article that it did not take you two weeks to collect your thoughts. Now do you really mean yours or somebody else's thoughts? I have never in any of my articles claimed to be a vocalist or musician, and you challenge me to a contest, and if I accept and beat you it will mean your "barrel," for a "half barrel" will never induce me to take a step of that kind, so is you still have the "barrel," you can name one judge and I will name two, as you challenged, and we will have a sing. As to the condition last winter, we will leave that to the judgment of others, whose vision has not been impaired or blurred by a twenty years sleep, and who, sometimes at least, are oblivious to self—those who would prefer to have their deeds of valor and mental and physical powers recorded and told by others than to tell and sing of them themselves.

[This letter was received too late for publication last week.]

For a good lunch go to Martin's.

Selbysport.

Weather inclement.

The first snow of the season fell here on Sunday, the 7th inst., and present indications are that winter with its storms and snows is close upon us.

Mr. H. M. Frazee, with a force of hands, is husking his large crop of corn.

Mr. Dight has moved his saw mill from near Mellenry to Winding Ridge and will saw out during the winter a body of timber he recently purchased there.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jenkins, of Frostburg, Md., were welcome visitors at the home of F. L. Frazee recently.

Mr. John Morgan and wife, of Frostburg, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Williams, of this this town.

Mrs. Lydia Matthews, one of our oldest and most highly respected citizens, and her daughter Miss Martha, left here on Tuesday for Meyersdale, where they expect to spend the winter with Mrs. Ella Glotfelty, a daughter of Mrs. Matthews.

Our school is making rapid progress and we consider it the golden opportunity of our young folks, and if we are to judge by the kind manner in which we hear them speak of Prof. DeWitt and his assistant Miss Deal, we would decide they appreciate their teachers and are doing all they can to please them.

A CITIZEN.

Bittinger.

Our school is progressing very nicely under the management of Mr. Daniel Urendorf and Miss Gertie Hone, with an enrollment of fifty scholars and more to come.

We had a snow storm to-day.

A wedding in the near future.

Lewis Berkley has moved on John C. Beachy's farm.

Amos Bittinger was in our town to-day.

Samuel Slabach has sold his farm to C. J. Brenneman and expects to move near Oakland.

Albert Brenneman expects to move on the Slabach farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Powell and Mr. and Mrs. Evans Arthur, of Frostburg, were visiting relatives and friends at this place.

John Brenneman, of Johnstown, is going to move on the Broadwater farm.

Lloyd Brenneman is a frequent visitor at C. E. Ellithorp's.

C. J. Beachy was a visitor at Jonas Bittinger's one evening last week. What is the attraction, Chris?

Silas O. Wiley was indisposed last Thursday. He is better now.

Miss Amelia Orendorf was visiting her parents over Sunday.

The Messrs. Ralston and F. L. Snyder were callers at Jonas Bittinger's Sunday evening.

Cyrus Stark is working on his farm near here.

Miss Lettie Lohr has returned home from a visit to her sister, who lives at Aurora, W. Va.

Miss Fannie Wiley, who is teaching the Black Hawk school, spent Sunday at home.

The young folks organized a literary on the 30th inst. Quite an interest is being taken; we think it will be a benefit to the young people.

Accident.

The cold wave, which lasted nearly one week, is over.

Most of our town people are rejoicing over the recent rains that have filled their wells, which were dry the past few months.

Mrs Jacob Beeghley and two children returned from Johnstown, Pa., where she visited her daughter, Mrs. Pummel.

Mr. George Schuble, of the Cove, was a pleasant caller at Adam Garinger's over Sunday.

Miss Clara V. Englehart, who is teaching near New Germany, spent Sunday under the parental roof. She was accompanied by Mr. Washington Broadwater.

Some of our sportsmen were out taking advantage of the game last Friday and if reports are true they bagged more game than they could carry home.

Mr. W. E. Beeghley, one of Garrett's live teachers, who is teaching near Bumble Bee Ridge, says rabbits are more plentiful there than bumble bees. It is reported he killed thirteen last Friday after his school closed.

Senator Ravenscroft is east on business.

Butchering is the order of the day.

J. E. Gnagey was pleased this morning to see his water tank full of water as it had been dry the past month.

O. K.

Report of Deer Park School.

Prof. A. W. Bauman, principal of the Deer Park school, sends the following report of his school for the month of October:

No. enrolled, 103; average attendance 77, of whom 36 were males and 41 females; those who attended during the entire month were Myrtle George, Grover Hunt, Roy George, Roy Bobet, Benjamin Long, Frank Chidester, Charles Haller, Charles Jones, Howard Thrasher, Hay Wheeler, Ray Jones, Sada Laughlin, Nellie Thrasher, Annie Baldwin, Daisy Grim, Maude Wolf. The co-operation of parents is earnestly solicited. You should see to it that your children attend regularly. Irregularity of attendance greatly interferes with the progress of the pupil. You are cordially invited to visit the school at any time.

W. A. BAUMAN, Principal.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* is on every wrapper.

Champion.

The champion free silver man lives in Tucker county, W. Va. His name is said to be Spencer. He permits no golden rod or marigold to grow on his farm. He plants white corn. He has utterly stopped observing the golden rule and refuses to speak to his wife because she has golden hair. He openly declares that he has no desire to enter the golden gate, and a few days ago, coming in possession of a gold watch he had it nickeled.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.
IN EFFECT JULY 18, 1897.

SOUTHWARD No. 3	SOUTHWARD No. 1	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2	NORTHWARD No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 00	8 00 lv	Cumberland ar	*12 00	47 30
3 29	8 29	Rawlings	11 31	7 01
3 52	8 52	Keyser	11 08	6 38
4 05	9 05	Westernport	10 55	6 25
4 09	9 09	W. Va. C. June.	10 51	6 18
4 37	9 35	Shaw	10 23	5 50
5 02	10 00	Harrison	9 56	55 26
5 15	10 15 ar	E&R Garden	9 40	*1 00
5 35	10 35 lv	Gorman	9 20	1 51
5 42	10 42	Bayard	9 19	3 49
5 51	10 51	Dobbin	9 01	4 29
6 27	11 27	Thomas	8 28	5 08
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	7 55	3 15
6 59	11 59 lv	Coketon	8 51	1 01
7 01	12 01	Hendricks	8 49	3 30
7 07	12 07	Beitz	7 53	3 23
7 10	12 10	Parsons	7 50	3 20
7 45	12 45	Kerens	7 15	2 45
8 00	1 00 ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	12 30
	1 30 ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
	1 55 ar	Realington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.			A. M.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, General Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

REAL ESTATE!

—FOR SALE BY—

JOHN SHARTZER, Real Estate Agent,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

House and 2 lots in McHenry.

Farm near Deer Park; improved.

A well improved farm near Ryan's Glade.

The above properties will be sold on easy terms.

One 50-acre lot adjoining the farm of W. T. Jamesson near Mt. Lake Park.

1 59-acre lot adjoining the lands of Mrs. Kilburne and —— Jackson near Mt. Lake Park; will be sold very cheap for cash.

House of 4 rooms, 4 acres of land two miles south of Mt. Lake Park.

House and 4 acre of ground adjoining Loch Lynn Heights. Will be sold cheap.

A livery stable at Loch Lynn Heights; finest in the county; must be sold at once.

House and lot in Mt. Lake Park.

50 acres; improved by a small house; near Cranberry Glade farm.

7 building lots in Loch Lynn Heights.

A lot of ground adjoining Mt. Lake Park on the Oakland road.

An improved farm of 100 acres, 2 miles from Terra Alta.

An improved farm of 200 acres near Crellin.

The Oakland Steam Laundry property.

7 large building lots in Oakland.

For further information, prices and terms, apply to

JOHN SHARTZER,
6-26 OAKLAND, MD.

AGENTS WANTED

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AND

STANDARD SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS

By the W. B. Conkey Company, the largest publishers and manufacturers of books in the United States. Finest line of new holiday and other subscription books on the market.

Also agents wanted for "THE SILVER SIDE," the latest and best text book on the silver question by the great silver leaders.

EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY.
LARGEST COMMISSIONS.
PRICES BELOW COMPETITION.

Write at once for circulars and special terms, stating your choice of territory.

W. B. CONKEY COMPANY,
341 343, 345, 347, 349, 351 Dearborn St.,
39 4cow, CHICAGO.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Bicycles are being stored for the winter.

It's a lucky turkey that manages to keep thin just now.

Oakland has a liveryman who is the master of several languages.

Mr. John P. Jones, of Terra Alta, was in the city last Thursday.

Mr. D. E. Bolden made a business trip to Terra Alta yesterday morning.

Mr. Henry Weber, sr., made a business trip to New York City Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Fraley spent last Sunday with relatives in Terra Alta.

Sheriff Austin Brown made a business trip to Sang Run and vicinity this week.

Mr. Daniel E. Offutt went to Cumberland Tuesday and returned to Oakland last night.

New steel rails are being laid by the B. & O. on their north track through Oakland.

Mrs. E. J. M. Button, who was quite ill several days last week is very much improved.

Judge Sloan came up to Oakland this morning and passed two or three orders in equity cases.

Mr. Geo. T. Brew, of Grantsville, was in Oakland two or three days this week on business.

Mr. Ed. Bartlett, who has a position in Cumberland, spent Sunday in Oakland with his parents.

Mr. Will Weber returned Monday morning last from a business and social visit to Philadelphia.

Rev. Romanus Mattingly, of Hancock, accordingly to the Cumberland *News*, was in that city last Tuesday a few hours.

Mr. C. A. Bolden, of Meversdale, Pa., has recently installed a steam heating plant in Mr. Michael Boyle's residence on Oak street.

Mrs. James D. Hamill has gone to Rochester, N. Y., where she attended the wedding of her sisters which occurred yesterday.

Mr. Norman Sanner, who has been in Cumberland several weeks in the capacity of a drug clerk, has returned to his home in Oakland.

That firm is not in existence that will sell first class marble work and terra cotta pipe cheaper than the J. B. Williams Co., of Frostburg, Md. 3

Messrs. Bolden & Brown, the undertakers and furniture dealers, are adding an additional story to their building which will be used for storage purposes.

If you want fine photographs you had better avail yourself of the opportunity between now and December 1st, before Suddarth's gallery closes for the winter. 36-2.

Mr. Charles Anderson, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Anderson, has been confined to his bed several weeks suffering severely from nervous prostration.

Mr. Charles B. Cropp started for Baltimore on Monday morning where he will purchase his holiday stock of goods. He was accompanied by his son Robert.

Don't nauseate your stomach with teas and bitter herbs, but regulate your liver and sick headache by using those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

Garrett and Worcester, the two extremes of the State, were the first to receive the commissions from the Executive Chamber of the newly elected officials of the respective counties.

Burning, itching skin diseases instantly relieved by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, unequalled for cuts, bruises, burns. It heals without leaving a scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. H. J. Frear, who recently erected a dwelling on Liberty street, last week had a hot water heating plant installed in his new home. The work was done by A. Zeck & Co., of Grafton.

Vim, vigor and victory:—these are the charistics of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, billiousness and all stomach and liver troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. George T. Brew, of Grantsville, recently bought from A. Knabb & Co., two thousands acres of timber lands along the river and next spring he will erect a mill on his purchase when he will remove to Oakland.

Messrs. Dixon & Kelso on Monday commenced the erection of an addition to their store building on Second street. The addition will be twelve feet wide and two stories high and will be used as a clothing room.

"They don't make much fuss about it." We are speaking of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous Little pills for constipation, billiousness, and all stomach and liver troubles. They never gripe. Oakland Pharmacy.

The Maryland - West Virginia boundary line surveyors' camp is now located near Glade Farms, the garden spot of Preston county, but we will take it within our lines by the survey being now made.

John Griffin, of Zanesville, O., says: "I never lived a day for thirty years without suffering agony, until a box of Witch Hazel Salve cured my piles." For piles and rectal troubles, cuts, bruises, sprains, eczema and all skin troubles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. Oakland Pharmacy.

In this issue of THE REPUBLICAN Mr. John Shartler, as mortgagee, advertises at public auction on Friday, Dec. 10th, the real estate owned by the Horticultural Supply company, at Loch Lynn Heights.

"Nemo's" letters, which have been a feature of THE REPUBLICAN for several months, have been omitted the past two issues of this paper. He has prepared a special paper for the Thanksgiving issue which will appear next week.

At the Philadelphia flower show held last week Messrs. H. Weber & Sons, the well-known Oakland florists, received five first and four second prizes for roses, carnations and chrysanthemums. All the prizes were cash ones.

Last Tuesday night Mr. Hiram P. Tasker was walking along Second street when he slipped and fell from the sidewalk striking and dislocating his right shoulder. Since the accident befell Mr. Tasker he has suffered considerable pain.

Governor Lowndes expects to appoint a judge of the Orphans' Court of Garrett county very shortly. There has been a vacancy on the Garrett bench for some time, and quite a number of names have been mentioned for the position.

Samuel Butts, who has charge of the pumping station at the Western Maryland bridge at Cherry Run, says that dead fish have been floating down the Potomac river for some days past in large numbers. The destruction of these fish is said to be due to the bad condition of the water.

There is a time for everything; and the time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait until you have consumption but prevent it by using One Minute Cough Cure, the great remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. George M. Mason, the miller, has not gone into the show business, but simply bought the outfit consisting of a horse and wagon which belonged to a traveling company of artists, and who found the roads in this section of country too rough to make headway.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilmor S. Hamill went to Princeton, N. J., last Saturday, in company with Judge Boyd, and remained over Sunday. Judge Boyd's son is a student in the University at Princeton and Mr. Hamill contemplates sending his sons to the same institution.

"I crave but One Minute," said the public speaker in a husky voice; and then he took a dose of One Minute Cough Cure, and proceeded with his oratory. One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled for the throat and lungs. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. John Lee Harne, of Clarksburg, W. Va., who was married last Thursday to a Roanoke (Va.) lady, arrived in Oakland on Saturday afternoon with his bride and remained here until Sunday evening as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Lawton and other relatives of Mr. Harne, when they started for Clarksburg, their future home where they have gone to housekeeping.

Mr. N. N. Osburn well known at Woodstock, Mich., was troubled with a lame back. He was persuaded to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It gave him relief in one night. This remedy is also famous for its cures of rheumatism. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Langhlin, Deer Park.

Prof. Frazee, of Selbysport, who has been retained as assistant principal of the Oakland schools, took charge on Monday morning and has already proved himself a valuable aid to Prof. Sanner in his arduous duties. Miss Weber, the second assistant, has been transferred to another room with her classes. There are now enrolled 367 scholars.

A new time card on the B. & O. went into effect Sunday morning. There were no very important changes made in the running of the through trains. In the matter of accomodation trains, however, the traveling public is put to a great disadvantage, the morning train east and the evening train west having been discontinued, also the Sunday accommodation trains.

"The worst cold I ever had in my life was cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," writes W. H. Norton, of Sutter Creek, Cal. "This cold left me with a cough and I was expectorating all the time. The Remedy cured me and I want all my friends when troubled with a cough or cold to use it, for it will do them good." Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Langhlin, Deer Park.

There is a movement on foot to reorganize the band in Oakland. One of the rooms in the Opera House has been secured in which the band will meet. Mr. Joseph Martin is at the head of the reorganization and is receiving encouragment in the work. We have many good musicians in Oakland and there is no plausible reason why the band could not be made a great success.

That was a mythical account of the capture (?) of the robbers who plundered Mr. Chas. S. May's store at Swanton several weeks ago which appeared in the *Journal's* last issue. One line says they were captured and the following one is a flat contradiction, saying "the robbers were making away with the goods in a two-horse wagon and upon seeing they were pursued by officers they left the team and took to the woods," punctuation alone omitted, which was vile.

The Auxiliary, which was such a social success last winter, will meet at the Rectory on next Thursday night to reorganize for the coming season. All the members and friends are requested to be present. By order of the President

Sunday night Dr. Henry McComas took Mr. John Sweeney to Baltimore and had him placed in one of the hospitals of that city for treatment. Mr. Sweeney, it will be remembered, had a narrow escape from being asphyxiated by gas in Washington city hotel a few weeks ago, has not fully recovered from the effects of his unfortunate experience and at this time he is unable to use his right foot, hence the need of medical aid and trained nursing.

A local newspaper beats the world as an advertising medium, says an exchange. A hand bill attracts attention by accident. The newspaper carries your message to the waiting audience. The fence and barn door "ad" is a corpse that may be looked upon by a few neighbors who have to go near it. The newspaper "ad" goes into the home, takes a seat in the family circle, and talks right to the heart of many thousands of people who pay for that kind of entertainment. They love the family paper and read it with confidence. Nothing equals a good live local paper when it comes to reaching the people. Try it and see for yourself.

It heals everything except a broken heart, may be said of DeWitt Witch Hazel Salve. Piles and rectal diseases, cuts, burns, bruises, tetter, eczema and all skin troubles may be cured by it quickly and permanently. Oakland Pharmacy.

Tuesday the pastor met with a very painful accident, and up to this writing is in bed, not able to walk. He went to Franklin, to visit a very sick lady, when returning home and on the top of the Franklin mines' mountain, a gale struck him, the colt which he was riding took fright and started down the mountain at a break-neck rate. Fortunately the saddle girth broke, throwing both rider and saddle a considerable distance. Mr. Baker was unconscious for a while. The rain beating in his face revived him. While his injuries are very painful they are not of a serious nature. —Bloomington Corr. Piedmont Herald.

The Oakland flouring mill is now in good shape to make you good buckwheat flour and plenty of it. Don't fail to call and bring your grain. Mr. E. O. Dudley has charge and will treat you right. The Oakland Mills, Oakland, Md. 30-13.

The recent visit of the Rt. Rev. Wm. Paret, D. D., Bishop of Maryland, to Oakland was enjoyed by the friends who called to see him at the Rectory. The Bishop was well pleased at the general condition of the Parish and quite surprised at the goodly attendance at service on Sunday. His only regret was that he could not remain longer as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Brayshaw, but he had to meet the House of Bishops in New York Tuesday morning. At the request of the Vestry the present very amicable relations with the Rector are to be continued, and on leaving a promise was made (D. V.) that the Bishop will come for a more extended visit to Oakland next summer and visit the missions opened up by the Rector of St. Matthew's Parish.

The three-year old boy of J. A. Johnson, of Lynn Center, Ill., is subject to attacks of croup. Mr. Johnson says he is satisfied that the timely use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, during a severe attack saved his little boy's life. He is in the drug business n member of the firm of Johnson Bros., of that place; and they handle a great many patent medicines for lung and throat diseases. He had all these to choose from, and skilled physicians to respond to his call, but selected this remedy for use in his own family when his childs life was in danger because he knew it to be superior to any other, and famous the country over for its cures of croup. Mr. Johnson says that is the best selling cough medicine they handle, and that it gives splendid satisfaction in all cases. Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Langhlin, Deer Park.

Commissioners' Meeting.

The County Commissioners for this county, as the board is now composed, held its last meeting on Tuesday of last week, at which time the assessment schedule of the Davis Coal & Coke company was taken up for re-adjustment. The commissioners spent Tuesday and Wednesday over the matter and after examining a large number of witnesses the coal company's assessment was increased to $12,500 which we have no doubt is an equitable amount.

The Board, besides the above, transacted other routine business and adjourned on Thursday morning.

How to Cure Bilious Colic.

I have suffered for weeks with colic and pains in my stomach caused by biliousness and had to take medicine all the while until I used Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy which cured me. I have since recommended it to a good many people. Mrs. F. Butler, Fairhaven, Conn. Persons who are subject to bilious colic can ward off the attack by taking this remedy as the first symptoms appear. Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Among the Churches.

The services at St. Peter's Catholic church, Rev. F. A. B. Wimmenberg, pastor, for the week beginning Sunday next will be as follows: Sunday services, low mass and communion, 7.30 a. m.; high mass and sermon, 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.; vespers and benediction, 3.30 p. m. Week day services, mass every day at 7.30 a. m.; services first Friday of every month, 7.30 p. m. A cordial welcome extended to all.

On Sunday morning and evening the regular preaching services will be held in St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran chuch. Sermons will be preached by the pastor, Rev. J. W. Butler.

The services in the Garrett Memorial church Sunday will be held at 11 o'clock a. m., when a sermon will be preached by the pastor, Rev. S. M. Engle. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend.

On Sunday the services in the Episcopal chapel, Sixth and Alder streets, will be 7.30 a. m., holy communion; 10 a. m., Sunday school; 11 a. m., morning prayer and sermon; 7.30 p. m., evening prayer and lecture. Week day services Wednesday and Friday at 7 p. m. A cordial welcome to all.

For the greater comfort of those who desire to worship with us, and all strangers visiting our town, during the winter months, we have removed the services from St. Matthew's church to the chapel in the rear of the rectory where all services will be held. A cordial welcome to all. Earnest service with good music.

(Rev.) WM. BRAYSHAW,
Rector.

An Address to Ladies.

On Friday night of this week at 7.30 o'clock in the auditorium of St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church Miss Laura W. Rice, of Baltimore, will address the ladies of that congregation. All are cordially invited to attend.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to Cure. 25c. 37-26.

Marriage Licenses.

Clerk Tower, during the month of October, issued marriage licenses to following:

William Henry Bowers and Dora Ellen Stewart.

Lyman E. Buel and Airey V. Butler.

Harry Mays and Daisy L. Boyles.

Wm. H. Maddigan and Mary E. Grady.

John Wood and Sallie Clark.

Frederick Brumage and Minerva Horner.

David Patrick and Dora Carr.

James W. Farris and Mary Jane McRobie.

Albert Skidmore and Estella Swick.

Lewis H. Bemis and Margaret J. E. A. Robbins.

Alvin H. Cooper and Nishia D. Cotton.

Harmon H. Borror and Sallie L. Shobe.

Sanford Pickenpaugh and Annie Molisee.

David F. Smith and Perley V. Trumbo.

Charles A. Gutherie and Emma L. Speicher.

William Cavanaugh and Ida Bailey.

Thomas F. Griffith and Mamie Wright.

Six were marked "don't publish."

Call for Your Letters.

W. B. Newman, Walie Bauser, C. A. Strathurly, Geo. Kisner, L. D. Baker, E. Murphy, Rev. C. I. Lakerone, Mrs. Emma Bowser, Mrs. C. E. Baker, Mrs. Loer, Miss Jennie Reynolds, Miss Ethe Johnson.

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN.

YOU Can't Afford to Miss The Gold Fish Bargains . . AT . . Harned's Oakland Pharmacy

WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY AND ACTive gentlemen or ladies to travel for responsible established house in Maryland. Monthly $65.00 and expenses. Position steady. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept. R, Chicago. 37-16.

Coats! Coats!

The Largest and Most Complete Assortment of

Ladies', Misses and Childrens' Coats, Cloth and Fur Capes

that for Workmanship and Beauty of Finish are Surpassed by none and at prices defying competition.

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS,

Cheapest place in Garrett Co. to buy goods.

A Great Thing for You!

GENTLEMEN:—THE HOLIDAYS ARE APPROACHING. Now is the time to give your orders for Suits or Overcoats. We will make you a Suit or Overcoat of Goods Imported Cheviot for

$15.00.

We guarantee them to be first class in style, workmanship and fit. As to the cloth, it speaks for itself. We have gotten it and see for them until now.

Garments cut and made from your own material at reasonable prices.

You can have that old suit of yours dyed, cleaned and repaired to look like new by our expert workmen.

Come now, this is the time.

M. COHEN, Xpert Tailor, OAKLAND, MD.

Five Hundred Turkeys

To be Contested for in a Shooting Match at Terra Alta, W. Va., next Wednesday.....

On Wednesday, November 24th, at the Poultry Farms of J. L. Holloway, Terra Alta, the biggest shooting match ever held in that section will occur. Five hundred Turkeys and as many Ducks and Chickens will be contested for. Hot Coffee and Lunch will be served on the grounds. A cordial invitation is extended to Garrett county's marksmen to be present. Bring your Winchesters and come prepared to remain all day.

WHITE DALE POULTRY FARMS.

J. L. HOLLOWAY, Proprietor.

Mortgagee's Sale of a Valuable Real Estate at Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett County, Maryland.....

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from the Horticultural Supply company of Garrett county, to Joseph C. Alderson, dated the 3rd day of August, 1896, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 29 folio 183, etc., one of the Records of Garrett county, and under and by virtue of an assignment from the said Joseph C. Alderson to John Shartzer, I the undersigned assignee, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on

Friday, the 10th day of December, 1897,

at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m., on the premises at Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Md., all the real estate described in said mortgage as follows: Beginning at a stake on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and corner of the land of Mountain Home Company, thence with the land of said company south twenty and a quarter degrees east three hundred and forty two feet to a stake (342) in second Avenue extended and reduced to a thirty foot street, thence along the same south sixty-nine and three fourths degrees west two hundred and fifty-five feet to a stake (255), thence north twenty and a quarter degrees west three hundred and forty-two feet (342) to a stake on the limits of the B. and O. railroad, thence along said limits north sixty-nine and three-quarter degrees east two hundred and fifty-five 255 feet to the beginning, containing two acres, more or less.

Said lot is improved by a two-story dwelling house and a green house fitted up with engine heating apparatus, pipes and fittings, pump, etc., etc. There are also eighteen hundred strawberry plants and six hundred and eighty nine fruit trees growing on said lot. Said greenhouse and fixtures were formerly used by the Horticultural Supply Co.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash on the day of sale or upon ratification thereof. Conveyancing at cost of the purchaser.

JOHN SHARTZER,
Assignee of Joseph C. Alderson.

THE .... HISTORIC **GLADES HOTEL** OAKLAND MARYLAND

CUT THIS TICKET OUT

and bring it to **Suddarth's Gallery** between now and December 1st and get every dozen photographs you order for **25c** for it on order; also one lovely platinum picture free.

A. C. SUDDARTH,
OAKLAND, MD.

Receiver's Sale.

Under and by virtue of an order of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, in equity, passed in a cause wherein Otho H. Fazenbaker is plaintiff and Christian Keiser is defendant, said cause being No. 2 on the equity docket of said court, and passed on the 9th day of November, 1897, I will on the

23d DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1897,

at the hour of ten o'clock a. m., at the saw mill of Christian Keiser about three miles north of Frankville, and near the road leading to Otho Fazenbaker, offer at public sale the following described property, to-wit:

One steam engine and saw mill without saw, baluster machine, fixtures and attachments all in good running order; 1 barrel of oil, 1 grind stone, 1 crow bar, 1 cross cut saw, 1 wheelbarrow, 1 sledge hammer, 4 cant hooks, 3 axes, 1 sawgummer, 1 cook stove, 1 heating stove, 9 ronforis and blankets, 4 bed ticks, 1 side of rawhide; also a lot of red oak and white oak lumber about eight or ten thousand feet.

Terms of sale as prescribed by the court—cash on the day of sale. No property to be removed until paid for.

OTHO H. FAZENBAKER,
Receiver.
36-2

ESTATE OF CHRISTIAN P. MILLER, DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscribers, of Garrett County, Maryland, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

CHRISTIAN P. MILLER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscribers, on or before the 11th day of May next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 8th day of December, 1897.

JOHN P. MILLER, Admr.
3-3* Grantsville, Md.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Lawson L. Wright vs. His Creditors, No. 102 Insolvents. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

Ordered, the 24 day of December, 1897, that the 29th day of December, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m., is hereby fixed as the time at which Lawson L. Wright, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or securities may propose or allege against him, and Obed James Peddicord, Permanent Trustee for the benefit of the creditors of the said petitioner shall, prior to the 30th day of December, 1897, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order by weekly publication in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland.

DAVID W. SLOAN,
True copy, Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 35-6

ORDER NISI.

George P. White vs. Joseph C. Alderson, No. 87 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Ordered this 23d day of October, in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county, sitting in equity, that the sale made and reported by George P. White, mortgagee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 20th day of November, 1897, provided a copy of this order be published in some newspaper published in Garrett county, once a week for three successive weeks before the 20th day of November, 1897.

The report states the amount of sale to be $2350.

E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.
True copy—Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 35-3

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

John S. Sanders vs. A. T. Shottlesworth and others.

No. 763 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors in the above entitled cause to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before the 11th day of December, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m., as I will on that day proceed to state an audit distributing the funds in the hands of F. A. Thayer and G. S. Hamill, trustees.

J. C. PEDDICORD, Special Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

George H. Miller vs. Gustavus W. Delawder, No. 757 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Gustavus W. Delawder to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before the 23d day of November, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m., as I will on that day proceed to state an audit distributing the funds.

EDWARD H. SINCELL, Auditor

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD

INDIAN SUMMER.

Now brutal winds have ceased to rage
Amid the autumn bowers,
And icy brooks and sodden fields
Are graves of vanished flowers.
O'er sedgy rill and dreamy glen
A mystic presence broods
And vague and unimagined sounds
Invade the solitudes.

The clouds that dot the heavenly meads
Like specters flee away,
And fish within the sluggish tarns,
Might now be heard to play.
No butterfly is on the wing,
No cricket's sing or leap,
And in the weird and tender light
The languid valleys sleep.

Before the blaze the farmer basks,
From harvest toil set free,
And in the wood the squirrel peeps
From out the hollow tree.
While one complains of scanty yield,
With all his barns aglut,
The other, in his mossy lodge,
Contented, cracks a nut.

Low-whistling quails still haunt the field,
Where late the waving grain
Upreared its myriad golden spears—
The glory of the plain.
Along the roofless woodland isles
The robin calmly calls
And monkish rabbits leap and stare
At every leaf that falls.

Now forests gleam through amber mists,
Like pilgrims gray and old;
And cliffs and barren hills are changed
To temples rooted with gold.
Each morn doth seem a sibyl's dream,
And when the days expire,
The west is filled with phantom ships,
That sail on seas of fire.

But soon the ruffian winds will take
The cedars by the throat,
And rain, and hail, and deadly frost
O'er field and forest gloat.
And fog, and damp, and glittering ice,
All things in ruin merge,
And crows croak out on blasted pines
A universal dirge!

—Augustus Watters, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

A STORY OF EGYPT.

[Copyright, 1897.]

IT WAS an ill-chosen night for such an experiment; I had forgotten that it was Halloween.

But it is easy to forget European holidays in Cairo. They seem quite out of place in the land of the Pharaohs and the city of the Arabian Nights—a sheer anachronism. Yet I subsequently had reason to conclude that the witchery of Halloween loses none of its potency there. Why should it in the home of magic and the haunt of mummies?

I had ridden my bicycle far up the Muski. Bicycles are no longer a novelty in the Egyptian metropolis, but they rarely invade the native quarter; and as I slowly pedaled through the turbaned throng I found that I attracted considerable attention. A vociferous and meddlesome mob pushed after me; twice I was forced to dismount by donkey boys who thrust their superfluous animals across my track, and once I almost fell under the feet of a baggage camel whose bulging pack swept the narrow way. At last, vexed and hot and thirsty, I stopped at a small cafe.

The place was brilliantly lighted and crowded with Arabs. At one end, on a raised platform, sat a story teller, twanging on a sort of one-stringed guitar and reciting, I suppose, some modern variant of the Thousand and One Tales. Soon a waiter approached. I endeavored to order a sherbet, but could not make myself understood; at length, however, he set before me a wineglass brimming with some transparent liquid. I sipped at it gingerly; the taste was sweetish and spicy. I was in the experimental mood; and as I began by saying, I had quite forgotten that it was Halloween. "It's harmless, anyhow," I thought—"Here goes!" and I drank it down.

I have no memory of remounting my wheel, but I presently found myself upon it. The streets were empty now—singularly empty—and I flew on with elastic touch and effortless speed down interminable lanes of darkness. I had started homeward, but already I was lost in a gloomy labyrinth of unknown alleys. I was becoming alarmed but seemed unable to abate my speed.

At length I issued from the city and shot out under the open sky. Stars glimmered above me; they glinted in the black Nile as I sped across the long bridge; the pyramids loomed in shadow beyond.

And now I was whirling along the edge of the fringe of desert which everywhere skirts the valley beneath the cliffs. I noticed with uneasy curiosity that the sand seemed unaccountably disturbed in many places. Just before me I discerned something struggling up out of the ground. As I passed it stood erect. It was a mummy.

I fled on in choking horror. But the plain was full of black figures; they were exhuming themselves everywhere. In the dim light I could see them stripping off their balsamed bandages; I felt that they were gathering in hosts behind me. I flung all my strength upon the pedals and cut the wind like a rifle ball.

Suddenly I saw in front of me an inky opening. I knew at once that it was the mouth of a tomb—Egypt is full of these rock-hewn tunnels—but whether I fled into it from mere excess of terror, or was swept down its throat by the mysterious force that appeared to animate my wheel, I cannot pretend to say. I only know that in an instant sky and plain and dusky ghosts had vanished, and I was darting down a steep incline through cavern darkness.

I knew that in a moment I should reach the end—a dead wall of solid rock. My machine was brakeless; my feet were powerless on the pedals. It came—a terrific shock, a concussion that seemed annihilation; and wheel and rider lay together in mingled ruin.

After an interval occupied with indescribable sensations, I rose to my feet. I was amazed to find myself unhurt—I had thought that I was dying. I noted also, with some surprise, that the place was no longer dark—though the light was dim and gray, like that which filters through a thick mist. Perhaps it was only that my eyes had grown accustomed to the gloom.

I picked up my wheel from the tangle of debris at my feet. It, too, was uninjured. I sprang to the saddle; never had my pet machine seemed so light and responsive. I started onward—not homeward. Why? I cannot tell you. I was still dazed by the crush; my actions were merely automatic. I passed over the dusky, huddled mass at the end of the passage; it offered no resistance. I rode on through the solid rock of the terminal wall with no more obstruction than when a sunbeam passes through a plate of glass.

And then at last I understood. It was not that the rock had lost its hardness! it was I that had no substance. I was now as immaterial as the all-pervasive ether. I need no longer fear the flitting ghosts—for what was I?

On through the stony bowels of the earth I flew—onward and downward. I could see about me only to a little distance, as when one moves through a heavy fog; but I could perceive the irregular structure of the rock as readily as one detects the flaws in a piece of cloudy amber. Yet I pierced it like a vapor; to me it was less than air—for I felt not a breath upon my face.

At length I had passed far below all the strata known to the geologist, deep into the region of igneous rock; which I had noted, but with strange lack of interest, was seamed with jagged, gleaming veins of every metal, and cracked with many a sparkling gem-encrusted fissure. Then all this ponderous substance seemed to melt away, and a broad, cavernous plain opened before me. Its roof was lost in gloom and distance; its floor was ashen; in all its vast expanse there was no trace of color.

Then I cried out—but my voice was as soundless as a thought—"It is

"IN THIS THOU SHALT NOT JUDGE ME."

Amenthes. The ancient tale is true. There is, indeed, an underworld of ghosts, and the men of old were not deluded. I, too, shall stand in presence of Osiris."

Now a strong wind had arisen—or what seemed a wind—which swept me forward with incredible swiftness. Yet I was conscious of something speeding at my side; I could not escape it. Soon I was able to perceive it plainly, in black outline. Its form was vaguely human, though of more than human stature; but the eyes shone redly; the nose was long and sharp; the head was the head of a jackal—or a fiend. I knew the monstrous form at once, for it is painted on the walls of every tomb in Egypt. "It is Anubis," I cried—"Anubis, conductor of the dead."

Anubis gave a little yelp of assent. It was the first sound I had heard in Amenthes. Something about this weird creature seemed strangely familiar, and not unfriendly. I was not afraid.

"O, Anubis," I entreated him—and now my voice seemed to break its fetters and issue in articulate sound—"if indeed you are Anubis, wither do you lead me? Is it in truth to the judgment hall of Osiris?"

And again the monster yelped assent.

"But this place is strange and full of terrors," I cried, "and I am so newly dead! O, Anubis, be my guide and helper."

To this there was no reply. And even as I spoke a long, black, sinuous line appeared in the distance. Soon we were close upon it, and I recognized the undulating coils of the huge serpent which bars the path of every soul as it seeks to cross this dreary interspace. The frightful shadow raised its head; midnight darkness seemed to drip from his open jaws; but Anubis smote it with the mysterious emblem which he bore in his hand, and the foul monster sank down as if dead. We passed in safety.

And now an angry glow lighted the wild scene before us. A wall of blood-red fire raged right across our track, tossing its roaring flame jests high in the darkness. A single gap appeared—so narrow that the fierce conflagration closed above it like a gothic arch.

"Now sprint for it," growled Anubis, speaking for the first time, and in strangely modern phrase. "Now scorch, or scorch forever."

The fiery furiace of the Babylonian king was but a spark to this. Yet there was no evasion. I bent to my task; my phantom wheel responded with an arrowy rush; and before the searing heat could lay hold upon me the flame-roofed avenue was passed.

"Well done," barked Anubis, close by my side.

And now we rolled through the portals of a mighty temple. Its huge pylons were lifted up like mountains under the skyless gloom; no such tremendous masonry was ever reared at Karnak or Memphis. Then came a wilderness of painted columns—each one like a castle tower—and amid them colossal figures, with faces veiled in the sombre shades that hung like a canopy in the upper spaces. The way seemed like the dim, unending avenues of a dream, that still lead on and are still the same; but at length I was in the midst of a vast chamber; it opened amid the maze of columns like a forest glade. The light that illumined it was ruddy as the morning sky, but whence it was reflected I could not distinguish; there was neither lamp nor torch. The whole place was vibrant with a ravishing but soul-quelling melody—a wailing echo of far-off agony, no louder than a whisper. The hall seemed empty, but as I glided slowly forward it was suddenly full of figures, gigantic, monstrous, towering on every side. It was in verity the judgment hall of Death.

Far before me sat Osiris, enthroned more huge than rocky Memnon, with scourge and scepter. Beside him quivered the dread scales in which are weighed the souls of men. His look was not unkindly, yet my heart quaked beneath it.

Then out of the whispering, moaning melody there rose a clang of accusing voices, naming my every fault, both deed and thought, forgotten or remembered. I burned with shame, for I knew that all was true. And the face of Osiris grew stern as I made no answer, but still his look was full of pitying kindness.

Then came a voice that was like the hiss of an angry serpent. "He is false," it cried, "false to his plighted love." And the brow of Osiris darkened in wrath; the light of pardon faded from his awful eyes; his scourge was lifted.

I had sunk upon my knees in my deep humiliation, but now, with supreme effort, I sprang up and strode toward the throne.

"The charge is false," I cried. "Never was I untrue to Her. And she herself, Osiris, shall be my judge; in this thou shalt not judge me."

As I spoke these words the features of Osiris softened. They slowly melted into a dream of beauty and sweetness. It was no longer Osiris; it was the face of my beloved. She was bending over me with tearful eyes.

"My darling," she whispered, "how could you be so reckless. You shall never taste any of their dreadful drugs again. We never should have found you if it hadn't been for Carlo. The stuff had made you crazy, and you rode down an alley straight against a wall. I think I should have died if you had raved so strangely any longer. You didn't know me, dear—not ever me—until at last I cried out that you didn't truly love me. For you lay staring in my face as if I were a fiend, and it seemed as if my heart would break. But you do love me, dear."

And she stooped again and kissed my lips.

A Chinese Passport.

The lines of no two human hands are alike. When a traveler in China desires a passport the palm of the hand is covered with fine oil paint, and an impression is taken on this damp paper. This paper, officially signed, is the passport.

"THE PRETTY SERGEANT."

Deeds of Valor Performed by a French Heroine.

The story of Virginia Ghesquiere, the French heroine, who was decorated with the Order of the Legion of Honor for distinguished bravery during one of the campaigns of the French army in Spain, is graphically told by Emile Cere in his history of "Madame Sans-Gene et Les Femmes Soldats."

In the conscription of 1806 a young man by the name of Ghesquiere was enlisted among the forced recruits of the department of the Haut-Rhin. The beardless conscript was frail and delicate, utterly unable to bear the fatigues and hardships of war. Realizing the physical incapacity of her twin brother, whom she very closely resembled, the brave and unselfish sister, Virginia, decided to take his place in the ranks.

With the courage of a high and noble motive, Virginia Ghesquiere begged her parents to allow her to do for France what her brother's ill health rendered it impossible for him to do, and so earnestly did the young patriot plead that she won their consent.

Donning her brother's apparel, the intrepid girl presented herself at the department on the following day, and was assigned to the Twenty-seventh regiment by the unsuspecting officer whose duty it was to enroll the recruits.

For six years the brave young woman preserved her disguise, and during this period was several times rewarded for gallant conduct. At Wagram the "pretty sergeant," as the modest, effeminate-looking young soldier was generally called, had the honor of saving the life of the colonel of the regiment, who had fallen into the Danube, and would have perished but for her efforts.

On the 2d of May, 1808, after the battle of Lisbon, the "pretty sergeant" performed a deed of valor that won for her the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

The girl soldier, who was now sergeant of a company of riflemen, perceived at a short distance from the field of battle the figure of the colonel of the regiment lying under the body of his dead horse. Turning to two comrades, she said: "The body of a colonel is a flag that belongs to the regiment, and the Twenty-seventh will retake it."

As she spoke she advanced toward the prostrate officer, followed by two soldiers. Her comrades, both weak from loss of blood, were unable to reach the goal, so that the burden of the affair fell upon her slender shoulders.

On reaching the spot she found it impossible to lift the heavy body of the fallen officer, tug and struggle as she might! She was now, moreover, beset by two straggling English soldiers. Seized by a sort of frenzy at this cowardly interruption of a merciful deed, the little sergeant fired at one of her assailants, wounding him in the shoulder, and then disabled the other by vigorous blows from her gunstock.

Both Britons surrendered, and assisted her in placing the officer, who still breathed, upon a horse which had strayed near. Compelling the Englishmen to allow themselves to be attached to the horse's tail, the "pretty sergeant" made a triumphal entry into camp, and was soon after made a chevalier of the legion.

One of the most singular circumstances of this curious history is that after the wars were over the woman who had won renown on the battle field and public recognition from the empire chose to return to her native province, and resumed there the old, simple, tranquil domestic life of her childhood.

Virginia Ghesquiere died in 1855, but her memory will always live among the inhabitants of Delemont, who from one generation to another will tell their children's children the story of the girl-soldier who served France so heroically for her brother's sake.—Youth's Companion.

Cultivate Cheer.

It was a favorite saying of Bancroft, the historian, who was a vigorous old man at 90, that the secret of long life is in never losing one's temper. The remark was simply a concrete way of expressing the hygienic value of amiability—a principle which, until lately, has scarcely been considered in the training of children. Hitherto we have regarded fretfulness, melancholy and bad temper as the natural concomitants of illness. But modern science shows that these mental moods have actual power to produce disease. No doubt in most cases imperfect bodily conditions are the cause of irritable and depressed feelings, yet sometimes the reverse is true, and a better knowledge of physiological laws would show them to be effect rather than cause. The fact that discontented and gloomy people are never in good health is an argument in favor of the theory that continual indulgence in unhappy thoughts acts as a poison and creates some form of disease.—Detroit Free Press.

Delicious Peach Pudding.

Fill a pudding dish with whole peeled peaches and pour over them two cups of water. Cover closely and bake until peaches are tender, then drain off the juice from the peaches and let it stand to cool. Add to the juice one pint sweet milk, four well-beaten eggs, a small cup of flour, with one teaspoonful of baking powder mixed in it, one cup sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter and a little salt. Beat well three or four minutes and pour over peaches in the dish. Bake until a rich brown and serve with cream.—N. Y. Ledger.

Wall Papering.

The subject of papering rooms without removing the old wall covering has recently been much discussed abroad. This practice, so temptingly convenient, has been carried on, it would seem, in many directions where one would least expect such nutidiness. It certainly ought by this time to be understood that from the paste and size used in these various applications of paper microbes are fostered.—N. Y. Post.

SHE DID THE LEADING.

A Slight Mistake in the Wedding Notice.

The square-jawed woman with pinkish hair laid her umbrella on the editor's desk and took her seat on a pile of damp proofs.

"Did a man," she said, "a man with a grayish goatee and a sneakin' manner hand in a marriage notice this mornin' for publication?"

"He did," said the editor; "there it is, Samson Peters to Mrs. Huldah Hoskins. Is that right?"

"The names is all right. It says Mr. Peters led Mrs. Hoskins to the hymeneal altar, don't it?"

"It does."

"I thought so. I'm Mrs. Hoskins. That is, I was last night. I s'pose I'll have to be Mrs. Peters now. I want the style of that marriage notice changed."

"In what way?" asked the editor.

"I'll give you my reasons first. You see, I've got some money and own a farm and two cotton gins. Anybody can see I don't need a husband. That Samson Peters is triflin', lazy, and no account generally. He ain't got no family nor friends and ain't with shucks. He ain't no more fit to take care of hisself than a babe. He'll be a dead expense on my hands, fur he'll never pay fur his salt, and he owes mor'n eighty dollars that I'll have to pay. But I don't keer how no 'count a man gits, some woman or other's bound to try and git him. That sassy widow Albright's been on the trail for four months and one of the Simpson gals has been makin' eyes at him every Wednesday night at prayer meetin'. He's a mighty pore, humble kind of creeter to take in, but I knows my duty when it comes before me. You jest scratch out where it says Mr. Peters led Mrs. Hoskins to the hymeneal altar and say that Mrs. Huldah Hoskins annexed Samson Peters last night at nine o'clock p. m."—Detroit Free Press.

A Valuable Franchise Secured.

The franchise of easy digestion—one of the most valuable in the gift of medical science—can be secured by any person wise enough to use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, either to suppress growing dyspepsia or to uproot it at maturity. Bilious, rheumatic and fever and ague sufferers, persons troubled with nervousness and the constipated, should also secure the health franchise by the same means.

At Harvard.

The Old Man—Well, how are you getting on with your work, George?

The Young Man (who is on the football team)—Out of sight. If we don't throw Yale down this year, I'm a lobster.—Up-to-Date.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 1/4 the price of coffee. 15c. and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Well Done Un.

Wife—Did the Chinaman do up your shirt well?

Husband—Yes. Beyond recognition.—N. Y. Journal.

Merely Wondered.—"Was there any frost last night?" "I think not. Why do you ask?" "I merely wondered whether next year's peach crop had been destroyed already."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

A Tip to Milk-Drinkers.—Doctors now say that boiled cow's milk is not good for babies; it is better raw. The doctors are right; a raw cow gives better milk than a boiled one.—Tit-Bits.

Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

Practical Economy.—"We told the man that the surgical operation he needed would cost $200." "How did he take it?" "He said it would be cheaper for him to go home and die."—Chicago Record.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c

When a man tells you what a wonderful poker player you are, that man is planning to enjoy life at your expense. — Chicago News.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

If we had to live near a woman who is always practicing singing by herself, we doubt if life would be considered worth living.—Washington Democrat.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. D. Townsend, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, '94.

Cupid might do more business if he would exchange his bow for a popgun.—Chicago News.

Use St. Jacobs Oil and say to Rheumatism: "Will see you later."

Lots of men year their wife's picture on a lapel button, and let them carry in the wood.—Washington Democrat.

Takes the pennant. St. Jacobs Oil Is champion in the cure of Neuralgia.

It is hard for a man to pass money that he sees lying on the sidewalk—especially if it is counterfeit.—Chicago News.

The pig would rather have swill than roses.—Ram's Horn.

Nature has given to men one tongue, but two ears, that we may hear from others twice as much as we speak.—Epictetus.

Hearing Affected

Ringing and Snapping in the Head Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"For many years I have been troubled with catarrh, which caused me much pain and affected my hearing. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and it helped me wonderfully and cured the snapping and ringing in my head." MRS. C. A. MEEKER, Cherry Valley, Illinois. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

There is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee.

The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee.

It does not cost over 1/4 as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Try Grain-O!

Saving.

"Henceforth," she cried, her dark eyes flashing, "women are to be free!"

The sultan bowed.

"Very well," he rejoined, calmly. "I haven't any kick coming. It'll be a great saving to me, I tell you those!"—N. Y. World.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Advice That Failed.

"Yes," said the millionaire, pompously, "it's the taking care of the little things that makes a man rich. Remember that, my friend."

"Well," said the other, hopelessly, "I've been taking care of twins, triplets and two singles for a good while, and I seem to be getting poorer all the time."—N. Y. Journal.

Star Plug Combines All Good Qualities.

All the desirable qualities you want in tobacco are found in Star plug to a special degree. Its constant use produces no evil effects.

The Golden Mean.

New Minister—I propose to hold old Moneybags up to scorn.

Old Minister—Don't go too far, my boy. "What would you suggest, then?"

"I'm—suppose you hold him up, merely."—Puck.

Do You Play Whist, Euchre or Other Games?

The F. F. V. playing card is better than any 50 cent card on the market. Send 15 cents for one deck or 25 cents for two decks (stamps or currency) to C. B. Ryan, Ass't Gen'l Pass'r Agt. C. & O. Ry., Cincinnati, O

Trouble for Both.

He—Oh, of course, dear, it is all right for you to eat onions if you like them, and I'm not the one to stop you; but, I declare, it's hard work to stand it.

She—Well, I don't blame you, Harry, for after I eat them I can hardly stay where I am myself.—Judge.

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package, FREE. Write to Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Great Expectations.

Pauline—If I marry you will you agree not to do anything to displease me?

Ten Broke—Certainly. If I marry you I don't expect to do anything at all.—N. Y. Journal.

Wake up sore, stiff. Use St. Jacobs Oil; you'll wake up cured

"MY WIFE'S LIFE."

How I was the means of saving it.

When the lungs are attacked and the symptoms of consumption appear, then begins the struggle between affection and that destroying disease which slays its thousands annually. It is a happy issue to the struggle when disease is conquered and health restored. Such an issue does not always end the struggle, but it did in the case of Mr. K. Morris, Memphis, Tenn., who saw his wife wasting and weakening and physicians helpless, and then suggested the simple remedy that wrought the cure. He tells the story thus:

"Seven years ago, my wife had a severe attack of lung trouble which the physicians pronounced consumption. The cough was extremely distressing, especially at night, and was frequently attended with the spitting of blood. The doctors being unable to help her, I induced her to try Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and was surprised at the great relief it gave. Before using one whole bottle she was cured, and now she is strong and quite healthy. That this medicine saved my wife's life I have not the least doubt. I always keep Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house. Whenever any of my family have a cold or cough we use it, and are promptly cured."—K. MORRIS, Memphis, Tenn.

The question: "Is consumption curable?" is still debated, and still debatable. It is easy to say that this was not a case of consumption. Yet the physicians said it was. They should know. As a matter of fact, Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has wrought so many similar cures that it seems to argue the curableness of consumption in its earlier stages, by the use of this remedy. There is no better medicine for pulmonary troubles than Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It gives relief in cases of Asthma, and Bronchitis, where relief has been heretofore unattainable. It promptly cures Coughs and Colds, La Grippe, and all affections of the throat and lungs. Heretofore, Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been put up in full size bottles only, at $1.00 per bottle. To meet a world-wide demand for a smaller package, the remedy is now put up in half size bottles, at half price—50 cents. Write for Dr. Ayer's Curebook (free) and learn more of the cures effected by Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Address J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

TEMPERANCE.

THE TRAMPING MAN.

How He Became a "Better and More Fortunate Son."

"Mrs. Tracy," said Anna Maria, the cook, "there's a tramping man coming on the side veranda; would you please look if I am to give him dinner?" This was Christmas day. Anna Maria smiled covertly as she spoke. For one reason or another, Mrs. Tracy always concluded that a tramping man was to have his dinner.

On this question Dr. and Mrs. Tracy differed. "The Scripture is," said the doctor, "if a man will not work, neither let him eat." Feeding these tramps encourages vice, and puts a premium on idleness." "I'm afraid it does," said Mrs. Tracy. "But there is a Scripture which says: "If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry." The tramps may not be as bad as we think, but we are sure they are hungry. I will lecture them well on idleness, for the sake of your text, and feed them for mine."

It was this which made Anna Maria to smile privately, as Mrs. Tracy went out to "look at the tramp." She saw a brawny fellow twenty-six or seven, his clothes worn and soiled, his red face bespeaking intimate acquaintance with dram shops.

He spoke civilly: "Would you give me a piece of bread for my dinner?" Then he took a good look at the large, neatly kept back premises. "I'll pack you some wood for it." "I can find you some food, but there is no wood to carry," said Mrs. Tracy, and then she smiled covertly, for this wily tramp had made sure that this house had no wood pile.

Mrs. Tracy went into the pantry. Her dinner would not be ready for an hour to come. There was nothing hot cooked. She was rather sorry for that, as this was Christmas day, and the table in her hall was heaped with presents.

She took a large plate, put on it the bread asked for, a large fresh piece, a cup, a knife and fork. Then she laid on the plate a large piece of cold roast beef, two big doughnuts and a slice of pumpkin pie. She thought that the pie and doughnuts would "look like Christmas to the tramp."

Meanwhile the tramp stood outside scowling. He was in a very ill humor. When the house doors had opened, out had come a delicious odor of roasting

HE NEVER RECALLED THE MONEY SPENT IN BARROOMS.

turkey, boiled potatoes and turnips, stewed cranberries, mixed whiffs of fresh bread, celery, gravy—and it had made him cross. What right had these people to have a big house, servants to wait on them, all this delightful cooking—and he had neither home, nor bed, nor friend, nor dinner? He did not recall the months of idleness, which, if industriously spent, might have procured him much of the good he craved.

This lady was all dressed in black satin, with a lace frill at her throat. "There wasn't much satin and lace about him," he said to himself. "Why couldn't he have good clothes?" He never recalled the money spent in barrooms; that would have purchased many good suits.

Mrs. Tracy came back beaming. She thought the tramp would be so glad to get more than he had asked for. "You would better come up on the veranda and sit down while you eat," she said. "If you are thirsty, here is a cup, you can fill it at the pump."

The tramp took the bountiful meal without a word and sat down. "O, all cold, was it? Why shouldn't he have a hot dinner like other folks? He could sit in the sun on the veranda and eat, could he? He wasn't even asked into the kitchen!" He never considered that his soiled clothes and shoes made him very poor company for neat Anna Maria. "Might go to the pump for a drink, might he? The folks inside could have coffee and tea, no doubt. O, he could sit and eat without any table; he'd seen through the window all the style they put on in that dining-room." So he growled all the time he ate. Then he would not knock at the door and give Anna Maria the dishes with a "thank you." No; he put them down on a chair and sloushed off around the house. Mrs. Tracy was on the front porch. She had just accompanied a friend to the gate. She looked at the tramping man so kindly that for the life of him he couldn't help saying: "Thank ye, mum, for yer dinner." "You're welcome to your dinner," said Mrs. Tracy. Then she bent toward him over the balustrade. "I felt so very thankful that my dear son was so much better off. I wish your mother had a better and more fortunate son." With the largeness of one more kind look, Mrs. Tracy went into the house. Oh, that was it, more fortunate because better! Better first, then more fortunate. It set the tramping man to thinking. His mother, was she dead or alive? He had not heard from her; scarcely thought of her, in eight years. He recalled her now. A big, browsy, coarse, hard-working woman; not at all like this silvery-voiced, satin-gowned lady; but she had shown him a rough kindness, and, right or wrong, had stoutly taken his part in all quarrels with the neighbors. She had dressed shabbily and worked at scrubbing and washing all day. Often she had said to him, that if he ran away from school daily, as he did, "he would never come to any good." It had proved true. He had come to no good. Once she had sat up nights to dress him out for Sunday school. When Christmas and its treats went by, and cold wintry days were over, he had said he would not go to Sunday school. "You'll never be a gentleman, Timmey," she had said. Right she was, he had never been a gentleman. Once she had took him to market with her and bought him candy with one of her hard-earned pennies. She gave him the apples people treated him to. Once he had been sick, and she bought him an orange, and a whistle, and held him on her lap. Poor mother, after all her hard toil, she might be dying at last in a poorhouse! There are some mothers who have much to suffer from sons. "How would it seem," he said, "to work and earn wages, and have a home and pay for my own food and have my mother live with me and treat her proper? Wouldn't she be surprised? 'A better and more fortunate son,' the lady said. It would be to give up whisky and fooling and go to work." He was walking along the St. Louis road now. "I'd hate to go back this way, all rags, and no money in my pocket."

He knew well that need must not be. There was a pailing where a burly fellow, such as he, could make good wages as fireman.

"In a month," said common sense, "you can go home in a strong suit, with a change of shirts, and money to keep you and your mother until you earned more."

"Wonder if I can?" he said to himself.

"Poor fellow, perhaps no one had ever offered a prayer for him until I did when I was putting his dinner on the plate." This was what Mrs. Tracy was saying to her husband.

"Well, the prayer of the righteous avails much. Prayer moves the arm of God," said the doctor, but, in truth, he had little faith in good coming to "the Tramping Man."

The next Christmas a very oddly addressed letter came to the D—— post office, and was finally given to Mrs. Tracy. The writing was neat, but plain: "To The Lady who lives in a Hous with pillers an 6 Pine Trees in the Front Yard, D—— Mo." This legend filled all the back of a big envelope. Within, Mrs. Tracy read: "you told me you wished my mother had a beter an' mor fortunit son. She hes. I come home an found her pretty nigh pleyed out, but I done rite wel by her. I don't drink none, I work. N. B. I go to nite schule an to church. My mother is well took car of. It was your kind words did it. Your Frend. The Tramping Man. —Mae Nair Wright, in National Temperance Advocate.

BITS AND BREVITIES.

Eighty per cent. of the licensed houses of England are now owned by the brewers.

The moderate drinker could abstain, but he won't, the drunkard can't.—National Temperance Advocate.

"Do you think that stimulants would hurt me, doctor?" "Not if you leave them alone."—Detroit Free Press.

Alcohol is not a gift of God, but the devil's most powerful agent for destroying God's image in man.—National Temperance Advocate.

Sergeant-at-Arms Bright, of the senate, deserves credit for shutting the bars in the senate and house wings of the capitol during the recess of congress.

Rev. Dr. A. H. Plumb, when preaching in Detroit soon after the meeting of the American Bankers' association there in August, severely criticised that body of influential men for visiting distilleries and having a banquet at which champagne was served. The Detroit Free Press declined to print that portion of the sermon which condemned the bankers.

E. T. Devine, Ph. D., secretary of the Charity Organization society of New York city, says that the Raines liquor law, prohibiting the free lunch, has made life more expensive for the New York vagrant, and thus diminished vagrancy. He also says that the stale beer dives that formerly existed in New York no longer exist, owing to the general introduction of a more effective apparatus for withdrawing beer from kegs.

Drinking Among the Upper Ten.

The British government's Inspector of inebriates' retreats, in his report just issued says: Immoderate drinking, though frightfully common among the industrial classes, is still more prevalent among the "upper ten." It is also certain that among women of all classes drunkenness is increasing rapidly. Out of 442 cases at the Dalrymple home 101 were university men, 316 were well educated, 235 were married, and the others were widowers or bachelors. In 228 cases sociability caused the downfall, ill-health caused the downfall in 36 cases, and overwork caused the downfall in 32 cases. In 55 per cent. of the cases the excess was traceable to predisposing hereditary indications.

Do Not Observe Sunday.

At the annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence union at Scranton, Pa., Rev. Mr. Cleary said: "One of the first laws and precepts of the Catholic church since the day's of paganism was the honor of God's day, but Catholic saloon keepers and their customers are careless of one of the church's most widely misunderstood laws."

It Soon Grows Stale.

What shall we do when we feel downhearted? Drink, says some one. Drinking will make us laugh, perhaps for awhile, but not the next morning. The laughter it causes is like the sparkle or the foam of the liquor itself—it soon grows stale.—Rev. Charles Wood, Presbyterian, Philadelphia.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—A Russian thistle nine feet in circumference was recently found growing by the wayside in the Santa Fe valley, New Mexico.

—According to Lord Tweedmouth, the area of the herring nets used in Scotland one year was no less than 164,000,000 square yards.

—According to Nilsson, the zoologist, the weight of the Greenland whale is 100 tons, or 224,000 pounds, or equal to that of 88 elephants or 440 bears.

—Next to our grape wine it is believed that Japanese sake, or rice wine, is the oldest alcoholic beverage known to man, its use in Japan dating back over 2,000 years.

—So rapid has been the change in the English language that the English of to-day bears no more resemblance to the English of 1,000 years ago than it does to German.

—The longest stretch of straight railroad line in America is on the Lake Shore railway, beginning at a point three miles west of Toledo, O., and running 69 miles without a curve.

—By a recent order of the sanitary police all barbers in Paris must hereafter wash their hands and boil their combs, razors and scissors ten minutes before taking up a new customer.

—Attempts have recently been made in several parts of France and Germany to introduce the American lobster, as it has been found that it escapes diseases that destroy the European varieties.

—In 1870 the duke of Galliera began to spend thousands of dollars a year collecting rare stamps. To-day his collection is believed to be the finest in the world, and is valued at $1,250,000.

—The crown of England is kept in the Tower of London and not in the queen's dressing-room. It is never brought out excepting on grand state occasions; but whenever a ceremony, such as a drawing-room or levee, takes place the queen wears a circlet of diamonds in the form of a crown on her head.

—The pension office building at Washington is the largest brick building in the world. It has been subjected to much criticism, but it can stand it, for as the time passes along there are many things seen about it that escaped notice when it was newer. In all there are over 10,000,000 bricks in the building.

ABOUT GALLANTRY.

New Ways of Living Bring New Rules in Manners.

That element of gallantry which is nothing more than a hypocritical display of insincere devotion has for many years tended to disappear and in the march of progress will continue to do so, not more because of the widening of woman's interests than because of the broader view of life and one's duty toward one's neighbor among both men and women. True gallantry, in its best and sincerest form, will never be "out of date" as long as men are men and women are women. Men will always respect women, and if gallantry be paid to intellectuality rather than to ignorance it is no less gallantry.

A man who gives up his seat in a street car to a pretty girl and then goes home and "kicks" because dinner is not ready is not gallant. With new ways of living for both men and women, gallantry must take new forms, adapting itself to conditions, but it will ever exist in the hearts and be shown in the actions of generous men and noble women.

A homely bit of gallantry was enacted in Springfield a few days ago by a driver of an ordinary, everyday watering cart. A woman had a fall from her bicycle just in front of the street sprinkler, and although not at all hurt her hands were considerably the worse for contact with the dirt of the road. The driver watched her from his high seat and then called out, cheerily: "Want to wash your hands, miss?" She admitted that it would be a desirable thing, so the man turned on a small stream from his cart and held his horses still while the woman washed her dirt-covered hands. Then, acknowledging her "Thank you" with a smile and a bow, he drove on and the woman resumed her ride. The driver's action was as true gallantry as ever knight performed in olden time—and such as Parisians would never think of.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Certain Irish Stories.

A Roman deacon was sent for to baptize a baby. In the cabin he could find no water, but there was a pot of tea. "Tea," he reasoned, "contains water, the rest is but accident," and proceeded to pour out a cup. But it was strong, even to blackness, and he went in search of water, and, having found some, watered the tea down to a more reasonable color, christened the baby with it, and reported the circumstance, as a case of conscience, to his superior. It had not occurred to him, having found the water, to use it by itself.

A tutor's letter of condolence sent to a bereaved parent. This was unkindly attributed to Oxford. The tutor wrote: "I am sincerely grieved to hear the sad news of your son's death. But I must inform you he would have had to go down in any case, as he had failed to satisfy the examiners in classical moderations."

One other story I may add here, as it serves to illustrate a certain disparity often noticeable between Saxon and Celtic word values, and also the way in which Irish orators discount their own rhetoric. A home ruler was haranguing on English terrorism, and after drawing a horrid picture of babies speared on the points of bayonets, etc., he concluded: "If that's your civilization you may keep it. I call it most improper."—Cornhill Magazine.

Real Aristocratic Touch.

"George met a duke while he was abroad."

"A real duke?"

"He must have been, George loaned him seven dollars."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

LEGEND OF THE AU SABLE.

Horseman Crossed the Chasm at Night on a Single Stringer.

To the lover of curious scenery the Adirondacks present an infinite variety. The region abounds in lakes, large and small, surrounded by mountains or embowered in forests; and the rivers which find their way between the mountains seem, in some places, to have cut their way through, leaving the sheer precipices on either hand to mark their pathway. The most famous of these gorges is the Au Sable chasm, which is not far from where the Au Sable river flows into Lake Champlain. The galleries, caves and castellated columns attract thousands of tourists yearly; but 70 years ago it was comparatively unknown. In those early days the precipitous cliffs were spanned by a wooden bridge, over which the farmers had to pass on their way to Au Sable Forks. The bottom of the chasm at this point was a sheer descent of 125 feet. In those early days the pioneers were not skilled in the art of bridge building; and so one night, when a fierce storm thundered through the mountains, the bridge was swept away, with the exception of the main stringer, a beam of about 18 inches square. The bridge was never rebuilt, and another road to the little village of Au Sable Forks was utilized. The old stringer, however, still stretched across the cliffs above the Au Sable chasm.

One pitch-black night, about ten years after the storm that had demolished the bridge, a stranger drew up his horse in front of the tavern at Au Sable Forks. It was about ten o'clock and the tap-room was well-filled with villagers, drinking, smoking and playing cards. The entrance of a stranger caused the usual commotion, and as he sat in one corner eating a hastily prepared supper he was the cynosure of all eyes. After the meal the host, as was the custom, engaged the stranger in conversation.

"Dark, nasty night outside, sir?"

"Yes, pretty black."

"Have any trouble in finding your way?"

"Oh, no; I used to live in this neighborhood 20 years ago."

"So? Well, you'll find things pretty well changed since you left."

"Yes, I expect so; the old bridge is still standing, though; and I am glad of that, for I helped to build it."

"The old bridge?" questioned the tavern keeper, and everyone in the room looked up in amazement.

"Why, yes," rejoined the stranger, "the bridge across the chasm down the road a half-mile."

"What! are you crazy?" shouted the host. "There is no bridge across the Au Sable; there has been no bridge there for the past ten years."

"But you are mistaken, my friend; I rode my horse across it not three-quarters of an hour ago."

"Impossible, sir; I tell you that the bridge blew down ten years ago."

"Again I tell you, my friend, that I rode across it this very night," was the imperturable answer. "It was too dark for me to see, but I heard the clatter of my horse's feet on the planking, and the noise of the water in the chasm below."

The argument waxed warmer and warmer until the stranger said that they would wait until the next morning, when it could easily be settled if there was a bridge or not. He made a wager with the landlord that it was still standing across the chasm.

The next morning every man, woman and child in Au Sable Forks was at the chasm. Sure enough, in the soft sand of the road there were footprints of a horse, and the trail led from the stringer across the chasm up to the tavern porch. One young daredevil walked across the narrow stringer and made a startling discovery.

There was a similar trail on the other side!

The stranger had told the truth. In the darkness of the night his horse had crossed the chasm on a single beam.

But that is not the strangest part of the story. When that forenoon the stranger rode down to the Au Sable chasm to settle his wager with the keeper of the tavern and he saw the perilous path over which he had traveled the night before, it is said that he was stricken with a trembling that never left his limbs until death, and that within the space of 60 seconds his hair turned from a jet black to the color of the driven snow.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Rheumatism.

Persons afflicted with rheumatism sometimes find the following simple remedy efficacious: Mix a handful of mustard with a little cold water. Stir it gradually into a quart of boiling water. Put large cloths into the mixture and wring them out, keeping them as hot as possible. Apply them to the inflamed parts and wrap heavy flannel over them. As fast as they become cold renew them. This remedy should be used when the joints are inflamed and for temporary relief. Rheumatism requires the prompt attention of a physician and medicines which are employed to act upon the conditions that cause the disease. No local application is likely to effect a permanent cure. The root of the disease lies deep in the system.—N. Y. Tribune.

What Women Are Wearing.

Smooth-finished cloth, with a surface like satin, is chosen for tailor-made gowns.

The first hats shown at leading milliners are black, large and heavily trimmed with ostrich feathers.

Shirt waists of silk have fitted linings. They will be as fashionable as ever. Cashmere waists will also be worn.

The long crinkly sleeves of gauze, chiffon and crepe, which are fashionable this season for all house gowns, from the machine to the frock for ballroom wear, are a boon to the thin-armed women.—Chicago Record.

A WARNING FOR BACHELORS.

Married Men Live Longer Than Single Ones.

The duration of our life may, in a general way, be lengthened or diminished by ourselves, according as we contribute to its maintenance by healthful methods of living. Independently of these, however, various inner and outer influences are of great effect upon the duration of life, such as marriage, heredity, occupation, religion, race and climate. This is manifest to everyone in regard to certain influences, as, for instance, climate; but it is not so manifest as relates to marriage. And yet the influence of marriage upon the duration of life is highly favorable.

Darwin said in his "Origin of Man:" "According to an enormous mass of statistics which were taken in the course of the year 1883, it has been ascertained that the unmarried men in France between the ages of 20 and 30 die in much greater numbers than the married. Of the unmarried 14.3 die yearly out of every 1,000, and of the married only 6.5. In Scotland this was shown as early as 1803. There, for instance, out of every 1,000 unmarried men between the ages of 20 and 30 years 14.9 died yearly, and of the married only 7.2, or less than half."

A similar condition is observed in nearly all other lands. According to Hufeland in his "Makrobiotik," out of every 100 persons, 11 bachelors and 27 married men reach the age of 70 years, and 23 unmarried and 28 married women.

According to Dr. J. L. Casper, the number of persons who reach the period of life between 70 and 100 years is as follows: Unmarried men, 4; married men, 20; unmarried women, 15; married women, 32.

The French statistician Deparcieux, who has recorded not less than 48,540 deaths from the parish of St. Sulpice, gives the following as the result of his researches:

"It appears that man lives longer in marriage than in celibacy. The number of bachelors who die after attaining the age of 20 years is nearly twice as great as of married men and widowers. Also, it is found that, of those who survive the age of 90 years, the proportion of unmarried to married men or widowers is as 6 to 43. The disproportion between the ages of married and unmarried women is still more striking; the numbers of those who reach the age of 90 years are as 112 to 14, respectively."

Nolrot found that in Dijon married men lived on an average seven and married women five years longer than the unmarried. According to the same author, the unfavorable influence of celibacy made itself felt between the ages of 25 and 35 years. From then till the fifty-fifth year it diminished, and at the latter age disappeared almost entirely.

According to the French statistician Devay, the man who marries at 30 thereby adds 11 years to his life. He who marries at 35 adds eight and he who weds at 40 six years to his life. After the fiftieth year this gain ceases.

The expression "adds" is incorrect in so far as it may give rise to the idea that every marriage will bring this addition to life. While this addition to life is to a certain extent true, it is also true that marriage may have an injurious effect, as, for instance, when it takes place too early or when, especially in the families of workmen, the increased care of the maintenance of a family has the result of constant overexertion and overwork. According to a comparison by Farr, four times as many married men under the age of 20 and twice as many married women die as of the unmarried of the same age.—St. Louis Republic.

NOT SO FUNNY.

How a Practical Joker Played It on Himself.

In a Pullman car on an English railway recently a waggish young man, noticing an elderly gentleman trying to put on a light dust coat, went to his assistance. While thus engaged, the man observed a good-sized whisky flask protruding from one of the old gentleman's pockets, and thought it a good opportunity for a joke. Having helped the stranger on with his coat, therefore, he pulled out the flask and said:

"Will you take a drink?"

The old man did not recognize the bottle and drawing himself up, remarked, rather severely:

"No, sir; I never drink."

"It won't hurt you," insisted the wag; "it's the best."

"Young man," said the old gentleman, speaking loud enough for all the carriage to hear, "if you persist in drinking whisky you will be a ruined man at 40. It is the curse of the land. When I was a boy my mother died, and the last thing she did was to call me to her bedside, and say: 'John, promise me that you will never touch a drop of liquor.'"

"Oh, well, in that case," said the joker, "I must drink it myself," whereupon, suiting the action to the words, he pulled out the cork and took a good drink. A moment later he dropped the bottle with an exclamation which certainly didn't sound like a blessing, and yelled: "Ugh! ugh! My mouth's all raw!"

Then it was that the old gentleman discovered his loss, and to the amusement of the other passengers, said:

"Ah, young man, you will be careful before you take another man's property again. I am Dr. ——, and that bottle contains some quinine and iron for one of my patients."

The young man got out at the next station.—Youth's Companion.

Genuine Hair Restorer.

A man dropped his wig on the street, and a boy who was following close behind the loser picked it up and handed it to him. "Thanks, my boy," said the owner of the wig; "you are the first genuine hair restorer I have ever seen."—Chicago Times-Herald.

THRIFT IN GERMANY.

Something About Savings Banks in the Fatherland.

In Germany the savings bank system is managed by the municipal governments, instead of the national authorities, as in England, France, Belgium, Italy and other European countries. The system dates back for nearly a century, and, with the exception of some unimportant details, is uniform throughout the empire. German thrift is proverbial. There are no other people in the world who can do without luxuries and things that they do not actually need with so great a degree of contentment. From the cradle the children are taught economy. It is as much a matter of education as the catechism. In some of the schools the children are instructed to gather during their play hours, and on their way to and from their homes, all such apparently valueless objects as old bottles, tin cans, refuse metals, etc., which are sold to the junkshops and the proceeds deposited to the credit of the child in the nearest savings bank. The same spirit that inspires this economy has caused the number of depositors in the savings banks of the empire to exceed the number of households. It is often the case that every child and every servant in a family has his own account at the bank, which, when it amounts to a certain sum, is withdrawn for permanent investment.

The usual rate of interest paid by the municipal savings banks in Germany is three per cent., and, although their management is intrusted to the municipalities, the banking inspectors of the general government exercise a supervision over them. There is usually a general office, with a director in chief at the city hall, whose principal duty is to receive remittances from branch offices that are established in every ward. These funds he invests in government bonds or in securities of equal value. The latitude of investment is much greater than is allowed the postal savings banks authorities in England and France. The funds may be invested in gilt-edged real estate mortgages, and even in the erection of buildings, but before this is done the proposition must be submitted to the committee of the common council which has jurisdiction over the savings banks. This committee, which is composed of practical financiers, bankers, merchants and manufacturers and men who are in the habit of handling money, acts as a sort of board of directors for the system.

In Berlin there are 79 branch offices, with 483,000 depositors out of a population of 1,800,000, and the total deposits are a little more than $40,000,000. In Dresden the savings banks show a still larger utility in proportion to the population. Although the number of people in Dresden is only about one-fifth as many as in Berlin, there are half as many depositors in the savings banks, and the deposits exceed $22,000,000. In some of the other cities the proportion is much larger. In the town of Aix-la-Chapelle, for example, with only 110,489 population, there are over 105,000 depositors, with credits of more than $20,000,000. In Altoona, a city of 149,000 people, there are over 130,000 depositors, with nearly $20,000,000 to their credit.

The late Emperor Frederick was a great believer in the postal savings bank system, and if he had lived it is probable that it would have been adopted in Germany long ago.

In addition to the municipal savings institutions, there has been a system of private associations, known as the Eberfeld banks, in southern Germany, for the last 75 or 80 years, which are managed on a plan very much like that of ordinary savings institutions in the United States, with some improvements. They are under the supervision of the government, and are inspected from time to time by public officials. There is generally a central office, at which deposits are received and checks are paid, and branch offices at various convenient locations for the receipt of deposits alone. The amount of deposits is limited by law to 5,000 marks. The rate of interest is fixed annually on January 1 by the board of directors, and formal advertisement is made of that fact in the newspapers. At present it is three per cent. Under the rules of the bank not more than 200 marks can be checked out on any one day, four weeks' notice must be given for the withdrawal of 1,000 marks and under, and six months' notice of larger sums, although the board of directors can suspend this rule at their discretion.

The first bank of this kind was established in Frankfort in 1833, and during the first year there were 294 depositors, with credits amounting to 86,934 marks. At the last report there were 56,697 depositors out of a population of 229,000, with credits amounting to 35,215,697 marks.—Chicago Record.

These Rules Will Help Hotels.

Gentlemen will not occupy seats in the dining-room without their coats.

Women who announce their intention of going to Klondike on wheels will please carry out the same and not linger here.

Gentlemen who wear russet shoes should not appear in evening dress.

Women who insist on being registered from New York, when they live elsewhere, will be given back rooms at front room prices.

Hat pins will be placed in the safe in the office.

A limited number of questions will be answered at stated hours.

Funny people will be searched before entering the dining-room, and their jokes, if they have any, will be taken away during the meal hour.—Truth.

Where?

Bobby—Pa, may I ask you a question?

Papa—Certainly, my son.

"Well, where is the wind when it doesn't blow?"—Up-to-Date.

AN OPEN LETTER
To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

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It is admitted by all that to sell goods and make a living a merchant must necessarily charge a profit. Some merchants charge more profit than others. We are one of the OTHERS and come nearer selling goods for nothing than anyone on the face of the earth. Here you get value for your money.

Our silversmith is one of the finest workmen in the United States as all will admit who have had any work done in that line by him.

Our jewelry department is filled to overflowing with everything in that line and we sell jewelry at less than manufacturers' prices.

We carry a complete line of staple and fancy groceries.

Call and get our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

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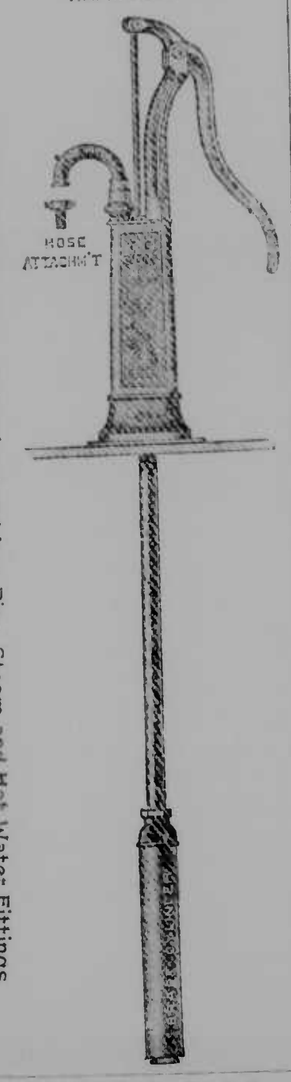

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One Can will make 10 Pounds of Hard Soap.

Red Seal is the best disinfectant and purifier to use in sinks, drains, waste pipes and closets. It is handy, safe and sure. One can of Red Seal to 15 gallons of water sprayed, knocks potato bugs, cabbage worms, etc. No damage to vines. 15c

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 14, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily	2.47	A. M.
No. 3—Daily	6.12	A. M.
No. 71—Accom. daily except Sun.	9.26	A. M.
No. 47—Daily	6.01	P. M.
No. 55—Express, daily	5.35	P. M.
No. 1—Daily	10.14	P. M.

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily	5.59	A. M.
No. 2—Daily	7.01	A. M.
No. 11—Accom. daily except Sun.	9.21	A. M.
No. 46—Daily	4.03	P. M.
No. 72—Accom. daily except Sun.	5.18	P. M.
No. 4—Daily	12.29	A. M.

Train No. 55 stops at Terra Alta.

D. B. MARTIN
Manager of Passenger Traffic.

C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Nov 15, 1897.

Senators and Representatives already in Washington are discussing with much interest the probable length of the coming session of Congress. The hope is general that the session may not exceed six months, but the opinion is also general that it will depend entirely upon circumstances. If no financial legislation is attempted it will be comparativdy easy to complete the business of the session by the firt of June, possibly as early as the first of May, as no time will have to be lost in urganizing and selecting the House Committees, as is usual at the beginning of the long session: but if financial legislationof importance is to be put through the House and to be attempted in the Senate, everybody may as well make up their minds to an extended siege, with probable failure in the end. Knowing the situation in the Senate, many Republicans favor letting financial legislation alone until it is certain that something can be accomplished. They argue that the agitation that would necessarily accompany an attempt to legislate on the subject would hurt business and could do no good.

It is thought by those who ought to know that the President's action in issuing a proclamation exempting Mexican vessels in ballast and steam vessels from the payment of tonnage duties usually imposed upon foreign vessels in our ports, will give American coal complete control of the Mexican market. It was an act of reciprocity, as Mexico makes the same exemption in favor of our vessels.

The probable choice of the Republican majority of the Maryland legislature of a successor to Senator Gorman continues to figure largely in political conversation in Washington. Owing to the number of eligibles, there are wide diffvrences of opinion as to who will be chosen. The legislature meets on the first Wednesday in January, but is probable that the Republican caucus, and Baltimore will have twenty-one of them, it would seem that Baltimore can easily name the man if its votes can be kept together, but that "if" has already assumed formidable proportions.

It is not thought likely that the conference now going on between Hon. John A. Kasson, Special Commissioner representing the U. S., and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Premier of the Canadian government, will result in the speedy negotiation of a treaty of reciprocity between the U. S. and Canada, although that may be the ultimate result. The present conferences are expected to define the positions of each government, and, of course, each will wish to get the most it can for its citizens, regardless of the interests of the others. Later negotiations with Great Britain representatives—Canada cannot negotiate a treaty—will determine whether the give and take spirit is mutual enough to result in a reciprocity treaty. Secretary Wilson will oppose any reduction in the duties of any Canadian agricultural products which compete with those of our own farmers. The Canadian officials and the ladies who are with them are receiving many social courtesies. Dinners have been given them by the President, Secretary Sherman and ex-Secretary Foster.

Postmaster General Gary has been highly commended for his action in issuing a fraud order against John Wedderburn, John Wedderburn & Co., and the National *Recorder*, their paper, but he regards it as having been merely the performance of duty to protect to public from frauds who make use of the mails. Evidence even stronger than that which brought about the recent disbarrment from practice before the Patent Office of Wedderburn, for fraud, was brought out at the Post Office hearing. All mail matter addressad either to John Wedderburn, John Wedderburn & Co., or the National *Recorder* will be stamped "fraudulent" and returned to the writers. Newspapers which continue to print Wedderburn & Co.'s advertisement may find themselves called to book by the Post Office authorities.

Chairman Cannon, of the House Appropriations Committee, doesn't Intend that the work of his committee shall furnish any excuse for lengthening the coming session of Congress. He has announced all of the sub-committees and notified the members to report for work on the appropriation bills in their charge on the 27th inst., more than a week ahead of the assembling of Congress.

As President McKinley has never had a doubt that the Senate would ratify the treaty for the annexation of Hawaii, he was not surprised at Republicans of a trustworthy poll of the Senate showing that more than the required two thirds of the Senate had stated their intention to vote for ratification. The only thing that can make trouble in this connection will be for the handful of Senators who are opposed to ratification to take advantage of the absence of a cloture rule in the Senate and stave off a vote indefinitely by talking against time whenever the treaty is taken up.

Don't miss Sincell's special hat sale on Saturday. $1.50 grade for $1.12. All styles, colors and shapes.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

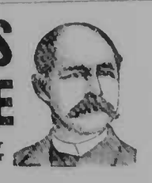

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We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

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J. EDWARD ADDICKS, Delaware.

The facts concerning the wonderful discoveries of gold in Alaska and British Columbia, about the headwaters of the Yukon River, have been received and are now fully digested by the public mind. Every incoming steamer from the Klondike regions, bringing as they do enormous quantities of the precious metal, merely confirms the statements made by experts that this new find is by far the richest the world has ever known.

If the wealth of the new fields excites wonder, the extent of the territory in which gold is being found is even still more remarkable. Besides the fields in the Klondike River and the various streams emptying into it, information reaches us of almost incredibly rich discoveries of gold in the Stewart River and in the White River, and of miners leaving the other fields in search of the possibly more productive fields beyond. This circumstance, it may be remarked, leaves the way open to those persons on the ground for the acquiring of claims at a small fraction of their real value.

It has long been suspected and the proof is now fully proven that all those rivers having their source in the range of the Rocky Mountains are good bearing in the highest degree.

All this knowledge being now well established, the thought which is naturally agitating so many minds is how to participate in the great productive wealth of this New El Dorado. It is impracticable, obviously, for but a small percentage of the people to attempt to go to these regions. Moreover, the outlay to be incurred, the peril and hardships of such a journey determine such a course unwise and unnecessary.

Persons can, however, combine their capital with those who are already actively engaged in acquiring claims in the gold country, with the assurance that the investment will prove both safe and profitable.

The Yukon-Cariboo-British Columbia Gold Mining Development Company is formed to explore and develop the gold fields of British Columbia, including the Cariboo district and the Klondike district at the headwaters of the Yukon River.

The Company has a capital of $5,000,000 divided into 5,000,000 shares, at $1 each. There are no "promoter" shares, and no officer or director has obtained his stock without paying for it at the regular subscription rate.

No personal liability whatever is incurred. The stock is fully paid up and is non-assessable. Each share represents the full responsibility incurred, and cannot, according to the charter of the Company, be subjected to any assessment of any kind.

The Company is without a rival in the completeness of its organization and the resources of its directors are a guarantee of its integrity of purpose. Especially strong is the Company in its forces already in the field. Governor J. H. McGraw and General E. M. Carr, two of the directors of the Company, are at Dawson City for investigation, purchase and development of mining claims in the interest of shareholders.

George B. Kittenger, mining engineer, of Seattle, headed the largest and best equipped exploring party that has yet left the Pacific coast in the interest of any company. Mr. Kittinger is directing the forces in the Klondike district.

In the Cariboo district, J. M. Buxton, mining engineer, of Vancouver, is the representative of the Company.

On the Stewart River, the corps of eight men is headed by Captain Jack Scurry, well-known as having located the line of the Northern Pacific railroad through the Cascade mountains.

All of the company's miners are fully equipped with horses boats and supplies for protecting and developing of claims.

As this Company is the first to engage in actual work in the gold fields, it is confidently expected to be the first to secure practical returns to its shareholders.

Conservative management, large capital and completely equipped expeditions will accomplish more than disorganized individual effort.

The shares of the Company are offered to the public for a short period at their par value of One Dollar per share. The company reserves the right to withdraw its offerings at any time without further notice.

Subscriptions for shares should be accompanied by cash in registered letter, U. S. or Express Money Orders, Bank Check or Draft made payable to the Secretary.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1897. NUMBER 38.

MARYLAND'S BOUNDARY.

A Correspondent Writes an Interesting Letter Concerning the Instruments.

THEY ARE THE FINEST OBTAINABLE.

No Needle Is Used in the Work But Instead Two Transits As With the Needle It is Practicably Impossible to Run a Due North Line.

To the Editor of The Republican.

In my last letter I gave a short sketch of the origin and plan of work upon the Maryland-West Virginia boundary line survey. I will now give an outline of how it has been done.

The survey is under the direction of the Attorney General of the State of Maryland, Mr. H. M. Clabaugh, who has chosen Mr. E. H. Sinnell, of Oakland, as his associate and representative in the field. The surveyor in charge is W. McCulloh Brown, and he has been very ably assisted by Dr. I. A. Bauer, of Cincinnati, whose services were secured after the party was actually in the field. He has done the astronomical work and prolonged the line from mountain top to mountain top. Julius K. Monroe is the representative of West Virginia and looks after her interests. Other members of the party are Richard T. Browning, Edmund Jamison, Jas. L. A. Burrell, Charles A. Ashby, William A. Brown, William H. Kitzmiller, Jr., James A. Sinnell, Arthur S. Abernathy, Andrew Nelson, Reed Wolf, Clay Rodeheaver and Harry Ashby.

Many of your readers are familiar with the surveyor's compass and the methods of running lines by means of the magnetic bearings, and will be surprised to learn that the needle is not used at all in the present work. The instruments employed in running the meridian lines are two transits, a large one obtained by Dr. Bauer, through favor of the government, and a high mountain transit, the property of Mr. Brown, with which the entire line is run from station to station. A transit is the instrument employed by most engineers; it is mounted upon a tripod and has two horizontal plates which are graduated and by means of which angles can be measured. In the centre of the upper plate there is a compass box and needle, which can be used as in the surveyor's compass, and upon it are fastened the two standards on which rests the axis of a telescope revolving in a vertical plane. The telescope is provided with lenses of high magnifying power, and small objects can readily be seen at a distance of half a mile. In one case a signal pole four inches in diameter was easily seen at a distance of eight and three-quarter miles and a sight taken upon it.

In the telescope there are fine wires, one vertical and three horizontal; the intersection of the centre wires is the point of sight in the instrument, and the adjustments of the telescope, its supporting standards and the levels require great care, and must be constantly watched and kept true. By means of the upper and lower horizontal wires in the telescope, which are called stadia wires, the engineer by merely looking through the telescope at the graduations on a rod, can measure the distance to any point at which it is held by his assistant, as accurately as by means of a steel tape.

To run a due north or meridian line with a compass is practically an impossibility, for the magnetic declination or angle which the needle makes with the true north is constantly changing. "True as the needle to the pole," is an old and familiar saying. How *untrue* it is, even within the borders of our own country, may be judged from the fact that in the extreme north-eastern part of Maine the compass needle points twenty-one degrees to the *west* of the north, while in the extreme north-western part of the State of Washington it points twenty-three degrees to the *east* of north; hence a change of forty-four degrees from one end of our country to the other, and even over so comparatively small a territory as that of Maryland, the pointing of the needle varies from six degrees west to three and one-half degrees west.

"There are portions of the earth's surface where the needle points due *east* and *west*."—Dr. Bauer, Maryland Geological Survey.

There are five principal sources of change to which the needle is subject:

1st. That due to change of geographical position, even of one mile.

2nd. The diurnal or daily change, which is shown by the fact that the needle, if set north on the compass box at 7.30 a. m., will not remain thus, but (in Garrett county) will swing to the west until about 2 p. m., in all, from ten to twelve minutes, and in the afternoon gradually return to its former position.

3d. An annual change from month to month, depending on the season, and in no way connected with the secular variation.

4th. The secular change due to the constant swing of the magnetic declination.

5th. Local attractions, and even magnetic storms. At Oakland on October 12, 1896, Dr. Bauer found that one of his morning observations required a correction of sixteen minutes due to the latter cause. It was in no way associated with a thunder storm or visible outward cause.

I have dwelt upon this description of the compass to show some of the many errors to which a survey made with one are liable, and because the line run in the present suit by West Virginia in 1891 was thus run, as was also the so-called Deakins line, if ever run as a consecutive line.

The two lines being run on the part of Maryland, namely, the retracing of the Michler line of 1859, and the new or Brown and Bauer line, are transit lines and do not depend in any way directly or indirectly upon the magnetic needle, but are obtained from the assumed starting point, by placing the transit over it and at night taking observations on the north star. This star is not absolutely in the true north, but revolves in a small orbit around the pole once in twenty four hours. Its exact position in relation to the pole at any given hour is readily obtained from tables which are in constant use by engineers. The constellations of the great bear or dipper and cassiopeia are of aid in determining the time of observation, for twice in twenty-four hours when certain of their stars are in the same horizontal plane with the north star it is at its greatest distance from the pole and is said to be in elongation. This is the most favorable time for observation.

The transit for this work must be set upon a solid foundation, which is usualy obtained by driving stakes into the ground and boring holes in the top into which the legs of the tripod fit. The transit having been carefully adjusted the cross wires are illuminated by throwing light into the telescope from a small lantern. Everything being in readiness, at the time of elongation the telescope of the transit is directed to the star and placed so that the cross wires centre exactly upon it. The telescope is now quickly depressed toward a mark or small and well defined light which is then placed in line with the cross wires by the assistant some 600 to 1000 feet distant. The horizontal plate of the transit is next revolved for one hundred and eighty degrees and another observation taken as quickly as possible in the same manner as before. This is to overcome all errors of adjustment. The point half way between these two is the one sought. From engineer's tables the azmuth or angle which the north star makes with the pole at elongation on that particular day can be obtained, and the tangent of the angle thus found multiplied by the distance from the transit to the point fixed as above will give the correction which must be laid off at right angles, to the west if the star was in eastern elongation, and the reverse if in western. This last point will be due north of the transit, and in the true meridian, and is marked by driving a wooden hub and putting a brass nail at the proper place.

Another method slightly different from the above is to dispense with the assistant and take the sight directly to a fixed light, or constant mark, the angle to it being read each time from the horizontal plate of the transit; the angle this marked makes with the true meridian is then calculated and laid off.

Two points of the meridian having been found, the line is established and can be prolonged as desired.

I should say here that while the above method is correct, it required a number of observations, and other methods were employed before the base of either of the lines now run was adopted.

The lines being run on the part of the State of Maryland are, as I have said, transit lines; that is, two initial points having been determined in the meridian and marked, the transit is then taken to the forward or northern hub and set with great care directly over the brass nail by aid of a plumb bob suspended from the instrument. The transit is leveled and adjusted, and a sight taken upon the rear tack or target. The telescope of the instrument is then revolved vertically on its axis and a sight taken forward or as far north as practicable, usually from five hundred to six hundred feet. The point observed is marked on a hub; this gives the first sight; but as it is necessary to correct every possible error in the adjustment of the instrument, the horizontal plate and telescope are revolved horizontally for an angle of one hundred and eighty degrees, or a semi-circle, and a sight taken again upon the rear target, after which the telescope is once more revolved and a second point taken upon the forward hub previously driven. By this operation the north end of the transit has been revolved to the south for the second sight. If in the first case there were an error in the leveling of the plates and the west side was slightly higher, by the revolving of the plate one hundred and eighty degrees the error would be found on the east side. Again, if the left standard supporting the axis of the telescope is slightly higher, when revolved it will come upon the right side and divide the error. So also is the case with the cross wires of the telescope. If the wires cause the point to appear to the west on the first sight, by the revolution of the telescope, first horizontally with its supporting plate, and then vertically upon its axis, it will be thrown equally to the east upon the second sight being taken forward. The two points having been taken upon the forward hub as described, their distance apart is measured and a small brass nail driven half way between, dividing so far as possible all errors. This becomes the third point in the line. The transit is moved to this forward point and a back sight taken to the second point, etc.

It was found that even a small rod hung in a universal joint, called a gimbal, was not sufficiently accurate as a target for this work, and so tripods were made for the front and rear rodmen. To these tripods were attached a small round piece of wood six inches long and about the size of a lead pencil and painted white. These little sights are fitted into a small piece of metal which can be moved from side to side along a bolt in the top of the tripod ring; from the bottom of the metal slides is suspended by a white cord a brass plumb bob weighing two pounds. It will be seen that this makes a perfect target. The standard is rigid, while the great weight of the plumb as compared with the wooden sight, keeps it absolutely straight, and unaffected by wind, while the adjustment of the slide and string attached to the plumb allow ready and accurate centreing of the plumb and target above over the brass nails. These targets on first thought seem small, but so powerful is the glass of the transit that they can be seen and sights taken, where the ground is open, for a distance of half a mile, and within a distance of one thousand feet the cord of the plum-bob is used for the sight, making it very accurate.

To run a perfectly straight line over a rough country is the hardest work that can be done. An error of but one minute of arc, the smallest angle that can be measured by the ordinary transit, will cause a divergence of a foot and a half per mile in the line, from a true meridian.

Here I wish again to call attention to the numerous changes mentioned above, to which the compass is liable, and to the fact that it will not give the same course for two consecutive hours, owing to the daily change, or from one mile to the next, in running north, from the change due to geographical position, and these changes together, may easily amount to twelve minutes or eighteen feet per mile, without including local attractions, which are usually unknown quantities. On the other hand the accuracy of a transit line can be seen by the fact that as run up-hill and down, through woods, laurel, and over rocks, it can be made to check within a fraction of one foot of the true meridian, in runs between the principal stations, which are from three to five miles apart, and for even this slight error, which is constant, and due largely to instrumental imperfections, calculation is made and all points or stakes re-set in the true meridian.

I hope to write again about the work and describe the method of signaling by means of sun flashes.

CORUNNA.

How to Cure Bilious Colic.

I have suffered for weeks with colic and pains in my stomach caused by biliousness and had to take medicine all the while until I used Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy which cured me. I have since recommended it to a good many people. Mrs. P. Butler, Fairhaven, Conn. Persons who are subject to bilious colic can ward off the attack by taking this remedy as the first symptoms appear. Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

OUR ASSISTANT EDITORS.

Correspondence From Many Points Within the Borders of Garrett

MANY IMPORTANT ITEMS OF NEWS.

"The Republican's" Staff of Wide-a-Wake News Gatherers is Becoming Augmented by Additional Ones. We Want More.

Accident.

Plenty of rain and mud at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Turner and little daughter, of Milledgeville, Ill., spent last Thursday visiting Mr. John E. Gnagey. They were on their way to Mr. Turner's parents, near Frostburg.

Mr. C. C. Speicher has improved his property by the erection of a chicken coop.

Another improvement is a tan-bark walk leading from Accident to Tannersville.

Mr. M. H. Hoffman, the photographer, will move his gallery to Salisbury this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Fike, of Illinois, are visiting at Mr. J. E. Gnagey's, the parents of the latter.

Miss Martha Gnagey returned home from Illinois one day last week. She will spend the winter at her home in Accident.

Mr. John E. Gnagey shipped forty live turkeys one day last week.

Farmers are very busy doing their fall work.

The other day a number of our boys went to Sang Run and visited one of the largest caves in the county.

One night this week Mr. C. C. Speicher had his cart put away for the winter by some of the boys. It is up high and dry.

Our literary society, which is progressing nicely, will meet on Thanksgiving eve when a special program, which is arranged, will be rendered. The subject for debate is, "*Resolved*, That we should pay more respect to Thanksgiving Day than to Washington's birthday." To affirm, Harvey Speicher, Russell Boyer, A. L. Gnagey; to deny, J. S. Gnagey, Wm. Miller, Urner Beeghley. O. KAY.

Shade Mills.

We are having nice weather at this writing.

Miss Laura C. Durst intends going to Piedmont to spend the winter.

Mr Mary W. Layman, who was at Bayard on a business trip, returned home Friday last.

Mr. John F. Steeb, of Koontz Mines, paid Wesley Durst a visit on Saturday.

Our school is making rapid progress under the direction of Miss Lizzie Hall.

Most of our farmers are engaged in hauling props for the mines.

Avilton.

Hog cholera is raging throughout the neighborhood.

Messrs. Waldo Broadwater and Henry Duckworth took a flying trip to Dan's mountain recently.

Mr. O. C. Robeson, teacher of the Coleman school, has been applying to the lads of his school such dressing as they need.

Mr. Oscar Robeson and Miss Brady were the guests of Mrs. Weitzell last Sunday.

Rev. Jesse Robeson, accompanied by his two daughters, Minnie and Cora, spent Sunday last at Paw Paw, West Va. OAK HILL.

FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.

Well, here we are again; better late than never.

And Thanksgiving nigh at hand.

We believe there are two hunters to every pheasant in our vicinity as the hunters can be seen quite often and pheasants are scarcely ever seen.

Our Avilton hack was very busy Friday evening hauling passengers from the pike to McKenzie literary. The passengers all purchased round trip tickets but the hack driver failed to make his appearance after literary and the parties were compelled to invest in a cross-tie ticket and hoof it back notwithstanding the muddy condition of the roads.

The shingle mill at Cissaboo is at a stand-still for a few days as they had another break.

Mr. John Merrill was seen passing through our quiet little burg this morning. There must be some attraction out this way, John.

All who attended the literary at McKenzie school Friday night report a lively time. The house was well filled and the best of order was preserved. The Weekly Welcome was well worth reading as it had some very interesting notes in its columns, especially the "Nevers."

Our wide-awake merchant, R. E. Garlitz, is doing more business this season than he has ever done before in one season. He is a jovial fellow.

Friday, Saturday and Sunday were Indian Summer days.

Sang Run.

We are having some nice weather at present.

The shooting match at L. R. Vansickle's on last Friday was largely attended. Messrs. N. C. Browning and Byard Frantz carried off the largest number of turkeys.

Mr. J. Arthur Chisholm, of Friendsville, Md., spent two or three days recently visiting Jos. Frantz and family.

Prof. Groves spent Thursday night as the guest of E. C. Cuppett.

Mr. Chas. Friend, of Hoyes, has been engaged with his brother James of this place, for the past week taking an inventory of the store of James Friend & Co.

Mr. Editor, after another two weeks of profound mental exertion your pusillanimous correspondent from Hoyes has sent forth his efficacious effulgent mission of egotism.

This is not a company concern, neither is it borrowed, but it comes direct from the cranium of "Rip Van Winkle."

I admit I am fond of deviled crabs. As for my brain, I think I have equally as much as you, for if a wry-necked, spindle shanked, spider-legged, tangle-footed, hatched-faced, viperous-eyed, long-visaged, psalm-singing fellow like yourself were all brain (except your feet) it would be no more than that of an infant.

Had you said my attainments as a vocalist were equal to those of Patti, who is renowned for the condolcezza, doloroso, expressione, leggierissimo and gustoso of her voice instead of a Mozart or Beethoven, I might have felt complimented, but as it is, I don't feel at all elevated. I did not challenge you to sing for liquor, for I don't indulge in strong drink, but if I did I don't think it would take a barrel to satiate my appetite, but of course it is different with a toper. Of course we don't blame you for trying to deteriorate our class, whose delectable melodies dawdle in our peaceful valley, for we suppose you were brought up like the children of the early Athenians, to be loyal to your native town, and to help make it excel, but whose recent defeat has caused you long days and nights of lachrymose lamentation.

Now, as near as I can learn, the following is the lamentable condition which prevails in the Hoyes class, viz.: Consternation, lamentation, agitation, indignation, aggravation, exasperation, desperation of the population at the deplorable situation, financial prostration, business stagnation, anticipation of starvation, contemplation of confiscation and desolation, with no indication or expectation of reparation or justification of salvation from the pusillanimous administration. RIP VAN WINKLE.

Selbysport.

The farmers about all done husking corn. H. M. Frazee being number one as to the number of barrels raised. He had over five hundred barrels.

Jonas Frazee, of Pittsburg, Pa., who spent about two months in our town with friends returned to the city Nov. 13th.

Mr. Clarence DeWitt, of Frostburg, is visiting his uncle H. M. Frazee of our town.

Our new mail messenger and the C. & O. train failed to make connections on Saturday evening leaving the pouches lay over Sunday in our office. Who is to blame?

Prof. A. W. DeWitt was visiting friends and relatives at Hoyes Saturday and Sunday.

E. J. Stuck and Jasper Frazee made a flying trip to Somerfield, Pa., on last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Riley, of Friendsville, were visiting their numerous relatives in and near our town Sunday.

N. Speelman, attorney-at-law, was in town Saturday on business.

Mrs. J. J. Knapp, who has been confined to her bed for the past three months with rheumatism, is now able to be about the house again on crutches.

Prof. DeWitt has organized a literary society in his school which is proving to be a great success. He does not allow it to interfere with the studies of the pupils in any way. He called the parents and pupils together on last Friday evening to show the parents what live teachers can do and he did it to the satisfaction of all. The scholars all acquitted themselves well but Miss Allie Frazee deserves special mention, as all present agreed that she has no equal in the school when it comes to a recitation. We will go still further and say that she has but few equals in the county in this particular line. The singing was good too. In fact it was an up to date affair all around, such as only a master mind like the professor's could arrange.

We are all good, straight Republicans now and will be until after the appointments are made. We will all claim we voted for the Senator now since he is elected to get him to use his influence in our favor, and dear Doctor, you must believe us all, won't you?

A Clear Conscience.

Young men know by observation and experience the value of good reputation as an agent for their advancement in business life; they may not appreciate so highly the value of a good character. The distinction between character and reputation is well defined, though they are usually related one to the other. It is seldom a man of bad character has a good reputation, or vice versa, and yet it is possible for men to establish a good reputation in business circles when their characters in social life are bad. The business world knows nothing of their private or home life, and thence arises the possibility of a man having a good reputation and a bad character. The young man engaged in laying the foundation for what he hopes may be a prosperous career should be careful to establish and maintain a good character upon which to build a good reputation. Neither success nor happiness can be surely maintained without the possession of good character. The man of reputation who knows that it is insecure because of his bad character, though this may be unknown to the people with whom he comes in contact, is paralyzed by fear of exposure. He cannot act boldly before men for fear that attention being directed to him, he may be detected and have his true character revealed. Some years ago information came to certain gentlemen that a bank had been looted and was on the verge of failure. They knew that a mutual friend, treasurer of a great corporation, kept his accounts at the bank, and they went out of their way to give him a friendly warning. He did not heed it, the bank failed and the treasurer was irretrievably ruined. His friends could not understand his behavior until a trial in the criminal courts revealed the fact that the treasurer himself had been engaged in robbing the bank; that he knew all about its condition, and that he did not attempt to withdraw his account because he knew that there were not enough funds to withdraw meet his claim, and knew also that to attempt to would precipitate the failure he hoped to put off. His reputation was good, but his character was bad. His friends knew only his reputation, but he himself knew his character. He could not act as duty required because of his own secret faults. To be brave, outspoken, fearless, a man must have a clear conscience. A guilty conscience "does make cowards of us all." It is therefore, important for young men to guard well both character and reputation, striving to create a good impression with other people, but striving also to live in such a way as to justify the favorable impression. Good character and good reputation are not only factors in producing success in business; they are most important factors in producing the happiness of the individual who is so fortunate to possess them.—Balto. Sun.

The Eastham Trial.

The case of Col. Robert W. Eastham, indicted for the murder of Frank E. Thompson, was called by Judge Holt in court at Parsons, W. Va., yesterday morning. Col. Eastham entered the court room with the sheriff at ten o'clock. He shook hands with his counsel and took a seat between Attorneys McGraw, of Grafton, and H. G. Moffatt, Rappahannock, Va., and Marshal McCormick, Berryville, Va. The defense offered twelve pleas of abatement, all of which were objected to by the prosecution. Judge Holt adjourned court early in the afternoon until to-morrow morning so as to have time to examine the pleas.

The indications now are that the case will last a week or two. There are some twenty-five or thirty witnesses to be examined on each side.

Col. Eastham, who was seen at the jail, was in fairly good spirits, but was fearful that the alleged existing prejudice might deprive him of a fair trial. His friends kept him well supplied with wine and cigars. Col. Eastham now wears a full beard. Heretofore a mustache was his only hirsute adornment. His sister, Miss Emma C. Eastham, of Flint Hill, Va., and his wife are with him, being guests of the family of Sheriff Riley Harper. They are bearing up well under their trouble.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

"ONE, TWO, THREE."

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy that was half-past three,
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go romping and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree,
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was hide-and-go-seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be—
With an old, old, old, old lady
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his little sound right knee,
And he guessed where she was hiding
In guesses one, two, three.

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry and laugh with glee—
It wasn't the china closet,
But he still had two and three.

"You are up in papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key,"
And she said: "You are warm and warmer;
But you are not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where mamma's things used to be—
So it must be in the clothes press, grandma,"
And he found her with his three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a one and a two and a three.

And they never had stirred from their places
Right under the maple tree—
This old, old, old, old lady
And the boy with the lame little knee—
This dear, dear, dear old lady
And the boy who was half-past three.
—H. C. Bunner, in Congregationalist.

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

By John Ayscough.

"WELL, my boy, I must say I do hope there will be no failure this time," remarked Col. Tudor, to say the truth, rather gloomily, as though failure were by no means to be regarded as out of the question. They had driven about a mile already on the way to Harmsworth station, and this was the old gentleman's first observation. He held the reins with aggressive firmness, and frowned savagely at the cob, as though he rather thought of shooting him; and the end of his cigar was dreadfully mangled by his teeth. When Arthur had last been driven by his father to catch the up-express at Harmsworth, there had been a cigar for him also; but none was offered today, and after he had taken out his own, the case was shut with a hard click and put sternly away by the eagle-visaged old warrior.

The colonel was really a distinguished man, but he had always been a hard one, and such people are apt to be hardest of all to their own flesh and blood. A great deal had been expected of young Arthur Tudor, and, alas! had been so far expected in vain.

"It's a thousand pities," said the colonel, "that you have not as many brains as your sister."

Poor Arthur ventured no reply to this dismal criticism, he had heard it about ten times a week during the last five months. The wind whistled coldly in the naked hedgerows, and made the gaunt poplars by the wayside swish their stooping branches against the sullen wintry sky. He felt an inward chill and sullenness creeping about his own heart. "I'm awfully grateful for all your encouragement," he nearly said. For my part, I think it was a pity he did not say it out loud. The colonel was a martinet—perhaps a bit of a bully—and that sort of man respects you only if you stand up to him. But Arthur was a sweet-tempered youth, and trained to old-fashioned habits of deference; so he felt sore, but held his tongue.

"It's an extraordinary thing," continued Col. Tudor, "that you should be so like her in everything else. Height, looks, face, voice, build—everything but brains. And she so clever!"

Arthur and his twin sister were quite as fond of each other as twins are proverbially supposed to be; but he would have had to be an archangel not to resent the manner in which her praises were sung by their father to his own disparagement.

Still, he had so far been a failure; and a failure has to take what is given him of praise or blame.

So poor Arthur smothered a sigh, and thought with relief that while he was up for his examination he should at least be out of earshot of his father's criticisms. It certainly did not occur to the colonel that he himself was in any way to blame for his son's second failure—for fail we shall see that he did—but it is a fact that the lad's utter discouragement and consequent fluster and nervousness had much to do with it.

The Tudors were a family of soldiers, and there had never been any question in the mind of Col. Tudor that his three sons should all enter the service. The two elder had already done so, and one was a rather rising artilleryman, while the second was a clever "sapper." They were both naturally suited to their scientific corps. But the third son, our luckless friend Arthur, was not strong in literary directions. A nicer, straighter handsomer, better-hearted lad you would not find, or one more universally liked. But the truth is he was not clever. And he was, though not really lazy, easy-going. Alas! in these days of competition we cannot afford to go easily.

He had been "up" once, and, as we have heard, had failed. Of that failure he had been bitterly ashamed, and his father had not salved his wounds; for, though the rubbing in of salt and vinegar may be healthful, it assuredly is not soothing.

The colonel had been twice a widower. His enemies said he had dragooned his last wife into the next world. And so Arthur had only his twin sister to go to for the gentle salve of feminine sympathy.

II.

When Arthur came home to Melbourne (the name of the Tudors' beautiful old manor house near Harmsworth) he knew that he had not passed. He had, he told his sister, lost his head altogether, and failed to answer even what he really had known of the papers. He was sure he had done badly, and in process of time he was informed that it was indeed so. Of course the colonel was furious; and, though he had always gloomily foreboded a second failure, he expressed himself "positively astonnded" now that his dismal discouragements had borne fruit. And loudly did he declare that there should be no third "shot." To tell the truth, Arthur had no great longing for a third shot. As his father had wanted him to go into the army, he had acquiesced, and had grown used to the idea; but his own notion of a happy life was to be a land agent on some great country estate. And he had plenty of interest in that direction, and plenty of money; for Arthur and his sister were the children of the colonel's second wife, and her wealth, which had been considerable, was to be theirs.

But Threena—a sort of contraction of her full name Arthurina—knew their father better than her more simple-minded brother; and knew well that the old man intended his son to try again.

"Arthur shall pass," she said; "and what is more, I will myself coach him."

And so it turned out. A Mr. Little-Collin came over several times a week from Harmsworth, and crammed poor Arthur. Miss Tudor being always present; and afterwards Threena went through it all again with her brother, and showed him the notes she had herself taken in Mr. Little-Collin's presence. In this way Arthur really got on very well, very well comparatively, but the truth was he was not the lad that passes examinations, and, above all, competitive examinations. And as the time drew near for the fatal third shot, he fell into renewed despair.

"It's no use, Threena," he declared. "I shall never get through high enough. When it comes to the scratch I shall lose my wool again and be bowled as clean as a whistle."

"It is a dreadful thing to mix your metaphors like that," laughed his sister; "but this time the passing of Ar-

"ARTHUR SHALL PASS," SHE SAID.

thur is to come off in spite of all your own and father's croakings."

She seized a thrilling treatise on trigonometry and was soon buried in it. Her brother watched her admiringly, and mentally decided that, after all, his father was right, and it was a shame he should be such a thickhead when his twin sister was so clever. But there was not a tinge of anything small or petty in all the lad's nature, and his regret was absolutely untainted by envy or jealousy.

III.

Again Arthur was being driven to Harmsworth to catch the 11:05 express to town. But this time the colonel did not drive him. It was meant as a sign of displeasure, but it was a real relief to the lad who was saved from further jeremiads.

Threena would have gone with him had she been at home, but only the day before she had gone away on a visit to a school friend. The young lady, however, lived in London, so that Arthur and his sister would soon meet. Arthur had been a little puzzled by this visit, for, as a rule, Threena hated going to London, hated staying away from home, and hated "chumming" with any girl to the exclusion of her brother. Nor had he ever heard before that she cared very much for this particular young lady. Miss Sydney had several times before sent invitations, but Threena had unhesitatingly and promptly refused them.

At Paddington Arthur was again surprised to find his sister awaiting him.

"Hullo! Didn't think I should see you so soon, Threena; and how's Miss Sydney?"

"Oh, she's all right! But I am going with you to have some luncheon, and afterwards you shall take me somewhere. I vote we enjoy ourselves."

They did have lunch, and then his sister poured into his ears a long rigmarole to the effect that Miss Sydney had been called out of town, and she was going to stop with her brother at his hotel. He was doubtful, but weak, and easily overpersuaded. So at his hotel she stopped, her luggage rather unaccountably turning out to be there already.

"Oh! I knew I could persuade you to let me come here with you, and I brought it," she said.

Next morning found Arthur in his place ready to be examined; but, in spite of his two former failures, much less despairing-looking than before. He certainly seemed nervous, and even shy, and almost blushed if anyone looked hard at him (after all, very natural in a fellow who is known to have been twice plowed before). But once he got his papers he was all right. He set to work at once; this time there was no aimless reading and rereading of the questions, no wasting of time with pens or paper, but prompt, quiet application without any fuss or fluster. It seemed as if Threena was right, and he was to pass this time.

"He means business this time," a neighbor said to himself—a neighbor who had himself been up before, but once only. "All the same, he need not cut a chap; and I stood him a dinner, the beggar."

This was one of those whose critical stare had made poor Arthur redden on entering. Poor lad, he had come in with his eyes on the floor, as if he felt that every eye was on him, and every tongue was whispering: "That's the fellow who has been spun twice before."

All day long he did well, and knew that he was doing well. And, when the papers were given in, he gave his modestly indeed, and not without a blush as became a previous failure, but with a quiet confidence that this time they were all right.

He found his sister in their private sitting-room at the hotel, gazing down with an air of extreme boredom very unusual to Threena, who was never bored, being always well able to occupy her mind and time—gazing down, I say, on the busy river far beneath their feet. Miss Tudor rose from her seat in the window with unwonted awkwardness, and upset a tiny table with her skirts as she did so.

"Confound the silly things," she exclaimed; and this again was very unlike her usual gentle and ladylike way of expressing herself.

"My dear girl," laughed her brother, "I manage much better than you. I even lit a cigarette as I was getting into my hansom just now. And when I wanted to pay the man I went straight to my trousers pocket for the money."

They suddenly burst out into roars of cheery laughter.

"Oh, my dear, your waist!" cried the twin who had come from being examined. "Your hands are all right. They are nearly as small as mine; your waist is a libel."

"And how did you get on?" inquired the awkward lady, sinking her voice with breathless interest.

"Excellently!" replied the young gentleman. "I believe I passed 85 per cent. to-day."

"Thunder!" cried the lady; "don't do that every day. I hope to glory they won't smell a rat."

"Not they! How did you get on?"

"I'm. Pretty well. I did not wake till about 11—I believe you shoved something into my drinks last night—and then I pricked my nose against the pin with which you had fastened your note to my pillow. That awoke me. And first of all, I missed my trousers and things—"

"Sh! sh!" cried the gentleman; "I'm ashamed of you."

"Well, I did miss them. And I had to read your note half a dozen times before I could understand why on earth you had taken them. Then I dressed in your affairs and slunk in here. And here I've stuck. I had breakfast here, and—"

"And smoked here too, I should imagine."

"Well, yes, I did have a cigarette or two. I thought of going out, but I funked it. If I saw any lady I knew, I knew I should forget and try to take my hat off. And I admit my walk is not graceful. I say, let's swap again. And I'll take you to the play to-night, if you like."

"Certainly. Oh, I forgot to tell you. As I was coming away, two men—Thompson and Church I think their names are—collared hold of me, and one of them said: 'You are a beauty; I stood you a dinner and now you can't so much as speak to me. I've a good mind to come back with you to your hotel or your diggings and make you stand me one.' I was just going to resent his free and easiness, but saved myself in time. Perhaps you had better really ask them to dinner. Only I will not show. It might be 'complications.'"

"And you really think you—I mean I—will pass?" asked the awkward lady, with incredulous admiration.

"I am cock-sure I shall, I mean you will," replied the gentle gentleman. And in the event he proved to be right. Eighth on the list out of 60 or 70 stood the name of Arthur Pitt Tudor. And for the rest you must draw your own conclusions concerning the "Passing of Arthur."—St. Paul's.

She Didn't Want Much.

When Andrew D. White, now the United States ambassador at Berlin, was our minister to Germany, nearly 20 years ago, he received some queer letters from Americans, asking for his influence in their behalf in court circles. Perhaps the funniest of all was a very mandatory epistle from an old lady living in the west, who inclosed in her letter four pieces of white linen, each some six inches square. "We are going to give a fair in our church," she wrote, "and I am making an autograph quilt. I want you to get me the autographs of the emperor, the empress, the crown prince and Bismarck; and tell them to be very careful not to write too near the edge of the squares, as a seam has to be allowed for putting them together."—Youth's Companion.

ANCIENT INDIAN RITE.

Tribes That Want to Burn the White Dog.

The Onondaga Indians and their brothers among the Iroquois are said to be planning to revive the ceremony of burning the white dog. This is one of the most ancient religious rites of the Iroquois nation, dating back far beyond the time when the white man first came to know them; but it has not been observed of late, except at rare and irregular intervals. The fact that the Indians now wish to revive this rite is only one of a number of indications that go to show the firm hold which the traditions of his race have upon the red man.

Almost every settlement of Indians in this country to-day is divided into two classes; those who have accepted the religion of the white man as well as his dress and manner of life, and those who still cherish the beliefs of their ancestors and keep up, so far as the can, the observances of their ancient worship.

So the fact that the Onondagas are likely to revive the sacrifice of the white dog means simply that the pagan party among them has been gaining ground during the last few years.

The old English recipe: "How to cook a rabbit," started off by saying: "first catch the rabbit." So, in the sacrifice of the dogs, the first and most difficult thing was to secure a pair of white dogs. In order to make the rite effective, it was considered necessary that the dogs be perfectly white, without a dark hair on their bodies, and the Indians would go almost any length to secure such animals. The dogs were treated with especial care, and made as sleek and fat as possible before the sacrifice. It was regarded as a great honor to be appointed to care for these sacred beasts.

In the old times the hunters scoured the woods for days before the ceremony, and brought in many a fat buck and other wild game for the feast, which is an important part of every Indian celebration. Now the deer have disappeared and the feast is supplied with more domestic animals. Many of the reservation dogs, whose coats would hardly entitle them to become the central figures in the sacrifice, nevertheless mysteriously disappear about this time, and it is suspected that they help fill the steaming caldrons at the great feast.

At the appointed time the braves and their families gather at the council house. The variety of bright colors in the dress of both men and women makes the assembly look like a piece of brilliant tapestry. Everybody is smiling and happy.

First comes the dance. The crowd gathers in silent rows about the long hall, while the musicians occupy an open space in the center. A dried deerskin is tightly stretched between upright posts. This is the drum, which is operated on by the chief musician. His assistants have horns partly filled with shot, or gourds containing beans, which they rattle in time with the drummer. The "music" would ruin a white man's nerves in short order, but it seems to fill the Indians with the same sort of joy that a boy derives from firecrackers and torpedoes. As soon as the musicians strike up the eldest chief of the tribe rises and begins shuffling about the floor in time to the rattling gourds and booming drum. The others follow in the order of their rank, with the women at a respectful distance. As the dance goes on the time quickens, until presently a circle of leaping, shouting savages is whirling about the room, executing the most grotesque and violent figures. With short intermissions the dance is kept up till almost morning, when the dancers retire to prepare for the final ceremony.

Just as the sun comes peeping over the tree tops the braves alone gather for the sacrifice. The two dogs are dangling by their heels from a rude wooden cross, and they have been carefully strangled, so that not a hair of their smooth, white bodies is ruffled. About their legs and necks are tied bright ribbons, and their breasts are covered with gayly covered blankets.

A heap of brushwood has been gathered, and the elder of the tribe now proceeds to light it, always using the spark from a flint, for only virgin fire can be used for this solemn rite. As the pile blazes up two young braves spring forward, and, taking down the bodies of the dogs, bear them to the elder, who places them on the fire, at the same time calling on the Great Spirit to observe him. As the blaze rises higher the elder, or chief priest, as he might be called, throws handfuls of dried odorous herbs upon the pile, at the same time pronouncing an oration to the Great Spirit for the benefit of his friends who are gathered about. This oration he keeps up until the fire has burned itself out, and the victims are entirely consumed.—N. Y. Herald.

A Misinterpretation.

It is generally best to curb our impatience before giving it vent in words, as at such times one's language may convey a different idea from its real meaning. Miss Kate Sanborn, in her "Abandoning an Adopted Farm," relates her annoyance at being besieged by agents, reporters and curiosity seekers: "I was so perpetually harassed that I dreaded to see a stranger approach with an air of business. The other day I was just starting for a drive when I noticed the usual stranger hurrying on. Putting my head out of the carriage, I said, in a petulant and weary tone: 'Do you want to see me?' The young man stopped, smiled and replied, courteously: 'It gives me pleasure to look at you, madam, but I was going farther on.'"—Youth's Companion.

Reduced Reporter.

She—I have seen 25 summers.

He—Then you must have been blind for several years. Now, I own to having seen 45.

"Then that leaves you about 24 years of age, when one takes into consideration your failing of seeing double."—Indianapolis Journal.

WHAT THE SULTAN SAYS.

Turkey's Ruler Speaks About the Armenian Massacres.

In an interview with the sultan, Hon. A. W. Terrell, lately United States minister at Constantinople, says:

"He said that the facts about recent disturbances in Turkey have never been faithfully reported by the press of the United States, and that he hoped that I would make known to the American people what he was then about to say. Continuing, he said:

"'Early during the Ottoman conquests in Asia Minor, the Armenians, who were being crushed by repeated invasions of the Tartars and the Persians, emigrated in large numbers, and obtained protection from the Ottoman rulers. They were kindly received, hospitably treated, and received benefits in the protection of their lives and property. No nation continually engaged in war can excel in industrial and commercial pursuits. Thus it occurred that while the early sultans were busy with conquests, all manufacturing and commercial interests were monopolized by Christian races, and chiefly by the Armenians. Their religion was also tolerated, for Mussulmans tolerate the religion of all men who worship God. Thus the Armenians prospered, and remained contented under Mussulman rule for over 400 years. They became the manufacturers, contractors and bankers of the Ottoman empire. They enjoyed their religion, openly worshiped for centuries in their ancient churches and monasteries, and built new ones when needed. Their patriarch could always present their complaints at the sublime porte, and they were always protected in the enjoyment of their own methods of worshiping God.

"'Four books are regarded as sacred by all Mussulmans, namely, the Koran, the book of Confucius, the Talmud of the Jews and the Bible of the Christians. How could a Mussulman murder Armenians merely on account of their religion, when the Koran prohibits cruelty, and requires that all men who believe in God shall be protected, except during war?

"'One of my ancestors, Selim I., the grandson of the conqueror of Constantinople, once thought that his empire would be stronger if all his subjects professed the same religion. Some disturbances raised by Christian races caused him to ask the Sheik-ul-Islam if it would be lawful for him to kill all Christians who refused to be converted to Islam. The sheik issued a fetva, in which he answered that it would not be lawful, and that the Christians who were peaceful must be protected. So Selim respected the fetva. Fire-worshipers and idolaters alone have no right to protection, and Mussulmans are prohibited from eating meat cooked by such people.'

"The sultan then cited many evidences of the favor and partiality extended to, and of the confidence reposed in, the Armenians by himself and by former sultans, to show that their religion was not the cause of their recent misfortunes.

"The sultan more than once repeated his declaration that no Christians had ever been persecuted by his government or people for their religious faith, and that their churches and monasteries, which have stood from the early ages of Christianity, had been respected, preserved and worshiped in; that they had always selected their own patriarchs and bishops, and were always protected in the full enjoyment of their religious freedom.

"Referring to the massacres, he said: 'The truth, unfortunately, is never published in Christian newspapers about conflicts between my Moslem and Christian subjects. Though no true Mussulman will ever punish any man on account of his religion, if he worships God, yet when people bind themselves together by their religion, and then use it to destroy the Ottoman empire, a different question is presented. While Christian Europe was excited against the Ottoman empire about excesses committed by its soldiers during the Greek revolution of 1827, it had no sympathy to bestow upon the butchery of 27,000 defenseless Turkish men, women and children who were massacred in one city after its surrender.'"—Century.

"Comin' Through the Rye."

Bismarck has had to pay for "comin' through the rye." It is a harvest custom in the Duchy of Lauenburg when a person passes through a field where the corn is being cut for the workers to stop, bind a few ears of corn to his arm and then demand money for his ransom. The old statesman and his son, Count Herbert, were driving a few days ago through the cornfields of Bismarck's Schonau estate, and they stopped to look at the men who were cutting the rye. Thereupon the men threw down their scythes, took up some stalks of the rye, and, going up to the two Bismarcks, courteously but resolutely fastened a small bundle of rye to the arms of the visitors. The man of blood and iron, who has a conservative reverence for old German customs, cheerfully paid for the ransom of himself and his son with two gold coins. Bismarck insisted on retaining the signs of his bondage upon his arm until he got home.—Westminster Gazette.

English Land Owners.

The distance from Liverpool to London is 201 miles. On each side of the railroad, as far as the eye can reach, the most beautiful and most splendidly cultivated farms present themselves. But not one foot of the land belongs to those who have thus brought it to such beauty and perfection. It all belongs to six men, who owe it because they happen to be the oldest sons of their fathers.—Albany Argus.

To Her Taste.

Hicks—Does your wife buy your ties?

Wicks—Some of them. And she wears those she buys.—Somerville Journal.

Reindeer in Alaska.

Dr. Sheldon Jackson, for 20 years a traveler in Alaska, says the government's experiment of importing reindeer from Siberia is a success, and that the problem of winter traveling in the interior is practically solved. Three hundred miles per day can be made over the snow with relays at reasonable intervals and best of all the reindeer will rustle his own food.

The best map of the Yukon-Klondike mining country has been printed in folder form by the Northern Pacific Ry. Send a 2-cent postage stamp to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. A., St. Paul, Minn. The folder is full of up-to-date information regarding rates and routes to Alaska.

Heavy Gale.

A Yankee, in describing a gale of wind, says: "A white dog, while attempting to weather the gale, was caught with his mouth open and turned completely inside out."—Tit-Bits.

A Big Regular Army.

The mightiest host of this sort is the army of invalids whose bowels, livers and stomachs have been regulated by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. A regular habit of body is brought about through using the Bitters, not by violently agitating and griping the intestines, but by reinforcing their energy and causing a flow of the bile into its proper channel. Malaria, la grippe, dyspepsia, and a tendency to inactivity of the kidneys, are conquered by the Bitters.

It's Different Then.

"I saw him with his arm around you."

"Sir!"

"In the waltz, you know."

"Oh!"—Chicago Post.

Shake Into Your Shoes.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous, hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package, FREE. Write to Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The Crushed Worm.—Mrs. Henry Peck—"Bah! I only married you because I pitied you when nobody else thought anything about you." Mr. Henry Peck (wearily)—"Ah, well, my dear, everybody pities me now."—Boston Traveler.

Why Is Star Plug Tobacco the Best?

Because it is made from selected stock of the best grade of leaf that grows. The ingredients used in its manufacture are absolutely pure—nothing injurious to the system enters into it.

An Expert Opinion.—"Great men," remarked the thoughtful youth, "are frequently misunderstood by the public." "That," replied Senator Sorghum, gravely, "is very true. And mighty lucky it is for some of them."—Washington Star.

Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

Nothing tries a fellow's patience more than to find all the windows locked when he tries to raise them suddenly in the morning.—Washington Democrat.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Explaining It.—"I presume the reason why the chainless bicycle isn't as well known as the other kind," remarked Rivers, "is that it always travels in cog."—Chicago Tribune.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

No wonder a typewriter gets rattled when a pretty girl is working it.—Chicago News.

Ringing Noises

Troubled for Years With Catarrh, but Now Entirely Cured.

"I was troubled for years with catarrh, which caused ringing noises in my ears and pains in the back of my head. I was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I did so and a few bottles entirely cured me." HENRY MCKINSTRICK, Laporte, Iowa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier

Hood's Pills cure indigestion, biliousness.

One Good Turn

deserves another. When you turn the handle of the Enterprise Meat Chopper you are rewarded with a surprising amount of work well done in a few seconds. It saves money, time and food. Is easily operated and easily cleaned. Use the

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MEAT CHOPPER

for making sausage and scrapple; for preparing hash, mince-meat, Hamburg steak, suet, tripe, cod-fish, clams, scrap meat for poultry, corn for fritters, etc. Improved for 15 years; now perfected.

Sold by all dealers in hardware. Small family size No. 5, $2.00. Chops 1 lb. a minute. Large family size No. 10, $3.00. Chops 2 lbs. a minute.

THE ENTERPRISE MFG. CO. of PA., Philadelphia.

Send 4 cents in stamps for the "Enterprising Housekeeper"—200 recipes.

Why have more

ESTEY

Organs been sold than any other kind? Because, although higher in price, the Estey gives far better value than any other.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue with prices, to Estey Organ Company, Brattleboro, Vt.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

A. N. K.—C 1683

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

One Other Explanation.

"That joke," he said, 'is no good."

"What's the matter with it?"

"Why, I never saw the point of it at all until it was explained to me, and when a diagram has to be sent along with the joke it is evident that something is wrong with the joke."

"Or with the reader."—Chicago Post.

Hinted Some Way.

The store was kept by Meredith,
Within that country town,
Where I wrote verse that didn't sell
And run my credit down.
Yet one thing kept my spirits up,
It was the pleasant myth,
That, though no kin to Lytton, I
Was owin' Meredith.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

DANGER IN THE BALLROOM.

"What a beastly cold you've got, Sam! Where did you get it?"

"It's not a cold; it's hay fever. I got it dancing with that grass widow the other night."—Punch.

Pride Goeth Before a Fall.

Oh, why should the spirit of scorcher be proud?
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
He striketh a stone where the coasting is steep,
And straightway it knocketh him all in a heap.

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Not What It Ought to Be.

Patron—Did you see this steak broiled?

Waiter—No, sah.

Patron—I wish you would investigate. I have a suspicion that it was tanned.—Detroit Free Press.

Henson Dethroned.

Anxious Mother—I want an order to send my daughter to an insane asylum for treatment. She is going to marry a man 30 years older than herself.

Judge—Why, madam, girls marry old men every day, and are not considered insane.

Anxious Mother—Yes, but the old man my daughter wants to marry is poor.—N. Y. Weekly.

An Appetizer.

Beggar—I kev a poor sick wife at home dat has no appetite. Could yer spare me a quarter ter git suthiu' ter give her an appetite?

Lady—Why, yes; but what are you going to get her?

Beggar—I'm goin' ter advertise an' git her a job. Dere is nuthin' like work ter give a woman an appetite.—Judge.

The Proper Thing.

Clerk—I wouldn't like to cut this piece of lace just for one yard, madam; and, besides, that isn't enough to trim anything.

Shopper—Oh! I didn't want it for trimming; but it's so nice to have a piece of lace around the house as an heirloom, you know?—Puck.

Her Own Cake, Too.

Mrs. Newlywed — I'm going to sprinkle a little poison on this piece of angel cake and put it where the mice will get it; I think it will kill them.

Mr. Newlywed—Why, of course it will! But why do you put the poison on it?—Puck.

Back to the Old Proposition.

Miss Perkinson—My ancestors came over in the Mayflower.

Miss Westlake—Indeed! I suppose you were too young, though, to remember much about it, weren't you?—Chicago News.

More Than Even.

"Did you ever get even with that girl that took your job in the office?"

"You may judge for yourself. I married her, she holds the job, and there is only one of us that ever does a stroke of work."—Detroit Free Press.

The Greatest of These.

"I suppose your wife belongs to the usual charitable societies in the church?"

"I don't know. She belongs to some uncharitable societies in the church."—Detroit Journal.

IT'S A BOY.

He a Bookkeeper.

Student—How would you advise me to go about collecting a library?

Professor—Well, I'll tell you how I managed it. When I was young I bought books and lent them. Now I borrow books and keep them.—Easton Democrat.

Effectual Remedy.

"Briggs is always complaining about his lonesomeness. In his case it's a disease, and he ought to take something for it."

"Great Scott! Haven't you heard? He's going to take a wife."—Chicago Tribune.

Off the Team.

"That was a shabby trick they played on Hafbak to force him off the football team."

"I hadn't heard of it. What did they do?"

"Chloroformed him one night and cut his hair."—Chicago Post.

Never There.

Shineby—Why is it, Bob, people never laugh when I say a witty thing?

Bosom Friend—My dear boy, I don't know, I'm sure! Never remember being present on such an occasion.—Brooklyn Life.

Unjustly Accused.

"Don't borrow trouble, Jack. What's the use?"

"Borrow trouble? Who said I was borrowing trouble? I've got trouble to lend!"—Chicago Record.

The Safest Way.

Borax (reflectively)—I wish I knew how to tell a woman's age.

Sammjones—The best way to tell it is in a soft and gentle whisper.—N. Y. Truth.

The Same Thing.

Lord De Broke—Er—er—will you marry me, Miss Ten Stryke?

Miss Ten Stryke—No, I won't, but I might negotiate a loan for you with father.—N. Y. Truth.

Quite Likely.

"I think we have met before."

"Quite likely; I used to be a bill collector."—Tit-Bits.

Unnatural.

"That man Davis is clearly not fit to be a father."

"Why?"

"His child is a week and a half old and he hasn't expressed the belief that it recognizes him."—Chicago News.

Too Many Amendments.

"He is now a physical wreck."

"He used to have a strong constitution."

"I know. But the doctors have amended it several times."—N. Y. World.

LITERAL OBEDIENCE.

Doctor—What, taking a bath! Why, you will kill yourself, man.

Patient—But, doctor, you told me to take the pills in water.—Punchinello.

The Doctor's Mission.

She—Who's sick at your house?

He—No one.

"Why, I thought I saw the doctor's carriage at your door, this morning?"

"You did. He was there trying to collect a bill."—Yonkers Statesman.

What She Heard.

Mrs. Jagsby (at the head of stairs, five a. m.)—What is that noise? Is that you, Mr. Jagsby, falling upstairs?

Mr. Jagsby (thickly)—N—no, m'dear! The noise you (hic) hear, thash just the (hic) break o' day!—N. Y. Journal.

His Status.

City Man (among the Allegash hills)—Your neighbor, Deacon Shellbark, is pretty—ah—"close," isn't he?

Abner Appledry—Close? He's too blamed stingy to entertain his own opinions.—N. Y. Journal.

TEMPERANCE.

A BRAVE LITTLE PURITAN.

How He Rebuked His Father for Visiting a Saloon.

Mr. A—— is a man who is a total abstainer, and whose children, under a careful mother's training have learned to hate everything connected with the liquor traffic. But Mr. A—— is a smoker, and on one occasion, having left home for a day's absence, and finding that he had left his tobacco behind him, he dropped in to a corner saloon to get a package of the weed. As he came out whom should he meet on the sidewalk but his own little boy, his youngest, a lad of some eight years, who had been sent after the morning milk. To his surprise his boy went straight past without noticing him, his face set as if in a vise. Such was his furor when he got home that his mother exclaimed: "Why, Bobbie! What is the matter?" "Matter!" he exclaimed, slamming down his cap and pail, "matter enough, when I see papa coming out of a saloon." And the little fellow fairly broke down. In vain the mother tried to soothe the grieved and ruffled temper, for she knew there must be some errand other than drink that took the father in. In spite of all effort, the

WENT PAST WITHOUT NOTICING.

only outcome was on the part of the lad: "I think you ought to talk to papa. I never thought to see my father coming out of a saloon." The desired "lecture" was promised, and yet the next morning, which was Sunday, the father, who had returned over night, was welcomed (?) with scant greeting by the aggrieved child. Few words and fewer looks passed between them, and as he left the boy said: "Mamma, I think you ought to talk to papa while I am gone to Sunday school." The suggested opportunity was taken, and when the boy came home the father called the lad to him, explained his errand, and promised that he never would "disgrace the family (the boy's own words) again by going into a saloon for anything." Even then it was some time before the status quo was fully restored.

It is a pity that there are not more fathers who would recognize and honor the feelings of their children, and so shun even the appearance of evil.—Christian Work.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Only love for the drunkard makes righteous hatred of the saloon.—Ram's Horn.

Hall Caine is already at work on a new novel, which deals with the drink question.

The devil and the saloonkeper are always pulling the same rope.—The Index (Catholic).

The recently deceased Maj. Ginter, cigarette manufacturer, left an estate valued at $10,000,000.

A Waterville (Me.) man is reported dead as the result of swallowing a piece of tobacco he was chewing.

One small whisky glass, carved on a head-stone, would often tell more truth than three volumes of biography.—National Temperance Advocate.

The amount paid to the state of New York as its share of the "liquor tax" for the past year, which is only one-third of the total tax, is $4,002,938.21.

The liquor leagues are always on the alert to protect the interests of their members. They stand by each other in their violations of law and pay the expenses of their defense from a common fund.—Lever.

The prohibitionists of New York are this year using toilet soap in their campaign. Cakes of the commodity bearing temperance legends are being distributed gratis to attendants upon the prohibition meetings.

A commendable decree has been issued in the German principality of Waldeck forbidding the issuance of a marriage license to an habitual drunkard, unless satisfactory proof of reformation be produced.—Union Signal.

Whisky Before Bread.

The daily papers inform us that whisky is in such demand in Alaska that the transportation companies refuse flour and provisions in order to take more whisky aboard. Whisky is worth $17 a gallon in the Klondike region and gives the transportation company a clear profit of $14 a gallon or nearly $100 on a barrel. Yet there is grave danger in that bleak, cold country that many will starve this winter because there is not enough food there to supply the people. Thus the love for strong drink among the miners will be looked after first whether men live or starve, and the men who own and ship the whisky will grow rich though hundreds may die through their greed for money.—Lever.

Alcoholism in Paris.

Ambulances carried to the hospitals last year in this city 300,000 persons suffering from alcoholism in some form. It is a sad fact that the proportion of women among these drunks and patients is nearly equal to that of men.—L'Illustration (Paris).

ALCOHOL AND THE DEATH RATE.

Figures Which Show the Abstainer Has the Longer Life.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago Dr. William Farr, who at that time was the medical assistant to the registrar-general, wrote as follows:

"The great pending experiment of total abstinence by thousands of all classes seems to show already that men can live in health without alcoholic liquors; but whether their lives are better or worse, as age creeps on, than the lives of their fellow mortals the insurance offices will find out. Abstainers deserve to be watched attentively by the physiological student."

I have been watching very attentively, and have found that ever since the time when Dr. Farr wrote this passage evidence has been rapidly accumulating that total abstinence produces a highly beneficial effect on health and life. In fact, I hold that it has now been demonstrated that, at all periods of adult life, teetotalers have on the average a remarkable advantage in longevity over alcohol users. The following statistics, the substantial accuracy of which is beyond all rational controversy, are specimens of this evidence:

The Independent Order of Rechabites is a teetotal working men's benefit society. It has an adult membership of 142,000 and a juvenile membership of 79,000. It has been in existence over 60 years, and, financially, is highly prosperous. Its mortality experience, as calculated by Mr. Neison, the eminent actuary, shows that at 18 years of age the Rechabites have an "expectancy" of life of 50.62 years, while, according to the registrar-general, the expectancy of all males of the community is 41.90, and according to the Institute of Actuaries Life Tables, that of "healthy males," belonging to the well-to-do classes whose lives are insured, and are at the age named is 43.60 years. This means that the Rechabites at 18 have an expectancy of 8.72 years at the age named, over all males of the general community, of the same age, and of 7.2 years over healthy males of the general community. But these figures do not measure the full extent of the advantage in length of life which the Rechabites possess over that section of the "all males" as well as over that section of the "healthy males" who use alcohol. In view of the facts just stated, it is clear that sections of the community consisting of alcoholic users alone must have a less "expectancy" of life than of the sections similar in all other respects save that of having no members who use alcohol. How much advantage on this score ought to be credited to the teetotalers must for the present be a matter of conjecture. I content myself with noting that there is such an advantage.

But there is one item of evidence which is little known and may be suitably cited here. It tends to show that the advantage in length of life which abstainers have over non-abstainers is even greater than is that indicated by the Rechabite statistics. About a dozen years ago the British Medical association appointed a "committee of inquiry" to ascertain the habits of life among as large a number as possible of persons of 80 years of age and upward. The committee managed to obtain particulars as to the habits of between 800 and 900 persons, between 80 and 100 years of age. They reported in 1887. What concerns us is that they found that, of these aged persons, no fewer than 36 per cent. were total abstainers from alcoholic liquors. This was an enormous proportion considering how comparatively small a number of the total population at the middle period of life were teetotalers. Ten or 15 per cent. would have been something about a fair proportion if the teetotalers had no longer life on the average than the alcohol users.

There are, I am aware, a good many people who, when they learn that a gain of seven years on the average in the lifetime of the men of England could be obtained as the result of teetotalism, will hasten to represent such gain as an exceedingly trifling matter indeed. When, however, such an increase in the average duration of adult life is compared with the effect on the average duration of life produced by the joint action of many other justly lauded ameliorative agencies, sensible people will perceive that it is worthy of a good deal more consideration than it gets. For instance, the last three-quarters of a century has been the era of sanitary and other great improvements in this country, which are believed to lengthen life and to make it more enjoyable while it lasts. During that period medical science has been enormously developed. Public hospitals have been increased in number, and the management of them has been greatly improved. The working classes are now more regularly employed, better paid, have shorter hours of labor, and healthier places of labor than was the case with the industrial classes when the century was young. Sanitation throughout the land has, in comparatively recent times, greatly decreased the risk of many kinds of disease. Physical labor is by no means as hard or as unhealthy for young or old as it was, say 60 or 70 years ago. Yet what has been the result? Have a great many more than seven years been added to the average duration of the lives of the men of England by these, or by any agencies? The melancholy truth is that men's lives have, on the average, been very little lengthened. Children have been greatly benefited, but male adults show very little trace of physical advantage of any kind from the agencies enumerated.—James Whyte, Secretary of the United Kingdom Alliance.

To Be Continued.

The temperance fetes at the Crystal palace, organized by the Church of England Temperance Society, having hitherto proved an unqualified success, financially and otherwise, are to be continued as annual fixtures.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The hide of the hippopotamus, in some parts, is two inches thick.

—When a mosquito has gorged himself with human blood he dies within a few hours.

—A single sunflower stalk at Burns, Kan., carried the unprecedented number of 233 blooms at one time.

—A Pittsburgh company has secured the contract for lighting London with electricity. The plant will cost $450,000.

—The "cow tree" of Venezuela gives a fluid resembling, tasting like, and possessing a close chemical affinity to cow's milk.

—The happiest negro in Bardstown, Ky., is Pius Payne, who has grown this season six tomatoes which together weigh 14 pounds.

—Lake City, Fla., has a police force which consists of one night watchman. His only income is a fine of $2.50, which is paid by every person he arrests.

—A bumble bee stung Ike Williams, of Catlettsburg, Ky., on the hand. His arm and body swelled to twice their natural size, and he died in 48 hours.

—Francis Warlop, the cook of the Lakeside club, Grand Rapids, Mich., thought he could prepare toadstools to make them dainty eating. He ate a few of them and died.

—A landslide occurred a short time ago in Sattel, Switzerland. An inn and its garden and outbuildings slid down the hillside a distance of 35 feet, without being in the least injured. Two stately elms in the garden were also moved without injury.

—A fall from a scaffold at Watertown, Mass., caused the body of Joseph Morris, a bricklayer, to assume the rigidity of death. It was conveyed to an undertaker's room, and was being prepared for burial when the supposed corpse kicked the sides out of the coffin, arose, and walked home.

—Harvey Horner, of Sumner county, Kan., is an amateur snake charmer, and sometimes carries a reptile in his pocket. While he was attending a circus at Wichita, a pickpocket slyly explored one of his pockets, and screamed like a madman when his hand came in contact with a live bull snake.

—Charley Chick, of Dayton, O., has a wooden leg. While he was riding on a train near Bellefontaine, a brakeman fired a pistol at a colored man whom he was striving to force off the car. The ball entered Chick's wooden leg and passed upwards into his stomach, causing a wound deemed to be fatal.

A VICTIM OF FATE.

The Pathetic Story of Mrs. Tartar, Who Didn't Marry a Count.

Poor Mrs. Tartar had always been peculiarly unfortunate. From her birth a train of ill luck had pursued her, although, not being on the Long Island railroad, it never passed over her head.

At the time of her marriage her husband was a French count, employed in making himself otherwise generally useful at a summer hotel. Seven years later, when she began to think of saving up for the celebration of their tin wedding, he confessed one day that he was in reality a native of Hoboken.

A terrible scene ensued, in the course of which several pieces of the wretched man were distributed about the apartment by means of a pair of scissors. The noble woman, however, promptly forgave him, even going so far in her magnanimity as to assist him in the subsequent search for the missing portions of his anatomy.

Nevertheless, the painful disclosure made an indelible impression upon her sensitive mind, and although she carefully concealed the state of her feelings, never mentioning the matter more than once or twice at meal times, there can be little doubt that this secret sorrow was largely responsible for her premature decline at the age of 95.

She had been married barely 40 years when fate struck her once more in the solar plexus. At her urgent request her husband had insured his life. Two hours afterward, while he was asleep, she happened to drop a large eight-day clock upon his head, whereupon he died.

For 15 minutes the widow was heartbroken. Then on hurrying around to the life insurance company she found that it had escaped to Canada.

She certainly was a most unfortunate woman.—N. Y. Journal.

UNEXPECTED RICHES.

One Man Who Played a Joke to Good Advantage.

A certain speculator had need of a large sum of money for his speculations and found himself with a very small balance in the bank. He consulted a friend as to how he could get over the emergency. The friend suggested that he should draw on somebody in another city. The operator said that he knew no one who owed him, and the friend insinuated that that would make no difference if the draft did not return too soon.

The operator reflected for a time and then wrote out a draft on the sultan of Turkey for £2,000 and deposited it in the bank. The draft came into the hands of the Rothschilds, who forwarded it to Constantinople, and it was duly presented to the sultan's chamberlain.

"Who is this man?" asked the chamberlain of the sultan's treasurer.

"Don't know him," replied the treasurer.

"Do we owe him anything?" asked the chamberlain.

"No," replied the other.

"Then don't pay it," decided the chamberlain.

"But if I might advise," said the crafty treasurer, "this draft comes through the Rothschilds, with whom we are negotiating a loan. Would it be safe, under the circumstances, to dishonor it?"

"Pay it," said the sultan's chamberlain, and so the speculator was £2,000 richer than he knew, to his own great astonishment.—London Telegraph.

A NEW STATE IN VIEW.

Michigan and Wisconsin to Furnish the Territory.

An attempt is to be made to create a new state at the next session of congress. If the plan succeeds the new commonwealth will be called Superior and it will be composed of the northern peninsula of Michigan and that part of Wisconsin lying north of a line drawn across the state from Green Bay westward and a little downward to the Mississippi river.

For a long time the people of the northern peninsula of Michigan have felt that they did not receive the same attention and advantages as the people of the lower peninsula. Besides that they claimed that they were farther north and subject to different climatic laws and that, therefore, they should not be treated the same as the lower Michigan people. To settle the dispute there have been negotiations pending for some time to make this peninsula into a different state, and in order to give it proper size to cut a slice off Wisconsin, this slice to be added to the peninsula.

The proposed new state of Superior would have Lake Superior on the north, Lake Michigan on the east, and on the west Minnesota, the Mississippi river and a little of Lake Superior.

Besides the magnificent location the state would start with a population of nearly 1,000,000 people. Its size will about correspond to that of Kentucky, which it also resembles in shape. It is well watered by many small rivers and it contains a coast which is second to no other state. Besides this, Superior has an inexhaustible mining supply. It contains iron and copper enough, were its output fully worked, to supply the whole world, and its building stone is remarkable all across the country. Its mining facilities make it a Klondike in copper.

Its cities, though not as large as those of the lower peninsula, are very flourishing, and West Superior, which will be the metropolis of the new state, is considered finer in its possibilities than any other city of the central United States.

The way in which Michigan came to have an upper peninsula and the manner in which it was divided is very interesting. Michigan was the 13th state admitted into the union, and came in by act of congress in January, 1837. It extended further south than it now does, and westward to the Missouri river, but owing to some political deal on its admission, a part of its southern border was cut off and given to Ohio. A strip had also been given to Indiana a few years before. After Michigan became fully settled as a state the governor of Michigan made a great fuss about these slices that had been cut off, and so, to quiet him, what is now known as the upper peninsula was granted to him. This made a state that was separated by a great body of water, but notwithstanding this obstacle, Michigan has always ruled both its upper and lower peninsulas as well.

Of late, however, the people of the upper peninsula have felt greatly slighted at times. They think that, with Lansing and Detroit in the lower peninsula, the laws of the state were made more for the part containing the capital and metropolis than the part in which they were living. They have pointed to their beautiful islands, the greatest of which is the Isle of Royal, in Lake Superior, and have pointed out their beautiful harbors and their opportunities for commerce with Ontario, and have at times made requests of the Michigan legislature, which they felt should have been granted.

Another reason for making a new state out of the peninsula is that Michigan is a state of great climatic differences. The climate of the southern portion is warm, but that of the northern is rigorous. Take Detroit, which has a mean annual temperature of 48 degrees, and that of Sault Ste Marie, which is 40 degrees. This is a difference of eight degrees between the different parts of the state. Along the northern part there is a great deal of apple raising, but in the peninsula there are vineyards, and, of course, the same agricultural laws cannot apply to both of these.

It is said that all the preliminary work of making this state has been gone through with and will be settled when congress reassembles. The congressmen of Wisconsin and Michigan are both said to be in favor of it, and such lobbying as must be done in Washington has already been attended to.

The lower Michigan people are said to be in favor of losing their upper peninsula, because they feel that it is no part of them, while the upper peninsula certainly feels that it should be independent.

When congress assembles and the matter really comes up at Washington there may be new points brought out that will prove to the legislators that it is not best to divide Michigan, but unless this happens and the new points are shown and well maintained Uncle Sam is likely to add another star to his flag.—Chicago Chronicle.

Read the Bible for a "Shine."

The other Sunday morning in Washington a gentleman sallied forth betimes to have his shoes polished, and finally discovered a coal-black "professor," who was intently reading the Bible. "Hullo," says the early citizen; "give me a shine." "Yes, I will, boss. If you'll read this second chapter of St. John while I'se work."

"All right," responded the gentleman; "go ahead." And he read aloud the chapter as requested. "Thank you, boss; guess you read it straight," said the old darky, "an' yer boots am right, too."—Boston Herald.

Tapioca Ice.

One cup of tapioca soaked over night, in the morning put it on the stove, and when boiling hot add one cup of sugar and boil till clear; chop one pineapple, pour the tapioca over it, stir together and pour into molds. When cold serve with sugar and cream.—N. Y. Ledger.

The Republican.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
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Be Thankful.

The annual Thanksgiving season draws near. The farmer more than those in other avocations, appreciates the fitness of the occasion. The golden corn, the yellow pumpkin, the rosy apple, all the products of the harvest have been gathered into storehouses. Jack Frost has no terrors about the crackling fireside of the frugal husbandman.

There are very few persons who cannot find occasion for Thanksgiving. Into each life has come many blessings many bright and good things, for which the heart should offer its need of praise. Most people, however, are so engrossed in that pursuit of other and, in many instances, unattainable acquisitions, that they loose sight of the joys which attend their daily lives.

A serious contemplation of the good things which go to make up the life of every individual is highly beneficial. A spirit of gratitude is conducive of contentment and will establish a purpose to improve present advantages. It also promotes cheerfulness and the cheerful person will always find a welcome where the grumbler is not admitted.

The small company of pilgrims found cause for thankfulness on the storm swept shores of New England many years ago. Can a single day encompass the gratitude of our people?

Let the busy man and the weary toiler heed the suggestion of the season, and let us temper our supplications with a soul felt thanksgiving—a thanksgiving that reveals personal blessings, and the misfortunes we can relieve.

What Caused the Change.

What does high priced cattle and hogs mean? Simply that more people east of the Missouri River are eating meat. Why? Because they are earning wages. They are at work. The people who were idle under the Wilson tariff of the Popocrats are employed. The people who were employed under the tariff are getting higher wages. What caused the change? Faith of business men, capitalists, employers of labor and money, in the Republican party and its well tried tariff policy.

The tariff nothing to do with it? It has everything to do with it. Canadian eggs and chickens are shut out on the north and Mexican cattle on the south. The American market for the American farmer, is the Republican principal, and it is working, as it has always worked for the welfare of the nation. Pauper labor is shut out. Pauper-made goods are shut out. The American market is reserved for the American laboring man and the American farmer, and both are realizing the benefits of this patriotic, business like policy, tested and vindicated by American history for more that fifty years.

The farmer gives away cattle, hogs, corn, wheat, hay, eggs, butter and milk in every vote he gives for Bryanisms, populism or fusion. It is a bad business. No level headed farmer will permit the calamity orators for free silver and free-trade to deceive him again and induce him by specious but false promises to vote away his own property and prosperity.

Wisdom of the Oyster.

The oyster is pre-eminently a creature of leisure and he consequently has much time at his disposal for thinking and reflection, and, in the absence of proof to the contrary, we are obliged to accept the deduction that he employs it for his own uses. He has certainly reduced light housekeeping to a fine art. He lives right in the water, so that the question of water supply and drainage is one that he never has to contend with.

He manages also that the water shall bring him his food, consequently matters of commerce, or supply and demand, the prices of commodities and other questions which worry other members of animal creation, whether they are bipeds or quadrupeds, or whether they walk on the earth, fly in the air, or swim in the water, do not concern him. As for his house, as soon as he settles down, after a very short period of wandering and sowing his wild oats, he builds it him self right out of the material that the accommodating water brings him, and thereafter he lives a life of ease.

He knows perfectly well that all things will come his way. He does not even bother with having legs and eyes, for he has no need of transportation; he does not need to see in order that he may gain his food, and he finds no necessity for idly gaping about, and thus uselessly exciting his nervous organization. He sits down under his roof, if not under his vine and fig tree, and enjoys a life of quiet and dignity. He has enemies, but he does nothing to stir them up, since he eschews all religions, and political controversies, and he has thus managed to retain the good will of all the denizens of the land and the sea. There are many lessons, indeed, to be gleaned from the life of the oyster that we might learn and follow with profit.

POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

BY A CONTRIBETOR.

PITTSBERG dispatches announce that every blast furnace in Allegheny county is at work for the first time in three years, and that more furnaces are now in operation in that section than ever before. Mr. Bryan who insisted while in Ohio that he saw no signs of returning activity, should have looked a little more closely.

DUN'S REVIEW states that the present business in the boot and shoe line surpasses all records in shipments from the east for November, being 25 per cent. larger than in the prosperous period of 1892, and that the total for the year will probably be the greatest ever known. The works are running full capacity, and the best of urgent demands would seem to indicate an inability to satisfy the demand.

AMERICAN manufactures continue to be popular abroad despite the assertion that protection would make them unpopular. The London Economist, of recent date, says that England is becoming a large purchaser of American manufactures, especially in iron and steel lines, and that England manufactures must cheapen their cost of production if they are to hold their ground against the American competitor.

AND NOW the official organ of the Populist party in Idaho has abandoned the support of the silver theory and insists that the proper currency for the country is paper, to be issued by the Federal Government, and make legal tender for all debts. This is but a step further. If the mere saying so by the Government can make a dollar out of fifty cents worth of silver it can make a dollar out of nothing's worth of paper.

RAILROAD earnings in August, September and October have shown a large gain in nearly every case over the corresponding month of last year. The increase in October earnings was about $5,000,000 over that of last year while those of August and September were even larger, thus justifying the great army of railroad employees who last year cast their votes with the party of sound money and protection, irrespective of what their former party relations had been.

LOW-TARIFF advocates who were talking about increased prices under the Dingley law will be grieved to learn that the net average increase in prices of articles affected by importation is less than one per cent., while the increased earnings of those employed in the manufacturing industries and in agriculture, which depends largely upon industrial activity have been far greater than that. Protection not only protects, but incidentally benefits others quiet as much as those directly protected.

REPORTS from the iron manufacturing sections indicate that thousands of workingmen on December 1st will feel the practical effects of the adoption of a protective tariff, when wages are to be advanced ten per cent. among the operatives of a large number of furnaces throughout Pennsylvania and the Ohio Valley. This is the second step in the developments of the adoption of the protective tariff, the first one being in the increase in the number of people employed, and that is to be followed now by the increase in wages.

EXPERIENCED statesmen and politicians in Washington do not hesitate to express the view that a refusal by the Republican members of the Ohio legislature to support for Senator the man who was unanimously nominated for the position by the State convention and by most of the county conventions would destroy the political standing of men so refusing. The steady growth of public sentiment in favor of election of Senators by the people will not brook a refusal of a member of a legislature to be governed by the expressed wish of the people in State and county conventions and at the polls, as was the case at the Ohio election.

THE Treasury receipts this month will average nearly one million dollars per day for each business day of the month. All of this is accomplished under the Dingley law, and without any material revenue from the duty on sugar, as the importers are now using up their large stock of that article which was imported before the new law went into effect. It is estimated that the revenue from the duty on sugar when the present stock is exhausted, will average $5,600,000 a month, which of itself will be sufficient to bring the revenue up to a sum equal to the ordinary expenditures of the government. With the increase which will come from other articles, such as wool, woolen goods, and other manufactures, with which the country has been filled, it is now perfectly apparent that the revenue produced under this law will be ample.

THE persistency with which Great Britain maintains her free-trade notions is causing the ruin of some of her colonial possessions. Her West India possessions are rich and fertile tracts, but they are mainly dependent upon their sugar crop for support and now that the beet sugar industry has risen to such proportions in Europe, they cannot successfully compete in the markets to which they have heretofore shipped the products of their cane. Germany has paid an export bounty on her beet sugar so that it has come into ruinous competition with the West India cane product. A moderate duty on beet sugar by England would give the West Indies access to that market, and, although it is clearly understood by the British that these colonies are bankrupt and on the verge of absolute ruin, no Englishman will raise his voice in favor of a slight relaxation of the free trade idea.

A LAYMAN'S THANKSGIVING.

BY "NEMO."

[Copyrighted by Dawe & Tabor.]

WE thank Thee, who art Power unmeasured, that though perished and forgotten generations have sought to know Thee as Thou art, yet both Thy form and Thy dwelling place remain as ever unknown and undescribed. Thus gratefully do we see that each generation, clamoring for life and feeling after light is promoted anew to reverential seeking, because Thou art still hiding among countless things that proclaim Thy handiwork and hint at Thy mighty power. And we thank Thee that the secret of the Almighty is least known by the forward who seek Thee flippantly, not being impelled by the soul's hunger.

But Thou who fillest endless space,
And art by higher hosts adored,
Leave us some light, Thyself to trace
Lest we should lose Thee, Lord.

* * *

CREATOR of all things, and Permitter of evil, we thank Thee for the world as it is, with its wrongs that need righting and its pangs that cry out for soothing. We thank Thee that things are not what they ought to be, for therein do we find justification for our existence and stimulus to effort. Created to be doers of deeds, we thank Thee that there is need of deeds, and that we are still called on to be co-workers with all who in all ages have combatted evil, and worked, blindly sometimes, to give Truth's light to the world.

But Thou who sees't every sin,
And sheathest still Thy avenging sword
Let not the wicked always win,
Lest good grow weary, Lord.

* * *

THOU Tryer of men, from the depths of hearts distressed, we thank Thee for sorrows. Though smitten and disappointed in hopes that seem purest, we yet can raise a quavering note of praise to Thee, who seest the precious metal within where no human eye can trace it, and who increasest afflictions that no dross may remain. In suffering we progress, and in feeling sorrow we learn sympathy. We thank Thee that we are deemed worthy of kinship with thy greater ones, molders of thought and saviors of nations, who have ever been led upward to usefulness through great tribulation.

But Thou who sendest pain and care
And dost each trustless sigh record,
Give us not more than we can bear,
Lest our faith falter, Lord.

* * *

THOU Giver of will, thou Fashioner of individuality, we thank Thee for standards of morals, varying with nations, yet existent everywhere as a boundless gulf between ourselves and the brutes. We thank Thee for the double nature within us, warring unceasingly the lower against the higher. We thank Thee that our lower natures are strong and insistent, causing us ever to be watchful warriors within the citidels of our own hearts, and above all we thank Thee for every soul that learns the secret of victory over self and thus gains power to help the weaker fight his weary battle.

But Thou who seest right and wrong,
Like day and night in eternal discord,
Hold not the twilight over long,
Lest we mistake them, Lord.

* * *

THOU Unimaginable One, whose breath is the life of our nostrils, since we can dream of nothing higher we call Thee, LOVE. For human love and love Divine, we thank Thee. Borne by the soft movings of the wings of affection we rise further and further from the discord of selfishness of the dark places of the earth, into the calm of the heavens, where peace reigneth and the view is broad like Thine. For the heaven on earth that human love can bring, and for the glorified earth in heaven which our love-enlightened fancies picture, we thank Thee, Giver of sex.

But Thou, whose highest name is "Love,"
Who giveth it as our reward,
Let it come ever from above,
Lest it degrade us, Lord.

* * *

THOU Judge of peoples, whose vast hand is but lightly burdened with our teeming millions, we thank Thee for our nation, resistless, impulsive, hopeful. For its faith in itself as set apart and destined for great teachings in self government; for its development remote from threatening neighbors, so that backward steps can be blamed only upon ourselves; for the national spirit truly holding to the belief that beneath the tossing waves on the surface of our federated life, there still moves forward a mighty, unruffled current sweeping toward ultimate nation glory and righteousness; for these with loud voices we thank Thee.

But Thou who hast upon our land,
A flood of liberty outpoured,
Let its limits understand,
Lest license it unrule, Lord.

* * *

FOR our human nature that is never content with things attained, but must ever forward to new fields of action; for our enquiring minds in an enquiring age; for the progress of intellect—until we weigh the stars and trace them in their wonderous courses—until we wrench secrets from nature hidden through all the ages; for the conquest of earth by diminutive man, so that the rocks are rent and rivers turned to suit our needs as monarchs of matter; for the material records of our racial progress; for all these things we thank Thee, Thou giver of dominion.

But Thou who givest to the race,
A wealth of garnered wisdom, stored,
Let us not win to high a place
Lest pride beset us, Lord.

* * *

FOR the growing understanding of heredity, that makes "a little child" lead us into new educational fields; for the union of men and women on increasingly equal terms in the thought of these later days, directing us by gentler paths into more peaceful life than when men unburbed, ravaged the world; for these we thank Thee. For our enforced sojourning here, and the conviction that life's experiences must not perish at death; for being a little lower than the angels in that we can grow in grace and fight the good fight, we thank Thee, Thou God of battles.

Lord of life and of death, of earth and of heaven, of never-ending ages and of our little fleeting moments,

WE THANK THEE WE ARE!

Estray Notice.

There came to my place, about one and one half miles east of Cranesville, Sept. 1st, a yearling heifer; red with white spot on face, white flanks and small spot on top of rump no earmark. The owner will please come forward, pay charges and take the animal away. EZRA H. WOLF. 38-3t

A West Virginia County Tied up.

For four months all the business of Taylor county, W. Va., of which Grafton is the county seat, has been tied up by an injunction, and in that time no taxes have been collected and no county orders paid, even school teachers and county officers being compelled to wait. The injunction, secured by A. Armstrong before Judge Holt, was dissolved Friday, but the county is tied up again by an appeal to the Supreme Court.

Call for Your Letters.

August Schrodetzki, J. U. Zimmerman, B. W. Wolfe, Roselyr Orgat, J. Kitzmiller, W. H. Brown, Edward Decker, Mrs. Mahlon Kisk, Miss Mollie Haden, Miss Mary Curtis, Miss Clara Bachtle.

What is Scott's Emulsion?

It is a strengthening food and tonic, remarkable in its flesh-forming properties. It contains Cod-Liver Oil emulsified or partially digested, combined with the well-known and highly prized Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, so that their potency is materially increased.

What Will It Do?

It will arrest loss of flesh and restore to a normal condition the infant, the child and the adult. It will enrich the blood of the anemic; will stop the cough, heal the irritation of the throat and lungs, and cure incipient consumption. We make this statement because the experience of twenty-five years has proven it in tens of thousands of cases. *Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion.*

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

IOWA ROADBUILDING.

Scott County Solves the Problem of Highway Reform.

Scott county, Ia., has suffered mud embargo every spring until patience has at last ceased to be a virtue and the work of securing good roads has been begun in earnest. A correspondent of the Chicago *Record* describes the methods pursued in pulling highways out of the mud. He says:

"About three months ago, for the first time in the history of 64 years, the county entered upon a scheme of methodical highway improvement. Starting at the city limits of Davenport, and thence proceeding countryward, five principal roads have so far been taken up and others are on the list for this season and will soon be reached. Each of these roads is being operated upon for a distance of three to five miles. In all, as the plans for this year's work now stand, about 25 miles of new highway are to be built this fall. This aggregate will be so distributed that it will carry the traveler about five miles out of town on each of seven or eight main lines of road.

The first thing to secure is the grade. Sometimes there is considerable hill cutting to do and sometimes there is filling, for in this country highway lines are often arbitrary and vexed with much meandering up hill and down dale. Then the road is properly guttered on each side, so that the surface water cannot stand on it, and in places that are suspiciously wet drain tile is laid with a good fall and a free outlet, the tile being of size great enough to carry all the water that can percolate to it.

With the substratum thus secure the foundation course of the road is laid. It consists of stones, as generous in size as can be had, laid as flat as is possible at an average of 6 inches in depth. On top of this footing course, as a builder would call it, is placed a course of two inch macadam, 2 inches deep. It just fairly fills up the hollows and eliminates the inequalities in the course of unbroken rock beneath. On top of this macadam, which is made to conform closely to the contour of a section of the finished road, is laid 4 inches of gravel, just as it comes from the bank. Then a three ton roller gives it an approach to a surface and in a few days natural travel does the rest. The gravel packs becomes smooth and finally takes on a surface that bears a close resemblance to concrete, and harder it is traveled the better it becomes. It shows little dust in a dry time and the rainy weather tests which it has had have proved its staying qualities under that sort of treatment and shown that a hardened gravel surface is as impervious to ordinary drenching as is a good tar and gravel roof.

The first cost of this sort of road is far less than persons in this prairie country have been led to believe. Sixteen foot roadway is the rule where the road is anywhere near level and 12 foot roadway on hills of 5 per cent. gradient and over. This road is now costing the county only a trifle over 35 cents a lineal foot, or about $1,800 a mile. There is a large difference between this figure and the $2,500 to $4,500 which estimates prove to be a reasonable expectation of the cost of macadam or brick for roadways that are considerably narrower. It means that a road fund can be made to go twice as far as it has been expected to go.

Of course labor is eliminated as far as possible. The loading of the gravel is placed under contract at the rate of 9 cents a cubic yard. The contractor uses wheel scrapers, which are loaded simply by scooping up the gravel, without preliminary plowing, and which are unloaded by dumping through a hatchway in an elevated driveway into the waiting open car beneath.

Teams take the gravel from the car at the siding nearest the place where it is to be used, and extra handling is avoided in all cases where such avoidance is possible. Some pieces of road are let by contract, where grading or other special work is involved, but most of it is done by men employed as day laborers, worked by a competent overseer, under the personal supervision of one of the county supervisors.

One feature of the road improvement is found in connection with its bridge work. Iron instead of wooden bridges have been built, as far as the funds of the county would permit, for a good many years, but with the inauguration of the new system of gravel roads the supervisors have been trying to discard structural bridges as far as possible, replacing them with culverts and earthwork fills. A culvert must be staunch and durable to be good. Stone masonry is generally good, but somewhat costly, especially in a country that affords but little building stone. Cast iron pipe is good, but open, notably in the large sizes, to the same objection of cost. As a substitute for either this county has been making extensive use of steel boiler shells, especially old mill boilers. The expense of half a dozen of these newfangled culverts on the price scale that has prevailed here has been less than that of one first-class forty foot bridge.

Orphans' Court.

The regular semi-monthly meeting of the Orphans' Court was held at the Court House Tuesday of this week with Judges Daniel Wilson and T. H. Cuppett present.

First account of E. Z. Tower, administrator of Ezekiel Totten, confirmed.

First and final account of Jonas J. Tice, guardian of John Tice, confirmed.

W. C. and P. R. Tichnell were appointed administrators of Joshua Tichnell.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to Cure. 25c. 37-26.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO. IN EFFECT JULY 18, 1897.

SOUTHWARD		STATIONS	NORTHWARD	
No. 3	No. 1		No. 2	No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		NOON	P. M.
3 00*	8 00† lv	Cumberland ar	12 00	17 30
3 29	8 29	Rawlings	11 31	7 01
3 52	8 52	Keyser	11 08	6 38
4 05	9 05	Westernport	10 55	6 25
4 09	9 09	W. Va. C. June.	10 51	6 18
4 37	9 35	Shaw	10 24	5 50
5 02	10 00	Harrison	9 58	5 25
6 05	10 45* ar	Elk Garden	9 00	4 00
5 35	10 55† lv	Gormont	9 20	4 54
5 42	10 42	Bayard	9 19	4 49
5 51	10 51	Dobbin	9 09	4 39
6 27	11 27	Thomas	8 38	4 08
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	7 55	3 15
6 31	11 31 lv	Coketon	8 31	4 01
7 01	12 01	Hendricks	8 00	3 30
7 07	12 07	Bretz	7 53	3 23
7 10	12 10	Parsons	7 50	3 20
7 15	12 15	Kerens	7 45	3 15
8 00	1 00† ar	Elkins	lv 7 00	2 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	1 45
	3 05* ar	Beallington	lv	11 45
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, General Manager.
G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

REAL ESTATE!

FOR SALE BY

JOHN SHARTZER, Real Estate Agent,

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

House and 2 lots in McHenry.

Farm near Deer Park; improved.

A well improved farm near Ryan's Glade.

The above properties will be sold on easy terms.

One 50-acre lot adjoining the farm of W. T. Jamesson near Mt. Lake Park.

1 50-acre lot adjoining the lands of Mrs. Kilburne and —— Jackson near Mt. Lake Park; will be sold very cheap for cash.

House of 4 rooms, 4 acres of land two miles south of Mt. Lake Park.

House and 1 acre of ground adjoining Loch Lynn Heights. Will be sold cheap.

A livery stable at Loch Lynn Heights; finest in the county; must be sold at once.

House and lot in Mt. Lake Park.

50 acres; improved by a small house; near Cranberry Glade farm.

7 building lots in Loch Lynn Heights.

A lot of ground adjoining Mt. Lake Park on the Oakland road.

An improved farm of 100 acres, 2 miles from Terra Alta.

An improved farm of 200 acres near Crellin.

The Oakland Steam Laundry property.

7 large building lots in Oakland.

For further information, prices and terms, apply to

JOHN SHARTZER,
6-26 OAKLAND, MD.

AGENTS WANTED

FOR

JUVENILE HOLIDAY
AND
STANDARD SUBSCRIPTION
BOOKS

By the W. B. Conkey Company, the largest publishers and manufacturers of books in the United States. Finest line of new holiday and other subscription books on the market.

Also agents wanted for "ON THE SILVER SIDE," the latest and best text book on the silver question by the great silver leaders.

EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY.
LARGEST COMMISSIONS.
PRICES BELOW COMPETITION.

Write at once for circulars and special terms, stating your choice of territory.

W. B. CONKEY COMPANY,
341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351 Dearborn St.,
29-4eow, CHICAGO.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

Be thankful.

Just a bit colder.

Remember the poor.

Will you attend church to-day?

A question of time: "What o'clock?"

The bank and postoffice are both closed.

Go to Martin's for fresh fish and oysters. 36--13.

Now's the time to get your snow-shovel repaired.

Mr. William Newman is in Baltimore on a business trip.

Yesterday was pay-day on this division of the Baltimore & Ohio.

Mr. William P. Hansel, of Louaconing, was in Oakland last Thursday.

Don't miss Sincell's special hat sale on Saturday. $1.50 grade for $1.12. All styles, colors and shapes.

President McKinley's protection ideas do not include the Thanksgiving turkey.

Rev. John M. Davis went to Pittsburgh last Saturday to visit his son Rev. William C. Davis.

Messrs Arthur M. and Oliver Miller, both of Gormania, were pleasant callers at this office last Saturday.

Capt. Robert H. Gordon, of Cumberland, was in the city last Thursday in company with Judge Sloan.

Dr. Henry W. McComas returned from Baltimore last Sunday morning, where he had been on professional business.

Mr. M. W. Frankhouser, of near Cranesville, was in Oakland and Mountain Lake Park last Friday on a business trip.

Hyattsville, Md., will hold a public mass meeting to discuss the water question—a public supply for that community.

Mrs. D. Y. Morris and little grandson Byrne Thomas, of Kingwood, are in Oakland on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Benj. H. Sincell.

Mr. Charles H. Linville, of Baltimore is stopping for a week as a guest of the Bosley House. He is putting in the time gunning.

Mr. Peter J. Brenneman and wife, of Kalona, Washington county, Iowa, are visiting their uncle, Peter Gortner, sr., near Sunnyside.

The best advertised goods have the best sales and are constantly in demand—a solid proof that advertising, properly done, *does* pay.

Messrs. E. G. Miller and W. L. Shaffer, both of District No. 10, were Oakland visitors last Thursday and paid their respects to this office.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Teats, of near Accident, came up to Oakland Tuesday and disposed of a large load of poultry to one of our merchants.

Burning, itching skin diseases instantly relieved by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, unequalled for cuts, bruises, burns. It heals without leaving a scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mrs. and Mrs. Samuel J. Beachy, of Grantsville, came up to Oakland last Sunday and remained Monday as the guests of their daughter, Mrs. David Durst.

Mrs. E. O. Jones and little children, of Baltimore, will arrive in Oakland the latter part of this week to visit Mrs. Jones' sister, Mrs. Dr. M. C. Hinebaugh.

Don't nauseate your stomach with teas and bitter herbs, but regulate your liver and sick headache by using those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

Messrs. D. E. Offutt & Sons have removed the stock of goods belonging to the trust estate of Mr. Chas. T. West to a store room on Railroad street where the goods will be sold off.

Vim, vigor and victory:—these are the charistics of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, billiousness and all stomach and liver troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

The court of Marshall county, W. Va., is on trial at Moundsville on charges of gross extravagance in disposing of public funds. The court is composed of nine members, and the case is one of the most unique in the history of the State.

"They don't make much fuss about it." We are speaking of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous Little pills for constipation, billiousness, and all stomach and liver troubles. They never gripe. Oakland Pharmacy.

The Widow Bedott at Shartzer's Opera House Friday night.

When the foot ball season ends we'll have to be satisfied with reading Spanish tow-e'downs in Cuba.

Those who have taken parts in the cantata of "Santa Claus" will meet for rehearsal in the Lutheran church to-morrow (Friday) evening at seven o'clock. A full attendance is desired.

Senator Robert A. Ravenscroft, of Accident, came up to Oakland Tuesday night and remained here until yesterday afternoon when he returned to his home.

That firm is not in existence that will sell first class marble work and terra cotta pipe cheaper than the J. B. Williams Co., of Frostburg, Md. 3

If you want fine photographs you had better avail yourself of the opportunity between now and December 1st, before Suddarth's gallery closes for the winter. 36-2.

The Oakland flouring mill is now in good shape to make you good buckwheat flour and plenty of it. Don't fail to call and bring your grain. Mr. E. O. Dudley has charge and will treat you right. The Oakland Mills, Oakland, Md. 30-13.

All the section hands of the West Virginia Northern Railroad, near Kingwood, W. Va., laid down their tools Wednesday morning by a prearranged understanding and went on strike. The men are dissatisfied on account of a reduction in their wages.

It heals everything except a broken heart, may be said of DeWitt Witch Hazel Salve. Piles and rectal diseases, cuts, burns, bruises, tetter, eczema and all skin troubles may be cured by it quickly and permanently. Oakland Pharmacy.

State's Attorney Fred A. Thayer and family went to Clarksburg, West Va., yesterday morning where they will remain a week as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Waters. During Mr. Thayer's absence Mr. E. H. Sincell will act as State's Attorney.

"I crave but One Minute," said the public speaker in a husky voice; and then he took a dose of One Minute Cough Cure, and proceeded with his oratory. One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled for the throat and lungs. Oakland Pharmacy.

John Sweeney, who went to the Maryland Hospital in Baltimore one day last week, returned to Oakland last Thursday morning. His condition is improved to some extent though he has not fully recovered the use of his foot.

Mr. Thomas J. Peddicord, as trustee, sold to Messrs. D. E. Offutt & Sons, on last Thursday the stock of goods in Mr. Chas. West's store room for the sum of eight hundred dollars. There were several bidders but the Messrs. Offutt's was the highest.

Mr. N. N. Osburn well known at Woodstock, Mich., was troubled with a lame back. He was persuaded to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It gave him relief in one night. This remedy is also famous for its cures of rheumatism. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Dr. J. W. Laughlin and School Examiner Palmer went to Baltimore Monday night where they attended the annual meeting of the presidents and school examiners of the several counties of the State which was held in the above city Tuesday and yesterday. They returned to Oakland this morning.

There is a time for everything; and the time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait until you have consumption but prevent it by using One Minute Cough Cure, the great remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Two officers from the vicinity of Grantsville came down the pike Monday looking for two of Allegany's wild-turkey hunters who had killed some tame turkeys belonging to a farmer named Shaw, living in that neighborhood. Whether the hunted hunters were overtaken by the hunting hunters the *Journal* has not learned.—Frostburg Journal.

John Griffin, of Zanesville, O., says: "I never lived a day for thirty years without suffering agony, until a box of Witch Hazel Salve cured my piles." For piles and rectal troubles, cuts, bruises, sprains, eczema and all skin troubles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. Oakland Pharmacy.

A Topeka (Kansas) school teacher issued an edict that no pupil who had eaten onions should be allowed to stay in school. Next day all the boys came to school filled with the holiday spirit and saturated with fumes of the noxious vegetable, and the teacher had to surrender. Some people persuade themselves that there's strength in sumptuary laws; but they are not a patch on a patch of onions.

The three-year old boy of J. A. Johnson, of Lynn Center, Ill., is subject to attacks of croup. Mr. Johnson says he is satisfied that the timely use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, during a severe attack saved his little boy's life. He is in the drug business a member of the firm of Johnson Bros., of that place; and they handle a great many patent medicines for lung and throat diseases. He had all these to choose from, and skilled physicians to respond to his call, but selected this remedy for use in his own family when his childs life was in danger because he knew it to be superior to any other, and famous the country over for its cures of croup. Mr. Johnson says that is the best selling cough medicine they handle, and that it gives splendid satisfaction in all cases. Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

For a good lunch go to Martin's.

Mr. W. D. Nydegger, of Gormania, as announced through these columns some time ago, will open a drug store at this place about Dec. 1st. Mr. Nydegger is a registered pharmacist, has had many years experience in the business and doubtless will prove a valuable addition to the town's business circle. He is enterprising, liberal-minded and thoroughly competent. The new store will be located in the bank building, room now occupied by the postoffice.—Oracle.

One of the best sermons we have heard for many a day was that preached last Sunday morning by Rev. S. M. Engle, it being his farewell sermon to this charge. Rev. Engle took his text from the teachings of Paul, and the gist of his discourse was on the encouragement which that great preacher received from God when in the very midst of all manner of discouraging circumstances. The sermon was a great help and encouragment to all who heard it and Rev. Engle's earnest and heart-felt manner carried conviction to every one of his hearers.—Oracle.

'Squire Adam Bowman, of Mountain Lake Park, came up to Oakland last Friday with a two-horse team and went to the coal yard for some coal. While engaged in loading his wagon a train passed and frightened the horses causing them to run away. The wagon became uncoupled and with the front truck of the vehicle the animals came tearing down Liberty street. At the corner they turned into Second street and in front of THE REPUBLICAN building they collided with an electric light pole which put a sudden stop to their progress and demolished the wagon and harness.

Curfew at Grafton.

The Baltimore and Ohio shop whistle is the signal for a homeward scamper on the part of the sixteen-year-olds, and under. Up to the present, the curfew law in this place has been a pronounced success.—Grafton Sentinel.

Sales Advertised.

In to-day's REPUBLICAN Sheriff Brown advertises at public auction two pieces of real estate.

Mr. Gilmor S. Hamill as attorney advertises the Baker farm lying east of Mountain Lake Park.

A Church Benefit.

For some weeks past numerous young people have been rehearsing for a cantata, which is to be given in Shartzer's Opera House Saturday and Monday nights next, the proceeds to be donated to the Episcopal church in Oakland. Immediately after the play each night refreshments will be served in the Opera House.

New Sheriff Qualifies.

Mr. William Perry Lee, recently elected sheriff of this county, qualified and was sworn into office on last Tuesday by Deputy Clerk of the Circuit Court, Mr. William H. Hagans. Mr. Lee's bond for $25,000, was approved by the Orphan's Court judges. He immediately assumed the duties of his office and we predict that he will make an excellent public official. Mr. Brown the retiring Sheriff, was one of the ablest officers Garrett county ever had, and will move his household goods to the old Commercial Hotel, which he has rented for a term of years.

Church Services This Morning.

This morning at 10.30 the annual union Thanksgiving service will be held. The service this year will be in the Garrett Memoral church where the Rev. Mr. Ward, of St. Paul's M. E. church, will preach the sermon.

This morning in St. Peter's Catholic church at 8.30 o'clock. Thanksgiving services will be conducted by the Rev. Frank A. Wannenburg, pastor. The services will consist of mass, prayers of Thanksgiving and prayers for the civil and Ecclesiastical authorities. There will be no sermon.

The Boundary Survey Completed.

Monday afternoon the surveyors who have been engaged since August 2nd in making the survey of the Western boundary of Maryland completed their labors, sold off the camp parapherналia at public auction and returned to Oakland Tuesday night.

The line was run due north from the Potomac Stone, the western source of the Potomac river, to the Pennsylvania line, a distance of about thirty-eight miles. The Michler line was also traced its entire length. The new line, known as the Brown and Bauer line, is one and one-eighth miles west of the Michler line at the beginning point and about forty feet narrower at the Pennsylvania line. This difference is caused by the rotundity of the earth, as all lines running due north center at the pole. The territory embraced between the Michler and new line is about forty square miles, and between the Deakins and new line about fifty-four square miles. This territory is considered among the best land in Preston county and much of it is thickly settled with thrifty farmers. It will be a valuable acquisition to Garrett county should the Supreme Court decide the case in Maryland's favor.

COL. WARDWELL HAS A JOB

Under Baltimore's New Mayor Which Pays Him the Handsome Sum of $2,300 Per Year.

On last Saturday the newly elected Mayor of Baltimore, William T. Malster, announced his appointments, among them being Col. E. H. Wardwell, well-known and formerly a citizen in Oakland, as his private secretary, at a salary of $2,300 per year. The *Sun* of Monday, contained the following relative to Col. Wardwell:

"Col. Wardwell, who will be the new secretary to the Mayor, has richly won his reward. He was one of Mayor Malster's most indefatigable workers and loyal supporters. He helped to organize the Columbian Club, and conceived the idea of the Blue Ribbon Order, limited to the Mayor's warmest friends, after the State convention at Cambridge, when Mr. Malster was defeated for the gubernatorial nomination.

"Colonel Wardwell was born in Baltimore December 13, 1843, and enlisted with the Massachusetts regiment which caused a riot in this city to serve in the Federal army in the civil war. During the war he rose from the rank of private to that of captain, with a brevet as major. In 1869 he secured a position in the Postoffice Department at Washington under Postmaster-General Creswell. In 1878 he moved to Oakland and organized, at the request of John W. Garrett, the Garrett Guard, later famous as the Haymakers' rifle team—a team which never met defeat. He came to Baltimore in 1880, and was chief clerk under Naval Constructor William H. Varney, United States Navy, while the cruisers Detroit and Montgomery were building at the Columbian Iron Works. There he and the Mayor became intimate friends. Later Colonel Wardwell was secretary under General Inspectors Bronson and Davis, United States Navy, who also supervised work done at the Columbian Iron Works."

Among the Churches.

The services at St. Peter's Catholic church, Rev. F. A. B. Wunnenberg, pastor, for the week beginning Sunday next will be as follows: Sunday services, low mass and communion, 7:30 a. m.; high mass and sermon, 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.; vespers and benediction, 3:30 p. m. Week day services, mass every day at 7:30 a. m.; services first Friday of every month, 7:30 p. m. A cordial welcome extended to all.

On Sunday the services in the Episcopal chapel, Sixth and Ahler streets, will be 7:30 a. m., holy communion; 10 a. m., Sunday school; 11 a. m., morning prayer and sermon; 7:30 p. m., evening prayer and lecture. Week day services Wednesday and Friday at 7 p. m. A cordial welcome to all.

Coats! Coats!

The Largest and Most Complete Assortment of

Ladies', Misses and Childrens' Coats, Cloth and Fur Capes

that for Workmanship and Beauty of Finish are Surpassed by none and at prices defying competition.

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS,

Cheapest place in Garrett Co. to buy goods.

A Great Thing for You!

GENTLEMEN:—THE HOLIDAYS ARE APPROACHING. Now is the time to give your orders for Suits or Overcoats. We will make you a Suit or Overcoat of finest Imported Cheviot for

$15.00.

We guarantee them to be first class in style, workmanship and fit. As to the cloth, it speaks for itself. We have gotten $18 and $20 for them until now.

Garments cut and made from your own material at reasonable prices.

You can have that old suit of yours dyed, cleaned and repaired to look like new by our expert workmen.

Come now, this is the time.

M. COHEN, Xpert Tailor, OAKLAND, MD.

THE .... HISTORIC GLADES HOTEL OAKLAND MARYLAND

CUT THIS TICKET OUT

and bring it to Suddarth's Gallery between now and December 1st and get every dozen graphs you 25c for it on photo order; also one lovely platinum picture free.

A. C. SUDDARTH, OAKLAND, MD.

Sheriff's Sale

of REAL ESTATE near Frankville, Garrett County, Maryland.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county at the suit of The J. G. Hoffman and Sons Company against John McFadden, the same being No. 10 Judicials to July Term, 1897, on the docket of said Court, the undersigned Sheriff will, on

MONDAY, THE 27th DAY OF DECEMBER, 1897,

at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, in front of the court house in the town of Oakland, sell at public auction to the highest bidder, all of the right, title and interest of the said defendant in all that part of the tract of land called "Latent Worth," situated about one mile northeast of Frankville station on the B. & O. railroad in Garrett county, containing

NINETY-SEVEN AND THREE-FOURTH ACRES OF LAND,

and being the same land which was conveyed by Joseph R. Anderson and wife to John McFadden, Sr., by deed dated the 24th day of November, 1890, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folio 506, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, the same being an undivided one-fourth interest in said tract of land.

Second.—All that other tract of land adjoining the aforesaid tract containing

SIXTY-SIX AND ONE-FIFTH ACRES,

and being the same land which is more particularly described in a deed from Joseph R. Anderson and wife to the said defendant dated the 9th day of January, 1892, and duly recorded among the Land Records of Garrett county,

Third.—All that other parcel of land containing

One Hundred and Thirteen Acres,

lying between the aforesaid parcels of land, and being the same lot of ground purchased by the said John McFadden from Joseph R. Anderson under an agreement.

The aforesaid parcels of land will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs, or so much thereof as may be necessary.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN, Sheriff.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

John S. Sanders vs. A. T. Shuttlesworth and others.

No. 783 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors in the above entitled cause to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before the 11th day of December, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m., as I will on that day proceed to state an audit distributing the funds in the hands of F. A. Thayer and G. S. Hamill, trustees.

J. C. PEDDICORD, Special Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

George O. Miller vs. Gustavus W. Delawder. No. 757 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Gustavus W. Delawder to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before the 23d day of November, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m., as I will on that day proceed to state an audit distributing the funds.

EDWARD H. SINCELL, Auditor.

Mortgagee's Sale of Valuable Real Estate Near Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett County, Md.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from J. B. Sommerville and others to S. P. Baker, dated the 24th day of May, 1895, and recorded in Liber L. Z. T. No. 27, folio 236, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, the undersigned attorney named in said mortgage, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder in front of the Court house at Oakland, on

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1897,

at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, all those lots of ground situated near Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Maryland, which are known and designated as Military Lots Numbers 814, 915, 926 and 982, containing the quantity of fifty acres of land each more or less, and being the same lots of ground that are more particularly described in a deed from R. E. Mayhugh and wife to said Baker, dated the 10th day of January, 1890, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 14, folio 522, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county; except seventeen acres, one rood and two and a half perches of lot 982, which was heretofore sold to Conrad Queer by deed duly recorded among the land records of Garrett county. Said land is nearly all cleared and under cultivation and owing to its proximity to Mountain Lake Park, is made the more valuable, and as said lots compose one entire farm, they will be sold together.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash on the day of sale.

G. S. HAMILL, Attorney

for the Mortgagee named in said Mortgage.

Sheriff's Sale

Of Real Estate and Personal Property.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county at the suit of Jesper Augustine against Edward H. Margeoff and Sarah Margroff his wife, the same being No. 28 Judicials to July term, 1897, of said Court, the undersigned Sheriff will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on the

31st DAY OF DECEMBER, 1897,

at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m. of said day, on the premises hereinafter described where the said Edward H. Margroff resides, about three miles north of Accident, Garrett county, all the right, title and interest of the said defendants in and to the following real estate situated in said county, which is known and designated as

Military Lots Nos. 2496, 2497 containing fifty acres of land each, and eight acres of lot No. 2594,

and being the same land that is more particularly described in a deed from Samuel A. Miller to the said Edward H. Margroff, dated the 31st day of March, 1894, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 7, folio 276, one of the Land Records of Garrett County. Also the following personal property:

One Black Mare, one Bay Mare, two Red Cows, one Oliver Chilled Plow, two sets of Work Harness, nine head of Sheep, seven Lambs, two suck Calves, one Spring Tooth Harrow and one Shovel Plow.

Said property will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs, or so much thereof as may be necessary.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN, Sheriff.

ESTATE OF CHRISTIAN P. MILLER, DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE that the subscriber, of Garrett county, has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

CHRISTIAN P. MILLER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated to the subscriber on or before the 19th day of May next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 8th day of December, 1897.

JOHN P. MILLER, Adm'r,
Grantsville, Md.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Lowell L. Wright vs. His Creditors. No. 1 Insolvents. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

Ordered, the 24th day of October, 1897, that the 20th day of December, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m. is hereby fixed as the time at which Lowell L. Wright, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, and answer such interrogatories or suggestions as his creditors, endorsers or securities may propose or allege against him, and that James A. Caldwell, Permanent Trustee for the benefit of the creditors of the said petitioner shall, prior to the 20th day of December, 1897, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order by weekly publication in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland.

DAVID W. SLOAN,
True copy, Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 31-6

Mortgagee's Sale of a Valuable Real Estate at Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett County, Maryland.....

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from the Horticultural Supply company of Garrett county, to Joseph C. Alderson, dated the 3rd day of August, 1896, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 29, folio 234, etc., one of the Records of Garrett county, and made and by virtue of an assignment from the said Joseph C. Alderson to John Shartzer, I the undersigned assignee, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on

Friday, the 10th day of December, 1897,

at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m., on the premises at Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Md., all the real estate described in said mortgage as follows: Beginning at a stake on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and corner of the land of Mountain Home Company, thence with the land of said company south twenty and a quarter degrees east three hundred and forty-two feet to a stake 342 to second avenue extended as reduced to a thirty foot street, thence along the same south sixty-nine and three fourths degrees west two hundred and fifty-five feet to a stake 255, thence north twenty and a quarter degrees west three hundred and forty-two feet 342 to a stake at the limits of the B. and O. railroad, thence along said limits north sixty-nine and three-quarter degrees east two hundred and fifty-five 255 feet to the beginning, containing two acres, more or less.

Said lot is improved by a two-story dwelling house and a green house fitted up with engine heating apparatus, pipes and fittings, pump, etc., etc. There are also eighteen hundred strawberry plants and six hundred and eighty-nine fruit trees growing on said lot. Said greenhouse and fixtures were formerly used by the Horticultural Supply Co.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash on the day of sale or upon ratification thereof. Conveyancing at cost of the purchaser.

JOHN SHARTZER,
Assignee of Joseph C. Alderson.

ONE NIGHT

The Widow Bedott

THE FUNNIEST PLAY EVER WRITTEN WITH

MR. HORACE EWING

As The Widow.

LUDICROUS SCENES,
CATCHY SPECIALTIES,
LATEST SONGS,
A LAUGH, A SHOUT.

Shartzer's Opera House.

Friday, Nov. 26th.

Farmer Jimpson's Thanksgiving

IN'T no use talkin', you couldn't make
Ol' Jimpson look at the bright side o' things:
'Twan't in the man: his head 'ud shake
F'm side to side an' 'e 'd have his flings:
"Me skimpin' an' savin' and what do I git?
'Sprise me ef we ain't in the po' house yit!"

He 'uz always sneerin' an' snarlin' like,
Be blest ef I knowed what ailed the man;
Ef 'wonst in aw'lile he'd make a strike
He'd growl at even his payin'est plan:
"'Tain't me that's gittin' a dreaf'ful lot—
Lord knows I sweated fur what I got."

One year w'en the craps was pow'ful big,
An' the cribs wuz crackin' with piled up co'n,
I met 'im drivin' his shacklin' rig
A-lookin 'ez if 'is sand wuz gone—
"'Fine Thanksgivin' weather," I sez; sez he:
"Won't be no thankin' this year by me!"

"They won't?" sez I—an' the way he growled!
"You bet they won't!" an, he cracked his whup,
An' up the road he sorter scowled:
"Be durned ef I've got w'at I ain't dug up,
'N' lost that fine bay mare," sez 'e,
"'N' co'n is a drug fur ez I kin see.

"Fact is, I've had it pretty hard all roun',
'N' I'm kinder sore on the whole blame thing;
I've felt so mean, yere, drivin' to town
Jes' lookin' 'a-back, that y' know, by jing,
I'm re'lly glad, ez I'm sittin here,
There's nothin' to be thankful fur this year!"

—Chicago Record.

Sue's Thanksgiving

FOR DAYS the Deanes had been making ready for the corn-roast. The boys had chosen the tallest, slightest saplings, and trimmed and cut them until they were like exaggerated fishing rods, with sharply-pointed ends. All the brush and small logs had been gathered and drawn on the stone drag to the high pasture, and piled on the summit of its grassy swell, where the hills and valleys could be seen sinking and rising far and wide, the endless ridges of the Green mountains sweeping away to the east and the blue Adirondacks closing the western view. It was the finest farm in northern Vermont, old Mr. Deane had always declared; and the high pasture had been for generations a favorite place for roasting parties and corn-roasts. It was more popular than ever now, since Sue Deane was the handsomest girl in the county, and counted her swains by the dozen.

"I don't know how Sue's ever goin' to settle down," said her mother, plaintively; "for there's no one man will humor her the way they all do now. And then, Sue's so masterful; she's as sweet-tempered as you please, but she always has her own way in the end."

"Sue's obedient enough, as far as I see," replied Mr. Deane.

"Well, father, she is to you, and always has been; but, dear me! with everybody else she does what she pleases. I will say she's generally right; but that's just it—she's got as much sense, and more, than most of her beaux, and she ain't likely to find a husband she can't rule. And that's poison to a woman like Sue; she needs to be managed herself. There's just one I'd choose for her, and that's Tom Kellogg. But then, my land! he's not the kind to stand bein' played with, and Sue's not the kind to give up her ways for anybody, so there ain't much hope all 'round."

"Tom's a good fellow," said Mr. Deane. "'Tain't every boy could work through college 'nd law school, 'nd get into practice in a city, as he has in Burlington. And Sue and he, knowin' each other from children, ef they don't understand each other by now they never will. I think it'll likely be a match."

Mrs. Deane shook her head. Accustomed to be ruled by her daughter's will, she had little faith in any man's combating its caprices successfully. In the main she was right. That very day Sue was planning in her coquettish mind how to tease Tom Kellogg at the coming corn-roast. Sue treated other admirers as she chose; but she felt Tom was different, and liked him all the better for not being sure whether she could trifle with him or not. On this occasion, being especially tender to him in her thoughts, she was prepared to be especially baffling in behavior; for, deep in her woman's heart, she knew that all the delaying, all the coquetting in the world were not going to keep her lover from speaking before his short vacation was over and he went back to the city; and meanwhile there was the sweetness of an understanding no less strong because it was yet unspoken.

Soft and clear the September evening drew on. The whole neighborhood was invited to the roast. They came in buggies, in carryalls, in hay wagons; and, one group after another, they climbed the dewy steeps of the hill pasture. But Tom Kellogg did not come, and Sue's brown eyes sparkled with impatience and a touch of anger at so unexpected a turn of the tables. Finally, when the big bonfire had been lighted, and everyone was gathering about it, Tom's buggy drove up to the foot of the hill, and he helped out of it a very young and very pretty girl—Miss Eleanor Cabell, the city boarder at his aunt's. Poor Tom! it was not his fault, and Sue might have known it; but the amantis irae is proverbially unreasonable. The facts were that Miss Cabell was young, charming, ignorantly enthusiastic, had never seen a corn-roast, and thought she was conferring a great favor upon Tom by accompanying him, not dreaming that his aunt had begged him to invite her. Entirely ignorant of his affair with Sue, she claimed him, sweetly and unconsciously, for her own.

"Oh, how beautiful!" she cried, as they climbed the slope, and saw the great bonfire flaming up on the summit. "Do take me close to it, Mr. Kellogg!" and she chattered away to him, with little shrieks of admiration, as the wide streaks of flame shot high into the air and flared upon the summer wind. The one huge pine tree, stretching its wide branches upon the summit, was so near the blazing pile of logs and brush that one big limb caught a waft of the flame, and the needles snapped with crackling explosions. "Oh, will it be quite safe?" cried Eleanor, and clung for an instant to her escort's arm. Sue, passing near, felt a swift desire to strangle her on the spot.

But that was only the beginning, for Miss Cabell was either appealing to Tom or ordering him around for the next two hours. First, she must have a choice ear of corn selected for her out of the big basket, heaped up to overflowing with the green, tasseled sheaths. Then, with her own white hands, he must show her how to impale it upon the sharpened end of the long, lithe sapling, and she would insist upon fixing one for him, too. Then the right place must be chosen, where she could lower the corn, at the end of the swaying rod, into the heart of the glowing fire, now sunken to an irregular circle of white-hot embers. This necessitated getting so near to the bonfire that the heat reddened her pretty cheeks, and Tom's big handkerchief had to be called into play. Holding it before her face with one hand, and peeping round the edge of it, with many appeals as to whether she was holding the corn right, and was it done, and was he sure the sapling wouldn't catch fire and burn her up, Miss Eleanor Cabell was certainly a bewitching spectacle—one of those charming, helpless, winsome little women whom all men enjoy. How was Sue to know that Tom wasn't enjoying it? When he managed to cross to her side for a moment, he found her absolutely stony to him and flirting desperately with Will Adams; and he was soon almost as angry as she was.

The merriment grew and heightened as the evening went on. The smoking, blackened, sizzling ears of corn were withdrawn from the fire, sprinkled with salt, and, hot and tender beyond description, were eaten, amid a general chatter and fun. More and yet more were stripped from their silken sheaths, toasted and consumed; and, in the dying embers, apples were cozily roasted as a dessert. The great ring of fire died into a dim glow, and then into a mere twinkle of light here and there among the ashes; the stars came out over the hills, and the wind ceased, leaving a balmy clearness in the far spaces of the night. It was time for going home, so the revelers joined hands, and ended the corn-roast by dancing in a ring about the fire, and trampling out the last embers, keeping time to their flying feet by an old-fashioned chorus as they swung round and round. Miss Cabell was charmed with this; she danced like a fairy, and laughed like a child as she tripped in the swaying circle. Everyone admired her, and thought Tom Kellogg in luck. Sue heard the comment everywhere; she was irritated beyond feminine endurance; and when, as the ring broke, and the groups scattered again, to wend their way down the hill in the starlit softness of the night, Tom at last found his opportunity to speak with her, she was in her most exasperating mood:

"I am going away day after to-morrow, Sue. Can I see you to-morrow?"

"Will Adams is going to drive me over to Fair Haven to-morrow. I shall stop at Aunt Sylvia's, and I won't be back again until Monday," she said, stiffly.

"Sue," said Tom, shortly, all his innate masterfulness coming to the surface; "if you don't see me before I go, you'll not probably see me again!"

This was dangerous. Sue knew he was right, and that she ought to give him a chance to explain; but she was not the stuff of which patient Grizels are made. And just at this critical moment, a sweet voice said, out of the darkness at his elbow:

"Oh, Mr. Kellogg, isn't it a pity it's all over, and we have to go home! Miss Deane, it has been so delightful; we have enjoyed it so much!"

It was Miss Cabell, radiant and unsuspecting. Her "we" was the finishing touch. Sue's face hardened into determination.

"You must get Mr. Kellogg to show you other things of interest in our country life," she said, sweetly; "he has a little while before he goes back, and will be at your service, I am sure. Good-by, Mr. Kellogg; I hope you will have a pleasant winter in the city."

"Good-by," said Tom, holding out his hand. Sue turned away, ignoring it, and began talking and laughing with Will Adams, who was hanging about, waiting to take her down the hill, and whom she knew Tom particularly disliked. And that was the end of the corn-roast.

"I AM GOING AWAY DAY AFTER TO-MORROW, SUE."

It was Thanksgiving day. The family gathering had taken place at the Wilcox homestead this year, for Mrs. Deane and Mrs. Wilcox were sisters, and alternated the festival. Mr. Deane, this time, however, was ill in bed, and his wife stayed to nurse him. Sue came over with the Alcotts, who were cousins and lived a mile or so beyond the Deane farm. The day had been eminently successful; the dinner was a triumph of Mrs. Wilcox's skill; the pies were flaky, the turkey savory, the cranberry a chef d'oeuvre of jellied richness, the cake bewildering in variety and lightness. Outside, a whirling snowstorm had raged all day, but with a dozen merry guests, and the hearty Wilcoxes to boot, there had been no lack of gayety and fun in the old homestead. It stood just outside the village, and now and then, during the afternoon, a neighbor went by in his sleigh, and waved his hand to the windows. Tom Kellogg passed, in the cutter, with the colt; he was only at home for a day or two, and Sue saw him with a great throb of her heart, and a realization, for the hundredth time since their quarrel, of how much she loved him and how foolish she had been. Sue was a just, clear-headed little woman, in spite of her coquetry; she recognized that Tom was in the right, and that he was taking the only dignified stand possible. He had gone back to the city without making any effort to see her, and she knew, as well as if he had told her, that he would not change his attitude until she made some sign. Yet she knew, also, that he loved her as much as ever, and was no more liable to change, in that steadfast affection, than in the quiet determination that controlled it. Tom had turned the tables on her and gained the mastery. She vowed she would not yield; but she felt her day of coquetry was over, whether she chose or not.

Through all Thanksgiving day each had been thinking of the other. At church, during the long and weighty discourse, which sent the younger members to sleep even upon the hard seats of the high-backed pews, Tom was contemplating the side view of his sweetheart's pretty head, with a mingled desire to shake her and kiss her, as one might a naughty but bewitching child. When he drove the cutter in the afternoon, it was not chance that took him by the Wilcox place. He longed to be within those hospitable walls, to join in the games that he knew were going on, with the chance, perhaps, for a moment to hold that nymph-like figure in his arms, or get one good look into those willful, dancing eyes. It would have been easy enough to go in; but Tom was a Spartan, and crushed down such weak desires. And Sue looked out, and hoped against hope that he would come in, and was gayer than ever in all the games, and sang as lightly as a bird in the songs that were started when Cousin Abby Alcott sat down to the melodeon, and was very wretched underneath—and, altogether, it was anything but a thankful Thanksgiving to both of them.

Fate, however, often mocks us gently before offering us a favor. Cousin Reuben Alcott, an elderly man, and cautious as to his chronic enemy, the rheumatism, began to worry over the continued storm. Finally he disappeared, and held a long consultation with Mr. Wilcox; and as Tom Kellogg came by for the second time on his road home the two hailed him, and brought him in, covered with snowflakes, his eyes bright and his cheeks flushed with the cold. Sue felt her cheeks flush, too, with irrepressible joy; but she assumed entire carelessness.

"I was jest a-sayin' thet 'twas too stormy fer me'n Abby to drive home to-night, Sue; so we'll stay over till to-morrer," announced Cousin Reuben. "Tom Kellogg, here, 'll take you home, fer it's on his road, 'nd I guess you won't mind swappin' us old folks fer a young beau."

Cousin Reuben cackled at his own joke, and the rest joined in. Sue and Tom laughed, too, but hardly with effusion. There is nothing more serious than a love affair to those concerned. It seemed to both of them that the next hour or so would never be over. The games were all done by this time, but singing was still in order, and the unlimited consumption of nuts, apples and cider, before the gathering finally broke up. The storm gradually ceased howling and sank away to a calm, so that when the good-bys had all been said, and the various teams were being harnessed, the sky was almost clear, and only a few drifting clouds obscured the stars.

Tom was so afraid that Cousin Reuben might reconsider that he brought the colt and cutter up before the rest of the teams were ready. The colt was prancing and eager; Sue, well wrapped in shawls and hood, was tucked in hurriedly; Tom jumped in, and they were off. Sue gave a little sigh of relief in the depths of her hood, for she had been afraid of Cousin Reuben too. And yet, now that she was safely beside her lover, her old tormenting spirit rose within her, and she resolved she would not make a sign, after all.

The colt forged ahead through the feathery, piled-up snow. On each side the world stretched glittering and cold under the frosty stars. The keen air brought the blood to the cheeks, and stirred every pulse of life to the rhythm of the dancing bells on the harness. Tom sat upright as a statue, looking neither to the right nor the left. Sue waited two minutes for him to speak—five—ten. They would be at home in half an hour. He expected her to begin, and she never could—and she must—and it was very unkind of him—and he was right—and oh, she couldn't! Having arrived at this point, two big tears rolled down her cheeks, and she said, in a very trembling voice:

"Tom!"

Tom, who had felt his resolution slipping away from him momently, and whose heart was one ache of tenderness toward the willful little bundle of shawls at his side, turned rapturously, with a jerk. The colt felt the rein slacken, seized his opportunity, shied wildly at a fallen branch whose twisted blackness stood threateningly out upon the fresh snow—and, in his swaying rush, turned the cutter over, and threw both of the occupants into the nearest snowdrift. Then he trotted peaceably down the road toward home.

To be shot headforemost into a snowbank is confusing. Exactly what happened, Sue never knew; but the first thing she found herself doing, when she came to her clear senses, was holding on very tight to Tom, and asking him, tenderly and incoherently, if he was hurt. And Tom was laughing. "I'd be willing to have every bone in my body broken, Sue, to know that you care so much!" he whispered, and caught her so close in his strong arms that she was quite reassured as to his safety.

Above them the last cloud had drifted out of the sky. The broad, starlit azure arched over their heads with a friendly clearness and calm. Faintly, yet drawing nearer, came the chiming bells of another sleigh, far down the road. And, sitting in the snowdrift, the lovers kissed each other, and never even knew that it was cold.—Priscilla Leonard, in N. Y. Independent.

PROPHETIC.

"Coming events cast their shadows before."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Reasons for Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving for the day that brings
Our harvest home of blessing;
Thanksgiving for the love that flings
O'er us its fond caressing.

Thanksgiving that a loving glance
Still rests upon us kindly;
Thanksgiving that, with looks askance,
Some joys have passed us blindly.

Thanksgiving that our harvest food
Has justly been divided;
Thanksgiving that the turkey good
By custom is provided.

Thanksgiving that life's jangled chime
With happier notes is blending;
Thanksgiving that in course of time
All troubles have an ending.
—Detroit Free Press.

Fate of Scotch Kings.

Of 73 historic kings of Scotland 61 are said to have died in battle or to have been murdered.

FOOD POISONING.

Chemical Changes Which Produce Dangerous Results.

Newspapers record, now and then, instances of the poisoning of a large number of people who have been eating together at a picnic, wedding feast, church festival, or the like. The symptoms are often very alarming, and resemble those caused by some irritant poison, so that not uncommonly there is at first a suspicion of intentional poisoning of the food with arsenic, strychnine, or other powerful drug, by some evil-minded person.

Sometimes, if copper vessels have been used in the preparation of the food, suspicion is turned in that direction. But copper vessels are in exceedingly common use, while instances in which poisoning has been demonstrated to have resulted from them are very rare. Indeed, it might almost be said that the employment of clean copper vessels in cooking is devoid of danger.

When a careful chemical examination of the food causing this wholesale poisoning has been made, there has almost always been found the presence of one or more of the poisons — called ptomains—produced by the incipient decomposition of animal matter. These substances may be present in poisonous amount even when there is no evidence to taste or smell that the food is tainted.

The symptoms of ptomain-poisoning vary, according to the kind of tainted food that has been eaten, and may resemble those caused by a dangerous dose of arsenic, belladonna, strychnine, morphine, or other mineral or vegetable poison.

A frequent form of poisoning is that from cheese or ice-cream which has undergone a chemical change and contains a ptomain called tyrotoxicon. Here we find vomiting and purging, weak and irregular pulse, great prostration, blueness of the lips and fingers, and dizziness. Fortunately, death seldom occurs in such cases, though poisoning from tainted shell-fish, sausages, canned meats or fish is not infrequently fatal.

The treatment consists in helping the system to get rid of the offending material by not checking the vomiting and diarrhœa, if they are present, but favoring them by draughts of warm water; or inducing them by medicine, if necessary. The chief danger in most cases of food-poisoning is from failure of the heart, which organ should be assisted by stimulants, strong black coffee, etc. Of course in every case a doctor should be summoned as soon as possible.—Youth's Companion.

GRAPE DINNER.

Novel Function Which Is Peculiarly Seasonable Just Now.

A dinner party is never an easy thing to give, but if you help it out by a "specialty," as a certain woman does who is noted for her nice dinners, you will find it is robbed of the formality that makes it a terror to hostesses.

A grape dinner at this time of the year is seasonable and certainly beautiful, and it possesses the wonderful advantage of being no more expensive and a great deal less trouble to give than the ordinary formal affair. The woman who originated the grape dinner had a man to serve it, but this is not necessary. At one described in the Philadelphia Times, in the center of the table was a big silver and glass dish into which were piled grapes of a deep purple and bright green, with an abundance of grape leaves upon them. As grape leaves are not always easy to obtain, imitation ones can be substituted, for the sake of the appearance of the dish; but at this time of the year a trip to the country will give anyone an armful of leaves for the asking. From the dish there extended grape vines, which led to the four corners of the table, each terminating with a large bunch o' green grapes. The table was set for eight, and under each plate there was a doily in the form of a grape leaf, stitched with green around the edge and veined. The cloth was snow white, as were also the dishes. The guests were served with grape jelly made in bunch-of-grapes mold. This was served with the game. With toast came grape sorbet (home-made), after which there were ices and cream in bunch-of-grapes form tinted with pistachio. Over the table bunches of grapes were hung from the chandeliers.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Clean Cow's Milk.

It is a terrible thought, nevertheless a true one, that if the cow's milk fed to babies were only clean, thousands and thousands of little lives would be spared each year. But the milk, in the majority of cases, is not clean. To this fact is largely due the enormous death rate among children thus artificially fed. The uncleanness begins with the process of milking and continues until the milk is swallowed as food. Is it not strange that such a simple lesson of cleanliness cannot be learned? How many of those who do the milking take the trouble to thoroughly cleanse the hands before engaging in that process? How often is the udder of the cow carefully washed before milking? To both these questions the answer could be truthfully given: "Very rarely indeed." Yet these cleansing processes should be rigidly insisted upon. Germs cannot be removed from a liquid by running it through a sieve, no matter how fine its meshes may be. Indeed, the question should not be how to get the germs out, but rather how to keep them from getting in.—Trained Motherhood.

How She Got Him.

She—I think the average man who lives to be an old bachelor pays a very poor compliment to himself.

He—How so?

"He shows that he doesn't believe he is smart enough to take care of anyone besides himself, or he is afraid no girl would have him."

Two minutes later she asked him for time to think about it.—Cleveland Leader.

CHEROKEE FISH POISONING.

A Queer Annual Custom Among These Indians.

The annual fish poisoning and frying season of the Cherokees opened a few days ago at Mitchell's mill and a dozen or more other places on the Illinois river in the Cherokee nation, only a short distance from Siloam Springs, and will continue perhaps until late in the fall. The destruction of fish by the Indian secret process of poisoning is enormous and will result in the almost complete annihilation of the last year's growth.

The great tribal fish meet has occurred annually from time immemorial; but this year it has been made an occasion of more than usual importance and the festivities attending it have been of the gayest order. Thousands of Cherokees have been in attendance, and it has been the meeting place of all the chiefs and the captains of the two regularly organized political parties, who, according to tribal customs, gathered together to talk over matters pertaining to the continued perpetuation of their present political rights and the continued peace, prosperity and happiness of the Cherokee people in general.

Before their removal west, a little more than two-thirds of a century ago, and for a hundred years previous thereto, the Cherokees and other tribes held undisputed possession of a vast area of country extending over portions of what is now Georgia, the Carolinas, Tennessee and Alabama. A glance at a map of those states will discover many names of rivers of purely Cherokee origin. Upon all those streams the Cherokees, in the long ago, held annual high carnival, and not a few of the old-timers present on the Illinois river now were present then, for some of them are more than 100 years old, and cannot unto this day, speak a word of English.

Extensive preparations are made in advance. All the members of the tribe within a region extending sometimes for many miles are notified by the clan captains of the date when the festival will begin. The Cherokees are divided up into clans, as the Bird clan, the Tiger clan, and half a dozen other clans, and certain ones are chosen to lead in these annual gatherings. Several days before the different clans come together the poison is placed in the river. The dispensers are captains, selected from the various clans, who look upon their official positions as places of great honor.

The effect of the poison is not instantaneous, nor is it fatal. The fish readily swallow it, and when the effects begin to be felt, they dart about in a semi-crazed manner, shooting up and out of the water very often, or seeking the surface around old driftwood, where they often lie as if pausing for breath. It is not uncommon to see large, red-eyed trout, big catfish or a 15-pound buffalo or red-horse lying so helpless that it is no trick at all to step up and flip him out of the water upon the bank. The poison sometimes paralyzes the fish so that they turn over on their backs and float as if dead. The poison soon leaves them, however, and if they do not take another dose of it they regain their senses and activity.

It is not a part of the programme to allow any fish to recover if it can be prevented. When the poison takes hold sufficiently to craze or benumb the fish, the Indian is ready to commence the deadly work with his spear or bow. Bows and arrows are also used, especially by the women, and there is scarcely a child who cannot use them with deadly effect.

Sometimes whole boatloads are speared during an outing of a few hours. When enough fish for a feast have been slaughtered, huge log heaps are prepared and set on fire. When reduced to coals and ashes the fish frying begins. Preceding the ceremonies, which are a sort of tribal religious worship, in which the Indians bow and pat with their feet, and moan and grunt dolefully, the fish are wrapped singly in heavy brown paper and thrown into the hot ashes, where they are allowed to remain until the religious part of the feast is completed. When taken out the fish are very palatable, the flesh readily separating from the bones, making a most delicious dish. A large circle is then formed, and all sit down and are served with the fish without dishes of any kind, the only accompanying food being a plain bread, called kee-nut-chie, composed of equal parts of the goodies of hickory nuts and walnuts and Indian corn or maize, crushed between two heavy stones. This closes the festivities for the day, the same programme being carried out the next day, and continued in the same manner as long as the fish holds out.

It is more than probable, however, that this practice, like nearly all the other time-honored customs of the Cherokees, will sink into oblivion and go out of use altogether, and it is not at all certain that the Cherokees will ever indulge in another fish-poisoning expedition. The attention of Judge Thomas, of the United States court at Tahlequah, having been called to the open violation of the Arkansas game laws, which apply to the Indian country, he has brought the matter before the federal grand jury and instructed that body to indict all those who may engage in the wholesale slaughter of fish in any manner. The action of the Judge is approved generally by the half-breeds and the whites, but the full-bloods, being ignorant of the real intention of such a course cannot understand why they should be deprived of their annual sport, and announce their intention to contest the matter.—Kansas City Star.

Location In General.

"Where am I?" gasped the left tackle, opening his eyes feebly.

They answered him with candor.

Roughly speaking, he was just back of the 20-yard line. His nose and the back of his head, however, were not definitely located as yet.—N. Y. Journal.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

COLONEL GRUMPY.

He was a darling little boy,
With sunny eyes of blue,
And happy as the day was long
Unless he had to do
Some task that did not please him much,
And then he was so cross,
His mother thought her boy was gone,
And grieved so for his loss,
And said: "It was a dreadful ease,
That heve in her own dear boy's place
Was surly Colonel Grumpy."

Her boy, she said, was good and sweet—
The pearl of little boys!
But Colonel Grumpy was most rude,
And broke up all his toys.
He tore his picture-books to bits,
Cracked his slate, lost his hat,
Pulled his little sister's hair,
And teased the pussy-cat.
She wished he'd go away, and then
She'd have her own sweet boy again
Instead of Colonel Grumpy.

"That Colonel Grumpy's not my boy
I'm sure is very plain,
And so I'd better send him off
To-day in all the rain.
So, Colonel Grumpy, go away
In spite of wind and wet!
I want my boy, who does not sulk,
Nor does he scold or fret!"
A little sob, two pleading eyes,
Then clasped tight in her arms, he cries:
"Good-by, cross Colonel Grumpy!"
—Jane Campbell, in St. Nicholas.

MR. WINGLEBY'S IDEA.

He Tells How We Come to Have Different Kinds of Weather.

"You see, Georgie," said Mr. Wiggleby whose youthful son had asked him how we come to have different kinds of weather, "the weather is put up in tin cans, a day's weather to a can, and usually they put up a year's supply ahead, enough to last through a spring, summer, autumn and winter. In filling the cans they sort it all out as well as possible. Sometimes when they get a can full there may be a little left over, and whatever remains in this way they throw into the lot. When they've got pretty nearly all the cans full, and the regular stock of weather has run out, they fill up from that lot of odds and ends. The cans so filled contain what is called variable weather, because it's mixed; but most of the weather they get pretty well sorted out according to the season.

"When they've got all the cans filled they stack 'em up where they'll be handy to get at, and there's a man that does nothing but open them. Every day he cuts the can and pours out the weather for that day, and of course a great deal depends upon him. Sometimes this man gets careless and pulls down a lot of the wrong cans, getting them, say from the July shelf in the month of April, and likely as not getting down a week's supply at once, so as to have them handy on the opening table. Of course he discovers his mistake the first can he opens, but he is too lazy to put the rest back, and so he keeps them until he has opened them all; and that's how it comes about, as it sometimes does, that we get a hot spell at a season when we ought to have nothing but cool weather.

"But, of course, those April cans are not lost; they must be around somewhere, and we get 'em later. Maybe the man will sprinkle them along with the hope that we won't notice them much; but as likely as not he opens them one after another, maybe after some terrible hot spell in July or August, when they are sure to be a blessed relief; and if he does this we are pretty apt to forgive him for his mistake in April."
Chicago Inter Ocean.

A RAT WITH TUSKS.

Queer Creature Recently Born at the Cincinnati Zoo.

The Cincinnati zoo boasts of a curiority in the shape of a white rat. It closely resembles a miniature white boar, and has two long tusks growing out of the side of the mouth and curving upward to fully twice the length of the head. The rat is not more than a week old. Its parents are the ordinary white rats, beloved of the small boy, as also are its brothers and sisters. Being in a cage somewhat removed from view, no one paid particular attention to the white rat family. When the the little monstrosity was discovered he was nearly a week old. The keeper promptly removed him from the rest of the family and is bringing him up most carefully. When molested the little thing grunts like a pig instead of making the noise common to its kind.

HAS TUSKS LIKE A BOAR.

Snakes That Like Thunder.

One of the wonders of the bare, sandy plains of New Mexico is the thunder snakes. They are by no means common, yet they are often encountered by prairie travelers, especially before and after thunderstorms. Flashes of lightning and claps of thunder, which are so terrifying to bipeds and quadrupeds, seem to have the greatest charm and delight for those members of the serpent family. Whenever a thunderstorm comes up they have a regular picnic. They come crawling out of holes, from behind rocks and rotten stumps, and enjoy the fun while it lasts. Their nature is quarrelsome, their character feree, and they are aggressive in a high degree, although their markings are very beautiful. They are not poisonous, however; their bark is worse than their bite.

The faculty of Buda-Pesth university has voted to confer on the queen of Roumania the degree of doctor of philosophy.

SUSPENDED IN MIDAIR.

Juvenile Kite Flyer in Florida Has a Thrilling Experience.

Kite flying has been the ideal sport of the small boys at Charlotte Harbor, Fla., lately and some of the older ones, too, have taken a shy at it. The broad expanse of beach, with its good winds, has made it fine sport. Another element of excitement has entered it that has added to its attractiveness and that is the enmity of the big fish hawks, or eagles, to the kites. They attack them, pecking at them, and breaking them to pieces. When the kite falls the big birds seem to be in great glee over it and utter triumphant cries. Willie Jones, a ten-year-old lad, had several torn this way and so he determined to make one that the hawks could not break up. He made a huge affair of silk, some ten feet long, and broad in proportion.

The other day he started out with it, with many of his admiring friends to aid him. There was a strong southerly wind blowing and the kite, when ready, started off with a suddenness that startled Willie. He partially fell over the small rope that held it and in a jiffy was caught in its coils and being carried skyward. For seconds his alarmed companions could not do anything. Then they tried to pull him down, but the big kite was too strong. The eagles, on the alert for their enemy, came swooping down on the kite and two started for Willie. As they approached and circled around him he waved his arms at them and scared them off. One came near to him and Willie seized it by its feet.

It struggled to get loose and some way the rope around Willie got unwound and he was free, hanging to the big bird's feet 100 feet in the air. The eagle struggled frantically to get free, but began falling. Its companion, not

WILLIE HUNG ON MANFULLY.

understanding the situation, came up and Willie in some way managed to seize one of its feet. The two eagles about kept him up, but could not fly off. Willie hung on manfully and shouted lustily. The birds could not stand the strain, however, and came down steadily toward the earth, bearing their heavy burden. The crowd stood in silence, watching this strange affair. Slowly and slower the birds came down, flapping their huge wings, trying to rise, but Willie was too heavy. When within a few feet of the ground Willie let go and dropped safely into the arms of his waiting companions, while the two eagles feebly fluttered off.

Willie was the hero of the occasion and was taken home on the shoulders of the boys, where they told the story of his deliverance from a horrible death. Willie still flies his kites, but they are small ones. Strange to say, the eagles do not molest the kites there now and the boys say that all the fun is gone. Willie goes to Sunday school, too, and so do the boys who told this strange tale.—Chicago Chronicle.

"GOD'S THANK YOU."

It Made Little Jack Very Comfortable and Happy.

A kind act is never lost, although the Cousin Jack or other person for whom we do it may not thank us. The doer always receives a reward, as this little story illustrates.

Little Jack was a four-year-old and a great pet of mine, with yellow curls and blue eyes, and he had sweet affectionate little ways. One day his cousin, a boy of 16, set Jack to work for him. He told him to pull up some weeds in the field while he finished his story. Little Jack worked away until his fingers were sore and his face was very hot.

I was working in my room when a very tired little boy came up to me. "Why, Jackie, what have you been doing?" I asked.

The tears came into his eyes and his lips quivered and for a moment he did not speak. Then he said: "I've been kind to Cousin Jack; I worked dreffly hard for him and he never said thank you to me."

Poor little Jackie! I felt sorry for him. It was hard lines not to have a word of thanks after all his hard work. But that night when I put him in his little cot, he said to me: "Auntie, this morning I was sorry that I pulled the weeds, but now I'm not sorry."

"How is that?" I asked. "Has Cousin Jack thanked you?"

"No, he hasn't; but inside me I have a good feeling. It always comes when I have been kind to anyone, and, do you know, I've found out what it is?"

"What is it, darling?" I asked.

And throwing his arms around my neck he whispered: "It's God's thank you."—Our Gospel Letter.

Some Wonderful Echoes.

In a cave in the Pantheon, at Rome, the guide, by striking the flap of his coat, makes a noise equal to a 12-pound cannon's report. The singularity is noticed, in a lesser degree, in the Mammoth cave in Kentucky. In the cave of Smellin, near Viborg, in Finland, a cat or dog thrown in will make a screaming echo, lasting some minutes. Fingal's cave, on the isle of Staffa, has also an abnormally developed echo.

FARM AND GARDEN.

HINTS ABOUT MATING.

Some Points Which Are Apt to Puzzle the Poultry Amateur.

I would advise those who are hesitating on making selections for their breeding pens meanwhile to spend more time in their poultry houses studying and contriving how to mate them, and the result will be more certain and satisfactory in the end.

The question of mating your breeding fowls for the best average results will soon engage the attention of breeders who have not been timely in this respect. The delight of the amateur is to get possession of a trio or pen of well-matched parti-colored birds, with which he starts a brood or two of chicks that he anticipates must come like the parents, because the old fowls possess the same even hue in plumage and markings, accurately formed, and their

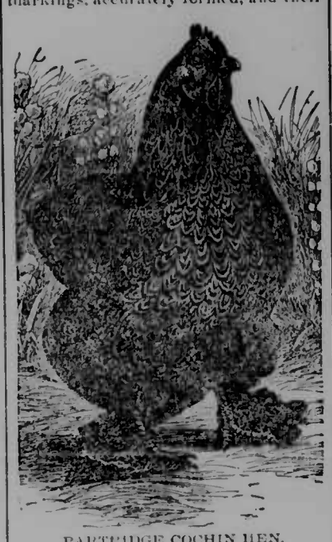

PARTRIDGE COCHIN HEN.

general characteristics are so similar and clearly defined in themselves.

It is this one difficulty more than anything else that puzzles the amateur and proves a bar to his experiment with such breeds, when the result of such mating brings him a progeny unlike in plumage and markings the sire and dams. The cause remains a mystery until his own experience gives him the clew, or until he learns from the suggestions of older practitioners. Then it occurs to him that to produce in the progeny from any variety of parti-colored fowls, as the light and dark Brahmas, Partridge Cochins, Plymouth Rocks or Wyandottes noticeably, the same even line of plumage and markings that is possessed by certain chosen sires and dams they must be judiciously mated when he buys them, and the same when he selects a breeding pen from his own stock. Matching in color of any of these varieties for the showroom is not strictly what skillful fanciers might consider judicious mating for the breeding pen, and if one hopes for good results from such matting he will be disappointed.—Country Gentleman.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

Hens lay larger eggs than pullets.

Eggs from fat hens do not hatch well.

The best layers are usually the worst sitters.

Sand is not a good subsitute for gravel in the poultry yard.

The nest is the hatching place for lice as well as for chickens.

Much fat-producing food is not best for laying or growing fowls.

The fowls are healthier when they have to scratch for their food.

Give the hens all of the buttermilk and skim milk they will drink.

Supply the laying hens with bones, oyster shells and vegetables.

Unless hens lay well in winter they will prove rather expensive to keep over.

The eggs of a hen will hatch for ten days after she is separated from the roosters.

The value of a breed depends largely upon what you want to do with it.—St. Louis Republic.

Feeding Lambs by Hand.

In rearing lambs that have lost their mothers, or when the latter cannot give enough milk to nourish the lambs properly, it is best to feed cow's milk from a bottle that has a small rubber nipple attached to it. A newly-dropped lamb only requires two teaspoonfuls at a time given every hour. It has not been found necessary to sweeten the milk with sugar or dilute it with water, but it is strongly recommended to heat the milk and feed it at a temperature of 00 degrees Fahrenheit. The lambs seem to like it hot, and they certainly thrive better upon it. It is necessary to keep the nipple, the bottle and the vessel in which the milk is heated thoroughly free from any disagreeable taste or odor such as that of sour milk, else lambs will refuse the milk. When the lambs are about two months old they are able to take two feeds, two pints per head daily, in addition to such grain and grass as they may eat.—Journal of Agriculture.

Scorched Grain for Hens.

Where hens are fed large amounts of corn newly husked, and not thoroughly dried, their digestive apparatus becomes disordered. This is often remedied by heating the corn to the point of scorching. Hens will eat this scorched corn quite readily, and they will be better for it. But partly-burned oats, where the hulls are burned off and only the blackened grains are left, are even better than scorched corn. This is really the best way to feed oats to hens. The hulls make the food more bulky than is best for them, as their crops are limited, and the light, chaffy grain does not give sufficient nutrition for the best egg production.—American Cultivator.

AN AMBITIOUS GIRL.

From the New Era, Greenburg, Ind.

This paper recently received information that the ten year old daughter of Mr. M. Rybolt, of Hartsville, Ind., had been cured of a severe illness. The case seemed more than an ordinary one, and consequently a special representative was sent to investigate.

The Rybolts are well-to-do farmers living about two miles southwest of Hartsville. When the reporter called Mr. and Mrs. Rybolt and their daughter in question, Louise, were at home, also the other three children. Louise is the oldest. She had been going to school for four years, and was formerly in very good health, but for the past year or more she had been ill.

A year ago the present winter it was noticed that she was breaking down in health. For a time the cause could not be ascertained, but it was finally decided that it was from over-study. It has always been the ambition of Louise to educate herself as soon as possible, for she was anxious to graduate from the common branches early, and to enter a college of music, which her parents promised she could do as soon as she should finish the common branches.

How many children by diligent study to achieve their ambitions are injuring their health. It was so in this case. The child studied hard all day and often far into the night, and had won the respect and admiration of her teacher and of all the school by her aptness, and rapid learning.

For some time Louise experienced an indisposition which she would not make known to her parents, for fear they would have her remain from school. Her headache soon became unendurable, and was noticed by her teacher. She had by this time grown pale and weak.

One day she became suddenly sick at school, and was taken home.

For several weeks she suffered from a fever, and the physicians could not rally her. A neighbor urged them to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which they finally did with splendid results. Louise began getting better at once, and by the time she had consumed ten boxes of the pills she was cured.

"What you have written is true," said Mrs. Rybolt. "I don't think Louise would have recovered had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. She is in perfect health to-day, and able to re-enter school.

"We are using these pills in our family when we need medicine, and find that they do more good than doctors' medicines, and they are not nearly so expensive. I would be glad to recommend them to any one who is sick, and can especially recommend them in any case similar to Louise's."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. These pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N.Y.

What It Was.

Papa—Alice, I thought I heard a loud smack in the hall last night.

Alice—Yes, Mr. Upsley made that noise with his lips when I told him you had cleared $50,000 in a wheat deal.—Cleveland Leader.

B. & O. Improvements Completed.

The improvements on the Main Line of the Baltimore and Ohio, west of, and between Martinsburg, W. Va., and North Mountain, have been completed November 1st. They cover a distance of nearly four miles, starting three miles west of Martinsburg, and extending some distance west of Myers Hole, which is near the North Mountain station. At Myers Hole the line was changed, taking out some very objectionable curvature, and the roadbed raised nearly fifteen feet, eliminating two grades of 42 feet per mile which came together at Myers Hole and substituting therefor an almost level track. This point on the road has always been a dangerous one, and many freight wrecks have occurred there. Apart from doing away with the dangerous feature of two sharp down grades coming together, as was the case in this instance, the saving in operation of the road by the change will be very large, as it enables the tons per train to be greatly increased and reduces the liability of accident to the minimum. At Tablers the road-bed has been lowered about 13 feet, and the same at Tablis, besides taking out objectionable curvature and reducing the rate of grades at these points from 42 feet per mile to 10 feet per mile, thus increasing the cars that can be hauled per train. Though these improvements have cost quite a sum of money, the expenditure is fully justified by the great saving in operation.

She—"I hear you have just got married; is it too late to offer congratulations?" He—"Oh, yes; I was married three weeks ago."—Tit-Bits.

There Is a Class of People.

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

A large head may be as empty as a last year's bird's nest.—Raur's Horn.

Some people write in dialect to hide poor spelling.—Washington Democrat.

We would rather see a man unusually homely than just ordinarily good looking.—Atchison Globe.

Self-Respect.—"You orter have seen yerself smirkin' an' primpin' when ye asked the lady fur a piece o' pie," remarked Meandering Mike. "Anybody 'ud 'a' thought ye considered yerself a bean ideal." "That's wot I am," replied Plodding Pete. "I'm a hobo ideal."—Washington Star.

Rara Avis.—Caller—"My grandmother is 104 years old, and is hale and hearty. What would be the chance of—" Dime Museum Manager—"No chance at all. Centenarians are too common to command any salary worth mentioning." Caller—"But my grandmother never saw George Washington and never was kissed by La Fayette." Dime Museum Manager—"That's different. I'll give her a hundred a week."—Chicago Tribune.

Where They Are.—"Where are the great men of whom the stage used to boast?" asked the tragedian. "Doing the continuous on the other short, most likely," answered the comedian, irreverently.—Philadelphia North American.

Returned Tourist—"Mr. Hayseed, I met your runaway son in the west. He has become a successful Chicago drummer." Farmer Hayseed—"Must 'a' been some other fellow, mister. My son had no ear for music, and couldn't keep time to a tune ter save his neck. He hadn't nothin' 'cept check an' impudence."—N. Y. Weekly.

Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards; they simply unveil them to the eyes of men. Silently and imperceptibly, as we wake or sleep, we grow and wax strong, we grow and wax weak, and at last some crisis shows us what we have become.—Canon Westcott.

We lie in the lap of immense intelligence, which makes us receivers of its truth and organs of its activity. When we discern truth, we do nothing of ourselves but allow a passage to its beams.—Emerson.

A THORN IN HIS FLESH.

One Man Tells Honestly of His Political Experiences.

"I didn't have much luck in the legislature," sighed an aspiring young man who is now in the insurance business. "That old Skinley from the Hawbush district kept tipping me up every move I made. I wanted to go at him hammer and tongs, but he never appeared to know that there was such a member as I. He never used my name when speaking, never looked at me and never openly opposed any of my bills. But every time I bobbed up he knocked it to me. When I introduced my bill to do away with high hats in the theater, he offered one making it a misdemeanor for a woman of 15 years or upward to appear bareheaded in any place of public amusement. The only way of keeping even was by dropping both of these proposed measures.

"Having a large prohibition constituency, I offered a bill in which a penalty was fixed for selling or drinking any malt or spirituous liquors, except under certain restrictions which would make it impossible to maintain saloons. Old Skinley at once prepared and presented a measure making it a crime for any man, woman or child to have or to indulge a thirst for anything stronger than tea, coffee, water, milk or what are commonly known as soft drinks. I was laughed off the floor when I attempted to urge my bill.

"When I offered a bill forbidding any person to marry before he or she had attained the age of 21, Skinley was soon on deck with another bill prohibiting any young man or woman from falling in love without first procuring a license from the county clerk. That's the way the fellow squelched me at every turn. You can read my legislative record on a sheet of blank paper, and that's why I'm out of politics. But if Skinley ever comes up again just watch my smoke."—Detroit Free Press.

THE MISTAKE SHE MADE.

She Did Her Best to Entertain a Bored Guest.

At a party the hostess said to a guest: "I want you to entertain Mr. Blank a little; he looks bored to death. I will introduce him, and you must try to amuse him. You know his strong point is butter, on which he has written a book."

The lady-guest graciously undertook the task of entertaining the man, inwardly wondering that he should be so interested in butter—of which she knew very little—when his face indicated a mind given to much profound thinking.

However, with butter in view, she began on the weather, gradually got to the country, then on to a farm, from that to cows, and at last to butter. The man looked more bored than ever, the magic word "butter" producing not the slightest effect, and he left her somewhat abruptly, and soon withdrew from the house.

"I did my best," she explained to the hostess; "I went through agonies to prove that I was deeply interested in butter, but it was all in vain."

"Butter!" exclaimed the hostess. "What possessed you to talk to that man, of all men, on butter? I told you he had just written a book on Buddha, and I knew how deeply you two were interested in the same subject."

And they said in chorus: "Gracious!"—Tit-Bits.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Wit and Wisdom in Short Sentences.

Where there's a will there's usually a contestant.

Snow comes down in the winter and ice goes up in the summer.

Time flies. That's one advantage it has over flying machines.

The wind has a great deal to do with making the weather—vane.

When some men feel blue they get drunk and paint things red.

The stronger the butter is in the tub the weaker it is in the market.

A doctor may spend money like water, but he doesn't get it from the well.

After a man secures a girl's hand he sometimes finds she has him under her thumb.

One word always leads on to another—no matter whether you are reading the Bible or a dime novel.

A man must have a lot of bravery in his make-up to enable him to listen calmly to the whistling of bullets.

One should make allowance for youthful follies. The cat, the gravest of all animals, is the most frisky when young.—Chicago News.

Incligible.—First Ocean Wave—"Where did you summer?" Second Ocean Wave—"At Newport. And you?" First Ocean Wave—"Atlantic City. I have no crest, you see."—Detroit Journal.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

A cat's heaven would have to be full of mice.—Ram's Horn.

How My Throat Hurts!—Why don't you use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar? Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

A mother's praise of her children never interests any other woman.—Chicago News.

A quickstep. Step out when St. Jacobs Oil quickly cures your lumbago.

The office never gets left when it starts out to seek the man.—Chicago News.

THE TURN OF LIFE

Is the most important period in a woman's existence. Owing to modern methods of living, not one woman in a thousand approaches this perfectly natural change without experiencing a train of very annoying and sometimes painful symptoms.

Those dreadful hot flashes, sending the blood surging to the heart until it seems ready to burst, and the faint feeling that follows, sometimes with chills, as if the heart were going to stop for good, are symptoms of a dangerous nervous trouble. Those hot flashes are just so many calls from nature for help. The nerves are crying out for assistance. The cry should be heeded in time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life.

The Vegetable Compound is an invigorating strengthener of the female organism. It builds up the weakened nervous system and enables a woman to pass that grand change triumphantly.

It does not seem necessary for us to prove the honesty of our statements, but it is a pleasure to publish such grateful words as the following:

"I have been using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for some time during the change of life and it has been a saviour of life unto me. I can cheerfully recommend your medicine to all women, and I know it will give permanent relief. I would be glad to relate my experience to any sufferer."—MRS. DELLA WATSON, 524 West 5th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

His Advantage.

Slapshard—Hello, old man; how are you?

Spunkup—You have the advantage of me, sir.

"That's so. I don't know you."—N. Y. Journal.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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This standard remedy for coughs, colds, and all diseases of the throat and lungs, is now put up in half size bottles at half price, 50c.

"One of my children had croup. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it strangling. It had nearly ceased to breath. Having a part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given the child's breathing grew easier, and in a short time it was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved its life."
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Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

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March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

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Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

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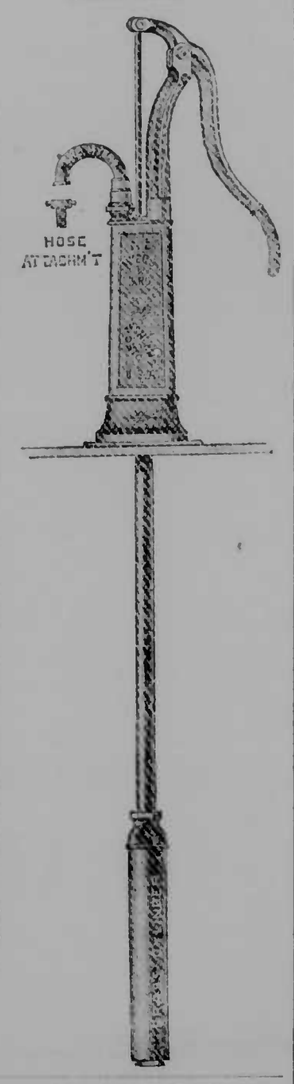

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 14, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—	Daily	2.47 A. M
No. 3—	Daily	6.42 A. M
No. 71—	Accom daily except Sun	8.26 A. M
No. 47—	Daily	0.01 P. M
No. 55—	Express, daily	5.35 P. M
No. 1—	Daily	10.11 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—	Daily	5.59 A. M
No. 2—	Daily	7.41 A. M
No. 14—	Accom daily except Sun	9.21 A. M
No. 46—	Daily	4.46 P. M
No. 72—	Accom daily except Sun	5.18 P. M
No. 4—	Daily	12.25 A. M

Train No. 55 stops at Terra Alta.

D. B. MARTIN,
Manager of Passenger Traffic.

C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Nov 22, 1897.

No President for years has paid more deference to the opinions of members of his party than Maj. McKinley does, and no President has ever taken more pains to ascertain the opinions of his callers upon public matters. While there is no question of public importance upon which President McKinley has not a well defined opinion of his own, he invites the freest expression of the opinions of others and is not so self-opinionate as not to be sometimes convinced that his own are erroneous. Just now he takes every opportunity of drawing out the opinions of his callers on matters of which his annual message to Congress will treat. While his message, which will be a long one, has been all blocked out, what he hears between now and when the final revising is done may make material difference in portions of it.

If there isn't an arbitration treaty between Great Britain and the United States before the adjournment of Congress, it will not be the fault of President McKinley, as he intends to send a new treaty to the Senate early in the session, drawn to meet the expressed objections to the one that was rejected by the Senate at the last session.

Representative Dolliver, of Iowa, whose prominence in Republican councils makes his opinions upon legislative matters of value, passed through Washington on his way home, where he expects to eat his Thanksgiving dinner, from an eastern trip. In reply to the question as to whether he thought currency legislation probable at this session of Congress, he said: "I doubt if a bill can be framed that will meet the approval of both houses of Congress. It is not unlikely, however, that the House will take up legislation in line with the recommendations of the President's message. These, I take it, will be reasonable and conservative, and strictly along the line of the record and platform of the Republican party." Mr. Dolliver says he thinks the early annexation of Hawaii absolutely certain, and regards that the settlement of the Union Pacific railroad debt as among the administration's most creditable work. His opinion of Congress taking the Cuban question up, as advocated by Democrats and anti-administration newspapers, is worthy of more than a passing thought. He said: "If the combined wisdom of the Executive and the State Department is not equal to solving the Cuban problem, I do not believe it would help matters to throw it into a Congressional joint debate."

Attorney General McKenna is preparing the papers that will be necessary in foreclosure proceedings against the Central Pacific railroad, which will, in January next, owe the United States Government nearly $35,000,000, so that no time will be lost in case the company defaults, as it is expected it will do. If foreclosure proceedings are taken, they are likely to include the Western Pacific railroad also.

Experts on the cultivation and marketing of the export tobaccos of Kentucky and Tennessee are invited by Secretary Wilson to write what they know on the subject, to be used in a series of tobacco bulletins to be issued by the Department of Agriculture. Accepted contributions will be paid for at the rate of $15 a thousand words, and while no length limit is set, it is not desired that any single communication shall exceed ten thousand words.

The conclusion of the members of the Executive Committee of the Indianapolis Financial Convention of last winter, which has been holding a monetary conference in Washington for some time past, not to make their report public until after President McKinley's message and Secretary Gage's annual report have been submitted to Congress, probably means that the measure which the committee will recommend to Congress will be in the main along the same lines as the financial recommendations that will be made in Secretary Gage's annual report and endorsed by President McKinley. In a statement just issued by this committee, much more confidence is expressed in the passing of financial legislation by this Congress than there are indications in sight to justify.

President McKinley doesn't believe in the brass band method of announcing in advance what he intends doing; he prefers to allow his acts and accomplishments to speak for themselves. He has done more to maintain our national prestige abroad since the 4th of last March than his predecessor did during his full term of four years, and not the least of his accomplishments in that line was securing the release of twenty-seven American citizens from Spanish prisons in Cuba.

"The worst cold I ever had in my life was cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," writes W. H. Norton, of Sutter Creek, Cal. "This cold left me with a cough and I was expectorating all the time. The Remedy cured me and I want all my friends when troubled with a cough or cold to use it, for it will do them good." Sold by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

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We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

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Hon. BENJAMIN BUTTERWORTH, Commissioner of Patents, Washington.

Hon. JAMES G. SHAW, Manufacturer, New Castle, Delaware.

CHARLES H. KITTINGER; 66 Broadway, New York; Harrison Building, Philadelphia.

Hon. JOHN LAUGHLIN, Ex-State Senator, New York, Laughlin, Ewe, D & Rapp, Attys at Law, Buffalo.

JULIUS CHAMBERS, Journalist, - New York.

Gen. E. M. CARR, Preston, Carr & Gilman, Att'ys at Law, Seattle.

THOMAS W. LAWSON, Banker, 53 State Street, Boston.

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J. M. BUXTON, M. E., Vancouver, British Columbia.

GEO. A. KELLY, 66 Broadway, New York.

J. EDWARD ADDICKS, Delaware.

The facts concerning the wonderful discoveries of gold in Alaska and British Columbia, about the headwaters of the Yukon river, have been received and are now fully digested by the public mind. Every incoming steamer from the Klondike regions, bringing as they do enormous quantities of the precious metal, only confirms the statements made by experts that this new find is by far the richest the world has ever known.

If the wealth of the new fields excites wonder the extent of the territory in which gold is being found is even still more remarkable. Besides the fields in the Klondike River and the various streams emptying therein, information reaches us of almost incredibly rich discoveries of gold in the Stewart River and in the White River, and of miners leaving the one district in search of the possibly more productive fields beyond. This circumstance, it may be remarked, leaves the way open to those persons on the ground for the acquiring of claims at a small fraction of their real value.

It has long been suspected and the proof is now fully proven that all those rivers having their source in the range of the Rocky Mountains are gold bearing in the highest degree.

All this knowledge being now well established, the thought which is naturally occurring to many minds is how to participate in the great productive wealth of this new El Dorado. It is unquestionable, obviously, for but a small percentage of the people to afford the help to these regions. Moreover, the only way to be interested, the perplexed hardships of such a journey deter most from such a course unwise and unnecessary.

Persons can, however, combine their capital with those who are already actively engaged in acquiring claims in the gold country, with the assurance that the investment will prove both safe and profitable.

The Yukon-Cariboo-British Columbia Gold Mining Development Company is formed to explore and develop the gold fields of British Columbia, including the Cariboo district and the Klondike district of the headwaters of the Yukon River.

The Company has a capital of $5,000,000 divided into 5,000,000 shares, at $1 each. There are no "promoters'" shares, and no officer or director has obtained his stock without paying for it at the regular subscription rate.

No personal liability whatever is incurred. The stock is fully paid up and is non-assessable. Each share represents the full responsibility incurred, and cannot, according to the charter of the Company, be subjected to any assessment of any kind.

The Company is without a rival in the completeness of its organization and the names of its directors are a guarantee of its integrity of purpose. Especially strong is the Company in its forces already in the field. Governor J. H. McGraw and General E. M. Carr, two of the directors of the Company, are at Dawson City for investigation, purchase and development of mining claims in the interest of shareholders.

George B. Kittinger, mining engineer, of Seattle, heads the largest and best equipped exploring party that has yet left the Pacific coast in the interest of any company. Mr. Kittinger is directing the forces in the Klondike district.

In the Cariboo district, J. M. Buxton, mining engineer, of Vancouver, is the representative of the Company.

On the Stewart River, the corps of eight men is headed by Captain Jack Searry, well-known as having headed the line of the Northern Pacific railroad through the Cascade mountains.

All of the company's miners are fully equipped with horses boats and supplies for protecting such development of claims.

As this Company is the first to engage in actual work in the gold fields, it is confidently expected to be the first to secure practical returns to its shareholders.

Comprehensive management, large capital and completely equipped expeditions will accomplish more than disorganized individual effort.

The shares of the Company are offered to the public for a short period at their par value of One Dollar per share. The company reserves the right to withdraw its offerings at any time without further notice.

Subscriptions for shares should be accompanied by cash in registered letter, U. S. or Express Money Orders, Bank Check or Draft made payable to the Secretary.

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J. EDWARD ADDICKS, President.
CHARLES H. KITTINGER, Secretary.

Colored map of the gold fields sent free on application. 31-1

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47—52

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1897. NUMBER 39.

HUMOR AND TRAGEDY

In the Klondike Gold Fields Where They Wait for Food.

THE LAST STEAMSHIP'S CARGO

Consisted of Bad Whiskey and Indigestible Billiard Balls. The Stories of Starvation Told by Those who Have Left Dawson City.

SEATTLE, WASH., Nov. 28.—Twenty-five men arrived here to-day on the City of Seattle direct from Dawson City. They were divided into two parties, the last one of which left Dawson October 13. They consisted of Thomas Magee, sr., Thos. Magee, jr., of San Francisco; "Swift Water Bill" Gales, Joe Boyle, Wm. Huskins, F. Ecket, H. Robinson, H. Laymond, Bert Nason, John W. Baner, W. H. Chambers, E. W. Pond, E. Ash, J. Gillespie, Thos. Wilson, P. M. Graw, Jack Dolton, Wm. Leak, Arthur Celine, Joseph Fairburn, J. Smith, T. Warren and Jim Stephenson. They came out over the Dalton trail. They are reported to have with them $80,000 in drafts and $203,000 in nuggets.

All tell stories of a food shortage at Dawson that is almost a famine. The last person to leave Dawson was Jack Dalton. When he left the steamers, Alice and Bella, had reached there loaded light. It is said that the Bella's cargo consisted of whiskey and billiard balls. She brought no provisions.

The Canadian government mounted police chartred the Bella and gave all who wished a free pass to the Yukon. The Bella is reported to have left about Oct. 12 with 200 men. According to statements made by members of the Dalton party, there is liable to be trouble of the most serious kind this winter at Dawson. Billy Leak told one of the men in the party ahead of him whom he met at Dyea, that all the people talk about at Dawson was the food famine. Men were gathering in groups and cursing with might and main the newcomers that were constantly coming into Klondike loaded with scarcely any provisions. The mounted police were offered free transportation to the grub placers further down the Yukon to Fort Yukon, but to the countless hundreds who have labored hard all through the summer accumulating a grub stake, the prospect was uninviting to say the least.

The men figured that it would take all their earnings in gold to pay their living expenses at Fort Yukon during the winter, and that in the spring they would not even have enough left to pay passage back to Dawson, to say nothing of purchasing enough food to subsist on until they could get started again. To these poor fellows the mounted police was no better than the prospect at Dawson of being compelled to live on half rations until the supply boats could reach the diggings in the spring.

John W. Brauer, the United States mail carrier, who left Dawson September 27, said:

"There is only one salvation for the miners who are now at Dawson City, and that is for them to undertake the awful winter trip from Dawson to Fort Yukon, a distance of 400 miles. There is no food at Fort Yukon, there is none at Dawson, and just as sure as the stars shine, terrible suffering will be the fate of the Dawson miners unless he leaves there before spring. I will make my statement that when I left Dawson the men who were there had on an average four months' supply of food. Some of them did not have a months' supply and some had four or five. The restaurant closed the night I left. It had been selling nothing but beef steak, for which the hungry paid $2.50. When the people realize that the boats would be unable to get up the river, they knew that starvation thretened them and the great stampede began.

"The first to leave went to Fort Yukon. I guess there were about ten in the party that left the first day. One boat that came up from Fort Yukon with several newspaper men aboard, among them correspondents Sam Wall and a Mr. McGilvray. They brought the news that the Hamilton has unloaded all her cargo and tried to get over the bar light and failed in her efforts, though she drew but two feet of water. The news increased the excitement and made the rush toward food centers all the greater. On September 14 Bert Nelson, of Seattle, and myself left Circle City and started to pole up the river to Dawson City, a distance of 300 miles. At the time we started from Circle City the miners had about taken their departure. It took us eleven days and three hours to make the journey, arriving at Dawson City September 26. Captain Hanson, with two Indians who had left Fort Yukon, beat us into Dawson City about one hour and a half. Hanson gathered the Dawson City miners together and made a short speech, in which he advised all who did not have provisions to last the winter to go to civilization or try and reach points in the Yukon river country where it was known food could be secured.

"That night was the greatest one in the history of Dawson City. The miners as soon as they heard the news made hasty preparations to get out, and nightfall saw the gold seekers and men who can to-day sell out for many thousands of dollars, leaving by thousands for down the river or up the river points. The little steamer Kinkuk, which was to make the trips from Dawson to Pelly, where the Jack Dalton trail starts, was brought into play. She was besieged by would-be passengers who offered as high as $250 that they might be aboard while she made her journey of 175 miles to Pelly the Kinkuk left Dawson on the afternoon of September 27 with twelve or fifteen passengers.

"The next day we made up a party including Herbert Raymond, of Seattle; Bert Nelson, of Seattle; Harry Robertson, of San Francisco, and myself. We started up the river in a small river boat, the same one we had used in going from Circle City to Dawson. We left Dawson about 2 p. m. and were soon on our way up the river.

"While Jack Dalton left Dawson a couple of days later, the situation there then was the same as it was when we left, and I can tell you in a few words, the only thing you could possibly buy was sugar, baking powder, spices and some dried fruit. No flour, bacon or anything of that kind could be purchased from any of the stores, simply because they did not have them. So long as the stores had any provisions, prices remained the same. I want to say that the stores treated the men all right under all circumstance, never advancing the prices, knowing a shortage was coming and knew that they had but to ask for high prices and receive it. I can relate however, an instance where a private party sold to a miner a sack of flour for $75 and bacon at $1 per pound."

H. A. Ferguson said:

"The situation at Dawson was relieved by the exodus to Fort Yukon. I doubt if there will be any actual starvation there, but there will be a shortage. The old timers have provisions enough to carry them through. The stores are practically clean out. All they would sell was five pounds of sugar to the man. Flour could not be bought at all. One or two sacks were quickly picked up at $200 per sack.

"Wages are still $15 per day, but they are sure to go down to $8 by next summer, and $8 a day there is no more than $1.50 a day outside."

Thomas Magree, sr., the well known San Francisco capitalist, in an interview with the correspondent of the Associated Press, said:

"The excitement over the failure of the steamers to bring food up to Dawson continued when the Dalton party left. The police took charge for two days of the stores and warehouses of the Northwestern and Alaska Commercial Company as a precaution only. Flour was selling at $2 a pound and no sale of less than 50 pounds was made. No plans have yet been formulated to avert the starvation of those who are short of provisions. Those well supplied have not much sympathy with those who are short because of the fact that the majority of these latter went in with little food although abundantly warned at Lake Bennett in advance.

"It had not been discovered up to October 16 who shot the two men in Dawson who were caught stealing food. One was found dead; and the other fatally wounded, and died at the Catholic hospital. It is believed that a secret organization exists for the purpose of shooting down thieves. The organization of hunting parties for the winter to hunt moose was talked of and will be carried out. Dysentery and accompanying features were general at Dawson last summer, caused by the swamps on which the business of the town is built and poor drainage and sewerage. The sickness will be worse next summer. The river water was bad, but there is one spring of water out at the Catholic hospital. Nothing was talked but the grub election. The solution will probably be a public committee to gather up voluntary or enforced contributions. The food thus gathered is to be publicily dispersed and paid for by work or by cash, by those to whom it is given. The Yukon river practically closed about September 30 and again about October 25, but the ice ran out again and left the river free, so that the parties who had taken chances of being left out in the wilderness, most of them short of provisions, probably got to Dawson, or near it. This opening of the river twice was a phenomenon never known to occur before. There was no new mining excitement. With a persistence heretofore unexplained, many parties from Dawson, as well as newcomers, went up the Stewart river. Nothing whatever except good claims, have yet been discovered there. The belief, however, is that rich discoveries will be made there.

Jack Dalton and Mr. Maloney, a lawyer of Juneau, have purchased of Hugh Ferguson and Alexander McDonald, Shookum claims numbers 1 and 2 for $82,500. It is reported that a large advance has been offered to the buyers. Shookum claims are looking up because some of them have yielded initial work as large returns as any found elsewhere. Thomas Magee, jr., has purchased interests on some of the best creeks, Eldorado, Bonanza and Shookum. He will return to develop those claims very early in the spring. Business in connection with them is what brought him out. An agent of the Rothchilds who invested sixty thousand dollars last fall, has made arrangements to return in the spring. Because of the failure of the September steamers to take passengers down the Yukon early enough to give reassurance that ocean connections would be made at St. Michaels, hundreds who were intensely anxious to get out of the country for the winter will later try to get out over the ice and lakes with dogs and sleighs this winter. Many of them will suffer greatly because competent dogs and guides are both scarce. The people there are being largely prevented from developing the enormously rich country by nearly utter isolation and scarcity of food.

"The work to be done is sufficiently hard and trying at best and its great difficulties should not be increased. A railroad is the real want. If steamboats were run from Lake Bennett to Dawson they could not travel continuously. A railroad would be for all of the year. The Dalton trail goes over a very easy country of remarkably light grades. A. Callberger, of San Francisco, is in the field surveying a route. We passed him fourteen miles from Chilkat. He is reported to have capital behind him. He said his company will begin work by the first of January. Somewhere quartz and placer mines of great extent and riches are to be found in that country, through which we passed everywhere, and it is my deliberate opinion that California and Australia are likely to have their past and present vast mines outdistanced by the development of the next ten years in that wide region. In saying this I am not dreaming of adding stimulus to the wild and blind helter skelter rush of aimless people who have been, and will be tumbling in all sorts of unprepared shapes into that wild country.

"It was generally prophesied at Dawson that there would next summer and fall be nearly as great a number of outgoers as incomers. Some very rich strikes, none of which were made last fall and summer, may change this. Transportation both ways on the river can hardly be overdone."

In the opinion of Mr. Magee no such amount as $1,000,000 was brought down on the steamer. A very small amount of gold dust can be brought overland and he did not think that the drafts carried by Ferguson and Leak, who had the larges amount, would be over fifty thousand dollars.

How to Prevent Pneumonia.

At this time of the year a cold is very easily contracted, and if left to run its course without the aid of some reliable cough remedy it is liable to result in that dread disease pneumonia. We know of no better remedy to cure a cough or cold than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. We have used it quite extensively and it has always given entire satisfaction.—Okagah, Ind. Ter. *Chief.*

This is the only remedy that is known to be a certain preventive of pneumonia. Among the many thousands who have used it for colds and la grippe, we have never yet learned of a single case resulting in pneumonia. Persons who have weak lungs or reasons to fear an attack of pneumonia, should keep the remedy at hand. The 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Vim, vigor and victory:—these are the charisties of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, billiousness and all stomach and liver troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

SOME RAMBLING THOUGHTS.

BY "SEMO"

[Copyrighted by Fawe & Tabor.]

The wish of men to fly has never yet caused wings to bud, but the wish has been father to numberless thoughts about free movement over the face of the earth, and thus asses, camels, horses, and so forth have been broken to our use, and used until too slow for our hastening spirits. From them we have passed to steam, to electricity, to compressed air, and to other forms of propulsion. Even the flying machine is rapidly nearing a commercial possibility. Better than the birds who fly, yet needs must rest, our servants carry us, so that we skim the earth through prey effort and eat or sleep or transact business while being flitted from place to place by tireless machinery.

But I do not write this in order to minister to human pride, on the contrary, it is to point a moral to those whose hearts seem like bursting at being shut away in a narrow place. I know just how you feel; eager to do great things, sure that you could do if you had a chance, and yet prevented by conditions that seem so cruel in themselves, and more cruel when you see how they are hindering you. Have patience—at least for five minutes—and let us draw a little inspiration from poor wingless man, who being without powers of flight and yet desirous of such powers—learning that longing for the boon does not grant him his wish, he sets his brain to work. Its results we know. Like the traveler who scaled a cliff by turning this way and that, the absence of wings is a limitation that has been set aside.

Apply this method to yourself, pining and eager one. Mere longing for different circumstances will never bring them. Opportunities are not forced by pulling wish-bones, nor do chances come by chiding fate. Since you cannot be in two places at once, your place for the present is percisely the place you are in, and if viewed aright you will be loth to change it until you have done your all with it. The most solemn spot in the world for you is the spot you stand on; for it is *your* testing place—not some one else's, but yours—it is your opportunity to show what a man with limitations can do and can dare. Transported suddenly from where you are doing less than your all—for that must be true if you are grumbling and fuming—to new circumstances that seem ideal, you will still find reasons for discontent. But is where you are you make a wholesome blending of content and discontent,—content that you know your limitations and and discontented to the extent of fitting yourself for wider scope, the time of fuller, more satisfactory life is practically certain to come. The waiting may be long, but even if long or the change forever deferred, you will have done well.

* * *

Overworked one, pressed with anxieties and harassed by those who ought to, but do not seem to co-operate with you, calm yourself. You are like a tangled kite, tearing yourself to pieces in a tangled thicket, instead of the eagle you should be, soaring far above. You know full well that the work you are doing needs to be done; that it is laid upon you to do it; and in your heart you try to feel that the man and the task will surely fit. Believe this with your whole heart and little annoyance will assume their proper size. In your calm moments you are thrilled by the things you intend to accomplish during life; multiply your calm moments by sheer exercise of will and your belief in your own purposes will carry you far above petty interruptions. You are in a battle, fight it through. Would you in such a place pay any heed to nettles? When the smoke has rolled away and the dust of conflict settles you shall stand triumphant beneath the silent stars. All of life is not the present harassed moments; there remaineth an eventide for the solace of those who toil and triumph. At twenty-five James Watt, who has transformed the world with steam, begged for the benignity of death, so troubled was he, yet he came to be the sweetest, sunniest old man you could wish to meet.

* * *

Questioning one, do you complain because God is a mystery? Would you have Him as visible as a tree and as tangible as a rock? Then He would be the one understandable thing in a world of mystery. Your inner details, your outer life, and two natures within you—these are mysteries. The workings of the mind of the one you love, hidden as effectually as a stranger's from your own thought—this is a mystery. The impossibility of a man thoroughly understanding a woman and *vice versa*—that is a mystery. Clear out of your daily life, in its simplest details, all that is strange; fathom it all and understand it; then may you raise querulous complainings at the mystery that hedges around the creator of all mysteries.

* * *

The prisoner prayed that he might have some light;
It came, and showed him but his sorry plight.
The servant prayed for power to pierce the sky;
It came, and, dazed, he begged that he might die.
So give us Lord such light as suits our mind,
To know not over much nor wander blind.

* * *

Bereaved one, weeping bitter tears beside the empty chair, you are not alone in your sorrow. Human woes have preceded you by ages and human woes will last long after time has taken the smart from your own wound. But these seem naught to you, for they were not your sorrows. Yes, dear one, tribulation has its place and its value and will yet live to see. In tears are great sorrows assuaged, in tears are great purposes born, in tears are great resolves formed. Rise to live as the vanished one would most fondly wish! Thus will the dead live again in the deeds of good you do, consecrated to the memory of the lifeless.

* * *

Bereaved, I fall like wounded bird
From happy heights, to limp along
In gloomy aisles wherein my song,
I think, can never more be heard.
And yet, perchance, though stricken sore,
And robbed of all I held most dear,
Some wiser hand has cast me here
And rise to heights undreamt before.

Tribute to the Memory of Mrs. Virginia Deakins.

On Tuesday, November 16th, Mrs. Virginia E. Deakins, wife of Mr. Parron Deakins, died in Deer Park, Md., at the residence of her sister, Mrs. L. D. Thrasher. The intelligence of her sudden death pained us very much. Only a few weeks ago we sat at the same table and knelt at the same altar, and we had a number of pleasant chats. She seemed in good health and was, as usual, in a cheerful mood. Her cheerfulness was the calm reflection of the inner peace that swayed her life.

Over a decade we have known and loved this sainted woman. She was one of the writer's most cherished friends, and as he sits this hour penning these words—this Thanksgiving Day—his heart is filled with gratitude to God, not only for the material blessings received so unworthily, but also for the gift of the precious life of our friend that was so sweetly lived after the pattern of that other Life which has been the inspiration of the ages.

In writing this tribute we are performing a duty both sad and joyous—sad because on this side of the river we shall see her face no more—joyous because of the life that enriched so many other lives by its gentle, kindly, Christly influence. It is not the meteor that flashes across the heavens that so much blesses the world, but the forceful light that steadily shines upon hill and valley and helps to draw from their bosom the nurturing grain and the flowers that beautify and gladden. Twenty years our departed friend walked with God. Through all these years the light of her beautiful character shone steadily and quietly in her home, in church and social relations, everywhere impressing, uplifting, comforting and impelling towards purity and nobility.

The end of her earthly pilgrimage was just what might have been expected from such a life. She received the summons without a tremor or fear. She passed away like a child pillowing its head upon the bosom of its mother and gliding into gentle sleep.

We cannot find words to express our sympathy for the bereaved. We mingle our tears with theirs, and pray the Comforter may abide with them in their sorrow. To the loving husband, especially, we would say—Lean heavily upon Him who has been your stay in the past, and after awhile tears and heartaches and separation will be changed to joy and triumph and companionship with her whose absence you now mourn.

GEO. H. NOCK.

Baltimore, Nov. 25, 1897.

Married.

HESSEN—EGGERS.—On Tuesday, November 30th, at St. Peter's church, by Rev. F. A. B. Wunnenberg, C. Alexander Hesen and Margaret Eggers.

Mr. C. M. Dixon, a well known merchant of Pleasant Ridge, Fulton Co., Pa., has a little girl who is frequently threatened with croup, but when the first symptoms appear, his wife gives her Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which always affords prompt relief. Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

REPUBLICAN members of Congress will have no occasion to regret their action on the Dingley bill when they come together next month.

THE proposition to defeat Mark Hanna despite the fact that Ohio Republicans have control of the legislature seems to have been abandoned.

THERE is every reason to believe that the Hawaiian annexation treaty will be confirmed by action of the Senate very soon after Congress meets.

ADVICES from China confirm those of some weeks ago which indicated that the gold standard is likely to be adopted by that government as soon as practicable.

THE Canadian proposition in favor of closer relations between the United States and Canada is another evidence that the protests against our tariff merely a "bluff."

WHAT has become of that special commission which went to Japan to find out all about the "conspiracy" by which that country was brought to the adoption of a gold standard? Did it fail to find material for a report?

MR. BRYAN should hasten in his trip to Mexico or he may not arrive in time to enter his protest against the adoption of the gold standard. However, a protest after it was all over would probably do just as much good as if offered now.

SECRETARY BLISS has evidently carried his business habits with them to the Interior Department. He has succeeded in getting down the estimates of his subordinates for the next fiscal year over $9,000,000. This is an effective way every time of fighting a deficit."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

THE prospective attitude of President McKinley on the Cuban question is now a matter of much interest. This anxiety is doubtless due to the fact that a war cloud would check, if not absolutely destroy, the business improvement among farmers, manufacturers and merchants, which has been apparent since the Republican success of 1897.

REPRESSENTATIVES for the free-coinage proposition met in Kentucky the other day, and, after a few minutes of private conference, announced that they had decided to "keep up the fight for silver." In view of the fact that the Republicans made gains where silver was made an issue in the recent elections, members of that party will offer no objection.

THOSE people who were disappointed at the destruction of the reciprocity arrangements under the Wilson act will be gratified to know that the Dingley law is likely to operate in this line in a wider and more complete way than did the McKinley law, and reciprocity under the new tariff act will, it is said, be of even greater value and give greater satisfaction than was the case under the old law which was so popular.

THE reply of Assistant Secretary Day to the communications of the Spanish government, the subject of American fillibusters for Cuba, shows that eight vessels have been employed in this work, cruising over 75,000 miles, in their police duties, capturing seven vessels engaged in that work, and breaking up a number of other expeditions which were intended to operate from our ports in violation of our neutrality laws.

CONGRESS, when it meets next week will find a very gratifying showing for the first four months of the new tariff law. Its earnings during the first four months have exceeded by several millions of dollars the earnings of the corresponding four months of the Wilson law; its November earnings reached $25,000,000, which is more than 25 per cent. in excess of the November earnings in the first year of the Wilson law.

WHEN or why is it that our exportations to practically all of the countries which protested against the new tariff have increased under the new law? The thirteen countries which protested against the new law instead of shutting out our goods in retaliation for the passage of this act, actually increased their purchases from us in August and September nearly $25,000,000, as compared with the corresponding months of last year under the Wilson law. Here is a conundrum for those Democrats who insisted that a high tariff meant destruction of our market abroads.

THE BABY.

"She is a little hindering thing,"
The mother said.
"I do not have an hour of peace,
Till she's in bed.

"She clings unto my hand or gown,
And follows me
About the house, from room to room,
Talks constantly.

"She is a bundle full of nerves,
And willful ways;
She does not sleep full sound at nights,
Scarce any days.

"She does not like to hear the wind,
The dark she fears;
And piteously she calls for me
To wipe her tears.

"She is a little hindering thing,"
The mother said
"But still she is my wine of life,
My daily bread."

The children—what a load of care
Their coming brings.
But, oh! the grief when God doth stoop
To give them wings.
—Emma A. Lente, in N. Y. Independent.

SIX RUNAWAYS.

By H. H. Holdict.

WE DIDN'T like it at all at school. They say boys never like school, anyhow. Maybe that's so, and maybe it isn't. All I know is, we didn't like it. Why? Well, I can hardly tell you. There was plenty to eat—such as it was—and we didn't have to study overhard, but then, you see, it was school, and that's all about it!

Watched all the time, you know, taking walks two by two, trunks gone over every now and then, and the things you like must be taken away—especially books and papers. Some of us had taken books and papers to school—Cooper's and Marryat's novels, and story papers, to end. They took them all away as soon as they found them; but we'd had time to read them all first, and pretty well learn them by heart, too.

We were mad enough when we found that they were all gone, you'd better believe! We knew there was no use asking for them back, so we didn't do it, but we held an indignation meeting instead.

There was lots of talk and fellows saying what they would like to do, but when we came down to the point, we couldn't see but one thing to be done, and that was to run away.

Of course, we meant to go to sea. Dedham was not a seaport town, and we'd have to walk 30 miles to find any sea to go to, but we thought that would be easy enough. Only we ought to get some provisions together first, and we had to wait a bit for that.

There was one little chap that didn't seem much set up at the idea—Ralph Wayland his name was. He didn't want to go—up and said he liked the school well enough, and didn't like the sea at all. Said he'd been on it once, and it made him awful seasick.

But we told him we wouldn't leave him behind, for they'd be sure to worm out of him where we'd gone. We told him he'd be a sneak if he didn't go, after hearing our plans and all. We shamed him so that at last he said he'd start with us, but he wouldn't go to sea, he'd go home. So we said that would do, only we called him a coward. He laughed, and said may be he was; he was afraid of being seasick, anyway.

We waited a long while before a good time came. At last we'd got quite a lot of things together that we'd saved from our meals—bread and cheese and meat and such. To be sure, the bread was pretty dry and crumbly, and the cheese hard, and the meat—well, we should have made an awful row about eating it at table, but we thought when we got hungry we shouldn't mind it—much.

Then there came a night when the principal and most of the teachers were to go to a party in the town, and we thought that would be the best time to go.

We didn't have very hard work to get off. So many of the teachers were away that the rest couldn't keep a very strict watch. There were six of us, and first one and then another slipped away, till Ralph and I were left.

"Now's our time, Ralph," I said, at last.

And Ralph got up with a kind of sigh and came along.

"I'm not going to sea with you, Jerry, you know," said Ralph, when we were safe outside. "I'm only just going—Hello!" exclaimed he, stopping short all of a sudden. "What's that?"

We were just passing the house of the principal. It stood quite near the school building; but the trees were so thick all around it that, a little way off, you couldn't see it at all.

Ralph was staring up at the windows so hard that I stared too; but I didn't see much—only lights moving about upstairs, and now and then a shadow passing between them and the window.

"Come along, Ralph," I said. "It's only the servants having a frolic while their masters and mistress are away."

"They don't keep any servants," said Ralph, in a kind of whisper. "Mrs. Minor's a New England woman, and she does her own work. Besides, Jerry, I saw the shadow of a man cross the window. What does it mean?"

Mean? Well, I felt sort of cold; but I put on a big air, and replied:

"I don't know what it means, Ralph; but it's none of our business, anyhow. Come along. We're to meet the fellows at Crosstree's Oak, you know, and we haven't any more than time."

"The other fellows may go," said Ralph. He spoke low, and his face had a queer, set sort of look, as the light shone on it. "I'm going to see what this means before I stir another step further. Will you come, Jerry?"

We had got to the front steps by this time, and Ralph was trying the door, which flew open at once.

Somehow I didn't quite like it. Running away to sea was one thing, but hunting burglars in a dark house was another, and I didn't know what to do. I had a bright thought in a minute, though.

"I'll tell you what, Ralph," I said. "Better go tell Mr. Minor. He'll know what to do about it far better than we would."

Ralph hesitated just a moment; then he said:

"He's a mile off and more. By the time he got here the burglars would be gone with all their booty. Maybe we can scare them off. It's worth trying, anyhow."

I felt ashamed when I thought that this was the little chap we'd all called a coward. So I never said a word, but followed him.

It was all dark and quiet downstairs—and upstairs, too, as far as we could see—at first.

"I say, Ralph," I whispered. "Wouldn't it be a jolly go if that was Mr. and Mrs. Minor come home early and gone to bed? What fools we'd feel!"

"With their front door unfastened?" said Ralph.

Then he didn't say any more, nor I either, for a door opened just in front of us, and there stood a man.

The man hadn't any light, but we could see him well enough to be sure that it was not Mr. Minor—nor Mrs. Minor, either, for that matter.

What did we do? I'll tell you what I did, if you'll never, never, never tell. I'd never have believed it of myself before, but I'd believe most anything now. I just gave one yell and scooted downstairs, through the hall, and out of the door, and ran like mad through the village, shouting "Fire!" and "Help!" and "Murder!" and "Thieves!" all the way.

People turned out lively, you'd better believe, and, as soon as they could stop me, I told them what the matter was.

So, then, some ran for the police and some for Mr. Minor, and some got clubs and pitchforks, and lanterns and guns, and came back with me.

I was ashamed enough of myself by that time, and began to wonder what had become of Ralph.

The house was all dark when we got back to it, and the front door wide open, just as I'd left it. The first thing we did was to stumble over something soft. When they turned on the lantern, there lay Ralph, poor little chap! all tumbled down in a heap, with a big cut on his forehead. He opened his eyes, and they found he wasn't very badly hurt, so they carried him in and laid him on the sitting-room sofa. I and one of the men stayed to take care of him, and the rest went on.

Would you believe it? Not a thing was gone. There were bundles and packages of all shapes and sorts—pretty near all the silver and jewelry in the house, and Mrs. Minor's silk dresses and Mr. Minor's winter overcoat—all ready to take away.

The burglars had been so scared at the sight of two scared boys, though, that they'd just taken to their heels and left all behind. That's what people said; but, first, the burglar we met had flung his lantern at Ralph and knocked him senseless to the floor.

Of course we had to tell Mr. Minor all about how we'd meant to run away

I NEVER SAID A WORD, BUT FOLLOWED HIM.

—at least I had, for Ralph wasn't allowed to talk much. I told him all—how we'd bullied Ralph and everything.

He didn't say much; but when he found the other boys were missing, of course he put this and that together and guessed it all.

They caught two of them that night, and cheap enough they looked when they were marched back. I was glad I wasn't one of them.

I was gladder yet when, along in the next week, the other two came back of themselves. If they weren't just the seediest, most sheepish-looking customers you ever did see!

They'd been all the way to Gosport, and tried to get a berth on a ship, but there wouldn't a captain look at them. All they spoke to just laughed and told them to go back where they came from and wait till they got more brains and inches. So they thought the best thing they could do was to take good advice; but they had a pretty hard time of it, with no money and nothing to eat but what they could beg.

I suppose Mr. Minor thought that walk was punishment enough, for he didn't do anything to them. Besides, Ralph begged for them; and, after what Ralph had done and suffered for him, he couldn't deny him anything.

So we all came off scot-free that time, whether we deserved it or not. Even the burglar did, for he never was caught.

Nobody ever called Ralph a coward again, though, you'd better believe, and that was the last time we tried running away from school.—Golden Days.

Ships for the Japanese Red Cross.

The Japanese Red Cross society is going to build two vessels of 2,000 tons each for the use of patients in time of war.

Advertising by London Firms.

London firms are said to spend over $10,000,000 a week in advertising.

UNCLE SAM'S FLOWERS.

A Pretty Custom Against Which Washington Florists Protest.

One of the most pleasing features in official life in Washington is the constant receipt, without cost, of cut flowers from the government gardens. These flowers are furnished at the white house and in all the executive departments almost every day the year round, and not only are the desks of the higher officials made beautiful with the gifts of nature, but they are passed around to the residences not only of the administration, but of congressmen, and even of subordinates. The understanding everywhere is that as the flowers are grown in the botanical gardens and conservatories, they simply are saved from going to waste by being cut and distributed where they will be most appreciated. This is a pretty custom, and has become so general that no one ever thought of complaining about it.

But the florists of the city find themselves unable to compete with the government's free flower show, and they have banded together to protest. They have asked the president and heads of departments to prohibit the use of government property for private purposes. They do not care about a vase of fresh flowers being kept on an official's desk, but they do find fault with the propagation of flowers in hot houses and in the parks and gardens by a special force of men to keep the whole of official Washington supplied with bouquets and table ornaments. They also protest against the loan of potted plants for receptions, unless at the departments where they belong.

The superintendent of public buildings and grounds is at a loss to know how to meet the issue presented by the local flower dealers. If he lets the flowers in the parks and gardens go to waste he does not believe that anyone will be compelled to purchase more flowers than they now find it necessary to buy. The government gardens continue to make these beautiful natural exhibits, and it would seem a shame to let them rot on their stems when they can give so much pleasure by being judiciously scattered. Not only do the officials in the departments and the legislators have the benefit of the government's interest in horticulture, but the hospitals as well are supplied from Uncle Sam's nurseries.

As the government plants of the more expensive and rare varieties are never used except at official receptions, and then only by the president and the heads of department to which they belong, there does not seem to be any more of an abuse in the custom than in the use of carriages and horses by the same officials at government expense. The livery stable men could with more justice protest against the use by the petty officials of government turnouts for social purposes. This objection would have good foundation. There is no earthly reason why any official, outside of the president and the members of his cabinet, should be supplied with horses and carriages. As it is now, government carriages attend receptions and theaters in the evening and drive housekeepers to market in daytime for the regular supply of meat and vegetables. This is an abuse which ought to be remedied, but the flowers will grow and fade, whether they are distributed or not.—N. Y. Times.

QUEER LAKE SALAWIK.

Its Waters Grow Warm in Winter and Men Can Fish There with Clubs.

The rich placers of the Klondike are not the only curiosity of the country traversed by the Yukon. Not far from Dawson there is in Alaska a really extraordinary lake which was named Salawik by its discoverer, Rev. P. Tosi, a missionary among the savages.

This lake, which is 90 miles long, and about 15 miles wide, is perhaps the only one in all that extreme northern region which does not freeze over during the winter. No communication has been discovered between it and the sea, nevertheless, at high water upon the coasts of the northern ocean, the level of the lake rises, and it falls again at low tide.

This sympathy with the sea does not extend to the point of making Salawik a salt lake; on the contrary, its waters are good to drink. But another of its peculiarities is that its temperature rises in winter and falls in summer. When all the water courses of the neighboring country are completely frozen over, Lake Salawik becomes so warm that it is really pleasant to bathe in it. On the other hand, in the summer time the water is extremely cold.

This peculiarity makes it in the winter time a Mecca for fishermen. The abundance of fish in the lake is so great that a person can almost catch them with the hand, and can kill large quantities with a club. Here for the miners is a source of food supply which certainly will contribute to diminish the cost of living, especially during the winter, in that inhospitable region. In an hour a man can get enough fish to supply himself for a month, and of the very best quality, including salmon, ranging from 20 to 50 pounds in weight.

It will not be astonishing if some fine day we may see upon the shores of Lake Salawik one of those fashionable hotels which are the glory of American watering places.—Republique, of Lewiston, Me.

Sad Smells in Warm Ships.

A new system for the prevention of marine accidents proposes to place strongly smelling chemicals in floating receptacles to be attached to the existing light buoys and bell buoys. Cliffs and dangerous shoals are very often hidden by thick fog, which does not allow light to penetrate nor sound to be heard until too late, while the strong smell of some chemical substance would be carried far away, and would indicate to the seafarer with a keen olfactory sense at great distance that he is nearing a dangerous coast.—Sheffield (Eng.) Telegraph.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Some sort of plant has been exhibited in Portland, Ore., under the name of an Alaska rose, which is described as looking like a big sunflower, except that in place of the petals of a sunflower the Alaska "rose" has a mass of small yellow blossoms, which lie very close one to the other.

—A recently-designed cigarette case has the box hinged in the center of the bottom with sockets for the cigarettes in the alternate sides of the box, so that when it is opened they lie in opposite rows, crossing each other at right angles, thus making each one easily removable without interfering with the others.

—After many efforts the thickly-inhabited quarters of Athens known as Anaphiotika, lying immediately under the Acropolis, has been condemned by the government and turned over to the Greek Archaeological society for the purpose of excavation. The inhabitants will receive compensation and will be settled in the suburbs.

—A new potato-digging machine has a steel-pointed scoop to raise the potatoes and earth onto a slotted elevator, over which a cylinder brush is revolving to separate the potatoes from the dirt, after which the tubers are carried to a screen, which allows the small potatoes to fall into one box and carries the large ones into another box.

—When a newly-designed lamp is accidentally upset it is prevented from exploding by means of a weight set in the base, with a chain running to the extinguisher, the device being rendered inoperative when carrying the lamp by grasping the chain when lifting the lamp by the hand, and the lamp is protected from fracture by pneumatic tubes.

—Cement pipes are made cheaply by an ingenious process devised by a French inventor. A trench is dug and the bottom filled with cement mortar; on this is placed a rubber tube covered with canvas and inflated; the trench is then filled up with cement. As soon as this is set the air is let out of the rubber tube, which is then removed and used again in another section. By this method six-inch pipes have been made at a cost of 22 cents a yard.

BUNKO MAN'S LATEST GAME.

A New Trick That He Is Working on Conductors.

To an honest man it would appear that the field of bunko had been pretty well worked out; but every little while some ingenious and crooked gentleman contrives a new method of making other persons pay for his ingenuity. Just at present the street railway men are looking for the deviser and operator of a very slick game of which the car conductors are made victims. The requisite for this game is six dollars (a five-dollar bill and a one-dollar), and its working does not require great nerve, as the bunkoer, if caught, can always declare that it was a mistake, and to prove the contrary with legal certainty would be almost impossible.

The crook gets on the car and tenders the conductor a five-dollar bill. Now, no conductor wants to give up all his change and leave himself short, and no conductor will take a five-dollar bill if there is any way of getting out of it. Therefore he looks at the crook's bill and says:

"Is that the smallest you've got."

"I think it is," says the crook. "Wait a minute and I'll see."

Crumpling the bill up in his hand—the game is usually played with crisp new bills, as they crumple more obviously—he goes through his pockets in search of change. Not wanting to find any, he doesn't find any.

"Sorry, but that's all I've got," he says.

Thereupon the conductor, with inward wrath, seizes the crumpled bill, jams it into his pocket and gives change. Not the original crumpled bill, however, for during the search for change he has contrived to substitute a new one-dollar bill, equally crumpled, for the five dollars, and the conductor in nine cases out of ten doesn't think to unroll and examine the bill which he has just seen to be five dollars. At the end of the day's work he discovers that he is five dollars out. Should he discern the substitute, the crook simply says:

"Why, that's queer! I thought it was a five that I had all the time."

And what can the conductor do?—N. Y. Sun.

Elephant Life in the Jungles.

Without elephants, jungles would be virtually impassable. The great beasts are a mixture of strength and weakness, of cruft and simplicity. The paths through the jungle from village to village are merely tracks from which the interlacing foliage has been cut and thrust aside, and the virgin soil trodden into a black mud. After a rain, this mud is many feet deep, and no living creature except an elephant, a buffalo or rhinoceros can labor through it. The elephant makes his way by lifting one foot at a time, and inserting it deep into the slough in front, withdrawing another with a sound like the popping of a huge champagne cork. Nothing but a ride on an earthquake could be compared with the sensation of being run away with by an elephant. As for stopping him, some one has well said that you might as well try to stop a runaway locomotive by pulling with your walking-stick on the funnel as seek to check an elephant at such a moment with a goad.—Detroit Free Press.

Costly Suits Over Trifles.

A hog out in Missouri caused a litigant a loss of $4,000 in costs. Now a Nebraska man has had to pay $200 for a ten-dollar horse. Such cases are very old. Lady Anne Clifford used to assess her tenants for contributions of chickens. One tenant refused to send a hen and was sued. Lady Anne got the hen, but it cost her over £200.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

MAN WHO WORE A DAISY.

Girls Laughed Because It Was of Cloth, But They Repented.

They were giddy girls of the kittenish age, and, being out on a lark without chaperons, they spoke their thoughts aloud and made game of everyone and everything they saw, on the principle that all was fish that came to their nets.

One passenger on the elevated railroad particularly amused them, from the fact that although it was the month of bleak November he wore a white daisy in his buttonhole, a fine specimen of the ragged edge variety. It was conspicuous from its size, and the girls regarded it as a legitimate object of sport. Not being deaf nor blind, the man who wore the modest flower with the yellow heart grew embarrassed over the attention he received. At last one of the girls made a discovery.

"It isn't genuine," she suggested to the others, in a loud whisper.

"What?" they trilled in chorus.

"It's a base counterfeit."

"No! Never!"

"Yes, it's a cloth daisy."

By this time the man upon whom all eyes were focussed was ready to leave the car. Before he went he touched his hat to his tormentors.

"Yes," he said, pleasantly, "this is a cloth daisy. My little daughter, who is an invalid, made it and pinned it on. She asked me to wear it, and I had not the heart to refuse her. I hope I have your permission?"

A group of shamefaced girls sneaked out of the car at the next station.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Many actresses seem to favor long engagements and short marriages.—Chicago News.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonial free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Just Alike.

Walker—Male cyclers are just like female gossips.

Talker—How so?

"They're always running somebody down."—Up-to-Date.

There Is a Class of People.

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

When a man can find no other business he can still become a notary public.—Washington Democrat.

WOMEN DO NOT TELL THE WHOLE TRUTH.

Modest Women Evade Certain Questions When Asked by a Male Physician, but Write Freely to Mrs. Pinkham.

An eminent physician says that "Women are not truthful, they will lie to their physicians." This statement should be qualified; women do tell the truth, but not the whole truth, to a male physician, but this is only in regard to those painful and troublesome disorders peculiar to their sex.

There can be no more terrible ordeal to a delicate, sensitive, refined woman than to be obliged to answer certain questions when those questions are asked, even by her family physician. This is especially the case with unmarried women.

This is the reason why thousands and thousands of women are now corresponding with Mrs. Pinkham. To this good woman they can and do give every symptom, so that she really knows more about the true condition of her patients through her correspondence than the physician who personally questions them. Perfect confidence and candor are at once established between Mrs. Pinkham and her patients.

Years ago women had no such recourse. Nowadays a modest woman asks help of a woman who understands women. If you suffer from any form of trouble peculiar to women, write at once to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and she will advise you free of charge.

And the fact that this great boon which is extended freely to women by Mrs. Pinkham, is appreciated, the thousands of letters which are received by her prove. Many such grateful letters as the following are constantly pouring in:

"I was a sufferer from female weakness for about a year and a half. I have tried doctors and patent medicines, but nothing helped me. I underwent the horrors of local treatment, but received no benefit. My ailment was pronounced ulceration of the womb. I suffered from intense pains in the womb and ovaries, and the backache was dreadful. I had leucorrhœa in its worst form. Finally I grew so weak I had to keep my bed. The pains were so hard as to almost cause spasms. When I could endure the pain no longer I was given morphine. My memory grew short, and I gave up all hope of ever getting well. Thus I dragged along. At last I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice. Her answer came promptly. I read carefully her letter, and concluded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking two bottles I felt much better; but after using six bottles I was cured. My friends think my cure almost miraculous. Her noble work is surely a blessing to broken-down women."—Grace B. Stansbury, Pratt, Kansas.

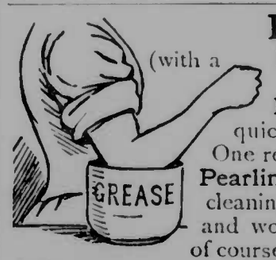

Elbow-grease (with a little soap) used to be the thing to clean house with. Now-a-days it's Pearline. Pearline is easier and quicker and better than elbow-grease. One reason why millions of women prefer Pearline, rather than anything else, in cleaning house, is that it saves the paint and woodwork. But the principal reason, of course, is that it saves so much work. 548

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled; if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—*send it back.* JAMES PYLE, New York.

GET THE GENUINE ARTICLE!

Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast COCOA

Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.

Costs Less than ONE CENT a cup.

Be sure that the package bears our Trade-Mark.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited,

(Established 1780.) Dorchester, Mass.

Trade-Mark.

"BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT." GOOD WIFE, YOU NEED

SAPOLIO

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER

10c 25c 50c ALL DRUGGISTS

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

TWO COUNTRIES.

Two places I know—both are quite near at hand—
Called Busyman's Country and Lazyman's Land.
You're given, each morning, a chance to decide,
In the first one to walk, in the other to ride.

In Busyman's Country the day is so short
They have not much time there to frolic or sport.
And yet, if you'll notice, when night-time comes 'round,
A happier country could hardly be found.

In Lazyman's Land how the hours drag by!
There's nothing to do there except yawn and sigh.
And so when night comes, in the whole of the place
You'll find not one smile, nor one satisfied face.
—Julie M. Lippmann, in Youth's Companion.

A CORNER CABINET.

How Any Boy Can Make One Like That in the Picture.

Among the various useful pieces of furniture that can be made for the home a very compact and convenient corner cabinet will be appreciated in a small room, where it will serve as a receptacle for books, bric-a-brac, and odds and ends.

A cabinet of this description is shown in the illustration, and if from appearances it may seem difficult to construct that doubt may be dispelled if the description is followed and these instructions carried out.

The tools needed with which to work out the various pieces necessary to the construction will be a hammer, saw, compass saw, a plane, screwdriver and a small drawknife.

The materials required will be some pine or white wood boards, about half an inch in thickness, a few steel wire nails, and screws. To begin with, make two wall plates or sides, measuring 24 inches long and 12 inches wide at the top, using as a pattern the form shown in Fig. 1.

Then make two triangular shelves 12 inches long on the sides, forming the right angle, and with the drawknife shape the front edge to form a quarter

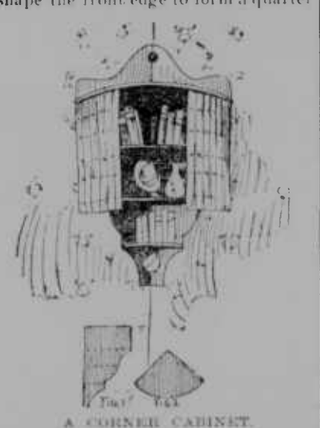

A CORNER CABINET.

circle, as shown in Fig. 2. Fasten these shelves in place between the wall plates by driving screws through the wall plates and into the edges of the shelves, securing them in position, as shown by the two upper lines of black dots on Fig. 1.

Make a bottom shelf on the same plan, but much smaller, using Fig. 2 as the pattern, and fasten it in place, as indicated by the bottom line of dots on Fig. 1, then shape the fourth shelf and attach it in position, and the woodwork will be completed, save the top boards, to lend a finish to the cabinet.

The two top boards can be 12 inches long and six inches high, and need not be attached securely to the cabinet, but they may be fastened to the wall instead after the cabinet has been anchored fast in the corner.

The woodwork should be painted or stained to match the woodwork in the room, or if it is of oak, cherry, ash or sycamore it can be slightly stained and varnished.

To the under side of the top shelf a light rod may be suspended, and on which small rings can slide in order that pretty curtains of China silk or other light material may be hung.

Under the bottom shelf a hook can be screwed fast from which a cup can hang, and, if desired, hooks may be arranged under other shelves to accommodate cups or small pitchers.

When anchoring this cabinet to the wall care should be taken to secure it firmly, as otherwise the weight of books might cause it to fall.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Big Chief, But Heap Lazy.

The Indian is no longer either brave or cunning in warfare, but he retains a trait which has characterized him from the beginning—he is lazy. In one of the western towns not long ago some one presented an Indian with an old-fashioned, heavy cast-iron stove, and intimated that it might be sold for a large sum at a foundry. The Indian was accompanied by his squaw, who was carrying a baby. The big chief took the child in his arms, and the squaw obediently shouldered the stove, although how she did it was a mystery. The procession then moved on, the squaw carrying the stove, the man carrying the baby. But soon the big chief grew weary, so he shoved the baby into the oven of the stove, and in this shape the pair continued on their way to the foundry.

Longfellow's Recipe for Health.

In one of the recent magazines there is a long article on the subject, "How to Be Healthy." Of course this doesn't interest boys and girls very much, because some of them are fortunate in being healthy already, but some of the older people would like very much to know the best way of winning back their health. One time a man asked the poet Longfellow how to be healthy, and this is the answer he received:

"Joy, temperance and repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose."

DEER-MICE AS PETS.

They Were Delighted with a Home in a Cocoanut Shell.

In St. Nicholas, G. Rafael O'Rielly tells of a couple of queer pets that he caught in the woods. The writer says:

While rambling one evening in the woods, I sat down on a rock close by a shaded bank all overgrown with soft green moss and feathery ferns. Not far away there was an ancient tree-stump, with a hole running in under-

A FAMILY OF DEER-MICE.

neath it; and what should I see peeping out from the hole, but the head of a little reddish-brown animal. At first sight I took it to be a chipmunk. Its large black eyes seemed full of apprehension, and as I moved it drew back out of sight.

On rolling over the stump, I discovered beneath it some withered grass carefully rolled into a globular nest. Cautiously drawing my handkerchief around this, I tied it up, with whatever it contained, and hurried homeward with my treasure. On emptying the handkerchief into a box covered with wire gauze, I found that I had captured two beautifully delicate and elegant creatures, somewhat larger than mice. Their fur was thick and soft, a rich velvet of reddish-brown on the back, and snowy white beneath. Their feet also were white. But their chief beauty lay in their eyes—great, black, liquid orbs half protruding from the head. No gazelle ever had eyes half so lovely.

They soon became quite tame, and without showing any fear would allow me to put my hand into their cage to give them fruits and berries. They carried their nest into a corner of the cage and reconstructed it there.

After about two weeks I procured a large cocoanut, sawed it in two, and taking one half of it, made in it a little doorway. When I put this into their cage, turned mouth down, they seemed to go wild with the excitement of delight. In and out they ran through the little doorway 100 times in succession. Sometimes they would jump up on top of the cocoanut and survey it all over; and then, after "washing their faces" with their delicate white paws, jump down, and again run inside. Soon they made up their minds to take possession of it as their home. Their nest in the corner they pulled to pieces, and carried it off mouthful by mouthful into the little cocoanut hut. There they have lived ever since.

During the daytime they sleep; but when evening comes on they busy themselves running and jumping about the cage; and they have never once in three years tried to gnaw their way out.

FREEDOM OF THOUGHT.

How a Little Boy Applied It in His Evening Prayers.

A precocious small boy left at home by his mother was taken in hand by his father, who proposed with real masculine tact to "make a man of him" during her absence.

After experimenting in various ways with but little result, he tried to stimulate originality and independence of form in prayer. The child recited the Lord's Prayer and "Now I lay me," after which he sprang up to be kissed and blessed. His father ignored such expectations, and said: "Now that your mother is away, my son, it is a good time to show your independence of thought in prayer. If there is any benefit you desire, for yourself or others, ask God for it. He will hear you, and if it is best for you He will send it."

The child wrinkled his brow and bit his lip. Then, slowly sinking to his knees, he cried out fervently:

"Send me down a horse, a bicycle, and anything else you may have to spare, dear Lord. Amen." — Elvira Floyd Froemcke.

Bees Are Good Embalmers.

Bees, says "Horbis," can embalm as successfully as could the ancient Egyptians. It often happens in damp weather that a slug or snail will enter a beehive. This is, of course, to the unprotected slug, a case of sudden death. The bees fall upon him and sting him to death at once. But what to do with the carcass becomes a vital question. If left where it is it will breed a regular pestilence. Now comes the cleverness of the insects. They set to work and cover it with wax, and there you may see it lying embalmed just as the nations of old embalmed their dead. When it is a snail that is the intruder, he is, of course, impenetrable to their sting; so they calmly cement his shell with wax to the bottom of the hive. Imprisonment for life, with no hope of pardon.

Helping the Heathen.

"Johnnie," said Mrs. Chaffie, sternly, "where did you get this dime I found in your pocket?"

"You gave it to me yourself."

"I did no such thing."

"Yes, you did, mamma, dear. You told me to put it in the missionary box and the teacher heard me swear one day and said I was a regular little heathen, so I just kept the dime for myself."—N. Y. World.

FARM AND GARDEN.

POINTS ON DRAINAGE.

How to Keep a Road in Good Condition the Year Around.

The great enemy of good roads is water. It does more to injure them than any other one thing, unless it be narrow tires; but those can be changed by common consent or by legislation, while rain, like death and taxes, is sure to come and is certain to do harm unless it is carried off and away by a thorough system of drainage. If this is not accomplished, a smooth, compact surface cannot be maintained, and the effect of cold weather and frost will be disastrous.

Drainage is often neglected, or very poorly done, because the effect of water on roads is not fully realized. Roads only too frequently become the gutters of the country on account of being level, or even trough-like in shape, and because of being insufficiently drained, and the sides not kept clean so that water can readily flow off the surface. If the center of the road is not somewhat raised so that water falling on it will run freely into suitable gutters or ditches, pools and mudholes will be formed and the whole road become soaked, to its lasting detriment.

It is also important that a road be so laid that no water shall be able to find its way upon it from adjoining lands which may be higher and shed the rainfalls toward the roadway. It often happens, too, that the sides of a road are at different levels, and that at some low point the water from the ditch on the higher side flows across and joins the lower ditch, maintaining a perpetual mudhole at such crossing. The heavy rains of the past season have afforded many a startling object lesson of both these points, and inadequate gutters and ditches, more or less filled with obstructions, have been responsible for serious injury to the roads. From just these causes miles of macadam were so badly washed that thousands of dollars will be required to make good the damage.

It is necessary for the surface of a road to act as a roof to keep the base dry, shedding all water that falls upon it, and ample drainage must then carry it entirely off the road limits. Side ditches should have a fall throughout their length, their size depending on the volume of water they are likely to be required to carry. If the water cuts their bottom; the channel should be protected with a pavement of some sort.

Frequently it is impossible to make open ditches deep enough to drain the center of the roadbed, and in such cases side or central drains should be used. The foundation course of a macadam road needs to be sufficiently porous so that such rain as may soak through the top covering, or work in from the sides, may find its way into the earth, where it can be led off by drains. A drain of four-inch earthen pipe placed beneath each gutter at a depth of fully 3½ feet below the crown of the road, and covered with coarse gravel, pebbles or broken stone, nearly up to the surface, should be used, though if the road lies in a very wet place a larger drain located under the center of the roadbed is more effective. A slight fall is essential, and also a free, open outlet. With attention to these details, and a system of continuous repairs, it is not difficult to maintain a good roadway.—Good Roads.

PATHS AND WALKS.

They Add Much to the Comfort of the Farmer's Family.

The walks about farmhouses are too often not only unattractive, but at many times disagreeably muddy. The cut shows a plan for making a very neat

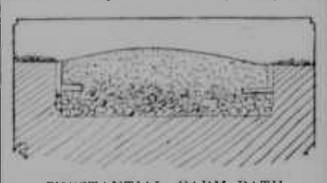

SUBSTANTIAL FARM PATH.

and permanent walk. A shallow trench is dug out, and the bottom filled with round stones. Smaller ones are placed on these and gravel on top of all. At either side are placed two strips of board, nailed together, as shown. This keeps the outer edge of the walk straight and true and free from grass, that will grow with the ordinary walk. The board at the bottom keeps out much grass that otherwise would grow in under the upright board.—American Agriculturist.

Cows Require High Food.

A cow cannot go from day to day, putting a pound or more of casein in her milk unless she has the necessary protein in her daily feed, over and above what is required for maintenance, to make this casein. She cannot put fat in her milk in paying quantities unless the material for it is in the feed she consumes. Hence the great importance of feeding a cow in such a manner as will enable her to do her best and at the lowest cost. This is accomplished as a rule by feeding properly balanced rations, due regard being had at all times to the relative cost of the several available food stuffs.—Dakota Field and Farm.

Packages of Standard Size.

All baskets or boxes used for shipping produce to market should be of standard size and shape, and should also be made to hold quarts, pecks and bushels. There is no reason why small fruit should not be sold in boxes holding pints and quarts, and the "hamper" baskets made to hold pecks and bushels. Such a system would also permit the buyer to measure the goods, if delivered to him in a loose manner from boxes, and would avoid many unpleasant results due to deficiency in quantities purchased.

In the fall is one of the best times to set out raspberry plants.

FOR KICKING COWS.

A Stable Arrangement That Will Effect a Cure.

I have found the plan illustrated below a very good one for kicking cows. A pole three inches in diameter and the length of stall is swung in front through a rope loop in the top of manger near the feed box. At the rear, about 20 inches from the floor, is a piece of plank 14 or 16 inches wide, with several auger holes from the left to right large enough to receive the end of the pole. When a cow is disposed to kick, I tie

AN ANTI-KICKING STABLE DEVICE.

her head to a ring in front, put the pole through the rope loop, crowd her over against the partition, and put the rear end of pole in one of the auger holes in the plank. Next pass a rope around left leg above the gambrel, bring it up in front of right leg, draw tight and fasten to a ring in rear of stall. The rope prevents kicking, keeps the cow at a hoist, and pole keeps her from swinging round or falling down. After a few times it is hardly ever necessary to use the ropes, as the pole put pretty low down will be sufficient to keep her quiet. Besides the pole, the illustration portrays the plan of my milking stable. There are two shelves, the upper about five feet from the floor (not shown) and running clear across the stable. In this I keep sponge and cloths to wash and wipe the cow's udder, a dish of salt, milking stools, etc. The lower shelf, about two feet from the floor and reaching about two-thirds across, is for empty pails, milk, etc. Shovel and fork are kept in the rack at end of this shelf. —Farm and Home.

PREPARING RATIONS.

Cooking Food for Stock Is Not a Profitable Practice.

We have tried several plans of preparing feed for stock and have come to the conclusion that it is only in exceptional cases that it can be considered advisable to cook the food. Under what may be considered average conditions, the additional gain secured with the stock will not pay a fair profit for the extra work required to cook.

With the dairy cows, growing calves and pigs, it pays to grind the feed—corn, wheat or oats, as the kind of grain being fed may be. With sheaf oats, no matter what kind of stock they are fed to, we like to run them through a good cutting-box, and then add a small quantity of wheat bran, and feed in this way. By this plan there is little or no waste in feeding and a very complete ration is made up. But with the average teams kept on the place, the growing beef cattle and the thrifty, vigorous sheep, there is no particular advantage in grinding the grain. Even with the classes of stock named, in a majority of cases to make grinding the grain pay a good profit, a feed mill should be owned and operated on the farm, as the expense and work of hauling to a mill and back, with the cost of grinding, will lessen very materially the possible profit. Where any considerable number of stock is kept a mill can, in a majority of cases, be made to pay. We are inclined to think that more or less of this work of advocating cooked food, through the press, is from parties interested in selling some kind of cooking apparatus.

There is one good advantage in grinding grain and in cutting roughness, that is, a better opportunity is afforded of making up complete rations.—Ohio Farmer.

MAKING SMALL CHEESE.

Seven Pounds Is an Excellent Weight for Family Use.

A great deal of inquiry has been made this season for some means by which families with perhaps only two or three cows could make full-cream cheese of their milk whenever they might for any reason choose to do so. Families want cheese as well as butter. Sometimes butter is very low, says Practical Farmer, and again the weather is too warm for the ordinary farmer to make a good quality of butter, because he has not the necessary conveniences for keeping milk and cream at the proper temperature. At such times and under such circumstances, if the milk could easily be made into a good quantity of cheese at home, it would be a matter of much importance, not only in the north, but especially in the south, where, as a rule, ice is not to be had to aid in butter-making. The Pennsylvania agricultural college has been working on the line of making small cheese to meet the exigency of these conditions. They have been making a cheese of about seven pounds weight. This makes a cheese of good size for handling and for family use. It is reported that Prof. Hayward, of that institution, says there has been a ready sale for all that has been made in that vicinity, and more could have been sold. The price received is 13 cents a pound, equal to 26 cents for butter.

Cost of Making Butter.

How many farmers who keep a butter dairy have reckoned how much their product costs them? Only a very small proportion of average farmers have done so. Yet that is the first principle of good business, whether in farming or anything else. We knew a farmer once who reckoned that, taking the whole year together, his butter had cost him 11½ cents a pound. His cows were, however, much better than the average, and though his butter was of first quality, it cost him less than the poor quality of butter of most farmers did, and which they sold at a loss

CANADIAN CUSTOMS OFFICERS COLLECTING DUTY AT LAKE TAGISH.

The rich gold mines of the Klondyke are in Canada. Duties averaging 25 per cent. of the cost of every outfit bought anywhere in the United States must be paid by every person going to these mines upon entering Canadian territory.

The customs post established at the foot of Lake Tagish is at the junction of the Skagway and Dyea trails over which the goldseekers travel on their way to the Klondyke. It is guarded by an armed force of twenty-five men.

The miners who bought their supplies at Seattle and other places in the United States were an angry crowd when they arrived at the Tagish lake customs post. Those who had cash had to pay 25 per cent. of the cost of their outfits, and those who did not have money had either to give up one-quarter of their year's provisions or remain at the post for a few weeks sawing wood and helping to erect the government barracks. The men who had bought their outfits in Victoria, which is in Canada, upon showing their papers passed on without delay and without payment. Some of them were lucky enough to find rich mines at Klondyke before those detained at Lake Tagish, sawing wood for duties, were able to reach the diggings.

The railway fares are the same to Victoria as Seattle and miners' supplies are as cheap. Miners for the Klondyke who buy their outfits at Victoria, from which steamers for the mines are leaving almost daily, will save one-quarter of the cost of their outfits by purchasing at that city which is the capital and commercial center of British Columbia.

Those intending to go to the Klondyke in the spring should write to the Secretary of the Board of Trade, Victoria, B. C., who will freely supply all information asked for.

Misery by the Wholesale,

Is what chronic inactivity of the liver gives rise to. Bile gets into the blood and imparts a yellow tint, the tongue fouls, and so does the breath, sick headaches, pain beneath the right ribs and shoulder blades are felt, the bowels become constipated and the stomach disordered. The proven remedy for this catalogue of evils is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine long and professionally recommended, and sovereign also for chills and fever, nervousness and rheumatism.

When a woman sees a pretty girl, she says she wouldn't be bad looking if she didn't know of her beauty so well.—Washington Democrat.

It is a knock-out when St. Jacobs Oil cures Sciatica promptly.

The little that is done seems nothing when we look forward and see how much we have yet to do.—Goethe.

A treasure laid up is St. Jacobs Oil. It cures the worst Neuralgia.

Some men are so henpecked that they ride a woman's bicycle.—Washington Democrat.

A big investment for a workingman is St. Jacobs Oil. It cures rheumatism.

A woman's soul seems to be a good deal more valuable than that of a man's, judging from the frantic effort she makes to save it. —Atchison Globe.

"When Dr. Depew," said the cornfed philosopher, who occasionally wanders from contemplation of the wholly abstract, "when Dr. Depew said that the secret of happiness was in keeping in touch with the young, the doctor had no reference to young jokes."—Indianapolis Journal.

When you feel inclined to scorn some one because he has less wealth, social position, knowledge or culture than yourself, remember how many there are in the world who might easily scorn you for the same reasons.—N. Y. Independent.

He who acts solely from principle should have an overwhelming love for it; for when the battle is over he will find himself with nothing left but principle.—N. Y. Independent.

Precaution.—"What makes Dicky Dodd take that girl to the theater so constantly?" "The one who wears the enormous hat?" "Yes." "He wants to make sure that he won't by any possibility have to sit behind it."—Washington Star.

When a man is so sensitive about his honor, he frequently has but a very little honor to be touched.—Washington Democrat.

Just as Good.—Deacon Johnson—"Would you be able to support mah daughter in de style to which she hab been accustomed?" Jim Jackson—"Wal, I ain't dead-certain about dat; but I feel quite sure I could get her 'customed to de style I'd be able to support her in."—Puck.

Feminine Logic.—Mrs. Wickwire—"Did you read about that man who found $50,000 while digging worms to go fishing with?" Mr. Wickwire—"Yes, dear." "Well, I was just thinking what may be you have missed by always fishing with flies."—Indianapolis Journal.

No true woman is either a man worshiper or a man hater.—N. Y. Independent.

Considerate.

The Sheriff—The boys was all in favor of makin' that reward fer you "dead or alive," but I talked 'em out of it.

Pizen Bill—Jake, that was mighty kind of you.

"Oh, I dunno as they was any particular kindness about it. You see, Bill, if you was brought in dead I wouldn't git to charge the county nothin' fer your board, and wouldn't git no fee fer hangin' you."—Indianapolis Journal.

It Makes Cold Feet Warm.

Shake into your under shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It gives rest and comfort, prevents that smarting sensation and keeps your feet from perspiring. Allen's Foot-Ease makes cold feet warm. After your feet perspire they usually feel cold at this season. Ask your druggist or shoe dealer to-day for a 25c box of Allen's Foot-Ease and use it at once. Sample sent Free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N.Y.

Devil's Due.

"You condemns us tramps," said Meander McWalk, "but dere's one thing we must git credit fer."

"What's that?"

"You don't hear of us indulgin' in labor riots."—Philadelphia North American.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

An Anglophobe.

He—My friend is opposed to everything English.

She—Yes, I noticed that in his conversation.—Yonkers Statesman.

Star Plug Is Strictly High Grade.

No expense is saved—no false economy is practiced—in the manufacture of Star plug tobacco. It is strictly high-grade in every particular.

An Up-to-Date Twist.

She—What is love?

He—Two saddles with but a single frame; two sprockets that turn as one.—Judge.

Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

Plenty of Exercise. — Walker — "The trouble with bicycling is that it does not develop the arms in proportion to the legs." Wheeler—"Yes, it does, if you will only use one of those little two-ounce hand-pumps to inflate your tires."—Indianapolis Journal.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Do the right, and your ideal of it grows and perfects itself. Do the wrong, and your ideal of it breaks up and vanishes.—James Martineau.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

Wearing glasses seems to go in families, like consumption and red hair.—Washington Democrat.

When did you arrive—not to know St. Jacobs Oil will cure a sprain right off.

Very few nice girls have fool mothers.—Atchison Globe.

A GREAT REMEDY.

Greatly Tested.

Greatly Recommended.

The loss of the hair is one of the most serious losses a woman can undergo. Beautiful hair gives many a woman a claim to beauty which would be utterly wanting if the locks were short and scanty. It is almost as serious a loss when the natural hue of the hair begins to fade, and the shining tresses of chestnut and auburn are changed to gray or to a faded shadow of their former brightness. Such a loss is no longer a necessity. There is one remedy which may well be called a great remedy by reason of its great success in stopping the falling of the hair, cleansing the scalp of dandruff, and restoring the lost color to gray or faded tresses. Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor is a standard and reliable preparation, in use in thousands of homes, and recommended by everyone who has tested it and experienced the remarkable results that follow its use. It makes hair grow. It restores the original color to hair that has turned gray or faded out. It stops hair from falling, cleanses the scalp of dandruff, and gives the hair a thickness and gloss that no other preparation can produce.

Mrs. Herzmann, of 356 East 68th St., New York City, writes:

"A little more than a year ago, my hair began turning gray and falling out, and although I tried ever so many things to prevent a continuance of these conditions, I obtained no satisfaction until I tried Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor. After using one bottle my hair was restored to its natural color, and ceased falling out."—Mrs. Herzmann, 356 East 68th St., New York City.

"I have sold Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor for fifteen years, and I do not know of a case where it did not give entire satisfaction. I have been, and am now using it myself for dandruff and gray hair, and am thoroughly convinced that it is the best on the market. Nothing that I ever tried can touch it. It affords me great pleasure to recommend it to the public."—Frank M. Grove, Faunsdale, Ala.

There's more on this subject in Dr. Ayer's Curebook. A story of cures told by the cured. This book of 100 pages is sent free, on request, by the J. C. Ayer Co. Lowell, Mass.

The Republican.

S. H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1897.

Ex-Senator Peffer.

Peffer, the Kansas sage and statesman, announces his retirement from politics. Peffer will be missed in the pages of the *Congressional Record*. It cost the country a pretty penny to print his speeches and edit him. Peffer was a bore; but it must be set down to his everlasting credit that he did not speculate or sell himself while he sat in Senate. He lived frugally, and saved money. The Washington correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, footing up his gains, says:

For the term his salary was $30,000; he received $2100 mileage and $750 on stationary account. His wife or daughter was his private secretary, for which he received during the term $7200. Another member of the family was borne on the pay-roll of the Senate, and as $1,000 per annum is a moderate salary for a Senate employe let it go at that—$6000. Thus the Peffer family received from 1891 to 1897 the sum of $46,050. Add to this the amount the Senator received for contributions to newspapers and you have a snug little fortune. It is not at his discredit that he saved his money.

Some Senators manage neither to save money nor reputation. Peffer, was more fortunate; he took away as much reputation as he brought to the Senate and a great deal more money.

The Low Price of Coffee.

The farmer who is not happy this year must be a very ill-conditioned sort of person. Big crops and good prices are not all he has to be thankful for. The staple luxury of his table, coffee, is so cheap that it must be a very poor farmer, indeed, who cannot afford to drink the exhilarating beverage without stint. The proceeds of a bushel of wheat will now buy twice as many pounds of coffee as in some former years when wheat was worth even 25 cents to 50 cents a bushel more than at present. No. 7 coffee is quoted under 6 cents a pound at importing points—the lowest price on record, excepting possibly that in 1882.

Large profits heretofore when prices ruled high greatly stimulated the coffee industry. The areas of production were much extended; and as the young trees are now beginning to bear the yield is becoming excessive. The next crop promises to be even larger than that of this year. It is stated that much of the new growth will yield its first berries this season. It is, therefore, probable that for some time to come we shall have an abundance of coffee, and at prices that will not only gladden the farmers but also the hearts of all the good housewives in the land; and experts say that its quality will be superior, as the young tree yields a better product than does the old ones. These assurances should also be comforting to those who count the country's income and outgo, and who are anxious about trade balances. This country buys annually more than 4,000,000 bags of coffee, which in times quite recent cost $30,000,000 to $40,000,000 more than it is costing now. In other words, we may now keep at home that much gold, or an equal value in products, which we formerly sent abroad in part settlement of our coffee bills; or we may sell the usual surplus and get that much cash.

Coffee is but one of the many important articles of import we are now buying at low and greatly reduced prices, and which are telling factors in the extraordinary foreign trade balance accumulating in our favor. This influence is of greater consequence than is generally supposed. Large exports of breadstuffs and increased sales abroad of the products of our mills, with due allowance for decreased quantities of imports, do not account for monthly balances exceeding $60,000,000. We are selling to other countries an unusual amount of many articles, some of them at good prices; on the other hand, we are buying less from them than usual. But of still greater moment in the long run is the fact that many things we buy cost less than formerly, and will probably remain cheap indefinitely. If in the future the prices of grain shall be lower, and the demand less, we may accept the situation with better grace and less anxiety so long as coffee and sugar and many other important articles of import can be obtained at present low values.

IT WAS LIBEL.

Grand Jury Returns Presentment Against Agnus at Wellington's Suit.

BALTIMORE, MD., Nov. 30.—The grand jury at 1 p. m. to-day returned a true bill against Gen. Felix Agnus, of the Baltimore *American*, on the charge of libel preferred by Senator Wellington. Gen. Agnus was admitted to bail in the sum of $1,000.

The Senator claims that the alleged libel was published in last Friday's *American* in the form of an editorial entitled, "Wellington's Disgrace." The Senator says that it is his intention to bring a civil suit for damages against the *American* in a large sum, and that he has no doubt but that he will win the case. The action of the Senator caused a decided sensation when it became known, especially among the politicians of both parties.

The alleged libelous matter was the republication of an editorial from the Washington *Post* on Senator Wellington and a short editorial on the same page headed "The Disgrace of Wellington," in which it was stated that the Washington *Post* article was true. The most libelous item in the *Post's* article is probably the one in which it is alleged that Mr. Wellington is openly offering to purchase votes for a Senatorial aspirant. To this the *American* said:

"It is in all respects the bitterest thing that has ever been said against a public man from this State, and the worst of it is that it is true, and that it will be read by every member of Congress and of the Administration."

Boyes.

Smith, the enterprising merchant and telephone hustler, is still alive and doing a good business.

D. O. DeWitt, the greatest hunter since the days of Nimrod, killed five wild turkeys last week on Meadow Mountain at four shots.

Prof. Maffett is very happy and is teaching one of the most successful schools at Gap Run that has been taught there for years.

John A. DeWitt still gravitates toward Sang Run on Sunday evenings.

My dear Rip, I am now satisfied that my last diagnosis of your case was wrong, and that your diet has not been exclusively fish and crabs as I then supposed, or rather as your previous article led me to believe, but judging you by your last communication in THE REPUBLICAN, which I have just read, I am led to believe that you have been boiling your fish and crabs in something stronger than water, and that you now have a bad attack of nightmare or some other complication of mental and physical troubles, that I do not fully understand, resulting from your diet or long sleep.

In fact, it looks a little like there might have been an interchange of barrels and that some of those double cages and eagles that have been exhibited so many times at Sang Run and its immediate vicinity as to deprive the glorious old bird almost entirely of its plumage, have escaped from their hiding places. The "barrel" and "half-barrel" to which I referred in my last communication, spread their pinions to the breeze and winged their flight from Sleepy Hollow to Miller's distillery, and that you poor fellow, have gotten too much tangle-foot from one of the barrels so exchanged, and are suffering from what the medical fraternity are pleased to term fatty degeneracy of body and brain. Rip, you are in a very precarious condition and must have delerium tremens, or a slight attack of *mania a potu* or you certainly would not have written so many things about snakes, vipers and spiders. I hope you did not have any of those ugly repulsive monsters in your old boots, as it is bad enough for a fellow to have them in his head without having them in his boots and shoes.

Rip, I must admit that you surpass all arrogant, empty-headed braggarts that I have ever known or read of, and that your egotism and audacity are simply phenomenal.

I am surprised and astounded to think that you have the brass to claim all you have written as your own, or a production of your rum-soaked brain.

If you had been in the best college or university in this country or Europe for the past twenty years instead of asleep to the world of science and progress as you have been, it would have been impossible for you to have originated or written anything as able and witty as that advertisement of Mr. William Frederick's, which you have copied almost verbatim.

In conclusion, my advice to you, as a friend and well wisher, is to devote more time and attention to your grammar and dictionary and less time to music, and when you write in the future, you won't use "unission" for "missive," and better understand the proper use of adjectives, and not be compelled to copy somebody's advertisement and claim it as your own.

There is a time for everything; and the time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait until you have consumption but prevent it by using One Minute Cough Cure, the great remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

What is Scott's Emulsion?

It is a strengthening food and tonic, remarkable in its flesh-forming properties. It contains Cod-Liver Oil emulsified or partially digested, combined with the well-known and highly prized Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, so that their potency is materially increased.

What Will It Do?

It will arrest loss of flesh and restore to a normal condition the infant, the child and the adult. It will enrich the blood of the anemic; will stop the cough, heal the irritation of the throat and lungs, and cure incipient consumption. We make this statement because the experience of twenty-five years has proven it in tens of thousands of cases. *Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion.*

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

THE STATE LAWMAKERS.

All Occupations Will be Represented in the Next General Assembly.

To-day's Baltimore *Herald* contains an interesting article on "Maryland's Lawmakers," giving their occupations and some of their distinguishing peculiaralities. The *Herald* says:

"Nearly every branch of trade, mechanical and mercantile, the various professions and the agricultural interests are well represented, and the body in its entirety will compare favorably with any previous Legislature.

"The counties show up particularly well, indicating that more than ordinary care was exercised in selecting candidates. While a large number have not had much legislative experience, it will not take them long to become acquainted with parliamentary usage, and when once posted may be depended upon to reflect credit upon their constituents.

"Indeed, so far as the House of Delegates is concerned, there are comparatively few who have served in previous legislatures. Some of the counties send entirely new delegations, among them being Anne Arundel, Caroline, Carroll, Charles, Garrett, Kent, Montgomery, Prince George's, Baltimore, Washington and Wicomico. The following have served heretofore: Campbell of Alleguny, Chaney of Calvert, Wirt of Cecil, Miles of Dorchester, Rouzer of Frederick, Hanway, Whiteford and Seneca, of Hartford; Selby of Howard, Dudley of Queen Anne, Jones of St. Mary's, Carew of Somerset, Hall of Talbot and Wilkinson of Worcester. Baltimore City sends two delegates who have seen service. They are Mr. Turner, who represented Allegany county eighteen years ago, and Mr. Foston, who served two years ago.

"The Senate, on the other hand, will not have so many new faces. Twelve members hold over, and of the fourteen recently chosen three were re-elected. These are Messrs. Ravenscroft, Wilkinson and Smith. Of the other new members three served in the last House of Delegates. These are Messrs. Putzel, Dick and Dodson. Mr. Applegarth, of Dorchester, was a member in 1883, so that there are really only seven Senators who have not heretofore been members of the General Assembly.

"The mercantile community will be more fully represented than any other in the legislature. Next in point of numbers come the farmers, and then the lawyers. The various occupations may be subdivided as follows:

"Merchants, 30; farmers, 26; physicians, 5; packers, 4; mechanics, 6; planters, 2; banker, 1; florist, 1; clerks, 7; lawyers, 23; teacher, 1; capitalist, 1; shipbuilder, 1; sea captain, 1; bookkeeper, 1; journalists, 2; insurance business, 2; commercial traveler, 1; real estate dealer, 1; railroad attache, 1; total, 117.

"This list offers convincing evidence that the interests of every industry will be fully protected. Among those classed as farmers are not a few who have studied law, while many of the others have enjoyed a collegiate education. The same is true of the merchants, several of whom gave up a profession to engage in mercantile business."

Referring to the senatorial leaders Senator Dick, of Allegany county, is conspicuously mentioned as follows:

"One of the unique characters on the Republican side is Mr. Dick, of Allegany county. In the House he was referred to as "The Firebrand," because of the unexpected outbursts with which he would electrify his colleagues. It will be a hard matter to place him. He may be a firm friend of the administration to-day and to-morrow may make a bitter attack on the Executive. His harsh criticism of the Governor when he tried to push his civil service reform bill through the House was one of the sensations of the season.

"Like Senator Day, Mr. Dick takes up plenty of room when he speaks. Whether the Senate Chamber will be large enough to accommodate him when he becomes excited remains to be seen. He never takes part in any debate unless interested.

"Senator Randall is probably the most aggressive debater, while Senator Finley is regarded as the quietest member, with Senator Emory as a close second.

"Senator Wilkinson has seen longer continuous service than any of his Republican colleagues, this being his third successive term, while John Walter Smith enjoys a similar distinction on the Democratic side."

THE NEW COMMISSIONERS.

They Met Yesterday and Organized for Business. Mr. Thomas H. Layman President of the Board.

Yesterday morning at nine o'clock the newly elected County Commissioners, Messrs. Ephriam W. Kelso and John T. Geary, and the hold-over Commissioner, Mr. Thomas H. Layman, met in the Commissioners' room at the court house and organized by electing Mr. Layman as its president.

Messrs. Patrick E. Finzel, of District No. 9; John W. Frazee, of No. 2; A. L. Lee, of No. 10 and Adam S. Sell and Albert G. Ross, of No. 7, were applicants for the position of clerk to the board. After nineteen ballots had been taken Mr. Ross was elected as the successor to Jacob S. Meyers, who has held the office for a number of years.

Mr. E. H. Sincell was chosen as attorney to the board and Dr. W. H. Ravenscroft was elected physician to the jail and county health officer.

Mr. W. M. Coddington, of Oakland, was elected janitor to the court house.

A number of orders were passed after which the board adjourned to meet on January 3d, 1898.

Marriage License.

During the month of November Clerk E. Z. Tower issued marriage licenses to the following parties:

Benjamin Franklin Baylor and Estella C. Nester, both of West Virginia.

Henry S. Crow and Lavinia B. Duckworth, both of Garrett county.

Thomas B. E. Dick and Minnie Moon, both of Garrett county.

George R. Fike and Ada Anna Hinebaugh, both of Garrett county.

Louis F. Neil, of this county and Susie McClintock, of Somerset county, Pa.

Baldwin Lee Owens and Dora B. Windom, both of Weston, W. Va.

Joseph T. Glotfelty and Carrie Lelia Casteel Browning, both of Garrett county.

Nathan Hamill Casteel and Sadie Ellen Hindman DeWitt, both of Garrett county.

Isaac Schrader and Linnie Stanley, both of Ritchie county, W. Va.

Charles E. Ammerman and Millie Bittinger, both of Crellin.

Benj. F. Stout and Lorie A. Radcliff, both of Barbour county, W. Va.

George Washington Parrish and Abbie Moorehead, both of Bloomington, Md.

Simeon A. Green and Elizabeth Cutter, both of Garrett county.

Joseph F. Brown, of Clarksburg, W. Va., and Daisy Denn Freeborn, of Marion, Kansas.

Wm. John Henry and Ella Lee Duff, both of Doddridge county, West Va.

George Rogers Travis and Cru Alice Hathaway, both of Taylor county, W. Va.

Joseph H. Wilhelm and Ella M. Wagner, both of Grantsville, Md.

Benj. F. Schroyer and Elizabeth Sterling, both of Garrett county.

James W. Ryan and Susan Barbara Rexroad, both of Garrett county.

Charles Alexander Hesen and Margaret Eggers, both of Oakland.

Four were marked "don't publish."

The Baltimore News
AT ONE CENT.

Baltimore's Great Evening Paper Has Reduced Its Price From Two Cents to One Cent.

ITS HIGH STANDARD OF JOURNALISTIC EXCELLENCE WILL BE MAINTAINED.

The News Owns the Exclusive Associated Press Evening Franchise For Baltimore.

Sheriff's Sale

of REAL ESTATE near Frankville, Garrett County, Maryland.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county at the suit of The J. G. Hoffman and Sons Company against John McFadden, the same being No. 10 Judicials to July Term, 1897, on the docket of said Court, the undersigned Sheriff will, on

MONDAY, THE 27th DAY OF DECEMBER, 1897,

at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, in front of the court house in the town of Oakland, sell at public auction to the highest bidder, all of the right, title and interest of the said defendant in all that part of the tract of land called "Latent Worth," situated about one mile north-west of Frankville station on the B. & O. railroad in Garrett county, containing

NINETY-SEVEN AND THREE-FOURTH ACRES OF LAND,

and being the same land which was conveyed by Joseph R. Anderson and wife to John McFadden, Sr., by deed dated the 29th day of November, 1880, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folio 583, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, the same being an undivided one-fourth interest in said tract of land.

Second.—All that other tract of land adjoining the aforesaid tract containing

SIXTY-SIX AND ONE-FIFTH ACRES,

and being the same land which is more particularly described in a deed from Joseph R. Anderson and wife to the said defendant dated the 9th day of January, 1882, and duly recorded among the Land Records of Garrett county.

Third.—All that other parcel of land containing

One Hundred and Thirteen Acres,

lying between the aforesaid parcels of land, and being the same lot of ground purchased by the said John McFadden from Joseph R. Anderson under an agreement.

The aforesaid parcels of land will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs, or so much thereof as may be necessary.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN, Sheriff.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

John S. Sanders vs. A. T. Shuttlesworth and others.

No. 763 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors in the above entitled cause to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before the 14th day of December, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m., as I will on that day proceed to state an audit distributing the funds in the hands of F. A. Thayer and G. S. Hamill, trustees.

J. C. PEDDICORD, Special Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

George O. Miller vs. Gustavus W. Delawder. No. 755 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Gustavus W. Delawder to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before the 25d day of November, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m., as I will on that day proceed to state an audit distributing the funds.

EDWARD H. SINCELL, Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Otho H. Fazenbaker vs. Christian Kohr. No. 882 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Christian Kohr to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county on or before the 15th day of December, 1897, as I will on that day proceed to state an audit, distributing the funds in the hands of Otho H. Fazenbaker, receiver.

EDWARD H. SINCELL, Auditor.

REAL ESTATE!

—FOR SALE BY—

JOHN SHARTZER, Real Estate Agent.

OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

House and 2 lots in McHenry.

Farm near Deer Park; improved.

A well improved farm near Ryan's Glade.

The above properties will be sold on easy terms.

One 50-acre lot adjoining the farm of W. T. Jamesson near Mt. Lake Park.

1 50-acre lot adjoining the lands of Mrs. Kilbarne and —— Jackson near Mt. Lake Park; will be sold very cheap for cash.

House of 4 rooms, 4 acres of land two miles south of Mt. Lake Park.

House and 1 acre of ground adjoining Loch Lynn Heights. Will be sold cheap.

A livery stable at Loch Lynn Heights; finest in the county; must be sold at once.

House and lot in Mt. Lake Park.

50 acres; improved by a small house; near Cranberry Glade farm.

7 building lots in Loch Lynn Heights.

A lot of ground adjoining Mt. Lake Park on the Oakland road.

An improved farm of 100 acres, 2 miles from Terra Alta.

An improved farm of 200 acres near Crellin.

The Oakland Steam Laundry property.

7 large building lots in Oakland.

For further information, prices and terms, apply to

JOHN SHARTZER,
6-26 *OAKLAND, MD.*

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.
IN EFFECT JULY 18, 1897.

SOUTHWARD No. 3 P. M.	No. 1 A. M.	STATIONS		NORTHWARD No. 2 NOON	No. 4 P. M.
3 00*	8 00	lv	Cumberland	ar *12 10	*7 30
3 20	8 20		Rawlings	11 51	7 01
3 52	8 52		Keyser	11 08	6 38
4 05	9 05		Westernport	10 55	6 25
4 09	9 09		W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	6 18
4 37	9 35		Shaw	10 21	5 50
5 02	10 00		Harrison	9 56	5 25
6 15	10 45*	ar	Elk Garden	9 00	*4 00
5 35	10 35†	lv	Gorman	9 24	4 54
5 42	10 42		Bayard	9 10	4 40
5 54	10 54		Dobbin	9 03	4 30
6 27	11 27		Thomas	8 38	4 06
6 55	11 55	ar	Davis	7 55	3 15
6 31	11 34	lv	Coketon	8 51	4 01
7 01	12 01		Hendricks	8 01	3 30
7 07	12 07		Britz	7 55	3 25
7 10	12 10		Parsons	7 50	3 20
7 45	12 45		Kerens	7 15	2 40
8 00	1 00*	ar	Elkins	lv 6 00	*2 30
	1 30*	ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
	3 05*	ar	Beallington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.				A. M. A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. O. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

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The old members of Smith's Military band, together with a number of "raw recruits," met on Tuesday evening of this week and perfected the organization of a new band. Mr. John Shartzer has kindly consented to give them the use of a room in the opera house building and regular rehearsals will begin at once. Prof. S. C. Smith has been engaged as the instructor, and it is hoped that ere long they will be giving us some good music. The new organization consists of twenty members.

On last Thursday evening a social under the auspices of the Epworth League of St. Paul's M. E. Church, was held in Naylor's hall. A short musical and literary program was rendered, and pleasant social chat was indulged in until about half past nine o'clock, when refreshments were served. The social was under the direct supervision of Miss Daisy Harne, who did much to make the occasion a pleasant one.

"I crave but One Minute," said the public speaker in a husky voice; and then he took a dose of One Minute Cough Cure, and proceeded with his oratory. One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled for the throat and lungs. Oakland Pharmacy.

A Beautiful Play.

The cantata by the Woman's Guild of St. Matthew's church Saturday and Monday nights, was a decided success in every respect. It gave evidence of what our native talent can do in the way of entertainment when they desire so to do. Mrs. Alpha Hinebaugh and Miss Jennie Johnson, with some forty young girls and children, rendered the difficult work, "A Fairy Dreamland," most charmingly. There were represented fairies, good and evil, and woodland sprites, their attendants. The subjects of the story was two orphan girls reared in the city, who, after many trials, wander away from home, tired and weary sat down to rest in a forest glen. Falling asleep they dream of beautiful objects who come to them robed in glistening garments and offer to take them home with them. After a time music is heard in the air and they awaken to find themselves surrounded by lovely fairies, their own clothing removed and new garments on them. After a time they consent to go to the new home with these fairies. One day whilst strolling in the forest they are accosted by other strange but beautiful beings, who induce them to leave the good faries to dwell in the haunts of pleasure. Finding their mistake they start in search of their former friends, and being tired they offer prayer for success. Two beautiful angels appear and comfort them. In the meantime the good fairies have searched everywhere for them in vain. The sprites have gone to the mountain tops. In sorrow now the good fairies form a mystic chain and chant some words of peace. The two are then found in the woods and the fairies receive them back, while the sprites, full of joy at their return, make everyone happy with their delight. A contest now ensues between the evil fairies, who come from every tree and glade, and the good spirits, during which angels come and by their presence support the good and influence the evil to give up their mode of life. The curtain falls on a beautiful tableaux of the entire *dramatis personæ* being held in benediction by the angels.

Miss Maud Shartzer presided at the piano. Mrs. Rasche and her talented family furnished orchestral music. Mr. John Shartzer generously donated the opera house. Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Little presided over the refreshment tables, ably assisted by the Misses Nethkin, Fulmer, Hinebaugh, Cohen and others.

TWO ACCIDENTS.

Two Young Men Wounded by Firearms, One of Whom Has Since Died.

THE OTHER TAKEN TO BALTIMORE.

Where He Will be Treated for His Wound in the Johns Hopkins Hospital. His Home is In Ohio.

With the return of the gunning season the accidents and casualties resulting from the premature firing of guns has increased and to-day THE REPUBLICAN chronicles two accidents, one of which has already resulted fatally and the other is likely to have the same ending.

Last Saturday afternoon about three o'clock Chester Ashby, a lad about seventeen years of age, residing near Crellin, a son of Arthur Ashby, in company with a cousin, went out in the woods hunting rabbits. In their rambles through the woods they had occasion to cross a stream of water. The cousin of the young man crossed the stream and had hardly set his foot upon the opposite side when he heard a report directly behind him. Looking back he discovered that Ashby's gun had been fired, and that he had fallen helpless to the ground. Running to him he discovered that the load of shot had entered his mouth, and that he was in an unconscious condition. He summoned help, and Dr. Henry W. McComas was sent for. When the doctor arrived and an examination had been made it was found that the charge of shot had passed upward through the jaw into the brain. All that could was done to relieve the suffering of the youth, but a vital spot had been touched, and after lingering ten hours or more, suffering intensely, the lad died and was buried Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock at Crellin.

Ed. Hart, of Ohio, a young man aged twenty years, arrived here on last Saturday, in company with an acquaintance from the same state, and were driven down to Mr. John A. Delawder's club house at McHenry Lake, where they intended spending several days hunting. Tuesday afternoon Hart went out from the house a considerable distance into the mountain and was endeavoring to crawl over a ledge of rock when his revolver, which was strapped around his waist, caught on the ground. In some inexplainable manner the muzzle was pressed close to his abdomen and was discharged, the bullet entering on the left side below the ribs, making a very painful and dangerous wound. Dr. McComas was summoned to the scene of the accident and did all he could to alleviate the intense suffering of the unfortunate young man. A probe was inserted in the wound but the bullet could not be located. Hart was made as comfortable as possible on a mattress and in this condition brought to Oakland and placed on the train east. Dr. McComas accompanying him to Baltimore, where he is receiving treatment in the Johns Hopkins Hospital. Dr. McComas returned to Oakland last night.

Don't be persuaded into buying liniment without reputation or merit —Chamberlain's Pain Balm costs no more, and its merits have been proven by a test of many years. Such letters as the following from L. G. Bagley, Hueneme, Cal., are constantly being received: "The best remedy for pain I have ever used is Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and I say so after having used it in my family for several years." It cures rheumatism, lame back, sprains and swellings. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Estray Notice.

There came to my place, about one and one-half miles east of Crancsville, Sept. 1st, a yearling heifer; red with white spot on face, white flanks and small spot on top of rump; no earmark. The owner will please come forward, pay charges and take the animal away. EZRA H. WOLF. 38-3t

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to Cure. 25c. 37-26.

Just Received.

Choice line of Holiday Goods at Oakland Pharmacy. 1t.

Among the Churches.

Services in the Episcopal chapel, Sixth and Alder streets, Sunday, Dec. 5th: Holy communion, 8 a. m.; Sunday school, 10 a. m.; morning prayer and sermon, 11 a. m.; evening prayer and sermon 7.30; subject of sermon, "Advent." Week day services on Wednesday and Friday at 7 p. m. A cordial invitation to all.

There will be preaching in Sturgiss' Hall by the German brethren the 1st Sunday in December at 3 o'clock.

Next Sunday evening at 7.15, the pastor, Rev. Butler, will preach in St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

A MUCH MARRIED MAN.

Harry Butler, who Lived at Terra Alta for Years, Had Three Wives.

When Harry Butler died at his home in Terra Alta last spring the citizens of that town presumed that the sons who lived with him and had cared for him during his illness were his only heirs. The administrator appointed by the court brought a suit in chancery to sell his property, pay his debts and settle up his estate. When this was done three sets of heirs made their appearance and laid claim to the property he has accumulated, and now the court will be called upon to settle the question as to who are the lawful heirs of this man. William H. Butler was a soldier during the war and received a disability that in late years made him an incurable cripple and he could only move about in a rolling chair. He had been receiving for years the handsome allowance of $72 per month pension from the government. He owned considerable property, and it is this that his various heirs are after. He has two living wives, from whom he was never divorced, and four sons by his second wife, who is dead. In July, 1867, he married Miss Marion Alford at her home in Terra Alta, the Rev. Felix Elliott having performed the ceremony in the presence of Hon. John P. Jones and others. Butler, it is said, neglected this wife after five years, and finally deserted her. They had two children, and one daughter is now living with Mrs. Butler in Philadelphia, and they were never divorced. Through her attorneys, Mr. P. J. Crogan, of this town, and Parker Ross Freeman, of Philadelphia, Mrs. Butler No. 1 claims the property for herself and daughter. They have proved the marriage and have letters from Butler to his daughter written as late as three years ago, calling her "My Dear Daughter." After the separation from wife No. 1, Butler married a Miss Wagner, whose parents are said to have lived near Aurora. This lady is dead, but four sons survive her, and they lived with their father and claim the property he left. The eldest, Walter, is past twenty-one and the youngest is thirteen years of age.

Afterwards Butler is said to have married a lady in Oakland, where he lived with her for a time and then they too separated. This lady lives in Taylor county and claims to have a right to the property left by Butler as they had no children. It is also said that he once began divorce proceedings in Taylor county against this wife, but did not prosecute the case. This wife "No. 3," is represented by counsel in Grafton, who so far has not appeared in the case. Hon. Neil J. Fortney represents the four sons in Terra Alta, who are by wife "No. 2." The recent disclosures have created quite a sensation in Terra Alta and here, and is proving quite a theme for discussion among the legal fraternity.—Kingwood Journal.

Died.

RILEY. — On Monday afternoon, after an illness of one week, Mrs. S. Ellen, wife of Mr. William G. Riley, died at her home near Kearney, Md., aged about thirty-one years, leaving her husband, a son, who is about eighteen months old; an aged father and mother, two brothers, two sisters and a large number of friends to mourn her departure. The cause of her death was a complication of throat diseases. Her funeral occurred on yesterday afternoon, the services being held in the White church and were conducted by Rev. Cook, of Blaine, assisted by Rev. John M. Davis, of Oakland. Mrs. Riley was a devout member of the Methodist church, a true Christian woman in every sense of the word, loved by all who knew her and respected for her good deeds. She was married March 4, 1889, and was a daughter of Mr. William White of near Oakland. Her sisters are Mrs. Chas. J. Newman, of Oakland, Mrs. Gaver Junkins, of near Blaine; Mr. Rolla White, of near Oakland, and Mr. Holland White, of Weatherford, Texas, being her brothers. Her orphaned son was given in keeping of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Rolla White.

SMITH.—In Baltimore, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Adam Howell, on Wednesday morning, Mrs. Eliza A. Smith, mother of Miss Jennie Smith, James O. and Daniel Smith, of Mountain Lake Park. "Mother" Smith was well advanced in years. Her remains will be brought to Oakland for burial on Friday. The services will be held in St. Paul's M. E. church at three o'clock, and will be conducted by Rev. John M. Davis, assisted by Rev. Ward.

KERNS.—On Tuesday, November 28, 1897, Mrs. Melvina, mother of Jas. Kerns, died near Mt. Lake. The funeral was held Wednesday from St. Peter's church.

Call for Your Letters.

Mr. Abe Kisner, Mr. Volney S. Cooper, Mr. John M. Clapp, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Clapp, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hall, Mrs. Florence Hall, Mrs. M. J. Washington, Miss Mary Curtis.

John Griffin, of Zanesville, O., says: "I never lived a day for thirty years without suffering agony, until a box of Witch Hazel Salve cured my piles." For piles and rectal troubles, cuts, bruises, sprains, eczema and all skin troubles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. Oakland Pharmacy.

Coats! Coats!

The Largest and Most Complete Assortment of

Ladies', Misses and Childrens' Coats, Cloth and Fur Capes

that for Workmanship and Beauty of Finish are Surpassed by none and at prices defying competition.

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS,

Cheapest place in Garrett Co. to buy goods.

A Great Thing for You!

GENTLEMEN:—THE HOLIDAYS ARE APPROACHING. Now is the time to give your orders for Suits or Overcoats. We will make you a Suit or Overcoat of finest Imported Cheviot for

$15.00.

We guarantee them to be first-class in style, workmanship and fit. As to the cloth, it speaks for itself. We have gotten $25 and $30 for them until now.

Garments cut and made from your own material at reasonable prices.

You can have that old suit of yours dyed, cleaned and repaired to look like new by our expert workmen.

Come now, this is the time.

M. COHEN, Xpert Tailor, OAKLAND, MD.

THE .... HISTORIC GLADES HOTEL OAKLAND MARYLAND

CUT THIS TICKET OUT

and bring it to Suddarth's Gallery between now and December 1st and get for it on every dozen photographs you 25c order; also one lovely platinum picture free.

A. C. SUDDARTH, OAKLAND, MD.

Mortgagee's Sale of Valuable Real Estate Near Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett County, Md.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from J. B. Sommerville and others to S. P. Baker, dated the 24th day of May, 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 47, folio 230, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, the undersigned attorney named in said mortgage, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder in front of the Court house at Oakland, on

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1897.

at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, all those lots of ground situated near Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Maryland, which are known and designated as Military Lots Numbers 918, 935, 926 and 952, containing the quantity of fifty acres of land each more or less, and being the same lots of ground that are more particularly described in a deed from R. C. McCulloh and wife to said Baker, dated the 30th day of January, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 11, folio 522, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county; except seventeen acres, one rood and two and a half perches of lot 952, which was heretofore sold to Conrad Queer by deed duly recorded among the land records of Garrett county. Said land is nearly all viewed and under cultivation and owing to its proximity to Mountain Lake Park, is made the more valuable, and as said lots compose one entire farm, they will be sold together.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash on the day of sale.

U. S. HAMILL, Attorney for the Mortgagee named in said Mortgage.

Sheriff's Sale

Of Real Estate and Personal Property.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county at the suit of Jasper Angus the against Edward H. Margroff and Sarah Margroff his wife, the same being No. 28 Judicials to July term, 1897, of said Court, the undersigned Sheriff will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on the

31st DAY OF DECEMBER, 1897,

at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m. of said day, on the premises hereinafter described where the said Edward H. Margroff resides, about three miles north of Accident, Garrett county, all the right, title and interest of the said defendants in and to the following real estate situated in said county, which is known and designated as

Military Lots Nos. 2496, 2497 containing fifty acres of land each, and eight acres of lot No. 2594,

and being the same land that is more particularly described in a deed from Samuel A. Miller to the said Edward H. Margroff, dated the 31st day of March, 1881, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 7, folio 270, one of the Land Records of Garrett County. Also the following personal property:

One Black Mare, one Bay Mare, two Red Cows, one Oliver Chilled Plow, two sets of Work Harness, nine head of Sheep, seven Lambs, two suck Calves, one Spring Tooth Harrow and one Shovel Plow.

Said property will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs, or so much thereof as may be necessary.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN, Sheriff.

ESTATE OF CHRISTIAN P. MILLER, DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE that the subscriber, of Garrett County, Maryland, has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

CHRISTIAN P. MILLER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated to the subscribers, on or before the 11th day of May next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 8th day of December, 1897.

JOHN P. MILLER, Adm'r.
Grantsville, Md.
3-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Lawson L. Wright vs. His Creditors. No. 1 3 insolvents. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

Ordered, the 24 day of October, 1897, that the 20th day of December, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m., is hereby fixed as the time at which Lawson L. Wright, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or interlocutions as his creditors, or creditors or securities may propose or allege against him, and that James A. Pedicord, Permanent Trustee for the benefit of the creditors of the said petitioner shall, prior to the 20th day of December, 1897, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order by weekly publication in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland.

DAVID W. SLOAN,
True copy. Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 31-6

Mortgagee's Sale of a Valuable Real Estate at Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett County, Maryland.....

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from the Horticultural Supply company of Garrett county, to Joseph C. Alderson, dated the 3rd day of August, 1896, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 49 folio 183, etc., one of the Records of Garrett county, and under and by virtue of an assignment from the said Joseph C. Alderson to John Shartzer, I the undersigned assignee, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on

Friday, the 10th day of December, 1897,

at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m., on the premises at Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Md., all the real estate described in said mortgage as follows: Beginning at a stake on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and corner of the land of Mountain Home Company, thence with the land of said company south twenty and a quarter degrees east three hundred and forty-two feet to a stake (342) on second Avenue extended and reduced to a thirty foot street, thence along the same south sixty-nine and three-fourths degrees west two hundred and fifty-five feet to a stake (255), thence north twenty and a quarter degrees west three hundred and forty-two feet (342) to a stake at the limits of the B. and O. railroad, thence along said limits north sixty-nine and three-quarter degrees east two hundred and fifty-five (255) feet to the beginning, containing two acres, more or less.

Said lot is improved by a two-story dwelling house and a green house fitted up with engine heating apparatus, pipes and fittings, pump, etc., etc. There are also eighteen hundred strawberry plants and six hundred and eighty-nine fruit trees growing on said lot. Said greenhouse and fixtures were formerly used by the Horticultural Supply Co.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash on the day of sale or upon ratification thereof. Conveyancing at cost of the purchaser.

JOHN SHARTZER,
Assignee of Joseph C. Alderson.

AGENTS WANTED

FOR

JUVENILE HOLIDAY AND STANDARD SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS

By the W. B. Conkey Company, the largest publishers and manufacturers of books in the United States. Finest line of new holiday and other subscription books on the market.

Also agents wanted for "THE SILVER SIDE," the latest and best textbook on the silver question by the great silver leaders.

EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY.
LARGEST COMMISSIONS.
PRICES BELOW COMPETITION.

Write at once for circulars and special terms, stating your choice of territory.

W. B. CONKEY COMPANY,
311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321 Dearborn St.,
29-1eow. CHICAGO.

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Mr. Ezra Michael, of District No. 11, was in Oakland last Tuesday and had his name entered on our list as a paid-up-cash-in-advance-subscriber for one year.

Miss Mandania Michael, of this county, daughter of Mr. Kelita Michael, of District No. 11, started for Skagnay, Alaska, on last Monday. At Tacoma she was joined by her sister, Mrs. A. C. Lappin, whose husband is engaged at Skagnay as an employe of the Government. The ladies expect to arrive at their journey's end in two weeks from the time Miss Michael left her home.

The old members of Smith's Military band, together with a number of "raw recruits," met on Tuesday evening of this week and perfected the organization of a new band. Mr. John Shartzer has kindly consented to give them the use of a room in the opera house building and regular rehearsals will begin at once. Prof. S. C. Smith has been engaged as the instructor, and it is hoped that ere long they will be giving us some good music. The new organization consists of twenty members.

On last Thursday evening a social under the auspices of the Epworth League of St. Paul's M. E. Church, was held in Naylor's hall. A short musical and literary program was rendered, and pleasant social chat was indulged in until about half past nine o'clock, when refreshments were served. The social was under the direct supervision of Miss Daisy Harne, who did much to make the occasion a pleasant one.

"I crave but One Minute," said the public speaker in a husky voice; and then he took a dose of One Minute Cough Cure, and proceeded with his oratory. One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled for the throat and lungs. Oakland Pharmacy.

A Beautiful Play.

The cantata by the Woman's Guild of St. Matthew's church Saturday and Monday nights, was a decided success in every respect. It gave evidence of what our native talent can do in the way of entertainment when they desire so to do. Mrs. Alpha Hinebaugh and Miss Jennie Johnson, with some forty young girls and children, rendered the difficult work, "A Fairy Dreamland," most charmingly. There were represented fairies, good and evil, and woodland sprites, their attendants. The subjects of the story was two orphan girls reared in the city, who, after many trials, wander away from home, tired and weary sat down to rest in a forest glen. Falling asleep they dream of beautiful objects who come to them robed in glistening garments and offer to take them home with them. After a time music is heard in the air and they awaken to find themselves surrounded by lovely fairies, their own clothing removed and new garments on them. After a time they consent to go to the new home with these fairies. One day whilst strolling in the forest they are accosted by other strange but beautiful beings, who induce them to leave the good faries to dwell in the haunts of pleasure. Finding their mistake they start in search of their former friends, and being tired they offer prayer for success. Two beautiful angels appear and comfort them. In the meantime the good fairies have searched everywhere for them in vain. The sprites have gone to the mountain tops. In sorrow now the good fairies form a mystic chain and chant some words of peace. The two are then found in the woods and the fairies receive them back, while the sprites, full of joy at their return, make everyone happy with their delight. A contest now ensues between the evil fairies, who come from every tree and glade, and the good spirits, during which angels come and by their presence support the good and influence the evil to give up their mode of life. The curtain falls on a beautiful tableaux of the entire *dramatis personæ* being held in benediction by the angels.

Miss Maud Shartzer presided at the piano. Mrs. Rasche and her talented family furnished orchestral music. Mr. John Shartzer generously donated the opera house. Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Little presided over the refreshment tables, ably assisted by the Misses Nethkin, Fulmer, Hinebaugh, Cohen and others.

TWO ACCIDENTS.

Two Young Men Wounded by Firearms, One of Whom Has Since Died.

THE OTHER TAKEN TO BALTIMORE

Where He Will be Treated for His Wound in the Johns Hopkins Hospital. His Home is In Okla.

With the return of the gunning season the accidents and casualties resulting from the premature firing of guns has increased and to-day THE REPUBLICAN chronicles two accidents, one of which has already resulted fatally and the other is likely to have the same ending.

Last Saturday afternoon about three o'clock Chester Ashby, a lad about seventeen years of age, residing near Crellin, a son of Arthur Ashby, in company with a cousin, went out in the woods hunting rabbits. In their rambles through the woods they had occasion to cross a stream of water. The cousin of the young man crossed the stream and had hardly set his foot upon the opposite side when he heard a report directly behind him. Looking back he discovered that Ashby's gun had been fired, and that he had fallen helpless to the ground. Running to him he discovered that the load of shot had entered his mouth, and that he was in an unconscious condition. He summoned help, and Dr. Henry W. McComas was sent for. When the doctor arrived and an examination had been made it was found that the charge of shot had passed upward through the jaw into the brain. All that could was done to relieve the suffering of the youth, but a vital spot had been touched, and after lingering ten hours or more, suffering intensely, the lad died and was buried Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock at Crellin.

Ed. Hart, of Ohio, a young man aged twenty years, arrived here on last Saturday, in company with an acquaintance from the same state, and were driven down to Mr. John A. Delawder's club house at McHenry Lake, where they intended spending several days hunting. Tuesday afternoon Hart went out from the house a considerable distance into the mountain and was endeavoring to crawl over a ledge of rock when his revolver, which was strapped around his waist, caught on the ground. In some inexplainable manner the muzzle was pressed close to his abdomen and was discharged, the bullet entering on the left side below the ribs, making a very painful and dangerous wound. Dr. McComas was summoned to the scene of the accident and did all he could to alleviate the intense suffering of the unfortunate young man. A probe was inserted in the wound but the bullet could not be located. Hart was made as comfortable as possible on a mattress and in this condition brought to Oakland and placed on the train east. Dr. McComas accompanying him to Baltimore, where he is receiving treatment in the Johns Hopkins Hospital. Dr. McComas returned to Oakland last night.

Don't be persuaded into buying liniment without reputation or merit —Chamberlain's Pain Balm costs no more, and its merits have been proven by a test of many years. Such letters as the following from L. G. Bagley, Hueneme, Cal., are constantly being received: "The best remedy for pain I have ever used is Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and I say so after having used it in my family for several years." It cures rheumatism, lame back, sprains and swellings. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Estray Notice.

There came to my place, about one and one-half miles east of Cranesville, Sept. 1st, a yearling heifer; red with white spot on face, white flanks and small spot on top of rump; no earmark. The owner will please come forward, pay charges and take the animal away. EZRA H. WOLF. 38-3t

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to Cure. 25c. 37-26.

Just Received,

Choice line of Holiday Goods at Oakland Pharmacy. 1t.

Among the Churches.

Services in the Episcopal chapel, Sixth and Alder streets, Sunday, Dec. 5th: Holy communion, 8 a. m.; Sunday school, 10 a. m.; morning prayer and sermon, 11 a. m.; evening prayer and sermon 7.30; subject of sermon, "Advent." Week day services on Wednesday and Friday at 7 p. m. A cordial invitation to all.

There will be preaching in Sturgiss' Hall by the German brethren the 1st Sunday in December at 3 o'clock.

Next Sunday evening at 7.15, the pastor, Rev. Butler, will preach in St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

A MUCH MARRIED MAN.

Harry Butler, who Lived at Terra Alta for Years, Had Three Wives.

When Harry Butler died at his home in Terra Alta last spring the citizens of that town presumed that the sons who lived with him and had cared for him during his illness were his only heirs. The administrator appointed by the court brought a suit in chancery to sell his property, pay his debts and settle up his estate. When this was done three sets of heirs made their appearance and laid claim to the property he has accumulated, and now the court will be called upon to settle the question as to who are the lawful heirs of this man. William H. Butler was a soldier during the war and received a disability that in late years made him an incurable cripple and he could only move about in a rolling chair. He had been receiving for years the handsome allowance of $72 per month pension from the government. He owned considerable property, and it is this that his various heirs are after. He has two living wives, from whom he was never divorced, and four sons by his second wife, who is dead. In July, 1867, he married Miss Marion Alford at her home in Terra Alta, the Rev. Felix Elliott having performed the ceremony in the presence of Hon. John P. Jones and others. Butler, it is said, neglected this wife after five years, and finally deserted her. They had two children, and one daughter is now living with Mrs. Butler in Philadelphia, and they were never divorced. Through her attorneys, Mr. P. J. Crogan, of this town, and Parker Ross Freeman, of Philadelphia, Mrs. Butler No. 1 claims the property for herself and daughter. They have proved the marriage and have letters from Butler to his daughter written as late as three years ago, calling her "My Dear Daughter." After the separation from wife No. 1, Butler married a Miss Wagner, whose parents are said to have lived near Aurora. This lady is dead, but four sons survive her, and they lived with their father and claim the property he left. The eldest, Waller, is past twenty-one and the youngest is thirteen years of age.

Afterwards Butler is said to have married a lady in Oakland, where he lived with her for a time and then they too separated. This lady lives in Taylor county and claims to have a right to the property left by Butler as they had no children. It is also said that he once began divorce proceedings in Taylor county against this wife, but did not prosecute the case. This wife "No. 3," is represented by counsel in Grafton, who so far has not appeared in the case. Hon. Neil J. Portney represents the four sons in Terra Alta, who are by wife "No. 2." The recent disclosures have created quite a sensation in Terra Alta and here, and is proving quite a theme for discussion among the legal fraternity.—Kingwood Journal.

Died.

RILEY. — On Monday afternoon, after an illness of one week, Mrs. S. Ellen, wife of Mr. William G. Riley, died at her home near Kearney, Md., aged about thirty-one years, leaving her husband, a son, who is about eighteen months old; an aged father and mother, two brothers, two sisters and a large number of friends to mourn her departure. The cause of her death was a complication of throat diseases. Her funeral occurred on yesterday afternoon, the services being held in the White church and were conducted by Rev. Cook, of Blaine, assisted by Rev. John M. Davis, of Oakland. Mrs. Riley was a devout member of the Methodist church, a true Christian woman in every sense of the word, loved by all who knew her and respected for her good deeds. She was married March 4, 1889, and was a daughter of Mr. William White of near Oakland. Her sisters are Mrs. Chas. J. Newman, of Oakland, Mrs. Gaver Junkins, of near Blaine; Mr. Rolla White, of near Oakland, and Mr. Holland White, of Weatherford, Texas, being her brothers. Her orphaned son was given in keeping of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Rolla White.

SMITH.—In Baltimore, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Adam Howell, on Wednesday morning, Mrs. Eliza A. Smith, mother of Miss Jennie Smith, James O. and Daniel Smith, of Mountain Lake Park. "Mother" Smith was well advanced in years. Her remains will be brought to Oakland for burial on Friday. The services will be held in St. Paul's M. E. church at three o'clock, and will be conducted by Rev. John M. Davis, assisted by Rev. Ward.

KERNS.—On Tuesday, November 28, 1897, Mrs. Melvina, mother of Jas. Kerns, died near Mt. Lake. The funeral was held Wednesday from St. Peter's church.

Call for Your Letters.

Mr. Abe Kisner, Mr. Volney S. Cooper, Mr. John M. Clapp, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Clapp, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hall, Mrs. Florence Hall, Mrs. M. J. Washington, Miss Mary Curtis.

John Griffin, of Zanesville, O., says: "I never lived a day for thirty years without suffering agony, until a box of Witch Hazel Salve cured my piles." For piles and rectal troubles, cuts, bruises, sprains, eczema and all skin troubles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. Oakland Pharmacy.

Coats! Coats!

The Largest and Most Complete Assortment of

Ladies', Misses and Childrens' Coats, Cloth and Fur Capes

that for Workmanship and Beauty of Finish are Surpassed by none and at prices defying competition.

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS,

Cheapest place in Garrett Co. to buy goods.

A Great Thing for You!

GENTLEMEN:—THE HOLIDAYS ARE APPROACHING. Now is the time to give your orders for Suits or Overcoats. We will make you a Suit or Overcoat of finest Imported Cheviot for

$15.00.

We guarantee them to be first-class in style, workmanship and fit. As to the cloth, it speaks for itself. We have gotten this and can for them until now.

Garments cut and made from your own material at reasonable prices.

You can have that old suit of yours dyed, cleaned and repaired to look like new by our expert workmen.

Come now, this is the time.

M. COHEN, Xpert Tailor, OAKLAND, MD.

THE .... HISTORIC GLADES HOTEL OAKLAND MARYLAND

CUT THIS TICKET OUT

and bring it to Suddarth's Gallery between now and December 1st and get for it on every dozen 25c photographs you order; also one lovely platinum picture free.

A. C. SUDDARTH, OAKLAND, MD.

Mortgagee's Sale of Valuable Real Estate Near Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett County, Md.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from J. B. Sommerville and others to S. P. Baker, dated the 24th day of May, 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 27, folio 226, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, the undersigned attorney named in said mortgage, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder in front of the Court house at Oakland, on

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1897,

at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, all those lots of ground situated near Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Maryland, which are known and designated as Military Lots Numbers 913, 915, 926 and 682, containing the quantity of fifty acres of said each more or less, and being the same lots of ground that are more particularly described in a deed from R. C. McCulloh and wife to said Baker, dated the 10th day of January, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 21, folio 522, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county; except seventeen acres, one rood and two and a half perches of lot 682, which was heretofore sold to Conrad Queer by deed duly recorded among the land records of Garrett county. Said land is nearly all cleared and under cultivation and owing to its proximity to Mountain Lake Park, is made the more valuable, and as said lots compose one entire farm, they will be sold together.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash on the day of sale.

G. S. HAMILL, Attorney for the Mortgagee named in said Mortgage.

Sheriff's Sale

Of Real Estate and Personal Property.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county at the suit of Jasper Angell use against Edward H. Margroff and Sarah Margroff his wife, the same being No. 28 Judgments to July term, 1897, of said Court, the undersigned Sheriff will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on the

31st DAY OF DECEMBER, 1897,

at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m. of said day, on the premises hereinafter described where the said Edward H. Margroff resides, about three miles north of Accident, Garrett county, all the right, title and interest of the said defendants in and to the following real estate situated in said county, which is known and designated as

Military Lots Nos. 2486, 2497 containing fifty acres of land each, and eight acres of lot No. 2594,

and being the same land that is more particularly described in a deed from Samuel A. Miller to the said Edward H. Margroff, dated the 31st day of March, 1884, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 7, folio 276, one of the Land Records of Garrett County. Also the following personal property:

One Black Mare, one Bay Mare, two Red Cows, one Oliver Chilled Plow, two sets of Work Harness, nine head of Sheep, seven Lambs, two suck Calves, one Spring Tooth Harrow and one Shovel Plow.

Said property will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs, or so much thereof as may be necessary.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN, Sheriff.

ESTATE OF CHRISTIAN P. MILLER, DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE that the subscriber, of Garrett County, Maryland, has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

CHRISTIAN P. MILLER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, duly authenticated to the subscribers, on or before the 11th day of May next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 8th day of December, 1897.

JOHN P. MILLER, Admr.
Grantsville, Md.

3-3

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Lawson L. Wright vs. His Creditors. No 13 Insolvents. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

Ordered, the 24 day of October, 1897, that the 28th day of December, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m., is hereby fixed as the time at which Lawson L. Wright, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, or assignees may propose or allege against him, and that James A. Pumphrey, Permanent Trustee for the benefit of the creditors of the said petitioner shall, prior to the 20th day of December, 1897, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order by weekly publication in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland.

DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy. Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 31-5

Mortgagee's Sale of a Valuable Real Estate at Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett County, Maryland.....

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from the Horticultural Supply company of Garrett county, to Joseph C. Alderson, dated the 3rd day of August, 1896, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 24 folio 463, etc., one of the Records of Garrett county, and under and by virtue of an assignment from the said Joseph C. Alderson to John Shartzer, I the undersigned assignee, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on

Friday, the 10th day of December, 1897,

at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m., on the premises at Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Md., all the real estate described in said mortgage as follows: Beginning at a stake on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and corner of the land of Mountain Home Company, thence with the land of said company south twenty and a quarter degrees east three hundred and forty-two feet to a stake (324) in second Avenue extended and reduced to a thirty foot street, thence along the same south sixty-nine and three-fourths degrees west two hundred and fifty-five feet to a stake (255), thence north twenty and a quarter degrees west three hundred and forty-two feet (342) to a stake at the limits of the B. and O. railroad, thence along said limits north sixty-nine and three-quarter degrees east two hundred and fifty-five (255) feet to the beginning, containing two acres, more or less.

Said lot is improved by a two-story dwelling house and a green house fitted up with engine heating apparatus, pipes and fittings, pump, etc., etc. There are also eighteen hundred strawberry plants and six hundred and eighty-nine fruit trees growing on said lot. Said greenhouse and fixtures were formerly used by the Horticultural Supply Co.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash on the day of sale or upon ratification thereof. Conveyancing at cost of the purchaser.

JOHN SHARTZER,
Assignee of Joseph C. Alderson.

AGENTS WANTED

FOR

JUVENILE HOLIDAY AND STANDARD SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS

By the W. B. Conkey Company, the largest publishers and manufacturers of books in the United States. Finest line of new holiday and other subscription books on the market.

Also agents wanted for "THE SILVER SIDE," the latest and best text book on the silver question by the great silver leaders.

EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY.
LARGEST COMMISSIONS.
PRICES BELOW COMPETITION.

Write at once for circulars and special terms, stating your choice of territory.

W. B. CONKEY COMPANY,
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THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

A REALIZED AMBITION.

By Theodosia Pickering.

NANCY had gathered the family about her under the portrait of her grandfather, the governor, had shut Lord Bateman in the hall closet, where his barks, that usually adorned any exciting conversation, were unheard, and for more than an hour had been holding forth tinely, with a decided curve in her red lips.

"There's no use in your saying anything more about it—I've made up my mind, and all the talking in the world won't make me take it to pieces again," she said. "I'm tired to death of doing nothing but frivol and dawdle, and to-morrow I'm going to find a situation and go to work."

Martha groaned. She was Nancy's sister, and a winter spent in the breezy and hilarious occupation of chaperoning Nancy and keeping the two-year-old twins in the paths of law and order had drawn several lines about the corners of her mouth. "There's one satisfaction, at any rate," she said. "Having had charge of you since you wore pinafores and had long braids, I am prepared for any caprice, even such an absurd one as this, and I know you will tire of it in a week. May I inquire what you intend to do?"

"This is not a caprice," said Nancy, "and I intend to do—why, as everyone does at first, of course. What are you laughing at, Bob? The next time I select a brother-in-law I shall use a little more discrimination. Why don't you help me along a trifle? What did you do when you went to work the very first time?"

"I swept out the offices," said her brother-in-law, "and—"

"And what?" said Nancy.

"And cleaned the cuspidors, my dear," said Bob.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Nancy, in deep disgust. "You know very well what I mean. I took a complete course of bookkeeping when I was at school, and you said yourself, Bob, a dozen times, that I was very good at it."

Martha rose hurriedly as a faint wail from the nursery struck her ear. "I don't know what the Van Cuyvers and the Delormes will think, I am sure," she said dismally, as she paused a moment by the door, "and your first winter out, too, Nancy! I daresay they will imagine that Bob and I starve you. If there was any earthly necessity for it I shouldn't mind so much, but if ever a girl had everything she wanted—"

Nancy came to where her sister stood, and put both her arms about her plump shoulders.

"Be a dear old girl, and don't scold," she pleaded, "and let me have my way just this once, and you may call it caprice, or starvation, or anything you please."

"There's another name I might give it that begins with 'F,'" said Martha, severely; but she gave the pretty sinner a motherly kiss, and vanished, with a worried little smile on her face.

Nancy followed her brother-in-law to the hall and handed him his hat and gloves, meekly.

"You haven't said as much as you might, Bob, one way or the other," she said. "Am I to have the supreme bliss of believing that you approve?"

Bob laughed and drew on his gloves. "Nancy," he said, "during the last three months I have noticed with deep concern, the rise and fall of your interest in that 'cunning little sewing-school in River street,' in your 'beloved Ibsen class,' and—incidentally—in Jerry Dennison, the only one of the three, by the way, that I regret."

"Here's your hat," said Nancy, abruptly.

"Ahem! yes, of course. Good-morning, my dear," said Bob.

Nancy let Lord Bateman out of the closet, from whence he emerged with an expression at once injured and dignified. Then she went back to the library and took up the daily paper with an air of resolution; but Bob's last words seemed to dance before her in its print, and a face came suddenly between her and the "Help Wanted—Female" column—a homely, good-natured face, with a vigorous chin, honest eyes, and a little tilt in the corner of the mouth. Nancy put down the paper and picked up Lord Bateman.

In this very room, two months before, she had broken her engagement with Jerry Dennison. It had been a tiny engagement, to be sure, only three months old, and, not being seasoned by time, hardly staunch enough to bear the weight of angry words heaped upon it by two hot-headed young people, whose hearts belied the words their lips uttered. "I shall dance with whom I please, and as many as I please," Nancy had said, with her blue eyes ablaze, and her pretty head in the air; "and I shall never marry a man who would make my life miserable by his jealousies and suspicions!" And Jerry had held his head very high, and said: "As you please, of course," and had left her, with a very white face, and a look in his eyes his erstwhile sweetheart had never seen there before; and Nancy had locked the door and gone upstairs, and taken his picture in its silver frame from her dressing-case, and cried her heart out all night long, and in the morning had come down with an expressionless countenance, and only a minute dash of powder on her nose to show that anything unusual had happened, and broken the news to her family as calmly as though she were discussing an affair at the Antipodes; and though Bob had looked puzzled, and Martha had wept, and the twins, always ready to do their part, and scenting a possible loss of bon-bons in the calamity they faintly understood, wailed bitterly, Nancy had laughed airily, and had gone that evening to a dance in her prettiest gown, and flirted and danced so desperately that Martha had brought her home in disgrace.

Then came the feverish round of Ibsen, philanthropy and gayety; and now had come this new desire for "something to do," though Nancy had done everything but the right thing, and wouldn't have done that to save her proud young soul, for Jerry had made no sign; and though Nancy had danced with whom she pleased, and as many times as she pleased, and the victims of her bow and spear had been many, still time had dragged heavily somehow, and so through the thorny paths of unrest she had reached her new resolution, and now held it with a grasp that had in it something of desperation.

Lord Bateman, growing impatient, shook the paper in his tiny teeth, and Nancy went back to her "Help" column.

"As for fretting for Jerry Dennison," she said, "that's perfect nonsense! I shall never get over congratulating myself on my escape from the horrid, tyrannical husband he would have made. Fretting, indeed!" Nancy lifted up her voice and laughed; but Lord Bateman, on her lap, wriggled uneasily; for something warm and wet dropped down on his ear, and he disapproved of it.

At two o'clock Nancy, booted and gloved, extricated Martha from the clutches of the twins, and bade her a brisk and business-like farewell.

"Behold my situation!" she said, with a flourish of divers clippings. "There are some gorgeous ones here! Listen: 'Wanted—intelligent young woman.' (They evidently had me in mind, Martha.) 'Must have good education and business ability. Apply 57 Broad street.' That sounds bookkeeperish, doesn't it? And here's another: 'Wanted—young woman under 30, for office work;' and—"

"You needn't read me any more, I won't listen to them," said Martha. "It's not proper, Nancy, for you to go poking about those strange offices, and talking to men you never set eyes on before, and I don't know what Bob is thinking of to simply laugh, as he does, instead of forbidding it. You are making me miserable with this whim, and I beg of you to give it up."

Nancy considered a moment, with her dark eyebrows close together.

"I don't see why you are so anxious about it," she said. "If you are going to fret so when the twins get old enough to earn their daily bread instead of devouring it from morning to night, you'll turn them into a perfect pair of 'hoboes.' However, I'll compromise. This is Friday. If I haven't a situation by Saturday evening, I will give up the whole thing, and dance and prance and be useless all the rest of my life. Will that satisfy you?"

"It will have to, I suppose," said Martha; and Nancy kissed her and departed.

She came in as the family were sitting down to dinner, and accepted with composure Bob's gift of a huge button with "I want a situation" printed across it.

"Thank you," she said. "I'll pin it on my jacket when I go out to-morrow, and surrender gracefully to the highest bidder."

"Then you haven't succeeded to-day?" said Martha. "I'm delighted to hear it. What did all those beautiful 'Ads.' turn out to be?"

Nancy looked at her demurely, with a little smile tucked in the corner of her mouth. "Book agents, all four of them," she said. "I foresee that I shall be driven into the trade at last. Prepare yourself, Bob! If I ever do turn my intellect in that direction, I shall come to your office every morning and sell you 'The Life of Lincoln,' or 'The War of 1812,' or some other of those exciting works I saw this afternoon, for practice."

"Thank goodness, there is only one more day of it," said Martha. "You didn't meet anyone you knew, I hope."

"Not one," said Nancy. "Every acquaintance I possess must have a soul above Twenty-third street. There wasn't a familiar thing downtown. But I like it, I really do. You needn't laugh, Bob. I'm going to start early to-morrow."

The next day it rained drearily. Nancy spent the morning in a shower of newspapers, and in the afternoon donned her mackintosh and goloshes, and went forth bravely, with determination in her heart. This day she would find something to do or perish in the attempt! Her life shouldn't be made miserable by Bob's ridicule and Martha's "I told you so's." If there was an office in the entire city that wanted a bookkeeper and wanted her immediately, she would attach herself to it like a barnacle.

But alas! Nancy was wanted for everything that day but what she wanted. Suave, mustached gentlemen, admiration in their eyes and business on their lips, offered her volumes the percentage upon whose prospective sales would have filled a Rothschild with glee. She was wanted to polish jewelry; to make paper flowers; to be the high priestess of a typewriter; to sell tickets for a series of madly exciting lectures on the Holy Land.

Nancy enjoyed herself immensely for an hour or so, with much the same feeling that a runaway craft might have that was navigating unknown waters; but then affairs began to assume a less hilarious aspect. A stinging rain came driving from the east in little whips, the dampness encircled her like a fog, and Nancy shivered under her mackintosh as she tiptoed her way across the muddy street.

"Martha was right," she thought; "I have made an idiot of myself over this; and the best thing I can do is to go home and tell her so. There isn't any occupation on earth I am wanted for, it seems, besides peddling things. No! I'll go home and tell the truth, and let Bob joke me about the poor working girl as much as he pleases."

Nancy turned towards the corner, but stopped suddenly in the very middle of a puddle. "There is only one place left on my list," she thought, "and I might as well look at that, and do the whole thing up thoroughly and forever. It is about here somewhere, and there's one chance in a hundred that they want a woman to do something else besides scrub."

A huge building loomed up before her through the mist, and the number above the door seemed to beckon her like a finger.

The elevator boy made generous room for the dripping umbrella, and surveyed the bedraggled young woman somewhat curiously.

"Robbins & Smith," he said, "sixth floor. Here you are, to the left, 246."

"Thank you," said Nancy. She turned down the long hall with a tired little sigh. "If I look half as miserable as I feel," she thought, grimly, "they'll take me in and give me a situation out of pure charity. I believe, if Martha could see me now, she would expire cheerfully."

The door was ajar, and Nancy pushed it open and crossed the threshold. The office was empty, with the exception of one tall figure, in a gray tweed suit, who stood at the window, looking out at the driving rain.

"Is this Robbins & Smith?" asked Nancy, timidly.

The man turned suddenly at the sound of her voice, and made a hasty step towards her.

"Nancy! Nancy! Great Heavens! You?" said Jerry Dennison.

The room seemed to whirl about Nancy's head like the merry-go-round, and her wet umbrella dropped to the floor. If ever confusion and amazement reigned in a damsel's heart, it did in hers. Oh, to be able to fly, to sink through the floor, to disappear in any fashion out of sight of that puzzled, uncertain face!

"Nancy," said he, "what does this mean? Is there anything the matter? Anything I can do?"

Nancy lifted her head, a touch of her audacity came back.

"Yes, you can," she said. "Since I have stumbled in upon you in this absurd way, perhaps you will be kind enough to direct me to Robbins & Smith's office."

"It is two doors beyond, I believe," said Dennison, slowly. "We have only been here since Monday ourselves. It is Saturday afternoon, you know, and I hardly think you will be able to find them in. Of course I have no right to inquire, but may I venture to ask what you want with Robbins & Smith?"

Nancy turned towards the door. "No, you haven't any right," she said, "but I don't mind telling you. I'm looking for a situation."

"A situation?" said Dennison. "You—a situation? Is anything wrong at home? Bob—Martha?"

"No," said Nancy. "It's just because I wanted to—just—just for a change, you know."

She put her hand on the door and turned away. "Good afternoon," she said.

"You have forgotten your umbrella," said Dennison.

He picked the dripping thing from the floor and presented it formally, but as Nancy took it his hand fell suddenly on hers.

"Nancy," said Jerry, with his dark eyes fastened on her face, "people who have everything they wish, people who are thoroughly satisfied, rarely look for anything unusual to occupy their minds. It is the people who are unhappy, who have something to forget, who do that. Answer me—are you quite happy, Nancy?"

"I want to go home! oh, I want to go home!" she sobbed.

Jerry Dennison, being unfortunately a young man of impulse, waited no longer, but took her—wet umbrella, dripping mackintosh and all—in his arms. Perhaps a thrill of thanksgiving that he had stayed to settle a few matters in the deserted office pervaded him; but his voice was very earnest, and there was the old, tender ring in it again.

"Nancy," he said, "I thought you didn't care. I've been a dolt and an idiot, and I've had three months of torture to realize it in. You can dance with whom you please, and as many times as you please, only dance last and longest with me; and you shall go home this minute if you like—only, will you let me go with you, Nancy?"

"Yes, yes! Oh, Jerry, you know I will," sobbed Nancy.

Bob met them in the hall as the big clock in the corner that had belonged to his honor the governor was striking six. The mockery that rested on his lips for Nancy changed suddenly to a beaming smile of welcome as he saw her companion.

"You?" he said. "By Jove, Jerry, I'm glad to see you!"

Nancy flushed as his eyes met hers and laughed.

"I'm going to take off these dripping things," she said. "I'll be down in a minute."

She paused at the nursery door. She could hear the hum of masculine voices downstairs, and the clinking of glasses. Jerry was evidently explaining things.

Inside, Martha was bylowing both babies to sleep, but she paused as Nancy's pretty head looked in at the door.

"Martha," said Nancy, "I have kept my word. I have found a situation."

Martha groaned. "I am exceedingly sorry to hear it," she said. "Oh, Nancy, how could you? May I ask what you are going to do?"

"I'm going to keep house!" said Nancy.

"To keep house!" said Martha, divided between perplexity and tears. "To keep house? For whom?"

"For Mr. Jeremiah Dennison," said Nancy.—Peterson's Magazine.

Missed a Great Opportunity.

"I wonder who invented kissing?" he said, after they had had one.

"Oh, some fool," she replied.

"How can you say that?" he asked.

"Because, if he had not been a fool he would have patented the process."

Then they had another.—Town Topics.

The Stranded Company.

They had a patent rain machine, and thunder they could make;
A snow-box also they possessed that really took the cake;
At their behest the breaking waves the hearers' ears bedinned;
But still one element defied—they couldn't raise the wind.
—Chicago Journal.

DRASTIC COMPARISON.

"I should very much like to ride a wheel, only I'm afraid I'm a little too heavy."

"But, auntie, dear, that makes no difference. At the circus I saw a big fat elephant on a velocipede."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Not Available.

"Here is a letter it would hardly do for us to publish," said a quack. A man writes: 'I have just taken the first bottle of your medicine—'"

"Well?" said his partner.

"There it breaks off short, and is signed in another handwriting: 'Per executor.'"—Tit-Bits.

Irresponsible.

Oh, man! let woman not your proud soul vex,
Give kindly pity to the weaker sex,
And never let your mind to wrath incline—
To err is woman, to forgive divine.
—Judge.

New Year's in the Garden.

It was the first day of the new year in the Garden of Eden.

"I don't like this side of my new dress, Adam," said Eve, "and I'm going to turn it."

"Ah," chortled Adam, "going to turn over a new leaf, are you?"

There were loud hisses from his snakelets at this sally.—N. Y. World.

He Took More.

"Only one!" he pleaded.

She looked at him in surprise.

"One little kiss," he persisted.

"Oh, all right," she replied, carelessly. "If you're fool enough to start the press for a single impression, go ahead, but it doesn't seem to me it pays."—Chicago Post.

In Confidence.

The Fiance—When I was a small boy, Alice, I was given to ringing door-bells and running away.

The Fiancee—But you don't do anything like that now, I suppose?

The Fiance—I came near doing it the night I called on your father to ask his consent.—Puck.

Great Neglect.

A regular rattlesnake obituary comes to us from Stewart county:

This grave we make
For little Andy;
Bit by a snake—
No whisky handy.
—Atlanta Constitution.

Referred to Headquarters.

Little Benny—Say!

Little Flossie—What?

Little Benny—Why does a baby sleep all day and yell all night?

Little Flossie—Ask God.—Brooklyn Life.

A Good Bargain.

Mrs. Benham—The paper tells of a man who exchanged his wife for a sewing machine.

Benham—The poor fellow probably wanted something that could sew.—N. Y. Journal.

All Depended On Him.

"Will you think of me when I am gone?" he asked.

"I shall be glad to," she replied, with a sigh, "if you will make it possible."

Then he went.—Chicago Post.

Patience Rewarded.

His first love's age was just twenty-five,
When at twenty in marriage he sought her;
He failed; but again at forty did strive,
And this time he married her daughter.
—Chicago News.

HE CONQUERED IT.

Awful Struggle with a Monster That Finally Yielded.

All was silence for a moment.

Then a loud, shrill shriek rent the startled air. There was the sound of a heavy body falling, a crashing of timbers, a noise as of sinful spirits wailing in despair. A chair creaked dismally and then parted with a dead, metallic snap. Staggering backward, he fell against the washstand. The bowl and pitcher fell in a confused mass of broken crockery upon the floor, while the water flooded the room.

Again he advanced to the attack, and the black browed monster bent slightly forward and cast him full length upon the floor. Blood gushed from his wounds, but he leaped again to the attack. With loud curses he grappled with the demon. His garments were torn in a hundred places. One eye was black and blue! The other was blue and black! But still he kept up the fearful combat. At length, when nearly exhausted, with his life blood slowly oozing from a thousand wounds and his breath coming in short, painful gasps, he won! The dread monster lay wide open before him.

"There!" he said, as he wiped the drops of perspiration from his brow. "There! It's a cold day when I can't open a folding bed!"—N. Y. World.

The North Pole Calendar.

1898.—Expedition of Haaas Haansen, from Haamerfest, Norway, to find the north pole.

1899.—Expedition of Torm Tormpsen to find Haansen.

1900.—Expedition of Jhim Jhornsen to find Tormpsen.

1901.—Expedition of Jjaik Jjaksen to find Jhornsen.

1902.—Return of Jjaksen with relics of Jhornsen. Marble monument erected to the memory of Jhornsen.

1903.—Return of Jhornsen with relics of Tormpsen. Brick monument erected to Tormpsen.

1904.—Return of Tormpsen with relics of Haansen. Wooden monument erected to Haansen.

1905.—Return of Haansen, dead tired. North pole still standing.

1906.—North pole discovered by an American. Auction sale of monuments at Haamerfest.—Stephen Leacock, in Puck.

Spinster—A woman who wouldn't marry if she could and couldn't if she would.—Chicago News.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. Williams, Antioch, Ill., April 11, 1894.

In almost every case of marriage one of the parties in time looks the rabbit to the other's wolf.—Atchison Globe.

Disfigured from a bruise? No; not When St. Jacobs Oil cures it. No chance.

Auctioneer—A man who cries because he has to make an honest living.—Chicago News.

Disability is made ability to work from The cure of Lumbago by St. Jacobs Oil.

We notice that girls with steadies never have fascinating girls come to visit them.—Atchison Globe.

GET OUT OF HIS WAY!

Needs a Stronger Man.

Mr. Piper—De Blank is so lazy he has to hire a valet to smoke for him.

Mrs. Piper—I shouldn't think he'd have to pay a man for doing that.

Mr. Piper—But he smokes cigarettes, you see.—Detroit Free Press.

Ought to Have a Big Sale.

"What makes you think your new hairpins will have a big sale?"

"Why, man, they're made strong enough to lift the largest pickle that can be gotten in a boarding-school."—Judge.

Not Sweet, But Powerful.

"What do you think of my daughter's voice?"

"Well, what it lacks in quality it makes up in quantity."—Yonkers Statesman.

As Discussed by Her Friends.

"Mrs. Diawiddie's husband is very neglectful of her, they say."

"Is that so? I've often wondered what it was that always made her so jolly."—Cleveland Leader.

So He Did.

"See here, Bibbs, I thought you told me you had raised that mortgage on your farm," said his chief creditor.

"I did. It was only $1,500 and I raised her to $3,000."—Detroit Free Press.

The Rivals.

"What do you think, old boy, I stole a kiss from that haughty Miss Juniper!"

"Pooh, that's nothing. The last evening I was there I saw her poodle kiss her 17 times."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Reproof.

"You're all the world to me," he sighed.
She smiled on him with gentle mirth.
And when he said "be mine," she cried:
"'Tis very wrong to want the earth."
—Washington Star.

Paradoxical, But Easy.

"Now I'll get on and be off," said the bicycle learner to himself, as he prepared to mount his wheel.—Puck.

He Wasn't One.

He—Could you learn to love a man?
She—Bring on your man.—N. Y. Truth.

A Better Way.

"If you want a thing well done, why do it yourself,"
A ridiculous proverb, I vow!
The most sensible way
Is to find and to pay
Some more competent man who knows how.
—Harlem Life.

Helping Economize.

"Jackson is in love with the landlady."

"Has he admitted it?"

"No; but he eats the cold buckwheat cakes."—Chicago Record.

Ever the Same.

In this world of controversy
It is human nature quite
To think the other fellow's wrong,
And we are in the right.
—Chicago News.

A DEEP THINKER.

Tommy—If Uncle Bob shaves his face will hair grow on it?

Mother—Yes.

Tommy—Then why doesn't he shave his head?—N. Y. Herald.

Help Our Pride.

Then let us not too much condemn
The men who flop in politics;
We'd never know, except for them,
How firm our own conviction sticks.
—Chicago Journal.

Unshaken Still.

"A woman's faith in her intuitions is wonderful, isn't it?"

"Yes, indeed! It'll remove mountains of mere fact."—Chicago Journal.

—The common house sparrow flies at the rate of 92 miles per hour.

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Surprised at the Wonderful Curative Power of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh and bronchial trouble and have been surprised at its wonderful curative properties. I am now entirely free from both these complaints, and heartily recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh." A. G. SAMAN, Clark Mills, Wisconsin."

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TEMPERANCE.

AND WHISKY DID IT.

Heart-Chilling Recital of a Tragedy at Nashville, Tenn.

It was in the early hours of a Sabbath night in midsummer. Peace seemed to be claiming our city for her own. Worshipers by hundreds had gathered in our various churches to reverently speak in prayer and song and sermon the blessed name of our Prince of Peace. The stillness and sweet solemnity of the sacred day dwelt around us; and we were thanking God for the joy of rest and security and calm content. Suddenly, as if hell had grown jealous of Heaven's temporary reign on earth, there rang out five murderous pistol shots followed by the agonizing screams of a dying woman; and again by the terrified cry of a horror stricken mother who looked aghast upon a scene of blood and death. And what an appalling scene was that upon which that grief-crazed mother gazed! Her daughter and her son lay dead, slain by the hand of that daughter's young husband; and just outside the desolated, but once happy, though humble, home the murderer lay gasping for breath, two ghastly self-inflicted bullet wounds in his breast. He had sought his own life after he had taken the life of his wife and that of her manly young brother. It was all over in a moment—all? No, not all, for the aged mother's cruel sorrow had only just begun; and the long night of the life of humiliation which must be endured by the now motherless and worse than fatherless children had just entered its dusk. All over? No, for the surgeons say that the death which the drunken young man wooed for himself may not be won; unhappily for him, professional skill and an abnormally robust constitution may restore him to life and—remorse, a remorse which only the hangman's noose can kill. Gaping crowds of curious and unfeeling people throng the sidewalks and push into the wrecked home

FIVE MURDEROUS PISTOL SHOTS.

and stare at the aged woman who sits in her wretched loneliness and weeps over her "poor, dead children." There is a coroner's inquest and a terrible double funeral—and—despair.

Nine years ago there was a festal scene. It was a marriage evening. A pure young girl had been wedded to a handsome and apparently honest and promising young mechanic. The mother, younger then, and stronger, sat by amid the merriment and heard with a fond mother's pride the cordial words of congratulation, the generous praise which friends showered upon the youthful husband and his radiantly happy bride. Sacred words had been spoken by the minister who, in God's dear name, had made the twain one flesh. Their life together had begun; and the mother of the girl-wife said: "Surely they will be happy—surely, surely."

Just eight years; but the time was long enough for the serpent to enter that Eden, and despoil it. It was not many months after this scene of brilliant joy and cheery laughter and happy home-beginning, until this same husband began to drink a little at first, then more, until beastly drunkenness was his pitiable portion. With his own degradation there crept into his mind the poison of a hellish suspicion that his wife too had grown unfaithful. It may not have been a wholly groundless suspicion. The world may never know. Certain it is that if she, who had pledged her troth to a man so unworthy, was not stalwart in character, she must have found it hard to be true to him who was so basely untrue to her. Be this as it may, the meanest libertine and vilest demon of drink demands of his wife the most sacred reverence for all her vows; and so did this victim of villainy.

The sequel of this awful story was told in the introduction; and whisky did it. His closest friends declare that, when sober and before he became a slave to the saloon, this young man was large-hearted and genial and honorable, peaceable and manly. He is a double murderer now; and before these lines are read the word "suicide" may be added to the record he has written in blood. God pity and save him; and, O God, pity the living sufferers in his own family, and in the family of his poor slaughtered wife!

Yes, reader, we are quite as willing to end this heart-chilling recital as you are anxious to have it ended. It is a true story, though; and it occurred right here in Nashville, Sunday, August 22. True the parties to the tragedy were not members of your family nor of ours, not even acquaintances; but they belonged to other families, nevertheless, and they were loved and are lost; and, with drink to aid in arousing the slumbering demon that lurks in most of our souls, these things might have occurred in any of our households. What, then, is the plain duty of the hour? Here it is—join us in it, and let God witness our vow—Death to the saloon!—Cumberland Presbyterian.

TAKING CHANCES.

Some Timely Words of Warning to Young Men.

It never pays to take chances simply "for the fun of the thing," especially when life is at stake. To-day there came a man into my office, and immediately following him another man. This other man had no use whatever of hands or arms; must be washed and dressed in the morning, fed and watered through the day, and at night must be put to bed. More helpless is he than a little babe.

"Oh," said he, "what a fool I was ever to scuffle, as I did in front of that circular saw running at full speed. It is a great wonder that I am able even to walk; and it is a greater wonder that my antagonist in that foolish scrimmage and myself were not both of us killed outright. Foolish? I guess we were foolish." And so he was; and what a price he paid for his folly!

Is it much more foolish to play football with a can of nitroglycerin than it is to toy with the cigarette and the wineglass? Are not the wineglass and the cigarette even more destructive than the nitroglycerin, though the can should explode and blow you to atoms? Yet how many say: "I'll run my chances of stopping—stopping in time to save my soul at least."

Yesterday so said a boy to his sister, when receiving from her some good, sisterly advice on the line of his misdeeds. That night, "on a lark," he went out from his home, and before morning what was left of him was carried back to that sister and home, a corpse.

Another case: A man full of years, with hair white as snow went down to a drunkard's grave, and laughing to the last at the solicitous advice given him by Christian workers.

Boys, girls, before you commence to toy with this phantom whose sting is death, stop, and ask this question: Will it pay? For the "fun of the thing," will it pay? Ah, if from the bottomless pit you could get answer, a great voice like unto thunder would roll up: "No, no, no." It will not pay for you to thus toy and trifle with life immortal. It is too great a risk to run; and nothing of this world can insure you against its loss.—National Temperance Advocate.

THE BREWER'S DOG.

How He was Cured of a Disreputable Habit.

A brewer in Haverfordwest, once owned a dog which had quite a liking for the sweet new beer as it runs from the vat, and in consequence was in the habit of getting dreadfully intoxicated. When in that state he conducted himself in a most ridiculous manner, quite beneath the dignity of a dog, to say nothing about a superior order of animals.

Various means were tried by his master to cure him of this bad habit. All precautions were taken, but as sure as there was a fresh supply of beer brewed, so sure did the dog contrive to try its quality, with the same mortifying results. One day, when very much the worse for what he had taken, he was capering about in his usual manner, and performing most absurd antics, he somehow managed to fall into a tub of boiling wort, from which he was rescued in a most deplorable condition, his coat scalded off in patches, and himself almost dead with pain and fright. His tumble had a very remarkable effect. It completely cured him of his evil propensities, and from that memorable day the dog became a total abstainer, and no person could induce him to taste beer again. But he found, like the nobler animal when similarly afflicted, that the visible effects of his folly were not so easily effaced. The bald patches still remained, a warning to all his friends, both human and canine, not to indulge in intoxicating beverages.—Christian Work.

FACTS AND FINDINGS.

The most dangerous weapon in the hand of anarchy is the saloon.—Toronto (Ont.) Templar.

The church will never reach the masses until it first reaches the saloon.—Lutheran Observer.

For tricks and schemes of breaking law the saloon keeper can outwit the most wily rascals of the country.—Wesleyan Methodist.

A man writing from Dawson City, near the Klondike gold diggings, says: "Beer is 50 cents per drink. I have quit drinking." This is an impressive example of the efficacy of the gold cure.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

A coroner's jury at Galesburg, Ill., recently returned a verdict condemning a liquor dealer who had sold liquor to a man who was killed by the cars while drunk. The jury also censured the city for allowing the sale of liquor to drunkards. Things are moving.—Lever.

If I do what I may in earnest I need not mourn if I work no great work on this earth. To help the growth of a thought that struggles toward the light; to brush with gentle hand the earth stain from the white of one snowdrop—such is my ambition!—George Macdonald.

Nearing a Volcano.

The liquor business of this country is pushing its "demands" very close to the point that the slave power did when it had secured the enactment of the fugitive slave law, and forced the Dred Scott decision; and, like slavery, it is rapidly approaching its Appomattox. The audacity of its "demands" more than makes up for the indifference of many good people to its crimes.—P. A. Baker.

Whisky Doing Its Work.

St. Petersburg will soon possess an Aborigines Protection society. Political exiles returned from Siberia have become acquainted with primitive races, whose manners and customs are exciting much interest in eastern Russia. Fur traders' whisky is, they say, causing terrible suffering, while the mine owners have established a form of slavery.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—A $20n diamond adorned the shirt front of Peter Dieble, of Youngstown, O. He was caressing his horse and for a moment turned his glance in another direction. At that instant the horse bit off the stud, and is supposed to have swallowed it.

—A man in Cartersville, Ga., has purchased the gallows on which a man was hanged and built a hennery of the lumber. He has never had a chicken stolen from it, and it is said that the colored brother won't go within a block of it if he can possibly avoid doing so.

—A monkey funeral was lately witnessed at Annapolis, Md. A pet monkey belonging to Gunner's Mate William Bentley, of the naval academy, had decorated its interior with a diet of yellow paint, and soon afterward died. Six sailors acted as pallbearers.

—A thunderbolt passed down the chimney of the house occupied by Mr. and Mrs. John Murray, in East Hartford, Conn., entered their bedroom, splintered the bedstead on which they were sleeping, and caused the bed and its occupants to drop to the floor. They were unhurt.

Some ladies in a fishing party at Lake Owassa, N. J., thought that worms were "just too horrid" to handle, and they baited their hooks with chewing gum. One of the ladies, with this bait, caught a four-pound bass, while the men who had used worms held their lines without receiving a nibble.

—A conceited young man in Hoboken, N. J., celebrated his 21st birthday by giving a party to his friends. The floral display comprised over a score of bouquets, each bearing a card addressed "From Jessie," "From Bessie," etc. These he had sent to himself, and now the florist is suing for his money.

The peculiar walk of a man on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, drew the attention of all who saw him. Some of his steps were short, some long and some of average length. He was what is called "a crack-stepper," striving to avoid stepping on the cracks in the pavement, as he thought it unlucky to touch them.

Mrs. George Ruthman, of Beaver Falls, Pa., has a little baby, and the baby has a brother four years old. During the temporary absence of the mother, the little brother strove to amuse the baby by putting a bicycle pump in the child's mouth and filling the infant with air. A doctor had to be called to quiet the inflated youngster.

A hissing hot airstone whizzed through the atmosphere at Rumford, Me., and the noise was heard by G. C. Eastman. He looked around and saw a hole in the grass, from which smoke was issuing. He plunged his hand in the hole about 16 inches in depth, and drew forth the airstone, which was still warm. It weighs ten pounds.

—A gentleman in Paterson, N. J., was annoyed by the chatter of his wife and a female friend in an adjoining room, and couldn't sleep. He politely requested them to desist. They paid no attention to him. He knocked both of them senseless and then calmly fell asleep. They had him jailed, and now they enjoy the most charming talks undisturbed.

—A Brooklyn girl received a diamond ring from a young gentleman as a memento of their engagement. She tired of him, and the engagement was broken. Through a trick he secured possession of the ring for a day, had a spurious stone inserted in place of the real one, and returned the circlet. She sued for the value of the stone, and Justice Lemon has decided that an engagement ring is not a gift.

GRACE AMONG WOMEN.

Not Many Know How to Rise and Sit Down Properly.

Many women neglect to cultivate a graceful way of rising from a chair. Probably nine women out of ten in rising from a seat shift their weight from one foot to another in the act of getting up and start off upon the wrong foot. The proper way is to rest the weight upon one foot while still sitting, holding the other lightly upon the floor. Now rise by pressing down hard upon the foot that has previously been bearing the weight, stand erect and still for a mere second to get poise and start off lightly upon the free foot. If there is to be a turn in the walks stop with all the weight upon the foot that is in advance, rest only the toe of the rear foot on the ground, then turn around smoothly by transferring the weight to the free foot, making the turn entirely upon the balls of the feet with the heels scarcely touching the floor. A turn like this is as rare as it is graceful, yet it can be acquired in half an hour's practice.

A perfectly graceful woman is graceful in everything she does—in the pose of her head, the unfolding of her hands, in her walk, in the way she rises and sits. As to the last little can be said and a pretty way is easily demonstrated. What not to do is to fall heavily onto a seat like a badly jointed doll without nerves. A sensitive woman feels her way daintily, unbending with a smooth, slow motion till she appears to have settled down safely as a cloud sinks into the bosom of a lake. Such a one will know how to rise also and can make the difficult transition between her chair and the doorway without one of those awkward jerks and starts that render half of feminine creation laughing stock upon public thoroughfares, and especially in public conveyances.—Chicago Chronicle.

Might Be a Negative Success.

Friend—And what are you engaged on now, professor?

Flying-machine Inventor (mysteriously)—Sh! I am now trying to invent a "falling machine." My ideas always seem to turn out exactly wrong, you know.—Judge.

He Didn't Come Again.

He—Well, it's 11 o'clock. I think I'd better be going.

She—Dear me, that's the first thought you've had this evening.—Cleveland Leader.

UNCLE SAM'S ISLANDS.

There Are Sixty of Them in the Pacific Ocean.

The proposed annexation of the Hawaiian Islands has induced a writer to examine the archives of the state department in regard to the possessions which we already hold in the Pacific ocean.

Distributed over the mid-Pacific, in the neighborhood of the equator, are quite a lot of small islands that belong to the United States. Most of them are from 1,000 to 2,000 miles to the south and southwest of Hawaii. Some of them are near the Gilbert archipelago, and there is a considerable cluster just about the lesser distance mentioned and directly south of the Hawaiian group, including America, Christmas, Palmyros and other islands of large size.

Christmas island is about 35 miles long. It got its name originally from the fact that the famous Capt. Cook stopped there on Christmas day for the purpose of observing an eclipse. It is an atoll, or ring, of coral formation, inclosing a lagoon of water that has become so salty through evaporation as to be a veritable brine. Fishes thrown over the reef by storms are pickled in it, and remain perfectly preserved and good to eat for months.

These isles of the Pacific belonging to Uncle Sam number 60 in all. They have all been annexed to the United States under an act of congress which became a law August 18, 1856. This law, which remains in force to-day, declares that whenever any citizen of the United States shall discover a deposit of guano on any island, rock or key not within the lawful jurisdiction of any other government, he shall be at liberty to take peaceable possession thereof, and such island, rock or key may, at the discretion of the president, be considered as appertaining to the United States.

The discoverer is required to give due notice to the department of state, with affidavits, describing the island and showing that possession of the same has been taken in the name of this country. He is obliged at the same time to give a bond, which is filed in the treasury.

The discoverer, at the pleasure of congress, enjoys the exclusive right to occupy his island for the purpose of obtaining guano, and for this product he is allowed to charge only a certain fixed price, namely, eight dollars a ton for guano delivered at the ship's side, or four dollars a ton for the privilege of digging it where it lies. Furthermore, he gives guarantee by his bond to deliver the guano only to citizens of the United States, and to be used in the United States.

The law also provides, curiously enough, that all offenses and crimes on such island by persons who may land thereon or in waters adjacent shall be deemed as committed on the high seas, on board a merchant ship of the United States, and shall be punished accordingly. The president is authorized to use the land and naval forces of the United States to protect the rights of the discoverer or his heirs.

But Uncle Sam's ocean empire includes a great many islands of far greater importance than the guano islands referred to. In Behring sea there are several very large islands, besides the little Pribylov group to which the seals resort.

This country owns the entire chain of Aleutian islands, which separate Behring sea from the north Pacific. The inhabitants of these islands, called Aleuts, are particularly intelligent, much more civilized than the Eskimo, and the bear a close resemblance physically to the Japanese.

On the coast of southern Alaska is a group of islands of great size, on some of which live the Thlinket Indians. These Indians are the most artistic savages in the world, being skilled wood carvers. Off the coast of Southern California is the Santa Barbara group, comprising a number of large islands.—Washington Post.

CORN AS FUEL.

Reasons Why It Would Not Be Altogether Practicable.

In a general way it has been recognized that when corn is abundant and cheap, and coal is expensive, the former makes a cheaper fuel than the latter, although no scientific determination of their relative efficiency has ever been made, so far as the author is aware. During the past winter, however, a number of inquiries were received by the department of agriculture of the University of Nebraska, asking for information about the efficiency of corn as fuel, and the author undertook the investigation of this subject.

From the experience of the author in conducting boiler tests of corn, it is doubtful whether it would be a practicable fuel for the generation of power, unless it were burned in some special furnace that would insure the perfect combustion of the volatile matter which forms so large a percentage of the whole corn, since the fire burns rapidly and must be frequently fired, making the work of the firemen very arduous, and at the same time tending to cause incomplete combustion through the fire door.

Undoubtedly, corn may at times be a cheap and economical fuel for domestic use. It is cleaner and more easily handled than coal, and contains but a very small amount of ash. It burns rapidly with an intense heat, which is apt to be destructive to the cast iron linings of the stove. Here, again, some special form of fire box, that will not be injured by the heat, and that will utilize as much of the heat as possible, should be used. If the rate of combustion be too great, much of the heat will pass up the chimney.—Prof. R. Richards, in Cossier's Magazine.

American Lobsters Abroad.

Attempts have recently been made in several parts of France and Germany to introduce the American lobster. It has been found that it escapes diseases that destroy the European varieties.—N. Y. Sun.

WHY WE ARE SICK.

Relation of Man's Evolution to His Ailments.

An interesting paper was given at the three hundred and twenty-eighth corporate meeting of the Boston Scientific society by Dr. Cora Hosmer Flagg, the subject of which was the relation of man's evolution to his ailments. "It is a common idea," said the speaker, "that the human body is fixed and stable in its structure and marvelously adapted to its supposed uses for definite ends. But all the evidences from comparative anatomy, embryology and physiology go to show that the majority of our organs are combinations, rearrangements and compromises necessitated by the accidents of complexities."

Much of this instability is due directly to the mechanics of the upright position and to the fact that the body, with its quadrupedal ancestry, has not yet become perfectly adapted to its new position. Every region of the body shows evidences of this maladaptation. Some structures are in a state of progression; that is, they are tending to more perfect adaptation. Others are slowly retrogressing, some having even gone so far as to have gone wholly out of use, remaining only as vestiges.

The pelvis and the backbone find themselves with entirely different duties in man from their previous ones in the quadrupeds, so that here are especially marked differences. In the beasts the pelvis has merely to bear the weight of the end of the backbone, but in man it has all the weight of the trunk and the arms to sustain. The result is that it has become completely bowl-shaped and is not yet completely adapted to all its functions, so that it is the origin of numberless inconveniences and diseases. In the same way the backbone in man has assumed two curves, one near the head and the other near the base. As another part of the adaptation there is the loss of some ribs and the shortening of the spinal cord, the latter being the result of the loss of the tail. These all mark weak spots in the human economy, each of which is known to be responsible for a number of the common ailments of man.

Many of the ailments quoted by Dr. Flagg were technical in their nature, but still there were quite a number, like the dwindling away of the tibia, that are patent to everybody. This bone, the smaller of the two in the human leg, is equal to its companion in animals and shares the work with it. But in man in his upright position it is merely necessary; it has lost strength and size, and, being in an exposed position, is subject to fracture. In the same way the position of the femur is so changed with reference to the body that the weight it must bear not infrequently results in fracture in its weak place.

So far as the viscera is concerned, they are nearly as well adapted to vertical as to horizontal position. Some weaknesses have, however, been developed, among which may be noted the vermiform appendix, which plays so prominent a part in modern diseases.

In like manner the speaker went on to show how other difficulties are the result of man's erect posture. The heart, with a greater hydrostatic pressure, often fails under its burdens; the added pressure is responsible for varicose veins and similar troubles; the exposing of certain important blood vessels, like the arteries of the leg and arm, is a source of danger; canals which have their offices in the economy of lower animals become, through disuse, sources of trouble, tonsilitis being a malady of such a nature. In the brain it is a noticeable fact that the diseases are more commonly among those convolutions which man has added to the previously existing brain of the animals, and those lobes in which lie the emotions or instincts common to nearly all animal life are quite exempt from disease. The more complex parts of the brain are affected; hence suicide, which is the result of thought, is common among the insane, while they will resist, as any animal would, attempts on the part of another to do them injury.—Boston Transcript.

Seeking for a "Clou."

The "clou," or great overshadowing feature of the forthcoming Paris exposition, is yet lacking, and the management has so far vainly sought for it amid the myriad of practicable schemes broached by inventors and theorists and cranks, and are still in search of new ideas and encouraging their presentation. An immense captive balloon, an enormous telescope and a 200-ton monumental clock are among the suggestions; as are also great panoramas of the world, a giant electric gyroscope, typical streets of each country, a palace and a thousand other schemes more or less visionary; but meanwhile the management is yet bewailing the great unfound "clou" which is to take in the coming exhibition the place of the Eiffel tower in the last.—Detroit Free Press.

Peary's Meteorite.

The huge mass of meteoric iron which Civil Engineer Peary, of the United States navy, has recently brought home from Cape York, Greenland, and which weighs about 100 tons, is believed by him and others to be a true meteorite, fallen from the sky at some unknown time in the past. Alloys of iron and nickel sometimes occur in meteorites, and, curiously enough, Peary's meteorite consists of those metals combined in a proportion similar to that of the nickel-steel employed in making armor for the United States navy.—Youth's Companion.

Photography and Shooting.

A miniature photographic camera attached to the barrel of a gun is the invention of Mr. Lerchner, of Vienna. By an automatic shutter, working in unison with the trigger of the gun, the sportsman is able to obtain a perfect photograph of the bird or animal immediately before the shot or bullet has reached it.—Chicago Chronicle.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Perhaps They Do.—Smith—"What's this 'trough of the sea' we read about?" Jones—"Oh, I guess that is what the ocean greyhounds drink out of."—Chicago News.

—A Public Ceremonial.—"What's the meaning of the big crowd around the shanty up there?" "Dooley's goat is havin' his whiskers trimmed."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

—An Inference.—Jones—"My doctor advises me to ride a wheel an hour a day." Wheeler (contemptuously)—"Only an hour a day! He must be a homoeopath."—Puck.

—She—"Don't you think that you are a little in love with yourself?" He—"That's because I think so much of you. I am naturally fond of anything that you are fond of."—Boston Transcript.

—A man has been found in East Friendship, Me., who has kept a diary since 1870 and has never missed a day. How the friends and acquaintances of that man must hate him!—Boston Transcript.

—Secret of the Art.—Skinner—"What makes Col. Puffington so successful as a conversationalist?" Babel—"He's so taciturn—gives the others lots of chance to talk."—Philadelphia North American.

—Friend (leaving the office with the broker)—"I say, old man, you didn't lock your safe." Broker—"No, I never do. It cost £60, and I don't want burglars to spoil it for the little I've got in it."—Tit-Bits.

LAND IN ALASKA.

Crops May Be Grown In a Limited Way and Live Stock Will Thrive.

Dr. Evans and Benton Killin, commissioners appointed to investigate the agricultural possibilities of Alaska, have submitted their reports to Secretary of Agriculture Wilson. The reports agree that while comparatively little agriculture exists there it is possible that enough of certain crops and animals may be grown to sustain a considerable population, provided proper methods are pursued. While Director True, of the division of experiment stations, does not regard as feasible the establishment of agricultural experiment stations there, he believes that experiments may be carried on in a number of lines with great success. The two commissioners spent three months investigating the southern coast region of Alaska. The reports say cultivated areas in Alaska are confined to small kitchen gardens, in which are grown many of our earlier and hardier vegetables. Stock raising is carried on to a very limited extent. The possible extension of the pasturage and gardening area is quite considerable. Estimates are made of an expense of $200 per acre in preparing the soil for cultivation. What agriculture there will be in Alaska will be subsidiary to fishing and other industries, according to Mr. Killin's separate report. Fishermen will locate on Alaska lands and make homes. At the present ratio Mr. Killin says the salmon will soon be destroyed. They are being fished for in the spawning waters to such an extent that they have no opportunity to propagate. Halibut, cod and herring will last forever. Timber will not go into the market until the yellow fir or Douglas pine of the Pacific coast is exhausted, as it is superior to the Alaskan spruce or hemlock.

As fast as the timber is taken off small fruits and green vegetables can be grown, and grass will be furnished for the domestic animals. Grasses grow to great perfection. Little was seen of the cultivation of cereals and small fruits and berries abound, though practically no attention is paid to their cultivation.

As to the country from the southern boundry to Kodiak and Long islands and from the Pacific to the coast or Alaskan mountains, the climate is extremely wet, but not cold; winters are very long, and the feeding period will be at least seven months. The cereals will not ripen and the vegetables will not mature.—Chicago Tribune.

NEW WAY TO WEALTH.

Will Power as a Means of Winning Riches.

According to theosophy, said Dr. A. W. Coryn, the human will was a definite force, and when strongly moved by desire it was able to accomplish visible results, although no apparent action had been taken. The desires of men were constantly affecting their outward circumstances, and even if, as in the case of a man wishing for wealth, no immediate result is seen, the ultimate effect will be that in another earth life he would be born amid wealthy surroundings. It always happened, however, that when the coveted boon was obtained some unwelcome and unlooked-for circumstance accompanied it, and so the wise man avoids definite wishes about his future, recognizing his ignorance of what is really best for him, and patiently accepting the destiny meted out to him by the just law. George Muller, of Bristol, supports a large institution for orphans by prayer. The venerable founder relates his wish for a definite sum of money to meet a pressing engagement. Thoughts were things, and once the idea, strongly vitalized by his will, passed out into the ether, it floated about until attracted to the congenial soil of the brain of some wealthy philanthropist, who, "struck by the thought," sends his check for the required amount.—Essex Times.

English Bible Printed in 1490.

An old English Bible that was printed before the discovery of America is in the possession of Richard Bexfield, of Union district, West Virginia. It was printed in London in 1490 "by the deputies of Christopher Barker company, printers to the queen's most gracious majesty." It retains its original cover, and is in a remarkably good state of preservation. The book was found in 1826 by Mr. Bexfield's father in an old chimney in one of Alderman Pye's almshouses on Pottersgate street, in Norwich, England.—Chicago Chronicle.

AN OPEN LETTER
To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *on every wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher—M.D.

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Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

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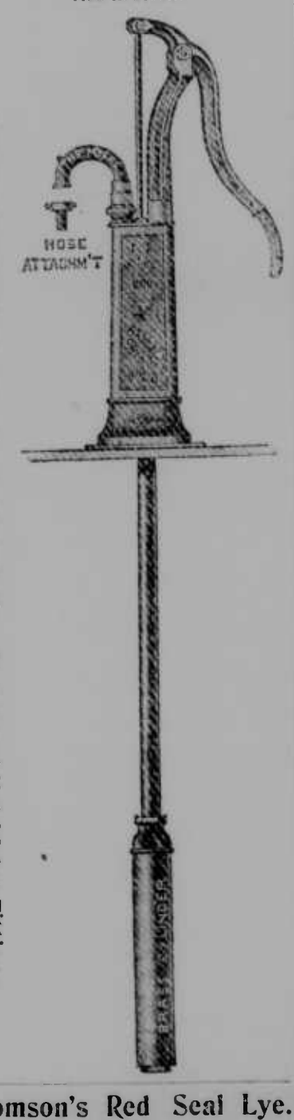

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Red Seal is the best disinfectant and purifier to use in sinks, drains, waste pipes and closets. It is handy, safe and sure. One can of Red Seal to 15 gallons of water sprayed, knocks potato bugs, cabbage worms, etc. No damage to vines. 15-

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 14, 1897, Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—Daily	3.47	A. M.
No. 3—Daily	6.42	A. M.
No. 71—Accom daily except Sun	9.28	A. M.
No. 47—Daily except Sunday	6.01	P. M.
No. 55—Express, daily	5.35	P. M.
No. 1—Daily	10.14	P. M.

GOING EAST

No. 8—Daily	5.50	A. M.
No. 2—Daily	7.01	A. M.
No. 11—Accom daily except Sun	10.21	A. M.
No. 46—Daily	4.33	P. M.
No. 72—Accom daily except Sun	5.18	P. M.
No. 4—Daily	12.29	A. M.

Train No. 55 stops at Terra Alta.

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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Nov 29, 1897.

Republican conferences are the order of the day, as Senators and Representatives arrive in Washington. President McKinley having finished his annual message to Congress and got it into the hands of the printers, is devoting a considerable portion of his time to conferring with prominent members of his party as to the legislation of the session. He is particularly anxious that whatever party measures are brought before Congress shall have the united support of Republicans, and he is losing no opportunity to impress that idea upon those with whom he talks. While not expecting that all his recommendations, financial or otherwise, will be favorably acted upon by Congress, he believes that by good management, some of them can be put through. There are reasons for belief that a sufficient number of Senators will under certain circumstances vote with the Republicans in the Senate to pass several bills that will greatly strengthen the administration and benefit the country. It is not deemed expedient to specify these measures at this time, but just wait and see if the President does not justify his reputation as a harmonizer.

It is refreshing after reading the numerous jingo schemes advanced just now to find the following sensible language in the annual report of the Secretary of the Navy: "Additions to our fleet may be hereafter necessary to bring it up, in case of an emergency, to an extent commensurate with the growing necessities of the country, especially in view of the development of Alaska, which is a continent in itself, and of the possible annexation of islands in the Pacific. On the other hand it is a mistake not to recognize that our naval power has more than doubled within the last few years; that the case of any emergency beyond our present resources is the very rare case; that until it comes ships will be gradually taken out of commission and put in reserve in order to reduce running expenses; and that a due regard is necessary to the relation of the National expenditures to the National revenues. The department therefore recommends that the authorization of new ships by the coming Congress, be limited to one battleship for the Pacific coast, where, after the five now under construction are completed, there will be only two, while boats and torpedo boat destroyers, both of which are comparatively this swift, mobile, and handily effective arm of the service up to its place in the general scheme for coast defense."

Senator Pritchard, of North Carolina, Chairman of the Committee that is, under a Senate resolution, investigating the workings of the civil service law, says the Committee will resume work during the first week of the session of Congress, paying particular attention to the internal revenue service, and that its report will probably be submitted to the Senate early in January. Senator Pritchard will not attempt to say what the report of the Committee will be, further than that he thinks it will probably recommend modification of existing rules, but his personal opinions, which he freely gives, are believed to be about what are held by a majority of the Committee, and probably are in line with the report that will be made. He said: "A too broad extension of the civil service law is calculated to weight it down and render it unpopular thereby endangering its continuance. A good principle to adopt would be that a scholastic examination is proper to determine the fitness of persons for clerical positions, but such a test is not suitable to determine the fitness of a man to fill a position where the duties are executive. The idea that the law is a sort of blanket to cover everything is very unpopular."

Ex-Speaker Keifer, of Ohio, is renewing old acquaintances in Washington. He says he isn't in active politics, but tries to know what's going on. Of Ohio matters he says: "Senator Hanna will be elected if he lives; no possible combination can be made to beat him," and of the silver question: "It is a very effete question in my section. It is seldom that you hear any mention of the subject in Ohio, and out in Nebraska, where I visit my oldest son occasionally, I observe that there is really but little interest taken in the 16 to 1 idea. It is true that the Republicans were beaten this year in Nebraska, but it was merely a rebuke administered by the voters on account of the conduct of former Republican state officials. Later, you will see Nebraska getting back into the Republican column and the same will be true of Kansas, where the furore over free silver, has, I think, permanently abated."

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The facts concerning the wonderful discoveries of gold in Alaska and British Columbia, about the headwaters of the Yukon River, have been received and are now fully digested by the public mind. Every incoming steamer from the Klondike regions, bringing as they do enormous quantities of the precious metal, merely confirms the statements made by experts that this new field is by far the richest the world has ever known.

If the wealth of the new fields excites wonder, the extent of the territory in which gold is being found is even still more remarkable. Besides the fields in the Klondike River and the various streams emptying into it, information reaches us of almost incredibly rich discoveries of gold in the Stewart River and in the White River, and of miners leaving the one district in search of the possibly more productive fields beyond. This circumstance, it may be remarked, leaves the way open to those persons on the ground for the acquiring of claims at a small fraction of their real value.

It has long been suspected and the proof is now fully proven that all those rivers having their source in the range of the Rocky Mountains are good bearing in the highest degree.

All this knowledge being now well established, the thought which is naturally actuating so many minds is how to participate in the great productive wealth of this new El Dorado. It is impracticable, obviously, for but a small percentage of the people to attempt a trip to those regions. Moreover, the outlay to be incurred, the perils and hardships of such a journey determine such a course unwise and unnecessary.

Persons can, however, combine their capital with those who are already actively engaged in acquiring claims in the gold country, with the assurance that the investment will prove both safe and profitable.

The Yukon-Cariboo-British Columbia Gold Mining Development Company is formed to explore and develop the gold fields of British Columbia, including the Cariboo district and the Klondike district at the headwaters of the Yukon River.

The Company has a capital of $5,000,000 divided into 5,000,000 shares, at $1 each. There are no "promoter" shares, and no officer or director has obtained his stock without paying for it at the regular subscription rate.

No personal liability whatever is incurred. The stock is fully paid up and is non-assessable. Each share represents the full responsibility incurred, and cannot, according to the charter of the Company, be subjected to any assessment of any kind.

The Company is without a rival in the completeness of its organization and the names of its directors are a guarantee of its integrity of purpose. Especially strong is the Company in its forces already in the field, Governor J. H. McGraw and General E. M. Carr, two of the directors of the Company, are at Dawson City for investigation, purchase and development of mining claims in the interest of shareholders.

George B. Kittenger, mining engineer, of Seattle, headed the largest and best equipped exporting party that has yet left the Pacific coast in the interest of any company. Mr. Kittinger is directing the forces in the Klondike district.

In the Cariboo district, J. M. Buxton, mining engineer, of Vancouver, is the representative of the Company.

On the Stewart River, the corps of eight men is headed by Captain Jack Scurry, well known as having located the line of the Northern Pacific railroad through the Cascade mountains.

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The shares of the Company are offered to the public for a short period at their par value of One Dollar per share. The company reserves the right to withdraw its offerings at any time without further notice.

Subscriptions for shares should be accompanied by cash in registered letter, U. S. or Express Money Orders, Bank Check or Draft made payable to the Secretary.

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47—3

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1897. NUMBER 40.

THE MESSAGE PUBLIC.

President William McKinley's Letter to the Fifty-sixth Congress.

REDEMPTION AS REISSUE FOR GOLD.

Cuban Question Delinitely Treated. Ratification of Hawaiian Annexation Advised. Civil Service Reform Endorsed. Needs of the Navy.

President McKinley Monday sent his much speculated-upon message to Congress. The following is a synopsis affording outline of its most important features:

The President notes that the full value of the Dingley law has not yet been fully realized but believes that what has already been accomplished by it is assurance of its timeliness and wisdom. He then proceeds without any suggestions of hesitancy or any recognitions of difficulties in the way of legislation that may exist on account of the present partisan condition in Congress, to attack the currency problem. He indicates beyond dispute the need of a revision of the financial system, describing the present dangers and embarrassments, and urging that the time to remedy the existing evils is now, when the government is free from serious trouble. The one only promise put forth as a condition antecedent to currency reform is that the government should enjoy a revenue equal to its liabilities. With that assured the President urges that steps be taken to prevent the process formerly called the "endless chain" of redemption, bringing necessities for bond issues and serving as a constant irritant to the government in its financial operations.

The President's plan for curing this continual drain upon the gold reserve is to hold all notes that is to be redeemed in gold and reissue them only when gold is offered in exchange for them. He submits to Congress the recommendations of the Secretary of the Treasury without comment save in two particulars, looking to the enlargement of the volume of national bank notes in circulation. This process would be aided by the fulfillment of the President's desire that national banks be established in the rural sections of the country, where there is pressing need of more currency.

The President assures that the Hawaiian annexation treaty will be ratified and expresses a measure of concern that the succeeding legislation should be carefully drawn to prevent hasty assimilation and to insure a wise form of government for the new territory. He shows a friendly concern in the welfare of the Nicaragua canal project and indicates that satisfactory progress is being made in the establishment of reciprocity with other nations under the terms of the tariff law. He reviews the scope of the fur seal conferences and states that all proper and safe propositions looking to the establishment of a system of general international arbitration will henceforth receive his constant encouragement. Other features of the message deals specifically but briefly with departmental matters. The President urges, along the line of the recommendations of the Secretary of the Navy, that the naval facilities be increased to keep pace with recent additions to the navy itself and recommends the construction of new dry docks. He strongly concurs in the suggestion of the Secretary of the Treasury that attention be paid to the need of better quarantine regulation in the south and purposes the organization of a national bacteriological commission.

The international bimetallic commission is congratulated upon the ability with which it pursued its endeavor to secure an agreement with the leading nations of Europe looking to a silver coinage system, and the President says that, notwithstanding the failure of the commission to secure on agreement, "it is to be earnestly hoped that their labors result in an international agreement which will bring about recognition of both gold and silver as money upon such terms and with such safeguards as will accept the use of both metals upon a basis which shall work no injustice to any class of our citizens."

The President adds a good word for the civil service system and promises that he will endeavor at all times to uphold and extend it. He closes his message with a general admonition to Congress to keep the appropriations within the limits of the probable revenues of the government.

The greater part of the President's message relates to Cuba. No other subject requires so much space for its elaboration and none will attract so much keen attention. The substance of all that the President says is that it is due the present government of Spain to permit it to justify its efforts to pacify Cuba and to establish a more generous system of government on the island. On this basis he offers no recommendations looking to immediate action in behalf of the insurgents and to that extent it is likely that the presentations of the case will disappoint the radical friends of the independence party in the island, who may have hoped for a suggestion of force from the executive. The President reviews the conditions that have controlled Cuba for many years past and points out the deplorable state of affairs that calls for a remedy. He denounces the policy of concentration as "cruel" and asserts that it "failed utterly as a war measure." Indeed, the President warmly insists that "it was not a war measure; it was extermination."

He proceeds to outline the instructions given to Minister Woodford, looking to the information of Spain that the United States felt that the time had come for something definite to be done in Cuba. The tone of these instructions was such that there could have been no doubt as to the policy of this government to press Spain to acts, yet the matter appears to have been couched in the most diplomatic language. Spain's answer was both conciliatory and irritating. It yielded gracefully to the suggestion of this country's interest in the welfare of the island, but the government at Madrid went too far when it suggested that the United States had not lived up to her international obligations in the matter of filibustering. The President properly stamps this assumption as unfounded and declares with emphasis that the United States has done all that could be expected of it to prevent violations of the international bonds that at present tie our hands from extending aid to Cuba.

The President outlines four possible remedies for the situation, as follows: Recognition of the insurgents as belligerents; recognition of the independence of Cuba; a neutral invention to end the war by imposing rational compromises between the contestants; intervention in favor of one or the other party. He then goes on to discuss at considerable length the propriety and wisdom of a recognition of the belligerency of the insurgents, quoting President Grant to indicate the inadvisability at this time of extending that recognition. He further outlines the grave duties that would be imposed upon this country by such an act, requiring it to observe to the letter all the principles that control a neutral state, and he concludes that this act would redound to the interests rather of Spain than of the insurgents. In rejecting this proposal he intimates his strong tendency toward a measure of more practical benefit to the Cubans.

The President's conclusion is that inasmuch as the Sagasta ministry has at last given evidence of a desire to institute genuine reforms in the island it is the part of discretion for the government to wait a reasonable time to permit the program to justify itself if possible. It is to be noted that throughout his message the President intimates that results must be without long delay, and there are several references to the reservation of the right of the executive to act in intervention whenever the best interests of humanity demand. It is also noteworthy that the President strongly depreciates the idea of a forcible annexation of Cuba to this country, insisting that it would be "act of criminal aggression." In conclusion there appears a note of firmness and a purpose to keep Spain at all times fully aware of the keen interest of this government in Cuba's welfare. The President's closing words on the subject contain a distant note of warning to the authorities at Madrid:

"If it shall hereafter appear a duty imposed by our obligations to ourselves, to civilization and humanity to intervene with force, it shall be without fault on our part and only because the necessities for such action will be so clear as to command the support and approval of the civilized world."

Mr. C. M. Dixon, a well known merchant of Pleasant Ridge, Fulton Co., Pa., has a little girl who is frequently threatened with croup, but when the first symptoms appear, his wife gives her Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which always affords prompt relief. Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

There is a time for everything; and the time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait until you have consumption but prevent it by using One Minute Cough Cure, the great remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

OUR ASSISTANT EDITORS.

Correspondence From Many Points Within the Borders of Garrett.

MANY IMPORTANT ITEMS OF NEWS.

"The Republican's" Staff of Wide-a-Wake News Gatherers Is Becoming Augmented by Additional Ones. We Want More.

Hoyes.

Mr. Hamill Casteel and wife expect to move into their new house, recently built on the old Casteel farm.

Prof. Ira Groves, the vocalist, sang here on Wednesday evening last.

Mr. D. O. DeWitt is still adding new laurels to his fame as a hunter, but as skillful as he is, his brother, the Professor, surpasses him, as he killed four gray squirrels at one shot.

Mr. Hamilton Friend, one of Elder's most enterprising young farmers, visits our quiet little town every Sunday evening.

Mr. Charles Friend, one of our most talented young men, left here last week for Parsons, W. Va., where he expects to spend the winter. We wish him success in any enterprise or business in which he may engage.

The school at this place is progressing finely under our very able and efficient teacher, J. A. DeWitt.

The weather here is dismal and gloomy and roads very muddy.

Miss Vespie Chase, the only daughter and child of Mr. John Chase, one of our most honorable and highly respected citizens, departed this life on October 25, 1897, after a very painful illness of three weeks. She was a sweet and pleasant little girl—the pride and comfort of her kind and devoted father and her amiable and loving mother. She was a great favorite with her little playfellows and schoolmates, and was loved and respected by all who knew her; but like a flower of rarest beauty, she has been taken from loving parents and kind friends to be transplanted in that garden where flowers never fade and whose gardener said in the days of old, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." We deeply sympathize with the bereaved and sorrowing parents, but know that their loss will be her gain, and that she now waits in Eden's fair garden to welcome them home.

Oak Hill.

The ground is frozen very hard at present, but not much snow yet.

Messrs. Cochrane & Sons have taken a large contract of clearing for Mr. Martin Rush. They have about one hundred acres grubbed now.

Mr. Frank Turney lost a valuable horse last week.

Mr. James Lee made a business trip to Oakland one day last week.

Mr. Joseph Teats purchased a fine bunch of stock sheep some time ago.

Messrs. Joseph Groer and J. W. Shroyer are busy hauling logs for Weakland & Son.

Mr. Benjamin Shroyer, one of the best young men of this vicinity, took unto himself a helpmeet one day last week and has located on Elder Hill. He has purchased the farm formerly occupied by Mr. George Shartzer. We wish Benny success.

Messrs. John Miller and Henry Schlossnagle are on a trip to Lonaconing with produce.

Mr. H. M. Speicher, our attentive and energetic teacher, is having abundant success with his school. He reports an average of twenty-seven thus far. That is a better average than has been made here for more than twenty years.

Mr. Thomas Flanigan, of Pennsylvania, has purchased a large tract of oak timber of Martin Rush, and has moved his mill on the land. It will be ready for operation in a few days.

Some unknown parties have been visiting our chicken houses. Mrs. Sarah Teats says they are worse than owls, for an owl is generally satisfied with one, but the thieves took eleven of her chickens in one night.

Accident.

Cold weather has prevailed for the past few days, and at this writing the ground is covered with one inch of snow.

Governor Lowndes has appointed Fish Commissioner Gmgey as a delegate to the National Fishery Congress which will convene at Tampa, Florida, January 19, 1898.

Senator Ravenscroft went to Cumberland on business last Monday morning.

Mrs. J. S. Augustine, of near Addison, spent one night last week with her daughter, Mrs. J. L. Englehart.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Gmagey and little daughter Effie, and Mr. and Mrs. John H. Fike have been visiting friends and relatives in Somerset county, Pa., the past two weeks.

Mr. Roland Ravenscroft, of Rawlings, is visiting his brother, Dr. F. H. Ravenscroft.

Last Saturday evening the boys (five in number) serenaded the newly married couple, Mr. and Mrs. William Riddle, on Green street.

Last Friday evening the 'Accident literary society elected the following officers: President, William Miller; secretary, Miss Laura Wiley; critic, J. S. Gmagey. The subject for debate for Friday evening is, *Resolved*, That the shame of America exceeds her glo[illegible]

O. K.

Elder.

Winter is slowly but surely coming.

Mrs. Robert Sterling was visiting relatives at Frazee Ridge a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Friend spent Sunday at Friendsville attending the dedication of the new M. E. church.

Silas Sterling is driving a team for Joseph Groer.

Prof. H. K. Friend, of this place, who is teaching at Friendsville, reports that he has the best school in Garrett county, and we know he has, for when he taught here the patrons all wanted him to teach another winter.

Rev. Frank Conway preaches at Krug every two weeks, on Sunday evening.

S. F. Cuppett, our merchant, reports trade to be very brisk at present.

Our school is progressing very nicely under the management of Harvey Cuppett, of Mt. Lake Park, who is one of Garrett's most successful teachers.

Marcellus Shartzer and family removed from this place November 30th and although we do not know their destination, we wish them health and prosperity wherever they may choose for their future home.

A quiet wedding occurred in our vicinity December 1st, in which the Rev. Skidmore pronounced Mr. Ben Schroyer and Miss Lizzie Sterling one until death. The ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. John Sterling, the contracting parties being attended by Miss Valeria, Casteel, of Buffalo, and Mr. George Sterling, of Krug. After the ceremony an excellent dinner was indulged in and enjoyed by all present. The happy couple went to housekeeping Monday on the farm owned by George Shartzer, and have the best wishes of their many friends.

CICERO.

Selbysport.

The farmers and town folks are about all done butchering.

Moses Hileman killed a hog a few days ago that weighed 430 pounds.

'Squire Frantz has been very ill, but is much better now.

Leroy Holiday met with a painful accident on Monday. He mashed one of his fingers off at the first joint. We now have three men in town with crippled hands.

Charles Williams and John Knapp have carbuncles on their hands which keeps them from work.

Report now has it that we are to have what Jonas Frazee called a "doggery." We certainly do hope this is not true, for we do have a little peace and quietness now.

We understand that burglars visited Leroy Holiday last Sunday night. They did not succeed in getting anything of value, but left plenty of evidence that they had been there.

The new iron bridge across Yough river at Friendsville is nearing completion.

We believe the County Commissioners did a wise thing when they elected Albert Ross their clerk. They certainly could not have elected one that would have suited the people better, nor one who is better qualified for the office. We must congratulate you for your wise choice, if you are new beginners.

All the patrons of the Selbysport school are invited to attend the literary on next Friday evening. It would be wise for our young teachers to attend those meetings, for the Professor will always have something that will interest you, and at the same time benefit you, that is if you are not troubled with a big head.

H. M. Frazee is shipping his tan bark to Allegheny City.

Rudolph Faweelt was in town last week. Rudy is a jovial fellow and we are always glad to have him among us.

Shade Mill.

We were well aware that most of our young men were disciples of Meshach Browning, but to say the least we were surprised to see, a few days since, one of the gentler sex carrying an old smooth bore.

A protracted meeting is now in progress at Mt. Zion.

Silas Turner, wife and daughter, of Illinois, are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Turner. Silas has been west twenty years, and is now a prosperous farmer. He says, "Go west, young man, go west."

Curten Chaney made a business trip to Salisbury on Sunday last.

A Thanksgiving dinner, given by Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Frost, was quite a pleasant as well as palatable affair. The menu, elegantly served from cut glass and china, consisted of turkey, beautifully browned, salads, vegetables, cakes, etc., and oh! such pumpkin pie. It brought to memory the old poem, "Hurrah! for the fun, is the pudding done; Hurrah! for the pumpkin pie."

Mrs. Mollie Turner spent Sunday as the guest of the Misses Dorsey.

TEELEY.

Short Run.

Protracted meeting here at this time.

Mrs. Sallie Wilson, who has been sick for the last three months, is improving.

Our school is making rapid progress with M. K. Bowman as teacher.

Mr. Solomon, who was hurt by a runaway trunck, is some better.

Miss Carrie Wilson, who is teaching the Bethlehem school, was here on a visit Saturday and Sunday.

Miss May Hamill and Miss Susie Browning were visiting James H. Wilson on Sunday.

Mr. Asa Easter wore a plainly seen smile when he came in with his first wild turkey.

Miss Lee Wilson and Miss Laura Harvey found a raccoon feeding in the garden. Lee got hold of a pea stick and Laura the mattock, and a battle was fought, but the girls were victorious.

S. E. Harvey, Daniel and James Wilson have each sold a bunch of sheep at $8 per head. How will this suit our free trade farmers?

XXX.

How to Prevent Pneumonia.

At this time of the year a cold is very easily contracted, and if left to run its course without the aid of some reliable cough remedy it is liable to result in that dread disease pneumonia. We know of no better remedy to cure a cough or cold than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. We have used it quite extensively and it has always given entire satisfaction.—Olagah, Ind. Ter. *Chief.*

This is the only remedy that is known to be a certain preventive of pneumonia. Among the many thousands who have used it for colds and la grippe, we have never yet learned of a single case resulting in pneumonia. Persons who have weak lungs or reasons to fear an attack of pneumonia, should keep the remedy at hand. The 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Sang Run.

We are having plenty of rain and mud at present.

Rev. D. B. Friend spent a day or two at Friendsville recently visiting his daughter.

Messrs. E. H. Sincell, of Oakland, and C. A. Ashby, of Crellin, were the guests of Joseph Frantz recently.

Miss Della Savage, of this place, spent last week at Hoyes visiting her sister, Mrs. Wm. A. Smith.

Our school has an enrollment of forty pupils most of whom attend every day.

Mrs. D. S. Custer, of Friendsville, spent several days last and this week visiting relatives at this place.

Mr. Wm. A. Smith, the Hoyes merchant, was seen passing through our town on Thursday evening.

Mr. Tanglefoot, I am not at all surprised at your wrong diagnosis of my case, for nothing better could be expected from one possessing an infinitesiual brain like yours, and accustomed to insobriety, you could not help losing your equanimity and being rendered *non compos mentis.* The fact is your prolonged use of intoxicating beverage has been taken in such large quantities that it fails to act any longer as a stimulant, but acts strictly as a narcotic, and instead of producing fatty degeneration it produces tenuity.

As for my eagles or double eagles, I never exhibited any, for unfortunately, I am in the same condition that you are in that respect, for I think if all the eagles we both have were confined in a snuff box they would have as much play as a frog in the Pacific ocean. Neither am I like you, possessed with *auri sacra fames.* However, I will let the public judge the veracity of your whole article by the statement you made about my exhibition of those "barrels" of eagles.

Now, don't let my precarious condition cause you to lose any sleep, for I assure you I am *toujours pret.* I don't wear boots, but if I did I would try and have a pair that would hold a spider, and not like yours, so full of holes they would not hold pumpkins. As for Sleepy Hollow, as you term it, I have no doubt you have a detestation for the place ever since you escorted that young lady home from church, and on your return home became so frightened while passing through a strip of wood that you imagined you were being pursued by a regiment of wild cats, wolves or some other beasts of prey, and seeing a pile of clapboars mounted to the top of them where you no doubt would have remained until morning had not your obstreperous cries for help been heard by a neighbor half a mile distant, who arose from his couch and came to your rescue, and after spending some time trying to reconcile you, took you to his home where you were allowed to remain until the next morning. Now don't boast any more about being a hero or bravado.

I have never claimed to be proficient in anything except music, but had you utilized your time last winter imparting your grammatical knowledge instead of in trying to show your dexterity in drawing flies, bugs, spiders, etc., and your tact in teaching the anatomy thereof, we might have better understood the use of adjectives and could have written on other subjects than that of insects.

As for the word mission you referred to in my last article, that was a mistake on the part of the typesetter, and not due to the ignorance of the writer. We have accepted your friendly advice and taken up the study of dictionary, since we do not have to pay a dollar and twenty-five cents for a forty-cent dictionary as we did last winter.

Now Mr. Tanglefoot, in conclusion I will say that I am glad you did not keep us waiting for two weeks for a reply this time, as you have formerly done, for the people become very impatient waiting on you. I explained to them by saying that from some unknown cause the last carload of tablets you ordered had been delayed, and that scarcity of paper necessitated the delay. But I suppose that it has been received ere this and we shall expect to hear from you promptly in the future.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

Grantsville.

From Gen. Lee Fairchild's Forces.

The residents of this town were awakened by the cry of fire Thanksgiving night and in a very short time a crowd had gathered and forming a line from J. E. Gmagey's pump, to the residence of Frank McKenzie, where the fire originated, saved his property from entire destruction. The smoke-house, together with a large amount of sausage and three shepherd pups, was consumed before the water brigade succeeded in putting out the fire.

Arthur Miller, a boy of about nine years, fell from the steps of the house and broke his arm. Dr. McGann was called in and at last accounts the boy was doing well.

Mr. Daniel Schwartzentruber will sell at public auction to-morrow all his household goods and stock preparatory to moving to Midland, Va. Rev. J. S. Miller has purchased his farm.

Mrs. Henry Sansman fell from the steps of the Lutheran church and broke her leg. She is improving slowly.

It is said to be a settled fact that the Salisbury Branch of the B. & O. R. R., will be extended up the Casselman river the coming summer within about two and a half miles of town and perhaps to Stanton's Mill.

Prof. Heffley, of Berlin, Pa., has been in town about two weeks teaching the boys and Grantsville expects to have a brass band in the near future.

A pleasant little wedding took place at C. M. Livengood's hotel on Thursday night of last week. Miss Anna Gmagey and Mr. J. U. Staton was the happy couple. Rev. E. S. Hassler, of Kiem, Pa., officiated.

On Sunday last a very quiet little wedding took place in the Lutheran church after services. Mr. Joseph Wilhelm and Miss Ella Wagner were the contracting parties.

Died.

O'BRIEN.—On yesterday morning at three o'clock Mrs. Sarah O'Brien, wife of Mr. Wm. O'Brien, died at her home near Swanton after an illness of several week. Mrs. O'Brien was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Howell, of near Swanton, and was married two years ago. She leaves no children. The cause of her death was meningitis. Her funeral will occur to-day at two o'clock, the interment to be made in the burying ground on the farm of Daniel O'Brien.

BE NOT WEARY.

Oh, weary housewife, struggling on,
Beneath a weight of toil and care,
With aching feet, and anxious brow,
Thy burden seems so hard to bear.
Tired of the oft-recurring task,
And never-ceasing daily round,
Dost sometimes wonder if sweet rest
On hither side the grave were found?

Have heart of patience, weary one,
Lest thou may'st "pass beneath the rod,"
And all the loved thou laborest for,
Like mine, beneath the silent sod,
Shall sleep in God's Green Acre, where
Nor loving words, nor bitter tears,
May call them to thy side again,
Through the long vista of the years.

For if I might resume my load—
(And ah! it seemed so heavy then)
How eagerly I'd lift it up,
And now, content, go on again.
What though with busy hand and brain,
And weary aching feet the while,
Methinks I could toil on and on,
With joyous heart and cheery smile.

Yea, I have leisure now, for now
Is the last loving service done.
But ah, my heart! a weary round
I still pursue from sun to sun.
My soul grieves for the loved and lost
That dwell upon the spirit shore;
My cup of joy I thrust aside,
And I shall quaff its sweets no more.

Deem not thy life ill spent; for God
Counts homely task and trifling deed,
If they be done for love of Him;
And surely thou'lt receive the meed
Of praise and righteous just reward,
When He shall say to thee: "Well done.
Come dwell with me forevermore;
Receive the crown, thou faithful one."

Then bravely lift thy drooping head,
And show the world a smiling face;
And thou shalt conquer all; for God
To those who ask Him giveth grace.
And if thou make a happy home,
Where sweet content shall reign supreme,
Thy work shall more enduring be
Than sculptor's skill, or poet's dream.

—Ingar Ingram, in Housekeeper.

HARMONY AT BOOMOPOLIS.

By William M. Tisdale.

CAP'N JENKINS wa'n't no dude, but he wuz mighty fine lookin' all the same, 'specially when he wore his velvet coat, his Mexican sombrero with the silver braid, his buckskin ridin' breeches, an' his gilt spurs. On them 'casions Mrs. Jenkins use to fo'ler him 'roun' till satisfied thet he wus safe 'mongst us boys an' 'way frum the ladies. None of us hed ever seen 'nother velvet coat like that one with in a hundred mile of Boomopolis. So, when Mr. C'l'b Perkins, hailin' straight frum Boston, as claimed ter be an artist a-huntin' "local color" fer his sketches, dropped inter Doc Morey's place with 'nother velvet coat an' a sombrero, an' him Jenkins' size to an inch—why us boys all fairly gasped fer breath an' Mr. Perkins found jest what he wuz a-lookin' fer.

'Twuz th' evenin' of the day when the Chinese bunkhouse at the Golden Wedge mine was blowed up with dynamite. Who blowed her up nobody knew, but we all suspicioned Baldy Bowers—big man, bad man. Never havin' did a lick of work in his life, it naturally guv Baldy a pain ter see a Chinaman a-workin', so quiet an' patient like, same's a burro, never sayin' nothin', 'cept a leetle gee-hawin' oncet in awhile 'mongst his own kind, an' never standin' treat. Baldy probably lit the fuse to thet charge of dynamite out of pure, all-'roun' cussedness, jest to make a row an' hurt somebody. But in this last he wuz disapp'inted, fer, barrin' a broken leg or two, the Chinamen go off scot-free. Seems like a Chinaman hez ez many lives ez a cat, anyway.

We wuz all discussin' this event that evenin' in Doc Morey's place an' Cap'n Jenkins remarked that 'twuz a low-down, cowardly trick. He wuz no friend of th' imported Chinese hirelin', but he b'lieved in fair play. He w'ldn't shoot a dog with a rope 'roun' its neck or murder a cat in its sleep. The man thet hed done this thing wuz no gentleman, an' if the cap'n only knew fer certain who 'twuz, he'd take pleasure in lickin' him within an inch of his wuthless life. We c'd see Baldy Bowers' eyes flame up, like a coal when you blow it to light your pipe, but he didn't say nothin'—not in words. By an' by the boys commenced to deal fer seven-up an' Baldy invited the cap'n to play a game of cribbage. 'Twas a queer invite at sech a time, but the cap'n consented, an' they set down at a table by themselves, ordered drinks fer the crowd, an' commenced to play.

Now, I don't know nothin' 'bout cribbage, or old maid, or any of them ladies' games with keerds, but we all saw thet there wuz the makin' of a good-sized row in thet 'ere game. It run 'long kinder monoternous fer awhile, "Fifteen-two, fifteen-four, fifteen-six—go," an' all the rest of the childish lingo. The cap'n played very slow and keerless, reachin' fer the cards with that leetle, white, wiry hand of his, softly an' quietly ez if he wuz half asleep, an' Baldy kep' a-bangin' the keerds down onto the table, an' a-rippin' out a lot of big Greaser cuss-words, an' a-countin' in a voice like a bass drum, an' then, of course, they quarreled 'bout the countin'. That wuz what the game wuz for.

Cap'n Jenkins insisted 'twuz fair to count one way, an' Baldy swore the rule wuz t'other way. I don't know which wuz right an' I don't care. But pretty soon Baldy ses: "Cap'n Jenkins, you're a-countin' wrong ag'in; you're a-tryin' to cheat ag'in."

"You're a liar," sed the cap'n, turnin' a shade or two whiter, like he wuz gettin' hot.

Then Baldy made a leetle play thet hed often took the starch out of bigger men than Jenkins. He riz up to his six feet two, an' throwed off his coat, an' rolled up his shirtsleeves, showin' the muscles on his arm, 'bout ez big ez a keg of beer, an' he ses: "Cap'n Jenkins, you leetle whiffet, I'm a-goin' to lick you right now."

"You're a liar," sed the cap'n, an' he slowly riz up onto his feet.

Nobody rightly knowed jest how it happened, but when Baldy drew his big, sledge-hammer fist back, the leetle table that they'd been a-playin' on flew up between 'em, an' Baldy's fist came smash a'gin' it. As it tumbled to the floor with a clatter, Cap'n Jenkins sorter riz up in th' air an' brung his left fish like a streak of lightnin' a'gin' the p'int of Baldy's chin. The big feller jest c'lapsed. His whole body stiffened. He gripped the floor a second or two with his heels an' then he went smash, full length onto his back, with a jar thet shook the buildin'. 'Twuz full five minits by the watch afore he moved a muscle.

Ez soon's Baldy c'd stan' up an' take a glass of whisky he went out of the back door an' Cap'n Jenkins went out of the front door. We all knowed thet the nex' thing to come 'long w'd be a leetle gun play, an' whilst the two principals wuz gone fer their tools we all took a drink—an' three or four as wuz sensitive to the sight of gore slipped out an' spread the news of what wuz a-comin'.

That wuz how C'l'b Perkins happened t' 'pear on the scene. Havin' come to town arter dark he wuz eatin' his supper at the Transcontinental when he heered the news, an' he rushed over to Morey's thinkin' he might swipe a sketch off'n th' incident. You c'd hev knocked us fellers down with a feather when he sprung inter the room, like he wuz shot out of a gun, an' looked 'roun' sorter dazed by the lights an' the queer look on our faces. Skeered a little, too, I reckon, for his voice sorter trembled as he sed: "Gentlemen, will you hev a drink with me?"

Perkins poured out 'bout a finger of whisky in a glass an' wuz jest a-raisin' it to his lips when the back door flung open—'cords which Perkins' back wuz turned—an' a big gun come in, followed by Baldy Powers. 'Thout waitin' a second he pulled the trigger, aimin' right at the center of that velvet coat—the back of it. But Tony Moore, the barkeep, wuz too quick for him all the same. He knocked the muzzle of the gun down with an empty bottle, an' the bullet nipped the heel off of Perkins' boot, an' the blood ran out onto the floor. Of course Perkins' wuz s'prized. He catched up the heel in his han's an' stood an' hollered. Jest then the sheriff, who'd been a-waitin' outside till arter the shootin', I' arrest the survivor, if any, came in an' nabbed Baldy.

Cap'n Jenkins wuz the ca'mest man of the lot in the confusion thet followed. Sech a shout as went up when he 'peared on the scene. He hed a six-shooter in each han' when he stepped

"AT'N' THE P'INT OF BALDY'S CHIN"

inter the front door, but he dropped one itter each pocket of his velvet coat an' stood smilin', first at C'l'b Perkins, artist, still a-howlin' with pain, an' then at Baldy Powers, who wuz a-sulkin' in the grasp of the law. Then he shed his sombrero, an' made a bow all 'roun', an' sed, in that soft an' courtly voice of his, an' allers the happy thing at the right time:

"Tony, set out the Bourbon, an' ev'rybody take a drink with me."

Nex' day the sheriff tried to git somebody to swear out a c'mplaint ag'in' Baldy. But the cap'n sed he wuz satisfied an' hadn't no c'mplaint to make. Baldy hed insulted him an' he hed licked him good—that wuz all right. An' Perkins' sore heel didn't hurt him none—no fault at all to find with that. He b'lieved in brethren a-dwellin' together in unity, an' in peace an' harmony an' good-will. He wuz willin' to fergive Baldy Powers fer bein' licked, an' didn't want to see him sent up to the county jail. No, he wa'n't afeard thet Baldy 'd tackle him ag'in. Some friend of Baldy's guv Perkins a new $12 pair of boots an' persuaded him thet a leetle thinnin' of his blood wuz good fer his health in sech a dry climate. So he w'dn't make no complaint, an' Bowers wuz turned loose. But he left town same day an' we never see him ag'in.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Pathetic Incident.

An exchange prints a pretty and pathetic story said to have been related by Prof. Gallaudet, the well-known instructor of deaf mutes. The professor has a favorite pupil—a little deaf mute boy, exceptionally bright. Mr. Gallaudet asked him if he knew the story of George Washington and the cherry tree. With his nimble fingers the little one said he did, and proceeded to repeat it. The noiseless gesticulations continued until the boy had informed the professor of the elder Washington's discovery of the mutilated tree and of his quest for the mutilator. "When George's father asked him who hacked his favorite cherry tree," signalled the voiceless child, "George put his hatchet in his left hand—" "Stop," interrupted the professor. "Where do you get your authority for saying he took the hatchet in his left hand?" "Why," responded the boy, "he needed his right hand to tell his father that he cut the tree."—Youth's Companion.

Utilizing Niagara's Power.

The first use of Niagara's power was made in 1725, a primitive sawmill being operated. Nothing more was done until 1842, when Augustus Porter conceived the plan of hydraulic canals, and in 1861 one of them was completed.

Taken Unawares.

Jack—What is the trouble betwe n Josie and Claude? I hear the engage ment is broken.

Penelope—Yes. Claude called w n she was expecting Clarence, and he had on the wrong engagement ring.—Judge.

Her Secret.

I can play the piano, the fiddle and flute,
No enemy, though, have I got;
The way that I keep all my friends is just this—
I can play on the things, but do not.

—N. Y. World.

LOCATING HIM.

"Seen my boy Tommy anyw'ere, Mrs. Rook?"

"Well, no, I ain't seen 'im, but there's a fight at the other end of the street."—Pick-me-Up.

A Possible Disappointment.

"The bridegroom appeared to be fearfully nervous."

"Yes; you see his father-in-law's wedding present wasn't certified."—Chicago Journal.

Out of His Class.

Schoolma'am (encouragingly)—Come, now, Harold; spell chickens.

Harold—Please, ma'am, I'm not old enough to spell chickens; but you can try me on eggs.—Judge.

His Occupation Gone.

How doth the busy little bee
Improve each modern hour,
When glucose, cleverly disguised,
Makes useless every flower?

—Chicago Journal.

A Hint in the Late.

Country Cousin (on a visit to London, to lady fiddler)—Were you practicing on your violin just now, Miss Strad? I thought I heard you.

Miss Strad—No. I haven't touched it to-day.

Country Cousin—Ah! then it must have been an organ in the street!

And for the life of him he can't understand why Miss Strad now gives him the cold shoulder.—London Punch.

Knew Where to Find Her.

Mrs. Yeast—I was surprised to see your husband entering a saloon the other day.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—I guess he wanted to see me.

"You don't mean to say he would find you there!"

"Well, he was pretty sure I would come there to find him." — Yonkers Statesman.

Her Step-Ma.

Wealthy Widower (to daughter)—My dear, I—ahem—I have concluded to marry again, and the—the bride will be Miss De Sweet. To be sure, there is some difference in our ages, but er—as she is so young she will be fond of society, you know, and will greatly enjoy going out with you.

Daughter (respectfully)—Well, I'll chaperon her.—N. Y. Weekly.

Cruel Candor.

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Meekton, "that I must plead guilty to being a baseball crank."

"I don't think so," replied his wife. "After accompanying you to one game I am prepared to say that you are not a crank on such matters. You are a raving maniac."—Washington Star.

Differing Spheres.

"Does it chagrin you that you don't fully understand politics, Mrs. Wiggins?"

"No; there isn't one man in a million who knows how long cucumber pickles ought to stay in the brine."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It Wouldn't Work.

"One touch of nature, you know, old man—"

"Of course, of course; but you're not nature, and consequently I refuse to be touched."

Thus the promptness with which he saw the point saved him.—Chicago Post.

AN EXCHANGE OF INTERNATIONAL COURTESIES.

Plenty of Them.

"You say you love my daughter?"

"I love her, sir, with every fiber that I possess."

"Every fiber?"

"Yes, sir. I'm in the rope and cable business, sir."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

All Hope Gone.

Miss Perkinson—Ah, there is no marrying or giving in marriage in Heaven.

Miss Westlake—Well, dear, you know you have my sympathy.—Chicago Record.

Still Ahead.

"And so you think Heaven is like Boston?"

"Well, I did think so, but you know Boston has improved a great deal in the last 20 years."—Harlem Life.

A Home Body.

Winkers—I haven't seen you at the club for a week? You seem to have become a great home body lately.

Blinkers—Yes. Wife's away.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Natural Inference.

Old Sonk—My ancestors were knights of old, I would have you understand.

Cynicus—Ten knights in a barroom, I guess, judging by some of their descendants.—N. Y. Journal.

Smiled.

She sat on the steps at the evening tide
Enjoying the balmy air;
He came and asked: "May I sit by your side?"
And she gave him a vacant stair.

—Cornell Widow.

Rough on Her Complexion.

Helen—Kate says she's so afraid in the dark.

Mattie—That's strange. I should think she'd be more afraid of the light.—Chicago News.

Neighborly Pleasantries.

"Your little boy bangs on his drum from sunrise to sunset."

"Yes; I pay him to do it so we can't hear your daughter sing."—Detroit Free Press.

Somewhat in Doubt.

Her Father—I suppose, young man, your intentions are of the best?

Her Suitor—Well—er—I intend to marry your daughter.—N. Y. Journal.

The Sweet, Old Song.

"O, come where my love lies dreaming,"
She hummed in accents low,
And across the strings of her instrument
She lightly drew the bow;
"O, come where my love lies dreaming—"
And out through the bedroom door
There floated upon the atmosphere
The sound of her husband's snore!

—Cleveland Leader.

Open to Inspection.

"People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones."

"Why?"

"Because everybody can see them do it."—Detroit Free Press.

A Natural Result.

"So the Mothers' club decided in favor of corporal punishment?"

"Yes. You see the members were thinking of each other's children."—Detroit News.

GENEROSITY.

Willie (who has eaten his piece of cake as fast as possible)—Say! Ethel; let's play menagerie. I'll be the monkey and you feed me with your cake.—N. Y. Times.

Her Feelings.

When Blue Beard's wife looked round, she sighed
And shed a briney tear.
"I feel," she said to him, "just like
Your whiskers look, my dear."

—Louisville Courier-Journal

Keeping Account.

Average Wife—My dear, aren't you going to church with me this Sunday?

Average Husband—Good lands! Why I went to church with you last Sunday—N. Y. Weekly.

This Sounds True.

You should not be first on hand,
Unless you would be beaten;
The early bird may get the worm
But the early worm gets eaten.

—Puck.

FIRST WOMAN CITIZEN.

Her Sturdy Lads and Clever Lasses Become Prominent Citizens.

Known as the "Widow Ryan"—Was a Clever Business Woman—Short Sketch of Her Life and What Some of Her Children Accomplished.

From the News, Indianapolis, Ind.

Hundreds of thousands of men of foreign birth have taken out papers declaring their citizenship in Indiana since that State was admitted into the Union in 1816 without creating remark or comment. It was a different matter, however, when along in the forties the first woman of foreign birth applied for and received papers of citizenship after declaring in set form that she renounced all allegiance to every prince or potentate on earth.

This "first woman citizen" was an Irish widow who settled in southern Indiana with her progeny of sturdy lads and clever lasses upon a farm which she had bought. She had taken out naturalization papers in order to manage her property to better advantage, and for the further purpose of starting her family as true Americans with a full understanding of the advantages and responsibilities of American citizenship.

"The Widow Ryan" as she was known in Daviess County, Indiana, was a great woman with a clever business head and left behind her those who grew to be worthy men and worthy women, and who have left their impress upon the State.

One of these sons James B. Ryan became treasurer of the State of Indiana, and a son-in-law, M. L. Brett, also held that high and honorable position. Another son was the late Lieut. Col. Richard J. Ryan who was probably the most brilliant and gifted orator that Indiana ever produced, and who during the war for the Union served his country in the Thirty-fifth Indiana Volunteer Infantry, better known as "the Irish Regiment."

Another son is Thomas F. Ryan who is now 59 years old, and with a few intervals of absence has been a resident of Indianapolis for forty-two years. Mr. Ryan has been an active business man all his life and has seen more than one fortune come and go in the vicissitudes of trade and sudden panic.

In the early fifties smitten by the gold fever he went by way of the Isthmus of Panama to California, and he has always retained the free-hearted, open and trusting confidence that distinguished the gallant pioneers of the golden State. He has been all over the far west engaged in mining and trade operations in Oregon, Arizona and Montana. From May, 1885 until August, 1887 he was the government agent at the Seal Islands off the Alaska coast, a highly responsible position.

"For ten years or more," said Mr. Ryan in conversation with a group of gentlemen at the Indianapolis Board of Trade, "I have been extremely sensitive in my lower limbs, to weather changes. If my legs had been filled with quick silver I do not think they could have responded more quickly or more disagreeably to climatic conditions.

"During the past two years this infirmity became much worse, and I began to be alarmed, fearing paralysis. My legs were cold and recently from my knees down were without sensation. I could walk only short distances and would even then experience great weariness. I became more and more alarmed. I naturally thought of paralysis or locomotor ataxia. The prospect was not a pleasing one.

"I happened to meet my old friend Capt. C. F. Shepard, of this city. He was chanting the praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and gave me his experience, telling me that he had been brought by using them from a bed where he lay helpless, his physician having declared him a hopeless victim of locomotor ataxia, and was now as active as any man of his age, not even requiring the use of a cane. Upon his recommendation I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"I found positive relief, after taking a few doses. The numbness in my limbs disappeared as if by magic and I can walk as far as I like at a good rapid gait and without weariness. This you may understand is a great boon to a man who has been of an active habit of life and who still likes to depend to a great extent upon his legs to get around in the world.

"The pills also drove the rheumatism out of my hip for I have not been bothered with it since I began their use. I think I shall have to join Captain Shepard in his praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. These pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Baby Hadn't Been Out.

The other day a little girl, cloaked and bonneted, entered her mother's presence and with a roguish smile said: "Mamma, you can't tell me why it is I haven't got on my overshoes." The mother gave one glance at the unprotected feet and promptly went off at a tangent. "Ethel, you don't mean to say—oh, Ethel, how could you, and the grass so wet. I've told you so often, dear, never to go out without them after the rain. What made you leave them off?" The little girl surveyed her mother calmly. She seemed well satisfied at having worked her up to such a pitch. "Why didn't you put them on?" insisted the mother. Then came the answer: "'Cause I haven't been out."—Kansas City Times.

BRIEF AND POINTED.

A Speaker Who Didn't Have Much to Say.

The pride of visitors to Washington who go to the senate chamber or house of representatives to see the congressman of senator from their district and hear him make a speech is often apparent at the national capital.

One man had been observed as a frequent visitor in the gallery of the house. A friend took the seat beside him one day, and warm greetings were exchanged between the two.

"Have you seen him?" asked the newcomer.

"Yes," was the reply, "I've seen him."

"Have you had the luck to be here when he was talking?"

"I took care not to miss anything he might say. I've been here every day."

"I don't blame you. I only wish I had the time. The way he woke up those monopolies and ringsters out home was a caution, and then he was only nibbling at the questions of the day, just getting the flavor of the social situation previous to stepping in and biting out a chunk or two."

"That's the way I always looked at him."

"I suppose his voice has been ringing out in clarion tones."

"M' yes," was the doubtful rejoinder.

"What did he say?" exclaimed the questioner, eagerly. "I'll bet it was something brief and to the point."

"So far as I can judge I tried not to let any of his remarks get away from me, but I'm afraid that may be I wasn't watchful enough. I've only heard him speak five times. Three of them he said 'aye' and the other two he said 'no.'"—Washington Star.

MADE HIM PROPOSE.

And It Was Not a Very Difficult Undertaking.

The diffident young man wanted to propose to his girl, but for the life of him he did not know how to go about it. He read books on the subject, and sought information from men who had experience; and while the theories were admirable, in every instance he found that the practice thereof was a different thing. He was walking with her one evening, thinking over these things, when her shoe became untied. She stuck out her pretty little foot with a smile, and looked down at it. He fell on his knees to tie the lace. Then he walked on with her. The shoe became untied again. The third time it happened he was ready as before.

"See if you can't tie a knot that won't come undone," she said, as he worked away at it.

He looked up at her tenderly.

"If I can't, I know a man who can," he said.

"Do you want him to tie it?" she asked, coquettishly.

"Yes," he replied.

She jerked her foot away. He smiled to himself.

"It's the parson," he said. And he rose to his feet and finished the proposal.—Tit-Bits.

His Sinister Intention.

Oklahoma Landlord—If thar is a shootin' star or two along toward midnight don't git scared, Mr. Eastman. You won't be in no danger yourself.

Eastern Tourist—Certainly not! I have seen such sights before, but I was not aware that there was to be a meteoric display at this time.

"Wall, I don't know for certain that thar is goin' to be any, but I've got it figgered out that them three members of a busted Uncle Tom's Cabin company that have been boardin' on me for the last two weeks while they wanted for remittances from home are goin' to try to vamoose to night an' leave me holdin' the bag, an' I am yere to say that they hain't goin' to git away without settlin' in full, not if my old revolver works with its usual neatness an' dispatch! That's the kind of a—by gosh—landlord I am!"—N. Y. World.

Valuable Advice.

"Do you think that stimulants would hurt me, doctor?"

"Not if you leave them alone."—Detroit Free Press.

The easiest way to catch a flirt is not to attempt it.—Chicago News.

No man is ever justified in borrowing money to buy a dog.—Chicago News.

The rattle-snake never shrinks from danger. It simply rattles.—Chicago News.

There are but few people who know enough not to say "that is what I thought" when anybody tells them anything.—Washington Democrat.

I have found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine.—F. B. Lotz, 130c Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

The world seems a narrow place when we wish to avoid our enemies, but wide and vast is it when we part from those we love.—N. Y. Independent.

Don't Neglect a Cough. Take Some Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar instanter. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Why is it that a boy always insists upon raising pigeons or bantam chickens, instead of something useful, like turkeys or pigs?—Atchison Globe.

Feel it pass away—when St. Jacobs Oil cures Neuralgia. Soothes it out.

The Final Touch.—"Hello, Jerry; got your new flat all fitted up?" "Not quite. Say, do you know where I can buy a folding tooth-brush?"—Chicago Record.

Sprained last night. To-day you are
Well if you use St. Jacobs Oil to cure.

It is very easy to convince a man of what he already believes.—Washington Democrat.

Keep on and suffer if you think St. Jacobs Oil won't cure rheumatism.

You can't convince an editor that "no news is good news."—Chicago News.

Frost-bites are like burns, and both
Are cured by St. Jacobs Oil promptly.

There is a remedy for everything except some of the remedies.—Chicago News.

DOCTORS DON'T DENY IT.

The frank testimony of a famous physician.

When Dr. Ayer announced his Sarsaparilla to the world, he at once found the physicians his friends. Such a remedy was what they had looked for, and they were prompt to appreciate its merits and prescribe it. Perhaps no medicine—known as a patent medicine—is so generally administered and prescribed by physicians as Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla for blood diseases, and diseases of the skin that indicate a tainted condition of the blood. Experience has proved it to be a specific in such diseases, and sores of long standing, old ulcers, chronic rheumatism and many other like forms of disease have yielded to the persevering use of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla after other medicines had utterly failed. The testimonials received from physicians to the value of this remedy would fill a volume. Here is one leaf signed by Richd. H. Lawrence, M. D., Baltimore, Md.

"It affords me pleasure to bear testimony to the success which your preparation of Sarsaparilla has had in the treatment of cutaneous and other diseases arising from a vitiated condition of the blood. Were it necessary, I might give you the names of at least fifty individuals who have been cured of long standing complaints simply by the administration of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. One very remarkable instance was that of a quite old woman who had lived at Catonsville, near this city. She had been afflicted with the rheumatism for three years, and had taken as she had informed me, more than one hundred dollars' worth of medicine to obtain relief, yet without any beneficial result. I advised her to try a bottle of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla and told her that if it failed to do her good, I would refund the money. A short time afterward, I learned that it had cured her, and a neighbor of hers similarly afflicted was also entirely relieved of his complaint by its use. This is the universal result of the administration of your Sarsaparilla. It is without exception, the best blood purifier with which I am acquainted."

There is no other similar medicine can show a similar record. Others have imitated the remedy. They can't imitate the record. Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has the friendship of the physician and the favor of the family, because it cures. It fulfills all promises made for it. It has healed thousands of people of the most malignant diseases that can mutilate mankind. Nothing has ever superseded it and nothing ever will until a medicine is made that can show a record of cures greater in number and equal in wonder to those wrought by Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Dr. Ayer's Curebook, a story of cures told by the cured, is sent free on request by the J. C. Ayer Company, Lowell, Mass. Write for it.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A GOOD THING TO DO.

Hold it back, tie it down,
Bind it fast and tight.
Set your lips together close—
Which will win the fight?

Let it go wild and free,
Running reckless riot?
Surely that will quickly be
An end of peace and quiet.

Strongest men of all you know
Find it hard to do.
If you try your very best,
Victory for you.

Try it hard. Bring to it
Firm determination.
If you rule it well and good,
You can rule a nation.

To all the heroes who have been
Tried and told and sung,
Let us add the sturdy boy
Who can hold his tongue.
—Sydney Dayre, in Youth's Companion.

TWO NARROW ESCAPES.

Col. Dan Rice's Experience with an Elephant and a Lion.

"Speaking of escapes from death recalls my experience with the murderous elephant, Romeo. Ha! I been a little slower in my movements I would have been his eighth victim," said Col. Rice, reflectively. "One day I was directing the arrangement of some canvasmen, and unwittingly ventured a couple of steps backward and within reach of the death-dealing elephant, which at once raised his trunk slowly with the purpose of giving me a settler. He would have succeeded in killing me had not a young elephant near by trumpeted an alarm, and, like lightning, I at once sprang forward and out of danger from the murderous blow of the trunk by such a small distance that on the back of my head I felt the wind occasioned by its descent. After that experience Romeo was always kept chained by all four legs. The young elephant who had saved me was rewarded with candy.

"It is not surprising that eventually I essayed the role of lion tamer," continued the speaker, "and under the able tutelage of Franconelli, the best lion trainer I ever saw, and who, by the way, subsequently met his death in a lion's den in the city of Havana. After having twice accompanied the fearless Franconelli into the den of Richard III., the largest and fiercest African lion ever exhibited in this country, it was at Vincennes, Ind., that I at length determined to enter the den of the beast alone. Clad in tinsel and spangles, at the afternoon performance, amid an outburst of music by the band, I boldly approached the lion's cage, opened the barred door and entered unarmed. The great brute, which was lying upon the floor at the further end of the cage, seemed to not heed my presence, other than by a glance of sullen indifference,

THE ANGRY ELEPHANT.

so that I deemed my first attempt at entering a lion's den a success.

"But my assurance of success was a little premature, and fortunate was it for me that beneath the cage was a furnace in which glowed red-hot iron rods and trusty attendants at hand to effectively wield them upon the lion if necessity demanded, else another page would have been added to the bloody history of the king of the forest and another name of his list of victims. After a three minutes' stay in the lion's den I made a parting salute to the breathless audience and prepared to leave the cage. As I backed toward the door I observed to my horror that the lion was almost imperceptibly rising from the floor, preparatory to springing upon me. Almost overcome by the grave danger of my situation I contrived to signal the attendants to thrust the heated rods between me and the bloodthirsty brute. Scarcely had I done so when the great tawny creature hurled himself upon me, and, burying its claws in my shoulders, bore me to the floor.

"I felt the hot breath of the lion in my face as he opened his huge jaws preparatory to sinking his fangs in my throat and a horrible death was but a brief second distant when the red-hot irons were brought into play and used so effectively that the brute was forced to retreat to the far end of the cage without inflicting further injury upon me. I was hurriedly drawn from the cage, none the worse for my thrilling experience save badly shaken nerves, lacerated shoulders, and a tattered tinsel jacket. As I hurried behind the curtain the band triumphantly played: 'See the Conquering Hero Comes,' and I noticed that a panic in the audience had been narrowly averted. And what became of Richard III.? Oh, he lived to kill Franconelli a few months later."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Ostrich in an Odd Trap.

The oddest predicament in which an ostrich ever found himself lately befell one of the huge birds belonging to a South African farmer. This ostrich stole and bolted while steaming hot a big dumpling. The bird's regret was immediate and visible. In his struggle to get rid of the fiery thing within him Mr. Ostrich twisted his supple neck around one of his legs and succeeded in tying it in a knot. It required three men half an hour's time to extricate the bird from its self-made trap.

TRAPPED BY A CLAM.

Sea Gull Makes a Capture Which Proves Too Much for It.

While walking along the beach at Portsmouth one fine morning I noticed a number of sea gulls hovering just overhead, as if in search of food. Once in awhile one of them would suddenly dart down and catch a fish. All at once I noticed a little farther up the beach one of the gulls struggling with some dark object. The gull would rise a short distance and then suddenly fall, flapping its huge wings as if it had been caught in a trap. It rose several times, but at last became so exhausted that it fell motionless on the beach. I waited for a minute, but as the bird did not move I went to investigate the cause of the bird's actions. On approaching I noticed that a large clam had fastened itself to the bill of the gull so tightly that it was impossible to remove it. It seems that the clam was lying on the beach with its shell extended, as any who ever saw clams lying on the beach has always noticed their shells open, and the gull, seeing the clam, tried to obtain the fleshy part of it, when the clam suddenly closed its shells and thus captured the gull. In the illustration the gull is shown flying with the clam on the end of its beak. A friend of

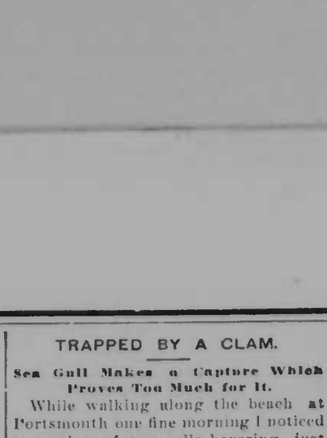

FASTENED TO THE GULL'S BILL.

mine tells a good story of a gull that had been wounded by a sportsman. The gull made a gallant endeavor to escape out to sea. It was followed by a number of other gulls, who seemed to know the distress their fellow was in, and endeavored, apparently, to encourage it by wheeling around it and shrieking cheerily as it labored on. It was soon evident, however, that its strength was failing, for its wings began to flutter helplessly and the bird could no longer sustain itself. It had just reached the water, when from the group of its companions, who followed it, two were seen to dart down, with the rapidity so characteristic of their kind, and seize the fallen bird by the wings. They thus sustained it until a safe resting place was found. These birds are remarkable for their unusual spirit of attachment for each other, and frequently display the true spirit of friendship towards one another.—Minnie Slade, in N. Y. Ledger.

STORY OF A MOUSE.

How It Managed to Gain Access to a Food Closet.

Both men and the lower animals are instinctive in their actions. Here is a mouse story which was told by a woman whose word may be depended upon.

She said that she kept some food in an old-fashioned washstand in her room. The mice got at the food. She wondered how. She could find no hole through which a mouse could possibly get into the compartment in which the food was kept. But the mystery was explained. The narrator sat one day alone in the room painting. A little mouse came from somewhere. It approached the stand. The compartment which contained the food was closed by folding doors—to one of which was attached a cleat to cover the crack between the two. Not being at all afraid of the mouse—which evidences her to be a woman of exceptionally firm mind—the lady kept on painting, with an eye on the intruder to see what he would do.

It evidently knew where the food was—through the sense of smell, no doubt, though some other mouse might have informed it. It sat upon its haunches and looked up. The bottom of the doors was considerably above it, for the stand was raised some three inches from the floor by feet. It seemed to deliberate. Then it made a leap and struck the doors at the bottom at the place of their touching on the cleat, at the very point where a blow would be most likely to jar them open. This action was repeated three times. The last time one little paw went back of the cleat, which had been jarred out somewhat, and the other succeeded in catching so as to support the mouse's body. The result? The door was pulled and pushed open as rationally as a human hand could have done it. The lady could not allow her food to be spoiled, of course. The mouse was scared away, but the lady must have regretted the necessity of preventing its enjoying what it had come at by procedure as certainly rational as was ever human procedure.—Chicago News.

The Elephant's Trunk.

In St. Nicholas there is an article on "A Baby Elephant," by F. Fitz Ray Dixon. Mr. Dixon says: The wonderful power of the trunk was a never-failing surprise to us. Its extreme sensitiveness, and yet its great strength, showed how well supplied it must have been with nerves. It was always moving, always feeling or smelling, or carrying something, and the little sort of finger-tip seemed the center of sensibility. I remember well that she would never allow us to touch it, and she guarded it with great care, folding it up if she thought it was in any danger. It is said by the natives that an elephant deprived of this trunk-tip is like a man deprived of his sight, so helpless does it become.

FARM AND GARDEN.

FEEDING FOR EGGS.

Green Bone Beats All Other Substances as Winter Food.

The profit is always sure when every detail is correct. Cheap food must not be estimated by the price paid for it in the market. The cheapest food for the poultryman or farmer is that which gives him the largest number of eggs. It matters not what the food costs, so long as the eggs correspond. It is the product by which we should measure and estimate.

Green bones are not used as extensively as they should be because grain can be obtained with less difficulty and at a low cost, but as egg-producing material the bone is far superior to grain; nor does the bone really cost more than grain in some sections. The cutting of the bone into available sizes is now rendered an easy matter, as the bone-cutter is within the reach of all. Bones fresh from the butcher have more or less meat adhering, and the more of such meat the better, as it will cost no more per pound than the bone, while the combination of both meat and bone is almost a perfect food from which to produce eggs.

If the farmer can get two extra eggs per week from each hen in winter, he will make a large profit. We may add that if the product of each hen can be increased one egg per week only, in winter, that one egg will pay for all the food she can possibly consume, and it therefore pays to feed the substances that will induce the hens to lay. If the hens are consuming food and yet producing no eggs, they will cause a loss to their owner; and this happens every winter on a large number of farms. The hens receive plenty of food, but not of the proper kind.

A pound of cut green bone is sufficient for 16 hens one day, which means that one cent will pay for the bone for that number of fowls. If one quart of grain be fed at night to 16 hens, and one pound of bone in the morning, it should be ample for each day in winter. In summer only the bone need be given. Such a diet provides fat, starch, nitrogen, phosphates, lime and all the substances required to enable the hens to lay eggs. As an egg is worth about three cents in winter, it is plain that it is cheaper to feed bone than grain, as the greater number of eggs not only reduces the total cost, but increases the profit as well.

The bone-cutter is as necessary to the poultryman as his feed mill. It enables him to use an excellent and cheap food, and gives him a profit where he might otherwise be compelled to suffer a loss. It is claimed that a bone-cutter pays for itself in eggs and really costs nothing. Bones are now one of the staple articles of food for poultry, and no ration should have them omitted. They are food, grit and lime, all combined in one, and the hens will leave all other foods to receive the cut bone. If cut fine, even chicks and ducklings will relish such excellent food, while turkeys grow rapidly on it. To meet with success requires the use of the best materials, and green bone beats all other substances as food for poultry.—Poultry Age.

HOUSE FOR POULTRY.

It Is Well-Arranged and Has Plenty of Sunlight.

The diagram shown below illustrates the ground plan of a poultry-house so arranged that it will receive the sun's rays from early morning until late in the afternoon, and is designed by Dr. L. B. Lucas, of Indiana. The house is composed of three rooms, separated by two partitions. An arrangement for separating the layers and non-layers is as follows: Openings are cut in the

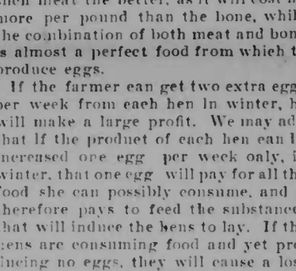

GROUND PLAN.

partitions, boxes are placed in the partitions, the boxes corresponding with the openings. The hens are placed in one end room and those which lay will enter the open door of the nest-box, the door closing and opening one on the opposite end of the box; when the hen goes out into the middle room, she closes the door behind her and opens the one through which she entered the nest-box. AA are doors, WWWW are windows, E an entrance, D the dust-box, S the scratching-room, F the feed-room and R the roosting-room. The house may be of any size preferred.—Farm and Fireside.

POULTRY PARAGRAPHS.

As soon as a brood of chickens is hatched burn the old nests.

Turkeys, geese and ducks are more subject to tape worm than are common fowls. See that the water supply is pure.

A considerable economy can be effected by feeding to your fowls scraps from the table and refuse vegetables and fruits.

A flock of 50 hens, well tended, should give a net profit of $50 a year. How can you make the same capital and labor pay more?

One advantage in coaxing your hens to lay in winter is in their becoming broody early in the spring, and in only that way do we get the early pullets for the laying season the next fall.

Finely pulverized clay makes a better dust bath than pure sand, and it serves a better purpose, too, in mixing with the hen manure to prevent it getting into clods and to absorb ammonia as the manure is decomposed.—Farmers' Union.

STICK TO LIVE STOCK.

Cattle Industry Is Indeed the Right Aim of Agriculture.

The wheat grower who points with satisfaction to the advancing price on this cereal can be matched easily enough by the cattle-grower when he notes the strong demand and advancing price for feeders. From every market come reports of the greatest activity in the demand for feeders. Carrying coals to Newcastle is not a circumstance to shipping Canadian cattle from Buffalo to Nebraska, to be fattened on the corn that has been grown in that state. Iowa and Nebraska men are swarming to the market and buying everything that can eat corn; $5.15 is said to have been paid recently for eastern-grown feeders. Anything that wears hair and has a cloven hoof is quick sale at strong prices at all markets in the west, and the demand is such that it bids fair to increase the current of stockers and feeders from Canada and the east toward the corn belt—a very anomalous condition of affairs.

The stock farmer should not permit himself to be rushed into wheat-growing. He meets far less competition in the markets of the world than does the wheat farmer, and year in and year out his returns are more certain and remunerative. The steady advance of values of cattle, swine and sheep has poured dollars into his pockets, and every condition discernible in the future points to a further appreciation in value of the animals of the farm. Stock raising is the right arm of agriculture. It requires only intelligence of a low degree to tickle the earth and garner the grain. Cheap lands and cheap labor can grow wheat. Brains and fertile soil are requisite to stock growing. The man who abandons stock farming for wheat growing under the present circumstances has certainly studied the situation to little purpose. The experience of years has taught that corn, grass and live stock bring more certain and more profitable returns than grain growing, which impoverishes the soil and does not enrich the farmer.—Colman's Rural World.

LABOR AND LUMBER.

Both Are Saved by Utilizing the Space Under Stairways.

As the world grows older and timber scarcer the advisability of making use of every available inch of room under one roof should be less and less ignored. The space under the stairway in most stables, however, is worse than wasted,

UTILIZING WASTE SPACE.

in that it is apt to be made the dumping place for innumerable odds and ends, resulting, before one hardly realizes it, in a heap inextricably confused. Owing to this fact, I present the accompanying illustration, which shows how to employ advantageously the space, and that, too, to the addition of stable conveniences. The space should be boarded up with good stuff, matched pine preferably, and that portion having the greatest height made into a harness closet. As for the remaining room, it is generally best to convert it into a grain bin, having one or more compartments. Thus it is that one can derive great advantages at trifling expense, and, above all, suffer no inconvenience, or even loss of room, about the stable.—Frederick O. Sibley, in N. Y. Tribune.

SCIENCE OF MANURING.

Fertilizers Should Be Kept Near the Surface of the Soil.

Repeated experiment has proved that the practice of applying large quantities of manure to the acre on a limited acreage, making it necessary to leave much of the land unmanured, does not pay. Not a few farmers never apply less than 20 tons of stable manure to an acre, saying that they prefer to do well what they do, and let the remainder of the land take its chances. Twenty tons of manure on one acre, plowed under for a spring crop, makes the soil richer for years—no doubt about that—but it will not improve the productive power of a farm nearly so much as the same amount of manure used as a top dressing on three acres, providing clover is grown with this supply of plant food. It is poor farming to keep up a few acres near the barn with the entire supply of stable fertilizer and let thin fields fail to make heavy sods. Manurial crops are the chief dependence on a majority of farms, or should be, and enough farm manure should be used to assist thin soils wherever found, so that all the fields may increase their supply of vegetable matter and be permanently improved, and then any additional supply can be safely used to enrich the pet field from which one wants a banner crop. Granting that there are exceptions, it is the rule that manure should be kept near the surface of the soil, should be applied more frequently and less heavily, and should be used to insure a growth of some fertilizing crop.—Rural World.

Carrots Good for Horses.

Of all roots with which horses are tempted, the carrot, as a rule, is the favorite, and perhaps the most beneficial. It is said to be somewhat diuretic in its effects, and to exercise a salubrious influence on the skin. Certain it is that a sick horse may be coaxed into eating carrots when disinclined to partake of other nourishment, and the greatest benefit results. For the ailing horse carrots are most valuable as an article of diet, and a few may be given with advantage even to a horse in healthy condition.—Prince Edward Island Agriculturist.

Had Lost His Faith in Them.

A theatrical manager told a story against himself the other day. An actor came to him and applied for an engagement. There did not seem to be much need of him, but his demands in the way of salary were very modest, and the manager said to him:

"Well, you may consider yourself engaged. I fancy I can find something for you to do. Come round on Tuesday and I'll try you."

The newly-engaged man looked at the manager questioningly.

"How about a contract?" he asked.

"Oh, never mind a contract. We'll have a verbal contract."

There was a look of mild reproach in the eyes of the man, as he answered, sorrowfully:

"Sir, the last time I made a verbal contract I drew a verbal salary."—Spare Moments.

A Simple Programme.

The Missionary—My friend, what would you do if you expected the end of the world in ten days?

The Tramp—Wait for it.—Puck.

Before submitting to the inevitable it is wise to be sure it is the inevitable.—N. Y. Independent.

Doubtful Party (to gentleman)—"Can you assist me, sir, to a trifle? I'm a stranger in a strange land, 15,000 miles from home." Gentleman—"My goodness! Where is your home?" Doubtful Party—"Australia." Gentleman (handing him a copper)—"How do you ever expect to get back there?" Doubtful Party (balancing the penny)—"Well, if I don't do better than this, sir, I suppose I'll have to walk."—Tit-Bits.

The world is full of human milestones, since it is more easy to point than to plod.—N. Y. Independent.

"What pretty illuminated cards!" exclaimed one woman. "That one with the motto: 'Honesty is the best policy' is especially nice." "Yes," replied the other, "I brought them from Europe, and I got them through with a lot of other things, without paying a cent of duty."—Washington Star.

Miles—"I see your friend Hawkins has another 'selling out at cost' sign tacked up on the front of his store." Giles—"Yes. Do you know I think Hawkins missed his vocation? He should have been a political campaign manager." Miles—"Why so?" Giles—"He is continually nailing lies."—Chicago News.

A man asked Jones the meaning of the Latin phrase "Cum grano salis." Jones replied that he was informed by an old salt that it was an expression now much in the mouths of Europeans, and chiefly addressed to this country, and that it meant "Come, sell us grain."—Boston Transcript.

It seems strange, but it is a fact, that no woman can handle a man's clothes without emptying every pocket.—Washington Democrat.

The real grief in a woman's life is not connected with a love affair; it is when her neighbor gives a party and does not invite her.—Atchison Globe.

Lots of very ugly men sell very pretty flowers.—Washington Democrat.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A.D. 1886.

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Studying a Doubtful Problem.

"It," the idle wanderer heard the man say to his companion, "will run about 1,200 to the ton."

Then the idle wanderer, after the manner of his kind, speculated in his mind.

"I wonder," said he to himself, "whether he was talking about a gold mine or his winter supply of coal?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Reindeer in Alaska.

Dr. Sheldon Jackson, for 20 years a traveler in Alaska, says the government's experiment of importing reindeer from Siberia is a success, and that the problem of winter traveling in the interior is practically solved. Three hundred miles per day can be made over the snow with relays at reasonable intervals and best of all the reindeer will rustle his own food.

The best map of the Yukon-Klondike mining country has been printed in folder form by the Northern Pacific Ry. Send a 2-cent postage stamp to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. A., St. Paul, Minn. The folder is full of up-to-date information regarding rates and routes to Alaska.

Had Some Motive, of Course.

Mrs. Bellows—I believe you married me for my money.

Bellows—Ahem! Well, I certainly didn't go to the altar for my health.—N. Y. Journal.

Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

Gently the Way.

Kenna—I understand you've bought a dog to keep burglars away?

Henna—Yes.

"You are not troubled any more at night, then, I suppose?"

"Only by the dog."—Up-to-Date.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Not nearly all the funny things in this world are with a museum.—Washington Democrat.

Why suffer with an ache or pain
When St. Jacobs Oil will cure. Why?

Chairs are cheaper than backbones.—N. Y. Independent.

TRYING ORDEALS FOR WOMEN.

Mrs. Pinkham Tells How Women May Avoid Painful Examinations.

To a modest, sensitive, high-strung young woman, especially an unmarried woman, there is no more trying or painful ordeal than the "examinations," which are now so common in hospitals and private practice.

An examination by speculum, or otherwise, is sometimes a positive necessity in certain stages of many diseases peculiar to women, so at least it is declared by the profession. This would not be the case if patients heeded their symptoms in time.

If a young girl's blood is watery, her skin pale and waxy looking, her lips colorless, bowels torpid, digestion poor, her ears and temples throb and she is subject to headache, begin at once to build up her system with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Do not allow her to undergo a physical examination.

Here is a letter from a young lady who requests that her name should not be used, but gives her initials and street number so that any inquiry addressed to her will be received. She says:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—It affords me great pleasure to be able to say a few words in regard to the merits of your Vegetable Compound. I was tempted to try it after seeing the effects of it upon my mother, and now I feel like a new person. I am a stenographer and was troubled with falling of the womb and female weakness in general. I continued to work until I was so weak I could no longer walk, and the last day I was forced to stop and rest.

"I was then so ill that I was compelled to stay in bed, and so nervous that I could not hold anything in my hands. The least noise or surprise would cause my heart to beat so loudly, and I would become so weak that I could hardly stand. I suffered for almost a year. It is different now. I can go about my work with pleasure, while before, work was a drudge.

"Trusting that my words of praise may help some other afflicted person, and be of benefit to womankind in general, I remain, Yours in gratitude, L. H., 444 S. East St., Indianapolis, Ind."

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THE REPUBLICAN,
Oakland, Md

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1897.

The people of Kansas have evidently seen the fallacy of the political arguments upon which they have been fed during the past few years, and as a result have placed the State again in the Republican column, giving that party a majority this year of over 9,000 votes against a Democratic majority of 13,000 last year.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY has occasion for gratification in the fact that the first year of his administration is signalized by the exportation to Europe of American tin-plate, whose manufacture in the United States was brought about by the high protection given to that industry by the law bearing his name and framed under his management.

THE new-found principles of Democratic faith, government by injuction, anti-trust legislation, and arbitration in behalf of labor, were entirely overlooked by Mr. Bryan during the four years in which he served in Congress. During all that time, in which he had opportunity to indicate in a practical way his friendship for these subjects, he scarcely opened his lips in regard to them.

THE Democrats are sadly in need of campaign ammunition for the coming Congressional fight. The party out of power always expects to make an aggressive campaign based on the official actions of the party in power, but up to this time the administration and the Republican Congress elected with it have furnished so little material for criticism that the Democratic leaders are at a loss for campaign ammunition.

THE holiday season will be one of much greater happiness than those of the past few years. The earnings of employees in the manufacturing sections have already been increased in many instances, and recent dispatches from Pennsylvania, Michigan and Ohio show that a number of the great iron mines of Pennsylvania and Michigan are to increase the wages of their employees 10 per cent. on January 1st, and that the limestone operators of the Mahoning Valley, in Ohio, have increased the wages of employees 20 per cent. The effect of the return of a protective tariff is being promptly felt.

FREE silver was made a distinct issue in a half dozen states in 1897. In every one of these States the percentage of loss in Democratic votes was greater than in the year following the Presidential election of 1892, when free trade was the issue. The loss of Democratic votes in Massachusetts in 1897 was 24 per cent. of the 1896 vote while in 1893 there was a falling off of 11 per cent. from the Presidential vote of the preceeding year. In Virginia there was a falling off in 1897 of 28 per cent. in the Democratic vote, against 21 per cent. in 1893; in Iowa, 12 per cent. in 1897, against 11 per cent. in 1893; in Ohio, 16 per cent. in 1897, against 12 per cent. in 1893; while in other states the results were equally disheartening to the advocates of silver.

Work for Good Roads.

The Vansville Farmers' Club of Prince George's county has enlisted earnestly in the good-roads project. At its meeting last week a committee was appointed, headed by Col. S. Powell, to secure united action on the part of all the farmers' organizations of the State at the coming session of the General Assembly in urging good roads legislation. The wheelmen will be asked to co-operate with the farmers. Gen. Ray Stone, who is at the head of the movement in the United States, addressed the Club in advocacy of placing road construction and repair under State and County Commissioners, his idea, as we gather from the reports of his address, being practically the same as that embodied in the Road Engineer Bill, presented to the General Assembly in 1896.

That bill, or a better one, if it can be framed, should be ready for introduction at Annapolis early in the session, and it should be backed by the entire strength of the farmers, the wheelmen and the business men of the State. Maryland has delayed in making a beginning in this important reform as long as it should be delayed. The argument that a change in road making will "cost something" is hardly worthy of consideration. Everybody knows that thousands of dollars are worse than wasted every year in every county of the State in the antiquated and useless methods now in vogue. This money, if no more can be had, is entirely sufficient to begin the building of good roads. The work must be done according to a well-devised system, and under scientific supervision.

Colonel Powell has suggested a system of five hundred miles of roads, extending from Worcester to Garrett county, "which would practically open up every county and give highways to all central or distributing points." This system touches nearly every county town, and Col. Powell thinks it could be constructed in five years. A contemporary remarks that about two hundred miles of the proposed system is always made, referring to the "line macadam road" from Baltimore to Garrett county. This, we presume, is the old National pike. In this connection it is interesting to recall the assertion so frequently made in Allegheny county that the worst road there is is the pike, because of the present system of road-mending. But, under proper supervision, this famous highway could easily be made "a fine macadam road."

Do we Need a New Constitution.

There was a new constitution adopted in 1851, another in 1864 and the present one in 1867. Thus within a period of seventeen years there were three constitutional conventions. Since 1867 thirty years have elapsed and many amendments have been tacked on to the constitution, and a great many questions closely allied with the organic law of the State are still being discussed in the public press, and are continually presenting themselves before the public for solution and settlement. Baltimore city has already decided upon having a new charter, but what appreciable advantage and equitable securement of representative rights can Baltimore city obtain by her new charter until her representation in legislature is more in keeping with her growth and standing, and prestige as a metropolis of half a million inhabitants; and this can only be secured by a revision of the constitution. The basis of representation of the counties and city of Baltimore in the Legislature needs re-adjustment in accord with the increase in population.

Another most important feature which needs radical treatment is the law relating to bribery at and before the elections. The present constitution declares that both the giver and receiver of an election bribe shall be punished. This provision renders any law for punishment of bribery virtually nugatory and impossible of execution, as one party to the crime cannot be expected to testify against another when his testimony convicts himself of a similar crime. The constitution should be changed so as to punish the giver and not the receiver of a bribe.

Another needful change is the tenure of office. Elections are too frequent, scarcely one campaign is over before candidates are hustling about getting ready for the next year's election. There is no reason why the Sheriff, Treasurer, Comptroller and other officials should hold offices only two years, while county Commissioners, Judges of the Orphan's Court, Register of Wills, Clerk of the Court, and other officials are elected for four and six years.

In addition to the foregoing there are many other portions of the constitution which needs revision, and the next Legislature should provide for the submission of the people of the State, at the next election, the question of the advisability of calling a convention to adopt a new constitution.

Well Children

that are not very robust need a warming, building and fat-forming food—something to be used for two or three months in the fall—that they may not suffer from cold.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda supplies exactly what they want. They will thrive, grow strong and be well all winter on this splendid food tonic. Nearly all of them become very fond of it. For adults who are not very strong, a course of treatment with the Emulsion for a couple of months in the fall will put them through the winter in first-class condition. Ask your doctor about this.

Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion. See that the man and fish are on the wrapper.

All druggists; 50c. and $1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

BEWARE OF FAKES!

For They are Many Just Now in the Klondike.

TACOMA, WASH., Dec. 3, 1897.

Beware of fakes! Beware of swindling mining companies! Beware of floating colliins and—well, look out for pick-pockets, as it were.

Col. Pat Donan told the truth a few days ago somewhere in the middle-west when he said there were a lot of gold-brick sharpers scattered about the Pacific Coast seeking to bamboozle the Klondikers who has money burning in their pockets as well as "money to burn."

They say there's a fool born every minute or two and it would seem that the fake Klondike schemes that are being swallowed, hook, line and sinker, proves this saying to be quite true. Two months ago my attention was first called to the wiles of London, England, promoters in offering a "limited number of shares" of stock in Klondike companies. They announced their wares in double column ads. in the leading dailies of London but I could see no merit in their proposition and did not suppose cousenyative Englishmen could either. Later I noted the extensive crop of similar Klondike mining schemes growing mushroom like, in this country, and, still later I was assured that the people were actually buying a few of the limited number of shares, "offered for a few days."

Surprising as it may seem, spinsters, house maids and penny wise and pound foolish men here and there over the country were investing their savings in grubstaking and mining schemes about the practical working of which they know no more than many of the promoters of these projects. Most of the people who throw their money away on a few of the "limited number" of shares offered will soon be denouncing Klondike and the Alaska gold-fields as swindling propositions!

Specific instructions for investigating in Alaska propositions cannot be given, but in a general way the wisdom of investigating any scheme before investing may be suggested. For instance, if a decision has been made to invest in Klondike or Alaska let all propositions be inquired into. A business man can secure authentic information through the commercial agencies; a fraternity man can inquire through a lodge or clan, and at least any individual can ask for information through the United States postmaster with fair assurance of getting the truth.

* * *

Monday the steamer, "City of Seattle," which is owned here and which authentic information is obtainable from her managers at this port, arrived from Alaska with miners and cattle-menaboard. Immediately word was flashed over the wires from Seattle that she brought $1,000,000 in gold deposit checks and $250,000 in actual dust and nuggets. This was a "hot stuff" for the dailies and many long special dispatches were ordered wired for Monday's papers. The Associated Press "youth" also fell into the trap of the Seattle "strong friends" and another gigantic fake was successfully launched. Some 2,500 words were sent out by Associated Press on the $1,200,000 gold cargo of the "City of Seattle." Later in the day—or night, to be more exact—the Associated Press spoiled the romance in the brief missive:

In the item sent out about returning miners make it read: "They are reported to have between them $50,000 in drafts and gold dust," instead of "$1,000,000 in drafts and $200,000 in dust."

All told, however, the "City of Seattle" party brought down less than $50,000 in nuggets and about that amount in checks.

Beware of fakes!

* * *

J. E. Baker arrived here to-day on his way home from an extended trip through Central Illinois. During his trip, which was taken in the interest of Washington investments, Mr. Baker was brought into contact with the class of people most interested in mining matters, and especially in the Klondike. His opinion therefore, is based on a solid foundation, and his story is as follows:

"From about the 1st of June to the 28th of September I traveled through Central Illinois where I am well acquainted with the country and people, numbering among my acquaintances many prominent men.

"Everyone there is talking of the Klondike. In one city 500 people are preparing to go to the new gold fields in the early part of the year. In another city five parties are already organized with twenty-five men in each party. They will come west with the vanguard of the gold seekers.

"In fact, there are about as many parties already organized or in process of organization as there are hamlets and villages. Farmer's boys, clerks and every one who can get the necessary backing for grubstake and can leave are preparing for the north.

"The people have no idea of the spread of the Klondike excitement or the thirst for news in that region. Although my business was entirely satisfactory, yet the absorbing topic was the Klondike. The people insisted on knowing all that I could tell them of the Klondike.

"Why, I even had a letter before leaving the east from a lady asking if I could not give her the estimate of the cost of outfitting and transporting a party of ten ladies to the diggings."

* * *

Forty thousand people per month can be carried to Alaska by water during February, March, April and May of the coming year. Steamers and sailing crafts will leave daily for St. Michaels and from three to four vessels will leave daily for Dyea and other inside Alaska points.

These vessels will have a capacity for carrying over 100,000 tons of freight per month and the indications are that they will all be kept busy, as the bulk of all the inquiries now made from the east are regarding transportation facilities to the north. Parties are being organizing everywhere, and one of the peculiar features of these organizations is the desire to operate a flat bottom boat on the Yukon or manipulate a new-fangled steam dredge that is designed to suck up gold from the bottom of the stream.

Most of these dredges or flat bottom boats will be taken from here to St. Michaels in the "knock down" on schooners or ships. The rate per ton on this sort of freight will range from $20 to $25 per ton to St. Michaels will be $66 and from Tacoma to Dawson or way points, via. St Michaels $150 to $250 including berths and meals.

To Cook Inlet, Copper River and Yukatat Bay from Tacoma the first-class steamer fare will be $50; second class $70 including meals, berths and a half ton of freight. By sailing vessels the rate will be $50 for fare and one ton of freight free. Freight per ton to these points will be $12 50 per ton. The freight rate to Dyea and Skaguay $8 per ton and passenger rates, $40 first class; $25 second-class. Tramway rates, per pound over the passes, will be from 5 to 10 cents.

* * *

The sea going qualifications of all boats should be intestigated. The "Eliza Anderson" and boats of her class which went out last fall are floating coffins. Parties should have some reliable shipping firm or man take charge of their affairs here. An ounce of prevention is worth a ton of cure in the Klondike business.

THOMAS SAMMONS.

Communicated.

To the Editor of The Republican.

Now that the posters and programs of the Farmers' Institute for Garrett county are out, I wish through your paper to call the attention of all our farmers to these meetings, and bespeak a full and regular attendance at the lectures.

Owing to a severe storm upon the morning appointed for the institute held last winter the attendance was small at that time, but had our people more fully understood the character and object of the meetings I feel confident that the weather would not have kept so many away.

The department of Farmers' Institutes is an outgrowth of the Agricultural College and the Experimental Station, and is carried on by State appropriations for the benefit of all the counties of the State. At least one meeting each year is to be held in every county. At these meetings men who have had experience and knowledge of different branches of farming and stock raising are secured to lecture upon their specialty.

These lectures are informal and last year the speaker was ready at any time to answer any question or explain more in detail points of special interest.

It is not only intended to impart information through the institutes, but it is hoped to awaken interest among the farmers themselves, so that they will compare notes and be brought to organize farmers' societies and in time lead to the holding of a county fair, which would be a great stimulus and incentive to the farmers and their wives to produce the best butter, fruit and vegetables.

The program of the institute to be held at the Court House at Oakland, beginning at 10 a. m. on Monday, December 13th, and continued on Tuesday, the 14th, will include addresses upon the following subjects:

1. Fruit growing for market and family.
2. Value of early maturity in animals and how obtained.
3. Which of the two are the most important crops, the boys and the girls, or the stock.
4. Sheep for mutton and wool.
5. The bee and its honey.
6. Growing and handling vegetables for market.

It is expected that at these lectures there will be specimens of sheep, etc., which will be used by the lecturer for practical illustration, and I would ask in behalf of Director Amos that if any of our farmers have an unusually fine apple, or specimen of fruit or vegetable, that they would bring it with them to the institute, and thus in a small way begin a comparison of our products.

In closing let me once more ask for full attendance in Oakland on the 13th. The State has appropriated the money; let Garrett county reap the benefit of her proportion.

W. MCCULLOH BROWN.

Cornuna, Dec. 3, 1897.

SEE OUR GREAT LINE OF CHRISTMAS GOODS, MONEY SAVERS, CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS.

There are no others in this or any other town that equal our stock in ATTRACTIVENESS, STYLE, FIT or LOW PRICE, and when we say this we know what it means. We have just received a

NEW AND LARGE ASSORTMENT OF WEARING APPAREL FOR MEN AND BOYS.

This is the place to buy your presents for your brother, father, sweetheart, such as.....

UMBRELLAS
NECKTIES
HANDKERCHIEFS
HOSIERY
KID GLOVES
CUFF BUTTONS
COLLARS
CUFFS
SHIRTS
CLOTHING

and in fact anything pertaining to gentlemen's wearing apparel. It is no trouble to show good goods. We invite your attention and solicit your patronage.

Sincell, The Clothier, Furnisher and Hatter.

OAKLAND, MD.

F. C. CORSETS

MAKE

American Beauties

CORRECT SHAPES.

ARTISTIC EFFECTS.

All Lengths.

On Each Box.

NEWEST MODELS.

FANCY AND PLAIN.

KALAMAZOO CORSET CO.,
SOLE MANUFACTURERS.
SOLD BY

George O. Miller.

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conneway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Glessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Otho H. Fazenbaker vs. Christian Kohr. No. 852 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Christian Kohr to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county on or before the 15th day of December, 1897, as I will on that day proceed to state an audit distributing the funds in the hands of Otho H. Fazenbaker Receiver.

EDWARD H. SINCELL, Auditor.

Sheriff's Sale

of REAL ESTATE near Frankville, Garrett County, Maryland.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county at the suit of The A. G. Bodman and Sons Company against John McFadden, the same being No. 10 Judicial to July Term, 1897, on the docket of said Court, the undersigned Sheriff will, on

MONDAY, THE 27th DAY OF DECEMBER, 1897,

at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, in front of the court house in the town of Oakland, sell at public auction to the highest bidder, all of the right, title and interest of the said defendant in and to all that part of the tract of land called "Talent Worth," situated about one mile north-west of Frankville station on the B. & O. railroad in Garrett county, containing

NINETY-SEVEN AND THREE-FOURTH ACRES OF LAND,

and being the same land which was conveyed by Joseph R. Anderson and wife to John McFadden, Sr., by deed dated the 24th day of November, 1891, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folio 583, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, the same being an undivided one-fourth interest in said tract of land.

Second.—All that other tract of land adjoining the aforesaid tract containing

SIXTY-SIX AND ONE-FIFTH ACRES,

and being the same land which is more particularly described in a deed from Joseph R. Anderson and wife to the said defendant dated the 9th day of January, 1892, and duly recorded among the Land Records of Garrett county.

Third.—All that other parcel of land containing

One Hundred and Thirteen Acres.

lying between the aforesaid parcels of land, and being the same lot of ground purchased by the said John McFadden from Joseph R. Anderson under an agreement.

The aforesaid parcels of land will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs, or so much thereof as may be necessary.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN, Sheriff.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

John S. Sanders vs. A. T. Shuttlesworth and others.

No. 767 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors in the above entitled cause to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county, on or before the 13th day of December, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m., as I will on that day proceed to state an audit distributing the funds in the hands of F. A. Thayer and G. S. Hamill, trustees.

J. C. PEDDICORD, Special Auditor.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.
IN EFFECT JULY 18, 1897.

SOUTHWARD No. 3 P. M.	SOUTHWARD No. 1 A. M.	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2 Noon	NORTHWARD No. 4 P. M.
3 00	8 00 lv	Cumberland ar	12 00	4 30
3 29	8 29	Rawlings	11 31	7 01
3 52	8 52	Keyser	11 08	6 38
4 05	9 05	Westernport	10 55	6 25
4 09	9 09	W. Va. P. June.	10 51	6 18
4 37	9 35	Shaw	10 24	5 50
5 02	10 00	Harrison	9 56	5 25
6 15	10 45* ar	Elk Garden	9 00	*4 00
5 35	10 35* lv	Gorman	9 24	4 54
5 42	10 45	Bayard	8 70	4 40
5 51	10 51	Dobbin	9 00	4 30
6 27	11 27	Thomas	8 28	4 08
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	7 53	3 15
8 51	11 34 lv	Cokeson	8 31	4 01
7 01	12 01	Hendricks	8 01	3 30
7 07	12 07	Bretz	7 53	3 23
7 10	12 10	Parsons	7 50	3 20
7 45	12 45	Kerens	7 15	2 45
8 05	1 05 ar	Elkins	12 57 00	12 30
	1 20* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
	3 05* ar	Beallington	lv	*11 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, General Manager.
G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

For a good lunch go to Martin's.

Go to Martin's for fresh fish and oysters. 36--12.

Pipes and smokers' articles at Newman's. 40-

Editor Litzinger spent Sunday in Grafton, W. Va.

Mr. J. B. Friend, of Swanton, was in the city yesterday.

Be sure and have your photograph taken before Xmas. 40-1

Hon. John P. Jones, of Terra Alta, was in the city Friday last.

Capt. Robert H. Gordon, of Cumberland, was in the city on Tuesday.

Attorney Gilmor S. Hamill made a business trip to Cumberland last Friday.

Remember that Newman will sell anything in his line at rock bottom prices. 40-

Mr. J. S. Lakin, of Terra Alta, was in Oakland Monday afternoon a few hours.

Dr. J. Lee McComas has returned from a visit to Baltimore and other eastern cities.

Mr. Fred. Felty returned Friday evening from a business trip to Cumberland and Baltimore.

Cheap John can suit you in Holiday goods. Prices reasonable. 35 years in the toy business. 3t

Mr. Julius C. Renninger spent a few days recently with friends and relatives at Eglon and Aurora.

Mr. Robert Felty, who has located at Connellsville, Pa., was in Oakland several days this week on business.

Mrs. Daniel E. Offutt and daughter Miss Bessie spent yesterday in Terra Alta with the family of Mr. James S. Lakin.

Go to Newman's for your candies, nuts, oranges, malaga grapes, etc. Special prices on candies for Christmas trees. 40-

Mr. Charles Wegman, of Grantsville, is in Oakland as a guest at Brown's hotel, where he will remain a day or two.

Miss Susie Legge started for Shepherdstown, W. Va., last Saturday morning where she will visit relatives a few weeks.

Mr. George O. Miller, accompanied by his sister, Miss Susie, went to Cumberland this morning, where they will spend the day.

Mr. Frank Legge, of Shepherdstown, West Va., was here a day or two last week on a visit to his brother, Mr. George W. Legge.

Photographs make nice Xmas presents; be sure and go to Suddarth's gallery, as he will remain in Oakland until January 1st. 40-2

That firm is not in existence that will sell first class marble work and terra cotta pipe cheaper than the J. B. Williams Co., of Frostburg, Md. 3

Say, Cheap Shon has got many nice dings for der Holidays. Dolls, Sleds, Books, Hobby Horses, Guns, Drums. Jnst kum and C. 40-3t

Mr. John W. Hart has contracted to have a coal yard erected along the new siding recently put in by the railroad company at the water station here.

Mr. G. H. Pritchard, who has been engaged in business in Philadelphia for two months past, returned to Oakland on a business trip yesterday morning.

The job department of THE REPUBLICAN has just finished a large calendar for its customers, which will be distributed to them the latter part of this month.

Don't nauseate your stomach with teas and bitter herbs, but regulate your liver and sick headache by using those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

Burning, itching skin diseases instantly relieved by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, unequalled for cuts, bruises, burns. It heals without leaving a scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

A Knights of Pythias lodge will be instituted at Friendsville on next Tuesday night, the 14th inst., by Grand Keeper of Records and Seal, Mr. James Whitehouse, of Baltimore.

"They don't make much fuss about it." We are speaking of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous Little pills for constipation, billiousness and all stomach and liver troubles. They never gripe. Oakland Pharmacy.

It heals everything except a broken heart, may be said of DeWitt Witch Hazel Salve. Piles and rectal diseases, cuts, burns, bruises, tetter, eczema and all skin troubles may be cured by it quickly and permanently. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Richard Browning, jr., who has been on the police force in Baltimore for several months, spent a number of days last and this week with his parents in Oakland, returning to his duties Tuesday morning.

The Oakland flouring mill is now in good shape to make you good buckwheat flour and plenty of it. Don't fail to call and bring your grain. Mr. E. O. Dudley has charge and will treat you right. The Oakland Mills, Oakland, Md. 39-13.

Mr. Hiram P. Tasker left Oakland to-day for the land office at Annapolis, where he expects to supply the "missing links" in chains of title to certain military lots and tracts of coal land belonging to non-residents who are not assessed.

After hearing some friends continually praising Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, Curtis Fleck, of Anaheim, California, purchased a bottle of it for his own use and is now as enthusiastic over its wonderful work as any one can be. It is for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Yesterday in one or two departments of the public school the pupils were dismissed until the noon recess on account of the disarrangement of the furnace pipes, which allowed the smoke and gas from the fires to accumulate in the recitation rooms instead of being drawn out through the stacks.

"I crave but One Minute," said the public speaker in a husky voice; and then he took a dose of One Minute Cough Cure, and proceeded with his oratory. One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled for the throat and lungs. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. John S. Combs, who published the *Independent* in this place some twenty years ago, and who was also for a number of years editor and proprietor of the Oakland *Democrat*, and more recently assistant foreman of the *Times*, of Cumberland, has accepted a position on the *Independent*, and with his long experience as practical printer and publisher, will assist in making the *Independent* more valuable to its many readers.—Piedmont Independent.

John Griffin, of Zanesville, O., says: "I never lived a day for thirty years without suffering agony, until a box of Witch Hazel Salve cured my piles." For piles and rectal troubles, cuts, bruises, sprains, eczema and all skin troubles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. Oakland Pharmacy

Dr. John G. Robinson, of Oakland, is instructing upwards of sixty who will take part in the cantata of "Santa Claus" which will be rendered on the evening before Christmas in Shartzer's Opera House. The music and words of the cantata are beautiful, and that with the labor being expended by those who are members of the chorus and the painstaking care of the instructor will make it one of the the brightest Christmas entertainments ever taking place in Oakland. The ladies and gentlemen taking part in the affair are members of the several Sabbath schools of Oakland, and the object is to have a union service on the night above stated.

Newman, next door to the postoffice, has just received a fine assortment of toys, consisting of sleds, hobby horses, shoo flies, dolls in endless variety, Xmas tree ornaments, tool chests, rocking chairs, toy books, gum balls, toy dishes, cook stoves, tops, toy furniture, mechanical toys, and a variety of other toys too numerous to mention. 40-

Don't be persuaded into buying liniment without reputation or merit—Chamberlain's Pain Balm costs no more, and its merits have been proven by a test of many years. Such letters as the following from L. G. Bagley, Rheneme, Cal., are constantly being received: "The best remedy for pain I have ever used is Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and I say so after having used it in my family for several years." It cures rheumatism, lame back, sprains and swellings. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to Cure. 25c. 37-26.

Call for Your Letters.

J. T. Tucker, Isaac Shultz, Michael Ries, J. Minnip Johnson, Wile Fleming, The White Lumber Co., Miss Gertie Calhoun.

Sent to Jail.

On Wednesday Sheriff Lee arrested John W. O'Heaver on a warrant sworn out by J. L. McRobie, of near Swanton, charging him with having committed adultery with a daughter of McRobie. Thursday O'Heaver was given a hearing, and in default of bail was sent to jail.

Mrs. Eliza A. Smith.

Mrs. Eliza A. Smith was taken sick November 21, 1897, and died December 1st at 12.30 a. m., at the home of her daughter Miss Jennie in Baltimore. She was born August 23, 1817, in Lisbon, Ohio, and was the daughter of Caleb and Phoebe Barretts. She married James A. Smith April 17, 1841. She was left a widow in February, 1858. Four daughters and three sons survive her. She was an earnest, consistent christian, being a member of St. Paul's M. E. church in Oakland, where the funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. M. Davis, Rev. L. A. Rudisill and Rev. R. B. Ward, the pastor of the church, Dec. 3rd. The remains were interred in the Oakland cemetery.

ELECTRIC LIGHT PLANT

Offered for Sale to the City Council by Its Owner, Mr. D. E. Offutt.

THE PRICE ASKED IS $37,000.00.

Payable in Four Per Cent Interest Bearing Bonds to Run for a Term of Fifteen Years. A System of Water Works and Sewerage Also Proposed.

At the regular monthly meeting of town council three propositions for the benefit of the public generally were made by Mr. D. E. Offutt, namely, to sell the electric light plant to the town for the sum of $35,000, payable in four per cent. bonds to run for a term of fifteen years; to furnish the power and water necessary for a system of water works, or be granted the franchise and establish the water works on his own responsibility.

The first proposition of Mr. Offutt, to sell the electric light plant to the town, would, upon first glance, be too great an undertaking for the corporate authorities, in its present financial condition, to handle, but take into consideration the fact that at present the town pays into the hands of the electric light company the sum of more than $2,000 a year for lighting the streets alone, and the revenue derived from other sources by the electric company, it at once appears that it would be a paying investment, even at the price asked for the plant. The bonds and interest on the investment would require an annual outlay on the part of the town of about $1,500. The running expenses of the plant such as fuel, oil, etc., would be covered by the income from house lighting and leave a handsome balance in the hands of the town to create a fund to pay the indebtedness incurred by the purchase. Aside from this the town would save on lighting the streets alone the sum of nearly $[illegible] per annum.

As to the proposition relative to water works, it should belong to the town and not to a private individual. In twenty years, with a franchise, the owners of a system of water works and sewerage in Oakland would have a mint. The town would derive no pecuniary benefits from such a franchise and would probably be compelled to pay for the water used in case of fire or any other use to which water may be put by the town.

The subject has occasioned considerable discussion among the business men and property owners in town and is only the forerunner of a movement which will be agitated until something definite has been accomplished.

In all probability during the coming session of the Legislature a bill will be passed giving to the people the right of voting upon the subject of issuing bonds to meet this growing and long felt want—that of a system of water works and sewerage—the lack of which has kept Oakland in the rear of progressive towns in Maryland and at this time is being felt more than ever before.

Let the subject be agitated and worked upon until it is accomplished and the old town dragged from the rut in which she has been struggling for lo! these many years.

The plan for establishing the system is more fully outlined in the following communication:

To the Editor of The Republican.

I have for some time past noticed a disposition on the part of our citizens to agitate the question of water works for the business portion of our town. I for one can say that I do not know of anything that would result in so great an advantage pecuniarily, as well as adding to the comforts of the people generally, as the accomplishment of this purpose. It is also said that at this time the purchase of the electric plant can be made at a fair price and on reasonable terms. This power would be used in connection with the proposed water works, thereby reducing to a minimum the cost of operating the latter. It appears from tests already made that a sufficiency of water can be had (if not already enough) with very little expense. The object would then be to force this water almost to the top of Crook's hill into tanks of 50,000 to 100,000 gallons capacity, then by gravity lead it through Main street from the Walker place to the railroad crossing, branching off at the corner of Main and Alder streets and running main pipe to the east corner of first block of Alder street. This would give fire protection to almost the entire business portion of the town. The comforts of the system to the citizens who elect to use them need not stop here. It naturally follows that they would want it in the kitchen, in the wash house, in the bath room and in the closet. The latter would naturally suggest the necessity of sewerage. The apparent cost of this rises like a mountain, but upon reflection it would be easily overcome. You will notice that nature has been very generous in this matter toward us, by coursing through our town a small stream, which I will here name "Town Creek," which is at present, and will be for years, all the sewerage we will want. To utilize this we will take for example the parties near it who would want to put the water into their residence, bath room and closet. To them you would give the privilege of running their sewer pipe into Town Creek. All other parties wanting to add like improvements should have the privilege of connecting with the sewer pipe laid by the first party. This you will notice will greatly reduce the cost and accomplish all that will be required for a first-class system. Now arises the question of pollution of the stream. To obviate this, I would suggest the securing of the privilege of damming Town Creek near the old woolen factory. Then by flushing the stream once or twice a week, would be able to keep it in its condition would not be objectionable.

Now, as to the financial ability on the part of the town to make these improvements. This can only be arranged in one way, and that is to get our Legislature to pass an act empowering our council to issue bonds to the amount of twenty thousand dollars in denominations of five hundred dollars, each one to be paid a year with interest, the last to become due forty years from date. The advantage in long time bonds is that many yet unborn will contribute their share to the comforts that have been provided for them by the present generation.

You will notice that the interest on this twenty thousand dollars of bonds will not be near so great as the amount that the town now pays for its electric lighting. In addition to this saving you will in a very few years add a very considerable income from the water works. The necessity of this improvement is now at hand, and it is no use to procrastinate. We are every day and night jeopardizing two or three times the cost of this plant by not having the protection it offers. The insurance money paid by the business portion of the town amounts to two thousand dollars annually (and then we are but little more than half insured). From this we would get a reduction of twenty-five per cent. or more, if we secure the contemplated protection. The objections arising from citizens residing outside of the watered district ought to be removed when we state that it is not the intention that any water tax shall be imposed upon them, but confined strictly to that portion of the town that gets the protection. I think this is fair.

TAX PAYER.

Former B. & O. Official Dead.

James Anderson, formerly traveling engineer for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad company, died at Keyser Tuesday morning. Mr. Anderson was 35 years with the company, but had been on the retired list for the last four or five years. He started in as a locomotive engineer and later became supervisor of trains and engines. Of late he has been in the coal business. He was well known along the road and in this city.

Broke His Leg.

Tuesday afternoon Prof. S. C. Smith, whilst engaged in unloading an organ at the residence of Mr. Andrew Shartzer on the Deer Park road, slipped on the frozen ground and the instrument fell upon him breaking his leg just above the ankle. After receiving the injury Prof. Smith climbed into his wagon and drove home, when Dr. Ravenscraft was summoned and set the fractured bones.

Among the Churches.

On Sunday morning at 10.30 and evening at 7.15 Rev. R. B. Ward, the pastor, will preach in St. Paul's M. E. church.

On Sunday the services in the Episcopal chapel, Sixth and Alder streets, will be as follows: 10 a. m., Sunday school; 11 a. m., morning prayer and sermon; 7.30 p. m., evening prayer and lecture. Week day services Wednesday and Friday at 7 p. m. A cordial welcome to all. WM. BRAYSHAW, Rector.

The services at St. Peter's Catholic church, Rev. F. A. B. Wuennenberg, pastor, for the week beginning Sunday next will be as follows: Sunday services, low mass and communion, 7:30 a. m.; high mass and sermon, 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.; vespers and benediction, 3.30 p. m. Week day services, mass every day at 7.30 a. m.; services first Friday of every month, 7.30 p. m. A cordial welcome extended to all.

A Trio from "Meyersdale Commercial."

Henry Winterberg, while doing some plumbing in the basement of Amity Reformed church last Saturday, went through the rotten planking of an old well, landing up to his neck in water; he yelled like a trooper and the sexton, Barney Smith, in coming to his rescue "went a tumbling after." However, both gentlemen managed to get out of the man trap and seemed to be no worse for the ducking. Secure that man trap.

A young son of Bert Bolden's fell from the couch he was lying on Wednesday of last week and broke an arm. What made it all the worse for him was the fact that he was going to have a birthday party but wouldn't allow even a broken arm to interfere with that.

Jonas Gnagey, of Grantsville, spent several days last week in the north of this county looking up a place for business, his objective points being Windber and the Babcock Lumber Co. He found the latter not sufficiently advanced to found any calculations upon, but is well pleased with Windber, where he will locate as soon as his house is ready. He will work at his trade and also run a boarding house. He is as good a carpenter and joiner as he is a boarding master and as there is plenty of work of this kind at Windber just now and will be during the winter, it may be said he struck his Klondike.

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The Largest and Most Complete Assortment of

Ladies', Misses and Childrens' Coats, Cloth and Fur Capes

that for Workmanship and Beauty of Finish are Surpassed by none and at prices defying competition.

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS,

Cheapest place in Garrett Co. to buy goods.

A Great Thing for You!

GENTLEMEN:—THE HOLIDAYS ARE APPROACHING. Now is the time to give your orders for Suits or Overcoats. We will make you a Suit or Overcoat of finest Imported Cheviot for

$15.00.

We guarantee them to be first class in style, workmanship and fit. As to the cloth, it speaks for itself. We have gotten $18 and $20 for them until now.

Garments cut and made from your own material at reasonable prices.

You can have that old suit of yours dyed, cleaned and repaired to look like new by our expert workmen.

Come now, this is the time.

M. COHEN, Xpert Tailor, OAKLAND, MD.

THE .... HISTORIC

GLADES HOTEL

OAKLAND MARYLAND

CUT THIS TICKET OUT

and bring it to Suddarth's Gallery between now and December 1st and get for it on every dozen photographs you 25c for it on order; also one lovely platinum picture free.

A. C. SUDDARTH, OAKLAND, MD.

Mortgagee's Sale of Valuable Real Estate Near Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett County, Md.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from J. B. Somerville and others to S. P. Baker, dated the 24th day of May, 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 37, folio 253, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, the undersigned attorney named in said mortgage, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder in front of the Court house at Oakland, on

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1897,

at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, all those lots of ground situated near Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Maryland, which are known and designated as Military Lots Numbers 918, 919, 926 and 682, containing the quantity of fifty acres of land each more or less, and being the same lots of ground that are more particularly described in a deed from R. C. McCulloh and wife to said Baker, dated the 10th day of January, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 31, folio 522, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county; except seventeen acres, one rood and two and a half perches of lot 682, which was heretofore sold to Conrad Queer by deed duly recorded among the land records of Garrett county. Said land is nearly all cleared and under cultivation and owing to its proximity to Mountain Lake Park is now the more valuable, and as said lots compose one entire farm, they will be sold together.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash on the day of sale.

G. S. HAMILL, Attorney

for the Mortgagee named in said Mortgage.

Sheriff's Sale

Of Real Estate and Personal Property.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county at the suit of Jasper Augustine against Edward H. Margroff and Sarah Margroff his wife, the same being No. 28 Judicials to July term, 1897, of said Court, the undersigned Sheriff will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on the

31st DAY OF DECEMBER, 1897,

at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m. of said day, on the premises hereinafter described where the said Edward H. Margroff resides, about three miles north of Accident, Garrett county, all the right, title and interest of the said defendants in and to the following real estate situated in said county, which is known and designated as

Military Lots Nos. 2496, 2497 containing fifty acres of land each, and eight acres of lot No. 2584,

and being the same land that is more particularly described in a deed from Samuel A. Miller to the said Edward H. Margroff, dated the 31st day of March, 1884, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 7, folio 270, one of the Land Records of Garrett County. Also the following personal property:

One Black Mare, one Bay Mare, two Red Cows, one Oliver Chilled Plow, two sets of Work Harness, nine head of Sheep, seven Lambs, two suck Calves, one Spring Tooth Harrow and one Shovel Plow.

Said property will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs, or so much thereof as may be necessary.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN, Sheriff.

ESTATE OF CHRISTIAN F. MILLER, DECEASED.

[illegible] hereby given that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of

CHRISTIAN F. MILLER,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 31st day of May next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under my hand this 30th day of December, 1897.

JOHN P. MILLER,

Garrett county, Md.

3-3t

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Lawson L. Wright vs. His Creditors.

No. 1376 Docket, in the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

On motion this 1st day of October, 1897, for the [illegible] day of December, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m., is assigned as the time at which the petition of L. Wright, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories as to his estate as his creditors, endorsers or sureties may propose or object against him, and that James A. Pedicord, Permanent Receiver of the property of the creditors of the said petitioner shall, prior to the 20th day of December, 1897, give at least forty days' notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order by weekly publication in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland.

DANIEL WILSON,

True copy. Test: L. Z. Tower, Clerk. 31-6

Mortgagee's Sale of a Valuable Real Estate at Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett County, Maryland.....

Under and by the virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from the Horticultural Supply company of Garrett county, to Joseph C. Alderson, dated the 3rd day of August, 1896, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 40, folio 183, etc., one of the Records of Garrett county, and under and by virtue of an assignment from the said Joseph C. Alderson to John Shartzer, I the undersigned assignee, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on

Friday, the 10th day of December, 1897,

at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m., on the premises at Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Md., all the real estate described in said mortgage as follows: Beginning at a stake on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and corner of the land of Mountain Home Company, thence with the land of said company south twenty and a quarter degrees east three hundred and forty-two feet to a stake (342 ft. second course extended and reduced to a thirty foot street, thence along the same south sixty-nine and three-fourths degrees west two hundred and fifty-five feet to a stake 255 ft., thence north twenty and a quarter degrees west three hundred and forty-two feet (342) to a stake at the limits of the B. and O. railroad, thence along said limits north sixty-nine and three-quarter degrees east two hundred and fifty-five (255) feet to the beginning, containing two acres, more or less.

Said lot is improved by a two-story dwelling house and green house fitted up with engine heating apparatus, pipes and fittings, pump, etc., etc. There are also eighteen hundred strawberry plants and six hundred and eighty nine fruit trees growing on said lot. Said greenhouse and fixtures were formerly used by the Horticultural Supply Co.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash on the day of sale or upon ratification thereof. Conveyancing at cost of the purchaser.

JOHN SHARTZER,

Assignee of Joseph C. Alderson.

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THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

THE FIRST SNOW.

Each flake seems a fairy parachute,
From mystic cloudland blown,
And earth is still, and air is mute,
As frosts enchanted zone.

The shrubs bend down—behold the trees
Their tingery boughs stretch out
The blossoms of the sky to seize,
As they veer and drive about.

The woods are black, the hills are white,
And glittering in the sheen,
The lake expands—a sheet of light—
Its willowy banks between.

These fur-robed genii of the Pole
Dance o'er the mountains white,
Chain up the billows as they roll,
And pearl the caves with light!

The sunset comes and eve reveals
Her clear skies to the moon,
And o'er hush'd earth a radiance steals
More bland than that of noon.

—Edward Wilbur Mason, in Good Housekeeping.

HIS LORDSHIP'S THANKSGIVING.

BY CLINTON ROSS.

[Copyright, 1897.]

NOW of Thanksgiving, the day ordained by our forefathers, I have a story to tell—and a rattling good story, too, if you will pardon the slang—a Thanksgiving for which I ever have been giving thanks.

It begins with Kilien — my Cousin Kilien.

Kilien is surely the best-looking girl in the town, and the very best fellow—quite as good at sports as any of the boys. She can make as good a drive as any man I know, or take as high a fence, or swim as far. As for women, she could once outdirt 'em all; she could now if she wanted to; perhaps she does a bit, now and then, but it's not for me to say. We grew up together, cousins by propinquity; her aunt married my uncle; the Danbys and the Westmores have been pseudo-relatives for more than a century. When we began to go out to functions in town, I liked to have Kilien along; she made the rest of the women a bit inferior. But I never fell in love with her—oh, no! I reserved that privilege for other girls. As I say, we both had our affairs; I think I had about a score, and should have had more if my income had permitted, and I hadn't been so busy trying to get on in Bay & Sells' office down in the street. And since Kilien was one of the handsomest, jolliest girls in the town, and one of the richest as well, suitors charged up the hill and fell like the heroes at Balaclava. Some of those fellows I didn't like any too well; but there was none I ever disliked so much as that little Englishman, the earl of Stavers.

When I first saw him after dinner at the Cosmopolitan club, I felt that I was going to dislike him; I knew what he was over here for, in the tow of his mamma, the dowager countess — the restoration of Fenley house, Monmouthshire. And Kilien was obviously the most important of the young women who were to be paraded for the inspection of Lady Stavers' lorgnette—for when I saw the earl, I didn't believe he would have much to say about it. He was just a little stockily built, red-faced, fair-haired chap, with a smile that I was bound to acknowledge was agreeable, and easy good manners, with none of that patronizing manner that marks your second class Britisher.

Nobody at the club noticed him particularly until Teddy Brooks, who had him in tow, had made some introductions; then they crowded about him a bit, for though titles are common enough here in these days, we don't object to being seen with an English nobleman any more than the great Thackeray, who confessed to the desire to promenade Piccadilly with a lord on each arm.

"Eh, Charlie," said Teddy, as proud as a baby with a new rattle, "let me introduce Lord Stavers—Lord Stavers, Mr. Westmore."

"How d'ye do," said Lord Stavers, "jolly fine day."

"How d'ye do," said I; "yes, jolly fine."

"You two probably will meet at the Danbys'. Westmore is always down at their house at Dale," said Teddy.

"Deuced fine girl, Miss Danby," Stavers remarked.

"Yes, I think so," I commented, taking his measure.

But the next morning I was to see his mother the countess down at Dale, and I understood at once that he was the led, not the leader. This old woman was one of the greatest gossips it ever has been my fortune to know. Betty Burton, whom I took in to dinner, whispered to me: "Isn't she awful? Yet I like Lord Stavers."

Stavers had Kilien, of course, and Kilien's eyes were dancing for him. The countess, too, paid my delightful cousin a lot of attention.

"What's the matter, Charlie?" Betty Burton asked. "You seem nervous." Then, seeing where my eyes were, her laughter rippled.

"It's Kilien."

"Oh, you know," I hastened to say, "Kilien is too nice a girl to marry in England."

"I think she can take care of herself," Betty said; and I acknowledged that my cousin usually could. But as I watched them I came to see that Stavers, after all, was a rather attractive fellow. I know he rose in the estimation of Philip Danby; and I know, that because I felt this, I liked him the less.

After dinner we men went out to the stables, and Stavers strengthened his position with Philip Danby by showing his knowledge of a horse's points. I felt tremendously out of it. What was I to Kilien, or Kilien to me, with all the advantages this man had to offer? What was I to Kilien, anyway—just a comrade.

"You are in a muff, Charlie," Kilien said when we came in. "You look as cross as a bear."

"I was never so good-natured in my life," I asserted. "Only I wish Englishmen would stay on their own side."

"We certainly don't," she replied, demurely.

"That's true." Then I added, looking across the room: "Betty Burton and he make a good-looking pair; pity Betty is so poor."

"I understand Lord Stavers wants to marry money—or his mother has so ordained," remarked Kilien, slyly.

"It's you, Kilien."

"For better or for worse," my incorrigible cousin responded, laughing me in the face.

The morning came fair and fresh. There was a tossing of heads, and champing of bits, as the grooms held the horses in restive outline against the bare November branches, the pure cold sky. We had a brisk, hard run, the strong air hit and brightened our faces, and the deep baying of the dogs resounded over the meadow land, now near, now far away.

But of course Stavers had the best mount.

Yes, of course, Stavers had far and away the best one, as the guest of honor; and my little mare, Babette, was plainly out of it. She did her best, but we fell behind; and Kilien and the earl were in at the death.

"Notice 'em," said Betty over my shoulder. She meant notice the two winners, who were talking earnestly together, and looking into each other's eyes. Then Stavers, seeing us, crossed over and complimented Kilien's riding; but that young lady cried out with sparkling eyes: "It was just Clysses!"

I left them, and rode back alone.

"Hello, Charlie," came a voice from the roadside; and there, astride of a fence, was Jack Roche, the clergyman of Dale—a tall, lean, cadaverous fellow, the valedictorian of our time. He has his living from Danby, who built the fine church, the square tower of which stands out against the low horizon as you pass along the Meadowbrook road. "Babette didn't keep up, eh?"

"No, confound it."

"I fancy everything goes the way of Kilien and the earl," smiling quizzically.

"Well, yes," I said; and rode on, rather cut up.

But I was not going to play second fiddle to the Britisher — not I. I dropped back to town, and resumed my work at Bay & Sells'. Even there, I couldn't take up a paper without having what Stavers was doing obtruded on my attention, and seeing his name coupled with Kilien's. Where she went he was; all the little tittle-tattle of the smart set centered about the two. I was urged to dinner by the Danbys, but I stayed away purposely; and Kilien's urgency about visiting Dale went unheeded, until, just before Thanksgiving time, there came from her a positive order, which left me surprised and troubled. A servant came up from Dale with the note, which read—I can repeat it even now word for word:

"Dear Charlie: Jack Roche is in town. I want him down here Thanksgiving, without fail, by seven o'clock. Come yourself; you will be needed. It's a plan I have arranged myself, and it includes opening the church and a wedding that not a soul must know about. As always I trust you implicitly, and of course you won't betray me. You never did, Charlie; you won't begin now. The utmost secrecy must be kept, or else all will be spoiled. Just six persons know, when you and Jack Roche are included. Yours always,

"KILIEN."

What did I do, pray, after this? I went around of a frosty morning to find Roche. My face, I think, was as long as a deacon's.

"You must go down to Dale with me to-morrow."

"To Dale?"

"It's Kilien's order."

"Eh, Charlie," he said, "you are out up about Miss Danby."

"A clergyman, Jack, has some exemptions," I commented, "but I shall swear in a minute."

I didn't tell him then what it was all about. I didn't tell him that Kilien probably wanted to elope with Lord Stavers. Why in the world she wanted to run away when it was all so easy in the ordinary way, was quite beyond me. I couldn't fathom her design. It was only plain that it was she and Stavers.

Well, we took the train at Long Island City that afternoon. As we came in, Curry, one of Philip Danby's grooms, was on hand, with word that his mistress and Miss Betty, and his lordship and Mr. Brooks were outside with the horses. Then Kilien herself rushed in under the light of the station lanterns, looking flushed and happy.

"Your church is all ready, Mr. Roche."

"A wedding, eh?" said the rector.

"A runaway one, Mr. Roche."

"To avoid a big one and all the preparation?" he said, buttoning his coat.

"Exactly," said my cousin, flushing even more; but I wondered why she did all the talking—why Stavers failed to say a word for himself.

"And Mr. Danby—what will he say?" the rector went on.

But Kilien stamped her foot at this, her eyes flashing.

"It's what I say, isn't it, Mr. Roche? If papa scolds, you have only to refer to me."

"Yes," said the rector, looking rather troubled, "of course, Miss Danby."

"Now, you will do it, Mr. Roche"—her voice was pleading.

He looked at her. She made a very spirited picture—a little silver tipped stick in her gloved hand; a revert coat turned up to her ears; her eyes laughing, yet insistent. And he was no older than the rest of us.

"I will risk it, Miss Kilien."

She took both his hands. "You dear Mr. Roche!"

"She has her way with every man," Teddy Brooks was saying, when she turned to me. "You're the soberest, Charlie. But the horses are waiting."

They were all out there, indeed, waiting for us. Lord Stavers and Betty hadn't dismounted, but were talking earnestly. The full moon had burst through a rift in the clouds, and the whitened tree limbs sparkled.

Kilien called back to me: "Well, Charles." Then to Roche: "I want to say something to Charlie Westmore." So Roche pulled back.

"Why have you been so disagreeable lately?" my cousin on Ulysses asked of Babette's rider.

"This, dear Kilien," I said inconsequently, "is quite an extraordinary thing to do."

"I grant you that," she said, "but—"

"I suppose his title and position would attract any girl," I went on, now quite fiercely.

"It might," said Kilien, "it might." And she gave Ulysses a switch that sent him careening.

"Women are strange creatures, utterly unreliable," I went on, bitterly.

"You think so, Charlie?" she said rather coldly.

"I am quite convinced."

"You have flirted with a lot of girls; I'm sure you ought to know," Kilien retorted.

"This Thanksgiving ends one girl with me," I announced.

"Really," she said.

"It's you, Kilien."

"Don't be ridiculous, Charlie."

"That blessed chap," and I pointed to Stavers, "has separated us."

"Do be pleasant. Remember it's Thanksgiving. Teddy is going to give the bride away."

"I must say, Kilien, I don't think much of this way of doing things," I went on.

"It was the only way to avoid talk and scandal."

"Avoid it!" I cried.

"You don't understand," she said, pitifully; "you don't at all. There was Lady Stavers' opposition—"

"Opposed to you!" I cried. "Impossible!"

"You are very complimentary, cousin mine," she said, with another gay turn of laughter; and she dropped me a little courtesy in the moonshine. Then, suddenly, she drew Ulysses nearer Bab's head and extended her hand, so as to pat the mare's neck. "But I am glad to have you interested in me, Charlie—when there are so many other girls."

"Kilien!" I cried; but with a mocking answer, she pulled Ulysses away and fell back to Teddy and Roche. Betty Burton and the earl rode on before, which I thought rather queer under the circumstances. But then, Stavers was to have Kilien all his life, I muttered to myself, with half a mind to upset the whole plot.

At last the little stone church loomed up—a bit of Gothic against the whitened hillside. Kilien whipped up and dismounted before us.

"You know Teddy is Betty's cousin, Mr. Roche."

"Yes, of course."

"He will give her away."

By this time we were in the aisle. I was watching Kilien. Could I understand her rightly?

"Miss Danby is my good angel," said Stavers at last. Betty Burton stood by his side, looking just a bit embarrassed.

"Why, Betty," said I, crossing over, "it's you, then? I thought you hardly knew Lord Stavers."

"We met in Florence last spring," said Betty, demurely.

It's extraordinary what actresses women are. Who would have suspected this little girl of that affair? Ah, Kilien had; Kilien had known. My temper changed in a moment; and now I knew something about my own feelings that I perhaps shouldn't have discovered had it not been for this episode.

My cousin didn't look at me that moment; she kept me at a distance.

"My dear friends, this is a sort of Thanksgiving surprise party; but, since I have persuaded you, let me explain."

"Like the epilogue in the play," said Teddy.

"I hope," said Kilien, accepting the conceit, "that I may prove a good epilogue. These two people met in Florence, you know. Lord Stavers came over here—oh! you blind ones—after Betty Burton. But Lady Stavers doesn't approve, and so Mr. Burton, who is rather proud, wouldn't have it. Now they will have to approve; I have planned it. That's the whole story."

"I feel easier about making my peace with Mr. Danby, now that you have explained it, Miss Kilien," Roche was saying; but I was pulling my cousin aside.

"Yet Betty is so poor," I began, because I didn't dare say something else.

"True; she won't restore Fenley house. But the earl says he doesn't hold money as altogether the most important circumstance in this world."

"I think he is a very good fellow," I acknowledged, looking at him as he stood by the young woman who in a few moments was to become a countess of Stavers and Bilton.

"I thought you didn't," she said.

"You know why?"

"No, I don't; I insist I don't."

"Then I will tell you—in so many words."

"I love you, Kilien," I cried.

"Oh! we have known each other too long."

"This, being Thanksgiving, I propose to make the acquaintance rather more—say—at Christmas."

"Christmas! that's rather sudden."

She looked at me, and into my eyes; the organ began playing.

"They are all watching us, Charlie. Wait—"

"It's now or never," I said, rather angrily.

"Well, well—you are so provokingly persistent. I'll make it Christmas," said my Cousin Kilien.

BELL OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Taken from the Guerriere Just After the Great Battle.

About two years ago Capt. Henry D. Smith, of the United States revenue service, wrote a series of 11 articles entitled "On the Deck of Old Ironsides," which were published in the columns of a weekly journal of this city—the Boston "True Flag." The articles were very interesting and embodied every incident known to have occurred to this famous old fighting frigate. One of the incidents is headed: "How the Frigate Lost and Gained a Bell."

During the memorable battle between the Constitution and Guerriere a shot from the British ship carried away the bell of Old Ironsides. As the Guerriere was rolling in the trough of the sea, her masts shot away, her bell tolled responsively to the movements of the shattered craft. The tones were remarkably clear and melodious, and attracted the attention of a midshipman on the forecastle of the Constitution, who had been ordered to hold himself in readiness to go on board the Guerriere and superintend the transfer of the prisoners. Bearing the fact in mind that Old Ironsides no longer had a bell with which to mark the time, he resolved to transfer the sweet-sounding bell of the captured craft to the deck of the victor.

The bell of the Guerriere was transferred to the deck of the Constitution by the enterprising young gentleman, and did good service for many years. This bell must have had a long history before it found its way into the British navy, and just how it came to perform duty on a man-of-war is not so plain. It may be that the bell was on board the Guerriere when she was captured from the French in 1806 by the Blanche, an English frigate of 38 guns. No one was killed on board the Blanche, and but one officer and three men wounded, while the Guerriere had 22 men killed and 30 wounded.

During one of the many overhaulings experienced by Old Ironsides, the bell, together with other valuable trophies, was removed, became misplaced and forgotten. In this way the silver-toned bell lost its identity, was sold at auction and passed into the possession of a gentleman who placed it in a factory near the village of Saylesville, R. I., where it is now. We echo the words of the author of the interesting account when he says: "If the venerable relic could be recovered by the government and placed in position on the deck of Old Ironsides it would be fulfilling a mission certainly more appropriate with its past record and in keeping with a spirit of sentiment that should jealously guard and preserve trophies of a grand old type of fighting vessels that have forever passed away."

Around this bell, about four inches from the crown, is the following inscription: "Peter Seest, Amsterdam, anno 1263, me fecit." The figures carved thereon indicate that the bell was long used on a convent in England, and was sequestered during the reformation, or it may have done duty on some continental house of worship, and thus have found its way on the deck of the Guerriere before her capture from the French.—Boston Transcript.

UTE WAR TEN YEARS AGO.

A Battle That Cost the Government $80,314.72.

The last attempt to forcibly convince the Utes of the majesty of the Colorado law cost just $80,314.72, when all the bills were allowed, exclusive of interest, which has since piled up to quite a fortune within itself. Two whites were killed and four wounded. This happened in August, 1887, when all the White River valley was included in Garfield county.

Under their treaty the Utes could occupy the unsettled part of their old reservation, not only for hunting ground, but to pasture their herds of ponies, goats and cattle. This privilege they used to the utmost, and they became very undesirable neighbors for the whites, who were just occupying the country themselves.

A young Ute buck gambling for ponies designated as a stake a horse belonging to a white man. He lost, and when the winner went to take the pony and found that it was not his a warrant was sworn out for the Ute on a charge of horse stealing. Arrest was resisted, the Utes scuttled into the hills and the sheriff's posse was swelled by every man in the country that could carry a gun.

The Utes knew every inch of the hills, and the whites knew only the valley trails. No one knew where the Utes were and terror seized the whole region, every ranchman feeling that a band of hostiles might sweep down upon him at any moment.

Urgent appeals were sent to Gov. Alva Adams, who is governor now, showing such a condition of affairs that the whole state militia force was sent into the field. United States troops were sent from Fort Duchesne, too.

The military found the Indians at the mouth of Miller creek, but while complicated military strategy was in progress the Utes stole away. Next day scouts found them at the forks of White river, where Buford post office is now. There was a lively running fight, in which the only casualties of the "war" occurred, as before enumerated.

Then the Utes, minus from seven to twenty of their men—no one knows how many—abandoned their flocks and raced back to Utah. The settlers took in the ponies and cattle, the goats were left to the mountain lions, and the Utes abandoned the idea of anything more than brief and fugitive visits to Colorado. Colorow, after craving permission of the whites, paid a last regretful visit to the White River valley and then died in his lodge in Utah. Since then the Utes, though bad-tempered enough, have had no leader whose name bore any terror to white ears and so have avoided any collisions, sneaking in and out by unfrequented ways.—Denver Republican.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—It is estimated that every square mile of the sea contains 120,000,000 fishes.

—John M. Pendiman has been for 50 years a member of the Boston police force. His age is 75.

—A school for the training of young colored men in agricultural pursuits is about to be established in Tuskeegee, Ala.

—Rice wine has been in use in Japan for over 2,000 years. Next to grape wine, it is the oldest alcoholic beverage known.

—Four hundred years ago only seven metals were known. Now there are 51, 30 of which have been discovered within the present century.

—Blind fishes, two inches long, similar to those found in the Mammoth cave, have been taken from a well belonging to Mrs. Jennie Bristen, at Russellville, Ky.

—Germany has $30,000,000 in gold coin packed away in 1,000 iron chests in the fortress of Spandaun. This is intended for use as an emergency fund in case of war.

—Every soldier in the French army who can play upon a musical instrument will hereafter be supplied with one at the expense of the state, provided it is not a harp or a piano.

—In some parts of China the young women wear their hair in a long single plait, with which is intertwined a bright scarlet thread. This style of ornamentation denotes that the young lady is marriageable.

—Ten well-dressed young men have been parading the streets of Paris as advertising agents of a concert saloon. They had their smoothly shaven chins ornamented with the name of the concert saloon, painted in blue letters.

—A church in Hoylake, England, has over its arched doorway, cut in stone, these words: "This is the gate of Heaven." A written notice underneath, placed there recently, contains this advice: "Go around the other way."

—An ingenious curtain pole has been devised. It is hollow, with a slot running lengthwise on the under side. From this slot depend the rings, mounted on balls, which roll inside the pole when it is desired to open or close the curtains.

TABLE MANNERS.

Wail of the Man Who Carves for a Large Family.

A "Veteran" writes to complain of table manners in these latter days, incidentally protesting against the hard lot of the father who has to carve for a large family.

"In the old way we are taught to wait until the carving and helping was done before beginning to dispose of the food, out of respect to the carver, and so that he might have a chance to get something to eat and not come out behind all others at the table, but modern 'table manners' seem to have changed all that, and if the carver gets anything to eat he is lucky. Modern table manners also do not appear to regard it any way inappropriate to have a newspaper at hand to occupy the time at table. The old way was to occupy the time in lively conversation and reading a paper or book was disrespectful. In modern table manners there seems no incivility in lighting a cigarette at the table or in adjourning to the hall to smoke one while the table is being cleared for dessert. There are many other innovations in modern table manners which might be noted, but I think many of the old ways best."

The Listenere gives the old grumbler cold comfort. "It is a queer father of a family who expects to carve and get anything to eat. The size of the roast may be simply prodigious, but, even if the young people at the table who were first served do not come around for a second helping by the time the last person is served the first time the roast will probably by that time have gone into the shapeless and refractory condition peculiar to roasts, and will incline the carver to content himself with a little bread and gravy—or at least to take the edges off the pangs of hunger with something of that sort, while he is organizing a second assault on the roast for the benefit of the others."—Boston Transcript.

How to Handle the Family Wash.

The laundry work, one of the most important of our domestic tasks, is, as a rule, left entirely to the management of untrained household servants. And being untrained, they naturally select the most difficult way of doing what, under proper conditions, should be easy work. The person responsible for the family wash should really understand a certain amount of chemistry, in order to preserve the coloring in different fabrics, and to understand how to remove stains and various spots. To prevent the flannels from shrinkage she should know the condition and character of the fiber of wool, and the difference between that and the fiber of cotton. If the coloring matter in a colored garment is acid an alkaline soup will dissolve or neutralize it, and the garment will come from the wash entirely faded. The average housewife returns to the laundry all articles improperly laundered, but she fails to pin to each article a little suggestion of how they may be made better, with the result that the articles are returned again the next week in exactly the same unsatisfactory condition.—Ladies' Home Journal.

His Philosophy.

"And so, Pat, you think Dennis had the wrong side of the argument? But what reason have you to be so sure of this?"

"Faith, he hadn't another worrud to say after Oi hit him wid me first brick."—Cleveland Leader.

Its Meaning.

Little Elmer—Pa, what does "requiescat in pace" mean?

Prof. Broadhead—"Please stay dead" is near enough.—Puck.

Reputations Made In a Day

Are precious scarce. Time tries the worth of a man or medicine. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a forty-five years' growth, and like those hardy lichens that garnish the crevices of Alaska's rocks, it flourishes perennially, and its reputation has as firm a base as the rocks themselves. No medicine is more highly regarded as a remedy for fever and ague, bilious remittent, constipation, liver and kidney disorders, nervousness and rheumatism.

Not a Diplomat.

"You never tell me that I look young and sweet any more," pouted Mrs. Lovelace.

"No," her brute of a husband replied, "I seem of late to have lost my powers of imagination almost completely."—Cleveland Leader.

Trains to the South Resumed.

Information comes from the passenger department of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad company that all their trains have been resumed and schedules restored. These include a double daily solid train service from Cincinnati, Chicago, Louisville, Evanston and St. Louis to Nashville, Memphis, Birmingham, Montgomery, Mobile, Pensacola and New Orleans. Also a double daily service of Pullman Buffet Sleeping cars from the Northern cities to Jacksonville, Florida.

May Have Meant That.

"He told me to get off the earth. What do you suppose he meant?"

"He seemed to think that you needed a bath, evidently."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 1-4 the price of coffee. 15c. and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Why?

Patron—Why do they call it impressionist art, anyway?

Artist—Oh, because the fellows who do it labor under the impression that it is art, I suppose.—Somerville Journal.

It Makes Cold Feet Warm.

Shake into your under shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It gives rest and comfort, prevents that smarting sensation and keeps your feet from perspiring. Allen's Foot-Ease makes cold feet warm. After your feet perspire they usually feel cold at this season. Ask your druggist or shoe dealer to-day for a 25c box of Allen's Foot-Ease and use it at once. Sample sent Free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A Good Bed.

Hostess—I hope you found the bed comfortable, Mr. Jenkins?

Jenkins—Excellent, madam! I nearly fell asleep in it.—Chicago Tribune.

None So Good as Star Tobacco.

The consumption of Star plug tobacco is the largest in the world. No other tobacco is so good as Star plug in all respects.

In giving thanks for your blessings, don't forget the criticisms you have received.—N. Y. Independent.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The young gentleman who seeks a situation isn't as likely to succeed as the young man who bustles for a job.—Chicago News.

Not yourself? Use St. Jacobs Oil for Soreness and stiffness. It will cure.

Great Distress

A Combination of Troubles Caused Much Suffering.

BIRD ISLAND, MINN.—"I was troubled with my stomach. Nearly everything I ate would sour and I would belch it up. At times my stomach gave me great distress. My back was lame on account of kidney difficulty. I bought six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla; when I had taken four bottles I was cured." NORMAN HICKOK.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are the favorite cathartic. 25c.

THE

ENTERPRISE

Meat Chopper

makes sausage, scrapple and hogs-head cheese quickly and thriftily—saves you as much in one busy week as it costs. Chops meats, vegetables, fish. Steadily perfected for 15 years.

For sale by all dealers. Small family size, No. 5, $2. Chops one pound a minute. Large family size, No. 10, $3. Chops two pounds a minute. Send 4c. in stamps for the "Enterprising Housekeeper"—200 recipes.

THE ENTERPRISE MFG. CO. of PA., Phila.

If you ever want to sell or exchange your Organ, remember it will be twice as valuable if the name on the front is

ESTEY

Write for Illustrated Catalogue with prices, to Estey Organ Company, Brattleboro, Vt.

FITS STOPPED FREE. PERMANENTLY CURED Insanity Prevented by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER

Positive cure for all Nervous Diseases, Fits, Epilepsy, Spasms and St. Vitus' Dance. No Fits or Nervousness after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, who pay express charges only when received. Send to DR. KLINE, Ltd., Bellevue Institute of Medicine, 931 Arch Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

A. N. K.—C 1685

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

TEMPERANCE.

WANTED—A MILLION BOYS.

Wanted—a million boys. Say, boys, do you hear?
Wanted—a million boys—all good boys, that is clear.
An army of teetot'lers, a million strong, or more,
Are going to fight King Bacchus and close the saloon door.

Wanted—a million brave, true boys, with courage to say "No!"
To all kinds of temptation, to every wily foe
That seeks to lure them on to drink the soul-destroying rum,
Which flaunts its fiery signal and says unto them: "Come."

Wanted—a million honest boys, of every size and age,
To help blot out the record, the dark, polluted page,
Which bears the impress of the laws that legalize the trade
By which ten million boys are spoiled—ten million drunkards made.

Wanted—a million hearty lads. What's wanted with them now?
To win good health, the truest wealth, to plant, and sow, and plow;

TO TAKE SOME COMRADE BY THE HAND.

To drink at health's pure fountain, that ripples down the hill,
And say their nay to every way which leads them to do ill.

To take some comrade by the hand and help him on the way;
Lead him to shun the vile saloon, the great curse of the day.
To leave the road the drunkard goes and swear allegiance ever
To temperance, to fight its f...s and drink to ruin never.

Come, boys, and pledge right heartily your lives and honor true,
That you will never drink strong drink, whatever others do.
A million boys stand pledged to-day their hearty aid to give,
To help the cause of temperance and help the poor to live.
Ten million women join with them and lift their hearts in prayer
That these same boys, and millions more, may 'scape the saloon's snare.

—Elizabeth M. Applebury, In Religious World.

LIQUOR FOR TRAVELERS.

Dr. Sunderland's Experience an Argument for Total Abstinence.

Rev. J. T. Sunderland, of Ann Arbor, Mich., in a recent trip through Europe, Asia and Africa, conceived the idea of testing the statement so often made, that because the water in the cities of these countries is impure, the traveler must use wine or alcohol in some form as a protection against disease. The following interesting statement of his experiences is printed in the Temperance Record, of London:

"In England there was no occasion to take to the use of wine or beer for fear of the water, for everyone agrees that the water supply of England generally is quite as pure and as safe as our own. The pressure to make the change really began when I reached the continent. Here nearly everybody took wine or some other kind of intoxicant or semi-intoxicant. Should I follow the general custom? Yes, if health conditions required, not otherwise. I confess to some surprise in finding that continental cities, as a rule, are supplied with quite as good water as English cities, and certainly as good as American cities. So I found no occasion to avoid the water of Germany, France or Switzerland.

"Going to Italy, I had more fear; but it was soon in a measure allayed. I found that every Italian city of importance had its water supply carefully guarded, and usually brought from some far-away clear, bright lake or mountain-born stream. Why, then, should I have apprehension as to its safety?

In Greece the situation is essentially the same as in Italy. In Athens and the larger towns there seems to be no good ground for avoiding the water.

"When I reached Egypt, I found reasons for much increased caution, partly because there was some cholera in the land. Yet in most of the places to which the traveler is likely to go, even in Egypt, the water is good. The Nile, from which Egypt gets its water for all purposes, is one of the purest and most wholesome sources of water supply in the world. What danger there is comes from local pollution. Water taken from close to the shore of the Nile as it flows past a village or city may not be pure; and of course water taken from any of the canals is to be distrusted, so that one should be on his guard. On the long trip up the Nile by boat, however, one may feel absolutely at ease. During the two weeks that I was on the river, drawing out water supply as we did directly from the great stream, and generally far out from the shore, I felt confident that there was no danger, even in a cholera season. We were drinking water which was probably as pure as any to be found at home.

"It was in Palestine that I found most difficulty, though even here the difficulty was less than I had been led to expect. There was need of constant care; but with care we were able to obtain good water in abundance nearly everywhere.

"I had much apprehension regarding the water of India. But here, too, I found things better than I expected. The water supply of nearly all the Indian cities of any considerable size and importance is excellent. The British government has attended to this matter; so that it is only in the smaller towns and the places remote from British settlements that the traveler need have any fear. There he must be on his guard.

"What, then, did I find it necessary to do to make sure that my health should not suffer? Disuse the use of water as a drink? In only a few places. Generally I could drink the water as freely as at home. Where I found any cause at all for distrust, my rule was to use the water only after it had been boiled. Throughout Egypt, Palestine and India one can get oranges of the finest quality in great abundance. I ate these freely everywhere; and the juice of these did much to supply the place of drink. For emergencies I generally carried with me a small supply of some bottled water, easily obtainable in all oriental cities of importance.

"Thus, though I always kept myself ready to resort to wine or beer, or some other liquid, if there seemed to be any real need for it, the need never came. I passed through my year of travel—one-half of it in India, Egypt and Palestine—without tasting a drop of liquor, or finding myself in any place where, in my best judgment, there was the slightest necessity for so doing. The same was true with my wife. She made the same journeys that I did, except that she did not go to India, and she found no more use for liquor than I. In our travels in Italy and Greece and other countries of Europe we were accompanied also by our son and two daughters. And none of them tasted any kind of liquor during their journeyings.

"What was the result? Were we ill? Did we find ourselves with digestion impaired from time to time by bad water, or by changes of water? Did we endure our journeys less well? or were we sick oftener than our fellow travelers who discarded water and used alcoholic drinks, or who, when they did use water, mixed more or less liquor with it to make it 'safe,' as they said? The answer is very easy to give. We went through all our travels without a day's serious illness on the part of any of us. I went through mine, including my three months in India, without the loss of a meal, or any disturbance of digestion requiring even the slightest medicine. On the other hand, our traveling companions who made free use of liquor were almost constantly complaining, and in a number of cases were seriously ill.

"During our trip on horseback through Palestine, where the strain was more severe, and our water supply the poorest, the three or four total abstainers in our party of 19 got along far better than the others. Of those who took a little wine or whisky or brandy each day or each meal to keep them well or to make the water safe, nearly everyone was attacked with a persistent, and in a number of cases a severe, bowel trouble. Of the abstainers, only one was troubled at all, and that one only very slightly.

"Another Palestine party of which I learned had a similar experience to our own, only still more marked. Before starting on the 'long route' from Jerusalem to Damascus, about three-fourths of the party allowed themselves to be persuaded to lay in a stock of wine for the journey. The rest determined to stick to their total abstinence principles. What was the result? The abstainers went through without difficulty, while every one of the wine drinkers was sick on the way, and two or three of them broke down entirely, and had to go back to Jerusalem. One of the party said: 'They talk about the water being different in different places; but I tell you the wine is much more different than the water;' and after a thorough trial of drinking wine instead of water, he smashed his bottles in disgust, and then was able to keep well, as he had not been before."

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

When men tipple their business soon topples.—National Temperance Advocate.

Beer is the most besotting drink of mankind. It produces the lowest class of criminals.—Scientific American.

Few things could be more pernicious for boys, growing youths and persons of unformed constitutions than the use of tobacco in any of its forms.—The Organ of the Tobacco Trade.

If a doctor prescribes alcoholic liquors, you ask, what are you to do? Say as a lady said when a doctor prescribed a bottle of porter to be taken at dinner: "I thought I needed a doctor; I find I need only a liquor dealer."—National Temperance Advocate.

I do not think there is a poison which is in use in this country, or of the habitual use of which we have record in oriental countries, whose legitimate effect upon the nervous system is to induce moral obliquity more decidedly than does tobacco.—J. C. Jackson, M. D.

Cirrhosis of the liver is not so infrequent in little children as you may suppose. We generally find cirrhosis is due to alcohol. Cirrhosis of the liver is commonly spoken of as gin-driker's liver; and it has been established that a number of cases, even in children, were due to alcoholism.—Jacobi.

Chemical experiments have demonstrated that the action of alcohol on the digestive fluid is to destroy its active principle, the pepsin, thus confirming the observations of physiologists that its use gives rise to the most serious disorders of the stomach and the most malignant aberrations of the entire economy.—Prof. E. C. Youmans, of New York.

What the Maine Law Has Done.

"Has the Maine law suppressed the drinking houses and tippling shops?" No more than the statutes have stopped house breaking or arson in any state. But it has outlawed such places and driven them into cellars and dark corners and take the seal of state sanction from off the business.—Detroit Free Press.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A captive bee striving to escape has been made to record as many as 15,540 wing strokes per minute in a recent test.

—Of the children born alive one-fourth die before 11 months, one-third before the 23d month, half before their eighth year, two-thirds of mankind before their 51st year, and of about 12,000 only one survives a whole century.

—A procession of icebergs sent against the surface of the sun would melt at the rate of 300,000,000 cubic miles of solid ice a second, and its heat is estimated to produce a force of about 10,000 horse-power to every square foot of its surface.

—There are, according to an eminent archæologist, no less than from 120 to 130 absolutely distinct languages in North and South America. As the growth of language is very slow, he thinks the fact of the existence of so great a variety of speech on the western continents proves that the native red men have inhabited them for many thousands of years.

—M. Forel, in his excellent work on ants, has pointed out that very young ants devote themselves at first to the care of the larvæ and pupæ, and that they take no share in the defense of the nest or other out-of-door work until they are some days old. This seems natural, because their first skin is comparatively soft; and it would not be well for them to undertake rough work or run into danger until their armor had had time to harden.

—Mr. Frank W. Very, of the Ladd Observatory, Providence, R. I., has made some curious observations on the flight of migrating birds seen at night crossing the face of the moon. He watched them with telescope of four inches aperture, magnifying 40 times. The observations were made in the latter part of September. The great majority of the birds moved from north to south, and traveled in little companies. Their average speed, as calculated by Mr. Very, was 67 miles an hour, although some appeared to travel at the rate of more than 100 miles an hour.

GUNNERY PRACTICE.

Perils That Outsiders Know Little About.

An officer of the United States navy relates the following as illustrating some of the perils of gunnery at sea:

"I came very near going up into the air in small bits on this last squadron cruise. We were at heavy gun practice at sea, and but for the quickness of a gunner's mate would have never returned. As you probably know, the heavy guns in the turrets are fired by electricity, the gun being discharged simply by pressing a button. The officer in command of the forward turret on our ship during rapid-fire practice was just about to press the button to fire one of our big guns when a gunner's mate was seen to grab at something on the wall of the turret and then fall in a heap on the floor. The officer pressed the button, but the gun was not discharged. When the mate came to he was asked what had happened, and he informed the officer that the breech of the gun had not been locked, and that what he grabbed at on the wall was the wires forming the electric firing circuit. When he saw that the officer was preparing to fire the gun, and at the same time observed that the breech of the gun was not locked, the only thing that occurred to him to prevent the gun being discharged was to destroy the circuit, which he did promptly and effectively. When all this occurred there was a charge of 250 pounds of powder in the gun, another charge of the same size in the turret ready to be served, and the passageway leading to the powder magazine was wide open. But for the quickness of the gunner's mate the gun would have been blown out inside the turret, the gases from the burning powder would probably have ignited the charge lying in the turret, this explosion would have ignited the powder in the magazine, and the chances are that the whole ship, crew and all, would have gone up in the air. A thought that has occurred to me is this: Suppose the accident had occurred, what do you imagine the verdict of a board of inquiry as to the cause of the loss of the ship would have been? Since his experience the department has adopted electrical means to prevent the discharge of any of the large guns until the breech is locked."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Hold On a Minute.

"I can tell you of a little trick in the use of the telephone which may come in useful," said the man who tends to the "hellos" on the city telephone. "That is, when using the 'phone do not hang up the receiver the moment you hear good-by, but wait for a moment to hear whether your correspondent has something further to say or not. I will wager that fully one-quarter, or perhaps one-third, of our calls are by people who have forgotten something they wanted to say, called off and then remembered it. Just hold on to your 'phone for a moment and see how often you will be greeted with a chorus of 'Hold on a minute,' 'Say,' and then 'Central, just give me So-and-So again.'"—Philadelphia Call.

Carried by Birds.

Dr. Howard, the new secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, writing of the manner in which seeds are carried to great distances by birds, recited an experiment of Darwin which had a curious result. Adhering to the leg of a wounded partridge Darwin found a ball of earth weighing 6½ ounces. From the seeds contained in this ball he raised 32 plants belonging to five distinct species.—Youth's Companion.

A Curious Fact.

It is an inexplicable fact that men buried in an avalanche of snow hear distinctly every word uttered by those who are seeking for them, while their most strenuous shouts fail to penetrate even a few feet of the snow.—Detroit Free Press.

THE CYCLONE'S PATH.

A Scene of Beauty and Peace Changed Into One of Destruction.

As you stand here on this hill and look down into the valley, your eyes never rested on a more peaceful scene. It is five miles down to where you see the shimmer of the waters of the lake under this afternoon sun. It is a mile from this hill across to the sides of the wooded mountain.

How quiet everything is! The smoke curls lazily up from half a dozen farmhouse chimneys; you see cattle and horses grazing in the fields; now and then you catch sight of a farmer moving about. Down there in that grove is a school house, and a dozen or more children have just been called in from recess. Heaven never created a more perfect June day. It would be hard to find in all the world a more beautiful spot. Every tree in that valley is in full bloom. There is just a faint stir of air now and then, and it brings up to us the odor of flowers and blossoms.

What's that? We face down the valley with a start of surprise. No one has shouted. No one is near. There was no sound. And yet there was something to alarm. The blue bird has ceased her song, the chirping of the cricket beside the great rock is heard no more. You can almost feel something like a shudder in these trees, up which the wild grape vines are climbing in such profusion. There is no change down in the valley. No shadow of danger has crept into the open door of the schoolhouse to give warning.

Down beyond the lake a cloud suddenly appears in the blue afternoon sky. It seems at first as if one of the tree tops had suddenly been thrust upward, but it rapidly enlarges. Once before you saw a similar cloud, and the recollection makes you chill. Its center is a blue-black; its edges are frayed and ragged and tangled. As you gaze at it, your breath coming faster and your pulses throbbing, it seems as if a giant hand, holding a giant pen, was thrust forward to write the word "Death!" in letters of fire across the face of the cloud.

You look down into the valley and cry out, but it is in vain. Your voice is lost before it reaches the fields and farmhouses. Old men sleep on; young men whistle as they work. With that blue sky overhead, and that glad sunshine bathing the earth, even the boom of a great cannon would not startle man or beast.

It is coming! Scarcely a minute has passed since you saw the cloud. It seemed hanging like a balloon in a still sky at first. Now it is moving—whirling about like a great wheel—advancing up the valley! There is a distant moaning—nearer—nearer—and now Death himself bounds over the tree tops hiding the lake and strikes into the valley with a mad shriek to sound the alarm.

A cannon ball could scarcely have kept pace with it. And now you look down into the valley again. It is still a valley, shut in by the rugged ranges which have defied the wrath of Heaven for centuries, but what of the houses, trees—those who slept and those who worked? Wreck—ruin—death; there are a few wounded, there are many dead. Not a house, tree or fence is left standing. Even the headboards marking the graves in the little cemetery have been rent and riven and carried afar.

The plague of fire or sword would have wrought less destruction. The wrath of the cyclone is the wrath of the Creator.—Detroit Free Press.

VERY SHORT ON RIBBON.

What Two Husbands Who Went Shopping Recently Found Out.

A man stood in the middle of an aisle in a Broadway dry goods store one day recently. He looked disconsolate. At a nearby counter his wife was making purchases. Suddenly the man's face lighted up and he took a step forward and extended his hand to another man who appeared around a counter.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, "has your wife brought you to this, too?"

"Yes," said the other man. I told her she could have a new dress, and nothing would do but I must come and pick out all the material. She's done all the selecting so far, and the only time I made an objection I got sat down on."

"Say," said the first man, assuming a confidential air, "you've been married five years and I've been married only one. Now, just tell me if anything like this ever happened to you. My wife wanted a dress, a kind of potato sack stuff, which is transparent enough to make it worth while to put expensive silk under it. She bought all the material and a lot of ribbons. Then she hired a dressmaker and for two days they've been at it. This morning my wife said to me: 'You must come down to the store with me this morning. We underestimated a little on my dress and must get some more ribbon.' I came, and the first thing she did was to buy 80 yards of black, white and green ribbon. It took my breadth away. When I recovered, I said: 'Did you underestimate that much?' 'Oh, that's not all,' she said. 'We must get 12 yards more of taffeta,' that's silk, you know. Well, I got into an argument with her, maintaining that it was impossible for anybody to underestimate 80 yards on ribbon, let alone the other things. She won't speak to me now. She just gave me a look, and said: 'Oh, you needn't pay for it; mother will.' Now, isn't it absurd for anybody to say that she underestimated 80 yards of ribbon?"

"It does seem foolish," said the other man, "but for heaven's sake when the dress is done don't say you can't imagine where all the ribbon is. You can bet it's all there."—N. Y. Sun.

Accounted For.

Precise Person—Dear me! What can be the matter with the gentleman? Is he suffering from rubies?

Practical Person—No; babies. His wife has just presented him with triplets.—Somerville Journal.

POWER OF THE PRESIDENT.

Use of the Authority of the Executive of the United States.

Judge Simeon E. Baldwin, of the supreme court of Connecticut, writes as follows in an article on "Absolute Power:"

"Down to 1868 each state had said for herself: 'My people shall be free from arbitrary arrests; their liberty and prosperity shall be secure; their rights equal; the law impartially administered; the stranger within my gates protected from wrong as fully as my own sons.' Now came back for a brief moment to the scene of action the people to the United States to say, by the fourteenth amendment, that thenceforth every man should have their guarantee that the state would not recede from these obligations, but they should forever and forever be the foundation stones of American institutions.

"Was the great change a welcome one to every state? You well know that it was not. Only absolute power, the absolute power of a three-fourths vote under a written constitution—the absolute power of a congress with the right in each of its houses to determine on the qualifications of its own members and the admission of members from any recalcitrant state, with the right to pack the jury even by admitting to statehood a row of mining camps on barren mountains, and giving to Nevada an equal vote with Virginia or Massachusetts—this is what forced the fourteenth, if not the thirteenth, amendment into organic law.

"But there it is. It was a slight matter that it hastened the day of negro suffrage and paved the way for the fifteenth amendment, passed two years later. Whenever and wherever the American negro has education enough to enable him to cast an intelligent vote he will cast that vote, and he ought to cast it. And whenever and wherever he has not such education he ought not to vote, and, in the long run, he will not vote. Mississippi and South Carolina have put themselves upon solid ground in saying that education must be a condition of suffrage. It is no new doctrine. In the north there is more than one state in which such has been the law for nearly half a century.

"The great change wrought by the fourteenth amendment has been to concede and perpetuate to the United States vast and far-reaching national powers; to unify and centralize its government, for good or ill.

"If absolute power has risen up in the United States, and for the United States, during this century, to a height our fathers never contemplated, it is because we have departed from our Anglo-Saxon inheritance of individualism, because the people demand more of their government and have given it more.

"When Coleridge declared that

"'We receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does nature live,'

he spoke what is, above all things, true of free institutions. For each of them the individual citizen has parted with something. They are the great result of a common contribution, and whatever they give back we who receive have paid for, are paying for, whether we recognize it or not.

"It was collectivism that wrote the fourteenth amendment, collectivism that ratified it, collectivism that enforces it. Does it protect individual rights, as in no land under the broad heaven they were ever, in any age, protected before? Yes, but only by the sacrifice of other rights of individualism, only by extension of the sovereignty of the union, at the cost of the sovereignty of the state, only by giving to the courts new authority to control legislatures, and congress new power to control the citizen; only by giving to the president new laws to execute, of such a kind as put him forward into fields before unoccupied.

"In the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson, one of the managers of the prosecution described the president as nothing but 'the constable of congress.' Had that impeachment been successful, the contemptuous taunt might have seemed simple truth. It was not successful, because all honest men, not blinded by party passion, felt that the president held great constitutional functions, which made him, in his sphere, little short of the dictator of the republic.

"I am glad that we have so great an officer. The foe that threatens American institutions to-day is not absolutism, but anarchy; not the tyranny of a man, but the tyrannny of the mob. To meet it we need the strong hand of power. If we were not a nation before the civil war, we have been since. A nation must have a head. I have no fear that the president of the United States, absolute as he is, within his sphere, will ever act the part of Cæsar. The foundations of American liberty are laid too deep. The checks of the constitution, backed by the sentiment of a free and intelligent people, are ample for any strain.

"Proudly and safely rides the ship of state into the opening harbor of the twentieth century; prouder and safer because one hand, and one hand only, is on the wheel."—Yale Law Journal.

Corned Beef Croquettes.

Two cupfuls of mashed potatoes, one cupful of canned corned beef, one onion, one egg. Mince the beef and onion very fine, mix thoroughly with the other ingredients and pepper and salt, mold in flat cakes, dip in flour and fry brown in hot lard.—Ladies' World.

Washing Flatirons.

Wash flatirons occasionally with warm water, to every two quarts of which has been added half a tablespoonful of melted lard. Wipe thoroughly, and set in a warm place till perfectly free from moisture.—Chicago Chronicle.

An Important Question.

Author—I love you with my whole heart and can never love any other. Will you be mine?

Lady Typewriter—Are you still dictating?—Pick-Me-Up.

NEWEST OF THE COIFFURES.

Dressing the Hair Is Now a Matter of Individual Taste—Pretty Styles.

To look as pretty going as coming seems to be the general feminine ambition this winter, and the determination is noticed particularly in the arrangement of the hair. As much, if not more, attention is now paid to line about the nape of the neck as to outline of the hair on forehead and temples.

The contour of the head is given serious study, and all that tends to good balance and graceful pose is accepted, while what is unbecoming is rejected with a promptitude that seems to foretell the emancipation of individual taste from the dialectics of tyrannical fashion. To be beautiful is the present delightful mode, regardless of the how—and, if not beautiful, at least charming.

There is no set style of coiffure this season, happily for all. But an idea of suitability has asserted itself, and a variety of styles, pretty and correct, for various occasions are recognized.

No one of good taste thinks, for instance, of dressing her hair high on her head and putting it out with ribbons and feathers for the theater. The best dressed women, with the consideration characteristic of good breeding, arrange the headdress so as not to interfere in the least with the view of those behind her. However, low, flat ornaments are coming into fashion for theater wear, and the uncovered or simply ornamented head has led our women a step nearer to the ideal theater audience; that is, the one which, like the English audience, appears with exquisite formality in full dress.

The odd waists and skirts that have served so many women longer than they should are becoming monotonous. Bodices are now made to match the skirts and are cut slightly low-necked. More care is taken of the toilet generally. The attention paid to the dressing of the hair is attested to by the increased sale in triple looking-glass. Hardly any modish woman is now without one, and indeed it is almost impossible to dress the hair perfectly from all points of view without the aid of this multiplied reflection.

White tulle twisted over wire into low spider bows is pretty but difficult of arrangement. Colored velvet ribbon rosettes make very striking hair ornaments; they are charming with jeweled centers all but concealed by the bows. Aigrettes, if worn at all, are fine enough not to be annoying. A perfectly bewitching one is made of almost invisible silver wire and glistening with little diamond drops.

The headdress adopted by Mrs. Brown-Potter in the play of "Francillon," now being presented in London, is really fascinating and would be appropriate as a theater coiffure for society women. It is easily managed: the hair, after being parted on one side, is puffed exaggeratedly over the right ear and very little over the left. It is then decorated on the left side with a huge bunch of violets, saucily fastened in upside down. (A yellow chrysanthemum or bunch of scarlet poppies would be irresistible so arranged in raven black hair.) The back of the hair is dressed either in flat coils or English bun. A "round comb" set with diamonds spans the top of the head, another diamond-set slide comb catches up the wayward scold locks, and a smaller comb, also aglitter with the precious gems, gleams from among the stems of the flowers. The effect is bewitching. Young girls will wear flowers, but no jewelry, in their hair, the prettiest coiffure for debutantes being small bunchrs of snowdrops or lilies of the valley, with loose bands of satin baby ribbon connecting them. Exquisite coronets are of crush roses, forget-me-nots, daisies or violets. The flowers used in the coiffure are artificial, but so perfect that they are almost works of art.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Life's Compulsion.

Some people complain of the compulsion that life lays upon them; yet perhaps, were it not for this, our losses would be far more serious. The discipline which obliges us to work, which forces us to make certain sacrifices, which compels a particular line of conduct, may often prove our best friend in saving our various powers from the atrophy which disuse must bring upon them. Instead of complaining of our losses, then, it would be better to summon energy and courage to prevent them. Especially our mental and spiritual possessions, the most valuable of all, need never be lost if we but cherish and nourish them by constant and vigorous exercise. "The tiretly shines only when on the wing. So it is with the mind; when once we rest, we darken."—Leisure Hours.

Neck Cutlets.

Saw off the breast from a neck of lamb and cook it gently in stock till the bones will come out easily, and then remove them and press the meat between two plates till cold. When cold cut off any superfluous fat, cut the meat into cutlet shapes, egg and breadcrumb them twice. Cut the neck into neat cutlets, egg and breadcrumb also. Fry the neck cutlets in clarified butter, in a pan, and fry the breast cutlets in deep, hot fat. Dish the cutlets alternately round a center of mashed potatoes, and pour some good brown sauce round the base.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Good Advice.

"I have become so accustomed to wearing bloomers," said the bicycle girl, "that during the winter I think I shall simply wear my skirts over my bloomers. What do you think of the idea?"

"In my opinion," replied the girl who never had a hankering to forsake the garb of femininity, "that will be infinitely preferable to trying to wear the bloomers over the skirts."

Thus it happened that for a time the relations between them were somewhat strained.—Chicago Post.

AN OPEN LETTER
To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher. *on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought, and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher. *on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

March 8, 1897.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"

BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher.

Insist on Having
The Kind That Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Wm. Frederick, Jr., & Son,

The Racket Store.

FRIENDSVILLE, MD.

We carry something of everything. There is nothing you want that cannot be found in our store.

It is admitted by all that to sell goods and make a living a merchant must necessarily charge a profit. Some merchants charge more profit than others. We are one of the OTHERS and come nearer selling goods for nothing than anyone on the face of the earth. Here you get value for your money.

Our silversmith is one of the finest workmen in the United States as all will admit who have had any work done in that line by him.

Our jewelry department is filled to overflowing with everything in that line and we sell jewelry at less than manufacturers' prices.

We carry a complete line of staple and fancy groceries.

Call and get our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

WM. FREDERICK, JR., & SON.

OAKLAND PHARMACY,

OAKLAND, MD.

PURE DRUGS,
FANCY STATIONERY,
DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES.

PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY
DAY OR NIGHT.
PRICES REASONABLE.

Jos. E. HARNED, Proprietor.

31—26

Bolden & Brown,

OAKLAND, MD.,

DEALERS IN

Furniture,
Carpets,
Matting,
Oil Cloth,
Window Shades,
Wall Paper,
—AND—
GENERAL HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Repairing Furniture and Picture Framing a Specialty.

SAMUEL LAWTON,

BICYCLES and BICYCLE REPAIRING.

Full line of Bicycle Sundries carried in stock.

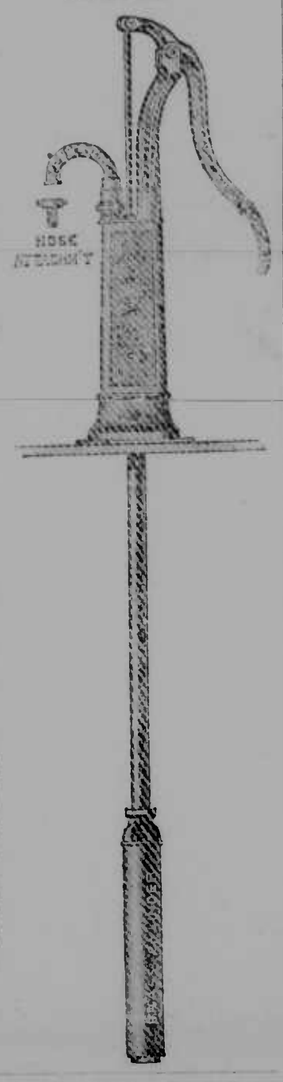

AWARD'S PUMPS, Hose, Galvanized and Iron Pipe, Steam and Hot Water Fittings.

Tomson's Red Seal Lye.

98 per cent. strength, granulated, packed in SIFTING TOP cans, is the greatest soapmaker, disinfectant and cleanser.

One Can will make 10 Pounds of Hard Soap.

Red Seal is the best disinfectant and purifier to use in sinks, drains, waste pipes and closets. It is handy, safe and sure. One can of Red Seal to 15 gallons of water sprayed, knocks potato bugs, cabbage worms, etc. No damage to vines. 15-

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 14, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7—	Daily	3.47 A. M
No. 1—	Daily	9.42 A. M
No. 71—	Accom daily except Sun	9.26 A. M
No. 47—	Daily except Sunday	6 01 P. M
No. 55—	Express, daily	5.35 P. M
No. 1—	Daily	10 11 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—	Daily	5.59 A. M
No. 2—	Daily	7.04 A. M
No. 14—	Accom daily except Sun	9.21 A. M
No. 46—	Daily	1.43 P. M
No. 72—	Accom daily except Sun	5.18 P. M
No. 4—	Daily	12.20 A. M

Train No. 55 stops at Terra Alta.

D. B. MARTIN,
Manager of Passenger Traffic.
C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Dec. 6, 1897.

In every life there must be sorrow!
To-day, to-morrow, then hope and sorrow;
But oh! how can there be any other
Like the loss of a mother.

The great sympathy felt for the bereavement of President McKinley tinged the assembling of Congress with unusual sadness, which not even the great interest felt in the strong message the President could dissipate. There were the usual crowds in the galleries of both House and Senate, but the sorrow expressed in the faces of Senators and Representatives was reflected in the faces of the visitors above them. There is something in the illness of one's mother that appeals to the sympathies of others as does that of no other relative.

Had President McKinley followed the example of his immediate predecessor, who rarely finished one of his messages to Congress until the day before Congress met, his message would not have been ready, but he completed it a week ago, and did not have that on his mind while traveling to the bedside of his stricken mother, from which he returned to Washington to perform the duties incumbent upon him at the opening of Congress. As soon as those duties were performed he started for Canton again, to perform a most painful duty, carrying with him the sorrowful sympathies of the whole country.

Three P's, patriotism, peace and prosperity form the keynote of President McKinley's annual message to Congress. His treatment of the annexation of Hawaii, the Cuban and other foreign questions, including that of commercial reciprocity, is patriotic to the core, without the slightest trace of jingoism, and his treatment of the financial and other domestic questions is that of a man who only desires that which will continue and increase the prosperity the country is now beginning to enjoy.

In addition to getting a first class man to fill the important position of Attorney General, President McKinley's choice of Gov. John W. Griggs, of N. J., to fill the vacancy in the Cabinet that will be made in the nomination of Attorney General McKenna to succeed Justice Field, who retired from the U. S. Supreme Court last week, after having served there longer than any of his predecessors, is considered to be a good political move—one that will aid materially in keeping New Jersey in the Republican column, and the wish is general that Gov. Griggs will accept the tendered portfolio.

The activity in certain quarters in efforts to make the public believe that there is some doubt about the annexation of Hawaii, indicates that some money is being spent for the purpose of creating anti-annexation sentiment. If so, it is being thrown away, as annexation is absolutely sure to come before the close of this session of Congress. Two-thirds of the Senate are ready at any time to vote for the ratification of the annexation treaty, but the rules of the Senate put it in the power of the opponents—not more than twenty at the outside—to delay the vote. Should it become apparent that this power is being used for filibustering purposes, annexation will be secured be legislation, which will only need a majority vote.

The more conservative element in Congress is strongly in favor of making this session as short as possible. This sentiment was voiced by Representative Heatwole, of Minn., when said: "In my opinion, this Congress should get through its routine work by May 1, and adjourn. The smallest amount of legislation will be of the greatest benefit to the country, and if we can finish and go home by that date, a good many million of our countrymen will rise up and call us blessed." Speaker Reed says he sees no excuse at present for making the session a very long one.

Nothing of more general benefit to morals of the country has been done lately than the official announcement of the Post Office Department that the mails would hereafter be closed to newspapers that print missing-letter word contests, or any other kind of advertising matter containing chance or lottery schemes. Some of the most daring swindling of the age has been conducted by this class of advertisers, all of which violated the spirit, if not the letter, of the anti-lottery law.

Inasmuch as about $20,000,000 will be expended upon River and Harbor Improvements, under contracts previously made, during the next fiscal year, there is quite a strong feeling in Congress in favor of omitting the usual River and Harbor Appropriation bill at this session. No agreement to that effect has actually been made, but it would not be surprising should that be the result of the exchanges of opinion on the subject now going on.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. CATALOGUE FREE.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

For sale by

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

A Dangerous Pitfall.

Right in the heart of the city of Oakland, on the principal thoroughfare and promenade, in front of the residence of Rev. John M. Davis, there is permitted to exist a death trap five feet wide, between the building line and sidewalk, into which at least a dozen men, women and children have fallen, all of whom have been more or less painfully injured. One of the victims recently called the attention of the bailiff to this pitfall, and his reply was that "The ordinance only requires lot owners to maintain a five foot sidewalk in front of their premises." If that is so, does the ordinance authorize lot owners to remove their sidewalks *out five feet from the building line*, and appropriate the intervening *street* space to their own private use? If this is so, then the corporation is liable for personal injuries thereby sustained, otherwise the lot owner should be held liable for damages. The Mayor and City Council are hereby respectfully notified that unless the above described nuisance is promptly abated some of the victims are determined to test the matter of responsibility for damages in the courts.

ONE OF THE VICTIMS.

SOME RAMBLING THOUGHTS.

BY "DEMO."

Copyrighted by Lowe & Tabor.

The strength of a muscle comes from a long continued exercise; the strength of an ideal from years of devotion to it; strength of mind from patient training; strength of character from the markings left by decades of struggle. And there is no short way!

Would you seek the royal road to pinnacle of your life's highest possibilities? Then move forward, watching for a guide-post with the single word "Effort!" Turn in by it and press on, though it does not lead by flowery paths through valley fields. Your highest, like a mountain top, will never seem to move toward you until you move towards it. Ways of life are thus divided:—to the doubting and timid ones, the lowly paths that give no outlook; to the fearless and purposeful ones, ways that climb upward, leading by many grand experiences to a prospect most broad and an atmosphere most exhilerating. And what is this upward triumph over the downward tendencies of our nature, but the counterpart of real mountain climbing, in which ever the world grows broader and yet more silent at every forward glance. There, alone with the Highest, our hearts are filled with mingling emotions, our eyes glisten with tears and we know not why; save that we are small,—smaller in relation to the universe than an invisible animalcule is to us—great—greater than all created things if we unite our force with the Force above,—weak—weaker than veriest thread if we forget our union with the great human family below—sad—sadder than we can understand because so man of our fellows are contented with narrow valley-sight.

* * *

THE ROAD OF LIFE.

The sign post of one duty
Is pointing up the hill,
Above the valley's beauty,
That stretches soft and still.

The upward path is denied,
Where heroes' feet have trod;
Yet we would lie contented
Upon the flower-strewn sod.

'Tis ill to say repining,
Because the way is long;
For vigor comes with climbing,
And effort makes us strong.

And though it be not given
To us to reach the skies;
To know how we have striven
May help another rise.

* * *

Effort overcometh the world, for effort is faith—in oneself, and in the value of life, and in the right of the world to the best we can accomplish. Effort well-sustained and well-directed—this is the victory! But would you seek a shorted way? Then use "Longing" as your guide post. It leads by dream paths to golden glories and vanishes when you awake. It woos you with dazzling eyes out into a dreary desert and leaves you to enjoy the substance of a mirage. It weakens your manliness, for action, no longing, is life. Far better to toil the path that has been proven by all ages.

The strong are those who make the most of life as it comes to them; who spurn indolence as they would scorpions; who turn the defeats of life into more certain victories by struggling on when all seems lost; who yield to neither difficulties or disappointments nor because they stop to argue out advantages but because the spirit of a true man despises yielding—cannot yield! These are the ones who stand serene after great resistings, whose *deeds*—no matter about men's *names!*—are woven into every progress, and whose freely spent efforts are the secret of human triumphs. They are a goodly company, whom no perisable book shall ever record, but whose works live through the hands that wrought be dead.

Herein is your hope and mine, humble men of purpose. Shall we credit Martin Luther with the Reformation? Not rather he merely voiced a feeling that was moving resistlessly through the awakening European giant. Without that dumb cry for freedom of thought—a cry that was not solely a religious protest—he might well have lingered within the scholastic walls of Wittenberg. Shall we paint signers of our Declaration as heroes? Yes, if you will. Yet surely they come to the front because there was a public opinion back of them, and this was made up of those nameless yet conscientious elements of a country's life that are the substratum and the very substance also of all great forward movements. And—on the other hand shall we credit Alaric with disrupting the Roman Empire? No! his strength consisted in the strength of his enemies, who, raised to Heaven by their privileges, brought themselves down to destruction; not by the wickedness of any one man, but by the general uprightousness and consequent feebleness of the many.

Alas! the strong and weak together make up a nation, and its continuous power is possible only by an increase of the strong and decrease of the weak. The weak are those who do not utilize life to the full; who, loving the comfort of the hot house, perish at the rhidings of the north wind; who crumble like sand ramparts at the first touch of the ocean of testing that all characters must endure if they be true who seek for themselves the quiet riches of life, satisfied to forego the honors if only they can escape the strivings that precede honors; who, like tropic savages, are content with food secured without labor and much sleep with late awakenings; who being weak are selfish, and shut away their compassion from struggling, eager humanity whose efforts they scorn, but whose shoe-strings they are not worthy to unloose; who have the forms of men but the virulent softness of jelly-fish; who have the outer appearance of manly grandeur but the attributes of internal parasites, hidden, despised, invertebrate, yet ever fed by another's labor.

CHOOSE YE THIS DAY YOUR CLASS!

Married.

STEYER—WHITE.—On December 8, 1897, at the residence of Dr. I. D. Newman in Oakland, by Rev. John M. Davis, Samuel Granville Steyer and Miss Jemima Rachel White, both of Garrett county.

Estray Notice.

There came to my place, about one and one-half miles east of Cranesville, Sept. 1st, a yearling heifer; red with white spot on face, white flanks and small spot on top of rump; no earmark. The owner will please come forward, pay charges and take the animal away. EZRA H. WOLF. 38-3t

Vim, vigor and vitality—these are the charistles of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, billiousness and all stomach and liver troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

This is to give notice that the firm of Fearer & Frazee, undertakers, post office Fearer, Md., has this day dissolved partnership. Noah P. Fearer withdrawing.

December 3, 1897. 10.

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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Office opposite Bank, OAKLAND, MD.

Will practice in the courts of Maryland and West Virginia.

Real estate and borrowable law given special attention. Conveyancing and loan investments made for clients. 45—1yr

FRED A. THAYER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MD.

I have resumed the practice of law; office in the Felty Building opposite the postoffice, where I will be pleased to see all my former clients and others who choose to entrust their legal business to my care.

Will be assisted in all important cases by Benjamin A. Richmond of the Cumberland bar.

GILMOR S. HAMILL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY
OFFICE ON ALDER STREET.

Particular attention given to conveyancing, investigation of land titles and collection of claims. Loans negotiated. 1614-1y

EDWARD H. SINCELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND.

Will practice in the Courts of Garrett and Allegany counties, the Court of Appeals of Maryland, and the adjoining counties of West Virginia. 88 10y

DR. J. G. ROBINSON, DENTIST,
Felty Building, opposite Postoffice,
OAKLAND, MD.
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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
OAKLAND, MD.

Residence on North 3d Street.
Office in Shurtzer's Block, Second Street.

H. W. THOMAS, M. D.,
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OAKLAND, MD.,

Office in Meyers building.
Residence on Main Street, opposite Commercial Hotel.
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M. C. HINEBAUGH, M. D.,
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OAKLAND, MD.

Office in Old Postoffice building, Alder street.
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DR. D. C. MCKINLEY,
Resident Dentist, Salisbury, Pa.

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JOHN SHARTZER,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER,
offers his services to the people of Garrett County. Will cry land or personal property sales at any point in the county. 6-97 1yr.

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Residence and P. O. Address,
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JONAS C. BEACHY,
LICENSED AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Estate
Residence and post office address, BITTINGER, MD. 51-1yr.

ANDREW J. HARNE,
AUCTIONEER.
Will sell Real or Personal Property
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Oakland, Md., Feb. 2nd, 1897

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Long experience enables me to locate tracts and military lots promptly and accurately, being thoroughly familiar with the beginning corners of the most important surveys both in Allegany and Garrett counties. Plats, descriptions and estimates furnished. 50-1yr.

Andrew B. Gonder, Att'y at Law. Alexander C. Mason, Surveyor.

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LAND FOR SALE!

I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 30,000 acres of a tract known as "Swallow," and other known as the "Anderson lands," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered and underlaid with many valuable veins of mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

C. A. WILT, Agent,
9—1yr. Box 10, Westernport, Md.

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160 Acres of Land FREE to Every Citizen.

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42 S. Third Street, Phila., Pa.
47—8

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1897. NUMBER 41.

SOME RAMBLING THOUGHTS.

BY "NUMO."

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Right ideas suffer more from wrong presentation than they do from active opposition. Given a man who is unwilling to be convinced and you have less of an opponent in him than you have in yourself in your careless method of approaching him. In fact it sometimes seems as though many good people hold to most excellent ideas, more to gratify their sense of pride at having ideas at all, than to persuade others less enlightened. At any rate there are many who approach their fellows in such harsh, unsympathetic ways that repel rather than win them. The impression a subject makes depends on the way it is presented; which is true whether one who is striving to make a point is a moral teacher or an irate bull. Parleying is difficult when your victim is running away from you as fast as his legs will carry him.

It is told of Benjamin Franklin that he ascribed his extraordinary powers of persuasion to the fact that his manners always showed respect for the opinion of others. Having secured his listener, he would gradually lead up to the telling points by saying, "don't you think?" rather than "I think." He thus won by leading his opponent's judgment onward to the point of convincing itself. Whatever truth there is in this—and I imagine there is a great deal—it is worthy of even more than partial imitation by everyone who attempts to mould the thoughts of others. But the difference we show to the opinions of others must be really sincere—and there is no reason why it should not be, for not one of us absorbs in one small brain all vast truth—or we shall fail to convince; for the snare is set in vain in the sight of any bird, and the pit along a line of argument is never to be digged in the sight of the victim.

Approach a man in a way that betokens a belief in your own superiority; or with a manner that seems patronizing, and he is almost sure to resent it. You have for the moment forgotten the veneration due to his individuality. With both of you the whole universe is centered on the spot of ground that each occupies, and neither must forget the others view. Respect the thought of others; believe in advance that every man has ideas—or think he has, which comes to the same thing, and you will find yourself moving steadily towards the winning of him, if he is less firm in his facts and thought and logic than you. It is true indeed that a successful attack on some one else's thought is not brought about merely by force of thought—for force is too often met with force—but by careful preparation beforehand suited to the person attacked, much as a general disposes of his troops differently at every separate fort assaulted. This ability to re-enforce strength with skill is one of the secrets of power among leaders of men.

I remember reading somewhere of a misguided enthusiast who looked over a fence and hailed a young fellow in such an alarming tone of voice that the youth incontinently fled. What did the stranger then do but jump the fence and set off in pursuit! After a long chase he winded his frightened fugitive, *and then gave him a tract*, with some religious advice between breaths. History does not record the effect; presumably it is better imagined than described; but it is to be hoped that the recording angel used fitting leniency. Such a well intentioned one—is he not common apart altogether from tracts?—such a one need to follow the Confucian advice which suggests that "In archery we have something like the way of the superior man. When the archer misses the center of the target he turns around and seeks for the cause of his failure in himself.

In matters of religion and of politics is it especially true that many of us do more harm than good by arguing and persuading. In the first place we often forget that our opponent, however mistaken he may appear to us, has in all probability fully justified to himself his own line of action or belief. This is true in relation to the fanatical followers of the oddest vagaries, as well as to devout believers in religion, pure and undefiled. But forgetfulness of this fact produces hates and distrusts and cruelties and miseries immeasurable. In a prolonged walking tour in Virginia I came across a peculiar sect on Chincoteague Island. Their membership was less than a hundred, yet they felt that they alone of all the myriads on earth would get to Heaven. Strange as it may sound, they were quite sincere in their interpretations of the Bible, both on this point and another to the effect that all marriages and all offspring, prior to the sanctification of the parents, were illegitimate. I often recall this experience to guard myself against narrowness of view, and for my reader's sake I mention it here also.

And these poor people will serve to point another moral, to the effect that abuse is not argument, for they were driven from their homes with shot-guns and still cling desperately to their beliefs down in the swamps of the Carolinas. Abuse by tongue may not break bones, but it does not heal resentments; rankling sores bleed on increasingly when the human mind stoops to abuse.

Finally, know what you do know, and know it tyoroughly. Know what you do not know and hold your tongue thereon while you open you mind, and furthermore choose silence rather than speech, the living of truth rather than the proclaiming of it, the attitude of learning rather than the pose of prophet.

Real Estate Transfers for November.

James Casey to Mary K. Love, lots Nos. 10, 11, 12, 39 and 446 on the original plat of the town of Bloomington; consideration, natural love and affection, &c.

George W. Michael and wife to Andrew J. Willison, 6¼ acres of land; $75.

Aaron W. Hall and wife to Isabel Whetsell military lot 305; $200.

James M. Durst and wife to James Ross, 2 acres and 3 perches of "Cheviot Dale;" $20.18.

Elizabeth J. Rollins and husband to William T. Wilt, 57 acres and 9 perches of land; $450.

George P. White and wife to Hauson B. Friend, 1 acre and 85 poles of land; $50.

Jacob H. Schlossnagle to Catharine Schlossnagle, 209 acres of land; $500.

Christiana Slabaugh and husband to Christian Brememan, military lot 2266; $600.

G. S. Hamill, trustee for Adrian Glotfelty, to Ami Foreman, 100 acres of land, $2,700.

F. A. Thayer, trustee to Hiram Duckworth, all the right, title and interest of Robert Butler in and to 81¼ acres of the tract of land called "Swanton;" $200.

G. B. Frazee and wife to I. T. Frazee, their undivided ¼ interest in about 80 acres of "Good Hope;" $300.

I. T. Frazee, and wife to G. B. Frazee, 142 acres and 48 perches of land; $850.

F. A. Thayer, attorney, to Julia Conner, lots 51 and 32 in Brant's addition to the town of Oakland; $500.

Geo. W. DeBerry and wife to Edgar DeBerry, 2 acres and 8 perches of land $75.

Wm. H. Savage and wife M. W. and David E. Savage, military lot 2884; $1, &c.

John A. Connell and wife to Jacob Bucher, 2 acres of a tract of land called "Kindness;" $100.

Abraham L. Spiker to Joseph A. Spiker, lots Nos. 80 and 81 in block No. 2 on the plat of the Mountain Home Company; $750.

John K. Cowan and Oscar G. Murray, receivers of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company to James Swan Frick, 22 37-100 acres of land; consideration, an exchange of property &c.

Alonzo D. Naylor and wife to Cora V. Savage, an undivided ¼ interest in military lot No. 1863; $157.

Mary C. Perry and others to J. A. Sowers, military lot 1589; $300.

J. C. Peddicord and others to Cora V. Savage, an undivided ¼ interest in military lot 1863; $325.

J. T. Mason of R. and wife to Theo. Eger, lot E of the sub-division of the tract called "Winson," 76 8-10 acres; $64.40.

John Shartzer, receiver of the Loch Lynn Store Company, to George P. White, Benjamin F. Crane and Clarence M. Rathbun, lots Nos. 34 and 35 on the plat of Loch Lynn Heights; $1,100

John T. Mitchell and wife to G. A. Bittinger, lot No. 16 on the sub-division of "Lochiel," 100 acres; $50.

Luelnda E. Dellinger and wife to Stephen F. Broadwater, 132¼ acres of land; $450.

Lee Cassort and wife to Moses Kemp 17 acres and 20 perches of land; $100.

E. Z. Tower, administrator of Ezekiel Totten, deceased, to Alexander Fleckenstein, lots Nos. 18, 19, 20, 21, 50, 51, 52 and 53 in Totten's addition to the town of Oakland; $300.

Elijah M. Friend and wife to Augustine Friend, 10 acres and 25 perches of the "Gleanings;" $50.78.

Mt. Lake Park association of Garrett county to A. M. Neil, lot No. 1181 on the plat of Mt. Lake Park; $50.

Gilmor S. Hamill and wife to Thos. A. McRobie, 19 acres and 35 perches of "Latent Worth," also another lot of ground containing 5 acres; $175.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to Cure. 25c. 37-26.

YULE TIDE.

With All Its Pleasures is Again Drawing Near.

By Lady Cook, Dee Tennessee C. Caudlin.

[Special Correspondence of The Republican.]

Again Christmas with all its delightful associations approaches, fostering domestic harmony, and repeating the glorious gospel of peace on earth goodwill towards men. No other period of the year is so potent as this in healing the wounds of friendship, and in warming the heart of man towards his fellows. And whosoever has British, Scandinavian, or Saxon blood in his veins, welcomes it with enthusiasm. He observes it with gladness whether it comes to him in a torrid or arctic clime or any intermediate zone. The best of good cheer is spread, his dearest friends are invited, and whatever else may grace his table, a plum pudding stuck with berry-laden holly will, if possible, be there, and a bunch of mistletoe not far off; customs strongly savouring of Paganism, without doubt and handed down from heathen ancestors, who were nevertheless, in their own time and way, good men and true.

Christmas is the Christian Saturnal when even the strictest and most decorous countenance some degree of license. The politic leaders of our faith in the earliest days of Christianity thought it wise to graft most of the rites and ceremonies of Paganism upon the doctrines of Christ in order to make the latter popular. Thus they caused His birth to coincide with the Roman Saturnalia which for a whole week from the 18th to the 25th of December commemorated the freedom and equality that existed during the whole of the golden reign of Saturn. We are told that long before the foundation of Rome these heathen feasts were remarkable for their universal liberty. Slaves were permitted to ridicule their masters and to discuss every topic with freedom. Friends made presents to one another, the schools were closed, no criminals were executed, public and private animosity ceased. While they lasted war was never declared, and mirth, riot and debauchery had full swing. During the sacrifices the priests made their offerings with uncovered heads, which was never done at any other festivals. The fetters were removed from the public statutes of the god, to which every emancipated slave devoted his own. The temples were decked with holly and ivy, and other sacred evergreens, and as profusely as our own were in the last century, when Miss Jenny Simper thus complained to the "Spector:" "Our clerk who was once a gardner, has this Christmas so overdeckt the church with greens that he has quite spoilt my prospect, insomuch that I have scarce seen the young baronet for three weeks, and unless the greens are removed, I shall soon have little else to do in church than to say my prayers."

The holly and the mistletoe are indigenous although not peculiar to this country, and the latter, as every one knows, was pre eminently the sacred plant of the Druids, that mysterious, learned, and remarkable caste whose history remains to be written. In the Scandinavian mythology, the mistletoe was consecrated on a memorable occasion and for a most beneficent purpose to Friga, the Northern goddess of love. For the protection of her son Balder, an oath was imposed on all things of earth, air, fire and water, not to injure the beautiful young god. The mistletoe alone from its apparent harmlessness, was excepted, and it was with an arrow fashioned from its wood that Loki, the evil one, slew him. All nature mourned his death until Hela pitied and restored him to his mother, and from that time the fatal plant was consecrated to Friga—our native Venus, that it might henceforth become an instrument of love but never more of hatred. Thus at Christmas, when the Druids were wont to cut it with golden knives, we pass under its branches with kisses, and formerly whenever it was scarce, our maidens, not to be defrauded of their enstomary rites, made "kissing bunches" of evergreens ornamented with oranges and ribbons, to do duty instead.

His must be a sour heart that can view these sweet old customs with any other feeling than that of general approbation. Hundreds of generations have enjoyed them and made merry over them, the young and the unlearned in happy and innocent thoughtlessless, while the learned and philosophic have busied themselves with the deeper import that lies beneath their popular surface. These see in them the relics of a universal religion devoted to Nature, whose origin is shrouded in the Cimmerian gloom of the North, and in the myths of remotest antiquity. They observe their close relation, not to the Saturnalia of Rome alone, but to the Egyptian Panylia, the Bacchic and Dronysian orgies of the Greeks, the obscene festivals of India, Mesopotamia, and South America, and to the other religious mysteries of those and all the rest of the world where Nature-worship has been symbolized and corrupted by priestcraft, and its pure stream diverted into impure channels. This trading in mankind's best emotions and subordinating worship to gain or power, has slain in succession all the religions of the past just as it will destroy those of the present. It may be that in the cycle of religious evolution the the time will come when mankind will reach the point whence they started, and their hearts will be again filled with love and reverence for all nature as the sure and [illegible] manifestation of God to man.

Let us endeavor, then, to make the best use of Christmas, whatever its historical shortcomings, and to join in the general spirit of love and goodwill. Let the tables smoke with festive cheer, and hall and cottage ring with joyous greetings, and prove to the world that England is merry England still. The absent will return to gladden those at home, and the dead will be lovingly remembered. For those who cannot be present, whom necessity or distance has parted from us, there will be kindly messages, even to the ends of the earth, borne by the swift mail or swifter telegraph. Let us rejoice that it is not in the power of time or space to sever us from those we love, and that though they may be toiling though the defiles of the Khyber Pass, or broiling under an Indian or African sun, or living lonely lives in Canada or America, in Australia, Asia, or any of the numberless colonies where British industry adds Empire to Empire, yet their places will not be forgotten on Christmas Day, but affection will make the absent present. Above all, on this day beyond every other, let the poor and the outcast be amply provided for, that they may partake of the general rejoicing, and if all the remaining days of their years be wretched, let them be happy on this, the day of days, when as tradition tells, the Prince of Peace was born, to bring a message of love from Heaven to earth.

Dewsbury House, Richmond, Surrey, England, Dec. 6, 1897.

Died.

FRAZEE.—On November 2nd, Clara Alberta, daughter of Jesse and Sarah Frazee, aged nine years, nine months and fourteen days. Little Clara was a bright, intelligent and loving child, but death claimed her for his own. Her bright smile and cheery voice are missed in the home. She has left; her playmates miss her in their innocent games, but she is safe in the arms of Jesus, nevermore to suffer pain or death.

DANIELS.—On November 18, 1897, near Jenness, Somerset county, Pa., Mrs. Lonisa C. Daniels, wife of Wm. F. Daniels (formerly of this county) and daughter of John C. Diehl, aged thirty-six years, seven months and twenty-six days. Deceased leaves a sorrowing husband, seven children, her aged father and two sisters to mourn their loss, which is her eternal gain.

HETZ.—Of pleuro pneumonia, on December 4, 1897, Mr. George Hetz, aged thirty-four years, four months and fourteen days. Deceased leaves a widow and five small children to mourn their loss. Mr. Hetz came to the United States from Bavaria, Germany, about fifteen years ago, a poor boy, but he was one of those energetic and industrious Germans, and came to this country to become a useful and respected citizen. On his arrival near Frostburg he at once sought employment, which he found with the Lochiel Lumber Company. He saved his earnings and bought a farm near Cove, on which he resided at the time of his death. He was twice married. His first wife was a daughter of John G. Georg, of Cove, who died about nine years ago. One child is living by this union. About seven years ago he was married to Mrs. Christena Griffith, who with four little sons are left sorrowing.

There is a time for everything; and the time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait until you have consumption but prevent it by using One Minute Cough Cure, the great remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Estray Notice.

There came to my place, about one and one-half miles east of Crunesville, Sept. 1st, a yearling heifer; red with white spot on face, white flanks and small spot on top of rump; no earmark. The owner will please come forward, pay charges and take the animal away. EZRA H. WOLF. 38-3t

GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

Some Few Things of Importance It Will Speak About.

Governor Lowndes arrived at Cumberland Monday night, where he will remain a few days, when he will return to Annapolis. He expects to have his message to the General Assembly completed some time before the session begins, on January 5th. Speaking of the message among other things the Governor says:

"I believe, it will show a satisfactory situation of affairs, so for as the State government is concerned, and will be gratifying to the people generally especially to the tax-payers. There is no doubt but the finances of the State are in an excellent condition and the condition of the treasury is all that can be desired.

"The message will also show that the public institutions of the State, and those which are supported by State aid, in part, are also well managed and are of good condition.

"I can hardly recall now all the recommendations that the message will make to the law-making department. I shall suggest certain amendments to the election law in order to render it more effective, and which the experience of the past two elections has demonstrated are necessary. The law, as it stands, is one of the best in force in the country, and with the few amendments which experience has shown are advisable, it will be as near perfect as an election law can be. There should be more safeguards to prevent bribery of voters especially, and I shall suggest that changes be made in that regard.

"I shall also recommend the passage of a new charter for Baltimore city, and shall give at length my reasons for advising such action. As the center of half the population of the State and more than half the wealth, Baltimore is entitled to great consideration at the hands of the General Assembly, and, as far as my influence extends, that consideration shall be granted.

"There are many other recommendations to be made in the message, such as the enlargement of the House of Correction, the completion of the new State penitentiary and other matters of minor importance. One matter of importance will be the amendment of the assessment law, in certain particulars, where that act has been found defective."

Maryland's Share.

Prof. E. B. Prettyman, principal of the Maryland State Normal School, and Secretary of the State Board of Education, is preparing a memorial which will be presented at the next session of Congress, asking that the State of Maryland be given a share in the distribution of public lands. In conformity to the laws of other states, the money derived from the sale of the lands, should Congress grant the claims which will be presented in the memorial, will be used for the advancement of public education. At the recent meeting of the Association of School Commissioners and Examiners of the State of Maryland, which was held at the Normal School, Governor Lowndes, Rev. J. E. Nicholson and Prof. E. B. Prettyman, were appointed a committee to take charge of and push the matter before Congress.

Prof. Prettyman is very much interested in the work, and says that Maryland's claim is a just and equitable one. He will complete the memorial and frame a bill on the subject as soon as possible, when it will be presented to Governor Lowndes for his approval. The Maryland representatives in Congress will be requested to use every effort to secure favorable legislation on the bill. Prof. Prettyman said recently that should the bill be passed, a large sum of money will be received by the State of Maryland for the purpose of education.

"I have been interested in this important question for some time," he said, "and after a long and careful search I can see no plausible reason why we Marylanders should not share in the distribution of public lands. During several trips through western states I noticed that all had magnificent public school buildings, and the greater part of the money, for the purpose was received from the sale of public lands. I believe that the public lands of the United States should be sacredly devoted to the advancement of public education.

"For a long time the Maryland statesman in the Continental Congress were the only representatives to advocate national jurisdiction over the Western lands. Their efforts were finally successful, and the national government was placed in control of the public lands.

"This is a good reason why Maryland should be granted a share of the large areas of lands in the West. Only one vigorous attempt has been made until very recently, so as I can ascertain, to change the national policy in connection with the public lands. In 1821 the General Assembly of Maryland adopted an elaborate report to the effect that each of the United States had an equal right to participate in the benefit of the public lands. The legislatures of several states endorsed this report, but this appears to have been the end of the matter."

Prof. Prettyman said the public lands in the U.S., originally amounted to 1,840,000,000 acres, but only about 600,000,000 acres still remain in government control, exclusive of Alaska.

Elder.

Chas. Frazee, who is teaching the McCabe school, spent Saturday and Sunday here.

Mr. Oden DeWitt and wife were calling on Isaiah Friend Sunday.

We noticed Taze Casteel, of Frazee Ridge, in our vicinity one day last week and were glad to see him as he used to be one of our neighbors.

Hamilton Friend seems to find some kind of magnetism at Hoyes for he is invariably drawn there every Sunday evening.

John Sterling and wife spent a few weeks visiting friends at Buffalo.

Miss Deal, assistant teacher at Selbysport, and Miss Grim, assistant at Friendsville, were the guests of Prof. H. K. Friend Saturday and Sunday.

Ed. Dixon, Geo. Sterling and a stranger from Krug were here Sunday night attending the singing school.

Ben Schroyer went to housekeeping Dec. 13th instead of the 6th as reported last week.

If Dame Rumor is correct we are to have another wedding in the near future but let the good work go on.

CICERO.

Accident.

Last Saturday Mr. J. E. Gnagey returned from Baltimore, where he was on business.

Miss Clara Englehart, who has been on the sick list the past week, is now convalescing.

Mr. G. F. Ault, the local butcher, has been kept busy the past three weeks, but his work is now drawing to a close.

Mr. Christian Klotz has opened a new coal mine.

Mr. William Beeghly will organize a literary society at Bumble Bee ridge next Thursday evening.

The Accident band is practicing to play at Grantsville on Christmas eve.

The young folks are preparing a program for Christmas services, to be held in the Lutheran church on Christmas eve.

Mr. Adam Garinger butchered eight hogs last Monday, and took them to Lonaconing that night.

Mrs. Michael Smith and children, from McHenry, are visiting Mrs. G. F. Englehart, Mrs. Smith's mother.

A disease of the eye, which seems to be contagious, is spreading over the neighborhood. The first symptoms are swelling of the eye, and in some cases to such an extent as to leave the patient in total darkness for days. O. K.

Mr. C. M. Dixon, a well known merchant of Pleasant Ridge, Fulton Co., Pa., has a little girl who is frequently threatened with croup, but when the first symptoms appear, his wife gives her Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which always affords prompt relief. Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Mocherville.

We are having fine weather for December.

Farmers are busy ploughing for the coming spring crops.

The protracted meeting held at Mt. Zion by Rev. E. P. Idleman closed last Wednesday evening.

Miss Irene Wade, of Frostburg, is visiting Miss Emma Blocher and friends in this vicinity.

Miss Rosa Fazenbaker made a pleasant call on Miss Emma Blocher last Sunday evening.

The Beall school has closed till after the holidays on account of the mumps.

Mr. Winfield S. Layman was a pleasant caller at Mr. David Pope's last Sunday evening.

Miss Laura Durst, one of our charming young ladies, has gone to Piedmont to spend the winter.

Don't be persuaded into buying liniment without reputation or merit—Chamberlain's Pain Balm costs no more, and its merits have been proven by a test of many years. Such letters as the following from L. G. Bagley, Hueneme, Cal., are constantly being received: "The best remedy for pain I have ever used is Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and I say so after having used it in my family for several years." It cures rheumatism, lame back, sprains and swellings. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park.

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1897. NUMBER 41.

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BY "SEMO."

[Copyrighted by Lowe & Tabor.]

Right ideas suffer more from wrong presentation than they do from active opposition. Given a man who is unwilling to be convinced and you have less of an opponent in him than you have in yourself in your careless method of approaching him. In fact it sometimes seems as though many good people hold to most excellent ideas, more to gratify their sense of pride at having ideas at all, than to persuade others less enlightened. At any rate there are many who approach their fellows in such harsh, unsympathetic ways that repel rather than win them. The impression a subject makes depends on the way it is presented; which is true whether one who is striving to make a point is a moral teacher or an irate bull. Parleying is difficult when your victim is running away from you as fast as his legs will carry him.

It is told of Benjamin Franklin that he ascribed his extraordinary powers of permission to the fact that his manners always showed respect for the opinion of others. Having secured his listener, he would gradually lead up to the telling points by saying, "don't you think" rather than "I think." He thus won by leading his opponent's judgment onward to the point of convincing itself. Whatever truth there is in this—and I imagine there is a great deal—it is worthy of even more than partial imitation by everyone who attempts to mould the thoughts of others. But the difference we show to the opinions of others must be really sincere—and there is no reason why it should not be, for not one of us absorbs in one small brain all vast truth—or we shall fail to convince; for the snare is set in vain in the sight of any bird, and the pit along a line of argument is never to be digged in the sight of the victim.

Approach a man in a way that betokens a belief in your own superiority; or with a manner that seems patronizing, and he is almost sure to resent it. You have for the moment forgotten the veneration due to his individuality. With both of you the whole universe is centered on the spot of ground that each occupies, and neither must forget the others view. Respect the thought of others; believe in advance that every man has ideas—or think he has, which comes to the same thing, and you will find yourself moving steadily towards the winning of him, if he is less firm in his facts and thought and logic than you. It is true indeed that a successful attack on some one else's thought is not brought about merely by force of thought—for force is too often met with force—but by careful preparation beforehand suited to the person attacked, much as a general disposes of his troops differently at every separate fort assaulted. This ability to re-enforce strength with skill is one of the secrets of power among leaders of men.

I remember reading somewhere of a misguided enthusiast who looked over a fence and hailed a young fellow in such an alarming tone of voice that the youth incontinently fled. What did the stranger then do but jump the fence and set off in pursuit! After a long chase he winded his frightened fugitive, *and then gave him a tract*, with some religious advice between breaths. History does not record the effect; presumably it is better imagined than described; but it is to be hoped that the recording angel used fitting leniency. Such a well intentioned one—is he not common apart altogether from tracts—such a one need to follow the Confucian advice which suggests that "In archery we have something like the way of the superior man. When the archer misses the center of the target he turns around and seeks for the cause of his failure in himself.

In matters of religion and of politics is it especially true that many of us do more harm than good by arguing and persuading. In the first place we often forget that our opponent, however mistaken he may appear to us, has in all probability fully justified to himself his own line of action or belief. This is true in relation to the fanatical followers of the oddest vagaries, as well as to devout believers in religion, pure and undefiled. But forgetfulness of this fact produces hates and distrusts and cruelties and miseries immeasurable. In a prolonged walking tour in Virginia I came across a peculiar sect on Chincoteague Island. Their membership was less than a hundred, yet they felt that they alone of all the myriads on earth would get to Heaven. Strange as it may sound, they were quite sincere in their interpretations of the Bible, both on this point and another to the effect that all marriages and all offspring, prior to the sanctification of the parents, were illegitimate. I often recall this experience to guard myself against narrowness of view, and for my reader's sake I mention it here also.

And these poor people will serve to point another moral, to the effect that abuse is not argument, for they were driven from their homes with shot-guns and still cling desperately to their beliefs down in the swamps of the Carolinas. Abuse by tongue may not break bones, but it does not heal resentments; rankling sores bleed on increasingly when the human mind stoops to abuse.

Finally, know what you do know, and know it tyoroughly. Know what you do not know and hold your tongue thereon while you open your mind, and furthermore choose silence rather than speech, the living of truth rather than the proclaiming of it, the attitude of learning rather than the pose of prophet.

Real Estate Transfers for November.

James Casey to Mary K. Love, lots Nos. 10, 11, 12, 33 and 446 on the original plat of the town of Bloomington: consideration, natural love and affection, &c.

George W. Michael and wife to Andrew J. Willison, 6¼ acres of land; $75.

Aaron W. Hall and wife to Isabel Whetsell military lot 305; $200.

James M. Durst and wife to James Ross, 2 acres and 3 perches of "Cheviot Dale;" $20.18.

Elizabeth J. Rollins and husband to William T. Wilt, 57 acres and 9 perches of land; $150.

George P. White and wife to Hanson B. Friend, 1 acre and 85 poles of land; $50.

Jacob H. Schlossnagle to Catharine Schlossnagle, 200 acres of land; $500.

Christiana Slabaugh and husband to Christian Bremneman, military lot 2366; $600.

G. S. Hamill, trustee for Adrian Glotfelty, to Ami Foreman, 100 acres of land, $2,700.

F. A. Thayer, trustee to Hiram Duckworth, all the right, title and interest of Robert Butler in and to 81¼ acres of the tract of land called "Swanton;" $300.

G. B. Frazee and wife to I. T. Frazee, their undivided ¼ interest in about 80 acres of "Good Hope;" $300.

I. T. Frazee, and wife to G. B. Frazee, 142 acres and 48 perches of land; $850.

F. A. Thayer, attorney, to Julia Conner, lots 51 and 52 in Brant's addition to the town of Oakland; $500.

Geo. W. DeBerry and wife to Edgar DeBerry, 2 acres and 8 perches of land $75.

Wm. H. Savage and wife M. W. and David E. Savage, military lot 2884; $1, &c.

John A. Connell and wife to Jacob Bucher, 2 acres of a tract of land called "Kindness;" $100.

Abraham L. Spiker to Joseph A. Spiker, lots Nos. 80 and 81 in block No. 2 on the plat of the Mountain Home Company; $750.

John K. Cowan and Oscar G. Murray, receivers of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company to James Swan Frick, 21 37-100 acres of land; consideration, an exchange of property &c.

Monzo D. Naylor and wife to Cora V. Savage, an undivided ¼ interest in military lot No. 1863; $157.

Mary C. Perry and others to J. A. Sowers, military lot 1589; $300.

J. C. Peddicord and others to Cora V. Savage, an undivided ¼ interest in military lot 1863; $325.

J. T. Mason of R. and wife to Theo. Eger, lot E of the sub-division of the tract called "Winson," 76 8-10 acres; $614.40.

John Shartzer, receiver of the Loch Lynn Store Company, to George P. White, Benjamin F. Crane and Clarence M. Rathbun, lots Nos. 34 and 35 on the plat of Loch Lynn Heights; $1,100

John T. Mitchell and wife to G. A. Bittinger, lot No. 16 on the sub-division of "Lochiel," 100 acres; $50.

Lucinda E. Dellinger and wife to Stephen F. Broadwater, 132¼ acres of land; $450.

Lee Cassort and wife to Moses Kemp 17 acres and 20 perches of land; $400.

E. Z. Tower, administrator of Ezekiel Totten, deceased, to Alexander Fleckenstein, lots Nos. 18, 19, 20, 21, 50, 51, 52 and 53 in Totten's addition to the town of Oakland; $300.

Elijah M. Friend and wife to Augustine Friend, 10 acres and 25 perches of the "Gleanings;" $50.78.

Mt. Lake Park association of Garrett county to A. M. Neil, lot No. 1181 on the plat of Mt. Lake Park; $50.

Gilmor S. Hamill and wife to Thos. A. McRobie, 19 acres and 35 perches of "Latent Worth," also another lot of ground containing 5 acres; $175.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to Cure. 25c. 37-26.

YULE TIDE.

Will All Its Pleasures Is Again Drawing Near.

By Lody Cook, nee Tennessee C. Conflin.

[Special Correspondence of The Republican.]

Again Christmas with all its delightful associations approaches, fostering domestic harmony, and repeating the glorious gospel of peace on earth good-will towards men. No other period of the year is so potent as this in healing the wounds of friendship, and in warming the heart of man towards his fellows. And whosoever has British, Scandinavian, or Saxon blood in his veins, welcomes it with enthusiasm. He observes it with gladness whether it comes to him in a torrid or arctic clime or any intermediate zone. The best of good cheer is spread, his dearest friends are invited, and whatever else may grace his table, a plum pudding stuck with berry-laden holly will, if possible, be there, and a bunch of mistletoe not far off; customs strongly savouring of Paganism, without doubt and handed down from heathen ancestors, who were nevertheless, in their own time and way, good men and true.

Christmas is the Christian Saturnal when even the strictest and most decorous countenance some degree of license. The politic leaders of our faith in the earliest days of Christianity thought it wise to graft most of the rites and ceremonies of Paganism upon the doctrines of Christ in order to make the latter popular. Thus they caused His birth to coincide with the Roman Saturnalia which for a whole week from the 18th to the 25th of December commemorated the freedom and equality that existed during the whole of the golden reign of Saturn. We are told that long before the foundation of Rome these heathen feasts were remarkable for their universal liberty. Slaves were permitted to ridicule their masters and to discuss every topic with freedom. Friends made presents to one another, the schools were closed, no criminals were executed, public and private animosity ceased. While they lasted war was never declared, and mirth, riot and debauchery had full swing. During the sacrifices the priests made their offerings with uncovered heads, which was never done at any other festivals. The fetters were removed from the public statutes of the god, to which every emancipated slave devoted his own. The temples were decked with holly and ivy, and other sacred evergreens, and as profusely as our own were in the last century, when Miss Jenny Simper thus complained to the "Spector:" "Our clerk who was once a gardner, has this Christmas so overdeckt the church with greens that he has quite spoilt my prospect, insomuch that I have scarce seen the young baronet for three weeks, and unless the greens are removed, I shall soon have little else to do in church than to say my prayers."

The holly and the mistletoe are indigenous although not peculiar to this country, and the latter, as every one knows, was pre eminently the sacred plant of the Druids, that mysterious, learned, and remarkable caste whose history remains to be written. In the Scandinavian mythology, the mistletoe was consecrated on a memorable occasion and for a most beneficent purpose to Friga, the Northern goddess of love. For the protection of her son Balder, an oath was imposed on all things of earth, air, fire and water, not to injure the beautiful young god. The mistletoe alone from its apparent harmlessness, was excepted, and it was with an arrow fashioned from its wood that Loki, the evil one, slew him. All nature mourned his death until Hela pitied and restored him to his mother, and from that time the fatal plant was consecrated to Friga—our native Venus, that it might henceforth become an instrument of love but never more of hatred. Thus at Christmas, when the Druids were wont to cut it with golden knives, we pass under its branches with kisses, and formerly whenever it was scarce, our maidens, not to be defrauded of their customary rites, made "kissing bunches" of evergreens ornamented with oranges and ribbons, to do duty instead.

His must be a sour heart that can view these sweet old customs with any other feeling than that of general approbation. Hundreds of generations have enjoyed them and made merry over them, the young and the unlearned in happy and innocent thoughtlessness, while the learned and philosophic have busied themselves with the deeper import that lies beneath their popular surface. These see in them the relics of a universal religion devoted to Nature, whose origin is shrouded in the Cimmerian gloom of the North, and in the myths of remotest antiquity. They observe their close relation, not to the Saturnalia of Rome alone, but to the Egyptian Panylia, the Bacchic and Dronysian orgies of the Greeks, the obscene festivals of India, Mesopotamia, and South America, and to the other religious mysteries of those and all the rest of the world where Nature-worship has been symbolized and corrupted by priestcraft, and its pure stream diverted into impure channels. This trading in mankind's best emotions and subordinating worship to gain or power, has slain in succession all the religions of the past just as it will destroy those of the present. It may be that in the cycle of religious evolution the the time will come when mankind will reach the point whence they started, and their hearts will be again filled with love and reverence for all nature as the sure and best manifestation of God to man.

Let us endeavor, then, to make the best use of Christmas, whatever its historical shortcomings, and to join in the general spirit of love and goodwill. Let the tables smoke with festive cheer, and hall and cottage ring with joyous greetings, and prove to the world that England is merry England still. The absent will return to gladden those at home, and the dead will be lovingly remembered. For those who cannot be present, whom necessity or distance has parted from us, there will be kindly messages, even to the ends of the earth, borne by the swift mail or swifter telegraph. Let us rejoice that it is not in the power of time or space to sever us from those we love, and that though they may be toiling though the defiles of the Khyber Pass, or broiling under an Indian or African sun, or living lonely lives in Canada or America, in Australia, Asia, or any of the numberless colonies where British industry adds Empire to Empire, yet their places will not be forgotten on Christmas Day, but affection will make the absent present. Above all, on this day beyond every other, let the poor and the outcast be amply provided for, that they may partake of the general rejoicing, and if all the remaining days of their years be wretched, let them be happy on this, the day of days, when as tradition tells, the Prince of Peace was born, to bring a message of love from Heaven to earth.

Dowday House, Richmond, Surrey, England, Dec. 6, 1897.

Died.

FRAZEE.—On November 2nd, Clara Alberta, daughter of Jesse and Sarah Frazee, aged nine years, nine months and fourteen days. Little Clara was a bright, intelligent and loving child, but death claimed her for his own. Her bright smile and cheery voice are missed in the home. She has left; her playmates miss her in their innocent games, but she is safe in the arms of Jesus, nevermore to suffer pain or death.

DANIELS.—On November 18, 1897, near Jenness, Somerset county, Pa., Mrs. Louisa C. Daniels, wife of Wm. F. Daniels (formerly of this county) and daughter of John C. Diehl, aged thirty-six years, seven months and twenty-six days. Deceased leaves a sorrowing husband, seven children, her aged father and two sisters to mourn their loss, which is her eternal gain.

HETZ.—Of pleuro pneumonia, on December 4, 1897, Mr. George Hetz, aged thirty-four years, four months and fourteen days. Deceased leaves a widow and five small children to mourn their loss. Mr. Hetz came to the United States from Bavaria, Germany, about fifteen years ago, a poor boy, but he was one of those energetic and industrious Germans, and came to this country to become a useful and respected citizen. On his arrival near Frostburg he at once sought employment, which he found with the Lochiel Lumber Company. He saved his earnings and bought a farm near Cove, on which he resided at the time of his death. He was twice married. His first wife was a daughter of John G. Georg, of Cove, who died about nine years ago. One child is living by this union. About seven years ago he was married to Mrs. Christena Griffith, who with four little sons are left sorrowing.

There is a time for everything; and the time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait until you have consumption but prevent it by using One Minute Cough Cure, the great remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Estray Notice.

There came to my place, about one and one-half miles east of Cranesville, Sept. 1st, a yearling heifer; red with white spot on face, white flanks and small spot on top of rump; no earmark. The owner will please come forward, pay charges and take the animal away. EZRA H. WOLF. 38-3t

GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

Some Few Things of Importance It Will Speak About.

Governor Lowndes arrived at Cumberland Monday night, where he will remain a few days, when he will return to Annapolis. He expects to have his message to the General Assembly completed some time before the session begins, on January 5th. Speaking of the message among other things the Governor says:

"I believe, it will show a satisfactory situation of affairs, so for as the State government is concerned, and will be gratifying to the people generally especially to the tax-payers. There is no doubt but the finances of the State are in an excellent condition and the condition of the treasury is all that can be desired.

"The message will also show that the public institutions of the State, and those which are supported by State aid, in part, are also well managed and are of good condition.

"I can hardly recall now all the recommendations that the message will make to the law-making department. I shall suggest certain amendments to the election law in order to render it more effective, and which the experience of the past two elections has demonstrated are necessary. The law, as it stands, is one of the best in force in the country, and with the few amendments which experience has shown are advisable, it will be as near perfect as an election law can be. There should be more safeguards to prevent bribery of voters especially, and I shall suggest that changes be made in that regard.

"I shall also recommend the passage of a new charter for Baltimore city, and shall give at length my reasons for advising such action. As the center of half the population of the State and more than half the wealth, Baltimore is entitled to great consideration at the hands of the General Assembly, and, as far as my influence extends, that consideration shall be granted.

"There are many other recommendations to be made in the message, such as the enlargement of the House of Correction, the completion of the new State penitentiary and other matters of minor importance. One matter of importance will be the amendment of the assessment law, in certain particulars, where that act has been found defective."

Maryland's Share.

Prof. E. B. Prettyman, principal of the Maryland State Normal School, and Secretary of the State Board of Education, is preparing a memorial which will be presented at the next session of Congress, asking that the State of Maryland be given a share in the distribution of public lands. In conformity to the laws of other states, the money derived from the sale of the lands, should Congress grant the claims which will be presented in the memorial, will be used for the advancement of public education. At the recent meeting of the Association of School Commissioners and Examiners of the State of Maryland, which was held at the Normal School, Governor Lowndes, Rev. J. E. Nicholson and Prof. E. B. Prettyman, were appointed a committee to take charge of and push the matter before Congress.

Prof. Prettyman is very much interested in the work, and says that Maryland's claim is a just and equitable one. He will complete the memorial and frame a bill on the subject as soon as possible, when it will be presented to Governor Lowndes for his approval. The Maryland representatives in Congress will be requested to use every effort to secure favorable legislation on the bill. Prof. Prettyman said recently that should the bill be passed, a large sum of money will be received by the State of Maryland for the purpose of education.

"I have been interested in this important question for some time," he said, "and after a long and careful search I can see no plausible reason why we Marylanders should not share in the distribution of public lands. During several trips through western states I noticed that all had magnificent public school buildings, and the greater part of the money, for the purpose was received from the sale of public lands. I believe that the public lands of the United States should be sacredly devoted to the advancement of public education.

"For a long time the Maryland statesman in the Continental Congress were the only representatives to advocate national jurisdiction over the Western lands. Their efforts were finally successful, and the national government was placed in control of the public lands.

"This is a good reason why Maryland should be granted a share of the large areas of lands in the West. Only one vigorous attempt has been made until very recently, so as I can ascertain, to change the national policy in connection with the public lands. In 1821 the General Assembly of Maryland adopted an elaborate report to the effect that each of the United States had an equal right to participate in the benefit of the public lands. The legislatures of several states endorsed this report, but this appears to have been the end of the matter."

Prof. Prettyman said the public lands in the U.S., originally amounted to 1,840,000,000 acres, but only about 600,000,000 acres still remain in government control, exclusive of Alaska.

Elder.

Chas. Frazee, who is teaching the McCabe school, spent Saturday and Sunday here.

Mr. Oden DeWitt and wife were calling on Isaiah Friend Sunday.

We noticed Taze Casteel, of Frazee Ridge, in our vicinity one day last week and were glad to see him as he used to be one of our neighbors.

Hamilton Friend seems to find some kind of magnetism at Hoyes for he is invariably drawn there every Sunday evening.

John Sterling and wife spent a few weeks visiting friends at Buffalo.

Miss Deal, assistant teacher at Selbysport, and Miss Grim, assistant at Friendsville, were the guests of Prof. H. K. Friend Saturday and Sunday.

Ed. Dixon, Geo. Sterling and a stranger from Krug were here Sunday night attending the singing school.

Ben Schroyer went to housekeeping Dec. 13th instead of the 6th as reported last week.

If Dame Rumor is correct we are to have another wedding in the near future but let the good work go on.

CICERO.

Accident.

Last Saturday Mr. J. E. Gnagey returned from Baltimore, where he was on business.

Miss Clara Englehart, who has been on the sick list the past week, is now convalescing.

Mr. G. F. Ault, the local butcher, has been kept busy the past three weeks, but his work is now drawing to a close.

Mr. Christian Klotz has opened a new coal mine.

Mr. William Beeghly will organize a literary society at Bumble Bee ridge next Thursday evening.

The Accident band is practicing to play at Grantsville on Christmas eve.

The young folks are preparing a program for Christmas services, to be held in the Lutheran church on Christmas eve.

Mr. Adam Garinger butchered eight hogs last Monday, and took them to Lonaconing that night.

Mrs. Michael Smith and children, from McHenry, are visiting Mrs. G. F. Englehart, Mrs. Smith's mother.

A disease of the eye, which seems to be contagious, is spreading over the neighborhood. The first symptoms are swelling of the eye, and in some cases to such an extent as to leave the patient in total darkness for days. O. K.

Mr. C. M. Dixon, a well known merchant of Pleasant Ridge, Fulton Co., Pa., has a little girl who is frequently threatened with croup, but when the first symptoms appear, his wife gives her Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which always affords prompt relief. Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Blocherville.

We are having fine weather for December.

Farmers are busy ploughing for the coming spring crops.

The protracted meeting held at Mt. Zion by Rev. E. P. Idleman closed last Wednesday evening.

Miss Irene Wade, of Frostburg, is visiting Miss Emma Blocher and friends in this vicinity.

Miss Rosa Fazenbaker made a pleasant call on Miss Emma Blocher last Sunday evening.

The Beall school has closed till after the holidays on account of the mumps.

Mr. Winfield S. Layman was a pleasant caller at Mr. David Pope's last Sunday evening.

Miss Laura Durst, one of our charming young ladies, has gone to Piedmont to spend the winter.

Don't be persuaded into buying liniment without reputation or merit—Chamberlain's Pain Balm costs no more, and its merits have been proven by a test of many years. Such letters as the following from L. G. Bagley, Uneneme, Cal., are constantly being received: "The best remedy for pain I have ever used is Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and I say so after having used it in my family for several years." It cures rheumatism, lame back, sprains and swellings. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENJ. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND, : GARRETT CO., MD.

CASEY'S LITTLE BOY.

Casey's little boy was one the neighbor'a didn't like,
And Parson Hooker called him once an "onery little tyke,"
Because the boy, at divers times—he did it just for fun—
Would give the parson's study bell an awful pull, and run.

Of freckles Casey's little boy had plenty and to spare.
He had a saucy up-turned nose and likewise "sandy" hair.
And all the neighbors chided him for all the mischief done,
But "Ah, gowan!" was the response he gave to everyone.

He hardly ever went to school; he didn't have the time;
He had so many brooks to wade, so many trees to climb,
So many funny boats to sail and waterfalls to build,
With all these more important things his busy mind was filled.

And Sunday-school and church to him were not a joy, alas!
If left to his desires he would calmly let them pass.
He hated rules of conduct and was nearly always seized
With an immense desire to be doing as he pleased.

There used to be a water-mill about n mile away
Where Casey's little boy would go and loiter every day.
He loved to watch the water as it hurried through the race,
And scores of other pleasures seemed to center in the place.

One day the miller's little girl fell in the rushing stream
As Casey's little boy came by and heard her frightened scream.
He dove beneath the wave and brought her safely to the bank
Just as his own poor strength gave out. He tottered back and sank.

The funeral was very large and everybody cried
And took their grief to heart as though their dearest friend had died.
And now they've built a monument that time cannot destroy,
Which says: "Here Lies a Hero," meaning Casey's little boy.

—Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

Her Husband's Relations.

By Amy Randolph.

"IT is your own fault, Clara," said Walter May.

Stamping her foot on the carpet.

"Of course it is!" cried out Clara, passionately. "Do you suppose I don't know it perfectly well? And that is what makes it so hard—oh, so cruelly hard to bear!"

The fact was that Mr. and Mrs. Walter May had begun life at the wrong end.

Clara Calthorpe was a pretty young girl, just out of the hothed atmosphere of a fashionable boarding school. Walter May was a bank clerk who had not the least doubt but that he should ultimately make his fortune out of stocks and bonds.

"Clara," he said to the young wife while the golden circle of the honeymoon was yet overshadowing their lives, "would you like a country life?"

"Oh, dear, no!" said Clara, involuntarily recoiling.

"Because," said Walter, somewhat wistfully, "my father and mother are alone on the old farm, and I think they would like to have us come and live with them."

"I shouldn't like it at all," said Clara, "and mamma says that no young bride should ever settle down among her husband's relations."

Mr. May frowned a little, but Mrs. Clara had a pretty positive way of her own, and he remonstrated no further.

But at the year's end Walter May had lost his situation, the clouds of debt had gathered darkly around them, and all the pretty new furniture, Eastlake cabinets, china dragons, proof engravings and hothouse plants were sold under the red flag. They had made a complete failure of the housekeeping business, and now, in the fourth story of a third-rate hotel, Mr. and Mrs. Walter May were looking their future in the face.

Clara had been extravagant. There was no sort of doubt about that. She had given "recherche" little parties, which she couldn't afford, to people who didn't care for her. She had patterned her tiny establishment after models which were far beyond her reach, and now they were ruined.

She had sent a tear-besprinkled letter to her mother, who was in Washington trying to ensnare a rich husband for her younger daughter, but Mrs. Calthorpe had hastily written back that it was quite impossible for her to be in New York at that time of year and still more impossible to receive Mrs. Walter May at the monster hotel where she was boarding. And Clara, who had always had a vague idea that her mother was selfish, was quite certain of it now.

"There is but one thing left for you, Clara," said Walter, sadly.

"And that—"

"Is to go back to the old farm. I have no longer a home to offer you, but you will be sure of a warm welcome from my father and mother. I shall remain here and do my best to obtain some new situation which will enable me to earn our daily bread."

Clara burst into tears.

"Go to my husband's relations?" she sobbed. "Oh, Walter, I cannot!"

"You will have to," he said, doggedly, "or else starve."

So Mrs. May packed up her trunk and obeyed. And all the way to Hazelcopse farm she cried behind her veil and pictured to herself a stony-faced old man with a virago of a wife, who would set her to doing menial tasks and overwhelm her with reproaches for having ruined "poor, dear Walter." As for the farmhouse itself, she was quite sure it was a desolate place, with corn and potatoes growing under the very windows, and the road in front filled with plows and pigs and harrows and broken cart wheels. But in the midst of her tears and desolation the driver called out:

"Hazelcopse farm! Mr. Noah May's! Here's th' house, ma'am."

A long, low, gray stone mansion, all garlanded with ivy, its windows bright with geranium blossoms and the scarlet autumn leaves raining down on the velvet-smooth lawn in front. Clara could just see how erroneous had been all her preconceived ideas, when she found herself clasped in the arms of the sweetest and most motherly of old ladies.

"My poor dear!" said old Mrs. May, caressingly.

"You are as welcome as the sunshine, daughter," said a smiling old gentleman in spectacles.

There was not a word of reproach—not a questioning look, not a sidelong glance—all welcome, and tenderness and loving commiseration. And when Clara went to sleep that night, with a wood fire glancing and glimmering softly over the crimson hangings of the "best chamber," she began to think that perhaps she had been mistaken in some of her ideas.

The next day she had a long, confidential talk with her father-in-law, while Mrs. May was making mince pies in the kitchen.

"But there's one thing I haven't dared to tell Walter about," she said, with tears in her eyes.

"What is that, my dear?" said the old gentleman.

"My dressmaker's bill," said Clara. "It came the night before I left New York—oh, such a dreadful bill! I hadn't any idea it could possibly amount up so tearfully."

"How much was it?" said Mr. Noah May, patting her hand.

"A hundred and fifty dollars," said Clara, hanging down her head.

"Don't fret, my dear; don't fret," said the old gentleman. "Walter need never know anything about it. I'll settle the bill and there shall be an end of the matter."

"Oh, sir, will you really?"

"My dear," said old Mr. May, "I'd do much more than that to buy the color back to your cheeks and the smile to your lips."

And that same afternoon, when Mrs. May had been talking to Clara in the kindest and most motherly way, the girl burst into tears and hid her face on the old lady's shoulder.

"Oh," cried she, "how good you all are! And I had an idea that a father and mother-in-law were such terrible personages! Oh, please, please forgive me for all the wicked things I have thought about you!"

"It was natural enough, my dear," said Mrs. May, smiling, "but you are wiser now, and you will not be afraid of us any longer."

When Saturday night arrived Walter May came out to the old farmhouse, dejected and sad at heart. He had discovered that situations do not grow, like blackberries, on every bush; he had met

"WOULD YOU LIKE A COUNTRY LIFE?"

with more than one cruel rebuff, and he was hopelessly discouraged as to the future. Moreover, he fully expected to be met with tears and complaints by his wife, for he well knew Clara's inveterate prejudices in regard to country life."

But to his infinite amazement and relief Clara greeted him, on the doorstep with radiant smiles.

"Tell me, dear," said she, "have you got a new situation?"

He shook his head, sadly.

"I'm glad of it," said Clara, brightly, for we've got a place—papa and mamma and I."

"It's all Clara's plan," said old Noah May.

"But it has our hearty approval," added the smiling old lady.

"We're all going to live here together," said Clara. "And you are to manage the farm, because papa says he is getting too old and lazy," with a merry glance at the old gentleman, who stood beaming on his daughter-in-law, as if he were ready to subscribe to one and all of her opinions, "and I am to keep house and take all the care off mamma's hands. And, oh! it is so pleasant here, and I do love the country so dearly! So if you're willing, dear—"

"Willing!" cried out Walter May, ecstatically, "I'm more than willing. It's the only thing I have always longed for. Good-by to city walls and hearts of stone; good-by to hollow appearances and grinding wretchedness! Why, Clara, I shall be the happiest man alive. But—"

"There," said Clara, putting up both hands as if to ward off all possible objections, "I was sure there would be a 'but.'"

"I thought, my dear," said Walter, "that you didn't like the idea of living with your husband's relations."

Clara looked lovingly up into her mother-in-law's sweet old face, while she silently pressed Mr. Noah May's kindly hands.

"I am a deal wiser than I was a week ago," said she. "And, oh, so much happier!"

"So am I!" said Walter.—N. Y. Ledger.

THE REINDEER OF ALASKA.

Furnish the Means of Transportation in the Klondike.

What ever may be the future of traffic in the extreme north, it appears from all existing accounts that the immediate present offers no more satisfactory means of getting about than that afforded by the Alaska reindeer. With dogs worth a couple of hundred dollars each, and with the necessity that exists for carrying sufficient provisions to keep them in good heart, the outlook for dog sledging is not particularly promising.

The reindeer, on the contrary, is a native, and as nature makes very few blunders, its proper subsistence is provided for. Alaska has, it is said, a sufficient supply of reindeer moss to feed 1,000,000 of these animals. As this is the only food necessary for them it remains simply incumbent upon their owners to provide them with a comfortable shelter.

Some years ago, through the instrumentality of Dr. Sheldon Jackson, whose labors in this direction have been indefatigable, a herd of reindeer was introduced into Alaska. Quietly and without any flourish of trumpets the work of caring for and breeding these animals has been going on, and the herd of between 50 and 75 had increased in 1894 to something like 150. There are now on the Alaska reindeer farms more than 1,000 fine reindeer. Laplanders were brought to care for them, special pains being taken to secure those who were skilled in the management and breeding of these creatures. The results have been in every way satisfactory, and the project is now well advanced to start a line of reindeer express from some accessible outside point to the mining camps of the Klondike. The reindeer is the only animal that can be safely entrusted with the carrying of passengers and properties over this inhospitable region. Dogs will starve or freeze without the utmost care, and are kept up at great expense. Railroads would be snowed under and blockaded, but the reindeer, the "Cold Weather Express," the "Arctic Flyer," the "North Pole Blue Line," with muscles of whipcord and alertness that is almost human, scales heights, crosses icy water courses and skims over soft snow like nothing else in the line of transportation that can be furnished.

There is a record in Sweden of a reindeer having covered 600 miles in 48 hours.

The reindeer as a general utility animal can scarcely be surpassed. Its milk is really cream, bearing several parts of water before being reduced to the consistency of ordinary cows' milk. Valuable as the reindeer is during its lifetime, it is scarcely less so when dead. It is rarely killed for food, as it is worth too much to use up in this way, but when the necessity arises for slaughtering the creature, as must occur in the case of old ones, or for other reasons, this animal is available from the tips of its horns to the ends of its curiously shaped toes. Its flesh is highly esteemed, its skin is the most valuable article known for warmth, and even the blood and bones furnish substances both useful and ornamental. Nothing is thrown away, not even the contents of the stomach. Thread and bow strings and gloves are obtainable from this fragment of universal usefulness.

Dr. Jackson and his supporters builded much better than they knew when they introduced the reindeer into Alaska.

In the same connection it may be said that the growlers and grumblers who believed that the government was squandering money when it purchased this section of northwest iciness are changing their minds with great rapidity, and many of them are setting their faces Klondikeward.—N. Y. Ledger.

NOVELTIES OF FASHION.

Seasonable Suggestions on Dress for the Ladies.

A delightful party gown is of maize satin with a deep flounce of lace on either side of the skirt, kept in place by an embroidery of diamonds, crystals and silver, the draped bodice likewise embroidered and having little revers of apricot velvet edged with mink.

Buttons and buckles continue in power and are of oxydized silver and colored enamel. Wedgwood buttons set in steel rims are also becoming popular.

A stunning little blouse coat, which would take courage to wear, however, is in orange color velvet, with short upper jacket and sleeves of caracul fur and a jetted belt.

There is not much indication that women will continue to patronize the accordion-plaited skirt. Its popularity heralded its death.

Dark-blue serge gowns, with a touch of plaid at the neck and waist, are much worn and are very smart in appearance. Toques are worn with these gowns more than hats.

A beautiful driving coat in reseda cloth has a high collar and revers of old lace over white bordered with sable and is drawn in at the waist by a smart belt.

The new colors and materials for evening are becoming more and more beautiful and the very newest is Italian pink, a shade like the deep rose of the setting sun. Ball gowns in Italian pink satin, veiled with net of the same shade, patterned with large chenille spots, are successful.—Chicago News.

Good Pumpkin Pie.

Take one pint of fine stewed pumpkin for two pies; add two eggs, one large cup of sugar, one-quarter cup of good molasses, one level teaspoon of cinnamon, one heaping teaspoon of ginger, one quart of milk; bake in a moderate oven until nicely browned.—Philadelphia Press.

An Expert Opinion.

"Great men," remarked the thoughtful youth, "are frequently misunderstood by the public."

"That," replied Senator Sorghum, gravely, "is very true. And mighty lucky it is for some of them."—Washington Star.

AN INDIAN SUPERSTITION.

How Capt. Smith Was Saved from Death and Matrimony.

Picture of yourself, pale-face reader, a scene laid in the state of Virginia, long years before the Old Dominion was the state of Virginia.

There lay Capt. John Smith, an Englishman, visiting the United States on a business trip, with his head on a sawlog and his body stretched along the earth—and him perfectly sober.

Near him stood Powhatan, a noble red man, next of kin to Lo, the Poor Indian, who had up to this time not appeared in history. Powhatan was the chief of the Pamunkeys, and he had frequently been heard to say that no Englishman could Pamunkey with him. Grasped firmly in his left hand, for the chief was a south paw, though not generally so stated by his biographers, if, indeed, they were aware of it, was a club that Baby Anson might well have flourished over the home plate at a later period in the nation's history. Lightly the chieftain twirled his stick, the meanwhile smiling significantly, not to say sardonically, at the captain, who seemed to be holding down a base for all there was in it.

In a few moments a knock-kneed scalper, at whom the assembled crowd howled its derision, appeared and taking his position in the foreground of the well-known picture, he sung out in a commanding voice: "Play."

Instantly the chief straightened up, shook the bark off of his club, and with a fierce and implacable look toward Heaven and the future, drew back to strike.

Those who were looking at the recumbent captain at this time observed that he closed his English blue eyes as if something were about to happen that he was not particularly anxious to witness.

Such was society among the F. F. V.'s of that pristine period.

At this crucial moment a young lady, upon whose royal cheek a red crayon would not have made a visible mark, made a rush for the chieftain and his club and tackled them heroically.

"Hold, pa! hold, pa!" she screamed until the aisles of the mighty forests echoed and reechoed her cry.

"Yes," added the captain, lustily, "somebody hold pa and give me a chance."

It was Pocahontas, the chieftain's only daughter, and Capt. Smith recalled the pictures he had seen in the school books, and thought how much better looking she was now.

"Well, what in thunder do you want here?" inquired the chieftain, with more asperity than usual, as he lowered his stick.

"I want you to let Capt. Smith go, pa," she replied in dulcet tones.

The chieftain pointed towards the earth with a significant wink.

"Well," he said, "he'd been going by this time if you had not interfered."

"Thanks, pa;" gayly responded the James river belle, "but I don't want him to go where all the other dead Englishmen are; let him stay among the good Americans."

"Nay, nay, Pauline," dissented Powhatan, almost fiercely.

"But pa," argued Pocahontas, "if you kill him his blood will be upon your head, don't you know."

"And what of that, prithee, girl?" chucking her under the chin as was his fatherly wont.

"Much, dear father," she said, becoming deeply serious. "You know that blood is red and if you have it on your head, papa, you will be a red-headed Indian, and you know what a hoodoo a red-headed Indian is. If you think you can stand it, papa," and there was sarcasm, mingled with irony, in her tones and manner, "just go ahead and try it, but I want you to understand that I shall not live under the same roof with a hoodoo like that, even if I have to marry a remnant of an F. F. V. up in Richmond, and open a boarding house to support him."

By the time the young princess of the Pamunkeys had finished her remarks, old man Powhatan was seated on a stump near by wiping the perspiration from his Tennessee marble brow.

"Daughter," he said in a hoarse whisper, "you have saved your father's life, but prithee do not ask me to let you marry a man named John Smith as a reward. Pocahontas Smith! Gee whizz; I'd rather be dead."

So she married another fellow.—Detroit Free Press.

The Lizard's Toll.

A party of Americans staying in one of the pretty villas of San Remo, Italy, while sitting on the flowery terrace, noticed the family cat with a wriggling lizard in her mouth. The cat's mistress made a humane attempt at rescue, with the result that the lizard was next seen running away to a neighboring tree, quite uninjured, but without a tail. Then a queer scene occurred. The owncrless tail, still retaining its vitality, spun round and round upon the flagged terrace, at intervals executing a nimble skip up into the air, while the cat played with it as she would have done with a mouse. She sat down to watch the pranks of the playful tail, occasionally giving it a gentle pat with her paw, or starting back as it made one of its higher skips, as if half afraid of the thing which was now neither animal nor really alive. Finally, as the mechanical vitality died out gradually, the cat swallowed the tail and returned to the tree to look for its owner, which, let us hope, she did not find.—Golden Days.

His Plea for Mercy.

In a hog stealing case in a Georgia justice court the judge asked the prisoner what he had to say for himself.

He hesitated a moment; then, stepping forward, said:

"I stole dat hog, jedge—yo' honner—but I wants you ter make de sentence light, kase he got 'way fum me no less dan six times, an' I sprain two legs en one arm fo' I finally ketched him en got him ou de fire!"—Atlanta Constitution.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—At Tangent, Ore., a steam plow has been devised which the inventor thinks will plow 15 acres a day.

—Though for 50 years a lumberman and much of the time in the deer country, a Machias, Me., man never shot a deer until this season.

—Mrs. J. F. Hostetter, of Suffolk, Va., was surprised recently to find a night-blooming cereus flower wide open at 10:30 o'clock in the morning.

—After letting a cut finger go uncared for for a couple of days, a Calais, Vt., man had to have it amputated, and then fell a victim to tetanus.

—It is told of a woman who lives midway between Machias and Whitneyville, Me., places four miles apart, that she has not visited Machias for 16 years, or Whitneyville for 18 years.

—Pheasants, which hunters have protected in recent years since a blizzard almost exterminated them, have been more plentiful this season in the Cumberland region of Maryland than ever before.

—Officers found a speak-easy in the top story of a building at Durham, N. C., and discovered that the patrons did not climb to it, but had their liquor let down by means of strings to them on the ground floor.

—One of the athletic young women of San Jose, Cal., when a footpad grabbed her the other evening, struck him a fist blow in the eye that took all the enterprise out of him and enabled her to make her escape.

—The burial of a colored veteran's body in the special G. A. R. plot at Hiawatha, Kan., so incensed the widow of a white commander of the post that she had her husband's body disinterred and reburied in a private plot.

—After cleaning his waistcoat with gasoline, a railroad brakeman of Rutland, Vt., struck a match to light his pipe, and the corduroy garment caught fire. The conductor smothered the flames by throwing a coat about the brakeman.

—In a Maine community where apples have been scarce this season and where normally the apple is the staple refreshment at card parties raw carrots were served at a whist party the other night and were pronounced most delectable.

A PRETTY HOME.

It Is Something That Every Woman Wants.

The deftness of woman's fingers enables her to turn and twist the things that are old into decorations that are new and lovely in effect. She can select harmonious colors when she buys inexpensive furnishings, and so tone the aspect of her home that rest and ease may welcome every new visitor; she may become so essential to the happiness of each child in the home that its first inquiry when returning from play or from school will be "is mother home?" She may live her young years over again with the loving childhood about her, if she will share the joys and sorrows of her boys and girls. To every woman a home is essential, whether it may be her own or somebody else's. But wherever she lives it is right that she should bring the heart into her life. Love begets love, and wherever it is present the joys of daily life counterbalance the ills.

How to make a home? Why, let the two who build it be of one mind—that it is to be the happiest spot in the whole earth. Include in your desire not only the purpose to make yourselves happy, but to brighten the lives of everybody else. And be sure to keep your windows open to the sunlight. So many times the best rooms in our homes are treated as if they were too good for everyday life. And their chill and discomfort when experienced by an unexpected guest make her dream of "cellar-damp and creeping things." Let life in the home be free and easy and yet orderly. But do not despair if the sticks of wood piled for use in the parlor fireplace are not perfectly straight and just the right length. And do not feel it a duty to brush the carpet each time a neighbor calls to see you, else you will become the victim to a dust-pan and brush!—N. Y. Ledger.

Where He Worked.

The prisoner was making his appearance before the magistrate for the hundredth time.

"Well," said the magistrate, "you here again?"

"Yes, your worship," responded the prisoner.

"What's the charge?"

"Vagrancy—same as before, your worship."

"It seems to me you are here about half your time."

"Rather more than less, your worship."

"Well, what do you do it for? Why don't you work?"

"I do, your worship, more than half my time."

"Ah, now," said the magistrate, surprised, "if you can tell me where you have ever worked I'll let you off."

"In prison, your worship," sniffed the prisoner, and the court kept its word.—The Rival.

They Settled It Outside.

At a certain county court some time ago a case of the disputed ownership of a donkey was called on, when the learned judge suggested, in a friendly way, that the suitors—two costermongers—had better "settle the matter outside." The judge's kindly meaning was apparently misunderstood, for in the course of half an hour or so, during which the court was emptied of its usual audience, the plaintiff appeared, with two black eyes and a flattened nose, to announce triumphantly that he had knocked out the other party, and to demand his lordship's judgment in his favor. As the other side consented to this course, judgment was given accordingly, and the case will, no doubt, be cited in future as one of the latest instances of "Judicial Combat," or the "Ordeal of Battle."—Tit-Bits.

It Makes Cold Feet Warm.

Shake into your under shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It gives rest and comfort, prevents that smarting sensation and keeps your feet from perspiring. Allen's Foot-Ease makes cold feet warm. After your feet perspire they usually feel cold at this season. Ask your druggist or shoe dealer to-day for a 25c box of Allen's Foot-Ease and use it at once. Sample sent Free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N.Y.

A Man of His Word.

"Do you take this woman for your lawfully wedded wife?" asked the minister, or words to that effect. The young man, who had eloped by tandem 20 miles over a dirt road with the object of his heart's desire, looked at the perspiring, dusty, red faced, limp-haired object that stood alongside him, set his teeth firmly, clenched his hands and answered, in the voice of a martyr: "I do."—Indianapolis Journal.

Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

His Excuse.

Passenger (on a southern train)—What do you mean by calling "hot peanuts?" These are cold.

Train-boy—Well, they were hot when we started.—Judge.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

When a popular society gives an amateur entertainment there is one thing sure—you must take part or buy a ticket.—Atchison Globe.

For Homeseeker's Excursion dates via the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Ry. and information of their tourist sleeper arrangement, address H. F. Bowsher, 435 Walnut St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

It is better to say a little worse than you mean than to mean a little worse than you say.—N. Y. Independent.

We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs.—Jennie Pinckard, Springfield., Ill., Oct. 1, 1894.

The worst thing about Sunday is getting one's belongings back into one's pockets on Monday morning.—Washington Democrat.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

Persistency without principle is a mighty revolving wheel to which is attached neither belt nor shaft.—N. Y. Independent.

Even a baby was cured of a burn By St. Jacobs Oil. Read directions.

Nothing takes as well as advice that coincides with our views.—Washington Democrat.

With cold Neuralgia increases. With St. Jacobs Oil it decreases and is cured.

Women have great respect for a woman who has her hair done up by a professional hair dresser.—Atchison Globe.

Don't bend. Wait a little. St. Jacobs Oil will cure your lame back.

A man is sometimes compelled to put up with those he does not love—pawnbrokers, for instance.—Chicago News.

Cold? Stiff as a poker. Use St. Jacobs Oil. Limber as a whiplash—cured.

We believe some congregations give their pastors a vacation so they can go and hear other preachers.—Washington Democrat.

If he was a cripple from rheumatism, he isn't now. St. Jacobs Oil cured him.

An old man looks out of place in a brass band.—Washington Democrat.

Weak Stomach

Feels Perfectly Well Since Taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I have been troubled for over two years with a weak stomach. I concluded to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. After taking a few bottles I felt perfectly well, and I cannot speak too highly of Hood's." MRS. M. H. WRIGHT, Akron, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are the favorite cathartic. 25c.

Go to your grocer to-day and get a 15c. package of

Grain-O

It takes the place of coffee at ¼ the cost.

Made from pure grains it is nourishing and healthful.

Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O. Accept no imitation.

Look for the name ESTEY on the front of an Organ. That is the quickest way to tell whether it is a good organ or not.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue with prices, to Estey Organ Company, Brattleboro, Vt.

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OPIUM and Whiskey Habit cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent FREE. B. M. WOOLLEY, M.D., Atlanta, Ga.

KLONDYKE for $1.00. Write for particulars. KLONDYKE EMIGRATION AND MINING CO., 51-52 Blinkley Bl'k, Seattle, Wash.

TEMPERANCE.

A GOOD FELLOW.

Homeless and Friendless He Falls a Victim to the Free Lunch Trap.

It was one of the lovely October days to be found only in the Rocky mountain region. There was a softness in the air too delicate to be called mist or haze. Indeed, it was a day of such perfect clearness that Mrs. Carroll, looking up from her mending through the long vista of the Sun river canyon, saw distinctly the snow-filled ravines upon the sides of the main ridge of the Rockies 90 miles away.

The gate banged shut after a messenger boy and the tidy Swedish maid brought up a note:

"Dearest: I am bringing home Luke Hazelton, our old friend's son. He is stranded here for a few days, and I found him in a bad fix. I'll explain when I see you. Please act as if it were just an everyday, casual visit. YOUR HUSBAND."

Naturally this note aroused some curiosity, but that did not retard the deft movements which made all ready for the expected guest.

When Jack came at one the haggard young man with him found a comfortable room and a comforting welcome. The children at once marked him for their own and left little for anyone else to do in the way of entertainment.

In a day or two money came from his father and the lad was off for his distant home.

Through all his stay he was treated with the friendly ease of an intimate guest, although his hostess knew his story.

He had left home "to seek his fortune," had drifted about until his money was about gone, but proudly resolved not to apply to his father. He heard of work in G—— F—— and putting nearly all his funds into a railway ticket reached the city, only to be disappointed.

Then he gave up and telegraphed to his father. He had paid for his night's lodging and breakfast and had now 25 cents and two days to wait. He knew

"I KNOW HIS PARENTS WELL."

that Jack Carroll lived there and would gladly help him, but his foolish boy's pride made him determine to "starve first."

Then it was that he fell into the free lunch trap.

"I can get a glass of beer for five cents," he said to himself, "and they'll throw in a sandwich or two. I guess I'll find some place to sleep for two nights. There's no frost yet, and I could roost on a bench in the park. Anything so's not to beg of Jack Carroll. There he is, this minute, but he won't know me, as I was nothing but a kid when he saw me. Still, it's safe to hide."

He slipped into the "Silver Dollar," got his beer and what he considered a pretty good lunch for a nickel. Did the bartender notice that, though the boy's linen was soiled and rumpled, the cut and material of his garments were faultless? Anyway, he treated him as a distinguished stranger and poor Luke came out with the feathers of his personal vanity all smoothed down, and feeling that he was a pretty keen fellow to have gotten so much for so little.

"If I can work that again to-day and three times to-morrow, I guess I can pull through till I hear from the governor."

In a short time the last nickel was in the till and the boy, carrying more beer than was good for him, was out in the street.

A policeman passed and eyed him closely. Luke stiffened himself and tried to look unconscious of that gaze, while all the time he knew he could not walk quite straight. A heavy hand fell on his shoulder and a rough voice bade him "come on!"

The next morning a very dejected boy appeared before the police justice. He was quite hopeless and kept his gaze bent upon the floor. Suddenly the sound of a friendly voice made him look up. Mr. John Carroll was interceding for him.

"I know his parents well," he said, "and I know he is a mere boy and not long from home. He cannot be an old offender."

Then Luke got a chance to tell his story and how he intended to go on home as soon as the money came.

Finally, the justice said he would remit the usual fine if Mr. Carroll would take charge of the young man until his departure, which Mr. Carroll was very glad to do.

In ten minutes he had the boy in his own office, making a hasty toilet preparatory to a "square meal" at the nearest restaurant.

When lunch time came and the office held only those two Jack crossed the room to Luke and said: "I sent a note to Mrs. Carroll that she might expect you, Luke, and I want you to know you are as welcome as a rose in May. I haven't told her anything and I don't suppose she has seen the item in the paper which took me to the court room. I've got something I must say to you. You know I'm no saint, and I don't go in very much for total abstinence, but I've been looking out all my life, and I've found that while a few men of iron will and cool blood can drink moderately and stop when they like, many more, far many more, have to let it alone or be swamped by it. And you are the kind to go under, old man. And another thing," he added, as he put on his hat, "the strongest man in the world cannot stand alone. You'd better get the Lord to back you in this thing."

Luke spent two days in the little home. The daintily-served meals, the good bed, the bright fires, the spirit of love which pervaded the daily atmosphere—all these things comforted soul and body.

He watched his host. Jack Carroll was about ten years older than Luke, a strong, vigorous young man, alive to his finger tips, and perfectly self-controlled. Luke said to himself:

"That fellow is temperate in all things; in his meals and drinks and in his pleasures. I know he was a crack football man in Princeton and I know he's a leader in business and social circles here. But just see him at family prayer twice a day. They say he works harder than any man in town, and well he may, for he's always in training. I mean to be like him and I guess I'll begin and say, as he does each day, 'keep us temperate in our meats and drinks and diligent in our several callings.'"

Luke still keeps that resolution made nearly six years ago. Each day begins with that prayer and each day adds strength and stability to a character which was too yielding, while it brings out more prominently the native sweetness which long ago earned for him the title of "a good fellow."—Marguerite Leslie, in National Temperance Advocate.

A MARTYR TO HIS PRINCIPLES.

Young Man Dies Because He Would Not Drink.

It is a fact that the temperance cause, one of the most worthy of the world's movements, is fighting against odds. Circumstances seem to be conspiring to prevent the desired development of temperance sentiment, and it happens at times that an apostle of the cause offers himself up as a sacrifice to the principles he professes. A young man who lived in Industry, Pa., came to his death some time ago because he refused to join a crowd of convivial spirits, who invited him to share in their debauch.

This young man, whose name was Wilt, was returning from a Christian Endeavor meeting to his home when he passed the crowd that asked him to join them and share in the expense of a keg of beer. He refused, of course, and the crowd, all of whom had been drinking, set upon him and beat him. Being a muscular and pluchy young man, he fought like a tiger, and had succeeded in knocking out two of his assailants when he was hit on the head with a large stone and killed. The crowd jumped on him after he was dead and crushed in his chest. They then placed the body on the railroad track in order to create the impression that he had been killed by a train. This impression did obtain for some time, but the facts in the case leaked out recently.

It is bad enough for young men to be intemperate; it is very much worse to try to force other young men to be intemperate. Inexcusable, however, is the criminality of those who assault and kill a young man because he refuses to abandon the path of sobriety in which he has hitherto walked. There is only one compensating feature in this bad business. A martyr's blood is good seed, and Wilt was clearly a martyr.—Binghamton (N. Y.) Leader.

GENERAL GLEANINGS.

Next to grape wine it is believed that Japanese sake, or rice wine, is the oldest alcoholic beverage known to man, its use in Japan dating back over 2,000 years.

The total number of abstaining Congregational ministers is 2,364, which represents 83 per cent. of the whole ministry. Out of the 256 students in the 11 colleges in England and Wales 251 are abstainers.—National Temperance Advocate.

The 15-months-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gumpert, of Chicago, drank a part of the contents of a small bottle of whisky, carelessly left in a closet, and died in convulsions before medical aid could be summoned.—Union Signal.

The old Arabian tales, of mischief done by evil spirits that had been confined in jars and vials, are full of meaning yet. A party of hoodlums in Windsor, Nova Scotia, released the demon imprisoned in a bottle of whisky. Result, half a town destroyed by fire and 3,000 persons made homeless.—Youth's Companion.

Many of the most careful barkeepers in Yuma and Phoenix, Ariz., refuse to sell any whisky or brandy to hard drinkers when the mercury is ranging from 110 to 115 degrees in the shade. Last summer half a dozen miners went on a spree when the mercury was at about 118 degrees. Three of them died as they lay asleep in the broiling sun, and one of the others has been demented ever since.

Dr. Bollinger, director of the anatomico-pathological institution in Munich, asserts that it is very rare to find a normal heart and normal kidneys in an adult resident of that city. The reason for the kidney disease is the tax put upon these organs by the drinking of excessive amounts of beer, and the cardiac hypertrophy and degeneration are secondary lesions for the most part.

Offered Him a Coffin.

The following story is told of a young man who was addicted to the cigarette habit: He had smoked 1,200 packages, and wrote to the manufacturers to know what they would give him for the 1,200 pictures that had come with the cigarettes. The answer of the manufacturers was right to the point: "Smoke 1,200 more, and we will send you a coffin."

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The largest mass of pure rock salt in the world lies under the province of Gallicia, Hungary. It is known to be 550 miles long, 20 broad and 250 feet in thickness.

—A microscopic examination of mother of pearl shows the shell to be made up of very fine lines so closely put together that the white light is broken up into its prismatic colors, and we get the so-called "play of colors." Taking a careful cast of such a shell the wax will yield the same prismatic effects.

—The length of a light wave at the violet end of the spectrum is about 1-62,500th of an inch, and at the red 1-37,000th. Light travels 12,000,000,000 inches in a second. Multiply the denominators of the fractions here given by 12,000,000,000 and you will get the number of light waves (or vibrations) per second for red and violet. The other colors lie between these extremes.

—There are 110 mountains in Colorado whose peaks are over 12,000 feet above the ocean level. Forty of these are higher than 14,000 feet, and more than half of that number are so remote and rugged that no one has dared to attempt to climb them. Some of them are massed with snow, others have glaciers over their approaches and others are merely masses of jagged rocks.

—L'Electricien, Paris, quotes from the Optician, London, an account of an invention by a man named Wilcox, in which a minute incandescent electric lamp is fastened to a pen near its point in order to illuminate the writing. "A little reflector," it says, "placed behind it prevents the light from dazzling the eyes and directs it toward the paper. This arrangement . . . may be applied also to a pencil or to any instrument of the same sort."

—Many trees that formerly flourished in the north of France are no longer found except in the extreme south, and a large number of species have entirely disappeared. The lemon no longer grows in Languedoc, and an orange tree cannot be found in Roussillon. The Italian poplar, so common and picturesque in ancient French etchings, is today rarely found on French soil. These facts of nature go to prove the changes of temperature in France, the old fruit garden of Europe.

RICH IN HISTORIC MEMORIES.

Vestiges of the Occupation of London by the Romans.

No city in all broad England, with the single exception of its majestic capital, is so rich in historic memories as Bath the "queen of the west." Few if any have a more striking nobility of aspect, or are more favored in their surroundings. The great English man of letters who compared it with his beloved Florence did no more than justice to the beauty of its situation among its embosoming hills; and he might have added in praise of its climate as a winter home that its protecting heights of Lansdown and Bathwick give passage to none of those icy blasts which sweep at times over the Tuscan city from the "wind-grieved Apennines." Its architecture, if not so light and graceful as that of the south, has a solid and stately character of its own; and the Arno itself flows not more sweetly than the Avon through its peaceful pastures to the Severn sea. And, thanks, no doubt, to the attraction of its healing waters rather than to its charm of site or antiquity of history, it has drawn to it more of human greatness and genius than any city of ancient or modern times. To recite the names of those who have paid, some of them a passing visit to Bath, but more of whom have made it their temporary abode, is almost to call the roll of Englishmen famous in arts and arms, renowned for learning and wisdom, eminent in piety and good works for generations past. Statesmen such as Pitt and Chatham, Burke and Sheridan; poets such as Byron and Wordsworth, Cowper and Crabbe, and Goldsmith; novelists such as Fielding and Scott and Dickens, and that inimitable artist in literary miniature who drew her inspirations of her models from the very heart and life of the city, Jane Austen; Gainsborough and Lawrence among painters; Wilberforce and Allen, the friend of Pope, among philanthropists; Parr and Porson among scholars; Nelson and Wolfe and Napier among naval and military heroes; Johnson and Gibson, and Southey and Landor among men of letters—this surely is a "visitors' list" and a "directory of residents"—for the homes of those who dwelt there can be pointed out in most cases to this day—of which any city might be proud. Yet is far from being a complete enumeration of the famous men whom Bath has attracted, and in almost every instance enrolled among the train of lifelong lovers.

To allow a city with such a record of conquest to sink into neglect and decay would have been little less than a national reproach. Fortunately, however, there is now no danger that it will be incurred.—London Telegraph.

All Quiet In the Sun.

Father Tacchini, director of the Royal observatory at Rome, has recently published a resume of his observations on sun-spots for the first half of the present year. From this it appears that the surface of the sun is becoming more and more quiescent as the minimum of the sunspot period approaches. "I have observed no eruptions during six months," says Father Tacchini; and he adds, after speaking of other indications of lack of activity: "One might therefore almost affirm that the constitution of sun-spots has undergone a change!"—N. Y. Sun.

Ancient Chinese In Mexico.

The Mexican government sent a commission of archaeologists to investigate certain alleged Chinese characters recently discovered on a monument near Hermosillo, and they have announced that there can be no question that the characters are Chinese and that they must have been there many centuries.

DANGER IN NEW HUNTING RIFLES

Sportsmen Afraid of Their Long Range and Power of Penetration.

When one comes to discuss rifles, range and the average distance at which game is shot one is likely to strike contradictory opinions. A prominent hunter, in speaking recently of the great effectiveness of the American rifle, said that in his experience elk, moose, bears and white-tailed deer were most generally killed within a range of 175 yards, and that this was so because they were apt to be discovered within this distance, not because of any lack of carrying power in the rifle. When this statement is contrasted with the prospectus of the latest rifle, which has a first sight of 250 yards, a flat trajectory and a maximum range of 2,200 yards, what is the average hunter to think?

Of one thing there is no room for doubt, and that is that this year many people are preparing to go to the woods deer shooting, and will take with them the new rifle. Its wonderful range and penetration are due to the new smokeless powder employed in conjunction with a bullet sheathed in copper so as to present a harder surface to the rifling than lead. This projectile is forced through a barrel from 20 to 24 inches long, the rifling of which has about one turn to every eight inches. The great objection raised by experienced hunters to such an arm as this is that with the long range one never knows where the bullet is likely to bring up once it has left the gun. A few years ago a hunter fired at a deer at a distance of 183 yards as measured after death. The animal was standing at the foot of a slight bluff of loamy sand in which not a stone or rock was to be seen. The rifle was fired and the deer fell, the bullet having gone clear through the heart and missing the ribs on both sides. Immediately after a hail was heard from a point about 200 yards back of the shooters, and an angry man was heard asking where in thunder they were shooting, as the bullet had just skimmed over his head. A close examination showed graze and leaf holes above the heads of the other party of hunters, and it would seem that the bullet had traversed two sides of a triangle, from the rifle to the quarry, and back from the quarry to the other base corner of the triangle. If such a thing is possible with an ordinary rifle sighted to 100, 150, 200 and 300 yards, what would be the possible result with the copper-sheathed bullet, low trajectory and 2,200-yard range in a wooded district?

In still another case a well-known hunting writer from the west now residing in New York chanced upon a moose feeding about 200 yards away, and, with the idea of taking the second shot himself, told his companion, an amateur, to try the first shot. The bullet was seen to strike the ground nearly four feet in front of and about six feet short of the moose. When an examination was made it was found that there had been two moose feeding within a hundred yards of each other, and that on the trail of the far one was blood. Following the trail, the moose was eventually bagged, and it was found that the bullet had entered at the lower side of the stomach and was lodged in the fat of the hump, showing clearly that the animal had been hit by the ricochetting missile. An examination of the spot where the turf flew showed a flat piece of rock an inch or so under the surface which the bullet had hit and glanced from. Many similar stories might be related of the vagaries of glancing bullets, and the possible dangers are making a number of hunters very chary of going out with those new rifles, which, whatever advantages they may have in other places, are not believed to be suitable for deer shooting in the eastern states. Apparently English sportsmen are also entertaining similar fears, for a prominent big game shot recently advocated a restriction in the matter of the rifling.

Both English and American hunters appear to hold the idea that the wound inflicted by the metal-sheathed bullet fired from the exceedingly long-range rifle is not of the type best calculated to stop the game, but that the bullet will rather pass completely through the body without shattering opposing bones or tearing a large hole in the softer opposing substances, so that if the animal be not hit in the brain or heart it may travel a long way off before loss of blood brings it down. The experience of most hunters is in favor of a 45-caliber bullet composed of one part tin and 40 of lead, weighing 350 grains and propelled by from 90 to 100 grains of good black powder. This bullet will not have the same ricochetting power as the other.—N. Y. Sun.

Bicycles In Pawn.

One curious feature of cycling in France is the use made of the state pawnshops by cyclists as storehouses during the off season. As soon as the season draws to an end there is a regular rush, as many as 40 per diem being taken. As they are carefully stored, if the precaution be taken of well oiling them before they are turned over to the state, no harm can possibly come to them. As regards the cost the cyclist is a big gainer, as for from 30 to 40 cents he can store the bicycle for four months, without taking into account the feeling of security; the state is responsible for the safe keeping of the wheel. If any proofs were wanted that it is not necessity that causes this rush at the end of the season, it would be found in the statement that so far the Mont de Piete has only had one machine left on its hands, and then it was of such a hopelessly old-fashioned make that it did not bring in as much as had been loaned on it.—Boston Globe.

Cloudier Than London.

Esquimalt, in British North America, is the only place in the British empire, according to a recent climatological report, that exceeds London in cloudiness. Esquimalt is also the dampest place in the empire, while Adelaide, in Australia, is the driest. Ceylon is the hottest, and Northwest Canada the coldest possession that the flag of England floats over.—Youth's Companion.

DISSIPATION OF FORTUNES.

How Millions Are Thrown to the Winds—Fact and Reputation.

When John H. Inman died we supposed he had left an estate of about $7,000,000. For years he had been classed among the very rich men of this city. I hear now, by way of Atlanta, that he left practically nothing; that his fortune was diminished enormously in disastrous speculation in the two years immediately preceding his death. Sam Inman, the head of the big cotton house in Atlanta, complained two years ago that he had done all for John that he could afford to do; that he had sent him $200,000, and didn't intend to put up any more. The Inmans have handled as many as 500,000 bales of cotton annually.

It is the talk of Atlanta that Inman committed suicide. People no longer speak of it in whispers, but openly. I know that he ate himself to death. He was the most omnivorous of men, and thought he had the stomach of an ostrich. Like Brignoli, he could eat a dozen chops at a sitting and repeat the performance within an hour. Notwithstanding his prodigious capacity for food, he never was obliged to wear an abdominal supporter. His physique did not run toward embonpoint. He was in no sense a bon-vivant; simply a gastronome—an Apicius. If required to answer the old question: "Do you live to eat or eat to live?" he would have said: "I live to eat." He taxed his stomach to the utmost, destroyed the mechanism, and died at the early age of 52.

Are the great fortunes of our plutocrats dwindling? Are we not giving them too high a rating? We thought Ogden Goelet worth at the very least $100,000,000. The most conservative men placed his fortune at $50,000,000; yet it dwindled to less than $10,000,000. The $30,000,000 of "Spite-house" Richardson dropped to $500,000 as soon as it struck the courthouse. George M. Pullman was supposed to be worth every cent of $50,000,000. Immediately after his death $25,000,000 was the figure; but the latest reports named $7,000,000 as the value of the estate. How is this? Can it be that we are far wrong in placing the fortune of John D. Rockefeller at $200,000,000? Will it dwindle to $50,000,000 when he shuffles off? Is Gen. Sam Thomas, a partner of Cal Brice and Inman, worth $10,000,000? I doubt it. What is Cal. worth? His is about the only fortune that no one tries to estimate. From the way he flies around he must have big money.

Who can tell whether Uncle Collis Pacific Huntington is worth $3,000,000 or $30,000,000? What is Flagler's fortune—$10,000,000 or $75,000,000? Is it possible that James B. Colgate is worth $20,000,000? No? Is John E. Andrus worth $30,000,000? I think not. Is J. Jennings McComb worth $30,000,000? Where did he get it? Is Charles T. Tiffany worth $30,000,000? That is his rating. And there are John D. Archbold, whose fortune is estimated at $10,000,000; R. E. Hopkins with $5,000,000; Asphalt Amzi Longeye Barber with $25,000,000, John T. Terry with $30,000,000; William Rockefeller with $80,000,000, H. Walter Webb with $5,000,000, Warren B. Smith with $25,000,000, Mrs. Elliott F. Shephard with $50,000,000, Cornelius Vanderbilt with $100,000,000, Willie K. Vanderbilt with $90,000,000, Frederick Vanderbilt with $40,000,000, George Vanderbilt with $30,000,000, George Gould with $30,000,000, and so forth and so on.

The safest way to get at the size of a man's fortune is take the public estimate and divide it by ten. I generally find that a man who is rated at $20,000,000 cuts up for about $2,000,000. It is the custom in this day and generation to converse in millions. We account a man poor who has no more than $1,000,000. He is between the devil of entertainment and the deep sea of financial stress—too well off to be parsimonious and too poor to trot heats with the Croesuses. He cannot afford $10,000 for a dinner and reception without feeling it. It is so easy to talk millions that we invariably use the word in the plural.

Our popular estimate of the fortunes of our richest men reminds me of Maine. Up in the state of the pine tree and the foxes we find a great many miles to the mile, a great deal of water to the gallon, a tremendous amount of air in the atmosphere, and a powerful sight of mountains to the hill. And so with the fortunes down here—there are a great many millions to the million.—N. Y. Press.

Sleep of British Premiers.

Many prominent men are either remarkable for their ability to sleep at a moment's notice, or else resort to some special method for inducing the same. Of prime ministers, Lord Derby on one occasion advised an Irish member to "banish business matters from your mind by reading before going to bed any trash calculated to bore or stupefy you," and Lord Rosebery found the hot-water cure effective; but most of the English premiers have been able to do without any aids to slumber. Mr. Gladstone, as is well known, would in times of great anxiety lie down on a sofa, and in a few minutes be fast asleep, while Pitt was able to sleep at any time, attributing to this habit the fact that at the most anxious periods of his life he was able to cast aside all care and worry, and enter into the frivolities of social life as if his mind were free. Once Pitt slept after an unusual strain for 16 consecutive hours. Lord Palmerston was another prime minister who could woo sleep whenever he pleased, and was often seen in the intervals of hot debate fast asleep in his seat with his hat drawn well over his eyes.—Westminster Gazette.

Patagonian Masses.

Herr Dusen, a German traveler who has recently explored the west coast of Patagonia, says that mosses of all species are developed there to an extraordinary degree. They grow in immense heaps, in which the explorer sank up to his armpits.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Shifting Responsibility.—Friend—"How do you get along with the cooking?" The Bride—"Admirably! I blame it on the range."—Puck.

"Did you eat that missionary you found yesterday?" asked one cannibal of another. "No," was the reply; "we drank him. He was so thin we had to make soup of him."—Yonkers Statesman.

—Friend—"Poetry is a drug on the market, isn't it?" Poet—"I should say not!" Friend—"Then I am misinformed." Poet—"Your informant probably never tried to sell poetry or buy drugs."—Chicago News.

—The Point of It.—Wife—"John, did you match that piece of velvet I gave you this morning?" Husband—"Yes, dear. Here it is." Go to, sluggard! The joke is that he matched it.—Philadelphia North American.

—Differing Tastes.—"If there be anything in the world I hate," said the proud plutocrat, "it is being patronized." "There's nothing I like better," said his acquaintance, who keeps the corner grocery.—Detroit Free Press.

—Dumleigh—"I came down the street with Miss Smiler this afternoon; but the teams made such a noise I couldn't hear myself talk." Wickers—"That was awful, wasn't it, when you do enjoy it so much?"—Boston Transcript.

—A Correction.—"I saw a man tearing down Broadway—" began Jimpson. "How you do talk!" ejaculated Harkins. "You mean you saw the man tearing up Broadway. They're always doing that to get at the pipes."—Harlem Life.

—"I have come," announced Perseus, "to strike off thy chains!" Andromeda cast down her eyes and fingered her dance programme nervously. "Do you really think the bevel-gear is an assured success?" she finally faltered. It was rather difficult, in fact, for the unhappy maiden to protect her own interests and yet not appear ungrateful.—Detroit Journal.

A DOG'S DILEMMA.

Can't Land on British Soil Nor Stay on Shipboard.

It has long been the custom of Englishmen to idealize the British customs and port regulations and denounce those of other countries as worthy of the dark ages. But a case occurred in Liverpool the other day which scarcely fits this boasted perfection. A board of agriculture order came into force on September 15, whereby dogs are forbidden to be landed in this land of freedom without a license from the board, a full description of the animal, and a sworn declaration as to its destination. The board reserved the right of imposing a six months' canine quarantine at the owner's expense, and the order bristles with threats and punishments for infringement or evasion. At Liverpool there is also a local port regulation to the effect that no dog shall be allowed to remain aboard a ship within the jurisdiction of the Mersey docks and harbor board.

A steamer arrived at Liverpool recently the captain of which gloried in the ownership of a dog. Finding that he could not take it ashore without it being seized by the board of agriculture myrmidons and subjected to six months' quarantine, the captain kept it aboard the ship, and was forthwith hauled before the magistrates and fined for breach of the dock board's regulations. He now wants to know what the devil he is to do, and the champions of British perfection are unable to help him. The only tangible course advised is that the dog be killed and its body embalmed. The objections to this are numerous. It is manifest that a dead dog is not of much good, and, as far as the lawyers can see, a dog is a dog whether alive or dead. Moreover, he cannot put it ashore into six months' quarantine because it is entered on the ship's papers as a live dog and it is treated by the customs as bonded stores, which have to be produced when the ship clears outward. Doubtless this worthy captain before now has cursed the United States regulations, and therefore his present dilemma may be regarded as a judgment upon him.—London (Cor.) N. Y. Sun.

One of Perry's Lake Erie Fleet.

Buried deep in the sands at the edge of Spring Lake, near Grand Haven, Mich., lies the hull of the old sloop Porcupine, which was one of Lieut. Oliver H. Perry's fleet in the battle of Lake Erie. The old boat is nearly gone. She has lain there since 1875, when she went out of service, and was beached by a gang of men who had tried to rig her up as a lumber jigger. D. M. Ferry, later a United States senator from Michigan, owned the land where the discouraged sailors thing the hull, and he left her there to work deeper and deeper into the sand. She is just at the end of one of his docks now; but he knew the honorable part she had played, and while he lived he refused to move her.—Chicago Post.

St. Gall's Day and the Weather.

The peasant folk in central and eastern Switzerland date their weather presages for the coming winter, in a large degree, from the character of "Gallus-Tag"—the festival of their Scottish (or shall we say Irish?) apostle, St. Gall. His festival occurs on September 16. "If it rains on Gallus-Tag," say the folk of modern St. Gallen, "it will rain until Christmas." "As it is on St. Gall's day so it will be through the winter." "It is St. Gall who makes the snow to fall." "Before St. Gall comes take your garden plants indoors." "A dry Gallus-Tag foretells a dry summer next year."—Westminster Gazette.

Russia's Population.

The revised returns of the Russian census give the total population of that country at 129,000,000. This makes Russia third in rank among nations, China coming first with an estimated population of 400,000,000, and the British empire next with 308,000,000.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Republican.

RENT. G. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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President McKinley and Congress.

The country has spoken in response to the President's utterances in his message send to Congress at the opening of the session. It commends cordially and without regard to party lines his words. Two great subjects, the Cuban situation and the proposed currency reform, attract special attention, while many minor features are also discussed. Upon the currency and the Cuban questions, however, public attention is centered, and public commendation is frankly given. Good citizens of all classes commend the President's vigorous, fearless and frank utterances on the Cuban question, and while those who advocated the free coinage of silver in the last campaign can scarcely be expected to agree with the President's propositions, the utterances of those thousands whose party prejudices are not such as to lead them to carp at any proposition coming from the other side are kindly and in many cases commendatory. On the currency proposition the President's plan is so simple, and yet so complete, that it is looked upon as opening a way to a complete solution of the currency problem without the probability of disturbing financial conditions. He proposes simply that the gold demand obligations of the government when redeemed in gold shall be set aside and not reissued, as is now the case, thus preventing the continual use of them for the purpose of drawing gold out of the treasury. If this be done it would immediately reduce the number of them offered, because persons offering them would know that they could never again obtain them for this purpose, and in many cases they are found more convenient than the gold which would be obtained in exchange for them. To meet the objection that the setting aside of the notes would contract the currency, the President proposes that national banks be given authority to issue currency to the par value of the bonds deposited instead of ninety per cent. as at present; that they be encouraged to increase their currency by the reduction of the tax upon national bank currency from its present rate of one per cent. per annum to a rate of one-half of one per cent. per annum, and that the banks be required to redeem their notes in gold. By this simple proposition the burden would be transferred from the shoulders of the government to that of the banks of obtaining and maintaining the gold supply of the country, as is done in other countries. By this method, which will, it is believed, gradually recast the currency system until we shall wake up some fine morning and find the government relieved of its duties as the banker of the nation, the way seems to be open for a permanent solution of what had been looked upon as a difficult and vexatious problem.

In regard to the Cuban situation, the President shows that his refusal to yield, immediately after his inauguration, to the clamor for instant action was fully justified since the message which he sent to Spain by the new minister was quickly followed by such a change on the part of the new ministry of the Spanish government as to warrant the hope that autonomy and a large measure of those privileges and rights demanded by the Cubans will be granted them, and result in a cessation of the cruelties and hostilities which have characterized the past two years in that island. If this shall not be done, however, it is perfectly clear from President McKinley's words that the United States Government will take action to prevent a continuation of the cruelties and sufferings of the past, and it will be done in such dignified and forceful manner as to fully justify the confidence which the people have reposed in him as the head of this nation. On other subjects, such as reciprocity, the Hawaiian situation, the civil service as outlined in the Republican platforms of 1896 and preceding years, the President is equally clear, dignified and able. His message ranks with the best that have emanated from any of the distinguished occupants of the Executive Mansion, and again shows to the people of the United States that they made no mistake in 1896.

THERE is a growing feeling that the elements of patriotism and of willingness to give the party in power an opportunity to test its proposed principles which caused the passage of the tariff bill may result in drawing together a sufficient number of votes in the Senate to pass a bill based upon the propositions of President McKinley's message, in which he recommends a system by which it will be impossible to embarrass the government by a continuance of the use of the greenbacks to draw gold out of the treasury.

THE calm, clear and forceful expressions of the President as to the prospective course of the government in the Cuban question in case the Spanish promises of autonomy and justice to the Cubans are not carried out have impressed the country very greatly in his favor, and have developed a general willingness to leave this important and delicate question in the hands of the administration instead of attempting to force action and embarrass the government by such Congressional action as was demanded by so many people a few months ago.

A REVENUE law which increases its earnings more than twenty five per cent. in four months and has a prospect of continuing that increase for several months at an equally rapid rate ought not to be embarrassed by suspicion or denounced by people who profess to be friends of the party framing it. The Dingley law, which started in under the extremely embarrassing circumstances under a condition in which the country had been filled with foreign goods prior to its enactment, has increased its earnings more than twenty-five per cent., and there is prospect that the earnings, which are now over $25,000,000 a month, will be increased from $5,000,000 to $7,000,000 per month shortly after the beginning of the new year. It is thus apparent that the people who are demanding that Congress shall immediately legislate to increase the revenue are doing an injustice to the law and business interests which are, of course, disturbed by any proposition for further tariff agitation at present.

A NEW kink in the law relating to the estimates of expenditures which government officials are required to turn in every year is responsible for the enormous figures covering the estimates for the expenditures for the fiscal year 1899, and for the nominal estimates of a deficiency in that year. Secretary Gage's estimate, sent to Congress on the second day of its session, indicates a prospective deficit of $21,000,000 in the fiscal year which begins next July and ends June 30, 1899. The fact is that neither the Secretary nor any of his assistants expect that there will be any deficit in that year, but, on the contrary, a handsome surplus; but a law recently enacted compels the War Department officials to include in their so-called "estimates" of expenditures the estimates made by their subordinates scattered over the country, in relation to river and harbor appropriations, and this resulted in an estimate from the War Department for over $60,000,000 for river and harbor work, while it is well known that no more than one-fourth of that sum is likely to be appropriated. This accounts for the estimate of an apparent deficit in 1899, about which Democratic editors have given themselves so much trouble and which they will doubtless forget all about when they see the Dingley law piling up a surplus of at least that amount in the year in question.

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TAX SALES
—OF—
Real Estate.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," the undersigned, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY,
The 8th Day of JANUARY, 1898,

Beginning at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House, in the town of Oakland, offer and sell at public auction to the highest bidder, all the following pieces, parcels and tracts of land situated, lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, to-wit:

NO. 1 ONE UNDIVIDED ONE-HALF INTEREST IN THIRTY ACRES OF MILITARY LOT NUMBER EIGHT HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR, situated in Election District Number 7, Garrett county, Maryland, and being the same land that was conveyed to W. S. Burkham by T. May Conger and others, by deed dated October 28th, 1890, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. Number 16, folio 322, one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1894 and 1895, as is charged on the Assessment Books of said county in the name of W. S. Burkhom.

NO. 2. All that part of the tract of land called "STRAWBERRY PLAINS," which was conveyed by Henry G. Davis, etc., to Mary A. Cross by deed dated November 10th, 1892, recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 20, folio 240, etc., one of the Land Records of said Garrett county, Maryland. Said part contains ONE HUNDRED AND TWELVE ACRES and is located on Election District No. 7 of said Garrett County and is sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1894 and 1895 as is charged to the said Mary A. Cross on the Assessment Books of said Garrett County, Maryland.

NO. 3 LOT NUMBER EIGHTY-ONE ON THE PLAT OF LAKE VIEW, in Election District No. 7, of said Garrett county and being the same lot that was conveyed to H. E. Stalnaker by the Lake View Land and Building Association by deed dated October 24th, 1888, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 11, folio 773, etc., one of the Land Records of said Garrett county, Maryland. Said lot will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1894 and 1895 as is charged to H. E. Stalnaker on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county, Maryland.

NO. 4. About 10,890 SQUARE FEET OF ALL THAT PIECE OF LAND KNOWN AS THE "LORAW MILL PROPERTY," situated at Crellin, in Election District No. 7, of said Garrett county, Maryland, and being the same land that was conveyed to Thomas J. Pendergast by John A. Connell and wife by deed dated February 20th, 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 24, folio 501, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Maryland. Also ONE-FOURTH OF AN ACRE OF LAND, situated in Election District No. 7 and particularly described in a deed from John A. Connell and wife dated August 24th, 1891, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 26, folio 235, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Maryland. Said lands will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged to Thomas J. Pendergast on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county, Maryland.

NO. 5 MILITARY LOT NUMBER THREE THOUSAND AND SEVENTY-SIX, CONTAINING FIFTY ACRES, situated in Election District Number 6, Garrett county, Md. and being the same lot that was conveyed to A. L. Spiker by W. C. Pennington by deed dated November 25th, 1891, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. Number 20, folio 312, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895, as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the said A. L. Spiker.

NO. 6. LOTS NUMBERS TWENTY AND TWENTY-ONE ON THE PLAT OF LOCH LYNN HEIGHTS, in Election District No. 7 of Garrett county, Maryland as described in a deed from the Mountain House Company to Mrs. M. A. McIlwain, dated August 11th, 1891, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 28, folio 136, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Maryland, and will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of Mrs. M. A. McIlwain.

NO. 7. LOTS NUMBERS FIVE, SIX, SEVEN AND EIGHT OF BLOCK 3 ON THE PLAT OF LOCH LYNN HEIGHTS in Election District No. 7 of Garrett county, Maryland, and being the same lots that were conveyed to Albert C. Wentzell and Walter S. Wolf by the Mountain House Company by deed dated August 11th, 1891 and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 21, folio 575, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of Albert C. Wentzell and Walter S. Wolf.

NO. 8. MILITARY LOT NUMBER THIRTY-ONE HUNDRED AND ONE (3101), located in Election District No. 1 of Garrett county, and being the same lot that was conveyed to Catharine Miller by Thomas Miller by deed dated December 1th, 1885, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No 11, folio 243 etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Maryland. Said lot contains FIFTY ACRES and will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the said Catharine Miller.

NO. 9. All that part of a tract of land called "REPUBLIC," located in Election District No. 1, containing FIFTY ACRES, and fully described in a deed from Jacob P. Ludy to Mary M. Radley, bearing date May 7th, 1892, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 24, folio 62, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Maryland, and will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the said Mary M. Radley.

NO. 10. All that piece or parcel of land containing FIFTY-THREE AND ONE-FOURTH ACRES, being part of the "CARMICHAEL FARM," Election District No. 1, of Garrett county, which was conveyed by James G. Wilson by Henry G. Davis et al, by deed dated December 9th, 1897, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 22, folio 515, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Maryland, charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of James G. Wilson. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1894 and 1895.

NO. 11. All that piece or parcel of land containing EIGHTEEN AND ONE FOURTH ACRES AND FOUR PERCHES, described in a deed from Reuben's heirs to Matilda R. Community, by deed dated February 26th, 1889 and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 11, folio 57, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Maryland. Said land is located in Election District No. 1 of said Garrett county and will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1894 and 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of Matilda R. Community.

NO. 12 All that piece or parcel of land known as "ROOT LOT" containing FIFTY ACRES, located in Election District No. 1 of Garrett county, as is described in a deed from John Beckman to Hester A. Bray, by deed dated February 27th 1892 recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 6, folio 245, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Maryland. Said lot will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1894 and 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of Hester A. Bray.

NO. 13 MILITARY LOT NUMBER TWENTY HUNDRED AND NINETY (2090) containing FIFTY ACRES and located in Election District No. 1 of Garrett county as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the heirs of J. Jones. The same will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1894 and 1895.

NO. 14. PART OF MILITARY LOT NUMBER ELEVEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHT (1168), located in Election District No. 1 of Garrett county, Maryland and being the same land which was conveyed to H. H. Sincell and wife by deed dated August 18th, 1893, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No 22, folio 501, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1894 and 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of Martha Cole.

NO. 15. All that part of a tract of land called "BLOOMING ROSE," CONTAINING TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY ACRES, situated in Election District No. 2 of Garrett county as is described in a deed from Jasper Augustus and wife to Jeremiah Liston bearing date July 1st, 1890, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, folio 147, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the said Jeremiah Lisbon.

NO. 16. All that part of a tract of land called "HAMMONDS CORNER," containing FORTY-TWO ACRES, in Election District No. 2 of Garrett county, as is described in a deed from James Girard and wife to Marshall Thomas bearing date November 9th, 1888, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 11, folio 626, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land is located in Election District No. 4 of said Garrett county and will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1894 and 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the said Marshall Thomas.

NO. 17. MILITARY LOT NUMBER TWENTY-ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY EIGHT (2128) located in Election District No. 3 of Garrett county, described in a deed from William Bittinger to William Hoover bearing date August 15th, 1885, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 21, folio 141, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said lot will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county, Maryland in the name of William Hoover.

NO. 18. A ONE-HALF INTEREST in a tract of land called "SPRINGFIELD AND ADDITION TO SPRINGFIELD," containing ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-THREE AND THREE QUARTER ACRES, located in Election District No. 3 in Garrett county, and as is particularly described in a deed from C. J. Otto and wife to C. T. Bhetman bearing date October 21st, 1879, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 1, folio 447, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Also ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SIX AND ONE-HALF ACRES OF LAND located in said Election District No. 3 of Garrett county as is described in a deed from S. S. Darst and wife to the said C. T. Bhetman bearing date February 12, 1880, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 14, folio 75, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said lands will be sold to satisfy and pay the balance of the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the said C. T. Bhetman.

NO. 19. All that part of a tract of land called "LOCHIEL," containing NINETY-FOUR ACRES as is described in a deed from John Wilhelm and wife to Edward Bittinger, bearing date November 20th, 1880, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 26, folio 225, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land is located in Election District No. 3 of said Garrett county and will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the said Elijah Gould, jr.

NO. 20. All that part of a tract of land called "SMOOTH VALLEY," described in a deed from Elizabeth Knoyer and William and Thomas Yeast, heirs of Sarah Durst, to Chas. W. Boucher bearing date March 21st, 1888, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 14, folio 76, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Maryland, and containing ONE HUNDRED AND SIX ACRES. Said land is located in Election District No. 3 of said Garrett county and will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1894 and 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the said Charles W. Boucher.

NO. 21. ONE-THIRD INTEREST IN ALL THAT TRACT OF LAND KNOWN AND DESCRIBED AS "MICHAELS CHOICE," described in a deed from Keziah Michaels to Jacob W. Michaels bearing date August 23d, 1887, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 12, folio 723, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land is located in Election District No. 4 of said Garrett county and will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of Jacob W. Michaels.

NO. 22. ALL THAT PART OF A TRACT OF LAND CALLED "LOCHIEL," BEING PART NUMBER NINETEEN, CONTAINING THREE HUNDRED ACRES, which was conveyed to Robert L. Green by the Lochiel Lumber Company by deed dated December 21st, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 20, folio 589, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land is located in Election District No. 4 of said Garrett county and will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1894 and 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of Robert Lee Green.

NO. 23. ALL THOSE PIECES OR PARCELS OF LAND SITUATE IN ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 1 IN GARRETT COUNTY, THE FIRST CONTAINING ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY FOUR ACRES AND THE SECOND FIFTY SIX ACRES which was conveyed to Levinus A. Stark by Hiram Duckworth by deed dated March 3rd, 1894 and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 24, folio 58, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1894 and 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of Levinus A. Stark.

NO. 24. MILITARY LOT NUMBER TEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SEVEN (1067) CONTAINING FIFTY ACRES AND PART OF MILITARY LOTS NUMBERS TEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX (1066) AND TEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY EIGHT (1068) CONTAINING TEN AND THREE-QUARTER ACRES, and beginning for the said ten and three-quarter acres at the end of the given line for lot number ten hundred and sixty-eight and running with it reversed twenty rods, thence N. 67 degrees West 86 perches, North 21 degrees East 20 perches, South 27 degrees East 86 perches to the beginning. Said land is located in Election District No. 7 and will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of H. A. Dawson.

NO. 25 MILITARY LOT NUMBER SIXTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FOUR (1684) located in District No. 7 of Garrett county, Maryland, and being the same lot that was conveyed to Isaac A. Iverson by John M. Reed on E. W. Coover by deed dated February 1st, 1878, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 2, folio 318, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. The same will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year eighteen hundred and ninety-five as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the said Isaac A. Iverson.

NO. 26 TO LOTS NUMBERS ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY AND ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY EIGHT, AND IMPROVEMENTS THEREON, SITUATE IN THE TOWN OF MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK in Election District No. 7 of said Garrett county, and being the same as I were conveyed to Mrs. S. A. Stone by the Mountain Lake Park Association by deed dated August 28th, 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 28, folio 317, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said lots and the improvements thereon will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of Mrs. S. A. Stone.

NO. 27 ONE HALF OF MILITARY LOTS NUMBERS TWENTY THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY FIVE, TWENTY THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY SIX, TWENTY THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY SEVEN AND TWENTY THREE HUNDRED SEVENTY EIGHT, CONTAINING ONE HUNDRED ACRES, located in Election District No. 3, Garrett county, Maryland, and being the remaining half of said lots conveyed to Isaac Spiker by James Cevnos by deed recorded in Liber H. B. No. 6, folio 12, etc., one of the Land Records of Allegany county, Maryland, the other half being assessed to Joseph A., executor of Stephen Spiker. Said part of lots will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of Isaac Speicher.

NO. 28 TWENTY ACRES OF MILITARY LOT NUMBER TWENTY-THREE HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN, located in Election District Number 3, of Garrett county, and being the same land that was conveyed to Rebecca Bittinger by George Burkhobler et ux., by deed dated June 21st, 1891, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. Number 21, folio 61 etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895, as is assessed on the assessment books of said Garrett county in the name of Rebecca Bittinger.

NO. 29. ONE HALF INTEREST IN A TRACT OF LAND CALLED "FACTORY," CONTAINING TEN THOUSAND, SIXTEEN AND ONE-QUARTER ACRES. ALSO ONE HALF INTEREST IN A TRACT OF LAND CALLED "MILL SEAT" CONTAINING FIVE HUNDRED AND NINETY-SEVEN ACRES; ALSO ONE HALF INTEREST IN A TRACT OF LAND CALLED "PIG IRON," CONTAINING SIXTEEN ACRES. ALSO A TRACT OF LAND CALLED "LOG YARD," CONTAINING FOURTEEN AND ONE-HALF ACRES. Said lands are located in Election District No. 1, Garrett county, Maryland, and the interest hereby intended to be sold was conveyed to John D. Skilles by Thos. Baumgardner and wife by deed dated May 25, 1891, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 18, folio 756, etc., one of the Land Records of said Garrett county. The same will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1894 and 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name the said John D. Skiles.

NO. 30. To all that part of "THE RIGHTS OF MAN" AND "COMMON SENSE" not heretofore sold, that was conveyed from Joshua Pennington and wife to Lewis Lininger by deed dated December 23rd, 1893, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 3, folio 151, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said part that is hereby offered for sale contains FOUR HUNDRED AND SIX ACRES, and is located in Election District Number 3 of said Garrett County, and will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of Garrett county in the name of the said Lewis Lininger.

NO. 31. LOT NUMBER TWELVE HUNDRED AND ONE IN THE PLAT OF MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK, AND TWELVE ACRES OF LAND IN THE TOWN OF MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK, in Election District Number 7, Garrett county, being part of the same property that was conveyed to Mary P. Alderson, by J. C. Alderson by deed dated November 20th, 1893, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. Number 24, folio 142 etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895, as is assessed on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the said Mary P. Alderson.

NO. 32 ONE UNDIVIDED ONE-HALF INTEREST IN THIRTY ACRES OF MILITARY LOT NUMBER EIGHT HUNDRED AND FORTY FOUR, situated in Election District Number 7, Garrett county, Maryland, and being the same land that was conveyed to W. S. Burkham by T. May Conger and others, by deed dated October 28th, 1890, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. Number 16, folio 322, one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1894 and 1895, as is charged on the Assessment Books of said county in the name of W. S. Burkhom.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash on the day of sale. The right of redemption extends to six calendar months from day of sale by paying to the purchaser the amount of the purchase money with interest thereon, at the rate of twenty per cent. per annum and all costs.

Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

E. E. SOLLARS,
Late Treasurer.

4t-4

Sheriff's Sale
of REAL ESTATE near Frankville, Garrett County, Maryland.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county at the suit of The J. G. Hellman and Sons Company against John McFadden, the same being No. 10, Judicials to July Term 1897, on the docket of said Court, the undersigned Sheriff will, on

MONDAY, THE 27th DAY OF DECEMBER, 1897,

at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, in front of the court house in the town of Oakland, sell at public auction to the highest bidder, all of the right, title and interest of the said defendant in all that part of the tract of land called "Talent Worth," situated about one and one-half miles west of Frankville station on the B. & O. railroad in Garrett county, containing

NINETY-SEVEN AND THREE-FOURTH ACRES OF LAND,

and being the same land which was conveyed by Joseph R. Anderson and wife to John McFadden, &c., by deed dated the 24th day of November, 1890, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folio 580, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, the same being an undivided one-fourth interest in said tract of land.

Second.—All that other tract of land adjoining the aforesaid tract containing

SIXTY-SIX AND ONE-FIFTH ACRES,

and being the same land which is more particularly described in a deed from Joseph R. Anderson and wife to the said defendant dated the 9th day of January, 1892, and duly recorded among the Land Records of Garrett county.

Third.—All that other parcel of land containing

One Hundred and Thirteen Acres,

lying between the aforesaid parcels of land, and being the same lot of ground purchased by the said John McFadden from Joseph R. Anderson under an agreement.

The aforesaid parcels of land will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs, or so much thereof as may be necessary.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN, Sheriff.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE
COUNTY COMMISSIONERS FOR GARRETT CO.
OAKLAND, MD., December 15, 1897.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the Board of County Commissioners for Garrett county, will be held in their office in Oakland, Md.

MONDAY, JANUARY 3, 1898,

for the purpose of appointing road supervisors, and other business. Districts will be taken up as follows and parties will attend accordingly:

Tuesday, January 4, Districts Numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4.

Wednesday, January 5, Districts Numbers 5, 6, 7 and 8.

Thursday, January 6, Districts Numbers 9, 10, 11 and 12.

By order of the Board,

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

This is to give notice that the firm of Fearer & Fraze, undertakers, postoffice Fearer, Md., is this day dissolved partnership Noah B. Fearer withdrawing.

December 3, 1897. 1t

Real Estate for Sale.

I have on hand and will sell several houses and lots in Swanton and also a number of tracts of wood land belonging to the estate of Charles T. West. Will sell timber land in quantities to suit purchaser.

11-4t THOMAS J. PEDDICORD, Trustee.

Sheriff's Sale
Of Real Estate and Personal Property.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county at the suit of Jesper Angastine against Edward H. Margroff and Sarah Margroff his wife, the same being No. 28 Judicials to January term, 1897, of said Court, the undersigned Sheriff will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on the

31st DAY OF DECEMBER, 1897,

at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m. of said day on the premises hereinafter described where the said Edward H. Margroff resides, about three miles north of Accident, Garrett county, all the right, title and interest of the said defendants in and to the following real estate situated in said county, which is known and designated as

Military Lots Nos. 2496, 2497 containing fifty acres of land each, and eight acres of lot No. 2594,

and being the same land that is more particularly described in a deed from Samuel A. Miller to the said Edward H. Margroff, dated the 31st day of March, 1884, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 7, folio 256, one of the Land Records of Garrett County. Also the following personal property:

One Black Mare, one Bay Mare, two Red Cows, one Oliver Chilled Plow, two sets of Work Harness, nine head of Sheep, seven Lambs, two suck Calves, one Spring Tooth Harrow and one Shovel Plow.

Said property will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs, or so much thereof as may be necessary.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN, Sheriff.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Lawson L. Wright vs. His Creditors, No. 148 Insolvents. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

Ordered, the 24th day of October, 1897, that the 20th day of December, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m. is hereby fixed as the time at which Lawson L. Wright, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or securities may propose or allege against him, and that James J. Peddicord, Permanent Trustee for the benefit of the creditors of the said petitioner shall, prior to the 20th day of December, 1897, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order by weekly publication in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland.

DAVID W. SLOAN,
True copy. Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 3t-4

Mortgagee's Sale of Valuable Real Estate Near Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett County, Md.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage from J. B. Sommerville and others to S. P. Baker, dated the 24th day of May, 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 27, folio 238, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, the undersigned attorney named in said mortgage, will sell at public auction to the highest bidder in front of the Court house at Oakland, on

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1897,

at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, all those lots of ground situated near Loch Lynn Heights, Garrett county, Maryland, which are known and designated as Middle Lots Numbers 203, 205, 226 and 252, containing the quantity of fifty acres of land each more or less, and being the same lots of ground that are more particularly described in a deed from R. C. McCulloh and wife to said Baker, dated the 10th day of January, 1893, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 14, folio 522, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, except seventeen acres, one rood and two and a half perches of lot 252, which was heretofore sold to Conrad Queer by deed duly recorded among the land records of Garrett county. Said land is nearly all cleared and under cultivation and owing to its proximity to Mountain Lake Park, is one of the most desirable, and as said lots compose one entire farm, they will be sold together.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash on the day of sale.

U. S. HAMILL, Attorney
for the Mortgagee named in said Mortgage.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Otho H. Fazenbaker vs. Christian Kohr, No. 882 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Christian Kohr to file their claims, properly authenticated, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county on or before the 15th day of December, 1897, as I will on that day proceed to state an audit, distributing the funds in the hands of Otho H. Fazenbaker, Receiver.

EDWARD H. SINCELL, Auditor.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.
(IN EFFECT JULY 18, 1897.)

SOUTHWARD No. 3	SOUTHWARD No. 1	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2	NORTHWARD No. 4
P. M.	A. M.		Noon	P. M.
3 00	8 00 lv	Cumberland ar	12 10	4 30
3 20	8 20	Rawlings	11 50	4 05
3 52	8 52	Keyser	11 08	3 38
4 05	9 05	Westernport	10 55	3 25
4 10	9 00	W. Va. C. Junc.	10 50	3 15
4 35	9 35	Shaw	10 21	2 50
5 02	10 00	Harrison	9 55	2 20
5 15	10 15 ar	Elk Garden	9 00	2 00
5 35	10 25 lv	Gorman	9 21	1 51
5 42	10 32	Bayard	9 28	1 43
5 51	10 51	Dobbin	9 00	1 30
6 27	11 27	Thomas	8 38	1 08
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	7 55	3 15
6 31	11 31 lv	Coketon	8 31	1 01
7 01	12 01	Hendricks	8 01	3 30
7 07	12 07	Bretz	7 55	3 20
7 10	12 10	Parsons	7 50	3 20
7 45	12 45	Keeney	7 15	2 45
8 00	1 00 ar	Elkins	7 00	2 30
	1 30 ar	Beverly		11 55
	3 05 ar	Beallington		10 30
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. ‡Daily except Sunday.

P. L. BEETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

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LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

For a good lunch go to Martin's.

Go to Martin's for fresh fish and oysters. 36-tf.

Mr. D. E. Offutt was in Cumberland yesterday on business.

Mr. George Giessman made a business trip to Kingwood yesterday.

Hart's Big City Comedy Company at Shartzer's Opera House to-night.

The woman's question nowadays is: "Is my hat on sufficiently crooked?"

Mr. R. E. L. Breedlove, of near Eglon, was in the city yesterday a few hours.

Miss Gussie Adair, of Terra Alta, was in Oakland yesterday visiting friends.

Capt. J. M. Jarboe was the guest of Judge Jere Wilson in Washington last week.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. D. Grant Smith, on Saturday, December 11, a daughter.

Mr. Otho G. Fazenbaker, of near Bittinger, was in the city yesterday on business.

Mrs. Chas. B. Cropp and son Leroy, went over to Blaine yesterday to visit friends and relatives.

Miss Mittie Lantz, of Aurora, was in Oakland a few days this week visiting the Misses Bosley.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. T. Jamesson were here visiting Mr. and Mrs. King Delawder Tuesday and yesterday.

Mr. Wm. I. Brown, of Corunna, was in the city Monday and Tuesday attending the farmers' institute.

James H. Smith, of Hazelton, W. Va., spent two or three days last week visiting his brother, D. G. Smith.

Miss Tina Connell, of Hutton, was in Oakland a few days last week visiting Mrs. A. D. Naylor and other friends.

Mrs. William Lambie, *nee* Catherine Spedden, of Elkins, W. Va., is on a visit to her many friends in Oakland.

Closing out all the stock of Ladies' wraps at cost and some at less than cost. Mrs. M. L. Scott, Baltimore Store. 41-2

A hunter of North Glade killed a rabbit that measured three feet one inch long and was six inches across the back.

Rev. F. A. B. Wunnenberg, pastor of the Catholic church, spent two or three days this week in Baltimore and Washington

On New Year's eve the Auxiliary of the Episcopal church will have a watch night service in the chapel adjoining the rectory.

Sincell, the clothier, hatter and furnisher, offers the public some holiday bargains. Investigate his prices in another column.

Mr. R. P. Crellin, of the Preston Lumber & Coal company, was in Oakland two or three days this week looking after the interests of his company.

That firm is not in existence that will sell first class marble work and terra cotta pipe cheaper than the J. B. Williams Co., of Frostburg, Md. 3

Burning, itching skin diseases instantly relieved by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, unequalled for cuts, bruises, burns. It heals without leaving a scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. A. C. Duckworth, of near Westernport, accompanied by Mr. B. E. Warnick, were in Oakland Tuesday and made this office a very agreeable call.

Mr. Robert E. Paugh, of Deer Park, was here Tuesday at the meeting of the farmers' institute and had his name entered upon our list as a subscriber.

Mr. and Mrs. Ebenezer Kitzmiller, of District No. 8, will celebrate their golden wedding to-day. A great many invitations have been issued to the friends of the couple and a merry time is expected by all.

Don't nauseate your stomach with teas and bitter herbs, but regulate your liver and sick headache by using those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

The public schools of Garrett county will close the first term on Monday of next week. After a vacation of two weeks the second term will open Monday, January 3, 1898.

It heals everything except a broken heart, may be said of DeWitt Witch Hazel Salve. Piles and rectal diseases, cuts, burns, bruises, tetter, eczema and all skin troubles may be cured by it quickly and permanently. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mrs. F. G. Hyde and Mrs. James D. Hamill, who spent several weeks on a visit to relatives in Buffalo, N. Y., returned to their homes in Oakland last Wednesday night.

Gov. Lowndes is now a grandfather, but such things come about naturally and much easier than an election to the United States Senate, and they are liable to happen in any well regulated family.

"They don't make much fuss about it." We are speaking of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous Little pills for constipation, billiousness, and all stomach and liver troubles. They never gripe. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Freeman W. Lewis, who lives on the Sang Run road, killed a four-pronged buck at the foot of Snaggy mountain that was one of the finest specimens that has been captured in Garrett county for years.

The Oakland flouring mill is now in good shape to make you good buckwheat flour and plenty of it. Don't fail to call and bring your grain. Mr. E. O. Dudley has charge and will treat you right. The Oakland Mills, Oakland, Md. 30-13.

Mr. C. E. Hilleary, of Germania, was here Tuesday. Mr. Hilleary's estimable wife, who was quite ill last week, is, we are glad to state, much improved in health and indications point to a speedy restoration of her health.

John Griffin, of Zanesville, O., says: "I never lived a day for thirty years without suffering agony, until a box of Witch Hazel Salve cured my piles." For piles and rectal troubles, cuts, bruises, sprains, eczema and all skin troubles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. Oakland Pharmacy

The Board of County Commissioners will meet on Monday, January 3d, 1898, at which time they will appoint supervisors of roads for the year and transact any other business that may be brought before them.

"I crave but One Minute," said the public speaker in a husky voice; and then he took a dose of One Minute Cough Cure, and proceeded with his oratory. One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled for the throat and lungs. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Thomas J. Peddicord, as trustee for Mr. Chas. T. West, offered at public auction on last Saturday at Swanton the real estate in trust. But three of the twenty-three pieces of real estate were sold owing to inadequate bids being made.

After hearing some friends continually praising Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, Curtis Fleck, of Anaheim, California, purchased a bottle of it for his own use and is now as enthusiastic over its wonderful work as any one can be. It is for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Messrs. J. M. Davis & Son have a fine display of five, ten and twenty-five cent household goods in their magnificent show windows. It will pay the public to investigate the many useful articles they are offering at these extremely low prices.

A present will be given every little girl who buys a 25c or 50c doll; have 200 to select from. C. B. Cropp. 2

Rev. L. A. Rudisill, manager of the Mt. Lake Park Association, left on a business trip to Cincinnati and other points in Ohio. During his absence Mr. Rudisill will close up a number of lot sales one being for $600 cash. Mountain Lake is surely booming.

Kriss Kringle comes but once a year; he is here now in all his glory at C. B. Cropp's. 41-2

Mr. W. McCulloh Brown and party of the Maryland-West Virginia surveying corps, were driven from their work Saturday owing to the bad weather. They resumed their labors yesterday, however, and will finish up during the next few weeks.

Our stock of Christmas goods and novelties is very beautiful. Prices very low. Oakland Pharmacy. 2

Mr. Sam. Jones, the six foot ten citizen of District No. 1, was in Oakland last Thursday and made this office an unusually pleasant call. Mr. Jones, who is probably the tallest man in the county, served his country for four years in the war of the rebellion and has a record for brave and efficient service.

Photographs make nice Xmas presents; be sure and go to Snddarth's gallery, as he will remain in Oakland until January 1st. 40-2

A movement is on foot to establish a telephone line between Oakland and Hoyes, to which latter point a line is now constructed from adjoining towns in Preston county and all the towns in the lower end of this county. The subscription books for the capital stock are now open at this office.

Cheap John can suit you in Holiday goods. Prices reasonable. 35 years in the toy business. 3t

Messrs. William H. Jacobs and Geo. W. Moon, the Assemblymen-elect from this county, were in Oakland Tuesday and met the members of the School Board. The board laid their plans for an increased appropriation for school funds from the State before the gentlemen who promised to use their best endeavors to bring the matter before the Legislature at its meeting and to secure for Garrett county her equitable proportion of the State school tax.

Say, Cheap Shon has got many nise dings fur der Holidays. Dolls, Sleds, Books, Hobby Horses, Guns, Drums. Just kum and C. 40-3t

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN

THE FARMERS' INSTITUTE.

Successful and Interesting Sessions Held in Oakland.

The Farmers' Institute meetings of 1897 have unquestionably been a success, and have been well attended by representative men from the different districts.

Director Amoss on his part has done everything possible to make each session attractive, and the thanks of the community are due him and to Mr. Todd and Prof. Robinson, the gentlemen who have so ably assisted.

Each lecture has bristled with good points, and suggestions have been made which should furnish food for thought during the winter months.

The first aim of the farmer is to produce the best product at the least cost, but all this labor is lost unless he also can obtain the best market. Mr. Todd finds New York the best market for early Ohio lambs; while Prof. Robinson, who lives within seven miles of Baltimore, ships all his strawberries to the neighborhood of Pittsburg, not selling one in the near city, for at the time his berries are ripe there is sharp competition in Baltimore, while at Pittsburg the local crop has not ripened.

The value of early maturity was very forcibly brought out; the first hundred pounds upon a hog is produced for one-third less than the cost of the next hundred, and numerous illustrations and facts were given to show its advantages.

From the social side of farm life the lecturer advised throwing good influences around the children and giving them an incentive to work by having a small interest in the farm.

Days of advancement have come for the farmer as for other men. When he leaves the farm he should not take the hayseed with him, but by his dress, manner and attainments make for himself a position which will be respected. No one will accord to him a better position than he claims for himself. Let him then place his estimate high and deserve it.

Among the Churches.

Services in the Episcopal chapel, corner Sixth and Alder streets, Sunday next: Sunday school, 10 a. m.; morning prayer and sermon, 11 a. m.; rehearsal, 3 p. m.; Loch Lynn service, 3.30 p. m. Cordial welcome to all.

St. Matthew's Sunday school will hold its Christmas festival in the Opera House Christmas night. A welcome to all. Free.

There will be a congregational meeting in St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran church Dec. 26th after evening services; all members are requested to be present as business of importance is to be transacted. By order of council.

The services at St. Peter's Catholic church, Rev. F. A. B. Wunnenberg, pastor, for the week beginning Sunday next will be as follows: Sunday services, low mass and communion, 7:30 a. m.; high mass and sermon, 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.; vespers and benediction, 3.30 p. m. Week day services, mass every day at 7.30 a. m.; services first Friday of every month, 7.30 p. m. A cordial welcome extended to all.

How to Prevent Pneumonia.

At this time of the year a cold is very easily contracted, and if left to run its course without the aid of some reliable cough remedy it is liable to result in that dread disease pneumonia. We know of no better remedy to cure a cough or cold than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. We have used it quite extensively and it has always given entire satisfaction.—Olagah, Ind. Ter. *Chief.*

This is the only remedy that is known to be a certain preventive of pneumonia. Among the many thousands who have used it for colds and la grippe, we have never yet learned of a single case resulting in pneumonia. Persons who have weak lungs or reasons to fear an attack of pneumonia, should keep the remedy at hand. The 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The President's Mother Dead.

CANTON, O., Dec. 13.—Just at 2 o'clock yesterday morning the almost imperceptible thread which for ten days held Mother McKinley to life parted. There was no struggle. The passing away was so peaceful and quiet that the watchers at the bed side knew not that death had come until the President, who was holding the withered hand, turned said, and "Mother is dead."

The President did not leave her bedside during the night.

Mrs. McKinley's death was announced to the people by the tolling of the bell on the First Methodist church.

This custom of proclaiming the death of a member of the community had long ago fallen into disuse, but it was revived as the best means of conveying the sad message to the people and as a tribute to the memory of Mother McKinley, who, in her simple old-fashioned way, had always cherished the practice and regretted that it was not continued.

The funeral will be held Tuesday afternoon at 1 o'clock, from the First Methodist Episcopal church. The services will be conducted by Rev. Dr. C. E. Manchester, a former comrade in arms of President McKinley. All the ministers and priests of the city have been invited to be present.

In Memoriam.

Sarah E. Howell, wife of William H. O'Brien, was born near Swanton, May 27, 1872, and died December 8, 1897, aged twenty-six years, six months and eleven days. She was married to William H. O'Brien Dec. 24, 1887. She was a kind friend and loving wife. In early womanhood she gave her heart to God and united with the Methodist Episcopal church, of which she remained a faithful and earnest member until God called her home to dwell with him above. She had only been sick a few weeks during which time she suffered intense pain from a complication of diseases. During her sickness she was patient and hopeful; not a murmur or complaint fell from her lips. Her body was laid to rest in the family grave yard on the farm of Daniel O'Brien.

At the Opera House.

Last night a fair sized audience assembled at the opera house to see the entertainment presented by the Big City Comedy Co. and for two full hours they alternately applauded and screamed with laughter. The performance opened with the ludicrous farce comedy entitled the Two Married Men, the entire company in the cast. Then came the specialty acts—Walter and Lottie Ballome—presenting an exceedingly funny Dutch act, followed by Gorman and Proctor in a refined musical act giving duets on the saxophones, guitar and mandolin, clarionettes, musical bells, etc., and closed their act by Miss Proctor playing the Scotch bag pipes while Mr. Gorman danced a Highland fling, in Scotch costume. Then Wylie and Sanford presented their comedy act entitled "An Irishman's Visit," and they kept the audience in spasms of mirth for full thirty minutes. The performance concluded with the farce comedy "A Red Hot Time," in which the whole company appeared, and for forty-five minutes more there was constant laughter. Manager Shartzer says it is the very best show he has ever had come here, and he re-engaged them for to-night, when they will give a change of bill. We predict a crowded house. Prices will be lowered for to-night to 35 and 25 cents, children 15 cents. Be sure to see this excellent show.

Fine Goods for the Holidays.

MRS. M. L. SCOTT, Baltimore Store.

THE .... HISTORIC GLADES HOTEL OAKLAND MARYLAND

CUT THIS TICKET OUT

and bring it to Suddarth's Gallery between now and December 1st and get for it on every dozen photographs you order also one lovely platinum picture free. 25c

A. C. SUDDARTH, OAKLAND, MD.

F. C. CORSETS MAKE American Beauties

F. C. CORRECT SHAPES. ARTISTIC EFFECTS. All Lengths.

On Each Box.

NEWEST MODELS. FANCY AND PLAIN.

KALAMAZOO CORSET CO., SOLE MANUFACTURERS SOLD BY George O. Miller.

SINCELL.

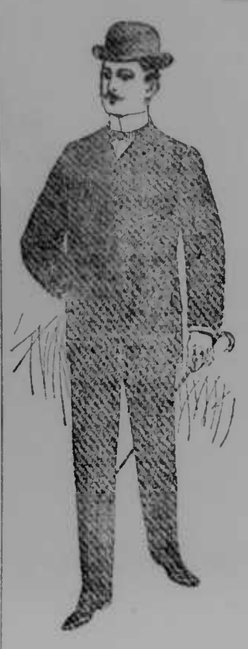

Our entire line of Black Clay Worsted Suits, round sacks and cutaways that are worth $10.00, $12.00 and $15.00, will be on sale until Xmas at

$8.00 $10.00 $12.50

A GUARANTEE WITH EVERY SUIT.

Our entire line of Men's Fancy Plaid and Check Suits that are worth $10.00, $12.50 and $15.00, will be on sale until Xmas for

$6.00 $8.00 $10.00

A GUARANTEE WITH EVERY SUIT: IF NOT SATISFACTORY YOU GET YOUR MONEY BACK.

We still have a nice line of Overcoats in Blue, Blue Blacks and Black Beaver Cloths that are worth $9.00, $10.00, $12.50 $15.00 and $18.00, which will be sold on a guarantee until Xmas for

$7.00, $9.00, $12.00 and $14.00.

A big line of Boys' Suits in plain and fancy plaids both in knee and long pants, double and single breasted coats; these are the best and most stylish goods obtainable. Our Xmas prices are very low at

99c. $1.50. $2.00 $2.75. $3.50. $4.50 $6.00.

We need not say much about our hats as everybody who has worn one of them knows how serviceable they are for the money. Our hats speak for themselves. They will be sold for

35c. 50c. 75c. $1.00. $1.50. $2.00. $2.50 $3.00.

EVERY HAT GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

We have in connection with our attractive line of clothing, about two hundred pairs of men's and boys' stylish pants. We will give a suit of clothes to the man who is long enough to wear our extra long pants.

We respectfully invite your attention to our line of Xmas goods for men and boys, such as SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, MUFFLERS, SUSPENDERS, KID GLOVES, HOSIERY, FINE DRESS SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, NECKWEAR, UMBRELLAS, COLLAR AND CUFF BUTTONS, SHIRT STUDS, DRESS SHOES, Etc.

Our 59-cent Umbrella is a Corker.

WARNING.—Notice is hereby given that we intend to make it warm for all persons using our all wool underwear.

Please give us a call. No trouble to show good goods.

Sincell, The Clothier, Furnisher and Hatter.

OAKLAND, MD.

GIVING HIM A SHOW.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

OLD Farmer Brownlee was moving slowly across his big onion field. He was in his hands and knees, and his head was bent low so that his near-sighted eyes could distinguish the weeds among the tiny, upright onion points. Now and then he raised himself wearily, his back was too old and rheumatic for such work, and he wished that one of his boys had chosen to be a farmer instead of a business or professional man. When at home they had taken all such work as this from him, but now the last one of them was packing his trunk for the city, and hereafter he must do his own chores and onion weeding. Well, he would not complain; the boys had bettered themselves, and that was what he most desired.

When he reached the end of the row he straightened his shoulders with a sigh of relief. Then a look of surprised inquiry came into his face. He thought he knew every boy in the neighborhood; but there, from the topmost rail of his zigzag fence, a ragged, unknown boy of 12 or 13 was regarding him earnestly. As he looked up the boy grinned conciliatingly.

"What is them things you're so careful 'bout handlin', mister?" he asked.

Farmer Brownlee's face darkened. The idea that anyone could be so ignorant as not to recognize growing onions never entered his head.

"None of your sass, boy," he said, angrily; "an' just suppose you git down off that fence. First you know there'll be a rail broke, or suthin'."

The boy sprang nimbly to the ground; but it was on the inside of the fence and not on the outside, as the old man had intimated.

"I'd like awfully well to know what they be, mister," he said, as he bent down to examine the green, needle-like points. "I've been watchin' you a long time, an' 'spose likely they're some extra fine posies, you're so careful of 'em. But say, if you don't mind, I'd like to try a row of 'em across. I b'lieve I can do it."

The look of anger on Farmer Brownlee's face became one of astonishment. A boy anxious to weed onions! and not know what they were. Two phenomena that made him almost speechless. His boys had always been willing to do the work for him, but he could not remember that either of them had ever seemed anxious for the job.

"Not—know—onions! Well, that beats me!" Then a quizzical look came into his face. I d'know's I mind you gittin' across and back. I'll sit under this tree an' sort o' keep an overslght. You must be careful an' not pull up any onions. An' say," as the boy dropped on his knees astride one of the rows, "you haven't told me your name yet, nor where you come from."

"Reg Cooper; an' I'm one of the freshest boys ever at that farmhouse t'other side the hill."

"Ugh! yes; I b'lieve I did hear Sol Perkins speak of takin' some street boys for a week. Crazy idee, I thought it."

For some minutes he watched the boy dubiously; then the uncertainty left his face and he leaned back comfortably against the tree.

"Mighty spry with his fingers, an' careful as one of my own boys," he thought, approvingly. "Do the work twice as fast as I can, if he is a greeny. H'm! makin' of another good farmer lost in him, I s'pose." Here his eyes closed, and they had not opened when the boy came back on his second row. A sharp scrutiny, and then Bob turned to the third row and again wended his way slowly across the field. As he rose from the sixth row he heard the sharp clang of a bell. Going to the old man, he touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"I guess likely that's your dinner bell, mister," he said.

"Dinner bell? Sho! sho! 'Tain't nine o'clock yet. I only jest shet my eyes a minute." He glanced up at the sun, then down at the newly-weeded onions and his face lengthened into incredulous astonishment. "You don't mean you've weeded six rows! Why, that's much as my obstinate old back'll let me do in a whole day." Again the dinner bell sounded. "Yes, that's for me, sure enough. Won't you come in an' eat with me?"

"No; Mis' Perkins'll wonder where I've gone. But if you don't mind I'll come back soon's I've eat. I'd like to try them onions again."

"Mind! I should think not. I'm always g'lad to run across such help."

It was nearly half a mile to Solomon Perkins', but when the old man returned to his onion field he found Bob already there and well down in his seventh row.

They worked until dark; then the old man took out his pocketbook. Bob shook his head and grinned. "I don't want no money, mister; but if you'll let me come again to-morrow I'll be much obliged."

"Come all you want to. There's plenty of work, an' we can settle when we're through. But it seems sort of hard for you to come down here on a vacation an' then work all the time."

"Oh, that's all right; I like farmin'," and with a quick spring he was over the fence and running across the field.

It took three days to weed the onions, and when they were finished the old man again took out his pocketbook, but again Bob shook his head. The old man looked perplexed.

"Come, come, boy take the money," he urged. "I don't want nobody to work for me for nothin'. You've airned it, every cent."

Bob shuffled his feet and looked at the old man sideways. "I didn't come for no money," he said; "but there's something else. Has—has my work suited?"

"Yes; good work's I ever had. I'd like to hire you for a year."

The boy's eyes sparkled.

"An' would you be willin' to hire a man, too?" he asked, eagerly; "one who could work lots better than me?"

"No, I haven't work for two hands."

The eager countenance fell.

"I thought maybe you would," and Bob began to climb over the fence dejectedly. "We wouldn't ask much wages, an' we'd work like anything."

"Is he some of your folks?"

"My dad."

"U'm! Well, there'll be no trouble about work, I guess. Good hands are scarce, an' your father could git plenty to do in the neighborhood. Perkins hires help, an' so does Brown an' Thompson. I've got an old house that I'll rent to you cheap, an' you can move in any time you like an' go to work. I'll keep you stiddy,—an' be mighty glad to git rid of onion weedin'," grimly.

But Bob's face did not brighten as he expected.

"I dog't b'lieve dad would come, 'cent he was sure of gettin' work," he said. "We went out in the country last summer an' tried lots of farms, but nobody would hire him. Dad said he wouldn't try again." Then, in answer to a look of incredulity, he added, with a sudden flush coming into his face: "You see, it's just this way. Dad's the best man in the world, an' he's a splendid worker; but he's that easy like an' pleasant he won't say no to nobody. He didn't drink any 'fore mother died, an' he often goes weeks without it now—he did when I was sick last summer. Him an' me is all there is, an' sometimes he tries to give it up on my 'count; but most folks like him, an' there's ten whisky shops in sight of our door. 'Tain't easy for a man to go past all of 'em. Dad says he just can't do it. If we lived way off in the country there might be some show."

"If he only drinks now an' ag'in," said the old man, reflectively, "it seems sort of strange that he can't git work nowhere. I know a good many hired men who drink a little."

Bob flushed and looked embarrassed. "You see, he—he can't stop when he once gets started," he explained; "he's so awful easy an'—an' good-natured."

"Um! Drunk most of the time eh?"

Bob remained silent, but shuffled his feet uneasily along the rails.

"No, I don't want him," said the old man, decidedly; "I ain't reformin' drunkards."

"He ain't no drunkard!" cried Bob, fiercely. "He's easy; an' we've lived always among rumshops. He smells whisky just as soon as he steps on the street, an' there's plenty of men to give him a drink. He can't stop, but I tell you he ain't no drunkard. He ain't; he ain't! he ain't! I guess I know, for I'm most always with him. I sit up with him nights an' I tell him when he goes out. I wouldn't be here now, only he went off with a lot of men for two weeks, an' I couldn't go along. I thought maybe there'd be a chance for us out here; an' I worked for you just as hard as ever I could, an' hoped you'd be willin' to help me give him a show. He ain't no drunkard, an' he don't use no swear talk, an' he don't fight. He never struck me in his whole life—not once. Even if he does drink he's a good man, an' he ain't no drunkard—no, not by nobody in all the world will like him."

Farmer Brownlee's face had lost its severity during this explosion. Now he laid his hand detainingly upon the boy's arm.

"No, I don't believe your pa is all bad," he said, gravely; "an' maybe I said more than I meant. I'll think it over to-night, an' you come round again in the mornin'. I once had a brother who must a-been some like your pa; but that's a long time ago. Well, good-night."

Bob watched him until he was lost in the shadows, then he slipped down from the fence, and went across toward the Perkins farmhouse.

In the morning he was back again long before Farmer Brownlee was astir. When the old man appeared he was examining the beets and carrots.

"H'm! more weedin' for you," chuckled the old man, as he approached. "Well, about your pa. How'd you like to farm it a little for yourselves?"

Bob looked at him wonderingly.

"How can we?" he asked; "we ain't got no land."

"I'll fix that. I can't hire you an' your pa both, but I've lots of idle land. I can let you have that house an' about 40 acres round it for almost nothin'; an' you can work the rent out. I'll hire you all the time, or both you an' your pa part of the time, an' you'll be able to git consider'ble work among the neighbors. Spare days you can work your own land. If you're careful, as I b'lieve you will be, you can lay up money. An' as for your pa, there ain't a liquor shop in nine miles. Does that suit?"

Bob did not answer; but the look on his face made the old man's eyes twinkle, then suddenly grow misty.

"U'm!" he said, as he turned away, abruptly, "s'pose we go over an' look at the house; then you can go to the Perkinses an' tell 'em you're goin' to stay with me after this. When it's time for your pa to git back you can go to the city an' bring him down.—N. Y. Independent.

—Ten thousand live oysters formed the queer cargo recently delivered from a Spanish schooner to the order of a firm at Marseilles. The feeding of such a numerous living freight was got over by the simple expedient of placing the crustaceans in a compartment of the hold through which sea water was allowed to flow, carrying with it the necessary food supplies in the form of small fish and infusoria dear to the crustacean palate.

—Convicts in the penitentiary at Boise, Idaho, are permitted to play baseball on Saturday afternoons. They have organized two teams, and their playing is considered quite clever.

How It Happened.

"I wish," said the young man, "that you would be less informal and call me by my first name."

"I'd rather not," replied his fair companion; "your last name suits me."

A few minutes later they were discussing the merits of the different firms that supply furniture upon the installment plan.—Chicago News.

A Much-Worn Instrument.

"Let's bury now the hatchet," the politician cried.
And the editors agreed with what he said.
"We've no longer any use for it; it's battered, head and side,
With nailing campaign lies upon the head."

—Cincinnati Commercial.

A COMFORTING SUGGESTION.

Gigantic Footballer (to little Tibbins, who has been persuaded into taking the place of an absentee)—We must see if we can't make the next half a little more exciting, ole chap!—London Fun.

No Change.

She—Would you love me just the same if I were poor as you do when I'm rich?

He—Just the same; and there was a covert meaning in the tone that her confiding nature did not grasp.—Detroit Free Press.

Wanted Her Free of Charge.

"I came to ask for your daughter in marriage, sir," said the young man.

"Have you any money of your own?" asked the careful parent.

"Oh, you misunderstand me, sir! I do not want to buy her!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Mistress and Maid.

Mrs. Slimdiet (boarding house keeper)—What have you in this pot, Bridget?

Bridget (who is trying to clean the old lamp burners by boiling them)—Plaze, mum, thim's th' ould lamp tops. They waz no use at all at all.

Mrs. Slimdiet—Well, don't forget to put in plenty of seasoning.—N. Y. Weekly.

Always a Remnant.

"There is one thing I can't understand."

"What is it?"

"If a man dies his widow is called his relict."

"Yes?"

"And if she dies herself she is called the remains."—Chicago News.

Tips on Tipperary.

The waiter at our boarding house was always quite contrary,
Until the place was visited by a man from Tipperary:
But from the first she treated him in a manner most sublime,
And he didn't find it needful to Tipperary time.

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

At the Table.

Near-sighted Boarder—Where did Mr. Slimchap get that beautiful yellow chrysanthemum he is smelling? What an enormous one it is, too.

Miss Prudity—That is not a chrysanthemum; it is only cold slaw on the end of Mr. Slimchap's fork, Mr. Nearsight.—Cincinnati Commercial.

A Sordid Soul.

Jinks—Of all mean, grasping men, I think Minks is the worst. I don't believe he ever gets his thoughts off of dollars or cents.

Blinks—What has he been doing?

Jinks—He's been asking me for a paltry ten dollars I borrowed of him some years ago.—N. Y. Weekly.

Torture.

She (reading)—I see by the paper that Mr. Gladstone says that practice is needed for the completion of an education.

He—Yes; I think about a week more practice by the girl in the next flat will complete my education for an insane asylum.—Up-to-Date.

From Day to Day.

With cheer and with ardor each new day begins
And hope never totally lapses;
Though yesterday passes with sad "Might have-been's,"
To-morrow is full of "Perhapses."

—Washington Star.

California as Described in 1812.

An American geography printed in 1812 contained this interesting information: "California is a wild and almost unknown land, covered throughout the year by dense fogs, as damp as they are unhealthful. On the northern shores live anthropophagi, and in the interior are active volcanoes and vast plains of shifting snow, which sometimes shoot up columns to inconceivable heights." The book adds that some of these statements would seem incredible were they not so well authenticated by trustworthy travelers.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Ketup's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist today and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00. Great once; delays are dangerous.

The number of things that men novelists and critics don't know about women is exceeded only by the number of things that they think they know.—N. Y. Independent.

Star Tobacco.

If you care for pleasure, health and economy, chew Star tobacco, the leading brand of the world.

Every minister feels that he is handicapped in his work in the vineyard by the outrageously poor singing of his choir.—Atchison Globe.

A NECKLACE OF PEARLS

Is a beautiful possession. If a woman owns one, and if a single pearl drops off the string, she makes haste to find and restore it.

Good health is a more valuable possession than a necklace of the most beautiful pearls, yet one by one the jewels of health slip away, and women seem indifferent until it is almost too late, and they cannot be restored.

To die before you are really old is to suffer premature death, and that is a sin. It is a sin because it is the result of repeated violations of nature's laws.

Pain, lassitude and weariness, inability to sleep, dreadful dreams, starting violently from sleep, are all symptoms of nerve trouble.

You cannot have nerve trouble and keep your health. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the womb, the ovaries and the bladder are affected. They are not vital organs, hence they give out soonest.

Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, by building up the nerves and restoring woman's organism to its natural state, relieves all these troublesome uterine symptoms. In confirmation of this we, by permission, refer to the following women, all of whom speak from experience: Miss Celia Van Horn, 1912 Sharswood St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Grace Colford, 1434 Eastern Ave., Cincinnati, O.; Mrs. Newell, 50 Ryerson St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Isabel Osgood, 230 Chestnut St., Woburn, Mass.; Mrs. A. H. Cole, New Rochelle, N. Y., and many others.

For special symptoms Mrs. Pinkham has prepared a Sanative Wash, which will cure local troubles. Give these medicines a trial.

Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., if you are not quite satisfied; you can address private questions to a woman.

PAINT YOUR OWN WALLS and CEILINGS.

MURALO WATER COLOR PAINTS

FOR DECORATING WALLS AND CEILINGS Purchase a package of CALCIMO from your grocer or paint dealer and do your own kalsomining. This material is made on scientific principles by machinery and mulled in twenty-four tints and is superior to any concoction of Glue and Whiting that can possibly be made by hand. To be mixed with Cold Water.

If you want something extra, buy some MURALO from the same dealer. This material is a Hard Finish to be applied with a brush and becomes as hard as Cement. Milled in twenty-four tints and works equally as well with cold or hot water. Send for sample cards and if you cannot purchase this material from your local dealers let us know and we will put you in the way of obtaining it.

THE MURALO CO., NEW BRIGHTON, S. I., NEW YORK.

N. B.—The attention of the trade is called to the fact that a man by the name of Church goes [illegible] trying to infringe on his material which he calls Alabastine. We are advised by our patent [illegible] that his material when used with cold water is an infringement upon ours. We have copyrighted [illegible] any paper he wishes to serve us as to save him trouble, that his practice and rights may be tested in the courts. This he refuses to do, but nevertheless continues his misleading statements, which confuse, under the circumstances, we believe we ought to call to the public's attention.

GET THE GENUINE ARTICLE!

Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast COCOA

Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.

Costs Less than ONE CENT a cup.

Be sure that the package bears our Trade-Mark.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited,

(Established 1780.) Dorchester, Mass.

Trade Mark.

House-drudgery,

more than any other one thing, is what wears out women. Not ordinary housework—but hard labor with the hands, trying to keep things clean without modern methods. That isn't work. It's drudgery—an enemy to woman's health. Now, which is better—to use Pearline and stop the drudgery, or to wear yourself out and then try to get well? Pearline, more than any other one thing, makes housework what it should be. It makes the washing and cleaning fit work for any woman. 561

Millions NOW USE Pearline

WHAT BRINGS RELEASE FROM DIRT AND GREASE? WHY, DON'T YOU KNOW?

SAPOLIO

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER

10c 25c 50c ALL DRUGGISTS

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. CONSUMPTION

THE YOUNGER CLEVELAND ON HIS CHAINLESS SAFETY, '97 MODEL.

Making Himself Liked.

The New Boarder—What makes this table wobble so? It doesn't seem to be very strong.

The Landlady's Favorite—No; you see, it's only intended to hold the delicacies of the season.—Town Topics.

Foolish to Own Up to It.

He shook his head thoughtfully.

"After a little experience with some of these self-made men," he said, "I think they are foolish to accept the responsibility of manufacture."—Chicago Post.

A Brilliant Success.

Miss Collegebred—Well, was your first cake a success?

Mrs. Newmarry—Yes, in a sense. I covered it with gold paint and blue ribbons, and made a lovely ornament for the center table.—Town Topics.

Her Reasoning.

"Willie Wishington is very original in his remarks."

"He must be," replied Miss Cayenne. "I don't know of anybody else who could be so tiresome."—Washington Star.

Not at All Wonderful.

"That tenor of ours has a marvelous voice. He can hold one of his notes for half a minute."

"Shucks! I've held one of his notes for two years."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Rewards.

Here and there are good, soft benches
On the road of life, but then
As a rule it always happens
They are full of other men.

—Chicago Record.

Only Twice.

Yeast—Were you ever up in the morning to see the sun rise?

Crimsonbeak—Yes; but I was only up twice as late as that.—Yonkers Statesman.

Easily Accounted For.

Diggs—Glumly spends nearly all his time in solitary meditation.

Biggs—That may account for the poor opinion he has of mankind.—Chicago Record.

He Was In Earnest.

Penelope—Why did you accept penniless Jack when you had such a host of more eligible admirers?

Ethel—The others were mere trifles. Jack was the only one who really want-ew me for my money.—N. Y. Journal.

Making Himself Heard.

Mrs. Myles—Is anyone paying attention to the Huggins girl now?

Mrs. Styles—Well, I should rather say so! She's got a new piano, and everyone in the block is paying attention to her.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Too Good to Be True."

She's beautiful—that's good to know,
She's good—that's beautiful to see;
She is so good, while I'm not so,
She's "too good to be true" to me.

—Judge.

ACCOMMODATING.

Old Lady—My little boy, do you smoke cigarettes?

Kid—No, mum, but I can give you a chew.—N. Y. Journal.

Infallible.

Steam drills are not used in New Jersey.
But why should that give you a shock?
They capture a good-sized mosquito
And let it drill into the rock.

—N. Y. World.

Help Wanted.

Mr. Borrowit—I wish you would help me out a little to-day.

Mr. Busy—With pleasure. I'll hold open the door.—N. Y. Weekly.

PATENTS Send for Inventors' Guide, free. MUNN & CO. Patent Solicitors, 261 B'dw'y, New York.

A. N. K.—C 1686

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

DILLY DALLY.

As sweet a child as one could find,
If only she were prompt to mind.
Her eyes are blue, her cheeks are pink,
Her hair curls up with many a kink—
She says her name is Allie,
But sad to say,
Ofttimes a day
We call her Dilly Dally.

If sent on errands, grave or gay,
She's sure to loiter by the way.
No matter what her task may be,
"I'll do it by and by," cries she.
And so, instead of Allie,
We, one and all,
Have come to call
This maiden Dilly Dally.

I think, if she could only know
How wrong it is to dally so,
Her tasks undone she would not leave,
Nor longer mother's kind heart grieve;
And then, for Dilly Dally,
We'd gladly say,
Each well-spent day;
"This is our sweet Allie."
—M. K. Buck, in Our Little Ones.

KITTEN AND BEAR.

Pussy Frightened Brain Up a Tree and Kept Him There.

Chris Burns, the veteran first sergeant of troop D, has a kitten which during the summer camping of the troop at the Lower Geyser basin made her home within the sergeant's tent. Here, curled up on a pair of army blankets, she defied the world in general and dogs in particular. When the latter approached she would elevate every bristle on her brave little back, her eyes would glow like live coals and her tail would swell up threateningly. If the dogs approached too near, she would hiss and exhibit the usual signs of hostility until the intruders had vanished from her neighborhood.

One day, when the camp was bathed in sunshine and every soldier in camp felt lazy, an inquisitive black bear came down the mountain side and, whether because he was in search of adventure or because attracted by a savory smell from the cook's fire, began to walk about among the white tents of the cavalry command.

Suddenly the kitten caught sight of him. Dogs by the score she had seen,

KITTEN KEPT CLOSE GUARD OVER HER CAPTIVE.

but this particular "dog" was the largest and the hairiest dog she had ever seen. But she did not hesitate. It was enough for her that an enemy had invaded her special domain. Hissing forth her spite, while her little body quivered with rage, she darted forth at the bear. The onslaught was sudden, and one glance was enough for Bruin. With a snort of fear, Bruin made for the nearest tree, a short distance away, and did not pause until he was safely perched among the upper branches. Meanwhile the kitten stalked proudly about on the ground beneath, keeping close guard over her huge captive, her back still curved into a bow, and her hair still bristling with righteous indignation, while her tail would now and then give a significant little wave, as if to say: "That's the way I settle impertinent bears."

The soldiers, who meanwhile had poured forth from their tents, could scarcely believe their eyes; but there was the bear in the tree and the kitten below, and there were those who had seen the affair from beginning to end.

And perhaps the strangest part of it all was that the bear would not stir from his safe position in the branches until the kitten had been persuaded to leave her huge enemy a clear means of retreat! Then he slid shamefacedly down from his perch, and ambled hastily off towards the mountain.—Lieut. Charles D. Rhodes, U. S. A., in St. Nicholas.

How Alligators Are Hunted.

There are men in the swamps of the south who make their living by hunting alligators. Their mode of hunting the saurians is very ingenious, as well as successful. In the summer, when the swamps dry out, the alligators which abound there live in holes ten or more feet deep, and inclined or slanting. The weapon of warfare used upon these creatures is a long pole, at the end of which is a sharp steel prod and a hook. This is run down into the hole, and the alligator is prodded until he becomes angry. Then he snaps at the pole and is caught on the hook. He is then drawn up to the mouth of the hole and shot through the eyes until dead. The teeth are extracted and the hide drawn off, and both are sold at the nearest town. If the alligator is young, some parts of the flesh are eaten by the hunters.

Most all of the buttons used in the United States are manufactured in western Massachusetts towns.

WELL-TRAINED ZEBRA.

To Be Seen Any Day In the Streets of Liverpool, England.

Liverpool boasts one of the biggest wild beast emporiums—if not the biggest—in the world. It is the famous house of Cross. Mr. William Cross, of Liverpool, is known at the ends of the earth. He always has some queer argosies on the sea consigned to him—perhaps a shipload of reptiles, a dozen elephants, or a few thousand parrots. The above photograph represents some of Mr. Cross' marvelous ability in training animals. The zebra is notoriously hard to tame, yet here is one that will actually carry a lady through the

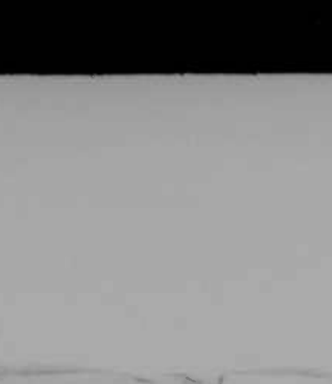

TAMEST ZEBRA EVER TRAINED.

crowded streets of a great city, obedient to the slightest touch of the rein—for all the world like a pony that has been "used to children"—to quote the familiar words of an advertisement. It must, indeed, be a novelty to take one's rides abroad on the brilliant back of a real live zebra, and quite apart from being a capital "ad" for Mr. Cross' wonderful establishment, this docile specimen is something of an achievement, representing as it does many weary months of patient and unremitting labor. At first, the appearance of this lady, mounted, caused some excitement, but the novelty soon wore off. The animal will actually lie down and get up at the word of command.—Strand Magazine.

PET RAT ACTS MEAN.

Bit Its Tiny Mistress, Who Had to Be Taken to the Hospital.

Children sometimes adopt strange animals for pets. In Philadelphia two little girls can be seen almost every day playing with a pair of tiny alligators, and a neighbor of theirs, three-year-old Violet Ricketts, of 1525 Sumner street, took a great fancy to a rat. Last week she was carried to the Hahnemann hospital suffering intensely from a bite in the hand from the animal.

The rodent which caused the child's injuries belongs to the next-door neighbor of the Ricketts, and was captured in a trap several years ago and tamed. It is in the habit of running about the neighborhood, and for a long time has been a frequent visitor at the Ricketts house.

The child and the rat became great friends. The other afternoon the little girl was feeding it when a big dog belonging to her father came in the room. The rat became angry and jumped at the baby, catching the little one's hand with its teeth. The child's cries brought her mother, who tried to set the dog on the rat, but the dog refused to interfere, as the pair had been long friends.

The rat then turned upon Mrs. Ricketts, who had a hard time to prevent it biting her. She finally threw a piece of wood at the little animal, and he ran through a small hole in the kitchen by which it had been accustomed to go and come to the adjoining house. The child was taken to the hospital, and the physicians found it necessary to take five stitches in the wound.—Chicago Chronicle.

KILLED HIS KEEPER.

How an Elephant in India Was Punished for the Crime.

Did you ever see an elephant whipped? I don't suppose you would ever forget it if you did. They frequently do it in India, because elephants are very obstreperous at times.

Recently an elephant, Abdul, was convicted by court-martial for killing his keeper, and sentenced to 50 lashes and two years' imprisonment.

Two elephants led Abdul to an open space, and in the presence of the whole battery the punishment began. The culprit trumpeted in fear, and made an unearthly noise.

There were 14 elephants on one side, and the officers and men of the battery on the other three. In the center of this hollow square stood Lalla (No. 1), the flogger, and the prisoner. The latter was chained by the four legs to as many heavy iron pegs, and could not move.

Fastened to Lalla's trunk was an immense cable chain. When all was ready the major gave the word, and down came the chain with a resounding whack. Abdul roared for all he was worth. Fifty times was the operation repeated, and then Abdul was taken to a compound, where he was to remain a prisoner for two years.—Answers.

Truly Wonderful Pig.

Pennsylvania boasts of a wonderful blind pig. It was born blind and at the tender age of three months was sold to a neighboring farmer, who took it home in his wagon. The road was not only crooked, but was cut by several cross roads, and it passed through a village with a dozen cross streets, the entire distance being two miles beyond the village. The pig was turned into a small lot, and the third day afterward the little blind fellow was back with its former owner. There was no other way for the pig returning home than by following the road over which it had been carried in the box. Still, as dumb animals perform these feats by instinct, a blind pig would be on an equal footing with any other.

FARM AND GARDEN.

SAVING GOOD ROADS.

The Importance of Wide Tires Pointed Out Clearly.

Probably every discerning rider has seen with indignation the rapidity with which good macadam roads are cut into ruts by the narrow-wheeled vehicles which pass over them. From the fancy buggy with its inch tires to the heavy farm wagon or truck with tires two or, possibly, 2½ inches wide, every vehicle cuts and unnecessarily wears the road. Dirt roads are rendered impassable; stone roads are made rough by such systematic destruction.

Under the influence of the L. A. W., multitudes have been educated to "want good roads," and many miles have been built. Does "we want good roads" mean that we want them for a few weeks or months; that we want them built to be as quickly as possible destroyed?

In our campaigns for good roads we have been wonderfully successful, not only in getting many, but in showing their economic value. Yet how much more we might have done. If "we want good roads" had been clearly understood to include caring for them intelligently as well as building them, we would not now have so many stony wrecks to ride over. Having done as much as we have, does not the obligation rest upon us to take the next logical step? Having created, must we not care for our creation?

Can we not, then, every time we have opportunity, preach good care of roads? And, to be very definite, can we not systematically and constantly preach wide tires? Pictures of rutted roads can be shown with the legend: "result of narrow tires." Local consuls, when they put up signs or advertisements, can add to "we want good roads" some such phrase as "and wide tires to keep them good." Education in these and kindred ways will rapidly bear fruit, and only a little thoughtfulness is necessary to make every citizen an advocate of wider tires.

It would seem that only improvement would follow such a change. Wide tires are said to draw as easily as narrow, and, in many cases, more easily. They roll the road instead of cutting it. Now we have a ton or more drawn on wheels which track, and have tires, say, two inches wide, thus making two sharp cutting surfaces. Were tires for such loads gauged at, say, three inches, and tracking forbidden, there would be two rolling surfaces of six inches each. This would make road, not destroy it. On our dirt roads such rolling would soon produce astonishing results, so that neighborhoods which really cannot afford the expenses of stone roads, because of insufficient traffic, would soon have greatly improved roads, which would be in excellent condition the greater part of the year.

Let us not only want good roads, but strive to keep them after we get them.—E. S. Campbell, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

CHEAP GRAVEL ROADS.

How They Are Successfully Maintained in Scott County, Ia.

In some sections of the country, notably in the western states, are counties in which the character of the soil and absence of suitable road materials make road improvement a very difficult problem. Besides much level country there are frequent hills, many small creeks and rivulets that only run after hard rains or in a wet season. Numerous bridges need to be maintained, and the soil becomes mud under slight provocation. Such conditions obtain in Scott county, Ia., where an attempt has been made to build roads at a moderate cost that will stand traffic and the strain of breaking up of winter.

The methods employed by the supervisors have been to first grade, fill and gutter the road selected, and in particularly wet places lay drain tiles with good fall and free outlet. Then such stones as can be had are laid as flat as possible to a depth of about six inches. The spaces are filled up with small broken stone, and a smooth surface is secured of the contour desired. On this is laid four inches of gravel, and a three-ton roller gives it a surface, regular travel doing the rest. It packs well, becomes smooth and hard and improves with use. The small broken stone used is a limestone that is found in the county, which is not hard enough for surface use, and the gravel is obtained in an adjoining county. With a 16-foot roadway as a rule, and a 12-foot on the steeper grades, the first cost was about $1,500 per mile.

In the numerous bridges required for small streams, old mill boilers, about four feet in diameter and over 20 feet long, have been used in some 17 cases. Their walls are of five-eighth inch steel, and capable of carrying any amount of filling and traffic over them. The expense has been comparatively small.

The few repairs that are required on these gravel roads are made by the inmates of the county poorhouse, on whom the moral effect is excellent.—Good Roads.

Fowls and the Grain Bin.

Many farmers are in the habit of allowing their fowls the free run of the farm and this includes free access to the grain bins. Under such conditions it is impossible to keep the birds from eating too much grain, and the result will be seen later in the season when the fowls begin to die of indigestion. In such cases, where the farmer cannot prevent his flocks from filling up on grain during the day, it would be better to keep them shut up at night and not allow them to go out in the morning till they have had a hearty breakfast of scalded soft food. This may tend to prevent them eating such large quantities of grain.—Farmers' Review.

The man who sells fruits of any kind is the one who sells but a small quantity of the valuable elements of his farm and a large amount of water which does not cost anything and is found everywhere.

PRUNING GRAPEVINES.

Three Popular Methods Fully Described and Illustrated.

After planting a vine, use stakes the first two seasons. Cut the plant back two or three eyes and allow but one bud to grow the first year. The cane should then be cut back to within two eyes of the last cut. The next season train the new shoots up to canes. The method of spur-pruning is shown in No. 3. When growth begins, nearly every bud will make an upright shoot, some will have to be rubbed off so as to have the spurs about ten inches apart. The shoots left will each bear a bunch or two

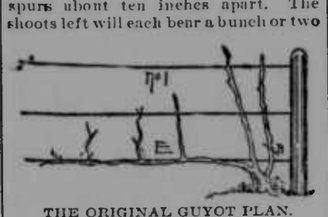

THE ORIGINAL GUYOT PLAN.

of fruit and care must be taken not to allow too large a crop at this time, as the future growth of the vine may be injured. At the end of the first season each of these shoots of one season's growth is to be pruned back to within two eyes of the arms. Care must be taken in pruning the grape not to cut closer than one inch above a bud, as from the soft nature of the wood it will not bear as close pruning as an apple shoot. The next season, two shoots are

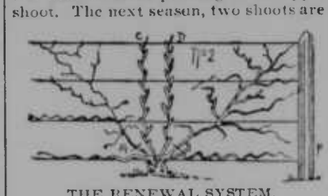

THE RENEWAL SYSTEM.

allowed to grow from the spur and the vine is then complete. In pruning thereafter each year the shoot farthest from the arm is cut out entirely, and the other shortened to two eyes. After years of this pruning the spurs elongate and it is then better to grow a strong shoot next the center and cut out the old arm and start over again.

In training a vine on the renewal system, shown in No. 2, the bearing wood of the first year should be cut away in winter, as at A and B, and two

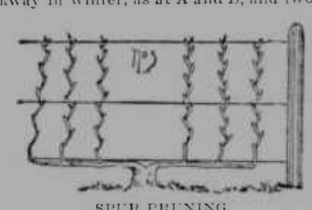

SPUR PRUNING.

young canes tied to the lower wires and C and D cut to two eyes. In this way one season canes are grown for the next year's fruiting, which are then cut back, to be succeeded by canes of the same year's growth. The whole vine about the lower wire is thus kept entirely of young wood, care being taken not to allow the shoots to become too numerous, and any gnarled stump being cut out and renewed with a fresh shoot. The original Guyot plan, shown in No. 1, was to keep the one horizontal branch, E, awhile to spur on, and shorten up and spur alternately the upright branch at B.—Farm and Home.

GARDEN AND ORCHARD.

Don't prune your apple trees in the fall. The best time is when in bloom or just before.

Most of the roses do better if given protection in the winter, though a great many of them will survive without it.

Dahlia tubers keep best if put in a box or dry sand and kept in a cool place where they will not freeze. They will not keep well in a damp cellar.

Sweet potatoes may be kept in a cellar that is frost proof, by being laid down on dry sand in such a manner that the tubers do not touch each other.

Put a good coat of manure on the truck patch and plow it this fall. If this is done it will be in condition to work in the spring and will not be neglected from a press of other work.

With berries, as with every other crop, he who grows the best makes the most money, and as it requires but little effort to make an average crop a large one it is worth while to do the extra work.

While for general purposes the Concord grape has no rival, there is a constant demand for new varieties, and the originator of a promising one is always well paid for any trouble it may have cost him.—Western Plowman.

Ordering Nursery Stock.

To make sure that an order can be filled it should be sent in at as early a date as possible. It is best to order for spring delivery now. The order will be filled, and the rule in all nurseries is first come first served. In the north all nurserymen take up their out of door stock early, and hill it in so as to be able to fill orders from the south during the winter season. This is really much better than taking stock from nursery rows. When the trees are hilled in and properly protected from frost their roots will begin to start before winter is over, and they can be planted much more safely than stock recently dug.—American Cultivator.

Profitable Pumpkin Crops.

The time has gone by when the pumpkin was only planted among potato or corn as a catch crop, with the hope, as we have often heard farmers say, that the corn would be so vigorous as to keep the pumpkin crop in the background. Grown by themselves, on land that did not produce pumpkins the previous year, the pumpkin crop is as profitable as most grown on the farm. The crop should never be grown twice in succession on the same land. It will be impossible to keep it free from the stinking pumpkin bug that will eat out a plant very quickly if given the chance.

A MASTER KEY.

Concealed in a Seal Ring, But It Unlocks Many Locks.

A Cincinnatian but lately returned from England tells of a rather novel innovation in the way of locks and keys, or, to speak more correctly, key.

At a country place he visited he was surprised to see his host unlock the gateway of the place with a small key, that in some mysterious way was produced from a large seal ring he wore. Yet the ring was not large enough to be conspicuous by reason of its size or style. As he expressed some surprise in the matter, his host said:

"This is a master key. You see it slides under the set in the ring and occupies no space whatever. It will unlock every lock about the place, even my dressing bag, my trunk, bond box and wine cellar."

He was asked as to the arrangement in general, whether one key, say of the butler, would unlock the front door.

"Not at all," he replied. "The locks are all arranged in suites. The butler can unlock all the doors that are in his department, and the housekeeper can unlock the linen closets and other doors under her supervision, but she cannot get into the butler's domain. And in every other department about the place from end to end every one has his or her key, but I have only the master key. All of the doors open to me. My valet can open my dressing case and closets, but he cannot get a bottle of wine. Of course the arrangement in a seal ring is novel, but it is very handy for me. In the first place I cannot lose it, and in the second place everything opens to me without asking a question."

No doubt Yankee ingenuity will provide the same arrangement, but as yet no mention has been made of such an article in this country.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A SOMNAMBULIST'S FEAT.

Walks on the Roofs of Houses and Gets Into a Strange Apartment.

Edward Reilly, of 1300 King street, Wilmington, Del., performed a wonderful feat in his sleep. In his night clothes he climbed from his bedroom window to the roof of his house. There are 15 houses in the row, and he walked along the roofs of the row for half an hour, then he climbed down, but climbed into the wrong window. The window he entered was on the rear of the second story of the house of Amos Brinton, two doors below his house.

A niece of Mr. Brinton's was slumbering in the room at the time, and, awakened by the noise of his entrance, she screamed when she saw his ghost-like appearance. Her screams brought Mr. Brinton, who upon entering the bedroom fired a shot, which missed Reilly. The gas was lighted, and to his amazement Brinton discovered that the intruder was his neighbor.

He saw that he was asleep, and with a punch awakened him. Reilly at first wanted Brinton to apologize, but when he found he had been walking in his sleep and was not in his own room he could not say enough to excuse himself.

Felix—"Do you mean that you can never be mine, Angeline?" Angeline—"Well, I won't go so far as that, Mr. Turndown. I am going to marry another; but one never knows, you know." — Philadelphia North American.

Expensive penholders are never used by those who do a great deal of writing.—Washington Democrat.

Time, which consisteth of parts, can be no part of infinite duration or of eternity, for then there would be an infinite time past to-day, which to-morrow would be more than infinite. Time is one thing and infinite duration is another.—Grew.

"I should very much like to ride a wheel, only I'm afraid I'm a little too heavy." "But, auntie, dear, that makes no difference. At the circus I saw a big, fat elephant on a velocipede."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Patient (bad pay)—"What is my condition, doctor?" Physician—"My friend, my advice to you is to pay all your debts and prepare for the end."—Philadelphia North American.

There is a great deal in the funny papers about dogs attacking tramps. There is nothing in it; dogs and tramps always make up; dogs and tramps are such loafers that they never quarrel.—Atchison Globe.

Nothing is a much harder test of one's temper than to walk under an arbor of ripe grapes, with a bucket of milk in one hand and a bucket of water in the other.—Washington Democrat.

When the hour of death comes—that comes to high and low alike—then it's na what we hae done for ourselves, but we hae done for others that we think on maist pleasantly.—Sir Walter Scott.

Soda water doesn't last long enough in proportion to the cost.—Washington Democrat.

Almost every girl is given a pearl and gold opera glass by her lover during their engagement, which she never gets to use after they are married.—Atchison Globe.

New Route to California.

A striking confirmation of the truth of the saying: "It is an ill-wind that blows no one good" is found in the new routing of the "Sunset Limited." Heretofore it has started from New Orleans westward. This season, on account of the prevalence of yellow fever in some parts of the south, Chicago has been decided upon as the terminus, the route being over Chicago & Alton, Chicago to St. Louis; St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern, St. Louis to Texarkana; Texas & Pacific, Texarkana to El Paso; Southern Pacific Company, El Paso to California destination. The train runs twice a week, leaving Chicago 1:30 p. m. every Tuesday and Saturday, and St. Louis 10:20 p. m. same days. Eastbound the same trains leave San Francisco 5:30 p. m. Mondays and Thursdays, and Los Angeles 10:30 a. m. Tuesdays and Fridays.

"Sunset Limited" is a magnificent train, completely vestibuled and running through solid, comprising a library and smoking car for gentlemen with barbershop and bathroom; a combination ladies' parlor and compartment car, with well-stocked library, and ladies' maid in attendance; two of the finest sleeping cars, and a dining car, in which perfect meals are perfectly served. The dining car service is a la carte—pay for what you order—and prices are reasonable.

A trip across the continent in this train could not but be a delight at any time, but during the winter months there will be special satisfaction in the certainty of a semi-tropical climate, picturesque and novel scenery, fast time, and no snow blockades. And best of all, no extra fare is charged for transportation on "Sunset Limited," only the regular Pullman rates prevailing for sleeping-car accommodations.

A Careful Judge.

Wilton—Do you agree with David that all men are liars?

Willy—How can I tell? Just think of the number of men that I never saw!—Boston Transcript.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with Local Applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by all druggists, price 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Infantile Wisdom.

"Mamma, I dess you'll have to turn the hose on me."

"Why, dear?"

"'Tause I dot my 'teckings on wrong side out."—Chicago Tribune.

The Hot Springs.

Picturesquely situated in the heart of the Black Hills of South Dakota, are renowned for the marvelous cures of rheumatism, neuralgia and kindred diseases, which have been effected by the use of its waters. First-class hotel accommodations and baths. Tourist tickets on sale daily and especially low rates on the first and third Tuesdays of this month. For full information apply to agents Chicago & North-Western Railway.

Advantages of Wealth.

First Traveler—I envy the millionaires who can travel around the country in private cars.

Second Traveler—Yes; they have lots of comfort.

"Just think of being able to stop the car long enough to get a square meal at a railway restaurant!"—Puck.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 1-4 the price of coffee. 15c. and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Her Comment.

Young Mr. Fitts—The idea of establishing a Chinese chair at Cambridge!

Mrs. Fitts—Well, why not? Some of those bamboo chairs are just lovely!—Indianapolis Journal.

The Pursuit of Happiness.

When the Declaration of Independence asserted man's right to this, it enunciated an immortal truth. The bilious sufferer is on the road to happiness when he begins to take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the most efficacious regulator of the liver in existence. Equally reliant is it in chills and fever, constipation, dyspepsia, rheumatism, kidney trouble and nervousness. Use it regularly, and not at odd intervals.

The Lawyer Knew His Business.

Plankington—I understand that you had to go to law about that property that was left you. Have you a smart lawyer?

Bloomfield—You bet I have. He owns the property now.—Boston Traveler.

Tourist Sleeping Cars.

Commencing with the excursion of Dec 7th, the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Ry. has inaugurated a system of Tourist Sleepers on their excursion dates between St. Louis or Kansas City and South Texas points. For information address H. F. Bowsher, 435 Walnut St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

A Man's Idea.—"Do you believe it is true that George Washington never told a lie?" "I don't know. But if he didn't, Martha must have been an ideal wife."—Cleveland Leader.

The Grip may intensify aches, but St. Jacobs Oil will alleviate.

A man's only chance to get a head in this world is to be born with one.—Chicago News.

Coughs

that kill are not distinguished by any mark or sign from coughs that fail to be fatal. Any cough neglected, may sap the strength and undermine the health until recovery is impossible. All coughs lead to lung trouble, if not stopped. Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Cures Coughs.

"My little daughter was taken with a distressing cough, which for three years defied all the remedies I tried. At length on the urgent recommendation of a friend, I began to give her Dr. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. After using one bottle I found to my great surprise that she was improving. Three bottles completely cured her."—J. A. GRAY Trav. Salesman Wrought Iron Range Co., St. Louis, Mo

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AN OPEN LETTER
To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now* Chas. H. Fletcher *on every bear the fac-simile signature of wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought* Chas. H. Fletcher *on the and has the signature of wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

March 8, 1897.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"

BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

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Our silversmith is one of the finest workmen in the United States as all will admit who have had any work done in that line by him.

Our jewelry department is filled to overflowing with everything in first line and we sell jewelry at less than manufacturers' prices.

We carry a complete line of staple and fancy groceries.

Call and get our prices before purchasing elsewhere.

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Tomson's Red Seal Lye.

18 per cent. strength, granulated, packed in SIFTING CANS. Is the greatest soap maker, disinfectant and cleanser.

One Can will make 10 Pounds of Hard Soap.

Red Seal is the best disinfectant and purifier to use in sinks, drains, waste pipes and closets. It is handy, safe and sure. One can of Red Seal to 15 gallons of water sprayed, knocks potato bugs, cabbage worms, etc. No damage to vines. 15-

---

B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 14, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—	Daily	3.17 A. M
No. 3—	Daily	6.42 A. M
No. 71—	Accom daily except Sun	9.20 A. M
No. 47—	Daily except Sunday	6 01 P. M
No. 55—	Express, daily	5.35 P. M
No. 1—	Daily	10.14 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8—	Daily	5.59 A. M
No. 2—	Daily	7.31 A. M
No. 14—	Accom daily except Sun	9.21 A. M
No. 48—	Daily	4.43 P. M
No. 72—	Accom daily except Sun	5.18 P. M
No. 4—	Daily	12.29 A. M

Train No. 55 stops at Terra Alta.

D. B. MARTIN,
Manager of Passenger Traffic.

C. F. SCHROEDER, Agent.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Dec. 13, 1897.

Democratic opposition to the annexation of Hawaii, which has become so pronounced since the reassembling of Congress, is fully explained by a story that is being told among the knowing ones in Washington. According to this story the Democratic party has been sold by its leaders in Congress to the sugar trust, which all the world knows is willing to spend an enormous amount of money to prevent the annexation of Hawaii. The sugar trust has agreed to furnish a corruption fund which the Democratic leaders believe to be large enough to enable them to elect a Democratic majority of the House next year and a Democratic President in 1900, if the Democratic leaders can succeed in preventing the annexation of Hawaii either through the ratification of the treaty or by direct legislation. That is why the Democratic Senators, with two exceptions, are all working against the ratification of the treaty, and why the Democrats of the House will this week, in caucus, declare against annexation. But this disgraceful deal cannot be carried out, because the Democrats cannot prevent the annexation of Hawaii.

No date has been set for the return of President McKinley to Washington, but it is expected he will start back immediately after his mother's funeral.

Chairman Dingley's emphatic statement in the House about the prospective revenues and expenditures in the House disposed of the whole batch of misrepresentations as to Republicans seriously considering legislation to furnish additional revenue. Of course everybody in Washington knew that these stories were purely imaginary and that the only object in circulation then was to discredit the administration and the Republican party. Mr. Dingley did not simply make the assertion that the revenues of the government would exceed its expenditures by at least $10,000,000 during the next fiscal year, but backed his assertions with figures which had the unqualified endorsement of President McKinley and Secretary Gage. No legislation providing more revenue is contemplated by the Republicans in Congress, for the simple reason that none is needed; the Dingley law is steadily increasing the revenue and will provide all the money necessary to economically administer the government.

The fact that 72 Republican members of the House participated in a conference called after they had each signed a paper stating that the conference should consist "of such Republican members as favor the modification of the civil service law, or a more honest enforcement of its provisions, or a more certain definition of the extent of its application," convinced even the most doubting that there is serious Republican opposition to a continuance of the present civil service situation. These Republicans believe in real civil service reform, but not in the sham article for which Mr. Cleveland is responsible, which covered with the protecting cloak of civil service reform, thousands of Democrats who entered the public service by the dismissal of Republicans, for no other cause than their Republicanism. Reduced to what they call its legitimate function, every one of these Republican representatives would vote for a continuance of the civil service law, but rather than see it continued in its present shape, they will work for its repeal or crippling in any manner within their power, and they will not lack for staunch supporters among the rank and file of the party throughout the country.

If this isn't the short business session of Congress that it ought to be, the Republican leaders of the House are fully determined that no blame shall be laid at their doors. Since the first day of the session they have been hustling. Last week the Pension Appropriation Bill was reported and passed, and this week the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill will be put through. The disposal of two of the regular appropriation bills before the Christmas recess will be a record of which the Republicans of the House can well feel proud.

A little thing like a fact never bothers those who lie through choice. When Senator Hoar presented the petition of some native Hawaiians, against annexation, to the Senate, the liars all rushed a statement off that Senator Hoar had become the champion of the petitioners and intended to fight annexation. It was taken to the State Department by the Hawaiians, and Mr. Sherman told them he would have it laid before the Senate, which had the treaty under consideration, and he asked Senator Hoar, as a member of the Committee on Foreign Relations, to present it. Every day Senators present petitions with which they have no sympathy, and nothing is said about it, but in this case the paid lobyists lied in order to impress their employers with the idea that they were earning their pay.

Call for Your Letters.

Daniel Korb, Geo. A. Seen, A. W. Hagen, John W. Batters, Adrian Glotfelty, Antonio Deztetans, Climax Washer Co., Mrs. Robert C. Hall, Mrs. Stella Harris, Mrs. John Bancord, Miss Amelia Knowe, Miss Mary Howe, Miss Maggie Cant[illegible].

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.00 SHOE

The Style, Fit and Wear could not be Improved for Double the Price.

W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

We are constantly adding new styles to our already large variety, and there is no reason why you cannot be suited, so insist on having W. L. Douglas Shoes from your dealer.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vici Kid, etc., graded to correspond with prices of the shoes.

If dealer cannot supply you write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass
CATALOGUE FREE.

Merchants, Bankers, Lawyers, Physicians and all economical men wear W. L. Douglas Shoes because they are the best.

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The Largest and Most Complete Assortment of

Ladies', Misses and Childrens' Coats,
Cloth and Fur Capes

that for Workmanship and Beauty of Finish are Surpassed by none and at prices defying competition.

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GENTLEMEN:—THE HOLIDAYS ARE APPROACHING. Now is the time to give your orders for Suits or Overcoats. We will make you a Suit or Overcoat of finest Imported Cheviot for

$15.00.

We guarantee them to be first-class in style, workmanship and fit. As to the cloth, it speaks for itself. We have gotten $18 and $20 for them until now.

Garments cut and made from your own material at reasonable prices.

You can have that old suit of yours dyed, cleaned and repaired to look like new by our expert workmen.

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Address all orders to

BENJ. H. SINCELL,
OAKLAND, MD.

THE manufacturing industries which the protective system has brought to such perfection are still steadily moving southward and carrying with them the protection sentiment into that section of the country. The latest example of this is found in the Indian Head Cotton Mills, of Cordova, Ala., whose proprietors have just closed a contract for the sale of the entire output of their mills in China during a five years's period.

On Sunday the services in the Episcopal chapel, Sixth and Alder streets, will be as follows: 10 a. m., Sunday school; 11 a. m., morning prayer and sermon; 7.30 p. m., evening prayer and lecture. Week day services Wednesday and Friday at 7 p. m. A cordial welcome to all. WM. PRAY, Jr., Rector.

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr. D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

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All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Glessman Hotel.

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I am now offering for sale in large or small quantities, 40,000 acres of land known as "Swanton," and better known as the "Anderson bonds," situated in Garrett County, Md. This land is well timbered, and under laid with many veins of coal and mineral; also suitable for farming purposes and grazing.

All trespassing will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.

Call on or address:

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Settling up very fast with DUNKERS, MENNONITES AND AMISH PEOPLE.

CONVENIENT TO MARKETS

Full particulars free.

Address

A. C. HARVEY,
42 S. Third Street, Phila., Pa.
47—52

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1897. NUMBER 42.

TAX SALES
—OF—
Real Estate.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1896, title "Harrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," the undersigned, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY,
The 8th Day of JANUARY, 1898,

Beginning at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House, in the town of Oakland, offer and sell at public auction to the highest bidder, all the following pieces, parcels and tracts of land situated, lying and being in Garrett county, Maryland, to-wit:

NO. 1. ONE UNDIVIDED ONE-HALF INTEREST IN THIRTY ACRES OF MILITARY LOT NUMBER EIGHT HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR, situated in Election District Number 7, Garrett county, Maryland, and being the same land that was conveyed to W. S. Barkham by C. M. Conger and others, by deed dated October 24th, 1890, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. Number 24, folio 324, one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1894 and 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said county in the name of W. S. Barkham.

NO. 2. All that part of the tract of land called "STRAWBERRY PLAINS," which was conveyed by Henry L. Davis, etc., to Mary A. Cross by deed dated November 10th, 1892, recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 20, folio 240, etc., one of the Land Records of said Garrett county, Maryland. Said part contains ONE HUNDRED AND TWELVE ACRES and is located in Election District No. 7 of said Garrett County, and is sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1894 and 1895 as is charged to the said Mary A. Cross on the Assessment Books of said Garrett County, Maryland.

NO. 3. LOT NUMBER EIGHTY-ONE ON THE PLAT OF LAKE VIEW, in Election District No. 7, of said Garrett county and being the same lot that was conveyed to D. E. Stahnaker by the Lake View Land and Banking Association by deed dated October 24th, 1895, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 11, folio 77, etc., one of the Land Records of said Garrett county, Maryland. Said lot will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1894 and 1895 as is charged to D. E. Stahnaker on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county, Maryland.

NO. 4. About 19,800 SQUARE FEET OF ALL THAT PIECE OF LAND KNOWN AS THE "LORAW MILL PROPERTY," situate at Crellin, in Election District No. 7, of said Garrett county, Maryland, and being the same land that was conveyed to Thomas J. Pendergast by John A. Connell and wife by deed dated February 26th, 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 26, folio 360, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Maryland. Also ONE-FOURTH OF AN ACRE OF LAND situated in Election District No. 7 and parcularly described in a deed from John A. Connell and wife dated August 24th, 1891 and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 24, folio 360, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Maryland. Said lands will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged to Thomas J. Pendergast on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county, Maryland.

NO. 5. MILITARY LOT NUMBER THREE THOUSAND AND SEVENTY-SIX, CONTAINING FIFTY ACRES, situated in Election District Number 6, Garrett county, Md. and being the same lot that was conveyed to A. L. Spiker by W. C. Pennington by deed dated November 25th, 1891, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. Number 20, folio 318 etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said, Garrett county in the name of the said A. L. Spiker.

NO. 6. LOTS NUMBERS TWENTY AND TWENTY-ONE ON THE PLAT OF LOCH LYNN HEIGHTS, in Election District No. 7 of Garrett county, Maryland as described in a deed from the Mountain Home Company to Mrs. M. A. Mellwain, dated August 11th, 1891, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 26, folio 136, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Maryland and will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of Mrs. M. A. Mellwain.

NO. 7. LOTS NUMBERS FIVE, SIX, SEVEN AND EIGHT OF BLOCK 20 ON THE PLAT OF LOCH LYNN HEIGHTS in Election District No. 7 of Garrett county, Maryland, and being the same lots that were conveyed to Albert C. Whetzel and Walter S. Wolf by the Mountain Home Company by deed dated August 11th 1891 and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 24, folio 55, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of Albert C. Whetzell and Walter S. Wolf.

NO. 8. MILITARY LOT NUMBER THIRTY-ONE HUNDRED AND ONE (3101), located in Election District No. 1 of Garrett county, and being the same land that was conveyed to Catherine Miller by Thomas Miller by deed dated December 4th, 1885, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 14, folio 243, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Maryland. Said lot contains FIFTY ACRES and will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the said Catherine Miller.

NO. 9. All that part of a tract of land called "REPTILIC," located in Election District No. 1, containing FIFTY ACRES, and fully described in a deed from Jacob P. Lohr to Mary M. Ralley, bearing date May 7th, 1892, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 22, folio 62, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Maryland, and will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the said Mary M. Ralley.

NO. 10. All that piece or parcel of land containing EIGHTEEN AND ONE FOURTH ACRES AND FOUR PERCHES, described in a deed from Brodell's heirs to Matilda B. Cormany, by deed dated February 29th, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 11, folio 57, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Maryland. Said land is located in Election District No. 1 of said Garrett county and will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1894 and 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of Matilda B. Cormany.

NO. 12. All that piece or parcel of land known as "OOT LAP," containing FIFTY ACRES, located in Election District No. 1 of Garrett county, as is described in a deed from John Beckman to Hester A. Bray, by deed dated February 27th, 1882 recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 8, folio 235, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Maryland. Said lot will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1894 and 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the said Hester A Bray.

NO. 13. MILITARY LOT NUMBER TWENTY HUNDRED AND NINETY (2090) containing FIFTY ACRES and located in Election District No. 1 of Garrett county as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the heirs of J. Jones. The same will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1894 and 1895.

NO. 14. PART OF MILITARY LOT NUMBER ELEVEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHT (1168), CONTAINING TEN ACRES, located in Election District No. 1 of Garrett county, Maryland and being the same land which was conveyed to Martha Cole by E. H. Sincell and wife by deed dated Augus 18th, 1876, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No 22, folio 391, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1894 and 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county on the name of the said Martha Cole.

NO. 15. All that part of a tract of land called "BLOOMING BUSH," CONTAINING TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY ACRES, situated in Election District No. 2 of Garrett county as is described in a deed from Jasper Augustus and wife to Jeremiah Liston bearing date July 18, 1 90, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, folio 155, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the balance of the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of Garrett county in the name of the said Jeremiah Liston.

NO. 16. All that part of a tract of land called "HAMMONDS CORNER," CONTAINING FORTY-TWO ACRES, in Election District No. 2 of Garrett county, as is described in a deed from James Guard and wife to Marshall Thomas bearing date November 9th, 1888, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 11, folio 626, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1894 and 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the said Marshall Thomas

NO. 17. MILITARY LOT NUMBER TWENTY-ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY EIGHT (2128) located in Election District No. 3 of Garrett county and being the same land conveyed by William Bittinger to William Hoover bearing date August 13th, 1887 and recorded in Liber E. Z. C. No 24, folio 1 etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said lot will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county, Maryland in the name of William Hoover.

NO. 18. A ONE-HALF INTEREST in a tract of land called "SPRINGFIELD AND ADDITION TO SPRINGFIELD," CONTAINING ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY-THREE AND THREE-QUARTER ACRES, located in Election District No. 3 in Garrett county, and as is particularly described in a deed from U. L. Olmond wife to C. F. Hutchman bearing date October 21st, 1874, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 12, folio 11, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Also ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SIX AND ONE-HALF ACRES OF LAND located in said Election District No. 3 of Garrett county as is described in a deed from S. S. Hurst and wife to the said C. F. Hutchman bearing date February 7th, 1891, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 24, folio 75, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said lands will be sold to satisfy and pay the balance of the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the said C. F. Hutchman.

NO. 19. All that part of a tract of land called "LUCHIEL," containing NINETY-FOUR ACRES as is described in a deed from John Wilhelm and wife to Elijah Gould, jr., bearing date November 28th, 1881, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 26, folio 285, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land is located in Election District No. 3 of said Garrett county and will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the said Elijah Gould, jr.

NO. 20. All that part of a tract of land called "SMOOTH VALLEY" described in a deed from Elizabeth Kroger and William and Thomas Yeast, heirs of Sarah Hurst, to Silas W. Boucher bearing date March 24st, 1888, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No 1 folio 76, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Maryland, and containing ONE HUNDRED AND SIX ACRES. said land is located in Election District No. 3 of said Garrett county and will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1894 and 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the said Charles W. Boucher.

NO. 21. ONE-THIRD INTEREST IN ALL THAT TRACT OF LAND KNOWN AND DESCRIBED AS "MIDDLES CHOICE," described in a deed from Cecilia Middleton to Jacob W. Medvick bearing date August 23rd, 1887, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 12, folio 728, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land is located in Election district No. 1 of said Garrett county and will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of Jacob W. Medvick.

NO. 23. ALL THOSE PIECES OR PARCELS OF LAND SITUATE IN ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 4 IN GARRETT COUNTY, THE FIRST CONTAINING ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY FOUR ACRES AND THE SECOND FIFTY SIX ACRES which was conveyed to George A. Stark by Hiram Lines worth by deed dated March 3rd, 1 4 and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 1 folio 68, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the said Lucinda A. Stark.

NO 24. MILITARY LOT NUMBER TEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY SEVEN (1067) CONTAINING FIFTY ACRES AND PART OF MILITARY LOTS NUMBERS TEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX (1066) AND TEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY EIGHT (1068) CONTAINING TEN AND THREE-QUARTER ACRES, and beginning for the said ten and three-quarter acres at the end of the given line for lot number ten hundred and sixty-eight and running with it reversed twenty rods, thence N. 87 degrees W. 81 perches, North 23 degrees E. 81 20 perches, South 27 degrees East 8 perches to the beginning. Said land is located in Election District No. 7 and will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of H. A. Dawson.

NO. 25 MILITARY LOT NUMBER SIXTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FOUR (1684) located in District No. 7 of Garrett county, Maryland, and being the same lot that was conveyed to Isaac Albertson by John M. Reed and E. W. Ceal by deed dated Feb. ary 1st, 1876, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No 2, folio 318, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. The same will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the said Isaac Albertson.

NO 27 ONE-HALF OF MILITARY LOTS NUMBERS TWENTY THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY FIVE, TWENTY THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SIX, TWENTY THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY SEVEN AND TWENTY-THREE HUNDRED SEVENTY EIGHT, CONTAINING ONE HUNDRED ACRES, located in Election District No. 3, Garrett county, Maryland, and being the remaining half of said lots conveyed to Isaac Spiker by James Evans by deed recorded in Liber H. E. No. 8, folio 12 etc., one of the Land Records of Allegany county, Maryland; the other half being assessed to Joseph A., executor of Stephen Spiker. Said tract of lots will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of Isaac Spiecher.

NO 28 TWENTY ACRES OF MILITARY LOT NUMBER TWENTY-THREE HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN, located in Election District Number 3, of Garrett county, and being the same land that was conveyed by Rebecca Bittinger by George Borkholder et al., by deed dated June 21st, 1891, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. Number 24, folio 491 etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895, as is assessed on the assessment books of said Garrett county in the name of Rebecca Bittinger.

NO. 29. ONE-HALF INTEREST IN A TRACT OF LAND CALLED "FACTORY," CONTAINING TEN THOUSAND, SIXTEEN AND ONE QUARTER ACRES; ALSO ONE-HALF INTEREST IN A TRACT OF LAND CALLED "MILL SEAT" CONTAINING FIVE HUNDRED AND NINETY-SEVEN ACRES; ALSO ONE-HALF INTEREST IN A TRACT OF LAND CALLED "PIG IRON," CONTAINING SIXTEEN ACRES, ALSO A TRACT OF LAND CALLED "LOG YARD," CONTAINING FOURTEEN AND ONE-HALF ACRES. Said lands are located in Election District No. 4, Garrett county, Maryland, and the interest hereby intended to be sold was conveyed to John G. Skines by Thos. Baumgardner and wife by deed dated May 25, 1874, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, folio 706, etc., one of the Land Records of said Garrett county. The same will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of John D. Skines.

NO. 30. To all that part of "THE RIGHTS OF MAN" AND "COMMON SENSE" not heretofore sold that was conveyed now Josiah Pennington and wife to Lewis Lhlinger by deed dated December 31st, 1883, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 3, folio 150, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said part of this is hereby offered for sale containing FOUR HUNDRED AND SIX ACRES, and is located in Election District Number 3 of said Garrett County, and will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895, as is charged on the Assessment Books of Garrett county in the name of the said Lewis Lhlinger.

NO. 31. LOT NUMBER TWELVE HUNDRED AND ONE ON THE PLAT OF MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK, AND TWELVE ACRES OF LAND IN THE TOWN OF MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK, in Election District Number 7, Garrett county, and being part of the same property that was conveyed to Mary P. Alderson, by J. C. Anderson by deed dated November 20th, 1893, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. Number 25, folio 142 etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895, as is assessed on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the said Mary P. Alderson.

NO. 32 ONE UNDIVIDED ONE-HALF INTEREST IN THIRTY ACRES OF MILITARY LOT NUMBER EIGHT HUNDRED AND FORTY FOUR, situated in Election District Number 7, Garrett county, Maryland, and being the same land that was conveyed to E. K. Golds orough by Scott Burkham by deed dated August 7th, 1891, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 24 folio 9 etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1894 and 1895, as is charged on the Assessment Books of Garrett county in the name of E. K. Goldsborough.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash on the day of sale. The right of redemption extends to six calendar months from day of sale by paying to the purchaser the amount of the purchase money with interest thereon, at the rate of twenty per cent. per annum and all costs.

Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

E. E. SOLLARS,
41-4 Late Treasurer.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Lawson L. Wright vs. His Creditors,
No. 1 3 Insolvents, In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

Ordered, the 24 day of October, 1897, that the 29th day of December, 1897, at 10 o'clock a m., is hereby appointed as the time at which Lawson L. Wright, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or securities may propose or allege against him, and that James T. Pedicord, Permanent Trustee for the benefit of the creditors of the said petitioner shall, prior to the 29th day of December, 1897, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order by weekly publication in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland.

Attest: DAVID W. SLOAN.
True copy. Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 51 6

Real Estate for Sale.

I have on hand and will sell several houses and lots in Swanton and also a number of tracts of wood land belonging to the estate of Charles T. West. Will sell Timber land in quantities to suit purchaser.

43-tf THOMAS J. P. DICORD, Trustee.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE
COUNTY COMMISSIONERS FOR GARRETT CO.
OAKLAND, MD., December 15, 1897.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the Board of County Commissioners for Garrett county, will be held in their office in Oakland, on

MONDAY, JANUARY 3, 1898,

for the purpose of appointing road supervisors, and other business. Districts will be taken up as follows and parties will attend accordingly:

Tuesday, January 4 Districts Numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4.
Wednesday, January 5, Districts Numbers 5, 6, 7 and 8.
Thursday, January 6, Districts Numbers 9, 10, 11 and 12.

By order of the Board,
J. S. MEYERS, Cl'k.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

This is to give notice that the firm of Feaver & Frazer, undertakers, post office Feaver, Md., has this day dissolved partnership. Noah H. Feaver withdrawing.
December 3, 1897 49.

ROAD PETITION.

This is to give notice that thirty days after the first publication of this petition that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett county for a change in the Ryans Glade road in Election District No. 8, said change to be made on Nydegger hill, beginning at or near Nydegger's house at foot of the hill and running through the lands of Louis Nydegger, William J. Wilson and J. M. White and intersecting the old road at the end of H. F. Harvey's lane, a distance of one mile, more or less.

L. O. THOMPSON,
J. J. THOMPSON,
E. ARONHALT,
JOS. M. KING,
12—3* JOHN M. WHITE.

A LAYMAN'S CHRISTMAS.

BY "NEMO."

[Copyrighted by Howe & Tabor.]

John again the angel chorus;
Tell of God's great gift to men;
For the time is now before us,
When the Christ-child comes again;

Ever bringing to the nations
Thoughts of sweet simplicity,
As they pour their glad oblations,
At the shrine of infancy.

Sing the joyous Christmas carol,
How the Great One came to earth,
Not in glorious apparel
But by lowly human birth;

Unto all men manifesting
That God's greatest gift is still
Nothing but a spirit resting,
Child-like, on a Father's will.

So we vain and wayward mortals,
In earth's wilderness beguiled,
Safe may reach the golden portals,
If led and guided by a child.

* * *

Seasons revolve and we once more greet the festival of "The Child." Who can exaggerate its hold on the hearts of those who celebrate it? There is not a mother whose birth-pangs are vivid in her memory but that is moved with compassion for out-cast Mary, remote from tender ministrations in the hour of her anguish; there is not a child whose little fingers reach out in awe to touch the latest tiny babe in the household, but that finds the manger-cradle at Bethlehem a thing to marvel at; there is not a man who surrenders himself to thought but that sees a world-transformation resulting from this squalid birth and the legends that have gathered aromnd it; there is not a childless woman whose heart is hungry for the pressure of its little face against her breast, but that can hear in the voice of the virgin angels, her own errand to the world—to proclaim peace and good-will, and to ever see deeper even than the contented mother into the holiness and possibilities of all children.

* * *

Over all virtues let us set simplicity. Great message, great truths, great happenings are ever simple in their elements. Simplicity is the grandeur of the great and the greatness of the obscure. It is the charm of prattling childhood; it is the diadem of the learned.

* * *

Now if we divert Jesus of the complex theories of warring commentators strip him of bewildering creeds, which in any event never came into existence until hundreds of years after his death we find his message to the world one of intense simplicity. Drawing in our minds from the cares of the conflict of life for a few moments, possibly we may find inspiration to effort by looking back at this man who led the world out into broad truth whose simple character is after ages of thought forcing itself to the front just because it is so simple.

* * *

Onward from the narrow thought of the Jews who selfishly regarded the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob as their own peculiar possession and whose character was often outlined as little more than that of a blood-thirsty leader of a fighting nation—onward from the myriad deities of reverential Asiatic and European minds who sought by the very multitude of gods to include all truth—onward with greater clearness than all seekers who had preceded him, he led the world's thought to assist the existence of one God of one universe. He did not argue Him to exist; he assumed Him as the simplest explanation of the powers visible and invisible, of mighty creation.

* * *

Furthermore, as omniscience, omnipotence, omnipresence are beyond the powers of our finite minds to grasp, Jesus makes God greater than the wildest theories of eager souls, and yet simpler when the simplest interpretation of Him, by announcing Him as "Father" and as "Love." The troubled soul can understand that and rest. The "Father" chastens His little ones that they may develop. He breaks down His truths into small fragments to suit their growing powers, His love makes all things work together for good to those who love Him. Every woman heart can understand Him as "Love," for in her love has been "nascent of man" and in His love has been the ascent of the soul.

* * *

More simple by infinite extent than the complicated sacrifices and penances of other and earlier interpreters, was his answer to those who enquired the way of eternal life. The simple acts of every day kindness done to the least of God's children, were the pass ports thither. He made "the child" the thing for humanity to reverence. While other systems cast children to the beasts He made of them moral monarchs whose service called forth meekness and gentleness, and whose worship united men and women on equal terms.

* * *

After nineteen centuries we are only drifting back to His simple standards of the first. Out of the ferment of thought and the fury of conflict that men have waged, is surging up, like the dry land out of chaos, greater simplicity and therefore greater power. We see that to have been a ruler of a nation is less than to have lived to hate evil; that to live without purpose though never so luxuriously, is less in the Divine estimate than the hesitating caress of the least of us who would sooth another's sorrow: that it is better to die for a truth than live by a lie; that our Father watches our feeble efforts with tender eye and judges actions by aspirations and not by results; that "Love" is over all, guiding where reason fails.

* * *

Not like Buddha, did he preach inaction, nor like Confucius did he preach veneration for traditions. Activity in the direction of others' need, and open-minded fidelity towards truth though it separated him forever from the sympathy of his own people—these were his characteristics. What is Bethlehem to us? A place only! What is Jesus? A real person! Then at this Christmas time let us who think, emulate what He did as a man rather venerate the place of His birth. Thus shall we be Christs to those who dwell in the darkness of doubt and who sorrow in the pangs of bereavement.

Hoyes.

Mr. Meshech Mattingly, who was quite sick a few days ago is getting better.

Mr. George Griffith has returned from his trip to Ohio Pyle.

A. C. DeWitt, of this place has been troubled with rheumatism for some time past. We hope he will soon get better.

D. O. DeWitt is making preparations to build in the early spring.

Mrs. John DeWitt is now at the home of her son.

Mr. John Brenneman and wife spent Sunday last at Charles W. DeWitt's.

Friend Rip, we have always found *grands vanteurs, pitins faiseurs* and believe you to be no exception notwithstanding your claim to be *grand homme*. True it is, that there may be some more astute than others, yet we are not so stupid and dull as to let the great musical prodigy and physical monstrosity of Sleepy Hollow copy unnoticed the advertisements and literary productions of others and claim them as products of his sixty-four ounce brain, while he may have sense enough not to try to tickle a mule's heels with his gold tuning fork, and to get out of the way of a locomotive, he has certainly shown lack of judgment and sense in copying Mr. William Frederick's advertisement and claiming it as a production of his moss covered brain.

His vocabulary is very meager, and his reputation as a critic, musician and writer is unenviable, in fact the poor fellow's education is so limited that he has never been able to realize that the greater world is outside of his limited horizon.

He speaks in his last communication of my conceivably small brain, and it may be smaller than his, and no doubt is, as the best material is always found in small quantities.

If he has ever studied physiology, and he must have studied this branch as his former communications have shown him to be very proficient in music and all the other sciences (?), he ought to know that a man's avordupois and the size of his cranium is no index to his brain, for if we have read aright the largest brain on record is that of an idiot. So don't imagine, because you wear a hat as large as Mr. Gladstone's that the quantity and quality of the gray matter under it are equal to his, for if it were possible we would sooner have a thimble full of his brain than a car load of yours.

As regards my temerity, it does not inconvenience me in any way, but is rather an advantage to me, as it enables me to slip around and under such colussuses as yourself without receiving harm or injury, and my beverage has not made me so crazy or stupid as to lend me to believe that I could practice plagiarism without being exposed, and to exhibit my gold and silver before an intelligent public without being ridiculed and laughed at. You accuse me of being possessed with *rari sacra fames*, or an accursed appetite for gold. Now, as we are both well known by the good people in the neighborhoods of Sang Run and Hoyes, we will let them decide whose love for lucre is the greatest, and who hoards the eagles with the most miserly greed.

So far I have been able to find a purse sufficiently large to hold my cash without using any barrels.

Your condition is giving me no concern whatever, but I don't believe you when you say that you are always ready, for in writing to a friend of mine not long ago, you mis-spelled the word "holidays," which proves, in my opinion, that you are not as ready as you claim to be. We admit that you are always ready for one thing, at least, and that is to boast and brag.

This mistake might be overlooked in a pupil, but not in one who claims to be a scholar. Your knowledge of geography seems to be on a par with your spelling, grammar, Latin and Greek, for you have not properly located Sleepy Hollow, the place of your nattivity, and I will therefore for the benefit of our readers give a short description of this wonderful place. Sleepy Hollow, the home of the venerable Rip Van Winkle, lies on both sides of Drowsy Run, where he, when a boy used to catch crabs, minnows and tadpoles, and where he first caught his inspiration for music from the croaking of the frogs that lined its banks and from the kingfishers that skimmed its surface and dived into its depths in quest of their daily supply of food. This little stream rises in the great Sang Hill, flows a north-westerly course and empties into Sang Run about one mile above its confluence with Yough river.

Concerning my adventure on Pleasant Hill, if you please, and not Sleepy Hollow as you term it, I have the most pleasant recollections, because I have been hospitably and pleasantly entertained by the accomplished and handsome daughters of the kind people who live there, and if I were young again I assure you that I would climb the gentle slopes of Pleasant Hill quite often provided I could get the consent of some of those handsome young girls to do so.

I am credibly informed that you now have aspirations in the same directions that I then had, and have been very ambitions in trying to carry them out, but have only been partially successful notwithstanding your fine personal appearance, musical voice and fascinating manner.

It may be said of you that *c'est le pere aux vers*, but it cannot be said that you are the most learned and respected of men.

You attempt by innuendo, of all weapons the coward's, to leave the impression with the public that my actions have not been exactly consistent. I frankly confess, brother, that I am not an angel, and neither do I believe you to be one and advise you, as a friend, not to advance too far along this line or I may be compelled to notice some of your past mistakes.

Accident.

Mr. George D. White, of Oakland, was a visitor to our town last Saturday.

Mrs. Herring was called to Chicago last Friday by the serious illness of her mother.

Mr. Martin Bowman, one of Garrett county's progressive teachers, was the guest of Mr. Wm. Englehart last Saturday and Sunday. He was en route for his home in Pennsylvania where he will spend his vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Gnagey and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Fike are visiting friends and relatives this week near Eglon, W. Va.

Miss Clara Englehart, who is teaching near New Germany, returned home last Friday night, and departed on Monday for Somerset county, Pa., where she will spend her holiday vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Yost, of Grantsville, were the guests of Mr. J. E. Gnagey and family last Saturday night.

Mr. Lawrence Barnard, who is teaching near town, left for his home in Oakland where he will spend the holidays.

Mr. M. H. Hoffman, the photographer who moved his gallery to Salisbury several weeks ago, reports business very good at his new stand.

Our literary society is becoming an important feature and a crowded house is the result. The committee has submitted the following program for Friday evening, January 7, 1898: Song by society; recitations, Emma Harden, Samuel Gnagey, Laura Wiley, Winnie Boyer and Nellie Shartzer; select reading, John Gies, Sophia Miller, Lloyd Gnagey and Martha Beegly; dialogue, H. M. Speicher and W. H. Gnagey; fifteen minute talk Rev. Herring; song, quartette; impromptu class, Hugh Gardner, Rosa Miller, S. M. Barnard, Annie Englehart and Russel Boyer; solo J. S. Gnegy; reading of society paper by editor; debate, *Resolved*, that nature is more pleasing to the eye than art. To affirm, J. L. Englehart, Harvey Speicher, Wm. Miller; to deny, J. S. Gnegy, Walter George, G. F. Kight; critics report, song. O. K.

THE REPUBLICAN.

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Links of Circumstances.

BY EVELYN RAYMOND.

"I AM going to that auction."

"Barbara!"

"I never did visit a 'vandew,' and the grocery urged me."

"You never will, I hope."

"He was quite enthusiastic in his sympathy over the poor little woman who's to be 'sold out.'"

"You're wasting yours. People needn't have 'vundews' unless they wish."

"Mistake. These unfortunate neighbors are not indulging in this luxury from choice. Think of it. If all our household stuff had to be set out for the inquisitive to criticise and haggle over. It would about kill one."

"If you go there, Bab, you'll do some foolish thing. We have no money to waste on second-hand furniture. Besides, this cottage is full now."

"Oh, I'll not buy an article! I—think. But I'm curious to see how such affairs are conducted. Good-by."

Barbara left the room with decision, and Mrs. Betts sighed as she rose from the lunch table.

Kathryn laughed. "Why protest, mother? When my sister sets out to make a fool of herself she generally succeeds."

"Humph! She could not 'make a fool of herself,' child. I'd like to know what would become of us but for her energetic character."

"Ah, well!" Kathryn pushed back, lazily, unnaging to get her chair into admirable focus for reflecting her pretty self in the mirror opposite, and fell to reading a novel. An hour later, a tap on the window aroused her.

"For goodness sake! Barbara Betts!"

"Yes," defiantly.

"What in the world?"

"Where's mother?"

She was at the door, instantly, despite her lameness.

"Why, Barbara, my daughter! what are you doing with that creature?"

"Leading it. It isn't a creature. It's a steed."

"Whose?"

"Mine."

"Yours! Have you—bought—a—horse?"

"It belongs to that race. The 'vandew' folks called it 'the goat.'"

"And you went to that auction to—buy—a—horse!"

"No. I went for fun. This represents fun and sympathy combined in one beautiful form. Isn't it sweet?"

"It's hideous. You're jesting. It can't—be yours."

"It is. My very own. I love it already; the first living thing which ever belonged to me."

"Well! Where will you get the money to pay for it?"

"It's paid for; and the halter was thrown in. That cost nothing."

"How could you pay for it?"

"Easily."

"The price?"

"Eighteen dollars."

"You bought a horse for $18?"

"Yes. If you've looked at her all you wish I'll put her in the stable."

Mrs. Betts sank into a chair, gasping. Kathryn arose and closed the door.

"We should never have taken this house, mother. Then it wouldn't have happened."

"I should like to learn the connection between this house and that—horse."

"There's a stable to this cottage, you know. Bab has been tormented with schemes for utilizing it. She says it's the first stable she ever paid rent for and its emptiness reproached her. Let us be thankful it wasn't a cow—to be milked."

"H'm. It's such a horrible looking thing; and she has nothing to make it comfortable."

"I suppose they nicknamed it 'goat' on account of its size. It isn't much bigger than Bab."

"It looks very old."

"About her age, too. Thirty. If a day."

"Here she comes. She looks perfectly happy, yet I—$18—disgrace— Well, Barbara, what next?"

"A blanket and some feed. I'm going down street after them."

"That animal must be returned. We cannot be bothered."

"Mother, don't get worried. She is mine. Her name is Flora. I'll hope you will be considerate of her feelings. She has been a household pet. Her mistress cried at parting, and I invited her to call."

"Why, of course. Another link," murmured Kathryn, softly.

Bab went out of the yard, down the street. Her slight figure was girlish in its activity, her dark eyes beautiful, and her mouth—well, under some circumstances, it might have been sweet. At that moment it looked what the grocer called "sot."

She went into the harness shop. "I want a horse blanket. Not the largest size."

"Yes, miss. For night, or day use?"

"I don't know. For the stable."

"Then this sort. Here are some others, for the street. Very nice. Like to look at them?"

"Do I need two kinds?"

"In this weather, a horse certainly requires blanketing after driving. But, of course, you know that."

"No. I know nothing. I am just setting up an establishment."

"So? Been buying recently?"

"At the auction, to-day."

"Which horse?"

"The little one. The pet."

The dealer smiled. "I should think these cheap blankets were about the pattern for such an animal."

Barbara's temper flashed. "I will take one of each. The proper size. This blue and gray one will be becoming, I think." Her manner, as she paid the ten dollars which Flora's costume cost, implied: "The horse is mine. She has become a dignified member of society."

"I'll send these right away."

"Do so, please. Where is the feed store?"

As she left the first shop she "did" a little mental problem. "A woman bought a horse for $18, a night blanket for $2.50, and a street blanket for seven; how much did she pay for the horse? Answer: Her new winter coat, was the woman satisfied? She was."

Then she crossed the street, ruminating.

"I haven't the least idea what a horse requires, except hay. But I won't be mean. H'm. I want to buy some—er—horse provision."

"Yes, madam."

"I'll take—I'll take 25 pounds of hay and ten of oats."

"Eh? Beg pardon! I didn't quite understand."

Barbara repeated her statement distinctly.

"Yes; but—we don't sell in that way. Hay by the hundred weight. Feed by the bag or bushel."

"Indeed?" The merchant looked honest. She resolved to trust him. "I have never owned a horse before. Please give me a little information. I shall appreciate it."

So did the seller of oats, and Miss Betts left his establishment with the price of a gown to swell the sum in addition.

Flora was "in clover." She held up her venerable head and looked her new mistress so gratefully in the eye that Bab's heart melted within her.

"You precious animal! I believe you are almost human! But how you do eat! I suppose you've been half starved. Never mind. You shall have all you want, if I go without myself. Good night, Flora! Pleasant dreams!"

Did she actually hug the creature? Elderly maidens, not fully appreciated by their families, sometimes do eccentric things. Be that as it may, Miss Betts went into the house and bandaged her wrist, where an ugly bruise called for gibing comment from Kathryn.

"I do believe that beast has bitten you."

"Well, if she has, she hasn't yet learned to understand kindness."

"O, I thought she was a family pet?"

There was no reply.

Barbara visited the stable four times that night. She was there when the breakfast bell rang, and she was not in quite her usual dainty trim when she appeared at table.

"I've been getting things in order. I'll not be so late again."

"Shades of Araby! I wish you'd postpone your stable visits till after you've

"ARE YOU THE WOMAN THAT BOUGHT MY SISTER'S HORSE?"

visited your family," observed the younger sister, sniffing.

"Children!"

"Yes, mother. But, Bab, what are you going to do with Miss Flora, now you have her?"

"I—I'm going to buy a saddle and ride. She has a delightful motion, they tell me."

"Barbara Betts! how are you to pay for all this extravagance?"

"Out of my own allowance."

The tone admitted of no further comment.

When they left the breakfast-room Mrs. Betts said, rather wistfully:

"Now that we have a horse, I almost wish we had—a wagon."

Flora's mistress was inclined to resent the "we have," but a glance motherward checked the tendency. On the walk to the mail her saddle was metamorphosed into a harness and phaeton, with robes.

"It must be second hand to match the horse. I saw such advertised. I'll buy that outfit."

She did. The next day she harnessed Flora and invited Mrs. Betts to ride. Flora earned her title of "goat" by capering around in a frantic manner, which ended in the severing of straps and the overturning of the vehicle. This culmination of her playfulness was reached at a most favorable point—in front of the harness shop.

The master came out and rescued the ladies.

"If I were allowed to offer suggestion, I should say 'first learn to harness.' The reasons why this broke are that it is on wrong, and it is worn out."

Barbara Betts was sensible. She always followed good advice. She bought a new harness on the spot and ordered a new phaeton for the morrow, bartering her second-hand outfit as (slightly) partial payment. That night she wrote in her diary:

Item—One horse.....	Cost—One winter coat
" Blankets.....	" Two pairs shoes
" Harness.....	" Two bonnets
" Phaeton, etc..	" A new Cyclopedia
" Provender.....	" Travel, confect., sundries

Payment received: Something belonging exclusively (?) to myself, some labor, a little fun. Equation proved.

Said Kathryn some three months later:

"Bab, I should think you might let me drive that beast once in awhile. Here we've had a horse all this time, and I've not once ridden behind it. I suppose I've no right to complain, but—if I had a sister and a horse, I'd bring the two into some sort of agreeable connection or I'd set myself up for a model of selfishness."

"H'm! Would you really ride behind the despised 'goat?'"

"Since she's been 'clipped' she seems to have regained her youth. She's almost coltish."

"But would you?—do you mean it?"

"If I had a chance."

"In the beginning I made a resolution that nobody, save myself, should ever drive Flora."

"Break it."

"I never break a vow. There is one other way out of the difficulty. I'll take it to prove I'm not as selfish as you think."

Kathryn smiled graciously and resumed her embroidery, but that afternoon she was invited to a drive.

"Leaving mother at home?"

"Taking mother with us!"

"I don't understand."

"Look out of the window."

There stood Flora, appearing very gay and youthful in a new russet harness, before a two-seated buckboard.

"My sake! The whole turnout is a symphony in browns! How swell! And—whose?"

"Mine. Will you go?"

"Won't I?"

"Barbara, my daughter! Have you mortgaged all your small fortune to this horse?" demanded Mrs. Betts, as Flora gayly skimmed over the ground with three admiring women behind her.

"Aunt Mary's legacy has gone into this rig!"

"Oh, then, you'll have nothing left to sacrifice."

"Only myself."

"You'll be sold next. Or Flora, to pay for herself."

"If she is I will be. Whoever takes one must the other."

"It is clear infatuation and—ruin."

"It is pure affection."

"Stuff."

When that drive was over Miss Barbara had a visitor. This was unusual. The more so that the visitor was a gentleman. The maid ran out to the stable where Bab was putting Flora to bed, and announced: "There's a man wants to see you, miss."

All the male acquaintances she had formed since coming to Belleville were connected with Flora's—or the family's—requirements. This was probably the "feed man" with another bill. The young woman's lips took on their most soft expression.

"Well, I'm completely bankrupt. But Flora shall not starve if I do. Her appetite, though, is something frightful. However, send the fellow out here."

Flora was never allowed to retire except in the trimmest order, with mane in "crimps" and every hair exact. Miss Barbara did not relax in her attentions for so slight a thing as a call and probable dun. Her face was grim and eyes averted till a masculine footfall and "Ahem!" compelled consideration.

Then she did look up, indeed, and screamed: "Oh, my—you!"

"Great Caesar, Barbara! You? Are you the woman who bought my sister's horse?"

"This is my horse. I do not know your sister," coldly.

She had instantly rallied from her agitation.

"But, beg pardon, you do. She was this animal's owner, obliged to part with it after her husband's failure. I just got back from the mines—South America—and heard it. I am trying to recover her scattered household gods. This beast, I suppose, was one of them. I came to buy it, but how should I dream that 'Miss Betts' was my Miss Betts—my Barbara! After ten years of waiting, darling! I take all the blame. I was hot-tempered and unjust. I should have remembered how firm you always were."

"No; I'm an old maid now, and they call me 'sot.'"

Flora's would-be purchaser walked in and closed the stable door behind him.

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Mrs. Betts, from her point of view. "If Barbara were younger—"

"It's all right, mother. The maid says that the gentleman is the brother of Flora's first mistress."

After some time Bab came in, the stranger with her.

"Mother, do you remember Mr. Graydon? I used to know him at the university."

The lady's memory failed, but she accepted the statement without comment. Not so quietly, however, that which followed: "And I've sold Flora."

"Sold—Flora! Impossible! How could you?"

"Because—because I go with the horse."—Leslie's Monthly.

Awkward for the Stalls.

Two dear old ladies, who had evidently called at the Sign of the Jug on the way, went to see "The Sign of the Cross" in Adelaide. They had a parcel of meat pies and several bottles of beer, and they wept copiously and ate pie and drank beer during the first act. In the second they slept soundly until a particularly harrowing scene awoke one of the pair, and, without warning, she took a dive, accompanied by three pies, into the front gallery row. They rescued the lady, but the pies went on and broke with a loud report in the stalls. For some minutes the people below delighted the gallery by their frantic attempts to get the potato out of their hair and rescue the kidney and onion which had nestled inside their collars, and then matters became normal again.—Sydney Bulletin.

—Windows that do not work are not of much account.—Washington Democrat.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—The Two Classes.—"I see that Timmins is getting out another novel." "Historical or hysterical?"—Indianapolis Journal.

—No Discount.—"My wife has a mania for bargains." "Yes?" "But when she asks me for a dollar she won't take 99 cents."—Chicago Record.

—Friend—"This seems to be a comfortable flat." Harlemite—"It does. It makes that impression on everybody who don't live in it."—Puck.

—Mistress—"Bridget, are there any letters for me this morning?" Bridget—"Only two postal cards, but there's nothing of importance in them."—Fliegende Blatter.

—Tom—"Why do you always call your mother 'the mater?'" Dick—"Any woman who could succeed in marrying off my four sisters deserves the title."—Tit-Bits.

—How It May Be.—"People are not alike, and what suits one may not please another." "I guess that's right. What is one man's bicycle is another man's juggernaut."—Puck.

—Good Friend—"I have reason to suspect that your husband is flirting with other women. You ought to follow him wherever he goes." "Great heavens! My husband is a postman."—Fliegende Blatter.

—Sue Brette—"I never saw such a cold audience in my life." Foote Light—"Didn't they warm up a bit?" "Well, when they spoke of bringing out the author, I believe some of the audience got hot."—Yonkers Statesman.

—"She has a great deal of curiosity," remarked Willie Wishington. "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "it is something extraordinary. She even opens some of the fancy-covered magazines to see what is inside!"—Washington Star.

—Power in Portrayal.—"Why, man, I've had whole audiences fall to their knees in terror at my description of the day of judgment." The other exhorter smiled pityingly. "Ah, yes," he replied. "But the other night I portrayed the destruction of the world with such power that a man came up after the services and asked me whom he should see about the kinetoscope rights."—Detroit Journal.

—"If there are to be poets in Heaven," said the city editor, "what is the advantage of trying to go there?" "My dear boy," replied the literary editor, with that patronizing air that a literary editor so soon learns to assume, "you don't understand the theory of it at all. Poets are all right, and will naturally be received with open arms by the very best people. It is the man who is not a poet, but who thinks he is, that should be barred from the society and companionship of all good people."—Chicago Evening Post.

FLOCK STRAYED 500 MILES.

Shepherd Killed by Lightning and the Sheep Go on a Long Journey.

A herder in charge of a flock of 2,000 sheep which were grazing near the base of the San Francisco mountains in Arizona was killed by lightning during a terrific storm which visited that section about August 1. As the herder was not expected to come in with his sheep until October 1 his absence during August and September was in the regular line of business and attracted no attention, but when the middle of October came and he did not appear messengers were sent out to find him and see what was the matter. After a search of some days in the vicinity of where he was last seen, the remains of a camp were found under a tree which had been riven by the lightning. The cooking utensils were scattered about and the remains of a blanket were found, which were identified as parts of one which the man had taken with him. The water keg was also recognized by a mark which had been burned into one of the staves. A further search revealed the bones of a man scattered about over the ground, some of them more than a hundred yards from the tree, where they had evidently been carried by the wolves.

A prospector who had passed that way had camped a night with the man about August 1, and said the herd was then moving northward. This tree, around which these articles were found, was just about far enough north to have been the next camping place, and as it was remembered that there was a severe storm with thunder and lightning in that section one night about the time referred to it was clear that the man made his camp under this tree, and had been killed by lightning and his body devoured by wolves. The sheep had never been heard of, and no trace of them could be found anywhere in that part of the country.

But now comes the strange part of the story: About three weeks ago a herd of about 2,000 sheep was found on the plain in San Miguel county, in New Mexico, with no one in charge of them, and to all appearances belonging to nobody. The people in Arizona heard of this fact and wrote to an officer in the county where the sheep were found, giving their marks, and explaining how the animals could be identified, when it was found beyond any doubt that this was the same herd that had disappeared from the range in Arizona about August 1. They had been shifting for themselves for at least three months and a half, and turned up at a point fully 500 miles from where the herder was killed, and had crossed the Rio Grande on the way.—Chicago Tribune.

The Pay of Columbus' Sailors.

A curious discovery has been made in the archives of the Spanish navy—the bills of payment of the crews who composed the caravels of Christopher Columbus. The sailors, according to their class, received from ten to twelve francs a month, including their food. The captains of the three large caravels had each 80 francs a month. As for Columbus himself, who had the title of admiral, he was paid 1,600 francs a year.—N. Y. Sun.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The loftiest active volcano is Cotopaxi. It is 18,880 feet high, and its last great eruption was in 1855.

—Taking Dr. Elkins' measurement of distance the star Arcturus exceeds the sun in actual brightness 5,000 times.

—Sir Robert Ball, the astronomer, says that for communication with the inhabitants of Mars we would need a flag as large as Ireland, and a pole 500 miles long.

—A physician, who has given much thought to the subject, says that so long as the cyclist can breathe with the mouth shut he is reasonably safe from heart strain.

—In 1877 Falcon island, in the Friendly group, began as a smoking shoal; ten years later it was a volcanic island about 300 feet high and over 1½ miles long; now it is disappearing.

—The largest tree in America, and perhaps in the world, is the "Father of the Forest," one of the California redwoods. Some of the Australian eucalypti are said to grow as tall.

—The safest course if caught in a thunderstorm is to allow one's self to become thoroughly soaked. The chances of safety from lightning are ten to one in favor of the wet person.

—If, after eating pure food, fresh outdoor air is breathed, the blood will show a large increase in red corpuscules, but by drinking stimulants, the red disks are decreased in serious proportions.

—Green wood hisses and splutters when burning because of the large amount of water contained in its fibers, which is changed into steam by the heat, and bursts off tiny splinters.

—Great Britain and Ireland have turned out 54,622,706 gallons of whisky in 1897, over 5,000,000 gallons more than in the previous year. Of this 32,126,238 gallons were consumed in the United Kingdom and 4,760,181 gallons exported. There are 103 distilleries at work in Scotland, 29 in Ireland, nine in England, and one in Wales.

CAUSES OF POVERTY.

Some Conclusions of Statisticians as to the Misfortunes of the Poor.

Various attempts have been made recently to get at the causes of poverty by means of statistics. In Europe paupers are defined to be those who receive aid from the government or charitable funds. The proportion of paupers to the whole population is highest in England, 28 per 1,000. In Scotland it is 24, in Ireland 23, in Holland 20, in Italy 10, in Austria 9, in France 8, and in Germany 7. There is no similar division made officially in the United States, and, taking the country through, the proportion here is less, probably, than 2 per cent. When it comes, however, to the causes of poverty the American statisticians are, so to speak, right in line with what some persons would call their conjectures, but what they describe as their conclusions. Thus, of 100 cases of poverty 11 per cent. are chargeable to drink in excess, 21.3 per cent. to what the statisticians call "misconduct," a rather vague designation for unwise or reprehensible acts; 28.5 per cent. to lack of work or inadequate pay for work done, or insufficient, half-time employment, and most of the remainder to "misfortune."

What particular distinction the statisticians are able to establish between "misconduct" and "misfortune" is not easily stated, for some acts of misconduct are clearly due to misfortune, and many instances of misfortune are directly traceable to misconduct, but the statisticians do not concern themselves with such trifles as these. They only deal with what they call "broad propositions," and one of them, Charles Booth, of East London, has ascertained by investigation that in the poorer districts of the British capital exactly 13 per cent. of those male or female adults who are a charge either upon the government or upon others for reasons not arising from physical causes owe their indigence to drink, though it has been observed by some travelers in East London (and travelers who are not statisticians) that the absence of dring is at times a more poignant cause of the visible distress than is unbridled indulgence in ale, porter or bitter beer.

London spends $6,000,000 a year for the relief of the needy, Paris $4,500,000, Vienna $3,000,000, and Berlin $2,000,000. Greater New York will expend, approximately, $2,500,000.—N. Y. Sun.

The Worship of Athletes.

Both boys and men, when they have opened any paper, very soon turn to see what is said about athletics. People go in thousands to see matches of cricket, boating, football, running and bicycle races; matters connected with these matches keep the telegraph busy and furnish the large headings for posters; they induce men of the highest position and gravest character to write to the newspapers and to discuss such matters from a purely athletic point of view, leaving out of sight all moral questions which may happen to be involved. Portraits of athletes are everywhere and their histories and condition are generally known. I was present when a certain distinguished man was introduced to a great English bishop. "He is the father of P. T. ——," said his introducer, naming a youth well known for his powers of cutting.—National Review.

Deciding a Point.

Two men, a German and a Frenchman, had a heated argument over the question whether the wife of a state governor had any official title or not. One contented that she should be addressed as "Mrs. Gov. So-and-So." The other stoutly insisted that she was simply "Mrs. Blank, wife of Gov. Blank." They finally agreed to leave the matter to the first man they met. He proved to be an Irishman. They stated the case to him, and asked for his decision. "Nayther of yez is right," he said, after a moment of severe cogitation. "The wife av a governor is a governess."—Youth's Companion.

How to Wash with Ease.

Washing cannot be well done with a scant supply of hard water and inferior soap. To skillfully perform this necessary work, assort the clothes, put the linens first in a tub nearly full of hot water, soap with Ivory soap. When clean scald, rinse, starch and hang on the line. When dry, sprinkle, fold and lay in a basket over night. Iron carefully with well-heated irons. ELIZA R. PARKER.

His Parting Shot.

He (after being rejected)—I shall never marry now.

She—Foolish man! Why not?

(Viciously)—If you won't have me, who will?—Philadelphia North American.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonial free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

On the shoulders of the young and hale poverty sits but lightly.—N. Y. Independent.

All About Alaska.

Descriptive folder containing five maps of Alaska and routes to the gold fields, the most complete publication of the kind in print. Send 4 cents in stamps to F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A. Great Northern railway, 3d and Broadway, St. Paul, Minn. "Alaska, Land of Gold and Glacier," a beautifully illustrated booklet, sent for fifteen cents in stamps. The Great Northern is over 100 miles the shortest line from St. Paul and Minneapolis to Seattle and Portland, the outfitting points whence steamers sail for Alaska.

A truly great man is one who can live in a very small town, and refuse to become small in his opinions.—Atchison Globe.

There Is a Class of People.

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

The only ingenuity some folks have is to refuse to do what everybody else does.—Washington Democrat.

Never trifle with pain. It may fool you. St. Jacobs Oil never fools; it cures.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla Gives Complete Relief, Also Cures Catarrh.

"I was troubled with rheumatism and had running sores on my face. One of my friends advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I did. After taking six bottles I was cured. Hood's Sarsaparilla has also cured me of catarrh." MISS MAMIE ETMER, 4408 Moffitt Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure constipation. 25 cents.

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deserves another. When you turn the handle of the Enterprise Meat Chopper you are rewarded with a surprising amount of work well done in a few seconds. It saves money, time and food. Is easily operated and easily cleaned. Use the

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for making sausage and scrapple; for preparing hash, mince-meat, Hamburg steak, suet, tripe, cod-fish, clams, scrap meat for poultry, corn for fritters, etc. Improved for 15 years; now perfected.

Sold by all dealers in hardware. Small family size No. 5, $2.00. Chops 1 lb. a minute. Large family size No. 10, $3.00. Chops 2 lbs. a minute.

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TEMPERANCE.

TURNED HIM OUT OF DOORS.

How a New York Woman Cured Her Husband of Drunkenness.

One New York husband has been cured of the drink habit by his wife in a novel manner. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Munge lived at 430 West Thirty-sixth street. The couple have not been married long, and up to one night last week their wedded life had been one long, blissful dream. On that fateful night the young wife had a rude shock. Her sponse came home drunk. It was the first time she had seen him under the influence of liquor, and, in fact, it was the first announcement she had that he drank. Her presence of mind came to her, and she was quick to act. Pulling her husband from under the table where he had fallen, she shook him in no gentle manner to wake him.

"Get out of my house. You don't belong here," she said. "I don't know you.

"GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!"

My husband is a sober man. Pick up your hat and go. You cannot stay here."

Mrs. Munge picked up his hat and coat and, after helping him on with them, led him to the door.

"Do you mean to tell me that you are not my wife?" he demanded.

"Why, certainly, I'm not your wife."

"Then I'll go and throw myself into the river," he said. He did not go to the river, though, but to the Thirty-seventh street station.

"My wife doesn't know me because I'm drunk," he told the sergeant, "and I want to be locked up."

He was accommodated, and in the west side court was discharged. Mrs. Munge was cooking breakfast when there came a knock at the door. There stood her husband, sober but pale.

"Now, you look like yourself again," said Mrs. Munge, happily. "It wasn't my Frank who came here drunk Saturday night."

And Munge, as he sat meekly down to breakfast, vowed never to drink again. —Chicago Chronicle.

DRUNKENNESS IN HOLY LAND

Curse of the Western Saloon Being Felt on Sacred Ground.

Not content with the desolations of the drink traffic at home, we seem bound to carry the unmitigated curse into every corner of the globe. There is something inexpressibly revolting in the thought of drunkenness in the Holy Land. Yet Palestine is fast becoming a land of drunkenness. Will Jerusalem become the city of saloons?

"We do not often associate the Holy Land with public houses, but it seems that the drink curse is increasing in Palestine. In Jerusalem there is a brewery, so we are informed by a correspondent, which turns out 1,500 gallons of beer annually, and in Nazereth there are 53 licensed places. To be sure, these are mostly for the accommodation of tourists and visitors, but that fact forms a grotesque commentary on the plea of those who justify their drinking on the ground of the example set in Judea by the founder of Christianity. Instead of getting our drinking customs from the east, it seems that we are taking them there."—National Temperance Advocate.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Out of 1,955 Baptist ministers in the United Kingdom 1,556 are pledged totnl abstainers.

In a Dublin brewery $70,000,000 of capital are invested, and only 3,000 men are employed in the work. The same amount of capital in the Belfast linen trade gives employment to 100,000.

Who is responsible for public sentiment? Every individual person. Everyone is a contributor to the public thought, and if gross evil is tolerated, each one must share his part of the guilt.—United Presbyterian.

When a Georgia legislature wants to suppress football it doesn't pass a license law, but enacts a law prohibiting the game under severe penalties. When a Chicago alderman even wants to outlaw the game of football he introduces a prohibitory ordinance. Why didn't he seek to regulate it by a conservative license law? See?—Lever.

When constantly irritated by the direct action of alcoholic drinks, the stomach gradually undergoes lasting structural changes. Its vessels remain dilated and congested, its connective tissue becomes excessive, its power of secreting gastric juice diminishes, and its mucous secretions are abnormally abundant.—H. Newell Martin, M. D., F. R. S., Professor of Biology in Johns Hopkins University.

Plea for Beer on Sundays.

An extraordinary argument for Sunday opening was quoted by one of the speakers recently at a temperance convention. He related that at a public meeting once held in Coventry, England, an orator urged that public houses should be opened at noon on Sunday, in order that workingmen should have an opportunity of discussing together the sermons they had heard in the morning.

A CHRISTIAN OBLIGATION.

Duty to Abstain from Intoxicants for Your Brother's Sake.

Miss Willard, in her presidential address at the national convention of the W. C. T. U., holds that the "supreme duty of the hour is to convince the moderate drinker that he is doing himself harm," and that henceforth the "artillery of temperance reform must concentrate" its fire on "the sullen fortress of moderate drinking." It is perfectly true that all drunkards come from the ranks of moderate drinkers; but it is not true that all moderate drinkers become, sooner or later, immoderate drinkers. To keep truth on our side we must admit this. But it is fair to say that no one about to form the habit of moderate drinking can feel assured that the habit will not be to him a great risk. It is so to the majority. Experience may show him that he is one of those who can take a glass now and then, and never be tempted beyond the line of self-control. Shall a man who feels himself in no danger surrender a personal right for the sake of others not able to keep a check upon an awakened appetite?

This is a question which every man must answer for himself, with certain principles in view. For example, there is such a thing as humanity, and civilization refuses to absolve any man from recognition of and obligation to it. Humanity requires that an effort be made to save persons wrecked at sea, to defend the helpless from attacks of robbers and assassins, to relieve those dying of hunger or exposure. A man who would refuse to succor one in distress and danger would be a brute, not a man.

There is an obligation of mutual helpfulness. The strong must help the weak and unfortunate. Christianity carries this rule into all relations of life. It requires those who are able to bear the infirmities of those who are weak, that assistance be ever ready to save those who stumble. Can we not say that this obligation is binding on the moderate drinker? We mean, of course, the man who drinks chiefly for the pleasure of it. We may not compel him to give up a habit which he believes to be perfectly harmless to him; but may we not appeal to him to give it up because it encourages others in a habit which they can neither keep within proper limits nor easily throw off? Is it not a noble thing to say in the spirit of Paul, I will drink no wine while the world standeth if it cause my brother to offend?

Most people despise a drunkard. Miserable wretches are they in act, thought and appearance. We miss in them the thing that makes a man so infinitely superior to a brute. They cringe like cowards, grovel like reptiles, and debase and befoul the image of the Almighty. Poverty, shame and disgrace are their companions, and they become actually loathsome. And yet they were not born so. It is the drink habit which drags them down into the mire. What is there in the pleasure of wine to the man never tempted to abuse it to compensate for the wretchedness and ruin it produces in the weaker thousands and tens of thousands who cannot use it as a good creature? Can the self-controlled moderate drinker, with a glass in one hand, reach the other hand to his less fortunate brother and bid him be a man? Can he counsel him, with any hope of success, to drink and let it alone? Can he say: "Give it up altogether," unless he himself sets the example? We do not put the emphasis exactly where Miss Willard puts it. She holds "that there is no moderation in the use of what is harmful." We are willing to admit that wine may be used as a beverage in such moderation as to produce no apparent harm to the user. But we do not believe that moderate drinkers are helpful, or can well be, to immoderate drinkers, and our creed is summed up in these words: Abstain, if not for your own good, for the good of others.

A young man, only 27 years old, bearing an honored name, was adjudged an "habitual drunkard," requiring the care of a guardian and to be committed to some institution, in the court of the chancellor of New Jersey. His father, Gen. John Watts Kearny, is the son of Gen. Phil Kearny, of military fame. The boy had good educational advantages, but he began to form the drink habit in college when only 14 years old, and went on from moderate to immoderate drinking, finding ere long that when he would let it alone he could not. His thirst swallowed up all good resolutions, his will power, his manhood and left him a wreck.

There are no wrecks upon the face of the stormy deeps so sad, so terrible, as wrecks of young manhood like Kearny. And the saddest thing about them is that they might have been prevented. A college faculty may think it perfectly right to have wine at college dinners; but let them consider what results may follow among the students.—N. Y. Independent.

The Cigarette Habit.

A Philadelphia tobacconist says: "One-fifth of our cigarette sales during the last two months have been to women. If you were to stand at my door for an hour or two you'd be surprised to see the swell girls who come in to make purchases. There is a certain brand which they all seem to have a special liking for. It is evident that in this respect they are acting in concert. There is a certain club of uptown girls, a smokers' club, which, to my personal knowledge, recently passed resolutions adopting this particular brand as the official cigarette of the club."—Stanford Recorder.

Beecher's Prophecy.

I believe the time will come when men will have as much abhorrence of habits which carry them to unheath as they have of maimings, torturings and distortions; and I think in that day there will be a banishment of alcoholic drinks and a total exclusion of tobacco, indulgence in which, beginning early, is wasteful all the way through life.—Henry Ward Beecher.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The muskrats of Minnesota this year built their houses high, with thick walls. This indicates a cold winter.

—Cyclometers are used on the cabs in Berlin, Dresden and Leipsic, to show the miles traveled and the legal fare of the occupant.

—A pious gentleman in Cincinnati, who needed a Bible, and was without money, forged a check, and with this paid for a neatly-bound copy of the sacred book.

—The smallest real estate tax in Massachusetts is paid by a resident of Paxton. He owns two islands which are valued at five dollars, and his assessment is just eight cents.

—Chiming bells have been attached to the bicycles used by a wheel club in Galveston, and the 24 young men and women who comprise it whirl along the streets to the air of popular music.

—The loop of a dangling telephone wire caught a button on a swiftly-moving buggy in Easton, Md., tore the top from the vehicle, threw to the the street the lady who was riding in it, and caused fatal injuries.

—While digging for worms, to be used as bait, Adolph Johnson, aged 16, of Clinton, Ia., found a heavy iron box in which were coins and bank notes to the amount of $50,000. The owner is unknown.

—One of the converts at a temperance revival in Cedar Rapids, Ia., confessed that while under the influence of liquor he committed a robbery for which an innocent man had been several months in prison. The convert was arrested.

—An American barroom will be one of the attractions at the Paris exposition. The novelty about it will be the fact that the barroom will be diaphanous, and occupy the lower floor of a two-story glass barrel 52 feet in diameter and 27 feet high.

—Hand-organ music is not admired by Verdi, the composer. At Moncalieri, Italy, where he spends the summer months, he hires all the hand organs in the vicinity and stores them in his cellar. He thus keeps them silent, at a cost of about $300 a season.

—The proud possessor of 23 cats, a gentleman of Ponta Gorda, Fla., was generous enough to box up five of them and express them to the mayor of Arcadia, in the same county. On the third day thereafter the five cats suddenly returned to their old home.

—A dispute between a husband and wife in Detroit became so exciting that the husband floored his partner with a tea-kettle, and then repeatedly kicked her. She shouted murder, and a policeman entered, and was about to arrest the man when the wife attacked the officer with a bucksaw and with it ripped his uniform to tatters.

LOBSTERS FROM THE PACIFIC.

Becoming Common in Kansas City and Are Preferred There.

The Kansas City epicures, particularly those who incline to the succulent shell fish, are reveling in the recent introduction of a species of lobster new to this part of the country. It is known as the Bermuda lobster, and is very unlike the Atlantic lobster, although of the same family. The advent of this new species is very timely, as the Atlantic lobster is growing scarcer and of smaller size and poorer quality with each succeeding season.

The Bermuda lobster is gathered on the southern coast of California, and is shipped here from San Diego, Cal., at a cost of five cents a pound less than the Atlantic lobster. In general appearance the Pacific coast lobster, which gets its name because it originated in the Bermuda islands, where it is now nearly extinct, resembles the ordinary Atlantic species, but a careful examination brings out many little features that are not found in the Atlantic lobster. The Bermudas are considerably larger as a rule than the others, and the boiled ones have a richer red color. The Bermuda has no "shear-claw," which is a distinguishing feature of his Atlantic brother, but he has a row of legs or creepers on either side of his body that more than make up for the big "shear-claw" of the Atlantic lobster, and he is all meat. The tail part is of the same general character as is that of the Atlantic species, but the flesh is more solid and firmer and, if anything, the flavor is better than that of the Atlantic species.

The Bermuda lobsters have several other points that make them differ from those caught on the Atlantic coasts. They have two long tentacles or feelers that protrude in front of the head a foot or more, and on the back and top of the tail there are horny excrescences that are not found on the Atlantic lobster.

"The Bermudas were introduced here only recently," said a dealer recently, "but they have become quite a favorite, and are preferred to the Atlantic lobsters. They are about 25 per cent. cheaper than those shipped from the Atlantic fishing beds. Another point in their favor is the extra amount of meat they contain, the waste being much less than in the eastern lobsters, and the coral meat in the legs is of a much finer flavor and the shell covering much easier broken than is the 'shear claw' of the Atlantic lobster. For this reason, those who are fond of the lobster, either plain or for salad, call for the Bermudas. They are decidedly more plentiful than the Atlantic lobsters, and we have no trouble in getting a liberal supply at all seasons of the year, excepting possibly in the months of October and November, which are the stormy months on the California coast. Their rapid rise in public favor is shown from the fact that our weekly shipments have increased from 50 to 250 pounds within a couple of months. They range in weight from one to eight pounds, and are much more easily dressed than are the Atlantic species."—Kansas City Star.

ON THE TRAIL.

The Arch Villain of the Hollow Chest Is Hotly Pursued.

Hers was the alert, energetic manner which betokens pursuit. The policeman at the door of the depot, the ticket-seller at the window, and all the rest of the attaches saw at once that she was after somebody. Behind her came a girl, lengthy of build and weary of countenance. The woman made her way to the station master's office. She rapped her umbrella on the floor, and, standing with both hands on the handle, exclaimed in a stage whisper:

"Hist!"

The station master jumped to his feet in alarm, and moved backward nervously, as she pointed her finger at him and inquired:

"Hast seen him?"

"No'm," replied the station master. "I hasn't seen anybody—that is to say, I haven't seen anybody."

"Maw," said the lengthy girl, "you're getting that man confused. You ought to go at him gentle."

"Don't interfere," was the rejoinder; "if I need your assistance, I'll ask for it. I know that I'm not very good at managing my own affairs, but this is a case where I have made up my mind to try."

"All right, maw."

"Did you say that you were looking for somebody?" asked the station master.

"Yes. You must excuse me if I occasionally use some high-flown language. You see, I keep a theatrical boarding house, and I hear so much of their rehearsing that I sometimes fall into their way of speaking before I know it. We welcomed him as an honored guest, but he turned out to be a perfidious varlet, who did not pay his board, and we have reason to suspect that he will take the next train for Chicago."

"St. Louis, maw," put in the lengthy girl.

"It don't make the slightest difference. Wherever it is, we'll be left behind, the victims of a cruel destiny!"

"All right, maw."

"Have you seen the man?" inquired the woman.

"What does he look like?" returned the station master.

"He had a very prosperous appearance when he came into our lives, wearing a silk hat and a plaid ulster. Oh, what a goodly outside falsehood hath! Men were deceivers, ever. I never saw such impudence as his. He was indeed a villain with a smiling cheek!"

"There was a man with a silk hat here a few minutes ago," said the station master. "He was a slim, hollow-chested man."

"That's the one!" exclaimed the woman.

"Why maw," the girl protested; "he wasn't hollow-chested!"

"Don't interrupt! For once I won't stand being corrected by you. This time I know I'm right. I've struck a clew, and I will track him to his doom. Were you with me when we examined the trunks he left in his room; those trunks that inspired us with so much confidence?"

"No."

"Then you don't know what you are talking about. That was the hollow-chestedest man that ever come to town; and I can take anybody back to the house and prove it."

And the girl looked resignedly into the distance and murmured:

"All right, maw." —Detroit Free Press.

WHY THEY QUARRELED.

What Came of Reading the Account of a Divorce.

They had been married two months and still their honeymoon was in its zenith. "Dovey" and "lovey" and "honey" and "Bunnie" flew thick and fast between them, and the gush of Niagara was a thimbleful of water compared with the torrent of their love.

While in this blissful condition the husband read aloud to the wife one morning the details of a divorce suit that has attracted widespread attention here and throughout the state. They knew the principals in the case and were, to say the least, rather shocked at the outcome of a marriage that seemed at best as auspicious as their own.

"Now," said Mr. Noowed, by way of comment, "while my little darling and I love each other too deeply to ever think of quarreling, I'll settle the matter forever by stating right now that you are always to have your own way."

"Oh, lovey," she cooed, "the longer I know you the more I feel that I am unworthy of you. You are so grand and generous, and I am perfectly willing that you should always have your own way."

"No, dearest, you're to have your way!"

"But, sweetheart, I insist that you should have yours!"

"I demand, pet, that you have yours!"

"Dearest bubble, didn't you hear me express a desire that you should have your way?"

"And I think Mrs. Gushy Girl, that I have explicitly stated a thousand times that you should have yours!"

"Mr. Gushy Boy, you cannot be more generous than I. I reiterate what I have said; you must have your"—

"And I assure you that I won't!"

"You will!"

"I won't!"

"You will!"

"Don't lose your temper, Mrs. Gushy Girl!"

"You're a brute!"

"Stop, stop—pulling my hair! Let go!"

"Strike me! Strike me again! I'll let the world know of your brutality!"

"Tiger cat! And I used to wonder at divorces!"

Tableau.—St. Louis Republic.

Women Will Have Beards.

A German scientist is of the opinion that women will have beards some time in the remote future.—Chicago Times-Herald.

AN INDIANA MASSACRE.

Anniversary of a Day of Frightful Butchery.

The massacre by Indians of the settlers of Pigeon Roost, Blocker, Ind., is recalled by the recent celebration of that event, when the story of the frightful deeds of the red men was told anew.

In 1809 the first settlement in this section was formed three miles south of Vienna, known as Pigeon Roost settlement, named from a creek that still bears the name. This particular point held out at least two inducements to those who were acquainted with the situation, and which doubtless led to the settlement. First, the heavy timber in that locality had been selected as a roosting place for the passenger pigeons, and has been no doubt for many years. This afforded them an abundance of game to assist the pioneers in making a living for their families. So great was the number of pigeons that trees were twisted, bent and broken down by the immense weight that they had to sustain. Thousands were killed by the falling timber, and during brooding season the settlers fattened their hogs from the young that fell from the nests. Hence, this was naturally a very desirable place to form a settlement. And just as desirable for the Indians as a hunting ground. This may be given as one of the reasons for the horrible scene that was enacted there a few years later. During the time the settlers were locating themselves, and for more than two years afterward, they were on friendly terms with the Indians who frequented the region, and who visited the settlement, often shooting at targets with the whites and in many ways showing their friendly disposition toward them.

The immediate cause of the trouble is not known. The Indians had a pet deer which disappeared, and some charged the whites with taking it, and took revenge. Others thought the British prompted them to action through the influence of Tecumseh, the noted chieftain, who was rousing all the Indian tribes to action against the frontiersmen. This last is perhaps the most plausible reason for the outrage. On September 3, 1812, while he was hunting three miles away, John Payne and James Coffman were surprised and killed, the latter being a guest from Kentucky of Mr. Payne's. The savages next killed Mrs. Henry Collins who was returning home from a visit two miles away. Then, making their way to the settlement, they waylaid and killed the family of Mr. Payne which consisted of a wife and four children. Their bodies were dragged back to the house they had left in trying to make their escape, and were thrown within and the dwelling set on fire. Richard Collins' wife and seven children, John Richey and wife, who were the near neighbors of the Paynes, had early seen the Indians approaching and made good their escape by way of a cornfield and remained away from the settlement for several days. Soon several Indians stopped behind a corn-crib and others went to the house of Samuel Richey. One appeared at the door of old Mr. Collins' house and the aged man fired at him, and he disappeared, leaving a trail of blood. Collins reloaded and fired at an Indian in Richey's door, who fell back into the house. Night was approaching, but the Indians still remained at Richey's house. The inmates of the Collins' homestead thought it best to try to effect an escape, which they did, with Collins in the rear. A shot from the enemy struck him and severely wounded him, but his family succeeded in reaching the Charleston settlement. The Indians never ceased from their terrible work until every person in the settlement was either killed or had escaped.

When the alarm was given, a party pursued the Indians, but with no result. The next morning when revisited by the whites all the houses in the settlement were in ashes, and the ground was almost covered with mangled bodies of settlers. The remains were buried in a common grave, and the spot is now marked by a sassafras tree now almost four feet in diameter, being perhaps the largest tree of the kind in southern Indiana.—Chicago Chronicle.

Dog Whippers in Churches.

In former days almost every church in this neighborhood (York) had an official who discharged dog-whipping functions; it was in many cases the sexton, though sometimes a person was appointed to the post who filled no other office. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, William Dobson was the church dog whipper at Kirton-in-Lindsey. At the same place, in 1658, the church wardens' accounts show a charge of two shillings for whipping dogs, and as late as 1817 Robert Robinson was paid six shillings eight pence for discharging similar functions. In a plan of the seats in Alkborough church, made in 1781, a pew near the south door is marked "the dog whipper." The dog whipper, however, was not unknown over the sea. A writer in the Ecclesiologist for 1852 remarks, in regard to the Church of St. Bavon at Haarlem, that "the windows of the north aisle are of three lights. The fifth bay opens into the pretty little Hondenslagerskapel. These similar functionaries—the dog whippers—had similar honor in other countries. In Portugese cathedrals, for instance, a Capella dos Enxutacaes will often be found.—Notes and Queries.

Jews Flocking to Jerusalem.

During the last few years nearly 150,000 Hebrews have entered Jerusalem, and the arrival of another host is said to be imminent. Already the railways are opening the country between the coast and Jerusalem and Damascus, and a Hebrew migration on a large scale may cause Syria to become once more of vast importance in the east.—N. Y. Sun.

—Sugar alone will apparently sustain life for a considerable time.

AT GLADSTONE'S HOME.

Simple Life of England's Grand Old Man at Hawarden.

On my way from Manchester southward I dropped off here to pay the respect that every American owes to Mr. Gladstone, whose stately home is six miles from Chester, the most quaint and venerable, and, they say, the oldest in England. His estate is spelled Hawarden, but the natives not only drop the "H" but the next two letters also, and call it "Arden," so when I told the coachman where I wanted to go he did not understand me.

"I want to see Mr. Gladstone."

"Ho, yes; Mister Gla'stun. 'E lives at 'Arden, an' you'll just catch the ol' gentleman at prayers."

Every evening at seven o'clock the venerable statesman walks through the grove that surrounds his mansion to the little parish church of Hawarden, of which his son Stephen is vicar, and prays for the queen, the prince of Wales, the ministry, the two houses of parliament, and all others in authority, and makes the responses in a deep tone of voice that can be heard by all the congregation. If Rev. Stephen isn't there Mr. Gladstone reads the service himself.

The little chapel, which is very ugly in appearance outside but beautiful within, is half filled with his servants and pious villagers, and there are usually a number of strangers who find out at Chester, as we did, that this is the best time to see him. He doesn't mind meeting strangers, and has become used to having them remain at the church door to shake hands with him as he passes out. In fact, he rather expects them to show him that mark of respect.

But he is very careful whom he admits to his home these days, for he does not like to have his rest and recreation disturbed. If a stranger wishes to call upon him it is customary to write a note asking the privilege, and by return mail his secretary will send a reply saying that Mr. Gladstone regrets that his strength or his engagements will not permit him to indulge, etc.; or if he feels in the humor for society, he will name an hour and receive you. But it often requires three or four days to accomplish the act of courtesy.

The beautiful park at Hawarden, with 800 acres of majestic trees, and the ruins of the old castle are open every day for the enjoyment of the public, and picnic parties come from Chester and railway excursions from the neighboring country for 100 miles around to enjoy Mr. Gladstone's hospitality. The mansion is surrounded by a high stone wall to protect the family from intrusion, but when he feels particularly well the old gentleman takes pleasure in showing himself to the excursionists, and often makes a little speech. The other day a choir from a church in one of the neighboring towns of Wales came over for a holiday and serenaded him. He appeared upon the wall shortly after the singing began, and, after listening to two or three selections, called the party around him and in a patriarchal way told them of the influence of music upon the human mind.

Then he asked them to sing Cardinal Newman's latest hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," and thanked them for the pleasure he had enjoyed. He will not discuss politics or any live topic either in public or private without preparation. If he has anything to say upon subjects that are occupying the attention of the people, he dictates a letter to some acquaintance and gives it to the press.

Although he is over 87, he looks as hearty as when I first saw him, 15 years ago, and walks with a firm step, but carries a stiff blackthorn stick to lean upon. He has not entirely abandoned his habit of wood-chopping, but does not indulge in it daily, as he formerly did. His evening walk to the chapel and strolls around his garden are sufficient exercise for his aged limbs.

The little village of Hawarden is very old. It dates back to the Roman occupation, but is only a little street extending perhaps a quarter of a mile. There is a schoolhouse in the churchyard, an inn, the proprietor of which is "licensed to sell spirits, malt liquors and tobacco, to be consumed on the premises," a general store and a blacksmith shop, and most of the residents have placed temporary stands in front of their dwellings from which they supply refreshments to the excursionists that come almost daily.—W. E. Curtis, in Chicago Record.

Did This Dog Think?

There is a fox terrier of remarkable intelligence installed as ruling factor in a very happy and harmonious household uptown. One of the favorite amusements of the terrier is playing with a soft rubber ball. The other day a member of the family filled the soft ball with water. The terrier pounced upon the ball, chewed down on it, squirted the water down his throat and dropped the ball. After repeated efforts he emptied the ball of water and enjoyed his play. The next day he again found the ball full of water, and for awhile seemed very disconsolate as he gazed sadly at the toy. He left it for a few minutes, and then, rushing at the ball, deliberately stepped upon it with one of his front feet and stood upon it until the water was all squeezed out. Since then no water has been put in the ball.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

An Expert Accountant.

"Do you not think, Miss South," he pleaded, "that in time you might learn to love me?"

"Possibly," the girl replied. "If you could render me a statement of what you are worth, Mr. North, I might learn to love you. I'm very quick at figures."—Tit-Bits.

Animals on the Roof.

It is the custom in Lima, Peru, to keep animals on the roofs of houses. A calf makes its first appearance on the roof and never descends until it comes down as beef.—N. Y. Sun.

TEMPERANCE.

TURNED HIM OUT OF DOORS.

How a New York Woman Cured Her Husband of Drunkenness.

One New York husband has been cured of the drink habit by his wife in a novel manner. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Munge lived at 430 West Thirty-sixth street. The couple have not been married long, and up to one night last week their wedded life had been one long, blissful dream. On that fateful night the young wife had a rude shock. Her spouse came home drunk. It was the first time she had seen him under the influence of liquor, and, in fact, it was the first announcement she had that he drank. Her presence of mind came to her, and she was quick to act. Pulling her husband from under the table where he had fallen, she shook him in no gentle manner to wake him.

"Get out of my house. You don't belong here," she said. "I don't know you.

"GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!"

My husband is a sober man. Pick up your hat and go. You cannot stay here."

Mrs. Munge picked up his hat and coat and, after helping him on with them, led him to the door.

"Do you mean to tell me that you are not my wife?" he demanded.

"Why, certainly, I'm not your wife."

"Then I'll go and throw myself into the river," he said. He did not go to the river, though, but to the Thirty-seventh street station.

"My wife doesn't know me because I'm drunk," he told the sergeant, "and I want to be locked up."

He was accommodated, and in the west side court was discharged. Mrs. Munge was cooking breakfast when there came a knock at the door. There stood her husband, sober but pale.

"Now, you look like yourself again," said Mrs. Munge, happily. "It wasn't my Frank who came here drunk Saturday night."

And Munge, as he sat meekly down to breakfast, vowed never to drink again. —Chicago Chronicle.

DRUNKENNESS IN HOLY LAND

Curse of the Western Saloon Being Felt on Sacred Ground.

Not content with the desolations of the drink traffic at home, we seem bound to carry the unmitigated curse into every corner of the globe. There is something inexpressibly revolting in the thought of drunkenness in the Holy Land. Yet Palestine is fast becoming a land of drunkenness. Will Jerusalem become the city of saloons?

"We do not often associate the Holy Land with public houses, but it seems that the drink curse is increasing in Palestine. In Jerusalem there is a brewery, so we are informed by a correspondent, which turns out 1,500 gallons of beer annually, and in Nazereth there are 53 licensed places. To be sure, these are mostly for the accommodation of tourists and visitors, but that fact forms a grotesque commentary on the plea of those who justify their drinking on the ground of the example set in Judea by the founder of Christianity. Instead of getting our drinking customs from the east, it seems that we are taking them there."—National Temperance Advocate.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

Out of 1,955 Baptist ministers in the United Kingdom 1,556 are pledged total abstainers.

In a Dublin brewery $70,000,000 of capital are invested, and only 3,000 men are employed in the work. The same amount of capital in the Belfast linen trade gives employment to 100,000.

Who is responsible for public sentiment? Every individual person. Everyone is a contributor to the public thought, and if gross evil is tolerated, each one must share his part of the guilt.—United Presbyterian.

When a Georgia legislature wants to suppress football it doesn't pass a license law, but enacts a law prohibiting the game under severe penalties. When a Chicago alderman even wants to outlaw the game of football he introduces a prohibitory ordinance. Why didn't he seek to regulate it by a conservative license law? See?—Lever.

When constantly irritated by the direct action of alcoholic drinks, the stomach gradually undergoes lasting structural changes. Its vessels remain dilated and congested, its connective tissue becomes excessive, its power of secreting gastric juice diminishes, and its mucous secretions are abnormally abundant.—H. Newell Martin, M. D., F. R. S., Professor of Biology in Johns Hopkins University.

Plea for Beer on Sundays.

An extraordinary argument for Sunday opening was quoted by one of the speakers recently at a temperance convention. He related that at a public meeting once held in Coventry, England, an orator urged that public houses should be opened at noon on Sunday, in order that workingmen should have an opportunity of discussing together the sermons they had heard in the morning.

A CHRISTIAN OBLIGATION.

Duty to Abstain from Intoxicants for Your Brother's Sake.

Miss Willard, in her presidential address at the national convention of the W. C. T. U., holds that the "supreme duty of the hour is to convince the moderate drinker that he is doing himself harm," and that henceforth the "artillery of temperance reform must concentrate" its fire on "the sullen fortress of moderate drinking." It is perfectly true that all drunkards come from the ranks of moderate drinkers; but it is not true that all moderate drinkers become, sooner or later, immoderate drinkers. To keep truth on our side we must admit this. But it is fair to say that no one about to form the habit of moderate drinking can feel assured that the habit will not be to him a great risk. It is so to the majority. Experience may show him that he is one of those who can take a glass now and then, and never be tempted beyond the line of self-control. Shall a man who feels himself in no danger surrender a personal right for the sake of others not able to keep in check upon an awakened appetite?

This is a question which every man must answer for himself, with certain principles in view. For example, there is such a thing as humanity, and civilization refuses to absolve any man from recognition of and obligation to it. Humanity requires that an effort be made to save persons wrecked at sea, to defend the helpless from attacks of robbers and assassins, to relieve those dying of hunger or exposure. A man who would refuse to succor one in distress and danger would be a brute, not a man.

There is an obligation of mutual helpfulness. The strong must help the weak and unfortunate. Christianity carries this rule into all relations of life. It requires those who are able to bear the infirmities of those who are weak, that assistance be ever ready to save those who stumble. Can we not say that this obligation is binding on the moderate drinker? We mean, of course, the man who drinks chiefly for the pleasure of it. We may not compel him to give up a habit which he believes to be perfectly harmless to him; but may we not appeal to him to give it up because it encourages others in a habit which they can neither keep within proper limits nor easily throw off? Is it not a noble thing to say in the spirit of Paul, I will drink no wine while the world standeth if it cause my brother to offend?

Most people despise a drunkard. Miserable wretches are they in act, thought and appearance. We miss in them the thing that makes a man so infinitely superior to a brute. They cringe like cowards, grovel like reptiles, and debase and befoul the image of the Almighty. Poverty, shame and disgrace are their companions, and they become actually loathsome. And yet they were not born so. It is the drink habit which drags them down into the mire. What is there in the pleasure of wine to the man never tempted to abuse it to compensate for the wretchedness and ruin it produces in the weaker thousands and tens of thousands who cannot use it as a good creature? Can the self-controlled moderate drinker, with a glass in one hand, reach the other hand to his less fortunate brother and bid him be a man? Can he counsel him, with any hope of success, to drink and let it alone? Can he say: "Give it up altogether," unless he himself sets the example? We do not put the emphasis exactly where Miss Willard puts it. She holds "that there is no moderation in the use of what is harmful." We are willing to admit that wine may be used as a beverage in such moderation as to produce no apparent harm to the user. But we do not believe that moderate drinkers are helpful, or can well be, to immoderate drinkers, and our creed is summed up in these words: Abstain, if not for your own good, for the good of others.

A young man, only 27 years old, bearing an honored name, was adjudged an "habitual drunkard," requiring the care of a guardian and to be committed to some institution, in the court of the chancellor of New Jersey. His father, Gen. John Watts Kearny, is the son of Gen. Phil Kearny, of military fame. The boy had good educational advantages, but he began to form the drink habit in college when only 14 years old, and went on from moderate to immoderate drinking, finding ere long that when he would let it alone he could not. His thirst swallowed up all good resolutions, his will power, his manhood and left him a wreck.

There are no wrecks upon the face of the stormy deeps so sad, so terrible, as wrecks of young manhood like Kearny. And the saddest thing about them is that they might have been prevented. A college faculty may think it perfectly right to have wine at college dinners; but let them consider what results may follow among the students.—N. Y. Independent.

The Cigarette Habit.

A Philadelphia tobacconist says: "One-fifth of our cigarette sales during the last two months have been to women. If you were to stand at my door for an hour or two you'd be surprised to see the swell girls who come in to make purchases. There is a certain brand which they all seem to have a special liking for. It is evident that in this respect they are acting in concert. There is a certain club of uptown girls, a smokers' club, which, to my personal knowledge, recently passed resolutions adopting this particular brand as the official cigarette of the club."—Stanford Recorder.

Beecher's Prophecy.

I believe the time will come when men will have as much abhorrence of habits which carry them to unhealth as they have of malmings, torturings and distortions; and I think in that day there will be a banishment of alcoholic drinks and a total exclusion of tobacco, indulgence in which, beginning early, is wasteful all the way through life.—Henry Ward Beecher.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—The muskrats of Minnesota this year built their houses high, with thick walls. This indicates a cold winter.

—Cyclometers are used on the cabs in Berlin, Dresden and Leipsic, to show the miles traveled and the legal fare of the occupant.

—A pious gentleman in Cincinnati, who needed a Bible, and was without money, forged a check, and with this paid for a neatly-bound copy of the sacred book.

—The smallest real estate tax in Massachusetts is paid by a resident of Paxton. He owns two islands which are valued at five dollars, and his assessment is just eight cents.

—Chiming bells have been attached to the bicycles used by a wheel club in Galveston, and the 24 young men and women who comprise it whirl along the streets to the air of popular music.

—The loop of a dangling telephone wire caught a button on a swiftly-moving buggy in Easton, Md., tore the top from the vehicle, threw to the the street the lady who was riding in it, and caused fatal injuries.

—While digging for worms, to be used as bait, Adolph Johnson, aged 16, of Clinton, Ia., found a heavy iron box in which were coins and bank notes to the amount of $50,000. The owner is unknown.

—One of the converts at a temperance revival in Cedar Rapids, Ia., confessed that while under the influence of liquor he committed a robbery for which an innocent man had been several months in prison. The convert was arrested.

—An American barroom will be one of the attractions at the Paris exposition. The novelty about it will be the fact that the barroom will be diaphanous, and occupy the lower floor of a two-story glass barrel 52 feet in diameter and 27 feet high.

—Hand-organ music is not admired by Verdi, the composer. At Moncalieri, Italy, where he spends the summer months, he hires all the hand organs in the vicinity and stores them in his cellar. He thus keeps them silent, at a cost of about $300 a season.

—The proud possessor of 23 cats, a gentleman of Ponta Gorda, Fla., was generous enough to box up five of them and express them to the mayor of Arcadia, in the same county. On the third day thereafter the five cats suddenly returned to their old home.

—A dispute between a husband and wife in Detroit became so exciting that the husband floored his partner with a tea-kettle, and then repeatedly kicked her. She shouted murder, and a policeman entered, and was about to arrest the man when the wife attacked the officer with a bucksaw and with it ripped his uniform to tatters.

LOBSTERS FROM THE PACIFIC.

Becoming Common in Kansas City and Are Preferred There.

The Kansas City epicures, particularly those who incline to the succulent shell fish, are reveling in the recent introduction of a species of lobster new to this part of the country. It is known as the Bermuda lobster, and is very unlike the Atlantic lobster, although of the same family. The advent of this new species is very timely, as the Atlantic lobster is growing scarcer and of smaller size and poorer quality with each succeeding season.

The Bermuda lobster is gathered on the southern coast of California, and is shipped here from San Diego, Cal., at a cost of five cents a pound less than the Atlantic lobster. In general appearance the Pacific coast lobster, which gets its name because it originated in the Bermuda islands, where it is now nearly extinct, resembles the ordinary Atlantic species, but a careful examination brings out many little features that are not found in the Atlantic lobster. The Bermudas are considerably larger as a rule than the others, and the boiled ones have a richer red color. The Bermuda has no "shear-claw," which is a distinguishing feature of his Atlantic brother, but he has a row of legs or creepers on either side of his body that more than make up for the big "shear-claw" of the Atlantic lobster, and he is all meat. The tail part is of the same general character as is that of the Atlantic species, but the flesh is more solid and firmer and, if anything, the flavor is better than that of the Atlantic species.

The Bermuda lobsters have several other points that make them differ from those caught on the Atlantic coasts. They have two long tentacles or feelers that protrude in front of the head a foot or more, and on the back and top of the tail there are horny excrescences that are not found on the Atlantic lobster.

"The Bermudas were introduced here only recently," said a dealer recently, "but they have become quite a favorite, and are preferred to the Atlantic lobsters. They are about 25 per cent. cheaper than those shipped from the Atlantic fishing beds. Another point in their favor is the extra amount of meat they contain, the waste being much less than in the eastern lobsters, and the coral meat in the legs is of a much finer flavor and the shell covering much easier broken than is the 'shear claw' of the Atlantic lobster. For this reason, those who are fond of the lobster, either plain or for salad, call for the Bermudas. They are decidedly more plentiful than the Atlantic lobsters, and we have no trouble in getting a liberal supply at all seasons of the year, excepting possibly in the months of October and November, which are the stormy months on the California coast. Their rapid rise in public favor is shown from the fact that our weekly shipments have increased from 50 to 250 pounds within a couple of months. They range in weight from one to eight pounds, and are much more easily dressed than are the Atlantic species."—Kansas City Star.

ON THE TRAIL.

The Arch Villain of the Hollow Chest Is Hotly Pursued.

Hers was the alert, energetic manner which betokens pursuit. The policeman at the door of the depot, the ticket-seller at the window, and all the rest of the attaches saw at once that she was after somebody. Behind her came a girl, lengthy of build and weary of countenance. The woman made her way to the station master's office. She rapped her umbrella on the floor, and, standing with both hands on the handle, exclaimed in a stage whisper:

"Hist!"

The station master jumped to his feet in alarm, and moved backward nervously, as she pointed her finger at him and inquired:

"Hast seen him?"

"No'm," replied the station master. "I hasn't seen anybody—that is to say, I haven't seen anybody."

"Maw," said the lengthy girl, "you're getting that man confused. You ought to go at him gentle."

"Don't interfere," was the rejoinder; "if I need your assistance, I'll ask for it. I know that I'm not very good at managing my own affairs, but this is a case where I have made up my mind to try."

"All right, maw."

"Did you say that you were looking for somebody?" asked the station master.

"Yes. You must excuse me if I occasionally use some high-flown language. You see, I keep a theatrical boarding house, and I hear so much of their rehearsing that I sometimes fall into their way of speaking before I know it. We welcomed him as an honored guest, but he turned out to be a perfidious varlet, who did not pay his board, and we have reason to suspect that he will take the next train for Chicago."

"St. Louis, maw," put in the lengthy girl.

"It don't make the slightest difference. Wherever it is, we'll be left behind, the victims of a cruel destiny!"

"All right, maw."

"Have you seen the man?" inquired the woman.

"What does he look like?" returned the station master.

"He had a very prosperous appearance when he came into our lives, wearing a silk hat and a plaid ulster. Oh, what a goodly outside falsehood hath! Men were deceivers, ever. I never saw such impudence as his. He was indeed a villain with a smiling cheek!"

"There was a man with a silk hat here a few minutes ago," said the station master. "He was a slim, hollow-chested man."

"That's the one!" exclaimed the woman.

"Why, maw," the girl protested; "he wasn't hollow-chested!"

"Don't interrupt! For once I won't stand being corrected by you. This time I know I'm right. I've struck a clew, and I will track him to his doom. Were you with me when we examined the trunks he left in his room; those trunks that inspired us with so much confidence?"

"No."

"Then you don't know what you are talking about. That was the hollow-chestedest man that ever come to town; and I can take anybody back to the house and prove it."

And the girl looked resignedly into the distance and murmured:

"All right, maw." —Detroit Free Press.

WHY THEY QUARRELED.

What Came of Reading the Account of a Divorce.

They had been married two months and still their honeymoon was in its zenith. "Dovey" and "lovey" and "honey" and "Bunnie" flew thick and fast between them, and the gush of Niagara was a thimbleful of water compared with the torrent of their love.

While in this blissful condition the husband read aloud to the wife one morning the details of a divorce suit that has attracted widespread attention here and throughout the state. They knew the principals in the case and were, to say the least, rather shocked at the outcome of a marriage that seemed at best as auspicious as their own.

"Now," said Mr. Noowed, by way of comment, "while my little darling and I love each other too dearly to ever think of quarreling, I'll settle the matter forever by stating right now that you are always to have your own way."

"Oh, lovey," she cooed, "the longer I know you the more I feel that I am unworthy of you. You are so grand and generous, and I am perfectly willing that you should always have your own way."

"No, dearest, you're to have your way!"

"But, sweetheart, I insist that you should have yours!"

"I demand, pet, that you have yours!"

"Dearest bubble, didn't you hear me express a desire that you should have your way?"

"And I think Mrs. Gushy Girl, that I have explicitly stated a thousand times that you should have yours!"

"Mr. Gushy Boy, you cannot be more generous than I. I reiterate what I have said; you must have your"—

"And I assure you that I won't!"

"You will!"

"I won't!"

"You will!"

"Don't lose your temper, Mrs. Gushy Girl!"

"You're a brute!"

"Stop, stop—pulling my hair! Let go!"

"Strike me! Strike me again! I'll let the world know of your brutality!"

"Tiger cat! And I used to wonder at divorces!"

Tableau.—St. Louis Republic.

Women Will Have Beards.

A German scientist is of the opinion that women will have beards some time in the remote future.—Chicago Times-Herald.

AN INDIANA MASSACRE.

Anniversary of a Day of Frightful Butchery.

The massacre by Indians of the settlers of Pigeon Roost, Blocker, Ind., is recalled by the recent celebration of that event, when the story of the frightful deeds of the red men was told anew.

In 1809 the first settlement in this section was formed three miles south of Vienna, known as Pigeon Roost settlement, named from a creek that still bears the name. This particular point held out at least two inducements to those who were acquainted with the situation, and which doubtless led to the settlement. First, the heavy timber in that locality had been selected as a roosting place for the passenger pigeons, and has been no doubt for many years. This afforded them an abundance of game to assist the pioneers in making a living for their families. So great was the number of pigeons that trees were twisted, bent and broken down by the immense weight that they had to sustain. Thousands were killed by the falling timber, and during brooding season the settlers fattened their hogs from the young that fell from the nests. Hence, this was naturally a very desirable place to form a settlement. And just as desirable for the Indians as a hunting ground. This may be given as one of the reasons for the horrible scene that was enacted there a few years later. During the time the settlers were locating themselves, and for more than two years afterward, they were on friendly terms with the Indians who frequented the region, and who visited the settlement, often shooting at targets with the whites and in many ways showing their friendly disposition toward them.

The immediate cause of the trouble is not known. The Indians had a pet deer which disappeared, and some charged the whites with taking it, and took revenge. Others thought the British prompted them to action through the influence of Tecumseh, the noted chieftain, who was rousing all the Indian tribes to action against the frontiersmen. This last is perhaps the most plausible reason for the outrage. On September 3, 1812, while bee hunting three miles away, John Payne and James Coffman were surprised and killed, the latter being a guest from Kentucky of Mr. Payne's. The savages next killed Mrs. Henry Collins who was returning home from a visit two miles away. Then, making their way to the settlement, they waylaid and killed the family of Mr. Payne which consisted of a wife and four children. Their bodies were dragged back to the house they had left in trying to make their escape, and were thrown within and the dwelling set on fire. Richard Collins' wife and seven children, John Richey and wife, who were the near neighbors of the Paynes, had early seen the Indians approaching and made good their escape by way of a cornfield and remained away from the settlement for several days. Soon several Indians stopped behind a corncrib and others went to the house of Samuel Richey. One appeared at the door of old Mr. Collins' house and the aged man fired at him, and he disappeared, leaving a trail of blood. Collins reloaded and fired at an Indian in Richey's door, who fell back into the house. Night was approaching, but the Indians still remained at Richey's house. The inmates of the Collins homestead thought it best to try to effect an escape, which they did, with Collins in the rear. A shot from the enemy struck him and severely wounded him, but his family succeeded in reaching the Charleston settlement. The Indians never ceased from their terrible work until every person in the settlement was either killed or had escaped.

When the alarm was given, a party pursued the Indians, but with no result. The next morning when revisited by the whites all the houses in the settlement were in ashes, and the ground was almost covered with mangled bodies of settlers. The remains were buried in a common grave, and the spot is now marked by a sassafras tree now almost four feet in diameter, being perhaps the largest tree of the kind in southern Indiana.—Chicago Chronicle.

Dog Whippers in Churches.

In former days almost every church in this neighborhood (York) had an official who discharged dog-whipping functions; it was in many cases the sexton, though sometimes a person was appointed to the post who filled no other office. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, William Dobson was the church dog whipper at Kirton-in-Lindsey. At the same place, in 1658, the church wardens' accounts show a charge of two shillings for whipping dogs, and as late as 1817 Robert Robinson was paid six shillings eight pence for discharging similar functions. In a plan of the seats in Alkborough church, made in 1781, a pew near the south door is marked "the dog whipper." The dog whipper, however, was not unknown over the sea. A writer in the Ecclesiologist for 1852 remarks, in regard to the Church of St. Bavon at Haarlem, that "the windows of the north aisle are of three lights. The fifth bay opens into the pretty little Hondenslagerskapel. These similar functionaries—the dog whippers—had similar honor in other countries. In Portugese cathedrals, for instance, a Capella dos Enxutacaes will often be found.—Notes and Queries.

Jews Flocking to Jerusalem.

During the last few years nearly 150,000 Hebrews have entered Jerusalem, and the arrival of another host is said to be imminent. Already the railways are opening the country between the coast and Jerusalem and Damascus, and a Hebrew migration on a large scale may cause Syria to become once more of vast importance in the east.—N. Y. Sun.

—Sugar alone will apparently sustain life for a considerable time.

AT GLADSTONE'S HOME.

Simple Life of England's Grand Old Man at Hawarden.

On my way from Manchester southward I dropped off here to pay the respect that every American owes to Mr. Gladstone, whose stately home is six miles from Chester, the most quaint and venerable, and, they say, the oldest in England. His estate is spelled Hawarden, but the natives not only drop the "H" but the next two letters also, and call it "Arden," so when I told the coachman where I wanted to go he did not understand me.

"I want to see Mr. Gladstone."

"Ho, yes; Mister Gla'stun. 'E lives at 'Arden, an' you'll just catch the ol' gentleman at prayers."

Every evening at seven o'clock the venerable statesman walks through the grove that surrounds his mansion to the little parish church of Hawarden, of which his son Stephen is vicar, and prays for the queen, the prince of Wales, the ministry, the two houses of parliament, and all others in authority, and makes the responses in a deep tone of voice that can be heard by all the congregation. If Rev. Stephen isn't there Mr. Gladstone reads the service himself.

The little chapel, which is very ugly in appearance outside but beautiful within, is half filled with his servants and pious villagers, and there are usually a number of strangers who find out at Chester, as we did, that this is the best time to see him. He doesn't mind meeting strangers, and has become used to having them remain at the church door to shake hands with him as he passes out. In fact, he rather expects them to show him that mark of respect.

But he is very careful whom he admits to his home these days, for he does not like to have his rest and recreation disturbed. If a stranger wishes to call upon him it is customary to write a note asking the privilege, and by return mail his secretary will send a reply saying that Mr. Gladstone regrets that his strength or his engagements will not permit him to indulge, etc.; or if he feels in the humor for society, he will name an hour and receive you. But it often requires three or four days to accomplish the act of courtesy.

The beautiful park at Hawarden, with 800 acres of majestic trees, and the ruins of the old castle are open every day for the enjoyment of the public, and picnic parties come from Chester and railway excursions from the neighboring country for 100 miles around to enjoy Mr. Gladstone's hospitality. The mansion is surrounded by a high stone wall to protect the family from intrusion, but when he feels particularly well the old gentleman takes pleasure in showing himself to the excursionists, and often makes a little speech. The other day a choir from a church in one of the neighboring towns of Wales came over for a holiday and serenaded him. He appeared upon the wall shortly after the singing began, and, after listening to two or three selections, called the party around him and in a patriarchal way told them of the influence of music upon the human mind.

Then he asked them to sing Cardinal Newman's latest hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," and thanked them for the pleasure he had enjoyed. He will not discuss politics or any live topic either in public or private without preparation. If he has anything to say upon subjects that are occupying the attention of the people, he dictates a letter to some acquaintance and gives it to the press.

Although he is over 87, he looks as hearty as when I first saw him, 15 years ago, and walks with a firm step, but carries a stiff buckthorn stick to lean upon. He has not entirely abandoned his habit of wood-chopping, but does not indulge in it daily, as he formerly did. His evening walk to the chapel and strolls around his garden are sufficient exercise for his aged limbs.

The little village of Hawarden is very old. It dates back to the Roman occupation, but is only a little street extending perhaps a quarter of a mile. There is a schoolhouse in the churchyard, an inn, the proprietor of which is "licensed to sell spirits, malt liquors and tobacco, to be consumed on the premises," a general store and a blacksmith shop, and most of the residents have placed temporary stands in front of their dwellings from which they supply refreshments to the excursionists that come almost daily.—W. E. Curtis, in Chicago Record.

Did This Dog Think?

There is a fox terrier of remarkable intelligence installed as ruling factor in a very happy and harmonious household uptown. One of the favorite amusements of the terrier is playing with a soft rubber ball. The other day a member of the family filled the soft ball with water. The terrier pounced upon the ball, chewed down on it, spirted the water down his throat and dropped the ball. After repeated efforts he emptied the ball of water and enjoyed his play. The next day he again found the ball full of water, and for awhile seemed very disconsolate as he gazed sadly at the toy. He left it for a few minutes, and then, rushing at the ball, deliberately stepped upon it with one of his front feet and stood upon it until the water was all squeezed out. Since then no water has been put in the ball.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

An Expert Accountant.

"Do you not think, Miss South," he pleaded, "that in time you might learn to love me?"

"Possibly," the girl replied. "If you could render me a statement of what you are worth, Mr. North, I might learn to love you. I'm very quick at figures."—Tit-Bits.

Animals on the Roof.

It is the custom in Lima, Peru, to keep animals on the roofs of houses. A calf makes its first appearance on the roof and never descends until it comes down as beef.—N. Y. Sun.

The Republican.

EDWARD H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor.
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1897.

MR. BRYAN is having a fine time receiving the plandits of the Mexican populace, but it may occur to people of the United States that the commendations of a country whose system of finance compares so disadvantageously with that of the United States do not add to the financial standing of the central figure of the occasion.

WITH the reduction in public expenditures which is likely to result from President McKinley's recommendations of rigid economies and the improved condition which has followed the adoption of a protective system, the revenues under the new Dingley law will, it is now believed, be more than ample to meet running expenses during the next fiscal year.

EX-SECRETARY of the Agriculture Morton, who spent his four years in devising ways and means to prevent the distribution of seeds to the farmers of the country, is looking with surprise upon the course of his successor, Secretary Wilson, who, having put the beet-sugar proposition upon its feet and opened the way to an intelligent distribution of seeds to farmers, is now making a tour to the South with the idea of introducing new agricultural ideas and plans which will benefit the farmers of that section and result in the needed diversification of industries among them.

THE activity among woolen manufacturers under the protective tariff is already so great as to require fresh orders for foreign wools despite the enormous importations of a few months ago and the large purchases from the farmers since the new law went into effect. The large advance in prices of domestic wools since the enactment of the Dingley law has put enormous quantities into the market, but even this has not supplied the demand among the woolen mills, which are running over time in many places where they were silent under the operations of the Wilson law.

THE few Democrats who still plead for free trade and attake the Dingley law by reason of the shortage on receipts during its first few months are finding ready assistance in England, where the newspapers are gloating over the shortage of receipts since the new law went into effect. It is not surprising that the English manufacturers are ready to do anything in their power to discredit a protective tariff in the United States, but their exultation will be short-lived, since it is now quite apparent that the new law will soon be earning sufficient revenue to meet the running expenses.

CHAIRMAN DINGLEY and Assistant Secretary Howell of the Treasury Department, who are probably the best posted men in the country on the new tariff law and its revenue-producing capacity, insist that it will furnish sufficient revenue to meet the expenses in the next fiscal year and provide something of a surplus beside. The statements made by these two gentlemen have silenced the attacks which were being made against the Dingley law, and there is a disposition now to give the law an opportunity which its friends insist it should have, to show its earning capacities, before there is any talk of additional legislation on the subject.

THE contrast between Spain's attitude toward Cuba at the present moment and at the date of President McKinley's inauguration is no greater than the difference in the public sentiment in the United States to-day and that which existed at the time of the inauguration. Then the people of the United States were demanding instant action on the Cuban question. To-day, in the light of President McKinley's dignified, clear, and firm utterances on the subject in his message which was sent to Congress at the beginning of the session, they are well satisfied to permit the President to use his own judgment in the matter. The remarkable results which have been accomplished through his conservative and dignified course since this administration come into power, both in the release of American prisoners in Cuba and in the changed attitude of the Spanish government toward the people of that island, fully justify the public in assuming that the administration will perform its full duty in the matter and do see in a way the least likely to excite hostilities or plunge the United States into war.

Christmas Giving.

At this time of year everybody is too busy with thoughts of Christmas pleasure for himself and others to pay much attention to advice or criticism. Sermons on extravagance of giving, on the good will being the main thing and the cost of the gift quite secondary, on the folly of spending more than you feel that you can afford, are apt to have little effect. Fashion and habit are the chief determiners of the conduct of individuals in these things and people will probably buy in the main just what presents they feel like buying when they once get into the shopping swim, with little thought of the "lengthened sage advices" they may have received before starting out.

Nevertheless, there may be here and there a person who will happen to be swerved aside a little from the path he was ready to follow by the recollection of a word which may have chanced to make some impression upon him. One little word of that kind—nothing new to be sure—we shall venture upon to-day. Would it now be well for buyers to strive just a little towards making their purchases yield the maximum of happiness at a given cost by sending more to those who have not, and less to those who have, than is customary? We are not here speaking of charity; that is a separate matter, and, while the Christmas season is especially one for liberal giving in charity, such giving is not what we have reference to. We are thinking of gifts to friends and relatives, and the suggestion is that it would be well, so far as practicable, to distribute one's gifts among them in a proportion the reverse of that of their wealth, which is apt to be in the case. Thackeray said somewhere that he wished somebody would give him ten thousand pounds, because then he would be sure to become a millionaire in the end; for, once he was well off, all his distant relatives would remember him in their wills. Is it not much the same in the giving of presents? If people only bore in mind how much more enjoyment a handsome present gives to a person who needs it than to one who already has all he wants, the distribution of gifts would be widely different from what is customary.—Balto. News.

Communicated.

To the Editor of The Republican.

Will you please allow a little space in your paper to give a few thoughts in addition to the editorial in last week's paper. There were several subjects discussed during the two days of the Farmers' Institute work at Oakland, and no doubt all that attended received benefit therefrom, and we say, come again each year. We want to learn how to produce the greatest amount of marketable goods at the least cost, and at the same time improve our soil. Climatic conditions and the lay of our land we cannot change, but we can clear away the stumps and stones and enrich the soil where it is profitable to do this. I cannot in this short article go over the whole ground the lecturers did, but will attempt to reproduce a few of the thoughts that impressed me most.

1. "Early maturity of stock." Prof. Todd strongly set forth the facts that the right kind of stock and proper food and care will bring about the proper results. On soil where it all can be tilled, as is the case in many parts of the United States, where grain can be grown cheaply and in abundance, it is profitable to push the young cattle along—to make a steer weigh twelve hundred pounds at one year old, and I believe he said still greater than this. But is it profitable to undertake to do this where so much of our soil is not suited for any kind of grain crop, but will bring a moderate crop of grass? He said he did not want to teach any iron clad rule, but to put us to thinking and to see our possibilities. In this connection he said something if heeded would in the next twenty years bring many of our people in the front rank as business men. I say business men, as this appeals to farmers as well as any other class of tradesmen. He said we should have something as a leader in our production from which we can get money in bulk, to meet payment, and for the farmers to produce enough of certain kinds to bring in buyers. The thought expressed was about this: Every farmer, if in the sheep raising business should have a fine lot of sheep and wool to sell; if in the cattle business to have a fine lot of cattle to sell which are in condition to bring top prices, and so all through the different products sold from the farm. Summed up in a few words—have something to sell and have that first-class.

He did not encourage us to raise hogs in large quantities, but he thought this a good location for the raising of sheep on account of the healthy climate and the abundance of grass. He said that sheep will destroy a great many weeds that if not destroyed will spread over the farms.

Prof. Robinson at some length on fruit culture showed the kind of soil and manures to bring a good crop, also spoke of the cause of so many failures in the fruit crops. One of the leading thoughts was, a tree in a good and thrifty condition is not as liable to an attack by insects, neither is the bloom as easily killed when the tree is supplied with the proper plant food. He invites us to go and see the College Park Experiment Station and also solicits correspondence with them and they will give us all the information possible relative to the destroying of insects, giving formula of fertilizer for the different crops, ration for a cow, a steer, etc.

I will close this article by saying that a stenographer ought to be secured in some way so that a full report of proceedings can be published for the benefit of those who cannot attend. G. E. B.

Consumption

Will SCOTT'S EMULSION cure consumption? Yes and no. Will it cure every case? No. What cases will it cure then? Those in their earlier stages, especially in young people. We make no exaggerated claims, but we have positive evidence that the early use of

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda in these cases results in a positive cure to a large number. In advanced cases, however, where a cure is impossible, this well-known remedy should be relied upon to prolong life surprisingly.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

How to Prevent Pneumonia.

At this time of the year a cold is very easily contracted, and if left to run its course without the aid of some reliable cough remedy it is liable to result in that dread disease pneumonia. We know of no better remedy to cure a cough or cold than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. We have used it quite extensively and it has always given entire satisfaction.—Olagah, Ind. Ter. *Chief.*

This is the only remedy that is known to be a certain preventive of pneumonia. Among the many thousands who have used it for colds and la grippe, we have never yet learned of a single case resulting in pneumonia. Persons who have weak lungs or reasons to fear an attack of pneumonia, should keep the remedy at hand. The 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

December Term of Court.

Monday last Judge David W. Sloan came up from Cumberland and convened the non-jury term of the Circuit Court. The session only lasted from nine o'clock until three when all the business was transacted and the court adjourned.

A number of judgments were entered in uncontested cases and equity papers signed and orders passed, none of which were of public importance.

Notice.

From the many inquiries and letters received from my patrons at Friendsville and vicinity, too numerous to answer by letter, I take this way to answer them. I will be at Friendsville shortly after the holidays with a big line of clothing and other merchandise with big bargains for all. Will give further notice by posters.

Very respectfully,
1t GODFREY FELTY.

B. & O. R. R. Holiday Excursion.

From all stations east of the Ohio river and Pittsburg to Baltimore, the B. & O. R. R. will sell reduced rates excursion tickets for the holidays. The tickets will be on sale December 24th, 26th and 31, 1897 and January 1, 1898 good to return January 4th, 1898.

Buffalo Run.

Please allow me space in THE REPUBLICAN for a few items from this place.

Weather very cool.

Hauling cross ties and timber seems to be our principal industry.

A. J. Thomas and Milton Lowdermilk and wife were calling on Edward Shope Sunday.

Edward Shope, the noted horse trader, is still busy loading ties at Geis.

Kimmell Frazee, of this place, is longing for Christmas to come, as his son Mansfield, who has been at school, will be at home. He will be warmly welcomed by his associates.

W. M. Lowdermilk, A. J. Thomas and John Turney went coon hunting a few nights ago. They returned with two coons and a large cat.

The Selbysport boys get a cross tie ticket and run to Geis every Sunday.

Go to Martin's for fresh fish and oysters. 36--13.

Sheriff's Sale

of REAL ESTATE near Frankville, Garrett County, Maryland.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county at the suit of The J. G. Hoffman and Sons Company against John McFadden, the same being No. 10 Judicials to July Term, 1897, on the docket of said Court, the undersigned Sheriff will, on

MONDAY, THE 27th DAY OF DECEMBER, 1897,

at the hour of two o'clock p. m. of said day, in front of the court house in the town of Oakland, sell at public auction to the highest bidder, all of the right, title and interest of the said defendant in all that part of the tract of land called "Latent Worth," situated about one mile north-west of Frankville station on the B. & O. railroad in Garrett county, containing

NINETY-SEVEN AND THREE-FOURTH ACRES OF LAND,

and being the same land which was conveyed by Joseph R. Anderson and wife to John McFadden, sr., by deed dated the 24th day of November, 1880 and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 5, folio 389, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, the same being an undivided one-fourth interest in said tract of land.

Second.—All that other tract of land adjoining the aforesaid tract containing

SIXTY-SIX AND ONE-FIFTH ACRES,

and being the same land which is more particularly described in a deed from Joseph R. Anderson and wife to the said defendant dated the 9th day of January, 1892, and duly recorded among the Land Records of Garrett county.

Third.—All that other parcel of land containing

One Hundred and Thirteen Acres,

lying between the aforesaid parcels of land, and being the same lot of ground purchased by the said John McFadden from Joseph R. Anderson under an agreement.

The aforesaid parcels of land will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs, or so much thereof as may be necessary.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Sale

Of Real Estate and Personal Property.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county at the suit of Jasper Augustine against Edward H. Margroff and Sarah Margroff his wife, the same being No. 28 Judicials to July term, 1897, of said Court, the undersigned Sheriff will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on the

31st DAY OF DECEMBER, 1897,

at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m. of said day, on the premises hereinafter described where the said Edward H. Margroff resides, about three miles north of Accident, Garrett county, all the right, title and interest of the said defendants in and to the following real estate situated in said county, which is known and designated as

Military Lots Nos. 2496, 2497 containing fifty acres of land each, and eight acres of lot No. 2594,

and being the same land that is more particularly described in a deed from Samuel A. Miller to the said Edward H. Margroff, dated the 21st day of March, 1887, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 7, folio 276, one of the Land Records of Garrett County. Also the following personal property:

One Black Mare, one Bay Mare, two Red Cows, one Oliver Chilled Plow, two sets of Work Harness, nine head of Sheep, seven Lambs, two suck Calves, one Spring Tooth Harrow and one Shovel Plow.

Said property will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs, or so much thereof as may be necessary.

TERMS OF SALE:—Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN, Sheriff.

Order of Publication.

Edgar J. Winternute vs. Susan Winternute. No. 891 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county in Equity.

The object of this bill is to procure a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii* of the plaintiff from the defendant.

1. The bill alleges that the plaintiff and defendant were married July 4th, 1864, and lived together until July, 1895, in Wyoming county, Pennsylvania.

2. That about July 1st, 1895, the defendant committed and was guilty of adultery with Charles Custer and that she has been living in adultery with him ever since.

3. That there are three children by said marriage and that the plaintiff has resided in Garrett county since August, 1895.

4. The bill then prays for a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii* and for the usual process and an order of publication.

It is thereupon, this 20th day of December, 1897, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county in equity, ordered, that the plaintiff cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 22nd day of January, 1898, giving notice to the defendant to said bill and warning her to appear in this court in person or by solicitor on or before the 7th day of February, 1898, to show cause, if any she has, why a decree should not be passed as prayed.

DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy—test:
12 | 4 E. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Lewis Knupp and Julius C. Rennlnger, Trustees, vs. John J. Beeghly and Ellen Beeghley, his wife.
No. 809 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of John J. Beeghley and wife to file their claims in the above entitled cause with the Clerk of the Circuit Court, properly authenticated, on or before the 8th day of January, 1898, as I will on that day proceed to state an audit distributing the funds in the trustees' hands.

EDWARD H. SINCELL, Auditor.

Notice to Delinquent Tax-Payers.

Notice is hereby given to all delinquent tax-payers that if taxes now due and in arrear are not paid before January 1, 1898, I will proceed by law to collect. For full information to all parties interested, I refer to Sec. 50 of Chapter 560 of Acts of General Assembly of Maryland, a copy of which is hereto annexed.

THOS. B. WILEY,
Treasurer of Garrett County.

SECTION 50. The said Treasurer shall, during the first week in December in each and every year, give notice to all the delinquent tax-payers of said county, by advertisement inserted in two newspapers published in said county, and by hand-bills posted in five of the most public places in each election district of said county, and at the court house door warning them that the payment of all taxes then due and in arrear will be enforced by advertisement and sale unless the same be paid before the 1st day of January next following.

N. B.—The above law will be strictly enforced after January 1, 1898.

Vim, vigor and victory:—these are the charisties of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, billiousness and all stomach and liver troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

Coats! Coats!

The Largest and Most Complete Assortment of

Ladies', Misses and Childrens' Coats, Cloth and Fur Capes

that for Workmanship and Beauty of Finish are Surpassed by none and at prices defying competition.

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS,

Cheapest place in Garrett Co. to buy goods.

BOLDEN & BROWN.

Do you want a Christmas present combining utility, beauty and ornamentation? If so we can furnish you with such an article at a ridiculous low price.

WE WILL SELL YOU

A Fine Cobbler Seat Rocker in Oak or Mahogany **for only $2.49.**

Solid Bottom, large Arm Rocker Elegantly Finished. **only $2.39.**

We invite comparison and defy competition on this line of goods.

These Prices Good until January 1.

We Have a Beautiful Line of Suitable

Christmas Presents

IN

Pictures, Bric-a-Brac, China Closets, Mirrors, Easles, Etc.

BOLDEN & BROWN.

THE ANSWER IS THE SAME TO ALL.

Buy your Holiday Goods and Christmas Presents from the store that has the crisp and snappy bargains for wide-awake buyers. Santa Claus recommends us to the public. Our holiday assortment is replete with all the novelties that go to make a first-blass stock in the line of

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, NOVELTIES, ETC., ETC.,

selected expressly for you, and each article marked at a price you can afford to pay. Our stock is a cloud-burst of beauty, radiant with good values.

WM. FREDERICK, JR., & SON,
FRIENDSVILLE, MD.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.
IN EFFECT JULY 18, 1897.

SOUTHWARD No. 3	SOUTHWARD No. 1	STATIONS		NORTHWARD No. 2	NORTHWARD No. 4
P. M.	A. M.			NOON	P. M.
3 00*	8 00†	lv Cumberland ar		*12 00	†7 30
3 20	8 20	Rawlings		11 31	7 01
3 52	8 52	Keyser		11 08	6 38
4 05	9 05	Westernport		10 55	6 25
4 08	9 09	W. Va. C. June.		10 48	6 18
4 37	9 35	Shaw		10 24	5 50
5 02	10 00	Harrison		9 56	*5 26
5 15	10 45*	ar Elk Garden		9 00	*4 00
5 35	10 55†	lv Gorman		9 24	4 51
5 42	11 02	Bayard		9 19	4 49
5 51	10 51	Dobbin		9 09	4 39
6 27	11 27	Thomas		8 38	4 08
8 55	11 55*	ar Davis		7 55	3 15
6 31	11 34†	lv Yoketon		8 31	4 01
7 01	12 01	Hendricks		8 03	3 30
7 07	12 07	Bretz		7 58	3 23
7 10	12 10	Parsons		7 50	3 20
7 45	12 45	Kerens		7 15	2 45
8 00	1 00†	ar Elkins	lv	*7 00	*2 30
	1 30*	ar Beverly	lv		*1 55
	3 05*	ar Huntington	lv		*11 30
P. M.	P. M.			A. M.	A. M.

†Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BRETZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY AND ACTIVE gentlemen or ladies to travel for responsible established house in Maryland. Monthly $65.00 and expenses. Position steady. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept. R, Chicago. 37-16.

I HAVE PURCHASED
THE OAKLAND COAL YARD
of Mr D. L. Conneway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of
HARD AND SOFT
COAL,
KINDLING WOOD, Etc.
All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.
3 52 GEO. GIESSMAN

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

LOCAL AND OTHERWISE.

Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

For a good lunch go to Martin's.

Mr. Peter P. Loar, of Bittinger was here last Saturday.

It now looks as though we would have a white Christmas.

Mr. Samuel P. Specht, of Deer Park, was in the city Monday.

Mayor Patrick J. Garrett, of Deer Park, was in Oakland Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sincell spent Tuesday in Cumberland.

Mr. John Edmunds, of Deer Park, was in the city Saturday last.

Texas Harry's Fun Makers, opera house, Monday matinee and night.

Remember that Newman will sell anything in his line at rock bottom prices. 40-

Mrs. James. R. Bishop, who suffered a paralytic stroke a few weeks ago, is improving.

Kriss Kringle comes but once a year; he is here now in all his glory at C. B. Cropp's. 41-2

Postmaster Ed. J. Stuck, of Selbysport, was here Monday on business before the court.

Notice the change in Messrs. Wm. Frederick Son and Co.'s advertisement in this issue.

Don't fail to see Texas Harry's fun makers at the opera house Monday afternoon and night.

Dr. Beachy, of Grantsville, was here a day or two last week visiting his sister Mrs. David Durst.

Cheap John can suit you in Holiday goods. Prices reasonable. 35 years in the toy business. 3t

Senator R. A. Ravenscroft, of Accident, was in town yesterday shaking hands with his constituents.

Ex-Sheriff Austin Brown visited relatives and friends at Friendsville and Hyndman, Pa., last week.

Ex-Sheriff Chas. Wegman was sworn in as a policeman on the Baltimore City force yesterday morning.

Last week in the Oakland schools the number enrolled was three hundred and seventy-seven scholars.

Rev. Frank A. B. Wunnenberg returned from a visit to his mother in Baltimore last Saturday afternoon.

A present will be given every little girl who buys a 25c or 50c doll; have 200 to select from. C. B. Cropp. 2

Miss Emma Litzinger, of Altoona, Pa., spent Sunday in Oakland with her brother Mr. James M. Litzinger.

Our stock of Christmas goods and novelties is very beautiful. Prices very low. Oakland Pharmacy. 2

Mr. Chas. M. Miller and two daughters, of Swanton, were in Oakland Monday doing some Christmas shopping.

Miss Minnie Murdock, of Kingwood, who is teaching the Corinth school, was in Oakland Saturday last a few hours.

Go to Newman's for your candies, nuts, oranges, malaga grapes, etc. Special prices on candies for Christmas trees.

Texas Harry's fun makers in the matinee Monday afternoon will be especially pleasing for ladies and children.

Books, games, toys, candies and everything in Santa Claus's catalogue can be had at Matthews' at prices away down. 1t

Mr. Chas. A. Wilt, of Elk Lick, agent for the "Swanton" tract of land, came to Oakland Tuesday and spent the day here on business.

Mr. W. R. Offutt, who is atttening the University of Virginia at Charlottsville, came home this morning to spend the holidays.

Mr. Jacob S. Meyers, deputy sheriff, made a business trip to Friendsville last Friday, returning to Oakland Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Kate Lambie, of Elkins, who is here on a visit to her brother Mr. E. M. Spedden, spent Sunday in Terra Alta visiting relatives.

Photographs make nice Xmas presents; be sure and go to Suddarth's gallery, as he will remain in Oakland until January 1st. 40-2

Mr. Matthew Cullen, of Salt Lake City, Utah, is in Oakland on a visit to his relatives and also looking after some business matters.

Say, Cheap Shon has got many nise dings fur der Holidays. Dolls, Sleds, Books, Hobby Horses, Guns, Drums. Just kum and C. 40-3t

Mrs. D. M. Mason and Miss Madge Chisholm left Oakland this morning for Uniontown, Pa., where they will visit relatives a week or ten days.

Burning, itching skin diseases instantly relieved by DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve, unequalled for cuts, bruises, burns. It heals without leaving a scar. Oakland Pharmacy.

Mr. Robert Felty, of the Connellsville (Pa.) Grocery company, wholesale grocers, was in Oakland a number of days this week on business.

Closing out all the stock of Ladies' wraps at cost and some at less than cost. Mrs. M. L. Scott, Baltimore Store. 41-2

Mrs. D. Young Morris and grandson Byrne Thomas, of Kingwood, after visiting relatives in Oakland for some time, returned home last Saturday morning.

Tuesday at the Republican Senatorial caucus held in Baltimore Mr. Patrick E. Fiuzel, of District No 9, was named as chief engrossing clerk of the Senate.

The Oakland flouring mill is now in good shape to make you good buckwheat flour and plenty of it. Don't fail to call and bring your grain. Mr. E. O. Dudley has charge and will treat you right. The Oakland Mills, Oakland, Md. 30-13.

Messrs. Bolden & Brown, the furniture dealers, say something of interest to the housekeepers of Garrett county in the columns of THE REPUBLICAN to-day.

Prof. S. C. Smith, whose injury was noted in these columns a number of weeks ago, is improving as fast as possible and is enabled to move around on crutches.

Mr. E. Z. Tower, administrator of the estate of M. C. Totten at Piedmont, was in that town on Friday and Saturday last selling off the personal estate of Mr. Totten.

That firm is not in existence that will sell first class marble work and terra cotta pipe cheaper than the J. B. Williams Co., of Frostburg, Md. 3

Mr. Scott T. Jones, cashier of the Garrett County bank, went up to Corinth last Thursday and affected the sale of some real estate owned there by the bank.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Shroeder and children left Oakland this morning for Frederick City where they will remain during the holidays visiting relatives and friends.

Mrs. W. H. Ravenscraft went to Fairmont this morning where she will visit her son Will during the holidays. She will be joined there Saturday by Dr. Ravenscraft.

LOST.—On the Rooppole road between Accident and Deep Creek a black bear skin glove. Finder will be rewarded by returning same to John E. Gnagey, Accident, Md. 42-2t*

The W. Va. C. & P. Ry. Co., will sell excursion tickets between all stations on Dec. 23, 24, 25, 31, 1897, and Jan. 1st, 1898, good for return trip until Jan. 4th, 1898, inclusive.

"They don't make much fuss about it." We are speaking of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous Little pills for constipation, billiousness, and all stomach and liver troubles. They never gripe. Oakland Pharmacy.

Prof. George B. Frazee, the efficient assistant principal of the Oakland public schools, went to his home at Selbysport on Friday of last week where he will spend the holidays with his family.

Mrs. M. C. Hinebaugh and Mrs. J. G. Robinson went to Baltimore last Saturday morning in which city they will remain until after the holidays. Drs. Hinebaugh and Robinson will leave for the same place to-night.

It heals everything except a broken heart, may be said of DeWitt Witch Hazel Salve. Piles and rectal diseases, cuts, burns, bruises, tetter, eczema and all skin troubles may be cured by it quickly and permanently. Oakland Pharmacy.

A sneak thief has been making nightly raids on the grain kept by Dr. Hinebaugh in his stable in Oakland. The doctor has his suspicions who the thief is and the young man may yet be brought to justice.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Gnagey and Mr. Mrs. J. H. Fike, of Accident, who spent three or four days with relatives and friends at and near Aurora, W. Va., returned to their home yesterday stopping at the Central hotel for dinner.

Don't nauseate your stomach with teas and bitter herbs, but regulate your liver and sick headache by using those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers.

Mr. John C. Brydon, superintendent of the Coketon mines of the Davis Coal and Coke Company, and son of W. A. Brydon, of Bloomington, had his leg broken between the knee and ankle by a piece of timber falling upon him at Coketon, Tuesday.

The members of St. Peter's Catholic church will conduct a fair at Offutt's hall beginning on Christmas night. Articles of needlework, household necessities and art work will be sold. A ball will be held on New Year's night. Refreshments will be served and music furnished every night.

Mr. C. M. Dixon, a well known merchant of Pleasant Ridge, Fulton Co., Pa., has a little girl who is frequently threatened with croup, but when the first symptoms appear, his wife gives her Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which always affords prompt relief. Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

To-day the voters of Kingwood, W. Va., will vote on the issuance of bonds for $10,000 to pave the streets and erect an electric lighting plant for the town. This is a move in the proper direction but $10,000 will be about one-third of the amount required.

In the last and also in this issue of THE REPUBLICAN ex-County Treasurer Edward E. Sollars advertises thirty-one pieces of real estate at public auction for taxes due and in arrear for the years 1894 and 1895. The sales will take place on Saturday, Jan. 8th, at two o'clock p. m. in front of the court house in Oakland.

John Griffin, of Zanesville, O., says: "I never lived a day for thirty years without suffering agony, until a box of Witch Hazel Salve cured my piles." For piles and rectal troubles, cuts, bruises, sprains, eczema and all skin troubles DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. Oakland Pharmacy

To-morrow night is the time set to render the cantata of "Santa Claus" in the opera house here. The curtain will go up promptly at 7.30 o'clock and those who attend will be well repaid for the time spent. The affair has been under the direction of Dr. Robinson and Mr. Edwin L. Mitchell and its success will be owing to the untiring labors of these two gentlemen.

A children's service will be held in the opera house by St. Matthew's Sunday school on Christmas night at 7.30 o'clock. A full program consisting of music, recitations, readings, carols, dialogues, etc., will be rendered. The public is cordially invited to be present. Seats free.

"I crave but One Minute," said the public speaker in a husky voice; and then he took a dose of One Minute Cough Cure, and proceeded with his oratory. One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled for the throat and lungs. Oakland Pharmacy.

Isaac Lucas, a miner for the Davis Coal and Coke Company, was struck by Baltimore and Ohio passenger train No. 46, Monday evening, between West Virginia Junction and Piedmont, and seriously injured. One of his lower limbs was broken, besides being hurt internally, and receiving a scalp wound. Lucas lives at Piedmont and has a wife and one child.

There is a time for everything; and the time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait until you have consumption but prevent it by using One Minute Cough Cure, the great remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

A sunrise meeting will be held in the lecture room of St. Paul's M. E. church on Christmas morning under the auspices of the Epworth League. All Leaguers and church members are cordially invited to attend and take anything they select as an offering for the needy of the community. The services will begin promptly at seven o'clock. The meeting will be in charge of Mr. Fred. A. Thayer.

Newman, next door to the postoffice, has just received a fine assortment of toys, consisting of sleds, hobby horses, shoo flies, dolls in endless variety, Xmas tree ornaments, tool chests, rocking chairs, toy books, gum balls, toy dishes, cook stoves, tops, toy furniture, mechanical toys, and a variety of other toys too numerous to mention. 40-

The scholars of the Oakland public schools on last Friday presented Professors Sanner and Frazee with handsomely bound copies of the poetical works of Poe and Tennyson. Such actions as the above on the part of pupils show with what respect and regard their teachers are held. The presentation of the books came as a great surprise to the teachers. The school room was decorated with cut flowers from Weber's gardens and looked very pretty.

All the departments of the public schools in Oakland with the exception of one or two grades, closed on Friday afternoon for a vacation of two weeks. Those departments (the primary) not closing on Friday did so at noon on Monday as one-half day was lost on account of the disarrangement of the furnace some time ago and the teachers were requested by the School Board to make up the lost time, thus making the term ever fifty days actual teaching.

Rev. S. M. Engle, the new pastor of the Presbyterian church, is winning golden opinions from his congregation by the excellent sermons he is preaching. Last Sunday he took for his text the words: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world," James 1:27. His remarks on this occasion were very good especially when he compared the process of making paper to that of a Christian. That where the pulp was fixed right in the first instance it came out good white paper, but if the pulp was not right in the start it had to be run through again. We are afraid there are many professing Christians who need a fresh start —that is to be run through again.—Piedmont Herald.

Estray Notice.

There came to my place, about one and one-half miles east of Cranesville, Sept. 1st, a yearling heifer; red with white spot on face, white flanks and small spot on top of rump; no earmark. The owner will please come forward, pay charges and take the animal away. EZRA H. WOLF. 38-3t

Serious Fight Between Boys at Deer Park.

Friday last two boys named Hunt and Hinebaugh became involved in a quarrel at Deer Park. They were encouraged in their differences by a crowd of men and boys until they became so enraged that Hinebaugh pulled a knife from his pocket and stabbed Hunt in the side between the tenth and eleventh ribs. The knife penetrated the intestines of the youth making an opening of a half inch or more. Drs. J. Lee and Henry W. McComas and Dr. Hinebaugh, of Oakland, were called to the assistance of Dr. J. W. Laughlin at Deer Park who rendered surgical aid to the boy. The operation performed by the surgeons was a very delicate one and was eminently successful. Monday morning a trained nurse was brought from Baltimore to give the boy proper attention and at last accounts he was getting along as well as could be expected.

In connection with the fight between the two boys a number of arrests were made and those participating as accessories were bound over to appear in the circuit court to answer any indictment that may be found against them by the grand jury at the March term.

Among the Churches.

The services at St. Peter's Catholic church, Rev. F. A. B. Wunnenberg, pastor, for the week beginning Sunday next will be as follows: Sunday services, low mass and communion, 7:30 a. m.; high mass and sermon, 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.; vespers and benediction, 3.30 p. m. Week day services, mass every day at 7.30 a. m.; services first Friday of every month, 7.30 p. m. A cordial welcome extended to all.

Christmas services will begin at 5 o'clock Christmas morning in St. Peter's Catholic church. High Mass will be celebrated at that hour. Sermon to be preached on the mystery of the day. Christmas hymns, with orchestral accompaniment, will be sung during the service. Other services will be held at 9 and 10.30 a. m.

Service on Sunday evening in the Garrett Memorial church at 7.30 o'clock, preaching by the pastor. On Wednesday evening, Dec. 29th, the Presbyterian Sunday school will assemble in the Garrett Memorial church for the annual treat to the school. The exercises will consist of only the treat and a short address by the pastor of the church.

The services in St. Matthew's Episcopal chapel, Sixth and Alder streets, for Christmas week will be as follows: Christmas day, 10 a. m.; Sunday, 9 a. m., St. Stephen's day, holy communion; 10 a. m., Sunday school; 11 a. m., morning prayer and sermon; 7.30 p.m., evening prayer and lecture; Monday, St. John's day, holy communion, 10 a. m.; Tuesday, "Innocents," 10 a. m. A cordial welcome to all.

WM. BRAYSHAW, Rector.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to Cure. 25c. 37-26.

Tourist Car Service.

Beginning yesterday a tourist sleeping car is run through on No. 1 from New York to the Pacific coast, returning to New York on train No. 2.

Fun Makers.

On Monday, December 27, 1897, Texas Harry's Fun Makers will appear in Shartzer's Opera House at a matinee at 2.30 and at night at 8.00.

Call for Your Letters.

Warner F. A. Trout, Clifton Gardiner, John Fitchwater, B. A. C. Miller (6.)

FINE GOODS for the HOLIDAYS.

MRS. M. L. SCOTT,

Baltimore Store.

THE .... HISTORIC

GLADES HOTEL

OAKLAND MARYLAND

CUT THIS TICKET OUT

and bring it to Suddarth's Gallery between now and December 1st and get 25c for it on every dozen photographs you order; also one lovely platinum picture free.

A. C. SUDDARTH,

OAKLAND, MD,

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN

SINCELL.

Our entire line of Black Clay Worsted Suits, round sacks and cutaways that are worth $10.00, $12.00 and $15.00, will be on sale until Xmas at

$8.00 $10.00 $12.50

A GUARANTEE WITH EVERY SUIT.

Our entire line of Men's Fancy Plaid and Check Suits that are worth $10.00, $12.50 and $15.00, will be on sale until Xmas for

$6.00 $8.00 $10.00

A GUARANTEE WITH EVERY SUIT: IF NOT SATISFACTORY YOU GET YOUR MONEY BACK.

We still have a nice line of Overcoats in Blue, Blue Blacks and Black Beaver Cloths that are worth $9.00, $10.00, $12.50 $15.00 and $18.00, which will be sold on a guarantee until Xmas for

$7.00, $9.00, $12.00 and $14.00.

A big line of Boys' Suits in plain and fancy plaids both in knee and long pants, double and single breasted coats; these are the best and most stylish goods obtainable. Our Xmas prices are very low at

99c. $1.50. $2.00
$2.75. $3.50. $4.50
$6.00.

We need not say much about our hats as everybody who has worn one of them knows how serviceable they are for the money. Our hats speak for themselves. They will be sold for

35c. 50c. 75c. $1.00.
$1.50. $2.00. $2.50
$3.00.

EVERY HAT GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

We have in connection with our attractive line of clothing, about two hundred pairs of men's and boys' stylish pants. We will give a suit of clothes to the man who is long enough to wear our extra long pants.

We respectfully invite your attention to our line of Xmas goods for men and boys, such as SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, MUFFLERS, SUSPENDERS, KID GLOVES, HOSIERY, FINE DRESS SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, NECKWEAR, UMBRELLAS, COLLAR AND CUFF BUTTONS, SHIRT STUDS, DRESS SHOES, Etc.

Our 59-cent Umbrella is a Corker.

HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
H H
H WARNING.—Notice is hereby H
H given that we intend to make it H
H warm for all persons using our ail H
H wool underwear. H
H H
HHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Please give us a call. No trouble to show good goods.

Sincell, The Clothier, Furnisher and Hatter.

OAKLAND, MD.

'T WAS the night before Christmas," and—Oh, yes, I know
That's scarcely original, still it'll go.
It's just what I wanted to say, you'll admit,
And it's easier far than to write one to fit.
'Twas the night before Christmas and Dick was in bed,
When he heard a light step on the roof overhead,
And a rattle of boots in the chimney, and knew
It was Santa, so down the front stairway he flew
And peeped in the parlor and there, sure enough,
Was that little old gentleman, ruddy and bluff,
With his thick bushy whiskers and jolly red nose,
And the pack that he carries wherever he goes.
But his dress, well, what student of story book lore
Saw Santa Claus dressed in a sweater before?
Or in trousers of plaid, while the stockings he sported
Were the kind Anglomaniacs lately 've imported,
Called "golfers." In short, his attire was so queer,
Dick's gasp of surprise reached the old fellow's ear.
"Come in," said he, kindly, "I really would like
To have some one to talk to. Say, how do I strike
Your critical eye? Aren't these golf stockings nice?
I fancy that they cut considerable ice.
What! Surprised at my slang? I don't know why you should be,
It's strange how the people have misunderstood me.
I'm not the old fossil the story books state;
I'll have you to know that I'm right up-to-date.
My reindeer? you ask. My dear boy, they're too slow
For this wide-awake age, they've been sold to a show.
I'm riding a wheel and I fancy myself
I could put a few racers away on the shelf
If I ever started to beat 'em. Let's see,
My cyclometer tells me I've ridden just three
Hundred thousand and twenty-five miles since I started,
And—My! that reminds me, it's time I departed.
So long—See you later." He stepped to the fine
And giving a jump quickly vanished from view.
And Dick reached the window in season to spy
The flash of his lamp as his cycle whizzed by.
A glimpse in the road where the bright moonlight shone,
A speck in the distance, and Santa was gone.
And said Dick, as he slowly went back to the fire:
"Say, what would he do if he punctured a tire?"

—Joe Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

CHRISTMAS ROSES.

IT HAD been a dull, gray day, sunless, rainless, cheerless, and it was Christmas eve. A sobbing breeze that was not even cold sighed among the pines and the leafless elms that lined the street of the little southern town.

"If the sun would come out, or even if it would rain! One likes to see something going on, even if the something is unpleasant. Things seem to have come to a sort of standstill. I wish we were at home with Minnie and the kids. She's the sort of person to keep you from missing the sunshine, and that."

Jack Allen laughed. "You are in love with your wife, Tom, that's all."

"I shouldn't be surprised. You'll understand why, when you see her. I wrote her that you were coming. Why, hello, here's a bright spot at last! Look at those Christmas roses! How white they are! My mother used to love them so, and Minnie does. Come in, Jack, and I'll get a pot for Minnie. Whose place is it?" glancing up at the name above the flower-filled window. "Rose Ellison. Why, let's see. We used to know her, Jack. Don't you recollect? She was one of the schoolgirls graduated with Minnie—pretty girl, too. Come in."

"Thank you, I'll wait here. Want a cigar. Flowers and old friends are not to my line," Jack said.

Tom glanced at his friend, who began to fumble with a cigar case, his back to the beautiful window. "Surly old bachelor, eh? More's the pity," he said as he opened the door and went in.

A trim little lady stood behind the counter. Her cheeks were a good deal flushed, and a curious, wistful light shone in her pretty blue eyes. She was trying to compose herself.

"Why, Miss Rose, I'm glad to stumble upon an old friend. How do you do? Minnie'll be glad to hear from you. I stopped to get a pot of your pretty Christmas roses for her." Tom talked on, and all the time his bright eyes were taking in the details of the little shop. Presently a sort of pain began to grow in his big, kind heart. Pretty Rose had come to this—to the wearing of faded, mended gowns and the selling of needles and pins and flowers. "They are the prettiest roses I ever saw," he went on, "and I want the very biggest and sweetest for Minnie's Christmas gift."

"I love them, every one," Rose said, setting down a fine plant. "How is this one?"

"It's a beauty. Will you take this for it?" He threw a $10 bill on the counter.

"That? Oh, not even half so much."

"Shucks! You ought to deal with a city florist. I'd be lucky to get off at $25! My conscience will trouble me, Miss Rose, if I pay less than $10. Habit is strong. You won't spoil my Christmas and my pleasure in giving this to the little woman at home, will you?"

"But I, too, have a conscience," Rose laughed.

"But mine is so tender, Miss Rose, and, honor bright, it's a sure thing they charge awful; so that's all right. Maybe it would be better if you'd throw in a 'button hole.'"

"Yes, let me. You've been too generous, I feel that I cannot—"

"I'll take violets and a sprig of nutmeg."

"And your friend. Won't you take one for him?" She flushed again.

"To Jack?" glancing outside. "Yes, but he's a surly old fellow, and I doubt if he'll wear it. It's Jack Allen, you know. Remember he went west five years ago. I stumbled upon him at the hotel—just got back."

Tom noticed how the girl's white hands fluttered as she tied up his violets, and then how she hesitated, and at last broke off a white rose bud and a scented leaf for his friend. He pinned on his flowers, and waited while she deftly wrapped up the pot that held the Christmas rose.

"You hardly miss it from your pretty window," he said.

"I'd hoped to sell all these," she replied, a little break in her voice, "but it's getting late now. To-morrow is Christmas day."

"So it is. Rose, come spend it with us. Minnie is always so glad to see old friends. It's only a two-hour run. Can't you come?"

"Why, I'd like to. Christmas is so sad, nowadays; so sad and dull."

"Yes. Well, you see, Minnie has the kids, and she's at home nearly always. I'm on the road, you know. It would help her, and she'd be glad I thought of it. Let's see." He took a slim black book from his pocket. "I've just the number of miles here on this ticket. It won't be any good next year," tearing out a bit of paper. "You just use it, and I'll go and send a telegram to Minnie." And before Rose could collect her wits he had snatched up the flowers and was gone, and there on the counter lay the crisp $10 bill and a railroad ticket!

"It's like a fairy visit," Rose laughed, peering between the roses at the men as they walked off. "And he wouldn't come in! I wonder why? He—oh, he has the rose in his coat! My little Christmas rose. I wonder if he remembers?"

The men were out of sight, and Rose turned from her flowery window, and, snatching up the money and ticket hurried into the little room at the back of the store.

"I've found that recipe, Rosy. The cheap fruit cake, you know," squeaked a little voice.

"Oh, aunty, you can't do it. You needn't to. Three eggs and not a shred of citron! Burn the recipe. You are going to spend Christmas with Cousin Serena, after all!"

"Rose Ellison!"

"Yes, I've been so lucky. I'm going to the city, and— But your train leaves in an hour. Let's hurry aunty, else you'll have to wait until to-morrow afternoon!"

"Rosy, dear, I don't understand!"

Rose caught the quaint little figure in her arms, and kissed the puzzled face. "You needn't. Just get ready. You are going in an hour. In the morning I'm going to see Minnie Brown. I've had an invitation. She's married, you know, to Tom Wilkins—such a—there's the bell. Do get yourself together, aunty."

Presently aunty entered the store with a big green veil over her queer bonnet and a bandbox on each arm, while in one hand she carried a blue silk bag and the other grasped an immense umbrella. Into the bag Rose dropped a handful of coin, and kissing aunty's flushed, withered old face hurried her on. "It'll be a fine treat to me and Serena, Rosy. But what'll you do to-night?"

"Me? Oh, I'll stay with the minister's wife and help her till the wee bit stockings. Get a real good time, aunty, dear."

"I will, child, but I feel all a-flutter, with the sadness of it. Kinter off my feet, you know." Then she trotted on down the street with the great bandboxes bouncing like life preservers, under her arms. She was just in time for the train. A little out of breath and a good deal excited, she settled her belongings in the end of her seat, and began to take comfort.

Two gentlemen in the seat before her glanced back at the quaint little figure, and one of them smiled. "Look here, Jack," one said, "don't let me forget at the next station to wire Minnie. That poor little girl is going down to-morrow to spend a day or so. It's a great nuisance, our having to go to Brightville instead of straight on home. She'll get there first, in the morning. We'll get in at 12."

"What girl is it?" Jack pulled his cap down over his curly hair.

"Why, Rose Ellison, of course. I was so sorry for her, Jack, I asked her."

"The dickens you did!" Jack's brown eyes flashed.

"Why, Jack, are you a regular womaohater? The poor little woman is worked to death, and I warrant she never has a good time. If I'd thought a moment—but I was sorry for her. It's such a poor little place. She's pretty and the roses are, but there's—it's a stuffy little store. I'm afraid Minnie's forgotten her—it's been so long since they were girls,

"I—YOU DON'T CARE FOR THEM, JACK."

and I can't recollect hearing Minnie speak of her, but I'll send her word. That little woman shall have a good time. Why, Jack, old fellow?"

Jack's hand was on his friend's shoulder. "Don't Tom. It's going to be pretty tough for me, old boy. Can't you let *me* off?"

"Let you off, with Minnie expecting you? Not if I know it," and Tom looked very grave and earnest. "You are not a coward, are you, Jack? What's the matter?"

"I'm afraid I am, Tom, but if I must go, help me all you can."

"To keep out of the poor little creature's way? She looks harmless enough. I'd be more afraid of Minnie's town friends."

"You don't understand, Tom."

"Then suppose you enlighten me?"

"I—I used to know her in the old days. She was everything to me. I reckon I was a fool, but I couldn't tell her so."

"That you were a fool? Don't blame you."

"No; that I—that—she—that we—"

"Exactly," Tom nodded.

"So I sent her a bunch of Christmas roses like these." He touched one of the nodding white flowers tenderly.

"Like that in your buttonhole?"

"Yes. I sent them on Christmas eve—five years ago to-night. And there was a foolish note with them asking her if she loved me to wear them to the Dwight's party."

"And she didn't wear them?"

"She didn't even go, and I, fool that I was, went to see why. Her aunt was to go with her—I had ordered a carriage. There were lights all about the house. A dim one was in the parlor. I used often to go to the French window that opened on the veranda and save waiting at the hall door. That night the lace curtains were drawn across the window, but the blinds were open. I was about to push the window open when I saw Rose seated on a sofa across the room. She wore a bright loose-looking dress, and her face was pale and earnest. Beside her—" He stopped a moment and loosened his collar. Then he went on: "Beside her on the sofa sat Rex Hill—you recollect a young doctor who used to be with old Dr. Bellamy?"

Tom nodded. He had forgotten Rex Hill, but that didn't matter.

"Well, he sat there talking to her and holding her hand, and presently she burst out crying and—and—my eyes burned so I couldn't see very well, but her head went down on his breast, and—I reckon I was wild, mad. The next I knew I was on a train that was speeding westward, and the Christmas sun was rising."

Tom blew his nose; Jack covered his face with his hands. There was a little stir among the bandboxes behind them, and a hand in a gray cotton glove was laid on Jack's shoulder.

"Oh, sir," squeaked a small, mouse-like voice, "that was the night her father died. Dr. Bellamy was sick and he sent for the young man. I was there, spending Christmas. It was a stroke—so sudden and unexpected. Rosy couldn't believe—she couldn't sense it. I saw her dressed for the party in her pretty white frock with the Christmas roses in her hair and on her breast, and I saw her when the news came. She was almost crazy. She tore off the party finery, but she put the roses in water, and afterwards she set 'em out and they grew—them's the same roses. I put the red wrapper on her, and the young doctor undertook to tell her that her father'd have to die, for I couldn't (though I'm not one to shirk my duty), and I've stood by her ever since. Rosy never meant no harm—she never was bold. There's not many like Rosy."

The car door opened and the porter yelled "Centerville." There was a stir among the bandboxes, a flourish of the umbrella, and the quaint little figure fluttered out before either of the men could speak or move. And after she was gone they were quite still until presently Tom got out his cigars and went into another car.

The sun shone bright enough Christmas morning when Toto and his guest left the car for the carriage that would take them home.

"You see, I'll have to see Minnie all to myself, just at first, that's why she won't be in the hall. I'll just tumble you into the parlor for a moment until I gather my senses. Compensations, you see. It isn't so bad being a traveling man—there are so many home-comings!" Tom said, holding the carriage door open while they were speeding on.

That was how it came about that Jack walked into the bright warm parlor to find a little blue-eyed woman with Christmas roses in her hair sitting alone in the ruddy glow of the yule-tide fire. His eyes grew bright and soft as the little woman rose, flushing and confused.

"Are you wearing the Christmas roses for me, dear?" he asked, humbly.

"I—you don't care for them, Jack."

"Indeed I do. I want the sweetest of all the roses for my own, little girl. May I have it, now?"

A mischievous sparkle brightened the blue eyes. "How can I tell which is sweetest?" she asked.

"May I take toy choice?"

Then Tom and Minnie came and after them the "kids," and altogether it was a very happy Christmas.

"The rosiest sort of a rosy time," Tom said, pinching Rose Ellison's pink cheek.—Ellen Frizell Wycoff, in Minneapolis Housekeeper.

CHRISTMAS OBSERVANCES.

Customs Handed Down to Us from Bygone Ages.

It is an interesting fact that nearly all of the present observances of the sweet Christmas time which have been handed down to us from bygone ages are relics of heathenish barbarism.

The practice of decorating with evergreens has been ascribed to various sources. Decorating with flowers and evergreens was a pagan manifestation of rejoicing and worship. This custom was also observed among nations both of Gothic and Celtic origin. A superstition among the votaries of Druidism was that houses decked with evergreens in December would be visited by sylvan spirits and that the inmates would be unnipped by the frost and cold winds.

The mistletoe bough was held in veneration by the pagans, as it was likewise respected by the Gothic and Celtic nations. Among Celtic nations it is known to have been an object of great veneration. The ceremony of collecting it by the Druids was one of the highest solemnity. It is said that the oaks on which it grew were sacred to them. The reverence it inspired was based upon the wonderful healing powers it was believed to possess.

If hung up in the house it was considered a guard against evil spirits. Its introduction into Christmas festivals might be appropriate as emblematic of conquests obtained over the spirits of evil and darkness. The reverence of the mistletoe among the ancient Britons appears, however, to have been limited only to that which grew on an oak, whereas, the pearly berries, which bring a blush to the cheek of the modern maiden, may be gathered besides from the hawthorne, lime and old apple trees as well as the Scotch and silver fir. There existed a tradition that the maid not kissed under the mistletoe at Christmas would not wed within a year.

The Yule log was considered by the ancient Druids a protection against evil spirits. There were various superstitions mingled with the ceremony of lighting it. It had to be lighted with clean hands in order to extract its virtues. It was deemed an evil omen if the light went out during the night. The Yule log is still kindled on Christmas eve in various parts of England.—Louisville Courier Journal.

Signs of Christmas.

She meets me at the door
Each evening with a smile that's sweet and mellow;
"Your supper's waiting; come right in, you poor,
Dear, tired fellow!"
(But I know just what this means,
For we've struck the Christmas scenes;
A new red hat,
And the likes o' that—
That's just what the dear one means.)

She marks my frowning brow
('Tis sweet to have a woman to adore you!)
And says: "I know your head must ache, and now
I'm going to rub it for you!"
(But I know just what that means,
For we've struck the Christmas scenes;
A dress, a hat,
And the likes o' that—
That's just what the dear one means!)

—Atlanta Constitution.

A Mistake.

"Hit not er mistake," said Uncle Eben, "ter hab yoh merry Christmas in sech a way dat yoh can't hab er happy New Year, ease oh de worry 'bout de bills."—Washington Star.

A Belated Joy.

"It may seem queer, but I get the most of my holiday joy the day after Christmas."

"How's that?"

"I'm so glad to be alive after eating so much dinner the day before."—Chicago Record.

Not to Be Trusted.

"That man Nibley isn't to be trusted. He'd take advantage of you quicker than a wink if he saw a chance to do so."

"How do you know that?"

"I overheard him and his wife in an argument last night, and when he saw that she was getting ahead of him he yelled: 'Look out! There's a mouse!'"—Cleveland Leader.

An Immutable Law.

"Variety's the spice of life;"
You cannot rearrange it.
Even a hundred-dollar bill
Is no good till you change it.

—Washington Star.

OUT OF SIGHT.

1.—Mrs. Sharper—This is the best scheme that I've found to keep John from drinking. It works splendidly.

2.—John (to himself)—Bet your life it does.—N. Y. Herald.

A Plausible Guess.

"What makes them refer to race horses as 'flyers,' Charley?" inquired young Mrs. Torkins.

And after profound contemplation her husband answered: "I don't know unless it's because riches have wiugs."—Washington Star.

Among the Micawbers.

Pollywog—I suppose it will be pretty quiet in the Klondike all winter.

Jollydog—Well, I don't know; I expect there will be a good many things turn up there.

Pollywog—What?

Jollydog—Toes.—Town Topics.

In Union There Is Strength.

"Why is it," asked the philosopher, "that misfortunes never come singly?"

"Can't say," replied the other man, "unless it is that, on account of the reception they get, they're afraid to travel alone."—N. Y. Journal.

Her Loss Was His Gain.

Bullett—Lambely made $50,000 by a single transaction in oil yesterday.

Bearett—Is it possible? How did he manage it?

Bullett—A rich aunt of his tried to start a fire with a can of it.—Chicago News.

In Clover.

Rev. Dr. Primrose—You say if you had a good suit of clothes you would be able to make a living?

Weary Raggles—Yes, sir. Den dey wudn't chase me away from de free lunch.—N. Y. World.

Why Pete Got Off.

Vigilant—Judge, this makes th' fifth time th' blamed rope has broke.

Judge—Wall, let him go. This har community can't afford t' waste any more valuable hemp on sech a wuthless cuss es Pete.—N. Y. World.

His Natural Protector.

"I never let my husband go to a church bazar without me."

"Why not?"

"Because those other women would sell him every useless and expensive thing in the place."—Chicago Record.

Impatient.

He—I told your father that we expected to be married next month, and he was wild.

She—What did he say?

He—He wanted to know why we couldn't make it next week.—Puck.

Julius Cæsar's Job.

"What do you know of Julius Cæsar?" was a question at a recent school examination.

"He wrote elementary Latin works for the lower forms," was the written reply.—Household World.

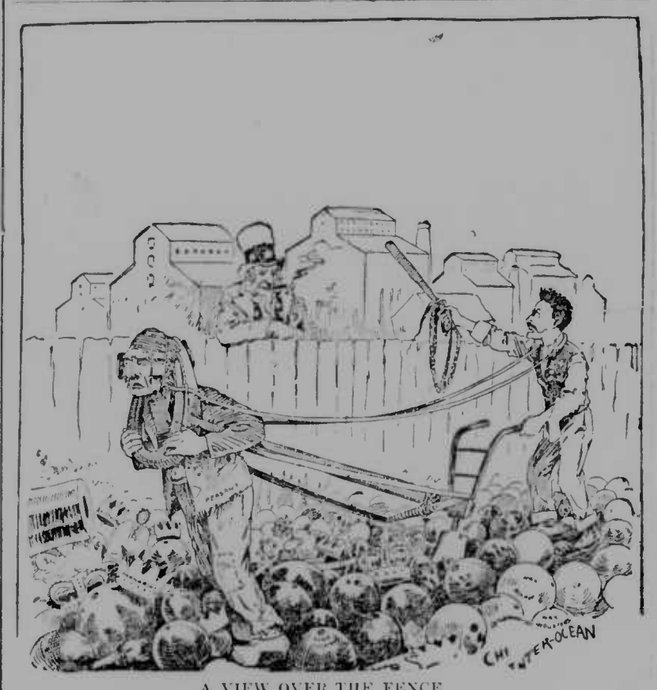

A VIEW OVER THE FENCE.

Count Goluchowski—Say, American competition is ruining us Europeans.
Uncle Sam—And then, again, perhaps that soil needs clearing.

Depends on the Kind.

"Is it true that Mr. Jones talks like a book?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied; "like one of these ungrammatical dialect novels."—Chicago Post.

Applied Reason.

"There are things in this world more valuable than money, my son."

"I know it. That's the reason I want money to buy them with."—Detroit Free Press.

He Was All Right.

"They say that the Italian count she married turned out to be an organ-grinder."

"Well, at any rate he had a handle to his name."—Brooklyn Life.

A Tramp's Excuse.

"Would you work if you had a chance?"

"Madam, it is against my principles to have anything to do with games of chance."—N. Y. Truth.

A Fading Impression.

"What was that man to whom you bowed just now?"

"I can't remember what his name is, but it seems to me I used to be engaged to him."—Chicago Record.

The Only Way to Learn.

"How did you learn to skate?" a little boy was asked.

"Oh," was the innocent but significant answer, "by getting up every time I fell down."—Tit-Bits.

Everything Goes.

Editor—I wrote it "survey." You have it "senvy."

Proof Reader—It's about Alaska. What's the difference?—N. Y. Truth.

Lupus Disease.

Physician—Put out your tongue.

Patient—Oh, doctor, no tongue can do justice to the torments I am suffering.—Enquire Within.

A Morn Certainly.

It surely would suppress for good
The stage-obscuring bonnet,
If the Chicago maiden should
Put her fool down upon it.

—Harlem Life.

No Secret.

"How do you keep your cat
So sleek and fat?
"Why, that's the least of labors.
We only have to keep
Him here to sleep,
He boards 'round with the neighbors."

—Chicago Tribune.

A Blank Prospect.

Bill Collector (authoritatively)—I wish to see Mr. Neverpay immediately.

Shrewd Servant—You can't see him now. He's gone to bed, so we can wash his flannels.—N. Y. Weekly.

BLIND LOVE.

Daughter—Papa, did you know mamma long before you married her?

Papa—No, I didn't know her until long after we were married.—Up-to-Date.

A Good Recommendation.

Mother—Do you think Mr. Harvey is a nice young man?

Beatrice—Why, yes, mamma. He's been engaged to six of the swellest girls in the city.—Judge.

After Taking.

"It is true I can't sing very well," said the cat that had just swallowed the canary, "but I have a good deal of music in me, all the same."—Chicago Tribune.

Made Herself Heard.

"Did your cook leave you without notice?"

"Not exactly. We heard the explosion."—Town Topics.

WOMAN AND HOME.

THE HOLIDAY TURKEY.

How to Select the Bird and Prepare It for the Table.

There is a very general impression that hen turkeys are better than gobblers, but such is not the case when the birds are under a year old; until that age is past the cock, or gobbler, is more highly and finely flavored than the hen. A small turkey is never satisfactory; only at 12 pounds (city dressed) do they begin to be fine. In small towns where they are properly dressed—drawn, with head and feet removed—ten pounds would mean the same. Be sure your bird is young. Avoid those that are yellow, fat, with rough legs and hard spurs. One heavy for its size, of a blue cast, smooth legs, soft, only budding spurs, flexible end to breast-bone and skin easily pierced between the finger nails is the bird you want. Whatever dressing you use (oyster or chestnut is best) do not have it too moist, and do not fill the turkey more than two-thirds full, otherwise you will have a soggy, solid, indigestible mass as a result. The baking or roasting must be a long and slow operation after the first browning, and if the patent covered baking pan is not used an ordinary dripping pan must be used as a cover. The basting must be frequent—every 15 minutes—and thorough if you would have the meat juicy. Four hours is about the proper time for a 14-pound turkey in a moderate oven. When served your turkey is right if of a dark, rich brown all over, without a suggestion of scorch, juicy in appearance, and, though whole, ready to fall apart at a light touch of the carver. Before placing in the oven rub all over with good butter and dredge heavily with flour seasoned with pepper and salt. The basting should be melted butter and hot water or stock.—Woman's Home Companion.

HOME-MADE STOCKINGS.

Era of Hand Work Is Surely Coming with the New Year.

Somebody made the discovery a few weeks ago that homemade stockings were the best for golf and bicycling, and as everyone these days does one thing or the other it looks as though the housewife had found a new task for herself, and one that will make her plenty of hard work, but which when done will be very gratifying all around.

Some of the most fashionable cyclists are seen on the road every day in long stockings that have been knitted at

A HOMEMADE STOCKING.

home. They are distinguished by the fact that they are generally striped around the top, and they are a little more elaborate than the store ones. Both men and women wear these homemade hose and find them very comfortable.

The way of knitting these must be learned of grandmother, who in her early married days made all the stockings for the family. The knitting is begun at the top and is carried down to the ankle. From there the heel is formed separately from the toe and instep, and afterward joined by the "stocking stitch."

It is not hard to learn how to knit a stocking. Indeed, it is easier than many of the intricate forms of fancy work, but it needs patience and it takes time.

The only trouble with homemade stockings is that they must be kept darned, for with a thread once broken they ravel very quickly, and a stitch in time saves a great many more than nine.

The Queen's Golden Spoon.

A curious story is told by Lady Middleton of how one of Queen Victoria's smallest gold spoons was lost and found. A lady attended a state ball in a dress, the skirt of which was arranged in perpendicular pluits in front, stitched across at intervals, and, unknown to her, a gold teaspoon got lodged at supper in one of these receptacles. Of course, there was one missing after the ball, and it caused great perturbation to the official in charge of the gold plate. The next spring the lady who had been the innocent cause of the loss went to a drawing-room in the identical dress she had worn at the state ball, and as she bent low before her majesty the plaits of her skirt expanded and the gold spoon fell at the queen's feet!

Home-Made Toilet Water.

Take a quarter ounce of attar of roses and mix with one quart of strong spirits of wine. Put these into a close vessel, cork, and shake it, then immerse the bottle in a deep basin full of hot water. When the vessel is warmed through take it out of the water and shake vigorously until cold. Add a teaspoonful of calcined magnesia, shake again, and filter, lastly through close muslin. A few drops of this in a basin of water makes a pleasant washing fluid.

Stewed Tea Is Very Bad.

Never let the infusion stand for less than five minutes, and it is strange tea if it requires more than six. After that every minute the tea remains in the pot the liquid is spoiling and absorbing a certain amount of poison. Stewed tea is bad for the digestion and nerves and every thing else.

SIMPLE LITTLE TOY.

A Hint for Mothers Whose Christmas Fund Is Not Extensive.

Perhaps the description of a simple, home-made toy, that gave great pleasure to our little girl, may help some mother whose Christmas fund is not large.

Select five corncobs—one large white cob, two of medium size, and two small popcorn cobs. You will also want five common wire hairpins, and some bits of gay cloth. Be sure that all the cobs are perfect in shape.

Now, push one of the hairpins into the pith at the larger end of each of the

FUNNY JIMMIE COBB.

four small cobs. To do this, press the points together, and push down firmly until but one-fourth of an inch is left, thus forming a strong wire loop. Now, take the two larger cobs and hang both, by these loops, to the fifth hairpin, which must be pushed firmly into the large end of the largest cob. These form Mr. Jimmie's legs, which are thus enabled to move about quite naturally.

Make a hole clear through the larger cob, from side to side, about three inches from the top. Pass a strong cord through the wire loop of one of the popcorn cobs, run it through the hole of the body cob into the loop of the other body cob, and back again through the hole, then tie the two ends firmly together. This finishes the body of Jimmie, whose arms and legs swing naturally.

To make Jimmie's face, draw a piece of white muslin smoothly over the upper part of the cob, sewing it firmly just above the arms. Paint his features, or draw them with ink, and be sure to give him a smiling countenance. Now, make a pair of trousers of some bright color, slip them over his legs, and fasten them firmly about his body. A strip of another color drawn smoothly around him and fastened at the back forms his shirt. Make a loose coat, with sleeves, slip it on, fastening it only at the neck; add a bow of bright tape for a necktie, and Jimmie Cobb is ready for presentation. A child will get more solid satisfaction out of this doll than from a dozen "breaky" dolls, as our little girl calls them.—Mae Myrtle Cook, in Housekeeper.

EVERYDAY FISHBALLS.

New Breakfast Dish for Households Tired of Codfish.

It is a mistake to suppose that codfish balls must always be made out of codfish; in fact, some of the most appetizing breakfast fish balls are made without a shred of codfish in them.

Take the left-overs from the dinner table of the day before—pieces of bluefish, salmon, flounder, or even porgies and, stripping the fish from the bones, mince fine in a bowl. To a cupful of minced fish add an equal quantity of mashed potatoes, and pepper and salt to taste. Add a very little milk to hold

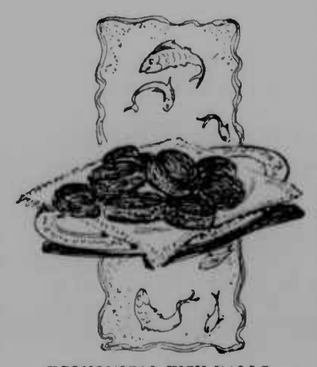

ECONOMICAL FISH BALLS.

the balls together and form with the hands while they are soft. Roll in flour and fry in very hot fat. Many cooks make these fish balls so thin that they must be dropped in hot lard like fritters. Others fry them in a pan. Care must be taken if they are dropped balls to have the fat very hot, so that they will not become grease-sonked.

This is an economical breakfast dish, highly to be recommended.

Benefits of a Good Cry.

Tears are good for woman, says Dr. Campbell, in the Hospital. The beneficial effect of a good cry to a woman, he asserts, is partly due to the increased depth of respiration and the improvement in the often languid circulation thereby induced, but to a large extent it is the result of the muscular exercise involved, by which the general vascular tension, and especially the blood pressure in the brain, is much reduced. The profuse flow of tears no doubt also acts strongly on the cerebral circulation in still further reducing tension. The sobbing movements, again, have a good influence upon the venous circulation in the abdominal and pelvic viscera, while the exhaustion produced tends to cause sleep, and thus to give the nervous system its best chance of recuperation.

THE FARMING WORLD.

CORN ON THE COB.

Some Reasons Why It Should Never Be Fed to Horses.

Corn on the cob should never be fed to horses, as there is always a risk of making them sick by doing so. When corn on the cob is fed, unless a horse's appetite is carefully noted and just enough is given to him, he will eat the cob also, and as the cob is more or less indigestible there is a big chance of making him sick and losing him. In feeding a horse care should be taken to give him just enough and no more, too much being almost as bad as too little.

I have just heard of an experience with a good horse which proves the truth of what I have said. One of my friends who has a negro hostler has had trouble about keeping his horses well and in good condition, owing to the fact that if the hostler, for any reason, lost his temper with one of the horses he gave that horse's breakfast, dinner or supper to another horse, and when the stinted horse got his next meal (for the negro was afraid to cut him more than one meal at a time) he would eat cobs as well as the corn. One evening some time ago, when the stock came in from work, one of the horses was sick and it was found that he had indigestion. A remedy was given, and when after long work on him the sick animal evacuated a great number of pieces of cob as large as a chestnut were found, which showed conclusively the cause of the trouble. No blame was attached to the hostler at the time, but soon after another negro who had a grudge against the ill-tempered hostler told how the horses were treated; investigation proved the truth of the story and the hostler was discharged. Since that time the horses have been fed on shelled corn and there has been no trouble, all of them keeping in perfect health and looking well.

It is some trouble and a slight additional expense to shell the corn for the horses, but it is better to do this than to have to sit up for hours with a sick horse and perhaps lose him at last. It is not, however, a great deal of trouble to me to shell my corn, as I use for this purpose a little corn sheller with which one man can easily shell a bushel of corn in ten minutes or less. I paid three dollars for it, and the work is so light and pleasant that the children on the place enjoy shelling a large part of the corn used for the horses. Cows can eat cobs without danger, but horses cannot. A horse is a clean and choice animal and must be more carefully treated than any other class of stock or he will not thrive.—Julien A. Hall, in Ohio Farmer.

HINTS FOR STOCKMEN.

The draft horse business is promising well.

Ice cold water is neither good for man or beast.

A good curry comb in a willing hand saves grain.

The hoghouse should be low. A high house is colder than a low one.

Don't pile old bedding at the head of the stall under the horse's nose.

Do not be in too big a hurry to wean the fall pigs. Get them well started to growing.

Every stock owner should have on hand remedies for ordinary diseases and wounds.

Swine do not require a high temperature. A temperature of 45 degrees is high enough.

The bottom of a horse's hoof is strong and when the shoer pares it off he commits crime.

Good breeds and good representatives of breeds, well taken care of, indicate a good farmer.

After separating the calf from its mother, feed the natural milk as soon as drawn, for a week or ten days.

Curry the cows? Yes. Currying removes the dirt and cleans the skin, and that is of as much value to a cow as to a horse.

Don't feed cold weather. By that we mean don't neglect to have warm winter shelter, and thus save grain which will be necessary to keep up uselessly wasted animal heat.—Western Plowman.

WASHING VEHICLES.

A Device That Will Save Considerable Time and Labor.

The device shown in the cut will save much time and labor in washing wagons. A narrow water-tight box of

HOW TO WASH WAGONS.

the shape shown in the illustration is slipped under the wheel when it has been "jacked up." A pail of water is now poured in and the wheel revolved. The dirt can thus be removed quickly and much more easily than when a pail is used to hold the water. Once used, the benefits of this device will be very apparent.—American Agriculturist.

Evergreens on the Farm.

The first consideration in planting trees about farm buildings is to shelter them from sun, wind and storm. The need of shade in summer is generally recognized, but too many planters overlook the equal necessity for evergreens to protect from winter winds, and to give a little color to the monotony of winter landscapes. Evergreens produce an effect in ornamental planting not to be obtained in any other way.

YOU CAN'T STOP 'EM.

News comes from Attica, Ind., of the destruction, by fire, of the big laboratory and office building of the Sterling Remedy Company, makers of Cascarets Candy Cathartic and No-To-Bac, the original guaranteed tobacco habit cure. The fire broke out in one of the packing rooms on the third floor during the noon hour, and had made considerable headway before it was discovered.

As soon as it became apparent that the fire department would have difficulty in combating the flames, the work of saving the thousands of valuable documents, contracts, files, millions of booklets and tons of advertising matter was begun with the utmost energy. The Sterling Remedy Company is the principal industry of the beautiful little city of Attica, employing several hundred people, besides being affiliated with the Indiana Mineral Springs, the famous Magno-Mud Cure. Hundreds of men, women and children vied with each other in carrying the contents of the burning building to places of safety.

Meanwhile the proverbial energy and and presence-of-mind of General Manager Kramer, of the Sterling Remedy Company, was displayed. He quietly walked away, and secured a big show room near by, and had all the office furniture, charred and dilapidated as it was, taken there. Before the boxes had ceased burning, in which the fire originated, orders were being dictated in the make-shift office for new supplies, and car loads of material were ordered by wire while the streams were still playing on the ruins. Several shipments were made the same evening from goods saved, and on Friday morning, all departments were at work in various rooms about town, while a gang of men were cleaning away the wreckage preliminary to rebuilding.

There is no happiness in having and getting, out only in giving; half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness.—Henry Drummond.

Tourist Sleeping Cars.

Commencing with the excursion of Dec. 7th, the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Ry. has inaugurated a system of Tourist Sleepers on their excursion dates between St. Louis or Kansas City and South Texas points. For information address H. F. Bowsher, 435 Walnut St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

John Doe—"Is that long-haired poet still the star boarder?" Richard Doe—"No, indeed. He is not in it any more. He married the landlady."—N. Y. Journal.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

She—"Oh, Charles, papa has lost all he had on the board of trade. We are ruined!" He—"Not ruined, dear. I have just been elected to the city council."—Brooklyn Life.

Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

Women say of every pretty girl that she might be tolerably good looking if she didn't know it so well herself.—Washington Democrat.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

"Rushem is dealing in mining securities, isn't he?" "Well, stocks is the better word."—Chicago Journal.

For Homeseeker's Excursion dates via the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Ry. and information of their tourist sleeper arrangement, address H. F. Bowsher, 435 Walnut St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

No man can love a woman, no matter how beautiful she is, if she can't cook.—Washington Democrat.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

Any woman will finally get tired of her husband, if he is a habitual loafer.—Washington Democrat.

If you want to be cured of a cough use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.
Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute

Hope—The untiring effort of a woman to find a burglar under the bed.—Chicago News.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. Allie Douglass, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 20, '94.

The upper ten is composed of the winning nine and the umpire.—Chicago News.

Hot and itchy—as a frost-bite. Cooled and Soothed—as a cure by St. Jacobs Oil.

The dance they sit out is the most delightful to a pair of lovers.—Chicago News.

It is never too cold to cure Neuralgia With St. Jacobs Oil. Sure cure.

Everybody at a fire knows best how to put it out.—Washington Democrat.

Isn't a scald a burn? Yes; and St. Jacobs Oil is a cure.

It never does any good to look bored. Use a club.—Atchison Globe.

In Winter Sciatica is worse. Any time St. Jacobs Oil is the best cure.

Never take a girl's judgment of beauty.—Atchison Globe.

Cold weather aggravates rheumatic pains But St. Jacobs Oil cures—any time.

The early and the latter part of human life are the best or at least the most worthy of respect. The one is the age of innocence, the other of reason.—Joseph Joubert.

A Persevering Son-in-Law.—"May I ask what is going on in the village?" inquired the observant stranger. "We're celebrating the birthday of the oldest inhabitant, sir," replied the native. "She's 101 to-day, sir." "And tell me, pray, who is that little man with the dreadfully sad countenance who walks by the old lady's side?" "That's her son-in-law, sir. He's been keepin' up her life insurance for the last 20 years."—Tit-Bits.

Out of His Depth.—"What," said the girl with loose hair around her ears and a spasmodic manner, "is your opinion of the ultimate destiny of the human race?" "Did I—er—understand you to say the ultimate destiny of the human race?" inquired Willie. "Yes." "Why—um—if you want my candid opinion, I should say that—uh—that it's a long ways off."—Washington Star.

"Borus, in your last novel you spoil the story by raising an insurmountable barrier between the hero and heroine, who certainly ought to have married each other." "I couldn't help it, Naggus. My wife insisted that I was the hero of the story myself, and she got jealous of the heroine."—Chicago Tribune.

Miss Quickstep—"What part of town are we driving through, Mr. Fibble?" Fweddy—"I haven't the least idea." Miss Quickstep—"I was aware of that. Still I thought it possible you might know what part of town we are driving through."—Chicago Tribune.

Doing His Own Jesting.—"Your highness will be rejoiced to learn," the grand vizier was saying, "that there are no further requests from the powers." "Ah, yes," rejoined the sultan, affably. "To be sure, I were rather tired of boned Turkey." I feared, now, that the court jester was d in devising a plan of monetary re- d thus a portion at least of the usual that functionary had temporarily back upon the throne.—Detroit J

MRS. LYNESS ESCAPES

The Hospital and a Fearful Operation.

Hospitals in great cities are sad places to visit. Three-fourths of the patients lying on those snow-white beds are women and girls.

Why should this be the case?

Because they have neglected themselves! Women as a rule attach too little importance to first symptoms of a certain kind. If they have toothache, they will try to save the tooth, though many leave even this too late. They comfort themselves with the thought that they can replace their teeth; but they cannot replace their internal organs!

Every one of those patients in the hospital beds had plenty of warnings in the form of bearing-down feelings, pain at the right or the left of the womb, nervous dyspepsia, pain in the small of the back, the "blues," or some other unnatural symptom, but they did not heed them.

Don't drag along at home or in the shop until you are finally obliged to go to the hospital and submit to horrible examinations and operations! Build up the female organs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will save you from the hospital. It will put new life into you.

The following letter shows how Mrs. Lyness escaped the hospital and a fearful operation. Her experience should encourage other women to follow her example. She says to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I thank you very much for what you have done for me, for I had given up in despair. Last February, I had a miscarriage caused by overwork. It affected my heart, caused me to have sinking spells three to four a day, lasting sometimes half a day. I could not be left alone. I bowed constantly. The doctor called twice a day for a week, and once a day for four weeks, then three or four times a week for four months. Finally he said I would have to undergo an operation. Then I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and after one week I began to recover and steadily improved until I was cured completely. By taking the Pinkham medicine, I avoided an operation which the doctor said I would certainly have to undergo. I am gaining every day and will cheerfully tell anyone what you have done for me."—Mrs. Thos. Lyness, 10 Frederick St., Rochester, N. Y.

GIVES HER OLD NUMBER.

Young Bride Confused in Making Her First Purchase.

She was one of the prettiest little things in the world and the way she stepped into the store and ordered a bill of groceries was a sight worth witnessing. When she came to settle for them she found she did not have enough money with her, so blushingly asked that they be sent C. O. O.

"Certainly," returned the obliging grocer, smilingly. "What is the number?"

The little lady stammered as she gave the name Gibson, but failed utterly when she came to the number. At last she faltered out:

"No. 4621 M——; no 1 mean 5537 B," and hastened away covered with confusion and blushes.

An interested bystander asked the grocer as the girl went out the door:

"One of those persons who try to get goods under false pretenses, I suppose?" and was very much astonished when the grocer replied, laughingly:

"Not on your life. Just a bride giving her first order. I can spot them a mile off."—Chicago Chronicle.

The Last Man on Earth

To recklessly experiment upon himself with hope of relief is the dyspeptic. Yet the nostrums for this malady are as the sands of the sea, and, presumably, about as efficacious. Indigestion, that obstinate malady, even if of long perpetuity, is eventually overcome with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an appetizing tonic and alterative, which cures constipation, fever and ague, bilious remittent, rheumatism, kidney complaint and feebleness.

When a man begins to imagine that he is in love with a bloomer girl it's time for him to stop drinking.—Chicago News.

A More Amusing Occupation.

He—There's no use crying over spilt milk.

She—Of course not—there's plenty more to spill.—Brooklyn Life.

Advice to Klondikers.

"Be sure you are right—then go ahead." The newspapers are filled with all sorts of statements regarding mining in the Yukon basin, and schemes for the profit of the "stay-at-homes" are more plentiful than icicles in Dawson. The railways are trying to place before you reliable information as to the country and how to get there. The Northern Pacific as the pioneer in Alaska passenger traffic, running its trains from St. Paul and Minneapolis to Puget Sound and Portland, have by their recently issued map folder on Alaska again demonstrated their right to first consideration. Send Chas. S. Fee, St. Paul, Minn., 2-cents postage for the latest and best Alaska map published.

Fond of Golf.

Stokes—Is your son fond of golf?

Pogis—Fond of it? I should say he was. Why, the young rascal actually plays it.—Boston Transcript.

The Hot Springs.

Picturesquely situated in the heart of the Black Hills of South Dakota, are renowned for the marvelous cures of rheumatism, neuralgia and kindred diseases, which have been effected by the use of its waters. First-class hotel accommodations and baths. Tourist tickets on sale daily and especially low rates on the first and third Tuesdays of this month. For full information apply to agents Chicago & North-Western Railway.

You can tell a good deal about people by the appearance of their back porch.—Washington Democrat.

CAUSE FOR ALARM.

How baldness begins.

How to prevent it.

Every person, male or female, shrinks from baldness. It adds to the appearance of age and is a serious discomfort. The cases are rare when the falling out of the hair may not be stopped, and a new and healthy growth of the hair promoted. The hair grows in the scalp like a plant in the soil. If a plant flourishes, it must have constant attention; it must be watered regularly and find its food in the soil where it is rooted. It's so with the hair. Neglect is usually the beginning of baldness. Dandruff is allowed to thicken on the scalp. The hair begins to loosen. The scalp loses its vitality. The hair, insufficiently nourished, begins to fade and to fall. The instant need in such a case is some practical preparation which, supplying the needed nourishment to the scalp, will feed the hair, give it strength, and so produce a strong and healthy growth. All this is done by Dr Ayer's Hair Vigor, the most practical and valuable preparation for the hair that can be obtained. It tones up the scalp, does away with dandruff, stops the hair from falling, restores the original color to gray or faded hair, and gives an abundant and glossy growth. Those who are threatened with approaching baldness will be interested in the following voluntary statement, made by Alderman S. J. Green, of Spencer, Iowa. He writes:

"About four months ago, my hair commenced falling out so rapidly that I became alarmed, and being recommended Dr Ayer's Hair Vigor by a druggist, I resolved to try this preparation. I have been now using it for three months, and am much gratified to find that my hair has ceased falling out and also that hair which had been turning gray for the past five years has been restored to its original color, dark brown. It gives me much pleasure to recommend this dressing."—S. J. Green, Alderman, Spencer, Iowa.

Those who are interested in preserving and beautifying the hair will do well to send for Dr. Ayer's Curebook, A story of cures told by the cured. This book of 100 pages is sent free, on request, by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

PAINT YOUR OWN WALLS and CEILINGS.

MURALO WATER COLOR PAINTS

FOR DECORATING WALLS AND CEILINGS Purchase a package of CALCIMO from your grocer or paint dealer and do your own kalsomining. This material is made on scientific principles by machinery and milled in twenty-four tints and is superior to any concoction of Glue and Whiting that can possibly be made by hand. To be mixed with Cold Water.

If you want something extra, buy some MURALO from the same dealer. This material is a Hard Finish to be applied with a brush and becomes as hard as Cement. Milled in twenty-four tints and works equally as well with cold or hot water. ☞Send for sample cards and if you cannot purchase this material from your local dealers let us know and we will put you in the way of obtaining it.

THE MURALO CO., NEW BRIGHTON, S. I., NEW YORK.

N. B. The attention of the trade is called to the fact that a man by the name of Church goes through the country trying to intimidate purchasers of our material by telling them that our paints are an infringement on his material, which he calls "Alabastine." We are advised by our patent counsel that his material when used with cold water is an infringement upon ours. We have invited Mr. Church to support his contention by suit against us and have volunteered to accept service of any papers he wishes to serve so as to save him trouble, that his pretended right in may be tested in the courts. This he refuses to do, but nevertheless continues his misleading statements, which course, under the circumstances, we believe will be condemned by all reputable dealers.

IN A WORLD WHERE "CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO CODLINESS" NO PRAISE IS TOO GREAT FOR

SAPOLIO

AN OPEN LETTER
To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *on every wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"

BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher.

Insist on Having
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'98. THE SUN. 1898.
BALTIMORE, MD.

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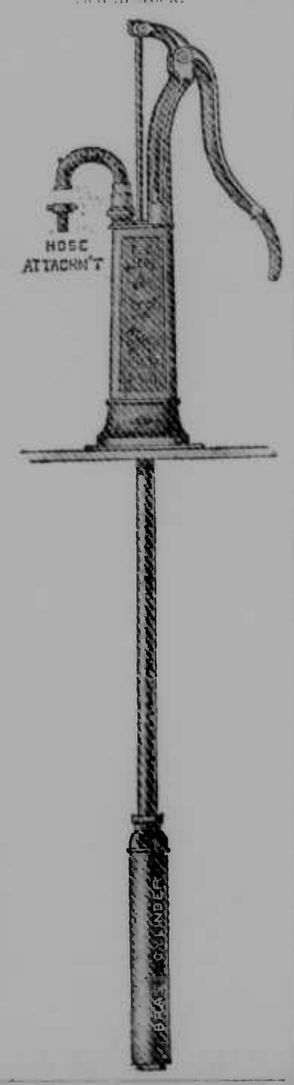

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 14, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7	—Daily	2.47 A. M
No. 3	—Daily	6.42 A. M
No. 71	—Accom daily except Sun	9.26 A. M
No. 47	—Daily except Sunday	6 01 P. M
No. 53	—Express, daily	5.35 P. M
No. 1	—Daily	10.11 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8	—Daily	5.59 A. M
No. 2	—Daily	7.01 A. M
No. 14	—Accom daily except Sun	9.21 A. M
No. 46	—Daily	4.43 P. M
No. 72	—Accom daily except Sun	5.18 P. M
No. 4	—Daily	12.29 A. M

Train No. 53 stops at Terra Alta.

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Manager of Passenger Traffic.
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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Dec. 20, 1897.

People who looked with anxiety upon the coming together of Congress and who entertained fears that the problems which that body must take up would prove difficult of solution, are likely to be happily disappointed. Currency, the Cuban question, Hawaii, public revenues, public expenditures—these are the chief subjects which Congress is expected to consider, and there were people in the business world especially who felt that by reason of the lack of a Republican majority in the Senate a solution of these problems would be difficult to reach. While no definite results have, of course, been attained in these important subjects in the brief time which Congress has been in session, there is good reason to believe that the problems may be more easily solved than had been anticipated, and in a way which will not only be satisfactory, but prevent any disturbance to business conditions which had been feared as a possible, if not probable, result.

The Treasury figures are being carefully watched by those who are interested as to the question of whether or not the Dingley law is going to produce sufficient revenue to meet running expenses. Treasury officials who are watching its operations closely believe that its revenue in the next fiscal year will equal and probably exceed the expenditures. Mr. Dingley shows that the revenue collected on the anticipatory importations during the four months prior to the enactment of this law were nearly $40,960,000, all of which would have been collected under the present law had the importations prior to its enactment been only normal. He predicts that the December receipts, excluding those from the Pacific railroads, will equal the December expenditures and that long before the fiscal year is ended the receipts under the Dingley law will be sufficient to meet all running expenses and produce a surplus in the next fiscal year to at least ten million dollars. There is a general feeling at least that the new law should be permitted to show what it can do under normal conditions and if at any time it should be found advisable to increase the revenues, which, however, is not probable, it would be accomplished without any general disturbance of the present law or readjustment of its rates.

The sensational suggestions of ex-Minister Taylor that the people of the United States should rise and demand instant action, irrespective of its prospective effects upon the country and its relations with other parts of the world, do not seem to have met with any repose on the part of the people. Members of Congress report their constituents well satisfied apparently with the developments thus far and quite willing to trust the administration, which has handled the matter with such success, both in obtaining the release of all American citizens in Cuban prisons and seeing its recommendations to Spain followed by propositions of an offer of autonomy. While the Cuban matter is not forgotten or overlooked by members of Congress, there is a disposition to permit the administration to carry out its plans.

It will be remembered that there were many misgivings about the future of the tariff bill in the Senate because of the fact that the Republican party did not control that body, and cannot during the present Congress. The element which did control it, however, saw that the public sentiment was so strongly in favor of a public tariff that a refusal to permit the passage of a bill with those sentiments with which they did not fully agree would be resented by the people. Now there are indications that the same wise policy will be pursued with reference to the currency question. President McKinley's proposition for a retention in the Treasury of the U. S. notes which are redeemed in gold, and legislation which will bring an increase of national bank circulation by an increase of the sum which they may issue against their deposit of bonds, is proving extremely acceptable and being generally commended, not only by a large majority of the members of Congress, but by the people throughout the country, as is shown by reports received here by members of both houses of Congress. The fact that this proposition seems to lay the foundation for an easy transformation of the currency system without the shock to the business world which a sudden change would produce, and without increasing the interest-bearing indebtedness, causes it to be very warmly commended by people of both parties. This is so clearly apparent that there is reason to hope that members of the Senate who have it in their power to defeat any legislation offered and supported by the Republican party will take the same ground upon this question that they did upon that of the tariff, and omit such factional or extreme opposition as to prevent its final passage.

Of course, with so many currency propositions, and so many men who have plans of their own or plans which they have decided to support, the whole matter will necessarily be very thoroughly discussed before action is taken. But the fact that the President's plan grows more popular every day as it is discussed and that it appears to be a simple method of finally taking the Government out of the banking business and permitting the responsibility for maintaining a sufficient currency and the gold reserve to pass from its shoulders to those of the banks of the country may lead a sufficient number of members of the Senate who are not within Republican ranks to support it.

A curious fact which comes to the surface here just now is especially interesting in view of Mr. Bryan's "triumphal" tour in Mexico. It is a comparison which somebody has made of the currency conditions in Mexico compared with those of the United States. It is observed by this statistical delver that the Mexicans, who are heaping adulations upon the American apostle of the Mexican system of finance, have a currency amounting to 39 cents per capita in gold, against $9.35 per capita in Mr. Bryan's own country, $7.70 per capita in silver dollars worth 45 cents each, against $8.78 of silver per capita in the United States in dollars worth 369 cents each, 32 cents per capita in silver-basis paper money, against $5.90 per capita in gold-standard paper money in the United States, making a total of $8.41 per capita, with $8.02 of it in 45-cents-on-the-dollar money in Mexico, against $24.03 per capita in 100-cents-on-the-dollar money in the United States since Mr. Bryan's nomination amounts to twice as much as the entire gold, silver and paper currency of all Mexico.

Don't be persuaded into buying liniment without reputation or merit—Chamberlain's Pain Balm costs no more, and its merits have been proven by a test of many years. Such letters as the following from L. G. Bagley, Hheneme, Cal., are constantly being received: "The best remedy for pain I have ever used is Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and I say so after having used it in my family for several years." It cures rheumatism, lame back, sprains and swellings. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park.

After hearing some friends continually praising Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, Curtis Fleck, of Anaheim, California, purchased a bottle of it for his own use and is now as enthusiastic over its wonderful work as any one can be. It is for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

The Public Schools of Oakland.

Last Friday closed the first term of the Oakland public schools, and the success of the term is indeed gratifying both to the teachers and to the public. The report as submitted to the School Board by Principal R. R. Sanner shows the following:

Number of pupils, 377, of which 196 were boys and 181 girls; average attendance, 312, being boys, 159; girls, 153. The pupils were divided in the various grades as follows; 1st, 90; 2nd, 48; 3rd, 78; 4th, 52; 5th, 26; 6th, 60; over 6th grade, 26.

The average attendance during the term was greater than the whole number enrolled last year and shows a healthy growth.

School Report.

The North Glade school completed the labors of the fall term Tuesday, December 21st, and adjourned until Monday, January 3d. Our first term has been a success. The enrollment has about reached the limit, there being yet some three or four that should be in school.

The enrollment by grades is: first grade, 15; second, 5; third, 7; fourth, 13; fifth, 4, making a total enrollment of 44.

Names of pupils that have been present every day during the term: Jennie Beckman, Noella Pritts, Ettie Fitzwater, John Fitzwater.

We now have a library of fifty-nine volumes of choice reading. If any one has a good volume which they wish to donate to a school library we shall be very glad to receive it.

I wish to thank the parents for their early co-operation in the school work, and solicit same during the year.

A. L. LEE, Teacher.

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SUMMERS—VINCENT.—On Dec. 16th, 1897, at Oakland, by Rev. R. B. Ward, Elias S. Summers and Jettie Lee Vincent, both of West Virginia.

WILT—Biggs.—At the Methodist parsonage, by Rev. R. B. Ward, on Dec. 21st, 1897, Franklin Wilt and Lessie Biggs, both of this county.

LOWDERMILK—SHIRER.—At the residence of the officiating minister in Oakland, Rev. Dr. Benj. Ison, on Dec. 13th, 1897, Mr. Theodore Lowdermilk and Miss Harriet Shirer, both of Garrett county.

DAVISON—PYSELL.—On Sunday, Dec. 19th, at the M. E. parsonage, Washington, D. C., by Rev. S. M. Shaw, Mr. Judge A. Davison, of Ohio, and Miss Ada Pysell, of Washington, formerly of near Accident, this county. Shortly after the holidays the couple will leave Washington for their home in Ohio.

Toys! Toys!

Large and small. The smallness of the prices will surprise you. Follow the crowd to A. T. Matthews', Railroad street. tf.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Otho H. Fazenbaker vs Christian Kohr. No. 882 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Christian Kohr to file their claims, as by order passed, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Garrett county on or before the 5th day of December, 1898, or I will on that day proceed to state an audit, distributing the funds in the hands of Otho H. Fazenbaker receiver.

EDWARD H. SINCELL, Auditor.

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160 Acres of Land FREE to Every Citizen
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42 S. Third Street, Phila., Pa.
6—1

THE REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME 21. OAKLAND, MARYLAND, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1897. NUMBER 43.

TAX SALES
—OF—
Real Estate.

Under and by virtue of the power vested in the Treasurer of Garrett county by Sections 51 and 52 of Chapter 566 of the Acts of Assembly of Maryland, 1890, title "Garrett County," sub-title "County Treasurer," the undersigned, as late Treasurer for said county, will, on

SATURDAY,

The 8th Day of JANUARY, 1898,

The 8th Day of JANUARY, 1898,

beginning at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m., at the front door of the Court House, in the town of Oakland, offer and sell at public auction to the highest bidder, all the following pieces, parcels and tracts of land situated, lying and being in Garrett county, and described as land, to wit:

ONE UNDIVIDED ONE-HALF INTEREST IN THIRTY ACRES OF MILITARY LOT NUMBER EIGHT HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR, situated in Election District Number 7, Garrett county, Maryland, and being the same land that was conveyed by Jesse Burkman by deed dated October 24th, 1880, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. Number 18, folio 322, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Maryland. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1891 and 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of W. S. Bittinger.

All that part of the tract of land called "Cherry Plains," which was conveyed by deed from Isaac Jones, etc., to Mary A. Jones, by deed dated November 10th, 1892, recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 20, folio 230, etc., among the records of said Garrett county, which said tract contains ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ACRES, more or less, and is located in Election District No. 7 of said Garrett County. The idea see No. 7 of said Garrett County. The same will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1891 and 1895, but half of the said Mary A. Cross only is to be sold, and the books of said Garrett County will show which half fell upon it.

That's what coun

NO. 3 LOT are no longer FIFTY-ONE ON THE PLAT thereof," cried the county and being the same lot an idea owned to D. E. Stahnaker by the Lake, to the Good Banking Association by deed dated October 20th, 1888, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. H, folio 773, etc., one of the Land Records of said Garrett county, Maryland. Said lot will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1891 and 1895 as is charged to D. E. Stahnaker on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county, Maryland.

NO. 4. About 1000 SQUARE FEET OF ALL THAT PIECE OF LAND KNOWN AS THE "LORAW MILL PROPERTY," situated at Crellin, in Election District No. 7, of said Garrett county, Maryland, and being the same land that was conveyed to Thomas A. Pendergast by John A. Connell and wife by deed dated February 25th, 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 20, folio 300, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Maryland. Also ONE-FOURTH OF AN ACRE OF LAND, situated in Election District No. 7 and particularly described in a deed from John A. Connell and wife dated August 21th, 1895 and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 20, folio 230, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Maryland. Said lands will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged to Thomas A. Pendergast on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county, Maryland.

NO. 5 MILITARY LOT NUMBER THREE THOUSAND AND SEVENTY-SIX, CONTAINING FIFTY ACRES, situated in Election District Number 6, Garrett county, Md. and being the same lot that was conveyed to A. L. Spiker by W. C. Pennington by deed dated November 25th, 1891, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. Number 20, folio 218 etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the said A. L. Spiker.

NO. 6, LOTS NUMBERS TWENTY AND TWENTY-ONE ON THE PLAT OF LOCH LYNN HEIGHTS, in Election District No. 7 of Garrett county, Maryland as described in a deed from the Mountain Home Company to Mrs. M. A. McIlwain, dated August 11th, 1894, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 25, folio 134, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Maryland and will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and to accrue thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of Mrs. M. A. McIlwain.

NO. 7 LOTS NUMBERS FIVE, SIX, SEVEN AND EIGHT OF BLOCK 20 ON THE PLAT OF LOCH LYNN HEIGHTS in Election District No. 7 of Garrett county, Maryland, and being the same lots that were conveyed to Albert C. Whitzel and Walter S. Worthy the Mountain Home Company by deed dated August 11th, 1894 and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 24, folio 55, one of the Land Records of Garrett county, and will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of Albert C. Whitzel and Walter S. Well.

NO. 8. MILITARY LOT NUMBER THIRTY-SEVEN HUNDRED AND ONE (3701), located in Election District No. 1 of Garrett county, and being the same lot that was conveyed to Catharine Miller by Thomas Miller by deed dated December 11th, 1888, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 11, folio 243, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Maryland. Said lot contains FIFTY ACRES and will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the said Catharine Miller.

NO. 9. All that parcel of a tract of land called "REPUBLIC," located in Election District No. 1, containing FIFTY ACRES, and fully described in a deed from Jacob P. Lohr to Mary M. Bailey, bearing date May 7th, 1892, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 22, folio 62, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Maryland, and will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and to accrue thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the said Mary M. Bailey.

NO. 11. All that piece or parcel of land containing EIGHTEEN AND ONE-FOURTH ACRES AND FOUR PERCHES, described in a deed from Brobst's heirs to Matilda B. Cormany, by deed dated February 26th, 1889, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 11, folio 57, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Maryland, said land is located in Election District No. 1 of said Garrett county and will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1891 and 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of Matilda B. Cormany.

NO. 12. All that piece or parcel of land known as "COT LOT," containing FIFTY ACRES, located in Election District No. 1, of Garrett county, as is described in a deed from John Beckman to Hester A. Bray, by deed dated February 27th, 1882 recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 6, folio 245, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Maryland. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1891 and 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the said Hester A Bray.

NO. 13. MILITARY LOT NUMBER TWENTY HUNDRED AND NINETY (2090) containing FIFTY ACRES and located in Election District No. 1 of Garrett county as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the heirs of J. Jones. The same will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1891 and 1895.

NO. 14. PART OF MILITARY LOT NUMBER ELEVEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHT (1168), CONTAINING TEN ACRES, located in Election District No. 1 of Garrett county, Maryland and being the same land which was conveyed to Martha Cole by E. H. Sincell and wife by deed dated August 18th, 1893, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 22, folio 301, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1891 and 1895 is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the said Martha Cole.

NO. 15. MILITARY LOT NUMBER TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIX, situated in Election District No. 2 of Garrett county as is described in a deed from Jasper Augustine and wife to Jeremiah Liston bearing date July 1st, 1 89, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 16, folio 155, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the balance of the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of Garrett county in the name of the said Jeremiah Liston.

NO. 16. All that part of a tract of land called "SAMMONDS CORNER," CONTAINING FORTY-TWO ACRES, in Election District No. 2 of Garrett county, as is described in a deed from James Conard and wife to Marshall Thomas bearing date November 5th, 1888, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 11, folio 326, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1891 and 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the said Marshall Thomas

NO. 17. MILITARY LOT NUMBER TWENTY-ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHT (2128) located in Election District No. 4 of Garrett county, described in a deed from William Bittinger to William Hoover bearing date August 13th, 1888, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 24 folio 15, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said lot will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county, Maryland in the name of William Hoover.

NO. 20. All that part of a tract of land called "SMOOTH VALLEY" described in a deed from Elizabeth Knoyer and William and Thomas Yeast, heirs of Sarah Durst, to Chas. W. Boucher bearing date March 21st, 1888, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 14, folio 76, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county, Maryland, and containing ONE HUNDRED AND SIX ACRES. Said land is located in Election District No. 3 of said Garrett county and will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1891 and 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the said Charles W. Boucher.

NO. 23. ALL THOSE PIECES OR PARCELS OF LAND SITUATE IN ELECTION DISTRICT NO. 4 IN GARRETT COUNTY, THE FIRST CONTAINING ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR ACRES AND THE SECOND FIFTY SIX ACRES which was conveyed to Levinia A. Stark by Hiram Duckworth by deed dated March 3rd, 1864 and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 24, folio 58, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1891 and 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county to the name of the said Lavinia A. Stark.

NO. 24. MILITARY LOT NUMBER TEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY SEVEN (1067) CONTAINING FIFTY ACRES AND PART OF MILITARY LOTS NUMBERS TEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX (1066) AND TEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHT (1068) CONTAINING TEN AND THREE QUARTER ACRES, and beginning for the said ten and three-quarter acres at the end of the given line for lot number ten hundred and sixty-eight and running with it reversed twenty rods, thence N. 67 degrees West 86 perches, North 23 degrees East 30 perches, South 67 degrees East 86 perches to the beginning. Said land is located in Election District No. 7 and will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and to arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the said Jeremiah Liston.

NO. 25 MILITARY LOT NUMBER SIXTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FOUR (1684) located in District No. 7 of Garrett county, Maryland, and being the same lot that was conveyed to Isaac Albertson by John M. Reed an. E. W. Coen by deed dated February 1st, 1876, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 2, folio 316, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. The same will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and to accrue thereon for the year eighteen hundred and ninety-five as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the said Isaac Albertson.

NO. 27. ONE-HALF OF MILITARY LOTS NUMBERS TWENTY THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY FIVE, TWENTY THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SIX, TWENTY THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY SEVEN AND TWENTY THREE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY EIGHT, CONTAINING ONE HUNDRED ACRES, located in Election District No. 3, Garrett county, Maryland, and being the remaining half of said lots conveyed to Isaac Spiker by James Stevens by deed recorded in Liber H. B. No. 6, folio 12, etc., one of the Land Records of Allegany county, Maryland, the other half being assessed to Joseph A., executor of Stephen Spiker. Said part of lots will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of Isaac Spricher.

NO. 28 TWENTY ACRES OF MILITARY LOT NUMBER TWENTY-THREE HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN, located in Election District Number 3, of Garrett county, and being the same land that was conveyed to Rebecca Bittinger by George Burkholder et al., by deed dated June 21st, 1880, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. Number 21, folio 91 etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895, as is assessed on the assessment books of said Garrett county in the name of Rebecca Bittinger.

NO. 29. ONE-HALF INTEREST IN A TRACT OF LAND CALLED "FACTORY," CONTAINING TEN THOUSAND, SIXTEEN AND ONE-QUARTER ACRES; ALSO ONE-HALF INTEREST IN A TRACT OF LAND CALLED "MILL SEAT" CONTAINING FIVE HUNDRED AND NINETY-SEVEN ACRES; ALSO ONE HALF INTEREST IN A TRACT OF LAND CALLED "PIG IRON" CONTAINING SIXTEEN ACRES, ALSO A TRACT OF LAND CALLED "LOG YARD" CONTAINING FOURTEEN AND ONE-HALF ACRES. Said lands are located in Election District No. 4, Garrett county, Maryland, and the interest hereby intended to be sold was conveyed to John D. Skilles by Thos. Baumgardner and wife by deed dated May 25, 1864, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 10, folio 76, etc., one of the Land Records of said Garrett county. The same will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and to accrue thereon for the years 1891 and 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name the said John D. Skilles.

NO. 30. To all that part of "THE RIGHTS OF MAN," AND "COMMON SENSE" (not heretofore sold) that was conveyed from Jeduth Pennington and wife to Lewis Lhuinger by deed dated December 31st, 1887, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 9, folio 46, etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said part that is hereby offered for sale contains FOUR HUNDRED AND SIX ACRES and is located in Election District Number 4 of said Garrett County, and will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895 as is charged on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the said Lewis Lhuinger.

NO. 31. LOT NUMBER TWELVE HUNDRED AND ONE ON THE PLAT OF MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK, AND TWELVE ACRES OF LAND IN THE TOWN OF MOUNTAIN LAKE PARK, in Election District Number 7, Garrett county, and being part of the same property that was conveyed to Mary P. Alderson, by J. C. Alderson by deed dated November 20th, 1895, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. Number 22, folio 42 etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the year 1895, as is assessed on the Assessment Books of said Garrett county in the name of the said Mary P. Alderson.

NO. 32 ONE UNDIVIDED ONE-HALF INTEREST IN THIRTY ACRES OF MILITARY LOT NUMBER EIGHT HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR, situated in Election District No. 7, Garrett county, Maryland, and being the same land that was conveyed to E. K. Goldsborough by Scott Burkman by deed dated August 7th, 1891, and recorded in Liber E. Z. T. No. 19, folio 9 etc., one of the Land Records of Garrett county. Said land will be sold to satisfy and pay the taxes due and in arrear thereon for the years 1891 and 1895, as is charged on the Assessment Books of Garrett county in the name of E. K. Goldsborough.

TERMS OF SALE.—Cash on the day of sale. The right of redemption extends to six calendar months from day of sale by paying to the purchaser the amount of the purchase money with interest thereon, at the rate of twenty per cent. per annum and all costs.

Conveyancing at cost of purchaser.

E. E. SOLLARS,
41-4 Late Treasurer.

Real Estate for Sale.

I have on hand and will sell several houses and lots in Swanton and also a number of tracts of wood land belonging to the estate of Charles T. West. Will sell timber land in quantities to suit purchaser.

11-47 THOMAS J. PENDERGAST, Trustee.

COMMISSIONERS' MEETING

OFFICE OF THE
COUNTY COMMISSIONERS FOR GARRETT CO.,
OAKLAND, MD., December 15, 1897.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the Board of County Commissioners for Garrett county, will be held in their office in Oakland, on

MONDAY, JANUARY 3, 1898,

for the purpose of appointing road supervisors, and other business. Districts will be taken up as follows and parties will attend accordingly:

Tuesday, January 4, Districts Numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4.

Wednesday, January 5, Districts Numbers 5, 6, 7 and 8.

Thursday, January 6, Districts Numbers 9, 10, 11 and 12.

By order of the Board.

J. S. MEYERS, Clerk.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

This is to give notice that the firm of Fearer & Frazee, undertakers, postoffice Fearer, Md., has this day dissolved partnership. Noah B. Fearer withdrawing.

December 3, 1897. 10.

ROAD PETITION.

This is to give notice that thirty days after the first publication of this petition that the undersigned will make application to the County Commissioners of Garrett county for a change in the Ryans Glade road in Election District No. 5, said change to be made on Snydecker hill, beginning at or near Nydegger's house at foot of the hill and running through the lands of Louis Nydegger, William A. Wilson and A. M. White and intersecting the old road at the end of B. F. Harvey's lane, a distance of one mile, more or less.

I. G. THOMPSON,
A. J. THOMPSON,
F. ALTONHALT,
JOS. M. KING,
JOHN M. WHITE.

42-3*

Notice to Delinquent Tax-Payers.

Notice is hereby given to all delinquent tax-payers that if taxes now due and in arrear are not paid before January 1, 1898, I will proceed by law to collect. For full information to all parties interested, I refer to Sec. 50 of Chapter 566 of Acts of General Assembly of Maryland, a copy of which is hereto annexed.

THOS. B. WILEY,
Treasurer of Garrett County.

SECTION 50. The said Treasurer shall, during the first week in December in each and every year, give notice to all the delinquent taxpayers of said county by advertisement inserted in two newspapers published in said county, and by hand bills posted in five of the most public places in each election district of said county, and at the court house door warning them that the payment of all taxes then due and in arrear will be enforced by advertisement and sale unless the same be paid before the 1st day of January next following.

N. B.—The above law will be strictly enforced after January 1, 1898.

Order of Publication.

Edgar J. Winternute vs. Susan Winternute. No. 891 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county in Equity.

The object of this bill is to procure a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii* of the plaintiff from the defendant.

1. The bill alleges that the plaintiff and defendant were married July 4th, 1885, and lived together until July, 1895, in Wyoming county, Pennsylvania.

2. That about July 1st, 1895, the defendant committed and was guilty of adultery with Charles Custer and that she has been living in adultery with him ever since.

3. That there are three children by said marriage and that the plaintiff has resided in Garrett county since August, 1895.

4. The bill then prays for a divorce *a vinculo matrimonii* and for the usual process and an order of publication.

It is thereupon, this 29th day of December, 1897, by the Circuit Court for Garrett county in equity, ordered, that the plaintiff cause a copy of this order, together with the object and substance of the bill, to be inserted in some newspaper published in Garrett county once a week for four successive weeks before the 21st day of January, 1898, giving notice to the defendant in said bill and warning her to appear in this court in person or by solicitor on or before the 7th day of February, 1898, to show cause, if any she has, why a decree should not be passed as prayed.

DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy—test:
12-4 F. Z. TOWER, Clerk.

GOOD ROADS LEADER.

Address by Gen. Roy Stone to the Farmers of the State Grange.

FACTS PLAINLY STATED.

The Farmers, he Argued, Have but One-Quarter of the Nation's Wealth, but Have Been Keeping Up the Roads Gratis for the Rest of the People.

Considerable attention was devoted at a recent session of the Maryland State Grange to the question of good roads. Some resolutions were adopted which enlist the organization as an active factor in the movement to better the highways of the State.

Gen. Roy Stone, who is at the head of the good roads bureau of the United States Agriculture Department was the chief speaker, and he was followed with close interest. He said:

Our Department is concerned in having good roads in Maryland and Virginia, because we want to show them as object lessons. Unfortunately these two States have probably the worst roads in the country. A great part of your highways are entirely neglected. Money is paid for supervision which does not supervise, and for labr which doesn't work.

"You spend annually in this State $600,000 a year and get no practical results. Skillful supervision is the great need of this State in the work of road improvement. Farmers are now suffering a tax equal to $1 an acre a yer because of bad roads. Can the famers of this State afford to allow this to continue? This figure is no guessed at, but is the result of careful investigation. This waste is due to the condition of the highways of the country. It is estimated that the cost of hauling on the common roads of the country amounts to one thousand millions of dollars a year, and that two-thirds of this immense sum could be saved with a complete system of roads. Do you realize that the greatest share of the evils of bad times is due to the condition of our highways? Go visit a section where the roads are good and kept so, and you will find a people unaffected by [illegible]

"I am told that the question of State aid is diminated in Maryland by a constutional provision which prohibit the use of State funds for such a pupose. Get up a sentiment strong enough and amend your constitution, like other states are doing. It is a vicious system that requires localities to keep up the roads. It is a work that concerns the people of the whole State, and is not a local question. Roads are of vital interest to the cities. Blockade your county roads to-day, and to-morrow your city will scatter. The benefits of good roads are equally shared by the cities, but they must assist in the work of construction before they can reap the advantages.

"About three-fourths of the property interests of the country are to be found in the cities, and held by the corporations. Now, the farmers, representing about one-fourth of the property interests, have been endeavoring to keep up the roads for the whole country. The result is obvious. The burden was too much, and bad roads are to be found everywhere. Farmers have even resisted any attempt to equalize the burdens, and seemed to look upon such moves as concealing some scheme that would work to their injury. A bill in the New York Legislature, which provided that the State pay one-half of the cost of road improvements, was defeated by the farmers because of such a prejudice.

"There exists in some places strong [illegible] employing convicts upon public roads. A happy solution of this difficulty, however, presents itself. Employ your convicts in preparing material for building good roads. This has been tried in a number of States, and has proven to be an economical as well as healthful way of working convicts. I am satisfied that Maryland could employ its short-term prisoners and House of Correction inmates in this way and deliver road material at fifty cents a ton in any part of the State. From tests made at the Agricultural Department it is shown that some of the best road material in the world can be had in abundance in many sections of your State. With convicts preparing the material, free labor could be employed to a greater extent in placing it upon the roads.

"What you need is some State authority to supervise this work of improving your roads. It may suggest itself in the way of a State Commission or a State engineer. Rhode Island recognizes the importance of skilled supervision by establishing a department in the State Agriculture College to educate young men for this work. Suppose it does cost the State $25,000 or $30,000 for a State engineers' department. What can the objection be when your $600,000 a year, which is now practically wasted, is well and intelligently spent? This alone more than pays the cost of such a department. One thing experience has proven, and that is that it is utterly futile to leave the building of highways to localities.

"The proposed postal savings depositories offer possibilities for funds to improve the roads. What to do with the funds of such depositories seems to be a most important consideration. Invest them in bonds issued for the improvement of county roads, under skilled supervision, and a double benefit will be conferred. The money deposited will thus go out among people thrifty enough to save, and a security obtained of unquestioned integrity."

"Other States have got good roads through good legislation, and you must convince your legislators that the State of Maryland is entitled to just as good legislation as any other State of the Union. You must stir them up at home and follow them up to Annapolis. You have selected them and given them power and opportunity to find out for you what is the best. The problem is being solved in many States and in many ways, all satisfactory to the farmers in those States. It is for them to find out which way is the best and best adapted to conditions in this State. They can send their communities in any State or call for information from any authority, State or national. They can see for themselves how the various plans of road improvement operate. They can call before them such of your own citizens as have had practical experience in road improvement, and at a slight expense they can bring experts from other States. They can secure for you the benefits of the experience of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, North Carolina, Alabama, Kentucky, Michigan, Ohio, Indiana and California, each of which has its own method of road improvement.

"You can tell them what you want in a general way, that is:

"First—A complete reform in the local road administration, so that you will get your money's worth for the money you now pay.

"Second—You want more money for roads, without more taxes on farm property.

"Third—You want an efficient supervisor to make sure that the new money spent on roads shall be spent to the best possible advantage.

"Fourth—You want to make sure for the future that all property and all the people interested in or benefited by good highways shall contribute their proper share towars building and maintaining those roads."

Gen. Stone was followed by President Powell, of the Vansville Farmers' Club, an organization which is a unit for reform in the method of road maintenance. Mr. Powell said in part:

"The roads of this State, unfortunately, have been a spoils system as soon as either political party won, to fix the election next time, the roads, first received attention. But how? First, by appointing road supervisors not men of experience in roadbuilding, but men who would be successful in getting other men to the primaries to vote as the boss would dictate. The class of labor used on the roads has been the poorest, for you and I know, with few exceptions, this work is done by men we would not hire expecting either a full day's work or intelligent execution of the task allotted to them. That the present system is an absolute failure is most clearly proven by the fact that after so many years there are so few good roads, and I feel sure upon investigation you will find the few good roads we have were not built out of the general road tax, but by private subscription."

President Sylvester, of the Maryland Agricultural College, followed, and urged that the example of Rhode Island be followed, and that the students of the Agricultural College prepare, under the supervision of a State engineer, plans and estimates for the improvement of the county roads and bridges.

A resolution was adopted by the Grange appointing a committee of five to do everything possible towards better methods of roadbuilding, and to confer with committees of other organizations named for the same purpose. Those appointed are Fillmore Beall, of Prince George's county; Asa M. Stabler, of Montgomery county; Samuel Brooks, of Anne Arundel county; George H. Merryman, of Baltimore county, and E. J. Criswell, of Montgomery county.

Krug.

As there has been no news from our thriving little burg for sometime I will pen some to the readers of THE REPUBLICAN.

Mrs. D. H. Shank is on the sick list with cold and neuralgia.

Miss Hannah Hook spent last week with relatives in Pennsylvania.

Sam Raybeck spent Christmas at Frazee Ridge with Mrs. R., as the guests of A. J. Frazee.

A party of young ladies and gentlemen from Sang Run were the guests of Wm. Goodwin the 25th.

Misses Minnie and Cora Shank were visiting friends at Frazee's Ridge a few days last week.

H. Thomas and wife visited relatives at Fearer Saturday and Sunday

Walece Browning, who has been ill of la grippe for a few days, is convalescent and we hope will soon be well.

Clyde Hilliard is engaged in sawing staves at Hoyes Run for Knabb & Co.

J. H. Cuppett, our efficient teacher, is doing good work in our school and by the interest manifested by the pupils he is making a grand success.

Mrs. Maggie Rhodeheaver, of Somerfield, Pa., is visiting relatives at the Club House.

Rev. Frank Conway, of Elder, will preach for us Sunday night, Jan. 2nd.

The Christmas tree at this place was a success and passed off very nicely excepting that a candle fell from the tree setting the snow on fire which was on Santa Claus' back and scorching his whiskers and causing him to unmask besides raising a general stampede for a few minutes until fire was extinguished, after which the many presents were distributed.

Robt. Sterling and wife and John Sterling and wife, of Elder, were the guests of Will Savage Saturday.

It is rumored that we are to have a wedding in the near future.

Cal Collins visited friends in Selbysport 24th and 25th.

SNOWDROP.

FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.

Mr. A. J. Schrover, of Friendsville, was visting friends at this place Saturday and Sunday.

Misses Hannah and Gracie Hook, of this place, were visiting friends last week at Connellsville, Pa., and returned home on Christmas day.

There was a wreck on the C & O. R. R. a few days ago. A box car and two passenger cars jumped the track but no one was injured.

Mr. Lewis Fornair and Miss Teshia Kelley were united in marriage on the 23d. It was a very quiet wedding.

Vim, vigor and victory:—these are the charisties of DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, billionsness and all stomach and liver troubles. Oakland Pharmacy.

North Glade.

A great Christmas.

Plenty of ice but little snow.

In all probability a wedding soon.

George Fitzwater is spending the holidays at home.

Miss Anna Howell, of Washington, D. C., is visiting relatives and friends here.

Theodore Beckman, A. Garlitz and others are in the lumber business in Randolph county, W. Va.

We are glad to learn that Mrs. H. O. Hamill is able to be up again.

Geo. W. Moon will leave for Annapolis on next Monday. He says he will make an earnest effort to do something to relieve the tax-payers. He will use his influence to lessen election expenses. He believes we can have a better road system and will make a hard fight to secure from the State justice to our public schools.

How to Prevent Pneumonia.

At this time of the year a cold is very easily contracted, and if left to run its course without the aid of some reliable cough remedy it is liable to result in that dread disease pneumonia. We know of no better remedy to cure a cough or cold than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. We have used it quite extensively and it has always given entire satisfaction.—Ohagah, Ind. Ter. *Chief.*

This is the only remedy that is known to be a certain preventive of pneumonia. Among the many thousands who have used it for colds and la grippe, we have never yet learned of a single case resulting in pneumonia. Persons who have weak lungs or reasons to fear an attack of pneumonia, should keep the remedy at hand. The 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Card of Thanks.

We again take this opportunity of thanking the dear good people of Blaine who so kindly remembered us before and after Christmas. We pray the Lord will abundantly bless them for their kindness to us.

MRS. M. E. BLACKBURN.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to Cure. 25c. 37-26.

An Invocation.

THE lonely alght is gone;
Beam on us, New Yenr, from the unfettered dawn;
Brighten the laland vales
And scent with violets all the icy gales,
And fill the wandering sails.

Come with thy golden notes
Of music from a million feathered throats;
Flash o'er the wind-blown deep;
Send thy sun-couriers where the ice fields sleep
And bid the tollers reap.

Thy steps are on the hills—
Thy voice is heard in the tumultuous rills
That leap into the light;
Thy brow—freed from the thralldom of the night
Is laurel-wreathed and bright.

Come in thy kingliest grace,
With glorious gifts undreamed-of for the race;
And where thy empires be
There wave the flags of freedom o'er the free—
Garlands of liberty!

Scatter thy gifts as broad
As rolls the world beneath the blue of God;
Wide swing thy door
Of plenty, till the wallings of the poor
Ascend to heaven no more.

The olive branch of peace
Wave o'er earth's wars and bid the battle cease;
And where the red swords gleam
Undarkened may the snowy daisies dream—
Unstained the river's stream!

Give light unto the blind.
The scattered sheaves of every harvest bind;
O'er every wayside clod
Lift thou thy scepter—thy commanding rod,
Till altars rise to God.

Sing with thy hills and plains—
Thy winds that kiss the roses of thy rains,
Thy rivers violet-shored,
Thy ancient woodlands of the nymphs adored,
Thy fields with treasure stored—

Freedom's divinest song,
Swept by the thunders of the world along,
Until the unbound sea
Shall have no shore where shines not for the free
The sun of liberty!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Chicago Times-Herald.

The Newburys' New Leaf.

IT WAS the evening of the last day of the year, and Mr. Newbury had taken from his vest pocket a roll of bills, his month's salary, and laid it on the table.

"I think we had better pay up the rent before any of the other bills," he said. "Gray stopped me on the street to-day to speak about it. Says there are three months owing, and he needs the money badly."

"Dear me! that will take nearly half of it," said Mrs. Newbury, with a harrassed expression, "and I promised I would pay the coal man and the grocery man. They were both here to-day, and they need the money, too."

"I wish you could pay for making my dress," said Maud Newbury, in an aggrieved and anxious tone. "I know Mrs. Peters needs the pay, for Nellie Peters comes to school in a dress that is perfectly dreadful, and I feel so mean every time I look at her that I want to go somewhere and hide."

Mrs. Newbury's face flushed.

"I had forgotten that bill," she said, remorsefully. "Mrs. Peters must certainly be paid."

"I sh'd think the milk bill better be paid," spoke up Bob Newbury. "I'm dead tired of telling Mrs. Dale that 'Mother thinks she can pay you something on the bill next week.' She's got so she smiles a queer smile every time I get off that old gag. Guess she thinks next week never comes."

Mrs. Newbury's face flushed more deeply.

"I owe Norah three weeks' wages, too, and she's getting impatient," she said.

"There are two pairs of hose and a necktie that I got trusted for at the corner store," said Mr. Newbury.

"And I'm behind with the butcher, and there's a little owing the baker," said Mrs. Newbury.

"For heaven's sake, how much do we owe, and whom don't we owe?" exclaimed Mr. Newbury, wrinkling his forehead in disgust.

"I'll get paper and pencil and reckon it up," said Mrs. Newbury.

After setting down a column of figures, she added them, then, with a deep sigh, passed the paper to her husband.

The amount was exactly the same as the roll of bills on the table.

They looked at each other for a full minute in silence. Then Mrs. Newbury burst forth impetuously:

"I hate this way of living."

"So do I," said Mr. Newbury, "but what can we do about it?"

"I think it's time we did something," said his wife. "I despise and abominate debt more and more every day I live. 'Tis like being in the clutches of one of those horrible marine monsters we read about—the octopus, is it? You get free of two or three of its horrid arms or tentacles, and while you do that the others tighten about you. Then you get out of the grasp of these stronger ones, only to find that the first have got another hold, and that three or four that have been waving about in the water are beginning to wind around you."

"Just so," assented Mr. Newbury.

"I don't see why we can't be even, just as well as be a month behind all the time," continued Mrs. Newbury.

"But being a month behind, how are we to get even?" queried Mr. Newbury.

"We might pay everything we owe, and then not buy a thing till your next pay day."

"Rather a heroic measure, wouldn't that be?" said Mr. Newbury, doubtfully.

"I'm ready for heroic measures," returned Mrs. Newbury, defiantly.

"Well—I'll agree to it, if you want to try that plan. It is worth some trouble to get out of the grip of the octopus."

"Oh!" cried Maud. "Would you really do it? I think it would be lovely not to be owing anybody."

"'Twould be jolly fun," agreed Rob, with enthusiasm. "Say! let's sign a paper—will you, mother?"

Mrs. Newbury meditated.

"I think," she said, after a pause, "that we could get along for a month. We are quite well supplied with everything."

Maud had been scribbling on the piece of paper which her mother had used for figuring.

"Hear this," she said.

"We, the undersigned, solemnly vow and declare, that during the time to elapse between this last day of December and the last day of January following, we will neither borrow, buy, nor run in debt for any thing or things whatsoever that we can by any possibility exist without."

"Put a date on it," suggested Rob.

Maud followed the suggestion, then looked toward her father.

"Will you sign it?" she asked.

"Oh, yes; I'll sign it," he answered, cheerfully; then he wrote his name with a flourish and handed the paper to Mrs. Newbury.

She hesitated.

"Let us sign it, Maud, while mother is making up her mind," said Rob, and he and his sister affixed their names.

Then, slowly and deliberately, Mrs. Newbury wrote her name below the others.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Rob, exultantly, snatching the paper and waving it above his head. "I haven't got to go after the milk for a whole month!"

"Oh, dear!" cried Mrs. Newbury, "I forgot about milk. How can we live without that?"

"Use water, of course," said Rob. "There's plenty of it—and 'tis paid for."

Mr. Newbury laughed.

"We can do without milk that little time, easily enough," said Maud.

"Well," said Mrs. Newbury, resignedly, "if the rest of you can get along, I can."

"What will you do about Norah?" asked Mr. Newbury.

"Oh—Norah!" gasped Mrs. Newbury. "I can't turn her off. Norah never entered my head when I signed that foolish paper."

MAUD LOOKED TOWARD HER FATHER.

"Perhaps she would take a vacation," proposed Maud.

"I will call her in and pay her," said Mr. Newbury, "and see what she says. But what would you do if she should go?" he asked, looking toward his wife with sudden second thought. "It won't pay for you to overwork."

"I'll work every minute before and after school," said Maud, quickly.

"I'll bring in all the wood and coal and kindling, and take care of my own room," volunteered Rob.

"If you both help me half as much as you say you will, I shall get along beautifully," said their mother. "I can put out the washing, and—"

"Oh, can you put out the washing?" laughed Rob, derisively. "Guess you disremember that document you just put your name to, mother."

"Sure enough," returned his mother, a little crestfallen. "So I did."

"We'll wash Saturdays, and I'll do all the scrubbing," said Maud. "I'll venture it won't be any harder work than riding a bicycle."

"I'll turn the wringer and hang out the clothes, if that'll be any accommodation," said Rob, magnanimously.

"Of course it will be a help," cried Maud, warmly, "and you're an angel to offer."

So Norah was called, and greatly to her satisfaction, was paid in full. Then the vacation plan was broached.

"Sure, thin, an' I'd be glad to go," exclaimed Norah, her eyes sparkling. "'Tis a long time I've been wanting to visit me sister in Boston, but feared you'd turn me off if I mintioned it, and I didn't want to lose me place. An' I can go to-morrow, did you say?"

"Yes, you can go to-morrow—if you will be sure to come back at the end of the month."

Norah protested by all the saints that she would return at the appointed time, and then hastened away to make preparation for her journey.

"I'm afraid it is the last we shall see of her," sighed Mrs. Newbury. "She'll get a situation in Boston, and I don't know when I shall be able to get another girl I like so well."

"I think she will come back," said Maud, hopefully.

"Anyway, let's not cross any bridges till we come to them," said Mr. Newbury.

"It is foolish," she answered, "and I won't worry."

"I declare!" she said a moment later, after a search in her work basket. "I believe I am entirely out of white thread, and I do so want to finish this shirt waist to-night. Rob, dear, won't you just step down to the corner and buy me a spool?"

"No, mother, I won't. Dreadfully sorry, all the same," answered Rob, his eyes twinkling.

Mrs. Newbury looked at her usually obliging son in surprise; Mr. Newbury raised his eyes from his newspaper, and Maud frowned disapprovingly. Then the reason for his refusal flashed upon them and they all broke into a laugh, Mrs. Newbury's somewhat rueful.

"Evidently we didn't realize what we were enlisting for," said Mr. Newbury, "but now that we have enlisted, we might as well take things as they come and get what fun we can out of them."

"Now, mother, you can't sew on anything white till the first of February," said Maud.

"No," returned [illegible]

"but I have plenty of dark thread. I might buy the sateen for your waist and be making that—"

Then she stopped suddenly, and there was another laugh.

Mrs. Newbury went to rest early that evening, and the others soon followed her example.

The morning was all that a New Year's morning should be, cold crisp, still and sunshiny. Rob had he extreme felicity of paying Mrs. Dale all that was due her for milk, telling her at the same time that no more would be wanted for a month.

"Folks going away?" queried Mrs. Dale.

"Well, no—not exactly," stammered Rob, and then hastily made his escape.

Mr. Newbury paid the rent and the little account at the corner store; Mrs. Newbury, the butcher, the baer, the coal man and the grocery ma, while Maud's heart was rejoiced bypaying Mrs. Peters for making her dres.

It thus happened for the first time in years that the Newburys were wholly free from debt, and they confessed to each other at night that this condition of affairs had made them feel t least an inch taller in stature, and sensibly increased the capacity of their lngs.

Mr. Newbury's work was at some distance from his home, and he had been accustomed to take his dinner at a eating house.

"I think you may put me up dinner to-day," he observed to Mrs. Newbury while they were at breakfast the second morning.

"Why, John!" cried his wife, in dismay, "you didn't go without your dinner yesterday?"

"It strikes me I did," he returned, grimly.

"Wouldn't it be better to come home to dinner?" began Mrs. Newbury, then broke off suddenly to exclaim in still greater distress: "And you had to walk—both ways!"

"I did," said Mr. Newbury, while Maud looked concerned, and Rob gave vent to a low whistle.

"Well, I think that is a case of necessity. It is too hard for you. You must borrow some money of somebody," said Mrs. Newbury, with decision.

"Fiddlesticks!" said Mr. Newbury, his features relaxing with a smile. "I'm not complaining. In fact, I rather like it. Six miles a day is nothing to kill a man."

"I'm not so certain of it," said Mrs. Newbury, doubtingly.

"Well, I am," laughed he. "All I'm afraid of is that it will give me such an appetite that the cupboard will go bare before the month is out."

The first week passed quite comfortably. With the housework to do Mrs. Newbury did not miss the sewing she couldn't do; the table was well set, in spite of the absence of meat and milk; Mr. Newbury thrived on his fresh air exercise, while Maud and Rob did the same on their exercise indoors.

The second week was likewise fairly comfortable. To be sure, Maud allowed the nose of the coffee pot to melt off, and the coffee had to be made in a tin pail, but this itself didn't much matter, as the coffee itself gave out a few days afterward. It was this week also, that Rob's rubber boots sprang a leak, and he had to fall back on a pair of Maud's overshoes. Then some one asked Maud to give ten cents toward a certain charitable object, and thought very meanly of her for refusing. As a climax [illegible] week's washing was rained on soon after being hung out, and later froze solidly to the line. But these trials were of comparatively little moment, and for the most part were easily endured.

The third week began well. The hens, of which Mr. Newbury kept 20, responded nobly to the mild weather, and their eggs were a welcome addition to a vegetable diet. But on Wednesday their feed gave out, and they must be supplied from the house. Other things gave out; apples, rolled oats, and, worst of all, sugar.

Monday, Mrs. Newbury had announced that the kerosene barrel was empty, and after this the family made a point of burning but one lamp at a time, and of going to bed early.

Thursday it was decided that still further economy of kerosene would be necessary. So Mrs. Newbury and Maud prepared supper while it was day, and then sat in the dark till Mr. Newbury came. The lamp was then lit, supper was hastily eaten, and while Maud washed and wiped the dishes her mother made everything ready for getting breakfast quickly, for Mr. Newbury had to start away before the sun arose. When Maud had finished the dishes, the light was extinguished, and till bed time the family sat around the sitting-room fire, which shone through the [illegible] in the stove door, and made [illegible] pleasant, though of course reading, writing or sewing were entirely out of the question. But they could talk, and Maud could play on the piano for the others to sing, and all declared kerosene was an article one could exist very comfortably without, while to grope one's way to bed in the dark was excellent exercise for one's perceptive faculties.

"Well," said Mr. Newbury, at the beginning of the fourth week, "shall we back out?"

"No, don't!" cried Rob. "It's going to be more fun this week than all the rest put together!"

"I don't think it would be right to," said Maud. "We promised."

"It's the hardest on you," said Mrs. Newbury, looking at her husband, "with your long walk and cold dinners."

"You needn't back out on my account," said Mr. Newbury. "I'm doing nicely, thank you!"

"I don't want you to on my account," said Mrs. Newbury.

"Then we'll grit our teeth and keep it up to the bitter end," laughed Mr. Newbury.

This last week opened with a tremendous snowstorm, followed by zero weather, and Mr. Newbury found his three-mile walk no pleasure excursion.

The house supplies began to run low. What Indian meal, macaroni, split peas, rice and potatoes there were had to be given to the hens. But there was no animal food, and the lack of this, together with the cold, had the effect of reducing the number of eggs to two or three a day.

And the butter gave out and the shortening. In fact, there was hardly [illegible] except flour and canned fruit.

Saturday was rainy, and the soap box was empty, so the washing had to be done with a small remnant of washing powder and dried in the attic.

Sunday was rainy also, and seemed interminable, but the family spirits were good, for now the end was in sight.

The last day of the last week in January came, and Mr. Newbury returned home at night to a frugal supper and three smiling and triumphant individuals.

"Well, we've done it," he exclaimed gleefully, opening his pocketbook and displaying a roll of bills. "Here's a whole month's salary, and we don't owe a cent of it."

"It is worth all it has cost," said Mrs. Newbury, in a tone of conviction, "though the past week has been simply dreadful, and I hope and pray I may never have to live another like it."

"It was like a siege," said Maud, "and I'm proud to think we held out."

"'Twas a jolly lark," said Rob, with a chuckle, "but all the same I'm rather glad it's over, and that we're going to have something to eat. I'm a trifle tired of butterless biscuit, milkless cocoa and sugarless sauce."

"And I suspicion that mother is tired of a Norah-less kitchen," laughed Maud.

She had hardly spoken when there was the sound of the outside door being opened and Norah's voice was heard directing some one about her trunk.

Mrs. Newbury drew a long breath.

"It needed but this to make my happiness complete," she murmured.

"Now," she said, when Norah had been greeted and had gone upstairs, "now why not extend our New Year's resolution of one clause of it, father?"

"For how long?"

"Oh—forever. Let us make it a rule of our lives never to get in debt, but to pay cash for every single thing we buy at the time we buy it."

"Yes," said Maud, "now we're safely out of the clutches of the octopus, do, for pity's sake, let us keep out."

"I really think that is the honest way," said Mr. Newbury. "If we can't pay for a thing, what right have we to buy it? None at all."

So the Newburys turned over a new leaf and paid as they went, and after only a brief trial of this plan they liked it so well that nothing save dire necessity would have induced them to go back to the old, slipshod way. True, they sometimes miscalculated and fell short, and had to practice self-denial for longer or shorter periods, but the discipline was useful and led to a better calculation and a wiser economy.—Elizabeth Robbins, in Ladies' World.

A Probability.

Mrs. Commute—Sarah, what do you suppose causes that disagreeable odor near the meat safe?

Sarah—I don't know, mum, except perhaps some of the sausages we had last week fell down and got hurted.—N. Y. Journal.

A Good Guess.

"Reubea," said Mrs. Pendleton, who had been reading the society news in a Louisville paper, "what do you suppose is a revolutionary tea, which seems to be all the go in the city?"

"I suppose it's a tea whar the women do a great deal of fightin'," replied Mr. Pendleton.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Worse Yet.

"Many men of many minds,"
A saw we oft recall—
Does very well, but oh, one finds
So many men of many kinds
Who have no minds at all.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

WERE NEEDED BADLY.

Landlady (to new roomer)—You [illegible] front door open when you come in at night. About a year ago burglars got in and cleaned out every room in the building.

New Roomer—For heaven's sake, madam! fire your chambermaid and leave the front door open every night.—N. Y. Herald.

Experienced.

City Friend (enviously)—Well, I suppose you know all about gardening, now that you and your wife have been living out in the suburbs for a year?

Mr. Remotely (of Lonelyville, fervently)—Yes; we don't garden any more!—N. Y. World.

Misinterpreted.

"I read you like a book," he cried,
And begged her for her hand.
"It must be Browning's," she replied;
"You cannot understand."
—Town Topics.

Reforming the World.

Caller—I supposed I would find your parents at home this time of day. Both out, are they?

Small Boy—Yes'm. Mother ain't got back yet from the women's every afternoon temperance meeting, and pap's gone to Ginsling's free lunch saloon to get his supper.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Prospect.

"Do you think," said the man who had bought a large tract of acid land, "that I shall be able to water this waste."

"I dunno," replied the native. "It strikes me, though, that there's a heap better chance of your wastiag the water."—Washington Star.

And She Jumped at the Chance.

Miss Youngly—So you've only known him a month? Don't you think you're taking a great many chances in marrying him?

Miss Oldwaite (candidly)—Dear me, no! It's the only chance I've had in ten years.—Judge.

Then He Kissed Her.

"While I am as much opposed to the anarchist as anyone else," she said, "it is still evident to me that there is something very attractive about the word."

"What is it?" he asked.

"The pronunciation of the last syllable," she replied.—Chicago Post.

Spirit Medium.

[illegible] you have conversed with the spirit of your departed brother, are you not convinced? Have you any more objections to offer?

Skeptic—None except the fact that my brothers are all living.—Judge.

Bound to Lose.

"There is just one trouble with large families," said the student of social phenomena, "and that is that a man is kept so busy supporting one he doesn't have any time to spend at home."—Chicago Journal.

Incontrovertible Proof.

Husband—Why do you tell it around that Mrs. Puffly does all her own washing? You know nothing about it.

Wife—I do too. Every one in the family has dyspepsia.—Detroit Free Press.

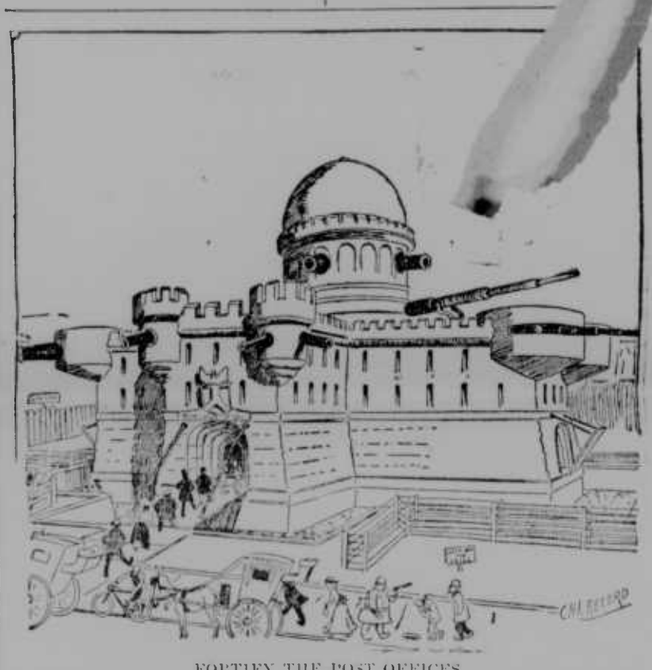

FORTIFY THE POST OFFICES.

HOW GEN. MILES WOULD HAVE OUR PUBLIC BUILDINGS PREPARED FOR DEFENSE.

Among Dear Friends.

Belle—I never saw such a girl as Bettie; she can't keep a thing to herself.

Beulah—I guess you never saw her when she had a box of caramels.—Yonkers Statesman.

Of Course He Did.

She—He kissed me, and then I told him to tell no one.

He—And what did he do?

"Why, it wasn't two minutes before he repeated it."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Matrimonial Lottery.

Jinks—Winks married a woman of intellect, didn't he?

Blinks—I don't know. Why?

Jinks—I notice he never has any buttons on his clothes.—N. Y. Weekly.

Gives Him Some.

Wife (after a quarrel)—Yes, I've got a temper of my own.

Husband—I wish you weren't so generous with your property.—London Fun.

The Only Explanation.

"Where will I find my wife?" asked Slims of the clerk on bargain day.

"She hasn't been here at all."

"Heavens! She must be seriously ill."—Detroit Free Press.

Charity, Thy Name is Woman.

Helen—I wonder why Kate doesn't mind her own business.

Mattie—She hasn't any.

Helen—Business?

Mattie—No; mind.—Chicago News.

Convenient.

She—Why does your friend insist on wearing a soft hat with a ventilator, even in cold weather?

He—It is the easiest kind to talk through.—Detroit Free Press.

One Way.

Van Ishe—I had an awful lot of trouble to get rid of that girl.

Tea Broke—How did you do it?

Van Ishe—Proposed to her.—Yellow Book.

A Wonder.

The railroad man a wonder is,
You surely cannot doubt;
For he makes out a time-table
No mortal can make out.
—Puck.

A Way Men Have.

Mrs. Styles—One characteristic about my husband I like; he always calls a spade a spade.

Mrs. Laight—I suppose he's like all husbands, however; he calls a club a lodge.—Yonkers Statesman.

Facts He Blowed.

"I care not a whit for the witnesses
Who saw me commit the offense,"
Said the murderer. "All my hopes are based
On the expert evidence."
—Philadelphia North American.

A LUCKY FELLOW.

Mrs. Dunn—Darling, there goes a man that I refused once.

Mr. Dunn—Oh, where? I would like to congratulate him.—Detroit Free Press.

What He Tried to Do.

She—Did you say Henry is in touch with his neighbors?

He—No, I did not; he tried to touch every one of them, but they wouldn't have it.—Yonkers Statesman.

Just What He Wanted.

Hewitt—Did you get any pleasure out of that cigar I gave you?

Jewett—Yes, it made me so sick that I had to take a week's vacation.—N. Y. Truth.

Criticism.

Mr. Jason (before the old master")—I'll bet that there was a purty fair picture when it was new.—Indianapolis Journal.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A CHANGE OF HEART.

"I care for nobody,
  And nobody cares for me,"
Sang Tommy at play, in the sweet new hay,
  Where nobody could see.

So his mother made the fire,
  And searched for the old hen's nest,
While the sun from its place overhead
  Went sliding into the west.

She filled the water pail,
  And picked the berries for tea,
And wondered down in her tender heart
  Where her little boy could be.

Alone in the dim old barn,
  Tommy grew tired of play,
When the cows came home and the shadows fell
  Over the new-mown hay.

So into the kitchen he ran,
  With a noisy hi! yi! yi!
His mother had made him a frosted cake;
  She had made him a saucer pie.

So he gave her a loving hug—
  "I will help next time," said he.
"I care for somebody,
  And somebody cares for me."
—Mary F. Botts, in Outlook.

THE OLD WAR-HORSE.

It Responded Enthusiastically to the Call of the Bugle.

Evidently man is not the only being of creation who is very sensible to the influence of music.

I have seen in a port of Normandy the most curious, the most touching example of that effect, which the influence of memory, evoked by a well-known air, can produce upon certain old horses.

It was at St. Valery-en-Caux. An unhappy animal which resembled the Rosinante of Don Quixote was breathing hard as it drew a heavy load over the uneven pavement of the market place.

The poor beast, all in a perspiration, stopped at the end of his strength. The carter, furious, showered blows of the whip upon his flanks. Some sailors, no doubt enchanted to see the embarrassment of a "land lubber," joked and laughed at the spectacle. A trumpeter of cavalry was passed with his instrument. This soldier evidently loved animals, for he could not contain his indignation at the sight of the bad treatment which the carter was giving the horse, and remonstrated with its master.

"Sir," I said to the trumpeter, "instead of further exasperating this man, don't you think we could do better by trying to push a wheel?"

The idea seemed good to him, and we united our efforts to make the wagon move, but half way up the ascent the horse fell upon its knees.

"That's what comes of buying horses which are no longer good for service in the army," cried the carter. At this exclamation an idea come to the trumpeter.

"He has then served in the cavalry?" he asked quietly.

"Bah, it was not in the marines, I suppose," laughed the carter.

"Very well, then, keep on pushing—we'll see."

And putting his trumpet to his mouth the trumpeter sounded the charge.

At the well-known sound of that martial air the noble animal opened wide its nostrils, raised its ears, then, with a sonorous neighing, stood up on its feet.

Electrified with his remembrances, he went up with one bound the steep incline, and, his task accomplished, proudly stopped at the applause of the sailors of the port, who were not laughing now.

For all understood now; there existed a tie between them and this old servant of the country, who had perhaps led their brothers to battle.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

LAD'S QUEER HOME.

For Several Months Willie Jones Lived in a Hole in the Ground.

Because 15-year-old Willie Jones, of Buffalo, was tired of school he ran away from home last August and has lived ever since in a hole in the ground. The police looked for him in vain. He was discovered by the sheerest accident a day or two ago.

Willie, during his days at school, read a few wild west stories without the knowledge of his teacher, and from these he conceived the notion of living in a cave or dugout.

He selected a quiet spot near a large clump of high weeds on an empty lot as an admirable spot upon which to

WILLIE'S DUGOUT.

dig out his proposed underground home. He stole a shovel somewhere and worked every night for over a week digging and hammering. The boy did all his work in the night.

He finally completed the digging, having made a hole about four feet deep and ten feet square. He had driven down planks on all sides of the hole to keep the clay from falling in, and had the excavation covered over with boards, over which he had placed bags and matting, and the latter he covered over with earth so that passers-by would not be apt to notice the place.

The Size of an Acre.

An acre was originally as much as a yoke of oxen could plow in a day, but in the thirteenth century it was made by law its present size. The word "acre" is from the Latin "ager," a cultivated field.—St. Nicholas.

—The apricot tree was first planted in England about 1540.

LUCK OF EDENHALL.

Famous Crystal Relic Restored to Its Rightful Owner.

To those who have read Longfellow's fine ballad of "The Luck of Edenhall," or the poem by Schiller, from which the American took his theme, it will come as a surprise to be told that the famous "Luck," the "glass of crystal tale," is still in existence and was not shattered after all by its rash young owner. In point of fact, there has just been happily concluded in England a ceremony intimately connected with the "Luck" and its fortunes.

The story goes that the "Luck" is a magic cup given to an early Musgrave by St. Cuthbert. On one occasion the then knight of Edenhall, being returned from the chase, and feeling athirst, sent a retainer to fill the goblet at St. Cuthbert's well. The man was attacked on the margin of the well by a great host of evil spirits, who endeavored to wrest from his hands the gift of the enemy, St. Cuthbert. But Musgrave's retainer was staneh of heart as well as stout of frame. He resisted bravely and in the end drove off his assailants. Thereupon St. Cuthbert appeared to him in the guise of a palmer from the holy land, and, complimenting him highly on his progress against the evil spirits, promised that so long as the fragile drinking vessel remained

THE FAMOUS CRYSTAL RELIC.

unbroken the house of Musgrave should enjoy good luck and reasonable prosperity.

Now the grandmother of Sir R. G. Musgrave of Edenhall had taken a great fancy to the "Luck," and in some manner it was conveyed from its resting place in the hall to this lady's dower house. Here it remained an exile for many years, until Sir R. G. Musgrave resolved to have it brought back. To lend dignity and interest to the homecoming, he sent out invitations to the Musgraves far and near. The representatives of nearly all the chief branches of the family of Musgrave were present. They numbered more than a score, and came from America, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, as well as from different parts of Great Britain and Ireland. The "Luck" was borne tenderly from the late Lady Musgrave's dower house in Edenhall, in the huge family coach of state, its guardians being the head of the family himself and his cousin, Sir Richard J. Musgrave, Bart., of the Irish branch. A feast took place in its honor at Edenhall, and a ball later in the evening closed the festivities. The "Luck" now reposes, with its leather case, in the plateroom at the seat of the Musgraves.

Schiller and Longfellow both drew on their imaginations for the subject matter of their ballads of the "Luck of Edenhall." The ancient goblet was never in much danger of being broken, for the Musgraves, (except during the early part of the last century when they sided with the Pretender) have always been quiet, sensible country gentlemen, without any of the wildness of character evinced by Longfellow's hero. The deceptions of the capture and destruction of Edenhall and the shattering of the goblet are quite imaginary, as anyone who will take the trouble to make the journey from "merrie Carlisle" to the shrine of the "Luck" can see for himself. The return of the treasured cup has reawakened interest in its legendary history throughout England, and in December a deputation from the Royal Aquarium society will visit Edenhall and formally inspect its "Luck."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Youngster Was Sorry.

Here is a story of a bright little tot of a boy whose father tried to punish him, told by the New Orleans Times-Democrat. It commenced by the father giving an admonishment. "I shan't behave," said the little fellow. "You are a bad man, and I don't like you." At this the child was told to stand in a corner with his face to the wall; but he cried so bitterly that his mother went up to him and said: "You go tell your papa that you are sorry, and he will forgive you." The little fellow approached his father, blubbering, and blurted out, between sobs: "I is sorry that you are such a bad man." "Well, go along and play, then," said the father, trying to keep from laughing.

Farmer Took the Hint.

An honest Swede employed as a farm hand is a source of much amusement to his employer. The latter has been much annoyed by thievish birds, and one day he directed the Swede to rig up a scarecrow. The Swede set to work to make the frame, and when he put the clothes on the sticks, he was noticed glancing very frequently at the garments and then at his own. But presently he finished the work of art, and then returned to his employer, who stood at some little distance. Finally he said: "Say, sir!" "Well, John?" "Maybe I better change clothes with Mr. Scarecrow, or else stand myself in his place." The farmer took the hint and gave him a better suit.

An Implication.

Alethea (affectedly)—I don't like tandem riding. I was out riding with Jack Geezerely last evening, and you know a man can lean right over from behind on a tandem and kiss one—

Alberta (sweetly)—Well, didn't Jack—N. Y. World.

THE FARMING WORLD.

FARM ICE HOUSES.

A Hole in the Ground Frequently Answers Ordinary Purposes.

As winter is again approaching and the memory of how much relief a supply of ice would have been during the heat of summer is strong, we suggest to all who live in a section where it is at all possible to get ice to build an ice house this fall. And remember that it is not necessary that the ice be very thick in order to keep. Ice an inch thick will keep as well as that six inches thick, if one only gets enough of it. The cheapest ice house, and for farm uses the best, is simply a hole in the ground in some location where the earth at the bottom is porous enough to permit the absorption of the water from the ice as it melts. A hole 16 feet square at top and 20 feet deep will hold about 100 two-horse wagon loads of ice, and it would suffice for the needs of a family through the longest and hottest summer. Anything that will turn water will do for the roof. After the house is filled with ice it should be covered with straw, sawdust, leaves or any other dry material to the depth of two or three feet, to keep out the heat. On almost all farms it is easy to provide a pond from which to get the ice; the only point to be particular about [illegible] will be best situated where it can have some protection by trees or otherwise during the middle of the day, so that the ice will be melted as little as possible during the day. We are sure that anyone who has enjoyed the comfort, or, to put it stronger, the luxury of ice for one summer, will never fail to supply himself again.—American Farmer.

ABOUT POTTED CHEESE.

A Fine Dairy Product Which Now Is in Great Demand.

According to the Country Gentleman, there is a large trade done in potted cheese through the fine grocery stores. Cheese put up in pound jars sells for 24 and 50 cents a pound. It is well made cheese, of course, but it is cured slowly in the jars, developing a buttery flavor, as well as a mild aromatic flavor of cheese. The cheese thus sold is made of two milkings and the cream of one, mixed with the night's and morning's milk of well-fed cows high in butter yield. A four-per-cent.-of-fat cow's milk is as rich as is required, for more fat could hardly be kept in the cheese made in this way. The curd is made at not more than 86 per cent., and in half an hour. More rennet than this will make the cheese too hard, and not of the right flavor. The cheese is not pressed, but the curd is drained and put in the mold with no other pressure than its own weight. To preserve the richness of fat, the cheese is turned daily for a week, and after that twice or three times a week. This cheese should be cured in cold storage, at a temperature of not over 45 or 50 degrees for two months. It is then ready for sale, and if sold right, will bring 20 cents a pound—at least a large quantity of such cheese is sold at this price, made small, or from six to ten pounds each. The cheese are rubbed daily at first, to keep the rind from cracking, with cream twice a week; after a month once a week. The size is handy for domestic use, and is greatly preferred to cut cheese.

SHELTER FOR STOCK.

One That Will Answer for Poultry, Pigs and Cows.

A few days can be profitably spent in providing comfortable shelter for all stock and poultry. A framework of heavy poles, with poles or rails over it, and entirely covered with straw or corn fodder, makes a very good, warm shelter at a slight expense. The satisfaction of having stock comfortable will

CHEAP STRAW SHED.

alone amply repay the cost of it. Such a shelter will answer for poultry, pigs or any kind of farm stock.

When cattle are dehorned, as they always should be, they can be allowed to run loose without any danger, but milk cows ought to be kept in a separate stable. Years ago it was thought the proper thing to winter stock around the straw stack, "to harden them," but opinions have changed, and every one is forced to admit that it pays to [illegible] stable all kinds of stock. Double the amount of manure can be made in the stable, and the quality will be much better.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Brain Work for Winter.

During the winter plans should be made for lawns, the setting of shrubs and trees for ornament, and, above all, the small fruits should be provided for which are so delicious and really essential to the health and prosperity of the family. Too many farmers neglect these necessaries, which are at the same time real luxuries. Nothing gives more substantial evidence of thrift on a farm than to see all these things in abundance about the homestead.—Farmers' Review.

Much Depends on Looks.

It is not enough that butter be clean, it must appear clean. The butter that you take to your customers with an old rag or piece of linen tied over it may be clean, but it will not be an easy matter to convince them of it. Better to buy parchment paper, which costs but little, and use that. You will thus be able to keep your trade. People are particularly eager to get butter they know to be clean, and are willing to pay for the cleanliness.

Didn't Look It.

"These are very fine suspenders," said the peddler to the lady at the door. "I have all kinds—striped, plain, dark, light. Now here is a very fine pair of plain ones. Did you ever embroider any suspenders for your husband, lady?"

"No," said she.

"Now don't you think you'd like to embroider a pair for his Christmas present?"

"I guess not."

"Well, has he a real nice pair of suspenders for his Sunday clothes?" persisted the peddler.

"Really, I don't know," said she.

"Well, madam, is your husband in?"

"No; he's not here yet."

"Do you expect him in before supper?"

"No—surely not by that time."

"Well, haven't you any idea when he will be here?"

"Not the least idea."

"Humph—that's queer," mused the disappointed peddler.

"Oh, not so very," said the young lady. "I haven't any husband."—Detroit Free Press.

Whaling Fleet in Danger.

It is predicted that the vessels of the whaling fleet, most of whose [illegible] are in San Francisco, have been caught in the ice and some may not last through the siege. Danger also threatens those who neglect what are called "trifling" ailments, for they may not last through the crisis. Resort to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters at once for incipient rheumatism, malaria, constipation, nervousness and kidney complaint.

A Criterion.

He (passionately)—You are the only girl I have ever loved!

She (coldly)—So I should judge by the way you go at it.—N. Y. Journal.

Tourist Sleeping Cars.

Commencing with the excursion of Dec. 5th the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Ry. has inaugurated a system of Tourist Sleepers on their excursion dates between St. Louis or Kansas City and South Texas points. For information address H. F. Bowsher, 435 Walnut St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Passport to Greatness.

No physician can be considered great until he has discovered a new germ and a way of transmitting it.—Washington Post.

Jane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

The Difficulty.

Miss Billiondot—None but the brave deserve the fair.

Percy Hardnppe—True, and none but the wealthy get 'em.—Up-to-Date.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

He—"Don't you think it rather risky to come so far alone on your wheel?" She—"Hadn't thought of it—but if you feel timid I'll see you home."—Yellow Book.

To Cure a Cold In One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggist refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

What It Means.—Bobbie—"Poppa, what does it mean by saying: 'Wisdom crieth without?'" Father—"Without being heard, my son."—Brooklyn Life.

Fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fit after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. Kline, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa.

He who knows the weakness of his own wings is sure of successful flight.—N. Y. Independent.

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for consumption. It always cures.—Mrs. C. Moulton, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, '94.

Age makes some people wise and others worn.—Chicago News.

Crippled for years? Pshaw! Why St. Jacobs Oil will cure sprains right off. Sure.

Law is dry study, but a pretty woman's tears often have the desired effect on the jury.—Chicago News.

No mistake. Thousands have been cured Promptly of neuralgia by St. Jacobs Oil.

Some people think that when a man is bald-headed he ought to quit going with the girls.—Washington Democrat.

Surely. Often after 10, 15, 20 years' suffering, St. Jacobs Oil cures rheumatism.

We presume there are many women with pretty necks unexposed.—Washington Democrat.

Humped and bent. Lame back did it. Straight and sound. St. Jacobs Oil did it.

It is pretty safe to bet that a boy whose environment doesn't include freckles will never amount to anything.—Atchison Globe.

Sore and Stiff? Cold. St. Jacobs Oil the Cure. It warms and relaxes.

Experience is a hard block to whittle, but every shaving is of priceless value to the whittler.—N. Y. Independent.

Black, deep bruises cured by St. Jacobs Oil. It wipes them out.

A divorce suit should be included in the wardrobe of the actress who hopes to be well advertised.—Chicago News.

A woman doesn't object to her naughty children if others are worse.—Atchison Globe.

Dark girls, with fair incomes, are always considered desirable factors in the matrimonial market.—Chicago News.

"We could adduce 100 illustrations to prove the advantages of shorthand," said a lecturer on that ilk, "and the saving of time thereby effected. Only think, gentlemen, it took Goethe 40 years to write his 'Faust.' How many years he might have saved if he had known shorthand!"—Household Words.

"I must be awful to be broke away out west." "I didn't find it so. I had a pretty good suit of clothes, so I pretended to be wanting to invest in real estate. Nothing was too good for me."—Indianapolis Journal.

Order is the sanity of the mind, the health of the body, the peace of the city, the security of the state. As the beams of a house, so is order to all things.—Robert Southey.

Bowery Bill—"Say! young feller, you ought to stop smokin' cigarettes. Dey ain't good fer yer." Cholly—"W-why not?" Bowery Bill—"Look how nervous yer get just 'cause a gen'l'man asks yer fer a light."—Puck.

She—"If you could have one wish, what would it be?" He—"It would be that—that—oh, if I only dared to tell you what it would be!" She—"Well, go on. Why do you suppose I brought up the wishing subject?"—Chicago News.

Good literature is as necessary to the growth of the soul as good air to the growth of the body, and it is just as bad to put weak thoughts into a child's mind as to shut it up in an unventilated room.—Charles Dudley Warner.

"Boswell," said Dr. Johnson, meeting the biographer on the street, "I have been reading your manuscripts. There is a great deal about yourself in them. They seem to me to be Youmoirs rather than Memoirs."—Puck.

Some people are anxious to get even at any cost as long as somebody else pays for it.—Washington Democrat.

"MY WIFE'S LIFE."

How I was the means of saving it.

When the lungs are attacked and the symptoms of consumption appear, then begins the struggle between affection and that destroying disease which slays its thousands annually. It is a happy issue to the struggle when disease is conquered and health restored. Such an issue does not always end the struggle, but it did in the case of Mr. K. Morris, Memphis, Tenn., who saw his wife wasting and weakening and physicians helpless, and then suggested the simple remedy that wrought the cure. He tells the story thus:

"Seven years ago, my wife had a severe attack of lung trouble which the physicians pronounced consumption. The cough was extremely distressing, especially at night, and was frequently attended with the spitting of blood. The doctors being unable to help her, I induced her to try Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and was surprised at the great relief it gave. Before using one whole bottle she was cured, so that now she is strong and quite healthy. That this medicine saved my wife's life I have not the least doubt. I always keep Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house. Whenever any of my family have a cold or cough we use it, and are promptly cured."—K. Morris, Memphis, Tenn.

The question: "Is consumption curable?" is still debated, and still debatable. It is easy to say that this was not a case of consumption. Yet the physicians said it was. They should know. As a matter of fact, Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has wrought so many similar cures that it seems to argue the curableness of consumption in its earlier stages, by the use of this remedy. There is no better medicine for pulmonary troubles than Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It gives relief in cases of Asthma, and bronchitis, where relief has been heretofore unattainable. It promptly cures Coughs and Colds, La Grippe, and all affections of the throat and lungs. Heretofore, Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been put up in full size bottles only, at $1.00 per bottle. To meet a world-wide demand for a smaller package, the remedy is now put up in half size bottles, at half price—50 cents. Write for Dr. Ayer's Curebook (free) and learn more of the cures effected by Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Address J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

PAINT YOUR OWN WALLS and CEILINGS.

MURALO WATER COLOR PAINTS

FOR DECORATING WALLS AND CEILINGS Purchase a package of CALCIMO from your grocer or paint dealer and do your own kalsomining. This material is made on scientific principles by machinery and milled in twenty-four tints and is superior to any concoction of Glue and Whiting that can possibly be made by hand. To BE MIXED WITH COLD WATER.

If you want something extra, buy some MURALO from the same dealer. This material is a HARD FINISH to be applied with a brush and becomes as hard as Cement. Milled in twenty-four tints and works equally as well with cold or hot water. ☞Send for sample cards and if you cannot purchase this material from your local dealers let us know and we will put you in the way of obtaining it.

THE MURALO CO., NEW BRIGHTON, S. I., NEW YORK.

N. B.—The attention of the trade is called to the fact that a man by the name of Church goes through the country trying to intimidate purchasers of our material by telling them that our paints are an infringement on his material, which he calls "Alabastine." We are advised by our patent counsel that his material when used with cold water is an infringement upon ours. We have invited Mr. Church to support his contention by suit against us and have volunteered to accept service of any papers he wishes to serve so as to save him trouble, that his pretended rights may be tested in the courts. This he refuses to do, but nevertheless continues his misleading statements, which course, under the circumstances, we believe will be condemned by all reputable dealers.

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Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.

Costs Less than ONE CENT a cup.

Be sure that the package bears our Trade-Mark.

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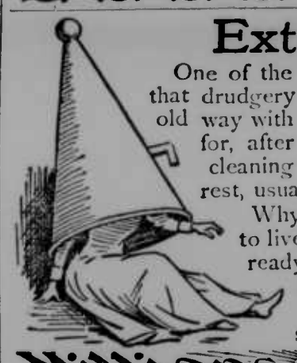

One of the greatest and heaviest of them is that drudgery of washing and cleaning in the old way with soap. What is a woman good for, after a day over the washboard, or cleaning house? She's too tired even to rest, usually.

Why is it that any woman is willing to live such a life when Pearline stands ready to do all her hard work and save her money besides? There's no answer to this—at least, no sensible, satisfactory answer. 502

Millions NOW USE Pearline

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER

10c 25c 50c ALL DRUGGISTS

"THE CLEANER 'TIS, THE COSIER 'TIS."
WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT

SAPOLIO

Why have more

ESTEY

Organs been sold than any other kind? Because, although higher in price, the Estey gives far better value than any other.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue with prices, to Estey Organ Company, Brattleboro, Vt.

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Stewart Hartshorn

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DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY! gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

OPIUM and Whiskey Habit cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent FREE. B. M. WOOLLEY, M.D., Atlanta, Ga.

Weeks Scale Works, HAY, COAL, STOCK, GRAIN, AND COTTON SCALES. BUFFALO, N. Y.

A. N. K.—C 1688

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

The Republican.

EDWARD H. SINCELL, Editor and Proprietor
D. G. SMITH, Local Editor.

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THE REPUBLICAN.
Oakland, Md.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1897.

THIS is a protective Christmas.

HAVE you heard of any farmers who would like to exchange a McKinley Congressman for one of a Cleveland free-trade type?

AND it will be a happy year for Uncle Sam if the present indirations that the Dingley law is to produce a surplus in December are realized.

MR. BRYAN has not yet reported from Mexico how it is that labor under free-coinage gets only one-half the rate of wages paid under the gold standard in the United States, and that the articles which it buys with those wages cost twice as much as in this country.

THE talk of cheap money only catches the men who do not understand its real meaning. When it is brought among business men it finds no supporters. The free-coinage-of-silver proposition was kicked and cuffed in the most distressing way by members of the National Board of Trade in Washington last week, despite the fact that all the old parties were represented in the Board.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY'S ringing expression of 1896 that "every dollar of our currency must be kept as good as every other dollar" was reiterated by Secretary Gage in his remarks before the House Committee when his currency bill was under consideration. The free-coinagists made him the target for a long series of questions on the currency, but their efforts to shake the foundations of his financial faith were unsuccessful.

THE Republicans in Congress and the departments are moving in the direction of rigid economy in Government expenditures, and the appropriations for the current fiscal year are likely to be considerably reduced. This fact adds to the probability that the Dingley law is going to prove ample in its revenue-producing capacity. Indeed, the members of the committee which framed it are unanimous in their agreement with Treasury officials that it will meet the requirements of the Government and that no further revenue legislation will be necessary.

THOSE astonishing reports from Washington just after the meeting of Congress which indicated that the Hawaiian annexation proposition was likely to fail cannot stand the test of examination. Many of the men who were regarded as opposed to the treaty are now indicating a disposition to support it, and the chief opposition yet remaining comes from those who are unwilling to look with favor upon anything originating with the Republican party, as this proposition does. Japan has concluded to withdraw her protest, since she sees that the United States is really in earnest about it, and that interference by her would unfavorably affect her present friendly relations with the United States.

The Govenor for Good Roads.

The Baltimore *News* says: "Govenor Lowndes in his forthcoming message to the General Assembly of Maryland will favor the good roads legislation proposed by wheelman.

"On December 22 Mr. Lawrence S. Smith, a member of the L. A. W. committee having charge of the good roads movement, wrote the Govenor asking him to express an opinion favorable to good roads. Mr. Smith has received the following reply from Secretary of Stat, Richard Dallam:

"In reply to yours of the 22 inst. to the Govenor I am directed to say that in his message to the Legislature the Govenor commends the careful consideration of the question of good roads and suggests material amendments to the present law."

Answers to inquiries made of Legislators would also indicate that the legislation asked for by the wheelmen will probably be granted.

"WHOM the gods would destroy they first make mad." The Democrats of the National House of Representatives have taken another step toward the destruction of the party. The men who left them last year because they could not accept the free-silver doctrine would have been glad to turn to the fold if a satisfactory compromise had been offered them. But the Members of the House in their caucus, on their attitude toward pending legislation, severed the last tie that binds these sound money men to the Democracy, and drives them absolutely into the Republican party. 100 of the 125 members of the Democratic party in the House decided in caucus to oppose to the last the Republican party in the gradual retirement of the greenbacks and extension of the national bank system. By resuming their old attitude as the champions of greenbacks and coupling it with the free coinage of forty cents' worth of silver into a dollar, they have made it impossible for the great body of intelligent Democrats and business men of all classes to cooperate with them in the national election of 1898 and at any time thereafter, so long as they cleave to the fiat-money proposition.

SOME RAMBLING THOUGHTS.

BY "NEMO."

Copyrighted by Dawe & Tabor.

It seems strange that Time should ever be represented as an infirm old man. Rather, he is a youth, sprightly and hurrying beyond all imaginings. Time never grows old. When childish plans are as many as our minutes and our whims innumerable, then he does indeed lag a little and our violent hands come near murdering him sometimes; but as soon as we get definite purposes in life, the rascal takes to his heels, and eager though we may be to catch up with him, we nevermore see anything but his twinkling feet in the distance. And at last when our steps begin to drag and falter, he circles round and round so fast that we are sick with dizziness and eager for rest. *Old* Father Time, forsooth! Those who call him 'old' know that time is ever young. What we call the olden days were the new days to those who lived in them; and our day is in advance of theirs, and theirs was in advance of those who preceeded them, for progress in some form has been the order since the beginning. All who pine with backward looking eyes miss the present; for each new moment is as bright as any that have gone before. It is full of new opportunities, struggles, disappointments, triumphs. A charm lingers around the new; new chances have not been spoiled, new toys have not been broken, new knowledge has not become trite, new hopes are still full of buoyancy.

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Here once more is the end of an old year and the beginning of the new and though I am far from approving New Year's resolutions, I can quite understand how they seem to help those who do not yet regard every day as equally safe against waste. Now do many of us, like the boy who is puzzled in arithmetic, wipe our slate clean and start again? Admittedly the problem still remains to be solved, but the very idea of a clean slate helps the mind by taking out of sight the confusing figures that have misled. Our problem, however, is more difficult than that of any boy; it is to take one short life, so divide it that results shall be multiplied, and nothing to be left over save goodness. The terms are confusing enough, particularly when each one must cipher out the matter for himself. Alas! what a sorry lot of scrawlings some of us have made. We have taken life as our dividend, irresolutions as our divisor, and the quotient is nothing and much over in the form of frazzled wasted hours.

* * *

HAPPY

* * *

Happy indeed is he who has no mistakes to look back at, but his happiness is merely the happiness of an animal; for to have really lived, and strained is inevitably to have made mistakes. Happy also is he of unreflecting spirit whose memory is short for the past and whose hope carries him ever onward toward some future imagined good without stopping to estimate how that good is to be reached. His is the happiness of a child. But thrice happy is he who has lived and erred and risen again; who looks backward with eyes not suffused with tears but alive with questioning as to how to avoid such mistakes in the future, getting wisdom from experiences of the past, from mistakes and shame, and from disappointments wrenching free; who looks onward with calm gaze believing that what the spirit of a man has done, it can again do and more also, since the present is based on the deeds of the future will be possible by reason of the deeds of the present—all ever cumulative.

* * *

NEW

* * *

Some of you have wasted much time the past year. You spendthrifts! Resolve and act against this for the year to come. Wake [illegible] that time spent is time irrecoverable. How much of it do you think you have? *Not more than thirty years*, probably. And if by reason of strength some remain effective for fifty years, what a petty span of time even that is. Too often definite lives are not decided on until we are thirty, and failing powers weaken us before we are fifty. Thus all the products of all the ages, as far as they influence us are crowded into twenty or thirty years. We should be users of time rather than wasters. Thus would even rest and recreation have a purpose and dignity.—And some of you have tried to do, but have failed to accomplish and you envy the many good who have excelled in efforts. Cease repining and turn once more to the task; for the greatest have never had more than your own measure of time,—twenty-four hours to the day. And some of you have sorrowed and buried the heart right out of your work. God pity you! and show you a way out into some measure of sunlight during the year to come. Remember that as long as you live, you have duties to others and that the awakening of your social conscience has in it the power to gather up broken threads of life. Effort for others is a wondrous salve.

* * *

YEAR.

* * *

Turn away from the noisy, thoughtless crowds and bend your ear to the pronouncements of life. The [illegible] "Forward"; human growth is "Forward"; the mighty swing of the universe in all its unmeasured event is "Forward." Let your feet fall into the marching time of imperishable conquering power. "Forward and Upward"!!

* * *

Last in the march of months there comes
December,
A solemn stately sage who says, "Remember,
I sing, alas, the dreary dirge of death
I bear the pall; yet, with my dying breath,
Another year is born, and, ere, I go
I shed my silent mantle of pure snow
To hide time's scars and wrinkles, and to make
A gentle cradle where the heir can wake,
And hear the soft receeding strains that cheer
The final feast that speeds the fading year."

A Golden Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Ebenezer Kitzmiller celebrated the 50th anniversary of their wedding, or "golden wedding," on December 16th. There were about 50 invited guests present, and a royal good time was had by all who attended. Mr. and Mrs. Kitzmiller were married in the same house in which they now reside, just a half century ago. They are a remarkably well preserved couple, and are on the "sunny side" of fifty when compared with the majority of the present generation. It was a pleasure to hear Mr. Kitzmiller relate the story of those years as experienced by himself and wife, and one's attention was held to the recital almost magically until the last word had ceased. The mind of the person who has not seen so many years of activity will scarcely comprehend the advancement which has taken place.

Mr. and Mrs. Kitzmiller received numerous beautiful and expensive presents from their many friends.

Among the descendants who were present was Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Kitzmiller, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rafter, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Pew, Mr. R. O. Rafter, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Chappell, Miss Ethel Rafter, and Miss Myrtle Pew.

All report an enjoyable day and say that the host and hostess know exactly how to make their friends feel perfected at home. May this excellent couple live to celebrate many more anniversaries of their wedding day.

Newman, next door to the postoffice, has just received a fine assortment of toys, consisting of sleds, hobby horses, shoo flies, dolls in endless variety, Xmas tree ornaments, tool chests, rocking chairs, toy books, gum balls, toy dishes, cook stoves, tops, toy furniture, mechanical toys, and a variety of other toys too numerous to mention. 40—

Subscribe for THE REPUBLICAN.

"Just as Good

as Scott's and we sell it much cheaper," is a statement sometimes made by the druggist when Scott's Emulsion is called for. This shows that the druggists themselves regard

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda as the standard, and the purchaser who desires to procure the "standard" because he knows it has been of untold benefit, should not for one instant think of taking the risk of using some untried preparation. The substitution of something said to be "just as good" for a standard preparation twenty-five years on the market, should not be permitted by the intelligent purchaser.

Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion. See that the man and fish are on the wrapper.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

CANTATA OF SANTA CLAUS.

A Splendid Entertainment Given by the Methodist, Lutheran and Presbyterian Sunday Schools.

The cantata "Santa Claus" was very ably rendered in Shartzer's Opera House last Friday evening by the combined efforts of the Lutheran, Presbyterian and Methodist Sunday schools.

For several years past it has been the wish of the principal officers and teachers of the three schools named to get away from the old custom of holding the Christmas festivities in the churches. There were several objections urged and as time went on these objections grew stronger, until at the suggestion of some one it was decided to abandon the old custom this year and give a joint entertainment. Accordingly, several weeks ago, committees were appointed by the several schools and plans were perfected for the rendering of the above cantata.

The talent was mostly selected from the three schools, and consisted of a chorus of over fifty voices, together with the eighteen other characters who took the leading parts, and a number of children. The work of rehearsing was under the direct supervision of Dr. J. H. Robinson and Mr. Edwin L. Mitchell, who did much by their untiring zeal to make the affair the grand success that it was.

The program consisted of solos, duets, trios, choruses, etc., each number of which was rendered in excellent style. It would be impossible to mention one number as particularly good without slighting something else that was equally well done. There was not a hitch in the program and not a performer but who was ready and did his part at the proper time.

The opera house was full to overflowing and many were the storms of applause that greeted the performers. The one scene that most delighted the children was the apperance of Santa Claus amidst the jingling of sleigh bells and the prancing of his reindeer. The Sunday schools were all well represented, the front seats in the opera house being reserved for the children. Taking it all it all the affair was a grand success, and much credit is due the originators and promoters of the entertainment. It was requested by some of the people that the cantata be repeated some time during the holiday week but after due consideration by the committee it was thought best not to do so. We hope that in due time our local talent will get up another entertainment of a like nature for the benefit of the Sunday schools of the town and we can assure them a large and appreciative audience.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Lewis Kamp and John C. Renninger, Trustees, vs. John J. Beeghly and Ellen Beeghley, his wife.
No. 869 Equity. In the Circuit Court for Garrett county.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of John J. Beeghley and wife to file their claims in the above entitled cause with the Clerk of the Circuit Court, properly authenticated, on or before the 5th day of January, 1898, as I will on that day proceed to state an audit distributing the funds in the trustees' hands.

EDWARD H. SINCELL, Auditor.

ESTATE OF GEORGE HETZ, DECEASED.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the Subscribers, of Garrett County, Maryland, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court for Garrett county, Letters of Administration on the personal estate of

GEORGE HETZ,

late of Garrett county, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof legally authenticated to the subscribers, on or before the 1st day of July next; they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

Given under our hands this 27th day of December, 1897.

CHRISTENA HETZ, Admr's.
12-4 Cove, Md.

F. C. CORSETS

MAKE

American Beauties

F. C. CORRECT SHAPES. ARTISTIC EFFECTS.

All Lengths.

On Each Box.

NEWEST MODELS. FANCY AND PLAIN.

KALAMAZOO CORSET CO.,
SOLE MANUFACTURERS.
SOLD BY

George O. Miller.

Coats! Coats!

The Largest and Most Complete Assortment of

Ladies', Misses and Childrens' Coats, Cloth and Fur Capes

that for Workmanship and Beauty of Finish are Surpassed by none and at prices defying competition.

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS,

Cheapest place in Garrett Co. to buy goods.

BOLDEN & BROWN.

Do you want a Christmas present combining utility, beauty and ornamentation? If so we can furnish you with such an article at a ridiculous low price.

WE WILL SELL YOU

A Fine Cobbler Seat Rocker in Oak or Mahogany **for only $2.49.**

Solid Bottom, large Arm Rocker Elegantly Finished. **only $2.39.**

We invite comparison and defy competition on this line of goods.

These Prices Good until January 1.

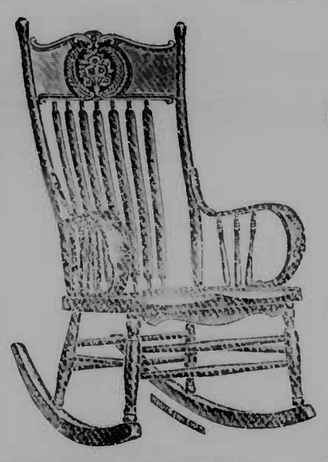

We Have a Beautiful Line of Suitable

Christmas Presents

IN

Pictures, Bric-a-Brac, China Closets, Mirrors, Easles, Etc.

BOLDEN & BROWN.

THE ANSWER IS THE SAME TO ALL.

Buy your Holiday Goods and Christmas Presents from the store that has the crisp and snappy bargains for wide-awake buyers. Santa Claus recommends us to the public. Our holiday assortment is replete with all the novelties that go to make a first-class stock in the line of

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, NOVELTIES, ETC., ETC.,

selected expressly for you, and each article marked at a price you can afford to pay. Our stock is a cloud-burst of beauty, radiant with good values.

WM. FREDERICK, JR., & SON,
FRIENDSVILLE, MD.

WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURG RAILWAY CO.
IN EFFECT JULY 18, 1897.

SOUTHWARD No. 3	SOUTHWARD No. 1	STATIONS	NORTHWARD No. 2	NORTHWARD No. 4
P. M.	P. M.		A. M.	P. M.
3 00*	8 00	lv Cumberland ar	*12 00	*7 30
3 29	8 29	Rawlings	11 31	7 01
3 52	8 52	Keyser	11 08	6 38
4 05	9 05	Westernport	10 55	6 25
4 09	9 09	W. Va. C. Junc.	10 48	6 18
4 37	9 35	Shaw	10 24	5 50
5 02	10 00	Harrison	9 56	*5 26
5 15	10 45* ar	Elk Garden	9 00	*4 00
5 35	10 55 lv	Davison	8 21	3 51
5 42	10 42	Bayard	8 19	3 49
5 51	10 54	Dobbin	8 09	3 39
6 25	11 27	Thomas	7 38	3 08
6 55	11 55 ar	Davis	7 05	2 35
6 34	11 34 lv	Coketon	8 51	1 01
7 01	12 01	Henderlicks	8 01	3 30
7 07	12 07	Dretz	7 53	3 23
7 10	12 10	Parsons	7 50	3 20
7 15	12 15	Kerens	7 15	2 15
8 00	1 00 ar	Elkins	lv *7 00	*2 30
	1 30* ar	Beverly	lv	*1 55
	3 05* ar	Huntington	lv	*11 30

Daily. *Daily except Sunday.

C. L. BURTZ, Gen'l Manager. G. W. HARRISON, Gen'l Pass. Agent

WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY AND ACTIVE gentlemen or ladies to travel for responsible established house in Maryland. Monthly $65 and expenses. Position steady. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept. E, Chicago. 37-13.

I HAVE PURCHASED

THE OAKLAND COAL YARD

of Mr D. L. Conaway and will continue the business. I will keep constantly on hand a large supply of

HARD AND SOFT

COAL,

KINDLING WOOD, Etc.

All orders will receive prompt attention. Leave orders with the weighmaster or at my residence, the Giessman Hotel.

3-52 GEO. GIESSMAN

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

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Incidents and Events at Home and Nearby —Personal Mention, Etc.

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John and Martin O'Haver, of near Swanton, were brought to Oakland last Thursday by Sheriff W. Perry Lee on a peace warrant sworn out by Lloyd McRobie, of Swanton. They were given a hearing before Justice Sincell and upon filling out a bond for their appearance at the March term of court they were released.

Owing to the burning out of the heating plant in Dr. McComas, office building on Second street, State's Attorney Thayer, whose offices were on the second floor of the building, have been removed to a room in the Shartzer building on Green street. Dr. McComas has temporary quarters at Col. Sturgiss' pharmacy.

Miss Nellie Browning, daughter of Mr. R. T. Browning, who has been in Chicago for a year studying in one of the hospitals there and fitting herself to be a trained nurse, arrived home one day last week and will remain a few days longer on a visit to her parents and friends. Miss Browning is a favorite among the people of Oakland and all were pleased to see her on her return home.

Miss Emma DeBerry, one of Garrett county's efficient public school teachers, is the recipient of a magnificent "Webster's International Dictionary," it being awarded as a prize by Col. J. A. M. Passmore, of Philadelphia, who has shown much interest in the advancement of the schools of the county. Col. Passmore has recently given numerous prizes to the teachers.

One of the latest inventions is a contribution box with a bell attachment. When a penny drops into it rings very feebly, a nickle makes it ring a little louder, and a dollar brings out the fire department two blocks down the street. We would suggest an attachment, so that when a punched coin were deposited the bottom would drop out. The invention would then be complete.

Christmas Among the Churches.

Christmas, this year, was a much more joyous holiday among the several churches of Oakland than usual, made so, no doubt, by the concerted action in preparing for the occasion.

The cantata of Santa Claus, of which mention is made in another column, was the beginning of the festivities. This was followed on Christmas morning by services in

ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

As early as four o'clock on that morning the faithful, filled with the holy, joyous thrill of Christmas, one by one each fervent soul began moving upon our frost jeweled streets towards St. Peter's Catholic church to attend the solemn high mass, which was to be sung at five o'clock. In the vast dome above we see some stars—one exceptionally bright one, which takes us in spirit over to Bethlehem, and "let us see the word that is come to pass."

Again it is Christmas and in the kindly light of the star of Bethlehem, shedding its soft, pure, radiance o'er the Galilean hillside, we join the listening shepherds to visit the Child-King who has arrived in the midnight stillness. In the distance we hear heaven's angelic chorus singing, "Gloria in Excelcis," "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men."

The church was indeed beautiful in its artistic drapings and wreaths of evergreens, jeweled over with many bewildering waxen lights. All that loving hands and hearts and heads can think out, has been done for the reception of the Royal Guest who is to come amongst us.

Mr. James Litzinger, editor of the *Mountain Democrat*, who is choir director, presided at the organ, which was supplemented by Rasche's orchestra. The sopranos were, Mrs. Jos. Helbig, Miss Mayme Bart; contraltos, Mrs. Fay, Miss Fay; tenors, Mr. Tom Nelson, Mr. James Litzinger; bassos, Mr. Andrew Nelson, Mr. John Hart. The splendid chorus was further assisted by Miss Rose Feaney, Miss Lizzie Hessen and others.

Long before the last bell the church was filled to its utmost capacity. At five o'clock, following the bell's last note, the orchestra commenced the grand old majestic "Adeste Fidelis," the words of which were sung by the large chorus choir, which had been carefully prepared for this joyous occasion. This was followed by "Battman's Mass," which was enriched by Mr. Tom Nelson's exquisite tenor voice, Mrs. Fay's fine contralto and Mr. Andrew Nelson's magnificent bass. Mr. Litzinger, to whom is due much credit, conducted the grand old classic music, on this occasion, most impressively.

ST. MATTHEW'S SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Christmas service given by St. Matthew's Sunday school in the opera house Christmas night was a much gratifying success in all respects from opening prelude to benediction. One hour and fifty minutes of successive change from carol, to reading, dialouges, recitations and addresses was so rapid that none seemed to realize *tempus fugit* and that the hour for little ones to be at home had arrived. Everyone seemed to enjoy the whole programme. Where all carried out their allotted parts so well it is indeed hard to specialize, therefore the rector of St. Matthew's parish in extending the courtesies of this Holy Season wishes to return his grateful thanks to each member of the school, to each one who aided in the success of the evening, to Mr. Shartzer for his help and the use of the opera house, to Mr. Bolden without whose kindly help in many ways, failure would have resulted, and last but by no means least, the very excellent and encouraging audience that filled the house and who have since expressed their pleasure at being present.

EV. LUTHERAN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

At ten o'clock on Christmas morning the scholars of St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran Sunday school gathered in the church and there received the annual treat in the way of candies, toys, etc., which has been a feature of this school from time immemorial. Excellent music was rendered for the occasion by the church and Sunday school choirs combined and an address was made by the pastor Rev. J. W. Butler.

GARRETT MEMORIAL SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Last night at the Garrett Memorial church the members of the Sabbath school were entertained for an hour with songs befitting the season, an address by the pastor Rev. S. M. Engle and the distribution of fruits and candies. The entertainment was delayed but appreciated by the large number present.

Call for Your Letters.

Week ending Jan. 1st 1898. Mr. Elias Miller, Mr. Percy Gower, Mr. Henry Clair, Mr. A. E. Girish, Mr. Johnie Keenan, Mrs. Robert Calvin Hall, Mrs. Cora Clain, Miss Daisy Dixon.

Estray Notice.

There came to my place, about one and one-half miles east of Cranesville, Sept. 1st, a yearling heifer; red with white spot on face, white flanks and small spot on top of rump; no earmark. The owner will please come forward, pay charges and take the animal away. EZRA H. WOLF. 38-3t

News of the Churches.

The first quarterly meeting will occur in St. Paul's M. E. church on Saturday and Sunday, January 1st and 2nd, 1898. The meeting will be in charge of Rev. L. W. Roberts, presiding elder.

Services will be he held in St. Peter's Catholic church on New Year's day at 7.30 and 10.30 a. m.

Services in St. Matthew's chapel, Second and Alder streets, Sunday next as follows: Sunday school, 10 a. m.; morning prayer and holy communion, 11 a. m. Loch Lynn Heights, 3.15 p. m. Swanton, 7.30 p. m. A cordial welcome to all. Rev. Wm. Brayshaw, Rector.

The services at St. Peter's Catholic church, Rev. F. A. B. Wunnenberg, pastor, for the week beginning Sunday next will be as follows: Sunday services, low mass and communion, 7:30 a. m.; high mass and sermon, 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.; vespers and benediction, 3.30 p. m. Week day services, mass every day at 7.30 a. m.; services first Friday of every month, 7.30 p. m. A cordial welcome extended to all.

The German Baptists will have preaching service in Sturgiss' Hall on Sunday next at 2 o'clock.

After hearing some friends continually praising Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, Curtis Beck, of Anaheim, California, purchased a bottle of it for his own use and is now as enthusiastic over its wonderful work as any one can be. It is for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Texas Harry's Fun Makers.

The above company has appeared at the opera house every night this week and presented many pleasing specialties. The Horlacher children are by far the best contortionists we have had the pleasure of seeing. Texas Harry performs some most astonishing feats of mesmerism every night. The company will remain here until Saturday night, giving entire change of program nightly.

The contest for the lady's gold watch is to be given to the most popular lady is creating considerable interest. The watch will be given away Saturday night.

Hats.

On Saturday, Jan. 1st, we will sell our extra line of $1.50 and give you your choice for 98 cents. You have about fifty styles to select from. This is one of the rarest bargains ever offered. Sincell.

Married.

Rev. R. B. Ward, pastor of St. Paul's M. E. church, Oakland, has been kept quite busy performing the marriage ceremony these latter days, as the following will show.

On December 22nd, Jacob Thomas Shaffer and Martha R. Minta Niece.

On Dec. 23rd, Leonard Elmore Dick and Ada Pearl Dick.

On Dec. 23rd, Clarence E. Deinoss and Devona Colberta Jaco.

On Dec. 24th, George Lemon Grub and Lottie Pool.

On Dec. 27th, Stephen Allen Robbett and Myra Robey.

On Dec. 28th, Benjamin F. Willis and Nettie Jane Burch.

THE .... HISTORIC

GLADES HOTEL

OAKLAND MARYLAND

CUT THIS TICKET OUT

and bring it to Suddarth's Gallery between now and December 1st and get 25c for it on every dozen photographs you order; also one lovely platinum picture free.

A. C. SUDDARTH, OAKLAND, MD,

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Lawson L. Wright vs. His Creditors. No. 153 Insolvents. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

Ordered, the 2d day of October, 1897, that the 20th day of December, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m., is hereby fixed as the time at which Lawson L. Wright, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or securities may propose or allege against him, and that James A. Peddicord, Permanent Trustee for the benefit of the creditors of the said petitioner shall, prior to the 20th day of December, 1897, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order by weekly publication in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland.

DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy, Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 31-6

FINE GOODS for the HOLIDAYS.

MRS. M. L. SCOTT, Baltimore Store.

SINCELL.

Our entire line of Black Clay Worsted Suits, round sacks and cutaways that are worth $10.00, $12.00 and $15.00, will be on sale until Xmas at

$8.00 $10.00 $12.50

A GUARANTEE WITH EVERY SUIT.

Our entire line of Men's Fancy Plaid and Check Suits that are worth $10.00, $12.50 and $15.00, will be on sale until Xmas for

$6.00 $8.00 $10.00

A GUARANTEE WITH EVERY SUIT; IF NOT SATISFACTORY YOU GET YOUR MONEY BACK.

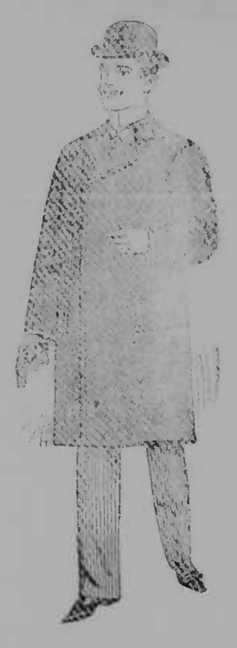

We still have a nice line of Overcoats in Blue, Blue Blacks and Black Beaver Cloths that are worth $9.00, $10.00, $12.50 $15.00 and $18.00, which will be sold on a guarantee until Xmas for

$7.00, $9.00, $12.00 and $14.00.

A big line of Boys' Suits in plain and fancy plaids, both in knee and long pants, double and single breasted coats; these are the best and most stylish goods obtainable. Our Xmas prices are very low at

99c, $1.50, $2.00
$2.75, $3.50, $4.50
$6.00.

We need not say much about our hats as everybody who has worn one of them knows how serviceable they are for the money. Our hats speak for themselves. They will be sold for

35c, 50c, 75c, $1.00,
$1.50, $2.00, $2.50
$3.00.

EVERY HAT GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

We have in connection with our attractive line of clothing, about two hundred pairs of men's and boys' stylish pants. We will give a suit of clothes to the man who is long enough to wear our extra long pants.

We respectfully invite your attention to our line of Xmas goods for men and boys, such as

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, MUFFLERS, SUSPENDERS, KID GLOVES, HOSIERY, FINE DRESS SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, NECKWEAR, UMBRELLAS, COLLAR AND CUFF BUTTONS, SHIRT STUDS, DRESS SHOES, Etc.

Our 59-cent Umbrella is a Corker.

WARNING.—Notice is hereby given that we intend to make it warm for all persons using our all wool underwear.

Please give us a call. No trouble to show good goods.

Sincell, The Cothier, Furnisher and Hatter.

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Mr. Andrew Nelson has had a number of men engaged for some weeks past erecting a building in the east end of town which will be used during the summer months as a cold storage building for meats, etc. The building will have a capacity for a large number of beeves and smaller stock.

A slight fall of snow on last Thursday and more on Friday made sleighing delightful where the roads were smooth but horrible where they had been cut up during the wet weather of the week previous. The roads now are worn down and a fall of three inches of snow would be all that those owning cutters and horses could desire.

John and Martin O'Haver, of near Swanton, were brought to Oakland last Thursday by Sheriff W. Perry Lee on a peace warrant sworn out by Lloyd McRobie, of Swanton. They were given a hearing before Justice Sincell and upon filling out a bond for their appearance at the March term of court they were released.

Owing to the burning out of the heating plant in Dr. McComas, office building on Second street, State's Attorney Thayer, whose offices were on the second floor of the building, have been removed to a room in the Shartzer building on Green street. Dr. McComas has temporary quarters at Col. Sturgiss' pharmacy.

Miss Nellie Browning, daughter of Mr. R. T. Browning, who has been in Chicago for a year studying in one of the hospitals there and fitting herself to be a trained nurse, arrived home one day last week and will remain a few days longer on a visit to her parents and friends. Miss Browning is a favorite among the people of Oakland and all were pleased to see her on her return home.

Miss Emma DeBerry, one of Garrett county's efficient public school teachers, is the recipient of a magnificent "Webster's International Dictionary," it being awarded as a prize by Col. J. A. M. Passmore, of Philadelphia, who has shown much interest in the advancement of the schools of the county. Col. Passmore has recently given numerous prizes to the teachers.

One of the latest inventions is a contribution box with a bell attachment. When a penny drops into it rings very feebly, a nickle makes it ring a little louder, and a dollar brings out the fire department two blocks down the street. We would suggest an attachment, so that when a punched coin were deposited the bottom would drop out. The invention would then be complete.

Christmas Among the Churches.

Christmas, this year, was a much more joyous holiday among the several churches of Oakland than usual, made so, no doubt, by the concerted action in preparing for the occasion.

The cantata of Santa Claus, of which mention is made in another column, was the beginning of the festivities. This was followed on Christmas morning by services in

ST. PETER'S CHURCH.

As early as four o'clock on that morning the faithful, filled with the holy, joyous thrill of Christmas, one by one each fervent soul began moving upon our frost jeweled streets towards St. Peter's Catholic church to attend the solemn high mass, which was to be sung at five o'clock. In the vast dome above we see some stars—one exceptionally bright one, which takes us in spirit over to Bethlehem, and "let us see the word that is come to pass."

Again it is Christmas and in the kindly light of the star of Bethlehem, shedding its soft, pure, radiance o'er the Galilean hillside, we join the listening shepherds to visit the Child-King who has arrived in the midnight stillness. In the distance we hear heaven's angelic chorus singing, "Gloria in Excelcis," "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good-will to men."

The church was indeed beautiful in its artistic drapings and wreaths of evergreens, jeweled over with many bewildering waxen lights. All that loving hands and hearts and heads can think out, has been done for the reception of the Royal Guest who is to come amongst us.

Mr. James Litzinger, editor of the *Mountain Democrat*, who is choir director, presided at the organ, which was supplemented by Rasche's orchestra. The sopranos were, Mrs. Jos. Helbig, Miss Mayme Hart; contraltos, Mrs. Fay, Miss Fay; tenors, Mr. Tom Nelson, Mr. James Litzinger; bassos, Mr. Andrew Nelson, Mr. John Hart. The splendid chorus was further assisted by Miss Rose Mooney, Miss Lizzie Hessen and others.

Long before the last bell the church was filled to its utmost capacity. At five o'clock, following the bell's last note, the orchestra commenced the grand old majestic "Adeste Fidelis," the words of which were sung by the large chorus choir, which had been carefully prepared for this joyous occasion. This was followed by "Battman's Mass," which was enriched by Mr. Tom Nelson's exquisite tenor voice, Mrs. Fay's fine contralto and Mr. Andrew Nelson's magnificent bass. Mr. Litzinger, to whom is due much credit, conducted the grand old classic music, on this occasion, most impressively.

ST. MATTHEW'S SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Christmas service given by St. Matthew's Sunday school in the opera house Christmas night was a much gratifying success in all respects from opening prelude to benediction. One hour and fifty minutes of successive change from carol, to reading, dialouges, recitations and addresses was so rapid that none seemed to realize *tempus fugit* and that the hour for little ones to be at home had arrived. Everyone seemed to enjoy the whole programme. Where all carried out their allotted parts so well it is indeed hard to specialize, therefore the rector of St. Matthew's parish in extending the courtesies of this Holy Season wishes to return his grateful thanks to each member of the school, to each one who aided in the success of the evening, to Mr. Shartzer for his help and the use of the opera house, to Mr. Bolden without whose kindly help in many ways, failure would have resulted, and last but by no means least, the very excellent and encouraging audience that filled the house and who have since expressed their pleasure at being present.

EV. LUTHERAN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

At ten o'clock on Christmas morning the scholars of St. Mark's Ev. Lutheran Sunday school gathered in the church and there received the annual treat in the way of candies, toys, etc., which has been a feature of this school from time immemorial. Excellent music was rendered for the occasion by the church and Sunday school choirs combined and an address was made by the pastor Rev. J. W. Butler.

GARRETT MEMORIAL SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Last night at the Garrett Memorial church the members of the Sabbath school were entertained for an hour with songs befitting the season, an address by the pastor Rev. S. M. Engle and the distribution of fruits and candies. The entertainment was delayed but appreciated by the large number present.

Call for Your Letters.

Week ending Jan. 1st 1898. Mr. Elias Miller, Mr. Percy Gower, Mr. Henry Clair, Mr. A. E. Girish, Mr. Johnie Keenan, Mrs. Robert Calvin Hall, Mrs. Cora Clain, Miss Daisy Dixon.

Estray Notice.

There came to my place, about one and one-half miles east of Cranesville, Sept. 1st, a yearling heifer; red with white spot on face, white flanks and small spot on top of rump; no earmark. The owner will please come forward, pay charges and take the animal away. EZRA H. WOLF. 38-3t

News of the Churches.

The first quarterly meeting will occur in St. Paul's M. E. church on Saturday and Sunday, January 1st and 2nd, 1898. The meeting will be in charge of Rev. L. W. Roberts, presiding elder.

Services will be he held in St. Peter Catholic church on New Year's day at 7.30 and 10.30 a. m.

Services in St. Matthew's chapel, Second and Alder streets, Sunday next as follows: Sunday school, 10 a. m.; morning prayer and holy communion, 11 a. m. Loch Lynn Heights, 3.15 p. m. Swanton, 7.30 p. m. A cordial welcome to all. Rev. Wm. Brayshaw, Rector.

The services at St. Peter's Catholic church, Rev. F. A. B. Wunnenberg, pastor, for the week beginning Sunday next will be as follows: Sunday services, low mass and communion, 7:30 a. m.; high mass and sermon, 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 2:30 p. m.; vespers and benediction, 3.30 p. m. Week day services, mass every day at 7.30 a. m.; services first Friday of every month, 7.30 p. m. A cordial welcome extended to all.

The German Baptists will have preaching service in Sturgiss' Hall on Sunday next at 2 o'clock.

After hearing some friends continually praising Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, Curtis Wick, of Anaheim, California, purchased a bottle of it for his own use and is now as enthusiastic over its wonderful work as any one can be. It is for sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. J. W. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Texas Harry's Fun Makers.

The above company has appeared at the opera house every night this week and presented many pleasing specialties. The Horkacher children are by far the best contortionists we have had the pleasure of seeing. Texas Harry performs some most astonishing feats of mesmerism every night. The company will remain here until Saturday night, giving entire change of program nightly.

The contest for the lady's gold watch is to be given to the most popular lady is creating considerable interest. The watch will be given away Saturday night.

Hats.

On Saturday, Jan. 1st, we will sell our extra line of $1.50 and give you your choice for 98 cents. You have about fifty styles to select from. This is one of the rarest bargains ever offered. Sincell.

Married.

Rev. R. B. Ward, pastor of St. Paul's M. E. church, Oakland, has been kept quite busy performing the marriage ceremony these latter days, as the following will show.

On December 22nd, Jacob Thomas Shaffer and Martha R. Minta Niece.

On Dec. 22rd, Leonard Elmore Conklin and Ada Pearl Dick.

On Dec. 23rd, Clarence E. Demoss and Bevona Colberta Jaco.

On Dec. 24th, George Lemon Grub and Lettie Pool.

On Dec. 27th, Stephen Allen Robert and Myra Robey.

On Dec. 28th, Benjamin F. Willis and Nettie Jane Burch.

THE .... HISTORIC

GLADES HOTEL

OAKLAND MARYLAND

CUT THIS TICKET OUT

and bring it to Suddarth's Gallery between now and December 1st and get every dozen photographs you also one lovely platinum picture free. 25c for it on order;

A. C. SUDDARTH, OAKLAND, MD,

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Lawson L. Wright vs. His Creditors, No. 13 Insolvents. In the Circuit Court for Garrett County, Maryland.

Ordered, the 2d day of October, 1897, that the 20th day of December, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m., is hereby fixed as the time at which Lawson L. Wright, insolvent petitioner, shall appear in the Circuit Court for Garrett county, to answer such interrogatories or allegations as his creditors, endorsers or securities may propose or allege against him, and that James A. Peddicord, Permanent Trustee for the benefit of the creditors of the said petitioner shall, prior to the 20th day of December, 1897, give at least forty days notice of the day so fixed, and of the purport of this order by weekly publication in some newspaper published in the town of Oakland.

DAVID W. SLOAN.

True copy, Test: E. Z. TOWER, Clerk. 31-6

FINE GOODS for the HOLIDAYS.

MRS. M. L. SCOTT, Baltimore Store.

SINCELL.

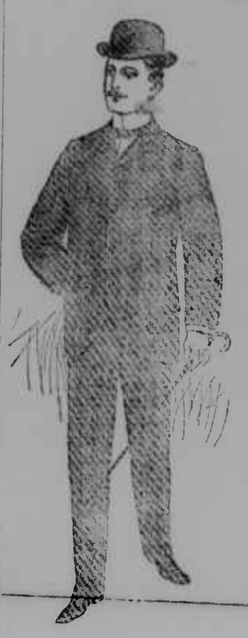

Our entire line of Black Clay Worsted Suits, round sacks and cutaways that are worth $10.00, $12.00 and $15.00, will be on sale until Xmas at

$8.00 $10.00 $12.50

A GUARANTEE WITH EVERY SUIT.

Our entire line of Men's Fancy Plaid and Check Suits that are worth $10.00, $12.50 and $15.00, will be on sale until Xmas for

$6.00 $8.00 $10.00

A GUARANTEE WITH EVERY SUIT: IF NOT SATISFACTORY YOU GET YOUR MONEY BACK.

We still have a nice line of Overcoats in Blue, Blue Blacks and Black Beaver Cloths that are worth $9.00, $10.00, $12.50 $15.00 and $18.00, which will be sold on a guarantee until Xmas for

$7.00, $9.00, $12.00 and $14.00.

A big line of Boys' Suits in plain and fancy plaids both in knee and long pants, double and single breasted coats; these are the best and most stylish goods obtainable. Our Xmas prices are very low at

99c. $1.50. $2.00 $2.75. $3.50. $4.50 $6.00.

We need not say much about our hats as everybody who has worn one of them knows how serviceable they are for the money. Our hats speak for themselves. They will be sold for

35c, 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50 $3.00.

EVERY HAT GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

We have in connection with our attractive line of clothing, about two hundred pairs of men's and boys' stylish pants. We will give a suit of clothes to the man who is long enough to wear our extra long pants.

We respectfully invite your attention to our line of Xmas goods for men and boys, such as SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, MUFFLERS, SUSPENDERS, KID GLOVES, HOSIERY, FINE DRESS SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, NECKWEAR, UMBRELLAS, COLLAR AND CUFF BUTTONS, SHIRT STUDS, DRESS SHOES, Etc.

Our 59-cent Umbrella is a Corker.

WARNING.—Notice is hereby given that we intend to make it warm for all persons using our all wool underwear.

Please give us a call. No trouble to show good goods.

Sincell, The Cothier, Furnisher and Hatter.

OAKLAND, MD.

THE REPUBLICAN.

BENI. H. SINCELL, Publisher.

OAKLAND · GARRETT CO., MD

BIDE YOUR TIME.

When fortune treats you slightingly
And everything goes wrong,
Remember that you still are free
To labor and be strong.
To him who bravely does his part
Misfortune is no crime.
Just hold your grip and keep up heart
And learn to bide your time.

The surest road to greatness lies
Through hard and patient work.
The glorious name that never dies
Comes not unto the shirk.
Fame sits upon an eminence,
A pinnacle sublime;
He who would win must seek her thence,
Strive on and bide his time.

The man of hope and energy,
Who keeps one goal in sight,
Who goes his way with constancy,
Will some time win the fight.
The man whose life a glory lends
To every age and clime
Is he whose purpose never bends,
Who works and bides his time.

Go onward. O'er the future's hills
The dawn falls cool and sweet.
Go onward. He can win who wills
And hows not to defeat.
Go onward, though your path may lie
Through calumny and slime;
The way will brighten by and by.
Go on and bide your time.

And when the fight at last is o'er,
The toil at last is done;
When standing *on life's farther shore,*
Beneath her setting sun;
Beyond the future's unbarred gate,
The bells of Heaven chime;
And justice, love and glory wait
For him who bides his time.

—J. A. Edgerton, in Atlanta Constitution.

One Woman and ---Some Men.

BY EMMIE AVERY KEDDELL.

PART I.

"NOT one of them in all these years has had the courage to be a man, and yet they lay it to my charge that I am a woman."

I think the men themselves, as they came and went, must have wondered often what there was in this woman that held them; and it is doubtful if any one of them ever answered that question to his or anyone's satisfaction. They could only tell you she was different—different to their mothers and sisters, different to the women they eventually married. She herself had once said, with her swift thought that brought the lights and shadows in troops across her speaking face, that perhaps the difference lay in the fact that they never once understood her; and that also may have accounted for the nulikeness to the women they afterwards married—a man may be pardoned for being wishful to understand the one woman by whose side he must pass his days. Be that as it may, the fact remained—she was an influence, an important factor in the lives of many, whilst she herself seemed to stand even outside the gate of all men's influence and desire. I doubt if this woman really understood herself and the power she had to fashion her own immortality. Looking at her, thinking of her, one was wont to be reminded of some delicate, highly-strung violin awaiting the master-hand; and as you waited, the woman would turn and play upon herself, emitting too often harsh and discordant notes that were wholly at variance with the face that was always changing, always intent—that you would have called wistful, but that it was too strong in its resourceful cleverness.

In this play of speech she was absolutely merciless in her views upon men, believing no good of them, dwelling upon whatever of weakness she could find in a certain clever kind of way that held in it enough of truth to sting, and must surely have made many a man sorrow for that in himself that so often made less the womanhood in her. Then, even with the angry impatience full upon you, she would again turn upon herself as if she had ceased to feel the touch of the demon's fingers upon her arm, his whisper in her ear, and would talk to you in a voice that came to you as some soft adagio movement half heard in a dream, changing unconsciously to herself with every change of thought and feeling. It was always thus; you never had time to grasp this woman's real meaning before; for her the moments held another, and it was at these times, when she appeared so wholly and inconsistently a woman, that one wondered why she had never given her gift of woman's love to any one of the men to whom she was so dear. There was always something that puzzled in her relations to every man she knew well. To the outside world it appeared one-sided devotion to careless indifference. Some grew tired of giving, always giving of their best and gaining her worst in contempt for that best. A few put her outside their lives with hot, mad reproaches for the years and tears they had wasted, and then the scorn was greatest in her eyes, because her lips were so silent. But more than one man went on, giving her their best with dogged persistence, and if the looking-on world called them fools, it gave her a still harsher name. The world we live in is not tolerant of the woman who monopolizes more than her just share of affection and attention. It matters nothing to them that she may be absolutely indifferent to all where-in they deem her so rich, or that she may envy any one of them, in her own heart's hunger.

Seemingly, she was curiously indifferent to the many speculations and comments concerning her. If she saw, she made no sign, but lived her life on the lines laid down, less I think by herself than by circumstances. It was strange, even in a time when we have grown used to the strangeness of all things, how greatly she was beloved of some women—women whose lives were filled with all that of which hers was so empty; but of their glad fullness they understood her heart hunger, and so she crept closely to them, as some tired wanderer upon a dusty road may pause and drink in the beauty of the flowers that grow in another man's garden.

It was in some hours of her rare leisure that she sat with one of these women, talking in an idle, dilatory fashion, that is only possible between two people who know each other thoroughly. Rousing herself from a long silence, she began to speak of some man, in those clear scoffing tones her friend knew well.

"I wish you would not talk so. I could wish that you would not feel so. You know how sorry I am when yet another man comes into your life. It means for a time a little interest, copy, perhaps, for another story, in which you idealize the man, after which the old contempt becomes his portion also. Why cannot you care? There are men enough in all conscience to choose from, and after all the man is what the woman he loves makes him. You may be fulfilling your own scripture, just as you seem to be waiting for the something that never comes."

"Why should I make any man what I want him? Is there no man who has already made himself? How do I know that I could fashion him? O! I know what you would say. The all-perfect mortal who would inspire me with a love so extravagant is nowhere to be found—exists nowhere but in mine own imagination. Perhaps it is better for me as it is; a passion like a torrent in the violence of its course, might also, like the torrent, leave ruin and desolation. But why should I take less than my ideal, when I feel it to be the wisdom of the gods to hold fast by one's ideals? Why, because the little crowd that makes your world and mine, talks and gapes and wonders—why should I give up my ambitions, my hopes, the deep love, the life that would be mine—aye, and all my pains and sorrows, for I would miss neither—to marry some man, for whose footsteps I never listened, whose voice would awake no glad song in my heart, whose touch could never make the warm blood burn and dance in my veins because I was his, and he was mine—just because it is the fashion nowadays to wed for any other reason than that for which the good God created woman, to be man's complement?"

Her friend sighed as she reflected that there are some women upon whom reason is lost in sweet, if sad, unreasonability.

PART II.

Then Eric McLeod came into Helen's life, though he came into it even as it will be seen he went out of it—in very different fashion to the men who had come and gone—to those that still remained. He came into her life slowly. To the lookers-on, who see most of life's games, their acquaintance opened, like that fruit in autumn-time that always seems as if it had missed much in its slow growth, and yet is so determined to put forth its best untrammeled by lack of sun and warmth.

"I—I LOVE YOU."

At first Helen's manner to him was as it had been to many—airy and light, full of banter and half-veiled scorn; but in some way, because, perhaps, of the man's strong individuality, it held touches here and there of her wholly womanly self, bursting forth at times out of its prison cage as if the woman were tired of playing even to herself so mean a part.

I used to think that Eric was the one man who had ever come near to understanding her; and now I ask myself, was it lack of that understanding or was it some masculine stupidity that accounted for all that followed, for they both lost? Anyway, in the days that followed their friendship grew apace, until it became a pretty thing to see the proud, wayward woman (albeit unconsciously to herself) leaning upon a will stronger than her own, giving deference to the opinions of what she had so scornfully termed "a mere man thing." It was in those days that Helen's banter changed, and she fitted her whims, her moods, to his. It was from her face that one came to tell how things fared with him. True it is that it is your strong, proud woman who gives so much, for you see there is much, and still more, to give.

It was at this time that one thought of Helen as of a book, with dainty cover of white and gold. Because of the cover you must look inside; and then you read on, and on, until closing that book you prayed the dear God for a greater understanding. But always again you opened and read, and still a man might feel that life was too short to know to the full all the beauty that it could hold, and be glad of the eternity that would make understanding easier. And the man that read therein but once could of a surety be [illegible] to keep that cover as he found it.

It grew easier to discern th[illegible] feeling within her than to compreh[illegible] d his mood. He seemed like unto a m[illegible] who put chain and padlock upon [illegible] self, but who had deliberately throw[illegible] away the key. And so there were [illegible] days when they were as children, [illegible] ying themselves up whole-heartedly [illegible] their delight in each other's society. They were usually followed by days [illegible] which he was moody, when no bright[illegible] rt on Helen's part brought response [illegible] from him. Then it was pitiful to [illegible] how she called pride to her aid, [illegible] the man grew fearful and would [illegible] for pardon by some especial act [illegible] he knew would make her gladness. His irritability was greatest wh[illegible] he chanced upon men who still can[illegible] and went, though they must have se[illegible] its utter hopelessness. Civil enough to them himself, manlike, he vented his untold anger upon the woman, who was too absorbed in the one thing to really grasp what it all meant, and sorrowed for that something within herself which must be so displeasing to him. The same little world that had gaped and wondered now asked why he did not come forward, since it was evident that at last a man had found favor in her sight. There came a time when either of those two could have told that same world, but they did not, and so it has found a something new wher[illegible]

I can close my eyes with a dre[illegible] pain at my heart, and see again the pretty room that Helen called "her own," and that the man had said was more like unto a nest built of autumnal leaves. I still see her face—she, herself, tall and straight, though I cannot paint in words for you her picture, save that one never looked at her without thinking how "God gave grief with His gift of song." That night his face, as he bent to remove her cloak, was full of resolute purpose. Helen felt it, for she moved to the mantelshelf upon which there were some letters.

"Look," she said, "what a lot, and what a feast I shall have when you have gone."

"Meaning men's effusions, I suppose," he said, coldly.

"Well, yes, they are mostly men's. I don't think I am as grateful to the writers of these letters as fought to be. You see"—with an unsteady laugh—"you fill much of my time and not of my thought."

"So did the others once, I suppose. It's only a question of time. I have always considered those men more than fools, for I don't fancy they knew he were being fooled. Of course, I have been you have been good enough to give u lot of your time, and all that, s a man I have rather enjoyed being si even for a short space."

"Do you know what you are saying," she asked, sharply (but—the pain in her voice).

"Still, I liked being fooled, wh I know it's fooling," he replied, doggily.

There was silence for a mom—that moment which most of us remember in our lives, that we from as some untold misery that eaten into our heart's core.

She drew a deep breath like s wounded animal struck to death keenly conscious of its pain. Th with head erect, walked to where might face him, and, with hands hind her, holding to a little table, a hearty laugh—a laugh that held it nothing but amusement and infinite merriment.

"You like being fooled," she said. "I'm glad of that, for we owe each other nothing—I, the fooler, you the fooled. Not one of them all has been so great a one as you. You have come and been what you called 'gay,' and when you had gone the boys and I have screamed at the sober merriment that was yours. You have come in those gloomy moods of yours, and it was such fine fun to watch my hear get pleased again as I put my head-chair around his shaggy neck. And then, when you have been tender, such tenderness! Just remember and think how well I have piped my lay to yours, O!"—with another burst of laughter—"you have been such fun to us all."

The man looked at her, looked and realized to the full that whether he had been fooled or not he would give his life, his very soul, to be fooled still further—to make her his own.

"If I could believe—trust you," he began.

"But you can," she answered. "There is not one of them that has been such fun to me as you. And now you have been and found out and spoilt everything."

He made a step forward, taking her hands within his in a rough grasp. But her eyes never lost the [illegible] her mouth its smile.

"You may have fooled me! Of course, I knew it. There were so many. But I—I love you—and you have yet another man's heart to hang to your woman's girdle. And—ah, my beloved—if you could have loved me—"

For an instant only the woman love seemed stronger than an outraged pride. Then the memory, the meaning of all those months of his hesitation came back to her, the memory of all she had given him, unasked, unsought.

"But I couldn't," she said, gayly.

He went out into the night; and the morning found her face downwards upon the rug, as she moaned and moaned. And outside the rough wind took up her moan, that moan which has grown—out of hearts that are broken; from lives that must still live on.—Black and White.

Aunts and Uncles.

"All that ails you," said the plain-spoken man, "is laziness. 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard. Consider her ways and be wise.'"

"I guess I'll have to," sighed poor Ardup. "I've gone to my uncle so often there's nothing left that I can get a farthing on."—Odds and Ends.

THE GIANT CACTUS.

Mexicans and Indians Make Many Uses of the Ugly Plant.

Southern New Mexico and Arizona and southwestern Texas embrace a region totally unlike any other section of the United States. This portion of our country bears evidence of its Mexican origin in its swarthy population and its low-built "adobe" houses, while its bleak mountains hiding treasures of precious metal and its sandy deserts, among whose greasewood and mesquite bushes live the poisonous tarantula, the venomous rattlesnake and the stinging scorpion, seem but part and parcel of our sister republic on the south.

That which strikes the traveler most forcibly, however, in journeying through the sandy wastes, is the wonderful luxuriance of the cactus family which appears to grow everywhere—the lowly cholla (choy'-yah), the reed-like ocalilla (o-kak-lee'-yah) and that unsightly giant, the great sahuara (sah-wah'-rah). The dryer the sand and the hotter the sun the better the cactus seems to flourish. On some mountain-sides the chollas grow so thick one cannot pass through them, so fierce are the sharp spines of the cholla "balls." Curved at their ends like fish-hooks, these little spines pierce leather and fasten upon the skin of the foot, causing the most intense pain.

"Rough and repulsive as these various [illegible] are, however, yet a use has been found for most of them. After treating the stems of some of the smaller varieties, furniture is manufactured from them—chairs, tables and other small articles; the tall, graceful stems of the ocalilla are gathered and woven into fences, while the weird, uncouth sahuara is put to a number of uses which will require a more detailed description.

The sahuara, easily the king of the cactus family, is peculiar to Arizona, its fluted columnsti with its gaunt, upward-growing arms, covering the deserts, in some places, like a veritable forest. It is often 20 feet in height and its heart is a watery pulp protected by long parallel strips of tough, fibrous wood reaching from base to top, the whole covered with a thick, green skin which successfully turns the sun's rays and prevents the evaporation of the water within. Where the sahuara gets this water is a mystery since it grows in the dryest of places, where rains come if they come at all, at almost yearly intervals. This water, however, is of no use to man as many a poor prospector has found to his sorrow. It is astringent and bitter, serving only to increase thirst.

The Indians of the country—Apaches, Pimas, Papagoes, Maricopas—use the straight, flexible poles which form the skeleton of the sahuara in the construction of their huts. Like the "prickly pear," the giant cactus also bears a fruit which grows on the very tips of the parent stalk and its branches. This fruit is nearly the size and shape of a hen's egg. When ripe it is of a scarlet hue and splits open into four lobes, disclosing a pulpy mass about the consistency of a fig and filled with minute black seeds. The Mexicans and Indians are passionately fond of this fruit—and so are the birds. The former, if so fortunate as to get ahead of their feathered rivals, take long poles and knock the fruit from the top of the stalk. The Indian squaws dry it and prepare it into a dish resembling figpaste.

But there is a use to which the squaws put the fruit which is not so commendable. It is pressed in wide, shallow baskets and the juice collected in pottery ollas (o'-yahs), vessels of native manufacture. The ollas are then stored in a small room where a fire is kept burning until the appearance of a white froth on the surface of the liquid indicates that fermentation has commenced. It is then a strong drink called "tizwin," for which the Indians show a deplorable fondness. In former years the government always expected trouble from its red proteges in "tizwin-time" and extraordinary precautions were taken to hold the savages in check during those particular periods.—Detroit Free Press.

Rival Claims in Africa.

There are four different grounds on which European nations base their claims to territory in Africa. One is actual occupation; another is a treaty with a native chief, conceding territory; a third is the claim that the occupation of the mouth of a river gives a right to the country which it waters; a fourth is the "hinterland" theory, by which is meant that a nation which occupies a strip of territory on the coast has a right to the country lying behind it. Of these grounds of claim, the first is least likely to be contested; but as to the others, the same chief may give concessions to two or three rival nations; or the territory which is claimed by one because it is watered by a river the mouth of which it controls may be claimed by another because it is in the "hinterland" of territory which it possesses on the coast.—Youth's Companion.

Fixing Him Out.

Hunston—I'd like to go shooting tomorrow, if I could only get a dog that was well trained.

Ethel—Oh! I'll let you take Dottie, then! She can stand on her head, and shake hands, and play dead, and say her prayers, and do lots of things!—Puck.

A Poor Dancer.

He (after a waltz)—Do you know, I could die waltzing.

She (out of breath)—Perhaps you could, Mr. Hopnot; but that is no reason why you should expect others to die with you.—Roxbury Gazette.

About the Elephant.

"Arrah, thin, Moriarity! an' phwat is thim bits av bone a-shtickin' out av his mout', Oi dunno?"

"Shure, an' thim's fer t' pick his teet' wid whin he's got t'rough atin' his hay."—Judge.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The tint of birds' eggs, especially the light colors, are apt to fade, on exposure in museums to too great sunlight. This is the case with the greenish blue eggs, as those of the murre. By experiment the darker colored eggs of olive brown or chocolate hue have been found to undergo little change.

—Esquimalt, in British North America, is the only place in the British empire, according to a recent climatological report, that exceeds London in cloudiness. Esquimalt is also the dampest place in the empire, while Adelaide, in Australia, is the driest. Ceylon is the hottest and northwest Canada the coldest possession that the flag of England floats over.

—A Russian chemist has discovered a most powerful anaesthetic. It is several thousand times more powerful than chloroform, volatilizes most readily and acts freely when mixed with air at great distances. Experiments are being made at St. Petersburg to see if it cannot be inclosed in bombs, which would have the extraordinary effect of anaesthetizing instead of wounding the enemy.

—The president of the Agassiz association, Mr. H. H. Ballard, recently caught an ant near its hill, shut it up in a box, carried it 150 feet away, and set it free in the middle of a sandy road. What followed he thus describes: "It seemed at first bewildered. Then it climbed to the top of a ridge of sand, erected its body as high as possible, waved its antennae for several seconds, and then started in a straight line for its home."

—Dr. Howard, the new secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, writing of the manner in which seeds are carried to great distances by birds, recited an experiment of Darwin which had a curious result. Adhering to the leg of a wounded partridge Darwin found a ball of earth weighing six and a half ounces. From the seeds contained in this ball he raised 32 plants belonging to five distinct species.

—How often we hear the remark: "We shall have rain, the atmosphere is so heavy." The reverse is true. When one sees smoke hanging from a chimney with a tendency to sink to the ground, it indicates that the atmosphere is light in fact, too light to float the smoke. When the smoke rises from the chimney it indicates a heavy atmosphere. A column of smoke is not a bad barometer, for a barometer simply records the pressure of the atmosphere. When the atmosphere is light the smoke settles, the pressure of the mercury is light and the column falls, indicating storm. When the atmosphere is heavy and the smoke rises, the pressure is greater and the column rises, indicating fair weather.

THE HEAVIEST RAINS.

Almost a Foot of Water Has Fallen in an Hour from Cloudbursts.

"Rainfall of the United States" is the title of a bulletin prepared by Alfred J. Henry, under the direction of Willis L. Moore, chief of the weather bureau. The report has this to say concerning cloudbursts:

"The most violent rains, and at the same time those of which least is known, are the so-called cloudbursts of the mountainous and arid regions of the west. These storms are not confined to any particular state or region, but may occur in mountainous localities throughout the entire territory bounded by the British possessions on the north, the Mexican border on the south, the foothills of the Rockies on the east and the Sierras on the west.

"In the true cloudburst the rain seems to pour down rather than fall in drops. It often happens that the downpour occurs over narrow basins or on mountain slopes whose outlets are canyons or gorges leading to a valley or plain below. In such cases almost the entire amount of water quickly finds its way into the drainage channel, and as a result a wave of water rushes down the outlet with great velocity and in sufficient volume to destroy everything in its path. Such a flood wave almost swept away the town of Eureka, Nev., in 1874, and caused the loss of 15 lives. A far greater disaster occurred in Bear Creek canyon, Col., in July, 1896, when 30 lives were lost and property valued at more than $100,000 was destroyed.

"The amount of rain that falls in one of these torrential downpours has never been ascertained. A cloudburst passed over the edge of the little town of Palmetto, Nev., in August, 1890. A rain gauge that was not exposed to the full intensity of the storm caught 8.80 inches of water in an hour. In August, 1891, two storms passed over Campo, Cal., within a few minutes of each other. The second storm was a veritable cloudburst. The observer succeeded in measuring the rainfall of the first shower and a portion of the second. Eleven and a half inches were measured within an hour. The rain gauge and support were carried away by the torrent of water, and the full record of the storm was not obtained."—N. Y. Sun.

Elephant and Hose.

An elephant keeper in the Central park menagerie has been experimenting with an elephant and a hose. The elephant has learned during the hot weather how to handle a hose with very good effect, until now he is able to bathe himself all over, and thus secure some relief from the heat. Tom sometimes fills his trunk from the end of the hose, and sprinkles himself in that way. He is able, however, to take the hose and put water on any part of his body.—N. Y. Sun.

Most Elastic Substance.

Glass is the most perfectly elastic substance in existence. A glass plate kept under pressure in a bent condition for 25 years will return to its exact original form. Steel comes next.—Chicago Tribune.

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Timely.

First Klondike Miner (wallowing through snowdrifts higher than his cabin, his ears, nose, toes and fingers frozen, chatteringly)—M-M-M-Merry C-C-C-Christm-m-m mas!

Second Klondike Miner (ditto)—S-S-S-S-Same t-t-to y-y-y-you! T-T-T-T-This is w-w-what our f-f-fathers w-w-would d-d-d-d-delight in calling "A r-r-real old-fashioned C-C-C-C-C-Christmas!"—Brooklyn Eagle.

All About Alaska.

Descriptive folder containing five maps of Alaska and routes to the gold fields, the most complete publication of the kind in print. Send 4 cents in stamps to F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A. Great Northern railway, 3d and Broadway, St. Paul, Minn. "Alaska, Land of Gold and Glacier," a beautifully illustrated booklet, sent for fifteen cents in stamps. The Great Northern is over 100 miles the shortest line from St. Paul and Minneapolis to Seattle and Portland, the outfitting points whence steamers sail for Alaska.

Struck It Rich.

"I see Plimley's wife has a new sealskin coat."

"Yes, he's had a streak of luck."

"How was that?"

"Got his thumb smashed the day after he took out an accident policy for $50 a week."—Cleveland Leader.

There Is a Class of People.

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Ready for Him.

"Did you tell that western customer of ours that you would draw on him if he didn't pay?"

"Yes, and he wrote back that if I thought I could draw any quicker than he could just to come out there with my shooting tackle and make a settlement."—Detroit Free Press.

Holiday Reduction.

For the Christmas and New Year holidays, the Cleveland, Akron & Columbus R'y will sell low rate excursion tickets to all points on its line and to prominent points on connecting railroads. Tickets on sale December 24th, 25th and 31st, 1897, and January 1st, 1898, good returning until January 4th, 1898. Ask Agents for particulars. C. F. Daly, Gen. Pass. Agt., Cleveland.

Sayings of the People.

A German acquaintance of ours thus discoursed learnedly upon the business situation recently: "If business is no better next week than it was yesterday two weeks ago, den I'm a son of a gun, dat's vat I hopes."—Philadelphia North American.

For Homeseeker's Excursion dates via the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Ry. and information of their tourist sleeper arrangement, address H. F. Bowsher, 435 Walnut St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

A man never enjoys reading quite as much as he does just as his wife is ready to start to church.—Washington Democrat.

Without Distress

Poor Health for Years—Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures Dyspepsia.

"My husband was in poor health for years owing to dyspepsia and he could not get relief. We gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after he had taken three bottles he could eat without distress and was able to work." BARBARA REHBERG, 139 North Pearl Street, Green Bay, Wis.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure constipation. 25 cents.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask you Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee.

The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. ¼ the price of coffee. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers.

Tastes like Coffee
Looks like Coffee

Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O
Accept no imitation.

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Price, 25 and 50 cents per bottle.

Seattle Klondike Alaska

FREE INFORMATION BY SEATTLE, WASH., CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BUREAU.

Seattle, Klondike, Alaska, Washington State. Seattle, 65,000 population; Railroad, Commercial, Mining and Agricultural Centre; BEST OUTFITS, LOWEST PRICES; Longest Experience; Largest City; Safest Routes. Address SECRETARY.

TEMPERANCE.

BEWARE OF THE BAR ROOM BANK

Beware of the bar-room bank, my boy!
Deposit no money there;
Though profits accrue, they are not for you—
Nothing but sorrow and care.
The bar-room bank you should never choose,
Depositors there have so much to lose!

Beware of the bar-room bank, my boy!
It's a place to loathe and abhor,
For honor and truth, independence and youth,
Come not from its open door;
But a sad procession of sorrow and care
Comes staggering forth to eternal despair!

Beware of the bar-room bank, my boy!
God gives us talents of gold—
Hope, honor and health, contentment or wealth,
And promise of joy untold.
In the bar-room bank, if we hide them away,
What account can we give at the Judgment Day?

Beware of the bar-room bank, my boy!
And help us to close the door;
If people to-day would vote as they pray,
We'd close it forever more.
And homes would be happy and hearts would be light,
For want would depart like a dream in the night!

Beware of the bar-room bank, my boy!
Deposit no talent there;
Though profits accrue, they are not for you,
But yours is an awful share
Of sorrow, remorse, and eternal despair—
Oh, my boy, of the bar-room bank be aware!

—James Albert Lutz, in N. Y. Witness.

PLEDGED WITH WINE.

What the Beautiful Bride Saw in the Crystal Goblet.

"Pledge with wine—pledge with wine!" cried the young and thoughtless Harry Wood. "Pledge with wine," ran through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come—she pressed her white hands together and the leaves of her bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker, her heart beat wilder. From her childhood she had been most solemnly opposed to the use of wines and liquors.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the judge, in a low tone, going toward his daughter; "the company expect it, do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette—in your own home act as you please; but in mine, for this once please me."

Every eye was turned toward the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivialist, but of late his friends noticed the change in his manners, the difference in his habits—and to-night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with trembling smiles toward Marion. She was very pale, though more composed, and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gratefully accepted the crystal tempter and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "Oh, how terrible!" "What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and

"OH! HOW TERRIBLE!"

was fixedly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, "wait and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly pointing one jeweled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description; and yet, listen; I will paint it for you if I can. It is a lonely spot; tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce; trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds; but there, a group of Indians gather; they flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows, and in their midst lies a manly form, but his cheek, how deathly; his eye wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him; I should say kneels, for he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins. Oh, the high, holy-looking brow! Why should death mark it, and he so young? Look how he throws the damp curls! See him clasp his hands! Hear his thrilling shrieks for life! Mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved! Oh, hear him call piteously his father's name; see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land.

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the judge fell, overpowered upon his seat: "see! his arms are lifted to Heaven; he prays, how wildly, for mercy! hot fever rushing through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping, awe-stricken; the dark men move silently and leave the living and dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob from some manly bosom.

The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little troubled red waves, came slowly toward the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct. She still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine cup.

"It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and her beams lay gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of the father and sister—death is there. Death, and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back! one conclusive shudder! He is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed also that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster, and her voice more and more broken, "and there they scoop him a grave, and there, without a shroud they lay him down in the damp, reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father, beloved, my—Will Brian brothers, victim to the deadly poison. Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old judge was convulsed with agony. He raised his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered: "No, no, my child, in God's name no."

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was dashed into a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movements, and instantaneously every wine glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying: "Let no friend, hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he to whom I have given my hand, who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?"

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile, was her answer.

The judge left the room, and when an hour later he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests. No one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to dash the enemy at once and forever from his princely rooms.

Those who were present at that wedding can never forget the impression so solemnly made. Many from that hour foreswore the social glass.

BITS AND BREVITIES.

The Lutheran Observer says: "The church will never reach the masses until it first reaches the saloons."

Dynamite is safer for children to play with than is beer or any form of alcohol.—National Temperance Advocate.

One bad habit overspreads a brilliant education; it is as the drop of ink in a glass of clear water. So the one bad habit of intemperance mars many a good character.—Christian Work.

Enough money is squandered in the saloons of Greater New York every year to pay all the expenses of the big city, all expenses of the state government, and leave a surplus of $33,105,803 besides.—N. Y. Voice.

If a man wants to be recognized as a Christian let him act like a Christian. To indorse, even in the remotest degree, a policy that perpetuates the infernal liquor traffic is certainly not a Christ-like act.—Corner Stone.

More than three-fourths of our expenditures for police, jails, poorhouses, children's homes and the like are due to the liquor traffic. But this expense is not assessed upon the traffic. It is paid by the public. Do you say the saloon does not hurt you and your family?—Wayne County (O.) Herald.

The tyranny of the drink habit is proverbial. The drunkard is often by nature a generous and affectionate creature, but slavery to his appetite degrades him to a lower level than the brute beast that perishes, leading him to drink the clothes from his wife's back, the food from his children's mouth and all happiness from his home.—Central Christian Advocate.

Three Ways to Deal with the Evil.

Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, of Harvard, who during the past summer has made some wholesome utterances in regard to town and village hoodlumism and resulting crime, commenting upon the recent wholesale butchery by rum-crazed ruffians in the town of Gorham, N. H., said: "The conditions that produce such crimes should be met in three ways.

"First, a quickened sense of the responsibility of parents for the restraint or control of their children.

"Secondly, a quickened sense of the responsibility on the part of the town officers for the checking of evils at their very beginning.

"Thirdly, a quickened sense of responsibility on the part of the law-obeying and church-going portion of the population in respect to the conditions and character of the community to which they belong."

Cry Aloud.

Intemperance threatens our homes, its labor, our manhood and our souls, and must we not cry aloud for protection? Never mind if men call this fanaticism, interference with personal liberty, destroying legitimate business. We are simply exercising the right of self-defense to protect ourselves from the abuses by which evil threatens all we hold dear.—Mgr. Conaty.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—A white sparrow has made its appearance in Lafayette, Ind.

—Blue butter is made from the milk supplied by the native cow of India.

—In Russia it is the custom for duelists to breakfast together before going out to fight.

—Everybody in Russia is registered by the police, and a record is kept of all travelers, the time of their arrival and departure.

—A Scottish diver in the Clyde recently excelled all European records by remaining under water for 40 minutes, at a depth of 186 feet.

—The most ancient coin in Europe, the ducat, was first struck in the mint of Venice, in the year 1284. The building is still in existence.

—A mule patrols the beach of St. Augustine, Fla., in quest of turtles. When she has found one, she turns it on its back, and then ambles off to inform her master.

—Court chaplains, when they preach before the German emperor, must condense their sermons so that they can be delivered in 15 minutes. Long sermons, he says, make him weary.

—The cat was considered a sacred animal by the ancient inhabitants of Heliopolis, Egypt. When one of these animals died in a private residence, the occupants shaved off their eyebrows.

—It is said that every strand of a spider's web is made up of about 5,000 separate fibers. If a pound of this thread were required it would occupy nearly 28,000 spiders a full year to furnish it.

—A swallow was conveyed in a cage to London, from its home in Chetwynd. It flew to its home-nest, a distance of 145 miles, in 80 minutes, making the trip at the rate of almost two miles a minute.

—A capricious young maiden of Auburn, Me., won the affections of a bashful sweetheart, and then discarded him. He sued for breach of promise, and the court has decreed that the fickle fair one must pay him $1,789.

—Some of the safe deposit companies of this city devote apartments to the exclusive reception of fur garments, fur mats, etc. They are kept in rooms the temperature of which is kept so low that destructive insects and their germs perish from the cold.

LEMONS AND ORANGES.

Their Juice, If Treated Rightly, Makes a Clear Fruit Jelly.

It is not generally known that the juice of lemons or oranges treated like any other fruit juices will make a clear jelly without gelatine if a pound and a quarter of granulated sugar is allowed for each pint. Ripe, juicy fruit should be chosen, and the sugar and juice boiled together for 15 minutes; at the end of this time take out a little on a saucer, put in a cool place, and if it shows signs of setting it is done. Some of the most perfect oranges or lemons should be picked out, and, after cutting off the blossom end carefully the contents scooped out (of course saving the juice), the shell may be preserved whole and filled with the jelly made as directed above. As the shells are emptied they must be thrown into cold water, then simmered until transparent in alum and water, in the proportion of two teaspoonsful of alum to a quart of water; they are then to be put in a pan of cold water once more; this changed every three hours for three times; then to stand over night in cold water. In the morning they are to be covered with boiling water, boiled gently for an hour, then drained and weighed. To every pound of these shells allow a pound of sugar and one-half pint of water; boil and skim; add to this the juice saved when scooping out; then put the shells in and simmer until tender and clear, when they are to be spread separately on flat dishes and they and the sirup allowed to stand carefully covered, for two days. After these shells are filled with the jelly they are to be put, the open end downward into glass jars, the sirup poured over and the tops screwed on. The sugar will insure the keeping. The jelly should not be made until the shells are ready, as it must be poured while liquid.

Everyone knows how delicious lemon or orange peel is when candied; by the above process the peel is candied whole and it is easy to fancy what a delicious mouthful one has with the clear, tart jelly enclosed in a shell, well flavored and good to look at.—Philadelphia Times.

Little Attentions.

If husbands only realized what the little attentions mean to their wives there would be many happier unions. It is not the cost of a gift that makes it precious to the recipient. A tiny bunch of violets [illegible] at home at night betokens the thought given to her even while business occupies his attention, the most trifling souvenir of a wedding or birthday anniversary becomes a sentiment underlying its proffering. Women may be foolish, they may be all heart and very little reason, but the man who understands their nature and caters to it is the one who stands higher in their estimation than the one who acts as though all they cared about was material comfort given with any sort of brusquerie. Of course there are many mercenary women—thousands and thousands who can marry for a home and for rich raiment. These pooh-pooh the violets and value only the diamonds, but the average feminine heart, the sort which a man wants to beat beside his own, the foundation of truest sympathy and love, is moved more by the little attentions in which sentiment is involved than by the great offerings representing only a stupendous sum of money involved.—N. Y. Ledger.

Keeping Up Our Another's Courage.

Dollie—It's queer, isn't it, but everywhere I go the young men gather around me.

Mary—Perhaps they think there is safety in numbers.—Up-to-Date.

AT THE CHURCH LUNCH.

An Engagement Is Almost Broken Off In Charity's Cause.

This is about the time of the year when men are called upon by their wives, sweethearts to dine or lunch at some of the charity bazars given in the interest of churches or hospitals. In many cases the said wives or sweethearts are either waiting on the tables, serving as executive committee women, or merely acting as ornaments and get bosses. But in any event the female schemers exact a promise from the man to come and lunch. It's all well enough in its way, but in too many cases the women forget that time, with most men, has a special value. The poor fellows come in a halting and bashful way, look around with bewilderment to see if they can discover the idol of their hearts, until they hear a familiar voice calling:

"George, George, come right here. You know you promised to come to our table."

George wends his way through a crowd of women he never saw, and seats himself at the table presided over by the one he loves best.

"So glad you came to our table. We're doing so well. What'll you have for lunch? We have some of the sweetest pickles y'ever tasted. They are some Mrs. Nameless made herself, and everybody says she's the greatest pickle maker in Cumminsville. You don't like pickles, George? Oh, that's a joke, I know. Really, I didn't mean that they were the sweetest pickles that you had ever tasted. No, indeed. I meant they were grand, you know. Oh, say, are you going to see Minnie Madden? She's just too sweet for any use. No, of course, not like the pickles. I mean she is perfectly grand in Tess.

"Excuse me just a minute, George, dear, won't you? There's a stranger at our table."

George patently waits, though he has an engagement at one o'clock.

The divinity comes back again.

"What was it you ordered, George? Really, I forgot every item. So you didn't? Well you can give me your order now, and I will hurry with all my might. Oh, we have everything that's nice. The dearest coffee you ever tasted. The old-fashioned kind—boiled you know. Dearest? Oh, I don't mean dearest. I mean splendid, for it's only five cents a cup."

"Oh, Helen, dear, I'm so glad to see you, but you didn't bring Aleck, and you promised faithfully to. Were you at the football game? Didn't our boys do well? Oh, it was so exciting, but there wasn't a soul hurt. That made it so tame. Yes, George, I'll be back in a minute. You're not in a hurry, are you?"

Then, after a minute or two of patter, she came back to George.

"So sorry I had to leave you, Georgie, but I couldn't be rude to Helen, for I'm going to stand up with her, and I didn't want to offend her. Are you in a hurry?

"No? Why every minute is worth a dollar some minutes, and here I am, hungry and losing flesh and dueats. Look here, now, get a move on you or I'll order you to the proprietor. See? This thing of flirting with everything that comes in doesn't go in a first-class restaurant. Bring me a dish of Boston pork and beans, a cup of that grand coffee and a piece of pie. No pie? What kind of a joint is this, anyhow? I'll go up to that restaurant on Court street where they have men waiters. No, I don't want any of them sweet pickles, either. That's all. Step lively, now, or it's a mighty small tip you'll get. See? Why don't they get men waiters, anyhow, at those charity bouts?"

"Why, George, I never saw you in such a mood. What's the matter with you? Are you mad?"

"No; I'm not mad, but I'm crazy. Why, you girls won't take in enough to pay the debt due the sexton, and if there's many more of these festivals or bazars or charity lunches, and you take part, there'll be a broken engagement, mine, and you and I'll be playing the leading parts.

"For charity, is it, and I ought to put up with a little inconvenience? Well, I will, if you'll be a good girl and bring me the best in the shanty. No, never mind, honey; you needn't pay the check. I wasn't mad. I was joking. You're real good to come here and slave your life away for the church. Yes; I'll call and go home with you at five."—Detroit Free Press.

WHAT GOOD SOCIETY IS.

A Circle of Pleasant People Who Are Interested In Each Other.

The very best society is not composed of gilt and glitter. It is that circle of pleasant people who meet and visit because they are interested in each other. They remember that she brings a pleasant personality if she wishes to be in and of it. The society recognized by the newspapers consists merely of a few people, who, having more money than the rest of the world, are able to make themselves more conspicuous, and so are kept constantly before the public. But all over this great country, in every city, town or village, there is to be found good society, and it rests with the working girl herself whether she is in or out of it. If she has the bad taste to prefer noisy people, whose idea of enjoyment is roughness, whose conception of conversation is to talk scandal, and who really have no reason for existing, then this girl will not only injure herself by her contact with such society, but she will injure every other girl who works. People are prone to judge a great regiment by one member of it. Therefore, it behooveth the girl who works to go into the best society or to find her pleasures in her own home.—Ruth Ashmore, in Ladies' Home.

One Test.

He—How is one to tell that a love is only Platonic?

She—Oh, well—when it develops into the other kind you can look back and see the difference.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A DOUBT AS TO BREAD.

Is It the Staff of Life or the Promoter of Death?

The subject of bread as the cause of disease and death is just now engaging the attention of European scientists. It is even alleged by some of the writers, "that bread is the most prolific cause of disease and death to be found in the catalogue of foods." If this be true then the "staff of life" is in reality the "staff of death." If this be true then the less bread we eat the longer will we live. But is it true?

"There is reason in part of the deductions drawn by some of these calamity writers," said Dr. Hayes, of the medical staff of the pension office, to a Star reporter, "but like all fads, this one about the danger in the use of bread in our dietary will have its day and then give way to some other sensational idea about the food we eat. One writer on the subject states: 'Since wheaten bread contains from 35 to 40 per cent. of starch, and it is acknowledged that starchy food is unhealthy, therefore the use of such bread is unhealthy.' The reason given for this unhealthfulness is 'that starchy food is not digested in the stomach, but in the intestines or second stomach of the body, and therein lies the difficulty of digestion of wheaten bread.'

"The truth is that the stomach is only a fractional part of the digestive tract, and the second stomach or intestinal tract is called on to aid the digestion of nearly all varieties of foods. So the argument that starchy food, like bread, is hard of digestion falls to the ground. One objector to the use of bread says 'bread from wheaten flour when considered in reference to the amount of nutritious matter it contains, may with justice be called the staff of life, but in regard to the amount of earthy matter it contains with equal justice we can say that it is the staff of death.'

"There is some sense and reason in this argument, especially with the aged or those past middle life. The young in growing and the adult in the vigor of life need the earthy matters in bread, as the carbonates, the phosphates and sulphates of lime and magnesia, the basis of bone structure, and with these the use of the staff of life or its equivalent is indispensable. When the time of life is reached when these earthy matters in bread are no longer needed any excess of bread eating will produce ossification of muscles, especially of the muscular valves of the heart—rigidity of joints and tendons—in short, rheumatism of greater or less severity is established. In fact, the rheumatism of those past middle life comes from excesses in eating bread and meat, both of these articles of diet being rich in earthy matters. In addition to rheumatism, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, asthma and diseases of the brain may be induced by excesses in eating bread and meat after a person has reached the climacteric or past middle life. So with the aged the use of wheaten bread may become the 'staff of death.'"—Washington Star.

THE SNAKE'S TAIL.

Popular Japanese Games That Might Amuse Young Americans.

The Japanese children play some good games that might help American youngsters through a wintry afternoon. The girls—big girls, too—have a very pretty ball game that they call "Temari," which means hand ball, but it is not at all the same thing as the hand ball we know. A number of them stand in a circle, one of them takes the ball—they use one about two inches in diameter—and throws it perpendicularly on the ground. As it rebounds she strikes it back with her open hand. This she does as often as she can do so without moving from her place in the circle, but when it rebounds nearer to some other girl—as it will be sure to do soon—it is the part of that girl to strike it down. So the game goes on till some girl fails to hit when she should, or to make it rebound, and then she is cast out of the circle. The game goes on till only one girl is left, and then she has the honors of the game—"kachi," or victory, as the girls call it.

There is another merry game called "catching the snake's tail." One player is selected to be the catcher, and the rest range themselves in a row, one behind the other, each child putting his or her hands on the shoulders of the child in front of him.

The catcher stands in front of the row some feet away, and when the row is ready the game commences, and it consists of the catcher's efforts to catch the last child in the row, while the row defends its tail, the snake's tail. This is usually the smallest child playing, for the row is graduated by size. The catcher must not push anyone in the row, and the chain or the row must not be broken, either action constituting a "foul"; when the "tail" is caught that child becomes catcher, and the catcher becomes the tail.

A variation on this game is for the catcher to cry out that he will catch a child. "Which child do you want?" asks the head of the row, and then the catcher says third, or fifth, or whatever he will, and then the row tries to defend that child under the same conditions as before.—St. Louis Republic.

Frills and Fancies.

Belts of two-inch ribbon, which have long ends and loops held by a fancy gilt buckle toward one side of the front, are much in vogue.

The boas of chiffon and lace make delightful additions to a theater blouse, and are charming worn over an otherwise simple bodice that must be enhanced to do duty for reception wear.

Pear-shaped pearls are the fancy of the moment, and, of course, they are rare and expensive, having increased in price with the demand. The pure whiteness of the pearl is best preserved by constant exposure to air and sun.—Chicago Record.

MARYLAND'S OYSTER NAVY.

One Subject on Which All Inhabitants of the Terrapin State Agree.

The naval militia is organized in 15 of the 45 states, and its total enlisted membership is in excess of 3,500. The 15 states are Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Ohio, Louisiana, California, Michigan, Illinois, and New Jersey. These are, substantially, the states having the largest coast line; but Maine, Texas, Oregon, and Wisconsin, four states with a considerable coast line, are not represented among them.

Maryland has in addition what is known as an oyster navy or fishery force. At the head of this force is a commander, and there is a fleet of 13 sloops and two steamers owned by the state engaged in enforcing observance of the Maryland laws which relates to the oyster industry. How important this industry is is shown by the act that at the time of the census there were 33,388 persons engaged in it in its various branches. The vessels employed numbered 1,624, with 6,554 boats, of a total value of $2,618,745. The capital invested in shore property aggregates $4,650,500, and the total investment in the industry is $7,269,245. In all, 11,632,730 bushels of oysters were sold, the equivalent of more than two billion oysters for this one state. The protection of the oyster interests of Maryland has long been a matter of more than local concern, and the fishery fleet is reinforced during six months of the year by what are known as local guard boats to the number of seven, stationed in Pocomoke sound, Herring bay, Manokin river, Chester river, Honga river, Tred Avon river, and St. Mary's river, localities well known to those who admire and appreciate Chesapeake bay oysters.

Though the Maryland oyster navy is established on a nautical basis a touch of sentiment is given to the fleet by the names of the official sloops, which are as follows: Anna Smith, Julia Hamilton, Nelly Jackson, May Brown, Helen Baughman, Daisy Archer, Bessie Jones, Nanny Merryman, Eliza Hayward, Mary Compton, Sally Jones, Frolic, and Folly. It seems difficult to see how even the most unsusceptible of oyster dredgers could resist the official attention of a fleet thus designated and as a fact the laws relating to the preservation of oysters are better observed in Maryland than in any other state. Whatever differences of opinion exist or arise in Maryland, whether on the subject of party divisions of the usual sort or between the eastern shore and the western shore or on account of the always-threatened, but never accomplished removal of the capital from Annapolis, all Maryland men agree as to the necessity of strictly and sedulously observing the game laws, the fishery laws and the laws relating to oyster dredging and to the protection of the oyster beds. It is in this respect that the oyster navy establishes its claim to recognition as a local unifying force, and by circumspect enforcement of such regulations, the oyster interests of the terrapin state have been preserved while those of some northern states have been permitted to suffer from either neglect or greed.—N. Y. Sun.

YELLOW FEVER.

Thought to Be Due to a Particular Microbe.

The disease which has this year brought so much distress to the people of the south is one that has baffled physicians and investigators for exactly three and a half centuries. The first authentic account we have of an epidemic of yellow fever is of one that occurred in Barbados in 1647, and the following year we first hear of it at Havana. It is in Havana that most of the epidemics suffered in this country have originated.

There are now three parts of the world where the disease is always present, the West Indies, Brazil, and the west coast of Africa, but we do not know where it came from originally. We know that it was taken to Rio de Janeiro from New Orleans or Havana about 50 years ago, but whether it came in the first place from the west coast of Africa, or was carried there from the West Indias in slavers returning for fresh cargoes cannot now be determined.

Yellow fever is a contagious disease which never invades regions outside its permanent homes in any other way than through infected persons or things.

Many physicians who have studied the disease in Havana and elsewhere believe that it is spread from the sick to the well through the agency of mosquitoes or other winged insects. It is not improbable that this is one way in which the virus is carried, for the hypothesis would account for the appearances of yellow fever in places quite shut off from all apparent means of infection.

For example, the disease appeared this year in Baton Rouge in spite of the most rigid quarantine against the outside world. It is possible, of course, that some one may have evaded the quarantine guards, but it is more probable that mosquitoes or flies carried the germs in their bodies.

It has long been believed that yellow fever, like other contagious or infectious diseases, is due to the presence of a special microbe, but no one could find it until a few months ago, when it was discovered by Dr. Sanarelli, an Italian physician in Montevideo.

Not only has he found the germ of yellow fever, but it is said that he has also elaborated a vaccine which will protect as surely against this disease as vaccination protects against smallpox. Should this prove true it would be of incalculable benefit to all tropical America, for the chief obstacle to the development of this vast and lovely portion of the earth is the yellow fever, which repels the energetic Anglo-Saxon.—Youth's Companion.

AN OPEN LETTER
To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the Mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought, and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

March 8, 1897.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

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OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Dec. 20, 1897.

President McKinley believes that the existing critical condition of affairs in the far east, owing to the grabbing of Chinese territory by Germany and the contemplated grabbing by other European powers, makes it imperative that the annexation of Hawaii should be speedily consummated, and he has lost no opportunity since Congress adjourned for the recess to impress his views in the matter upon such Senators as have called on him. He may send a special message to the Senate urging immediate disposition of the annexation treaty, but that has not yet been definitely determined upon, and will probably depend on whether the Senate shows a disposition to justly bring the treaty to a vote or merely starts in to kill time in a windy discussion of the subject. The President shares the belief of Senator Davis, chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, that sufficient votes to ratify the treaty can be obtained in the Senate.

Hon. B. Clay Evans, Commissioner of Pensions, says on a much discussed subject: "The cry of pension frauds has become so common of late that the people do not investigate it. It was the purpose of proving the fallacy of this charge that I recommended to Congress, and will urge in a bill, after the holidays, the publication of a complete list showing each pensioner, his address, disability and amount of pension recieved, which would do more to stop this idle chatter than anything this department can say. The possibilities of disabilities are great, and everyone knows a man apparently in the best of health, attending to his daily duties, may have a disability which entitles him to a pension. This is hard for some people to see. Perhaps, if they had an Xray apparatus with them, there would be no difficulty. This list would show what was the matter with such men and why they received pensions. But best of all, it would bring to light the frauds which do exis, and we all know there are some. But I say without fear of contradiction that in no other business enterprise where so large an amount of money is disbursed, are there so few mistakes."

Had Senator Wilson, of the state of Washington, who is one of the most accomodating and obliging men in Congress, known that one of the yellow journals of New York—the yellowest of them all—intended to make him have a personal encounter with a member of the House, in the private office of Attorney General McKenna, he might have left Washington in advance of the alleged *occasion*. But as the [illegible] didn't inform him, he went away from Washington before he was ready to engage in that scrap, and has not returned.

There was no surprise in Washington at the verdict of the Bering Sea American Commission, chosen to assess the damages for seizures of British ships in Bering sea by the U. S. The total amount of damages claimed was about $1,500,000, and during the last administration, Secretary Gresham and agents of Great Britain agreed upon the sum of $425,000 ought to be paid, there was no possibility of our representatives on the Commission getting a lesser amount named. The award is $464,000. President McKinley will forward this finding to Congress in order that the money may be appropriated and paid.

Mr. C. D. Stapleton, of Iowa, who spent Christmas in Washington, is proud of the Republican party of his State, of which he says: "The Republican party of Iowa is better organized, better managed and has better discipline than in any other state in the Union. The Iowa Republicans number in their ranks a goodly list of able men, but for years they have with unanimous accord agreed to abide by the leadership of one whom they all revere and admire—Hon. William B. Allison. It is worth while belonging to a party that acts in such a spirit of unison and displays so much sound sense in politics. The result of good leadership and loyal following in Iowa is seen in the long continued domination of the Republicans. If the Republicans were as sensible and free from internal bickering elsewhere as in Iowa, their ascendency in the nation would be permanent."

Most men who know anything at all about the subject will admit that there is no man who knows Ohio politics better than President McKinley. Knowing this, and that President McKinley has not had a single doubt of the election of Senator Hanna by the Ohio Legislature, is why the ridiculous stories of defections among Republican members of the legislature have found no credence in Washington, either among Senator Hanna's enemies or his friends.

Don't be persuaded into buying liniment without reputation or merit—Chamberlain's Pain Balm costs no more, and its merits have been proven by a test of many years. Such letters as the following from L. G. Bagley, Hueneme, Cal., are constantly being received: "The best remedy for pain I have ever used is Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and I say so after having used it in my family for several years." It cures rheumatism, lame back, sprains and swellings. For sale by Oakland Pharmacy and Dr. Laughlin, Deer Park.

Go to Martin's for fresh fish and oysters. 36-13.

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W. L. Douglas $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices. We make also $2.50 and $2.25 shoes for men, and $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 for boys, and the W. L. Douglas $3.50 Police shoe, very suitable for letter-carriers, policemen and others having much walking to do.

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For sale by

D. E. OFFUTT & SONS.

Sheriff's Sale
Of Real Estate and Personal Property.

Under and by virtue of a writ of fieri facias issued out of the Circuit Court for Garrett county at the suit of Jasper Augustine against Edward H. Margroff and Sarah Margroff his wife the same being No. 28 in the list of July term, 1897, of said Court, the undersigned Sheriff will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, on the

31st DAY OF DECEMBER, 1897,

at the hour of eleven o'clock a. m. of said day, on the premises hereinafter described where the said Edward H. Margroff resides, about three miles north of Accident, Garrett county, all the right, title and interest of the said defendants in and to the following real estate situated in said county, which is known and designated as

Military Lots Nos. 2256, 2257 containing fifty acres of land each, and eight acres of lot No. 2294.

Said lots being the same land that is more particularly described in a deed from Samuel A. Miller to the said Edward H. Margroff dated the 31st day of March, 1891, and recorded in Liber W. H. T. No. 7, folio 256, one of the Land Records of Garrett County. Also the following personal property:

One Black Mare, one Bay Mare, two Red Cows, one Oliver Chilled Plow, two sets of Work Harness, nine head of Sheep, seven Lambs, two suck Calves, one Spring Tooth Harrow and one Shovel Plow.

Said property will be sold to satisfy the aforesaid execution and costs, or so much thereof as may be necessary.

TERMS OF SALE: Cash on the day of sale.

AUSTIN BROWN, Sheriff.

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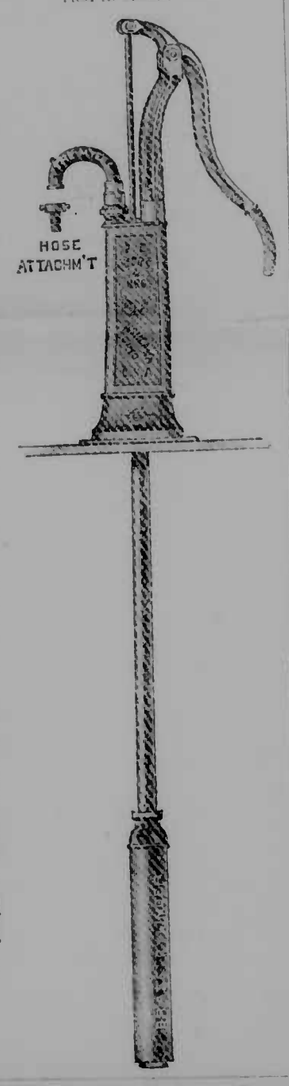

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B. & O. R. R. Time-Table.

The following time table on the B. & O. went into effect on Sunday, Nov. 14, 1897. Trains now leave Oakland as follows:

GOING WEST.

No. 7.—	Daily	3.47 A. M
No. 3.—	Daily	8.42 A. M
No. 71.—	Accom daily except Sun	3.26 A. M
No. 17.—	Daily except Sunday	6 01 P. M
No. 55.—	Express, daily	5.35 P. M
No. 1.—	Daily	10.14 P. M

GOING EAST

No. 8.—	Daily	5.39 A. M
No. 2.—	Daily	7.04 A. M
No. 14.—	Accom daily except Sun	9.24 A. M
No. 46.—	Daily	4.43 P M
No. 72.—	Accom daily except Sun	5.18 P. M
No. 4.—	Daily	12.29 A. M

Train No. 55 stops at Terra Alta.

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Manager of Passenger Traffic.
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